178

ALTFRANZŒSISCHE
VOLKSLIEDER.

GESAMMELT,
MIT SPRACH- UND SACH-ERKLÄRENDEN
ANMERKUNGEN VERSEHN,
UND HERAUSGEGEBEN
VON
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NEBST EINEM ANHANGE,
AUSZUGE AUS EINER SELTENEN ALTFRANZÖSISCHEN
HANDSCHRIFT ENTHALTEND. —

LEIPZIG,
BEI FRIEDRICH FLEISCHER.
1831.

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Der Gesellschaft

für

ausländische Litteratur

zu Berlin

in tiefster Verehrung

Ihres schönen Strebens

gewidmet

von dem Herausgeber

O. L. B. Wolff.

Vorwort.

Bei der Theilnahme, welche sich jetzt in Deutschland allgemein für die Volkspoesie aller Länder regt, musste es, nach meinem Dafürhalten, gleichfalls wünschenswerth seyn, das in einer Sammlung vereint zu sehn, was unsere überrheinischen Nachbaren in diesem Fache besitzen. — Meine Vorliebe für diesen Zweig der Dichtkunst, und langjährige Beschäftigungen mit demselben, so wie überhaupt mit den verschiedenen Nationallitteraturen Europas, munterten mich auf, ebenfalls eine Sammlung auf diesem Felde zu veranstalten, wie ich es schon mit reger Lust auf den Gefilden Italiens und Deutschlands gethan hatte; aber Mühe und

Eifer wurden nicht belohnt, und ich würde nie mit dieser spärlichen Ausbeute hervorgetreten seyn, wenn nicht der Gedanke, doch immer etwas zur Ausfüllung einer bedeutenden Lücke beitragen zu können, mich dazu angeregt, ja, ich möchte sagen, lebhaft aufgefordert hätte. —

Kein Volk ist so reich an Liedern, aber auch so arm an echten Volksliedern, als die Franzosen. — Dies liegt in ihrem Character; wenn sie nur singen können, so sind sie zufrieden; was sie singen, darauf kommt es ihnen nur so lange an, als es Interesse für sie hat, und dies Interesse ist immer bloss ephemer. Durch die Lust am Gesange wird Alles, was einigermaassen Aufsehn macht, oder den Tag beschäftigt, bis unter das niedrigste Volk verbreitet; der Dialect tritt hier nicht störend ein, denn die Schriftsprache wird bald im Munde des Singenden umgestaltet, wenn sich nicht gar schon der Dichter nach diesem gerichtet hat, da die strengen Gesetze der Versbildung sich nicht auf den Gesang erstrecken, sondern der musicalische Rythmus allein vorherrscht. — Dadurch bekommt aber die Melodie eben soviel Gewicht, als der Inhalt, ja wenn sie, wie fast immer, leicht und gefällig ist, noch grösseres, und hervorstechende Eigenthümlichkeit findet sich nur in dieser.

Was also die Volkspoesie der nordischen und slawischen Völker, so wie die Romanzen Spaniens, so sehr auszeichnet, würde man hier vergebens suchen; nur was den Menschen überall gleich sehr anregt, Liebe, Freude, Ehre und Vaterland, findet sich hier allgemein berührt; das Erstere artet besonders in den Provinzen, welche der Hauptstadt am Nächsten sind, leicht in eine gewisse polirte Rohheit aus, bei welcher der Witz in der an Zweideutigkeiten so reichen Sprache und Gesinnung fast immer vorherrscht, das Gefühl hingegen selten. Denn selbst da, wo es zu walten scheint, findet sich oft nur leeres Prunken mit demselben.

So kam es denn, dass sich nach langem Forschen bei der jetzigen Generation wenig oder nichts fand, das den Namen eines Volksliedes in der That verdient hätte. Zwar lebte Manches unter der Menge, das warme Gluth und echte Poesie athmete, aber es war bei näherer Betrachtung das Werk eines gebildeten Dichters, und gehörte daher einem anderen Zweige der Litteratur an, wenigstens für jetzt; hat es sich nach Jahrhunderten, wenn der Name des Verfassers vielleicht längst verloren ist, noch erhalten, so haben allerdings spätere Sammler ein gegründetes Recht für die Aufnahme, das der Zeitgenosse keineswegs sich aneignen durfte, ohne einen Fehler zu begehn. — Fliegende Blätter aus den verschiedenen Theilen Frankreichs boten ebenfalls nichts Anderes, selbst Lieder in den verschiedenen Dialecten gehörten Dichtern aus der höheren Klasse der Gesellschaft an. —

Besseres brachten frühere Jahrhunderte, als noch innere und äussere Fehden das Land spalteten, und die verschiedenen Elemente, aus welchen seine Einwohner bestehn, noch nicht so verschmolzen waren, wie es jetzt der Fall ist. — Bey emsiger Nachforschung liess sich eine kleine, wenn auch unbedeutende, doch nicht ganz undankbare Erndte halten; die gewonnenen Garben sind es, welche ich hier dem Publicum nun vorlege. —

Am Meisten hat die Normandie geliefert; der nordische Character herrschte noch lange vor, und zeichnet die Volkslieder, die ihre Verwandtschaft nicht verläugnen können, rühmlich aus. — Auch Flandern darf einige, wenn gleich geringe Ansprüche auf dieses Lob machen. — Die Lieder der französischen stehen denen der deutschen Schweiz bedeutend nach. — Die Provence gehörte nicht hieher, da Sprache und Sitte für sich abgesondert bestand. —

Der Anhang enthält einen Auszug aus einer sehr seltenen Handschrift der hiesigen Bibliothek, für den mir, wie ich hoffe, Freunde der romantischen Litteratur Dank wissen werden. —

Ich muss es noch einmal wiederholen, gross ist die Ausbeute nicht, doch glaube ich hoffen zu dürfen, dass einsichtsvolle und wohlwollende Kritik guten Willen und gewissenhaften Fleiss nicht verkennen werde, auf mehr kann ich keinen Anspruch machen, und bin auch weit davon entfernt, es zu thun.

Jena, im Spätsommer 1830.

O. L. B. Wolff.

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Les souhais des hommes.

Je souhaite moy qui suis pape,
Le saulvement de tout le monde,
Et que nul a tel mal se frape
Qua damnation luy redonde. 1)

Je souhaite moy qui suis roy,
Servir dieu, mon royaume garder,
Soustenir guerre pour la foy,
Armer gens et chevaulx barder. 2)

Anmerkungen. Fliegendes Blatt aus der Druckerey von Jéhan Tréperel zu Paris, ohne Jahrzahl, wahrscheinlich aber 1496 — 98. — Format, klein Quart, gothische Lettern, mit grossen Holzschnitt-Initialen. — 1) redonde entspringe, von redonder entspringen, zurückspringen. — So im Codicile de Jéhan de Meung v. 1117 sq.:

Si hastis et si habondans
Vint sur eulx et si fecondans
Ly Saint-Esperiz à celle heure,
Qu'apres y parut par moult d'ans,
Et encore est-il redondans,
En chascun, s'en lui se demeure.

Am besten würde es wohl wiedergegeben durch das so oft von Hans Sachs gebrauchte erwachsen. — 2) barder nur von Pferden gebräuchlich, im niedern Latein varare; provençalisch: bardo rüsten, zäumen.

Je souhaite moy qui suis duc:
Chevaliers pour estre prés moy,
Pour prendre adversaires au nic, 3)
Silz murmurent contre mon roy.

Je souhaite moy qui suis conte.
Estre tousiours hardy en armes,
Estre loyal, vivre sans honte;
Vela 4) souhait de mes armes.

Je souhaite moy qui suis prince:
Bon temps et paisiblement vivre,
Et que nul le peuple ne pince
Mais le laisse vivre a delivre. 5)

Je souhaite moy chevalier:
Estre arme, monte a plaisance,
Et tousjours prest a baitaller 6)
Pour defendre le pais de France.

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3) nic, nuque der Nacken. — 4) voilà. 5) a delivre, en liberté, nach Menage von deliberare, ursprünglich von Jemandem gebraucht, der aus der Gefangenschaft frei gelassen wurde, dann überhaupt frey. So in einer Predigt des heiligen Bernhard: Soit assi delivre de tote non purteit li oresons ki est por lo vertus de l'airme. Es sey auch frey von aller Impuretät die Predigt, welche ist für die Tugend der Seele. 6) baitaller, batailleir kämpfen.

Moy, qui suis archier, je souhaite
Ars dengleterre de bel yf 7)
La flesche bien ferree 8) et droite
Bien tirer et frapper au vif.

Je souhaite moy gaudisseur: 9)
Aller de maison en maison,
Deviser 10), faire du seigneur
Et rien faire en toute saison.

Je souhaite moy bon beveur: 11)
Tousjours deux fois lannee vendange,
Et boire cy bien du meilleur
Tant que je cuide 12) voir les anges.

Je souhaite moy qui suis page,
Des petis pastez de paris
Pour les manger de bon courage,
Car iay tousjours bon appetis.

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7) yf. jetzt if Taxus, Eibenbaum. 8) ferrée. 9) gaudisseur, gaudissèor, gaudisour, gaudissere, ein Spassmacher, lustiger Bruder, von gaudere, daher noch jetzt im gemeinen Leben, gausseur. 10) deviser, hier: schwatzen, sich unterhalten, von dividere; daher auch devise, Unterhaltung und faire devises sich unterreden, besprechen, über etwas. So z. B. in der Histoire de Gilion de Trasignyes et Dame Marie sa femme; handschriftlich auf der Bibliothek zu Jena El. Mss. Gall. f. 92. — Comment Gilion apres aucunes *devises faites* entre lui et sa femme entra en sa chapelle etc. S. den Anhang. 11) buveur. 12) cuidar von cogitare; Provenç: cular und cujha, denken, sich einbilden.

De gens de justice.

Je souhaite moy president:
Saincture 13) dor et belle chaire 14),
Et estre rassis et prudent
Pour bonne et vraie justice faire.

Je souhaite moy advocat:
En justice loquence 15) belle
Et en lostel pour mon estat,
Belle bourgeoise ou damoiselle.

Et ie souhaite moy bourgeois:
En yver beau feu soubz la tente,
Pour attendre les villageois
Qui aportent chapons de rente.

Je souhaite pour moy marchant:
Loyaulte, tant en mer quen terre;
Bon temps sans avoir maulvais vent,
Sur mer sans brigans et sans guerre.

Je souhaite moy laboureur:
Pour avoir du ble et des grapes
Sil vient guerre ou pluye par la maleur
Quelle chee 16) sur les chaussetrapes. 17)

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13) ceinture. 14) einen schönen Präsidentenstuhl. 15) éloquence. 16) Quelle chee, qu'elle tombe von cheir, cheire, cheoir. Das Letztere noch jetzt gebräuchlich. 17) chaussetrapes hier: Gartenschnecken; sonst gewöhnlich Fussangeln.

Moy qui suis bergier je souhaite,
Le vert pre pres de la riviere
Ma panetiere et ma houlete
Empres moy la belle bergiere.

Je souhaite pour moy veneur: 18)
Beaulx levriers pour courrir soudain
Pour le deduit 19) de mon segneur
Pour prendre le cerf ou le dain.

Je souhaite moy menestrier: 20)
Apres que jay fait mon reveil,
Ung bon lit mol pour moy coucher
Car jay grant froit et grant sommeil.

Je souhaite moy poursuivant: 21)
Faire tousjours leal message,
Legier cheval et bien courant;
En parler resolu et sage.

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18) veneur Jäger von venator, auch venéor, veneore, veneres u. s. w. In der obigen Form auch bei Gace de la Bigne in seinen Deduits:

Ung fait, qui moult les chiens ahonte
C'est qu'ils mangerent leur seigneur
Antheon (Actéon) un très bon veneur.

19) deduit von deductus Zeitvertreib. 20) menestrier, Handwerker, Diener, Spielmann; hier wahrscheinlich das Letztere, sonst wäre diese Stelle unverständlich. Er wünscht sich ein gutes Bette, nachdem er seine Runde gemacht, und Morgenmusiken, was damals sehr Sitte war, gebracht hat. 21) poursuivant, ein Liebender; poursuivant d'armes Begleiter des Wappenheroldes, hier wohl ein reitender Bote in Angelegenheiten der Edelleute und Ritter.

De gens deglise.

Je souhaite moy cardinal.
Au matin devant moy la croix;
Apres disner le beau cheval,
Pour men aller chasser au bois.

Je souhaite moy prelat:
La crosse et la mitre au monstier;
Aucune fois ung peu desbat [22]
Souvent a mon peuple preschier.

Et moy chanoine ie souhaitte:
Beau breviaire et belle aulmusse [23]
Belle fille de corps bien faite;
Sil sourvient gent quelle se musse. [24]

Et ie souhaite moy cure:
Devotement chanter ma messe,
Pour passer le temps plus agre [25]
Apres disner belle deesse.

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22) desbat (d'esbat) Vergnügen, Zeitvertreib. 23) aulmusse, aumuce im Mittelalter eine Kopfbedeckung der Franzosen, welche jedoch später nur die Domherren trugen, um im Winter Kopf und Schultern damit zu verwahren; sie war mit Pelz besetzt und wurde im Sommer nur unter dem Arm getragen; im barbarischen Latein des Mittelalters hiess sie almucia, almucium, almutia, aumussa, davon unser deutsches Mütze. — 24) quelle se musse von mucer, musser (lat. mucire), dass sie sich verberge. — 25) à gré.

Et moy qui suis religieux:
Je souhaite bonnes botines 26)
Et beau livre devotieux
Pour tousjours dire mes matines.

Et ie souhaite moy hermite:
Du vent autour de ma maison
Le loup et le regnart au giste
Le beau soleil a sa saison.

Je souhaite moy pardonneur 27)
— — — — — *)
Ung compaignon bien fort menteur
Pour bien blasonner 28) mes reliques.

Moy tiriacleur 29) ie souhaite:
Reagal 30) boistes et couleuvres
Quelque serpent ou quelque beste
A manger, pour monstrer mes euvres. 31)

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26) botines gute Beute d. h. reichen Ertrag bei dem Terminiren. 27) pardonneur, pardonaire ein Ablasskrämer. — *) Hier fehlt sichtlich ein Vers; doch ist im Original keine Lücke, und dieser Strophe sind, wahrscheinlich ein Druckfehler, nur drei Verszeilen zugetheilt. — 28) blasoner loben, herausstreichen, nach Menage von laus et sonare.— 29) tiriacleur Theriakhändler, herumziehender Apotheker; Theriak war damals eine Universalmedicin. 30) Hüttenrauch, Rauschgelb. 31) oeuvres.

Et moy qui suis ung maquereau. 32)
Je souhaite une demye aulne
De drap et ung petit chapeau
Sans bonet et la robbe iaulne.

Moy qui suis changeur ie souhaite
Escus nobles, salutz, 33) ducatz,
Et bonne monnoie qui se mette,
Pour bien gaigner vela mon cas.

Je souhaite moy usurier:
Tousiours la grant cherte de biens;
Et content suis de regarder
Gens mourir de faim comme chiens.

Et moy qui suis ung bon chartier:
Quant je trouve maulvais chemin
Je souhaite a point ne verser
Quant je maine voirres 34) ou vin.

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32) ein Kuppler, warum dieser aber keine andere Wünsche hegt, ist mir dunkel. 33) salutz eine alte Goldmünze, auf welcher die Begrüssung des Engels bei der Marie dargestellt war mit der Inschrift Salus populi suprema lex esto. Diese Münze war 1431 noch im Umlauf und galt 22 sols parisis; später verschwand sie. 34) voirre, voyrre Glaswaare überhaupt, Fensterscheibe, Trinkglas von vitrum. So bei Eust Deschamps, einem Dichter, der unter Karl VI. lebte:

L'oste n'ot pité ne mercy
Trie de ses vins et ses biens
A l'un boit là, à l'autre cy
Es voyrres ne demeure riens.

Moy qui suis un garson bel[illegible])
Je souhaite ung daviot 36)
Ung fumier pour tenir chapitre
Avec trois detz et ung pinot. 37)

Et moy qui suis parfait larron:
Je souhaite une cornette 38)
Ronde de chanvre, denviron
Une toise longue et estrette.

Et moy qui suis facteur de livres
Je dois estre de la meslee;
Je souhaite tousiours bien vivre
Tandis que je seray vallee. 39)

Pour souhaiter cest chose sans mesure,
Chascun souhaite a son entendement
Mais qui souhaite, le plus du temps il ment;
De souhaiter au monde nest que vent;
Souhais mondains ce nest que tout abus,
Souhaite fort chascung et fort souvent:
Il nest souhait que lamour de Jesus.

---

35) ein erbärmlicher Soldat, ein Schuft, von ballista; die entlassenen Bogenschützen legten sich häufig auf das Diebeshandwerk, daher die schimpfliche Bedeutung dieses Wortes. 36) daviot, Brecheisen. 37) pinot, ein Schnaps, Traubenbranntwein. 38) eine Kopfbedeckung, der Vordertheil des chaperon, einer damals üblichen Haupttracht, auch das Band, um diese letztere zu befestigen — hier wünscht nicht der Dieb, sondern der Dichter diesem einen Strick. 39) vallée, valet Diener, Geselle, hier der Setzer.

Souhaitons fort car tant que le temps dure,
Nous naurons rien sans bon gouvernement;
Et se ung seigneur vient a neant daventure
On peult dire cil, qua gouvernement
On souhaite souvent un garnement,
Et dung gentil falot 40) on fait refus.
Mais tant y a pour vray souhaitement
Il nest souhait que lamour de Jesus.

De souhaiter, cela vient de nature;
Mais quoy adam souhaita povrement
Quant de la pomme souhaita la morsure,
Par quoy il mist chascun a damnement.
Puis quainsi est doncques certainement
Que iesus vint pour ruer cela jus 41)
Et soufrist mort pour notre saulvement:
Il nest souhait que lamour de Jesus.

Prince des cieulx, pere omnipotent!
Autres souhais que de toy ne sont nulz.
Ainsi le croy que soubz le firmament,
Il nest souhaits que lamour de Jesus.

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40) falot, Schelm, garnement s. d. vorhergehenden Vers, Betrüger. — 41) jus hinab, hinunter; ital. giù, Provenç: jhos, jhous.

La vie saint Jehan baptiste.

Au nom de la vierge marie,
Et de sainct trinite,
De saint jehan vous diray la vie,
Dont nous faisons solempnite.

Il delaissa la compaignie
Du monde et tous honnours,
Et au desert usa sa vie
En penitence, tous les jours.

Sachiez quil fut plus que prophete,
Il baptisa nostre seigneur;
Il mena vie pure et nette;
Il est apres dieu le greigneur. 1)

Gabriel dist a zacharie
Qui prophete estoit en la loy:
Que elizabeht avoit ligne
Et que en brief 2) elle concevroit.

Fliegendes Blatt in klein Quart, aus gleicher Zeit und gleicher Druckerei wie das vorhergehende. — 1) greigneur, greignéor etc. alter Comparativ und Superlativ, jedoch meist nur von geistiger Grösse gebraucht. So im Roman de la Rose v. 1307.

Qui autel vie avoir porroit
De meillor bien se sufferroit,
Qu'il n'est nul *greignor* paradis
Qu'avoir amie à son devis.

2) en brief von brevis, bald, binnen Kurzem. —

Quant eut ouy ce zacharie
Croire le peut nullement,
Que iamais, en iour de leur vie,
Ils peussent avoir ung enfant.

Comment seroit il enfant ne
Dune brahaine 3) de cent ans;
Ne comment seroit engendre
De moy qui suis chanu 4) et blanc?

Lors dist lange a zacharie:
Tu nas pas bien lentendement;
Et pour ce que ne le crois mye
Tu seras muet vraiement.

Le preudom le parler perdit
A lostel vint moult courouce
Et lors bien apperceut et vit
Que vers dieu avoit offence.

Avec sa femme va gesir,
Pour faire le vouloir de dieu.
Adoncques saint jehan, sans mentir,
Si fut engendre et conceu.

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3) brahaine, brahaigne, brahin etc. in der Franche-Comté breme, in Metz bereigne; altenglisch barraine, jetzt barren unfruchtbar, impotent. — So im Roman de la Rose v. 6086: L'un est brahaigne et rien ne porte (hier ist nämlich von einem Baum die Rede). — 4) chanu von canus kahl.

Helizabeth la bonne dame,
Quant eu sentu lenfant bouter,
Toute honteuse et craignant blasme
Ne savoit que pourroit penser.

Tantost se prist a cheminer
Toute seule parmy les champs
Par la ville nousoit 5) aller
Pour la honte quavoit des gens.

Car ils disoient communement
Que lennemy enfanteroit
Et delle saloient moquant
Dont souvent en son cueur plouroit. 6)

Mais la bonne vierge marie
Qui estoit sa parente
La vient veoir nen doubtes mye 7)
Par tres grande humilite.

Nostre dame qui estoit plene
De nostre seigneur jesu crist
Si vint veoir sa cheire cousine
Or entendez que lenfant fist.

---

5) nousoit, n'osoit. 6) plouroit, pleuroit. — 7) mye, mie gar nicht, ist noch in einigen Provinzen Frankreichs gebräuchlich, vorzüglich in der Champagne und der Picardie.

Dedans le ventre de sa mere
Sagenoulla devant son maistre.
Doulce chose est, non pas amere,
Car il estoient tous deux a naistre.

Et apres que saint jehan fut ne
Et on le vouloit baptiser,
Il fut dit quil seroit nomme
Le nom son pere, sans doubter.

Mais son pere qui muet estoit
Et ne parloit que par escripre
Que nul par signe deffendit;
Aucun nom sur luy vouloit dire.

En du papier il a escript,
Que jehan il seroit nomme.
Tantost apres sans contredit,
Lenfant fut jehan appelle.

Or vous diray mais quil vous plaise,
Quelle vie saint jehan mena.
Oncques vin citre ne servoise [8]
De sa vie il ne gouta.

Oncques ne pecha mortellement
Et fit moult grande penitence
En dieu mist son entendement
Et la estoit son esperance.

---

[8] servoise von cerevisia, Bier. —

La peau dun flamel [9]) afluba [10])
Pour couvrir sa fragilite
Oncques puis vestement nusa.
Forst cestui, lay en verité.

Au desert tout nud il alloit;
En prenant sa refection [11])
Souvent les yeulx au ciel levoit
Par tres grande devotion.

Et de penser il ne cessoit
Au benoist corps du jesu crist.
Et bonnes parolles mettoit.
Comme on treuve par escript.

Trestout le monde si disoit
Quil estoit digne de paradis
Pour la vie quil demenoit
Et pour ses faitz et pour ses dits.

---

9) flamel habe ich nirgend sonst gefunden; auch führt Roquefort (Glossaire de la Langue Romane) dies Wort nicht auf; wahrscheinlich das Fell eines Tigers. 10) afluba für affubla; Versetzung der Consonanten, wie sie sich auch häufig in den südlicheren italienischen Dialekten findet z. B. crapa für capra u. s. w. 11) refection Klosterausdruck für Mahlzeit.

Saint jehan vint sans nul diffame 12)
A herodes qui lors regnoit,
Et qui avoit tollu 13) la femme
A son frère et la maintenoit.

Saint jehan luy dist: monstres de laydure
Et luy dist: tu ne fais pas bien.
Tu peches trop en ta luxure
Tu te damnes, tu le scez bien.

Herodes dist a son iolier 14)
Que saint jehan en prisons fut mis
Et que boire ne que mangier
Par aucun ne luy fut transmis.

La dame avoit moult grant frission, 15)
Que herodes aler ne laisast
Saint jehan, qui estoit en prison,
Affin que plus il ne preschast.

Herodes tint ung jour de feste
Table ronde a toutes gens
De sa fille faisoit grant feste
Qui faisoit tant desbatemens. 16)

---

12) diffame von diffamatio Schande, Schmach. 13) tollu vom Lat. tollere, für enlever, rauben, wegnehmen. 14) geolier. 15) frission, jetzt frisson; hier Furcht, Angst. 16) esbatement Vergnügen, Zeitvertreib.

Quant il la vit ainsi dancer
Il dit pour luy faire plaisir
Ce que me vouldras demander
Je te laccordes sans faillir.

Ce que me vouldras requerre[17]
Je le te donne sans doubtance[18]
Soyent villes chasteaux ou terre
Ou la moitie de ma chevance.[19]

La fille si fut conseillee[20]
Que ne demandast que le chief[21]
De saint jehan, affin que finer
Fust sa vie[22] a grant meschief.[23]

Quant le roy ouyt la demande
Que lors sa fille luy faisoit
Incontinent son borreau mande
Et que le chief donne lui soit.

---

[17] requerre, von quaerere; später requérir, hier fordern. [18] doubtance Zweifel. [19] chevance im spätern Latein cabentia, Gut, Besitz, Reichthum. [20] On conseilla à la fille, alte Construction. [21] chief, caput das Haupt. [22] afin qu'il finit sa vie. [23] meschief, meschef, meschiés, mescief, u. s. w. Unglück, Fehler, schlimmer Ausgang. So im Rom. de la Rose

Lors sera en moult grant meschief
Et te viendront tost de rechief
Soupirs, et plaintes et frissons
Plus poignantes que herissons.

Le borreau fut tost apreste.
Pour le bon saint faire mourir:
La fille avec luy amene
En la prison, le chief querir. 24)

Saint jehan sagenoulla a terre.
Et a dieu fist son oraison
Que ceulx que le vouldroient requerre
Eussent de leur pechie pardon.

Je te supplie roy de gloyre
Que femme qui me requerra
Et qui ferra de moy memoire,
En tout le besoing quelle aura,

Tu ottroy 25) sa voulente; 26)
Et ce enfant en son corps
Il puist avoir prosperite
Avec sante tant quil vivra.

Adoncques descendit ung ange
Et luy dist: Jehan beaux amys,
Le soies en lieus estrange;
Dieu tottroye ce quas requis.

---

24) Constr. La fille amene avec luy en la prison (pour) querir (chercher) le chief. 25) ottroy von ottroyer, otréer, otrer, otrier u. s. w. im späteren Latein otreciare, otriare erlauben, bewilligen, gestatten. 26) volonté.

Alors saint jehan jesus mercye.
Le col basse 27) moult doulcement
Le tiran fiert 28) nen doubtes mye,
Le chief luy trenche entierement.

Le chief si fut mis en ung plat
Et puis au roy on le porta.
Tantost apres sans nul debat
A sa fille si le donna.

Et la fille par grant present
Le chief presenta a sa mere.
Mais il advint lors en present
A la mere douleur amere.

Car oncques puis ne fut journee,
Que ne tumbast troys foys le iour;
En tous les iours fut tourmentee
En maladie et en douleur.

Nous devons tel saint reclamer,
Qui de tel douleur et tel peine
Nous peut trestout 29) bien preserver,
De maladie si villaine.

---

27) baisse. 28) fiert von ferir schlagen, hauen. So im Roman de Gerard de Nevers. Fiers quant tu voudras, je suis celui, qui la mort oserai attendre. 29) trestout, trestoz, tertout u. s. w. Alle ohne Ausnahme.

Nous prions dieu devotement
Et monseigneur sain jehan baptiste
Quil nous maine [30]) a sauvement [31])
En paradis ou il habite.

Amen.

Vaux de Vire *).

Bachanale I.

O gentil vin de Morillon, (bis)
Tu crois tout auprés de Gaillon, (bis)
  Entre Paris et Troye.
Benit soit il qui te planta!
  Tu donnes au coeur joye.

---

30) mène. 31) sauvement Erlösung.

*) Diese Vaux de vires, die ersten Gedichte dieser Gattung, sind gröstentheils von Olivier Basselin, einem Walkmüller in der Normandie, der in oder bey Vire um die Mitte des 14ten Jahrhunderts geboren wurde und gegen 1419 starb. Seine Lieder verbreiteten sich bald, als Volkslieder, durch das ganze nördliche Frankreich, und wurden lange gesungen. — Aus ihnen entstanden die Vaudevilles. — Die hier mitgetheilten Vaux de vire, sowie die nachfolgenden Chansons Normandes verdanke ich der Sammlung des L. Dubois, welche 1821 zu Caen erschien und fast gar nicht in Deutschland gekannt ist. — Sie führt den Titel: Vaux de Vire d'Olivier Basselin, poete normand de la fin du XIVe siècle; suivis d'un choix d'anciens Vaux de Vire, de Bachanales et de Chansons; Poesies Normandes soit inédites, soit devenues excessivement rares. — Publiés par L. du Bois.

Les vins d'Orleans sont tres bons, (bis)
Limoy, Pres, Pastour et Chalons. (bis)
  Auxerre Ay m'envoye.
Beaune sur tout a le bruit; 1)
  Ailly, pleine vinaye. 2)

Du Colinhou ne beuvez pas; (bis) 3)
Car il meine l'homme au trespas. (bis)
  Laval rompt la ceinture,
Ce sont bailleurs de tranchoysons, 4)
  Ennemis de nature.

Vin de Rochelle et de Beauval (bis)
Aux corps humains ne fait nul mal. (bis)
  Bordeaux et vin de Grave
Sont bons pour l'arrière saison
  A garder à la cave.

Hier au soir mon voisin jura (bis)
Que de ceans ne partira (bis)
  Que la lye il ne voye,
Et emportera le faucet
  Pendue à sa couroye.

---

1) der Wein von Beaune war im Mittelalter, hauptsächlich in der Normandie sehr beliebt, wie dies folgender Leoninische Vers bezeugt: Vinum Belnense super omnia vina recense. 2) vendange. 3) der Strumpfwein oder Dreymännerwein der Franzosen, wie folgendes alte Verschen bezeugt

Le vin trenche-boyau d'Avranches
Et rompt-ceinture de Lauval
Ont mandé à Benaut d'Argences
Que Colinhou aura le gal (den Stein)

der Colinhou war von Caux. — 4) Bauchschneiden. —

Bachanale II *).

Je n'ay que faire des Anglois,
Des Flamans, ni de la Hongrie,
Ny du temps que le roy Françoys [1])
Mist le siege devant Pavie [2]).
Du Sophy point ne me soucie,
Du Turc, ni du Soldan aussi,
Pourveu qui je passe ma vie
A boire sans aucun soucy;
Pourveu que je passe ma vie
A boire sans aucun soucy.

Je ne me plais à voyager;
Sur la mer je n'ay nul courage.
J'aime mieux qu'au bord estranger
Penser ici du labourage;
Car ceux qui ont cogneu mon age,
Et ma fortune, et mon destin,
Ont dit que, si je fais naufrage,
Ce sera dans un muy [3]) de vin,
Ont dit que, si je fais naufrage,
Ce sera dans un muy de vin.

Ainsi que l'avaricieux
Tresor sur tresor il assemble,
Ce qui plus contente mes yeux
C'est le pot et le verre ensemble;

---

*) Ungefähr desselben Inhaltes wie das alte bekannte deutsche Lied: Lasst die Politiker nur sprechen u. s. w.
[1]) Franz I. [2]) 1525. [3]) muid.

Car quand j'ay beu, las! il me semble
Que mes coffres sont tous plains d'or
Et qu'en richesse je ressemble
A Croesus et Mydas encor,
Et qu'en richesse je ressemble
A Croesus et Mydas encor.

Compagnon, n'ayons point soucy
A qui doit escheoir ceste tonne,
Je boy à toy de celtuy cy,
Dis à ton ami qui [4] t'en donne
Je trouve ceste liqueur bonne.
Boyvons en tous de main à main;
Car céans il n'y a personne
Qui sache [5]) s'il vivra demain,
Car céans il n'y a personne
Qui sache s'il vivra demain.

Bachanale III *).

Amour a prins sur moy rigour, [1])
Adieu vous dis, ma dame par amour,
Esbatement et chanterie,
I i i i i e.
Helas! il est fait de ma vie,
I i i i i e.

---

4) für qu'il. 5) qui sait.

*) Lied eines geplagten Ehemanns, das mit Varianten oft gesungen zu seyn scheint. Vergl. Chansons Normandes N° 25. 1) rigueur.

J'ay veu que my 2) souloie esbatre
Avecques ces gentis gentis gallans;
Mais maintenant je suis à l'âtre
Avecques mes petits petits enfans,
Dont l'un y brait 3) et l'autre y crie,
Iiiiie.
Helas! il est fait de ma vie,
Iiiiie.

L'un my demande une cotelle, 4)
L'autre demande un ca un caperon; 5)
Ma femme est la qui my grommelle:
„Helas! helas! mon amy, que feron?“
„Bet! mais tesiez vous donc, ma mie,
„Iiiiie.“
Helas! il est fait de ma vie,
Iiiiie.

Nous reprirons 6) nostre seignour
Qu'il nous donne du pain, du pain du four.
Ch'est pour nourrir nostre megnie, 7)
Iiiiie.
Helas! il est fait de ma vie,
Iiiiie.

---

2) me — der Sinn ist: Es gab Zeiten, wo ich mich zu ergötzen pflegte. 3) braire, im guten Französisch nur vom Esel gebräuchlich; in der Normandie, sowie im älteren Französisch, bedeutet es überhaupt schreyen, heulen; plärren. 4) Diminutiv von cotte. 5) chaperon. 6) prierons. 7) unsere Familie.

Coq-à-l'âne [*].

Je viens apporter des nouvelles
Qui sont aussi bonnes que belles;
Mais je suis sujet à mentir.
J'ay veu un limasson en guerre
Qui jettoit un lion par terre
Et dessous luy s'assujettir. —
Qui vient de loin sans flatterie
Il n'espargne la menterie [†].

J'ay veu l'Angleterre en Espagne,
Et l'Italie en Allemagne,
Et les Alpes de beurre frais;
J'ay veu deux boeufs et leur charrue
Dedans le ventre d'une grue
Vendre du charbon de rabais.
Qui, et — c.

Je viens d'un pays de conqueste
Où les femmes n'ont point de teste
Et sont douces comme du miel;
Les filles sont toutes pucelles,
Mais elles ont laict aux mammelles;
Et les abeilles font le fiel.
Qui, et — c.

---

[*] Wischiwaschi oder Lügenlied, eine Gattung, die früher in ganz Europa sehr beliebt bey dem Volke gewesen zu seyn scheint, denn wir finden dergleichen fast in allen Sprachen; ein ähnliches Stückchen steht unter N° 20 der Chansons Normandes. [†] dies Sprichwort findet sich noch bey den Franzosen: a beau mentir qui vient de loin.

J'ay veu dedans les eaux humides
Touts les poissons porter des brides
Pour arrester les quatre vents
Qui mangeoient une fricassée,
Qui par Jupin fut amassée
A la deffaite des geants.
Qui, et — c.

J'ay veu au pays de Hongrie
Les plaideurs sans chicanuerie,
Et sans parler les procureurs.
Les Suisses n'ont point de brayette.
Les E.... sentent la civette:
Frottez vos nez de ces odeurs.
Qui, et — c.

Tel s'enyvre bien sans vin boire
Et tel autre nous fait accroire
Choses qui ne furent jamais.
La verité est déchassée, 2)
Et la menterie avancée
Parmy le monde desormais.
Qui vient de loin sans flatterie,
Il n'espargne la menterie.

2) déchasser, für chasser findet sich öfter.

Orgie. *)

Nous sommes armez comme il faut;
A l'arme! à l'assault! à l'assault!
Nous sommes armez comme il faut.
Chascun monstre ce qu'il sçait faire!

Il semble que le coeur vous faut. 1)
A l'arme! à l'assault! à l'assault!
Il semble que le coeur vous faut;
Car vous faites piteuse chere 2)
Nous sommes armez comme il faut.
Chascun monstre ce qu'il sçait faire!

La trompette a sonné bien haut.
A l'arme! à l'assault! à l'assault!
La trompette a sonné bien haut.
Encor premier 3) nous faut-il boire.
Nous sommes armez comme il faut.
Chascun monstre ce qu'il sçait faire!

---

*) Von Olivier Basselin. — 1) Es scheint als fehlt es Euch an Herz; faut, altes Präsens, 3te P. S. von faillir, das ehemals nicht defect war. So heisst es in einem alten Sprichwort: Cil n'est pas vrais amis qui faut à son ami quant il est poures et au besoing. — Das Futurum faulra, fauldra findet sich im R. d. l. Rose, ebenso das Conditionnel: Bienheurte donques lui *fauldroit*, Puisque seureté lui deffauldroit. — 2) ein trauriges Gesicht, vom Lateinischen *cara*. (So bey Corippus de laudibus Justini l. II. Postquam venere verendam Caesaris ante caram.) — Menage leitet es ab vom Griechischen *κάρα*, caput, vertex, tota facies. 3) auparavant, premièrement.

Nous en aurons le coeur plus chaud.
A l'arme! à l'assault! à l'assault!
Nous en aurons le coeur plus chaud,
Et vaincrons mieux nostre adversaire.
Nous sommes armez comme il faut.
Chascun monstre ce qu'il sçait faire!

A un j'ay fait faire un beau sault.
A l'arme! à l'assault! à l'assault!
A un j'ay fait faire un beau sault.
Vous en ferez en la maniere. 4)
Nous sommes armez comme il faut.
Chascun monstre ce qu'il sçait faire!

Apologie du cidre. *)

De nous se rit le François;
Mais vrayement, quoy qu'il en die,
Le sidre de Normandie
Vaut bien son vin quelquefois.
Coule à val, 1) et loge, loge!
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

---

4) de la même maniere.

*) Ebenfalls von Basselin. — Die Bewohner der Normandie betrachteten sich damals nicht als Franzosen. 1) à val, à vau hinab; hier ein Wortspiel mit avale.

Ta bonté, ô sidre beau!
De te boire me convie;
Mais pour le moins, je te prie,
Ne me trouble le cerveau.
Coule à val, et loge, loge!
Il fait grand bien à la gorge. [2]

Je ne perds point la raison
Pourtant à force de boire,
Et ne vay point en cholere
Tempester à la maison.
Coule à val, et loge, loge!
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Voisin, ne songe en procez;
Prends le bien qui se présente;
Mais que l'homme se contente:
Il en a tousjours assez.
Coule à val, et loge, loge!
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

N'est pas cestuy-la logé?
En est-il demeuré goutte?
De la soife, sans point de doute,
Je me suis tres bien vengé.
Coule à val, et loge, loge!
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

[2] loge, gorge, Assonanz statt des Reims.

L'avare vivant. *)

Ne t'approche, avare chiche,
De ma table aucunement:
Tu fis mourir povrement
Mon voisin, quoiqu'il fust riche.
Riche avare est peu de cas: [1])
Non, je ne le seray pas.

Dedans sa maison fermée
Tous les jours il se cachoit;
Sa cheminée il bouschoit,
Craignant perdre la fumée.
Riche avare est peu de cas:
Non, je ne le seray pas.

Il portoit à sa ceinture,
Ses souliers qu'il espargnoit;
De son poil il resserroit
Et des ongles la rongneure.
Riche avare est peu de cas:
Non, je ne le seray pas.

S'il donnoit, aux jours de feste,
A deux povres un denier,
Ce n'estoit sans reschigner; [2])
Encor demandoit son reste.

---

*) Von Basselin. — 1) peu de chose. — 2) reschigner, rechiner, rechignier, rechingnier: schmollen; knurren, die Zähne zeigen. — In der letzten Bedeutung kommt es in dem bekannten Liede des Eselfestes vor:

Hé, Sire âne car chantez,
Belle bousche, *reschignez*;
Vous aurez du foing assez
Et de l'avoine à planter.

Riche avare est peu de cas?
Non, je ne le seray pas.

Pour ne perdre l'eau salée
Du merlus, 3) quand il bouilloit,
De la soupe il en faisoit
Dont il passoit la journée.
Riche avare est peu de cas:
Non, je ne le seray pas.

D'estrain 4) et de chevenotte
Se chauffoit tous les hyvers:
Il eust vendu volontiers
La graisse de sa calotte.
Riche avare est peu de cas:
Non, je ne le seray pas.

Mais, quant est de son beuvrage,
Ayant sidre à plein tonneau,
Il ne beuvoit que de l'eau.
S'il est mort, est-ce dommage?
Riche avare est peu de cas:
Mais je ne le seray pas.

---

3) merluche. 4) estrain vom Lat. stramen, Stroh. — So im Roman de Dolopatos:

Moult li sera peu de sa paise,
S'il a du fain et de l'avaine,
U de *l'estrain*, u de la paille
Il ne lui caut, mais qu'il n'en faille. —

Hier ist namlich die Rede von einem Esel.

Cecy serve d'exemplaire.
Et bouvons sans chicheté. 5)
Bon vin pur pour la santé,
Tel qu'il est né de sa mere.
Riche avare est peu de cas:
Non, je [illegible] pas.

Pour bien parler il faut bien boire. *)

Si voulez que je cause et presche
Et parle latin proprement,
Tenez ma bouche tousjours fraische,
De bon vin l'arrosant souvent.
Car je vous dy certainement,
Quand j'ay seiche 1) la bouche,
Je n'ay pas plus entendement
Ni d'esprit qu'une souche.

Mais tost mon esprit se desgelle, 2)
Lorsque je mouille le gosier;
Et je me remets en cervelle
Pots et verres à manier.
Le bon vin me fait resveiller
Alors que je sommeille,
Et plus causer et jargonner
Qu'une vieille qui teille. 3)

---

5) Knickerei, Geiz; auch chice, chiceté.
*) Von O. B. — Bonum vinum bonum latinum. 1) sèche
2) dégéle. 3) Provinzialismus für tille.

Or demandez bien à ma mère,
Soit au soir, ou soit au matin
Alors que l'on m'a fait bien boire,
Si je parle pas bon latin:
Elle dira, par Saint Chopin! 6)
  Que suis un habile homme.
Qui me fait sçavant? c'est le vin,
  Ou ce bon jus de pomme.

La faute d'Adam. *)

Adam, (c'est chose très notoire,)
Ne nous eust mis en tel danger,
Si, au lieu du fatal manger,
Il se fust plus tost pris à boire.

C'est la cause pour quoy j'evite
D'estre sur le manger gourmand.
Il est vray que suis friand
De vin, quand c'est vin qui 1) merite.

Et pourtant, lorsque je m'approche
Du lieu où repaistre je veux,
Je vais regardant curieux
Plus tost au buffet qu' à la broche.

---

6) Skt. Schoppen, ein Heiliger von Basselins Erfindung.
*) Von O. B. 1) hier muss le supplirt werden.

L'oeil regarde où le coeur aspire.
J'ay cecy par trop oeilladé.
Verre plein, s'il n'est tost vuidé,
Ce n'est pas un verre de Vire.

Eloge de Noé. *)

Que Noé fut un patriarche digne!
Car ce fut luy qui nous planta la vigne
Et beut premier le jus de son raisin.
O le bon vin!

Mais tu estois, Lycurgue, mal habile,
Qui ne voulus qu'on beust vin en ta ville.
Les beuveurs d'eau ne font point bonne fin.
O le bon vin!

Qui boit bon vin, il fait bien sa besongne.
On voit souvent viellir un bon yvrongne,
Et mourir jeune un savant medecin.
O le bon vin!

Le vin n'est point de ces mauvais beuvrages
Qui, beus par trop, font faillir les courages:
J'ay, quand j'en boy, le courage Herculin.
O le bon vin!

*) Von O. B.

Puisque Noé, un si grand personnage,
De boire bien nous a appris l'usage,
Je boiray tout. Fay comme moy, voisin!
O le bon vin!

La santé portée *)

Boire autant de fois du bon
Qu'a de lettres vostre nom, 1)
Cela guarit nostre vie
De soin et melancholie.

J'en veux avoir le coeur net.
Versez donc dans ce godet, 2)
Sur ce sidre d'excellence
J'en vay faire experience.

Mon nom est trop court vraiment,
Veu ce beuvrage excellent;
J'y vouldroy bien encor mettre
A tout le moins une lettre.

Si le boire n'est pas bon,
Jean simplement j'auray nom;
Mais, si c'est beuvrage idoine, 3)
Mon nom sera Marc-Antoine.

*) Von O. B. — 1) Soviel Becher auf Jemandes Wohl leeren, als dessen Name Buchstaben enthielt, war ein alter, schon bey den Römern üblicher Gebrauch. 2) godet vom nied. Lat. godetus, ein Becher. 3) Idoine vom Lat. idoneus; hier soviel wie echt.

Le vin rend éloquent. *)

Certes, *hoc vinum est bonus*
De mauvais latin ne vous chaille. 1)
Si bien congru 2) n'estoit ce jus,
Le tout ne vaudroit rien qui vaille.
Escolier j'appris que bon vin
Aide bien au mauvais latin.

Ceste sentence pratiquant,
De latin je n'en appris guere
Y pensant estre assez sçavant,
Puisque bon vin aimoy à boire.
Lorsque mauvais vin on a beu,
Latin n'est bon, fust-il congru.

Fi du latin! Parlons françois;
Je m'y recognoy davantage.
Je veux boire une bonne fois,
Car voici un maistre beuvrage.
Certes, si j'en beuvoy souvent,
Je deviendroy fort éloquent.

Durant que ce vin j'avaloy,
Qui me chatouilloit sous la langue,
Me sembloit-il que je faisoy
En court quelque belle harangue.

*) Von O. B. 1) chaille soviel wie ne vous importe; von chaloir, wahrscheinlich das Italienische calere wie es sich auch bey Boccaz in der 26sten Novelle findet; Provenz.: chaouta; il ne me chaut il ne m' importe; ne vous chaille; que nos chaille findet sich schon bey Helinand: Mais li fol dient, *que nos chaille*. 2) convenable

J'avoy bien du contentement,
Las! il s'est passé vistement.

Le bon vieux tems. *)

J'aime la compagnie
Où sont mes bons amis;
Mais le festin m'ennuie
Où n'y a point de ris.
Un tas d'avares refrognes vous feront perdre,
Du deuil de les voir reschigner,
Un bon diner.

Nous devons nos grands-peres
Suivre, (ce m'est avis,)
Qui laissoient les affaires
A table o [1]) leurs amis;
Au soir en s'entre-visitant, sur le fourmage, [2])
Les chastaignes ou le jambon
Beuvoient du bon.

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*) Ebenfalls von O. B. — Die grösser gedruckten Zeilen wurden nicht gesungen sondern gesprochen; es finden sich mehrere Lieder dieser Art bey den Franzosen und auch in dieser Sammlung. — Ein (in der Form) ähnliches theilen Büsching und von der Hagen in ihrer Sammlung deutscher Volkslieder Berlin 1807 S. 301. mit. — 1) avec. — 2) fromage.

Avecque leurs comperes
Et voisins, en hyver,
En brasillant [3]) les poires
S'arroyent [4]) à deviser;
Chascun faisant du temps passé quelque beau conte;
Se recreent sans mal talent [5])
Honnestement.

Femmes traictoient les hommes
Sans les oser tancer;
Mais au temps où nous sommes,
Ne font plus que rosser.
Elles-mesmes alloient percer du meilleur cidre,
Joyeuses de voir leurs maris
Bien resjouis.

Femmes ne sont plus telles
Quelles estoient jadis
Ceux qui se passent d'elles
Font bien à mon advis.
Toutes fois, veu le bon racceuil [6]) de nostre hostesse,
Ell' tient encor des bonnes gens
Nos anciens.

---

3) brasiller in der Gluth (braise) braten. 4) se disposent à; vom Lat. arrigare, im niederen L. arraiare. 5) mal talent mautalent, Widerwillen; talento für Willen, Lust, findet sich auch im Italienischen; so bey Dante Inferno V. 36 fgg.

Intesi, che a così fatto tormento
Eran dannati i peccator carnali
Che la ragion sommettono al *talento*.

So auch Purgatorio XXI, 64. 6) Provinzialismus für accueil.

Notre hostesse, je trouve
Votre sidre loyal,
Et, quoy que l'on en beuve,
Ne vous fait point de mal.
Si voulez à vos serviteurs en laisser boire,
Je seray, je vous le promets,
De vos valets.

Le vin est un bon remède *).

Je ne trouve en ma medécine
Simple qui soit plus excellent
Que la noble plante de vigne
D'où le bon vin clairet provient.

Il n'y a chez l'apothicaire
De drogue que je prise mieux
Que ce bon vin qui me fait faire
Le sang bon et l'esprit joyeux.

Qu'on ne m'apporte point de casse
Et qu'on ne courre au medecin
De vin qu'on remplisse ma tasse
Qui me voudra rendre bien sain.

*) Von O. B.

Et mon *recipe* qu'on ordonne
Que je boiray vin d'Orleans: 1)
La recette me sera bonne,
Les medecins, honnestes gens.

Mais s'ils m'ordonnent de l'eau douce
Ou la tisanne simplement,
Sont gens qui veulent tout d'escousse 2)
Me faire mourir povrement.

Je ne veux ni laict ni fruitage:
De ce je ne suis point friand;
Mais je vendroy mon heritage
Pour avoir de ce vin riant.

Oh! que c'est dure départie 3)
De ma bouche et de ce bon vin!
A touts ceux là je porte envie
Qui ont encor le verre plein.

1) der Wein von Orleans war damals der beliebteste. 2) Provinzialismus für tout d'un coup. 3) départie, Trennung. — So auch in dem Heinrich IV. von Frankreich zugeschriebenen Liede: Quelle *départie*! Malheureux jour! Que ne suis-je sans vie, Ou sans amour.

Encore une chopine! *)

Me voulez-vous guarir de la berlue
En un verre bien net
Faut seulement mettre devant ma veue
Ce joly vin clairet
Qui chaleur donne à l'ame morfondue.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine!

Me voulez-vous quand je suis en cholere,
Ragaillardir le coeur?
Tant seulement il me faut faire boire
Ceste bonne liqueur
Qui le chagrin converte en bonne chere.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine!

Me voulez-vous faire conter et dire
Mille propos joyeux?
De ce bon vin dites-moy que je tire
Quelque bon coup ou deux:
L'homme songeart [1] il fait causer et rire.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine!

*) Von O. B. [1] songeur.

Le banquet. *)

Monsieur de céans,
Ces honnestes gens
Ne vous pourrons ruiner
A chopiner;
Car le sidre ne vaut plus
Qu'un Karolus. 1)

Quant est pour la chair,
Il couste trop cher
A traicter les gens de paons 2)
Et de faisans:
Aussi, pour garder ce poinct,
N'en avons point.

Nous avons pourtant
Tout nostre content
De mets pour nostre repas
Bien delicats;
Mais nous n'avons pas la faim
De vieille main.

---

*) Von O. B. 1) Alte Silbermünze, zehn Pfennige an Werth, unter Karl VIII. geschlagen. S. Nicole Gille, Vie de Charles VIII. wo es heisst: Et s'en alla le dict roy Charles visiter son païs de Picardie, ou il fut honorablement receu, et fit faire monnoye d'argent nouvelle de dix deniers la piece qu'on appella Karolus. 2) Pfaue wurden damals als ein Leckerbissen der Reichen betrachtet.

Donc permettez-nous,
(Je parle pour tous,)
De n'espargner ce pommé
Si bien aimé,
Sauf à boire sur la fin
Un peu de vin.

Il vaut bien vraiment
Son pesant d'argent.
Or, je ne fay plus de cas
De tous ces plats;
Approchez plus tost le pot
Pres de l'écot.

Je n'eusse chanté
Si ce n'eust esté
Ce bon sidre qui bien vaut
Qu'on chante haut,
En despit de nos voisins
Gens trop chagrins.

Mais qu'a-t-on perdu?
Ce qui leur est deu
Les met en grand pensement
Incessamment.
Que m'en chaut, [3] si je n'ay pas
Tant de ducats? [4]

---

[3] que m'en chaut. S. die Note 1 zu dem Vaudevire: Le vin rend éloquent. — [4] der Ducaten galt damals 46 Sous.

Cinq sols font autant,
Quand on est content
Et qu'on jecte les ennuis
Derriere l'huis,[5]
Que d'escus les sacs tout pleins
A ces vilains.[6]

L'hoste, s'il vous plaist,
Voilà votre arrest:
De vostre sidre on boira
Tant qu'on vouldra;
Nous nous tiendrons bien contens
Pour les despens.

5) huis, hus, ostium die Thür. 6) Geizigen.

Chansons Normandes.

I.

C'est a ce jolly moys de may
Que toute chose renouvelle,
Et que je vous presentay, belle,
Entierement le cueur de moy.

Les arbres par leur grant beaulté
Se sont trestous couvert de vert.
Les oysillons y ont chanté
La nuict, le jour, comme il appert. 1)

L'alouette et aussy le gay 2)
Avec la gente teurterelle 3)
Qui a son jolly chant appelle
Le roussignol 4) qui est tant gay.

Frühlingsliedchen; wie sie besonders zur Zeit Ludwigs IX. unter dem Titel Reverdies Mode waren. 1) appert für paroit. 2) alte, in der Normandie noch jetzt gebräuchliche Form für geai. 3) tourterelle. 4) rossignol.

Ma mye m'a salut mandé
Par ung messager seulement,
Ainsy qu'il m'a contre mandé
Au jolly boys où il m'attend.

Presentement je m'y en voys 5)
Je luy diray: ma damoiselle,
Par mon serment vous estes celle
Qui resjouit le cueur de moy.

Hellas! mon cueur n'est pas a moy:
Il est a ma tant doulce amye;
Mais d'une chose je vous prye:
C'est votre amour; gardez la moy.

Bienheureux seroys, sur ma foy!
Se vous tenoys en ma chambrette
Dessus mon lict ou ma couchette:
Plus heureux seroys que le roy.

Faulx envieux 6) parlent de moy,
Disant que de deulx j'en aime une.
De ceste une j'ayme chascune
Plus qu'on ne pence, sur ma foy!

---

5) alte Form für j'y vais, noch jetzt in der Basse-Normandie üblich. 6) faulx envieux, falsche Neider für böse Eifersüchtige, ein Ausdruck, der sehr häufig vorkommt.

Je vous supply, pardonnez moy
Et ne mectez [7]) en oubliette [8])
Celui qui la chanson a faicte
A l'umbre [9]) d'ung coppeau [10]) de moy. [11])

II. *)

A la duché de Normendie
Il y a si grant pillerye

---

7) mettez. 8) ne mectez en oubliette, vergiss nicht. — Oubliette, oubliete bedeutete im Mittelalter und selbst noch später ein Gefängniss, aus dem der Verbrecher, der zu demselben verdammt war, nie wieder erlöst wurde. — Er war also für die menschliche Gesellschaft so gut wie gestorben und wurde demzufolge vergessen. — So erzählt Pierre Bonfons in seinen Antiquités de Paris von Hugues Aubert, prévôt de Paris: Il fut preschè et mitré publiquement au Parvis Nostre Dame; et après ce, condamné à estre, en l'oubliette, au pain et à l'eau. — In den Klöstern wurde diese Strafe noch öfter angewandt; die Mönche nannten dieselbe vade in pace. 9) l'umbre, alte Form von umbra. 10) coppeau, copeau, copeiz; frisch abgehauene Krone eines Baumes. 11) moy für mai; der ganze Vers heisst: Unter dem Schatten eines Maibaums. — Dies bezieht sich auf die weitverbreitete Sitte, Birkenkronen am Maitage, oder Pfingstabend abzuhauen, sie zu schmücken, und vor den Thüren frisch zu erhalten.

*) Historisches Liedchen, das von Pluquet nicht ohne Grund dem Olivier Basselin zugeschrieben wird. Es bezieht sich auf die Leiden, welche die armen Bewohner der Normandie in den Jahren 1417—19 besonders von den Engländern, welche als Feinde in das Land kamen, erdulden mussten. Erst in der Schlacht von Formigni (am 15. April 1450) wurden diese Quälgeister definitiv geschlagen und gezwungen, das Land gänzlich zu räumen.

Que l'on n'y peult avoir foyson.[1]
Dieu doint[2] quelle soyt appaisye[3]
Ou il fauldra que l'on s'enfuye
Et laisser chascun sa mayson.[4]

Quant a moy je n'y seray plus
Pour la doubte des cours vestus.[5]
Plus ça: n'y a point d'aysement
Qui nous viegnent voir trop soubvent.

Ils viegnent, par grant ruderye,[6]
Demander ce que n'avons mye
Et nous donnent maint horion.[7]
Encore fault il que l'on leur dye:
Mes bons seigneurs, je vous en prye
Prenez tout ce que nous avon.

---

1) Ueberfluss. 2) doint alte Form für donne, die sich selbst noch viel später findet. So z. B. bey Montaigne als Schlussformel von Briefen: Je supplie Dieu qu'il vous *doint* tres-heureuse et longue vie. Eben so bey Rabelais: Dieu vous *doint* ce que vostre cueur desire. 3) appaisée. 4) et que chacun quitte sa maison: der Infinitiv ist hier durch das faudra bedingt worden. 5) aus Angst vor den Kurzjacken; doubte und doubtance findet sich sehr oft in dem Begriffe von Furcht; cours vestus ist eine Anspielung auf die englischen Bogenschützen, welche, wie aus anderen gleichzeitigen Nachrichten und Liedern erhelit, die schlimmsten waren. — 6) rudesse. 7) horion eigentlich eine Blechkappe, dann und diese Bedeutung hat es hier, ein Schlag aufs Haupt, ein Puff; Roquefort im gloss. d. i. langue romane sagt, es sey corrumpirt von oreilon. — Scarron bediente sich in seiner Travestie der Aeneis des Wortes horion für Puff überhaupt: Et courant vers Pallas la sage Lui fit tomber un *horion* Justement sur le croupion

Je leur donnasse 8) voulentiers,
Se je pensoye avoir de quoy;
Mes 9) sur ma foy! tous mes deniers
Et tout mon bien est hors de moy.

Je ne puis faire cortoisie;
Car povreté me contrarye
Et me tient en subgection. 10)
Je n'ay plus amy ne amye
En France ne en Normendye 11)
Qui me donnast un porion. 12)

Dieu veille mectre bonne paix
Par toute la crestienneté!
Mes 13) que ce soyt a tout jamais:
Sy 14) vivrons tous en loyaulté.

Se 15) crestienneté fust unye,
Nous menasson 16) joyeulse vye
Et mectrion tristesse en prison.
Ceulx par qui c'est, Dieu les mauldye
Et aussy la Vierge Marye,
Sans avoir jamais guarison! 17)

8) donnasse für donnerois. 9) mes für maintenant. 10) subgection von subjicere, daher auch subgect; jetzt soumission. 11) die Einwohner der Normandie betrachteten ihr Land damals noch immer als getrennt von Frankreich, obgleich es schon unter Philipp August seit dem Einfalle von 1192 der französischen Krone einverleibt worden war. 12) porion nach Nicot eine wilde Zwiebel. 13) mes hier für mais. 14) ainsi. 15) si. 16) nous menerions. 17) d. h. ohne dass sie je von dem Fluche erlöst werden: guarison für guérison.

III. *)

Royne des flours, [1]) que je desire tant!
Quant je vous voy, mon cueur volle de joye.
Las! dictes moy se vostre amour est moye; [2])
Dictes le moy, gentil corps advenant! [3])

Ces faulx jaloux, helas! je les hays tant.
A nulle fin voir je ne les pourroye
Ces mesdisants sont tousjours en voye. [4])
Vostre seray le temps de mon vivant. [5])

IV. *)

Le bon espoir que mon cueur a
Sur le temps qui doibt advenir
Me faict toujours en joye tenir.
Ce qui doibt advenir vendra. [1])

Le vent qui vente [2]) d'une part
Si il fault [3]) qu'il change tost ou tard;
Mes ne peult pas toujours durer. —
Trop il nous peult anoyer. [4])

*) Liebesliedchen. 1) reine des fleurs. 2) moye für mienne findet sich öfter. So im Roman de la Rose Quant sa boche tocha (bouche toucha) la moye Ce fu ce dont j'euz au cuer joye. 3) agréable. 4) sind immer im Wege. 5) de ma vie.

*) Trostliedchen; einfach und aus dem Herzen, zuletzt herrscht die Klage über böse Zeit aber doch vor. Interessant ist es ausserdem wegen der vielen Sprüchwörter. 1) alte Form für viendra. 2) weht. 3) il lui faut changer etc. 4) anoyer für ennuyer; aus dem Italien. noja oder dem Spanischen enola.

L'on dict: hastivet s'eschaulda. [5])
Payne et doulleur nous fault souffrir.
Qui emprunte ne peult choysir,
Si ay-je ouy dire, long temps a.

Qui byen fera, byen trouvera.
Il ne se fault point esbahir
Pour ung petit [6]) de mal souffrir;
Car puys apres bon temps vendra.

J'ay enduré payne et doulleur,
Par mon serment, le temps passé,
Qui ma faict changer ma coulleur.
En verité, j'en suys lassé.

V. *)

En despit [1]) des faulx envieulx
Qui font aux loyaulx amoureux [2])
Peine tres dure,
Nous irons jouer vous et moy
Sus [3]) la verdure.

---

5) hastivet s'eschaulda; Sprichwort in der Normandie, bezeichnend: Was zu schnell geschieht, missräth. — hastivet frühreife Gerste; s'eschaulda bekam den Brand. 6) un peu.

*) Tanzlied. 1) dépit. 2) treu Liebenden. 3) sus für sur.

Margot, Bietrix et Alison, Jouenne, Jouen
et Berthelet [4])
Voudriez vous point ouyr le son du flageolet
Et dancer sus le muguet [5])
De si bon het [6])
Sus la verdure?

Ceulx qui sont en amour heureux,
Des mesdisans et envieulx
Jamais n'ont cure; [7])
Car leur esbat est en tous lieux,
A qui mieulx mieulx,
Sus la verdure.

VI. *)

Dieu mercy j'ay bien labouré.
Aussy ma charrue est lassée
Jamais je ne l'attelleray
Tant [1]) qu'elle soyt un peu reposée.

[4]) Provinzielle Namenverstümmlung für Marguerite, Béatrix, Louise, Jeanne, Jean und Barthelemi. [5]) hier für Rasen. [6]) het, hait, haité im niederen Latein haita Freude, Lust; dies Wort steht fast nie ohne bon. [7]) cure, von cura Sorge; sie kümmern sich nie um Lästerzungen etc.

*) Schelmlied, wie es sich bey allen Völkern findet; so z. B. das italienische von der hübschen Bäckerin (Wolff u. Müller Egeria S. 60), das spanische Caracoles me pide la niña (Depping's spanische Romanzen. S. 430); das deutsche: Ach komm liebes Greterl und leih mir dein Latern (bey Büsching u. v. d. Hagen S. 210), so wie das Schornsteinfegerlied (Nicolay Feyner kleiner Alm.) [1]) jusqu'à ce qu'elle.

J'avoys deulx beufz et ung poullain
Qui soulloyent [2]) bien tirer d'accort;
Mes le rouge a le cueur si vain
Qu'a byen petit qu'il ne est mort. [3])

Hellas! il est byen enhanné [4])
De la grant doulleur que j'avoye,
Dont j'ay laissé byen etonné
Ma charruette [5]) emmy [6]) la voye. [7])

Je learay [8]) ma terre gesir [9])
Qui se voulsist byen labourer.
D'en voyr le fruict j'ay grant desir.
Dieu my doint bien perseverer! [10])

En tout temps, esté et yver,
Vollontiers je laboureroye
D'accort, de haict, [11]) sans estriver; [12])
Je y prends soulas, [13]) plaisir et joye.

2) soulloyent pflegten; vom Lat. solere. 3) der Rothe ist so angegriffen, dass er fast gestorben. 4) enhanné, ahanné angegriffen. 5) petite charrue. 6) au milieu. 7) voye, vom Lat. via der Weg. 8) Je learay für je laisserai. 9) für être gisant; hier se reposer. 10) que Dieu m'y donne bonne persévérance. 11) de bon gré, willig, mit Lust s. die Note 6 zu V. 12) estriver, ohne zu streiten; von oestrum, oder strepere; das erstere wahrscheinlicher. — So in der Bibel: pour quoy estrivez-vous contre moi et pourquoy temptez vous Nostre Seigneur? Exod. 17, 2. — 13) soulas von solatium, Trost, Vergnügen, Erholung.

Mais il y a ung feugueray 14)
Qui est l'orée 15) d'une vallée
Ou j'ay par maincte foys boutée
Ma charrue jusqu'a la ray. 16)

Il fault mon poullain reposer,
Et frotter et tenir chault;
Car il ne veult disposer
A labourer: le cueur lui fault. 17)

VII. *)

Jamais amoureux byen n'aura.
Je m'estoys en ung bisson 1) mis.
Vous orrez 2) comment il me priz.
Une pie vint agacher 3)
Et des cornoilles plus d'ung cent,
Comme s'yls me deussent menger.
Oncques ne feus en tel torment.
Le cherf 4) du boys y arriva
Qui s'escria
Un cry si hault ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Le regnart est a nos poucins,
Le regnart est a nos poucins. 5)

---

14) feugueray von feugère (fougère) Haideplatz. 15) Rand vom Lateln. ora. 16) ray, rais Achse. 17) es fehlen ihm die Kräfte.

*) Ebenfalls ein Schelmlied, was sich jedoch erst am Schlusse offenbart. — 1) bisson für buisson, in der Basse-Normandie. 2) orrez Futurum älterer Form von oyr hören. 3) agacher, agacer bezeichnet das Schreyen der Elster. 4) cerf. 5) le renard est à nos poussins, poulets.

Une pie si vint sur may, [6]
Qui ne cessoyt d'agacher;
Et d'autre part y vint un gay. [7]
Sembloyt, qu'ilz me deussent menger.
Les chiens du jaloux furent là,
Qui resveillerent nos voizins:
Chascun cryoit: ha! ha! ha! ha!
Le regnart est a nos poucins,
Le regnart est a nos poucins.

Je retournay sus le coquart [8]
Et lui diz: „Que querez vous, Jouen! [9]
„Pa Dieu! Syre, c'est le regnart
„Qui ne nous laisse tout o rien. [10]
„Vous dictes vray: il s'en va la.
„Courrez aprez: il sera prins.“ [11]
Jouen me creust [12] et y alla.
O sa fame je m'en revins.

---

[6] may statt moi, noch jetzt in der Normandie gebräuchlich. [7] geai. — [8] coquart eigentlich ein [illegible], und in diesem Sinne beleidigend, hier bezeichnend den betrogenen Ehemann, und ist gleichbedeutend mit [illegible]. [9] Que cherchez vous Jean. [10] o, od; avec. [11] alte Form für pris. [12] crut.

VIII. *)

Puys que Robin j'ay a nom,
J'aymeray bien Marion
Elle gente, godinette, 1)
Marionette. 2)

Plus que n'est famme pour vray, 3)
Hauvoy! 4)
Qui soyt en Roen,
Pour vray,
Hauvoy!
Dores en avant je veulx estre maistre pastoureau.
Je demeneray mes berbiettes 5) aux vuaretz 6)
paistre. 7)

Ma pannetiere chaindray, 8)
Hauvoy.
Ma pannetiere chaindray.
Hauvoy.

---

*) Lied mit eingelegten Reden; eine Gattung, die in Frankreich weit üblicher war, als bey anderen Völkern, doch findet es sich auch bey Engländern und Deutschen wie z. B. Büsching und von der Hagen l. c. S. 302 Michel. — The Universal Songster. London 1826. 3 Bde. 8. Bd. I. 206. 315 etc. etc. 1) godinette, lustig, aufgeräumt; vom Latein. gaudere. 2) Diminutiv von Marion. 3) wahrhaftig. 4) Ausruf der Lust, vielleicht von Evoe herkommend, oder eine Nachahmung desselben. 5) Diminutiv von brebis, mit der Versetzung des r und e, eine dialect. Eigenthümlichkeit der Normandie. 6) vuaret, varet, voret, Brachfeld, Weideplatz; Provinzialismus für guéret vom Lateinischen veteretum. 7) diese Worte werden gesprochen. — 8) ceindrai. Provinzialismus. —

IX. *)

Je fus l'aultrier [1]) o [2]) la belle surprinz [3])
Du faux jalloux dont point ne me guettoye. [4])
Hellas! pour quoy ne prenay je la voye
De me aller au travers des gardins, [5])
De me aller au travers des gardins.

Il appelle trestouz ses bons amis,
Tant qu'ils ont faict une grande assemblée;
Ils ont sus moi faict une grande huée
Comment on faict au loup quant il est prys.

Croyez de vray qui je n'eusse pas prinz
Cent esculz d'or ne aultant de monnoye
Pour desployer ma bource de soye
La mercy Dieu! [6]) je eschappey et m'en vinz.

---

*) Ein sehr altes Lied, der Sprache nach zu urtheilen.
1) l'aultrier, l'autrier, l'autre hier, vorgestern. So heisst es in einem Liede Thibaut's von Navarra

L'autre ier par la matinée,
Entre un bos et un vergier,
Une pastore al trovée
Chantant pour soi envoleier.

2) avec. 3) surpris. 4) gueter, guetter, sehen, bemerken, von videre oder nach Barbazan von vigilare, dann aus- oder nachspüren; hier in der ersten Bedeutung. 5) jardin. 6) Dieu soit loué.

X. *)

Or sus! or sus! par dessus tous les aultres begni soyt le coqu! oncques tel oysel ne feust vu.
Janin Janot! es tu point marié!
Hé! oui, dist il; [que Dieu en ayt bon gré!]
A une dame qui d'aymer m'a pryé.
Hé! Janin Janot! es tu point maryé?

Hé Dieux! hellas! puis le jour de mes nopces oysel [1]) suys devenu.
Janin Janot! mais quel oysel es tu?
Es tu pinchon, [2]) linot, merle ou cahu? [3])
Nennin, dist il; je suys un vray coqu. [4])
En Normendye sommes cent mille et plus.

Hellas! Janin Janot! beste tu es devenu par plaisance de ta fame.
Suis je singe, marmot ou chat barbu
Nennin, dist il; tu es un cherf [5]) cornu,
Allant par ville tout chaussé, tout vestu.
Hé! Janin Janot! beste tu es devenu.

*) Von derselben Art wie V, übrigens Schelmlied voll derber Wortspiele. 1) oiseau. 2) pinçon. 3) Contraction von chat-huant, Nachteule. 4) Wortspiel mit coqu und coucou. 5) cerf.

XI. *)

On doibt byen amer l'oysellet 1)
Qui chante par nature,
Ce moys de moy, 2) sus le muguet,
Tant comme la nuict dure.

Il faict bon escouter son chant
Plus que nul aultre, en bonne foy;
Car il resjouyt mainct amant.
Je le sçay byen, quant a moy.

Il s'appelle roussignolet, 3)
Qui mect 4) toute sa cure
A bien chanter et de bon het: 5)
Ainsi c'est sa nature.

Le roussignol est soubs le houlx 6)
Qui ne pence qu'a ses esbats.
Le faulx jalloux se siet 7) dessoubs
Pour lui tirer son mathelas. 8)

La belle, qui faisoyt le guect,
Lui a dict par injure:
Hellas! que t'avoit-il meffaict, 9)
Meschante creature?

---

*) Ein allerliebstes Liedchen, sowohl in Hinsicht auf die Form, als auf den Inhalt. 1) Diminutiv von oiseau. 2) mai. 3) Diminutiv von rossignol. 4) met. 5) S. die Note 6 zu V. 6) houlx für houx, Stechpalme, Walddistel. 7) s'assied. 8) mathelas, matelas, materat, matras vom Lateinischen mactare, daher im niedern Latein mataras, alt Provençalisch matĕroun, Pfeil; Bolzen aus einer Armbrust geschossen. 9) meffaire, mefaire; faire mal, hier quel mal t' avait il fait? —

XII. *)

Hellas! Olivier Basselin,
N'orron [1] nous poinct de vos nouvelles?
Vous ont les Engloys mys à fin.
— — — — — [2]
Vous soulliez gayment chanter
Et desmener joyeulse vye,

Et les bons compaignons hanter
Par le pays de Normendye
Jusqu'a Sainct Lo en Constentin, [3]
Oncques ne vy tel pellerin.

Les Engloys ont faict desraison
Aux compaignons du Vau-de-Vire:
Vous n'orrez plus dire chanson
A ceux qui les soulloyent bien dire.

---

*) Trauerlied um den Vater des Vaudeville, Olivier Basselin (S. die Nachrichten über sein Leben, bey Gelegenheit der in dieser Sammlung mitgetheilten von ihm verfassten Lieder), um desto merkwürdiger, da es seine, von keinem Schriftsteller angeführte Todesart angiebt. — 1) erste Person der Mehrzahl des Futurums von oyr (ouir). 2) hier fehlt ein Vers, der sich jedoch leicht suppliren lässt, ungefähr Par une mort des plus cruelles. 3) jetzt Cotentin; der Theil des Dép. de la Manche, welcher Coutances umgiebt.

Nous prieron Dieu de bon cueur fin
Et la doulce Vierge Marye,
Qu'el doint aux Engloys malle [4]) fin.
Dieu le pere sy les mauldye. [5])

XIII. *)

Bon vin, je ne te puis laisser;
Je t'ay m'amour donnée,
Enne hauvoy! [1])

Je t'ay m'amour [2]) donnée,
Soubvent m'as faict la soif passer.
Bon vin, je ne te puis laisser
Ne soir, ne matinée.
Enne hauvoy!

---

4) mauvaise. 5) dieses Lied findet sich auch in einer Sammlung betitelt: S'ensuyvent plusieurs belles Chansons nouvelles et fort joyeuses [illegible] 1537 in 16., gedruckt mit gothischen Lettern; [illegible] oben abgedruckten letzten Verses hier die folgende:
Basselin faisoyt les chansons
C'estoyt le maystre pour bien dire.
Il hanta tant les compaignons
Qu'il ne lui demoura que frire.
Car fust (Tonne, futaille) de sidre ou fust de vin
Il en beuvoyt jusqu' à la lye
Et puys revenoit au matin,
Hellas! Olivier Basselin. —

*) Dithyrambus der Normandie. — Pluquet schreibt dieses Lied dem Basselin zu. — 1) Fast derselbe Refrein wie in VIII. S. die Note 4 zu jenem Liede. 2) mon amour.

Tu es plaisant à l'emboucher
J'aimes tant la vinée!
Je prens plaisir à te verser
Tout au long de l'année.
Enne hauvoy!

Soubz la table me as faict coucher
Maincte foys cette année;
Et sy m'as faict dormir, ronfler,
Toute nuict à nuictée. 3)
Enne hauvoy!

Et ma robe a deulx dez jouer; 4)
Chanter maincte joornée;
A la maison d'ung tavernier
Passer ma destinée.
Enne hauvoy!

XIV. *)

Le roy Engloys 1) se faisoyt appeler
Le roy de France par s'appellation; 2)
A voulu horz du pays mener
Les bons Françoys, horz de leur natyon. — 3)

---

3) die ganze Nacht hindurch. 4) journée, —

*) Historisches Lied gegen die Engländer gerichtet, voll patriotischen Zornes und Eifers. 1) Heinrich V. gestorben den 31. August 1422 in einem Alter von 34 Jahren. 2) par son appellation, aus eigenem Antriebe. 3) dies bezieht sich auf die Belagerung von Harfleur 1415; die Einwohner wehrten sich tapfer, mussten aber endlich nachgeben, und wurden deportirt, zur Strafe, Eine englische Kolonie kam hingegen nach Harfleur.

Or est il mort à Sainct Fiacre en Brye.
Du pays de France ils sont tous deboutez.
Il n'est plus mot de ces Engloys couez. [4])
Mauldicte en soyt trestoute la lignye! [5])
Ils ont chargée l'artelleryе sus mer,
Force bisquit et chascun ung bydon,
Et par la mer jusqu'en Biscaye aller
Pour couronner leur petit roy godon. [6])
Mais leur effort n'est ryen que mocquerye:
Cappitaine Pregent [7]) les a si byen frottez
Qu'ils ont esté es ters et en mer enfondrez. [8])
Mauldicte en soyt trestoute la lygnye.

---

4) Man spricht nicht mehr von diesen geschwänzten Engländern. — Die Einwohner der Normandie trugen das Haar rund verschnitten; daher der Spott über die Engländer, welche dasselbe lang herab hängen liessen coue, coué, Schwanz, geschwänzt von cauda, caudeus. — 5) lignée. — 6) godon, eigentlich ein Fresser, Schlemmer; Schimpfname für die Engländer, entstanden durch das Wortspiel mit god dam. 7) Ein sehr tapferer Hauptmann aus der Picardie, welcher die Engländer zu wiederholten Malen geschlagen. 8) hatten [illegible] mer; confondrer, enfoundrer: Zeitwort [illegible]; [illegible], vernichten, umstürzen, zu Boden werfen; Zerstörung, Vernichtung u. s. w. So in der altfranzösischen Bibelübersetzung. — Comme Nostre Seignor out *enfoundrel* les citées de cele regioun, il se remembra de Abraham et delivera Loth del *enfoundrer* des citez esquelles il vint habiter. Genes. 19, 29.

XV. *)

My my my my, mon doulx enfant,
Revendrez 1) vous jamais vers my
My my my my, mon doulx amy?
J'en ai le cueur si tres doulent, 2)
Que oncques puis d'oeil ne dormy, 3)
My my my my, mon doulx amy!

Amy, hin han! hin han! hin han!
Or t'nez ces centz esculz comptanz:
N'espaignez point le desmourant.
Por Dieu, t'nez men 4) fieu! 5)
Hin han! hin han! hin han! hin han!

---

*) Wahrscheinlich ein Tanz- oder Wiegenliedchen, ohne sonderlichen inneren Werth; merkwürdig erscheint nur der Refrein des zweiten Verses, indem er sich auch in dem Liede findet, das am Eselsfeste gesungen wurde, und das Schreyen des Esels nachahmt. 1) reviendrez 2) doulent, dolent, voll Schmerz. — So in der Histoire de Gilion de Trasignyes. S. den Anhang. Quant le souldan entendi Gilion il fu moult doulent. 3) dass ich seitdem kein Auge schloss. 4) mon 5) fieu für fils findet sich öfter und zeugt für das Alter dieses Liedes, da die früher aus filius entstandenen Formen fieus, fieux, fiex, fius, nach dem 14ten Jahrhundert ganz verschwanden und dem fil, fils Platz machten. — fieu findet sich u. A. auch in den Enseignemens de S. Louis a son fils Monseigneur Phelipon. — Chier fieus, li premiere cose que je t'enseigne, si est que tu metes tout ton cuer en Dieu amer.

XVI. *)

Celui qui nasquit sainctement,
Hen hene! hen hene! hen hene! hen hene!
Veuille mener a saulveté [1])
L'ame du bon feu roy René!
Il a preinz son deffinement, [2])
Hen hene! hen hene! hen hene! hen hene!
Pour certain il est trespassé,
C'est grant dommaige de sa mort.

Et quant vendra [3]) le jour du jugement,
Hen hene! hen hene! hen hene! hen hene!
Que chascun y sera pour soy,
Le doulx Jesus par sa pitié
Nous vueille donner sauvement!
Hen hene! hen hene! hen hene! hene hene!

XVII. **)

En faict d'amour beau [illegible] plus lieu;
Car sans argent vous [illegible] [2]) en ebrieu; [3])

---

*) Lied auf den Tod des Königs von Sicilien, Grafen von Anjou, René gestorben zu Aix 1481. 1) zum Heil, zur Seeligkeit 2) il a pris sa fin; deffinement, Ende, findet sich in dieser Bedeutung auch in dem altfranzösischen Gedichte: Dance aux aveugles: Que leur bonneur accroisse et dure. Et puisse durer sans laidure A jamais sans *deffinement.* 3) viendra.

**) Böses Spottlied auf die Frauen, im Tone eines betrogenen Liebhabers. Ohne Geld keine Liebe. 1) parler. 2) parlez. 3) hébreu.

Et, feussiez vouz le plus beau filz du monde,
Il fault foncer, 4) ou je veulx qu'on me tonde
Se vous mectez ja 5) le pié a l'estrieu. 6)

On dict pour neant: 7) „Dame par le corps Dieu!
„Je suis à vous corps, byens, rentes et fieu.“ 8)
Ce n'est ryen dict. Tout cella point n'abonde.“ 9)
Il fault foncer, ou je veux qu'on me tonde
Se vous mectez jamais pié a l'estrieu.

Croyez de vray se Gaultier o 10) Mahieu
Veult avancer, sy ne frappe au meilleu
De son harnoyz. 11) Je veulx que enfer fonde; 12)
Car je scay byen, soyt blanche, clere, 13) ou blonde,
Il fault esculz 14) pour commencer le jeu.

4) foncer, hier ausbeuteln, in den Sack greifen. 5) mettez jamais. 6) l'étrier. 7) néant, nient, nichts; umsonst. 8) corps, bien, rentes et fief 9) das ist Alles kein Ueberfluss i. e. das hilft Alles nichts. 10) o hier statt ou, oder. 11) sy ne frappe au meilleu de son harnoyz; s'il ne frappe au milieu de son harnois; wenn er nicht nach dem Geldbeutel greift (den man damals im Gurt zu tragen pflegte). 12) die Hölle soll vergehn. 13) claire, glänzend, schön. 14) écus. —

XVIII. *)

He! cuidez vous que je me joue 1)
Et que je voulsisse 2) aller
En Engleterre demourer: 3)
Ils ont une longue coue. 4)

Entre vous, genz de village
Qui aimez le roy françoys, 5)
Prenez chascun bon courage
Pour combattre les engloys.

Prenez chascun une houe, 6)
Pour mieulx les desraciner,
S'yls ne s'en veuillent aller;
Au mayns 7) faictez 8) leur la moue. —

---

*) Derbes kräftiges Volkslied voll patriotischer Gesinnungen gegen die Engländer. 1) Glaubt Ihr, dass ich spasse; cuider von cogitare, denken, meinen. 2) alte Form für voulusse 3) demeurer 4) coue S. d. Note 4 zu XIV. coue ist noch jetzt gebräuchlich in der Normandie für queue 5) den französischen König. 6) houe, hoe, haou, houl, hoie, hoyau, Hacke der Weingärtner; man leitet es (ob mit Recht?) von dem gleichbedeutenden upupa der Römer ab. — Man bediente sich dieses Werkzeuges öfter als Waffe. — So heisst es in der Vie de du Guesclin:

Car en bataille fist jusqu'à ces murs aller
A piques et a hoes y fist assaut livrer etc.

7) au moins 8) faites.

Ne craignez point, allez battre
Ces godons, 9) panches a poys; 10)
Car ung de nous en vault quatre,
Au moins en vault il bien troys.

Afin qu'on les esbafoue 11)
Aultant qu'en pourrez trouver,
Faictes au gibet mener,
Et que nous 12) les y encroue. 13)

Por Dieu! se je les empoigne,
Puis que j'en jure une foys,
Je leur monstreray sans hoigne 14)
De quel poisant 15) sont mes doigtz.

Ils n'ont laissé porc, ne oue 16)
Ne guerne, 17) ne guernellier, 18)
Tout enstour nostre cartier 19)
Dieu sy mect mal en leur joue. 20)

9) S. die Anmerkung 6 zu XIV. 10) pances à pois Erbsenfresser, einen ähnlichen Schimpfnamen geben die Bewohner Oberitaliens den Oesterreichern: patatuchi Kartoffelfresser. 11) esbafouer dasselbe wie bafouer 12) nous für on, Provinzialismus der Normandie wie das thüringische und sächsische mir für wir. 13) encrouer ebenfalls Provinzialismus für accrocher 14) hoigne, hogner, hoguiner, murren, brummen, zanken. 15) für poids, Gewicht 16) oue, oie altfranzösisch oe, oes, oez etc. vom niederen Latein occa. Es kommt noch ziemlich spät vor u. A. in der Farce de Pathelin: Il doit venir manger de l'oue. 17) guerne und 18) guernellier, wahrscheinlich von gallina Huhn und Hühnerhaus 19) quartier 20) Gott sende Ihnen Unglück in den Rachen. —

XIX. *)

Cy j'ay assailly la fortereesche:
Elle est tant playne 1) de noblesse.
Tout mon cueur est emprisonné.
Je ne sçay comment l'auray.
Je lui ai donné mainct assault,
Depuis que le siege y fust mys,
Et ay monté tout au plus hault;
Mais dedens entrer je ne puys.

Tant qu'on m'a dict par grant rudesse:
„Gentil gallant, recule toy;
„Garde que le traict ne te blesse:
„L'erbalestrier vise sur toy."
Je ne crains point l'erbalestrier,
Puisque je suis a mon harnoys;
Car son baston n'est pas meurdrier; 2)
Son vireton 3) n'est que de boys.

Se de lui je puis approucher, 4)
Il aura gaige pour trois moys.
La gentillesse irai cercher 5)
Pour secourir le bon Galloys. 6)

---

*) Ebenfalls ein Schelmliedchen, aber nicht so witzig, wie die früheren. 1) pleine 2) meurtrier 3) vireton, Pfeil, Stechbolzen von verutum. 4) approcher 5) chercher 6) galois von galor, nicht aus dem Keltischen gallu, wie es Du Cange erklärt, sondern von valor: tapfer, kräftig; hier soviel wie das in deutschen Volksliedern oft vorkommende „gute Kerl."

XX. *)

J'ay veu le temps que j'estoye a Bazac:
Et qu'avec moy chevauchoyt le soudenc 1)
Ou il y a troys millions de harencz
En garnizon et aultant d'espelencz. 2)
Un chascun d'une bonne arbaleste au poing,
De tirer fort ils prenoyent moult soing.
Quant est a moi j'ay eu meinct horion, 3)
Dont jamais jour ne seray vengé.
Regardez donc se l'on doibt dire ou non:
Le pain au fol est le premier mengé. 4)

Non, il n'y a point d'icy en Armignac 5)
Ne par dela la duchié de Millenc 6)
Ung si beau nez que celuy 7) Jean Sennc:
Il me semble d'un duc ou chambrelenc; 8)
Car il y a mille rubys de renc 9)
Bien arrunez 10) pendans jusques au groing
Tant qu'on le voit de cinquante lieux loing.

---

*) Ein närrisches Ding. Coq a l'ane, später jedoch etwas verändert hiess diese Weise amphigouri, von ἀμφί und γυρός, Mischmasch, Wischiwaschi. — 1) le sultan 2) d'éperlan Spiering, Stint. 3) horion Stoss, Puff. S. Note 7 zu II. 4) Altes Sprichwort, ungefähr wie das deutsche: Wenn die Narren zu Markte kommen, da freuen sich die Krämer. 5) Armagnac 6) Milan 7) hier muss de supplirt werden. Diese den Genitiv bezeichnende Präposition wurde früher häufig weggelassen; so in dem Titel des alten Volksbuches: La vie Robert le diable. 8) chambellan 9) rang; bedeutende Rubinen 10) arrunez geordnet; von arruner, auch arrimer, arrumer ordnen, arrigare; im niederen Latein arraiare.

Plus reluisant que ne faict un penpon. [11]
Pleust ores a Dieu qu'aujourdhui feust logé
Dedenz Brunval au cul de Monquandon. [12]
Le pain au fol est le premier mengé.

Et m'en alloye l'autre jour à Lussac,
Et rencontray, au chemin de Hodenc, [13]
Une fillette, qui portoyt un bissac,
Laquelle avoyt sus moi l'oeil et la dent.
A tant s'arta, [14] me tirant en un coing.
Couart [15] je feus, me retiray au loing.
Dont elle enfla plus gros que ung scorpion
Et de grant deuil m'eust volluntiers mengé.
Ce nonobstant m'en allay mon tréon. [16]
Le pain au fol est le premier mengé.

XXI. *)

Royne des fleurs, royne des fleurs,
    Que j'ay tant desirée!
Las! dictes moy comment pourray avoir vostre amour:
    C'est tous les jours le plus de ma pensée.

---

[11] Hauptschmuck der Frauen, Agraffe, die auf dem Kopfe getragen wurde. [12] Wahrscheinlich Dörfer oder Flecken. [13] Houdan, Städtchen im Dép. d'Eure et Loir [14] Contraction für s'arrêta [15] couart, couard, coard nach Roquefort von cauda, weil die Thiere, besonders die Hunde, wenn sie sich fürchten, den Schwanz einziehn; feige. [16] Provinzialismus für train.

*) Gespräch zwischen einem Liebenden und seinem Schätzchen, das nichts von ihm wissen will. Kurz und naiv.

Mon bel amy, trop byen sçavez la voye:
Par où vinstes, pencez de restourner.
Ne venez plus ainsy my rigoller. 1)
Allez vous en; le fils Dieu vous pourvoye

XXII. *)

Reconfortez le petit cueur de moy,
Hovoy
Qui nuict et jour,
Qui nuict et jour
Ne my faict que languir
Si de vous n'ay,
Si de vous n'ay,
Belle, aucun resconfort;
Car navré m'avez,
Car navré m'avez,
D'ung dart dont je suys mort.

Or n'est il nul en ce monde vivant,
Tant soit il beau, gallant et byen parlant,
Qui de ce mal my peust donner secours,
Sy ce n'estoyt mon amye, par amours.

1) **rigoller**, **rigouler**, scherzen; necken, verspotten; ferner im Uebermaass trinken; auf dem Eise glitschen, schlittern.

*) Ein sehr niedliches, durchgängig leicht verständliches Liebesliedchen. —

XXIII. *)

A la compaignye d'ung bauchier 1)
Venus sommes du Vau de Vire 2)
En pellerinage à Sainct Gire. 3)
Jesus nous gard d'encombrier! 4)
Jesus nous gard d'encombrement! 5)
Venus sommes certainement
Accomplir le pelerinage.

Accompagnés de mainct gent
Venus sommes certainement
Et ne quérons 6) point davantage.
Jesus nous gard d'emcombrement!
Venus sommes devotement
Accomplir le pelerinage.

---

*) Wallfahrtsliedchen, mit polemischem Schluss. —
1) Maurer für den Pisébau, der noch heutigen Tages in
der Normandie Bauge genannt wird, vom niederen Latein
ogium, woher auch der Ausdruck Bouge, schlechte Woh-
ung. 2) Val de Vire in der Normandie, der Stammort
er grossen Familie der Vaudevilles. 3) Saint Gilles;
rt, eine Stunde von Saint Lo, in der Normandie, seit
denklichen Zeiten Wallfahrtsziel 4) und 5) Unglück,
nfall; von encombrare, combrus. — So im Roman de
ristan: Dans quatre jors je serai à la fontaine, se
ieu me defend *d'encombrier*. Des davon herkommen-
n Wortes encombre bedient sich noch La Fontaine in
inen Fabeln VII, 10. 6) cherchons, demandons.

Nous sommes gens tout d'ung mestier
Qui ne voullons que ouyr bien dire
Et ne voullons nully mesdire 7)
Si ne commenche le premier.

Nous voullons tenir l'ordonnance
Que nostre syre roy de France
Nous a donné la sove, 8) mercy, 9)
Et estre de son allyance
Pour le servir à sa plaisance, 10)
Et nous tiendrons avecques ley.

Se les engloys venoyent piller,
Nous les mectrons a tel martyre
Que nous les garderonz de ryre
Et d'aller a nostre poullier. 11)

XXIV. *)

Dieu gard de deshonneur
Celle que j'ay longt temps aymée!
Je l'ay aymée de tout mon cueur;
Ma jeunesse est passée.

---

7) nully, nulluy; nul, qui que ce soit; nous ne voulons médire de personne. 8) la sauve-garde 9) grace — la grace d'une sauvegarde 10) à son plaisir; à son gré 11) alter Ausdruck für poulailler. — Man sieht aus mehreren Liedern, dass die Engländer damals grosse Hühnerfresser, und dass der Ruf der Hühner aus der Normandie schon zu jener Zeit sehr bedeutend war.

*) Höchst naives Klaglied eines Verliebten, freylich mit sehr prosaischem Schluss.

Or voy je byen que c'est follye
  D'y mectre sa pencée,
Quant elle m'a dict en plorant:
  „Nos amours sont finées,
  „Nos amours sont finées.“

Despencer m'a faict mon argent
A la mayson d'ung tabernier 1)
Payer l'escot de mainct gent
Dont je n'en avoys pas mestier. 2)

Chausses de vair 3) m'as faict porter
  Et souliers a Poullaine, 4)
Et par devant son huys 5) passer
  Maincte foy la sepmaine.

---

1) tabernier, tavernier, aubergiste. 2) Was ich nicht nöthig hatte, nicht zuthun brauchte. 3) vair von varius, nicht von viridis, wie La Ravalliere in seiner Ausgabe der Gedichte des Königs von Navarra meint (I. p. 231), schillernd, bunt. 4) à la polonaise. — Spitze Schnabelschuhe, welche unter Philipp dem Schönen um 1300 aufkamen und nach vielen vergeblichen Excommunicationen der Geistlichen endlich von Karl VI. verboten und durch eine schwere Geldbusse verdrängt wurden. 5) huys, huis, hus; ostium Thor, Thür. So in dem fabliau des trois boçus (deutsch bearbeitet von v. Nicolay unter dem Titel: die drey Bucklichten): Toute jor estoit ses huis clos. Ja ne vousist que nus entrast.

XXV. *)

Hellas! il est pys de ma vye,
Et bye! [1]
Mesnage a prinz sur moy rigour [2]
Adieu commant, [3] joye et baudour [4]
Esbattement et chanterye,
Et bye!

Je m'y soulloye [5] aller esbattre
Avecqz ces gentilz gallans;
Mais maintenant suys à mon astre [6]
A nourrir mes petitz enfans:

Dont l'ung se bret [7] et l'autre crye.
L'aultre m'appelle son seignour.
Le petit bret et nuict et jour.
Je n'ay bonne heure ne demye. [8]

---

*) Lied eines geplagten Ehemanns, lebendig, fast dramatisch dessen Leiden schildernd. 1) Seufzer als Refrein. 2) rigueur. 3) commandement. 4) baudour, Freude, Lust 5) ich pflegte. 6) astre, atre, Heerd von atrium, nach Menage von atrum, weil der Heerd durch den Rauch geschwärzt wird, nach Ducange von astrum (Latein des Mittelalters), ein Haus. 7) für brait: braire schreyen, gewöhnlich nur vom Esel gebraucht, gilt auch als Provinzialismus der Normandie von Menschen. 8) demye, die geringste Sache, nichts. So im fabl. de la Borse pleine de sens: v. 189; Barbazan et Méon Contes etc. T. III. pag. 45. —

Par nuit entreras chez t'amie
Et li dis que tu n'as *demie*
Ne denrée de ton avoir,
Tot as perdu a icest soir etc.

hier: ich habe niemals eine gute d. i. ruhige Stunde, sondern werde immer geplagt.

Le grant demande une cotelle [9])
Et la fillette ung chaperon. [10])
Ma fame sy bret et crestelle. [11])
Et, nostre dame! que feron?

Be! tesiez vous, [12]) ma mye!
Nous despriron [13]) notre seignour
Qu'il nous donne du pain au four.
Sy nourriron nostre mesgnye. [14])

9) cottelle Diminutiv von cotte, hier soviel wie Wämmschen. 10) chaperon, eine eigenthümliche Kopfbedeckung, welche von Männern und Frauen getragen wurde, und bis in das funfzehnte Jahrhundert hinein Mode war. — Karl VII. erliess 1447 einen Befehl, nach welchem jeder ein Kreuz darauf tragen musste, wenn er es nicht schon auf dem Kleide trug. Das chaperon war von Tuch und umhüllte den Kopf und theilweise den Nacken; wollte man grüssen, so schob man es so weit zurück, dass die Stirn entblösst wurde. — 11) cresteller, Onomatopöe, gackern, wie eine Henne. 12) Bah, taisez vous. 12) prierons. 14) mesgnye, menage, Familie, Wohnung; auch maignée, meisgnie u. s. w. von mansio. —

XXVI. *)

Gentilz gallans, compaignons du raizin, 1)
Beuvons d'aultant au soyr et au matin
Jusqu'a centz sols
Et ho! 2)
A nostre hostesse ne payeron point d'argent.
Fors ung *credo*,
Et ho!

Si nostre hostesse nous faysoit adjourner, 3)
Nous luy diron qu'il fault laisser passer
Quasimodo, 4)
Et ho!
Ne payeron point d'argent a nostre hostesse
Fors ung *credo*
Et ho!

*) Trinklied lustiger Brüder. 1) compagnons du raisin soviel wie Zechgenossen. 2) Nichts sagender Refrein. 3) sc. en justice; wenn sie uns verklagen liesse. 4) den Sonntag nach dem Osterfeste. — Der erste Vers dieses Liedes findet sich auch in einer alten sehr seltenen Sammlung dreystimmiger lateinischer, deutscher, französischer, italienischer und holländischer Liedercompositionen, aus dem Anfange des 16ten Jahrhunderts, die ich besitze. Dort lautet er buchstäblich treu so:

Gentilz gallans confreres du rasin
Beuvons dautant de soir et de matin
Jusques acent et ho
A nostre hostesse ne baillons point dargent
Fors ung credo.

XXVII. *)

Beuvon fort
Jusqu' au bort,
Beuvon byen,
Nos voizines,
Nos couzines!
Nos marys n'en sauront ryen.

L'aultre jour troys famelettes 1)
Au marché vendirent lin; 2)
Pour faire mieulx les goguettes, 3)
Allerent boyre du vin.
Pot a pot
Lot a lot
Chascune manda le syen;
La beuvoyent;
La riffloyent 4)
Au curé et au doyen.
Noz peres beurent et vidairent les potz
Mais se nous vallonz ryen 5)
Nous viderons les noz. 6)

---

*) Trinklied lustiger Weiber aus dem Volk. 1) Diminutiv von femme. 2) hier muss du supplirt werden. 3) faire les goguettes, lustig seyn von goguer (gaudere) 4) riffler, arracher, prendre; hier heisst es: sie tranken Pfarrer und Dechanten den Wein vor der Nase weg. 5) quelque chose. 6) les nôtres. —

XXVIII. *)

Ma fame m'ayme du bout de sa cornette
Et je l'ayme du bout de mon tallon.
Que dictes vous, madame Collichon?
Or, ce n'est le faict d'une playsante brunette.

Nous feron unyz soullierz a pompette 1)
De marrocain ou de jolly mouton,
Et noulieront 2) a ung jolly bouton
Et par dessus ung beau bec d'alouette. 3)

Ma fame dict que je seray prophete,
Et me donra ung jolly chaperon
Qui sera faict a nouvelle façon,
Et par dessus une grise cornette.

XXIX. **)

Ce sont varletz 1) de Vire,
Ce sont varletz de Vire:
Et qui sont ces gentilz gallans
Qui viengnent voyr ma myc?
Sont ils venuz de si hault lieu.
Leur ozeroit on dire:
Ce sont varletz de Vire,
Ce sont varletz de Vire.

---

*) Spottlied eines Ehemanns, der die neugierige Nachbarin abfertigt. 1) pompette, Diminutiv von pompon, Schleife, Agraffe. 2) noueront. 3) eine Verzierung. —
**) Wahrscheinlich ein Tanzliedchen. 1) varletz, valets hier junge rüstige Bursche. —

XXX. *)

„Eh! qui vous passera le boys?
„Dictes, ma doulce amye!
„Nous le passeron cette foys
„Sans point de villenye.“ 1) —
Quant elle feust au boys si beau,
D'aimer y la requise. 2)
Je suiz la fille d'ung mezeau: 3)
De cella vous advise.

De Dieu soyt mauldit le merdier
Qui la fille a nourrye!
Quant il ne la mect a mestier,
Ou qu'il ne la marye,
Ou ne la faict en lieu bouter 4)
Que homme n'en ayt envye.

Quant elle feust dehors du boys,
Et ce print à soubarire.
„Belle, qui menez tel desgoys 5)
„Dictes moy, qu'esse a dire? 6)

---

*) Schelmlied, arge Abfertigung eines verliebten Dummkopfs, höchst naiv erzählend. — 1) vilenie Unzüchtigkeit. 2) Verlangt er dort von ihr Liebeswerk. 3) Mezeau, mezel, ein Aussätziger vom Latein. misellus, nach Anderen vom Hebräischen mezora. — Diese armen Leute wurden streng geflohen und vermieden. So heisst es in der Ancienne Coutume de Normandie: Li mesel ne poent estre heirs à nullui, partant que la maladie soit apparoissante communément, mais il tendront lor vie l'eritage que ils avoient, eins (avant, ante) qu'il fussent mesel. 4) mettre. 5) gazouillement. 6) qu'est ce que cela veut dire?

Et respondit a basse voix.
„Je suis la fille d'ung borgeois,
„Le plus grant de la ville.“
L'on doibt couart 7) mauldire. —
„Fame je ne croiray d'ung moys,
Tant soyt belle ou abille. 8)

XXXI. *)

Las! je n'y chanteray plus.
Quant le Vau de Vire est sus,
Mon cueur est trop douloureux
Qui soulloyt estre joyeulx.

Adieu, soef esbattement, 1)
Et le jolly Dieu d'amours!
Je le quitte entierement
Sy de luy je n'ay secours.

Et la blanche livrée porter,
Chascun un blanc chapperon:
Tout par bonne intention,
Sans a nul mal y peucer.

7) couart den Feigherzigen, der keinen Muth hat
8) „Sie mag noch so schön und gewandt seyn.“

*) Klagelied über schlimme Zeiten; der letzte Vers scheint nicht recht dazu zu gehören. 1) lieblicher Zeitvertreib, soef, soefve von suavis. So im Roman de la Rose:

Fleurs i eust blanches et vermeilles,
— — — — — — —
Si estoient *soef* flairans,
Et reflagrans et odorans.

Je suis marry et doulent,
Quant je voy ces collecteurs, 2)
Qui justisent 3) povre gent
Plus soubvent que tous les jours.

Vrays amoureulx, sans plus tarder,
Ostez mon cueur de prison,
Et me baillez 4) guerison,
Ou je suys ung trespasser. 5)

XXXII. *)

J'avoye bon bruict a mon advenement,
Mais par ma grant laidure, 1)
Tost aussitost qu'aye gaigné argent,
Au cuir, au poil, alloye grant allure.
Vieillesse m'a donné de sa poincture; 2)
Je ne me puys remettre à labourer.
Ce poise moy; 3) si ne vient quelque bonne adventure,
Il me faudra la guerre habandonner.

---

2) Steuereinnehmer. 3) exequiren. 4) donnez moi. 5) un trépassé. —

*) Klagelied eines armen Teufels, mit dem es nicht so recht mehr fort will. — Der Refrein muss nur bildlich verstanden werden. 1) meinem schlechten Betragen; laidure altfranz. Schimpf, Beleidigung, dann Wunde; von laedere. 2) Das Alter hat mich verwundet; pointure von pungere, Wunde, Schlag, Hieb. 3) Das drückt mich, ärgert mich. —

Jadys soulloye chevaucher noblement
A troys roussins, 4) bruiant oultre mesure;
Mais maintenant il me va aultrement:
Je voys 5) à pié par faulte de monture;
Et, sy me fault pourchasser ma pasture,
A travers champs aller et trescasser, 6)
Ce poise moy; si ne vient quelque bonne adventure.
Il me fauldra la guerre habandonner.

Gentilz gallanz, qui bevez 7) hardyement
De ce bon vin, a pot et sans mesure,
Bevez a moy, je vous pry humblement,
Et gardez byen que ne grevez nature.
Ne prenez pas si pesante vainture 8)
Qu'il vous faille en ung brief 9) coup ruer,
Comme a faict moy; si ne vient quelque bonne adventure,
Il me fauldra la guerre habandonner.

Garny je suys si tres parfaictement
D'or et d'argent, de chevaulx et d'armeure
Et d'aultres byens aussy escarcement. 10)
Je n'ay porpoinct, 11) ne robbe, ne caincture 12)
Que tout ne soyt engagé par uzure.
Je ne me puys remettre a labourer.
Ce poise moy; si ne vient quelque bonne adventure,
Il me fauldra la guerre habandonner.

4) mit drey Rossen. 5) vais, Provinzialismus. 6) tracasser. 7) buvez. 8) dies Wort findet sich nirgends. — 9) court von brevis. 10) escarcement vom Italienischen scarsamente; spärlich. 11) pourpoint. 12) ni robe ni ceinture.

XXXIII. *)

Il est venu le petit oyseillon,
Ce moys de may, certainement,
Chanter aupres de ma maison.
Le cueur de moy,
Hovoy! [1])
S'en resjouyt soubvent.

C'est le petit oyseillonet [2])
Qui chante au verd boscaige,
Qui en son jolly chant disoyt
Vray amoureulx en son langaige.

Je my [3]) levay par ung beau jour
Pour aller voir ma doulce amye;
Car je pretends avoir s'amour: [4])
Mais j'en suys en melancholye.

Or est venu le temps et la saison
Qu' amoureulx sont en pencement.
De mesdisans gardons nous du blason; [5])
Quant est a moy, j'aymeray loyaulment. —

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*) Mai- und Liebesliedchen. 1) Refrein wie in N° VIII. XIII. XXII. S. die Note dazu an ihrem Orte. 2) Diminutiv eines Diminutivs, Vögeleinchen ungefähr. 3) me. 4) son amour. 5) Gardons nous du cancan des médisans. —

XXXIV. *)

L'amour de moy sy est enclose
En ung jolly jardinet,
Ou croist la rose et le muguet,
Et aussy faict la passerose.

Mon jardinet est si playsant
Et garny de toute flour;
Et sy est gardé d'ung amant
Aultant la nuict comme le jour.

Hellas! il n'est si doulce chose
Que de ce doulx roussignolet,
Qui chante cler au matinet.
Quant il est las, il se repose.

Je la veis 1) l'aultre jour cueillant
En ung vert pré la violette,
Et me sembla sy advenant
Et de beaulté la tres parfaicte.

Je la regarday une pose: 2)
Elle estoyt blanche comme let 3)
Et doulce comme ung aignellet, 4)
Vermeillette comme une rose.

---

*) Ein allerliebstes Liebesliedchen, zierlich und niedlich, voll echter Freude an der Schilderung des Gegenstandes, die sich in lauter Diminutiven ausspricht. 1) vis 2) un moment, une pause, 3) lait, 4) petit agneau. —

XXXV. *)

Et da nobis,
Tu es bon compaignon. [Bis.)
Tu as promis
Au noble roi françoys [1])
De ta simple personne
D'estre prest à partir,
Se le tabourin [2]) sonne.

Et da nobis
Tu es bien abusé; [Bis.)
Et les normans
Te ont icy apporté,
Un merveilleux libelle [3])
De te faire mourir
Se tu n'y metz remede,
Helas! se tu n'y metz remede.

Da nobis (répond).
Mon lieutenant
M'avoit sa foy [illegible] [Bis.)
Mais maintenant

---

*) Die folgenden vier Lieder sind aus einer gedruckten, äusserst seltenen Liedersammlung von 1548. — Dieses erste Lied scheint auf einen Soldaten gemacht zu seyn, der wahrscheinlich nach damaliger Sitte den Kriegsnamen Da nobis führte und dem Liede nach zu urtheilen seinen Diensteid gebrochen hatte, vielleicht eines Liebeshandels wegen. — Die Begebenheit muss damals einiges Aufsehn erregt haben, denn es finden sich aus dieser Zeit mehrere Lieder auf die Melodie von Et da nobis. 1) Karl VI. 2) le tambour. 3) ein Urtheilsspruch.

M'a joué d'un faulx tour,
M'a joué de finesse.
Las! il a tint [4]) huyt jours
Mon cueur en grand tristesse,
Helas! mon cueur en grand tristesse.

* * *

Adieu, Rouen,
La ville doù [5]) je suis! [Bis.)
Sus l'eschauffault
Il my convient mourir.
Finer [6]) me fault la vie;
J'ay regret à mourir
Pour l'amour de ma mye,
Helas! pour l'amour de ma mye.

Rossignolet
Qui chante au boys jolly,
Va à Rouen
A ma femme, et lui dy
Que ne se desconforte, [7])
Que je m'en vois [8]) mourir,
Qu'on me baille la corde,
Helas! qu'on me baille la corde.

4) tenu. 5) doù, d'où woher. 6) finir. — 7) Dass sie sich nicht gräme. 8) vois für vais.

XXXVI. *)

Chanson faicte sur la triumphe que les Diepois ont faict sur la mer, et se chante sur le chant de *Marceille la jolye.*

Les mariniers de Diepe ils ont bien triumphé,
Pour le bon roi de France estant dessus la mer.
Il estoient equippez trestous en faict de guerre
Contre les allemantz, flamangs, nos adversaires.

O noble capitaine de Diepe de regnom!
Las! tu es bien servy de gentils compagnons.
Les mariniers y sont qui sont dans vos navires
Servant nos ennemis à coups d'artillerie.

Ils porteront les chausses doublées de taffetas,
Le sayon 1) de sayette, le pourpoinct de damas;
Et puis ils s'en iront dessus la mer jolye
Contre ses ennemis qui ont fait nous guerre.

Neuf navires de Flandres sont venus rencontrer,
Cinq navires de France, de Honfleur, port de mer,

---

*) Der Sieg, den dies Lied behandelt, ist wahrscheinlich der von 1382 unter Karl VI., wo die Seeleute der Normandie den englischen Admiral Spemer schlugen und gefangen nahmen. — Die Schlacht von Rosbec, welche den 27 November 1382 Statt fand zwischen den Franzosen und Flamingern, wurde von den Ersteren glorreich gewonnen. 1) sayon von sagum; kurzes Oberkleid.

Lesquels ils ont choqué à coups d'artillerye.
Les Diepois sont venus qui faisoient rusterye. 2)

Les bons enfantz de Diepe triumphent ceste foys,
Soustenant la querelle du noble roy françoys;
Et ont prinz toutes foys trois navires de guerre,
Desquelz ils ont honneur tant par mer que par terre

Qui fit la chansonnette? un noble adventurier,
Lequel est de Grenoble du lieu de Dauphiné,
Lequel l'a composée pour l'honneur des vaillances
Que les Diepois ont faict pour le bon roy de France.

XXXVII. *)

Chanson nouvelle des regretz des Galloiz 1) et Provenceaulx, qui sont partis de devant la ville de Rouen, qui se chante sur le chant de *Et da nobis*.

Adieu, Rouen,
Et les filles aussi! [Bis.]
Soudainement
Il nous convient partir
De Rouen, bonne ville,
Par un grand desplaisir.
Dueil et melencolye,
Helas! dueil et melencolye.

---

2) rusterye, rustrerye Verheerung. Der Schluss dieses Liedes hat grosse Aehnlichkeit mit den deutschen historischen Liedern.

*) Soldatenlied. 1) 1418 waren Waliser bei der Belagerung von Rouen. —

Les grands regrets
Des filles de Rouen, (Bis.)
Qui des pacquets
Ont porté longuement
Par devant et derriere;
Car ils avoient argent
En bource et gibeciere
Helas! en bource et gibeciere. [2]

Les provenceaulx
Et les soudars aussi (Bis)
D'habitz nouveaulx
Tousjours estoient jolys
Pour complaire à ces filles:
Leur baillant de l'argent
Pour avoir des coquilles,
Helas! pour avoir des coquilles.

Rouen! Rouen!
Tu ty dois resjouyr: (Bis)
Car tu as veu
Tes ennemys fuyr
Les enfants de misere,
Qui t'ont voulu occir
Faire grand vitupere, [3]
Helas! faire grand vitupere.

Un nombre grand
Sont courus apres eulx (Bis.)
En souspirant

---

[2] gibeciere hier die Gürteltasche der Frauen. [3] vitupere von vituperatio Tadel, Vorwürfe. —

Et essuyant leurs yeux,
Plorant à grosses larmes,
Marris et bien honteux,
Sans tenir autres termes,
Helas! sans tenir autres termes.

Les plus braves
Et les mieulx aornés,[4] (Bis.)
Courant aprés
En portant leurs souliers
Estant a grosse alaine,
En leur disant adieu:
J'avons perdu noz peines,
Helas! j'avons perdu noz peines.[5]

Celuy qui fist
Ceste jolye chanson, (Bis.)
Un cuisinier,
Qui estoit de Lyon,
Cuysinier en gallere,[6]
En hallant l'aviron
Tousjours en grand misere,
Helas! tousjours en grand misere.

---

[4] aornés geputzt, geziert von adornare. [5] j'ai perdu ma peine; j'avons — nos — Provinzialismus. — [6] Die Galeeren waren damals noch sehr im Gebrauch; man bediente sich der Verbrecher zum Rudern. —

XXXVIII. *)

Que voulez vous sçavoir des Dames de Rouen?
Elles s'en vont aux galleres deux à deux devisant; 1)
Elles s'en vont simplement parlant de leurs amours.
Les Dames de Rouen triumphent tous les jours.
Les Dames de Rouen triumphent tous les jours.
Elles s'en vont aux galleres parlant de leurs amours.

Si vous voulez sçavoir les Dames que ce sont;
Madame Jaqueline, chascun sçait bien son nom:
A ma grand fantaisie c'est l'amye des patrons. 2)
Les Dames de Rouen triumphent tous les jours.
Les Dames etc.

Madame Jaqueline, las! vous avez grand tort
D'aller en la gallere dansant tousjours le trot.
Vous dansez des sonnettes 3) et aussi des bouffons, 4)
Et puis tout en aprés on s'habille en garson.
Les Dames, et — c.

Le patron Jeremye, il est bien ab[illegible]
De s'amye Jaqueline qu'il avoit tant aymée.
Il la pensoit avoir un soir à son coucher:
Mais le patron Jeresme l'avoit a son costé.
Les Dames, et — c.

---

*) Spottlied auf die Damen von Rouen, höchst wahrscheinlich mit Beziehungen auf damals lebende Personen, von einem kecken Soldaten verfasst. 1) deviser, faire devis, schwatzen, sich unterhalten, von dividere. 2) der Schiffsleute. — 3) und 4) Namen von Tänzen und Pas.

Mesdames de Rouen, las! vous avez grant tort.
Je vous prie humblement qu'ayez un peu de port. 5)
Si les Dames de France ou celles d'Orleans
En sçavent la ventance, 6) feront semblablement.
Les Dames, etc.

Qui fit la chansonette fut un gentil gallant,
Venant de la Rochelle: n'avait pas cinq cens francs.
Pas dix escuz pour vivre. Parquoy chantons trestous:
Les Dames de Rouen triumphent en amours,
Les Dames de Rouen triumphent tous les jours.
Elles s'en vont aux galleres parlant de leurs amours.

XXXIX. *)

Chanson en Patois normand.

J'ai aimé une jeune fille
D'un grand moyen
Son pere si me l'a donnée
O 1) n'en veut rien.

Quand je party de men 2) village
Pour l'aller vais 3)
J'estois vestu de pied en cappe
Comme un englais.

---

5) Haltung, Mässigung. 6) ventance das Lob.

*) Lied in der Sprache des Landvolkes, interessant, weil es eine genaue Beschreibung der Tracht eines jungen Burschen enthält. Es findet sich in einer Sammlung von 1615 oder 16. Caen chez Jacques Mangeant in 12°. — 1) Elle. 2) mon. 3) voir.

J'avois un biau capiau 4) de paille
Long et poinctu:
Il n'y avoit homme a men village
Qui n'en ai ieu.

J'avois un biau colliet de telle 5)
Gros et carray: 6)
Avec un bonne fichelle 7)
Pour l'attaquay. 8)

J'avois un biau pourpoint de telle
Un biau blanchet 9)
Attaquay devant ma fourchelle 10)
D'un fin lachet. 11)

J'avois une belle quemise 12)
Au poinct percier; 13)
Un moucheux 14) a quatre cornieres
Bien appliquey. —

J'avois une belle cheinture 15)
D'un quieur bouilly; 16)
Les couteaux et aussi la gayne,
Le cauchepied. 17)

---

4) chapeau. 5) toile. 6) carré. 7) ficelle. 8) attacher. 9) camisole blanc. 10) fourcelle, fourchelle Brust — furcilla. So bei Coquillart: Dame Florence l'escornée A longue eschine, plate fourcelle. 11) lacet. 12) chemise. 13) mit Hohlstichen genäht, points à jour; 14) mouchoir à 4 coins de cornes. 15) ceinture. 16) de cuir bouilli. 17) Messer, Scheide und Schuhzieher (im Gürtel); cauchepied für chaussepied.

J'avois le pu biau haut de cauches 18)
D'un fin burel. 19)
Il n'y avoit point a men village
Pu biau hardel. 20)

J'avois une belle gargache 21)
D'un fin coutil, 22)
Passementée avaud 23) les gambes
D'un biau nerfil.

J'avois de biaux gartiers 24) de laine
Rouges et verts
Qui me ballest 25) avaud les gambes
Jusqu' aux sollets.

J'avois de biaux sollets de vaque 26)
Bien evenant
Attaquez de bonne courroie
De biau quieur 27) blanc.

18) haut de chausses Ueberstrümpfe. 19) burel, bure eine Art Wollenzeug von röthlicher oder gräulicher Farbe, je nachdem die Wolle war, aus der es gemacht wurde. So im Fabliau de Boivins de Provins: Vestu se fu dung *burel* gris, Cote et sarcot et chape ensamble, Qui tout fu d'un, si com moy samble. 20) hardel junger Bursche. 21) gargache, gargaisse eine Art Beinkleider, eigentlich greguesques, nach griechischer Mode. 22) von feinem Schnitt. 23) aval; längs den Beinen mit Litzen besetzt (d'un biau nerfil). 24) jarretieres. 25) qui me flottoient, von baler, baller, eigentlich tanzen, dann, sich lebhaft bewegen. 26) souliers de cuir de vache. 27) cuir. —

XL. *)

Branle double.

En passant l'eau j'ay trouvé de quoi rire
(J'ay le mot à dire.)
Un passager approchant son navire,
(J'ay le mot à dire, moy,
Moy j'ay le mot à dire;)

Un passager approchant son navire,
J'ay etc.
Vit arriver une dame de Vire;
J'ay etc.
Moy etc.

Vit arriver etc.
J'ay etc.
Tout aussitost son amour il respire
J'ay etc.
Moy etc.

Tout aussitost etc.
J'ay etc.
De l'appeller promptement il aspire;
J'ay etc.
Moy etc.

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*) Dieses Tanzlied, so wie das folgende, findet sich in einer seltenen Sammlung, welche den Titel führt: Recueil des plus belles chansons de dances de ce temps. Caen, Jacques Mangeant 1615 in 12°.

De l'appeller etc.
J'ay etc.
Et plein d'amour, dans son bateau l'attire:
J'ay etc.
Moy etc.

Et plein d'amour etc.
J'ay etc.
En luy disant. „Ma belle je desire"
J'ay etc.
Moy etc.

En luy disant etc.
J'ay etc.
Que vous donnez remède a mon martire:
J'ay etc.
Moy etc.

Que vous donnez etc.
J'ay etc.
La belle enfin, qui ne fait que sourire;
J'ay etc.
Moy etc.

La belle enfin qui ne fait que sourire,
(J'ay le mot à dire.)
Ne l'ose pas rùdement esconduire. [1])
J'ay le mot à dire, moy;
Moy j'ay le mot à dire. —

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1) esconduire, escondire, escondre: verhindern, hemmen; verwehren. —

XLI. *)

Branle simple de village.

Valet qui aime par amour,
N'aimes pas fille d'un seignour.
(Cheminez fillettes
Cheminez tousjours.)

N'aimez pas fille d'un seignour
J'en aimé une par amour.
(Cheminez fillettes,
Cheminez tousjours.)

J'en aimé etc.
Je me proumenois l'autre jour;
Cheminez etc.
Cheminez etc.

Je me proumenois etc.
Avec ma dame par amour.
Cheminez etc.

Avec ma dame etc.
Qui fesoit un chapeau de flour,
Cheminez etc.

Qui fesoit etc.
C'est pour donner à son seignour.
Cheminez etc.

---

*) S. die Anmerkung zu dem vorigen Liede.

C'est pour etc.
Son mary en devint jaloux,
Cheminez etc.

Son mary etc.
Qui la battoit trois fois par jour.
Cheminez etc.

Qui la battoit etc.
„Amy pourquoy me battez vous?"
Cheminez fillettes etc.

Amy pourquoy etc.
Amy couchay-je pas o [1]) vous?
Cheminez etc.

Amy couchay-je etc.
Et le jour avec mes amours?
Cheminez etc.

Et le jour etc.
Toute eau qui passe par un cours,
Cheminez etc.

Toute eau qui passe par etc.
N'est pas toute en [2]) un seul seignour.
Cheminez etc.

---

[1]) avec. [2]) à. Gehört nicht einem Herrn allein.

N'est pas toute en un seul seigneur,
Aussi ne suis-je tout à vous.
Cheminez fillettes
Cheminez toujours.

XLII.

Les Lansquenets a Caen. *)

Gens obstinez, d'étrange nation
Et d'une vie abominable et vile
Cuidiez [1]) vous par obstination
Mettre sous pieds Caen la bonne ville
Qui de long temps a liberté civile?
Et maintenant vous troublez les Canais,
Fuyez-vous en, ords [2]) vilains Lansquenets.

---

*) Diese höchst merkwürdige Ballade ist in den Chroniques de la Grande et de la Petite B[illegible] p. 248, aufbewahrt worden. — Der Verfasser [illegible] Student in Caen, Namens Pierre de la Lon[illegible], dessen Huet in seinen Origines de Caen rühmliche Erwähnung thut. — Ludwig XII. hatte deutsche Landsknechte angeworben und sandte sie in der Woche vor Ostern 1518, nach Caen, um sich der Landung des Königs von England zu widersetzen. — Sie führten sich aber so schlecht auf, dass sich das Volk empörte, über sie herfiel, 2 bis 300 tödtete und die Uebrigen, ungefähr 6000 an der Zahl, aus der Stadt jagte. 1) Cuider glauben von cogitare. 2) ord, schmutzig von sordidus. So in der Confession de la belle fille: Gourmandise aussi evitez; Car c'est un pechié ord et sale.

S'on [3]) a souffert de vous dedans Bayeux,
A Argentan, à Sés ou à Falaise,
Pas ne s'ensuit, que dans les autres lieux
Vous dominiez et faciez à vostre aise.
Nous sommes mie à traicter, [4]) n'en desplaise,
Comme foireux [5]) ou comme des quenets. [6])
Fuyez-vous en, ords vilains Lansquenets.

Vous estes ords, puans, paillards, gloutons,
De vostre pais deboutez et bannis;
Et de Naples portez les gros boutons: [7])
De quoy nos lits et couches sont honnis. [8])
Comme pourceaux vous traictez en vos nids.
De vostre estat tous sont plus ords que nets.
Fuyez-vous en, ords vilains Lansquenets.

Vostre venir estoit assez plaisant;
Mais le maintien vostre vouloir descouvre.
Vostre partir a esté desplaisant.
Pourquoy concluds qu'en la fin on loue l'oeuvre.
Se dedans Caen jamais pour vous porte ouvre,
Mieux vous vauldroit à estre morts que nez.
Fuyez-vous en, ords vilains Lansquenets.

---

3) si l'on; 4) nous ne sommes pas à traiter. 5) Feigling. 6) quenet von canis, Hund. 7) Anspielung auf die venerische Krankheit, welche verbreitet zu haben die Franzosen die deutschen Truppen und umgekehrt die Deutschen die französischen Truppen, seit dem Rückzuge der Letzteren aus Italien 1496, beschuldigten. 8) honnis, befleckt.

Prince! ils beuvoient chascun vingt pots de bière
Et nostre vin ils ont beu a caneez. 9)
Sidre, cervoise, 10) tout passe par l'herbiere, 11)
Que vous puissiez de bref gesir en bière!
Fuyez-vous en, ords vilains Lansquenets. —

9) in Krügen. 10) Bier, cerevisia. 11) l'herbiere, l'herbier, eigentlich der erste Magen der wiederkäuenden Thiere, hier die Gurgel. —

Chansons Flamandes.*)

Le Prisonnier. *)

Qui veut entendre une chanson,
Une chanson nouvelle?
C'etoit la fille d'un géolier
Qui fait l'amour à un prisonnier.

---

*) Mitgetheilt durch **von der Hagen**, der dieselben der mündlichen Ueberlieferung seiner Gemahlin verdankt. S. dessen und Büschings Sammlung deutscher Volkslieder. Berlin 1807. S. 335 und fgde, ferner S. 420. — Ich bin jedoch in der Auswahl sehr behutsam gewesen, da mir nicht alle dort gegebenen Lieder die Farbe zu halten schienen und habe deshalb nur solche hier aufgenommen, welche sich scharf als wirkliche Volkslieder characterisiren.

*) Ein echtes Lied aus dem Volke; herzentsprungen voll tiefer Wahrheit und innigen Gefühls. — Es hat, wie auch schon v. d. Hagen bemerkt, grosse Aehnlichkeit mit dem deutschen Volksliede: „Es liegen drey Junggesellen," dessen Melodie wieder volksthümlich geworden ist, seitdem **von Holtey** das Mantellied in seiner Lenore darauf gedichtet hat.

La belle se lève d'un grand matin,
S'en va trouver le juge;
A ses genoux elle s'est jetté:
„Ayez pitié du prisonnier.“

Le juge lui prit par la main:
„Or levez vous, la belle;
Ce prisonnier vous n'aurez pas,
Il est jugé, et il mourra.“

La belle s'en va tout en pleurant,
Au logis de son père;
Dessous le traversin [1]) du lit
Les clefs de la prison elle prit.

Les clefs de la prison elle prit,
A son amant les porte:
„Amant, sortez hors de prison,
Voici les clefs en abandon.“ —

„Hors de prison je ne sortirai pas,
Ma charmante maitresse;
Mourir et ci, mourir et là;
Je veux mourir entre vos bras.“

„Entre mes bras tu ne mourras pas,
Mon cher amant, que j'aime:
Je m'en irai dans un couvent,
Je prierai Dieu pour mon amant.

Je prierai Dieu pour mon amant,
Et non pas pour le juge.“

---

[1]) Kopfpfühl.

Le pauvre Diable. *)

Le diable est venu dans la ville de Poitiers,
C'étoit pour y chercher un meunier:
Le meunier, qui étoit fort méchant,
Mettant le diable dans un sac assez grand,
Il l'attacha au roulet de son moulin,
Il l'attourna de jour à lendemain.

Le diable est venu tout près d'un cordonnier,
Et, par ma foi, il a eu des tirpiers: 1)
Tous les maitres compaignons
Frappant sur lui en double carillon,
En lui disant: „Sorte ici, Lucifer,
On ne fait pas des souliers à l'enfer."

Le diable est venu tout près d'un perruquier,
Et par ma foi, il a eu des tripiers:
Tous les maitres compaignons,
Poudrant sur lui en double carillon,
En lui disant: „Sorte ici, Lucifer,
On ne fait pas des perruques à l'enfer."

*) Lustiges echtes Volkslied; ähnliche Geschichtchen finden sich überall im Volke. 1) soll wohl tripiers heissen: tripier bezeichnet einen Metzger, der Würste macht (Kopfschlachter) und daher von dessen beständiger Beschäftigung mit dem Hacken des Fleisches, im Volke, Püffe, Stösse; es bedeutet ferner altfranzösisch das Wort tripier, triper, tripeter, trepudier von trepudiare, stampfen, mit den Füssen stossen. S. Roquefort Glossaire de la langue Romane Artik. Tripier.

Le diable est venu tout près d'un tailleur,
Et par ma foi, il à eu du malheur:
Le tailleur, le voyant tout nud,
Lui piqua trois cents aiguilles dans son c—
Le diable s'en alla bien malcontent,
Avec son vilain c— tout plein de sang.

Le pauvre diable est venu tout près de moi,
Disant: „Chanteur, j'en ai à toi."
Mon coeur faisoits tati! tata!
Quand j'ai entendu celà,
J'ai jetté mon violon sur le nez,
Je me suis encouru, peur, qu'il m'ait attrapé.

La Flamande et le François. *)

„Adieu, ma jolie Flamande,
Que je quitte malgré [illegible]
J'en aurai là de [illegible]
J'ai de l'amitié pour toi;
Mais vous aurez l'autre semaine
D'autre amant à ton coté;
Car les troupes d'Autrichiennes
Dans le Brabant vont entrer." —

---

*) Ein niedliches Soldatenliedchen, die Galanterie des Franzosen wie die Liebenswürdigkeit der Flamänderin gleich sehr hervorhebend.

„Quoi que je suis Brabançonne
J'aime beaucoup les François:
Sur tout ton aimable personne
J'ai fixé mes amitiés;
Et non jamais troupe étrangère
Aura ce que tu as eu;
Car tu m'as couté plus chère,
Que les brunes de mes yeux.

Tiens, voilà donc des couronnes,
Bois à la santé de moi.“ —
„Et de ma jolie Flamande
Que je quitte malgré moi;
Et j'en aurai la souvenance,
Quand je boirai à la santé
De ma belle et jolie Flamande,
Que je quitte malgré moi.

Le Suisse. *)

Le Suisse revenant de Versailles,
Le jour, qu'il descendoit sa garde,
Que sa femme ne savoit pas
Il monte en haut dessus sa chambre,
Trouvant sa femme d'un humeur doux:
Dessus son lit prend ses ebats
Trouvant un sergeant a ses bras.
Tiritirallalla! laderi trallalla!

---

*) Ebenfalls ein echtes Volksliedchen, doch dies Mal zu Ehren der Schweizer, die sonst gewöhnlich von den Franzosen ihrer breiten Aussprache wegen verspottet werden.

Le Suisse comprend très bien l'affaire
De ce sergeant téméraire,
Tirant son sabre du fourreau.
Le sergeant, qui s'ajuste aprèt,
Pour y sauter par la fenète.
Le Suisse, voyant son sabre nud,
Sitôt la tête l'a-t-abattu.
Tirit, etc.

La tête, qui tombeit dans la [illegible]
Tout le peuple, qui l'avoit vu,
Criant: au mort! au l'assassin!
Le Suisse courant comme un soudain,
Trouvant le Roy dans son jardin.
Tirit. etc.

„Le Roi, je viens demander grace,
D'avoir fait tomber sur la place
Le chapeau d'un autre sergeant.“
Le Roi, parfait en bonnête homme,
Il dit: „Va, va, je te le [illegible]!“
Le Suisse s'en va en barb[illegible]
Disant: „Sa tête étoit dedans,“
Tirit. etc.

Le Roi comprend très bien l'affaire,
De ce sergeant téméraire,
Disant: „Coquin, qu'as tu donc fait?“ —
„Il a voulu baiser ma femme,
Il a voulu sacrer ma femme,

Il m'a voulu faire un cocu,
Et moi la tête la-t-abbatu.
Tiritirallalla! laderi trallala!"

Le Rossignol. *)

„Rossignol verd de bocage,
Messager des amoureux,
Eh, va-t-en porter cette lettre,
A ma charmante maitresse,
Sur son lit couvert de fleurs." :,:

Rossignol prend sa volée,
Droit au jardin d'amour s'en va,
Sur le blanc sein de la belle
Chantoit sa chanson nouvelle,
Que la belle se reveilla. :,:

„Où sont ces mauvaises langues
Sur moi faisants des chansons?
C'est donc dépit de la jalousie;
J'aimerai toute ma vie,
J'aimerai, qu'il m'aimera." — :,.

„Adieu, belle, je pars dimanche,
Je n'emporte rien de vous;
Donnez' moi, pour assurance,
Un baiser, pour souvenance,
Belle, pour m'souvenir de vous." — :,:

---

*) Ein niedliches Liedchen, das nahe Verwandtschaft mit seinen deutschen Schwestern zu erkennen giebt. —

„Que veux tu, que je te donne,
N'as tu 'cor' pas eu assez?
Tu as cueilli une rose,
La plus belle de toutes mes roses,
Que j'avois sur mon rosier.“ — :,:

„Si tu m'as donné une rose,
Tu me l'as chère vendu,
Tu me l'as vendu cent doubles,
Le monnoye de six cents doubles,
Le monnoye de cent écus.“ — :,:

„Cent écus n'est pas grand' chose,
Voilà mon honneur perdu,
Mon honneur et ma tendresse,
Pour mon joli coeur sans cesse,
Que je n'aurai jamais plus.“ — :,:

Les Adieux [illegible]

La belle se lève d'un grand matin, :,:
Va dans son jardin, :,:
Pour cueiller la violette,
Bien promptement:
Et son amant à la fenêtre
La regardant.

---

*) Soldatenliedchen; naiv und ehrlich. —

„Belle, faites vôtre bouquet, :,:
Qu'il soit bien fait, :,:
Qu'il soit garni de la soye blanche,
Bien promtement;
Que mes amours, aussi les vôtres,
Soient dedans.“

La belle en faisant son bouquet, :,:
Elle soupiroit: :,:
„Or, qu'avez vous, charmante brune,
A soupirer?
Regrettez vous vos amourettes,
Du tems passé?“ —

„Ce que j'ai à soupirer, :,:
Vous le savez; :,:
Vous savez bien, que je suis enceinte
D'un bel enfant;
Et quand tu reviendras de la guerre,
Il sera grand.“

„Belle, j'ai de l'argent pour vous, :,:
En voulez vous?“ :,:
„Or non, or non, amant, — dit elle —
Je n'en veux point;
Tous garçons, qui vont à la guerre,
En ont besoin.“

„Allons nous en au cabaret, :,:
Boire et chanter! :,:
Sur la sante de ma maitresse,

Plus que cent fois;
Sans oublier mes camerades:
Vive le Roi!"

Chansons Parisiennes

chantées par Gautier Garguille. *) —

1.

Mon Dieu, que ie plains ces maris
Sujets à ialousie,
J'en ay un qui me veut nourrir
En cette tyrannie.
N'est-ce pas bien pour en mourir
Que d'avoir un ialoux mary?

---

*) Die folgenden vier Lieder sind aus einer sehr seltenen Sammlung, welche nach langen Bemühungen endlich ein glücklicher Zufall mir brachte, da sie selbst in französischen Bibliotheken nur schwer zu finden ist. Sie führt den Titel: Les Chansons de Gaultier Garguille. A Paris chez François Targa, au premier pilier de la grand' Salle du Palais devant les consultations. MDCXXXII. In 16. — Vorn befindet sich ein Titelkupfer, auf welchem G. Garguille dargestellt ist, wie er seine Späße macht; seine beiden Gesellen gucken ihm durch zwei Schleiffensterchen zu. — Um 1628 nämlich mietheten sich drey lustige Gesellen, der Sage nach, drey Bäcker, einen kleinen Ballplatz bey der Porte St. Martin, und gaben daselbst Darstellungen aus dem Stegereif. Sie hiessen Gros Guillaume (eigentlich Robert Guérin), Gaultier Garguille (eigentlich Hugues Guéru) und Turlupin, dessen wirklicher Name nicht auf die Nachwelt gekommen ist. — G. Garguille, aus der Normandie

J'en ay un qui me veut nourrir
En cette tyrannie,
A tout ce que ie prens plaisir
Soudain me le desnie 1)
N'est-ce pas bien pour en mourir
Que d'avoir un ialoux mary?

A tout ce que ie prens plaisir
Soudain me le desnie,
Il ne veut pas tant seulement
Que ie voye compagnie,
N'est-ce pas bien pour en mourir
Que d'avoir un ialoux mary?

gebürtig, spielte die Rollen alter Dummköpfe und dummer Schulmeister. — Er trug eine breite wattirte Mütze, ein weites Kamisol von schwarzer Farbe, mit rothen Aermeln und rothen Knöpfen, welches bis auf die Schenkel ging, und einen Gürtel mit einer Tasche, in der ein hölzerner Dolch steckte. — Seine Füsse waren mit Pantoffeln bekleidet, sein Haupt mit einer Perrücke von Hühnerfedern, sein Gesicht mit einer Maske, die einen langen Bart hatte. Er starb 1654, nach Anderen 1664 und hinterliess eine Sammlung Lieder und Gesänge im Volksgeschmacke jener Zeit, die oben angeführte nämlich. — S. den von mir verfassten Artikel „Harlekin,“ im 2ten Theil der 2ten Section der Ersch und Gruberschen Encyclopädie S. 282 fgde. —

Die meisten Lieder jener Sammlung sind, obgleich echte Volkslieder, doch so sehr anstössig und obscön, dass ich nur die folgenden vier, die glimpflichsten, durfte aufzunehmen wagen, da ich mir hingegen auch nicht erlauben konnte, jenes Denkmal des damaligen Geschmacks gänzlich zu übergehen. — Eine gewisse derbe Naivetät, nicht ohne kräftigen, mitunter schlagenden Witz, herrscht in der ganzen Sammlung, aber sie verletzt ohne Scheu überall die Sitte. 1) dénie; er schlägt es mir ab. —

Il ne veut pas tant seulement
Que ie voye compagnie,
Si tost qu'il vient quelqu'un chez moy,
Il entre en frenaisie [2])
  N'est-ce pas bien pour en mourir
  Que d'avoir un ialoux mary?

Si tost qu'il vient quelqu'un chez moy,
Il entre en frenaisie,
Il emmaigrit de iour en iour
De cette maladie.
  N'est-ce pas bien pour en mourir
  Que d'avoir un ialoux mary?

---

2. *)

Ouvrez nous, la belle hostesse,
Voicy nostre bulletin,
Jusques à demain matin
Logquez [1]) un peu la jeunesse.
  Trois pauvres soldats tous nuds
  Seront ils bien venus?

Nous avons faict une ronde
Depuis la nuict iusqu' au jour;
Soubs l'enseigne de l'Amour
Nous courons par tout le monde.

---

2) frenésie.

*) Arges Schelmlied, doch mit sehr versteckter Anspielung. 1) logez.

Trois pauvres soldats tous nuds
Seront ils les bien venus?

Ne redoutez point nos armes,
Nature nous les donna,
Et l'Amour les façonna
Pour estre de ses gendarmes.
Trois pauvres soldats tous nuds
Sont ils les bien venus?

Nos mousquets n'ont point de flammes
Tels bastons sont defendus,
Mais nos arcs sont bien tendus
Pour le service des Dames.
Trois pauvres soldats tous nuds
Seront ils les bien venus? —

Je tremble de telle sorte
Que je crains le mal de dents,
J'entray tout seul dedans
Mes deux goujats 2) à la porte.
Trois pauvres soldats tous nuds
Seront ils les bien venus?

Je crains d'estre icy malade,
Ouvrez belle hardiment,
Si vous n'ouvrez vitement
J'enfonce la barricade.
Trois pauvres soldats tous nuds
Seront ils les bien venus? —

2) goujat, goujart, gouger, ein Mädchenjäger: von gouge, gouine, ein gemeines, liederliches Frauenzimmer.

3. *)

Et de mon asne
Qui en aura la teste?
Se [1]) sera toy lacquais,
La tienne est bien mauvaise. —
Helas mon asne tu te meurs,
Tu me fais mourir de peur.

Et de mon asne
Qui en aura le peau?
Se sera vous monsieur
Pour vous faire un manteau. —
Helas mon asne tu te meurs,
Tu me fais mourir de peur.

Et de mon asne
Qui aura les oreilles?
Se sera vous monsieur,
Pour pendre vos touteilles. [2]) —
Helas mon asne tu te meurs
Tu me fais mourir de peur.

Et de mon asne
Qui en aura les jambes?
Se sera vous monsieur,
Pour danser sarabandes. —
Helas mon asne tu te meurs,
Tu me fais mourir de peur.

*) Ein böses Spottlied, diese Eselserbschaft. 1) Ce.
2) ? dieses Wort finde ich nirgends.

Et de mon asne
Qui en aura les yeux?
Se sera vous monsieur,
Vous estes chassieux. 3)
Helas mon asne tu te meurs,
Tu me fais mourir de peur.

Et de mon asne
Qui en aura le queue?
Se sera vous monsieur
La vostre est trop menue. 4)
Helas mon asne tu te meurs,
Tu me fais mourir de peur.

Et de mon asne
Qui en aura l'esprit?
Se sera vous monsieur
Le vostre est bien petit. —
Helas mon asne tu te meurs,
Tu me fais mourir de peur.

---

4. *)

Je m'en allay à Bagnolet,
Où ie trouvay un grand mulet
Qui plantoit des carottes.
  Ma Madelon je t'aime tant
  Que quasi ie radotte.

---

3) chassieux von dem altfranzösischen chassie, Feuchtigkeit; triefäugig. 4) petite.

*) Coq à l'ane; eine Liederart, die den französischen Plebs seiner Zeit weidlich ergötzt haben mag, denn man findet deren sehr Viele in älteren Sammlungen.

Je m'en allay un peu plus loing
Trouvay une botte de foing
Qui dansoit la gavotte.
Ma Madelon je t'aime tant
Que quasi ie radotte.

Je m'en allay en nostre iardin
Trouvé un chat incarnadin,
Qui décrottoit ses bottes.
Ma Madelon je t'aime tant
Que quasi ie radotte.

Chansons Suisses.*)

Ranz de Vaches des Ormonds, du Canton de Vaud

Lés armaillés dé Colombetta 1)
Dé bon matin sé son lévâ,
Ah! Ah! Lioba! Lioba! por t'aria. (bis.)
Refrein.
Vénidé toté, petité, grozzé,
E bliantz' é néré, d'zouvèn' é autré,
Dézo stou tzano, yo yié ario,
Dézo stou trimblio, yo yié trinzo! . . . . .
Lioba! Lioba! por t'aria. (bis.)

Les vachers des Colombettes
De bon matin se sont levés.
Ah! Ah! Vache! Vache! pour te traire
Refrain.
Venez toutes, petites, grosses,
Blanches et noires, jeunes et autres,
Sous ce chêne, où je vous trais,
Sous ce tremble, où je vous tranche [le lait]! ......
Vache! Vache! pour te traire. (bis.)

---

*) Zuerst mitgetheilt von Prof. J. R. Wyss in den Texten zu der Sammlung von Schweizer Kuhreigen und Volksliedern. — 4te Aufl. Bern 1826. 1) Les Colombetta, nom patois d'une montagne dans les Ormonds. —

L'on volu fer tranzi la motta,
Devan qué l'usson mi aria.
Ah! Ah! etc.

L'on mé lou cò à la zoudaire,
Dévan qué fussé affeta.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Yié son zala ai bassés z'igués,
Signa lo pi l'on pou passa.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Pouro fraré qué fin no icé?
No fo alla tzi l'incoura!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Ils ont voulu faire cailler le lait [le fromage gras]
Avant qu'ils eussent fini de traire les vaches.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Ils ont mis le caillé dans la chaudière
Avant qu'ils fusse suffisamment aigri.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Ils sont allés aux basses eaux;
Sans le pied [ou aucunement] ils n'ont pu passer.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Pauvre frère, que faisons-nous ici?
[Il] nous faut aller chez le curé.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Qué volisi vo, qué no lai diaisi,
A noutro monsu l'incoura?
Ah! Ah! etc.

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München

Fo qué no diaisé 'n Ave Maria,
Por qué no lai poussi passa!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Pierro s'en va frapp' à la porta,
D'oun bon zor à Mons' l'incoura;
Ah! Ah! etc.

No sin barra ai bassés z'igués;
Dité no oun Avé Maria!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Que voulez-vous que nous lui disions,
A notre monsieur le curé?
Ah! Ah! etc.

(Il) faut que (il) nous dise un Ave Maria,
Pour que nous là puissions passer!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Pierre s'en va frapper à la porte;
Dit un bonjour à monsieur le curé.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Nous sommes arrêtés aux basses eaux;
Dites-nous un Ave Maria!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Invoyé no voutra servinta,
No li fari oun bon fri gra!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Ma servinta è tro galéza,
Vo poria bien mé la garda.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Dé prindré lo bin dé l'églisé
No né sarion pa pardouna!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Sarai fér' oun gro sacrilézo;
Yié foudrai té vo confezza.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Envoyez-nous votre servante,
Nous lui ferons un bon fromage gras!
Ah! Ah! etc.

Ma servante est trop jolie,
Vous pourriez bien me la ga[illegible]
Ah! Ah! etc.

De prendre le bien de l'église
Nous ne serions point pardonnés!
Ah! Ah! etc.

(Ce) serait faire un sacrilège;
Il faudrait tout vous confesser.
Ah! Ah! etc.

Rétiré té, mèn ami Pierro;
Té vé deir' oun Avé Maria!
  Ah! Ah! etc.

N. B. Le refrein: Venidé toté etc. etc. se répete après chaque couplet de la chanson.

Ranz de Vaches des Alpes de Gruyères, du Canton de Frybourg.

Lé-z'armailli dei Colombetté
Dé bon matin sé san léba.
  Ha ah! Ha ah!
Liauba! Liauba! por aria.

Retire-toi, mon ami Pierre;
(Il) te vais dire un Ave Maria!
  Ah! Ah! etc.
Chanz de Vaches etc.

Les vachers des Colombettes
De bon matin se sont lévés.
  Ha ah! Ha ah!
Vaches! Vaches! pour (vous) traire.

Refrein.

Venidé toté
Bliantz' et nairé,
Rodz' et motailé,
Dzjouven' et otro!
Dézo on tschâno,
Jo ie vo-z'ario,
Dézo on treinblio,
Jo ie treintzo.
Liauba! Liauba! por aria. (bis)

Kan san vegniu ai bassé z'ivoué,
D'ne sein lo pi k' l'an pu passa.
Ha ah! etc.

Refrain.

Venez toutes
Blanches et noires,
Rouges et étoilées,
Jeunes et autres,
Sous un chêne,
Où je vous trais,
Sous un tremble,
Où je tranche (le lait)!
Vaches! Vaches! pour (vous) traire.

Quand sont venus au basses eaux,
Nullement ils n'ont pu passer.
etc. etc.

Pouro Pierro, ke fain-no ice?
No n'no sein pa mo enreinblia.
Ha ah! etc.

Té fo alla frapp' à la pouerta,
A la pouerta dé l'eincoura.
Ha ah! etc.

Ké vollini vo ké ie lai dièsso,
A noutron bravo l'eincoura?
Ha ah! etc.

Ké fo ké no dièss' ouna messa,
Por k'no pussein lai z'y passa.
Ha ah! etc.

L'é z'alla fierre à la pouerta,
Et l'a d'ceinqui' à l'eincoura:
Ha ah! etc.

(Il) te faut aller frapper à la porte,
A la porte du curé
etc. etc.

Que voulez-vous que je lui dise,
A notre brave curé?
etc. etc.

Qu'il faut, qu'il nous dise une messe,
Pour que nous puissions là y passer.
etc. etc.

Il est aller frapper à la porte,
Et il a dit cela au curé;
etc. etc.

Fo ké vo no diései 'na messa,
Por ké no lai pussein passa!
Ha ah! etc.

L'eincoura lai a fai responsa:
Pouro frare! s'té vau passa;
Ha ah! etc.

Té fo mé bailli 'na motetta, [1]
Ma né té fo pa l'écrama!
Ha ah! etc.

Einvohi no voutra serveinta!
No lai farein on bon pri gra.
Ha ah! etc.

(Il) faut que vous nous disiez une messe,
Pour que nous là puissions passer;
etc. etc.

Le curé lui a fait réponse:
Pauvre frère! si tu veux passer;
etc. etc.

(Il) te faut me donner un petit fromage;
Mais (il) ne te faut pas l'écrémer!
etc. etc.

Envoyez-nous votre servante!
Nous lui ferons un bon fromage gras.
etc. etc.

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[1] La Motta est une espèce de fromage gras, fait avec du lait non écrémé. Quand elle est au dessous du poids de vingt-cinq livres, elle se nomme motteta. —

Ma serveinta . . . . . . l'é tru galeza.
Vo porria bein mé la vouarda!
Ha ah! etc.

N'oussi pa pouairé, noutron pritré!
No n'ein sein pa tant affama.
Ha ah! etc.

Dé tru mola voutra serveinta
Foudrai épei no confessa.
Ha ah! etc.

Dé preindré lo bein dé l'églisé
No né sérian pa perdounna.
Ha ah! etc.

Ma servante, ... elle est trop jolie.
Vous pourriez bien me la garder!
etc. etc.

Nayez pas peur, notre prêtre!
Nous n'en sommes pas tant affamés.
etc. etc.

De trop embrasser votre servante
(Il) faudrait peut-être nous confesser.
etc. etc.

De prendre le bien de l'église
Nous ne serions pas pardonnés.
etc. etc.

Reintorna t'ein, mon pourro Pierro!
Déri por vo'n Avé Maria.
Ha ah! etc.

Prau bein, prau pri ié vo sohetto;
Ma vigni mé sovein trova!
Ha ah! etc.

Pierro révein ai bassé z'ivoué,
Et to lo drai l'an pu passé.
Ha ah! etc.

L'an mé lo cò à la tzaudairé,
Ké n'avian pa z-à mi aria.
Ha ah! etc.

Retourne-t'en, mon pauvre Pierre!
(Je) dirai pour vous un Ave Maria.
etc. etc.

Assez (de) bien, assez (de) [illegible] [illegible] vous souhaite;
Mais venez-moi souvent visiter!
etc. etc.

Pierre revint aux basses eaux,
Et tout de suite ils ont pu passer.
etc. etc.

(Ils) ont mis la pressure (l'acide) dans la chaudière,
Que (ils) n'avaient pas à moitié trait.
etc. etc.

Lé souailliré,
Van lé premiré;
Lé toté naïré
Van lé derrairé.
Liauba! etc. etc.

Coraula du Canton de Frybourg.

1) Nousshron Prinschou de Schavouye
Liè mardjuga on boun infan;
Y l'ia léva oun' armée dè quatrouvans paijans,
O vertuchou, gare, gare, gare!
O, rantanplan, garda dèvant!

Celles qui portent des clochettes,
Vont les premières;
Les toutes noires
Vont les dernières.
Vaches! etc. etc.

1) Notre Prince de Savoye
Est, ma foi, un bon enfant;
Il a levé une armée
De quatre-vingts paysans.
O ventrebleu, gare, gare, gare
O rantanplan, gardez devant.

2) Y lian léva oun armée
De quatrouvan paijans,
Et pour général d'armée
Christophliou de Carignan.
O vertuchou etc.

3) Et pour général d'armée
Christophliou de Carignan;
Oun ânou tzerdzi dè ravè
Por nuri le Régiment,
O vertuchou etc.

4) Oun ânou tzerdzi dè ravè
Por nuri le Régiment.
Pour toute cavalerie

2) Il a levé une armée
De quatre-vingts paysans;
Et pour général d'armée
Christophe de Carignan.
O ventrebleu etc.

3) Et pour général d'armée
Christophe de Carignan;
Un âne chargé de raves
Pour nourrir le régiment.
O ventrebleu etc.

4) Un âne chargé de raves
Pour nourrir le régiment,
Pour toute cavalerie

Quatro pitis cayons blians.
O vertuchou etc.

5) Pour toute cavalerie
Quatro pitis cayons blians,
Et pour toute artillerie
Quatro canons de fer blian.
O vertuchou etc.

6) Et pour toute artillerie,
Quatro canons de fer blian.
Quand nous fum sur la montagne,
Grand Dieu! què lou monde est grand.
O vertuchou etc.

Quatre petits cochons blancs.
O ventrebleu etc.

5) Pour toute cavalerie
Quatre petits cochons blancs,
Et pour toute artillerie
Quatre canons de fer-blanc.
O ventrebleu etc.

6) Et pour toute artillerie
Quatre canons de fer-blanc.
Quand nous fûmes sur la montagne,
Grand Dieu! que le monde est grand!
O ventrebleu etc.

7) Quand nous fum sur la montagne,
Grand Dieu! què lou monde est grand!
Fajin vito ouna dètzèrdze,
E pu retornin nojan!
O vertuchou, gare, gare, gare!
Et rantanplan garda dèvant.

Autre Coraula du Canton de Fryburg.

Celui que mon coeur aime
Est Dzaquè dè Courtion [1])
Y lia dei tsoschè rodzè [2])
Et on bi guerdon; [3])
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon! [4])

7) Quand nous fûmes sur la montagne,
Grand Dieu que le monde est grand!
Faisons vite une décharge,
Et retournons-nous en!
O ventrebleu etc.

[1]) Est Jaques de Courtion. (Courtion est un village paroissial.)
[2]) Il a des culottes rouges.
[3]) Et un beau gilet.
[4]) Bénischon, vogue, danse générale, fête populaire le jour du patron de l'église.

Y lia dei tzosché rodzè
Et on bi guerdon,
Lou tzapi de traver, [5])
Lou pei tailli in riond. [6])
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

Lou tzapi de traver,
Lou pei tailli in riond,
I mè minnè à Bifou, [7])
On dzoa dè bénischon. [8])
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

I mè minnè à Bifou,
On dzoa dè bénischon, —
„Pà-iou por tè, ma mia, [9])
„Allin au mouton.“ [10]) —
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

„Pà-iou por tè, ma mia,
„Allin au mouton;

---

5) Le chapeau de travers.
6) Les cheveux taillés en rond.
7) Il me mène à Belfeaux; de même un village paroissial; l'un et l'autre de l'arrondissement du Canton de Frybourg.
8) Un jour de bénischon.
9) Je payerai pour toi, ma mie.
10) Allons au mouton. (Nom d'une auberge à Belfeaux.)

„Vau-tou dau blian, dau rodzou, 11)
„Vau-tou dau tot bon?“ 12)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

„Vau-tou dau blian, dau rodzou,
„Vau-tou dau tot bon,
„Dei breschi et la cuchola, 13)
„Dè la bénischon?“ 14)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

„Dei breschi et la cuchola
Dè la bénischon;
„Vau-tou danschi, ma mia, 15)
„Allin schu lou pont.“ 16)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

„Vau-tou danschi, ma mia,
„Allin schu lou pont?“
Quand no schin schu lou pont, 17)
Les ménètrei no dions: 18)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

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11) Veux-tu du blanc, du rouge,
12) Veux-tu du tout bon? } Le vin est sousentendu.
13) Des beignets et du gâteau.
14) De la bénischon.
15) Veux-tu danser, ma mie?
16) Allons sur le pont. (Trétau en bois et en plein air sur lequel les campagnards dansent.)
17) Lorsque nous fûmes sur le pont.
18) Les ménétriers nous dirent.

Quand no schin schu lou pont,
Les ménètrei no dions:
„Trei dansshè tot dèvant 19)
„Por Dzaquè dè Courtion.“ 20)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

„Trei dansshè tot dèvant
„Por Dzaquè de Courtion;“ —
A la premire dansshè 21)
Per-jon mon cotillon. 22)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

A la premire dansshè
Per-jon mon cotillon;
Mon schègna qu'étei lé, 23)
Què mè vei schin jupon. 24)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

Mon schègna qu'étei lé,
Què mè vei schin jupon,
Mè dit: „T'i ouna cure, 25)
„Ma fille Fanschon!“ 26)

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19) Trois danses toutes seules. (Les premières danses d'honneur.)
20) Pour Jaques de Courtion.
21) A la première danse.
22) Je perdis mon jupon.
23) Mon père qui étoit là.
24) Qui me voit sans jupon.
25) Me dit: Tu es une folle.
26) Ma fille Fanchon.

Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

Mè dit: „T'î ouna cure,
„Ma fille Fanchon!“ —
Mè rameinè à l'hôto 27)
A grands coups dè bâton. 28)
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

Mè rameinè à l'hôto,
A grands coups dè bâton;
Quand vous dansez, Mesdames,
Attachez vos jupons!
Rions, chantons, dansons,
Voici la bénischon!

---

27) Me ramène à la maison.
28) A grands coups de bâton.

Troisième Coraula, du Moléson, dans le même Canton.

Din la Suisse lia ouna montagne
Dei plie hautè, dei plie ballè.
Sche vojei la curiojità,
Prindé la peina dè montà!
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Du lè tot haut l'univers schè vei,
L'ivue la plie frètze lé sché bei:
Sche vojei l'himaur mélancoliqua;
Lé schenallié fan mujiqua,
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Li crè peccauji dé vany,
Dei freyè, dei tzerdon beni,

Dans la Suisse il y a une montagne
Des plus hautes, des plus belles:
Si vous avez la curiosité,
Prenez la peine de monter
A Moléson, à Moléson.

De là tout-haut l'univers se voit,
L'eau la plus pure là se boit:
Si vous avez l'humeur mélancolique,
Les clochettes font musique;
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Il y croit des primeverts de montagne,
Des frhises, des chardons bénis,

Dei tzinquillè è dei brenlettè,
Tot amon schu stan rotzette,
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Vini schigniau, damè è bordgei!
Que dè pliéji tot régordzei;
Vinidé ti, vinidé totté!
No bérin dei bounè gottè,
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Vini: no jan piora trinschi,
Midji dau bon schéré russhi,
O dé la bliau frètze in abandanssha,
Vini vo jimplia la panshe,
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Des oreilles-d'ours et des ciboules,
Tout au-dessus sur ces rochers,
A Moléson, à Moléson!

Venez, Messieurs, Dames et Bourgeois!
Que de plaisirs tout regorge!
Venez tous, venez toutes!
Nous boirons de bonnes gouttes,
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Venez: nous avons dans ce moment fait le fromage,
Mangez du bon scheré 1) rôti,
Ou de la crème fraiche en abondance!
Venez vous remplir la panse,
A Moléson, à Moléson!

1) Scheré; — Caille-botte; Zieger oder Mascheld

Sshau dé Bullo lé schon jelà
In Plianné sché schon répojà.
Dé café sché schon tan borà.
Qu' à la fin nan pà pu montà.
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Dé café sché schon tan borà.
Mà i lau ja faillu robà
E lian prau cudji lé névuà
Mà lè fillè lè jan accujà.
A Moléson, à Moléson.

Necué lia faite la tzansshon? —
Lié l'ermailli dè Moléson.

Ceux de Bulle y sont allés.
A Plianné ils se sont reposés,
De café ils se sont tout bourrés,
Qu' à la fin ils n'ont pas pu monter,
A Moléson, à Moléson.

De café ils se sont tout bourrés,
Mais il leur a fallu le voler;
Ils ont assez voulu le nier,
Mais les filles les ont accusés,
A Moléson, à Moléson!

Qui a fait la chanson?
C'est l'ermailli[2] de Moléson.

[2] L'ermailli, der Senne, Sennhirt. —

Et lié lé fillé dè Bullo,
Que l'an faite in allan amon.
Schu Moléson, schu Moléson.

Et les filles de Bulle,
Qui l'ont faite en allant en haut,
Sur Moléson, sur Moléson.

Chansons Parisiennes.*)

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*La fille comme il y en a peu.***)

Il étoit une fille,
Une fille d'honneur,
Qui plaisoit fort à son seigneur:
En son chemin rencontre
Ce seigneur déloyal
Monté sur son cheval.

Mettant le pied à terre,
Entre ses bras la prend,
Embrasse-moi, ma belle enfant!
Hélas! répondit-elle,
Le coeur transi de peur,
Volontiers, monseigneur.

---

*) Fliegende Blätter des vorigen Jahrhunderts; wenige Körner unter vieler Spreu.

**) Ein Gegenstand, den auch mehrere deutsche Lieder behandeln, und der wahrscheinlich in der vorliegenden Form vom Lande ausging, und durch seinen Inhalt, wie durch die gefällige Melodie Eingang in der Stadt fand. —

Mon frère est dans ses vignes,
Vraiment, s'il voyoit ça
Il l'iroit dire à mon papa;
Montez sur cette roche,
Jettez les yeux là-bas,
Ne le voyez-vous pas?

Tandis qu'il y regarde,
La finette aussitôt
Sur le cheval ne fait qu'un saut.
Adieu mon gentilhomme:
Et zeste, elle s'en va,
Monseigneur reste là.

Cela vous apprend comme
On attrape un méchant:
Quand on le veut, on se défend:
Mais on ne voit plus guère
De ces filles d'honneur
Refuser un seigneur.

Dame Françoise. *)

Adieu donc, dame Françoise,
Pour qui j'ai tant soupiré.
Je m'en vais désespéré:
Le poulailler de Pontoise,
Me doit emmener demain,
Si ton coeur, dame Françoise,
Si ton coeur n'est plus humain.

---

*) Echtes Pariser Liedchen, voll französischer Galanterie. —

Que t'ai-je fait, ma bourgeoise,
Pour me maltraiter ainsi?
Si tu me bannis d'ici,
Je mourrai, belle Françoise;
Cependant je pars demain,
Si ton coeur, dame Françoise, etc.

Loin de toi tout devient peine,
Près de toi tout est plaisir:
Me faudra-t-il donc partir?
Ne puis-je vaincre ta haine,
Et m'en irai-je demain?
Non, ton coeur, belle inhumaine,
Deviendra moins inhumain.

Le cocher amoureux. *)

Dans le fond d'une écurie,
Un gros cocher vigoureux,
Peignoit, d'un ton langoureux
L'excès de sa forte envie:
  Morgué! si je la tenois,
  Comme je l'étrille, trille;
  Morgué! si je la tenois,
  Comme je l'étrillerois!

*) Derbes Kutscherlied, voll handgreiflicher Gesinnungen und Gefühle.

Le petit dieu, qui tout ronge,
A mis son ame en langueur;
Il s'est glissé dans son coeur,
Comme l'eau dans une éponge.
Morgué! si je la tenois, etc.

En menant ses chevaux boire,
Il leur dit: Buvez, messieurs,
A la santé des beaux yeux
D'une brune presque noire.
Morgué! si je la tenois, etc.

En leur faisant la litière,
Il sent son coeur, qui lui dit,
Ah! que n'est-ce là le lit
De ma grosse ménagère!
Morgué! si je la tenois, etc.

Le vicaire importun. *)

Au diable le vicaire,
Qui vient tous les jours chez nous,
Je crois qu' à not' ménagère
Le drôle fait les yeux doux
J'sais bien qu'c'est un bon chrétien
Mais vient-il chez nous pour rien? (Bis)

---

*) Dörferliedchen, dem Jargon nach aus der nächsten Umgebung von Paris. —

Quand devant elle il entonne,
Il la regard' d'un air futé;
Et quand il prêche au prône,
S'tourn' toujours de son côté.
J'sais bien etc.

L'aut' jour, dans le cim' tière,
Par hasard j'l'rencontris:
Eh! bon jour, dit-il, Pierre;
Puis chez nous s'coulit sans bruit.
J'sais bien etc.

Le curé, le vicaire
Ont tous deux l'air trop jovial;
Et comme ils n'ont rien à faire,
Ç'a tout l'tems d'penser à mal.
Morgué! qu' n' s' mariont-ils!
J'irions voir leurs femmes aussi. (Bis)

Reproches grivois. *)

Adieu donc, cher la Tulipe,
Cher la Tulipe, adieu donc!
En quittant la garnison,
Tu m'aimois mieux que ta pipe;
Et v'là que Fanchon la lippe,
Sans honneur
Engueuse ton coeur.

---

*) Soldatenliedchen, im Poissardenton und Styl.

Quand j'ajustois ta cocarde,
Et repassois ton col noir,
C'étoit donc pour aller voir
Cette chienne de camarde ;
Les messieurs du corps-de-garde,
Disont ben
Que c'est fort vilain.

Tu me trouvois si gentille,
Avec mon petit air chien !
Eh quoi ! te souvient-il bien
De ce jour, qu' à la Courtille,
Tu saboulis ce grand drille,
Qui, je crois,
Se fichoit de moi.

J'ai passé par les baguettes,
Pour t'avoir aimé trop fort.
Quel chien de bigre de sort !
Je n'ai pas une cornette,
Tandis que ta Fanchonette
Tous les jours
A de nouveaux atours.

Je veux suivre la Ramée,
Quoi qu'il ne soit que tambour :
Il n'est beau, ni fait au tour ;
Mais dedans toute l'armée,
Je serai la mieux aimée ;
Car, en amour,
Il va droit toujours.

Buvons encor chopinette
De ce tant doux brandevin:
Bois aux charmes de Catin;
Baisons-nous en godinette,
Mon enfant,
Et fichons le camp.

Les aventures de la Ramée. *)

L'an mil sept cent vingt et neuf,
En passant sur le Pont-neuf,
Je rencontrai zune dame,
Qui, me faisant les yeux doux,
Crut me déclarer sa flamme,
En me disant: Est-ce vous?

Est-ce vous, n'est pas mon nom,
Lui réponds-je, sans façon:
Je m'appelle la Ramée,
Soldat au régiment du Roi.
J'avons des guinches à l'armée,
Qui valont bien mieux que toi.

Ell' dit, en se retournant,
Ce drôle est bien insolent!
Pour me faire un tel outrage,
Il faut être un malotru:
Si tu n'aimes mon visage,
Tiens, vilain, voilà mon c . . .

*) Ein ähnliches, aber echt im innersten Character.

Aussitot je plantis là
Cette vierge d'opéra;
En la laissant sur la place,
Dans un cabaret voisin,
Je fus boire à pleine tasse;
Y a la santé de Catin.

Et quand j'eus bu tout mon saoul,
Quoiqu' je n'eusse pas le sou,
L'hôte, m'apportant la carte,
Dit: Il est minuit sonné:
Je lui flanquis sa pancarte
Tout au biau travers du nez.

On s'est écrié zau guet;
Je fus pris au trébuchet:
On me mène au Fort - l' Evêque;
J'en demande la raison;
Mais on me répondit: C'est que
Vous méritez la prison.

Le grivois amoureux. *)

L'amour est un chien de vaurien,
Qui fait plus de mal que de bien.
Habitans de galère,
N'vous plaignez pas d'ramer,
Vot' mal n'est que du sucre,
Près de stila [1]) d'aimer.

---

*) Poissardenliedchen, mit der ganzen Eigenthümlichkeit des Jargons. [1]) celui-là.

Ce fut par un jour de printems,
Que je me declaris 2) amant,
Amant d'une burnette, 3)
Bell' comme un Curpidon, 4)
Portant fine cornette,
Posée en parpillon. 5)

All' 6) a tous les deux yeux bryans 7)
Comme des pierres de diamans;
Et la rouge écarlate,
Que l'on teint aux Gob'lins,
N'est que d'la couleur jaune,
Auprès de son blanc tein.

All' a de l'esprit fièrement,
Tout comme un garçon de trente ans;
Ça vous magne 8) de l'ouvrage:
Dam' faut voir comm' ça l' tient!
L'diable m'emporte! une reine
N'blanchiroit pas si bien.

J'sais bien qu'il ne tiendroit qu' à moi
De l'épouser, si alle vouloit:
Son serviteur très-humble
Attend sa volonté:
Si ça se fait bien vite
Fort content je serai.

2) déclarois. 3) brunette. 4) Cupidon. 5) papillon. 6) Elle. 7) brillans. 8) mange i. e. sie arbeitet erstaunlich schnell. —

Bruchstücke
altfranzösischer Lieder.

Bruchstücke aus einem sehr alten Liede auf den heiligen Nicolaus. *)

Seyntz 1) vos ke alez par mer
De cet barun oiez parler,
Ke tant est par tut secorable
E ke en mer est tant aidable.

Sovent se claiment cheitiff e las
Sovent dient: Seint Nicolas
Sucurez nus, sein Nicolas, Sire
Si tel est, cum oum dire. 2)
Ataunt 3) uns houme lur aparutt
Ke en la nef juste se estutt. 4)

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*) Mitgetheilt von Hickes in seinem Thesaurus linguarum septentrionalium, pag. 146. 169. 184. — Der Sprache nach zu urtheilen sind diese Bruchstücke aus dem Ende des zehnten Jahrhunderts. — 1) Seigneurs. 2) si c'est ainsi, comme les hommes disent. 3) Enfin, à la fin, tandem. 4) Qui dans le navire auprès (juste von juxta) d'eux étoit.

Sein Nicolas s'en va a taunt
Li houmes remist leez 5) et joiaunt 6)
Ke turne fu de povertie 7)
Et ses files du mauveste. 8)

Liederanfänge. *)

I.

1768. Ensi doit entrer en ville
Qui amors maine,
Qui amours maine.
1778. Jamais amours n'oublierai,
Nonques ne fis.

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6) leez von laetus, freudig, vergnügt. 6) joyeux. 7) qui sauvé (tourné) fut de pauvreté. 8) mechanceté. — Im Hickes findet sich ferner S. 145 ein noch älteres Bruchstück aus einer gereimten Unterweisung für Jünglinge, la fame genannt, welches merkwürdig ist wegen der vielen sassischen Wörter, die es enthält, jedoch hier, als nicht in unser Gebiet gehörend, nicht mitgetheilt werden durfte.

*) In dem Renart le Nouvel von Jacquemars Gielée aus Lille finden sich (wie in der Limburger Chronik) (die hier mitgetheilten) Anfänge von Liedern, welche er von den handelnden Thieren singen lässt. — Es sind lauter damals beliebte Volkslieder, zu welchen sich, in drey Handschriften des R. l. N., jedesmal auch der Anfang der Musik findet. Der R. l. N. wurde gegen das Ende des XIII. Jahrhunderts geschrieben und ist 1826 zugleich mit dem Roman du Renart von Méon herausgegeben worden. Paris, Treuttel et Würz 4 Bde. 8°. — Die Zahlen bedeuten die Reihenfolge in den Versen.

2382. Nus n'a joie, s'il n'aime par amors.

2445. J'ai joie ramenée chi.

2533. Dame ne m'oubliez mie,
Car onques ne vous oubli.

2579. Vous n'aliés mie tout ensi con je fas
Ne vous, ne vous n'i sariés aler,
Ne vous, ne vous n'i sariés aler.

2584. Ja ne serai sans amor en jour
De ma vie.

2588. Très douche dame jolie
Oiiés mon cuer qui vous prie.

2592. Hé! Dieus, cele m'a trahi
Ki m'a tolu mon ami.

2596. D'un joli dart
D'amors sui navrée
Par
Mon regart;
Puisqu' il li plest,
Forment m'agrée.

2692. Souspris
Sui d'amoretes,
Souspris, souspris.

2834. Dieus!
Trop demeure,
Quant venra?
Sa demourée
M'ochira.

4460. Amours me font brisier mon mariage
Por l'amor a tel y a.

4496. Aimi! Dieus, que porai-je faire

Des dous maus d'amouretes?
Si priés dou cuer les ni.

4520. Batue sui pour amer de mon baron,
Et si n'en fai nul sanlant se rire non.

4568. Diex! conment porroie
Sans celui durer
Qui me tient en joie.

4574. Se j'ai pierdues mes amours,
Diex m'en renvoit unes millours!

4582. Onques pour amer loiaument
Ne conquis fors paine et tourment.

4608. Or sai-je vraiement
Que ne puis
Vivre sans amor
Longuement.

5358. Asperges me
Domine,
Ysopo et mundabor;
Lavabis me
Et super nivem dealbabor.

6359. Amoureusement
Mi tient por vous,
Dame, li maus
Que je sent.

6368. Mariz pour jalous
Vous poez tenir,
Mais coux ne di-je mie,
Mais tost puet advenir.

6378. Hé! Dame jolie,
Mon cuer,

Senz fausser,
Met en vostre baillie.

6384. Dieus! comment durer porai,
Aimi! hahai,
Quant a la biele
Que j'aim congié prendrai.

6723. Avoec tele compaignie doit
L'en bien joie mener.

6766. Je muir, je muir d'amouretes,
Las aimi!
Par defaute d'amiete
Et de merci.

6786. Prendés i garde,
S'on nos regarde,
S'on nous regarde,
Dites le moi.

6794. Hareu! li maux d'amer m'ocist.

6798. Amours ne se donne mie,
Mais elle se vent:
Il n'est nus qui soit amés
S'il n'a argent. —

6806. Dieus! donnés a mon ami
Pris d'armes, joie d'amours.

6814. Dame et amours,
Je vous pri
Merci de cuer
Souspirant.

6818. Honnis soit ki vrais amans depart.

6824. Dame ki mon cuer avés pris
Je sui li vos loinus amis.

6828. Vous arés la sigourie
Amis,
De moi; çou
Que mes maris
N'a mie.
6834. Pour vous, amie
De haut pris,
Serai jolis.
6838. He Dieus!
Si tres douce
Vois
A un ami.
6844. A Dieu conmant vieles
Amours, nouvieles
Ai.
6848. Fause amors,
Je vous doins congiet,
J'ai plus loiaus trouvée.
6856. A ma Dame siervir
Ai mis mon cuer.
Et moi.
6860. J'ai aimé
Et tous jours aimerai.
6864. De capelet
De parvenche, novelet
Ami ferai.
6875. Diex! je ne porroie
Sans celui durer
Qui me tient en joie.
6880. Dieus! je me mariai trop tos,
De moi marier fui trop fos.

6886. Dont vient li maus d'amer ki m'ocira?
6890. Dame et amours liement
Vous fas de mon cors un present.
6904. De nostre conpaignie
Ne soit nus s'il n'est amans.
6908. Pitiés et amours pour mi
Priés à ma Dame mierchi.
6914. Je cuidoie avoir ami, ori ori,
Mais je ai à tout failli.
6920. J'apielerai, se Dieus me gart,
De traison vostre regart.
6926. Ne suis pas lés,
Mon ami,
Ce poise mi,
Qui veut si,
M'en croie.
6932. Je suis joliete
Et jolis m'aime
Joliete
Amour y a.
6936. Hé! mesdisant,
Cius vous cravent ki
Sour tous a maistrie!
Maint amant
Avés fait dolant.
6942. Jà ne larai
Por mon mari
A dire, li
Miens amis
Jut anuit
Aveques moi.

6946. **Ameras me tu?**
Ameras me tu, tu, tu?
Ameras me tu?

6950. Maris, pour quoie n'ameroie,
Puisque vous amés?

6956. Vrais Diex!
Ki m'en garira?
Amours m'ont navré.

6960. Amis, ne m'oubliés mie,
Car onques ne vous oubli.

6964. Certes or n'est-il vie
Que d'amer, que
Que nus die.

6972. Je ne puis sans amour durer,
Cil me fait servir et amer.

6975. Ne sui pas lés mon ami,
Ce poise mi,
Ki veut si
M'en croie.

6986. Ne me mokiés mie,
Biele, ne me mokiés mie.

6990. Adés sont les sades brunetes
Les plus jolietes;

6996. Vous ne le savés
Mener la brunete
Lés l'aunoi,
La brunete lés l'aunoi.

7000. En mon Dieu j'ai biel ami
Cointe et jolis
Tout soie-jou brunete.

7008. Je muir, je muir d'amouretes,
Las aimi!
Par defaute d'amiete
Et de mierchi.
7012. Prendés ce garçon,
Metés le en prison,
Couart, couart le trouvai.
7018. Pour que ne crie-jou habai,
Quant jou ne truis ki m'aime?
7024. Vous ce mi deffendés l'amer,
Mais par Dieu je l'ameral.
7030. D'un jolif dart
D'amoreites
Sui navrée
Par mon regart:
Diex! si li plest
Forment m'agrée.*)
7034. Dame à vous siervir m'otroi tout mon vivant.
7073. Honis soit qui blasmera
La vie que nous menons.

II. **)

1) Je ne fais rien que requerir
Sans acquerir
Le don d'amoureuse lyesse;
Las, ma maistresse
Dictes quant esse

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*) Vergleiche 2596 Seite 158.

**) Aus einem alten Liederbuche für dreystimmigen Gesang; aus dem Anfange des 16ten Jahrhunderts. —

Que vous plaira me secourir?
Je ne fais rien que requerir
Sans acquerir.

2) Vostre beauité
Jeune gente jollye
A mys mon coeur
En sy grant desespoir
Que nuyt et jour
Je ne puis reposer
Tant suys de vous en grant melancolye.

3) Si mon malheur continue
Je ne sçay pas, je ne dis pas
Que je seray;
A tous le moins je changeray
Si le chourage ne my mue.

4) Or suys-je bien au pire
De mes malheureux jours
Mon cas fort trop sempire
Et me vient à rebours
Et tout cela me font amours,
Endurer grief martire.
Si nay de vous aultre secours
Force fera que me retire.

5) La rouse du moys de may
Ma gasté ma verde cotte.
Par ung matin mi levay
En mon jardin me entray
Dictes vous que je suys sotte. —

6) Hellas je suys marry
De ces mauldits jalloux,
Qui ont sur moy si grande fantaxie,
Leur femme vont honnir,
Heure ne demye,
Il leur sembloit que jen feusse amoureulx.

7) J'ay mis mon cueur en une seulement
Si trés avant
Que ne se peult plus fortement;
Plus ay de pensée
Et plus ay de soucy
Las je ne puis vivre joyeusement.

8) Amour, amour tu es par trop cruelle
Quant à tes amans
Qui ne pensent que a bien,
Tu ne sçays rien.
Mais mon cueur le scait bien.
Samour mesprent
Cest chose naturelle.

9) Contre raison
Vous me fettes fort estrange.
Esse bien faict,
En aurez vous loenge,
Dainsi m'avoir desherecté
De vostre amour sans lavoir merité?

10) Dont venez vous, Madame Lucette?
Je reviens des champs jouer sur l'herbette

Les rains my font si grant mau
Et nique nique nique nau
Las frappé tout beau, car je suys tendrette
Si vous my blessez je vous feray mettre
En la prison du chasteau. —

III. *)

1) Content de peu en voyant tant de bien
Riche de voir le trésor qui nest myen,
Ne sera, si je ne le conqueste
Par le moyen de tres humble requeste
Qui me fault faire a ceulx qui ny ont rien.

2) A tout jamais dung voloir imuable
La serviray comme la plus notable
Qui soit vivant et du plus doulx maintien
La raison est: car son cueur et le mien
Ne sont plus que ung par ung voloir samblable.

3) Mon petit cueur nest pas a moy,
Il est à vous ma doulce amye,
Mais dune chose je vous prye
La vostre amour gardez la moy. —

4) Jay trop loue amour et sa noblesse
Pas il ne vault de mesditz ung quartier;
De ses haulz faits fis plus dung gros psaultier
Mais il ny a que mensonge et finesse.

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*) Aus einem anderen alten Liederbuche des 16ten Jahrhunderts. Beide enthielten nur den unter die Noten gesetzten Text, nicht aber die folgenden Verse.

5) Jay espéré ce quy point ne m'apaise
En desperant le goust m'est fort amer;
J'espereray disant sans nul blasmer,
Ma devise est: Je vis en dueil loing d'aise.

6) Si jay erré et faict piteuse queste
Mon erreur a excuse assés honneste
Je ne scay femme tant fust bonne ou aprise
Qui de l'amour d'un tel n'eust esté prise;
Car en luy n'atant pensois de deffault
Si non que foy et pitié luy deffault.

7) Qui la dira la peine de mon cueur
Et la doleur que pour m'amy je porte:
Je ne soustiens que tristesse et langueur
J'ameroys mieulx certes en estre morte.

8) On ne fait plus si on ne les commande,
Des amoureux de la couleur dont suys,
Perquoy je dis quá bon tiltre poursuys
Porter chapeau de laurier et lavande.

9) Le grant desir d'aymer my tient
Quant de la belle my souvient
Et du joly temps qui verdaye,

10) Naymes jamais ces gens de court;
Ils contrefont les amoureulx
Devant ces damoyselles:
Et puis ils sont glorieux
Qui sen morquent delles.
Tel na rien que faict de millourd.

Naymes jamais ces gens de court. —
Ils vont decoupant le drax d'or
Le velour et la soye
Et non pas ung escu en or
A paine la monnoye,
Et si sont en gaiges par tout. —
N'aymes jamais ces gens de court.

11) Tru tru trut, avant il faut boire!
Car apres que serons mors,
Nous n'arons plus que les os
Aveucq des aulnes de toille.

12) M'amye souffrés que je vous ayme
Et ne my tenés rigueur
De me dire que vostre cueur
Souffre pour moy douleur et peine

13) Vive la Marguarite
C'est une noble fleur. —
Pourtant se elle est petite
Elle est de grant valeur.
Qui vondra sen despite!
Je luy porteray honneur;
Vive la Marguarite
C'est une noble fleur.

14) C'est grand erreur de cuider présumer
Quón put hanter pas de la creature
En devisant des oeuvres de nature
Sans que le feu se noisist allumer.

Anhang. —

Auszüge aus der altfranzösischen Handschrift

Histoire de Gilion de Trasignyes et de Dame Marie sa femme

nebst den nöthigen erklärenden Anmerkungen. —

Histoire de Gilion de Trasignyes et de Dame Marie sa femme.

Handschrift der Bibliothek zu Jena.

Bibliothekzeichen: El. Mss. Gall. f. 92.

Cf. Mylius l. infra c. cap. 5. pag. 364 sq. № 94.

Hundert und dreizehn Blätter Pergament in klein Folio, von denen das erste auf der Innenseite das Kleve'sche Wappen enthält, von eben nicht sehr geübter Hand entworfen und colorirt. Dann folgt unmittelbar die Vorrede des Verfassers, und an diese schliesst sich auf der zweiten Seite desselben Blattes die Geschichte selbst an. — Die Handschrift ist aus der letzten Hälfte des funfzehnten Jahrhunderts, ziemlich deutlich, mit wenigen Abkürzungen. Für die Initialen ist überall Platz gelassen. Die Kapitelüberschriften sind roth, die Anfangsbuchstaben der einzelnen Punkte mit einem rothen Striche hervorgehoben. Jede Seite enthält zwei Columnen. — Am Schlusse des Ganzen findet sich der Namenszug des

Besitzers, Philipps von Kleve.*) — Verfasser und Abschreiber haben sich nirgends genannt. —

Ein höchst interessanter Roman, der in genauester Verwandtschaft mit unserer deutschen Sage vom Grafen von Gleichen steht, wie sich überhaupt im Mittelalter gleichzeitig und früher ähnliche Anklänge finden. Es war nichts natürlicher, als dass die Phantasie der von den Kreuzfahrern und Pilgrimmen im Abendlande zurückgelassenen Verwandten und Freunde, sich Tag und Nacht die Fährlichkeiten und Begebnisse, welche die fernen Lieben zu bestehn hatten, vor die Sinne rief und dieselben mit brennenden oder dunkeln Farben ausmalte. Einer sorgsamen Hausfrau aber, die sich in ihrer Einsamkeit nach dem rüstigen Genossen ihres Lebens und Lagers sehnte, war es wohl zu verzeihn, wenn die Furcht, nicht allein durch den Tod, sondern auch durch die, von den Heimkehrenden oft übertrieben herrlich geschilderten, Reize der Morgenländerinnen ihren Gatten auf immer, hier wie im Himmel, zu verlieren sie heimsuchte, ihr keine Ruhe liess, und sie stündlich und augenblicklich auf Tritten und Schritten beängstigte. —

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*) Hic *Philippus*, dominus Ravensteinii, fuit sine dubio ille, qui mortuus est anno 1528 et cujus meminit celeb. Hübnerus in Tabula 286 seiner genealogischen Tabellen. Qui Philippus etiam conscripsit librum bellicum (ein Kriegsbuch) et imperatori Carolo V. sub initium imperii ejusdem dedicavit; manuscriptus hic liber bellicus exstat in praestantissima serenissimi ducis Saxo-Gothani Bibliotheca etc. — Cf. I. C. Mylii Memorabilia Bibliothecae Academicae Jenensis. — Jenae 1746 cap. V. pag. 350.

Ein auf diese Weise leidendes Weib zu beruhigen und zu trösten, waren nun Freunde und Verwandte bereit, durch wirklich Erfahrenes, oder Erfundenes, in gutmeinender Absicht. Um es wahrscheinlicher zu machen, ging man sogar in ihre Ansichten ein, aber man wusste einen guten und versöhnenden Ausgang aufzuspüren, ein befriedigendes Ende zu erfinden, und auf diese Weise den Schmerz dadurch zu mildern, dass man der Hoffnung Raum gab, tausend freundliche Bilder zu gestalten, und den Kummer zu zerstreuen.

Auf solchem geistigen Boden, durch locale Umstände unterstützt, mag wohl unsere deutsche Sage vom Grafen von Gleichen und dessen Doppelheirath entstanden seyn, denn dass es nichts weiter als eine Sage ist, leidet jetzt wohl keinen Zweifel mehr. *) Sie fand bald überall günstige Aufnahme; an eifersüchtigen und sich grämenden Frauen ist ja auf der ganzen Erde nirgends Mangel. — Ihr Stoff berührt die menschlichen Interessen so sehr, dass es auffallend war, ihn bei keinem anderen Volke zu finden. Es liess sich nicht wohl denken, dass er nicht anderswo auch sollte benutzt worden seyn; leichter liess sich vermuthen, dass er sich allmählig wieder verloren, indem er nicht so tief, wie in Deutschland, durch heimische Zufälligkeiten begünstigt, Wurzel geschlagen hatte.

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*) Gleichzeitige Schriftsteller erwähnen dieselbe nirgends. Es soll Graf Ernst III. von Gleichen, der um 1216 — 1220 in gleichzeitigen Urkunden vorkommt, gewesen seyn. — S. Spangenberg's Hennebergische Chronik B. 2. Kap. 26. — Ueber die Sage selbst: L. Sagittarii gründliche und ausführliche Historia der Grafschaft Gleichen, herausgegeben von E. S. Cyprian. Frankfurt a. M. 1732. B. 1. Kap. V. S. 51 fgde., Gudeni Hist. Erfurt. 1, 18. u. A. —

Diese Vermuthung hatten mit mir Freunde und Studienverwandte schon lange gehegt; ein günstiger Zufall bestätigt uns nun die Richtigkeit derselben, wie aus Folgendem deutlich und anschaulich erhellen wird.

Die academische Bibliothek zu Jena erfreut sich, neben anderen bedeutenden Schätzen, zwölf altfranzösischer Handschriften, welche grösstentheils durch die Vermählung Johann Friedrichs des Grossmüthigen mit Sibylla (Tochter des Herzogs Johann) von Kleve, geb. 1510, vermählt am 2ten Juny 1527, gest. den 21. Februar 1554, erst in die Wittenbergische Büchersammlung, dann hieher gekommen sind.*) Zu

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*) Es sind folgende:

1) Livre de proprietés des choses, translaté de latin en françois du commendement Charles le V. roy de France par maistre *Jehan Corbechon*, de l'ordre saint Augustin, Docteur en Theologie, l'an de grace 1372. *)

> *) Ebenfalls zu Paris. — Bibl. royale. Ms. no 1670 fonds de la Valliere. — Bibl. Ste Genevieve S. 4. unter dem Titel: Le grand propriétaire de choses, traduit de l'italien en françois par Jehan Corbichon. — Ferner zu Rheims, Bibl. de la ville No 687.

2) Les Problemes d'Aristote, translatés et exposés de latin en françois par maistre Evrard de Conty, Phisien du Roy Charles le quint et Medecin de luy et de la royne Blanche.

3) L'Histoire de Cyrus, roy de Perse, composée par Xenophon, le Philosophe, translatée de Grec en Latin par

diesen gehört der hier im Auszuge mitgetheilte und oben in bibliographischer Hinsicht näher beschriebene Roman: Histoire de Gilion de Trasignyes et de Dame Marie sa femme. —

Pogge de Florence, et de Latin en François par Vasque de Lucene, Portugalois 1470. —

4) Boece de la Consolacion de la Philosophie, translaté par maistre Jehan de Meun, dem Vollender des Roman de la Rose. — Er übersetzte dieses Werk um 1466 auf Befehl Margarethens von England. Der vorliegende Codex ward gleichfalls auf Befehl derselben Fürstin von D. Aubert geschrieben.

5) La legende d'orée en François. — Findet sich gleichfalls zu Cambray. Bibl. d. l. ville 763. Paris. Bibl. de l'Arsenal. Livr. franc. V. 63. 64. und N° 65. etc. etc.

6) s. b. Valerius Maximus en François (translaté par Symon de Heldin 1380 et par Nicolas de Gonnesse).

7) Quinte Curce en François. —

8) Tresor de sapience, par Maistre Brunet Latin de Florence.

Von Brunetto Latini, dem Lehrer des Dante, während seines Aufenthaltes zu Paris, in französischer Sprache geschrieben und nicht, wie einige Litteraten irrig meinen, aus dem Italienischen übersetzt. — Handschriften des Tresor finden sich ferner zu Amiens B. d. l. v. N° 89.; zu Paris B. de l'Institut 260.; Bibl. r. N° 7066, 7067, 7068, 7069. — Das vierte Buch dieser Schrift allein, unter dem Titel: Le livre de bonne parleure ebendas. N° 7930 und fonds de Baluze N° 769; zu Rouen B. d. l. v. Belles lettres; Dictionnaires et Gramm. N° 16.

9) Les politiques d'Aristotte; Texte avec Glosse, (translatés en françois). —

10) Histoire de Gilion de Trasignyes.

11, 12. — La Bible translatée en françoys. —

Diese Bibel, ein Prachtwerk, gehörte dem Erzieher Karls V., Charles de Croy, Grafen von Chimay. —

In der Vorrede erzählt der unbekannte Verfasser, er sey auf einer Reise durch den Hennegau in die Abtey d'Olives *) gekommen, und habe dort drey Leichensteine gefunden, welche bezeichneten, dass unter ihnen Gilion de Trasignyes mit seinen beiden Frauen, von denen die Eine die Tochter des Sultan von Babylon gewesen, ruhe. Voll Wissbegier habe er so lange in den Abt um nähere Nachricht gedrungen, bis dieser ihm eine altitalienische Handschrift gebracht, welche die Schicksale des Gilion und seiner beiden Frauen enthielt. Besagte Handschrift habe er seinem Gönner Philipp, Herzog von Burgund **), zu Liebe in das Französische übersetzt, und bitte, ihm seine Fehler zu verzeihn, da er ein Ungelehrter sey.

Das folgende erste Kapitel beginnt sogleich mit der Erzählung und diese geht ununterbrochen bis an das Ende fort. Gilion de Trasignyes, ein junger Ritter am Hofe des Grafen von Hennegau, heirathet eine Verwandte desselben, Marie (fille au conte d'Ostrevent), und führt mit ihr auf seinen Besitzungen eine glückliche Ehe. — Da aber der Himmel ihre Verbindung anfangs nicht mit Kindern segnet, so thut er ein Gelübde, eine Wallfahrt nach dem heiligen Grabe zu machen, wenn ihm Gott Nachkommen bescheert. Die Gattin wird gleich darauf schwanger; der Ritter empfiehlt sie seinem Lehnsherrn und Verwandten, dem Grafen, zum Schutz und reist ab. — Er gelangt über Rom glücklich nach Jerusalem, wird aber auf der Rückreise von serrazenischen Seeräubern gefangen und nach Caire en Babilonne gebracht. — Während dieser Zeit bringt Marie de Trasignyes Zwillingssöhne zur Welt, die in der Taufe die Namen Gerard und Johann erhalten. — Gilion, auf Befehl des Sultans von Babylon in den Kerker geworfen, soll getödtet werden, erschlägt aber den Kerkermeister und dessen Gesellen, wird begnadigt und in das Gefängniss zurückgeführt. — Hier besucht ihn, Mitleiden fühlend, die schöne Gracyenne, die Tochter des Sultans, und es gelingt dem Ritter, sie und seinen neuen Kerkermeister Hertan zum Christenthume zu bekehren. — Unterdessen wird der Sultan in mehrere Kriege verwickelt und gefangen; Gilion, durch Gracyenne aus der Haft erlöst, befreyt ihn und kehrt dann freywillig wieder in seinen Kerker zurück. — Der Sultan lässt ihn darauf los, und G. steht ihm in seinen Kämpfen bey und verrichtet Wunder der Tapferkeit. — Mittlerweile, da der Held dieser Erzählung nicht in sein Vaterland zurückkehrt, bewirbt sich ein anderer Ritter, Namens Amaury, um die Hand der Dame Marie. Sie trägt diesem auf, den Gilion aufzusuchen; er macht sich auch auf den Weg, findet ihn, und erzählt ihm, seine Gattin in der Heimath sey im Wochenbette gestorben. — Gilion ist untröstlich, ficht aber demungeachtet tapfer in einer Schlacht, in welcher der untreue (le desloyal) Amaury seinen Tod findet. — Gilion wird in der Schlacht gefangen, und nach Tripolis abgeführt; Hertan aber, sein getreuer Freund, verkappt sich auf Antrieb der Gracyenne, sucht, findet und befreyt ihn, und kehrt mit ihm nach Babylon zurück. Grosse Freude und Festlichkeit findet bey ihrer Rückkehr statt, und Gilion wird von dem entzückten Sultan mit der Hand der schönen Gracyenne belohnt, die er, sich für einen Wittwer haltend, auch nicht ausschlägt. —

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*) L'Olive oder l'hermitage, eine Cistertienser-Abtey zwischen Binche und Nivelles in Brabant, in der Parochie Morlanmetz, wurde um 1220 von dem Eremiten Wilhelm gegründet, von sieben Kanonissinnen aus dem Kloster Moustier bezogen und 1244 durch den Pabst Innocenz IV. bestätigt. — Später wurde sie in ein Kloster der Cistertienserinnen umgewandelt. Cf. Henriquez, Menolog. Cistert. p. 320^{b}, 374 403^{b}. — Sammarthani Gallia Christ. III, 189. —

**) S. die erläuternde Note 12 zu der Préface.

Während dieser Zeit sind Gilions Söhne herangewachsen, und machen sich auf, den verschollenen Vater zu suchen. Sie verrichten unterweges ebenfalls Wunder der Tapferkeit, und erleiden Schicksale, welche denen ihres Vaters sehr ähnlich sind. — Endlich führt ein günstiges Geschick alle drey zusammen; der Sultan von Babylon erlaubt dem Gilion, mit seinen Söhnen und der schönen Gracyenne in seine (Gilion's) Heimath zu reisen, und dort zu verweilen, bis er seiner bedarf, und ihn zu sich entbieten lässt. — Gilion gelobt es und sie reisen ab. — In Rom werden Gracyenne und Hertan, der gleich darauf stirbt, getauft. — Als die Reisenden im Hennegau anlangen, nimmt Dame Marie sie höchst freundlich auf, und beschliesst in ein Kloster zu gehn, damit Gilion und Gracyenne in ungestörter Ehe leben können. — Gracyenne will das nicht zugeben und es entsteht ein Wettstreit des Edelmuthes, der endlich dahin entschieden wird, dass sich beide Frauen in dasselbe Kloster, Gilion jedoch in ein anderes, begeben, nachdem der Letztere seine Besitzungen unter seine Söhne getheilt hat. Hier leben sie fromm und gottesfürchtig; die beiden Frauen sterben noch in demselben Jahr; Gilion gehorcht aber bald nachher einem Rufe des Sultans, kehrt nach Babylon zurück, und fällt auf dem Felde der Ehre. Sein Herz wird nach Europa gebracht, und in einem Sarge zwischen seinen beiden Frauen beygesetzt.

Von einer Dispensation des Pabstes hinsichtlich der Doppelehe, wie bey unserem Grafen von Gleichen, ist nirgends die Rede. — Die hier eingeschlagene Weise, Bigamie zu verhüten, findet sich auch in einer weit älteren Erzählung des Mittelalters, *) wo

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*) Lai d'Eliduc par Marie de France. S. Poésies de Marie de F. publiées par B. de Roquefort. — 2 Bde. 8. Paris 1820. T. 1. S. 480. — Deutsch, von mir, in meinen „Erzählungen des deutschen Improvisators;" Gera 1828 Bd. II. S. 221 fgde. —

Die hieher gehörende Stelle lautet:

Lai d'Eliduc. v. 1110. Quant la Dame vit lur semblant,
Sun Seignur ad a raisun mis,
Congé li ad rové e quis,
Que le puisse de li partir,
Nonein volt estre, Deu servir.
De sa tère li doint partie
U ele face une Abéie;
Cele prenge qu' il aime tant,
Kar n'est pas bien ne avenant,
De deus espuses maintenir,

die erste Frau freywillig in ein Kloster geht, und ihren Gatten im ungestörten Besitze der zweiten lässt. —

Der Verfasser fordert am Schlusse unseres Romans Jeden, der noch umständlicher unterrichtet zu seyn wünscht, auf, nach der Abtey Olives zu reisen, wo Gilion's Herz zwischen seinen beiden Frauen bestattet ward. —

Die hier mitgetheilten Auszüge enthalten die Vorrede, die Capitelüberschriften, und das Schlusscapitel, diplomatisch genau copirt. —

1120. Ne la lei nel' deit consentir.
Eliduc li ad otrié
E bonement congé doné. —
— — — — —

1131. Quant tut ad fet bien aturner,
La dame i fet sun chief veler,
Trente nuneins ensemble od li,
S'ajue od son ordre establi. —

Eliduc s'Amie a prise
A grant honur ad bel guise
En fu la feste démenée,
Le jur k'il l'aveit espusée. —

a) *Die Vorrede.*

(1) Es haulz et coraigeux faiz des nobles et vertueuses personnes sont dignes destre racontez et escrips tant et afin de leur bailler et accroistre nom Immortel par Renomee et souveraine louenge. Comme aussi pour esmouvoir et enflamber les cuers des lisans et escoutans a eviter et fuir oeuvres vicieuses deshonnestes et vituperables et emprandre 1) et acomplir choses honnestes et glorieuses meritoires de vivre en perpetuel memoire 2). Comme Il soit ainsi que environ a deux ans Je passasse par la Conte de haynnau ouquel pays a eu par cy devant et encores a de point 3) de tresnoble et vaillant chevalerie ainsi comme par les livres des croniques et anciennes histoires est apparant. Entre lesquelles au passer que Je feys par labbaye assez ancienne ou Je vis trois tombes haultes eslevees et sappelle labbaye de lolive. Et pour ce que des ma premiere Jeunece ay este desirant et suis de savoir les haulz faiz avenuz par les nobles et vertueuz hommes du temps passe moy estant en la dicte abbaye enquis 4) et demanday les noms diceulz trespassez qui dessoubs les trois tumbes gisoient. Dit me fu par labbe et couvent que les corps

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1) emprandre, empanre, *entreprendre*, unternehmen, von apprehendere. So im alten Sprichwort: grant paine emprant qui put . . . . prent à garde. 2) memoire wurde in diesem Sinne noch ziemlich spät als Mascul. gebraucht. 3) de point jetzt, wahrscheinlich aus dem Provençalischen übergegangen, wo poins der Augenblick heisst. 4) enquis, ich fragte, von enquerrer, enquierer, *inquirere*.

de deux nobles et vaillans dames et leur mari ou [5]) mi lieu delles estoient la en sepulture. Leurs noms et surnoms me nommerent et les vey par escript au tour de leurs tombes. Quant je euz veu et leu leppitaffe diceulz trespassez Je sceu que le tresvaillant chevalier gilion de trasignyes y estoit en sepulture ou milieu de deuz nobles et vertueuses dames en son vivant ses compaignes et espouses. Dont lune avoit este fille au soudan de Babilonne. Parquoy Je ne me peu assez esmerveillier. [6]) Je requis [7]) tres Instaument a labbe et au couvent que plus amplement me voulsissent raconter et dire comment ledit seigneur de trasignyes avoit eue ladicte fille du souldan et amenee ou pays de haynau. Alors labbe par ung de ses Religieux me fist apporter ung petit livre en parchemin escript dune tres ancienne lettre moult obscure en langue ytalienne. Et apres quant Jeuz leu et bien entendu la matiere qui me sembla estre bien belle et piteable a oir Je prins la paine et labeur de transmuer le contenu ou dit livret en langue franchoise. Et aussi que les haulz faiz que fist et acheva les (le) tresvaillant et preu chevalier Gilion

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5) ou für au, so wie weiter oben ouquel für auquel dans lequel. So u. A. im Roman de la Rose:

Advis m'estoit à ceste fois
Bien y a cinq ans et cinq mois,
Qu' ou joli mois de May songeoie
Ou temps amoureux plein de joie
Que toute chose si esgaye. —

6) *esmerveillier* (se) sich wundern, erstaunen, von admirabilis. 7) von *requerre*, *requeir*; fragen, sich erkundigen, quaerere.

de trasignyes et ses deux fils et leurs grans processes 8) ne soyent extains 9) mais augmentez afin que a tousiours mais 10) en soit perpetuel memoire pour ce que Je scay acertes 11) que ceste histoire sera moult plaisant a oir a vous treshault tresexcellent et trespuissant prince et mon tresredoubte seigneur Phelippe 12) par la grace de dieu duc de Bourgoigne de brabant de loctrich 13) et de lembourg. Conte de flandres dartois de Bourgoigne palàtin haynau hollande zellande et de Namur Marquis du Saint empire seigneur de frise de salins et de malines. Ja soit ce que ne soye clerc nō homme pour savoir mettre par escript ne bien aorner 14) le langaige comme bien appartendroit a listoire pourquoy treshumblement Je supplie a vous mon tres redoubte seigneur que ma simplece 15) vueilliez tenir pour excusee.

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8) *prouesse*, *procce* (prouesse) tapfere, schöne That. So in Guillaume de Tyr. fol. 252. Longuement dura la bataille; assez i faisoient de belles *procces* et de grans hardemens. 9) *extains* (éteints). 10) *tousiours mais*, (à jamais, pour toujours. 11) *acertes* (certes, certainement). 12) Philipp III. von Burgund, mit dem Zunamen der Gute (geb. 29/30 Juny 1396 zu Dijon, gest. den 15ten July 1467 zu Brügge), ist aller Wahrscheinlichkeit zufolge der hier gemeinte. — Er begünstigte die Wissenschaften sehr, und liess viele Handschriften sowohl zu eigenem Vergnügen, als für den Unterricht seines Sohnes Karls des Kühnen abfassen. 13) Lothringen. 14) aorner, adorner, ausschmücken, zieren. 15) simplece, Einfalt. —

b) *Die Ueberschriften der einzelnen Kapitel.*

1) Comment gilion de trasignyes espousa sa (la) fille au conte dostrevent nommee marie.

   Anfang: pour le temps que regnoit en france le noble Roy *)   et en haynau le conte **)   advint que en lostel dudit conte avoit ung jeune chevalier preu et hardy aux armes etc.

2) De la belle vie que demenerent ensemble gilion de trasignyes et dame marie sa femme.

3) Comment gilion apres aucunes devises faictes entre lui et sa femme entra en sa chapelle ou Il fist ses prieres envers nous (nostre seigneur) et du veu quil fist a dieu:

4) Comment gilion ala a mons ou Il trouva le conte de haynau que Il amena a trasignyes. —

5) Comment Gilion de trasignyes emprist 16) le voyage d'oultre mer et du descouvrement quil en fist au conte de haynau devant tous ses barons.

6) Comment gilion sen parti de trasignyes pour faire son voynige et du grant dueil que en fist sa femme enxainte. 17)

7) Comment Gilion vint a Rome dela en Ihlm (Jerusalem) et du songe quil fist.

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*) **) Hier sind absichtlich Lücken im Mscpt. Da sich später mehr dergleichen an wenig erheblichen Stellen finden, und hier und da ausgefüllt sind, so scheint es, als habe der Abschreiber Manches in dem ihm vorliegenden Exemplare, das er copirte, nicht lesen können. — 16) S. die Anm. 1. in der Vorrede. 17) enceinte.

8) Comment gilion se parti de Jerusalem et se mist en mer ou Il fu pris de sarrasins et emmenę au caire en babilonne. —

9) Comment la dame de trasignyes acoucha de deux beaulx filz dont lun eut nom Jehan et lautre Gerard.

10) Comment le souldan cuida 18) prendre port pour entrer en chippre mais il ne peut par la grant resistance que y fist le roy de chyppre.

11) Comment gilion estant en la prison ou Il faisoit ses piteuses prieres et complaintes envers nostre seigneur fu envoye querir par le souldan pour le faire morire. *) —

12) Comment gilion occist 19) le tourrier et trois autres sarrasins qui lestoyent venu querir et comment la mort lui fu respitee. 20)

13) Comment gilion eut la vie respitee et fu ramene en chartre. 21)

14) Comment la belle Gracyenne vint visiter Gilion en la chartre ou il estoit et comment il ladmo-

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18) cuider, quider von cogitare? nach Barbazan von quidam; denken, im Sinne haben, wollen; provençalisch cuiar und cujha. 19) occir, occere, occhir etc. tödten, von occidere. 20) respiter, respire, respitier: Aufschub geben; daher erretten, vermeiden. Die erstere Form und die erstere Bedeutung sind noch heutigen Tages in Gebrauch als terme de palais. 21) chartre von carcer, Kerker, ein sehr gebrauchtes Wort im Mittelalter. So in der Vie des ss. Peres Il fu pris et mis en *chartre* et venoient si le gaboient li Bien et escharnissoient et disoient mout de laidure. —

*) In diesem Kapitel finden sich ebenfalls viele Lücken im Manuscript. —

nestoit et aussi hertan *) de croire en la loy de Jesus Crist.

15) Comment le Roy Ysore de Damas vint assieigier babilonne et de la grant bataille qui y fut.

16) Comment la pucelle gracyenne fist hoster [22]) Gilion hors de la chartre et le fist armer luy et hertan pour aler au secours de son pere le souldan.

17) Comment le souldan fu desconfy [23]) et emmene prisonnier en la tente du Roy Ysore de damas.

18) Comment Gilion et hertan vindrent aux tentes du Roy Ysore de Damas.

19) Comment gilion et hertan se combatirent es [24]) tentes du Roy Ysore lequel Gilion (occist) et saulva le soudan.

20) Comment gilion et hertan tout coyement [25]) sen retournerent en babilonne en la chartre sans le sceu [26]) du souldan.

21) Comment le souldan commanda qon lui amenast gilion estant en la chartre lequel Gracyenne y fist venir tout ainsi quil estoit le jor de la grant bataille.

22) Comment plusieurs Roys sarrasins vindrent assieiger babilonne et de la grant bataille qui y fut.

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*) Die belle gracyenne ist die Tochter des Sultans von Babylon; Hertan der heidnische Kerkermeister. 22) öter. 23) desconfy von desconfire (disconficere) verderben, den Feind schlagen. 24) es (ès) ez Praep. en, dans, noch heutigen Tages im Gerichtsstyl gebräuchlich. — 25) coyement, v. coy, in aller Stille, quiete. 26) sceu, seu, von savoir, das Wissen, Mitwissen.

23) Comment la bataille fu vaincue devant babilonne par les grans proeces de gilion de trasignyes.

24) Cy parle de la dame de trasignyes et du chevalier amaury qui la vouloit avoir a mariaige.

25) Comment Amaury se mist a chemin pour querir gilion et puis parle de ses deux filz.

26) Comment le desloyal Amaury passa la mer et vint en babilonne ou il trouva Gilion et de ce quil lui fist entendant.

27) Comment gilion de trasignyes se complaignoit pour les bourdes[27]) que Amaury lui faisoit entendant.

28) Cy parle de la grant bataille qui fu devant babilonne et de la mort du desloyal amaury.

29) Cy parle dune aultre bataille qui fu devant babilonne ou le Roy fabur de moryenne fu desconfy et comment gilion fu emmene prisonnier a tripolye en barbarye.

30) Comment gilion fu mis en chartre et des piteux regrets quil y faisoit.

31) Des devises[28]) que faisoyent ensemble la belle gracyenne et hertan qui ne scavoient ou estoit gilion.

32) Comment Jehan et gerart de trasignyes tournoyerent a conde sur lescault au Jez gaguerent le pris et lonneur.

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27) bourde, Lüge, Betrug. — 28) deviser, von dividere, ein im Mittelalter viel gebrauchtes Wort, mit einer Menge Bedeutungen, hier im Roman überall überlegen, besprechen; devise Erklärung, Beschluss; faire des devises, berathschlagen.

33) Comment hertan sen parti de babilonne tout noircy et vint a tripoly en barbarye ou gilion estoit prisonnier et comment Il fu mis dehors.

34) Comment hertan amena gilion en babilonne et de la grant chiere[29] que leur fist la belle gracyenne et le souldan son pere.

35) Comment Jehan et gerart de trasignyes vindrent en chippre et de la grant chiere que le Roy leur fist.

36) Comment le Roy de sclavonie vint assieger nicossye en chippre et des proeces qy firent les deux enfans de trasignyes.

37) Cy parle de la grant bataille qui fu devant nicossye et comment les enfans de trasignyes rescourrerent[30] le connestable que on vouloit pendre.

38) Quant le connestable de chippre ala en Roddes vers le grant maistre pour avoir secours et lamena en chyppre.

39) Comment le grant maistre de Roddes et le connestable vindrent aupres de nicossye en chippre et de la grant bataille qui y fu ou tous les sarrasins furent occis.

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[29] chiere, chere von carus, cara: Antlitz, Aufnahme; im Gilion überall mit der letzten Bedeutung. So noch im Spanischen und Portugiesischen cara; z. B. cara a caras, Mann gegen Mann, einander gegenüber; homem a duas caras, ein falscher Mensch etc.

[30] rescourrer, rescorre, rescoure u.s.w. von recuperare, befreyen, mit Gewalt losmachen. So bey Joinville, Histoire de St. Louis. La le rescourent le Connestable de France et pluseurs des sergans etc.

40) Comment les deux freres deppartirent se [31]) de chippre et comment ilz furent pris sur mer et menez lun en esclavonye et lautre en barbarye et de leurs piteuses complaintes.

41) Cy parle de la belle natalye qui senamoura de girard qui estoit prisonnier a Raguse.

42) Comment le Roy margant fu couronne et comment la belle natalye sauva la vie a gerard de trasignyes.

43) Comment Jehan de trasignyes fut mis en la chartre ou gilion son pere avoit este et de ses complaintes.

44) Comment gerard se combati a lucyon pour lamour de natalye et le desconfy.

45) Comment hertan combaty le Roy haldin et le desconfy et de la grant bataille qui fu devant babilonne ou gillon desconfi les sarrasins.

46) Comment le Roy Margant de sclavonie vint assieiger le Roy fabur de Moryenne et de la bataille des deux freres.

47) Comment les deux rois saccorderent et vindrent mettre le siege devant babilonne et de la bataille qui y fu.

48) Cy parle de la grant bataille qui fu devant babilonne ou les enfans de gilion furent pris par hertan et des merveilles quilz y firent.

49) Comment les enfans de trasignyes se deviserent [32]) a leur pere et du retour quils firent en hayuau.

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[31]) partirent. [32]) sich zu erkennen gaben. —

c) *Das Schlusscapitel.*

Comment les enfans de trasignyes se deviserent a leur pere et du retour quilz firent en haynau.

Ainsi comme vous oyez les deux enffans de trasignyes trouverent gilion leur pere en la cite de babilonne ou moult grant Joye fu faicte pour leur venue. Alors les deux enfans dirent et raconterent a leur pere toutes leurs adventures ainsi que advenues leur estoyent. Ilz lui raconterent comment Ilz vindrent en cypre et de leur partement puis comment sarrasins larrons et coursaires de mer les prindrent et les depporterent cest ass (a savoir) Gerard fu mene vers le Roy margant en esclavonnie et moi dist Jehan par devers le Roy fabur (.) puis de la bataille que lun a lencontre de lautre avoient faicte et comment ilz sestoient recongneuz. Tout ce que advenu leur estoit depuis ce quilz estoient en leur premiere Jonnesse [33]) jusques alors raconterent a leur pere sans riens y oublier. Quant gilion oya [34]) ses deux enfans raconter leurs aventures trop ne se peut esmerveiller veu la grant Jonnece en quoy Il estoyent. Moult [35]) devoutement en prist a regracier [36]) nostre seigneur et dit que bien devoit avoir grant joye au cuer quant nostre seigneur lui avoit envoye telz deux enfans. Se la Joye et la feste que firent a ce Jour le pere et les enffans ensemble vous vouloye racompter trop vous pourroye ennuier a le vous dire. Alors gillion leur jura et promist que sil povoit [37]) en maniere quel conque soy deppartir [38]) dela au plutost quil pouvroit sen yroit par dela au pays de haynnau. Ne scay bonnement comment ce pourra faire. Grant Joye auroye en mon cuer se tant pouoye faire vers le souldan que aler men lassast. Se aucun moyen ny puis trouver a laide de nostre seigneur si trouveray le tour et maniere. Sire ce dist gracyenne saichiez que sans moy ne partirez vous maves prise a femme et espousee. Par vous et par vostre moyen seray es sains fons baptisee et levee selon la loy de Jhesu Crist (.) Jamais jour que jaye a vivre ne vous lairray [39]) mais iray avec vous et serviray vostre premiere dame et espouse tant que dieu par sa grace me donra au corps la vie. Belle ce dist gilion parole ne pourriez dire qui mieulx me venist [40]) a plaisir. Tout en lermoyant [41]) se baiserent lun lautre. Quant hertan les entendi il leur dist tout en hault que avec eulx et en leur compaignie yroit et que nul fors dieu ne len sauroit destourber. [42]) Ainsi comme

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[33]) jeunesse. [34]) **hörte**, das jetzige **ouir**, nur im Particip und Infinitiv gebräuchlich, früher ganz durchconjugirt. [35]) **moult** von **multum**, beaucoup, sehr, so auch im Provençal. **mou**, **mout**, **mouta**. — Schade, dass das Wort ganz ausser Gebrauch gekommen ist. [36]) danken; das Italienische: *ringraziare*.

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37) pouvoit. 38) partir. — 39) laisserai, von lairer, lairrer, lerer. 40) me vint; venir wurde noch bis zu später Zeit regelmässig abgewandelt. 41) larmer, lermer, larmoyer, lermoyer hatte damals noch nicht den verächtlichen Begriff, der jetzt mit larmoyant verbunden wird, sondern bedeutete einfach: weinen, von lacrymari. 42) hindern, disturbare, abwendig machen. So im Roman du Rou:

Por ceu se delt li Rois pener
Del duc Willaume *destourber*
Quil ne puisse plus haut monter
Ne en angleterre passer.

ensemble le pere et les enffans faisoyent si grant Joye en la chambre de gracyenne le souldan y survint auquel fu raconte et dit la maniere comment le pere et les enffans sestoient recongneuz puis apres mot apres autre par gilion et ses enfans lui fu raconte et dit toutes les adventures quilz avoyent eues depuis le temps que premier sestoyent partiz du pays de haynnau dont ilz estoyent. Quant le souldan les eut entenduz et oiz assez ne se peut esmerveiller (;) moult grant joye et honneur fist aux deux enffans (;) pour lamour deulx et de leur pere voult cellui jour tenir court pleniere. La feste dura vj jours. Quant ce vint au septieme les roy et admiraulx qui lestoyent venuz servir prindrent congie du souldan et sen ala chascung en sa contree. Gilion et ses deux filz furent environ demi an ensemble demourans avec le souldan depuis que la furent venuz. Si advint ung jour que le souldan est appuye aux fenestres de son palais. Si vint gilion vers lui et lui dist moult humblement. Sire verite est que au Jourduy nest prince si grant ou monde croyant en vostre loy que si hardy soit ne oze de vous faire ne esmouvoir guerre. Toute vostre empire et voz royaumes mesmement ceulx de voz amis sont en bonne paix et seure. Nul home nest vivant qui courrocier [43]) vous voulsist et pour ce sire que certainement Je scay que pour leure estes en paix vous vouldroye requerir et prier sur tous les plaisirs que oncques vous puis avoir faiz que jusques en mon pays de haynnau dont je suis (,) mes deux enfans avec moy nous laissiez aler. Car pour certain je cuidoye

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43) courroucer, erzürnen, nach Menage von corruscare, nach Barbazan von corrodere.

que ma femme qui est leur mere feust trespassee de ceste mortele vie. Au mieulx que jay peu vous ay moult loyaument servy. Avec moy vouldray mener gracienne ma femme et pareillement hertan en vous promectant sur ma foy et sur la loy de Jhesu Crist ou je suis croyant que se aucune guerre et affaires vous surviennent et vous le me faictes savoir jamais jour apres ce narresteray en mon pays[44]) que vers vous ne viengne pour vous servir ainsi comme jay eu de coustume et que autreffoys ay fait. Quant le souldan entendi gilion il fu moult dolent[45]) et triste longue espace demoura en pensee. Puis respondi a gilion que sur ceste requeste avoit advis et sen conseilleroit a ses barons et assez tost lui en feroit response. Sire dit gilion ainsi soit quil vous plaira. Alors le souldan se tira apart en une chambre ou il avoit mande ses barons et conseillers ausquelz il deppose et leur dist la requeste que par gilion lui avoit este faicte. Dont tous furent esmerveilliez grant parlement firent ensemble[46]) mais enfin furent daccord et tous dune conclusion ainsi comme dieu le voult consentir que le souldan en povoit laisser aler gilion en prenant sa foy et promesse de retourner par dela en babilonne ou cas que le souldan eust guerre en lui faisant savoir. Apres lequel conseil tenu le souldan et eulx tous revindrent au palais ou ilz

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44) so will ich keinen Tag länger in meinem Lande verweilen. — 45) traurig. 46) sie sprachen (berathschlagten) lange darüber. — *parlement*, im Latein des Mittelalters parlamentum; Baskisch parlementua; Provençalisch parlamens. So im Roman de la Rose: Encontre eulx ung parlement tindrent. — Unterhaltung, Berathschlagung.

trouverent gilion et ses enfans qui en grant doubte actendoient la response. Quant le souldan fu la venu il appella gilion et lui dist que a son conseil avoit parle. Lesquelz lui et eulx estoient daccord que en son palais lui sa femme ses deux filx et hertan avec eulx sen alassent, pour veu que il feroit sement (serment) sur sa loy que se le souldan avoit aucun affaire et il lui feist savoir que toutes choses laissees il retourneroit en babilonne pour le servir. La quelle chose gilion promist au souldan de ainsi le faire et entretenir et len remercya. Si se appresterent et garnirent de ce que mestier leur fu. Moult grans et riches dons a merveilles le souldan fist a gilion a sa femme et a ses deux filz. Tant leur donna or et richesses que merveille seroit de le dire. Quant ilz furent apprestez du tout et garniz de guides et de gens pour les conduire Ilz firent trousser et baguer[47]) leurs tresors et richesses sur chevaulx et mules chameaulx et dromadaires. Quant ilz furent tous prest pour partir ilz prindrent congie du souldan lequel se ratendry moult fort priant a gilion que sa fille gracyenne eust pour recommandee. Laquelle il baisa au deppartir moult tendrement plourant puis embrassa gilion et ses deux filz et les recommanda en la garde du mahom. Puis prindrent congie des barons desquelz ilz furent convoyez quatre lieues loing de la ville. Moult grant dueil demenerent en babilonne quant de gilion veyrent le deppartement et de gracyenne sa femme. Quant aux champs se trouverent ils se misdrent[48]) a chemin et passerent les desers et vindrent a gazere.

47) baguer, einpacken von bague (bacca?) altprovenç. baga, baghes. 48) mirent.

Puis vindrent en bethleem ou ilz alerent fere leurs offrandes. Apres vindrent en la sainte cite de Jherusalem ou Ilz baiserent le saint sepulcre de nostre seigneur e y firent de moult belles offrandes. Puis le lendemain sen partirent et vindrent a napelouze apres passerent par Jemin (?) en (et) vindrent en nazaret au lieu ou langel gabriel apporta la nonciacion a la vierge marie ou ilz firent leurs devocions et offrandes. . Le lendemain vindrent gesir en la cite dacre. Quant la venuz furent les gens du souldan qui avec eulx estoient firent prandre et arrester une nef [49]) de Jennes sur laquelle gilion sa femme ses deux filz et hertan monterent. Aprez ce quilz eurent bague leurs bagues Ilz prindrent congie des gens du souldan qui jusques la les avoyent conduiz et menez. Le patron de la nef fu moult joyeux de gillion pour ce que par le souldan lui et sa compaigne lui estoyent si fort recommandez. Moult grant desir avoit de complaire au souldan. Et pour ce senforcoit de faire plaisir et service a gilion et a ceulx de sa compaignie. Le temps estoit bel et cler. [50]) Quant ce vint bien matin au point du Jour le patron fist lever les ancres et faire voile et ou le vent se bouta qui fu doulx et les mena en Jour et demi au port de limoson en chippre ou a ce Jour estoit le Roy auquel tost fu la nouvelle noncee que sur la nef de Jennes estoient arrivez les deux freres qui autreffoiz en sa guerre lavoient si loiaument servi. Quant le Roy en fu advertis il y envoya son connestable et grant foison de che-

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49) nef von navis ein Schiff. 50) clair.

valiers et leur commanda que les deux freres lui amenassent et tous ceulx qui avec eulx estoyent. Quant au port furent venuz ilz trouverent gilion sa femme et ses deux enfans descenduz a terre. Si vindrent vers les deux enfans et les embrasserent et conjoyirent 51) moult en leur demandant qui estoit le chevalier que avec eulx veoyent. Ilz leur respondirent que cestoit leur pere que si long temps avoyent quis. 52) Alors vindrent a gilion si le bienviegnerent 53) et aussi firent ilz graceyenne sa femme. Tous ensemble vindrent vers le Roy qui les receut en grant liesse 54) en demandant aux enfans de leur adventure et comment ilz avoient fait depuis que de lui sestoyent deppartis. Jehan lui prinst a raconter toutes leurs fortunes et aventures quilz avoyent eu depuis que de chippre sestoyent deppartiz. Puis lui raconta comment leur pere avoient trouve en babilonne qui la estoit avec eulx. Quant le Roy vey 55) et quil sceust que cestoit gilion leur pere il lembrassa et lui fist moult grant chiere et a lui et a sa femme Graceyenne en le remerciant des grans services que par ses deux filz lui avoyent este faiz. Sire ce dist gilion moult me plaist et agree silz vous ont fait service qui a vous soit aggreable. Alors de

51) conjoier, conjouir, conjoyer, conjoyir (congaudere), sich mit einander freuen; Jemanden gut aufnehmen. 52) quis, Part. von querir, suchen. 53) hiessen ihn willkommen, von bienveigner, bene-venire. 54) liesse, liece von laetitia, Freude, Vergnügen. Obwohl selten, wird dies Wort noch jetzt gebraucht; so von la Fontaine in der 11ten Fabel des 4ten Buches. 55) vit.

toutes pars furent festoyez de chevaliers et de barons. Moult grant hommage fu portee a gracyenne de par le Roy et la Royne de chippre et moult grans dons et presens furent donnez a gilion et a ses enfans. Quant la eurent sejourne vj jours ils prindrent congie du Roy et sen partirent. Par le connestable et seigneurs de la court furent convoyez jusques en leur navire moult bien les pourveurent de vins de chars 56) de pain fres et de bescuit. Le connestable prist congie de gilion de ses deux filz et de hertan et sen partirent. Apres ce que gilion fu monte en sa nef sa femme ses deux filz et hertan quant ce vint a la mienuit le patron fist faire voile ou le vent se bouta. 57) Lequel fu bon vent et doulx. Tant nagerent par mer que sans nulle fortune 58) avoir arriverent en pou 59) de jours au port da (de) naples. Quant la furent arrivez ilz descendirent a terre, si achaterent chevaulx et mulez pour eulx tous et pour porter leurs bagues. puis prindrent congie de leur patron et le payerent tres bien dont il les remercia. Apres ce que deux jours en a naples se furent refreschiz ilz se misdrent a chemin vers Rome. Quant la furent arrivez ilz vindrent descendre en une hostellerie ou de loste et hostesse furent moult bien receuz. Puis le lendemain matin vindrent vers le pere saint auquel gilion gracyenne et hertan se confesse-

56) char von caro, Fleisch. 57) wo der Wind hinwehte; bouter, boulter von pulsare. 58) hier Unglück, male ist ausgelassen. 59) pou, peu, daher z. B die im Mittelalter sehr gebräuchliche Redensart, pou se tint, beynahe.

rent et leur baillia[60] absolucion de leurs pechiez. Puis dedans leglise saint pierre ou fist apprester une grant cuve remplie deaue en laquelle le pere saint baptisa la belle gracyenne et hertan sans ce que son nom lui feust mue ne changie.[61] Mais hertan eut nom henry et dist lescricture ou le livre qui de ce fait mencion que une heure apres ce que hertan fu baptisie il morut. Dont gilion gracyenne et les deux filz Jehan et gerard furent moult dolans. Si le firent enterrer en leglise saint pierre et lui firent faire son service moult notablement. Apres la mort duquel hertan et son service[62] fait gilion ayant prins congie du pere saint sen parti de Rome et vindrent a chevaucher par toscane et lombardie tant quilz vindrent es mons de monjou quilz passerent et vindrent en savoye apres en bourgoigne. Puis vindrent en namur dela entrerent en brabant. Quant la furent arrivez gilion prinst ung gentilhomme de sa compaignie lequel il avoit trouve en chemin au venir quil avoit fait de Romme. Si lenvoya vers trasignyes pour noncier[63] sa venue a madame marie sa femme. Le gentilhomme desirant faire service a gilion hastivement sen parti et fist tant quil arriva ou chastel de trasignyes. Quant la fu arrive comme homme saige et actrempe[64] salua la dame et lui dist quil avoit ay dire que ses deux filz avoient trouve gilion leur pere

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60) baillia von bajulare, geben, ertheilen. 61) der Gracyenne nämlich. 62) Leichendienst, Todtenmesse. 63) anoncer. 64) actrempé von actremper, atemprer, attemprer, *temperare*, ordnen, regeln.

et que en brief[65]) temps devoyeut retourner pardeca (;) pas ne lui voult dire que par gillon feust la envoye pour ce que autreffoiz femmes sont mortes de joye. Quant la dame entendi le messaige elle lui fist moult grant chiere et moult diligemment lui encquist se point scavoit se pardeca mer estoient. Lescuier respondi que non mais bien disoit quil avoit veu homme qui a eulx avoit parle. Ainsi plus de trois heures laissa la dame en ce point pensant a la venue de son mary et de ses deux filz. Puis apres lui dist. Madame soyez certaine et seure que demain apres disner aurez gilion vostre mary et vos deux enfans en ce chastel de trasignyes. A mon ami dist la dame est Il ainis comme vous dites. Madame dist lescuier la verite vous ay contee. Alors de la grant Joye que la dame eut en elle embrassa lescuier et lui fist moult grant chiere. Puis fist tendre et parer son hostel et envoya querir les chevaliers et escuiers ses vosins leurs femmes et leurs filles pour laccompaigner a la venue de son mary. Tous y vindrent quant par elle furent mandez ayans grant liesse au cuer des nouvelles. Quant ce vint le lendemain apres disner gilion et sa compaignie arriverent ou chastel de trasignyes. Quant la furent arrivez ilz misdrent pied a terre. La noble dame moult noblement accompaigne vint au devant de son seigneur. Lequel elle prinst entre ses bras et le baisa assez de foiz. Puis la noble dame vint baisier ses deux enfans puis baisa et festoya la belle gracyenne. Le soupper fu prest si sasseyrent a table. Gilion sas-

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65) brief, bref von brevis, kurz.

seyst au milieu de ses deux femmes et fu tout le soupper servi par ses deux filz. Puis quant ce vint apres soupper et quilz furent levez de table moult courtoisement gilion parla a dame marie sa femme et lui dist. Ma tres chiere amye moy estant pardela mer fu rapporte et dit par ung chevalier qui se nommoit amaury que vous estiez trespassee et morte denffant. Dont pour le grant doleur que jen eu a souffrir feys veu 66) et serment de non jamais retourner pardeca puisque estiez trespassee. Si me remariay pardela a ceste noble dame que veez y present. Laquelle ma sauve la vie. Pieca 67) feusse mort selle ne feust. A Romme lay fait baptisier. A tous jours mais par elle serez loyaument servie ne jamais nul Jour tant que ou corps auray la vie nauray atouchement a elle se devant elle naliez de vie a trespas. Sire ce dist la dame de trasignyes puisque ainsi est que vous dites que ceste dame avez espousee et que par elle avez eu sauve la vie Ja dieu ne plaise que jamais avec vous jaye atouchement ne compaignie. Ains 68) me vouldray rendre au plaisir de nostre seigneur en une abbaye de nonnains et tout le temps de ma vie prieray dieu pour vous. Dame ce dist gracyenne Ja dieu ne plaise que ja 69) jour de ma vie vous face

66) voeu 67) pieca, hie soviel wie längst. 68) ains, ainc, ainques, ainz, ans etc. vom Lateinischen ante, Ital. anzi, Span. antes, Picard. anchiens, ancheux, aber, vor, eher. — 69) ja von jam, hier jemals, sonst, schon, wie z. B. Roman des sept sages: Sire par Deu ayez de moi merchi, coeuvrefus (couvre-feu Feyerabend) sonnera ja et je serai prise. —

tout de vostre loyal seigneur. Si furent les dames tout dun consentement et dun accord que toutes deux le lendemain se rendirent et misdrent a servire dieu en labbaye de lolive ou elles demourerent tout le temps de leur vie sans en yssir.70) Et dautrepart gilion de trasignyes par le consentement du conte de haynnau et des barons depparti et donna a ses deux enffans toutes ses terres et seigneuries. Puis se parti de trasignyes et sen ala a labbaye de cambron servir nostre seigneur ouquel lieu par plusieurs fois le conte de haynnau et les barons ses parens et amis le vindrent revisiter eux esmerveillans des aventures quil avoit eues en son temps. En celui an mesmes morurent les deux dames femmes de gilion de trasignyes et dist listoire que apres leur mort gilion fist lever trois tumbes en la chappelle de heriemont dont lune esleu pour lui et voult gesir ou milieu de ses deux femmes. Moult bien renta la chappelle afin que a tous jours mais on y priast pour lui et pour ses deux dames ses femmes et espouses. Ung an apres ou environ le trespas delles vint ung messaigier de par le souldan qui envoya querir gilion pour ce que apres ce que plusieurs Roys sarrasins sceurent pour verite que gilion estoit depparti.71) Ilz esmeurent grant guerre au souldan pourquoy hastivement comme vous ayez le souldan lenvoya querir. Pourquoy gilion jura et fist serment que il le iroit secourir et que

70) yssir von exire, ital. uscire, herausgehn. Ueber die Abteyen Olive und Cambron siehe die Einleitung. 71) der Punkt ist falsch, der Abschreiber hätte die beiden Sätze nicht trennen sollen, da sie nur einen ausmachen.

plus beau service ne pourroit faire a dieu que destruire et mettre a mort ceulx qui en loy ne sont croyans. Si sappresta et vint a trasignyes prinst or et argent pour ses despens faire et sen parti lui vje (sixième). Ses enfans le convoyerent puis tout en plourant prindrent congie de lui. Gilion sexploicta tant par ses journees tant par terre que par mer quil vint et arriva en babilonne ou du souldan fu receu a grant Joye. Il maintint la guerre du souldan en tele maniere quil subjuga et mist en lobeissance du souldan tous ses ennemis. Mais en une bataille fu navre [72]) dune moult grant playe pourquoy il le convint aliter. Et pour ce lui veant que a sa fin venoit et que impossible lui estoit de reschapper requist au souldan moult instaument que apres son trespas son cuer feust osté de son corps et porte a trasignyes et mis en la tumbe que pour lui estoit faicte seant ou milieu de ses deux femmes. Le souldan tout en plourant lui promist de ainsi le faire. Laquelle chose il feist et fu son cuer apporte et mis en la tumbe que pour lui avoit faict faire. Et cy fine [73]) la vraye histoire du preu gilion de trasignyes duquel qui plus au vray en vouldra savoir si voise [74]) en l'abbaye de lolive ou son cuer gist entre les tumbes de ses deux femmes ausquelz dieu face mercy. Amen. —

72) navrer, navréer, navréir, nevrer, stark, gefährlich verwunden; das Wort ist noch jetzt, jedoch nur im moralischen Sinne, üblich, besonders in der Redensart j'en ai le coeur tout navré... 73) finit. 74) voiser gehen, laufen, noch heutigen Tages in einigen Dialecten gebräuchlich: das unregelmässige Präsens von aller: je vais rührt davon her. —

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

MODERN
GERMAN LITERATURE

([illegible]—[illegible])

BY

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Although my whole life has been devoted to the examination and study of what the Romans called *Bonae Litterae*, and to tracing the progress and decline, as well as marking the varieties and characteristics of most literatures — although duty, as well as [illegible] have engaged me in this pursuit, and I have thereby become intimately familiar with the history and works of the great geniuses of my own land — I must nevertheless own, that it is not without anxiety and trepidation that I commence the task before me. To address a foreign reader in his own tongue, is an attempt from which, however flattered by the choice which urged me to the undertaking, I should certainly have shrunk, but for the incitement of several strong motives; and not the least of these, has been an affection for England, and for English literature — long the study, not only of such mere critics as myself, but also the Helicon of the leading spirits of Germany — the primer wherein they learned to be natural, and natively sublime. Germany has not, in fact, possessed one genius during the last sixty years, who did not become or prove such, in greater or less degree, from having studied the immortal Shakspeare; — of Scott or Byron I need not speak; and it will now be generally admitted that the influence of both nations — that is, of the literature and mind of the two nations — one upon the other, is so great, that a more intimate knowledge of each other has become indispensable; and, therefore, that to further this is a duty, in which we should all bear a part

The importance of this duty will be increased we consider how few opportunities can be af Germans for offering a portraiture of their or country, to English readers. Even wh have addressed themselves to the task, and undertaken to represent the state of letters at home, they have too often done so in a spirit of literary partizanship, and in the hope of winning applause for this name, and for that sect, rather than with the purpose of giving a fair and impartial view of German literature, and of those master-spirits who created and perfected it. For myself, I can at least promise, that I begin my undertaking in a fair spirit, unbiassed by partiality or literary sectarianism.

Previous to entering upon an account of recent times, it is requisite to attempt a short delineation of the earlier state and subsequent progress of German literature. Unfortunately its infancy was obscure, one obstacle in the way of making the chronicle complete — it was never the fostered child of monarchs — the days of the Minnesingers being far beyond our reach. German literature was always popular, often vulgarly so; and this circumstance of its early condition, however unfavourable to finished or great productions it might be, was most propitious to the developement of a national language, and to the foundation of a literature destined to be original and gigantic. The advantages, however, of this wide popularity on which it was based, were more than counteracted by the melancholy subdivision of Germans into Saxons, Suabians, Prussians, Bavarians etc., which weakened the tie of a common country and a common tongue. And the attempt among the learned to supply this latter requisite by the use of Latin, above all other things retarded the establishment of the German language; Latin being exclusively devoted to literature, and employed by learned men.

But when Luther shook off the tyranny of the Pope, he abolished also the Roman language, and introduced the Saxon dialect as the language of books. For a time his example was followed; and so glorious a precedent was particularly imitated by those who attacked the Roman Catholic church, and strove to imbue the nation with a better and sounder faith. But this favourable turn was not of long duration. Ecclesiastical controversies began to divide the new church: the adherents of Luther became more intolerant than even those of the Pope had been before; they searched for heretics as keenly as the Catholics, and, like them, turned their hostilities against those of their brethren who did not follow out the Lutheran principles to the letter, and persecuted them (particularly in Saxony, the cradle of the Reformation), under the name of Cryptocalvinists. The people in general took no great part in these quarrels; and the learned men, who found the Latin language the most convenient for their orthodox discussions, as they called them, re-assumed it in their writings; so that the German language sunk again into neglect, and was left uncultivated till the middle of the last century.

I have already remarked, that German poetry never had the good fortune to find a protector upon the different thrones of its wide-spread soil. There certainly was a period during which it flourished, and princes, and dukes, nay, even emperors themselves, did not disdain to tune the German lyre; but this golden age was not peculiar to Germany alone: for in those days of chivalry to which I allude, poetry was, over all Europe, considered as the flower of high breeding; and, though our Suabian Minnesingers were inspired by love and gallantry, as well as the Troubadours of blooming Provence, and the Trouvères and Minstrels of Normandy, we cannot but consider them, if we would be impartial, as scholars of the latter, especially in all which concerns lyric poetry. The same romantic spirit — the same sophisticated ideas of love and honour, and even the same metrical and poetical forms which are found in the songs of the then celebrated *Langue d' Oc* — appear also in the lyrical strains of our national poets, who flourished in that bright time when poetry was, as it always and every where should be, the free property of the people; and the mighty Duke Henry of Breslau, as well as the poor Jew, Süsskind, betook themselves equally to the same delicious occupation.

But this happy period did not last long: it passed away with the spirit of chivalry; and the Nine Sisters, who, during the 13th and 14th centuries, had adorned and enlivened the courts of princes, and the castles of the barons, were banished to cities, and sought refuge among the artizans. These good fellows treated the freest of arts mechanically, and forgot that half of its charm consisted in its freedom. The subjects of th rhymes were considered of no consequence so long as the form was correct. They erected schools, in which poetizing was taught by rules; and these rules made it as stiff and awkward, and deprived it as utterly of fancy and genius, as were their low condition and occupation. We may characterize the poets of that leaden time in a few words: — they were cobblers, joiners, tailors, on working days; but, on Sundays, when Divine Service was over, they became rhymesters, and then measured out their verses as, during the past week, they had measured their cloth, leather, or wood.

This mechanical mode of verse-making, though not beneficial to poetry itself, was nevertheless of great use to those who professed it, by developing and fostering a spirit of investigation and an inclination to knowledge, which contributed to fit them to enjoy the benefits of the Reformation. No sooner had the daring and intrepid Augustine monk shaken the antique shrines of popery to their base, than his voice found an echo in the hearts of all those men who had long felt, that nothing was more unworthy of humanity than the depraved tyranny which had enthralled the multitude under the mask of religion. A spirit of religious freedom passed through the whole country, and found a stronghold in almost every town, particularly in those of northern Germany. The land was soon divided between two parties: every one became either a friend or an enemy to the new doctrine — but, on whichever side he enlisted, he showed himself ready to attack his antagonists with words and deeds. The agitation of this time had the happiest influence upon our native tongue. The principal aim of the great Luther was to give freedom and instruction to the people: this could only be accomplished through the instrumentality of their native language, and by using it for the loftiest purposes. All the adherents of the Reformer followed his glorious example, and their adversaries were compelled to employ the same weapons, in order to stay the progress of the dangerous creed. Both parties availed themselves of all possible aid, and poetry was soon engaged as an auxiliary on either side. It was especially used in religious and satirical songs. Poetry, as concerned itself, was no immediate gainer by the contest, for the subjects on which it was employed were always the same; but the German language improved exceedingly; in the course of the struggle, its richness was increased, and, from being coarse and awkward, it became easy and flexible. We can boast no great poetical production of that time, with the exception of some excellent religious songs, written under the inspiration of a true and unshaken faith. The religious wars which ensued, checked the progress of national literature for more than half a century.

After the peace of Westphalia, we enter upon a new era; and from this time forth, poetry ceased to belong to the people; — it became the property of the learned. Since then, we can trace the establishment of *poetical schools* in Germany. This was a novelty; for, though at the period of the Meistersingers, almost every town possessed a poetical institution of its own, they were all governed by the same rules. Silesia, which had suffered the least during the thirty years war, was the first district which offered an asylum to the Muses, and where they established the first school of poetry. Martin Opitz von Boberfeld (secretary and historiographer to the King of Poland, born in 1597, at Bunzlaw, and died in 1639, at Dantzig, of the plague) must be considered as its founder, and as the reformer of German poetry. He was a man of great talent, much knowledge, and well skilled in ancient and modern literature, acquired by travelling, and the experience of social life among the higher orders; but at the same time he was utterly devoid of poetical imagination. This was the reason why he only strove to imitate the stiff and awkard forms of the French and Dutch rhymers; and his disciples followed faithfully his example. They had no idea of that true poetic fiction to which our nation has always been inclined; and their poems were nothing more than formal school exercises. Lyrical composition, especially of the sacred order, was mostly cultivated; and with this, for similar uses, didactic poetry. There are also some songs of lighter cast which are worthy of notice; but they are very few. All the followers of Opitz wrote more for the understanding than the feelings. They were all good people — faithful subjects, worthy scholars, kind husbands — everything and anything but poets — Flemming (a highly gifted genius) alone excepted. The most celebrated names of that period, besides the two above mentioned, are A. Gryphius, Simon Dach, Andreas Tscherning, Zacharias Lundius, Robert Roberthin, Heinrich Albert, Christopher Homburg, and Andreas Scultetus.

It was not long before the want of internal feeling, of fervid and glowing imagination, in the writings of these men, began to be felt; and a new school (the second Silesian) was formed, the members of which strove to inspire themselves with all those qualities they had found wanting in the works of their predecessors. But they were blind enough not to see that the true source of feeling, as well as of a glowing and rich imagination, should be sought nowhere else but in their own hearts. Instead of this, they searched for them in the poetical stores of foreign nations, and, from their very onset, were as mere imitators as Opitz and his adherents had been before them; with this difference — that they took other models; and, believing that they could find what they wanted in the excesses of the Italian *concettists*, Guarini, and still more, the tasteless Marino, were the writers they copied. Exaggeration, in every respect, became their watchword: bombast seemed to them sublimity — puns, witticisms, a surfeit of images, richness of fancy, and pedantic polymathy, characterized their performances. The leaders of this party were Christian Hoffmann von Hoffmannswaldau (counsellor of the emperor, and president of the senate, born at Breslau, 1618 — died there, 1679), and his friend and worshipper, Daniel Caspar von Lohenstein (counsellor of the emperor, and first syndic of the town of Breslau, born at Nimptsch, in Silesia, 1635 — died, 1683). These were, both of them, men of great abilities, and deep scientific knowledge. The younger scholars of Opitz soon raised an opposition against them, though not a hostile one; for, in those days, German poets lived in the most perfect union together, and loved each other as fellow-worshippers of the same Deity. Their opposition consisted in nothing more than writing in a very simple and correct style; and whereas the first may be considered prodigals in all which concerns poetical ornament, the latter may be called poetical misers. But true inspiration being also wanting to them, their performances in general were nothing better than dull rhymed prose. Men of talent are rare during this whole period: some names alone emerge, and are worthy of being mentioned — as, for instance, Canitz, Wernike, Gunther, and others.

Taste was destined to sink still lower at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, when a most insipid fashion of aping French manners and customs found its way into Germany, and not merely perverted common life, but even common conversation, and still more, the style and language of literary men; for the latter were not content with making use of French phrases, but even ran to the extreme of Gallicizing German words; so that a song or an essay of that time resembled „a fool's motley garb." Nor was this folly opposed till it had reached its highest point; for, to be gallant, was considered the first quality of an author as well as of a coxcomb.

Johann Christoph Gottsched (Professor at the University of Leipzig, born, 1700, at Judithenkirch, near Königsberg — died, 1766) was the first who resisted the reign of this absurdity; but he was, unluckily, himself a man without taste and talent, though he acted with the best intention of reforming and purifying both language and style. He founded a German society (1724) with that object — but made a [illegible] in its foundation, for he recommended his own lifeless and cold poetry, in which he had closely imitated the French classical writers of the age of Louis XIV., as a standard of the utmost correctness, regularity, and elegance. To be correct, regular, and intelligible, was all he required in an author. In this manner he attacked openly, and without fear, the school of Lohenstein and Hoffmannswaldau, and praised the first Silesian poets, as well as the imitators of the ancients, and the French classics. If this did not prove altogether useless to German literature, id had, on the other hand, a pernicious influence; for it retarded the free developement of its true worth and vigour, by reducing it to a mere mechanical study of forms and measures.

The Professor of Leipzig gained a large number of adherents, particularly among those who were of opinion, that the art of putting together words, and finding rhymes, make a poet, and that no other mental endowments were necessary. But, fortunately, these false and feeble notions were very soon opposed by powerful antagonists. Two Swiss, Johann Jacob Bodmer (born, 1698, at Greifensee, near Zurich — died, 1783, at Zurich), and Johann Jacob Breitinger (born, 1771, at Zurich — died, 1776), rejecting the principles of the second Silesian school, and demanding purity and correctness in poetry and prose, recommended the ancient classics, and strove to revive the taste for the old national poetry, as well as to enrich the German language by good translations. A deep and reverential understanding of the works of antiquity, and the study of English authors, particularly of Milton, had given their minds a direction which differed totally from that acknowledged by Gottsched as the only right one. Though, in reality, they possessed no very high idea of poetry, which they regarded merely as the interpreter of morality, they felt that it could not exist without some intrinsic value of its own. They allowed a greater scope to the powers of fiction, and would not sacrifice mighty and energetical thoughts to correctness of style, smoothness of verses, or facility in rhyming. But they fell into the error of too much undervaluing symmetry of form, and purity of language. They even went so far as to banish rhyme altogether, as unnecessary. After the first attack, which they directed against Gottsched, and to which he did not fail to answer immediately, there ensued, about the year 1740, an open war, which lasted till the death of the former, and was carried on with great bitterness, and a total want of all courtesy. German authors were in consequence for a long time divided into two parties; and the names Gottschedianer or Leipziger, and Bodmerianer or Schweizer, resounded everywhere.

The latter party triumphed; but its victory was not of long duration — for a new school formed itself (the second Saxon one, that of Gottsched being the first), without a principal leader, but composed of highly-gifted members. They adopted such principles of both parties as seemed to them good, and went their own way. The publishing of a literary journal, commonly called „Bremische Beiträge*),“ drew upon them the attention of all Germany. The contributors were men whose names are still repeated with veneration — as, for instance, Cramer, Ebert, Gärtner, Gellert, Gisecke, J. E. and J. A. Schlegel, Rabener, K. A. Schmid etc. Similar endeavours were made by Gleim, Uz, Götz, with whom, somewhat later, Lange, Pyra, Ramler, Kleist, Sulzer, Mendelssohn, and other worthies, associated themselves. To these Klopstock appeared as a star of the first magnitude on the horizon of poetry, and was equally adored by all; even where he was not thoroughly understood, they at least guessed his greatness. Literature now began a new existence; a stronger feeling of unity began to pervade the German mind; and the struggles and victories of the magnanimous Frederic II. King of Prussia, towards the end of this period, awakened again even political interests, which had slumbered since the religious wars. Poetical productions of every kind, and of superior merit when compared to those of a preceding age, appeared; religious poetry was raised to a new elevation by Klopstock, Gellert, Cramer, Uz, and others, a graceful and pleasant direction was given to more profane lyrics, by Hagedorn's efforts; while serious didactic verse was cultivated by Haller, and still more, by Klopstock and his admirers. The latter opened also a new path to epic poetry, with his „Messias,“ an immortal work: I need not here enter into an examination of its beauties, as it has been more than once translated into English, and, to my knowledge, met with great success**). The English master-works of didactic and descriptive poetry were also very happily imitated; for the authors of Great Britain at that time exercised no small influence upon German literature. The imitations of English novels, particularly of tales of domestic life, proved not less successful. Much attention was likewise paid to the stage; but the authority which the

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*) Its original title was „Neue Beiträge zum Vergnügen des Verstandes und Witzes.“ Bremen: 1745 — 48, 6 vols.

**) A very good English translation of the „Messiah,“ in blank verse, appeared, 1822, at Hamburg, by a Mr. Egestorff. I do not believe it has been much known in England; but it deserves great praise.

French dramatic authors still continued to usurp, and too little knowledge of theatrical requisites, prevented much progress in this branch of literature, in which even Klopstock failed. In short, every kind of poetry was, at this time, cultivated with more or less success; — the period (from 1721 to 1765) is generally called the period of the first regeneration of German national literature.

The following era is a still happier and more glorious one; for from the year 1765, a general love for literature and the fine arts began to spread itself over the whole of Germany. The several princes now found delight in protecting and encouraging them; and the nobility, who had hitherto considered them as unworthy of their attention, began to attempt their cultivation with enthusiasm and diligence. Men of high talent, hitherto unknown, associated themselves with the great men who hailed the dawning of so bright a day. No kind of poetry was left unnoticed and uncherished, and the German muse attained her highest splendour by a series of true and patriotic endeavours. The authority of the French Aristotelic school, which had hitherto prevailed, though in the last years shaken to its foundation by Klopstock, now found a powerful assailant in Lessing, who annihilated its tyranny for ever. Wieland, the first who introduced Shakspeare amongst us, became his firm ally. Nature and feeling were henceforth the main consideration in all German poetry, and a coalition of young, highly-gifted men, known under the name of the Poetical Union of Göttingen, to which Miller, Bürger, Voss, Hölty, Count C. and Count F. L. Stolberg belonged, sent forth excellent works, though sometimes the writers went too far in their search after simplicity and truth, and erred in the choice of their subjects — but on a sudden two leading stars arose in the horizon of German poetry, and showed the right path. These were Goethe and Schiller, two poets of European fame, till now unrivalled, unsurpassed. They exerted the greatest and most lasting influence over all their countrymen; and, in some respects, every German writer of the age we live in, may be considered as their disciple. With them arose a third poet of the greatest genius, like them unparalleled, but not enjoying an influence equal to theirs, for he stood isolated from his birth to his death. This was Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

During this period incredible progress was made, not only in poetry, but in all other sciences particularly in philosophy, in which our nation surpassed all others. These were of the greatest use to poetry and the fine arts, for they served to fix the necessary rules and to enlarge the boundaries of their realm. Lyrical poetry, the drama, the romance, and the novel, were principally cultivated, and our literature soon became, in every respect, a successful rival of those which had before been looked upon by us, as models worthy of imitation.

The year 1800 must be considered as the close of this happy period, for a new school then arose — the romantic one, headed by the brothers, A. W. and F. Schlegel in criticism, and Ludwig Tieck in poetry. They have been differently judged; but it cannot be doubted that their influence has been a favourable one. They aimed at uniting the poetry of the Middle Ages with that of our time, and strove to draw the mystic creed of those days, as well as the treasures of southern fiction, into the circle of German literature, in order to give it a thoroughly supernatural direction. They found a great number of adherents, but as many adversaries; and the contest, which lasted till the general war against Napoleon, was left undecided, though it was in every sense, most advantageous to the progress of literature. A new and most praiseworthy zeal was awakened during the general enthusiasm of the years 1813—1815; for the Germans then felt that they were one nation united against a common enemy, and this found a glorious utterance in their poetry: but the following years were less fruitful; and though men of genius and talents have appeared in our own days — though even all the other sciences in Germany have pursued their progress — Poetry has rather suffered than gained in this time of doubt and uncertainty: she is now no more a priestess, reconciling man and God, but a genius of hatred and persecution; and the dubious political doctrines which now begin to gain so great an influence, have led even some of our greater poets astray. They are not fighting for true freedom as freeborn men should always do; they are not wishing all their fellow-creatures to be equal in the eye of the law, and obedient to it; but they are struggling for a liberty which satisfies their vanity and their egotism, and unhappy Poetry must serve them in their ambitious purposes as a fettered slave.

Before I enter upon the details, which a sketch of the last fifty years requires, I must add a short account of the fate of German prose. It is closely connected with the fortunes of the German language, and I may therefore refer to my remarks upon the latter down to the middle of the last century. The dispute of Gottsched and his antagonists, though it exercised no great influence upon the style of our prose writers, at least had the effect of drawing attention to the subject; and the members of the second Saxon school endeavoured to cultivate it, and to introduce eloquence, clearness, and elegance into their prose compositions. The illustrious physician Haller, and with him the pure-hearted Gellert, and the sharp-sighted Rabener, were the first who showed, by their example, how it could be improved. From that time it made rapid progress, and kept an even pace with the spread of science: it was applied to all branches of knowledge; the Latin tongue, though assiduously cultivated, ceased to be the privileged language of learned men, and these latter have shown clearly that they could effect infinitely more with their own language. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, German prose reached a height almost incredible, compared with the point at which it had been fifty years before: its greatest strength being put forth in novels, historical essays, and sermons. In letters and political speeches it has not yet attained that perfection which is to be found in the English and French writings of that era, for we still want a certain graceful easiness of style. I shall find hereafter opportunity to speak more at large of those authors to whom our prose style is particularly indebted for its improvement.

After having led the reader with the rapidity of a bird through these various epochs of German literature, I must now come to my original task, and offer him a series of critical biographies, which shall contain, at the same time, in close connexion, detailed notices of German literature and its vicissitudes during the last fifty years, with some account of the lives of the most eminent authors. The order I follow must be a chronological one, for our poets, in general, do not restrict themselves to a single description of poetry; they have tried their strength in different styles, and are very often, at the same time, authors of songs, novels, epic poems, and tragedies. My task, therefore, requires me to employ only the following divisions: Poets, Historians, and Orators.

POETS.

Both the chronological arrangement which I have adopted, and my own judgment, lead me to begin my list of our poets with Goethe, the man who, for so long a period, was the Alpha and Omega of German poetry, and whose name was the Shibboleth of our critics. He must, indeed, be considered as the mightiest of all the sons of song of whom Germany has ever boasted; and I surely think that not any one would, in these later times, have attacked his well-deserved fame, if some of his blind admirers had not had the temerity to proclaim him also the best of men, and even to compare him, with presumptuous adulation scarcely credible, to our Saviour himself. The rising generation was not inclined to bow before their idol with that blind veneration which his worshippers enjoined as a duty; and its chief men began to examine whether Goethe had thoroughly fulfilled his duty to his father-land. The result of this inquiry was not altogether satisfactory; and they found, or at least imagined they had found, that in some things he had failed; they considered and spoke of Goethe in three different characters — as poet, as minister of state, and as a man. With this distinction we shall not concern ourselves, having only to treat of him as a poet; we therefore proceed to a rapid historical survey of the events of his life, so far as they are illustrative of, or illustrated by, his works.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the son of a wealthy lawyer at Frankfort on the Maine, was born the 28th August, 1749. Good fortune may be said to have watched his cradle, and never to have forsaken him during his long and illustrious life; nay, she accompanied him even to his grave, for his mortal remains repose honourably between those of the two greatest men of their time — the Grand-Duke Charles Augustus of Saxony and the high-minded Schiller, in the family vault of the Princes of Weimar. Even a mischance, which occurred at his birth (for, through the awkwardness of the midwife, the child came senseless into the world), proved a blessing to his fellow-citizens. The art of midwifery had till then been neglected in the town of Frankfort; but the attention of young Goethe's grandfather, the Schultheiss (Mayor), being turned to the subject by this accident in his own family, the senate thenceforth took care to provide better instructed practitioners. Wolfgang was the only son of his parents, — a younger brother dying very early, — and the survivor became the darling of his mother, and even of his father, an honourable, well-educated, kind-hearted man, though somewhat odd and whimsical.

After having received an excellent education under the paternal roof, in the course of which the boy showed himself clever, spirited, and endowed with no ordinary variety of gifts, he left his native town in the year 1765, being placed at the University of Leipzig, with the intention of studying jurisprudence. But his genius for poetry and the fine arts prevailed over these graver studies: he spent his time with gay companions, who, like himself, courted the muses and the fair sex, and preferred the theatre and the Kuchengärten to the dull and glomy lecturerooms of the followers of Bartholus and Cujacius. Though our young student, as will readily be believed, made but little progress in law, his sojourn at Leipzig proved of great service to him, for at least he there acquired some knowledge of the world, a greater ease of demeanour, and a more refined taste. After having passed almost three years there, a serious illness brougt him back to his father's house; but the worthy lawyer was not well satisfied either with the learning or the habits of his only son; he therefore sent him as soon as possible to Strasburg, in order that he might there apply himself with greater industry to the study of the precepts of Themis. He arrived at that city in the year 1770, and led a very agreeable life there, in company with some young men of talent. He had also the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Herder, who, being somewhat older than himself, and a man of deep learning, was of infinite use to him, and encouraged his taste for English literature, as well as incited him to apply himself to serious studies, which he really did, though he followed therein rather a whimsical inclination than a regulated plan. An innocent love affair (he had already been similarly engaged at Leipzig, and, even at an earlier period, at Frankfort) served to awaken all his energies; and the consequence of this was, that, in due time, he took the degree of Doctor *utriusque*, and returned home a handsome, lively, and clever young man, full of hope and promise.

During the first period of his sojourn at home, he seems to have found more favour with his mother (whose darling he had always been), than with his father; for the young Doctor was somewhat flippant, and his notions of men and manners were often directly opposed to those of his quiet, moderate, and perhaps too reasonable father; but he soon learned to yield to him, and they lived together in the greatest possible harmony. Old Goethe had constantly looked with a friendly and fatherly eye upon his son's poetical talent; and as the latter, who cultivated this heavenly gift with an intense feeling of what it might one day prove, now applied himself to its study with steady perseverance, in order to please his father. His sister Cornelia, his most intimate friend and playmate since his earliest childhood, exercised likewise no small influence over him: and it was at her request that he began the afterwards so much celebrated tragedy, „Goetz von Berlichingen,“ an English translation of which was one of the earliest works of Sir Walter Scott. The old knight's autobiography, with which Goethe had already made acquaintance while at Strassburg, and in which honesty, kindheartedness, high courage, and fine feeling, are blended with a certain bold rudeness, is one of the best and most faithful pictures of the time in which it was written; and its character, together with the deep dramatic interest it possesses, led the young poet to select it as one of the best subjects he could find for his first work of consequence. After having occupied himself long in considering the subject, he composed the whole tragedy with great rapidity, and had it printed and published at its own expense, by the advice of his friend Merk, of Darmstadt, who, in those days, took an active part in Goethe's undertakings. The drama had scarcely appeared, when it was greeted with most unusual, but welldeserved applause. Its author had opened an entirely new path, and crowds of imitators made haste to follow him, and to glean in the same fields where the favorite of the muses had reaped immortal laurels.

Never before had a German writer ventured to give a true and faithful picture of the time in which Goethe's hero lived, and to show, by shaking off the trammels of formality, how forcibly an author can chain the world's attention, when he knows, and dares to represent things as they really exist, at the same time not violating the true genius of poetry. Fortune stood his friend on this occasion also; for the time which he depicted in „Goetz von Berlichingen," offered a direct contrast to the period in which the drama appeared. Those brave old days of the strong hand had been days of war and dissension — of fierce rudeness and blunt honesty: the present were stagnant times, when character was more monotonous; the contrast therefore could not be otherwise than most striking, and its success certain. Goethe had very happily hit upon the true German strain, as well as that simple and original style and manner, which his poem required. He was indebted for the latter to his own sound sense, and to the strong impressions which he had lately received from the study of Homer and Shakspeare. But many of his critics are mistaken when they believe him to have shown himself so true a German in his „Goetz" from patriotism. Goethe was never a patriot — he was a cosmopolite. All nature was his Fatherland, and not those few hundred miles governed by sundry dozens of princes, and called the States of the German Confederacy.

Goethe began his authorship with „Goetz von Berlichingen," and presently acquired a very honourable name in the literary world; even the old pilgrims of Parnassus considered him as a youth — eccentric, but promising.

Although he spent his days in good society, sometimes at home, sometimes on very agreeable journeys, or at Wetzlar and Darmstadt, and was not visited by care or sorrow (however inclined he might sometimes be, after the established fashion of poets, to prepare the latter for himself), the true and faithful son of the muses. His second work, „The Sorrows of Werther,“ appeared very soon after his first: it was published in the year 1774, and its success was almost incredible. The sad event, upon which this well-known story is founded, had really happened to the son of a respectable clergyman, whose name was Jerusalem, whom Goethe had known at Wetzlar. But the author of Werther was, himself, at the time when the news of Jerusalem's death reached him, placed in a similar situation, and his oppressed soul found some relief in giving utterance to all that the unhappy suicide had suffered. „The Sorrows of Werther“ may, therefore, be in some respects considered as confessions — a sufficient reason for the immense applause they received. This book is the first original German *sentimental* novel, and the influence of English literature upon it is undeniable, but its real merit lies in its showing

> The very age and body of the time
> Its form and pressure.

Such sentiments as the poet advanced in this work, lay like fertile germs in the hearts of many youths, ready to shoot up at the first mild shower. That time of frivolous gallantry which I mentioned awhile ago, was past; a deeper, though perhaps not a less pernicious, tone of feeling had taken its place, and Goethe's „Werther“ was the morning star which heralded a new daybreak. It described the workings of deeprooted passion, and showed that a certain earnest and gloomy spirit was beginning to pervade the German mind; in short, it may be regarded as a sign prophetic of that war of opinions, which is now raging more fiercely than ever. A real *Wertheromania* began to infect the quiet land of the Germans; young men were not contented with writing *Wertheriades* upon *Wertheriades;* they even dressed like the new hero, and followed the example of his suicide — sacrificing their lives, it may be said in paroxysms of imitation, rather than of real feeling or heart-breaking passion.

In the meantime, he who raised this tempest, was leading a very agreeable life. Too young to share the fame of Klopstock and Wieland, but known by his singular, and, in the opinion of some critics, incomparable works, he appeared to his comtemporaries a dazzling meteor, rushing through heaven on a career different from that of all the other celestial bodies. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, then a young man, made his acquaintance, and, charmed by a congeniality of nature, invited Goethe to his capital. Goethe accepted the invitation, and in the course of the next year went to Weimar: in this Court he found a Prince, who was as great a man as he was a ruler — his Princess, the unrivalled model of German ladies — men of talent and high endowment — and, what was better than all, a general disposition to enjoy God's good gifts openly and generously. No wonder, therefore, that the young Doctor *utriusque* liked this place too well ever to quit it again, for it was a fit garden for such noble plants as himself to flourish in. In short, he became very soon the Duke's prime favourite, and it is difficult to say which of the two was the more honoured by this friendship. They remained united even unto death, and in the course of their long-protracted companionship, had to brave the storm, as well as enjoy the sunshine.

The rest of the poet's personal adventures may be told in a few words. He was rapidly exalted from one dignity to another, until he found himself State Minister of the Dukedom of Saxe-Weimar; but his office did not stand in the way of his poetry, such having been the intention of his munificent friend. Goethe always possessed the secret of spending his days undisturbedly, and thus he passed his life according to his humour. Some years after, having accompanied the Duke to Switzerland, he made a journey to Italy; he visited Carlsbad every year, and always returned to Weimar highly honoured, and as free from all service as he desired to be. His fame increased, for one immortal work of his genius succeeded the other; Germany considered him as the prince of poets, — homage from all parts of the world was laid at his feet: the most devoted respect was paid to him on every side; a court of gifted men surrounded him; the first talent of Germany was subject to his will, and he used at times to exercise his power over it somewhat tyrannically. He died, — after a happy life, fortunate to the last, in that the creative powers of his genius never forsook him, — on the 22nd of March, 1832, in his eighty-third year.

There have arisen long and enduring disputes whether Goethe possessed more talent or more genius — whether he was the original inventor of his poetical works, or only the modeller of creations which already existed, gifted with the skill of working them anew in such refined forms that they appeared to be his real property — his own children, not adopted ones. This point is, and will always be, very difficult to decide; it is true that he appropriated everything of which he could make use, but it became quite a new substance in his hands, and a work of his, even when professedly an imitation, was a model for others, for a better one of its kind could not be found. On the other hand, all his creations are so faithfully derived from nature herself, that we are tempted by their intense truth to believe that we see an old acquaintance, when it is a new figure that makes its appearance. This is the characteristic of genius: who is there that has not known a similar feeling, when reading Homer, Shakspeare, Ariosto?

In my own opinion, Goethe is greatest as a lyric poet; in this class of composition, I can find no one equal to him, though I am not a total stranger to the lyrics of antiquity or of modern times. It is true, that in popular and really national songs, there are to be found strains which inspired him, and which we must regard as the models he studied to imitate. In all his songs, ballads, and elegies, Goethe always is, what he wishes to be, a *Proteus* who never shows himself in his real shape, but assumes a better, purer, more beautiful, more innocent form, which he found in the realms of poetry. It is by this extraordinary talent, that he conquers every mind, because each finds a part, or its whole self reflected there, as in a radiant mirror. This, joined to his deep insight into the nature of things, which he possessed in a measure equalled by no one, enabled him to find, without erring, the true tints, local colours, the accessory objects, which show his images not alone in the best, but in the only real light. In short, nature could give no better copy of herself than he does, and therefore, he never fails to excite the same feelings in the soul of the reader or the hearer, as those which he depicts in his songs. I must be permitted here, to give one example out of thousands; nor do I know anything more passionate, true, and simple, than the following song, which has been translated, with literal fidelity: —

Welcome and Farewell *)

My heart it beats; — to horse in haste!
  'Twas done almost before 'twas thought:
The evening rock'd the wild and waste;
  Night round the cliffs her veil had wrought.
The oak a tow'ring giant, there
  In garb of mist had sought the skies,
Where darkness from the wood did glare
  With all her hundred jet-black eyes.

The moon, behind a cloudy train,
  Peep'd through the haze with look of fear;
On wings the winds did float amain,
  And, awful, rustle in mine ear:
The night a thousand monsters framed,
  Yet fresh and gay my feelings flow'd;
For in my veins what ardour flamed,
  And in my heart what passion glow'd!

I saw thee; gentle joy did glide
  From thy bewitching gaze on me;
My heart it throbb'd at thy fond side,
  And heaved its ev'ry sigh for thee!
A zephyr with its rosy tress
  Play'd round thy face in that sweet spot;
And, gods! — for me thy tenderness! —
  I hoped it, — I deserved it not!

Yet, ah! when morn had chased the night,
  My heart was wrung by Farewell's throe;
But in thy kiss, oh! what delight!
  Tho' in thine eyes such tearful woe!

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*) V. Torquato Tasso, a dramatic poem, from the German of Goethe, with other German poetry, translated by Charles des Voeux, Esq. London, 1827.

I went: — thou stood'st — thy heart was moved;
On me was fix'd thy dewy sight; —
Yet what delight to be belov'd!
To love — ye gods! — oh, what delight.

The peculiar excellence of Goethe in imparting to all his ballads a noble and most simple nationality of character, will be readily discerned in the specimen which has just been given. Another great charm in his poetry, is the exquisite art with which he clothes all his thoughts in beautiful and symmetrical forms, and measures of the most captivating melody. His verses glide like pearls from between the lips of the singer; they are born melodies, and do not require the help of music to make them harmonious. His latter and last lyrical performances all possess these excellencies, but they want the freshness and simplicity of his former productions; for he became too conventional in his old age, and, the fount of juvenile vigour being exhausted, he strove to supply its loss with artificial allegories and far-fetched verbal conceits. It is thus with nations as with men — when they have outlived their youth, when the spirit of action which animated them in the days of their vigour, and begot bold thoughts and high achievements, begins to flag, their efforts are regulated by reason rather than impulse; their poetry seeks to replace by subtle fancies, what it has lost of the fervour and passion of its earlier youth: and the cold glitter of imagination is found to replace the warm language of simplicity and truth.

But, let us return to Goethe. This new and natural vitality which had given his first productions so great and so sudden a fame, for in them was seen what German poetry had hitherto wanted, is also to be found in all his later and more regular compositions, and whatever he undertook, was also completed by him with entire success. „Clavigo,“ a tragedy, in which he was bold enough to introduce a contemporary Spanish author, as the hero of the piece, and to bring his life to an end on the stage, when the real man was still living happily in his own country; „Stella,“ a drama, „Claudine von Villa Bella,“ „Erwin and Elmire,“ sundry little farces, viz. „Das Jahrmarktfest zu Plundersweiler,“ etc. increased his fame, for they were written in a style altogether new, with great truth and vivacity, and presented striking pictures of real life. It was a new vein of sentiment, quite different from that which Klopstock had introduced into our literature, which made his works so wonderfully effective — it was passionate and stormy, soaring high above the formalities of common morality, and penetrating into every recess and corner of the human heart. In short, Goethe finished what Lessing had begun: his writings effected a total reform in German taste, for they abolished the old established opinion, that the occupation of poetry was only to teach morals and to impart knowledge in an agreeable manner and under pleasing forms.

The wild and irregular course adopted by the poet, found, as might have been expected, numberless adversaries, who, even when compelled to admire his genius, censured the more severely what they called his contempt of the laws of style and taste. But Goethe soon proved that his genius had opened upon the true path, by writing a tragedy in the ancient Greek fashion, which, with all the excellencies that were peculiar to him, and to him alone, included a strict observance of that solemn and rigid form prescribed by Aristotle. This was „Iphigenia at Tauris,“ which will be regarded as a masterpiece as long as German literature shall exist, or the German language shall be spoken. His celebrated tragedy, „Egmont,“ appeared at the same time, so remarkable for the striking individuality of its principal characters, and for the vivacity and truth of its dialogue. In short, Goethe never failed in his poetical endeavours; he always copied nature with a degree of accuracy that made his picture appear to be the original itself, and at the same time he understood how to treat his subject in the most noble and befitting manner. There is a perfection in them all, which has not hitherto been rivalled, and it is sufficient to name his Tasso, die natürliche Tochter, die Geschwister, in proof of this assertion.

I should certainly be led too far, were I to dwell at further length upon every single work of his; I therefore must forbear entering into an examination even of his greatest and most profound poem, the „Faust,“ for I could fill a volume with the subject, without having fulfilled my task. There is the less necessity, as „Faust“ has been translated several times into English, and welcomed with great favour. This masterwork for a time remained a fragment, but the poet finished it shortly before his death; the second part, however, was by no means received with the same enthusiasm that had attended the publication of the first, and which still remains undiminished; it is full of beautiful and lofty scenes, but very obscure, and wants a commentary, which only the poet himself was able to have written. The sincerest admirers of „Faust“ wish that it had remained a fragment; for, to say the truth, this second part does not increase the glory of its author: the first was the child of his youth and vigour, the second is too like the puny and enfeebled offspring of his old age.

There is no kind of poetry which Goethe has not cultivated. He has written songs, epic poems, elegies, dramas, besides novels, tales, epigrams, etc., and all his performances are master-pieces; and there is no science which did not, at least for some time, engage his attention. Germany is indebted to him not only as a poet, but also as an eminent scholar and natural philosopher. This child of nature, for so he may be truly called, was almost as universal as nature herself.

Goethe never completed his autobiography; it only contains the history of his life till the year in which he left his native town and established himself at Weimar, together with his journeys to Switzerland and Italy, and his campaign upon the Rhine; but the chasm is partly made up by his correspondence with Schiller and Zelter, and with Knebel (his oldest friend, who survived him).

There was a time, in Germany, when the name of SCHILLER was not repeated without the name of Goethe, and every one who pronounced it attempted with eagerness to draw a parallel between those two poets, though they followed very different paths, and may be said only to have met towards the close of Schiller's life. England possesses such an excellent biography of and criticism on Schiller, that I may mention the principal facts of his life with as much brevity as possible. Friederich Schiller, born the 10th November, 1759, at Marbach, a little town in Würtemberg, received a very good education in his father's house, and afterwards frequented the Karl-Schule in Stuttgart (an institution founded by the then reigning Duke, which kept the medium betwixt a German gymnasium and an university) in order to study the medical sciences. He displayed early in life high poetical talents, but the laws of the Karl-Schule being exceedingly severe, and tending particularly to restrain the free will of the students, these were rather suppressed than encouraged; nevertheless (or may it not be said in consequence of their influence?) Schiller there imagined the plan of his famous tragedy, „The Robbers," and wrote the greater part of it clandestinely. After having finished the course of his studies, he entered the service of the Duke as regimental surgeon, and completed his tragedy, which he got printed without the permission of his superiors. This was a cause of trouble and vexation to him, and he was threatened with the fate which poor Schubarth had suffered (a ten years' imprisonment on the Hohen-Asperg for some indiscreet verses). He, therefore, resolved to fly, and to leave his country till better days should come. His first sojourn after having quitted Würtemberg, in the year 1782, was at Mannheim, were he was appointed poet to theatre, but he did not remain there long, and lived successively at Dresden, Leipzig, and lastly at Weimar. The late Grand-Duke, eager to protect distinguished men, conferred upon him a professorship at the university of Jena, which post he occupied from the year 1789 to 1799, with the greatest credit to himself, but his health made it necessary for him to relinquish it. He returned to Weimar, and died there on the 9th May 1805, having lived too short a life for the friends who adored him, and for Germany, which considered him as one of her first poets, and the reformer, I may boldly say the creator, of German tragedy. The words which his great contemporary and intimate, Goethe, spoke over his grave, bear a testimony to his merits, which, as long as our language is spoken, will be acknowledged as true, just, and in every respect due to him.

The best character of Schiller's works as well as of his poetical genius, and their influence upon our literature, has been given by Menzel, whose highly-esteemed book cannot be sufficiently recommended to all those who wish for a deeper knowledge of German art and science. Being thorougly convinced that everything which I could say on this subject, could not add to the fulness of what he has said, I prefer communicating to the English reader the substance of his labours rather than offering them anything of my own. „Schiller (says he) was the greatest of poetical idealists. He led the ideal back to nature, like Goethe, but, at the same time, he raised nature to the ideal. His heroes were in the romantic point of view precisely what the gods of Grecian sculpture were in the classical, — godlike men, manlike gods. He concentrated all his poetical power in the representation of man, that is to say, the ideal of human greatness and beauty of mind, the highest and most mysterious of wonders. The outward world was to him throughout only the foil, the antithesis or simile for man. He opposes the moral force of mankind to the blind power of nature, in order to represent the former in its superior nobility, or struggling in its victorious vigour; as in his ballads „Der Taucher“ and „Die Bürgschaft;“ — or, on the other hand, he imbues nature with human sensibilities, as in the „Götter Griechenlands,“ „Klage der Ceres,“ „Hero and Leander,“ „Die Kraniche des Ibycus,“ „Die Glocke.“

„The soul of all Schiller's creations lies in his ideal characters. He not only paints man, but man in his highest moral beauty and elevation. It was almost impossible to him to give the high and honourable name of poetry to any work which does not idealize man. But his ideals are at the same time true, and no German poet knew, like him, to unite moral and poetical interest. We have no picture of virtue more poetical than his, no poet more virtuous than he. His heroes are distinguished by a nobleness of nature which shows itself in action as a pure and perfect beauty. There is something in them which excites a pious worship; this beam of heavenly light, falling into the obscurity of earthly perverseness, shines with higher splendour, — the angel of God is the more beautiful amongst the detestable faces of hell. The first secret of this beauty is, that angelic *innocence* which dwells eternally in noble natures, and this nobleness of innocence returns with the same celestial features of a pure and youthful angel in all the great poems of Schiller. The second secret of the beauty of his ideal characters lies in their dignity, their high-mindedness. His heroes and his heroines never disown that pride and dignity which attest an elevated nature, and everything which they utter bears the stamp of generosity and of inborn nobleness. The *fire of noble passions* constitutes the third and highest secret of beauty in his poetical creations. Every heart is invaded by this fire — it is the flame of sacrifice to the heavenly powers, the vestal fire guarded by the initiated in the temple of God. Nothing that is great can thrive without the ardour of noble passions, either in life or in poetry. Every genius owns its celestial light, and all his productions are penetrated by it. Schiller's poetry, therefore, seems a strong and generous wine; all his words sparkle with the noblest sentiments. The ideal beings which he created are the genuine children of his own glowing heart, and beams of his own fire. He is the strongest and purest of all poets, and „the love his spirit has painted," and which he most intensely felt himself, is likewise the chastest and holiest of all; his soul could abide no wrong, and he enters armed into the lists to fight for eternal justice. He teaches, an inspired poet, the holy doctrine of that blessing which dwells with justice, and the curse of that evil which inevitably follows injustice. Liberty, inseparable from justice, was therefore the most precious treasure of his heart; we have no poet who painted immortal freedom with such heavenly inspiration, and such purity and disinterestedness."

So far Menzel. It is scarcely necessary for me to add, that Schiller's style is, in every way, worthy of his mind, and of his poetical conceptions. „*Le style c'est l'homme*," says Buffon, and this sentence proved never so true as with him. He showed the nobleness of the German language; the dialogue which he introduced upon the stage has ever since been a standard with us, and will always be a model of tragic elocution. There is a vigour, a softness, and a charm, in Schiller's poetry which are unequalled, and his verses overflow with a melodious harmony that has not been surpassed; though we may, with due right, boast of the progress which our languege has made since the time when he flourished.

There are three periods to be noticed in his dramatic works. The first is that in which „The Robbers,“ „Don Carlos,“ „Fiesco,“ „Cabal and Love“ (Kabale und Liebe), were written; these tragedies are the free productions of a mighty and irregular genius, who feels that a new path is to be opened, but is still in want of an experienced guide. During the second period appeared his „Wallenstein,“ etc.; here he appears to have found the leader he wanted; it was philosophy which threw a new light over poetry and the fine arts, and taught that the drama should represent the struggle of the individual with fate. Schiller followed this somewhat too anxiously, and the poet was often led astray by the philosopher. In the third period, however, the poet gained the superiority, and „Maria Stuart,“ „William Tell,“ etc. were the result of this victory; but an untimely death snatched away this great man in the midst of his career, before he had gained that height which he would certainly have attained if fate had granted him a longer life.

In his lyrical poetry Schiller gives too much way to rhetorical artifices, and his minor poems, particularly his songs, are deficient in that simplicity which is so peculiar to Goethe's productions of this kind; they are more fit for declamation than for singing; nevertheless, they are all the true expression of his noble and elevated mind, and this continues, and will always continue, to make them popular with the young, particularly those of the fair sex. It would be very difficult to find a young man or a young lady in our country, who is not the most decided admirer of Schiller, and does not prefer his works to those of all other poets, whatever they may have written.

As a prose writer Schiller has also exercised no small influence upon the literature of his country, for all his works of that class bear the genuine stamp of his noble mind, and the holy fervour of his endeavours. His philosophical essays, though the investigations of later times have discovered some errors in his principles, may, nevertheless, be recommended for models of style in scientific composition. As a historian he distinguishes himself by the brilliancy and vivacity of his pictures, but he wants that calmness and clear-sightedness which the chronicler of other times ought to possess; in this respect he is far too dramatic, and not epic enough.

Many of Schiller's poems have been translated into English with various success — few more happily rendered than the „Knight of Toggenburg,“ which, in my opinion, is one of his best ballads. It is, however, already too well known to the English reader to require being again presented to him.

The third of these great poets, who may be compared to so many suns, sending the rays of their heavenly light over all Germany, was JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, commonly called Jean Paul, the name he adopted as an author. He chose a path for himself totally different from that followed by any who had hitherto worshipped the Teutonic Muse, and is still alone the hero of what we call humorous poetry*), the true representer of the world and the time he lived in. The son of a poor country curate, he was born on the 21st March, 1763, at Wunsiedel, in Franconia, received his first education at the Latin school of Hof, and went afterwards to Leipzig as student of Theology. Having lost his father early, and finding no pecuniary assistance nor any protection whatever, the young man was compelled to struggle with those miseries which the poor are always condemned to suffer. To obtain some amelioration in these, he very early turned his attention to literature, and devoted himself

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*) This word humour (*humor*) must be taken in the peculiar signification which it bears with us. It means, the feeling and consciousness of the worlds imperfection; its poetical sense therefore is a tragi-comic one. The tragedy arises from the painful consciousness that we ourselves are living in the midst of this imperfection, that we are imprisoned within terrestrial bounds, and suffer the ills of humanity. The comedy, on the other hand, originates in the feeling that we are at the same time above that imperfection and these limits. The two feelings are constantly alternating, and cannot be separated. We bewail and deride ourselves at once; our pleasure is our pain. — Menzel, l. c. ii. 232.

entirely to authorship, as the study of divinity possessed few charms for him. His first work, a satirical one, the „Grönländische Processe“ (Greenlandish law-suits), was not much noticed. But this did not discourage, him from pursuing his own way, and his third book, „Die unsichtbare Loge,“ was crowned with success. From this time his fame increased rapidly, and all Germany soon acknowledged him as one of its first geniuses. After having spent some time in his native place after his departure from Leipzig, he lived successively at Leipzig, Weimar, Berlin, Meiningen, and, at last, fixed his residence at Bayreuth, where he died on the 14th November, 1825. His love of liberty induced him never to accept any office; his life, therefore, was always that of a private citizen, for the dignity of a counsellor of the embassy, which the Duke of Hildburghausen had bestowed upon him, was a mere title. A pension which the late Prince Primate had settled upon him, was afterwards regularly paid by the King of Bavaria.

The greater number of Jean Paul's works are humorous novels, the rest are scientific or political writings. In all he shows himseld a master spirit, and his book on education „Levana, ein Buch für Mütter,“ as well as his „Vorschule der Aesthetik“ (Introduction to poetry and the fine arts), are still unrivalled. In his novels he represents modern life half in melancholy, half in sarcasm, and displays that spirit of discord which is pervading it incessantly. These two humours, the mocking and the complaining one, continually relieve one another, and sometimes the most ridiculous situations and conceits immediately follow passages of the deepest and most pathetic feeling, in which he particularly excels. His mockery is not always the same — it ranges from the most harmless sport to the bitterest sarcasms. But his most honourable qualities, which bestow a high dignity on him, both as man and as poet, are the nobility of his mind, the purity of his virtue, his hatred against vice and injustice, and his warm love of liberty. He is also the most harmless and good-natured author that ever lived, full of frankness, only severe against the vicious and unrighteous. In short, his works are the truest mirror of his character, and his heroes always, in some respect at least, a faithful *copy of himself*.

This latter circumstance has given birth to two faults, with which his works may be charged. His heroes are sometimes too weak, too womanish, too easily moved, for this weakness was inherent in himself, and he is too apt to waste the richest treasures of poetry in painting the lowest miseries of human life; thus in his „Blumen-Frucht und Dornenstücke,“ he spends entire pages in representing the dreadful curse of poverty, the necessity of pawning, borrowing etc., and dwells with anxious care upon this picture of mental *suffering* — a second Dante, he leads his reader into the hell of want, and loves, lingering, to examine every suffering which is there inflicted. This is, in my opinion, an abuse of poetry, and if not, at least a grave mistake.

„Titan,“ „Hesperus,“ „Die Unsichtbare Loge,“ „*Flegeljahre*,“ and the just-mentioned „Blumen-Frucht und Dornenstücke,“ are generally considered his best productions; but there are sublime and beautiful passages to be found in all his works. He is at the same time a profound philosophical thinker, and one of the most sagacious dialecticians. The store of his knowledge was immense. His style, though entirely peculiar to himself, cannot be considered easy; it is somewhat *maniéré* here and there, and too metaphorical, for his individuality and subjectiveness prevail throughout in his works.

His nephew, Otto Spazier, has written a very good biography of Jean Paul, which, at the same time, gives a commentary upon his works; indeed, it is almost impossible to separate the one from the other. The work has been executed with fidelity and talent.

In the introduction to this sketch I have already mentioned a poetical coalition, which was formed at the University of Göttingen. JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS was the one among its members who had the greatest influence upon German taste, if not as a poet, at least as a master in the art of making verses. Some of our critical judges, in particular Menzel, have been too severe upon this worthy man, who was, from his first appearance to his last moment, an untiring champion for reason and right. The events of his life may be shortly told. He was the son of a farmer, and born the 20th of February, 1751, at Sommersdorf, in the Dukedom of Mecklenburg; the poverty of his father obliged him to become a private tutor before he had the means of frequenting the University. At the time when he came to Göttingen, in 1769, to study philology under Heyne's direction, the before-mentioned poetic coalition was flourishing in its prime; he joined it, and became one of its most active members. After finishing his academical career, he led a private life at Wandsbeck, a little borough in the vicinity of Hamburgh, but left this place for Otterndorf, in Hadeln, where the office of a school-rector had been conferred on him. In 1782 he was appointed to the same charge in Eutin; this he resigned in 1802, and went to Jena, and from thence to Heidelberg, where he died on the 29th of March, 1826. An excellent classical scholar, he dedicated a great part of his life to the translation of Greek and Roman poets, and was, for a time, very successful in the undertaking, for his versions of Homer and Hesiod remain to this day unrivalled. It was he who first taught the Germans to *build* a good hexameter, — a task in which Klopstock had not succeeded, — and we are greatly indebted to him for the improvement of our metrical notions; but his enthusiasm afterwards carried him too far; and he constrained the German tongue so much by Latin and Greek constructions, that his later translations, particularly the one of Horace, are almost unintelligible. His greatest failure was the German version of Shakspeare, in opposition to that of W. A. Schlegel; he was assisted in it by his two sons, but it failed entirely, for never had such harsh and rough German verses been written since the existence of poetry in the language. It gave occasion to the following pleasant comparison made by a witty reviewer. In one of his rambles, he said, he entered a village, where he found an old farmer, with both his sons, lying upon a mighty boar, in order to kill the powerful animal; notwithstanding all their exertions, however, they could not manage it; and this image always presented itself to his fancy when he read old Voss and his sons' translation of Shakspeare. After this, Voss thought to become a popular poet, and if simplicity, purity of heart, love of truth, and all those good qualities which are indispensable to an honest man and a worthy citizen, were sufficient to make one, he certainly would be the first in the list; nor does he want a certain warmth of feeling, and his thoughts and images are clear and true: but in this lies his deficiency, that he is almost entirely devoid of poetical inspiration, and his fancy appears always as the obedient slave of his understanding, unable to take a flight to those airy regions which are the natural dwelling-place of a true poetical soul. The objects which he chooses are therefore never above the circle of common life: he loves to dwell in the homely domain of the husbandman; his muse avoids the temples of the gods and the palaces of princes; and his heroes are (as a specimen) some old and worthy country curate with a good-natured wife and a blooming daughter. Voss was the first who introduced persons of this class into our poetry, and his „Luise“ is the delight of the innocent and simple minded. It is a harmless creation, full of kindliness and truth, and an unvitiated mind will always find pleasure in reading it. Voss went as far as it was possible in this line, for he tried even to write such idyls in the low Saxon dialect, and would certainly have succeeded better had he made choice of a more popular metre.

Towards the end of his life the old and worthy man entered upon a new career, which embittered his last days, though he did not waver in it for one moment, and considered the line of conduct he adopted as a duty to his country. The friend of his youth, and his poetical ally, Count Frederick Stolberg, save himself, the last survivor of the coalition of Gottingen, had renounced the religion of his fathers, and became openly a convert to the Roman Catholic church. This exemple made not a few proselytes, and he very soon became known as the patron of Mysticism. But an antagonist arose, as powerful as he was unexpected, and this champion for faith and truth was no other than the venerable Voss, then seventy years of age. Voss began his attack with a pamphlet, entitled, „Wie ward Fritz Stolberg ein Unfreier“ (How did Frederick Stolberg become a Captive?) He analyzed the Count's whole life, and showed clearly the aristocratic tendency of his friend's nature, which had, at last, prompted him to apostatize, in order to forward the plans of the German aristocracy, then striving to suppress our civic freedom, and finding a firm ally in popery. The combat was one of life and death, not between Voss and Stolberg, for they were only the representatives, but betwixt two parties, the aristocratic and the democratic, which are still dividing Germany. Voss had the misfortune of not being thoroughly understood, and many of those who, beyond all others, should have been his firmest supporters, blamed him on account of his severity, — and the more because Count Stolberg died soon after the rough attack of Voss, and his death was [illegible] the grief and pain which it had caused him. [illegible] true or not (and it cannot be here decided) it was a noble deed in the venerable patriot, and by it he served his country more than all its other poets together. His wrath was generous, his cause just, and future generations will appreciate what he did with due reverence to his name, and to his ashes.

The greatest poet of the *Göttinger Dichterbund* was undoubtedly GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER, a man whose life was an endless tissue of adversity, and who was never altogether free from the bitterest [illegible] how to provide the necessaries of [illegible] on the first day of the year, [illegible] in the vicinity of Halberstadt, and became [illegible]*) after having studied the law in the neighbourhood of Göttingen. Having married an amiable woman, he soon made the unfortunate discovery, that it was not her he loved, but her sister, and that his passion was returned. Many years of anxiety followed; he lost his wife, and led his adored *Molly*, whom he had already celebrated in passion-breathing songs, to the altar; but his joy was short-lived, for she soon died, leaving him in a state of despair. The sense of this heavy misfortune, however, was dulled by the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, the speculations in which he had embarked having failed; he resigned his employment, and went to Göttingen as Professor Extraordinary; but this place was so unprofitable, that he saw himself obliged to gain his daily bread by following the profession of authorship. Misfortune did not cease from persecuting him, for a very remarkable occurrence induced him to take a third wife. Eliza Hahn, a young lady at Stuttgart, sent him a poetical epistle, in which she offered herself to him as a companion for life, of which the poor light-minded sensualist really stood in need. He answered her with like frankness: but, alas! though she promised him heaven upon earth, she brought him hell*)! He was forty-two years of age when he married her, and a divorce presently followed. He died of grief and anxiety some years later (on the 8th of Jan. 1794). Unhappy man! there was a time when, as a poet, he was the favourite of his countrymen, but he was not permitted the happiness of taking this consciousness to the grave with him, for, some years before his death, Schiller had shrewdly searched out the weak points of Bürger's poetical works, and displayed them to the notice of the German public.

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*) A judge in petty affairs on a nobleman's estate, called in German, Gerichtshalter. —

He was, nevertheless, a true poet of the people, and has never been successfully rivalled. His ballads, „Leonore,“ and „Die Entführung“ (The Rape), are master-pieces; and Germany should not forget that Bürger was the first who introduced this style of composition into the regular poetry of our language, for it had not been successfully cultivated before his time. His greatest defect is the want of dignity in his songs; and what a French reviewer said of Beranger may be better applied to him. — „*En voulant être populaire il devient souvent populacier.*“ But, on the other hand, he displays great riches of imagination, and depth of warm feeling; and in those works in which it was necessary to touch more high-sounding, nobler chords, he shows himself as a master of style and language —

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*) This pattern of a wife afterwards became a strolling actress, and distinguished herself by her powers of drinking. It is notorious, that, in Hamburgh, she once contended with two Dutchmen, and that both champions sunk insensible under the table while she continued her potations. She died not long ago, miserable and despised. Her poetical talents, though she deceived her poor husband by them, are not worth mentioning.

as, *for instance*, in his „Nachtfeyer der Venus," and his „Hohes Lied von der Einzigen." His love songs are particularly charming: an honest and noble mind is evident in all his writings, but his passionate sensuality but too often led him astray. As his works are well known in England by translations, I need not dwell upon them longer.

The other members of the Dichterbund were more or less men of talent, but they exercised no great influence on our literature, and we may content ourselves with remarking, that they wanted to combine ancient art with modern German popularity. Among them, two Counts Stolberg must be mentioned as having successfully rivalled Voss in translations and imitations of the classic poets, and Bürger in ballads. Percy's „Relics of Ancient English Poetry" was the favourite book of all these young poets; Hœlty, who died very young, distinguished himself in odes and lyrical poems with much purity and tenderness of style; Johann Martin Miller wrote little agreeable songs, some novels, particularly „Siegwart, eine Klostergeschichte" (Siegwart, a Tale of the Monastery), and these may be considered as the strongest promoters of sentimentality in German literature; Leisewitz, a very whimsical man, composed an excellent tragedy, „Julius von Tarent," which he wrote merely for the sake of a prize offered. It was his first and last dramatic work, though crowned with success. This Leisewitz is the same who occupied himself during thirty long years, with a history of the Thirty Years' War, and burned all he had written on the subject the day before his death, which happened in the year 1806.

Lyrical poetry was, at this time, the style of composition most cultivated in Germany, and it is, and will ever be, the favourite of our nation; and there is, with very few exceptions, no German author to be found, who has not, at least once in his life, given a volume of songs and odes to the public. Were I to mention all, it would necessarily fill a large volume, instead of the limits to which I am here restricted; I shall therefore confine my observations to some few, whose works have survived them, before I pass on to consider the writers of the romantic school. They are Seume, Matthiessen, Salis, and Tiedge.

SEUME (Johann Gottlieb) is the only German poet whose life was a remarkable one. He was born in 1763 at Poserna, near Weissenfels, in Saxony, received the education of a scholar, and went to Leipzig to study, previous to becoming a clergyman. But the routine of theology did not please him; he resolved, in preference, to visit other countries, and set off for Paris. On his way thither, he had the misfortune to be seized by Hessian recruiting officers, and carried forcibly to America. On his return from the new world he succeeded in escaping, but fell a second time into the hands of similar ruffians, and the only difference betwixt these and the former consisted in their being Prussians. He was this time carried to Emden, where an honest citizen relieved him from their tyranny. Seume now went to Leipzig, where he continued his long-interrupted studies, and took the degree of a Master of Arts: subsequently, he became the tutor of a Count Igelström, who procured for him a Lieutenancy in the Russian army. But Mars was not propitious to him; Catharine II. died, and he again quitted the military service, as he had no prospect of preferment. He returned to Leipzig for a third time, delivered public lectures, supported himself as corrector in the printing-office of Gœschen, made several journies, amongst them one on foot to Syracuse, and died, weary of the world, in 1810. His autobiography, „Mein Leben" (My Life), is a very remarkable and interesting book; the same may be said of his „Spaziergang nach Syracus" (Ramble to Syracuse), though a German wit observed, that the most notable incident in this journey is the fact of his only twice having occasion to have his boots new soled. As a poet, he is powerful, imaginative, and displays deep and warm feeling, but these excellent qualities are too often alloyed by a certain rudeness, severity, and bitterness, which cast the former into the shade. Adversity had soured the temper of this high-minded man, who was a firm friend of liberty and honesty, and never shrunk from openly professing his generous sentiments.

Friedrich Müller, commonly called Maler Müller (the painter M.) was undoubtedly (the three leading stars of German literature excepted) the greatest, but also the most irregular genius of that period. He was born in 1730 at Creuznach, and distinguished himself early by his talents for the fine arts. While yet very young, he entered the service of the Duke of Zweybrucken, and when only eighteen years old, made himself known by several etchings in the manner of the Flemish school, which were admired for the boldness of their composition, but, at the same time, much censured, on account of the inequality of their execution: the fault of Müller's character, as well as of his works, was irregularity. In 1776, the young painter went to Rome, and was so well pleased with his sojourn there, that he remained there till his death, which took place in 1825. Michel Angelo Buonarotti became his model, but Muller's paintings were too eccentric and *maniérées*, and for this cause met with but little approbation. He, therefore, in his later years, entirely renounced the practice of the Fine Arts, and contented himself with theoretical researches; so that he became the most tasteful and intelligent of Cicerones, for all those curious strangers who wished to become intimately familiar with the wonders of the seven-hilled city. His failure, as a painter, made him all the more faithful to poetry. The period in which his first poetical productions made their appearance was not favourable, for there was a want of settled principle in the art; and while one party considered its conditions fulfilled by bringing prosaic thoughts into some measured and rhythmical form, the other going too far in opposition to this, inculcated a total disregard of all rules whatever, and proclaimed that a poet had only to obey the impulse of nature; but, the disciples of this school too often mistook *rudeness* and extravagance for natural simplicity, and in this, Maler Müller, though a man of high qualities and great talents, was not the least offender. Thoroughly endowed with an imagination, rich almost to overluxuriance with glowing feeling, and a fanciful enthusiasm for the great and the beautiful, he strove to realise in his songs the ideas which he had not been able to display in his paintings. But he was, even for a poet, too much engrossed by his subject; he often neglected the form of composition, and, though himself an artist, never considered, that no perfection is possible when manner and matter are not in the most complete harmony. This is his greatest fault, and all the greater, because, in some of his performances — viz. his „Niobe,“ his „Venus,“ and several of his minor poems, he shows how correct and noble he can be, when it pleases him to confine himself within due limits. His three German idyls, „Ulrich von Cossheim,“ „Die Schaafschur“ (The Sheep-shearing), and „Das Nusskernen“ (The Nut-shelling), are faithful copies of nature, full of simplicity and noble sentiments. In his dramatic works, a greatness of mind and a corresponding elevation in his delineation of character are to be remarked, but the reader is constantly distracted and annoyed by the intrusion of eccentricities and conceits, particularly in the fragments of a tragedy of „Faustus,“ whose story has been the favourite theme of many German poets. Some of his smaller poems, particularly his „Dithyramb,“ and „Soldaten-Abschied“ (The Soldier's Leave), are beautiful.

Friedrich Matthisson (afterwards, by special grace of the King of Würtemberg, F. von Matthisson) was a posthumous son, and born in the year 1761. His grandfather, a country curate, educated him privately till he had attained the age of fourteen; he was then sent to the college of Klosterbergen, and afterwards to Halle, where he first applied himself to the study of religious knowledge. He presently forsook this for philology, natural philosophy, and the belles lettres. When he had completed his academical course, he became an usher in the then famous Philanthropin of Basedow, but stayed only a year there; and his next occupation was to accompany some young Livonian gentlemen on their travels through Germany. After this, he went to Switzerland, and lived two years with his friend Bonstetten at Nyon. He was compelled by his necessities to take a situation as private tutor in the house of a banker at Lyons, where he spent four years. After his return to Germany he was promoted to the dignity of Lector and Compagnon de Voyage to the Princess of Dessau, with whom he visited Italy, the Tyrol, and Switzerland. In the year 1809, he entered into the King of Würtemberg's service as his librarian. At a later period, when very old, he married a young and very amiable lady, whom he had the misfortune to lose after a short but extremely happy union. He then retired to Dessau, where he spent the rest of his life in quiet and retirement, and died at Worlitz in 1832.

It was in 1826, at Weimar, that I was first introduced to Matthisson, and though Matthisson did me the honour to embrace me publicly, in recognition of my insignificant talents as the first German Improvisatore (that is to say, the first who had ventured to shew to his countrymen that poetical improvisation was not impossible in their language), I cannot say that I was very favourably impressed either with his personal appearance or with his behaviour. There was a certain weak vanity discernible in him, which did not become either the poet or the man. His long residence at different courts had made him a courtier; *les grands de la terre* appeared to him as deities; he was full of bows, and eternally ducking and curtsying like a country squire's daughter at her first ball. He was a little thin man, with white hair, — but totally devoid of that dignity which might be expected from a poet of his fame, — full of the deepest devotion to all who wore a ribbon in the button-hole, or wrote their names with a von before them. A friend of mine, the late Wilhelm Müller (of whom we shall speak hereafter), met him some time after at Stuttgart, and in their interview, though both were literary men, and, what is more, both successful as poets, the weak old Matthisson, during their entire conversation, spoke of nothing but the amiable qualities, the talents, the acquirements of the hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg, and urged the good-natured Muller very earnestly to pay him his respects in person. Muller consented, and asked, „How old is the young prince?" Matthisson answered with seriousness and fervour, „The highly-promising royal youth has just passed his *fourth* year!" When at Weimar, Matthisson, in a literary circle, spoke of nothing but his own talents as a reader, and so teased even Gœthe, that the latter, at last, permitted him to read some scenes of his (Gœthe's) own „Faust" before him.

To honour the King of Würtemberg's private librarian, the literary men of Weimar gave him a dinner, where Hummel was obliged to play, and the writer, as already mentioned, to attempt some extemporaneous verses in praise of Gœthe (a theme which Matthisson himself gave); the old poet, in exchange, rewarded them by reciting some of his minor poems, which equally chilled their hearts and their soup.

Any one who has any experience of mankind, will, we imagine, find very little trouble in guessing, even from these few characteristic anecdotes, to which order of poets Matthisson belonged. To be brief, he was a sentimental painter of human feelings; but his sketches are, on the one hand, incorrect, — on the other, overloaded with affectation. He delights to coquet with a deep, but unnatural and artificial melancholy: we find in his verses nothing but eternal complaints and prayers; and the perfection of form is the highest point at which he aims. It is true, that he is a master of the language; that his poems are remarkable for their great harmony and melodiousness; that he knows the art of embellishing and refining them by luxurious tints and images; — but these are only the accessory, and not the principal qualities of which a real poet must be possessed. He remained for some time in fashion, especially with the ladies, because such a sentimental sickliness was *à la mode du jour;* but his fame was not of long duration, and he found, even in the time of his highest glory, very severe critics. The writers of the romantic school took every occasion of ridiculing him; and A. W. Schlegel wrote a Wettgesang (poetical emulation) betwixt *Voss*, *F. W. A. Schmidt* (a miserable poet, though a good man), and *Matthisson*, in which the affected manner of the latter was perfectly copied, and very wittily ridiculed. It would be unjust to deny him the possession of deep and tender feelings; but they are, for the most part, assumed, and not spontaneous; and their genuineness is all the more to be questioned, from his habit of always parading them like a peacock which is proud of its variegated tail, and is best pleased to spread it forth when there are many persons standing around to admire. Matthisson is a still greater mannerist in his prose writings; here his style appears often so artificial, that it is quite insupportable to a reader of a sound and natural taste. It is difficult, indeed, for a German writer to be severe enough upon him, because he was a sinner against so many of his brother poets, in his „Anthology," where hardly any poem escaped his file, and has very often been deprived of its best thoughts by his rage for refining.

Matthisson's friend, SALIS, is generally mentioned in company with him. His style of writing was the same, and he was also for some time a favourite in Germany; his poems having gone through five editions since their first appearance. He has greater simplicity, a deeper feeling, and more nature, than are to be found in Matthisson; and some of his songs are, indeed, worthy of being handed down to posterity, as the breathings of a gentle and affectionate spirit.

BEFORE we take leave of those poets who exercised the strongest influence upon the taste of that period, which we generally call the period of the second poetical regeneration, we must cast a passing look upon the Novelists *), as their works bear the truest stamp of the spirit of the age. But I must first say some few words of a poet, who, as a man, is one of the worthiest among the worshippers of Helicon: I allude to the excellent and venerable TIEDGE, the only remaining survivor of a [illegible] [illegible], who strove to touch the heart, by awakening tender and pathetic sentiments, in calm and measured verse. Great wrong has been done to him, particularly by the conductors of our youngest, and (may it be said by one who is friendly to them all, and here speaks impartially?) too often most violent critical reviews: for they have judged him as a mere babbler in verse, having failed in understanding the spirit of his age and of its poetry. Tiedge was born in the year 1752, at Gardelegen, near Magdebourg: he began by studying the law, and was afterwards tutor in a noble family.

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*) I cannot on this occasion sufficiently express my astonishment, that one of the most skilled and tasteful historians of English literature, Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, has not bestowed a single word on German novels; although they are, if a patriotic feeling does not lead me here too far, undoubtedly of higher worth and interest than those of many other countries.

From 1788 till 1792 he spent his days at Halberstadt in different capacities, and after this period, accompanied his worthy friend, Elisa von der Recke, on her travels, which ended by their fixing their residence in Dresden, never again to be separated during life. The noble lady ordered in her last will, that nothing in her house, nor even her manner of receiving friends and patronizing rising talent, should be changed, so long as her old and kind friend remained on this side of the grave. Tiedge, therefore, enjoys the blessing of a happy and vigorous old age passed in easy circumstances, and is greatly respected and venerated by all his friends and acquaintances. He is in full vigour of mind; for only a few years since he published his last poem, a didactic and descriptive one, „Der Markt des Lebens,“ (Life's Fair,) in which, although our notions of poetry have so far changed, that it could not be received with such applause as thirty years before, no weakness of age is at all discernible.

As a writer, Tiedge belongs to that party which enjoined, above all things, the presence of a moral utility in every poem. All that he ever wrote was on these principles, and the consequence is, that the lyrical and the didactic portions of his works are often opposed, to their mutual prejudice. In his „Urania,“ a lyric and didactic poem, he strove to blend moral philosophy with poetical beauty and practical utility; it contains poetical meditations and songs, celebrating the highest interests of mankind, — immortality, God, liberty, principles of *Kantianism*, and is full of a deep and sincere love of all that may be called truly noble and good, but not without a certain super-subtile elaboration of style which weakens its impression. There is more nature, as well as force, to be found in his epistles and elegies, amongst which the „Elegy on the Battle of Kunersdorf“ must be considered as a masterpiece by every impartial reader of taste and feeling. Tiedge is, moreover, perfect in the construction of verses, and in purity, harmony, and correctness of style. All his writings breathe an intense love for religion and morality, which his life has always borne out; and he, therefore, appears as the worthiest representative of a class of men, who, having been endowed with lofty and rare gifts, strove to promote the cause of truth and virtue, so far as they were able. — Honour to their memory!

NOVELLISTS.

It is natural that the novel, that true mirror of the age and its fashions, should have been much cultivated at a period in which no foreign interests diverted the attention of the German public from themselves. We are a talkative people, and love to speculate upon our own condition: those works, therefore, in which we find a true picture of our domestic life, interwoven with some glimpses of the fashionable philosophy of the age, will always meet with a favourable reception. The number of German novels and tales which have been written since the year 1770 is countless: so that it would be impossible for one man, were he even to reach the age of Methusalem, to read them all; though novels are no longer of the gigantic dimensions of their elder brethren; for our ancestors appear to have been positively inexhaustible: the „Arminius and Thusnelda,“ by Lohenstein, fills two large volumes in quarto, of more than a thousand pages each, — the page itself consisting of double columns, very closely printed; the „Hercules,“ of Buchholz, is not much less; the „Roman Octavia,“ by Ulrikus Duke of Brunswick, fills ten very corpulent volumes in octavo, and so on. In proportion as novels contracted in their dimensions, their numbers increased, till at last they overflowed the quiet domain of German literature like a rapid stream.

The first class of fictions which appeared about the beginning of this period, may be called the *serious family novel;* an imitation of the celebrated English tales by Richardson. Most of these had been translated into our language, and these translations were so eagerly sought for, that one of their first imitators, Johann Timotheus Hermes, (born in 1738, died superintendent and minister at Breslau in 1821,) found it necessary to adorn the title-page of his „Geschichte der Miss Fanny Wilkes,“ (History of Miss F. W.), with the words „so gut als aus dem Englischen übersetzt," (as good as if it were translated from the English). One imitation followed another; but the „Werther," by Goethe, and „Siegwarts Leiden," by Miller, took a higher flight, and were followed by an increase of sentimentality, of which my dear countrymen have always been very fond; as it takes a fresh character in the hands of every new author, while the conditions of common life in its minutest proportions are always exhibited, whence every reader easily imagines himself reflected, as in a mirror, in the hero of his favourite novel. The popularity of this class lasted longer than the fame of the different authors, though some of them were exceedingly productive; as, for instance, Augustus Lafontaine, a man of talent and spirit, who wrote more than a hundred volumes, and has been long a favourite with our ladies, for he knew how to paint virtue and vice in discreet and sufficient contrast; and though the former always triumphed, generally by the help of an enormously rich uncle, or of an exceedingly generous prince or count, who used to come as a *deus ex machinâ* towards the end, he never failed to embellish the author of all evil as much as he could, so that it became a pretty difficulty for the innocent reader to help loving the dangerous gentleman. But, jesting apart, there are many excellent scenes and situations in Lafontaine's works and his style, a little affectation excepted, is pure and noble *).

The humorous and satirical novel followed those of the familiar school, but their authors were not so successful in their vocation as their predecessors had been. Their satire was not general enough; they paid too much attention to passing incidents, and neglected matters of universal interest. One of our best productions of this sort, is „Siegfried von Lindenberg," (by Joh. Gottwerth Müller, born in 1744, died in 1828,) in some respects a German Don Quixote, though not so rich and various as the masterpiece of the immortal Cervantes. It contains, however, the best picture of German follies and low life that I am acquainted with, and continued for a long time to be a favourite book, having gone through ten or eleven editions, (without counting the numerous spurious ones). A similar good fortune did not attend the other works of its author, though there are many very diverting situations to be found in them; and the originality and truth of the pictures of manners which they contain must please the reader.

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*) Lafontaine was, moreover, an honest, kind-hearted man, highly esteemed by all who knew him personally. It is said, but I dare not assert it, and can only repeat it as an oral tradition, that he used to read his novels, while in a state of progress, to his wife, a very amiable and clever lady, and that he generally asked her, when his hero and heroine were in the worst possible situation: — „Now, my dear, tell me, have they not suffered enough already? shall I not make them happy?" — „O no," answered she, „it will be too soon; you are only at the end of the second volume." — „Do you think so? very well; he must then go to England for some time." And, accordingly, he sent the youngster to England, and did not unite the faithful couple, till their letters, and some adventures, had filled a third volume.

The novels of Friedrich Schulz, (he died in 1798,) particulary his „Moriz," were much admired, about the same period, for the vivacity of their style, and the interesting and true situations they painted; they are now quite forgotten. Not so humorous, in the common acceptation of the word, but of greater merit, in virtue of their caustic satire and their philosophical tendency, are the novels of Theodor von Hippel, (born in 1741, died in 1796,) a man of great genius, but of as great eccentricity, who preserved the secret of his authorship during his lifetime with such pertinacity, that it was even for a time suspected that the great Kant himself, in consequence of the Kantianism found in them, had written these nameless works, which charmed every thinking reader. The two novels to which we here allude, are „Lebensläufe in aufsteigender Linie," and „Kreuz- und Quer-Züge des Ritters A bis Z." In these, Hippel showed himself a humourist, but he strove to be something more, as his model (Sterne) had been; he therefore, in mingling the comic with the sentimental, gave the compound a philosophical tinge, which, at a time when everybody in Germany was eager to become a disciple of the new philosophical school, (that of Kant,) gained for him many admirers. His works are distinguished by an intimate knowledge of human nature and life, by an affluence of wit and fancy, and a splendid brilliancy of style: as the crown of them all, his essay on matrimony („Ueber die Ehe") may be mentioned — a book all the more remarkable for its truth and the store of accurate observations it contains, from its author himself never having been married and remaining, till he died, a stiff-necked bachelor. Hippel's manner did not find many imitators, as it required great abilities and talents, but has been surpassed by Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, whom I have already mentioned as one of our first and most glorious poets. Amongst the other kinds of satirical novels, those of KLINGER (of whom I shall presently speak) are worthy of notice, (particularly his „Faust," and his „Giaffar,") for their nervous and honest exhibition of human errors, and the contest of natural feeling with the follies and the seeming prudence of the great world.

The novels of WILHELM HEINSE, (born in 1749, died in 1803,) differ entirely from all the foregoing. He was a man gifted with a free and daring spirit, deep feeling, and a rich and glowing imagination. But, in the very effort to be as natural as possible, this excellent man became unnatural; and from his deep adoration of the beautiful, there arose a system of the most refined Epicurism, which led him altogether astray, and even deified the obscene into the godlike. His „Ardinghello," his „Hildegard von Hohenthal," nevertheless contain scenes and situations, as well as ideas and reflections, of the highest value, but the fire of his genius very often carries him too far. There is much that seduces in his works, and they are particularly calculated to affect and enchant young men; so that even now, almost every new year gives us a new imitation of Heinse's manner, from some juvenile pen, in which. generally, only the sensual situations and feelings are copied, with but a slight glimpse of its master's deep and philosophical, though imperfect, system. We will not tax these imitators with wilful moral pervertedness: there is, perhaps, no literature so chaste as that of Germany; but the charm which lies in the glow of an overflowing imagination, tempts them to undertakings for which they often condemn themselves with severity in maturer years, when time and experience have regulated their passions, and taught them the art of distinguishing truth from the illusion of self-created dreams.

The historical novel, which was also cultivated during this period, particularly by A. G. MEISSNER (born in 1753, died 1807), and IGNATZ AURELIUS FESSLER (born 1756), was not generally successful. The first of these writers, who wrote „Bianca Capello," and „Alcibiades," was too superficial, and neither knew how to penetrate into the recesses of the human heart, nor to reproduce the ancient times in their former brightness and life. It was reserved for another more eminent genius to open a new [illegible], and to draw all the eminent talents of the [illegible] with him on this glorious path, by showing how history and poetry are able to assist one another. Fessler had the more spirit, as well as the greater depth; there was also a greater moral earnestness in him; but as he did not choose historical events, and the lives of remarkable men for their own sake, merely considering them as a vehicle to give form and consistency to his doctrines and his ideas, he alienated himself too much from reality; and his „Aristides," „Marc Aurel," „Attila," „Matthias Corvinus," bear the names of their originals, but are as different from them as a shadow from a picture.

The „Goetz von Berlichingen" of Goethe had, about the same time, revived the love for ancient chivalry, and the gallant knights of old began to haunt, not only the stage, but also the novel, though feebly and dryly displayed. The best works of this kind are LEONARD WÄCHTER'S (he wrote under the name of Veit Weber), „Sagen der Vorzeit," which, if I do not err, have been translated into English. They are certainly true representations, but insipid: and it was left to the romanticists, and particularly to La Motte Fouqué, of whom I shall speak hereafter, to enliven those times with the true poetical spirit which they really possess. Far happier in the reproduction of the old popular fairy tales, than these chroniclers of chivalry has been, was MUSAEUS, (born in 1735, died in 1787), in his „Volksmährchen der Deutschen," a collection of interesting and pretty stories. But the taste for foreign, and particularly English, novels prevailed; and, amongst innumerable translations, those of T. T. C. Bode (born in 1730, died in 1793) are real masterpieces.

In the Drama the national taste had undergone many changes since Lessing's time; yet, although the great influence of Goethe and Schiller has been felt since the beginning of the nineteenth century, there is not much to be said in praise of the German stage; and it is, even now, poorer than it ever was. I have already mentioned the noise which „Goetz von Berlichingen" made on its first appearance, and the numberless imitations which succeeded it. The laws of Aristotle, adopted by the French dramatists, which had hitherto prevailed, were almost abandoned, and the Alexandrine verse, which had till now been the only form for dialogue, was abolished for ever. Nature was now the only model: and the Pindaric το δε φυα κρατιστον απαν, the motto generally adopted by the poets, GOTTER (born 1746, died 1797), a man of refined taste and great knowledge, was the only German author who attempted to maintain the dignity of the French tragedy without rejecting the modern innovations, and his „Mariane," written in imitation of a French original, has been often represented on the stage, and received with applause. It is now, however, entirely forgotten; a fate to which the writings of German poets appear particularly subject: for, though hard to say, it is nevertheless true, that there is no people so ungrateful to their men of genius as the people of my own country.

Amongst those who have successfully rivalled Goethe in tragedy, was FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN VON KLINGER, of whom I have already spoken. He was born in 1753 at Frankfort on the Maine, and died not long since, as general in the Emperor of Russia's service, and Curator of the University of Dorpat. His life is an evidence how a man of talent and knowledge, endowed with firmness of character and nobleness of mind, is able to command fortune. Without assistance, and burthened with the maintenance of his mother and sister, he studied theology at the University of Giessen, and was subsequently secretary and poet to a company of players under the direction of one Seiler — a man who was something more than a mere stage-manager. Having given up this office, Klinger, in the year 1778, enlisted himself as Lieutenant in the Austrian army, during the Bavarian War of Succession. When peace was concluded he quitted the service and went to Weimar, where his friend Goethe lived; but he soon changed this residence for Petersburg, as Reader to the Czarewitsch Paul, and officer in the Russian army. In that city he rose from rank to rank, till in the year 1820 he retired from actual service, with the allowance of his whole pay, as a well-deserved pension, and spent the rest of his life in seclusion and quiet. As tragic poet, while yet a very young man, his „Twin Broters“ gained the prize which the German Society at Mannheim offered for the best tragedy. A series of powerful and energetic dramatic poems followed this happy beginning; but his earlier productions do not resemble his later ones. There is too much fire and passion (and this sometimes artificial,) in the former; while, on the contrary, the latter are too sober and correct. He felt the errors which had seduced him in his youth, and fell into the opposite extrem when a man. All his dramatic compositions, nevertheless, are distinguished by a happy combination of tragic interest, a style strong and passionate but natural, and striking delineations of character in his principal personages; but, so fickle is the taste of our public, that the same tragedies which charmed our fathers forty years since, are, in our times, entirely banished from the German stage; and a new edition of Klinger's works, which was announced some years ago, met with no encouragement. In his later years, Klinger wrote a work called „Fragments on Literature and the World“ — a book chiefly remarkable for its ill-humour. The author shows himself in it discontented with everything, with the Christian religion, with Plato, Kant, Goethe, &c.; and though full of profound and genial ideas, such a book very rarely finds admirers; for ill-temper is certainly the worst quality which a writer can posess, as it is sure to deter the world in general from wishing to make his acquaintance.

About the same time two other tragic poets, both of them Bavarians, delighted the public with their imitations of „Goetz von Berlichingen.“ They were FRANZ MARIA BABO, whose „Otto von Wittelsbach“ appeared on all the German stages, with great applause, and is still sometimes represented, when an actor wishes to shine in the part of the hero; and the COUNT JOSEPH AUGUST VON TÖRRING, whose „Agnes Bernauerin“ drew tears from the eyes of all the sentimental among the fairer part of the audience. There is good honest purpose in both, as well as natural simplicity; but the poetry which they contain is of home-spun quality. The taste for these chivalrous dramas lasted tolerably long; for I remember, as a boy, to have seen many of them played on the stage of my native town; but it would be superfluous to weary the English reader with a catalogue of them, and I prefer passing over the rest in silence.

I shall hereafter speak of the influence produced by Schiller's dramatic works, and here only add a few words on the *comédie larmoyante* which, about this period, was introduced on the German stage, but was happily modified by the imitations of English plays, of which the great actor Schröder was the protector; for he himself translated the best, and played the principal parts in them with incomparable skill, so that the grateful public was doubly charmed with these representations. Thus, for instance, Cumberland's „Jew,“ „The West Indian,“ Beaumont and Fletcher's „Rule a Wife and have a Wife,“ and Shakspeare's „Much Ado abouth Nothing,“ (both adapted to the modern manners and ideas of Germany), Goldsmith's „She stoops to conquer,“ &c. became established favourites — thanks to Schröder; and they are still seen with pleasure. To this great actor, too, we are indebted for the introduction of Shakspeare's works on the German stage; and it is said, that when „Henry the Fourth“ was given, for the first time, and he appeared in the character of *Falstaff*, they were obliged to let the curtain down again: none of the other actors were able to utter a single word — they burst out at once into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, so humorous was even

Schröder's appearance and behaviour; and this, too, before he had opened his mouth.

The *comédie larmoyante* had been, in some degree, cultivated by Lessing; but he who exhausted all the treasures it had to offer, was Augustus Wilhelm Iffland, one of the most celebrated actors of his time — (born 1759, at Hanover; died in 1815. manager of the royal theatre at Berlin). He knew how to delineate his characters with great skill and significance, and possessed the secret of touching the heart; but his creations are confined to the narrow circle of common life; and his poetry wants elevation. It was his principal aim to be as natural as possible; he therefore avoided all illusion; and the spectator never finds much difference betwixt the events which he sees represented on the stage, and those which may every day happen in his own house. The source of all misfortune and misery in these copies of human life, is generally to be found in the want of some hundred dollars; and this mean wretchedness is so striking and miserable, that I, when very young, used often to think — if Mr. H. (a rich banker at Hamburgh, who sat in the same box with me,) had, on a sudden, a fit of generosity, and would say to the actor, „I will give you the money you want,“ the play, and with it all the calamity, would have ended with the first act, to the great satisfaction of the players, as well as of the spectators. But my countrymen loved at that time to see their own petty domestic discomforts reproduced on the stage; and this was done with so much truth and nature that, as Bouterwek justly observes, „a historical writer of later times would be able, if all other documents were wanting, to draw an exact picture of German manners at this period from Iffland's plays.“ His „Hofräthe,“ „Secretaire,“ „Oberförster,“ are to this day to be found in every society: he wa a shrewd observer of human frailties, and knew well how to bring down the tears of his audience. His fame, as a dramatic poet, therefore rose, for a short time, to a very great height, but it sunk just as rapidly, when his antagonists, — and some of these were men of power, — showed the want of real poetry and the narrowheartedness of his works. His plays are, nevertheless, not quite banished, from our stage — perhaps because they offer to good actors an opportunity of showing their skill in personating character. I cannot say that Iffland found very close imitators; — the other play-wrights of this period, such as Brandes, Jünger, Beck &c., relied more upon comic effects, and preferred copying the English originals I have already mentioned.

The influence on the German Drama of Schiller, Gœthe, and the romantic school, on one side, and Kotzebue and his friends on the other, will be considered hereafter, when also I shall give some account of the Opera, which was not worth notice during the last half of the eighteenth century.

But before I turn my attention to the efforts of a new and really poetical school of writers, whose influence will, in some respects, last as long as a German literature exist, I must speak, and with the greatest reverence, of a man, to whom his country cannot be sufficiently grateful — a man who united all the great qualities of a poet, an orator, and a philosopher, and, what is more, the most profound and universal knowledge, with the noblest and tenderest of hearts — such was Herder: who, like the genius of mankind, threw his light upon almost every path which leads to what is great and noble in the realms of human, and even of divine intellect. Never has a worthier patriot graced his country: and if we only administered mere niggardly justice, we should teach our children to pronounce his name with respectful love, as one of the first heroes of our nation. I can only give here a short account of him and his writings; but from even these few lines, the foreign reader may learn how deeply Germany is indebted to him.

Johann Gottfried Herder (his letters of nobility date only from the year 1801,) the son of a poor schoolmaster at Morungen, in Prussia, was born in 1754. He studied Theology at the University of Königsberg, where Kant was his master in the philosophical sciences. After having finished his academical career, he became teacher at the college of Riga in 1765, and at the same time appeared before the world as an author. The regeneration of German literature especially attracted his attention: he felt deeply the want of good critics, for even Lessing did not satisfy him. This was the cause of his writing his „Fragmente über die neuere Deutsche Literatur" (Fragments on Modern German Literature), which were soon followed by his „Kritische Wälder" (Critical Woods), which gained for him, while yet a very young man, great fame and praise. He readily embraced an opportunity of seeing the world, which offered itself to him, and accompanied a young prince of Holstein-Eutin on a journey through France and Germany. Count William of Schaumburg-Lippe invited him, in 1770, to accept the office of Court Chaplain at Bückeburg. Herder went there, and led a very happy and studious life; the result of which was, amongst other things, a „Dissertation on the Oringin of Languages," to which was awarded a prize by the Academy of Berlin. This successful work, together with a famous theological one „Aelteste Urkunde des Menschengeschlechtes" (The oldest Document of Mankind), acquired for him a double reputation: so that, in 1775, an appointment as Professor of Theology at Göttingen was offered to him; but doubts concerning his orthodoxy prevented his accepting it, and he preferred, therefore, the office of Court Chaplain and General-Superintendent in Weimar; and remained there from the year 1775, till his death, which happened in 1803, indefatigable, by precept and example, to promote all that is good and great. His mortal remains repose in the same church where he so often and so impressively proclaimed the word of God and the heavenly precepts of Our Saviour. A deep and painful conviction, that all who surrounded him were not what he wished them to be, embittered the last years of his life; so that, towards its close, his intimacy with Gœthe, the friend of his youth, and other great geniuses, declined *).

I shall preface some examination of his works with one of his poems, which has been rendered in English, but is perhaps not much known: it is one of Herder's

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*) It is said, and the anecdote is very characteristic of the man, that on his death bed, when in his last agonies, he exclaimed several times: „O give me a great thought — one great thought — that I may take comfort from it."

most profound and beautiful conceptions, and gives a true idea of his poetical style and manner. The English translator has adorned it with rhymes, wich the original does not possess; and I cannot think it has gained by the change, for its particular charm lies in its melancholy simplicity *).

The Child of Sorrow.

As once, beside a murmuring stream,
Alone and musing, Sorrow sate,
Warmed with imagination's dream,
A form her finger did create.

Chance guided there the mighty Jove.
„What hast thou? pensive goddess, say.“
„Command it, Sire, to speak and move,
„Tis but a shape of senseless clay.“

„Well, live! — it lives — and henceforth be
This dust-created creature mine!“
When Sorrow thus complained —“ To me,
The child, O Jupiter, resign!

„Was it not moulded by my hand?“
„True, but I gave the vital flame,“
Said Jove. While these contesting stand,
Another claimant, Tellus, came.

„Tis mine! from my lap Sorrow took
The child.“ — „Hold!“ cried Olympian Jove,
One comes, and, by his aged look,
„Tis Saturn — he shall umpire prove.“

Spake Saturn: „Take it, take it, all;
For even such is Fate's decree:
Thou who didst breath bestow, recall
When dead, its spirit unto thee.

„Tellus, its bones are thy just meed,
No more of it to thee pertains.
To thee, O Sorrow, tis decreed,
While still the spark of life remains.“

„For thou wilt ne'er thine infant leave,
So long as it existence have.
Resembling thee, itself 'twill grieve,
From day to day, unto the grave.“

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*) Translated and Original Poems, by Charles Hodges. Coblenz, 1831.

Fate's edict is fulfilled well:
This being *Man* was after named;
In life he must with Sorrow dwell;
When dead, by Earth and God be claimed.

Herder was more a feeling than a creative poet: his imagination was too much restrained by his contemplative habit; and he therefore turned it to no other account than that of adorning his ideas with a beautiful and elegant dress. He possessed all the qualities which a poet should and he preferred utility to the charms of fancy. A deep sense of the dignity of man's destiny gives his works a moral warmth, and a solemnity, which spreads itself also over the more tranquil poems, which he wrote in the latter period of his life. He valued himself little upon his own productions: he sought eagerly the beauties of poetry of every country, naturalizing them in his own with uncommon talent and diligence. We are indebted to him for the first collection of popular songs of all nations; he felt with enthusiasm how rich a treasure was hidden in these breathings of unstudied feeling — one that had hitherto been, for the most part, neglected by the higher classes of Germany. By translating these, Herder opened a new path to younger poets; and the influence which the study of national songs has exercised upon our writers, will be clearly shown in the following pages.

His principal fame rests upon his prose writings, though his style is occasionally a little too poetical; the reason of it may be found in the abundance of his ideas. His later works are nor less elegant, but more regularly composed, and bear a particular charm by a certain Oriental tone they possess, (resulting from his studies,) the exuberance of which is tempered by the clearness of his thoughts and his intimate acquaintance with the Grecian and Roman classic authors. The same moral warmth and deep sense of the dignity of man, which adorn his poems, are also to be found in his prose writings. All he says comes immediately from the heart, and is full of living truth, without any scholastic pedantry or dialectic subtlety. He excels as a philosopher in his „Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit" (Ideas for the Philosophical History of Mankind) — a work that ever was, and will be, the pride of German literature. But it is needless to enumerate the merits of his other writings — they contain not a line that has not been of service to humanity; and if a German father wants to show to his son the model of a philosopher, preacher, scholar, and, above all, of a virtuous and noble man, he need only point to Herder, certain that in all Germany he will find no worthier object of praise, veneration, and love.

We now come to that poetical school which has already been often named, — though the epithets applied to it, by its friends as well as by its enemies, the *romantic* school, is a false one, for German poetry according to the common understanding of the word, has been romantic ever since its earliest days; and even the most pedantic imitators of classic models have not been able to shake off that national peculiarity, which gives a certain air of romance to all our works of fancy and art. The establishment of this new school must, therefore, be considered as the widening and further exploring an old path, rather than the opening of a new one: it began with a set of young men of talent, who, jealous of soon acquiring a name in the republic of letters, encouraged each other in similar undertakings, without exactly forming a permanent coalition. They found themselves thrown together at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one in the very little town whence this rapid sketch is dated. At this period Jena had already exerted a great influence upon the whole of Germany; her university flourished under the auspices of one of the most generous Princes who ever graced a throne, the late Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Carl August, a name which even now finds many worshippers in England; for he who bore it was the real patron of everything noble and refined, no matter what land had been its cradle, and more than one Englishman must remember with grateful pleasure the friendly and flattering welcome he found at the court of this prince. Men, highly-gifted in every science and art were there assembled: Gœthe was his minister and intimate friend; Schiller lived in Jena, and composed there his immortal tragedies; Griesbach, Loder, Reinhold, Fichte, Schutz, Eichstädt, and many others, not only of German, but of European fame, led their disciples into the depths of science and knowledge; the „Allgemeine Literaturzeitung“ (General Literary Gazette, — the first work of its kind in this country), exercised an influence over the whole nation; Schiller sent from hence his journal, „Die Horen“ (The Hours), and his „Musenalmanach“ (Almanac of the Muses), into the world as heralds of his own and his friends' fame; in short, there was, perhaps, no science, no art, which did not receive from Jena a fresh and mighty impulse — which was not quickened by the revelation of some secret till now hidden.

No wonder then that those young men, of whom we must now speak, stimulated and animated by such precedents, strove to show what they were able to do, and endeavoured earnestly to distinguish themselves amongst so illustrious a multitude. Among their chief leaders must be mentioned the brothers August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel, Lewis Tieck, and Novalis, whose real name was Friedrich von Hardenberg. These found eager friends and allies in Schelling (the great philosopher), Clemens Brentano, Ludwig Achim von Arnim, Wilhelm von Schütz, and others. What distinguished them particularly, was a true perception of the nature of romantic poetry, and its relation to that of the classic schools, — a more thorough recognition of the intellect and the poetry of the German middle age, — a more profound understanding of Shakspeare's poetical greatness, and the rich treasures of Spanish and Italian poetry, — for a true and noble estimation of those treasures for which Germany was indebted to Lessing and Goethe; and lastly, the unrelenting activity with which they attacked all mediocrity in our literature, wherever it might be found. Both the Schlegels upheld their endeavourings by criticism, poetry, and translations. Lewis Tieck showed himself their zealous and faithful ally in his poems, wherein he united with unrivalled skill the sharpest and most pungent satire with the most charming and powerful creations of fancy. Novalis, who died young, took an active part in the contest, but showed in his songs, and in his novel, „Heinrich von Ofterdingen,“ how the theory of his friends was to be converted into practice. It cannot be denied that a false perception of their ideas, was the cause of much nonsense being introduced into our literature, for the *imitatorum pecus* failed not to throw itself eagerly upon this new style of composition; but it must be also thankfully acknowledged that we owe the greatest part of all that is noble and beautiful, which as appeared in our literature since the end of the eighteenth century, to these high-gifted spirits; and that Germany can never be grateful enough to them, though some of them, particularly the brothers Schlegel, did not always exert their influence for good, and, at a later period, lost, and not without reason, the love and high esteem of their nation, which they had so well deserved in their younger days.

August Wilhelm Schlegel (afterwards von Schlegel), the son of John Adolf Schlegel, a worthy clergyman at Hanover, was born in that city on the the 8th of September 1767. He studied theology at Göttingen; went in the capacity of tutor to Amsterdam, and removed from that place to Jena, in the year 1796, with the title of Counsellor to the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. In 1798 he became Extraordinary Professor of Philosophy, but he resigned this dignity in 1804: he then spent a short time at Berlin, and afterwards accompanied the celebrated Madame de Staël-Holstein on her journey through Germany, France, Italy, and Denmark. The share which he had in her remarkable work, „Sur l'Allemagne,“ is so well known, that I need only refer to it. In 1809 he took up his residence at Stockholm, and, in 1813, he followed the then hereditary Prince of Sweden to Germany, in the capacity of secretary. He afterwards lived for some time with Madame de Staël in France, after which he was appointed Professor Ordinarius to the newly erected University of Bonn, which situation he still holds.

Such are the outlines of his life, which only I think it necessary here to notice; for, in my opinion, an author is only a public character in his works, and not in the concerns of his private life, with which the world has no concern. And yet, on the other hand, August Wilhelm Schlegel is so well known everywhere, that it would be ridiculous to play the mysterious, and to conceal what every one is acquainted with. But an author of eminent talents has spared me the trouble of plunging into the sea of scandal, and I shall content myself with referring the curious reader to the sketches which my countryman Heine has given in the „Europe Littéraire,“ though I am not able to corroborate the truth of all the circumstances which he there relates; I only know that some ten years ago or more, many whispers were afloat in our circles concerning August Wilhelm Schlegel and his unhappy marriage with Miss Paulus, the daughter of the famous Professor Paulus, of Heidelberg; and that this celebrated head of the romantic school was represented to me as a very vain and haughty man. I afterwards saw him two or three times at Gœthe's house in Weimar, and must confess that the opinion of my friend was confirmed by his personal appearance. He behaved like a *petit maître* in every sense of the word, playing continually with the ribband of his order, and trying to draw general attention to it; the forefinger of his right hand was adorned with a ring, such as princes are accustomed to give in return for dedications, but this was of such an extraordinary size, that its wearer found it impossible to bend the finger on which he wore it, and was, therefore, compelled to hold it straight before him, as a knight his lance. He was, too, perpetually fluttering round the ladies, showing them his edition of the „Ramayana,“ or some other Hindoo poem, of which they understood not a syllable, teaching them to spell the sacred language of the Vedas, and committing some other hundred little absurdities, unworthy of a learned man of his age and fame. To be candid, I felt that the romantic school and the Sanscrit might have had a worthier representative; indeed, had I not been acquainted with his works from my youth, and had he not afterwards, in a private conversation at the hotel where he lodged, and where we chanced to meet at supper, displayed extensive knowledge and great depth of thought, I could not have believed that such a man could ever have exercised any influence upon the literature and the fine arts in Germany.

Schlegel's merits are threefold; as a critic, as a *versifier* of the first class — for a poet he never was

— and as a translator. Since his first appearance he has been remarkable for guessing what would be of interest to the rising generation of learned men: nor has he ever been mistaken. Thus, the love for the immortal Shakspeare, who is certainly no less worshipped in Germany than in England, was, though not first awakened, certainly much promoted by his masterly translation. Again, it was A. W. Schlegel who introduced to us the mystic and brilliant Calderon; and it was he, too, who first showed to the astonished Germans, what an immense treasure of philosophy and poetry was hidden in the written documents of Sanscrit and Prakrit. He is, indeed, a man of encyclopedical knowledge; no literature, from that of the Troubadours to the songs which are heard on the lotusblooming Ganges, is strange to him; he knows the history of Greece and Rome, as if they had been his only study; and he has been able to combine the sharp-sightedness of a courtier with the gravity of a German professor. Some reproach him for becoming superficial in later times, particularly in his Sanscrit studies: I must confess my own incompetence of deciding upon the justice of this accusation.

As a critic, he warred with brilliant success, particularly in his attacks against the *home-bred* poets. At the same time, he opened larger fields for the muses, and introduced a poetical, but very dangerous, element into the fine arts — one which has been exceedingly misused — I mean that of religious mysticism. A thorough-going partisan, he was indifferent to the means by which he accomplished his purposes, employing sarcasm and contempt as willingly as solid reasoning and substantial learning. He was strongly influenced by two things, which prevented his becoming so useful to his country as he might have been; the one was the pantheistical system of Schelling, which he did not understand, for he has not what we Germans call a philosophical head — the other was his vanity. To be the leader of a party was his principal aim, and he was fully master of the mysteries of intrigue. He wanted a god to adore — chose Gœthe as his idol, to whom he erected altars of every kind. Gœthe suffered this adoration, which was of the highest service to his own fame in Germany; but afterwards, when the abovementioned mysticism and *new poetical catholicism*, as he himself called it, acquired too great an influence over literature, he publicly divorced himself from this entire party, which act, as Heine very wittily observes, worked like the 18th Brumaire in the republic of German letters. It was performed in an article in the second number of his journal, „Kunst und Alterthum," with the title, „Ueber die Christlich-Patriotisch neu-deutsche Kunst" (On the Christian-Patriotical new-German Art). From that time the influence of both the Schlegels ceased. Friedrich Schlegel is dead, and August Wilhelm has outlived his fame, more, perhaps, than he is himself aware.

The want of solid theoretical arguments induced Schlegel to give his scholars examples instead of rules; I have already observed, that it was from the middle ages, and particularly from German works of poetry and the fine arts, during this period, whence he borowwed them. On the one hand, this was of no small use to our literature, for it extended its boundaries; but, on the other, it led to obscurity and mannerism, and its effect is still felt here and there, principally in religious poetry. The „Athenæum," a journal which appeared from 1798 to 1800, the „Characteristiken and Kritiken" (1801), the „Vorlesungen über Dramatische Kunst und Litteratur" (Lectures on Dramatic Literature), a work which has been translated into English, „Vorlesungen über Theorie und Geschichte der bildenden Kunst" (Lectures on the Theory and the History of the Plastic Art), 1827, and the „Kritische Schriften," are the works in which he set forth his doctrines, either singly or in conjunction with his brother Friedrich.

As a poet, he is only strong in what concerns the forms of poetry, but in these he excels; there is a euphony and a melody in his songs, which have hardly ever been equalled; but high thoughts must not be sought there. His elegy on Rome is a masterpiece in all that concerns the construction of the ancient elegiac metre; his sonnets may be cited as the best models for all German sonneteers. The following one, for instance, though not the happiest, will give an idea of the qualities for which I have praised him, and I chose it because there exists an English translation of it, with which the reader may compare it: —

Allgemeines Loos *).

Der fährt durch's Leben leicht auf leichter Barke,
Der lässt die Wimpel bunt und stattlich fliegen;
Der will bis in den Mond erobernd siegen,
Der sorgt, wie er sein klein Gebiet vermarke;
Der pflegt sich üppig mit des landes Marke,
Der muss im Wetter nackt und hungrig liegen:
Doch alle gleich, gewiegt in gleichen Wiegen
Der grossen Mutter, schwache so wie starke.
Und kaum gewürdigt werden eines Blickes,
Die da gewesen; und die sind, vergessen
Ihr wandeln über hohlen Katakomben.
Es rollt die erde wie das rad des glückes,
Mit ihr die Zeit, nie ruhend, ungemessen,
Und stündlich würgt der Tod die Hekatomben.

As A. W. Schlegel is only a poet of the understanding (what we call in Germany *ein Verstandespoet*), he is seen to the most advantage in his satirical productions. His sonnets against Kotzebue and Merkel, whose greatest and most unrelenting enemy he was — his parody on Voss, Matthisson, and Schmidt of Werneuchen, in a supposed contest of song between these three poets, are the wittiest and happiest things of the kind which we possess. But, in all his serious poems (with exception of the tragedy, „Ion," they are all short pieces), he is nothing more than a skilful versifier.

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*) *The Lot of All.*

One glides through life in buoyant bark along;
One lets his gaudy-coloured pennon fly;
One e'en the conquest of the moon will try;
One would but bound what fields to him belong;
One feeds on luxuries from thousands wrung;
One hungry, naked, and unhoused must lie:
Yet all were rocked in cradle equally
Of their great *Mother*, weak as well as strong.
And scarcely condescend a passing glance
On those who *were*, and those who *are*; the while
Forget they walk o'er hollow catacombs;
The earth is rolling like the weel of chance,
Time too, immensurable, never still,
And momently Death strangles hecatombs.

Ch. Hogans.

The highest praise, however, is due to him for his poetical translations; in these he remains unrivalled, and unsurpassed even by those who followed him, and knew by his example what was to be done, and what avoided. Gries, the peerless translator of Ariosto, Tasso, and Calderon, may be alone compared to him. Schlegel penetrates with wonderful subtlety into the secrets and depths of the original; no beauty, no elegance escapes his eye, while, at the same time, he possesses such a command over his own language, that we always appear to be reading an original work, instead of a translation. This is the more to be commended, as he never indulges in any of those liberties so often abused by translators, but follows his original literally. His translation of Shakspeare, and particularly of „Romeo and Juliet,“ will be an evidence to future times, of what the German language was capable in our days. It is the same with his versions of some of Petrarch's sonnets, which presented even greater difficulties, as he strictly complied in his translations with all the capricious laws of Italian poetry. There are even very few puns and quibbles in Shakspeare, which he did not render as happily as if they had been invented by himself.

But, and this is the lot of all the „*Dii minorum gentium*“ of our own times, he outlived his fame as a poet and a critic: nor can it be said of him, that he bore his loss with philosophical patience. Some five or six years ago, when invited to contribute his part to the German „Musenalmanach,“ he availed himself of the opportunity to vent his anger in a score of epigrams, more coarse than witty, not alone against inferior poets and reviewers, but against the noble Schiller, and the mightiest men of our nation. This childish sally met with universal censure, and increased the dislike of his enemies, without procuring him a single additional friend.

His younger brother, Friedrich (with his full name, KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL), was born on the 10th of March, 1772, at Hanover. He was intended for trade, but gave up this vocation, and studied at Göttingen and Leipzig. From thence he went to Berlin and Dresden, where he stayed some time, and fixed himself as *Privat docent (privatim docens*, the first step to the dignity of Professor at our universities) in Jena, where he lived from 1800 to 1802. He married a widow, the daughter of the illustrious Moses Mendelssohn. She changed her religion, as did also himself, in the year 1808, at Cologne, and from that time both husband and wife adhered as closely to the Roman Catholic church, as if they had never known another faith. After having spent some years in Paris, he became Court Secretary in the Chancery at Vienna, was present at the *Bundestag*, in 1815 as Counsellor of the Embassy, and, somewhat later, was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Arts. In 1819 he retired from public life, and died, during a short stay at Dresden, on the 11th of January, 1819.

I have already observed that Friedrich Schlegel was more highly gifted than his elder brother, for he was more profound as a critic and philosopher, and more successful as a poet. Though originally inclined to Hellenism, he turned from it to the faith of the Middle Ages, and showed himself in every branch of literature he cultivated, as an original thinker (his neo-catholicism excepted), particularly in his historical and philosophical works — viz., his „Philosophie der Geschichte" (Philosophy of History), „Philosophie des Lebens" (Philosophy of Life), „Philosophische Vorlesungen" (Philosophical Lectures), „Geschichte der Alten und Neuen Literatur" (History of Ancient and Modern Literature), „Ueber die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier" (On the Language and the Wisdom of the Hindûs) etc. The time, when, with his brother, Tieck, Novalis etc., he undertook and ended the revolution of taste in Germany, might be called a reign of terror. His novel, „Lucinde," made the greatest possible noise on its first appearance, and was considered as a gospel by his adherents; this went so far, that one of the first spirits of Germany, the immortal Schleiermacher became so fascinated with it, that he wrote enthusiastic letters as a kind of commentary in its praise. Other critics declared this book to be the brightest gem of which German literature could now, or might henceforth boast. But this exaggeration rapidly decreased; and its fame is now all but traditional. To me it is a disgusting work; consisting of confessions, in which a witty and voluptuous woman, who sophisticates over voluptuousness, is depicted, but without nature and truth. This novel, a romantic tragedy, „Alarcos,“ and a collection of smaller poems, are the only original productions of Friedrich Schlegel. That collection, however, contains some beautiful songs.

The best, and, at the same time, the most concise judgment which has been pronounced upon Schlegel, is given by Heine, who says*), „Friedrich Schlegel was a profound man. He perceived all the glory of the past, and felt all the pain of the present time. But he understood not the sacredness of this pain, and the necessity of it for the future welfare of the world. He saw the sun set, and looked mournfully towards the place were it sunk, and mourned over the nightly darkness which he saw advancing; but he guessed not that a new Aurora shone already on the other side. Friedrich Schlegel once called the historian *an inverted prophet*. This is the best designation of himself. He hated the present, the future frightened him, and his prophetical looks penetrated only into the past, which he loved.“

Heine adds, some lines farther, that all Schlegel wrote was composed with an *arrière-pensée* to his catholicism, and the interest of the Catholic church — that this was particularly the case with his work, „On the Language and the Wisdom of the Hindus,“ and in his „History of Litterature“ — a reproach at once impartial and true, and, at the same time, the heaviest one that weighs upon this highly-gifted man, who, under other circumstances, with his talents and knowledge, would have been one of the greatest benefactors of his native country.

The strongest ally of the Schlegels was LUDWIG TIECK, who, to this day, stands firm in his well-deserved fame, as one of our first and most successful poets. He was born at Berlin on the 31st of May,

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*) Zur Geschichte der neuesten schönen Literatur in Deutschland, von H. Heine. Paris, 1833. II. p. 4, et passim.

1773, studied at Halle, after which he lived in his native town, in Hamburg, and in Jena, where he found his friends of the romantic school, and formed a close connexion with them. He was the first who conceived the true spirit of the Middle Age in all its grandeur and purity, and reproduced it in his poems, in which he knew how to unite the ideas of those times with the ideas of the present. Tieck is the truest German poet we possess; he is genuine in all his productions, which, indeed, are as nearly related to that mystic period as to our days: his works, therefore, may be considered as a mirror reflecting both. He was the most powerful champion of the new poetical school, for he possessed those weapons which were precisely the most wanted, such as deep feeling, rich fancy, inexhaustible humour, and a brilliant wit. Tieck was the formidable to the opposed party, as he not only showed by his own poetical works what was to be hoped from the new system, but likewise attacked them at the same time with the utmost spirit, exposing, with unmerciful keenness, the errors of the time.

His poetical works must be divided into three classes according to the different periods of his life. To the first, which lasts from 1795 till 1805, belong his popular tales, his romantic poems, and some novels. The second comprises his residence at Frankfurt on the Oder and Ziebingen, as well as two journies, one to Italy, the other to England (from 1805 to 1819), and includes his studies of Shakspeare and the old English drama, together with his „Phantasus,“ a collection of his tales and dramatic works. The third, from 1819 to our times, during which he took up his residence at Dresden, and became court counsellor, and member of the Intendancy of the Royal Theatre, contains his new novels and tales, his historical (but still unfinished) novel, „Der Aufruhr in den Cevennen“ (The Revolt in the Cevennes), his „Dramaturgische Blätter,“ some translations and new editions of older works.

He is happiest as an author in his reproductions of the ancient popular fairy tales of Germany; he displays in them all his treasures of heart, imagination, and wit. Here his eye, „in a fine frenzy rolling,“ beholds the secrets which heaven and earth give up to the lofty-minded poet, and his pen records their wonders for the benefit of humbler men: it is in these that he hears the pulse of the earth beating — that he fathoms the darkness of the waves — that he finds a meaning for the whistling of the winds, the roaring of the sea, the rustling of the trees, the singing of the birds, and, what is still more, penetrates the softest, as well as the strongest emotions of man's heart. All the religion and fervour of the Middle Ages are painted by him with the most intense feeling; but he does not vaguely lose himself in the times of old: opposed to those virtues, he represents the faults and errors of our time; and, by contrasting the innocence and simplicity of our forefathers with our over-refined polish, their modesty with our vanity, their honesty with our wordly wisdom, he shows the past in brilliant contrast. And thus he acts in a twofold manner upon the reader, both as a poet and as a satirist, and charms him by uniting the elements of tragedy and comedy: thus, too, he was of double use to his party; he won the impartial reader by showing him the riches of romantic poetry, and attacked at the same time his adversaries, with the powerful weapons of satire. Religion and Love are the two deities of his soul; mockery and wit, the two servants of his scorn; and when, in his works, he is not occupied with singing hymns to his gods, we to a certainty find him ridiculing the insignificance of the present age. His poems of this kind are generally dramatic, and among them must be mentioned his „Genoveva,“ „Octavianus,“ in which the higher interests of life and poetry prevail; „Der gestiefelte Kater“ (Puss in Boots), a bitter satire against the then reigning bad taste in dramatic poetry, particularly against Böttiger, the illustrous antiquary; „Die verkehrte Welt“ (The World turned Upside Down) and „Prinz Zerbino, oder die Reise zum guten Geschmack“ (Prince Zerbino, or the Journey in search of Good Taste). Amongst his fairy tales in prose of that period, there are two of superior beauty, „Der blonde Ekbert,“ (Fair-Haired Eckbert), and „Der getreue Eckardt“ (Faithful Eckardt), which cannot be too strongly recommended to every one who wishes to be acquainted with the best productions of modern German literature *).

During the first period, when the contest was the hottest, Tieck endeavoured to effect a revolution in the Fine Arts also, and wrote several books with this purpose, particularly his „Phantasien über die Kunst" (Fantasies on the Fine Arts), and „Franz Sternbald's Wanderungen" (The Wanderings of Franz Sternbald), a novel. They were composed according to the leading principles of the romantic school, and found admirers in their day; and they are yet studied by that class of artists who entertain the hope of becoming great men by inspiration, and therefore go to Rome and change their religion; but their influence has never been great.

The charm which Shakspeare exercised over Tieck — clearly displayed in his wonderful novel, „The Poet's Life" (Dichterleben) — was at its strongest during the second period, in which he wrote nothing new, but occupied his leisure in translating old English plays. His „Phantasus," however, which I have already mentioned, appeared at this time. It is a collection of several of his former works, connected by a dialogue betwixt some friends, full of poetry and spirit, and exceedingly interesting. Many consider this works as Tieck's *chef-d'œuvre.*

When the Schlegels fell from their throne, Tieck remained for some time silent, and after this pause suddenly appeared quite another being than he had hitherto shown himself. Instead of fairy tales and satirical plays, he wrote a series of novels; and, what was most wonderful, instead of continuing, as he had formerly been, the champion of mysticism, and all the peculiarities of the Middle Ages, he began to espouse the cause of Protestantism and reformation, and painted nothing but the modern in his new works. With few exceptions, all the heroes of these later novels are persons who may daily be found in our private circles or in public life; Hofräthe and Amtmänner, young, and bashful, and pretty women, and old house-keepers; noblemen and citizens, professors and apothecaries, discussing or *acting* the interests and the ideas of our age. They are all drawn with more or less skill; and what is peculiar to all these tales is, that each of the acting characters seems in himself to display the particular opinions of the author; while, in reality, the author's opinions are so skilfully concealed under these various masks, that it is very difficult to distinguish his real ideas either on men or things. This manner of representing things as they are, not as the poet's eye sees them, found great favour amongst the disciples of the romantic school, and was honoured by them with a particular name; *Welt Ironie* (Universal Irony). The device is not a new one, for Ariosto and Cervantes employed it; but its name is a novelty, and there was a time in Germany when one might be sure of reading it daily in the most insignificant criticisms of our journals and newspapers. Tieck excels in this style of writing, as well as in all the others he undertook. „Die Gemälde,“ „Die Gesellschaft auf dem Lande,“ „Die Reise nach der Stadt,“ (Pictures — the Society in the Country — the Trip to Town,) are masterpieces.

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*) These, and others, have been exquisitely rendered into English by Mr. Carlyle, whose „Specimens of German Romance" have been too little read. —

In some of these novels, which treat of historical subjects, he unites the manner of Walter Scott with his own; and these are the best of all, for the interest they excite is a double one. To them belong the „Dichterleben“ (a Poet's Life), translated into English, but, I should think, little known, because the translation was printed in Germany; it contains scenes of Shakspeares life; „Des Dichters Tod“ (a Poet's [Camoëns'] Death); „Der Aufruhr in den Cevennen“ (The Revolt in the Cevennes), which is still unfinished, and will, I fear, never be concluded.

In his last productions, Tieck has returned to his old friends the fairies, but transplanted them into the present time. To effect this fully, he has even created a new kind of novel, *Die Märchen-Novelle* (the Fairy-tale Novel), and made use of it to attack the taste and the poets of our latest days. They display much with and fancy; but they are insupportably prolix — a fault into which Tieck has too often fallen; and, what in verse, they shew clearly that he has lingered behind the age. In one of them, he again ridicules his old *bête noire*, poor old Böttiger, whose monomania of praising every trifle is as old as himself, together with the washy poetasters of Dresden. In the other, he attacks the French romanticists (with whom he is not acquainted), and, in the fulness of his vanity, proclaims himself the last great German poet.

His lyrical poetry is agreeable and harmonious, but wants nerve: there is not a single song of Tieck's which has become popular: a circumstance which seems to me very remarkable in a poet, who is so evidently national and thoroughly German in all his other works. Of his translations, that of Don Quixote is worthy of the original author as well as of the translator; for I believe the spirit of this novel of novels has never been so well entered into and rendered into another tongue as by him.

Novalis, another of the guiding stars of the romantic school, or, to speak more properly, Friedrich von Hardenberg, (he borrowed his literary name from an estate which belonged to his family, and it was not an allegorical designation, as some believed, composed out of *nova* and *lis*,) was born on the 2nd of May, 1772, at Wiederstedt, in the county of Mannsfeldt. He studied the law at Jena, Leipzig, and Wittenberg, and mineralogy and geology at Freiberg. In 1799 he was appointed to the office of Assessor of the Salines in Weissenfels; and in 1800, that of Amtshauptmann (chief superintendent over all the officiers belonging to a bailliwick) of Thuringia. He died very young, on 25th March, 1801. Fr. Schlegel and Tieck were the editors of his posthumous works, which consist in an unfinished novel, some other fragments, and songs — most of them of a religious cast. There is much poetry in his works, principally in his novel, „Heinrich von Ofterdingen,“ (whose hero was one of the Minnesinger,) but a certain sickly weakness full of mysticism, which is unpalatable to those of healthy tastes. All the secrets which the romantic poets found in the Middle Age, are here intimated, but not revealed. A noble and poetical mind is every where visible — one full of love and faith, of devotion and a gentle melancholy — aspiring after the infinite and eternal, with a feeling which abides no vulgarity and meanness. His religious lyrics are the best we have of their kind.

There were two men in Germany who had great influence, but rather upon the principal members of the romantic school, than upon the nation: I mean Schelling, the famous philosopher, and Görres, the politician. I shall speak of the former only so far as he was connected with the Schlegels and their friends, for this is not, the place wherein to penetrate the depths of his philosophy). He lived at Jena, where he was Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy, and a scholar of Fichte, whose antagonist he became, inasmuch as he erected a new philosophical system in opposition to his master's. He wrote some poems under the name of „Bonaventura," which are to be found in Schlegel and Tieck's „Musenalmanach," and furnished philosophical ideas to the romantic poets. As the head of a philosophical school, he enjoys his old historical fame, but has been silent since 1813, though he still promises from year to year, a new-modelled promulgation of his system. Hegel dethroned him, but died before him; and when Hegel's chair at the Berlin University was offered to him, he rejected it with disdain. He is a man of great genius — perhaps too much of a poet for a philosopher; but he had formerly great influence upon the sciences in Germany, as the founder a new system of philosophical pantheism. Schelling was born on the 27th of January, 1775, at Leonberg, and lives as Professor of Philosophy, &c. at Munich.

Görres, also Professor at Munich, was born at Coblentz, the 25th January, 1776, and is famous, in more than one sense of the word, as one of the patriots and political writers of Germany during the tyranny of Napoleon, and the commonly so called Holy War, and as being the main stay of the Catholic Propaganda. He lent his support to the romantic school by aesthetical and philosophical inquiries, and by his profound studies of ancient German literature. He is, besides, a man of great talent and deep knowledge; but in political and religious matters a weathercock. His literary studies, particularly his work on the popular national works, („Die Deutschen Volksbücher,") and his collection of German national songs, („Altdeutsche Volks- und Meisterlieder,“) will be held in great esteem so long as this branch of national literature shall be cultivated in Germany.

Amongst the other adherents of the romantic school, Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, are to be considered as the most gifted. They are commonly mentioned together, because they were intimate friends, and prepared and published in conjunction that collection of popular national songs, „Des Knaben Wunderhorn,“ which has long been, and is still, a favourite with both young and old. There is a picture in the title-page of this work of a boy blowing the horn — (and with the hunting-horn many of our fairy tales are combined) — whence its title is derived. I agree cordially in what Heine says of this work: „I cannot enough praise this book; it contains the sweetest blossoms of German genius; and he who wishes to become acquainted with the German people, and consider them on the favourable side, must read these popular songs. There is a singular charm in them. The attempt of the artificial poets to imitate these productions of nature, is like our endeavour to make artificial mineral water; the chemists, it is true, have discovered the ingredients of which it is composed, but the indissoluble elemental power of nature escapes us. We feel in these songs the hearts-throbs of the German nation. Here the German anger beats the drum — here the German mockery whistles — here kisses German love. Here the genuine German wine and the genuine German tear drop in pearls; and the latter is sometimes far more precious than the former: there is much iron and salt in it. What a *naiveté* in fidelity — in infidelity what honesty!“ Let me add, that there is in them a poetry fresh from the heart, which God alone can give; and that our best modern poets, from Gœthe to Heine himself, have studied them with the same devotion as a Greek his Homer, or an Italian his Tasso and Dante. To Herder belongs the glory of having awakened the love for these songs amongst our higher classes; and equal praise must be given to Arnim and Brentano, for they brought our own national long-hidden treasures to light, and invited all Germany to enjoy them as a public good, accessible to all — old and young, high and low.

Ludwig Achim von Arnim, one of the editors of this precious collection, — a poet whose muse was caprice (as the same Heine wittily, but justly, observes), was born on the 26th January, 1781, at Berlin, or, according to others, in 1775, at Behrwalde. He studied medicine and natural philosophy at Göttingen, where he became Doctor of Medicine, and lived afterwards at Heidelberg with his friend Brentano, whose sister Bettina he married some years afterwards. He then dwelt alternately at Berlin, and on his estate at Wiepersdorf. An apoplectic fit ended his life unexpectedly on the 20th January, 1831. He was a man of great originality and remarkable talent; but though an adherent of the romantic school, he went his own way, and is not so well known in Germany as his works really deserve. In some degree he neglects form; but his imagination, on the other hand, is restless, and always new, though whimsical and odd. Everything which falls into his hands acquires another shape, other colours than it really possesses. His characters are borrowed from life, but they move in a new world, which has some resemblance to reality, but is not it. This is the principal fault of his conceptions, and, in my opinion, the reason why they did not please the multitude. They did not want life, though the life they possess is a peculiar one, but they wanted reality and poetical truth; such things, such characters, were not to be found anywhere — nay, they were even impossible, and appeared as such to the boldest fancy. We have novels, tragedies, and tales by Arnim; but they are known by very few, except the literary men whose duty it is in Germany to know all; and there are still fewer who like them, though every one must certainly be of opinion that their author is a genial poet. But Arnim, it must be admitted, is not happy in his conceptions — another reason why he has been so soon neglected. His heroes and heroines are not fresh, not blooming, though strong and remarkable; their features are not natural; there is always something distorted and affected in their figures as well as in their actions; they therefore never speak to the heart. Arnim's best and richest work is, in my opinion, his novel, „Armuth, Reichthum, Schuld, und Busse der Gräfin Dolores“ (Poverty, Wealth, Guilt, and Expiation of Countess Dolores), as it comes the nearest to reality; but, although it contains some excellent scenes and episodes, all its characters labour under the want already mentioned; and we feel no interest for the principal persons of the work. It is nature which we miss, and nothing can make up for its absence; neither a well-contrived plot, nor the originality of the actors, or the refined sallies of imagination. It is the same with all his other works as well as with his conceptions in verse: they do not come fresh from the heart, but are led through the labyrinths and abysses of a whimsical fancy, before they are presented to the reader. „Halle und Jerusalem, Studentenspiel und Pilgerabentheuer“ (Halle and Jerusalem, Student's Play and Pilgrim's Adventures), appears to me his richest and most successful dramatic poem; for, notwithstanding these faults, it contains a world of sweet and profound ideas — it is a treasury of tenderness and fancy. I wish that Arnim's poetical works were translated into English, for there is a certain fantastic turn of mind in them, which, I believe, would be highly relished.

Clemens Brentano, the Castor or Pollux of Von Arnim, was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in 1777. He studied at Jena, and, by turns, lived in that city, in his native place, and in Berlin, Vienna, and Heidelberg. He married, in 1805, the poetess, Sophie Mereau, after her divorce from her first husband; but their union did not last long, for she died the next year in childbed. Discontented with himself and with the world, he retired, in 1818, to the monastery of Dulmen, and after other wanderings went to Rome, where, in 1822, he became an active member of the Propaganda. He returned, in later days, to Frankfurt, where he resides in total seclusion. His first essays appeared under the name of „Maria,“ and attracted the attention of the literary world, particularly his novel „Godwin, oder das steinerne Bild der Mutter“ (Godwin, or the Statue of the Mother). This is, indeed, an original work, in more than one respect: in the first volume the poet, Maria, relates the life of the hero; and in the second, the hero, Godwin, relates the life and death of the poet Maria. It contains beautiful scenes, and, some excellent songs, and the whole is full of poetical life; but the author wants clearness, and under the influence of the romantic school, to which he belongs, feels himself unable to bring the different opposed elements of a rich but undeveloped world into harmony with each other. It was the same with his next works, principally dramatic, „Die lustigen Musikanten" (The Merry Musicians), „Ponce de Leon," a comedy, and others. They are not without fire, wit, and fancy; but the author cannot get rid of himself and of his confusions, and by this he wearies the reader without satisfying him. His „Der Philister in, vor und nach der Geschichte" (The Philistre before, in, and after History*)), is full of liveliness and pleasant fancy: it appeared in 1811, but has, if I mistake not, been prohibited, and is now exceedingly rare. Brentano never fulfilled the expectations he excited on his first appearance; and even his best drama, „Die Gründung Prags" (The Foundation of Prague), though remarkable for some beautiful and highly poetical scenes, is as much an evidence of the unsettled state of his mind, as all his other poems. Amongst his smaller tales may be found some of great merit, full of nature and truth, particularly „Die Geschichte vom braven Casperl und der schönen Annerl" (The History of the brave Caspar and pretty Nan). It cannot but be regretted, that so eminent and original a man took such a wrong path; for he deserves the sincerest thanks of our nation for the pains he took in collecting the songs of the Wunderhorn, as well as for the revival of a very fine old German tale, „Der Goldfaden" (The golden Thread), originally written

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*) The word *Philister* plays a great part in the cant of our young academical friends; it means every one who is no student, their professors excepted, and hence has become an epithet for a prosaic, tedious and awkward fellow. It is derived from the bad Latin word *balistarius* (the French *bélître*), not from the Philistines of the Bible, as some persons suppose. A pretty song of Langbein's, which begins „Wisst ihr was ein Philister heisst" (Do you know what one calls a Philister)? paints the man to the life; Brentano's satire is more general.

by George Wishrim; and for other similar patriotic endeavours.

These were the principal leaders and supporters of the romantic school; its other adherents are now almost forgotten, or, for the most part, not worth naming. It will be easily believed that they found obstinate antagonists; and the more so as they themselves spared their enemies no humiliation or mortification, and attacked them with unrelenting severity. Old Voss was their sincerest and noblest — Kotzebue their wittiest, but not their fairest, adversary. But that part of their principle which was good prevailed, as it will always do, and, as I said before, opened new and beautiful fields of German poetry, for all our later poets may be said to belong, more or less, to the romantic school. Before I turn to them, I must glance over the state of Germany at the end of the first period of the reign of Romanticism, in order to give the reader a clue by which he may unravel more than one singular phenomenon of the later times.

The tyranny of Napoleon pressed hard upon my poor country, and menaced it with the total extinction of its national spirit. Deeply was his yoke felt, and a party was formed in secret against the usurper and his minister. Our literary men were not the last who joined it, for the German Muses, too proud to praise the foreign conqueror, wore his chains with indignant silence. They were silent, but they garnered up their stones against better times. At last the signal of liberty was given; the glorious moment came, and an universal inspiration animated every heart. Every power was united in the same holy purpose; every discord disappeared; and the ground whence poetry sprung at that time, was the richest and worthiest of soils, for the seeds of every noble feeling of humanity, faith, and love, had been sown in consecrated earth, and the plant sprung up a noble one, nourished by the blood which had been joyfully shed for the sake of liberty. All classes joined heart and hand; princes and subjects were but one — one nation — one Germany; our poets wielded both a sword of iron, and the weapon of song. The struggle ended gloriously; the inspiration was a lasting one in many, for it was nobly based: but discontent too soon began to brood over the hearts of the people; when aristocracy was seen once more to lift its head, a feeling that the sons of the citizens had only sacrificed their lives, and shed their precious blood, to rescue for the sons of the nobility those privileges which Napoleon had crushed, spread like a secret poison among the multitude. Things were not quite so bad as the people believed; for, it was not the Emperor of France, but the wheel of time, which had originally crushed down the prerogatives of feudality; it was single cases of injustice, and a total neglect of the rights and merits of citizens, and yet more disappointed hopes and expectations, that engendered contrivances, the tendency of which was to alter the order of things, even by violence, if necessary. Many young men, who had fought in the holy war, had returned to the universities, and had brought back with them their patriotism in all its youthful vigour. Dissatisfied with the results of their devotion to the cause of their country, they felt themselves strong enough to attain, by their own help, what they desired and asked. The so-called *demagogischen Umtriebe* (demagogical conspiracies), were formed, and a violent re-action was the unavoidable consequence of their establishment. Kotzebue fell by the hand of a fanatic youth, who was one of those juvenile patriots, and a severe persecution began, which has recently been renewed for the third time; since, for the third time, fostered by the spirit of the time, and the events of the „Three Days,“ such conspiracies have been formed. The war of ideas begun as soon as the war against the usurper had ceased, and all Germany was divided into two parties, the aristocratic, and the liberal. I must repeat, that in general it is ideas and systems which are warring together, and not persons, for even the truest and most faithful *liberals* desire a quiet but sure reformation, not a revolution; and, assuredly, sooner or later, both parties will meet in reconciliation half way, guided by reason and justice.

But this time, so eagerly to be desired, is not yet come; and perhaps many another bitter and melancholy year must pass before it brings us its blessings. The struggle is still going on, and exerts its influence also upon Poetry, to her serious damage; for our politicians make use of her as of a weapon, and a great many lyric poems which have appeared of late years, have a political tendency. It is not a poet's vocation to augment the hatred of parties, so long as the sacred cause of humanity is not endangered by them: Lucan sung the Pharsalian battle when the civil war, of which it had been the result, was ended, and history had passed her judgment upon the merits of the cause.

Amongst the poets who distinguished themselves during the holy war, and even afterwards, by glorifying the blessings of freedom, with a pure heart and a really patriotic love of their nation, the following are to be considered as the greatest and most successful: — Theodor Körner, Max von Schenkendorf, Moritz Arndt, Friedrich Rückert, Ludwig Uhland, Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué etc.; but as most of them are still alive, and as, on the other hand, many younger writers have sprung up since that period, who have acquired a high poetical reputation, I believe it will be best for me to quit the path which I have hitherto pursued, and instead of enumerating one distinguished name after another, to give the reader a short survey of what has been performed in the different branches of German poetry in the course of the last twenty years. I shall, however, continue to dwell at length upon those: whose eminent talents deserve it, and to pass by the host of minor poets (their name is Legion), merely mentioning those who have distinguished themselves more or less, but cannot be considered as stars of the first order.

To begin with Lyric Poetry. It has been considered as dividing itself into three grand branches, which appear likely to remain unchanged. The first of these was created by Gœthe, whose manner I have already characterized. He had few imitators worthy of their model; but simplicity, nature, and truth, have been considered as the most necessary requisites of genuine lyrical powers, since his appearance; and it is to him, and to him alone, that Germany is indebted for an innovation, which has had the greatest and happiest influence.

At the head of the second branch, which is even more nationally German, stands Ludwig Uhland, praiseworthy not only for his excellent works, but also for the purity of his heart and character. If a stranger were to ask me, who is the most noble-minded, most patriotic, virtuous, and sincere public man in Germany, I should certainly answer, without the least deliberation, Ludwig Uhland, of Würtemberg! He was born at Tubingen, on the 26th of April 1787; studied the law at the university of his native town, took degree of Doctor in 1810, and, since 1812, has continued the practice of law at Stuttgart, where he was elected a member of the Chamber (Diet) of Würtemberg in 1819. In 1829 he became Professor of German literature at the University of Tübingen, a situation which he gave up, because it hindered his second election in 1833; preferring to be one of the deputies rather than a member of the university.

Uhland has written very little. A collection of poems, which has gone through *nine* editions since 1815 (a very rare thing with us), two tragedies, „Ernst von Schwaben," and „Ludwig der Baier," and some literary treatises, are all that he has published. His songs and ballads have made him the favourite of both sexes of all ages in his country. Here the German national character is to be found in its fullest truth and entireness. Uhland never paints the feelings of others as if they were his own; in all his works he writes from his own heart; and he is so natural, that every reader appears to recognise, in his works, his own, and, what is still more, his noblest sentiments. There is so much delicacy, united with the greatest dignity, and the most heartfelt glow of noble passions in his poems, that it seems impossible to separate the poet from the man. A rich, but calm (and, *therefore*, always victorious) imagination; a profound and lively conception of all that is beautiful, which feels an innocent childlike joy at the same time that it is conscious of the mind that reigns over the universe, and bows itself in adoration before it, fascination of style, graceful images, a perpetual good-nature, whether in earnest or in jest, a deep love of his Fatherland — all these precious qualities form the solid and unchanging basis, out of which the poetical conceptions of Uhland unfold themselves. Over all is spread an air of antique tranquillity, and a rare simplicity, which needs no outward ornaments. His eye wanders from heaven to earth; it penetrates into the recesses of the human heart, and the wonders of nature do not escape it; and his muse brings back with her, from all these flights, the richest treasures, of which the pure-hearted poet avails himself, to show the greatness of God and the nobility of the human mind in all their splendour. I could write of him through whole pages, and yet not praise him thoroughly to my own satisfaction, for his patriotism, his love of mankind, his noble nature, and all the beautiful qualities of his character. Never has a man been so universally loved and revered in Germany; and I never read or heard his name mentioned without demonstrations of respect, and declarations of sincerest affection.

Our younger lyrical poets, particularly those of the south of Germany, formed themselves in general, with more or less success, upon Uhland, while those of the north either went their own way, or united his and Gœthe's manner. Amongst the former must be mentioned GUSTAV SCHWAB, eminent for his ballads (he was born the 19th of January, 1795, at Stuttgart, lives there as Professor at the college, and is, with Chamisso, of whom I shall presently speak more at length), the editor of the German „Almanach of the Muses;“ JUSTINUS KERNER, physician in Weinsberg, born at Ludwigsburg, in 1786, famous for his belief in visions, which he set forth in a remarkable book, „Die Seherin von Prevorst;“ NICOLAUS LENAU, a pseudonymous author, by birth a Hungarian; ANASTASIUS GRÜN, also a pseudonymous poet, perhaps the same with the author of the „Rambles of a poet of Vienna“ (Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten); EDUARD DULLER, editor of the „Phenix“ Journal, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main; LUDWIG BECHSTEIN, librarian of the Duke of Meiningen; the brothers PFIZER, at Stuttgart; HENRIETTE OTTENHEIMER, a young lady of high talents at Regensburg (Ratisbon); N. ZIMMERMANN etc.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT is thoroughly original: a minstrel whose lyre has as many strings as his heart is full of noble and tender feelings, and his language rich in happy new-created words. He was born, in 1789, at Schweinfurt; studied at Jena, and was promoted to the chair as Privatdocent in 1811. After which he retired into private life, and was, from 1815 to 1817, occupied as editor of the „Morgenblatt," at Stuttgart, which he gave up to travel in Italy. On his return he lived for some time at Coburg, and was afterwards (in 1826) appointed professor of oriental literature at the University of Erlangen, where he is still residing. He published his first poems under the name of Freimund Raimar; they appeared in 1814 and 1815, and had altogether a patriotic and political tendency: his German songs were undoubtedly the most powerful of all which appeared at that period, and remarkable as much for their genuine feeling, as the bitter animosity with which they persecuted the common enemy. A rich and glowing imagination, brilliancy of wit, melody of versification — rare mastery over language, and the sincerest and deepest feelings, unite in his poems. As a poet, he may well be compared to a blooming tree, which scatters its blossoms in showers. There is a captivating delicacy in all his verses, by which the heart is won at the first moment; but this impression is not transient, as the most elevated and noblest thoughts alternate continually with the most innocent and tender feelings, as well, as with surprising flashes of wit and agreeable conceits. A new collection of Rückert's lyrical poems appeared lately, and has been welcomed with love and veneration by his countrymen. In this he shows himself as the true poet of love, for it is his own love story that he tells us in his songs; a greater sweetness and softness is rarely to be found; it is the same spirit which pervades Coleridge's beautiful „Genevieve," which reigns over all these little effusions of the tenderest heart, to which the pure and deep piety of their author gives a triple worth. Rückert is not so great as Uhland, in more than one respect: he is what we call in Germany only a subjective poet; his feelings are the only source of his songs; but in his own manner he possesses great and varied power, for, though prodigal, he only gives from his superfluity.

Ruckert has also distinguished himself as a very learned Orientalist; his translations of some specimens of Hindoo poetry, have almost the flexibility, richness, and suppleness of the natural German tongue, under the hand of such a master. He invented forms of words, and found out rhymes, which fifty years ago would have been deemed impossible.

Wilhelm Müller, the poet of the modern Greeks, — snatched away in the prime of life, to the grief of his friends; a man who, for the purity of his heart and the kindness of his disposition, was loved as an innocent child, — may be considered as an intermediate link between Gœthe and Uhland. He was born at Dessau, on the 7th of October, 1795; studied philology and history at Berlin, and afterwards served as volunteer in the Prussian army during the war against Napoleon. When the peace was concluded, he returned to his studies, and was subsequently appointed teacher at the college of his native town, and librarian of the Duke of Dessau. A disease of the heart put an end to his life on the 1st of Oct. 1827. He was a man of great learning, and one of our liveliest and most successful lyric poets; and his wine songs, which bear a strong resemblance to those by the father of the *vaudeville*, the old French miller Olivier Basselin, are still sung by young and old. All his poetry is distinguished by a rare heartiness and sincerity of feeling, cheerful views of life, a rich and powerful imagination, an intense love of nature, and the noblest passion for all that is right and good, expressed in language spirited and melodious. The first collection of his smaller poems appeared under the title of „Gedichte eines reisenden Waldhornisten“ (Poems of a travelling Horn-player); it consists of love and drinking songs, and, for their freshness, was well received: but his Greek songs, which were published in small pamphlets from 1821 till 1824, made a deeper impression; for never before had the cause of the then unfortunate sons of Hellas been pleaded with such power and passion, and in such noble language. Amongst them is an elegy on the death of Lord Byron, which appears to me as one of the best productions of the German muse. Müller's last work is called „Lyrische Reisen und epigrammatische Spaziergänge“ (Lyrical Journeys and epigrammatic Rambles), the first part of which includes songs written on his travels, not so sprightly as his earlier poems, but of a stronger passion; one, in particular, entitled „Vineta," is full of beauty and pathos. It is the voice of a spirit, who sends his melodious and melancholy complaint, accompanied by the strains of his heavenly lyre, from beneath the waves. It is founded on a popular tradition, that the once flourishing town Vineta, on the coast of Pomerania, was entirely covered by the sea, and that sometimes, on very quiet and clear evenings, the fishermen see its towers shining and hear the bells ringing beneath the waters, and are filled, by the sound, with such an invincible longing, that they cannot ever afterwards refrain from returning again and again to that place where they heard it first.

Müller has also written some novels, but they are not equal to his songs: there is too much mannerism, and too great an absence of probability in them. But his work on Rome and its inhabitants, and his Introduction to Homer, are excellent; the latter has, I think, been translated into English, — if not, it fully deserves to be. A collection of Italian popular songs, which he begun, has been finished and published by the author of this sketch, who loved the man as sincerely as he admired the poet.

Adelbert von Chamisso (whose full name is Louis Charles Adelaide de Chamisso de Boncourt), a Frenchman by birth, may undoubtedly be considered the chief of the poets of North Germany. He was born at the castle of Boncourt, in Champaign, on the 27th of January 1781. He was compelled, when very young, by the French revolution, to leave his country; went to Berlin, where, in the year 1798, he entered the king's service as page, and, two years later, obtained a lieutenancy in Götz's regiment. Having, in the year 1808, given this up, he returned to France, where, in 1810, he became, for a short time, Professor at the Lyceum of Napoleonville. But this situation did not suit his taste; he therefore returned to Berlin, and zealously engaged in the study of physics and botany. From 1815, to 1818, Chamisso accompanied the Russian Captain, Otto von Kotzebue, as naturalist, on a voyage round the world; and afterwards, in 1819, took up his residence at Berlin where he has resided ever since, and is become altogether German in his character, as well as in his poetry, which was written in our language. His first production was a tale, which de la Motte Fouqué introduced to the world; it relates the fate of a man, Peter Schlemihl, who has lost his shadow, and being, therefore, outcast by the world, seeks his happiness in a higher and more spiritual life. Its deep meaning, and the very agreeable and fanciful manner in which it was told, won the hearts of all readers; it has been translated into English, French, Dutch, and Spanish, and still remains a favourite in Germany. In 1831 a collection of Chamisso's lyrical poems appeared, and Germany soon learned to honour him as one of its first living poets. An impressive seriousness, as of one wounded by the follies of the world, prevails in his songs; with a mighty and harmonious voice, he utters his passionate love of liberty, justice, and truth, — changing at times its tone, and attacking the vanities of men with bitter and sarcastic ridicule. But softer feelings have a place in his breast, and his muse loves to dwell upon the happiness of domestic life, and to praise the sweeter affections of the soul. It is astonishing what a command Chamisso possesses over our language; no one has employed the *terze rime* of the Italians in our literature with such success; his „Salas y Gomez" is a masterpiece in every respect. He has only one fault, and this fault must be referred to his French origin; he is too eager after effect, particularly in his epic poems, and often therefore selects subjects which are more fit for a melodrama, than a simple German poem: it seems as if his complete mastery over the mechanical difficulties of his art, sometimes led him too far in his choice of subject. This and a somewhat aristocratic tendency, though of a high and ennobling character (and Chamisso is noble minded in everything), hinder his poetical productions from becoming so popular as they really deserve. I must not be forgotten that Chamisso in also very distinguished as a naturalist. He is at present occupied on a narrative of his travels, which includes his autobiography, and will, undoubtedly, be received by his adopted country as a very valuable and precious gift.

The last and newest direction which our lyrical poetry has received, and this only very lately, has been from the hand of Heinrich Heine, who, in a sort of voluntary exile, and not long since, chose Paris for his residence, in which city he lives, equally dividing his time between German poetry and French journalism. He was born at Dusseldorf, in 1797, and received a very careful education. The events of his youth — namely, the triumph and fall of Napoleon — exerted a strong and lasting influence upon his poetical mind, and very early directed his attention to the wonders of history. Having been destined for commerce, he was sent to Hamburg, in which opulent city his uncle is one of the principal bankers. But the young poet's mind found no pleasure in being busied with money and figures, and, at last, he obtained permission to give up trade, and enter upon the study of the law at Göttingen, Bonn, and Berlin. A collection of his smaller poems, juvenile essays, appeared in 1822, but was not very successful. He was more fortunate with two tragedies and a lyrical intermezzo, published two years later, and received with general applause, as also were his „Reisebilder“ (Pictures of Travels), for there was something new, fresh, and entirely original in his manner, which had hitherto been almost unknown in Germany. When he had finished his studies, and taken his degree as Doctor *utriusque juris*, he returned to Hamburg, but soon changed his residence to Munich, where he took an active part in the editing of a political journal, in conjunction with the well-known publicist Murhard. During this time he visited England and the north of Italy, and returned afterwards to Hamburg, in the vicinity of which, and Wandsbeck, he spent some time in quiet retirement, studying very earnestly the history of all possible revolutions. The glorious days of July came; Heine, who had already shown himself as one of the steadiest and most powerful adversaries of the aristocracy, went to Paris, whence, from time to time, he sends his books, each of them an open manifesto of democratism, to Germany. His principal works are — „Gedichte“ (Poems), „Tragödien, mit einem Lyrischen Intermezzo“ (the abovementioned tragedies), „Reisebilder,“ „Französische Zustände“ (Sketches of the State of France after the July Revolution), „Buch der Lieder“ (Book of Songs), „Zur

Geschichte der neuesten deutschen Literatur" (On modern German Literature), **„Der Salon"** (The Salon).

As a lyrical poet he opened a new path; his *humour* was the basis of his songs *), — himself the hero; but instead of showing himself purified and ennobled by his muse, he has been, on the contrary, too apt to represent his character with all the weakness, the scorn, the mockery, and the discontentedness, which are peculiar to the age we live in, though always in strongest opposition to the spirit of the time, if we look forward to a new era, in which nature and truth will and must be the leading principles. It cannot be denied, that Gœthe closed one period, and the following one opened with Heine; but Heine is not the creator of this new system, he is only the destroyer of the prejudices of the past. He is, nevertheless, undoubtedly a great poet — till now, the greatest amongst those of the rising generation, for he possesses a fine imagination, and sometimes a rare sweetness and delicacy of feeling; his wit is brilliant and striking — his style as melodious as a fairy song: but, notwithstanding all these eminent qualities, he wants one thing, which want assuredly hinders him from being considered as the first poet of the new era, or even as the leading star of his party, and this is mental chastity; for he cares not by what means he attains his poetical aims. His conceptions have nothing which elevates the mind, for he always displays himself at variance with the world, and considers his various talents not as the virgin attendants of his muse, but as the fettered slaves of his scorn. He feels so much contempt for his enemies, that he is not ashamed to show himself as impudent as they are. Thus, for instance, in the following verses, addressed to a certain class of his readers, he says —

Selten habt Ihr mich verstanden,
Selten auch verstand Ich Euch;
Nur wenn wir im Koth uns fanden,
Da verstanden wir uns gleich.

(You understood me very rarely, and rarely I understood you; but when we found ourselves grovelling in the dirt, we understood one another immediately.)

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*) The reader is referred to the explanation of the sense in which Germans use the word *humour* (Humor), which I gave heretofore.

It is in the same spirit that he often awakens the noblest feelings, and then ends the song or the period with a sarcastic sneer or ridiculous image, in which he holds up to scorn all he had said before, and turns his bitter mockery upon himself, as well as the object of his songs.

As a satirist, Heine is powerful and energetic, but he is often too personal, and disdains no weapon for the gratification of his love or his hatred. This was particularly the case in his war against Count Platen, a skilful versifier, but a very insignificant poet, who began by attacking Heine and his friend Immermann, in two miserable dramatic satires. Heine retorted in a pungent and bitter strain, and accused his antagonist, with all the richness and malignity of his wit, of an abominable crime. This audacious sword-player's trick (for such it is — a *sepllona* against Count Platen's *parroli*), greatly increased the number of Heine's enemies in Germany, and threw dark shades upon his character as a man: but he is a thousand times better than report has declared him; I know him, by experience, to be a noble-minded man, a faithful friend, a sincere worshipper of all that is really great and sublime, but, at the same time, an unrelenting enemy, and one too often led astray by his wounded — (I will not say vanity, it is nobler than this weakness of the mind) — self-esteem. His sharp-sightedness in politics is astonishing: he looks with the eyes of a historian and of a poet into the most intricate state questions, and hits the point at the first moment. The same happy talent is developed by him in his sketches on German literature, but, on the other hand, these are chargeable with a certain broad loquacity, which is peculiar to him, and to which, though it may be considered as the germ of his popularity, he abandons himself too often and too willingly.

It is in these three paths that our latest lyrical poets have moved, and are still moving. The poets of the North of Germany adopted in general the manner of Gœthe (Schiller found very few disciples — Christian Schreiber is the best amongst them), while those of the South followed Uhland. The adherents of Heine in this way are, with few exceptions, mere imitators of his outward manner; and there is not one of these heart-broken, melancholy, and satirical minstrels, who has distinguished himself as a man of talent: they resemble him who took possession of the sword of a valiant knight, but had not the power to wield it.

No kind of poetry has been so sedulously cultivated with us as lyric song. It would exceed all reasonable bounds of time and space, were I to give only a catalogue, with the briefest notices, of them all; I must, therefore, leave the pleasure of making their acquaintance to the private studies of such readers as desire a more thorough and more extensive knowledge of our literature, than I can afford them in the limited boundaries of this sketch.

DRAMATIC Poetry has been in favour in Germany ever since the time of Schiller: but Schiller still remains unsurpassed. Amongst his successors, the noble and brave THEODOR KÖRNER must be considered as his strictest imitator. He was born on the 23rd of September, 1791, at Dresden — (his father was an intimate friend of Schiller's), — received an excellent education at home, and afterwards studied at Freiberg and Leipzig. When he had finished his academical course he went to Berlin, afterwards to Vienna, where he became poet of the Imperial theatre. He left this place on the breaking out of the German war against Napoleon, followed General Lutzow, the leader of the famous body of volunteers, as his adjutant, and met his death in a skirmish near Gadebusch, in Mecklenburg, the 25th of August, 1813. There was a time when his name lived in the hearts of all Germans; his patriotic songs, which appeared under the title „Leier und Schwerdt" (Lyre and Sword), were sung by young and old, who proclaimed him, in their enthusiasm, as the first of their poets; but this exaggerated admiration slackened in the years which succeeded, and though Körner is still highly esteemed as a man and a patriot, and even some of his songs are yet heard with rapture, some for the sake of the happy melodies which were adapted to them, it is generally agreed that he was rather a skilful imitator of Schiller, than a real and original poet. The truth of this assertion is particularly confirmed by his tragedies, which are, more or less, mere copies of Schiller. His style is poetical; his conceptions manifest skill and talent, but he wants originality and depth. He would, perhaps, have better developed his genius, had a longer life been granted to him, and had he not produced his works too early before a public, which was not capable of understanding their merits or their defects, and applauded them as masterpieces, being deceived by the excellence of their style, and their dramatic effect *).

Ernst August Friedrich Klingemann stands next on the list. He was born at Brunswick, on the 31st of August 1777, and died there on the 25th of January 1831, Doctor of Philosophy and manager-general of the Ducal theatre. He is far inferior to Körner; for all his dramatic works (Luther, Moses, Faust, Columbus &c), are merely put together with an eye to effect, and possess no real poetical life and strength. They pleased the multitude by their pompous dialogue, and the sumptuousness of their spectacle, but very soon disappeared from the stage, and are already, with few exceptions, totally forgotten.

A third imitator of Schiller's is Joseph von Auffenberg, born at Freiburg in Breisgau, in 1798, chamberlain and captain in the service of the Grand-Duke of Baden, a writer not without talent, but that talent rather rhetorical than poetical. His dialogue is sprightly and vivacious, and the arrangement of the plot of his plays is mostly well managed; but he has no creative genius, and borrows the fable of his tragedies from various sources, most frequently from Sir Walter Scott, whose novels he dramatized for our stage, and with success. He is a fruitful author, for he has written about twenty tragedies, and two or tree novels, since 1817, when he made his first appearance.

Besides these, we have some dramatic poets who walked in a path of their own (though they followed the direction of Schiller), and gave their creations an ideal form. They did so from an internal conviction that this latter was the best and most adequate to their purposes; and they possessed enough original energy not to become mere imitators. First amongst them, and

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*) An excellent translation has been lately published of the songs of Körner — (see Athenaeum, No. 306.)

even, in more than one respect, the greatest tragic poet of the nineteenth century in our country, was Heinrich von Kleist, whose life may, itself, be called a sorrowful tragedy. He was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, on the 10th of October 1776; entered military life very early, and took an active part in the campaign on the Rhine. After his return, from 1799 till 1801, he studied the law in his native town, where an university flourished at that time, and was then appointed to an office under Struensee. The unhappy battle of Jena, and its dreadful consequences, obliged him to fly to Königsberg, but the French arrested him as soon as he came back, and he resided for some time, as a prisoner, at Joux, and afterwards at Chalons. He was released again in 1807, and took up his abode in Dresden, and after the year 1810 in Berlin; but the unhappy fate of his native country weighed heavily upon him. A female friend of his, a Madame Vogel, who was suffering from an incurable disease, made him promise, in some gloomy moment, that he would put an end to her life, when her malady had reached a certain point, after which nothing but the most terrible pains awaited her. Kleist, to whom life was an insupportable burthen, gave the promise — and fulfilled it. He destroyed her and himself, by a pistol-shot, in a little wood near Potsdam, on the 21st of November, 1811. A complete edition of his works has been published by Tieck; they consist of several tragedies, two comedies, and a series of excellent tales, amongst which that of „Kohlhaas,“ is especially remarkable. A rich and bold imagination, vigour and depth of feeling, and a noble and highly poetical dialogue, give his dramas a great and permanent value; and his endeavour to bring the weakness of mankind into harmony with its strength, and to show how the one can exist with the other in the same person, without moral blame, deserves grateful acknowledgment. It is not to be denied, that he sometimes falls into mistakes; but errors of this kind are a strong proof of his kind heart and his excellent sentiments. In him Germany lost one of her noblest sons: it is painful to reflect upon the things he might have performed, had he possessed the moral courage to endure those days which cast him down. His drama,

„The Prince of Hessen Homburg,“ is, in my opinion, a masterpiece: there is such a deep knowledge of the human heart, and its lights and shades, in this work, that it approaches Shakespeare's and Gœthe's conceptions of the same species. Another drama, founded upon a popular legend, „Käthchen von Heilbronn,“ full of the metaphysics of love, is still a favourite with the German public; it has, unluckily, been altered and adapted for stage representation, by the bad taste of Herr von Holbein, who, as a manager, preferred the theatrical effects upon the five senses of the spectators to the poetical one upon their feelings.

According to the best of my judgment, Karl Immermann deserves to be placed next to Kleist. He was born at Magdeburg, on the 24th of April, 1796, and lives at Dusseldorf, as counsellor of the court of justice. In his first literary essays, Immermann took Shakespeare for his model, but had not determined how far he should go in his imitation of the great English bard. They did not, therefore, find a reception equal to their deserts; a want of success, which embittered the feelings of their author, and had a disadvantageous effect upon his later compositions. He is, nevertheless, a real poet, and each of his dramatic works brought him a step nearer to the ideal of his imagination; he became more and more correct, firmer, and more earnest as he proceeded, and his last works, particularly his „Trauerspiel in Tyrol“ (The Tyrolese Tragedy), „Kaiser Friedrich,“ „Alexis,“ and „Merlin,“ claim for him a place next to our first poets. A genuine nobility is inherent in his mind: and Heine was certainly not wrong, when he called him an *eagle;* his spirit soars like the king of birds, high above the common earth, and is full of vigour, magnanimity, and gentleness; his soul glows with generous passion, and, notwithstanding his hatred of the meanness of our times, he is warmly and faithfully attached to his native land. A day will come when Immermann's merits will be acknowledged, though it may not be, perhaps, till long after his death, according to the common fate of men: but the applause of posterity will not be denied to him. The influence of his love for Shakespeare especially manifests itself in some of his comedies, amongst which his „Verkleidungen“ is full of the true spirit of comedy, the effects of which will always be fresh and new. His scattered satires, „Skizzen und Grillen“ (Sketches and Whims), are masterpieces of wit and waggery.

Ernst Benjamin Salomon Raupach is quite the opposite to Immermann. He was born on the 21st of May, 1784, at Straupitz, in Silesia, and is the most prolific of modern dramatists, for he produces a new tragedy almost every month, and, in the interval, comedies and farces. They call him the Schiller of Berlin; and they may do so, for he is as artificial a Schiller as the whole life at Berlin is an artificial life — not a touch of nature to be found in either. He is a man of great talent, but rhetorical rather than poetical. If tragedies could be composed by the understanding alone, and required not the inspiring breath of the heart, he would certainly be one of our first dramatic poets, for his understanding is what we call in Germany hair-splitting, and reigns over his imagination as over a slave; but as all, in his works, which concerns the heart and affections, is not derived from himself, but borrowed from others, his conceptions are merely so many calculations, to which the understanding gives the solution. His comedies, too, want nature, and abound in exaggerations. Of his tragedies, his „Isidor und Olga,“ and „König Enzio,“ may be considered the best; of the latter „Die Schleichhändler“ (The Smugglers). His poetical language is always highly correct, and full of rhetorical beauties; but the beggar is still a beggar, though he be tricked out in the royal purple.

I could mention many more worthy names in this place, but it would lead me too far, if I were to dwell at length upon each; I shall, therefore, only direct the reader's attention to them by a short notice. They are — **Jens Oehlenschläger**, a Dane, born at Friedrichsberg, near Copenhagen, in 1799, who wrote likewise German tragedies, and who would stand next to Schiller, were he not at times too sentimental; as, for instance, in his „Correggio.“ His best production is „Hakon Jarl;“ the gigantic character of this northern hero was felt by the poet. — **Christian Grabbe**, born in 1811 *), at Detmold, whose „Heinrich VI.,“ „Napoleon und die Hundert Tage" (Napoleon and the Hundred Days), „Faust und Don Juan," are the productions of a genius rich and lofty, but irregular and wild. — Michael Beer, the author of „Struensee," who died very young, two years ago; and Eduard Gehe; G. A. von Maltitz; F. F. von Maltitz, who finished the fragments of „Demetrius," left by Schiller; E. von Schenk, the author of „Belisarius;" von Uechtritz, the author of „Darius" &c. &c.

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*) † 1836.

For a time the drama took a new direction, and, an evidence of the bad taste then reigning, found many applauders. Fortunately, however, this influence did not last long; and the same critics who praised it as sublime, now look upon it with contempt. It might be called the drama of *fatalism;* and its tendency consisted in representing man under the dominion of a dark and mysterious power, which fixed his destiny, and forced him to the performance of good or evil deeds, without any freedom of his own will. This was not the *Fate* of the Greeks, but a mixture of the old superstition with modern bigotry, Rosicrucianism, and the other secret societies. At the head of the dramatists who eagerly seized upon these new materials, stand two men, each remarkable and endowed with great talents, I mean Werner and Müllner.

Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner, born in Königsberg, on the 18th of November, 1768; went through his studies in his native town, and was afterwards appointed secretary to the military and domanial chamber at Petrikau, and from thence removed to Warsaw. But he quitted this career, after having been twice unhappy in marriage, and between the years 1806 and 1809, he occupied himself in travelling. It was at Rome, in 1810, that he forswore the religion of his fathers, and became a proselyte to Catholicism. Not content with this change, he was ordained as a Roman Catholic priest, at Aschaffenburg, in 1814, and went to Vienna, where, in the year 1821, he entered the order of the *Redemptorists*, in which he distinguished himself by mystical public sermons. His career was ended by death on the 17th of January 1823. He was undoubtedly a man of real poetical genius, but he wanted taste, clearness, and tranquillity; a gloomy and illregulated fancy, which seduced him at last to a dark and sullen mysticism, an insatiable vanity, and a love for all that is eccentric, destroyed in him the blossoms of promise even in their infancy. He tried to raise that mysterious influence of a secret power just alluded to, to the dignity of tragedy, and introduced it under the form of immediate messengers from God, who lead the hero through misfortune and suffering. Man is predestined, and, therefore, deprived of free will; his virtuous endeavourings are of no avail with God, and he *must* do good or evil according to his destiny. Such was his doctrine, and his dramatic works contain nothing else than its working out. They reached their points of culmination in his „Twenty-fourth of February“ (Der vier und zwanzigste Februar), a play which is the same in its story as Lillo's „Fatal Revenge,“ with this difference, that in the English drama it is the father who kills his son, impelled by want and avarice, while in Werner's it is the destiny of the whole family to commit a crime on the 24th of February, because they are under the influence of a curse; and on the last of these anniversaries, the father ends this catalogue of guilt by murdering his unfortunate son, who having escaped the massacre of the Swiss guards in the French revolution, comes to him as a stranger. The scene is laid at a solitary inn in Switzerland, actually existing, the innocent landlord of which was for a time exceedingly troubled by curious and sentimental travellers, who came to see the place where the horrible deed had been committed, and who believed him to be the heir, or a relation at least, of Master Kunz Kuruth, the infanticide, who was a pure creation of Werner's *). There are, nevertheless, in this play, as in all of Werner's works, poetical beauties of a high order, profound thoughts, and a religious ardour, which deepen our regret that one so highly gifted should wander so far astray. At the end of his life Werner detested all these profane works, and devoted his talents only to religious purposes, pious songs, and sermons, filled with all the fire and smoke of mystical Catholicism. An excellent biography of this remarkable man has been written by Hitzig *).

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*) It has been said that Goethe was the cause of Werner's writing this play. While the latter was at Weimar, where he converted ladies (and their maids into the bargain), to his extraordinary doctrines, the former one day said to him, their conversation turning upon what the German stage wanted, „Write a play in which you curse; and another in which you bless.“ Werner wrote the „Twenty-fourth of February“ only, and would boast himself on having cheated Goethe, because he had only cursed, and not blessed. The play was first brought out at Weimar, under Goethe's superintendence.

Werner's successor, MÜLLNER, acquired likewise a doubtful reputation, not merely as a poet, but, at the same time, as one of the most malicious and biting critics Germany ever possessed. His full name is Amandus (*lucus à non lucendo*) Gottfried Adolph Müllner. Born at Langendorf, near Weissenfels, on the 18th of October, 1774; he received a very good education at the renowned college Schulpforte, and afterwards, from 1793 to 1797, studied the law at Leipzig. Bürger, who was his uncle, encouraged his inclination for poetry. In 1790 he took up his residence, as a lawyer, at Weissenfels, and lived there to the end of his days. Latterly, however, he gave up his profession, and occupied himself only with poetry and criticism. He died of apoplexy on the 11th of June, 1829.

His tragedy, „Die Schuld" (The Guilt), which, if I mistake not, has been translated into English, made an immense noise on its first appearance; and its author was considered as a new guiding star on the horizon of German dramatic poetry. It is nothing but the last act of a criminal lawsuit, dressed in a poetical garb, written in excellent verse, and (the fault, strangely enough, was overlooked by all contemporary critics), is totally without action, — the last scene of the last act excepted. The *Fate* which Müllner introduced here, is, as Menzel justly observes, a mere caricature of Werner's Evil Genius. Two other tragedies of the same author, „Ingurd," and „Die Albaneserin" (The Albanian Lady), have the same good qualities, and the same defects. But Müllner possessed great genius for comedy, and his works in that style may be considered as the best we have; they are still welcome upon our stage, while his tragedies are only produced if a strolling actor, who thinks that he makes a good figure as one of their heroes, wishes to show himself off. As a critic, Müllner might have acquired a salutary influence over this abased branch of our literature, for he was a man of great learning and ability; but he proved himself to be mean and egotistic, moved only by personal interest and envy. A lover of scandal will find a sufficient feast for his appetite in anecdotes which concern his life, in Müllner's biography, which was written by his worthy friend, Professor Schutz, the younger. There was not one man in all Germany, who, at his death, bewailed him with a „*have pia anima*,“ for he was universally hated or feared.

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*) Lebensabriss F. L. Werner's, Berlin 1823.

The drama of fatalism very soon disappeared from our stage. A few of our younger poets cultivated it, as, for instance, GRILLPARZER, HOUWALD, PASSE &c., but they very early forsook it, and their attempts are almost forgotten.

The state of the German stage, and the want of sufficient laws concerning the rights of dramatic authorship, with other private reasons, induced many of our best poets to write dramatic productions which are not adapted to theatrical representation. To this class belong the „Faust“ of Gœthe, the dramatic fairy tales of Tieck, La Motte Fouque's „Sigurd,“ Eichendorf's and Menzel's fairy tales &c. all of which deserve to be highly commended to the reader.

Comedy has not been cultivated with success since the time of KOTZEBUE. Upon this author I need not dwell long, as his works and his dreadful death are sufficiently well known in England. Notwithstanding his vulgarity and shallowness, his works still keep their place on our stage, and the multitude go to see them with pleasure; a proof how low is the present state of our comic drama. We cannot boast of a Moliere, a Holberg, or a Sheridan; our best productions of this kind are translations or imitations of foreign models. Some comedies, however, of a higher class have been written by H. von Kleist, Müllner, Contessa, Immermann, Steigentesch &c. As Kotzebue's best successor, and one who in some points rises above him, we may mention JULIUS VON VOSS, who was no embellisher of vice and folly, like that unfortunate victim of political fanaticism, but showed them in their real light, and presented striking pictures of the spirit of the time to the public; he wrote, however, too much and too fast, so that his works have no claim whatever to be considered as perfect. His best plays are „Künstler's Erdenwallen“ (The Artist's Earthly Pilgrimage), and „Die blühende und die verblühte Jungfrau“ (The blooming and the faded Virgin), two bitter, but striking, satires. Töpfer, another play-wright of some reputation, is not without talent for inventing and directing a dramatic plot, but has no idea of character. Clauren (K. Heun), of whom I shall say more hereafter, amused the pit for some time with rich uncles and poor nephews, bridegrooms from Mexico, with a fortune of some twenty millions, who married modest sempstresses &c., but has outlived his fame. In general we derive our supplies from Paris, whose fertile theatres supply our manufacturers for the stage with sufficient store, so that every week brings us some new *bluette*, as superficial as its original author, and as dull as its translator. Theodore Hell (whose real name is Winkler), Angely, Kurländer &c. &c., are our purveyors, and have, in some respects, made a trade of it.

The Opera was also long neglected, for the book of a German opera was the dullest and flattest thing to be found, till, very lately some poets of talent as Gehe, F. Kind (the poet of Freischütz), Robert, Raupach, Helmine von Chezy (the authoress of Euryanthe) &c., took it under their protection, and wrote some very good dramas for music.

Epic Poetry has rather been neglected than cultivated amongst us during the last thirty years; at least, all those kinds of epic poetry which are subjected to severe rules of form. There are some reasons why there is no inclination to be found in Germany for the serious Epopee; the principal ones may be, that its time is quite gone by, that it does not please the multitude, and that we have no national form of our own for it, for neither the classic hexameter, nor the romantic stanza, will ever be naturalized among us. The novel has occupied its place. It is our modern national epic poem; and since Klopstock's „Messiah,“ we have no work of this kind to show, which has gained the love of the multitude, though some poets of talent have tried their hands at it. The best production in this style, has been written in the ancient measure, by Friedrich von Sonnenberg (born at Münster, on the 5th of September, 1799; he studied the law, and afterwards led a private life in Jena, and killed himself, in a fit of insanity, the 22nd of November, 1805); it is named „Donatoa," and has the end of the world for its theme. It contains some very beautiful passages, but too irregular a fancy, and a want of distinctness pervade it, so that it is now almost forgotten. Ernst Schulze, a young man of great talents, but who died in the flower of his age, was more fortunate. He is the author of two romantic epics, „Die bezauberte Rose" (The enchanted Rose), and „Cæcilie," of which the former won the prize in a poetical contention, and is still the favourite of our ladies, especially for the beauty and melody of its verses: when considered with a critical eye, these are nothing more than happy imitations of Italian models. The attempts of La Motte Fouqué, Louise Brachmann, Teuscher, Ebert, Duller, Bechstein, Anastasius Grün, and some of the younger poets, are more or less worthy of a passing mention, but not of sufficient importance to call for longer notice.

The Poetical Tale has been studied more carefully, and we can boast of many very happy in conception, particularly those of a comic cast. Amongst the poets who cultivated it, Friedrich Kind, Stephan Schutze, and R. G. Prætzel were the most successful. Kind's „Stieglitz" (The Goldfinch), is the best poem of the kind that I know in any literature.

But the lustre of our modern poetry shines brightest in the *Novel*. We may regard it as a vase of the most perfect form, into which we have poured all our national spirit and character; it is the truest mirror of our time and its movements. The reader will remember that I have already said how much we were indebted to English models for our former essays in this branch of literature. The holy war opened for it new paths, and made it truly national; but it is our fault to be too much addicted to reflection, and we should never of our unassisted selves have given the novel that universal tendency, which it demands to fill the place of the epic, and to show, as Shakspeare says, „the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.“ It was reserved for the Great Unknown, to be the teacher, not alone of Germany, but of all Europe. The novels of Sir Walter Scott won the attention of the world, for they represented the connexion of the individual with his time, and showed how all the interests of mankind, present, past, and future, in their different relations, were to be united under a poetical form. We did not merely adopt the historical novel alone, but we united it with other contrivances, whence the novel presently reached once more that height, which it had already occupied during the middle ages; it became, for the second time, the Epopee of the universe in its freest form. Our first poets conceived its importance, and cherished it under this new form. As chiefs in the different styles of novel writing, I must mention L. Tieck, La Motte Fouqué, Steffens, Hoffmann, and Spindler.

Tieck is already known to the reader, I need, therefore, only refer to what I said of him heretofore, and shall proceed to the author of the most beautiful fairy-tale, „Undine,“ that has ever been written in our language. Friedrich, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, the descendant of a family of noble French refugees, who settled in Prussia, was born at Brandenburg, on the 12th of February 1777. He entered the Prussian military service very early, took an active part in the campaign of the Rhine, and afterwards passed his life in quiet retirement, till the war of 1813 began. He then served again as lieutenant in the Brandenburg regiment of cuirassiers, till the Prussian army reached the Rhine, when his health forced him to retire from the service, which he did with the rank of major. He he has since lived, in succession, at his estate Nennhausen, near Rathenau, at Berlin, and Halle, at which last place he still resides. A. W. von Schlegel introduced him first into the poetical world, under the name of Pellegrino, but he presently ceased to require a patron, and, for a long period, was the favourite of the reading world; it is, therefore, the more curious that he has altogether outlived his fame. I will endeavour to show the reason of this.

La Motte Fouqué followed, as a poet, the steps of Tieck, and chose, as subjects for his novels and poems, the heroic traditions of the North and of Germany. Being endowed with originality, vigour, and a rich and glowing imagination, and reproducing in his works times and deeds in themselves interesting, which had the avantage of being entirely new to the reader, he very soon won the hearts of the multitude. His „Undine,“ his „Zauberring“ (The Magical Ring), his „Thiodolf“ (the hero is an Icelander), charmed the public; and there was a time when La Motte Fouqué, and only La Motte Fouqué, was *à l'ordre du jour*, and to be found upon the toilets of our ladies, as well as in the studies of our learned men. But when that love of all which belonged to our forefathers, and was true German (or at least believed so), had ceased, Fouqué's glory began to decline, and malignant critics presently discovered, first, that he possessed an insupportable aristocratism of mind, united with all the bigotry which in Germany is peculiar to those of his class; secondly, that he painted those heroic times in a very modern manner, for his knights were idealized Prussian officiers, his minstrels sentimental modern poets, his Ritterfraülein affected Berlin ladies, and his horses (for horses play a great part in his novels) more cunning than their riders; and that, thirdly and lastly, he had fallen into an intolerable mannerism in his later works. All these charges are true, but the first fault was the more fatal one; for the spirit of the age had taken the form of open hostility against aristocratic pretensions, and La Motte Fouqué sunk accordingly as low in the esteem of the nation, as he had fomerly been exalted. He is nevertheless a real poet, and future generations, which will not concern themselves with the war of political principles now raging, or be influenced by it in critical research, will certainly acknowledge him as such.

HENRIK STEFFENS, a Norwegian by birth, but naturalized in Germany since the year 1804, had gained great fame as a philosopher (of the school of Schelling), and as much censure for his theological controversies (which degenerated into disagreable quarrels), before he entered on a poetical career, in which, too he proved himself to be a man of distinguished talents.

Born at Stavanger, in Norway, on the 2nd of May, 1773, he studied at Helsingör and Copenhagen in 1790, was adjunct of the University of Kiel, made several journeys, and afterwards lived at Copenhagen till he got a Professorship at Halle. The war of 1813 interrupted his studies; he followed the Prussian eagle, as a volunteer, to France, and afterwards resumed his professorship of physics at Breslau, which he had occupied since the year 1811. He has resided at Berlin since the death of Hegel, as professor of philosophy. It was in 1826 that he entered the lists as a novelist with his „Walseth und Leith,“ a series of tales, which form a novel, but each is at the same time complete in itself. They soon attracted the attention of the public, and Steffens was justly proclaimed as one of our best writers of fiction. Two similar works soon followed, „Die vier Norweger“ (The Four Norwegians), — his heroes are always Norwegians, — and „Malcolm:“ they gave universal satisfaction, and confirmed his well-deserved fame. He aspires at comprehending the entire of human life, with all its natural and psychological phenomena, and at representing the vast results which must arise therefrom. But he is too *subjective*, for he considers as his principal aim the exposition of his own views, sentiments, and experiences; and as all the several parts must necessarily harmonize with the whole, and work upon it, he accumulates situations, and events, which his vast fantasy is never tired of creating, till, from this very cause, he entangles his plots; and as he desires rather to be correct in the order of his ideas than in that of the events, he confounds the latter too often, without respect to time, so that it becomes difficult for the reader to follow the thread of his stories. This is certainly wrong, but we can almost excuse it, for the sake of his wonderful imagination, the vivacity and the truth of his pictures, his deep knowledge of man, and his beautiful style. Like a prodigal, he throws about his poetical riches on every side; but he never grows poor, for his treasures are inexhaustible.

As the faithful imitator of Sir Walter Scott's manner, but, nevertheless, original in himself, appears **Charles Spindler**, born, towards the close of the last century, I believe, at Hanau; a poet whose early life was a boisterous one: he afterwards retired to Baden-Baden. He has already written more than thirty volumes, and an Annual, filled with stories of his own, in addition, since 1827. He was particularly skilful in adapting the historical novel to the German character, and in representing the tales of old times with their genuine nationality. A thorough knowledge of our history, a rich, and sometimes even luxuriant, imagination, and a vivacity and sincerity of style, give to the greater part of his productions a real and peculiar value. He is very skilful in his national pictures of character, but not so much so in his psychological representations, for he does not know how to explain and to combine the separate motives of action, and proceeds often too abruptly. This is particularly the case in all his descriptions of vicious persons; his knaves are knaves unconditionally, and without one redeeming qualification; and they become so on a sudden, not by degrees. He deals with their crimes in the mass, not in detail, and deprives them thereby of the reader's sympathy and interest, for they must appear unnatural. His restless imagination runs away with him; his vigorous and powerful nature takes too great a delight in the opposition of contrasts, and he, himself, is too much the child, and, what is still worse, the spoiled child, of his age. Amongst his productions, „The Jew“ (Der Jude), „The Jesuit,“ notwithstanding its numerous improbabilities, and „The Nun of Gnadenzell“ (Die Nonne von Gnadenzell), are, in my opinion, the best. In his shorter tales he is not so successful, for, in all his fictions, he requires space, and does not know how to concentrate himself.

It were impossible to give in this sketch any minute idea or description of all those authors who have of later years distinguished themselves as novelists. I must, therefore, restrict myself to a simple mention of their names and their best works; it may, at least, serve the reader so far as to draw his attention to them, in case he wishes to make their closer acquaintance. They are: —

In love stories and the domestic novel: — KEHLER, „Hermann von Löbeneck;“ ERNST WAGNER, „Isidore,“ „Die reisenden Maler“ (The Travelling

Painters); Stephan Schütze, „Der unsichtbare Prinz“ (The Invisible Prince); Heuner, „Die Molkenkur“ (The Course of Wheydrinking); G. Schilling, „Guido von Sohnsdom,“ „Verkümmerungen“ (Embitterings): Von Strigentesch, „Marie“ (an imitation of the famous French novel, „Les Liaisons dangereuses,“ by De la Clos; and yet its very opposite, for its tendency is thoroughly moral, and it is also written in as elegant a style); Georg Döring, „Das Kunsthaus“ (The Gallery); Baumgarten Crusius, „Reise aus dem Herzen in das Herz“ (Journey out of the heart into the heart), „Die unsichtbare Kirche“ (The Invisible Church); Lessmann, „Die Schlittenfahrt“ (The Sledgejourney) &c. &c.: and the ladies — Johanna Schopenhauer, „Gabriele,“ „Die Tante“ (Aunt), „Sidonie;“ Caroline de la Motte Fouqué, „Bodo von Hohenstein,“ „Feodora;“ Caroline von Woltmann, „Marie und Walpurgis,“ „Die Bildhauer“ (The Sculptors); Therese Huber, „Hannah,“ „Ellen Percy;“ Caroline Pichler, „Leonore,“ „Die Nebenbuhler“ (The Rivals) &c. &c.

In the historical novel: — Wilibald Alexis (his real name is Hering), „Walladmore,“ „Cabanis;“ Zschokke, „Der Freihof von Aarau,“ „Die Prinzessin von Wolfenbüttel,“ „Bronikowsky“ (a series of novels from the history of Poland); W. Hauff, „Lichtenstein;“ G. Döring, „Sonnenberg;“ Herlossohn, „Der Montenegrinerhäuptling“ (The Chief of the Montenegrines); L. Storch, „Kunz von Kauffungen;“ L. Bechstein, „Das tolle Jahr“ (The Wild Year); E. Duller, „Die Feuertaufe“ (The Firebaptism) &c. &c.

In smaller novels and tales: — Zschokke, Kind, Houwald, Rochlitz, R. L. Contessa, von Miltitz, Hauff, Blumenhagen, Wyss, Varnhagen von Ense, G. Döring, L. Schefer, Kruse (a Dane by birth), von Gerstenbergk, W. Alexis, von Ungern-Sternberg &c. &c.: and the ladies — Ch. von Ahlefeld, Henriette Hanke, Helmina von Chezy, Friederike Lohmann, Johanna Schopenhauer, Caroline Pichler &c. &c. *).

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*) It is very remarkable that while we possess such a vast number of authoresses in our literature, the greater part of their pro-

E. S. A. Hoffmann stands alone and solitary: he has been imitated by very many, but equalled by no one. For a time he was eagerly read; but he is now almost, if not entirely, forgotten. He was a singular and whimsical man, endowed with rare talents, but disgusted with the world and with himself. Born at Königsberg, in 1776; he studied the law in his native town, and was afterwards appointed Assessor at the court of justice in Posna; then counsellor of the government at Warsaw. The misfortunes of Prussia after the battle of Jena, and the invasion of Poland by the French, forced him to abandon his charge, and to procure a subsistence by his musical talents, which were of a high order. He accepted, therefore, the place of musical director, first at Bamberg, and then at Dresden, till he returned in 1816 to his old career, and became Counsellor of the *Kammergericht*, in Berlin. His dissolute habits undermined his health; he died of consumption, under great sufferings, at Berlin, on the 24th of July, 1822. His friend, Hitzig, gave us his life in an excellent biography, and authenticating his account by extracts from Hoffmann's own letters, written at different periods.

Hoffmann was a man of a vast, but *bisarre* imagination, which revelled in conceits and oddities; the world he paints is not our world, but a supernatural and extravagant one, whose phenomena amuse, affright, vex, and terrify, often at the same moment, almost always in the same story. He made, as Menzel very justly observes, a compact with the Devil, for introducing him in company with himself into German poetry; for he represents his heroes, and with a sort of secret joy, as always under the influence of an invisible power, whose plaything they are; be it madness, melancholy, or the magnetical sympathies or antipathies of nature; and he deprives them of their mental freedom — their power of volition — or their reason, so that we see them in a perpetual struggle of contending passions. It is not to be denied that he manages these situations with a masterly skill, and knows how to attract the

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ductions do not rise above mediocrity. We have no Joanna Baillie, — no Madame de Staël; and with some exceptions, as Madame Schopenhauer, Caroline von Woltmann etc., the greater part of our ladywriters are infected with a sickly sentimentality.

reader by their originality and novelty, so that he hurries him on in an everlasting state of excitement through his work, and then leaves him, for he is unable to appease the storm which he has raised. There is a heat of passion within him, which consumes himself, but it is not noble or pure; and, above all, he wants that elevation of mind, which leads man from the conflict with earthly desires, through the purgatory of misfortune, and safely conducts him to the regions of the blessed. The sound sense of our nation, therefore, very soon discovered how unnatural were all the poetical creations of Hoffmann, and the demand for them quickly subsided, so that some years since a proposed collection of his works, begun by his widow and his friend Hitzig, was discontinued, after the appearance of the first volume, from its meeting with little encouragement. His first work, „Phantasiestücke in Callot's Manier“ (Fantasies in Callot's Manner), is certainly his best. Next to this come „Die Serapionsbrüder“ (in more than one point an imitation of Tieck's „Phantasus“), which contains some excellent tales. During the latter period of his life, when he was *à l'ordre du jour*, and none of our Annuals dared to make their appearance without a tale of Hoffmann's as a leading article, he wrote too much, and grew more and more of a mannerist. Amongst his satirical pieces are some of great merit, for he had fine talents for ironical satire; the best production of his in this strain is the strange sufferings of a stage-manager, „Seltsame Leiden eines Theaterdirectors,“ and „Klein Zaches“ (Little Zaches), a very witty and humorous lampoon upon several persons then at Berlin. It is not long since Hoffmann's novels and tales were translated into French, and found a gracious reception amongst the friends of Romanticism, particularly with Jules Janin, who even tried to imitate him, but very superficially, as he had no conception of the deep metaphysical reveries of his model. There is also an English version of his most poetical and most passionate novel, „Die Elixire des Teufels“ (The Devil's Elixir); I cannot believe that it could meet with permanent success in England. But, notwithstanding in all his faults and errors, Hoffmann was a man of great genius, remarkable even in his faults, and worthy of being recommended to such readers as seek for more than the amusement of the moment in their reading, and desire to study an author as well as his books, and to know the man by his works.

The kind of poetry that has been most neglected of late, is the *didactic*, a species of composition which, according to some of our critics — and their objection is not without reason — does not really belong to poetry, but to rhetoric; it is, at least, a hybrid between both. The best work of this kind which we have, and which alone deserves to be mentioned, is „Die Gesundbrunnen“ (The Wells), by Neubeck, but it may rather be called a descriptive, than a didactic poem. The *poetical epistle*, which belongs likewise to this class, has not been cultivated successfully since Gökking, — born in 1748, and died in 1828, at his estate at Wartenberg, in Silesia. It is the same with satire, the worshippers of which have, at all times, been very rare in Germany. The political satire has found some friends of late, and amongst these, Heine and Börne must be particularized; but, as the diet of Frankfurt-on-the-Mein does not patronise *it*, by arguments which are easily explained, the authors have found readers, but no followers — or, at least, none worth mentioning. The best production in this style which has appeared, is the „Moderne Zeitwirren“ (Modern Confusions of Time), by Theodore Mundt, a young man, not without presumption and vanity, but of whom it may be said justly, „*vires acquirit eundo.*“ I believe his book would, if translated, find many friends in England; perhaps even more than in Germany, because the generality of our readers are devoid of all political education, and take no interest whatever in the subject.

Having given at the beginning of these papers some slight notice of the history of prose literature in Germany, I may turn without circumlocution to that branch of it which has deservedly acquired the most renown. Historic literature existed long before our historians equalled in their style their merits as investigators and critics, in which latter capacity our learned men had, at all times, signalized themselves by their sagacity and conscientiousness. German history was especially left to the jurisconsults, whose labours were limited to the declineation of a „History of the Empire,“ written to serve their purposes; and they had their own peculiar and clumsy style, mixed with Latin expressions, and sentences composed of eternal periods, of which a single one sometimes filled three or more narrow-printed pages, so that they are still quoted proverbially as models of obscure and confused writing. The first who had the merit of giving a new form to our history, was MICHAEL IGNAZ SCHMIDT (he was born in 1736 at Arnstein in Franconia, and died in the capacity of Keeper of the Imperial Archives at Vienna in 1794), a man of no great genius, and not to be compared either with the great historians of antiquity, or those of modern times. But he is worthy of honour, as having opened a path which, of necessity, was taken by all who desired to see this branch of our national literature carried to as high perfection as the others which had already been cultivated with more or less success. His German History („Geschichte der Deutschen,“ Ulm, 1778—1785, 5 vols. „Neuere Geschichte der Deutschen,“ Vienna, 1785—1808, 7 vols., continued from the seventh volume by Jos. Milbiller), found therefore a flattering reception, as it satisfied a want universally felt, and it remains to this day worthy of honourable mention; for it is written with judgment and good taste; and its author has endeavoured to free himself from the ancient style, and to write impartially. He did not, however, succeed in his endeavours, especially in the later volumes of his work, where he too often entangles himself in the periods of our *chancery style*, and shows no very clear insight into the bearings of our clerical reformation and its consequences, which his Catholicism hindered him from comprehending.

Historical literature was soon raised to a much higher point by JOHANNES VON MÜLLER, an historian greatly superior to Schmidt. Born at Schaffhausen in 1752, he devoted himself from his earliest youth to those studies which, at a later period, gained for him so much fame. After having finished his academical career at Göttingen, he was, for a short time, Professor in his native town, and at Cassel; he afterwards retired from public life, and lived in the society of his friends, Bonstetten, Bonnet, and Tronchin, in their native country, till the year 1786, when he entered into the service of the Elector of Menz, first as librarian, afterwards as counseller of state. The French army having invaded Menz, Müller went in 1793 to Vienna, where he was appointed to the office of librarian to the Emperor; in 1804 he exchanged this office for that of historiographer to the King of Prussia, and member of the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences at Berlin. In 1807 he was appointed to a Professorship at Heidelberg, but on his journey thither found himself forced to enter the service of the new kingdom of Westphalia, as Minister Secretary of the State, which office he relinquished for that of a Director General of Public Instruction. He died on the 29th of May, 1809. There never existed a man, as a very sagacious critic, Bouterweck, justly remarks, in whom the author separated himself in so remarkable a manner from the man. The most opposite qualities united themselves in his character; a warm and honest enthusiasm for virtue and justice, with a restless ambition — an inexhaustible diligence and application, with a singular weakness and indolence: liberal opinions, with the craft of courtiership, and what was worst of all, a criminal sensuality, which led him astray, and cannot be excused. All these faults, however, vanished as soon as he took pen in hand, for he then meditated and wrote as if he were himself one of those magnanimous heroes or statesmen which he painted. A powerful imagination — an unrivalled sagacity — a wonderful natural eloquence, the strength of which lay in the richness of thoughts, not of words, and a genuine enthusiasm for all that was sublime, are his principal qualities as an historical writer. It was his first and continual endeavour to promote a higher tone of morality and strength in the different classes of society, by impregnating the mind with noble historical remembrances and useful information. His „History of Switzerland“ (Geschichte der Schweizerischen Eidgenossen), will, undoubtedly, long be considered as the best historical work we possess; it is full of true patriotism — of sound moral precepts — of sprightly and faithful pictures, and possesses the charm of a succinct, and at times even a bold and daring style. His „Universal History“ (Vier und zwanzig Bücher allgemeiner Geschichte), presents us with a general view of the cause of historical events in connexion with each other, and excites the meditation of the reader, so that it prompts him involuntarily to a closer investigation of the facts. Müller possesses the art of teaching through history to such an extent, that we may compare him to Thucydides and Tacitus, and he has equal energy and concentration of style. It was only from his antique conciseness that he was not received with universal applause in Germany; but, in spite of this, all opinions agree, that he is our first historian. Amongst his other works, his letters, which fill several volumes, are highly interesting, for they show the great author in a very amiable undress.

Ludwig Timotheus von Spittler (born at Stuttgart in 1752, Professor of History at Göttingen, and afterwards State Minister of Würtemberg, died in 1810), took quite a different course from Müller; he set no value on the charms of style, but, on the other hand, he possessed the rare art of representing the connexion of the events of history, its remarkable incidents, and its leading characters, with a few emphatic words, so that the picture given to the reader is clear and precise, and he does not require the help of fancy to place objets in the best light. His language sometimes wants correctness, and, at other times, it is too artificial, from his desire of interesting the reader. His best works are his „History of the Christian Church“ (Grundriss der Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche), the „History of Würtemberg under its Counts and Dukes“ (Geschichte Würtembergs unter den Grafen und Herzogen), and the plan of a „History of the European States“ (Entwurf der Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten). He particularly excels, with very fine and acute touches, in intimating the relations of the past with the present time.

Johann Wilhelm von Archenholz, born in 1745 at Langenfurth near Dantzic, was afterwards Captain in the Prussian army; in his latter years he resided at his estate near Hamburg, and distinguished himself by historical works, written in a popular and easy style, and calculated for the multitude; he is an acute observer, but neither impartial, nor to be relied on. His „History of the Seven Years' War" was eagerly read on its first appearance, for its author had been a near spectator of the events he described, but it is now almost forgotten.

I must further mention, as men of talent, Ernst Ludwig Posselt (he was born in 1763 at Durlach, was Counsellor of Legation of the Margrave of Baden, and put an end to his own life in 1804); he was acute, possessed an excellent style, and was an enthusiastic and pedantic admirer of the French revolution. His best works are, in my opinion, the Lives of Charles XII. and Gustavus III., Kings of Sweden. — Charles Louis von Woltmann (born at Oldenburg in 1770, resided at Berlin, died in 1817), was an author of high qualities, endowed with a profound knowledge of man, and possessing, in a high degree, descriptive power, but wanting a deeper acquaintance with historical authorities, and excited with a vain desire of shining, which manifests itself in all his writings. A complete edition of his works, in nineteen volumes, was published by his wife at Prague, between 1819 and 1827. — Gabriel Gottfried Bredow, born in 1751 at Berlin, Counsellor of the Prussian government, died in 1814; a patriotic, vigorous, and liberal author, who united an excellent style with acuteness and penetration.

Amongst the living German historians, Heinrich Luden enjoys, and deserves to enjoy, an almost European fame. He was born in 1780 at Loxstadt, a village in the vicinity of Bremen; in 1799 he commenced his studies of the theological, philosophical, and historical sciences at Göttingen, where the spirit of Spittler still prevailed, and the eloquence of Johannes Muller found willing admirers. When his academical career was closed, Luden went to Berlin as tutor to the children of Hufeland, the famous physician, and, at the same time, gained for himself a name by the production of two excellent biographies, that of Christian Thomasius, and of Hugo Grotius, which were followed in 1808, by the „Life of Sir William Temple." Even in those early days he manifested both in his private lessons, as well, as his common conversation, the great gifts of eloquence, which afterwards acquired for him so distinguished a reputation, and made him the favourite of our young academical students. In 1806, he was appointed Professor Extraordinarius to the University of Jena, which place he has never since left (though he has had invitations to other six universities), save for short journeys, or when his office of Deputy called him to the diet of Weimar. He is still Professor Ordinarius of History and Philosophy, and Privy Counsellor of the court of Weimar, Knight of the order of the Falcon &c. He is a true patriot, neither blinded by a false enthusiasm, nor restrained by a cautious hesitation, and shows himself at all times, both in his works and his deeds, a man solicitous for his country's best interests. He possesses deep knowledge, rare sagacity and penetration, and an unrivalled eloquence; these high gifts show themselves in his works, united with a profound and solid investigation of the sources of historical authorities, and a sound judgment of facts. His mind penetrates with equal acuteness the past as well as the present, and claims, at the same time, the right to be considered as one of our first historical and political authors. Amongst his works, the „Universal History of the Nations and States of Antiquity“ (Allgemeine Geschichte der Staaten und Volker des Alterthums), the „Universal History of the Middle Ages“ (Allgemeine Geschichte des Mittelalters), 2 vols. and „History of the German Nation“ (Geschichte des Deutschen Volks), are universally received as classics, and considered unrivalled. A political journal, „Nemesis,“ which he edited, from 1814 to 1818, contains a series of his political essays, which are remarkable for their plain-speaking truth and profound views; they were merely prophecies when their author wrote them, but time has made them historical documents, so sound and just were his views.

History has, for the most part, made great progress of late years; but, even with such men as Müller, Spittler, and Luden at its head, it did not reach that height which might have been expected. We have one great want — we do not sufficiently regard history, and, therefore, do not, in general, know how to write it. Our philosophical revolutions have a greater influence upon our historical works than political ones; we are confused in our systems, and the basis of historical studies, political knowledge, is still wanting. Our country contains three parties, the aristocratic, the conservative, and the democratic: the first has the greatest influence on the actual state of society, and exerts it particularly upon the second, amongst which are found all those men who, by their knowledge, their age, and their position, are capable of writing history; the third section is almost entirely composed of a younger race, who, as is commonly the case in youth, go too far in their speculations; and, even those writers who possess the power of producing impartial and good historical works, feel themselves hindered and enslaved by imperial, royal, or ducal, censorships in their respective states; a power which is but too often intrusted to men more or less incapable of judging what is presented to them.

In speaking of the other historians of our time, who have distinguished themselves by their works, I must content myself with merely directing the attention of my readers to them, for, with the exception of the great and noble Heeren, whose treatises on the politics, the intercourse, and the commerce of the principal nations of antiquity, are costly gems in our historical literature, there is scarcely one who has elevated himself above the spirit of his party; for, in my opinion, impartiality is the first and most indispensable requisite in a writer of history. To speak the truth, I am fearful of doing them injustice, and I therefore avoid the responsibility of giving my judgment upon them, at least for the present, while the war of opinions is at its height, and the end does not appear to be at hand. I must, therefore, beg to be excused, if I give merely a list of the principal writers in this branch of our literature, having always held as my creed, „Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.“

They are Zschokke, the historian of Switzerland — Schlosser, a man of eminent talents and immense knowledge, but too blunt and violent — von Rotteck, a true patriot, venerated by the democratical party, but too much addicted to his philosophical theories on the natural rights of men — Dahlmann, an excellent investigator into the sources of history, and a deep and sagacious politician — Karl Ottfried Müller, profoundly conversant with ancient Greece — Raumer, famous for his „History of the Hohenstauffen,“ and his Prussian patriotism — Menzel, the first of our literary critics — Pfister, the best historian of his country, Suabia — Kortum, distinguished by his excellent style, and the vivacity and truth of his characteristics — Leo, who introduced the philosophical system of Hegel into the art of writing history — Venturini — von Hormayr — Wachsmuth &c.

Till very lately there has been no opportunity in Germany for the cultivation of the rhetorical art, otherwise than in clerical orations; we can, therefore, bring forward no political speakers of any eminence: our attempts in this style, since the introduction of political constitutions among us, are too much in their childhood to be mentioned in this place, for every English reader could compare our insignificant performances with the most remarkable modern displays of eloquence, of which any land can boast. The brilliant stars on the political horizon of Great Britain are our masters in every respect; God grant that we be soon worthy of being called their scholars! It is not thus with our spiritual eloquence; our preachers, for the last hundred years, have arrived at that point of perfection, at which we dare hold them up as models to other nations, but a critical notice of their works is rather suited to a history of eloquence, than a sketch of German *belles lettres*, because, to distinguish accurately the character which is peculiar to each of those worthy divines, who are the honour and ornament of our churches, would require more space than we have already devoted to the general view of our poetry. We must, therefore, content ourselves with only mentioning the names of Reinhard, Ammon, Schleiermacher, Marezoll, Löffler, Röhr, Hanstein, Draeseke, Harms &c., all pillars of the Protestant church, though acting and preaching upon different modes of faith; and Oberthür, Mutschelle, Schneider, Natter, Hermann, Weiller, Ackermann &c., of no less merits, who belong to the Catholic religion. There are few countries so rich in printed sermons and homilies, as the land of my fathers, for almost every curate has the same desire to see his spiritual effusions made immortal by the press, as the excellent Vicar of Wakefield, of honourable memory, had for the dissemination of his peculiar philosophy.

I begin to fear that this sketch may, in some respect, be likened to the Rhine, which beginning in beauty and with mighty cataracts, finishes its course by losing itself in the dead and level sands, for I feel myself obliged to bring it to a close, with adverting to the *partie honteuse* of our literature. I allude to Criticism; not the theory of it, which forms a part of our philosophical systems, and has been cultivated with great assiduity by men like Jean Paul, Solger, the Schlegels, Humboldt (the brother of the celebrated traveller), Schiller, and others; but its practical execution, as it presents itself in our literary journals and reviews. It is fallen into bad hands, for almost all our critical establishments are in the possession of booksellers, or are, at least, not independent of them, and the interest of these persons is rather concerned in the good sale of their different articles, than the encouragement of genius. They have accordingly, in general, confided the direction of their journals to literary men who are in their power, and are more anxious to please their Sosii and Mæcenates, than to be just and impartial. Then again, the writers to whom particular departments are intrusted, are also dependent, each of them having his special private interests to advance, and for which he writes and labours, so that the whole coterie forms a chain linked together by egotism, envy, hatred, greediness, and all such generous qualities, fostered and protected by the anonymousness which prevails in such works. These circumstances have deprived criticism in general, and that of *belles lettres* in particular, of all authority, so that few literary men of consideration will undertake the office; and the same art, for which there was heretofore so much respect in Germany, and which had reached so distinguished a height, has now fallen almost into contempt: of late, however, some men of talent have endeavoured to raise it once more, by adding their names to their criticisms, and showing that no private interest, but real love for literature and science, directed their pen. Our best general reviews are the Literary Gazettes of Halle, Jena, and Berlin, only that the latter is the organ of the philosophical school of Hegel, which, in our days, has spread its influence over the whole empire of science; the „Berliner Jahrbucher“ are, therefore, sometimes partial on this point, but in all others highly to be respected for purity of intention. Next to these come the „Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung“ (Journal for Literary Conversation), which is confined to critical articles on works of history, philosophy, eloquence, and poetry, and appears under the auspices of the bookseller, Mr. Brockhaus, at Leipzig (who is, at the same time, its literary director), and he naturally considers the works which are published by his firm, as the most remarkable phenomena of our literature, and those which belong to such of his rivals as he does not like, as the worst and most insignificant; there is, accordingly, no leading spirit prevalent in this journal, and the less so as the next influence to that of the publisher is exerted by a set of authors, who disdain neither intrigue nor falsehood to attain their purpose. The „Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung“ resembles, therefore, Noah's ark — animals of every species are to be found in it, the noble and the ignoble, lions and rats, eagles and cuckoos, all huddled together, and the reader cannot be surprised, when the same Number presents to him the most profound results of scientific investigation, and the most insipid and disgusting literary chit-chat.

Most of our literary journals are published in weekly numbers, with critical notices of the newest works which have appeared; amongst these, the „Literaturblatt zum Morgenblatt,“ directed by Menzel (whose excellent work on German Literature I have already mentioned), is undoubtedly the best, for the leading idea of its editor is to judge the separate works in their relation to the age, and their influence upon it. A sample of literary gossip, as a contrast, if the reader likes such, is to be found in the „Kritischer Wegweiser zur Abendzeitung,“ under the direction of Theodore Hell (Winkler). In general, we possess a separate journal for almost every science and almost every scientific party; but when I compare these with similar publications in England and France, I must confess that they are at a very low estate. Heaven improve them! With this pious wish I shall conclude. I know well that there are other branches of literature which I might discourse of, but national pride prompts me to be silent, for in them we have nothing of sufficient consequence to present to the foreign reader.

How, it may be asked, is our literature encouraged at present? I do not know; those who could and should protect it, do not, for they are no friends to *free* literary men. The Duke of Meiningen, brother of the Queen of England, gave a pension to the young and hopeful poet, Ludwig Bechstein, and promoted him afterwards to the office of librarian; it is the only instance of the kind within my knowledge. But I do know, that there yet lives a noble spirit in my country, and that it will march firmly and steadily on its way, enthusiastic for all that is noble and beautiful. Therefore, let us entertain good hopes of the future; assuredly, there will be no retrogression. *Vorwärts!* is the motto of our best literary men, as it was the war-cry of our greatest hero.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS:

O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A.A. M.M.

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MARY LESTER.

A TALE OF ERROR.

BY THE
Countess of Blessington.

Die Verfaſſerin der vorliegenden Erzählung die Gräfin Bleſſington, gehört zu den geſchätzteſten engliſchen Modeſchriftſtellerinnen, verdankt jedoch wohl den größten Theil der ihr dargebrachten Huldigungen mehr ihrer hohen Stellung in der vornehmen Welt, ihrer großen Schönheit und ihrer perſönlichen Liebenswürdigkeit, als ihrem poetiſchen Talent, das keineswegs ein ſehr hervorragendes zu nennen iſt. Sie iſt eben nicht reich an Erfindungsgabe und dichteriſcher Kraft, ſchreibt aber eine gefällige und runde Proſa und einen glatten Vers, und gehört daher zu jenen angenehmen Erſcheinungen in der Literatur, mit denen man ſich gern einmal während einer müßigen Stunde beſchäftigt. Sie iſt in neuerer Zeit als Herausgeberin vieler Album's und Annuals, wie ſie der eleganten Welt in England jährlich, auf das herrlichſte ausgeſtattet, dargebracht werden, ſehr thätig geweſen, namentlich erſcheint jetzt Heath's berühmtes Book of Beauty unter ihrer Aegide. — Den meiſten Ruf erwarb ſie ſich jedoch durch ihre „Conversations with Lord Byron," die mit vielem Leben und großer Unbefangenheit geſchrieben, noch jetzt häufig und gern geleſen werden, und manche intereſſante Notiz über den berühmten Dichter enthalten.

„Quel vago impallidir che'l dolce riso,
D'un amorosa nebbia ricoperse!" —

Petrarch.

„One lovely bank of the pale virgin thorn,
Beside a little heap of lowly turf,
Is all the sad memorial of her worth —
All that remains to mark where she is laid."

Joanna Baillie's Rayner.

It was a lovely evening in the early part of August 1827, when a brilliant sun was sinking in the horizon, and tinging all around with his golden beams, that a travelling carriage and four was seen rapidly descending a hill on the north road. In the carriage, supported by pillows, reclined a young man, on whose high brow and noble countenance disease had stamped its sad and fearful characters, though the natural beauty of the sufferer still shone forth triumphantly over the ravages of ill health. His languid head rested on the shoulder of a young and beautiful girl, and his upturned eyes were fixed with an expression of unutterable love on hers. The last rosy rays of sunset, falling on the pale brow of the young man showed like a red cloud passing over snow, and contrasted sadly with its marble hue.

„Mary, my blessed love," said the invalid, „pull the check-string, and order Sainville to urge the postilions to advance still quicker."

„Be composed, dearest Henry," replied the young lady; „observe you not that the velocity with which we advance has increased the difficulty of your breathing? you will destroy yourself by this exertion."

„Mary, you know not how essential it is to my peace of mind that we should reach Gretna Green most rapidly; every moment is precious, and the anxiety that preys on me is even still more fatal to my frame than the velocity of our pace. Tell Sainville, then, dearest, to urge the postilions."

Mary pulled the check-string, and Sainville soon stopped the carriage and stood by the step. The change that the last hour had produced on the countenance of his master struck the servant with dismay; and he almost feared he should see him expire, as, gasping for breath, he turned his eager eyes on those of Sainville, and laying his hand on the arm of the alarmed servant, said, „Remember, Sainville, that my life, nay, more than life, depends on my reaching Gretna Green in a few hours. Give the postilions gold — promise them all, every thing, if they will advance with all possible speed."

The postilions urged their steeds, and the carriage whirled along with fearful rapidity, while the invalid pressed with a nervous grasp the small trembling hand that rested within his.

Who were this young and interesting pair, at whose dreams of love and happiness the gaunt fiend Death smiled in mockery, while he held his dart suspended over them? To tell who they were, it is necessary to return to the village of Dawlish in Devonshire, where dwelt Mrs. Lester, the widow of a field-officer, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo, and who left his still young and beautiful wife, with an infant daughter, a scanty provision, and little else save the distinguished reputation that his well-known bravery had gained in a life devoted to the service of his country, and sealed by his blood. Colonel Lester's had been a love marriage; but, unlike the generality of such unions, the love had increased with the years that had united them; and they felt so happy as nearly to forget that their marriage had deprived them of the affection and countenance of their mutual relatives, who had declined all intercourse with two poor and wilful persons, as they considered them, who were determined to marry from pure affection, contrary to the advice of all their friends. It was not until death had snatched her husband from her, that Mrs. Lester felt the consequences of her imprudent marriage. Left alone and unprotected, with an infant daughter, how did she wish to claim for her child that protection from her family for which she was too proud to sue for herself! and it was not without many a struggle with her pride that she had appealed to their sympathy. This appeal had been unanswered; for the relatives to whom it had been addressed found it still more prudent to decline an intercourse with an ill-provided widow, than it had formerly been to renew one with the happy wife of a meritorious officer, likely to arrive at distinction in his profession. Mrs. Lester retired from the busy world, and fixed her residence in a small neat cottage at Dawlish, determined to devote her whole time to the education of her child. This spot had been endeared to her by her having spent some of the happiest days of her life there, with Colonel Lester, soon after marriage; and she found a melancholy pleasure in tracing their former haunts in its neighbourhood, when, leaning on his arm, and supported by his affection, the future offered only bright prospects. All the love that she had felt for her husband was now centred in his child; and the youthful Mary grew, beneath a mother's tender and fostering care, all that the fondest parent could desire — lovely in person and pure in mind. She had only reached her sixteenth year, when, in the summer of 1827, the young Lord Mordaunt came to Dawlish, to try the benefit of a change of air in a complaint which threatened to terminate in consumption. The cottage next to Mrs. Lester's was taken for the invalid; and his physician having occasion to refer to that lady for the character of a female servant, an acquainfence was formed that led to an introduction to the patient, who found the society of the mother and daughter so much to his taste, that no day passed that did not find him a visitor at Woodbine Cottage. He would spend whole hours by the drawing or work-table of Mary, correcting her sketches, reading aloud to her, or giving descriptions of the different foreign countries he had visited.

Lord Mordaunt was a young man so attractive in person and manners, that it would have been difficult for a much more fastidious judge than Mary Lester not to have been captivated by his attentions; and his delicate health served still more to excite a strong interest for him, while it banished all thoughts of alarm, even from the breast of the prudent mother, who looked on him with sorrow, as one foredoomed to an early grave. It is perhaps one of the most amiable proofs of the tenderness of women's hearts, that ill-health and sorrow have a power of attracting their sympathy and affection, which health and gaiety might fail to produce. This power was exemplified in the conduct of Mary Lester; for when, in their daily walks, in which Lord Mordaunt now attended them, his pale cheek assumed a hectic hue, from the exertion, and his eyes beamed with more than their usual lustre, those of Mary would fill with tears as she marked the fearful precursors of decay. With trembling anxiety she would urge him to repose himself on some rustic bench, and when he yielded to her entreaties, would hang over him with feelings of whose source and extent her innocence kept her in ignorance, or led her to attribute solely to pity.

Days passed away, each one increasing the attachment of the young people, and confirming the fears of Lord Mordaunt's physician, while he alone appeared unconscious of his danger. His passion seemed to bind him by new ties to life; when pain and lassitude reminded him that he was ill, he looked on the blooming cheek and beaming eye of Mary, and asked himself, if one, who felt for her the love that quickened the pulsations of his throbbing heart, could be indeed approaching the cold and cheerless grave; and he clung with renewed hope to existence, now that it had become so valuable.

At this period a sprained ankle confined Mrs. Lester to the house; and she confided Mary every day to the care of Dr. Erskine and his patient to pursue their accustomed walk. The doctor was skilled in botany and geology, and the neighbourhood of Dawlish presented many specimens in both sciences capable of arresting his attention; hence the lovers were frequently left alone in their rambles, while he collected treasures for his *hortus siccus*, or cabinet; and the conversation which, under the eye of the dignified matron or grave doctor, had always been confined to general topics, now became purely personal. When young people begin to talk of themselves, sentiment soon colours the conversation; and from sentimental conversation to love, how quick is the transition! When Lord Mordaunt first avowed his passion, the pure and artless Mary's innocent reply was, „O, how happy dear mamma will be!“ But a cloud that passed over the brow of her lover showed that he anticipated not the same effect on Mrs. Lester.

„Do not, dearest, if you value my peace,“ said he, „inform your mother of our attachment. My family would oppose it so strongly, that she would think herself obliged to refuse her sanction — nay, she would, I am sure, think it her duty to prohibit our meeting. A separation from you I could not support; and but one mode remains to us to avert it. Fly with me, my beloved Mary, to Scotland; our marriage once accomplished, my family must be reconciled to it — at least they cannot divide us; and your mother will be saved the blame of having aided it.“

Day after day the same reasoning was urged by the impassioned lover, and listened to with less reluctance by the too confiding girl; and as she heard the tender reproaches he uttered, and his reiterated avowals of his increasing illness, caused, as he asserted, by the anxiety that preyed on his mind at her hesitating to elope with him, and marked the growing delicacy of his appearance, her scruples and fears vanished; and, in an evil hour, she left the happy home of her childhood, and the unsuspecting mother who idolized her. A thousand pangs shot through the heart of this innocent and hitherto dutiful daughter, as she prepared to leave the peaceful roof that had sheltered her infancy. She paused at the chamber-door of her sleeping parent, and called down blessings on her head, and was only sustained in her resolution to accompany her lover, by the recollection that she was to confer happiness — nay, life, on him, and that a few days would see her return to her mother the happy wife of Lord Mordaunt.

It is the happiness they believe they are to confer, and not that which they hope to receive, that influences the conduct of women; and many a one has fallen a victim to generous affection who could have resisted the pleadings of selfishness. At the moment of leaving her home, Mary thought only of others: her lover and mother occupied all her thoughts, and never, perhaps, did she more truly love that mother than when unconsciously planting a dagger in her heart by the step she was about to take. Never let the young and unsuspecting do evil in order that good may ensue. Mary knew that she was about to do wrong; but she was persuaded by her lover that it was the only possible means of securing their future happiness; and she yielded to the temptation.

The valet-de-chambre of Lord Mordaunt, who was in the confidence of his master, made all the necessary arrangements for the elopement; and the lovers left the village of Dawlish while the unsuspicious mother and Dr. Erskine soundly slept, unthinking of the rash step the persons so dear to them were taking.

They had only pursued their route one day and night when the rupture of a blood-vessel in the chest wrought so fearful a change in Lord Mordaunt, that he became sensible of his danger, and trembled at the idea of dying before he could bequeath his name to his adored Mary. His whole soul was now bent on fulfilling this duty; but, alas! the very anxiety that preyed on him only rendered its accomplishment more difficult. Still he proceeded, resisting all Mary's entreaties to stop to repose himself, and was within a few stages of his destined course when we first took up our tale. Arrived at —, no post-horses were to be had; and the agonies of disappointed hope were now added to the mortal pangs that shot through the frame of the dying man. He was removed from his carriage, and laid on a couch, while the agonized girl bent over him in speechless woe.

„Remember, Belville," murmured Mordaunt, in broken accents, „that this lady would have been my wife, had life been spared me to reach Gretna. Tell my father and mother that it was I who urged, who forced her to this flight, and to look on her as their daughter."

Here agitation overpowered his feeble frame, and he sank fainting on his pillow, from whence he never moved again, as death, in a few hours, closed his mortal sufferings. The hapless Mary stayed by him while a spark of life yet lingered but when the hand that grasped hers relaxed its hold, she fell in a swoon, nearly as cold and rigid as the corse beside her. For many days a violent fever rendered her insensible to the miseries of her situation. During her delirium she repeatedly called on her mother and lover to save her from some imagined enemy, who was forcing her from them; and the mistress of the inn, and the chamber-maids who attended her, were melted into tears by the pathos of her incoherent complaints.

Intelligence of the death of Lord Mordaunt had been despatched to Mordaunt Castle, the seat of his father; and in due time, the confidential agent of his lordship, accompanied by a London undertaker, arrived to perform the funeral obsequies.

Youth and a good constitution had enabled Mary to triumph over her malady; and, though reduced to extreme languor, reason once more resumed its empire over her brain. But with returning consciousness came the fearful, heart-rending recollection of the death-scene she had witnessed, and she shrunk with morbid distaste from a life that now no longer offered her a single charm. Her existence was from the hu-

[illegible] minutes of [illegible] on a word that the mortal remains of him she had so loved were to be removed for interment the following day; and she insisted upon looking at them once again. It was evening when, pale and attenuated, presenting only the shadow of her former self, Mary Lester, supported by the pitying females who had watched over her illness, entered the chamber of death. Her eyes fell on the marble brow and finely chiselled features of Lord Mordaunt, beautiful even in death; and an involuntary shudder betrayed her feelings. She motioned to be left alone; and there was an earnestness and calmness in the looks and gestures that pleaded for this last indulgence, that rendered a compliance with it irresistible. She looked at the face so beloved, every lineament of which was graved in ineffaceable characters on her heart, that face which never before met her glance without repaying it with one of unutterable tenderness. While she yet gazed in mute despair, and tears, nature's kind relief, were denied to her burning eyes, the last rays of the sun, setting in brilliant splendour, fell on the calm countenance of her lover, tinging its marble paleness with a faint red.

„It was not thus, Henry, you looked when I last saw the sun's dying beams fall on your beautiful brow," ejaculated the heart-broken girl; „ah! no, for then those lovely eyes, now for ever veiled in death, sought mine with looks of deep, deep love, and silenced the upbraidings of the monitor within my breast. But now, O God of mercy! who shall silence it, or who shall speak comfort to me? Look at me once again, Henry, adored Henry! let me once more hear the blessed sound of that voice!" and she paused, [illegible] the result of her passionate invocation. Then, turning away, „Fool, senseless fool that I am!" she exclaimed; „he heeds me not! he has fled for ever! and I am alone, alone, for evermore, in a world that can never again hold forth a single illusion to me. O mother! dear, dear mother! and was it for this I deserted you? I thought to return to you a proud and happy bride, and that he would plead, successfully plead, for your pardon for my first fault. But there he lies who should have pleaded, cold and speechless; and I — I live to see him so lie! Henry, beloved Henry! thy lips have never yet pressed mine; pure and respectful love restrained each ardent impulse, and in thy devoted attachment I found my best shield. But now, now, when thine can no longer return the pressure, O! let me thus imprint the first seal of love!" and she pressed her pale and trembling lips to the cold and rigid ones of Mordaunt, and fainted in the action.

It was long ere the kind exertions of the women, who rushed in from the adjoining room on hearing her fall, could restore animation to the exhausted frame of Mary; and when they succeeded, the first sentences that struck on her ear were the following dialogue between Mr. Sable the undertaker and Sainville.

„Je vous dis, dat is, I tell you, Monsieur Sable, dat cette demoiselle, dis young lady, was to be de lady, c'est-à-dire l'epouse, de vife of mi lord. He cannot tell you so himself, parce qu'il est mort, for he be dead; but I do tell to you vat he did tell to me vith his last vords."

„Why, you see, Mr. Sainville," replied the [illegible] Sable, „I cannot contradict [illegible]; and the affair has a very awkward appearance, to say the least of it. A particular young lady, as I understand her to be, eloping with a rich young nobleman of splendid expectations, and he in the last stage of a consumption — why, look you, it has a very suspicious aspect. The marquess is a very stern and severe nobleman and the marchioness is as proud as Lucifer; neither would for a moment countenance a young person who had no legitimate claims on their consideration, and whom they would naturally look on as an artful adventuress, who had taken advantage of the weakness and partiality of their son to entrap him into an engagement which, luckily, he did not live to complete. Mr. Scruple, the lawyer, has explained all this to me; and therefore neither he nor I can interfere in making any arrangements for the return of the young person to her friends; and as to her accompanying the funeral procession to Mordaunt Castle, it is out of the question.“

„And dis you call religion and humanity in dis contry?“ said the angry Sainville; had my dear young lord lived three hours longer, cette jeune et charmante demoiselle, dat is, die young and pretty lady, vould have been Miladi Mordaunt, and Monsieur Scruple and yourself vould have bowed de knees to her vith great respect. De marquis and de marchioness must den have treated her as la veuve, de widow of deir son, and all homage and honours vould be given to her; but now dat she vants every ting, you give her noting, and my dear dead lord's last vords go for noting at all, except vith me; but I vill not desert her, who vas so loved by my dear lost master. I vill attend her to her home.“

Here a burst of tears interrupted the angry tirade of poor Sainville, who only *felt*, while Noble reasoned. But what were the feelings of Mary at this coarse *exposé* of her position! She was ready to sink into the earth; and, for a moment, forgetting how useless was the measure, she ran to the bed where lay the inanimate corse of *him* who once would have shielded her from even the approach of the semblance of insult, and throwing herself on the lifeless body, called on Henry, her dear Henry, to protect and save her, and to vindicate her suspected purity.

A return of fever and delirium kept the unfortunate Mary many days on the brink of the grave, and those around her thought that each hour must terminate at once her life and sufferings. When consciousness again returned to her, she found that Sainville, the faithful servant of Lord Mordaunt, having performed the last melancholy duties to the mortal remains of his loved master, had returned to offer his services to conduct her to her mother. She thankfully accepted them; and when able to bear the motion of a carriage, Sainville, having secured the attendance of one of the women who had nursed her in her illness, placed her, propped by pillows, in the most comfortable chaise he could procure, and slowly retraced the route they had so lately pursued under such different circumstances. Mary's agonized thoughts dwelt on the only two journeys she had ever taken, and were only drawn for moments from the lover she had lost, to the mother she was going to meet. If I can only reach her arms, lay my poor throbbing head on her bosom, and die, I have nothing left to desire, thought the heart-stricken girl. But her cup of bitterness was not yet quite filled to the brim, though she believed it was overflowing. Arrived at Dawlish, she observed an unusual silence in the streets through which the carriage passed: Sainville being recognized, many persons approached him, and, waving their heads, observed, „You have come too late — it is all over — the funeral took place an hour ago.“

Mary heard no more; she was borne senseless into the desolate home, where no fond mother waited to receive her; for she who would have taken her to her heart had that day been laid in the grave. The shock which the elopement of her daughter occasioned Mrs. Lester brought on a paralytic seizure, from which she was but slowly recovering, when a harsh letter, filled with the bitterest reproaches and most unfounded accusations, from the Marquess of Deloraine, the father of Lord Mordaunt, caused a fresh attack, which in a few hours terminated her existence. This letter was written during the first violence of grief, on hearing of the death of an only son, the last hope of an ancient house. He attributed that death to the fatigues of the hurried journey to Scotland, which fatal step the proud marquess unjustly accused the mother of abetting. He branded the unhappy Mary with epithets that stuck daggers into her mother's breast, and brought on a return of her malady, which ended in death. By the imprudence of the old female servant, this harrowing letter was given to Mary. She read every word, while cold tremors shook her exhausted frame, and having laid the letter on her heart, closed her eyes, as if overcome with fatigue; and it was not until some hours after, that the old attendant found that the slumber was the sleep of death — expiating with her life her first and last error.

◆

Lines on a Sleeping Child.

BY *Miss Fanny Kemble.*

Oh! child, that to this evil world art come,
Led by the unseen hand of him who guards thee;
Welcome, unto this dangerous house thy home,
Welcome, to all the woe this life awards thee!

Upon thy forehead yet, the badge of sin,
Hath worn no trace; thou look'st as tho' from Heav'n:
But pain, and guilt, and misery, lie within,
Poor exile! from thy happy birth-land driv'n.

Thine eyes are seal'd by the soft hand of sleep,
And like unrippled waves thy slumber seems;
The time's at hand when thou must wake to weep,
Or sleeping, walk a restless world of dreams.

How oft, as day by day life's burthen lies
Heavier and darker on thy fainting soul,
Wilt thou towards Heaven turn thy weary eyes,
And long in bitterness to reach the goal.

How oft wilt thou, upon time's dreary road,
Gaze at thy far-off early days, in vain!
Weeping, how of wilt thou cast down thy load,
And curse—and pray—then take it up again.

How many times shall hope, the fiend, extend
Her poison'd chalice to thy thirsty lips;
How oft shall love its withering sunshine lend,
To leave thee only a more dense eclipse.

How oft shall sorrow strain thee in her grasp;
How oft shall sin laugh at thine overthrow;
How oft shall doubt, despair, and anguish clasp
Their knotted arms around thine aching brow.

Oh bird of light! hail to thy narrow cage,
Oh living soul! hail to thy gloomy cave;
Welcome to longing youth, to loathing age,
Welcome, immortal, welcome to thy grave!

◆

Anecdotes.

Queen Elizabeth at Coventry.

In a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, queen Elizabeth paid the city of Coventry another visit. The mayor, on her majesty's departure, among other particulars, said, „When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear.“ The queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the queen as far as the gallows; which stood at that time about a mile out of the town.

At another time when the queen, in her progress through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor, attended by the aldermen, addressed her majesty in rhyme, in the following words:—

„We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your royal majesty:
Good Lord, how fair you be!“

To which her majesty returned the following gracious answer:

„My royal majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry:
Good Lord, what fools ye be!“

◆

The political sweeps.

When a rumour prevailed in England of a French invasion, two chimney-sweepers fell into a conversation on the times. Advertıng to the expected invasion, „Jack,“ said one, „what is it to us; our trade has nothing to hope or fear from any change in the Government; what need we care; we shall be chimney-sweepers still.“ — „That is a mistake,“ replied Jack, „for when the French come they will bring French chimney-sweepers with them, and we shall be out of employ.“

◆

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Wir geben hier — wie wir es bei unſerer franzöſiſchen Zeitſchrift gethan, welche ſich zu unſerer großen Freude einer äußerſt freundlichen Aufnahme rühmen darf, — als eine Einleitung zu weiteren ausführlicheren Darſtellungen merkwürdiger älterer und neuerer Erſcheinungen in der engliſchen Literatur, eine Reihe von Artikeln, welche früher zu einem andern Zwecke zerſtreut veröffentlicht, jetzt zuſammengeſtellt, von Neuem überarbeitet und vermehrt, ein für ſich beſtehendes Ganze bilden, um dem Leſer eine raſche Überſicht der Entwickelung der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur zu gewähren. Er wird ſo einen allgemeinen Leitfaden finden, an welchen ſich das Beſondere anknüpfen läßt, und dadurch ſich mit geringer Mühe auf einen Standpunkt ſtellen können, von welchem aus er leicht zu überſchauen vermag, was die Verhältniſſe ſeiner Zeit und ſeines Landes zu der Bildung und Geſtaltung des einzelnen Dichters oder Schriftſtellers entweder beitragen oder demſelben verſagen.)

I. Engliſche Sprache.

Die engliſche Sprache iſt eine Miſchung germaniſcher und romaniſcher Dialekte. Sie war von jeher fremdem Einfluſſe unterworfen, und konnte ſich daher erſt in den letzten Zeiten ſelbſtſtändiger geſtalten. Die Sprache der Ureinwohner Englands ward zuerſt durch die Römer beeinträchtigt, ſpäter aber durch die Einfälle der Angelſachſen, vorzüglich ſeit der Niederlaſſung Hengiſt's und Horſa's gänzlich verdrängt, und das Sächſiſche an ihre Stelle geſetzt. Dieſe letztere Mundart ſuchten die Normannen, welche das Nordfranzöſiſche mitbrachten, zu unterdrücken; doch gelang es ihnen nie ganz, ihrem Idiom die Oberherrſchaft zu verſchaffen, und es entſtand endlich nur eine Verſchmelzung beider Sprachen zu einer dritten, die während der Regierung Eduards III. (1327—1350) ſich zu dem Range einer Landesſprache erhob, und ſeit dieſer Zeit ſelbſtſtändig als ſolche behauptete und fortbildete. Grammatiſche Regelmäßigkeit ward ihr erſt ſeit den Zeiten der Kirchenverbeſſerung, wo die Ueberſetzung der heiligen Schrift und der Claſſiker vortheilhaft auf ſie einwirkte. In der darauf folgenden Periode verdankte ſie den dramatiſchen Dichtern Großes; ihre eigentliche wahre Ausbildung beginnt aber erſt mit der Mitte des 18. Jahrhunderts, und iſt ſeit dieſer Zeit im Fortſchreiten geblieben. — Reichthum des Ausdruckes nach allen Richtungen hin, bei großer Einfachheit der Formen ſind ihr eigenthümlich; dagegen fehlt es ihr aber an Wohllaut und Wechſel des Klanges. Für die Feſtſtellung der ſelbſt jetzt noch mitunter ſchwankenden Ausſprache hat Walker (a critical pronouncing dictionary. Deutſcher wohlfeiler und correcter Abdruck, Leipzig, bei Ernſt Fleiſcher), für die Grammatik in neueſter Zeit Lindlay Murray am meiſten gethan. Die beſten engliſch-deutſchen und deutſch-engliſchen Lexica möchten wohl die ſeit Kurzem erſchienenen von Hilpert und Flügel ſein. Eine gute engliſche, deutſch geſchriebene Sprachlehre lieferte C. Lloyd, Hamburg 1830. 4. Auflage; die ausführlichſte und genaueſte verdanken wir K. L. F. Wagner. Sehr empfehlenswerth ſind endlich beſonders zum Selbſtſtudium F. A. Wahlert's (Rectors in Lippſtadt) engliſche Schulgrammatik und engliſches Leſebuch, Crefeld 1833 und Bielefeld 1835.

II. Engliſche Literatur, Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt.

Der erſte Saame der Wiſſenſchaft ward während des 4. Jahrhunderts in England gelegt, als das Chriſtenthum ſich dort Eingang verſchafft, und Geiſtliche des Südens ſich bemühten, ihren größeren Reichthum von Kenntniſſen unter ihren Mitbrüdern zu verbreiten; doch beſchränkte ſich dies immer nur auf Einzelne, und erſtreckte ſich nicht über das Gebiet der Klöſter hinaus. Manches ward unter den damals vorherrſchenden Sachſen durch König Alfred gethan; allein die häufigen Einfälle der Dänen zerſtörten bald wieder die eben aufgegangene Saat, und eine lange Nacht der Verwirrung und Unwiſſenheit folgte.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

Das BRITISH MUSEUM erſcheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnements-Preis für das Vierteljahr 16 gGr. oder 1 fl. 12 kr. rhein., wofür es ſämmtliche Buchhandlungen des In- und Auslandes und alle Poſtämter liefern.

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1836. No. 2.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Die Erſcheinung, daß ein engliſcher Schriftſteller in Deutſchland verhältnißmäßig noch mehr als in ſeinem Vaterlande gefeiert werden, iſt nicht neu und wiederholt ſich bei dem Autor, von dem wir die nachfolgende Erzählung mittheilen. Der Grund liegt meiſtens in den politiſchen Verhältniſſen, welche jenſeits des Canals auch im Reiche der ſchönen Literatur, auf welches ſie nie einen dauernden Einfluß haben ſollten, ihre Herrſchaft ausüben und für oder wider den Einzelnen, je nach der Geſinnung der Parthei, zu welcher er ſich bekennt, werden und wirken. Der fremde ausländiſche Leſer, den dieſe Intereſſen wenig oder gar nicht berühren, ſieht dagegen nur auf die Leiſtungen eines Schriftſtellers an und für ſich, und unterſucht allein, ob dieſelben den Forderungen der Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft genügen. Sein Urtheil iſt daher auf der einen Seite gerechter, da es von Nebenabſichten frei bleibt, auf der andern Seite kann es aber nie ſo gründlich ſein, als das des Eingebornen, da ihm zu viel fehlt, um ſich auf den Standpunkt zu ſetzen, von welchem ſeine Beurtheilung eine erſchöpfende ſein könnte, und auf dem ſich jener ſchon von ſelbſt befindet. So iſt Bulwer, unterſtützt durch die Verwandtſchaft des engliſchen Geiſtes mit dem deutſchen, bei uns ein Modeſchriftſteller geworden, deſſen Leiſtungen, namentlich im Roman, alle Stände mit der lebhafteſten Theilnahme begrüßen, und ſeine Landesleute werfen uns Deutſchen nicht ganz ohne Grund vor, daß wir den allerdings talentvollen Mann, dem aber noch gar Manches fehlt, ehe er ſich einem Fielding, Smollet, Goldſmith, ja ſelbſt einem Richardſon an die Seite ſtellen darf, überſchätzen.

Die Unterſuchung, in wiefern ſie Recht oder Unrecht haben, müſſen wir dahin geſtellt ſein laſſen, da ſie uns hier zu weit führen dürfte. Unſerer Ueberzeugung nach beſitzt Bulwer allerdings höchſt ausgezeichnete Gaben und weiß dieſelben vortrefflich anzuwenden; dazu gehören namentlich ein ſcharfer Blick für die menſchlichen Verhältniſſe, eine tiefe Kenntniß des Herzens, ein glückliches Darſtellungstalent und ein rapider und eleganter Styl; dagegen fehlt es ihm aber auf der andern Seite an wahrer poetiſcher Begeiſterung; er ſchafft nicht mit dem Gemüthe und der Phantaſie, ſondern allein mit dem Verſtande, und alle ſeine Leiſtungen, ſelbſt die der Form nach ſtreng poetiſchen nicht ausgenommen, ſind Erzeugniſſe der künſtlichſten Berechnung. So z. B. um dieſe Behauptung nicht ganz ohne Beweis zu laſſen, weiß er in ſeinen meiſten Romanen den Leſer ſchon in den erſten Capiteln durch irgend ein wichtiges, ſeinen Helden betreffendes, unergründlich ſcheinendes Geheimniß zu ſpannen. Auf dieſe Weiſe nun ſeine Neugier reizend, zieht er ihn durch eine Reihe von Capiteln fort, wobei er durch andere Mittel das Intereſſe feſſelt, läßt dann gelegentlich irgend einen Schein der Enthüllung jenes Räthſels aufblinken, der aber eben ſo ſchnell wieder in Nacht verſchwindet, ſetzt darauf ſein altes Spiel von Neuem fort, und weiß ſo glücklich ſein Publicum bis zum Schluſſe feſtzuhalten, wo er denn am Ende daſſelbe für ſeine Ausdauer mit der Enthüllung ſeines Geheimniſſes belohnt. Das iſt ein Kunſtgriff, deſſen ſich ein wahrer Dichter ſelten oder nie bedienen wird. — Bulwer's größte Stärke beruht auf ſeiner glänzenden Behandlung der Einzeln heiten des wirklichen, jetzigen Lebens. Am Glücklichſten iſt er daher ſtets, wo er ſich nur in dieſer Sphäre zu bewegen braucht; ſeine Leiſtungen auf anderem Gebiete, namentlich ſeine beiden letzten Romane, „die letzten Tage von Pompeji" und „Rienzi" ſind, im Verhältniß zu ſeinem Talent eher verfehlt als gelungen zu nennen, obwohl ſie manche ſchöne Stelle, manches hinreißend geſchriebene Capitel aufzuweiſen haben.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, aus vornehmem und reichem Geſchlechte ſtammend, ward im Jahre 1803 geboren und hatte das Unglück, ſeinen Vater, der General in britiſchen Dienſten war, ſchon ſehr jung (1805) durch den Tod zu verlieren. Seine Mutter, deren Familiennamen Lytton er ſpäter dem väterlichen Namen Bulwer hinzufügte, war darauf bedacht, ihm eine vortreffliche Erziehung angedeihen zu laſſen, auch zeichnete er ſich bereits früh durch Scharfſinn, Feinheit der Sitten und reiche Beleſenheit aus. Zu Cambridge, wo er ſtudirte, gewann er den Preis für ein Gedicht auf die Bildhauerkunſt. — Eine Sammlung Poeſieen erſchien 1826 von ihm unter dem Titel Weeds and wild Flowers; dieſer folgte 1827 ſein erotiſches Gedicht O' Neill or the Rebel und ſein erſter Roman: Falkland. — Seit dieſer Zeit ließ er, zumal da ſein ächter Roman Pelham ihm bedeutenden Ruf erwarb, kein Jahr vergehen, ohne mit einem neuen, größeren Erzeugniß ſeiner Muſe hervor zu treten. So wurden ſchnell hinter einander The Disowned, Devereux, Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram, England and the English, The last days of Pompeji, Rienzi, the Student u. ſ. w., veröffentlicht, von denen die erſtgenannten unſtreitig die vorzüglicheren ſind. — Er iſt gegenwärtig Mitglied des Unterhauſes als Repräſentant des Borough St. Ives und hat ſich hier, wenn auch nicht als ein glänzender Redner, doch als ein wackerer Vertreter des Volkes gezeigt. — Auch hat er ſeit 1832 die Redaction des früher von dem bekannten Dichter **Thomas Campbell** herausgegebenen New Monthly Magazine übernommen. — Engliſche Blätter ſchildern ihn als einen ſehr ſchönen, aber gegen Fremde unerträglich ſtolzen jungen Mann.

The choice of Phylias.

A Tale.

By *E. L. Bulwer.*

Phylias was a young Athenian, whom the precepts of Socrates had reared in the two great principles (or rather, perhaps, affections) which a State should encourage in her sons — the desire of Glory, and the worship of Virtue. He wished at once to be great and to be good. Unfortunately Phylias nourished a third wish, somewhat less elevated, but much more commonly entertained — the wish to be loved! He had a strong thirst for general *popularity* as well as *esteem*; and to an aspiring soul he united a too susceptible heart.

One day, as he was wandering amongst the olive groves that border Cephisus, and indulging in those reveries on his future destiny which make the happiest prerogative of the young, his thoughts thus broke into words: —

„Yes, I will devote my life to the service of my countrymen. I will renounce luxury and ease. Not for me shall be the cooks of Sicily, or the garlands of Samos. My chambers shall not steam with frankincense, nor resound with the loud shouts of Ionic laughter. No; I will consecrate my youth to the pursuit of wisdom, and the practice of virtue; so shall I become great, and so beloved. For when I have thus sacrificed my enjoyments to the welfare of others, shall they not all honour and esteem me? Will they not insist that I take the middle couch at the public festivals? and will not all the friends of my youth contend which shall repose upon my bosom? It is happy to be virtuous; but, O Socrates, is it not even happier to be universally beloved for your virtue?"

While Phylias was thus soliloquizing, he heard a low sweet laugh beside him; and, somewhat startled at the sound — for he had fancied himself entirely alone — he turned hastily round, and beheld a figure of very singular appearance. It was a tall man, in the prime of life; but one side of the face and form was utterly different from the other: on one side the head was crowned with the festive wreath — the robes flowed loose and disordered — joy and self-complacency sparkled on the smiling countenance. You beheld a gaiety which you could not help liking; but an air of

levity which you could not respect. Widely contrasted was the other half of this strange apparition: without crown or garland, after the fashion of a senator of the Areopagus, flowed the sober locks; the garb was costly, but decent and composed; and in the eye and brow the aspect was dignified and lofty, but somewhat pensive and clouded either by thought or care: in the one half you behold a boon companion, whom you would welcome and forget — in the other a lofty monitor, from whom you shrank in unacknowledged fear, and whom even in esteeming you were willing carefully to shun.

„And who art thou? And from what foreign country comest thou?“ asked the Athenian, in astonishment and awe.

„I come from the land of the invisibles,“ answered the apparition; „and I am thy tutelary demon. Thou art now of that age, and hast attained to that height of mind, in which it is permitted me to warn and to advise thee. What vain dreams, O Phylias, have crept into thy mind! Dost thou not see that thou art asking two boons utterly incompatible with each other — universal fame and universal regard? Take thy choice of either; thou canst not combine both. Look well at the guise and garb in which I appear to thee; if thou wouldst be loved, thou seest in one half of me the model which thou shouldst imitate; if renowned, the other half presents thee also with an example. But how canst thou hope to unite both? Look again; can any contrast be stronger? Can any opposites be more extreme? Waste not thy life on a chimera. Be above thy race, and be hated; be of their own level, and be loved. Thou hast thy choice!“

„False demon!“ answered Phylias; „thou wouldst sicken me of life itself, couldst thou compel me to be hated on the one hand, or worthy to be despised on the other. Thou knowest not my disposition. It hath in it nothing cynical or severe: neither should I presume upon any distinction I might attain. Why should men hate me merely for *proving* the sincerity of my affection to them? Away! thou utterest folly or fraud, and art not of that good race of demons of which Socrates was wont to speak.“

Once more the demon laughed. „Thou wilt know me better one of these days; and what now thou deemest *folly*, thou wilt then term *experience*. Thou resolvest, then, to seek for glory?“

„With my whole soul!“ cried the Athenian.

„Be it so; and from time to time contrast thyself with Glaucus. Farewell!“

The apparition vanished: musing and bewildered, Phylias returned home.

His resolutions were not shaken, nor his ambition damped. He resigned the common pleasures of his youth; he braced his limbs by hardihood and temperance, and fed the sources of his mind from the quiet fountain of wisdom.

The first essays of his ambition were natural to his period of life. He went through the preparatory exercises, and entered himself a candidate for the victoral crown at the Olympic Games. On the day preceding that on which the Games commenced, Phylias met amongst the crowd, which a ceremony of such brilliant attraction had gathered together at Olympia, a young man whom he had known from his childhood. Frank in his disposition, Glaucus was the favourite of all who knew him.

Though possessed of considerable talents, no one envied him; for these talents were never exerted in order to distinguish himself — his ambition was to amuse others. He gave way to every caprice of his own or of his comrades, provided that it promised pleasure. Subtle and versatile, even the sturdiest philosophers were charmed with his society; and the loosest profligates swore sincerely that they loved, because they were not driven to respect, him. His countenance never shamed them into a suspicion that their career was ignoble; and they did justice to his talents, because they could sympathise with his foibles.

„You do not contend for any of the prizes, I think,“ said Phylias; for I do not remember to have seen you at the preparatory exercises?“

„Not I, by Hercules,“ answered Glaucus, gaily. „I play in the Games the part I play in

Life — I am merely a spectator. Could I drink more deeply, or sleep more soundly, if my statue were set up in the sacred wood? Alas! no. Let my friends love Glaucus their comrade — not hate Glaucus their rival. And you?"

„I am a competitor in the chariot race."

„Success to you! I shall offer up my sacrifice for your triumph; meanwhile I am going to hear Thecyrides read his new play. Farewell!"

„What a charming person is Glaucus!" thought Phylias.

Even Phylias liked Glaucus the better for knowing Glaucus was not to be his antagonist.

The morning rose — the hour of trial came on. With a flushed cheek, and a beating heart, Phylias mounted his chariot. He was successful — his locks were crowned with the olive-wreath. He returned to Athens amidst the loudest acclamations. His chariot rolled through the broken wall of his native city; the poets lauded him to the skies. Phylias had commenced the career of fame; and its first fruits were delicious. His parents wept with joy at his triumph; and the old men pointed him out as a model to their sons. Sons hate models; and the more Phylias was praised, the more his contemporaries disliked him, he began to feel that the olive crown had its thorns. If he met his young friends in the streets, they saluted him coldly: „We do not ask you to come to us," said they; „you have weightier matters on hand than our society can afford. We are going to sup with Glaucus: while you are meditating, we suppose, the best way to eclipse Alcibiades."

Meetings like these threw an embarrassment over the manner of Phylias himself. He thought that he was ill-treated, and retired into the chamber of pride. He became shy, and he was called supercilious.

The Olympic Games do not happen every day, and Phylias began to feel that he who is ambitious has no option between excitement and exhaustion. He therefore set about preparing himself for a nobler triumph than that of a charioteer; and from the government of men. He fitted himself for the labours of public speaking. He attended the popular assemblies — he rose into repute as an orator.

Every one knows that at that time Athens was torn by intestine divisions. Alternately caressing and quarrelling with the passionate Alcibiades, his countrymen now saw him a foe in Sparta, and now hailed him a saviour in Athens. Phylias, dreading the ambition of that unprincipled genius, and yet resisting the encroaching tyranny of the four hundred rulers, performed the duty of a patriot, and, pleading for liberty, displeased both parties. Nothing could be more disinterested than his conduct, or more admired than his speeches. He proved his virtue, and he established his fame; and wherever he went he was universally abused.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Refugee.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE „MERCHANT OF LONDON."

SCENE. — *A Drawing-room, simply but elegantly furnished, opening to a Lawn, with a quiet picturesque Landscape, deep Woods in the half-distance. A Summer's Evening just after Sunset.*

CHARACTERS. — *The Earl of ***; Lady Julia, his daughter; the Conde de ***; Don Ribeiro de ***; other Guests, male and female, Foreigners and Natives.*

EARL. That was a sweet air, Julia, one of those
On which the pleas'd ear lingers. There are melodies
That never pall the sense, and this is one
To me.
CONDE. 'Tis beautiful.
RIBEIRO. Ay, very beautiful,
And sweetly sung.
CONDE. And blends deliciously
With the mellow sunset.
JULIA. You have ta'en perhaps

Its lone beauty, and the fine association
Pleases you.
Conde. Nay —
Julia. There are some Spanish airs
Which I have heard, that speak true poetry
Of music: such as burst from the full heart
In the natural shout of triumph, or the wailings
Of tenderness ill-fated, or break forth
In throes of o'ercharged pleasure: some the echoes
Of nature's solitudes, sometimes simply telling
Of peace and beauty, sometimes raised aloud
To piety and worship. Every land
Hath legends of the soul like these. Old lays
Echoing th'eternal passions: thoughts still new
In their pure wisdom, sounds still new in beauty,
And far more touching than the lays of Spain.
Ribeiro. There is a rough war-song —
Conde. A war note comes
From Don Ribeiro like the fiery snortings
Of a charger before battle, when his nature
Is waken'd by the trumpet.
Earl. Sing it, sing it!
At such a moment even I could sing:
'Tis part of conversation.
Ribeiro. You shall have it.

Now the last charge!
The sun goes down in blood,
But not so red,
As the grassy bed,
Of the thousand Moors who firmly stood
With sabre and with targe.

Charge! charge once more!
The infidels must yield,
Bravely then we fought
And dearly bought
Shall be the trampled field
Sodden with human gore.

Charge, charge again!
What is it now to die?
Conquered who'd live?
And who'd not give
His life for victory,
A victory for Spain!

Julia. It thrills me.
Earl. Aye; the air is bold and stirring,
And makes the pulse of an old warrior beat
With youthful quickness.
Ribeiro. You should hear the song
In its own country; you should be a Spaniard
To hear it. These things ever speak to me
With such a mingled voice of poetry
And melody. To hear them in their land,
The noble hymns of war, chorus'd aloud
By myriad armies, ringing round the hills,
The lion-voice of freemen. I have heard it —
Oh! I have heard it once, when my own tent
Was the mausoleum of my ancestors,
Who had joined in the same song, ere they led forth
Their bands to conquest. Yes, I've heard the song,
When my own name was the battle-word, a name
Had been among the victor cries of Spain
For ages, and had never lost its spell
Till now, when freedom joined with it, a cause
The noblest and the last it e'er shall grace.
Yes, it was something that the very word
Was a historic record, and would raise
A flush in every cheek, in every heart
A throb of glorious pride, that Spain should own it,
And here an unknown, an unheard of sound.
Would I had died then with it! for my country
Is now a ruin, a sad wreck, where honour
Lies buried, and the fame of my great forefathers
Cast on the shore for pilfering slaves to spoil,
Blotting their glories with the shames of Spain.
I go too far, I wrong your hospitality:
I should be more contented. I owe much
To England; — but I've now no country.
Earl. True!
But immortality has given such names
To all ages, and all lands; and such is yours.
Ribeiro. Thanks, my lord.
Conde. I remember that a friend
Of mine, an Englishman, praised once a song,
With which, upon our lonely bivouac
In the French war, near Salamanca, once
I wiled away the night — poor Levison!
He fell next day.
Julia. What is it?
Conde. You shall hear.
Julia. Your lute is by your hand, you looked for it.

Conde. Yes, it will aid a rough voice.
Julia. You play well.

The Conde's Song.

May I not tell, oh! gently tell
Feelings so kind, so pure, so true?
What means the silent, fearful spell,
That prompts, yet checks me, when I'd sue?

Oh read, then read, my burning cheek,
Are mine eyes dumb? how unlike thine!
Of love, of hope, of heaven they speak —
Does nothing answer them in mine?

The cork tree waveth silently,
In the soft sighing breeze of night,
Fair Seville's towers pensively
Shadow the placid moon's pale light.

My soul is full of love and thee,
Even nature hallows the fine spell, —
And will not nature plead for me,
When to my heart it speaks so well?

Julia. 'Tis fanciful.
Rinaldo. And fancifully sung.
Earl. Why, yes; the Conde is young, and half believes
Love's dreams realities.
Conde. Are they not so?
Earl. Credulity in them grows not with age,
We break the spell at fifty. Why, what a crowd
Of things impossible, are in your song!
Conde. Aye, you may banter, but as once I heard it,
You had yielded to its magic, and believed
That and a thousand times as much, for her
Who sung it. 'Twas a black-eyed maid, so pale,
So gently thoughtful, with a low soft voice,
That you would list to as sweet bells far off,
When the night wind just wafts their holy sound.
She took the veil soon after: as I think,
'Twas the last song of earth she ever sung.
Julia. She took the veil! poor girl!
Earl. How Julia pities
So hard a fortune!
Conde. 'Twas an eve of which
This somewhat may remind me—but the air
Of eve in Spain—Where was I? We were seated
In a balcony. I was then a stripling.
Some three or four joyous yet gentle girls,
This pale one, and a reckless youth, who smiled
As her eye fell upon his, with a meaning
I knew not, yet remembered her look fell,
Nor sung nor said she more—and I've since thought
'Twas the last breathing of a passionate heart,
That murmured in that song.
Julia. And he regarded not?
Conde. No.
Earl. That was dull of him, eh, Julia?
'Twas not yourself, Conde?
Conde. No, thank Heaven, I sported
With gayer triflers; for I was gay then,
Young, full of hope, one to whom chivalry
Comprised existence. Gallantry and fame
My idol and my care.
Earl. You're yet that boy, Conde.
Conde. Oh that I were! that I could once more dwell
Among such beauteous visions, such fair truths!
To live in the romance of my own land,
My own beloved Spain! Oh! to recal
Its skies, its hills, its waters, its bright clime,
Its old accustomed manners, charities
Of native country, and of infant home;
Its songs, its loves, its sorrows, and its mirths! —
I am a banished man. * * *

◆

Oriental smoking.

An Essay.

In India a hookah, in Persia a nargilly, in Egypt a sheesha, in Turkey a chibouque, in Germany a meerschaum, in Holland a pipe, in Spain a cigar—I have tried them all. The art of smoking is carried by the Orientals to perfection. Considering the contemptuous suspicion with which the Ottomans ever regard novelty, I have sometimes been tempted to believe that the eastern nations must have been acquainted with tobacco before the discovery of Raleigh introduced it to the occident; but a passage I fell upon in old Sandys intimates the reverse. That famous traveller complains of the badness of the tobacco in the Levant, which, he says, is occasioned by Turkey being supplied only with the dregs of the European markets. Yet the choicest tobacco in the world now grows upon the coasts of Syria.

What did they do in the East before they smoked? From the manyrobed Pacha, with his amber-mouthed and jewelled chibouque, longer than a lancer's spear, to the Arab clothed only in a blue rag, and puffing through a short piece of hollowed date-wood, there is, from Stamboul to Grand Cairo, only one source of physical solace. If you pay a visit in the East, a pipe is brought to you with the same regularity that a servant in England places you a seat. The procession of the pipe, in great houses, is striking: eleven in showy dresses advancing in order, with the lighted chibouques to their mouths waving them to and fro; others bearing vases of many-coloured sherbets, and surrounding a superior domestic, who carries the strong and boiling coffee in small cups of porcelain supported in frames of silver filigree, all placed upon a gorgeous waiter covered with a mantle of white satin, stiff and shining with golden embroidery.

In public audiences all this is an affair of form. „The honour of the pipe" proves the consideration awarded to you. You touch it with your lips, return it, sip a half-filled cup of coffee, bow, and retire. The next day a swarm of household functionaries call upon you for their fees. But in private visits, the luxury of the pipe is more appreciated. A host prides himself upon the number and beauty of his chibouques, the size and clearness of the amber mouth-piece, rich and spotless as a ripe Syrian lemon, the rare flavour of his tobaccos, the frequency of his coffee offerings, and the delicate dexterity with which the rose-water is blended with the fruity sherbets. In summer, too, the chibouque of cherry-wood, brought from the Balkan, is exchanged for the lighter jessamine tube of Damascus or Aleppo, covered with fawn-coloured silk and fringed with silver.

The hills of Laodicea celebrated by Strabo for their wines, now produce, under the name of Latakia, the choicest tobacco in the world. Unfortunately this delicious product will not bear a voyage, and loses its flavour even in the harbour of Alexandria. Latakia may be compared to Chateau Margaux; Gibel, the product of a neighbouring range of hills, similar, though stronger in flavour, is a rich Port, and will occasionally reach England without injury. This is the favourite tobacco of Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. No one understands the art of smoking better than his Highness. His richly carved silver chebouk borne by a glossy Nubian eunuch, in a scarlet and golden dress, was a picture for Stephanoff. The Chiboukjee of the Viceroy never took less than five minutes in filling the Viceregal pipe. The skilful votary is well aware how much the pleasure of the practice depends upon the skill with which the bowl is filled. For myself, notwithstanding the high authority of the Pacha, I give the preference to Beiroot, a tobacco from the ancient Berytus, lower down on the coast, and which reminded me always of Burgundy. It sparkles when it burns, emitting a bright blue flame. All these tobaccos are of a very dark colour.

In Turkey there is one very fine tobacco, which comes from Salonichi, in ancient Thrace. It is of a light yellow colour, and may be compared to very good Madeira. These are the choicest tobaccos in the world. The finest [illegible] has a poor, flat taste after them.

The sheesha nearly resembles the hookah. In both a composition is inhaled, instead of the genuine weed. The nargilly is also used with the serpent, but the tube is of glass. In all three, you inhale through rose-water.

The scientific votary after due experience, will prefer the Turkish chibouque. He should possess many, never use the same for two days running, change his bowl with each pipe-full, and let the chibouque be cleaned every day, and thoroughly washed with orange flower water. All this requires great attention, and the paucity and cost of service in Europe will ever prevent any one but a man of a large fortune from smoking in the Oriental fashion with perfect satisfaction to himself.

Perr.

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Viele Biſchöfe und Aebte betrachteten die Gelehrſamkeit als der wahren Frömmigkeit nachtheilig, und verwechſelten, wie ſich Warton richtig ausdrückt, illiberale Ignoranz mit chriſtlicher Einfalt. Erſt ſeit dem Einfall der Normannen, zu Anfange des 11ten Jahrhunderts, empfing England die erſten Rudimente jener Bildung, welche es ſeitdem ſich ſo herrlich erhalten hat. In dem Heere Wilhelms des Eroberers befand ſich die Blüthe des normanniſchen Adels, welche, da ſie ſich über das Land verbreitete, eine allgemeinere Bildung und bisher faſt gänzlich unbekannte Verbeſſerungen einführte. Der Eroberer ſelbſt beſchützte und liebte die Wiſſenſchaften, und ſorgte nach beſten Kräften für ihre Verbreitung. Gelehrte Männer wurden in das Land gerufen, und die ſcholaſtiſche Philoſophie begann bald dort volle Herrſchaft auszuüben und wußte ſich dieſelbe lange zu bewahren. Dieſer Umſtand ſowohl, als auch die vielen äußeren und inneren Unruhen, welche fortwährend England heimſuchten, und die beſtändige Oberherrſchaft der Ausländer verhinderten jedoch lange die Bildung einer nationalen Literatur, und es läßt ſich der Anfang einer ſolchen eigentlich erſt ſeit dem 13. Jahrhundert datiren, wo das wirkliche Studium der Claſſiker ſich zuerſt Bahn brach, und gleichzeitig mit der Buchdruckerkunſt ſich allgemein verbreitete. Die Sprache, welche bisher unter den verſchiedenartigſten Einflüſſen gelitten, fing erſt jetzt an, ſich einigermaßen feſtzuſtellen, und die darauf folgende Kirchenreinigung, mit ihren Kämpfen und Siegen, trug, da ſie ein allgemeines Intereſſe zu erwecken wußte, das Ihrige dazu bei. Von dieſer Zeit an werden drei Perioden in der engliſchen Literargeſchichte angenommen, von denen die erſte unter die Regierung des Hauſes Tudor, die zweite unter die des Hauſes Stuart, die dritte in die Zeit von der Königin Anna bis auf die neueſten Tage fällt. — Obwohl die Herrſcher im Allgemeinen viel für Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte thaten, ſo iſt ihnen doch kein vorwaltender Einfluß zuzuſchreiben, und die Entwickelung ging allein aus dem Volke hervor und ſchritt durch alle Zeiten hindurch ungeſchwächt weiter. Es war der engliſche Bürgergeiſt, der ſo Großes that, und eben durch ihn gelang es der Nation, ſich auf eine ſo hohe Stufe der Intelligenz zu ſchwingen, obwohl er auch auf der anderen Seite der freieren wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausbildung und Einrichtung der engliſchen Univerſitäten und gelehrten Schulen Abbruch that. — Gehen wir jetzt die einzelnen Disciplinen durch, ſo finden wir in jeder mehr oder weniger Vorzügliches geleiſtet, und überall bis auf den heutigen Tag unermüdetes Streben. Für das Studium der Philologie ward der erſte Grund durch Erasmus von Rotterdam gelegt, der mit Unterbrechung eine Reihe von Jahren zu Oxford lehrte; im Anfange beſchäftigte man ſich nur mit den beiden claſſiſchen Sprachen des Alterthums, bald aber, als das Leben mit ſeinen Verzweigungen und Bedürfniſſen auf die Nothwendigkeit ſolcher Studien hinwies, ward die Kenntniß todter, wie lebender Sprachen mit dem lebendigſten Eifer cultivirt, und in allen Fächern und Richtungen auf das Gründlichſte betrieben. Vorzüglich viel ward in neueren Zeiten für die orientaliſche Philologie gethan, wozu freilich politiſche und merkantiliſche Verhältniſſe nicht wenig beitrugen.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The choice of Phylias.

A Tale.

By E. L. Bulwer.

(Concluded from our last.)

He frequently met with Glaucus, who, taking no share in politics, was entertained by all parties, and the most popular man of Athens, because the most unobtrusive.

„You are become a great man now," said Glaucus to him one day; and you will doubtless soon arrive at the last honour Athens can confer upon her children. Your property will be confiscated, and your person will be exiled."

„No!" said Phylias, with generous emotion; „truth is great, and must prevail. Misinterpretation and slander will soon die away, and my countrymen will do me justice."

„The gods grant it!" said the flattering Glaucus. „No man merits it more."

In the short intervals of repose that public life allowed to the Athenians, Phylias contrived to fall in love.

Chyllene was beautiful as a dream. She was full of all amiable qualities; but she was a human being, and fond of an agreeable life.

In his passion for Chyllene, Phylias, for the first time in his career, found a rival in Glaucus; for love was the only passion in which Glaucus did not shun to provoke the jealousy of the powerful. Chyllene was sorely perplexed which to choose: Phylias was so wise, but then Glaucus was so popular; Phylias made excellent speeches, — but then how beautifully Glaucus sung!

Unfortunately, in the stern and manly pursuits of his life, Phylias had necessarily outgrown those little arts of pleasing which were so acceptable to the ladies of Athens. He dressed with decorous dignity, but not with the studied, yet easy, grace of Glaucus. How, too, amidst all his occupations, could he find the time to deck the door of his beloved with garlands, to renew the libations on her threshold, and to cover every wall in the city with her name added to the flattering epithet of καλη. But none of these important ceremonies were neglected by Glaucus, to whom the art to please had been the sole study of life. Glaucus gained ground daily.

„I esteem you beyond all men," Chyllene could say to Phylias without a blush. But she trembled, and said nothing, when Glaucus approached.

„I love you better than all things!" said Glaucus, passionately, one day to Chyllene.

„I love you better than all things, save my country," said Phylias the same morning.

„Ah, Phylias is doubtless the best patriot," thought Chyllene; but Glaucus is certainly the best lover!"

The very weaknesses of Glaucus were charming, but his virtues gave Phylias a little of austerity. With Phylias Chyllene felt ashamed of her excellence.

Alcibiades was now the idol of Athens. He prepared to set out with a hundred ships for the Hellespont, to assist the allies of Athens. Willing to rid the city of so vigilant a guard upon his actions as Phylias, he contrived that the latter should be appointed to a command in the fleet. The rank of Glaucus obtained him a lower but distinguished appointment.

Chyllene was in danger of losing both her lovers.

„Wilt thou desert me?“ said she to Phylias.

„Alas! my country demands it. I shall return to thee covered with laurels.“

„And thou, Glaucus?“

„Perish Alcibiades, and Greece herself, before I quit thee!“ cried Glaucus, who, had there been no mistress in the case, would never willingly have renounced luxury for danger.

Phylias, with a new incentive to glory, and a full confidence in the sympathy of his beloved, set out for Andria. Glaucus was taken suddenly ill, remained at home, and a month afterwards his bride Chyllene was carried by torchlight to his house. It is true that every body at Athens detected the imposition; but every one laughed at it good-humouredly; „for Glaucus,“ said they, „never set up for a paragon of virtue!“ Thus his want of principle was the very excuse for wanting it.

The expedition to Andria failed — Alcibiades was banished again — and Phylias, though he had performed prodigies of valour, shared in the sentence of his leader. His fellow-citizens were too glad of an excuse to rid themselves of that unpleasant sensation which the superiority of another always inflicts on our self-love.

Years rolled away. Phylias had obtained all that his youth coveted of glory. Greece rang with his name; he was now aged, an exile, and a dependent at the Persian court. There, every one respected, but no one loved him. The majesty of his mien, the simplicity of his manners, the very splendour of his reputation, made the courtiers of Persepolis uneasy in his presence. He lived very much alone; and his only recreation was in walking at evening amongst the alleys of a wood, that reminded him of the groves of Athens, and meditating over the past adventures of his life.

It happened that at this time Glaucus, who had survived both his wife and his patrimony, had suffered himself, under the hope of repairing his broken fortunes, to be entrapped into a conspiracy to restore the Oligarchy, after the death of Conon. He was detected, and his popularity did not save him from banishment. He sought refuge at Persepolis: the elastic gaiety of his disposition still continued, and over his grey hairs yet glowed the festive chaplet of roses. The courtiers were delighted with him — the king could not feast without him: — they consulted Phylias, but they associated with Glaucus.

One evening as Phylias was musing in his favourite grove, and as afar off he heard the music and the merriment of a banquet (held by the king in his summer-house, and with Glaucus at his right hand), the melancholy exile found himself gently plucked by the hem of his garment. He turned hastily round, and once more beheld his genius.

„Thy last hour fast approaches,“ said the demon; „again, then, I come to visit thee. At the morning of life I foretold that fate which should continue to its close; I bade thee despair of uniting celebrity and love. Thou hast attempted the union — what hath been thy success?“

„Mysterious visitor!“ answered Phylias, „thy words were true, and my hope was formed in the foolishness of youth. I stand alone, honoured and unloved. But surely this is not the doom of all who have pursued a similar ambition.“

„Recollect thyself,“ replied the fantom: „was not thy master Socrates persecuted unto death, and Aristides ostracised on account of his virtues? Canst thou name one great man who in life was not calumniated for his services? Thou standest not alone. To shine is to injure the self-love of whom, and self-love is the most vindictive of human feelings."

„Yet had I not been an Athenian," murmured Phylias, „I might have received something of gratitude."

„They call Athens ungrateful," answered the spectre; „but every where, while time lasts, the ingratitude shall be the same. One state may exile her illustrious men, another merely defame them; but day is not more separate from night, than true fame from general popularity."

„Alas! thou teachest a bitter lesson," said Phylias, sighing; „better, then, to renounce the glory which separates us from the indulgent mercies of our kind. Has not my choice been an *error*, as well as a *misfortune*?"

The countenance of the genius became suddenly divine. Majesty sat upon his brow, and unspeakable wisdom shone from his piercing eyes, as he replied, „Hush! as thou askest of me thy unworthy question, the laugh of the hoary Glaucus breaks upon thy ear. The gods gave to him the privilege to be beloved — and despised. Wouldst thou, were the past at thy control, — wouldst thou live the life that he hath lived? wouldst thou, for the smiles of revellers, or for the heart of the mistress of thy manhood, feel that thy career had been worthless, and that thy sepulchre should be unknown? No, by the flush upon thy cheek, thou acknowledgest that to the great the pride of recollection is sufficient happiness in itself. Thy only error was in this, the wish to obtain the fleeting breath of popular regard, as the *reward* for immortal labours. The illustrious should serve the world, unheeding of its final applause. The whisper of their own hearts should convey to them a diviner music than the huzzas of crowds. Thou shouldst have sought only to be great, so would it never have grieved thee to find thyself unbeloved. The soul of the great should be as a river, rejoicing in its mighty course, and heedless all — nor conscious of the fading garlands which perishable hands may scatter upon its tide."

The corpse of Phylias was found that night in the wood by some of the revellers returning home. And the jovial king buried the body in a gorgeous sepulchre, and the citizens of Athens ordained a public mourning for his death. And to the name of Phylias a thousand bards promised immortality — and, save in this momentary record, the name of Phylias has perished from the earth!

Married for Money.

A Tale.

Miss Griselda Thistlethwaite was a respectable lady of unblemished reputation, whose unwilling celibacy had diffused an unhappy acidity over a countenance which would otherwise have been, if not excessively lovely, strikingly interesting and genteel. The lips were pursed up; the nose was puckered in; the teeth had grown out from the gums to an ogreish length; but still there was a certain twinkle in the lady's pale grey eye that betokened a breast of softer mould than her ossified appearance might seem to warrant. This twinkle was carefully observed and shrewdly speculated upon by a lusty, laughing, rosy-cheeked gentleman, who, having served his country in the Peninsular war, had been left by the peace with a Waterloo medal, the title of captain, a wound over the left nostril, and a pension of somewhat about 120l. per year. Now, Miss Griselda Thistlethwaite was in earlier life but moderately provided for; but having been housekeeper to a gouty uncle and companion to an asthmatic aunt, she had managed so to wrap up the legs of the one and to lollypop the throat of the other as to wheedle a pretty little trifle out of each, which, having been left at compound interest in the Consolidated Funds, had been so compounded and consolidated as to produce a capital amounting to nearly 60,000l., and some houses in the neighbourhood of Clapham. „The value one sets upon a thing is very much regulated (says Dr. Johnson) on the pains bestowed upon its production or acquisition;" and the various sittings up late and gettings up early, the sympathising groans at a twinge or the melancholy sigh of a cough, with which her little competency had been acquired, added in no slight degree to Miss Griselda's estimation of the aforesaid 60,000l., of which she thought it impossible, therefore, to speak or feel too much.

„How are funds to-day, Captain?" would she say on entering Mr. Hewitt's circulating library at Leamington, and how are the Portuguese Bonds? And now, pray, Captain, you who have been in the Peninsula, and of course know all about these things, pray do you think Spanish Scrip cheap at 15?" To all of these queries the Captain would reply with a placid smile and a profound air, and at each answer Miss Griselda Thistlethroat thought him a very sensible and comely man; and, then, the Captain's uncle was an attorney, so that law, if he were her uncle also, might be had for nothing—no trifling consideration considering her present dispute with John Stanton, Esq., relative to her right to the three willow-trees, and with Tim Thomson for the repairs of a pigsty, and with Anne Scrubemout for the recovery of two shifts and a pair of worsted, under worsted, stockings, which deponent fully declared and made oath had been sent to the said Anne Scrubemout's laundry, and never returned therefrom. All these considerations, and the Captain's plump and rosy cheeks, strongly disposed Miss Griselda towards returning the gentle squeeze with which he modestly and affectionately handed her into the pale green fly which she had hired for the season. Captain Makepeace himself had sought the waters partly in the hope of getting hold of a wife—of a wife who would garnish his purse as well as smooth his pillow; for though he was fully sensible to what a single man who wore dickies, and used brown soap, and knew the best ordinaries, and had no female expenses, might do with 120l. per annum, still stout people are generally luxuriously-minded people, and the Captain was fond of old Port wine, cast a longing eye on a stout bay cob and a splendid red-wheeled gig, the properties of a dashing brewer at the Spa, and would have been glad, moreover, to give an extra halfcrown or five shillings to his washerwoman now and then who was a buxom lady with round arms, and a neck and bust that might have done honour to a Venus of the Western Isles. Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was no beauty, — let the fact be acknowledged! — but she was of a thin, and, therefore, genteel figure; her voice was loud and shrill to be sure, but then that loudness and shrillness gave a commanding tone to her conversation, such as completely overpowered all her literary acquaintances, with the exception of one, indeed, who, though now a land-agent's wife, had in early youth been remarkable for her vocular powers in crying „fish." Miss Griselda's temper, it was reported, was neither completely calm nor perpetually sweet, but as a set-off to any little disagreeability of that kind in the lady herself, was to be considered the escape, which might fairly be reckoned upon, from a cornucopia of squalling brats, to which there was little probability of the gentle Thistlethroat's giving birth. In short, when the match was talked of, the gentleman most concerned hailed it as a d—d good thing, and the lady professed no objections; insomuch that, in spite of the various efforts of Miss T.'s and Captain M.'s friends, who, to do them justice, laboured all they could to produce a misunderstanding between the parties, the question was put, the consent given, and nothing remained but the lawyer's settlements and the parson's benediction. To the first there was some demur, — though the lady was assuredly smitten by the Captain's manly conformations and the euphonious appellation of Mrs. M., still neither the one nor the other was dearer to her than the 60,000l. Consolidated, and the sundry cottages at Clapham. The Captain, on the other hand, dear as Miss Griselda's sylphid figure and silver-trumpeted voice might be to him, and fair the expectancy of quiet domestic bliss with so prudent and well-managing a partner, was not quite content with the idea of placing his corporeal advantages in Miss Griselda's hands unless she placed some of her pecuniary ones in his. The lady sobbed, and said that all that the Captain wanted was—her money. The Captain grumbled and feared that Miss Griselda doubted—his honour.

„The cruel, perfidious man; did he not think it would be the happiness of her life to contribute to his comfort?" „The cold-hearted, deceitful woman! did she think that a gentleman and a soldier was to be kept in a state of connubial dependence?"

Great hopes were entertained by Colonel Hobbs and Mrs. Sobersides that the foolish match would go off; but, alas! if the match should *go off*, so must the Captain, — for the last three months he had drunk wine instead of malt liquor, which his doctors had *formerly* recommended him; his hair and his whiskers had been curled every morning by the very first professional artist in Leamington; four new shirts, with fine cambric frills; and a new green coat, with brass buttons, on which was embossed (it gave a landed property air) the head of a fox; and a light sky-blue coat (very becoming with white pantaloons); and two pair of boots and one pair of pumps, besides his reading-room subscription, all, we say, and each of these — remained *to be paid for*. Now, people in the world are so worldly, that so long as Miss Thistlethwaite was seen on Captain Makepeace's arm, for the Captain to talk of paying anything was absurd — quite out of the question. „Oh, Sir, let it stand, pray let it stand, for another time; there is no hurry, Sir, — no hurry, Sir, I assure you." But now, no sooner had the first whisper of a misunderstanding been circulated, than all the persons the Captain had ever been trusted by seemed, all of a sudden, smitten by some strange calamity — a partnership was broken up — a little account was unexpectedly obliged to be settled — all the bottles of jasmine perfume and Macassar oil, all the pairs of kid gloves and the pots of cold cream, and the tweezers and scrapers and cutters, which most little compliment on the smell of his pocket handkerchief, the gloss on his whiskers, the whiteness of his hands, the clear redness of his cheeks, and the ivory of his nails, had induced him to admit to his toilette table, now rose up in — what his creditors threatened to procure — *judgment against him*. Nor was this all; Leamington might be flown from, but where was the place to fly to? — London, that Paradise for halfpay captains, was hemmed and barred, for a bill was yet unsettled at the Cockspur — Cheltenham contained a cue by a dentist — and all the persons whose debts at play remained unsettled for, monopolised Calais and Boulogne. The half-years pays, on which at other times he might have retired to Wales or the Palais Royal, had been paid, *for twenty years before*, at whist, two weeks before, to an Irish counsellor, who had seen the hopes of too many suitors defeated to feel sure of the fulfilment of Captain Makepeace's. In short, the proposition once admitted, that a man must live, — and the Captain never doubted or disputed it, — the natural sequitur was, that he could only live by making Miss Griselda, even on her own terms, Mrs. Captain Makepeace. He vowed that it was not the filthy lucre that he had required — no; he had been shocked by what he feared was a want of his dear Griselda's affection; and when she gave him her hand to kiss, of that affection he protested himself so assured that he would not — if she implored and entreated him — he would not accept the settlement of a sixpence. This Miss Thistlethwaite fully believed, and therefore did not needlessly press him on the subject. On the next Sunday the marriage took place, and in the evening the happy pair strolled through the ruins of Kenilworth, — the Captain calling Miss Griselda „his Elizabeth," and she fondly telling him that he only wanted a tuft on the chin to be the very image of Leicester.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

◆

The Children in the Wood;

or,

The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.

Ballad.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
  In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
  Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
  No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
  And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
  Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
  And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
  Not passing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,
  And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
  As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
  Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
  Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
  Which might not be controll'd.
But if the children chanc'd to die
  Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
  For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
  Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
  No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
  My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
  Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
  And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
  When I am dead and gone.

With that bespake their mother dear:
  O brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
  To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,
  Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
  God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone
  She kiss'd her children small:
God bless you both, my children dear;
  With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
  To this sick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
  Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
  Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
  When you are laid in grave!

Their parents being dead and gone,
  The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
  And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
  A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
  To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
  Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
  And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
  He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
  With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
  Rejoicing at that tide;
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
  They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
  As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
  And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
  Made murd'rers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
  Full sore they did repent.
The one of them, more hard of heart,
  Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
  Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
  So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
  About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
  Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
  While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
  When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
  And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
  While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I 'll bring you bread,
  When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
  Went wandering up and down:
But never more they saw the man
  Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
  Were all besmear'd and dy'd;
And when they saw the darksome night,
  They sat them down and cried.

Then wander'd these two pretty babes
  Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
  As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
  Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
  Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
  Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
  His conscience felt a hell.
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
  His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
  And nothing with him stay'd.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
  Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
  To extreme misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
  Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
  Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
  These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
  As was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
  The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while for debt
  In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
  And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
  And infants mild and meek:
Take you example by this thing,
  And give to each his right;
Lest God with such like misery,
  Your wicked minds requite.

Kurzer Ueberblick

der

Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Die Engländer haben jedoch überall hier bedeutende Leiſtungen aufzuweiſen, wie z. B. für claſſiſche Studien die Arbeiten von Creech, Hill, Dawes, Bentley, Baxter, Clarke, Porſon u.ſ.w., für aſiatiſche Sprachen Pococke's, Clarke's, Selden's, der beiden Pearſon, Beveridge's, Huntington's, Greave's, Lowth's, Richardſon's, Jones, Ouſeley's u. A. m.; für das Indiſche wirkten mit großem Erfolge Jones, Wilkins, Colebrooke, Wilſon u. A.; für die nordiſchen Sprachen Hickes und Percy; für das Koptiſche Wilkins u. ſ. w. — Die Theologie ward zuerſt mehr praktiſch mit beſonderer Beziehung auf das Verhältniß der Kirche zum Staate ausgebildet, indem ſich die letztere durch Heinrich VIII. vom Papſte trennte, und zwiſchen dem Katholicismus und dem Proteſtantismus in der Mitte bleibend, obwohl in ſtärkerer Hinneigung zum letzteren, als ein für ſich beſtehendes Inſtitut, ſich geſtaltete. Die ſpäteren hartnäckigen Kämpfe der verſchiedenen Glaubensparteien verſtärkten dieſe Richtung, und thaten der wiſſenſchaftlichen Theologie daher bedeutenden Abbruch, erſt ſpäter, als ſich Alles ruhiger geſtaltete, konnte mehr für das Exegetiſche, das ſich bisher nur auf Patriſtik und Kirchengeſchichte erſtreckt hatte, geleiſtet werden. Für Exegeſe und Dogmatik ward im Ganzen nur wenig gethan, und dieſe beiden Doctrinen ſind bis auf die neueſten Zeiten die ſchwache Seite der engliſchen Theologen geblieben; obwohl in der erſteren hie und wieder mit ernſtem Fleiße gearbeitet worden, ſo fehlte doch der ſcharf eindringende Geiſt, der dieſer Wiſſenſchaft erſt wirkliches Leben verleiht. Zu den ausgezeichneteren engliſchen Theologen gehören Bell, Wharton, Poole, Pococke, Chandler, Lardner, Lowth, Patrick, Doddridge, Mill, Kennicott, Holmes u. A. (Ueber die Kanzelredner ſ. engliſche Proſa.) — In der Jurisprudenz fand im Allgemeinen nur ein einſeitiges Streben Statt, da die eigenthümliche Richtung des Volkes nur auf genaue Kenntniß des common law (der Landesgeſetze), hinwies, und der Buchſtabe des Geſetzes als die ſtrengſte Norm, die keine Nebenbedeutung und Auslegung erlaubte, galt. Zwar ſuchte die Geiſtlichkeit das römiſche Recht als ein allein gültiges zu erhalten, doch trat ihr die auf ihre Selbſtſtändigkeit eiferſüchtige Nation in entſchiedener Oppoſition entgegen, und die Rechtswiſſenſchaft erhob ſich, dem Bedürfniſſe der Wirklichkeit allein gehorchend, nie zu allgemeiner philoſophiſcher Höhe, ſondern blieb eine mechaniſche Kenntniß einer ungeheuren Zahl Geſetze und Rechtsformen. Es wird daher auch noch jetzt nicht auf den Univerſitäten, ſondern in den Inn's mehr praktiſch als theoretiſch, gewiſſermaßen handwerksmäßig, gelehrt, und bloß in Oxford befindet ſich ein Lehrſtuhl deſſelben, deſſen Inhaber ſich aber auch nur mit dem engliſchen Landrechte hauptſächlich beſchäftigt. Für die Praxis ward dagegen viel gethan, und hier bilden ſich die bedeutendſten Lehrer. Zu den ausgezeichneten engliſchen Juriſten gehören beſonders Littleton, Coke, Blackſtone, Wooddeſon, Cowper, Gilbert, Thurlow, Erskine u. A. m. — In der Medicin herrſchte ebenfalls die praktiſche Richtung vor, die Ausübung derſelben wird heut zu Tage, mit wenigen Einſchränkungen, wie die eines jeden anderen Geſchäftes betrachtet, und die Schüler werden nicht auf Univerſitäten, ſondern bei einzelnen praktiſchen Aerzten gebildet, wo ſie gleichſam ihre Lehrjahre machen müſſen.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Lady Morgan.

Dieſe vielfach gefeierte Frau iſt wohl als die beweglichſte, geiſtreichſte und ſcharfſinnigſte, aber auch als die geſchwätzigſte unter den lebenden engliſchen Schriftſtellerinnen zu betrachten. Ihr Vater ein Mr. Owenſon, hatte ſeine Vermögensumſtände durch zu große Neigung für das Theater zerrüttet: abwechſelnd lebte er darauf mit den Seinigen in verſchiedenen Gegenden Irlands, und ſchon früh mußte ſeine durch ihr Talent für Muſik, Malerei und Dichtkunſt höchſt ausgezeichnete Tochter, ihre Kräfte anſtrengen, um für die Subſiſtenz der Ihrigen zu ſorgen, ſo daß ſie bereits öffentlich auftrat, noch ehe ſie jenen Grad der Reife und Ausbildung erlangt hatte, der zur Vollbringung von Leiſtungen im Fache der Kunſt unumgänglich erforderlich iſt. — Ihr erſter Roman, eine wenig bedeutende Nachahmung beliebter Vorbilder, fand daher nur geringen Beifall; gleichermaßen erfuhren ihre darauf folgenden Arbeiten manchen gerechten Tadel, denn die in der Einſamkeit aufgewachſene Verfaſſerin hatte wohl den Charakter der ſie umgebenden, romantiſchen Naturſcenen mit Wärme und Wahrheit aufgefaßt und dargeſtellt, aber das Leben und die Welt mit ihren wechſelnden Erſcheinungen waren ihr ganz fremd geblieben, und alle ihre Werke mußten in dieſer Hinſicht, da ſie bloß aus ſich ſelbſt ſchöpfen konnte, als verfehlt und mangelhaft erſcheinen, indem es ihnen an jener Wahrheit und Genauigkeit fehlte, welche ſich nur durch tief eindringende Kenntniß der Geſellſchaft und ihrer Verhältniſſe erwerben laſſen. — Es hatte dieſem genialen Weſen jedoch nur an Gelegenheit, nicht an Kraft gemangelt, denn kaum nahmen ſich wohlwollende Verwandte der jungen Schriftſtellerin an und führten ſie in Kreiſe, die ſie bisher faſt nur vom Hörenſagen kannte, ſo ergriff ſie die mannigfachen Erſcheinungen des Weltlebens mit eben ſo viel Scharfſinn als Feuer, und zeichnete dieſelben in ihren neueſten Leiſtungen ſo vortrefflich, daß ſie ſich bald jene Höhe der Meiſterſchaft erwarb, auf welcher ſie alle ihre Mitbewerberinnen weit hinter ſich ließ. — Im Jahre 1811 machte ſie die Bekanntſchaft des Sir Charles Morgan, eines ausgezeichneten Arztes, mit welchem ſie ſich bald darauf vermählte. Seit dieſer Zeit lebte ſie in Dublin, dann und wann jedoch den Continent meiſt zu litterariſchen Zwecken bereiſend, höchſt geehrt, obwohl ihre politiſchen Anſichten, die ſie gern und mitunter ſehr am unrechten Orte vorträgt, ihr heftige Gegner zuzogen.

Lady Morgan vereint in ihren Schriften Originalität, Wärme des Gefühls, Reichthum der Anſchauungen und Tiefe der Gedanken, mit einer glänzenden und lebendigen Darſtellung; doch kann ſie das Naturkind nicht verleugnen, läßt ſich willig von ihrem Gegenſtande hinreißen und wird leicht einſeitig. Auch ſpielt ſelbſt bei Schilderungen des wirklichen Lebens die Phantaſie nur zu oft eine vorherrſchende Rolle bei ihr, und man muß ſich hüten, Allem, was ſie ſagt, ohne Prüfung Glauben zu ſchenken; denn obwohl man ihr nicht den Vorwurf machen kann, gefliſſentlich unwahr zu ſein, ſo gefällt ſie ſich doch nur zu ſehr in Ausſchmückungen und liebt es Manches in glänzender Beleuchtung zu zeigen, das, bei hellem Tage betrachtet, dem ruhigern Beobachter weit fahler und dürftiger erſcheint. So haben ihr France, France in 1830 und Italy namentlich dieſer talentvollen Frau Verfolgungen zugezogen, die ſie ſich leicht

hatte erwerben können, ſo hat ſie ferner in ihrem neueſten Roman: The Princess and the Beguine, in welchem ſie Belgiſche Zuſtände ſchildert, Dinge gezeigt, welche kein bekannter Reiſender, ſo wie ſie dieſelben darſtellt, in jenem Lande zu finden vermag.

Am glücklichſten iſt ſie in der Zeichnung ſolcher Zuſtände und ihre dieſes Land berührenden Romane, wie z. B. The wild Irish Girl, O'Donnel, Patriotic Sketches of Ireland ſind überaus anziehend. Höchſt anmuthig zeigt ſie ſich ferner in ihrem Book of the Boudoir, welches viele intereſſante Anſichten und Bemerkungen über ihr eigenes Leben enthält, und aus welchem wir hier eine Reihe vortrefflicher Gemälde folgen laſſen.

My First Rout in London.

Of all metaphysical mysteries, there is nothing more difficult to get at than the mystery of memory. Montaigne, complaining of his, observes, „*Je suis si excellent en oubliance, que mes escripts mêmes, je les oublie, pas moins que les autres.*“ This is precisely my own case. I never could remember any thing I wrote, beyond the moment when it was going through the press. The other evening I found a book lying open on the piano-forte, which somebody had just laid down, on being called to take a part in the *Preghiera* in the opera of *Mosè*, and I chanced to light upon a high-flown and rather bombastical passage, of which I could make nothing. This induced me to look at the title-page. It was „The Wild Irish Girl,“ seventh edition. I had not seen it for years. I was amused, and a little surprised.

In diebus illis, it was with my style, pretty much as with the oaths of *Frère Jean de l'Entommeures* — „*Comment, dans jurez, Frère Jean?*“ *Ce n'est (dit le moine) que pour orner mon langage: ce sont couleurs de rhétorique Ciceroniane.*“ All, that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction give to literary composition, was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me. The imagination, or feeling, or what ever it was, that carried the „Wild Irish Girl“ through seven editions in less than two years, was wholly unsupported by any of the advantages which reading, the world, society, or the judgment and taste they bring with them, could confer. I began to write almost as soon as I could read; and the premature development of imagination, which enabled me to combine and invent, was inevitably destitute of that command of language, which books and reflection only give. Hurried on by the „thick-coming fancies“ of a fervid but uncultivated mind, I did not always pause to secure the best and most precise expression by which they could be conveyed; and except when I had to give utterance to some strong feeling (for feeling always finds its own language), I was often, as the sportsman's phrase is, „at fault.“ Conscious of the poverty of my vocabulary, I frequently borrowed a word, or adopted a phrase, as Frère Jean did an oath, not for its precise application or intrinsic meaning, but simply „*pour orner mon langage.*“

I remember once making this humble and plenary confession under very singular circumstances, and with a most propitiating effect. It was on the occasion of my first appearance at a great London rout, and at the moment when the uncalculated success of the juvenile work alluded to, had given me that sort of vogue which learned pigs, and learned ladies, and other things more valuable for their singularity than their utility, enjoy in common.

A few days after my arrival in London, and while my little book was running rapidly through successive editions, I was presented to the Countess Dowager of C—k, and invited to a rout at her fantastic and pretty mansion in New Burlington-street. Oh, how her Irish historical name tingled on my ears, and rested on my imagination; as that of her great ancestor, „the father of chemistry, and uncle to Lord Cork,“ did on the mind of my old friend, Professor Higgens. I was freshly launched from the bogs of the barony of Tireragh, in the province of Connaught, and had dropped at once into the very sanctuary of

English fun, without time to go through the necessary course of training in manners or millinery, for such an awful transition: so, with no *chaperon* but my incipient notoriety, and actually no toilet but the frock and the flower in which, not many days before, I had danced a jig, on an earthen floor, with an O' Rourke, prince of Breffney, in the county of Leitrim, I stepped into my job-carriage at the hour of ten, and, „all alone by myself" — as the Irish song says —

„To Eden took my solitary way."

What added to my fears, and doubts, and hopes, and embarrassments, was a note from my noble hostess, received at the moment of departure, which ran thus: —

„Every body has been invited expressly to meet the Wild Irish Girl: so she must bring her Irish harp. „M. C. O."

I arrived at New Burlington-street without my Irish harp, and with a beating heart; and I heard the high-sounding titles of princes and ambassadors, and dukes and duchesses, announced, long before my own poor plebeian Hibernian name puzzled the porter, and was bandied from footman to footman, as all names are bandied, which are not written down in the red-book of Fashion, nor rendered familiar to the lips of her insolent menials. How I wished myself back in Tireragh with my own princes, the O's and Macs; and yet this position was among the dreams of my highest ambition! To be sought after by the great, not for any accidental circumstance of birth, rank, or fortune, but simply „*pour les beaux yeux de mon mérite*," was a principal item in the utopia of my youthful fancy. I endeavoured to recall the fact to mind; but it would not do: and as I ascended the marble stairs, with their gilt balustrade, I was agitated by emotions, similar to those which drew from my countryman, Maurice Quill *), his frank exclamation in the heat of Vittoria, „Oh, Jasus, I wish some one of my greatest enemies was kicking me down Dame-street!"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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*) Maurice Quill, the Sir John Falstaff of the Irish troops during the Peninsular war, who assigned as a reason for entering into the [illegible] regiment (I believe) his desire to be near his brother, who was in the [illegible]

◆

Married for Money.

A Tale.

(Concluded from our last.)

We throw a veil over the mysteries of the honeymoon. The only observation made on which by Mrs. Makepeace herself was, that, after all, she found nothing so extraordinary in marriage as she had expected. During the honeymoon, however, the captain's debts were paid, Mrs. M. resting satisfied with the assurance, that nothing but love could have made him so extravagant; so far, then, he was a richer man. He was doomed, moreover, to a life of greater quality. A large house, from which the estate had been sold off, was to be purchased a great bargain, in the least salubrious part of Essex—ten acres were attached to it, which wanted draining, certainly, but which, when drained and planted would be quite a different thing from what they were. Mrs. Makepeace's man of business, who had a debt upon the estate, not to be paid off until a purchaser was found, strongly recommended „the hall" to her as a valuable investment. Coaches went by it every day; „Now, Captain Makepeace, a place on the outside is not more than five shillings and sixpence, and sixpence to the coachman—six shillings there, and six shillings back: here are twelve shillings, and I do beg you will go this very evening—such things are not to be met with every day; and when one marries a beggar, one really must not lose the opportunity of a bargain." Captain Makepeace, who had now been married three months, and who being of an indolent, lazy disposition, shuddered at the effort of a quarrel, had for the last fortnight been affected with a marvellous deafness, and now humming the tune of ‚Nancy Dawson,' and saying, „Yes, my dear, we'll have the roast duck for dinner, if you please, and a bottle of your late uncle's old port: capital wine that, my love," proceeded very leisurely towards the door, from which (having no inclination to sit for four hours in a dusty dogskin on the top of a coach, to be broiled and peppered like a mutton-chop) he entutely meditated escape. „Duck and port wine," said the lady—„I would like to know, Captain Makepeace, whether you would have been talking of duck and port wine if you had not made me a miserable woman? Nothing but eating—eating, drinking, guzzling *) the whole of my property away, that's all you think of; and then, if one wants you to venture to do anything you are good for, there are so many difficulties and disputes in the way... and I do so hate disputes—I'm not used to them, Captain Makepeace! this comes of marrying a beggar; but you shan't;" and the whole of Miss Griselda's delicate form was convulsed with hysterical weeping. „Well, well," said the captain, putting his thumbs to his ears, and forgetful of his deafness—„well, well, my love, don't jaw so—I will go to this confounded place if you wish it; but on the outside of the coach such a day as this, I'll be d—d if I go"—„On the outside of the coach, and when did you see the inside of a coach, I should like to know, before you married me, Captain Makepeace. This comes of marrying a beggar—always willing to spend other people's money. I suppose you want a coach and six to carry that heavy, lumbering body along. Mr. Weasle would never have used me so—that he wouldn't." At length the matter was compromised—" The inside going, my dear," in a soft, sweet lisp, said Mrs. Makepeace, arranging her cap and her kerchief, „but the outside, remember, coming back."

The captain returned, as well, indeed, he might, with a gloomy account of the intended purchase. „Ah! that's always how it is, Captain Makepeace, if I set my heart upon anything. But I'll go myself—that I will." And after wading, ankle-deep, through the lawn, tearing a white dimity gown to pieces in scrambling through the garden, and carrying off a whole colony of spiders and earwigs**) on her bonnet from the best bedrooms, Mrs. Makepeace declared „the hall" a charming, romantic place; and on finding the figure of a crown (the supposed crest of the Thistlethwaites) carved on one of the chimney-pieces, pronounced it" very extraordinary," and determined forthwith on the purchase. „To have such a place and not to live there, was as much out of the question," said Mrs. Makepeace, „on the ground of economy as of comfort." The scrubbing, cleaning, and cobweb-brushing of the interior of the mansion would be a little amusement to herself, and the superintending the workmen out of doors would be a useful occupation to the captain, and give him a taste for rural pursuits. „But, my dear, the place is a perfect swamp—a marsh; and you know that ever since my expedition to Walcheren, that cursed rheumatism"—„Pho! fiddlestick about the rheumatism. But I know what you'd be at, Captain Makepeace; you have got some trollopping slut you wish to see at one of those filthy watering-places,—you have, you know you have. Well, go there—I don't hinder you—go there, Sir! but you shan't go with my money, you nasty, dirty, extravagant man! This comes of marrying a beggar."

It was about a year after this—last winter, in short—that wandering through that part of the world, I thought of paying Makepeace, an old fellow-officer of mine, a congratulatory visit, having heard of nothing among our common acquaintance for the last twelve months, but his uncommon good fortune. I wrote a letter to him then from an adjoining inn; and as we had been great chums in our day, said that I would look in upon him about his dinner-hour. Accordingly, a boy was sent on with a small bundle of clothes, to dress for the evening, and I sallied forth on a snipe-shooting expedition, for which I had visited that part of the country. About five o'clock, completely wet through, excessively hungry, and not triflingly fatigued, I wended my way through some long, dark grass, the road to the House being only half completed, to my friend's mansion. My ring at the bell, I soon perceived, was the cause of no slight discomfiture. I heard the hurrying tramp of steps—the raised tone of voices; while the glimmering of lights, passing from one window to the other, gave me a cheering prospect of the bustle that was being made for my reception. „How kind, how friendly," I murmured, „and how sorry I am to give all this trouble." At last two men, one out of livery, who bore a strong resemblance, in his finery, to a chimney-sweep on May-day, came to the half-opened door. „Is Captain Makepeace come in yet? has he received my note? and is my bundle come?" To these three interrogatories which I made, carelessly entering, the two domestics, gaping and staring, answered, „Yes, no, yes, no," in quick succession, to which I paid but little attention; and giving my gun to the footman, with the charge to remember it was loaded, I asked the man who was not a footman to show me to my apartment. „You can't come in here, Sir," said the fellow, staring, „Mistress says she can't receive none of you." „But the gentleman is to come in, though," said my liveried friend; „master told me he was." „Ay," said I, „there's some mistake—I am the gentleman your master said he expected, and not the gentleman," turning to the other, „whom your mistress said she would not receive;" and taking a hand candlestick off the hall-table, „Come," said I, „quick! show me my room, for I shall be ashamed to appear before Mrs. Makepeace in this fashion." Still there was staring and irresolution; I got out of patience. „Go you," said I to the man who had spoken about his master, „and tell Captain Makepeace that I, Major Elyot, have come; and give you," said I to the other, „my compliments to your mistress, and say I would come myself, even as I am, to pay my devoirs to her, but that I have heard too much of her taste and fashion, not to wish to make myself first a little more decent." „Doors," said the chap, „there are no doors to pay for, that I'm certain, for my mistress always pays all ready money." Just as this answer had reduced me to despair, I heard a low whisper behind a door to my right. „Well, I think the man is a gentleman; now he is come, Captain Makepeace (you're always bringing people here), it will be proper, I suppose, to receive him, but you must tell him we have dined—he can take a little tea with us in the evening. There, go now; don't stand here like a fool." And the door was opened suddenly, and my friend pushed through, whose rotundity easily losing him his equilibrium, he fell into my arms at once.

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*) [illegible]

**) [illegible]

„How do you do, my dear fellow," said I. „Ha! " said he, „how d'ye do—how are you—must be tired—won't you sit down?" I could not help laughing, since we were in the hall without a sign of any convenience for putting his request into execution. „And where shall we sit down?" said I. „Ha! ha!" said he, faintly, „a devilish good joke, isn't it? were shall we sit down, by-the-bye?" After some murmuring between me, two servants, and their master, and an appeal to the upper housemaid, who was below stairs, and who first visited the back parlour, from which my friend the captain had burst upon me, I got introduced into a garret, and procured my bundle, and some warm water in a cracked, blue jug, with which I contrived to make my ablutions.

With jaws aching with hunger, and with some faint symptoms of that aguish disorder which my sport was not unlikely to produce, I descended the oaken staircase, trembling at every step for my neck, which its polished surface put into evident jeopardy, and was shown into a largish, square, dark, panelled room, most faintly illumined by two thin mould candles. One small, dying bit of wood might be discovered between two old fashioned brass dogs, that served as a fire-grate. Mrs. Makepeace, whose face, figure, and fair accomplishments, I have described, was sitting by a square table, covered with a brown, greenbaize cloth. The captain, one-half of whose face I now discovered to be frightfully tied and swollen, while the other had shrunk into utter thinness and cadaverousness, sat twirling his thumbs by her side and furthest from the fire; a chair was placed for me opposite. Without being a great adept at Lord Chesterfield's maxims, I had quite sufficient tact to compliment my friend on his wife, and his wife on her property and mansion; and this, perchance, procured me the offer of some cold beef with my tea, which I thankfully accepted; and complaining of cold in my stomach, at which my friend murmured something about Mrs. Makepeace's late uncle beving some excellent Port, the lady assuring her husband that he was „a beggar," and thought of nothing since he had escaped from a state of starvation but of ruining his health by luxurious living, very kindly offered me a little rhubarb in peppermint water: which she said was what she always took for any pain in the stomach; the Captain, the faint twinkling of whose best eye showed that he had not yet lost all relish for a joke, made some pun upon raising the wind, which it is not worth while to repeat. „Come, none of your vulgar jokes, Captain Makepeace; the Major, I am sure, won't understand you, and I really have not been used to it; but this comes, Major Elyot, of marrying a beggar. My poor aunt, whenever her admiration would let her speak, used always to say how it would be; she, poor dear thing, was the pink of gentility — you don't know, Major Elyot, if she could have thought — but who could have thought? Oh, you awkward wretch — (as the Captain rather maliciously turned his hot cup of tea over an unfaded grey silk gown) — you mean to kill me, to ruin me, I see you do; and who is to buy me other gowns, I should like to know? — this comes of marrying a beggar!" — and the lady flounced out of the room, leaving my friend and me to our various soliloquies and a bottle of „the late uncle's Port," which, when the lady was fairly gone to bed, the Captain, who had a *fac simile* of the key of the cellar, contrived to produce.

I must confess that, poverty-stricken as I am, I thought my poor friend the most miserable of mortals, until I was awoke in the night by the information that Mrs. Makepeace had got the cholera: she was taken at two in the morning, and was dead by twelve at midday. The whole of her fortune was left to the Magdalen. „And so much," said my friend, rubbing the rheumatic side of his face very dolorously — " So much, my dear fellow, for marrying for money!"

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Alcanzor and Zaida.

A Moorish Tale. Imitated from the Spanish.

By Percy.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light;

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When, some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla keep thee, lovely lady!
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true, the dreadful story
  Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
  Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
  Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
  Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
  Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret
  Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
  While the pearly tears descend;
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
  Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
  Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
  Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me;
  My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
  Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
  Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
  Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
  Spite of all their hateful pride,
Though I fear'd my haughty father
  Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
  Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
  Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
  All to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
  This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
  Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
  That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
  Farewell too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
  When thou wear'st it, think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
  Shall reward thy gen'rous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
  Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
  Thus she did her woes impart;
Deep he sigh'd; then cried, O Zaida,
  Do not, do not break my heart!

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
  Canst thou hold my love so small?
No; a thousand times I'll perish!
  My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
  O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
  These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor;
  Spies surround me, bars secure;
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
  While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
  Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go; farewell for ever!
  Gracious Alla be thy guide!

◆

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Nirgends iſt daher die mediciniſche Polizei ſo ſchlecht beſtellt, als in England, doch haben in den einzelnen Fächern der Arzneiwiſſenſchaft, vorzüglich in der Anatomie und Chirurgie, einzelne große Männer ſich unſterblichen Ruhm erworben, und Namen, wie Harvey, der glorreiche Entdecker des Blutumlaufes war, Wharton, der Entdecker der Speichelgänge, Sydenham, der Naturphiloſophe, Hunter, Cruikshank, die Anatomen Monro, Brown, Jenner, der Gründer der Kuhpocken-Impfung, Smellie, der Geburtshelfer, u. A. m. werden in den Annalen der Heilkunde ſtets mit der größten Verehrung genannt werden. — In den Naturwiſſenſchaften ward ebenfalls, durch die praktiſche Richtung geleitet, welche überall das ſtrengſte Forſchen erheiſcht, Großes geleiſtet; doch ſchadete hier der der Nation eigenthümliche Widerwille gegen die Speculation der Theorie bedeutend, indem in allen Beſtrebungen der Empirismus zu ſtreng vorherrſchte. Man verdankt jedoch den Engländern ſchöne Bereicherungen in den einzelnen Zweigen; und was Boyle, Hook, Newton, Halley, Woodward, Derham, Wollaston, Watson, Prieſtley, Crawford, Higgins, Cavendish, Hill u. A. leiſteten, bedarf wohl kaum der Erwähnung, da es weltbekannt iſt. — Noch mehr zeigt ſich dies in den mathematiſchen Wiſſenſchaften, deren Ausbildung dem praktiſchen Sinne der Nation von der höchſten Wichtigkeit ſchien, ſchon ſeit dem 16. Jahrhunderte bewieſen. Die Mathematik wurde als unerläßlich zur wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildung, und daher als Grundlage aller Gelehrſamkeit betrachtet, wozu die große Brauchbarkeit derſelben für das Leben, welche von jeher die Engländer beſtimmte, das Hauptſächlichſte beitrug. In allen Fächern derſelben thaten ſich daher in ununterbrochener Folge bis auf die neueſten Zeiten große Männer hervor. Wallis, Barrow, Newton, Wren, Halley, Bradley, MacLaurin, Wollaston, Maskelyne, Robertſon u. A., glänzen als Sterne erſter Größe; doch trat auch bei ihnen die Theorie in den Hintergrund. Am ſchädlichſten äußerte ſich der Einfluß des Empirismus auf die Philoſophie, und obwohl die Engländer hier gewiſſermaßen eine eigene Schule bilden, ſo haben ſie, wenn auch Eigenthümliches, doch nichts Bedeutendes geliefert, und ſelbſt Philoſophen, wie Locke und Hume, können, im Vergleich mit unſeren vaterländiſchen Leiſtungen, nur Anſpruch auf einen untergeordneten Rang machen. Beſſer ward die praktiſche Philoſophie kultivirt; allein gewiſſermaßen doch immer nur für den Hausgebrauch. In der Geſchichte wurde mit großer Vorliebe die Geſchichte Englands vorzugsweiſe angebaut, doch ging die Richtung mehr auf glänzende, klare Darſtellung, als auf Tiefe der Forſchung, und der Nationalſtolz, ſo wie der daraus entſpringende Nationalhaß, traten oft der unparteiiſchen Kritik ſtörend in den Weg. Als die bedeutendſten Hiſtoriker werden mit Recht Ferguſon, Gibbon, Robertſon, Hume, Cunningham u. A. m. mit großem Lobe genannt; tüchtige Chronologen waren Marsham, Cave u. A.; verdiente Kirchenhiſtoriker Bower, Cave, Warton u. ſ. w.; ausgezeichnete Geographen und Statiſtiker, jedoch faſt nur für Großbritannien, ſind Camden, Pocock, Parsons, Pennant, Sinclair u. A. m. —

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

The BRITISH MUSEUM erſcheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnements-Preis für das Vierteljahr 16 ggr. oder 1 fl. 12 kr. rhein., wofür es ſämmtliche Buchhandlungen des In- und Auslandes und alle Poſtämter liefern.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZE, A. A. M. M.

Halloran the Pedlar.

An Irish Story.

By the writer of the „Diary of an Ennuyée."

„It grieves me," said an eminent poet once to me, „it grieves and humbles me to reflect how much our moral nature is in the power of circumstances. Our best faculties would remain unknown, even to ourselves, did not the influences of external excitement call them forth like animalculae, which lie torpid till wakened into life by the transient sunbeam."

This is generally true. How many walk through the beaten paths of every-day life, who but for the novelist's page would never weep or wonder; and who would know nothing of the passions but as they are represented in some tragedy or stage piece? not that they are incapable of high resolve and energy, but because the finer qualities have never been called forth by imperious circumstances; for while the wheels of existence roll smoothly along, the soul will continue to slumber in her vehicle like a lazy traveller. But for the French revolution, how many hundreds — *thousands* — whose courage, fortitude and devotedness have sanctified their names, would have frittered away a frivolous, useless, or vicious life in the saloons of Paris! We have heard of death in its most revolting forms braved by delicate females, who would have screamed at the sight of the most insignificant reptile or insect; and men cheerfully toiling at mechanic trades for bread who had lounged away the best years of their lives at the toilettes of their mistresses. We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes — till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.

The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties — the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of mind thus excited over physical weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin George G——, an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative; and no sooner did he find himself in possession of independence, than, quitting the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling, he was just beginning to make a figure, he set off on a tour through Italy and

Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts, the contumely of attorneys, and the impatience of clients. He left to my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined! and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found abstracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and his brethren of the bar — a bundle of old briefs, and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N—'s best jokes to serve his purposes as occasion might best offer. Among these heterogeneous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader's benefit.

In the south part of the county of Kilkenny lived a poor peasant named Michael, or, as it was elegantly pronounced Mickle Reilly. He was a labourer renting a cabin and a little potatoe-ground; and on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no fatigue, and a sanguine mind which dreaded no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Cathleen Bray, a young girl of his own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skilled, and industrious; Cathleen was the best spinner in the county, and had constant sale for her work at Kilkenny: they wanted nothing, and for the first year, as Cathleen said, „There wasn't upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mick was the best boy in the world, and hadn't a fault to *spake of* — barring he took the drop now and then; an' why wouldn't he?" But as it happened, Poor Reilly's love of „*the drop*" was the beginning of all their misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the Fair of Kilkenny to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts. Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth, and treated him to sundry potations of whiskey; and while in his company, his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting serjeant. The many-colored and gaily-fluttering cockade in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under orders for embarkation, and instantly sent off to Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself, and his wife (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself), poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Cathleen of his misfortune, and to assure her that on a certain day, in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Kilkenny postoffice; the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty money. Poor Cathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it.

She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and therefore rather surprised that so long a time must elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Kilkenny herself, a distance of ten miles: there, at the postoffice, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in her possession that she remembered she could not read; she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more of affection: he assured her that he was far better off than he had expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her, if she could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might, „part in love and kindness, and then come what might, he would demean himself like a man, and die aisy," which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Cathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. „And will I see him again?" she exclaimed, „poor fellow! poor boy! I know the heart of him was sore for me! and who knows, Nancy dear, but they 'll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!"

After a hurried consultation with her neighbours, who sympathised with her as only the poor sympathise with the poor a letter was indited by Nancy, and sent by the Kilkenny carrier that night, to inform her husband that she purposed setting off for Cork the next blessed morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty-eight miles English, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Kilkenny and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all „*to signify*," Cathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was however over-ruled by her more experienced neighbours, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, „God willing."

Cathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey: she set her cabin in order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up together and crammed into the toe of an old shoe, which she deposited in the said bundle, and the next morning, at „sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light expecting heart commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark that this poor woman who was called upon to play the heroine in such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior, — nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect. Cathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust: she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes mild and dove-like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly expressive of simplicity, good temper and kindness of heart.

(To be continued in our next.)

My First Rout in London.

(Concluded from our last.)

Lady C—k met me at the door of that suite of apartments which opens with a brilliant boudoir, and terminates with a sombre conservatory, where eternal twilights fall upon fountains of rose-water which never dry, and on beds of flowers which never fade, — where singing birds are always silent, and butterflies are for ever at rest.

„What, no harp, Glorvina?" said her ladyship.

„Oh, Lady C—!"

„Oh, Lady Fiddlestick! — you are a fool, child; you don't know your own interests. Here James, William, Thomas, send one of the chairmen to Stanhope-street, for Miss Owenson's harp."

Led on by Doctor Johnson's celebrated „little Burney," and Boswell's „*divine Maria*," who kindly and protectingly drew my arm through hers, I was at once merged into that mob of *élégantes* and *élégants*, who always prefer narrow door-ways for incipient flirtations, to the clear stage and fair play of the centre of a salon. As we stood wedged on the threshold of fashion, my dazzled eyes rested for a moment, on a strikingly sullen-looking handsome creature, whose boyish person was distinguished by an air of singularity, which seemed to vibrate between hauteur and shyness. He stood with his arms crossed, and alone, occupying a corner near the door; and though in the brilliant bustling crowd, was „not of it."

„How do, Lord Byron?" said a pretty sprite of fashion, as she glided her spirituality through a space, which might have proved too narrow for one of Leslie Forster's demi-semi seals to pass through.

Lord Byron! All „*les braves Birons*" of French and English chivalry rushed to my mind, at the sound of the historical name! But I was then ignorant, that its young and beautiful inheritor was to give it greater claims on the admiration of posterity, than the valiant *preux* of France, or the loyal cavaliers of England, had yet bestowed on it. For fame travels slowly to our Barony of Tireragh; and though Lord Byron had already made his first step in that career which ended in the triumph of his brilliant and powerful genius over all his cotemporaries, *I* had got no farther in the article Byron, than the „*pends-toi, brave Biron*," of *Henri Quatre*.

After a stand and a stare of some seconds, I was pushed on; and, on reaching the centre of the conservatory, I found myself suddenly possessed upon a sort of rustic seat by Lady C—k, whose effort to detain me on this very uneasy pre-eminence, resembled Lingo's remonstrance of „keep your temper, great Rusty-fusty;" for I too was treated *en princesse* (the Princess of *Coduccia*), and denied the civilised privileges of sofa or chair, which were not in character with the habits of a „Wild Irish Girl." So, there I sat, „*patience per force with wilful choler meeting*," the lioness of the night! exhibited and shewn off like „the beautiful hyæna that never was tamed," of Exeter 'Change, — looking almost as wild, and feeling quite as savage!

Lady C—k, whose parties are the pleasantest in London, because they are exempt from the monotony which broods like an incubus over the circles of English fashion, has been accused of an inordinate passion for lions. In my own respect I have only to say, that this *engouement*, indulged, in the first instance, perhaps, a little too much at my expense, has been followed up by nearly twenty years of unswerving friendship, kindness, and hospitality.

I shall never forget the cordiality with which, upon this memorable occasion, she presented me to all that was then most illustrious for rank and talent in England; even though the manner savoured, perhaps, something too much of the Duchess de la Ferté's style of protection, on a similar occasion, „*Allons Mademoiselle, parlez — vous allez voir comme elle parle;*" for if the manner was not exactly conformable to the dignity of the Princess of *Coduccia* the motive rendered all excusable; and I felt with the charming *protégée* of the French duchess, that „so many whimsical efforts proceeded merely from an immoderate desire to bring me forward."

Presenting me to each and all of the splendid crowd, which an idle curiosity, easily excited, and as soon satisfied, had gathered round us, she prefaced every introduction with a little exordium, which seemed to amuse every one but its subject. „Lord Erskine, this is the „Wild Irish Girl," whom you were so anxious to know. I assure you, she talks quite as well as she writes. Now, my dear, do tell my Lord Erskine some of those Irish stories, you told us the other evening at C—ville's. Fancy yourself *en petit comité*, and take off the Irish brogue. Mrs Abington says you would make a famous actress, she does indeed! You must play the short-armed orator with her; she will be here by and by. This is the Duchess of St. A—, she has your „Wild Irish Girl" by heart. Where is Sheridan? Do, my dear Mr T—; (this is Mr T—, my dear — Geniuses should know each other) — do, my dear Mr T., find me Mr Sheridan. Oh! here he is! what! you know each other already; *tant mieux*. This is Lord Carysfort. Mr Lewis, do come forward; that is Monk Lewis, my dear, of whom you have heard so much — but you must not read his works, they are very naughty." But here is one, whose work I know you have read. What, you know him too?" It was the Hon.

William Spencer, whose „Year of Sorrow" was then drawing tears from all the brightest eyes in England; while his wit and his pleasantry cheered every circle he distinguished by his presence.

Lewis, who stood staring at me through his eye-glass, backed out of this exhibition, and disappeared. „Here are two ladies," continued her ladyship, „whose wish to know you is very flattering, for they are wits themselves, *l'esprit de Parlement*, true S——'s. You don't know the value of this introduction. You know Mr. Gell, so I need not present you. He calls you the Irish Corinne. Your friend Mr. Moore will be here by and by. I have collected „all the talents" for you. Do see, somebody, if Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are come yet; and find me Lady Hamilton. Now pray tell us the scene at the Irish baronet's, in the rebellion, that you told to the ladies of Llangollen; and then give us your blue stocking dinner, at Sir Richard Philips's; and describe us the Irish priests. Here is your countryman, Lord L——h, he will be your bottle-holder."

Lord L——h volunteered his services. The circle now began to widen: wits, warriors, peers, and ministers of state. The harp was brought forward, and I attempted to play; but my bowl was funereal; I was ready to cry in character, but endeavoured to laugh, and to cover out my real timidity by an affected ease, which was both awkward and impolite. The best coquetry of the young and inexperienced is a frank exhibition of its own unsophisticated feelings — but this is a secret learned too late.

A ball at Mrs. Hope's drew off my artillery, and towards midnight, the ring was thinned to a select few, some fifty particular friends, who had been previously asked to stay supper. It was my good fortune to be placed at table between Lords Erskine and Carysfort, who had both been particularly kind to me during my perilous probation; and now, no longer „the observed of all observers," I had leisure to observe for myself, and to be amused in my turn.

I had got into a very delightful conversation with my celestial beaux, when Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady C——k reproached him as „the late Mr. Kemble;" and then, looking significantly at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had been already presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded, was not one of mere recognition. It was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which rarely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much pre-occupied, and a little exalted; and he appeared actuated by some intention, which he had the will, but not the power, to execute. He was seated *vis-à-vis*, and repeatedly raised his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, as supposed, of helping himself to some boar's-head in jelly. Alas, no! — the *fact* was, that my head happened to be the object which fixed his tenacious attention; and which being a true Irish *cathah* head, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a particularly well organized Brutus, and better than any in his *répertoire* of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his fell and fixed purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked — „Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

Lord Erskine „came to the rescue," and liberated my head.

Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to retrieve the awkwardness of the scene, „*les serpents de Cléopâtre ont sifflé dans son cœur*;" on every side —

„Some did laugh,
And some did say, God bless us,"

— while I, like Macbeth —

„Could not say, Amen."

Meantime Kemble, peevish, as half tipsy people generally are, and ill brooking the interference of the two peers, drew back, muttering and fumbling in his coat-pocket, evidently with some dire intent lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the „Wild Irish Girl," which he had brought to return to Lady

C—k; and, reading, with his deep, emphatic voice, one of the most high-flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page with his forefinger, with the look of Hamlet addressing Polonius, he said, „Little girl, why did you write such nonsense? and where did you get all those d—d hard words?"

Thus taken by surprise, and „smarting with my wounds," of mortified authorship, I answered, unwittingly and witlessly, the truth: „Sir, I wrote as well as I could, and I got the hard words out of Johnson's dictionary."

The eloquence of Erskine himself would have pleaded my cause with less effect; and the „J'y étois" of *La Fontaine* was not quoted with more approbation in the circles of Paris, than the *naïveté* of my equally veracious and spontaneous reply. The triumph of my simplicity did not increase Kemble's good humour; and, shortly after, Mr. Spencer carried him off in his carriage, to prevent any further attacks on my unfortunate head — inside or out.

Talking over this scene, not long since, at Lady C—k's, with a lady who had been present, it came back with all its circumstances to my memory, and with a keen recollection of the pains and penalties incidental to inexperienced and unprotected female youth, when forced by necessity to step across the threshold of domestic privacy, and to carry to the mart of public suffrage the feeling and fancy, intended, by nature for home consumption. Between my first and my last appearance in the elegant and hospitable salons of New Burlington-street, what a difference! — in person, feeling, sensations, intellect, — the all that should make identity, yet does not! I cannot trace the least similitude between Mr Kemble's „little girl," and the proscribed of emperors and the excommunicated of popes. There is more philosophy in the little woman who went „to market her eggs for to sell," than the world is aware of; and I have been tempted to quote her „Lord have mercy on me! sure this is none of I!" as often as my illustrious countryman Daniel O'Connell has applied to his own Ireland his favourite quotation of

„Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

I have repeated it, when telling a droll Irish story to the minister who had set his seal to Ireland's ruin; in the Tuileries, when I stood face to face, „bandying compliments with majesty;" in the Quirinal, when in *tête-à-tête* with a cardinal secretary, amid scenes that belonged to the middle ages; in the Palace Borghese with the family of Napoleon Bonaparte; on the Pontine Marshes, when receiving the confessions of a Carmelite monk, on his pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Peter; and in the vice-regal circles of Dublin Castle, when a liberal Lord Lieutenant shook my right hand, at the same moment that a grand master of an orange lodge shook my left!

I remember relating my *début* at Lady C—k's, and my scene with Mr. Kemble, to the late Marquess of A—, as something more true than possible. He told me that he had known him to do things more eccentric, when under the influence of that one glass too much; and he quoted an anecdote which occurred at the — —. „Kemble was seated between the two Scotch Dukes of H—, and of A—; the conversation turned on genealogy, and the two peers grew warm upon the relative antiquity of their houses. Kemble, who had not drunk pending the argument, and who saw with despair the bottle in abeyance between their graces, after muttering his impatience for some time, broke out on a sudden with, „D— both your bloods, send round the wine!" Nobody," added Lord A—, „appeals to Kemble sober against Kemble tipsy — he is such an excellent fellow, and such a perfect gentleman."

Perhaps no actor of any age or country (Garrick excepted) lived upon such intimate and equal terms with the great, as Kemble. There was such a natural patent of gentility about him, that the highest nobility of the land gave way to it. He and Talma where the last of their class and caste. Not but that there are now as perfect gentlemen on the stage as ever; but the heroic age of the theatre is over. For me, as long as Potier and Perlet, and Liston, remain, *je ne demande pas mieux*. I would rather laugh with

Falstaff, than another was Macbeth; and with respect to French tragedy and French declamation, I am just where I was, when I wrote „France.“ Notwithstanding all the „*Lettres adressées à Mi Ladi Morgan*,“ to prove that she is a blockhead and knows nothing of the matter, she at least knows what amuses and what bores her — and all she has done, is to say so.

To observe of any gentleman, now, that he drunk, would be to utter a disgraceful reproach. Yet, up to the last quarter of the century, the male nobility and even royalty of Great Britain, gave themselves up to inebriety; so that to be „as drunk as a lord,“ was, in reality, a patrician distinction. Charles the Second was frequently seen reeling to his home in Whitehall, through the streets of London, in the midst of his brawling riotous courtiers, with „the fiddles“ in his van, to serenade the Duchess of Portsmouth, on his return from „poor Nelly's lodgings.

In more recent and refined times, modern Falstaffs, and Heirs Apparent, have had their Boar's Head's,“ — as favourite resorts, though not in Cheapside. Hereditary legislators and representatives of the people, have staggered home together in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's — and the representative of majesty itself, lying under his own dinner-table, has given rise to the Catholic witticism of a great law officer, who observed, that „the Host wanted elevation.“ Even in times still fresh in the memories of many, sobriety was deemed a suspicious virtue, as well as a vulgar one; and to be a seven-bottleman, was to qualify for the highest society. But where, now, is the nobleman or gentleman, who would not shrink from such a reputation? School of the sticklers for the good old times, and for the wisdom of our ancestors — you, who place the excesses of intemperance among the social virtues — what say you to the sobriety of the present generation?

◆

Song by Gay.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
  With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
  All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
  She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
  That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
  And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
  Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
  And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
  To that within my breast!

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
  Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
  To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
  Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
  Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
  Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
  And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
  Each billow with a tear:
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
  His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bow'd her head, and died.

◆

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Vortreffliches wurde beſonders im Gebiete der Romane durch Johnſon, Campbell, Mahon, Sheridan, **Walter Scott**, Moore u. ſ. w. zu Tage gefördert. — Mit großer Vorliebe und bedeutendem Kraftaufwande wurden Reiſebeſchreibungen geliefert. — Für Literatur und Literärgeſchichte iſt dagegen wenig geleiſtet worden, und ſelbſt Wartons überaus fleißig gearbeitete Geſchichte der engliſchen Poeſie ſteht weit hinter ähnlichen Leiſtungen anderer Nationen in dieſem Fache zurück. — Bei der Beurtheilung des Ganges der engliſchen Bildung in Literatur und Wiſſenſchaft iſt beſonders anzumerken, daß endlich dieſelbe ſtets durchaus eine praktiſche Richtung annahm, und ſie zuerſt ganz aus dem Volke hervorging, und von dieſem auf das Großmüthigſte anerkannt und befördert wurde. — In der Muſik ſind die Engländer von jeher hinter allen anderen Nationen zurückgeblieben; ſie haben keinen einzigen bedeutenden Componiſten und nur ſehr wenige ausgezeichnete ſtudirte Muſiker aufzuweiſen. — Glücklicher waren ſie in Malerei, Bildhauerkunſt und Baukunſt, wo Männer, wie Wren, Flaxman, Reynolds, Lawrence ihnen zu einigem Ruhme verholfen haben. Auf die höchſte Stufe aber ſchwangen ſich die engliſchen Kupferſtecher.

III. Engliſche Poeſie.

Es iſt ein zwiefacher Urſprung der engliſchen Volkspoeſie, mit der bekanntlich alle Dichtkunſt begonnen, anzunehmen, die normänniſche Hofpoeſie nämlich von der einen Seite, und der germaniſche Volksgeſang von der anderen. Beide ſchadeten jedoch, indem ſie der Selbſtſtändigkeit der engliſchen Sprache Abbruch thaten, auch der Selbſtſtändigkeit der engliſchen Dichtkunſt, die ſich in Form, Gehalt und Ausbildung nach fremden Muſtern bildete, und lange nur ſchwacher Widerſchein der Romantik des Mittelalters blieb, ohne ſich national eigenthümlich zu entwickeln. Unter den Denkmälern aus dieſer Zeit verdienen nur die bis in das 12. Jahrhundert hinaufreichenden Volksballaden die Aufmerkſamkeit der Freunde der Poeſie, da ſie ſich durch tiefe Innigkeit und herzliche Natürlichkeit vortheilhaft auszeichnen; die übrigen Monumente jener Epoche ſind, ſo fleißig und auch Warton in ſeiner mehr emſig als geiſtreich ausgearbeiteten Geſchichte der engliſchen Poeſie über ſie berichtet, doch nur für den Literator von Intereſſe, und geben, wie wir bereits oben bemerkten, nur einen ſchwachen Widerſchein des damaligen faſt über das ganze Europa verbreiteten Geſchmacks. Bemerkenswerth aus jenen Tagen möchten Roberts von Glouceſter gereimte Chronik (um 1275), Kingborn (um 1280), und vorzüglich Robert Longlands unter dem Namen Pierce Plowman in rohen alliterirten Verſen gedichtete moraliſch-ſatyriſche Viſion ſein. Eine beſſere Zeit brach in den erſten Decennien des 14. Jahrhunderts an, doch war man noch ſo wenig ſelbſtſtändig, daß der erſte namhafte engliſche Dichter, John Gower, ſein allegoriſches Werk ganz in dem damals allgemein herrſchenden Geſchmacke verfaßte, und jede Abtheilung deſſelben in einer anderen Sprache ſchrieb, ſo daß die letzte derſelben, Confessio amantis betitelt, allein der Landesſprache gehört.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Thomas Campbell.

Thomas Campbell, geboren 1777, ſtammt aus Schottland. Seine Fähigkeiten entwickelten ſich ſo raſch, daß er ſchon im zwölften Jahre ſeines Alters die Univerſität Glasgow bezog, wo er ſich in vielfacher Hinſicht auszeichnete, und mehrere Male den Preis, vorzüglich für höchſt gelungene Uebertragungen aus griechiſchen Klaſſikern, über weit ältere Mitbewerber davon trug. — Er ſetzte ſeine Studien ſpäter in Edinburg fort, machte dann [illegible] eine Reiſe nach dem Continent, verheirathete ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr im Jahre 1803, und ſchlug darauf ſeinen Wohnſitz in Sydenham auf; 1820 ward er Profeſſor der Poeſie am königlichen Inſtitute.

Reichthum der Phantaſie, Tiefe und Wahrheit des Gefühls, Wärme der Seele für alles Gute und Große, und der höchſte Glanz der Diction, ſind die ſchönſten Blüthen in Campbell's Dichterkranze; doch trifft ihn ein Tadel, der bei manchen Andern als Lob erſcheinen würde, er ſtrebt zu ängſtlich nach Correctheit, und gibt ſich daher nie dem Drange ſeines Genius völlig hin, ſondern feſſelt dieſen nur zu oft mit dem Richtmaß der engherzigen Regel. — Wie uns im geſellſchaftlichen Leben ſchon ein Mann nicht angenehm ſein kann, der ſelbſt im Freundeskreiſe ſich nie ganz hingibt, nie ſich gehen läßt, ſondern ängſtlich jedes Wort abwägt, ob es ihm auch auf keiner Seite Schaden bringe, alſo einen Charakter zeigt, bei dem uns nicht warm werden kann, weil er ſelbſt nie warm wird, ſo ſtört uns das noch mehr bei einem Dichter; denn wir begreifen ſchwer, wie es möglich iſt, in geweihten Stunden, in welchen der Genius ſeine ganze Herrſchaft auszuüben ſtrebt, ſich noch der Schule ängſtlich zu erinnern, und die Begeiſterung ſtets in gewiſſer Entfernung von ſich zu halten, ſo daß ſie nie ſich der Seele ganz zu bemeiſtern vermag. — Dies iſt nun zu oft der Fall bei Campbell; ſeine Leiſtungen ergötzen uns daher, erfreuen und rühren uns; aber wenn wir glauben, noch tiefer angeregt, noch gewaltſamer erſchüttert zu werden, da, wo die Phantaſie Flügel geliehen hat haben, und ſich die Schwingen zum Fluge in das gelobte Land ſchon entfalten, da legt er ſich auf und Feſſeln an, und führt uns Ungeduldige nur langſam und mit Beſonnenheit zum Ziele, ſo daß unſer Glück hin iſt, wenn wir endlich zu demſelben gelangen. — Er feilt zu ſehr, ein Vorwurf, den ihm ſelbſt die [illegible] und [illegible] Kritiker machen. —

Campbell hat, außer vielen kleineren Gedichten, drei größere poetiſche Werke: The pleasures of Hope (die Freuden der Hoffnung), ein didactiſches Gedicht, Gertrude of Wyoming, eine poetiſche Erzählung, und Theodric, ebenfalls eine poetiſche Erzählung geliefert. — Unter den Kleineren ſind die vorzüglichſten: Hohenlinden; The Exile of Erin; O'Connors child, or the flower of love lies bleeding; Absence.

O'Connor's Child,

or the flower of love lies bleeding.

By Thomas Campbell.

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloomed a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewelled ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne *)
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host
So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast?
Why wanders she a huntress wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Plac'd in the foxglove *) and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light — a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassel'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call — My love lies bleeding?
This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bore witness that he was my own.

O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!

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*) Irische Krieger.

*) Fingerhut.

Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud — the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They call'd thy hero basely born,
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand:
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor;
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield.

Ah, brothers! what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale,
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode,
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon an hundred mountains glowed?
What though the lords of tower and dome,
From Shannon to the North-sea-foam, —
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No: — let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun
That could not, would not, be undone!

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love — „Oh, come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans —
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech *) by thy side.
Then come, my love!" — How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Halloran the Pedlar.

An Irish Story.

By the writer of the "Story of an [illegible]"

(Continued from our last.)

It was summer, about the end of June; the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle showers rendered travelling easy and pleasant. Cathleen walked on steadily towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished, with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles: she lodged at a little inn by the road side, and the following day set forward again, but went [illegible] with the travel of two previous days: the sun became hotter, the ways dustier, and she could not with all her endeavours get farther than [illegible], eighteen miles from Cork. The next day, unfortunately for poor Cathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding. The open road lay over a wild country consisting of vast bogs and bare hills. About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream, and, overcome by heat, weakness, and unusual weariness, she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow, and sunk into a *deep sleep*.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining; and on looking about her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people (i. e. *the fairies*) had been there and stolen it away; but on examining farther she plainly perceived large foot-prints in the soft bank, and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forwards and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with increasing difficulty and distress, till as the evening closed her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted anything since the morning but a cold potatoe and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which, raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gathering gloom, and held out no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn in there and rest. In her despair she sat her down on a bank by the road side, and wept as she thought of her husband.

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*) Ein Saiteninstrument

Several horsemen rode by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no farther notice of her than by a passing look; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite in the parable, poor Cathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faintness and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her attention, and turning, she saw at her side a man whose figure, though singular, she recognized immediately: — it was Halloran the Pedlar.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age; he only remembered that he was a „tall slip of a boy“ when he was of the — regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange, it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs, this was surmounted by an old military cocked hat, adorned with a few fragments of tarnished gold lace: a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back; and he always carried a thick oak stick or *kippeen* in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance: his cheek though wrinkled and weather-beaten was still ruddy: his step still firm, his eyes still bright; his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to my Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his pack was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Cathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what she did there: she related in a few words her miserable situation.

„In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman,“ he replied, compassionately; „and what will ye do?“

„An what can I do?“ replied Cathleen, disconsolately; „and how will I even find the ford of Abanmore and get across to Cork, when I don't know where I am this blessed moment?“

„Musha, then, it's little ye'll get there this night,“ said the pedlar, shaking his head.

„Then I'll lie down here and die,“ said Cathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

„Die! ye wouldn't?“ he exclaimed, approaching nearer; „is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would lave a faymale at this dark hour by the way side, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?“

„Sure, I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn.“

„Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying; cheer up, and see, a mile farther on, isn't there Biddy Hogan's? Hers, I mane, if the house, and all isn't gone: and it's there we'll get a bite and a sup, and a bed, too, please God. So lean upon my arm, ma vourneen, it's strong enough yet.“

So saying, the old man with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising; and supporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his kippeen over his head, and they trudged on together, he singing Cruiskeen lawn at the top of his voice, „just,“ as he said, „to put the heart into her.“

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways, diverging from the high road: down one of these the Pedlar turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the way-side. Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall, at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the Pedlar going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand; but it was fastened within: he then knocked and called; but there was no answer. The building, which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin, had once been a manufactory, and afterwards a farm-house. One end of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo rung through the edifice at every knock, that it seemed the whole place was now deserted.

Cathleen began to be alarmed, and crossed herself, ejaculating, „O God preserve us!" But the Pedlar, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there were some ruined out-buildings, and another low entrance. Here, raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again; and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there? After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half-famished and half-naked beldam appeared, shading a rush candle with one hand. Halloran, who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily: „Why then, in the name of the great devil himself, didn't you open to us?" But he stopped suddenly as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

Is it Biddy Hogan herself I see!" he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and throwing the light full on her face. A moment's scrutiny seemed enough, and too much; for giving it back hastily, he supported Cathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on a mould settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Cathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large kitchen, or hall: at one end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rottenness: the walls had been wainscotted with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat Cathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Every thing spoke utter misery, filth, and famine — the very abomination of desolation."

(To be continued in our next.)

Knebworth,

by E. L. Bulwer.

The English arrogate to themselves the peculiar attachment to home — the national conviction of the sacredness of its serene asylum. But the Ancients seem equally to have regarded the „venerande Domus" with love and worship. To them the hospitable hearth was equally deemed the centre of unspeakable enjoyments — their gravest poets linger on its attractions — the House, as well as the Temple, had its secret penetralia, which no uninitiated stranger might profane with unbidden presence: the Household Gods were their especial deities — the most familiarly invoked — the most piously preserved. And a beautiful superstition it was, that of the Household Gods! — a beautiful notion that our ancestors, for us at least, were divine, and presided with unforgetful tenderness over the scene (when living) of their happiest emotions, and their most tranquil joys: a similar worship is not only to be traced to the oldest times — beyond the date of the civilized races that we popularly call „The Ancients" — but is yet to be found cherished among savage tribes. It is one of the universal proofs how little death can conquer the affections.

But with us are required no graven likenesses — no fond idolatries of outward images. We bear our Penates with us abroad as at home, their Atrium is the heart. Our Household Gods are the memories of our childhood — the recollections of the hearth round which we gathered — of the fostering hands which caressed us — of the scene of all the cares and joys — the anxieties and the hopes — the ineffable yearnings of love which made us first acquainted with the mystery and the sanctity of Home. I was touched once in visiting an Irish Cabin, which, in the spirit of condescending kindness, the lady Bountiful of the place had transformed into the graceful neatness of an English cottage, training roses up the wall, glazing the windows, and boarding the mud floor; — I was touched by the homely truth which the poor peasant uttered as he gazed, half gratefully, half indignantly, on the change. „It is all very kind", said he, in his dialect, which I am obliged to translate; „but the good lady does not know how dear to a poor man is every thing that reminds him of the time when he played instead of working — these great folks do not understand us." It was quite true; on that mud floor the child had played, round that hearth, with its eternal smoke, which now admitted, through strange portals, the uncomfortable daylight, he had sat jesting with the kind hearts that now beat no more. These new comforts saddened and perplexed him — not because they were *comforts*, but because they were *new*. They had not the associations of his childhood; the great folks did not understand him; they despised his indifference to greater luxuries. Alas, they did not perceive that in that indifference there was all the poetry of sentiment. The good lady herself dwelt in an old-fashioned, inconvenient, mansion. Suppose some oppressive benefactor had converted its dingy rooms and dreary galleries into a modern well-proportioned, and ungenially cheerful residence, would she have been pleased? Would she not have missed the nursery she had played in? — the little parlour by whose hearth she could yet recall to fancy the face of her mother long gone? — Would ottomans and mirrors supply the place of the old worm-eaten chair from which her father, on sabbath nights, had given forth the holy lecture? — or the little discoloured glass in which, thirty years ago, she had marked her own maiden blushes, when some dear name was suddenly spoken? No, her old paternal house, rude though it be, is dearer to her than a new palace; can she not conceive that the same feelings may make „the hut to which his soul conforms", dearer to the peasant than the new residence which is a palace to him? Why should that be a noble and tender sentiment in the rich, which is scorned as a brutal apathy in the poor? The peasant was right — Great folks understand him not!

Amidst the active labours, in which, from my earliest youth, I have been plunged, one of the greatest luxuries I know is to return, for short intervals, to the place in which the happiest days of my childhood glided away. It is an old manorial seat that belongs to my mother, the heiress of its former lords. The house, formerly of vast extent, built round a quadrangle, at different periods, from the date of the second crusade to that of the reign of Elizabeth, was in so ruinous a condition when she came to its possession, that three sides of it were obliged to be pulled down: the fourth yet remaining, and much embellished in its architecture, is in itself one of the largest houses in the county, and still contains the old oak hall, with its lofty ceiling, and raised music gallery. The place has something of the character of Penshurst, — and its venerable avenues, which slope from the house down the declivity of the park, giving wide views of the opposite hills crowded with cottages and spires, impart to the scene that peculiarly English, half stately, and wholly cultivated, character which the poets of Elizabeth's day so much loved to linger upon. As is often the case with similar residences, the church stands in the park, at a bow-shot from the house, and formerly the walls of the outer court nearly touched the green sanctuary that surrounds the sacred edifice. The church itself, dedicated anciently to St. Mary, is worn and grey, in the simplest architecture of the ecclesiastical Gothic and, standing on the brow of the hill, its single tower at a distance blends with the turrets of the house, — so that the two seem one pile. Beyond, to the right, half-way down the hill, and neighboured by a dell, girded with trees, is an octagon building of the beautiful Grecian form, erected by the present owner — it is the mausoleum of the family. Fenced from the deer, in a small surrounding space sown with flowers—those fairest children of the earth, which the custom of all ages has dedicated to the Dead. The modernness of this building, which contrasts those in its vicinity, seems to me, from that contrast, to make its object more impressive. It stands out alone, in the venerable landscape with its immemorial hills and trees, — the prototype of the Thought of Death — a thing that dating with the living generation, admonishes them of their recent lease and its hastening end. For with all our boasted antiquity of race, we ourselves are the ephemera of the soil, and bear the nearest relation, so far as our mortality is concerned, with that which is least old.

The most regular and majestic of the avenues I have described conducts to a sheet of water, that lies towards the extremity of the park. It is but small in proportion to the domain, but is clear and deep, and fed by some subterraneous stream, its tide is fresh and strong beyond its dimensions. On the opposite bank is a small fishing-cottage, whitely peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs, and larch, and oak, through which shine, here and there, the red berries of the mountain ash; and behind this, on the other side of the brown, mossgrown deer paling, is a wood of considerable extent. This, the father bank of the water, is my favourite spot. Here, when a boy, I used to while away whole holydays, basking indolently in the noon of summer, and building castles in that cloudless air, until the setting of the sun.

The reeds then grew up, long and darkly green, along the margin; and though they have since yielded to the innovating scythe and I hear the wind no longer glide and sigh amidst those earliest tubes of music, yet the whole sod is still fragrant, from Spring to Autumn, with innumerable heaths and wild flowers, and the crushed odours of the sweet thyme. And never have I seen a spot which the butterfly more loves to haunt, particularly that small fairy, blue-winged species which is tamer than the rest, and seems almost to invite you to wound it—throwing itself on the child's mercy as the robin upon man's. The varieties of the dragon-fly, glittering in the sun, dart ever through the boughs and along the water. It is a world which the fairest of the insect race seem to have made their own. There is something in the hum and stir of a summer noon, which is inexpressibly attractive to the dreams of the imagination. It fills us with a sense of life, but a life not our own — it is the exuberance of creation itself that overflows around us. Man is absent, but life is present. Who has not spent hours in some such spot, disdaining dreams that have connexion with the earth, and courting, with halfshut eyes, the images of the Ideal?

Stretched on the odorous grass, I see on the opposite shore that quiet church, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep—that mausoleum where my own dust shall rest at last, and the turrets of my childhood's home. All so solitary and yet so eloquent! Now the fern waves on the slope, and the deer comes forth, [illegible] with his stately step to the water-side, to [illegible] and drink. O Nymphs! — O Fairies! — O Poetry, I am yours again.

I do not know how it is, but every year that I visit these scenes I have more need of their solace. My departed youth rises before me in more wan and melancholy hues, and the past saddens me more deeply with the present. Yet every year, perhaps, has been a stepping-stone in the ambition of my boyhood, and brought me nearer to the objects of my early dreams. It is not the mind that has been disappointed, it is the heart. What ties are broken—what affections marred! the Egeria of my hopes — no cell conceals, no spell can invoke her now! Every pausing-place in the life of the ambitious is marked alike by the trophy and the tomb. But little men have the tomb without the trophy!

(To be concluded in our next.)

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Weit glücklicher war deſſen Nachfolger **Geoffrey Chaucer**, der eigentlich als der Vater der engliſchen Poeſie zu betrachten iſt, und mit einem auf Reiſen gebildeten Geſchmacke zuerſt der Form, wie der Sprache, höheren Schwung verlieh. Zwar beſchäftigte er ſich vorzugsweiſe mit Ueberſetzungen, und ahmte in ſeinem Hauptwerke, den Canterbury tales, italieniſche Vorbilder, beſonders den Boccaz, nach; doch beſaß er ein ſchönes eigenthümliches Talent, Witz und Laune, ſeine Leiſtungen erhielten durch alle Zeiten hindurch die ihnen gebührende Achtung, und er bewährt ſich in denſelben überall als ein redlicher, feinſinniger, geſchmackvoller und freimüthiger Mann. Ihm ſchloſſen ſich viele Nachahmer, beſonders Didaktiker, an, doch erreicht ihn Keiner, und die Neigung zur Poeſie, die von dem Hof und den Großen mit Liebe gepflegt worden war, trat bald darauf, in den heftigen Kämpfen der beiden Roſen, wieder in den Hintergrund, und ward, als ſie gegen das Ende des 15. Jahrhunderts wieder auftauchte, nur ein Lieblingseigenthum des unterdeß zur Selbſtſtändigkeit gereiften Bürgers. Von der Poeſie der Schotten kann hier nicht die Rede ſein, da dieſelbe, bis zur Vereinigung der beiden Kronen, ein für ſich beſtehendes Ganze bildete, und an ihrem Orte beſonders dargeſtellt wird. In der erſten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts wurde auch noch nicht viel Bedeutendes geleiſtet, aber die mehr in das Volk übergehende Bildung und die durch Ueberſetzungen jeder Art allgemeiner gewordene Kenntniß der großen Muſter des Alterthums bereiteten eine beſſere Zeit vor; doch finden ſich auch ſchon einige gefeierte Namen in dieſer Uebergangsperiode, wie z. B. **Skelton**, der Satyriker († 1529), **Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey** († 1547), der das petrarchiſche Sonnet in die engliſche Poeſie einführte, **John Heywood**, ein glücklicher Epigrammatiſt († 1565), der geſchmackvolle **Sidney** († 1586), gleich ausgezeichnet als Staatsmann, wie als Dichter, u. A. m. — Alle dieſe wurden aber durch den genialen **Edmund Spenſer** († 1598), den Verfaſſer des erſten allegoriſch-romantiſchen Epos, in entſchiedener Form überflügelt. Sowohl in dieſem (Fairy queen), als in ſeinen andern poetiſchen Arbeiten, zeigt ſich Spenſer als ein hochbegabter, reichgebildeter Dichter, dem Sprache und Poeſie ſeines Vaterlandes Großes verdanken. Mit ihm, unter der Herrſchaft der jungfräulichen Königin Eliſabeth, brach die Zeit der Blüthe für die Poeſie in England an, beſonders ſchwang ſich das Drama auf eine faſt unglaublich hohe Stufe, dem unſterblichen **Shakſpeare** an der Spitze. (S. den Artikel: Engl. Theater.) **Shakſpeare** ſelbſt war auch als Lyriker bedeutend; neben ihm glänzten faſt gleichzeitig, oder bald nachher, **Daniel** († 1619), **Drayton** († 1631), beide rhetoriſirend in ihren dichteriſchen Arbeiten, **Donne** († 1631) ein reflectirender Satyriker, **Browne** (1645), glücklich als Idyllendichter, u. A. m. — Eine neue Periode für die Dichtkunſt geſtaltete ſich nach kurzer Pauſe, während der bürgerlichen Unruhen und des darauf folgenden Protektorats. Tiefer Ernſt und ſittliche Strenge, ſo wie Glanz der Diction, waren vorherrſchend, und können als die leitenden Prinzipien dieſer Epoche, welche Männer wie **Waller** († 1687), **Cowley** († 1667), **Denham** († 1668), **Roscommon** († 1684), **Samuel Butler** († 1680) hervorbrachte. Unter dieſen glänzt, als ein Stern erſter Größe, der erſte engliſche epiſche Dichter **John Milton** († 1608, geſt. 1674), deſſen ernſtes, tiefes Heldengedicht: **Das verlorene Paradies**, reich an wahrhaft großer Schönheit, bisher unerreicht geblieben iſt.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF and C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

O'Connor's Child,

or the flower of love lies bleeding.

By Thomas Campbell.

(Concluded from our last.)

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade!
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening-food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

When all was hushed, at even-tide
I heard the baying of their beagle:
Be hushed! my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up listening starts our couchant hound —
And, hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare, spare him — Brazil — Desmond fierce!
In vain — no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low —
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow —
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial-turf they trod,
And I beheld — oh God! oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard
Lamenting soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob;
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire.
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave, that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek;
Go! — and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal-brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

They would have cross'd themselves, all mute;
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But, at the stamping of my foot,
Each hand down pow'rless fell!
And go to Athunree! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain-fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!

A bolt that overhung our dome,
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw;
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom!

Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child,
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
The flower of love lies bleeding.

◆

Halloran the Pedlar.

An Irish Story.

By the writer of the „Diary of an Emigrant."

(Continued from our last.)

„And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?" was the Pedlar's first question, as the old woman set down the light.

„Little enough, I'm thinking."

„Little! It's nothing then."

„No, not so much as a midge would eat have I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Balgowan."

„No need of that, as our good luck would have it," said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of cold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the dying embers on the hearth, put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old Pedlar, casting from time to time an anxious glance towards Cathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

„Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan," said he at length, after a long silence.

„Truth, ye may say so;" she replied with a sort of groan.

„Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, any how."

„And where's the man of the house? And where's the lad Barny?"

„Where are they, is it? Where should they be? may be gone down to Ahoumee."

„But what's come of Barny? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow, too. I remember teaching him the soldier's exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he wasn't bigger than the turf-kish yonder; aye, and as long as Barny Hogan could turn a sod of turf on my lord's land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him."

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

„Barny doesn't work for my lord now," said she.

„And what for, then?"

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer— she hesitated.

„Ye didn't hear, then, how he got into trouble with my lord; and how — myself doesn't know the rights of it — but Barny had always a bit of wild blood about him; and since that day he's taken to bad ways, and the ould man's ruled by him quite entirely; and the one's glum and fierce like — and t'other's bothered; and, oh! bitter's the time I have twixt 'em both!"

While the old woman was uttering these broken complaints, she placed the eatables on the table; and Cathleen, who was yet more faint from hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good-natured Pedlar to the best of what was there; but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that from a sudden impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

„What is it then ails ye?" said Cathleen, looking at her with wonder; then to herself, „hunger's turned the wits of her, poor soul! Take it — take it, mother, added she aloud; „eat, good mother; sure there's plenty for us all, and to spare," and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

„God reward ye, said she, grasping Cathleen's hand convulsively, and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares for rabbits and game on the neighbouring hills; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied; which, since Barny Hogan's disgrace with „my lord," had been entirely shunned by the people round about. The old man gave the Pedlar a sulky welcome. The son, with a muttered curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The son was a short, brawny, thickset man, with features not naturally ugly, but rendered worse than ugly by an expression of lowering ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them awhile with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable, smothered the old man's wrath; and as the eatables were by this time demolished, he took from his side pocket a flask of whiskey, calling to the old woman to boil some water „screeching hot," that he might make what he termed „a jug of stiff punch — enough to make a cat spake." He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking; and the noggin went round to all but Cathleen, who, feverish with travelling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old Pedlar, reconciled to his old acquaintance by this shew of good fellowship, began to grow merry under the influence of his whiskey-punch; he boasted of his late success in trade, shewed with exultation his almost empty pack, and taking out the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Cathleen, and the other to the old woman of the house; then slapping his pocket, in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Cathleen to a good breakfast next morning; and threw a shilling on the table, desiring the old woman would provide „stirabout for a dozen," and have it ready by the first light.

Cathleen listened to this rodomontade in some alarm; she fancied to detect certain suspicious glances between the father and son, and began to feel an indescribable dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the Pedlar good-humouredly to retire to rest, as they intended to be up and away so early next morning; then concealing her apprehensions under an affectation of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shewn where she was to sleep. The old woman lighted a lanthorn, and let the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she shewed her two beds standing close together; one of these she intimated was for the Pedlar, and the other for herself. Now Cathleen had been born and bred in an Irish cabin, where the inmates are usually lodged after a very promiscuous fashion; our readers, therefore, will not wonder at the arrangement. Cathleen, however, required that if possible, some kind of screen should be placed between the beds. The old hag at first replied to this request with the most disgusting impudence; but Cathleen insisting, the beds were moved asunder, leaving a space of about two feet between them; and, after a long search, a piece of old frieze was dragged out from among some rubbish, and hung up to the low rafters, so as to form a curtain or partition half way across the room. Having completed this arrangement, and wished her „a sweet sleep and a sound, and lucky dreams," the old woman put the lanthorn on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Cathleen said her prayers, only partly undressed herself, and lifting up the worn out coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterwards the Pedlar staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of her bed, bid God bless her, in a low voice. He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

(To be continued in our next.)

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Knebworth.

by E. L. Bulwer.

(Concluded from our last.)

It is a small, and sequestered, and primitive village that of Knebworth, though but thirty miles from London; consisting of scattered cottages, with here and there a broad green patch of waste land before the doors; and one side of the verdant lane, which makes the principal street, is skirted by the palings of the lesser park, which is not devoted to the deer. The steward's house, and the clergyman's, are the only ones — (save the manor-house itself) — aspiring to gentility. And here, nevertheless, did Dame Nature find her varieties — many were they and duly contrasted, when first, in the boundless sociability of childhood, we courted the friendship of every villager. The sturdy keeper, a stalwart man and a burley, whose name was an heirloom on the estates; and who, many years afterwards, under another lord, perished in a memorable fray with the implacable poachers; — the simple, hare-eyed idiot, basking before the gardener's door, where he lodged — a privileged pensioner, sitting hour after hour, from sun-rise to sunset — what marvels did not that strange passive existence create in us — the young, the buoyant, the impetuous! how he could pass his time without either work or play! — the one Patriarch beggar of the place, who seemed to beg from vanity not from want; for, as he doffed his hat, his long snow-white locks fell, parted on either side, down features of apostolic beauty — and many an artist had paused to sketch the venerable head; — the single Lais of the place, stout and sturdy, with high cheekbones and tempting smile, ill-favoured enough, it is true, but boasting her admirers; — the genius, too, of the village — a woman with but one hand, who could turn that hand to anything; nominally presiding over the dairy, she was equally apt at all the other affairs of the public life of a village — Dogs, cows, horses — none might be ill or well without her august permission; in every thing — mixing, it is true, with all her energy and zeal, a wonderful fidelity and spirit of clanship towards her employer. Tall, dark, and muscular was she; a kind of good-natured Meg-Merrilies!

But our two especial friends were an old couple, quartered in a little angle of the village, who, hard on their eightieth year, had jogged on, for nearly sixty revolutions of the sun, hand in hand together, and never seemed to have stumbled on a unkind thought towards each other. The love of those two old persons was the most perfect, the most beautiful I ever beheld. Their children had married and grown up and left them—they were utterly alone. Their simple affections were all in all to them. They had never been to London, never above fifteen miles from the humble spot where they had been born, and where their bones were to repose. Them the march of Knowledge had never reached. They could neither read nor write. Old Age had frozen up the portals of Intellect before the schoolmaster had gone his rounds. So ignorant were they of the world, that they scarce knew the name of the king. Changes of ministry, peace and war, the agitations of life, were as utter nothings to them — as to the wildest savage of Caffaria. Few, as the Arithmetic of Intellect can comprise, were their ideas; but they wanted not to swell the sum, for the ideas were centred, with all that the true sentiment of love ever taught the wisest, within each other. If out of that circle extended their radii of love, it was to the family under whom they had vegetated, and to us who were its young hopes. Us indeed they did love warmly, as something that belonged to them. And scarcely a day ever passed — but what, in all the riot and glee of boyhood, with half a score of dogs at our heels — we used to rush into the quiet of that lonely cottage — scrambling over the palings—bustling through the threshold — sallying, with shoes that had made a day's circuit through all the woods and plantings, the scrupulous cleanliness of the hearth, and making their old hearts glad, and proud, and merry by the very discomfort we occasioned. Then were the rude chairs drawn into the jaws of that wide ingle nook — then would the old dame intent upon chafing our hands numbed with the cold, as one of us — ah, happiest he! — drew forth the fragment of cake, or the handful of figs and raisins — brought to show that they had not been forgotten. And, indeed, never were they forgotten by a more powerful hand and a more steady heart than ours, for daily from the hall came the savoury meat which the old woman carved tenderly for her husband (for his hands were palsied), and until his appetite was sated, sate apart and refused to share. Old Age, so seldom unselfish! — and the old age of the poor peasant woman, how many young hearts full of the phrases of poetry and the exaggeration of sentiment, would it have shamed!

I see the old man now in a great high-backed tapestry chair, which had been a part of the furniture of the old manor-house: in his youth he had been on the sporting establishment of a former squire, my grandfather's predecessor and uncle, and he had contrived to retain still, fresh and undimmed, through how many years Time might forget to register, a habit of green velvet, whose antiquated cut suited well his long grey locks and venerable countenance. Poor Newman Hagar! a blessing on that old head — surely you are living yet; while I live you are not all vanished — all swallowed up by the oblivious earth. And, even after I have joined you, this page, surviving both, shall preserve you amongst those whom the world does not willingly let perish! And on the opposite side of the hearth sate the partner of that obscure and harmless existence, with a face which, when we were there, never was without a smile at our presence, or a tear for our parting. Plain though her features must ever have been, and worn and wrinkled as they were then, I never saw a countenance in which not the *intellect*, but the *feeling*, of our divine nature had left a more pleasant and touching trace.

Sometimes, as the winter day closed in, and dogs and children crowded alike round the comfortable fire, we delighted to make the old man tell us of his dim memories of former squires — the notes of bugles long silenced — the glories of coaches and six long vanished — how the squire was dressed in scarlet and gold — and how my lady swept the avenues in brocade. But pleasanter to me, child as I was, was it to question the good old folks of their own past fortunes — of their first love, and how they came to marry, and how, since, they had weathered the winds of the changing world.

„And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman,“ said I once. Old Newman looked down, and the wife took up the reply.

„Never to signify — and if he has, I deserved it.“

„And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often.“

„Nay,“ said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, „how can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may be for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake — for nobody can scold much when the scolding is only on one side.“

Who taught this poor woman her wisdom of Love? Something less common than ordinary Nature, something better than mere womanhood. For, verily, there are few out of novels to whom either Nature or Womanhood hath communicated a similar secret!

And we grew up from children to boys — from boyhood to youth. And old Hagar died — he died during my absence; and when I returned — I called at the old woman's solitary house — I opened the latch — there she sate by the hearth with dull, lack-lustre eyes. And Newman's high chair was opposite in the accustomed place, and the green velvet habit was folded carefully on the seat. Poor old woman! her pleasure at seeing me could be revived no more. She was past all pleasure. Year after year Time had essayed in vain to numb her gentle feelings and kindly sympathies: but one single hour — that had taken from her side its helpmate — had done the al-

[illegible] [illegible] was dead — and the widow could feel no more. She lived on — but it was clock-work. She did not seem to mourn for him so much as to be indifferent to every thing else. Once only I saw her weep — it was when, out of compassion for her solitary age, we wished to place a companion — a nurse in the cottage. „The sooner I'm dead the better," she said. „How can I bear to see a strange face where the old man used to sit?

It is over now — the broken bridge is past — they are again united. If I were an Atheist for myself, I would still pray that there may be a heaven for the Poor! Without another world, who can solve the riddle of the disparities of this?

How many hours in the summer nights have I passed in the churchyard, which lies embedded in that green and venerable park! There, no unseemly decorations maintain, after the great era of Equality has commenced, the paltry distinctions of the Past; — distinctions of a day — the Equality of the Eternal! There, for the most part unmarked and unrecorded, rise the green hillocks of the humble dead — or, where the stone registers a little while the forgotten name and departed date, the epitaph is simple and the material rude. It is the very model — the very ideal, of the country church yard; so quiet is it — so solitary — so sacred — so undisturbed. It is the spot above all others where Death teaches — not of the spectre, but the angel; obtruding on us no unreal terror, but eloquent with its great and tender moral of „*Repose*." And who has not felt his heart echo to that saying of the brilliant Frenchwoman's *), half intended as a point, but carried by nature, against the very will of the speaker, into a homely and most touching truth; „At times I feel the want to *die*, as the wakeful feel the want to sleep!"

This is the justest of similes — worn, wearied, and sated, who has not felt the want to die, as the wakeful the want to sleep? But this is not the lesson which, after a little thought, the true morality of the Grave bequeaths. No, it is from Death that we extract the noble and magnificent lesson of life. Awed by the sense of its shortness, we turn away elevated also by its objects. If short, let us crowd it with generous and useful deeds — if eternity be at hand, let us prepare ourselves for its threshold, by the aims and ends which are most worthy of the soul; and by the glory of our own thoughts and our own deeds, walk naturally as it were to the Immortal. Filling ourselves with this ambition, we rise beyond our sorrows and our cares — we conquer the morbid darkness that subtly gathers round us, and take from the Dead a moral won from their spirits and not their dust. He who fails in this, penetrates not the true philosophy of the tomb.

The churchyard — the village — the green sward — the woods — the fern-covered hills — the waterside, odorous with the reeds and thyme — the deep-shagged dells — the plain where the deer couch, — all united and blended together, make to me the place above all others, which renews my youth and redeems it from the influence of the world. All know some such spot blessed and blessing; the Kaaba of the Earth — the scene of their childhood — the haunt of their fondest recollections. And while it is yet ours to visit it at will — while it yet rests in the dear and sacred hands to which it belonged of yore — while no stranger sits at the hearth, and no new tenants chase away „the old familiar faces," who has not felt as if in storm and shower, there was a shelter over his head — as if he were not unprotected — as if fate preserved a sanctuary to the fugitive — and life, a fountain to the weary?

A blessing upon that Home, and upon its owner! In the presence of a Mother we feel that our childhood has not all departed! It is as a barrier between ourselves and the advance of Time. Chased and wearied out by the Cares of Manhood, we enter the temple dedicated to Youth, — („a guardian standing near us," *)) — and our persecutors sleep while we linger at the altar.

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*) Madame Dudevant

*) Aeschylus — The Furies

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Mit dem Schluſſe des 17. Jahrhunderts begann die Dichtkunſt eine neue Wendung in England zu nehmen, und die ſtrengſte Correctheit in Sprache und Ausdruck wurde das vorherrſchende Prinzip. An die Spitze der neuen Dichterſchule trat der gewandte, talentvolle, methodiſche, aber oft zu gekünſtelte Dryden, der ſich in faſt allen Gattungen verſuchte. Ihm folgten eine Menge talentvoller Männer auf der eingeſchlagenen Bahn, wie z. B. **Pomfret** († 1703), **Philips** († 1708), **Garth** († 1718), **Parnell** († 1717) u. A. m.; doch litt das eigentliche Weſen der Poeſie darunter, indem einerſeits die Künſtlichkeit, nach welcher geſtrebt wurde, ſich mehr auf der Oberfläche erhielt, andererſeits der praktiſche Sinn der Engländer zu ſehr hervortrat, und die Neigung für lehrende, beſchreibende und didaktiſche Poeſie ſo die Oberhand gewann, daß die anderen Gattungen immer mehr in den Hintergrund traten. Dieſe Correctheit erreichte ihre höchſte Stufe im folgenden Zeitalter, das von den Literatoren gewöhnlich das Popeſche genannt wird, indem ſich hier Scharfſinn, Feinheit des Geiſtes und wahrer Geſchmack zu derſelben geſellten. Faſt alle Gattungen wurden mit Erfolg behandelt, obwohl die oben erwähnten mit größerer Neigung, und Namen, wie **Prior** († 1721), einer der glücklichſten Liederdichter, **Gay** († 1732), unerreicht in ſeinen Fabeln, **Tickell** ausgezeichnet durch Balladen (1740), **Hammond** († 1742), glücklich als Elegiker, **Somerville** († 1742) berühmt durch ſein beſchreibendes Gedicht, **Alexander Pope**, (geb. 1688, geſt. 1744), der Leitſtern dieſer Epoche, **Thomſon**, **Ambroſe Philipps**, **Edward Moore**, **Dyer** und viele Andere mehr, deren bloße Aufzählung hier ſchon zu weit führen würde, verliehen dieſer Periode ſchon mit Recht den Namen einer claſſiſchen Zeit. — Die didaktiſche Richtung blieb während des 18. Jahrhunderts die herrſchende, und obwohl Männer, wie **Dodsley**, **Churchill**, **Young**, **Bruce**, **Grainger** u. A. dieſelbe mit dem größten Erfolge cultivirten, und in ihren didaktiſch-beſchreibenden Dichtungen viel Schönes brachten, ſo artete dieſelbe doch ſo aus, daß man zuletzt jeden Gegenſtand für paſſend hielt, auf dieſe Weiſe verherrlicht zu werden, ſobald nur ein reeller Nutzen darin zu finden war. Nur wenige wirklich geniale Dichtungen offenbaren ſich zugleich, u. ſelbſt die talentvollſten Männer, wie z. B. **Goldſmith**, wagen nicht, frei die poetiſchen Flügel zu rühren. Es ging ſo weit, daß man ordentliche Compendien in Verſen ſchrieb, und ſelbſt die abſtracteſten Wiſſenſchaften darin zu behandeln verſuchte. — Endlich zu Anfange unſeres Jahrhunderts brach die echte Poeſie wieder mächtig hervor, und machte ſich ſiegreich Bahn. — Auffaſſung des Lebens und der Natur in ihren tiefſten Tiefen und veredelte Darſtellung derſelben mit allem Glanze der Phantaſie, allem Zauber der Dichtung, verbunden mit ſtrengſter innerer Wahrheit, ward als das zu erreichende Ziel betrachtet, und dieſem, wenn auch auf verſchiedenen Wegen, unabläſſig nachgeſtrebt. Vier geniale Männer traten bald nach einander hervor; Jeder ganz von ſeinem Berufe erfüllt, Jeder mit den herrlichſten Mitteln ausgeſtattet; und obwohl innig verwandt, doch Jeder ſeinen eigenen Pfad wandelnd. Es waren **Moore**, **Scott**, **Byron**, **Southey**. Die Aufmerkſamkeit von ganz Europa richtete ſich erſtaunt nach England, und folgte geſpannt dem Laufe dieſer glänzenden Geſtirne, die bald bei allen gebildeten Völkern Bewunderer und Nachahmer fanden.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Charles Lamb.

Die Lebensverhältniſſe Lamb's gehören zu den gewöhnlichſten unter den engliſchen Humoriſten der neueſten Zeit und ſind mit wenig Lebensereigniſſen bezeichnet, da ſeine Tage nicht reich waren an raſchem Wechſel der Begebenheiten und er ein äußerlich einförmiges Daſeyn führte. Er mag in dieſer Hinſicht mit einer [illegible] verglichen werden, die den einmal erwählten Winkel nicht wieder verläßt, aber ſich hat, und nur durch ſich bleibt, die zierliche und freundliche Wohnung bewohnt. Am 11. Februar 1775 in London und zwar im Temple geboren, erhielt er ſeine Erziehung im Chriſt-Hoſpital und wurde dann Commis (Clerk) im India House. Dieſe Stelle bekleidete er bis 1825, wo er ſich von allen Geſchäften zurückzog. Seine ſchönſten Jugendjahre verlebte er mit den Beſten ſeiner Zeit, mit Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lloyd u. A. von Allen gleich ſehr geliebt, Aller Liebe dankbar erwiedernd und in der Erinnerung oft wieder lebend. Viel hat er nicht geſchrieben, aber nichts Bedeutungsloſes. Eine [illegible] [illegible] Erzählung, die wir ſpäter ebenfalls mittheilen werden, Roſamund Gray, [illegible]; ſie erſchien im 1798 zuſammen mit [illegible] Blind Margaret. Ihr folgte John Woodvil, ein Trauerſpiel, zuſammen mit Fragments of Burton im Jahre 1802, ſo wie 1806 eine Farce Mr. H. — Proben aus den älteren engliſchen dramatiſchen Dichtern gab Lamb 1808 heraus und begleitete ſie mit [illegible] kritiſchen Bemerkungen. Den größten Ruf erwarb er ſich jedoch durch eine Reihe von Eſſays, welche er meiſtentheils unter dem angenommenen Namen Elia von 1820 bis 1825 in verſchiedenen engliſchen Monatsſchriften erſcheinen ließ, und von welchen zwei Bände geſammelt und herausgegeben wurden. Der Humor, den er in dieſen zerſtreuten Kindern ſeiner Laune entwickelt, iſt ein ganz eigenthümlicher; es iſt ſo viel Feinheit, Grazie, Phantaſie, ſo viel echte Menſchenkenntniß, ein ſo ſcharfer Blick für die Thorheiten und Schwächen des Jahrhunderts, verbunden mit einer ſo gemüthlichen Schalkhaftigkeit und einem ſo tiefen Gefühl für Wahrheit, Recht und Tugend darin, daß ſelbſt der kälteſte Leſer ſich hingeriſſen fühlt, nicht allein den originellen Schriftſteller zu bewundern, ſondern auch den vortrefflichen Menſchen zu lieben, deſſen Herz eben ſo ſehr als ſein Geiſt, ihm die Feder führte. Ein neuerer engliſcher Kritiker bemerkt ſehr richtig: Charles Lamb vereinigt in ſich die feinſten Eigenſchaften, durch die ſich Rabelais, Montaigne, Steele und Addiſon, jeder in ſeiner beſonderen Richtung, auszeichneten, und wird in ſpäteren Jahren, auf gleicher Stufe mit dieſen Männern ſtehend, ſtets neben ihnen genannt werden.

Er ſtarb zu Ende des Jahres 1834, nachdem er nur vier Tage gekränkelt, an den Folgen der Blatterroſe, eben ſo heiter, ruhig und anſpruchlos, wie er gelebt, zum Freunde auf Erden zurücklaſſend.

Old China.

By Charles Lamb.

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then — why should I now have? — to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective — a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends — whom distance cannot diminish — figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still — for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver — two miles off. *See how distance seems to set off respect!* And here the same lady, or another — for likeness is identity on tea-cups — is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead — a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on — if far or near can be predicated of their world — see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here — a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive — so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening over our Hyson (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these speciosa miracula upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase), which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort — when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

„I wish the good old times would come again," she said, „when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state;" — so she was pleased to ramble on, — „in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

„Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare — and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's, in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late — and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures — and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome — and when you presented it to me — and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating, you called it) — and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit — your old corbeau — for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen — or sixteen shillings, was it? — a great affair we thought it then — which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

„When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the ‚Lady Blanch;‘ when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money — and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

„Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday — holidays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich — and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad — and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store — only paying for the ale that you must call for — and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth — and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing — and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us — but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savourily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout-Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we ride part of the way — and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense — which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

„You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the battle of Hexham, and the surrender of Calais, and Bannister, and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood — when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one shilling gallery — where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me — and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me — and the pleasure was the better for a little shame — and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially — that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going — that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage — because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then — and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough, — but there was still a law of civility to woman recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages — and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You *cannot see*, *you say*, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then — but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

„There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common — in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear — to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now — that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat — when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now — what I mean by the word — we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

„I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet — and much ado we used to have every Thirtyfirst Night of December to account for our exceedings — many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much — or that we had not spent so much — or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year — and still we found our slender capital decreasing — but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future — and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with „lusty brimmers“ (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him; we used to welcome in the „coming guest.“ Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year — no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.“

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor — hundred pounds a year. „It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power — those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten — with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer — and shall be wise to do so — than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return — could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day — could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them — could the good old one shilling gallery days return — they are dreams, my cousin, now — but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our wellcarpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa — be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers — could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours — and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down bemuch as — I know not the fathom line that ever fingered a diamond so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in that Crœsus bed, or the great Jew R— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."

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Halloran the Pedlar.

An Irish Story.

By the writer of the „Story of an Emerald."

(Continued from our last.)

All was now still in the house, but Cathleen could not sleep. She was feverish and restless; her limbs ached, her head throbbed and burned, undefinable fears beset her fancy; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber, the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around. Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously, — the door opened, and the two Hogans entered: they trod so softly that, though she saw them move before her, she heard no foot-fall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull heavy blow, and then sounds — appalling sickening sounds — as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate Pedlar.

Cathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not scream: her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt instinctively that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit profound sleep. The murderers, having done their work on the poor Pedlar, approached her bed, and threw the glare of their lantern full on her face; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eye-lids, but they did not wink or move; — there was a pause, a terrible pause, and then a whispering; and presently Cathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of expostulation, but all in so very low a tone that though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered. After some minutes, which appeared an age of agonizing suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Cathleen was left alone, and in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die: to use her own affecting language, „the heart within me," said she, „melted away like water, but I was resolute not to swoon, and *I did not*. I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the senses in me, and *I did*."

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in the dark, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror; but she set herself to listen fixedly, and convinced her reason that all was still — that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself; the faint moonlight was just struggling through its dirty and cob-webbed panes: it was very small, and Cathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and perhaps, impossibility of getting through, it must be some height from the ground: neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground; and, above all, she was aware that the slightest noise must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was most fortunate that Cathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest prestone round the door again opened, and in the faint light, to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude: in a few minutes the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, with „If ye touch her life, Barny, a mother's curse go with ye! enough's done."

„She'll live, then, to hang us all," said the miscreant son.

„Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your life, Barny, jewel; but no fear, the creature's asleep or dead already, with the fright of it."

The son then said something which Cathleen could not hear; the old woman replied.

„Hold! I tell ye, no, — no; the ship's now in the Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt seas far enough out of the way: and haven't we all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?"

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Cathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretched Pedlar. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Cathleen saw them move, she could not hear a sound of a footstep. The old woman was all this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes, but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length — that long, long night of horror. Cathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose, and went down into the kitchen: the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Cathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the Pedlar, saying she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at early day-light for Mallow, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork. Cathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

„An' so he did, sure enough," she replied, „and paid for it too; and by the same token didn't I go down to Balgowan myself for the milk and the meale before the sun was over the tree tops; and here it is for ye, ma colleen!" so saying, she placed a bowl of stirabout and some milk before Cathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Cathleen! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her; yet she continued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost ease and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating, she enquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Cathleen had finished her breakfast, she returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the high way from which they had turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields which she pointed out. Cathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell, with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey. The cool morning air, the cheerful song of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfelt; the sense of danger was paramount, while her faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The high road appeared the safest; on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction; and thus rendered brave even by the excess of her fears, she determined to take the cross path. Just as she had come to this resolution, she reached the gate which she had been directed to pass through; and without the slightest apparent hesitation, she turned in, and pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did she fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it; yet she never once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

She had proceeded in this manner about three quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment; but on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by the sense of danger, she perceived that it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes: yet with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recognition; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, „The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother! a fine day for travellers like you and me!"

„A fine day," he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, „but ye see, hugh, ugh! ye see I've walked this morning from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent, and I've a bad cold, and a cough on me, as ye may hear," and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. „Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor ould woman," said the monster, in a whining, snuffling tone. „Nothing have I in the wide world," said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. „Sure it's only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others I'd have starved by the way-side by this time."

„Och! and is there no place hereabouts where they would give a potatoe and a cup of sweet water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. „Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, „and I wish ye mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat ye to a supper, aye, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, (see forenent ye!) and so God speed ye!"

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke, expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp; but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Seasonable recollection.

Mr. Sheridan once told Mrs. M. A. Taylor, that she looked as blooming, as the spring, but recollecting that the spring was not very promising, he added, „I would to God the spring would look like you."

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Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Ihnen ſchließen ſich im Vaterlande eine Menge begabter Dichter an, wie **Campbell**, **Wordsworth**, **Hogg**, **Crabbe**, **Morton**, **Coleridge**, **Milman**, **Wilſon** u. A. m.; aber ſchon ſind nach kaum zwei Decennien ſeit ihrem erſten Erſcheinen Viele geſtorben, Andere verſtummt, und nach den poetiſchen Erzeugniſſen der letzten Jahre zu urtheilen, ſcheint es, als ob die engliſche Poeſie bereits beginne, von dem gewaltigen Aufſchwunge, den ſie durch dieſe großen Meiſter erhielt, zu ermatten und zu alltäglicher Gewöhnlichkeit zurückzukehren. — Als Hülfsmittel für die genauere Kenntniß der engliſchen Dichtkunſt ſind anzuführen: *Warton*, history of the english poetry from the close of the eleventh to the commencement of the eighteenth century. A new edition, Lond., 1824, 4 Bde. — **Bouterwek**, Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Bd. 7. u. 8., Göttingen 1809. *S. Johnson*, lives of the most eminent english poets, Lond., 1781, 4 Bde. Deutſch: Altenburg 1781, 2 Bde. — The english poets with prefaces by *S. Johnson*, Lond. 1790, 75 Bde. 12. **Nolte** und **Ideler**, Handbuch der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur, 2 Bde. — **Wolff**, Vorleſungen über die ſchöne Literatur Europa's in der neueſten Zeit, Leipzig, 1832, S. 100 — 385.

V. Engliſches Theater und dramatiſche Literatur.

Obwohl das engliſche Theater, wie faſt im ganzen übrigen Europa, aus religiöſen Feierlichkeiten entſprang, und ſeinen Weg durch die Myſterien und Mirakel des Mittelalters zum regelrechteren Drama nehmen mußte, ſo erwarb es doch ſchon früh eine nationale Selbſtſtändigkeit, und erhielt ſich, unabhängig von der ſo einflußreichen Lehre des Ariſtoteles, in der romantiſchen, jenem Geiſte verwandten Gebiete. Bis gegen die Mitte des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts folgte man noch der Sitte früherer Zeiten; als aber um dieſe Zeit, vorzüglich unter Heinrich VIII., auch die leiſeſte Anſpielung auf religiöſe Gegenſtände gefährlich werden konnte, wandte man ſich weltlichen Gegenſtänden zu, und verſtand dieſe, wenn auch nicht mit großem Geſchick, doch mit Laune und Naivetät, zu behandeln. Unter der blutigen Marie (bloody Mary), wie die Engländer jetzt dieſe bigotte Herrſcherin zu nennen pflegen, herrſchten kurze Zeit die Myſterien, welche den eigennützigen Abſichten des Klerus ſo vortrefflich in die Hände arbeiteten, wieder vor, doch erhielten ſich dieſelben nur während der Regierung dieſer Fürſtin, und verſchwanden unter Eliſabeths wohlthätiger Herrſchaft ganz und gar. Die größere literariſche Regſamkeit, welche ſich von nun an verbreitete, die genauere Kenntniß der Dichter des Alterthums und der lebhafte Verkehr mit dem Auslande ermangelte nicht, einen höchſt vortheilhaften Einfluß auf die dramatiſche Kunſt, welche von nun an großen Anklang in der Nation fand, auszuüben. Es bildeten ſich viele Theater (von 1570 bis 1629 exiſtirten allein in London ſiebenzehn), auf Univerſitäten und Schulen wurden dramatiſche Darſtellungen geübt, und man beeiferte ſich, eine gewiſſe, dem Nationalſinn zuſagende Regelmäßigkeit zugleich mit Auffaſſung hiſtoriſcher Stoffe und localer Eigenthümlichkeit, einzuführen. Viele gute Köpfe nahmen ſich der Bühne an, und bereiteten, raſch vorwärts ſchreitend, derſelben eine glänzende Epoche.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People.

By Charles Lamb.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those antisocial resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. — What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description; — it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, that I am not the happy man, — the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures, — his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple, — in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that you can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which these people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are, — that every street and blind alley swarms with them, that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance, — that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains, — how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc. — I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common — —

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why we, who are not their naturalborn subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense, — our tribute and homage of admiration, — I do not see.

„Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. „Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. — — does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their *jealousy*, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion, — to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately, to love all the pretty dears because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, „Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing, — any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character, and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable per se; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age, — there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest. I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage, if you did not come in on the wife's side, if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on, — look about you — your tenure is precarious — before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage*. With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him, — before they that are now man and wife ever met, — this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these new mintings.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husbands' confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, but an oddity, is one of the ways; they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose; — till at last, the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner, for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humourist, — a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it to all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his estimation, sinks, at length, to the kindly level of moderate esteem, — „that decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable an object are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was that first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, „I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. —, as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these, she as readily exclaims, „This, my dear, is your good Mr. —." One good lady, whom I took the liberty of expostulating with, for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me, that she had often heard Mr. — speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine, he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall, therefore, just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty, — of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versâ*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. — did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe towards their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore, I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who, at her own table, sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of —

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

◆

Holloran the Pedlar.

An Irish Story.

By the author of the „[illegible] of an [illegible].”

(Concluded from our last.)

Another half mile brought her to the top of a rising ground within sight of the high road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the First day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields still separated her from it; but with the same unfailing spirit, and at the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards: and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new born hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it was her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God, she steeled her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware, that however it might end, it must be the last. At this moment one of the men throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice — a dear and well known voice, in which she could not be deceived: it was her husband!

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self possession, stood as if rooted to the ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her ears tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of recognition, the sounds died away, rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighbouring spring for water, which they sprinkled plentifully over her: when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled for ever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself, almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her down to the inn at Balgowna, a hamlet about a mile farther on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the preceding night. It happened, opportunely, that a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the Assizes at Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and sufferings so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork. Constables with a warrant were despatched the same night to the house of the

Hogans, which they found empty, and the tenants already fled: but after a long search, the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys among the ruins; and this proof of guilt was decisive. The country was instantly up; the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighbouring peasantry; and before twelve o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the Coroner's Inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the Judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son, confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day; that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support; and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food; and did not recognise her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death; — that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body: the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support; yet she, however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity, and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected; and, when she described her rencontre at the stile there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense, and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty — Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual forms, if they had any thing to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute — the younger Hogan answered sullenly, „nothing!" the old woman staring wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved, but without a sound — and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman. „Mercy, my lord judge!" she exclaimed. „Gentlemen, your honours, have mercy on her. She had mercy on me! She only did their bidding. As for the bundle and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it's no robbery. The grip of hunger's hard to bear; and if she hadn't taken it then, where would I have been now? Sure they would have killed me for the sake of the watch and I would have been a corpse before your honours this moment. O mercy! mercy for her! or never will I sleep aisy on this side of the grave!"

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners; but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indiffpeace. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterwards furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighbourhood; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for the want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with housebreakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck; a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, „Barny Hogan! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye?" there was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude; but he said nothing; and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Cathleen, our heroine, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character made her an object of general curiosity and interest: a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum; they were enabled to procure Reilly's discharge from the army, and with a part of the money, Cathleen, who, among her other perfections, was exceedingly pious after the fashion of her creed and country, founded yearly masses for the soul of the poor Pedlar; and vowed herself to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Gobnate's well. Mr. L. the magistrate who had first examined her in the little inn at Balgowan, made her a munificent present; and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet further amends for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a handsome plot of potatoe ground. There Reilly and his Cathleen were living ten years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness, and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living at this day.

Mrs. Jameson.

Let her depart!

Her home is far, oh! far away!
The clear light in her eyes
Hath nought to do with earthly day,
'Tis kindled from the skies.
Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
Ev'n as a gentle star
Seems gazing down on grief and mirth,
How softly yet how far!
Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope — her bosom's love —
Oh could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wing to sigh,
Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,
But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay,
Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams,
Where her beloved is gone,
Let her depart!

Felicia Hemans.

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Als die älteſten Produkte dieſer Umwandlung des dramatiſchen Geſchmacks betrachtet man die beiden Luſtſpiele **Ralph Royster Doyster** und **Gammer Gurtons Needle**, die eine reiche Fundgrube von derbem, handfeſtem Witze enthalten, und Sackville's romantiſch-antike Tragödie mit Chören, **Gorboduc**, deren Stoff der altbritiſchen Geſchichte entlehnt war. Im Ganzen ſind alle Leiſtungen jener Zeit, ſtreng genommen, nur als dramatiſirte Novellen zu betrachten; das tragiſche Element iſt durchaus nicht von dem komiſchen unterſchieden, und beide kreuzen ſich oft auf die ſeltſamſte Weiſe; aber trotz ihrer Unbeholfenheit und Rohheit waltet ein friſches Leben in ihnen, und viele ſind wirklich reich an poetiſchen Schönheiten, ja mitunter auch an pſychologiſcher Tiefe. Die bedeutendſten dramatiſchen Dichter aus jener Zeit ſind Preſton, Edwards, der unbekannte Verfaſſer der Tragödie Tankred und Gismunda (1568), George Peele, John Lilly, Thomas Kyd, und vor Allen der talentvolle Chriſtoph Marlowe. Ihnen ſchloß ſich der unſterbliche Shakeſpeare unmittelbar darin an, daß er, wie ſie, ſtreng Rückſicht auf den Geſchmack des Volkes nahm, doch, das Gebiet der dramatiſchen Poeſie nach allen Seiten hin erweiternd, den größten Reichthum der Poeſie neben tiefſter conſequenteſter Charakterſchilderung ſiegreich walten ließ. Er beherrſchte alle Schätze der Phantaſie, und wußte ſich die herrlichſten anzueignen, ſo daß durch ihn ſich eine ganz neue Welt für das Theater eröffnete, indem ihm nun das Leben in allen ſeinen Verhältniſſen und mit allen ſeinen Nuancen gänzlich zu Gebote ſtand. Eben ſo, wie er die Tiefen der Leidenſchaft zu ergründen, die geheimſten Springfedern des menſchlichen Herzens wirken zu laſſen wußte, verſchmähte er auch nicht, die äußeren Mittel zu veredeln, und die Sprache verdankt ihm zu gleicher Zeit außerordentlich viel. Es würde zu weit für eine gedrängte Ueberſicht führen, ihn umſtändlicher charakteriſiren zu wollen; auch iſt Shakeſpeare in Deutſchland zu allgemein bekannt, gewürdigt und verbreitet; aus dem Wenigen hier Geſagten läßt ſich aber ſchon einſehen, wie ungeheuer der Einfluß eines ſolchen Geiſtes auf eine ſo bewegte und empfängliche Zeit, wie die damalige, wo der Nationalſtolz der Engländer und ihr Patriotismus in vollſter Blüthe ſtand, geweſen ſein muß. Eine große Zahl talentvoller, begabter Männer ſchloß ſich ihm in gleichen Beſtrebungen an; und wenn ſie ihn auch nicht erreichten, ſo lieferten ſie doch Erzeugniſſe, die in jeder Periode ihnen die größte Ehre bringen mußten. Als die bedeutendſten mögen hier J. Marſton, Th. Heywood, Th. Middleton, Th. Decker, W. Rowley, und vorzüglich Ben Jonſon, Beaumont und Fletcher, die vereint arbeiteten, und Th. Maſſinger genannt werden. — Die Neigung für die Bühne erhielt ſich im engliſchen Volke bis zur Enthauptung Karls I.; als aber mit dem Sturze dieſes unglücklichen Monarchen der bigotte Puritanismus die Oberhand gewann, ward auch der dramatiſchen Kunſt auf eine vernichtende Weiſe der Krieg erklärt und jede Bühne geſchloſſen. Luſt an theatraliſchen Vorſtellungen galt als ſicherſter Beweis royaliſtiſcher Geſinnung und ward unbarmherzig verfolgt. Glücklicher Weiſe dauerte dies nicht lange, die Bühne erhielt durch die Wiedereinſetzung des Königshauſes ihre ſämmtlichen Privilegien wieder, und man wandte ſich ihr von Neuem mit regem Eifer zu.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Annie Deer,

A Tale of the Middle Classes.

By G. P. R. James, Esq. *)

Author of „Darnley", „De l'Orme", „Richelieu" etc.

There is a little town on the coast of England which at the present day is not exactly a sea-port, though, in former times, when the chivalrous race of Plantagenet held sway within these realms, it was not only reckoned as such, but sent its ships to the fleet under the command of a Mohun, a Grey, a de Lisle, or a Clinton. There is as little connexion, however, between the former state of the town and the present as there is between those days and the time at which the events which I am about to relate took place. All that remains of its former splendour, indeed, is the ruin of an old castle, picturesquely perched on the extremity of a little slope, which, like the ambitious aspirations of youth that have no result, runs out, promontory-fashion, into the sea, towering up as it goes, till, cut short in its career, it ends in a chalky cliff of no very great height.

Upon the brow of that cliff is the castle we have mentioned, standing like the skull and cross-bones upon a nun's table, a memento of the transitory nature of all things, though the [illegible] familiar with it seldom draw any moral from that memorial of the dead.

Along the slope of the hill, towards the west, is built the little modern town, or rather the village, a congregation of small white houses, looking over the ever-changing sea. Manifold are the gardens. Though Flora loves not to be fanned with the wings of Zephyr when his pen-feathers are dipped in brine, yet we are obliged to confess that the flowers there [illegible] and beautiful, the shrubs [illegible] in size, green and luxuriant.

There are one or two pretty houses in the place, the best being the rectory, which stands near the church, and which, though large, is not very convenient. The neatest, the most commodious, is one which, situated just below the castle, takes in part of the ancient vallum as a portion of the garden, and is built in the purest style of cottage architecture, as if to contrast the more strongly in its trim and flourishing youngness with the old walls which, in the pride of decayed nobility, tower up above it, raising battlement and watch-tower high in air, as if turning up the nose at the little upstart at their feet.

In this house dwelt a personage by no means uncommon in England, and combining in his own nature a great many of the faults and good qualities of our national character. But we must give a sketch of his history, which, though no brief as possible, will explain his character without any long details. The son of a well-doing man in the neighbouring county town, he had early been put apprentice to a large dealer in various commodities; gradually made his way in the world; entered into partnership with his old master; rendered the business doubly flourishing by care, activity, and exactness; increased in wealth and honour; married at forty-five the daughter of a poor clergyman—the only thing he ever did in his life without the cash-book in his hand; and was duly presented with one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well.

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*) [illegible]

Through life he was the most exact of men, prompt, punctual, authoritative: and, having really considerable talents in a particular line, very good taste in many things, an easy and increasing fortune, and a very comfortable notion of his own value, he became one of the most important men of the town, gave law to the common-council, and tone to a considerable class in society. He was a little dogmatic, somewhat pompous, and loved not contradiction; and his wife, who was as meek as a lamb, took care that he should experience none in his own dwelling. But, with all these little faults, he had contrived to make himself loved as well as respected. For though in putting two and two together he was as accurate as our great mathematician's calculating machine, yet, in reality and in truth, there was not a more liberal man upon the face of the earth. If any body applied to *him for pecuniary assistance, he would sit down,* and, gathering together all the facts, calculate, with the most clear-headed precision, whether a loan would be really useful to the person who asked it. If that were made clear, he had no hesitation whatever; and, even if it were not made clear, and there was something like an even chance that his assistance might be serviceable or might not, he only hesitated for a minute and a half; and the good spirit unloosed the purse-strings ere the bad spirit could get them into a run knot.

As, however, he was upon extremely good terms with a lady who is one of the pleasantest companions that we can have in life, and whose name is Dame Fortune, those instances in which the chances were equally balanced generally turned out as he could have wished, and he both served his friend and regained his money, with the proper addition of interest, both in kindness and friendship.

He never met with but one great misfortune in his life up to the time of our commencing his history; but that misfortune drove him from the county town, and caused him to settle underneath the old castle by the sea-side. He lost neither his wife nor his daughter, his health, his spirits, nor his fortune. No! it was an addition, not a loss, that cut him to the heart.

One of the members of the common-council, it seems, had a brother who was a silversmith in London, and who, having made a comfortable competence, wisely retired from trade, came down to the town of which he was a native and a free-man, and was soon admitted into the municipal body.

Now, whether he had frequented a debating society or the reporters' gallery of St. Stephen's, whether he had studied under Cobbett or Hunt, Burdett or Hume, or any of those gentlemen—we do not mean either to be personal or political—any of these gentlemen, we say, famed for opposition, it would seem as if, from the moment he came down, he had determined to overthrow the supremacy of our worthy friend, and to worry him as though he had been a bishop, a baited *bull, or a prime-minister.* Moreover, he was oratorical; he would speak you a speech by the hour, in which he would confound all that the straightforward good sense of our friend had made clear; he would pour upon the simplest point a torrent of fine words not always pronounced with the utmost purity; he would render the most pellucid position opake by the turbid stream of his eloquence, and would add a few words of Latin, with very little reverence for the terminations of the nouns, or the tenses of the verbs, but still with sufficient volubility to astound and overawe the ignorant ears around him.

Our friend was resolved not to die without a struggle; and, at the close of any of these triumphant orations, he would rise, feeling morally convinced — seeing — knowing — believing, that all his adversary had said was idle, absurd, and stupid, but yet labouring under a consciousness of his own incapability to disentangle the subject which had been twisted up into a Gordian knot, or even to find out the thin, feeble, and insignificant thread of his foe's argumentation amidst the crystals of sugar-candy with which his eloquence had invested it. He would rise, as we have said, and gasp, and struggle, and sit down again, impotent of reply.

There was no help for it; he felt himself worsted; and, after the agony of a couple of months, he retreated from a field which he no longer could maintain. He resigned his post in the town-council, made the necessary arrangements with his partner in business to give up his active share, and retired, a man well to do, to spend the rest of his days in peace at the little coast town, about ten miles from his former dwelling, the beauties of which we have already described. There, then, he settled with his wife and only daughter; there he embellished, improved, did good, and enjoyed his doings, and passed his time in that busy and important usefulness which was so well suited to his disposition.

But we forgot all this time to make the reader acquainted with his name. It was one, which, though not uncommon, was in some degree remarkable, being neither more nor less than John Deer. Now, he certainly was not so light-footed as a roe, nor so timid as a stag, nor possessed of any of the distinctive qualities of the cervine creation. He was much too consequential a person also for any one — not even excepting his own wife—to venture to play upon his name and turn John Deer into Dear John: so that the name of Deer could come to no harm in his hands. But, alack and well-a-day! he had, as we have before said, one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well; and she was beautiful as a rose, gentle as a dove, timid as a young fawn, and her name was Ann; so that it very naturally happened that when anybody spoke of her as Annie Deer, there was an expression about the lips, and a beaming in the eyes, which gave the last e in her name very much the effect of an a; and Annie Dear, from her father's and her mother's lips — and one other pair besides — was Annie dear, whenever she was mentioned.

Now, it was natural for her father to call her so, and very natural for her mother to call her so, and still more natural than all for one other person in the village to call her dear; but who that person was remains to be shown. We will not keep the reader a moment in suspense. Suspense is wrong, unjust, unkindly; persons who have been condemned by a competent jury, and judged by a competent judge, are the only ones to whom suspense should be applied — and very seldom, if ever, even then. The person who pronounced the name of Annie Deer with such a tone shall be disclosed to the reader immediately.

There was a poor widow in the village, who had seen better days, but whose whole remaining fortune was a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and more than one half of that was an annuity. Yet, out of this sum she had contrived both to live with great respectability, and to give to her son, whom she loved still better than herself, an education equal to the station to which his father had moved. When Mr. Deer and his family had first come to live at the little town of Saltam, as we shall call the place, William Stanhope was absent with his ship, for he had by this time become a mate in an East Indiaman, and Mr. and Mrs. Deer did everything they could to be kind and civil to Mrs. Stanhope, and make her time pass cheerfully till her son's return.

When at length he did come back, they welcomed him as an old friend, pouring upon him all those civilities and festivities with which we greet the long absent and long expected. He was a very handsome young man, brave, gay, and happy in his disposition, gentlemanly and well educated, but withal touched with the frank straightforwardness of a sailor; but the quality which, joined with others, pleased Mr. Deer the most, was a prudent and economical calculation of expenses, which taught him what was just to others, and what was just to himself. Mr. Deer liked him very much, and though Annie Deer was at that time only fourteen, and no great chance existed of her falling in love with anybody, yet Mr. Deer, being famed for foresight, resolved that he would examine young Stanhope's character thoroughly and watch him well.

That year William Stanhope had brought home no great wealth, having scarcely any capital to trade upon, but he brought some very pretty presents for his mother, which showed him to be a very kind and dutiful young man. The next year having increased his capital, his gains were increased; and, besides bringing home more money, he brought home not only presents for his mother, but presents for Annie Deer, which he gave straightforwardly to her father, expressing his gratitude for all the kindness which had been shown to his mother during his absence.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Spectral Dog.

An Illusion.

(From The Diary of a late Physician. 5th. edition. London, 18[illegible].)

The age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by, says worthy Dr. Hibbert; and so, after him, says almost every body now-a-days. These mysterious visitants are henceforth to be resolved into mere optical delusions, acting on an excitable fancy — an irritable nervous temperament; and the respect of a real *bona fide* ghost, or apparition, is utterly exploded. *Possibly* this may not be going too far, even though it *be* in the teeth of some of the most stubborn facts that are on record. One, or possibly two, of this character, I may perhaps present to the reader on a future occasion: but at present I shall content myself with relating a very curious and interesting case of acknowledged optical delusion; and I have no doubt that many of my medical readers can parallel it with similar occurrences within the sphere of their own observation.

Mr. D*** was a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Oxford — a scholar, „a ripe and good one" — a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He was also an exemplary minister; preached twice, willingly, every Sunday, and performed all the other duties of his office with zealous fidelity, and to the full satisfaction of his parishioners. If any man is less likely to be terrified with ghosts, or has less reason to be so, than another, surely it was such a character as Mr D***.

He had been officiating one Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter's church, a few miles distant from London, and was walking homewards, enjoying the tranquillity of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon, when, at about three miles' distance from home, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of gasping and panting, as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked round on both sides, but seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked round, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him, that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces farther, when he again heard precisely similar sounds, but with a running accompaniment — if I may be allowed a pun — of the pit-a-pat pattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

„God bless me!" exclaimed Mr D*** aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking around to all directions, far and near: „why really, that's very odd—very!— Surely I could not have been mistaken again?" He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, replaced his hat on his head, and, with a little trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking-stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness, which sufficed in re-assuring his own flurried spirits. The next thirty or forty paces of his walk, Mr D*** passed over quite careless, and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood, when, in a few moments, the noise was repeated, apparently from his right hand side; and he gave something like a start from the path side into the road, on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past—as he described it—by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and, to his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog, of a blue colour! He moved from the spot where he was standing—the phantom followed him—he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked: but there it still was, large as a young calf, (to which he himself compared it,) and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The colour, however, continued the same—faint blue. He observed, too, its eyes—like dim decaying fire-coals, as it looked composedly up in his face. He poked about his walking-stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued—indivisible—impalpable—in short, as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction, from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr D*** hurried on a few steps, and again looked—there was the dog!— Now, it is fit the reader should be informed that Mr D*** was a remarkably temperate man, and had, that evening, contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the bedside of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perceptions to have been disturbed with liquor.

„What can it be?" thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison-house. „Oh! it must be an Optical delusion—ah, certainly so! nothing in the world else! that's all. How odd!" and he smiled, he thought, very unconcernedly; but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue distinctness instantly darkened his features with the hue of apprehension. If it really was an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of! The best part of valour is discretion, says Shakspeare—and in all things; so, observing a coach passing by at that moment, to put an end to the matter, Mr D***, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop; there was just room for one inside; and in stepped Mr D***, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk with the fat woman who sat next him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grazier-looking man fronting him, whose large dirty top-boots seriously incommoded him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes' riding, he suddenly opened his eyes—and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched, in some unaccountable manner, at his feet, half under the seat!

„I—I—hope the dog does not annoy you, sir?" inquired Mr D***, a little flustered, of the man opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog seemed to be visible to any one else.

„Sir!" exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

„Lord, sir!" echoed the woman beside him.

„A dog, sir, did you say?" inquired all in a breath.

„Oh—nothing—nothing, I assure you. 'Tis a little mistake," replied Mr D***, with a faint smile; „I—I thought—in short, I find I've been *dreaming*; and I'm sure I beg pardon for disturbing you." Every one in the coach laughed, except Mr D***, whose eyes continued riveted on the dim blue outline of the dog, lying motionless at his feet. He was now certain that he was suffering from an optical illusion of some sort or other, and endeavoured to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed channel, by striving to engage his faculties with the philosophy of the thing. He could make nothing out, however; and the Q. E. D. of his thinkings startled him not a little, when it came in the shade of the large blue dog, leaping at his heels out of the coach, when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bed-room candle, and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again, on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He *felt* its pressure! He said he was inclined to rise, and make it a subject of special prayer to the Deity! Mrs D*** asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little. He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and, as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved, he beheld, by the moonlight through the window, the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr D*** opened the windows, he did not exactly know why, and mounted the dressing-table for that purpose. On looking down before he leaped on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting composedly on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr D***, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed—plunged beneath the clothes, and thoroughly frightened, dropt at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the daylight. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom was really no longer visible, he told the whole to Mrs D*** and made very merry with her fears—for she would have it, that it was „something supernatural,“ and, good lady! „Mr D*** might depend upon it, the thing *had its errand!*“ Four times subsequent to this did Mr*** see the spectral visitant—never altered either in its manner, form, or colour. It was always late in the evenings when he observed it, and generally when he was alone.—He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology; but felt utterly at a loss to what derangement of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So, indeed, was I—for he came to consult me about it. He was with me once during the presence of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the interrupted motions of the irides indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One thing, however, was certain—his stomach had been latterly a little out of order; and every body knows the intimate connection between its functions and the nervous system. But why he should see spectra—why they should assume and retain the figure of a dog, and of such an uncanine colour too—and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to him, and be seen precisely the same at the various intervals after which it made its appearance—and why he should hear, or imagine he heard it utter sounds—all these questions I am as unable to answer as Mr D*** was, or as, possibly, the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity may enable him. I have seen and known other cases of spectra, not unlike the one above related; and great alarm and horror have they excited in the breasts of persons blessed with less firmness and good sense than Mr D*** displayed.

A perusal of the foregoing narrative occasioned its corroboration, by the following account of a similar spectrum, seen by one of my scientific friends. As the reader will doubtless consider it interesting, I here subjoin the letter from my friend.

Blackheath, December 1830.

My dear Sir,—Though the „Spectral Dog“ is somewhat laughable, in quality of tailpiece to the melancholy—the truly sorrowful narrative immediately preceding it, I have read it with nearly equal interest, because it forcibly reminds me of a similar incident in my own life.

In my early days I was, as you have often heard me say, an infatuated searcher after the philosopher's stone! I then resided near Bristol; and had a back parlour fitted up according to my fancy in a very gloomy style. I soon filled it with the apparatus of my craft—crucibles, furnace, retorts, *&c. &c. &c.* without end. I never allowed the light of day to dissipate the mysterious gloom which pervaded my laboratory; but had an old Roman lamp, suspended from the ceiling, *kept continually* burning, night and day. I had *three different* locks on the door; and took such precautions as enabled me to satisfy myself that no one ever entered the room for nearly three years, except a singular and enthusiastic old man, who first inspired me with my madness, as I may well call it.—*You know too well, my dear sir, how* much of my little fortune was frittered away in running after that ridiculous Will o' the Wisp. But to my tale.

One *Sunday evening; after dining* hastily at five o'clock, I took my candle in my hand, and hurried back to my laboratory, which I had quitted only half an hour before, *for dinner*. On unlocking the door, and entering, to my equal alarm and astonishment, I distinctly saw the figure of a little old stooping woman, in a red cloak, and with a very pale face. She stood near the fire-place, and leaned with both hands on a walking-stick. I was nearly letting fall the candlestick I held. However, I contrived to set it down pretty steadily on the table, which stood between my mysterious guest and me, and *spoke* to her. I received no answer. The figure did not move—nay, it did not even look at me. I stamped with my foot—I knocked my knuckles on the table—I shook it with both my hands—I called out to the old woman,—but in vain! A bottle of spirits—brandy, if I recollect right—and a wine glass, stood on a shelf of the cup-board, which was close at my elbow. I poured out a glassful, and drank it. *Still* the figure continued there, standing before me as distinct, as motionless as ever. I began to suspect it was merely an ocular spectrum. I rubbed my eyes, I pushed them inward with my fingers, till corruscations of light seemed to flash from them. But when I directed them again towards the spot where the apparition had stood, there it still was! I walked up to her somewhat falteringly. She stood exactly in the way of my arm-chair, as though she were on the point of sitting down upon it. I actually walked clean through the figure, and sat down. After a few moments, I opened my eyes, (which I had closed on sitting down,) and behold, the figure stood *fronting me*, about six feet off! I rose—it moved *farther off*; I lifted up my right arm in a threatening manner—so did the figure; I raised my other arm—so did the old woman; I moved towards her—she retreated, all the while never once looking at me. She got towards the spot where I had formerly stood; and so the table was once more between us. I got more agitated than ever; but, when the figure began to approach me in a direct line, walking *apparently right through the table*, even as the Israelites through the Red Sea, I quite lost my presence of mind. A giddiness, or sickness, came over me, and, sinking into my chair, I fainted. When I recovered, the spectre had disappeared.

I have never since seen it, nor anything similar. Such spectra are by no means rare among studious men, if of an irritable, nervous temperament, and an imaginative turn. I know a learned Baronet, who has his study sometimes crowded with them; and he never feels so much at home, as when surrounded by these airy spirits!

You may make any use you like of this letter. I am, my dear Sir, ever faithfully yours,

W. G.

On a bad singer.

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Jene Störung war aber doch von ſchädlicher Wirkung, die erſt ſpäter hervortrat; es wurde weit mehr auf die äußeren Veranſtaltungen gewandt, die bisher von Knaben dargeſtellten weiblichen Partieen von wirklichen Frauenzimmern übernommen; Decoration und Maſchinerie vervollkommnet, aber die Poeſie ſelbſt trat dabei in den Hintergrund, und man wandelte nicht auf der großen Bahn weiter, zu welcher Shakeſpeare ſo glorreich den Zugang gezeigt hatte. Man beſtrebte ſich, regelmäßiger zu werden, ſchied das tragiſche Element ſtreng von dem komiſchen, und ſuchte das Ziel mehr durch glänzende Diction und äußeren Schmuck, als durch Wahrheit und Tiefe der Auffaſſung des Lebens zu erreichen. Es war ein beſtändiges Schwanken vorherrſchend, und ſo iſt es auch bis auf die neueſte Zeit geblieben; obwohl viele talentvolle Männer auf einander mit dramatiſchen Leiſtungen folgten, bald ängſtlich franzöſirend, bald Shakeſpeare ſich anſchließend, ſo kommt doch Keiner jenen Heroen aus dem Zeitalter der Eliſabeth nah. Die bedeutendſten Tragiker möchten Otway († 1685), Nathan Lee († 1692), Dryden, N. Rowe († 1718), Addiſon, Congreve († 1729), Fenton († 1730), G. Lillo († 1739), Moore († 1757), Thomſon († 1748), Mallet († 1765), Glover († 1785), Maſon († 1797), Brooke († 1783), Maturin, Home († 1808) u. A. ſein. Die großen Dichter dieſes Jahrhunderts übten eben keinen Einfluß auf die tragiſche Bühne aus. Byron's dramatiſche Werke eignen ſich nicht für die Darſtellung; W. Scott war unglücklich in ſolchen Verſuchen. — Am meiſten verſpricht in neuerer Zeit eine junge talentvolle Schauſpielerin, Fanny Kemble, die als ſiebenzehnjährige Dichterin ein Trauerſpiel, Francis I., lieferte, das zu ſchönen Erwartungen berechtigt. Weit glücklicher waren die Engländer im Luſtſpiel, das ſie ſehr erweiterten, und in welchem ſie, bei ſcharfer Charakteriſtik, das Leben in allen feinen Nuancen darzuſtellen wußten, nur verletzten ſie zu oft Sitte und Anſtand auf eine wirklich beleidigende Weiſe. Auch die Poſſe (Farce) ward mit glücklichem Erfolge von ihnen behandelt. Weniger glücklich waren ſie im Singſpiele, wo nur Gay's berühmte Bettler-Oper eine bleibende Erſcheinung war. — Zu den talentvollſten Luſtſpieldichtern Englands rechnet man vorzüglich G. Etherege, G. Farquahar, W. Wycherley, J. Vanbrugh, W. Congreve, S. Foote, D. Garrick, O. Goldſmith, G. Colman, R. Cumberland, A. Murphy, R. B. Sheridan u. A., ſo wie die Damen A. Behn, S. Centlivre, Inchbald u. ſ. w. Was die ausübende Kunſt betrifft, ſo haben ſich die Briten hier von jeher großer Talente zu erfreuen gehabt, und Männer wie Garrick, Quin, Foote, Kemble ſo wie die Damen Bellamy, O'Neil u. ſ. w. erwarben ſich einen faſt europäiſchen Ruf. — Vgl. Bouterwek's Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Theil 7. und 8. — Schlegels Vorleſungen über dramatiſche Lit. drei Bände. The companion to the Playhouse or an historical account of all the dramatic writers in Gr. Br. and Ireland. London 1781, 2 Bde. 8. — *Dodsley's* Collection of plays by ancient authors, publ. by *Jos. Reed.* 1780, 10 Bde. 8. *R. Cumberland*, British Drama or a Collection of the most esteemed dramatic productions, with critique etc. London 1817, 14 Bde., 18.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZE, A. A. M. M.

Annie Deer.

A Tale of the Middle Classes.

By G. P. R. James, Esq.

Author of „Darnley", „De l'Orme", „Richelieu" etc.

(Continued from our last.)

Mr. Deer took the presents, and inquired, with looks of much personal interest, into the speculations of the young sailor and their success. William Stanhope was frank and candid, and though the sum that he had made was not very brilliant, yet, compared with his means of making it, it promised so well that Mr. Deer began to calculate, and found that liberal assistance might without risk enable young Stanhope to advance his fortune rapidly, and he made the offer at once. It was embraced with thanks, and the next voyage insured to William Stanhope competence as a single man.

He had a higher ambition, however. He was now competent to take the command of a ship. He was respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and a favourable offer was made to him, but the sum of ready money required was very large; and, though he mentioned the offer to his mother, with all its advantages, and all the difficulties that interposed, he spoke of it to no one else. His mother went that evening to drink tea with the family under the castle, but William Stanhope remained at home musing, alleging that he had letters of business to write; and the next morning, instead of taking his way to the house of Mr. Deer, as was his common practice, he wandered along solitary upon the sands round the bay, seeming to count every pebble that studded the shore. He had not gone very far, however, before a friendly hand was laid upon his arm, and Mr. Deer, joining him in his walk, entered at once upon business. He told him that Mrs. Stanhope had related to them the evening before the offer which had been made concerning the command of a ship, and then went on to ask his young friend why he had not applied to him, John Deer, for the money.

„I did not know, my dear sir," replied the youth, „that you would be willing to lend so large a sum."

„Not willing to every body," replied Mr. Deer, „but quite willing to you, who, in all your transactions, are as correct as my pocket-book."

Still William Stanhope paused; and then, after letting two sailors, who were loitering along the shore, pass them by, he turned directly towards his companion, and, raising his head, he said, „There is another reason, Mr. Deer, why I have not asked you; I am in love with your daughter, Annie, and, if I get on in the world, I am determined to seek her hand. I did not wish to mention this at present, because I have but little to offer her, except in hopes and expectations, and

I could not think of asking you to lend me so large a sum of money without telling you what were my feelings towards your daughter."

„Sir, you are an honest man, replied Mr. Deer, and keep, I see, both sides of the account clear. But I will strike a balance with you, and begin a new account. Thus, then, we stand, William: I will lend you ten thousand pounds to buy your ship, and, when you think you have made enough to afford a wife, I will give you the ten thousand pounds as my daughter's fortune, and be glad to receive you as my son-in-law."

„This is beginning a new account, indeed, my dear sir, for it leaves me your debtor in every way."

„Pay it off in kindness to my child," replied Mr. Deer; and the matter was thus finally settled with the father. As to the daughter, William Stanhope sat with her for an hour and a half before dinner; and at a little party which was given that night at the clergy man's house, every body declared that the beautiful eyes of Annie Deer looked like two stars.

The two months that followed were filled up with that thrilling joy in which present pleasure is mingled with and heightened by the expectation of something not exactly sorrowful, nor painful, nor melancholy, but perhaps we should call it sad. Thus, Annie Deer enjoyed, to the full, the society of him she loved, though the expectation of his departure, upon his first voyage, as captain of a China vessel, sometimes brought a cloud over the bright sky of their happiness. Time, that rapid old postillion, who goes jogging on in the saddle faster and faster every day, without at all minding the six thousand years that have elapsed since first he began to beat the road — Time, we say, whipped his horses into the full gallop, and carried William Stanhope and Annie Deer with wonderful rapidity to the point of parting. Annie Deer cried very bitterly; and, as they were among the first tears she had ever shed in her life, they were, of course, the more painful. William Stanhope would not suffer himself to weep, but he felt little less than she did. They parted, however. He took the command of his vessel; and, shortly afterwards, she, within one hour, saw in the newspaper, and read in his own handwriting, that the Honourable Company's ship, Lord Spencer, Captain Stanhope, commander, had cleared out and dropped down the river.

It was the month of March, and the weather somewhat boisterous; and Mr. Deer, when he heard the wind whistle and roar down the chimney, thanked God that some man had been struck with the very provident idea of insuring vessels risking themselves upon that treacherous ocean. Annie Deer's mind ran in the same way, but it went no further than wishing that there was really some meaning in the name by which Life Assurance Societies designate themselves. But she felt too bitterly, poor girl, that there is no insuring that fragile thing, human life, especially when trusted to the mercy of the winds and waves. Her daily walk was upon the edge of the little promontory, looking over the vast, melancholy sea; and at length, a few days after the ship had dropped down the river, she beheld a gallant vessel coming on with a fortune and not very favourable gale; and, watching it with deep interest, saw it take refuge in their little bay, and come to anchor to let pass the storm. About four in the afternoon, the wind lulled, but shifted more to the south-west, so that no ship was likely to get on of the Channel. About half past four, as she was looking out of the drawing-room windows of her father's house, she saw something like a boat tossed up from time to time on the bounding waves, which the tempest had left behind it. In half an hour after, she was pressed in the arms of William Stanhope, and two or three hours more of pure happiness were added to the few which they had known through life. At ten o'clock, he took his departure; but, at that hour, the moon, though she was shining, was red and dim, announcing that the presence of the commander might soon be wanted on board his vessel.

Annie Deer retired to her chamber immediately afterwards. She retired not to repose, however, but, on the contrary, to pay for the happiness which she had that night experienced by many a tear. She in the efficacy of prayer, but with that trembling timidity, that doubt of our own worthiness, under the weight of which the footsteps of the Apostle, miraculously upheld, sunk through the surface of the yielding waters. All remained calm; and, towards eleven o'clock, she remarked the clouds passing over the moon taking a different direction from that which they had done in the morning; and she thought, with mixed hope and apprehension, that, ere the morning, perhaps, he whom she loved might be far away upon that voyage, which was destined either to give them comfort and independence, or to separate them for ever. She lay down to rest; but, towards twelve o'clock, the wind began to rise, increased in violence every moment, and swelled, at length, into a hurricane. The casements rattled; the wainscot shook and creaked; the house itself seemed shaken. Loudly roaring round and round, the spirit of the storm appeared clamouring at the gates for admittance. It could be heard as it whistled through the branches of the trees. It could be felt as it swept, with sighing and a melancholy sound, over the level sands of the bay, interrupted only by the sullen plunge of the waves, as they poured headlong upon the resounding shore. Annie Deer rose from her bed, and listened, and wept, and prayed, through the livelong night.

But what boots it to tell a long and a sad story, when a very few words will serve our purpose! With the morninglight Annie Deer gazed from her window, but the ship was gone, and the storm continued; and, as she looked, without making any particular effort to hear, the sound of a few distant guns caught her ear, and made her heart sink low." The tempest lasted the whole day. During the night it decreased, and the next morning there were found on various points of the coast the spars and timbers of a gallant vessel, on some of which were painted „The Earl Spencer!" The gentlemen of Lloyd's announced the loss of an outward-bound China man. The owners of the Earl Spencer cursed the luck which had lost them a good voyage, and applied to the underwriters. The underwriters cursed their luck still more furiously, but paid the money. Mr. Deer thanked God that he had insured to the full amount of his loss, and Annie Deer sat down, with widowed heart, to pass the rest of her life with very little interest in the things thereof. Her mother marked the varying colour of her cheek, the languour of her look, and the frequent tearfulness of her eye, and, kissing her tenderly, let fall a drop on the pale forehead of her only child. Annie Deer met with sympathy from one kindred being in her melancholy path, and it was all she hoped for, all she asked, in life.

Such was the first part of the story of Annie Deer. Now, all stories, into whatsoever imaginary divisions they may be separated by the brains of the teller, have at least two parts; there is no getting rid of the beginning and the end. Having told the former, we must now turn to the latter, which is destined to be shorter still. Mr. Deer went to London, and was indemnified by the underwriters for the money he had advanced; and he returned to his dwelling, looking really sad for the loss of poor William Stanhope. He called upon the childless widow, and tried to comfort her, but she was not to be comforted. He spoke some soothing words to Annie, but Annie only wept the more; and Mr. Deer himself had a kind of perception that they had all suffered a loss, which money could never repair. As the house was dull, and the village was dull, and every thing about the place looked more or less gloomy since the loss of the Lord Spencer and poor William Stanhope, Mr. Deer betook himself one day, merely for the sake of relaxation, to the county town, purposing, as the pleasantest and most habitual way of amusing his thoughts, to look into all the accounts and proceedings of the very respectable firm in which the greater part of his fortune was still embarked. His partner was out, however, when he arrived; and Mr. Deer, strolling out into the town, was met by Mr. Pocock the silversmith, and Mr. Pocock's retired brother John, the common-councilman and orator.

Now Mr. Deer and Mr. John Porock were severally sixty-three years of age and upwards, and the enmities of sixty-three are pertinacious things. Mr. Deer, therefore, would willingly have avoided Mr. John Porock; but that gentleman, on the contrary, put his arm through his, talked to him very civilly, and, leading the conversation to the affairs of Mr. Deer's house, gave him a hint, with perfect kindness of intent and manner, that his partner might be getting on too fast. Mr. Deer was agitated, alarmed, and irritated; and, if he had done what his heart bade him, he would have told his companion to mind his own business, and to meddle with nobody else's affairs, for that he, John Deer, was rich enough to buy out him, John Porock, and all his relations. He refrained, however, and answered as civilly as the nature of the case would allow; but returned to his partner's house, and instantly set to work to investigate the matter thoroughly.

Sad and alarming was the result of his inquiries. He found that, during the five or six years of his absence, his partner, although he had contrived to make a fair show in their half-yearly accounts, had in fact addicted himself to banking, farming, and such vices. Immense sums were risked at that moment in hazardous speculations, and Mr. Deer saw himself inextricably implicated in transactions which he would not have meddled with for the world, of his own free will.

The matter went on as simply as it is possible to conceive. His partner, seeing that Mr. Deer was now convinced that he had trusted once too far, grew angry, resisted the interference which might have saved him, hurried recklessly on in the wrong course; and, ere four months were out, the house of Deer and Co. were bankrupts to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds. By the wise and strenuous efforts which Mr. Deer had made during these unhappy four months to retrieve the affairs of his firm, they were enabled to pay very nearly twenty shillings in the pound. But the beautiful house under the castle was advertised for sale; the rich furniture and plate were disposed of by auction; and Mr. Deer retired to a small cottage next to that of the widow Stanhope.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

◆

An Irish fairy fable.

By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

„Never heed it."
Irish Saying.

„Well it's too bad intirely, Moyna Murphy, and I wonder at ye, to make such a bother about a thing that's not the value of a *traneen* — it's too bad, so it is; there ye go, as if I was spaking to the wind. O, my grief! I've neither rest nor pace — in the house, nor out of it. Moyna, darling, can't ye do as I do, and 'never heed it?'"

Moyna, a bright-eyed damsel, with rosy lips and white teeth, made no reply to the expostulation of her brother Michael, nor did she apparently pay any attention to it, but proceeded rapidly and steadily with her work. This work, I am grieved to say (for Moyna, being an especial favourite of mine, I should be glad to see her a favourite with my friends), was not only a very ungraceful, but a very unfeminine one, being no other than thatching, or rather mending the thatch of a pig-sty! Michael and Moyna Murphy had lost their parents at a very early age, and had lived together happy and tolerably independent — that is, independent for Irish people — in a small cottage at no great distance from the disagreeable and ugly village of Bally-hack. Michael was a weaver, and a good one; and Moyna, light-hearted, merry Moyna, was any thing — every thing — a creature formed to prove, in her humble sphere at all events, that women are positive blessings. Where the girl got her intelligence or information Heaven knows, for she had been her own mistress ever since she was fourteen; her neighbours explained the circumstance after their own fashion, by saying „that the girbeen always had a turn to the good;" — and for once, I believe, the judgment of the neighbours was correct.

I do not know w at Michael could have done without her; although he was, on the whole, a very favourable specimen of the Irish peasant, both in person and habits. He was called industrious, that is to say, he worked at his loom the whole day long; but as soon as six o'clock came, down went the shuttle — the shirtsleeves were deliberately unrolled — the cutty tobacco-pipe lighted. If it was summer, Mick placed his shoulder against the door-post, folded his arms, crossed his legs, so as to rest one by standing on the other (the only species of animal economy I ever discovered in an Irishman), and thus smoked his pipe till the sun had set. If it was the winter season, why he shouldered the settle instead of the door-post, and scolded his sister for being ever at work. No earthly power could force, no earthly argument induce, Michael Murphy to do „a hand's turn" to the potatoe-garden, or replace thatch, stone, or mortar, in or about his little cottage: whatever happened ill, his constant cry was, „Never heed it."

„Brother, darling," said Moyna, when, having finished her task on the rural roof, she descended and arranged her dress for their simple supper, „there's the gate of the garden evermore swinging open for want of a good stout post; I've skinned my hands trying to make one, and can't."

„And what harm, Moyna, honey? *never heed it*."

„Batt's pigs, to say nothing of our own *bonneen* *), may get in."

„Well, if they do, *never heed it* — it's not much harm they can do, the craythurs, at this season. I'm ashamed of ye, Moyna, to be so mean as to grudge a pratee to a neighbour's pig."

„But, Mike, you might as well do that as stand there for two good hours in the blessed daylight, doing nothing. I don't ever ask ye to quit the loom; only ye might as easy turn your hand to the post as to the pipe."

„Whisht, girl! I've done my day's work, and I'll do no more. What do women know about such things?" — (It is really abominable, that men, rich and poor, will undervalue us!) — „Why, ye ignorant mortal, this is evening, not daylight — can't ye see the differ? And the least thing I may have, is a morsel of recreation — I, that never touches a drop, barring an odd glass now and then of a Saturday night, or the matter of a couple o' noggins at Easter, Lammas, Christmas, or Candlemas; that's the thanks I gets, to have posts, and pigs, and pratees, thrown in my teeth by the likes o' you! — why, I say again to ye, *never heed it*."

„Mike, darling Mike!" returned the affectionate sister, „I heard one say, who knows a deal about the good and bad of every thing, and of Ireland especially, that them words doth more harm than enough to the likes of us."

„What words?"

„Why, such by-words as ye're after."

„What do ye mean?"

„The promising words, 'We'll see about it', and 'Never heed it', and 'Time enough', and such like. I hard tell of two fairies once — downy sparkling things, with eyes like diamonds, and teeth like pearl, and skin like new milk. They were both beautiful; but one was wise, and the other foolish; and yet, for all that, they were fond of each other. — May-be, Mike, honey! the wise one thought that the foolish set off her wisdom to the best advantage — the reason, as every body knows, why the rose-bush lets the nettle grow by her side. — So, as I was saying, the two fairies were mighty fond of each other; and one summer morning they agreed, above all things in the world, to go out and gather flowers and honey. And away they went, the darlings, sporting in the first beams of the summer sun, and dancing in the air, to the bumble of the brown bees' pipes, or the buzzy music of the grey-coated midges. 'What a sweet tree!' says the foolish one, passing over a rock-rose-bush that was just opening its blossoms. 'Stop', says the wise one, 'and take some of its leaves; they make the most beautiful cloaks in the world, when trimmed with daisy fringe, and tied with the tassels of the wild woodbine.'

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*) Little pig.

„'Twill do to gather them when we are going home', replied the silly one, who was trying how she could stand on one leg in the bosom of a passion-flower.

„'Better have them now', said the other, taking her pick at the same; 'time won, time come', — we shall have enough to do going home'. But, Michael, the other followed your advice, and did not heed it."

„Heugh! heugh!" was Michael's response. Moyna continued —

„'Thistledown, thistledown!' sung out the foolish fairy — 'what loads of thistledown! I'll gather me some to make a pillow, and bolster too; — but there's time enough'; and she sprang away on the back of a young butterfly, making a horse of the craythur, against his consint intirely, and with no sort of politeness. Silly people are never civil, I've observed, Mike — God help 'em! they can't see the good of it! — but, as I was saying, the wise fairy told her the good of plucking it then, in case of a high wind, or the like, coming before their return but she might have held her tongue; for the other (like, I'm sorry to say, a dale of the Irish) never thought about futurity —"

„I tell ye what," interrupted Mike, angrily, „it ill becomes a young thing like you, to go on running down the counthry after that fashion — to say nothing of your making free with sich hard words as the last, which nobody (barring the priest) ought in decency come to the knowledge of."

Moyna smiled and continued —

„Now, though the wise fairy gathered the rock-rose-leaves, and the down, and many things that she took delight in, and that she knew would be useful at home, still she had a dale more sport than the other; because, ye mind, she made work a pleasure, not pleasure a work — taking a taste of one flower, and the blossom of another, — for all the world as you would milk and pratties, and pratties and milk. So, at last, they came to a grand garden, where there were all manner and sorts of flowers come from England and other foreign countries, and a shoal of honey in the bells of them all; and the wisey fairy set too, and gathered the honey, and called to the foolish fairy to do the same: but she kept crying out (she must have been an Irish fairy, after all), 'We'll see about it', — 'Time enough', — 'By and by'. And, my jewel, before ye could say 'Holy Well'! the clouds came, like evil spirits, over the blue sky, and covered it with darkness, and the tempest howled among the trees, and the lightning sharpened its arrows, and sent forth destruction upon the green earth; so that the grass withered away like — a bad cotton. But the fairies! Mike — the fairies! Ah, Mike, Mike! the wise one hurried home, with her cloak of rock-rose-leaves, and her pillow of thistledown, and her drops of sweet honey! And the foolish one had no cloak, no pillow, no honey —"

Michael absolutely knocked the ashes out of his pipe, stuffed his thumb into it to be sure it was safe, looked at the gate-post, and then at his sister; and then, before midnight, the post was fixed, the sty was roofed, and Michael, more tired, but more happy than usual, was seated at his cheerful supper. After a pause of a few minutes, one little sentence told his sister that the lesson had taken greater effect than she had dared hope for:

„Och, Moyna, that was a wise fairy!"

◆

Faithful Carlo.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.

Keep watch, my faithful Carlo,
    Keep steady watch below,
Thou'lt be the first to hear him,
    And welcome him, I know;
To me thou wert his first gift,
    And now from thee I learn
To wait, as thou wert wont to do,
    And watch for his return.

I own that men have felt my scorn,
    And scornful I have proved;

They blamed my pride, and proud I've been,
But then I never loved:
O! love can conquer pride and scorn,
And patiently I wait,
Like thee, my dog, to hear his step,
And meet him at the gate.

Oh! none I think would know me,
Who knew me long ago;
A smile on one who wooed me
I deign'd not to bestow.
I heard of love-lorn maidens,
The story was my jest;
If swains were broken-hearted,
Unbroken was my rest.

The love-lorn maiden's story
I now delight to hear!
The broken-hearted lover
Beguiles me of a tear!
And to the mountain pathway
My weary eyes I lift;
And prize thee, faithful Carlo,
Because thou wert his gift.

My summer boat is idle,
I sail not on the lake,
My garden is neglected,
No garlands now I make.
I sit not with my sister,
To weave the golden thread;
A dog is my companion,
The dog I used to dread.

Yes, Carlo, once I fear'd thee,
Nor fear'd thy master less;
His eyes were ever on me
Their meaning could I guess?
His voice could make me tremble,
Although so sweet its tone;
I sigh'd when he was near me,
And wept when he was gone.

But now I know him better —
Nay, 'tis my heart I know,
I watch the mountain pathway,
Still pacing to and fro.
And when my sister seeks me,
My sullen mood to chide,
She finds me on the rampart,
With Carlo by my side.

But, Carlo, I am weary,
I watch the path in vain;
Down, Carlo, down! — he comes not —
Go to thy rest again:
Why dost thou look so wistful,
Why leap with wild delight?
Why dost thou bark? he comes not,
He will not come to-night.

But dearest sister, I was wrong,
His bugle's note I hear;
I see him on the mountain path,
My love indeed is near!
Oh what a weary day I've spent!
My fond heart fear'd the worst;
And yet, my faithful dog, I'll own
'Twas Carlo traced him first.

◆

Anecdotes.

Early profligacy.

Sir Boyle Roche, the blunderer, rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a more serious and grave air than usual, „Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such, Mr. Speaker, that little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their maker."

Irish economy.

An Irish officer having lost a parcel of silk stockings, sent a bellman about to offer a reward for them, which was so small, that a friend observed he could not expect to recover them; „Ah! by J— —," says Paddy, „I advertised them as worsted ones."

◆

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

V. Engl. Proſa und Staatsberedſamkeit.

Die kunſtgemäße Ausbildung der engliſchen Proſa, welche ſpäter durch die bedeutende Einwirkung des öffentlichen Lebens auf die Wiſſenſchaft, und dieſer auf jenes, ſo ausnehmend begünſtigt worden, beginnt eigentlich erſt ſeit dem 16. Jahrhunderte. Sie ward durch Ueberſetzung der heiligen Schrift und der Claſſiker vorbereitet, und ernſtlich unter der Regierung der Eliſabeth betrieben; vorzüglich erwarben ſich Th. Wright († 1599), Ph. Sidney, Shakespeare und Walther Raleigh († 1618) große Verdienſte um dieſelbe. Das allgemeine Streben ging dahin, ſie einfach, ſchlicht und allgemein verſtändlich darzuſtellen, und dieſe Richtung herrſchte auch noch im Anfange des 17. Jahrhunderts, vorzüglich bei mehreren tüchtigen Hiſtorikern, wie z. B. Daniel, Lord Cherbury, David Home, William Drummond u. A. vor. Nicht minder günſtig wirkten in der folgenden Zeit die bürgerlichen Unruhen, welche, da ſie die wichtigſten Intereſſen berührten, vielfach mit der Feder ausgefochten werden mußten, und daher vor Allem große Klarheit, Genauigkeit und Deutlichkeit in der Darſtellung erforderten. Der lebhafte Antheil, den die begabteſten Männer der Nation an dieſen Kämpfen nahmen, bewirkte eine allgemeinere Ausbildung für die Proſa, und die Schriften Milton's, Cowley's, Butler's, Hobbe's, Harrington's, Algernon Sidney's, Whitelocke's u. A. beweiſen zur Gnüge, daß man damals ſchon erkannt hatte, was eine gute ungebundene Rede ſei. Noch mehr ward dieſelbe zu Ende des 17. und zu Anfange des 18. Jahrhunderts durch größere Feinheit des geſellſchaftlichen Verkehrs, einen immer mehr ſich ſteigernden Nationalſinn, und tieferes Eindringen in den Geiſt der Wiſſenſchaft und deren Verhältniß zum öffentlichen und bürgerlichen Leben vervollkommnet. Dieſe Periode lieferte bereits ſchon viele Proſaiſten, die noch jetzt als Vorbilder und Muſter eines edeln, geläuterten, einfachen Styls gelten, wie z. B. den tüchtigen Kanzelredner Tillotſon († 1694), den ſcharfſinnigen Staatsmann W. Temple († 1699), den gewiegten Denker John Locke († 1704), den feinen, oft nur zu künſtlichen Shaftesbury († 1713), u. A. m. Ihre Glanzperiode erreichte die engliſche Proſa während der Mitte des 18. Jahrhunderts, wo der Geſchmack der Nation an raiſonnirenden, klar populären, aber nie in unedlem Style gehaltenen Wochenſchriften auf das Lebhafteſte geweckt wurde. Als eigentlicher Gründer derſelben kann der fruchtbare Daniel Defoe betrachtet werden, ihm folgten bald die ausgezeichnetſten Schriftſteller auf dieſer Bahn, ſie wurden von dem Volke mit Enthuſiasmus begrüßt und geleſen, und ihre Arbeiten in dieſer Hinſicht gelten noch immer als Meiſterwerke und erleben fortwährend neue Ausgaben. Die bedeutendſten Leiſtungen in dieſem Zweige ſind Steele's **Tatler**, **Addiſons Spectator**, Johnſon's **Rambler**, **Moore's World**, Hawkesworth's **Adventurer**, **Cumberland's Observer** u. A. m. Die ſatyriſche Proſa ward zu derſelben Zeit durch Swift († 1745) auf eine hohe Stufe geſchwungen, ſowie der didaktiſche Styl und der epiſtolariſche zu großer Vollkommenheit gebracht, durch die Bemühungen Bolingbroke's, Cheſterfield's, Home's, der Lady Montague, Johnſon's (Samuel), Adam Smith's, des Nordamerikaners Franklin, Edmund Burke's, Hugh Blair's, Ferguſon's, Bentham's u. ſ. w., und hat ſich auf dieſer Höhe bis zu der neueſten Zeit erhalten. Lichtvolle, klare, einfache, keineswegs ſchmuckloſe, aber nie überladene Darſtellung iſt der engliſchen Proſa, wie ſie jetzt von den Beſten der Nation geliefert wird, eigenthümlich, die vorzügliche Ausbildung der politiſchen Beredſamkeit, an welche ſich die Hiſtoriographie anſchloß, und die lebhafte Vorliebe für den Roman, der fortwährend nach allen Richtungen hin vortrefflich angebaut wurde, trugen außerordentlich zu ihrer Vervollkommnung bei. —

(Beſchluß folgt.)

The BRITISH MUSEUM erſcheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnements-Preis für das Vierteljahr 16 ggr. oder 1 fl. 10 kr. rhein., wofür es ſämmtliche Buchhandlungen des In- und Auslandes und alle Poſtämter liefern.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Annie Deer,

A Tale of the Middle Classes.

By G. P. R. James, Esq.
Author of „Darnley", „De l'Orme", „Richelieu" etc.

(Concluded from our last.)

Amidst all this distress, no one was so kind as Mr. John Pocock. Though at his period of life much loco-motion was not agreeable, he drove over two or three times a week to console, advise, and expostulate with Mr. Deer, whose mind had fallen into a painful state of despair, and who in body had sunk at once into an old man. He wished Mr Deer to rouse his spirits, and to resume business at once upon his own account, and he offered most liberally to advance him any sum of money for that purpose; but Mr. Deer felt, and Mr. John Pocock was soon convinced, that such a course was impracticable. The bankrupt's health gave way more and more each day. He became fretful and impatient. A very small pittance, which belonged to his wife, supported him and his family in penury for some months, but he saw it drawing to a close with agony of heart. Pity pained him, consolation seemed an insult; and he would gaze upon his daughter by the hour together, as she sat painting little screens, working little purses, or busying herself in any of those employments which she fancied and hoped might prove the means of supporting her father and mother in their old age. At length, the money came to an end, and on that very night Mr. Deer was struck with palsy, which fixed him to the marble seat of impotent age all the rest of his days.

Annie Deer then found how little could be procured by those means to which she had trusted for support. Mrs. Deer bore all patiently, and she and her daughter consulted and deliberated long with Mr. John Pocock as to what they could do in the terrible strait to which they were reduced. His kindness was unfailing. He looked at the afflicted wife—he looked at the beautiful but destitute girl, till the tears rose in his eyes; and, insisting upon their taking a small sum as a loan, till he could devise some plan for their future life, he left them, promising to return on the following day, and declaring that he would not come back without some feasible scheme for their support. It was night on the promised day before he made his appearance; but then he came in his own chariot, and there was a briskness in his look, and a smartness in his whole aspect, which led Mrs. Deer and her daughter to believe that his meditations on their behalf had not been without result. His hair was nicely powdered and adjusted to a line, his pigtail was tied up with a new piece of ribbon, and his best blue coat and white waistcoat shone without a speck. Mr. Deer was somewhat better, and sitting in a chair by the fire. Poor Mrs. Stanhope had come in to cheer them as far as her sad heart would allow, and the sight of Mr. John Pocock with a gayer air blew up the last spark of hope that lingered in their hearts. Mr. Pocock looked at Mrs. Stanhope, as if he could have wished her away; but he was full of what he had to say, and would not delay it.

„My dear Mr Deer,“ he said, advancing into their little circle, „and you, Mrs. Deer, and You, my dear young lady, must give me your attention more than all. Misfortunes may happen to every one, and very sharp misfortunes have happened to you. Now, I see but one way on earth of remedying them and making us all again happy and comfortable. I am an old man, Miss Annie, sixty-four years of age in April, which is next month; but, if you will accept the hand of an honest man, who loves you dearly and respects you much, he will do all he can to make you and your's happy. His fortune is of his own making, and he may well do with it what he likes; he will be not only proud to have you for his wife, but proud to have a wife who will devote herself to make her parents as well as her *husband* comfortable.“

Annie Deer had turned as pale as death; Mrs. Deer threw her arms around her child's neck and wept bitterly; her father said not a word, but, like the parent in the most beautiful song we possess, he looked in her face till her heart was like to break. Her eyes did not overflow, but they turned towards Mrs. Stanhope, and her lips muttered, „Oh, William, William! — Sir,“ she continued, turning to Mr. Pocock, „I have loved, deeply loved another, and I love his memory still, and ever must love it.“

„I will not be jealous of that, my dear young lady,“ he replied; „your love for the dead will never interfere with your duty towards the living. Nor do I expect you to love me otherwise than as a young woman may love an old man who is kind to her. Believe me, Miss Annie,“ he continued, taking her hand, „I am not a selfish man, and I do not make this proposal altogether for my own gratification.“

„I know it is not, I know it is not,“ replied Annie Deer, and she wept.

„Oh, Annie,“ cried Mrs. Stanhope, „do not let the thoughts of our lost William prevent you from doing your duty towards your parents in such a terrible situation as this!“

The tears streamed from Mr. Deer's eyes, and he cried in a feeble voice, „Annie! Annie, my child, do not make yourself miserable for me!“ That tone and that look were worth all the persuasions in the world, and the fatal consent hung upon the lips of Annie Deer, when the door behind her opened, and Mrs. Stanhope, who sat with her face towards it, started from her seat, and with one loud scream fell senseless on the floor. Annie turned to see what was the matter, and she, too, would have fallen, had she not been caught in the arms and held to the heart of William Stanhope.

„Good God! what is the cause of all this!“ he exclaimed: „every body seems frightened at me, the servants run away, my mother faints! Have you not received my letter?“

The scene of confusion that ensued, explanations, histories, inquiries, replies, fresh mistakes, and fresh *eclaircissements*, though they were all comprised in the space of about an hour, would occupy a great many hours in the detail. At the end of that time, there were only two things which wanted explanation; the first of which was, what had become of two letters, one of which William Stanhope had sent from St. Helena on his way to India, telling that he had been shipwrecked, that when his vessel went down he had been saved in the last boat, and had been picked up by an outward-bound Indiaman; that he had preserved the bills in which all his little capital was invested; and that he intended to employ them in India, in the hope of recovering in some degree the terrible loss he had sustained. The second letter had been written from London three days before his re-appearance, and went to inform Mr. Deer that the loss of his vessel had proved, as far as he was concerned, the most fortunate chance that could have befallen him; that he had arrived in India at a happy moment; had made one of those successful speculations which were then not uncommen, and which the good name he had acquired while a mate in the service had now enabled him to extend far more than his own limited capital would have permitted; that, contrasted with one happy chance and a moderate fortune, he had returned to England, and was coming down to claim the hand of his fair bride, a far richer man than his most sanguine hopes had ever led him to anticipate. The loss of the first of these letters, William himself easily accounted for by acknowledging that he had entrusted it to a private hand — and every one who has had any thing to do with private hands must be well aware that they are in general furnished with very slippery fingers. The loss of the second was justly accounted for by a surmise of Mr. John Pocock's, who suggested that, as post masters — whether legally or not we do not know — take upon themselves the infamous task of sending over the letters of bankrupts, public and private alike, to the assignees, exposing to the cold eyes of mercantile inquisitions all the secrets of domestic life, the anguish of the child's heart for the parent's misfortune, the agony of the parent for the downfall of his child, the sweet communings and consolings of kindred affection, the counsel and the comfort, the care and the apprehension — as this evil and iniquitous practice, we say, is or was tolerated in the land, Mr. Pocock suggested that the letter of William Stanhope had very likely been sent to the assignees. And so it was. The letter had been so sent. The assignees were absent. And thus, for three long days, the letter was withheld from the only eye that should have seen it.

All that remained was the explanation between Mr. Pocock and William Stanhope, and that might have been very well omitted if the former gentleman had pleased, for William had remarked nothing farther than that he was a good-looking old gentleman, and seemed to take a great interest in Mr. Dear's affairs. But Mr. Pocock, who had at first felt a little uneasy at the re-appearance of the young sailor, had soon made up his mind, like a sensible man, as he really was, to make the best of what he could not avoid, and to rejoice in the renewed happiness of others, though it brought a little disappointment to himself. He was resolved, however, to extract the satisfaction of a speech from the matter, and therefore, as soon as every thing else was settled, he got upon his legs, and proceeded — „Captain Stanhope," he said, „you have come just in time to prevent the completion of what perhaps might have been a very bad bargain on all parts. The fact is, that I saw no earthly way of arranging the affairs of our good friend Mr. Dear but by marrying his daughter. I had just made a bargain with her not to oppose her thinking of you with regret, when we all believed you dead, and God knows I shall as little oppose affection, now we see that you are living. As you deprive me of the title of a husband, Captain Stanhope, I shall only demand that you grant me the name of a friend; and though I am a tolerably spruce old gentleman," he added, twitching his pigtail, „yet, as you have not found me a dangerous rival, you will doubtless not fear me as a dangerous acquaintance."

Captain Stanhope shook him by the hand, and willingly ratified the treaty he proposed. The days of Mr. Dear passed happily thenceforward to their close, and his daughter became the wife of Captain William Stanhope. Restored to affluence and comfort, she was the same gentle, unassuming, affectionate being she had ever been; and — though the good people of the little town where she continued to live called her, with great reverence, Mrs. Captain Stanhope — to her husband and her family, she never changed her name, but remained *Annie dear* to the last day of her life.

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The Turned Head.

(From The Diary of a late Physician. 6th edition. London, [illegible].)

Hypochondriasis, Janus-like, has two faces — a melancholy and a laughable one. The former, though oftener seen in actual life, does not prosents itself so frequently to the notice of the medical practitioner as the latter; though, in point of fact, one as imperatively calls for his interference as the other. It may be safely asserted, that a permanently morbid mood of mind invariably indicates a disordered state of some part or other of the physical system; and which of the two forms of hypochondria will manifest itself in a particular case, depends altogether upon the mental idiosyncrasy of the patient. Those of a dull, phlegmatic temperament, unstirred by intermixture and collision with the bustling activities of life, addicted to sombrous trains of reflection, and by a kind of sympathy, always looking on the gloomy side of things, generally sink, at some period or other of their lives, into the ,,Slough of Despond"—as old Bunyan significantly terms it—from whence they are seldom altogether extricated. Religious enthusiasts constitute by far the largest portion of those afflicted with this species of hypochondria—instance the wretched Cowper; and such I have never known entirely disabused of their dreadful fantasies. Those, again, of a gay and lively fancy, ardent temperament, and droll, grotesque appetencies, exhibit the laughable aspect of hypochondriasm. In such, you may expect conceits of the most astounding absurdity that could possibly take possession of the topsy-turvied intellects of a confirmed lunatic; and persisted in with a pertinacity—a dogged defiance of evidence to the contrary—which is itself as exquisitely ludicrous, as distressing and provoking. There is generally preserved an amazing *consistency* in the delusion, in spite of the incessant rebuttals of sensation. In short, when once a crotchet, of such a sort as that hereafter mentioned, is fairly entertained in the fancy, the patient *will* not let it go! It is cases of this kind which baffle the adroitest medical tactician. For my own part, I have had to deal with several during the course of my practice, which, if described coolly and faithfully on paper, would appear preposterously incredible to a non-professional reader. Such may possibly be the fate of the following. I have given it with a minuteness of detail, in several parts, which I think is warranted, by the interesting nature of the case, by the rarity of such narratives, and, above all, by the peculiar character and talents of the well-known individual who is the patient; and I am convinced that no one would laugh more heartily over it than himself—had he not long lain quiet in his grave!

. You could scarcely look on N*** without laughing. There was a sorry sort of humorous expression in his old and ugly features, which suggested to you the idea that he was always struggling to repel some joyous emotion or other with painful effort. There was a rich light of intellect in his eye, which was dark and full; you *felt* when its glance was settled upon you—and there it remained concentrated, at the expense of all the other features; for the clumsy ridge of eye-bone impending sullenly over his eyes—the Pitt-like nose, looking like a finger-and-thumb-full of dough drawn out from the pliant mass, with two ill-formed holes inserted in the bulbous extremity—and his large, liquorish, shapeless lips—looked, altogether, anything but refined or intellectual. He was a man of fortune—an obstinate bachelor—and educated at Cambridge, where he attained considerable distinction; and, at the period of his introduction to the reader, was in his thirty-eighth or fortieth year. If I were to mention his name, it would recall to the literary reader many excellent, and some admirable portions of literature, for the perusal of which he has to thank N***.

The prevailing complexion of his mind was sombrous; but played on, occasionally, by an arch, humorous fancy, flinging its rays of fun and drollery over the dark surface, like moonbeams on midnight waters. I do believe he considered it sinful to smile! There was a puckering up of the corner of the mouth, and a forced corrugation of the eyebrows, the expression of which was set at nought by the comicality—the solemn drollery—of the eyes. You saw Momus leering out of every glance of them! He said many very witty things in conversation, and had a knack of starting the quaintest conceits with something like a whine of compunction in his tone, which savoured less of laughter. As for his own laugh—when he did laugh—there is no describing it—short, sudden, unexpected was it, like a flash of powder in the dark. Not a trace of real merriment lingered on his features an instant after the noise had ceased. You began to doubt whether he had laughed at all, and to look about to see where the explosion came from. Except on such rare occasions of forgetfulness on his part, his demeanour was very calm and quiet. He loved to get a man who would come and sit with him all the evening, smoking, and sipping wine in cloudy silence. He could not endure bustle or obstreperousness; and when he did unfortunately fall foul of a son of noise, so soon as he had had „a sample of his quality," he would abruptly rise and take his leave, saying, in a querulous tone, like that of a sick child, „I'll go!" (probably these two words will at once recall him to the memory of more than one of my readers) — and he was as good as his word; for all his acquaintance — and I among the number — knew his eccentricities, and excused them.

Such was the man — at least as to the more prominent points of his character — whose chattering black servant presented himself hastily to my notice one morning, as I was standing on my door steps, pondering the probabilities of wet or fine for the day. He spoke in such a spluttering tone of trepidation, that it was some time before I could conjecture what was the matter. At length I distinguished something like the words, „Oh, Docta, Docta, com-a, and see-a a Massa! Com-a! Him so gashly — him so ill — ver dam bad — him say so — Oh, lorra-lorra-lorra! Come see-a a Massa — him ver orrid!"

„Why, what on earth is the matter with you, you sable, eh? Why can't you speak slower, and tell me plainly what's the matter?" said I, impatiently, for he seemed inclined to gabble on in that strain for some minutes longer. „What's the matter with your master, sirrah, eh?" I inquired, jerking his striped morning jacket.

„Oh, Docta! Docta! com-a — Massa ver bad! Him say self—him head turned! Him head turned!"

„Him what, sirrah?" said I, in amazement.

„Him head turned, Docta—him head turned," replied the man, clapping his fingers against his forehead.

„Oh, I see how it is, I see; eh, yes?" I replied, pointing to my forehead in turn, wishing him to see that I understood him to say his master had been seized with a fit of insanity.

„Aw, aw, Docta — him Massa head turned — him head turned! Dam bad!"

„Where is Mr. N***, Nambo, eh?"

„Him lying all 'long in him bed, Massa — him dam bad. But him 'tickler quiet—him head turned" —

„Why, Nambo, what makes you say your master's head's turned, eh? What d'ye mean, sir?"

„Him, Massa, self say so—him did—him head turned. D—n!" I felt as much at a loss as ever; it was so odd for a gentleman to acknowledge to his Negro servant that his head was turned.

„Ah! he's gone mad, you mean, eh? — is that it? Hem! Mad—is it so?" said I, pointing, with a wink, to my forehead.

„No, no, Docta — him head turned! — him head," replied Nambo; and raising both his hands to his head, seemed trying to twist it round! I could make nothing of his gesticulations, so I dismissed him, telling him to take word, that I should make his master's my first call. I may as well say, that I was on terms of friendly familiarity with Mr. N***, and puzzled myself all the way I went, with attempting to conjecture what new crotchet he had taken into his odd, and latterly, I began to suspect, half-addled head. He had never disclosed symptoms of what is generally understood by the word hypochondriasis; but I often thought there was not a likelier subject in the world for it. At length I found myself knocking at my friend's door, fully prepared for some specimen of amusing eccentricity — for the thought never crossed my mind, that he might be really ill. Nambo instantly answered my summons, and, in a twinkling, conducted me to his master's bedroom. It was partially darkened, but there was light enough for me to discern, that there was nothing unusual in his appearance. The bed was much tossed to be sure, as if with the restlessness of the recumbent, who lay on his back, with his head turned on one side, buried deep in the pillow, and his arms folded together outside the counterpane. His features certainly wore an air of exhaustion and dejection, and his eye settled on me with an alarmed expression from the moment that he perceived my entrance.

„Oh! dear Doctor! — isn't this frightful! Isn't it a dreadful piece of business?“

„Frightful! — dreadful business!“ I repeated with much surprise. „What is frightful? Are you ill — have you had an accident, eh?“

„Ah, ah! — you may well ask that!“ he replied; adding, after a pause, „It took place this morning — about two hours ago!“

„You speak in parables, Mr. N***! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?“

„About two hours ago — yes,“ he muttered, as if he had not heard me. „Doctor, do tell me truly now, for the curiosity of the thing — what did you think of me on first entering the room, eh? — Feel inclined to laugh, or be shocked — which?“

Mr. N***, I really have no time for trifling, as I am particularly busy to-day. Do, I beg, be a little more explicit! Why have you sent for me? What is the matter with you?“

„Why, God bless me, Doctor!“ he replied, with an air of angry surprise in his manner which I never saw before, „I think, indeed, it's you who are trifling! Have you lost your eye-sight this morning? Do you pretend to say that you do not see I have undergone one of the most extraordinary alterations in appearance that the body of man is capable of — such as never was heard or read of before?“

„Once more, Mr. N***,“ I repeated, in a tone of calm astonishment, „be so good as to be explicit. What are you raving about?“

„Raving! — Egad, I think it's you who are raving, Doctor!“ he answered; „or you must wish to insult me! Do you pretend to tell me you do not see that my *head is turned?*“ and he looked me in the face steadily and sternly.

„Ha, ha, ha! Upon my honour, N***, I've been suspecting as much for this last five or ten minutes! I don't think a patient ever described his disease more accurately before!“

„Don't mock me, Doctor —,“ replied N***, sternly. „'Pon my soul, I can't bear it! It's enough for me to endure the horrid sensations I do!“

„Mr. N***, what do you“ —

„Why, confound it, Doctor —! you'll drive me mad! Can't you see that the back of my head is in front, and my face looking backwards? Horrible!“ I burst into loud laughter.

„Doctor***, it's time for you and me to part — high time,“ said he, turning his face away from me. „I'll let you know that I'll stand your nonsense no longer! I called you in to give me your advice, not to sit grinning like a baboon by my bedside! Once more — finally: Doctor***, are you disposed to be serious and rational? If you are not, my man shall shew you to the door the moment you please.“ He said this in such a sober, earnest tone of indignation, that I saw he was fully prepared to carry his threat into execution. I determined, therefore, to humour him a little, shrewdly suspecting some temporary suspension of his sanity — not exactly madness — but at least some extraordinary hallucination. To adopt an expression which I have several times heard him use — „I saw what o'clock it was, and set my watch to the time.“

„Oh — well! — I see now how matters stand! — The fact is, I *did* observe the extraordinary posture of affairs you complain of, immediately I entered the room, but supposed you were joking with me, and twisting your head round in that odd way for the purpose of hoaxing me; so I resolved to wait and see which of us could play our parts in the farce longest! Why, good God! how's all this, Mr. N***? — Is it then *really* the case? — Are you — in — in earnest — in having your head turned?“

„*In earnest*, Doctor!“ replied Mr N***, in amazement. „Why, do you suppose this happened by my own will and agency?—Absurd!“

„Oh! no, no—most assuredly not—it is a phenomenon—hem! hem!—a phenomenon—not unfrequently attending on the night-mare,“ I answered, with as good a grace as possible.

„Pho, pho, Doctor!—Nonsense!—You must really think me a child, to try to mislead me with such stuff as that! I tell you again, I am in as sober possession of my senses as ever I was in my life; and, once more, I assure you, God, in truth and reality, my head is turned—literally so.“

„Well, well!—So I see!—It is, indeed, a very extraordinary case—a very unusual one; but I don't, by any means, despair of bringing all things round again!—Pray tell me how this singular and afflicting accident happened to you?“

„Certainly,“ said he, despondingly. „Last night, or rather this morning, I dreamed that I had got to the West Indies—to Barbadoes—an island where I have, as you know, a little estate, left me by my uncle C***; and that, a few moments after I had entered the plantation, for the purpose of seeing the slaves at work, there came a sudden hurricane, a more tremendous one than ever was known in those parts—trees—canes—huts—all were swept before it! Even the very ground on which we stood seemed whirled away beneath us! I turned my head a moment to look at the direction in which things were going, when, in the very act of turning, the blast suddenly caught my head, and—oh, my God! blew it completely round on my shoulders, till my face looked quite directly behind me—over my back! In vain did I almost wrench my head off my shoulders, in attempting to twist it round again; and what with horror, and—and—altogether—in short, I awoke—and found the frightful reality of my situation!—Oh, gracious Heaven!“ continued Mr N***, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, „what have I done to deserve such a horrible visitation as this!“

Humph! it is quite clear what is the matter here, thought I; so assuming an air of becoming professional gravity, I felt his pulse, begged him to let me see his tongue, made many inquiries about his general health, and then proceeded to subject all parts of his neck to a most rigorous examination; before, behind, on each side, over every natural elevation and depression (if such the usual variation of surface may be termed) did my fingers pass; he all the while sighing, and cursing his evil stars, and wondering how it was that he had not been killed by the „hurricane!“ This little farce over, I continued silent for some moments, scarcely able, the while, to control my inclination to burst into fits of laughter, as if pondering the possibility of being able to devise some means of cure.

„Ah, thank God!“—said I, abruptly—„I have it, I have it, ***“

„What!—what—eh?—what is it?“ he inquired with anxiety.

„I've thought of a remedy, which, if—if—if anything in the world can bring it about, will set matters right again—will bring back your head to its former position.“

„Oh, God be praised!—Dear—dear Doctor!—if you do but succeed, I shall consider a thousand pounds but the earnest of what I will do to evince my gratitude!“ he exclaimed, squeezing my hand fervently. „But I am not absolutely certain that we shall succeed,“ said I cautiously. „We will, however, give the medicine a twenty-four hours' trial; during all which time you must be in perfect repose, and consent to lie in utter darkness. Will you abide by my directions?“

„Oh, yes—yes—yes!—dear Doctor!—What is the inestimable remedy? Tell me—tell me the name of my restorer. I'll never divulge it—never!“

„That is not consistent with my plans at present, Mr N***,“ I replied, seriously; „but, if successful—of which I own I have very sanguine expectations—I pledge my honour to reveal the secret to you.“

(To be concluded in our next.)

Kurzer Ueberblick
der
Geſchichte der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur.

(Beſchluß.)

Anfangs beſchränkte ſich der Roman im nachdauernden Geſchmacke des Mittelalters bei den Engländern nur auf ritterliche Abenteuer und ſchäferliche Allegorien; eine neue Wendung erhielt er durch den bereits oben genannten Defoe, der die Vorliebe des Volkes für merkwürdige Erlebniſſe und kühne Thaten der Seefahrer in ſeinem Robinſon Cruſoe, dem er zugleich einen moraliſchen Zweck verlieh, mit vielem Glücke zu benutzen wußte. Theils durch ihn, vorzüglich aber durch die Wochenſchriften jener oben angeführten bedeutenden Männer, ward der Familienroman vorbereitet, und ſchnell um deſto beliebter, als die größten Talente ſich mit demſelben beſchäftigten, die in ihren Leiſtungen ſtets als Vorbilder dieſer Gattung für alle Nationen gelten werden. Richardſon, Fielding, Smollet und der große Humoriſt Sterne, deſſen Triſtram Shandy unbedingt hierher zu rechnen iſt, glänzen als Sterne erſter Größe. In neuerer und neueſter Zeit ward der Roman nach allen Seiten hin mit dem glücklichſten Erfolge behandelt, und außer höchſt talentvollen Männern, wie Mackenzie, Cumberland, Lewis, Walpole, Goldſmith, Ridley u. A. zeichneten ſich noch viele begabte Frauen, wie z. B. die Inchbald, Smith, Edgeworth, Burney, Radcliffe, Porter u. ſ. w. in dieſer Gattung aus. — Eine neue Bahn brach Walter Scott mit dem hiſtoriſchen Roman, auf welcher er nicht bloß in England, ſondern im ganzen cultivirten Europa unzählige Nachfolger fand. Der Geſchmack an dieſem Genre hat in der allerneueſten Zeit in England ſchon wieder etwas abgenommen, und einer eigenen Familie von Romanen, welche das Treiben der höheren Stände und ihre Coterieen oft auf eine klatſchhafte Weiſe ſchildert, einigen Platz räumen müſſen, doch liegt zu wenig Edles in dieſem ganzen Weſen, als daß die Neigung zu demſelben lange Beſtand haben könnte. — Mehr gefallen Sittenſchilderungen des In- und Auslandes in Romanform, wie ſie namentlich während der letzten Jahre Bulwer, Marryat, Hope, Th. Lamb u. A. mit großem Erfolge lieferten. — Ueber die Geſchichtſchreibung ſ. den Artikel engliſche Literatur und Wiſſenſchaft. — Die politiſche Beredſamkeit, ſo außerordentlich durch die Landesverfaſſung begünſtigt und genährt, war lange Zeit ein Alleingut der Engländer. Schon unter Heinrich VIII. trat ſie hervor, und würde ſich bereits ausgezeichnet haben, wenn nicht der ſchrankenloſe Despotismus dieſes eigenwilligen Monarchen ſie gewaltſam zurückgedrängt hätte. Glücklicher konnte ſie ſich unter Eliſabeths Regierung entfalten, belebt von dem befruchtenden Sonnenſtrahle des allgemeinen Patriotismus und geiſtiger Freiheit. Sie gedieh immer mehr und kräftiger auf dem mit Blut gedüngtem Boden der bürgerlichen Unruhen ſpäterer Zeiten, erreichte aber ihren Culminationspunct, den ſie noch nicht wieder verlaſſen hat, ſeit der Thronbeſteigung der Regenten aus dem Hauſe Braunſchweig. Die ſtete Oppoſition der beiden Parteien, die freie politiſche Ausbildung und das Bedürfniß tiefer Weſenſchaftlichkeit in den Verhandlungen, mit genaueſter Anwendung auf die Verhältniſſe des Lebens, brachten eine glänzende, nie unterbrochene Reihe von Rednern auf beiden Seiten hervor, von denen jeder Einzelne in beſonderer Eigenthümlichkeit unübertroffen daſteht. Es würde zu weit führen, jeden Einzelnen zu charakteriſiren; wir müſſen uns hier mit bloßer Nennung ihrer Namen begnügen, indem wir die Vorzüglichſten ſeit den älteſten Zeiten in chronologiſcher Ordnung auf einander folgen laſſen. Dieſe ſind: P. Wentworth um 1576; Milton, Edm. Waller († 1687), Shaftesbury († 1713), R. Walpole († 1745), der Herzog von Argyle († 1743), W. Pitt der Aeltere (Chatham) († 1778), Edm. Burke († 1797), William Pitt der Jüngere (1806), Charles Fox († 1806), Sheridan, Grattan, Lord Lauderdale, Whitbread, Holland, Mackintoſh, Erskine, Canning, Brougham u. A. m. — G. D. H. Hegewiſch, Geſchichte der engl. Parlamentsberedſamkeit. J. Walker the academical speaker, or Selection of Parliamentary orations. London 1789.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Lord Byron.

George Gordon Byron, aus altem normanniſch-engliſchem edlem Geſchlechte, war der Enkel des berühmten Weltumſeglers Byron und der Sohn eines der ſchönſten, aber herz- und gewiſſenloſeſten Männer in England, John Byron's, gewöhnlich der tolle Jack genannt. — Nachdem dieſer die Marquiſe von Carmathen auf ſträflichem Wege zu ſeiner Gattin gemacht, und nach der Geburt einer Tochter Wittwer von ihr geworden war, heirathete er im Jahr 1785 Miß Gordon, eine vornehme und reiche Schottin, die er auch bald grenzenlos elend machte. Als er den größten Theil ihres Vermögens verſchwendet, entfloh er den ihn verfolgenden Gläubigern, und begab ſich nach Valenciennes, wo am 2. Auguſt 1791 ſein ruchloſes Leben ein Ende fand.

Die einzige Frucht der zweiten unglücklichen Ehe war unſer Dichter, der am 22. Januar 1788 zu London geboren wurde. Die Mutter reiſte mit dem Kinde gleich darauf nach Schottland, und ließ ſich im Jahre 1790 in Aberdeen nieder, wo ſie auch blieb, nachdem ihr Gatte, der eine Zeitlang mit ihr zuſammen, dann von ihr getrennt, an demſelben Orte wohnte, ſie verlaſſen. — George Byron (den Namen Gordon führte er von ſeiner Mutter) war ein eigenſinniges Kind, wozu die Mißgeſtaltung eines ſeiner Füße, der bei der Geburt verletzt worden war, wohl das Meiſte beitrug. Auch verſtand die Mutter durchaus nicht, ihn zu behandeln, da ſie einerſeits zu nachſichtig gegen ihn war, andererſeits ihrer eigenen Heftigkeit zu oft den Zügel ſchießen ließ; zudem war der junge Byron ſchwächlich; er beſuchte deshalb nicht ſo früh, wie man es in England gewohnt iſt, eine Schule mit anhaltendem Fleiße, obwohl er ſchon in ſeinem fünften Jahre zu einem Herrn Bowers, der ein Inſtitut für Knaben hatte, gethan wurde. — Nachdem er in ſeinem achten Jahre das Scharlachfieber überſtanden, zog Miſtreß Byron mit ihm auf das Land, um ihn die heilſame Luft der Hochlande genießen zu laſſen. Sie bewohnten ein Pächterhaus in Ballater am Ufer des Dee, und die romantiſchen und ſchauerlich erhabenen Umgegenden machten einen tiefen Eindruck auf die empfängliche Seele des jungen Knaben. — Der düſtere Gipfel des Loch-na-gar, der ſich vor ſeinen Blicken in geringer Entfernung erhob, regte damals mächtig ſeine Phantaſie an, und die erſten poetiſchen Eindrücke haben ohne Zweifel ſich ſchon hier ſeines Gemüthes bemächtigt, obwohl er ſich ihrer damals noch nicht klar bewußt wurde. — Dazu kam noch der Einfluß, den die wunderbaren Lieder und Sagen der ſchottiſchen Hochlande auf ihn ausübten, ſo wie die erſten Gefühle zu einem ihm nicht durch Bande des Blutes verwandten Weſen, die durchaus den Stempel der Liebe trugen*), denn er hat dieſe Gefühle mit allen ihren Nebenumſtänden faſt ſein ganzes Leben hindurch in der Seele bewahrt, und ſie weit ſpäter in einem Gedichte gefeiert*). — Nach Aberdeen zurückgekehrt, beſuchte er von Neuem die Schule, in der er ſich jedoch nicht eben durch Eigenſchaften, welche einen ſogenannten guten Schüler charakteriſiren, auszeichnete; doch war er, trotz ſeines ſchwächlichen Körpers, ein tüchtiger, muthiger und braver Junge, womit ein eigenthümlicher Hang zur Einſamkeit und Empfindſamkeit, der ſich zu Zeiten mächtig offenbarte, ſeltſam contraſtirte. — In ſeinem zehnten Jahre ward er durch den Tod ſeines Großonkels, eines höchſt wunderlichen Mannes, Lord Byron und Herr von Newſtead. — Seine Mutter verließ nun Schottland mit ihm und begab ſich dorthin. — Der Knabe kam unter die Vormundſchaft von Lord Carliſle, und ward, nachdem man vergeblich verſucht, ſeinen Fuß zu heilen, und er eine Zeitlang in dem Erziehungsinſtitute eines Dr. Glennie verweilt hatte, auf die gelehrte Schule nach Harrow geſendet. Hier blieb er ſechs Jahre, während welcher ſich ſein gewaltiger Geiſt mit Rieſenſchritten entwickelte, während ſeine feurige Seele nur ſchwer den pedantiſchen Zwang engliſcher Schulerziehung trug; auch gefiel ihm Harrow erſt in der letzten Zeit ſeines dortigen Aufenthaltes. — Wie er dachte, mögen folgende Zeilen, die er als fünfzehnjähriger Knabe verfaßte, und die mehr enthalten, als jede umſtändliche Entwickelung zu geben im Stande iſt, bezeugen.

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*) Es ſei mir erlaubt, folgende treffende Bemerkung, welche Moore in ſeinen Letters and Journals of Lord Byron bei dieſer Gelegenheit macht, zu entlehnen. „Dante war neun Jahre alt, als er ſich bei einem Maifeſte in ſeine Beatrice verliebte, und Alfieri, ſelbſt frühreif in der Liebe, betrachtet dieſe frühe Empfänglichkeit des Gefühls als ein ſicheres untrügbares Zeichen einer für die ſchönen Künſte geſchaffenen Seele.“ Alfieri (ſagt er, die Empfindungen ſeiner erſten Liebe ſchildernd) »che poche persone intendono, e pochissime provano; ma a quei soli pochissimi è concesso l'uscir dalla folla volgare in tutte le umane arti.« Canova pflegte zu erzählen, wie er ſich vollkommen erinnere, in ſeinem fünften Jahre verliebt geweſen zu ſein.

Die Grabſchrift ſei mein Name nur allein,
Wenn der mit Ehre meinen Staub nicht krönt,
Werd' er durch keinen andern Ruhm verſchönt.
Er ganz allein ſoll jene Stätte weih'n,
Und ſie durch ihn genannt, wo nicht, mit ihm vergeſſen ſein**).

In dieſe Zeit fällt auch ſeine erſte Neigung, mit vollem Bewußtſein, daß es das Gefühl der Liebe ſei, welche, da ſie unerwiedert blieb, ſich ſo tief in ſeine Seele grub, daß ſie dieſer für das ganze Leben eine düſtre Färbung gab. — Er beſuchte während der Schulferien im Jahre 1803 ſeine Mutter in Nottingham, und lernte hier Miß Anna Chaworth kennen, der ſein Herz ſich mit ganzer Kraft zuwandte; ſie war zwei Jahre älter, als er, und betrachtete ihn mehr als einen Knaben; auch hatte ſie ihre Liebe einem andern Manne, Herrn **John Muſters** geſchenkt, mit dem ſie ſich 1805 vermählte. Er hat dies Gefühl in dem ſchönen Gedichte The dream beſungen. Wer würde ſich vermeſſen, dem Dichter hier vorzugreifen und nach ihm noch eine Darſtellung zu unternehmen?***)

Im October 1805 ſchied er von Harrow, und bezog die Univerſität Cambridge, wo er ſich auch nicht eigentlich wohl befand, und, wie immer, ſeinen eigenen Weg ging, anders, als die Anderen. Er verließ die Univerſität im 19. Jahre ſeines Alters, und brachte die nächſte Zeit abwechſelnd auf ſeinem Familienſitze und in London zu. Seine Freunde drangen jetzt in ihn, eine Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte zu veranſtalten, nachdem er eine frühere unterdrückt hatte. Er gab nach, und die Stunden der Muße (Hours of Idleness) erſchienen im Jahre 1807. — Kaum hatte dieſe anſpruchsloſe Sammlung das Licht der Welt erblickt, als ſich eine kritiſche Zeitſchrift (The Edinburgh Review) darüber hermachte, und in einer der gallichſten, und was ihren groben Ton betrifft, impertinenteſten Recenſionen, dem jungen Lord jedes Fünkchen Talent abſprach, ihm zugleich weder Wiſſen, noch Geſchmack zugeſtehend. Dieſe Behandlung mußte den ganzen Zorn des jungen Löwen aufregen; er rächte ſich blutig auf ſeine Weiſe, und ſchlug wie mit einer ringsum mit Stacheln beſetzten Keule, die, ehe ſie zerſchmettert, erſt durchbohrt, die ganze Gilde zu Boden. — So hatte nämlich lange nichts getroffen, wie die Satyre English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, die er nun entgegenſchleuderte, und die in mehr als einer Hinſicht, obwohl von der gereizteſten Leidenſchaft eingegeben, ein Kunſtwerk genannt werden kann. — Seine Oppoſition war männlich

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*) S. ſeine eigenen Bemerkungen darüber in Moore's Letters and Journals of Lord Byron. Frankf. Ausgabe S. 6, und das Gedicht: Song. When I roved, a young Highlander o'er the dark Heath.

**) My epitaph shall be my name alone:
If that with honour fail to crown my clay
Oh may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only that, shall single out the spot
By that remember'd, or with that forgot. —

***) The dream. Deutſch von P. W. G. von Meyer. S. Lord Byron's ſämmtliche Werke, herausgegeben von Böttger T. VI. S. 66. — Intereſſante Züge dieſes Verhältniſſes liefert Moore Letters and Journals S. 18 ſqq. — Zu vergleichen ferner Don Juan, Canto V, St. 4. — Ct. VI. St. 5. Später wurde ſie, nach langer unglücklicher Ehe, von ihrem Manne geſchieden, und wünſchte eine Zuſammenkunft mit Lord Byron, die dieſer aber auf den Rath ſeiner Schweſter ablehnte. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr von Griechenland ſah er ſie, wie er ſelbſt geſteht, trotz ſeines Stolzes [illegible] tigſten wieder. Das Lied: O had my fate been join'd to thine in den Fugitive pieces iſt eine Erläuterung dieſer und großartig im vollſten Sinne des Wortes, und erregte daher die Theilnahme von ganz England, denn er griff nicht bloß Einzelne an, ſondern das ganze verfehlte Streben einer veralteten Schule. —

Bis zu ſeiner erſten Reiſe führte Byron, abwechſelnd auf ſeinem Gute und in London, ein eigenes wunderliches Leben, an welchem eine gewiſſe Eitelkeit, die aus falſch verſtandenem Streben entſtand, im Verein mit den Schmerzen unglücklicher Liebe, wohl vorzüglich Schuld waren, und das von den Wenigſten gut geheißen werden konnte. — Er ſchildert ſich ſelbſt, jedoch mit ſehr ſtark aufgetragenen Farben, in den einleitenden Stanzen zu Childe Harold (Canto I, st. 5 seqq.)

Anfangs war es ſeine Abſicht, Indien und Perſien zu beſuchen; doch änderte er dieſen Entſchluß und verließ England den 10. Juni 1809, gleich nachdem er mündig geworden, um ſeine große Reiſe nach Griechenland anzutreten. Er beſuchte auf derſelben, in Geſellſchaft ſeines Freundes Hobhouſe, Portugal, Spanien und Griechenland, und kehrte, nachdem ſein Begleiter ſich ſchon zu Ende des Jahres 1810 von ihm getrennt hatte, 1811 in die Heimath zurück. Im folgenden Jahre gab er die beiden erſten Geſänge des Childe Harold heraus, die Hauptfrucht ſeiner Reiſen, die, kaum erſchienen, die Bewunderung der Gebildeten wie der Menge, mächtig anregten und dauernd erhielten. — Ihnen folgten bald und raſch The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair, Lara, The Siege of Corinth und Parisina (von 1813 — 1816), ſämmtlich poetiſche Erzählungen, in der ihm eigenthümlichen Weiſe. — In dieſelbe Periode fallen auch mehrere ſeiner kleineren Gedichte.

Des Dichters Ruhm hatte jetzt ſeinen Culminationspunkt in ſeinem Vaterlande erreicht, aber er wußte ſich in ſeine Landsleute eben ſo wenig zu ſchicken, als ſie ſich in ihn; und da die gewöhnlichen Menſchen, ich glaube, aus geheimem Neide, den ſie aber nur fühlen, ohne ſich deſſen bewußt zu ſein, Originalität und Genialität, die ſich nun einmal nicht im Gewande des Alltags zu bewegen lernen, durchaus nicht vertragen können, ſo mußte er ſich bald geiſteseinſam finden, im Gedränge. Das aber iſt ein großer Fluch, und leider nur zu oft der innerſte bittere Kern der Weihgeſchenke der Muſe; denn ein begabter Menſch weiß ſich ſchlecht, oder verſteht gar nicht, ſich derſelben Waffen, wie ſie der lackirte Pöbel führt, zu bedienen, weil dieſer eben keine anderen hat, als Gemeinheit in allen ihren Gattungen.

(Beſchluß folgt.)

Darkness.

by Lord Byron.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went — and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food;
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; a meal was bought

With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd.
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress — he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage: they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died —
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them — She was the universe.

* * *

The Turned Head.

(Concluded from our last.)

„Well—but—at least you'll explain the nature of its operation—eh? Is it internal—external—what?" The remedy, I told him, would be of both forms; the latter, however, the more immediate agent of his recovery; the former, preparatory—predisposing. I may tell the reader simply what my physic was to be: three *bread-pills* (the *ordinary placebo* in such cases) every hour; a strong laudanum draught in the evening; and a huge bread-and-water poultice for his neck, with which it was to be environed till the parts were sufficiently *mollified* to admit of the neck's being twisted back again into its former position!—and, when that was the case—why—to ensure its permanency, he was to wear a broad band of strengthening plaster for a week!! This was the bright device, struck out by me—all at a heat; and which, explained to the poor victim, with the utmost solemnity and deliberation of manner—all the wise winks and knowing nods, and hesitating „hems" and „ha's" of professional usage—sufficed to inspire him with some confidence as to the result. I confess I shared the most confident expectations of success. A sound night's rest—hourly pill-taking—and the clammy saturating sensation about his neck, I fully believed would bring him, or rather his head, round: and, in the full anticipation of seeing him disabused of the ridiculous notion he had taken into his head, I promised to see him the first thing in the morning, and took my departure. After quitting the house, I could not help laughing immoderately at the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed; and a Mrs M***, by the way—who happened to be passing on the other side of the street, and observed my involuntary risibility—took occasion to spread an ill-natured rumour, that I was in the habit of „making myself merry at the expense of my patients!"

I foresaw, that should this „crick in the neck" prove permanent, I stood a chance of listening to innumerable conceits of the most whimsical and paradoxical kind imaginable — for I have

N***'s natural turn to humour. It was inconceivable to me how such an extraordinary delusion could bear the blush of daylight, resist the evidence of his senses, and the unanimous simultaneous assurances of all who beheld him. Though it is little credit to me, and tells but small things for my self-control—I cannot help acknowledging, that at the bedside of my next patient, who was within two or three hours of her end, the surpassing absurdity of the „turned head" notion glared in such ludicrous extremes before me, that I was near bursting a bloodvessel with endeavours to suppress a perfect peal of laughter!

About eleven o'clock the next morning, I paid N*** a second visit. The door was opened, as usual, by his black servant, Sambo; by whose demeanour I saw that something or other extraordinary awaited me. His sable swollen features, and dancing white eye-balls, shewed that he was nearly bursting with laughter. „He — he — he!" he chuckled, in a sort of sotto voce, „him Massa head turned! — Him back in front! Him waddle! — he — he — he!" — and he twitched his clothes— jerking his jacket and pointing to his breeches, in a way that I did not understand. On entering the room, where N***, with one of his favourite silent smoking friends, (W***, the late well known counsel,) were sitting at breakfast, I encountered a spectacle which nearly made me expire with laughter. It is almost useless to attempt describing it on paper—yet I will try. Two gentlemen sat opposite each other at the breakfast table, by the fire: the one with his back towards the door by which I entered. A glance at the former sufficed to shew me, that he was sitting in tortures of suppressed risibility. He was quite red in the face—his features were swollen and puffy—and his eyes fixed strainingly on the fire, as though through fear of encountering the ludicrous figure of his friend. They were averted from the fire, for a moment, to welcome my entrance—and then re-directed thither with such a painful effort—such a comical air of compulsory seriousness—as, added to the preposterous fashion after which poor N*** had chosen to dress himself, completely overcame me. The thing was irresistible; and my utterance of that peculiar choking sound, which indicates the most strenuous efforts to suppress one's risible emotions, was the unwilling signal for each of us bursting into a long and loud shout of laughter. It was in vain that I bit my under lip, almost till it brought blood, and that my eyes strained till the sparks flashed from them, in the futile attempt to cease laughing; for full before me sat the exciting cause of it, in the shape of N***, his head supported by the palm of his left hand, with his elbow propped against the side of the arm-chair. The knot of his neckerchief was tied, with its customary formal precision—but behind—at the nape of his neck; his coat and waistcoat were buttoned down his back; and his trowsers, moreover, to match the novel fashion, buttoned behind, and, of course, the hinder parts of them bulged out ridiculously in front! Only to look at the coat-collar fitting under the chin, like a stiff military stock—the four tail buttons of brass glittering conspicuously before, and the front parts of the coat buttoned carefully over his back—the compulsory handiwork of poor Sambo!

N***, perfectly astounded at our successive shouts of laughter—for we found it impossible to stop—suddenly rose up in his chair, and, almost inarticulate with fury, demanded what we meant by such extraordinary behaviour. This fury, however, was all lost on me; I could only point, in an ecstasy of laughter almost bordering on frenzy, to his novel mode of dress, as my apology. He stamped his foot, uttered volleys of imprecations against us; and then, ringing his bell, ordered the servant to shew us both to the door. The most violent emotions, however, must, in time, expend their violence, though in the presence of the same exciting cause; and so it was with Mr W*** and myself. On seeing how seriously affronted N*** was, we both sat down, and I entered into examination, my whole frame aching with the prolonged convulsive fits of irrepressible laughter.

It would be in vain to attempt a recital of one of the drollest conversations in which I ever bore part. N***'s temper was thoroughly soured for some time. He declared that my physic was all a humbug, and a piece of quackery; and the „filthy pudding round his neck," the absurdest farce he ever heard of: he had a great mind to make Nambo eat it, for the pains he had taken in making it and fastening it on—poor fellow!

Presently he lapsed into a melancholy reflective mood. He protested that the laws of locomotion were utterly inexplicable to him—a practical paradox; that his volitions as to progressive and retrogressive motion neutralized each other; and the necessary result was a curved circumgyratory motion—for all the world like that of a hen that had lost one of its wings! That henceforward he should be compelled to crawl, crab-like, through life, all ways at once, and none in particular. He could not conceive, he said, which was the nearest way from one given point to another; in short, that all his sensations and perceptions were disordered and confounded. His situation, he said, was an admirable commentary on the words of St Paul—„But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind." He could not conceive how the arteries and veins of the neck could carry and return the blood, after being so shockingly twisted: or „how the windpipe went on" affording a free course to the air through its distorted passage. In short, he said, he was a walking lie!

Curious to ascertain the consistency of this anomalous state of feeling, I endeavoured once more to bring his delusion to the test of simple sensation, by placing one hand on his nose, and the other on his breast, and asking him which was which, and whether both did not lie in the same direction. He wished to know why I persisted in making myself merry at his expense! I repeated the question, still keeping my hands in the same position; but he suddenly pushed them off, and asked me, with indignation, if I was not ashamed to keep his head looking over his shoulder in that way: accompanying the words with a shake of the head, and a sigh of exhaustion, as if it had really been twisted round into the wrong direction. „Ah!" he exclaimed, after a pause, „if this unnatural state of affairs should prove permanent—hem! — I'll put an end to the chapter! He, he, he! — He, he, he!" he continued, bursting suddenly into one of those short abrupt laughs, which I have before attempted to describe. „He, he, he! — how very odd!" We both asked him, in surprise, what he meant, for his eyes were fixed on the fire, in apparently a melancholy mood.

„He, he, he! singularly odd!" he continued, without answering us. „He, he, he!" After repeated inquiries, he disclosed the occasion of his unusual cachinnations.

„I've just been thinking," said he," suppose—he, he, he!—suppose it were to come to pass that I should die!—and—he, he, he!—he, he, he! —God forbid, by the way—but, suppose I should, how old Ketch would be puzzled! My face looking one way, and my tied hands and arms pointing another! How the crowd would stare! He, he, he! And suppose," pursuing the train of thought, „I were to be publicly whipped—how I could superintend operations! And again—how the devil am I to ride on horseback, eh? with my face to the tail, or—to the mane? In short, what is to become of me? I am, in effect, shut out from society! I'm something else than a mere introvert!"

„You have only to walk circumspectly," said N***, with an air of solemn waggery—" and as for back-biters—hem!"

„That's odd—very—but impertinent," replied the hypochondriac, with a mingled expression of chagrin and humour.

"Come, come, N***, don't look so steadily on the dark side of things," said I.

„The dark side of things?" he inquired; „I think it is the back-side of things I am compelled to look at!"

„Look forward to better days," said I.

„Look forward, again! What nonsense!" he replied, interrupting me; „impossible! How can I look forward? My life will henceforth be spent in wretched retrospections!" and he could not help smiling at the conceit. Having occasion, during the conversation, to use his pocket-handkerchief, he suddenly reached his hand behind so usual, and was a little confused to find that the unusual position of his coat-pocket required that he should take it from before! This I should have conceived enough to put an end to his delusion; but I was mistaken.

„Ah! it will take some time to reconcile me to this new order of things; but practice—practice makes perfect, you know!" It was amazing, to me, that his sensations, so contradictory to the absurd crotchet he had taken into his head, did not convince him of his error, especially when so frequently compelled to act in obedience to long accustomed impulses. As, for instance, on my rising to go, he suddenly started from his chair, shook my hands, and accompanied me to the door, as if nothing had been the matter.

„Well, now! What do you think of that?" said I, triumphantly.

„Ah! ah!" said he, after a puzzled pause, „but you little know the effort it cost me!"

* * *

He did not persevere long in the absurd way of putting on his clothes which I have just described; but, even after he had discontinued it, he alleged his opinion to be, that the front of his clothes ought to be with his face! I might relate many similar absurdities springing from this notion of his turned head, but sufficient has been said already to give the reader a clear idea of the general character of such delusions. My subsequent interviews with him, while under this unprecedented hallucination, were similar to the two which I have attempted to describe. The fit lasted near a month. At length, however, I happened luckily to recollect a device successfully resorted to by a sagacious old English physician, in the case of a royal hypochondriac abroad, who fancied that his nose had swelled into greater dimensions than those of his whole body beside; and forthwith resolved to adopt a similar method of cure with N***. *Electricity* was to be the wonder-working talisman! I lectured him out of all opposition, silenced his scruples, and got him to fix an evening for the exorcisation of the evil spirit—as it might well be called—which had taken possession of him.

Let the reader fancy, then, N***'s sitting-room, about seven o'clock in the evening, illuminated with a cheerful fire, and four mould candles; the awful electrifying machine *duly* disposed for action; Mr. S— of —Hospital, Dr—, and myself, all standing round it, adjusting the jars, chains, &c.; and Sambo busily engaged in laying bare his master's neck, N*** all the while eyeing our motions with excessive trepidation. I had infinite difficulty in getting his consent to one preliminary—the bandaging of his eyes. I succeeded, however, at last, in persuading him to undergo the operation blindfolded, by assuring him that it was essential to success; for that if he was allowed to see the application of the conductor to the precise spot requisite, he might start, and occasion its application to a wrong place! The real reason will be seen presently; the great manoeuvre could not have been practised but on such terms; for how could I give his head a sudden twist round, and S*** give him a smart stroke on the crown of the head at the instant of his receiving the shock, if he saw what we were about? I ought to have mentioned that we also prevailed upon him to sit with his arms pinioned, so that he was completely at our mercy. None of us could refrain from an occasional titter at the absurdity of the solemn farce we were playing—fortunately, however, unheard by N***. At length, Sambo being turned out, and the doors locked—lest, seeing the trick, he might disclose it subsequently to his master—we commenced operations. S*** worked the machine—round, and round, and round, whizzing—sparkling—till the jar was moderately charged: it was then conveyed to N***'s neck, Dr— giving the conductor. N***, on receiving a tolerably smart shock, started out of his chair, and I had not time to give him the twist I had intended. After a few moments, however, he protested that he felt „something loosened" about his neck, and was easily induced to submit to another shock, considerably stronger than the former. The instant the rod was applied to his neck, I gave the head a sudden excruciating wrench towards the left shoulder, S*** striking him, at the same moment, a smart blow on the crown. Poor N***!

„Thank God!" we all exclaimed, as if panting for breath.

„I—i—s it all over?" stammered N*** faintly—quite confounded with the effects of the threefold remedy we had adopted.

„Yes—thank God, we have at last brought your head round again, and your face looks forward now as heretofore!" said I."

„Oh, remove the bandage—remove it! Let my own eyesight behold it!—Bring me a glass!"

„As soon as the proper bandages have been applied to your neck, Mr N***."

„What, eh—a second pudding, eh?"

„No, merely a broad band of diachylum plaster, to prevent—hem—the contraction of the skin," said I. As soon as that was done, we removed the handkerchiefs from his eyes and arms.

„Oh, my God, how delightful!" he exclaimed, rising and walking up to the mirror over the mantelpiece. „Ecstasy! All really right again" —

„My dear N***, do not, I beg, do not work your neck about in that way, or the most serious disarrangement of the—the parts," said I—

„Oh! it's so, is it? Then I'd better get into bed at once, I think, and you'll call in the morning."

I did, and found him in bed. „Well, how does all go on this morning?" I inquired.

Pretty well—middling," he replied, with some embarrassment of manner. „Do you know, Doctor, I've been thinking about it all night long—and I strongly suspect"—His serious air alarmed me—I began to fear that he had discovered the trick—"I strongly suspect—hem—hem—" he continued.

„What?" I inquired, rather sheepishly.

„Why, that it was my *brains* only that were turned—and that—that—most ridiculous piece of business!" * * *

„Why, to be sure, Mr N***" — and he was so ashamed about it, that he set off for the country immediately; and, among the glens and mountains of Scotland, endeavoured to forget ever having dreamed that his HEAD WAS TURNED.

Anecdotes.

Spirit of a gambler.

A bon-vivant of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by his physician, and ingeniously told that he could not survive many hours, and would die by eight o'clock next morning, exerted all the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, „Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle I live till nine."

Gentlemen of the cloth.

A clergyman going down to his living to spend the summer, met a comical old chimney-sweeper, „So, John," said the doctor, „whence come you?" — „From your house," replied the sweep, „for this morning I have swept all your chimnies." — „How many were there?" asked the doctor. — „No less than twenty," quoth John. — „Well, and how much a chimney have you?" — „Only a shilling a-piece, Sir." — „Why, then," returned the doctor, „you have earned a great deal of money in a little time." — „Yes, yes, Sir," said the sweep, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, „*we black coats get our money easy enough.*"

The better judge.

In an engagement at sea a sailor hoisted on his back one of his comrades, who had been pronounced dead by the doctor, to heave him overboard. The supposed dead man, however, spoke, and asked where he was bearing him. „To Davy Jones's locker," said the sailor. „I am not dead, messmate," replied the other. „You are a lying rascal for your pains," replied the sailor, „the doctor said you were dead! How, can you know better than the doctor?"

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Lord Byron.

(Beſchluß.)

Byron fühlte ſich um ſo einſamer nach ſeiner Heimkehr, als während ſeiner Reiſe auch ſeine Mutter geſtorben war, an der, ſo ſchroff ihre Charaktere ſich auch entgegenſtanden, ſeine Seele doch während ſeines ganzen Lebens unveränderlich hing. — War es ein Wunder, daß er mit dem verwaiſten Herzen ſich ſehnte dieſe Lücke auszufüllen, und ſich ein Weſen ſuchte, das, durch heilige Gelübde für immer mit ihm verbunden, alle Freuden, wie alle Leiden ſeiner reichen Bruſt gern und freudig mit ihm zu theilen, wie zu tragen, übernähme? Seine Wahl fiel auf Anna Iſabella, die einzige Tochter des Baronet Ralph Milbanke Noel. Er vermählte ſich mit ihr am 2. Januar 1815. Was er bei der Trauung empfand, ſchildert er ſelbſt in dem Gedichte „der Traum“ mit folgenden Worten:

„Ich ſah' ihn ſtehn
Vor einem Altar — mit der holden Braut,
Schön war ihr Antlitz — aber jenes nicht,
Das ſeiner Jugend Sternlicht war — als er
Selbſt vor dem Altar ſtand, kam über ihn
Derſelbe Anblick, die Erſchütterung,
Die in dem alten Bethaus ihm die Bruſt
Ergreifend faßte — wie in jener Stunde
Zeigt ſich ſein Antlitz von Gedanken voll,
Die unausſprechlich — ſchwindend wie ſie kamen.
Dann ſtand er ſtill und ruhig, und ſprach aus
Das ſchwörende Gelübde, aber hörte
Die eig'nen Worte nicht, und Alles drehte
Sich rings um ihn — er ſah nicht, was geweſen,
Und nicht, was hätte ſollen ſeyn, nur bloß
Die alte Wohnung, die gewohnte Halle,
Die wohlbekannten Zimmer und den Ort,
Den Tag, die Stunde, Sonnenſchein und Schatten,
Was zu dem Ort und zu der Zeit gehörte,
Zu ihr, die ſein Verhängniß war, es kehrte
Und warf ſich zwiſchen ihn hin und das Licht.“
Was hatten ſie zu der Zeit dort zu thun?

Ihm ahnte, daß er ſich namenloſes Weh bereite, denn übereilt, augenblicklicher Aufwallung folgend, hatte er dieſen Schritt gethan, bei dem die Wenigſten bedenken, daß er für das ganze Leben gilt, noch Wenigere aber, welchen Inhalt von Jammer und Weh, von Freude und Glück die drei kleinen Worte „das ganze Leben“ umſchließen, — und ſeine Ahnung täuſchte ihn leider nicht. — Die Ehe wurde nach einem Jahre wieder getrennt, nachdem Lady Byron am 10. December 1815 einer Tochter (Auguſte Ada) das Daſein gegeben hatte. — Sie verließ ihren Gatten Ende Januars 1816, angeblich im beſten Vernehmen, um ihre Eltern zu beſuchen. Kaum auf dem Landſitze derſelben angekommen, ließ ſie ihm durch ihren Vater melden, daß ſie nie wieder zu ihm zurückkehren würde, und beſtätigte dieſen Entſchluß einen Poſttag ſpäter durch einen eigenhändigen Brief. — Wer von Beiden die Schuld getragen, läßt ſich nicht entſcheiden; die Urſachen der Trennung waren Lord Byron's zerrüttete Vermögensumſtände, mit deren Folgen auf ſeine Laune, Lady Byron's Eiferſucht und die Einflüſterungen ihrer Mutter und einer Vertrauten, vorzüglich aber wohl der Umſtand, daß keine von den drei Frauen eine ſolche Seele zu verſtehen und zu begreifen vermochte, und daß Byron ſelbſt nicht eingeſehen, als es noch Zeit war, wie weder er für eine Ehe, noch die Ehe für ihn paſſe, vorzüglich in den Verhältniſſen, welche ſein Rang und Stand in der Welt ihm auferlegten. Er ſelbſt äußert ſich auf eine höchſt edle Weiſe in einem Briefe an Moore mit folgenden Worten über ſeine Gattin:

„I must set you right in one point however. The fault was not — no, nor even the misfortune — in my choice (unless in chusing at all) — for I do not believe — and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business — that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.“ *) Daß er ſie wahrhaft und innig liebte, davon ſpricht am Rührendſten ſein ſchönes Gedicht Farewell; denn eine ſolche Tiefe des Gefühls iſt unmöglich Lüge — und Byron hat die große und ſchöne Eigenſchaft, in Allem, was er redet, ſubjectiv wahr zu ſein. — Wie ſchmerzlich mußte ihn alſo dieſe Trennung kränken, da Alles was einem Manne heilig iſt in ſeiner Seele, dadurch unheilbar verwundet wurde, Ehre, Liebe und Vertrauen. Die ganze Heftigkeit ſeines leidenſchaftlichen Charakters blitzte in ihm auf und die Flammen ſchlugen über ſeinem Haupte zuſammen; er ließ das Farewell und ein anderes Gedicht gegen die oben erwähnte Vertraute in öffentlichen Blättern abdrucken, und übergab durch dieſen Mißgriff ſeine Verhältniſſe der Oeffentlichkeit. — Alles, was nur Odem hatte, fiel jetzt über ihn her, ganz England bildete nur eine Parthie gegen ihn. — „In jeder Geſtalt,“ ſagt Moore, „wurde der Haß gegen ihn aufgeregt, und obwohl einige wenige Freunde ihm unveränderlich treu blieben, ſo fühlte er doch ſelbſt, daß es unmöglich ſei, den Strom der Verfolgung zu hemmen.“ — Er hatte noch eine kurze Zuſammenkunft mit ſeiner geliebten Schweſter, von deren unwandelbarer Neigung zu ihm das ſchöne Gedicht Though the day of my destiny's over ein herrlicher Zeuge iſt, und verließ dann England am 25. April 1816, um es nie wieder zu ſehen. Newſtead, ſeinen Familienſitz, hatte er ſchon vorher verkauft. — Was er fühlte, als er von den heimathlichen Küſten ſchied, ſchildert er ſelbſt in den erſten Verſen des dritten Geſanges von Childe Harold. Wer nur ein Fünkchen Gefühl und Mitleid im Buſen trägt, dem muß das Herz bluten bei Leſung derſelben; denn tieferes Leid hat nicht leicht eine edle Seele ausgeſprochen. —

Er durcheilte Frankreich und begab ſich nach dem Genferſee, wo er im Juni 1816 ſeine Wohnung in der Campagne Diodati aufſchlug. — Hier lebte er ſehr eingezogen, und machte in Begleitung des von ſeinen Landsleuten und Zeitgenoſſen ſehr verkannten Dichters Percy Byſſhe Shelley mehrere Reiſen in der Schweiz. Der dritte Geſang des Childe Harold verdankt dieſem Zeitraume ſein Daſein, eben ſo wie das dramatiſche Gedicht Manfred und der Gefangene von Chillon (The Prisoner of Chillon) unbedingt als die Frucht von Byron's Aufenthalt in Helvetien zu betrachten ſind **). — Zu Ende deſſelben Jahres begab er ſich nach Venedig, wo er bis Ende 1819 blieb, und ein Leben führte, das er zuletzt ſelbſt nicht billigen konnte; es war ganz venetianiſch, und wurde nur durch einen kurzen Ausflug nach Rom unterbrochen. Im letzten Jahre ſeines dortigen Aufenthaltes feſſelte ihn jedoch ein ernſtes und zartes Verhältniß zur Gräfin Guiccioli, einer ſchönen und edlen Frau, die mit einem alten Manne vermählt war. Beſſer als mit ihren eigenen Worten, läßt ſich ihr erſtes Zuſammentreffen nicht ſchildern: mögen ſie hier folgen, wie Moore ſie aus einer Privatmittheilung der Gräfin gibt. „Nell' Aprile dell' anno 1819 io feci la conoscenza di Lord Byron, e mi fu presentato a Venezia dalla Contessa Benzoni nella di lei società. Questa presentazione che ebbe tante conseguenze per tutti e due fu fatta contro la volontà d'entrambi, e solo per condiscendenza l'abbiamo permessa. — Io stanca più che mai quella sera per le ore tarde che si costuma fare in Venezia, andai con molta ripugnanza e solo per ubbidire al Conte Guiccioli in quella società. — Lord Byron che scansava di far nuove conoscenze, dicendo sempre che aveva intieramente rinunciato alle passioni e che non voleva esporsi più alle loro conseguenze, quando la Contessa Benzoni lo pregò di volersi far presentare a me, egli ricusò, e solo per compiacenza gliela permise. La nobile e bellissima sua fisonomia, il suono della sua voce, le sue maniere, i mille incanti che lo circondavano lo rendevano un essere così differente, così superiore a tutti quelli che io aveva fino allora veduti che non potei a meno di non provarne la più profonda impressione. Da quella sera in poi in tutti i giorni che mi fermai in Venezia ci siamo sempre veduti." *).

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*) In einem Punkte muß ich Sie indeſſen belehren. Der Fehler lag nicht, nein, nicht einmal das Unglück — in meiner Wahl (wenn nicht darin, daß ich überhaupt wählte) — denn ich glaube nicht — und ich muß es ſagen mitten in dem Schlimmſten dieſer bittern Angelegenheit — daß es je ein beſſeres, oder helleres, lieberes, liebenswürdigeres und angenehmeres Weſen gab, als Lady B. — Ich hatte ihr niemals oder kann ihr nie einen Vorwurf zu machen haben, ſo lange ſie mit mir lebte. Wo hier Tadel iſt, da trifft er mich, und kann ich's nicht ändern, ſo muß ich's tragen.

**) Ein vortreffliches, ebenfalls in der Schweiz geſchriebenes Gedicht an ſeine Schweſter, das in der Sammlung ſeiner Werke fehlt, theilt Moore mit in den Letters and Journals etc. 1830 S. [illegible].

Lord Byron erwarb ſich die innige Freundſchaft ihres Vaters und Bruders, und folgte ihr Ende 1819 nach Ravenna. Sein Aufenthalt in Venedig war nicht unfruchtbar geweſen, er vollendete den vierten Geſang des Childe Harold, und mit dieſem das ganze Gedicht, ſchrieb die Klage Taſſo's, das venetianiſche Trauerſpiel Marino Faliero, das komiſche Gedicht Beppo, den Mazeppa, und entwarf den Plan und eine Reihe Stanzen zu Don Juan. — In Ravenna brachte er ein herrliches und reiches Jahr zu, der Liebe lebend, und wenn auch nicht direct, doch mit ganzem Herzen Theil nehmend an den Verſuchen zur Befreiung Italiens, die ſich in den einzelnen Provinzen geſtalteten. — Der Verſuch in Ober-Italien lief, wie bekannt, unglücklich ab: die Gamba's wurden aus Ravenna verbannt; Byron folgte ihnen im Spätherbſte 1821 nach Piſa, mit ſchwerem Herzen, denn er ahnte nichts Gutes von der Zukunft für die Geliebte. — Der Aufenthalt in der Stadt, wo Dante's Aſche ruht, war in jeder Hinſicht reich für ihn. Don Juan wurde weiter ausgeführt, Sardanapalus und Cain, zwei Dramen, geſchrieben, und mehrere literäriſche Gefechte mit Bowles und Southey geliefert. — In Piſa wohnte er mit der Familie Gamba, zu welcher die von ihrem Gatten getrennte Gräfin Guiccioli ſich wieder geſellt hatte, zuſammen. — Auch von Piſa wurden die Gamba's fortgetrieben, und ihr edler Freund verließ ſie nicht. Bevor er ihnen nach Genua folgte, hatte er jedoch den Schmerz, ſeinen Freund Shelley zu verlieren. — Er feierte deſſen Leichenbegängniß auf eine eigenthümliche Weiſe, und ging dann im Herbſt nach Genua, wo er bis zum Herbſte 1823 blieb. — Heaven and Earth, The Island, Werner und The Deformed transformed wurden hier verfaßt. —

Im Juli 1823 verließ Lord Byron, in Begleitung des jungen Grafen Gamba, Italien, und ſchiffte ſich nach Griechenland ein, um ein thätiger Theilnehmer am Freiheitskampfe der Hellenen zu werden. — Er that Großes für das verwaiſte Land. — Eine aus einem rheumatiſchen Fieber entſprungene Hirnentzündung machte am 19. April 1824 ſeinem bewegten Leben ein Ende. Seine ihm in Italien geborene natürliche Tochter Allegra hat der Tod ebenfalls hingerafft; Lady Byron und ſeine Tochter Ada haben ihn überlebt. —

Byron war ein Märtyrer des Genius. — Sein Charakter iſt ſeine Poeſie, ſeine Poeſie ſein Charakter, ſubjective Wahrheit der Hauptzug ſeines Lebens, wie ſeiner Werke. Was nur von einem Dichter gefordert werden kann, das beſaß er; die glühendſte Phantaſie, Fülle der Gedanken, das tiefſte Gefühl, und eine Kraft der Rede, die unmittelbar ohne alle vorhergegangene Beſchwörung aus der Seele ſtrömte, ein rauſchender Bergſtrom, nie verſiegend und ſtets zum Dienſte bereit, ſobald ſein Herz angeregt wurde, eine

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*) Im April 1819 machte ich Byron's Bekanntſchaft; er ward mir zu Venedig von der Gräfin Benzoni in ihrem Cirkel vorgeſtellt. Dieſe Vorſtellung, welche ſo viele Folgen für Beide hatte, wurde gegen den Willen Beider bewerkſtelligt, und wir erlaubten ſie nur aus Gefälligkeit. Ich, mehr, als je, müde an jenem Abende, wegen der ſpäten Stunden, welche in Venedig Sitte ſind (für Zuſammenkünfte) ging mit großem Widerwillen und nur dem Grafen Guiccioli zu Gefallen, in jene Geſellſchaft. Lord Byron, der es vermied, neue Bekanntſchaften anzuknüpfen, immer erklärend, er habe ganz den Leidenſchaften entſagt, und wolle ſich ihren Folgen nicht mehr ausſetzen, weigerte ſich, als ihn die Benzoni bat, ſich mir vorſtellen zu laſſen, und erlaubte es ihr nur aus Gefälligkeit. Sein edles und überaus ſchönes Antlitz, der Ton ſeiner Stimme, ſeine Art und Weiſe, und tauſend Reize, die ihn ſchmückten, machten ihn zu einem Weſen, ſo verſchieden und erhaben über alle diejenigen, welche ich bisher geſehen, daß ich nicht anders konnte, ich mußte den tiefſten Eindruck dadurch empfinden. — Seit jenem Abende haben wir uns alle Tage, ſo lange ich mich in Venedig aufhielt, immer geſehen.

Kraft, wie ſie nur ſelten Sterblichen vergönnt iſt. Ich möchte ſagen, er war der ausgebildetſte Menſch, den es je gegeben, denn in ihm vereinten ſich alle Tugenden wie alle Fehler, welche das Menſchengeſchlecht beſitzt, und beſtanden neben einander, Haß und Liebe, Freiheitsdrang und Herrſchſucht, Güte und Härte, kurz Alles, nur keine Gemeinheit, denn über Allem ſchwebte ſiegreich ſeine edle Natur. — Wir dürfen ihn nicht abſchätzen und abwägen wollen, denn wo wäre der Maaßſtab, den wir an ihn legen könnten, zu finden? Er war bei aller Seelengröße zu ſehr Menſch, und wiederum mit ſeinen menſchlichen Gebrechen zu groß. — Er iſt einer von den wenigen Geiſtern, die wir als Culminationspunkte unſeres ganzen Geſchlechts betrachten können, und darum müſſen wir ihn neh[illegible] er iſt, und von ihm aneignen, was uns frommt zur Freude wie zur Beſſerung. Bei ſeinem [illegible]chthume wird kein Unbefangener leer ausgehen, denn für alle Gemüther, wie für alle Jahre[illegible] Lebens, liegen Schätze dort verwahrt, und eben, weil er ſich in Allem ſo ganz gab, wie er war, [illegible] in jeder Bruſt verwandte Anklänge erwecken, denn Alles, wie es den Einzelnen trifft, hat auch er erfahren und zwiefach durchgelebt, im wirklichen, wie im poetiſchen Daſein; und wie der Pelican aus innerem freiem Antrieb die blutende Bruſt den Jungen, ſo reicht er ſein blutend Herz der ganzen Menſchheit hin; warum? er weiß es nicht, wie es nie ein Dichter wußte, aber er muß es, und wie er es gibt, ſo müſſen wir es empfangen, mit dem Herzen, ja nicht mit dem Verſtande allein, oder wir verſündigen uns an dem Genius der Menſchheit und der Poeſie. — Deßhalb, wenn wir ihn auch im Ganzen nicht lieben können, denn wer vermag ſeinen Gefühlen zu gebieten, daß ſie den Raum in der Bruſt abmeſſen für Liebe und Haß, wenn wir ihm auch mitunter zürnen möchten, weil er uns mehr als einmal verletzt und weh thut, ſo müſſen wir doch immer den Adel des Menſchengeſchlechtes wie er ſich in reichſter Kraft und im Schaffen des Genius offenbart, in ihm bewundern und verehren; und das iſt kein geringer Gewinn, ſondern ein herrlicher und ſchöner Troſt für trübe und ſchwere Stunden. Einen Menſchen aber, dem man eine ſolche Erkenntniß verdankt, den ſoll man hoch halten vor Allen. —

The dream,

by Lord Byron.

I.

Our life is twofold; Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power —
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not — what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows — Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? — The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep — for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; — the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;

And both were young — yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in her's;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed her's, and saw with her's,
Which coloured all his objects: — he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of her's, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously — his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother — but no more; 'Twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race. — It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not and
why?
Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved
Another; even now she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake; — he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion — then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet; as he paused,
The Lady of his love re-entered there,
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his Soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One

Who did not love her better: — in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty, — but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? — she had all she loved
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? — she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. —
The Wanderer was return'd. — I saw him stand
Before an Altar — with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood; — as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then —
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been —
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love; — Oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to her's.
And this the world calls phrensy but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. —
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment, he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality — the one
To end in madness — both in misery.

Essex and the Maid of Honour.

By *Horace Smith*, Esq.

Author of Brambletye House, Reuben Apsley etc. etc.

The palace of Nonsuch, near Ewell, in Surrey, was intended by Henry the Eight, as its proud title sufficiently attests, to afford an unrivalled specimen of his magnificence and taste; but, while he was lavishing his treasures in this most unnecessary addition to his royal residences, Death was sharpening the dart which was to tumble down the ostentatious tyrant, and consign him to his last narrow palace—the tomb.

Nonsuch was left unfinished, an unfulfilled promise of splendour, a gorgeous and yet melancholy evidence of the uncertainty of human grandeur; and Queen Mary, shrinking from the cost of its completion, had it in contemplation to pull it down to save farther charges; when the Earl of Arundel, „for the love and honour he bore to his old master," purchased the place, and finished it according to the original design. Not a vestige of it now remains; it had passed away with the other elaborate gewgaws of mortal vanity, and the arrogant name which it has left behind it, sounds in our ears like a mournful echo, mocking the presumption of other times. And yet the proud structure was not deficient in solidity as well as stateliness. „It was built round two courts," says the accomplished authoress of Queen Elizabeth's Memoirs —„an outer and an inner one, both very spacious; and the entrance to each was by a square gate-house highly ornamented, embattled, and having turrets at the four corners. These gate-houses were of stone, as was the lower story of the palace itself; but the upper one was of wood, richly adorned, and set forth and garnished with a variety of statues, pictures, and other antic forms of excellent art and workmanship, and of no small cost;" all which ornaments, it seems, were made of *rye dough*. In modern language the pictures would probably be called bassorelievos. From the eastern and western angles of the inner court rose two slender turrets, five storied high, with lanterns on the top, which were leaded and surrounded with wooden balustrades. These towers of observation, from which the two parks attached to the palace, and a wide expanse of champaign country beyond, might be surveyed as in a map, were celebrated as the peculiar boast of Nonsuch.

It was the morning of Midsummer Eve, the woodwork of the gaudy structure which was painted and lacquered, glistered in the light of a cloudless sun; the numerous gilt vanes, fashioned in the shapes of the various animals that figured in the armorial bearings of royalty, flashed from the top of every tower and pinnacle; while the royal banners displayed from the summits of the two lofty turrets, and floating proudly on the breeze, announced to all the circumjacent country that they floated *over* Queen Elizabeth and her Court, who were then residing in the palace. Although it was thus graced and honoured, the earliness of the hour, and the heat of the morning, had prevented any great appearance of bustle around the exterior of the building. A few halberdiers and yeomen of the guard, in their rich liveries, were lounging in front of the outer gate-house; along the roads that skirted the parks, horses and carriages, betraying their progress by the dust, were seen to converge towards the same point; but in other respects, the landscape was as still as it was lovely. The herds of deer in the park, only distinguishable by their horns, were crouching in the shade: the cows, that were usually pastured around the gate-house, had not yet returned from the farm, whither they had been driven to be milked; and with the exception of a single stately stag which emerged from a thicket, as if to reconnoitre, and snuff up the morning air, nothing appeared to move within the wide chase that surrounded the mansion; while the absence of music, or any other sound of state or revelry from the walls, gave reason to conclude that her majesty had not yet arisen from her slumbers.

Upon a terrace, however, which flanked the exterior of the inner court, and communicated by a flight of stone steps with the park, was [illegible] bled a little party, who had obeyed the first summons of Chanticleer, in the loyal and laudable hope of affording good entertainment to their royal mistress, when it should please her to begin the sports and pastimes of the day. Among these was old Yeovil, one of the huntsmen, a withered weather-beaten figure, but with a patch of red upon either cheek-bone, that seemed to attest he might still be in at a good many deaths before his own. He held three leash of grey hounds by leathern thongs, and was surrounded by several couple of staghounds, most of the latter being crouched at his feet, dozing and winking at the sun; while the former with ears erect, and in various graceful attitudes of alert attention, were imitating their master in watching the movements of a motley group immediately opposite to them. It consisted of *Master Toby*, so called from his being at the head of the scullery, and who for the nonce had constituted himself, moreover, a sort of deputy master of the revels; and a troop of extempore mummers, collected from among the inferior domestics, who had agreed to get up a little pageant among themselves, stuffed full of fulsome compliments to the queen, and according to the fashion of the time, most fantastically allegorical. Shakespeare's ridicule, and the burlesque of Bottom the Weaver, had not been yet long enough before the public to banish the rage for such emblematic foolery; nor would it under any circumstances have been likely to exert a beneficial influence upon Master Toby, who sometimes made furtive excursions from the scullery into the regions of Parnassus, and whose taste had been exclusively derived from the quaint devices of those symbolical banquets he had assisted in cooking; and which, from their hieroglyphical character, had received the appropriate name of Subtleties. As this self-appointed masque master, who with a paper in one hand, and a cane in the other, was strutting about, endeavouring to get up a rehearsal among the amateur actors by whom he was surrounded, some of whom were attired as allegorical females, the calm old huntsman gazed with a quiet wonderment, that kept his face fixed in an intermediate expression between a simper and a sneer. And, sooth to say, they must have exhibited a puzzling sort of cross-reading to a straight forward man like him, who knew all the parties by sight, but neither understood why they were thus strangely metamorphosed, nor comprehended the purport of what they were instructed to utter.

The man who was to misrepresent Diana having thrown up his legs on a bench, in defiance of petticoats and decorum, and all the *bienséances* that should distinguish the „chaste huntress of the silver bow;" swore „by cogs nouns, and swouns," in answer to the summons of Master Toby, that he would not come to book 'til he had finished his pipe; in confirmation of which averment he spat upon the ground, and recommenced his whiffs with such energy, that the half-moon in his head was only occasionally seen as it dimly emerged from the cloud of tobacco-smoke in which it was enveloped.

„Come, then, Cupid, we will begin with you, have you got your speech quite perfect?" said Master Toby, to a little boy, who had twisted his wings all awry in the earnestness of a game at marbles with an urchin of his own age.

„Yes, sir, yes;" replied the son of Venus. „Fain dubbs, Jemmy! fain tribbs! Knuckle down, Jemmy! fain going through the ring a second time! Keep your yard's distance, and no cheating!"

„Pitchkins! you young scapegrace! call you this saying the speech?" exclaimed Toby, in wrath. „Spout it, sirrah, spout it, or your shoulders shall be scored with my rattan till they show like ribs of pork."

(To be continued in our next.)

◆

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. L. M.

Mrs. Norton.

Die Verfaſſerin der hier mitgetheilten Gedichte iſt dieſelbe, welche vor Kurzem, durch den widrigen Proceß ihres Gatten mit Lord Melbourne, eine nicht eben angenehme Berühmtheit erlangt hat, obgleich die eben ſo ſchöne als geiſtreiche Frau ſiegreich von der ſchweren Anklage gereinigt ward, und es ſich erwies, daß Herr Norton ſich als Werkzeug des ſchändlichſten Partheihaſſes auf eine ſchmähliche Weiſe hatte mißbrauchen laſſen. — Als Schriftſtellerin und Dichterin hat ihr Name in ihrem Vaterlande einen guten Klang, da ſich die Erzeugniſſe ihrer Feder durch Wärme des Gefühls, Reichthum der Anſchauungen, und eine ſehr gebildete und wohlklingende Diction vortheilhaft auszeichnen.

Night.

By Mrs. Norton.

I.

Night sinks upon the dim grey wave,
Night clouds the spires that mark the town;
On living rest, and grassy grave,
The shadowy night comes slowly down.
And now the good and happy rest,
The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,
And closer to its mother's breast,
The rosy child in slumber creeps.

II.

But I!— The sentry, musing lone—
The sailor on the cold grey sea,
So sad a watch hath never known,
As that which must be kept by me.
I cannot rest, thou solemn night!
Thy very silence hath the power
To conjure sounds and visions bright,
Unseen — unheard — in daylight's hour.

III.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay,
Memory of deep and bitter wrongs:
Laughter, whose sound hath died away,
And snatches of forgotten songs:
These haunt my soul; — and as I gaze
Up to the calm and quiet moon,
I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,
Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

IV.

I hear again the voice whose tone
Is more to me than music's sound,
And youthful forms for ever gone,
Come in their beauty crowding round.

I start — the mocking dreams depart,
Thy loved words melt upon the air,
And whether swells or sinks my heart,
Thou dost not know — thou dost not care!

V.

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,
Thy languid eyelids slowly close,
Without a thought of what hath been,
To haunt thee in thy deep repose.
Oh weary night, oh endless night,
Blank pause between two feverish days,
Roll back your shadows, give me light,
Give me the sunshine's fiercest blaze!

VI.

Give me the glorious noon! alas!
What recks it by what light I pray,
Since hopeless hours must dawn and pass,
And sleepless night succeed to day?
Yet cold, and blue, and quiet sky,
There *is* a night where all find rest,
A long, long night: — with those who die
Sorrow hath ceased to be a guest!

◆

The Fallen Chief.

By Mrs. Norton.

Wearily the homeward troops are marching on their way,
And mournfully each warrior brow to earth is bent to-day.
Mournfully; though the day be theirs — though victory be won:
For the gallant Chief lies cold and stiff, whose spirit led them on.
The arm of strength is powerless — the eyes have closed in pain —
The fearless voice they all obey'd, shall never cheer again.
How should their hearts with fervour swell? their proud shouts rend the sky?
Without the triumph on *his* brow, they feel no victory.
The fire that roused to „do or die," is burning faint and dim:
He fought and bled for *Freedom* — *they* only fought for *him*!

Beside the warrior's rested bier a form is seen to kneel,
With pallid cheek and wild bright eyes, that unto Heaven appeal.
O! when his burning eloquence her ardent soul inspired,
If she but saw his banner wave, her cheek and bosom fired.
But now, what recks she of the day? of tyranny o'erthrown?
What recks she that the land is free, where she must dwell alone?
„Victory! Victory!" To whom? Alas! what boots it now,
When death's eternal shadow clouds that vainly-laurell'd brow?
Her languid limbs are cold and faint, her heavy eyes are dim:
He lived and died for *Freedom* — *she* only lived for *him*!

But, Oh! upon this weary earth, what shall their portion be,
Who, when his proud voice cheer'd them on, could have the heart to flee?
Far, far away from all they loved, their cold remains shall rest,
A foreign soil the only turf that shades each recreant breast.
Where their home-fires are blazing high, the weed shall grow instead;
Their banners foes shall trample down, their wives shall strangers wed;
And ever in the battle-field, as one by one departs,
Chill fears shall tremble in their souls, and shake their sinking hearts;
A weight, as if of heavy chains, shall clog each coward limb:
Freedom forsook their standard, when *they* deserted *him*!

◆

Essex and the Maid of Honour.

By *Horace Smith*, Esq.

Author of Brambletye House, Reuben Apsley etc. etc.

(Continued from our last.)

„Nay, now, forsooth, Master Toby, let us finish the game, there's a good fellow. It's my go next, and there are only three in the ring. And look you here's lazy Barney Mumpford falling asleep in the sun for want of something to do. Hallo, Barney! Barney!" continued the stripling, bawling in his ear „there's Master Toby waiting for you to begin."

The person thus aroused, whose close doublet and hose were thickly painted with tongues to give him the semblance of Report or Fame, now got lazily up, and after some very deliberate stretching and yawning began his speech, which he spouted with a sort of drowsy pomposity. As it was intended to compliment the queen, not less upon the wide diffusion of her glory than upon her extensive knowledge of languages or tongues, it commenced after the following fashion:

„To the four quarters of the earth I've blown
Eliza's name; I need not add my own.
Useless to her would such a blazon be,
For she who knows all tongues must needs
know me!" —

„By my fackins, though, Master Toby," cried the spokesman, breaking off in the very exordium of his address, „if her grace should ask my name after all, I shall e'en tell her that I'm Barney Mumpford, that I have been a groom seven years, and that the post-master of the great stables is vacant; for I may as well have it as another, and a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse."

With a look of pretended alarm, the culinary stage-manager declared that such a departure from histrionic precedent would infallibly bring them all into disgrace, and reminded his pupil that he ought to have announced himself in the first instance by blowing his trumpet.

„Odso! and so I ought," cried Barney; and I need not have forgotten it, for I found that part easier to learn by heart than all the rest."

So saying he put the instrument to his mouth, and summoning all his breath to his aid, gave birth to a discordant bray, which seemed to have had a groan and a roar for its respective parents. At this abortive effort, old Yeovil, who from childhood upwards had been accustomed to wind every instrument of the sort from a penny trumpet to a French horn, could no longer remain a passive spectator; but seizing the trumpet and applying it to his mouth, he collected the breath into his hollow leathern cheeks, and blew so loud and lusty a recheat, that the inner court echoed to the sound, the dogs suddenly leaped up, baying and barking, and at the same moment, a gentleman-usher, issuing from the offices, rebuked them angrily, as a set of unmannerly grooms and brawling mummers, to keep such a coil ere the breakfast-bell had warned in the great court, and when it was even uncertain whether her Highness had quitted her bed-room.

„I would give a Harry groat," said Yeovil, „to know whether her grace means to betake herself to the stand in the park to see the coursing, or whether we are to uncouple the hounds, and drive up a fat buck for the cross-bow, for the morning begins to wear, and the dew will be soon off the grass."

„Body o' me!" ejaculated Master Toby, drawing himself up, and looking contemptuously at the huntsman; „think you our noble and learned mistress will recreate herself with brute beasts, when she might listen to the Orphean strains of poetry that I have provided for her in this our most quaint, dainty, and delectable device? Now, good man Report, pursue your speech — pursue your speech — 'accept, fair, peerless, learned, virgin queen—'"

„Grammercy! master Toby," quoth Report — „four lines at a stretch is honest yeoman's work, you must get some one else to accept the queen, for it is clean beyond me to go any further." Not less indignant as a poet than as a loyal subject at this declaration, master Toby was about to pronounce a severe reprimand upon goodman Report, when he was forestalled by a loud laugh from the four quarters of the world, who were standing in the shade playing at chuckfarthing with Saint Michael, which latter personage had been dressed up to do honor to his own approaching eve. Africa and the Saint, after wrangling for some time about a farthing, had betaken themselves, like true Englishmen, to swearing, and then to mutual accusations of profaneness; when the Saint, pointing to his adversary's visage, which was smeared over with a sooty pigment to give him the better semblance of a negro, declared that he must needs have been the greatest offender, since he had sworn till he was black in the face. This joke was received with a huge and simultaneous burst of laughter by Europe, Asia, and America, although they were repeatedly called to order, and were threatened with the rattan by the wrathful master Toby. Finding his four refractory quarters to be indifferent to his menaces, the latter now betook himself to father Thames, a venerable looking figure with a crown of bulrushes, a long beard of sedge and water-flags, and wearing a loose watchet robe, which having fallen back while he was emptying a pot of ale, disclosed a pair of greasy buckskin hose, with riding boots and spurs. „Zooks, master Toby, let us finish the tankard — you know the Thames is apt to be dry at this season," cried the river god, chuckling at his own wit. „Dry quotha! methinks you're always adry," replied Toby — „but beshrew me an I ever knew the Thames to be replenished with humming ale, where's your urn?" — „Here, master Toby, here," said father Thames, thrusting a large pitcher under his left arm, and where's the tinsel stream that is to come pouring out of it?" — „I popp'd it inside to keep it dry, for there was an ugly dew this morning that would presently have washed off all the glitter."

„By my fackins! that was well cared for: keep your water dry whatever you do: hold your urn more sloping, and though that cannot spout, you may spout away yourself."

Thus instructed and commended, the river god lifting up his voice, which was by no means so clear and liquid as the character required, exclaimed,

„On my proud breast those floating castles ride,
That did subdue the great Armada's pride;
Behold, illustrious Queen —"

when his progress was not less suddenly than unpleasantly interrupted by a freak of the mischievous urchin, Cupid, who, having finished his game of marbles, and lighted a piece of paper by the assistance of Diana's pipe, slily insinuated it into the river god's left hand, as it hung dangling beneath his urn. Little expecting to be thus surreptitiously set on fire, Father Thames, uttering a cry of surprise and pain, let fall the pitcher, which was smashed into a hundred pieces and bounded forward a good clothier's yard at a single leap. No sooner, however, had he discovered the little incendiary, who betrayed himself by a shriek of laughter, than with fury in his looks he blustered out an oath, much too combustible for so aqueous a divinity, and commenced an immediate pursuit for the purpose of inflicting a summary vengeance. In less than a minute the offender had run twice round Africa, crossed Europe, scudded behind the back of Asia, and swung round the front of America; but Scamander when he pursued the runaway Achilles was not more swift or unrelenting than Father Thames in his chace of the unlucky Cupid, who having thrown away his wings that he might fly the faster, at length bolted across the terrace through a postern gate that led into the inner court, his pursuer followed close upon his heels, and both were presently out of sight and hearing. Ere the laughter occasioned by this incident had subsided among the rest of the party to whom the fugitives belonged, their attention was arrested by a company of horsemen riding towards the palace at full speed, and leaving a long cloud of dust behind them. As they gallopped past the end of the terrace, in order to wheel round towards the gate-house, it was evident they had travelled far and fast, and through a different tract of country from that which surrounded

Nonsuch; for both horses and riders were splashed with mud and mire, over which a white powdery dust had settled, until it had become impossible to distinguish the colour of either steed or garment, although it was sufficiently evident from their accoutrements, feathers and bearing, that the leading cavaliers were officers. At the head of the band, mounted on a fleet barb, was a young gallant, who, so far as could be judged from the great rapidity with which he passed, possessed singular beauty of form and feature, and appeared to be a most graceful and accomplished horseman. Four others, although they rode a little way behind him, seemed by their gestures to be his friends and companions, and at a distance of ten or twenty yards was the rear of the cavalcade, consisting of grooms and other attendants.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Ridicule.

by Lady Morgan.

„Yes, I am proud - I must be proud to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me."

I envy Pope the burst of honest triumph that produced these lines!

How long was he lashed, tortured, reviled, calumniated, and misrepresented in character, feeling, religion, person, and in all his ties and all his affections, before the author of Windsor Forest and the Universal Prayer produced his Satires and his Dunciad. Ridicule is an arm furnished by nature to wit, to defend it against the envy, hatred and malice of vain, pretending mediocrity; and the severity of its blows, has no doubt mainly contributed to the outcry against its legitimacy in the warfare of opinion. Dulness commenced its denunciation, and self-interest set the seal of reprobation upon it, by rendering it penal.

The validity of the legal objection against ridicule, seems to me wholly untenable; being founded on one of those „subterfuges," in which Lord Kames tells us, that „lawyers delight." The assumption that ridicule is no test of truth, has been received without examination, principally on account of its application to the detection of political and religious error. Notwithstanding the universal dislike to be shown up, no one has dared directly to question the morality of satire as a corrective of manners, or to object to the poet's magnificent boast of

„Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

In criticism also, ridicule is allowed, notwithstanding the supposed proximity of the sublime to the ridiculous. Even the murderous parody of „Oh! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!" has escaped the imputation of injustice, and of leading to false conclusions, on the merit of the original. But above all, a great deal of the logic of Euclid consists in the *reductio ad absurdum*, which differs from the ridiculous, only because there is nothing very humorous in the disparity discoverable in a man's notions concerning angles and lines.

In strictness of speech, there is no test of truth, save the evidence of the senses; but whatever tends to bring our conceptions in comparison with realities, may be so called; and that ridicule may be so applied to this purpose is indisputable. It is indeed the especial merit of ridicule, that it addresses itself to the senses, or at least to those ideas which are the most closely connected with sensitive impressions. The ridicule of persons is purely demonstrative. It is an enumeration of accidents and qualities, more or less exaggerated for the sake of humorous effect, but, for the rest, substantially true, or believed to be so: otherwise the ridicule fails. To tax a man with absurdities of which he is not guilty, is not ridicule; but calumny. Ridicule of opinions can only consist in such a juxta-position of ideas, as makes their disparity ludicrously self-evident. That which is consistent and true, cannot be ridiculed.

Ridicule derives its efficacy from the responsive sympathies of the audience addressed. The ridcule of unknown persons excites no emotion. The ridicule of a known person, for qualities which he notoriously does not possess, is equally impotent. When Home represented the British constitution by an inverted pyramid, resting on the crown at its apex, and supported by bayonets, the sensible image of instability he presented, found a prompt reflection in the public mind. He advanced, however, no novel statement. If a conviction had not pre-existed in public of „something rotten in the state of Denmark,“ his humour would not have told. Had he supported the tottering edifice with a printing press, instead of a bayonet, the misrepresentation would have been rejected with scorn.

Ridicule stands precisely on the same ground as graver arguments, being either the statement of a fact, or an inference drawn from one; and it is liable to the same abuses, and no more. Nothing is more common than for ridicule to address itself to vulgar prejudices; but what is there singular in this? Aristophanes (it is said) assisted in forwarding the judicial murder of Socrates, by personifying in his drama the false notions which were current in Athens respecting that philosopher. But Melitus and Anytus did precisely the same thing, and were equally successful through the employment of grave discussion; yet no one dreams of proscribing rhetoric and logic, because they were thus employed to make the worse appear the better cause. The common villainy in both cases was the Falsehood of the matter objected. Had Socrates really spent his time in the pursuit of childish subtleties, the flea's leap would have been no more than a fair exaggeration, as illustrative as it was pleasant. Just so, had he really corrupted the youth of the city, the sober, serious invective of his public accusers would have been equitable: the fault, in both instances, was not in the form, but in the *fond*.

There is, however, this essential difference in favour of ridicule, that the graver lie might be the entire fabrication of the accuser, and yet produce its effect; whereas the efficacy of the satire depends altogether on the pre-existing prejudices of the public, which it only illustrates. Ridicule, it is true, may lead to error, by the misapplication of acknowledged truths; as when trifling absurdities are employed to render virtue contemptible. A bishop's wig is no ornament to the „human face divine,“ but it would be eminently unfair to conjure up the ridiculous image, in mockery of the pious individual who may be compelled to adopt the costume; still more unjust would it be, if an inference were drawn against the religious system which flourishes beneath the shadow of that hairy portent. Such false inductions are not however, less familiar to the most serious argumentations; and they are then by so much the more dangerous, as the bad reasoning is less obvious to detection.

The general rejection of ridicule in dispute, rests upon the most flimsy of sophisms — the argument from abuse to use. But there are many persons who direct their objections against it in its application to religious subjects, on account of the weight and dignity of the theme *). This is a frank begging of the question. Dugald Stewart, in speaking of the Provincial Letters of Pascal, observes, that there are some truths in which ridicule is more powerful and convincing than reason. „The mischievous absurdities,“ he says, „which it was Pascal's aim to correct, scarcely admitted the gravity of logical discussion, requiring only the extirpation or the prevention of those early prejudices which choke the growth of common sense and conscience.“ **) Having, in his quality of a good protestant, a previous conviction or prejudice that the system of the Jesuits was false, Stewart readily admitted that the use of ridicule against it is fair. He would likewise have allowed, in all probability, a joke against Mahomet's pigeon, or the miracle of his suspended coffin; but he would not, I suspect, have approved of the ludicrous exaggeration of

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*) Disputes on religion are, after all, but disputes upon men's ideas concerning supernatural objects; and to ridicule what is incongruous in thought, is by no means to ridicule the divine Author of all things — that is impossible.

**) First dissertation to the Supplement of the Encyclopædia.

Voltaire's drama on David, or have suffered it to pass muster as a proof of the disparity between the facts of that king's life and his pretensions to the character of the man after God's own heart. Certain I am, my Lord Chief Justice would not let such a work go unpunished. The ideas illustrated in this sarcastic attack, are of the commonest order of moral conceptions; and Voltaire might have thought himself as much justified as Pascal, in „extirpating a prejudice which scarcely required the gravity of logical discussion," by a ridiculous travestie: the offence then, if offence there be, lies in the mind of the judge, and in his conviction as to what is, or is not, sacred.

But the law in permitting grave discussion, permits the right of judgment on this presumed sacredness. The accused, therefore, cannot in equity be bound to the judge's prejudice in the matter. If we are permitted to entertain a doubt of the truth of any proposition, we should in reason be allowed to put forth those arguments which we deem most convincing against it; and if we think a proposition beneath the gravity of logical discussion, there is no reason why we should be forced to confine ourselves to that mode of argument. The judge, however, takes the whole point at issue into his own hands. The ideas to be overturned, he asserts are not early prejudices, not contrary to common sense, and therefore they are too respectable to be confuted in any other way, than in Barbara or in Baralipton. In other words, he declares, that ridicule is a good instrument to extirpate all errors, except those which he cherishes himself; and that it is available against all the world, but the dogmas which are „part and parcel" of his law, and are incontrovertibly established on its authority.

On this point, the Catholics and Protestants would be much at issue. Many a grave Protestant divine has chuckled over Erasmus's jest concerning the „real presence" of the horse, he forgot to return to its owner *).

To a Catholic, convinced of the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation, it would appear an indecent levity, and misapplied ridicule: „flat blasphemy." Why then should this argument be lawful as levelled against transubstantiation, and yet be unfair as applied against the miraculous conception? Simply because he who is the strongest happens to be a Protestant, without being also an Unitarian.

Ridicule is, in reality, a species of argument very peculiarly applicable to test religious dogmas. The propositions which constitute the elements of a religious faith relate to „things not seen." There are no sensible types with which to compare them; and it is only by comparing the ideas with each other, and detecting their incongruities, that error can be demonstrated. This is the especial province of ridicule. When Alexander set up for a god, the ludicrous decree of the Lacedemonian senate betrayed the absurdity of his pretensions better than the most studied argument. The ridicule of the pagan theology scattered through the works of Lucian is a perpetual demonstration of the incongruity of abstract propositions, by means of sensible images. Yet persecuting, narrow sectarians have not thought it beneath their dignity to claim this writer as a believer, and to use his arguments, though they bitterly execrate Swift and Voltaire for treading in his steps.

It is this peculiar efficacy of ridicule, that has made its use so objectionable to partisans and exclusionists. The happiness of its illustration renders truths popular, which would remain the exclusive property of the learned, as long as the error to which they are opposed was involved in the intricacy of an abstract argument. The sensible image is a stepping-stone to the judgment of those, who, unused to dialectics, cannot thread the labyrinth of involuted ideas. Those who are interested in the credit of any particular doctrine are, in general, ready enough to compound for the dissent of the cultivated few: they can bear with patience an argument, which being beyond the calibre of the vulgar, is not likely to make many proselytes: but ridicule,

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*) „Sic tibi rescribo, de tuo palfrido. Crede quod habes et habes."

being within the scope of all, brings absurdity home to the conviction of the meanest understanding. This is the secret of that hostility which the law manifests in the midst of its seeming candour, against certain attacks on the establishment. They are intelligible to all the world; and it is feared that their influence may be proportionate.

Whatever is incongruous and absurd, cannot emanate from a being pre-eminently wise and good. The internal evidence of such incongruity, is decisive against the pretensions of any religious system, in which it exists. Ridicule, therefore, goes to the fountain head of all false pretensions; and as one religion alone can be a real revelation from Heaven, it follows, that the partisans of all the others, have an immediate interest in putting down the use of a ready instrument for measuring their several errors. What is the sum of their argument? You may put forth cogent and conclusive reason as long as you please; but beware of ridicule; for that proves nothing. This excess of candour and forbearance is not entitled to the slightest credit. It may, perhaps, be objected, that ridiculous no-proofs will pass current with the lower classes for valid argument. To this I reply, first, that the lower classes are not so innocent and helpless: or if they are, let them be better taught: and secondly, that they are much more frequently, the dupes of grave and plausible no-proofs, than of humorous misrepresentation; and that the argument, if good for any thing, goes against all discussion whatever.

The defenders of absurdity and error are not always in the same story: for they always cry out against the argument which happens to press them the most closely. The council of Geneva censured Rousseau's gravity in attacking their religious notions; and asserted, in the teeth of the English law-maxim, that, „books, only written to turn into ridicule, are not, *by a great deal*, so reprehensible, as those which, without stopping on one side, go at once to the attack by dry reasoning." So much for the honesty of state dogmatists!

In advocating the lawfulness of ridicule, it is not necessary to advocate every instance in which it is employed. It is bad taste and buffoonery to put forward ludicrous ideas, out of season; and it is both bad feeling and bad policy, to insult the believer by a profane jest. A man is not, however, to be committed to Newgate on a point of taste, or treated like a felon for not having read the Institutes of Quintilian. Those who would thus proscribe ridicule to their opponents, are by no means slow in using it against them. Not only ridicule, but scurrility and invective, are daily lavished against those who are objects of religious rancour. What was reprehensible in Voltaire becomes laudable in Piron; what was wrong in Swift was right in Bennell. A protestant bishop may crack a joke upon two nonascendant religions with a single antithesis; but woe betide the man who is facetious upon the thirty-nine articles.

Within this sophism the lawyers have entrenched themselves, upon being driven, by public opinion, from an open and barefaced defence of persecution. By its assistance they are still enabled to fine or imprison, any one who presumes to question the truth of law-established dogma. It has taken some centuries to storm the outwork; how many will it take to capture the citadel!

◆

Epigram,

by Dr. Young.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Essex and the Maid of Honour.

By Horace Smith, Esq.

Author of Brambletye House, Reuben Apsley etc. etc.

(Concluded from our last.)

Without relaxing his speed until he reached the entrance of the great gatehouse, the leader of the troop threw himself hastily from his horse, and hurried into the court with the air of one whose rank and station authorised him to pass, even into the residence of royalty, without let or question; although the yeomen of the guard looked somewhat anxiously at one another, as if they ought to have demanded his purpose before they suffered him to enter. At the portal which formed the entrance to the queen's dwelling apartments, and through which the stranger would have proceeded in the same unceremonious manner as before, the pages, gentlemen ushers, and others, who were clustered about the doors, and who were startled at the appearance of such a soiled and bespattered figure, forcing himself, as it were, into the private chambers, drew up and opposed his progress, enquiring at the same time who he was, and what he wanted. „Gentlemen," said the stranger, impatiently waving his hand for them to fall back, „my purpose brooks not delay, and I beseech you not to parley with me but to give me free passage. What! am I so changed by a little mud and dirt that ye know me not for the Earl of Essex, Master of the Horse, and of the Ordnance, and the Lord Deputy!" So saying, and without giving them time to recover from their surprise, he passed through the midst of them, and began to ascend the stairs.

Labouring under heavy imputations for his misconduct in Ireland, from which country he had suddenly returned, not only without leave, but in positive disobedience to the commands of his royal mistress; relying upon her wellknown affection for his person, and complete restoration to favor, if he could once gain access to her, and apprehensive that if he failed in this object his enemies would ensure his disgrace and ruin, the impetuous Earl had ridden post both day and night, without communicating his purpose to a single individual, except a few of his particular adherents, and having thus far successfully triumphed over all obstacles, he was not likely to be impeded by the pages and chamberlains whom he encountered in the private apartments, as he hurried through them. Gazing in utter amazement at such a bespattered figure, making the floors ring to his heavy riding boots as he stalked onwards towards the Queen's bedroom, some stood aloof, concluding that he had explained his errand to the yeomen below, while others placed themselves in his way, and informed him that the Queen had not yet come forth: but he either passed them, or put them aside, with the air of one who would not be disobeyed, and thus traversed the presence chamber, and the waiting room of the maids of honor, several of whom were not a little alarmed at the sight of such an inexplicable apparition. Neither noticing their startled looks, nor heeding their eager whispers, the adventurous Earl pursued his way, and never stopped till he came to the Queen's bedroom, the door of which he undauntedly opened, walked in, and closed it behind him.

Elizabeth was newly risen, and her locks were hanging in disorder about her face. She was incapable of fear, but her surprise was not without agitation at the first sight of a heated and bemoiled stranger thus intruding into her bedroom, and she was on the point of calling out for her chamberlain, when Essex rushed forward, threw himself upon his knees, and humbly implored her pardon. The sound of his well-known voice, the humility of his language, and, above all, the sight of one whom she still loved, kneeling at her feet, and looking up to her with flushed and imploring features, so won upon her unprepared heart, that she held out both her hands to him to kiss, listened with a kind aspect to all his excuses, and gave him a more cordial reception than even his fondest hopes had ventured to anticipate. Weak as a woman, although great and illustrious as a sovereign, she now suffered the former character to predominate, and Essex, who with all his headstrong impetuosity was not deficient in the courtier's art, took good advantage of the mood in which he found her. Attributing his unsanctioned return to the impossibility of existing any longer out of the presence of a divinity, whose sight was as vital to him as was the breath of heaven to his nostrils, he addressed her in terms of passionate, and even romantic gallantry, talked of her excellent beauties, though she was now in her sixty-seventh year, compared her at once to Venus and Minerva, to a nymph, goddess, and angel, quoted Latin and Greek in confirmation of his assertions and played his part so successfully, that leaving her after a conference of some duration, he appeared in high spirits, and thanked God that though he had suffered many storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home.

Having taken some refreshment, and attired himself in his most splendid suit, as some atonement for the unseemly habiliments in which he had before presented himself, Essex, who had been invited to repeat his visit to the palace, was sallying forth for that purpose, when he was accosted by a personage, who respectfully vailing his beaver, and presenting a letter, would have explained its object had he not been anticipated by the Earl's exclaiming. — „Ha, Will Shakspeare! what makest thou at Nonsuch, when thou shouldst be playing the ghost to the holiday folks in London, and easing them of their Michaelmas testers?“

The poet replied that he had come to Ewel with his friend Dick Burbage to solicit of the Queen a Licence for their theatre, and that his gracious patron the Earl of Southampton, who was now unfortunately under her Majesty's heavy displeasure, had condescended to give him a letter to his special good friend the Lord Essex, bespeaking his influence and kind offices as soon as he should return from Ireland. Of this happy event the bard declared that he had entertained no immediate expectation; but having learnt, within the last half hour, that his lordship had actually arrived at Nonsuch, he had been emboldened to deliver the letter with which he had been thus honored. „Grammercy! master Shakspeare!“ cried the Earl after hastily glancing over the paper. „I am myself but a newly pardoned criminal, and therefore little warranted to become a suitor; but I feel too happy in her grace's favor not to wish to extend it to others. There are few things which I would not venture to pleasure the Lord Southampton: and it would like me no less to serve the merry varlet, or the soulstirring bard (which shall I call thee?), whose lofty lines ever seem to me to o'ertop all praise, 'til they are clean eclipsed by his quaint and comic fantasies. So forward! with me to the

Univ. Bibl. München

garden, and if I may speed your suit, it shall not lack a willing advocate."

The poet bowed his thanks, and followed at a short distance behind the Earl, who, however, turned round and conversed familiarly with him till they entered the gardens, which, according to the prevailing taste, were laid out in trim beds, formal parterres, fountains, and successive terraces, communicating with one another by flights of stone steps, and ornamented with vases, statues, and groupes of sculpture. At the extremity of one of these terraces stood a little pavilion called the Paradise, being decorated with representations of Adam and Eve, the Serpent and the Tree of Knowledge; and having an arbour for its entrance engrailed with clustering altheas, jessamines, honeysuckles, roses, pomegranates, and other flowering shrubs, all of which were in full bloom and fragrance. Within this odorous and shady bower, the Queen, who had been observed to bestow an unusual attention that morning upon her toilet, was seated, holding a large feather fan, and surrounded by several maids of honour, all standing. Behind them, within the pavilion, were seen other female attendants employed in cutwork: lutes and citherns, with cards and a richly enamell'd chessboard were lying upon a marble table by their side. Upon approaching the august figure of royalty thus picturesquely enthroned, the Earl fell upon his knees, an act of homage which her Majesty always exacted, even from her ministers in their audiences of business; and Shakspeare, halting at some little distance, immediately imitated his example. Essex found a no less gracious reception than he had experienced in the morning, for the remembrance of his flattery had not yet passed away, and their conference had lasted for some time when the Queen, looking towards Shakspeare, enquired whether his squire, who seemed but young in years, had left his locks in the hands of the Irish rebels, that he wore so bald a brow. „I much fear me that I am presumptuous and overbold," said the Earl after having mentioned the name and object of his attendant, „I who am myself but a petitioner for mercy and forgiveness, in thus becoming a suitor for others; but since your majesty's condescension has so soon forgotten my offences, I may perhaps stand better excused now than at another time, for forgetting myself."

„So, this is the dramatic chronicler," said the Queen, who had felt much interest in his historical plays; „let him approach; we would have speech of him; and you, my lord, may avail yourself of yonder seat, for after so long and so speedy a journey you may well need a little rest."

Bowing as he accepted the permission thus given to him, Essex beckoned to the poet, who approached, and concluding that he had been invited to imitate his patron, seated himself upon a low garden stool, beside the Earl, and immediately opposite to the Queen. So unusually gracious was the present mood of Elizabeth, that she smiled at a mistake which at another moment might have excited her indignation, and waved her hand to her attendants as a signal that they might retire into the pavilion, a notice which they instantly obeyed. Essex, catching the expression of the Queen's face with the alacrity of a courtier, smiled also: while Shakspeare, perfectly unconscious that he had committed any violation of court etiquette, read his petition with a respectful propriety, that might well atone for his little oversight.

„Look you, Master Playwright," graciously exclaimed her Majesty when he had concluded, „your writings like us well, but touching this licence for playing more frequently, here is our head Bearward who has been lately complaining to us most piteously that you have become his worst enemy, for that when the flag is flying at your theatre of the Globe, his garden is so deserted by the people, that his best bear will scarcely pay the baiting. How say you to this?"

„I dare not misprize his calling, since it has ever found a gracious patron in your Majesty," replied the bard; „but, under favour, I would venture to affirm that he who withdraws his fellow subjects from such pastimes, and instructs them in their country's annals, and points out to their admiration the glory of their monarchs (than whom none have been more illustrious than your majesty's immediate ancestors), can hardly fail to civilise and exalt the people, though he may find it impossible to add to the renown of the sovereign."

„It is well, and wisely, and loyally urged," said the Queen, evidently pleased with the speech; „and, by my truth! it may chance to speed the license for which you are our petitioner. And what led you to our musty chronicles, Sir Poet, when your playwright's art might have found better range in the wider walks of fancy and invention?"

„My grandfather fought with good approval in the battle of Bosworth Field," said Shakspeare, not sorry to have an excuse for mentioning the circumstance, „and was fortunate enough to find favour with your grace's ancestor, the valiant King Henry the Seventh. From him and from my father I have inherited a love of loyalty and of my country's glory; and as I despaired of doing justice to such splendid deeds as the defeat of the Armada, and the other exploits that have glorified your grace's reign, I was driven to record the annals of your less illustrious predecessors."

„Beshrew me," said the Queen, in an under voice to Essex, „if I have ever heard a varlet speak more honourably, or pithily to the purpose. And yet," she continued, again addressing herself to Shakspeare, „if we forget us not, thou hast somewhere ventured an allusion to our royal self. The passage stays not with us, but we have forgiven it, though it coupled our name if we mistake not, with some silly flower."

Elizabeth perfectly remembered the lines, though she would not appear to attach so much importance to them, as to have thought them worthy her recollection. Essex however, who saw the real motives of her reserve, and knew that she would be pleased with the quotation, exclaimed, „your Majesty may pardon both the poet and myself, when we do but recall a Midsummer Night's Dream;" and then looking passionately at the Queen he continued:

„That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the West,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white; now purpled with Love's wound,
And maidens call it, „Love in Idleness."

„It ran even thus, but I took you not, my lord, for so shrewd a remembrancer," said the Queen.

„The lines might easily have passed from out my head," replied the Earl, „but they related to my admired sovereign, and therefore were they treasured in my heart of hearts." He laid his hand upon his breast as he spoke; Elizabeth looked pleased, though she noticed not the speech, but turning to Shakspeare, resumed, „we have already passed our pardon for this liberty of your pen, wherefore we rebuke it not; and touching the licence that you seek, it shall be even as you wish, and our secretary shall have order to prepare the patent."

„I shall be ever bound to pray for your gracious Majesty," said the poet, bowing profoundly.

„God's pity; they tell me that you playwrights be but scant sayers of your prayers, and since they are henceforward to be put up for our own weal and welfare, you shall neither lack the means to proffer them, nor a memorial of her for whom you pray." So saying, Elizabeth took a volume from a low table that stood beside her chair, and graciously extended it to Shakspeare with these words: „The Queen presents you her prayer-book; you may retire." *)

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*) The book thus presented to Shakspeare, we may suppose to be that beautiful and rare volume described by Dr. Dibdin in his Bibliographical Decameron, in which wood facsimiles of the woodcuts are given. It is known among collectors as Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book. Dr. Dibdin says: „I wish I knew more of the private history of this elegant volume; at all events if you feel disposed to loosen your purse strings, pur-

Judging from the latter command that he was not expected to express his gratitude, the poet kissed the volume with great reverence, pressed it to his heart, and retired from the royal presence with repeated obeisances, not less delighted at the success of his suit, than flattered by so signal a testimony of her Majesty's favour and condescension.

After a prolonged conference, in which he had every reason to believe that he had completely re-instated himself in the Queen's favour, Essex also withdrew, descending the terraces, and crossing towards a postern gate of the park. In this route he most unfortunately encountered the fair Mrs. Bridges, one of the maids of honor, with whom he had long been suspected of being deeply in love, and who on his account had already been exposed to the wrath, and even the blows of her royal mistress. Imagining himself to be screened from observation, the enamoured Earl accosted her in such terms of fervent and high-flown gallantry as were then in vogue among the courtiers, and placing a small collar of chrystals around her neck, which he declared that he had brought from Ireland expressly for her wearing, he would have detained her still longer in dalliance, had not his inamorata hurried away, urging the necessity of resuming her attendance upon the Queen. Although her Majesty had been so embowered in the arbour as not to be visible to Essex, she had unluckily been following him with her eyes, through a treacherous loop-hole of the leaves, and with a rage-envenomed heart had witnessed the whole transaction.

It was not without a considerable struggle that she could prevent an immediate explosion of her fury and assume a forced composure of look and voice as she exclaimed to the approaching offender, „So, mistress! you can find time to wait upon us when you have finished your amorous foolery with the Lord Deputy. If there be neither treason nor immodesty in the avowal, we would fain know what passages passed between you."

„So please your majesty," faltered the confused and blushing maid of honor, „we did but exchange a friendly greeting; I tore myself away so soon as civility might warrant, and hastened—"

„Ay, with such haste," interposed the Queen, „that you have left your partlet all awry."

„Nothing would dissuade his lordship," resumed Mistress Bridges, blushing still deeper, as she adjusted her ruff, „but he must needs place this Irish carcanet around my neck."

At this confession Elizabeth could restrain herself no longer. Quick as lightning she bestowed upon her trembling rival a violent box on the ear, tore the collar from her neck, dashed it to the ground, and exclaimed with a look, and voice that sufficiently declared her to be the daughter of Henry the Eighth:

„God's death! thou hussy, thou wanton! thou gill-flirt! thou flaunting young cockatrice! is our court and presence to be contaminated and insulted by such doings as these? Begone! and let me never again see thy shameless face: what! did I send this traitorous and temerarious youth to Ireland to collect carcanets for his concubines, instead of putting chains around the rebel Tyrone. By the throne of heaven! he shall dearly rue it. I am no Queen to be thus scurvily entreated."

The terrified maid of honor shrunk away to conceal her disgrace; Elizabeth arose and walked hastily towards the mansion, but having had a few minutes to collect herself, and feeling probably that she had betrayed rather more violence than became her sex and station, she turned towards her attendants, and in a tone of assumed moderation exclaimed, „For ourself, ladies, this matter touches us not; the disloyal minion and the frontless minx would have been forgotten in silent scorn, but that we will neither suffer our public service to be neglected, nor the decency of our court to be violated.

„For the latter, let the name of this flirting puppet be scratched from the list of our maids; and touching this misproud and disobedient Lord

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chose one of the earlier editions of it, on account of the costume." The Doctor adds that the first edition is dated 1569, the second 1578, the third 1581, the fourth 1590, and the fifth 1608. In the Bibliomania, p. 236, is an engraving of the cover of a copy, bound in gold, supposed to have belonged to her Majesty.

Deputy, who has dared to desert his post, and return from Ireland in open defiance of our orders, we will see that he be straightway humbled; where is our secretary? let him join us forthwith in the council room."

That same evening the Earl was committed a prisoner to his chamber, and after much delay and numerous vacillations, occasioned by the miserable perplexity of the Queen's mind, as she fluctuated between severity and returning tenderness, she at length publicly disgraced him, and deprived him of all his great offices and emoluments. Always haughty and ungovernable, and rendered alike desperate in fortune and in mind by these indignities, the ill-fated Earl was driven to those frantic and well known projects of rebellion which shortly afterwards conducted him to the scaffold.

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Captain Jackson.

by *Charles Lamb.*

Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern „At his cottage on the Bath road, Captain Jackson." The name and attribution are common enough; but a feeling like reproach persuades me, that this could have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a tenement, which he was pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from Westbourn Green. Alack, how good men, and the good turns they do us, slide out of memory, and are recalled but by the surprise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before us!

He whom I mean was a retired half pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen upon that slender professional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man? — his cheerful suppers — the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set your foot in *the cottage* — the anxious ministerings about you, where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered. — Althea's horn in a poor platter — the power of self-enchantment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag — cold savings from the foregone meal — remnants hardly sufficient to send a mendicant from the door contented. But in the copious will — the revelling imagination of your host — the „mind, the mind, Master Shallow," whole beeves were spread before you — hecatombs — no end appeared to the profusion.

It was the widow's cruse — the loaves and fishes; carving could not lessen, nor helping diminish it — the stamina were left — the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

„Let us live while we can" methinks I hear the openhanded creature exclaim; „while we have, let us not want," „here is plenty left;" „want for nothing" — with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife's plate, or the daughter's, he would convey the remnant rind into his own, with a merry quirk of „the nearer the bone," etc., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sate above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *vere hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember — „British beverage," he would say! „Push about, my boys;" „Drink to your sweethearts, girls." At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with brims of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered, without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

We had our songs — „Why, Soldiers, Why“ — and the „British Grenadiers“ — in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme — the masters he had given them — the „no-expense“ which he spared to accomplish them in a science „so necessary to young women.“ But then — they could not sing „without the instrument.“

Sacred, and by me, never-to-be violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your makeshift efforts of magnificence? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; thrummed by a thousand ancestral thumbs; dear, cracked spinnet of dearest Louisa! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over the dear delighted face of the well-deluded father, who now haply listening to cherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary talk either. It did not extend far, but as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. *In the cottage* was a room, which tradition authenticated to have been the same in which Glover, in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his Leonidas. This circumstance was nightly quoted, though none of the present inmates, that I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the anecdote was pressed into the account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side casement of which (the poet's study window), opening upon a superb view as far as to the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of — vanity shall I call it? — in his bosom, as he showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was part of his largess, his hospitality; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

He was a *juggler*, who threw mists before your eyes — you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say „hand me the silver sugar tongs;“ and, before you could discover it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of „the urn“ for a tea kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by *simply* assuming that everything was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at the cottage. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live on everything. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to be contained at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self delusion.

Enthusiasm is catching; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain, who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discreet young women; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times. But such was the preponderating opulence of his fancy, that I am persuaded, not for any *half hour* together, did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realised themselves; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some subjects, or I should wish to convey some notion of the manner in which the pleasant creature described the circumstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glasgow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or carry her thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad —

> When we came down through Glasgow town,
> We were a comely sight to see;
> My love was clad in black velvet,
> And I myself in cramasie.

I suppose it was the only occasion, upon which his own actual splendour at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subject. In homely cart, or travelling caravan, by whatever humble vehicle they chanced to be transported in less prosperous days, the ride through Glasgow came back upon his fancy, not as a humiliating contrast, but as a fair occasion for reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an „equipage etern" from which no power of fate or fortune, once mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him.

There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent circumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may be not always discommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, even when detected, have more of our admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, which was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.

◆

Song.

by James Sheridan Knowles.

A fair lady looks out from her lattice—but why
Do tears bedim that lady's eye?
Below stands the knight who her favour wears,
But he mounts not the turret to dry her tears;
He springs on his charger—"Farewell!"—he is gone,
And the lady is left in her turret alone.
"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

There was never an eye than that lady's more bright,—
Why speeds then away her favour'd knight?
The couch which her white fingers broider'd so fair,
Were a far softer seat than the saddle of war.
What's more tempting than love? In the patriot's sight
The battle of freedom he hastens to fight!!
"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

The fair lady looks out from her lattice, but now
Her eye is as bright as her fair shining brow!
And is sorrow so fleeting?—Love's tears—dry they fast?
The stronger is love, but the less sure to last?
Whose arm sees her knight round her waist?—'Tis his own!
By the battle she wept for, her lover is won!
"Ply the distaff, my maids, ply the distaff no more!
Would you spin when already he stands at the door?"

◆

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Thomas Moore.

Neben Byron iſt unbedingt ſein vertrauter Freund und Biograph Thomas Moore als der ausgezeichnetſte engliſche Dichter neuerer Zeit zu betrachten, inſofern wir nämlich Walter Scott, nach Maaßgabe der größeren Anzahl und des größeren Werthes ſeiner in ungebundener Rede verfaßten Werke an die Spitze der lebenden brittiſchen Proſaiſten ſtellen. Moore erblickte das Licht der Welt zuerſt zu Dublin am 28. Mai 1780. Schon früh entwickelten ſich ſeine geiſtigen Fähigkeiten, ſo daß er bereits in ſeinem vierzehnten Jahre die Univerſität zu Dublin beziehen konnte. Später widmete er ſich in London der Jurisprudenz, und wurde im Jahre 1803 als Regiſtrator bei dem Admiralitätsgerichte zu Bermuda angeſtellt, ließ jedoch ſein Amt durch einen Stellvertreter verſehen, und benutzte die ihm gewordene Muße zu Reiſen in Amerika. 1806 kehrte er nach England zurück, vermählte ſich mit Miß Dyke, und lebt ſeit dieſer Zeit in ungeſtörter Ruhe den Wiſſenſchaften, den größten Theil ſeiner Tage auf dem Lande zu Bowood in Wiltshire zubringend. —

Moore hat ſich vorzugsweiſe in drei Gattungen der Poeſie ausgezeichnet, im Lyriſchen, Epiſchen und Satyriſchen; wo ihm in dieſen der Preis zukomme, iſt ſchwer zu entſcheiden. Die glänzendſte Phantaſie in ihrem üppigſten Reichthum, eine faſt ſchneidende Schärfe des Verſtandes und der Auffaſſungskraft, und die herzentzückende Tiefe des Gefühls ſind Eigenſchaften, die ihn nie verlaſſen, ſondern beſtändig, als die treueſten und bereitwilligſten Dienerinnen, ſeiner Muſe zur Seite wandeln. Ganz im Gegenſatze zu Byron's melancholiſchen Zeichnungen, weiß er aber faſt alle Gebilde ſeiner Schöpfung einen beinahe blendenden Schimmer ſtrahlenden, gewaltig ſtrömenden Lebens aufzuprägen, und doch herrſcht wiederum eine Zartheit und Innigkeit überall vor, wie man ſie nur ſelten mit ſolcher Kraft vermählt findet. Dabei beherrſcht er einen ungeheuren Schatz von Kenntniſſen, der ihm aber nie zur Laſt wird; denn wie unter des Midas Berührung ſich Alles vor Zeiten in Gold verwandelte, ſo wird vor ihm, dem echten Dichter, Alles zur Poeſie, und ſelbſt dem ſprödeſten und widerſtrebendſten Stoffe vermag er eine Seite abzugewinnen, die ihn gefällig darſtellt. Aus Allem aber leuchtet die Liebenswürdigkeit und Redlichkeit ſeiner Geſinnungen deutlich hervor und erhebt unendlich den Werth ſeiner Gaben. Als Dichter iſt er ein Proteus, aber als Menſch immer ſich gleich, und man muß ihn daher lieben, ſelbſt dann, wenn es ihm gefällt, ſtreng und tadelnd, oder ſatyriſch und verletzend vor uns zu erſcheinen, denn ſein Genius verläßt ihn auch in ſolchen Augenblicken nicht, und ſeine Grazie hindert uns, ihm ernſtlich zu zürnen.

Paradise and the Peri.

By Thomas Moore.

(Fragment of Lalla Rookh.)

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

„How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
„Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
„'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
„Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
„And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
„One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!
„Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,
„With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
„And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
„Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
„And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
„Yet — oh 'tis only the Blest can say
„How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

„Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
„From world to luminous world, as far
„As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
„Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
„And multiply each through endless years,
„One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"
The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which — Bramins say —
Blooms no where but in Paradise!
„Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said — „One hope is thine.
„'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
„*The Peri yet may be forgiven*
„*Who brings to this Eternal gate*
„*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
„Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin —
„'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Sun:
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.
But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heav'n? — „I know
„The wealth," she cries, „of every urn,
„In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
„Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR; —
„I know where the Isles of Perfume are
„Many a fathom down in the sea,
„To the south of sun-bright ARABY;
„I know too where the Genii hid
„The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,
„With Life's elixir sparkling high —
„But gifts like these are not for the sky.
„Where was there ever a gem that shone
„Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?
„And the Drops of Life — oh! what would they be
„In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"
While thus she mus'd her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds,
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood — the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades —
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis He of GAZNA — fierce in wrath
He comes, and INDIA's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path. —
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana; —
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river, —
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
„Live," said the Conqueror, „live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the Invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell! —
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last —
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

„Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
„My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
„Though foul are the drops that oft distil
„On the field of warfare, blood like this,
„For Liberty shed, so holy is,
„It would not stain the purest rill,
„That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
„Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
„A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
„'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
„From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

„Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
„Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
„Who die thus for their native Land. —
„But see — alas! — the crystal bar
„Of Eden moves not — holier far
„Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
„That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, — whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!
Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale — now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene — a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heav'n's serenest light; —
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds; —
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake; —
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an Idol bird! —
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyaena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies —
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

„Poor race of Men! said the pitying Spirit,
„Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall —
„Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
„But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept — the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy —
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

◆

The Rat-Catcher:

A Sketch.

By Miss Mitford.

Beautifully situated on a steep knoll, overhanging a sharp angle in the turnpike road, which leads through our village of Aberleigh stands a fantastic rustic building, with a large yew-tree on one side, a superb weeping ash hanging over it on the other, a clump of elms forming a noble back-ground behind, and all the prettinesses of porches garlanded with clematis, windows mantled with jessamine, and chimneys wreathed with luxuriant ivy, adding grace to the picture. To form a picture, most assuredly, it was originally built, — a point of view, as it is called, from Allonby-hall, to which the bye-road that winds round this inland cape, or headland, directly leads; and most probably it was also copied from some book of tasteful designs for lodges or ornamented cottages, since not only the building itself, but the winding path that leads up the acclivity, and the gate which gives entrance to the little garden, smack of the pencil and the graver.

For a picture certainly, and probably from a picture, was that cottage erected, although its ostensible purpose was merely that of a receiving-house for letters and parcels for the Hall; to which the present inhabitant, a jolly, bustling, managing dame, of great activity and enterprise in her own peculiar line, has added the profitable occupation of a thriving and well-accustomed village shop, contaminating the picturesque old fashioned bay-window of the fancy letter-house, by the vulgarities of red-herrings, tobacco, onions, and salt-butter, a sight which must have made the projector of her elegant dwelling stare again, — and forcing her customers to climb up and down an ascent almost as steep as the roof of a house, whenever they wanted a penny worth of needles, or a half pennyworth of snuff, a toil whereat some of our poor old dames groaned aloud. Sir John threatened to turn her out, and her customers threatened to turn her off; but neither of these events happened. Dinah Forde appeased her landlord and managed her customers: for Dinah Forde was a notable woman; and it is really surprising what great things, in a small way, your notable women will compass.

Besides Mrs. Dinah Forde, and her apprentice, a girl of ten years old, the letter-house had lately acquired another occupant, in the shape of Dinah's tenant or lodger, — I don't know which word best expresses the nature of the arrangement, — my old friend, Sam Page, the Ratcatcher; who, together with his implements of office, two ferrets, and four mongrels, inhabited a sort of shed or outhouse at the back of the premises,— serving, „especially the curs," as Mrs. Forde was wont to express herself, „as a sort of guard and protection to a lone woman's property."

Sam Page was, as I have said, an old acquaintance of our's, although neither as a resident of Aberleigh, nor in his capacity of rat-catcher, both of which were recent assumptions. It was, indeed, a novelty to see Sam Page as a resident any where. His abode seemed to be the highway. One should as soon have expected to find a gipsy within stone walls, as soon have looked for a hare in her last year's form, or a bird in his old nest, as for Sam Page in the same place a month together; so completely did he belong to that order which the lawyers call vagrants, and the common people designate by the significant name of trampers; and so entirely of all rovers did he seem the most roving, of all wanderers the most unsettled. The winds, the clouds, our English weather, were but a type of his mutability.

Our acquaintance with him had commenced above twenty years ago, when, a lad of some fifteen or there away, he carried muffins and cakes about the country. The whole house was caught by his intelligence and animation, his light active figure, his keen grey eye, and the singular mixture of shrewdness and good-humour in his sharp but pleasant features. Nobody's muffins could go down but Sam Page's. We turned off our old stupid deaf cakeman, Simon Browne, and appointed Sam on the instant. (N. B. This happened at the period of a general election, and Sam wore the right colour, and Simon the wrong.) Three times a week he was to call. Faithless wretch! he never called again! He took to selling election ballads, and carrying about handbills. We waited for him a fortnight, went muffinless a whole fortnight; and then, our candidate being fairly elected, and blue and yellow returned to their original non importance, were fain to put up once more with poor old deaf Simon Browne.

Sam's next appearance was in the character of a letter-boy, when he and a donkey set up a most spirited opposition to Thomas Hearne and the post-cart. Every body was dissatisfied with Thomas Hearne, who had committed more sins than I can remember, of forgetfulness, irregularity, and all manner of postman-like faults; and Sam, when applying for employers, made a most successful canvass, and for a week performed miracles of punctuality. At the end of that time he began to commit, with far greater vigour than his predecessor, Thomas Hearne, the several sins for which that worthy had been discarded. On Tuesday he forgot to call for the bag in the evening; on Wednesday he omitted to bring it in the morning; on Thursday he never made his appearance at all; on Friday his employers gave him warning; and on Saturday they turned him off. So ended this hopeful experiment.

Still, however, he continued to travel the country in various capacities. First, he carried a tray of casts; then a basket of Stafford-shire ware; then he cried cherries; then he joined a troop of reddlemen and came about redder than a red Indian; then he sported a barrel-organ, a piece of mechanism of no small pretensions, having two sets of puppets on the top, one girls waltzing, the other soldiers at drill; then he drove a knife-grinder's wheel; then he led a bear and a very accomplished monkey; then he escorted a celebrated company of dancing dogs; and then, for a considerable time, during which he took a trip to India and back, we lost sight of him.

He reappeared, however, at B. Fair, where one year he was showman to the Living Skeleton, and the next a performer in the tragedy of the Edinburgh Murders, exhibited every half-hour at the price of a penny to each person. Sam showed so much talent for melodrame, that we fully expected to find him following his new profession, which would have the advantage of the change of place and of character which his habits required; and on his being again, for several months, an absentee, had little doubt but he had been promoted from a booth to a barn, and we began to look for his name amongst a party of five strollers, three men and two women, who issued play-bills at Aberleigh, and performed tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, with all the degrees and compounds thereof described by Polonius, in the great room of the Rose, divided for the occasion into a row of chairs called the Boxes, at a shilling per seat, and two of benches called the Pit, at sixpence. I even suspected that a Mr. Theodore Fitzhugh, the genius of the company, might be Sam Page fresh christened. But I was mistaken. Sam, when I saw him again, and mentioned my suspicion, pleaded guilty to a turn for the drama; he confessed that he liked acting of all things, especially tragedy, „it was such fun.“ But there was a small obstacle to his pursuit of the histrionic art — the spoken drama: our poor friend could not read. To use his own words, „he was no scholar;“ and, on recollecting certain small aberrations which had occurred during the three days that he carried the letter bag, and professed to transact errands, such as the mis-delivery of notes, and the nonperformance of written commissions, we were fain to conclude that, instead of having, as he expressed it, „somehow or other got rid of his learning,“ learning was a blessing which Sam had never possessed, and that a great luminary was lost to the stage simply from the accident of not knowing his alphabet.

Instead of being, as we had imagined, ranting in Richard, or raving in Lear, our unlucky hero had been amusing himself by making a voyage to the West Indies, and home by the way of America, having had some thoughts of honouring the New World by making it the scene of his residence or rather of his peregrinations; and a country where the whole population seems movable, would, probably, have suited him: but the yellow fever seized him, and pinned him fast at the very beginning of his North American travels; and, sick and weary, he returned to England, determined, as he said, to take a room and live respectably.“

The apartment on which he fixed was, as I have intimated, an outhouse belonging to Mrs. Dinah Forde, in which he took up his abode the beginning of last summer, with his two ferrets, harmless, foreign-looking things (no native English animal has so outlandish an appearance as the ferret, with its long limber body, its short legs, red eyes, and ermine-looking fur), of whose venom, gentle as they looked, he was wont to boast amain; four little dogs, of every variety of mongrel ugliness, whose eminence in the same quality nobody could doubt, for one had lost an eye in battle, and one an ear, the third halted in his fore quarters, and the fourth limped behind; and a jay of great talent and beauty, who turned his pretty head this way and that, and bent and bowed most courteously when addressed, and then responded in words equally apt and courteous to all that was said to him. Mrs. Dinah Forde fell in love with that jay at first sight; borrowed him of his master, and hung him at one side of her door, where he soon became as famous all through the parish as the talking bird in the Arabian tales, or the parrot Vert-vert, immortalized by Gresset.

Sam's own appearance was as rat-catcher-like, I had almost said as venomous, as that of his retinue. His features sharper than ever, thin, and worn, and sallow, yet arch and good-humoured withal; his keen eye and knowing smile, his pliant active figure, and the whole turn of his equipment, from the shabby long gaiters, told his calling almost as plainly as the sharp heads of the ferrets, which were generally protruded from the pockets of his shabby jean jacket, or the bunch of dead rats with which he was wont to parade the streets of B. on a market-day. He seemed, at last, to have found his proper vocation; and having stuck to it for four or five months, with great success and reputation, there seemed every chance of his becoming stationary at Aberleigh.

In his own profession his celebrity was, as I have said, deservedly great. The usual complaint against rat-catchers, that they take care not to ruin the stock, that they are sure to leave breeders enough, could not be applied to him; who, poor fellow, never was suspected of forethought in his life; and who, in this case, had evidently too much delight in the chase himself, to dream of checking or stopping it, whilst there was a rat left unslain. On the contrary, so strong was the feeling of his sportsmanship, and that of his poor cur's, that one of his grand operations, on the taking in of a wheat-rick, for instance, or the clearing out of a barn, was sure to be attended by all the idle boys and unemployed men in the village, by all, in short, who, under the pretence of helping, could make an excuse to their wives, their consciences, or the parish-officers. The grand battue, or emptying Farmer Brookes's great barn, will be long remembered in Aberleigh; there was more noise made, and more beer drunk, than on any occasion since the happy marriage of Miss Phoebe and the pattern-maker; it even emulated the sports and the tipplings of the B. election — and that's a bold word! The rats killed were in proportion to the din — and that is a bold word too! I am really afraid to name the number, it seemed to myself, and would appear to my readers, so incredible. Sam and Farmer Brookes were so proud of the achievement, that they hung the dead game on the lower branches of the great oak outside the gate, after the fashion practised by mole-catchers, to the unspeakable consternation of a cockney cousin of the good farmer's, a very fine lady, who had never in her life before been out of the sound of Bow bell, and who, happening to catch sight of this portentous crop of acorns in passing under the tree, caused her husband, who was driving her, to turn the gig round, and, notwithstanding remonstrance and persuasion, and a most faithful promise that the boughs should be dismantled before night, could not be induced to set foot in a place where the trees were, to use her own words, „so heathenish,“ and betook herself back to her own domicile on Snow-hill, in great and evident perplexity as to the animal or vegetable quality of the oak in question *).

Another cause of the large assemblage at Sam's rat-hunts was, besides the certainty of good sport, the eminent popularity of the leader of the chase. Sam was a universal favourite. He had good-fellowship enough to conciliate the dissipated, and yet stopped short of the license which would have disgusted the sober, — was pleasant-spoken, quick, lively, and intelligent, — sang a good song, told a good story, and had a kindness of temper, and a lightness of heart, which rendered him a most exhilarating and coveted companion to all in his own station. He was, moreover, a proficient in country games; and so eminent a cricketer especially, that the men of Aberleigh were no sooner able, from his residence in the parish, to count him amongst their eleven, than they challenged their old rivals, the men of Hinton, and beat them forthwith.

Two nights before the return match, Sam, shabbier even than usual, and unusually out of spirits, made his appearance at the house of an old Aberleigh cricketer, still a patron and promoter of that noble game, and the following dialogue took place between them:

„Well, Sam, we are to win this match?“

„I hope so, please your honour. But I'm sorry to say I shan't be at the winning of it.“

„Not here, Sam! What, after vaulting the stumps about so gloriously last time, won't you stay to finish them now? Only think how those Hinton fellows will crow! You must stay over Wednesday.“

„I can't, your honour. 'Tis not my fault. But, here, I've had a lawyer's letter on the part of Mrs. Forde, about the trifle of rent, and a bill that I owe her; and if I'm not off to-night, Heaven knows what she'll do with me!“

„The rent — that can't be much. Let's see if we can't manage“ —

„Aye, but there's a longish bill, sir,“ interrupted Sam. „Consider, we are seven in family.“

„Seven!“ interrupted, in his turn, the other interlocutor.

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*) Moles are generally, and rats occasionally, strung on withies when killed; not much to the improvement of the beauty of the scenery. I don't know any thing that astounds a Londoner more than the sight of a tree bearing such fruit. The plum-pudding tree, whereof mention is made in the pleasant and veracious travels of the Baron Munchausen, could not appear more completely a lusus naturæ.

„Aye, sir, counting the dogs and the ferrets, poor beasts! for, I suppose, she has not charged for the jay's board, though 'twas that unlucky bird made the mischief."

„The jay! What could he have to do with the matter? Dinah used to be as fond of him as if he had been her own child! and I always thought Dinah Forde a good-natured woman."

„So she is, in the main, your honour," replied Sam, twirling his hat, and looking half shy and half sly, at once knowing and ashamed. „So she is, in the main; but this, somehow, is a particular sort of an affair. You must know, sir," continued Sam, gathering courage as he went on, „that at first the widow and I were very good friends, and several of these articles which are charged in the bill, such as milk for the ferrets, and tea and lump-sugar, and young onions for myself, I verily thought were meant as presents; and so I do believe, at the time, she did mean them. But, howsomever, Jenny Dobbs, the nursery maid at the Hall (a pretty black-eyed lass, perhaps your honour may have noticed her walking with the children), she used to come out of an evening like to see us play cricket, and then she praised my bowling, and then I talked to her, and so at last we began to keep company; and the jay, owing, I suppose, to hearing me say so sometimes, began to cry out „Pretty Jenny Dobbs!"

„Well, and this affronted the widow?"

„Past all count, your honour. You never saw a woman in such a tantrum. She declared I had taught the bird to insult her, and posted off to Lawyer Latitat. And here I have got this letter threatening to turn me out, and put me in gaol, and what not, from the lawyer; and Jenny, a false-hearted jade, finding how badly matters are going with me, turns round and says, that she never meant to have me, and is going to marry the French valet (Sir John's French valet), a foreigner and a papist, who may have a dozen wives before for any thing she can tell. These women are enough to drive a man out of his senses!" And poor Sam gave his hat a mighty swing, and looked likely to cry from a mixture of grief, anger, and vexation. „These women are enough to drive a man mad!" reiterated Sam, with increased energy.

„So they are, Sam," replied his host, administering a very efficient dose of consolation, in the shape of a large glass of Cognac brandy; which, in spite of its coming from his rival's country, Sam swallowed with hearty good-will. „So they are. But Jenny's not worth fretting about: she's a poor feckless thing after all, fitter for a Frenchman than an Englishman. If I were you, I would make up to the widow: she's a person of property, a fine comely woman into the bargain. Make up to the widow, Sam; and drink another glass of brandy to your success!"

And Sam followed both pieces of advice. He drank the brandy, and he made up to the widow, the former part of the prescription probably inspiring him with courage to attempt the latter; and the lady was propitious, and the wedding speedy: and the last that I heard of them was, the jay's publishing the banns of marriage, under a somewhat abridged form, from his cage at the door of Mrs. Dinah's shop (a proceeding at which she seemed, outwardly, scandalised; but over which it may be suspected she chuckled inwardly, or why not have taken in the cage?), and the French valet's desertion of Jenny Dobbs, whom he, in his turn, jilted; and the dilemma of Lawyer Latitat, who found himself obliged to send in his bill for the threatening letter to the identical gentleman to whom it was addressed. For the rest, the cricket match was won triumphantly, the wedding went off with great éclat, and our accomplished rat-catcher is, we trust, permanently fixed in our good village of Aberleigh.

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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Paradise and the Peri.

By Thomas Moore

(Concluded from our last.)

One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him — none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death —
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath; —
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see, — who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride!
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside! —
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone —
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
„Oh! let me only breathe the air,
„The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,

„And, whether on its wings it bear
„Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
„There, — drink my tears, while yet they fall, —
„Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
„And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
„To give thy brow one minute's calm.
„Nay, turn not from me that dear face —
„Am I not thine — thy own lov'd bride —
„The one, the chosen one, whose place
„In life or death is by thy side!
„Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
„In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
„Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
„That must be hers, when thou art gone?

„That I can live, and let thee go,
„Who art my life itself? — No, no —
„When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
„Out of its heart must perish too!
„Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
„Before like thee I fade and burn;
„Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
„The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle — and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!
„Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast —
„Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
„In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
„The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
„Who sings at the last his own death-lay,
„And in music and perfume dies away!"
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the Throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain —
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier clos'd — „not yet,"
The Angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory —
„True was the maiden, and her story,
„Written in light o'er Alla's head,
„By seraph eyes shall long be read.
„But, Peri, see — the crystal bar
„Of Eden moves not — holier far
„Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
„That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee."
Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!

Fair gardens; shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls; —
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light; —
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, — as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales; —
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither; —
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither; —
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems: —
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid — the shrine profan'd —
Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests! — there written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play: —
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed

Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
  Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
  From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight — that Heav'n — that Child —
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt he, the wretched Man
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
„There was a time," he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones — „thou blessed child!
„When young and haply pure as thou,
„I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —"
He hung his head — each nobler aim
  And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
  Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
  In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
  Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
„There's a drop," said the Peri, „that down from the moon
„Falls through the withering airs of June
„Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
„So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
„That drop descends, contagion dies,
„And health reanimates earth and skies! —
„Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
  „The precious tears of repentance fall?
„Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
  „One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam —
But well the enraptur'd Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

„Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —
„The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
„Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —
  „To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
„Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,
  „And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

„Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
„Passing away like a lover's sigh;
„My feast is now of the Tooba Tree *),
„Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

„Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone
  „In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,
„Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
„To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's Throne,
  „Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
„Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —
„The Gates are pass'd and Heav'n is won!"

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*) The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet.

Judith.

A Tale.

A recent excursion conducted me into a beautiful valley on the other side of the Alps, where peace seemed to have taken up her abode, by reason of its remoteness from scenes of worldly conflict. Here, thought I to myself, here if anywhere the innocent find a retreat from the troubles of life, and be at rest. — But I was soon undeceived.

An aspect of anxiety in the natives, the search and bustle that were observable, and the appearance of military uniforms issuing from behind rocks and brakes, proclaimed the whole scene to be in a state of unusual commotion. In answer to my inquiries, I learnt that the municipal force of the district was in pursuit of a young female. „A criminal of the deepest dye!" I exclaimed. My informants shook their heads, and looked ashamed of breathing the very air, where such injustice was committed; assuring me that a more amiable or virtuous damsel never walked a mountain path, than the youthful fugitive who was now flying from the armed men, whose company was so unwelcome in the valley.

But I must not anticipate. The catastrophe will follow soon enough; and those who are acquainted with the country in which the scene is laid, will readily discover, to use the language of the best narrator of the day, through the disguise of borrowed names and added incidents, the leading particulars of „AN OWRE TRUE TALE." Would to heaven that it had not too many counterparts in reality and intensity of suffering! I know, that at the very moment when the feeling and the pitying are weeping over Judith's fate, other mothers may be experiencing the same unmerited anguish of mind and body, in the same region, and under the same accusation.

In the spring of 1810, a Roman Catholic family, whom I will call the Caspals, purchased a small property in a hamlet where the inhabitants were for the most part members of the reformed church, and where, from time immemorial, the Protestant Faith had prevailed. The whole region round about was peopled by a race who refused to hold communion with Rome, and for many centuries had been a bone of contention to the ambitious Papal Hierarchy, which exerted all its influence to induce the sovereign princes of the country to efface this blot from the Italian soil. But under the shield of a protecting Providence, which had made fast the bars of their gates; and thanks to the natural bulwarks of rock and glacier, this tribe remained fixed like their vines to the soil, and twining round every stay that promised support. The temporary suspension of the old dynasties brought an era of prosperity hitherto unknown to our Subalpines, and they had been in the enjoyment of civil and religious privileges in common with their fellow subjects of the same province, under the sceptre of Napoleon, for the space of ten years, when the Caspals took up their abode among them. No reason had the strangers to complain, that the majority of their neighbours were of persuasion different from themselves. Bocca-rossa, one of the loveliest spots in nature, in point of scenery and productiveness, was equally distinguished by its moral charms, and resounded with the voices of joy and gladness. ‚Glory to God, and good will to man,' was chanted with the same feelings of mutual kindness in the Roman Catholic church, where a handful of worshippers assembled, and in the Protestant temple, where hundreds were congregated on the days of holy rest.

In the few level plots of this transiently happy valley, the little properties were not separated by stone walls, or thick edges, or deep ditches; but they lay close together, undistinguishable to the eye, and determined only by a straight line drawn from one point to another: when the land threw up her treasures, and the crops were ripe, the vales looked like so many carpets of rich colouring, the wheat and the maize and the clover forming the different varieties, occupying their several spaces, and blending their ears and flowers in a harmonious contiguity, without the intervention of any artificial demarcation to break the union. I have been told, that in many of the grass lands the small portions are so undivided by any real line, that in the haymaking season the proprietors would erect two stakes, and tying a piece of string from one to the other, would mow each on his own side of the string, and so collect that part of the produce which was his.

The farm of the Caspals lay thus intermixed with that of a Protestant occupant, whose family became so closely attached to the strangers, as if, like themselves, they had been of a stock which had known no other dwelling-place for twenty generations.

Unhappily, the intercourse between the houses produced sentiments of affection between Victor a son of the new settler, and Judith the daughter of the mountaineer, which were not sufficiently understood till it was too late. In 1814, the French domination, and liberty of conscience in this department, terminated together. The former sovereigns were replaced upon their thrones, and the Protestant natives of the province were informed, that the treaty of Paris had guaranteed the continuance of religious and personal rights to the natural subjects of France only; but not to them, who had been annexed to the French empire by conquest, and whose habitation on the Eastern or Italian side of the Alps, excluded them from all participation in the reserves and stipulations of that memorable treaty. One stroke of a princely pen, one breath of a feudal lord's displeasure, dissipated the short-lived happiness of the most virtuous race under heaven; pains, penalties, prohibitions and rigorous decrees, were instantly enforced against all who conformed not with the Church of Rome. Edicts of a barbarous age were revived, and in the nineteenth century, men who had been put in possession of the common rights of human nature by the usurper Napoleon were denounced by the legitimate , and declared amenable to laws, which had been enacted against professors of the reformed faith three hundred years before. In vain was an appeal made to England, in vain was that treaty, which was called the pacification of Europe, objected against such abuse of power, against such an ungrateful return for restored authority. England, in her enlarged views, while she cast an eye over the kingdoms of the earth, over-looked the vales of small extent, where her own brethren in the faith were dwelling; and the ministers of the „Defender of the Faith," forgot their religious duties in the distracting adjustment of the political balance. „Give us justice, at least," said the poor appellants, „and abide by your own regulations, ye rulers of the earth: we ask neither for political power, nor for admittance to senates, nor to seats of honour, like the agitators in another realm: we claim no place among the learned, or the chivalrous, or the noble; we only ask for security in the enjoyment of those rights which we recovered during recent events, which are ours by your recognition, and which are but the natural rights of man. In vain they reminded the arbiters of Europe of their own solemn decision: „The high contracting parties wishing to place, and to cause to be placed in entire oblivion, the divisions which have agitated Europe, declare and promise, that in the countries restored and ceded by the present treaty, no individual of whatever class or condition shall be prosecuted, harassed, or disturbed in his person or property, under any pretext." — Article 16. Treaty of Paris.

The Subalpines of my tale were restored to their old masters by virtue of this treaty; and in direct violation of it, instantly were they prosecuted, disturbed, and harassed, by edicts affecting their persons, their property, and their consciences.

Among other things, it was announced to the terrified mountaineers, that mixed marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants were prohibited, and that parties who should presume to violate the order, should be punished, at the pleasure of the sovereign, that the union should be dissolved, and the progeny declared to be illegitimate.

Out of this one edict only, enforced since the events of 1814, has arisen a train of domestic calamities, prolonged, galling, and unendurable. The Caspals and their neighbours were among its earliest victims. The parents of Victor and Judith in vain represented to each the hopelessness of an affection upon which the authorities of their country frowned. That which was before a spark, was now blown into a flame; the breath of opposition only caused it to burn more fiercely, and the young people vowed and cherished reciprocal love, which nothing but death should divide. Victor Caspal, hating the priesthood, whom he accused of persuading the restored government to re-enact such obsolete and odious laws, began to hate the mode of faith in which he had been educated, and avowed his resolution to become a Protestant. Perhaps he was moved to this determination by the hope, that his change of religion would place himself and Judith beyond the operation of the edict; that both being Protestants, they might wed in peace. But a more alarming obstacle presented itself. Another edict denounced death against any of the Reformed faith who should persuade a Roman Catholic to forsake his church. „If it become known that you have apostatised, as they term it," said the father of Judith, „my daughter will be accused of converting you, and her blood will be the sacrifice. Who now can protect a victim from priestly hatred and suspicion?" The youth was convinced, and concealed his sentiments; and none but the two families were aware of his secret. Several years passed; the betrothed couple dared not complete their espousals, and two fond hearts sickened under hope deferred. About three years ago, the elder Caspal died; and when Victor found himself no longer controlled by parental prudence and advice, he bethought him of some expedient by which he might make Judith his wife without hazarding the safety of either. He decided upon selling his property, and settling in France or Switzerland. A contract was made, and the terms of the sale were agreed upon; but difficulties arose in the way of completing the arrangement and securing the purchase money. The faithful couple did not wait the settlement of this question of property, but crossed the frontier into France, and there they were married. After a few weeks they returned to Rocca-rossa; but the legal deeds, necessary to the alienation of Victor's property in the hamlet, not having been made perfect, the sale was postponed; and the want of means to live elsewhere obliged them to remain on the spot, under the hope that no notice would be taken of their transgression of the edict. Their friends assured them, that as the law had not been violated in the province where it was in force, they might rest secure; and that at the worst, Victor would have time enough to take refuge on the other side of the mountain, in case any judicial process should threaten his personal liberty. In countries like that of which this unfortunate couple were natural subjects, an evasion of the order which was meant to extend the influence of the priesthood, and to resist the advance of Protestantism, was equivalent to an infraction. The local authorities at first took no notice of the circumstance, and it is possible that they would have continued to shut their eyes, had not their attention been drawn to it by the Curé of the parish. He had long missed Victor at mass, and at the confessional; and it must be acknowledged that a single stray sheep out of a flock of twenty or thirty at the most, was likely to cause some disquietude, and feelings of resentment in the Ecclesiastic's mind. But the storm did not burst till after the birth of a child. Judith became the mother of a boy, and the Curé then lodged an information against Victor, as having either married or lived in concubinage with a Protestant woman. This was no time for flight: the husband was cited to appear before the officers appointed to institute an inquiry, and to save the honour of his wife, was obliged to admit that he was married to her. He was committed to the prison at —, the chief town of the province; the marriage was declared null and void; all further intercourse between him and Judith was judicially interdicted, and their child was pronounced to be illegitimate!

This terrible condemnation produced a brain fever in the wretched mother, and for many weeks her spirit hovered between life and death. But she recovered her senses, and with them she was restored to the consciousness, that her husband was languishing in a dungeon; that her own character was sullied; that her son was a proclaimed bastard, and that she was separated for ever from the subject of her most tender affection!

But the cup of Judith's anguish was not yet full. She was just beginning to gain strength, when the Curé of Rocca-rossa intruded his presence, and insisted upon baptizing her child, and receiving him into the Roman church. „He is illegitimate," said the unfeeling man of zeal," and as such he belongs to the state, and must be initiated and educated in the religion of the state." The whole truth now burst upon the mind of the distracted parent. She knew that the priest, after having had the rite administered according to his own forms, would claim the child as a Roman Catholic, and send him to the Foundling Hospital at * * *. But she boldly refused to comply with the first demand, and the Curé left her chamber with threats of bitter vengeance.

The language of romance and sentiment would ill become a tale, in which the stern hand of truth has to write events, in themselves too deeply affecting to require embellishment. Judith's education, plain and simple; her habits of life from early childhood, those of a peasant, of the daughter of a mountaineer, who had watched her father's flocks upon the highest crags, where a blade of herbage could be found, — whose arm and voice had often been raised to scare the wolf and the eagle from their intended prey; — Judith's character furnishes no materials for the poetical or romantic. This is not the history of a tender and delicate woman, nurtured amid luxuries, and in the lap of softness, whose youth and beauty rendered every incident more touching. It is not from any borrowed interest of this kind, that the relation of her sorrows is expected to derive attraction. It is because the very age in which we live has been dishonoured by such deeds of darkness; it is because the tears are not yet dry, which fell when her wrongs were first inflicted, and that similar occurrences will again make the same mountains ring with shrieks of dismay, unless a voice, loud and peremptory, proclaims: „These things shall not be!" — It is upon these considerations, that I feel I have no ordinary demand upon the attention and sympathy of my readers.

As soon as the Curé had left her, Judith hastened with her child in her arms to the Pastor of the Commune, and detailed what had happened.

„Alas, my poor woman," exclaimed her venerable friend, „I have no comfort, no help for you! The Curé will make his own statement to the Magistrate, and will claim the privilege which our rulers have accorded to the Romish priesthood. We have no redress when children are declared illegitimate; they can be seized at the will of the Curé, and immured in the hospital."

„But is there no hope for me? Is there none?" cried the unhappy mother.

„There is not any, Judith, if the order be once signed, and the Carabineers are dispatched to carry away your boy. Had the priest been merciful and silent, the government and the authorities here would not have interfered. We are never harassed thus, but at the instigation of the Curé. The old laws are permitted to be a dead letter, till our adversaries of the other church revive them."

„Laws! is there any law sanctioned by the state, which would sever the child from its mother?"

„Written law there is none; — we know of none so rigorous; — but the influence of the Romish clergy is too powerful to be resisted, and it is said that prescription, or the custom of former times, constitutes the law in this case."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

The Capture of Linlithgow Castle.

In 1313 *)

Of all the palaces so fair
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake —
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see a scene so gay.

Sir Walter Scott.

The primitive and romantic town of Linlithgow yields in antiquity to none of the royal burghs of Scotland, of which it is almost the last remaining entire specimen. Situated on the south border of a beautiful lake, which lies cradled in a delightful valley watered by the pastoral stream of the Avon, it is surrounded on all sides by wood-covered hills and smiling plains. To the far north the eye loses itself among the peaks of the lofty Ochills, whilst on the south it is bounded by the Pentland range. Between lies the picturesque and varied scenery through which the Forth, the national stream of Scotland, collects her numerous tributaries, and, in a thousand graceful links, sweeps past

Edina, Scotia's darling seat,

to meet the embrace of the German Ocean. Rich in the beauties of liberal nature, Linlithgow is not less rich in historic associations. Here much that is memorable, both in the natural and preternatural of Scottish story, has „a local habitation" more, alas! has but a „name." Here it was, upon the eve of the fatal field of Flodden, in St. Catherine's Aisle, in which he had constructed a throne for himself, and twelve stalls for the knightly companions of the Order of the Thistle, that to *James the Dauntless*

A messenger from Heaven
In vain had earnest counsel given
Against the English war; —

here that Mary Stuart, the fairest and most unfortunate daughter ever born to Scotland, first saw the light; — here the Regent Murray met with the retribution which his unnatural conduct to his sister and want of fidelity to his Queen deserved; — here that, on the night of the 31st of January, 1746, English fire destroyed what, four centuries and a half before, English perfidy founded — that majestic pile, whose ruins yet proclaim what were the power and the splendour of Scotland, when loyalty had a shrine in every Scottish breast, and the „shout of a king" was heard among us!

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*) [illegible]

Every Scotchman is well acquainted with the wonderful energy displayed by our forefathers on the field of Bannockburn; where, by means the most disproportionate, the strong chain which southern tyranny and deceit had cast over the liberties of our country was snapped for ever, and Scotland rendered to independence and happiness. Few, however, except the burghers of Linlithgow, amongst whom tradition preserves the knowledge, are acquainted with the secret spring that set in motion those feelings which, at a moment of the deepest despondency, roused the crushed but indomitable valour of our ancestors. Some have contented themselves with supposing that it was the mere effect of that physical force which, it is allowed, nerves the 'thews and sinews' of our countrymen with a bravery subdueless in the heat of conflict, aided and excited by the intense hatred which years of bloodshed, oppression, and cruelty, had produced. Others, in the true spirit of national partiality, and overlooking the fearful disparity of numbers and condition, consider it as nothing more than a natural consequence of the superior courage which the Highland freeman hereditarily possesses over the Lowland serf. Whilst a third party, with equal truth, and somewhat more of grace, assigns the glory to where it is most due, by resolving it into the most conspicuous circumstances, we have seen amply verified, viz. that

> 'Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won!'

But however these causes, separately or combined, may have conspired to forward the result, there was another and peculiar circumstance, which, in a chief degree, tended to relume the almost extinct spark of patriotism that led the prostrate Caledonian nobles to crowd once more to the standard of their lawful king, and lighted up in the hearts of the entire peasantry of Scotland that quenchless flame of devoted loyalty which repelled with disgrace the invader's legions, and firmly seated upon the throne of his ancestors Robert Bruce, the best and bravest monarch of his race.

This was no less a circumstance than the capture of Linlithgow Castle, the chief seat of Edward's power in Scotland, by William Binnock, deacon of the Hammermen, and its being universally looked upon by his countrymen as an omen of the return of prosperous fortune and ultimate success.

The Castle of Linlithgow was the only stronghold in Scotland which was ever founded by English hands. Edward I., long after the defeat and death of his miserable dupe Baliol, and when he had quenched, as he supposed, the last embers of freedom in Scotland with the blood of Wallace, began to look around him for a spot to celebrate what he vainly presumed to call his conquest of Scotland, by the erection of an edifice suitable to commemorate the splendour of the event, and to be the residence of the majesty of England when he should be amongst his northern subjects. Various circumstances conspired to the choice of the royal burgh of St. Michael's for this purpose. A place of great antiquity even at the remote period of which we write, it was also one of the principal towns of the kingdom; whilst its central position made it one of the keys of Scotland. Nor did it weigh lightly with the wily politician, that a creature of his own, in whose subserviency he had implicit confidence, was the liege lord of the soil. Here, therefore, upon a lofty promontory, rising between the majestic and now venerable pile of the first David and the deep waters of the lake, by which on three sides it was embraced, Edward raised those impregnable towers, from which during the disastrous period of his sojourn in Scotland, he issued mandates that placed deputies over her various districts, peopled her garrisons with English soldiers, and compelled but too many Scotchmen of all ranks and occupations to bend in submission to his yoke.

The erection of this fortress seemed to complete the subjection of Scotland. The nobles and gentry, dispirited and broken down by the successive failures of their numerous enterprises, began to imagine that Fate had decreed the transfer of the Scottish crown from the house of Huntingdon to that of Plantagenet. Their fairest hopes had been blasted on the fatal field of Methven, when the pride of their warriors had been trodden under foot, and their newly-crowned leader had fled, almost unaccompanied and despairing, to the Western Highlands. Since then misfortune after misfortune, in gloomy series, had dogged his footsteps. Two of his valiant brothers, and many of his best and bravest knights, had perished either on the scaffold or on the field. The strongholds of the country, one after another, had fallen into the hands of the enemy; and even Kildrummy, the last and strongest that remained was taken also; and its gallant defenders, Sir Neil Bruce and the Earl of Athol, led off prisoners to share the fate to which the ruthless Edward deemed all who resisted his tyranny. Under such accumulated reverses, but too many of the barons tendered their oaths of fealty to the King of England; whilst others hesitated whether they should any longer continue to expose their lives and fortunes in defence of a cause which appeared to be hopeless.

At this juncture, a confused rumour was circulated that Bruce, having escaped the perils of his wanderings through the Western Highlands, and overcome innumerable dangers and difficulties, had reached with a few followers the Isle of Arran; and that there he was about to unfurl his standard, and once more summon to his side all the faithful and brave who loved the independence of their country, or honoured his cause. By a few, to whom these tidings were like the breath of heaven, they were received as authentic with secret joy, and a determination to act in accordance; but the incredulous many looked upon the intelligence as a snare of the enemy, propagated for the purpose of discovering who were the disaffected. For a time, therefore, the call of the Bruce was wholly unresponded to; foreigners and usurpers every where maintained uncontrolled dominion through the land; and the English power appeared in all quarters to be not only paramount, but also permanent.

(To be continued in our next.)

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Judith.

A Tale.

(Concluded from our last.)

„Merciful Father! will they do, as the most savage of our ancient oppressors did, and rule us with a rod of scorpions, after we have been permitted to live under the protection of an equitable Code? Think, kind Sir, for a moment, and tell me that a mother will find compassion somewhere."

The Pastor looked mournfully at the poor sufferer, and from the treasures of his own heart he drew an expedient, which he hoped might be successful. „Judith," said he, take your child— make the best of your way to ***, ask to see the Bishop: explain your case, and entreat him to be your advocate. One little word from the Bishop will quiet the Cure, and prevent his taking any hostile measures. A Christian prelate cannot turn a deaf ear to a mother's prayers. We may differ in points of doctrine and discipline; but whether Romanists or Protestants, we ought to agree in loving another."

Judith's countenance brightened up, she wiped her tears, and hurried to *** in the full assurance that she should find compassion and succour in the episcopal palace. The Bishop was at home, and received her without any delay. He accosted her in tones of kindness,—and gracious were the words that fell from his lips. Judith's heart beat with confident hope: she told her tale. —The Bishop heard it with patience and urbanity. She urged her maternal alarms; her afflictions, caused by separation from her husband, and by the reflection that he was pining in confinement: she hugged her infant to her bosom, and prayed that he might not be torn from her. She looked earnestly in the Bishop's face;—it expressed the most immovable composure. The calm eye which was fixed upon her was worse than petrifaction —all further utterance was denied her. Had the Prelate frowned, or turned away from her, she would have persisted in the attempt to move him. But the placid gaze bespoke the determined mind, and the suppliant's whole frame was chilled. When the Bishop perceived that she had nothing more to say, he commenced an harangue in measured language, and with a tone of the most perfect self-command. It was too long for Judith to remember further than that in substance it was to this effect: „that he pitied her, even as a father hath pity on his own children; that he felt deeply for the eternal interests of herself, her deluded lover, and her child of sin, — and that her trials here were intended for her good hereafter.“ He concluded by saying „that he could not interpose, that the church never meddled with matters belonging to the secular powers.“

„Interpose! my Lord,“ exclaimed Judith, to whom despair had restored courage — „Your church and its ministers are always interposing to do us evil. Are we never to have the benefit of your interference to do us good? The state would not trouble itself with our domestic concerns, if the church did not insist upon our being put to the ban. In the name of your Father and my Father, of your God and my God, I implore you to intercede for me.“

„My daughter, it is impossible!“ said the Bishop. The miserable woman forgot herself. She knelt down and prayed, and she afterwards acknowledged to her Pastor, that she was afraid her prayers to heaven for her infant and her husband, had been mingled with imprecations against her oppressors.

The Bishop commanded her to leave the room, and as she approached the door she exclaimed: „Fool that I was, to look for sympathy here! What feeling for a mother's sorrows can they have, who have cut asunder all that binds husband and wife, parent and child; whose very virtue consists in forswearing all that is most tender and holy in human compacts?“

„Remove that frantic woman,“ said the Prelate to his servants, in the same unperturbed tone as before, „and see that she come to no harm.“

Judith was conducted out of the palace, and returned towards Rocca-rossa. When she reached the chestnut grove, whose thick foliage conceals her native hamlet from the view of those who approach it from ***, she met her Pastor. „I have been watching for you,“ said he, „and I see by your troubled countenance that you have not been successful. You must not go home; but fly to the mountain, and conceal yourself as well as you can. The order is signed, and the Carabiniers are waiting to seize your child, and to convey him to the hospital. No time is to be lost. Keep beyond the limits of our own Commune, and avoid the chalets of our own people. The search after you will be made principally among them. Cast yourself, therefore, upon the generosity and kindness of our brethren of the other church. I will answer for it, that not one of them will betray you. There is not a Roman Catholic family between the three torrents, which does not secretly condemn the monkish oppressors of our race. Remain no longer than is necessary under the same roof, lest you expose your protectors to suspicion.“ He put a basket of provisions into her hand, directed her to keep under covert in the thicket, and to commit her cause to the God of the fatherless and the widow.

When the poor forlorn creature had advanced as far into the depth of the forest, which covers the hill-side, as her exhausted strength would permit, she sat down, and opened the basket which the Pastor had given her. In it she found a Bible, with one of those copies of the Psalms of David in verse, which are among the few books of devotion that the Protestant borderers of Italy are able or permitted to obtain. She blessed the kind hand which had thus furnished relief at once to her spiritual and temporal wants, and after a short rest, began to thread her way to the summits that rose above her. When she was asked afterwards, what she did, and what was the state of her mind, while she was sitting with her child in that gloomy labyrinth; she replied, that she had composed her own mind, and had lulled her infant to sleep by singing in an under voice the 137th Psalm. — It happened, that after hearing this lamentable narrative, the 137th Psalm was sung by the congregation in the church at Rocca-rossa, on the day when I chanced to be present. Who will not comprehend the feelings with which I listened to its plaintive words and music; feelings so deep and overpowering, that as a female voice swelled occasionally above the rest, I found it difficult to refrain from giving audible vent to my emotions. When the wanderer had attained the level of the chalets, or temporary cottages built among the Alpine pasturages, (whither the mountaineers drive their cattle during the three summer months), she approached the first which she judged to belong to a Roman Catholic. There are many little distinguishing marks by which the members of the two persuasions may be known in those regions, among the women especially. The use of ornaments, such as crosses and small hearts, of gold, silver, or meaner materials, hanging from the neck, and higher and more ample caps, are infallible distinctions, by which to recognise the females of the Romish faith. Judith frankly and fearlessly accosted the mistress of the chalet, and having communicated the cause of her distress, begged protection for the night. It was readily accorded, and never did stranger receive a kinder welcome. Every member of the family vied with each other in showing attention to the outcast mother and child, and in pouring oil and wine into the wounds inflicted by the priesthood of their church.

As was the reception of the first evening, so were those of the following, for many successive days; and Judith, as she crossed from one mountain ridge to another, had manifold reason to bless the Christian charity of the shepherds and their wives, who were tending their flocks and herds. Where one administered to her own wants, another furnished her with linen and necessaries for her child; and every prayer which she breathed for herself, ascended to heaven with the name of some benevolent Catholic, who loved mercy and justice, and would rather do one act of charity to a persecuted sister, than contribute to the proselytism of a thousand unwilling converts.

It was on the eighth day from that of her flight, when Judith entered beneath a roof, where she expected, as usual, to find a welcome; but the mountaineer bade her begone. There was something in his manner which expressed constraint and reluctance, and the fugitive earnestly begged to be told the reason of his inhospitality.

„My priest,“ said he, „has made me promise, under threats of the severest censure, not to open my door to you, and not to give you either meat or drink. It is suspected that you have been harboured among some of us.“

Judith presented her infant to the man's wife, and entreated her to give shelter to that innocent for the night, if she herself must be excluded. The woman looked piteously at her husband, and pleaded for the wanderer; but he seemed terror-struck, and still refused.

„But I have made no promise,“ cried the tender-hearted woman. „Remain with us, poor Christian, and what Baptist is forbidden to do, I will take upon myself.“ The shepherd smiled at this compromise between the obligation of a promise and that of charity, and offered no further impediment: but Judith observed that he cautiously abstained from performing any kind office himself, and left the duties of hospitality wholly to his wife.

The fugitive's heart was heavy within her the whole of the evening. She now anticipated that every door might be shut against her, and often and solemnly did she consult her Bible passages of comfort. Some of these she read aloud at the request of the hostess. They amazed her.

„Is that the Book we are prohibited from reading?“

„It is,“ said Judith.

The shepherd and his wife looked incredulous.

„I will not believe it. It is not the Bible!“ exclaimed the former. „If the Bible contained such good things as those you have just read, our reverend Curé would command, and not forbid us to use it. I will go down the mountain to-morrow, and ask to see some other Bibles, that I may compare with them that which I have now heard.“

„My good friend,“ replied Judith, „do you not know that our people are prevented, under pain of the severest penalties, from ‚giving, selling, lending a Bible' to any of your persuasion?“

The man frowned, and became thoughtful, but said no more.

The next morning Judith left the chalet, with her basket well replenished. As she was sitting under a projecting crag, to shade her infant from the noon-day sun, the mountaineer, whose hut had received her the night before, came to her in manifest agitation, and advised her to leave those parts as quickly as possible, for the Carabineers were searching every chalet and hiding place on the Col Bianca. The rocks and the forests were from this time her only shelter; and she made her disturbed bed under a tree, or in a cavern. For the most part she pursued her way from one mountain-chain to another during the night, and took her feverish rest while the light continued, that her movements might be less exposed to observation. But who can describe, or even imagine her sufferings? The alternations of heat and cold, and the want of sufficient sustenance, were nothing to her terrors, — to her constant state of alarm. Every leaf that moved, every gust of wind that sounded through the fissure of a rock; every moving shadow, was to her frightened imagination a Carabineer preparing to tear her infant from her bosom. In the extremity of her troubles she drew nigh to Rocca-rossa, with the faint hope of seeing some one who might give her tidings of her husband; but she dared not approach nearer to the hamlet than the pine-wood, which darkens the ridge at many hundred feet above the village. Here she obtained an occasional supply from the shepherds and goatherds, who, being aware that the fugitive was reduced to the last extremity, often ran every risk, and sought opportunities to relieve her. But this could not last long; her strength gradually failed, and every alarm gave an additional shock to her constitution. At times she was roused to extraordinary efforts, by finding herself at no great distance from her pursuers, and then there was no path so rugged, no precipice so fearful, which she would not dare, rather than not escape from them.

Upon one occasion, at the turn of a rock, she suddenly found herself within sight of two of her pursuers. They were immediately below her, in the traverse of the same path. Her capture appeared inevitable, both to them and to herself. She looked around in wild despair. To her practiced eye, as the daughter of one of the boldest hunters of the Alps, who had often accompanied her father in the chase, a dizzy ledge appeared capable of barely sustaining her weight; it might bear her, or it might crumble under her feet, and plunge her into the depth below! Should it uphold her, she would gain another path, utterly inaccessible to the armed men who were at hand.

The cast was for life or death; the mother's feelings nerved heart and limb; she would rather perish with her child, than surrender him. The spring was made, the ledge was gained, and in an instant the daring woman was placed beyond the reach of the astonished Carabineers. At first, when they saw her foot upon the frail and tottering steep, they shrieked with horror at the sight; but, when the peril was over, one of the men pointed his carabine, and declared he would fire, unless she stopped. The mother who had no fears of precipices, had none of the soldier or his menaces; she refused to stop, and hastened on. — Again the man protested he would discharge his piece, and took deadly aim at the fugitive. At this crisis his comrade struck down the levelled carabine, exclaiming: „Our orders are to take alive, and not to kill.“ Judith saw and heard what passed, and kneeling down, she praised God aloud for her wonderful preservation, and implored mercy for her pursuers, as they had shown mercy to her. Doubtless they were glad at heart that this painful duty had not been done, and that the victim had escaped them.

Although the fugitive had escaped this danger, yet her situation was as critical as ever. When it was known in what part of the mountains she was taking refuge, the pursuit was more warm; the circle drawn around her was narrowed; the nets were spread in every direction; and she was compelled to seek for an asylum among the most inhospitable of the crags that formed the barriers of the valley. Higher and higher she ascended; oftentimes nothing but the clouds that capped the mountain tops, concealed her from those who continued the search. Her strength gradually diminished, but not her resolution. The third day after the incident with the Carabineers, she was sitting in a cleft in the rocks, which, like a watch tower, commanded the only practicable path towards the summit of the Col Benedetto, where she was found by a young goatherd, half dead with exhaustion.

He relieved her in that drooping condition, by the only means in his power, — by milking his goats, and giving her the precious draught, which appeased both hunger and thirst at the same time. He then persuaded her to take some sleep, and engaged to watch during her slumbers. But her repose was soon disturbed by the fearful intelligence, that a soldier was advancing from below, and that by a track which would certainly bring him to the spot where she was lying. She was scarcely able to support herself upon her feet, but she declared her intention to make a last effort, and to die of fatigue, rather than be deprived of the object which became dearer to her every hour of her existence.

„God," said she, „will preserve those who trust in him, and into his hands do I commit myself."

The boy looked on Judith with admiration, bordering on reverence. Excited beyond himself, a sudden thought crossed his mind. —

„I will be your deliverer," he exclaimed: „I will run and meet the soldier. I will get below him, and as he is passing yon narrow, slippery path, scarce a foot's length in width, on the brink of the precipice, I will whistle my goats. They will rush down the steep at my call, and tumble him into the chasm, in their headlong career. I once met a chamois, pursued by a hunter, in a path like that; and had I not flung myself on my face, I should have perished, as that slave of our oppressors shall perish."

Judith seized the boy by his arm. Firm in her purpose of compassion as of daring, she held him fast.

„It shall not be," she cried. „He may be one of those who might have shot me when I fled from them; or he may have a mother, who loves him as I dote on my boy. I will not preserve my infant, precious as he is, at the cost even of the spoiler's life."

The boy was awed by her manner, and felt ashamed of his bold but cruel project. Again he conceived a mode of defeating the pursuer's purpose.

„Give me your child. I will bind him to the back of my strongest goat. At my signal, the whole flock will scamper up the crags, and soon be out of sight. When the Carabineer comes, confront him fearlessly. Seeing you without your child, he will not know that you are the object of his search, and will leave you unmolested."

Judith smiled faintly at the enthusiastic boy's wild scheme; but assured him, that though she might confidently trust her infant to the sagacity of his goat, she could not venture to expose him to the projecting points of the craggy rock, in such a perilous mode of conveyance up the mountain side.

„Then confide him to me. I will sit here, surrounded by my flock, and hide him from the soldier's eye. In the meantime, do you go, and fearlessly meet the man, as if you were descending towards Rocca-rossa. He will suspect nothing, and let you pass„

This contrivance promised better success; and the fugitive, having delivered her little treasure to the goatherd's nursing care, advanced towards the soldier. Whether he recognized Judith or not is uncertain: he did not offer to detain her; and my informants, in the true Christian spirit of hoping all things, and believing all things in charity, were of opinion, that the man, inwardly abhorring his errand, was readily inclined to consider that he had nothing to do but with the infant, and therefore contented himself with a slight search of Judith's person, and went on his way.

The suspense in which the anxious mother was held, was of no long continuance;—as soon as the Carabineer was out of sight, the boy overtook her, and delivered up his tender charge in safety.

Many more were the adventures of the poor fugitive during her flight; but why need I prolong the melancholy relation? The heroic lad, of whom I have just spoken, succeeded in conducting her to a grotto, which was known to a few only, and to which there was no approach but through many an entangled brake and intricate labyrinth of path. Here she remained, subsisting upon such supplies as the boy's persevering kindness and ingenuity succeeded in providing for her, until her persecutors became ashamed of pursuing her any longer. Her uncommon fortitude, extraordinary escapes, and determination to encounter any thing rather than surrender her infant to the Cure and the Directors of the Foundling Hospital, became matter of such notoriety and admiration, that persons of influence among the Roman Catholic population of the province, made strong representations in her behalf.

In consequence of these, a mandate came from Court, that the order for the child's seizure should be ‚suspended' and that the unhappy mother should not be further molested. The lad, who had been Judith's preserver, was the first to announce the intelligence, and to invite her to return to her home.

I will remain where I am," said Judith; the order is only suspended, and the mandate brings no security to me. Should my boy survive, they will institute their proceedings again at some future period, and when he is dearer to me than ever, then they will take me by surprise, and tear him from my bosom. I am a dishonoured woman, and a divorced wife. Let them revoke the cruel sentence which has imprisoned my husband, annulled my marriage, and pronounced the illegitimacy of my son, and then I will return home, but not before. But what avails their tardy mercy? My own days are numbered, and my child is drawing to his end!"

Her presages were but too well founded. The little innocent had been drooping for many days. He died in the grotto, and Judith then consented to leave her dismal asylum. She herself was the bearer of his remains to the Protestant burial-ground of Rocca-rossa, and no hands but her own laid him in his grave. The tearless eye and the flushed cheek of the wretched mother, told the pangs of a heart which could not be comforted. But they were of short duration. She was laid beside her infant, before the sods that covered him were level in their place!

Though Judith is removed beyond reach of the sympathies and kind offices of those, who might have been disposed to interpose in her behalf, other disconsolate mothers and separated wives may be found, in the same region, to whom intercession might be availing. The system which divides husbands and wives, parents and children, is still in force; and Rachels, weeping for their children, are crying aloud to Heaven for vengeance against a baneful influence, which stains the history of the nineteenth century with barbarities, which would have blackened even the dark ages. The emancipated Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland could not make a more gracious return for the boon which has been granted to them, than by interceding for oppressed communities, which are groaning under the yoke imposed at the instigation of the Triple Mitre.

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The Capture of Linlithgow Castle.

In 1313.

(Continued from our last.)

Amongst the nobles who had shaken off their fidelity to Scotland, and had become attached to the southern yoke, both from interest and inclination, was Malise, Earl of Linlithgow and Falmont. This baron, when Bruce erected the standard of Annandale and Galloway, had been the first to join his cause. But, upon the reverses of his fortune, he had also been the first to forsake him, and to make his peace with the English powers. The better to secure this object, he married a niece of Aymer de Valence, the English viceroy; and thenceforth had acted in such a manner as to show that he considered his fortunes entirely bound up in the preservation of his new kinsman's authority. With a view to propitiate the burghers of Linlithgow and the surrounding neighbourhood, the wily Edward, whose whole policy in regard to Scotland was one system of treachery and deceit, gave to the Earl the ostensible appointment of governor of the new castle, though the real power was vested in Sir Reginald Neville, as the commander of the strong body of troops which formed the garrison. The Earl, however, was not to be judged from his conduct; for, however appearances were preserved, he cared not in reality for any party, any interest, further than he conceived that his vast landed possessions were concerned. Suiting himself, therefore, to circumstances, it was his policy, for the present, to keep up towards the English authorities a fawning and subservient attention; whilst, on the other, he endeavoured to gild the fetters of his native liegemen, by making his rule as gracious as he possibly could. The aim of his conduct was to win over the burghers of St. Michael's to the cordial support of the English cause, or else, in case a day of retribution should arrive, to ground upon his leniency to them a claim to the favour and forgiveness of the Bruce. In this attempt to gain over his liegemen he, however, utterly failed. Though, in a great measure, relieved from those petty acts of stouthreef*) and violence which daily oppressed the inhabitants under the jurisdiction of the neighbouring *keepers of the peace*, and for which they had cause to be grateful, the proud and loyal burghers of Linlithgow thought it foul scorn that their ancient town should have been chosen for the residence of an English sovereign. And their curses were not loud, but deep, against the man who could barter away his country's interests to preserve his own. Externally, however, they preserved towards him a show of respect and obedience; for they were awed into a state of passive submission by the powerful body of English who feared his person; and they also well knew the vindictive cruelty of his disposition, if they should give him cause of offence. They put a mask, therefore, upon their feelings, and, in the hope that a day of reckoning would yet come, they resolved patiently to „bide their time."

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*) [illegible]

Such is the account furnished by historians, of Earl Malise of Linlithgow, or, as he was more commonly styled, „*the fause erl*," keeper for Edward I. of the castle which he built for his personal residence in Scotland. If any further confirmation be deemed necessary, it is to be found in the simple fact that his name is omitted in the roll of the „*Gude Buik*" of King Fergus II., but is to be found in the ominous pages of the „*Black Volume*."

Meanwhile, the entreprise of Bruce in the West, which at first was considered as deserving only of ridicule and contempt, assumed a more serious aspect. Though few noble men of any distinction had as yet joined him, the peasants and yeomen of Ayrshire and Lanark were every where in a state of excitement. Tidings also were privately conveyed to De Valence, which convinced him that the power of the Plantagenets in Scotland was upon the eve of being violently shaken. Instigated by a combination of these and other circumstances, known through the system of espionage then in use, the viceroy, attended by a powerful body of retainers, unexpectedly arrived at Linlithgow Castle, and held a long private council with the Earl and the other chief officers of the garrison.

It was on the evening of the same day on which the event just noticed took place, and before what had transpired at the council was publicly known, that William Binnock, deacon of the Hammermen, in the ancient burgh of Linlithgow, washed off the marks of a busy day's toil, donned his holyday apparel, and, buckling round his waist his broadsword, without which, in these troubled times, no one ever stirred abroad, set forth at a round pace into the country. William was the first-born of seven brothers, the stalwart sons of old Stephen Binnock, long the underseneschal of the first Earl of Linlithgow, but now, in his declining years, the farmer of a considerable tract of land, which he held in lease of the present Earl, his son. Stephen, still a stout carle, had in his youth carried belt and brand under the elder Bruce, whose conduct and exploits, during the contest for the crown, were subjects with him of never-failing interest and panegyric. William, his eldest child, had thus been brought up from his cradle in the school of patriotism. With his mother's milk he had drawn in copious draughts the feelings of love and veneration for the illustrious name of the Bruce; whilst the daring exploits in which his father had been engaged, during the long civil wars of the rival competitors, filled him with resolution to follow his example, whenever the time should arrive in which he could do so effectually. With this secret purpose cherished in his heart, he had early resigned the peaceful occupation of the plough to his younger brothers, and, with Walter and John, the two next in years to himself, whose feelings followed the bent of his own, he adopted the occupation of an armourer, which, in those times, partook in no small degree both of the spirit and honour of chivalry. Having served his apprenticeship with the celebrated Wat Tinto, royal armourer at Stirling, he commenced business with his brothers in the gude town of Linlithgow. There, whilst they forged their implements of war, their stithy became the resort of all the fiery youth of the place, and their back-court the tilting-yard in which were practised all sorts of passages of arms. In consequence, young Binnock soon became a great favourite amongst the different trades of the burgh, and by degrees acquired an ascendency which raised him, at an early age, to the creditable post of deacon of the Hammermen; an office which not only gave him respect in the eyes of his townsfolk, but also a considerable share in the civil jurisdiction of the burgh. To his liege-lord, Earl Malise, he had thus rendered himself an object of distrust and suspicion; and upon various occasions his minions had endeavoured to fasten a quarrel on him. William, however, was too prudent to appear to take their provocations amiss. He knew that he was too feeble a subject to show resentment against a proud and mighty baron, whose word, at any moment, could command five hundred blades from their scabbards. He looked forward, however, with impatient but with resolute anxiety, to the time when the Earl should call upon the burghers of Linlithgow to take an avowed part against the cause of the Bruce, determined that he would then cast in his lot with those who should make up their mind either to do or die for their lawful king and their oppressed country.

The floating rumour that Bruce was again making head on the western coast, and the sudden and unlooked-for arrival of the English viceroy at Linlithgow Castle, conspired to impress William with the belief that this long wished-for hour was not far distant. In the uncertain state of mind of a man about to plunge into some undefined and perhaps desperate enterprise, he made his way, as privily as he could, out of the town, and, pursuing a course along the eastern margin of the lake, walked briskly forward. It is seldom that we are so unshackled by other affections as to be able, if willing, to stake life and limb on a single cast; and William had twined around his heart the regards of one whose happiness was nearer and dearer to him than any which arose from considerations purely personal. It was this subject that now engaged him. The last rays of an April sun were thrown over the broad and burnished waters, which reflected the stately pile that he had now for miles left behind him; when diverging to the right from the beaten track, he ascended a winding path which led to a wooded eminence, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding plains. Here seated in a rustic bower, which his own hands had assisted to frame, he found the fair object — his betrothed bride — to meet whom was the purpose of his walk. „Ellen! dearest Ellen!“ said he, as he pressed her with pride to his bosom, „little envy I the love of that man who has purchased it at the price of his country's freedom! The Earl of Linlithgow may clasp his southern wife to his breast — and she is well worthy of a nobler heart than his — but the hour that unites me to thee will make the hills and dales, the valleys and glens, of our native Scotland more precious to my affections.“ He then seated himself by her side, and the youthful lovers soon became absorbed in earnest conversation upon the aspect of events and the subject of their marriage.

Ellen was the only daughter of a widowed mother, who, in her youth, had been one of the favourite attendants of the Lady Agnes de Annand, who gave her fair hand and her broad baronies to the elder Bruce. She had married the bold and gallant Herbert Simpson, henchman to the Earl, and Ellen was the pledge of their short-lived union, for he died, sword in hand, in his master's cause, upon the well fought field of Rutherglen, ere yet the first twelvemonth of his wedded state was complete. Stephen Binnock had been his friend and companion in arms, and, when he fell by his side, with dying breath he commended to his protection his wife and his child. Stephen wrung the relaxed hand of the dying soldier, as he bade him depart in peace, assuring him that the loved objects of his solicitude should never be separated from his regards and protection. Accordingly, soon afterwards, when the shields were hung up for a season in the halls, Stephen removed his charge from the flowery bank of their native Annan to that of the Avon. There, under the shelter of his own [illegible], the first Earl of Linlithgow, they resided in a sweet cottage upon the farm of Binnock, which the liberality of the good old Countess of Annandale enabled them to build and furnish. Nor had Herbert himself left them unprovided for, even had his death in the Bruce's cause been less than a legacy. The widow lived, therefore, in comfort and seclusion, unmolested by the evils of the times; whilst her daughter, the child of many affections, grew up in her own loveliness, the pride and solace of her parent's heart. With the family of Binnock they were on terms of the most intimate friendship; and William and Ellen from their first acquaintance, had been set down by their fond parents as man and wife. As the children grew in years, their affection for each other grew also; and the time had at length arrived when they were to be united. It was to fix the marriage day that William sought this meeting; and he urged that an early one might be named, as he had his misgivings that matters would not long continue as they then were. But the maiden was, like himself, a soldier's daughter, and, with a spirit worthy of his own, she repelled all his intreaties upon this point, saying as they rose, whilst twilight yet served to show them to her mother's cottage, „Nay, William, urge me no more upon this at present. Behold," added she, pointing whilst she spoke, „the dark towers which the haughty Edward has built for the seat of his power and glory, whilst our rightful king wanders, an outcast, without home or shelter wherein to rest his honoured head. William, my children shall never be reared under the shadow of a usurper's banner, nor call the serf of a foreign liege-lord father! No, it is no time for brave men and true, with such tidings as you have told me afloat," and she glanced her dark eye loftily yet fondly over him, a smile and a tear contending for the mastery, „it is no time for bold men and true to dally by their maidens' side, when stout arms and determined hearts are needed by our sovereign. Go," said she, offering her hand as she spoke, „go; and when the Lion of Scotland floats in its native breeze from yonder keep, in place of the Dragon of England, come back and claim this for your reward." There was a pause of some seconds, ere William, who felt the dignity of her appeal, could find words to reply to her. At length, taking her proffered hand, which to him was more precious than any reward which his king could have offered to secure his services, with a tinge of that chivalry which even the lowliest sons of Scotland once owned, and, kissing it with profound respect, he vowed that he would urge his plea no more, till such time as he could come as a freeborn Scotchman to claim it in the terms of her engagement.

Night had spread her mantle over the landscape, before William, having committed his future mother-in-law and his bride to the protection of Heaven, and bidden them a sorrowful adieu, turned his footsteps towards his dwelling at Linlithgow. The delightful prospect in which he had indulged of an almost immediate union with the object of his affection appeared to be removed indefinitely, if not for ever. As the darkness of the oppressor's stronghold rose in faint outline to his view, his heart almost sank within him. Yet did he not utterly despair: but, pondering in his mind by what means the garrison might be surprised, he hastened onward; when suddenly his reveries were interrupted by a stranger inquiring the way to Stephen Binnock's habitation.

(To be continued in our next.)

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The Broken Heart.

(From the Diary of a late Physician.)

There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women — a large retinue of the leading men about town — the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead — the charms of music and dancing — together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England with almost daily annunciations of victory — all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feting! Mrs * * * the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the eclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments — particularly musical — had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the sweet Scottish air, „The Banks of Allan Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss *** was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the Continent. It need not, therefore, be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed — especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself — and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

Return to claim his blushing bride,

but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen — sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him „who seeth in secret," and „in whose hands are the issues" of battle. As, however, Miss***'s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely *bullied* into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacency. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones — the tumultuous melody — of the keys she touched; and she presently struck into the soft and soothing symphony of „The Banks of Allan Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders — for nearly all the company had thronged around — was at length broken by her voice, stealing „like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

For his bride, a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he!

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company — motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoured gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, „Anne, Anne! what is the matter?" Miss*** made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

„Sister — sister! — Dear Anne, are you ill?" again inquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss*** did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, „She's ill — in a fit — run for some water! Good God! — How strange! — What a piercing shriek!" — &c. &c. At length Miss***'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and by those immediately near her could distinguish the words, „There! — there they are with their lanterns. — Oh! they are looking out for the *de—a—d!* — They turn over the heaps. — Ah! — now — no; — that little hill of slain — see, see! — they are turning them over one by one — There! — there he is! — Oh, horror! horror! horror! — RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!" and, with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay — not a face present, but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With due delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly despatched with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid — in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralysed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her, judging from the event, never to have woke again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

„Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length, „why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him — I was going — and you will not let me — but I will go — yes, yes!"

„Anne — dearest! — why do you talk so? Charles is not gone — he will return soon — he will indeed," sobbed her sister.

„Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane" — she shuddered — „Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead! — how they stripped — oh, horror, horror!"

„My dear Miss***, you are dreaming — raving — indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine. „Come, come, you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies — you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

„What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. „I tell you it is true! Ah me! Charles is dead! — I know it — I saw him! *Shot right through the heart!* They were stripping him, when" —, and, heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs***, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss***, as I think I have mentioned,) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss*** once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss*** for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr *** had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally „come o'er us like a summer cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss***'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening — only feebler, and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe, but invisible stroke. She said scarcely anything, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered, at intervals, „Yes — shortly, Charles, shortly — to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion, that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick-chamber, and sat by Miss***'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing — something of what in Scotland is called second sight — in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

„Gone — gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, „gone — and in glory! I shall see the young conqueror — I shall! How he will love me!! Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval," it was ‚The Banks of Allan Water' those cruel people made me sing — and my heart breaking the while! — What was the verse I was singing when I saw" — she shuddered — „oh! — this —

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he —
On the banks of Allan Water
None so gay as she!
But the summer grief had brought her
And the soldier — false was he —

Oh no, no, never — Charles — my poor murdered Charles — never!" she groaned; and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as „Oh', let me — let me leave in peace!" During the two next days she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour particularly noticed, was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano — a sudden flush overspread her features — her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, „There, there!" — after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

Now, will it be credited, that, on the fourth morning of Miss***'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble Colonel of the regiment in which *** had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence, that the young Captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for, while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol *right through the heart!* The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news, and almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss***'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question; or whether to communicate it at all at present. The family, at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received: that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities, together with the fact that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed, convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss, for a length of time, how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it: her eye suddenly settled on the ample coronetted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and, looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command — „My dear girl — now, don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I was going to tell you." — She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. „This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued: „it is from Colonel * * *, and brings word that — that — that" — I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

„That my Charles is DEAD — I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss * * *, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle, which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss * * *. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive this corroboration of her vision — if such it may be called — and then she would,

Like a lily drooping,
Bow her head, and die.

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed — „God be praised, my dear Miss * * *, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

„Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep? — Oh, give it me, give it me! It would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast — it is crushing me," she replied feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

„Oh — oh — oh, that I could weep, Doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words — „Jane! — I am — call her — back" — accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas! I too well understood it! With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

„Oh, my darling, precious — my own sister Anne! she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

„Anne! — love! — darling! — don't you know me?" She groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

„Speak — speak — my darling Anne! — speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started — exclaimed, „O God! she's *dead*!" and sank instantly senseless on the floor. Alas! alas! it was too true: my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

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The Capture of Linlithgow Castle.

In 1313.

(Continued from our last.)

„And who seeks the way to Stephen Binnock's, at this hour of the night, if I may ask the question?“

„A pedlar,“ was the reply, fatigued with a long day's wandering, and much in need of rest and refreshment.“

„A pedlar! and ignorant of your way! my friend, tell your tale to the next fool you meet: your ignorance of the neighbourhood belies your trade.“

„Nay, indeed, I tell you truly; but I have been long in the West, and the darkness of the night makes me doubtful.“

„In the West! then belike thou canst give me tidings; — what hearest thou of the Bruce and his motions?“

„Of Bruce the report went that he was scattered and fled. But I have brave news for such as relish them. Earl Walter is this evening proclaimed Major General of Scotland, with authority and instructions to arm forthwith in his master's cause a strong body of his liege-men of Linlithgow.“

„False hound!“ exclaimed William, „and callest thou brave this news for which thou deservest aught better than the dirk or the halter? Proceed, and hide thy recreant limbs under the next bush thou meetest with; for never shall my honoured father's roof harbour one who is false to his country!“

„Ha! thy father's roof!“ said the pretended pedlar in his natural voice; „then pardon me, my young friend: the son of Stephen Binnock is worthy of my confidence. Know, then, that you are right in supposing me no pedlar; wrong in fancying me one of those who account the tidings which I have told you brave ones. Alas! blame not me, but the evil times, that a Scot cannot speak his free mind in his native air, even to a brother Scot, till he knows whether or not he is worthy of confidence. Come, lend me your arm, and conduct me to your father; I bear the signet-ring and the message of the Bruce.“

William joyfully gave his arm to the worn-out traveller, and relieved him of his cumbered pack. They then directed their steps towards the farm-house of Wallyford, the elder Binnock's habitation. As they proceeded, the stranger told him in confidence of the landing of Bruce, with his brave little band of devoted followers, upon the Carrick coast; of the miraculous fire which lighted their way; and all the romantic particulars of that memorable event: next, of Bruce having driven out the Percy, and captured his own fortress of Turnberry; the stratagem by which Earl James the good regained his strong castle of Douglas, and how the faithful Lochmen stormed the Church of St. Bride's on Palm Sunday, and offered up hundreds of the oppressors to the manes of his countrymen. He next related that the people were flocking to the Bruce's standard, and that the king intended shortly to march towards his faithful town of Stirling, where he hoped to be joined by the northern barons, with forces sufficient to enable him to take the field against Edward in person. „Across the Forth,“ continued he, „the Grahams and the Lindsays are about openly to declare for his cause. The fiery cross will shortly summon the Highland chiefs to the field. Sir Ralph le Broun is preparing to raise the standard of East Lothian and the Merse; and Herbert de Maccuswell will lead up the border clans. In short, the country is every where arming, and a blow will yet be struck for our king and crown. To hasten the wished for hour, I was despatched to sound Earl Malise, and, by promises and bribes, to win him over, if possible, to the secret espousal of our cause. At the present juncture, the possession of that strong fortress, which the crafty Edward has built as a monument of his perfidy towards Scotland, would be of the utmost importance to us, not only as commanding the district of country which will form the scene of military operations, but as encouraging the hearts of the peasantry, who superstitiously regard it as the sign and seal of their country's subjection. I am sorry, however, to find that the English viceroy is upon the alert. This very evening, as I approached the town, I beheld his train move off on their return to Edinburgh; and the first object that greeted my sight on entering the market-place was a proclamation declaring the Earl Major-General of the kingdom; and placing at his disposal the services of the burgesses of Linlithgow, upon pain of imprisonment and escheat. To-morrow these orders will be enforced: nothing, therefore, can be gained by fair means with the Earl; and my ignorance of the temper and disposition of the townspeople leaves me uncertain whether any thing may be done by foul. Knowing the fidelity of your father's household, and his own personal devotion to his king, when I found nothing was to be gained by an interview with the Earl, I assumed this disguise, and directed my steps towards Wallyford to see what can be devised. I consider the circumstance of having fallen in with you as ominous of good. In happier times I knew this vicinity well; but years of turbulence and change have since passed, and it is not every door that would now be opened to me in welcome. In your father, however, I shall meet an old companion in arms, true as was the blade which he once wielded under my command. For the news which I bring, should nought else result, I shall receive from him, in exchange, the information which I want — how this neighbourhood is affected towards the cause in which it is my glory to play an humble but a faithful part.“

Their conversation was here interrupted by the loud barking of several shepherd dogs, which came running out to greet their arrival; and a few steps brought them to the door of the snug dwelling of the elder Binnock. Upon entering, the stalwart old man rose from the great armchair by his fireside, where he was seated, surrounded by his younger sons, and received William with a cordial welcome, which, in the hospitable character of those undegenerate times, was warmly given to the stranger also. At first, however, no signs of recognition passed between them. But, when the wretched trappings of the disguised friend were thrown off, and the weather-beaten but martial bearing of a well-tried soldier of fifty was presented to the company, the old man suddenly started up, dashed away an unbidden tear, seized the proffered hand, which he pressed with fervour, and exclaiming, „Cuthbert! friend of the Bruce and of this stricken land, to what fortunate circumstance do I owe the grace of seeing you beneath my humble roof-tree?“ led and seated him in the place of honour. Then, having directed his wife to heap the fire, to spread the board with her best, and to bring forth the wine-cup, he plied his guest with numerous questions as to his health and safety, and that of their lord and master. The various events in which he had been engaged, with the trusty adherents who fled with the king from the field of Methven, formed the subject of Binnock's separate inquiries. Cuthbert fully narrated the various wanderings of the Bruce; the toils, dangers, and privations which he had undergone; the escapes which he had made; the later successes which he had achieved; his present position, hopes, and prospects. „And now," said the elder Binnock, having drained a goblet to the health of his guest, and again expressed his joy at seeing him at his own board, „what is the special object which has brought you to this quarter?"

„A bootless errand," was the reply, „to gain over to our cause the Earl Malise, with a view to our possessing ourselves of the strong fortress of Linlithgow."

„My friend," answered Binnock, „the first is indeed a hopeless undertaking, but not equally so the second. Suppose not the craven spirit of our feudal chief to be that either of his vassals or of the burghers of Linlithgow. If five hundred swords will suffice for the capture of the place, they shall be at your command by to-morrow morning, and even I myself, if but for the purpose of seeing how my boys can fight, will once more don my buff jerkin."

„On an open field, with half five hundred men, we would essay this achievement," was Cuthbert's reply; „but, alas! the walls of Linlithgow Castle are high and strong, and five hundred can make them good against five thousand. I walked out and reconnoitred the place to-night, and to make the attempt would be utter folly. A powerful array of men and implements would scarcely, if we had them, allow us to hope for success. *Fortitude et Dolo* was Douglas's motto when his strong castle of Clydesdale was wrested from Lord Clifford. Bethink you, is there no stratagem by which we might effect an entrance into Edward's stronghold?"

„*Virtute et Dolo!*" exclaimed William Binnock, springing from his seat after a silence of some minutes, „that shall be our motto! Dearest Ellen, before day breaks, I will accomplish my vow, or perish in the attempt! Brave stranger — dear father, I have it!"

The old man looked at him anxiously, and begged him to proceed.

„*Listen then,*" said William, „and judge whether I am not right. I perceive in the yard two wains loaded with hay, which I presume my father is about to convey, as usual, to the garrison of Linlithgow."

Old Binnock nodded assent, and added that he was ordered to deliver it not later than five o'clock the following morning.

„Well, then, my plan is this: let the two wains contain as many armed men as it is possible to conceal, and let you, father, and Cuthbert, be the drivers. The drawbridge will be lowered without suspicion, and the massy iron gates will be thrown open. Let the first wain with its burden pass on; but for the second one, when under the portcullis*), cut the traces, and leave it standing. Then give a signal, and I will bring up a party of Linlithgow youth, who will follow me as merrily to this quarrel as to a marriage feast, and we shall then have the fair field we seek, and we want no other favour."

The old warriors clasped the young man by the hand, and said that it should be as he suggested. The preliminaries of the enterprise were then hastily arranged, and William, commending his father and his guest to a few hours' sleep, proceeded at a rapid pace — toward Linlithgow.

The clock of the venerable church of St. Michael's — which in our own day is one of the finest and most entire specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland, and a monument of the high state of perfection to which the arts had attained amongst our ancestors before the second period of barbarism which followed the unhappy contests for the crown — pealed eleven as our hero approached Linlithgow. The town, though properly speaking never fortified, was on all sides, where not defended by the lake, enclosed by strong mud ramparts, called the Dykes, traces of which are still discernible, and by corresponding fosses. In time of war, all that was necessary was to let in the waters of the lake, to make the town completely an island, and, as such, impregnable. At this period, however, the *peace of the sword* — that moral stillness which both follows and precedes the hurricane of war — had brooded over Scotland ever since the disastrous battle of Methven; and it was the policy, as we have said, of the first Keeper of the fortress of Edward to conciliate, as much as possible, the lieges of his burgh. There was an absence, therefore, of *surveillance*, or rather a degree of liberty was enjoyed by the inhabitants of Linlithgow, totally unknown in the vicinity of any of the other English garrisons. Hence William had no difficulty in making his way into the town, but, passing on his right the convent of the Carmelites, he proceeded through the tall, dark, old-fashioned houses which lined the main street, direct to the market-place. Here, surrounding the Cross in front of the Town Hall, he found a groupe of the trades-youth waiting his arrival, and engaged in moody conversation discussing the news which had transpired during his absence.

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*) Fallgatter.

„Long looked-for come at last," said Brixton, the carpenter, as the party made way for their deacon to approach a paper pasted upon the Cross, surmounted by the arms of England and Scotland.

All preserved deep silence, whilst the younger Binnock read aloud the proclamation, the purport of which had been communicated to him by Cuthbert. There was a strong murmur of disapprobation among the hearers as William concluded, and after a pause of a few seconds he spoke as follows:

„My masters, companions of my youth, and friends on whose trust I can depend," tearing down at the same time the proclamation from the pillar, „are we become so base and heartless as to permit so insulting a document as this to be stuck up on the very walls of our ancient burgh as a testimony against us? No; rather let us perish bodily. To Earl Malise, the Scottish baron, we owed respect and liege-service, but, to Malise, the English major general, we owe nothing but scorn and defiance. Thus I trample upon his assumed authority, and tear in pieces the record of his disgrace. You, my fellow-craftsmen, who approve my conduct, and dare to share the consequences, meet me in the morning in St. Catherine's Aisle; I have news to tell, and a plan to unfold, that will rouse the Scottish lion in your blood. Come singly, come silently, and with minds resolved for no common achievement. Have each a dirk in your pouch, and a broadsword by your side, and let every one enlist as many of his neighbours for this work as he can confidently rely on. Scotland once more demands of us a service; and before sunrise the opportunity shall be furnished. Four o'clock is the hour of meeting. Till then let each man prepare himself for the encounter as he best may."

So saying, he waved adieu; and, accompanied by one or two of his more intimate friends, walked off amidst the suppressed cheers of his auditory, who quickly each took his separate way to obey his orders. At the appointed hour, William found himself surrounded by upwards of two hundred of his fellow townsfolk. To these he showed the signet-ring which the Bruce's envoy had lent to him for the purpose; briefly rehearsed the object of his mission, and the information received relative to the affairs of their rightful sovereign; the important consequences to his cause which would flow from the capture of Edward's fortress; and the plan agreed upon for its surprise: he then concluded by asking if he could depend upon their assistance. They replied by laying their hands on the altar, swearing to follow him in this cause to the death, and imploring the protection of Heaven in an enterprise which concerned the religion, liberty, and independence of their country.

The grey mist of morning yet hung deep upon the mountain sides, when, hearing the distant noise of his father's wheels, William and twenty picked companions stole separately out to line the sides of the lane which led up to the entrance of the castle. Brixton and his younger brothers headed the main body of reserve, who were not to leave the church until they heard the signal-cry. With breathless anxiety the little trusty band heard the nearer and nearer approach of Stephen Binnock's waggons. At length they passed them.* Then followed the cracking of thongs, and the loud voices of the stout old farmer and his second son, encouraging and directing the horses up the ascent. Then the deep-toned challenge of the warder, „Who comes there?" woke the echoes of the lake. „A liege-man of the noble Earl of Linlithgow's, bringing provender, as ordered, for the Castle," was the response. Next was heard the grating of the hinges of the huge folding-doors, as they were thrown open to admit the waggons, the hauling up of the portcullis, and the lowering of the drawbridge. Again the sound of the wheels rattling over the wooden bridge announced the advance of the party; again silence ensued, during which the old man and his attendants accomplished their purpose of cutting the traces of the last wain, leaving it with its load under the gate-way. During this moment of anxious suspense, William and his band drew their swords, and stood ready to spring forth at the first summons. At last the clang of weapons was heard, and the loud slogan*) of old Binnock, „Call all! Call all!" came thundering upon their ears. The warder's bugle, at the same instant, summoned the garrison to arms; and the portcullis was let fall; but, impeded in its descent by the loaded wain, it admitted William and his followers, in time sufficient to enable his father and Cuthbert and his brothers to drive back the guard and take possession of the turrets that flanked the entrance. In the mean time, Brisbon had joined them with his reserve; and, before the sleeping garrison had time to muster strong enough to present an efficient front, the whole quadrangle of the castle was filled by the assailants.

A furious and promiscuous onset now took place, the one party calling out, „For Bruce, and St. Michael be our speed!" the other, „St. George, and merry England!" and blood had flowed on both sides, when a trumpet sounded a parley, and the Earl himself, preceded by an officer bearing a white napkin on the point of a sword, rushed into the balcony of the great hall, and loudly demanded a conference. The combatants on both sides dropped their weapons, and the Earl hastily inquired the cause of this rash and traitorous outrage.

The reply of William Binnock was equally concise. „The loyal burghers of Linlithgow come to repossess themselves of the castle of their lord and master, the King of Scotland."

„Mine honest friend, Duncan Binnock," said the Earl, „and you, my liege-men of Linlithgow, we misunderstand one another, and you have come on a bootless errand, seeing that I now hold the castle in the name of the King of Scotland — of Edward, King of Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales."

„My lord," said Binnock coolly, „this evasion will not serve your purpose: we demand the keys of the castle, in the name of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland!"

„How now, traitor?" said Linlithgow, „wouldst thou attempt to rekindle long appeased animosities, and again disturb the repose of the country on behalf of an outlawed and forsaken adventurer?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

◆

The Lament of Tasso.

I.

Long years! — It tries the thrilling frame to bear,
And eagle-spirit of a Child of Song —
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;

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*) [illegible]

And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave,
Which is my lair, and — it may be — my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revelled among men and things divine,
And poured my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he hath strengthened me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employed my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er — my pleasant task is done: —
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone — and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended — what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear — and how?
I know not that — but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they called me mad — and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not thou reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er laboured mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
With these and with their victims am I classed,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have passed;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close;
So let it be — for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives — oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot! —
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell —
For we are crowded in our solitudes —
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods; —
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call —
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,

Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Fettering me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our Stoical success?
No! — still too proud to be vindictive — I
Have pardoned princes, insults, and would die.
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where thou art a guest;
Thy brother hates — but I cannot detest;
Thou pitiest not — but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquenched is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck, — forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me; — they are gone — I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew my state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes revealed it, they, alas!
Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipped at holy distance, and around
Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love,
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed —
Oh! not dismayed — but awed, like One above;
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass —
I know not how — thy genius mastered mine —
My star stood still before thee: — if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me, but for thee.
The very love which locked me to my chain
Hath lightened half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel — from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lovely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving tree, and dreamed uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Returned and wept alone, and dreamed again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled into one Want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought — and that was thee;
And then I lost my being all to be
Absorbed in thine — the world was past away —
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all solitude — but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save

The maniac and his tyrant, had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wrecked sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him — *mine* is *here*,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky —
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: — I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but man,
But spirits may be leagued with them — all Earth
Abandons — Heaven forgets me; in the dearth
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling — that is o'er; —
My scars are callous, or I should have dashed
My brain against these bars as the sun flashed
In mockery through them; if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not die
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No — it shall be immortal! — and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shall fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou! Leonora! thou — who wert ashamed
That such as I could love — who blushed to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness — and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me —
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still; — and add — that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This — this shall be a consecrated spot!
But Thou — when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct — shall have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever — but too late!

Lord Byron.

◆

Vom BRITISH MUSEUM erscheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnements-Preis für das Vierteljahr [illegible] [illegible], welche alle Buchhandlungen des In- und Auslandes und alle Postämter [illegible].

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: **O. L. B. WOLFF** AND **C. SCHÜTZ**, A. A. M. M.

The Capture of Linlithgow Castle.

In 1313.

(Concluded from our last.)

„My lord," retorted Binnock, „traitor is a name applicable to those who draw the sword against, not for, their native prince, and the liberties of their country. As for being an adventurer and forsaken, the Bruce at this instant is at the head of a gallant band, sufficient to reseat him on his throne; and we, his faithful subjects, are here to add this castle to the number which he has captured, or die in the attempt. Yield possession, then, or stand by the consequences."

„Base churl," said the Earl, „thy fate and those of the knaves thy companions be on your own heads; and now, my merry men, fight on for Edward and victory!"

So saying, he snatched a spear from the hand of one of his attendants, and launched it with vigour at the breast of the deacon. But it glanced off his well tempered coat and struck down one of his trusty followers. The burghers raised a shout of vengeance, and the assault now commenced with the utmost fury.

The assailants quickly divided themselves into three parties. Cuthbert led the first to attack Sir Reginald Neville, who, with a strong body of archers, held the northern fortalice of the castle. Stephen Binnock and his younger sons, with the main body, held the quadrangle against the men at arms, and maintained a desperate and uncertain struggle; whilst William Binnock headed a third party, who, upon the fall of their townsmen, called out, „*To the fause Yerl! To the fause Yerl!*" This latter, making a rush towards the entrance of the great hall, encountered a party of the Keeper's body guard. But, the narrowness of the passage not permitting the free use of the sword, the assailants closed upon them with their dirks, stabbing those who stood their ground, and driving in the remainder. The hall of the castle now became the scene of a contest scarcely paralleled in history. The athletic deacon, brandishing an immense battleaxe, dealt death and destruction on every side, whilst he was gallantly supported by the picked swordsmen of his party. These were opposed again by the flower of the English guard. Whilst the combatants, both in the hall and court, thus kept up a doubtful, but most determined, encounter, Briston arrived from the burgh with a numerous body at his back, armed with axes, scythes, crow-bars, etc., in time to sustain the drooping courage of their townsmen, and balance the strength of the parties. The conflict, which had flagged a little, was vigorously renewed, and the long scythes of the Scots proved more than a match for the English pikes.

In the mean time, the party under Cuthbert had made themselves masters of the northern turret, and began to hurl down stones from the battlement upon the heads of the English in the quadrangle beneath. At that sight, the Earl, who up to that time had remained in the balcony directing and encouraging his men, and striking down occasionally with a crossbow the more prominent of the insurgents, called aloud to his men to remember that they were dealing only with faint-hearted burghers, and, drawing his sword, he rushed into the hall, now slippery with the blood of the dead and the wounded. The first person whom he encountered was Brixton, the carpenter. For a moment the sword of the powerful baron flashed in the beams of the rising sun, and then descending like a whirlwind, the head of Brixton rolled upon the ground. William Binnock seized the crow-bar from the hand of his fallen friend, and had just time to stand on the defensive, when the Earl, foaming with anger, thus addressed him: „Boy! you have richly earned your reward, and you shall have it to the uttermost!“ The sword, however, that was intended for the insurgent leader's heart flew in shivers upon the deacon's guard-stroke, and the Earl was left for a moment at the mercy of his opponent. This was but for an instant; in less than half the time we take to describe it, the Earl had snatched a battle-axe from the side of one of his slain soldiers, and the combat was renewed with great fury.

The vaulted hall of the strong Castle of Linlithgow was now the witness of as singular a combat as is recorded in the chronicles of Scotland. On the one hand was the proud chieftain of the ancient family of Linlithgow and Polmont, on the other the deacon of the Hammermen; whilst the scale of victory was so equally poised, that it was impossible to foresee the issue.

The interest of this scene occasioned a total suspension of arms among the combatants in the hall, who stood waiting the result with intense anxiety. In the mean time, however, Fortune seemed in the quadrangle to smile upon the side of the assailants. Sir Reginald Neville, ejected from his first position, had rallied the remainder of his troops around him, and was about to make a last and desperate sally. At this crisis the younger Binnock appeared in the balcony, displaying on his sword the bleeding head of the Earl. At this sight the burghers raised an appalling shout, and again furiously charged their opponents. The English, broken and dismayed, fled in all directions. Complete victory crowned the hazardous exploit of the insurgents, and, the English Dragon being pulled down from the lofty keep, William Binnock with his own hand planted in its stead the Scottish Lion, amidst the joyous acclamations of his brave attendants.

The first object of Binnock's care, upon finding himself master of the fortress, was to surround the town with the waters of the lake, and to put every thing into a posture of defence. Next Cuthbert, with five attendants, mounted upon the steeds of the late Earl, bore the intelligence of the capture of the castle to the Bruce. The care of the wounded, and the burial of the dead, whose number on both sides was very considerable, having claimed the first attention, the victors assembled in the great hall, where William had the satisfaction to embrace his old father, and to receive the congratulations of the party upon the successful issue of their enterprize, which, as it may be conceived, was full even to overflowing.

As soon as the capture of Linlithgow Castle was rumoured abroad, risings in the north, east, and south, immediately followed. The Earls of Mar, Ruthven, Badenoch, and various other barons and chiefs, also collected their retainers, and declared for the cause of the Bruce. The flame of resistance soon spread to Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, and other towns; and the resolution to expel the Southern entirely from Scotland became both strong and universal.

Alarmed at such increasing symptoms of disaffection, and discomfited at the loss which had been sustained at Linlithgow, the English viceroy, De Valence, despatched successive messengers to London, strongly remonstrating with the king on his tardiness to take the field in person. At length, the vacillating Edward II., at the head of a hundred and thirty thousand men, put himself in motion towards Scotland. De Valence assembled at Edinburgh twenty thousand men, and there waited his arrival.

In the mean time, King Robert Bruce met and defeated Sir Henry de Monthermer, and a strong body of forces under his command, at Lanark; and was continuing his progress towards Stirling, when Cuthbert joined him with the welcome intelligence of the capture of Linlithgow. He consequently changed his course, and immediately marched for that stronghold.

It was on the evening of the third day after the flag of Scotland had floated from the towers of Linlithgow, that William Binnock lowered the drawbridge to a gallant company; and had the inexpressible satisfaction of kissing his sovereign's hand, and presenting him with the keys of the captured fortress.

A week had not elapsed from this time, before the impatient William Binnock found an opportunity of reminding the fair Ellen Simpson that the Dragon of England no longer surmounted the battlements of Linlithgow, and that he had now a right to claim the fulfilment of her promise, and the reward of his long and faithful courtship. The warm-hearted maiden, delighted with the intrepid conduct of her gallant lover, no longer refused to name an early day. The preparations had been going on for some time past, and the second day of the following week was, therefore, fixed upon. At length the morning rose in beauty, on which the bravest youth and the fairest maid of the banks of the Avon were to be united. An event so important to the bold yeoman, whose skill and bravery had restored to Scotland the important fortress which held the sacred person of her king, was soon bruited far and near over the neighbourhood, and crowds from all quarters came unbidden to do honour to the occasion. The approach to the bride's habitation, where the ceremony was to take place, was from an early hour crowded with gay groups of young and old, bearing flowers and garlands, and many of them more substantial presents. The bridegroom and his party had not yet arrived, but the company was courteously received by Stephen Binnock upon the lawn in front of the cottage. At length the train of the deacons appeared slowly marching on in procession. First, in proud array, came the Hammermen, bearing an enormous flag, on which was rudely blazoned the memorable stratagem by which admission was gained into Linlithgow Castle. Next, file after file, came the six other incorporated trades of the burgh, each bearing its appropriate device; whilst the town-band, decked out in fantastic apparel, kept up the jolly roundelay of —

Linlithgow's trades are bauld and free;
In love and war they pleasure take, etc.

As the party advanced, the company assembled in front of the cottage, rose and greeted them with three hearty cheers. William felt his heart swell, as he glanced over the throng that had met to do him honour, and, saluting them, said, „My friends, I feel your kindness — deeply, sincerely, I feel it. Your welcome presence has made this, the happiest day of my life, the proudest one also! As I cannot invite you into Ellen's cottage, which would contain only a handful of the party, I will invite her to come to you. This little plot shall be our nuptial chamber, the azure vault of heaven our canopy, and the green earth, for which so lately most of us fought, and not a few of us bled, *our portion of dote* *). Here, within sight of Linlithgow's towers, we will ask you to pledge the cup to her who made the substitution of the Lion for the Dragon in yonder keep the condition of the thrice happy event which has assembled us together."

So saying he entered the cottage, and shortly afterwards made his appearance, leading by the hand his young and blooming bride, attended by a numerous party of maids and matrons. Meanwhile the young men hastily erected an altar of turf, which was strewn with wild flowers, and with their sweethearts formed a circle around it. Old Binnock, as master of the ceremonies, now conducted to his place the Lord Abbot of Kilwinning, who had arrived at Linlithgow in the king's train, and who unexpectedly came to perform the ceremony in place of Father Ambrose, who had been engaged for the purpose. The bridal party took their stand in front of the rude altar, and the service was just about to commence, when the loud peal of a trumpet, accompanied by the rapid clatter of horses' feet, interrupted the proceedings. For a moment the alarm was general that this was a sudden foray of the enemy to retaliate upon Binnock for the part he had played in the taking of Linlithgow Castle. This apprehension, however, was speedily dissipated as a gallant band of horsemen, bearing the well-known pennant of Scotland, galloped up the ascent, and shouts of „The king! — the king!“ arose from the crowd, as the royal hero alighted from his steed, and advanced into the centre of the circle, amidst a flourish of arms. „Come I in time, Binnock,“ said the king, „to give away the bride, or only to add my blessing to that of the holy Father Abbot?“

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*) Ausstattung.

„Nay, sire,“ replied the abbot, we have obeyed command, and have waited your arrival.“

„Then, Ellen,“ said the king, taking the blushing and delighted maiden by the hand, and leading her forward, „I will be your bride-father in place of him who, in your infancy, died for Scotland and our cause.“

The ceremony then commenced, and proceeded till the part where the bride is to be given away, when the king, motioning with his hand to the abbot to pause, spoke as follows: — „William Binnock, as a reward for your good services and true, and as an earnest to my brave and faithful subjects that gallant actions shall ever obtain befitting recompense — kneel down, and arise, by the touch of our blade, Sir William Binnock. And now, Sir Knight, receive from our charge the fair Ellen Simpson, heiress of the broad barony of Wallyford.“

He joined their hands as he finished speaking, and the priest pronounced the nuptial benediction. From the crowd arose a hearty „Amen!“ which passed into a loud, wild burst of irrepressible congratulation.

Next, according to the ancient custom of the country, the king, as bride's-father, kissed the young gude-wife, and bade God bless her and her roof-tree. The example was followed by the nearest of her relations, whilst the general company limited their respects to good wishes and a shake of her hand.

At the feast that followed on the lawn, the king himself presided. As the wine-cup passed, mirth and joke passed likewise; and the Bruce, to whom the vicissitudes of his eventful fortunes had made all conditions of life familiar, shook off for the evening the cares of royalty, and, surrounded by hearts that could appreciate his condescension, gave way to nature and the humour of the hour, and entered with glee and merriment into all its harmless amusements. The song and the dance had both their course; and it was not until the throwing of the stocking time arrived that, calling for a parting cup, he invited the company as their last toast to pledge him in a bumper, „to the health and happiness of the newly wedded pair; and may Sir William, like his worthy sire, be the father of seven burdly chiels *), and Lady Binnock be blessed with as many blooming lasses.“

The king's wish was not entirely granted; but, Sir William and his fair lady lived long and happily, and had a numerous family of both sons and daughters, who transmitted their race during several centuries, and the name was distinguished through them all for deeds worthy of the stock whence they sprung. In our own times, however, the family has ended in an heiress; and the „wain *proper* loaded with hay, upon a bend *argent*, propping up the portcullis of a fortress,“ the well-known cognizance of their house, is now borne on an escutcheon under a coronet gemmed with as many balls as that which graces the achievement of the noble yeoman-sprung family of Hay.

It remains only to add, on the one hand, that, in consequence of the loyalty displayed by the burghers of Linlithgow, the Bruce made it his favourite residence, and such it continued with all who succeeded to his sceptre, till that sceptre was extended over those noble dominions which now form the mightiest empire in the world. On the other hand, and in more immediate connexion with our narrative, the tidings of the rewards and title conferred upon Binnock for his bold exploit, and of the urbanity and condescension of the king at his marriage, flew like wildfire through the length and breadth of Scotland, and every where kindled the fire of loyalty in the yeoman's breast. The result was most important, for just at this juncture Edward crossed the Tweed at the head of his overwhelming army. Instead, however, of being dismayed, the broad-sword was every where buckled to the side, and thousands from all quarters flocked to the royal standard which floated upon the battlements of Linlithgow, resolved to emulate the example that had been there set them. How well they accomplished their patriotic purpose, no column on their native shore is required to testify; for the glorious field of Bannockburn is its imperishable record. There, by his monarch's side, Binnock proved himself well worthy of the knightly spurs which he wore; and Bruce himself added the last wreath to those immortal laurels, which will ever encircle the memory of Scotland's best deserving and most revered king.

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*) Kräftige Burschen.

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Patrick's day.

„St. Patrick was a gentleman,
And came of decent people."
Irish Song.

I was awakened this morning at daylight by the cry under my windows, of „Green shamrock*); fine shamrock;" and the cry has been repeated as incessantly and as annoyingly the whole day, as that of „hot cross buns**)" is in London on a Good Friday. The Irish, by the bye, with all their catholicism, do not eat cross buns; which is as exclusively a protestant, as it is a cockney fashion of idolatry.

The national festival in Ireland, with the supremacy of the saint, to whom it is dedicated, is still maintained with unabated devotion and conviviality throughout the kingdom, from the castle to the cabin. For a week before it arrives, the beggars wish you „many happy Patrick's days;" Patrick's crosses are sold in every street; every field in the vicinity of the metropolis is crowded with searchers after „green shamrocks;" and the dealers in this national emblem (most appropriate to a people accustomed to be trodden on) carry on a bustling and a thriving trade, till the whole population comes forth like „Birnam wood to Dunsinane's high hill." From the lowest mendicant to the lord lieutenant*), all are supplied with shamrocks. Not only „bishops, priests, and deacons," of the church, as by law established, decorate their consecrated persons with the venerable emblem of a catholic saint; but the law itself, and its great conservators, „prank it in green," like the „merry men" of Sherwood forest. From the protestant keeper of the king's conscience to the pugnacious attorney, who has no conscience to keep, all are adorned, though not distinguished by the shamrock.

As soon as the domestic day begins, and breakfast is announced, the head servant in every house makes his appearance with a salver of shamrocks, each tied up into a bouquet, presenting one to each of the family, and usually receiving a bonne main, „to drown his shamrock in St. Patrick's pot." The fumes of whiskey punch, the proper libation to the patron saint, arise from every kitchen and servants' hall, throughout the country; and the court ball given at the Castle of Dublin,

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*) Klee. **) [illegible]

*) Their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, though in the novitiate of their Irish Regency, had the condescension to appear, this day (March 17th, 1829) at the windows of the state apartments of the castle, with large shamrocks decorating their persons, while hundreds of the common people danced in the court beneath, to the enlivening air of Patrick's Day played by the band of the guard.

„Chi ben principia ha il mezzo del opra."

to that noble temple dedicated at once to the saint, and to Terpsichore, St. Patrick's ball, surpasses in numbers and in splendour even the like celebration of the king's birthday. Feathers wave, lappets flutter, diamonds sparkle; and the red bench still presents the descendants of the Geraldines, the De Burgos, and the Brien Borous, with six hundred years' nobility at their backs, upholding the patron saint of their ancient dynasties, in the very face of the protestant church, and of the constitution of 1688.

When all are seated (and what an amphitheatre of beauty presents itself to the eye of the lucky stranger, who chances to visit the Irish court on a Patrick's day); and when the viceregal procession has passed up the centre of the hall, and the representatives of majesty itself; then the national air is struck up with an enlivening influence, to which even Lord E****'s protestant heart might beat responsively. Chamberlains and masters of the ceremony, officiating as high priests on this most catholic festival, arrange the „office" to be celebrated, in honour of the merriest saint in the calendar; to whose glory, and to whose tune, the beautiful youths of his own Ireland dance, with a devotional ardour, far beyond the saltatory piety of the zealous jumpers of Wales, or of the dancing dervishes of Constantinople. None of the cold forms and still-life movements of the quadrille, invented by philosophers, „scholars and politicians," neutralizes its fervour. Fifty couples, danced down in dislocating springs and hops, attest the fanaticism of the devotees; and every joyous face and glittering eye, seems to say, with the disciples of a certain Italian saint, „plead for us, we dance with you."

St. Patrick's day is the saturnalia of all the elderly gentlemen, who have not „forgot themselves to stone." Many veterans *de la vieille roche*, go through a course of champooing for the occasion, and anoint their joints, like the athletes of old, to attest their adherence to the creed of their fathers, and preach the doctrine of Paddy O'Rafferty, and of the Cameronian rant, in opposition to the heresy and chasse of [illegible] palpils, dos-à-dos, and „cavalier seul." This, too, is the hegira of ladies of a certain age, who, taking flight from the fatal pre-eminence to which Time had consigned them, bring the weight of their personal consequence to the support of an oppressed faith; and yielding to the flattering proposition of some young aid-de-camp on service (and very hard service too), drag the „feathered mercury" after them, down the middle, and up again, to the interesting intonations of „go to the devil and shake yourself," or, „Patrick's day in the morning." *)

At last arrives the media noche of the well worshipped saint, who for once sees the religious acrimony and christian animosity of the country he vainly protects, laid at the feet of national gaiety and sociality. Supper is announced; and the feast of the cocagne in France, or Naples, was but a luncheon, to this truly catholic entertainment. Heads that never met before, meet now on the necks of fowls and desserts. Fingers habitually raised in mutual scorn, are now busy in the same pie; while protestant nods at papist, in a tolerant hob-nob from „humble port to imperial tokay." Sir Harcourt takes wine with the author of „Florence Macarthy," and Counsellor O'Connell is helped to the wing of a pheasant by a protestant archbishop, with a mental reservation against all other „wings," in all other places.

Again, the dance is resumed; hearts, lost or mislaid, before supper, are detected on the person of the thief, after it. Partners, led out for a waltz, remain partners for life; and St. Patrick becomes the Hymen of the year, insuring the perpetuity of his rites, by the recollections which every recurrence of his joyous festival is sure to bring with it. Oh! that all the saints, (St. Athanasius, the great protestant saint, included), were thus worshipped! That all saints „militant love" in Ireland, maintained this spirit of social kindness, this interchange of social courtesy. To those who, like myself, have made the sacrifice (the greatest that a true Irishman, and still more, a true Irishwoman can make!) that of living in the country, where patriotism has long been not only proscription, but martyrdom, what a change would such an order of things produce! what a perpetual recurrence of bitter sensations would it spare! what natural talent (now kept down by party spirit), would explode, to illuminate the murky atmosphere of political dissension like the bursting of a sky-rocket on the midnight gloom of a winter's night! Who, that loves Ireland, that loves humanity, would not drop a bead, or light a taper, to propitiate the saint, who would work this best and greatest of miracles? Be it hoped, that this Patrick's day, 1829, will be the harbinger of a whole year of national festivals; and that he, who has represented the good saint on earth, by an act, which every Irish saint in the calendar will bless, will accept of this humble offering from one, who has proved herself no

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*) This is the only occasion on which country dances are performed at the Irish Court. The ball on Patrick's night is always opened to the Irish dance of „Patrick's day." The Dowagers of both sexes then come into play; and the „kick out" of some veteran belle, recalls the good old times of the Rutland Court, when French quadrilles were „undreamed of in the philosophy" of the dancing of that [illegible] epoch.

"Slave to fight for one fool or king,"

and who, true to her old vocation, flung no tributary laurel under the chariot wheels of the conqueror at Waterloo, yet now gratefully lays her shamrock at the feet of the emancipator of Ireland.

Lady Morgan.

◆

Poems.

When all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray,
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair — the cold depart;

When fortune chang'd — and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray —
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook —
There's more in one soft word of thine,
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend — the skies might pour,
But there thou wert — and still wouldst be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind — and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken — thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel — but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fixed in thee;
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert — ev'n to me.

Stanzas to ***

Though the day of my destiny's over,
  And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
  The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
  It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
  It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling
  The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling
  Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
  As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
  It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
  And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
  To pain — it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
  They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me —
  'Tis of thee that I think — not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
  Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
  Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
  Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
  Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
  Nor the war of the many with one;
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
  'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
  And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
  It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
  Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
  Deserved to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing,
  In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
  Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

Lord Byron.

Anecdotes.

Bishop and his servant.

A certain bishop had a servant, whom he ordered on a festival to go to a butcher, named David, for a piece of meat, and then to come to church where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in the course of his sermon, happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, exclaimed, „*And what says David?*" Upon which the other roared out, „*He swears if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again.*"

Intuitive affection.

„There are three things," said a wit, „which I have always loved without ever understanding them, painting, music, and woman."

Beautiful colours.

„Your colours are beautiful," said a deeply rouged lady to a portrait-painter. — „Yes," answered he, „your ladyship and I deal at the same shop."

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Puss and the Poetess.

A tale of sense and sentiment.

By the author of „Conti."

> *What, stranger! have you never heard*
> *Of the lady under the holly tree?*
> *'Tis a story that will make you weep, —*
> *It always does me.*
>
> *Old Ballad.*

The terrace-walk at Aspens (what a pleasant fancy it is to call country retreats after the names of trees!) is renowned as the most perfect thing of its kind on a small scale, within twenty miles of the cheerful cathedral town of W—; with its sloping flower-knots and rich lawn on the one side, and on the other the old fantastically pierced screen or wall, which it is said once belonged to the cloisters of a religious house, the very name whereof is now forgotten. A long irregular one-storied house terminates the walk at one extremity; and, though a thing of shreds and patches, with here a niche and there a sashed door, in one place something meant for a pinnacle, and a little further a huge stack of chimneys, laced with aspiring shoots of ivy: it has a comfort, and homeliness, and propriety of appearance, which rarely belong to the most regular and classically correct design for „villa or casino" (your dilettanti condescend not to cottages save as objects in their „ornamental grounds,") which ever found its way out of architect's studio.

The lady of Aspens was as perfect of her kind as her terrace-walk: a little old-fashioned, a little absurd; but „just the best creature in the world;" outwardly a structure of antiquated silks and cobweb laces, and jewellery as ancient as the reign of Queen Anne: at heart religious and discreet—the very pink of good neighbours—a lady (as some one or other said of her), „down to the very tips of her pins." What else but a strong sense of duty, equalled only by her kindliness, could have induced her to trouble the waning years of a long and tranquil widowhood with the charge of an orphan niece? and, being herself a woman of small abilities and requirements, whose sole accomplishment was making the most of her cards when Fortune was unkind, and whose best talk was no more intellectual than Mrs. Barbauld's gossip

> „Of farm and orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
> Or drowning fly, or shoe lost in the mire —"

could persuade her to devote herself unreservedly to the companionship of one whose meanest ideas touched upon „pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses;" who was sentimental to the sky-blue point, and who mourned over the day as trifled away in natural worldliness if it was not spent among books, and prints, and papers, and pictures; or in discussions of the mysteries of the human heart, and the more subtle workings of the affections? But, Laura Beresford (happy at least in her picturesque names), was poor and homeless: and her aunt felt her presence at Aspens as much a matter of course as if she had been

No dainty lady of degree,
Of beauty, or of book —

but a „nice, good-humoured, well brought-up, companion of a girl," who could manage a genteel establishment if required, could embroider patiently at a composition of worsted and canvas, which should last as serious occupation for three years: and, best of all, cke out a rubber, if wanted.

In spite, however, of the resignation to which genuine Christianity and constitutional good-humour had each a part, which enabled Mrs. Gray to trip over the small trials of daily life; to come into close contact with a nature far different from her own — and that in the person of a dependent — and still preserve her smoothness of temper unfrayed; there were times when Laura's perverse sensibility troubled her meditations like a passing ghost. Nay, when the former had gone the length of refusing Sir Antony Oliphant, because he fell short of the heroic standard enthroned by her imagination, it is said that Mrs. Gray could not eat for three days, revoked at whist half-a-dozen times in one evening, though the Dean was her partner, and walked slowly to and fro within the precincts of Aspens saying little: the strangest thing of all. One simple remonstrance, indeed, she had attempted. She had hinted, in the innocent concern of her heart, that ten thousand a year was ten thousand a year, and that Sir Antony was a pattern for sons and landlords; but the bare suggestion of these truths had called forth such a torrent of eloquent remonstrance, with tears, sighs, and insinuations of a fearful future, if the least constraint were offered to the inclinations of the young lady, that the good little woman was scared into silence. Still she brooded over these inexplicable things long and earnestly; adopted the only and most hackneyed plan which occurred to her of sending Laura to pay a visit of six weeks to an old friend; and, hopeless as the matter seemed to be, turned in her mind the to her momentous step of recommending patience and expectation in a letter to the disconsolate baronet, who, Rumour averred, pined upon his refusal, and had been even heard discussing the erection of a Mausoleum within sight of his drawing-room windows.

On the April evening when my tale commences, Mrs. Gray was soliloquizing upon the terrace at Aspens, swept along at a brisk pace by a full but not rude breeze, and looking from a distance like a dwarf balloon surmounted with a couple of arms precisely crossed, and a high-crowned bonnet and streamers: — „Dear me! the poor young man!" so ran her thoughts, „poor Sir Antony! So well brought up, and so genteel, his mother was a Middlehurst — and to think of his setting up that gloomy thing to remind him of his end! — so close under the very windows of the house — how dismal! I wish Mrs. Roxburghe may do some good with poor Laura — and such an offer to refuse! — Not that I want her to leave me; her room will look very forsaken to-morrow when she is gone — though I will not say but it would have been a convenience, could she have sat down to a table, when I cannot have Miss Saxton. Bless me! this wind is so quick with one! . . . and I shall miss hearing her sing; though she does choose such die-away ditties. There she begins again!" . . . and through one of the half-opened windows came a beautiful voice doing its utmost to sound miserable, as it breathed forth

Love not! love not! — the thing you love may die!

„Well, to be sure," resumed Mrs. Gray, permitting herself to be again put in motion by the wind, „I never was so doleful in my young days. Heigho! I shall send those guinea-fowls to Sir Antony to-night, poor fellow! it will divert his mind and do him good! A mausoleum, indeed! — that would be a fitter thing for me to think about than such a fine portly youth as he is! and yet I feel strong and hearty, and, thank God! willing to stay here as long as is thought fit." A more boisterous gust of the breeze whirled away the [illegible] to this resigned speech, and warned the walker to return into the house.

The evening was long and dull; Laura, in the main a good girl, feeling a little culprit-like, and her aunt restrained by a struggle between a sense of duty which prompted her to give advice, and a good-natured unwillingness not to wear out the affections of her young charge by counsel too often repeated. Nature, however — and the nature of the old is to warn and foresee — got the mastery; and, when her niece rose to retire for the night, and lighted the wax-light in the quaint-looking Dresden candlestick, and offered her lips for the usual kiss, with some little penitence in her air, Mrs. Gray retained her gently with:

„Just one word, Laura, darling — one little word before you go to bed; for you know I shall have no opportunity to-morrow night; and I am thinking a great deal about your affairs just now, my dear. Ah, well! I was not going to press you again about Sir Antony — so you need not blush, and look as if you wanted to run away. Here, sit down on this little stool (your mother worked it when we were at school together), and, listen to me, like a dear child.“

„You are going into the world, Laura, to-morrow: for the races are coming on at Stony Hampton, and Mrs. Roxburghe will of course be there and take you, and you will see many new faces and people — red coats, I warrant, by the dozen.“

— A little toss of the head on Laura's part. She, whose thoughts were with the poets and philosophers, to be talked to about a red coat!

„And very probably, love, you will be sought after and thought much of: for, though a large girl — my dear, what a bounce you gave! — I was saying that, though a large girl — your mother was twice your size before she was thirty, so it is ordained for you — you are very pretty, and the men like a young rosy face — I know by experience!“

„Now,“ thought the stubborn damsel to herself, „I am going to be coursed through the catalogue of her lovers!“

„What I meant to say was, Laura, do be discreet if you should have many beaux. Don't set your heart upon a very rich man — because you may possibly be thinking of his guineas when you think you are thinking of himself. And, as for a poor man, my love, what would become of you and your play-books as a poor man's wife? — I tremble to contemplate it! Then about rank, a title is a title — but, the old families are not what they used to be: and some of those proud fashionable dowagers of mothers-in-law would treat you like Lucifer. Now, Lady Oliphant, besides her deafness, is quite a prisoner to that Bath chair of her's, and so .... well, well, my dear, I won't. Laura, I will never forgive you — never, if you fix your choice upon a foreigner — they should marry in their own countries — some of those Germans have three wives, and call it no sin: hush, my love, I know it is so, Captain Cromarty told me. — And then, *do be difficult* about temper, Laura; — principles, of course, Laura — for you are a good child. — I do not want you to fancy a fool precisely; but, as for a genius — don't look angry, Laura, till I remind you of that pretty compliment of Archdeacon Dockray's. ‚Mrs. Gray,‘ said he, ‚Miss Beresford has genius enough for two;‘ — so you are not to be displeased at a nice young man because he is not very bright — but, above all things — I will let you go now, your candle will be burnt out else — don't, don't be taken with a man with an odd temper — a jealous man. If he suspect you once, have nothing to say to him — a fractious lover makes a fierce husband; and you must marry happily, Laura, though you marry to please yourself, and not me!“

There was enough of heart-warm unselfish affection in the last words of this rambling harangue and the tone of their speaker, to touch a colder creature than Laura Beresford: and she parted from her aged relative for the night, with a less impatient sense of her mental deficiencies than she had hitherto entertained. How strange it is that it should be so hard to the young to forgive weakness! and how wise are they who require not to be taught this host of lessons by harsh and blighting experience!

(To be concluded in our next.)

Women are the Devil.

A Tale.

In the fall of the year 1822 I was at St Salvador, at that time closely invested by the patriot army. The city, strongly fortified by nature and art, and defended by a numerous garrison composed of Veteran Peninsular regiments, that had marched from the Tagus to the Adour, laughed to scorn any attempt of the raw and undisciplined levies of Brazil on the outside to carry it by assault. But so effectually did the insurgents cut off all supplies from the interior, that the garrison was reduced to the greatest straights, while famine and its concomitant disease made fearful havoc among the inhabitants. Under these circumstances I held a council of war with myself, the result of which was the resolution to march out of the garrison without delay.

„*Toujours perdrix*,“ has been pronounced by a high authority to be an intolerable hardship, but „*toujours bacalhao*“*) and hard biscuit, upon which I had fared for upwards of ten months, without exaggeration, would have palled on the appetite of his most voracious majesty the late king of the Sandwich Islands himself. I lost no time, therefore, in engaging my passage on board an English vessel on the eve of sailing for the Rio de Janeiro.

This was my first reason for leaving, and a most prudent one it was. My second was curiosity — a desire to behold the working of the revolutionary system in the south, and to watch the growth of the new institutions just budding into political life — this was philosophical. Thirdly, I was ambitious of figuring on the theatre of events myself, even though in the only way in which a foreign adventurer in such cases generally does figure, viz., „*comme de la chair au canon*;“ — this last was down-right madness.

On the morning of my departure, as we pulled off to the ship that was to carry me to my destination, my eyes rested on the flag of Portugal, that with lordly pride was giving its ample folds to the morning breeze. As I gazed on that banner which had so often waved on the field of victory; under whose dominion the magnificent city I was leaving had sprung from the bosom of the wilderness, and European civilization taken root in the soil, I could not help sympathising with its fallen fortunes; and a feeling of deep melancholy came over me, when I reflected on the „instability of all human greatness,“ and on the possibility of a similar reverse clouding at some future day the lofty destinies of my own country. But on getting on board the ship this gloomy train of thought was soon dispelled — dispelled by a vision of loveliness, that, were I to live for centuries, would be to the last green in the memory. This was a young Monte Videan lady. Tall, slender, and graceful as the palmettos of her native clime, cast in the most faultless mould of Andalusian symmetry, with lustrous eyes, dark as Erebus, — a classical paleness of complexion, — the upper lip slightly pencilled by a tinge of down, — a profusion of luxuriant raven locks confined by a single comb of costly workmanship, from which hung the jealous mantilla in graceful folds over her polished shoulders, — such was the lovely creature to whom the captain introduced me, and who, on learning that I was to be her *compagnon de voyage*, exclaimed, in the sweetest tone in the world, „*Me alegro muchisimo*;“ and which my vanity obliges me to translate thus, „I am highly delighted.“

In the course of half an hour La Senhora Dolorcita — for that was her name — and myself were as well acquainted as if we had known each other from childhood. When I recollected that I should enjoy the society of this fair creature for eighteen or twenty days, imagination revelled in the thought, and forthwith raised an aërial structure of hope — a structure not destined to last long; for I had not once calculated on the number of days that sea-sickness might possibly abstract her from my society. Scarcely had the ship passed the bar of the harbour, than this frightful possibility flashed across my mind with dismaying certainty. Her clear pale complexion suddenly assumed the yellow greenish hue of the lime; but even then she was beautiful. „*Santa madre de Jesus yo me muero, caballero* *), she exclaimed, as I applied some restoratives to her nostrils, and carried her to the side of the vessel. „*Ah! dios mio*," she exclaimed, „*parece que esta me saliendo el alma por la boca* **)," and from what followed this dolorous exclamation, I really began to imagine it possible „for the soul to escape through the mouth." In a state of the most helpless insensibility we carried her to her cabin; to which, to my great chagrin and disappointment, she was confined for fourteen days, during which time, as the only person on board acquainted with the Spanish language, I was obliged to officiate as nurse.

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*) Cabliau.

All the usual remedies on such occasions were offered to the fair Monte Videan, but steadily refused, to the consternation of the captain, who pronounced such a diet to be fatal; and I must own I had my own misgivings on the subject. She would take nothing but hard boiled eggs and port wine, alleging that the vacuum produced in the system by continual sea-sickness required to be filled up by something solid and nourishing in its nature. I should like to have the opinion of the Westminster Medical Society on this subject: the result certainly proved the captain to be in the wrong, and the Senhorita in the right; for the fifteenth day of the passage saw the vessel becalmed beneath the headland of Cape Frio, and the fair Senhorita perfectly recovered. Sheltered from the burning rays of a tropical sun by the wide-spreading awning on the poop of the vessel, and looking beautiful as Cleopatra when she sailed down the Cydnus to meet her Roman lover — beautiful exceedingly she looked, reclining on an Indian mat, her slender form half concealed by the graceful mantilla; at her feet lay her guitar ornamented with green and yellow ribbons, the colours of the new empire; while her two black slaves, with their crimson turbans and picturesque costume, formed a beautiful background to the picture.

I know not how it is, but with a Spanish woman the current of our thoughts invariably runs on love. The Senhorita's ideas were exalted. She dwelt on the inconstancy of man, and the vengeance that should follow unrequited love. „Her husband," she said, „if ever she were plagued with one, would be free to possess half a dozen mistresses if he liked it; but, she added, while her dark eye flashed fire, and her beautiful countenance was lighted up with a Medusa expression of rage, „if he exposed me to the ridicule of the public, I would kill him!" and so I verily believe she would, for her spirit was of the real Castilian breed. „But I shall never marry, *amigo*." „And why not, Senhorita?" „*Casarme, caballero*," she returned in a tone of reproach, while her lip indignantly curled; and seizing her guitar, she sung with great animation the following stanza:

„No, no quiero casarme,
Que es mejor, es mejor ser soltera
E siempre placentera
Del mundo, del mundo gozar." *)

I shall not translate this stanza, lest I expose the morality of the fair [illegible] to misconstruction. Overcome with the exertion of singing, one of her black slaves was now despatched to her cabin for her fan.

Now how she had come on deck without it, was a mystery I could not solve, for as soon might you expect to see a Senora without her fan. Its power is universal. In the Alameda it is a semaphore, with which she will telegraph her lover at its most distant extremity. In the church it may be compared to a battery masque, from behind which she pours the artillery of her eyes with fatal effect; while in the drawing-room it is the sceptre of despotic sway. But to resume our narrative: the fan was nowhere to be found.

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*) Heilige Mutter Jesus, ich sterbe, Herr.

**) Ach mein Gott, mir ist, als ob mir die Seele zu dem Munde heraus ginge.

*) Die Senhora [illegible] Übersetzer [illegible] nicht zu [illegible], und [illegible] der Moralität der [illegible] zu [illegible] — „Nein, nein, ich will mich nicht verheirathen, denn es ist weit besser frei zu sein und immer lustig die Welt genießen."

What could have become of it? The captain answered the question by saying that it had fallen overboard! I was never remarkable for the fertility of my invention; yet on this occasion, (and most dearly did I pay for it, as will be presently seen,) it received a powerful impulse. I flew down to the cabin to open my portfolio, to extract from its folds my passport — a large folio sheet of paper. To convert this into a fan, with the arms of his Most Faithful Majesty of Portugal skilfully and tastefully brought out in relief on the centre, was the work of a moment. Dolorcita was delighted. „Tan lindo, que Vm. es galan! que Vm. es habil,“ *) she rapturously exclaimed, seizing the fan, and fanning herself as none but a Spanish woman can do. In the midst of all this moralizing, this singing, this fanning, the moon rose from the bosom of the ocean in all the bright effulgence of a tropical clime, bathing in a flood of light its glassy surface.

„There is a dangerous softness in that hour;
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self control:
The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.“

And Dolorcita felt the softness of the hour — her animated converse was hushed — she drew a deep sigh, and suddenly — Heaven knows how it came to pass — her beautiful head rested on my shoulder! How long it rested there I do not recollect; but the southern cross had long passed the meridian, and was fast sinking in the west and still found us lingering on the poop. We were alone, quite alone, for her attendants were fast wrapt in the arms of the drowsy god.

Now I will stake my existence, a heavy stake too! that some of my readers would fain know what really passed on this interesting occasion. I am not fond of gratifying people's idle curiosity, but I shall for once depart from my reserve, and tell them, lest their thoughts should wander, that nothing did pass that should have passed — for a breeze suddenly came over the surface of the wave, the officer of the watch took it into his head to set the top gallant studding sail, and, in giving the order, he awoke the two black slaves, frightened the Senhorita, and obliged me to change my front. The breeze increased, and the calm, which I devoutly wished might last for months, was succeeded by a fair wind that swept our ship along at the rate of nine knots an hour; and by noon of the following day, saw her safely anchored in the magnificent harbour of the Rio de Janeiro.

Dolores and myself gazed enraptured on this masterpiece of nature. How happy we shall be here, what delightful rides we shall have! we both exclaimed; but

„Medio de fonte leporum surgit aliquid amari.“

and a cursed amari there did arise, in the shape of an officer, whose duty it was to examine our passports. Dolorcita's was found en règle, and so ought mine to have been; but, after a most diligent search, it was nowhere to be found. In the confusion of the preceding night it must have been blown overboard, and so I told the officer. This worthy, putting on his cocked hat with an official air, treated the matter „en sérieux.“ Coming from a place held by the royalists, and without a passport, looked he said, suspicious; and he should be under the necessity of conveying me to the citadel on the Ilha das Cobras, until his excellency the Minister of Police would decide on the affair.

Here was a pretty scrape. Dolores affected to be en desespoir, but still I thought I detected a malicious smile playing round her pretty mouth — the thought was dispelled as soon as conceived by the eloquence of her regrets, and the tenderness of her manner. „Adios, querido que estes infelix,“ pressing me to come to her immediately on my liberation. I jumped into the officer's boat, was rowed to the citadel, and handed over to the commandant of the fortress, an old colonel of artillery, in personal appearance the very prototype of the hero of La Mancha. This old moustache was a complete character; first of all he

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*) [illegible]

was a *Sebastianista*, and so firmly did he believe, as I was afterwards told, that Don Sebastian would shortly re-appear to claim his kingdom and crown, that he had a short time before given 500 dollars to receive 10,000 on the day of his re-appearance. By his countrymen he was looked upon as a „*Varon eruditissimo*," a very Talleyrand in politics — and vain enough the old fellow was of his accomplishments, for conceiving the opportunity a favourable one of shewing off before a foreigner, he regaled me with an oration of portentous length, every word of which was taken from Jeremy Bentham, a high authority among the South American liberals. The peroration of his speech was absolutely sublime. „The human mind had received an impulse, the spirit of the age would not retrograde, the eyes of the world were fixed on Brazil, which was majestically advancing to the goal of human perfectibility!" At this burst of eloquence, the pen dropped from the hands of the elderly serjeant, who was writing under his dictation at the moment I entered; and the sentinel that was pacing up and down the apartments, fairly halted — though the spirit of the oration was as perfectly unintelligible to them both, as Don Quixote's celebrated dissertation on the Golden Age, to the goatherds of the Sierra Morena.

Having, as he conceived, impressed me with a high opinion of his eloquence, he deigned to make a few observations on the circumstance that had consigned me to his care. „Young gentleman," said he, twisting his moustache with an air of great complacency, „when I was at your age, I was remarkable for my gallantry, and great was my success with the fair sex, but I now prefer more solid pleasures, (and so I soon found to my cost,) for, believe me, women are the very devil; and now, if you please, the serjeant shall conduct you to your apartment." And the serjeant I followed, little dreaming of the nature of my apartment. We traversed the quadrangle of the fortress, and stopped before a low door beneath a casemated battery, on opening which my ears were assailed by the clangour of chains and a volley of the most horrid imprecations. So noxious was the stench, that a momentary faintness came over me. „In the name of all that's just," said I to the serjeant, „this surely cannot be the apartment the commandant alluded to." „*Senhor*," replied the soldier, „*no hay remedio*, this is the carcel, and there is no other," and he spoke the truth, for in this empire, then, according to the boast of the old commandant was advancing towards perfectibility, I doubt if the name of our Philanthropic Howard was ever heard. The accused and the condemned, the murderer and the political offender, the innocent and the guilty, were all confined in the same loathsome dungeon. „Are you certain, camarado," said I, drawing out my purse and holding it up as a last appeal, „that there is no other apartment?" The soldier fixed his eye on the purse with an intensity of gaze, as if it possessed the faculty fabulously ascribed by his countrymen to an instrument in possession of the English mining agents, for discovering, by its optical power, the auriferous ore in the bowels of the earth. „Another apartment there is," he replied, „caballero, but it will cost you dear." „Cost what it may," I eagerly rejoined, „let me have it;" for had I possessed the diamond district of Serro Frio, I would freely have given it to have escaped incarceration in a place to which the black hole of Calcutta was a paradise. The serjeant retired to speak to the commandant, and shortly returned, telling me, that for fifty dollars a day I might be accommodated with an apartment overlooking the bay. I closed with the bargain, was put in possession of my new quarters, and left to my own reflections. These were not the most agreeable; the shadow of a smile that I thought I detected playing on the lip of Dulcecita, now assumed in my mind the semblance of reality, and produced a complete revolution in my feelings towards her.

On the following morning the consul procured my liberation, and I exchanged my expensive quarters in the citadel for a French posada in the city. After making an excellent dinner, to which I had long been a stranger, as I swung in my hammock in the verandah of the posada, gazing on the glorious scenery of the bay, my thoughts insensibly reverted to Dolorcitta. I was smoking too, and a segar leads to reflection; though I never smoke now, the Guards have made it so vulgar. The angry feelings of the preceding day vanished from my mind like mists before the sun. The bell of a neighbouring church tolled the Ave Maria, it was the hour of love; I felt its melting influence. Springing from the hammock and putting on my coat, „I will go this instant," said I to myself, „and call on her." Now should the reader think that I am tediously minute in mentioning that I put on my coat, he will be egregiously in the wrong, as readers often are. In the first place, it marks the climate. In the second, it illustrates a feature of national manners. „*Tout est relatif*," says a distinguished French author, „*les choses sont importantes selon le pays*," and so they are. The dignity of a pacha is measured by the number of horse tails that are borne floating on the breeze before him. In China, a peacock's feather and a cup of bear's milk from the Emperor's table is the highest mark of the imperial favour; while his neighbour, the King of Ava, looks upon the title of King of the White Elephant as the „beautiful of human grandeur." Now what the horse tail is in Turkey, the peacock's feather in China, and the elephant in Ava, the coat is in Brazil — it marks the caste. It is a passport of gentility, and previous to the revolution, the „*homem de casaca*," or the coated man, conveyed to the mind of the unsophisticated Brazilian as high a notion of human importance, as a K. C. B. does to a English ploughman.

So I put on my coat, as I said before, and as I passed through the streets, numerous and flattering were the encomiums bestowed on its swallow tail and pigeon breast; for the possession of a well made English coat was coveted even by the immortal Pedro himself, as he was at that time styled by his subjects.

After traversing the whole of the city, I at last, after considerable difficulty, discovered the residence of my *compagnon de voyage*, beautifully situated near the convent of St. Theresa. I flew up stairs, and clapped my hands (there are no knockers in Brazil, and I wish there were none in England), which produced a „*Quien es*," in the well known accents of Dolores. „*Gente de paz*." „*Entra Vm. con Dios*," *) and in I went, but, to my surprise, I found sitting with Dolorcitta, and in closer juxta-position than I liked, a young officer of caçadores. Still my reception was at first most flattering, nay, even tender. „Where have you been loitering, *Ingrato*? Why came you not yesterday?" „For the best of all reasons, Dolores," was my reply. „I was only this day at noon enlarged from the citadel," and I related my adventure. „*Mal par mal*," *cara Dios*; what an amusing adventure! what a capital story to tell my *commandres*! What I would have given to have seen you at the door of the *carcel*; it is really an excellent joke, and I shall *die* with laughing;" and here the malicious creature sunk back on her seat, and indulged in an extacy of merriment at my expence. This was too bad, and in the rage of the moment I looked at her companion to observe if I could detect a smile on his countenance, that might have afforded me an excuse for cutting his throat; but though I strained my eye-balls from their sockets, I could not discover even the semblance of a smile. Seizing my hat, therefore, and clearing the stair case at a bound, while the Senhorita exclaimed, „Do not go, Senhor Caballero *de la triste figura*," or in other words „Sir Knight of the woeful countenance," I passed the threshold of her door, and as I vowed never more to „*darken it with my shadow*," I heartily agreed at the same time with the old commandant, „*Que el diablo son las mugeres*." „Women are the very devil!"

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*) Who is it? — Peaceable folks. — Enter, God be with you!

Das BRITISH MUSEUM erscheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnements-Preis für das Quartal [illegible] [illegible] Bestellungen an sämmtliche Buchhandlungen des In- und Auslandes und alle Postämter [illegible]

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Robert Southey.

Robert Southey ward 1774 den 12. Auguſt zu Briſtol geboren. — Er genoß, da ſeine Eltern ſich wirklichen Wohlſtandes erfreuten, eine ſehr gute Erziehung, und bezog, nachdem er 1787 die Schule von Weſtminſter beſucht hatte, 1792 die Univerſität Oxford, in der Abſicht, Theologie zu ſtudiren. Unitariſche Grundſätze, ſo wie der Einfluß der franzöſiſchen Revolution, welcher in England ſeine Herrſchaft vorzüglich über jugendliche Gemüther ausübte, hinderte ihn jedoch daran, indem er mit ſeinen Freunden Lovell und Coleridge den Plan entwarf, nach Amerika zu gehen, ſich an den Ufern des Suſquehanna anzuſiedeln und dort eine Pantiſocracy, wie ſie ſpäter von einer Würtembergiſchen Colonie in der nordamerikaniſchen Stadt Harmony ausgeführt wurde, zu gründen. Die drei Enthuſiaſten reiſten auch wirklich 1794 von Oxford ab, kamen aber nur bis Briſtol, wo ſie ſich in drei Schweſtern verliebten, die ſie als Gattinnen in Begleitung der Mutter mitzunehmen gedachten. Glücklicherweiſe traf ein Onkel Southey's, Dr. Hill aus Liſſabon, zu dieſer Zeit in Briſtol ein, und beredete den jungen Dichter, ihm nach Portugal zu folgen. Dies geſchah jedoch nicht eher, als bis Southey mit ſeiner Geliebten vermählt war, die er gleich nach der Trauung verließ; doch kehrte er nach ſechs Monaten, genau an dem feſtgeſetzten Tage, zurück, und beſchäftigte ſich von nun an während ſeines Aufenthaltes im Vaterlande mit poetiſchen Arbeiten. In den Jahren 1800 und 1801 bereiſte er mit ſeiner Gattin Spanien und Portugal. — Nach ſeiner Heimkehr ward er Secretair des Kanzlers der irländiſchen Schatzkammer. Später legte er dieſe Stelle nieder und zog ſich nach Keswick in Cumberland, wo er ſeinen feſten Wohnſitz aufſchlug und ſeitdem allein den Wiſſenſchaften lebte, zurück. — Im Jahre 1813 ward er nach Pye's Tode Hofdichter (poet laureate), doch befreite man ihn von den üblichen Gelegenheitsgedichten. Poetiſche Beſtrebungen und wiſſenſchaftliche Arbeiten beſchäftigen ihn, und ſein Leben verfließt ruhig in ländlicher Abgeſchiedenheit.

Seine poetiſchen Werke erſchienen geſammelt in vierzehn Bänden, 1830, zu London. — Sie enthalten, außer vielen Kleineren, vorzüglich erzählenden Poeſieen, vier größere Gedichte, Kehama und Thalaba, deren Scene nach Indien verlegt iſt, Madoc, altbrittiſch, und Roderic, eine ſpaniſch-gothiſche Geſchichte. Hinſichtlich des moraliſchen Werthes ſeiner poetiſchen Leiſtungen, gehört Southey zu den ausgezeichneten Schriftſtellern; er würde der erſten einer überhaupt ſein, wenn ſeine übrigen Eigenſchaften als Dichter ſich auf gleicher Stufe befänden. — Turner begrüßt ihn mit folgenden Worten:

> Hail to thy moral soul; thy light-glanc'd aim.
> The noblest feelings in thy bosom glow,
> And from thy lips the virtues love to flow *).

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*) Heil Deiner moraliſchen Seele, Deinem [illegible] Ziel, in Deinem Buſen glühen die edelſten Gefühle, und die Tugenden lieben es, von Deinen Lippen zu fließen.

Dieſes Lob verdient der Dichter unbedingt; und wenn es allein hier auf die moraliſche Geſinnung ankäme, ſo würde er unbeſtritten den erſten Rang auf dem engliſchen Parnaſſe annehmen, trotz dem, daß er in ſpäteren Jahren ſeine politiſche Geſinnung veränderte, und, wie einer ſeiner Landsleute ergötzlich bemerkt, nachdem er als Jüngling die Freiheit zur Geliebten erkoren, ſich nachher mit einer ältlichen, eben nicht ſehr im beſten Ruf ſtehenden Dame, Frau Legitimität, vermählte.

Die Eigenſchaften, welche Southey als Dichter auszeichnen, ſind Reichthum der Phantaſie, Geiſt, Lebendigkeit, Witz und Gefühl; aber es fehlt ihm, wie ſchon früher bemerkt ward, an Ruhe und Beſonnenheit; er läßt ſich zu ſehr vom Augenblicke hinreißen, und giebt zu viel auf den erſten Eindruck. Er glänzt zu oft auf Koſten der Wahrheit, und bleibend iſt daher faſt keine ſeiner Geſtalten. Mit großem Geſchick weiß er Alles zu behandeln; aber da er, gleich manchem Schauſpieler, mehr auf den Effect hinzuarbeiten, als der Natur zu folgen ſucht, ſo opfert er leicht Einfachheit und Klarheit auf, um zu ſeinen Zwecken zu gelangen. Zwar ſind ihm Geſchmack, Erfindungskraft, Gabe der Ueberredung nicht abzuſprechen. Doch weiß er ſie nicht immer recht anzuwenden, und meint oft, da nur kühn zu ſein, wo er ohne Glück verwegen iſt. — Dadurch bringt er ſehr häufig bloß rhetoriſche Schönheiten, ſtatt poetiſcher, und glaubt zu genügen, wenn er die nackten Seiten ſeiner Stoffe durch ſchimmernden Flitter verhüllt. Beſonders gefällt er ſich im Ungewöhnlichen, Excentriſchen, Außernatürlichen, und benutzt ſeine Gaben gern, um Grauſen und Schrecken zu erregen; da ihm aber die wahre dichteriſche Tiefe abgeht, indem er zu ſehr dem Moment huldigt, ſo erſcheinen ſeine kleineren Gedichte, vorzüglich die erzählenden, in dem phantaſtiſchen Schmucke, mit welchem er ſie gar zu gern ausſtattet, mehr als Meteore, nur von flüchtiger, vorüberrauſchender, ſelten, ja faſt nie wohlthätiger Wirkung. — Ueberhaupt iſt Southey eigentlich mehr ein Talent, als ein Genie zu nennen, obwohl es ihm nicht ganz an ſchöpferiſcher Kraft fehlt. — Er iſt vollkommener Herr der Sprache, aber mehr ihr launenhafter Tyrann, als ihr wohlwollender Gebieter.

Unter ſeinen größeren Gedichten iſt ſein Roderich, der letzte Gothe (Roderic, the last of the Goth's), wohl das gelungenſte, denn er zeigt die meiſte Tiefe in demſelben. — Roderich, König der Gothen, in unglücklicher Ehe lebend, entehrt Florinda, die Tochter des Grafen Julian. Dieſer ruft aus Rache die Mauren in das Land, ſtellt ſich an ihre Spitze und beſiegt ſeinen Herrn in einer acht Tage langen Schlacht. — Der vertriebene König flieht als Bauer verkleidet in die Einöde, und wird todt geglaubt; aber nach einem Jahre kehrt er zurück, bezwingt in glorreichem Kampf ſeine Feinde und — verbirgt ſich dann wieder in der Einöde, wo er ſein Leben in freiwilliger Selbſtverbannung endet. — An dieſen Faden reihen ſich eine Menge erhabener und glücklicher Schilderungen voll tiefen und echten Gefühls; und obwohl der Dichter ſich zu oft von den Einzelnheiten fortreißen läßt, ſo verdient das ganze Werk doch, als ein höchſt gelungenes, weit verbreiteter zu ſein, als es ſelbſt in ſeinem Vaterlande iſt.

Unter den kleineren Gedichten ſind beſonders diejenigen die vorzüglichſten, in welchen ihr Verfaſſer ſeine Gemüthlichkeit vorherrſchen läßt, und ſich bemüht, ſo einfach, wie möglich, zu ſein.

King Ramiro.

Green grew the alder-trees, and close
To the water-side by St. Joam da Foz.
From the castle of Gaya the warden sees
The water and the alder-trees;
And only these the warden sees,
No danger near doth Gaya fear,
No danger nigh doth the warden spy;
He sees not where the gallies lie
Under the alders silently.
For the gallies with green are cover'd o'er,
They have crept by night along the shore,
And they lie at anchor, now it is morn,
Awaiting the sound of Ramiro's horn.

In traveller's weeds Ramiro sate
By the fountain at the castle-gate;
But under the weeds was his breast-plate,
And the sword he had tried in so many fights,
And the horn whose sound would ring around,
And be known so well by his knights.
From the gate Aldonza's damsel came
To fill her pitcher at the spring,
And she saw, but she knew not, her master, the king.
In the Moorish tongue Ramiro spake,

And begg'd a draught for mercy's sake,
That he his burning thirst might slake;
For worn by a long malady,
Not strength enow, he said, had he
To lift it from the spring.
She gave her pitcher to the king,
And from his mouth he dropt a ring
Which he had with Aldonza broken;
So in the water from the spring
Queen Aldonza found the token.

With that she bade her damsel bring
Secretly the stranger in.
What brings thee hither, Ramiro? she cried;
The love of you, the king replied.
Nay! nay! it is not so! quoth she,
Ramiro, say not this to me!
I know your Moorish concubine
Hath now the love which once was mine.
If you had loved me as you say,
You would never have stolen Ortiga away;
If you had never loved another,
I had not been here in Gaya to-day
The wife of Ortiga's brother!
But hide thee here, — a step I hear, —
King Alboazar draweth near.

In her alcove she bade him hide!
King Alboazar, my lord, she cried,
What wouldst thou do, if at this hour
King Ramiro were in thy power?
This I would do, the Moor replied,
I would hew him limb from limb,
As he, I know, would deal by me,
So I would deal by him.
Alboazar! Queen Aldonza said,
Lo! here I give him to thy will;
In yon alcove thou hast thy foe,
Now thy vengeance then fulfil!

With that upspake the Christian king:
O! Alboazar deal by me
As I would surely deal with thee,
If I were you, and you were me!
Like a friend you guarded me many a day,
Like a foe I stole your sister away;
The sin was great, and I felt its weight,
All joy by day the thought opprest,
And all night long it troubled my rest;
Till I could not bear the burthen of care,
But told my confessor in despair.
And he, my sinful soul to save
This penance for atonement gave;
That I before you should appear
And yield myself your prisoner here,
If my repentance was sincere,
That I might by a public death
Breathe shamefully out my latest breath.
King Alboazar, this I would do,
If you were I and I were you;
I would give you a roasted capon first,
And a skinful of wine to quench your thirst,
And after that I would grant you the thing
Which you came to me petitioning.
Now this, oh King, is what I crave,
That I my sinful soul may save:
Let me be led to your bull-ring,
And call your sons and daughters all,
And assemble the people both great and small,
And let me be set upon a stone,
That by all the multitude I may be known,
And bid me then this horn to blow,
And I will blow a blast so strong,
And wind the horn so loud and long
That the breath in my body at last shall be gone,
And I shall drop dead in sight of the throng.
Thus your revenge, oh King, will be brave,
Granting the boon which I come to crave,
And the people a holy-day-sport will have,
And I my precious soul shall save;
For this is the penance my confessor gave.
King Alboazar, this I would do,
If you were I, and I were you.

This man repents his sin, be sure!
To Queen Aldonza said the Moor,
He hath stolen my sister away from me,
I have taken from him his wife;
Shame then would it be when he comes to me,
And I his true repentance see,
If I for vengeance should take his life.

O Alboazar! then quoth she,
Weak of heart as weak can be!
Full of revenge and wiles is he.
Look at those eyes beneath that brow,
I know Ramiro better than thou!
Kill him, for thou hast him now,
He must die, be sure, or thou.
Hast thou not heard the history
How, to the throne that he might rise,
He pluck'd out his brother Ordono's eyes?
And dost not remember his prowess in fight,
How often he met thee and put thee to flight,
And plunder'd thy country for many a day;
And how many Moors he has slain in the strife,
And how many more he has carried away?
How he came to show friendship — and thou didst believe him?
How he ravish'd thy sister, and wouldst thou forgive him?
And hast thou forgotten that I am his wife,
And that now by thy side, I lie like a bride,
The worst shame that can ever a Christian betide?
And cruel it were when you see his despair,
If vainly you thought in compassion to spare,
And refused him the boon he comes hither to crave;
For no other way his poor soul can he save,
Than by doing the penance his confessor gave.

As Queen Aldonza thus replies,
The Moor upon her fixed his eyes,
And he said in his heart, unhappy is he
Who putteth his trust in a woman!
Thou art King Ramiro's wedded wife,
And thus wouldst thou take away his life!
What cause have I to confide in thee?
I will put this woman away from me.
These were the thoughts that past in his breast,
But he call'd to mind Ramiro's might:
And he fear'd to meet him hereafter in fight,
And he granted the king's request.

So he gave a roasted capon first,
And a skinful of wine to quench his thirst;
And he call'd for his sons and daughters all,
And assembled the people both great and small;
And to the bull-ring he led the king;
And he set him there upon a stone,
That by all the multitude he might be known,
And he bade him blow through his horn a blast,
As long as his breath and his life should last.

Oh, then his horn Ramiro wound;
The walls rebound the pealing sound,
That far and wide rings echoing round;
Louder and louder Ramiro blows,
And farther the blast and farther goes;
Till it reaches the gallies, where they lie close
Under the alders, by St. Joam da Foz.
It roused his knights from their repose,
And they and their merry men arose.
Away to Gaya they speed them straight;
Like a torrent they burst through the city-gate;
And they rush among the Moorish throng,
And slaughter their infidel foes.

Then his good sword Ramiro drew
Upon the Moorish king he flew,
And he gave him one blow which cleft him through.
They killed his sons and his daughters too;
Every Moorish soul they slew;
Not one escaped of the infidel crew;
Neither old nor young, nor babe nor mother;
And they left not one stone upon another.
They carried the wicked Queen aboard,
And they took counsel what to do to her;
They tied a mill-stone round her neck,
And overboard in the sea they threw her.
She had water enow in the sea I trow;
But glad would Queen Aldonza be,
Of one drop of water from that salt sea,
To cool her where she is now.

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Puss and the Poetess.

A tale of sense and sentiment.

By the author of „Cecil."

(Continued from our last.)

A few days' experience of common-place society, if taken naturally and imperceptibly, may do a good deal in the way of setting right one not perversely or affectedly unreasonable. It is true that Laura carried with her to Stony Hampton her favourite solitary fancy that she was not understood — but, though she was willing — nay, had expressed in verses more high-sounding than correct, and had engrossed, in a diary of the heart, full of dashes, notes of exclamation, and quotations, her desire to retire from the giddy world — it is one thing to withdraw from an unwilling and admiring throng, another to be permitted to slip away as a matter of course, perhaps even of expediency. In the first case are some of the pleasures and consolations of self-martyrdom, in the second the prosaic vexation of submitting, because the thing is not to be helped. Had any one told Laura that she looked pale or melancholy, she would have felt it „comfort her marvellous much“ — but to be passed over as „a pretty sort of girl, but a shocking bad dancer,“ a remark she had absolutely overheard, from one of the nimble and spruce youths of Stony Hampton, with the existence of all her hidden stores of romance and fancy never so much as adverted to, was a trial. Now, Sir Antony Oliphant *did* confess to some liking for poetry — *did* find moon-light pleasant on a dry night — while the Smiths, and Brownes, and Nevilles, and Lovells, were so amusing to each other and to themselves as to have neither eyes nor ears; nor — as Laura indignantly confided to the journal of her griefs — *hearts* for a stranger. Neither does a maiden aged nineteen, however poetical, like too often sitting out when quadrilles and galoppes are going merrily on — and this was Laura's fate — Mrs. Roxburghe choosing to *dance* herself. A dancing chaperon, as all the world knows, is an unsympathising and cold-blooded *lusus naturae.*

Wrapt in comfortless meditations sate our poor Laura on a certain evening, occupying one of „the anxious benches“ of a public ball, wondering when it would be over, and, as her eye fell listlessly upon a transparency, through which a strong glare of lamplight streamed, recalling the forms and figures in a certain window of stained glass at Oliphant Place, till her thoughts grew rhythmical, and, alas! for her caution: vented themselves in murmured speech. She was planning an ode, it is believed, whereof the first lines were to be:

> I hate this world and its glittering shapes,
> Its women are puppets, its men are apes. —

She paused, perceiving an eye fixed upon her, an eye, too, that said unutterable things. It was a cold, dark, piercing, and deep eye, and, with a certain *undertone* in its glance (if so far-fetched a phrase may be allowed to pass), which sent a shiver through her veins — for she felt that she had been overheard — and, for aught she knew to the contrary, had been laughed at — and what sentimentalist could ever abide ridicule? On looking up, she perceived that this awful searching feature belonged to one whom she had never seen before: a very superior being she was sure to the buckram and buckskin gentry of Stony Hampton. The gentleman was tall, and pale, and dark, with a magnificent head of hair, glossy, but guiltless of essences and curling-tongs; his hand as white as a woman's; his dress plain, but with that *je ne sais quoi* in its appointments which even Laura could appreciate; his attitude at once reminded her of the Apollo of Belvedere, and Retzsch's Faust, or, to use her own phrase, as inscribed in her journal, of all things „graceful, and sculpturesque, and mysterious.“ He was crossing the short space which separated them: was he going..... yes, he did speak, and Phoebus, in what a voice!

„Might I entreat the favour of the sequel to that couplet?“ said he, with an air of profound deference. Yet, in spite of his bow and chivalrous gesture, poor Laura must be accused of the schoolmiss-like wish of longing that Mrs. Roxburghe were near her. She stammered, blushed — fairly rose to her feet.

„I beg you ten thousand pardons, madam, for my impertinence, but I could not resist ... I am the most absent of men, and forgot myself.“

„O, delightful, Captain Cromarty!“ broke in the foolishly girlish voice of Mrs. Roxburghe — a voice which it cost her infinite trouble to maintain unchanged through a long series of years, „the very *vis-a-vis* of all others to be desired! Laura, Mr. — (the name escaped Miss Beresford), come, stand up, the room is thinning, and the ball just beginning to be pleasant — I am in *such* spirits to-night; positively I feel like my own daughter.“

Could Mrs. Gray have overheard her friend's vivacity, Laura's visit at Stony Hampton might probably have been abridged. As it was, the young lady took the arm of the companion on whom she was thus strangely thrown — trembling from head to foot and quite too genuinely occupied in her mind to have time to recall so much as one simile or a quotation.

„We have both of us been thinking aloud, I suspect,“ said the gentleman, anxious to relieve Laura of her embarrassment, as he led her to her place in the quadrille; „it is so unsafe a habit, and would cause so much unpleasant remark if known, that we had better mutually agree to say nothing about it.“ Laura bowed, at once set at ease by the composed polish of his manner; but she *felt* that he was surveying her from top to toe with curious scrutiny, and that, if her feet had been as large as they were tiny, her stately partner was already in possession of the fact. I say she *felt* this, for never was any man less of a starer than Mr. Percy Hertford.

But she had no time to afflict or perplex herself, for her partner (probably to atone for a piece of involuntary or irresistible impertinence), began to talk to her in such a strain of flowery discourse. Never before had anything so enchanting gladdened the ears of Laura Beresford. Mr. Hertford told — and this with no obtrusive resolution to breach the picturesque — of a moonlight night passed alone among the ruins of the Coliseum, by the side of a dying bandit — of a month spent in one of those magnificent Spanish monasteries, where the religion of romance still lingers, though decaying, as yet having lost none of its old ceremonials. He had travelled with Shelley for four days and nights — no wonder that to listen his partner stood motionless and rapt, thereby giving the Stony Hampton gentry another cause of complaint against her for damaging the symmetry of the quadrille! He had been abandoned by ruffianly Arab guides in one of the tombs in the valley of Beban-el-Molook .... but my readers will lose breath if they follow him further. What a glorious contrast and compensation was this colloquy for the monotony of Sir Antony Oliphant's wooing! Poor Laura! she lost her heart within an hour. She passed the transparency with its lights again and again; but the associations which had made her eye linger upon it somewhat relentingly, but half an hour before, had faded away for ever!

From foreign scenes and characters the subject naturally changed to poetry — from poetry to romance: and here Laura was at home. She, too, had been in Arcadia, and could talk of its „where abouts.“ Every one who is well read in light literature remembers „The —,“ that tale so full of talent and terrible incident, which was heralded by preliminary paragraphs for months before it made its appearance, and the advertisements whereof were *improved* (so say the divines), by hints, and commentaries, and applications, till booksellers' shops were broken open by readers eager to obtain a first glimpse of a story so magnificently lauded, and the proprietors of circulating libraries were compelled, in self-defence, to call in the constabulary force, to ensure an impartial delivery of early copies — so fierce was curiosity — so riotous the world of gentle readers. Now, Laura was brimful of this „dear awful book,“ and as good, at least, as a key to its difficulties and insinuations. Fancy, then, the pleasure, the positive ecstacy, she felt upon discovering the secret of its parentage, on being told, in a voice as musical as Rubini's, that she hung upon the arm of the magician of its mysteries — of one whom she had, at an awful distance, regarded as little less fearful than the Veiled Prophet himself! How the writer was led so far to forget himself never thoroughly transpired.

„We understand one another,“ murmured Mr. Percy Hertford, as they parted for the night, with a gentle pressure of hands, too emphatic, while it was gentle, not to imply something nearer and dearer than mere common acquaintanceship. The gentleman ran his hand negligently through his splendid hair, and repaired to his hotel — *not* to dream of his hundredth conquest. The lady reached home, as she expressed it herself, „to confide the raptures of the past hours — O earth! how rarely found on thy orb of tears and disappointments!“ — to her diary. It would be shamefully malicious to put forward the fact, that she *could* fall asleep after so much exciting and high-souled communion: her slumbers then, must have been but a trance, and not the mere vulgar refreshment of weary nature!

A dream which shall last three weeks is a thing that can only befall the most readily enchanted of visionaries once in her life. For three weeks was Laura totally contented — happy is too poor a word to use — she was absorbed — fascinated — lapped in Elysium. With the fourth week, some of the sunshine of her lot had grown dim — she accidentally discovered that Mr. Hertford was forty-two, instead of the age he owned to — thirty: in the innocence of her first sensation, she had fancied him only twenty-five. What was worse, with forty-two years he had so many ways of his own; — was particular in trifles, loved his own corner, and his own chair, and his own weather. The sun made him languid, the breeze irritable; an English summer he pronounced to be the most irrational of hot weather; — and, did Laura venture to hint at a liking for frost and Christmas frolics, he coolly gave her to understand that no one knew what winter was save those who had merrily sledged it through in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Then in music he was so exclusive a connoisseur! He had walked out of the room in the midst of „Auld Robin Gray,“ with a more than audible sigh for Malibran — no English woman, he had once declared, *could* sing! — and, though this declaration was made before he had heard Laura Beresford's small but musical voice, and though she readily excused the remark on its first utterance, it clung to her memory, and, in the course of the fourth week afore-said, made a more conspicuous figure in her thoughts than she cared to own. It was provoking to have to lay aside her guitar whenever he came in: — surely it would be only lover-like and courteous in him sometimes to listen to her! Some men make love by expounding their own opinions, and talking of their own exploits: Mr. Percy Hertford was of the number; and it was rumoured that of late his listeners had proved less patient than they had once been.

And then the gentleman's antipathies! — as numerous were these as the sands of the sea — as necessary, it seemed, to his comfort, as the air he breathed, or the clothes he put on. He shared in *Lord Byron's* dislike to receiving ocular demonstration that the gentle sex were fed on aught more substantial than air, or May-dew, or sunshine: he loathed sounds, and sights, and scents, which other people hear, and perceive, and taste, as so many daily matters of course. Once, when the two were enjoying a sentimental *tête-à-tête* — Laura expatiating upon some favourite poem with more than usual earnestness — he suddenly interrupted her, almost rudely, turning pale the while, gasping for breath, and showing other symptoms of distress, which she could not but remark.

„Pray, Miss Beresford — you must really excuse me — but I shall not breathe again till that cursed animal be gone.“ The quadruped thus unceremoniously designated being a pet kitten of our heroine's, Laura pouted, turned red, and tears made their way into her round eyes. Antagonists as cat and dog have been, since the days of the flood, she thought that they should be included in the same proverb.

Mr. Hertford's uncharitable speech led to a brisk argument; for Laura's dread of him had so far worn off, that she could now venture to support her own fancies. Too young and too pretty to run the least risk of being suspected of the humours of spinsterhood, the maiden defended herself by precedent and quotation — talked in high-sounding phrase of Bacchus and his pards; did not every one know that cats were only little leopards! Did Mr. Percy Hertford mean to say that his disgust extended to all the mythological representations of the joyous, wine-loving god? Was it likely that Gray (and Mr. Hertford, exclusive as he was, owned to a great admiration of that choice poet) would have immortalised Selima had the race whereunto she belonged deserved to be estimated as the Pariah tribe among quadrupeds? Lastly — for Laura was rather discursive than logical — she came down from times ancient to times modern, and quoted Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré's inimitable personification of *La Chatte Métamorphosée*, in support of her predilection. To this last convincing argument there could be nothing replied: the gentleman smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and took his leave. The lady, triumphing in her successful argument, found herself in such an unusual mood of charity towards all mankind, that, in closing a letter to Mrs. Gray (about one tenth of which it is presumed was understood by that excellent lady), she found herself, strange to say, sending her compliments to Lady Oliphant, and „hoping that the cold winds had not tried her severely."

A strange puzzle is the human heart! Laura's pertinacity in the little debate just described, so far from disgusting her admirer, proved, it would seem, if anything, a stimulus to his admiration. Such of the gentler sex as intend to win by unlimited acquiescence must confine their hopes of appropriation, or of being appropriated, to the inexperienced or the stupid. There was another of the eternal Stony Hampton balls that evening, during which the grand and difficult Mr. Percy Hertford devoted himself exclusively to Mrs. Roxburghe's fair guest; while she — a strange puzzle is the human heart! — began to fancy herself in some slight danger of yawning, even when his discourse flowed the most poetically — began to regard the consequentiousness with which the Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses, regarded all engagements admitted or inferred, with more surprise than approbation — began to admit that, though sentiment is a dear, delicious thing, „Love itself can't live on flowers" — and to wish for her supper! But her cavalier was persevering in withdrawing her from the giddy throng, and his whispers were more fervent and more significant than they had been formerly; he spoke of the union of hearts and the mysteries of unworldly affection — sighed twice — took, with a reverential gesture, one flower from Laura's bouquet, and replaced it, on parting, by a perfumed billet; saying tremulously, as he pressed her tiny symmetrical fingers, „Read this, and let me have your answer to-morrow." She knew that most agitating of all things — a proposal — was coming, and bade him good-night with less than her usual composure.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Anecdotes.

Dead march.

On the evening before Dr. Clubbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more *even* than upon his last visit; „My dear friend," said he, „if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will *tell* you what it beats — it beats the *dead march*.

Convenient absence.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. „Zounds," said he, one day to him, „for a painter of landscapes, you are very seldom in the country."

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The BRITISH MUSEUM erscheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. [illegible]

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1837. N.ro 25.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Puss and the Peeress.

A tale of sense and sentiment.

By the author of „Cecil."

(Concluded from page [illegible].)

Arrived at home, locked up in the solitude of her own chamber, it may be supposed that Laura lost not a moment in tearing the declaration of love (for such, indeed, it proved) from its envelope. She threw herself into a richly-carved easy chair, and began to read it. „Down, Minette, down!" cried she to her kitten, a privileged intruder into her room, who was rioting upon her toilette among scraps of verse and flacons of perfume. The presence of her favourite was hardly very propitious to Mr. Hertford's suit — the style of his declaration was yet more fatal to its success. „Much obliged to him for his condescension," soliloquized Laura — „down, Minette! I say, you are too bold! Yes, indeed, he makes me an offer because he cannot help it: every line shows it. *After many struggles with his passion*; — and then, this allusion to my dear aunt — the insolent! — *will remove me from all contracting influences.* — He is confident, at all events; as if I would give up my relations for his sake! — and what has this long-winded verse from Shelley to do with the matter? *The delight and comfort of his future years* — of his old age, he means — it is too presuming, too selfish — I will read no more of it" — and she threw away the envelope in high disdain; and, tossing the offending letter upon the table, to be finished on some future opportunity, took up a book to tranquillize her ruffled spirit. But the wound inflicted was not very deep, nor could the hand which had inflicted it have been very dear; for, according to the usual placidity of her temperament, sleep, in the shape of a downy dream, overtook her, before she had, by way of sedative, turned over (for she did not proceed to read) ten pages of her darling „Corinne."

There is no more awkward moment in life than the one in which a well-assured (call it not *self-conceited*) man awaits an answer to some love proposal, into the making of which he has been precipitated — such things will happen. Mr. Percy Hertford had pshawed and wondered at himself half the night. „A green girl, without rank, without style, without fortune! What had he been about? he who had wandered over Europe and Asia without ever having committed such a folly! So ignorant, too, as she was — and then her talk made up of odds and ends of fustian! — so fond of his antipathy! Had he been drinking too much, or was it his fate?" And to these uncomfortable self-questionings succeeded visions of a most homely and unpicturesque future — of a fat, red-faced wife, with a loud laugh and noisy spouse, and a tribe of clamorous children. His dreams continued in the same current as his waking thoughts: and so unfavourably wrought the combined influence of the two upon his personal appearance, that, when he rose on the following morning, in spite of all the aids of dress and decoration, his mirror revealed to him the unpalatable fact that he looked cross, and old, and silly!

Laura's disenchantment had proceeded so far, that she, too, made a similar discovery, when she greeted him in the full daylight of Mrs. Rosburgle's sunny little breakfast parlour; and thus in spite of an embarrassment of manner — which may be said to be awkward rather than conscious — to belong to one who has made a blunder rather than to one labouring under a delicate embarrassment.

Mr. Hertford, it must be confessed, was chivalresque enough on the present occasion to satisfy the most exactingly romantic of maidens. How he sighed, and pressed, and protested! He wondered at himself while he bent down, whispering his raptures into Laura's ear: — but 'twas his fate: and perhaps he inwardly resolved that this outlay of gay words should stand in the stead of more substantial and less showy deeds. She, meanwhile, listened, mute as Niobe — teased, anxious, uneasy — once or twice a little disposed to smile, but in the main obliged by the compliment of such a splendid act of wooing addressed to herself. He ceased, and she blushed, and began —

„I am sorry ...."

„Dear Miss Beresford — dearest Laura ...."

A pause on the lady's part.

„That sweet confusion, how it enhances your beauty! — But, in one word — in only one word, I entreat of you — make me the most blessed of mortals: you read my letter, did you not?"

„I am very sorry ...." continued the lady, [illegible] of course.

„The letter," persisted he, his mind equally possessed with the epistle he had put together with such care and subtlety, and a copy whereof had been deposited among his archives — „I trust you did me the favour of weighing well, and with a bias towards the favourable, the arguments I ventured to advance at its conclusion."

Laura's agitation visibly increased — „Indeed I am very sorry — I do not know what to say."

„You understand me, however — there can be no doubt of your understanding me, after the explicit manner in which I there stated my expectations. Say but yes, and I am the happiest of lovers."

„Indeed, indeed," replied his auditor, feeling herself on the verge of a dilemma, and the better and more truthful part of her nature coming to her assistance — „I am afraid you will be very angry with me, Mr. Hertford, but I must tell you every thing — I have not read the whole of it."

„You have not!" replied he, with a start, almost a stern one, and his natural temper, rather than his acquired breeding, spoke in his sudden and unpremeditated — „I hope, madam, you have some satisfactory account to offer me for such — such a singular and disrespectful proceeding."

Laura was a little frightened, a very little piqued — „I might question Mr Hertford's right to call me to account," said she, quickly, with an attempt at a gay rallying manner, „were I to choose; but I am not very punctilious, and will own the exact truth, and throw the blame upon the right party. Poor Minette! — if you were very anxious for me to read the whole of the letter — the blame lies with her, and it is another to add to your list of causes for antipathy."

Mr Hertford made a wry face (if how old, how positively monkey-like, he looked at that moment!) as the name of his aversion was mentioned — „You are making game of me, Miss Beresford," said he gravely, and with yet increased solemnity of manner.

„Upon honour bright, I am serious. — To say the truth, then, I left your letter half unperused on my dressing-table — and — do not look so awful — positively fell asleep. Well, my dear, tiresome little Minette, who loves a secret as well as any of the Stony Hampton coterie, chose to mount up there for her usual game at romps — overthrew my dressing box, which — overthrew my candle, which set fire to the various treasures spread around; and, had not the faithful creature waked me by her screams, and by scratching my face — for, believe it or not, as you will, she is as sagacious as any quadruped under the sun — the blaze would probably have reached my gown, and you might have been called upon to write an elegy upon my untimely fate, instead of being put to the labour of writing your letter over again, or communicating its contents to me as we sit here. You look angry, Mr Hertford; surely you do not place me in competition with a scrap of paper and a morsel of wax; the time spent over employing the same being, of course, given into the bargain, when a fair lady is in the case."

Laura's raillery, which was half real, half assumed, proved too much for her admirer. „Could this," he indignantly asked of himself, „be the meek, delicate, sentimental Miss Beresford? — this hoyden, with red cheeks and a wide mouth; she who confessed herself capable of falling asleep over a letter — and such a letter? There was no knowing what she might not say next!" His colour changed from a sallow to a yet paler and unhealthier shade, and his frame trembled with ill-concealed vexation, as he rose, and, taking his hat, which he had crushed into fifty uncouth forms, as Laura had made her playful declaration, bade the young lady good morning, with a stiff bow and a few freezing words — „She should hear of him again!"

But it has been conjectured that his resolve was lost in empty air, for Laura never received duplicate or second edition of the epistle so ignominiously destroyed; and, on the evening of that very same day, Mr Percy Hertford disappeared from Stony Hampton, called away, of course, by sudden and peremptory business, and bearing thence with him, it must be confessed, but little of its sunshine.

* * * * * * *

„Minette! Minette!" cried Lady Oliphant (not the dowager) as she watched, with a mother's proud eye the gambols of a round-limbed, crowing boy with a grand-child of her old favourite, who sate blinking by the fire-side, as demure as if she in her time had never indulged in the like indiscreet sportiveness, „what an awkward business it was that you once delivered me from!"

„Yes, indeed, my Laura," replied Sir Anthony, who, like many other country gentlemen, was as indifferently bad hand at a pen in his own parish, „if every one could so easily get rid of a foolish, insipid, coxcomb of a lover and her only folly — for your common sense came pretty speedily back when once you dismissed Mr Percy Hertford, or he took himself off — who would not rather court than deprecate such a cat-astrophe?"

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Drearywit, and his friends.

A Tale in six Chapters.

Chapter First.

Let me not discuss the origin of evil: that pernicious pippin was, doubtless, the cause of all the misery that has hitherto been endured by man for the benefit, or rather the bane, of his species. No wonder, therefore, that Sir Isaac Newton discovered gravity by means of an apple.

It is, however, not a little deplorable that what are termed the „good things" of this world have not a more equal and equitable partition; and that you shall not seldom see a poor devil with hardly a leg to stand upon, while a huge alderman can afford to keep half a dozen footmen in good calf. It is no part of my present purpose to account for these discrepancies, — it is nevertheless my duty, as a virtuous member of society, to lament them.

What I most complain of is, that men having „appliances and means to boot," whereby the respectable appointments of a gentleman may be maintained, should, as it were, voluntarily relinquish them into the most tenacious digits of rogues and swindlers; and, by a perversity of reasoning, or a depravity of taste, seem virtually to affirm that a leg of mutton is far worse eating than the mastication of the air, and that a sirloin of beef is not half so pleasant as the enumeration of trees in St. James's Park.

„A bird in the hand," quoth the old proverb, „is worth two in the bush." What opinion, then, should we form of the intellects of a man who, when he might hold a veritable goose in his grasp, should prefer to be beating about the bushes for a pair of dubiously existing owls; or who should leave his Stilton to the tender mercies of the mice, under the belief that he was shortly to receive a new importation of green cheese from the moon? We should, doubtless, forthwith consign his head to the barber, and look to find him, in due time, among the incurables in the Lambeth Asylum. But,

„Certain the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat,"

or how else can we account for the singular complacency with which some people hold open their pockets (and this, too, under the perfect conviction that they are immense gainers by the operation) while others dive into and dismantle them? Some there are, indeed, who, having gone forth to shear and become shorn, would fain betake themselves to their own homes, like the prodigal son, to eat roast veal, and would, forsooth, say no more about the matter, like a wise man under rebuke, or a fool in the [illegible]; while others, not content with making „ducks and drakes" of their money, must needs make geese and donkeys of themselves, and go cackling and braying about the face of the earth with a most portentous insanity of aspect, or repose themselves under the shade of [illegible], poverty, or ruin, with an air of agreeable lassitude and genteel relaxation. These enthusiasts,

„So perfect in their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,"

and I verily believe would refuse sufficient remuneration, if they were thereby prevented from pursuing their destructive and disastrous avocations.

I would that the foregoing moral reflections had not been called forth, and the extent of reprehension contained in them were not applicable, in a mournful degree, to my friend Drearywit, who has all his days (so to speak) been casting his bread upon the waters until he has quite got rid of the loaves and fishes, and who was no more expected by his numerous connections to be seen in the path of life he chose to perambulate, than you might indulge reasonable expectation of meeting a cow in a milkwalk. I say, it is not a little astonishing, as the world goes, to find a man stepping over the heads of others; still more surprising to behold him wandering about on his own; but most marvellous, when we discover him running his proper skull against a post in the most ruinous and persevering manner. Conceive a distracted muffin-maker plying for custom on Salisbury Plain; or a petitioner [illegible] the nose of his patron; or a runaway [illegible], who has once „hopp'd the twig," returning to repeat such saltatory movement; you can, after all, conceive no extent of folly, imprudence, or madness, at all comparable with the visionary day-dreams of my friend. But I will not anticipate.

Let me, however, do strict justice. Drearywit was as far as possible removed from any sympathy with those whining sentimentalists who creep about as grave and watery as an undertaker on St. Swithin's day, and mysterious as a maiden speech: he was not one of that tribe of dissatisfied rascals, 'yclept misanthropes, who rush headlong into a sea of troubles, like their swinish prototypes in the New Testament, and when they should be endeavouring to swim, cut their own throats: he was not one of those against whom the stigmatizing name of [illegible] is launched, neither could he, after any fair process of investigation, be accounted a bore. But why do I waste my time in these negative statements? Drearywit's character was ever, I believe, in all the domestic relations, unimpeachable, and any posthumous notice respecting him may be, accordingly, engraved on his tomb (when he shall take it upon himself to die) without giving occasion for a blush to his panegyrist or an incredulous grin to the stone-cutter.

But it is in quite a distinct light that I would at present view him; I would fain, as it were with a lever, upraise his bulk into the air of reason and philosophy, that the rays of truth may fall upon the dense mass of frail and incommunicable flesh, and that I may, finally, be enabled to draw his frailties from their brittle tenement with satisfaction to myself and advantage to the reader.

Chapter second.

It is neither my duty nor my inclination to be censorious or uncharitable. I do not profess to be a modern Diogenes, looking after honest men with a pair of lantern jaws, and creeping into a kilderkin if I cannot find them; moreover, it is no concern of mine whether the community be honest or otherwise. I should certainly prefer grasping my friend's hand in any other place than my own pocket, and I should duly deplore the deficiency of the moral sense in one whom I might discover in the act of plundering my pantry or secreting my spoons. But, as I have hinted, I am not curious upon these points of morality. I have, accordingly, the less hesitation in condensing long dissipated and dispersed whispers into an articulate sententious sound, signifying, that the father of our friend Drearywit was not particular to a shade; that he did not stick at trifles; that he knew on which side his bread was buttered, inasmuch as he buttered both sides himself; and that all were fish that came to his net, especially gudgeons. It by no means follows that he was not a highly respectable man, and a member of the common council. Let me indulge a reminiscence respecting him. If the [illegible] of my eye have not deceived me, and my memory prove faithful, my old acquaintance must ever have cut a despicable figure, looked upon as a study for the artist or a model for the sculptor. He was *tantum pellis et ossa*, so much skin and bone; in truth, if to inherit no flesh were to be exempt from the „thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to,“ the outline in question might have laughed and grown fat at his leisure. But he had not soul enough to laugh; indeed, although according to Shakspeare, a catch could draw three souls out of a weaver, I question whether all the music of the spheres would have extracted the tithe of one from my wretched friend.

It is a mystery to me, ignorant as I am of the process by which ideas are generated in the mind, how it could have occurred to the old widow Mutchaway and her daughter that such a penurious rascal should be deemed a desirable speculation. It is still more remarkable that he should have consented to take any woman into stock (for with some men such enterprises are mere matters of business) without being thoroughly satisfied of the pecuniary fitness of the transaction. Certain, however, it is, that elaborate calculations were entered into on his part, during which it was observed that he divided by two, more often than was his custom heretofore. In a word, he was content to do one imprudent act in his life, upon a principle which I do not understand, but which, at all events, vindicates the existence of the will in a most conclusive manner. On the lady's side, be it borne in mind, she was now of that most uncertain of ages called „a certain age,“ by which, let it be understood, she was dancing to and fro upon the vast gamut of time, extending from twenty-nine to sixty inclusive, and no one knew the precise board upon which she should fairly have reposed herself. Furthermore, there was a fatality in the concern: she had her own private reasons for wishing the thing; she had dreamed of him; she was born for the man; her mother had consulted the grounds of the coffee-cup, and such-like Delphian oracles; and, in fine, the two ladies, either by uniting, laying, or rubbing their heads together, had made has their own to a dead certainty, long before the match had been even contemplated by him.

A marriage consequently took place, appertaining to which nothing is half so deserving of mention, or worthy of commemoration, as the birth of our friend; a circumstance unlooked for at home, and matter of wonderment and whisper to the neighbourhood, which, I must say, generally contrives to interest itself much more in other persons' affairs than the occasion could seem at first, or even at second sight, to warrant. For example, winks and shrugs and smiles were put into requisition; shrewd guesses were hazarded —"it was a wise child that knew its own father," and indirect imputations of the like nature were mumbled, all tending to provoke a breach of the peace and harmony then subsisting between a couple whose evenness of temper on the one hand, and smoothness of forehead on the other, were, if I may hazard the conjecture, pretty much upon a par.

The old gentleman, however, had friends of another complexion, — men, elevated far above the mists of prejudice and the tumults of passion. These worthy individuals were delighted at the accession so recently made to their friend's family, and were the first to make a leg, and present a congratulation. To these, of whom I shall just now only remember two — the estimable Earthworm and the respected Gulph, the physiognomy of the infant, sooth to say, as yet so imperfectly developed, indicated, with all the literal accuracy of a chart, the possession of faculties of a superhuman growth, and pointed out with a precision almost miraculous, the destiny whereto fortune was about to raise him. In the meanwhile, it was deemed to be a time-honoured observance to enrol his name duly as a youthful Christian, at which ceremony the solemn Earthworm and the lugubrious Gulph were called upon to officiate as sponsors. To this proposition one objection would have presented itself, since the former was in common decency expected to make his appearance, bearing some additional evidence of a kindly feeling towards the child, which feeling was upon this occasion made manifest by the presentation of a pair of pewter spoons, while an outlay of sixpence, paid into the ruthless and vice-closing hand of the nurse, was entailed upon the unhappy Gulph. These exactions, nevertheless, hindered not the out-pouring of similar prognostications, to which the old gentleman lent a ready ear, and, indeed would have given both ears rather than these prophecies should be unfulfilled. But — such is the infirmity of man — even these gratifying anticipations could not be indulged in a sober and fitting spirit; for, it is a grievous truth, that at the close of the day, this worthy triumvirate demeaned themselves in a most heathenish and extravagant manner. Dreary-wit had, long before the termination of the evening, resigned his perpendicular, and was, as it should seem, strictly and minutely scrutinizing the pattern of the carpet; Earthworm had for a considerable period been stretched athwart the mat at the foot of the stairs, bellowing for assistance; while Gulph, upon whose brain the influence of wine acted as an amiable madness, after dancing solemnly and sedately about the drawing-room, was carried grinning and gibbering to his own home, where the application of a few smart reprimands, and as many smart boxes on the ear, administered by his wife, soon brought him to his senses, and caused him to sneak up to bed with a very forlorn and dejected deportment.

Chapter third.

That ancient philosopher who made it his business to go out upon the house-top and shout with a loud voice, „Educate your children," was a well-intentioned, but I regret to say it, an absurd person. I am inclined to think he must have been a single gentleman, without encumbrances — of course, at any rate — and was addicted to the intolerable ill-breeding of offering advice where it was least wanted. He should have [illegible] standing the blow, and have „come down" with something handsome. A score of young [illegible], bearded and converted into [illegible] of his sole charge, would have taken the conceit out of him.

To be plain, this sort of gratuitous advice is of no practical service whatever, like Dr. Watts's considerate recommendation, „to get a vast quantity of ideas," — „never to be deceived by sophism or fallacies," and the like. Hand us over the cash then, deliver a cheque upon your banker, my dear twaddler, or mum's the word. For, to speak in the vulgar tongue, how is a family proper to perform payment, a dustman to down with his dust, or a „seedy knife-grinder" to „fork over" the ready? The idea is preposterous. The expense, then, of educating his son had agitated old Dennyson most miserably; for the schoolmaster was at that time at home, and quite indisposed to „rear the tender thought" without raising the stubborn charge for his trouble. It was this conviction that decided the old gentleman upon keeping his child for a few years under the tutelage of his grandmother, with whom, although he would hardly acquire sufficient mental activity to skip over the various branches of learning like an intellectual squirrel, to whom knowledge should be as nuts, yet he would be enabled, perchance, to climb up the main trunk of the tree, by the aid of goadings and castigation, in a deliberate, sober, and steadfast manner. And, surely, this was a very prudent design, for the lady in question was truly one of a thousand, and appeared to have drunk copiously, if not from the very fountain of knowledge, at least from some source, into which had been infused a strong decoction of old-womanism, since her learning was of the traditional kind, and sheathed itself in an infinite multiplicity of adages, proverbs, and axioms, for an insight into which the curious may refer to Dr. Franklin passim, or to the first vagarious aged gentlewoman he may chance to encounter. The strictness of this amiable person's discipline more than kept pace with her erudition, for the elements of our vernacular tongue once thoroughly acquired — the alphabet, I say, being devoured, and the syllabic mystery explained, „and there an end," as the respectable lady held, never having read a book herself, that the truth was not in them. Her instructions, then, such as they were (and far be it from me, by such mode of phrase, to undervalue them), were delivered by word of mouth, and enforced in an exemplary manner, viz. by causing her crutch to descend upon the skull of the devoted wretch with amazing force, insomuch that echoes were made to vibrate and tremble along the walls; and the immense thickness and density of the boy's occiput rendered more pliable and porous, and fitter to the reception of such ideas as she might please should take root and flourish there.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the boy, so disciplined, even unto the creation of echoes, as aforesaid, should have thriven thus vigorously; but so active and restless was his mind, and such a spirit of inquiry actuated him, that his preceptress herself was heard to admit „he sometimes even puzzled her;" nay, it was ascertained that he had supplied the old lady with various information and knowledge to which she had been heretofore a stranger. Some went so far as to say that he had taught his grandmother „to suck eggs," but this I do not believe. I must even express my doubt whether such ovicular instruction is practised in this age. The practice is, however, legendary, and comprises a fine apologue, which may be called „Youth teaching Experience," and rendered serviceably efficient as a hint to certain self-willed greybeards of my acquaintance.

Unpleasant difficulties, nevertheless, it must perforce be told, arose of this reciprocal exchange of knowledge and community of ideas; for the lad, being now well nigh grown up, appeared less disposed than he had hitherto shown himself to receive implicitly such dogmas as the perverse old cat would oftentimes enunciate; so little willing, indeed, that a dispute having one day arisen, the ferocious fiend sought to establish her point, as usual, by calling to her assistance that vigorous coadjutor her crutch; when the vivacious youth, turning upon herself her own instrument, made such a reprisal upon her pericranium, as completely demolished the organ of memory for one while, and set the prismatic colours dancing before her eyes in a somewhat complicated and incessant figure.

And now he was become of a fitting age to benefit by the more practical and profound precepts of Earthworm, and the subtle and ingenious sophisms of Gulph; both of whom found a singular delight in grafting the slips of their experience where the moral fruit was likely to be abundant, and of rapid growth. Now, as the characters of these gentlemen were somewhat strange and opposite, it may not be irrelevant to record them here. Earthworm held of a verity that every man was better off, and *de facto* a better man than himself, who possessed any one species of property, not common and accessible on the instant to him, the said Earthworm, and his chief object, accordingly, was to lay his fingers upon such property in the most amiable attitude possible. He maintained, that it was better to be a toadeater, than eat nothing at all, and he would have administered flattery to old Nick himself, if he could have got his matches dipt in brimstone for nothing by it. He was like the „camomile that thrives the more 'tis trodden upon," and he would have welcomed a kicking, if it were understood to entitle him to a fair claim upon your good offices in future. His piety, however, was orthodox, and the parson and he were the best friends in the world. Not so Gulph, whose honesty was the fear of the gallows, and whose religion was a dread of the devil. Gulph was a kind of Timon, with a considerable resemblance to Sir Giles Overreach; and was alternately railing at, and robbing the world with an intensity of satisfaction inconceivable to the mere rogue in grain. He would have been considered a very grave person in the eyes of Trophonius, but he had his laugh out in private. Withal, he was always having a fling at human nature, and complaining, that there was no friendship and sincerity in this life, that there was no community of feeling, but a mere interchange of small favours. He admitted, there might be such a sentiment as friendship, but thought that our own friends tended to fix us in a contrary belief; and said, that their hearts might be in the right place, but he should be glad to know where they were. I am not sure, for my part, that Gulph was not correct in these latter conclusions; for it just now occurs to me, we do not find that our friends exhibit much alacrity, or appear very solicitous about paying our debts, or alert at securing our convenience and comfort. But I apprehend, it is all owing to that cursed heavy-watery material of which this said human nature is composed. „We cannot make a silk purse," &c., the proverb is a true one, or if we could, it would commonly be found that we had got the wrong sow by the ear.

By these worthies, then, was our friend Twenty-wit, rendered conversant in early youth with such branches of knowledge, as would in course of time have sufficed to make him a pretty accomplished rascal; and it is far from improbable, that he profited not a little by the lessons vouchsafed unto him by these sages, for he seized upon every opportunity of wheedling Earthworm out of such coinage as that curmudgeon found it in his nature, after wretched inward wrestlings, to bestow; while he took delight in abstracting the spectacle cases from the pockets of the other, and in employing maledictions and outrageous abuse, accompanied by gesticulations and face-making, while the old fellow's back was turned, not a little shocking to hear and to behold.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Anecdote.

The crown.

A country sculptor was once ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words:

„A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

But the stone being small he engraved on it,

„A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

Das BRITISH MUSEUM [illegible]

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1837. N.ro 26.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Drearywit, and his friends.

A Tale in six Chapters.

(Concluded from our last.)

Chapter Fourth.

As I had for many years been a constant visitor at the house of old Drearywit, both before his marriage, and after the demise of his lady, (who had not long survived the birth of her infant,) I felt that I also had a right to mould and model the flexible organization of the lad after my own fashion; and was not unwilling to instil into his mind a few grains of philosophical truth, not to be picked up by every goose of the common. I was the more readily enabled to do this by reason of the boy's partiality towards me; induced, I conceive, by timely presentations of stomach-ache in the form of apples and unlimited pastry; as well by the amiable appearance of occasional moneys, that found favour in his pocket after an emigration from mine.

But in this design I had been in a great measure forestalled by a philosophical fire-eater and water-drinker, Millwheel by name; a man of intemperate temperance, and the most uncontrollable temper. He was one of those who enforce moderation in a voice of thunder, and exemplify charity by buttoning up their pockets; yea, such was the ferocity of his nature, that he would have presented you with a piece of bridecake on the point of a bayonet, and run you through the body by way of tickling you at his excruciating jests. His voice, too, was detestably horrible. A whisper from him, „came o'er the ear like the sweet south wind," or, an echo from the hollow caverns of Avernus, and a sigh (if any such there were) resembled a blast from the Vulcanian forge.

The doctrines of this person were of a laudable description; howbeit, they have been, I [illegible] to say, indulged and adopted by many individuals quite [illegible] [illegible], ignorant and presumptuous enough before without such aids, and sufficiently of a piece to succeed and establish the previous promulgations of Earthworm and Gulph. „He taught the boy to speak" [illegible] nonsense, and, as he advanced into manhood, supplied him with exhaustless chatter concerning utility, and, „the greatest happiness principle," the eternal discussion of which subjects was not only without utility, but productive of the greatest misery conceivable. The first, appeared to my weak and uninitiated understanding a mere amplification of vulgar cant, which the thoroughgoer is beginning to be ashamed of; while the other was manifestly an anomalous monster, begotten on a [illegible] by the amiable principle — „Every one for himself," or „The devil take the hindmost."

Millwheel, a sincere convertite to these notions, and a zealous expounder of them, in ex-

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[1] [illegible]

planation of his theory of utility, hesitated not to affirm the superiority of a candle-snuffer over a Newton or a Galileo; while Milton, „that mighty orb of song," was accounted nought in comparison with a mightily rotund shopkeeper. But his greatest happiness principle, was in no quarter so well understood as at home; where to maltreat his wife, to chastise his children, and to kick his servants down stairs, supplied him with tolerable employment, and left him in fit case for a denunciation of the tyranny of his rulers.

It were no marvel if a youth, passed in the first instance through the crucible of a remorseless grandmother, afterwards tried in the furnace of an Earthworm, filtered through the [illegible] alembic of a Gulph, and finally, rolled out and extended in the mangle of a Millwheel, should have come forth into society a ready-made pattern of perfection, a monstrum sine vitio, or at least, a specimen of that kind of popular virtue which is seldom undermined, or endangered, by a too great susceptibility of feeling, or a superabundant allowance of passion.

But it was not so, for as it is said, that, „what is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh" so I believe it to be just as true, that a cobbler's lapstone can never be converted into a diamond of the first water, and, that the tuition of a milestone (if it have any), is of rather a sedentary nature. For, be it observed, your cement is hardly to be reasoned with, and your stock of wild oats cannot properly be sown until the whole lands be brought into a little cultivation. This may appear to be very madness, but such wide talk will show fit the nature of the case, and this [illegible]*; mode of ratiocination is the closest argument I can afford upon the present occasion. More intelligibly, however, to speak, „All the fair hopes which Millwheel was to have crowned," did the young dog [illegible], with a [illegible] twisting and a [illegible] destiny, and then —

It so chanced that the father of the youth, or, as I should now say, the young man, took an opportunity one day of giving up just as much of the ghost as he might be supposed to have possessed. The old fellow had been for a long time in a bad way, and there is no doubt but that half an hour's simmer in the pipkin of Medea would have done him a world of good; as it was, he had become very aged, with a frequent oppression and weight upon the chest, only to be likened to the burden of a nightmare with an alderman upon its back, or an elephant standing upon one leg for lack of the other three. The death of this respectable gentleman, if it gave rise to any feeling in the breasts of his friends, was of that especial kind, that „doth lie too deep for tears." We were, certainly, in no condition to prove our lineal descent from Niobe; but I much misgive me, whether the quantity of moisture mustered over his grave might not have been exceeded by a chymical extract from an ounce of tinder, or by the voluntary exudation of a grain of dust.

The young gentleman was pleased to call this event a happy release, and truly he appeared to consider himself released from any further payment of deference or respect to his guardian advisers; for he took the very first opportunity of reviling Earthworm, of abusing Gulph, and of ridiculing Millwheel; and I verily believe, would have had small scruple in dancing over the grave of his grandmother, had he not been withheld by the dread of her posthumous presence in the form of phantom, night hag, or succubus.

For my part, as I find very little pleasure in winking at a blind horse, in whistling to a dead dog, or in arguing with a deaf man; and as there is no superfluity of force and some waste of trouble in the shearing of swine, I very gradually forbore to interfere between my young friend and his plans. Certain I am, that none are so impatient of advice as those who are most in need of it, and if one's friends will go to the dogs, it is really no business of ours to see the tails of those animals docked, and their quadrupedal [illegible] [illegible].

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* [illegible]

Chapter Fifth.

It was shrewdly suspected of Lorenzo de Medicis, that he possessed two souls, so singular the union did he furnish between virtue and vice. A like predication, slightly modified, might have included Overlywit. Never did a man so flagrantly belie the expectations of his friends, and so perversely turn away from the right path into the most crooked byways and tangled brakes. Instead of that sedate deportment hitherto adopted by the young man under the auspices of his elders and his betters, a reckless and wretched levity was substituted, quite subversive of those principles of serious meditation heretofore inculcated, and altogether destructive of that elongation of visage which is the necessary result, if not the type and symbol of them. The party to whom he was indebted for his introduction to the great world — the piper, as it were, to whose particular tune he was but too willing to dance, even though he were compelled afterwards to pay such piper, — was a young fellow calling himself Harebrain. This hopeful youth, this scatterling, having in an incredibly short period run through his paternal estate, now felt himself reduced to the necessity of living upon the small freehold of his wits; and, to do the boy justice, as he had never been unwilling to exercise his boundless predecessors in the same surgery, he naturally felt, that he had a strong claim upon the next in succession. Experience, it is said, makes fools wise, but as neither he nor his disciple considered themselves fools, they were quite above taking any unfair advantage of experience.

Harebrain, indeed, was constitutionally incapable of resisting anything that came before him in the questionable shape of speculative philosophy; and having been batted and twisted round in the vortex of dissipation and pleasure, brought an acquired giddiness and volatility to the general which that admirably suited the headlong propensities of his companion. He was acted upon by every impulse of the moment, and transferred to his breast, on the instant, a portion of the same, whatever it might be, that, for the time at least, was, by the energy of its action, consuming his very vitals. Thus, an occasional visit to the hairdresser would have suggested the expediency of importing a vast quantity of Polar bears, and the exhibition of a conjuror would have induced the determination of procuring a Lapland witch or two by way of novelty. He had dived into chymistry, and questioned whether moonbeams might not be potted like cucumbers, and rendered serviceable at pleasure as tapers; and he would fain have bottled the lightning. His pen also had been employed upon a „Dissertation on Mares' Nests," and „The best means of setting the Thames on fire," not to mention some loose hints on the possibility of building castles in the air, with reflections on the art of making bricks without straw, and other matters of less moment, but, as he conceived, of some difficulty and hazard.

Here, then, was the kind of Mentor to whom my poor Telemachus of a friend committed himself and his fortune: and it demanded very little sagacity to foretel, and by no means the optical completeness of an Argus to foresee, that this brace of blockheads were going to the devil in the most handsome and liberal manner. But the case became so urgent in a very short time, inasmuch as the total melting away and vanishing of the young man's property was evidently nigh at hand, that we, his oldest friends, to wit, Earthworm, Gulph, Millwheel, and myself, were constrained to call a council, and in close divan devise expedients for reclaiming or restoring the infatuated victim.

It was proposed by Earthworm, that the youth's effects should be sequestrated and confided to his sole and peculiar care. Gulph, as one of the executors under the father's will, was strenuously of opinion, that the remainder of the property should be withheld from him; while Millwheel was for inserting him in Bedlam with the least possible delay. For my part, I had enough to do to reconcile these conflicting propositions, which, however, were speedily laid aside upon the appearance of the young gentleman. And now it was, that I made a serious endeavour to bring the boy to his senses, and with timely exhorttation and the most earnest entreaty, I have but little doubt that I should have caused considerable salutary compunction and better resolutions for the future, had it not been for the pestilent interference of those vociferous old fools, who, nevertheless, found not their account in such vehement discourse. Presuming too far upon the forbearance of their quondam pupil, they proceeded to such extremity of reprehension as caused the youth to have recourse to the poker, which directly led to the necessity of their making a sudden and simultaneous rush to the door, a headlong and tumultuous exiting of themselves from the staircase, and a violent issue into the street; the whole presenting a spectacle of unextinguishable laughter to the window-gazing inmates of the house, from which they had so unceremoniously disembogued themselves.

Left, then, as at length he was, to the sole direction of Harebrain, a series of the most preposterous projects was the result. He contemplated, it seems, the civilization of the native Indians, and forthwith despatched two ill-fated missionaries to attempt the establishment of a commercial treaty between them. He proposed to send over books, religious and profane, for their improvement, in exchange for tomahawks and other implements of warfare, to be used with advantage upon the skulls of the more obtuse in our own country; and was only prevented from carrying his design into effect by a notification, that the unfortunate functionaries had been devoured in toto by those whimsical beings, who had accomplished a saraband after the repast, with the most ingenious and extraordinary agility.

But, why should I enter further into these distressing details? why relate the mining associations, the pearl fisheries, and the vinegar companies, in which my friend [illegible] took too fatal an interest? What need to tell, that after galloping most vigorously over South America, our agent was unable to discover any suitable or practicable mine; that after incessant diving and plunging, not even an oyster shell was to be discovered; and that the devil a drop of vinegar was to be had, for love or money; unless, indeed, it were extracted from the visages of the shareholders.

It is of more importance to state, that these utopian projects carried away my friend's property without ceremony, and hastened the introduction of Harebrain to a private retirement in Battersea-fields, designed expressly for such spirits as despise utterly the usual diurnal duties entailed upon our physical, moral, and intellectual being.

Chapter Sixth.

It were, without all question, a most desirable circumstance, if, after having paid, however dearly, for our experience, we could, by some extraordinary and retrograde movement, contrive to occupy the same position in respect of years, application, and means, as that, from which we originally started. But, the misery is, that we cannot do so; and, upon better reflection, a system of this kind would undoubtedly introduce a strange jumble of dates, facts, and memories, not at all reconcileable with the known adaptation of our natures. We should, „take no heed of time,“ even „by his loss,“ and, indeed, that worthy old fellow would be constrained to shave off his beard with his own scythe, and accommodate himself to the prevailing fashion.

It is, nevertheless, melancholy to reflect, that a man is disposed to husband his money precisely at the period when he has none left to preserve; just as vast pains are taken to turn the key of the stable, after the horse has been sold at Smithfield. There is no help for it.

Here now was a man, my friend, who had begun life with „brilliant prospects,“ as they are called, compelled, much against his will, to restrict his views to a narrow vista, terminating, in all probability, in a dead wall; and whose prandiary propensities were hereafter to be satisfied, not as formerly, at pleasure, but by certain express invitations from Duke Humphrey, or by a wretched resemblance to King Nebuchadnezzar.

Under such circumstances, a great many things are assuredly to be done; there is a wide scope wherein the [illegible] may expose themselves; and if a man happen [illegible] prime minister, he may at least be secure of going out of the world like a gentleman whenever he pleases to annex himself, by way of personal appendix, to a yard of twine.

„'Tis pleasant, through such loopholes of retreat,"

to make an escape from the vexation and evil incident to humanity; and as there is very little pleasure upon earth, it is well to be independent of that element when we take our leave of it.

With such consolatory talk did I beguile the miseries of my unfortunate friend, who had now discarded altogether that impatience of advice, and repugnance to reproof, so common and prejudicial to young men in general; and who, perhaps, would have listened to the exhortation and comfort even of Earthworm, or Gulph. As for Millwheel, he had long ago given him up for lost; ever since he had ascertained that the miserable wretch had been guilty of a taste for the fine arts, and had actually uttered strange language, indicating occasional sympathy for his fellow creatures, couched, alas! in the abominable form of sentiment. Moreover, he was at this time too busily engaged in the composition of a work intended to prove that all men were rascals, and that, accordingly, all men should beware of all men; and it was an ingenious expedient of his logic, that whenever he found a particular conclusion at direct variance with the principle he sought to establish, that principle was set down at once as steadfast, immovable and not to be controverted.

There were, at this juncture, several paths open to Dreamywit, into one of which I would willingly have introduced that young man; very good paths in their way, although not so precisely gravelled and smoothly rolled out as the pleasant promenade on which he had hitherto delighted to parade. For instance, by a strenuous exertion of interest, a sinecure might have afforded its [illegible] and salary for his [illegible]; or, he might have let himself out as chaperon to a young fellow of fortune, or [illegible] abstracts of criticism and reporting, or [illegible] rules of horse-laughs and puppyism, wherein „profits might accrue." Or, if he really possessed any talent, he might have scribbled a fashionable novel; or, if he were entirely destitute of brains, he might have done the same thing with as much advantage to himself. Against all which projects he decidedly set his face. Well, then; there was the establishment of a republic in South America, a blessed chance of distinguishing himself, with magnificent remuneration „*in futuro!*" or there was the independence of Greece, and the rapture of enthusiastic and neverending reference to Marathon and Thermopylæ, with a special recommendation to Capo d'Istrias. No, it would not do. Further, there were matrimonial chances, connubial bliss, domestic peace, rich heiress, complying widow, or expectant spinster of the last century. This was by no means palatable. He said, one might as reasonably fall into a well and expect to find Truth there, as fall in love and hope to meet with her in a woman; and he cited instances in which certain friends of his had met with ruinous reverses, nay, with untimely deaths, in consequence of such witless extravagance of sentiment.

Finding my endeavours likely to produce no fruit worth the gathering, I left the foolish and wrong-headed wretch to his own obstinate devices and determinations; and I shortly afterwards heard of his departure, with the wrecks of his property, for New South Wales, where he fully expects to realize a very large fortune in a very little period; and, for my part, I sincerely wish that he may get it.

And thus abruptly terminated the [illegible] and flattering expectations which we had been too prone to entertain of that young gentleman; and, perhaps, the recital may not be without its advantage if it operate as a warning against the folly and extravagance of youth. And if the reader should, after all, be unconscious of the moral intended herein, why, I must even dismiss him in the [illegible] sermon style of the eighteenth century — „Go, my son, be virtuous and be happy."

As for Harebrain, I had occasion to see him a short time ago. It appears, he is about to square the circle and discover the longitude; and he has, he avers, succeeded in creating a perpetual motion. And he maintains, that his mansion at Battersea is the very Temple of Reason, and his strait waistcoat the academic robe of a Stoic Philosopher.

On the Melancholy of Taylors.

Sedet, aeternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus.
Virgil.

By Charles Lamb.

That there is a professional melancholy, if I may so express myself, incident to the occupation of a tailor, is a fact which I think very few will venture to dispute. I may safely appeal to my readers, whether they ever knew one of that faculty that was not of a temperament, to say the least, far removed from mercurial or jovial.

Observe the suspicious gravity of their gait. The peacock is not more tender, from a consciousness of his peculiar infirmity, than a gentleman of this profession is of being known by the same infallible testimonies of his occupation. „Walk, that I may know thee."

Do you ever see him go whistling along the footpath like a carman, or brush through a crowd like a baker, or go smiling to himself like a lover? Is he forward to thrust into mobs, or to make one at the ballad-singer's audiences? Does he not rather slink by assemblies and meetings of the people, as one that wisely declines popular observation?

How extremely rare is a merry tailor; a mirthful and obstreperous tailor!

„At my nativity," says Sir Thomas Browne, „my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me." One would think that he were anatomizing a tailor! save that to the latter's occupation, methinks, a woollen planet would seem more appropriate, and that he should be born when the sun was in Aries. — He goes on: „I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company." How true a type of the whole trade! Eminently economical of his words, you shall seldom hear a jest come from one of them. He sometimes furnishes subject for a repartee, but rarely (I think) contributes one ore *proprio*.

Drink itself does not seem to elevate him, or at least to call out of him any of the external indications of vanity. I cannot say that it never causes his pride to swell, but it never breaks out. I am even fearful that it may swell and rankle to an alarming degree inwardly. For pride is near of kin to melancholy; — a hurtful obstruction from the ordinary outlets of vanity being shut. It is this stoppage which engenders proud humours. Therefore a tailor may be proud. I think he is never vain. The display of his gaudy patterns in that book of his which emulates the rainbow, never raises any inflations of that emotion in him, corresponding to what the wig-maker (for instance) evinces, when he expatiates on a curl or a bit of hair. He spreads them forth with a sullen incapacity for pleasure, a real or affected indifference to grandeur. Cloth of gold neither seems to elate, nor cloth of frize to depress him — according to the beautiful motto which formed the modest impress of the shield worn by Charles Brandon at his marriage with the king's sister. Nay, I doubt whether he would discover any vain-glorious complacence in his colours, though „Iris" herself „dipt the woof."

In further corroboration of this argument who ever saw the wedding of a tailor announced in the newspapers, or the birth of his eldest son?

When was a tailor known to give a dance, or to be himself a good dancer, or to perform exquisitely on the tight rope, or to shine in any such light and airy pastimes? to sing, or play on the violin?

Do they much care for public rejoicings, lightings up, ringing of bells, firing of cannons, etc.?

Valiant I know they can be; but I appeal to those who were witnesses to the exploits of Eliot's famous troop whether in their fiercest charges they betrayed anything of that thoughtless oblivion of death with which a Frenchman jigs into battle, or whether they did not show more of the melancholy valour of the Spaniard, upon whom they charged; that deliberate courage which contemplation and sedentary habits breathe? —

Are they often great newsmongers? — I have known some few among them arrive at the dignity of speculative politicians; but that light and cheerful every-day interest in the affairs and goings-on of the world, which makes the barber*) such delightful company, I think is rarely observable in them.

This characteristic pensiveness in them being so notorious, I wonder none of those writers, who have expressly treated of melancholy, should have mentioned it. Burton, whose book is an excellent abstract of all the authors in that kind who preceded him, and who treats of every species of this malady, from the *hypochondriacal* or *windy* to the *heroical* or *love melancholy*, has strangely omitted it. Shakspeare himself has overlooked it. „I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the courtier's which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is politic; nor the lover's, which is all these:" and then, when you might expect him to have brought in, „nor the tailor's, which is so and so" — he comes to an end of his enumeration, and falls to a defining of his own melancholy.

Milton likewise has omitted it, where he had so fair an opportunity of bringing it in, in his *Penseroso*.

But the partial omissions of historians proving nothing against the existence of any well-attested fact, I shall proceed and endeavour to ascertain the causes why this pensive turn should be so predominant in people of this profession above all others.

And first, may it not be, that the custom of wearing apparel being derived to us from the fall, and one of the most mortifying products of that unhappy event, a certain seriousness (to say no more of it) may in the order of things have been intended to be impressed upon the minds of that race of men to whom in all ages the care of contriving the human apparel has been entrusted; — to keep up the memory of the first institution of clothes, and serve as a standing remonstrance against those vanities, which the absurd conversion of a memorial of our shame into an ornament of our persons was destined to produce? Correspondent in some sort to this, it may be remarked, that the tailor sitting over a cave or hollow place, in the cabalistic language of his order, is said to have certain melancholy regions always open under his feet. — But waiving further inquiry into final causes, where the best of us can only wander in the dark, let us try to discover the efficient causes of this melancholy.

I think, then, that they may be reduced to two, omitting some subordinate ones, viz.

The sedentary habits of the tailor.
Something peculiar in his diet. —

First, his sedentary habits. — In Doctor Norris's famous narrative of the frenzy of Mr. John Dennis, the patient, being questioned as to the occasion of the swelling in his legs, replies that it came „by criticism;" to which the learned doctor seeming to demur, as to a distemper which he had never read of, Dennis (who appears not to have been mad upon all subjects) rejoins with some warmth, that it was no distemper, but a noble art! that he had sat fourteen hours a day at it: and that the other was a pretty doctor not to know that there was a communication between the brain and the legs.

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*) Having incidentally mentioned the barber, in a comparison of professional temperaments, I hope no other trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say, that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and social graces which „gladden life," I esteem no profession comparable to his. Indeed so great is the good-will which I bear to this useful and agreeable body of men, that, residing in one of the Inns of Court (where the best specimens of them are to be found, except perhaps at the universities), there are seven of them to whom I am personally known, and who never pass me without the compliment of the hat on either side. My body politic and private friend, Mr. A——, of Flower-de-luce court, in Fleet-street, will forgive my mentioning of him in particular. I can truly say, that I never spent a quarter of an hour under his hands without deriving some profit from the agreeable discussions, which are always going on there.

When we consider that this sitting for fourteen hours continuously, which the critic probably practised only while he was writing his „remarks," is no more than what the tailor, in the ordinary pursuance of his art, submits to daily (Sundays excepted) throughout the year, shall we wonder to find the brain affected, and in a manner over-clouded, from that indissoluble sympathy between the noble and less noble parts of the body, which Dr. Cheyne hints at? The unnatural and painful manner of his sitting must also greatly aggravate the evil, insomuch that I have sometimes ventured to liken tailors at their boards to so many envious Junos, *sitting cross-legged to hinder the birth of their own felicity.* The legs transversed thus ✕ crosswise, or decussated, was among the ancients the posture of malediction. The Turks, who practise it at this day, are noted to be a melancholy people.

Secondly, his *diet.* — To which purpose I find a most remarkable passage in Burton, in his chapter entitled „Bad diet a cause of melancholy." „Amongst herbs to be eaten (he says) I find gourds, cucumbers, melons, disallowed; but especially CABBAGE. It causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *loc. affect.* lib. 3, cap. 6, of all herbs condemns CABBAGE. And Isaack, lib. 2, cap. 1. *animæ gravitatem facit,* it brings heaviness to the soul." I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author, who, having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the confirmation of mine. It is well known that this last-named vegetable has, from the earliest periods which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

BURTON, *Junior.*

◆

Summer.

The Spring's fair promise melted into thee,
  Fair summer, and thy gentle reign is here; —
Thy emerald robes are on each leafy tree, —
  In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign, —
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales that wander from the unbounded west,
  Are burthened with the breath of countless fields;
They teem with incense from the green earth's breast
  That up to heaven its grateful odour yields,
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird
By Nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

In such a scene, the sun-illumin'd heart
  Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
When through its bars the morning glories dart,
  And forest-anthems in his hearing swell;
And like the heaving of the voiceless sea,
His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
  Oh, Summer! in my inmost soul arise
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
  And the bland air, with its soft melodies,
Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,
I long for eagles' plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
  And the impure, unholy thoughts, that cling
To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride; —
  I would soar upward on unwearied wing,
Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

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[illegible]

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1837. N.ro 27.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The Rajpootni Bride *).

It happened that a feud had existed for several generations, in the families of two chieftains of the Rajpoots, a Rana and a Rahtore. Nothing can exceed the animosity which prevails among these stern and uncompromising warriors when such deadly inheritances are left them to maintain. It is next to impossible to effect a reconciliation, and it seldom or never happens but that these unnatural animosities have eventually the most fatal issues. The Rana had a daughter as celebrated for her beauty as for her energy of character and masculine understanding. Though subjected to the rigid discipline and jealous seclusion general among the daughters of Rajpoot princes, she had nevertheless partially emancipated herself from a control so repugnant to her impatient yet resolute temperament, and had not only become a partner in the councils of her parent, but was consulted by him upon every pressing emergency. Although

She never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to her blood,

she was of a fiery and daring spirit, and her father scarcely regretted being without a son, that paramount blessing of all Rajpoot marriages, in having a daughter so pre-eminently possessing the high moral energies of her race.

This extraordinary woman had been sought in marriage by many a bold aspirant, though none of the chiefs in her immediate vicinity had succeeded in securing her affections. Her beauty and vigour of mind were the theme of every tongue.

Her forehead seems the moon, her brows a bow,
Love's pointed darts her piercing eye-beams glow;
Her breath adds fragrance to the morning air,
At once the lover's hope and his despair; —
Her teeth pomegranate seeds; her smiles soft light-
nings are.
Her feet like leaves of lotus on the lake
When with the passing breeze they gently shake;
Her movements graceful as the swan that laves
Her snowy plumage on the rippling waves.

It happened that the beautiful Rajpootni was one day hunting in company with her father when a tiger, darting from a thicket, sprang upon her horse and thus put her life in immediate jeopardy. Instead of exhibiting any of the ordinary fears of her sex, she hastily shook her raven locks from her temples, and with her head undauntedly raised, her lips compressed, and her eye flashing with a wild energy, she resolutely attacked the tiger with a dagger which she carried in her girdle, plunging it up to the very hilt in the animal's body. The enraged beast, feeling itself thus unexpectedly assailed, and roused to tenfold rage by the wound she had just inflicted upon it, quitted the horse and turned upon the rider. Her danger was imminent, yet she did

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*) Die Rajpoots sind ein kriegerisches Volk in Ostindien.

not quail; on the contrary, her resolution seemed to increase with her peril. It was evident, notwithstanding, that she could not successfully cope with an assailant so fearful, and her father was unfortunately at too great a distance to afford her aid. At this critical moment, when with extended and foaming jaws her ferocious adversary was in the act of seizing her by the head, a young hunter darted forward on his well-conditioned steed with the swiftness of the blast, and as he shot by like a thunderbolt, with a single stroke of his sabre, severed the tiger's head from its body. The gory trunk instantly fell to the ground, leaving the intrepid huntress unscathed. The vanquished brute in its dying agonies, short as they were, fixed its claws in the flanks of the poor horse, and lacerated them so severely that it was found necessary to destroy it on the spot. The lady thus providentially rescued, looked round for her preserver, but he was at a distance urging his horse to its utmost speed; she had, nevertheless, seen sufficient of his features to distinguish that he was a Rahtore; for these Rajpoot tribes have always a something discriminative of their respective clans. This discovery was painful, as it recalled to her mind the feud which her father was maintaining with all that vindictiveness of spirit so frequently and fearfully verified in the Rajpoot chronicles.

The old Hara, who had been sufficiently near to perceive what had happened approached his child with a gloomy severity of countenance, to the cause of which she was no stranger. He too had distinguished the Rahtore: his grim silence and the stern composure of his features sufficiently expressed that he had recognised her deliverer. Not a word was exchanged. The Rajpoot did not express, even by a look, his satisfaction at his child's escape, and she with an aspect of calm, but haughty indifference, mounted a camel and accompanied her parent home without the interchange of a word. She could not, however, efface from her mind the image of the young Rahtore. His manly bearing, his strength and activity, fired her imagination. He was perpetually present in her dreams, and the sole object of her waking thoughts. His fine muscular frame, the clear rapid glance of his eye, the haughty bend of his brow and animated expansion of nostril, the grace with which he rode, his prowess and skill in the use of the tulwar or scimitar — all rose to her view in rapid succession, imbued with the colourings of an ardent prepossession, and she determined, at whatever cost, to behold the object which had thus irresistibly entranced her imagination. Her resolution was a bold one, and therefore her unbending soul maintained it with the greater pertinacity.

For some time she failed in all her efforts to obtain a sight of her deliverer. Her father watched her with a scrutiny so unremitting that she could not evade the morbid keenness of his vigilance. She, nevertheless, contrived to employ emissaries, but in vain; they only returned to bring her the unwelcome tidings of their failure. Still disappointment seemed rather to add strength to than weaken her resolution; and notwithstanding the gloom occasionally gathering on her parent's brow, which invariably darkened to a deeper shade whenever an allusion was made to her rescue from the tiger, her determination had abated nothing: her indomitable spirit was of too high a temper to blench, though her perseverance had not been rewarded with success.

At length, as she was again one day hunting with her father in the jungle, emerging from a tangled path into a narrow vista of the wood, she saw at a distance a single horseman pressed by several assailants, who appeared about to overpower him. On a nearer approach she discovered that they were, as she had suspected, part of a dacoit gang attacking a Rahtore chief. She instantly spurred her horse forward and discharged an arrow at the foremost assailant, who received it in his right temple and dropped dead. The robbers fled when they perceived that others were coming to the rescue of their victim. Upon reaching the spot where the encounter between the dacoits and the young Rajpoot had taken place, his fair rescuer found him lying on the ground weltering in his blood, and desperately wounded. He had been cut down by a sabre stroke, and the wound presented a most alarming aspect of fatality. The brave Rajpootni instantly perceived that it was her late deliverer who was lying senseless before her. She did not rend the air with her shrieks, but calmly tore a strip from the turban of one of her attendants, bandaged the wound tightly in order to stanch the blood, then desired that the Rahtore should be lifted into a palankeen, which had fortunately been ordered to await her commands at the skirts of the jungle, and immediately borne to the house of her father.

When, on the arrival of the party at the Hara's abode, he was taken from the palankeen, the old warrior discovered that his wounded guest was the head of that clan with whom his family had been so long at strife. Though this was a galling discovery, it did not preclude the generous offices of hospitality. These were rigidly performed, yet the rancour which gnawed at the vitals of the Hara chief did not for one moment abate. Whilst, however, he gave orders that every attention should be paid to the stranger, bitterness and curses were in his heart.

„May his shadow diminish," he murmured when there was no ear-by-to-catch the echo of his thoughts, „until he stalk a tortured spirit over the crown of his pilgrimage! May prosperity never spread her wings over his dwelling, but the scourge of desolation smite him and his! Should he become a husband and a parent, may his children be fatherless and his wife a widow!"

These and similar maledictions were continually in his mouth; nevertheless, it did not abate the scrupulousness of his hospitality, and the young Rahtore was treated with the most careful attention, until he was in a condition to be conveyed to his own dwelling. During the short period of his confinement under the roof of his family foe, he had found an opportunity to declare his passion for his lovely preserver. He told her that he had long attempted to smother it, on account of the deadly animosity subsisting between their houses, but had found it impossible to do so. This was neither an unexpected nor unwelcome avowal. His young and beautiful nurse — for the daughter of the Hara chief had anxiously attended upon him — heard him therefore without surprise, but not without pleasure, and before he quitted her parent's roof, their vows of eternal attachment had been reciprocally plighted.

Although his wound had been desperate, he was not long in recovering, and when sufficiently strong to appear abroad, he made overtures to the hereditary foe of his family to bestow the hand of his daughter upon him. The old man was roused to the most ferocious indignation at a proposal which he considered so derogatory to the pride of his house, bound as he was by the stern obligation of hereditary enmity to maintain the feud so long existing between it and that of the Rahtore. He consequently rejected the proposal in terms of the harshest severity, at the same time reproaching the young warrior who had so frankly solicited an alliance with his family, with a breach of honour in having seduced the affections of his child, at a moment too when he was at the point of death under her father's roof, and receiving all the kind offices of a scrupulous hospitality. This accusation was repudiated with the wild indignation and keen sensibility of wrong peculiar to the high-spirited Rajpoot, and thus the breach was irremediably widened. The young chief considered himself now personally insulted, and nothing but the fervency of his affection for the daughter of the man who had so wantonly aggrieved him, could have saved his aggressor from the immediate operation of his revenge. This was for the moment postponed, but a personal insult is never either forgotten or forgiven by a Rajpoot. The memory of a wrong may slumber for years, but a time seldom fails to arrive when the spark ignites, and then the combustion is indeed fearful.

The old Hara, in the excess of his indignation, accused his child of having conspired against him. His invectives were loud and bitter. Her haughty spirit was roused; her countenance was calm and her tongue mute, but the blood rushed to her cheek with a momentum that tightened every fibre within, though all without appeared motion-

and unfounded. The father quitted her in anger and with a harsh threat. Her pure but resolute soul recoiled from this tyranny. She felt, that she had been wrongfully accused, and after the first transports of her indignation had subsided, and she was in a condition to give free scope to reflection, she became the more invincibly persuaded, that she had been unjustly reproached and that an undue severity had been exercised by her parent, in endeavouring to disunite her from her first and only attachment. She thought that it was tyrannical to discourage an interchange of affections begun on the one part in a rescue of her life by the object of her heart's choice, and confirmed on the other by her having saved his. On the following morning the old man visited his daughter; there was somewhat less of asperity in his manner than on the previous day, nevertheless, he could not speak of the Rahtore without betraying the excitement under which he laboured.

„Forget him, girl," he cried sternly; his shadow never can darken this portal as a member of our house. As he has eaten my salt, the vengeance of the Hara is appeased, but the feud is not extinguished, and my withering hate must fall like a blight upon him still. We are under bond of eternal enmity. It stands in indelible characters upon the dark record of my inheritance, and a testamentary obligation at once so sacred and so binding is never to be cancelled while the brain has a perception or the soul an impulse. I would sooner behold the tiger an inmate of these walls than the man whom you desire to wed. It must not be — forget him!"

„The saviour of my life," replied the daughter in a tone of calm, measured energy indicating an unalterable resolve, „has a claim to my gratitude, and that claim can only be justly rendered by giving him what must be coveted, especially since it is the boon which I would the most willingly bestow upon him. He won my affection when he won my admiration, and my esteem has since been added to both. His soul is as gentle in the [illegible] grove as it is mighty in the dark forest, where the tiger skulks or the lion prowls. It melts as sweetly at the sound of the sittar *); as it nobly swells at the blast of the war-trump. — My love is irrevocable. I may not be ungrateful, father; 'tis the vice of contemptible souls."

He saved your life and you have in return saved his; thus the obligations of gratitude are annulled. He was ministered to in his extremity under the roof of his hereditary foe, and sent back unscathed to his own dwelling. Your debt has been fairly cancelled. If there be a balance it is on his side."

„True, father, and he is willing to lay the balance at your feet by making your daughter happy. Remember, when she was in jeopardy, to use the words of our own native bard **),

„The guardian youth appeared
And, heedless of a person which contained
The worth of all the world, quick interposed
His powerful arm to snatch me from destruction.
For me he braved the monster's mighty blows,
Falling like thunder strokes.

The tiger plied
His fangs and claws in vain; the hero triumphed —
The furious savage fell beneath his sword."

„No more of this — you know me, girl; I must hear no more. Would you bring the evil influence upon your father's house? The very stones would cry out in indignation against you. Remember a parent's command is not to be trifled with. I brook not trifling."

She was silent, but the broad steady gleam of her eye told at once that it was not the silence of acquiescence. Her heart rose to her very throat as the Hara retired, and her determination increased in proportion as her feelings were suppressed. She from this moment sought an opportunity to burst the bonds of restraint and escape from a tyranny which had become in the highest degree repulsive to her energetic soul. She passed several days in the silence of her chamber, from which she seldom stirred, and the result was a resolution to thwart the tyranny of her parent's vindictive refusal, by flying to

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*) A kind of guitar. **) [illegible]

the arms of the man to whom she discovered a kindred spirit, and knew every feeling of his heart to be perfectly germane with her own. She accordingly sent him, by a trusty messenger, a picture which represented a hunter rescuing a fawn from the claws of a tiger. He readily understood the allusion and returned to her a communication in a similar hieroglyphical form, exhibiting the same hunter with the fawn nestled in his bosom and a dove flying over it, to denote the speed with which he was preparing to execute her wishes. Several other communications, and of a like kind, passed between the lovers, until there was a mutual understanding as to the course each should pursue.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The Story of a disabled Sailor.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

„As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

„I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet, and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

„In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell on my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate in order to be transported as a vagabond.

„People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

„When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

„I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

„When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

„The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham*), to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of seabusiness, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost my money.

„Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand; ‚Jack,' says he to me, ‚will you knock out the French sentries' brains?' ‚I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, ‚if I lend a hand.' ‚Then follow me,' says he, ‚and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

„Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset Privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchmen, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

„I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest, but, by good fortune, we were re-taken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

Goldsmith.

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*) [illegible]

Barbara Allen's Cruelty).*

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a fair maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of Maye,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where shee was dwellin;
You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore**) his hearte is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his hearte is stealin;
Yet little better shall he be,
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye***) him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Young man, I think y're dying.

He turn'd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
O lovely maid come pity mee,
Ime****) on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to all!
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bells a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,
And spied the corp*) a coming;
Laye down, laye down the corpse, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheek with laughter swellin;
Whilst all her friends cryed out amaine,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe.
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye:
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Begg'd to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the daye
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

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*) [illegible]

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***) nigh

****) I'm

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The British Museum.

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The Rajpootni Bride.

(Concluded from our last.)

The father, who had one of those indomitable tempers which in the Hara breast, though he doated on his child as far as was compatible with his stern nature, had nevertheless treated her with uniform severity from since she made her declaration of attachment to the Rahtore; still he entertained not the slightest suspicion that she would, under any circumstances, dare to compromise the dignity of his house by such an act of disobedience as she meditated. It was plain that he knew her not. He confided in her inflexible spirit as a safeguard against dishonour. He felt satisfied that she would make any sacrifice, however painful, to support the glory of her race; but amidst all this asperity of feeling, he was proud of her beauty, and it fully justified his pride.

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[illegible]

One morning the father and daughter were as usual enjoying together the pleasures of the chase, when they were separated as before. A boar having started from a thicket, was instantly pursued by the bold huntress. The animal was large, powerful, and greatly excited by a slight wound which it had received in the shoulder from one of the shikarries, whom it had immediately charged and disabled. The undaunted Rajpootni fearlessly approached the enemy; it instantly turned, struck her horse in the flank, and ploughing up the flesh, laid the ribs bare. She, however delivered her spear with unerring precision, forcing it through the boar's body; — the savage beast rolled upon the plain and expired. This was a deed of prowess that would have done honour to any masculine arm. Whilst she was breathing her wounded steed after this rough encounter, a horseman suddenly emerged from the thicket, came up to the fair vanquisher, dismounted, placed her upon his own fiery courser, sprung up before her, then, pressing his heels against the sides of his faithful Arab, plunged into the jungle in the sight of her father and his numerous attendants. It was the Rahtore; there was no mistaking him. Vain was pursuit, for the fugitives were at a distance, and soon disappeared amid the thick recesses of the forest.

The venerable Hara returned from the chase imprecating curses on his child, and vowing the most deadly vengeance against her audacious paramour. The lovers, when they thought themselves beyond the reach of pursuit, slackened their speed and proceeded leisurely towards the Rahtore's abode. Immediately upon his return, the bereaved father summoned his followers to avenge the abduction of his daughter. His faithful Rajpoots were ready at his call, and upwards of three hundred men stood before him to rescue his child and inflict a signal punishment upon her ravisher. The old man prepared to march with the dawn, every dark passion of his soul boiling like a lava-flood within him. All those feelings which a fierce sense of injury now wrung from his unrelenting nature, were concentrated into one absorbing impulse of revenge. He had no energy but for hatred and vengeance, and the sullen calmness with which he prepared to execute their ruthless injunctions, at once betrayed the intensity of his savage purpose. With the full blight of his passions upon him, he proceeded to the temple of his divinity, and laid his propitiatory sacrifice upon the unhallowed altar. It was an oblation too sanguinary to be accepted by a just and merciful God: — the smoke of his incense ascended not beyond the gorgeous dome of the desecrated sanctuary. The officiating Brahmin, however, as the vicarious minister of the deity to whom the sacrifice was presented, accepted the suppliant's offering, giving him assurance of success, upon which the spiritual tribute was doubled. The unholy worshipper then quitted the presence of the divinity to whom he had been taught thus to exhibit his demoniacal homage, with the confidence of a divine sanction for any act of desperate retribution he might commit.

The morning broke brightly upon the slumbers of the indignant father; he awoke with the heavens smiling above and around him, but with a hell burning in his heart. Mounting his charger, he proceeded in advance at the head of his followers towards the abode of his followers towards the abode of his hereditary foe. His eagerness of revenge rendered the journey long and distressful. A raven perched upon a tree on the road-side as he passed, presented an unfavourable omen; nevertheless, assured by the promises of the Brahmin, he interpreted it in his own favour and to the prejudice of him by whom he had been so grievously wronged. His soul was parched with a thirst which nothing but the blood of his enemy could appease. Halting his little troop after sunset under a large grove of trees, he ordered them to refresh themselves with food and rest and waited impatiently for the dawn. The night was calm, but deepened by the shadows of the surrounding groves. The scene „suited the gloomy habit of his soul," which was as sombre as the prospect immediately around him. Nature at length gave way, and, even under the infliction of his own fierce passions, he slept. The moon rose, and traversed the blue plains of heaven like a fair angel of light, heralded by stars and embracing in her effulgence the glories of a universe; while the wretched mortal who lay slumbering beneath the influence of her gentle effulgence saw nothing but the gloom within — was awake to nothing but the darkness of his own blighted spirit.

Meanwhile, at the Rahtore's dwelling all was harmony and rejoicing. The bridal feast was prepared; the bride and bridegroom had ratified the compact in which their hearts had been mutually pledged. They looked abroad into the clear calm sky, and hailed the celestial presence which seemed, to their glowing fancies, to smile upon their union. Their hearts were buoyant; the sounds of mirth and congratulation were in their ears. The neighbours had assembled; the tomtom 1), the sitar 2), the sarinda 3), the kurtaal 4), the saringee 5), were uniting their harmonies in order to animate the guests. The voice of joy was at its height, when it was interrupted by intelligence that the Hara chief was approaching to avenge the rape of his daughter. The banquet was abruptly suspended, and without a moment's delay the Rahtore mustered his followers. These were few, but resolute; they did not amount to more than a hundred and fifty men; nevertheless, their brave leader shrunk not from the encounter, as a true Rajpoot never declines a contest, whatever the odds against him.

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1) Drum. 2) Guitar. 3) Violin. 4) Cymbals. 5) An instrument played as a violin.

— with him death is always preferable to disgrace.

The young bridegroom did not give the enemy time to take him by surprise, but, sallying forth, accompanied by his small yet determined band, resolved to fight to the last in defence of his honour and of his wife, who cheered him on his departure, bidding him a prosperous issue, and adding, that she should have the pile prepared in case of his defeat. She gave him her parting benediction, and said, with subdued emotion „Should thy discomfiture be the decree of the Eternal, thy soul shall not occupy the evergreen bowers alone — thy spouse will accompany thee to the abodes of the brave."

He departed with the most deadly resolves. The adverse parties met; the encounter was tremendous: there was no shrinking, neither mercy felt nor quarter given — revenge was the cry and death the issue. The weight of numbers was on the side of the Hara, but the advantage of prowess on that of the Rahtore; still nothing could withstand such fearful odds as two to one, especially where both sides were proverbially brave. The bereaved father, panting for vengeance, sought his adversary through the thickest of the fight, and at length they met. There was a deadly deliberation in the aspect of both, and the conflict was proportionably stubborn; but the declining strength of age was no match for the undiminished vigour of youth. The Hara was struck down by a blow from his adversary's sabre; fortunately, his quilted tunic resisted the stroke sufficiently to protect his body from a total incision. The Rahtore when he saw his foe prostrate before him, remembering that he was the father of his bride, forbore to repeat the blow. Quitting his vanquished enemy, he plunged into the thickest of the fight, where his sword did signal execution; but his numbers momentarily diminished. It was clear that they must be finally overpowered; yet they maintained the unequal contest with unflinching constancy.

A hundred and eighty of the enemy had fallen: they nevertheless still retained an overwhelming majority. Upwards of a hundred Rahtores were lying on the field of slaughter, but the fury of the fight did not slacken. The field was strewed with dead, and the survivors were every moment adding to the number of the slain. The Hara chief performed acts of valour which would not have disgraced his best days; but his thirst of revenge was unslaked while he saw his valiant foe alive. He encountered him a second time, and defeat was again the result. At length, after a desperate struggle, the Rahtores were cut off to a man; their leader alone escaped alive, and he quitted the field under the cover of evening, leaving, but fifty of his enemies to tell the story of their sanguinary victory.

The brave though vanquished chief retired, weary and dispirited, into the neighbouring forest. He was goaded by remorse at the idea of having survived a contest in which all his companions had obtained the soldier's noblest meed — a glorious death on the field of battle, whilst he was skulking into the covert, under the veil of darkness, like a hunted beast of prey, as if to avoid a foe from whom death would now be a boon. At first his thoughts were so many goads that irritated, to an insupportable degree, the keenness of his fiery spirit; but, in proportion as these paroxysms gave way to calm reflection, he seemed to rise above his condition and to be endued with new energies. He felt his soul on a sudden expand with the contemplation of some mighty enterprise, and while every nerve within his quivering frame seemed newly strung, he uttered, in the vehemence of his excited feelings, a deep, hoarse vow of vengeance. At this moment a lion crossed his path in the clear moonlight. It appeared to be ominous of his future destiny. „Now," thought he, „here is the representative of my deadliest enemy. I will attack the monster with my sword, and, if I destroy him, it will be the pledge of my future revenge on the man to whom I owe a death. If I perish in the encounter, it will be a welcome release at once from misery and disgrace."

He was armed with a curved shield which was strengthened by a thick brass boss, projecting from the centre, and terminating in a blunt point. Raising his heavy tulwar, he undauntedly approached the lion, which had by this time manifested symptoms of hostility so fearfully indicative of its deadly intentions. Its head was slightly depressed; its eyes glared with appalling ferocity; it licked its quivering chaps, opening every now and then its vast mouth as if to show the formidable weapons with which its jaws were armed. The Rahtore, nothing dismayed at these preliminary menaces, approached the grim savage with a quick step, dashed his shield violently against its head, and struck it so vigorous a blow across the skull as to cleave it in twain. The beast fell instantly dead before him. He smiled savagely as he saw it extended at his feet, as impotent to harm him as the earth-worm above which it lay.

Returning pensively from the spot, he approached his home with a sad and ominous presentiment. He dreaded to encounter the reproaches of his bride, who, he knew, would not think favourably of his escape from a field which had terminated so disastrously for him. There was a weight upon his spirits which he could not shake off, but, trusting to the strength of her young affections, he bent forward with some eagerness to meet her. When he reached the house which during the previous day had resounded with the bridal festivity, he found the door barred, and was thus denied an entrance to his home. Thinking that this might have been done in order to prevent surprise from the enemy, he knocked with a determined but trembling hand. He who had fearlessly braved death in its most appalling forms, cowered before the anticipated indignation of a woman. As the door was not opened, he struck upon it with the hilt of his scimitar.

„Who knocks?" rudely asked a voice from within, which he instantly recognized, and his heart thrilled with the liveliest emotions.

„The bridegroom, my wife" he replied with the energy of quickened passion; open, and bid him welcome!"

„And how went the battle?" inquired the Rajpootni in the same unimpassioned but somewhat stern tone, that sent a cold chill through the whole mass of his blood.

„Against us. I alone am left to tell the sad tale of defeat. Every Rahtore, save myself, lies upon the bloody field. It was in truth a contest of extermination. Seeing that all was lost, I saved a worthless life for thy sake. Open, love."

„To whom?"

„Thy husband".

„I have none. He perished on the bloody field from which thou hast ignobly fled. He never would have returned but with victory on his brow".

Dost thou deny me, wife? — thy bridegroom of yesterday — thy champion for ever!"

„He who called me bride, has taken his draught of the amreeta-cup[1]. He was no recreant to return from the field of glory and leave the sable garland of death upon every head but his own. He never would have saved an inglorious life to stalk through the world with the brand of infamy upon him. My husband was no coward. Thou art a stranger in this desolate bosom. Go from the door of the widow-bride who knows the sacrifice due to one who is dead to her for ever".

The Rahtore was deeply stung with the reproof. It fell like a blight upon his heart. He felt the full force of her calm but haughty interdiction, and quailed beneath that firmness which abashed his own. He was repudiated by her who was the magnet to which all his affections clung with a tenacity that even her scorn could not subdue. She stigmatised him with the name of coward; she refused him admittance to her presence; she denied that he any longer retained an influence over her affections; she scorned, she rejected him. She had talked of a sacrifice, and the most fearful apprehensions began to take possession of his mind. He knew her resolute energy of purpose, her uncompromising notions of honour, her recklessness of suffering, her high sense of conjugal obligations, and her incapabicity in adhering to the most rigid observances which custom had, as it were, consecrated among the caste of which it was her pride to be a member. Dreading the fearful import of her words, and knowing the austere bent of her determination, he struck again fiercely on the door with his shield, at the same time entreating, in a tone of the most pathetic persuasion, that she would immediately admit him. She did not condescend to reply. In the desperation of his mental agony, he repeated the stroke with all his might, and such was the force of the blow that the door flew open as if an engine had been directed against it. Rushing instantly into the house, with a look of wild inquiry, he saw not the object of his search. The apartment in which the nuptial festivity had been held was deserted, and his heart throbbed heavily as a most horrible presentiment passed darkly across his mind.

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[1] The cup of immortality.

He passed into a second chamber; the mistress was not there. Her maidens were there. He inquired, with an expression of agonising apprehension, where was his beloved. They pointed distractedly towards an enclosure at the back of the house, maintaining an ominous silence. He flew to the spot and found all his worst fears most awfully verified.

Immediately upon her husband's departure for the field, the unhappy bride had ordered the pile to be raised, with the determination of sacrificing herself upon it, according to the custom of her race, should the object of her dearest attachment perish in the encounter. She knew the disparity of numbers between the hostile parties, and was therefore prepared for the worst. When the devoted bridegroom entered the enclosure in which his devoted wife had erected the funeral pile, with a [illegible] and burning torch he beheld her already upon the burning fabric. The flames were rapidly ascending to do the work of death, while she stood erect and undaunted with an expression of stern determination on her countenance that absolutely appalled him. Her eye gleamed with [illegible] triumph, and as he rushed [illegible] upon him with a look of withering scorn. Her limbs were already on fire, and her limbs dreadfully scorched, yet she stirred not a muscle; her whole frame seemed fixed like a rock amid the desert upon which the lightnings flash with harmless impetuosity. The Rahtore approached her hurriedly, but she raised her arm, forbidding his advance. He was in a moment riveted to the spot. He dared not interrupt the voluntary sacrifice to which she was now submitting. Her eye moved not from him, and never for a moment relaxed its expression of indignant disdain.

By this time the fire had made dreadful inroads upon her lovely frame; still she discovered not the slightest indication of an agony too intense and terrible for description. Her features maintained the same fearful immobility. In a few moments her legs gave way and she fell upon her knees, the flames entirely encircling her. Every now and then, however, a gust of wind blew the fire from its victim, and discovered her for an instant with the same expression of lofty indignation marked in every lineament of her majestic countenance. The skin of her arms burst and curled up like a scroll of parchment *; the sinews snapped, but she looked upon the havoc which the flames were making upon her beautiful body with a smile of bitter derision, as if she defied their power to inflict suffering. At length her eyes appeared to start from their sockets; she fell backward into the flames, and a period was put at once to her heroism and her agony.

The miserable Rahtore watched beside the pile until her body was completely consumed, when he gathered the ashes together, and placing them in a jar, deposited it on the hearth of the apartment which had been the scene of the marriage revels. Then putting on the saffron robe **, he sallied forth to meet death and to accomplish his revenge. Not a tear moistened his eyes; they were dry and bloodshot. His heart was marble, and every muscle of his compact frame seemed stiffened into unison with the unbending purpose of his soul. The night was dark as the tone and aspect of his mind. The cry of the prowling jackall was a melody to his ears more musical than the sweet serenade of the bulbul*), which he had listened to in the days of his joy. He crept stealthily through the jungle, like a tiger lurking for its prey, lest he should be observed by any of the enemy's scouts. He at length gained the tent of his mortal adversary who had been long hushed in slumber after the fatigues of that sanguinary day.

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* I once witnessed a similar circumstance at a Suttee which took place in the neighbourhood of Poonah.

** When a Rajpoot puts on the saffron robe, he devotes himself to death.

The Rahtore, covered by the darkness, reached the opening of the tent, which was negligently guarded, as it was known that the adverse party had been cut up to a man, and their chief was even supposed to be among the slain. He found no impediment — all was still as death. He entered. A dim lamp, which threw a heavy ochreous light around, was burning on the ground, near which lay the Hara chief upon a coarse rug, and covered with a common palampore**). A sardonic smile passed over the convulsed features of the Rahtore as he gazed upon the prostrate form before him. Withdrawing his eyes for a moment from his victim, an expiration of the deepest bitterness slowly escaped from his labouring bosom. He drew his sword; it gleamed faintly in the lamp-light. He tore the covering from his sleeping foe, standing over him like an avenging demon to whom the cry of pity would have been at once a mockery and a provocation. The old man started from his sleep, instantly grasped his sabre but, ere he could raise his arm, he fell a headless trunk at the feet of the vindictive Rahtore.

The noise occasioned by this work of destruction was heard by the guards, who immediately rushed in. When they saw a Rajpoot standing in the saffron robe, they but too well knew what had been his purpose, and a single glance sufficed to show how terribly he had accomplished it. He deliberately bestrode the body of his prostrate enemy, and, darting a look of fierce defiance at the intruders, grinned with a grim smile at the reeking corpse over which he was standing in ferocious triumph.

The guards rushed forward to avenge the death of their chief, and the Rahtore, in the paroxysm of desperation, soon laid three of them dead at his feet. His weapon was raised to immolate another victim, when he received a javelin in the temple and fell dead. Thus ended this sanguinary feud, of which many instances are recorded equally terrible in the annals of Rajpoot warfare.

([illegible] Oriental Annual for [illegible].)

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A Story of the Heart.

It is not our place to account for the perversity of the human heart, or our intention to excuse the inconstancy of human nature. As for the fickleness of love, it is the old woman's axiom, time out of mind; as if love, to prove that it is so, ought necessarily to evince itself incapable of the changes to which all the material and immaterial world around us is alike liable. We say no such thing. We have seen, we have known, we can imagine; and without further argument on the passion or no passion — the affection or no affection which produced this or that consequence, we are content to draw our own conclusions. Therefore, without any sweeping denunciation against the race of man, without any libel against the law of love — without raising one man to the elevation of greater or better spirits — without degrading the species to the level of this one — we shall sketch a simple picture, in a simple way, and let the moral, if there be any, rest with the reader.

The precepts scattered to the young are as seeds sown on the bosom of the earth; time shall roll on, but the season shall come round to show that the husbandman has been clever; and so it was with Delamere. Wealth, emolument, and self-interest, had been the lessons of his youth, and he had profited by them. On the death of his father, a respectable tradesman, he found himself in fair circumstances; and — by aid of his profession — for he was a lawyer — on the high road to reputation, and, it might be, to riches. Possessed of a fine person, a graceful demeanour, a majestic figure, pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, it is no wonder he got into good society, and, from thence, into some notice as a professional man. He was now turned thirty, and in the full career of fortune; still unmarried, still sought by anxious mothers, and wooed by forward daughters; but he was not in love, or scarcely dared believe it himself. The father of Emily Sidney was a merchant, who had been mainly instrumental in the good fortune to which Delacour had attained; she was the heiress of a supposed large property, and the beauty of her circle. This was enough to depress a less ardent admirer or a more calculating man; but Delacour had owed much to chance, and perceiving, as he thought, something not altogether unpropitious to him, he commenced his secret suit.

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*) The Indian nightingale.

**) A counterpane.

Ah! I remember her as yesterday. She was then eighteen, — youth scarce mellowed into early womanhood. The face, as it peeped from the clustering chestnut ringlets around it, was worthy the hand of the painter, though the smile that played on the lip might have defied his skill; the small and well-rounded figure vied with sculpture, but marble had vainly essayed to express the grace and dignity of that demeanour. And this was the least part of all. She knew what was kindness and charity, and practised what she knew. She — but let her story delineate her character.

It must be presumed that Delacour was, in his way, ambitious, and this was the object at which he now aimed. He had imagined beauty; here was beauty unrivalled, unexcelled; virtue, — here was virtue the most alluring; modesty, simplicity, truth, love, all combined in one; and for fortune, here was such as he could never have anticipated; circumstances the most to be desired, and influence the most to be coveted. But why dwell upon it! She should be his in any condition of life, — her beauty were alone dowry fit for a prince. In all seasons alike lovely, alike to be desired. In such reveries he passed his hours; when a new suitor appeared in the person of a young baronet of considerable fortune. Money was nothing to him, and happiness every thing. Equally handsome and agreeable, and more rich than Delacour, he was, in every respect, the common rival; besides which, all the arts of a true lover were devised to secure the treasure to himself. About this time, Mr. Sidney incurred a great loss of property by an unlucky speculation. The affair was stated to the baronet — the carriage was put down — but he was not to be changed by time or place; the same accomplished suitor, the same unchanged admirer — nor did he fail to shew the preference he felt. But what will love not effect! Emily Sidney was an only child, and with all the sweet ignorance of affluence, she wondered what riches had to do with content. The old question of ,,love in a cottage, or a palace without,'' this eternal young girl's theme, was pondered upon, but all thoughts leaned to the same side, — the predilection she felt, happily or unhappily, for Delacour. He protested disinterested affection — total disregard of all future or present expectations — and could she do less than believe him! The father counselled, the mother advised — but Emily wept, and it ended in the refusal of the baronet. A week after, Delacour made his offer, and was accepted; and who could fail to be flattered by the preference? From that time they were all the world to one another — for ever together — he the most attentive of lovers, she the happiest of women.

As no man, by looking in the glass, is likely to form a just estimate of his own defects, or his own peculiar perfections; so no man discovers his true character by gazing, however intently, in that inward mirror of the mind — his own imagination. For as our shadows, even in the sun, are most defective representations of our own forms, so are those mental likenesses like the bright shape of fancy, too airy and too heavenly, and too perfect to be aught but ideal types of what we would fain believe. Delacour had his vanity. He had hitherto been a happy and prosperous man; he was much sought, and, moreover, was beloved by one whose opinion most men had been pleased to have gained. And if he deceived himself, or believed too firmly in himself, what are not the deceptions that we practise on ourselves, and on others — and this, when we would be true to all parties. It was, however, no deceit that he was in love, though the manner of his loving might be another thing. Here his heart was fixed. The world might go round, and the seasons change, but each and the other could not affect him. All his feelings, his associations, were here combined; and nature must change ere he could. But why descant upon, or question, his emotions? Who, in a dream, ever dreamed that he should awake again in five minutes, or five hours, or ages, or centuries! For us, we have oftentimes stood on the utmost height of a green and glorious hill, and there have seen nature's most awful might spread out around us. The vale, the sloping mead, the verdant lawn, the bloomy garden ground, the river, the lake, the slender stream, all blessing and giving glory to the darkness of our thoughts within; and when the golden sun broke out, we hailed the earth as joyous and happy. We do not know that the cloud was noticed, or the tempest heard to mourn, though in the deep forest its voice might have been heard deploring. We must confess, that when the rain came down, we were taken unawares. Our thoughts were leaning on hope, not tending after servile despair. And when the landscape was effaced, the brightness of the heavens gone away, then we could have wept, but that tears were denied. So Delacour had before his eyes scenes with gorgeous array; it was still bright, and without shadow, as if never meant to fade.

It was a delightful evening at the latter end of summer when, mounting his horse he took his usual way to the mansion of the Mowbrays. His easy and fashionable lounge, his fine person, set off by the splendour of his attire, as well as by the beauty of true contrast there depicted, might alone have attracted the passengers; but then his steed, as if proud of his duty, contrived by certain coquettish knaveries and ambling graces, to fix the attention. Delacour was born to be admired, „the observed of all observers," and many were the remarks as he passed onward. He had been riding thus for some time, when he was overtaken by an acquaintance.

„What! Delacour on the old road again, in spite of the news. Why, Sidney is in the gazette."

„Impossible," cried Delacour, I would have wagered my life against it — you joke." „Incredulous as a lover," replied the other, „Look and be satisfied."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Sonnet.

Methought I heard a voice upon me call,
As listless in desponding mood I lay,
Whiling the melancholy hours away,
Mid fears that did my fondest hopes enthral.
'T was not the trumpet voice of Fame I heard,
Nor Fortune's, nurse of impotence and care;
Nor yet the moanings deep of fell Despair.
But O it was the voice of one that stirred
In every leaf! Sweet, sweet the accents came,
And stole in pure affection to my heart,
Healing within, wounds bleeding 'neath the smart
Of bitterest woe. Up sprang my gladden'd frame
Restored, as heavenward brighter days to see; —
Thy voice it was I heard, meek Piety.

[illegible]

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The BRITISH MUSEUM [illegible]

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

A Story of the Heart.

(Concluded from our last.)

The paper was handed to him, a glance was sufficient, and murmuring a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost to the view; the cloud of dust that followed his flight, alone told of his passage; and those who now saw him, pale, agitated and flying desperately forward, might have well mistaken him for the messenger of more than common woe. A dagger, indeed, could scarcely have caused a greater revulsion of the heart.

He no sooner entered the house, than the voice of the domestic proclaimed that something had happened; he met Mrs. Sidney on the stairs.

„You will find Emily," said she, „in the drawing-room. This affair has agitated us all — you will excuse Mr. Sidney to-night."

He whispered a polite reply, and hastened forward, but was, for the first time, unheard. Emily was seated at the table, lights were in the room; she was gazing at something — it was his picture, the one he had himself given her; he drew nearer — the lip quivered, and tears were trembling in the eyelids; she sighed and sighed again; he advanced a step farther, a slight cry escaped her.

„Oh! it is you," she exclaimed, but there was something breathless in the voice, half joy, half anguish: „I knew you would come, that is, I thought you would." „How could I do less than come, when I have so often come before," was the answer. „You are very good," she sighed, „but my father's misfortunes, oh! Delacour, you can guess my feelings."

„Your feelings are perhaps peculiar to you," he returned, somewhat coldly, „you are very suspicious to-night."

„I hope not," she replied meekly, „but you are tired, we will have some refreshment," and tune the harp; you were always fond of that."

The refreshments were brought, she helped him with her own hands; but when she turned to the instrument, the full and surcharged eyes — the flushed face — the heaving of the bosom — the trembling speech — the look wandering to and fro on the face of her lover, too plainly indicated that she had perceived something more or less than usual in the manner of his address. She seemed to Delacour, as she touched the strings, to have the finest figure in the world, and indeed her soul was on the chords. She felt that she needed some other person to make all he had ever been to her; she was a gentle and excellent girl, and Delacour, who was an admirer of all excellence, was quickly won to her side. She had never played with such execution, and now attentive, and now wavering, he listened, and was now impassioned and now fixed as stone — and now he detected himself both in all his former adoration of her. At length he snatched a kiss — said something of forgiveness, and all was forgotten; but another hour was over — he was silent and more cold than death, at least, to the heart of Emily. It was now getting late, and he declined, on plea of business, staying the night, which was his usual custom. She sunk into silence and despondency.

„You are sad, Miss Sidney," said he, „or angry, but my Emily used not to be either." „I am sad," she murmured, „but not angry — you are full of mistakes to-night." She smiled faintly.

„I am surely not mistaken," he returned, „not a word has been spoken this half hour; but some people mistake temper for feeling."

„Excuse me," she cried, and as she was seated by his side, she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder: „you do not understand me; there is no temper in me but sorrow. I am not angry," but he arose and hinted that he must depart.

„Good night, Miss Sidney," said he, „good night, Emily, — we shall meet to-morrow."

His hand was upon the door — she looked up — blushed — and advanced towards him. „I am not angry," she added, „you mistake me. Let us be friends." The last gush of feeling burst from his heart — and he caught her in his arms. A scarcely audible, „God bless you," came from his lips — an instant — and he was gone.

In her bosom was left sorrow — and anguish — and repining; the red blush was on her brow, but she sighed not, neither did she weep. The next day she received an apology for not waiting on her, as his business was urgent, but a promise to do so as quickly as possible. But day after day past on, and he came not, — she watched in vain. It was late one evening, she thought she saw him leaning as usual against the garden gate. She went to the window, but it was delusion, — she looked more intently, answered incoherently some questions addressed to her, and fell senseless to the ground.

Let us pass over the rest. — It has been said that the father waited on Delacour, but all that could be elicited was, that his views were changed, his mind, but not his affections, altered. With these words he left him: „Young man," said he, „may the sorrows of this young creature fall a hundred fold on your head!"

* * * * *

How strangely we decide our destiny! Led by appearances, even misled by truth. Yet why arraign the Providence of Heaven? For we walk like the wayfarer of the desert, when no star is out to guide us. With the blessing of happiness in our hands, we cast it aside and determine on misery; and when weighed down by the burden of care, we would still seek to be happy: and this, because nothing is desirable we possess, and all to be coveted we can never hope to obtain. Vile weakness of human nature; that we who would, in truth, believe ourselves perfect, should yet allow ourselves, wilfully and willingly, to be so base! One would think that „the wisdom of the serpent" — the cunning of true selfishness, might teach us selfish peace: if „the gentleness of the dove" — the artlessness of true nature, might not teach us disinterested love. As for Delacour, he resolved to be wretched, because he feared to be so; and then sought to be happy even while resigning his greatest of human goods. But what if the affections we feel, or others feel for us, be true or false: the falsehood or the truth may be equally miserable — time can alone show us the reverse. In the mean time the world goes on, and we must go likewise, but, thrown from the channel — broken on the rock of hope — while catching at some other or firmer hold than the reed within our grasp — but, finally, we be drifted down the tide of time — and left to perish. So Delacour pursued his avocations — rushed into society — and believed himself contented. But the canker of the heart eats not away so soon. If he had any feelings — any sentiments — he had forgotten the better part. As it is never too late for a man to grow wise, so it is never late to have honour. Had he then lived one idea? He remembered his debts of obligation — of gratitude to his old friend; but then he recalled also the prospects that might yet be open to him — the increase of wealth — the expectations of the future — he thought but once and no more; he hastened into amusements, into dissipation, and while he forgot his affection, he forgot himself. Some have remarked that his person became altered, his spirits changed, that it was natural depression and forced hilarity; but if he ever experienced wretchedness, or sighed in the full emotion of regret, he was the last to believe that his sorrows, his vexation, his self-reproaches, were of his own creation.

But a few months had gone by, and another lady caught his attention, of his own years — handsome, accomplished, and of desired wealth. He soon imagined himself to be in love, for in false hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion; and the lady was in love with him, just such love as a calculating woman may bestow, who thinks more of herself than of the world beside. She knew, indeed, of no feelings out of the sphere of a drawing-room, or any emotion but such as might lie in the compass of a marriage. Again family, fortune, friends, and connexions were canvassed, and were found fitting; again he pictured uninterrupted peace, unclouded days; again he was in possession of all his dreams; again hoped, was again happy; again constant, again, in fact, a lover.

Time rolled on and on, and he saw no reason to regret his choice. He became restless, for others were in pursuit of the same prize as himself, and then he grew impatient and more impassioned, and, at length, made his offer, and was successful. He was now more gay than ever — more fashionable — more splendid. In all public places and private parties he was the acknowledged suitor, and congratulated by his friends on the fortune he would acquire — on the conquest he had made; he was not backward in boasting the favour in which he found himself, in exhibiting the influence he had over her, and in talking of the brilliant prospects that he anticipated in the future.

It was with this lady hanging on his arm, that he first again beheld Emily [illegible]. The bloom of youth was gone, the form wasted, the ringlets confined beneath a gauze cap; the figure no longer joyous with content, but chastised by despondency and disappointment. She arose as she beheld him — the young Baronet was at her side.

„I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well," said Delamere, with his unchanging eye fixed full upon her face. She blushed, faltered, and murmured an answer. „I beg your pardon," he added, „but I hear you only indistinctly. You say that you are well, surely." She fixed her expressive look reproachfully upon him. „I am better than I have been," she returned, „indeed — quite well," and so they parted. The words that had been spoken were the common compliments of the day; but oh! the manner and everything. On that night she burnt a little likeness she had drawn of him from memory; she cast aside all embarrassment, she quitted her sick room, dressed, sang, laughed, danced and played as she was used to do; she hurried into company, into amusement, was as much admired as ever, as much sought as when she had a fortune: but her parents saw the dark side of the picture, — the young girl's heart was broken.

Can it be possible that Delamere went home that night in remorseless complacency? That no compunction dwelt within his breast — that no remembrance visited his thoughts — that the faded form of nature's loveliness — the sweet confusion that pleaded, like the tongue of mercy and of truth — that, last of all, that look — had spoken nothing? It is impossible. He knew he was to blame — he writhed under the infliction of secret regret — he thought he had not acted quite honourably — quite tenderly — but [illegible] all that he would have started at the name of villain. Yet it was for his good he should act as he had done; she would marry the Baronet; his destiny, and not himself, was to be reproached, and, shifting from any further argument, he hastened to conclude affairs with the lady in question.

Now came the confusion of preparation. Parties were given and received, and the round of reciprocal introduction took place, and, in the sudden rush of coming events, Delacour lost all recollection of the past, and sacrificed its memory for ever on the altar of Interest. The world was determined to make him pleased, and he was resolute to be so. The house was taken, furniture, table-linen, the elegancies of a lady's comforts, all were procured, and all in the exact taste that might best suit both parties. Business was no longer attended to, for Delacour was at each and every hour of the day prosecuting his love-suit, and the lady was, at all times, his attentive listener. The marriage deeds and the settlement were next talked about, for marriages, at least such marriages as these, generally end as they begin, in a very business-like manner. But now, on the exposure of the absolute property, on the explanation of the contingent prospects of Mr Delacour, he was found, by the father, or might it be by the lady? he was found deficient, that is, not quite the exact bargain that was expected. They said that the lady, hearing he had boasted of her preference, fearing too easy a conquest, adopted this pretty piece of coquetry, in hopes of being over-persuaded. Be this as it may; at the moment of doubt and deficit, at the moment when the lady hinted that her decision had been entirely in obedience to her parents, and that she had in the least changed, then it was that Delacour perceived he had been a dupe — cheated, betrayed, and made the very ridicule of fortune. He rushed from the house, where he had passed two years in the pursuit of a shadow, as worthless as it was frail, and hastened homeward.

He had pride, he was not quite without feeling, at least for himself; but when he recollected the lesson he had read society, how he had smote upon the heart that loved him, to be smitten in return, conscience was his accuser. The affair of Miss Sidney was known to his acquaintance; he himself had given publicity to this; here was the deceiver himself deceived, the betrayer himself betrayed; and he heard the laugh of derision go round about him.

It is hard for the honest and the good to part with the fondest hope — the living aspirations — the unfading aspirations of their every-day existence; but how much more difficult for the calculating — the base, to separate, upon even terms, with their desires. This vast expectation, this aggrandizement, perhaps, the lady herself, had been the stamina of Delacour's late actions and life. To have been climbing, with struggles and anguish, the steep of fortune — bewildered among the brushwood — torn and defaced amid the brambles, — to find one's foot upon the last elevation our wandering gaze might discover, and no sooner to find oneself there than the foundation gives way, the basement is scattered, and we and all our tiny hopes hurled headlong into the abyss, or into the humble vale from which we first up-sprung, — this may well demand patience; but when inflicted on the wrong, when suffered by the proud, then comes the sting of madness — the writhing of passion — the gnawing of the heart — and all that despair may suffer under, and philosophy deride.

While torn by conflicting emotions, there seemed no resting-place whereon the thoughts of Delacour might repose. He had held himself above the world, as one whom no scorn might reach, no breath might touch; he had walked in pride, he was therefore more open to scorn. He looked around him, and one fair form, and one alone, was seen in the far expanse, and to her he turned. To this being he vowed to resign all false ambitions, all theories of self-ennoblement, all speculations of self-interest. He had grown in riches within the last two years; she might still love him — he had lost honour in losing her — well, he must repair the loss — but then her reproaches and scorn, — he deserved them, and humbly and faithfully he would atone it. He thought of her angel ways — her maiden kindness; he thought, and wondered at the monster he had been. But the mind forms schemes, when the body is tired of action, incapable of impulse. A fatal malady, the effect of his disturbed spirits, now made its appearance. Day after day passed in ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the being he had injured. The wretched young lady, on whom their last meeting had made a lasting impression suspicious of his advances, fearing to know her real sentiments; her delicacy offended and pride wounded, fled his secret approaches, or with cold insensibility met his more open attentions. It was enough for her to know that he was on the point of marriage with another, and though he was evidently an object of horror, yet, more eager than ever for some explanation, something to subdue or excite the anguish within him, he continued his vain pursuit. Baffled at all points, and sick in body and mind, he yielded to his depression, undetermined in what way to act that might yet annul the past. A fortnight was over, and he was the shadow of his former self, the wreck of his own weakness and folly. He now determined, cost what it would, to see her and to speak to her. Was it reason or was it madness that led him to act thus?

It was a fine and sunny afternoon, when he quitted his sick chamber, in the wild and neglected attire of one who had, indeed, forgotten himself; and jumping on the top of a passing stage, he quickly found himself in the neighbourhood of the cottage where they now dwelt. This was his last attempt, and he was resolved it should not be unsuccessful. Some time he lingered, till, growing impatient, he sprang over a small fence at the bottom of the garden, and made his way, stealthily, to an arbour that was near. His hand touched the foliage round the entrance ere he perceived, reclining on a seat, the figure of Emily herself. An involuntary sigh escaped him, but her thoughts were elsewhere, and it was unheard. He gave one fond glance, and, in another moment, rushing forward, he clasped her in his arms. It was not a shriek, or a groan, but something more terrible than either, that burst from her lips, the living sound of anguish and of terror. In vain he called upon her in all the energies of agony, repentance, and affection; in vain, with passionate lips, he dared the purest touch [illegible]; she lay insensible, or only recovered to give back a blind look of horror, as he embraced her. Here then was the consummation of his folly — the height of all his crimes. At this moment he heard a footstep; Shame, contumely, and insult, were all he could expect; he felt himself a wretch who merited no mercy; and, with one last embrace — one last respectful pressure — he fled he scarcely knew where, and the morning had risen before he found himself at home.

And now he would write to her, reveal all his heart, and rely upon her generosity, and in the energy of desperation the epistle was penned. But vain the designs of man! On that very day he heard that she had acquired a large fortune, by the death of a distant relation. Thus then the barrier was placed for ever between them. To return was now denied him. Fortune had been the aim of his life, and it now stood, for ever, between him and all he valued from this to the grave. How, without the imputation of the meanest of motives, how dare he now return? What had once been generous, would now be base. No — no — the spring of life was over, the wilderness of the world gone through, and death lay alone open to him.

The tide of feelings will have way, but with Delamere it now bore upon its passage the freshness and the vigour of life. It might be truly said of him, that, from this time, he was a broken-spirited man, — one not to be reconciled to himself, — one who condemned himself beyond aught or all in the world beside. The happiness he had cast away, his wealth he had rendered worthless to him, and the malicious have said (and the best of us are not free from malice) that what his own folly and remorse might have failed to effect, his dissipation — his recklessness — shall it be said — the profligacy of a wounded mind — more easily concurred. Disease had now laid hold upon him. His friends came round him, all attentions were paid him, and he received a note from the last lady of his choice; she had heard of his illness, she would receive him again. Delamere could just afford a smile, and with hands chilled in the coldness of coming dissolution, he tore the paper and muttered to himself.

At length the hour and the moment drew nigh that was to give him freedom; his thoughts had truly become a burden to him, and he was happy to resign them. He had made peace with earth, and pleaded for peace with heaven; and now he could willingly go his way. „This is the last bitter pang, my dear girl,“ said he, as his favourite sister drew near, „but it is the last, and let us pass through it bravely.“ It was after he had blessed her, and kissed her, and bade her adieu, that he called her back again. His noble face was changed to the marble of the grave, and those eyes shone with the last burning flame of nature and of life. He dashed away the tears that gathered till they flowed, and dashed them away again. The impressiveness of death was on his tongue. „If ever you see *her*,“ he sighed: „if ever you meet, tell her — but no — I can say nothing. — If she knew all she would know too much — my silence is enough.“ With this he sank backward, and lay calmly; a long drawn sigh was heard — and Delacour was dead. But the sorrow he had caused neither was ended nor died with him. His faults had been without extenuation, his errors without excuse, and the world had not been backward to censure him; yet one heart was found that could pardon, one soft enough to pity his frailties. All the mercy he could hope was there, and tenderness that surpassed all he might imagine. The shriek that burst from Emily Sidney while reading the news of his decease, was the knell of another untimely end. The woe of years was ended, the link of past emotions broken. He was then gone — for ever and irrevocably gone. The pride of her thoughts — the friend of her heart — the lover of her youth. No scorn or maidenly reserve could now uphold her. Modesty might fear to reveal the last fond truth, but death wipes away all blushes.

If sighs might speak of grief, or tears, or inward sorrowing, a broken sleep, a restless and unenjoyed existence, — if all these were the emblem of woe, all this had been past, though in the last few years, and it was over. „Mourn not, my child,“ urged the mother, „he is happy and has long been a stranger to us.“ „I am sensible of no grief,“ was the answer; „yes, he has long been a stranger, at least to me, — yes, yes, — to me he has been a stranger.“ This was the last time she ever spoke of him; but the thoughts will utter what the tongue never tells. She dreamed upon the scene in the garden, that faint and indistinct recollection of something most blissful and most wretched. He had thought of her had returned to her, it was enough, he was forgiven; yet why had she not spoken to him and soothed him, and parted in friendship, and in love? The idea was fraught with madness, and here the fatality of all her misery was seen. In the meantime she evinced no more than common grief. The day of his funeral she took her usual walk; she saw the sad procession pass, speechless, tearless, and without a murmur. And yet after this she was seen in company, and, to the same eyes, the same as ever. Is woman's pride so delicate, or is it so unconquerable that it may feign all this? Yes — and necessity, that the last humility of disappointed affections can only stoop thus low.

At many public places, scenes of fashionable resort, or haunts of fashionable invalids, she was afterwards met. The baronet was in constant attendance, the parents hinted their hopes. She had never, willingly, given sorrow to any one; she consented to accept him, received meekly his attentions, smiled at the delighted congratulations of her friends, and seemed happy. — The sober twilight of morning just shadowed the apartment where she lay; it was her own accustomed attitude; her arm gently supporting her head, the long hair hanging luxuriously on the bosom and veiling the hands. Her mother drew near and stooped to kiss her. Enough; what would you more? That cry might have well told the rest. H.

New Scene in William Tell.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Tell's cottage. — Melchthal asleep upon a couch, at the head of which EMMA *is watching.* EMMA. *(Rising and coming forward.)*

I never knew a weary night before!
I have seen the sun a dozen times go down.

And still no William, — and the storm was on,
Yet have I laid me down in peace to sleep,
The mountain with the lightning all ablaze,
And shaking with the thunder, but to-night
Mine eyes refuse to close! The old man rests:
Pain hath outworn itself, and turn'd to ease.
How deadly calm's the night! What's that? I'm grown
An idiot with my fears. I do not know
The avalanche! Great Power that hurls it down,
Watch o'er my boy, and guide his little steps!
What keeps him? 'tis but four hours' journey hence.
He'd rest; then four hours back again. What keeps him!
Erni would sure be found by him — he knows
The track, well as he knows the road of Altorf!

MELCH. Help! (*In his sleep.*)

EMMA. What's the matter? Only the old man dreaming:
He thinks again they're pulling out his eyes.
I'm sick with terror! Merciful powers! what's this
That fills my heart with horrible alarm,
And yet it cannot see.

MELCH. (*Waking.*) Where am I?

EMMA. Father!

MELCH. My daughter, is it thou? Thank heaven, I'm here!
Is't day yet?

EMMA. No.

MELCH. Is't far on the night?

EMMA. Methinks, about the turn on't.

MELCH. Is the boy.
Come back.

EMMA. No, father.

MELCH. Nor thy husband!

EMMA. No.

MELCH. A woful wife and mother have I made thee!
Would thou had'st never seen me.

EMMA. Father.

MELCH. Child?

EMMA. Methinks I hear a step! — I do! (*Knocking.*) A knock!

MELCH. 'Tis William!

Emma. No it is not Williams knock. (*Opens the door.*)
I told you so! Your will.

Enter STRANGER.

STRAN. Seeing a light,
I e'en made bold to knock, to ask for shelter,
For I have miss'd my way.

EMMA. Whence come you friend?

STRAN. From Altorf.

EMMA. Altorf! Any news from thence?

STRAN. Ay! News to harrow parent's hearts, and make
The barren bless themselves that they are childless!

EMMA. May heaven preserve my boy!

MELCH. What says thy news?

STRAN. Art thou not Melchtal — he whose eyes 'tis said
The tyrant has torn out!

MELCH. Yes, friend, the same.

STRAN. Is this thy cottage?

MELCH. No; 'tis William Tells.

STRAN. 'Tis William Tells — and that's his wife — Good night.

EMMA. (*Rushing between him and the door.*)
Thou stirr'st not hence until thy news be told!

STRAN. My news! in sooth 'tis nothing thou would'st heed.

EMMA. 'Tis something none should heed so well as I!

STRAN. I must be gone.

EMMA. Thou meet'st a tigress, friend,
Spoil'd of her mate and young, and yearning for them.
Don't thwart her. Come, thy news. What fear'st thou, man.
What more has she to dread, who reads thy looks,
And knows the most has come. Thy news? Is't bondage?

STRAN. It is.

EMMA. Thank heaven it is not death! Of one —
Or two!

STRAN. Of two.

EMMA. A Father and a son?
Is't not?

STRAN. It is.

EMMA. My husband and my son
Are in the tyrant's power There's worse than that!

What's that is news to harrow parents' breasts,
The which the thought to only tell, 'twould seem,
Drives back the blood to thine! — Thy news, I say!
Wouldst thou be merciful, this is not mercy.
Wast thou the mark, friend, of the bowman's aim,
Wouldst thou not have the fatal arrow speed,
Rather than watch it hanging in the string?
Thou'lt drive me mad! Let fly at once —

MELCH. Thy news from Altorf, friend what-e'er it is!

STRAN. To save himself and child from certain death,
Tell is to hit an apple, to be plac'd
Upon the stripling's head.

MELCH. My child my child! —
Speak to me! — Stranger, hast thou killed her!

EMMA. No!
No, father. I'm the wife of William Tell;
Oh but to be a man! to have an arm
To fit a heart swelling with the sense of wrong!
Unnatural — insufferable wrong!
When makes the tyrant trial of his skill?

STRAN. To-morrow.

EMMA. Spirit of the lake and hill,
Inspire thy daughter! On the head of him
Who makes his pastime of another's pangs,
Launch down thy vengeance by a mother's hand.
Know'st thou the signal when the hills shall rise?
(To Melchthal.)

MELCH. Are they to rise?

EMMA. I see thou knowest nought.

STRAN. Something's on foot. 'Twas only yesterday,
That, travelling from our canton, I espied
Slow toiling up a steep, a mountaineer
Of brawny limb, upon his back a load
Of faggots bound. Curious to see what end
Was worthy of such labour, after him
I took the cliff: and saw its lofty top
Receive his load, which went but to augment
A pile of many another.

EMMA. 'Tis by fire!
Fire is the signal for the hills to rise! — *(Rushes out.)*

MELCH. Went she not forth?

STRAN. She did — she's here again
And brings with her a lighted brand.

MELCH. My child
What dost thou with a lighted brand?
(Re-enter Emma with a brand.)

EMMA. Prepare
To give the signal for the hills to rise!

MELCH. Where are the faggots, child, for such a blaze?

EMMA. I'll find the faggots, father. *(Exit.)*

MELCH. She's gone
Again?

STRAN. She is, — I think into her chamber.

EMMA. *(Rushing in.)* Father, the pile is fir'd!

MELCH. What pile, my child?

EMMA. The joists and rafters of our cottage, father!

MELCH. Thou hast not fir'd thy cottage! — but, thou hast!
Alas, I hear the crackling of the flames!

EMMA. Say'st thou, alas! when I do say, thank heaven?
Father, this blaze will set the land ablaze
With fire that shall preserve, and not destroy it.
Blaze on! blaze on! Oh may'st thou be a beacon
To light its sons enslav'd to liberty!
How fast it spreads! A spirit's in the fire;
It knows the works it does. — *(Goes to the door and opens it.)*
The land is free!
Yonder's another blaze. Beyond that shoots
Another up — Anon will every hill
Redden with vengeance. Father, come! Whate'er
Betide us, worse we're certain can't befal,
And better may! Oh be it liberty —
Save hearths and homes, husbands and children. Come, —
It spreads apace. Blaze on — blaze on — blaze on! *(Exeunt.)*

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

Thomas Colley Grattan.

Unter den lebenden engliſchen Romanſchriftſtellern, welche ſich zwar nach Walter Scott bildeten, aber es ſich vorzüglich zur Aufgabe machten, treu und einfach die von ihnen erſchaffenen Charactere zu entwickeln und auf der gegebenen Grundlage die Handlungsweiſe derſelben bis in das Kleinſte und Genaueſte zu motiviren, nimmt Colley Grattan eine der bedeutendſten Stellen ein. Nicht damit zufrieden, bloß den Eingebungen ſeiner Phantaſie und ſeines Verſtandes zu folgen, hielt er eine reiche und vielſeitige wirkliche Anſchauung der Menſchen und ihrer Verhältniſſe für unerläßlich nothwendig zur Erreichung ſeines Zweckes. Seinem gründlichen Sinne genügte aber nicht, wie ſo vielen ſeiner Landsleute, ein flüchtiges Durcheilen der verſchiedenen Länder, er fühlte das Bedürfniß unter einem Volke erſt ganz heimiſch zu werden, ehe er die einzelnen Erſcheinungen und Ereigniſſe bei demſelben, welche für die poetiſche Behandlung paßten, dieſer unterwarf. Demgemäß durchzog er, ſich ſchon früh ſeinem Berufe widmend, nachdem er ſeinen Abſchied aus engliſchen Militärdienſten genommen, einen großen Theil des Feſtlandes, namentlich aber Belgien und Frankreich zu Fuß. Er verſtand es ſich ſo den Menſchen, unter denen er ſich gerade befand, zu aſſimiliren, daß er bald heimiſch unter ihnen wurde, überall da, wo die Eigenthümlichkeiten der Gegend oder ihrer Bewohner ihn anzogen, länger verweilend und die ihm gegönnte Muße in völliger geiſtiger Freiheit benutzend. Auf dieſe Weiſe ſammelte er einen reichen Schatz von Erlebniſſen, Erfahrungen und Anſchauungen, den er dann auf die anmuthigſte und anſpruchloſeſte Weiſe in ſeinen Schriften niederlegte. Dieſe fanden ſchnell, ſowohl in ſeinem Vaterlande wie auf dem Continente eine überaus günſtige Aufnahme, da ſie ſich durch Wärme des Gefühls, glückliche Erfindungsgabe, Treue und Lebendigkeit der Schilderungen und einen ſehr fließenden, aber einfachen Styl vortheilhaft auszeichneten. Seinen Highways and Byways, London 1823, folgten ſeine Traits of Travels, London 1829, 3 Bde., beide Werke ſind die Ergebniſſe ſeiner Wanderungen. — Später wandte er ſich dem hiſtoriſchen Romane zu und behandelte hier mit beſonderer Vorliebe einzelne Momente aus der holländiſchen und flandriſchen Geſchichte (The Heiress of Bruges, London 1830, 4 Bde. und Jacqueline of Holland, 3 Bde., London 1831), welche ſich einer gleich günſtigen Aufnahme zu erfreuen hatten. Sein neueſtes Werk iſt eine für Lardner's bekannte Cyclopaedia geſchriebene Geſchichte der Niederlande. — Er lebt gegenwärtig in ſehr glücklichen häuslichen Verhältniſſen in Brüſſel, das ihm durch längeren Aufenthalt zur zweiten Heimath geworden iſt.

A Bone to pick;

A tale of Irish Revenge.

ALL who have studied the Irish character must have remarked, among its most obvious qualities, humour and revenge. A wild mixture of these two incongruous attributes is very common. We often see the deadly passion tempered by traits of that national jocularity, which has been pronounced to be „in conversation better than wit;" but which gives a more bitter flavour to the cup of misery, filled for the object of vindictive pursuit. Numberless instances might be cited — but I shall be satisfied with recording one.

There is, in the diction of Ireland, as may be expected, and particularly in that of the remoter provinces, a coarse, but powerful, phraseology, not entirely confined to the lower orders, but garnishing the conversation of the gentry themselves, with a pungency too strong for the palate of refinement. Still it does not revolt so much in the sphere where we find it; for nothing is overpoweringly disagreeable but what is unnatural. The breath of an Irish brogue cannot be, I should think, half so unpleasing to English ears, as the narrowness of Irish prejudice must be grating to English feeling. The man who, not ashamed of his country, honestly flounders on in all the errors of idiom and pronunciation, who declares, he „*will* be drowned, while nobody *shall* save him," is, I know, and I wish all my countrymen knew it, infinitely more honoured out of Ireland, than the king's English-clipping renegade, whose loudest and basest boast is, that he despises the land of his birth.

In the colloquial familiarities of Irish intercourse, many proverbial and idiomatic phrases are used, unknown elsewhere. Some of this conversational coin is, however, in general circulation. Every one knows, that „having a crow to pluck with you," means, having a reproach to make to you; „picking a hole in one's coat," implies finding fault, *et cetera*. Now, „giving one a bone to pick;" means, by moral analogy, throwing out some hint, or stating some fact of harsh and agitating tendency, which the mind may gnaw without being nourished — a file that corrodes the teeth which bite at it. The vengeance that strikes at the heart, and is smothered in its victim's blood, is not half so deadly or so desperate as this. But I have yet a good deal to say, before I come to the illustration of my subject.

It is now several years since, by circumstances of no importance here, I was invited to dine one day with the Bar Club, in an Irish assize town, on one of the southern circuits. As barristers wish to be sometimes exclusive, they are glad to escape from the almost continual masquerade of their public life, and at their circuit dinners they admit no strangers, (except under peculiar circumstances); but, throwing off with the Toga the multitude of sins it covers, they shine forth the most sociable, most cordial, and the wittiest of all assemblies. I was very young at the time in question; and the brilliant conversation which I listened to, the flashes of merriment, the classical allusions, the anecdotes, the reparteea, and the puns, altogether made an impression never to be effaced. I have seen a good deal, since that day, of celebrated scholars, writers, and wits; but, whether it is the effect of early impression, or the real fact, I think every after-display of intellectual variety, which I have witnessed since that one, has been *fade* and inferior in comparison with it.

Some time after the cloth was removed, and while the bottle was going its cheerful rounds, every bumper smacking more freshly, from the fun with which it was flavoured, the door of the room slowly opened, and a man entered and stopped, cautiously holding the handle, neither advancing as if he had a right to come further, nor shewing any exact evidence of his confessing himself an intruder. His whole attitude spoke a mixture of confidence and doubt, the latter predominating; and he clearly paused for an invitation to advance. He gave me the impression of a guest who might have been expected without being bidden — one timidly acting under that most mortifying of privileges, a *general invitation.*

As I sat opposite the door, I could fully remark the figure and physiognomie of this new comer; and time enough was given me for observation, in consequence of the little attention he seemed to excite in those of the party, who, sitting at my side of the table, must have seen him as well as I did. The president, whose talents have long since been promoted to a seat of more dignity, was in the act of spinning out a story of excellent texture, the web of which was so cunningly woven, and so dexterously coloured, as strongly to excite the audience, and make them the more indifferent to the stranger's interruption, or *intrusion*, as I must call it. But he bore in his whole aspect evidence of a still better reason for their indifference. He was poor! — a poverty, however, that was clearly that of a gentleman. His look shewed none of the hereditary meanness which walks hand in hand with the wretchedness of the lower classes of Irish. His black coat was quite threadbare, and its fashion of some years standing; but it fitted him, and did not hang loosely on the wearer, like an ill cut but not to be mistaken badge of beggary. His other garments, worn and faded as they were, did equal credit to his tailor, for they shewed to all possible advantage all that was good in the remnant of a once muscular and manly form. The visible verge of the stranger's linen was clean, but bearing the tinge of Time's or Jealousy's jaundiced eye: the frill was puffed out into a display, which seemed less for ostentation than the convenience of covering the time-worn edges of the flowered vest; and the cravat, of the same citron hue, was tied in a profuse expenditure of „bows and ends," according to the plethoric taste of the last century, which may still be observed in the old dandies who carry their old fashions into this. The scanty remains of the stranger's hair were frizzed and dressed, and the scalp and forehead thickly larded with a paste of pomatum and powder, which covered the baldness, but could not *conceal* it, and placed the deformity of affectation upon the gracefulness of age. The hard and sun-burnt hat, held in one hand, was profusely powdered at the inside of crown and leaf, but no more able than the cranium it whilom covered to throw dust in the eyes of the observers, as to its actual „age and quality." A goldheaded cane dangled by a string from the wrist of the other ungloved hand, which displayed more than one ring of ancient workmanship, that seemed to suit the long and well formed fingers. An eyeglass showed itself full three quarters out from between the lower buttons of the vest, and a black ribbon fastened it round the neck.

The face of this reduced gentleman told a long story, I thought, of anxiety, and pride, and suffering. The features were of the common stamp of Irish provincial gentility — intelligent, marked, and somewhat coarse: but the whole expression was softened down into an air of weather-beaten composure; not as if a sudden blow of fate had marked the countenance with woe, but as if time and care had been long chiselling it together, in lines more numerous than deep. A multitude of wrinkles covered the forehead and cheeks; the mouth was drawn downward, and a deep frown more deeply shadowed the naturally sunken eyes. I well know that after-knowledge of events often deceives us into the belief that we have traced character at first sight; but I cannot help thinking that I read in this face, on this first and last time of my beholding it, the tale of lingering and gradual disappointment, by which it had been furrowed.

As soon as the president had finished his story, and the hearty laugh which followed it had nearly subsided, he turned to the visitor, and exclaimed —

„Aha, Mr. M'Rowan, you are there! — come in, come in, welcome! We are glad to see you — come in, and sit down, and take a glass of wine."

On this invitation, unaccompanied as it was by any movement of consideration or ceremony on the part of the president or his friends, the *permitted* rather than the invited guest came in — to receive on sufferance the civility so proffered.

He sat down at the end of the table on the left hand of the vice-president, who was *ex officio* the youngest member of the club; and, without laying down his hat, or being asked to put it aside, he drank his bumper or two of claret, bowing cold and, I thought, proud acknowledgments to the nods and „your healths“ that were flung at him. Nobody seemed to think it necessary to pay him any attention beyond that; and the conversation went on without any interruption, except one, at which I could not help being struck with some surprise. Following the example of the president, all the company (myself excepted) simultaneously put their hands into their pockets, and pulled forth their note-cases, or purses, or a single note or two, lying loosely for the occasion, as it were; and the vice-president, taking a bottle-coaster in his hand, left his seat, and walked round the table, going successively to each person, beginning with the president, and receiving each individual donation, to which he added his own. As he came near me, I prepared to add mine to the rest; but one of the gentlemen next to me put his hand on my arm, and prevented my intention, saying —

„No, no, don't attempt that; you would desperately wound our poor pensioner's feelings. It is quite a professional affair: he is not exactly a mendicant, but is, rather, receiving, by small instalments, the return of large advances made to the brethren of the robe. Take no notice of this, and I will explain it all to you another time.“

Taking the hint, I made no offer of contribution, and I avoided as much as I could any expression of wonderment or curiosity. The vice-president, when he had made his gathering, folded up the notes, which I could see were chiefly those of the lowest sums in circulation, single pounds or guineas; but one or two caught my eye of five times that amount. He then politely handed the packet to the visitor, who immediately rose, made a gentlemanly bow to the president, and several similar inclinations of the head to the rest of the company. „Good evening, Mr. M'Ronan!“ sounded from every voice; but no one moved, until I, somewhat indiscreetly, rose from my seat — but I was very young, and had not learned the *decorum* of smothering one's feelings, even at the certainty of wounding another's; and I could not help a blush of mingled shame and pity rising on my cheek, when I saw the indifference with which the party witnessed the look of humiliation and proud sorrow that came from that careworn face, as it withdrew from the room.

I took the earliest opportunity — indeed it was that very evening — to request the promised explanation from my neighbour; and he gave me the following sketch of the causes of the reduced gentleman's situation and circumstances.

Phelim M'Ronan, of Ronanstown, Esq., was, for aught he knew to the contrary, the father of the gentleman who had so much excited my attention. We must go back almost half way into the last century, to figure to our minds the bearing and character of an Irish squire, such as Mr. Phelim M'Ronan undoubtedly was; and having let our minds fix themselves there, I will leave to the individual imaginations of my readers all the details of appearance and manners appertaining to this personage. In fact, I never saw so much as his picture; nor was my informant able to give me any particulars of his general conduct and habits. His information was confined to nearly one trait of character, one fact, one phrase almost; but, from that scanty hint, I think I have formed a very tolerable notion of Squire M'Ronan's person, disposition, and manners, with the sagacity expected from the Grecian of old, to whom a single brick was offered, as a specimen of the house he was about to purchase. I imagine him, then, tall, gaunt, phlegmatic, and unamiable — looking harsh things, even when he did not say them, and seldom saying them, only because he thought he could look them more harshly; but when he *did* say them, giving a bitter and biting emphasis to every syllable, that left the listener no chance of escape from his severity.

Of his wife I have still fewer materials for a sketch. But I figure her to myself a passionate, yet strong-minded woman, liable to be agitated to the very depths of feeling by a sarcasm; and having wherewith in her heart to return it more bitterly — tipped with gall, as it were, like an arrow shot back to one's enemy with new poison on its barb.

These form a brace of unprepossessing characters, and are not very flattering specimens of Irish life. But there is a great deal of what is Irish in them, notwithstanding; and had I been able to have filled up each meagre sketch, with the many redeeming merits so profusely springing in the same soil — the generosity, the courage, the warm-heartedness, and the indigenous humour, that runs over the whole surface of the national character — the squire and his lady would, no doubt, appear much less repulsive than, I fear, they now seem to my readers, as well as myself. I have borne hard upon them, I confess: and, after all, I form my judgment but on *one phrase* recorded of the man; and I paint the woman only from her one solitary repetition of it, as if I had judged of the extent and formation of a cavern from the echo it sent back to a single sound. That important phrase was, „And there, my darling, is a bone to pick!"

(To be continued in our next.)

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American Scenery.

(Extracts from letters from America.)

St. Ann's, Lower Canada.

Amongst the many matters which you in your curiosity imposed on me was, if I mistake not, a command to describe, for your edification, the scenery of this New World to which I was bound. I have now wandered over many of its various regions, and believe myself, therefore, not wholly incapable, as regards this country, of discussing these knotty points of taste with you. Would that you were now by my side, and that together we might survey the lovely landscape that is now spread in boundless magnificence at my feet! The spot from which I write is a small parish, situated on the north bank of that monarch of waters, the St. Lawrence, about thirty miles from Quebec. A friend and myself a few days since, determined to explore this almost unknown region; and, for that purpose, shipped ourselves, shooting and fishing-tackle, sketching apparatus and wardrobe, into one of the country waggons, drawn by a round, untiring, hardy, little Canadian pony. We started in a thoroughly light-hearted mood, on one of the many joyous summer days with which this country is blessed. Sure am I that I shall never feel warm again amidst the green fields, and surrounded by the grey air of our old fashioned country. You will laugh at this as mere traveller's rant. — Had you been with us, however, you would feel and talk as I do. Our journey commenced early, and as we wound down the steep sides of the impregnable fortress of Quebec, the sun rose over the blue hills of Cap Tourment. This town of Quebec (to fortify which England is spending, I might almost say, millions,) is built on a promontory, which ends in a bold, bluff point, round the base of which sweeps the St. Lawrence. Along the ridge of this precipice, overhanging the lower town, which is level with the water, runs a long battery, called the Grand Battery. I have now been over many lands — I have seen many far-famed scenes, but never has it been my fate to see aught that would bear comparison with the panoramic view from this spot. At the moment when we were scampering along the road at this point, disturbing the quiet peasants from their morning slumbers by the rattling of our somewhat crazy vehicle, the sun began to shew his glittering disk above Cap Tourment. Mountains of the most graceful forms stretched in a semicircle before us. At our feet swept the clear, broad waters of the St. Lawrence; in the midst of which lay the fairy Island of Montmorenci, studded with white cottages, snugly embosomed amidst the woods. To the left, a long ridge of mountains, covered now with floods of light, and dressed in every gorgeous hue the imagination can conceive, shut that part of the scene. To the right, the eye stretched over an interminable sea of woods. Just discernible were some pearly grey hills, the delicate hues of which I never hope again to see equalled. Imagine this scene, and then if your cold island soul can, fancy the atmosphere around us. I have seen many a sun rise in England; I have watched him often struggle with mist and cloud, and fight his difficult path into the upper air. Poets, that is, English poets, will be in raptures on this matter; but, prithee, believe me, who now have had experience of what nature can do, your English sun-rise is a frigid commonplace affair. Your dull grey atmosphere chills one's blood; and damps, not merely the physical, but the mental man. Here the bright, brilliant atmosphere was of purple — deep — love-creating, gorgeous, luxurious purple. It floated around, and about us, giving and heightening beauty. The „rosy fingers of the morning“ is an epithet I can now understand. Hill, tree, steeple, and the tall-masted ships that lay in multitudes at our feet, were all bathed in floods of this glorious light, as the sun shot above the hills, and looked out in unclouded majesty upon the beautiful scene below him. We paused but a few minutes to gaze upon the goodly prospect. We had many miles to go; and the fresh air of the morning would soon give place to the sultry air of the mid-day. We rattled through the fortified gate, and down the precipitous road; soon reached the level ground below, and crossed the small river St. Charles, which winds through a beautiful valley at the base of the ridge, the point of which we had just left. After leaving the bridge, (a long, curious wooden affair,) the first thing that catches your eye is a sort of country house belonging to the Catholic priests. Instead of going by the road, we took our course over the hard track of the St. Lawrence, the tide being out, in order to get a good view of the town, and the land on which it stands. In doing this, we passed close to the good fathers' dwelling. The taste of the Catholic clergy in the selection of the sites for all their buildings, has often been to me a matter of surprise: no matter of what people, place, or time, their works are marked by a character which, if it be not of perfect taste, is yet always free from the imputation of commonplace. In our own land, the remains of their despoiled abodes and places of worship are always beautiful, both by their position and intrinsic merits. The same thing occurs here. Excepting in one or two of their more modern doings, they have managed to free their abodes from that air of commonplace and vulgarity which attaches to almost everything done by man in this country. The building which we passed on our road to the village of Beauport, though a very simple, plain structure, and merely a school for the young men intended for the priesthood, yet wears a very different aspect from all around it, and bespeaks a refinement foreign to the scene. We quickly, however, left the priests, and their scholars, and their quiet house behind, and were soon clambering along the side of the hills that rise up on the north side of the St. Lawrence. As we rapidly traversed the little scattered village of Beauport, the villagers were coming abroad, and, as we passed, saluted us with much courtesy, and with something of a submissive bearing, rare in this country of democracy. We crossed the river Montmorenci, a few yards above its falls, (which falls, by the by, are some 240 feet in height.) This river, some other day, I must describe to you: it puts to shame all your much talked of streams: your famous Wye is a vulgar ditch when compared with it. We hurried on, regardless of its many beauties; casting, however, a wistful glance on its dark brown waters, and along its wooded banks, half doubting whether we should put off our more distant journey, and content ourselves with rambling along its beautiful shores. We kept on our course in spite of the temptation; and, after some hours' hot travelling, arrived at the river St. Anne, the exploring of which was the object of our journey.

Before I take you up this mountain stream, you must look back with me over the road we have come. We were now some thirty miles from Quebec, far down in the landscape we had admired in the morning. The bold promontory from which we had gazed with such rapture now formed the chief feature of the scene; coming down into the bright waters at its feet, with a bold yet graceful sweep, it stood out from all surrounding objects, and chained the attention at once by its singularity and its beauty. The atmosphere was so exquisitely clear, that, even at this distance, we could plainly discover the houses built upon its sides; and the spires of two churches of the town could be seen glittering and sparkling in the sun, like fairy palaces. Many of the houses also, like the churches, are covered on the roof with tin; so that when the sun shines upon the town it is surrounded by a bright *glory*, and seems to realize the wondrous stories of enchantment. On the top of the hill, and along the middle of the ascent, the long lines of defence, the various batteries, that English profusion has drawn around the place, were marked objects, and gave a peculiar character to the place; and, even the flag-staff and the telegraph were plainly visible, giving, indeed, a finish to the scene which an artist can only duly appreciate; but which, nevertheless, disturb the reflections of the sentimental traveller, speaking as they do, of things and feelings which he, in his hallucinations, loves not to dwell on. Every mile that we travelled down the river changed this scene, but yet left it the same. The river, unlike your petty puddles, was a broad sheet of the brightest water I ever saw; from shore to shore it was miles in breadth,—I am afraid to say how many. However, Montmorenci (the island) lay in the midst, and when the river becomes again one undivided stream, the measurement must be by leagues, not miles. The giant scale of the landscape is to me the new and startling feature of it. England with its little round green hills, its fields divided like a little map, its snug cottages, its pretty lawns, and miniature woods, seems poor and insignificant when compared with this vast and splendid scenery. Rivers that spread out like seas, woods that seem to know no boundary, mountain succeeding to mountain, lessening and lessening, shade after shade, hue after hue, colours and forms all multitudinous, form a whole that chains and rivets the attention, and by its immensity seems to task the imagination and the memory. When gazing on it, the giant scene appears too vast for ordinary conception: when no longer before us, we find it difficult to call up ideas that equal the reality. We have a dim remembrance that there was a vast and wondrous scene, gorgeous in colour, beautiful, and infinitely various in form, and multitudinous in its objects. But so new and wonderful was the scene, that our emotions appear to have stifled our perceptions. To recall those emotions the scene itself seems requisite—so poor and faint is the memory when compared with the magnificent reality. There are few things that in life have made me feel this inadequacy. That the American Landscape should have made me feel it, I take not to be the least of its wonders. We must now, however, proceed on our journey.

It was requisite that we should go forward into the mountains, put up our horse, and obtain a guide. We should otherwise have had no shelter for the night, and should have toiled and fatigued ourselves uselessly, in endeavouring, with our unpractised eyes, to find our way through the woods. As we got higher on the mountains, the scene which I have already described became more distinct, and our view more extensive, till at length we saw a range of hills, that I was told were in the State of Vermont. Toiling up the steep road, we were suddenly startled by the deep sound of a gun; it was mid-day, and turning towards Quebec, we could see a white column of smoke rising from the citadel. The twelve o'clock gun, which had often been fired without my knowing it while in the town, I could plainly hear at the distance of between thirty and forty miles. The sound, moreover, was not a faint one, but rolled with a sharp bounding echo among the many hills around us. Having reached the house to which we had been directed, we unloaded our vehicle, fed our horses, which certainly had already done a good day's work, and proceeded ourselves to the great operation of satisfying our hunger. Our fare was not very good, the bread, as usual, being painfully sour; and the eternal fat pork of the country salt and disagreeable, as usual. We did not, however, come to eat savoury viands, but to see beautiful scenery. Mine host was therefore summoned, and with him came mine hostess, and half-a-dozen children, in fact the household; whereupon a consultation was held in Canadian French on the one side, and English French on the other. They had it hollow against us. Half-a-dozen talked at a time, so that was three to one; while they also were fluent in their jargon, which was more than we were in ours. In process of time, nevertheless, in spite of this Babel of tongues, they were made to comprehend our object; and a young Jean Baptiste was engaged to guide us through the woods to the river, and the falls of St. Anne.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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A Reflection.

By J. F. Hollings.

The beryl, in its secret bed,
As free from stain would shine,
Though human foot forbore to tread
The dark and pathless mine; —
As fair the purple morn would break
O'er hill and glistening stream,
Though mortal eye should never wake
To hail that sportive beam!

On many an unfrequented shore,
The flowers of beauty rise,
And rocks, which flame with golden ore,
And shells like evening's dyes;
Nor smiles the bow of peace the less,
When parts the storm on high,
O'er the green ocean's loneliness,
Or in the desert sky.

Is there no music in the blast,
Though none that voice may hear?
Sweeps not the breeze as freshly past,
When wastes alone are near?
Shine not as free the sons of night,
In changeless splendour dressed, —
Though, spread before our wearied sight,
Low hangs the veil of rest?

Inscribed upon the rolling sea,
And on the tempest's bands,
A witness still proclaims of Thee —
A deathless record stands!
Nor seeks our frail, perceptive view,
Nor needs our faint acclaim, —
The glory infinitely new,
Which robes thine awful Name!

These, in unaltering strength arrayed,
Oh King of endless days!
These wonders which thine hands have made,
Have best proclaimed thy praise;
These, in thy wide magnificence,
Shall hymn Thy perfect will;
When Death has veiled our fading sense,
And man's weak voice is still!

◆

Anecdote.

Summary Justice.

A French nobleman, who had been satirised by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. „Sir,“ replied the Duke, with a significant smile, „it has been done you already.“

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

A Bone to pick:

A Tale of Irish Revenge.

(Continued from our last.)

Such was invariably Phelim M'Ronan's short and pithy winding-up to the matrimonial squabbles which arose at times between him and „the mistheress;" such the simple retort with which he replied to many a volley of hot-headed and warm-hearted intemperance in word and gesture. Whenever his „darling Nelly" assailed him with a torrent of abuse, in the violent paroxysms to which he loved to work her up, he used quietly to listen, with a smile of true sardonic twist upon his lips; and then, leisurely taking out his snuff-box, and tapping it, and opening it, and taking an ample pinch, and returning the box to his waistcoat pocket, he would utter some half-expressed sneer, some irritating equivocation, or sarcastic hint, and adding to it the never-failing *refrain*, „and there, now, my darling Nelly, is a bone to pick," — he would stalk out of the room, gently closing the door.

„Oh that he had but banged it after him! that he had but sworn an oath or two! that he had but stormed, or fumed, or grown red, or pale! — any thing, in short, but have shewn that cold-blooded command of himself!" would the poor „mistheress," no doubt, exclaim to herself, when left alone to gnaw *the bone* thus flung to her. And then, as she got cool and calm herself, and the servants and neighbours remarked how soon she recovered from her bursts of passion, and she smiled on and fondled „Phelim Aroon," or „Phelim Avich," or „Phelim Alanna," or Phelim with any other epithet of endearment, every one wondered how she could so quickly shake off the fit; and she was universally pronounced to be a most forgiving wife, and „the very sowl of a kind-hearted crathur."

But these shallow observers were all wrong, and the character of Mrs. M'Ronan was much too deep for their fathoming. For never did a more desperate or deadly spirit of revenge lurk under the semblance of good-nature and forgiveness. At what period this dark passion arose, how it was fostered, or when it was fully developed in her mind, it is not possible even to guess. Nor can conjecture penetrate the mystery of thoughts and feelings which it put into fermentation, and at last settled into decision. We may not trace the workings of every diabolical suggestion which rose, self-engendered, in the mind of this woman. How often did she plan her scheme of revenge? What were the means first thought of, how canvassed, how long considered, why rejected? Was the poison ever bought or mixed, the knife whetted and concealed — the bravo tampered with or hired? Has conscience, or cowardice, or woman's softness caused the dose to be destroyed, or the weapon cast aside? Heaven alone can tell — for the criminal carried her secrets with her to the grave; and it was only on its very verge that she compassed the execution of her fiend-like purpose — different, indeed, from the vulgar modes of vengeance glanced at above, and, oh! how much more effective to agonize the heart to which a dagger's thrust had been mercy!

Every human being has his ruling passion and particular prejudice, independent of the individual traits of disposition which distinguish him from his fellows. Phelim M'Ronan's *passion* was love for his children; his *prejudice*, family pride. He had two sons, born in the two first years of his marriage with Miss Ellinor O'Sullivan, the „darling Nelly" of my story; and these boys were worthy scions of the family trees from the graft of which they sprung. M'Ronan of Ronanstown was a name and title as old as any in the province; and „O'Sullivan of the Brakes" spoke, in its very sound, an antiquity and nobleness which wanted no confirmation from the herald's office. It was hard to say which family was the more ancient, or the more distinguished in all the characteristics that give honour to a race. M'Ronan felt his blood to be at once thick and pure, and it seemed to tingle in his veins like liquid amber. He was convinced, at any rate, that it was not like the blood of almost any one else, and he paused long before he would consent to let it join in the current of even that of O'Sullivan. But, after mature consideration, he made the match which head and heart, interest and inclination, seemed so fully to justify; and as his children were successively presented to him, he glowed with proud conviction of continuing unsullied and perfect, what ought to have been, if it was not, „a race of kings."

But the M'Ronans and O'Sullivans, though no longer monarchs, had a large portion of honorary sovereignty attached to them. The first of these families, which is more particularly our concern, had rights of prescription almost equal to those of law. Their thousands of acres of mountain and bog were peopled by a fine hardy, devoted tenantry, who voluntarily yielded privileges of feudality which the statute book no longer recognized, and Phelim M'Ronan wanted little to persuade him that he was himself as much a prince as were his numerous recorded ancestors, who ruled for many a century of bygone glory, over the district of which he still retained a portion. Nothing, in short, could exceed his arrogance of spirit, and it was rather heightened than softened by the unbounded affection for his offspring, which, in a mind so harsh and haughty, was more likely to be mere instinct than constitutional tenderness. He looked on his two boys, Remmy and Patrick, with a fierce delight, that was compounded as much of pride as of love; but, be the elements of his attachment to them what they might, it was an attachment of almost unparalleled force. I am not able to say in what proportion Mrs. M'Ronan sympathized with her husband's feelings on this point. She might have loved her children in their infancy — she might have been proud of them in their boyhood — she might have indulged in visions of their full grown prosperity — let us hope she did! for a mother without such feelings is little less than a monster and I would fain believe such out of nature. But whatever her share in those sentiments might once have been, the time came when they all withered before the blight which swept across her heart; and they perished in the shade of the Upas of Revenge which her husband's persecuting insolence had engendered. In the very hour of death, she sacrificed at the shrine of this demoniac passion not only the whole earthly happiness of the father, but all the worldly prospects of the sons.

An illness of long standing, which gave her time for ample preparation, brought Mrs. M'Ronan to death's door; and on the very last day of her existence, at the very latest hour, indeed, having ascertained from her physician that recovery was impossible, and her final moment at hand, she called her husband from an inner room, where he waited in anxiety and agitation, and she summoned him to her bed-side. Mr. M'Ronan was attached to his wife. He had married her from liking as well as from interest. He had gone through life with her, as cordially and contentedly as he had looked to do when he chose her „for better for worse;" and he saw the parting moment now at hand, with full as much grief, and much more emotion, than he thought such an event could excite in him. He approached the death-bed cautiously, and with a kind expression on his sorrowing face. The doctor, who stood at the open door of the inner room, was witness to the scene; and, not intending any violation of confidence in hearing what passed, he did not scruple to mention it afterwards when Mr. M'Ronan called on him to do so.

„My darling Nelly," said M'Ronan, „can I give you any comfort? Is there any thing you want?" and the words were accompanied by a look of great kindness.

„Hold your tongue, Phelim Aroon," replied his wife, in a tone uniting physical weakness with moral courage; "hold your tongue — I want to speak — only to speak; so offer me nothing, and say nothing. My time is short, and I have something to say to you, worth listening to, Avich!"

„Whatever you please, my dear," said M'Ronan, "only don't fatigue or distress yourself. You are weak, and had better not say much, may be, or wait a bit."

„Phelim Alanna, death won't wait! and I have something on my conscience — something that's choking me till I tell it to you." And here an expression of fierce impatience worked in the muscles of her distorted countenance.

„Then, my darling Nelly," exclaimed the husband, quickly, and alarmed, „will I call in his reverence? Father Michael is in the next room."

„No, no — I have nothing to say to *him*, Phelim. You know, Aroon, it's little I value confession, or ever did — but I must confess one thing to *you* — and you'll forgive me or not as you like, Phelim; but don't be hard with your own Nelly in her last gasp."

„Oh! my darling," sobbed M'Ronan, „don't speak that way to me; you break my heart. I never loved you rightly till now, Nelly. I hope you forgive me all my ill-nature, and that you love your poor Phelim, Nelly, in this sorrowful hour?"

„You never gave me any ill-nature, Phelim Mavourneen, if it wasn't that nasty word that you sometimes threw at me — and many's the heart-scald it gave me, Phelim Avich! But, the boys, you know, Phelim — it's of them I wanted to speak to you, or *one* of them, any how."

„Oh! whatever you like, my darling. Say whatever you like. It shall be done. All your wishes about the dear boys shall be most faithfully performed. What is it, Nelly? Speak out, if it doesn't tire you, my love."

To this impatient, yet suppressed, burst of paternal affection, the mother replied, by a look of bitterness at once deathlike and deadly, which made the doctor shudder, and seemed to curdle poor M'Ronan's blood.

„I'm going fast, Phelim," faintly murmured the expiring woman. „I have but a minute more to speak to you, Alanna. Listen to me, then! You never knew me to tell a lie, Phelim?"

„Never."

„And you're sure, aren't you, that I wouldn't tell one now?"

„Indeed, indeed I *am* sure of it, Nelly."

„Why, then, Phelim, you know the two boys, don't you?"

„To be sure I do, my darling. Oh, then, what is it you have to say about them, Nelly? Tell it to me at once, for you're killing me as well as yourself, honey. The look out of your eyes is terrible — oh, my God! is it laughing you are? Oh, that's quite shocking, Nelly, darling — will I call the doctor, or the priest, my love? What's the matter with you, Nelly — what's the matter?"

She had raised herself up in the bed, and grasped his arm, and fixed her glazed eyes upon him; and her convulsed features seemed indeed to wear a ghastly smile; and, with broken yet distinct utterance, she exclaimed in hollow tones —

„Well, then, Phelim, mind what I say to you; and remember it's the death-gasp that says it:

but it's true, quite true, as sure as death itself — one of those boys is *not your child!* — ,and there,' Phelim Aroon, ,is a bone to pick for you!' "

(To be concluded in our next.)

◆

American Scenery.

(Concluded from our last.)

In spite of the heat, we commenced our march; and having arrived at the woods, were at least sheltered from the burning rays of the sun; the air was nevertheless oppressive, and almost stifling — not a breath of wind was stirring — the mosquitoes even were still — a dead silence reigned throughout the primeval forest — and such a forest! The land in this part of the country is not fertile, consequently the woods are of less gigantic growth than many I have seen on finer soils. To my European eye, nevertheless, not yet habituated to the mighty woods of the more western territories, these appeared magnificent. Nothing can well be conceived less like any woods you have in England; and taking spot for spot, say an acre for an acre of forest in England, the comparison for effect would be against America generally. I have seen territories, nevertheless, which, from the extreme richness of the land, would surpass all English forests even by this mode of piecemeal comparison. The pine forests would always do so. The peculiarity of the American woods does not consist in this magnificence of the single trees. Take one tree with another, and they are long, branchless, clear, mast-like poles; and looking merely at one divested of its associates, nothing can be more paltry and insignificant. But dash into the woods, and your feelings will be of a different nature. You are at once impressed with the idea, that you are in an interminable forest. No light glimmering to the right hand or the left, before or behind you, tells of fields and lands uncovered with wood. Go to the depths of the New Forest in Hampshire; seek out its bosky dells, its deepest shades, and you will vainly hope for such a feeling. The giant trees, (and it has never been my wish to see more magnificent beeches than wave in the forests of Hampshire) though they spread out, and almost make „a noon-day night," cannot impress you with the belief that you are in a deep and never ending forest. Some stream of light may be seen falling through the thin and faulty screen of trees; a glimpse is every moment caught of some distant hill; some winding road — a house — a church spire — a fence, tells us of the proximity of man. But here nature seems to reign alone, free, uncontrolled; playing her wildest fancies, until dominion over her appears impossible. You tread upon ground on which the sun never shone: the leaves under your feet have carpeted that earth for centuries: generation of the fallen has succeeded to generation. The forest has renewed itself from age to age; but the same thick canopy has overshadowed the land, the same deep bed of leaves has been its covering. The clear, round, straight stems shoot up high into the sky vast, and multitudinous pillars, supporting the wide and arching roof of close knit branches over us. In the depths of the dark pine forests, the effect is yet more striking: the scene is on a scale yet more vast — the shade they cast is of a „yet browner hue;" and as the winds pass over their lofty heads, breaking with a heavy and deep murmur the almost oppressive stillness of the forest with a sound yet more solemn and oppressive, we could understand, and almost feel the superstition of our old progenitors, whose fears gave to these dark shades a character of holiness. Such were fit places for incantations, — and for the juggling arts of a wily priesthood. To the trembling savage a god might well be present in such a scene. The fitful murmur above might easily be interpreted to be his voice; and the tones might be of anger or love, as the will of the priest determined.

For „these thick coming fancies" we had little leisure, as our stout guide forced his way through the impervious-looking forest with a rapidity that tasked our speed and our wind to keep him in sight. He soon brought us to a shelving bank, to the bottom of which we vainly endeavoured to look. The descent seemed to be to the shades below; and as we began to hear a certain indescribable dull rumbling sound, we checked our headlong guide, and began to question him as to where he was bent upon taking us. We were not much afraid of reaching Old Pluto's shades by this route; but, nevertheless, felt anxious to know whither an unlucky stumble might suddenly hurry us. By the noise, it was evident that the river could not be far off; and we felt by no means certain, that a trip might not plunge us headlong into the boiling floods below. Our guide, however, made exceedingly light of these fears; and it was evident that he knew well „each bosky dell of this wild wood,“ having acquired such accurate knowledge, not in consequence of any predilection for sentimental musings, any love of the poetical or sublime, but from the necessity of finding and bringing home certain vagrant cows; and also, as it appeared, from having during the whole of his boyhood fished up and down the river, with unseemly and unscientific tackle, but with very great success. It appeared that we were descending to the bottom of the falls; that, according to the taste of our guide, being the most eligible spot for seeing them. The river here was in a deep valley, the precipitous sides of which are completely covered with wood; we consequently could see nothing, excepting that we were going down a very rapid descent. We proceeded thus many hundred feet before we reached the level of the river above the falls; and when arrived at that point, our route became not only difficult but dangerous. The road was no longer over a sloping bank, but down a very rugged precipice, upon the face of which we had to scramble down by the aid of projecting stones, twigs, roots, and branches. A rule religiously adhered to, in travelling through an ordinary wood, when in company, is never to take hold of a branch or brushwood in your path; as by so doing you are almost certain of severely striking the person following you, the branch or twig springing back to the point from which you had bent it. Adhering to this rule, you may keep close together, and walk in sight of each other. In our present descent, however, as on such holding was our chief support, we were obliged to let our guide go somewhat farther a-head; and as we often lost sight of him, he and ourselves kept up a constant shouting. Our voices rung around, with a pleasant, cheering echo, till they were gradually drowned in the roaring din of the waters to which we were advancing. Now, what with catching only stray glimpses of our guide, (who by the by seemed mightily to enjoy our difficulties,) what with the steep and difficult nature of the descent, the roaring of the falls, which served to distract and confuse us, the toiling down this pathless precipice was no pleasant achievement. With no farther disaster than sundry bruises on our shins, and an occasional rent of our habiliments, we reached level ground: and after a step or two, were on the banks of the river, immediately under the falls. The scene that burst upon us repaid us for our journey. We were at the bottom of a vast amphitheatre; the sides of which were up to the very top covered with splendid foliage. Exactly facing us, the river came at two distinct leaps from about the middle to the bottom. Jutting dark crags, clothed with graceful, feathery, fantastic trees, appeared along the whole line of the fall, relieved by their deep colours against the white foam of the falling waters. A deeply indented basin received the headlong river, where for a while it raged and foamed, and danced in a thousand whirling eddies. Soon becoming quiet, it glided in a swift and glassy course down a smooth bed, sweeping in graceful curves round the various points of land that shot out into its waters, till at length we lost sight of it winding round the base of the hill we had just descended. I can thus in general terms give you a vague description of this exquisite scene. But no words, however definite, can bring before your mind the thousand beauties which we then beheld. Long rays of sunlight crossed the white flood in its descent, and streaming over the opposite hills brought out one-half the amphitheatre in a bright relief. The deep cool shades of the overhanging banks, the swift glancing of the glassy, dark-brown waters, the blazing contrast of light, and of bright foam, the shifting forms of the fall itself, the continuous din, in which a thousand gibbering voices seemed to join, made altogether a scene of wonders, and almost supernatural beauty. I could, in spite of myself, feel my cheek flush, my breath become short and thick, as in my imagination I peopled this dazzling valley, and gave to the voices which seemed to be about and around me forms which floated before my wrapt vision in airy beauty, voluptuous and alluring. In the midst of this wild and sentimental hallucination, the young Canadian coming close to my side, roared out at the top of his voice, in order that I might hear, ,,that the spot where we were standing was a capital place for trout-fishing." Away went all my vision. The dull realities of life usurped its place. Trouts and artificial flies blotted out my glowing fancies of voluptuous beauty; and I could have almost thrown the urchin into the river for recalling me to a sober consideration of the good things of this world. I know not what others experience, but I have ever found this curious tendency to people the air around me with actual beings, when near a waterfall. The sound made by the falling waters seems curiously full of voices, ,,of airy tongues that syllable men's names;" it shifts and floats about, as if governed by some fitful mood; and it is difficult, when perfectly undisturbed, to separate the idea of sentient and thinking being from sounds which bear so close a resemblance to the human voice. Our guide evidently had no contemplations of this sort. He meditated an attack on the trouts; and having learned that I had various tackle in my pocket, he quickly provided himself with a rod out of a small tapering spruce, and was soon, to himself, pleasantly employed in dragging the fish out of the water; throwing them, after the approved Canadian fashion, over his head. My companion and myself took out our pencils and sketch-books, and were soon busily employed in endeavouring to trace some of the more marked and prominent beauties of the scene before us. We wandered, each according to his fancy, along the banks, and through the many coves of this sweet river, vainly endeavouring to imitate its magic beauties, and muttering broken curses at the vanity of our attempts.

The sun was now palpably sinking, and M. Jean Baptiste suggested the propriety of our returning. As we exhibited little alacrity in obeying his call, and lingered still to admire, still to find new beauties, and watch the effect of the shadows as they fell over mountain and over river, he gave us to understand that a thunder storm was coming on, and that we might get a thorough soaking before we reached shelter; not to speak of the evils of ascending the mountain in the dark and during a storm. Thus admonished, we quitted this scene of fairy land, and began to toil up the hill, down which we had scrambled a few hours before. The sun was down before we were well out of the woods, and the deep purple evening had settled over the valleys, and on the swelling hills, long before we had reached our place of rest for the night. Along the north-west portion of the sky, deep black clouds were to be seen rising, one after another, in massy, lurid-looking columns; while ever and anon a long loud growl would burst out, and roll along the hills, telling, in very definite language, the nature of the hosts we saw advancing. Shortly after our arrival, the sky became absolutely black, and the heat painfully oppressive. The cattle looked up wistfully to the sky, evidently in a state of alarm. The storm came upon us at once in all its fury, and carried off, without delay or warning, the top of an old barn or outhouse belonging to our host. Away went the shingles and clouds of straw; crash came the thunder, making the windows rattle, and the very house shake. Long jagged streams of lightning, breaking out into myriads of flaming stars, as if the heavens were filled with rockets, actually blinded us. This appeared to the good people a serious affair; so, with much reverence, a girl brought out a quart bottle, containing a quantity of real holy water, fresh made by the priest a few days before. She began, after sundry crossings, &c. to sprinkle the house and its inmates. When she reached us, she doubted, as if not exactly knowing whether we should approve of the aspersion. Her mother settled the matter by saying, the „Messieurs did not *need it*, as they were not Catholics." How different would have been the expression, had theirs been the dominant religion! It would then have been, „They do not deserve it, being heretics." There is nothing that so promotes toleration as being undermost, and as the fears of our hosts disappeared, they bethought them of providing refreshment for us, their weary guests. After a plentiful supper, eaten with no ordinary appetite, we betook ourselves to rest; and, in spite of all the opposing incidents of taste, and the disagreeable odour always to be found in a Canadian house, arising from cedar brooms, and a vast list of *et ceteras*, we quickly went to sleep, to dream of the exquisite beauties which the day had shown us. Adieu!

The Concluding Stanzas of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

I.

But I forget. — My pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part, — so let it be, —
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine roll'd

II.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years —
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward — and it is here:
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

III.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements! — in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted — Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

IV.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar!
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

V.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

VI.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise

And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

VII.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

VIII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

IX.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

X.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

XI.

My task is done — my song hath ceased — my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp — and what is writ, is writ, —
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been — and my visions flit
Less palpably before me — and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

XII.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been
A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were — with *you*, the moral of his strain!

LORD BYRON.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: **O. L. B. WOLFF** AND **C. SCHÜTZ**, A. A. M. M.

On Woman, her Influence on Man, and the Effect produced by female Society.

By „THE HERMIT IN LONDON.“

„I may not paint the thousand infant charms,
Unconscious fascinations, undesign'd,
The prayer, repeated in a father's arms,
That heaven might bless her sire and all mankind.“
Campbell's Gertrude &c.

From the earliest period of infancy is the charm of woman felt and acknowledged by our sex: the holy feeling of paternity towards a daughter is the chastest and most sublime that our nature is capable of; we take pride to ourself when a man is born; but the female (miniature perhaps of a beloved mother) is more closely, more tenderly, and more firmly woven round our heart. It is like the tendril, which warms and embellishes by its embrace; the ivy which clings, adding its viridity to the oak; or to the mingling of a beautiful stream with the parent river, swelling its proud course, and becoming a part of it. The daughter, whether she be the resemblance of either parent is *all* the father's; she ought to be so, — because her sex is softer, more winning, more gratifying and pleasing to the mind, fairer to the eye, and more consoling to us under the divers vicissitudes of life; in the very cradle, her fascinations begin. Her smile is already felt — her captivations may even then be anticipated. Infancy, in general, excites our affections and wins our love: its innocence, its sweet simplicity, its looking up to us, its dependence on us, all conspire to fling an indescribable beauty over it. Little children! bless them! yes, indeed, „of such is the kingdom of heaven!“ But if infancy in general be thus attaching, how much more so, in particular, is female infancy. How much dearer to the imagination, more promising to future love and happiness, is she who is to be the lovely virgin, adored mistress, enchanting wife, and admirable mother — she who, in every stage of life's journey, is to be seen with the increased magnet of attractiveness about her — she who, in every scene of the drama of man, may be contemplated in a new delightful character? For whether she enchant us by her charms, enliven us by her vivacity, rivet our very souls to her by a mutuality of affectionate sentiment, melt us by her soft persuasiveness, or solace us in our sufferings, still is she the fore-ground figure of the living picture, which characterises its perfection and gives effect to all that surrounds it — still is she that light, without which all would be dark, heavy, and spiritless. The more clearly to appreciate her superiority over us in loveliness and attraction, let us for a moment examine the early difference between male and female children. There is a similarity in the two sexes in the dawn of their days; there exists, very frequently, so strong a likeness between brother and sister, that the eye does not immediately distinguish the one from the other — their dress and their habits being nearly the same; nor does the immediate change of the former produce a very sensible alteration, since a girl wearing her brother's clothes, of one year younger or older, assumes something like the same exterior; but it is at the second stage of life that the strongly perceptible change takes place — like the progressing of a spring sun, all within its influence is beautified, embellished, and expanded; it is then that the elements of beauty begin to be strikingly prominent in the female: the growing conformation of the bosom — the exquisitely turned throat and neck — the gently rounding of the fore arm and elbow — the small wrist — taper fingers and rosy palm — the whole bust, matching, in whiteness and structure, the finest Parian marble — the slender waist — the softness, regularity, and animated expression of the features — the air of modesty — the gracefulness of the limbs — the first unstudied, and, afterwards, highly proportioned change of countenance, play of features, elegance of attitude, and harmony of action. With these distinctive characteristics of the female, the expression, temper, and the dulcet sound of her voice, keep pace, and constitute that enchanting contrast of beauty between woman, and man who is destined at once to be her lord and slave, superior by the laws of the land and the organization of society, but subject to her by his passions, his enjoyments, and that mutual dependence which the laws of nature has so wisely established between them. It is at this second period of life that the female has an instinctive inclination to be admired, and to inspire this feeling indiscriminately to those of her situation in life, — not having as yet cast her enchantment over one particular object, nor felt the wish to engross the heart towards which her own begins to lean, and with which it more exclusively sympathizes and beats in unison. Now, too, commences a little unconscious coquetry, which is half *naivete*, half dissimulation, but which captivates as it gains strength and able direction, and, aided by that warmth of heart which glows in the female bosom, burns in her cheek and sparkles in her eye, marks out the rank for which she is destined, — the sovereign of our hearts, and gives warning of the future empire which she is quickly towards establishing. As woman arrives much sooner at maturity than our sex, she is at this time like the expanding flowers, all blooming and beautiful.

From these remarks we may easily learn, that the desire of pleasing, and the powerful means of effecting that purpose, eminently belong to the gentler sex; that they form a part of its existence, are like a rich thread of a splendid web, from which the greatest portion of its lustre is derived, and that the *désir de plaire* commences at a very tender age, and precisely at that period when the features of the mind and person assume a permanent cast, — the one becoming masculine, the other preserving her feminine character; when the features of the one promise to be robust and nervous, and the light form and fairy lineaments of the other develope themselves into gracefulness, elasticity, and delicacy. This first wish to please becomes habitual, acquires strength, and is, at length, a matter of necessity; it is then what the French emphatically term *le besoin de plaire*, to which succeeds (in Nature's heavenly arrangements) *le besoin d'aimer* — each of which, like Mercy, is twice blessed; for it blesseth the source from which it emanates, and the happy object on which it falls. On these propositions depend her future conquests, her triumphs in her reign of admiration, the attachments which she creates, and the felicity which she inspires, they are the ornaments which make her, in a few increasing years, what Eve, fresh from the divine hand of construction, was at first, namely, a paragon of loveliness, breaking on the delighted eye of man, and of whom it was truly said, that,

„Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In all her actions dignity and love."

From this *désir et besoin de plaire, et d'aimer*, does woman study the graces, herself the very object of her study: from this wish to win, does her amenity, her suavity, gentle manner, and harmonious voice, borrow those irresistibilities which tongue cannot explain, pen nor pencil cannot embody. More need not be said, and, indeed, it would be in vain to attempt expressing it, to show the nature of woman, her peculiar perfections, the difference of the features of her mind and body (for the same gentleness and captivation belongs to each) and what are her particular provinces and favourite pursuits, nor does it require any writings nor arguments to deduce from them, the influence which she must necessarily have over that being to whom the hand of the most High gave her to be „his love, his lady, and his wife," to fill up the aching void in his bosom, and to furnish him with a companion in his earthly paradise.

The influence of this love-inspiring being only depends on the mind and heart which direct it; the judgment which, in avoiding tyranny, never ceases to rule — and the unabated tender feeling which, indeed, most generally actuates her in her attachments, friendships, connections, and in all the ties which bind her to our sex, — in her not being intoxicated in power, nor negligent after conquest — not too much devoted to self-satisfaction, nor too little satisfied with those who place their whole happiness in her; on her generous confidence, at variance with jealousy of every description, and on her not quitting that hemisphere, of which she is the brightest light, to figure in another unsuited to the delicacy of her structure, the mildness of her manners, and to the education and habits which ought to have been such as to have fitted her for an object of deepest regard, from the cradle to the very grave; since, in all stages of her existence, love is ever perennial in her heart; and when the mistress idolized, and the wife cherished, like life, are in the decline of years, still does maternal love furnish her with impassioned feelings towards her offspring (with certain gradations), such as she once devoted to the author of its days. Even at the period when the more ardent and stormy passions of youth have subsided and died away — when the love of admiration is silenced and becalmed, — and when time has commenced its ravages with her charms, she is feelingly and all alive to the gentle sympathies and inclinations of our nature, which burn with still greater ardour in her bosom, because no other feeling disputes their empire; then it is, that the mother, venerable and venerated, in the midst of her children, sheds around her the enlivening rays of her affection, and receives a new existence, which is all active and effective; then, too, and later, even to the dropping of life's curtain, is she the very soul of friendship, — the confidant and support of the corresponding confiding friend; so that it may be said of her, that Love's torch is never extinguished in her breast; and that whatever form it may assume, to whatever object it may be directed, the whole history of woman is LOVE — whilst (to use the expression of one of the most extraordinary women of the age) „it is only the episode or underplot of that of man, a small portion of his biography."

(To be concluded in our next.)

◆

A Bone to pick.

A Tale of Irish Revenge.

(Concluded from our last.)

She sunk exhausted on the bed; her features struggled with death; a convulsion passed across them, and fixed the hideous expression of laughter which distorted her open mouth. Her strained eyeballs rolled frightfully, and their gaze seemed to follow the movements of her victim. The doctor, the priest, and the nurse rushed into the room, not less attracted by the sight and sound of the woman's fast-coming death, than by the appalling effect which her last words produced on her husband.

When the horrid sounds of her last articulate sentence reached his ears, he sprang up from his kneeling posture by the bed side, and rushed back some paces, as if electrically repelled from what he heard and saw. He raised his hands above his head with almost maniac gesture, clasped them together, staggered forward again, and, with bent body and strained eyes, exclaimed, in tones that seemed suffocating him as they were uttered —

„Oh, God, Nelly! what did you say? Oh, don't say *that*, darling — any thing, any thing in the world but that! Oh, you're raving, you're raving, aren't you, my own Nelly? Won't you speak another word? One word more, Nelly, only one! Oh, which of them, *which of them*, Nelly? For the mercy of Heaven, and the sake of *your* soul, Nelly, which of them is *mine*? Is it Patrick or Remmy? Oh, tell me, tell me *which*, and I forgive you all, and God forgive you too! Oh, you won't speak — you can't, may be! But make a sign, do, Nelly, dear! If it's Patrick that's *mine*, *my own child*, put up your finger, or nod your head, or any thing, any thing. Or is it Remmy? *Which*, *which*, Nelly, darling? Oh, Jesus! how frightful you're looking at me — laughing! I can't bear it, I can't bear it! Oh, shocking, shocking!“ and then, exhausted with horror and suffering, he sank down, and hid his head in the bedcovering.

The priest, the doctor, and the nurse, shocked as they themselves were, did all they could to remove the unfortunate man, and attempted to assuage his suffering. They implored him to pay no attention to the incoherent expressions of a dying woman; they cautioned him not to embitter her parting moments by his violence; they urged the imprudence of his alarming the attendants, who crowded the outer room and lobby, and to whom he was betraying this death-bed rhapsody; but nothing was of any avail. He regained his standing posture, and continued to pour his vehement entreaties for explanation into the death-deafened ears of the lifeless body: for, while the priest and the physician prepared their last rites and remedies, the subject of their solicitude was far and for ever beyond its reach!

„Oh, Nelly, Nelly, won't you speak one word more, nor make a sign even?“ exclaimed the unhappy M'Ronan, recovering fortitude enough to look again upon the features from the frightful contortions of which he had just shrunk. As he raised his eyes towards the bed, he was addressed at once by the three witnesses to the scene.

„It's all over, Mr. M'Ronan — the pulse is extinct!“ said the doctor.

„Let her sowl depart in peace!“ piously murmured the priest.

„Arrah, master, arrah, let the corpse be quiet! Oh, wisasthrew, wisasthrew! and is it dead you are, ahagar?“ loudly exclaimed the nurse, flinging herself between M'Ronan and the senseless remains of his wife, and beginning the wailings of the Coronach before the regular time.

„Dead!“ fiercely uttered M'Ronan, throwing incredulous and reproachful glances at those around him — „dead! Impossible! She wouldn't, she couldn't depart, with that terrible word in her mouth, without easing my mind as well as her own conscience. No, no, she can't be dead — she's only fainting. Hush, hush — give her air to recover a bit. Oh, Christ! not mine — not *my* child; and which of them is it? For the love of Heaven, father Michael, say something or other to me! Doctor, dear, can't you save her — if it was only to let her speak the one word, Patrick or Remmy? Oh, save her, save her, if it's in your art to do it! There's nothing I wouldn't give — Ballymagrath and Glenshoughlin — the two town-lands shall be all yours — ay, the half of Ronan's-town itself! Oh God! my head is splitting open! — save her, save her!“ — and, after this incoherent and heart-rending utterance of his distracted feelings, he sank into the arms of the people around him, his two sons included; all the family and the „followers“ being attracted to the room by the combination of woeful sounds which rung through the ancient mansion.

In due course of time Mrs. M'Ronan was waked and buried, with all the ceremonies usual on those occasions. Nothing could exceed the anguish of mind which the unfortunate widower endured. From the hour of his wife's death till that in which the grave closed over her mortal remains, he never slept. The notion that she could not be dead — that she *would* not die and leave him in such despairing uncertainty, haunted him night and day. He could not shake off that weakness, though he saw the cold and colourless corpse before him — and even when the coffin was nailed down, or, still later, when the earth closed over it, M'Ronan seemed to strain forward, with eager eyes and listening ears, as if to catch some movement, or some sound of returning life, from her who was gone for ever.

And never was the sound of recovered happiness to breathe its gentle influence on M'Ronan's mind. From the moment in which the self-accusing revelation, or self-damning falsehood, left the lips of his either-way guilty wife he felt as if a coal of fire had fallen upon his heart, and consumed it with slow agony. But he did not, all at once, sink under this affliction. His iron nerve and harsh nature resisted for a while the wasting torture, and neither physical nor moral suffering seemed to bear him down. He summoned every energy of body and mind to oppose the malady that gnawed upon him. He roused up every power of reason and resistance. He strove to believe the kind assurances of his friends, that the dying woman only raved, and that her horrid communication had no truth in it. But then he recalled her solemn tones — her collected manner — her eager asseverations; and he could not doubt what, in such a way, and at such a time, she had revealed.

„Could it be,“ he would ask himself and others, „that a woman like her, of integrity and unsullied fame, of a race as pure, or almost as pure, as my own, would, at the hour of death, have *invented* such a horrid means of agonizing me for ever, and ruining her children, for at least they are both *hers!* or could the arch fiend have been permitted by Heaven to steal into her dying frame, and prompt the utterance of such a lie? Oh, no — oh, no! 'tis too true. It was conscience, working in her powerful mind, and swelling her proud heart. But the truth would out, and she scorned to die, deceiving me.“

Thus satisfied of the fact—*for he never dreamt* of Revenge having suggested the terrible retaliation nor would he listen for a moment to the suggestion that gave, what he considered, such a monstrous solution to the mystery — his next source of anguish was in the utter impossibility of ascertaining *which* of the sons was „not his child.“ In every way to which calculation or conjecture could torture probabilities or chances, did M'Ronan try the different bearings of this perplexing case. He retraced with painful accuracy all the circumstances of domestic conduct, from the day of his marriage till the birth of both the boys, for he was resolved to leave nothing unreverted to, which might throw a chance beam of light upon the gloom of his almost hopeless examination. He recalled the early months of his union, when his darling Nelly was in seeming his, and his alone; before those *bones of contention* were flung by his vile temper to mar their wedded happiness. He then dwelt on their first differences, their disputes, their quarrels. He summoned up the memory of his wife's recreations, her acquaintances and connexions. He went over again the visitors at Ronanstown Castle, his wife's young cousin, Rory O'Sullivan, a rattling, fox-hunting, off-handed fellow, then a certain captain in the black horse, a clever, handsome man, with a laced cocked hat and big whiskers, who had been quartered in a town hard by, and used to come out often to dine and sleep at the castle. Others, too, rose in magic succession on the self-tortured mind of M'Ronan, like the apparitions flitting before Macbeth's deluded vision, each one seeming to smile on the questionable children,

„And point at them for his.“

In the agitation of his conflicting doubts, and fears, and hopes, M'Ronan would sometimes fix, with a sort of desperate reliance, on one of the boys as *his*; and then the whole force of his fierce nature would turn into bitter hatred against the other. Violence of every kind was to be lavished on the youth who, for the time, was illegitimate. But the shifting of some thought, the turn of some surmise, the shadow of some old suspicion flitting across his brain, would at once reverse his opinion, and then, in a paroxysm of detestation, he would commit acts of the worst tyranny against his late favourite. These grievous alternations of judgment and feeling might, however, have been borne, and, in the end perhaps, forgiven by the unfortunate young men. But a more serious consequence resulted from the distracted father's incertitude. Almost the whole of his property, and it was a large one, was in his own power, he having joined his father in one of those tricks of legal legerdemain, by which the offspring of a respectable race may be, in a truly Irish way, ruined in perspective, and robbed of their inheritance before they possess it. With the power of disposing of his estate as he chose, he had always had the intention of dividing it share and share alike between his two sons, until the deathbed legacy of misery, left to the unhappy trio by the wife and mother, produced the effects which I have detailed. But now, his disposition of his property was made, reversed, confirmed, and *retracted oftentimes* in the course of a month, a week, or a day. Wills and codicils innumerable were drawn out, executed, and *destroyed* — but not *all*, unfortunately for the unhappy successors to this wretched man.

I pass over many minor afflictions falling on the family. M'Ronan's total estrangement from his wife's connexions, who were furiously indignant at his receiving as fact what they persisted in believing the ravings of a death-bed, and who, one and all, repelled such a dishonouring stain, cast, even by herself, on any daughter of the chaste house of O'Sullivan. Then there was the still more deplorable breaking up of the mutual affection which had from infancy subsisted between the brothers. They long resisted the efforts of their father to fill them, each by turns, with his own dark doubts, and the hatred of which they were successively the object. But as years grew on them, and the interested feelings of manhood took place of youth's generous impulses, they, little by little, imbibed the poison which had embittered the sources of their father's peace of mind. They, in their several hours of favouritism, became by degrees corrupted by the sunshine of unnatural indulgence in which they basked — and when in their respective turns they suffered the indignities and ill-treatment they had awhile been free from, the change brought an irresistible feeling of dislike and jealousy, and finally of detestation against each other.

In short, when Phelim M'Ronan, utterly worn out by his misery, followed his wife to what was, I fear, her unquiet grave, ten or a dozen years after her death, his two sons, then about thirty years of age, were as desperate enemies to each other, as if no tie of blood, or former feeling of affection, had ever united them together. I forget which was in possession of Phelim M'Ronan's favour, and consequently the named successor to his fortune, at the moment of this crisis. But it was of little matter — for two wills were discovered, bearing the very same date — and it was even said, that on the day they were executed, the one preceding his death, M'Ronan, in his tortured anxiety, had actually made and reversed full half a dozen of those conflicting documents. The greater portion, however, were destroyed, but the partizans of either son took especial care, in the confusion of such a time, to preserve one each; enough, as it turned out, to utterly ruin the last remnant of the ancient family, and scatter their possessions to the winds.

Need I say that one law-suit immediately followed? Perhaps a *hundred*, in various shapes and ramifications, would be nearer the mark. For five-and-twenty years, every court in the kingdom, of law or equity, was familiar with the sounds of M'Ronan *versus* M'Ronan — Remmy against Patrick — and Patrick against Remmy. In every possible way in which the question could be tried it *was* tried. By every exertion of talent, and every effort of chicanery, the claims of the respective litigants were twisted, and turned, and contorted — but nothing could make either straight, for they serpentined in a crooked path! At last all was ruined — all gone. Each brother had, in his turn, been a doors thus the possessor or the outcast from his paternal mansion — for one had as good a right as the other to claim paternity until it was disproved. In law, at any rate, they were both the sons of Phelim M'Roone. Opposing decrees and verdicts, confirmatory or upsetting sentences from higher courts, appeals without end, and judgments without effect, were accumulated in this memorable contest, in a magnificence of confusion that put all other causes to the blush.

But at length the contest was terminated, as my readers know how — by the utter exhaustion of funds, and the total alienation of the property from the hands of the joint heirs to the calamities it entailed. Of the two sons, both reduced to beggary, one emigrated to America, the other remained in Ireland. The first with the hope of forgetting his bad fortunes, and perhaps of acquiring good ones; the second with a lingering notion that still, by being on the watch, some lucky trump might turn up, though the game seemed done, and without calculating, it would seem, by what hand the cards were next to be played. This one, and I know not if it was Patrick or Remmy, was the one I saw, a pensioner of notice on the half yearly bounty of the barristers who for years had fattened on his earthly all — and in that capacity alone, I believe I may say, a very unusual, if not totally unique specimen of his species.

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Simon Lee

the old Huntsman.

By W. Wordsworth.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from the pleasant Ivor-hall,
An Old Man dwells, a little man,
I've heard he once was tall.
Of years he has upon his back,
No doubt, a burthen weighty:
He says he is three score and ten,
But others say he's eighty.

A long blue livery-coat has he,
That's fair behind, and fair before;
Yet, meet him where you will, you see
At once that he is poor.
Full five-and-twenty years he lived
A running Huntsman merry;
And, though he has but one eye left,
His cheek is like a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And no man was so full of glee;
To say the least, four Counties round
Had heard of Simon Lee;
His Master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the hall of Ivor;
Men, Dogs, and Horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His dwindled body's half awry;
His ancles, too, are swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
When he was young he little knew
Of husbandry or tillage;
And now is forced to work, though weak,
— The weakest in the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the race was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

His hunting feats have him bereft
Of his right eye, as you may see:
And then, what limbs those feats have left
To poor old Simon Lee!
He has no son, he has no child;
His Wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Old Ruth works out of doors with him,
And does what Simon cannot do;
For she, not over stout of limb,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
Alas! 'tis very little, all
Which they can do between them.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what avails the land to them,
Which they can till no longer?

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ancles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And I'm afraid that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
I hope you'll kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This Old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool, — to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor Old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
— I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

◆

Anecdotes.

„*Spretae injuria formae.*"

It was mentioned one day to the duke de Roquelaure, two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and loaded each other with abuse. „Have they called each other ugly?" said the duke. „No, sir." — „Very good! then I will undertake to reconcile them."

A Grave-digger's Bill.

A grave-digger who had buried a Mr. *Button*, sent the following curious bill to his widow:

„To making a *Button-hole*...... 2s."

◆

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1837. N.º 33.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: **O. L. B. WOLFF** AND **C. SCHÜTZ**, A. A. M. M.

On Woman, her Influence on Man, and the Effect produced by female Society.

By „the Hermit in London.“

(Concluded from our last.)

Having established the nature of woman, the end for which she was sent on earth, and the influence which she must, consequently, exercise over us, it now remains correctly to remark the effect produced by female society. No one will dispute with me, that the social intercourse with the fairer sexe softens, refines, and in the highest degree humanizes mankind; that the reflexion of their charms and fascinations communicates to us a delicacy of feeling, chastity of expression, prepossessingness of manner, and serenity of deportment, which would be undervalued, or wholly lost, in a circle composed of our fellow men; that he who is accustomed to female society of the first class, will assimilate his voice, his actions, his attentions, and conversation, to those whom they are designed to please; that the collision with these gems — women! — (as brilliant as intrinsic) will put him on his guard lest the most trifling asperity should be opposed to them, which might injure or offend; such is his respect for them, that all his attention will be exclusive, his care indefatigable, his means of pleasing will be in an incessant state of production and reproduction, varied ever in form, but uninterruptedly devoted to the same object; on the blush and smile of dear woman will his own happiness depend; and he will never excite the former, except by inspiring tender feeling, nor neglect or fail to prize and to cultivate the latter; his actions will be in concord with his discourse; his respect commensurate with the value which he sets upon woman; his accomplishments will serve to gain him a passport to their welcome; his worth will establish him at once their admirer and friend. Bravery is a masculine quality; but brave men are always devoted to the sex; the victory would be but half won, if the tongue of woman withheld her praise for the victor. Woman, or, in other words, love, is the powerful incentive to chivalrous achievements; so that we invariably see that

„the boldest and bravest in war,
Are the truest and fondest in love.“

As a further proof of what I have advanced, we observe daily the distance and dryness — the inelegance, nay, awkwardness — the want of manners and polish — in the man, however able, intellectual, moral, and comely of person, whose avocations and line of life produce his seclusion from female society; with learning he is but a pedant or a book-worm; with a warm heart, he lacks the method of discovering it; with philanthropy, he is but a solitary, and, with a handsome person, he is an incumbrance at the banquet or the ball. Woman's conversation and company would have made him another being. He, who has not had the inexpressible happiness of knowing a mother, or who only possesses the recollection of her in infantine days, loses the first impression of exquisite tenderness which nature imprints in our bosom. From the love of a dear mother proceed a thousand gentle emotions, which are afterwards expanded into fine feeling, generous affections, and immutable attachment; for love at first begins that link, the firmest which binds us to existence. Here we first know and are able to appreciate woman, and to acknowledge the superiority of her claim upon us, from all she has endured for us, before we were, and all that she is capable of doing for us when she claims us for her own. In like manner, he who has been sisterless is deprived of the sublime union of hearts which exists, or ought to exist, between the sexes united by consanguinity, endeared to each other by time and habit, yet free from the agency of the passions and the vicissitudes of amatory *liaisons*. Lastly, he who passes his time in congregations of his own sex, whether on the briny ocean, or in camps, or in crowds of mercenary men, must relinquish, for the time being, the sweets of woman's attraction, and, if too long kept from them, will be unfit for their enjoyment. Nevertheless, the polished warrior is fair woman's pride; nor need we go further than to the pages of history for this; there we shall find, from the crusadical era to the most polished period of courts, that religion, love, and war went hand in hand, and that the valiant chief must necessarily be all three — a Christian and a brave man — to be the champion and favourite of the chaster and fairer sex. The bard, the hero, and the polished prince would be incomplete without a ladye of his love. What would the first Christian Barons be without her? — those whose very motto is *love*? What Henry Quatre, without the romance and wanderings of the heart? What romance itself, without the heroine of it? Mute would have been Apollo's lyre, if it vibrated not to the touch of love; — divest Petrarch of his Laura, and Sterne of his Maria, and to what dejection would the poetic fire of the one, and the delightful sentimentality of the other be reduced? The immortal Byron, too, was inflamed by love, which shone forth in all its splendour and violence, however wayward or disappointed his heart might have been — in fine, whatever perfection, and particularly, that of grace, we possess, it would be unavailing if it were not reflected in woman's eye, the very mirror of the soul.

And here I take leave to assert that the man who has not felt the sensations of filial affection to a mother, brotherly attachment for a sister, impassioned ardour for the object of his admiration and choice, he who in inviolable and selfish celibacy wastes life's taper, is alike useless to society and to himself, is, at least, a wretched, if not a guilty being; he must be either a mourner, a misanthropist, or a villain — a thing given to consuming sorrow, or bent on darkest crime; if he have passions, they must be cold-blooded ones, scarcely can they be called passions, for feeling has no share in them; avarice and ambition, gross appetite, and the thirst for revenge he may have, but the gentler elements of our nature he has none; if he be a recluse, I should pity him; — if he walks abroad and mingles with his species, I should say, in the language of our great national bard, —

„Let no such man be trusted."

But let us turn aside from this distressing picture, and resume the subject of these hasty pages, claiming the indulgence of my reader for this and my other digressions, and for all the imperfections of him who still, with all his faults upon his head, would be the champion of woman.

It has unjustly been insinuated, that those who have devoted a great portion of their time to the society of the fair sex, and whose biography embraces many pages of the annals of gallantry, are trifling, superficial, and effeminate; but this I deny, for, in the first place, a man's education must be completed, his mind must be cultivated, his profession and habits in life must be established, ere he be fitted for a companion of women, who waste not their time on boys; and, in the next place, brave and accomplished men (and such women must prize), cannot be effeminate, nor mere triflers. There was a strange spice of coxcombicality in the all-accomplished Lord Chesterfield, but to the fair sex did he owe the high polish which recommended him to its attention and esteem; nay, even at an aged period of life, the fascinating society of Lady Betty Shirley flung a charm over his existence, and produced the second summer of his years, as a brilliant wintry sun recalls our remembrance of that delightful season, and repays us for the rigours which have preceded it. To conclude, female society makes us virtuous as well as agreeable, for it draws us from the grosser pastimes and pleasures which would, most probably, without it, occupy our time; it gives us an attention to our persons which is not only seemly, but healthy also, weans us from the feverish and maddening bowl, and stimulates to high desert in the eyes for which we sigh, or to which we are devoted; and, high amongst other virtues, gratitude binds us to those dear creatures who are the objects of it — to her whose life was at stake to introduce us into this world's eventful scene, — who evinced the tenderest care to nourish and support our infancy; whose bosom was the first pillow of our repose, and often is that on which our last breath exhales — whose possession was the ambition of our young heart — whose conjugal or friendly converse and society were the comforts of our increasing and declining years, and whose soothing consolations and tender cares have full often plucked the thorn of affliction from our breast, and blunted the arrow of care ready to transfix us. Let man look round him in the hour of desertion and distress, who would he wish for by his side? Woman — in his joys, who to enliven and increase them? Woman. Who, when sickness stretches him on his uneasy couch? woman — her who deserts him not, stands by him, although too feeble to uplift him, cheers him whilst there is a glimmer in our vital lamp, and weeps for him when hope and life are fled — woman, enduring and devoted woman.

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Time's Changes.

A Tale of the Dominie.

By *Andrew Picken*,

Author of the Dominie's Legacy.

It was a long time ago, in my youthful days, when I was wont to envy the pleasures of my elders, that a grand assembly ball was to be holden in the antiquated city of Carborough, where I was at that time studying my college humanities. The world had not, in those days, degenerated into an old rake as she is at present, unable, or ashamed, to look upon the light of the sun, and so, in that era, the balls in Scotland began at five in the afternoon, and broke up at eleven at night, in a Christian and rational manner. Not then occurring every day, as they do in many places, of late years, the whole town of Carborough was in a bustle of preparation for a week before, and a hum of talk a month after, so grand a festivity; and though it was not for such as I to aspire to such pleasures; — balls and bravery, and cotillons and reels, had been running in my head for several days, from the very sound of the talk of it; and so I determined at least to have a sight of the company, and the fine ladies, as they stepped out of their sedan chairs, in at the door of the assembly-room.

Accordingly, on the day I speak of, the professor's lecture being unusually prosy and tedious, I was barely enabled to take my stand among the crowd assembled, at the time the company began to arrive. It was not the fashion then for so much driving of coaches, and prancing of horses, and shouting and rattling, as now-a-days make the noise at the door of an assembly-room, like the alarm of a fire; — for the footmen trotted along in a jaunty manner, and set down the sedans, with their fair burdens, as quietly as if the chair had been made of glass, and the ladies walked out like pretty peacocks, carrying their necks as high, and their colours spread out as nobly, as the paragon of birds itself; to the great disturbance of the hearts of such youngsters as I was. To tell of the beauty of the young, and the dignity of the old (for there were old ladies in those days), and of the powder and the curls, and the lappets, and the toupees, is beyond my power at this distance of time; but as on such occasions there is generally some one whom the fancy singles out above the rest upon whom to fix its observation, one there certainly was who attracted my chief attention on that night.

The approach of this lady was indicated to the crowd that surrounded the door by the number of beaux, who, with hats smartly cocked, and buckles shining with unusual brilliancy, surrounded the sedan in which she was most jauntily bobbed along. „Here comes Miss Simpson — it is Miss Simpson's chair!“ whispered the crowd, and down she was set, just beside me. Up went the lid of her sedan, at the same instant as half a dozen beaux raised their cocked beavers. *Open sesame* went the door, and out was handed one of the most imposing figures of a woman that ever made the heart of a poor student bump against his side. Taller, even, than several of the gentlemen who surrounded her, when she stood forth on the pavement, she looked for a moment on the crowd, like the queen of the evening; and, in no haste to recede from the admiration of the people, she turned herself round, waved her hand to a sailor, to fetch her something from the chair; then, amidst the bows of the men, upon most of whom she bestowed a condescending recognition, she gathered together gracefully the wings of her drapery, and like a three-decker ship, with the admiral on board, sailed forth into the porch of the assembly-room. Never, up to this time, had I been so struck dumb with admiration! It was not simply her beauty that had cut me to the heart, nor yet entirely the dress or the dignity that had captivated my fancy; but whether it was the air and manner with which she had comported herself in my view, or the real admiration with which she had been received by the first gallants of the place; or the general effect of the whole, setting off her natural charms, she seemed to me, at the time, a being absolutely above the order of humanity, to whom I could willingly have bent the knee in worship! What was the real characteristic of her beauty? It was heroic, penetrating, commanding; a figure like a noble palace, reared up in perfect symmetry, a skin like the ivory of Tarshish, and a neck like the towers of Lebanon! As I thought of this vision, which had passed before my eyes, while I stood among the crowd, the restless pangs of admiration and curiosity came upon me; and feeling in my pocket for the white silver shilling, which had kept solitary watch there for a fortnight past, I forthwith determined to disburse it to the rascally waiters, for the procuring of admission among the fiddlers of the orchestra, that I might have a further look at the lady.

I have not lived to this time of day in the world without my share of the dancing days of life; nor have I abstained from drawing on my silk stockings, and putting on my pumps when time was expedient; but never did I personally enact a part in the gentle fooleries of the fantastic toe with so much real enjoyment as I experienced this night, while sitting on a hard seat, suspended like a chandelier a little below the ceiling, my ears deafened with bassoons and other windy music, and my eyes almost put out by the elbows of the fiddlers, as I watched the dancers, and particularly the lady! Then, when the music ceased, she promenaded the ample floor of the ballroom, in the midst of a crowd of admirers, like a peacock among the birds of gayest plumage; or swam in the dance, distinguished above all the rest, like the royal swan upon the moving waters! I did not regret my humble position, as the simple spectator of this scene, and as I contemplated the lady, I thought myself too lowly to approach any nearer to so noble a being.

At length the hour of retiring approached, and it seemed to me but an instant from the commencement. Miss Simpson had carried away almost the whole admiration of the evening. I was at the door again when her chair was there. A crowd of gentlemen already surrounded it. She approached down the corridor, and now the gallantry of the men, as she came forward, was almost obstreperous. The emulation for her smiles was worse than wrongful to the other ladies present, and most illustrative of the common injustice of the world. The idolatry she received, however much she might have deserved it, was enough to have turned any woman's head. At length, a favoured person had the honour of handing her into her chair, several others held up the moveable head of the vehicle, while three or four hands were at the shutting of the door. Emboldened by wine, they now thrust the servants aside, and after something like a scuffle among themselves, about who should have the honour, two of the stoutest of the beaux getting between the spokes of the vehicle, whipped it up like common chairmen, and, followed by a guard of honour of less fortunate gallants, carried the lady in triumph to her home. Like a fool, as I was, I followed the troop, and going home to my student's bed, like a greater fool, I dreamt of nought but the lady. Thus to me ended the first, and the glorious part of her history.

Occupied with the idea of this fascinating lady, I now began to watch what should be the events of her life. Connected with one of the most wealthy families of the neighbourhood, and possessing for herself a respectable independence, it was not surprising that Margaret Simpson, adding to these advantages beauty, accomplishments, and a masculine understanding, should have been the object of desire for an alliance, of all the aspiring young men far and near; or that all that knew her should have prophesied for her a most brilliant and happy career. The theme now of universal conversation, every action of hers was noted, every suitor she had, observed and envied; her magnificence was extolled, her taste was imitated, every dress she had was numbered, and I was among the many who thought of her almost with a sigh, as an example of one of those upon whom fortune seems pleased to heap an undue measure of favours, in a world where these things are neither common, nor impartially bestowed. With these observations and surmises of my green years respecting this lady, I left college and the neighbourhood where she lived, and began for myself the battle of life.

It came to pass, many years after this, that I had a pupil, a youth of a gentle spirit and imaginative mind; to whom I was the means of administering the elements of that sort of knowledge, which the world considers necessary as a preparation for life. This person left me early, and wandered from me far in after years; but it was in tracing his history and that of his connections, that I again was enabled to follow out the career of Miss Margaret Simpson. Some things in the story may not appear credible, as they are certainly not romantic! Unhappily, however, they are all true, and may therefore to some be quite uninteresting, having little in them of the agreeable imposition of fiction. I cannot help this, though I would fain rescue my tale from the didactic flatness of truth.

My pupil, William Weir, of whom I am now to speak, led by his feelings and fixed by his judgment as well as fancy, had married for love, long before either he or the pretty young creature for whose sake he had undertaken to struggle with life, knew of what materials that world was made, with which they had thus entered into unequal contention. Driven about therefore soon after, in the buffetings of vicissitude, the blight of disappointment had fallen early over both, and I renewed acquaintance with Mr. Weir, and made the acquaintance of his interesting family, in circumstances in which men generally think it prudent to avoid each other. He had been abroad for several years, had for some time returned to his native neighbourhood, and informing me that he had much to say, he begged that I would, without excuse or ceremony, partake of what little hospitality he could now afford, on the following Sunday. In consequence of the reason he gave for wishing to converse with me, I consented.

„It is on account of a person, who is this day to join us at dinner," he said to me, when I had arrived at the time appointed, „that I wish more particularly to discourse to you; and I have requested you to come at this hour, that we may discuss the matter before she arrives. The person whom you will meet is certainly no common character, and the circumstance I am about to relate, though it may not be interesting to you, to me is exceedingly perplexing, as tending to falsify all my notions regarding human nature, and to make me almost doubt the evidence of my senses. In order to make you understand my tale, I must go slightly into the history of my dear and unfortunate wife, dearer and lovelier than ever I deserved, and most unfortunate in being married to me!

„When Anna was a child, and during her father's prosperous days, there came to stay with the family a lady, whose career had hitherto been somewhat extraordinary, once one of the greatest beauties and toasts of Carborough. With a considerable independence and a remarkable understanding, she had yet been subjected to strange reverses in respect to her anticipated fortune, for though at one period surrounded with suitors, it so happened that from some strange cause or other, she never obtained a husband. Whether any untoward circumstance befel her character, or whether her most ardent admirers found something in her disposition that excited their apprehensions, never was clearly or authentically made out, but at the time she became an inmate of Mr. Gemmil's house, she was not only *passée* in respect to youth and charms, but society had ceased to remember that such a being existed. Some cause of difference had also arisen between herself and her relatives, so that a fatal influence seemed to be over her: and she that had been the queen of society, and the envied of every aspirant, was now fallen into unaccountable solitude, if not perfect neglect.

„However little merited this fate might be," continued my friend, „the admission of a woman in such circumstances to reside with a respectable and intelligent family, and the suffering for her accommodation, the caprices of a soured spirit, which had been spoiled by flattery in youth, — was a service not to be lightly estimated. Of this the lady I speak of seemed to have been fully aware, for being unable to get this family to accept of more than a small pecuniary remuneration for her board, she seemed determined that what would not be taken by the mother, should be lavished on the daughter, if not while she lived, at least at her death. To this mode of repaying the kindness of this family, and of manifesting her own gratitude, the lady seemed to look forward with much satisfaction; at least if the interest she took in the education of my Anna, and her frequent expression of what she hoped to do for her hereafter, might be taken as really indicative of her feelings. Meantime Anna's father becoming subject to unlooked-for reverses, changes took place; the lady soon after left the house, friends lost sight of each other, Anna's mother died, her father fell into despondency! Why should I dwell on particulars," continued my friend, sighing. „Anna and I were united, under circumstances more creditable to our feelings than our prudence. We have suffered for it, as all are sure to do, who venture only generous purposes and individual virtues against the maxims of the world. But my story at present refers chiefly to the lady.

„Anna's father, now a solitary widower, and a dispirited man, having gone abroad, I followed after; his death subsequently scattered us a third time; and, after a lapse of several years, misfortune again croaked, like a raven, over our flight towards our native shores. Here we landed, however, and in this quarter I again sought to work my way into the world.

„Scarcely had I set down my now large family, and had them fairly established in this cottage, when one day my wife was astonished by the visit of a stranger. I may well use the word astonishment, in alluding to the exterior of the apparition who now stood before her. She threw up the tattered remains of a veil, that had served to shade her face, and asked my wife if she did not know her. Anna could scarcely believe her eyes, when, looking over the wasted wrinkled features, and wretched dress, of the female who inquired for her, she recognised the miserable remains of the once imposing figure of Miss Margaret Simpson.“

„Miss Margaret Simpson!“ interrupted I, repeating the name with unspeakable astonishment.

„Do you then know her?“ inquired my friend, surprised at my exclamation.

„I have seen her,“ said I, scarcely able to speak, as I cast my thoughts back to the recollections of my youth — „Alas! what a world! but go on with your tale.“

„I have sought you out, my dear madam,“ said Miss Simpson, after expressing much joy at seeing my wife again, „to reiterate the promise I made to you and your mother when a child, of leaving you something after my death, in memory of my regard, and in testimony of gratitude to your worthy parents. Nay, do not interrupt me,“ she continued, „for it is but my duty, as it will be my pleasure; for my relatives, as you know, are all wealthy, and want nothing from me — besides, they and I have not been on visiting terms these many years. My property is my own — I can leave it to whom I choose; and as times seem to have changed with you, you and your pretty family will be the better of it when I am gone.“

When I came home in the evening, my dear Anna flew into my arms with joy, as she communicated to me this pleasing intelligence; and, entering fully into the matter, she bid me be of good comfort, for at least at the decease of this remarkable lady, we should be saved from the terror of future vicissitude. I was certainly much rejoiced; but the description she gave me of the lady's excessively mean and changed appearance, filled me, even then, with an involuntary suspicion. Independent of what Anna told me of her, I was desirous of seeing so extraordinary a character. My wife said I should soon be gratified; for Miss Simpson, in kind concern for my family, and anxious to make my acquaintance, had invited herself to dine with us on the following Sunday.

„She came. I cannot tell you what I thought“ continued my friend, „still less can I tell you what I think now, for never was human nature presented to me under an aspect more extraordinary. When I looked at her forlorn appearance, and reflected upon her penurious habits, could I believe that this woman was possessed of large property? When I contemplated her shrunk frame and wrinkled features, could I believe that she had ever been, as represented, the idol of the critical admirers of beauty? When I gazed on her wretched apparel, and antiquated, broken-down dilapidation, could I believe that this being had ever been the queen of fashion in her time, and the expensive representative of tasteful magnificence; or that human nature could so change, as that a female, in the possession of ample means of gratification, should now be lost to every motive which is found to affect her sex; and should, with her advantages, and after her former course of life, now voluntarily choose to live so obscure, that none could tell where she resided, and make an appearance so contemptible, that even I was ashamed to see her enter my humble dwelling! Could I suspect the sanity of her mind? certainly not, if the penetrating good sense, and shrewd worldly wisdom of her conversation, might speak for any one's soundness of mental constitution. And yet I have heard and observed strange things regarding her, which I can hardly, at present, trust my tongue to express. But you shall see her immediately, and judge for yourself, for since the day I speak of, and that is nearly two years ago, every week, once or twice, she has voluntarily come to our cottage and partaken of our family dinner. Alas! that I should speak of these things, but sometimes this has been an inconvenience to us; for, as sure at least as the Sunday comes, be it wet or be it dry, be my family well or ill, the moment that four o'clock strikes from the bell of the village, the tall, stooping figure of Miss Simpson, wrapped in an old black velvet pelisse, which has covered her like a mortcloth for at least seventy years, may be seen moving slowly down the avenue towards my cottage, her rickety figure supported by an old clouted umbrella — and her face, that once charmed all beholders, shaded by the relics of an old black bonnet, evidently of such extreme antiquity, that one is astonished how, for the last seven years, it could possibly have held together. See, sir!" he added, pointing from the window — „there she is at this moment. Did you ever see so melancholy a ruin of a woman?"

I stood perfectly astonished as I watched at the window, while the figure before me hirpled down the avenue; and as it drew near, I could recognise the ghastly remains of the noble form and face of Margaret Simpson. At length she stood in my actual presence, and made a rheumatic curtesy with one side as I suffered an introduction to her. Heavens, what a difference between the poetry and the prose of life! and, „mercy, on me!" I continued to myself, „what a difference may take place in a woman in the short period of five and thirty years!"

„I see you are likely to be of my opinion regarding this strange individual," said Mr. Weir, taking me aside, as he observed the look with which I scanned the sinister expression on her face, „who has imposed, I fear, on the simple good-feeling of my wife, and hangs upon us like an incubus, to the aggravation of our misfortunes. There is more than I can tell you, but do me the favour to keep an occasional eye upon her during dinner, and I will afterwards explain what I feel. Meantime, come and let me introduce you to my Anna, and my children."

„What contrasts do persons in life sometimes afford! How interesting now appeared the pretty young wife of my friend, surrounded by her flock of lovely children! Yet, the sobered look of misfortune appeared on her countenance, and pinching poverty was stamped on the neat plainness and meagre gentility of every thing in the apartment, and every article on the table now covered before us. What could I think of this wealthy old woman coming to eat the scanty bread of this struggling family, without putting her hand in her coffers for its sake? How could a person of substance bear a scene like this, without doing something, even independent of past gratitude and present promises, while her own eyes were yet in life to see the good that her hand might be enabled to do for the unfortunate and the virtuous. Was it possible that the wretch was deceiving this pretty young woman and her husband! If so, could she have the heart of a human being?"

We sat down to dinner, and I observed the old lady throw a hawk's glance at me, as she rummaged her pocket on taking her seat, and spread out an ample napkin on her lap. I saw it was necessary to be on my guard, for although I could not divine what she meant to do, it was evident she dreaded my observation, more than of any one at table. Shall I describe my astonishment, when, as I was beginning my own dinner, throwing my eye cautiously across, I observed her slide the chief part of the meat put upon her plate into the napkin that lay on her knees; the bread followed: she asked for more, her plate was replenished, she did the same thing again, eating at intervals with the appetite of a starved savage, but raking every thing into her lap that lay near her, and, folding all up in the napkin when dinner was over, she adroitly smuggled it into the ample pocket that swung by her side, under the folds of her own pelisse. How can I forget the meaning look, and melancholy smile of the young matron who sat by me, as she gave me to understand, that she had also been a hidden observer of this manœuvre of their extraordinary guest. Alas! it had in it, notwithstanding its indulgent expression, a strong seasoning of that involuntary loathing, with which we are sometimes obliged to witness the most contemptible features of „poor human nature."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Das BRITISH MUSEUM erscheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnement-Preis für das Vierteljahr [illegible] rhein., wofür es sämmtliche Buchhandlungen des In- und Auslandes und alle Postämter liefern.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: **O. L. B. WOLFF** AND **C. SCHÜTZ**, A. A. M. M.

Washington Irving.

Unter den Schriftſtellern der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika, trug keiner ſo dazu bei, die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf die noch junge Literatur jener Länder hinzulenken als der hier genannte. Die außerordentliche Grazie und Keuſchheit ſeines Styls, die Wahrheit ſeiner Schilderungen, ſeine treue Beobachtungsgabe und die gute Wahl ſeiner Stoffe machten ihn ſchnell zu einem Liebling des leſenden Publikums, und weiſen ihm einen gleich hohen Rang mit den ihm verwandten vorzüglichſten Autoren des auf jene untreue Tochter, in vielfacher Hinſicht, eiferſüchtigen Altenglands an. Er ward 1783 in New-York geboren, und widmete ſich den Studien, ſeit 1800 im Columbia-College. — Da ihn aber anhaltende Anſtrengungen zu ſehr geſchwächt hatten, und er befürchten mußte, ſchwindſüchtig zu werden, ſo entſagte er dieſem Berufe für's Erſte und trat, zur Herſtellung ſeiner Geſundheit, eine Reiſe nach Europa an. Nach zweijährigem Aufenthalte daſelbſt, kehrte er in die Heimath zurück und machte nun ſeine erſten ſchriftſtelleriſchen Verſuche in komiſchen Sittenſchilderungen, welche in dortigen Zeitſchriften (ſpäter auch geſammelt und für ſich beſtehend: Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle und Salmagundi, or the whig-wams and opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others) erſchienen, bekannt. Seine nächſte Leiſtung war die History of New-York by Diedrich Knickerbocker, eine äußerſt witzige, humoriſtiſche und friſche Schilderung ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen, unter dem Bilde der alten holländiſchen Koloniſten. Während dieſer Zeit nahm er das Studium der Rechte wieder auf, um ſich zum Advokaten auszubilden, ließ es jedoch bald wieder fahren, und begann in Gemeinſchaft mit ſeinen Brüdern ein Handelsgeſchäft, das indeſſen während des Krieges mit England (1812) in welchem er als Adjutant des General Tompkins wirkte, unterbrochen wurde. Nach geſchloſſenem Frieden ſetzte er die früher begonnene Handelsunternehmung fort, und begab ſich in dieſer Abſicht nach Birmingham in England, wo er eine Zeitlang verweilte. Unglückliche Verhältniſſe führten die Auflöſung der Geſchäftsverbindung, bei welcher W. J. einen großen Theil ſeines Vermögens einbüßte, herbei. Er widmete ſich von nun an allein litterariſchen Beſtrebungen und bereiſte ſeit 1820 Frankreich, Deutſchland und Spanien, die Ergebniſſe ſeiner Wanderungen und Forſchungen in ſeinen Schriften niederlegend. Im Jahre 1832 begab er ſich nach Nordamerika zurück, das er ſeitdem nicht wieder verlaſſen hat.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind außer jenen bereits erwähnten, The sketchbook by Geoffrey Crayon, London and New-York 1820 2 Bde.; Bracebridge hall, London 1822 2 Bde.; Tales of a traveller, London 1824, 2 Bde; Life and voyages of Christopher Columbus, London 1828, 4 Bde; Voyages and discoveries of the companions of Columbus, London 1831; A chronicle of the conquest of Granada, London 1830 2 Bde; The Alhambra, London 1832 2 Bde. u. A. m., welche ſämmtlich in das Deutſche übertragen wurden, und auch bei uns allgemeinen Beifall fanden.

Legend
of
# the Rose of the Alhambra,
or
The Page and the Ger-Falcon.

By Washington Irving.

For some time after the surrender of Granada by the Moors, that delightful city was a frequent and favourite residence of the Spanish sovereigns, until they were frightened away by successive shocks of earthquakes, which toppled down various houses, and made the old Moslem towers rock to their foundations.

Many, many years then rolled away, during which Granada was rarely honoured by a royal guest. The palaces of the nobility remained silent and shut up; and the Alhambra, like a slighted beauty, sat in mournful desolation, among her neglected gardens. The tower of the Infantas, once the residence of the three beautiful Moorish princesses, partook of the general desolation, and the spider spun her web athwart the gilded vault, and bats and owls nestled in those chambers that had been graced by the presence of Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda. The neglect of this tower may partly have been owing to some superstitious notions of the neighbours. It was rumoured that the spirit of the youthful Zorahayda, who had perished in that tower, was often seen by moonlight seated beside the fountain in the hall, or moaning about the battlements, and that the notes of her silver lute would be heard at midnight by wayfarers passing along the glen.

At length the city of Granada was once more welcomed by the royal presence. All the world knows that Philip V. was the first Bourbon that swayed the Spanish sceptre. All the world knows that he married, in second nuptials, Elizabetta or Isabella (for they are the same), the beautiful princess of Parma; and all the world knows, that by this chain of contingencies a French prince and an Italian princess were seated together on the Spanish throne. For the reception of this illustrious pair the Alhambra was repaired and fitted up with all possible expedition. The arrival of the court changed the whole aspect of the lately deserted palace. The clangour of drum and trumpet, the tramp of steed about the avenues and outer court, the glitter of arms and display of banners about barbican*) and battlement, recalled the ancient and warlike glories of the fortress. A softer spirit, however, reigned within the royal palace. There was the rustling of robes and the cautious tread and murmuring voice of reverential courtiers about the antichambers, a loitering of pages and maids of honour about the gardens, and the sound of music stealing from open casements.

Among those who attended in the train of the monarchs was a favourite page of the queen, named Royz de Alarcon. To say that he was a favourite page of the queen was at once to speak his eulogium, for every one in the suite of the stately Elizabetta was chosen for grace, and beauty, and accomplishments. He was just turned of eighteen, light and lithe**) of form, and graceful as a young Antinous. To the queen he was all deference and respect, yet he was at heart a roguish stripling, petted and spoiled by the ladies about the court, and experienced in the ways of women far beyond his years.

This loitering page was one morning rambling about the groves of the Generalife, which overlook the grounds of the Alhambra. He had taken with him for his amusement a favourite ger-falcon***) of the queen. In the course of his rambles seeing a bird rising from a thicket, he unhooded the hawk and let him fly. The falcon towered high in the air, made a swoop at his quarry, but missing it, soared away, regardless of the calls of the page. The latter followed the truant bird with his eye, in its capricious flight, until he saw it alight upon the battlements of a remote and lonely tower, in the outer wall of the Alhambra, built on the edge of a ravine that separated the royal fortress from the grounds of the Generalife. It was, in fact, the „Tower of the Princesses."

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*) Warte. **) geschmeidig ***) Gerfalk.

The page descended into the ravine and approached the tower, but it had no entrance from the glen, and its lofty height rendered any attempt to scale it fruitless. Seeking one of the gates of the fortress, therefore, he made a wide circuit to that side of the tower facing within the walls.

A small garden enclosed by a trellis-work of reeds overhung with myrtle, lay before the tower. Opening a wicket, the page passed between beds of flowers and thickets of roses to the door. It was closed and bolted. A crevice in the door gave him a peep into the interior. There was a small Moorish hall with fretted walls, light marble columns, and an alabaster fountain surrounded with flowers. In the centre hung a gilt cage containing a singing bird, beneath it, on a chair, lay a tortoiseshell cat among reels of silk and other articles of female labour, and a guitar decorated with ribbons leaned against the fountain.

Ruyz de Alarcon was struck with these traces of female taste and elegance in a lonely, and, as he had supposed, deserted tower. They reminded him of the tales of enchanted halls current in the Alhambra; and the tortoiseshell cat might be some spellbound princess.

He knocked gently at the door. A beautiful face peeped out from a little window above, but was instantly withdrawn. He waited, expecting that the door would be opened, but he waited in vain; no footstep was to be heard within—all was silent. Had his senses deceived him, or was this beautiful apparition the fairy of the tower? He knocked again, and more loudly. After a little while the beaming face once more peeped forth; it was that of a blooming damsel of fifteen.

The page immediately doffed his plumed bonnet, and entreated, in the most courteous accents, to be permitted to ascend the tower in pursuit of his falcon.

„I dare not open the door, Senor,“ replied the little damsel, blushing, „my aunt has forbidden it.“

„I do beseech you, fair maid—it is the favourite falcon of the queen: I dare not return to the palace without it.“

„Are you, then, one of the cavaliers of the court?“

„I am, fair maid; but I shall lose the queen's favour and my place, if I lose this hawk.“

„Santa Maria! It is against you cavaliers of the court my aunt has charged me especially to bar the door.“

„Against wicked cavaliers, doubtless; but I am none of these, but a simple harmless page, who will be ruined and undone if you deny me this small request.“

The heart of the little damsel was touched by the distress of the page. It was a thousand pities he should be ruined for the want of so trifling a boon. Surely, too, he could not be one of those dangerous beings whom her aunt had described as a species of cannibal, ever on the prowl to make prey of thoughtless damsels; he was gentle and modest, and stood so entreatingly with cap in hand, and looked so charming.

The sly page saw that the garrison began to waver, and redoubled his entreaties in such moving terms, that it was not in the nature of mortal maiden to deny him; so the blushing little warden of the tower descended and opened the door with a trembling hand; and if the page had been charmed by a mere glimpse of her countenance from the window, he was ravished by the full length portrait now revealed to him.

Her Andalusian bodice and trim basquina set off the round but delicate symmetry of her form, which was as yet scarce verging into womanhood. Her glossy hair was parted on her forehead, with scrupulous exactness, and decorated with a freshplucked rose, according to the universal custom of the country. It is true, her complexion was tinged by the ardour of a southern sun, but it served to give richness to the mantling bloom of her cheek, and to heighten the lustre of her melting eyes.

Ruyz de Alarcon beheld all this with a single glance—for it became him not to tarry; he merely murmured his acknowledgments, and then bounded lightly up the spiral staircase in quest of his falcon.

He soon returned with the truant bird upon his fist. The damsel, in the mean time, had seated herself by the fountain in the hall, and was winding silk; but in her agitation she let fall the reel upon the pavement. The page sprang and picked it up, then dropping gracefully on one knee, presented it to her; but seizing the hand extended to receive it, imprinted on it a kiss more fervent and devout, than he had ever imprinted on the fair hand of his sovereign.

„Ave Maria, Senor!“ exclaimed the damsel, blushing still deeper with confusion and surprise — for never before had she received such a salutation.

The modest page made a thousand apologies, assuring her it was the way, at court, of expressing the most profound homage and respect.

Her anger, if anger she felt, was easily pacified, but her agitation and embarrassment continued, and she sat blushing deeper and deeper, with her eyes cast down upon her work, entangling the silk which she attempted to wind.

The cunning page saw the confusion in the opposite camp, and would fain have profited by it, but the fine speeches he would have uttered died upon his lips, his attempts at gallantry were awkward and ineffectual, and to his surprise, the adroit page, who had figured with such grace and effrontery among the most knowing and experienced ladies of the court, found himself awed and abashed in the presence of a simple damsel of fifteen.

In fact, the artless maiden, in her own modesty and innocence, had guardians more effectual than the bolts and bars prescribed by her vigilant aunt. Still, where is the female bosom proof against the first whisperings of love? The little damsel, with all her artlessness, instinctively comprehended all that the faltering tongue of the page failed to express, and her heart was fluttered at beholding, for the first time, a lover at her feet — and such a lover!

The diffidence of the page, though genuine, was short-lived, and he was recovering his usual ease and confidence, when a shrill voice was heard at a distance.

„My aunt is returning from mass!“ cried the damsel, in affright: „I pray you, Senor, depart.“

„Not until you grant me that rose from your hair as a remembrance.“

She hastily untwisted the rose from her raven locks. „Take it,“ cried she, agitated and blushing; „but pray begone.“

The page took the rose, and at the same time covered with kisses the fair hand that gave it. Then, placing the flower in his bonnet, and taking the falcon upon his fist, he bounded off through the garden, bearing away with him the heart of the gentle Jacinta.

When the vigilant aunt arrived at the tower, she remarked the agitation of her niece, and an air of confusion in the hall; but a word of explanation sufficed. „A ger-falcon had pursued his prey into the hall.“

„Mercy on us! to think of a falcon flying into the tower. Did ever one hear of so saucy a hawk? Why, the very bird in the cage is not safe!“

The vigilant Fredegonda was one of the most wary of ancient spinsters. She had a becoming terror and distrust of what she denominated, „the opposite sex,“ which had gradually increased through a long life of celibacy. Not that the good lady had ever suffered from their wiles, nature having set up a safeguard in her face that forbade all trespass upon her premises; but ladies who have least cause to fear for themselves, are most ready to keep a watch over their more tempting neighbours.

The niece was the orphan of an officer who had fallen in the wars. She had been educated in a convent, and had recently been transferred from her sacred asylum to the immediate guardianship of her aunt, under whose overshadowing care she vegetated in obscurity like an opening rose blooming beneath a briar. Nor, indeed, is this comparison entirely accidental; for, to tell the truth, her fresh and dawning beauty had caught the public eye, even in her seclusion, and, with that poetical turn common to the people of Andalusia, the peasantry of the neighbourhood had given her the appellation of „the Rose of the Alhambra.“

To be concluded in our next.

Time's Changes.

A Tale of the Dominie.

By *Andrew Picken*,

Author of the Dominie's Legacy.

(Concluded from our last.)

I was unable to sit easy all the evening after this, yet I was almost reconciled by the sensible conversation of the old lady subsequently, and as her eye lit up with the animation of her talk, the sinister expression which I had at first imputed to her, seemed to vanish from her countenance, and I was forcibly reminded of the imposing beauty which had charmed me in her youth. For conversation, not a subject could I broach, but she seemed perfect master of it; her information on every thing was complete, and when, in the course of the evening, she began to quote me Latin aphorisms, and to sport French wit, and even to chop with me heathen Greek, and argue syllogistically by rules of logic, surely she had got to my weak side, for I declare I found myself perfectly bewitched, and forgot for a time, the inward wrath which had kindled against her at what I had at first witnessed. All doubts regarding the sanity of her intellect were now removed as well as all apprehensions on the score of what she meant to do for my young friends; for on every matter of business, particularly in regard to the conservation and management of her property, she seemed perfectly *au fait*, and her notions of these things seemed so sound and sensible, that I could not help being convinced that her intentions towards this family were worthy of entire reliance. And yet, when I again thought of what I had seen her do, I could hardly believe the evidence of my own senses. At length she rose to take her leave; and when I found that she would allow no one to see her home, strange thoughts again came into my mind, and I remained for a time behind to discuss with Mr. Weir the probabilities of her character.

,,I am glad, sir," said he to me, after she was gone, ,,that you have been here to-day, to notice this, and I have witnessed actions still more mean, and still more shocking, as practised upon persons in our circumstances. How she has acted in imposing on the natural hospitality of my poor Anna, in reference to little delicacies that I sent home to her in time of ill-health, it would be painful and almost mean in me now to relate. Long ago, notwithstanding all her promises, would I have dismissed her from my house, if I could have done so by any mode consistent with the common courtesies of life, or if Anna's good-nature and good-feeling, carried in this case, as I apprehend, too far, had not still prevented me; for though, as well as myself, Anna is above the mercenary motives of legacy-hunting self-controul, she has a better opinion of Miss Simpson, for all she has observed, than my experience of human nature leads me to form; and, biassed by early feelings, and old recollections, is willing still to endure her 'eccentricities,' as she calls them, and to divide with her the last morsel that we have."

,,I do not wonder at your being puzzled what to think," said I, ,,for I myself have been fascinated by the ability shown in the woman's conversation. But has she given you any real satisfaction as to what she means to do for Mrs. Weir, even at her death?"

,,She has said every thing," he continued, ,,that, coming from a person of honour, would be deemed satisfactory, even to the pointing out of the propery that she intends to devise to the names of several of my children. It is perhaps, however," he added, ,,this very circumstance that has made me unable to endure her for a long time past; for I cannot bear the suspicion of my own heart, of countenancing ways like hers, for the sake of expectations of this nature, while in the meantime, for the want of a little present aid, in a matter I am now engaged in, I am suffering intense anxiety, being threatened at this moment with absolute ruin. This extraordinary person has seen this anxiety painted in my face, and heard it in the sighs of my drooping wife; and yet, she thinks proper to take no notice, except in the shape of boasting of the extent of her own wealth, whilst delicacy prevents us from speaking to her as perhaps we ought to speak.“ Having said this, both now entered into some further details, which determined me at once to the course I should take.

When the following day came, having commenced my inquiries, I at length fished out full information regarding the extent and nature of her property. I next went to her lawyer, with whom I chanced to have some acquaintance, and put to him some questions respecting her character and proceedings. The answers he gave me shocked me exceedingly. Still I would not believe in the full extent of my surmises; besides, a strange mystery regarding this extraordinary being and her friends, prolonged my inquiries, and increased my perplexity with my very convictions. In three weeks after the first, I again paid Mr. Weir's family a Sunday visit.

He was not at home, and the grave face of the servant girl who opened the door, told me that something was wrong. „Has any thing happened?“ I said, observing the woman look hesitatingly behind her. „Come in, sir,“ she said, „I think I may tell you, for I am sure you are my master's real friend.“

„My mistress is ill, sir,“ she went on taking me aside, „very ill in her bed, — and — and — you'll excuse me, sir, for I must tell you,“ added she in a whisper — there are keepers in the house!“

„Heavens!“ I exclaimed, „and where is Mr. Weir?“

„I know not, sir, but there will be no dinner dressed here to-day, excepting the single chicken that I am just going to set before my poor mistress, if that hard-hearted old creature, Miss Simpson, does not come in and snap it up. Aye, sir, you may look! but she must be a wretch, else she never would see my dear master come to this, and be forced to sell the very gold watch out of his pocket, after he had parted with the silver tankards and carved cups off the sideboard, that have been a decency in the family since ever my mistress was married, and long before that; and many is the hearty draught that vile old woman has drank out of them, first and last; and yet she would steal the very salt and pepper out of my kitchen, and see my master and mistress sold to the door before she would put her hand in her great purse to the value of one farthing for them. Mercy on me, it is now four o'clock! for there she is this moment!“ exclaimed the girl, looking from the window, „hirpling down the avenue in her old black pelisse!“

„What is the amount of the debt, my girl, for which this misfortune has come upon your family?“

„Two and forty pounds, sir; but oh, be cautious what you say to my mistress, for she is weak, weak; and ah, sir, try to rid us of this horrid miserly old woman.“

Scarcely had I time to inquire concerning the health of the sick lady, when the tall figure of Miss Simpson limped into the bedchamber.

The sight now before her and myself, the anxious and desponding look of the sick lady, and the tears she shed over her crowding children, as she informed us of the state of her husband's affairs, would have melted a heart of flint. Miss Simpson received the news with evident embarrassment, and shot a glance round the apartment and at me, as if collecting her thoughts to suit the emergency. Recovering, after a moment, her usual coolness, the fawning tone she now assumed to the sick lady, and the dry accents of hypocritical condolence with which she affected to comfort her, filled me with astonishment. „Do not let down your spirits, my dear Mrs. Weir,“ she said, „it is all for the best, everything is for the best; and here is a nice little chicken that Peggy has cooked for you. Peggy, you are a good lass for fetching us so pretty a bird; now just pick a bit of it, and I will help you: here Peggy, let me have a knife and fork.“

I was so dumbfounded with amazement, that I could not speak; but when I saw the napkin spread, and the melancholy smile of the sick woman, who could taste nothing, as morsel after morsel of every thing near was swept into the beldame's lap, my blood so boiled with indignation, that, fearing to hurt the nerves of the sick, I hurried out of the room. Resolved to bring the old woman to a point, I drew up a short paper; and Peggy, the servant, with joy received my message requesting to see Miss Simpson immediately.

The old lady was ushered in. She threw one of her sharp hawk's glances towards my face as I placed a chair for her, wondering, no doubt, what I was about to say.

„You are an old friend of this family," said I, taking her in the kindly way, „particularly of the poor lady within, whom, I understand, you have known from a child, in better days, as well as her parents."

She assented with a shrill and suspicious „hem!"

„I have heard with pleasure that you take a particular interest in their welfare, as all must do who know them, and as is naturally to be expected from your long intimacy. I think you will admit that they are deserving of your friendship."

„None that I ever knew are more. I love Mrs. Weir, like my own daughter, and I have often told her so. I love her even for her parents' sake, for they were true parents to me. I am sure none will doubt my warm friendship for Mrs. Weir and her family, or my regret at her present misfortune. But misfortunes must be borne with patience. Mr. Weir is a man of talents, and he will get over it, one way or other: she must not let her spirits down—that would be mere folly. As I have often told her, *Nil desperandum* has been fitly chosen, as it is worthy, to be the motto to a coronet."

„Excellent reasoning, and wise heads who wear coronets! but, madam, there are keepers in the house!"

„I am very sorry to hear it. I fear there has been some imprudence."

„Surely, madam, you who have such kind intentions to this family, to be manifested upon the melancholy event of your own death, will not allow it to go to utter ruin during your life, for the sake of a little anticipation of your friendship. In short, madam, you and I surely cannot see a sick lady driven out houseless with her children; so, if you will be security for *one half* of this small debt, I will take upon me the payment of the other, and the present misfortune will be averted. Here, madam, will you please to join me in signing this paper."

„I never allow strangers to interfere in my business matters," she said; „and I am surprised, sir, at your indelicacy in alluding to any intentions of mine at my decease, or to my private communications to Mrs. Weir. I will have nothing to do with signing papers."

„Will you, madam, in *any* way agreeable to yourself, save these interesting people from this present trouble? I will take part in it, or I will not, just as you please. I have spoken to the man outside; he is instructed to take your undertaking for it, with interest, payable even after your decease, rather than distress, at present, this worthy couple. By this mode, there is no anticipation of your intentions, if they be sincere, and you will have the credit of saving this family."

„Did not you say you would do the half of it yourself? Do you mean to draw back, and put the whole of it on me?"

„Certainly not. If you are unwilling to take the sum upon you, even not requiring you to part with your money until you are in your grave, and cannot hold it longer, I will pay the half of it now, and then the extent of your sacrifice will be twenty-one pounds. Is it possible, madam; that you can hesitate? Is it possible that you, who have neither child nor parent to inherit your vast wealth, can see the scene that we have witnessed within, without your avarice being moved?"

„Let me look at your paper," she said, reaching out her long scraggy hand, and taking it up, she bit her thin lip as she read it; the sinister expression on her countenance grew absolutely horrible as she seemed making up her mind for an effort of firmness—she threw down the paper with a bold refusal.

„Do I see before me," said I, looking upon her with calm scorn, „a human being? Do I really see a woman whom men delight in, or is it a demon in the human form? Can this be the same being whom I looked upon almost as an angel, in the ball-room at Scarborough, five and thirty years ago?"

I saw the eye of the wretch twinkle with quailing agitation as I uttered this. She was evidently unprepared for such a recollection. We stood gazing on each other, like the dumb images of guilt and judgment. She grasped her old umbrella, and giving a shrill „hem!" prepared to speak.

„I will not be forced into this," she said. „I will not be hurried into signing papers, and parting with my money. Besides, what I intended for these people, I have already remembered in my will; is not that sufficient?

„Wretch! Impostor!" exclaimed I, now roused to fury. „You have made no will, as your lawyer informs me, nor ever will have the heart to do so. Your money is rotting in your obscure garret, as your name and character will do hereafter. A miser of the most inhuman description, you have been deceiving this worthy family, and living upon them, and several others, until you have filched their last morsel to uphold your insane avarice, and to support you to your grave the curse of your species. Did you not seek out this amiable lady when she sought not you? Have you not sought out others in the same way, and lived these twenty miserable years on the weak hopes of the human heart, and in increasing the sum of human disappointments? Are you not a beggar, compared with whom beggars are kings? Are you not a thief? to whom thieves that perish on the gallows are to be held in honour? Yes, madam, a thief! of the wretched morsels from off the poor man's table, of the bread out of the mouths of the poor man's children. I have seen it, I have watched you! You have in your pocket, this instant, the last sustenance of the sick and houseless. If ever money was a curse — it is cursed for your sake; to make you the monster that you are, and a reproach to humanity. Yes, quail, indeed, and anticipate your own doom. The lady within, sick and destitute as she is, is blessed to you, and the blessings of the just and the benevolent will yet wait upon her and her children, when the day of trouble is past!"

I threw myself into such an agitation that I burst into tears, as I witnessed the shameful obduracy of the monster before me. „I see you are in a passion, sir," she said, „and I never try to reason with people in a passion." Saying this, she clutched her old umbrella, and, gathering up the folds of her black pelisse, she stumped out of the room.

Remains there aught to be added to this tale? My friends, the Weirs, gradually surmounted their troubles. Some years afterwards, Miss Simpson, after a fall, in which she hurt her knee, died in solitary misery; her death being ascertained by her failing to come at the quarter-day for the interest of her money; and no will being found, her large property fell entirely into the hands of a wealthy relative, who hated to hear her name mentioned while she lived, and had shut his doors against her for more than twenty years before her death. Alas! that I could say, for the sake of human nature, that this story was but a romance!

Epigram.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

SWIFT.

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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTTE, A. A. M. M.

Legend
of
the Rose of the Alhambra,
or
The Page and the Ger-Falcon

By Washington Irving.

(Concluded from our last.)

The wary aunt continued to keep a faithful watch over her tempting little niece as long as the court continued at Granada, and flattered herself that her vigilance had been successful. It is true, the good lady was now and then discomposed by the tinkling of guitars and chanting of low ditties from the moonlit groves beneath the tower; but she would exhort her niece to shut her ears against such idle minstrelsy, assuring her, that it was one of the arts of the opposite sex, by which simple maids were often lured to their undoing. Alas! what chance with a simple maid has a dry lecture against a moonlight serenade?

At length King Philip cut short his sojourn at Granada, and suddenly departed with all his train. The vigilant Fredegonda watched the royal pageant as it issued forth from the Gate of Justice, and descended the great avenue leading to the city. When the last banner disappeared from her sight, she returned exulting to her tower, for all her cares were over. To her surprise, a light Arabian steed pawed the ground at the wicket-gate of the garden: to her horror, she saw through the thickets of roses a youth, in gaily embroidered dress, at the feet of her niece. At the sound of her footsteps he gave a tender adieu, bounded lightly over the barrier of reeds and myrtles, sprang upon his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

The tender Jacinta, in the agony of her grief, lost all thought of her aunt's displeasure. Throwing herself into her arms, she broke forth into sobs and tears.

„Ay de mi!“ cried she; „he's gone! — he's gone! — he's gone! and I shall never see him more!“

„Gone! — who is gone? — what youth is that I saw at your feet?“

„A queen's page, aunt, who came to bid me farewell.“

„A queen's page, child!“ echoed the vigilant Fredegonda, faintly; „and when did you become acquainted with a queen's page?“

„The morning that the ger-falcon came into the tower. It was the queen's ger-falcon, and he came in pursuit of it.“

„Ah, silly, silly girl! know that there are no ger-falcons half so dangerous as these young prankling pages, and it is precisely such simple birds as thee that they pounce upon.“

The aunt was at first indignant at learning that, in despite of her boasted vigilance, a tender intercourse had been carried on by the youthful lovers almost beneath her eye; but when she found that her simple-hearted niece, though thus exposed, without the protection of bolt or bar, to all the machinations of the opposite sex, had come forth unsinged from the fiery ordeal, she consoled herself with the persuasion that it was owing to the chaste and cautious maxims in which she had, as it were, steeped her to the very lips.

While the aunt laid this soothing unction to her pride, the niece treasured up the oft repeated vows of fidelity of the page. But what is the love of restless, roving man? A vagrant stream that dallies for a time with each flower upon its bank, then passes on, and leaves them all in tears.

Days, weeks, months elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the page. The pomegranate ripened, the vine yielded up its fruit, the autumnal rains descended in torrents from the mountains; the Sierra Nevada became covered with a snowy mantle, and wintry blasts howled through the halls of the Alhambra — still he came not. The winter passed away. Again the genial spring burst forth with song and blossom and balmy zephyr; the snows melted from the mountains, until none remained but on the lofty summit of Nevada, glistening through the sultry summer air. Still nothing was heard of the forgetful page.

In the mean time, the poor little Jacinta grew pale and thoughtful. Her former occupations and amusements were abandoned—her silk lay entangled—her guitar unstrung—her flowers were neglected—the notes of her bird unheeded, and her eyes, once so bright, were dimmed with secret weeping. If any solitude could be devised to foster the passion of a love-lorn damsel, it would be such a place as the Alhambra, where every thing seemed disposed to produce tender and romantic reveries. It is a very paradise for lovers: how hard then to be alone in such a paradise—and not merely alone, but forsaken!

„Alas, silly child!" would the staid and immaculate Fredegonda say, when she found her niece in one of her desponding moods — „did I not warn thee against the wiles and deceptions of these men? What couldst thou expect, too, from one of a haughty and aspiring family—thou an orphan, the descendant of a fallen and impoverished line? Be assured, if the youth were true, his father, who is one of the proudest nobles about the court, would prohibit his union with one so humble and portionless as thou. Pluck up thy resolution, therefore, and drive these idle notions from thy mind."

The words of the immaculate Fredegonda only served to increase the melancholy of her niece, but she sought to indulge it in private. At a late hour one midsummer night, after her aunt had retired to rest, she remained alone in the hall of the tower, seated beside the alabaster fountain. It was here that the faithless page had first knelt and kissed her hand; it was here that he had often vowed eternal fidelity. The poor little damsel's heart was overladen with sad and tender recollections, her tears began to flow, and slowly fell drop by drop into the fountain. By degrees the crystal water became agitated, and—bubble—bubble—boiled up and was tossed about, until a female figure, richly clad in Moorish robes, slowly rose to view.

Jacinta was so frightened that she fled from the hall, and did not venture to return. The next morning she related what she had seen to her aunt; but the good lady treated it as a phantasy of her troubled mind, or supposed she had fallen asleep and dreamt beside the fountain. — „Thou hast been thinking of the story of the three Moorish princesses that once inhabited this tower," continued she, „and it has entered into thy dreams."

„What story, aunt? I know nothing of it."

„Thou hast certainly heard of the three princesses, Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda, who were confined in this tower by the king their father, and agreed to fly with three Christian cavaliers. The two first accomplished their escape, but the third failed in her resolution, and it is said, died in this tower."

„I now recollect to have heard of it," said

Jacinta, „and to have wept over the fate of the gentle Zorahayda."

„Thou mayest well weep over her fate," continued the aunt, „for the lover of Zorahayda was thy ancestor. He long bemoaned his Moorish love, but time cured him of grief, and he married a Spanish lady, from whom thou art descended."

Jacinta ruminated upon these words. „That what I have seen is no phantasy of the brain," said she to herself, „I am confident. If indeed it be the spirit of the gentle Zorahayda, which I have heard lingers about this tower, of what should I be afraid? I'll watch by the fountain to-night—perhaps the visit will be repeated."

Towards midnight, when every thing was quiet she again took her seat in the hall. As the bell in the distant watch-tower of the Alhambra struck the midnight hour, the fountain was again agitated; and bubble—bubble—bubble—it tossed about the waters until the Moorish female again rose to view. She was young and beautiful; her dress was rich with jewels, and in her hand she held a silver lute. Jacinta trembled and was faint, but was reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance.

„Daughter of mortality," said she, „what aileth thee? Why do thy tears trouble my fountain, and thy sighs and plaints disturb the quiet watches of the night?"

„I weep because of the faithlessness of man, and I bemoan my solitary and forsaken state."

„Take comfort; thy sorrows may yet have an end. Thou beholdest a Moorish princess, who, like thee, was unhappy in her love. A Christian knight, thy ancestor, won my heart, and would have borne me to his native land and to the bosom of his church. I was a convert in my heart, but I lacked courage equal to my faith, and lingered till too late. For this the evil genii are permitted to have power over me, and I remain enchanted in this tower until some pure Christian will deign to break the magic spell. Wilt thou undertake the task?"

„I will," replied the damsel, trembling.

„Come hither, then, and fear not; dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptize me after the manner of thy faith; so shall the enchantment be dispelled, and my troubled spirit have repose."

The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand in the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom.

The latter smiled with ineffable benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms upon her bosom, and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dewdrops had fallen into the fountain.

Jacinta retired from the hall, filled with awe and wonder. She scarcely closed her eyes that night, but when she awoke at day-break out of a troubled slumber, the whole appeared to her like a distempered dream. On descending into the hall, however, the truth of the vision was established, for, beside the fountain, she beheld the silver lute glittering in the morning sunshine.

She hastened to her aunt, to relate all that had befallen her, and called her to behold the lute as a testimonial of the reality of her story. If the good lady had any lingering doubts, they were removed when Jacinta touched the instrument, for she drew forth such ravishing tones as to thaw even the frigid bosom of the immaculate Fredegonda, that region of eternal winter, into a genial flow. Nothing but supernatural melody could have produced such an effect.

The extraordinary power of the lute became every day more and more apparent. The wayfarer passing by the tower was detained, and, as it were, spellbound, in breathless ecstasy. The very birds gathered in the neighbouring trees, and hushing their own strains, listened in charmed silence.

Rumour soon spread the news abroad. The inhabitants of Granada thronged to the Alhambra, to catch a few notes of the transcendent music that floated about the tower of Las Infantas.

The lovely little minstrel was at length drawn forth from her retreat. The rich and powerful of the land contended who should entertain and do honour to her; or rather, who should secure the charms of her lute to draw fashionable throngs to their saloons. Wherever she went her vigilant aunt kept a dragonwatch at her elbow, awing the throngs of impassioned admirers, who hung in raptures on her strains. The report of her wonderful powers spread from city to city. Malaga, Seville, Cordova, all became successively mad on the theme; nothing was talked of throughout Andalusia but the beautiful minstrel of the Alhambra. How could it be otherwise among a people so musical and gallant as the Andalusians, when the lute was magical in its powers, and the minstrel inspired by love?

While all Andalusia was thus music mad, a different mood prevailed at the court of Spain. Philip V., as is well known, was a miserable hypochondriac, and subject to all kinds of fancies. Sometimes he would keep to his bed for weeks together — groaning under imaginary complaints. At other times he would insist upon abdicating his throne, to the great annoyance of his royal spouse, who had a strong relish for the splendours of a court and the glories of a crown, and guided the sceptre of her imbecile lord with an expert and steady hand.

Nothing was found to be so efficacious in dispelling the royal megrims as the powers of music; the queen took care, therefore, to have the best performers, both vocal and instrumental, at hand, and retained the famous Italian singer Farinelli about the court as a kind of royal physician.

At the moment we treat of, however, a freak had come over the mind of this august and illustrious Bourbon that surpassed all former vagaries. After a long spell of imaginary illness, which set all the strains of Farinelli, and the consultations of a whole orchestra of court fiddlers at defiance, the monarch fairly, in idea, gave up the ghost, and considered himself absolutely dead.

This would have been harmless enough, and even convenient both to his queen and courtiers, had he been content to remain in the quietude befitting a dead man; but to their annoyance he insisted upon having the funeral ceremonies performed over him, and, to their inexpressible perplexity, began to grow impatient, and to revile bitterly at them for negligence and disrespect, in leaving him unburied. What was to be done? To disobey the king's positive commands was monstrous in the eyes of the obsequious courtiers of a punctilious court — but to obey him and bury him alive, would be downright regicide!

In the midst of this fearful dilemma a rumour reached the court, of the female minstrel who was turning the brains of all Andalusia. The queen dispatched missions in all haste to summon her to St. Ildefonso, where the court at that time resided.

Within a few days, as the queen, with her maids of honour, was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues and terraces and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles, the far-famed minstrel was conducted into her presence. The imperial Elizabetta gazed with surprise at the youthful and unpretending appearance of the little being that had set the world madding. She was in her picturesque Andalusian dress — her silver lute was in her hand, and she stood with modest and downcast eyes, but with a simplicity and freshness of beauty that still bespoke her „the Rose of the Alhambra."

As usual, she was accompanied by the ever vigilant Fredegonda, who gave the whole history of her parentage and descent to the inquiring queen. If the stately Elizabetta had been interested by the appearance of Jacinta, she was still more pleased when she learned that she was of a meritorious though impoverished line, and that her father had bravely fallen in the service of the crown. „If thy powers equal their renown," said she, „and thou canst cast forth this evil spirit that possesses thy sovereign, thy fortunes shall henceforth be my care, and honours and wealth attend thee."

Impatient to make trial of her skill, she led the way at once to the apartment of the moody monarch.

Jacinta followed with downcast eyes through files of guards and crowds of courtiers. They arrived at length at a great chamber hung with black. The windows were closed to exclude the light of day: a number of yellow wax-tapers in silver sconces diffused a lugubrious light, and dimly revealed the figures of mutes in mourning dresses, and courtiers who glided about with noiseless step and woebegone visage. On the midst of a funeral bed or bier, his hands folded on his breast, and the tip of his nose just visible, lay extended this would-be buried monarch.

The queen entered the chamber in silence, and pointing to a footstool in an obscure corner beckoned to Jacinta to sit down and commence.

At first she touched her lute with a faltering hand, but gathering confidence and animation as she proceeded, drew forth such soft aërial harmony, that all present could scarce believe it mortal. As to the monarch, who had already considered himself in the world of spirits, he set it down for some angelic melody, or the music of the spheres. By degrees the theme was varied, and the voice of the minstrel accompanied the instrument. She poured forth one of the legendary ballads, treating of the ancient glories of the Alhambra and the achievements of the Moors. Her whole soul entered into the theme, for with the recollections of the Alhambra was associated the story of her love. The funeral chamber resounded with the animating strain. It entered into the gloomy heart of the monarch. He raised his head and gazed around: he sat up on his couch, his eye began to kindle—at length, leaping upon the floor, he called for his sword and buckler.

The triumph of music, or rather of the enchanted lute, was complete: the demon of melancholy was cast forth; and, as it were, a dead man brought to life. The windows of the apartment were thrown open; the glorious effulgence of Spanish sunshine burst into the late lugubrious chamber; all eyes sought the lovely enchantress; but the lute had fallen from her hand—she had sunk upon the earth, and the next moment was clasped to the bosom of Ruyz de Alarcon.

The nuptials of the happy couple were shortly after celebrated with great splendour;—but hold—I hear the reader ask, how did Ruyz de Alarcon account for his long neglect? O, that was all owing to the opposition of a proud, pragmatical old father: besides, young people, who really like one another, soon come to an amicable understanding, and bury all past grievances when once they meet.

But how was the proud, pragmatical old father reconciled to the match?

O, his scruples were easily overcome by a word or two from the queen, especially as dignities and rewards were showered upon the blooming favourite of royalty. Besides, the lute of Jacinta, you know, possessed a magic power, and could control the most stubborn head and hardest breast.

And what became of the enchanted lute?

O, that is the most curious matter of all, and plainly proves the truth of all this story. That lute remained for some time in the family; but was purloined and carried off, as was supposed by the great singer Farinelli, in pure jealousy. At his death it passed into other hands in Italy, who were ignorant of its mystic powers, and melting down the silver, transferred the strings to an old cremona fiddle. The strings still retain something of their magic virtues. A word in the reader's ear, but let it go no further—that fiddle is now bewitching the whole world—it is the fiddle of Paganini!

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The Ghost of Gleadless.

A Sheffield Tale.

In that year of our Lord which is distinguished in the annals of Sheffield by the arrival of the half-Jesuit [illegible], who endeavoured, by French promises, to induce the file-smiths to abandon their comfortable English homes, there lived in the coal district of Gleadless, which is found on some high ground, a few miles eastward of the town, a man of many sorrows. He wandered to and fro, and reproach and shame followed; while his racked heart told him how vain was the opinion of the vulgar,—that a conscience untouched with crime ensured continual happiness and tranquillity to its possessor. Sometimes he would complain, that he was assailed with a grief which Satan was not permitted to wield against the ancient Job; and sometimes forgetting the submission to God which that man's most sublime history had taught him, he would with daring wickedness demand of Heaven, what he had done that he should be so tortured. „I am denounced to be a *murderer!*" he exclaimed, „yet is the boneless hand of a weak suckling not clearer of blood than my own. My sorrow is greater than I can bear. When the idle and the vicious point at me with scorn, I can say boldly, they know me not; but when the good and the wise shun me, or throw upon me their awful looks of abhorrence and condemnation, then is my soul riven, and I would be there—there—with the sweet clod of the valley, where 'the great and the small are, and the servant is free from his master.'"

Before the circumstances are narrated, which caused the chief person of this true tale to be numbered amongst „the virtuous few," — the „good afflicted," whose constancy the poet of nature sought to celebrate and sustain, it may be well, as fiction nowadays promises fairly to drive out all true history from the memory and attention of men, to pronounce his name, and further, in a few words, let the suspicious reader into the true intent of indicting the story of the „Ghost of Gleadless."

There was, about the time before mentioned, a large and ancient coalpit at Gleadless, called the Black Heading. The owner of it was some London lord, or very rich man; but it was managed by one Matthias, the unhappy being whose wrongs are about to be detailed. This Matthias lived in a cottage, placed at a convenient distance from the chief mouth of the pit. It was so large, and diverged in so many directions into the bowels of the hills, that it had many places of lateral entrance; and his business was to govern the half-human beings who laboured within it, and, by his skill, in what the colliers call „dialing," to direct the miners where to turn their picks in search of virgin seams of coal, or where, on the top ground, to sink tunnels for the supply of necessary air into the dark chambers beneath. Whether it was that the hideous vices of the people who were under his control, had made him more distinctly perceive the beauty of a spotless and holy life, or whether he had himself discerned the innate value of virtue, it is certain that Matthias was a just and upright man. Such he was; and he had a helpmate called Hester, who was his joy and pride, when the slander of the world had not scathed him, and who was his only refuge and comfort, yea, his only stay, from the crime of self-destruction, when he was „broken with the tempest."

The course of this terrible tempest is described in the following pages, because its remembrance will please some old men now living, who have a lingering memory that their fathers once talked about it; — because it very distinctly illustrates the debased habits, and blind superstitions, which, to this very hour, distinguish the lives of the colliers; and, lastly, because it may shed a ray of hope and comfort into the dark bosoms of those who, in this world, are wrongfully punished, and shew them, that even here, though the wicked may for sometime „flourish like a green bay tree," yet a course of circumstances may arise, which will distribute moral justice and reward to all, according to their works.

This is the introduction—what follows is the story:—While Matthias was yet happy, and was feared, if not respected, by the turbulent community over which he ruled, a fellow whose name was Alan Tuttle, but who was generally called „Old King Harry," was a sort of headsman over a gang of colliers. It is not exactly known how he obtained the title of the King of the Reformation, but it is certain, that he exhibited, in his person and conduct, many distinct points of resemblance. His figure was huge, and his strength immense[illegible]is face was broad, and full of flesh; and w[illegible] with huge and pendent lips, and eyes which might be said to be immense, and to be ever rolling and glaring on some object or other, he presented a caricature of the „human face divine,“ which the blush of shame never tinged. The wives of the workmen fled at his approach; but battles with their husbands, his fellow-labourers, said to arise from their complaints of his conduct towards them, were of frequent occurrence, and generally, owing to his great power, terminated in his favour. Between this bad man and his master, the good Matthias, many differences arose. „Old Harry“ invented and taught the newest blasphemy, trained the men to combine against the reasonable rules established for the government of the mines, and was, in fine, the „doer of all evil,“ which his demoniac mind suggested. Matthias had remonstrated with the man, had censured him in fines, had discharged him from the works. But Alan could be silently sullen, or could, with open daring, threaten all who opposed him. „I will not,“ said he, on one occasion, „leave the Black Heading, until I hear my death knock. You, Master Matthias, dare not send me hence. I know every walk and fall-down in the pit. Drive me away: at night-time, or happen in the day, it's always night there, I will return, and bring the water-course upon you, or I will fire the *fog*, and blast you every one. Mark me, Master Matthias, if I am driven hence, here you shall cease to abide.“ Matthias knew the man's means of revenge, and privily he trembled at him. At the time referred to, there was no power in the police of the neighbouring town to seize one who threatened harm to life or limb, and bind him fast in prison until he found good surety for his peace; and he feared to refuse him money for the weekly labour he insisted on performing. While the servant thus held in subjection the hand which paid and sustained him, a circumstance happened which changed his position.

Hester, the wife of Matthias, had a little garden and an apiary in one of the warm low vales that lie below the hills of Glendloss, which she was accustomed to visit at an early hour in the morning, before the snoring and still drunken colliers arose to pursue their black toil. It was on one of these occasions, during that quarter of the changing year, in which the sun looks over the eastern hills, about five hours after midnight, that Hester set out, alone, but in conscious security, to visit her flowers and bees, leaving her husband at his accustomed devotions.

Some time had elapsed, and Matthias was about to leave his cottage, when his wife appeared at the threshold — rushed towards him with impetuosity, and threw herself, wounded, bleeding, and swooning, into his arms! The terrified husband called to his aid the women neighbours; and as they ministered to her, and sought to call her back to life and sensibility, he stood leaning over, bewildered in grief and pity. „Happen this comes o' Alan — the villain Harry,“ muttered the eldest of the assistants, as she attempted to re-adjust, in comely beauty, the torn and scattered ringlets which fell from Hester's pallid temples. At these words her face and bosom, which, but a minute before, were colourless as those of death, flushed with warm blood, and reddened with shame. — „It is — it is,“ she murmured, „Alan Tuttle — Alan Tuttle!“ and the tint of life again fled, and she sunk pale and motionless on the bed, on which she had before reclined. The women shrieked aloud: many of them had reason to loathe and detest „Old King Harry,“ and not a few of them trembled at the name of a man who had contrived to bring them into a state of silent and mysterious subjection to him. Matthias, on the instant, seemed to put on a new nature. His benignant aspect passed away, and his hitherto gentle eyes flashed with indignation. „This — this is too much!“ he exclaimed, and seizing an old military sword, which for years had hung undisturbed over the chimney, he drew it hastily from the scabbard, and rushed out of the house.

In a little while, Hester, finding herself alone with creatures of her own sex, began slowly to recover from the terror which assailed her, and was enabled to explain to those around, the nature and extent of the misfortunes which had befallen her. There was in her garden a little bower, covered so abundantly with creeping honeysuckles, and climbing peas, that it was almost impervious to light or rain. Into this bower had stepped the gentle Hester, and was about to repose herself within its partial gloom, when she was suddenly seized by the rude strong grasp of a man! She knew full well that Alan Tuttle had, long time before, not only looked upon her with unlawful passion, but had even assailed her ears with language which her pure heart shrunk from the knowledge of; yet inasmuch did she partake of the fear of that danger which would surround her husband if he were made acquainted with the injuries she had received, that she had not breathed a syllable to him, or to any one, touching his conduct. The sensual villain had profited by this apprehension of evil which Hester shared in common with the whole female community, and contemplated the commission of an enormity, which, like many of his past sins, would, as he believed, remain undivulged, and consequently unpunished. To this black end, he privily crept to the silent bower, and awaited the time when his victim would appear, to offer up her early and simple orisons. The wolf had secreted himself, and the lamb had entered — but the good shepherd who watcheth over all, beheld them together. They fought — the feeble woman struggled with her brawny enemy. As her strength was fast sinking, and she had scarcely power, by the uncertain hold, which, with both hands, she had taken of his shaggy hair, to keep his loath-some face from her own, she heard the wretch suddenly give a loud howl of anguish, felt him relax his grasp, and in a moment after saw him depart. The manner of her deliverance was accidental and in this wise. As her agile and slender fingers were clasped amongst his hair, now unloosed, and now seeking to assail again, one of them accidentally entered the orbit of Alan's left eye, and in the heat of the struggle, it was drawn back in such a manner, that the ball itself was thrown wounded and sightless on the bare cheek!

Matthias, bearing the naked sword before him and uplifted, waiting the moment of its mortal descent on the head of the guilty, found himself before the wretched hovel, in which Alan Tuttle, when he chose to sleep, sheltered himself like a savage and obscene beast alone in his lair. The door dropt in pieces on the first application of his foot, and one stride brought the enraged husband to the side of a foul black bed, upon which his ancient sabre fell with prodigious force. No sound, however, followed the blow, the edge of the weapon but divided the rags and patches of wool of which it was made up, and Matthias owned a shuddering joy, which filled his heart as he became suddenly sensible that he had been arrested in his fixed purpose to take the life of the man who had injured him. He looked again round the hovel, and as he assured himself that Alan was not within it, again did his bosom swell with self-gratification, and he rejoiced that when the spirit of revenge was upon him, a fortunate train of circumstances had rendered him incapable of the performance of his own purposes. „It is well,“ said the now some what soberer Matthias, „that I found him not, as I expected I should, else I had been his — his — executioner; yet,“ he continued, leaning on his sword, which he now permitted to point to the ground, „yet he shall hence, and this good blade shall drive him; the measure of his offences is full, and his presence shall no longer pain me.“ Thus determined, Matthias bent his steps to the mouth of the Black Heading, and throwing himself into the machine which awaited his commands, rapidly descended seventy fathoms below the surface of the hill, and alighted amongst the sombre chambers, where he expected to find his daring and wicked injurer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The Ghost of Gleadless.

A Sheffield Tale.

(Concluded from our last.)

He still held in his clenched hand the instrument of punishment or *defence*; and his manner bearing signs of strong emotion, which even the stultified colliers could distinguish, the whole body of miners quickly gathered round him, and with gaping surprise awaited to hear the cause of their master's sudden and unexpected visit. „It is Alan Tuttle whom I seek," said Matthias sternly; „hath he descended?" Some of the men were silent, for many cared little to speak of any thing they knew, or were ignorant of, which concerned the powerful and vindictive „Harry:" others said he had not set foot in the *cave* since the night before; but one of the colliers, called Jervase, declared he was certain he had seen him about an hour before come from a distant and abandoned part of the mine, which was scrupulously shunned by every one but himself, and which was called „The Spirits' Room." Matthias seized the lamp which burned the brightest, and, with determined resolution, pointing his sword towards the place described, quickly was lost to sight. The reasoning of the wondering colliers on what they had seen and heard was short and conclusive: Their master, Matthias, had, in the person of his wife, received an injury, which many also amongst themselves, might complain of. He had drawn his sword to take Alan Tuttle's life; and would doubtless succeed in his purpose, if Alan Tuttle was really in the Spirits' Chamber, and the disturbed spirits themselves did not make forfeit the blood of one or both, for their most daring intrusion on their dark and mysterious seat. Some time passed away, and the colliers leaned upon their long picks, and placed their sooty cheeks close to the walls, straining earnestly, but silently, to catch the sound of footsteps or combat. Nothing was heard but the melancholy pattering of water as it fell in large drops from fissures in the roof; or, now and then, the more startling noise which was caused by the fall of heavy pieces of coal from the sides of the pit into deep shelvings, or almost interminable depths below. After the lapse of some time, however, Matthias was heard to strike against the sides of the way which he was traversing on his return, and in a moment afterwards he stood again in the midst of the workmen, pale, and seemingly exhausted. Some of them held up their flickering lamps, that they might better observe his face, and others passed them along the bright blade of his sword; but none of them ventured to ask what he had seen, and whereto he had penetrated. Matthias regained his confidence. „I have beheld strange things," said he to his expecting hearers; whether they be spirits which inhabit the old mine, I know not;

or whether he I seek keep them company, bodiless like themselves, I cannot tell; but sure I am that these eyes of mine have beheld Alan Tuttle, and that this arm, when within its certain reach, struck at him." After a pause, which the gaping colliers seemed little inclined to shorten, Matthias continued: He vanished as doth the figure seen for a moment in a silver mirror; and at the instant he was lost to sight, my ears were assailed with a loud laugh, which presently seemed as if it were echoed by a hundred men placed at different and distant parts of the old mine, purposely to repeat its mocking!" Another pause ensued, which was at length, like the former, broken by Matthias. Stepping into the common machine, which would quickly raise him again to the surface of the earth, in a mild, but most firm tone, he commanded the men to give him the earliest notice of Alan Tuttle's appearance in the pit, as he was determined, — this he said slowly and solemnly, — he should be no more seen amongst them. The colliers replied to him with a hoarse „hurrah!" and the revolving wheel presently brought him again within the region of the wholesome and illimited air.

Peace again blessed the hearth of Matthias. Hester became as tranquil, and, in the eyes of her husband, looked as lovely as ever; and he himself exchanged the burning thoughts of revenge and hatred, which he had once entertained, for the gentle and blessed emotion of pity, that a fellow man should so forget and abuse the divinity of his nature, as to imitate the rapacity, and confess the sensual appetites common only to unclean and perishing beasts! But the days of peace which rise on this sad earth are short.

The prime of the year had some time passed, and the cold and early nights of winter had begun, when Matthias and his wife sat by their smiling hearths, and rejoiced in the riddance of their enemy. They had, however, some small troubles; not a night passed but a bird was missed from the roost; or provender of some sort, which was left in the air unhoused, was stolen, wasted, or destroyed. Before mid-winter, the whole people of Glendless were, in their turn, subject to the invisible freebooter. Whatever might be the vices of the workers in the mines, they had hitherto lived amongst each other without any suspicion that „Thou shalt not steal" was a necessary commandment. As is common to this day amongst the few, small, sequestered villages in England, which have a distant neighbourhood of the large towns, they had no idea of the usefulness or necessity of bars and lockers. Every hind slept with his door only on the latch; and his small live stock, his working implements, nay, even his clothes, lay within or without the house, on the garden hedge, or in the furrowed field, as chance or carelessness might have ordered. But now terror and suspicion filled every mind; each morning made known some new depredation; the women would not venture out, even while it was grey evening; and at nighttime the men placed heavy bars of wood against the doors of their dwellings, and set up massy clubs, or other formidable weapons, within a convenient distance of the pallets on which they reposed.

The storms of the year came, and the nights howled through their dreary length. The men of Glendless became sullen as the season — mysterious lights gleamed in the northern skies — when a man met his fellow, or the whole of a frighted family pressed together to join in the chat of night, tales of the Spirits' seat in the Black Heading mine were exchanged; and a terrible belief of the presence and agency of disembodied souls pervaded every mind, save those of the educated Matthias and his gentle wife.

But what to him were the opinions of the people round about? One brought him word that the blue spirits' light had been seen for many an hour, flickering over the mouths of the pits; another, that he had heard the death knock, and counted it, until he fell down in a swoon; and a third, that he had seen, with his own eyes, a ghost, as it stood in his way, and, with [illegible]tion, which was certain to be understood and obeyed, warned him to take another path. Yet what was this to the pious Matthias? He could but share in the lamentations of the good and wiser, that evil and folly were punished to the sons of men; and he knew not that any portion of the actions and thoughts of the superstitious people he employed had a peculiar reference to himself.

But something did happen, which quickened his pulse and shortened his rest. Hester, albeit he knew, and she asserted, that the miners' belief in apparitions and supernatural warnings, was by her utterly rejected, became weak and timid as the meanest of her sex. One night she returned home in a state of perturbation, and would not yield its cause to the dearest wooings of her husband. From this moment she abandoned all morning and evening walks; and even in mid-day, she limited the course of her exercise to a few fields from which her habitation could be seen. Her bees perished for lack of care; and her flowers, and the bloom which had heretofore brightened in her countenance, withered and passed away. The strength of Matthias was also shaken, yet he knew not why. He observed that his people, as he sometimes called the colliers, did not offer him, on meeting and parting, their awkward but customary greetings; and he was vexed. Every day some fellow came to him, and sullenly demanded his discharge from the Black Heading, where he said he could not work; and Matthias thereat was much angered. The tenor of his ways was obstructed, broken, and the economy of the works destroyed. When harassed at the inexplicable behaviour of all around him, he returned home, and sought shelter and peace on the bosom of Hester, he found there a heaving heart, which forbade his rest. They talked of the gross superstitions of the miners, and Hester smiled, but trembled as she did so; and when he proposed to secrete himself in such a place, and at such a time, as, according to the popular belief, might enable him to see a ghost, and expose its fallacy to the people, she grasped his arm with a man's strength, and, pressing her wet cheek to his, implored him to abandon his dangerous purpose. Matthias was beside himself; he felt that there was something unknown to him, which yet concerned him nearly; that there was an intelligence existing in the moral world about him, of which he alone was ignorant. In the meantime, the midnight plunderings continued; the doings of the „spirits" were more talked of, and the *barghaists*, the apparitions of those miners who had been, by accident, or some unknown operation during their dangerous employment, killed within the memory of the living, according to the testimony of many of them, were seen each nightfall, sitting on the cross roads and stiles round about, whistling their old tunes, or smoking tobacco, as they were wont when they lived on the earth in their proper flesh and blood.

Goodness and simplicity are commonly joined together; and the virtuous and unsuspicious Matthias was the only being in the district of [illegible] who was uninformed of the cause and objects of the fears and thoughts which governed its inhabitants. The very children whispered his name, and the men pronounced it, between their many curses; and Hester heard it spoken, coupled with words, which wellnigh made her swoon, when her unwilling ear took them in, yet the wisely simple Matthias lived on, in ignorance, but not in bliss.

On the morning of Sunday the 13th of April 1720, he arose weary and in pain, filled with a hot fever. During the previous day, the conduct of the people towards him had become really hostile; and what most wounded him was the fact, that some whom he had served by the forgiveness of faults or debts, and set up again in strong prosperity after they had been thrown to the ground and overwhelmed with poverty, even shunned his presence, and were at evident pains to avoid the necessity of exchanging with him a word or a look. While beholding these things Matthias felt the worm of grief make its silent way into his heart; and he flung himself on his couch, not to sleep, but as it would seem, that the ever-moving worm, in the stillness of the night, might make the more speed of its cruel work, and penetrate to the inmost core. „Hester," said the spiritless Matthias, „to-day is the celebration of the new commandment, 'That we love one another;' I shall hence to the town, and hear the discourse of Master Robert Kelsall — it may be, that taking part in the holy business of the day, Heaven may vouchsafe me peace, or at least, permit the dispersion of the inexplicable doubts and fears which fill and surround me." „Matthias, my husband," returned the affectionate Hester, „even as you wish; and when thou hast made thine own prayers, breathe for me, thy wife, one supplication — that I may not be the sport and prey of any evil spirit, whether it be of the air or the earth." Matthias pressed his other heart against that which beat in his too sensitive bosom; and giving Hester a silent reply, more eloquent than uttered words could make, leisurely departed to partake in the service of his church.

The air was frosty but kindly when he set forth on his little journey; and as he slowly descended the hills of Glendless, and threaded the narrow footpaths, which, through the remains of the ancient parks of Halton, led to the good old town, he felt an unusual calmness pervade his breast; and as the pure and cold but not bleak wind, rushed on his lately fevered face, it seemed as if he were lifted beyond the earth with buoyant hopes and clear assurances of presently-coming happiness. Matthias, with humble but cheerful demeanour, entered the Lower, or Nether Chapel, as that was called, (to distinguish it from another building of similar character, which stood somewhat higher in the street,) in which Master Robert Kelsall officiated. He took his accustomed seat; and, single-hearted as he was in all his doings, while he was seeking communion with Heaven, he had neither looks nor thoughts, to behold or consider the countenances and whisperings of the townspeople, and his many acquaintances who made part of the congregation to which he was attached.

The ordinary services of the day being concluded, the pastor, with brief solemnity, adverted to the sacrament which he was about to administer. He warned none to approach the table whereon it was set forth, whose bosom was burdened with an undivulged crime, or whose heart beat with anger against any fellow mortal. Matthias heard, and assented to the justice of the admonition; he had long since forgiven his „domestic spoiler," and had the means of punishment been his at that moment, he would have pronounced forgiveness. The minister dismissed the general congregation, and went forth to a small chancel wherein was a table bearing the sacred elements. Matthias and many aged people moved to follow him. As the latter observed his purpose, they hesitated one by one, and finally departed from the chapel. After a pause, Master Robert Kelsall, standing at the head of the table, with his hands clasped together, spoke as follows: — „Matthias, wherefore art thou here? The fingers of men point to thee — a murderer! — Thy brethren have fled, and will not partake with thee. Fly also if thou hast shed man's blood: fly, I denounce thee not — fly, and learn whether the unregenerated spirit, which bids men revenge themselves upon one another, will sustain thee in solitude." With these words the minister departed, beckoning the deaf man to follow him. Matthias, with wide-open but sightless eyes, looked on the door by which he passed. In one moment of agony the secret of his misery was discovered — he was believed to be the murderer of Allan Tuttle — his spirit hovered over the depths of the Black Heading — it called for retribution. The colliers, harrassed and dismayed by its frequent wailings and warnings, forgot it had at least half deserved the penalty of mortality, and became impatient for the temporal trial and punishment of the slayer, as the only means by which its anger could be appeased, and the mine and neighbourhood be freed from its horrid presence. The wounded heart of Matthias bled afresh; the „jewel of his soul" was dulled — all now was plain to him; he knew why the young fled, and the aged frowned, and the blind colliers declined his service. It was late in the evening when Matthias found himself at his cottage at Glendless. Hester received him at the door. They exchanged no words. It would seem that hearts truly affianced beat with true sympathy and perfect knowledge toward each other, and need not the vulgar instruction of speech.

Miserable and long was the night which followed. Matthias, at his accustomed hour, rose from a couch which kind sleep had not permitted him for one moment to forget. In the course of a few hours, a number of the half-clad children of the miners ran towards his dwelling, and proclaimed the approach of some one of more than ordinary appearance. Matthias rose slowly from his seat, and received the half courteous salutation of Justice Jessop of the neighbouring Broom Hall. „Master Matthias,“ said the Magistrate, „I visit you as a friend — attend to me. One Jervase has, of late, pestered my clerks with a strange tale of — of murder! which it seems some inadmissible supernatural evidence, would charge upon you. Stand firm, man, we are alone, and I visit you as a friend. Yesterday, I yielded to the fellow's importunities, and admitted his depositions; they are to the effect, that having learned some injury offered or done to your wife by Alan Tuttle, a collier, you attacked him with a naked sword, pursued him into an unfrequented part of the Black Heading Mine, and there slaying him, left his body without burial.“ Matthias moved his dry lips as if he would speak; but the Justice motioned him to silence, and continued, „The deponent *avoweth*, that ever since the spirit of the man hath appeared in and about the mine, praying his fellow-labourers to see justice done him on the earth, or at least to gather his bones and pay them Christian rites; and further, that at many times, and in fearful words, it hath threatened to visit and plague him and others until its voice be obeyed.“ Matthias again vainly essayed to speak, but the Magistrate once more prevented him. „In virtue of my office, Master Matthias, I might institute strict inquiry into these things, and hold you in strict charge, until a public inquest had been made into this matter; but Master Matthias,“ — and here the voice of the speaker was somewhat broken — „I am a husband and a fond one, and I know not what my choleric head might have prompted me to do, had I stood on your grounds. „Mark me,“ he said, „you are a just man. Inquiry into the affair must take place — it shall be friendly towards you. To-morrow have such about you as knew the dead man's evil character; and myself and some colleagues will attend you, and join in some declaration, which may perhaps clear your reputation, and disabuse the natives here of the belief, that the ghost of a murdered man stalks about, crying in vain for justice.“ Matthias involuntarily bowed in token of gratitude and Justice Jessop departed. The first impulse of the poor denounced wretch, was to descend into the Black Heading. Made desperate by excess of misery, he was willing to believe himself the slayer of Alan Tuttle, and that his corse lay in the Spirits' Seat, and did indeed cry for decent sepulture. „Once more,“ said he to the colliers, who looked on him askance with fear and hatred, „will I essay to learn the secret of yonder mine;“ and taking in either hand a lamp, he recklessly cast himself on the neglected subterraneous passages which led to it. Long and eagerly did the men lay their ears on the floor of the pit, and inquire of the gloomy silence which reigned around, what was doing in the haunted place. Matthias rushed back amongst them, and fell on his knees, as if unconsciously, in the attitude of thanksgiving. He spoke not; and the miners seeing that he was sinking to insensibility, quickly placed him in the *corve*, and he was raised to air and light. He was borne to his house, and consigned to the tender ministrations of his wife. The day passed; and the night came and found Matthias leaning still on the bosom of Hester, who, at intervals, gently conjured him to bless her with the sound of his voice, and acquaint her with what new evil they were threatened. Matthias at length rallied, and confusedly detailed the conversation which had passed in the morning, and the agreement respecting the judicial inquiry which was to succeed on the morrow. „When the Justice departed,“ said he, „a sudden resolution came upon me that I would once more visit the Spirit's Seat, and, if possible, discover whether the man whom I sought to bind — surely not to kill — met his death therein as he fled from me. I passed through many dangerous ways, whereon I saw the marks of the first of men, and here and there pieces of bright coal newly broken. I persevered and went beyond all former venturings; at last I was stopped by inhaling the violet odour, which foreruns the creeping and fatal damp; and holding up my lamp to take a last look around, I beheld a — a human eye, glaring horridly upon me, and presently the demon laugh which I had heard before rattled through the place, and I — I know not that I should be ashamed to confess, for nothing human can live in the poisonous gloom, from amidst which that evil eye looked on me, — I straightway fled! Hester regarded her distracted husband with solemn earnestness while he spoke, and rising, stood before him for a moment, as if she held solemn counsel with herself. „Yes," at length she exclaimed, „thus it shall be: the rest is the care of heaven. Matthias, thou hast often pressed me to give thee leave to pass a night in ambush, where, as the besotted colliers say, the ghost of Alan Tuttle and troops of others have been seen gliding to and fro: for once I will give thee to danger and unknown jeopardy. Dost thou feel strong, Matthias? Thou shalt rest during the first watch of the night, then thou shalt arm thyself, and taking with thee this mantle, which I am wont to wear, privily take thy place within the bower in which I used to delight. As soon as thou perceivest the coming flush of the morning, place these other habiliments on the ground beside thee, and shrouding thy head in the mantle, hold silent communion with good angels until thou art visited." Hester looked as if she would have said more; but her tears began to fall fast, and in her turn she needed support. Matthias knew his wife to be wise and to be good, and he obeyed her, as would the child its parent. Matthias slept, arose at the time proposed, armed himself, and embracing the trembling Hester, set forth on his mission.

The night waned, and the morning rose, discovering Hester at the side of her couch, buried in mental devotion, or at times watching the upward progress of the sun, or listening at the door of the cottage. Hour after hour passed, and the full blaze of day was coming on, yet Matthias had not returned. Hester had passed a time of agony, and was about to go forth in search of her husband, when Justice Jessop, attended by his clerks and men, and twelve of the burgesses of the town, whom he had called together, appeared at the cottage. The presence of Matthias was demanded. Hester presented herself with a distracted air: her husband was hence. The brow of the Justice became severe, and the jurymen began in an under tone to talk with each other. The colliers, who were impatient about the business which was going forward, likewise assembled, and after some further expenditure of their patience declared, one and all, that it was plain Master Matthias had murdered Alan Tuttle, and being unable to quiet his spirit, or to face the inquiry of justice, had abandoned wife and home, and fled the country! Just as every one had declared his assent to this opinion, the shouts of distant men drew the attention of the whole company in a particular direction. Hester ran towards the quarter from whence the noise came; the voices became stronger and more distinct; a scream of joy burst from her; and falling to the ground, she was left to the care of some whose humanity was not entirely overwhelmed by their curiosity. The turmoil increased, and the crowd rolled on, until it came before the cottage, and the Justice and his wondering attendants were in the midst. Matthias pressed forward amidst loud „hurrahs!" thrusting before him a man strongly bound with ropes; as he came in front of the chief persons present, he struck or pushed his prisoner with some force, and he fell to the ground on his side. Matthias then set his right foot on his shoulder, and exclaimed, „Behold the ghost of Glendless!" Wonder and admiration filled the minds of the spectators; the prostrate man was Alan Tuttle, alive, and rendered hideous by a strange dress of skins and feathers, his beard falling on his bare and bloody breast, and his whole person presenting an object of horror and loathing. Meanwhile Master Matthias, who was bleeding from several small wounds, and was apparently much distressed by some unparalleled exertion, had been seated, and had refreshments set before him. Presently the whole assembly became silent, and regarded Matthias, the wretch lying on the earth, and then the Justice, as if to inquire from whom the first words of explanation would proceed. Matthias saw what was passing in their minds, and thus addressed them:— „By the counsel of my wife, have I secured your tormentor and mine. In the early morning I lay within my garden bower, disguised and secretly armed; presently I heard a rustling among the leaves, and saw a huge figure, which I could not recognise, take up some woman's habiliments which lay at its entrance, and utter a loud laugh. My heart beat against my sides—I had heard that laugh before. „Oh! oh!" said the unknown, „what, thou hast proved wise, and art *cursed* — now," and another horrid laugh burst forth, as he pressed his way to the interior of the bower, and encircled my head and neck with his arms. I was enveloped in this mantle, and durst scarcely contend with the great strength with which he seized me, until I had so far removed the covering as to enable me to breathe. At the moment I could respire freely, I sprung suddenly from beneath him, and then threw him on his back. It was now morning, and we were face to face. I knelt on the breast of my injurer, my hands seized his throat, and I could have strangled him on the spot; but this would not have served my purpose. Long we lay on the ground, until my firm grasp began to relax; in truth, my senses failed me. My enemy rallied, I lamented that I had not pressed out at once the breath of life—we fought with various changes of fortune. He fled, I pursued; the hours wasted: at length the fight was mine; a blow stunned him, and falling on him once more, I bound him as you behold!" The Justice, who was already moved by this recital, embraced Master Matthias, in the face of the whole multitude. Meanwhile the wounded man, who was supposed to be hurt beyond all power of motion, had contrived to loosen the gyves on his arms and legs, and with the speed of lightning fled towards the mouth of the Black Heading. A few pursued, but the body of the spectators stood motionless with surprise. Alan reached the desired place, and in a moment leapt into the cave and was lost to sight; the revolving wheel ran rapidly round for a moment; in the next, the chain to which it was attached ceased to run; a low heavy noise was distinctly heard; and a shudder ran through the crowd, as they at once became sensible, that Alan Tuttle, at that instant, lay at the bottom of the pit, a mass of lifeless flesh and broken bones.

* * * * *

When the first wonder at the events of the day had subsided, the Magistrate directed that the hovel, which was formerly occupied by the dead man, should be razed; the work was completed in an hour, and discovered the mouth of an old and neglected pit, which led directly to that underground neighbourhood, which had received the name of the Spirit's Seat. Its course was traced, and the skins of sheep and lambs were soon lying about. In one place, were stores of articles which had been stolen since the time of the supposed murder; and at its extremity was found the complete apparel of one, who, some years before, was supposed to have been privately murdered or spirited away.

Fancy.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the spring,
Fades as does its blossoming;

Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mists and dew,
Cloys with tasting: what do then?
Sit thee by the ingle *), when
The sear **) faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ***);
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy,
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd: — send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer-weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: — thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment — hark!
'Tis the early April-lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the Mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn-breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at? where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet
And Jove grew languid. — Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she'll bring. —
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

John Keats.

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*) Feuer. **) trocken. ***) Schuhe.

Vom BRITISH MUSEUM erſcheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnements-Preis für das Vierteljahr [illegible] ggr. oder 1 fl. [illegible] kr. rhein., wofür es ſämmtliche Buchhandlungen des In- und Auslandes und alle Poſtämter liefern.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

John Keats.

Der frühzeitige Tod dieſes hoffnungsvollen und reichbegabten Jünglings iſt von den Freunden wahrer Poeſie und namentlich von ſeinen Landsleuten um ſo inniger bedauert worden, als er ſchon in zarter Jugend Beweiſe eines überaus glücklichen Talentes ablegte, und ehe er noch das Mannesalter erreicht, durch ſeine Leiſtungen ſich einen dauernden Namen erworben hatte. Er ward am 29. October 1796 zu London unbemittelten Eltern geboren, erhielt eine gute Schulbildung und kam dann zu einem Chirurgus, nach engliſcher Sitte, in die Lehre. Der Sohn ſeines früheren Lehrers ermuthigte ihn ſeine poetiſchen Verſuche zu veröffentlichen. Keats folgte dieſem Rath und gab 1817 ein Bändchen heraus; da aber die in demſelben ausgeſprochenen politiſchen Anſichten denen des Quarterly Review entgegen waren, ſo wurde er in dieſer kritiſchen Zeitſchrift auf das Unbarmherzigſte mißhandelt. Gifford, der eben ſo einſeitige als gehäſſige Herausgeber des Q. R. ging ſogar ſo weit, daß er, noch ehe Keats größeres Werk, Endymion, erſchienen war, ſchon dem Verleger deſſelben vorher ſagte, er würde es mit aller Bitterkeit, die ihm zu Gebote ſtände, angreifen.

Dies drückte den jungen Dichter, der ohne kräftigen Schutz allein und verlaſſen daſtand in der literariſchen Welt, furchtbar nieder; dazu kam, daß er, um einen ſterbenden Bruder zu pflegen, ſeine eigene nichts weniger als feſte Geſundheit vernachläſſigt hatte. Seine große Reizbarkeit und das tiefe Gefühl des ihm zugefügten Unrechtes, erhöhten ſeinen krankhaften Zuſtand; ein unheilbares Uebel ergriff ihn, und ſelbſt Italien, von deſſen milderem Klima er Rettung hoffte, vermochte ihn nicht zu ſchützen. Von einem treuen Freunde, dem als Künſtler rühmlich bekannten Severn begleitet, begab er ſich zuerſt nach Neapel, dann nach Rom, wo er am 24. Februar 1821, im 25ſten Jahre ſeines Alters ſtarb. Er wurde auf dem dortigen proteſtantiſchen Kirchhofe am Fuße der Pyramide des Cajus Ceſtius, nahe der Porta San Paolo begraben; ſeine Freunde ſetzten ihm einen Grabſtein mit folgender Inſchrift:

This Grave
contains all that was mortal
of a
Young English Poet
who
on his death-bed
in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his enemies
desired
these words to be engraved on his tombstone
HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.
Feb. 24th 1821.

Ein eben ſo ſeltſames Denkmal, aus dem jedoch troz der wunderlichen Einkleidung ein tiefes Mitgefühl hervorleuchtet, widmete ihm Byron im Don Juan (XI, 60.), wo er von ihm ſagt:

John Keats, — who was kill'd off, by one critique,
Just as he really promis'd something great,
If not intelligible, — without Greek
Contriv'd to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been suppos'd to speak,
Poor fellow, his was an untoward fate.

Es iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß Keats dichteriſchen Werken jene Correctheit und Vollendung fehlt welche allein die Frucht reiferer Jahre iſt; aber eine tiefe, ſtarke und reine Empfindung, eine reiche Phantaſie, und Kraft und Zauber des Ausdrucks offenbaren ſich in allen, und überraſchen den Leſer faſt auf jeder Seite durch ihre Wahrheit, ihre Anmuth und ihren Glanz. Als Dichter glich Keats, wie ein engliſcher Schriftſteller ſehr richtig bemerkt, einem reichen Obſtbaume, den der Gärtner noch nicht von üppigem Ueberfluſſe befreit hatte; mit der Zeit aber würde er die edelſten und erquickendſten Früchte getragen haben.

Außer einem größeren Gedichte Endymion, das 1718 erſchien, hat er noch mehrere poetiſche Erzählungen, **Lamia**, **Isabella or the pot of Basil** (nach Boccaz), **The Eve of St. Agnes** (das wir hier mittheilen), **Hyperion** und eine Reihe Sonnette und kleinerer Poeſieen hinterlaſſen, welche, wie ſie in der Zeit fortſchreiten, auch ein eben ſo fortſchreitendes Streben nach Vollkommenheit beurkunden.

The Eve of St. Agnes.

I.

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

IV.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with fairy fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

X.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah! happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her: but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, „Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII.

„Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away." — „Ah, gossip dear,

We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how" — „Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd „Well-a — well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
„Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
„O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
„A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII.

„I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: „O may I never find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

„Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." — Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX.

„It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
„All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

(To be concluded in our next.)

◆

The Wife,

by Washington Irving.

> The treasures of the deep are not so precious
> As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
> Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
> Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
> What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
> The violet bed's not sweeter.
>
> Middleton.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. „I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, „than to have a wife and children. — If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. — „Her life," said he, „shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight, and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favour and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations: and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek — the song will die away from those lips — the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, „Does your wife know all this?“ — At the question he burst into an agony of tears. „For God's sake!“ cried he, „if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!“

„And why not?“ said I. „She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that; but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together — an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.“

„Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects — how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life — all the pleasures of society — to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness — the light of every eye — the admiration of every heart! — How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart — it will break her heart! —“

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

„But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living — — nay,“ observing a pang to pass across his countenance, „don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show — you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary —“

„I could be happy with her,“ cried he convulsively, „in a hovel! — I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! — I could — I could — — God bless her! — God bless her!“ cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

„And believe me, my friend,“ said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, „believe me she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her — it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature: for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is — no man knows what a ministering angel she is — until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.“

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with! and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. — In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

„And how did she bear it?“

„Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. — But, poor girl,“ added he, „she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations — then will be the real trial.“

„But,“ said I, „now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man — the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse — the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.“ On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

„Poor Mary!“ at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

„And what of her?“ asked I: „has any thing happened to her?“

„What,“ said he, darting an impatient glance, „is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation — to be caged in a miserable cottage — to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?“

„Has she then repined at the change?“

„Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humour. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness and comfort!“

„Admirable girl!“ exclaimed I. „You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich — you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman.“

„Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling — she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments — she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment — she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant, — almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty.“

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music — Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished — a light footstep was heard — and Mary came tripping forth to meet us: she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles — I had never seen her look so lovely.

„My dear George, cried she, „I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them — and we have such excellent cream — and every thing is so sweet and still here. — Oh!“ said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, „Oh, we shall be so happy!“

Poor Leslie was overcome — He caught her to his bosom — he folded his arms round her — he kissed her again and again — he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The Eve of St. Agnes.

(Concluded from our last.)

XXI.

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Save at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the 'midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,

Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! — how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone: —
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
„And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.“

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains: — 't was a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, „La belle dame sans mercy:“

Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV.

„Ah, Porphyro!" said she, „but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
O leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet, —
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'T is dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
„This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'T is dark; the iced gusts still rave and beat:
„No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing; —
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

XXXVIII.

„My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

XXXIX.

„Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from fairy land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —
The bloated wassaillers will never heed; —
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found, —
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

Rosamund Gray.

A Tale.

By Charles Lamb.

It was noontide. The sun was very hot. An old gentlewoman sat spinning in a little harbour at the door of her cottage. She was blind; and her grand-daughter was reading the Bible to her. The old lady had just left her work, to attend to the story of Ruth: — „Orpha kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her." It was a passage she could not let pass without a comment. The moral she drew from it was not very new, to be sure. The girl had heard it a hundred times before — and a hundred times more she could have heard it, without suspecting it to be tedious. Rosamund loved her grandmother. The old lady loved Rosamund too; and she had reason for so doing. Rosamund was to her at once a child and a servant. She had only *her* left in the world. They two lived together. They had once known better days. The story of Rosamund's parents, their failure, their folly, and distresses, may be told another time. — Our tale hath grief enough in it.

It was now about a year and a half since old Margaret Gray had sold off all her effects, to pay the debts of Rosamund's father — just after the mother had died of a broken heart; for her husband had fled his country, to hide his shame in a foreign land. At that period the old lady retired to a small cottage, in the village of Widford, in Hertfordshire. Rosamund, in her thirteenth year, was left destitute, without fortune or friends: she went with her grandmother. In all this time she had served her faithfully and lovingly.

Old Margaret Gray, when she first came into these parts, had eyes, and could see. The neighbours said, they had been dimmed by weeping. Be that as it may, she was latterly grown quite blind. „God is very good to us, child; I can *feel* you yet." This she would sometimes say; and we need not wonder to hear, that Rosamund clave unto her grandmother. Margaret retained a spirit unbroken by calamity. There was a principle *within*, which it seemed as if no outward circumstances could reach. It was a *religious* principle, and she had taught it to Rosamund; for the girl had mostly resided with her grandmother from her earliest years. Indeed, she had taught her all that she knew herself; and the old lady's knowledge did not extend a vast way. Margaret had drawn her maxims from observation; and a pretty long experience in life had contributed to make her, at times, a little positive; but Rosamund never argued with her grandmother.

Their library consisted chiefly of a large family Bible, with notes and expositions by various learned expositors from Bishop Jewell downwards. This might never be suffered to lie about like other books, but was kept constantly wrapped up in a handsome case of green velvet, with gold tassels, the only relic of departed grandeur they had brought with them to the cottage: every thing else of value had been sold off for the purpose above mentioned. This Bible, Rosamund, when a child, had never dared to open without permission; and even yet, from habit, continued the custom. Margaret had parted with none of her authority — indeed it was never exerted with much harshness — and happy was Rosamund, though a girl grown, when she could obtain leave to read her Bible. It was a treasure too valuable for an indiscriminate use; and Margaret still pointed out to her grand-daughter *where to read*. Besides this, they had the „Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation,“ with cuts; „Pilgrim's Progress,“ the first part; a Cookery Book, with a few dried sprigs of rosemary and lavender stuck here and there between the leaves (I suppose to point to some of the old lady's most favourite receipts), and there was „Wither's Emblems,“ an old book and quaint. The old fashioned pictures in this last book were among the first exciters of the infant Rosamund's curiosity: her contemplation had fed upon them in rather older years. Rosamund had not read many books besides these; or if any, they had been only occasional companions: these were to Rosamund as old friends that she had long known. I know not whether the peculiar cast of her mind might not be traced, in part, to a tincture she had received, early in life, from Walton and Wither, from John Bunyan and her Bible. Rosamund's mind was pensive and reflective, rather than what passes usually for clever or acute. From a child she was remarkably shy and thoughtful; this was taken for stupidity and want of feeling; and the child has been sometimes whipped for being a stubborn thing, when her little heart was almost bursting with affection. Even now her grandmother would often reprove her, when she found her so grave and melancholy; give her sprightly lectures about good humour and rational mirth; and not unfrequently fall a-crying herself, to the great discredit of her lecture. Those tears endeared her the more to Rosamund. Margaret would say, „Child, I love you to cry, when I think you are only remembering your poor dear father and mother: I would have you think about them sometimes; it would be strange if you did not: but I fear, Rosamund — I fear, girl, you sometimes think too deeply about your own situation and poor prospects in life. When you do so, you do wrong—remember the naughty rich man in the parable. He never had any good thoughts about God, and his religion: and that might have been your case.“ Rosamund, at these times, could not reply to her; she was not in the habit of arguing with her grandmother: so she was quite silent on these occasions; or else the girl knew well enough herself, that she had only been sad to think of the desolate condition of her best friend; to see her, in her old age, so infirm and blind. But she had never been used to make excuses, when the old lady said she was doing wrong. The neighbours were all very kind to them. The veriest rustics never passed them without a bow, or a pulling off of the hat — some show of courtesy, awkward indeed, but affectionate — with a „Good-morrow, madam,“ or „young madam,“ as it might happen. Rude and savage natures, who seem born with a propensity to express contempt for any thing that looks like prosperity, yet felt respect for its declining lustre. The farmers, and better sort of people (as they are called), all promised to provide for Rosamund, when her grandmother should die. Margaret trusted in God, and believed them. She used to say, „I have lived many years in the world, and have never known people, *good people*, to be left without some friend, a relation, a benefactor, a *something*. God knows our wants — that it is not good for man or woman to be alone; and he always sends us a helpmate, a leaning-place, a *somewhat*.“ Upon this sure ground of experience did Margaret build her trust in Providence.

Rosamund had just made an end of her story (as I was about to relate), and was listening to the application of the moral (which said application she was old enough to have made herself, but her grandmother still continued to treat her, in many respects, as a child, and Rosamund was to so haste to lay claim to the title of womanhood), when a young gentleman made his appearance and interrupted them. It was young Allan Clare, who had brought a present of peaches, and some roses, for Rosamund. He laid his little basket down on a seat of the arbour, and, in a respectful tone of voice, as though he were addressing a parent, inquired of Margaret „how she did?“ The old lady seemed pleased with his attentions — answered his inquiries by saying, „that her cough was less troublesome a-nights, but she had not yet got rid of it, and probably she never might; but she did not like to tease young people with an account of her infirmities.“ A few kind words passed on either side, when young Clare, glancing a tender look at the girl, who had all this time been silent, took leave of them with saying, „I shall bring *Elinor* to see you in the evening.“ When he was gone, the old lady began to prattle. „That is a sweet-dispositioned youth, and I do love him dearly, I must say it; there is such a modesty in all he says or does. He should not come here so often, to be sure; but I don't know how to help it: there is so much goodness in him, I can't find in my heart to forbid him. But, Rosamund, girl, I must tell you beforehand; when you grow older, Mr. Clare must be no companion for you: while you were both so young, it was all very well; but the time is coming, when folks will think harm of it, if a rich young gentleman like Mr. Clare comes so often to our poor cottage. Dost hear girl? why don't you answer? Come, I did not mean to say any thing to hurt you; speak to me, Rosamund; nay, I must not have you be sullen; I don't love people that are sullen.“ And in this manner was this poor soul running on, unheard and unheeded, when it occurred to her, that possibly the girl might not be *within hearing*.

And true it was, that Rosamund had slunk away at the first mention of Mr. Clare's good qualities; and when she returned, which was not till a few minutes after Margaret had made an end of her fine harangue, it is certain her cheeks *did* look very *rosy*. That might have been from the heat of the day, or from exercise, for she had been walking in the garden. Margaret, we know, was blind; and, in this case, it was lucky for Rosamund that she was so, or she might have made some not unlikely surmises. I must not have my reader infer from this, that I at all think it likely, a young maid of fourteen would fall in love without asking her grandmother's leave: the thing itself is not to be conceived. To obviate all suspicions, I am disposed to communicate a little anecdote of Rosamund.

A month or two back, her grandmother had been giving her the strictest prohibitions, in her walks, not to go near a certain spot, which was dangerous, from the circumstance of a huge overgrown oak tree spreading its prodigious arms across a deep chalkpit which they partly concealed. To this fatal place Rosamund came one day. Female curiosity we know, is older than the flood; let us not think hardly of the girl, if she partook of the sexual failing. Rosamund ventured farther and farther — climbed along one of the branches — approached the forbidden chasm: her foot slipped; she was not killed, but it was by a mercy she escaped; other branches intercepted her fall, and with a palpitating heart, she made her way back to the cottage. It happened that evening, that her grandmother was in one of her best humours, caressed Rosamund, talked of old times, and what a blessing it was they two found a shelter in their little cottage; and, in conclusion told Rosamund, „she was a good girl, and God would one day reward her for her kindness to her old blind grandmother.“ This was more than Rosamund could bear. Her morning's disobedience came fresh into her mind; she felt she did not deserve all this from Margaret, and at last burst into a fit of crying, and made confession of her fault. The old gentlewoman kissed and forgave her. Rosamund never went near that naughty chasm again. Margaret would never have heard of this, if Rosamund had not told of it herself: but this young maid had a delicate moral sense, which would not suffer her to take advantage of her grandmother, to deceive her, or conceal any thing from her, though Margaret was old, and blind, and easy to be imposed upon

Another virtuous *trait* I recollect of Rosamund, and, now I am in the vein, will tell it. Some, I know, will think these things trifles — and they are so; but if these minutiæ make my reader better acquainted with Rosamund, I am content to abide the imputation. These promises of character, hints, and early indications of a *sweet nature*, are to me more dear and choice in the selection, than any of those pretty wild flowers which this young maid, this virtuous Rosamund, has ever gathered in a fine May morning, to make a posy to place in the bosom of her old blind friend. Rosamund had a very just notion of drawing, and would often employ her talent in making sketches of the surrounding scenery. On a landscape, a larger piece than she had ever yet attempted, she had now been working for three or four months. She had taken great pains with it, given much time to it, and it was nearly finished. For whose particular inspection it was designed, I will not venture to conjecture. We know it could not have been for her grandmother's. One day she went out on a short errand, and left her landscape on the table. When she returned she found it *gone*. Rosamund from the first suspected some mischief, but held her tongue. At length she made the fatal discovery. Margaret, in her absence, had laid violent hands on it; not knowing what it was, but, taking it for some waste paper, had torn it in half, and with one half of this elaborate composition, had twisted herself up a thread-paper! Rosamund spread out her hands at sight of her disaster, gave grandmother a roguish smile, but said not a word. She knew the poor soul would only fret, if she told her of it; and when once Margaret was set a-fretting for other people's misfortunes, the fit held her pretty long. So Rosamund that very afternoon began another piece of the same size and subject; and Margaret, to her dying day, never dreamed of the mischief she had unconsciously done.

Rosamund Gray was the most beautiful young creature that eyes ever beheld. Her face had the sweetest expression in it — a gentleness — a modesty — a timidity — a certain charm — a grace without a name. There was a sort of melancholy mingled in her smile. It was not the thoughtless levity of a girl—it was not the restrained simper of premature womanhood — it was something which the poet Young might have remembered, when he composed that perfect line —

> Soft, modest, melancholy, female fair.

She was a mild-eyed maid, and every body loved her. Young Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her. Her yellow hair fell in bright and curling clusters, like

> Those hanging locks
> Of young Apollo.

Her voice was trembling and musical. A graceful diffidence pleaded for her whenever she spake; and if she said but little, that little found its way to the heart. Young, and artless, and innocent; meaning no harm, and thinking none; affectionate as a smiling infant; playful, yet unobtrusive, as a weaned lamb; every body loved her. Young Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her.

The moon is shining in so brightly at my window, where I write, that I feel it a crime not to suspend my employment awhile to gaze at her. See how she glideth, in maiden honour, through the clouds, who divide on either side to do her homage.

Beautiful vision! as I contemplate thee, an internal harmony is communicated to my mind, a moral brightness, a tacit analogy of mental purity; a calm like that we ascribe in fancy to the favoured inhabitants of thy fairy regions, ,,argent fields." I marvel not, O moon! that heathen people in the ,,olden times," did worship thy deity, — Cynthia, Diana, Hecate. Christian Europe invokes thee not by these names now; her idolatry is of a blacker stain: Belial is her God; she worships Mammon. False things are told concerning thee, fair planet; for I will ne'er believe that thou canst take a perverse pleasure in distorting the brains of us poor mortals. Lunatics! moonstruck! Calumny invented, and folly took up, these names. I would hope better things from thy mild aspect and benign influences. Lody of heaven! thou lendest thy pure lamp to light the way to the virgin mourner, when she goes to seek the tomb where her warrior lover lies. Friend of the distressed! thou speakest only *peace* to the lonely sufferer, who walks forth in the placid evening, beneath thy gentle light, to chide at fortune, or to complain of changed friends, or unhappy loves.

Do I dream, or doth not even now a heavenly calm descend from thee into my bosom, as I meditate on the chaste loves of Rosamund and her Clare?

Allan Clare was just two years older than Rosamund. He was a boy of fourteen, when he first became acquainted with her; it was soon after she had come to reside with her grandmother at Widford. He met her by chance one day, carrying a pitcher in her hand, which she had been filling from a neighbouring well. The pitcher was heavy, and she seemed to be bending with its weight. Allan insisted on carrying it for her; for he thought it a sin that a delicate young maid like her should be so employed, and he stand idle by. Allan had a propensity to do little kind offices for every body; but at the sight of Rosamund Gray his first fire was kindled; his young mind seemed to have found an object, and his enthusiasm was from that time forth awakened. His visits, from that day, were pretty frequent at the cottage. He was never happier than when he could get Rosamund to walk out with him. He would make her admire the scenes he admired — fancy the wild flowers he fancied — watch the clouds he was watching — and not unfrequently repeat to her poetry which he loved, and make her love it.

On their return, the old lady who considered them as yet but children, would bid Rosamund fetch Mr. Clare a glass of her currant wine, a bowl of new milk, or some cheap dainty, which was more welcome to Allan than the costliest delicacies of a prince's court. The boy and girl, for they were no more at that age, grew fond of each other — more fond than either of them suspected.

They would sit, and sigh,
And look upon each other, and conceive
Not what they ail'd; yet something they did ail,
And yet were well — and yet they were not well;
And what was their disease? — they could not tell.

And thus,

In this first garden of their simpleness
They spent their childhood.

A circumstance had lately happened, which in some sort altered the nature of their attachment. Rosamund was one day reading the tale of „Julia de Roubigné," a book which young Clare had lent her. Allan was standing by, looking over her, with one hand thrown round her neck, and a finger of the other pointing to a passage in Julia's third letter: —

„Maria! in my hours of visionary indulgence, I have sometimes painted to myself a *husband* — no matter whom — comforting me amidst the distresses which fortune had laid upon us. I have smiled upon him through my tears, — tears, not of anguish, but of tenderness; our children were playing around us, unconscious of misfortune; we had taught them to be humble, and to be happy; our little shed was reserved to us, and their smiles to cheer it. I have imagined the luxury of such a scene, and affliction became a part of my dream of happiness."

The girl blushed as she read, and trembled; she had a sort of confused sensation, that Allan was noticing her; yet she durst not lift her eyes from the book, but continued reading, scarce knowing what she read. Allan guessed the cause of her confusion. Allan trembled too — his colour came and went — his feeling became impetuous — and, flinging both arms round her neck, he kissed his young favourite. Rosamund was vexed and pleased, soothed and frightened, all in a moment. A fit of tears came to her relief.

(To be continued in our next.)

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Rosamund Gray.

A Tale.

By *Charles Lamb.*

(Continued from our last.)

Allan had indulged before in these little freedoms, and Rosamund thought no harm of them; but, from this time, the girl grew timid and reserved, distant in her manner, and careful of her behaviour in Allan's presence, not seeking his society as before, but rather shunning it — delighting more to feed upon his idea in absence. Allan, too, from this day, seemed changed. His manner became, though not less tender, yet more respectful and diffident; his bosom felt a throb it had not till now known, in the society of Rosamund; and, if he was less familiar with her than in former times, that charm of delicacy had superadded a grace to Rosamund, which, while he feared, he loved.

There is a *mysterious character*, heightened indeed by fancy and passion, but not without foundation in reality and observation, which true lovers have ever imputed to the object of their affections. This character Rosamund had now acquired with Allan — something *angelic — perfect — exceeding nature.*

Young Clare dwelt very near to the cottage. He had lost his parents, who were rather wealthy, early in life; and was left to the care of a sister, some ten years older than himself. Elinor Clare was an excellent young lady — discreet, intelligent, and affectionate. Allan revered her as a parent, while he loved her as his own familiar friend. He told all the little secrets of his heart to her; but there was one, which he had hitherto unaccountably concealed from her — namely, the extent of his regard for Rosamund. Elinor knew of his visits to the cottage, and was no stranger to the persons of Margaret and her granddaughter. She had several times met them, when she had been walking with her brother; a civility usually passed on either side; but Elinor avoided troubling her brother with any unseasonable questions. Allan's heart often beat, and he has been going to tell his sister *all*; but something like shame (false or true, I shall not stay to inquire) had hitherto kept him back: still the secret, unrevealed, hung upon his conscience like a crime; for his temper had a sweet and noble frankness in it, which bespake him yet a virgin from the world. There was a fine openness in his countenance; the character of it somewhat resembled Rosamund's, except that more fire and enthusiasm were discernible in Allan's; his eyes were of a darker blue than Rosamund's; his hair was of a chesnut colour; his cheeks ruddy, and tinged with brown. There was a cordial sweetness in Allan's smile, the like to which I never saw in any other face. Elinor had hitherto connised at her brother's attachment to Rosamund. Elinor, I believe, was something of a physiognomist, and thought she could trace in the countenance and manner of Rosamund qualities which no brother of her's need be ashamed to love.

The time was now come, when Elinor was desirous of knowing her brother's favourite more intimately. An opportunity offered of breaking the matter to Allan. The morning of the day in which he carried his present of fruit and flowers to Rosamund, his sister had observed him more than usually busy in the garden, culling fruit with a nicety of choice not common to him. She came up to him unobserved, and taking him by the arm, inquired, with a questioning smile — „What are you doing, Allan? and whom are those peaches designed for?"

„For Rosamund Gray," he replied: and his heart seemed relieved of a burden which had long oppressed it.

„I have a mind to become acquainted with your handsome friend: will you introduce me, Allan? I think I should like to go and see her this afternoon."

„Do go, do go, Elinor; you don't know what a good creature she is; and old blind Margaret, you will like *her* very much."

His sister promised to accompany him after dinner; and they parted. Allan gathered no more peaches, but, hastily cropping a few roses to fling into his basket went away with it half filled, being impatient to announce to Rosamund the coming of her promised visitor.

When Allan returned home, he found an invitation had been left for him, in his absence, to spend that evening with a young friend, who had just quitted a public school in London, and was come to pass one night in his father's house at Widford, previous to his departure the next morning for Edinburgh University. It was Allan's bosom friend; they had not met for some months; and it was probable a much longer time must intervene before they should meet again. Yet Allan could not help looking a little blank, when he first heard of the invitation. This was to have been an important evening. But Elinor soon relieved her brother, by expressing her readiness to go alone to the cottage.

„I will not lose the pleasure I promised myself, whatever you may determine upon, Allan; I will go myself rather than be disappointed."

„Will you? — will you, Elinor?"

Elinor promised to go; and, I believe, Allan, on a second thought, was not very sorry to be spared the awkwardness of introducing two persons to each other, both so dear to him, but either of whom might happen not much to fancy the other. At times, indeed, he was confident that Elinor *must* love Rosamund, and Rosamund *must* love Elinor; but there were also times in which he felt misgivings; it was an event he could scarce hope for very joy.

Allan's *real presence* that evening was more at the cottage than at the house, where his *bodily semblance* was visiting. His friend could not help complaining of a certain absence of mind — a coldness he called it. It might have been expected, and in the course of things, predicted, that Allan would have asked his friend some questions of what had happened since their last meeting — what his feelings were on leaving school — the probable time when they should meet again — and a hundred natural questions which friendship is most lavish of at such times; but nothing of all this ever occurred to Allan — they did not even settle the method of their future correspondence. The consequence was, as might have been expected. Allan's friend thought him much altered, and, after his departure, sat down to compose a doleful sonnet about a „faithless friend." I do not find that he ever finished it — indignation, or a dearth of rhymes, causing him to break of in the middle.

In my catalogue of the little library at the cottage, I forgot to mention a Book of Common Prayer. My reader's fancy might easily have supplied the omission: old ladies of Margaret's stamp (God bless them!) may as well be without their spectacles, or their elbow chair, as their Prayer Book: I love them for it. Margaret's was a handsome octavo, printed by Baskerville, the binding red, and fortified with silver at the edges

Out of this book, it was their custom every afternoon to read the proper Psalms appointed for the day. The way they managed it was this: they took verse by verse; Rosamund read her little portion, and Margaret repeated hers, in turn, from memory; for Margaret could say all the Psalter by heart, and a good part of the Bible besides. She would not unfrequently put the girl right when she stumbled or skipped. This Margaret imputed to giddiness — a quality which Rosamund was by no means remarkable for: but old ladies, like Margaret, are not in all instances alike discriminative.

They had been employed in this manner just before Miss Clare arrived at the cottage. The Psalm they had been reading was the hundred and fourth: Margaret was naturally led by it into a discussion of the works of creation. There had been *thunder* in the course of the day, an occasion of instruction which the old lady never let pass: she began —

„Thunder has a very awful sound. Some say, God Almighty is angry whenever it thunders — that it is the voice of God speaking to us: for my part, I am not afraid of it." And in this manner the old lady was going on to particularize, as usual, its beneficial effects, in clearing the air, destroying of vermin, &c. when the entrance of Miss Clare put an end to her discourse. Rosamund received her with respectful tenderness; and, taking her grandmother by the hand, said, with great sweetness, „Miss Clare is come to see you, grandmother."

„I beg pardon, lady, I cannot see you; but you are heartily welcome: is your brother with you, Miss Clare? I don't hear him."

„He could not come, madam, but he sends his love by me."

„You have an excellent brother, Miss Clare; but pray do us the honour to take some refreshment — Rosamund" — And the old lady was going to give directions for a bottle of her currant wine, when Elinor, smiling, said, „She was come to take a cup of tea with her, and expected to find no ceremony. After tea, I promise myself a walk with you, Rosamund, if your grandmother can spare you." Rosamund looked at her grandmother.

„O, for that matter, I should be sorry to debar the girl from any pleasure: I am sure it's lonesome enough for her to be with me always: and if Miss Clare will take you out, child, I shall do very well by myself till you return: it will not be the first time, you know, that I have been left here alone: some of the neighbours will be dropping in by and by; or, if not, I shall take no harm." Rosamund had all the simple manners of a child — she kissed her grandmother, and looked happy.

All tea-time the old lady's discourse was little more than a panegyric on young Clare's good qualities. Elinor looked at her young friend, and smiled. Rosamund was beginning to look grave; but there was a cordial sunshine in the face of young Elinor, before which any clouds of reserve that had been gathering on Rosamund's soon broke away.

„Does your grandmother ever go out, Rosamund?"

Margaret prevented the girl's reply, by saying, — My dear young lady, I am an old woman, and very infirm: Rosamund takes me a few paces beyond the door sometimes, but I walk very badly: I love best to sit in our little arbour, when the sun shines: I can yet feel it warm and cheerful; and, if I lose the beauties of the season, I shall be very happy if you and Rosamund can take delight in this fine summer evening."

„I shall want to rob you of Rosamund's company now and then, if we like one another. I had hoped to have seen you, madam, at our house. I don't know whether we could not make room for you to come and live with us. What say you to it? Allan would be proud to tend you, I am sure; and Rosamund and I should be nice company."

Margaret was all unused to such kindnesses, and wept. Margaret had a great spirit, yet she was not above accepting an obligation from a worthy person. There was a delicacy in Miss Clare's manner — she could have no interest, her pure goodness, to induce her to make the offer. At length the old lady spoke from a full heart.

„Miss Clare, this little cottage received us in our distress: it gave us shelter when we had *no home*: we have praised God in it: and, while life remains, I think I shall never part from it. Rosamund *does* every thing for me."

„And will do, grandmother, as long as I live," and then Rosamund fell a-crying.

„You are a good girl, Rosamund, and if you do but find friends when I am dead and gone, I shall want no better accommodation while I live. But God bless you, lady, a thousand times for your kind offer."

Elinor was moved to tears, and, affecting a sprightliness, bade Rosamund prepare for her walk. The girl put on her white silk bonnet; Elinor thought she never beheld so lovely a creature. They rambled over all Rosamund's favourite haunts; through many a sunny field, by secret glade or woodwalk, where the girl had wandered so often with her beloved Clare. Who was now so happy as Rosamund? She had oftentimes heard Allan speak with great tenderness of his sister; she was now rambling, arm in arm, with that very sister, the „vaunted sister" of her friend, her beloved Clare. — Not a tree, not a bush, scarce a wild-flower in their path, but revived in Rosamund some tender recollection, a conversation perhaps, or some chaste endearment. Life, and a new scene of things, were now opening before her — she was got into a fairy land of uncertain existence. Rosamund was too happy to talk much, but Elinor was delighted with her when she *did* talk. The girl's remarks were suggested, most of them, by the passing scene, and they betrayed, all of them, the liveliness of present impulse. Her conversation did not consist in a comparison of vapid feeling, an interchange of sentiment lip-deep; it had all the freshness of young sensation in it. Sometimes they talked of Allan.

„Allan is very good," said Rosamund, „very good indeed to my grandmother; he will sit with her, and hear her stories, and read to her, and try to divert her a hundred ways. I wonder sometimes he is not tired. She talks him to death!"

„Then you confess, Rosamund, that the old lady *does tire you* sometimes."

„O no, I did not mean *that* — it's very different. I am used to all her ways, and I can humour her, and please her; and I ought to do it, for she is the only friend I ever had in the world."

The new friends did not conclude their walk till it was late, and Rosamund began to be apprehensive about the old lady, who had been all this time alone. On their return to the cottage, they found that Margaret had been somewhat impatient. Old ladies — *good old ladies* — will be so at times: age is timorous and suspicious of danger, where no danger is. Besides, it was Margaret's bed-time; for she kept very good hours. Indeed, in the distribution of her meals, and sundry other particulars, she resembled the livers in the antique world, more than might well beseem a creature of this. So the new friends parted for that night; Elinor having made Margaret promise to give Rosamund leave to come and see her the next day.

Miss Clare, we may be sure, made her brother very happy, when she told him of the engagement she had made for the morrow, and how delighted she had been with his handsome friend. Allan, I believe, got little sleep that night. I know not, whether joy be not a more troublesome bed-fellow than grief: hope keeps a body very wakeful I know.

Elinor Clare was the best good creature — the least selfish human being I ever knew; always at work for other people's good, planning other people's happiness, continually forgetful to consult for her own personal gratifications, except indirectly, in the welfare of another; while her parents lived, the most attentive of daughters; since they died, the kindest of sisters. I never knew but one like her. It happens that I have some of this young lady's *letters* in my possession. I shall present my reader with one of them. It was written a short time after the death of her mother, and addressed to a cousin, a dear friend of Elinor's, who was then on the point of being married to Mr. Beaumont, of Staffordshire, and had invited Elinor to assist at her nuptials, I will transcribe it with minute fidelity.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Pleasures of the Table.

So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger.

MILTON.

I had long sought for the reasons of the outcry which some people raise against the pleasures of the table. Hard study of men and things led at length to the discovery. The causes are, weak stomachs, unsocial tempers, affected simplicity, and stinginess; always allowing some latitude to the convenient maxim, that there is no general rule without an exception — or two. Thus there may be some who abstain from social enjoyments under such virtuous apprehension as that they might hurt their constitution; a few who do so from sectarian superstition; and others from cant. To stop the mouths of such cavillers is now my object.

Taking the subject in its plainest point of view, we should begin with infancy, and see what honest, unsophisticated Nature says and does. The first cry of childhood is for food; and when every other appetite is dead, that most wholesome of all continues to the extremity of (healthy) old age. Nature thus gives her broadest sanction to this indulgence, and we may well exclaim, with the poet —

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.

Children, in their innocence, are the greatest gluttons in the world, except old people perhaps. I have not examined the latter so closely; but neither one nor the other are slaves to that artificial refinement which throws a bar against their comforts: the first have not learnt these qualms, and the latter forget them. Amidst all joys of my early life, some of the happiest were those snatched by stealth in the larder, the dairy, and the housekeeper's room; and I often taste, in fancy, the identical smack on my palate which followed the surreptitious delights of some violated cream-bowl or pot of preserves. I appeal to all my candid readers — to all — at least, who had the good fortune of passing their years of youth in the country — who with their brothers and sisters, (for there lay the great charm, after all) a joyous little knot of freebooters, have stolen into the orchard by a passage scratched through the whitethorn hedge; have lived hours entrenched in the turnip-field, or the lofty sanctuary of the bean-rows; sucked the new-laid eggs in the hen-house; made puddings of raw pease, with a paste of bread mixed up with pump-water, or river-water, or ditch-water — whatever came first; lain listless under a gooseberry-bush, nibbling the large, hairy, green or red fruit, like young goats browsing on beech blossoms; or stolen a march on the dairy-maid, and laughed at her from behind the hedge, when she found the cows had been milked. And then the blackberries — the crab-apples — the sloes — the sop in the pan! But why raise in my readers these mouth-watering reminiscences? why conjure up a feast of memory and flow of recollections, scarcely less undefined and shadowy than those of reason or the soul?

I am not a very old man, but old enough to have grown garrulous and discursive — old enough to know that he who has eaten the bread of bitterness, and drunk the water of disappointment, may be allowed the indulgence of a retrospect of whatever was of enjoyment. I therefore claim the privilege of dwelling awhile on my boyish days. Well do I remember when I thought the fate of Nebuchadnezzar by no means an unquestionable punishment; when I calculated the delights of his liberty, ranging the pastures with the cattle, eating clover to his heart's content, rolling on the grass, splashing in the riverless, jumping the hedges, and learning no lessons! Thus balancing the phytivorous advantages of his degradation with the splendid miseries of his throne and greatness, I was very much tempted to consider him most worthy of his probation expired.

But passing by the vaporary abstractions of my youthful mind, which led me into fanciful contemplations such as this, and turning to a less mighty personage than the last, I will regale my recollection with the picture of Old Edward the Butler. I have him this instant in my eye: his sleek hair combed nicely on his forehead, his rosy cheeks, carbuncled nose, liquorish lip-smacking smile, and true bon vivant glance which measures the merit, and tastes by anticipation, every dish on the table. He had a noble protuberance of belly, too, a real holiday rotundity, such as might be thought the legitimate consequence of earlier and better times, when „our ancestors ran Christmas-day, New-year's-day, and Twelfth-night, all into one, and kept the wassail-bowl flowing the whole time.“ Such a man was old Edward: the living epitome of good-nature and good-living, the breathing personification of enjoyment, the mortal type of merry-making, the Falstaff of real life, the very counterpart of Spenser's October:

> Full of merrie glee,
> The while his nowle was totty of the must
> Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
> And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
> Made him so full of frolic and of lust.

I verily believe that this old servant was the primary cause of my relishing, as I have done through life, the good things of life. He used to secrete for me (and himself) the nicest imaginable tit-bits: used often and often to tip me his benevolent wink, as I passed the pantry-door; and many were the moments that we spent there, in hail-fellow-well-met companionship, discussing the remains of tarts, pies, and puddings,

> In many a bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

His example was of one real benefit to me, however: he had no selfishness in him, and he taught me to despise *gluttony*, for he could never eat for eating sake. He would sooner let his most delicate morsels rot in a crust of mouldiness than devour them alone.

I believe it is from regard for this poor fellow's memory that I am so fond of corpulence. I cry out continually, with Cæsar, „Give me the man that is fat!“ I love the look of an alderman — a stage-coachman — the king's butler, and the king himself; because the very paunch of each and every of them seems to tell a round, unvarnished tale of good fellowship. Yet I think that poor Edward had more of the thing itself stamped on his countenance than any of them. He had not a wrinkle or care-worn line on his cheeks or forehead. — But enough of him! My heart and my eyes are full. Enough of myself too! I will quit my egotism, and speak generally.

What, then, let me ask you, candid reader, what was the happiest hour of the day at school? Not the dinner hour, most assuredly; for we remember well what rough, tough stuff we had, all of us; little meat and plenty of pudding — and such pudding! No: the happiest hour of the four and twenty was invariably that in which we skulked in the barn, or hayloft, or a corner of the shrubbery, (two or three sworn friends,) and fell upon the purchase of our joint quotas of pocket-money — some savoury sausages, bought at the porkshop hard by; or a hot loaf (slipped in, for the fee of a penny, by our trusty and well-beloved cousin, the baker's boy), with a huge lump of butter, bursting in liquefied luxuriousness through the yawning rents which we made in the smoking quartern. And if a pot of porter or bottled ale washed down the feast! —

Next to the butler and the baker's boy aforesaid, I believe I have — (ego once more, but I cannot get on in the third person or second person, singular or plural) — I have to thank the poets for my real relish for the pleasures of the table. I have remarked that all of that tribe, whatever their language or their subject, have contrived some how or other to bring in, some where or other, the praise and recommendation of feasting. It was not till my after-years that I began to marvel how the drove these rhyming epicureans had that particular branch of imagination so common and so horrible.

But now' for the simple and self-evident delights of feasting. I will speak of it in its more elevated associations, as a raiser of the spirits and a warmer of the heart. I shall not prove the well-known fact, that feasting has been in most ages and countries a *sine quâ non* in all arrangements, religious, political, or sanatory — whether sacrifices to the gods, coronation feasts, ministerial dinners, or wedding fêtes champêtres. I forbear to quote heathen authorities, and shall simply let the minds of my readers repose on the contemplation of the installation feast of an English archbishop, in the reign of one of our Edwards, when there was a consumption of one hundred and four oxen, one thousand sheep, two thousand pigs, one hundred and four peacocks, and four hundred swans! Neither shall I cite the poetry, even of scripture, for I shrink from the possibility of connecting it with a trivial subject; but I shall draw on the sublimest of profane writers, Milton — and hastily recall to my readers the reception which our first parents gave to the angel Raphael, in Paradise. They will remember that Eve was busied, on the angels approach, preparing

For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between.

I need not recapitulate the abundant bill of fare, containing all the delicious fruits, „in coat rough or smooth rin'd,“

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India east or west, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast:

And every one will remember, or can refer to, the fourth book of Paradise Lost, for the rest of this truly pastoral scene: — the benevolence of the angel — the blended humility and dignity of Adam — the innocence of Eve, who at the table

Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd.

My motto for this article will be recognised as taken from the description of this exquisite repast. From that it will be seen how the greatest and most pious of bards looked upon the affected ascetics of abstinence, and what a lesson of hospitality and enjoyment he wished to teach mankind; while it is certain that he himself practised the kindly humanities of social life; for in his epistle to his friend Lawrence, he jovially says,

What neat repast shall feast us light and choice,
Of attic taste, with wine, etc.

The pleasures of the table adapt themselves to all situations and seasons, but may perhaps be best enjoyed in winter, when a good fire, a good dinner, good wine, and good company, form an assemblage of most surpassing delight. In the country, too, all this is better felt than in town. We have not so many distractions to interfere with our appetite or destroy it: small business, little politics, and no pastry-cooks' shops — those glutton-fostering, dinner-spoiling pie-places, where the consumers of pies and patties remind one of „the bevy of jolly, gossiping wenches,“ reproached by the fox in Sir Roger L'Estrange's fable, who, „lay stuffing their guts with hens and capons, and not a word of the pudding.“

No, no, give me the real charms of country fare, and a hearty welcome at holiday times, and let me see as much as possible the revival of old English hospitality, — full plates, bumper-toasts, hob-nobbing, and the great hall thrown wide open, when, as Ben Jonson wrote to Sir Robert Wroth,

The rout of rural folk come thronging in,
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin),
The jolly wassail walks the often round,
And in their cups their cares are drown'd.

It will be perceived that I despise all illustration drawn from turtle-feasts, Lord Mayor's days, and the like, loving more to dwell on the repasts of the country people. The pleasures of these most unsophisticated members of the community, have been ever deeply involved in feasts and carousings; not in their excesses, but in their simple and moderate participation. I do not include in that class the wood-ranging party in the seventh book of Virgil, whose sharp-set appetites did not spare even the *adorea liba*, if we can believe the authority of Iulus, who exclaims

Heus! etiam mensas consumimus, —

but which of us has not wished to have been placed alongside of the Shepherd's King, in Drayton's „Polyolbion?"

In his gay baldric sits at his low grassy board,
With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored;
And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund swain
Quaffs syllabubs in cans.

What a picture of social without sensual indulgence! But I confess myself better pleased with the more substantial enumeration of Herrick, „the most rural of our poets, who passed his life, like a bird, in singing and making love." Hear him!

Ye shall see first the large and chiefe
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veale,
And bacon which makes full the meal;
With several dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumentie.

And, to conclude the subject of country tastes, let me now quote the amorous Cuddy from Gay's first pastoral.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.

Proofs of the importance of the „*jus divin*" might be cited never-endingly; but my observations have turned rather upon solid than liquid delights. I shall only then allude to the great Czar Vladimir, who, when about to change the idolatrous worship of his country, balanced awhile in his choice of a new religion. He was ravished (says Gibbon) with the voluptuous delights of Mahometanism, but rejected the Koran, exclaiming, „Wine is the joy of the Russians: no, no, we cannot live without wine!"

Fill me a bumper then, I say, to the memory of the Czar Vladimir! a tribute to his good fellowship, but not a homage to excess. I am far from being the apologist of drunkenness or gluttony — and I say again, the moderate and honest indulgence is as distinct from that selfish enormity, as is the wholesome delight with which a hungry sportsman attacks a leg of mutton, from the selfish voraciousness of Count Ugolino, in Dante's Inferno, feeding on the skull of the Archbishop Ruggieri.

Gluttony — one of the worst of solitary vices — is the bane of table pleasures. It concentrates all that is gross in nature, with all that is unamiable in feeling, and unfits its victims for the real enjoyment of a feast. I would not preach forbearance to a starving man, for I know that

Un ventre affamé
N'a point des oreilles

but I believe that

If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd

Yes! I do believe that the Dispenser of all Good placed us here with feelings to enjoy, and surrounded us with the good things of life for our enjoyment; that He gave us palates to be gratified, not tantalized; and that the best way to show our gratitude, is to take the goods which he provides us. Give me, then, the pleasures of the table, in their moral and physical meanings together. I care not whether it be in the cottage of a peasant, or a stately palace, set out like that of Comus, „with all manner of deliciousness." But, best of any, let me have, in my own humble mansion, the blessings of the table — my friends around me — plenty of cheer — thankfulness to the Giver — a happy mind — a clean cloth — and, crowning all, let „good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

Die Literärgeſchichte von Nordamerika bietet dem Forſcher ein weites Feld für ſeine Unterſuchungen dar: ſelbſt jetzt, wo ſie nur Berichte über die erſte Entwickelung des geiſtigen Lebens daſelbſt zu geben vermag, iſt ſie von dem höchſten Intereſſe; denn in dem Gebiete der Wiſſenſchaften bleibt jenes Land eine Anomalie. Wir kennen keine andere Nation der Erde, welche ſo plötzlich zur Herrſchaft und Unabhängigkeit gelangt wäre. Die vereinigten Staaten begannen ihre Laufbahn, wenn man ſich ſo ausdrücken darf, nicht wie die Reiche der alten Welt in Dunkelheit und Unwiſſenheit, ſondern im Beſitz aller Künſte des Lebens, und aller Intelligenz und Wiſſenſchaft eines alten Volkes. Als ein Theil Englands, obwohl von dem Mutterlande abgelöſt und durch den Ocean getrennt, hatten ſie doch engliſche Kunſt, engliſche Literatur und engliſches Wiſſen, beſeelt durch jenen Freiheitsgeiſt, der endlich ihre Unabhängigkeit ſicherte, mit herüber genommen. Demgemäß iſt auch die Baſis ihres ganzen geiſtigen Beſitzthums eine engliſche, und alle Fehler wie alle Vorzüge des Letzteren entſpringen zum größten Theil aus dieſer Quelle. Den Beweis zu unſerer Behauptung liefern vor allen Dingen ihre politiſchen Zuſtände mit allen ihren Farben und Schattirungen; er wird dem aufmerkſamen Beobachter nicht entgehn, unſerem Berufe, wie dem Zwecke dieſer Zeilen liegt die ausführliche Entwickelung deſſelben zu fern; wir müſſen uns mit der hier allerdings hinreichenden Andeutung begnügen. Die größte Aehnlichkeit zwiſchen beiden Ländern findet ſich jedoch in ihrer Literatur; am Meiſten trägt hiezu ohne Zweifel das gemeinſame Band der Sprache bei, auch wird ſich dieſe Uebereinſtimmung ſicher am Längſten und Dauerndſten erhalten. Die Regierungsform eines Staates kann in einem Tage umgeſtürzt werden, aber es bedarf einer bedeutenden Reihe von Jahren, um eine Aenderung in den intellectuellen Verhältniſſen eines Volkes hervorzubringen. Die Literatur iſt das Beſtändigſte aller Dinge; durch ſie allein haben die Triumphe der Könige und Eroberer ſich im Sturm der Zeiten lebend erhalten. Kronen wurden zerbrochen, Paläſte zerfielen in Staub und die Erinnerung an dieſelben findet ſich allein auf den Blättern des Geſchichtſchreibers. Tacitus Geiſt überlebte das goldene Haus des Nero. Dies iſt der Sieg des Geiſtes über die Materie, welche dem ewigen Theile des Menſchen eine Unſterblichkeit ſelbſt auf Erden verleiht; der wahre Ruhm einer Nation muß daher immer in den Fortſchritten beſtehn, welche ſie in geiſtigen Dingen machte. Bis jetzt hat Nord-Amerika aber noch keine Gelegenheit gefunden, ſeine Fähigkeiten auf dieſem Gebiete ſelbſtſtändig zu entwickeln; ſeine Literatur iſt keine eigenthümliche, aus ſeinem innern Geiſte und Weſen unabhängig entſprungene, ſondern eine Literatur der Nachahmung, der es ſelbſt noch nicht einmal gelang, ihre Vorbilder zu erreichen. Weder in der Geſchichte noch in der Beredſamkeit oder Poeſie hat es leitende Sterne erſter Größe aufzuweiſen, mit deren Erſcheinen eine neue Epoche in der Geſchichte des menſchlichen Geiſtes begonnen werden konnte, und wenn es auch einzelne gefeierte Namen zu nennen vermag, ſo ſind doch auch ſelbſt dieſe nur als Namen talentvoller Zöglinge fremder Schule zu betrachten, welche den Einfluß der Meiſter noch deutlich an ſich tragen.

Die Urſachen dieſes Mangels an Selbſtſtändigkeit ſind nicht ſchwer aufzufinden; die eine derſelben, die gemeinſchaftliche Sprache mit dem ehemaligen Mutterlande haben wir bereits angeführt, und werden ſpäter noch auf dieſelbe von Neuem zurückkommen; ein anderer Grund liegt wohl in der Regierungsform, die jedenfalls jetzt, wo noch zu viele materielle Intereſſen den Geiſt des Volkes beſchäftigen, und der Neigung zu rein geiſtigem und wiſſenſchaftlichem Streben keinen Raum gönnen, der Literatur nicht förderlich iſt. Eine Republik kann das nie ſein, wenn ſich nicht der Sinn für das geiſtig Edle und Schöne ſo allgemein in ihren Kreiſen verbreitet hat, daß er auch den unterſten Bürger beſeelt und die Befriedigung der Forderungen deſſelben ihm als ein weſentliches Bedürfniß des Lebens erſcheint. — Solcher Republiken hat die Geſchichte indeſſen nur ſehr wenige aufzuweiſen. — Unter einer monarchiſchen Regierung kann dagegen von oben herab ſehr viel für die Belebung und Beförderung der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften im Volke geſchehn und es wendet ſich, da politiſche Discuſſionen es weit weniger beſchäftigen, um ſo aufmerkſamer und theilnehmender jenen zu, als es dieſelben eben, weil ſie von oben herab begünſtigt werden, nicht allein um ihrer ſelbſt willen liebt gewinnt, ſondern ſich auch bald gewöhnt, ſie als Mittel zu betrachten, welche zu Anſehn, Ruhm und Ehre führen. Der Hof Ludwig's XIV trug weit mehr bei zur Ausbildung der geiſtigen Feinheit des franzöſiſchen Volkes als alle Kämpfe und Siege der Republik. Wenn auch die vereinigten Staaten gerade durch ihre republikaniſche Verfaſſung alle Mittel beſitzen, um eine aufkeimende Literatur zu begünſtigen, wie z. B. die legislativen Verſammlungen in den einzelnen Staaten, in welchen bei ſonſtiger völliger Gleichheit Geiſt und Talent allein den Adel verleihn, vollkommene Preßfreiheit, die Leichtigkeit ſich öffentlich zu zeigen u. A. m., ſo iſt doch, wie wir bereits bemerkten, die Nation noch viel zu ſehr mit anderen Dingen beſchäftigt, um ſich mit Vorliebe und Auszeichnung geiſtigen Beſtrebungen, die nicht einen directen Nutzen und einen vollkommen practiſchen Zweck haben, zuzuwenden. — Dazu kommt noch beſonders der Umſtand, daß das nordamerikaniſche Volk ein handeltreibendes iſt, und daß ſeine öffentlichen wie ſeine Privat-Intereſſen von ihm verlangen, dies vor Allem zu ſein, um ſo mehr als ſeine Lage es dazu zwingt. Den ſpeculativen Wiſſenſchaften und der Literatur ſteht aber nichts ſo im Wege als eben der Handel. Die großen Patrone jener Beiden in einem Lande ſind diejenigen, welche aus Mangel an ſtrenger Beſchäftigung ſich gern dem Intereſſe und den Beſtrebungen hingeben, welche Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte gewähren. In Frankreich und England that dies vorzugsweiſe der reiche und gebildete Adel; in Deutſchland blieb es dem gelehrten Stande überlaſſen, der jedoch durch eigenthümliche, jetzt mehr und mehr verſchwindende Verhältniſſe abgeſondert und in gewiſſer Hinſicht frei da ſtand. In den vereinigten Staaten hingegen, wo gerade durch die Baſis ihres Verkehrs, den Handel, Alles ſich zu einer großen ſtets für den Tag und deſſen Conjuncturen geſchäftigen Maſſe zuſammenballt, findet ſich natürlich ein ſolcher ſich abſondernder und begünſtigter Stand nicht, und an eine theilnehmende Beförderung des rein geiſtigen Wirkens iſt daher nicht zu denken, um ſo weniger als auch das religiöſe Intereſſe keinen Mittelpunkt bildet, und es jedem Individuum überlaſſen bleibt, ſeine Kirche zu wählen, wie er Stand und Beruf wählte, ohne daß irgend durch Controverſe oder Kampf ein höheres Intereſſe in ihm geweckt würde.

Ein anderer ſtörender Umſtand liegt endlich darin, daß die vereinigten Staaten mit den Producten der engliſchen Preſſe, als derer, die ſich einer beiden Ländern gemeinſamen Sprache bedient, und daher den leichteſten Zugang findet, nicht allein überſchwemmt werden, ſondern daß ſie ſelbſt dieſe Ueberſchwemmung noch eifrig vermehren, indem ſie ſich beeilen, die ihnen zugekommenen Originalausgaben durch Nachdrücke zu vertauſendfachen. Hier hat wieder der Handel, deſſen Mutter die Gewinnſucht iſt, ſein Spiel; um ſo freier, als er durch die Geſetze in dieſer Hinſicht ſogar befördert wird. Von der Geſchäftigkeit und Schlauheit der Nachdrucker in Nord-Amerika macht man ſich bei uns faſt keinen Begriff; ſie übertrifft ſelbſt die gewandten Belgier, denen es wahrlich nicht an Kühnheit fehlt, und die es ſogar möglich gemacht haben, eine Afterausgabe eines bedeutenden Buches (Lamartine's Reiſe im Orient) acht Tage früher auf den Büchermarkt zu bringen, ehe noch das Original in Paris ſelbſt erſchienen war. Was daher für oder richtiger gegen Frankreich in Belgien geſchieht, das wird in noch weit größerem Maaßſtabe in Betreff Englands von den vereinigten Staaten ausgeführt. — Vor uns liegt z. B. der Catalog einer der bedeutendſten Buchhandlungen New-Yorks, Wiley Long & Comp., alſo einer der erſten der geſammten vereinigten Staaten; dieſer enthält durchſchnittlich unter 20 Büchern 19 Nachdrücke und eine Originalausgabe im Allgemeinen, dann unter 15 Verfaſſern, 14 nicht amerikaniſche gegen einen amerikaniſchen. Noch ärger aber iſt der Nachdruck der von den Journalen und periodiſchen Schriften betrieben wird; hier geht die Practik faſt bis in's Ungeheuere. — So ſind u. A. die Werke im Gebiete der ſchönen Literatur Englands nur auf wohlhabende Käufer berechnet, werden demgemäß ſehr elegant ausgeſtattet und ſind alſo äußerſt koſtſpielig. Dies iſt namentlich mit den prachtvollen, unſeren deutſchen Taſchenbüchern nachgeahmten Annuals der Fall, die ihres leichten Inhalts wegen Jeder ohne großen geiſtigen Aufwand leſen, aber Keiner ohne bedeutenden Koſtenaufwand ſich aneignen kann. Was thut nun eine Amerikaniſche Zeitſchrift? — Sobald nur eins dieſer niedlichen Büchlein in England erſchienen iſt, druckt ſie den Inhalt deſſelben von Alpha bis Omega in einer einzigen Nummer ab, was ihr bei ihrem Rieſenformate ſehr leicht wird; und man kauft jetzt für wenige Cents, was man in England wenigſtens mit eben ſo viel Schillings bezahlen muß, alſo mehr denn zwanzig Mal wohlfeiler. — Auf der andern Seite hat dieſer Andrang fremder Waare und die Vervielfältigung derſelben für den amerikaniſchen Markt auch wieder ihr Gutes, denn er trägt durch die Leichtigkeit der Verbreitung nicht wenig dazu bei, den Geſchmack zu beſſern und das Urtheil zu läutern.

Alle jene Hinderniſſe nun, welche ihren Einfluß auf die Literatur der vereinigten Staaten im Allgemeinen ausüben, erſtrecken ſich beſonders ſtörend auf das Gedeihen der Poeſie, und es wird noch langer Jahre oder ganz außerordentlicher Talente bedürfen, um eben dieſen Einfluß zu lähmen oder ganz zu entfernen. Was bisher in Amerika geleiſtet wurde, geſchah nur einzeln und verſuchsweiſe und blieb Nachahmung: an eine eigene Schule, an beſondere Hinneigung zu gewiſſen urſprünglichen Richtungen war bis jetzt gar nicht zu denken; die engliſchen Dichter, beſonders der neueren Zeit blieben die Vorbilder ihrer nordamerikaniſchen Mitbrüder und eine ſelbſtſtändige Schöpfung, aus dem innerſten Geiſte der Nation entſprungen, iſt bisher nicht erſchienen. So Vorzügliches auch Cooper, Waſhington Irving, Mrs. Sedgwick u. A. im Gebiete des hiſtoriſchen und des Familienromans geleiſtet haben, ſo ſind und bleiben ſie doch nur talentvolle Schüler engliſcher Meiſter; ihre Productionen erhielten allein dadurch Reiz und Anziehungskraft, daß ſie einen eigenthümlichen und weniger bekannten Hintergrund mit Geſchick und Gewandtheit zu benutzen und darzuſtellen verſtanden. — Damit ſprechen wir ihnen ein bedeutendes und glückliches Talent keinesweges ab, noch wollen wir ihren Leiſtungen den Werth ſtreitig machen, den dieſelben wirklich in hohem Grade beſitzen; uns lag nur ob, ihre Stellung gegenüber den Leitſternen anderer ausgebildeter Literaturen zu beſtimmen.

Aus dem bisher Geſagten wird ferner erhellen, daß ein Zuſammenfaſſen oder eine natürliche Gruppirung der Erſcheinungen der ſchönen Literatur in den V. St. nicht gut möglich iſt, indem man entweder nur das Ganze als Solches behandeln kann, oder in den einzelnen Gebieten das Vorhandene, möchte es noch ſo mittelmäßig ſein, hervorheben muß. — Nur im Romane und in der lyriſchen Poeſie, welche ſich allgemein größerer Theilnahme erfreut, iſt wirklich manches Bemerkenswerthe hervorgetreten; dagegen im Drama, im Epos u. ſ. w. bisher durchaus nichts Erhebliches erſchienen, und es fehlt für dieſe Gattungen immer noch das Nationalintereſſe, ohne welches ſie nie etwas gelten werden, das aber ein wahrhaft großer und genialer Dichter allerdings zu wecken vermag. Auch die Legion von Journalen trägt nichts zu der wirklichen poetiſchen Bildung und Selbſtſtändigkeit der Menge bei, da die meiſten derſelben ſich vom Raube nähren, und die Wenigen, welche Originalien bringen, ſich entweder in einer ſelbſtzufriedenen Oberflächlichkeit bewegen, oder practiſche Zwecke als das Höchſte betrachten. Das ausgezeichnetſte von Allen iſt wohl der Knickerbocker (The Knickerbocker, New-York Monthly Magazine), welches mit vielem Geſchmack und Tact redigirt wird und namentlich reich an feinen und humoriſtiſchen, echt amerikaniſchen Genrebildern iſt. — Wir werden im Laufe der Zeit unſern Leſern Manches daraus mittheilen und glauben uns dadurch ihren Dank zu verdienen.

Es ſei uns nun ſchließlich geſtattet, um nur etwas hier zu bringen, (da wir die oben genannten Romanſchriftſteller eigenen größeren Artikeln vorbehielten) eine kurze Notiz von den vorzüglichſten lebenden (oder neuerlichſt verſtorbenen) amerikaniſchen Dichtern zu geben. — Wir laſſen ſie der leichteren Ueberſicht wegen in alphabetiſcher Folge vor den Blicken des freundlichen Leſers vorüberziehen.

1) **Waſhington Allſton** iſt in Süd-Carolina geboren und erhielt ſeine Bildung in New-England. Im Jahre 1800 ward er von der Harvard-Univerſität graduirt. Seit dieſer Zeit erwarb er ſich bedeutenden Ruf als einer der ausgezeichnetſten Maler in Nord-Amerika. — Nach größeren Reiſen in Europa, namentlich in Italien und England ließ er ſich in Boſton nieder, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt. Eine von ihm 1813 herausgegebene Sammlung von Gedichten (The Sylphs of the Seasons and other Poems) erwarb ſich den Beifall der Kenner. Sie zeichnen ſich durch leichten und gefälligen Versbau, Innigkeit und Einfachheit aus; doch iſt der Ausdruck in denſelben hin und wieder etwas proſaiſch.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

The Spanish Maid.

By Washington Allston.

Five weary months sweet Inez numbered
From that unfading bitter day
When last she heard the trumpet bray
That call'd her Isidor away —
That never to her heart has slumbered;

She hears it now, and sees, far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,
Seems like a rippling feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending;

She hears the cannon's deadly rattle —
And fancy hurries on to strife,
And hears the drum and screaming fife
Mix with the last sad cry of life.
Oh, should he — should he fall in battle!

Yet still his name would live in story
And every gallant bard in Spain
Would fight his battles o'er again;
And would not she for such a strain
Resign him to his country's glory?

Thus Inez thought, and pluck'd the flower
That grew upon the very bank
Where first her ear bewilder'd drank
The plighted vow — where last she sank
In that too bitter parting hour.

But now the sun is westward sinking
And soon amid the purple haze,
That showers from his slanting rays
A thousand Loves there meet her gaze
To change her high heroic thinking.

Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies,
Before her flits and fills the air;
And deck'd in Victory's glorious gear,
In vision Isidor is there
Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling
The coming joy, that in that hour
The future, like the coloured shower
That seems to arch the ocean o'er
Was in the living present falling.

The foe is slain. His sable charger
All fleck'd with foam comes bounding on;
The wild Morena rings anon,
And on its brow the gallant Don,
And gallant steed grow larger, larger.

And now he nears the mountain hollow;
The flowery bank and little lake
Now on his startled vision break —
And Inez there — He's not awake —
Yet how he'll love this dream to-morrow.

But no — he surely is not dreaming
Another minute makes it clear.
A scream, a rush, a burning tear
From Inez' cheek, dispel the fear
That bliss like his is only seeming.

◆

Rosamund Gray.

A Tale.

By Charles Lamb.

(Continued from our last.)

Elinor Clare to Maria Leslie.

Widford, July the — 17 —

Health, Innocence, and Beauty, shall be thy bridesmaids, my sweet cousin. I have no heart to undertake the office. Alas! what have I to do in the house of feasting? Maria! I fear lest my griefs should prove obtrusive. Yet bear with me a little: I have recovered already a share of my former spirits. I fear more for Allan than myself. The loss of two such parents, with so short an interval, bears very heavy on him. The boy hangs about me from morning till night. He is perpetually forcing a smile into his poor pale cheeks — you know the sweetness of his smile, Maria. To-day, after dinner, when he took his glass of wine in his hand, he burst into tears, and would not, or could not, then tell me the reason: afterwards he told me, — „he had been used to drink mamma's health after dinner, and that came in his head and made him cry." I feel the claims the boy has upon me; I perceive that I am living to *some end* — and the thought supports me. Already I have attained to a state of complacent feelings: my mother's lessons were not thrown away upon Elinor. In the visions of last night, her spirit seemed to stand at my bed-side: a light, as of noon-day, shone upon the room; she opened my curtains; she smiled upon me, with the same placid smile as in her life-time. I felt no fear, „Elinor," she said, „for my sake, take care of young Allan;" and I awoke with calm feelings.

„Maria! shall not the meeting of blessed spirits, think you, be something like this? I think I could even now behold my mother without dread; I would ask pardon of her for all my past omissions of duty — for all the little asperities in my temper, which have so often grieved her gentle spirit when living. Maria! I think she would not turn away from me. Oftentimes a feeling, more vivid than memory, brings her before me: I see her sit in the old elbow chair, her arms folded upon her lap, a tear upon her cheek, that seems to upbraid her unkind daughter for some inattention: I wipe it away, and kiss her honoured lips. Maria! when I have been fancying all this, Allan will come in, with his poor eyes red with weeping, and taking me by the hand, destroy the vision in a moment.

I am prating to you, my sweet cousin; but it is the prattle of the heart, which Maria loves. Besides, whom have I to talk to of these things but you? — you have been my counsellor in times past, my companion, and sweet familiar friend. Bear with me a little: I mourn the „cherishers of my infancy." I sometimes count it a blessing, that my father did not prove the survivor. You know something of his story. You know there was a foul tale current: it was the busy malice of that bad man, S——, which helped to spread it abroad. You will recollect the active good nature of our friends W—— and T——; what pains they took to undeceive people. With the better sort, their kind labours prevailed; but there was still a party who shut their ears. You know the issue of it. My father's great spirit bore up against it for some time — my father never was a bad man — but that spirit was broken at the last; and the greatly injured man was forced to leave his old paternal dwelling in Staffordshire, for the neighbours had begun to point at him. Maria! I have *seen* them *point* at him, and have been ready to drop. In this part of the country, where the slander had not reached, he sought a retreat; and he found a still more grateful asylum in the daily solicitudes of the best of wives. „An enemy hath done this," I have heard him say; and at such times my mother would speak to him so soothingly of forgiveness, and long-suffering, and the bearing of injuries with patience — would heal all his wounds with so gentle a touch — I have seen the old man weep like a child. The gloom that beset his mind, at times betrayed him into scepticism: he has doubted if there be a Providence! I have heard him say, — „God has built a brave world; but methinks he has left his creatures to bustle in it *how they may*.

At such times he could not endure to hear my mother talk in a religious strain. He would say, — „Woman! have done; you confound — you perplex me, when you talk of these matters, and for one day at least, unfit me for the business of life." I have seen her look at him — O God, Maria! such a *look!* It plainly spake, that she was willing to have shared her precious hope with the partner of her earthly cares; but she found a repulse. Deprived of such a wife, think you the old man could have long endured his existence? or what consolation would his wretched daughter have had to offer him, but silent and imbecile tears?

My sweet cousin, you will think me tedious — and I am so; but it does me good to talk these matters over. And do not you be alarmed for me; my sorrows are subsiding into a deep and sweet resignation. I shall soon be sufficiently composed — I know it — to participate in my friends happiness. Let me call her, while yet I may, my own Maria Leslie! Methinks, I shall not like you by any other name. Beaumont! Maria Beaumont! it hath a strange sound with it: I shall never be reconciled to this name. But do not you fear. — Maria Leslie shall plead with me for Maria Beaumont.

And now, my sweet friend, God love you, and your

ELINOR CLARE!

I find in my collection several letters, written soon after the date of the preceding, and addressed, all of them, to Maria Beaumont. I am tempted to make some short extracts from these. My tale will suffer interruption by them; but I was willing to preserve whatever memorials I could of Elinor Clare.

FROM ELINOR CLARE TO MARIA BEAUMONT.

(An Extract.)

— — I have been strolling out for half an hour in the fields; and my mind has been occupied by thoughts which Maria has a right to participate. I have been bringing my mother to my recollection. My heart ached with the remembrance of infirmities that made her closing years of life so sore a trial to her. I was concerned to think, that our family differences have been one source of disquiet to her. I am sensible that this last we are apt to exaggerate after a person's death — and surely, in the main, there was considerable harmony among the members of our little family — still I was concerned to think, that we ever gave her gentle spirit disquiet. I thought on years back; on all my parents' friends, the H — —s, the F — —s, on D — — S — —, and on many a merry evening, in the fire-side circle, in that comfortable back parlour. It is never used now.

O ye Matravises*) of the age, ye know not what ye lose, in despising these petty topics of endeared remembrance — associated circumstances of past times; ye know not the throbbings of the heart, tender, yet affectionately familiar, which accompany the dear and honoured names of *father* or of *mother*. Maria! I thought on all these things; my heart ached at the review of them — it yet aches while I write this — but I am never so satisfied with my train of thoughts, as when they run upon these subjects; the tears they draw from us, meliorate and soften the heart, and keep fresh within us that memory of dear friends dead, which alone can fit us for a re-admission to their society hereafter.

From another Letter.

— — I had a bad dream this morning, — that Allan was dead; and who, of all persons in the world, do you think, put on mourning for him? Why, Matravis. This alone might cure me of superstitious thoughts, if I were inclined to them; for why should Matravis mourn for us, or our family? *Still* it was pleasant to awake, and find it but a dream. Methinks, something like an awakening from an ill dream shall the resurrection from the dead be. Materially different from our accustomed scenes, and ways of life, the *World to come* may possibly not be; still it is represented to us under the notion of a Rest — a Sabbath — a state of bliss.

From another Letter.

— — Methinks, you and I should have been born under the same *roof*, sucked the same milk, conned the same horn-book, thumbed the same Testament together: for we have been more than sisters, Maria! Something will still be whispering to me, that I shall one day be inmate of the same dwelling with my cousin — partaker with her in all the delights which spring from mutual good offices, kind words, attentions in sickness and in health — conversation, sometimes innocently trivial, and at others profitably serious; books read and commented on, together; meals ate, and walks taken, together; and conferences, how we may best do good to this poor person, or that, and wean our spirits from the world's cares, without divesting ourselves of its charities. What a picture I have drawn, Maria! — and none of all these things may ever come to pass.

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*) This name will be explained presently.

From another Letter.

— — Continue to write to me, my sweet cousin. Many good thoughts, resolutions, and proper views of things, pass through the mind in the course of the day but are lost for want of committing them to paper. Seize them, Maria, as they pass, — those birds of Paradise that show themselves and are gone, and make a grateful present of the precious fugitives to your friend.

To use a homely illustration, just rising in my fancy: — shall the good housewife take such pains in pickling and preserving her worthless fruits, her walnuts, her apricots, and quinces, and is there not much spiritual *housewifery* in treasuring up our mind's best fruits — our heart's meditations in its most favoured moments? This said simile is much in the fashion of the old moralizers, such as I conceive honest Baxter to have been — such as Quarles and Wither were, with their curious, serio-comic, quaint emblems. But they sometimes reach the heart, when a more elegant simile rests in the fancy. Not low and mean, like these, but beautifully familiarized to our conceptions, and condescending to human thoughts and actions, are all the discourses of our Lord. Conveyed in parable, or similitude, what easy access do they win to the heart, through the medium of the delighted imagination! speaking of heavenly things in fable, or in simile, drawn from earth — from objects common — accustomed.

Life's business, with such delicious little interruptions as our correspondence affords, how pleasant it is! Why can we not paint on the dull paper our whole feelings, exquisite as they rise up?

From another Letter.

— — I had meant to have left off at this place; but, looking back, I am sorry to find too gloomy a cast tincturing my last page, a representation of life false and unthankful. Life is not all vanity and disappointment. It hath much evil in it, no doubt; but, to those who do not misuse it, it affords comfort, temporary comfort, much; much that endears us to it, and dignifies it; many true and good feelings, I trust, of which we need not be ashamed; hours of tranquillity and hope. But the morning was dull and overcast, and my spirits were under a cloud. I feel my error.

Is it no blessing that we two love one another so dearly? — that Allan is left me? — that you are settled in life? — that worldly affairs go smooth with us both? — above all, that our lot hath fallen to us in a Christian country? Maria! these things are not little. I will consider life as a long feast, and not forget to say grace.

From another Letter.

— — Allan has written to me. You know he is on a visit at his old tutor's in Gloucestershire: he is to return home on Thursday. Allan is a dear boy: he concludes his letter, which is very affectionate throughout, in this manner: —

,,Elinor, I charge you to learn the following stanza by heart:

The monarch may forget his crown,
  That on his head an hour hath been;
The bridegroom may forget his bride
  Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The mother may forget her child,
  That smiles so sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
  And all that thou hast done for me."

The lines are in Burns: you know, we read him for the first time together at Margate; and I have been used to refer them to you, and to call you, in my mind, *Glencairn*; for you were always very, very good to me. I had a thousand failings, but you would love me in spite of them all. I am going to drink your health."

I shall detain my reader no longer from the narrative.

They had but four rooms in the cottage. Margaret slept in the biggest room up stairs, and her grand-daughter in a kind of closet adjoining, where she could be within hearing, if her grandmother should call her in the night. The girl was often disturbed in that manner; two or three times in a night she has been forced to leave her bed, to fetch her grandmother's cordials, or do some little service for her; but she knew that

Margaret's ailings were real and pressing, and Rosamund never complained — never suspected, that her grandmother's requisitions had any thing unreasonable in them.

The night she parted with Miss Clare, she had helped Margaret to bed, as usual; and, after saying her prayers, as the custom was, kneeling by the old lady's bedside, kissed her grandmother, and wished her a good night. Margaret blessed her, and charged her to go to bed directly. It was her customary injunction, and Rosamund never dreamed of disobeying. So she retired to her little room. The night was warm and clear; the moon very bright; her window commanded a view of scenes she had been tracing in the day-time with Miss Clare. All the events of the day past, the occurrences of their walk arose in her mind. She fancied she should like to retrace those scenes; but it was now nine o'clock, a late hour in the village. Still she fancied it would be very charming; and then her grandmother's injunction came powerfully to her recollection: she sighed, and turned from the window, and walked up and down her little room.

Ever when she looked at the window, the wish returned. It was not so very *late*. The neighbours were yet about, passing under the window to their homes: she thought, and thought again, till her sensations became vivid, even to painfulness; her bosom was aching to give them vent.

The village clock struck ten — the neighbours ceased to pass under the window. Rosamund, stealing down stairs, fastened the latch behind her, and left the cottage. One that knew her, met her, and observed her with some surprise. Another recollects having wished her a good night. Rosamund never returned to the cottage.

An old man that lay sick in a small house adjoining to Margaret's, testified the next morning, that he had plainly heard the old creature calling for her grand-daughter. All the night long she made her moan, and ceased not to call upon the name of Rosamund. But no Rosamund was there; the voice died away, but not till near day-break. When the neighbours came to search in the morning, Margaret was missing! She had *struggled* out of bed, and made her way into Rosamund's room, worn out with fatigue and fright: when she found the girl not there, she had laid herself down to die; and, it is thought, she died *praying*, for she was discovered in a kneeling posture, her arms and face extended on the pillow, where Rosamund had slept the night before. A smile was on her face in death.

Fain would I draw a veil over the transactions of that night; but I cannot; grief and burning shame forbid me to be silent. Black deeds are about to be made public, which reflect a stain upon our common nature.

Rosamund, enthusiastic and improvident, wandered unprotected to a distance from her guardian doors —' through lonely glens, and wood-walks, where she had rambled many a *day* in safety — till she arrived at a shady *copse*, out of the hearing of any human habitation. *Matravis* met her. — „Flown with insolence and wine," returning home late at night, he passed that way!

Matravis was a very ugly man. Sallow-complexioned! and, if hearts can wear that colour, his heart was sallow-complexioned also. A young man with *gray deliberation*! cold and systematic in all his plans; and all his plans were evil. His very lust was systematic. He would brood over his bad purposes for such a dreary length of time, that it might have been expected, some solitary check of conscience must have intervened to save them from commission. But that *Light from Heaven* was extinct in his dark bosom.

(To be concluded in our next.)

◆

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Rosamund Gray.

A Tale.

By Charles Lamb.

(Concluded from our last.)

Nothing that is great, nothing that is amiable existed for this unhappy man. He feared, he envied, he suspected; but he never loved. The sublime and beautiful in nature, the excellent and becoming in morals, were things placed beyond the capacity of his sensations. He loved not poetry, nor ever took a lonely walk to meditate; never beheld virtue, which he did not try to disbelieve; or female beauty and innocence, which he did not lust to contaminate. A sneer was perpetually upon his face, and malice *grinning* at his heart. He would say the most ill-natured things, with the least remorse of any man I ever knew. This gained him the reputation of a wit — other traits got him the reputation of a villain. And this man formerly paid his court to Elinor Clare! — with what success I leave my readers to determine. It was not in Elinor's nature to despise any living thing; but, in the estimation of this man, to be *rejected* was to be *despised* — and Matravis *never forgave.*

He had long turned his eyes upon Rosamund Gray. To steal from the bosom of her friends the jewel they prized so much, the little ewe lamb they held so dear, was a scheme of delicate revenge, and Matravis had a two-fold motive for accomplishing this young maid's ruin. Often had he met her in her favourite solitudes, but found her ever cold and inaccessible. Of late, the girl had avoided straying far from her own home, in the fear of meeting him; but she had never told her fears to Allan.

Matravis had, till now, been content to be a villain within the limits of the law; but on the present occasion, hot fumes of wine, co-operating with his deep desire of revenge, and the insolence of an unhoped-for meeting, overcame his customary prudence, and Matravis rose at once to an audacity of glorious mischief. Late at night he met her, a lonely unprotected virgin — no friend at hand — no place near of refuge.

Rosamund Gray, my soul is exceeding sorrowful for thee; I loathe to tell the hateful circumstances of thy wrongs. Night and silence were the only witnesses of this young maid's disgrace — Matravis fled.

Rosamund, polluted and disgraced, wandered, an abandoned thing, about the fields and meadows till day-break. Not caring to return to the cottage, she sat herself down before the gate of Miss Clare's house in a stupor of grief. Elinor was just rising, and had opened the windows of her chamber, when she perceived her desolate young friend. She ran to embrace her — she brought her into the house — she took her to her bosom — she kissed her — she spake to her; but Rosamund could not speak.

Tidings came from the cottage. Margaret's death was an event which could not be kept concealed from Rosamund. When the sweet maid heard of it, she languished, and fell sick; she never held up her head after that time. If Rosamund had been a *sister*, she could not have been kindlier treated, than by her two friends. Allan had prospects in life — might, in time, have married into any of the first families in Hertfordshire; but Rosamund Gray, humbled though she was, and put to shame, had yet a charm *for him;* and he would have been contented to share his fortunes with her yet, if Rosamund would have lived to be his companion. But this was not to be — and the girl soon after died. She expired in the arms of Elinor — quiet, gentle, as she lived — thankful that she died not among strangers — and expressing by signs rather than words, a gratitude for the most trifling services, the common offices of humanity. She died uncomplaining; and this young maid — this untaught Rosamund, might have given a lesson to the grave philosopher in death.

I was but a boy when these events took place. All the village remember the story, and tell of Rosamund Gray and of blind Margaret. I parted from Allan Clare on that disastrous night, and set out for Edinburgh the next morning, before the *facts* were commonly known; I heard not of them, and it was four months before I received a letter from Allan. „His heart,“ he told me, „was gone from him, for his sister had died of a phrensy fever!“ — Not a word of Rosamund in the letter: I was left to collect her story from sources which may one day be explained.

I soon after quitted Scotland, on the death of my father, and returned to my native village. Allan had left the place, and I could gain no information whether he were dead or living. I passed the *cottage*. I did not dare to look that way, or to inquire who lived there. A little dog that had been Rosamund's, was yelping in my path. I laughed aloud like one mad, whose mind had suddenly gone from him — I stared vacantly around me, like one alienated from common perceptions. But I was young at that time, and the impression became gradually weakened, as I mingled in the business of life. It is now *ten years* since these events took place, and I sometimes think of them as unreal. Allan Clare was a dear friend to me; but there are times, when Allan and his sister, Margaret and her granddaughter, appear like personages of a dream — an idle dream.

Strange things have happened unto me: I seem scarce awake; but I will recollect my thoughts, and try to give an account of what has befallen me in the few last weeks.

Since my father's death, our family have resided in London. I am in practice as a surgeon there. My mother died two years after we left Widford. A month or two ago, I had been busying myself in drawing up the above narrative, intending to make it public. The employment had forced my mind to dwell upon *facts*, which had begun to fade from it; the memory of old times became vivid and more vivid; I felt a strong desire to revisit the scenes of my native village — of the young loves of Rosamund and her Clare. A kind of dread had hitherto kept me back; but I was restless now, till I had accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk: I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon. After a slight breakfast at my inn — where I was mortified to perceive the old landlord did not know me again — (old Thomas Billet — he has often made angle rods for me when a child) — I rambled over all my accustomed haunts. Our old house was vacant, and to be sold. I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bed-chamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood: I felt like a child — I prayed like one — it seemed as though old times were to return again: I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew; but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun, when I awoke in a one summer morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass. I visited, by turns, every chamber; they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold; I touched the keys — I played some old Scottish tunes, which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music, blended with a sense of *unreality*, which at last became too powerful: I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood, that stands at the back of the house— we called it the *Wilderness*. A well known *form* was missing, that used to meet me in this place — it was thine, Ben Mozam, the kindest, gentlest, politest, of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles, without a soft speech, and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing, for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Mozam, — that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot, to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees. I remember them sweeping to the ground. I have often left my childish sports to ramble to this place; its glooms and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, nurturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking, which have accompanied me to maturer years.

In this *Wilderness* I found myself after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir-trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood: the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon: all was as I had left it; my heart softened at the sight; it seemed as though my character had been suffering a *change* since I forsook these shades. My parents were both dead; I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof. The LORD had taken away my *friends*, and I know not where he had laid them. I paced round the wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed that I might be restored to that *state of innocence* in which I had wandered in those shades. Methought my request was heard; for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to have been moulded into a perfect child. I stood still as in a trance. I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my Heavenly Father, and, extravagantly, put off the shoes from my feet; for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

This state of mind could not last long; and I returned, with languid feelings, to my inn. I ordered my dinner,—green peas and a sweet-bread—it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood: I was allowed to have it on my birth-days. I was impatient to see it come upon table; but, when it came, I could scarce eat a mouthful: my tears choked me. I called for wine: I drank a pint and a half of red wine; and not till then had I dared to visit the church-yard where my parents were interred. The cottage lay in my way: Margaret had chosen it for that very reason, to be near the church; for the old lady was regular in her attendance on public worship: I passed on, and, in a moment, found myself among the tombs. I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot again; my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending: a plain stone was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it, for they both occupied one grave. I prostrated myself before the spot; I kissed the earth that covered them; I contemplated, with gloomy delight, the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs, and kneeled, with my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer; for I could not speak.

Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects. Still I continued in the church-yard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralising on them with that kind of levity, which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind, in the midst of deep melancholy. I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children,—what cemeteries are appointed for these? do they not sleep in consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a *generous oversight* in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their lifetime, *discharged* the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely? Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Man wars not with the dead.* It is a *trait* of human nature, for which I love it.

I had not observed, till now, a little group assembled at the *other end of* the church-yard: it was a company of children, who were gathered round a young man, *dressed* in black, sitting on a grave-stone. He seemed to be asking them questions, probably about their learning: and one little dirty ragged-headed fellow was clambering up his knees to kiss him. The children had been eating black cherries; *for some of the stones* were scattered about, and their mouths were smeared with them. *As I drew* near them, I thought I discerned in the stranger a mild benignity of countenance, which I had somewhere seen before: I gazed at him more attentively: it was Allan Clare! sitting on the grave of his sister. I threw my arms about his neck. I exclaimed, „Allan!“ —he turned his eyes upon me—he knew me—we both wept aloud—it seemed as though the interval since we parted had been as nothing—I cried out, „Come, and tell me about these things.“ I drew him away from his little friends: he parted with a show of reluctance from the church-yard. Margaret and her grand-daughter lay buried there, as well as his sister. I took him to my inn, secured a room, where we might be private; ordered fresh wine: scarce knowing what I did, I danced for joy.

Allan was quite overcome, and, taking me by the hand, he said, „This repays me for all.“ It was a proud day for me; I had found the friend I thought dead. Earth seemed to me no longer valuable than as it contained *him*, and existence a blessing no longer than while I should live to be his comforter. I began at leisure to survey him with more attention. Time and grief had left few traces of that fine *enthusiasm* which once burned in his countenance; his eyes had lost their original fire, but they retained an uncommon sweetness; and, whenever they were turned upon me, their smile pierced to my heart.

„Allan, I fear you have been a sufferer.“ He replied not, and I could not press him farther. I could not call the dead to life again. So we drank, and told old stories, and repeated old poetry, and sang old songs, as if nothing had happened. We sat till very late: I forgot that I had purposed returning to town that evening—to Allan all places were alike: I grew noisy, he grew cheerful: Allan's old manners, old enthusiasm, were returning upon him: we laughed, we wept, we mingled our tears, and talked extravagantly. Allan was my chamber-fellow that night, and lay awake, planning schemes of living together under the same roof, entering upon similar pursuits, and praising God that we had met.

I was obliged to return to town the next morning, and Allan proposed to accompany me. „Since the death of his sister,“ he told me, „he had been a wanderer.“ In the course of our walk, he unbosomed himself without reserve; told me many particulars of his way of life for the last nine or ten years, which I do not feel myself at liberty to divulge. Once, on my attempting to cheer him, when I perceived him overthoughtful, he replied to me in these words:—

„Do not regard me as unhappy, when you catch me in these moods. I am never more happy than at times, when, by the cast of my countenance, men judge me most miserable. My friend, the events which have left this sadness behind them, are of no recent date. The melancholy, which comes over me with the recollection of them, is not hurtful, but only tends to soften and tranquillize my mind—to detach me from the restlessness of human pursuits. The stronger I feel this detachment, the more I find myself drawn heavenward to the contemplation of spiritual objects. I love to keep old friendships alive and warm within me, because I expect a renewal of them in the *World of Spirits*. I am a wandering and unconnected thing on the earth. I have made no new friendships that can compensate me for the loss of the old; and the more I know mankind, the more does it become necessary for me to supply their loss by little images, recollections, and circumstances of past pleasures. I am sensible that I am surrounded by a multitude of very worthy people, plainhearted souls, sincere, and kind. But they have hitherto eluded my pursuit, and will continue to bless the little circle of their families and friends, while I must remain a stranger to them. Kept at a distance by mankind, I have not ceased to love them: and could I find the cruel persecutor—the malignant instrument of God's judgments on me and mine—I think I would forgive, and try to love him too. I have been a quiet sufferer. From the beginning of my calamities it was given to me, not to see the hand of man in them. I perceived a mighty arm, which none but myself could see, extended over me. I gave my heart to the purifier, and my will to the Sovereign Will of the universe. The irresistible wheels of destiny passed on in their everlasting rotation; and I suffered myself to be carried along with them without complaining."

Allan told me, that, for some years past, feeling himself disengaged from every personal tie, but not alienated from human sympathies, it had been his taste—his humour, he called it—to spend a great portion of his time in *hospitals* and *lazar-houses*. He had found a *wayward-pleasure*—he refused to name it a virtue—tending a description of people, who had long ceased to expect kindness or friendliness from mankind, but were content to accept the reluctant services, which the oftentimes unfeeling instruments and servants of these well-meant institutions deal out to the poor sick people under their care. It is not medicine; it is not broths and coarse meats, served up at a stated hour with all the hard formalities of a prison; it is not the scanty dole of a bed to die on—which dying man requires from his species. Looks, attentions, consolations—in a word, sympathies, are what a man most needs in this awful close of mortal sufferings. A kind look, a smile, a drop of cold water to the parched lip—for these things a man shall bless you in death.

And these better things than cordials did Allan love to administer—to stay by a bed-side the whole day, when something disgusting in a patient's distemper has kept the very nurses at a distance—to sit by, while the poor wretch got a little sleep, and be there to smile upon him when he awoke—to slip a guinea, now and then, into the hands of a nurse or attendant—these things have been to Allan as *privileges*, for which he was content to live, choice marks, and circumstances, of his Maker's goodness to him. And I do not know whether occupations of this kind be not a spring of purer and nobler delight—certainly instances of a more disinterested virtue—than arises from what are called *friendships of sentiment*. Between two persons of liberal education, like opinions and common feelings, oftentimes subsists a *vanity of sentiment*, which disposes each to look upon the other as the only being in the universe worthy of friendship, or capable of understanding it—themselves they consider as the solitary receptacles of all that is delicate in feeling, or stable in attachment: when the odds are, that under every green hill, and in every crowded street, people of equal worth are to be found, who do more good in their generation, and make less noise in the doing of it.

It was in consequence of these benevolent propensities I have been describing, that Allan oftentimes discovered considerable inclinations in favour of my way of life, which I have before mentioned as being that of a surgeon. He would frequently attend me on my visits to patients; and I began to think, that he had serious intentions of making my profession his study. He was present with me at a scene—a *death-bed scene*—I shudder when I do but think of it.

I was sent for the other morning to the assistance of a gentleman, who had been wounded in a duel; and his wounds, by unskilful treatment, had been brought to a dangerous crisis. The uncommonness of the name, which was *Matravis*, suggested to me, that this might possibly be no other than Allan's old enemy. Under this apprehension, I did what I could to dissuade Allan from accompanying me; but he seemed bent upon going, and even pleased himself with the notion, that it might lie within his ability to do the unhappy man some service. So he went with me.

When we came to the house, which was in Soho-square, we discovered that it was indeed the man—the identical Matravis—who had done all that mischief in times past; but not in a condition to excite any other sensation than pity in a heart more hard than Allan's. Intense pain had brought on a delirium; we perceived this on first entering the room; for the wretched man was raving to himself, talking idly in mad unconnected sentences, that yet seemed, at times, to have a reference to past *facts*.

One while he told us his dream. „He had lost his way on a great heath, to which there seemed no end: it was cold, cold, cold; and dark, very dark; an old woman in leading-strings, *blind*, was groping about for a guide;“ and then he frightened me; for he seemed disposed to be *jocular*, and sang a song about, „an old woman clothed in gray,“ and said „he did not believe in a devil.“

Presently he bid us, „not tell Allan Clare.“ Allan was hanging over him at that very moment, sobbing. I could not resist the impulse, but cried out „This is Allan Clare; Allan Clare is come to see you, my dear sir.“ The wretched man did not hear me, I believe, for he turned his head away, and began talking of *charnel-houses* and *dead men*, and „whether they knew any thing that passed in their coffins.“

Matravis died that night.

◆

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Fortſetzung.)

7) John Gardiner Calkins Brainard geboren zu New-London (Connecticut), im Jahre 1796, war ein Sohn des Jeremiah G. Brainard, Obergerichtsmitgliedes in dem eben genannten Staate. Er erhielt eine ſehr gute Erziehung, ſtudirte die Rechte, ward 1815 im Yale College graduirt und ließ ſich dann zu Middletown in Connecticut als Anwald nieder. Da es ihm hier nicht nach Wunſche gelingen wollte, ſo kehrte er nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt zurück, und ging dann nach Hartford, wo er ſich mit der Herausgabe einer Zeitſchrift The Connecticut Mirror beſchäftigte. — Als ſich im Jahre 1827 Symptome der Schwindſucht bei ihm zeigten, eilte er nochmals wieder zum Vaterhauſe und ſtarb daſelbſt am 26. September 1828. Eine Sammlung vermiſchter Gedichte Brainards erſchien 1825. Nach ſeinem Tode beſorgte einer ſeiner Freunde ſeine literariſche Hinterlaſſenſchaft zum Druck, unter dem Titel: The Literary Remains of J. G. C. Brainard, with a Sketch of his Life by J. G. Whittier; Hartford (U. S.) 1832. Innigkeit, Phantaſie und Kraft ſind ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen eigen, doch leiden ſie mehr oder weniger an Flüchtigkeit und Incorrectheit, da ſie größtentheils für ſein Journal geſchrieben wurden und das Drängen des Tags ihm nicht geſtattete, kritiſch zu prüfen und zu feilen.

Connecticut River.

From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain,
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock, and swelling by the tree,
Rushing to meet, and dare, and breast the sea—
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore;
The promontories love thee—and for this
Turn their rough cheeks, and stay thee for thy kiss.

The blasts have rocked thy cradle, and in storm
Covered thy couch, and swathed in snow thy form.
Yet, blessed by all the elements that sweep
The clouds above, or the unfathomed deep,

The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
The gentlest dews drop in thy eddying rills;
By the mossed bank, and by the aged tree,
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee.

The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchored in the ledge.
—'Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds;
And there the wild cat purrs amid her brood,
And trains them in the sylvan solitude,
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
Paddling the water by thy quiet brink:
Or to out-gaze the gray owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Dark as the frost-nipped leaves that strewed the ground,
The Indian hunter here his shelter found;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
Here built his wigwam, and his bark canoe,
Speared the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle ball.
Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
Singing her chant, to hush her swart pappoose;
Here stain her quills, and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.

No more shall they thy welcome waters bless,
No more their forms thy moonlit banks shall press,
No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

* * * * * *

Down sweeps the torrent ice — it may not stay
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay —
Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes,
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
— Yet as the unharmed swallow skims his way,
And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy wave, and touch thy noble shores.

Thy noble shores! where the tall steeple shines,
At mid-day higher than thy mountain pines,
Where the white schoolhouse with its daily drill
Of sunburnt children smiles upon the hill;
Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
Decked forth in nature's sweet simplicity —
Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
Gains merit honour, and gives labour health;
Where Goldsmith's self might send his exiled band,
To find a new „Sweet Auburn" in our land.

What Art can execute, or Taste devise,
Decks thy fair course, and gladdens in thine eyes,
As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.
Here cities rise, and sea-washed commerce hails
Thy shores, and winds with all her flapping sails
From tropic isles, or from the torrid main,
Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane;
Or from the banks where the striped haddocks play,
By each cold northern bank and frozen bay.
Here, safe returned from every stormy sea,
Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free;
— That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd,
Of yon vast deep, whose waters grasp the world.

In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground,
Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found;
More hospitable welcome, or more zeal,
To make the curious „tarrying" stranger feel
That, next to home, here best may he abide,
To rest and cheer him by the chimney side;
Drink the hale farmer's cider, as he hears
From the gray dame the tales of other years,
Cracking his shag-barks as the aged crone,
Mixes the true and doubtful into one.
Tells how the Indian scalped the helpless child,
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild;
Butcher'd the father hast'ning to his home,
Seeking his cottage — finding but his tomb;
How drums and flags and troops were seen on high,
Wheeling and charging in the northern sky;

And that she knew what those wild tokens meant,
When to the Old French War her husband went;
How, by the thunder-blasted tree was hid
The golden spoils of far-famed Robert Kid;
And then the chubby grandchild wants to know
About the ghosts and witches long ago,
That haunted the old swamp.
The clock strikes ten —
The prayer is offered, nor forgotten then
The stranger in their gates: — a decent rule
Of Elders in thy puritanic school.

When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,
And daylight smiles on rock, and slope, and stream,
Are there not glossy curls, and sunny eyes
As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies,
Voices, as gentle as an echoed call,
And sweeter than the soften'd waterfall,
And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay
As wild-briar budding in an April day —
— How like the leaves — the fragrant leaves it bears,
Their sinless purposes, and simple cares.

Stream of my sleeping fathers! when the sound
Of coming war echoed thy hills around,
How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
Snatching the musket where they left the spade!
How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
Their sisters tell them to defend the right;
How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
The earth their coffin, and the turf their pall;
How did the aged pastor light his eye,
When, to his flock, he read the purpose high,
And stern resolve, whate'er the toil might be,
To pledge life, name, fame, all — for Liberty.

Bold river! better suited are thy waves
To nurse the laurels clustering round their graves;
Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud
Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,
And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,
They ne'er should see their happy home again.

BRAINARD.

◆

The last Song.

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
Again its lonely numbers pour;
Then let the melancholy strain
Be hushed in death for evermore.
For evermore, for evermore,
Creative fancy, be thou still;
And let oblivious Lethe pour
Upon my lyre its waters chill.

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
Then be its fitful chords unstrung,
Silent as is the grave's domain,
And mute as the death-mouldered tongue,
Let not a thought of memory dwell
One moment on its former song;
Forgotten, too, be this farewell,
Which plays its pensive strings along!

Strike the wild harp yet once again!
The saddest and the latest lay;
Then break at once its strings in twain,
And they shall sound no more for aye:
And hang it on the cypress tree,
The hours of youth and song have passed,
Have gone, with all their witchery;
Lost lyre! these numbers are thy last.

J. G. BROOKS.

◆

Das BRITISH MUSEUM erscheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnement-Preis für das Vierteljahr [illegible] oder [illegible] rhein., wofür es sämmtliche Postanstalten des In- und Auslandes und alle Buchhandlungen liefern.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZE, A. A. M. M.

Leaves from an Æronaut.

‚But in Man's dwellings, he became a thing,
Restless, and worn, and stern, and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon, with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home.'

Byron.

I have realized one of the dreams of my youth, and gratified the strongest aspirations that ever agitated my manhood. I look back with a kind of intoxicating bewilderment upon the perils I have encountered, and the fears I have subdued; for, to me, the memory of excitement, is excitement still.

My early days were passed in a village in the country. I first opened my eyes to the light, near the banks of the Hudson; and my juvenile hours were full of the most flighty visions. I always had a very aerial imagination. Any thing in motion always had for me a peculiar charm. I shall never forget the delight I experienced in seeing the doves fly from their shelter in the end of my father's carriage-house. They would alight, and poise themselves for a moment on the eaves, turn their bright necks in the sunlight, pour forth a few wooing murmurs, and then launch out upon the bosom of the air. Often, in the fulness of youthful desire, have I felt ready to say, —

‚. . . . Oh! for thy wings! thou dove,
Now sailing by, with sunshine on thy breast,
Thou thing of joy and love,
That I might soar away, and be at rest!'

My school-bench commanded a view of a long and distant range of the Catskills, lifting their tall summits aloft, ‚and printing their bold outlines against the sky.' How did I love to watch the evening clouds as they drove before the summer gale, along those gigantic tunnels of blue, in throngs of gold and purple, — magnificent voyage, of rack undelimned! My ardent fancy peopled them with fairy inhabitants. Sometimes, castles and cities seemed rising from them, — groves nodded in beauty, — and sometimes there would seem to spring up from their midst a mighty rock, ‚o'erhanging as it rose, impossible to climb.' I used to think how these misty peaks of cloud could be surmounted, and was wont to muse and dream over my slat arithmetic, until I thought myself among them.

With my years, this soaring passion increased within me. I constructed large paper kites, and sent them out of sight, at the end of some thousand yards of twine, — procured by the outlay of every cent of my pocket-money for holidays. My heart bounded with every movement of these bird-like objects. Finally, I constructed one of them, nearly six feet long; and, considering the shape of a kite, proportionably wide. I had conceived the idea of sending up a *cat* at the end of it, suspended a few feet from the paper tail. One gusty afternoon in autumn, I attempted the enterprise. Taking the kite on the terrace of my father's house, with the cat tied to a chair, I ar-

I. *Jahrgang.*

ranged my large spindle of almost interminable twine, and perfected my arrangements. I secured the affectionate old grimalkin to the cord, and attached it to the kite, which I had much ado to hold steadily in my hand, for the violence of the gale. Swinging the affair over the balustrade, I let the small windlass slowly unreel with my left hand, while with my right I held the cat by the soft velvet strap which I had tied around her body, just behind her fore-legs.

The kite was now moving slowly upwards, and puss was purring most cordially, — ‚her custom always of an afternoon'. As soon as the kite rose above the garden trees, it felt the full press of the wind, and rushed upward like an arrow. At this juncture, my venerable tabby was lifted from the chair where she stood in unsuspecting quietude, and went *dangling* off, zenith-ward. As I heard her hysterical *yowlings* grow fainter and fainter, and saw her feline corporation fading into indistinctness on the edge of a cloud, I came to the conclusion that I had performed one of the greatest achievements ever consummated by man. That curious, Yankee-like Ancient, who stumped about, crying *Eureka!* on making his great discovery, could not have enjoyed himself more, in that paroxysm of rapture, than I did when I heard and saw that old puss squalling her way into ether. When the twine had completely unrolled, she was entirely out of sight, among the clouds. I tied my string to the balustrade, and let the poor old quadruped remain *in nubibus*, by the space of three hours, when I wound her down, wet and shivering. Her large green eyes were dilated with fear, and their sockets looked as if they would soon have had, — to use the boarding-school phrase, — ‚a vacancy for pupils.'

But this adventure did not satisfy my ambition. I wished to be, *personally*, in the air. The blue fields above me looked ever to my eye, like the abodes of beauty and grace. One afternoon, about this period, I gave notice to my school-mates, that I would treat them to a specimen of ‚*the art of sinking*,' from the roof of the village academy, — a stone edifice, five stories high. Choosing a breezy day, and having each hand occupied with a large umbrella, made for the occasion, I stalked gingerly out of the dormer window of the cupola, and walking to the end of the roof, looked down upon a whole green-full of spectators. I had experimented, previously, as an *amateur*, from divers heights, without injury. Getting a little dizzy, I opened my umbrellas, and made the spring. I descended with a decent slowness at first, but the operation of gravity upon me, after I passed the second story, was too strong for breath or comfort. I struck the ground with force enough to cut my tongue desperately between my teeth, — for I suppose I was about to say something in the ejaculative way, — and to be jarred into a state of feeling like that of a glass of jelly, — allowing that article to have the capacity of sensation. I rose to my feet, laughing as if the exploit was a fine one, and I delighted, — but, at the same time, with my mouth full of blood.

The memory of this feat was only a stimulant to the prosecution of others. But science now began to lend her influence and aid to my longings. One part of my academical studies was chemistry. I listened to the lectures of the Principal with a pleasurable wonder, which I cannot describe. The best portions of the course were the evenings set apart for *experiments*. One circumstance tended to render them peculiarly attractive. My heart, about this time, became touched with the living fervors of the tender passion. The object of my regard was a lovely creature, only seventeen years of age. Sweet Sophia Howard! She is one whom I remember as a perfect beauty, if one ever lived. How richly the golden hair disparted on her *calm* forehead, and lay in silken waves upon her rosy cheek! There was a light in her clear, hazel eye, that used to fill me with a kind of dreamy transport, which no time can annul.

In some of the lectures, the lights were extinguished, for the purpose of showing the effects of phosphorus. On such occasions, how great was the change of places among the students! Every young lover hied to his mistress' side, —

for all the refined young ladies of the village attended, — and many were the kisses exchanged in the darkness, then! With my Sophia near me, I was supremely comfortable. We watched the marks and letters of flame as they played on the wall, and heard the lecturer talking in his obscurity, — ‚but our hearts were otherwhere!‘ Ah, good gracious! — those were happy days! But I rhapsodise.

The study of chemistry interested me beyond any other. It seems so *supernatural*, in many respects, to the half-initiated, that it is very difficult to believe that no unearthly agency is not exerted, in its results and combinations. It always reminded me of the tales of wonder and enchantment, and the *diablerie* of Faust, Monk Lewis, and other Satanic intellects. By degrees, the study became to me a passion. What with that, and love, I was well nigh distraught. Finally, after a good deal of thought upon the subject, and a careful estimate of my chances of prosperity in any other pursuit, I resolved to become a chemist by profession.

As soon as I had made up my mind, I came to the city to continue the study. I pressed forward in my career with unabated ardor. In the course of my researches on the subject of gases, I encountered some histories of *Aeronauts*. They acted upon my imagination as a spark of fire would on a nitrous train, — they kindled it into a blaze. With what enthusiasm did I pore over the recorded experiments and doubts of Cavallo and the Montgolfiers, — of Charles, and d'Arlandes! I resolved at some future time, and that not remote, to try my silken sphere in the sky, and to live, in fame, with those bold adventurers of Paris and Avignon.

This era of my life was one of unmingled enjoyment. My charming Sophia passed her winters with her relations in town; and our evenings were, of course, mutually shared. In her society, music and beauty warmed me into rapture; and when the summer called her and her gentle cousins of the city to her rural home, I used to feel like a hermit. Then my thoughts would revert to chemistry with increased earnestness. The goodness of my father enabled me to surprise my friends with a superb store, and I conducted it with brilliant and unexpected success.

Practical chemistry is a severe calling, — and I was only a superintendent of my establishment. I had faithful and competent subordinates for all the details, which left me nearly one half of my time to spend at leisure, with men of science and letters. The inspiration thus acquired, all tended, to one point, my ultimate ascension. There was not a day in the year, in which the thoughts of it were absent from my mind. Occasional notices of ascensions abroad, which met my eye among the foreign quotations, served only to fan the flame.

One bright morning in June, as I was passing along Maiden Lane, I saw a piece of light-colored silk, at the door of a fashionable shop. I stepped up to examine it. The quality was of uncommon excellence. It was light, but very firm. Here, thought I, is the *material* for my balloon. I entered, asked the price, and found that the shop-keeper had several pieces of precisely the same quality. I purchased them at once, and leaving my address, walked home as if on air. I had made the primary movement in my enterprise, and I felt that it would not be long, ere I should cease to be one of the ‚undistinguished many.‘ I was determined to make some sensation in the world; to rise superior to that large number, each of whom is only famous for counting one, in a general census, — but to preserve a strict incognito until the time arrived,‘ when I should blaze upon the public like a stray comet.

My intimacy with scientific gentlemen was of much service to me; although I do not imagine that a close knowledge of men and things will add much to one's self-confidence. My acquaintance with the science by which I expected to rise, was by no means complete, and perhaps my limited attainments inspired me with vigor to trample with a firm and resolute step, upon every obstacle that might interpose to prevent my flight. The mystery of the aeronaut was of no very remote introduction in the country; and though

I had witnessed one or two ascensions, and conversed with the aeronauts, as to the details of their efforts, yet I found myself unable properly to comprehend them. They were of transatlantic origin, and after one or two voyages aloft, generally returned whence they came, — each bearing with him the marvellous *eclat*, that he had brought from foreign lands. Books, therefore, and my own judgement, supplied my deficiency in practical knowledge, and my soaring resolution daily grew stronger and stronger.

At this period, I surveyed the heavens by night and day, with an intensity of interest. *There swelled* that broad blue theatre, among whose cloudy curtains I was yet to rise; there were the empires of the imagination; from thence came light, enveloped in heat; and there, was *the source of life.* There the sun ,looked from his sole dominion like a God,' sowing the earth with his vital smile; from that endless vault came the subtle, invisible, and mystic fluid, which pervades the globe, — ubiquitous in its principle, — resistless in its power. There, the tremulous stars sang together, — there, the Thunderer lifted his voice, there, the meteor streamed its horrid hair; and from thence, the moon poured her religious lustre on the earth, blending her rays with the sweet influences of Orion and Pleiades, — of Arcturus and his sons.

I never prided myself much on my weather-wisdom; and the atmospherical phenomena or changes of the seasons seldom occupied much of my attention. But now, as I meditated an early voyage, I began to compare a few old almanacs together, to ascertain the mildest part of the season. Whether the comparison was accidental or not, I am unable to tell; but I found that the early days of September had been for many years previous remarkably clear and calm. Presuming on the continuance of such weather, I fixed upon the first part of that approaching month for my aerial debut. The sequel proved that my calculation was at fault. I looked for a day such as we sometimes experience after the fervors of the solstice, — when the sky appears palpable, and you can see the downy beard of the thistle, gradually moving through its depths, as if empowered to make its way, fast or slow, by inherent volition. But there is such a thing as a premature equinox, — and in dry weather all signs fail.

Not a week now passed without finding me in the possession of some new materials, all tending to the ultimate object. My nights, instead of sleep, gave me visionary slumbers, — fitful passages of repose, which made my waking hours seem like the fragments of a dream. I felt like one rapt, — inspired. I shunned all company, — I neglected my affectionate Sophia's correspondence from the country. In fine, I was half demented, — perhaps a monomaniac, a fool on one point. But there was method in my mood. I had a determinate purpose in my mind, where every energy centered.

About a month before the time, I sent a confidential notice to an editor of one of the journals, requesting him to observe in his original department, that, early in September, a young American would make his first ascension in a balloon from Castle Garden, and that due information would be given of the day on which the event would take place. The article appeared, and went the rounds. I immediately sent a paper, and wrote to Sophia Howard and her brother, giving her the intelligence that the aeronaut was a friend of hers, whom we both knew, and requesting the brother to accompany the family to the city in the steamboat, on the Saturday evening previous to the ascension, — the time of which I promised to communicate as soon as definitely known. I had the satisfaction of receiving a compliance with my request, and a thousand questions from Sophia, concerning ,the intrepid young gentleman, who was about to leave the world in so singular a manner.'

I kept my secret, and perfected my arrangements. Long before the day selected for my enterprise, my balloon was made, and folded, according to the forms I had seen; the netting, iron, oil of vitriol, barometer, vessels, — all the apparatus, prepared; even the ice was engaged, with which the conductors were to be cooled

I had proceeded with the utmost caution; and the proximity of the wished-for, yet dreaded, time, occupied almost every thought. Gas and love divided my intellect between them. My scientific confederates were all sworn to be mum about my name; the newspapers announced the day, and ,here the wonder grew.'

At the time specified, my friends came. The expected voyage was then a town's talk, and I had much ado to keep my counsel from Sophia. An evening or two after her arrival, on visiting her with my accustomed punctuality, I found her beautiful eyes filled with tears. I asked the cause. She handed me one of the evening journals. It announced my name as that of the aeronaut who was about to make his perilous venture. Sophia *implored* me to say that it was erroneous, and thus remove her misery.

For a moment I was utterly unmanned. The tears of a lovely being, who had never before met me but with a smile, and whom I adored so tenderly, were too much for me. I hesitated a little, — but *Truth* was my counsellor: I knew that some of my confidants must have ,*blabbed*,' and I owned that the statement was veritable.

I will not describe the scene that ensued. Had not my unusual eloquence succeeded in explaining to her the comparative safety of the attempt, and in soothing her fears, I would have flung a thousand balloons to the wind, rather than wound that gentle heart. But Sophia Howard had a yielding spirit. When she found that my whole soul was bent on the effort, — when I showed her the reputation and advantages it might give me, — she grew calm with a ,sweet reluctant delay,' that endeared her to me more than ever.

At last came on the evening previous to the day. As I walked among the busy throngs of Broadway, heard my name uttered by hundreds, and caught occasional views of the rich scenery across the Hudson, where twilight was then faintly blushing, I could not help asking myself, — ,*Where shall I be at this time to-morrow?*' Perhaps, a lifeless corse in the ocean, — or perchance dashed upon some rocky crag, — or blasted by some dreadful explosion!' But my mind was made up, and I drove these forebodings from my brain. I spent a *long*, melancholy evening with my beloved, and our adieu was like that of friends who part to meet no more.

That night, I could not sleep. Perturbed by a multitude of thoughts, I tossed upon my couch in restless longings. At last, I slumbered, and dreamed.

Methought I embarked in my balloon to cross the ocean. I cut the ideal cord, and set forth in my imaginary car. Day after day, to my fancy, I rode on the posting winds, far above the long green swells of the Atlantic. At last, I made the coast of England, and sailed among the clouds to London. Here, methought, news had been received of my approach, and an escort of several pilot-balloons came out to meet me. I found a committee of both houses of Parliament, with the Lord Mayor, on the broad flat-roof of St. Paul's, ready for my reception. They offered me the hospitalities of the city. How fantastic is a dream! I declined the honor, and pushed on to Windsor. There I stopped for a moment, fastened my balloon to the terrace, and took a glass of wine with the king, who I thought was walking on the terrace, in his *robe de chambre*, and also his night-cap. He gave me a passport to France. I shook his royal hand, borrowed some pigtail tobacco of him, and sailed away. I reached France soon after. Passing over the heights of Montmartre, I looked down upon the capital. I seemed to know the city; and when I arrived over the Place Vendome, I was made to look up, by some irresistible monition, and lo! my balloon had changed to the semblance of a horn! — a long, bright trumpet of silk, the little end towards the earth, — and from it, by a mere thread, was my car suspended! All at once, the thread parted. I went down, — down, — in a way that one can only sink in dreams. I saw my head strike against the statue of Napoleon, and fall separate from my body to the earth. *I observed* the jabbering crowd picking up my limbs,—(these are sights for dreams only!) — and then I awoke.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Fortſetzung.)

3) **James Godwin Brooks** ward 1801 zu Red-Hook im Staate New-York geboren und von ſeinen Eltern zum Advocaten beſtimmt. Nach vollendeten Studien redigirte er mehrere Jahre hindurch das Journal „**The Athenaeum**" zu New-York, und machte ſich zuerſt unter dem Namen Florio dem Publikum als Dichter bekannt. — Später ſammelte er dieſe in Zeitſchriften zerſtreuten Kinder ſeiner Muſe und gab ſie in Verbindung mit ſeiner Gattin, welche ebenfalls ein hübſches poetiſches Talent beſitzt, 1827, unter dem Titel: **The Rivals of Este and other Poems by James G. Brooks** und **Mary E. Brooks** heraus. Er lebt gegenwärtig als einer der Herausgeber des **Morning Courier** in New-York. In ſeinen poetiſchen Arbeiten ſcheint er ſich beſonders Byron zum Vorbilde gewählt zu haben, ohne jedoch den großen engliſchen Dichter in ſeinen Eigenheiten nachahmen zu wollen. Er beſitzt Kraft und Wärme aber es fehlt ihm an Tiefe und Conciſion; die Gedichte ſeiner Gattin ſind bei weitem friſcher und origineller. Ihr „Abſchied des jungen Weibes von dem Vaterhauſe" (**The Bride's Farewell**) gehört unbedingt zu den gelungenſten Erzeugniſſen amerikaniſcher Poeſie.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

Greece — 1832.

Land of the brave! where lie inurned
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valour burned,
And blazed upon the battle's fray:
Land, where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylae of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sung —
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls! the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beamed on Marathon
Hath lost its splendour, ceased to play;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered — spear in rust —
Thy honour but a dream — and thou
Despised — degraded in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom? —
The bold three hundred — where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet, lo, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled;
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!
But 'tis the dim sepulchral light,
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moon-beams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance,
Behold thy banner waves afar;
Behold the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief, of high emprize,
Is urging foremost in the field

Who calls upon thee to arise
In might — in majesty revealed.

In vain, in vain the hero calls —
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!
His banner totters — see! it falls
In ruin, Freedom's battle shroud:
Thy children have no soul to dare
Such deeds as glorified their sires;
Their valour's but a meteor's glare,
Which gleams a moment, and expires

Lost land! where Genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where Science raised her sacred fane,
Its summits peering to the sky;
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set — the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon the sky!
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

◆

To the Dying Year.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Emblem of transitory man,
Whose wearisome and wild career
Like thine is bounded to a span;
It seems but as a little day
Since nature smiled upon thy birth,
And Spring came forth in fair array,
To dance upon the joyous earth

Sad alteration! now how lone,
How verdureless is nature's breast,
Where ruin makes his empire known,
In Autumn's yellow vesture drest;
The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet
Broke on the breath of early day,
The summer flowers she loved to greet;
The bird, the flowers, Oh! where are they?

Thou desolate and dying year!
Yet lovely in thy lifelessness
As beauty stretched upon the bier,
In death's clay cold, and dark caress;
There's loveliness in thy decay,
Which breathes, which lingers on thee still,
Like memory's mild and cheering ray
Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet, yet, the radiance is not gone,
Which shed a richness o'er the scene,
Which smiled upon the golden dawn,
When skies were brilliant and serene;
Oh! still a melancholy smile
Gleams upon Nature's aspect fair,
To charm the eye a little while,
Ere ruin spreads his mantle there!

Thou desolate and dying year!
Since time entwined thy vernal wreath,
How often love hath shed the tear,
And knelt beside the bed of death;
How many hearts that lightly sprung
When joy was blooming but to die,
Their finest chords by death unstrung,
Have yielded life's expiring sigh,

And pillowed low beneath the clay,
Have ceased to melt, to breathe, to burn;
The proud, the gentle, and the gay,
Gathered unto the mouldering urn;
While freshly flowed the frequent tear
For love bereft, affection fled;
For all that were our blessings here,
The loved, the lost, the sainted dead!

Thou desolate and dying year!
The musing spirit finds in thee

Lessons, impressive and serene,
Of deep and stern morality;
Thou teachest how the germ of youth,
Which blooms in being's dawning day,
Planted by nature, reared by truth,
Withers like thee in dark decay.

Promise of youth! for as the form
Of Heaven's benign and golden bow,
Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
And sheds a light on every woe;
Hope wakes for thee, and to her tongue,
A tone of melody is given,
As if her magic voice were strung
With the empyreal fire of Heaven.

And love which never can expire,
Whose origin is from on high,
Throws o'er thy morn a ray of fire,
From the pure fountains of the sky;
That ray which glows and brightens still
Unchanged, eternal and divine;
Where seraphs own its holy thrill,
And bow before its gleaming shrine.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Prophetic of our final fall;
Thy buds are gone, thy leaves are sear,
Thy beauties shrouded in the pall;
And all the garniture that shed,
A brilliancy upon thy prime,
Hath like a morning vision fled
Unto the expanded grave of time.

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight,
How all life's phantoms fleet away;
The smile of hope, and young delight,
Fame's meteor beam, and Fancy's ray:
They fade; and on the heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wreck of human pride,
The broken wreck of Fortune's war.

There in disorder, dark and wild,
Are seen the fabrics once so high;
Which mortal vanity had piled
As emblems of eternity!
And deemed the stately piles, whose forms
Frowned in their majesty sublime,
Would stand unshaken by the storms
That gathered round the brow of Time.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine;
Like evening shadows disappear,
And leave the spirit to repine.
The stream of life that used to pour
Its fresh and sparkling waters on,
While Fate stood watching on the shore,
And numbered all its moments gone; —

Where hath the morning splendour flown,
Which danced upon that crystal stream?
Where are the joys to childhood known,
When life was an enchanted dream?
Enveloped in the starless night,
Which destiny hath overspread;
Enroll'd upon that trackless flight
Where the death wing of time hath sped!

Oh! thus hath life its even-tide
Of sorrow, loneliness, and grief;
And thus divested of its pride,
It withers like the yellow leaf:
Oh! such is life's autumnal bower,
When plundered of its summer bloom;
And such is life's autumnal hour,
Which heralds man unto the tomb!

J. G. Brooks.

◆

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Leaves from an Aëronaut.

(Concluded from our last.)

The morning sun was shining in my window. I dressed instantly. My dream seemed to indicate, that I should, at any rate, have an extensive sail, though the close seemed that I should come out at last from the little end of the horn. 'Never mind,' said I, — 'that last part was dreamed in the morning; and there is an adage, that morning dreams always go by contraries.' This satisfied my superstition, — and I took my slender breakfast in cheerfulness and hope.

I had scarcely finished this hasty meal, when my apartment was entered by a meagre-looking gentleman, who seemed nervous and agitated. I inquired his pleasure. He answered me with a marked French accent. 'My dear sir,' said he, 'you are not acquainted with me, but I have taken the liberty to come and try to dissuade you from your voyage this day. I have never seen but one balloon ascension, — and God forbid that I should ever see another. It was that of M. Romain, and Pilatre de Rozier, in —. I saw them rise from the shore of France, to cross to the English side; as their double balloons ascended among the clouds over the waves, I saw the flames burst forth in the lower globe: I saw the fierce blaze flashing aloft, and the daring aeronauts precipitated from on high, mangled by the fiery gas, and swept to death by that aerial power which they had fondly hoped would give them fame! Horrid remembrance! My dear friend, — can I persuade you not to go?'

I was touched with this abrupt evidence of friendship; but I argued with the adviser, that important discoveries had since been made in the science; — that my gas would be cool, and no embers be placed near the aerostat, as there were with that of Rozier and Romain. My determination, I added, was inflexible. The gentleman smiled reluctantly, and bowed himself out as suddenly as he entered, leaving me surprised at the quickness and singularity of the interview.

I now consulted my barometer. It had risen during the night, — but there were flying clouds in the sky, and they drifted along with a rapidity which betokened a strong wind. I found, however, on opening my window, that it was light, but summer-like. The barometer could not be doubted, and my hopes were renewed.

I was now delayed for hours with men from the amphitheatre at the garden, wishing my directions. I gave them like a general commanding his legions. One I ordered to the sail-maker's, for canvass to spread the balloon on; one to the cooper's, for extra casks; one to one place, one to another. I issued my stores that no particle of iron, or any sharp, hard substance be left on the ground about the canvass; that the policemen should be on the ground — tickets sent to editors, — and arranged every thing with a promptitude that has since astonished me. I then retired to my room, and dressed in a plain suit of *American* cloth, for the occasion, — had my chin new reaped by a dainty barber, — and sallied into the street.

It was now about twelve o'clock. I called for a moment on the Howard's, to inform them that one of the best seats had been reserved for their use, and that an attendant would be at the gate, to conduct them to it. This, to me, *first* duty arranged, I walked slowly down Broadway to the garden. As general a turning of heads occurred among the most of those I met, as if I had been the sea serpent. There was excitement in this. I felt like a monarch.

I found the garden by no means empty, even at that early hour; and around about the scene, were premature groups of curious sailors, country urchins, and Fly-market loafers, looking up at the flags, and other popular furniture, that fluttered above. I examined every thing connected with the apparatus, most strictly. Minutes seemed hours. At length the cannon, booming over the bay, and startling the distant shores and heights, announced the opening of the gates, and the commencement of the process of inflation. Throngs of well-dressed citizens, ladies and gentlemen, began to arrive. The empty benches became fewer and fewer; and there was a bustle around me, which filled me with impatience. My natural timidity was lost in the consciousness that my preparations were perfect, and an assurance that I should perform what I had promised. The wind had lulled, the clouds dispersed from overhead, — though a few bright-edged ones still lay along the west.

The attendants now opened the carboys of oil of vitriol, some of which they poured into large jars: these were emptied in capacious hogsheads, where three thousand pounds of iron, and some thousand gallons of water had already been placed. The chemical compound was complete; the noise proceeding from the casks, proved the powerful action of the agitated acid on the iron. The water was fast decomposing, — the gas rushed through the tubes to the condenser, and thence poured in volumes into the balloon, which now arose from the canvass, gradually distending into a globular form, and quivering like a thing of life, in impatient bondage. Finally, it was permitted to rise a few feet, for the proper arrangement of the delicate cord-work, by which it was encompassed. I now experienced a strong feeling of pleasure, when I heard the loud cheering which attended the letting-off of the little pilot balloon. It passed to the east of the city, and describing a vast semicircle over the north part of the town, floated, at last, away to the west, beyond the wind-mills of Jersey city, toward the town of Newark. There was a kind of pleasing bewilderment in being thus the focus of ten thousand eyes, — in the bursts of national music, and the encouragement of so many hearts. I felt it all. It surpassed every previous experience of *condensed* excitement.

Only twenty minutes now remained before the hour of ascension. ,The time of my departure was at hand,' and I was ,ready to be offered.' Every thing requisite had been placed in my fairy gondola, — my pigeon, the poetry, in handbills, for the occasion; the tissue paper, flags, ballast, — all. Every moment seemed an hour. I did not trust myself to look often at the seat where Sophia, and all my nearest relations, were seated; for I feared that they might disconcert me. Observing a broken carboy of oil of vitriol lying carelessly by the passage through which the balloon with its netting had been brought, I ordered it instantly removed. The amphitheatre was now filled; the Battery trees ,bore men;' the bay was crowded with craft of all sorts, and every eminence in the neighbourhood was clothed in clusters of human beings.

My gay wicker-car was now attached, with the minutest care, to the long cords that depended from the buoyant globe above. I was looking at my watch, observing that the time of twenty had dwindled to eight minutes, when I heard the cry of ,Fire!" I sprung towards the aerostat, as if a bullet had perforated my heart. ,Where?" said I. ,There, in the balloon!" was the answer.

Looking upward, I perceived that the netting had become entangled with the valve, — which ever and anon flew open, as the wind surged against the balloon, — and the gas, mixed with vapor, issued from the aperture, resembling smoke. The netting was soon disengaged; and the valve, closed and held by its stout springs, remained firm in its place.

My hour had now come, and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up at this moment the melting air of ‚Sweet Home.' It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, — of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But, like Dashall in the play, I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clasping, — unnumbered hearts beating high; and I was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

‚Let go!' was the word. The cheers redoubled, — handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand, — bright faces beamed from every window, and on every side. My last look was towards Sophia. She was pale, and her lips parted ‚like monument of Grecian art.' Her white fingers touched them, as I cut the cord. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air.

How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand house tops, reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy. The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view, — a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, cleaving the depths of heaven, like a vital thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The theatres and public buildings, I recognized from their location near parks or open grounds, and from the peculiarity of their being covered with various metals, as well as slate, or tiles. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast bee-hive: — and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm. I heard the rattling of carriages, — the hearty yo-heave-o! of sailors from the docks that, begirt with spars, hemmed the city round: I was a spectator of all, — yet aloof, and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way, and at last the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the last vibrations of a bell.

My car tilted and trembled, as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings. My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had fainted from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven, and alone with my God. I could tell my direction, by the sun on my left: and as his rays played on the aerostat, it seemed only a bright bubble, wavering in the sky, — and I a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east: the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping; under me the city, girded with bright rivers and sparry forests; the free wind was on my cheek and in my locks; afar, the ocean rolled its long blue waves, chequered with masses of shadow, and gushes of ruby sun-light: to the north and west the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with a purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye.

The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expression. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo. Though rising with incredible swiftness, I had nothing to convince my eye that I was not nearly still. The weak flap-flap-flap, of the cords against the balloon, in regular motion, as the trembling aerostat, moved by its subtle contents, continued to rise, was all that indicated my tendency. My barometer now denoted an immense height; and as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west, temporarily excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath-twilight, reigned around. I was now startled at a fluttering in my gondola. It was my *compagnon du voyage*, the carrier pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my height, — then nearly four miles, — and the state of the barometer. As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done: he attempted to rise, but I out-sped him: he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze.

My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from terra-firma. I began to breath with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for easy respiration. I pulled my valve-cord to descend. It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror-struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward, by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the corps again with desperate energy. Blessed heaven! it moved. I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze, in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath, and I looked down upon an *ocean of rainbows*, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind. A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness, and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my Country! As he fanned me with his heavy wings, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE! But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon, — and my heart sunk: I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord, — he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions, and as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A singular effect was now produced by position. It was a *double horizon*, — one formed by the outer edge of the upper cloud, and the other by the angle of the eye to the extreme strata of the storm over the earth. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emerald, ‚beautiful exceedingly,' spread on every hand. Vast curtains of cloud pavillioned the immensity, brighter than celestial roses, or ‚jasper, bdellium, or the ruby stone,' glittered around: masses of mist were lifted on high, like steps of living fire, — more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aerial Euroclydon now smote my car; and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them. They had been dragged over the broken carboy of oil of vitriol, of which I have spoken, and had rotted asunder.

The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the south-east, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting into distance: a rainbow hung afar, and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear.

Presently, all was clear before me. The fresh

air played around. I had taken a noble circuit, — and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, ‚floating sweetly to the west.' The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view. Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the narrows; and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribbons of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the farewell daybeams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the main land; saw the tall old trees waving to the evening breeze; heard the rural lowing of herds; heard the welcome sound of human voices, and finally, sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last, descending with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see, — ‚safe and well.'

If I have told too long a yarn for so short a voyage, I crave the reader's mercy. My feat has not diminished the number of my friends, and nothing could increase Sophia Howard's love. She is now mine; and when she wishes to amuse our little Sophia, as some childish casuality bids her weep, she takes her on her knee, and tells her ‚about Pa's Voyage to the sky,' until, —

> ‚Throned on her mother's lap, she dries each tear,
> As the sweet legend falls upon her ear.'

D.

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Fortſetzung.)

4) **William Cullen Bryant**, geboren zu Cummington in Maſſachuſetts am 3. November 1794, wird mit vollem Rechte als einer der bedeutendſten lyriſchen Dichter Nordamerika's betrachtet. — Bereits im zehnten Jahre ſeines Alters legte er Proben ſeines reichen und glücklichen Talentes ab. 1808 gab er in Boſton einen Band Gedichte unter dem Titel heraus „The Embargo or Sketches of the Times, a Satire", welche, obgleich der Verfaſſer noch nicht das fünfzehnte Jahr überſchritten hatte, eine ſo günſtige Aufnahme fanden, daß ſchon nach elf Monaten nach ihrer Erſcheinung eine neue Auflage nöthig wurde. Seit 1810 machte er ſeine Studien im Williams-College, widmete ſich der Jurisprudenz und ward 1815 Anwald in Plymouth (V. St.) — Von hier zog er 1825 nach New-York, wo er Mitherausgeber der Zeitſchrift „United States Reviews and Literary Gazette" wurde. Eine neue Sammlung von Gedichten erſchien 1821: The Ages, Thanatopsis and other pieces betitelt, zu New-York und fand ebenfalls große Theilnahme. 1829 wurde er Herausgeber und Mit-Eigenthümer (Associate Editor) der New-York Evening Post. — 1832 ſammelte er ſeine beſten Dichtungen mit großer Auswahl in einem Bande; eine gleichzeitige Ausgabe derſelben beſorgte ſein berühmter Landsmann Waſhington Irving zu London, und widmete ſie dem bekannten engliſchen Dichter Samuel Rogers. — Adel der Geſinnung, Tiefe des Gefühls, Gedankenreichthum, Kraft und Phantaſie treten dem Leſer aus Bryant's Werken entgegen und liefern den Beweis, daß er das Lob, das ihm von ſeinen Landsleuten ſo reichlich geſpendet wird, in vollſtem Maaße verdiene. Eine edle Kühnheit des Geiſtes, die von dem wärmſten Gefühle für alles Edle und Hohe angeregt wird, offenbart ſich in dieſen Dichtungen und reißt mächtig mit ſich fort, ohne jedoch zu verletzen, da ihr ein feiner Tact und ein lebhaftes und inniges Gefühl, namentlich für die Schönheit der Natur mildernd und ſchützend zur Seite ſteht.

5) Eine höchſt merkwürdige Erſcheinung nicht bloß im Gebiete der Poeſie, ſondern in der Geſchichte des menſchlichen Geiſtes überhaupt, iſt unſtreitig die auch bei uns wiederholt beſprochene, obgleich eigentlich nur wenig gekannte **Lucretia Maria Davidſon**. Sie ward am 27. September 1808 zu Plattsburgh am Lake Champlain im Staate von New-York geboren und zeigte ſchon früh einen eigenthümlichen Character, welcher gerade aus zwei Extremen, Nach-

denklichkeit und Lebhaftigkeit ſchien zuſammengeſetzt zu ſein. Bereits in ihrem vierten Jahre bemerkte man an ihr jene Neigung zu einſamen Beſchäftigungen, welche ihr ſpäteres Leben auszeichnete. Die gewöhnlichen Kinderſpiele ihrer Schulgenoſſen waren ihr zuwider und man fand ſie meiſtens, wenn ſie vermißt wurde, an irgend einem Orte, wo ſie ungeſtört arbeiten konnte, mit Feder, Tinte und Papier ausgerüſtet. Mit ihrem Alter wuchs auch ihr Durſt nach Wiſſen. Als ſie ihr zwölftes Jahr erreicht hatte, legten Familienleiden ihr Entbehrung mancher Art auf, ihre Mutter, die bisher ihre Erziehung geleitet hatte, wurde plötzlich gelähmt und auf längere Zeit bettlägerig; Lucretia mußte nun beſtändig um ſie ſein und ſie warten und pflegen. Dadurch ward ſie der Gelegenheit beraubt, Fortſchritte in ihrer wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausbildung zu machen. Obendrein begannen die Freunde ihrer Eltern dieſen Vorſtellungen über Lucretia's Erziehung zu machen; dieſe dadurch gereizt und verletzt, erklärte die Bücher gänzlich liegen zu laſſen und ſich allein den Pflichten des Hausweſens widmen zu wollen. Sie hielt ihr Verſprechen eine Zeitlang treu und ſtreng, aber der Gram nagte an ihrer Seele und ihr bleiches Antlitz erſchreckte ihre Angehörigen. Ihre Mutter bat ſie daher einen Mittelweg einzuſchlagen und die geiſtigen Beſchäftigungen nicht ganz liegen zu laſſen; ſie gehorchte und fühlte ſich verhältnißmäßig glücklicher. — So ſtanden die Sachen, als 1824 ein Fremder Plattsburg beſuchte, mehrere ihrer Arbeiten zu Geſicht bekam, und erfuhr, wie ſehr ſie ſich nach einer höheren Ausbildung ſehne. Großmüthig und edelgeſinnt verſchaffte er ihr die Mittel, eine bedeutende Erziehungsanſtalt zu beſuchen. — Aber der Dämon der Krankheit erfaßte ſie; ſie mußte nach Plattsburg zurückkehren und ſtarb dort am 27. Auguſt 1825, eine Beute der Auszehrung, noch ehe ſie ihr ſiebenzehntes Jahr zurückgelegt hatte. — Eine Auswahl aus ihren Gedichten beſorgte S. F. Morſe 1829 zu New-York unter dem Titel: Amir khan and other Poems, by L. M. Davidson, 1 Bändchen in 12. — Große Herrſchaft über die Sprache, Gluth und Kraft der Empfindung und eine reiche, üppige Phantaſie treten glänzend in ihren Leiſtungen hervor und erregen ein inniges Bedauern, daß ein ſo entſchiedenes und glückliches Talent ſchon im erſten Aufknospen der Erde entriſſen wurde.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

To the Evening Wind.

Spirit, that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone — a thousand [illegible]
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they, who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go — but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

BRYANT.

◆

The New Moon.

When, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
'Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid the flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest bow grow bright
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
'Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things —
The hopes of early years;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that, like a rainbow, chase
The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
Comes out upon the air;
And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
On the soft promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight
Glitters that pure, emerging light;
For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lovers' walk,
And tenderest is their murmured talk,
Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
Forsaken and forgiven;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
Just opening in their early birth,
Like that new light in heaven.

BRYANT.

◆

August.

The quiet August noon is come:
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.
O, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out:
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing, and waters shout! —
When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell!
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground —
The blessing of supreme repose.
Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care;
Away from desk and dust away
I'll be as idle as the air,
Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.
Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meaning of the heart,
One day amid the woods with thee,
From men and all their cares apart;
And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come — and when 'mid the calm profound,
  I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
  Of innocence and peace shall speak.
Rest here; beneath the unmoving shade,
  And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
  In yon soft ring of summer haze.
The village trees their summits rear
  Still as its spire; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields appear
  As chiselled from the lifeless rock.
One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
  Where the hushed winds their Sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks,
  Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.
Well might the gazer deem, that when,
  Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the sons of men,
  The good forsake the scenes of life, —
Like the deep quiet, that awhile
  Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
  Welcomes them to a happier shore.

Bryant.

Feats of Death.

I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad light;
I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping,
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night,
Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low;
I culled the fair bud as it danced in its mirth,
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I passed o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high;
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,
I stop not to pity — I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there;
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair!
The deep purple fountain seemed melting away,
And the faint pulse of life scarce remembered to play;
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly, and bounded along,
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song;
The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,
And sweet, and half sad were the numbers he wove.
I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstrung;
O'er the stream which rolled deeply, 'twas recklessly hung;
The minstrel was not! and I passed on alone,
O'er the newly-raised turf and the rudely-carved stone.

Lucretia M. Davidson.

◆

Das BRITISH MUSEUM erſcheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. Abonnements-Preis für das Vierteljahr [illegible] oder [illegible] rhein., wofür es ſämmtliche Poſtanſtalten des In- und Auslandes und alle [illegible] liefern.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1837. N.ro 44.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. H.

The Chivalric Sailor,

by *Miss Sedgwick.*

> „But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low — Oh, my leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."
>
> HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

The assertion that a tale is founded on fact, is a pious fraud of story tellers, too stale to impose on any but the very young, or very credulous. We hope, therefore, not to be suspected of resorting to an expedient that would expose our poverty without relieving it, when we declare that the leading incidents of the following tale are true — that they form, in that district of country where some of the circumstances transpired, a favourite and well authenticated tradition—and that our hero boasts with well-earned self-complacency, that there is no name better known than his from „Cape May to the Head of Elk." That name however, honourable as it is, must be suppressed, and we here honestly beg the possessor's pardon for compelling him for the first time in his life, to figure under false colours.

In the year 1769, an American vessel lying in the Thames and bound to Oxford, a small seaport on the eastern shore of Maryland, was hailed by a boat containing a youth, who, on presenting himself to the captain, stated that he had a fancy for a sailor's life, and offered his services for two years, on the simple condition of kind treatment. The captain, though himself a coarse illiterate man, perceived in the air and language of the lad indications of good breeding, and deeming him some disobedient child, or possibly a runaway apprentice, declined receiving him. But William Herrion, as he called himself, was so earnest in his solicitations, and engaging in his manners, and the captain, withal, in such pressing need of a cabinboy, that he waved his scruples, quieted his conscience with the old opinion that it was best not to be more nice than wise, and without inquiring too curiously into the boy's right of self-disposal, drew up some indentures, by which he entitled himself to two years' service.

The boy was observed for the first day to wear a troubled countenance. His eye glanced around with incessant restlessness, as if in eager search of some expected object. While the ship glided down the Thames, he gazed on the shore as if he looked for some signal on which his life depended, and when she passed Gravesend, the last point of embarkation, he wept convulsively. The captain believed him to be disturbed with remorse of conscience; the sailors, that these heart-breakings were longings for his native land, and all hinted their rude consolations.

Soothed by their friendly efforts, or by his own reflections, or perhaps following the current of youth that naturally flows to happiness, William soon became tranquil, and sometimes even gay. He kept, as the sailors said, on the fair weather side of the captain, a testy, self-willed old man, who loved but three things in the world — his song, his glass, and his own way.

All that has been fabled of the power of music over stones and brutes, was surpassed by the effect of the lad's melting voice on the icy heart of the captain, whom forty years of absolute power had rendered as despotic as a Turkish Pacha. When their old commander blew his stiffest gale, as the sailors were wont to term his blustering passions, Will could, they said, sing him into a calm. Will of course became a doting piece to the whole ship's company. They said he was a trim built lad, too neat and delicate a piece of workmanship for the stormy sea. They laughed at his slender fingers, fitter to manage threads than ropes, passed many jokes upon his soft blue eyes and fair round cheeks, and in their rough language expressed Sir Toby's prayer, that „Jupiter in his next commodity of hair, would send the boy a beard.“ In the main Will bore their jokes without flinching, and returned them with even measure, but sometimes when they verged to rudeness, his rising blush or a tear stealing from his downcast eye, expressed an instinctive and unsullied modesty, whose appeal touched the best feelings of these coarse men.

The ship made a prosperous voyage, and in due time arrived off the American coast. It is a common custom with sailors to greet the first sight of land with a sacrifice to Bacchus. The natural and legalized revel was as extravagant on this, as it usually is on similar occasions. The captain with unwonted good humour, dealt out the liquor most liberally to the crew, and bade William sing them his best songs. Will obeyed, and song after song, and glass after glass carried them, as they said, far above high water mark. Their language and manners became intolerable to William, and he endeavoured to steal away with the intention of hiding himself in the cabin till the revel was over. One of the sailors suspecting his design, caught him rudely and swore he would detain him in his arms. William struggled, freed himself, and darted down the companion way, the men following and shouting.

The captain stood at the entrance of the cabin door. William sunk down at his feet terrified and exhausted, and screaming „protect me — oh! for the love of heaven, protect me.“

The captain demanded the occasion of the uproar, and ordered the men to stand back. They however, stimulated to reckless courage, and in sight of land and independence, no longer fearing his authority, swore that they would not be balked of their frolic. Poor Will, already feeling their hands upon him, clung in terror to the captain, and one fear overcoming another, confessed that his masculine dress was a disguise, and wringing his hands with shame and anguish, supplicated protection as a helpless girl.

The sailors touched with remorse and pity, retreated, but the brutal captain spurned the trembling supplicant with his foot, swearing a round oath that it was the first time he had been imposed on, and it should be the last. Unfortunately the old man, priding himself on his sagacity, was as confident of his own infallibility as the most devoted Catholic is of the Pope's. This was his last voyage, and after playing Sir Oracle, for forty years — to have been palpably deceived — incontrovertibly outwitted by a girl of fifteen, was a mortification that his vanity could not brook. He swore he would have his revenge, and most strictly did he perform his vow. He possessed a plantation in the vicinity of Oxford; thither he conveyed the unhappy girl, and degraded her to the rank of a common servant, among the negro slaves in his kitchen.

The captain's wrath was magnified, by the stranger's persisting in refusing to disclose the motive of her deception, to reveal her family, or even to tell her name. Her new acquaintance were at a loss what to call her, till the captain's daughter, who had been on a visit to Philadelphia and seen the Winter's Tale performed there, bestowed on her the pretty appellation of Hermione's lost child, Perdita.

The captain, a common case, was the severest sufferer by his own passions. His wife complained that his „venture,“ as she provokingly styled poor Perdita, was a useless burden on her household— „a fine lady born and bred, and like feathers, and flowers, and all French goods, pretty to look at, but fit for no use in the world.' The captain's daughters, partly instigated by compassion, and partly by the striking contrast between the delicate graces of the stranger and their own buxom beauty, incessantly teased their father to send her back to her own country; and neighbours and acquaintances were forever letting fall some observation on the beauty of the girl, or some allusion to her story, that was as a spark of fire to the captain's gunpowder temper.

Weeks and months rolled heavily on without a dawn of hope to poor Perdita. She was too young and inexperienced herself, to contrive any mode of relief, and no one was likely to undertake voluntarily the difficult enterprise of rescuing her from her thraldom. Her condition was thus forlorn, when her story came to the ears of Frank Stuart, a gallant young sailor on board the Havard, a vessel lying in the stream off Oxford, and on the eve of sailing for Cowes in the Isle of Wight. Frank stood deservedly high in the confidence of his commander, and on Sunday, the day preceding that appointed for the departure of the ship, he obtained leave to go on shore. His youthful imagination was excited by the story of the oppressed stranger, and he strolled along the beach in the direction of her master's plantation, in the hope of gratifying his curiosity by a glimpse of her. As he approached the house, he perceived that the front blinds were closed, and inferring thence that the family were absent, he ventured within the bounds of the plantation, and saw at no great distance from him a young female sitting on a bench beneath a tree. She leaned her head against its trunk, with an air of dejectedness and abstraction, that encouraged the young man to hope he had already attained his object. As he approached nearer, the girl started from her musings, and would have retreated to the house, but suddenly inspired by her beauty and youth with a resolution to devote himself to her service, he besought her to stay for one instant and listen to him. She turned and gazed at him as if she would have perused his heart. Frankness and truth were written on his face by the finger of heaven. She could not fear any impertinence from him, and further assured by his respectful manner, when he added, „I have something particular to say to you—but we must luff and bear away, for we are in too plain sight of the look out there,“ and he pointed to the house—she smiled and followed him to a more secluded part of the grounds. As soon as he was sure of being beyond observation, „Do you wish,“ he asked with professional directness, „to return to old England?“

She could not speak, but she clasped her hands, and the tears gushed like an open fountain from her eyes—„you need not say any more—you need not say any more,“ he exclaimed, for he felt every tear to be a word spoken to his heart—„if you will trust me,“ he continued, „I swear, and so God help me as I speak the truth, I will treat you as if you were my sister. Our ship sails to-morrow morning at day light, make a tight bundle of your rigging, and meet me at twelve o'clock to-night at the gate of the plantation. Will you trust me?“

„Heaven has sent you to me,“ replied the poor girl, her face brightening with hope, „and I will trust you.“

They then separated—Perdita to make her few preparations, and Frank to contrive the means of executing his romantic enterprise.

Precisely at the appointed hour the parties met at the place of rendezvous. Perdita was better furnished for her voyage than could have been anticipated, from the durance she had suffered. A short notice and a scant wardrobe, were never known to oppose an obstacle to a heroine's compassing sea and land; but as we have dispensed with the facilities of fiction, we are bound to account for Perdita's being in possession of the necessaries of life, and it is due to the captain's daughter to state, that her feminine sympathy had moved her from time to time to grant generous supplies to Perdita, which our heroine acknowleged on going away, by a letter enclosing a valuable ring.

A few whispered sentences of caution, assurance, and gratitude, were reciprocated by Frank and Perdita, as they bent their hasty steps to the landing-place where he had left his boat; and when he had handed her into it, and pushed from the shore on to his own element, he felt the value of the trust which this beautiful young creature had reposed in him. Never in the days of knightly deeds was there a sentiment of purer chivalry, than that which inspired the determined resolution and romantic devotion of the young sailor. He was scarcely twenty, the age of fearless project, and self-confidence. How soon is the one checked by disappointments the other humbled by experience of the infirmity of human virtue!

Stuart had not confided his designs to any of his shipmates. He was therefore obliged warily to approach the ship, and to get on board with the least possible noise. He had just time to secrete Perdita amidst bales of tobacco, in the darkest place in the hold of the vessel, when a call of „all hands on deck," summoned him to duty. He was foremost at his post, and all was stir and bustle to get the vessel under way. The sails were hoisted—the anchor weighed, and all in readiness, when a signal was heard from the shore, and presently a boat filled with men was seen approaching. The men proved to be Perdita's master, with a sheriff, and his attendants. They produced a warrant empowering them to search the vessel. The old captain affirmed that the girl had been seen on the preceding day, talking with a youg spark, who was known to have come on shore from the Hazard. In his fury he foamed at the mouth, swore he would have the runaway dead or alive, and that her aider and abettor should be given over to condign punishment. The master of the Hazard declared, that if any of his men were found guilty, he would resign them to the dealings of land law, and to prove that if there were a plot, he was quite innocent, he not only freely abandoned his vessel to the search, but himself was most diligent in the inquest. The men were called up, confronted and examined; not one appeared more cool and unconcerned than Frank Stuart, and after every inquiry, after ransacking, as they believed, every possible place of concealment, the pursuers were compelled to withdraw, baffled and disappointed.

The vessel proceeded on her voyage.—Frank requested the captain's permission to swing a hammock alongside his birth, on the pretence that the birth was rendered damp and unwholesome by a leak in the deck above it. This reasonable petition was of course granted, and when night had closed watchful eyes, and dropped her friendly veil, so essential to the clandestine enterprises of the most ingenious, Frank rescued Perdita from a position, in which she had suffered not only the inconveniences, but the terrors of an African slave; and wrapping her in his own dreadnought, and drawing his watchcap over her bright luxuriant hair, he conducted her past the open door of the captain's state-room, and past his sleeping companions, to his own birth; then whispering to her, „that she was as safe as a ship in harbour," he gave her some bread and a glass of wine, for which he had bartered his allowance of spirits, and laid himself down in his own hammock, to the companionship of such thoughts as are ministering angels about the pillow of the virtuous.

The following day a storm arose—a storm still remembered, as the most terrible and disastrous that ever occurred in Chesapeake Bay. There were several passengers of consequence on board the Hazard, among others two deacons who were going to the mother country to receive orders—for then, we of the colonies, who have since taken all rights into our own hands, dared not exercise the rights God had given us, without the assent of the Lords Bishops. Night came on, the storm increased, and then.

when the ship was in extremity, when death howled in every blast, when „the timid shrieked and the brave stood still“ — then was the unwearied activity, the exhaustless invention, and the unconquerable resolution of Frank Stuart, the last human support and help of the unhappy crew. The master of the Hazard was advanced in life, and unnerved by the usual feebleness and timidity of age. He had but just enough presence of mind left, to estimate the masterly conduct of young Stuart, and he abandoned the command of the vessel to him, and retired to what is too often only a last resource—to prayers with the churchmen.

Once or twice Stuart disappeared from the deck, ran to whisper a word of encouragement to his trembling charge, and then returned with renewed vigour to his duty. Owing, under Providence, to his exertions, the Hazard rode out a storm which filled the seaman's annals with many a tale of terror. Gratitude is too apt to rest in second causes, in the visible means of deliverance, and perhaps an undue portion was now felt towards the intrepid youth. The passengers lavished their favours on him—they supplied his meals with the most delicate wines and fruits, and the choicest viands from their own stores; he, with the superstition characteristic of his profession, firmly believed that heaven had sent the storm to unlock their hearts to him, and thus afford him the means of furnishing Perdita with dainties suited to her delicate appetite, so that she fared, as he afterwards boasted, like the daughter of a king in her father's palace.

Stuart was kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the mate of the vessel. He knew that this fellow, one of those imbeciles that bend like a reed before a strong blast, had been hostile to him ever since the storm, when the accidental superiority of his station had been compelled to bow to Frank's superior genius. He was aware that the mate had, by malicious insinuations, estranged the captain from him, and he was but too certain that he should have nothing to hope, if his secret were discovered by this base man. Perhaps this apprehension gave him an air of unwonted constraint in the presence of his enemy; certain it is, the mate's eye often rested on him with an expression of eager watchfulness and suspicion, and Stuart, perceiving it, would contract his brow and compress his lips, in a way that betrayed how hard he strove with his rising passion. The difficulty of concealment was daily increasing, as one after another of his messmates, either from some inevitable accident, or from a communication becoming necessary on his part, obtained possession of his secret. But his ascendency over them was complete, and by threats or persuasions, he induced them all to promise inviolable secrecy. There is an authority in a determined spirit, to which men naturally do homage. It is heaven's own charter of a power, to which none can refuse submission.

Frank never permitted his comrades to approach Perdita, or to speak a word to her; but in the depths of the night when the mate's and the old captain's senses were locked in sleep, he would bring her forth to breathe the fresh air. Seated on the gunwale, she would bestow on him the only reward in her gift — the treasures of her sweet voice; and Frank said the winds sat still in the sails to listen. There were times when not a human sound was heard in the ship, when these two beings, borne gently on by the tides in mid ocean, felt as if they were alone in the universe.

It was at such times that Frank felt an irrepressible curiosity to know something more of the mysterious history of Perdita, whose destiny heaven, he believed, had committed to his honour; and once he ventured to introduce the topic nearest his heart, by saying, „You bade me call you Perdita, but I do not like the name; it puts me too much in mind of those rodomontade novels, that turn the girls' heads and set them a sailing, as it were, without chart or compass, in quest of unknown worlds“ — He hesitated; it was evident he had betaken himself to a figure, to avoid an explicit declaration of his wishes — after a moment's pause he added— „it suits me best to be plain-spoken — it is not the name that I object to so much, but — but hang it — I think you know Frank Stuart now, well enough to trust him with your real name.“

The unhappy girl cast down her eyes, and said „that Perdita suited her better than any other name.“

„Then you will not trust me?“

„Say not so, my noble, generous friend,“ she exclaimed— „trust you! — have I not trusted you? — you know that I would trust you with any thing that was my own — but my name — my father's name, I have forfeited by my folly.“

„Oh no — that you shall not say — a brave ship is not run down with a light breeze, and a single folly of a young girl cannot sink a good name — a folly!“ he continued, thus indirectly pushing his inquiries, „if it is a folly, it's a common one — there's many a stouter heart than your's, that's tried to face a gale of love, and been obliged to bear about and scud before the wind.“

„Who told you? — how did you discover?“ demanded Perdita, in a hurried, alarmed manner.

Frank's generous temper disdained to surprise the unwary girl into confidence, and he immediately surrendered the advantage he had gained. „Nobody has told me,“ he said, „I have discovered nothing — I only guessed, as the yankees say; now wipe away your tears — the sea wants no more salt water, and believe me, Frank Stuart has not such a woman's spirit in him, that he cannot rest content without knowing a secret.“

In spite of Frank's manly resolution, he did afterwards repeatedly intimate the longings of his curiosity, but they were always met with such unaffected distress on the part of Perdita, that he said he had not the heart to press them.

As the termination of the voyage approached, Stuart became more intensely anxious lest his secret should be discovered. The mildest consequence would be, that he should forfeit his wages. That he cared not for — like Goldsmith's poor soldier, he could lie on a bare board, and thank God he was so well off. „While he had youth and health,“ he said, „and there was a ship afloat on the wide sea, he was provided for.“ But his companions who had been true to him might forfeit their pay; for, by their fidelity to him, they had in some measure become his accessories. But he found consolation even under this apprehension; „the honest lads,“ he said, „would soon make a full purse empty, but the memory of a good action was a treasure gold could not buy — a treasure that would stick by them forever — a treasure for the port of heaven.“ There was, however, one apprehended evil, for which his philosophy offered no antidote.

He was sure the captain would deem it his duty or make it his will, (even Frank's slight knowledge of human nature told him that will and duty were too often convertible terms,) to return the fugitive to her self-styled master in Maryland. Nothing could exceed the vigilance with which he watched every movement and turn that threatened a detection, or the ingenuity with which he evaded every circumstance that tended to it — but alas! the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

(To be continued in our next.)

◆

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Fortſetzung.)

6) Unter den geiſtlichen Liederdichtern, deren ſich Amerika zu erfreuen hat, wird **George Waſhington Doane** als der ausgezeichnetſte genannt. Er ward 1799 zu New-York geboren, ſtudierte Theologie und bekleidete ſeit 1820 ein geiſtliches Amt bei der proteſtantiſch-biſchöflichen Kirche daſelbſt. 1824 erhielt er die Profeſſur der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und der Beredſamkeit, am Waſhington-Kollege zu Hartford in Konnecticut und bekleidete dieſes Amt das er mit dem Rectorat einer benachbarten Gemeinde verband, bis zum Jahre 1828, wo er Prediger an der Dreifaltigkeitskirche zu Boſton wurde. Nach dem Tode des Dr. Ravencroft fiel die Wahl zum Biſchof von New-Jerſey auf ihn. — Er gab 1824 eine Sammlung von Gedichten unter dem Titel Songs of the Way, chiefly devotional, with

translations and meditations heraus, welche Innigkeit und echte Religioſität athmen und in einer einfachen aber edeln und ſchönen Weiſe geſchrieben ſind.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

That Silent Moon.

By THE RT. REV. G. W. DOANE.

That silent moon, that silent moon,
Careering now through cloudless sky,
Oh! who shall tell what varied scenes
Have pass'd beneath her placid eye,
Since first, to light this wayward earth,
She walked in tranquil beauty forth.

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,
And superstition's senseless rite,
And loud, licentious revelry,
Profaned her pure and holy light:
Small sympathy is hers, I ween,
With sights like these, that virgin queen.

But dear to her, in summer eve,
By rippling wave, or tufted grove,
When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,
And heart meets heart in holy love,
To smile, in quiet loneliness,
And hear each whisper'd vow and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she to wake the thought,
And start the tear for those we love!
Who watch, with us, at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon.

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes,
The happy eves of days gone by;
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,
The loved, the lost of other years.

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
On lonely eyes that wake to weep,
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep:
Oh! softly beams that gentle eye,
On those who mourn, and those who die.

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,
And fall where'er her splendour may,
There's pureness in her chasten'd light,
There's comfort in her tranquil ray:
What power is hers to soothe the heart—
What power, the trembling tear to start!

The dewy morn let others love,
Or bask them in the noontide ray;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light to dying day:—
But oh! be mine a fairer boon—
That silent moon, that silent moon!

The Guardian Angel.

By LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid! and I rest
In mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast;
At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,
When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses flow
In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow,
O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,
And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul,
My tempest the clouds, which around thee may roll;
I float my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs,
And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me;
There are some which, half-breathed, half-acknowledged by thee,
Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,
Just ruffling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies,
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled skies;
I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night:
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy;

My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart.
Farewell! for the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of morning are wreathed round my head.

◆

The Bride's Farewell.

By *Mary E. Brooks.*

Farewell to thee,
To thee, the young home of my heart, farewell!
Renew the spell;
Each burning tone,
Far sweeter than the wild bird's melting note;
Across my spirit like a dream by-gone,
Their voices float.

When rose the song,
The life gush of the bosom, fresh and free,
There breathed no sorrow as it swept along
Thy halls of glee;
Oh, when the gay,
The merry hearted blend the tide again,
Then sing to her, the loved one far away,
One kindly strain.

The skies are bright
That canopy thy bowers, my soul's young rest;
And, like thy fairy visions, robed in light,
The loveliest
The bird among
Thy deep perfumes pours its rich melody;
Oh, in the music of that matin song
Remember me!

Another now,
Mother, above thy silvery locks must bend;
And when the death-shade gathers on thy brow,
Who then will tend
Thy fading light?
Oh, in its gleam all feebly, tremblingly,
The last gush of thy spirit in its flight,
Remember me!

Sister, one sigh
Upon the midnight's balmy breath did float;
One love-lit smile beneath the summer sky,
One echo note:
Oh, never yet,
Through love, life, music, feeling, fragrancy,
Can I the mingling of those hours forget,
Remember me!

The chained spell
Is strong, my own fair home, that bids us sever:
And bound in loveliness to break, no, never!
Then fare thee well:
And perished here,
As from the rosy leaf the dew that fell,
I dash from love's young wreath the passing tear;
My own bright home, farewell!

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The Chivalric Sailor,

by Miss Sedgwick.

(Continued from our last.)

One night when it was blowing a gale, a particular rope was wanted, which the mate remembered to have stowed away in the steerage. Frank eagerly offered to search for it, but the mate was certain that no one but himself could find it, and taking a lantern he went in quest of it. Frank followed him with fear and trembling. He has since been in many a desperate sea-fight, but he declares he never felt so much like a coward as at that moment. The mate's irritable humour had been somewhat stirred by Frank's persisting in his offer to go for the rope, and when he turned and saw him at his heels, he asked him angrily, „what he was dogging him for?“ „The ship rolls so heavily,“ replied Frank, in a subdued tone, „that I thought you might want me to hold the lantern for you.“ Frank's unwonted meekness conciliated the mate, and though he rejoined, „I think I have been used to the rolling of a ship a little longer than you, young man,“ he spoke good-naturedly, and Frank ventured to proceed.

Most fortunately, as Frank thought, the mate directed his steps to the side of the ship opposite Perdita, but making a little circuit in his return, he passed between Frank's hammock and Perdita's birth. At this moment the poor lad's heart, as he afterwards averred, stopped beating. The ship rolled on that side, and the mate catching hold of the birth to save himself from falling, exclaimed, „What lazy [illegible]ll is here, when every hand is wanted on deck;“ and raising his lantern to identify the supposed delinquent sailor, he discovered the beautiful girl. For a moment he was dumb with amazement, but upon recalling the search at Oxford, the whole truth flashed upon him; he turned to Frank, and shaking his fist in his face, „Ah, this is you, Stuart!“ he said, and enforced his gesture with a horrible oath.

„Yes,“ retorted Frank, now standing boldly forth, „it is me, thank God“ —and then drawing a curtain that he had arranged before Perdita's birth, he bade her fear nothing.

„Oh, Frank,“ she exclaimed, „I cannot fear where you are.“ This involuntary expression of confidence went to her protector's heart. There is no man so dead to sentiment, as not to be touched by the trust of woman, especially if she be young and beautiful. Frank was at the age when sentiment is absolute, and he was resolved to secure his treasure at every hazard. Perdita's declaration, while it stimulated his zeal, awakened the mean jealousies of the mate.

„And so, my pretty miss,“ he said, „you fear nothing where this fellow is—I can tell you, for all that he may boast, and you may believe, he is neither master nor mate yet, and please the Lord I'll prove as much to him this very night."

„And how will you prove it?" asked Stuart, in a voice which, though as calm as he could make it, resembled the low growl of a bull dog before he springs on his victim.

„I'll prove it, my lad, by telling the whole story of your smuggled goods to the captain. A pretty piece of work this, to be carried on under the nose of your officers. It's no better than a mutiny, for I'll warrant it the whole ship's crew are leagued with you."

Stuart reined in his passions, and condescended to expostulate. He represented to the mate that he could gain nothing by giving information to the captain. He described, with his simple eloquence, the oppression the poor girl had already suffered; the cruelty of disappointing her present hopes, just as they were on the point of being realized, for the ship was not more than twenty-four hours' sail from Cowes; he appealed to his compassion, his generosity, his manliness, but in vain, he found no accessible point. The mean pride of having discovered the secret, and the pleasure of humbling Stuart, mastered every good feeling of the mate, if indeed he possessed any, and he turned away, saying, with a sort of chuckling exultation, „that he should go and do his duty."

„Stop," cried Frank, grasping his arm with a gripe that threatened to crush it. „Stop, and hear me; I swear by Him that made me, if you dare so much as to hint by word, look or movement, the secret you have discovered here, you shall not cumber the earth another day — day — said I — no not an hour — I'll send you to the devil as swift as a canon ball ever went to the mark — Look," he continued, tearing away the curtain he had just drawn before Perdita — " could any thing short of the malice of Satan himself contrive to harm such helpless innocence as that — do you hear me" — he added, in a voice that outroared the storm — " in God's name look at me, and see I am in earnest."

The mate had no doubt to satisfy, he trembled like an aspen leaf — in vain he essayed to raise his eyes; the passion that glared in Frank's face, and dilated his whole figure, affected the trembling wretch like a stroke of the sun. He reeled like a drunken man. His abject fear changed Stuart's wrath to contempt, and giving him an impulse that sent him quite out of the door, he returned to soothe Perdita with the assurance that they had nothing to fear from the „cowardly dog." She was confounded with terror, but much more frightened by the vehemence of Stuart's passion than by the threats of the mate. She had always seen her protector move like an unobstructed stream along its course, in calm and silent power. Now he was the torrent, that no human force could oppose or direct.

She saw before her calamities far worse than any she had endured. She believed that the mate, as soon as he was recovered from his paroxysm of terror, would communicate his discovery. She apprehended the most fatal issue from Frank's threats and determined resolution, and the possibility that his generous zeal for her might involve him in crime, was intolerable to her. Such thoughts do not become less terrible by solitary meditation — in the solemnity of night and amidst the howlings of a storm. Every blast spoke reproach and warning to Perdita, and tortured by these harpies, remorse and fear, she took a sudden resolution to reveal herself to the captain, feeling at the moment that if she warded off evil from her protector, she could patiently abide the worst consequences to herself. She sprang from her birth as if afraid of being checked by a second thought, and rushed from the steerage to the cabin. All was perfect stillness there — the passengers had retired to their beds. The captain was sitting by the table, he had been reading, but his book had fallen to the floor, his head had sunk on his breast, and he was in a profound sleep. The light shone full on his weather-beaten face — on large uncouth features — on lines deepened to furrows — and muscles stiffened by time. Never was there an aspect more discouraging to one who needed mercy, and poor Perdita stood trembling before him and close to him, and dared not, could not speak. She heard a footstep approaching, still her tongue was glued to the roof of her mouth. Then she heard her name pronounced in a low whisper at the cabin door, and turning, she saw Stuart there beckoning most earnestly to her. She shook her head, signed to him to withdraw, and laid her hand on the captain's shoulder. There was but one way to thwart her intentions, and Frank's was not a hesitating spirit, he sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and before the old man had rubbed his eyes fairly open, Perdita was again safe in the steerage.

Stuart's threats produced the intended effect on the mate; he was completely intimidated. He scarcely ventured out of Frank's sight lest he should incur his dangerous suspicions, and the next day the vessel, accelerated by the gale of the preceding evening, arrived at Cowes. The captain and mate immediately landed, and Stuart, no longer embarrassed by their presence, was able to take the necessary measures for Perdita. She assured him that if once conveyed to the main land, to Portsmouth or Southampton, she could herself take the coach for London, and there, she said happiness or misery awaited her which her noble protector could neither promote or avert.

A wherry was procured. Before Perdita was transferred to it, she took leave of all the sailors, shook hands with each of them, and expressed to them, individually, her gratitude and good wishes. Her words conveyed nothing but a sense of obligation, but there was something of condescension in her manner, and much of the grace of high station that contrasted strikingly with the abased, fearful, and shrinking air of the girl who had, till then, only been seen gliding like a spectre along the deck, attended by Stuart, and veiled by the shadows of night. As the wherry parted from the ship, she bowed her head and waved her handkerchief to Frank's shipmates, and they returned her salutation with three loud cheers.

Stuart attended her to an inn at Portsmouth, engaged for her a seat in the London coach, and then followed her to a private apartment which he had secured, to bid her farewell.

Perdita, from the moment she had felt her emancipation from a degrading condition, and the joy of setting her foot again on her native land, had manifested, perhaps, an undue elation of spirits, an elation so opposite to Frank's feelings, that to him it was a grating discord; but when she saw him for the last time, every other emotion gave place to unfeigned sorrow and inexpressible gratitude.

Stuart laid a purse on the table beside her. „My shipmates,“ he said, „receive their wages to-morrow, so they have been right glad to make their pockets clear of the little trash that was in them, which may be of service to you, though it is of no use to them.“

„Oh Frank!“ she exclaimed, „if I should ever have any thing in my gift—if I could but reward you for all you have done for me!“

All the blood in Frank's heart rushed to his face, and he said in a voice almost inarticulate with offended pride, „there are services that money cannot buy, and thank God, there are feelings in a poor man's breast worth more than all the gold in the king's coffers.“

„What have I said,“ exclaimed Perdita,„ I would rather die—rather return to the depth of misery from which you rescued me—yes, ten times told, than to speak one word that should offend you—you to whom I owe every thing—my life—and more than life. I did not say—I did not think, that money could reward you.“

„Do not speak that word again,“ said Frank, half ashamed of his pride, and half glorifying in it. „Reward! I want none but your safety and the blessed memory of having done my duty. Money—ho! I care no more for it, than for the dust I tread upon.“

I know it—I am sure of it,“ cried Perdita, humbled for the moment by a sense of an elevation of soul in Frank, that exalted him far above any accidents of birth or education. „Frank, you are rich in every thing that is good and noble — and what am I, to talk of reward — poor — poor in every thing but gratitude to you, Frank — I am not poor in that — you must not then despise me, and you will not forget me — and you will keep this ring for my sake.“

Frank took the ring, and the lily hand she extended to him — his tears fell fast upon it — he struggled for a moment with his feelings, then dashed away his tears, and half-articulating „God bless you!“ he hurried out of the apartment. Thus separating himself from the beautiful young creature, for whom he had performed a most difficult service with religious fidelity; and of whose name even, he was for ever to remain in ignorance.

The enterprising talent of Stuart ensured its appropriate reward. In one year from the memorable voyage above related, he commanded a vessel; and on the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he devoted himself to his country's cause, with the fervent zeal which characterised and consecrated that cause — which made the common interest a matter of feeling — a family affair to each individual.

Stuart commanded an armed merchantman, and disputes with the noted Paul Jones the honour of having first struck down the British flag. However this may be, he was distinguished for his skill and intrepidity — and above all, (and this distinction endures when the most brilliant achievements have become insignificant,) for his humanity to those whom the fortune of war cast in his power.

While on a cruise off the West Indies, Stuart intercepted an enemy's ship bound to Antigua. His adversary was far superior to him in men and guns, but as it did not comport with Stuart's bold spirit to make any very nice calculations of an enemy's superiority, he prepared without hesitation for action. The contest was a very severe one, and the victory long doubtful; but at last the British captain struck his colours. Though we certainly are disposed to render all honour to the skill of our hero, yet we dare not claim for him the whole merit of his success, but rather solve the mystery of victory at such odds, by quoting the expression of a patriotic English boy, who said on a similar occasion — „ Ah, but the Americans would not have beaten, if the Lord had not been on their side.“

After the fight the English commander requested an interview with captain Stuart; he informed him that the wife and mother of the governor of Antigua were on board his vessel, and that they were almost distracted with terror; he entreated therefore that they might be received with the humanity which their sex demanded, and the deference always due to high station. Stuart replied, „that as to high station, he held that all God's creatures, who feared their Creator and did their duty, were on a dead level — and as to the duties of humanity, he trusted no American captain need go further than his own heart for instructions how to perform them.“ The British captain, ignorant of the spirit of the times, and arguing nothing favourable from Stuart's republican reply, returned with a heavy heart to the ladies to conduct them on board the captor's ship. The elder lady, the mother, was a woman of rank, with all the pride and prejudice, of high birth. The Americans she deemed all of that then much despised order — the common people; rebels and robbers were the best names she bestowed on them, and in the honesty of her ignorance she sincerely believed that she had fallen into the hands of pirates. The younger lady, though deeply affected by their disastrous situation, endeavoured to calm her mother's apprehensions, and assured her that she had heard there were men of distinguished humanity among the American sailors. The old lady shook her head incredulously. „Oh heaven help us,“ she groaned, „what can we expect from such horrid fellows, when they know they have lady Strangford and the right honourable Mrs. Liston in their power — and your beauty, Selina! your beauty, child! it is a fatal treasure to fall among thieves with — depend on't — arrange your veil so that it will hang so thick folds over your face — I will draw my hood close.“ The precaution on her part seemed quite superfluous, but the young lady's impervious veil concealed a treasure of beauty which time had perfected but not impaired.

The servants were ordered to deliver the ladies' baggage to the American captain, with a request that some necessaries might be reserved. Stuart answered that he interfered with no private property, and that all the baggage of the ladies remained at their disposal.

Lady Strangford was somewhat reassured by this generosity, and attended by her captain and followed by her daughter and servants, she proceeded to Stuart's ship. Stuart advanced to meet them and offered her his hand—she proudly declined it and passed silently on. A gust of wind blew back her hood — ,,Faith!“ exclaimed one of the sailors who observed the scrupulosity with which she replaced it, ,,the old lady had best show her face, for I'm sure we'll all give a good berth to such an iron-bound coast as that.“ But as the same breeze blew aside the young lady's veil, there was a general murmur of admiration. She had at the moment graciously accepted the tender of Stuart's hand, in the hope of counteracting the impression of her mother's rudeness, and when her veil was removed he had a full view of her face; conscious that many were gazing on her, she blushed deeply, and hastily readjusted it without raising her eyes. Stuart dropped her hand — smothered an exclamation, and retreated a few paces, leaving her to follow her mother alone.

One of his officers observing his emotion, said, ,,How is this, captain? you don't wink at a broadside, and yet you start at one flash from a lady's bright face.“

,,I got a scratch on my right arm in the engagement,“ returned Stuart, evading the raillery, ,,and I felt a devil of a twinge just then.“ It was not a trifle that made honest Stuart thus ,,falter in a double sense.“

He then retired to his state-room, and wrote the following note, which he directed to be delivered to the young lady. ,,Captain Stuart's compliments to the ladies under his protection — he incloses a ring, once bestowed on him in acknowledgment of honourable conduct, as a pledge to them that the hand that has worn such a badge shall never be sullied by a bad deed. Captain Stuart will proceed immediately to Antigua, conveying the ladies with the least possible delay to their destined port.“ Such a communication to prisoners of war, might naturally excite emotion in a generous bosom, but it did not account for the excess of it manifested by the young lady. She became pale and faint, and when her mother, alarmed at such a demonstration of feeling, took up the note, she caught it from her, an then, after a second thought, relinquished it.

,,I see nothing in this, Selina,“ said the old lady, after perusing and reperusing it, ,,to throw you into such a flurry, but you are young, and are thinking no doubt of getting home to your husband and children; young people's feelings, are, like soft wax, easily melted.“

,,There is a warmth in some kindness,“ rejoined the daughter earnestly, ,,that ought to melt the hardest substance.“

,,Really, I do not see any thing so very striking in this man's civility. It would be of course, you know, in the British navy; politeness, and all that sort of thing being inborn in an Englishman, but it may be, indeed I fancy it is, quite unheard of in an American.“

,,Shall I write our acknowledgments, madam, to captain Stuart?“ asked the young lady, with evident solicitude to drop the conversation.

,,Certainly — certainly, my dear Selina, always be ceremoniously polite with your inferiors.“

,,Madam, I think this noble captain,“ she would have added, ,,has no superiors,“ but afraid of further discussion, she concluded her sentence with the tame addition, ,,richly deserves our thanks.“

She then wrote the following note. ,,Mrs. Linton, in behalf of her mother in law, lady

Strangford, and on her own part, offers her warmest thanks to captain Stuart — the ladies esteem it heaven's peculiar mercy that captain Stuart is their captor. They have already had such experience of his magnanimity, as to render them perfectly tranquil in reposing their safety and happiness on his honour." The ring, without any allusion to it, was re-inclosed.

When captain Stuart had perused the note, he inquired if the lady had not requested to speak with him. He was answered that so far from intimating such a wish, she had said to her mother that she would remain in her state-room, till she was summoned to leave captain Stuart's vessel. The captain looked extremely chagrined, he knit his brows, and bit his lips, and gave his orders hastily, with the usual sea expletives appended to them — „a sure sign," his men said, „that something went wrong with their captain," but these signs of repressed emotion were all the expression he allowed to his offended pride, or perhaps his better feelings. The ladies were scrupulously served, and every deferential attention paid to them that lady Strangford would have anticipated in the best disciplined ship in his majesty's service.

A few day's sail brought the schooner to the port of Antigua. She entered the harbour under a flag of truce, and remained there just time enough for the disembarcation of the ladies and their suite. During this ceremony the captain remained in his berth, under pretext of a violent head-ache; but it was observed that they were no sooner fairly off than he was on deck again, moving about with an activity and even impetuosity that seemed quite incompatible with a debilitating malady.

Captain Stuart continued for some months a fortunate cruise about the West India islands. His was not the prudent maxim that „discretion is the better part of valour," but when valour would have been bootless he knew how to employ the alternative, and his little schooner was celebrated as the most desperate fighter and the swiftest sailer in those seas, and her captain became so formidable, that the English admiral of that station gave orders that the schooner should be followed and destroyed at all hazards.

Soon after this he was pursued by a ship of the line, and compelled to take refuge in the harbour of St. Kitts, a French, and of course a friendly port to the American flag. Here he anchored his vessel, and deeming himself perfectly secure, and wearied with hard duty, he retired to his berth after setting a watch, and dismissing his crew to repose. In the middle of the night he was alarmed by an attack from the pursuing frigate, which had contrived to elude the vigilance of the fort that guarded the entrance of the harbour, and was already in such a position in relation to him as to cut off every possibility of escape. His spirit, far from quailing, was exasperated by the surprise. He fought as the most courageous animals fight at bay. To increase the horror of his situation, the commander of the fort, from some fatal mistake, opened a fire upon him. He was boarded on all sides by boats manned with eighty-four men. We are too ignorant of such matters, to give any interest to the particulars of a sea-fight. Suffice it to say, that our hero did not surrender till he was himself disabled by wounds, his little band cut down, and his schooner a wreck. When the British commander ascertained the actual force with which he had contended, his pride was stung with the consciousness that a victory so dearly bought, had all of defeat but the disgraceful name; and, incapable of that sympathy which a magnanimous spirit always feels with a noble captive, he arraigned captain Stuart before him as a criminal, and demanded of him how he dared against the law of nations, to defend an indefensible vessel.

„Did you think," retorted Stuart with cold contempt, „that I had gunpowder and would not burn it? do you talk to me of the law of nations! I fight after the law of nature, that teaches me to spend the last kernel of powder and the last drop of blood, in my country's service." His conqueror's temper, heated before, was inflamed by Stuart's reply. He ordered him to be manacled and put into close confinement.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Fortſetzung)

7) **Levi Frisbie**, der Sohn eines Geiſtlichen ward 1784 zu Ipswich in Maſſachuſetts geboren und widmete ſich dem Studium der Jurisprudenz, ſah ſich aber genöthigt, wegen eines Augenübels daſſelbe aufzugeben. Im Jahre 1805 erhielt er eine Lehrerſtelle an der Harvard-Univerſität, wurde dann Profeſſor der römiſchen Literatur und 1817 Profeſſor der Philoſophie daſelbſt, wo er am 9. Juli 1822 ſtarb. — Profeſſor Norton gab 1823 Frisbie's geſammelte Schriften, welche mehrere vortreffliche Gedichte enthalten, heraus.

8) Von den Lebensumſtänden der talentvollen Dichterin Miß **Hannah F. Gould** iſt weiter nichts bekannt, als daß ſie in Newburyport ihren Wohnſitz hat. 1832 gab ſie einen Band Poeſieen heraus von denen die meiſten bereits früher in amerikaniſchen Zeitſchriften mitgetheilt wurden. Ihre Leiſtungen erfreuen ſich großer Zartheit und Innigkeit, und einer edeln, wohllautenden Sprache.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

Value of Classical Learning.

In our opinion there are many and great advantages to be derived from a study of the classics. It must be allowed, that even the commentators have not been without their use; they have often thrown much light upon history, as well as their author; and afforded great facilities to those who would seek, with higher views, what is really valuable in the productions of Greece and Rome. At that early period of life, when the languages of those nations are usually learned, their study affords a useful discipline to the mind, which could not, perhaps, at that age, be so well derived from any other source.

In discovering the meaning of a passage, there is not only a vigorous exercise of the powers of invention and comprehension, but in that grammatical analysis of each sentence, which is necessary for this purpose, a constant process of reasoning is carried on. By translation, a youth, while he acquires that copiousness of expression so much insisted on by Quintilian, forms, at the same time, the habit of nicely discriminating the import of words, and perceiving their minutest shades of difference, and this much more from the dead than living languages, because their idiom and modes of combination vary more from our own.

The importance of the early formation of this habit will be obvious to those who consider that language is not only the vehicle of our thoughts, when we impart them to others, but the very body in which they appear to ourselves. We think in propositions, and in proportion to the propriety and definiteness of our words, will be those of our ideas. It is true that, during the period we have mentioned, many facts in geography, civil and even natural history, might be stored in the memory. But, not to mention that, especially with the children of the wealthy, there is time enough for all these, we hold it to be a maxim, that discipline, rather than knowledge, should be the object of education.

We do not consider that youth as best taught who has read or knows the most, but him who carries into the world an understanding formed successfully to grapple with whatever subject may be proposed, and most able, in whatever situation he may be placed, to think and act with sagacity, with truth and effect. The languages of the classics, once acquired, open to the maturer taste and judgement all the stores of ancient wisdom, poetry and eloquence. Nor is it a slight knowledge of the character and manners of a people, their habit of thinking and feeling, their progress in philosophy and morals, which may be obtained from the mere vocabulary and peculiar modes of expression prevalent among tions. To be convinced of this, we have but to recollect how many ideas in intellectual and moral science, and even more in the relations, duties and endearments of domestic life, are, with their appropriate terms, common among us, which cannot be expressed in the language of the Romans.

Frisbie.

◆

The Snow Flake.

„Now if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone and lowly spot—
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot;
  And there will my course be ended?"
„T was thus a feathery Snow Flake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half in dalliance, half afraid,
  It seemed in mid air suspended.

„Oh! no," said the Earth, „thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and alone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
  For thou shalt be safe in my keeping.
But then I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm —
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and
warm,
  And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

„And then, thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea—
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
  Or aught of thy spotless whiteness: —
To melt, and be cast, in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the
mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
  Regaining thy dazzling brightness;—

„To wake, and be raised from thy transient
sleep,
When Viola's mild, blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or, a diamond leaf,
  In a drop from the unlocked fountain; —
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
  Encircling the brow of the mountain!

„Or, wouldst thou return to a home on the
skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
  A pencil of sunbeams blending!
But, true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I 'll give thee a new, and a vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
  And never regret descending!"

„Then, I will drop," said the trusting Flake,
But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers, nor the dew to awake,
  Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me, —
They rise, and will live from thy dust set
free,
  To the regions above returning.

„If true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
  And return to my native heaven.
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow
  By the Promise that God hath given!

Miss Gould.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

The Chivalric Sailor,

by Miss Sedgwick.

(Concluded from our last.)

This conduct may appear extraordinary in the commander of a British frigate, but the English, in their contest with the colonies were not always governed by those generous principles, by which they have themselves so much alleviated the miseries of war. A defeated American was treated as a lawful enemy, or a rebel, as suited the temper of the individual who vanquished him.

The frigate was so much injured in the fight as to render a refit necessary, and her commander sailed with his prize for Antigua.

Stuart well knew that his fidelity to his country rendered him obnoxious to the severest judgment from the admiralty court, and though he might plead the services he had rendered the ladies of the governor's family in mitigation of his sentence, he proudly resolved never to advert to favours, which he had reason to believe had been lightly estimated.

Spirits most magnanimous in prosperity are often most lofty in adversity. Frank Stuart, mutilated by wounds, dejected by the fatal calamities of his faithful crew, irritated by the indignities heaped on him by his unworthy captor, and stung by secret thoughts of some real or fancied injury — chafed and overburthened with many griefs, recovered, and sullenly obeyed a summons to the presence of the governor. It cannot be denied, that reluctantly as he appeared before the governor, he surveyed him at his introduction with a look of keen curiosity. He was surprised to see a man rather past his prime, though not yet declined into the vale of years. With generous allowance for the effect of a tropical climate, he might not have been more than forty-five. His physiognomy was agreeable, and his deportment gentlemanly. He received captain Stuart with far more courtesy than was often vouchsafed from an officer of the crown, to one who fought under the rebel banner, and remarking that he looked pale and sick, he begged him to be seated.

Stuart declined the civility, and continued resting on a crutch, which a severe wound in his leg rendered necessary.

„You are the commander of the schooner Betsy?“ said the governor.

„What's left of her,“ returned Stuart.

„You appear to be severely wounded,“ continued the governor.

„Hacked to pieces,“ rejoined Stuart, in a manner suited to the brevity of his reply.

„Your name, I believe, is Frank Stuart?“

„I have no reason to deny the name, thank God.“

„And, thank God, I have reason to bless and honour it,“ exclaimed the governor, advancing and grasping Frank's hand heartily. „What metal did you deem me of, my noble friend, that I should forget such favours as you conferred on me, in the persons of my wife and mother?"

„I have known greater favours than those forgotten,“ said Frank, and the sudden illumination of his pale face showed how deeply he felt what he uttered.

„Say you so?“ exclaimed the governor with good humoured warmth; „well, but that I am too poor to pay my own debts to you, I should count it a pleasure to assume those of all my species — but heaven grant, my friend, that you do not allude to my wife and mother. I blamed them much for not bringing you on shore with them — but my mother is somewhat overpunctilious, and my wife, poor soul! her nerves were so shattered by that sea-fight, that she is but now herself again. On my word, so far from wanting gratitude to you, she never hears an allusion to you without tears, the language women deal in when words are too cold for them. But come,“ concluded the governor, for he found that all his efforts did but add to Stuart's evident distress, „come, follow me to the drawing-room, the ladies will themselves convince you how impatient they have been to welcome you.“

„Are they apprised,“ asked Stuart, still hesitating and holding back, „whom they are to see?“

„That are they — my mother is as much delighted as if his majesty were in waiting, and my wife is weeping with joy.“

„Perhaps,“ said Stuart, still hesitating, „she would rather not see me now.“

„Nonsense, my good friend, come along. It is not for a brave fellow like you to shrink from a few friendly tears from a woman's eye.“

Nothing more could be urged, and Stuart followed governor Liston to the presence of the ladies. Lady Strangford rose and offered him her hand with the most condescending kindness. Mrs. Liston rose too, but did not advance till her husband said, „Come, Selina, speak your welcome to our benefactor — he may misinterpret this expression of your feelings.“

„Oh no,“ she said, now advancing eagerly, fixing her eye on Stuart, while her cheeks, neck, and brow were suffused with crimson, „Oh no, captain Stuart knows how deeply I must feel benefits, which none but he that bestowed them could forget or undervalue.“

„It was a rule my mother taught me,“ replied Frank with bluntness, softened however by a sudden gleam of pleasure, „that givers should not have better memories than receivers.“ There was a meaning in his honest phrase hidden from two of his auditors, but quite intelligible to her for whom it was designed, and to our readers, who have doubtless already anticipated that the honorable Mrs. Liston was none other than the fugitive Perdita. A sudden change of colour showed that she felt acutely Stuart's keen though veiled reproach.

„A benefit,“ she replied, still speaking in a double sense, „such as I have received from you, captain Stuart, may be too deeply felt to be acknowledged by words — now heaven has given us the opportunity of deeds, and you shall find that my gratitude is only inferior to your merit.“ Stuart was more accustomed to embody his feelings in action than speech, and he remained silent. He felt as if he were the sport of a dream, when he looked on the transformed Perdita. He knew not why, but invested as she now was, with all the power of wealth and the elegance of fashion, he felt not half the awe of her, as when in her helplessness and dependence, „he had fenced her rounde with many a spelle,“ wrought by youthful and chivalric feeling.

He perceived, in spite of Mrs. Liston's efforts, that his presence was embarrassing to her, and he would have taken leave, but the governor insisted peremptorily on his remaining to dine with him. Then saying that he had indispensable business to transact, and must be absent for a half hour, he would, he said, „leave the ladies to the free expression of their feelings.“

When he was gone, Mrs. Liston said to her mother, „I do not think your little favourite, Francis, is quite well to-day — will you have the goodness to look in upon him and give nurse some advice." The old lady went without reluctance, as most people do to give advice, and Mrs. Liston turned to Stuart, and said, „I gave my boy your name, with a prayer that God would give him your spirit. Do not, oh do not think me," she continued, her lip quivering with emotion, „the ungrateful wretch I have appeared. I am condemned to silence by the pride of another. My heart rebels, but I am bound to keep that a secret, which my feelings prompt me to publish to the world." Stuart would have spoken, but she anticipated him: „Listen to me without interruption," she said, „my story is my only apology, and I have but brief space to tell it in. It was love, as you once guessed, that led me to that mad voyage to America. I had a silly passion for a young Virginian, who had been sent to England for his education — he was nineteen, I fifteen, when we promised to meet on board the ship which conveyed me to America. His purpose, but not his concert with me was discovered, and he was detained in England. You know all the events of my enterprise. I left a letter for my father, informing him that I had determined to abandon England, but I gave him not the slightest clue to my real designs. I was an only, and as you will readily believe, a spoiled child. My mother was not living, and my father hoping that I should soon return, and wishing to veil my folly, gave out that he had sent me to a boarding-school on the continent, and himself retired to Switzerland. When I arrived in London, I obtained his address and followed him. He immediately received me to apparent favour, but never restored me to his confidence. His heart was hardened by my childish folly, and though I recounted to him all my sufferings, I never drew a tear from him; but when I spoke of you, and dwelt on the particulars of your goodness to me, his eye would moisten, and he would exclaim, ‚God bless the lad.' I must be brief," she continued, casting her eye apprehensively at the door; „Mr. Liston came with his mother to Geneva, where we resided; he addressed me — my father favoured his suit, and though he is, as you perceive, much older than myself, I consented to marry him, but not, as I told my father, till I had unfolded my history to him. My father was incensed at what he called my folly — he treated me harshly — I was subdued, and our contest ended in my solemnly swearing never to divulge the secret, on the preservation of which he fancied the honour of his proud name to depend."

„Thank God, then exclaimed Frank, with a burst of honest feeling, „it was not your pride, cursed pride; and I may still think on Perdita as a true, tender-hearted girl. It was a pleasant spot in my memory," he continued, dashing away a tear, „and I hated to have it crossed with a black line."

Mrs. Liston improved all that remained of her mother's absence in detailing some particulars, not necessary to relate, by which it appeared that notwithstanding she had dispensed with the article of love in her marriage, (we crave mercy of our fair young readers,) her husband's virtue and indulgence had matured a sentiment of affection, if not so romantic, yet quite as safe and enduring as youthful passion. She assured Stuart that she regarded him as the means of all her happiness. „Not a day passes," she said, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, „that I do not remember my generous deliverer, where alone I am permitted to speak of him." The old lady now rejoined them, bringing her grandchild in her arms. Frank threw down his crutch, forgot his wounds, and permitted his full heart to flow out in the caresses he lavished on his little namesake.

The governor redeemed Stuart's schooner, and made such representations before the admiralty court of Stuart's merits, and of the ill treatment he had received from the commander of the frigate, that the court ordered the schooner to be refitted and equipped, and permitted to proceed to sea at the pleasure of captain Stuart. He remained for several days domesticated in the governor's family, and treated by every member of it with a frank cordiality suited to his temper and merits. Every look, word, and action of Mrs. Liston expressed to him, that his singular service was engraven on her heart. She forebore even to allude to it, and with his characteristic ingenuousness never inquired, directly or indirectly, her family name. He observed a timidity and apprehensiveness in her manner that resulted from a consciousness that she had, however reluctantly, practised a fraud on her husband, and he said: „that having felt how burdensome it was to keep a secret from his commander for a short voyage, he thought it was quite too heavy a lading for the voyage of life."

The demonstrations of gratitude which Stuart received from governor Liston and his family, he deemed out of all proportion to his services, and being more accustomed to bestow than to receive, he became restless, and as soon as his schooner was ready for sea, he announced his departure, and bade his friends farewell. He said the tears that Perdita, (he always called her Perdita,) shed at parting, were far more precious to him than all the rich gifts she had bestowed on him.

At the moment Stuart set his foot on the deck of his vessel, the American colours, at the governor's command, were hoisted. The generous sympathies of the multitude were moved, and huzzas from a thousand voices rent the air. Governor Liston and his suite and most of the merchant vessels, then in port, escorted the schooner out of the harbour. Even the stern usages of war cannot extinguish that sentiment in the bosom of man, implanted by God, which leads him to do homage to a brave and generous foe.

Captain Stuart continued to the end of the war, to serve his country with unabated zeal, and, when peace was restored, the same hardy spirit that had distinguished him in perilous times, made him foremost in bold adventure.

He commanded the second American trading vessel that arrived at Canton after the peace; and this vessel with which he sailed over half the globe, was a sloop of eighty tons, little more than the size of the largest now used for the trade of Hudson river. This adventure will be highly estimated by those who have been so fortunate as to read the merry tale of Dolph Heyliger, and who remember the prudence manifested, at that period, by the wary Dutchmen in navigating those small vessels: how they were fain to shelter themselves at night in the friendly harbours with which the river abounds, and, we believe, in dread adventuring through Haverstraw bay or the Tappan sea, in a high wind.

When Stuart's little sloop rode into the port of Canton, it was mistaken for a tender from a large ship, and the bold mariner was afterwards familiarly called by the great Hong merchants, „the one-mast captain."

Fifty-seven years have gone by since the Hazard sailed from Oxford, and our hero is now enjoying in the winter of his life, the fruits of a summer of activity and integrity. Time, which he has well used, has used him gently — his hair is a little thinned and mottled, but is still a sufficient shelter to his honoured head. His eye when he talks of the past, (all good old men love to talk of the past,) rekindles with the fire of youth, his healthful complexion speaks his temperance, and a double row of unimpaired ivory, justifies the pleasant vanity of his boast, that he can still show his teeth to an enemy.

Professional carelessness or generosity has left him little of the world's „gear," but he is rich — for he is independent of riches. He says he would recommend honest dealings and an open hand, to all who would lay up stores of pleasant thoughts for their old age; and he avers — and who will gainsay him? that in the silent watches of the night, the memory of money well bestowed is better than a pocket full of guineas. He loves to recount his boyish pranks, and recall his childish feelings — how he rattled down the chinquapins on the devoted heads of a troop of little girls; and how he was whipped for crying to go with Braddock and be a soldier; but above all, he loves to dwell on some of the particulars we have related, and in the sincerity of religious feeling to ascribe praise to that Being, who kept his youth within the narrow bound of strict virtue.

I saw him last week surrounded by his grandchildren, recounting his maritime dangers and hair breadth 'scapes to a favourite boy, while the nimble fingers of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little girls were employed in making sails for a miniature ship, which the old man has just completed. Long may he enjoy the reflections that recalls to his imagination, labour without its hardship, and enterprize without its failure — and God grant gentle breezes and a clear sky to the close of his voyage of life!

◆

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Fortſetzung.)

9) **Fitz Greene Halleck**, geboren 1795 zu Guilford im Staate Connecticut, ließ ſich ſeit ſeinem achtzehnten Jahre in New-York nieder und hat dieſe Stadt ſeitdem nicht wieder verlaſſen. Er lebte daſelbſt als Kaufmann. Sein erſter öffentlicher poetiſcher Verſuch war eine Reihe von ſatyriſchen Oden (in der Art des Peter Pindar), welche mit der Unterſchrift Croaker und Compagnie in der New-Yorker Evening-post erſchienen und die er gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinem, ihm früh durch den Tod entriſſenen Freunde Drake, verfaßt hatte. Dann gab er (1819) ein komiſches Gedicht in der Manier, welche Byron durch ſeinen Beppo und Don Juan einführte, unter dem Titel „Fanny" heraus. Es erregte großes Aufſehn und ward auch ſogar in England zwei Mal nachgedruckt. Der Inhalt iſt ſehr einfach und gibt nur eine Geſchichte des Schickſals und der unglücklichen Speculationen des Vaters der Heldin, eines New-Yorker Kaufmanns; der ganze Reiz liegt alſo in der Darſtellung, in welcher das Pathos ſehr gewandt mit dem Komiſchen abwechſelt und den Leſer ergötzt, indem es ihn in beſtändiger Täuſchung oder auch in ſteter Spannung erhält. Wenn gleich nur eine Nachahmung, ſo gehört dieſelbe doch zu den glücklichſten und gelungenſten, welche die neuere Literatur aufzuweiſen hat. — Eine Sammlung von Gedichten, 1827 zu New-York unter dem Titel „Alnwick Castle and other Poems" erſchienen, iſt das jüngſte Erzeugniß dieſes talentvollen Mannes, deſſen Dichtungen ſcharfer und ſchlagender Witz, ſowie Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls und ein ſchöner harmoniſcher Rhythmus hohen Werth verleihen.

10) **William B. O. Peabody** aus Exeter in New-Hampſhire, deſſen Geburtsjahr unbekannt iſt, ſtudirte zu Cambridge (V. St.) und bekleidet jetzt ein Pfarramt zu Springfield im Staate Maſſachuſetts. — Seine zahlreichen Gedichte erſchienen in Zeitſchriften und ſind bisher noch nicht in einer Sammlung vereinigt worden; meiſt religiöſen Inhalts legen ſie ein ſchönes Zeugniß von dem Geiſte und den Talenten dieſes würdigen Mannes ab.

11) **James Gates Percival** ward am 15. September 1795 in Kenſington, einem Kirchſpiel von Berlin im Staate Connecticut, geboren. Er hatte das Unglück, ſeinen Vater, einen ſehr geſchickten Arzt, ſchon früh zu verlieren, erhielt aber nichts deſtoweniger eine vortreffliche Erziehung und zeichnete ſich unter ſeinen Genoſſen durch ſchnelle Auffaſſung, ſcharfen Verſtand und große Sanftmuth höchſt vortheilhaft aus, nur ſelten und ungern an ihren jugendlichen Spielen Theil nehmend und ſich dafür mit ganzer Seele der Einſamkeit und der Welt, welche ihm die Bücher aufſchloſſen, die ſeine Lieblingsbeſchäftigungen waren, hingebend. Vorzüglich feſſelte ihn die Geſchichte und ganze Tage pflegte er allein im Walde zuzubringen und an einem Quell ſitzend, die großen Geſtalten der Vorwelt in ſeiner Seele herauf zu beſchwören. Sehr ſchön ſchildert er dieſe Momente ſelbſt in einem ſeiner Gedichte mit folgenden Worten:

„At times, the historic page would catch my eye,
And rivet down my thoughts on ancient times,
And mix them with the demigods of old.

* * * *

Now I loved
To roam round the pyramids, and in their womb
Gaze on the royal sarcophagi, to sit
Beneath thy ruined palaces and fanes,
Balbec or princely Tadmor; though the one
Lurk like a hamlet in the lovely vales
Of Lebanon, and the waste wilderness
Embrace the other.

* * * *

Along the stream
That flowed in summer's wildness o'er its bed

Of rounded pebbles, with its crusty wave
Encircling many an islet, and its banks
In bays and havens creeping, I would sleep
And dreaming, rear an empire on its shores,
Where cities rose, and palaces and towers
Caught the first light of morning, there the fleet
Lent all its snowy canvass to the wind
And bore with awful front against the foe.
There many a childish hour was spent; the world
That moved and fretted round me had no power
To draw me from my musings, but the dream
Enthralled me till it seemed reality;
And when I woke, I wondered that a brook
Was babbling by and a few roods of hill
Covered with scanty herbs the scene where
Cities and empires, fleets and armies rose.

Bald wußte er mehr als der Lehrer der von ihm beſuchten Schule. Er verließ daher dieſelbe im ſechzehnten Jahre ſeines Alters und bezog das Yale-College, wo er ſich bald durch rühmlichen Fleiß und vortreffliche Kenntniſſe in Botanik und Chemie, ſo wie in den lebenden Sprachen bemerklich machte. Er widmete ſich darauf der Heilkunde und ward als Wundarzt angeſtellt, entſagte ihr jedoch bald wieder und lebte eine Zeitlang ganz dem Dienſte der Poeſie. Mehrere Sammlungen von Gedichten waren die Frucht ſeiner Muſe; ſie wurden mit lebhafter Theilnahme aufgenommen. Im Jahre 1824 ſtellte ihn die Regierung als Profeſſor der Chemie bei dem Militair-College zu Weſt-Point an; hier blieb er jedoch nicht lange, da das Weſen jener Anſtalt ſein Mißfallen erregte. Seit dieſer Zeit lebte er als Privatmann mit wiſſenſchaftlichen Arbeiten beſchäftigt, litt jedoch furchtbar durch Hypochondrie, ſo daß er nahe daran war, in das tiefſte Elend zu verfallen, doch erholte er ſich in den letzten Jahren wieder, ſcheint ſich aber von den Muſen abgewendet zu haben. Außer mehreren ſcientifiſchen Werken, deren Aufzählung in ein anderes Gebiet gehört, gab er heraus: Clio, 3 numbers. 1822 — 1827. Poems, 1820. Prometheus with other poems, 1822. Miscellaneous poems 1823. Select poetical works 1825 u. A. m. Tiefe der Reflection, Kraft und Anmuth der Darſtellung und ein ſehr glückliches Talent für poetiſche Schilderung erwarben ihm als Dichter große Verehrung nicht allein bei ſeinen Landsleuten, ſondern auch in England, wo u. A. ein Abdruck ſeiner Select poetical works ſchnelle Verbreitung fand.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

The Playthings.

Oh! mother, here 's the very top
That brother used to spin;
The vase with seeds I 've seen him drop
To call our robin in;
The line that held his pretty kite,
His bow, his cup and ball,
The slate on which he learned to write,
His feather, cap, and all!

My dear, I 'd put the things away
Just where they were before:
Go, Anna, take him out to play,
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent! he little thinks
The slightest thought expressed
Of him that 's lost, how deep it sinks
Within a mother's breast!

Miss Gould.

◆

Marco Bozzaris.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires, who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke—
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
„To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
„Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires:
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris, with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

HALLECK.

◆

The Winter Night.

'Tis the high festival of night!
The earth is radiant with delight;
And, fast as weary day retires,
The heaven unfolds its secret fires,
Bright,—as when first the firmament
Around the new made world was bent,
And infant seraphs pierced the blue,
Till rays of heaven came shining through.

And mark the heaven's reflected glow
On many an icy plain below;
And where the streams with tinkling clash
Against their frozen barriers dash,
Like fairy lances fleetly cast
The glittering ripples hurry past,
And floating sparkles glance afar
Like rivals of some upper star.

And see, beyond, how sweetly still
The snowy moonlight wraps the hill,
And many an aged pine receives
The steady brightness on its leaves,
Contrasting with those giant forms
Which, rifled by the winter storms,
With naked branches broad and high,
Are darkly painted on the sky.

From every mountain's towering head
A white and glistening robe is spread,
As if a melted silver tide
Were gushing down its lofty side;
The clear cold lustre of the moon
Is purer than the burning noon,

And day hath never known the charm
That dwells amid this evening calm.

The idler on his silken bed
May talk of nature cold and dead;
But we will gaze upon this scene,
Where some transcendent power hath been,
And made these streams of beauty flow
In gladness on the world below,
Till nature breathes from every part
The rapture of her mighty heart.

Peabody.

◆

Hymn of Nature.

God of the earth's extended plains!
  The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
  Where man might commune with the sky:
The tall cliff challenges the storm
  That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
  With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
  The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
  Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
  Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
  Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
  The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
  Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
  When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
  And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
  Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
  The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
  That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
  Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
  How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
  Suspended on the rainbow's rings;
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
  Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
  The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
  Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
  Or evening's golden shower of light,
For every fire that fronts the sun,
  And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
  Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
  And nature's self to dust return!
Her crumbling altars must decay!
  Her incense fire shall cease to burn:
But still her grand and lovely scenes
  Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
  The beauty of the world below.

Peabody.

◆

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Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1837. Nro 47.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

The little Couple.[*]

„I wish my dear Henry“ said Mrs. Webb to her husband, „I do *really* wish that we had a house of our own; I dislike to live at lodgings, it leaves me so little to do. When my baby is dressed and your bureau is put in order, I have nothing to do but to sew, no exercise at all; and as to you, you read, read until you lose your colour and health. Now, if we had a house to ourselves, you would have exercise enough in going to market — (*Heavens*, Mr. Webb go to market!!) — and in one little odd notion or other; and as to me, I should be as busy as a bee, and would scarcely have time to sit down from morning till night.“

„My dear Winny,“ said her husband, „I detest this mode of life as much as you can do, I am even more anxious to leave these lodgings than you are — and — I have several times lately been going to mention the subject to you. I have weighed it over and over in my own mind for a long time, and if you have no *material* objection — (Here Mr. Webb refrained from looking at his wife) — I should prefer, when we do move, to live in the country.“

Now, this was precisely what Mrs. Webb disliked; she had for some time been dreading that her husband would make a proposal of this kind, and she had fortified herself well to meet it. She, too, as she thought, had weighed the affair well, and all things being considered, her decision was, that there was more real comfort for man, woman and child, in the city than in the country. „When one comes to speak of horses, cows and dogs,“ said she one day to a friend, „why then the case is altered. Keeping a horse at livery is an expensive thing, as Mr. Webb finds to his cost, and milk from cows which are fed about a stable yard, is unfit to drink. Dogs to be sure, nine cases in ten, are useless and worthless animals, in any place; but they lead a life of misery in the city, kicked and cuffed and half starved as they always are. If dogs must be kept, the country is the best place for them too.“

Mr. Ahasuerus Webb was a gentleman born and bred; the peculiar cast of his mind led him to study theology, and but for his timidity, for he distrusted his own powers, he would have destined himself to the church. His friends, however, thought there was a much stronger objection to his taking orders than what arose from timidity or the absence of powerful talent. Mr. Webb was one of the most diminutive of men — almost a dwarf. — But was there ever a small man who felt conscious that he was unable to achieve actions which belonged exclusively to those possessing superior stature and strength?

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[*] Entnommen aus: [illegible], or, News from our Neighbourhood; being Sketches, by the Author of „our Neighbourhood“ etc. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea et Blanchard. 1836.

Year after year, however, passed away in irresolution on his part in choosing an occupation which might increase his income. He had no employments but such as were the result of reading; and his friends at length ceased to urge him to exertion, as there seemed every probability that he would always remain single, having then attained his twenty-eighth year.

But Mr. Webb at last fell in love and married; and the lady that he selected, independently of the obligation which his marriage vows laid him under, of loving her with the greatest tenderness, was entitled to his utmost sympathy from another cause — she was even of smaller stature than himself. She suited him therefore, in every particular but two, which at the time of courtship seemed no difference at all; but which, now that they had been man and wife for two years, seemed likely to result in a very uncomfortable state of things. Mrs. Webb hated books, and she detested the thought of living in the country; on the contrary, Mr. Webb was a great reader, and was passionately fond of the country, and of rural occupations.

„You are not very partial to the country, my dear Winny,“ said he, venturing to cast a look at his wife, whose tiny fingers were plying like lightning over her work, while her cheeks were flushed with agitation, „but if you will give up this small point —“

„Small point, Mr. Webb, do you call *that* a small point which is so very disagreeable to me? Nay,“ said she, laughing, „if it be such a *small* point, why contend about it; do *you* concede this small point to me, and when it comes to one that you consider of greater magnitude, why — exert your prerogative, my dear.“

Mr. Webb looked grave and sighed; the little lady, although very fond of her husband, was not disposed to yield, much as her husband's sighs and grave looks affected her. She continued to sew very fast, without looking up for some time. At length, finding that his eyes were again dropped on his book, and that he had resumed his tranquil manner, she called his attention to the offer of a compromise. „Suppose my dear Hasey, that we both give up a little? Do you give up this small point of living in the country, and I will live as frugally as I can in ever so small a house in the city, that you may purchase books and keep the horse — and — and — now my dear Hasey,“ said she, drawing her chair nearer to her husband and looking up to his face —“ think of the very great point I am going to give up for your small one — you shall have the naming of our little girl!“

This was indeed a temptation, for Mr. Webb was of a romantic turn of mind, and considered a good name as a thing of vital importance. His own name, Ahasuerus, had been a source of much mortification to him; and that of his wife, Winifred, was equally inharmonious and distasteful. But Mrs. Webb had no romance about her; she called her husband's horse, *Mash*, because the animal happened one day to run his nose into a dishful of that article; and a fine handsome little terrier she called Scratch, although her husband had named the one Orelio and the other Bevis.

As to her own name, or that of her husband, she saw nothing disagreeable in either of them; and could she have followed her own inclinations she would have called her little girl Rachel. But, although thus indifferent about names, which in general were thought old fashioned — such as Margaret, Magdalen, Sarah and the like, yet she had an active dislike to fanciful ones; Emily, Caroline and Matilda, had nothing notable or thrifty in their character; they were novel names, and she hated novels. Still less did she like those of Myrtilla, Flora, Narcissa; they savoured too much of the country: she dreaded her husband's tastes either way.

If romances were uppermost at the time, then the first mentioned names would be present to his imagination; and if her child were so unfortunate as to get one of them, it might be the means of fastening a lackadaysical character on her for life; she would never be fit for any rational employment.

If, on the contrary, her husband had the country mania on him, then what could she hope for but a Pastorella or a Daphne? What a milk and water creature would this make of her child! For Mrs. Webb, too, in her way, was of opinion that peculiar names gave a peculiar turn to character. In either case, therefore, she was in a dilemma, and the baby, now three months old, had no name.

Mr. Webb laid down his book at this unlooked for offer of a compromise, and was about to enter into a discussion concerning it, when a servant announced a visitor. An elderly gentleman entered, at whose appearance Mrs. Webb started up in great dismay and confusion. She hastily, and in much trepidation, introduced the stranger as her uncle, Mr. Banks, her mother's only brother.

Mr. Banks, a rich planter, had just arrived from Jamaica, where his principal estates lay. He had never seen Mr. Webb; and had now come to pay his first visit. As Mrs. Webb was the only child of his only sister, the old gentleman, in his way, had been very fond of her; yet, in spite of this, and of his real goodness of heart, he could never see his niece without laughing at her tiny little figure; and she was always called by him, „the Little Fairy." His only hope was, that she would either not marry at all, or else choose a husband of ordinary size, that their offspring might have a chance of looking as if they had not come from fairy land. He had hardly got over the mirth of his niece's marriage, when he learned that her husband was as diminutive as herself; and his impatience to see them together overcame his discretion. After making a few purchases, as presents to the little couple, he posted immediately to their lodgings.

„And so Winny," said the old gentleman, after he had kissed his niece, and had shaken hands with her husband, (without looking at him though) „so, this is your — husband, and you have a baby too, they say; where is it? cannot I see it? what is its name? tell the servant to bring it in." He could hardly restrain his impatience, so much did he want to see the child of this diminutive couple, and when the maid brought it in, dressed in its very best; its little cap, with pink bows; its little sleeves, looped up with pink ribands; and its pretty little frock, all stiff with delicate needle-work, he was in an ecstasy of delight. He snatched the child from the maid, and holding it from him, at arm's length, he laughed so loud and long that the poor child screamed with fright.

He then drew the innocent, terrified little creature close to him to take a nearer look; but no sooner had he examined its little features, and had poised it in his arms, to ascertain its weight, than his laughter was renewed with redoubled energy; and so little command had he over himself, that if Mr. Webb, angrily enough, had not taken the child from him, it must have fallen to the ground.

There seemed no end to the old gentleman's mirth, when Mrs. Webb, unable to contain herself any longer, indignantly exclaimed — „Uncle Banks, I wonder at your coming here to insult us in this manner! What can make you act in this strange unnatural way? You have hurt my husband's feelings, which, I can tell you, is more painful to me than if you had insulted me alone."

When the old gentleman could stop himself, he held out his arms as if he still held the child — „Here, Winny," said he, the tears of laughter running down his cheeks — „here, take the baby; why don't you take the child, I say? I shall certainly let it fall."

„Uncle Banks, if you would only come to your senses, you would know that" —

„Hold your peace, Winny, and take the doll — the baby I mean."

„You know well enough, uncle," that Mr. Webb took the child from you and left the room. I could see that he was exceedingly hurt at" —

„What?" said the obdurate man — „what! did he actually take away the baby, and I not miss it nor him either? Winny, I thought it was light, but I did not dream it was so feathery that I could not tell whether I held it or not — why I should have missed a down pincushion."

Mrs. Webb burst into tears. This sobered the old man at once. „My dear Winny," said he, going suddenly to her, and kissing her cheek, „how foolish it is in you to mind what your old uncle says or does in his fun. Come, deary, do not cry any more, but save your eyes to look at the pretty things I have brought you. Here, girl," calling to a servant, „tell those men to bring in that trunk."

A large trunk was brought in, which he hastened to open; and it was not in the nature of one so constituted as Mrs. Webb, to remain insensible to the pleasure of examining such presents as her uncle had placed before her. She forgot her vexation, and her eyes sparkled with delight as the old gentleman, with much ostentatious parade, drew out each valuable article. When he had, in this way, emptied the trunk, he asked her if she had forgiven him for his laughter.

„Indeed, uncle Bushe," said she, „I am so used to your humour, that if I alone were concerned, I should not mind it; but Mr. Webb feels such things keenly, for he has a great deal of sensibility. I am sure, however, that he will be delighted with the books — how elegantly they are bound — and he will be more than pleased with this beautiful tea set of silver. What a great help this is to our housekeeping; and all these spoons too, and silver forks — Mr. Webb has a great fondness for silver plate. I must call him in to thank you."

„No don't, Winny, don't," said her uncle, „I shall relapse, for I can hardly help going at it fresh again when I think of his tiny, slender little figure. Why don't you send him to the country, to get a little flesh on his little bones?"

Mrs. Webb reddened, but a look at the presents, as they lay on the floor, kept her from replying; and finding him tolerably grave, she thought it better for her husband to get accustomed to the coarse ways of her uncle at once. She, therefore, went to him to prepare the way for a better understanding. Mr. Webb, however, felt no willingness to be under obligations to so vulgar a mind; but seeing his wife's distress, in consequence of his refusal to go into the room, and having, likewise, a point to gain with her, he at length resolved to bear with the folly of the old man, without showing his sense of the indignity.

It was some time before he made his appearance. Meantime Mrs. Webb had been coaxing her uncle to behave with decency before her husband. „You can but turn your back," said she, „if you think you cannot refrain from laughing; but if you knew how kind he is to me, and how much every body respects him, you would not mind his size. You have no idea what an excellent scholar he is. It is really cruel, my dear uncle, to make game of what, by your mirth, you consider as a ludicrous affliction — a thing which we neither of us have been instrumental in doing, and which we would alter if we could. Do, dear sir, let him see what you really are — a kind and affectionate man. I will give my husband a chair the moment he comes in; he does not look so small when he sits."

This last unlucky observation undid all that her previous conversation had effected; and when Mr. Webb entered, the old man was in a roar of laughter; and only one glance at the unfortunate man, as he came into the room, increased it to such a degree, that he fairly rolled over the floor.

In fact, a person of even more refinement, would have had his risible faculties excited at the appearance which Mr. Webb made. Conscious of his inferior size, and being now, for the first time, coarsely treated in consequence of it, he had taken some pains to improve his figure. He had on a long skirted coat and high heeled boots, with a hat of an uncommonly high crown. His walk, as he entered, was constrained, and his manner was formal. He was exceedingly provoked at the old gentleman's mirth; and nothing less than his wife's distress could have induced him to remain one moment in the room. But he *did* stay, and he even helped the silly old man to rise, who, through sheer weakness, was unable to move from the floor.

When he had, in some measure, composed his features, he beckoned to his niece, who stood looking very angrily at him; and, as she came near, he mustered up resolution enough to restrain himself so that he could articulate. He whispered in her ear, in a sort of hoarse giggle — „My dear Winny — take off his hat, and get between us, while you coax him to look at the things on the floor — the boots I do not mind — make him sit, Winny, will you? — and then I shall not see his coat.“

Mrs. Webb could not, at length, help laughing herself; so she twitched off the unfortunate hat, got a chair for her husband, and, after putting a pile of books in his lap, she endeavoured to screen him from her uncle's view. In this way they all sat for a few minutes; the old gentleman in a sort of convulsive titter, which he tried to disguise by keeping a handkerchief close to his mouth. Mrs. Webb was then compelled to leave the room on account of the poor little child, who could not recover from its fright; but, as she was going out, she whispered to her husband not to mind her uncle. „Laugh with him, my dear,“ said she, „it is the only way to stop him; but, above all, look at the beautiful silver, and do not let his folly vex you. I will be back in a few minutes.“

Mr. Banks behaved much better after his niece left the room; and he even trusted his voice in making an apology. By degrees, poor Mr. Webb was appeased; and, in looking at his dress, he could not but acknowledge that he cut an exceedingly grotesque figure. He was, therefore, soon disposed to bear with the oddity of his relation; and, in fact, to join in his mirth, when the old gentleman put on his high-crowned hat, by mistake, for his own.

„Well, sir, said he, „that hat, I must confess, is rather of the tallest, and I can join you in your laugh. You may laugh at my slight, small figure, and I will laugh at your robust one, and your red face, for one is as fit a subject for mirth as the other.“

„You are very much mistaken,“ said the old gentleman, rousing himself suddenly. „You can see nothing at all to laugh at in me; for I am made like most people — and — besides — I allow no man to laugh at me. This reminds me, Mr. Webb, of the golden rule — I beg your pardon for my mirth; but, really, the hat and coat, to say nothing of the boots, were too much for me. But, my little man — hem — Mr. Webb, I mean, why do you not go into the country and gather a little colour and flesh? You would look more like a — hem — you would look as well again. Little Winny and the little — doll — baby — would be the better for country air too.“

Mr. Webb, thoroughly good tempered, had long since smiled off his chagrin, for he had a splendid edition of Shakspeare on his lap; and he could not but think that the hint of the country might be of use to him. He thought there was a possibility of drawing Mr. Banks over to his scheme of living there; he, therefore, hastily explained his reasons for being in town; and spoke of his regrets at not being able to live in the country, both on his child's account and his own. He finished by stating his wife's strong aversion to the plan, and of the impossibility of her ever consenting to it.

„What income have you, my little — hem — Mr. Webb, I mean.“

„Why, sir, we have about six hundred dollars a year. Now I think that sum, with my wife's economy — and I have no expensive habits“ —

„No, I'll be sworn that your clothes won't cost you much — nay,“ said he, on seeing the colour fly into Mr. Webb's face, „let me have my joke, and I'll make you amends. In the first place, I will manage your wife, so that she shall come into your plans. Winny always liked to have her own way; and, as I helped to spoil her, when young, it is but fair that I should endeavour to set things a little square now. And to repay you for bearing so well with an old man's humour — which, considering how little there is of you — nay, my boy — Mr. Webb, I mean, don't look so angry; I was only going to observe, that I might as well give you, in my lifetime, what I should certainly leave you at my death. I mean a little estate I have, called Oak Valley. It is just the very thing for two such little — I mean two such agreeable young people.“

„I am much obliged to you for your kindness, sir, but it will be a useless present; you forget your niece has a strong aversion to the country.“

„What, Winny? Have I not told you to let me manage her; hush, there she comes. I hope she has left the little doll — baby I mean — behind; two I can stand, now that I am used to it, but a third would set me going again. Well, Winny, your husband is not so much vexed at my laughter as you are. I think him a good, pleasant tempered little — fellow. In short, Winny, I begin to like him, he bears a joke so well. Now, a joke to me is a great thing; and I shall be tempted, now that I find you in the city, to remain here a year or two, and pitch my tent near you. If you lived in the country I should not be able to enjoy your society, as I never go there. But here, in the city, I could see you very often; and I know two or three old fellows like myself, who would often come with me to pay you an evening visit. You will soon get used to my jokes, eh, Mr. Webb. You will not mind my laughing, Winny, when it comes to be a daily thing?

Mrs. Webb was struck dumb. What! to undergo the same torture daily? To see her sensitive husband daily, hourly, exposed to such coarse insults as he had been obliged to submit to during this day? — and before strangers too, to be the butt of vulgar and unfeeling people? — It was too much — nothing on earth could compensate for such an evil. She cast her eye towards her husband, not doubting but that he was feeling precisely as she did; but his back was towards her, and she could not learn how this communication affected him. It would not do — that she knew at once; she saw nothing but misery in having her uncle near them, and she therefore determined to make an effort to prevent the threatened evil.

(To be continued in our next.)

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Fortſetzung)

11) **John Pierpont**, wurde zu Litchfield im Staate Konnecticut am 6. April 1785 geboren, ſtudirte im Yale College und lebte ſpäter eine Zeitlang als Advocat in Newburyport. Darauf begab er ſich nach Baltimore, wo er Mitarbeiter an einer ſehr geſchätzten Zeitſchrift „The Portico“ wurde. 1812 erſchien ein größeres Gedicht von ihm „The Portrait,“ 1816 ein zweites „The Airs of Palestine“ ſo wie ſpäter einzelne Oden und Lieder. Seit 1815 iſt er Prediger einer Methodiſtengemeine in Boston. Als Dichter iſt er ein treuer und gewiſſenhafter Schüler Popes, ausgezeichnet durch Korrectheit, Gedankenreichthum und harmoniſchen Versbau.

12) **Lidia Huntley Sigourney**, ward zu Norwich im Staate Konnecticut geboren und lebte ſeit ihrem zwanzigſten Jahre in Hartford, wo ſie eine Zeitlang einer weiblichen Erziehungsanſtalt vorſtand. Sie vermählte ſich darauf mit Charles Sigourney, einem ſehr wohlhabenden Manne und folgte ihrem Gatten auf ſeine Güter am Konnecticut. Eine Reihe von Schriften bezeichnet ihre literariſche Thätigkeit. Wir heben daraus hervor: Moral pieces in prose and verse. 1815. — Traits of the Aborigenes of America, a poem, 1822; A sketch of Connecticut, forty years since, 1824; Poems, Boston 1827; Poetry for Children 1834; Poems, 1834. u. A. m. Sie iſt ein Liebling ihrer Landsleute, beſonders der Damen und wird nicht mit Unrecht die amerikaniſche Hemans genannt, da ſie große Aehnlichkeit mit dieſer talentvollen engliſchen Dichterin hat, und gleich ihr bei ſeltener Herrſchaft über die Sprache und bezauberndem Wohllaut, tiefes Gefühl, innige Zartheit, Gluth der Phantaſie und Reichthum edler Gedanken offenbart.

(Schluß folgt.)

Morning Twilight.

The mountains are blue with the morning air,
And the woods are sparkling with dewy light;
The winds, as they wind through the hollows, bear

The breath of the blossoms that wake by night;
Wide o'er the bending meadows roll
The mists, like a lightly moving sea;
The sun is not risen—and over the whole
There hovers a silent mystery.

The pure blue sky is in calm repose;
The pillowy clouds are sleeping there;
So stilly the brook in its covert flows,
You would think its murmur a breath of air.
The water that floats in the glassy pool,
Half hid by the willows that line its brink,
In its deep recess has a look so cool,
One would worship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

Pure and beautiful thoughts, at this early hour,
Go off to the home of the bright and blessed;
They steal on the heart with an unseen power,
And its passionate throbbings are laid at rest:
O! who would not catch, from the quiet sky
And the mountains that soar in the hazy air,
When his harbinger tells that the sun is nigh,
The visions of bliss that are floating there.

PERCIVAL.

They went out into the Mount of Olives.

There's something sweet in scenes of gloom
To hearts of joy bereft,
When hope has withered in its bloom,
When friends are going to the tomb,
Or in the tomb are left.

,Tis night—a lovely night; — and lo!
Like men in vision seen,
The Saviour and his brethren go,
Silent, and sorrowful and slow, —
Led by heaven's lamp serene, —

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
To Olivet's dark steep,
There o'er past joys, gone like a dream,
O'er future woes, that present seem,
In solitude to weep.
Heaven on their earthly hopes has frowned;
Their dream of thrones has fled;
The table, that his love has crowned,
They ne'er again shall gather round
With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
The hope of sins forgiven; —
Then, when our friends the grave devours,
When all the world around us lowers,
We'll look from earth to heaven.

PIERPONT.

The dying Father and his Daughter.

Wheels o'er the pavement rolled, and a light form,
Just in the bud of blushing womanhood,
Stood at the parent's door. Stern midnight frowned
Upon the muffled stars, and the rich curls
Of that fair creature, damp and heavy, hung
Around her brow. No mother's tender hand
Dried the wet tresses, or with warm caress,
Restored the weary spirit, for that hand
Lay with the cold, dull earth-worm.

Gray and sad,
The tottering nurse rose up; and that old man,
The soldier-servant, who had trained the steeds
Of her slain brothers for the battle field,
Bowed low to point her to that couch of pain
Where the sick father pined. Oft had he yearned
For her sweet presence; oft, through night's long
watch,
Mused of his daughter's smile, till dreams restored
The ardent pressure of her ruby lip,
Dispelling every woe. Yet, far away,
She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
And all unconscious of a father's grief,
Toiled for those fruits of knowledge which he willed
Her to possess, still ever keeping bright
The image of her home, and his dear smile,
To cheer her labours.

But a summons came
Of sorrowful surprise, and on the wing

Of filial love she hasted. 'T was too late!
The lamp of life still burned, yet 't was too late!
The mind had passed away, and who should call
Its wing from out the sky? For the embrace
Of warm idolatry, was the fixed glare
Of the dull, glassy eye. Disease had dealt
A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight
That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
The withered hand was grasped, and the wide hall
Echoed to 'Father! Father!'

Through the shades
Of that long, stilly night, she, sleepless, bent,
Bathing with tireless hand the parching brow
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn
Came with its rose-tint up, she, shrieking, clasped
Her hands with joy, for its reviving flush
Traced that wan brow as if with one brief smile
Of wakened intellect. 'T was seeming all!
And Hope's fond visions faded, as the day
Rode on in glory. Night her curtains drew,
And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
Still unreposing. Restless on his couch
Tossed the sick man. Cold Lethargy had steeped
The last pale poppy in his heart's red stream,
And Agony was stirring Nature up
To cope with her destroyer.

'Oh, my God!
Would he could sleep!' sighed a low, silver voice,
And then she ran to hush the measured tick
Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl,
Which clinging to the casement, hoarsely poured
His boding note. But ah! from that wan breast
Thick coming groans announced the foe who strikes
But once. They bore the fainting child away,
And, paler than that ashen corse, her face
Drooped o'er the old nurse's shoulder, while a flood
Of ebon tresses in their richness veiled
Her marble bosom. 'T was a fearful sight
To see a young heart bursting, while the old
Went to its rest.

There came another change.
The muffled bell tolled out the funeral hour,
And many a foot the silent threshold pressed.
Friendship was there, with its full, heavy heart.
Keen curiosity, intent to scan
The lordly mansion, and gaunt Worldliness
Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,
Revolving its own schemes. And one was there,
To whom this world could render nothing back
Like that pale piece of clay. Calmly she stood,
Even as a statue. The old house-dog came,
And pressed his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unreproved of her.

He for his master mourned,
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length through many a fire-side hour
Stretched at her father's feet, and round his bed
Of death had watched, with wondering, wishful eye,
In fear and sympathy? No! on his neck
Her orphan tear had fallen, and by her side
His noble front he reared, as proud to guard
The last, loved relic of his master's house.
There was a calmness on that mourner's brow,
Ill understood by many an eager glance
Which settled on her. Of her sire they spake,
Who suffered scarce the breath of heaven to lift
The tresses of his darling, and who deemed
In the deep passion of his heart's sole love,
She was too good for earth; and then they gazed
Indignant on her tearless eye, and said
'How strange that he should be so lightly mourned!'
Oh woman, oft misconstrued! — the pure pearls
Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,
For the unpausing, or impatient hand
To win them forth. Yet in that maiden's breast
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,
While the meek lip breathed out no boisterous plaint
Of common, funeral grief.

SIGOURNEY.

◆

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The British Museum.

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OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The little Couple.

(Continued from our last.)

„My dear uncle,“ said she, with much embarrassment, for she knew that her husband was likewise interested in what she was saying, — „you would no doubt be very kind to us, if we lived together in the city, which, on many accounts, I should prefer to the country; but just before you came in Mr. Webb had been expressing a strong desire to go in the country — and — and — you know you, yourself, recommended our going — you advised me to it, you know.“

„Yes, Winny, I told you that you had better send the little man — I mean your little husband — in short, Winny, where is the use of your reddening up to your temples every time I make a mistake? You must get used to it if I live near you. I must call your husband little, while I am near him, and see that he is small. At my time of life people want indoor amusement, and you three here, would be a great — no, a little help, to wile away an hour or two in a rainy evening.“

This settled the matter with poor Mrs. Webb; not for worlds would she put herself in the way of such an evil; she therefore, with much pretended humility, disclaimed all right to decide on the question of living in the town or country; she said that, like a prudent wife, she meant to give up her own wishes to please her husband — that she was certain of its being better for him and the child to be in pure air, and now all that she should ask for this full compliance with his wishes was, that she should have the privilege of naming their little girl.

„That is but fair, Winny,“ said her uncle, „you have certainly the right of naming little tiny as you choose. But stop — let me see — let me give the child a name; I will stand godfather to it, and, what is better, I will act as a godfather should. I will settle a thousand dollars a year on her, and will give you a very pretty little farm — my Oak Valley farm. Winny, you remember that farm.“

„You shall have the naming of our little girl — remember Oak Valley! yes, indeed I do; I can safely trust her name to you — my dear husband, you can have no objection; you will give your consent, I hope.“

„Certainly,“ said poor Mr. Webb, his mind misgiving him about the name, as on looking at Mr. Banks, he saw his features announcing a new burst of merriment — „I have no objection to a scripture name, and I would even prefer Winnifred,“ — casting a timid glance at the old humourist, — „so many that I know.“

„Well, you both consent then, and will not retract — give me your word of honour to let me name the child as I like, in case I settle a thousand dollars a year upon her.“ Mrs. Webb eagerly gave her word, and her husband, after again expressing his entire willingness, once more hinted that a plain scripture name was quite as agreeable to him now, as any other.

„Well, then,“ said Mr. Banks,“ the thing is settled. I will now take my leave and go to my lodgings. The deed for Oak Valley shall be made out immediately, as shall the settlement on our little dolly — but, Winny,“ said he, casting a sly look at Mr. Webb — „you had better change your mind and live in the city; your going so far off from me will drive me back to Jamaica — what, you are determined? well, I must submit; but remember, I must name dolly.“ Saying this, he walked nimbly out of the house, apparently unwilling to trust himself a minute longer in their sight.

In the course of the next day the deeds were sent to them by which the estate of Oak Valley was secured to them, as was likewise a settlement of one thousand dollars a year, which sum was for the use of the parents until the child came of age. There was a letter accompanying the papers, saying that he would tell them his mind concerning the name of the child, meantime he had sent them each a present, which he hoped would do away all past offences.

„Generous man,“ said the enraptured Mrs. Webb, „I have no doubt but that these two parcels, so carefully sealed, contain bank notes; here, my dear, this one is directed to you — let him laugh, I only wish I may be able to sleep this night under such a load of kindness. That farm of Oak Valley, my dear, is a very excellent one — such pasturage, such fine springs on it“ — and while she was regaling herself with a recollection of its many beauties and comforts, she was at the same time opening her little packet, which was enveloped in fold after fold of paper, each one carefully sealed. Mr. Webb was, however, in such a pleasing reverie, that her words fell on his ear without his having any very distinct notion of what she was saying, further than that they were harmonising with his feelings. As to his own packet, it remained untouched in his hand.

„And then there is such a pretty river, navigable too for small craft, running at the very foot of the farm; you can take — — what a curious conceit this is of uncle Banks, what trouble he has given himself and me to, in enclosing this money, for such I have no doubt it is, in so many covers; I am afraid to tear them loose at once, lest I may tear the notes — my dear, why do you not begin to open yours? I am sorry my poor uncle does not like the country, for all things considered we might bear with his fooleries — there, thank goodness, I have opened the last pa“ — —. But what was her chagrin on finding that it contained the old story book, „There was a little woman, as I've heard tell.“

Casting her quick eye towards her husband, she saw that his „eye was in fine frenzy rolling,“ and that he had been long past attending either to her packet or his own; so, wishing to spare him the mortification which she had just encountered, she gently took the unopened parcel from his unresisting hand, and went quietly out of the room. She opened this second parcel with much less ceremony than she did her own, cutting and tearing through the numerous folds, and just as she expected, she saw a book of the same size as the other, called, „There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid.“

Indignation was the first effect, as she threw the books across the room, but surprise and pleasure soon succeeded, for as the books dashed against the wall, sundry bank notes fell out and were scattered on the floor. On examination she found that the eccentric humourist had placed a one hundred dollar bank note between every two leaves of each book.

„I know exactly, my dear Hussy,“ said the now delighted wife, as she rushed into the room, „I know what uncle Banks means by these handsome presents — here is a thousand dollars for you and the same sum for me. Your money is to purchase stock for the farm, and mine is to buy furniture; was there ever any one so generous! — laugh? who cares for his laughter and his odd ways, when he atones for them in such a handsome manner as this? Here, my dear, put the money carefully away, while I pick up these foolish bits of paper.“

She raised herself from her stooping posture on hearing her husband sigh. „What, upon earth, my dear Henry, is the matter with you?“ said she, in great alarm, for she feared that this sudden accession of wealth had disturbed his brain, particularly as her own was in a whirl. She recollected, too, at the moment, that Mr. Webb had read some observations of Dr. Burroughs on the subject of insanity, which went to prove that there were more frequently cases of aberration of mind from a rise to sudden prosperity, than from adversity. „What can ail you? surely you are not one of those weak minded persons who cannot bear a sudden turn of good fortune?“

„My dear Winny,“ said her husband, in the most rueful tone imaginable, „I am not thinking in the least of the money, nor of the farm, but of the probability of our child's having a preposterous name.“

Mrs. Webb fairly laughed aloud. „Is that all?“ said she. „Why, my dear Henry, I would not care if she were called Nebuchadnezzar — provided she were a boy — fret about a name! Why, cannot we make a pleasant abbreviation of it in case it be an ugly one? But my uncle is an old fashioned man, and I apprehend nothing worse than Jerusha, or Kezia, or Margaret.“

I hope it may be so, Winny, but I fear that you are too sanguine; I dread to hear the name — nothing can compensate me if the name be a ridiculous one.“

After breakfast the next morning a note was brought from Mr. Banks, bidding them farewell, saying that urgent business called him immediately to Jamaica. He said that he had dwelt with much anxiety on the subject of selecting a suitable name for their baby, and after discarding a number of them he had at length pitched on one that he thought would suit all parties; that it was a little of the longest, to be sure, but then this fault was made up in its dignity. The child, he said, should be called Glumdalclitch.

Any one would have pitied the poor little couple if they could have seen the consternation which this billet produced.

„I never will consent to this,“ said Mr. Webb, as soon as his anger and shame would allow him to speak — „never shall my child reproach me with fastening such a ridiculous name upon her. I will write this instant to your uncle and refuse to accept any of his gifts on such disgraceful conditions. No, no, my dear Winny, we are — I, at least, am mark enough for ridicule, but this is a thing which I have learned to bear, as it has been our Creator's will to make me as I am; but to name our child in such fantastic fashion, would be indeed to invite both sneers and laughter.“

But prudent Mrs. Webb had cooled in proportion as her husband was excited. She had felt a good deal mortified at first at the outlandish name; but during the indignant burst of feeling of her husband, she began to think that Glumdalclitch, although harsh and difficult to pronounce, might have a short and pleasant abridgment, at any rate there was no prohibition to a double name.

Clearing up as this passed through her mind, she then turned to give her husband what comfort she could; for little refinement as she had in general, she still could comprehend the morbid sensibilities of those she loved. How few men there are who know how to appreciate the sympathy of a prudent, tender wife! Mr. Webb understood the excellence of the woman who now stood with affectionate earnestness before him, and before she had talked the matter over the third time — in her vague yet decisive way — he had recovered his equanimity. Happy to perceive that he had resumed his quiet manner again, Mrs. Webb continued:

„One thousand dollars a year may easily compensate for an ugly name; and even if we do not choose to give the child a middle name, which is optional with us, she will not have to be called by her Christian name long; for after a girl is in her teens, she gets the title of her surname. She will be called Miss Webb, you know. Perhaps, after all, my dear, this name which is so disagreeable to us, may not be thought ugly by some people.“

„Ugly,“ said her husband, „do you know what this name means? — but no — I heard you say the other day that you had never read Gulliver's travels; my dear Winny,“ blushing deeply as he said it — „Glumdalclitch is the name of a giantess!“

„Well, this comes of so much reading; I bless my want of taste that way; it is enough to make one forswear books; never reproach me again for my indifference towards them. I am sure I wish Mr. Gulliver had staid at home, if he could have communicated nothing better than such a hideous name. But where is the use of fretting? since it is so, we must make the best of it, and then you know we need not call the name out in full; you never call me Winnifred, nor do I call you Ahasuerus. Let us shorten the name to Glummy — no? Well, how would Clitchy sound — you don't like that. Let us shorten it to Dally, that I know will please you, for it is the name of a flower.“

„How often Winny,“ said her fretted husband, „have I told you that the flower is called Dahlia;“ suspending for a moment his right to feel indignant and irritable, to do justice to the pronunciation of the name of a flower.

„Dahlia is it? well, that is the way an Irishman would call Delia. Let us call her Delia then, it is a pretty pastoral name;“ and as she said this, she cast a side glance at her husband.“

After this, and other conversations of the kind, they agreed to give the child this uncouth name, for the charm of living in the country was hourly growing more captivating to Mr. Webb, and Mrs. Webb had a great reverence for a thousand dollars a year. Besides, the misery of living where they would daily be subject to the coarse mirth of her uncle, when he made his regular visits to the city, which he had until of late years, been always in the habit of doing, was becoming more and more apparent. She even with more alacrity than one could expect, set about making preparations for her departure to Oak Valley.

„This is all very hard upon you, my dear wife,“ said Mr. Webb to her one day when he saw how cheerfully she was preparing for their removal; „this is worse for you than for me. With the one part, at least, I am more than gratified, whereas your feelings and taste have not been consulted at all. You have neither the satisfaction of living where you like best, nor the pleasure of having a decent name for your child.“

„But I have the pleasure of knowing that my little girl will have a handsome independence — and do you think, my dear Hassy, that it is no gratification to me to see that our going to the country is an event of great importance to your health and happiness?“

„My dearest Winny,“ said her tender-hearted, conscience-stricken husband, „I do not deserve this goodness. I cannot enjoy the thought of going into the country, unless I tell you how it has been brought about. You were manœuvred into this scheme, my dear wife; and I here declare, that much as I wish to leave the city, you shall yet remain if you wish it. Your uncle had no intention of living near us, if we remained here; he was eager to get us all into the country, on the score of our health, and he made use of this stratagem to induce you to consent to it. Now that I have told you the truth, pray do as you like best; but with respect to the settlement on our child, much as I dislike the name, I fear she would not thank us if we gave that up for a thing of such little consequence. Giving up the farm,“ continued he, sighing deeply, „is another affair.“

„Yes,“ said his wife laughing, „I see it is, and it would be a worse affair if you knew what a sweet spot Oak Valley is; but here is this money, this two thousand dollars — would you think it right to return this too, — my part of it I need not return, for I am persuaded it was to purchase furniture, which will suit me either for a town or a country house. Your's was no doubt, for purchasing stock for the farm; if we live in the city we can have no pretence for keeping that part of it.“

But Mr. Webb did not like this view of the business at all, and he was besides getting quite uneasy, notwithstanding his late complacent feelings, lest his wife should take him at his word, and remain where she was.

Strange perplexities for these little people, but money always brings as much pain as pleasure. Mrs. Webb had, however, accommodated herself wonderfully to circumstances; she generally looked on the sunny side of a question, and she had, by working it over in her mind early and late, viewing it in every possible shape, fairly brought herself to think, that all things considered (this was a favourite expression of hers) farm, income, money and health, and though last not least, the pleasure of obliging her husband; and if it must be told, the *hold* she would have on him for this double disappointment of hers — the plan of living in the country would be the very best thing for them all.

The spring opened delightfully, and the farm was to be ready for them in a few days; but Mr. Webb, wishing to make the removal as pleasant as possible, could not bear to let his wife go until every thing was tolerably well arranged in their new house. He proposed, therefore, that she and the child should go to see a relation of his who had never yet seen her, and who had several times given her pressing invitations to pay her a visit. The rooms they occupied at present had been let, and new boarders were to take possession of them immediately.

But Mrs. Webb strongly objected to this plan — „My dear Henry," said she, "no fear of my fatiguing myself or of taking cold. I shall remain quietly in my room until the carpets are down and the furniture unpacked. You will never catch me paying a visit to a near relation in the spring of the year, unless there be other guests there at the same time; I have seen too much of that."

„But why," said Mr. Webb, „why in the spring of the year more than in any other season?"

„Because, then you are treated most scandalously. In the first place, they begin with — a constrained smile on their face all the while — I am very sorry that you have come just at this time, not sorry on our account, but on your own; we are pulling every thing to pieces to commence house cleaning. Our best bed-room, which you ought to have, is all upside down; you will have to take the third story — and such a room, my dear Henry — you can have no idea of it; I shudder when I think of exposing my baby to it. Perhaps it has been a nursery or neglected school room; spots of ink and grease cover the floor, great black knots show themselves, and the unseasoned boards gape wide. Three odd chairs, a half circular wooden toilet table without a cover, and a slim-posted, rickety bedstead, with a feather bed scantily filled, and which still more scantily covers the bedstead — happy if it have a sacking instead of a rope bottom — coarse patched sheets, darned pillow cases, an old heirloom blue chequered counterpane, a broken wash basin on a little foot-square tottering table, and a blurred looking glass, complete the furniture of this cold north room. I shall say nothing of ‚the hearth unconscious of a fire,' nor of the long deep cracks in the coarse whitewashed walls, nor of the rattling of the window sashes."

„What a picture you have drawn, Winny! you speak very feelingly; have you ever been compelled to sleep in such a room? But what sort of fare do you receive under such circumstances?"

„Oh, the worst in the world; when it is meal time, then you hear this, or something like it: „How unfortunate to come at this unpropitious season? it is so uncomfortable for you; no vegetables, but old potatoes; no shad yet; all our hams gone; nothing but shoulders; and the hens are so backward this spring.' — No, no, my dear Henry, unless there be visitors of some consequence in the house, never go near a relation in the spring of the year; I mean, if they live in the country. There is no exertion made to gratify your taste or your palate; a more forlorn state of things cannot be imagined. Now in June, or July, you may, on the score of your being a near relation, which is always a justifiable excuse, be ushered up in that comfortless north room; but then coolness and shade is not unpleasant — there are strawberries and blackberries, in their season, along the hedges and meadows, if none are to be had in the garden — then there are fresh milch cows, and the hens cannot help laying if they would — new potatoes come in plenty, and dock and pigweed grow without culture. I would rather have them than spinach at any time; butter-milk too can be had for asking; and you can rove about uncared for and unheeded, which I can tell you is as great a luxury when you are in the country, as to eat fresh eggs and breathe fresh air.“

Mr. Webb was exceedingly amused with this description, and as his wife did not seem to consider it an evil to go to an unaired house, he did not think it prudent to make her think it one. Her pliant, wellregulated mind soon enabled her to overcome her dislike to country occupations; and even to exult in her achievement in the way of making butter and cheese, and she soon excelled in raising poultry — three things which formerly belonged to female management alone. Now, however, in these wonder-working days, so ravenous are men for monopolies and for experimentalizing, that they have encroached on privileges, which even the old taskmasters of the female sex unreluctantly yielded to them.

Mrs. Webb, although of slender figure, and small in size, had a mind as active and as comprehensive, a temper as irritable, and was as bold an assertor of her own rights, as the stoutest of her sex. She soon regulated her household in a quiet, economical way, and had none but female servants within doors; detesting, as well she might, the appearance of a stale, heavy-looking, half-dirty man about the room, doing woman's work, when he should be out of doors with a spade or a hoe.

What a bower did the happy Mr. Webb make of Oak Valley! Such a profusion of sweet-scented shrubs and flowers had never before been seen in the neighbourhood. Fruit trees soon made their appearance; and their crops of grain and grass were abundant and good. But what his wife most admired was, the regular supply of wood which he provided for the house — nicely cut and piled; a thing generally less attended to, and the cause of more vexatious disputes between the farmer and his wife than any other part of their arrangements. All things, therefore, considered, which Mrs. Webb was still in the habit of saying, „it really was preferable to live on such a pleasant, well regulated farm than in a narrow street or at lodgings.“

Then there was so much speculation about the right breed of cows and poultry. Mr. Webb first inclined to long-horns, then to short-horns; but Mrs. Webb cut the matter short by declaring for no horns; and to this day they have from ten to fifteen of those meek, subdued animals, so fat that they could not do much in the way of running from a cross cur if any such should attack them.

She had her own way, too, with the poultry. She soon banished the coarse, long-legged Buck's county fowls, with their uncouth looking bodies. She said their tread was almost as heavy as a young colt's; and, really, when she pointed to a dozen of them which were picking their way over a strawberry bed, her husband submitted in silence to the order given to the farmer, to prepare them for market. „And, David,“ said Mrs. Webb, after the man had chased the fowls from the garden, „see what prospect there is of selling off our stock of Bantams. It takes twenty of their eggs to make a pudding, and they lay no more eggs a day than other hens — and, David, when you return from Wicklowe, cross over to neighbour Heywood's, and see what he will take for two or three pair of those old fashioned kind of hens — those full, broad breasted, pale speckled ones; sometimes a dingy yellow and sometimes brown and gray, with large sprouting tails. Those are the only kind. But above all, David, see that they have *flesh coloured* legs; they fatten well; those with yellow or black legs are not worth raising — strange that people are so inattentive to such important matters.“

(To be concluded in our next.)

Zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur in den vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

(Schluß.)

13) **Nathaniel P. Willis** ward am 2. Mai 1807 zu Boſton geboren, ſtudirte im Yale's College und gab bereits 1826 eine Sammlung von Gedichten unter dem Titel: „Sketches" heraus, welche ſich außerordentlichen Beifalles zu erfreuen hatte. Seit 1829 redigirte er zu Boſton eine Zeitſchrift: „The American Monthly Magazine," gab jedoch dieſelbe wieder auf, um Europa zu bereiſen und beſuchte Griechenland und Italien. Dann lebte er im Gefolge des amerikaniſchen Geſandten zu Paris und darauf in England, wo er bald einen bedeutenden Rang unter den dortigen Schriftſtellern einnahm. Namentlich wurden ſeine im Geiſte Waſhington-Irvings verfaßten, aber mit mehr Schärfe und Kraft ausgeſtatteten proſaiſchen Schriften, Pencillings of the Way 3 voll. Inklings of Adventure u. A. m. mit großem Intereſſe geleſen. — Es iſt ein kühner und feiner Geiſt, voll Anmuth, Witz, und Phantaſie, der ſeine Werke, beſonders ſeine Poeſien belebt.

14) **Samuel Woodworth**, der Sohn eines armen Pächters ward am 13. Januar 1785 zu Scituate in Maſſachuſetts geboren, und zog als Knabe, durch einige Gedichte die Aufmerkſamkeit des Predigers ſeines Ortes an, der ihn zu ſich nahm und ſich bemühte Unterſtützung für ihn zu finden, um ihm eine gelehrte Bildung zu Theil werden zu laſſen. Leider ſchlug dieſer wohlgemeinte Verſuch fehl und Woodworth ſah ſich genöthigt Buchdrucker zu werden. Nachdem er ſeine Kunſt in New-York erlernte, ließ er ſich in New-Haven nieder und gründete hier eine Zeitſchrift „The Belles Lettres Repository," die jedoch aus Mangel an Theilnahme, nachdem acht oder neun Nummern erſchienen waren, wieder eingehen mußte. Er arbeitete nun wechſelweiſe in mehreren nordamerikaniſchen Städten als Buchdrucker und nahm dann ſeinen feſten Aufenthalt in New-York, wo er noch ſehr geachtet lebt und mehrere Journale, ſo wie einen Roman, einige Dramen und zwei Bände vermiſchter Poeſien herausgegeben hat. Wahrheit der Empfindung, Einfachheit und Correctheit, haben ihm nicht geringen Ruf erworben; am glücklichſten iſt er als Lyriker. —

Ehrenvolle Erwähnung neben den hier Genannten verdienen noch Richard. Dana, Henry Finn, Mrs. Sarah Hale, Hillhouſe, Mac-Lellan, Longfellow, Mellen Neal, Pickering, Louiſa Smith, Tappan, Thompſon, Ware, Whithier u. A. m., doch gehören ſie ſelbſt in ihrem Vaterlande nur zu den Dichtern zweiten Ranges, denen manches Einzelne gelang, die aber im Ganzen untergeordnet bleiben müſſen. — Auch von denen werden wir Einzelnes, das auf Beachtung Anſpruch machen darf, im Laufe dieſer Blätter mittheilen. —

The lost Darling.

She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-buds start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps following me, —
Her hand upon my garments, — or her lip
Long seal'd to mine,—and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek,—was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight-finger'd breeze,—and as it held
Long converse with her doll, or kindly soothed
Her moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conn'd o'er the alphabet,—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer;
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone,
Heard in sweet dreams. —

—But now I sit alone,
Musing of her,—and dew with mournful tears
The little robes that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful. I start,—
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound,—and breathe the accustom'd words
'Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest.'—Then I weep,
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.—

—Gone to God!
And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven

Had taken its own like some transplanted flower,
Blooming in all its freshness. — Gone to God!
Be still, my heart! — what could a mother's prayer,
In all its wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

Mrs. Sigourney.

◆

May.

Oh the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue bosom'd violets
Are blooming by the rills;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind —
Music in every tree —
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers —
Sweets for the sucking bee;
The sick come forth for the healing breeze
The young are gathering flowers:
And life is a tale of poetry
That is told by golden hours.

If 'tis not true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the tint of a voiceless thing.
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness
In the beautiful time of Spring.

N. Willis.

The Wreath of Love.

Let Fame her wreath for others twine,
The fragrant Wreath of Love be mine
With balm-distilling blossoms wove:
Let the shrill trumpet's hoarse alarms
Bid laurels grace the victor's arms
Where Havoc's blood-stain'd banners move:
Be mine to wake the softer notes,
Where Acidalia's banner floats,
And wear the gentler Wreath of Love.

The balmy rose let stoics scorn;
Let squeamish mortals dread the thorn,
And fear the pleasing pain to prove;
I'll fearless bind it to my heart.
While ev'ry pang its thorns impart,
The flowret's balsam shall remove:
For, sweeten'd by the nectar'd kiss,
'Tis pain that gives a zest to bliss,
And freshens still the Wreath of Love.

Give me contentment, peace and health,
A moderate share of worldly wealth,
And friends, such blessings to improve;
A heart to give when misery pleads,
To heal each rankling wound that bleeds
And ev'ry mental pain remove:
But with these give—else all deny —
The fair, for whom I breathe the sigh;
And wedlock be a Wreath of Love.

Connubial bliss unknown to strife,
A faithful friend, a virtuous wife,
Be mine for many years to prove:
Our wishes one, within each breast
The dove of peace shall make her nest,
Nor ever from the ark remove;
Till called to heaven; through ages there
Be ours the blissful lot to wear
A never fading Wreath of Love.

S. Woodworth.

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Mary Ruſſel Mitford.

Ueber das Leben dieſer als dramatiſchen Dichterin wie als Erzählerin gleich ſehr ausgezeichneten Dame iſt weiter nichts bekannt, als daß ſie in ſtiller Zurückgezogenheit auf dem Lande wohnt, und in ihrem perſönlichen Weſen eben ſo viel Gemüthlichkeit, Wohlwollen und Anſpruchsloſigkeit zeigt, wie in ihren Schriften. Sie trat zuerſt als Dichterin auf, und brachte mehrere Trauerſpiele, welche großen Beifall fanden, dann aber wandte ſie ſich mit noch bedeutenderem Erfolg dem Fache der erzählenden Proſa zu, und hat hier ihren eigentlichen Wirkungskreis gefunden. Sie ſchildert in ihren Romanen und Novellen nur das gewöhnliche Leben mit dem ganzen Wechſel ſeiner Erſcheinungen, meiſtens in den mittleren Ständen Englands, aber dies mit ſo viel Gefühl und Wärme, ſo großer Wahrheit und Natürlichkeit, und dabei ſo kunſtgerecht, und in einer ſo einfachen und doch edeln und warmen Sprache, daß ſie alle Herzen gewinnt, denn ſie weiß auf das Eindringlichſte zum Herzen zu reden. Sehr geiſtreich charakteriſirt Allan Cunningham in ſeiner für das Athenäum geſchriebenen Skizze der engliſchen Litteratur während der letzten funfzig Jahre, ihre Art und Weiſe mit folgenden Worten: „Ueber anmuthige Waldpfade hinab wandelt ſie in des Landmanns freundliche Hütte, betrachtet den geſunden Säugling in der Wiege, den Fleiſchtopf am Feuer, und ſchenkt ihre Aufmerkſamkeit der überall waltenden Hausfrau. Auch hinaus auf Felder und Triften trägt ſie ihr Fuß, zu dem Schäfer auf den Höhen, dem Ackersmann hinter dem Pfluge; die reifende Erndte feſſelt ihre Blicke, dem Pächter hilft ſie den zu erwartenden Betrag berechnen, und ihr Heimweg führt ſie endlich mitten durch's Dorf, wo ſie die jungen Burſchen kegeln, den Schenkwirth die Zinngeräthe poliren ſieht, und auch wohl einem geizigen alten Landjunker begegnet, der ganz in ſeinem Beſitzthum umherſchlendert, von der guten alten Zeit plaudert, und auf ihr Anſtiften den Entſchluß faßt, allen ſeinen armen Nachbarn zu Weihnachten einen guten Tag zu machen. Niemand hat mit ſo treuen, natürlichen Farben die Freuden und Sorgen geſchildert, die das Gebiet des niederen Lebens umfaßt. Durch und durch hat ſie das Leben erſchaut, und das Reſultat ihrer Beobachtung ſind Skizzen und Erzählungen, welche Altengland gegen Crabbe's Beſchuldigungen in Schutz nehmen. Wer des Landes unverfälſchte Herzen will ſchlagen ſehen, wer das Landvolk, die Kirchweih, Kindtaufe, Hochzeit und andere feſtliche Gelegenheiten kennen lernen will, halte ſich an die Werke dieſer ausgezeichneten Schriftſtellerin, welche, erlauben wir uns hinzuzuſetzen, außerdem noch einen herrlichen Schatz von erprobten Maximen und ſcharfſinnigen und treffenden Bemerkungen umfaſſen.

Unter ihren dramatiſchen Leiſtungen, welche beſonders durch Adel der Geſinnung, Gluth des Gefühls, moraliſche Würde und Wahrheit der Darſtellung den Zuſchauer ergreifen, zeichnen ſich vorzüglich Rienzi und Charles I. aus; die Krone ihrer Erzählungen und eigentlich aller ihrer Schriften bleibt aber: Our Village, Sketches of rural character and scenery. 5 Bde. — Faſt in allen Annuals und Zeitſchriften finden ſich einzelne Erzählungen von ihr, ein Beweis, wie ſehr ſie der Liebling des leſenden Publikums in England iſt.

Jessy of Kibe's Farm.

By Miss M. R. Mitford.

About the centre of a deep winding and woody lane, in the secluded village of Aberleigh, stands an old farm-house, whose stables, out-buildings, and ample yard, have a peculiarly forlorn and deserted appearance; they can, in fact, scarcely be said to be occupied, the person who rents the land preferring to live at a large farm about a mile distant, leaving this lonely house to the care of a labourer and his wife, who reside in one end, and have the charge of a few colts and heifers that run in the orchard and adjoining meadow, whilst the vacant rooms are tenanted by a widow in humble circumstances and her young family.

The house is beautifully situated; deep, as I have said, in a narrow woody lane, which winds between high banks, now feathered with hazel, now thickly studded with pollards and forest trees, until opposite Kibe's Farm it widens sufficiently to admit a large clear pond, round which the hedge, closely and regularly set with a row of tall elms, sweeps in a graceful curve, forming for that bright mirror, a rich leafy frame. A little way farther on the lane again widens, and makes an abrupter winding, as it is crossed by a broad shallow stream, a branch of the Loddon, which comes meandering along from a chain of beautiful meadows; then turns in a narrower channel by the side of the road, and finally spreads itself into a large piece of water, almost a lakelet, amidst the rushes and willows of Hartly Moor. A foot-bridge is flung over the stream, where it crosses the lane, which, with a giant oak growing on the bank, and throwing its broad branches far on the opposite side, forms in every season a pretty rural picture.

Kibe's Farm is as picturesque as its situation; very old, very irregular, with gable ends, clustered chimneys, casement windows, a large porch, and a sort of square wing jutting out even with the porch, and covered with a luxuriant vine, which has quite the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, of an ivy-mantled tower. On one side extend the ample but disused farm buildings; on the other the old orchard, whose trees are so wild, so hoary, and so huge, as to convey the idea of a fruit-forest. Behind the house is an ample kitchen-garden, and before a neat flower court, the exclusive demesne of Mrs. Lucas and her family, to whom indeed the labourer, John Miles, and his good wife Dinah, served in some sort as domestics.

Mrs. Lucas had known far better days. Her husband had been an officer, and died fighting bravely in one of the last battles of the Peninsular war, leaving her with three children, one lovely boy and two delicate girls, to struggle through the world as best she might. She was an accomplished woman, and at first settled in a great town, and endeavoured to improve her small income by teaching music and languages. But she was country bred; her children too had been born in the country, amidst the sweetest recesses of the New Forest, and pining herself for liberty, and solitude, and green fields, and fresh air, she soon began to fancy that her children were visibly deteriorating in health and appearance, and pining for them also; and finding that her old servant Dinah Miles was settled with her husband in this deserted farm-house, she applied to his master to rent for a few months the untenanted apartments, came to Aberleigh, and fixed there apparently for life.

We lived in different parishes, and she declined company, so that I seldom met Mrs. Lucas, and had lost sight of her for some years, retaining merely a general recollection of the mild, placid, elegant mother, surrounded by three rosy, romping, bright-eyed children, when the arrival of an intimate friend at Aberleigh rectory caused me frequently to pass the lonely farm-house, and threw this interesting family again under my observation.

The first time that I saw them was on a bright summer evening, when the nightingale was yet in the coppice, the briar-rose blossoming in the hedge, and the sweet scent of the bean fields perfuming the air. Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and careworn, was walking pensively up and down the grass path of the pretty flower court; her eldest daughter, a rosy bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird; now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums, now collecting the fallen rose leaves into the straw bonnet which dangled from her arm; and now feeding a brood of bantams from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognise as if by instinct, coming long before she called them at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await with their usual noisy and bustling patience the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, and health, and happiness; and her clear gay voice, and brilliant smile, accorded well with a shape and motion as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen in her unconscious loveliness, and I might have continued gazing on her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower-garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression.

She sate in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle, with the western sun floating around her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chesnut hair, brown with a golden light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, encreased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot — a natural coronet. Her eyebrows and long eyelashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile — such a smile! — spoke a few sweet words in a sweet sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnet that hung over her; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating, better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of a nightingale who was singing in the opposite hedge; whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was encreased tenfold — for I then knew that Jessy was blind — a misfortune always so touching, especially in early youth, and in her case rendered peculiarly affecting by the personal character of the individual. We soon became acquainted, and even intimate under the benign auspices of the kind mistress of the rectory; and every interview served to encrease the interest excited by the whole family, and most of all by the sweet blind girl.

Never was any human being more gentle, generous, and grateful, or more unfeignedly resigned to her great calamity. The pensiveness that marked her character arose as I soon perceived from a different source. Her blindness had been of recent occurrence, arising from inflammation unskilfully treated, and was pronounced incurable; but from coming on so lately, it admitted of several alleviations, of which she was accustomed to speak with a devout and tender gratitude. „She could work,“ she said, „as well as ever; and cut out, and write, and dress herself, and keep the keys, and run errands in the house she knew so well without making any mistake or confusion. Reading, to be sure, she had been forced to give up, and drawing; and some day or other she would shew me, only that it seemed so vain, some verses which her dear brother William had written upon a groupe of wild flowers, which she had begun before her misfortune. Oh, it was almost worth while to be blind to be the subject of such verse, and the object of such affection! Her dear mamma was very good to her, and so was Emma; but William—oh she wished that I knew William! No one could be so kind as he! It was impossible! He read to her; he talked to her; he walked with her; he taught her to feel confidence in walking alone; he had made for her use the wooden steps up the high bank which led into Kibe's Meadow; he had put the hand-rail on the old bridge, so that now she could get across without danger, even when the brook was flooded. He had tamed her linnet; he had constructed the wooden frame, by the aid of which she could write so comfortably and evenly; could write letters to him, and say her own self all that she felt of love and gratitude. And that,“ she continued with a deep sigh, „was her chief comfort now; for William was gone, and they should never meet again—never alive—that she was sure of—she knew it.“ „But why, Jessy?“ „Oh, because William was so much too good for this world: there was nobody like William! And he was gone for a soldier. Old General Lucas, her father's uncle, had sent for him abroad—had given him a commission in his regiment—and he would never come home—at least they should never meet again—of that she was sure—she knew it.“

This persuasion was evidently the master-grief of poor Jessy's life, the cause that far more than her blindness faded her cheek, and saddened her spirit. How it had arisen no one knew; partly, perhaps, from some lurking superstition, some idle word, or idler omen which had taken root in her mind, nourished by the calamity which in other respects she bore so calmly but which left her so often in darkness and loneliness to [illegible] over her own gloomy forebodings; partly [illegible] her trembling sensibility, and partly from [illegible] delicacy of frame and of habit which had alwa[illegible] characterised the object of her love—a slen[illegible] youth, whose ardent spirit was but too apt [illegible] overtask his body.

However it found admittance, there the presentiment was, hanging like a dark cloud over the sunshine of Jessy's young life. Reasoning was useless. They know little of the passions who seek to argue with that most intractable of them all—the fear that is born of love; so Mrs. Lucas and Emma tried to amuse away these sad thoughts, trusting to time, to William's letters, and, above all, to William's return to eradicate the evil.

The letters came punctually and gaily; letters that might have quieted the heart of any sister in England, except the fluttering heart of Jessy Lucas. William spoke of improved health, of increased strength, of actual promotion, and expected recall. At last he even announced his return under auspices the most gratifying to his mother, and the most beneficial to her family. The regiment was ordered home, and the old and wealthy relation, under whose protection he had already risen so rapidly, had expressed his intention to accompany him to Kibe's Farm, to be introduced to his nephew's widow and daughters, especially Jessy, for whom he expressed himself greatly interested. A letter from General Lucas himself, which arrived by the same post, was still more explicit: it adduced the son's admirable character and exemplary conduct as reasons for befriending the mother, and avowed his design of providing for each of his young relatives, and of making William his heir.

For half an hour after the first hearing of these letters, Jessy was happy—till the peril of a winter voyage (for it was deep January) crossed her imagination, and checked her joy. At length, long before they were expected, another epistle arrived, dated Portsmouth. They had sailed by the next vessel to that which conveyed their previous despatches, and might be expected hourly at Kibe's Farm. The voyage was past, safely past, and the weight seemed now really taken from Jessy's heart. She raised her sweet face and smiled; yet still it was a fearful and a trembling joy, and somewhat of fear was mingled even with the very intensity of her hope. It had been a time of rain and wind; and the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon, always so affluent of water, had overflowed its boundaries, and swelled the smaller streams which it fed into torrents. The brook which crossed Kibe's Lane had washed away part of the foot-bridge, destroying poor William's railing, and was still foaming and dashing like a cataract. Now that was the nearest way; and if William should insist on coming that way! To be sure, the carriage road was round by Gravely Green, but to cross the brook would save half a mile; and William, dear William, would never think of danger to get to those whom he loved. These were Jessy's thoughts: the fear seemed impossible, for no postilion would think of breasting that roaring stream; but the fond sister's heart was fluttering like a new-caught bird, and she feared she knew not what.

All day she paced the little court, and stopped and listened, and listened and stopped. About sunset, with the nice sense of sound which seemed to come with her fearful calamity, and that fine sense quickened by anxiety, expectation, and love, she heard, she thought she heard, she was sure she heard the sound of a carriage rapidly advancing on the other side of the stream. „It is only the noise of the rushing waters,“ cried Emma. „I hear a carriage, the horses, the wheels!“ replied Jessy; and darted off at once, with the double purpose of meeting William, and of warning the postilion against crossing the stream. Emma and her mother followed fast! But what speed could vie with Jessy's, when the object was William? They called; but she neither heard nor answered. Before they had won to the bend in the lane she had reached the brook; and, long before either of her pursuers had gained the bridge, her foot had slipt from the wet and tottering plank, and she was borne resistlessly down the stream. Assistance was immediately procured: men, and ropes, and boats; for the sweet blind girl was beloved of all, and many a poor man perilled his life in a fruitless endeavour to save Jessy Lucas; and William, too, was there, for Jessy's quickened sense had not deceived her. William was there, struggling with all the strength of love and agony to rescue that dear and helpless creature; but every effort — although he persevered until he too was taken out senseless — every effort was vain. The fair corse was recovered, but life was extinct. Poor Jessy's prediction was verified to the letter; and the brother and his favourite sister never met again.

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The little Couple.

(Concluded from our last.)

Sixteen years passed away, and time, as the little lady said, seemed to fly with them; every thing prospered. Mr. Banks, to their great surprise, never came near them. He contented himself with sending them a yearly present; and heard of the birth of each succeeding child with a fresh burst of merriment. Their children, all girls, were six in number; and their income was now about three thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Webb, in the most peaceable, unaccountable manner, had been allowed the pleasure of naming four of his children. Perhaps—for woman's tenderness *will* sometimes increase—perhaps she felt for his first disappointment; and, as it rose out of the caprice of a relative of her own, she determined on remaining quiet, only resolving to interfere if an outrageously romantic name presented itself to his imagination.

The first child literally had no name until the birth of the second; then, as the „child,“ or the „baby“ could no longer distinguish it, they took it to the font and had it christened. The clergyman, old Mr. Saxewold, was then a stranger to them, for through very shame they would not apply to their own pastor. He did not rightly understand what Mr. Webb said, when he demanded the name of the child, for he never, for a moment, dreamed of Gulliver. He asked over and over again, and still the sound of Glumdalclitch came to his ear. „Is it a French name?“ said he, looking angrily at Mrs. Webb, who, nothing disconcerted by all this hubbub about the name, was enjoying the triumph which she should have over her husband when she got home, in telling him that there was one other person in the world beside herself who had not read Gulliver's Travels.

Mr. Webb was ready to sink in the earth; he felt that he could at that moment renounce the world and all its vanities, as well as the child's income, which had caused all this disgrace.

„I presume,“ said Mr. Saxewold, willing to put an end to the scene, „I presume it is a French name. Colombe—what?“ But Mr. Webb was past appeal; he felt a hollow ringing in his ears; and, in time to save him from fainting, the child was christened Colombe.

The clergyman, a testy old man, was so provoked at what he thought stupidity in the father of the child, that he felt disposed to rebuke him; and when poor Mr. Webb turned to him, as he was leaving the church, to offer him the accustomed fee, he not only refused it, but broke out in this way — „Never come to *me* again; you, with a name bigger than your whole body; and which is too long for your mouth to utter. If it had not been for my knowledge of French, I should have christened your child Glumdalclitch, and it would have been serving you right if I had.“

After Colombe came Flora, then Rosa, then Imogen, then Christabelle; and, when the sixth was old enough for baptisme, while Mr. Webb was deciding between Diana and Lilian, Mrs. Webb went to church during a week-day service, with a friend, and came home in triumph, with the only Christian name, as she said, in the family—it was Rebecca. Mr. Webb thanked his stars that it was no worse.

Old Mr. Banks made no other remarks, when he heard of the mistake in the child's name, than that the income should now be divided between the children, as at the time he did not imagine that the little girl would ever have any rivals. When the little Rebecca was about two years old, the old gentleman took it into his head to pay the tiny family a visit, to see how they all looked together.

Early, one fine spring morning, he made his appearance at Oak Valley, accompanied by Stephen Haywood, with whose father he had long been acquainted. While on the way to the farm, he entertained our young friend Stephen with an account of his first interview with the little couple and their tiny little child. „How I shall stand it now,“ said he, „I cannot tell; but I am sixteen years older, and a man of eighty has nearly expended all his laughter. It is high time, I think.“

Young Haywood, who, although not introduced to the family at that time, yet knew them well, from report, could not help smiling; but the old gentleman's attention was soon directed to the neatness and order of the farm; and, when Stephen asked him if he had an idea that the children were all as small as their parents, he could scarcely answer.

„Assuredly they are; why, if any one of the six had been but an inch taller than themselves, they would have sent an express to me at Jamaica.“

A servant came to the door, and Mr. Banks asked eagerly, if Mr. and Mrs. Webb and the six little children were at home. The girl stared, but replied that Mr. and Mrs. Webb, and some of the children, were in the garden, and some of the younger ones were in the nursery; but that Miss Webb, the eldest daughter, was in the parlour. „Show me in, show me in,“ said he; and into the room he nimbly stepped, winking aside to young Haywood, to express his glee. He seemed quite disappointed at seeing only a middle sized young lady sitting there. She arose on the old gentleman's precipitate entrance, while he exclaimed, „I thought to find one of Mr. Webb's tiny little children here.“

„I am Mr. Webb's eldest daughter,“ said the young lady, blushing, „my parents will be in presently—will you sit down?“ and she presented each gentleman with a chair.

Never was man more amazed—this young lady his little niece's daughter?—he certainly saw a likeness; but it was altogether a puzzle. At length he roused himself to say, „Why did not your mother write me word that they had a child as tall as you are? What is your name? Oh,—I remember—Colombe. It is a foolish name enough; but it might have been worse. Never mind, my dear, I will make you amends for your French name; better though than—but no matter; let me introduce you to Mr. Stephen Haywood.“

Just then the door opened, and his niece, with her husband, and the five children, made their appearance. But if Mr. Banks was amazed at seeing the respectable height of the eldest daughter, how much more so was he when he saw that there was not one of the diminutive stature of the parents. Even the youngest, a rosy little girl, just beginning to walk, bade fair to be as tall as her sisters.

Mrs. Webb enjoyed her uncle's amazement; not without suspicion, however, that he was disappointed at bottom, because there were no dwarfs among them. But in a short time, the old gentleman's *good*-natured eye glistened at the pictures of health, order and obedience of the children, and at the improved looks of the parents. He did not laugh once during his visit, which was of a week's duration; and when he left them, he had the satisfaction of seeing that Stephen Haywood was following his advice; which was, to fall in love with his pretty pigeon as fast as possible.

Authorship.

It was a favourite remark of the late Mr. Whitbread, that no man does anything from a single motive. The separate motives, or, rather, moods of mind, which produced the preceding reflections and anecdotes have been laid open to the reader in each separate instance. But, an interest in the welfare of those who, at the present time, may be in circumstances not dissimilar to my own at my first entrance into life, has been the constant accompaniment, and, (as it were,) the under-song of all my feelings. WHITEHEAD, exerting the prerogative of his laureateship, addressed to youthful poets a poetic CHARGE, which is perhaps the best, and certainly the most interesting of his works. With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short; for the beginning, middle, and end, converge to one charge: NEVER PURSUE LITERATURE AS A TRADE. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i. e. some *regular* employment which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion, are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realise in literature a larger product of what is truly *genial*, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation, form an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour. The *hope* of increasing them by any given exertion, will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them, will, in all works of genius, convert the stimulant into a narcotic. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind. For it is one contradistinction of genius from talent, that its predominant end is always comprised in the means; and this is one of the many points which establish an analogy between genius and virtue. Now, though talents may exist without genius, yet as genius cannot exist, certainly not manifest itself, without talents, I would advise every scholar who feels the genial power working within him, so far to make a division between the two, as that he should devote his *talents* to the acquirement of competence in some known trade or profession, and his *genius* to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice; while the consciousness of being actuated in both alike by the sincere desire to perform his duty, will alike ennoble both. „My dear young friend, (I would say,) „suppose yourself established in any honourable occupation. From the manufactory, or counting-house, from the law court, or from having visited your last patient, you return at evening,

> „Dear tranquil time when the sweet sense of home
> Is sweetest ——"

to your family, prepared for its social enjoyments, with the very countenances of your wife and children brightened, and their voice of welcome, made doubly welcome by the knowledge that, as far as they are concerned, you have satisfied the demands of the day by the labour of the day. Then, when you retire into your study, in the books on your shelves, you revisit so many vesensible friends with whom you can converse. Your own spirit, scarcely less free from personal anxieties than the great minds that, in those books, are still living for you! Even your writing desk with its blank paper, and all its other implements, will appear as a chain of flowers, capable of linking your feelings, as well as thoughts, to events and characters past or to come; not a chain of iron, which binds you down to think of the future and the remote, by recalling the claims and feelings of the peremptory present. But why should I say *retire?* The habits of active life and daily intercourse with the stir of the world, will tend to give you such self-command, that the presence of your family will be no interruption. Nay, the social silence or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere, or soft music, which moulds a dream without becoming its object. If facts are required to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon among the ancients, of sir Thomas Moore, Bacon, Baxter, or, to refer, at once, to later and contemporary instances, Darwin and Roscoe, are at once decisive of the question.

Whatever be the profession or trade chosen, the advantages are many and important, compared with the state of a *mere* literary man, who, in any degree depends on the sale of his works for the necessaries and comforts of life. In the former a man lives in sympathy with the world in which he lives. At least he acquires a better and quicker tact for the knowledge of that with which men in general can sympathise. He learns to manage his genius more prudently and efficaciously. His powers and acquirements gain him likewise more real admiration, for they surpass the legitimate expectations of others. — He is something besides an author, and is not therefore considered merely as an author. The hearts of men are open to him as to one of their own class; and whether he exerts himself or not in the conversational circles of his acquaintance, his silence is not attributed to pride, nor his communicativeness to vanity. To these advantages I will venture to add a superior chance of happiness in domestic life, were it only that it is as natural for the man to be out of the circle of his household during the day, as it is meritorious for the woman to remain for the most part within it. But this subject involves points of consideration so numerous and so delicate, and would not only permit, but require such ample documents from the biography of literary men, that I now merely allude to it *in transitu.* When the same circumstance has occurred at very different persons, all of whom have some one thing in common, there is reason to suppose that such circumstance is not merely attributable to the *persons* concerned, but is, in some measure, occasioned by the one point in common to them all. Instead of the vehement and almost slanderous dehortation from marriage, which the *Misogyne,* in Boccaccio, addresses to literary men, I would substitute the simple advice; be not *merely* a man of letters! Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms, but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon! COLERIDGE.

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A Mother.

Who should it be? — Where shouldst thou look
for kindness,
When we are sick, where can we turn for succour?
When we are wretched, were can we complain?
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye,
With such sure confidence as to a mother?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

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OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
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THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

John Wilſon.

Dieſer ausgezeichnete engliſche Dichter, welcher als Profeſſor in Edinburg lebt, wählte ſich beſonders in ſeinen früheren Leiſtungen Lord Byron zum Vorbilde, ohne jedoch deſſen finſtere Weltanſicht zu theilen, oder ein ſklaviſcher Nachahmer ſeines großen Muſters ſein zu wollen; ſeine innerſte Geſinnung iſt im Gegentheile gerade entgegengeſezt, denn er ſucht in ſeinen Werken das Edle und Schöne der Menſchennatur hervorzuheben und zu feiern; doch geht er in dieſem Bemühen mitunter zu weit und wendet nicht ſelten unpaſſende Mittel zur Erreichung ſeines Zweckes an. Innigkeit, tiefes Gefühl, Reichthum der Phantaſie und ein warmes und lebendiges Colorit zeichnen ſeine Werke aus. Seine Palmeninſel (the Isle of Palms), ein Gedicht in vier Geſängen, iſt eine ſeltſame, aber faſt üppig reiche Schöpfung. Zwei Liebende leiden Schiffbruch auf dem indiſchen Ocean, und werden an eine wüſte Inſel verſchlagen, auf welcher ſie ſieben Jahre verweilen müſſen. Die Geburt eines Kindes erheitert ihre einſamen Tage. Endlich landet dort ein Kriegsſchiff, das ſie erlöſt und in ihre Heimath zurückführt. Sie werden von der Mutter des jungen Weibes, die täglich, ſo lange die geliebte Tochter abweſend war, an den Strand ging und in die Ferne ſpähte, bei ihrer Ankunft empfangen. — Es leuchtet ein, welche Reihe von Bildern und Schilderungen ſich an dieſen Geſchichtsfaden anknüpfen läßt, und man muß dem Dichter zugeſtehn, daß er dies mit großem Geſchick und Talent gethan. Einzelne Darſtellungen ſind beſonders von ausgeſuchter Schönheit; im Ganzen aber ermüdet doch die Einförmigkeit der Handlung auf die Länge den Leſer.

Noch bedeutender iſt Wilſons größeres dramatiſches Werk: The city of the plague, in welchem er, gleichfalls an einen unbedeutenden hiſtoriſchen Faden geknüpft, das Leben und die mannigfachen Leiden einer von der Peſt heimgeſuchten Stadt ſchildert. — Dieſes Drama umfaßt einen reichen Wechſel von ergreifenden Scenen und erhabenen Gemälden; es würde indeſſen noch weit mächtiger wirken, wenn es ihm nicht eigentlich an der einem Kunſtwerke ſo nöthigen Einheit fehlte. Auch bleibt wohl die Wahl eines ſolchen Stoffes ſelbſt in den Händen des größten Meiſters immer ein Mißgriff.

Wilſons Stärke beſteht hauptſächlich in Schilderungen des ruhigen Lebens und ſeiner Freuden und Genüſſe; dies offenbart ſich vor Allem in ſeinem beſchreibenden Gedicht: The Anglers Tent, das den beſten Leiſtungen dieſer Gattung den Rang ſtreitig macht.

Unter ſeinen kleineren Poeſieen finden ſich gleichfalls mehrere überaus tief gefühlte und wahrhaft gelungene. — In der neueſten Zeit hat ſich Wilſon auf ein anderes Gebiet gewagt und mehrere Romane und Erzählungen in Proſa geliefert, welche bei der leſenden Welt großen Beifall finden.

The Lover's last Visit.

By John Wilson.

The window of the lonely cottage of Hilltop was beaming far above the highest birch-wood, seeming to travellers at a distance in the long valley below, who knew it not, to be a star in the sky. A bright fire was in the kitchen of that small tenement; the floor was washed, swept, and sanded, and not a footstep had marked its perfect neatness; a small table was covered, near the ingle, with a snow-white cloth, on which was placed a frugal evening meal; and, in happy, but pensive mood, sat there, all alone, the Woodcutter's only daughter, a comely and gentle creature, if not beautiful; such a one as diffuses pleasure round her in the hay field, and serenity over the seat in which she sits attentively on the Sabbath, listening to the Word of God, or joining with mellow voice in his praise and worship. On this night, she expected a visit from her lover, that they might fix their marriage-day; and her parents, satisfied and happy that their child was about to be wedded to a respectable shepherd, had gone to pay a visit to their nearest neighbour in the glen.

A feeble and hesitating knock was at the door, not like the glad and joyful touch of a lover's hand; and cautiously opening it, Mary Robinson beheld a female figure wrapped in a cloak, with her face concealed in a black bonnet. The stranger, whoever she might be, seemed wearied and worn out, and her feet bore witness to a long day's travel across the marshy mountains. Although she could scarcely help considering her an unwelcome visitor at such an hour, yet Mary had too much sweetness of disposition—too much humanity, not to request her to step forward into the hut; for it seemed as if the wearied woman had lost her way, and had come towards the shining window to be put right upon her journey to the low country.

The stranger took off her bonnet on reaching the fire; and Mary Robinson beheld the face of one whom, in youth, she had tenderly loved; although, for some years past, the distance at which they lived from each other had kept them from meeting, and only a letter or two, written in their simple way, had given them a few notices of each other's existence. And now Mary had opportunity, in the first speechless gaze of recognition, to mark the altered face of her friend; and her heart was touched with an ignorant compassion. „For mercy's sake! sit down, Sarah! and tell me what evil has befallen you; for you are as white as a ghost. Fear not to confide any thing to my bosom: we have herded sheep together on the lonesome braes; we have stripped the bark together in the more lonesome woods; we have played, laughed, sung, danced together; we have talked merrily and gaily, but innocently enough surely, of sweethearts together; and Sarah, graver thoughts, too, have we shared, for, when your poor brother died away like a frosted flower, I wept as if I had been his sister; nor can I ever be so happy in this world as to forget him. Tell me, my friend, why are you here? and why is your sweet face so ghastly?“

The heart of this unexpected visitor died within her at these kind and affectionate inquiries. For she had come on an errand that was likely to dash the joy from that happy countenance. Her heart upbraided her with the meanness of the purpose for which she had paid this visit; but that was only a passing thought; for was she, innocent and free from sin, to submit not only to desertion, but to disgrace, and not trust herself and her wrongs, and her hopes of redress, to her whom she loved as a sister, and whose generous nature she well knew, not even love, the changer of so many things, could change utterly; though, indeed, it might render it colder than of old, to the anguish of a female friend?

„Oh! Mary, I must speak; yet must my words make you grieve, far less for me than for yourself. Wretch that I am, I bring evil tidings into the dwelling of my dearest friend! These ribands—they are worn for his sake—they become well, as he thinks, the auburn of your bonny hair; that blue gown is worn to-night because he likes it; but, Mary, will you curse me to my face, when I declare before the God that made us, that that man is pledged unto me by all that is sacred between mortal creatures; and that I have in my bosom written promises and oaths of love from him who, I was this morning told, is in a few days to be thy husband? Turn me out of the hut now if you choose, and let me, if you choose, die of hunger and fatigue, in the woods where we have so often walked together; for such death would be mercy to me, in comparison with your marriage with him who is mine for ever, if there be a God who heeds the oaths of the creatures he has made.“

Mary Robinson had led a happy life, but a life of quiet thoughts, tranquil hopes, and meek desires. Tenderly and truly did she love the man to whom she was now betrothed; but it was because she had thought him gentle, manly, upright, sincere, and one that feared God. His character was unimpeached: to her his behaviour had always been fond, affectionate, and respectful: that he was a fine-looking man, and could show himself among the best of the country round at church, and market, and fair-day, she saw and felt with pleasure and with pride. But in the heart of this poor, humble, contented, and pious girl, love was not a violent passion, but an affection sweet and profound. She looked forward to her marriage with a joyful sedateness, knowing that she would have to toil for family, if blest with children; but happy in the thought of keeping her husband's house clean—of preparing his frugal meals, and welcoming him, when wearied at night, to her faithful, and affectionate, and grateful bosom.

At first, perhaps, a slight flush of anger towards Sarah tinged her cheek; then followed, in quick succession, or all blended together in one sickening pang, fear, disappointment, the sense of wrong, and the cruel pain of disesteeming and despising one on whom her heart had rested with all its best and purest affections. But though there was a keen struggle between many feelings in her heart, her resolution was formed during that very conflict; and she said within herself, „If it be even so, neither will I be so unjust as to deprive poor Sarah of the man who ought to marry her, nor will I be so mean and low-spirited, poor as I am, and dear as he has been unto me, as to become his wife.“

While these thoughts were calmly passing in the soul of this magnanimous girl, all her former affection for Sarah revived; and as she sighed for herself, she wept aloud for her friend. „Be quiet, be quiet, Sarah, and sob not so as if your heart were breaking. It need not be thus with you. Oh! sob not so sair! You surely have not walked in this one day from the heart of the parish of Montrath?“ „I have indeed done so, and I am as weak as the wreathed snow. God knows, little matter if I should die away; for, after all, I fear he will never think of me for his wife, and you, Mary, will lose a husband with whom you would have been happy. I feel, after all, that I must appear a mean wretch in your eyes.“

There was silence between them; and Mary Robinson, looking at the clock, saw that it wanted only about a quarter of an hour from the time of tryst. „Give me the oaths and promises you mentioned out of your bosom, Sarah, that I may show them to Gabriel when he comes. And once more I promise, by all the sunny and all the snowy days we have sat together in the same plaid, on the hillside, or in the lonesome charcoal plots and nests o' green in the woods, that, if my Gabriel —did I say my Gabriel?—has forsaken you, and deceived me thus, never shall his lips touch mine again—never shall he put ring on my finger—never shall this head lie in his bosom—no, never, never! notwithstanding all the happy, too happy hours and days I have been with him, near or at a distance—on the corn-rig—among the meadow-hay—in the singing-school—at harvest-home—in this room—and in God's own house. So help me God, but I will keep this vow!“

Poor Sarah told, in a few hurried words, the story of her love and desertion—how Gabriel, whose business as a shepherd, often took him into Montrath parish, had wooed her, and fixed every thing about their marriage, nearly a year ago. But that he had become causelessly jealous of a young man whom she scarcely knew—had accused her of want of virtue—and for many months had never once come to see her. „This morning, for the first time, I heard for certainty from one who knew Gabriel well, and all his concerns, that the banns had been proclaimed in the church between him and you; and that, in a day or two, you were to be married. And, though I felt drowning, I determined to make a struggle for my life—for oh! Mary, Mary, my heart is not like your heart—it wants your wisdom, your meekness, your piety; and, if I am to lose Gabriel, I will destroy my miserable life, and face the wrath of God sitting in judgment upon sinners.“

At this burst of passion, Sarah hid her face with her hands, as if sensible that she had committed blasphemy. Mary, seeing her wearied, hungry, thirsty, and feverish, spoke to her in the most soothing manner; led her into the little parlour, called the spence; then removed into it the table, with the oaten cakes, butter and milk; and, telling her to take some refreshment, and then lie down in the bed, but on no account to leave the room till called for, gave her a sisterly kiss, and left her. In a few minutes the outer door opened, and Gabriel entered.

The lover said, „How is my sweet Mary?“ with a beaming countenance; and, gently drawing her to his bosom, he kissed her cheek. Mary did not, could not, wished not, at once to release herself from his enfolding arms. Gabriel had always treated her as the woman who was to be his wife; and though at this time her heart knew its own bitterness, yet she repelled not endearments that were so lately delightful, and suffered him to take her almost in his arms to their accustomed seat. He held her hand in his, and began to speak in his usual kind and affectionate language. Kind and affectionate it was; for, though he ought not to have done so, he loved her, as he thought, better than his life. Her heart could not, in one small short hour, forget a whole year of bliss. She could not yet fling away with her own hand what, only a few minutes ago, seemed to her the hope of paradise. Her soul sickened within her, and she wished that she were dead, or never had been born.

„O Gabriel! Gabriel! well, indeed, have I loved you; nor will I say, after all that has passed between us, that you are not deserving, after all, of a better love than mine. Vain were it to deny my love, either to you or to my own soul. But look me in the face—be not wrathful—think not to hide the truth either from yourself or me, for that now is impossible, but tell me solemnly, as you shall answer to God at the judgement-day, if you know any reason why I must not be your wedded wife?“

She kept her mild moist eyes fixed upon him; but he hung down his head, and uttered not a word, for he was guilty before her, before his own soul, and before God.

„Gabriel, never could we have been happy; for you often told me, that all the secrets of your heart were known unto me, yet never did you tell me this. How could you desert the poor innocent creature that loved you; and how could you use me so, who loved you, perhaps, as well as she, but whose heart God will teach not to forget you, for that may I never do, but to think on you with that friendship and affection which, innocently, I can bestow upon you, when you are Sarah's husband. For, Gabriel, I have this night sworn, not in anger or passion—no, no—but in sorrow and pity for another's wrongs, in sorrow also—deny it will I not—for my own, to look on you, from this hour, as on one whose life is to be led apart from my life, and whose love must never more meet with my love. Speak not unto me, look not on me with beseeching eyes. Duty and religion forbid us ever to be man and wife. But you know there is one besides me, whom you loved before you loved me, and, therefore, it may be, better too; and that she loves you, and is faithful, as if God had made you one, I say without fear—I who have known her since she was a child, although, fatally for the peace of us both, we have long lived apart. Sarah is in the house, and I will bring her unto you in tears, but not tears of penitence, for she is as innocent of that sin as I am, who now speak.“

Mary went into the little parlour, and led Sarah forward in her hand. Despairing as she had been, yet when she had heard from poor Mary's voice speaking so fervently, that Gabriel had come, and that her friend was interceding in her behalf,—the poor girl had arranged her hair in a small looking-glass, tied it up with a riband which Gabriel had given her, and put into the breast of her gown a little gilt brooch that contained locks of their blended hair. Pale, but beautiful,—for Sarah Pringle was the fairest girl in all the country,—she advanced with a flush on that paleness of reviving hope, injured pride, and love that was ready to forgive all, and forget all, so that once again she could be restored to the place in his heart that she had lost. „What have I ever done, Gabriel, that you should fling me from you? May my soul never live by the atonement of my Saviour, if I am not innocent of that sin, yea, of all distant thought of that sin with which you, even you, have in your hard-heartedness charged me. Look me in the face, Gabriel and think of all I have been unto you, and if you say that before God, and in your own soul, you believe me guilty, then will I go away out into the dark night, and, long before morning, my troubles will be at an end.“

Truth was not only in her fervent and simple words, but in the tone of her voice, the colour of her face, and the light of her eyes. Gabriel had long shut up his heart against her. At first, he had doubted her virtue, and that doubt gradually weakened his affection. At last he tried to believe her guilty, or to forget her altogether, when his heart turned to Mary Robinson, and he thought of making her his wife. His injustice—his wickedness—his baseness—which he had so long concealed, in some measure, from himself, by a dim feeling of wrong done him, and afterwards by the pleasure of a new love, now appeared to him as they were, and without disguise. Mary took Sarah's hand and placed it within that of her contrite lover—for had the tumult of conflicting passions allowed him to know his own soul, such at that moment he surely was—saying with a voice as composed as the eyes with which she looked upon them:

„I restore you to each other; and I already feel the comfort of being able to do my duty. I will be bride's maid. And I now implore the blessing of God upon your marriage. Gabriel, your betrothed will sleep this night in my bosom. We will think of you, better, perhaps, than you deserve. It is not for me to tell you what you have to repent of. Let us all three pray for each other this night, and ever-more when we are on our knees before our Maker. The old people will soon be at home. Good night, Gabriel!“

He kissed Sarah, and, giving Mary a look of shame, humility, and reverence, he went home to meditation and repentance.

It was now Midsummer; and before the harvest had been gathered in throughout the higher valleys, or the sheep brought from the mountain-fold, Gabriel and Sarah were man and wife. Time past on, and a blooming family cheered their board and fireside. Nor did Mary Robinson, the Flower of the Forest (for so the Woodcutter's daughter was often called), pass her life in single blessedness. She, too, became a wife and mother; and the two families, who lived at last on adjacent farms, were remarkable for mutual affection, throughout all the parish; and more than one intermarriage took place between them, at a time when the worthy parents had almost entirely forgotten the trying incident of their youth.

An Earthquake.

It was in the middle of the month of November, nearly approaching the Midsummer of the southern temperate zone, that after a few day's absence on a visit to the skirts of the *Andes*, I returned to my rustic dwelling, situated in a small valley, but out of view of the seaport of one of the central provinces of Chile. Two hours after sunset I watched the moon slowly rise over the distant mountain-range, and sail upwards into the clear blue starry vault, when, closing the door of my apartment, and shutting out the world, I betook myself to my accustomed studies, with a keener relish, after my few days' privation from them, and the rude life I had been leading. It was luxury, and doubly so, when contrasted with the Ordinary Spanish dwellings, merely constructed as a shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night, without any regard to those lesser arrangements, usually designated by the word comfort. The nights, on the seacoast of Chile, frequently feel cool after the heat of the day merely by contrast; and therefore a few sticks of aromatic wood were burning in the chimney, diffusing a delightful odour, while on the skin of the *Puma*, or silver lion, which served as a hearth-rug, reclined a beautiful black greyhound, and a large white setter, with the accustomed quietude, which was the condition of their being allowed to remain. My books were all around me: the olive-oil burned brightly in the lamp, and gave forth a chastened light, while not a sound was heard save the gentle breathing of the dogs. Some flowers which a little child had brought as a present, were in a jar before me, delighting alike with their hues and odour; and, with every corporeal sense either gratified or quiescent, my mind was in the mood to give to thought the most perfect shape my physical organization would admit of.

I had opened the volume of an ancient sage, and after long pondering on the many intricacies encountered in the search after the principle of life, took my pen to note down some of the peculiar attributes of the human variety of the animal race, amongst which, man reigns triumphant and unquestioned, either singly or in numbers. I finished my task, and plunged still deeper into the abyss of thought, utterly unconscious of every thing around me, when I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the short, quick, single bark of the vigilant greyhound, who pricked up her delicate ears, and fixed her snake-like dark eyes upon my face. I must here remark, in spite of all attempts and struggles to stave off digression, that whenever I hear the quotation from Imogen —

„Oh for a horse with wings!"

My imagination instantly conjures up a symmetric black greyhound grown to the size of an Arab steed. Could any delight transcend that of scouring an endless and unbroken green plain thus mounted? But to return. At the bark of the greyhound, the setter lazily lifted his head, and then both sprang rapidly to their feet. Then I remarked a low rumbling sound, and the faint trembling of the lamp upon the table. It was an earthquake; but I had experienced so many of these slight shocks at different periods, and during the preceding month as often as four times, that I paid no attention to it; and, rating the dogs I again took up my pen. But the motion gradually increased, and the lamp was thrown down; on which I sprang up, intending to gain the open air. As I rose, I staggered like a man who has newly entered on ship-board; a violent lateral motion was felt from north to south, with incessant heavy vibrations; then it changed its direction to east and west, and afterwards became a continuous whirl, constantly increasing in violence. By a strong effort I gained the door, which opened outwards, and my hand was upon the lock, but a piece of furniture which stood in the lobby had fallen against it in a diagonal position, so that I was unable to force it open. Still the motion continued to increase, and I turned round thinking to gain an opposite door, but with a crash, as if earth had been rent to its centre, and a shock, such as the imagination might liken to that of a falling comet, the framework of the dwelling bent to its base, and all that was frangible or moveable, was broken and whelmed together in sudden chaos. My senses for a time forsook me, as I was buried beneath the weight of a bookcase loaded with several hundred volumes.

When my senses returned, I found myself half suffocated with dust and smoke. It was with considerable difficulty that I forced my way upwards through the mass of books, plaster, broken bricks, and the ruins of the ceiling, chimney, and furniture, combined; I reeled with the effects of the blow, suffocation, and the still continued rocking of the earth. On my hands and knees I again reached the door, and found that with the violence of the shock, the piece of furniture had again shifted its position, while the door had been torn from its hinges, so that I gained the lobby. Fortunately, the outer door had been left open, and I emerged, half stifled, upon the terrace, to inhale the fresh air. When I looked round, I beheld a number of peasants, who had been engaged in a Rosary, or procession in honour of the Virgin; men and women, huddled together on their knees upon the bare earth, beating their breasts and calling upon her sainted name. The trembling of the earth still continued, but the violence of the shock had apparently passed away. The appearance of the sky was bright as ever, and the moon shone smilingly; I looked forth upon what had been the surface of a large lake, but the water had disappeared, and a deep black gulf was all that remained, broken, round its edges, into chasms that would have entombed horses and riders in their dark abysses. Not a sound was heard from the water-birds, and the horses, which the votaries of the Virgin had fastened to the rails around, stood trembling and shivering as if in stupor at the strange visitation, beyond the comprehension of their limited faculties.

Scarce two minutes had elapsed, ere the trembling again increased so violently, that I was unable to keep my legs. The earth heaved beneath me like a ship in a heavy gale of wind; and large masses of sand rolled down from the topmost steeps of some near sand-hills, like avalanches; my view was turned towards the lake, and I beheld the water again vomited forth from its hidden depths, in innumerable dense masses, to a considerable height, whence it descended in a white foam. The scared people deemed that the ocean was about to burst in upon them, and their wild screams echoed with appalling horror upon the night breeze. Knowing that the lake communicated with the sea, the conclusion seemed probable; and the circumstance of that remarkable fact having occurred in several earthquakes in Chile, Peru, Italy, and various other places, instantly rushed upon my memory. I looked at the still falling masses of sand, and called to the people to cross the hollow of the valley with me, and ascend the comparatively firm hill opposite. But the only answer was their renewed wild outcries, accompanied by an increased convulsive shock. A herd of several hundred black-cattle now swept by from seaward, and rushed towards the hills with horrible moanings. The horses also, goaded to madness by their no longer supportable terrors, burst their bridles, and fled after the cattle, snorting in wild fear; while their terrified owners heeded not the probable loss of the caparisons, which at another time would have driven them half crazy. The bellowing of the cattle as they rushed through the trees, the clattering of the horses' hoofs up the hill sides, the shrieks of the women, the groans of the men, and the discordant notes of the wild birds, which began to add their sounds of terror to the din, all helped to create a scene of horror not easily forgotten, strangely contrasted as it was with an atmosphere of superlative beauty.

„The Virgin! the Virgin! bring out our Lady of the Holy Rosary, to take pity on us!" exclaimed a female voice, as soon as an interval of comparative quiet succeeded; and all bent their steps reverentially to the chapel. The lights had all been extinguished, and it was with considerable difficulty that they procured one. When they entered, their lamentations were renewed. The interior of the chapel was wholly in ruins, and the peculiar construction of the building in solid framework, had alone caused its rocking materials to hold together, like those of the dwelling. The altar-piece was overthrown and dashed to pieces, while its rich relics and oblations, with plate and jewellery, were strewn amidst dust and fragments. The semblance of humanity in the fair Saint was utterly lost, and the disfigured head was separated from the body. No hand was found sacrilegious enough to touch the relics, and hopeless of help, they humbled themselves in the dust. Again I begged, implored them, to seek the hill, but my words fell on the ears of those who were deafened by terror, and they were unavailing. I observed a sick child cowering by the side of her mother, and snatching her up, folded a poncho around her, while I bent my steps across the valley. The mother heeded me not, and only one person followed me, my servant boy, Ignacio, a lad of fifteen years of age and very delicate health. I have seldom seen a firmer mind than that boy exhibited through the whole of that eventful night. He was at that time afflicted with a pulmonary consumption, and died some four months afterwards. Often since, I have remarked, that strong mental courage is frequently an attribute of those labouring under that disorder. Ignacio Perez was of pure Spanish blood, with light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, handsome countenance, and a remarkable gentleness and docility of disposition. He had, moreover, been taught to read and write, though the father, a worthless and drunken old man, was but a poor mechanic. Reading and writing are, in Chile, held to be somewhat of a marvel.

Ascending the hill a few yards above the level of the valley, I seated myself with my charge on one of the Indian tumuli, wherewith the hill was thickly studded in single graves, many, probably, dug before the arrival of the Spaniards, judging from the ancient and lofty trees springing from out several of them, in some instances with the parent stem gone to decay, and numerous descendants rising from the imperishable root. Scarcely was I seated, ere another violent shock succeeded; the lake was again drunk dry, and as I looked towards the dwelling, I beheld three giant palms,*) which were rooted near us, bowing their heads almost to the earth to every point of the compass alternately, their huge bodies looking like warring monsters, while their fruit and leaves were gradually stripped off by the strong and constant vibrations, rapidly repeated. The dwelling and the chapel lay on their sides, like the hulls of vessels which had been cast on shore, strained and useless from the buffeting they had undergone. The masses of rushy thatch which had been piled on them from year to year, layer upon layer, and had helped to constitute their rustic beauty, were shaken from them in large fragments, looking like weather-piled weeds on a naked sea-beach, not unaptly represented by the bare sand-hills and sandy avalanches in the rear.

Custom reconciles us to all things; and in half an hour from the commencement of the earthquake I became almost indifferent to its dangers, and could reflect calmly on its nature, even while I felt the tree above me writhe like a tortured snake, as though the denizen of the narrow house beneath me were awaking from his long slumber, and shaking, like Titan, his earthly covering from above him. I looked on the devastation of the works of man, and then turned to the hoary hills and ancient trees, amongst which the buried dead had sported, to reflect on what miserable vanity the exultation of man is usually based.

„God made the country, and man made the town."

(To be concluded in our next.)

◆

The Picture of Slander.

What mortal but Slander, that serpent, hath stung,
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?
The poison of asps her livid lip loads,
The tusks of snakes with the spittle of toads,
Her throat is an open sepulchre; her legs
Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's; like hyena she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The chat of a parrot, the head of a hare;
The wing of a magpie, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tiger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

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*) *Palma Chilensis*, growing to the height of a hundred feet.

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An Earthquake.

(Concluded from our last.)

I never before felt so much contempt for myself and my species as while I reflected how the operations of Nature might destroy our race and our name, making perhaps a fresh desert, to be again peopled in future ages, perchance by races of totally distinct natures, whose corporeal organization might employ the very materials on whose present combination we reflect with so much self-satisfaction, while talking of *our* bodies. Fancy two of the aristocratic families of the earth, whose lordly heads deem it to their honour to carry on an hereditary hatred; fancy their component parts endowed with individual consciousness, and that in the course of several generations the body of Lord A. became the body of a descendant of Lord B. and vice versa, would not the old bodies quarrel with the new spirits, and thus produce numerous animal and mental disorders, like a house divided against itself? Could one fancy such things as this, it would be another argument for the inculcation of universal love, on the principle of universal selfishness.

In the course of another hour I felt the night grow chilly from the effect of the somewhat heavy dew, and it became necessary to remedy it. Though the framework of the house still held together, it was not a place to be coveted, for a more violent shock might destroy what remained of it.

Taking lights with us, Ignacio and myself watched for an interval between the shocks, and entered the dwelling which was late my home. No loss in mere money could have inflicted on me the bitter pain this hideous sight of destruction did. My house was destroyed, my household goods were crushed, and my hearth was quenched in ruin. Nay, more; even could it be restored, there was no security against subsequent risk. I was dwelling over a gulf which might suddenly entomb me without warning, which might * * * * * But for shame, I could have wept over the scene of desolation on which I gazed, and which I knew must for a long period deprive me of mental philosophy by the pressure of physical annoyance. In England a man possessing money has but to ask, and he may instantly possess every luxury he may chance to covet, but in a rude portion of a rude country much painful superintendence is necessary to procure the conveniencies of high civilisation. I had been unwearied in my pains to gather these things together, and the „cunning of mine own right hand" had served me well to furnish forth many of the minor elegancies, which are, perhaps, essential to the maintenance of refined and delicate feelings. I have at times, like the Tartars, carried rations of horse-flesh and bull's-flesh, daily, for whole months, beneath my saddle, the brackish pool my drink, and the unsheltered earth my couch, wantonly vying with the wildest and the coarsest in savage habits and power of endurance; but it was not my nature, and whenever, after a term of probation, I mingled again with the more refined of my species, my bosom thrilled with joy, such as I could more easily feel than express.

„Patron! the house is on fire!“ exclaimed Ignacio, pointing to smoke arising from the heterogeneous pile. Ere I could examine it another shock came on, so strong that we were obliged to retreat; and I expected that the whole building would burst forth in a blaze, thus totally destroying what was left by the earthquake. It was, however, spared, and with some vessels of water we re-entered the building. Removing the piles of bricks from the spot where the chimney had fallen through the ceiling, I found that the embers from the grate had smouldered amongst the books, many of which were consumed; and the pile, as soon as it was opened to the fresh air, burst into a flame, which it was necessary to extinguish with the water, and thus spoil the remainder. The Red Indian, in the snow clad forest of the northern winter, far from all human abode, could not have grieved more over the destruction of his last horn of powder than I did over the loss of my beloved treasures. But it was useless to repine, and forcing my way to an inner apartment, I dragged forth some mattresses and bedding, some weapons, a favourite book or two, my saddle gear, a favourite *lasso*,*) some provisions, and, above all, the materials for my favourite beverage, tea, as well as the delicious *maté*,**) common to most Southern Americans. These things Ignacio carried to our bivouac, and then returned for a fresh supply. „We must close these doors, Ignacio,“ I remarked; „the deserters who are strolling in the woods will be on the look-out for plunder as soon as their terror goes off.“ Jointly we essayed to close them, but in vain. „It is of no use, Patron,“ the boy replied; „the frames are strained, and we must wait for the next shock to force them into their place.“ I closely scanned the countenance of this admirable boy, but not the slightest sign of fear was visible; his words were calm, and his actions consistent. The shock came, and with its force he was almost thrown down; but he recovered himself, and the doors were fastened with the same precision he had been accustomed to on ordinary occasions. As we turned away, loaded with various articles of clothing, I could scarce help smiling at the superfluous trouble he had taken, for the rent walls in many parts offered as easy an entrance as the doors. We reached our place of refuge, where a fallen tree was burning brightly, and straining the *lasso* between two trees, to serve as a ridge, fastened to it several sheets and blankets, which, pinned to the ground, served to form as admirable a tent as a weary traveller could have wished, under which the spread mattresses formed couches, which, had we been disposed to sleep, none but the fastidious could have complained of. But such a night might have appalled the hardiest! When the rolling waves threaten the crazy vessel of the sailor, he consoles himself with the thought that he may reach firm land, but when the solid earth seems to melt beneath the feet of the landsmen, all hope vanishes, and safety becomes to his imagination almost an impossibility. The first shock had taken place about the hour of ten, lasting about three minutes; and during the whole night the shocks were repeated, with more or less violence, with intervals of from five to seven minutes, during which a constant tremor was experienced.

Finding it impossible to retain liquids in the ordinary utensils used for tea, I was obliged to prepare it in a deep calabash or gourd, and thus I passed half the night in reflecting on my situation, and the best remedy for it. Having once determined, I ceased to repine, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to lose outward consciousness by reading. The book chanced to be Byron's narrative of his shipwreck, and I tried to persuade myself that, after all, my situation was not so bad as much of what „Foul-weather Jack“

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*) Noose of raw hide for catching wild animals.

**) A species of tea.

had endured. With the arrival of day-light, the terror of the people had partially subsided, on finding themselves still alive; and the prayers, which had continued the whole night, were suffered to remit in their intensity. Hunger also began to assert its claim, and taking advantage of it, I caused some provisions to be prepared. Their courage increased as their hunger lessened, and their *Ave Marias* became less frequent. I then set all the males, under the direction of Ignacio, to cut down poles and branches. A spot was levelled, the uprights were planted in the earth in a form of a parallelogram, divided into three compartments; poles were laid across to form a roof, and the whole was wattled over with the branches of evergreens, some pieces of canvass serving as doors to the openings which gave entrance to my new dwelling. By mid-day it was finished, and a seasonable distribution of that mixture, known by sailors under the name of grog, induced the peasants to venture into the ruined house, for the purpose of securing what few things were not destroyed. They were placed in some sort of order in the rude erection; and ere evening set in, I had taken possession of my new dwelling, known in the nomenclature of the country as a *ramader*.*)

On the following day, at sun-rise, I mounted my horse to visit the shipping port, at the distance of forty miles. My course lay first along the base of the sand avalanches, through which my gallant steed plunged and forced his way, frequently sinking to the girths. The shore of the lake was then skirted, wherein the water had sunk three feet below its accustomed level; and frequently I was obliged to leap the broad and deep chasm, formed in a waving but continuous line, along the alluvial margin. Wherever a spot of hard dry clay occurred, it was broken into minute cracks, small as the chequers of a chess-board, and down which the superincumbent dust had disappeared. Whenever I checked my horse, the tremor was still distinctly perceptible, though rapid motion made me insensible to it, save on the recurrence of the more violent shocks, when the animal staggered and refused to move; and I myself experienced an accession of nausea similar to sea-sickness, which, indeed, had been a source of considerable annoyance from the first commencement of the shocks. I reached a broad valley, down which a river ran, but the water had deserted its bed, and made for itself a new channel through the alluvial levels of cultivation. In vain I strained my eyes to seek for a ripple which might announce a spot fit for fording; as far as the eye could reach, the discoloured flood ran between steep banks occasionally broken down near an eddy. The raft-men, who usually attended in the season of flood, had fled away, and the few rushen huts were destitute of their tenants, who had left the dangerous level for the more secure refuge of the hills. There was no remedy but either to turn back or to risk the stream. I chose the latter, and forcing my horse over the bank, with the usual precaution of first slinging the holsters round my neck, he was instantly swimming. The current carried us far down, but the noble horse was a practised swimmer, and we safely landed on the opposite bank, where the shore grew shelving; after leaping several deep chasms, I at last left the valley, and ascended the table plain beyond. Everywhere the marks of the earthquake were visible; and when I came to a part of the road which wound along the edge of a cliff overhanging the sea, my passage was altogether stopped; in lieu of a road, nothing was left but a precipitous steep, with the sea beneath, dashing over the ruined fragments of rock which had fallen. I was obliged to retrace my steps, and make a detour of several miles ere I could regain the road.

Every farm-house which I had been accustomed to behold with busy people around it, was shaken down; and wringing their hands in despair, the inmates had taken to the open fields. Their hopes seemed to be desolate, and they scarcely answered to any nod of recognition. At one house I had been accustomed to change my horse for the convenience of quick travelling, but neither horses nor men were now to be seen, and a boy, of whom I inquired where they were gone, replied with a vacant stare and a half-muttered prayer to the Virgin. The nearer I approached the sea-port, the more frequent were the marks of desolation. Into many of the cultivated gardens and enclosures, usually guarded with much care, the cattle had broken, and, taking advantage of the general terror, quadrupeds were at their pleasure devouring the food of man, while the lordly biped was crouching under the influence of pale fear. But all fell short of the extraordinary spectacle which greeted my vision, when, near the conclusion of my journey, I reined-up my steed on the brink of the last cliff, beneath which was spread the mountain-surrounded broad plain, and distant heights and ravines occupied by the town of * * * * * *, in front of which opened the semicircular picturesque bay, studded with shipping and bordered by romantic rocks.

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*) Literally „a hut of boughs" — generally used by the watchmen of cultivated grounds.

Temples, castles, and houses were alike prostrate in the dust; the numerous church towers had disappeared; the walled gardens, jealously enclosed, were all thrown open; the streets were confounded in many places with the sites of the dwellings, and in others, only dimly marked, save in the main avenues, where the unusual breadth had prevented the houses from mingling together in their fall. Here, a ruined gable still rose in a tottering attitude; there, a door-case, with opened door, still erect, marked that the building had not fallen on its inmates. Farther on, stood the gorgeous altar-piece of a church, still rising erect amidst the ruins of its walls, but with saint, silver shrines, and all that was moveable, buried in the common mass, from which its timber material had served to rescue the altar-piece. Opposite to it, there had formed a large pool of water, from the channel of a small stream being dammed up with the thickly strewn ruins, and still, as the eye traced its way along the scene of desolation, destruction alone presented itself in every varied shape throughout the works of man. But glancing towards the distant hills, I saw that they still were green: the wild shrubs still grew and flourished on them; the sea still dashed its faint musical ripple on the sandy beach; the sea-birds screamed, the land-birds chirped, and the sun shone brightly forth, as if Nature were putting forth her mockery of all the works of art.

Descending by a zigzag traverse to the level, I threaded my way amidst the ruins, while my startled steed sprang from side to side at each unwonted object that met his view. The earth was still trembling, and tottering fragments were continually falling. Here and there were seen the partially exposed bodies of those who had been too late in effecting their escape; and some few beings, of the dregs of the population were busied like jackals amongst the ruins, in search of plunder. As I looked around on the localities of each well-known object, I asked myself if this could be all that was left of a population of twenty thousand souls, who, but two days before, had revelled in the full tide of enjoyment, resulting from a healthy atmosphere and abundantly supplied wants. I passed the church of La Merced, and involuntarily drew bridle to gaze on the strange mingling of rich and splendid decoration with hideous ruin, „the wreck of matter.“ Gladly did the sound of human voices burst upon my ear as I turned a projecting rocky point of the mountain, and, in an open space near the centre of the most populous part of the town, behold a procession of priests chanting their hymn to the Virgin. The greater part of the population had retreated to the tops of the hills, to the shelter of any species of cover they could devise, fearing that the sea would rush in and sweep them away, if they stopped on the low ground. Some of the foreign residents had pitched tents in the streets, in front of what had been their dwellings, and whose ruins they watched, to rescue the remnants of their property from pillage; but the greater portion had retired, with their wives and families, on board the ships in the harbour. Strange, that men should seek the uncertain sea as a place of safety from the insecurity of the land! But many of the native labourers, foreign seamen, negroes, and women, having procured access to liquor and provisions were drinking and cooking in parties, with no much glee, that, but for the appalling ruins, one might have deemed it a scene of national rejoicing and festivity, like one of the fairs of Europe.

Leaving my horse tied up to feed in a garden, enclosed with a palisade, in charge of a poor man, to whom I had rendered some service, I entered a canoe and was paddled on board an Indiaman, with whose captain I was acquainted, and by whom I was about to despatch some letters. He described to me the effects of the first shock, by which a single heavy wave was carried as if the whole of the water were leaving the harbour, and his anchors were dragged, while his vessel was thrown on her beam-ends; he pointed to the broken lamp still swinging in the cabin, in confirmation of it. The beach was laid dry for many yards, and some of the small craft grounded, and the revulsion of the water washed up to the very houses, but subsequently subsided far below its former level. Various circumstances, which I afterwards discovered, led me to conclude that the coast in that neighbourhood had been raised from three to four feet above its original height. A species of shellfish, which had been scarce previous to the earthquake, was subsequently found in great abundance, and an altogether new variety was discovered. There was also on the beach, near where I resided, the wreck of a large vessel, which, at high-water mark, I could just get on board of from on horseback, the water reaching above the saddle-flaps; but subsequently, I could almost walk on board dryshod, when near high-water. I lived for some time afterwards in the expectation that the hole beneath us would, some day, fill up again with a similar shaking; but it did not happen while I remained in the country. The space through which the shocks were felt, was three hundred miles in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth, including the main ridge of the Andes.

„It plucked the seated hills with all their load."

The number of human beings who perished amounted to about seven hundred.*)

When night set in, I looked from the deck of the vessel towards the land, but no busy hum arose. The hills were studded far and wide with the watch fires of the homeless; and from some inexplicable cause, the dull heavens were clouded over, and the light of the moon was hidden. At that period of the year, rain had never before been known, and none could guess the result of such a phenomenon. The distant-chanted prayers were borne to us, and the long lines of religious processions by torchlight wound up the twisting and irregular ravines, gliding like fiery serpents in rock-studded tracks, till the constantly increasing blackness at length almost hid them from our view. The warm wind soon began to blow — it increased, and preparations were made to secure the vessel from damage in the heavy gale which was now certain to set in from the north. The waves began to roll in, with the long deep swell of the open and boundless Pacific ocean, while the vessel pitched as though she would have shaken her masts out of her, and the cowardly Lascar crew shrank from the heavy blast. The rain soon began to fall, and after a short interval, the water seemed to descend in sheets, while the spray of the sea beat over the deck from stem to stern. I watched the fires on the shore, as one by one they disappeared; and I thought of the unsheltered condition of the poor houseless beings, now exposed to almost total destitution. The usual duration of these rains was three continuous days, and I well knew that such an infliction, in the existing state of the country, must produce an enormous destruction of human life. The buildings which had fallen were principally composed of sun-dried bricks, and a continued heavy rain would have washed them into rounded heaps, resembling Indian tumuli: the number of half-naked people, huddled together on the hills, and reeking with steam beneath the pitiless pelting of the storm, would have generated typhus fever; and the crops of standing corn, then ripening, would have been destroyed by blight, the unvarying consequence of damp, after corn begins to ripen in Chile: Famine would, in time, have completed what the Earthquake had spared.

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*) The early hour saved the people, as they had not retired for the night.

But it chanced otherwise. Throughout the whole of that appalling night, of storm in the heavens, and earthquake beneath the waters, I watched for signs of its abating. Morning came, and the bright sun rose in the heavens: the wind fell, and the surface of the sea was placid. I bade farewell to the captain, and his boat having set me on shore, I mounted my horse and returned home. Even the hut of boughs had become a home to me, and the cheerful climate yielded me content. For a whole month the shocks of the earthquake continued with little intermission, gradually diminishing in violence, and then the people began to dull their sense of fear, and almost to forget that it had occurred; the only difference being, that they purposed rebuilding their houses of wood, in lieu of bricks. I verily believe, that in process of time, the human race might become reconciled to living with a constant earthquake beneath their feet, regarding it with as little terror as the vibration produced by the motion of wind, after taking proper precautions to tame its mischievous propensities, and render it harmless.

But when the trembling had altogether ceased, and the sufferers wished to repair their dwellings, human annoyance began to interfere. The governors of the *soi-disant* Republic began to think it high time that they should expel the King of Spain from his last strong-hold in the Pacific, the island of Chiloe. They, therefore, ordered the *leva*, or impress, to be put in *force*, for the purpose of raising troops, for an expedition; an ancient Spanish custom, whereby after the same fashion as the English impress of seamen, the expense of bounty money was saved. The consequence was, that the peasants betook themselves to the rocks and mountains for refuge, stealing the cattle of the Chileno Tory landlords for their subsistence; and thinking in their obstinacy, that it was a much pleasanter life than soldiering. Their watch-fires might be seen burning at night on every mountain, ridge, and peak, far and near; and whenever the man-catchers went after them, they used to resist by rolling down large stones and rocks on their assailants, — an effective mode of warfare, but by no means pleasant to the storming party, who could not retaliate. For four months this continued, during all which time I was living under the boughs; and then a crisis was brought about by a *ruse de guerre*. In the province where I resided, the peasantry, at least the unmarried ones — every *pater-familias* being exempt from the impress — the peasantry had not attended mass for a long period, and the priesthood became seriously alarmed for the safety of their plebeian souls, with possibly also a slight anxiety on account of the growing unhealthy condition of their own most patrician pockets; wherefore they applied to the governor, requesting free leave for the peasantry to attend mass on the following Sunday, without molestation from the man-catchers of the impress service. The worthy governor, after due deliberation on the matter, acceded to the request of the soul-savers, and in consequence, the churches in the great square of the chief town of the province were thronged with large congregations. Mass being ended, they turned to depart, but all the avenues were blocked with troops, and a glorious scene of man-catching took place. Some six hundred being selected, the rest were permitted to depart; and the *Volunteers*, as they facetiously phrased them, pleaded the promise of the governor, which had induced them to attend mass. „Go along, ye knaves,“ replied the man in authority, „I promised only that ye should come to mass unmolested, I said nothing of your return; therefore, my promise is unbroken.“ And all the people of „high respectability“ decided, that the governor was a shrewd politician, more especially as it was a case never likely to apply to themselves. The *Volunteers* were forthwith driven to the sea-port, in charge of some cavalry, and any existing rebellious spirit was stilled by the application of sea-sickness, on board the vessels to which they were consigned. They subsequently sailed for Chiloe, in company with other troops, and, strange to say, they took the island from the Spaniards. Verily, the poor people were of a docile race. Pity is it, that they are not better guided; but even as the Spanish race has sown, so must their colonial descendants reap, till experience shall dictate the necessity of varying the seed. Democritus might find much food for laughter, amongst the *soi-disant* republics, in beholding with what solemn gravity their wise men watch, in the expectation of reaping figs from thistles. [illegible]

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Victoria Colonna.

A Story of the Milanese.

In the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in one of the suburbs of Milan, is to be seen, on the left of the altar, a portrait of a female of great beauty, in a peasant dress, though her features and air are evidently those of noble blood. The picture was a donation from the citizens, for a signal preservation effected by the illustrious and lovely subject of the following story.

In the wars of Francis I. and Charles V., in the early part of the sixteenth century, the north of Italy, and especially the whole country of the Milanese, was devastated by the contending armies; yet still more by those troops of Condottieri, which hired themselves to either sovereign alike, and, without regarding the laws of war, lived at free quarters. They were chiefly formed of deserters from both armies, and, of course, abounded in desperate and reckless spirits; but their leaders were often men of brilliant abilities, possessing a wild but high sense of chivalric honour, and, if fierce in the field, yet ostentatiously courtly and magnificent in their castles.

One of the most memorable of those captains of Condottieri, was Stefano Diamanti, whose first appearance in Italy instantly concentered all eyes upon him. He had led his troop across the lower Alps from Provence, by routes which had been thought impassable for even the goatherds; and had fallen upon the Piedmontaise posted in the defiles with such extraordinary vigour and success, that several thousand men were scattered before an almost invisible enemy, and fled to the gates of Turin, exclaiming that they owed their defeat to magic. Every day brought some new account of defeat or devastation; and in quarters so remote from each other, that the first report of the Piedmontaise fugitives began to be seriously believed; and, in an age of Italian superstition, when mental darkness, military horror, and the general tumult and disturbance of society, made men willing to take refuge in the belief, that the evil agencies of another world were busy in adding to the natural calamities of kingdoms, Diamanti was but another name for the spirit of darkness; and his gallant freebooters were speedily invested with the wings, talons, and tails of a legion of Lucifers on a smaller scale. But there was nothing imaginary in their effect; for, since the first French soldier that trod the snows of the Alps, nothing had ever equalled the devastations of Diamanti, wherever any thing in the interest of Charles was to be attacked. Woe be to the village that had ever quartered the German Lanzknechts![*] the last company of the corps was not out of the village, before it was in flames over their heads. Woe be to the Grand Convent that had sent its wine and fruits to the Imperialist general! the night was not over, before the roofs were in a blaze, the cells stript, and the high-born lord abbot and his fat community of monks were flying, half naked, through the country, and rejoiced to escape with their lives. Woe be to the stately chateau, where the black adler[**] had ever displayed its wings over the gates! the dawn saw it sending up volumes of smoke from its piles of gilded furniture, pictures, and family pomp; and nothing but the massive walls left to shew what it had been.

The results of this singular activity were among the most memorable of a war abounding in extraordinary changes and brilliant exploits. They entirely renovated, within a few months, the face of French affairs, which had been hitherto in a desponding state through the rashness and violence of Lautrec, the commandant of the troops of Francis in the Milanese. His celebrated defeat by Gonsalvo, named the Great Captain, and his subsequent pursuit by D'Alviano, had totally broken up his army, and driven him to take refuge in Milan. But Diomanti, the chivalric leader of the Condottieri, effected what had defied the sword and the dexterity of the French generals.

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[*] A famous body of spearmen in the Imperial service.

[**] The standard of the Imperial Eagle.

The Imperial officers were perpetually baffled, and their partisans visited with a sudden and sweeping vengeance, whose invisible agency rendered it still more terrible: until their troops, already weary of disaster, and rejoiced at an opportunity of escape, flung away their arms at the very rumour of the Condottieri's approach, and declared that though they were willing to face men, they were not enlisted to fight against Satan and his crew. The Imperialists rapidly withdrew from the Milanese, and, throwing their best troops into Mantua and some of the other fortresses in their line of march to the Tyrol, moved towards the frontier.

This calm lasted a few weeks; when a strange rumour rose in Milan of an insurrection in the Bolognese, of the burning of the villages along the Adige, and of the seizure of the French Envoy on his way to France. The narrative was attended with so many singular circumstances of dexterity, bold enterprise, and rapid execution, that all tongues at once pronounced the name of Stefano Diomanti. But all these attacks had been made on the French, his former friends: the Bolognese were notoriously in the French interest, the villages on the Adige were filled with French pensioners and colonists, and the seizure of the Envoy was, in itself, an act of the most contemptuous and inveterate hostility.

The cause was not explained till long after. Diomanti was the son of one of the impoverished nobles of Verona, whom the German Emperors had driven into Lombardy. Thus born in exile, and with an hereditary hostility to the Imperial influence, his first use of the sword had been to fight the battles of France; but his genius was too keen not to perceive the errors of the French generals, his spirit too bold to relish being directed by their commands, and his passion for independent enterprise too ardent to be contented with the tardy movements of regular troops. After a few campaigns in the Royal Guard, he threw his French commission at the head of the hoary [illegible] who commanded his regiment, flung his embroidered coat into the Adige, and, adopting the iron helmet, scarlet cloak, and Ferrarese falchion of the Condottieri, summoned to his retreat in the Lower Alps all the daring spirits of his time.

His successes in the late campaign had attracted the notice of Francis, who invited him to his court, then held at Fontainebleau. Francis, the most sumptuous and chivalric monarch of Christendom, loved a soldier, and loved him the better for being bold even to wildness. It was he who had written to his great antagonist, Charles, in a strain worthy of an ancient knight: — “You and I are rivals; but we are not therefore enemies. We are in love with the same mistress whom we must seek with ardour, but with respect: no hatred needs mingle in our passion.”

The celebrated Marquis de Fleuranges, whose name makes so conspicuous a figure in the annals of the French court, was his introducer; and Diomanti's gallant form, animation of manner, and heroic fame, did the rest. The king was lavish of his opulence and honours upon this restorer of his cause. Of three Arab horses, of the choicest breed of the desert, sent to him by the Emperor of Morocco, he gave the Italian two; and a leash of falcons trained for the Sultan, and sent by him as the highest present of honour to his ally, Francis, were transferred by him to Diomanti, with a message, in the allegorical language of the time, intimating that their flight, strength of wing, and courage, rendered them fit emblems of a warrior „for whom nothing was too high and nothing too hazardous.“

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Victoria Colonna.

A Story of the Milanese.

(Concluded from our last.)

But the tide of royal favour was to turn. At one of the court balls, Dimanoli saw the lady Vittoria Colonna, the niece of Cardinal Jeronimo, of that illustrious family. She was seventeen, in the bloom of life, — a magnificent Italian beauty. Dimanoli felt that his conqueror was come. The fiery spirit of the soldier was now converted into the ardour of the lover; and it flamed with more than its old intensity. The lovely Colonna was not insensible to the delight of being worshipped by a young hero, who was one of the handsomest men of his time, and whose exploits threw all others into the shade. But the Cardinal judged differently: he haughtily reproved the lover's presumption, and, to make his reproof effectual, demanded the interference of the king. Francis had his weak side, and it was the pride of birth. He was, besides, naturally capricious in his attachments, and he had already grown weary of paying honour to a brilliancy of mind and fame which, he now began to think, might, even in the eyes of his courtiers, eclipse his own. He availed himself of the Cardinal's demand, to indulge in his own discontents; and, in a formal interview with the Italian, gave his opinion directly against favouring his suit. Dimanoli retired in dismay; but, on that evening, a secret conference with „his lady-love," at a masquerade, decided him on a second trial. It was worse than ineffectual: the king was now irritable, and he haughtily let drop hints of the obscurity of his birth, who pretended to the hand of the noblest daughter of Italy.

This was agony to the proud spirit of the adventurer. Even in the royal presence he half unsheathed his sword; but, recollecting himself, he plunged it again into the scabbard, and, bowing to the monarch, with a bitter smile, said, in a low tone, „that he hoped the time would come when even *his* blood might be worth the notice of majesty."

Francis answered only by a smile and a wave of the hand, as the suitor retired; but the fiery glance, and the deep tone, rested on his mind: he saw vengeance there, and suddenly ordered that the Italian should be forbidden to quit the palace; but the order came too late. Dimanoli, on quitting the royal presence, had instantly taken horse, and galloped into the forest: the royal troopers were out before nightfall in all directions; but their pursuit was fruitless. The first intelligence of the Captain of Condottieri was the stirring up of hostilities in the east, middle, and north of Italy, at the same moment. He had offered his services to the Imperialists; and Francis, in the bitterness of remorse, cried out that „Germany had gained one soldier who was worth an army of twenty thousand men."

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1 *Jubelsang*

But the French king was himself a knight, and not untouched with the romantic valour that once sent the Paladins and Cœur-de-Lions, sword in hand, through the world. Every hour brought accounts of disaster from Italy. Pescara, the most famous officer of the Emperor's service, had descended from the Tyrol with a powerful army; and the French supremacy beyond the Alps seemed near its close. The king assembled, with extraordinary rapidity, a force of forty thousand men, passed the Alps, and plunged into Lombardy. Pescara, startled by this sudden arrival, left the Milanese open, and slowly retired to Pavia. Francis exultingly followed, fell into the snare laid for him by his more sagacious adversary, fought the battle of Pavia, and in one day was a king and a captive, the most splendid sovereign of Europe and a powerless and ruined dependent on the will of his rival and conqueror. Diamanti had there enjoyed his full revenge. When the German spearmen, appalled by the desperate valour of the Guards that fought round the royal person, were shrinking from the attack, the Captain of the Condottieri solicited leave from Pescara to try the lances of his followers on the enemy. The request was joyfully granted. Diamanti rode at the head of his column, and burst upon the gallant but wearied Guard with irresistible force: the struggle was desperate, but it was soon over. Francis, covered with blood and dust, was on the point of being cast down by the broadsword of one of the Condottieri, when Diamanti, springing from his horse, saved the king; and, taking off his helmet, made his obeisance, uttering the words: „Your Majesty sees that obscure blood may still serve a monarch.“ Francis was silent; but with a dejected brow, and a compressed lip, he suffered a soldier's cloak to be thrown across his shoulders; and, escorted by a company of the Condottieri, walked across the field to the tent of the Imperial general.

Yet the war was unfinished, while Milan remained the refuge of the French interest. Numbers of the fugitives from the battle had escaped thither; and now was the time to exterminate the power of France in Italy.

Diamanti, inveterate against every thing that bore the name of France, rushed to the city with his troop, now augmented by a crowd of the noblest soldiers of Italy, proud of serving under his banner. He swept the country of all the stragglers, and instantly commenced a rigorous blockade of Milan. In an age when sieges were but little understood; to reduce a populous city, famine was the established *tactique*: — the smaller towns were stormed. In a few weeks Milan was reduced to extremity; but the authorities, overawed by the French garrison, dared not propose a surrender. At length, one evening, as Diamanti sat at supper, an arrow fell at his feet, with a note containing these words:

„You love, and are beloved. Will you see her whom you love dying in agony? How can you answer to yourself, your mistress, or Heaven, for the multitude whom a few days more must see perish within these walls? Be merciful, if you would receive mercy at your dying hour.“

Diamanti knew the hand; and his mind underwent a sudden revolution. „Victoria was within the walls.“ He felt that he was persecuting *her*, — that every moment was reducing *her* to the grave. He imaged her drooping before him, the colour leaving her cheek, her brilliant eyes lustreless, her noble spirit passing away in misery, her last words charging him with her death. He grew gloomy and wretched at the conception. That night he spent wandering round the walls, and regretting the desperate duties of a soldier's career.

At morn he had flung himself down in his tent, overpowered by the fatigues of the night, when he was awakened by the entrance of the captain of the trenches, to tell him that the citizens, unable any longer to provide for their women and children, had sent them outside the gates: the officer was come for orders to drive them in, as was usual in blockades, to augment the consumption of the remaining provisions. But that night's thoughts had changed the temper of Diamanti's mind. He rode to the trenches, and ordered the melancholy multitude to advance: they came in slow and sad procession, mothers leading their children, elder sisters their younger: — age, youth, and infancy, pale and thin, and coming as from the tomb. Many of them, to conciliate the favour of the rude soldiery, had brought little presents of embroidery, money, fruit, and the other gifts that they could save from the wreck of war.

The Condottieri, wild as they were, were melted by the spectacle; and, with Italian sensibility, grieved over the fortunes of the field. But there was one among the exiles who attracted every eye: she was a peasant bearing a basket of fruit, and leading an infant, her sister, by the hand. The bystanders were so struck with her beauty, even in its dejection, that the rumour drew out the whole camp; and, as she slowly passed along with her countrywomen, the murmur of admiration was universal. It reached their commander's ears; and, unwilling as he was to witness the sight, which reminded him so deeply of the misfortunes of her whom he loved, and who was destined to perish by the obstinacy of the city; he returned from his tent to see the new wonder. The peasant approached: the Condottieri saw, with surprise, her cheek, which had been pale as death, suddenly suffused with the richest colour of the rose. Their wonder was still greater, when they saw their captain, the man of desperate valour and avowed revenge, rush forward and kneel at the peasant's feet.

The story is told: — Victoria, believing that she must die, whether within the walls of the famishing city, or by the swords of the Condottieri, whom rumour had charged with a remorseless rage of massacre, determined to see her lover once before she died. She saw him, and found his proud heart devoted to her with the faith of inextinguishable passion. He was now determined that neither King nor Cardinal should divide them more. In his camp he was both King and Cardinal: the marriage was celebrated in the midst of shouts of the Condottieri, and prayers and blessings of the multitude whom he had saved. Victoria's first request was the safety of Milan, and her next, to be the bearer of Diamanti's proposals for the surrender. They were singularly mild, and were accepted by the citizens with acclamation. The French garrison marched out, with a safe conduct to the Alps; Diamanti and his bride were received with the honours of a triumph. The Condottieri were taken into the service of the city; and Diamanti, appointed the general of the troops of Milan long sustained the fortunes of the state with distinguished honour, and finally founded the most illustrious family of the Milanese.

The Private Doctor.

I had been but a few days in Napoli di Romania, the capital of Greece, when I was ordered to embark for Damala, a small village opposite the island of Poros, to join the regular troops under Colonel Fabvier, to which corps I was attached. My arrangements for travel being very speedily completed, I paid mine host of the Locanda, and with all my worldly possessions contained in the knapsack at my back, I went down to the quay in search of a caique, gladly bidding adieu to the dirty narrow streets, pestilential atmosphere, and motley population, of the first of Greek cities. I luckily met with a *lerouken*, who, plying for passengers as he pronounced it „*dia ton Poro*,“ and wanting only one of his complement, readily agreed to take me for two piastres, (about eight pence.) I stepped on board his caique, an odd Greek-looking kind of craft, with a mast raking forward at an angle of 45°. I found myself in company with six or seven individuals of different nations, calling themselves Philhellenes, but being in reality adventurers like myself, and having as much affection for the Greek cause as I have for the reigning prince of Timbuctoo.

There was an old drunken Gascon whom I shall call Garelle; he lay upon the shingle which served to ballast the boat, as I thought in a state of stupid intoxication. I remarked to one who sat next me, „*qu'il était soûl comme un cochon*,“ to which Garelle, who, I suppose, had detected my island accent, replied, „*Mille pardons, Monsieur, je suis seul comme un Anglais.*"

When the laugh occasioned by this repartee had subsided, I was addressed by a strange looking being, whose operations I had been watching with considerable interest for some time. He had been sitting cross-legged on the half-deck making his toilet: his age was about sixty; his head, as carefully divested of hair as though it had belonged to the most rigid of the disciples of Mahomet, was covered with a folded napkin, which he occasionally dipped in the water; he had been carefully plucking from his mustachios all straggling irregular-growing hairs, till he succeeded in making the upper edge as sharp and defined as though it had been cut upon copper by the burin of an engraver. The finishing touch was then given to them by means of a ball of dark wax, with which they were blackened, and made to turn up at the corners, imparting to them an aspect „*più feroce,*" as the armourer of Constantinople said to Byron, when endeavouring to sell him a flame-fashioned Damascus. The eyebrows having been carefully coloured to match, the napkin was superseded by a luxuriant juvenile jet wig, shining as brightly as olive oil could make it. Although I could not but feel a contempt for the frivolity of his occupations, there was nevertheless an air of „*bonhommie*" about him which delighted me exceedingly. He extended to me the right hand of fellowship, saying, „Sare, how do you do; Sare, je suis charmé to make do you connoissance." I expressed my satisfaction at meeting one who spoke my language — a white fib which won the old man's heart, — and we became excellent friends. Papa Clement — for Clement was his name, the Papa being invariably affixed by his comrades — then told me that he had been for some years a prisoner of war at Stapleton, near Bristol, and dwelt with particular unction on the manifold kindnesses he had received at the hands of von Mr. Alderman Jon-Brown, Mrs. Alderman Jon-Brown, and Miss Alderman Jon-Brown, magnates of the aforementioned city of Bristol. To the urbanity of Papa Clement was added a more sterling quality. He was an excellent cook, a vocation in the exercise of which Papa Clement never had an equal, for cooks in general will draw largely upon the commissariat, whereas Papa Clement, like the monk who made stone broth, went to work upon nothing, and nevertheless produced invariably a good repast. He had followed the steps of Napoleon to Moscow and back, and had fought in his last field. Such had been his lot after the restoration, that he found the nominal pay of forty piastres a month, as captain in the 2nd battalion of the regulars, and the real Yemeklik of seventeen paras per diem, (about three-halfpence,) a considerable improvement in his circumstances.

The next in order was a light-haired, blue-eyed, broad-faced, ruddy-cheeked, Bavarian. His dress was that of an officer of the Tacticoi, but he had laid aside the cumbrous chacot for the light crimson Barbary cap, always worn by the Greeks. On either thigh was suspended one of his national weapons; on the left the schlæger; and on the right the formidable boar-knife, with a buck-horn haft that would have fitted the fist of a giant. There were two Portuguese, an Italian, a Pole, and a Corsican, none of whom were particularised by any marked peculiarities, beyond those of their respective nations.

The hot sun beat fiercely down upon us as we lay becalmed for several hours in the beautiful Gulph of Napoli; even old Taygetus seemed to drop a portion of his snowy mantle as the day advanced. At length came the short-lived twilight of the east, and with it the off-shore breeze bearing on its wings the aroma of a thousand herbs. Who that has not visited an Eastern clime can tell the delight with which this portion of the day is welcomed. The moody Mussulman takes his solitary walk where the melancholy cypress throws its dark mantle over the ashes of his fathers; there, on some turban stone, he sits enjoying bright visions of his promised paradise, till the loud „Allah akbar," of the Muezzin from the neighbouring mosque reminds him of the hour of prayer. The light-hearted Greek flings his capote across his shoulder, and with a gay elastic step he seeks the most public promenade of the city. He hears and tells the news; he exchanges his own inventions of the day for those of others.

We arrived at Poros too late to continue our journey thence to Damala the same evening, and were consequently obliged to take up our abode in a Kaphéné. The ground-floor consisted of a single room, one end of which was occupied by hogsheads of wine, faggots, charcoal, and all the *„matériel"* of a Greek coffee-house keeper; round the other end ran a low wooden bench, whereon were seated two or three grave looking elderly Greeks, smoking their arquilas or water pipes, and sipping their coffee in silence. The revolution has not yet effected any change in the olden Greeks, whose habits and manners are formed on those of the Turks. In the centre of the room on a pillar of sun-baked clay, about three feet high, stood a well polished Mangal — a brazier, containing ignited charcoal, at which the coffee is made, and other culinary operations performed. The floor was of mud, the ceiling of dried myrtle bushes, laid thickly over rafters of roughly torn pine, and on the bushes again a layer of mud, forming the floor of an upper apartment, which was only half the size of the lower one, the remainder of the roof being dignified with the name of a terrace, on which in the summer heats the natives are accustomed to sleep. The ascent to this upper story was of the rudest description, being the trunk of an unsquared pine tree, with some of the smaller branches nailed transversely to it. The only eatables with which our host could furnish us, were eggs, salted curds, made of goat's milk, and kept in bags made of the skin of the same animal, with the hair inside, black olives, and oil, but these incongruous materials were, by the art of Papa Clement, so harmoniously blended together as to produce a savoury and delicious omelette. We were supplied from an enormous wooden hooped bicker with a diluent called crasse — I am unwilling to translate it wine, although it is made from the juice of the grape — a beverage having a most iniquitous twang of resin, highly lauded by our host, pronounced by the initiated palates of my comrades to be excellent, but which I was only enabled to swallow by the most powerful efforts.

Our meal being ended we retired to rest; I, Kleber, and the Italian, preferring the open terrace, and leaving the upper apartment to be occupied by the rest of our party. I, a soldier of three days standing, indignantly refused the share of his mattrass, which Kleber offered me, and lay down in my capote on the mud roof of the Kaphé. I was surprised to see the phlegmatic German, who was an old campaigner, making his night toilet. After divesting himself of his heavier articles of wearing apparel, he produced a large linen bag, having two smaller ones stitched to its upper corners, very like an ordinary night-gown, *„parvis componere magna,"* except in having no outlet for hands or feet, and in being drawn tightly round the neck by a string. The utility of this garment consisted in its affording an effectual barrier to the inroads of musquitoes, and other annoying insects, but too common in those countries. Having most dexterously sacked himself he lay down with his beloved bear-knife by his side, and in a short time gave utterance to sounds that spoke very intelligibly both of the potency of the crasse and the soundness of his repose. Kleber had foolishly suspended his wearing apparel upon some pegs in the outer wall of the adjacent apartment. The ludicrous appearance of my German friend had so forcibly recalled to my imagination the apparition in Tom Thumb, and all its concomitant addition, that sleep for a time was out of the question. I was just thinking of

„Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down,"

when a slight noise at my side caused me to open my eyes, and there I beheld, not certainly a disembodied spirit, but Vlacopolo, the son of Barba Nicola, our host, with his ear carefully turned towards my face, endeavouring to ascertain if I slept, and I began immediately to imitate, but at a long distance, the dulcet strains produced by Kleber. His scrutiny was continued for some time, and then I heard him steal cautiously to the side of the Italian, who was submitted to the same examination as myself. I placed one hand on my pistols, which I had retained in my belt, and endeavoured to watch his motions as well as the obscurity occasioned by a clouded moon would permit. He left the Italian, and once more approached me; as I was satisfied that his object was robbing, and not personal violence, I felt no fears either for myself or friends; he again stooped down to listen to my breathing; I suddenly made a clutch at him and shouted aloud to my comrades: the miscreant slipped from my grasp like a lump of wet soap, and jumped from the terrace into the street. I started to my feet and followed him as fast as I could, but the darkness of the night, my ignorance of the localities, and, perhaps, his superior agility, favoured his escape.

I returned discomfited to my terrace. The moon burst forth, and there I beheld Kleber in his bag, flourishing his bear knife and swearing most eloquently in High Dutch; Papa Clement, without his wig, was standing by his side marvelling what had become of Monsieur L'Anglais; and Garelle, who had gone to his couch as drunk as a twenty-four pounder, looking the very beau ideal of stolidity. When I was given to their wondering eyes, interrogatories thick as hail were poured upon me: Kleber questioned me in German; Clement, after many vain efforts to make himself intelligible in the English he had picked up under the patronage of Mr. Alderman Jon-Brown, ended in French, with something about assassination. With the assistance of my comrades, from above, and the aid of some rubbish below, I contrived to re-ascend to my terrace, and, in a polyglott salmagundi sort of speech, I endeavoured to make my auditors comprehend what had occurred. Having, with much difficulty and many words, succeeded in my object, we held a council of war, wherein it was decided that we should alternately keep watch for the rest of the night. Garelle, who was not able to understand any thing, insisted that Monsieur L'Anglais was „*soul comme dix mille hommes*,“ and that it was all a *dream*, and betook himself to rest. Those who had possession of the apartment declined participating in our watch. Kleber insisted upon keeping the first vigil, and I and the Italian laid down again. In a short time we were all fast asleep, sentry and all. The early beams of the morning sun were the first interruption to my repose; both my comrades were still asleep: I looked round and saw the German's clothes hanging upon their pegs *in statu quo*. I aroused my friends, and Kleber proceeded to clothe his day apparel, in doing which he became aware of the abstraction of his watch, his purse, and a bunch of keys. As I had recognised the person of our midnight visitor, Vlacopolo was immediately summoned, but Vlacopolo was either out of hearing, or else had more pressing occupation.

His father and mother, on being acquainted with our suspicions, exhibited a great anxiety for his production. His male progenitor, in especial, commenced a vociferation that might have been heard all over the island, „*Vlacopolo! brle sou pou eisai Anathema! Keratopolo*,“ but Vlaco was deaf to the endearing epithets so lavishly bestowed upon him by his father, and came not. Kleber, whose bile had been sufficiently roused by the discovery of his loss, drew forth his schlaeger, and swore he would annihilate mine host if his property was not immediately produced. Barba Nicola endured this intimation of Kleber's suspicion of his being concerned in the theft, with a stoicism so unnatural to an innocent man, in like circumstances, that convinced me of his guilt. Not so the Cocona — her indignation knew no bounds at finding her son accused of robbery, and her husband of participation; she called us dogs of Franks, Keratades, and applied some very offensive epithets to our religion, intimating that it was no better than it should be. When the storm of voices had subsided, I had well nigh perpetrated an oration in English, my knowledge of modern Greek, or indeed, of any language except my own, being very limited. Fortunately I bethought me of my passport, which I handed to Barba Nicola, who therein discovered that I was an officer of the Zodiac, commanded by

Colonel Fabvier, and encamped at Domnia, the other side the ferry. I backed this piece of intelligence by assuring him that unless prompt restitution was made, I would bring down the Colonel's vengeance upon him and his house. Barba Nicola appeared to be considerably taken aback at this intelligence, and begged for time in order, as he said, that he might find out the thief; this being granted, he set out immediately, while we sat down to the discussion of a famous „*soupe au lait*," prepared by Papa Clement. In about an hour Barba Nicola returned, with a face in which importance had almost mastered the look of cunning with which nature had so liberally gifted it. As he ascended the ladder that led to our chamber, he called out to some person following, „*Capnasde exohelade capinasde apano*." At last Barba Nicola entered, followed by an individual whom he pompously announced as his excellency Doctor Papathopolo, head physician of the island of Poros.

Those who have seen the „*anatomie vivante*" and those only, can form an adequate idea of the total absence of any thing like flesh under the shrivelled skin of the illustrious Doctor Papathopolo. His unclothed legs, like two bits of bamboo arising from out of a pair of black papouches, were met at the knees by an article, that I can only translate „breeches," but the only point in which it will bear a comparison with that exclusively European garment, is in its appropriation to the same uses. This garment, extending from the knees to the waist in length, and being about six yards in breadth, formed a contrast by no means advantageous to the thin yellow legs of his excellency; his waist, after the fashion of the Greeks, was as tightly bound up as possible by a tattered red silk sash. A close Zantiote vest, surmounted by a white sheep-skin jacket, invested his upper man, and his head was thatched by a round Frank hat. Long black lustreless elf locks streamed down his shoulders, and some half dozen hairs were left on each upper lip — a caricature on the generally handsome mustachios of his countrymen. Doctor Papathopolo, on making his entree, „grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and taking off his Frank hat, flourished it round his head as an Emeralder would his sipeen. I saluted the Esculapian with a „*proskino sas kerie*," one of the few Greek phrases I possessed; the man of physic drew himself up and assumed an air of injured pride. Barba Nicola then informed me that the worthy doctor was never addressed by any other title than that of your excellency. I amended my speech by adding the coveted „*exohotate*," and the offended dignitary was conciliated; he returned my salute by placing his right hand over his heart, giving another flourish of his beaver, and „*Asis sassa sas*," „*Asko sas emera*," said I. After replacing his much cherished hat, he, without further ceremony, sat himself down on the floor, and produced his rosary, a plaything hardly any Greek is without. Barba Nicola then furnished him with a tchibouque and a small cup of Mocha. While we were deliberating as to the expediency of kicking his excellency down the trap, he suddenly demanded who had been robbed; which was the first intimation we received of the object of his visit. Kleber then stepped forward, and I informed the doctor that he was the person; he then requested the description of the articles stolen. He was as minute in his enquiries as an Old Bailey counsel examining a prosecutor, but fortunately Kleber was enabled to give him satisfactory answers. His excellency, then getting up his smoke, inhaled enough to stifle half a dozen Europeans, and opening his lean jaws to their fullest extent, suffered it gradually to exhale from his mouth and nostrils; this ceremony being ended by an energetic puff, he put his hand beneath his girdle and slowly and separately produced the missing property, watch, keys, and purse, from which last had been abstracted a dollar, which, said his excellency, raising his hand to his lips, had been expended by the „*kammeros*" in drink. He attributed great credit to himself for the share he had had in the transaction, and insinuated that some compensation for the trouble he had taken would be very acceptable. Kleber, who appeared to look upon the renowned Papathopolo as, at least, an accessory after the fact, demurred to this, but taking to his consideration the wan condition of the doctor, he gave him a six piastre piece, about two shillings, being six times the fee usually paid for the medical services of this learned Theban.

I afterwards ascertained some particulars of this man's history. His first start in life was as a cabin-boy on board a Hydriot trader, employed in carrying corn to the French ports during the war with England. The vessel being chased by an English cruiser, Papathopolo, who, perhaps, like Shakspeare's fop, „but for this vile gunpowder," might himself have been a soldier, was nowhere to be found, till, after strict search, he was at length discovered in the lazaret, a hole under the cabin flooring. The ship ran up the Adriatic to Ancona, where the future doctor, being convinced of his unfitness for pursuits of danger, „*faisait son paquet*," and levanted, not forgetting to take with him such superfluous articles as he could lay his hands on; not by way of peculation, but only as a precautionary measure lest he should change his mind and return, as men who drown themselves, tie their hands together to assist their resolution. His grotesque appearance and outlandish dialect won for him the attention of a Dutch mountebank, who happened at that time to be curing the incurables in the dominions of his holiness the Pope. In this man's service, Papathopolo was in the precise station for which nature fitted him. Great was the influx of clients to the delighted Dutchman, in consequence of this addition to his caravan, and accordingly he recompensed Papathopolo with as much maccaroni as he could eat — coin, once passed into the pockets of Mynheer Van Windergelt, like the souls that had once sat in the state-room of old Charon's wherry — never being known to return. Orpheus, though he had asked but the value of a single horsehair to his fiddle-stick, would have whistled in vain. — Papathopolo continued to eat his maccaroni, and pocket his kicks, till he had acquired the figure of his master, and got a thorough initiation into the mystery of making bread-pills. Van Windergelt, after cheating all other creditors, was obliged to pay the debt of nature; and Papathopolo, not caring to go through the ceremony of a legal administration, decamped without beat of drum, taking with him his master's stock of nostrums, and leaving the obsequies of the defunct Doctor to be performed by the hands of strangers. With these „drugs potential," and a round Frank hat, Papathopolo returned to his native island. Passing through Venice, where there is a Greek press, he got some handbills struck off, describing himself as the renowned Doctor Demetrius Papathopolo, professor of medicine in the university of Padua, and further setting forth his skill in astrology, thief finding, and other abstruse sciences. In the pride of his heart he took to himself a wife, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of a brilliant future; but, alas! for his hopes in computing the gullibility of the islanders, he had forgotten to take into account their powerful dislike to part with their money, and although they accorded to him the high-sounding titles of your excellency, and your brilliancy, yet small was the profit that accrued — and had it not been for such occasional adventures as that I have here recorded, starvation would long since have put an end to the exploits of the Pariote Doctor.

Nachricht der Verlagshandlung an die verehrlichen Abonnenten.

Die letzten Nummern dieser Zeitschrift hätten eigentlich schon zu Michaelis d. J. in den Händen der Abonnenten sein müssen, um aber die Quartale dieser Zeitschrift mit den Quartalen der Zeitrechnung besser in Uebereinstimmung zu bringen, haben wir die letzten Nummern so retardirt, daß solche erst jetzt den verehrl. Abonnenten zukommen, worauf nun wieder wie früher regelmäßig jede Woche eine Nummer erscheinen wird.

Ferner werden wir, durch mehrfache Gründe bewogen, vom nächsten Jahrgange an nicht mehr, wie bisher, jede Nummer einzeln, sondern alle 4 Wochen 4 Nummern auf einmal verschicken. Einestheils werden dadurch die unangenehmen Defecte einzelner verlorengehender Nummern vermieden, anderntheils wird es der Redaction dadurch möglich, den Inhalt weniger zerstückelt als bisher zu geben, und auch umfangreichere Stücke aufzunehmen, was bisher wegen der jeder Nummer zu gebenden Mannigfaltigkeit nicht thunlich war, obwohl dadurch manche der werthvollsten Sachen ausgeschlossen bleiben mußten.

Es sind der Redaction mitunter Zuschriften zugekommen, worin Wünsche und Vorschläge in Bezug auf das British Museum ausgesprochen waren. Die Redaction hat, in dankbarer Anerkennung der dadurch ausgesprochenen Theilnahme, diese Winke theils befolgt, theils, wo Gründe dawider sprachen, solche entgegengeantwortet. Da es aber bei zunehmender Menge solcher Zuschriften zu zeitraubend sein möchte, solche einzeln zu beantworten, so soll dies künftig von Zeit zu Zeit im Blatte selbst, ganz kurz am Ende, unter der Rubrik: Correspondenz, geschehen. Es wird der Redaction angenehm sein, recht oft von den Wünschen der geehrten Leser in Kenntniß gesetzt zu werden, doch muß sie bitten, dergleichen Schreiben entweder auf Buchhändler-Wege oder franco an sie gelangen zu lassen.

Und somit übergeben wir denn diesen Jahrgang dem wohlwollenden Leser zur Beurtheilung. Sorgsamkeit sowohl in der Auswahl eines möglichst interessanten und gediegenen Inhalts, als auch in der Herstellung eines anständigen Aeußern wird man der Redaction und der Verlagshandlung nicht absprechen können.

Noch Besseres aber dürfen wir für den nächsten Jahrgang versprechen. So z. B. bringen die ersten Nummern desselben eine **ausführlichere historisch-kritische Uebersicht der literarischen Erscheinungen des Jahres 1837**, die wir als höchst interessant bezeichnen dürfen.

Und so hoffen wir auch im nächsten Jahrgange zu beweisen, daß wir die große Theilnahme, womit man dies Unternehmen beehrt hat, dankbar erkennen und durch steigende Sorgfalt zu erwiedern suchen.

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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Kurze Ueberſicht der neueſten engliſchen Literatur.

I. Allgemeines.

Die vorherrſchende Klage, daß ſeit einigen Jahren die Richtung auf das Practiſche allem rein geiſtigen Intereſſe ſtörend und lähmend in den Weg trete und es faſt völlig verſchlinge, iſt auch in England ſehr laut geworden; ſie hat eigentlich dort begonnen und ſich nachher über das Feſtland verbreitet. Namentlich ſind es die eigentlichen Werke der Phantaſie, mögen ſie durch redende oder bildende Künſte die Form gewinnen, durch die ſie concret in das Daſein treten, für welche die allgemeine Theilnahme immer ſchwächer wird. Bei keinem Volke haben ſich in der Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur binnen wenigen Jahren ſo ſchroffe Gegenſätze herausgeſtellt, als gerade bei dem freien und kunſtſinnigen Volke der Briten. — Es iſt noch nicht viel länger als zwei Decennien, daß dort die Vorliebe für die Erzeugniſſe der Einbildungskraft auf das Glänzendſte hervortrat. Der außerordentliche Erfolg, deſſen ſich die, (nach dem erſten ihrer Gattung generell ſo benannten) Waverley-Romane erfreuten, die auf die glückliche Weiſe die ſchillernde, farbenſatte Fiction ſich auf dem breiten Boden hiſtoriſcher Wirklichkeit entfalten ließen, hatte ein Heer von Nachfolgern hervorgerufen, welche ſich Alle mehr oder weniger einer guten Aufnahme von Seiten des leſenden Publicums rühmen durften. — Während der Zeit des Culminationspunktes dieſer Geſchmacksrichtung vor ungefähr zehn bis zwölf Jahren belief ſich die Zahl der jährlich erſcheinenden Werke dieſer Klaſſe auf [illegible] bis [illegible], deren jedes einigermaßen gelungene, einen Abſatz von 750 bis tauſend Exemplaren, jedes bedeutendere aber einen Debit von [illegible] bis [illegible] Exemplaren hatten; dieſe gute Zeit zog indeß ſchnell vorüber, und die Verfaſſer, bei deren Arbeiten die Verleger zu jener Zeit wenigſtens auf eine [illegible] Exemplare ſtarke Auflage bedacht ſein mußten, ſind jetzt froh, wenn ſich der Abſatz nur auf [illegible] erſtreckt, da ihnen dies doch wenigſtens den Beweis liefert, daß ihr perſönlicher Ruf noch nicht gelitten habe, indem es das höchſte iſt, was die kühnſte Hoffnung nur erwarten kann. — Noch ſchlimmer ſteht es um die eigentlichen poetiſchen Werke auf dem engliſchen Büchermarkte. „Bietet — ſagt ein vielgeleſener, wohl unterrichteter Schriftſteller, *)) — einem Verleger einen Band Poeſien an, und er wird krank ſchon bei dem bloßen Anblick derſelben. — Er wird Euch anhören, als hätte er Euch bei dem Verſuche ertappt, ihm ſeine Börſe oder ſeine Uhr zu ſtehlen. — Und das wahrlich nicht mit

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*) Der Verfaſſer der Random Recollections of the House of Commons u. ſ. w., welche vor einigen Jahren ſo großes Aufſehen machten, in ſeiner neueſten Schrift: The great Metropolis. Second Series. London [illegible]. Vol. I. S. [illegible]. Die ſämmtlichen Notizen über den engliſchen Büchermarkt, welche wir hier mittheilen, ſind größtentheils dieſer Schrift entlehnt.

Unrecht, denn während der letzten drei oder vier Jahre haben Buchhändler in verſchiedenen Fällen die Speculation auf poetiſchen Verlag höchſt ſchmerzlich bereuen müſſen, während das, was ſie von dieſer Art auf den Büchermarkt brachten, allgemein und von allen Partheien ohne Ausnahme als vortrefflich anerkannt wurde. Vor Kurzem noch verkaufte ein beliebter, populärer Dichter einem Verleger im Weſt-End *) ein Gedicht für hundert Pfund Sterling. — Es war in der That ein herrliches Werk und wurde auf das Zärtlichſte und Ausführlichſte in den verſchiedenſten und anerkannteſten kritiſchen Journalen geprieſen und doch überſtieg der ganze Abſatz deſſelben nicht 50 Exemplare. — Von einem anderen ſehr witzigen, humoriſtiſchen Gedichte, das ungefähr drei hundert Seiten füllte, große Tiefe und Kenntniß entfaltete und die Arbeit mehrerer Jahre geweſen war, gingen im Allem achtzehn, ſage achtzehn Exemplare ab. — Ja ſelbſt die gefeiertſten Dichter Englands, wie Campbell, Rogers oder Wordsworth, können ihrem Verleger nicht dafür bürgen, daß von einem neuen Werke ihrer kunſtreichen Feder mehr als 2000 bis höchſtens 2500 Exemplare Abnehmer fänden.

Dieſe Abneigung des engliſchen Publikums vor dem Ankauf poetiſcher Producte erſtreckt ſich nicht bloß auf die Werke lebender oder neuerer Poeten, auch die älteſten und gefeiertſten Dichter, die die Nation mit Stolz anerkennt, werden eben ſo wenig geſucht. Noch ganz kürzlich unternahm ein engliſcher Buchhändler die Beſorgung einer neuen Ausgabe der Werke Cowpers, ſtattete dieſelbe auf jegliche Weiſe glänzend aus, ſo daß auch der ſtrengſte Richter keinen Tadel daran zu finden wußte, wandte allein an die Bekanntmachung der neuen Ausgabe eine Summe von 500 Pfund Sterling, und erwartete nun ganz ruhig einen Abſatz von 3000 Exemplaren, aber — der Debit belief ſich im Ganzen noch nicht auf ſo viele hundert. Dergleichen Beiſpiele laſſen ſich leider noch viele anführen. —

Nun wird man aber mit Recht fragen, wohin hat ſich denn die Kaufluſt in der Literatur gewendet. — Es wird jetzt überall mehr geleſen als je und es gibt doch eine große Menge von Leuten, denen faſt allein und jedenfalls mehr um Unterhaltung und Amuſement durch Lectüre als um Belehrung zu thun iſt; was fordern, was kaufen denn die? hier fällt die Antwort in Hinſicht auf Großbritannien eben ſo betrübt aus, als mit mehr oder weniger Modificationen, in Hinſicht auf Frankreich und Deutſchland; denn ſie enthält eine über das ganze gebildete Europa ſich verbreitende und eine immer mehr überhand nehmende Verderbtheit des Geſchmacks, die ſich darauf gründet, daß das Leſen jetzt Modeſache iſt, daß Jeder, obwohl er am Ende kaum buchſtabiren kann, doch lieſt und über das Geleſene raiſonnirt, und daß die Menge, die eben, weil ſie die Menge iſt, den Ton angeben muß, aus ſolchen buchſtabirenden Raiſonneurs beſteht. — Man findet jetzt in England, wie in Frankreich und Deutſchland und überhaupt partout comme chez nous, das meiſte Wohlgefallen an leichter, ſkizzenhafter Lectüre, beſonders wenn ſie Klatſchereien und Perſönlichkeiten enthält. — Wir Deutſchen ſind noch inſofern den Engländern voraus, daß dieſer Geſchmack ſich bei uns nur unſerer, mit wenigen Ausnahmen herzlich ſchlechten belletriſtiſchen Journale, die die wahren Fundgruben für litteräriſche und kleinſtädtiſche Klatſcherei ſind, bemächtigt und von den Büchern, mit Ausnahme der wenigen, zu denen eine Branche unſerer bald verrufenen ſogenannten [illegible] Schriftſteller den Ton anſtimmte, bisher noch fern gehalten hat. — Dies iſt in Großbritannien, wo auch die belletriſtiſchen Journale eine beſtimmte politiſche Richtung haben und dadurch gewichtiger ſind, weil ſie als Organe einer Parthei erſcheinen (wir werden ſpäter noch ausführlicher bei dieſem Umſtande verweilen), umgekehrt, und ſo hat vorzüglich in der neueſten Zeit ſich eine eigene Maſſe von Büchern gebildet, die freilich flüchtig nur für den Tag geſchrieben, doch dem Tage höchſt willkommen iſt und auch täglich neuen Zuwachs findet. Anfangs erhielten dieſe Producte doch eine beſtimmte Form und verbargen die Perſönlichkeiten und Klatſchereien aus der Wirklichkeit mit dem Gewande eben derſelben, indem ſie als Romane oder Novellen erſchienen und wenigſtens wie Fictionen ausſahen, wenn ſie auch eigentlich keine waren, oder Wahrheit und Dichtung ſo mit einander verſchmolzen, daß eine Unterſcheidung unmöglich wurde; jetzt aber gibt man ſich nicht einmal mehr die Mühe, einen hiſtoriſchen Faden zu erfinden, an welchem man die Perſönlichkeiten künſtlich aufreiht, ſondern man ſchreibt Bücher, in denen man eben ſo loſe, eben ſo ungenirt und mitunter eben ſo boshaft und giftig über Perſonen und Dinge mit dem ganzen Publicum ſchwatzt, als man es ſonſt höchſtens in ſtillen Stunden vor dem Kamine mit ſeinen vertrauteſten Freunden that. Das aber will die Menge und kauft und lieſt es mit großem Eifer, und das eben iſt die einzige Branche im Fache der Unterhaltungsliteratur, bei der ein engliſcher Verleger noch auf einen erklecklichen Abſatz hoffen darf. Darum gefielen auch die Briefe eines Verſtorbenen vom Fürſten Pückler (deren Intereſſe für England weit beſchränkter iſt als

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*) Stadtviertel von London.

für uns, denn der Engländer findet im Allgemeinen nur bekannte Dinge darin) ſo [illegible] wurden ſo viele geleſen, wie aus derſelben Urſache ſich jetzt die Schriften der redſeligen und einfältigen Miſtriß Trollope, des Amerikaners Willis Pencillings by the way und Inklings of Adventure, Boz's Sketches of Every-day Scenes and Every-day People und andere ähnliche Leiſtungen einer ſo großen Theilnahme erfreuen, daß z. B. die Bücher der beiden letztgenannten Verfaſſer einen Abſatz von mehr als 8000 Exemplaren binnen wenigen Monaten fanden. —

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

The Country Cousin,

by Miss Sedgwick.

He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behoves
Me pardon nature then.
The Patient Countess.

L'homme honore la vertu,
Dieu la récompense.

The dark empire of superstition has passed away. This is the age of facts and evidence, experience and demonstration, the enlightened age, *par excellence.* Ghosts, apparitions, banshees, phocas, clurichaunes, fairies, „good people all,“ are now departed spirits. The fairies, the friends of poets and story-tellers, the patrons, champions, and good geniuses of children, no longer keep their merry revels on the green sward by the glow-worm's lamp; they are gone, exhaled like the dews that glittered on last summer's leaves. The „dainty spirits“ that know „to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,“ have no longer a being save in poetry. Like the Peri of the Persian mythology, they forfeit their immortality when they pass the bounds of their paradise — that paradise the poet's imagination.

Though in the full meridian of our „enlightened day,“ we look back with something like regret to the imaginative era of darkness, when spirits, embodied in every form that fear or fancy could invent, thronged the paths of human life, broke its monotony, and coloured its dull surface with the bright hues and deep shadows of magic light. We almost envy the twilight of our Indian predecessors, whose quickening faith, like the ancient philosophy, infused vitality into external nature, imparting a portion of the Infinite Spirit to mountain, valley, stream, and flower, that faith that gave discourse and reason to trees, and stones, and running brooks. Strange that in the progress of light, mind should surrender its dominion to matter! that the metaphysics of nature should yield to the physical sciences! that the materialism of the mineralogist, the botanist, the geologist, should prevail over the spirituality of the savage! But so it is. The suggestions of superstition so universal in man's natural state of ignorance, are silenced by the clear, cold demonstrations of knowledge. Who now ventures to tell a fairy tale beyond the purlieus of the nursery? Who would hope to raise a ghost above the subterranean region of the kitchen? The murdered lie as quietly in their graves as if they had been dismissed to their rest anointed and annealed; and even Love's martyrs, the most persevering of all night-walkers, no more revisit the glimpses of the moon. And yet there seems to be a deep foundation in nature for a belief in mysterious visitations, in our unknown and incomprehensible connexion with spiritual beings. The mighty mind of Johnson was duped by the ghost of Cocklane, and seized, as he himself confesses, on every tale of the reappearance of the dead to support his religious faith! What are we to infer from the horoscope of the hero of „Guy Mannering,“ what from the „Lady of Avenel,“ and all the strange prophecies fulfilled of Sir Walter Scott, but that the wild and fantastic superstitions of his native land, that „meet nurse of a poetic child,“ still control his imagination. Even Napoleon, who feared no power embodied in flesh and blood, bowed like an Oriental slave before the dark, mysterious despot Destiny.

We have made this long introduction to a ghost story it was once our good fortune to hear well told, to persuade our readers that we have drunk deep enough of the spirit of the age to laugh, when we are in the presence of the honoured public, at the superstition and credulity of others, though we may still cherish some relic of it in our secret soul.

Somewhere between twenty and thirty years ago — there is, alas! a period when accurate dates become a sort of *memento mori*, — we, or rather I — for, like a late popular writer, we detest that reviewer in the abstract, the „cold, and critical,“ and pompous *we* — *I* was on a visit to a friend of my parents who resided in New York, Mrs. Reginald Tudor. She was an Englishwoman by birth, but had long been a resident in this country, and, though of a noble family, and educated with aristocratic prejudices, she was, in all acts of kindness, condescension, and humanity, a Christian; and is not Christianity the foundation, the essence of republicanism? Her instincts were aristocratic, or those principles of conduct that are so early inculcated and acted on that they become as impulsive and powerful as instincts; but when a deed of kindness was to be done, she obeyed the levelling law of the religion of universal equality. As Mrs. Reginald Tudor, the lady of polite society, she was versed and strict in all artificial distinctions and nice observances; but as a Christian, friend, and benefactress, no fiery revolutionist ever so well illustrated the generous doctrine of equality; for here was the perfect standard of rectitude, and every one who needed the tender charities of life from her, was her „brother and her sister.“ Forgive her then, gentle reader, a slight contempt of republican manners, and a little pride in her titled ancestry and noble English relatives.

Like most old people, Mrs. Tudor talked always of the past, and the friends of her youth. Her grandfather, whose pet she had been sixty years since, was her favourite topic. Her stories began with „My dear grandfather, Lord Moreland“ — „Lord Moreland“ was the invariable sequence. But this was an innocent vanity, and should not cast a shade over my honoured friend's memory. The only evil attending this foible, so ill adapted to our country, was that it had infected her granddaughter, my friend Isabel Williamson.

Isabel, at the period of which I write, was, a beautiful girl of eighteen, an only child, and as such cherished and caressed, but not spoiled by her parents and grandmother. Nothing could spoil so frank and generous a disposition, so noble-minded a creature. But Isabel was touched with the family taint of pride. She had a feeling very closely bordering on contempt for every thing American, and, though born in the city of New York, though her mother and her maternal ancestors were American, she always called herself English, preferred all English usages, however ill suited to our state of society, had some pretty affectations of Anglican phraseology, imported her dresses, hats, shoes, from England, employed English teachers, and preferred English men and admirers.

At the time I was with her, her parents were away from home on a long absence, and during my visit her cousin Lucy Atwell arrived in town from „the West.“ „The West,“ a designation that has removed with our emigrants to Missouri, then meant one of the middle district counties of the state of New York. Lucy came, consigned for life, to Isabel's parents. She was a meek, timid, country girl, of about seventeen, made an orphan by sudden bereavement, and by an accumulation of misfortunes left penniless. This was an irresistible appeal to Isabel's heart. „Grandmamma,“ she said to Mrs. Tudor, „we must provide for poor Lucy.“

„Certainly, Isabel, I was sure you would say so.“

„I have been thinking,“ resumed Isabel, „that Mrs. Arnott's would be such a good place for Lucy to board.“

„My dear Isabel, we must keep her with us.“

„Grandmamma!“

„Why not, my child?“

Isabel well knew the „why not,“ operative on her mind, but she did not care to tell it, and she offered the most plausible reason that occurred to her. „You know, Ma'am, it must be so unpleasant for a person to live as a dependant in the family of relatives."

„That depends, Isabel, on the temper of the parties. If you are not wanting in kindness and consideration, I am sure, from little Lucy's sweet face, she will not fail in gratitude and contentment; at any rate she must stay with us."

„Do you not think," said Isabel to me when we were alone together, „that grandmamma is getting childish? She was so decided, so obstinate to day, about Lucy."

The following day I perceived that Isabel suffered a series of mortifications on her cousin's account. In the first place nothing could be more decidedly *countrified*, not to say vulgar, for I cannot bear to apply that word even for once to one so pretty, gentle, and essentially refined as Lucy — nothing could be more countrified, more ill made, and unbecoming than our little rustic's dress. The date of our story was long before the artful looms of Europe had prepared every variety of texture, and brought the light silk and delicate *barege* level to the means of the most humble purchaser. It was the age of cotton cambrics, and bombazettes, and our country cousin was dressed in a stiff, glazed, black cotton cambric, with a vandyke of the same, a crimped *leno* frill, and white knit yarn stockings. It was then the fashion to dress the hair low, with braids and bands after the classic models; Lucy's was drawn up like a tower on the top of her head, and walled in by a horn comb. Isabel spent too much money, time, and thought on her dress not to pride herself on its style, and never was there a more striking contrast than the two cousins presented, when they were both seated together in the parlour. Isabel, arrayed in high fashion and taste, with her toy workbasket filled with the elegant implements of „Mosaic" work, and Lucy, in the costume we have described, diligently knitting a full sized, substantial cotton stocking. But in spite of this homely vulgarity, there was something of nature's aristocracy in her graceful and delicate outline, in her „serious eye," and thoughtful, fair young brow, and I felt hurt and mortified for my dear friend Isabel, when I perceived a little flutter and fidgetiness about her at every rap at the street door, indicating too plainly her dread of having her cousin seen by her fashionable acquaintance. Isabel was not sufficiently a woman of the world, and she had too much good feeling to disembarrass herself of this concern, as a true woman of ton does, by the current jokes on country cousins.

It was a day of trial to Isabel. The heavens were serene, the air balmy, and the walking fine; and it seemed as if all our acquaintances, and specially those who for very delicateness were afraid of the rough visitation of the winds, had selected this day to pour in upon us. Mrs. Tudor was at her usual station on a corner of the sofa, and, punctilious in the formal politeness of the day, she most precisely introduced every visitor to „Miss Lucy Atwell — Miss Williamson's niece; and each time, Lucy, according to her notion of good manners, laid aside her knitting-work, rose and dropped her little dot of a courtesy; and, though Isabel affected to laugh and talk in her usual careless style, I could perceive in her face, as in a mirror, her consciousness of poor Lucy's every word and motion.

Isabel's Anglo-mania had led her to avoid every Americanism, word or phrase; and the „concludes," „calculates," and „guesses," which were in all poor Lucy's replies to the few questions addressed to her, grated on her cousin's ear. It is difficult to recall, after time and matured sense has released us from the galling fetters that are imposed by the false notions and artificial distinctions of fashionable society, it is difficult to recall the feelings that, like the emotions of a troubled dream, were then as real to us, as they now are illusory and ridiculous. It now seems to me incredible that my friend Isabel, the noble woman whom I have since seen wrestling with fearful calamities, and enduring calmly and sweetly the darkest night of adversity, should at eighteen have wasted tears, and a flood of them, on the mortifications I have recorded. But so it was. They were, however, shed in private, and known only to myself and to her grandmother, with whom she again expostulated on the subject of Lucy's removal to some other home. Mrs. Tudor was mild, but firm in her first decision. In the evening, at the usual hour for retiring, the good old lady invited us to her apartment. This was her frequent custom, and a great pleasure to us, for there is always something in the sociality of one's own room, far more unbending, intimate, and endearing, than in the parlour intercourse. Mrs. Tudor left her stateliness, her only infirmity, below stairs, and in her own apartment was the true grandmother, easy, communicative, and loving.

It was late, I believe near the witching time of night, when we, Isabel, Lucy, and myself, drew our low chairs around Mrs. Tudor's matronly rocking-chair. The oil in the lamp was *expended*, a stick of wood was burning, as all wood burns after twelve o'clock, fitfully, and the bright, changeful flame threw such strange distorted figures on the wall, that braver spirits than ours might have been frightened at a shadow. Our conversation turned, I don't know how, but it then seemed naturally enough, on ghost stories. Mrs. Tudor was the benefactress of the rising generation; her mind was stored with strange and forgotten events; she had treasures of marvellous appearances, which had no record but in her memory. After relating various anecdotes till we were all in a state of considerable excitement, till Isabel had forgotten her coldness, and Lucy her timidity, Mrs. Tudor said; „There is one ghost story that I have never told, not even to you, Isabel, for whose insatiable curiosity I have produced every other treasure from my storehouse. This is connected with many sacred recollections, it deeply affected my imagination at the time, and related to persons in whom I had some interest. There are many preliminary circumstances before I can come at the supernatural incident — it is late — shall I tell it to-night?"

„Oh yes!" was the unanimous voice, and Mrs. Tudor proceeded.

„When I lived in London, I had an intimate friend who was, like myself, a widow, with an only son. Mrs. M'Arthur — that was her name — had set her heart on having her son fix himself in the calm quiet of home and domestic life, such as suited her matured and feminine tastes, but was not at all adapted to a young man of unchecked ambition and ardent passions. M'Arthur's mind was early steeped in the military spirit of tales and songs of chivalry, and as soon as he was old enough to think of a profession, he avowed his will — the will, and the wish of a widow's only son is fate — to be a soldier. My friend opposed him at first, but he who was never denied anything, was not long opposed in his most impetuous passion, and his poor mother, fearing all things and hoping nothing, procured a captaincy for him, and soon after had her heart almost broken by his being ordered on the American service. Your father, Isabel, came to this country at the same time, and was ever after intimately associated with M'Arthur, and from him I have received the particulars that I shall relate to you.

„Captain M'Arthur was appointed to command a detachment that was sent to wrest the possession of a small town from the Americans. The male inhabitants, notwithstanding the confusion of a surprise, made a valorous resistance, but, overcome by numbers and discipline, all who could fly, fled to support the banner of their country in a more fortunate field, and defend her where defence would be available."

„Ah!" said Isabel, whose particularities were always in the English ranks, „the Yankees often practised that better part of valour — discretion."

„Not till its bolder part was useless," retorted the gentle Lucy.

„The fray is past, fair champions," said I, „do not interrupt the story."

„No, girls," continued Mrs. Tudor, „my story has little to do with the war, though a good deal with the passions it engendered. Captain M'Arthur had gallantly achieved his object. He obtained undisputed possession of the town, but in effecting this, he received a dangerous wound, and was carried bleeding and insensible to the best house the place afforded, situate at the entrance of the town, and belonging to one Amos Blunt, a bold yeoman, who had been first and last to fight in defence of his home, and who, as he caught from a distant hill a last look of the roof that sheltered his two lovely and now defenceless daughters, swore eternal hatred to the English. Fatally and cruelly did he keep his vow.

,,To return to M'Arthur. The sad chances of the battle had made his life to depend on those very daughters of the yeoman, Emma and Anne Blunt. Unskilful surgical treatment aggravated his wound; a violent fever ensued, and for many weeks the gay and gallant young officer was as dependent as an infant on the tender vigilance of his pretty nurses.

,,The two sisters, as I have heard, were alike in nothing but their devoted affection to each other; even their looks were as dissimilar as distinct races, as unlike, Isabel, as you and your cousin Lucy. You might, indeed, if I remember their pictures accurately, stand for their living portraits, so fair, so like a snow-drop, or rather so like that meek representative of all spiritual purity and womanly tenderness, the Madonna, so like my sweet Lucy was Emma — yes, just as sensitive and blushing at her own praises, even from the lips of an old woman; and my dear Isabel — but you cannot so well bear flattery. It is enough to say that Anne had a brow of lofty daring, a quick, glancing, laughter-loving eye, a rich damask on her cheek that expressed the kindling and burning of her feelings; lips that a Grecian artist would have chiselled to utter the laws of love, rather than its prayers; in short, a face and shape that a painter would have chosen for a Semiramis, or Zenobia, or Clotilda."

,,Grandmamma!" exclaimed Isabel, ,,are you describing two daughters of a farmer?"

,,Even so, Isabel; and truly you must remember, my dear," what Isabel was prone to forget, ,,nature has no aristocratic moulds; the peasant is born with as fine limbs and beautiful features as his lord. Besides, you must know, those girls had not impaired their natural beauty by household drudgery. Their father was wealthy; they were his only children, and motherless from extreme childhood, their stern father, stern to everything but them, had lavished his wealth to procure for them whatever advantages of education the country then afforded.

,,You must allow, that when the romantic M'Arthur awoke from his long delirium, and beheld those beautiful forms flitting around his pillow, he was in more danger than he had been from their father's sword. In the flush of health and unbroken spirits, Anne would have been most attractive to him; but in the gentleness, the patient watchings, the soft, low toned voice, the uniform tranquillity of Emma, there was something so suited to the nurse and leech, so adapted to the abated spirit of the invalid, that his susceptible heart was touched, and, in the progress of a slow convalescence, entirely captivated, and honestly surrendered.

,,It was not in human nature, certainly not in Emma's tender nature, to resist the fondness of the most interesting man she had ever seen. She requited it, with a strength and depth of devotion, that, I believe, my dear girls, men seldom, if ever, feel.

,,The rash, impetuous lover proposed an immediate marriage. His intentions were strictly honourable; for Emma's sake he was willing to forget his noble birth, the wishes of his far-off, widowed, but, alas! proud mother, the duties of his official station, propriety, expediency, the world, for love. But Emma was of another temper. She could have surrendered every other happiness in life to be M'Arthur's wife, she could have died for him, but she would not deviate one point from the straight line of filial duty. She would not hear M'Arthur's vows, acknowledge him as a lover, nor think of him as a husband, till she had her father's sanction. This was strange to the indulged youth, who had never regarded any sanction but that of his own inclinations; he felt himself thwarted by her determination, and half offended by the absolute necessity of waiting till the consent of her father could be obtained. However, there was no alternative. He addressed an earnest letter to Amos Blunt! Emma added a modest, but decided, postscript; and a trusty American boy was hired to convey it a distance of little less than a hundred miles, where Blunt was stationed.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Child and Flowers.

By Mrs. Hemans.

> All good and guiltless as thou art,
> Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,
> Griefs that along thy altered face
> Will breathe a more subduing grace,
> Than even those looks of joy that lie
> On the soft cheek of infancy.
>
> Wilson.

Hast thou been in the woods with the honey-bee?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child?
Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat;
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells,
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng;
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim:
These are old words, that have made each grove
A dreamy haunt for romance and love;
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,
A place for the gushing of Poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er.
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell:
And the scent by the blossoming sweet-briers shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

Oh! happy child in thy fawn-like glee!
What is remembrance or thought to thee?
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon —
What if to droop and to perish soon?
Nature hath mines of such wealth — and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now!

For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair;
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,
Midst the hidden things of each human heart!

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child! for this?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss!
Such be thy portion! — the bliss to look
With a reverent spirit, through Nature's book;
By fount, by forest, by river's line,
To track the paths of a love divine;
To read its deep meanings — to see and hear
God in earth's garden — and not to fear!

Vom BRITISH MUSEUM erscheint wöchentlich eine Nummer. [illegible] — Abonnement-Preis für 26 Nummern [illegible]. [illegible] Zu beziehen durch alle Buchhandlungen und Postämter.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Kurze Ueberſicht der neueſten engliſchen Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Einen nicht minder ſchädlichen Einfluß auf Geiſt und Geſchmack übt ferner die Pfennig-Literatur, welche bekanntlich in England erfunden wurde und ſich dort noch am längſten erhalten hat. Damit ſoll keineswegs das Gute derſelben nicht anerkannt werden, das beſonders in der großen und leichten Verbreitung nützlicher und für das tägliche Leben brauchbarer Kenntniſſe liegt, aber dieſer Vortheil wird ſehr durch den Schaden aufgewogen, der daraus erwächſt, daß gerade die wohlfeile Literatur ein Hauptgegenſtand der Speculationswuth geldgieriger Seelen geworden iſt, und daß der eigentliche Zweck des Zuſammentretens der Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, bei welcher Brougham an der Spitze ſteht, nur bei ſehr wenigen Unternehmungen dieſer Art wirklich erſtrebt und demzufolge auch erreicht wird. Neben dem Penny-Magazine, der Penny-Cyclopaedia, dem Saturday-Magazine, welche mit Recht als die vorzüglichſten Leiſtungen dieſer Art gelten können, tauchten noch eine Menge von Pfennig-Unternehmungen in allen Zweigen der Literatur auf, welche weiter nichts waren als Compilationen aller Art, meiſtens auf gut Glück zuſammengeworfen und mit oft erbärmlichen Holzſchnitten ausgeſtattet. Ihre große Wohlfeilheit ſicherte ihnen einen raſchen Abſatz, und obwohl die Neigung zu denſelben ſich eben ſo raſch wieder verminderte, ſo haben ſich doch manche von ihnen, wie z. B. The Casket, the Penny Novelist (der ganze Romane auf wenigen Bogen für eben ſo viele Groſchen als die Romane Pfunde gekoſtet hatten, brachte), u. A. m. bis jetzt mit ganz leidlichem Gewinne erhalten. — Zwei Uebelſtänden aber, die daraus entſprangen, iſt bis jetzt noch nicht abgeholfen worden. — Der erſte beſteht darin, daß das Publikum nur wohlfeile Bücher kaufen will und die Verleger alſo an Werke, die keinen ausgebreiteten Abſatz ihrer Natur nach haben können, ohne bedeutenden Verluſt nicht mehr das wenden können, was ſie früher daran wandten; der zweite größere und nachhaltigere Uebelſtand jedoch iſt, daß die Menge mehr auf die Maſſe und den äußeren Reichthum des Dargebotenen, als auf den inneren Werth, Geiſt und Gehalt deſſelben ſieht, und daß ſie ſich um geiſtige Schönheit der Form wenig oder gar nicht mehr kümmert. Die Bildung iſt allerdings ungemein geſtiegen und wird in die Breite jedenfalls auch durch dieſe Pfennigmagazine außerordentlich befördert, aber bei der ganzen Richtung unſerer Zeit hören Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft immer mehr und mehr auf, um ihrer ſelbſt willen cultivirt zu werden, und ihr Ziel iſt wie das aller menſchlichen Beſtrebungen jetzt zuerſt und ganz beſonders — der Gelderwerb.

Die große politiſche Ausbildung, der ſich das engliſche Volk mit Recht erfreut, iſt ebenfalls den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und ſelbſt auch den Künſten, wenigſtens der theoretiſchen Behandlung keineswegs förderlich, ſondern tritt ihnen ſtörend und nur zu häufig lähmend in den Weg. Dies ſcheint einem Ausländer, der nur eine generelle oberflächliche Kenntniß englischer Zustände hat, fast unglaublich und er ist weit entfernt bei den Begriffen, die er sich von der Freiheit des Geistes und der Presse in England durch Vorlesungen oder Lectüre bildete, das Gegentheil anzunehmen. — Forscht er indessen genauer und gründlicher den Dingen nach, so wird er bald finden, daß man in Gesellschaften eher seinen [illegible] religiösen als seinen politischen Glauben zu äußern braucht, (denn nach dem Ersteren wird so leicht Niemand fragen, sobald man sich nicht offenbar zu atheistischen Grundsätzen bekennt), und daß die Trennungen der Partheien sich über das ganze Volksleben in allen seinen Erscheinungen, nach allen Richtungen hin erstreckt. — Man muß, wenn auch mit noch so feinen Nuancirungen, Whig oder Tory, Radicaler oder Conservativer sein, und wird nur Gnade vor den Augen seiner Gegner finden. Alles trägt entschieden eine bestimmte politische Farbe und wird nach derselben eben so entschieden beurtheilt; jedes kritische und belletristische Journal bis zu den unbedeutendsten Winkelblättern hinunter [illegible] sich daher strenge ab, und selbst in rein poetischen Beziehungen ist an keine Ansicht zu denken, sondern von den politischen Principien geht jede Beurtheilung aus und Shakspeare selbst würde, wenn er jetzt mit seinen unsterblichen Werken zuerst aufträte, je nachdem er der einen oder der anderen Richtung des Tages huldigte, entschieden [illegible] von den Kritikern der anderen Parthei behandelt werden. — Dazu kommt nun noch die große Freiheit der Presse wie der Regierung, welche nie auf Milderung des [illegible] sinnen läßt, und so geschieht es denn, daß manches aufstrebende und bedeutende Talent schon bei seinem ersten öffentlichen Erscheinen vernichtet und im Keime gleichsam erstickt wird. Es ließe sich dies mit unzähligen Beispielen belegen, aber es genügt hier daran zu erinnern, wie Byron von den englischen Journalen [illegible], auf den die Nation vor Allem [illegible] mit seiner Verachtung [illegible], behandelt wurde, so ist es dem bedauernswürdigen Keats, der eigentlich an den Folgen einer solchen Recension starb, so auch manchem anderen höchst talentvollen Manne ergangen. — Das wahre Genie bricht sich zwar überall im Bewußtsein voller Kraft seine Bahn, aber die schüchterne Muse verbirgt sich scheu und erschreckt, und wagt sich verletzt in ihren jungfräulichen Empfindungen erst nach schweren inneren Kämpfen wieder an das Licht des Tages. — Wie wenig daher ein Fremder auf die kritischen Urtheile einer englischen Zeitschrift geben darf, sobald er nicht alle Verhältnisse genau kennt, wird jeder leicht nach dem Gesagten einsehen. — Will man sich aber durch eine Thatsache überzeugen, so lese man nur die verschiedenen Urtheile, welche über von Raumers Briefe aus England in englischen Journalen gefällt wurden und auch im Auszuge in mehrere deutsche Zeitschriften übergegangen sind.

Die fernere Beantwortung der Frage, wohin sich denn in neuester Zeit das Interesse der Menge hinsichtlich der einzelnen Zweige der Litteratur gewendet habe, ward absichtlich bis jetzt aufgespart, um den Leser durch die eingeschobenen Bemerkungen auf einen höheren und bequemeren Standpunkt für die Uebersicht zu stellen. Wir nehmen sie nun wieder auf, da die Erklärung mancher eigenthümlichen Erscheinung nur aus dem bereits Gesagten erhellt. Die practische Richtung ist — wir sprachen es schon zu Anfang dieser Skizze aus — die vorherrschende und was ihr [illegible] beitritt, daher besonders bearbeitet. — Geschichte wird noch immer studirt, aber man verlangt weit mehr kurze und gedrängte Darstellungen, welche eine bequeme Uebersicht gewähren, als größere Werke tiefer, gründlicher und ausgedehnter Forschung; auch ist in den letzten Jahren nichts Bedeutenderes auf diesem Felde geliefert worden. Dagegen fanden aber die einzelnen historische Gegenstände behandelnden Abtheilungen von **Lardners Cyclopaedia** großen Beifall und wurden in Menge gekauft. Noch gesuchter waren statistische und nationalökonomische Werke, wie z. B. **Babbage's Economy of Manufacture**, **Lardner on Steam Engine**, **Baine's History of Cotton Manufacture** u. A. m. — Dasselbe Interesse zeigt sich für allgemein verständliche und populäre Schriften aus dem Gebiete der Anthropologie, Diätetik und Heilkunde, so z. B. ist nicht leicht irgend ein Buch so sehr verbreitet und gelesen worden wie **Dr. James Clark's Treatise on Consumption**, wozu freilich die ausgezeichnet klare und lichtvolle Behandlung des Gegenstandes, der am Allgemeinsten in England verheerenden Krankheit sehr das Ihrige beitrug. — Gern und viel gelesen sind ferner biographische Schriften und besonders Autobiographieen, eben so gute Reisebeschreibungen, so z. B. wurden von Dunn's vortrefflicher [illegible] nahe an 1500, von des blinden aber höchst interessanten Holman's Reise um die Welt, 2000, von Capitain Ros Entdeckungsreise [illegible] und von Capitain Black's ähnlichem Werke mehr als 4000 Exemplaren, in weniger als einem Jahre, obwohl der Preis aller dieser Schriften ein hoher war, verkauft.

Das geringste Interesse zeigt sich dagegen für speculative Philosophie und Theologie; der Verleger eines noch so bedeutenden Werkes der ersteren Gattung kann kaum auf einen Absatz von 100 Exemplaren rechnen, und theologische Schriften, besonders Predigten, mit Ausnahme einiger älteren Werke der berühmtesten Gottesgelehrten werden gar nicht verlangt. —

Die große Revolution, welche ſich vor acht oder zehn Jahren für künſtleriſch reich ausgeſtattete Bücher kund that, hat ebenfalls ſehr merklich abgenommen. Als zu jener Zeit **Ackermann** mit ſeiner Nachahmung deutſcher Taſchenbücher, dem Forget me not, auftrat, machte dieſer Verſuch ein ungeheures Aufſehen und fand ſo große Theilnahme, daß augenblicklich eine Menge der eleganteſten und gefälligſten Annuals erſchien, welche ſämmtlich einen faſt unglaublichen Abſatz fanden. — Eine Auflage von zehntauſend, ſage zehntauſend Exemplaren, war für ein ſolches Taſchenbuch etwas ganz Gewöhnliches und wurde häufig vollſtändig verkauft; jetzt haben bereits viele derſelben zu erſcheinen aufgehört, denn die Koſten ſind ſo groß, daß ſie erſt durch den Verkauf von 4000 Exemplaren gedeckt werden, ſobald die Ausſtattung nur einigermaßen gut iſt; der Stich einer einzigen Platte wurde zu der Zeit, als die Concurrenz am Stärkſten war, mit 100, ja ſogar mit 150 Lſt. (1000 Rthlr.) bezahlt und ein Honorar von 50 bis 100 Pfund Sterling war durchaus in der Ordnung. — Wie ſehr aber auch die Forderungen des Publicums geſtiegen ſind, ergibt ſich leicht, wenn man nur die erſten Jahrgänge des Forget me not oder Bijou mit Heath's Book of Beauty oder Fishers Book of the Boudoir vergleicht, vom winzigen Sedez ging man zuletzt ſogar zum wohlbeleibten Folioformat über und die Anforderung an die artiſtiſche Ausſtattung iſt in eben dem Maaße geſtiegen, der einzige Almanach, welcher ſich fortwährend auf gleicher Höhe erhalten hat, iſt Friendship's Offering, von dem noch jährlich immer bis 7000 Exemplare Käufer finden.

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

The Country Cousin.

(Continued from our last.)

In the then condition of the country, this was a long and uncertain journey, and during the weary weeks of waiting, M'Arthur lost all patience. In this tedious interim the fearful Emma truly anticipated the result of their appeal to her father, and, with maidenly modesty withdrew herself from every demonstration of her lover's tenderness. He called this prudishness and coldness, and his pride, even more than his love, was offended.

„While Emma, with the resolution of a martyr, secluded herself in her own apartment, M'Arthur, still confined to the house, was limited to the society of Anna. The vigour of his spirit returned with his improving health, and then he found that her gay and reckless spirit harmonized far better with his natural temper, than the timid disposition of her sister.

„Anna's beauty was more brilliant, her conversation more lively and taking, and — have I prepared you for it, my dear girls? — when the parental fiat arrived, the peremptory, unchangeable, no, it was received by him with indifference, I am afraid with a secret satisfaction. Poor Emma! the cold, precise Emma, fainted in her sister's arms; and for many successive days she seemed hovering between life and death. To disobey, or evade, or attempt to soften her father's will, was to her impossible; but to endure it, appeared equally impossible. She must suffer, might die, but would submit.

„At first she dreaded the remonstrances of her lover, then she expected them, and expressed this expectation to Anna, first in broken sentences and then in more significant looks; but Anna made no reply to her words or questioning glances. She loved Emma better than anything but — M'Arthur! She hung over her with devoted tenderness, and, I doubt not, with a self-reproach she could not stifle.

„By slow degrees Emma recovered her self-control, and, armed with all the fortitude she could gather or assume, she prepared to meet her lover's gaze — that gaze was altered, the lover her lover no longer. How sure and rapid is the intelligence of true affection! A short, slight observation proved to her that M'Arthur's love was transferred — transferred to her sister. The infidelity of the two beings she most loved on earth, almost broke her heart; but, as the most touching of writers has said of the sweetest manifestation of character, the „temper of Emma was like an Aeolian harp whose sounds die away

in the tempest, and are heard again in every gentle breeze." She said nothing, she looked nothing; she was much alone, and her troubled spirit found rest where it is only to be found in every modification of human misery, in those high communings that are on the spiritual mount, far above the atmosphere of mortal passions. Anna felt the rebuke of Emma's silence and downcast eye far more than she would the gentlest even of reproaches — an involuntary look. She accused herself, she wept, she fell at her sister's feet, she offered to abjure her lover for ever. Emma folded her in her arms, and it was long before either could speak or listen; but when Emma could utter her resolves gently, softly, tenderly, as they were spoken, it was evident they were unalterable. „*That* bond, Anna, is severed for ever; we are sisters, our God has united us by this tie, our sin alone can destroy or weaken it; it has been rudely jarred, but it is not harmed — is it Anna?" Anna only replied by a more fervent embrace, a freer burst of tears. Emma was long silent, but when she at last spoke, no one would have detected in the tones of her voice a feeling stronger than sisterly tenderness.

„During their interview, Anna confessed that the inconstant, but really ardent, and I must say really honourable lover —

„Oh! say nothing in his favour! interrupted, in one voice, the indignant young auditors.

„Ah! my dear girls," replied Mrs. Tudor, „we learn, as we go on in life, to look far more in sorrow than in anger, on the transgressions of our fellow beings; we know better how to estimate human infirmity and the power of temptation; but I have no time to moralise. I will only beg you to remember, when you have still more cause for indignation against poor M'Arthur, that he was then scarce twenty-two, that he was spoiled by fortune, by admiring friends, and by that chief spoiler, a doting, widowed mother: and, lest you should be too harsh, let me tell you, that he has since redeemed, by a virtuous life, the follies, aye, the sins of his youth.

„Where was I? Oh! on the point of telling you that Anna confessed M'Arthur had urged an immediate marriage, without a reference to her father, which, he maintained, experience had taught them would be useless. „The military events of the day," he said, „indicated that the British forces would soon be with-drawn from *** town, and his last letters from his commanding officer, intimated that he would then probably be transferred to the southern army."

„He intreated, with all the vehemence of love, that Anna would give him a right to claim her, as his wife, when the disastrous war should be over. Anna had half consented to sacrifice her filial duty. Against this Emma remonstrated most earnestly. She adjured her sister not to provoke the wrath of Heaven, so sure speedily to overtake filial disobedience. She saw M'Arthur; and, with the unfaltering, and almost irresistible voice of determined virtue, intreated him not to tempt her sister to this departure from filial duty.

„,But of what use,' asked M'Arthur, ‚will be an appeal to your father, when his old prejudices will be all justified by,' his voice sunk to an almost inaudible tone, ‚by the demerit that none but an angel would forgive?'

„,Emma hesitated for a few moments, and then said, with decision, ‚I will go to him myself.'

„,You, Emma! You cannot, you shall not; there are a thousand dangers!'

„,There are none that need to deter me. I will go. My father, though terrible to his enemies and stern to the world, never denied me anything that I asked myself from him. I am sure I can make such representations that he will give me his consent. I will hear nothing more from you, — no, I will not hear your thanks till I return; provide a proper guard to attend me as far as your lines extend, I shall have nothing to fear after I get among our own people."

„M'Arthur would have poured out his admiration and gratitude, but Emma fled from it all, and hastily prepared herself for her romantic expedition. A small detachment of the regular army, and a large body of militia, to which her father was attached, had approached within fifty miles of *** town; but for a young girl to traverse this distance in the unsettled state of the country, required all the spirit that a noble purpose inspires, and all the courage of heaven-born innocence. Poor Emma endured manifold fears, and encountered some dangers, but this detail I reserve for some other time. At the expiration of the third day she arrived safely at the American quarters.

„When her father's first surprise and joy at seeing her was over, she communicated, with her own sweet grace and earnestness, the purpose of her journey. No words can ever describe her father's rage. I would not repeat to you, if I could, his horrible language. He commanded her, on pain of his everlasting displeasure, never again to mention the name of M'Arthur. He looked upon his daughters as bewitched by a spell of the arch enemy. He said M'Arthur's conduct was just what he should have expected from an English scoundrel, from any, or all of the miscreants. Every breath that Emma dared to utter, swelled the torrent of his rage. He swore to revenge her wrongs, to avenge his polluted home; and, finally, he concluded by pronouncing curses, loud and deep, and as poor Emma thought, interminable on Anna, if she did not immediately break off all connexion with M'Arthur, and abjure him forever.

„Emma trembled and wept. She knew how unrelenting was her father's determination, and her whole anxiety now was to save her sister from those terrible curses, as fearful to the dutiful Emma as the wrath of Heaven. She set out on her return without any delay. A variety of circumstances protracted her journey. When she arrived at the point where M'Arthur's guard was to meet her, no guard was there, and her progress was arrested by an American officer, a friend of her father's, who absolutely forbade her proceeding. The British, he said, were daily contracting their lines. There were almost hourly skirmishes between small detachments of soldiers, and nothing could be more perilous than for a young woman to traverse even the short distance that remained to her home. She was conducted to a comfortable lodging in a kind family, but no kindness or security could tranquilize her troubled and anxious mind. She knew too well the impetuous temper of M'Arthur to hope he would have patience to await her return, and she feared that her light-hearted, reckless, sanguine sister, would, trusting implicitly to her success, yield to the importunities of her lover. For three weeks she was compelled to endure these apprehensions; to endure the thought that she was freighted with those curses that were to fall on her sister's head like the withering vengeance of Heaven.

„At last she was permitted to proceed, and she arrived at *** town without the slightest molestation or accident. As soon as she entered it, she saw that the aspect of things was entirely changed. The military array that had given to the quiet scene a temporary life and bustle, had vanished. The street was as quiet as a sabbath morning. A few well known faces appeared peeping from the doors and windows. Emma did not stop to ask any explanation, she did not even see their welcoming nods and smiles; and though an old man, the walking chronicle of the town, quickened his pace towards her, as if he would be the first to communicate what tidings there were, she hurried her horse onward. Her home was on the outskirts of the town. When she reached it, her servant girl met her at the gate, and broke forth in exclamation of — Emma knew not what. She cast one wild glance around the parlour, screamed Anna's name, and flew to her apartment. The one fear that she had gone with M'Arthur prevailed over every other. She opened her chamber door, she was there, buried in her shawl, and weeping aloud. At the sight of Emma she uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy, and her voice dying away in bitter grief, ‚Oh! Emma, my sister,' she murmured, ‚he is gone, my husband is gone!' ‚Your husband!" cried Emma, and it was long, long, my dear girls, before she uttered another word. It was as she had apprehended. M'Arthur had been impatient of her delay, and had persuaded Anna to a private marriage, only one week after Emma had left them. Emma did not reproach her sister, she would not have added a father's weight to the inevitable consequences of her rashness. These consequences it was now her anxious care to avert. She only communicated to Anna so much of her father's reply as expressed his firm negative. This was fearful enough to Anna; but as her marriage had been strictly private, she hoped to keep it from his knowledge, and Emma, to shield her sister, prepared herself, for the first time in her life, for evasion and concealment.

„There was now no obstacle to her father's return. He came home the next day, and his wrath against the enemy grew at every trace of their footsteps. He suspected nothing, but he was for some time less kind and frank to his daughters than formerly. He never alluded to their guest by words, but, when anything having the most distant relation to his residence with them occurred, he would contract his brow, become suddenly pale, bite his lips, and indicate, in ways too obvious to his gentle daughters, that his hatred burst as fiercely as ever.

„Sally, the servant, made her appearance before him one day in a holiday suit, with a gay locket dangling from her neck. ‚Ah! Sally' said Blunt, ‚where did you get that pretty finery in these hard times?'

„The girl knew her master's infirmity, she saw the colour mount to her young ladies' cheeks, and she stammered out, as if she had stolen it, ‚Captain M'Arthur gave it to me, Sir.' Blunt tore it from her neck, and crushed it under his foot.

„Some weeks after this startling demonstration of his unabated hatred, and several months after M'Arthur's departure, a little crippled boy, who lived on an adjoining farm, came into Blunt's parlour with a pretty flute sticking in his hat-band. ‚Ah! Jerry, my boy,' said the old man kindly, for, like the lion, he was tender to all small and defenceless creatures, ‚Ah! Jerry, that is the little flute that makes such pleasant music for us of these moonlight evenings, and that piped such a merry welcome to us the day we came home, is it? let's see it, Jerry.' Jerry gave it to him. Emma and Anna trembled. ‚Oh!' said Jerry, ‚if you could only have heard the captain play it, Sir; he gave it to me for finding Miss Anna's ring.'

„The poor boy's flute was instantly crackling in the flames, and a fiery, suspicious, questioning glance darted at Anna. It fell on the ring — the fatal wedding ring. Oh! my dear girls, I cannot describe the scene that followed. All Blunt's honest feelings were wounded, all his fierce passions excited. Emma, fearless for herself, wept and interceded for her sister; but her voice could no more be heard than the wail of an infant amidst the raging of the ocean. Anna was cast out from his door, commanded never again to enter his presence, every name of dishonour was heaped upon her, and, while she lay on his door step, fainting in her sister's arms — for Emma, in spite of his commands, supported her — the last sounds she heard were her father's curses.

„Emma watched over Anna's fate with more than a sister's love. She procured a humble, but decent lodging for her, and expended her youth and strength in secretly working to obtain a pittance for her support. Blunt had peremptorily forbidden her ever to impart one shilling of his substance to his discarded child. Obedience to this command was the hardest of all Emma's trials; but she held fast to her integrity, and was compelled to see daily delicacies that she loathed, to live in overflowing plenty, without daring to give a crumb that fell from her father's table to her poor sister.

„Three months after Anna was driven from her father's house, she gave birth to a child, a boy, and, as if to fill up the measure of her sorrows, he was born blind. The poor, suffering, crushed mother, wore away her life in watching over her stricken boy, in sorrow for the past, and despair for the future. Five weary years were passed without one word of intelligence from her husband. Newspapers were then rare, and few found their way to * * * town, and in those few Emma, who diligently inquired, could never ascertain that any mention was made of M'Arthur. He might have perished in battle, might have returned to England, or, worse than all, might have forgotten his wife. Time had no tendency to soften the heart of Amos Blunt, time only cut in deeper the first decisions of his iron will. His property, though necessarily impaired by the war, was still far superior to his neighbours'; Emma was to inherit it all, and Emma, the dutiful and still lovely Emma was sought by many an earnest suitor. But she was alike deaf to all. She had no heart for anything but duty to her father and love to her sister, and the tenderest love to the little blind boy. For them she toiled, and with the inexhaustible ingenuity of affection, she devised for him every pleasure of which his darkened childhood was susceptible. She contrived toys to delight his ear. She sang for him for hours together. Every body in the country round loved Miss Emma, and the little rangers of flood and field brought her wild fruit and sweet flowers for her favourite.

„The child seemed to be infected with his mother's melancholy. He would lie on the floor for hours in most unnatural inactivity; but when he heard Emma's step, his feet danced, his hands were outstretched, his lips were raised, every limb, every feature welcomed her, all but that sparkling gem that most brightly and piercingly spoke the feelings of the soul. Emma would take him from his drooping mother's side, and try by exercise, and the free enjoyment of the genial air, to win the colour to his cheek, but alas! in vain.

„Finally, my dear girls, that power, at whose touch the sternest bend, laid his crushing hand on Blunt. A slow, but mortal disease seized him; he knew he must die. He had long before made his will, and given everything to Emma, but on condition that she never should transfer one penny of his property in any form to her sister. If she violated this condition, his estate was to be divided into one hundred dollar annuities, to be given to such survivors of the war as had served in the revolutionary army from the beginning of the contest, and could give sufficient testimony of their having killed each ten Englishmen.

„Among Emma's most constant and heartily devoted lovers was one Harry Lee. He was the favourite of her father. He had fought and had triumphed beside him; and to give Emma to Harry before he died, was the father's most earnest wish. On this subject he became every day more and more importunate. At first, Emma, who really felt a strong friendship for Lee, only said, ‚Father, Harry knows I cannot love him.‘

„‚What does that signify?‘ the old man would reply; ‚Harry knows you say that, to be sure; but he is willing to take you without it; a dutiful child will make a dutiful wife; and I tell Harry love is nothing but a jack-o'-lantern business.‘

„When this conversation was renewed in every form that could express that this was Blunt's strongest and almost only earthly wish, it occurred to Emma it was possible that, by a sacrifice of her feelings in this affair, she might induce her father to relent towards Anne. This was the hardest sacrifice a woman could make — but she was a noble creature.“

„Ah! grandmamma,“ exclaimed Isabel, „too, too noble — I cannot believe you are telling us a true story — I cannot believe that any woman so wronged as Emma, would have made such exertions, such sacrifices.“

„I believe it,“ said Lucy Atwell, her face kindling with an expression of fervent feeling, „I know there has been one woman capable of any virtue — my mother,“ she added, dropping her face on Mrs. Tudor's lap.

We were all affected at this involuntary tribute to her mother, for whom she was still in deep mourning, and it was some moments before Mrs. Tudor proceeded, and then in a faltering voice; „It is, in spite of your unbelief, Isabel, ‚an o'er true tale.‘ Emma prepared herself for a scene, and then, her face beaming with her celestial spirit, and her voice sustained by firm resolve, she told her father that she would comply with his wishes, that she would marry Harry Lee, if he would provide by will for her sister, and revoke those terrible curses that had already blasted her innocent offspring with blindness, and were consuming her life. The old man heard her without interruption, and without reply; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, large drops of sweat rolled from his face, his breathing was difficult, and it seemed that the terrible conflict of unexpressed feeling must snap the worn thread of life. Emma was dreadfully alarmed; she dared not then urge him further but used every means to tranquilise and revive him.

„For two days these convulsive agitations continued, more or less violent. He spoke not one word to Emma, he did not even look at her; but still there was something in the gentle touch of his hand as he received the cordials she gave, that kept her hope alive — but just alive, for the physician had pronounced him dying. He revived, as is usual before the last struggle, and, looking Emma, for the first time since she had opened on the forbidden topic, full in the face, he bade her bring him a certain sealed packet from his desk. She obeyed. It was his will. With his trembling hands he tore it to fragments, and said, as he did so, ‚The law will do right to you — both.‘ Emma fell on her knees; ‚Oh, dear father‘ she cried, ‚say you forgive her.‘

„‚I can't, Emma; but I have — I have prayed God to forgive her; now, my good child, pray for your father.‘ Emma began that sacred petition, that blessed essence of all prayer, ‚Our Father,‘ and her parent, in a low dying whisper, repeated the words after her. When she came to the clause, ‚forgive us our trespasses as we‘ — ‚Stop,‘ he cried, in his own energetic voice, for then he, for the first time, understood the full import of those words, ‚stop! that I may not say.‘ At this moment Anna, the poor, disobedient, discarded, suffering child, rushed with her boy in her arms to the bedside. She knelt by Emma, she stretched out her hands, and her lips trembled with the prayer she could not utter. Pale, emaciated, her form attenuated, her eye sunken — was this the bright, blooming, gay Anna? To her father's eye she looked heaven-stricken, and indeed accursed. He groaned from his inmost soul. ‚Oh! I do forgive, but,‘ as he closed his eyes, ‚I never will forget;‘ and thus divided between the obdurate passions of earth, and the victorious spirit of Heaven, he heaved his last breath.“

Mrs. Tudor paused, her auditors were silent, appalled by the history of passions too stern to have come within the scope of their young experience, or even their imaginations. Isabel was the first to resume her interest in the progress of the story, and to revert to M'Arthur, who, in his character of an English officer, had peculiar claims in her eyes. „Grandmamma,“ she said, „I hope we have got over the dreadful part of the story, through the thick of it; Anna must die, that I see — poor, poor girl! I am sure she suffered more than she sinned — and I foresee how it will end, M'Arthur will return, find his wife dead, and marry Emma.“

„But,“ said Lucy,“ that was impossible, you know, after her promise to marry Harry Lee.“

„Oh! he was a generous fellow; I dare say he gave that up, and it would be a different case, you know, after poor Anna died. Ah! I know now how it will all be. Grandmamma began by saying it was a ghost story, and the only one she ever heard she fully believed. ‚Alas! poor ghost!‘ we did all forget thee. Anna's ghost appeared to Emma, and bade her marry M'Arthur, or perhaps the old man's — oh! I should hate to see him come back.“

„Well, my dear Isabel, if you are not more interested in your own speculations than in my story, I will proceed; and, in the first place, I assure you the old man's spirit never revisited the earth. I am a little astonished that you should, for a moment, think M'Arthur worthy of the saintly Emma; but, since you have such a predilection for him, I will let you know your instincts do not entirely err. He did afterwards become all that I — that — that his mother ever hoped of him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. K. M.

Kurze Ueberſicht
der neueſten engliſchen Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

Für alle dieſe Unternehmungen, ſo wie überhaupt für das ganze Triebwerk der engliſchen Literatur, bildet London den Mittelpunkt, wenn es auch andererſeits nicht in intellectueller Hinſicht jene Macht der Centraliſation beſitzt, wie ſie Paris über Frankreich ausübt, denn in manchen Punkten halten ihm hier Oxford und Cambridge und vorzüglich Edinburg die Wage. — Wegen ſeiner regelmäßigen Verbindungen mit allen übrigen Theilen des Landes bleibt es indeſſen der große Stapelplatz der Literatur, und da hier Alles in dieſer Hinſicht zuſammenſtrömt, ſo übt es fortwährend auch ein ſo großes Uebergewicht aus, daß man keineswegs in einen Irrthum verfällt, wenn man von ſeinen Erſcheinungen auf die Richtungen ſchließt welche die Intelligenz überhaupt in Großbritannien genommen hat. — Hieher haben ſich denn auch die meiſten Schriftſteller gezogen, welche ihren Lebensunterhalt allein ihrer Feder verdanken; die Zahl derſelben ſoll ſich nach einer Durchſchnittsannahme auf 1000 belaufen, von denen 700 mit Zeitſchriften in Verbindung ſind. Daß die Wenigſten unter ihnen ſorgenfrei leben können von dem Ertrage ihrer Arbeiten, kann man ſich leicht denken, und wenn auch Einzelnen ein glänzendes Loos zugefallen iſt, wie z. B. dem bekannten Boz, der ſich gerade jetzt eines monatlichen Einkommens von wenigſtens 1000 Pf. ([illegible] Rthlr.) erfreut, ſo hat doch die Mehrzahl mit Mangel und Dürftigkeit zu kämpfen, und es gehört noch mehr Glück als Talent dazu, um ſich mit Vortheil bemerkbar und beliebt zu machen. Ebenſo iſt es in der neueſten Zeit auch bei den höchſten Ständen Mode geworden in die Reihe der Schriftſteller zu treten; Lords und Ladies wetteifern mit einander den Büchermarkt zu bereichern, gewiſſe Annuals werden z. B. allein von den Mitgliedern de la haute volaille (wie Jener den hohen Adel irrthümlich ſtatt la haute volée nannte) mit letter press *) verſehen. Wie aber dieſe vornehmen Leute das mitunter betreiben, davon möge hier zum Schluß ein ſcherzhaftes Pröbchen mitgetheilt werden, das wir, wie ſo manche ſtatiſtiſche Angabe in dieſen Zeilen ebenfalls dem geiſtreichen Verfaſſer der great Metropolis verdanken.

Zu einem unternehmenden und angeſehenen Buchhändler kam eines Tages ein edler Lord mit den Worten: „Ich möchte mit Ihnen wegen eines Buches einig werden, das ich herauszugeben beabſichtige."

Das Antlitz des Bibliopolen ward ſonnenhell ſchon bei der bloßen Idee der Ehre, das Werk eines Edelmannes vom erſten Range in die Welt zu befördern, wie er ſich ſpäter in ſeinen Ankündigungen ausdrückte. Es wird mich äußerſt glücklich machen Ihr Verleger zu werden, Mylord, antwortete er mit devoteſter Verbeugung.

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*) Der techniſche Ausdruck für den eigentlichen oder weſentlichen Text in ſolchen Büchern.

— Sie wiſſen aber noch nicht welchen Gegenſtand es behandelt, Herr Krebs, verſetzte der edle Lord.

— Ei darauf kommt es gar nicht an, entgegnete Herr Krebs, was aus Ihrer Feder fließt und Ihren Namen trägt, gefällt gewiß.

— Sie ſchmeicheln mir, bemerkte der Lord.

— Gewiß nicht, das verſichere ich Euer Lordſchaft, erwiederte Herr Krebs mit noch tieferen Bücklingen als vorher.

— Es betrifft den letzten Krieg.

Mylord — rief nun Herr Krebs, faſt im Begriff ſeiner Lordſchaft um den Hals zu fallen, wenn es ſeine äußerſte Devotion nur verſtattet hätte — Mylord, ein vortrefflicher Gegenſtand; es giebt keinen beſſeren auf der ganzen Welt.

— Aber ich verlange viel für das Manuſcript.

— Mylord haben zu befehlen, und ich bin mit dem größten Vergnügen bereit.

— Das Werk wird zwei Octavbände füllen, und der Preis für das Verlagsrecht iſt [illegible] ([illegible])

— Zweitauſend Pfund, Mylord! — wiederholte Herr Krebs mit etwas verlängertem Antlitz und verändertem Ausdruck. — Das iſt viel, Mylord, ſehr viel — doch — fuhr er nach kurzem Beſinnen fort — Sie ſollen ſie haben, denn ein Werk aus Ihrer Feder und mit Ihrem Namen auf dem Titel wird gewiß ganz vortrefflich gehn.

— So will ich Ihnen denn morgen meinen Anwalt herſenden, um einen ſchriftlichen Contract aufzuſetzen.

— Sehr wohl, es wird mich freuen den Herrn bei mir zu ſehen.

— Guten Morgen, Herr Krebs.

— Guten Morgen, Mylord, antwortete Herr Krebs, ſich ſo tief verbeugend, daß er mit ſeiner Stirn faſt den [illegible] berührte.

Am andern Tage ſtellte ſich der Anwalt pünktlich ein; der Contract wurde in aller Form aufgeſetzt und unterſchrieben. — Dann überreichte Herr Krebs dem Geſchäftsmanne einen guten Wechſel auf tauſend Pf. und ſagte: Jetzt, mein Herr, bitte ich um Seiner Lordſchaft Manuſcript, damit ich den Druck gleich beginnen kann.

— Das Manuſcript, — verſetzte der Anwalt ganz erſtaunt — das Manuſcript! Haben denn Se. Lordſchaft Ihnen nicht geſagt, daß Sie es noch gar nicht angefangen haben?

Herr Krebs wurde ſo ſchneeweiß wie der [illegible] der von ihm verlegten Bücher, und war nahe daran in Ohnmacht zu fallen. Endlich erholte er ſich und ſtammelte: Ich hatte geglaubt und verſtanden, das Manuſcript ſei druckfertig.

— Das iſt ein kleiner Irrthum, entgegnete der Rechtsfreund. Im Kopfe haben es Se. Lordſchaft allerdings fertig, aber auf dem Papiere noch nicht.

— Ei! ſehr ſchlimm, ſehr ſchlimm für mich, entgegnete Herr Krebs.

— Alles, was man dabei thun kann, iſt, Se. Lordſchaft anzutreiben, bemerkte der Anwalt.

— Und wie lange wird es dauern, ehe es fertig ſein wird, — fragte Herr Krebs ängſtlich.

— Das weiß ich nicht, antwortete Jener trocken.

Herr Krebs wußte ſich vor Verlegenheit nicht zu laſſen. — Der Anwalt gab das Verſprechen, dem edlen Lord mitzutheilen, wie ängſtlich ſich der Herr Verleger nach dem Manuſcripte ſehne, und empfahl ſich dann, während Jener kaum im Stande war, das Abſchiedscompliment zu erwiedern.

Am nächſten Morgen kam ein Billet von dem vornehmen Schriftſteller, deß Inhalts: Herr Krebs möge ihm alle Schriften und Briefe ſenden, die er über den letzten Krieg beſitze. — Ein Freund des Lords war der Ueberbringer und wartete auf die Antwort.

— Was ſoll das bedeuten? rief Herr Krebs, über und über roth, als er den Brief las.

— Seine Lordſchaft wünſchen Alles zu haben, was Sie über den letzten Krieg beſitzen, antwortete der Ueberbringer.

— Ich habe gar nichts, gar nichts, — ſtotterte Herr Krebs haſtig — ich habe nichts der Art [illegible].

— Nun, ſo werden Sie die Güte haben, es von Anderen zu leihen — erwiederte Jener kalt.

— Was wollen Se. Lordſchaft damit? fragte der beſtürzte Buchhändler.

— Nun, das Buch ſchreiben, — lautete die Antwort.

Herrn Krebs Beſtürzung war ungeheuer; er hatte ſicher darauf gerechnet, daß das Werk die Frucht [illegible] eigenen, durch officielle Documente unterſtützten Bemerkungen und Beobachtungen des Verfaſſers ben wurde, und nun kam es heraus, daß dieſer nichts als eine Compilation zu liefern gedachte. — Indeſſen, was ſollte er thun, der Handel war abgeſchloſſen, das Geld ſchon ſo gut wie bezahlt, und die Katze im Sacke gekauft, — ja die Katze war ſogar noch nicht einmal im Sacke, als er ſie erkaufte. Er mußte alſo gute Miene zum böſen Spiel machen, und ſchleppte auch demgemäß Alles zuſammen, was er nur aufſtöbern konnte. — Der edle Lord übergab den ganzen Apparat, ſammt einigen perſönlichen Reminiſcenzen und den officiellen Documenten, die er beſaß, einem literäriſchen Freunde, und bat dieſen, das bewußte Buch abzufaſſen. — Die Vollendung desſelben verzögerte ſich noch ſechs Monate, und da mittlerweile einige andere gute Schriften über den Gegenſtand erſchienen, und das Werk ſelbſt ohne alle Bedeutung war, ſo litt Herr Krebs einen ſo ungeheuren Schaden dabei, daß er ſogar noch eine beträchtliche Summe eingebüßt haben würde, ſelbſt, wenn er das Manuſcript, ſtatt für 1500 Pfund Sterling, für gar Nichts erhalten hätte.

Indem wir dieſe allgemeinen Bemerkungen ſchließen, um zu den einzelnen Erſcheinungen überzugehen, müſſen wir bemerken, daß unſere Einleitung bisher mehr einem merkantiliſchen als einem literäriſchen Berichte glich. Der Leſer wird ſich aber bald überzeugen, wie nöthig es war, jetzt, wo das Geld der Haupthebel, ſelbſt der Intelligenz, iſt, auch dieſe Seite zu beleuchten, um ihn auf den rechten Standpunkt zu verſetzen, von welchem aus es ihm weit leichter werden muß, die Grundurſachen der Richtung und Darſtellung, welche ſich bei den verſchiedenen Zweigen ſo verſchiedenartig offenbart, in das Auge zu faſſen und zu beurtheilen.

(Fortſetzung folgt ſpäter.)

The Country Cousin,

by Miss Sedgwick.

(Concluded from our last.)

„He was, as he had expected to be, transferred to the army of the south. The ardour of his attachment to his wife was unabated for a long time; but he received no communications from her, and his own letters and remittances never reached her. After the lapse of two years the impression made by his short intercourse with Anne, in some measure faded. He distinguished himself in his military career, was loaded with favours by his commanding officer, he associated exclusively with the high born, gay, and, I fear, in too many cases, unprincipled young men of the army, and his own natural pride and self-indulgence were fostered; and — it must be told — he looked back on his humble alliance with mortification and deep regret. He never communicated it to a human being. At last came that monitor, so friendly, so necessary to human virtue, that messenger of Heaven — sickness. For months he was confined and wasting away under the effects of the fever of the southern climate, and it was not till about the period of the peace that he had health and strength to execute a resolution he had formed and cherished in the salutary solitude of his sick-room.

„A few weeks after Amos Blunt's death, M'Arthur, mounted on a fine, but way-worn steed, reined him up, at an inn, a few miles distant from *** town. It was late, on a mild star-lit evening. Two or three men were sitting in the porch of the inn. His intention was to make some inquiries in relation to his wife's family, but he could not utter them. He merely asked, ‚How far is it to *** town?' ‚Five miles and better.' He did summon courage to add, ‚How far to Amos Blunt's? he lives, I think a little up this side of the town?' ‚Yes; it is four miles to Amos Blunt's, to where he did live; the old man is dead, but you'll find some of the family there.'

„M'Arthur turned his horse's head abruptly, and spurred him on, afraid to hear another word; and he hurried him forward, or slackened his pace, as his hopes or fears prevailed. His mind was overshadowed with dark apprehensions; the lapse of years had given a new colouring to life, the pangs of awakened conscience a new aspect to his past career. He now looked, with something bordering on contempt, on his boyish, imprudent, and inconstant passion, and with deep anguish on his rash marriage and criminal neglect.

He felt that he deserved the judgments of Heaven; he believed he was going to receive them.

„His road gradually wound up a mountain. The feeble star-light was shut out by the towering pines, the lighter beeches, and the struggling dwarf oaks, that, with all their summer's growth of foliage, overhung the path. The woods were alive with the autumn insects, whose monotonous notes, associated as they are with the first fading and decay of nature, are always sad. To M'Arthur they seemed creatures of evil omen, and a whip-poor-will, who had lingered behind his tribe, for it was now September, and was perched on a blasted and riven oak, repeating his piercing plaint, was a bird of evil augury to his disturbed imagination. What sweet intimations these ‚wood notes wild' would have conveyed to the sense of a returning happy and hopeful lover! and how true is it that the mind does not receive, but gives its impressions to the outward world! When M'Arthur attained the summit of the mountain, the wide amphitheatre in which *** town lay, was outspread before him. The waning moon had just risen above the horizon, but was veiled by a mass of dense clouds, their silvered edges just giving the intimation of her sweet presence. Above the moon there was a singular illumination of the atmosphere, resembling a column of golden mist, now streaming up like the most brilliant northern lights, and then fading and melting away in the clear depths of ether. The phenomenon was beautiful, but it was singular, and, to M'Arthur it appeared unnatural and portentous; so apt is man, even in his misery, to magnify himself, and so quick is his conscience to interpret and apply the manifestations of nature in the glorious heavens, as if they were a 'hand-writing on the wall.'

„Every variety of evil that could have happened to his wife, by turns offered itself to M'Arthur's imagination; but the fear that she might be dead, that she had passed the barrier whence the voice of forgiveness and love never comes, was stronger than any other. As he proceeded, the moon rose triumphantly above the clouds, and lent him her clear and steady light. He passed a rustic bridge, a sudden turn in the road, and mounted a little knoll that brought him in full view of Blunt's house. There it stood, just as he had left it, an irregular and spacious building, with its wealth of outhouses and its court yard, sparingly dotted with a few lilacs. Not a single 'little beam' of cheering, hope-inspiring light streamed from any of its windows; all was dark and sullen.

„Before M'Arthur reached the house, he had to pass a spot associated with his tenderest recollections, and now with his saddest fears. It was a smooth green area of about forty yards in breadth, level to the road-side, but elsewhere enclosed by a steep rocky bank, thickly set with maples, beech, and lime trees. Two old and magnificent elms sheltered this little sanctuary from the road. Amos Blunt, rough as he was, blind and deaf to all the beauties and appeals of nature, at some soft moment, had his heart touched by the genius of this sacred spot, and there he had said he would bury his dead. There M'Arthur had often been with the two sisters to visit their mother's grave; the sight of her grave inspired them with tenderness unmingled with gloom, and there they had often talked with him of death, as young persons, my dear girls, talk of it, to whom it is a matter of sentiment, not of experience.

„M'Arthur felt a coldness and shivering come over him, as he approached the little wicket gate, where he knew he could see distinctly every mound of earth. 'I will not look that way', he said to himself, 'I cannot bear to learn my fate here'. But he could not command his eye. It turned by irresistible instinct, and was fixed. He saw a figure approaching a grave, that, dim as the light was, appeared newly made. The figure had the height and movement of his wife. It was enveloped in a winding-sheet and, having reached the grave, laid down beside it, and rested its head on it. M'Arthur's fears now all vanished, for they had sprung, not from cowardice, but affection. He was not superstitious, all the habits of his mind and his life were opposed to superstition; and his first impression was that he was tricked by his sickly fancy, that his gloomy pensiveness, the lateness of the hour, the associations of the place, and his coward conscience had conjured up the apparition before him. He dismounted from his horse, turned his eyes from the figure to assure himself, by each familiar and sensible appearance, of the reality of the scene, and then, resolved not to be the sport of idle fancies, again turned towards the grave.

„The figure was still extended there. He approached so near as to discern the features. It was no illusion of his disordered imagination—the death-stricken cheek laid on the glittering and broken sods. It was the form of his wife, such as she was at parting, save the mortal paleness, and the signet of age that sad thought had stamped on her brow. Her face wore the peace and serenity of death, without its sternness; her eyelashes rested on her cheek as if the lids had fallen naturally in sleep. There was nothing of the rigidity of death about the figure; even the winding-sheet in which it was enfolded, had nothing of the precision of the drapery of death, but was wrapped about the form with a careless grace. One arm was thrown over the grave, as if encircling some loved object, with a consciousness of possession and security, and on the finger gleamed the wedding ring! M'Arthur at first gazed at the apparition with a critical eye. Incredulity was roused, and reason questioned, revolted from being duped by a mere phantasm of the brain; but as he gazed, as he marked each well remembered feature, his incredulity was overcome, his reason assented to the convictions of his senses, and yielding himself to the power of this awful visitation from the dead, he prostrated himself on the earth, and breathed a prayer he could not utter, that Heaven would vouchsafe to interpret the purpose of this spectral apparition to his senses. Again he lifted his head and looked at that silent, immoveable figure. In the eagerness of excited feelings, he drew nearer to it, he knelt beside it, he bent over it, and gazed till the awe and shrinking from a preternatural appearance gave place to a gush of tenderness and bitter grief and broken ejaculation to the spirit of his wife.

„At the sound of his impassioned voice, the figure became instinct with life, the blood mounted to her lips and cheeks, and Anna, his living Anna, stood before him. Her eye glanced wildly around, then fell on the new made grave, then fixed on her husband, and, uttering a shriek, expressive of her alarmed and uncertain feelings, she sunk senseless in his arms. She was living—he might hear the accents of forgiveness and love from her lips, and, nerved by this blessed assurance, he bore her in his arms to her father's house. Emma, first awakened by his footsteps, was at the door.

„I need not, my dear girls, detain you with any unnecessary particulars. The grave, as you have no doubt conjectured, was the little blind boy's. He had been interred there the preceding day; and his poor mother, exhausted by many nights' watchings, had in a deep sleep risen, wrapped the sheet over her night dress, and, led by her feverish dreams, had gone to the grave over which her imagination and affections hovered.“

We were all silent for a few moments, partly absorbed in the pleasure of finding the story turn out better for the happiness of all concerned than we had expected, and partly—I must confess it—disappointed that it was, after all, no ghost story. Isabel, as usual, was the first to speak. „And M'Arthur, grand-mamma,“ said she, „was M'Arthur always afterwards faithful and kind?“

„Always, my dear Isabel. He took his wife to England, where she was honourably received by his mother, and she has since been ever tenderly cherished.“

„And Emma,“ asked Lucy, „the sweet, excelling, sacrificing Emma, of course she married as she promised?“

„Yes, my dear girl, she did so; and in her growing affection for her excellent husband, she found what is not always the consequence of a first and romantic passion, a stable and tranquil happiness.“

„But,“ asked Isabel, „what did Anna—what could she do, to testify her gratitude to that angelic sister?"

„There are feelings, Isabel, for which there is no adequate expression, but Anna manifested in every mode their relative condition permitted her, love and gratitude; and Emma was satisfied, for when a sudden reverse of fortune befell her, and was followed by a mortal sickness, she bequeathed her only daughter to her sister, in the reposing confidence that she would share an equal care, an almost equal love with her own child."

Isabel looked eagerly in Mrs. Tudor's face— she started up, „Grandmamma!" she exclaimed, „it is so—I know it is. You have been telling us of our mothers!"

It was plain enough that she had guessed rightly. She turned to Lucy and folded her in her arms. I saw in Isabel's glowing face, and fine up-raised eye, the quick succeeding thoughts that were afterwards embodied in sisterly affection and kindness to Lucy; and Lucy's saintly face shone with a holy triumph such as the virtue of a parent may inspire.

The reason why these circumstances had never before been related to the daughters was obvious; the reason why Mrs. Tudor had now disclosed them, and deferred the *exposé*, by using assumed names, was as apparent, and fully approved by its permanent happy influence.

Isabel, with the generosity of a noble nature, assumed her mother's debt; and the only vestige I perceived of the worldliness that tinged her first intercourse with Lucy, was in the elaborate care with which she lavished all the elegant refinements of fashion on the native graces of the *Country Cousin.*

Opposite Neighbours.

A Sketch.

It was on a pouring wet morning in the end of the month of March, 1827, that I sat drowsily ensconced in a „Woburn" beside the fire in my *study(!)* in a front room in Upper Brook street — for I am in easy circumstances, and rent „a suite of apartments fit for the immediate reception of an M. P. or bachelor of fashion," in the house of a „professional man of celebrity, who has no family." I had spelt through two newspapers, even to the last resource of „Rowland's Kalydor" and „Gowland's Lotion." I had read and dozed over every article in the last page of my last paper, until I caught myself reading the small-printed prices of the markets — potatoes at 8s. and *6d.*"

I began to feel as hunting gentlemen do during a hard frost — what is called „hard up." I had stirred my fire till it was out; and yawned until I began to fear a locked jaw. In very despair I strolled to the window, hopeless as I was of seeing any thing more amusing than overflowing gutters, half-drowned sparrows, or a drenched apothecary's boy. It was early in the morning, at least in a London morning, and I could not even anticipate the relief of a close carriage, with an oil-skin hammercloth, driving by: what then was my delight when, at one glance, as I reached the window, I descried that the bills in a large and handsome house opposite had been taken down! Now do not suppose that I love to pry into my neighbour's affairs for the sake of gossip — far from it; but what is an honest bachelor gentleman to do on a rainy morning, if he may not pick up a small matter of amusement by watching his opposite neighbours now and then?

The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel-hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt — never went too fast or too slow — never wanted winding up — they went of themselves — their breakfast and dinner bells rung daily to a minute at half-past eight and at six o'clock — their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at two o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to enquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef — always the thick part of the sirloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favourite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day; on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over *promiscuously* to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however *discovered* that — the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy), and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the Park, and just as I rapped at my own door, I *determined* I would make no further enquiries concerning the expected family — no, it would be infinitely more interesting to *discover* every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity; it would be a nice employment for me, *for* I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my enquiries unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me, (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own), boxes of mignionette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's Road, filled with Brompton stocks, moss roses, and heliotropes, [illegible] sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; country people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near — nearer and nearer — for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall-door, superintending the unpacking of a grand pianoforte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney-coaches with servants and coloured paper boxes — smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock, the fish arrived — a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I enquired; therefore that could not be for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park Lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud — no arms — only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. My heart beat thick, my eyes strained in my head lest any one of the inmates of the carriage should escape my vigilance. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman — Sir Charles of course — made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode — that was the sister. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cachemere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large coarse straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons – two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended, more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy, about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles, I observed that she was evidently about to increase her family; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house lamb, and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony admiring and arranging the flowers. The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long light auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment carried, out of the hall door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, and who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old: pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters—the most striking, the most animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors, a vast proportion of coroneted carriages among them; went regularly to the opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just come out and was still pursuing her education.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

Opposite Neighbours.

A SKETCH.

(Concluded from our last.)

A green britska and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise: a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs, and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at eight o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing-room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent anything; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshold. I have endeavoured to bespeak their interest for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself, — but, — truth must out, — it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil, — for she drew, — was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries — by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud; — she had a beautiful child; — she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discovered her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bedroom was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the toothache, — not being given as I before said to romance; — then I suspected her confinement was about to take place, — but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden appeared — his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping. I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I, — perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things, — I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that — how shall I speak it? — perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea: but circumstances, lightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes, she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that inquirers are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me — such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them — a base husband, and an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world; but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real causes of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash, — I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart!

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity in setting together hours and facts enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the house. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing place, evidently on the look-out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door — his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tête-à-tête* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For some time I set down the *empressements* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it: but this never took place when Lady Seymour was in the room — mark that — no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came to, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early tête-à-tête walk in the park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab, was a frequent visiter in Upper Brook Street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she often leave the drawing room during his very long morning visits, and sit reading in the window of a room upstairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident: cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bedroom shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden announced the accouchement of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing-room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I heard her exclaim, „my lady is safe, and a fine boy." So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in the apparent delight of her heart, shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bedside of her sister; but no — she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together — more in love than ever. They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered, and resumed her station in the drawing room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well, — Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone; —she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed? pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart! —Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her.—But oh! Ellen, there was an eye over you that never slumbered, at least very seldom. Things had thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal. — My duty was clear,—an instant exposure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Manton and Son, Dover-street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it—I would write to the Times and the True Sun, under the signature of „A Friend to Morality." That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal: and early on the following morning I arose to dispatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but, at the door of the Seymours, their travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing; no trunks, or waggons! What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast; my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage. — Oh! I had it again, my wits never fail me — the murder was out. I need not write to the Times. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to „tall aunts and croaking rooks" in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet Good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself — then the old nurse with the new baby! then Ellen, smiling as usual; and last of all Sir Charles got upon the box, followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park Lane. I was at my wits end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles's own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had not I seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a trousseau? and why did the new baby go with them? that could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that could not be it. Where could they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crosby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. „I intended to call on my friends, the St. Legers, over the way, this morning," said he, „but I find they are gone to Portsmouth."

„To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious," said I, interrupting him. „Do you know the family?" asked I, with something like agitation.

„I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his life; he married Fanny Spencer, a daughter of Admiral Spencer."

„Good God!"

„Why are you surprised?" asked he gravely.

„Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honour compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain." The General was now surprised in his turn.

„Good heavens! he ejaculated, „Nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child, I hope."

„I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray," I replied, with great seriousness. „It is of Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak." And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed considering he was a friend of the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly said, „Sir, the lady whom you have thus honoured by so great a share of your attention is not the intriguante you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his wife and my god-daughter. — I wish you, Sir, a good morning."

„Wife! God-daughter?" I repeated in a faint voice. „But, General, for God's sake, one instant, the elder lady?" „Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting? His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him." He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end; — „One word more, the Viscount?" „Is Captain Murray's elder brother

And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of others, of misinterpreting the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither wit to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning."

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Anywhere rather than on the first floor at Brook-street. I was positively at my wits end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfited. I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do: but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals during the whole of the next three days—

„God bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband? There is some excuse for me after all. God bless my soul!"

P. S. The St. Legers are returned—Capt. Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, „Othello's occupation's gone," can't stand it—off to the continent.

The Superannuated Man.

By Charles Lamb.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing-lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently-intervening vacations of school-days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of Worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me.

The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a weekday saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business is a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming throw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thraldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L—, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought, now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L—, I could see smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me, — when to my utter astonishment B—, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary — a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered, between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home — for ever. This noble benefit — gratitude forbids me to conceal their names — I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world — the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto perpetua!

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity — for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions, I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet homefeeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do not walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do not read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candle light Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in by-gone winters. I walk, read or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man,

> — That's born, and has his years come to him,
> In some green desert.

„Years," you will say! „what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us, he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For that is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time; not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had for so many years and for so many hours in each day of the year, been closely associated — being suddenly removed from them — they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death:

> *** 'Twas but just now he went away;
> I have not since had time to shed a tear;
> And yet the distance does the same appear
> As if he had been a thousand years from me.
> Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk-fellows — my co-brethren of the quill — that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk, the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D—l take me, if I did not feel some remorse — beast, if I had not, — at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that soothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell Ch***, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do***, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl***, officious to do, and to volunteer good services! — and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my „works!" There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye. —

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in a morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post-days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself — that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it — is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have time for every-thing. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring, like horses in a mill; drudging on in the same eternal round — and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him Nothing-to-do; he should *do* nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come, and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer ***, clerk to the Firm of, etc. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est.* I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

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1838. No. 5.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZE, A. A. M. M.

Maria Edgeworth.

Keine engliſche Schriftſtellerin hat in ſo reichem Maaße ſich den Ruhm erworben, das ſchöne Talent, welches ihr die Gottheit verliehen, vorzüglich anzuwenden um der leidenden und irrenden Menſchheit zu nützen, ſie zu beſſern, und auf eine eben ſo eindringliche als anmuthige Weiſe zu belehren, wie diejenige, deren Name die Ueberſchrift zu dieſen Zeilen bildet. — Sie beſchäftigt ſich in ihren Werken nur mit Gegenſtänden und Ereigniſſen des täglichen Lebens, welche ſie hervortretend und wirkſam, doch in ſchmuckloſer Einfachheit, darſtellt, aber ſie verſteht es, ihnen eine neue intereſſante Seite abzugewinnen, und, indem ſie auch nicht den geringſten Incidenzpunkt unbeachtet vorüber läßt, ihren Gebilden und Charakteren die höchſte Wahrſcheinlichkeit zu geben, ſo daß der Leſer ſelbſt an Begebenheiten und Zuſtänden in ſeinem engen Kreiſe Theil zu nehmen glaubt, und dadurch ſchon vom Anbeginn für das Ganze gewonnen, um ſo leichter der praktiſchen, moraliſchen Lehre, welche unausgeſprochen aber darum nicht minder wirkſam der Schilderung zu Grunde liegt, ſeine volle Aufmerkſamkeit ſchenkt. Treffend ſagt der berühmte engliſche Kritiker Gifford in ſeinem Urtheil über ſie „Ihre Schriften, weit entfernt, dem Laſter, ſelbſt in ſeiner anmuthigen Geſtalt irgend Vorſchub zu thun, liefern einige der beſten Lectionen in der praktiſchen Moral, die wir kennen. Sie belehren nicht bloß einſeitig durch trockene allgemeine Maximen oder glänzende Beiſpiele, ſondern durch Vernunftgründe, welche den handelnden Perſonen ſelbſt in den Mund gelegt ſind, über das richtige Benehmen unter ſchwierigen und lockenden Umſtänden. Unabläſſig iſt ſie bemüht, mittelſt Darſtellung ſorgfältig gewählter oder geſchickt erdichteter Beiſpiele, aus einander zu ſetzen, auf welchem Wege die Tugend zur Glückſeligkeit führe. Es wird ſchwerlich eine gute Eigenſchaft geben, der nicht die wirkſame Empfehlung von Miß Edgeworth zu Theil geworden wäre; am Letzten führt ſie uns aber die endliche Belohnung redlicher und beharrlicher Beſtrebungen vor Augen, und ihre Wahl iſt, nach unſerem Dafürhalten, durch den Werth der Grundſätze gerechtfertigt, welche ſie einſchärft."

So weit Gifford, der gegen ſeine gewöhnliche Art nur Lobenswerthes in den Schriften der Miß Edgeworth zu finden weiß, und beſonders dadurch entſchuldigt wird, daß dieſe in England wirklich den ſegenreichſten Einfluß ausgeübt haben und noch ferner ausüben. — Uns aber, die wir die Leiſtungen dieſer vortrefflichen Frau nicht bloß von dem ethiſchen Standpunkte aus betrachten, ſei noch folgende Bemerkung vergönnt. Wir müſſen nämlich aufrichtig bedauern, daß dieſes reiche Talent bei ſo ſchönen Mitteln ſo ausſchließlich dem Nützlichkeits-Princip huldigt, und ſich in der Durchführung ſeiner Erzeugniſſe nur von dem Verſtande leiten läßt, der Phantaſie und der Leidenſchaft aber weder Einfluß noch Theilnahme geſtattet. — Dadurch erſcheint Alles ſtets zu beſonnen, zu nüchtern hingeſtellt, nur die Vernunft wird befriedigt, aber das Gemüth geht im Einzelnen leer aus, wenn ihm gleich das Ganze zuſagen mag. Der Leſer ſieht ſtets Miß Edgeworth als Schulmeiſterin neben den von ihr erſchaffenen Charakteren herwandeln, wie als theilnehmende Freundin dieselben begleiten und mit ihnen sich herzlich freuen oder sich betrüben, er wird dadurch von ihren Darstellungen belehrt, aber nicht hingerissen, unterhalten, aber nicht begeistert. Wollte sie begreifen, was einem weiblichen Wesen so wohl steht, etwas schwärmen und glühen mit und für ihre Helden, so würde sie unendlich mehr und nachhaltiger wirken, denn sie würde Verstand und Herz des Lesers zugleich bezaubern.

Maria Edgeworth ist die Tochter eines ausgezeichneten irländischen Rechtsgelehrten, Richard Lovel Edgeworth, der sich ebenfalls durch Schriften, wie durch seine practische Wirksamkeit große Verdienste erworben hat. Sie ward 1771 zu Edgeworthstown in Irland geboren, und lebt auf den, aus dem väterlichen Erbe ihr zugefallenen, Gütern unvermählt.

Ihre vorzüglichsten Schriften, welche sämmtlich als eine vortreffliche Lectüre empfohlen zu werden verdienen, sind: **Essays on practical Education.** 1798. (gemeinschaftlich mit ihrem Vater). **Castle Rackrent**, 1 Bd. **Moral tales**, 3 Bde. **Popular tales**, 4 Bde. (Diese beiden Sammlungen sind in unzähligen Ausgaben und Nachdrucken über das ganze civilisirte Europa verbreitet.) **Tales of fashionable life, and the modern Griselda**, 5 Bde. **Belinda**, 3 Bde. **Leonora and letters for literary Ladies**, 1 Bd. **Patronage**, 3 Bde. **Comic dramas**, 1 Bd. **Harrington; Thoughts on bores**, 1 Bd. **Ormond**, 1 Bd. **Helen**, 3 Bde. u. A. m.

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

Forester was the son of an English gentleman, who had paid some attention to his education, but who had some singularities of opinion, which probably influenced him in his conduct toward his children.

Young Forester was frank, brave, and generous; but he had been taught to dislike politeness so much, that the common forms of society appeared to him either odious or ridiculous; his sincerity was seldom restrained by any attention to the feelings of others. His love of independence was carried to such an extreme, that he was inclined to prefer the life of Robinson Crusoe in his desert island, to that of any individual in cultivated society. His attention had been early fixed upon the follies and vices of the higher classes of the people; and his contempt for selfish indolence was so strongly associated with the name of gentleman, that he was disposed to choose his friends and companions from amongst his inferiors: the inequality between the rich and the poor shocked him: his temper was enthusiastic as well as benevolent; and he ardently wished to be a man, and to be at liberty to act for himself, that he might reform society, or at least his own neighbourhood. When he was about nineteen years old, his father died, and young Forester was sent to Edinburgh, to Dr. Campbell, the gentleman whom his father had appointed his guardian. In the choice of his mode of travelling his disposition appeared. The stage-coach and a carrier set out nearly at the same time from Penrith. Forester, proud of bringing his principles immediately into action, put himself under the protection of the carrier, and congratulated himself upon his freedom from prejudice. He arrived at Edinburgh in all the glory of independence, and he desired the carrier to set him down at Dr. Campbell's door.

„The doctor's not at home," said the footman, who opened the door.

„He is at home," exclaimed Forester with indignation; „I see him at the window."

„My master is just going to dinner, and can't see any body now," said the footman; „but if you will call again at six o'clock, may be he may see you, my good lad."

„My name is Forester — let me in," said Forester, pushing forwards.

Forester! Mr. Forester! „said the footman; „the young gentleman that was expected in the „coach to day?"

Without deigning to give the footman any explanation, Forester took his own portmanteau from the carrier; and Dr. Campbell came down stairs just when the footman was officiously struggling with the young gentleman for his burden.

Dr. Campbell received his pupil very kindly; but Forester would not be prevailed upon to rub his shoes sufficiently upon the mat at the bottom of the stairs, or to change his disordered dress before he made his appearance in the drawing-room. He entered with dirty shoes, a threadbare coat, and hair that looked as if it never had been combed; and he was much surprised by the effect which his singular appearance produced upon the risible muscles of some of the company.

„I have done nothing to be ashamed of," said he to himself; but notwithstanding all his efforts to be and to appear at ease, he was constrained and abashed. A young laird, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, seemed to enjoy his confusion with malignant, half-suppressed merriment, in which Dr. Campbell's son was too good-natured, and too well-bred, to participate. Henry Campbell, was three or four years older than Forester, and *though* he looked like a gentleman, Forester could not help being pleased with the manner in which he drew him into conversation. The secret magic of politeness relieved him insensibly from the torment of false shame.

„It is a pity this lad was bred up a gentleman," said Forester to himself, „for he seems to have some sense and goodness."

Dinner was announced, and Forester was provoked at being interrupted in an argument concerning carts and coaches, which he had begun with Henry Campbell. Not that Forester was averse to eating, for he was at this instant ravenously hungry; but eating in company he always found equally repugnant to his habits and his principles. A table covered with a clean table-cloth, dishes in nice order; plates, knives, and forks, laid at regular distances, appeared to our young Diogenes absurd superfluities, and he was ready to exclaim, „How many things I do not want!" Sitting down to dinner, eating, drinking, and behaving like other people, appeared to him difficult and disagreeable ceremonies. He did not perceive, that custom had rendered all these things perfectly easy to every one else in company; and as soon as he had devoured his food his own way, he moralized in silence upon the good sense of Sancho Panza, who preferred eating an egg behind the door to feasting in public; and he recollected his favourite traveller Le Vaillant's enthusiastic account of his charming Hottentot dinners, and of the disgust that he afterwards felt, on the comparison of European etiquette and African *simplicity*.

„Thank God the ceremony of dinner is over!" said Forester to Henry Campbell, as soon as they rose from table.

All those things, which seemed mere matter of course in society, appeared to Forester strange ceremonies. In the evening, there were cards for those who liked cards, and there was conversation for those who liked conversation. Forester liked neither; he preferred playing with a cat; and he sat all night apart from the company in a corner of a sofa. He took it for granted, that the conversation could not be worth his attention, because he heard lady Catherine Mackenzie's voice amongst others; he had conceived a dislike, or rather a contempt for this lady, because she showed much of the pride of birth and rank in her manners. Henry Campbell did not think it necessary to punish himself for her ladyship's faults, by withdrawing from entertaining conversation: he knew that his father had the art of managing the frivolous subjects started in general company, so as to make them lead to amusement and instruction; and this Forester would probably have discovered this evening, had he not followed his own thoughts, instead of listening to the observations of others. Lady Catherine, it is true, began with a silly history of her hereditary antipathy for pickled cucumbers; and she was rather tiresome in tracing the genealogy of this antipathy through several generations of her ancestry; but Dr. Campbell said, „that he had heard, from an ingenious gentleman of her ladyship's family, that her ladyship's grandfather, and several of his friends, nearly lost their lives by pickled cucumbers; and thence the doctor took occasion to relate several curious circumstances concerning the effects of different poisons.

Dr. Campbell, who plainly saw both the defects and the excellent qualities of his young ward, hoped that, by playful raillery, and by well-timed reasoning, he might mix a sufficient portion of good sense with Forester's enthusiasm; might induce him gradually to sympathize in the pleasures of cultivated society, and might convince him that virtue is not confined to any particular class of men; that education, in the enlarged sense of the word, creates the difference between individuals more than riches or poverty. Dr. Campbell foresaw that Forester would form a friendship with his son, and that this attachment would cure him of his prejudices against *gentlemen*, and would prevent him from indulging his taste for vulgar company. Henry Campbell had more useful energy, though less apparent enthusiasm than his new companion: he was always employed; he was really independent, because he had learned how to support himself either by the labours of his head or of his hands; but his independence did not render him unsociable; he was always ready to sympathize with the pleasures of his friends, and therefore he was beloved: following his father's example, he did all the good in his power to those who were in distress; but he did not imagine that he could reform every abuse in society, or that he could instantly new-model the universe. Forester became, in a few days, fond of conversing, or rather of holding long arguments with Henry; but his dislike to the young laird, Archibald Mackenzie, hourly increased. Archibald and his mother, lady Catherine Mackenzie, were relations of Mrs. Campbell, and they were now upon a visit at her house. Lady Catherine, a shrewd woman, fond of precedence, and fully sensible of the importance that wealth can bestow, had sedulously inculcated into the mind of her son all the maxims of worldly wisdom, which she had collected in her intercourse with society; she had inspired him with family pride, but at the same time had taught him to pay obsequious court to his superiors in rank or fortune; the art of rising in the world, she knew, did not entirely depend upon virtue or ability; she was consequently more solicitous about her son's manners than his morals, and was more anxious that he should form high connexions, than that he should apply to severe studies of a profession. Archibald was nearly what might be expected from his education, alternately supple to his superiors, and insolent to his inferiors; to insinuate himself into the favour of young men of rank and fortune, he affected to admire extravagance, but his secret maxims of parsimony operated even in the midst of dissipation. Meanness and pride usually go together. It is not to be supposed, that young Forester had such quick penetration, that he could discover the whole of the artful Archibald's character in the course of a few days' acquaintance, but he disliked him for good reasons, because he was a laird, because he had laughed at his first entree, and because he was learning to dance.

The Skeleton.

About a week after our hero's arrival at Dr. Campbell's, the doctor was exhibiting some chemical experiments, with which Henry hoped that his young friend would be entertained; but Forester had scarcely been five minutes in the laboratory, before Mackenzie, who was lounging about the room, sneeringly took notice of a large hole in his shoe. „It is easily mended, said the independent youth; and he immediately left the laboratory, and went to a cobbler's, who lived in a narrow lane, at the back of Dr. Campbell's house. Forester had, from his bed-chamber window, seen this cobbler at work early every morning; he admired his industry, and longed to be acquainted with him. The good-humoured familiarity of Forester's manner pleased the cobbler, who was likewise diverted by the eagerness of *the young gentleman* to mend his own shoe. After spending some hours at the cobbler's stall, the shoe was actually mended, and Forester thought that his morning's work was worthy of admiration. In a court (or, as such places are called in Edinburgh, a close) near the cobbler's, he saw some boys playing at ball: he joined them; and, whilst they were playing, a dancing-master, with his hair powdered, and who seemed afraid of spattering his clean stockings, passed through the court, and interrupted the ball-players for a few seconds. The boys, as soon as the man was out of hearing, declared that he passed through their court regularly twice a day, and that he always kicked their marbles out of the ring. Without staying to weigh this evidence scrupulously, Forester received it with avidity, and believed all that had been asserted was true, because the accused was a dancing-master: from his education he had conceived an antipathy to dancing-masters, especially to such as wore silk stockings, and had their heads well powdered. Easily fired at the idea of any injustice, and eager to redress the grievances of the *poor*, Forester immediately concerted with these boys a scheme to deliver them from what he called the insolence of the dancing-master, and promised that he would compel him to go round by another street.

In his zeal for the liberty of his new companions, our hero did not consider, that he was infringing upon the liberties of a man, who had never done him any injury, and over whom he had no right to exercise any control.

Upon his return to Dr. Campbell's, Forester heard the sound of a violin; and he found that his enemy, M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master, was attending Archibald Mackenzie: he learnt, that he was engaged to give another lesson the next evening; and the plans of the confederates in the ball-alley were arranged accordingly. In Dr. Campbell's room Forester remembered to have seen a skeleton in a glass case; he seized upon it, carried it down to his companions, and placed it in a niche in the wall, on the landing place of a flight of stone stairs down which the dancing-master was obliged to go. A butcher's son one of Forester's new companions he instructed to stand at a certain hour behind the skeleton, with two rushlights; which he was to hold up to the eye holes in the skull.

The dancing-master's steps were heard approaching at the expected hour; and the boys stood in ambush to enjoy the diversion of the sight. It was a dark night; the fiery eyes of the skeleton glared suddenly upon the dancing-master, who was so terrified at the spectacle, and in such haste to escape, that his foot slipped, and he fell down the stone steps; his ankle was sprained by the fall, and he was brought back to Dr. Campbell's. Forester was shocked at this tragical end of his intended comedy. The poor man was laid upon a bed, and he writhed with pain. Forester, with vehement expressions of concern, explained to Dr. Campbell the cause of this accident, and he was much touched by the dancing-master's good nature, who, between every twinge of pain, assured him that he should soon be well, and endeavoured to avert Dr. Campbell's displeasure. Forester sat beside the bed, reproaching himself bitterly; and he was yet more sensible of his folly, when he heard, that the boys, whose part he had hastily taken, had frequently amused themselves with playing mischievous tricks upon this inoffensive man, who declared, that he had never purposely kicked their marbles out of the ring, but had always implored them to make way for him with all the civility in his power.

Forester resolved, that, before he ever again attempted to do justice, he would, at least, hear both sides of the question.

The Alarm.

Forester would willingly have sat up all night with Pasgrave, to foment his ankle from time to time, and, if possible, to assuage the pain: but the man would not suffer him to sit up, and about twelve o'clock he retired to rest. He had scarcely fallen asleep, when his door opened, and Archibald Mackenzie roused him, by demanding, in a peremptory tone, how he could sleep when the whole family were frightened out of their wits by his prank?

„Is the dancing-master worse? — What's the matter?" exclaimed Forester, in great terror.

Archibald replied, that he was not talking or thinking about the dancing-master, and desired Forester to make haste and dress himself, and that he would then soon hear what was the matter.

Forester dressed himself as fast as he could, and followed Archibald through a long passage, which led to a back staircase. „Do you hear the noise?“ said Archibald.

„Not I,“ said Forester.

„Well, you'll hear it plain enough presently,“ said Archibald; „follow me down stairs.“

He followed, and was surprised, when he got into the hall, to find all the family assembled. Lady Catherine had been awakened by a noise, which she at first imagined to be the screaming of an infant. Her bed-chamber was on the ground floor, and adjoining to Dr. Campbell's laboratory, from which the noise seemed to proceed. She wakened her son Archibald and Mrs. Campbell; and, when she recovered her senses a little, she listened to Dr. Campbell, who assured her, that what her ladyship thought was the screaming of an infant was the noise of a cat! the screams of this cat were terrible; and, when the light approached the door of the laboratory, the animal flew at the door with so much fury, that nobody could venture to open it. Every body looked at Forester, as if they suspected that he had confined the cat, or that he was in some way or other the cause of the disturbance. The cat, who, from his having constantly fed and played with him, had grown extremely fond of him, used to follow him often from room to room: and he now recollected, that it followed him the preceding evening into the laboratory, when he went to replace the skeleton. He had not observed whether it came out of the room again, nor could he now conceive the cause of its yelling in this horrible manner. The animal seemed to be mad with pain. Dr. Campbell asked his son, whether all the presses were locked. Henry said he was sure that they were all locked. It was his business to lock them every evening; and he was so exact, that nobody doubted his accuracy.

Archibald Mackenzie, who all this time knew, or at least suspected the truth, held himself in cunning silence. The preceding evening, he, for want of something to do, had strolled into the laboratory, and, with the pure curiosity of idleness, peeped into the presses, and took the stoppers out of several of the bottles. Dr. Campbell happened to come in, and carelessly asked him if he had been looking in the presses; to which question Archibald, though with scarcely any motive for telling a falsehood, immediately replied in the negative. As the doctor turned his head, Archibald put aside a bottle, which he had just before taken out of the press, and, fearing that the noise of replacing the glass stopper would betray him, he slipped it into his waistcoat pocket. How much useless cunning! All this transaction was now fully present to Archibald's memory; and he was well convinced that Henry had not seen the bottle when he afterwards went to lock the presses: that the cat had thrown it down; and that this was the cause of all the yelling that disturbed the house. Archibald, however, kept his lips fast closed; he had told one falsehood; he dreaded to have it discovered; and he hoped the blame of the whole affair would rest upon Forester. At length the animal flew with diminished fury at the door; its screams became feebler and feebler, till, at last, they totally ceased. There was silence: Dr. Campbell opened the door: the cat was seen stretched upon the ground, apparently lifeless. As Forester looked nearer at the poor animal, he saw a twitching motion in one of its hind legs: Dr. Campbell said, that it was the convulsion of death. Forester was just going to lift up his cat, when his friend Henry stopped his hand, telling him that he would burn himself, if he touched it. The hair and flesh of the cat on one side were burnt away, quite to the bone. Henry pointed to the broken bottle, which, he said, had contained vitriolic acid.

Henry in vain attempted to discover by whom the bottle of vitriolic acid had been taken out of its place. The suspicions naturally fell upon Forester, who, by his own account, was the last person in the room before the presses had been locked for the night. Forester, in warm terms, asserted, that he knew nothing of the matter. Dr. Campbell coolly observed, that Forester ought not to be surprised at being suspected upon this occasion; because every body had the greatest reason to suspect the person, whom they had detected in one *practical joke*, of planning another.

„Joke!" said Forester, looking down upon his lifeless favourite: „Do you think me capable of such cruelty? Do you doubt my truth?" exclaimed Forester, haughtily. „You are unjust. Turn me out of your house this instant. I do not desire your protection, if I have forfeited your esteem."

„Go to bed for to-night in my house," said Dr. Campbell; „moderate your enthusiasm, and reflect upon what has passed coolly."

Dr. Campbell, as Forester indignantly withdrew, said, with a benevolent smile, as he looked after him, „He wants nothing but a little common sense. Henry, you must give him a little of yours."

In the morning, Forester first went to inquire how the dancing-master had slept; and then knocked impatiently at Dr. Campbell's door.

„My father is not awake," said Henry; „but Forester marched directly up to the side of the bed, and, drawing back the curtain with no gentle hand, cried, with a loud voice, „Dr. Campbell, I am come to beg your pardon. I was angry when I said you were unjust."

„And I was asleep when you begged my pardon," said Dr. Campbell, rubbing his eyes.

„The dancing-master's ankle is a great deal better; and I have buried the poor cat," pursued Forester: „and I hope, now, doctor, you'll at least tell me, that you do not really suspect me of any hand in her death."

„Pray let me go to sleep," said Dr. Campbell, „and time your explanations a little better."

The Geranium

The dancing-master gradually recovered from his sprain; and Forester spent all his pocket money in buying a new violin for him, as his had been broken in his fall; his watch had likewise been broken against the stone steps. Though Forester looked upon a watch as a useless bauble, yet he determined to get this mended; and his friend Henry went with him for this purpose to a watchmaker's.

While Henry Campbell and Forester were consulting with the watchmaker upon the internal state of the bruised watch, Archibald Mackenzie, who followed them *for a lounge*, was looking over some new watches, and ardently wishing for the finest that he saw. As he was playing with this fine watch, the watchmaker begged that he would take care not to break it.

Archibald, in the insolent tone in which he was used to speak to a *tradesman*, replied, that, if he did break it, he hoped he was able to pay for it. The watchmaker civilly answered, „he had no doubt of that, but that the watch was not his property; it was *Sir Philip Gosling's*, who would call for it, he expected, in a quarter of an hour."

At the name of *Sir Philip Gosling*, Archibald quickly changed his tone: he had a great ambition to be of *Sir Philip's* acquaintance; for *Sir Philip* was a young man who was to have a large fortune, when he should come of age, and who, in the mean time, spent as much of it as possible, with great *spirit* and little judgment. He had been sent to Edinburgh for his education; and he spent his time in training horses, laying bets, parading in the public walks, and ridiculing, or, in his own phrase, *quizzing* every sensible young man, who applied to literature or science. *Sir Philip*, whenever he frequented any of the professor's classes, took care to make it evident to every body present, that he did not come there to learn, and that he looked down with contempt upon all who were *obliged* to study; he was the first always to make any disturbance in the classes, or, in his elegant language, *to make a row*.

This was the youth of whose acquaintance Archibald Mackenzie was ambitious. He stayed in the shop, in hopes that *Sir Philip* would arrive: he was not disappointed; *Sir Philip* came, and with an address, which lady Catherine would perhaps have admired, Archibald entered into conversation with the young baronet, if conversation that might be called, which consisted of a species of fashionable dialect, devoid of sense, and destitute of any pretence to wit. To Forester this dialect was absolutely unintelligible: after he had listened to it with sober contempt for a few minutes, he pulled Henry away, saying, „Come, don't let us waste our time here; let us go to the brewery that you promised to show me."

Henry did not immediately yield to the rough pull of his indignant friend; for, at this instant, the door of a little back parlour behind the watchmaker's shop opened slowly, and a girl of about seven years old appeared, carrying, with difficulty, a flower-pot, in which there was a fine large geranium in full flower. Henry, who saw that the child was scarcely able to carry it, took it out of her hands, and asked her, „Where she would like to have it put?"

„Here, for to-day!" said the little girl, sorrowfully; „but to-morrow, it goes away for ever!"

The little girl was sorry to part with this geranium, because „she had watched it all the winter," and said, „that she was very fond of it, but that she was willing to part with it, though it was just come into flower, because the apothecary had told her, that it was the cause of her grandmother's having been taken ill. Her grandmother lodged," she said, „in *that* little room, and the room was very close, and she was taken ill in the night — so ill that she could hardly speak or stir; and when the apothecary came, he said," continued the little girl, „it was no wonder any body was ill, who slept in such a little close room, with such a great geranium in it, *to poison the air*. So my geranium must go!" concluded she with a sigh; „but as it is for grandmother, I shall never think of it again."

Henry Campbell and Forester were both struck with the modest simplicity of this child's countenance and manner, and they were pleased with the unaffected generosity with which she gave up her favourite geranium.

Forester noted this down in his mind, as a fresh instance in favour of his *exclusive* good opinion of the poor. This little girl looked poor, though she was decently dressed; she was so thin, that her little cheek bones could plainly be seen; her face had not the round, rosy beauty of cheerful health: she was pale and sallow, and she looked in patient misery. Moved with compassion, Forester regretted that he had no money to give, where it might have been so well bestowed. He was always *extravagant* in his generosity; he would often give five guineas where five shillings should have been given, and by these means he reduced himself to the necessity sometimes of refusing assistance to deserving objects. On his journey from his father's house to Edinburgh, he lavished, in undistinguishing charity, a considerable sum of money; and all that he had remaining of this money he spent in purchasing the new violin for M. Pasgrave. Dr. Campbell absolutely refused to advance his ward any money, till his next quarterly allowance should become due. Henry who always perceived quickly what passed in the minds of others, guessed at Forester's thoughts by his countenance, and forbore to produce his own money, though he had it just ready in his hand: he knew that he could call again at the watchmaker's, and give what he pleased, without ostentation.

Upon questioning the little girl farther, concerning her grandmother's illness, Henry discovered, that the old woman had sat up late at night knitting, and that, feeling herself extremely cold, she got a pan of charcoal into her room; that, soon afterwards, she felt uncommonly drowsy; and when her little granddaughter spoke to her, and asked her, why she did not come to bed? she made no answer: a few minutes after this she dropped from her chair.

(To be continued in our next.)

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THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

(Continued from our last.)

The child was extremely frightened, and though she felt it very difficult to rouse herself, she said, she got up as fast as she could, opened the door, and called to the watchmaker's wife, who luckily had been at work late, and was now raking the kitchen fire. With her assistance the old woman was brought into the air, and presently returned to her senses: the pan of charcoal had been taken away before the apothecary came in the morning; as he was in a great hurry when he called, he made but few inquiries, and consequently condemned the geranium without sufficient evidence. As he left the house, he carelessly said, „my wife would like that geranium, I think.“ And the poor old woman, who had but a very small fee to offer, was eager to give any thing that seemed to please the *doctor*.

Forester, when he heard this story, burst into a contemptuous exclamation against the meanness of this and of all other apothecaries. Henry informed the little girl, that the charcoal had been the cause of her grandmother's illness, and advised them never, upon any account, to keep a pan of charcoal again in her bedchamber; he told her, that many people had been killed by this practice. „Then,“ cried the little girl, joyfully, „If it was the charcoal, and not the geranium, that made grandmother ill, I may keep my beautiful geranium;“ and she ran immediately to gather some of the flowers, which she offered to Henry and to *Forester*. Forester, who was still absorbed in the contemplation of the apothecary's meanness, took the flowers, without perceiving that he took them, and pulled them to pieces as he went on thinking. Henry, when the little girl held the geraniums up to him, observed that the back of her hand was bruised and black; he asked her how she had hurt herself, and she replied innocently, „that she had not hurt *herself*, but that her schoolmistress was a very *strict* woman.“ Forester, roused from his reverie, desired to hear what the little girl meant by a *strict* woman, and she explained herself more fully: she said, that, as a favour, her grandmother had obtained leave from some great lady to send her to a charity-school: that she went there every day to learn to read and work, but that the mistress of the charity-school used her scholars very severely, had often kept them for hours, after they had done their own *tasks*, to spin for her; and that she beat them if they did not spin as much as she expected. The little girl's grandmother then said, that she knew all this, but that she did not dare to complain, because the schoolmistress was under the patronage of some of „the grandest ladies in Edinburgh,“ and that, as she could not afford to pay for her little [illegible]'s schooling, she was forced to have her taught as well as she could *for nothing*.

Forester, fired with indignation at this history of injustice, resolved, at all events, to stand forth immediately in the child's defence; but, without staying to consider how the wrong could be redressed, he thought only of the quickest, or, as he said, the most manly means of doing the business: he declared, that if the little girl would show him the way to the school, he would go that instant and speak to the woman in the midst of all her scholars. Henry in vain represented, that this would not be a prudent mode of proceeding.

Forester disdained prudence, and, trusting securely to the power of his own eloquence, he set out with the child, who seemed rather afraid to come to open war with her tyrant. Henry was obliged to return home to his father, who had usually business for him to do about this time. The little girl had staid at home on account of her grandmother's illness, but all the other scholars were hard at work, spinning in a close room, when Forester arrived.

He marched directly into the school-room. The wheels stopped at once on his appearance, and the schoolmistress, a raw-boned intrepid-looking woman, eyed him with amazement; he broke silence in the following words: —

„Vile woman, your injustice is come to light! How can you dare to tyrannise over these poor children? Is it because they are poor? Take my advice, children, resist this tyrant, put by your wheels, and spin for her no more."

The children did not move, and the schoolmistress poured out a torrent of abuse in broad Scotch, which, to the English ear of Forester, was unintelligible. At length she made him comprehend her principal questions — Who he was? and by whose authority he interfered between her and her scholars? „By nobody's authority," was Forester's answer; „I want no authority to speak in the cause of injured innocence." No sooner had the woman heard these words, than she called to her husband, who was writing in an adjoining room: without further ceremony, they both seized upon our hero, and turned him out of the house.

The woman revenged herself without mercy upon the little girl, whom Forester had attempted to defend, and dismissed her, with advice never more to complain of being obliged to spin for her mistress.

Mortified by the ill success of his enterprise, Forester returned home, attributing the failure of his eloquence chiefly to his ignorance of the Scotch dialect.

The Canary Bird.

At his return, Forester heard, that all Dr. Campbell's family were going that evening to visit a gentleman, who had an excellent cabinet of minerals. He had some desire to see the fossils; but, when he came to the gentleman's house, he soon found himself disturbed at the praises bestowed by some ladies in company upon a little canary bird, which belonged to the mistress of the house. He began to kick his feet together, to hang first one arm and then the other, over the back of his chair, with the obvious expression of impatience and contempt in his countenance. Henry Campbell, in the mean time, said, without any embarrassment, just what he thought about the bird. Archibald Mackenzie, with artificial admiration, said a vast deal more than he thought, in hopes of effectually recommending himself to the lady of the house. The lady told him the history of three birds, which had successively inhabited the cage before the present occupier. „They all died," continued she, „in a most *extraordinary* manner, one after another, in a short space of time, in convulsions."

„Don't listen," whispered Forester, pulling Henry away from the crowd who surrounded the bird-cage; „how can you listen, like that polite hypocrite, to this foolish woman's history of her *extraordinary* favourites? Come down stairs with me, I want to tell you my adventure with the schoolmistress: we can take a turn in the hall and come back, before the cabinet of minerals is opened, and before these women have finished the ceremony of tea-come."

„I'll come presently," said Henry; „I really want to hear this."

Henry Campbell was not listening to the history of the lady's favourite birds like a polite hypocrite, but like a good-natured sensible person, the circumstances recalled to his memory the conversation that we formerly mentioned, which began about pickled cucumbers, and ended with Dr. Campbell's giving an account of the effects of some poisons. In consequence of this conversation, Henry's attention had been turned to the subject, and he had read several essays, which had informed him of many curious facts. He recollected, in particular, to have met with the account of a bird, which had been poisoned, and whose case bore a strong resemblance to the present. He begged leave to examine the cage, in order to discover whether there were any lead about it, with which the birds could have poisoned themselves. No lead was to be found: he next examined whether there were any white or green paint about it; he inquired whence the water came which the birds had drunk; and he examined the trough which held their seeds. The lady, whilst he was pursuing these inquiries, said she was sure that the birds could not have died either for want of air or exercise, for that she often left the cage open on purpose, that they might fly about the room. Henry immediately looked round the room, and at length he observed, in an inkstand, which stood upon a writing table, a number of wafers, which were many of them chipped round the edges; upon sweeping out the birdcage, he found a few very small bits of wafer mixed with the seeds and dust; he was now persuaded that the birds had eaten the wafers, and that they had been poisoned by the red-lead which they contained; he was confirmed in this opinion, by being told, that the wafers had lately been missed very *frequently*, and it had been imagined that they had been used by the servants. Henry begged the lady would try an experiment, which might probably save the life of her new favourite; the lady, though she had never before tried an experiment, was readily prevailed upon. She promised Henry, that she would lock up the wafers; and he prophesied that her bird would not, like his predecessors, come to an untimely end. Archibald Mackenzie was vexed to observe, that knowledge had in this instance *succeeded* better even with a lady, than flattery. As for *Forester*, he would certainly have admired his friend Henry's ingenuity, if he had been attending to what had passed; but he had taken a book, and had seated himself in an arm-chair, which had been placed on purpose for an old gentleman in the company, and was deep in the history of a man, who had been cast away, some hundred years ago, upon a desert island.

He condescended, however, to put down his book when the fossils where produced; and, as if he had just awakened from a dream, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and joined the rest of the company. The malicious Archibald, who observed that Forester had seated himself, through absence of mind, in a place which prevented some of the ladies from seeing the fossils, instantly made a parade of his own politeness, to contrast himself advantageously with the rude negligence of his companion: but Archibald's politeness was always particularly directed to the persons in company, whom he thought of the most importance. „You can't see there," said Forester, suddenly rousing himself, and observing that Dr. Campbell's daughter, miss Flora Campbell, was standing behind him, „had not you better sit down in this chair? I don't want it, because I can see over your head; sit down." Archibald smiled at Forester's simplicity, in paying this awkward compliment to the young lady, who had, according to his mode of estimating, the least pretensions to notice of any one present. Flora Campbell was neither rich nor beautiful, but she had a happy mixture in her manner of Scottish sprightliness and English reserve. She had an eager desire to improve herself, whilst a nice sense of propriety taught her never to intrude upon general notice, or to recede from conversation with airs of counterfeit humility. Forester admired her abilities, because he imagined that he was the only person who had ever discovered them: as to her manners, he never observed them; but even whilst he ridiculed politeness, he was anxious to find out what she thought polite. After he had told her all that he knew concerning the fossils, as they were produced from the cabinet, and he was far from ignorant, he at length perceived, that she knew full as much of natural history as he did, and he was surprised that a young lady should know so much, and should not be conceited. Flora, however, soon sunk many degrees in his opinion; for, after the cabinet of mineralogy was shut, some of the company talked of a ball, which was to be given in a few days, and Flora, with innocent gaiety, said to Forester, „Have you learned to dance a Scotch reel since you came to Scotland?“ — „I,“ cried Forester with contempt, „do you think it the height of human perfection to dance a Scotch reel? — then that fine young laird, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, will suit you much better than I shall.“

And Forester returned to his arm-chair and his desert island.

The Fete

It was unfortunate, that Forester retired from company in such abrupt displeasure at Flora Campbell's question; for, had he bore the idea of a Scotch reel more like a philosopher, he would have heard of something interesting relative to the intended ball, if any thing relative to a ball could be interesting to him. It was a charity ball, for the benefit of the mistress of the very charity-school to which the little girl with the bruised hand belonged. „Do you know,“ said Henry to Forester, when they met, „that I have great hopes we shall be able to get justice done to the poor children. I hope the tyrannical schoolmistress may yet be punished. The lady, with whom we drank tea yesterday, is one of the patronesses of the charity-school.“

„Lady patronesses!“ cried Forester, „we need not expect justice from a lady patroness, depend upon it, especially at a ball; her head will be full of feathers, or some such things. I prophesy you will not succeed better than I have.“

The desponding prophecies of Forester did not deter Henry from pursuing a scheme which he had formed. The lady, who was the mistress of the canary bird, came in a few days to visit his mother, and she told him, that his experiment had succeeded, that she had regularly locked up the wafers, and that her favourite bird was in perfect health. „And what fee, doctor,“ said she, smiling, „shall I give you for saving his life?“

„I will tell you in a few minutes,“ replied Henry; and in a few minutes the little girl and her geranium were sent for, and appeared. Henry told the lady all the circumstances of her story with so much feeling, and, at the same time, with so much propriety, that she became warmly interested in the cause: she declared, that she would do every thing in her power to prevail upon the other ladies to examine into the conduct of the schoolmistress, and to have her dismissed immediately, if it should appear, that she had behaved improperly.

Forester, who was present at this declaration, was much astonished, that a lady, whom he had seen caressing a canary bird, could speak with so much decision and good sense. Henry obtained his fee: he asked and received permission to place the geranium in the middle of the supper-table at the ball. Henry begged, that the lady would also take an opportunity, at supper, to mention the circumstances which he had related to her; but this she declined, and politely said, that she was sure Henry would tell the story much better than she could.

„Come out and walk with me,“ said Forester to Henry, as soon as the lady was gone. Henry frequently left his occupations with great good nature, to accompany our hero in his rambles, and he usually followed the subjects of conversation which Forester started. He saw, by the gravity of his countenance, that he had something of importance revolving in his mind. After he had proceeded in silence for some time along the walk, under the high rock called Arthur's Seat, he suddenly stopped, and turning to Henry, exclaimed, „I esteem you; do not make me despise you!“

„I hope I never shall,“ said Henry, a little surprised by his friend's manner: „what is the matter?"

„Leave balls, and lady patronesses, and petty artifices, and supple address, to such people as Archibald Mackenzie," pursued Forester, with enthusiasm.

„Who noble ends by noble means obtains —"
„Will scorn canary birds, and cobble shoes,"

replied Henry, laughing: „I see no meanness in my conduct: I do not know what it is that you disapprove."

„I do not approve," said Forester, „of your having recourse to *mean address* to obtain justice."

Henry requested to know what his severe friend meant by *address*; but this was not easily explained. Forester, in his definition of *mean address*, included all that attention to the feelings of others, all those honest arts of pleasing, which make society agreeable. Henry endeavoured to convince him, that it was possible for a person to wish to please, nay, even to succeed in that wish, without being insincere. Their argument and their walk continued, till Henry, who, though very active, was not quite so robust as his friend, was completely tired, especially as he perceived that Forester's opinions remained unshaken.

„How effeminate you gentlemen are!" cried Forester: „see what it is to be brought up in the lap of luxury. Why, I am not at all tired; I could walk a dozen miles farther, without being in the least fatigued!"

Henry thought it a very good thing to be able to walk a number of miles without being fatigued, but he did not consider it as the highest perfection of human nature. In his friend's present mood, nothing less could content him, and Forester went on to demonstrate to the weary Henry, that all fortitude, all courage, and all the manly virtues, were inseparably connected with *pedestrian indefatigability*. Henry, with good-natured presence of mind, which perhaps his friend would have called *mean address*, diverted our hero's rising indignation by proposing, that they should both go and look at the large brewery, which was in their way home, and with which Forester would, he thought, be entertained.

The brewery fortunately turned the course of Forester's thoughts, and, instead of quarrelling with his friend for being tired, he condescended to postpone all further debate. Forester had, from his childhood, a habit of twirling a key, whenever he was thinking intently: the key had been produced, and had been twirling upon its accustomed thumb during the argument upon address; and it was still in Forester's hand, when they went into the brewery. As he looked and listened, the key was committed to his power of attending; at length, as he stooped to view a large brewing vat, the key unluckily slipped from his thumb, and fell to the bottom of the vat: it was so deep, that the tinkling sound of the key, as it touched the bottom, was scarcely heard. A young man, who belonged to the brewery, immediately descended, by a ladder, into the vat to get the key, but scarcely had he reached the bottom, when he fell down senseless. Henry Campbell was speaking to one of the clerks of the brewery when this accident happened: a man came running to them with the news, „The vat has not been cleaned; it's full of bad air." „Draw him up, let down a hook and cords for him instantly, or he's a dead man," cried Henry, and he instantly ran to the place. What was his terror, when he beheld Forester descending the ladder! He called to him to stop; he assured him that the man could be saved without his hazarding his life; but Forester persisted; he had one end of a cord in his hand, which he said he could fasten in an instant round the man's body. There was a sky-light nearly over the vat, so that the light fell directly upon the bottom.

Henry saw his friend reach the last rung of the ladder. As Forester stooped to put the rope round the shoulders of the man, who lay insensible, at the bottom of the vat, a sudden air of idiocy came over his animated countenance; his limbs seemed no longer to obey his will; his arms dropped, and he fell insensible.

The spectators, who were looking down from above, were so much terrified, that they could not decide to do any thing: some cried, „He's all over with him! Why would he go down?" „Others ran to procure a hook — others called to him to take up the rope again, if he possibly could: but Forester could not hear or understand them. Henry Campbell was the only person who, in this scene of danger and confusion, had sufficient presence of mind to be of service.

Near the large vat, into which Forester had descended, there was a cistern, of cold water. Henry seized a bucket, which was floating in the cistern, filled it with water, and emptied the water into the vat, dashing it against the sides of the vat, to disperse the water, and to displace the mephitic air. He called the people, who surrounded him, for assistance; the water expelled the air; and, when it was safe to descend, Henry instantly went down the ladder himself, and fastened the cord round Forester, who was now quite helpless.

„Draw him up!" said Henry. They drew him up. Henry fastened another cord round the body of the other man, who lay at the bottom of the vessel, and he was taken up in the same manner. Forester soon returned to his senses, when he was carried into the air; it was with more difficulty that the other man, whose animation had been longer suspended, was recovered; at length, however, by proper applications, his lungs played freely, he stretched himself, looked round upon the people who were about him with an air of astonishment, and was some time before he could recollect what had happened to him. Forester, as soon as he had recovered the use of his understanding, was in extreme anxiety to know whether the poor man, who went down for his key, had been saved. His gratitude to Henry, when he heard all that had passed, was expressed in the most enthusiastic manner.

„I acted like a madman, and you like a man of sense," said Forester. „You always know how to do good: I do mischief, whenever I attempt to do good. — But now, don't expect, Henry, that I should give up any of my opinions to you, because you have saved my life. I shall always argue with you just as I did before. Remember, I despise *address*. I don't yield a single point to you. Gratitude shall never make me a sycophant."

The Flower-Pot.

Eager to prove that he was not a sycophant, Forester, when he returned home with his friend Henry, took every possible occasion to contradict him, with even more than his customary rigidity; nay, he went farther still, to vindicate his sincerity.

Flora Campbell had never entirely recovered our hero's esteem, since she had unwittingly expressed her love for Scotch reels; but she was happily unconscious of the crime she had committed, and was wholly intent upon pleasing her father and mother, her brother Henry, and herself. She had a constant flow of good spirits, and the engaging domestic talent of making every trifle a source of amusement to herself and others: she was sprightly, without being frivolous; and the uniform sweetness of her temper showed, that she was not in the least in want of flattery, or dissipation, to support her gaiety. But Forester, as the friend of her brother, thought it incumbent upon him to discover faults in her, which no one else could discover, and to assist in her education, though she was only one year younger than himself. She had amused herself, the morning, that Forester and her brother were in the brewing vat, with painting a pasteboard covering for the flowerpot which held the poor little girl's geranium. Flora had heard from her brother of his intention to place it in the middle of the supper table, at the ball; and she flattered herself, that he would like to see it ornamented by her hands at his return. She produced it after dinner. Henry thanked her, and her father and mother were pleased to see her eagerness to oblige her brother. — The cynical Forester alone refused his sympathy. He looked at the flowerpot with marked disdain. Archibald, who delighted to contrast himself with the unpolished Forester, and who remarked that Flora and her brother were both somewhat surprised at his unaudible silence, slily said, „There's something in this flower-pot, miss Campbell, which does not suit Mr. Forester's correct taste; I wish he would allow us to profit by his criticisms."

Forester vouchsafed not a reply.

„Don't you like it, Forester?" said Henry.

„No, he does not like it," said Flora, smiling; „don't force him to say that he does."

„Force me to say I like what I don't like!" repeated Forester; „no, I defy any body to do that."

„But why," said Dr. Campbell, laughing, „why such a waste of energy and magnanimity about a trifle? If you were upon your trial for life or death, Mr. Forester, you could not look more resolutely guarded, more as if you had „worked up each corporal agent to the terrible feat?"

„Sir, said Forester, who bore the laugh, that was raised against him, with the air of a martyr, „I can bear even your ridicule in the cause of truth." The laugh continued at the solemnity with which he pronounced these words. „I think," pursued Forester, „that those, who do not respect truth in trifles, will never respect it in matters of consequence."

Archibald Mackenzie laughed more loudly, and with affectation, at this speech; and Henry and Dr. Campbell's laughter instantly ceased.

„Do not mistake us," said Dr. Campbell; „we did not laugh at your principles, we only laughed at your manner."

„And are not principles of rather more consequence than manners?" said Forester.

„Of infinitely more consequence," said Dr. Campbell: „but why to excellent principles, may we not add agreeable manners? Why should not truth be amiable, as well as respectable? You, that have such enlarged views for the good of the whole human race, are, I make no doubt, desirous that your fellow-creatures should love truth, as well as you love it yourself?"

„Certainly, I wish they did," said Forester.

„And have your observations upon the feelings of others, and upon your own, led you to conclude, that we are most apt to like those things which always give us pain? And do you, upon this principle, wish to make truth as painful as possible, in order to increase our love for it?"

„I don't wish to make truth painful," said Forester; but, at the same time, it is not my fault if people can't bear pain. I think people who cannot bear pain, both of body and mind, cannot be good for any thing; for, in the first place, they will always," said Forester, glancing his eye at Flora and her flower-pot; „they will always prefer flattery to truth, as all weak people do."

At this sarcastic reflection, which seemed to be aimed at the sex, lady Catherine, Mrs. Campbell, and all the ladies present, except Flora, began to speak at once in their own vindication.

As soon as there was any prospect of peace, Dr. Campbell resumed his argument, in the calmest voice imaginable.

„But, Mr. Forester, without troubling ourselves for the present with the affairs of the ladies, or of weak people, may I ask what degree of unnecessary pain you think it the duty of a strong person, a moral Samson, to bear?"

„Unnecessary pain! I do not think it is any body's duty to bear unnecessary pain."

„Nor to make others bear it?"

„Nor to make others bear it."

„Then we need argue no farther. I congratulate you, Mr. Forester, upon your becoming so soon a proselyte to politeness."

„To politeness!" said Forester, starting back.

„Yes, my good sir; real politeness only teaches us to save others from unnecessary pain, and this you have just allowed to be your wish. — And now for the grand affair of Flora's flower-pot. You are not bound by politeness to tell any falsehoods; weak as she is, and a woman, I hope she can bear to hear the painful truth upon such an important occasion."

„Why," said Forester, who at last suffered his features to relax into a smile, „the truth then is, that I don't know whether the flower-pot be pretty or ugly, but I was determined not to say it was pretty."

„But why," said Henry, „did you look so heroically severe about the matter?"

„The reason I looked grave," said Forester, „was, because I was afraid your sister Flora would be spoiled by all the foolish compliments that were paid to her and her flower pot."

„You are very considerate; and Flora, I am sure, is much obliged to you," said Dr. Campbell, smiling, „for being so clear-sighted to the dangers of female vanity. You would not then, with a safe conscience, trust the completion of her education to her mother, or to myself?"

„I am sure, sir," said Forester, who now, for the first time, seemed sensible that he had not spoken with perfect propriety, „I would not interfere impertinently for the world. You are the best judges; only I thought parents were apt to be partial. Henry has saved my life, and I am interested for every thing that belongs to him. So I hope, if I said any thing rude, you will attribute it to a good motive. I wish the flower-pot had never made its appearance, for it has made me appear very impertinent."

Flora laughed with so much good humour at this odd method of expressing his contrition, that even Forester acknowledged the influence of engaging manners and sweetness of temper. He lifted up the flower-pot, so as completely to screen his face, and, whilst he appeared to be examining it he said, in a low voice, to Henry, „She is above the foibles of her sex."

„Oh, Mr. Forester, take care!" cried Flora.

„Of what?" said Forester, starting.

„It is too late now," said Flora.

And it was too late: — Forester, in his awkward manner of lifting the flower-pot, and its painted case, had put his thumbs into the mould, with which the flower-pot had been newly filled. It was quite soft and wet. Flora, when she called to him, saw the two black thumbs just ready to stamp themselves upon her work, and her warning only accelerated its fate; for the instant she spoke, the thumbs closed upon the painted covering, and Forester was the last to perceive the mischief that he had done.

There was no possibility of effacing the stains, nor was there time to repair the damage, for the ball was to commence in a few hours, and Flora was obliged to send her disfigured work, without having had the satisfaction of hearing the ejaculation, which Forester pronounced in her praise behind the flower-pot.

(To be continued in our next.)

Song from the Beacon.

By Joanna Baillie.

Wish'd-for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering,
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say, he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost be found.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing;
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing;
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say, he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

Hymned thanks and bedesmen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning,
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows —
O, who can tell each blessed sight and sound,
That says, he with us bides, our long, long lost is found!

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1838. № 7.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

George Crabbe.

Dieſer glücklichſte Genremaler unter den neueren Dichtern Albions ward am 24. December 1754 in Aldborough in Suffolk, wo ſein Vater als Zollbeamter lebte, geboren. Zum Wundarzte beſtimmt, ergriff er dieſen Beruf nur ungern, und ging 1778 durch das Gewinnen eines Preiſes für das gelungenſte Gedicht auf die Hoffnung ermuthigt, nach London mit dem beſten Willen, aber mit ſehr geringen Mitteln ausgerüſtet, um dort ſein Glück zu verſuchen. Als ihm dies fehlſchlug, wandte er ſich vertrauensvoll an den berühmten Eduard Burke, der ſich ſeiner väterlich annahm. Er widmete ſich dem geiſtlichen Stande, wurde 1781 ordinirt, bekleidete ſeitdem nacheinander mehrere Würden in der engliſchen Kirche, (ſeit 1813 das Rectoral zu Trowbridge) und ſtarb zu Anfange des Jahres 1832. Die erſte vollſtändige Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte gab er ſelbſt 1819, unter dem Titel: Tales of the Hall, zu einem Ganzen vereinigt, heraus.

Scharfe Beobachtungsgabe, naturgetreue Darſtellung, genaue Kenntniß des menſchlichen Herzens, tiefes Gefühl und Liebe zum Edeln und Wahren, ſind die Hauptzüge von Crabbe's Muſe. Dazu geſellt ſich eine höchſt weltkluge, aber ſtets wohlwollende Ironie, die ſich mitunter gern zur Satyre verſchwiſtert. Der Dichter gefällt ſich faſt nur in Gegenſtänden des inneren Lebens, aber er behandelt Alles, was er berührt, mit einer ſolchen Zartheit und Feinheit, ohne je in das Schöne malen zu wollen, daß er zwar nicht den Leſer hinreißt, aber dagegen allmählich und dauernd deſſen Neigung zu gewinnen verſteht. Dabei iſt Alles echt und geſund, dem Leben bis auf die kleinſten Züge entlehnt, und doch, ſo gern Crabbe auch ſich in den geringſten Details ergeht, nie langweilig oder durch Monotonie ermüdend. Er weiß auch dem Unbedeutendſten einen eigenthümlichen Reiz zu verleihen, was um ſo mehr zu bewundern iſt, als er ſtets ſeine Perſönlichkeit ganz aus dem Spiele läßt und meiſtens ſehr ernſt verfährt.

Seine geſammelten Werke ſind in einer ſehr eleganten Ausgabe nach ſeinem Tode zu London, (1834, 8 Bände mit Vignetten) begleitet von ſeiner Biographie, erſchienen.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

By George Crabbe.

PART I.

Confiteor facere hoc annos; sed et altera causa est,
Anxietas animi, continuusque dolor.
Ovid.

Magistrate, Vagrant, Constable.

VAGRANT.

Take, take away thy barbarous hand,
And let me to thy master speak;
Remit awhile the harsh command,
And hear me, or my heart will break.

MAGISTRATE.

Fond wretch! and what canst thou relate,
But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin?
Thy crime is proved, thou knowest thy fate;
But come, thy tale! — begin, begin! —

VAGRANT.

My crime! — — This sick'ning child to feed,
I seized the food, your witness saw;
I knew your laws forbade the deed,
But yielded to a stronger law.

Knowst thou, to Nature's great command
All human laws are frail and weak?
Nay! frown not — stay his eager hand,
And hear me, or my heart will break.

In this, th' adopted babe I hold
With anxious fondness to my breast,
My heart's sole comfort I behold,
More dear than life, when life was blest;
I saw her pining, fainting, cold,
I begg'd — but vain was my request.

I saw the tempting food, and seized —
My infant-sufferer found relief;
And, in the pilfer'd treasure pleased,
Smiled on my guilt, and hush'd my grief.

But I have griefs of other kind,
Troubles and sorrows more severe;
Give me to ease my tortured mind,
Lend to my woes a patient ear;
And let me — if I may not find
A friend to help — find one to hear.

Yet nameless let me plead — my name
Would only wake the cry of scorn;
A child of sin, conceived in shame,
Brought forth in woe, to misery born.

My mother dead, my father lost,
I wander'd with a vagrant crew;
A common care, a common cost,
Their sorrows and their sins I knew;
With them, by want or error forced,
Like them, I base and guilty grew.

Few are my years, not so my crimes;
The age, which these sad looks declare,
Is Sorrow's work, it is not Time's,
And I am old in shame and care.

Taught to believe the world a place
Where every stranger was a foe,
Train'd in the arts that mark our race,
To what new people could I go?
Could I a better life embrace,
Or live as virtue dictates? No! —

So through the land I wandering went,
And little found of grief or joy;
But lost my bosom's sweet content
When first I loved — the Gipsy-Boy.

A sturdy youth he was and tall,
His looks would all his soul declare,
His piercing eyes were deep and small,
And strongly curl'd his raven-hair.

Yes, Aaron had each manly charm,
All in the May of youthful pride,
He scarcely fear'd his father's arm,
And every other arm defied. —

Oft, when they grew in anger warm,
(Whom will not love and power divide?);
I rose, their wrathful souls to calm,
Not yet in sinful combat tried.

His father was our party's chief,
And dark and dreadful was his look;

His presence fill'd my heart with grief,
Although to me he kindly spoke.

With Aaron I delighted went,
His favour was my bliss and pride,
In growing hope our days we spent,
Love growing charms in either spied,
It saw them, all which Nature lent,
It lent them, all which she denied.

Could I the father's kindness prize,
Or grateful looks on him bestow,
Whom I beheld in wrath arise,
When Aaron sunk beneath his blow?

He drove him down with wicked hand,
It was a dreadful sight to see;
Then vex'd him, till he left the land,
And told his cruel love to me; —
The clan were all at his command,
Whatever his command might be.

The night was dark, the lanes were deep,
And one by one they took their way;
He bade me lay me down and sleep,
I only wept and wish'd for day.

Accursed be the love he bore,
Accursed was the force he used,
So let him of his God implore
For mercy, and be so refused!

You frown again — to show my wrong,
Can I in gentle language speak?
My woes are deep, my words are strong, —
And hear me, or my heart will break.

MAGISTRATE.

I hear thy words, I feel thy pain;
Forbear awhile to speak thy woes;
Receive our aid, and then again
The story of thy life disclose.

For, though seduced and led astray,
Thou'st travell'd far and wander'd long;
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

(Continued from our last.)

The Ball.

Henry seized the moment when Forester was softened by the mixed effect of Dr. Campbell's raillery and Flora's good humour, to persuade him, that he would be perfectly consistent with sound philosophy to dress himself for a ball, nay, even to dance a country-dance. The word *reel*, to which Forester had taken a dislike, Henry prudently forbore to mention; and Flora observing, and artfully imitating her brother's prudence, substituted the word *jigs* instead of *reels* in her conversation. When all the party were ready to go to the ball, and the carriages at the door, Forester was in Dr. Campbell's study, reading the natural history of the elephant.

„Come,“ said Henry, who had been searching for him all over the house, „we are waiting for you: I'm glad to see you dressed — come!“

„I wish you would leave me behind,“ said Forester, who seemed to have relapsed into his former unsociable humour, from having been left half an hour to his beloved solitude; nor would Henry probably have prevailed, if he had not pointed to the print of the elephant. „That mighty animal, you see, is so docile, that he lets himself be guided by a young boy,“ said Henry; „and so must you.“

As he spoke, he pulled Forester gently; who thought he could not show less docility than his favourite animal. When they entered the ball-room, Archibald Mackenzie asked Flora to dance, whilst Forester was considering where he should put his hat. — „Are you going to dance without me? I thought I had asked you to dance with me. I intended it all the time we were coming in the coach.“

Flora thanked him for his kind intentions; whilst Archibald, with a look of triumph, hurried his partner away, and the dance began. Forester saw this transaction in the most serious light, and it afforded him subject for meditation till at last half a dozen country dances had been finished. In vain the Berwick Jockey, the Highland Laddie, and the Flowers of Edinburgh, were played; „they suited not the gloomy habit“ of his soul. He fixed himself behind a pillar, proof against music, mirth, and sympathy; he looked upon the dancers with a cynical eye. At length he found an amusement that gratified his present splenetic humour: he applied both his hands to his ears, effectually to stop out the sound of the music, that he might enjoy the ridiculous spectacle of a number of people capering about, without any apparent motive. Forester's attitude caught the attention of some of the company; indeed it was strikingly awkward. His elbows stuck out from his ears, and his head was sunk beneath his shoulders. Archibald Mackenzie was delighted beyond measure at his figure, and pointed him out to his acquaintance with all possible expedition. The laugh and the whisper circulated with rapidity. Henry, who was dancing, did not perceive what was going on, till his partner said to him, „Pray, who is that strange mortal?“

„*My friend*,“ cried Henry: „will you excuse me for one instant?“ — And he ran up to Forester, and roused him from his singular attitude. „He is,“ continued Henry, as he returned to his partner, „an excellent young man, and he has superior abilities, we must not quarrel with him for trifles.“

With what different eyes different people behold the same objects! Whilst Forester had been stopping his ears, Dr. Campbell, who had more of the nature of the laughing than of the weeping philosopher, had found much benevolent pleasure in contemplating the festive scene. Not that any folly or ridicule escaped his keen penetration; but he saw every thing with an indulgent eye; and, if he laughed, laughed in such a manner, that even those who were the objects of his pleasantry could scarcely have forborne to sympathize in his mirth. Folly, he thought, could be as effectually corrected by the tickling of a feather, as by the lash of the satirist. When lady Margaret M'Gregor, and lady Mary Mackintosh, for instance, had almost forced their unhappy partners into a quarrel to support their respective claims to precedency, Dr. Campbell, who was appealed to as the relation of both the furious fair ones, decided the difference expeditiously, and much to the amusement of the company, by observing, that, as the pretentions of each of the ladies were incontrovertible, and precisely balanced, there was but one possible method of adjusting their precedency — by their age. He was convinced, he said, that the youngest lady would with pleasure yield precedency to the elder. The contest was now, which should stand the lowest, instead of which should stand the highest, in the dance: and when the proofs of seniority could not be settled, the fair ones drew lots for their places, and submitted that to chance, which could not be determined by prudence.

Forester stood beside Dr. Campbell whilst all this passed, and wasted a considerable portion of virtuous indignation upon the occasion. „And look at that absurd creature!“ exclaimed Forester, pointing out to Dr. Campbell a girl who was footing and pounding for fame at a prodigious rate. Dr. Campbell turned from the pounding lady to observe his own daughter Flora, and a smile of delight came over his countenance: for „*parents are apt to be partial*“ especially those who have such daughters as Flora. Her light figure and graceful agility attracted the attention even of many impartial spectators; but she was not intent upon admiration: she seemed to be dancing in the gaiety of her heart; and that was a species of gaiety in which every one sympathized, because it was natural, and of which every one approved, because it was innocent. There was a certain delicacy mixed with her sportive humour, which seemed to govern, without restraining, the tide of her spirits. Her father's eye was following her as she danced to a lively Scotch tune, when Forester pulled Dr. Campbell's cane, on which he was leaning, and exclaimed, „Doctor, I've just thought of an excellent plan for a tragedy!“

„A tragedy! repeated Dr. Campbell, with unfeigned surprise: — Are you sure you don't mean a comedy?“

Forester persisted that he meant a tragedy and was proceeding to open the plot. — „Don't force me to your tragedy now," said Dr. Campbell, for it will infallibly be condemned. I cannot say that I have my *buskin* on; and I advise you to take yours off. — Look, is that the tragic muse?"

Forester was astonished to find, that so great a man as Dr. Campbell had so little the power of abstraction, and he retired to muse upon the opening of his tragedy, in a recess under the music gallery. But here he was not suffered long to remain undisturbed; for, near this spot, Sir Philip Gosling presently stationed himself: Archibald Mackenzie, who left off dancing as soon as Sir Philip entered the room, came to the half intoxicated baronet; and they, with some other young men, worthy of their acquaintance, began so loud a contest concerning the number of bottles of claret which a man might, could, or should drink at a sitting, that even Forester's powers of abstraction failed, and his tragic muse took her flight.

„Supper! Supper! thank God!" exclaimed Sir Philip, as supper was now announced. „I'd never set my foot in a ball-room," added he, with several suitable oaths, „if it was not for the supper."

„Is that a rational being?" cried Forester to Dr. Campbell, after Sir Philip had passed them.

„Speak a little lower," said Dr. Campbell, „or he will infallibly prove his title to rationality by shooting you, or by making you shoot him, through the head."

„But, sir," said Forester, holding Dr. Campbell fast, whilst all the rest of the company were going down to supper, „how can you bear such a number of foolish, disagreeable people with patience?"

„What would you have me do?" said Dr. Campbell. „Would you have me get up and preach in the middle of a ball-room? Is it not as well, since we are here, to amuse ourselves with whatever can afford us any amusement, and to keep in good humour with all the world, especially with ourselves? and had we not better follow the crowd to supper?"

Forester went downstairs; but, as he crossed an antechamber, which led into the supper-room, he exclaimed, „If I were a legislator, I would prohibit balls."

„And if you were a legislator" said Dr. Campbell, pointing to a tea-kettle, which was on the fire in the antechamber, and from the spout of which a grey cloud of vapour issued, — „if you were a legislator, would not you have stoppers wedged tight into the spouts of all tea-kettles in your dominions?"

„No, sir," said Forester; „they would burst."

„And do you think that folly would not burst and do more mischief than a tea-kettle in the explosion, if you confined it so tight?"

Forester would willingly have staid in the ante-chamber, to begin a critical dissertation of this allusion; but Dr. Campbell carried him forwards into the supper-room. Flora had kept a seat for her father; and Henry met them at the door.

„I was just coming to see for you, sir," said he to his father. „Flora began to think you were lost."

„No, said Dr. Campbell," I was only detained by a would-be Cato, who wanted me to quarrel with the whole world, instead of eating my supper. What would you advise me to eat, Flora?" said he, seating himself beside her.

„Some of this trifle, papa; and, as she lightly removed the flowers, with which it was ornamented, her father said, „Yes, give me some trifle, Flora. Some characters are like that trifle — flowers and light froth at the top, and solid, good sweetmeat beneath."

Forester impatiently stretched out his plate for some trifle. „But I don't see any use in the flowers, sir," said he.

„No — any beauty?" said Dr. Campbell.

Forester picked the troublesome flowers out of his trifle, and ate a quantity of it sufficient for a stoic. Towards the end of the supper, he took some notice of Henry, who had made several ineffectual efforts to amuse him by such slight strokes of wit as seemed to suit the time and place. Time and place were never taken into Forester's consideration. He was scarcely displeased with his friend Henry, for having danced all the evening instead of sitting still; and he looked at Henry's partner with a scrutinizing eye. „So," said he, at last, „I observe I have not been thought worthy of your conversation to-night! this is what gentlemen, *polite gentlemen*, who dance *reels*, call friendship!"

„If I had thought that you would have taken it ill that I should dance reels," said Henry, laughing," I would have made the sacrifice of a reel at the altar of friendship: but we don't come to a ball to make sacrifices to friendship, but to divert ourselves."

„If we can," said Forester, sarcastically. — Here he was prevented from reproaching his friend any longer, for a party of gentlemen began to sing catches, at the desire of the rest of the company.

Forester was now intent upon criticising the nonsensical words that were sung; and he was composing an essay upon the power of the ancient bards, and the effect of national music, when Flora's voice interrupted him: „Brother," said she, „I have won my wager." The wager was, that Forester would not, during supper, observe the geranium that was placed in the middle of the table.

As soon as the company were satisfied, both with their supper and their songs, Henry, whose mind was always *present*, and who, in the midst of luxury and festivity, was awake to the feelings of benevolence, seized the moment when there was silence, to turn the attention of the company towards the object upon which his own thoughts were intent. The lady-patroness, the mistress of the canary bird, had performed her promise; she had spoken to several of her acquaintance concerning the tyrannical school-mistress; and now, fixing the attention of the company upon the geranium, she appealed to Henry Campbell, and begged him to explain its history. A number of eager eyes turned upon him instantly; and Forester felt, that, if he had been called upon in such a manner, he could not have uttered a syllable. He now felt the great advantage of being able to speak, without hesitation or embarrassment, before numbers. When Henry related the poor little girl's story, his language and manner were so unaffected and agreeable, that he interested every one, who heard him, in his cause. A subscription was immediately raised; every body was eager to contribute something to the child, who had been so ready, for her old grandmother's sake, to part with her favourite geranium. The lady, who superintended the charity-school, agreed to breakfast the next morning at Dr. Campbell's, and to go from his house to the school, precisely at the hour when the school-mistress usually set her unfortunate scholars to their extra-task of spinning.

Forester was astonished at all this; he did not consider, that negligence and inhumanity are widely different. The lady-patronesses had, perhaps, been rather negligent in contenting themselves with seeing the charity-children *show well* in procession to church; and they had not sufficiently inquired into the conduct of the school-mistress; but, as soon as the facts were properly stated, the ladies were eager to exert themselves, and candidly acknowledged, that they had been to blame in trusting so much to the reports of the superficial visitors, who had always declared, that the school was going on perfectly well.

„More people, who are in the wrong," said Dr. Campbell to Forester, „would be corrected, if some people, who are in the right, had a little candour and patience joined to their other virtues."

As the company rose from the supper-table, several young ladies gathered round the geranium, to admire Flora's pretty flower-pot. The black stains, however, struck every eye. Forester was standing by, rather embarrassed. Flora, with her usual good-nature, refrained from all explanation, though the exclamations of „How was that done? — „Who could have done that?" were frequently repeated.

„It was an accident," said Flora; and, to change the conversation, she praised the beauty of the geranium; she gathered one of the fragrant leaves; but, as she was going to put it amongst the flowers in her bosom, she observed she had dropped her moss-rose. It was a rarity at this time of the year. It was a rose which Henry Campbell had raised in a conservatory of his own construction.

„Oh! my brother's beautiful rose!“ exclaimed Flora.

Forester, who had been much pleased by her good-nature about the stains on the flower-pot, now, contrary to his habits, sympathized with her concern for the loss of her brother's moss-rose. He even exerted himself so far, as to search under the benches, and under the supper-table. He was fortunate enough to find it; and, eager to restore the prize, he, with more than his usual gallantry, but not with less than his customary awkwardness, crept from under the table, and, stretching half his body over a bench, pushed his arms between two young ladies, into the midst of the group which surrounded Flora. As his arm extended, his wrist appeared; and, at the sight of that wrist, all the young ladies shrank back, with unequivocal tokens of disgust. They whispered, — they tittered — and many expressive looks were lost upon our hero, who still resolutely held out the hand, upon which every eye was fixed. „Here's your rose! is not this the rose?“ said he, still advancing the dreaded hand to Flora, whose hesitation and blushes surprised him. Mackenzie burst into a loud laugh; and, in a whisper, which all the ladies could hear, told Forester, that „Miss Campbell was afraid to take the rose out of his hands, lest she should catch from him what he caught from the carter, who brought him to Edinburgh, or from some of his companions at the cobbler's.“

Forester flung the rose he knew not where, sprang over the bench, rushed between Flora and another lady, made towards the door in a straight line, pushing every thing before him, till a passage was made for him by the astonished crowd, who stood out of his way, as if he had been a mad dog.

„Forester!“ cried Henry and Dr. Campbell, who were standing upon the steps before the door, speaking about the ladies' carriages — What's the matter? — where are you going? — The carriage is coming to the door.“

„I had rather walk — don't speak to me,“ said Forester. „I've been insulted — I am in a passion, but I can command myself. I did not knock him down. Pray let me pass!“

Our hero broke from Dr. Campbell and Henry with the strength of an enraged animal from his keepers: and he must have found his way home by instinct, for he ran on without considering how he went. He snatched the light from the servant, who opened the door at Dr. Campbell's — hurried to his own apartment — locked, double locked, and bolted the door — flung himself into a chair — and taking breath, exclaimed, „Thank God! I've done no mischief. Thank God! I didn't knock him down. Thank God! he is out of my sight! — and I am cool now — quite cool — let me recollect it all.“

Upon the coolest recollection, Forester could not reconcile his pride to his present circumstances. „Archibald spoke the truth — why am I angry? — why was I angry, I mean?“ He reasoned much with himself upon the nature of true and false shame: he represented to himself, that the disorder, which disfigured his hands, was thought shameful only because it was vulgar; that what was vulgar was not therefore immoral; that the young tittering ladies, who shrank back from him, were not supreme judges of right and wrong, that he ought to despise their opinions; and he despised them with all his might, for two or three hours, as he walked up and down his room with unremitting energy. At length, our peripatetic philosopher threw himself upon his bed, determined that his repose should not be disturbed by such trifles; he had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch of magnanimity, that he thought he could, with composure, meet the disapproving eyes of millions of his fellow-creatures; but he was alone when he formed this erroneous estimate of the strength of the human mind. Wearied with passion and reasons, he fell asleep, dreamed that he was continually presenting flowers, which nobody would accept; awakened at the imaginary repetition of Archibald's laugh, composed himself again to sleep, and dreamed that he was in a glover's shop, trying on gloves, and that amongst a hundred pair, which he pulled on, he could not find one that would fit him. Just as he tore the last pair in his hurry, he awakened, shook off his foolish dream, saw the sun rising between two chimneys many feet below his window; recollected that in a short time he should be summoned to breakfast; that all the lady-patronesses were to be at this breakfast, that he could not breakfast in gloves; that Archibald would, perhaps, again laugh, and Flora, perhaps, again shrink back. He reproached himself for his weakness in foreseeing and dreading this scene. His aversion to lady-patronesses and to balls, was never at a more formidable height: he sighed for liberty and independence, which he persuaded himself were not to be had in his present situation. In one of his long walks, he remembered to have seen, at some miles' distance from the town of Edinburgh, on the road to Leith, a gardener and his boy, who were singing at their work. These men appeared to Forester to be yet happier than the cobbler, who formerly was the object of his admiration; and he was persuaded, that he should be much happier at the gardener's cottage than he could ever be at Dr. Campbell's house.

„I am not fit,“ said he to himself, „to live amongst *idle gentlemen* and *ladies*; I should be happy if I were a useful member of society; a gardener is a useful member of society, and I will be a gardener, and live with gardeners.“

Forester threw off the clothes, which he had worn the preceding night at the fatal ball, dressed himself in his old coat, tied up a small bundle of linen, and took the road to Leith.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Harvest Moon.

I must not omit to notice the splendid appearance of the Harvest Moon. The circumstance of this moon rising several nights successively almost at the same time, immediately after sunset, has given it an importance in the eyes of farmers; but it is not the less remarkable for its singular and splendid beauty. No moon during the year can bear any comparison with it. At its rising it has a character so peculiarly its own, that the more a person is accustomed to expect and to observe it, the more it strikes him with astonishment. I would advise every one who can go out in the country, to make a practice of watching for its rising. The warmth and the dryness of the earth, the clearness and balmy serenity of the atmosphere at that season, the sounds of voices borne from distant fields, the freshness which comes from the evening, combine to make the twilight walk delicious; and scarcely has the sun departed in the west, when the moon in the east rises from beyond some solitary hill, or from behind the dark rich foliage of trees, and sails up into the still and transparent air in the full magnificence of a world. It comes not as in common, a fair but flat disc on the face of the sky, — we behold it suspended in the crystal air in its greatness and rotundity: we perceive the distance beyond it as sensibly as that before it; and its apparent size is magnificent. In a short time, however, it has acquired a considerable altitude — its apparent bulk is diminished — its majestic grandeur has waned, and it sails on its way calmly beautiful, but in nothing differing from its usual character.

Howitt.

Spring.

How beautiful the pastime of the spring!
Lo! newly waking from its wintry dream,
She, like a smiling infant, timid plays
On the green margin of the sunny lake,
Fearing by starts, the little breaking waves,
(If ripplings, rather known by sounds than sight,
May haply so be named,) that in the grass
Soon fade in murmuring mirth.

Wilson.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. № 8.

The British Museum.

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THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

By George Crabbe.

(Concluded from our last)

PART II.

Quondam ridentes oculi nunc fonte perenni
Deplorant poenas nocte dieque suas.
Corn. Galli Eleg.

MAGISTRATE.

Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart
Till we discern the wounds within.

Compunction weeps our guilt away,
The sinner's safety is his pain;
Such pangs for our offences pay,
And these severer griefs are gain.

VAGRANT.

The son came back — he found us wed,
Then dreadful was the oath he swore; —
His way through Blackburn Forest led, —
His father we beheld no more.

Of all our daring clan not one
Would on the doubtful subject dwell;
For all esteem'd the injured son,
And fear'd the tale which he could tell.

But I had mightier cause for fear,
For slow and mournful round my bed
I saw a dreadful form appear; —
It came when I and Aaron wed.

(Yes! we were wed, I know my crime, —
We slept beneath the elmin-tree;
But I was grieving all the time,
And Aaron frown'd my tears to see.

For he not yet had felt the pain,
That rankles in a wounded breast;
He waked to sin; then slept again,
Forsook his God, yet took his rest. —

But I was forced to feign delight,
And joy in mirth and music sought, —
And mem'ry now recalls the night,
With such surprise and horror fraught,
That reason felt a moment's flight,
And left a mind to madness wrought.)

When waking, on my heaving breast
I felt a hand as cold as death;
A sudden fear my voice suppress'd,
A chilling terror stopp'd my breath. —

I seem'd — no words can utter how!
For there my father-husband stood, —
And thus he said; — Will God allow,
The great avenger, just and good,
A wife to break her marriage-vow?
A son to shed his father's blood?

I trembled at the dismal sounds,
  But vainly strove a word to say;
Then, pointing to his bleeding wounds,
  The threat'ning spectre stalk'd away.

I brought a lovely daughter forth,
  His father's child, in Aaron's bed;
He took her from me in his wrath; —
  Where is my child? — Thy child is dead.

'Twas false — we wander'd far and wide,
  Through town and country, field and fen,
Till Aaron, fighting, fell and died,
  And I became a wife again.

I then was young: — my husband sold
  My fancied charms for wicked price;
He gave me oft, for sinful gold,
  The slave, but not the friend of vice: —
Behold me, Heaven! my pains behold,
  And let them for my sins suffice!

The wretch who lent me thus for gain,
  Despised me when my youth was fled;
Then came disease, and brought me pain! —
  Come, death, and bear me to the dead!
For though I grieve, my grief is vain,
  And fruitless all the tears I shed.

True, I was not to virtue train'd,
  Yet well I knew my deeds were ill;
By each offence my heart was pain'd,
  I wept, but I offended still;
My better thoughts my life disdain'd,
  But yet the viler led my will.

My husband died, and now no more
  My smile was sought, or ask'd my hand,
A widow'd vagrant, vile and poor,
  Beneath a vagrant's vile command.

Ceaseless I roved the country round,
  To win my bread by fraudful arts,
And long a poor subsistence found,
  By spreading nets for simple hearts.

Though poor, and abject, and despised,
  Their fortunes to the crowd I told;
I gave the young the love they prized,
  And promised wealth to bless the old;
Schemes for the doubtful I devised,
  And charms for the forsaken sold.

At length for arts like these confined
  In prison with a lawless crew,
I soon perceived a kindred mind,
  And there my long-lost daughter knew.

His father's child, whom Aaron gave
  To wander with a distant clan,
The miseries of the world to brave,
  And be the slave of vice and man.

She knew my name — we met in pain,
  Our parting pangs can I express?
She sail'd a convict o'er the main,
  And left an heir to her distress.

This is that heir to shame and pain,
  For whom I only could descry
A world of trouble and disdain:
  Yet, could I bear to see her die,
Or stretch her feeble hands in vain,
  And, weeping, beg of me supply?

No! though the fate thy mother knew
  Was shameful! shameful though thy race
Have wandered all, a lawless crew,
  Outcasts, despised in every place;

Yet as the dark and muddy tide,
  When far from its polluted source,
Becomes more pure, and, purified,
  Flows in a clear and happy course; —

In thee, dear infant! so may end
  Our shame, in thee our sorrows cease!
And thy pure course will then extend,
  In floods of joy, o'er vales of peace.

Oh! by the God who loves to spare,
  Deny me not the boon I crave;
Let this loved child your mercy share,
  And let me find a peaceful grave;

Make her yet spotless soul your care,
And let my sins their portion have;
Her for a better fate prepare,
And punish whom 'twere sin to save!

MAGISTRATE.

Recall the word, renounce the thought,
Command thy heart and bend thy knee.
There is to all a pardon brought,
A ransom rich, assured and free;
'Tis full when found, 'tis found if sought,
Oh! seek it, till 'tis seal'd to thee.

VAGRANT.

But how my pardon shall I know?

MAGISTRATE.

By feeling dread that 'tis not sent,
By tears for sin that freely flow,
By grief, that all thy tears are spent,
By thoughts on that great debt we owe,
With all the mercy *God* has lent.
By suffering what thou canst not show,
Yet showing how thine heart is bent,
Till thou canst feel thy bosom glow,
And say: *My Saviour, I repent!*

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

(Continued from our last.)

Breakfast.

When Henry found that Forester was not in his room in the morning, he concluded, that he had rambled out towards Salisbury Craigs, whither he talked, the preceding day, of going to botanize.

„I am surprised,“ said Dr. Campbell, „that the young gentleman is out so early, for I have a notion he has not had much sleep since we parted, unless he walks in his sleep, for he has been walking over my poor head half the night.“

Breakfast went on — no Forester appeared. Lady Catherine began to fear, that he had broken his neck upon Salisbury Craigs, and related all the falls she had ever had, or had ever been near having, in carriages, on horseback, or otherwise. She then entered into the geography of Salisbury Craigs, and began to dispute upon the probability of his having fallen to the east or to the west.

„My dear lady Catherine,“ said Dr. Campbell, „we are not sure that he has been upon Salisbury Craigs; whether he have fallen to the east or to the west, we cannot, therefore, conveniently settle.“

But lady Catherine, whose prudential imagination travelled fast, went on to inquire of Dr. Campbell, to whom the great Forester estate would go, in case of any accident having happened, or happening to the young gentleman, before he should come of age.

Dr. Campbell was preparing to give her ladyship satisfaction upon this point, when a servant put a letter into his hands. Henry looked in great anxiety—Dr. Campbell glanced his eye over the letter, put it into his pocket, and desired the servant to show the person who brought the letter into his study.

„It's only a little boy,“ said Archibald; „I saw him as I passed through the hall.“

„Cannot a little boy go into my study?“ said Dr. Campbell, coolly.

Archibald's curiosity was strongly excited, and he slipped out of the room a few minutes afterward, resolved to speak to the boy, and to discover the purport of his embassy. But Dr. Campbell was behind him before he was aware of his approach, and just as Archibald began to cross-examine the boy in these words, „So you come from a young man, who is about my size“, Dr. Campbell put both his hands upon his shoulders, saying: „He came from a young man, who does not in the least resemble you, believe me, M. Archibald Mackenzie.“

Archibald started, turned round, and was so abashed by the civilly contemptuous look with which Dr. Campbell pronounced these words, that he retired from the study, without even attempting any of his usual equivocating apologies for his intrusion. Dr. Campbell now read the letter which he had in his pocket. It was as follows: —

„Dear Sir,

„Though I have quitted your house thus abruptly, I am not insensible of your kindness. For the step I have taken, I can offer no apology merely to my guardian; but you have treated me, Dr. Campbell, as your friend, and I shall lay my whole soul open to you.

„Notwithstanding your kindness, notwithstanding the friendship of your son Henry, whose excellent qualities I know how to value, I must ingenuously own to you, that I have been far from happy in your house. I feel that I cannot be at ease in the vortex of dissipation; and the more I see of the higher ranks of society, the more I regret that I was born *a gentleman*. Neither my birth nor my fortune shall, however, restrain me from pursuing that line of life, which, I am persuaded, leads to virtue and tranquillity. Let those, who have no virtuous indignation, obey the voice of fashion! and at her commands, let her slaves eat the bread of idleness, till it palls upon the sense! *I reproach myself with having yielded, as I have done of late, my opinions to the persuasions of friendship*; my mind has become *enervated*, and I must fly from the fatal contagion. Thank Heaven, I have yet the power to fly. I have yet sufficient force to break my chains. I am not yet reduced to the mental degeneracy of the base monarch, who hugged his fetters because they were of gold.

„I am conscious of powers that fit me for something better than to waste my existence in a ball-room; and I will not sacrifice my liberty to the absurd ceremonies of daily dissipation. I, that have been the laughing-stock of the mean and frivolous, have yet sufficient manly pride, unextinguished in my breast, to assert my claim to your esteem: to assert, that I never have committed, or shall designedly commit, any action unworthy of the friend of your son.

„I do not write to Henry, lest I should any way involve him in my misfortunes. He is formed to shine in the *polite* world, and his connexion with me might tarnish the lustre of his character in the eyes of the ‚*nice judging fair*.' I hope, however, that he will not utterly discard me from his heart, though I cannot dance a reel. I beg that he will break open the lock of the trunk, that is in my room, and take out of it my Goldsmith's Animated Nature, which he seemed to like.

„In my table-drawer there are my Martyn's Letters on Botany, in which you will find a number of plants, that I have dried for Flora — miss Flora Campbell, I should say. After what passed last night, I can scarcely hope they will be accepted. I would rather have them burned than refused; therefore please to burn them, and say nothing more upon the subject. Dear sir, do not judge harshly of me; I have had a severe conflict with myself, before I could resolve to leave you. But I would rather that you should judge of me with severity, than that you should extend to me the same species of indulgence, with which you last night viewed the half-intoxicated baronet.

„I can bear any thing but contempt.

„Yours, etc.

Forester.

„P. S. I trust that you will not question the bearer; he knows where I am. I therefore put you on your guard. I mean to earn my own bread as a gardener; I have always preferred the agricultural to the commercial system."

To this letter, to which the mixture of sense and extravagance did not much surprise Dr. Campbell, he returned the following answer: —

„My dear cobbler, gardener, orator, or by whatever other name you choose to be addressed, I am too old to be surprised at any thing, otherwise I might have been rather surprised at some things in your eloquent letter. You tell me that you have the power to fly, and that you do not hug your chains, though they are of gold! Are you an alderman, or Dedalus? or are these only figures of speech? You inform me, that you cannot live in the vortex of dissipation, or eat the bread of idleness, and that you are determined to be a gardener. These things seem to have no necessary connexion with each other. Why you should reproach yourself so bitterly for having spent one evening of your life in a ball-room, which I suppose is what you allude to, when you speak of a vortex of dissipation, I am at a loss to discover. And why you cannot, with so much honest pride, yet unextinguished in your breast, find any occupation more worthy of your talents, and as useful to society, as that of a gardener, I own puzzles me a little. Consider these things coolly; return to dinner, and we will compare, at our leisure, the advantages of the mercantile and the agricultural system. I forbear to question your messenger, as you desire; and I shall not show your letter to Henry till after we have dined. I hope, by that time, you will insist upon my burning it; which, at your request, I shall do with pleasure, although it contains several good sentences. As I am not yet sure you have *departed this life*, I shall not enter upon my office of executor; I shall not break open the lock of your trunk (of which I hope you will some time, when your mind is less exalted, find the keys), nor shall I stir in the difficult case of Flora's legacy. When next you write your will, let me, for the sake of your executor, advise you to be more precise in your directions; for what can be done, if you order him to give and burn the same thing in the same sentence? As you have, amongst your other misfortunes, the misfortune to be born heir to five or six thousand a year, you should learn a little how to manage your own affairs, lest you should, amongst poor or rich companions, meet with some who are not quite so honest as yourself.

„If, instead of returning to dine with us, you should persist in your gardening scheme, I shall have less esteem for your good sense, but I shall forbear to reproach you. I shall leave you to learn by your own experience, if it be not in my power to give you the advantages of mine gratis. But, at the same time, I shall discover where you are, and shall inform myself exactly of all your proceedings. This, as your guardian, is my duty. I should farther warn you, that I shall not, whilst you choose to live in a rank below your own, supply you with your customary yearly allowance. Two hundred guineas a year would be an extravagant allowance in your present circumstances. I do not mention money with any idea of influencing your generous mind by mercenary motives; but it is necessary that you should not deceive yourself by inadequate experiments. You cannot be rich and poor at the same time. I gave you, the day before yesterday, five ten-pound notes for your last quarterly allowance; I suppose you have taken these with you, therefore you cannot be in any immediate distress for money. I am sorry, I own, that you are so well provided, because a man who has fifty guineas in his pocket-book cannot distinctly feel what it is to be compelled to earn his own bread.

„Do not, my dear ward, think me harsh; my friendship for you gives me courage to inflict present pain, with a view to your future advantage. You must not expect to see any thing of your friend Henry, until you return to us. I shall, as his father and your guardian request that he will trust implicitly to my prudence upon this occasion, that he will make no inquiries concerning you, and that he will abstain from all connexion with you, whilst you absent yourself from your friends. You cannot live amongst the vulgar (by the vulgar I mean the ill-educated, the ignorant, those who have neither noble sentiments nor agreeable manners), and at the same time enjoy the pleasures of cultivated society. I shall wait, not without anxiety, till your choice be decided.

„Believe me to be,
„Your sincere friend and guardian
„H. Campbell, sen."

As soon as Dr. Campbell had despatched this letter, he returned to the company. The ladies, after breakfast, proceeded to the charity-school; but Henry was so anxious to learn what was become of his friend Forester, that he could scarcely enjoy the effects of his own benevolent exertions. It was with difficulty, such as he had never before experienced, that Dr. Campbell obasked from him the promise to suspend all intercourse with Forester. Henry's first impulse, when he read the letter, which his father now found it prudent to show him, was to search for his friend instantly. „I am sure," said he, I shall be able to find him out: and, if I can but see him, and speak to him, I know I could prevail upon him to return to us."

„Yes," said Dr. Campbell, „perhaps you might persuade him to return; but that is not the object: unless his understanding be convinced, what should we gain?"

„It should be convinced. I could convince him," cried Henry.

„I have, my dear son," said Dr. Campbell, smiling, „the highest opinion of your logic and eloquence; but are your reasoning powers stronger to-day than they were yesterday? Have you any new arguments to produce? I thought you had exhausted your whole store without effect."

Henry paused.

„Believe me," continued his father lowering his voice, „I am not insensible to your friend's good, and, I will say, *great* qualities; I do not leave him to suffer evils, without feeling as much perhaps as you can do; but I am convinced, that the solidity of his character, and the happiness of his whole life, will depend upon the impression that is now made upon his mind by *realities*. He will see society as it is. He has abilities and generosity of mind which will make him a first-rate character, if his friends do not spoil him out of false kindness, Henry."

Henry, at these words, held out his hand to his father, and gave him the promise which he desired.

„But," added he, „I still have hopes from your letter — I should not be surprised to see Forester at dinner to-day."

„I should," said Dr. Campbell.

Dr. Campbell, alas! was right. Henry looked eagerly towards the door every time it opened, when they were at dinner; but he was continually disappointed. Flora, whose gaiety usually enlivened the evenings, and agreeably relieved her father and brother after their morning studies, was now silent.

Whilst lady Catherine's volubility overpowered even the philosophy of Dr. Campbell, she wondered — she never ceased wondering, that Mr. Forester did not appear — and that the doctor and Mrs. Campbell, and Henry, and Flora, were not more alarmed. She proposed sending twenty different messengers after him. She was now convinced, that he had not fallen from Salisbury Craigs, because Dr. Campbell assured her ladyship, that he had a letter from him in his pocket, and that he was safe; but she thought that there was imminent danger of his enlisting in a frolic, or, perhaps, marrying some cobbler's daughter in a pet. She turned to Archibald Mackenzie, and exclaimed, „He was at a cobbler's: it could not be merely to mend his shoes. What sort of a fancy is the cobbler's daughter: or has the cobbler a daughter?"

„She is hump-backed, luckily," said Dr. Campbell, coolly.

„That does not signify," said lady Catherine; „I'm convinced she is at the bottom of the whole mystery; for I once heard Mr. Forester say — and I'm sure you must recollect it, Flora, my dear; for he looked at you at the time — I once heard him say, that personal beauty was no merit, and that ugly people ought to be liked — or some such thing — out of humanity. Now, out of humanity, with his odd notions, it's ten to one, Dr. Campbell, he marries this hump-backed cobbler's daughter. I'm sure, if I was his guardian, I could not rest an instant with such a thought in my head."

„Not I," said Dr. Campbell, quietly; and in spite of her ladyship's astonishment, remonstrances, and conjectures, he maintained his resolute composure.

The Gardener.

The gardener, that lived on the road to Leith, who had struck Forester's fancy, was a square, thick, obstinate-eyed, hard-working, ignorant, elderly man, whose soul was intent upon his petty daily gains, and whose honesty was of that coarse-spun, vulgar sort, which alone can be expected from men of uncultivated minds. Mr. M'Evoy, for that was the gardener's name, was both good-natured and selfish; his views and ideas all centred in his own family; and his affection was accumulated and reserved for two individuals, his son and his daughter. The son was not so industrious as the father; he was ambitious of seeing something of the world, and he consorted with all the young 'prentices in Edinburgh, who would condescend to forget that he was a country boy, and to remember that he expected, when his father should *die*, *to be rich*. Mr. M'Evoy's daughter was an ugly, cross-looking girl, who spent all the money that she could either earn or save upon ribands and fine gowns, with which she fancied she could supply all the defects of her person.

This powerful motive for her economy operated incessantly upon her mind, and she squeezed all that could possibly be *squeezed for her private use from the frugal household*. The boy, whose place *Forester* thought himself so fortunate to supply, had left the gardener, because he could not bear to work and be scolded without eating or drinking.

The gardener willingly complied with our hero's first request; he gave him a spade, and he set him to work. *Forester* dug with all the energy of an enthusiast, and dined like a philosopher upon colcannon: but colcannon *did* not charm him so much the second day as it had done the first; and the third day it was yet less to his taste; besides, he began to notice the difference between oaten and wheaten bread. He however recollected, that Cyrus lived, when he was a lad, upon water-cresses — the black broth of the Spartans he likewise remembered, and he would not complain. He thought, that he should soon accustom himself to his scanty, homely fare. A number of the *disagreeable circumstances of poverty* he had not estimated, when he entered upon his new way of life; and though at Dr. Campbell's table he had often said to himself, „I could do very well without all these things," yet, till he had actually tried the experiment, he had not *clear* ideas upon the subject. He missed a number of little pleasures and conveniences, which he had scarcely noticed, whilst they had every day presented themselves as matters of course. The occupation of digging was laborious, but it afforded no exercise to his mind, and he felt most severely the want of Henry's agreeable conversation; he had no one to whom he could now talk of the water-cresses of Cyrus, or the black broth of the Spartans; he had no one with whom he could dispute concerning the Stoic or the Epicurean doctrines, the mercantile or the agricultural system. Many objections to the agricultural system, which had escaped him, occurred now to his mind, and his compassion for the worms, which he was obliged to cut in pieces continually with his spade, acted every hour more forcibly upon his benevolent heart. He once attempted to explain his feelings for the worms to the gardener, who stared at him with all the insolence of ignorance, and bade him mind his work, with a tone of authority, which ill suited *Forester's* feelings and love of independence.

„Is ignorance thus to command knowledge? Is reason thus to be silenced by boorish stupidity?" said *Forester* to himself, as he recollected the patience and candour with which Dr. Campbell and Henry used to converse with him. He began to think, that in cultivated literary society he had enjoyed more liberty of mind, more freedom of opinion, than he could taste in the company of an illiterate gardener. The gardener's son, though his name was Colin, had no Arcadian simplicity, nothing which could please the classic taste of *Forester*, or which could recall to his mind the Eclogues of Virgil, or the golden age; the Gentle Shepherd, or the Ayrshire Ploughman. Colin's favourite holiday's diversion was playing a *goff*; this game, which is played with a bat loaded with lead, and with a ball, which is harder than a cricket-ball, requires much strength and dexterity. *Forester* used, sometimes, to accompany the gardener's son to the *Links*, where numbers of people, of different descriptions, are frequently seen practising this diversion. Our hero was ambitious of excelling at the game of *goff*; and, as he was not particularly adroit, he exposed himself, in his first attempts, to the derision of the spectators, and he likewise received several severe blows. Colin laughed at him without mercy; and Forester could not help comparing the rude expressions of his new companion's untutored vanity, with the unassuming manners and unaffected modesty of Henry Campbell. Forester soon took an aversion to the game of *golf*; and recollected Scotch reels with less contempt.

One evening, after having finished his task of digging (for digging was now become a task) he was going to take a walk to a lake near Edinburgh; when Colin, who was at the same instant setting out for the Links, roughly insisted upon Forester's accompanying him. Our hero, who was never much disposed to yield to the taste of others, positively refused the gardener's son, with some imprudent expressions of contempt. From this moment, Colin became his enemy, and, by a thousand malicious devices, contrived to show his vulgar hatred.

Forester now, to his great surprise, discovered, that hatred could exist in a cottage. Female vanity, he likewise presently perceived, was not confined to the precincts of a ball-room; he found that Miss M'Evoy spent every leisure moment in the contemplation of her own coarse image in a fractured looking-glass. He once ventured to express his dislike of a many-coloured plaid, in which Miss M'Evoy had arrayed herself for a dance; and the fury of her looks, and the loud-toned vulgarity of her conceit, were strongly contrasted with the recollection of Flora Campbell's gentle manners and sweetness of temper. The painted flower-pot was present to his imagination, and he turned from the lady, who stood before him, with an air of disgust, which he had neither the wish nor the power to conceal. The consequences of offending this high-spirited damsel our hero had not sufficiently considered: the brother and sister, who seldom agreed in any thing else, now agreed though from different motives, in an eager desire to torment Forester. Whenever he entered the cottage, either to rest himself, or to partake of those „savoury messes, which the neat-handed Phillis dresses," he was received with sullen silence, or with taunting reproach. The old gardener, stupid as he was, Forester thought an agreeable companion, compared with his insolent son, and his vixen daughter. The happiest hours of the day, to our hero, were those which he spent at his work, his affections, repressed and disappointed, became a source of misery to him.

„Is there nothing in this world, to which I can attach myself?" said Forester, as he one day leaned upon his spade in melancholy mood. — „Must I spend my life in the midst of absurd altercations? Is it for this, that I have a heart and an understanding? No one here comprehends one word I say — I am an object of contempt and hatred, whilst my soul is formed for the most benevolent feelings, and capable of the most extensive views. And of what service am I to my fellow-creatures? Even this stupid gardener, even a common labourer, is as useful to society as I am. Compared with Henry Campbell, what am I? Oh, Henry! — Flora! could you see me at this instant, you would — pity me."

But the fear of being an object of pity wakened Forester's pride; and though he felt that he was unhappy, he could not bear to acknowledge that he had mistaken the road to happiness. His imaginary picture of rural felicity was not, to be sure, realised; but he resolved to bear his disappointment with fortitude, to fulfil his engagements with his master, the gardener, and then to seek some other more eligible situation. In the mean time, his benevolence tried to expand itself upon the only individual in this family, who treated him tolerably well: he grew fond of the old gardener, because there was nothing else near him to which he could attach himself, not even a dog or a cat.

(To be continued in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Miss L. E. Landon.

Eine gelehrte und talentvolle Dichterin der neueren Zeit, welche ſich gewöhnlich auf ihren Schriften nur mit den drei Initialen ihres Namens bezeichnet. Sie iſt beſonders ein Günſtling der engliſchen Damenwelt, und kann, nicht mit Unrecht, als eine äußerſt gewandte poetiſche Miniaturmalerin betrachtet werden, die ſich in den Hauptzügen nach Moore gebildet zu haben ſcheint. Geſchmack, Reichthum der Phantaſie, Eleganz der Sprache und ein äußerſt harmoniſcher Bau der Verſe, ſind die Hauptzierden ihrer Leiſtungen, dagegen mangelt es ihr durchaus an Tiefe. Gewandt weiß ſie ſich auf der Oberfläche der Fluthen des Lebens zu bewegen, doch die Wunder und Schrecken des Grundes ergreifen ſie nicht, da ſie ſich keine Mühe giebt, in dieſelben einzudringen. Ihre drei größeren während der Jahre 1824 bis 1828 erſchienenen Gedichte, The improvisatrice, the golden Violet and the Troubadour ſind eigentlich nur als Namen für eben ſo viel Sammlungen von romantiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Bildern zu betrachten. Grazie iſt der Hauptzug, der alle ziert. — Ihre Verfaſſerin liebt indeſſen mehr die Situationen zu ſchildern, als die Begebenheiten zu entwickeln und den inneren pſychologiſchen Faden derſelben darzulegen; denn ſie iſt ſich zu deutlich des Mangels an jener männlichen Kraft bewußt, welche erfordert wird, die letzteren Aufgaben mit demſelben Erfolge, wie ſie es bei der erſteren thut, zu löſen. — Unter ihren kleineren Gedichten findet ſich manches ſehr Gelungene, vorzüglich in den Beſchreibungen der Werke neuerer Kunſt, mit welchen ſie ſich vorzugsweiſe beſchäftigt, und die ſie mit großem Geſchick poetiſch zu reproduciren weiß.

Miß Landon lebt in angenehmen Verhältniſſen zu London. In der neueſten Zeit hat ſie ſich es beſonders angelegen ſein laſſen, die zahlreichen eleganten Annuals, Keepsakes, Books of beauty u. ſ. w. mit poetiſchem Schmucke zu verzieren, und ſelten wird irgend eine ſolche luxuriöſe Prachtausgabe erſcheinen, die ſie nicht entweder ganz allein mit dem erforderlichen poetiſchen Texte verſehen oder zu der ſie nicht wenigſtens Beiträge geliefert hätte; gleich dieſen zierlichen Neujahrsgaben, hat ſie ſich als ein Modeartikel bei der feinen Welt zu erhalten verſtanden.

The Bayadere.

An Indian Tale.

The *Bayadere* was taken from some faint recollection of a tale I had either read or heard; and meeting with the word „Bayadere" many years after recalled it to my memory as a subject exquisitely poetical. I have been since told it was a poem of Goethe's. This poem has never been to my knowledge translated; and, being

ignorant of the German language, I am unable to say whether the tale conforms to the original or not.

There were seventy pillars around the hall,
Of wreathed gold was each capital,
And the roof was fretted with amber and gems,
Such as light kingly diadems;
The floor was marble, white as the snow
Ere its pureness is stained by its fall below:
In the midst played a fountain, whose starry showers
Fell like beams on the radiant flowers,
Whose colours were gleaming, as every one
Burst from the blossom just caught from the sun;
And vases sent forth their silvery clouds,
Like those which the face of the young moon shrouds,
But sweet as the breath of the twilight-hour
When the dew awakens the rose's power.
At the end of the hall was a sun-bright throne,
Rich with every glorious stone;
And the purple canopy overhead
Was like the shade o'er the dayfall shed;
And the couch beneath was of buds half blown,
Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone;
And round, like festoons, a vine was rolled,
Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of gold.

But though graced as for a festival,
There was something sad in that stately hall:
There floated the breath of the harp and flute,—
But the sweetest of every music is mute:
There are flowers of light, and spiced perfume,—
But there wants the sweetest of breath and of bloom:
And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear,
For the smiling of woman shineth not here.
With urns of odour o'er him weeping,
Upon the couch a youth is sleeping:
His radiant hair is bound with stars,
Such as shine on the brow of night,
Filling the dome with diamond-rays,
Only than his own curls less bright.
And such a brow, and such an eye
As fit a young divinity;
A brow like twilight's darkening line,
An eye like morning's first sunshine,
Now glancing through the veil of dreams
As sudden light at daybreak streams.
And richer than the mingled shade
By gem, and gold, and purple made,
His orient wings closed o'er his head;
Like that bird's, bright with every dye,
Whose home, as Persian bards have said,
Is fixed in scented Araby.
Some dream is passing o'er him now —
A sudden flush is on his brow;
And from his lip come murmured words,
Low, but sweet as the light lute-chords
When o'er its strings the night-winds glide
To woo the roses by its side.
He, the fair boy-god, whose nest
Is in the water-lily's breast;
He of the many-arrowed bow,
Of the joys that come and go
Like the leaves, and of the sighs
Like the winds of summer-skies,
Blushes like the birds of spring,
Soon seen and soon vanishing:
He of hopes, and he of fears,
He of smiles, and he of tears —
Young CAMDEO, he has brought
A sweet dream of coloured thought,
One of love and woman's power,
To MANDALLA's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewelled throne,
When MANDALLA awakened and found him alone.
He drank the perfume that around him swept,
'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he slept;
There was music, but where was the voice at whose thrill
Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still?
And dim was the home of his native star
While the light of woman and love was afar;
And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes
Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.
He veiled the light of his glorious race
In a mortal's form and a mortal's face,
And 'mid earth's loveliest sought for one

Who might dwell in his hall and share in his
throne.

The lorie brought to his cinnamon-nest
The bee from the midst of its honey-quest,
And upon the leaves of the lotus lay
To welcome the noon of the summer-day.
It was glory, and light, and beauty all,
When Manhalla closed his wing in Bengal.
He stood in the midst of a stately square,
As the waves of the sea rolled the thousands there;
Their gathering was round the gorgeous car
Where sat in his triumph the Subadar;
For his sabre was red with the blood of the
slain,
And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain;
And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his
name,
Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he came.
With gems and gold on each ataghan,
A thousand warriors led the van,
Mounted on steeds black as the night,
But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in light;
And another thousand came in their rear,
On white horses, armed with bow and spear,
With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid,
And with crimson belt for each crooked blade.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

(Continued from our last.)

The old man, whose temper was not quite so enthusiastical as Forester's, looked upon him as an industrious simple young man, above the usual class of servants, and rather wished to keep him in his service, because he gave him less than the current wages. Forester, after his late reflections upon digging, began to think that, by applying his understanding to the business of gardening, he might perhaps make some discoveries, which should excite his master's everlasting gratitude, and immortalize his own name. He pledged a shirt and pair of stockings at a poor bookseller's stall, for some volumes upon gardening; and these, in spite of the ridicule of Collis and miss M'Evoy, he studied usefully at his meals. He at length met with an account of some experiments upon fruit trees, which, he thought would infallibly make the gardener's fortune.

„Did you not tell me,“ said Forester, to the gardener, „that cherries were sometimes sold very high in Edinburgh?“

„Five a penny,“ said the gardener; and he wished, from the bottom of his heart, that he had a thousand cherry-trees, but he possessed only one.

He was considerably alarmed, when Forester proposed to him, as the certain means of making his fortune, to strip the bark of this cherry-tree, assuring him, that a similar experiment had been tried and had succeeded; that his cherry-tree would bear twice as many cherries, if he would only strip the bark from it. „Let me try one branch for an experiment — I will try one branch!“

But the gardener peremptorily forbade all experiments, and shutting Foresters book, bade him leave such nonsense, and mind his business.

Provoked by this instance of tyrannical ignorance, Forester forgot his character of a servant boy, and at length called his master an obstinate fool.

No sooner were these words uttered, than the gardener emptied the remains of his watering-pot coolly in Forester's face; and, first paying him his wages, dismissed him from his service.

Miss M'Evoy, who was at work, seated at the door, made room most joyfully for Forester to pass, and observed, that she had long since prophesied he would not do for them.

Forester was now convinced, that it was impossible to reform a positive old gardener, to make him try new experiments upon cherry-trees, or to interest him for the progress of science. He deplored the perversity of human nature, and he began, when he reflected upon the characters of miss M'Evoy and her brother, to believe, that they were beings distinct from the rest of their species; he was, at all events, glad to have parted with such odious companions. On his road from Leith to Edinburgh he had time for various reflections.

„Thirty shillings then, with hard bodily labour, I have earned for one month's service!" said Forester to himself. „Well, I will keep to my resolution. I will live upon the money I earn, and upon that alone; I will not have recourse to my bank-notes till the last extremity." He took them out of his pocket-book, however, and looked at them, to see that they were safe. „How wretched," thought he, „must be that being, who is obliged to purchase, in his utmost need, the assistance of his fellow-creatures with such vile trash as this! I have been unfortunate in my first experiment; but all men are not like this selfish gardener and his brutal son, incapable of disinterested friendship."

Here Forester was interrupted in his meditations by a young man, who accosted him with— „Sir, if I don't mistake I believe I have a key of yours."

Forester looked at the young man's face, and recollected him to be the person who had nearly lost his life in descending for his key into the brewing-vat.

„I know you again, sir," continued the brewer's clerk, „by your twirling those scissars upon your finger, just as you were doing that day at the brewery.

Forester was unconscious, till this moment, that he had a pair of scissars in his hand: whilst the gardener was paying him his wages, to relieve his *mauvaise honte*, our hero took up miss M'Evoy's scissars, which lay upon the table, and twirled them upon his finger, as he used to do with a key. He was rather ashamed to perceive, that he had not yet cured himself of such a silly habit. „I thought the lesson I got at the brewery," said he, „would have cured me for ever of this foolish trick; but the diminutive chains of habit, as somebody says, are scarcely ever heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken."

„Sir!" said the astonished clerk.

„O, I beg your pardon," said our hero, who now perceived by his countenance, that this observation on the peculiar nature of the chains of habit was utterly unintelligible to him; „pray, sir, can you tell me what o'clock it is?"

„Half after four — I am — sir," said the clerk, producing his watch, with the air of a man, who thought a watch a matter of some importance. „Hum! He can't be a gentleman; he has no watch!" argued he with himself, and he looked at Forester's rough apparel with astonishment. Forester had turned back towards Leith, that he might return miss M'Evoy her scissars. The brewer's-clerk was going to Leith, to collect some money for his master. As they walked on, the young man talked to our hero with good nature, but with a species of familiarity, which was strikingly different from the respectful manner in which he formerly addressed Forester, when he had seen him in a better coat, and in the company of a young gentleman.

„You have left Dr. Campbell's then?" said he, looking with curiosity. Forester replied, that he had left Dr. Campbell's, because he preferred earning his own bread, to living an idle life amongst gentlemen and ladies.

The clerk, at this speech, looked earnestly in Forester's face, and began to suspect, that he was deranged in his mind.

As the gravity of our hero's looks, and the sobriety of his demeanour, did not give any strong indications of insanity, the clerk, after a few minutes' consideration, inclined to believe, that Forester concealed the truth from him; that probably he was some dependent of Dr. Campbell's family; that he had displeased his friends, and had been discarded in disgrace. He was confirmed in these suppositions by Forester's telling him, that he had just left the service of a gardener; that he did not know where to find a lodging for the night; and that he was in want of some employment, by which he might support himself independently.

The clerk, who remembered with gratitude the intrepidity with which Forester had hazarded his life to save him the morning that he was at the brewery, and who had also some compassion for a young gentleman reduced to poverty, told him that if he could write a good hand, knew any thing of accounts, and could get a character for *punctuality* (meaning to include honesty in this word) from any creditable people, he did not doubt, that his master, who had large concerns, might find employment for him as an under clerk. Forester's pride was not agreeably soothed by the manner of this proposal, but he was glad to hear of a *situation*, to use the clerk's genteel expression; and he moreover thought, that he should now have an opportunity of comparing the commercial and agricultural system.

The clerk hinted, that he supposed Forester would choose to „make himself smart," before he called to offer himself at the brewery, and advised him to call about six, as, by that time in the evening, his master was generally at leisure.

A dinner at a public house (for our hero did not know where else to dine), and the farther expense of a new pair of shoes, and some other articles of dress, almost exhausted his month's wages: he was very unwilling to make any of these purchases, but the clerk assured him, that they were indispensable; and, indeed, at last, his appearance was scarcely upon a par with that of his friendly adviser.

The Bet.

Before we follow Forester to the brewery, we must request the attention of our readers to the history of a bet of Mr. Archibald Mackenzie's.

We have already noticed the rise and progress of this young gentleman's acquaintance with Sir Philip Gosling. Archibald,

> „Whose ev'ry frolic had some end in view,
> Ne'er play'd the fool, but play'd the rascal too."

cultivated assiduously the friendship of this weak, dissipated, vain young baronet, in hopes that he might, in process of time, make some advantage of his folly. Sir Philip had an unfortunately high opinion of his own judgement; an opinion which he sometimes found it difficult to inculcate upon the minds of others, till he hit upon the compendious method of laying high wagers in support of all his assertions. Few people chose to venture a hundred guineas upon the turn of a straw. Sir Philip, in all such contests, came off victorious; and he plumed himself much upon the successes of his purse. Archibald affected the greatest deference for Sir Philip's judgement; and, as he observed that the baronet piqued himself upon his skill as a jockey, he flattered him indefatigably upon this subject. He accompanied Sir Philip continually in his long visits to the livery-stables; and he made himself familiarly acquainted with the keeper of the livery-stables, and even with the hostlers. To how low can interested pride descend! All this pains Archibald took, and more — for a very small object. He had set his fancy upon Surrey, one of his friend's horses; and he had no doubt, but that he should either induce Sir Philip to make him a present of this horse, or that he should jockey him out of it, by some well-timed bet.

In counting upon the baronet's generosity, Archibald was mistaken. Sir Philip had that species of *good-nature*, which can lend, but not that which can give. He offered to lend the horse to Archibald most willingly; but the idea of giving it was far distant from his imagination. Archibald, who at length despaired of his friend's generosity, had recourse to his other scheme of the wager. After having judiciously lost a few guineas to Sir Philip in wagers, to confirm him in his extravagant opinion of his own judgement, Archibald, one evening, when the fumes of wine and vanity, operating together, had somewhat exalted the man of judgement's imagination, urged him, by artful, hesitating contradiction, to assert the most incredible things of one of his horses, to whom he had given the name of Favourite. Archibald knew, from the *best authority* — from the master of the livery-stables, who was an experienced jockey — that Favourite was by no means a match for Surrey; he therefore waited quietly, till Sir Philip Gosling laid a very considerable wager upon the head of his „Favengeance.“ Archibald immediately declared, he could not, in conscience — that he could not, for the honour of Scotland, give up his friend Sawney.

„Sawney!“ cried Sir Philip; „I'll bet fifty guineas, that Favourite beats him hollow at a walk, trot, or gallop, whichever you please.“

Archibald artfully affected to be startled at this defiance; and, seemingly desirous to draw back, pleaded his inability to measure purses with such a rich man as Sir Philip.

„Nay, my boy,“ replied Sir Philip, „that excuse shan't stand you in stead. You have a pretty little pony there, that lady Catherine has just given you; if you won't lay me fifty guineas, will you risk your pony against my judgement?“

Archibald had now brought his friend exactly to the point at which he had been long aiming. Sir Philip staked his handsome horse Sawney against Archibald's sorry pony, upon this wager, that Favourite should, at the first trials, beat Sawney at a walk, a trot and a gallop.

Warmed with wine, and confident in his own judgement, the weak baronet insisted upon having the bet immediately decided. The gentlemen ordered out their horses, and the wager was to be determined upon the sands of Leith.

Sir Philip Gosling, to his utter astonishment, found himself for once mistaken in his judgement. The treacherous Archibald coolly suffered him to exhale his passion in unavailing oaths, and at length rejoiced to hear him consoling himself with the boast, that this was the first wager upon horse-flesh that he had ever lost in his life. The master of the livery-stables stared with well-affected incredulity, when Sir Philip, upon his return from the sands of Leith, informed him, that Favourite had been beat hollow by Sawney; and Archibald, by his additional testimony, could scarcely convince him of the fact, till he put two guineas into his hand, when he recommended *his* new horse Sawney to his particular care. Sir Philip, who was not gifted with quick observation, did not take notice of this last convincing argument. Whilst this passed, he was talking eagerly to the hostler, who confirmed him in his opinion, which he still repeated as loud as ever, „that Favourite ought to have won.“ This point Archibald prudently avoided to contest; and he thus succeeded in duping and flattering his friend at once.

„Sawney for ever!“ cried Archibald, as soon as Sir Philip left the stables. „Sawney for ever!“ repeated the hostler, and reminded Mackenzie, that he had promised him half a guinea. Archibald had no money in his pocket; but he assured the hostler, that he would remember him the next day. The next day, however, Archibald, who was expert in parsimonious expedients, considered, that he had better delay giving the hostler his half guinea, till it had been earned by his care of Sawney.

It is the usual error of cunning people to take it for granted, that others are fools. This hostler happened to be a match for our young laird in cunning; and as soon as he perceived, that it was Archibald's intention to cheat him of the interest of his half-guinea, he determined to revenge himself in his *care* of Sawney. We shall hereafter see the success of his devices.

The Saddle and Bridle.

Scarcely had Archibald Mackenzie been two days in possession of the long-wished-for object of his mean soul, when he became dissatisfied with his own saddle and bridle, which certainly did not, as Sir Philip observed, suit his new horse. The struggles in Archibald's mind, betwixt his taste for expense and his habits of saving, were often rather painful to him. He had received from lady Catherine a ten-guinea note, when he first came to Dr. Campbell's; and he had withstood many temptations to change it. One morning (the day that he had accompanied Henry and Forester to the watchmaker's), he was so strongly charmed by the sight of a watch-chain and seals, that he actually took his bank-note out of his scrutoire at his return home, put it into his pocket, when he dressed for dinner, and resolved to call that evening at the watchmaker's, to indulge his fancy, by purchasing the watch-chain, and to gratify his family pride, by getting his coat of arms splendidly engraven upon the seal. He called at the watchmaker's, in company with Sir Philip Gosling, but he could not agree with him respecting the price of the chain and seals; and Archibald consoled himself with the reflection, that his bank-note would still remain. He held the note in his hand, whilst he haggled about the price of the watch-chain.

„O, d—n the expense!" cried Sir Philip.

„O, I mind ten guineas as little as any man," said Archibald, thrusting the bank-note, in imitation of the baronet, with affected carelessness, into his waistcoat pocket. He was engaged that night to go to the play with Sir Philip, and he was much hurried in dressing. His servant observed that his waistcoat was stained, and looked out another for him.

Now this man sometimes took the liberty of wearing his master's clothes; and, when Archibald went to the play, the servant dressed himself in the stained waistcoat, to appear at a ball, which was given that night in the neighbourhood, by some „gentleman's gentleman." The waistcoat was rather too tight for the servant: he tore it; and, instead of sending it to the washerwoman's, to have the stain washed out, as his master had desired, he was now obliged to send it to the tailor's, to have it mended.

Archibald's sudden wish for a new saddle and bridle for Mowbray could not be gratified without changing the bank-note; and forgetting that he had left it in the pocket of his waistcoat the night that he went to the play, he searched for it in the scrutoire, in which he was accustomed to keep his treasures. He was greatly disturbed, when the note was not to be found in the scrutoire; he searched over and over again; not a pigeonhole, not a drawer, remained to be examined. He tried to recollect when he had last seen it, and at length remembered that he put it into his waistcoat pocket, when he went to the watchmaker's; that he had taken it out to look at, whilst he was in the shop; but whether he had brought it home safely or not, he could not precisely ascertain. His doubts upon this subject, however, he cautiously concealed, resolved, if possible, to make somebody or other answerable for his loss. He summoned his servant, told him that he had left a ten-guinea bank-note in his waistcoat pocket the night that he went to the play; and that, as the waistcoat was given into his charge, he must be answerable for the note. The servant boldly protested, that he neither could nor would be to the loss of a note which he had never seen.

Archibald now softened his tone; for he saw, that he had no chance of bullying the servant. „I desired you to send it to the washerwoman's," said he.

„And so I did, sir," said the man.

This was true, but not the whole truth. He had previously sent the waistcoat to the tailor's to have the rent repaired, which it received the night he wore it at the ball. These circumstances the servant thought proper to suppress; and he was very ready to agree with his master in accusing the poor washerwoman of having stolen the note. The washerwoman was extremely industrious, and perfectly honest; she had a large family, that depended upon her labour, and upon her character, for support. She was astonished and shocked at the charge that was brought against her; and declared, that, if she were able, she would rather pay the whole money at once, than suffer any suspicion to go abroad against her. Archibald rejoiced to find her in this disposition; and he assured her, that the only method to avoid disgrace, a lawsuit, and ruin, was instantly to pay the money. It was out of her power to pay it; and she would not promise what she knew she could not perform.

Archibald redoubled his threats; the servant stood by his master. The poor woman burst into tears; but she steadily declared that she was innocent; and no promise could be extorted from her, even in the midst of her terror. Though she had horrible, perhaps not absolutely visionary, ideas of the dangers of a lawsuit, yet she had some confidence in the certainty that justice was on her side. Archibald said, that she might talk about justice as much as she pleased, but that she must prepare to submit to *the law*. The woman trembled at the sound of these words; but, though ignorant, she was no fool, and she had a friend in Dr. Campbell's family, to whom she resolved to apply in her distress. Henry Campbell had visited her little boy when he was ill, and had made him some small present; and, though she did not mean to encroach upon Henry's good-nature, she thought, that he had so much *learning*, that he certainly could, without its costing her any thing, put her in the right way to avoid the law, with which she had been threatened by Archibald Mackenzie and his servant.

Henry heard the story with indignation, such as Forester would have felt in similar circumstances; but prudence tempered his enthusiastic feelings; and prudence renders us able to assist others, whilst enthusiasm frequently defeats its own purposes, and injures those whom it wildly attempts to serve. Henry, knowing the character of Archibald, governed himself accordingly; he made no appeal to his feelings; for he saw that the person must be deficient in humanity, who could have threatened a defenceless woman with such severity; he did not speak of justice to the tyrannical laird, but he spoke of *law*. He told Archibald, that, being thoroughly convinced of the woman's innocence, he had drawn up a state of her case, which she, in compliance with his advice, was ready to lay before an advocate, among the first counsel in Edinburgh.

The young laird repeated, with a mixture of apprehension and suspicion, „Drawn up a case! No; you can't know how to draw up cases; you are not a lawyer — you only say this to bully me."

Henry replied, that he was no lawyer; that he could, notwithstanding, state plain facts in such a manner, he hoped, as to make a case intelligible to any sensible lawyer; that he meant to show what he had written to his father.

„You'll show it to me, first, won't you?" said Archibald, who wished to gain time for consideration.

Henry put the paper, which he had drawn up, into his hands, and waited with a determined countenance beside him, whilst he perused the case. Archibald saw that Henry had abilities and steadiness to go through with the business; the facts were so plainly and forcibly stated, that his hopes even from law began to falter. He therefore talked about humanity — said, he pitied the poor woman; could not bear to think of distressing her; but that, at the same time, he had urgent occasion for money; that, if he could even recover five guineas of it, it would be something. He added, that he had debts, which he could not, in honour, delay to discharge.

Now Henry had five guineas, which he had reserved for the purchase of some additions to his cabinet of mineralogy, and he offered to lend this money to Archibald, to pay *the debts that he could not, in honour, delay to discharge*, upon express condition, that he should say nothing more to the poor woman concerning the banknote.

To this condition Archibald most willingly acceded; and as Henry, with generous alacrity, counted the five guineas into his hand, the mean, incorrigible being said to himself, „What fools these bookish young men are, after all! Though he can draw up cases so finely, I've taken him in at last; and I wish it was ten guineas instead of five!"

Fatigued with the recital of the various petty artifices of this avaricious and dissipated young laird, we shall now relieve ourselves, by turning from the history of meanness to that of enthusiasm. The faults of Forester we hope and wish to see corrected; but who can be interested for the selfish Archibald Mackenzie?

(To be continued in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, [illegible]

The Bayadere.

An Indian Tale.

(Concluded from our last.)

Then followed the foot-ranks, — their turbans showed
Like flashes of light from a mountain cloud,
For white were the turbans as winter-snow,
And death-black the foreheads that darkened below;
Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest,
And each bore a lion of gold on his breast,
For this was the chosen band that bore
The lion-standard, it floated o'er
Their ranks like morning; at every wave
Of that purple banner, the trumpets gave
A martial salute to the radiant fold
That bore the lion-king wrought in gold,
And last the elephant came, whose tower
Held the lord of this pomp and power.
And round that chariot of his pride,
Like chains of white sea pearls,
Or braids entwove of summer flowers
Glided fair dancing-girls;
And as the rose-leaves fall to earth,
Their light feet touched the ground, —
But for the zone of silver bells
You had not heard a sound,
So, scattering flowers o'er the way,
Whirled round the beautiful array.
But there was one who 'mid them shone
A planet lovely and alone,
A rose, one flower amid many,
But still the loveliest of any;
Though fair her arm as the moonlight,
Others might raise an arm as white;
Though light her foot as music's fall,
Others might be as musical;
But where were such dark eyes as hers?
So tender, yet withal so bright,
As the dark orbs had in their smile
Mingled the light of day and night.
And where was that wild grace which shed
A loveliness o'er every tread,
A beauty shining through the whole,
Something which spoke of heart and soul.
The Almas had passed lightly on,
The armed ranks, the crowd, were gone,
Yet gazed Mandalla on the square
As she he sought still glided there, —
Oh that fond look, whose eyelids strain
And will not know they look in vain!
At length he turned, — his silent mood
Sought that impassioned solitude,
The Eden of young hearts, where first
Love in its loneliness is nursed.
He sat him by a little fount;
A tulip-tree grew by its side,
A lily with its silver towers
Floated in silence on the tide;
And far round a banana-tree

Kneeled in green sanctuary;
And the long grass, which was his seat,
With every motion grew more sweet,
Yielding a more voluptuous scent
At every blade his pressure bent.
And there he lingered, till the sky
Lost somewhat of its brilliancy,
And crimson shadows rolled on the west,
And round the moon her diamond-crest,
And came a freshness on the trees,
Harbinger of the evening-breeze,
When a sweet far sound of song,
Was borne by the breath of flowers along,
A mingling of the voice and lute,
Such as the wind-harp, when it makes
Its pleasant music to the gale
Which kisses first the chords it breaks.
He followed where the echo led,
Till in a cypress-grove he found
A funeral train, that round a grave
Poured forth their sorrow's wailing sound;
And by the tomb a choir of girls,
With measured steps and mournful notes,
And snow-white robes, while on the air,
Unbound their wreaths, each dark curl floats,
Paced round and sang to her who slept
Calm, while their young eyes o'er her wept.
And she, that loveliest one, is here,
The morning's radiant Bayadere:
A darker light in her dark eyes, —
For tears are there, — a paler brow
Changed but to charm the morning's smile,
Less sparkling, but more touching now.
And first her sweet lip prest the flute,
A nightingale waked by the rose,
And when that honey breath was mute,
Was heard her low song's plaintive close,
Wailing for the young blossom's fall,
The last, the most beloved of all.
As died in gushing tears thy lay,
The band of mourners passed away:
They left their wreaths upon the tomb,
As fading leaves and long perfume
Of her were emblems; and unbound
Many a cage's gilded round,
And set the prisoners free, as none
Were left to love now she was gone.
And azure wings spread on the air,
And songs, rejoicing songs, were heard;
But, pining, as forgotten now,
Lingered one solitary bird:
A beautiful and pearl-white dove,
Alone in its remembering love.
It was a strange and lovely thing
To mark the drooping of its wing,
And how into the grave it prest,
Till soiled the dark earth-stain its breast;
And darker as the night-shades grew,
Sadder became its wailing coo,
As if it missed the hand that bore,
As the cool twilight came, its store
Of seeds and flowers. — There was one
Who, like that dove, was lingering lone, —
The Bayadere: her part had been
Only the hired mourner's part;
But she had given what none might buy, —
The precious sorrow of the heart.
She wooed the white dove to her breast,
It sought at once its place of rest;
Round it she threw her raven hair, —
It seemed to love the gentle snare,
And its soft beak was raised to sip
The honey-dew of her red lip.
Her dark eyes filled with tears, to feel
The gentle creature closer steal
Into her heart with soft caress,
As it would thank her tenderness;
To her 'twas strange and sweet to be
Beloved in such fond purity,
And sighed MANDALLA to think that sin
Could dwell so fair a shrine within.
„Oh, grief to think that she is one
Who like the breeze is wooed and won!
Yet sure it were a task for love
To come like dew of the night from above
Upon her heart, and wash away,
Like dust from the flowers, its stain of clay,
And win her back in her tears to Heaven
Pure, loved and humble, and forgiven:
Yes! freed from the soil of her earthly thrall,
Her smile shall light up my starry hall!"
   The moonlight is on a little bower,

With wall and with roof of leaf and of flower,
Built of that green and holy tree
Which heeds not how rude the storm may be.
Like a bridal canopy overhead
The jasmines their slender wreathings spread,
One with stars as ivory white,
The other with clusters of amber light;
Rose-trees four grew by the wall,
Beautiful each, but different all:
One with that pure hot crimson flush
That marks the maiden's first love-blush;
By its side grew another one,
Pale as the snow of the funeral stone;
The next was rich with the damask dye
Of a monarch's purple drapery;
And the last had leaves like those leaves of gold
Worked on that drapery's royal fold.
And there were four vases, with blossoms filled,
Like censers of incense, their fragrance distilled;
Lilies, heaped like the pearls of the sea,
Peeped from their large leaves' security;
Hyacinths with their graceful bells,
Where the spirit of odour dwells
Like the spirit of music in ocean shells:
And tulips, with every colour that shines
In the radiant gems of Serendib's mines;
One tulip was found in every wreath,
That one most scorched by the summer's breath,
Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow
Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.
And there, beneath the flowered shade
By a pink acacia made,
MANDALLA lay, and by his side,
With eye, and breath, and blush that vied
With the star and with the flower
In their own and loveliest hour,
Was that fair Bayadere, the dove
Yet nestling in her long black hair:
She has now more than that to love,
And the loved one sat by her there.
And by the sweet acacia porch
They drank the softness of the breeze. —
Oh more than lovely are love's dreams,
'Mid lights and blooms and airs like these!
And sometimes she would leave his side,
And like a spirit round him glide;
A light shawl now wreathed round her brow,
Now waving from her hand of snow,
Now wound around her graceful waist,
And now like fetters round her placed;
And then, flung suddenly aside,
Her many curls, instead, unbound,
Waved in fantastic braids, till loosed,
Her long dark tresses swept the ground;
Then, changing from the soft slow step,
Her white feet bounded on the wind
Like gleaming silver, and her hair
Like a dark banner swept behind:
Or with her sweet voice, sweet like a bird's
When it pours forth its first song in spring,
The one like an echo to the other,
She answered the sigh of her soft lute-string,
And with eyes that darkened in gentlest tears,
Like the dewy light in the dark-eyed dove,
Would she sing those sorrowing songs that breathe
Some history of unhappy love.
Yes, thou art mine! MANDALLA said, —
I have lighted up love in thy youthful heart;
I taught thee its tenderness, now I must teach
Its faith, its grief, and its gloomier part;
And then, from thy earth-stains purified,
In my star and my hall shalt thou reign my bride.

It was an evening soft and fair,
As surely those in Eden are,
When, bearing spoils of leaf and flower,
Entered the Bayadere her bower:
Her love lay sleeping, as she thought,
And playfully a bunch she caught,
Of azure hyacinth-bells, and o'er
His face she let the blossoms fall:
„Why I am jealous of thy dreams,
Awaken at thy Ada's call."
No answer came from him whose tone
Had been the echo of her own.
She spoke again, — no words came forth;
She clasped his hand, — she raised his head, —
One wild, loud scream, she sank beside,
As pale, as cold, almost as dead!

By the Ganges raised, for the morning-sun
To shed his earliest beam upon,

In a funeral pile, — around it stand
Priests and the hired mourners' band.
But who is she that so wildly prays
To share the couch and light the blaze?
Mahadeva's love, while scornful eye
And chilling jests mock her agony:
An Alma girl! oh shame, deep shame,
To Brahma's race and Brahma's name!
Unmarked, unpitied, she turned aside,
For a moment her bursting tears to hide.
None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire
Blazed swiftly and fiercely the funeral pyre;
Then like a thought she darted by,
And sprang on the burning pile to die!

„Now thou art mine! away, away
To my own bright star, to my home of day!"
A dear voice sighed, as he bore her along
Gently as spring breezes bear the song.
„Thy love and thy faith have won for thee
The breath of immortality.
Maid of earth, Mahadeva is free to call
Thee the queen of his heart and hall!"

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

(Continued from our last.)

Forester, a Clerk.

We left Forester, when he was just going to offer himself as clerk to a brewer. The brewer was a prudent man; and he sent one of his porters with a letter to Dr. Campbell, to inform him that a young lad, whom he had formerly seen in company with Mr. Henry Campbell, and who, he understood, was the doctors' ward, had applied to him, and that he should be very happy to take him into his service, if his friends approved of it, and could properly recommend him. In consequence of Dr. Campbell's answer to the brewer's letter, Forester, who knew nothing of the application to his friends, obtained the vacant clerkship. He did not, however, long continue in his new situation. At first, he felt happy, when he found himself relieved from the vulgar petulance of Miss M'Evoy and her brother Colin: in comparison with their rude ill-humours, the clerks who where his companions appeared patterns of civility. — By hard experience, Forester was taught to know, that obliging manners in our companions add something to the happiness of our lives. „My mind to me a kingdom is," was once his common answer to all that his friend Henry could urge in favour of the pleasures of society; but he now began to suspect, that, separated from social intercourse, his mind, however enlarged, would afford him but a dreary kingdom.

He flattered himself, that he could make a friend of the clerk, who had found his key: this young man's name was Richardson; he was good-natured, but ignorant; and neither his education nor his abilities distinguished him from any other clerk in similar circumstances. Forester invited him to walk to Arthur's Seat, after the mundane business of the day was over, but the clerk preferred walking on holidays in Prince's Street; and, after several ineffectual attempts to engage him in moral and metaphysical arguments, our hero discovered the depth of his companion's ignorance with astonishment. Once, when he found that two of the clerks, to whom he had been talking of Cicero and Pliny, did not know any thing of these celebrated personages, he said with a sigh,

> „But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
> Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of their soul."

The word *penury*, in this stanza, the clerks at least understood, and it excited their „noble rage;" they hinted, that it ill became a person, who did not dress nearly as well as themselves, to give himself such airs, and to taunt his betters with poverty; they said, that they supposed, because he was an Englishman, as they perceived by his accent, he thought he might insult Scotchmen as he pleased. It was vain for him to attempt any explanation; their pride and their prejudices combined against him; and, though their dislike to him was not so outrageous as that of the gardener, gentle Colin, yet it was quite sufficient to make him uneasy in his situation. Richardson was as civil as could reasonably be expected; but he showed so little desire to have „the ample page, rich with the spoils of time," unrolled to him, that he excited our young scholar's contempt. No friendships can be more unequal than those between ignorance and knowledge. We pass over the journal of our hero's hours, which were spent in casting up and verifying accounts; this occupation, at length, he decided must be extremely injurious to the human understanding: „All the higher faculties of my soul," said he to himself, „are absolutely useless at this work, and I am reduced to a mere machine." But there were many other circumstances, in the mercantile system, which Forester had not foreseen, and which shocked him extremely. The continual attention to petty gain, the little artifices which a tradesman thinks himself justifiable in practising upon his customers, could not be endured by his ingenuous mind. One morning, the brewery was in an uncommon bustle; the clerks were all in motion. Richardson told Forester, that they expected a visit in a few hours from the gauger*) and the supervisor, and that they were preparing for their reception. When the nature of these preparations was explained to Forester, when he was made to understand, that the business and duty of a brewer's clerk was to assist his master in evading certain acts of parliament; when he found, that to trick a gauger was thought an excellent joke, he stood in silent moral astonishment. He knew about as much of the revenue laws as the clerks did of Cicero and Brutus; but his sturdy principles of integrity could not bend to any of the arguments, founded on expediency, which were brought by his companions in their own and their master's justification. He declared, that he must speak to his master upon the subject immediately. His master was as busy as he could possibly be; and when Forester insisted upon seeing him, he declared that he would speak as quickly as he could, for that he expected the supervisor every instant. Our hero declared, that he could not, consistently with his principles, assist in evading the laws of his country. The brewer stared, and then laughed, assured him, that he had as great a respect for the laws as other people, that he did nothing but what every person in his situation was obliged to do in their own defence. Forester resolutely persisted in his determination against all clandestine practices. The brewer cut the matter short, by saying, he had not time to argue; but that he did not choose to keep a clerk, who was not in his interest; that he supposed the next thing would be, to betray him to his supervisor.

„I am no traitor!" exclaimed Forester; „I will not stay another instant with a man who suspects me."

The brewer suffered him to depart without reluctance; but what exasperated Forester the most was the composure of his friend Richardson during this scene. Richardson did not offer to shake hands with him, when he saw him going out of the house; for Richardson had a good place, and did not choose to quarrel with his master, for a person whom he now verily believed to be, as he had originally suspected, insane.

„This is the world! — this is friendship!" said Forester to himself.

His generous and enthusiastic imagination supplied him with eloquent invectives against human nature, even whilst he ardently desired to serve his fellow creatures. He wandered through the streets of Edinburgh, indulging himself alternately in misanthropic reflections and benevolent projects. One instant, he resolved to study the laws, that he might reform the revenue law; the next moment, he recollected his own passion for a desert island; and he regretted that he could not be shipwrecked in Edinburgh.

The sound of a squeaking fiddle roused Forester from his reverie; he looked up, and saw a thin, pale man, fiddling to a set of dancing dogs, that he was exhibiting upon the flags, for the amusement of a crowd of men, women, and children. It was a deplorable spectacle! the dogs appeared so wretched, in the midst of the merriment of the spectators, that Forester's compassion was moved, and he exclaimed. —

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*) [illegible]

„Enough, enough! — They are quite tired; here are some halfpence!“

The showman took the halfpence; but several fresh spectators were yet to see the sight; and, though the exhausted animals were but little inclined to perform their antic feats, their master twitched the *rope*, that was fastened round their necks, so violently, that they were compelled to renew their melancholy dance.

Forester darted forward, stopped the fiddler's hand, and began an expostulation, not one word of which was understood by the person to whom it was addressed. A stout lad, who was very impatient of this interruption of his diversion, began to abuse Forester, and presently from words he proceeded to blows.

Forester, though a better orator, was by no means so able a boxer as his opponent. The battle was obstinately fought on both sides; but, at length, our young Quixote received what has no name in heroic language, but in the *vulgar* tongue is called a *black eye*; and covered with blood and bruises, he was carried by some humane passenger into a neighbouring house. It was a printer and bookseller's shop. The bookseller treated him with humanity; and, after advising him not to be so hastily engaged to be the champion of *dancing-dogs*, inquired who he was, and whether he had any friends in Edinburgh, to whom he could send.

This printer, from having been accustomed to converse with variety of people, was a good judge of the language of gentlemen; and, though there was nothing else in Forester's manners which could have betrayed him, he spoke in such good language, that the bookseller was certain, that he had received a liberal education.

Our hero declined telling his history; but the printer was so well pleased with his conversation, that he readily agreed to give him employment; and, as soon as he recovered from his bruises, Forester was eager to learn the art of printing.

„The art of printing,“ said he, „has emancipated mankind, and printers ought to be considered as the most respectable benefactors of the human race.“

Always warm in his admiration of every new phantom that struck his imagination, he was now persuaded that printers' devils were angels, and that he should be supremely blessed in a printer's office.

„What employment so noble!“ said he, as he first took the composing-stick in his hand; „what employment so noble, as that of disseminating knowledge over the universe!“

Forester, a Printer.

It was some time before our hero acquired dexterity in his new trade: his companions formed, with amazing celerity, whole sentences, whilst he was searching for letters, which perpetually dropped from his awkward hands, but he was ashamed of his former versatility, and he resolved to be steady to his present way of life. — His situation, at this printer's, was far better suited to him than that which he had quitted, with so much disgust, at the brewer's. He rose early, and, by great industry, overcame all the difficulties which at first so much alarmed him. He soon became the most useful journeyman in the office. His diligence and good behaviour recommended him to his master's employers. Whenever any work was brought, Forester was sent for. This occasioned him to be much in the shop, where he heard the conversation of many ingenious men who frequented it; and he spent his evenings in reading. His understanding had been of late uncultivated; but the fresh seeds, that were now profusely scattered upon the vigorous soil took root, and flourished.

Forester was just at that time of life when opinions are valued for being new; he heard varieties of the most contradictory assertions in morals, in medicine, in politics. It is a great advantage to a young man to hear opposite arguments, to hear all that can be said upon every subject.

Forester no longer obstinately adhered to the set of notions which he had acquired from his education; he heard many, whom he could not think his inferiors in abilities, debating questions which he formerly imagined scarcely admitted of philosophic doubt. His mind became more humble; but his confidence in his own powers, after having compared himself with numbers, if less arrogant, was more secure and rational: he no longer considered a man as a fool the moment he differed with him in opinion; but he was still a little inclined to estimate the abilities of others by the party to which they belonged. This failing was increased, rather than diminished, by the company which he now kept.

Amongst the young students who frequented Mr. * * *, the bookseller, was Mr. Thomas * * *, who from his habit of *blurting* out strange opinions in conversation, acquired the name of Tom Random. His head was confused between politics and poetry; his arguments were paradoxical, his diction florid, and his gesture something between the spouting action of a player, and the threatening action of a pugilist.

Forester was caught by the oratory of this genius from the first day he heard him speak.

Tom Random asserted, that „this great globe, and all that it inhabit," must inevitably be doomed to destruction, unless certain ideas of his own, in the government of the world, were immediately adopted by universal acclamation.

It was not approbation, it was not esteem, which Forester felt for his new friend; it was for the first week blind, enthusiastic admiration — every thing that he had seen or heard before appeared to him trite and obsolete; every person who spoke temperate common sense he heard with indifference or contempt; and all who were not zealots in literature, or in politics, he considered as persons whose understandings were so narrow, or whose hearts were so depraved, as to render them „unfit to hear themselves convinced."

Those who read and converse have a double chance of correcting their errors.

Forester, most fortunately, about this time, happened to meet with a book which in some degree counteracted the inflammatory effects of Random's conversation, and which had a happy tendency to sober his enthusiasm, without lessening his propensity to useful exertions: this book was the life of Dr. Franklin.

The idea that this great man began by being a printer interested our hero in his history; and whilst he followed him, step by step, through his instructive narrative, Forester sympathised in his feelings, and observed how necessary the smaller virtues of order, economy, industry, and patience were in Franklin's great character and splendid success. He began to hope that it would be possible to do good to his fellow-creatures, without overturning all existing institutions.

About this time, another fortunate coincidence happened in Forester's education. One evening, his friend, Tom Random, who was printing a pamphlet, came, with a party of his companions, into Mr. * * *, the bookseller's shop; enraged at the decision of a prize in a literary society to which they belonged.

All the young partisans who surrounded Mr. Random loudly declared that he had been treated with the most flagrant injustice; and the author himself was too angry to affect any modesty upon the occasion.

„Would you believe it?" said he to Forester — „my Essay has not been thought worthy of the prize! — The medal has been given to the most wretched, tame, common-place performance you ever saw. Every thing in this world is done by corruption, by party, by secret influence!"

At every pause, the irritated author wiped his forehead, and Forester sympathised in his feelings.

In the midst of the author's exclamations, a messenger came with the manuscript of the prize Essay, and, with the orders of the society to have a certain number of copies printed off with all possible expedition.

Random snatched up the manuscript, and, with all the fury of criticism, began to read some of the passages which he disliked aloud.

Though it was marred in the reading, Forester could not agree with his angry friend in condemning the performance. It appeared to him excellent writing and excellent sense.

„Print it — print it then, as fast as you can — that is your business — that's what you are paid for. Every one for himself,“ cried Random, insolently throwing the manuscript at Forester; and, as he flung of the shop with his companions, he added, with a contemptuous laugh, „A printer's devil setting up for a critic! He may be a capital judge of pica and brevier*), perhaps — but let not the compositor go beyond his stick**).“

„Is this the man,“ said Forester, „whom I have heard so eloquent in the praise of candour and liberality? Is this the man who talks of universal toleration and freedom of opinion, and who yet cannot bear that any one should differ from him in correcting a sentence? Is this the man who would have equality amongst all his fellow-creatures, and who calls a compositor a printer's devil! Is this the man who cants about the *pre-eminence of mind* and the *perfections of intellect*; who takes advantage of his rank, of his supporters, of the cry of his partisans, to bear down the voice of reason? — Let not the compositor go beyond his composing-stick! — And why not? why should not he be a judge of writing?“ At this reflection, Forester eagerly took up the manuscript, which had been flung at his feet. All his indignant feelings instantly changed into delightful exultation — he saw the hand — he read the name of Henry Campbell. The title of the manuscript was „*An Essay on the best Method of reforming Abuses.*“ This was the subject proposed by the society; and Henry had written upon the question with so much moderation, and yet with such unequivocal decision had shown himself the friend of rational liberty, that all the members of the society who were not borne away by their prejudices were unanimous in their preference of this performance.

Random's declamation only inflamed the minds of his own partisans. Good judges of writing exclaimed, as they read it — „This is all very fine, but what would this man be at? His violence hurts the cause he wishes to support.“

Forester read Henry Campbell's Essay with all the avidity of friendship; he read it again and again — his generous soul was incapable of envy; and whilst he admired, he was convinced by the force of reason.

His master desired that he would set about the Essay early in the morning; but his eagerness for his friend Henry's fame was such, that he sat up above half the night, hard at work at it. He was indefatigable the next day at the business; and, as all hands were employed on the Essay, it was finished that evening.

Forester rubbed his hands with delight, when he had set the name of Henry Campbell in the title-page — but an instant afterwards he sighed bitterly.

„I am only a printer,“ said he to himself. „These just arguments, these noble ideas, will instruct and charm hundreds of my fellow-creatures: no one will ever ask — Who set the types?“

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Tom Random and two of his partisans: he was extremely displeased to find that the printers had not been going on with his pamphlet; his personal disappointments seemed to increase the acrimony of zeal for the public good; he declaimed upon politics — upon the necessity for the immediate publication of his sentiments, for the salvation of the state. His action was suited to his words: violent and blind to consequences, with one sudden kick, designed to express his contempt for the opposite party, this political Alnaschar unfortunately overturned the form which contained the types for the newspaper of the next day, which was just going to the press — a newspaper in which he had written splendid paragraphs.

(To be continued in our next.)

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*) Cicero und Petit.

**) Winkelhaken.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. No. 11.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

(Continued from our last.)

Forester, happily for his philosophy, recollected the account which Franklin, in his history of his own life, gives of the patience with which he once bore a similar accident. The printers, with secret imprecations against oratory, or at least against those orators who think that action is every thing, set to work again to repair the mischief.

Forester, much fatigued, at length congratulated himself upon having finished his hard day's work, when a man from the shop came to inquire whether three hundred cards, which had been ordered the week before to be printed off, were finished. The man to whom the order was given had forgotten it, and he was going home: he decidedly answered, „No; the cards can't be done till to-morrow: we have left work for this night, thank God."

„The gentleman says he must have them," expostulated the messenger.

„He must not, he cannot have them. I would not print a card for his majesty at this time of night," replied the sullen workman, throwing his hat upon his head, in token of departure.

„What are these cards?" said Forester.

„Only a dancing-master's cards for his ball," said the printer's journeyman. „I'll not work beyond my time for any dancing-master that wears a head."

The messenger then said, that he was desired to ask for the manuscript card.

This card was hunted for all over the room; and, at last, Forester found it under a heap of refuse papers: his eye was caught with the name of his old friend, Monsieur Pasgrave, the dancing-master, whom he had formerly frightened by the skeleton with the fiery eyes.

„I will print the cards for him myself; I am not at all tired," cried Forester, who was determined to make some little amends for the injury which he had formerly done to the poor dancing-master. He resolved to print the cards for nothing, and he staid up very late to finish them. His companions all left him, for they were in a great hurry to see, what in Edinburgh is a rare sight, the town illuminated.

These illuminations were upon account of some great naval victory.

Forester, steady to Monsieur Pasgrave's cards, did what no other workman would have done; he finished for him, on this night of public joy, his three hundred cards. Every now and then, as he was quietly at work, he heard the loud huzzas in the street: his wasting candle sunk in the socket, as he had just packed up his work.

By the direction at the bottom of the cards, he learned where M. Pangrave lodged, and, as he was going out to look at the illuminations, he resolved to leave them himself at the dancing-master's house.

The Illuminations.

The illuminations were really beautiful. He went up to the Castle, whence he saw a great part of the Old Town, and all Princes'-street, lighted up in the most splendid manner. He crossed the North-bridge into Princes'-street. Walking down Princes'-street, he saw a crowd of people gathered before the large illuminated window of a confectioner's shop. As he approached nearer, he distinctly heard the voice of Tom Random, who was haranguing the mob. The device and motto which the confectioner displayed in his window displeased this gentleman; who, beside his public-spirited abhorrence of all men of a party opposite to his own, had likewise private cause of dislike to this confectioner, who had refused him his daughter in marriage.

It was part of Random's new system of political justice to revenge his own quarrels.

The mob, who are continually, without knowing it, made the instruments of private malice, when they think they are acting in a public cause, readily joined in Tom Random's cry of „Down with the motto! Down with the motto!"

Forester, who, by his lesson from the dancing dog had earned a little prudence, and who had just printed Henry Campbell's Essay on the best Means of reforming Abuses, did not mix with the rabble, but joined in the remonstrances of some peaceable passengers, who prayed that the poor man's windows might be spared. The windows were, notwithstanding, demolished, with a terrible crash, and the crowd then, alarmed at the mischief they had done, began to disperse. The constables, who had been sent for, appeared. Tom Random was taken into custody. Forester was pursuing his way to the dancing-master's, when one of the officers of justice exclaimed, „Stop! — stop him! — he's one of 'em: he's a great friend of Mr. Random: I've seen him when parading arm in arm in High-street with him!"

This, alas! was too true: the constables seized Forester, and put him, with Tom Random and the ring-leaders of the riot, into a place of confinement for the night.

Poor Forester, who was punished for the faults of his former friend and present enemy, had, during this long night, leisure for much wholesome reflection upon the danger of forming imprudent intimacies. He resolved never to walk again in High-street arm in arm with such a man as Tom Random.

The constables were rather hasty in the conclusions they drew from this presumptive evidence.

Our hero, who felt the disgrace of his situation, was not a little astonished at Tom Random's consoling himself with drinking instead of philosophy. The sight of this enthusiast, when he had completely intoxicated himself, was a disgusting but useful spectacle to our indignant hero. Forester was shocked at the union of gross vice and rigid pretensions to virtue: he could scarcely believe that the reeling, stammering idiot whom he now beheld was the same being from whose lips he had heard declamations upon the *omnipotence of intellect* — from whose pen he had seen projects for the government of empires.

The dancing-master, who, in the midst of the illuminations, had regretted that his cards could not be printed, went early in the morning to inquire about them at the printer's.

The printer had learnt that one of his boys was taken up amongst the rioters: he was sorry to find that Forester had gotten himself into such a scrape; but he was a very cautious canny man, and he did not choose to interfere: he left him quietly to be dealt with according to law.

The dancing-master, however, was interested in finding him out, because he was informed that Forester had sat up almost all night to print his cards, and that he had them now in his pocket.

M. Pangrave at length gained admittance to him in his confinement: the officers of justice were taking him and Henry before Mr. W***, a magistrate, with whom informations had been lodged by the confectioner, who had suffered in his windows.

Pangrove, when he beheld Forester, was surprised to such a degree, that he could scarcely finish his bow, or express his astonishment, either in French or English. — „Eh, monsieur! — mon Dieu! — bon Dieu! I beg ten million pardon — I am come to search for a printer, who has my cards in his pocket."

„Here are your cards," said Forester; „let me speak a few words to you." He took M. Pangrove aside — „I perceive," said he, „that you have discovered who I am. Though in the service of a printer, I have still as much the feelings and principles of a gentleman as I had when you saw me in Dr. Campbell's house. I have particular reasons for being anxious to remain undiscovered by Dr. Campbell, or any of his family: you may depend upon it that my reasons are not dishonourable. I request that you will not, upon any account, betray me to that family. I am going before a magistrate, and am accused of being concerned in a riot, which I did every thing in my power to prevent.

„Ah! monsieur," interrupted the dancing-master, but you are de grand inconvenience of concealing your rank and name. You, who are comme il faut, are confounded with the mob: permit me at least to follow you to Mr. W***, the magistrate: I have de honneur to teach les demoiselles his daugters to dance; dey are to be at my ball — dey take above a dozen tickets. I must call dere with my cards; and I shall, if you will give me leave, accompany you now, and mention dat I know you to be un homme comme il faut, above being guilty of so unbecoming action. I flatter myself I have some interest wid de ladies of de family, and dat dey will do me de favour to speak to monsieur leur cher père sur votre compte."

Forester thanked the good-natured dancing-master, but he proudly said, that he should trust to his own innocence for his defence.

M. Pangrove, who had seen something more of the world than our hero, and who was interested for him, because he had once made him a present of an excellent violin, and because he had sat up half the night to print the ball cards, resolved not to leave him entirely to his innocence for a defence: he followed Forester to Mr. W***'s. The magistrate was a slow, pompous man, by no means a good physiognomist, much less a good judge of character. He was proud of his authority, and glad to play the small portion of legal knowledge which he possessed. As soon as he was informed that some young men were brought before him, who had been engaged the preceding night in a riot, he put on all his magisterial terrors, and assured the confectioner, who had a private audience of him, that he should have justice; and that the person or persons concerned in breaking his window or windows should be punished with the utmost severity that the law would allow. Contrary to the humane spirit of the British law, which supposes every man to be innocent till it is proved that he is guilty, this harsh magistrate presumed that every man who was brought before him was guilty till he was proved to be innocent. Forester's appearance was not in his favour: he had been up all night; his hair was dishevelled; his linen was neither fine nor white; his shoes were thicksoled and dirty; his coat was that in which he had been at work at the printer's the preceding day; it was in several places daubed with printer's ink; and his unwashed hands bespoke his trade. Of all these circumstances the slow incompetent eye of the magistrate took cognizance, one by one. Forester observed the effect which this survey produced upon his judge; and he felt that appearances were against him, and that appearances are sometimes of consequence. After having estimated his poverty by these external symptoms, the magistrate looked, for the first time, in his face, and pronounced that he had one of the worst countenances he ever beheld. This judgment once pronounced, he proceeded to justify it, by wresting to the prisoner's disadvantage every circumstance that appeared. Forester's having been frequently seen in Tom Random's company was certainly against him: the confectioner perpetually repeated that they were constant companions; that they were continually walking together every Sunday; and that they often had come arm in arm into his shop, talking politics; that he believed *Forester* to be of the same way of thinking with Mr. Random; and that he saw him close behind him, at the moment the stones were thrown that broke the windows. It appeared that Mr. Random was at that time active in encouraging the mob. To oppose the angry confectioner's conjectural evidence, the lad who threw the stone, and who was now produced, declared that *Forester* held back his arm, and said, „My good lad, don't break this man's windows: go home quietly; here's a shilling for you." The person who gave this honest testimony, in whom there was a strange mixture of the love of mischief and the spirit of generosity, was the very lad who fought with *Forester*, and beat him, about the dancing-dogs. He whispered to *Forester*, „Do you remember me? I hope you don't bear malice." The magistrate, who heard this whisper, immediately construed it to the prisoner's disadvantage. — „Then, sir," said he, addressing himself to our hero, „this gentleman, I understand, claims acquaintance with you; his acquaintance really does you honour, and speaks strongly in favour of your character. If I mistake not, this is the lad whom I sent to the Tolbooth, some little time ago, for a misdemeanour; and he is not, I apprehend, a stranger to the stocks."

Forester commanded his temper as well as he was able, and observed, that whatever might be the character of the young man who had spoken in his favour, his evidence would, perhaps, he thought to deserve some credit, when the circumstances of his acquaintance with the witness were known. He then related the adventure of the dancing-dogs, and remarked, that the testimony of an enemy came with double force in his favour. The language and manner in which *Forester* spoke surprised all who were present; but the history of the dancing-dogs appeared so ludicrous and so improbable, that the magistrate decidedly pronounced it to be „a fabrication, a story invented to conceal the palpable collusion of the witnesses." Yet, though he one moment declared that he did not believe the story, he the next inferred from it, that *Forester* was disposed to riot and sedition, since he was ready to fight with a vagabond in the streets for the sake of a parcel of dancing-dogs.

M. Pasgrave, in the mean time, had, with great good-nature, been representing *Forester* in the best light he possibly could to the young ladies, the magistrate's daughters. One of them sent to beg to speak to their father. Mr. Pasgrave judiciously dwelt upon his assurances of *Forester's* being a gentleman: he told Mr. W*** that he had met him in one of the best families in Edinburgh; that he knew he had some private reasons for concealing that he was a gentleman; „perhaps the young, gentleman was reduced to temporary distress," he said; but whatever might be these reasons, M. Pasgrave vouched for his having very respectable friends and connexions. The magistrate wished to know the family in which M. Pasgrave had met *Forester*; but he was, according to his promise, impenetrable on this subject. His representations had, however, the desired effect upon Mr. W***: when he returned to the examination of our hero, his opinion of his countenance somewhat varied: he despatched his other business, bailed Tom Random on high sureties; and, when *Forester* was the only person that remained, he turned to him with great solemnity; bade him sit down; informed him that he knew him to be a gentleman; that he was greatly concerned that a person like him, who had respectable friends and connexions, should involve himself in such a disagreeable affair; that it was a matter of grief and surprise to him, to see a young gentleman in such apparel; that he earnestly recommended to him to accommodate matters with his friends; and, above all things, to avoid the company of seditious persons. Much good advice, but in a dictatorial tone, and in cold, pompous language, he bestowed upon the prisoner; and at length dismissed him. „How different," said Forester to himself, „is this man's method of giving advice from Dr. Campbell's!"

This lesson strongly impressed, however, upon our hero's mind the belief, that external appearance, dress, manners, and the company we keep, are the usual circumstances by which the world judge of character and conduct. When he was dismissed from Mr. W***'s august presence, the first thing he did was to inquire for Pangrove; he was giving the magistrate's daughters a lesson, and could not be interrupted; but Forester left a note for him, requesting to see him at ten o'clock, the next day, at Mr. ** the bookseller's. New mortifications awaited our hero: on his return to his master, the bookseller, he was very coldly received; Mr. ** let him know, in unqualified terms, that he did not like to employ any one in his work who got into quarrels at night in the public streets. Forester's former favour with his master, his industry and talents, were not considered without envy by the rest of the journeymen printers; and they took advantage of his absence to misrepresent him to the bookseller: however, when Forester came to relate his own story, his master was convinced that he was not to blame; that he had worked extremely hard the preceding day; and that, far from having been concerned in a riot, he had done every thing in his power to prevent mischief. He desired to see the Essay, which was printed with so much expedition: it was in the hands of the corrector of the press. The sheets were sent for, and the bookseller was in admiration at the extraordinary correctness with which it was printed; the corrector of the press scarcely had occasion to alter a word, a letter, or a stop. There was a quotation in the manuscript from Juvenal. Henry Campbell had, by mistake, omitted to name the satire and line, and the author from which it was taken, though he had left a blank in which they were to be inserted. The corrector of the press, though a literary gentleman, was at a stand. Forester immediately knew where to look for the passage in the original author; he found it, and inserted the book and line in their proper place. His master did not suffer this to pass unnoticed; he hinted to him, that it was a pity a young man of his abilities and knowledge should waste his time in the mere technical drudgery of printing. „I should be glad now," continued the bookseller, „to employ you as a corrector of the press, and to advance you, according to your merits, in the world, but," glancing his eye at Forester's dress, „you must give me leave to say, that some attention to outward appearance is necessary in our business. Gentlemen call here, as you well know, continually, and I like to have the people about me make a creditable appearance. You have earned money since you have been with me — surely you can afford yourself a decent suit of clothes and a cleaner shirt. I beg your pardon for speaking so freely; but I really have a regard for you, and wish to see you get forward in life."

Forester, a Corrector of the Press.

Forester had not, since he left Dr. Campbell's, been often spoken to in a tone of friendship. The bookseller's well-meant frank remonstrance made its just impression; and he resolved to make the necessary additions to his wardrobe; nay, he even went to a hair-dresser, to have his hair cut and brought into decent order. His companions, the printers, had not been sparing in their remarks upon the meanness of his former apparel, and Forester pleased himself with anticipating the respect they would feel for him, when he should appear in better clothes. „Can such trifles," said he to himself, „make such a change in the opinion of my fellow-creatures? And why should I fight with the world for trifles? My real merit is neither increased nor diminished by the dress I may happen to wear; but I see that, unless I waste all my life in combating the prejudices of superficial observers, I should avoid all those peculiarities in my external appearance which prevent whatever good qualities I have from obtaining their just respect." He was surprised at the blindness of his companions, who could not discover his merit through the roughness of his manners and the disadvantages of his dress; but he determined to shine out upon them in the superior dress and character of a corrector of the press. He went to a tailor's, and bespoke a suit of clothes. He bought new linen; and our readers will perhaps hear with surprise, that he actually began to consider *very seriously* whether he should not take a *few* lessons in dancing. He had learned to dance *formerly*, and was not naturally either inactive or awkward; but his contempt for that art prevented him, for some years, from practising it; and he had nearly forgotten his wonted agility. Henry Campbell once, when Forester was declaiming against dancing, told him, that if he had learned to dance, and excelled in the art, his contempt for the trifling accomplishment would have more effect upon the minds of others, because it could not be mistaken for envy. This remark made a deep impression upon our hero, especially as he observed that his *friend* Henry was not in the least vain of his personal graces, and had cultivated his understanding, though he could dance a Scotch reel. Scotch reels were associated in Forester's imagination with Flora Campbell; and in balancing the arguments *for* and against learning to dance, the recollection of Archibald Mackenzie's triumphant look, when he led her away as his partner at the famous ball, had more influence perhaps upon Forester's mind than his pride and philosophy apprehended. He began to have some confused design of returning, at some distant period, to his friends; and he had hopes that he should appear in a more amiable light to Flora, after he had perfected himself in an accomplishment, which he fancied she admired prodigiously. His esteem for the lady was rather diminished by this belief; but still a sufficient quantity remained to excite in him a strong ambition to please. The agony he felt the night he left the ball-room was such, that he could not even now recollect the circumstance without confusion and anguish of mind. His hands were now such as could appear without gloves; and he resolved to commence the education of his feet.

M. Pasgrave called upon him, in consequence of the message which he left at the magistrate's: his original design in sending for the dancing-master was to offer him some acknowledgment for his obliging conduct. „M. Pasgrave," said he, „you have behaved towards me like a man of honour; you have kept my secret; I am convinced that you will continue to keep it inviolate." As he spoke, he produced a ten-guinea bank-note; for at length he had prevailed upon himself to have recourse to his pocket-book, which, till this day, had remained untouched. Pasgrave stared at the sight of the note, and withdrew his hand at first, when it was offered; but he yielded at length, when Forester assured him that he was not in any distress, and that he could perfectly well afford to indulge his feelings of gratitude. „Nay" continued Forester, who, if he had not always practised the maxims of politeness, notwithstanding possessed that generosity of mind and good sense on which real politeness must *depend* — „you shall not be under any obligation to me, M. Pasgrave: I am just going to ask a favour from you. You must teach me to dance." „Wid de utmost pleasure," exclaimed the delighted dancing-master; and the hours of his attendance were soon settled. Whatever Forester attempted, he pursued with energy. M. Pasgrave, after giving him a few lessons, prophesied that he would do him infinite credit; and Forester felt a secret pride in the idea that he should surprise his friends, some time or other, with his new accomplishments.

He continued in the bookseller's service, correcting the press for him, much to his satisfaction, and the change in his personal appearance pleased his master, as it showed attention to his advice. Our hero, from time to time, exercised his talents in writing; and, as he inserted his compositions, under a fictitious signature, in his master's newspaper, he had an opportunity of hearing the most unprejudiced opinions of a variety of critics, who often came to read the papers at their house. He stated, in short essays, some of those arguments concerning the advantages and disadvantages of politeness, luxury, the love of society, misanthropy, etc., which had formerly passed between him and Henry Campbell; and he listened to the remarks that were made upon each side of the question. — How it happened, we know not; but after he had taken lessons for about six weeks from M. Pasgrave, he became extremely solicitous to have a solution of all his sceptical doubts, and to furnish himself with the best possible arguments in favour of civilized society. He could not bear the idea that he yielded his opinions to any thing less than strict demonstration: he drew up a list of queries, which concluded with the following question: — „What should be the distinguishing characteristics of the higher classes of people in society?" — This query was answered in one of the public papers, a few days after it appeared in M***'s paper, and the answer was signed *H. C., a friend to Society.* Even without these initials, Forester would easily have discovered it to be Henry Campbell's writing; and several strokes seemed to be so particularly addressed to him, that he could not avoid thinking Henry had discovered the querist. The impression which arguments make upon the mind varies with time and change of situation. Those arguments in favour of subordination in society, in favour of agreeable manners, and attention to the feelings of others in the great concerns of life, which our hero had heard with indifference from Dr. Campbell and Henry in conversation, struck him when he saw them in a printed essay, with all the force of conviction; and he wondered how it had happened that he never before perceived them to be conclusive.

He put the newspaper, which contained this essay, in his pocket; and, after he had finished his day's work, and had taken his evening lesson from M. Pasgrave, he went out with an intention of going to a favourite spot upon Arthur's Seat, to read the essay again at his leisure.

But he was stopped at the turn from the North Bridge into High-street by a scavenger's cart. The scavenger, with his broom which had just swept the High-street, was clearing away a heap of mud. Two gentlemen on horseback, who were riding like postillions, came up during this operation — Sir Philip Gosling and Archibald Mackenzie. Forester had his back towards them, and he never looked round, because he was too intent upon his own melancholy thoughts. Archibald was mounted upon Sawney, the horse which he had so *fairly* won from his friend sir Philip. The half-guinea which had been promised to the hostler had not yet been paid; and the hostler, determined to revenge himself upon Archibald, invented an ingenious method of gratifying his resentment. He taught Sawney to rear and plunge, whenever his legs were touched by the broom with which the stables were swept. When Sawney was perfectly well trained to this trick, the cunning hostler communicated his design, and related his cause of complaint against Archibald to a scavenger, who was well known at the livery-stables. The scavenger entered into his friend the hostler's feelings, and promised to use his broom in his cause, whenever a convenient and public opportunity should offer. The hour of retribution was now arrived: the scavenger saw his young gentleman in full glory, mounted upon Sawney: he kept his eye upon him, whilst, in company with the baronet, he came over the North Bridge: there was a stop, from the meeting of carts and carriages. The instant Archibald came within reach of the broom, the scavenger slightly touched Sawney's legs; Sawney plunged and reared — and reared and plunged. The scavenger stood grinning at the sight. Forester attempted to seize the horse's bridle; but Sawney, who seemed determined upon the point, succeeded. When Forester snatched at his bridle he reared, then plunged; and Archibald Mackenzie was fairly lodged in the scavenger's cart. Whilst the well-dressed laird floundered in the mud, Forester gave the horse to the servant, who had now ridden up; and satisfied that Mackenzie had received no material injury, inquired not farther. He turned to assist a poor washerwoman, who was lifting a large basket of clean linen into her house, to get it out of the way of the cart. As soon as he had helped her to lift the basket into her passage, he was retiring, when he heard a voice at the back-door, which was at the other end of the passage. It was the voice of a child; and he listened, for he thought he had heard it before. — „The door is locked,“ said the washerwoman. „I know who it is that is knocking; it is only a little girl who is coming for a cap which I have there in the basket.“ The door was unlocked, and Forester saw the little girl to whom the fine geranium belonged. What a number of ideas she recalled to his mind! She looked at him, and hesitated, curtsied, then turned away, as if she was afraid she was mistaken, and asked the washerwoman if she had plaited her grandmother's cap. The woman searched in her basket, and produced the cap nicely plaited. The little girl, in the mean time, considered Forester with anxious attention. „I believe,“ said she, timidly, „you are, or you are very like, the gentleman who was so good as to — “ „Yes,“ interrupted Forester, „I know what you mean. I am the man who went with you to try to obtain justice from your tyrannical school-mistress: I did not do you any good. — Have you seen — have you heard any thing of — ?“ Such a variety of recollections pressed upon Forester's heart, that he could not pronounce the name of Henry Campbell; and he changed his question. „Is your old grandmother recovered?“ „She is quite well, thank you, sir; and she is grown young again, since you saw her: perhaps you don't know how good Mr. Henry and the young lady have been to us. We don't live now in that little, close, dark room at the watchmaker's. We are as happy, sir, as the day is long.“ „But what of Henry? — what of — ?“ „O sir! — but if you are not very busy, or in a great hurry — it is but a little way off — if you could come and look at our new house — I don't mean our house, for it is not ours; but we take care of it, and we have two little rooms to ourselves; and Mr. Henry and Miss Flora very often come to see us. I wish you could come to see how nice our rooms are! The house is not far off, only at the back of the Meadows.“ „Go, show me the way — I'll follow you,“ said Forester, after he had satisfied himself that there was no danger of his meeting any of Dr. Campbell's family.

The Meadows.

Our hero accompanied the little girl with eager, benevolent curiosity. „There,“ said she, when they came to the Meadows, „do you see that white house, with the paling before it?“ — „But that cannot be your house!“ „No, no, sir, Dr. Campbell and several gentlemen have the large room, and they come there twice a week, to teach something to a great many children. Grandmother can explain all that better to you, sir, than I can; but all I know is, that it is our business to keep the room aired and swept, and to take care of the glass things which you'll see; and you shall see how clean it is — it was I swept it this morning.“

They had now reached the gate, which was in the paling before the house. The old woman came to the door, clean, neat, and cheerful; she recollected to have seen Forester in company with Henry Campbell at the watchmaker's; and this was sufficient to make him a welcome guest. „God bless the family and all that belongs to them, for ever and ever!“ said the woman. „This way, sir,“ — „O, don't look into our little rooms yet; look at the great room first, if you please, sir,“ said the child.

There was a large table in the middle of this long room, and several glass retorts, and other chemical vessels, were ranged upon shelves, wooden benches were placed on each side of the table. The grandmother, to whom the little girl had referred for a clear explanation, could not, however, tell Forester very exactly the uses of the retorts; but she informed him that many of the manufacturers in Edinburgh sent their sons hither, twice a week; and Dr. Campbell, and Mr. Henry Campbell, and some other gentlemen, came by turns to instruct them.

(To be continued in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Forester.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

(Continued from our last.)

Forester recollected now that he once heard Henry talking to his father about a scheme for teaching the children of the manufacturers of Edinburgh some knowledge of chemistry; such as they might afterwards employ advantageously to the arts, and every-day business of life.

„I have formed projects, but what good have I ever actually done to my fellow-creatures?" said Forester to himself. With melancholy steps he walked to examine every thing in the room. „Dr. Campbell sits in this armchair, does not he? and where does Henry sit?" The old woman placed the chairs for him as they usually were placed. Upon one of the shelves there was a slate, which, as it had been written upon, the little girl had put by very carefully; there were some calculations upon the weight of different gases, and the figures Forester knew to be Henry's; he looked at every thing that was Henry's with pleasure. „Because I used to be so rough in my manner to him," said Forester to himself, „I dare say that he thinks I have no feeling; and I suppose he has forgotten me by this time. I deserve, indeed, to be forgotten by every body! How could I leave such friends!" On the other side of the slate poor Forester saw his own name written several times over, in his friend's hand-writing, and he read two lines of his own poetry, which he remembered to have repeated to Henry, the day that they walked to Arthur's Seat. Forester felt much pleasure from this little proof of his friend Henry's remembrance. „Now won't you look at our nice rooms?" said the child, who had waited with some impatience, till he had done pondering upon the slate.

The little rooms were well arranged, and their neatness was not now so much lost upon our hero as it would have been some months before. The old woman and her grand-daughter, with all the pride of gratitude, exhibited to him several little presents of furniture which they had received from Dr. Campbell's family. „Mr. Henry gave me this! — Miss Flora gave me that" was frequently repeated. The little girl opened the door of her own room. On a clean, white deal bracket, which „*Mr. Henry had put up with his own hands*" stood the well-known geranium in its painted flower-pot. Forester saw nothing else in the room, and it was in vain that both the old woman and her grand-daughter talked to him at once — he heard not a word that was said to him. The flowers were all gone, and the brown calyces of the geranium flowers reminded him of the length of time which had elapsed since he had first seen them. „I am sorry there are no flowers to offer you," said the little girl, observing Forester's melancholy look; „but I thought you did not like geraniums; for I remember, when I gave you a fine flower in the watchmaker's shop, you pulled it to pieces, and threw it on the ground.“ „I should not do so now,“ said Forester. The black marks on the painted flower-pot had been entirely effaced. Forester turned away, endeavoured to conceal his emotion, and took leave of the place, as soon as the grateful inhabitants would suffer him to depart. The reflection, that he had wasted his time; that he had never done any good to any human being; that he had lost opportunities of making both himself and others happy, pressed upon his mind; but his natural pride still resisted the thought of returning to Dr. Campbell's. „It will be imagined that I yield my opinions from meanness of spirit,“ said he to himself, „Dr. Campbell certainly has no farther regard or esteem for me: neither he nor Henry have troubled themselves about my fate. They are doing good to more deserving objects; they are intent upon literary pursuits, and have not time to bestow a thought on me: and Flora, I suppose, is as gay as she is good. I alone am unhappy — a wanderer — an outcast — a useless being.“

Forester, whilst he was looking at the geranium, or soon afterwards, missed his handkerchief: the old woman and her grand-daughter searched for it all over the house, but in vain. He then thought he must have left it at the washerwoman's, where he met the little girl. He called to inquire for it, upon his return to Edinburgh. When he returned to this woman's house for his handkerchief, he found her sitting upon a low stool, in her laundry, weeping bitterly; her children stood round her. Forester inquired into the cause of her distress; and she told him that, a few minutes after he left her, the young gentleman who had been thrown from his horse into the scavenger's cart was brought into her house, whilst his servant went home for another suit of clothes for him. „I did not at first guess that I had ever seen the young gentleman before,“ continued she; „but when the mud was cleared from his face, I knew him to be Mr. Archibald Mackenzie. I am sure I wish I had never seen his face then, or at any time. He was in a very bad humour after his tumble; and he began again to threaten me about a ten-guinea bank-note, which he and his servant declare they left in his waistcoat pocket to be washed. I'm sure I never saw it. Mr. Henry Campbell quieted him about it for a while; but just now he began again with me, and he says he has spoken to an attorney, and that he will make me pay the whole note; and he swore at me as if I had been the worst creature in the world; and God knows, I work hard for my children, and never wronged any one in my days!“

Forester, who forgot all his own melancholy reflections as soon as he could assist any one who was in distress, bade the poor woman dry her tears and assured her that she had nothing to fear; for he would instantly go to Dr. Campbell, and get him to speak to Mackenzie. „If it is necessary,“ said he, I'll pay the money myself.“ She clasped her hands joyfully as he spoke; and all her children joined in an exclamation of delight. „I'll go to Dr. Campbell's this instant,“ said our hero, whose pride now yielded to the desire of doing justice to this injured woman; he totally forgot himself, and thought only of her: „I'll go with you to Dr. Campbell's, and I will speak to Mr. Mackenzie immediately.“

A Summons.

Whilst Forester was walking through the streets, with the energy which the hope of serving his fellow creatures always excited in his generous mind, he even forgot a favourite scheme which had, for some weeks past, occupied his imagination. He had formed the design of returning to his friends an altered being in his external appearance: all his apparel was now finished, and ready for the grand day when he intended to present himself to Dr. Campbell, or rather to Flora Campbell in the character of a well-bred gentleman. He had laid aside the dress and manners of a gentleman, from the opinion that they were degrading to the character of a man: as soon as this prejudice had been conquered, he was ready to resume them. Many were the pleasing anticipations in which he indulged himself: the looks of each of his friends, the generous approving eye of Henry, the benevolent countenance of Dr. Campbell, the arch smile of Flora, were all painted by his fancy; and he invented every circumstance that was likely to happen, every word that would probably be said by each individual. We are sure that our readers will give our enthusiastic hero credit for his forgetting the pleasing reveries, for his forgetting himself, nay, even Flora Campbell, when humanity and justice called upon him for exertion.

When he found himself in George's square, within sight of Dr. Campbell's house, his heart beat violently, and he suddenly stopped to recollect himself. He had scarcely stood a few instants, when a hard, stout looking man came up to him, and asked him if his name were Forester. He started, and answered, „Yes, sir: what is your business with me?“ The stranger replied by producing a paper, and desiring him to read it. The paper, which was half printed, half written, began with these words: —

„You are hereby required to appear before me — —“ „What is all this?“ exclaimed our hero. „It is a summons,“ replied the stranger: „I am a constable, and you will please to come with me before him, I am told.“ To this last insolent taunt Forester made no reply; but in a firm tone said, that he was conscious of no crime, but that he was ready to follow the constable, and appear before Mr. W———, or any other magistrate who wished to inquire into his conduct. Though he summoned all his fortitude, and spoke with composure, he was much astonished by this proceeding; he could not help reflecting, that an individual in society, who has friends, an established character, and a *home*, is in a more desirable situation than an unconnected being, who has no one to answer for his conduct, no one to rejoice in his success, or to sympathise in his misfortunes. „Ah, Dr. Campbell! happy father! in the midst of your own family, you have forgotten your imprudent ward!“ said Forester to himself. „You do not know how near he is to you! You do not see that he is, at this moment, perhaps, on the brink of disgrace!“

The Bank-note.

Forester was mistaken in his idea that Dr. Campbell had forgotten him; but we shall not yet explain farther upon this subject: we only throw out this hint, that our readers may not totally change their good opinion of the doctor. We must now beg their attention to the continuation of the history of Archibald Mackenzie's bank-note.

Lady Catherine Mackenzie one day observed that the colours were changed in one spot on the right hand pocket of her son's waistcoat. „My dear Archibald,“ said she, „what has happened to your smart waistcoat? What is that terrible spot?“ „Really, ma'am, I don't know,“ said Archibald with his usual soft voice and deceitful smile. Henry Campbell observed that it seemed as if the colours had been discharged by some acid. „Did you wear that waistcoat, Mr. Mackenzie,“ said he, „the night the large bottle of vitriolic acid was broken — the night that poor Forester's cat was killed — don't you remember?“ „Oh! I did not first recollect — I cannot possibly remember, indeed, it is so long ago, what waistcoat I wore on that particular night.“ The extreme embarrassment in Archibald's manner surprised Henry. „I really don't perceive your *drift*,“ continued Mackenzie. — „What made you ask the question so earnestly?“ He was relieved from his panic, when Henry answered, that he only wished to know whether it was probable that it was stained with vitriolic acid; „because,“ said he, „I think that is the pocket in which you said you left your ten-guinea note; then, perhaps, the note may have been stained.“ „Perhaps, so,“ replied Mackenzie, drily. „And if it were, you could identify the note: you have forgotten the number; but if the note has been stained with vitriolic acid, we should certainly be able to know it again. The acid would have changed the colour of the ink.“ Mackenzie engerly seized this idea; and immediately, in pursuance of Henry's advice, went to several of the principal bankers in Edinburgh, and requested that if a note, stained in such a manner, should be presented to them, they would stop payment of it, till Mackenzie should examine it. Some time elapsed, and nothing was heard of the note. Mackenzie gave up all hopes of recovering it; and, in proportion as these hopes diminished, his old desire of making the poor washerwoman answerable for his loss increased. We have just heard this woman's account of his behaviour to her, when he came into her house to be refitted, after his tumble from Sawney into the scavenger's cart. All his promises to Henry he thought proper to disregard: promises appeared to him mere matters of convenience; and the idea of „*taking in*" such a young man as Henry Campbell was to him an excellent joke. He resolved to keep the five guineas quietly which Henry lent him; and, at the same time, to *frighten* this innocent, industrious woman into paying him the value of his bank-note.

Upon Mackenzie's return to Dr. Campbell's, after his fall from Sawney, the first thing he heard was that his note was found; that it had been stopped at the bank of Scotland; and that one of the clerks of the bank, who brought it for his examination, had been some time waiting for his return from riding. When the note was produced, Henry saw that two or three of the words which had been written in ink, the name of the name of the person to whom it was payable, and the date of the month and year, were so pale, as to be scarcely visible; and that there was a round hole through one corner of the paper. This round hole puzzled Henry; but he had no doubt that the ink had been thus nearly obliterated by vitriolic acid. He poured a few drops, diluted with water, upon some printing, and the ink was quickly turned to nearly the same pale colour as that in Mackenzie's note. The note was easily traced, as it had not passed through many hands — our readers will be sorry to hear it — to M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master. Mackenzie and the clerk went directly to his house, found him at home, and, without much preface, informed him of their business. The dancing-master trembled from head to foot; and, though innocent, exhibited all the signs of guilt. He had not the slightest knowledge of business; and the manner and language of the banker's clerk who accompanied Mackenzie terrified him beyond measure, because he *did* not comprehend one word in ten that he said about checks, entries, and day-books; and he was nearly a quarter of an hour before he could recover sufficient presence of mind to consider from whom he received the note. At length after going over, in an unintelligible manner, all the puzzled accounts of monies received and paid which he kept in his head, he declared that he clearly recollected to have received the ten-guinea note at Mr. Macpherson's, the tailor; that he went a few weeks ago to settle his year's account with him; and that, in change for a twenty-pound note, he received that which the banker's clerk now produced. To Mackenzie it was perfectly indifferent who was found guilty, so that he could recover his money. „Settle it as you will amongst you," said he — „the money must be refunded, or I must have you all before a magistrate directly." Pasgrave, in great perturbation, set out for Mr. Macpherson's, showed him the note, and reminded him of the day when he paid his account. „If you received the note from us, sir," said the master tailor, very calmly, „it must be entered in our book; for we keep regular accounts." The tailor's foreman, who knew much more of the affair than his master, appealed, with assumed security, to the entry in the books. By this entry, it appeared that M. Pasgrave settled his account the 17th of October; that he paid the balance by a twenty-pound note, and that he received in change a ten-guinea note, on Sir William Forbes's bank. „You see, sir," said the tailor, „this cannot possibly be Mr. Mackenzie's; for his note is on the bank of Scotland. Our entry is as full as possible; and I am ready to produce my books, and to abide by them in any court of justice in the world." M. Pasgrave was totally at a loss; he could only repeat, that he remembered to have received Machenzie's note from one of the tailor's men, who brought it to him from an inner room. The foreman boldly asserted that he brought the change exactly as his master gave it to him, and that he knew nothing more of the matter. But, in fact, he knew a great deal more. He had found the note in the pocket of Mackenzie's waistcoat, which his servant had left to be mended, after he had worn it furtively, as has been already related. When his master called him into the inner room, to give him the change for Pasgrave, he observed that there was a ten-guinea note wrapped up with some halfpence: and he thought that it would be a prudent thing to substitute Mackenzie's note, which he had by him, in the place of this. He accordingly gave Pasgrave Mackenzie's note; and thrust the note, which he had received from his master, into a corner of his trunk, where he usually kept little windfalls that came to him by the negligence of customers — tooth-pick cases, loose silver, odd gloves, etc.; all which he knew how to dispose of. But this bank-note was a higher prize than usual, and he was afraid to pass it, till all inquiry had blown over. He knew his master's regularity, and he thought that if the note was stopped afterwards at any of the banks, it could never be traced further than to M. Pasgrave. He was rejoiced to see that this poor man was in such trepidation of mind that he could not, in the least, use his understanding: and he saw, with much satisfaction, that his master, who was a positive man, and proud of the accuracy of his books, was growing red in the face in their defence. Mackenzie, in the mean time, who had switched his boots with great impatience during their debate, interfered at last with — „Come, gentlemen, we can't stand here all day to hear you give one another the lie. One of you, it's plain, must shell out your coriandere; but as you can't settle which, we must put you to your oath, I see." „Mr. W***'s is not far off, and I'm ready to go before him with my books this instant," said the fiery master-tailor. „My books were never called in question since I was in trade till this instant; and nobody but a French dancing-master, who understands no more of debtor and creditor than my goose, would stand up against such an entry as this."

To Mr. W***'s, the tailor, his foreman, the dancing-master, the banker's clerk, and Mackenzie, repaired. Pasgrave turned paler than ever dancer turned before; and gave himself, his character, and his wife and children, all up for lost, when he heard that he was to be put upon his oath. He drew back when Mr. W*** held the book to him, and demanded whether he would swear to the person from whom he received the note. He said he could not swear; but to the best of his belief — en conscience — en honneur — foi d'honnête homme — he was convinced he received it from Mr. Macpherson's foreman. The foreman, who, from one step in villany, found himself hurried on to another and another, now scrupled not to declare that he was ready to take his oath that he delivered the note and change, just as his master gave it to him, to M. Pasgrave. The magistrate turned to the pale, conscientious, incapacitated dancing-master, and, in a severe tone, said, „Appearances are strongly against you, M. Pasgrave. Here's a young gentleman has lost a bank-note — it is stopped at the bank of Scotland — it is traced home to you — you say you got it from Mr. Macpherson or his foreman — his books are produced — the entry in them is clearly against you; for it states that the note given to you to change was one of Sir William Forbes's bank; and this which I hold now in my hand is of the bank of Scotland. Please now to tell how this note of the bank of Scotland, which has been proved to be the property of Mr. Mackenzie, came into your possession? From whom did you receive it? or how did you come by it? I am not surprised that you decline taking an oath upon this occasion." „Ah, monsieur, ayez pitié de moi!" cried the innocent, but terrified man, throwing himself upon one knee, in an attitude, which, on the stage, would have produced a sublime effect. — „Ah, monsieur, ayez pitié de moi! I have no more dan de child no sense in affairs." Mackenzie interrupted him with a brutal laugh. The more humane banker's clerk was moved by the simplicity of this avowed ignorance of business. He went up to the distracted dancer, and said, „It is not to be expected that every body should understand business as we do, sir: if you are innocent, only give yourself time to recollect; and though it's unfortunate that you never keep any regular accounts, may be we shall be able to make out this affair of the entry. If Mr. W*** will give me leave to take this pen and ink, and if you will try to recollect all the persons from whom you have received money lately —" „Ah, mon Dieu, dat is impossible." Then he began to name the quarterly and half-yearly payments that he had received from his various pupils. „Did any of them lately give you a ten-guinea note?" „Ah, oui, je me rappelle — un jeune monsieur — un certain monsieur, qui ne veut pas que — qui est là incognito — who I would not betray for the world; for he has behave wid de most parfaite générosité to me." But did he give you a ten-guinea bank-note? — that is all we want to know," said the magistrate. „Mais — oui — yes." „About what time?" said the clerk. It was about the beginning of October: and this was so near the time when he settled accounts with Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, that he even himself began to believe it possible that he had mistaken one note for the other. „When the young gentleman gave you the note," said the banker's clerk, „surely you must have looked at it — you must have observed these remarkable stains?" Pangrave replied, that he did look at it, he supposed; that he saw it was a ten-guinea note: it might be stained; he could not pretend to be certain about it. He repeated his assurances that he was ignorant of business, and of every thing in this world but dancing. „Pour la danse, je m'y connois — pour les affaires, je n'en sais rien, moi." He, with his usual simplicity, added, that if M. W*** would give him leave, he would go to the young gentleman, his friend, and learn from him exactly the number of the note which he had given him; that he was sure he could recollect his own note immediately. Mackenzie, who thought that this was merely pretence, in order to escape, told him that he could not be suffered to go out upon his parole. „But," said Mr. W***, „tell us the name of this young gentleman who has so much generosity, and who lives incognito. I don't like gentlemen who live incognito. I think I had a young man here before me, about two months ago, charged with breaking a confectioner's windows in a riot, the night of the great illuminations — Hey? don't I remember some such thing? And you, M. Pangrave, if I mistake not, interested yourself mightily about this young man; and told me and my daughters, sir, that he was a young gentleman incognito. I begin to see through this affair. Perhaps this is the same young gentleman from whom you received the note. And pray what value did you give for it?" Pangrave, whose fear of betraying Forester now increased his confusion, stammered, and first said the note was a present, but afterwards added, „I have been giving de young person lessons in dancing for dese six week."

„Well, then, we must summon this young person," said Mr. W***. „Tell us his name, if you please," said Mackenzie. „I have some suspicion that I know your gentleman incognito." „You need not trouble him," said the magistrate; „I know the name already, and I know where the bird is to be found: his name, if he has not changed it since he was last in this room, is Forester." „Forester!" exclaimed Mackenzie — „I thought so! I always thought how he would turn out. I wonder what his friends, the Campbells, will have to say for him now!"

Mr. W***'s pen stopped. „His friends, the Campbells — humph! So the Campbells are his friends, are they?" repeated he. „They were his friends," answered Mackenzie; „but Mr. Forester thought proper, nobody knows why, to run away from them, some months ago; the only reason I could ever learn was that he did not like to live amongst gentlemen; and he has been living ever since incognito, amongst blackguards, and we see the fruits of it." Mackenzie eagerly handed the summons, as soon as it was signed, to a constable; and Mr. W*** directed the constable to go to Mr. ***'s, the bookseller, adding,

„Booksellers and printers are dangerous persons." The constable, who had seen Forester the night that he was confined with Tom Random, knew his face and person; and we have told our readers that he met Forester in George's square, going to Dr. Campbell's to vindicate the innocence of the poor washerwoman.

The tailor's foreman was not a little alarmed when the summons was sent for our hero; he dreaded that the voice of truth should be heard, and he skulked behind the rest of the company. What astonishment did Forester feel when he entered the room, and saw the group that surrounded the justice's table! — Archibald Mackenzie, with an insulting sneer on his lips — Pangrave, with eyes fixed upon him in despair — Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, pointing to an entry in his book — his foreman shrinking from notice — the banker's clerk, with benevolent scepticism in his countenance — and the justice, with a portentous scowl upon his brow.

„Come forward, Mr. Forester," said the magistrate, as our hero made a sudden pause of astonishment; „come forward, sir." Forester advanced with calm intrepidity. „You are better dressed than when I had the honour of seeing you here some time ago, sir. Are you a printer still, or a gentleman? Your dress certainly bespeaks a change in your condition." „I am sure I should hardly know Mr. Forester again, he has grown such a beau comparatively speaking, I mean," said Mackenzie — „But certainly, M. Pangrave, you must have made some mistake; I don't know how to believe my senses! Is this the young gentleman to whom you alluded? — Mr. Forester, do you know ——?" „Give me leave, Mr. Mackenzie," interrupted the justice; „I shall examine this young incognito myself. I think I know how to come at the truth. Will you do me the favour, sir, to inform me whether you recollect any thing of a ten-guinea bank-note which you gave or paid, some time in last October, to this gentleman?" — pointing to M. Pangrave. „I do," replied Forester, in a distinct, unembarrassed voice, „perfectly well remember giving M. Pangrave a ten-guinea bank-note." „Ah, monsieur, je ne suis pas un ingrat! — Je ne pense pas que ——" „O, M. Pangrave," interrupted Mackenzie, „this is no time for compliments and fine speeches: for God's sake, let us get at the bottom of this affair without farther ceremony." „Sir," said the banker's clerk, „all we want to know is the number of your note, and the firm of the bank. Was your note one of Sir William Forbes's, or of the bank of Scotland?" Forester was silent. „I do not recollect," said he, after some pause. „You don't recollect, sir," said the justice, „is something like an evasive answer. You must have a vast number of bank-notes then, we must presume, if you cannot recollect to what bank your ten-guinea note belonged." Forester did not understand this logic; but he simply repeated his assertion. — „Pray, sir," said the tailor, who could no longer restrain his impatience — „Pray, sir," said the magistrate, in a solemn manner, „be silent. I shall find out the truth. *So*, Mr. Forester, you cannot possibly recollect the bank of your note? You will tell us next, I dare say, that you cannot possibly recollect how you came by it." „Sir," said Forester, „if it be necessary, I can readily tell you how I came by it." „It is very necessary, sir, for your own credit." „I received it from Dr. Campbell." „Dr. Campbell!" repeated the magistrate, changing his tone. „And I have some idea that the doctor gave me a list of the numbers of that and four other notes, with which I fortunately have not parted." „Some idea means nothing in courts of justice, sir: if you have any such paper, you can do us the favour to produce it." Now this list was locked up in the trunk, of which the key was dropped into the brewing-vat. Richardson, the clerk, had returned the key to him: but, such is the force of habit, he had not cured himself of the foolish trick of twirling it upon his thumb; and about two months ago he dropped it in one of his walks to Arthur's Seat. He long searched for it amongst the rocky fragments, but at last gave it up — he little imagined of how much consequence it might be to him. Dr. Campbell had once refused to break open the lock, and he felt very unwilling to apply to him in his present circumstances. However, he wrote a few lines to Henry Campbell; but as soon as he had written them, his pride revolted from thoughts of supplicating the assistance of his friend in such a disgraceful situation. — „If you don't choose to write," said the officious malevolence of Archibald, „I can, however, speak; I'll desire Dr. Campbell to open your trunk, and search for the paper." He left the room before Forester could make any further opposition.

„I have answered, I hope, both distinctly and respectfully, all the questions that you have asked me," said Forester, turning to Mr. W***. „I hope you will no longer keep me in the dark. Of what am I suspected?" „I will tell you, sir," replied the deliberate, unfeeling magistrate: „you are suspected of having, I will not say *stolen*, but you are more than suspected of having come unfairly by a certain ten-guinea bank-note, which the young gentleman who has just left the room lost a few months ago." Forester, as this speech was slowly pronounced, sat down, folded his arms, and appeared totally insensible — quite unconscious that he was in the presence of a magistrate, or that any human being was observing him. „Ah, *mon cher monsieur, pardonnez!*" cried Pangrave, bursting into tears. „N'en parlons plus," added he, turning to the magistrate. „Je paierai tout ce qu'il faut. I will pay de ten guineas. I will satisfy every body. I cannot never forgive myself if I bring him into any disgrace." „Disgrace!" exclaimed Forester, starting up, and repeating the word in a tone which made every person in the room, not excepting the phlegmatic magistrate, start and look up to him, with a sudden feeling of inferiority. His ardent eye spoke the language of his soul. No words could express his emotion. The master-tailor dropped his pay-book. „Constable — call a constable!" cried the justice. „Sir, you forget in whose presence you are — you think, I suppose, that your friends, the Campbells, will bear you out. Sir, I would have you to know that all the Campbells in Scotland can't bail you for a felony. Sir, philosophers should know these things. If you cannot clear yourself to my entire satisfaction, Mr. Forester, I shall commit you, — in one word, to gaol: — you — look so you please, sir — to gaol. And if the doctor and his son, and all his family, come up to bail you, I shall, *meo periculo*, refuse their bail. The law, sir, is no respecter of persons. No none of your rodomontades, young gentleman, in my presence: but step into this closet, if you please; and, I advise you, bring your mind into a becoming temperament, whilst I go to dinner. Gentlemen," continued he to Macpherson and Pangrave, „you'll be so good as to wait here in this apartment. Constable, look to your prisoner," pointing to the door of the closet. „John, let me know when Dr. Campbell arrives, and tell them to send up dinner directly," said the justice to his butler.

While he dines, we must leave the tailor complaining that he was wasting precious time; the foreman in the panic of guilt; and the good-natured dancing-master half distracted betwixt his fears and his ignorance. He looked from time to time through the key-hole of the closet in which Forester was confined, and exclaimed, „Grand Dieu! comme il a l'air noble à cet instant! Ah! lui coupable! — lui go to gaol! — il is impossible!"

„We shall see how that will be presently," said the foreman, who had hitherto preserved absolute silence. „I abide by my books," said the master-tailor, „and I wish Dr. Campbell would make haste. *I have lost a day*!"

In spite of the tailor's imperial exclamation, he was obliged to wait some time longer. When Mackenzie arrived at Dr. Campbell's, Henry was not at home: he was gone to the house at the back of the meadows, to prepare some chemical experiments for the next day's lecture.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

Forester.

By Maria Edgeworth.

(Concluded from our last.)

Mackenzie, however, found Dr. Campbell at home in his study; and, in a soft hypocritical voice, lamented that he was obliged to communicate some disagreeable circumstances relating to young Mr. Forester. „You do not, I presume, know where that unfortunate, misguided youth is at present — at this moment, I mean." „I do not know where he is at this moment," said Dr. Campbell, calmly; „but I know where he has been for some time — at Mr. ***'s, the bookseller. I have had my eye upon him ever since he left this house. I have traced him from place to place. Though I have said little about him, Mr. Mackenzie, I have a great regard for my unfortunate ward." „I am sorry for it, sir," said Mackenzie: „this note will wound your feelings the more deeply." „What is the matter? pray speak at once," cried Dr. Campbell, who now forgot all his usual calmness. „Where is Forester?" „He is at this moment before Mr. W***, the magistrate, sir, charged with — but, I own, I cannot believe him guilty —" „Charged with what? For God's sake, speak plainly, Mr. Mackenzie." „Then, in one word, sir, my lost bank-note is traced home to Mr. Forester. M. Pargrave says he received it from him." „Surely, sir," said Dr. Campbell, with indignation, „you would not insinuate that Forester has stolen your bank-note?" — „I insinuate nothing, doctor," said Archibald; „but, I fear, the thing is too plainly proved — My bank-note has certain stains, by which it has been identified. All that I know is that Mr. W*** says he can take no bail; and that he must commit Mr. Forester to gaol, unless he can *clear himself*. He says that, a few days before he left your house, you paid him his quarterly allowance of fifty guineas, in five ten-guinea bank-notes." „He says true — I did so," said Dr. Campbell, eagerly. „And he says that you gave them to him wrapped in a piece of paper, on which the numbers of the notes were written." „I remember it distinctly: I desired him to take care of that paper." „He is not famous for taking care, you know, sir, of any thing. He says, he believes he threw it into his trunk; but he has lost the key of the trunk, I understand." „No matter; we can break it open this instant, and search for the paper," cried Dr. Campbell, who was now extremely alarmed for his ward. Mackenzie stood by without offering any assistance, whilst Dr. Campbell broke open the trunk, and searched it with the greatest anxiety. It was in terrible disorder. The coat and waistcoat which Forester wore at the ball were crammed in at the top; and underneath appeared unfolded linen, books, maps, shoes, crayons, fossils, and heaps of little crumpled bits of paper, in which the fossils had once been contained. Dr. Campbell opened every one of them. The paper he wanted was not amongst them. He took every thing out of the box, shook and searched all the pockets of the coat, in which Forester used, before his reformation, to keep hoards of strange papers. No list of bank-notes appeared. At length, Dr. Campbell espied the white corner of a paper-mark in a volume of Goldsmith's Animated Nature. He pulled out this mark, and, to his great joy, he found it to be the very paper he wanted. „So it's found, is it?" said Mackenzie, disappointed; whilst Dr. Campbell seized his hat, left every thing upon the floor, and was very near locking the door of the room upon Mackenzie. „Don't lock me in here, doctor — I am going back with you to Mr. W***'s," said Archibald. „Won't you stay? — dinner's going up — Mr. *** was going to his dinner when I came away." Without listening to him, Dr. Campbell just let him out, locked the door, and hurried away to his poor ward.

„I have let things go too far," said he to himself. „As long as Forester's credit was not in danger, so long as he was unknown, it was well, but now his character is at stake; he may pay too dear for his experience."

„Dr. Campbell," said the pompous magistrate, who hated philosophers, rising from table as Dr. Campbell entered, „do not speak to me of bailing this ward of yours — it is impossible, sir: I know my duty." „I am not come to offer bail for my ward, said Dr. Campbell, „but to prove his innocence." „We must hope the best," said Mr. W***; and, having forced the doctor to pledge him in a bumper of port — „Now I am ready to proceed again to the examination of all the parties concerned."

Dr. Campbell was now shown into the room where Mr. Macpherson, his foreman, and Pangrove, were waiting. „Ah, monsieur, Dieu merci! vous voilà!" exclaimed Pangrove. „You may go," said Mr. W*** to the constable; but wait below stairs." He unlocked the closet-door. Forester, at the sight of Dr. Campbell, covered his face with his hands; but, an instant afterwards, he advanced with intrepidity. „You cannot, I am sure, believe me to be guilty of any meanness, Dr. Campbell," said he. „Imprudent I have been, and I suffer for my folly." „Guilty!" cried Dr. Campbell — „No: I could almost as soon suspect my own son of such an action. But my belief is nothing to the purpose. We must prove your innocence." „Ah oui, monsieur — and mine too; for I am innocent, I can assure you," cried M. Pangrove. „The whole business, sir," said the banker's clerk, who had, by this time, returned to hear the termination of the affair — „the whole thing can be settled in two minutes by a gentleman like you, who understands business. Mr. Forester cannot recollect the number or the firm of a ten-guinea bank-note which he gave to M. Pangrove. M. Pangrove cannot recollect either; and he is in doubt whether he received this stained note, which Mr. Mackenzie lost, from Mr. Forester, or from Mr. Macpherson, the tailor." „There can be no doubt about me," said Macpherson. „Dr. Campbell, will you be so good as to look at the entry? I acknowledge, I gave M. Pangrove a ten-guinea note; but here's the number of it, 177, of Forbes's bank. Mr. Mackenzie's note, you see, is of the bank of Scotland; and the stains upon it are so remarkable, that, if I had ever seen it before, I should certainly remember it. I'll take my oath I never saw it before." „Sir, said Forester eagerly to Dr. Campbell, „you gave me five ten-guinea notes: here are four of them in this pocket-book; the fifth I gave to M. Pangrove. Can you tell me the number of that note?" „I can," said Dr. Campbell, producing the paper which he found in Goldsmith's Animated Nature. „I had the precaution to write down the numbers of all your notes myself. Here they are." Forester opened his pocket-book. His four remaining notes were compared, and perfectly agreed with the numbers in the list. The fifth, the number of the note which he gave to Pangrove, was 1920, of the New-Bank. — „One of your ten-guinea notes," said Dr. Campbell to Pangrove, „you paid into the bank of Scotland; and this gentleman," pointing to the banker's clerk," stopped it this morning. Now you have had another ten-guinea note;

what became of that?“ Pawgrave, who understood Dr. Campbell's plain method of questioning him, answered immediately — „I did give the other to my hairdresser — not long ago — who lives in *** street.“ Dr. Campbell instantly went himself to the hair-dresser — found that he had the note still in his possession — brought him to Mr. W***'s, and, when the note was examined, it was found to be No. 1240, of the New Bank, which exactly corresponded with the entry in the list of notes which Dr. Campbell had produced.

„Then all is right,“ said Dr. Campbell. „Ah me! — Ah me!“ exclaimed Pawgrave. „What will become of me?“ „Compose yourself, my good sir,“ said Dr. Campbell, „You had but two ten-guinea notes, you are sure of that?“ „But two — but two — I will swear, but two.“ „You are now certain which of these two notes you had from my ward. The other, you say, you received from —“ „From die gentleman, I will swear,“ cried Pawgrave, pulling the tailor's foreman forwards. „I can swear now I am in no embarras: I am sure I did get de oder note from die gentleman.“ The master-tailor was astonished to see all the pallid marks of guilt in his foreman's countenance. „Did you change the note that I gave you in the inner room?“ said Mr. Macpherson. The foreman, as soon as he could command his voice, denied the charge; and persisted in it that he gave the note and change, which his master wrapped up, exactly as it was, to the dancing-master. Dr. Campbell proposed that the tailor's shop, and the foreman's room, should be searched. Mr. W*** sent proper people to Mr Macpherson's; and, whilst they are searching his house, we may inquire what is become of Henry Campbell.

The Cataſtrophe.

Henry Campbell, the last time we heard of him, was at the house at the back of the Meadows. When he went into the large room to his chemical experiments, the little girl, who was proud of having arranged it neatly, ran on before him, and showed him the places where all his things were put. „The writing and the figures are not rubbed off your slate — there it is, sir,“ said she, pointing to a high shelf. „But whose handkerchief is this?“ said Henry, taking up a handkerchief, which was under the slate. „O, dear! that must be the good gentleman's handkerchief; he missed it just as he was going out of the house. He thought he had left it at the washerwoman's, where I met him; and he's gone back to look for it there. I'll run with it to the washerwoman's — may be she knows where to find him.“ „But you have not told me who he is? Who do you mean by the good gentleman?“ „The good gentleman, sir, that I saw with you at the watchmaker's, the day that you helped me to carry the great geranium out of my grand-mother's room.“ „Do you mean that Forester has been here?“ exclaimed Henry. „I never heard his name, sir; but I mean that the gentleman has been here, whom I call the good gentleman, because it was he who went with me to my cross school-mistress, to try to persuade her to use me well. She beat me, to be sure, after he was gone, for what he had said; but I'm not the less obliged to him, because he did every thing, as he thought, for the best. And so I'll run with his handkerchief to the woman's, who will give it safe to him.“

Henry recollected his promise to his father. It required all his power over himself to forbear questioning the child, and endeavouring to find out something more of his friend. He determined to mention the circumstance to his father, and to Flora, as soon as he returned home. He was always impatient to tell any thing to his sister that interested himself or his friends: for Flora's gaiety was not of that unfeeling sort, which seeks merely for amusement, and which, unmixed with sympathy for others, may divert in a companion, but disgusts in a friend.

Whilst Henry was reflecting upon the manner in which he might most expeditiously arrange his chemical experiments and return home, the little girl came running back, with a face of great distress. As soon as she had breath to speak, she told Henry that when she went to the washerwoman's with the handkerchief, she was told a sad piece of news — that Mr. Forester had been taken up and carried before Mr. W***, the magistrate. „We don't know what he has done. I'm sure I don't think he can have done any thing wrong." Henry no sooner heard these words than he left all his retorts, rushed out of the house, hurried home to his father, and learned from Flora, with great surprise, that his father had already been sent for, and was gone to Mr. W***'s. She did not know the circumstances that Mackenzie related to Dr. Campbell; but she told him that her father seemed much alarmed; that she met him crossing the hall, and that he could not stop to speak to her. Henry proceeded directly to Mr. W***'s, and he arrived there just as the people returned from the search of the tailor's house. His opinion of Forester's innocence was so strong, that, when he entered the room, he instantly walked up to him, and embraced him, with a species of frank confidence in his manner, which, to Forester, was more expressive than any thing that he could have said. The whole affair was quickly explained to him; and the people who had been sent to Mr. Macpherson's now came up stairs to Mr. W***, and produced a ten-guinea bank-note, which was found in the foreman's box. Upon examination, this note was discovered to be the very note which Mr. Macpherson sent with the change to Pasgrave. It was No. 177, of Sir William Forbes's bank, as mentioned in the circumstantial entry in the day-book. The joy of the poor dancing-master at this complete proof of his innocence was rapturous and voluble. Secure of the sympathy of Forester, Henry, and Dr. Campbell, he looked at them by turns, whilst he congratulated himself upon this „*éclaircissement*;" and assured the banker's clerk that he would in future keep accounts. We are impatient to get rid of the guilty foreman; he stood, a horrible image of despair. He was committed to gaol, and was carried away by the constables, without being pitied by any person present. Every body, however, was shocked. Mackenzie broke silence first, by exclaiming, „Well, now, I presume, Mr. W***, I may take possession of my own bank-note again." He took up all the notes which lay upon the table to search amongst them for his own. „Mine, you know, is stained," said Archibald. „But it is very singular," said Henry Campbell, who was looking over his shoulder, „that here are two stained notes. That which was found in the foreman's box is stained in one corner, exactly as yours was stained, Mr. Mackenzie." Macpherson, the tailor, now stooped to examine it. „Is this No. 177, the note that I sent in change, by my foreman, to M. Pasgrave? — I'll take my oath it was not stained in that manner when I took it out of my desk. It was a new and quite clean note. It must have been stained since." „And it must have been stained with vitriolic acid," continued Henry. „Why, there's cunning for you," cried Archibald. „The foreman, I suppose, stained it, that it might not be known again." „Have you any vitriolic acid in your house?" pursued Henry, addressing himself to the master-tailor. „Not I, indeed, sir: we have nothing to do with such things. They'd be very dangerous to us." „Pray," said Henry „will you give me leave, Mr. W***, to ask the person who searched the foreman's box a few questions?" „Certainly, sir," said Mr. W***, though; I protest, I cannot see what you are driving at." Henry inquired what was found in the box with the bank-note. The man who searched it enumerated a variety of things. „None of these," said Henry, „could have stained the note. Are you sure that there was nothing else?" „Nothing in the world — nothing but an old glass stopper, I believe." „I wish I could see that stopper," said Henry. „This note was rolled round it," said the man, „but I threw it into the box again. I'll go and fetch it, sir, if you have any curiosity to see it." „Curiosity to see an old stopper? No!" cried Archibald Mackenzie, with a forced laugh — " what good would that do us? We have been kept here long enough. I move that we go home to our dinners." But Dr. Campbell, who saw that Henry had some particular reason for wishing to see this glass stopper, seconded his son. The man went for it; and, when he brought it into the room, Henry Campbell looked at it very carefully, and then decidedly said, fixing his eyes upon Archibald Mackenzie, who in vain struggled to keep his countenance from changing. „This glass stopper, Mr. Mackenzie, is the stopper of my father's vitriolic acid bottle, that was broken the night the cat was killed. This stopper has stained both the handkerchiefs. And it must have been in the pocket of your waistcoat.“ „My pocket! interrupted Archibald: „how should it come into my pocket? It never was in my pocket, sir.“ Henry pointed to the stain on his waistcoat. He wore the very waistcoat in question. „Sir,“ said Archibald, „I don't know what you mean by pointing at my waistcoat. It is stained, it is true, and very likely by vitriolic acid; but as I have been so often in the doctor's laboratory, when your chemical experiments have been going on, is it not very natural to suppose that a drop of one of the acids might have fallen on my clothes? I have seen your waistcoats stained, I am sure. Really, Mr. Campbell, you are extremely, uncharitable; your partiality for Mr. Forester should not blind you, surely. I know you want to exculpate him from having any hand in the death of this cat: but that should not, my dear sir, make you forget what is due to justice. You should not, permit me to say, endeavour to criminate an innocent person.“ „This is all very fair,“ said Henry; „and you may prove your innocence to me at once, Mr. Mackenzie, if you think proper, by showing that the waistcoat was really, as you assert, stained by a drop of vitriolic acid falling upon the outside of it. Will you show us the inside of the pocket?“ Mackenzie, who was now in too much confusion to know distinctly what Henry meant to prove, turned the pocket inside out, and repeated, „That stopper was never in my pocket, I'll swear.“ „Don't swear to that, for God's sake,“ said Henry. „Consider what you are saying. You see that there is a hole burnt in this pocket. Now if a drop of acid had fallen, as you said, upon the outside of the waistcoat, it must have been more burnt on the outside than on the inside.“ I don't know — I can't pretend to be positive,“ said Archibald; „but what signifies all this fuss about the stopper?“ „It signifies a great deal to me,“ said Dr. Campbell, turning away from Mackenzie with contempt, and addressing himself to his ward, who met his approving eye with proud delight — „It signifies a great deal to me. Forgive me, Mr. Forester, for having doubted your word for a moment.“ Forester held his guardian's hand, without being able for some instants to reply. You are coming home with us, Forester?“ said Henry. „No,“ said Dr. Campbell, smiling; „you must not ask him to come home with us to-night. We have a little dance at our house to-night. Lady Catherine Mackenzie wished to take leave of her Edinburgh friends. She goes from us to-morrow. We must not expect to see Forester at a ball; but to-morrow morning ——“ „I see,“ said Forester smiling, „you have no faith in my reformation. Well, I have affairs to settle with my master, the printer. I must go home, and take leave of him. He has been a good master to me; and I must go and finish my task of correcting. Adieu.“ He abruptly left Dr. Campbell and Henry, and went to the bookseller's, to inform him of all that had passed, and to thank him for his kindness. „You will be at a loss to-morrow for a corrector of the press,“ said he. „I am determined you shall not suffer for my vagaries. Send home the proof-sheets of the work in hand to me, at Dr. Campbell's, and I will return them to you punctually corrected. Employ me till you have provided yourself with another, I will not say a better hand. I do not imagine,“ continued Forester, „that I can pay you for your kindness to me by presents; indeed, I know you are in such circumstances that you disdain money. But I hope you will accept of a small mark of my regard — a complete fount of new types.“

Whilst Forester's generous heart expanded with joy at the thoughts of returning once more to his friends, we are sorry to leave him, to finish the history of Archibald Mackenzie. He sneaked home after Dr. Campbell and Henry, whose silent contempt he well understood. Dr. Campbell related all that had passed to lady Catherine. Her ladyship showed more apprehension that her son's meanness should be made known to the world, than indignation or sorrow for his conduct. Archibald, whilst he was dressing for the ball, began to revolve in his mind certain words which his mother had said to him, *about his having received the lie direct from Henry Campbell — his not having the spirit of a gentleman.* „She certainly means," said he to himself, „that I ought to fight him. It's the only way I can come off, as he spoke so plainly before Mr. W * * *, and all those people: the banker's clerk too was by; and, as my mother says, it will be talked of. I'll get Sir Philip Gosling to go with my message. I think I've heard Dr. Campbell say, he disapproved of duels. Perhaps Henry won't fight. — Has Sir Philip Gosling sent to say, whether he would be with us at the ball to-night?" said Archibald to the servant: „Sir Philip's man has not been here: but major O'Shannon has been here twice since you were away, to see you." — „To me! — message to me?", repeated Archibald, turning pale. Archibald knew major O'Shannon, who had of late insinuated himself into Sir Philip Gosling's favour, had a particular dislike to him, and had successfully bullied him upon one or two occasions. Archibald had that civil cowardice, which made him excessively afraid of the opinion of the world; and major O'Shannon, a gamester, who was jealous of his influence over the rich dupe, Sir Philip, determined to entangle him in a quarrel. The major knocked at the door a third time before Archibald was dressed; and when he was told that he was dressing, and could not see any one, he sent up the following note: —

„Sir,

„The last time I met you at the livery stables, in company with my friend, Sir Philip Gosling, I had the honour of telling you my mind, in terms sufficiently explicit, concerning a transaction, which cannot have escaped your memory. My friend, Sir Philip, declares you never hinted that the pony was spavined. I don't pretend to be so good a jockey as you; but you'll excuse my again saying, I can't consider your conduct as that of a gentleman. Sir Philip is of my mind; and, if you resent my interference, I am ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. If not, you will do well to leave Edinburgh along with your mother to-morrow morning; for Edinburgh is no place for cowards as long as one has the honour of living in it, who calls himself (by courtesy)

„Your humble servant,

„CORNELIUS O'SHANNON.

P. S. Sir Philip is at your service, after your settling with me."

Archibald, oppressed with the sense of his own meanness, and somewhat alarmed at the idea of fighting three duels, to retrieve his credit, thought it best to submit, without struggle, in the first instance, to that public disgrace which he had merited. He wrote a shabby apology to major O'Shannon and Sir Philip, concluding with saying, that rather than lose a friend he so much valued as Sir Philip Gosling, he was willing to forget all that had passed, and even to take back the pony, and to return Sawney, if the matter could, by this means, be adjusted to his satisfaction. He then went to his mother, and talked to her, in a high style, of his desperate intentions with respect to Henry Campbell. — „Either he or I must fall, before we quit the ground," said the artful Archibald — well knowing that lady Catherine's maternal tenderness would be awakened by these ideas. Other ideas were also awakened in the prudent mother's mind. Dr. Campbell was nearly related to a general officer, from whom she looked for promotion for her son. „Archibald," said she, „we must make allowances, and conciliate matters — unless you make this young gentleman, your friend, you can never hope to be on eligible footing with his guardian. His guardian, you see, is glad to get him back again, and, I dare say, has his reasons. I never saw him, and I know him well, in such spirits in my life as he was when he came back to us to announce the probability of his ward's return to-morrow morning. The doctor, I dare say, has good reasons for what he does; and, I understand his ward is reconciled to the idea of living in the world, and enjoying his fine fortune like other people. So I hope you and he, and of course you and the doctor, and Henry Campbell, will be very good friends. Pray let me hear no more of duels and quarrels. And let us go down into the ball-room; for miss Campbell has been dressed and down stairs this half hour; and I would not have you inattentive—that might displease as much as the other extreme. In short, I may safely leave you to your own discretion." Lady Catherine, after this prudent exhortation, entered the ball-room, where all the company soon after assembled. Seated in gay ranges, the well-dressed belles were eager for the dancing to commence. Lady Catherine stood by Dr. Campbell; and as soon as the ball began, when the music played, and she saw every one absorbed in themselves, or in their partners, she addressed herself to the doctor, on the subject which was next her heart, or rather next her imagination. „The general is to be with you shortly, I understand," said she. Dr. Campbell coldly answered in the affirmative. „To be candid with you, doctor, if you'll sit down, I want to have a little chat with you about my Archibald. He is not every thing I could wish, and I see you are displeased with him about this foolish business that has just happened. For my own part, I think him to blame; but we must pardon, we must make allowances for the errors of youth, and I need not, to a man of your humanity, observe, what a cruel thing it is to prejudice the world against a young man, by telling little anecdotes to his disadvantage. Relations must surely uphold one another; and I am convinced you will speak of Archibald with candour and friendship."

„With candour and with truth," replied Dr. Campbell. „I cannot pretend to feel friendship merely on the score of relationship."

The proud blood mounted into lady Catherine's face, and she replied: „Some consideration of one's own relations, I think, is not unbecoming. Archibald, I should have thought, had as strong a claim upon Dr. Campbell's friendship as the son of an utter stranger to the family. Old Mr. Forester had a monstrous fortune, 'tis true; but his wife, who was no grand affair, I believe — a merchant's daughter, I'm told — brought him the greatest part of it, and yet, without any natural connexion between the families, or any thing very desirable, setting fortune out of the question, you accept the guardianship of this young man, and prefer him, I plainly see, to my Archibald. I candidly ask you the question, and answer me candidly."

„As you have explicitly asked the question, I will answer your ladyship candidly. I do prefer my ward to your son. I have avoided drawing comparisons between your son and Forester; and I now wish to avoid speaking of Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, because I have little hopes of service to him."

„Nay," said lady Catherine, softening her tone, „you know you have it in your power to be of the greatest service to him."

„I have done all I could," said Dr. Campbell, with a sigh; „but habits of — —"

„O, but I'm not talking of habits," interrupted lady Catherine. „I'll make him alter his habits. We shall soon turn him into what you like: he's very quick; and you must not expect every young man to be just cut out upon the pattern of our dear Henry. I don't want to trouble you to alter his habits, or to teach him chemistry, or any of those things. But you can, you know, without all that, do him an essential service."

„How?" said Dr. Campbell."

„Why how? — I don't know you this evening, you are so dry. See you not what I mean? speak three words for him to your friend, the general."

„Your ladyship must excuse me," said Dr. Campbell.

Lady Catherine was stunned by this distinct refusal. She urged Dr. Campbell to explain the cause of his dislike to her son.

„There is a poor washerwoman now below stairs," replied Dr. Campbell, „who can explain to you more than I wish to explain; and a story about a horse of Sir Philip Gosling was told to me the other day, by one of the baronet's friends, which I should be glad Mr. Archibald Mackenzie could contradict effectually."

„Archibald, come here," said lady Catherine:

„before the next dance begins, I must speak to you. What is this about a horse of Sir Philip Gosling?"

„Ma'am!" said Archibald, with great astonishment. At this instant one of Dr. Campbell's servants came into the room, and gave two notes to Archibald, which, he said, two gentlemen just left, and desired him to deliver to Mr. Mackenzie whilst he was in the ball-room if possible.

„What is it? — What are they, child?" cried lady Catherine. „I will see them." „Her ladyship snatched the notes, read, and when she saw that her son, in the grossest terms, was called a coward, for refusing the challenges of two such fashionable men as Sir Philip Gosling and major O'Shannon, all her hopes of him were at an end. „Our family is disgraced for ever!" she exclaimed; and then, perceiving that she had uttered this unguarded sentence loud enough for several of the company to hear, she endeavoured to laugh, and fell into violent hysterics. She was carried out of the ball-room. A whisper now ran round the room of — „What's the matter with lady Catherine Mackenzie?" — It was at an unfortunate moment that she was carried out, for all the dancers had just seated themselves, after a brisk country dance; and the eyes of all the young and old were upon her ladyship as she made her exit. A young man, a friend of major O'Shannon, who was present, whispered the secret to his partner; she, of course, to her next neighbour. Archibald saw that the contents of the notes were made public; and he quitted the apartment, „to inquire how his mother did."

The buzz of scandal was general for some moments; but a new object soon engrossed the attention of the company. „Pray," said a young lady, who was looping up Flora Campbell's gown, „who is this gentleman, who is just coming into the room?" Flora looked up, and saw a well-dressed stranger entering the room, who had much the appearance of a gentleman. He certainly resembled a person she had seen before; but she could scarcely believe that her eyes did not deceive her. Therefore, she hesitatingly replied to the young lady's question, „I don't know — I am not sure." But she, an instant afterwards, saw her brother Henry and her father advance so eagerly to meet the stranger, that her doubts vanished; and, as he now directed his steps towards the spot where she was standing, she corrected her first answer to her companion's question, and said, „Yes, I fancy — it certainly is — Mr. Forester." Forester, with an open countenance, slightly tinged with the blush of ingenuous shame, approached her, as if he was afraid she had not forgotten some things which he wished to be forgotten; and yet as if he was fully conscious that he was not wholly unworthy of her esteem. „Amongst other prejudices of which I have cured myself," said he to Dr. Campbell, „since we parted, I have cured myself of my foolish antipathy to Scotch reels."

„That I can scarcely believe," said Dr. Campbell, with an incredulous smile.

„I will convince you of it," said Forester, „if you will promise to forget all my other follies."

„*All!*" said Dr. Campbell. „Convince me first, and then it will be time enough to make such a desperate promise."

Flora was rather surprised when our once cynical hero begged the favour of her hand, and led her to dance a reel. M. Pasgrave would have been in ecstasy, if he had seen his pupil's performance.

„And now, my *dear* Forester," said Dr. Campbell, as his ward returned to claim his promise of a general amnesty, „if you do not turn out a coxcomb, if you do not ‚mistake reserve of wrong for right,' you will infallibly be a very great man. Give me a pupil who can cure himself of any one foible, and I have hopes of him. What hopes must I have of him who has cured himself of so many!"

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Samuel Butler.

Ueber die Lebensumſtände dieſes berühmteſten engliſchen Satyrikers iſt trotz den Nachforſchungen ſpäterer Literarhiſtoriker wenig bekannt geworden, da er in einer viel bewegten Zeit es vorzog, ſich lieber in ruhiger Dunkelheit zu verhalten, als kämpfend und wagend öffentlich an die Spitze eines Haufens zu ſtellen und ſich entſchieden für die eine oder die andere Parthei zu erklären. Wahrſcheinlich hielten ihn ſeine beſchränkten Vermögensumſtände und Familienverhältniſſe davon ab, denn an Geiſt und Muth eine bedeutende Rolle zu ſpielen, fehlte es ihm gewiß nicht. — Selbſt ſein Geburtsjahr iſt nicht beſtimmt ermittelt worden; nach Einigen erblickte er bereits 1600, nach Anderen erſt 1612 zu Strensham in Worceſterſhire das Licht der Welt. Wer ſein Vater geweſen, weiß man eben ſo wenig genau, doch ſtimmen die Meiſten darin überein, daß er ein unbemittelter Pächter war, der ſeinem Sohne eine möglichſt gute Erziehung geben und ihn auf einer der beiden engliſchen Univerſitäten (ob Oxford oder Cambridge, bleibt unentſchieden) ſtudiren ließ. Butler ſoll darauf Schreiber bei einem Friedensrichter, und dann nach einander Secretair in mehreren vornehmen Häuſern, namentlich bei Sir Samuel Luke, einem eifrigen Anhänger und Beamten Oliver Cromwells geweſen ſein. Nach der Rückkehr Karl's II. wurde er Secretair des Earl von Carbery und Steward von Ludlow Caſtle. In dieſer Periode vermählte er ſich mit einer Dame aus guter Familie, einer Mrs. Herbert, welche ihm ein hübſches Vermögen zubrachte, das aber ſpäter durch Unglücksfälle verloren ging. Im Jahre 1663 gab er den erſten Theil ſeines ſatiriſchen Heldengedichts Hudibras heraus, welcher die drei erſten Geſänge enthielt und am Hofe ſehr günſtig aufgenommen wurde, obwohl er dem Dichter nicht den mindeſten Vortheil brachte. Der zweite Theil des Hudibras erſchien 1664, der dritte 1678. — Butler ſtarb zwei Jahre ſpäter zu London (1680) nach allgemeiner Annahme in Dürftigkeit, und ließ das Werk unvollendet. Ein Freund ließ ihn auf ſeine Koſten auf dem Kirchhofe zu Coventgarden beſtatten; erſt vierzig Jahre ſpäter wurde ihm ein Denkmal in der Weſtminſterabtei durch den Mayor von London, John Barber, errichtet. — Butler's einzelne Gedichte erſchienen nach ſeinem Tode geſammelt; ſeine ſämmtlichen Schriften haben ſeitdem unzählige Ausgaben erlebt.

Das Hauptwerk dieſes genialen Dichters, der Hudibras, iſt ein Meiſterſtück komiſchen Witzes, zwar ſtreng genommen eine Nachahmung des Don Quixote, aber doch ſo ſelbſtſtändig und in der Ausführung ſo neu und eigenthümlich, daß es vollen Anſpruch auf den Namen eines Original's machen darf. — Es enthält eine beißende Satyre auf die Puritaner, die jedoch ſo allgemein geſtellt iſt, daß ſie nebenher alle eingebildeten, ſtreitſüchtigen, mit Spitzfindigkeiten um ſich werfenden Pedanten geißelt; wäre nicht alles Karrikatur darin und namentlich der Charakter des Helden Hudibras und ſeines Schreibers Ralph ſo widrig und verzerrt, ſo müßte die Wirkung eine noch ſchlagendere und allgemeinere ſein, um ſo mehr als das Gedicht ſelbſt dem jetzigen Engländer ohne hiſtoriſchen Commentar nicht ganz verſtändlich iſt. — Die Form iſt vortrefflich gewählt, über den Plan läßt ſich aber kein beſtimmtes Urtheil bilden, da das Ganze, wie bereits bemerkt wurde, unvollendet blieb, wenig ſatiriſche Gedichte haben einen ſolchen Reichthum treffenden Witzes, ſchlagender und überraſchender Einfälle und burlesker Situationen aufzuweiſen. — Butler's kleinere poetiſche Schriften ſtehen zwar dem Hudibras an Bedeutung nach, bekunden aber ebenfalls das große Talent des Verfaſſers und den Reichthum ſeiner Phantaſie; vorzüglich geben ſeine ſatiriſchen, der Weiſe des Juvenal nachgebildeten Gedichte zur ſelben Zeit einen großen Beweis von der ſtrengen Redlichkeit dieſes tüchtigen Mannes, indem er die ſchamloſe Unſittlichkeit, welche an Karl's II. Hofe vorherrſchte, eben ſo ſtrenge geißelt, als die fanatiſche Unduldſamkeit der Presbyterianer.

In Proſa hat Butler eine klare und lichtvolle, aber nicht gerade ſehr gründliche Abhandlung über die Vernunft und eine Folgereihe von witzigen und gelungenen Characterzeichnungen nach Art des Theophraſt hinterlaſſen.

Satire, upon the Imperfection and Abuse of human Learning.

By Samuel Butler.

Part I.

It is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession,
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbu'd with first submit;
Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have or t' hold indiff'rently of course.

For Custom, tho' but usher of the school
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more false
Than Nature does her stupid animals;
And that 's one reason why more care 's bestow'd
Upon the body than the soul 's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly as the body 's found to grow.

Tho' children without study, pains or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all strangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
But renders words they first began to con,
The end of all that 's after to be known,
And sets the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificiall'st fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the schools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behindhand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
While hardly one 's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain
Best knowledges, but all 's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before:
And therefore those imported from the East,
Where first they were incurr'd are held the best,
Altho' convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon notebooks;
Are really but pains and labour lost
And not worth half the drudgery they cost,
Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When those who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone;
As men that wink with one eye see more true,
And take their aim much better than with two:
For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And, for th' industry he has spent upon 't,
Must full as much some other way discount
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,

And turns their wits, that strive to understand it,
(Like those that write the characters) left-handed;
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that 's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins.
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away,
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
T'express a school and playhouse but the same,
And in their languages, so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preserves men in their wits
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagancies,
The rest and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 't is run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake,
And when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.

Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possess'd,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.
But when those great conveniencies meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
And scholars by prepost'rous overdoing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, tho' the understanding of mankind
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
Disdains the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they 're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause
That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws;
When 't is not only impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 't is the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 't is allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
And ever since that miserable fate
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For tho' the most divine and sov'reign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' interest of truth than ignorance,
And therefore never bore so high a value
As when 't was low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academies, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
Empower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T'assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free;
And own professions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But scorn'd, as soon as 't was but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its support
But what the darkest times provided for 't.

Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show:
As scriv'ners*) take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots** than all the hands they write:
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
T' appear and pass for learned, tho' his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
Furnish their understandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;
But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their Classical partitions;
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it, at the best,
Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own possession is a doubt:
Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
And by so mean contemptible a bribe
Trepann'd the suffrages of ev'ry tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their
own,
And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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*) [illegible]   **) Die Knot., Schnörkel zu machen.

The Tapestried Chamber.

A Tale.

By Sir W. Scott.

The following narrative is given from the pen, so far as memory permits, in the same character in which it was presented to the author's ear; nor has he claim to further praise, or to be more deeply censured, than in proportion to the good or bad judgment which he has employed in selecting his materials, as he has studiously avoided any attempt at ornament which might interfere with the simplicity of the tale.

At the same time, it must be admitted, that the particular class of stories which turns on the marvellous, possesses a stronger influence when told, than when committed to print. The volume taken up at noonday, though rehearsing the same incidents, conveys a much more feeble impression, than is achieved by the voice of the speaker on a circle of fireside auditors, who hang upon the narrative as the narrator details the minute incidents which serve to give it authenticity, and lowers his voice with an affectation of mystery while he approaches the fearful and wonderful part. It was with such advantages that the present writer heard the following events related, more than twenty years since, by the celebrated Miss Seward, of Lichfield, who, to her numerous accomplishments, added, in a remarkable degree, the power of narrative in private conversation. In its present form, the tale must necessarily lose all the interest which was attached to it, by the flexible voice and intelligent features of the gifted narrator. Yet still, read aloud, to an undoubting audience, by the doubtful light of the closing evening, or, in silence, by a decaying taper, and amidst the solitude of a half-lighted apartment, it may redeem its character as a good ghost story. Miss Seward always affirmed, that she had derived her information from an authentic source, although she suppressed the names of the two persons chiefly concerned. I will not avail myself of any particulars I may have since received concerning the localities of the detail, but suffer them to rest under the same general description in which they were first related to me; and, for the same reason, I will not add to or diminish the narrative, by any circumstance, whether more or less material, but simply rehearse as I heard it, a story of supernatural terror.

About the end of the American war, when the officers of Lord Cornwallis's army, which surrendered at Yorktown, and others, who had been made prisoners during the impolitic and ill-fated controversy, were returning to their own country, to relate their adventures, and repose themselves after their fatigues, there was amongst them a general officer, to whom Miss S. gave the name of Browne, but merely, as I understood, to save the inconvenience of introducing a nameless agent in the narrative. He was an officer of merit, as well as a gentleman of high consideration for family and attainments.

Some business had carried General Browne upon a tour through the western counties, when, in the conclusion of a morning stage, he found himself in the vicinity of a small country town, which presented a scene of uncommon beauty, and of a character peculiarly English.

The little town, with its stately old church, whose tower bore testimony to the devotion of ages long past, lay amidst pastures and cornfields of small extent, but bounded and divided with hedge-row timber of great age and size. There were few marks of modern improvement. The environs of the place intimated neither the solitude of decay, nor the bustle of novelty; the houses were old, but in good repair; and the beautiful little river murmured freely on its way to the left of the town, neither restrained by a dam, nor bordered by a towing-path.

Upon a gentle eminence, nearly a mile to the southward of the town, were seen, amongst many venerable oaks and tangled thickets, the turrets of a castle, as old as the wars of York and Lancaster, but which seemed to have received important alterations during the age of Elizabeth and her successor. It had not been a place of great size; but whatever accommodation it formerly afforded, was, it must be supposed, still to be obtained within its walls; at least, such was the inference which General Browne drew from observing the smoke arise merrily from several of the ancient wreathed and carved chimney-stalks. The wall of the park ran alongside of the highway for two or three hundred yards; and through the different points by which the eye found glimpses into the woodland scenery, it seemed to be well stocked. Other points of view opened in succession; now a full one, of the front of the old castle, and now a side glimpse at its particular towers; the former rich in all the bizarrerie of the Elizabethan school, while the simple and solid strength of other parts of the building seemed to show that they had been raised more for defence than ostentation.

Delighted with the partial glimpses which he obtained of the castle through the woods and glades by which this ancient feudal fortress was surrounded, our military traveller was determined to inquire whether it might not deserve a nearer view, and whether it contained family pictures or other objects of curiosity worthy of a stranger's visit; when, leaving the vicinity of the park, he rolled through a clean and well-paved street, and stopped at the door of a well-frequented inn.

Before ordering horses, to proceed on his journey, General Browne made inquiries concerning the proprietor of the chateau which had so attracted his admiration; and was equally surprised and pleased at hearing in reply a nobleman named, whom we shall call Lord Woodville. How fortunate! Much of Browne's early recollections, both at school and at college, had been connected with young Woodville, whom, by a few questions, he now ascertained to be the same with the owner of this fair domain. He had been raised to the peerage by the decease of his father a few months before, and, as the general learned from the landlord, the term of mourning being ended, was now taking possession of his paternal estate, in the jovial season of merry autumn, accompanied by a select party of friends, to enjoy the sports of a country famous for game.

This was delightful news to our traveller.

Frank Woodville had been Richard Browne's fag at Eton, and his chosen intimate at Christ Church; their pleasures and their tasks had been the same; and the honest soldier's heart warmed to find his early friend in possession of so delightful a residence, and of an estate, as the landlord assured him with a nod and a wink, fully adequate to maintain and add to his dignity. Nothing was more natural than that the traveller should suspend a journey, which there was nothing to render hurried, to pay a visit to an old friend under such agreeable circumstances.

The fresh horses therefore, had only the brief task of conveying the general's travelling carriage to Woodville Castle. A porter admitted them at a modern Gothic lodge, built in that style to correspond with the castle itself, and at the same time rang a bell to give warning of the approach of visitors. Apparently the sound of the bell had suspended the separation of the company, bent on the various amusements of the morning; for, on entering the court of the chateau, several young men were lounging about in their sporting dresses, looking at and criticising the dogs, which the keepers held in readiness to attend their pastime. As General Browne alighted, the young lord came to the gate of the hall, and for an instant gazed, as at a stranger, upon the countenance of his friend, on which war, with its fatigues and its wounds, had made a great alteration. But the uncertainty lasted no longer than till the visitor had spoken, and the hearty greeting which followed was such as can only be exchanged betwixt those who have passed together the merry days of careless boyhood or early youth.

„If I could have formed a wish, my dear Browne,“ said Lord Woodville, „it would have been to have you here, of all men, upon this occasion which my friends are good enough to hold as a sort of holiday. Do not think you have been absent from us. I have traced you through your dangers, your triumphs, your misfortunes, and was delighted to see that, whether in victory or defeat, the name of my old friend was always distinguished with applause.“

The general made a suitable reply, and congratulated his friend on his new dignities, and the possession of a place and domain so beautiful.

„Nay, you have seen nothing of it as yet,“ said Lord Woodville, and I trust you do not mean to leave us till you are better acquainted with it. It is true, I confess, that my present party is pretty large and the old house, like other places of the kind, does not possess so much accommodation as the extent of the outward walls appears to promise. But we can give you a comfortable oldfashioned room, and I venture to suppose, that your campaigns have taught you to be glad of worse quarters.“

The general shrugged his shoulders and laughed. „I presume,“ he said, „the worst apartment in your chateau is considerably superior to the old tobacco cask, in which I was fain to take up my night's lodging when I was in the Bush, as the Virginians call it, with the light corps. There I lay, like Diogenes himself, so delighted with my covering from the element, that I made a vain attempt to have it rolled on to my next quarters; but my commander for the time would give way to no such luxurious provision, and I took farewell of my beloved cask with tears in my eyes.“

„Well, then, since you do not fear your quarters,“ said Lord Woodville, „you will stay with me a week at least. Of guns, dogs, fishing-rods, flies, and means of sport by sea and land, we have enough and to spare. You cannot pitch on an amusement, but we will find the means of pursuing it. But if you prefer the gun and pointers, I will go with you myself, and see whether you have mended your shooting since you have been amongst the Indians of the back settlements.“

The general gladly accepted his friendly host's proposal in all its points. After a morning of manly exercise, the company met at dinner, where it was the delight of Lord Woodville to conduce to the display of the high properties of his recovered friend, so as to recommend him to his guests, most of whom were persons of distinction. He led General Browne to speak of the scenes he had witnessed; and as every word marked alike the brave officer and the sensible man, who retained possession of his cool judgment under the most imminent dangers, the company looked upon the soldier with general respect, as on one who had proved himself possessed of an uncommon portion of personal courage — that attribute, of all others, of which every body desires to be thought possessed.

The day at Woodville Castle ended as usual in such mansions. The hospitality stopped within the limits of good order. Music, in which the young lord was a proficient, succeeded to the circulation of the bottle: cards and billiards, for those who preferred such amusements, were in readiness; but the exercise of the morning required early hours, and not long after eleven o'clock the guests began to retire to their several apartments.

The young lord himself conducted his friend, General Browne, to the chamber destined for him, which answered the description he had given of it, being comfortable, but old-fashioned. The bed was of the massive form used in the end of the seventeenth century, and the curtains of faded silk, heavily trimmed with tarnished gold. But then, the sheets, pillows, and blankets looked delightful to the campaigner, when he thought of his „mansion, the cask.“ — There was an air of gloom in the tapestry hangings, which, with their worn-out graces, curtained the walls of the little chamber, and gently undulated as the autumnal breeze found its way through the ancient lattice window, which pattered and whistled as the air gained entrance. The toilet, too, with its mirror, turbaned, after the manner of the beginning of the century, with a coiffure of murray-coloured *) silk, and its hundred strange-shaped boxes, providing for arrangements which had been obsolete for more than fifty years, had an antique, and in so far a melancholy aspect. But nothing could blaze more brightly and cheerfully than the two large wax candles; or if aught could rival them, it was the flaming, bickering fagots in the chimney, that sent at once their gleam and their warmth through the snug apartment; which, notwithstanding the general antiquity of its appearance, was not wanting in the least convenience that modern habits rendered either necessary or desirable.

„This is an old-fashioned sleeping apartment, general,“ said the young lord, „but I hope you find nothing that makes you envy your old tobacco-cask.“

„I am not particular respecting my lodgings,“ replied the general; „yet, were I to make any choice, I would prefer this chamber by many degrees to the gayer and more modern air of your family mansion. Believe me, that when I unite its modern air of comfort with its venerable antiquity, and recollect that it is your lordship's property, I shall feel better quarters here, than if I were in the best hotel London could afford.“

„I trust — I have no doubt — that you will find yourself as comfortable as I wish you, my dear general,“ said the young nobleman; and, again bidding his guest good night, he shook him by the hand, and withdrew.

The general once more looked round him, and, internally congratulating himself on his return to peaceful life, the comforts of which were endeared by the recollection of the hardships and dangers he had lately sustained, undressed himself, and prepared for a luxurious night's rest.

Here, contrary to the custom of this species of tale, we leave the general in possession of his apartment until the next morning.

The company assembled, for breakfast at an early hour, but without the appearance of General Browne, who seemed the guest that Lord Woodville was desirous of honouring above all whom his hospitality had assembled around him. He more than once expressed surprise at the general's absence, and at last sent a servant to make inquiry after him. The man brought back information that General Browne had been walking abroad since an early hour of the morning,

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*) [illegible]

in defiance of the weather, which was misty and ungenial.

„The custom of a soldier,“ said the young nobleman to his friends; „many of them acquire habitual vigilance, and, cannot sleep after the early hour at which their duty usually commands them to be alert.“

Yet the explanation which Lord Woodville then offered to the company seemed hardly satisfactory to his own mind and it was in a fit of silence and abstraction that he awaited the return of the general. It took place near an hour after the breakfast bell had rung. He looked fatigued and feverish. His hair — the powdering and arrangement of which was, at this time, one of the most important occupations of a man's whole day, and marked his fashion as much as, in the present time, the tying of a cravat, or the want of one — was dishevelled, uncurled, void of powder, and dank with dew. His clothes were huddled on with a careless negligence, remarkable in a military man, whose real or supposed duties are usually held to include some attention to the toilet; and his looks were haggard and ghastly in a peculiar degree.

„So you have stolen a march upon us this morning, my dear general,“ said Lord Woodville; „or you have not found your bed so much to your mind as I had hoped, and you seemed to expect. How did you rest last night?“

„O, excellently well — remarkably well — never better in my life,“ said General Browne rapidly, and yet with an air of embarrassment, which was obvious to his friend. He then hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and, neglecting or refusing whatever else was offered, seemed to fall into a fit of abstraction.

„You will take the gun to-day, general?“ said his friend and host; but had to repeat the question twice ere he received the abrupt answer, „No, my lord; I am sorry I cannot have the honour of spending another day with your lordship: my posthorses are ordered, and will be here directly.“

All who were present shewed surprise, and Lord Woodville immediately replied: „Post-horses, my good friend! what can you possibly want with them, when you promised to stay with me quietly for at least a week?“

„I believe,“ said the general, obviously much embarrassed, „that I might, in the pleasure of my first meeting with your lordship, have said something about stopping here a few days; but I have since found it altogether impossible.“

„That is very extraordinary,“ answered the young nobleman. „You seemed quite disengaged yesterday, and you have not had a summons to-day; for our post has not yet come up from the town, and therefore you cannot have received any letters.“

General Browne, without giving any further explanation, muttered something of indispensable business, and insisted on the absolute necessity of his departure, in a manner which silenced all opposition on the part of his host, who saw that his resolution was taken, and forbore all further importunity.

„At least, however,“ he said, „permit me, my dear Browne, since go you will, or must, to shew you the view from the terrace, which the mist, that is now rising, will soon display.“

He threw open a sash window, and stepped down upon the terrace as he spoke. The general followed him mechanically, but seemed little to attend to what his host was saying, as looking across an extended and rich prospect, he pointed out the different objects worthy of observation. Thus they moved on till Lord Woodville had attained his purpose of drawing his guest entirely apart from the rest of the company, when, turning round upon him with an air of great solemnity, he addressed him thus: — Richard Browne, my old and very dear friend, we are now alone — let me conjure you to answer me, upon the word of a friend and the honour of a soldier — how did you in reality rest during last night?“

(To be concluded in our next.)

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Satire, upon the Imperfection and Abuse of human Learning.

By Samuel Butler.

(Concluded from our last.)

Fragments of an intended second Part of the foregoing Satire.

Man's intellects grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,
As smatt'rers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where they've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t'appear most perempt'ry and stout;
While those that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,
Enjoy an absolute free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,
Than those that falsely venture to encroach
Where Nature has denied them all approach;
And still the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behindhand;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom;
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as easy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fish,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

What mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crack'd, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
And had no other way to show his wit
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his scholar striving to expel
All poets his poetic common weal,
Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verse.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd;
So he that put his eyes out, to consider
And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,
Did but himself for idiot convince,
Tho' rev'renc'd by the learned ever since.
Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod,

That b'ing blown out, discover'd what an ass
The great philosopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
And was himself the victim and the priest.
The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turned philosopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done
If he had known himself to be but one.
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate
Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
To rally on an ass that ate a thistle;
That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
A fitter mistress could not pick and choose,
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree to fit.

The ancient sceptics constantly denied
What they maintain'd, and thought they justified;
For when th' affirm'd that nothing 's to be known,
They did but what they said before disown;
And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble
As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans:
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
Were often set by officers i' th' stocks,
For quarrelling about a paradox:
When pudding-wives were launch'd in cuckquean stools,
For falling foul on oysterwomen's schools,
No herb-woman sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions,
A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to seal
A pair of shoes of any other school;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,
Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

Distinctions, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces of a point,
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things s' uncertain, 't is no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when they 've slurr'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense;
And as they 're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe,
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' quest'on,
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the counterscarps upon their backs;
So disputants advance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,

But ne'er attempt the main design and reason —
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be tried;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

Judgement is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,
And still the more 't is us'd is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 't is false, and will not rise, nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 't is spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none.

It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion
That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.
Truth would undo the world, if it possess'd
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a tit'lar princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrender'd her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of loss.

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force,
And pass for sense t' all purposes as good
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges,
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style,
And the most curious critics or the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
For as it is the garniture and dress
That all things wear in books and languages,
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear)
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
Hence 't was the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of int'rest and their clients' eloquence;
When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And those who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,

T' express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Altho' the moral be not understood:
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Tho' all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;
Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise;
And, like a morrice dancer dress'd with bells,
Only to serve for noise and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear;
For if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest:
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 't is that nothing else but eloquence
Is tied to such a prodigal expense;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half 's, as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,
Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does,
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point so evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher,
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, having nothing of their own;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their nature's false:
For whether 't is their want of conversation
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation,
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too subtly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;
Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;
Or rude confusions of the things they read,
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their constant wanes, and falls,
And changes, in the insides of their skulls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things else unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And by th' immoderate excess of study
Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain.

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,
Had read out little Britain and Duck Lane,
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutor's of all sorts, and virtuosos,
To read all authors to him with their glosses,
And made his lacqueys, when he walk'd, bear follos
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholiasts,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;

Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crackt his scull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry fats o'er from Francfort fairs
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to scatter books in ev'ry room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,
And lay a train that nat'rally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, begone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

The Tapestried Chamber.

A Tale.

By Sir W. Scott.

(Concluded from our last.)

„Most wretchedly, indeed, my lord," answered the general, in the same tone of solemnity; „so miserably, that I would not run the risk of such a night a second time, not only for all the lands belonging to this castle, but for all the country which I see from this elevated point of view.

„This is most extraordinary," said the young lord, as if speaking to himself, „then there must be something in the reports concerning that apartment." Again turning to the general, he said, „For God's sake, my dear friend, be candid with me, and let me know the disagreeable particulars which have befallen you under a roof, where, with consent of the owner, you should have met nothing save comfort."

The general seemed distressed by this appeal, and paused a moment before he replied.

„My dear lord," he at length said, „what happened to me last night is of a nature so peculiar and so unpleasant, that I could hardly bring myself to detail it, even to your lordship, were it not that, independently of my wish to gratify any request of yours, I think that sincerity on my part may lead to some explanation about a circumstance equally painful and mysterious. To others, the communication I am about to make might place me in the light of a weak-minded, superstitious fool, who suffered his own imagination to delude and bewilder him; but you have known me in childhood and youth, and will not suspect me of having adopted in manhood the failings and frailties from which my early years were free." Here he paused, and his friend replied: „Do not doubt my perfect confidence in the truth of your communication, however strange it may be, I know your firmness of disposition too well, to suspect you could be made the object of imposition, and am aware that your honour and your friendship will equally deter you from exaggerating whatever you may have witnessed."

„Well, then," said the general, „I will proceed with my story as well as I can, relying upon your candour; and yet distinctly feeling that I would rather face a battery than recall to my mind the odious recollections of last night."

He paused a second time, and then perceiving that Lord Woodville remained silent, and in an attitude of attention, he commenced, though not without obvious reluctance, the history of his night adventures in the Tapestried Chamber.

„I undressed and went to bed, so soon as your lordship left me yesterday evening; but the wood in the chimney, which nearly fronted my bed, blazed brightly and cheerfully, and, aided by a hundred exciting recollections of my childhood and youth, which had been recalled by the unexpected pleasure of meeting your lordship, prevented me from falling immediately asleep.

I ought, however, to say, that these reflections were all of a pleasant and agreeable kind, grounded on a sense of having, for a time, exchanged the labour, fatigues, and dangers of my profession, for the enjoyments of a peaceful life, and the reunion of those friendly and affectionate ties, which I had torn asunder at the rude summons of war.

„While such pleasing reflections were stealing over my mind, and gradually lulling me to slumber, I was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silken gown, and the tapping of a pair of high-heeled shoes, as if a woman were walking in the apartment. Ere I could draw the curtain, to see what the matter was, the figure of a little woman passed between the bed and the fire. The back of this form was turned to me, and I could observe, from the shoulders and neck, it was that of an old woman whose dress was an old-fashioned gown, which, I think, ladies call a sacque; that is, a sort of robe completely loose in the body, but gathered into broad plaits upon the neck and shoulders, which fall down to the ground, and terminate in a species of train.

„I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never harboured for a moment the idea that what I saw was any thing more than the mortal form of some old woman about the establishment, who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having perhaps (as your lordship mentioned that you were rather straitened for room) been dislodged from her chamber for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance, and returned, by twelve, to her old haunt. Under this persuasion, I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises. She turned slowly round, but, gracious Heaven! my lord, what a countenance did she display to me! There was no longer any question what she was, or any thought of her being a living being. Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse, were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions which had animated her while she lived. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul restored from the penal fire, in order to form, for a space, a union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt. I started up in bed and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed on this horrible spectre. The hag made, as it seemed, a single and swift stride to the bed where I lay, and squatted herself down upon it, in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of my horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within half a yard of mine, with a grin which seemed to intimate the malice and derision of an incarnate fiend.“

Here General Browne stopped, and wiped from his brow the cold perspiration with which the recollection of his horrible vision had covered it.

„My lord,“ he said, „I am no coward; I have been in all the mortal dangers incidental to my profession, and I may truly boast, that no man ever saw Richard Browne dishonour the sword he wears; but, in these horrible circumstances, under the eyes, and, as it seemed, almost in the grasp of an incarnation of an evil spirit, all firmness forsook me, all manhood melted from me like wax in the furnace, and I felt my hair individually bristle. The current of my life-blood ceased to flow, and I sunk back in a swoon, as very a victim to panic terror as ever was a village girl, or a child of ten years old. How long I lay in this condition I cannot pretend to guess.

„But I was roused by the castle clock striking one so loud, that it seemed as if it were in the very room. It was some time before I dared open my eyes, lest they should again encounter the horrible spectacle. When, however, I summoned courage to look up, she was no longer visible. My first idea was to pull my bell, wake the servants, and remove to a garret or a hay-loft, to be ensured against a second visitation. Nay, I will confess the truth, that my resolution was altered, not by the shame of exposing myself, but by the fear that, as the bell-cord hung by the chimney, I might, in making my way to it, be again crossed by the fiendish hag, who, I figured to myself, might be still lurking about some corner of the apartment.

„I will not pretend to describe what hot and cold fever-fits tormented me for the rest of the night, through broken sleep, weary vigils, and that dubious state which forms the neutral ground between them. A hundred terrible objects appeared to haunt me; but there was the great difference betwixt the vision which I have described, and those which followed, that I knew the last to be deceptions of my own fancy and over-excited nerves.

„Day at last appeared, and I rose from my bed ill in health, and humiliated in mind. I was ashamed of myself as a man and a soldier, and still more so, at feeling my own extreme desire to escape from the haunted apartment, which, however, conquered all other considerations; so that, huddling on my clothes with the most careless haste, I made my escape from your lordship's mansion, to seek in the open air some relief to my nervous system, shaken as it was by this horrible rencounter with a visitant — for such I must believe her — from the other world. Your lordship has now heard the cause of my discomposure, and of my sudden desire to leave your hospitable castle. In other places I trust we may often meet; but God protect me from ever spending a second night under that roof!“

Strange as the general's tale was, he spoke with such an air of deep conviction, that it cut short all the usual commentaries which are made on such stories. Lord Woodville never once asked him if he was sure he did not dream of the apparition, or suggested any of the possibilities by which it is fashionable to explain apparitions — wild vagaries of the fancy, or deceptions of the optic nerves. On the contrary, he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and reality of what he had heard; and, after a considerable pause, regretted, with much appearance of sincerity, that his early friend should in his house have suffered so severely.

„I am the more sorry for your pain, my dear Browne,“ he continued, „that it is the unhappy, though most unexpected, result of an experiment of my own. You must know, that from my father and grandfather's time, at least, the apartment which was assigned to you last night, had been shut, on account of reports that it was disturbed by supernatural sights and noises. When I came, a few weeks since, into possession of the estate, I thought the accommodation which the castle afforded for my friends, was not extensive enough to permit the inhabitants of the invisible world to retain possession of a comfortable sleeping apartment. I therefore caused the Tapestried Chamber, as we call it, to be opened; and, without destroying its air of antiquity, I had such new articles of furniture placed in it as became the modern times. Yet, as the opinion that the room was haunted very strongly prevailed among the domestics, and was known also in the neighbourhood, and to many of my friends, I feared some prejudice might be entertained by the first occupant of the Tapestried Chamber, which might tend to revive the evil report which it had laboured under, and so disappoint my purpose of rendering it a useful part of the house. I must confess, my dear Browne, that your arrival yesterday, agreeable to me for a thousand reasons besides, seemed the most favourable opportunity of removing the unpleasant rumours which attached to the room, since your courage was indubitable, and your mind free of any preoccupation on the subject. I could not, therefore, have chosen a more fitting subject for my experiment.“

„Upon my life,“ said General Browne, somewhat hastily, „I am infinitely obliged to your lordship — very particularly indebted indeed. I am likely to remember, for some time, the consequences of the experiment, as your lordship is pleased to call it.“

„Nay, now you are unjust, my dear friend,“ said Lord Woodville; you have only to reflect for a single moment, in order to be convinced that I could not augur the possibility of the pain to which you have been so unhappily exposed. I was yesterday morning a complete sceptic on the subject of supernatural appearances. Nay, I am sure, that had I told you what was said about that room, those very reports would have induced you, by your own choice, to select it for your accommodation. It was my misfortune, perhaps my error, but really cannot be termed my fault, that you have been afflicted so strangely.“

„Strangely indeed!“ said the general, resuming his good temper; „and I acknowledge that I have no right to be offended with your lordship for treating me like what I used to think myself — a man of some firmness and courage. But I see my post-horses are arrived, and I must not detain your lordship from your amusement.“

„Nay, my old friend,“ said Lord Woodville, „since you cannot stay with us another day, which indeed I can no longer urge, give me at least half an hour more. You used to love pictures, and I have a gallery of portraits, some of them by Vandyke, representing ancestry, to whom this property and castle formerly belonged. I think that several of them will strike you as possessing merit.“ General Browne accepted the invitation, though somewhat unwillingly. It was evident he was not to breathe freely or at ease till he had left Woodville Castle far behind him. He could not refuse his friend's invitation, however, and the less so, that he was a little ashamed of the peevishness which he had displayed towards his well-meaning entertainer.

The general, therefore, followed Lord Woodville through several rooms, into a long gallery hung with pictures, which the latter pointed out to his guest, telling the names, and giving some account of the personages whose portraits presented themselves in progression. General Browne was but little interested in the details which the accounts conveyed to him. They were, indeed, of the kind which are usually found in an old family gallery. Here, was a cavalier who had ruined the estate in the royal cause; there, a fine lady who had re-instated it by contracting a match with a wealthy Roundhead. There, hung a gallant who had been in danger for corresponding with the exiled court at Saint Germain; here, one who had taken arms for William at the Revolution; and again, a third that had thrown his weight alternately into the scale of Whig and Tory.

While Lord Woodville was cramming these words into his guest's ear, „against the stomach of his sense,“ they gained the middle of the gallery, when he beheld General Browne suddenly start, and assume an attitude of the utmost surprise, not unmixed with fear, as his eyes were caught and suddenly riveted by a portrait of an old lady in a sacque, the fashionable dress of the end of the seventeenth century.

„There she is!“ he exclaimed, „there she is, in form and features, though inferior in demoniac expression, to the accursed hag who visited me last night.“

„If that be the case,“ said the young nobleman, „there can remain no longer any doubt of the horrible reality of your apparition. That is the picture of a wretched ancestress of mine, of whose crimes a black and fearful catalogue is recorded, in a family history, in my charter-chest. The recital of them would be too horrible; it is enough to say, that in yon fatal apartment incest and unnatural murder were committed. I will restore it to the solitude to which the better judgment of those who have preceded me had consigned it; and never shall any one, so long as I can prevent it, be exposed to a repetition of the supernatural horrors which could shake such courage as your's.

Thus the friends, who had met with such glee, parted in a very different mood — Lord Woodville to command the Tapestried Chamber to be unmantled, and the door built up; and General Browne to seek, in some less beautiful country, and with some less dignified friend, forgetfulness of the painful night which he had passed in Woodville Castle.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The mysterious Stranger; or The Bravo of Banff.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Chapter I. — The Robber's Thumb.

We are about to enter a *terra incognita*. Does any one remember hearing or seeing a little, odd, un-English, un-Scotch monosyllable, spelling itself BANFF? An affirmative answer, we suspect, will only be given by young ladies, or young gentlemen, fresh from their geography, — who may call to mind, if they have particularly good memories, that Banff is the capital town of a county of the same name in Scotland. Farther than this not one in a million of our readers can go. Not a single association is called up by the sound. The „sleeping images of things" in the mind sleep on. It is not a word to conjure with. Try as you may, it will only resolve itself at least into its component letters; and you shall have nothing more for your pains than B, a, n, double *f*.

This is no less strange than it is true; for Banff, in addition to its being one of the most beautifully situated towns on the northern coasts of Scotland — which is pretty nearly the same as saying, on the face of the whole earth — is surrounded by all the charms which, like those of women, attract the spoilers of fashion, to desecrate and debase the very temple wherein they worship. Its chalybeate springs resemble, while they surpass, those of Tunbridge Wells; its walks, rides, and drives are unrivalled in the kingdom; the mighty and magnificent sea breaks upon its cliffs, or gambols on its golden sands; and the romantic Deveron plunges into the waste of waters by its side.

Banff, although cheerful and lightsome in its aspect, has yet a solitary look. It seems to stand apart, with a kind of prudish decorum, from the rest of the world; and this character attaches even to the inhabitants themselves. They consist in great part of that class which used formerly to be designated by the now obsolete term of „genteel people." Of this portion of the society some are wealthy, and some are small annuitants; but, in a place where the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life, are singularly cheap, all are independent. The strife of rivalry is rarely to be seen in the countenance of Banff gentility. The residents have laid down their ledgers and taken to the journals; or they are honourable pensioners on their country; or families of small inherited fortune; or invalids who come to drink at the Hygeian springs, and brighten their pale cheeks with the breezes of the sea.

Owing to the circumscribed nature of the society, the Banffians are all well-known to each other. Yet, in this instance, familiarity does not broad contempt — but quite the reverse. Their social intercourse is carried on with a certain punctilio, which spreads an air of fashion over the whole community. They are strict inquirers into clans and families, and allow grudgingly his lawful place to Mammon. They are in fact a sort of exclusives in their way; and, in their inter-communication, bear some resemblance to a dress party.

At the time, however, when we take up the history of this community, Banff was frighted from its propriety by a series of daring robberies committed in the town and neighbourhood. The business commenced at Duff House, the elegant seat of Lord Fife; and, whether produced or not by the natural love of imitation which seems to govern mankind in matters of murder and marriage, a succession of similar exploits spread consternation through the district. Some people imagined that a gang of first-rate *cracksmen* had condescended to come all the way from London, the grand emporium of thievery; but no stranger of any distinction in appearance was seen in the neighbourhood, and the suspicion fell to the ground. That the robberies were committed by strangers, there could be no doubt; for it was observed, in some cases, that the best protected part of the house was chosen for attack. Force appeared occasionally to have been used; but in general entrance was effected either by an unfastened window, or some other means that did not involve the necessity of making too much noise. Noise, indeed, was usually heard; but never till the deed was accomplished. Then there was a grating of shoes, a stamping of feet, and a clapping of doors; as if the adventurers, flushed with success, and certain of escape, cared no longer for concealment. Such tokens of defiance, indeed, were the best means that could have been used to cover their retreat; for when the stillness of midnight was broken by sounds like these, the stoutest men sometimes lay quaking in bed, or were seized bodily by their wives, and kept prisoners of peace till all was over.

It was surprising, however, to see how bold the Banffians were in the day-time. Curses loud and deep were vented against those mysterious braves, whom no man had as yet seen. The most bloody-minded measures were talked of. Pistols were cleaned, primed, and loaded; swords and dirks sharpened; and one gentleman even proposed the formation of an armed constabulary force, and daily exercise on the Battery Green in all the manoeuvres of war. But these belligerent plans were successfully opposed by the half-pay officers, who remarked that regular military operations could be of no use in dark chambers, and narrow staircases; and at length an air of ridicule was thrown on the war party by the conduct of one of their leaders, who, on hearing some suspicious sounds at night, ran from his own solitary room into that of his sisters, exclaiming valiantly, „Haud me, or I'll fecht!“

As yet, we have said, the robbers had never been seen; but at length the fulness of time arrived when they were both seen and felt, and when blood flowed in the struggle. The circumstance of their choosing the house of Major Lovat for the object of attack proved, if proof were wanting, that they were indeed strangers in the district. The major whose name is well known in the wars of the Peninsula, was a man of unquestioned courage, and withal of a fierce, hot, and sudden temper. He was besides in the commission of the peace, and so active in his justiceship, that to him were owing the detection and punishment of almost all the great crimes that had been committed in the county since the peace. The major did not appear to share in the general excitation at this particular juncture. He could not be persuaded to take any measures of security which he had not been accustomed to; and even his man-servant, Franks, a fine-looking fellow, of well-known bravery — „although an Englishman,“ as the Banffians said — was not withdrawn from an out-house, where he had slept for some time in consequence of an overflow of visitors, who had now taken leave.

If Major Lovat was not so fierce as usual in manner, he was not less watchful. He lay with the door of his room ajar, and every now and

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then got up to listen. Sometimes he stood during the stillest part of the night at his chamber window, which commanded the back entrance to the house, and sometimes descended the staircase in his slippers to ascertain that all was right below. These precautions, however, were taken by stealth; and his daughter and the maids murmured as loudly as they durst at this supposed negligence, which they attributed to military pride.

One dark and stormy night — a night that seemed to have been contrived on purpose for the prowling robber — Major Lovat was as usual on the watch. He was confused, however, by the Babel of sublime or dismal sounds; in which the howling of the wind, the groaning of trees, and the roar of the waves breaking on the Bar *), mingled in a strange wild chorus. To ascertain what portion of the din was within, and what without the house was impossible; yet he could not divest himself of a sort of superstitious impression, that he had heard *something* which did not belong to the proper noises of the house. He could derive no assistance from his eyes, for the night was pitchdark; but as he endeavoured to pierce through the gloom below, while he stood at his window, a multitude of moving forms seemed to throng around the door.

Although aware that these must have been the effects of fancy, he yet determined to descend stealthily, and listen at the door. Wrapped in his night-gown, and armed with a drawn sword, the major groped his way almost to the bottom of the stairs; and then stopped short, threw back the folds of his gown, raised his sword, and bent forward in the attitude of springing, as he heard suddenly the well-known din which attended the departure of the plunderers. A distant door was shut with a force that shook the house, confused whispers rushed along the corridor, and many steps tramped and grated upon the floor. The din approached. Major Lovat bitterly regretted that he had not at once sprung forward, secured the back door, and thus made prisoners of the whole party. He knew that in a dark house a child might scare a whole band of robbers; and at any rate, if assistance was necessary, a single shout from the window would awaken his servant Franks. It was now too late however; for a door, communicating with the range of apartments on the opposite side of the hall, flew open, and a human figure treading heavily, as if in wantonness, rushed towards the door.

Major Lovat gained the spot in a single bound; and, aware that in the twofold darkness of the recess the enemy would become invisible, whirled his sword at random round his head. The robber did not enter within its sweep. He turned suddenly aside at the entrance of the recess which formed the porch, and vaulting like a harlequin upon a lofty window-seat, disappeared before the enraged major could strike at him more than a single blow. Whether this blow took effect or not, it was impossible for the present to ascertain. The gallant veteran stepped noiselessly and instantaneously back into the porch; and, grinding his teeth till he foamed at the mouth, waited the approach of the next.

He waited in vain; for the rest of the gang having no doubt heard the clang of the weapon, found another way out. The morning soon after broke, and the kitchen-wench, crawling gapingly to her early avocations, no sooner beheld the spectre-like figure of her master guarding the domains with a drawn sword, than she uttered a scream that brought down Miss Lovat and the maids in their night-gear.

After ascertaining—which he did with infinite mortification —that the whole party had escaped, the major proceeded to examine the window, and the circumjacent premises. The folding casement had been dexterously slipped from its hinges, with the fracture of only a single pane; and on the sill our veteran detected, with a growl of satisfaction — blood. This, however, might have been no more than the effects of the broken glass; and it was necessary to inquire into the state of affairs on the outside. On the pavement below the window, a much greater quantity of blood was visible. It did not meander along the stones in a narrow stream, like that which flows from a common cut; but lay here and there in broad and thick splashes. This was proof that an artery had been severed; and the major followed the track like a slot-hound, till it was completely lost in a jungle behind the paling. He was about to call Franks, and beat the bush from end to end, in hopes that the wounded man might have fallen from loss of blood; when a scream from Miss Lovat brought the anxious father to her side.

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*) A sandbank at the mouth of the Deveron.

She was standing beside a pond at a little distance from the path, and gazing with horror and alarm at some minute object on the brink. It was *a man's thumb*. The daring villain, in the midst of the pain and danger of the wound, had had the presence of mind to throw away the severed member, lest at some future time it might appear as a witness against him, attempting, no doubt, to bury it in the pond, although he missed his purpose in the dark. The major stooped upon his quarry like a hawk; but presently, shaking his head —

„Get in with you, lassie,“ said he, „and a truce with your squeeling and skirling, for one morning. This is not the lad to lie down for the loss of a thumb; he is safe by this time I'll warrant you; and, by my honour, I should not be sorry for it, if we had only his arm or leg here. But a thumb! — a poor indemnification for a night's watching and may be as much as a year's pay in kind. Well, well — ‚half a loaf is better than no bread,‘ as Franks says;“ and the major, not at all so discontented as he appeared, carefully rinsed the thumb in the pond, and carried it triumphantly into the house.

It would not be easy to describe the state of agitation into which the people of Banff were thrown, when the news of this circumstance ran, while it was yet early morning, like wildfire through the town. The thumb was first magnified to a hand — an arm — a leg — a whole body; and then multiplied by fifteen or sixteen, till the inhabitants, flocking to the scene of action, expected to find Major Lovat's back-court strewed with the slain. Some of the families whose houses stood alone, talked of removing into the town; and many serving lasses actually left their situations, and sought shelter in their parent wynds and closes. Even Franks, Major Lovat's man, made his appearance in the parlour, great-coated, booted, gloved, and evidently prepared for a journey.

„I am come to take leave of your honour,“ said he, with the abruptness which in an English servant is called insolence.

„The —— you are! — and without warning?“

„You know, Sir, you make it a rule to give me warning at least ten times a day, and that is quite sufficient for my purpose.“

„The English of all this is, that you are afraid — I say that you are afraid, you rascal — afraid,“ spluttered the major, reddening with anger.

„I am neither a rascal nor a coward,“ replied Franks; „but I would rather take soldier's pay and die by fair fighting, than run a risk every night of being murdered in my bed for ten times the money. I have no notion of it, I assure you. It is not my trade. Till such time as you can contrive to have a proper police in your country, you need not expect an Englishman to live with you.“ By the time the fellow had finished his harangue, he contrived to be just at the door; for the major was occasionally apt to take the executive department of his justiceship into his own hands. Had the man been less impudent, he would most probably have been bribed to stay, by a handsome addition to his salary; for, being a smart, ready fellow, he had become almost necessary to his master. The only point in his character, indeed, which was at all objectionable, was an over-devotion — if such a thing be possible — to the fair sex. The serving lasses far and near were pulling caps, or rather *rugging mutches* for him; and since his arrival an unusual number of accidents had happened both to their reputations and persons.

The major, however, was at this time so much absorbed in the contemplation of his gain, that he had no time to bemoan his loss, or reflect either on the good or bad qualities of Franks. The thumb lay upon a towel on the table before him, and the room during that entire day was crowded by visitors, who had come to inspect it, and inquire into the real history of the capture.

The thumb was not an ill-shaped thumb. It had certainly not been a hard-working thumb; but on the contrary was fair and smooth, and the nail well shaped, somewhat long, and carefully pared. It was in short rather a gentlemanly thumb, and only distinguished from other thumbs of the class by the scar of an old wound. When the visitors had all retired — which they took care to do before the shades of evening had fallen, the major wrapped the relic in cotton, impregnated with brandy, spices, and perfumes; and, in spite of Miss Lovat's entreaties, placed it on the mantel-piece, as a trophy and an ornament. From hence it was taken for many a day after to be shown, again and again, to the admiring visitors; and for some time the all-absorbing topic of conversation, both in this house and in the town of Banff, was the Robber's Thumb.

Chapter II. — The Bridge of Alva.

The exploit of Major Lovat, detailed in the preceding chapter, seemed to have turned, or at least stopped, the fortune of the war. When the agitation of the public mind began to subside, and the Banffians were no longer haunted by the daily reality and nightly vision of the Thumb, they discovered, with renewed wonder, that since the capture of that important member, not a single robbery had been committed in the neighbourhood. This proved, that the thumb had been the personal property of the chief of the banditti; and the inhabitants, sure of at least a respite, gradually returned to their usual habits and feelings.

It was with something like shame, indeed, that the fashion of Banff reflected on the republican freedoms, and revolutionary intimacies, they had been led in a moment of common danger into sanctioning, and on the consequent disorders that had well nigh overturned the whole fabric of genteel society; and they immediately began, as if by preconcerted agreement, to retreat behind the circumvallations of their punctilios, ceremonies, and decorums.

Only one arrival, they found, had been placed on the list during the anarchy; and the usual steps were of course taken to ascertain who and what the stranger was, whence he had come, and what were his family, quality, estate, profession, fortune, name. To not one of these inquiries could any answer be obtained. The stranger still resided at the Royal Oak inn, where he was only known as Number 9. He was a man rather under than over thirty — tall — well-looking — pale, as if from recent illness — and his left arm was in a sling, the hand bound with a black silk handkerchief. He did not seek acquaintances; he did not attend the coffee-room; he did not go to church; he did not bathe; he did not drink the waters. What then had he come here for?

All this was very perplexing — not to say suspicious. Consultations were repeatedly held as to the grade of society in which he ought to be placed; but no decision could be come to. He was a gentleman, no doubt, in manner and mode of living; but where were his credentials? Was it gentleman-like to come to such a place as Banff without a single introduction, or without at least announcing his name, and demanding the respect to which he was entitled by his wealth and quality? In vain Mr. Cooper, who was at that time a sort of master of the ceremonies, endeavoured to inveigle him into conversation and disclosure: he took nothing by his motion. The stranger's reserve was at length felt as a public insult, and one dowager, who shall be nameless, even declared at Major Lovat's house, that he ought be called to account by the gentlemen.

„I tell ye what, laddies," said Mr. Thom, a retired merchant — „My private opinion is, that the best way to unfauld the mystery would be to unfauld the chief's hand. I would like to ken what he has got — or rather *what he has not got* under yon black dud!" — and Mr. Thom turned a significant look towards the mantelpiece whereon reposed the robber's thumb.

This strange hint sent a kind of thrill through the company, and was followed by a profound silence which lasted for upwards of a minute. The idea, however, was too sudden and too extravagant to be entertained for more than a minute; and at length, as if ashamed of the injustice they had committed in their thoughts, some of the gentlemen began to banter Mr. Thom on his sagacity, declaring that he ought himself to have the slaying of the giant, and to assume from that moment the honourable name of *Tom Thumb!*

„Aweel, aweel,“ replied Mr. Thom, looking rather grave than angry — „Never heed — *we'll see!*“

The young ladies in the mean time, who form every where a separate power within the state, were not less busy in discussing the same subject. At first they were unanimous in the stranger's favour. He was so handsome, so tall, so pale, so melancholy! But as every day he continued to pass them by without so much as bestowing a glance on their beauty, it was only natural that they should detect some flaws in the picture. Not satisfied, however, with charging him simply with bad taste, which they might justly have done, they went a step further than perhaps they were entitled to do, even by the law of presumptive evidence. He arrived, said they, a day or two after Major Lovat's exploit — pale and faint, as if from loss of blood, and with his hand concealed by a bandage. But moreover, on enquiring in the traveller's room what was the cause of the hurry and the agitation in the street, when he was answered, that „the folks were in pursuit of a man who had gotten his thumb cut off,“ he rose up in evident trepidation and retired to his own apartment! The last mentioned fact was indeed remarkable, and had been repeated at the time by witnesses who never dreamed of the conclusion that might be drawn from such premises.

„And now, Marian,“ said Miss Thom, the daughter of the wealthy ex-merchant, „put all thae points together, and see what ye'll make of them?“ The lady addressed was Miss Marian Lovat, only child of our friend the Major, and ostensible head of the very small minority of spinsters still in favour of the stranger. She was about nineteen years of age, and the reigning beauty of Banff, but was thought to be somewhat *odd* in her tastes and temper. The fiery particles in her father's composition burned in the daughter's, but with a lambent flame rather than a red heat; and his rude soldier-like generosity was in her a high and holy enthusiasm which is quite incomprehensible to common souls. Marian, in short, was *romantic* in the finest sense of the word, which conveys the idea of something opposite to *worldly-minded*. The effect produced by the late occurrences on sensibilities like hers, had been exciting in the highest degree; and now, when she was called upon to feel, in a case somehow or other connected with the former, she abandoned herself to the instincts of her heart with a dangerous eagerness. We do not mean to say, that our youthful heroine was insensible to the manly beauty of the stranger. On the contrary, like all the really good and pure, she was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty whether physical or moral. The sourest Cameronian that ever sung the Psalms of David, with his bible kept open on his knee by his naked sword, would have preferred for his temple of worship some sweet and blooming valley to the naked rock or howling waste. Ugliness should be tolerated from pity, but beauty admired from the instinct which is the bond of union between the soul of man and its Creator.

If Marian, however, had admired the stranger under different circumstances, she would have admired him like a fine picture or a magnificent landscape. As it was, her *heart* was brought into play as well as her taste. Her generosity was appealed to; her pity awakened; and at last, when the jeers of her companions had taught her to suspect even her holiest feelings, it was with rising colour and unsteady step she passed by in the street the silent object of her speculations.

„What do I make of them?" said she, in reply to Miss Tom's question — „Coincidences — nothing more. We are altogether unacquainted with the stranger's history, and therefore unable to reason on his looks. As for his hand, it may either have been hurt in a duel or by accident; and in a few days, when the wound gets well, and the bandage is removed, you will blush for your uncharitableness."

„He is a *robber*, I tell ye," said Miss Thom, violently — „He is *the robber*; and his thoom lies at this moment on your father's brose! Take care, Mirren Lovat, take care of what you are about! More than me noticed your colour come and go yesterday, as you passed him in the street; and what [illegible] waur, more than me noticed that after ye gaed by he stood stock still — for the first time that he has given one of us a glance — and glowred after ye as if ye had been a speerit! Remember, Mirren Lovat — remember lass — this is no *Venice!*" Few of the young ladies could refrain from tittering at the allusion with which the outspoken Miss Thom concluded her oration. They had all been reading Lewis's popular romance; and they whispered one to the other in a tone not inaudible to our heroine — the BRAVO'S BRIDE! Marian was unable to restrain either her tears or her temper. The reply wrung from her vexed spirit may be given in such matter of fact pages as ours, but would have wholly unfitted her for a heroineship of romance.

„You vulgar — low-minded — ignorant — impudent *cutties!*" was her exclamation, broken by sobs, as she turned indignantly away, and walked home alone to her father's house.

The feuds of young ladies, it is to be presumed, are not usually of long duration; for we have it on record that Miss Thom and some of her party, on the next day but one, walked arm in arm with Marian Lovat to the bridge of Alva.

It will scarcely be possible to convey to the Southron reader any adequate idea of this magnificent spot. When he learns that it forms part of the *pleasure-grounds* of Lord Fife, his imagination, busy with the quiet loveliness of his parks at home, or their grotesque attempts at the natural sublime, will be unable to take hold of the scene which we would fain present to it. The bridge, of a high arch, reminds one, as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder justly observes, „more of a Roman work than any thing of modern times." It is thrown over the Deveron at a place which more nearly resembles a Swiss or Tyrolese valley, than the entrance to a nobleman's *policies*. The far-travelled river has wandered for some time through an open and comparatively level country; and even when it suddenly enters the narrow chasm of precipitous cliffs, crowned with funeral pines, it plunges with a sullen dignity into the abyss, its contortions visible only in noiseless whirls, or in flashes of foam that rise through the dark waters no higher than the surface — like feelings bursting from some tortured bosom even to the lip, and there choked by pride. The grey-headed jack daw, and the hermit raven, celebrate the consummation with hoarse cries; and the heron dips his wing in the flood, as he sweeps across to roost among the firs of Mount Coffer. Sullen, yet swift, and heaving with „inarticulate throes," the Deveron flings itself headlong beneath the arch, and emerges into a wide basin, black, deep, and gloomy, tracked with white flakes that show the sweep of the channel, and surrounded by precipices crowned with groves.

This is the spot sacred to the Banffian Cupid. Half hidden among these rocks and woods are the walks of love. Often, in the gloaming, you may see a whispering pair stealing slowly and lingeringly through the shade. A manly arm is pressed fondly but gently, as they walk, round a maiden waist, and a blooming, blushing cheek is bent sidelong towards the taller shoulder, that not one breath of the murmured tale may be lost. Now they hesitate; they pause — not simultaneously, but one compelled by a tender beseeching force. Her head hangs down. The whisper is renewed, more energetically in itself, yet melting more softly in her ear, till the spell of love is complete. Then their hands are clasped, and their faces raised to heaven. Do you recognise them now? Name them not if you do

— O never name them, even to your own heart! Consider them but as abstractions of the best and brightest and holiest things in our nature. They are images — pictures — dreams — prophecies, or memories. All you must know of them personally is, that they are a youth and a maid, and that

They both are young, and one is beautiful!"

There is a turretted seat among the craigs of Alva, where many of these votaries have carved their initials, each pair enclosed within a mutual heart. „The last time I was there,“ writes a friend who is well acquainted with the place and people, „I perused these memorials with a melancholy interest. Some of the love-pilgrims of Alva are dead, some far away in foreign lands, some married to strangers; but not in one instance have their names been united otherwise than by the rude sculptured heart that encloses their initials.“

On the lofty bridge of Alva, which overlooks the region we have attempted to describe, stood Marian Lovat and her friends. Both the beauty and sublimity of the place are essentially of a melancholy character; and it is no wonder that their imagination, steeped in the mysteries of the time, should have conjured up only the darker associations that haunt the glen. They talked of an unhappy girl named Eppie Imlach, whose fate still draws tears from the women and curses from the men. It is one of those revolting stories — of seduction, followed by brutal murder — which sicken while they sadden; and the voices of the young ladies sunk into a whisper as they dwelt on the tragedy.

„Gude be about us!“ cried Miss Thom, suddenly.

„It was here, on this very spot where I now stand, that the fiend Morrison waited for the trysted coming of his victim! Eh! what's that?“ — and with a scream, repeated unconsciously by her companions, she darted along the bridge. When the terrified girls turned round to look for the cause of terror, they saw standing behind them — the mysterious stranger; and, partly in shame, partly in fear, partly in affectation, they sprang after their friend — all except Marian.

„I fear I have alarmed you, madam,“ said the stranger, touching his hat — „although I scarcely know how.“

„It was we rather,“ replied Marian, attempting to smile while she blushed with shame and vexation, „who must have alarmed you. The truth is, we were talking of a deed of horror of which this spot is the scene — and you appeared the moment we had named the murderer.“ The stranger turned pale — he staggered, as if about to faint, and leant against the parapet.

„You are ill!“ said Marian.

„It is nothing — I am now better — I am now well. And has murder, indeed, been here? This is a strange country! Every tree has its legend — every rock its story. You are never at rest either in good or evil. Every face I meet beams either with love or scorn.“

„Why, I thought you had been —“ but Marian stopped and blushed. She was about to forget that he was a stranger!

„I am from the south,“ said he, without appearing to notice her embarrassment, „and never was in Scotland before. Do you not observe it in my accent?“

„There are now so many of our Scottish youths,“ replied Marian, „educated in England, that the test has become difficult.“ They had by this time walked on, as if unconsciously, side by side, in the direction of the town, and found themselves winding among the romantic walks by the river side. They were both silent for some time, Marian in a flutter between pleasure and embarrassment, and the stranger apparently absorbed in thought.

(To be continued in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The mysterious Stranger; or The Bravo of Banff.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

(Continued from our last.)

„Look there!" he exclaimed suddenly, while the fine melancholy of his face was brightened by enthusiasm. „What a spot for a robber's den! Have you a taste for robbery?" A taste for robbery! Marian started; but the next moment, as if ashamed of her folly, constrained herself to reply.

„We have robber-stories too. Are you aware that we are approaching the town where the famous Macpherson was executed a century ago?"

„I was not. O do not let us approach nearer yet, for before entering we must separate. Pray sit down on this bank, and tell me the story of Macpherson." Marian, knowing little of the world, did not feel that there was any absolute impropriety in complying: but before she had made up her mind, her hand was taken by the stranger, and she found herself seated beside him on the bank.

„I have little to tell," said she, determining at all events not to sit long. „Macpherson, who had for some time been the terror of the country side, was at length taken by an ancestor of the present Lord Fife, and lodged in the prison of Banff *). He had not only a 'taste for robbing,' it seems, but a taste for music, and amused his prison-hours by composing his own dead march. He played the piece on his way to execution, and on arriving at the gallows-tree, held up his favorite violin, and offered it to any one who dared accept of the outlaw's gift. Not a hand was stretched forth, but all shrunk back. With a swelling heart he broke the instrument on his knee; and in another moment Macpherson was no more.

„Go on — go on," said the stranger breathlessly.

„I have done," replied Marian, blushing, and half-rising, for she saw that his eyes were riveted on her face with an expression of devout admiration.

„One moment!" continued he — „Has the march been preserved?"

„I do not know. A ballad was soon after published, and sung to the music. The ballad was altered by Burns, and is given in his works with the title of 'Macpherson's Farewell.'"

„Will you repeat the words? — and then, a thousand thanks — and my farewell."

Marian sung the ballad, and when it was concluded, she rose hastily, for she saw with surprise that the shadows of twilight were beginning to fall.

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*) The two-handed sword of this noted robber is still preserved at Duff House.

„Are you afraid?" demanded the stranger — „Do you fancy me to be a robber?"

„How can I tell?" replied she pertly, as she slackened her pace, in expectation that he was about to clear the mystery that enveloped him. He seemed to feel this. Was he as ignorant then, as she had hitherto believed, of the suspicions to which he was subjected? His face she fancied grew paler, and he sunk into melancholy abstraction. She at length broke silence as they reached Colley road, which led to Major Lovat's house.

„I would not have you think worse of me," said he, „than — than —" and he paused so long, and in such evident agitation, that Marian at last, to break through the awkwardness, was constrained to say —

„I seek not to know your secrets, Sir, — good evening." As she turned away, however, he seized her suddenly by the hand, and repeated in a deep but clear whisper the words of the ballad —

„Marion, a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die —
The fiend whose lanthorn lights the mead,
Were fitter mate than I!"

and pressing her hand convulsively, disappeared in an instant.

Chapter III. — Agitation.

„Yet sure the Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen!"

„How do you like the air, Janet?" asked Marian Lovat, when she had finished the burthen. The two companions were sitting alone, and Miss Thom had been gazing for some time past, with surprise and uneasiness, in the other's face.

„How do I like the air, Marion?" said she. „The air is well enough — but why do ye sing so loud, and look so wild, and speer *) at me with a suddenness that is enough to make a body jump! Ye are no weel Marion: — there's a flush on your cheek, and a glare in your eye, and I misdoubt me, fever in your blood and in your brain! Ye have no been weel ever since that weary walk to the brig of Alva; but ye were aye so eager that ye'll no acknowledge that ye got a fright at the sudden apparition of the stranger, and the shreigh we gave when we saw him, that has settled on your spirits. Go to your bed, lassie, and first pray, and then sleep, and ye'll be weel the morn. Go to your bed," added Miss Thom, while the tears came into her eyes — „and I'll never vex you again, Marion, and never argue and flyte *) with you so long as I live, and never — never — never more call you the Bravo's Bride!" Marian attempted to laugh; but the next moment she rose suddenly, and throwing her arms round her friend's neck, hid her face in her bosom, and burst into tears. Miss Thom wept for company; but in spite of the promise she had just made, *flyted* all the while.

„Hoot!" said she, „What for are ye greeting? **) It's nothing but mysteries — Get up, ye tawpie! ***) I declare I thought ye had more sense!"

„It is only weakness," said Marian, faintly.

„That is just what is astonishing to me! I never saw you greet before, except when your mother was called home."

„I will do what you advise, dear Janet; I'll go to bed, and try to pray, and —"

„Try to pray! Goodness be about us! Heard ever anybody the like of that?"

„I will pray," said Marian faintly — „and I'll try to calm my spirits — and perhaps" (with a deep sigh) „I shall be well in the morning."

This little scene took place many days after Marian's *first* interview with the stranger. The second meeting had been quite as accidental as the first, the third less so, the fourth — but why explain what everybody understands? Who cannot picture to themselves the short, easy, and natural stages of such an intercourse? — and yet there were some points in it far from common. Marian felt that she loved, and was beloved — yet no word of warning — no blessed hope had ever passed the stranger's lips! There was between them — in all things but one — the confidence of love. Their eyes conversed; their souls mingled, their very air, and gestures — the slightest working of the features, were as the words and signs of an intelligible language.

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*) fragen.

*) schelten. **) weinen. ***) thörichtes Mädchen.

There was an enthusiasm in the stranger's character, which it would have been difficult for a girl like Marian to resist; but there was also a certain something in his air which, while it invited familiarity, brooked no intrusion. He seemed to be naturally frank and open; but the circle of his confidence was limited and impassable, and an inquiry which even pointed beyond either roused him to fierceness, or plunged him into the deepest melancholy. He abhorred the past; he dreaded the future; he lived only for the present. His thoughts, although not habitually gloomy, were familiar with murder, and he seemed, in his own language, to have „a taste for robbery."

But on the other hand, his information was so extensive, and his sentiments so noble and generous, and so deeply tinged with those golden hues of romance which were the prevailing colour of her own character, that Marian, when walking by his side was often haunted by the beautiful melody —

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is most sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes — if thou wilt be mine, love!

But, in the meantime, the suspicions that had so oddly attached to the stranger from his very first appearance at Banff, gained ground daily. A thousand little circumstances appeared, which although individually trifling, formed in their union, a body of at least presumptive evidence. Mr. Thom, who was the zealous agent of the secret trial that was going on, at length bethought himself of the serving lasses, who had left their situations at the time of Major Lovat's conflict with the robber. These, who were in number three, had all left the town immediately after; but one had lately returned in bad health — and Mr. Thom, who was in the commission of the peace, as well as his friend the major, did not hesitate to arrest her on suspicion. The poor girl was so much terrified, that she fainted on being introduced to the magistrate. Her evidence, however, was important, inasmuch as she confessed having seen one of the robbers one night that her master's house was stripped of a quantity of plate, and her description of his person tallied so completely with that of the stranger, even to the minutest particulars of dress, that there was no longer any doubt. The only extraordinary thing was that the man should have remained so long in the scene of his exploits; but this species of infatuation is frequently observed even among experienced and hardened villains. The warrant for his arrest was regularly prepared; but before serving it, Mr. Thom, with Scottish caution, sent out the witness, under charge of one of the officers, to take a view of the party, as if accidentally. The result was, that she „thought he was the man, but couldna and wouldna swear till him." On being asked why she had never before avowed having seen the robber, her reply was, that she had been advised by a friend to conceal it, as she might otherwise get herself into trouble. Who was this friend? With some hesitation (accounted for by a flirtation that had been between them) she named Mr. Francis, Major Lovat's servant. The warrant was of course cancelled.

We may imagine what were the feelings of Marian when, day after day, this interesting and tormenting subject was canvassed before her. Frequently she repaired to the romantic walks round Duff House, where the stranger passed the greater part of the day, for the very purpose of warning him of the degrading rumours that filled the town. But on these occasions, as the word rose to her lip, her heart seemed to die within her, and she remained mute. She dreaded to ask herself, whether it was owing to a fear of wounding his noble spirit, or to a worse and more terrible apprehension, that her silence was owing.

Miss Thom's visit had been paid for the express purpose of carrying her the news of the warrant being issued for the stranger's apprehension; she having run out in the midst of the proceedings, with the natural love of young ladies for disseminating information. Marion, however, was evidently unwell; and Miss Thom judiciously resolved to avoid exciting her by any tale of the kind; but unfortunately, she delivered it by way of some indemnification, to one of the maids, as she passed through the hall; and the latter ran at once to her mistress to relieve herself of the burthen. Marion neither screamed nor fainted: she said that she felt better, and, instead of going to bed, that she should take a walk. She threw on her shawl and bonnet; walked leisurely along the road till she was out of sight of the house; and then flew with the speed of the wind towards the Craigs of Alva.

The stranger was gazing over the parapet of the bridge, when she stood by his side with the suddenness of an apparition.

„Good Heaven! what is the matter?" he exclaimed with a start — „you are flushed — panting!" —

„Think not of me!" said Marion, „I come to talk of you. There is no time for ceremony. I have only to ask you — without preface — without comment — are you aware that there is a warrant for your apprehension in town?" The stranger stood thunder-struck for an instant, and grew deadly pale; but immediately recovering his composure, he said in a low, calm tone—

„Let them come then — I shall not be taken alive!"

„Man — tell me what you fear!" said Marion, grasping him by the arm, and fixing her eyes wildly and even fiercely on his face.

„The gallows."

„I will not believe it!" she shrieked — „it is impossible that you can be —"

„But I am! — all you fear and worse than you fancy — guilty — miserable — lost!" She fell senseless at his feet.

When she recovered from her trance, he was hanging over her distractedly, and her awakening ear was filled with exclamations that could only have burst from a heart full of love and despair.

„Was it a dream?" said she, opening her eyes — „oh, say that it was a dream!"

„Dream for one day longer," replied he, raising her, and suddenly assuming a cold, stern, and even haughty demeanour — „Your information was premature; at the worst it was but prophetic, and I have yet time to prepare. Adieu for the present."

Even this interview, strange to say, did not throw any light on Marion's perplexity — if we should not rather say, that she continued wilfully to shut her eyes. That some calamity had befallen him, the effect of youthful indiscretion, which his own sensibility, and perhaps even the letter of the law magnified to a crime, she had long suspected: and hence arose what she was determined to believe the equivoque of the scene. His manner at parting more especially, she thought, had been full of a sullen dignity, which a pitiful, skulking robber — a nightly thief — could not have assumed, were it to save his ignoble neck. At any rate she was of opinion — somewhat late indeed — that it was now full time to ascertain his real character; and she solemnly resolved that if, after the lapse of another day, he did not redeem his implied pledge by revealing himself, she would never more return to the bonnie banks of the Devon and the Craigs of Alva.

When she reached home, however, it was not without consternation that she found that the warrant had been actually filled up, but afterwards destroyed. Was it still possible to imagine, that there had been any equivoque in their conversation? Did it not appear, only too plainly, that the stranger was completely aware of the proceedings that were going on against him? Could his knowledge of her mistake have proceeded from anything, but a secret league and understanding with the witness, on whose simple word his liberty and perhaps his life depended?

The next morning, being called into town on some family matters, she learnt that the mail had arrived unusually soon, and she therefore waited a few minutes to inquire for letters. Among the despatches was a newspaper; which as soon as she got into the cross-road that served as an avenue to her father's house, she unfolded and began to read. Her thoughts however were absent, and ever and anon she raised her head to look in the direction of the main road which led towards their favourite walk. Soon her heart beat, and her cheeks grew pale, for she saw the stranger. She lingered a while to observe whether he meant to approach her; but he was walking rapidly in the direction of the town. The next moment, however, he appeared to change his intention, and came bounding towards her.

„Can it be," he said, „that the mail has already arrived?"

„Yes, this is a paper of to-day." He snatched it out of her hands, and turned it over with tremulous eagerness. His face was flushed, and covered with perspiration; his hand shook, and his knees seemed to bend beneath him. But the next moment the colour faded from his cheeks; the moisture stood in large drops upon his brow, like beads of ice on white marble; and his eyes, fixed with an expression of horror upon the paper, appeared to be riveted there by a spell. Marion approached, till she was close beside him, and took the paper out of his hand without uttering a word; having first distinctly observed (as she thought) the paragraph which produced his extraordinary emotion.

„Miss Lovat," said the stranger, solemnly, „you must dream no more!" He gazed for a moment mournfully on her face; and then sinking upon his knee, took her hand, and pressed it to his lips. Marion was at once surprised and affected. She did not withdraw her hand, and the stranger seemed to want resolution to give it up. But the struggle was at length over; a few scalding tears mingled with his long last kiss; and, rising hastily, he withdrew, and was soon out of sight.

Marion, at that moment, and on that spot, could not trust herself to read the fateful paragraph; but, keeping her finger still pressed convulsively on the place, hurried home, and locked herself in her own room. On unfolding the newspaper; the paragraph, when at length read, ran as follows:

„Reward of five hundred pounds. Whereas the gang of housebreakers, names unknown, who committed in Warwickshire, two years ago, the offences specified below, and who were supposed to have gone to America, are now ascertained to be lurking in the north of Scotland. It is believed that they can be identified with the Banff robbers of August last. Their leader is now a man of about thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and genteel looking. One of his hands is always concealed either by a glove or a black silk handkerchief, and there is the scar of an old wound on one of his thumbs. A reward of five hundred pounds is hereby offered," etc. etc.

Marion was seen soon after, by one of the servants, examining minutely the robber's thumb, which still remained in its place upon the mantelpiece; and the circumstance excited observation from its being known that, so far from touching it, she had hitherto covered her eyes with her hands whenever it was produced. When the servant re-entered the room she found her mistress lying senseless on the carpet. The family, it may be supposed, was greatly alarmed; but when Marion awoke from her fit, as it was termed, she seemed to have suffered so little injury, that the preparations were not interrupted for entertaining that evening a large party.

Chapter IV. — The Discovery.

The hour of feasting came, the house was lighted up, and all was brilliance, merriment, and confusion. Some of the guests, who had come from a distance, were to remain all night; and the tramp of horses and rumbling of carriage-wheels, as they arrived, with calling voices, and lights wandering from room to room, and flitting among the out-offices, gave a character of animation to the scene such as had rarely been witnessed at Banff. Marion never looked so beautiful as on that night; but the flush on her cheek was so high, and the brilliance of her eye so dancing, that the guests were struck with a kind of wonder distinct from admiration. She was gay to extravagance; and laughed and talked without ceasing; but once was observed to pause in the midst, and press her hand upon her brow with a wild and terrified look.

„Did I no tell ye, Marion," said Miss Thom, looking fondly and delightedly on her lovely face — „did I no tell ye, that ye would be weel the morn!"

„Yes — yes," replied Marion, hurriedly — „I remember — but let us laugh now. Where is the use of looking as if a rope — hush! hush! — let us be merry!" and she laughed so wildly that some of the company turned round to look at her in surprise.

„Mirren, dear," said Miss Thom, with an alarmed look, as she put her arm round her neck — „Come here, I want to speak to ye. Ye are no weel yet! Try and compose yourself; go to your bed; and greet, Mirren, greet if ye like — but dinna laugh again!" Marion, however, sprung from her side to join the dancers, who had now formed their sets. But Miss Thom, after whispering with some of the older guests, ordered the music to cease; and Major Lovat, putting his arm round his daughter's waist, led her out of the room. Marion yielded without a word. Her head drooped upon her bosom; the flush faded from her cheek; the light died in her eye; and, when she turned round at the door, in obedience to a whisper from her father, to curtsey a general good night, she was as wan, and still, and ghastly as a corpse. The guests departed unceremoniously after; the lights were extinguished; and the house of feasting sunk into silence and darkness.

Major Lovat did not undress that night. He was uneasy about his daughter, and stole on tiptoe to her room door, every now and then, to listen. In one of these excursions he was surprised, in the midst of the profound stillness of the hour, to hear a distant footfall. The sound came apparently from a closet where the plate was kept. It was repeated; the door of the closet he saw, by a passing glimpse of the moon, was open; and the old soldier forgetting everything but victory and vengeance, shouted, „Thieves! Thieves!" in a voice of thunder, and sprung forward like a tiger.

The cry of her father fell upon Marion's half-conscious ear; and, springing from her bed, she rushed out into the passage, and flew like lightning after him. At the moment a figure darted from the plate-closet; and, eluding Major Lovat, vaulted through an open window and disappeared.

„The stranger!" screamed Marion — „the stranger! the stranger!" and fell all her length upon the floor.

Mr. Thom's plans were not absolutely ripe; and even after seeing the advertisement in the newspaper, he contented himself with setting a watch upon the motions of his future prisoner. After this daring attempt, however, which explained the cause of the infatuated man's lingering so long in scenes where he must have known that every step was dangerous to his life, it was impossible to hesitate. At any rate, although Major Lovat had seen the robber too suddenly and too indistinctly to be able to recognize him, his daughter, who had at once identified him with the stranger, would in all probability, by the time his trial came on, be well enough to give her testimony. This, in fact, was the grand link that was wanting in the evidence, and, together with the vast body of presumptive proof, could not fail to lead to conviction. The stranger, who appeared to have considered himself secure from detection by the darkness of the preceding night, was accordingly arrested, as he sat at breakfast in the inn, quietly reading the newspaper, which had just arrived by the mail.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed in the town of Banff as soon as this decisive step became public. Business was totally suspended; hurrying groups were seen flocking from all quarters through the streets; and by the hour of noon, the house of Major Lovat, where the prisoner was to be examined previous to committal, was surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women, and children. The local magistrates, and the principal gentry of Banff, ladies as well as gentlemen, were assembled in the dining-hall; when a storm of mingled hooting, yells, groans, and cheers from the populace without, proclaimed the arrival of the hero of the scene, handcuffed and strongly escorted.

From the instant he had been arrested, a very curious change had taken place in the demeanour of this remarkable person. Instead of the grave, melancholy, anxious expression his features had worn before, they were now lighted up by a feeling that might have been taken, by an observer ignorant of the circumstances, for joy. His step was elastic, his eye bright and steady, and his bearing bold and free.

„He will dee hard, yon chap!" remarked some of the crowd, as he passed through them.

„Ay, ay, he's game till the back bone!" replied another.

„He's a brave fellow and a bonnie," said the women, — „and shame fa' the loon who would crow over a fallen foe! through, cummers, for the bonnie and braw! Hurra!" and as he entered the house, the noises of disapprobation were drowned in cheers.

The prisoner's handcuffs were taken off; he was placed standing at the bottom of the table, in front of the magistrates; and the business commenced. We do not, however, pretend to give it in detail, or in proper order; being only anxious to state what was elicited in the course of the examination, which embraced a variety of charges.

The advertisement was read, and the description found to tally with the appearance of the prisoner.

Miss Lovel's maid stated that she had found a copy of the advertisement (now produced), which appeared to have been cut out of a newspaper in her mistress's room; and that she had gathered from what Miss Lovel, who was now ill of a fever, said at the time, that the stranger had been deeply agitated when he saw it. Here the prisoner appeared to lose his self-possession for a moment, and grew exceedingly pale.

The landlord of the inn declared that the prisoner had paid his bill yesterday up to the present moment, informing him that it was exceedingly probable he should leave Banff early in the morning. He had been out the whole night, and did not return till day-break.

The persons employed by Mr. Thom to watch the stranger's motions, stated, that they had seen him prowling about Major Lovel's house the greater part of the night. They lost sight of him, however, the time of the attempt at robbery, having followed to some distance another person, whom they at last discovered was not their man.

Mr. Thom's female witness said the prisoner resembled in a remarkable manner the robber she had seen in her master's house; but that, owing to the state of alarm she was in at the time, she had not observed him with sufficient distinctness to be able altogether to swear to his identity.

Major Lovel stated, that he does not see very well without the aid of an eye-glass; but that his impression, of figure, height, and general appearance, was, that the prisoner and the man who had attempted to rob his house the night before were the same individual. His daughter, who laboured under no weakness of eye-sight, had identified him at once — (Here the prisoner started, uttered some angry exclamation, and grew alternately red and pale). She was at present too unwell to bear the excitation of questioning on such a subject, but he hoped she would be able to give her evidence on oath at the trial to which he had now no doubt they would send the prisoner.

Major Lovel then described the conflict he had had some time ago with a robber; declared his conviction that that individual was the same whom he had seen last night, and whom he now saw before them; and finally produced the dead thumb.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Last Man.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulph of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
  As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
  In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
  With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
  As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, we are twins in death, proud sun
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
  'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears;
  That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
  His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire flood and earth,
  The vassals of his will; —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
  For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
  Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
  Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
  Life's tragedy again
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
  Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
  Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
  To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
  Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
  To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, —
The majesty of Darkness shall
  Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
  That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
  When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory, —
  And took the sting from Death!

Go, sun, while Mercy holds me up
  On nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
  Of grief that man shall taste —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
  On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
  Or shake his trust in God.

Thomas Campbell.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. Nro 18.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The mysterious Stranger; or The Bravo of Banff.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

(Concluded from our last.)

A scene took place at this moment among the audience, who seemed to feel the most intense curiosity to see the prisoner. He appeared to be puzzled with amazement at the sight of the thumb, which, the reader is aware, the robber had cast, as he imagined, in the pool.

„Does the devil no ken his ain thumb?“ remarked some one in the crowd, and a slight titter ran through the room; but this indecency was instantly repressed by the magistrate. The black silk handkerchief was then unwrapped from the prisoner's hand; and, as every one present expected, it was found to be minus the thumb!

At this close of the accusation there was a silence for some minutes in the hall, which partook of the character of awe. Even Mr. Thom, now that his favorite object appeared to be accomplished, was struck with a kind of remorse; and his daughter, and many of the ladies — especially those who had been most violent against the stranger — were so overcome by their feelings that they sobbed aloud.

In the midst of the stillness of the moment, the audience were electrified by the sound of singing in the next room; and Major Lovat got up in agitation from his seat as he recognised his daughter's voice. The strain rose shriller and shriller —

„Yet sang she Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I wish I was with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May—“

and Marian Lovat, with dishevelled hair, and distracted eye, rushed, like another Ophelia, into the hall.

„Have you slain him?“ she shrieked, as the sight of the crowd and the array of justice touched the jarring chords of memory — „Monsters, have you murdered him? He is innocent — he is innocent! —“ and at the moment getting a glimpse of the stranger, she sprung forward with a wild scream, and threw herself into his arms and hid her face in his bosom.

„Look up!“ cried he, „my love — my life — my Marian! With an angel's lips you speak the words of an angel. I am innocent! I am innocent! — and the powers of hell shall not prevail against me!“

While this extraordinary scene was going on, Major Lovat stood rooted to the spot by shame, rage, and wonder.

„Remove the woman!“ he at last shouted in a voice of thunder; and Marian, whose senses appeared to have been restored by the shock she had sustained, was received into the arms of

II. Jahrgang.

Miss Thom, and her other companions, who crowded round her to screen her from the gaze of the company, although they did not, or could not, remove her from the room.

„Has the prisoner any witnesses — or anything to say?" demanded Major Lovel, sternly. The stranger was about to speak, when a man suddenly stepped out before him. It was Franke — great-coated, booted, and gloved as he had been when he last appeared before his master.

„Being on my way to Aberdeen," said he, „to take my passage for America, I could not pass by without paying my duty to your honour. With regard to the present case, having been a soldier, like yourself, and familiar with cuts and wounds, I can speak to a point which I think has escaped you, owing to the weakness of your eyesight. The thumb which the prisoner wants is a left-hand thumb; while the thumb which your honour took so neatly from the rascal who could not rob you, but who robbed *me* of a good place, is a right-hand thumb!" This announcement excited much confusion; which ended, when a surgeon was called forward and confirmed the fact, in a general cheer. So complete a revolution had taken place in Mr. Thom's feelings, that he jumped forward, and shook Franke heartily by the hand; but the latter, who did not seem much gratified by the familiarity, took the earliest opportunity of getting out of the crowd, and was seen no more.

„Gentlemen," said the prisoner, „in defending myself from this extraordinary charge, I shall not detain you many minutes; but there is one thing which I do not clearly understand. Will you do me the favour of allowing me to look at the newspaper advertisement said to have been found in Miss Lovel's room?" It was handed to him; and, after glancing it over, he turned the back of the fragment. „It is needless," continued he, „to explain how this mistake occurred, but my agitation was caused by *this*, not the *other side* of the paper; and, although it is here somewhat damaged by scissors, I can repeat the paragraph from memory. „Sir William B—— has not yet recovered speech, and is not expected to live twelve hours; the situation, therefore, of Mr. ——, the heir of Lord H——, is a critical one. The duel was fought under peculiar circumstances, and on the spur of the moment; and so great is the want of witnesses throughout the whole transaction, that, in addition to his remorse for taking away the life of a companion in so trivial a quarrel, and the loss of his thumb, which was amputated in consequence of his wound, large odds are offered at Brookes's that Mr. ——, one of the most promising members of the aristocracy, will swing on the scaffold!" When he had concluded, a shout rose from the audience that might have awakened the dead.

„Do you hear, Marion?" said Miss Thom, her voice broken by sobbing — „Do you understand, my poor lassie?" Marion kissed her friend's cheek, and pressed her in her arms.

„Your sympathy with me, ladies and gentlemen," resumed the stranger, „is very gratifying," — and his voice faltered — „very delightful to my feelings; and it encourages me to think that you will not be displeased to hear the paragraph, which this morning gave a new turn to my spirits: „Sir William B——, strange to say, is in a fair way of recovery. The case took an almost miraculous turn at the moment when it was expected to terminate in death. He has recovered his speech, and completely absolves his antagonist from any thought of dishonour. Mr. —— in the meantime is supposed to have taken refuge in Banffshire; but all the country papers in the kingdom are requested to copy this paragraph, that wherever he is, he may at once return to his anxious friends, and to the society which he adorns!" And now, gentlemen, all I have to add is, that as Lord Fife, whom I have the honour of knowing personally, is expected to-day at Duff House — perhaps is already arrived — I shall very speedily be able to offer you a satisfactory confirmation of my story."

„There's nae need — there's nae need!" cried Mr. Thom —" we're a' fules, every ane of us. Mr. — Sir — my lord! — and noo ye maun just dinner wi' me and my brither fules! and forget it a'."

„Forgive my warmth," said Major Lovat, extending his hand — „but, by my honour, there is another subject on which you and I must have a prorogation by and by. In with ye, lasses — in with ye. Friends and neighbours, adieu. Ay, ay — straight away — up with it — hurra! hurra! hurra!"

That evening, after dinner, when Mr. Thom began to look wise and talk oracularly, he said apart to Major Lovat —

„What do you think I found when I shook the fellow Franks by the hand? That he has one mair thoum than your daughter's joe! And who do ye think has eloped frae the town today? The jaud who did a' but swear to the identity of the stranger and the thief! And what do you think she confessed afterhand? That Franks himsel' was the Brace o' Beef!"

„And what do you think," said the Major, „was put into my hand two minutes ago? Have you speculation enough in your eyes to read? No: then let me put on my specs and try."

„Major,

„Being now fairly out of your clutches, and being willing to save the present or any future prisoner, when it can do myself no harm, I avow myself to be the sole author of the Sandshire robberies. The opportunities were obtained by means of *gallivanting*; but the ladies themselves were ignorant, till too late, of the use I made of their good nature. My gratitude would have secured you from any attempt, had I not been provoked to it by the taunts of one of my dearies, who reproached me with attacking other people's property when I *dared* not lay a finger on that of the brave and fiery Major Lovat. Finding myself here accidentally the other night, I made a second attempt, partly out of pique for the loss of my thumb: but I do assure you — and having assured you I care not a straw whether you believe it or not — that if I had succeeded in carrying off the spoil, I should have sent it back to you next day, with the compliments of your loving friend and servant,

FREDERICK FRASER."

All we have to add is, that the prorogation with which the stranger was threatened by Major Lovat, was duly gone into, and ended in the young couple being sent for trial, handcuffed together, and *transported*.

The Bell of St. Regis.

When Canada was in possession of the French, a Catholic priest named Father Nicholas, having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high roofed and of a French appearance, are clustered round the semicircle of a little bay, and on a projecting headland stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.

This little church is celebrated for the legend of its bell.

When it was erected, and the steeple completed, father Nicholas took occasion, in one of his sermons, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steeple as a priest is to a church, and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not slack in the performance of this pious duty. Two bales were speedily collected and shipped for Havre de Grace, and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the bell was purchased and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.

It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New-England privateer and carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, to which that great preacher, the Rev. John Williams, was appointed. With much labour, it was carried to the village, and duly elevated in the belfry.

When Father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heretics, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.

This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unbaptized state of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that Father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, commenting on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them roamed alone, ruminating on the means of recovering it. The squaws, who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whip-poor-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.

At last the day of deliverance drew near.

The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire: the command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville; and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuit's College at Quebec informed Father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion. The Indians were immediately assembled in the church; the voyageur was elevated in the midst of the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of glad tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose, giving the war-whoop: then simultaneously retiring to their houses, they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colours for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.

It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's party at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff and a cross on the top of it, headed them; and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departures of the first crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Boulogne, chanted a sacred song which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.

They arrived at Chambly, after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to Lake Champlain. The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode on a sleigh with De Rouville.

In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence, until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of Lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warmed in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way; no symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.

The French soldiers began to suffer extremely from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians, in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be greater than the patience of Father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen.

When they reached the spot on which the lovely and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forest towards the settled parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, Father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield. Nothing that had been yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in that march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery, — a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow-storms of latter times. But they were loquacious; and the roughness of their course and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the underwood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different; animated with holy zeal, their constitutional taciturnity had something dignified — even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid many of the annoyances which called forth the *pestes* and *sacres* of their not less brave but more vociferous companions.

Long before the party had reached their destination, Father Nicholas was sick of his crusade; the labour of treading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely bruised, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure; he recalled to mind the martyrdoms of the saints and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages, from the redemption of the bell.

On the evening of the 29th of February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.

The surface of the snow was frozen, and crackled beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the English garrison, De Rouville directed, that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this ingenious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy forest; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible conflict took place in the streets. The French fought with their accustomed spirit, and the Indians with their characteristic fortitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, and the buildings set on fire.

At daybreak all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, united in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homage and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request, and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen, who were witnesses, laughed at it most unrighteously. But the father was not entirely discomfited. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and despatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep; it was, to the simple ears of the Indians, as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at each end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homewards, exulting in the deliverance of the „miraculous organ." But it was soon found too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace, and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore of Lake Champlain, they buried it, with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice was broken up, Father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and having procured a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the meantime all the squaws and papooses had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events „in the womb of time.“ Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations. One evening, while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder; they listened, they wondered, and began to shout and cry, „It is the bell!“

It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat Father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers. In this triumphal array, in the calm of a beautiful evening, when the leaves were still and green, and while the roar of *Le longue Sault* rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.

The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple, and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence. GALT.

The Spanish Brigand.

A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town, at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodgings for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure and of a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted by his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all probability never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other. They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow. The English merchant replied, across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take. The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this, as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape. The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent. „But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?“ replied the Spaniard; „by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them.“ The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so. „But my good Senor,“ replied the Spaniard, „you will not cross the mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!“ „Well, if it must be so, let them rob me,“ said the English merchant; „I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!“ „They have never been accustomed so to act — let it be said to the honour of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins,“ replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself. The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the posada, to show him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand, said, „Not yet, Senor, not yet! Bueno!“ and he continued in an undertone, „It was my fortune, some time since to have to cross the Sierra Morena alone, like you; it was occupied then, as now, by the *Salteadores*; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which would cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety.“ „A much better thing this than a king's passport,“ said the astonished Englishman. „Pray what was it? and did it succeed?“ „It was only a button,“ replied the Spaniard; „it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm: I will give it you, here it is!“ After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously filigreed silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra. „But were you really attacked on your journey?“ inquired the merchant. „The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all,“ said the Spaniard; „but ask no more questions, and take care of the button! to-morrow you will see whether it has lost its charm.“ With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand into his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the *Salteadores* were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreating his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they showing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button. At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loath, he dismounted, and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening — the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold, with the words and gestures of an hospitable welcome. His dress was changed — he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet, embroidered with gold; but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend. „I got here before you,“ said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, „and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain, that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof.“ The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life. The robber drew his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said, „There are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the highway. As a guerilla, I shed my blood for my country; for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter — this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you! — that is enough! say no more!" The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain, who recovered his good humour, told him he should have an escort yet a little farther, and he put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it. „You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again," said he, „and whoever has the button to produce, will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adios!" The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this — they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey. Some time — I believe some years after this adventure — the English merchant heard with deep regret that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.

[illegible].

The wounded Eagle,

by Mrs. Hemans.

Eagle! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violet's bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou that holdst the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wearest the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance — the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mountain lark is there,
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high? —
Oh it can be but to die!

Eagle, eagle! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth:
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
Wo for gifted souls and high!
Is not such their destiny?

On Love, by Byron

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. Nro 19.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Mackenzie.

Heinrich Mackenzie, ſeiner Zeit einer der beliebteſten engliſchen Romanſchriftſteller, ward 1745 in Edinburg geboren, ſtudirte auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ging dann nach London, wo er während einer Reihe von Jahren verweilte. Nach Edinburg zurückgekehrt, ward er Anwalt der Krone und ſpäter Steuercontrolleur von Schottland. Er ſtarb vor einigen Jahren in hohem Alter. Einfach wie ſein Leben, waren auch ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen, voll Geſchmack und Nettigkeit, würdig und gehalten, aber keineswegs reich an Erfindung und Wechſel der Farben. Edlere Sentimentalität iſt die Aufgabe, die der Verfaſſer ſich geſtellt hat, und man muß ihm das Lob geben, daß er dieſelbe mit Zartheit und Wärme zu löſen verſtand. — Das Wohlwollen, das ihn durch das ganze Leben begleitete, ſpricht ſich auch in ſeinen Schriften deutlich aus und wirkt freundlich und feſſelnd auf den Leſer. — Seine Charaktere ſind gut durchgeführt, er verſteht es, die Situationen anziehend darzuſtellen und paſſend mit einander zu verbinden, einzelne Schilderungen in ſeinen Werken erſcheinen als wahre Meiſterwerke und werden als Muſter eines klaren, durchſichtigen, doch keineswegs kalten Styls ſtets ihre Geltung behalten, wenn ſie auch den überſättigten Leſer unſerer Tage nicht ſo anſprechen, wie ſie es früher thaten, wo man noch Geſchmack an Einfachheit und künſtleriſcher Ruhe fand. — Sein Man of feeling (der Gefühlvolle) iſt eine Art engliſchen Werther's und obgleich milder und gemäßigter als die bewunderte Leiſtung unſeres großen Dichters, in ſeiner Weichherzigkeit doch nicht minder gelungen als dieſe. — Kränklicher äußert ſich Mackenzie's Sentimentalität in ſeinem zweiten Romane, Julia de Roubigné, da er ſich zu ſehr darin gefällt, den Jammer zu häufen und mit trüben Farben zu malen. — Zu ſeiner dritten größeren Arbeit, dem Man of the world (der Weltmann) reichten ſeine beſchränkten, mehr auf feiner Subjectivität als auf poetiſcher Schöpferkraft beruhenden Mittel nicht völlig aus, da es hier gilt, einen bedeutenden Charakter in ſeinen Verhältniſſen zum Leben und der Welt zu zeichnen und die Begebenheiten ſo zu erfinden und um ihn zu gruppiren, daß er wirklich markant hervortritt. Dieſes Buch leidet daher mitunter an Längen, obwohl es hin und wieder ſehr glückliche Parthieen enthält. — Ganz vortrefflich ſind dagegen mehrere kleinere Erzählungen Mackenzie's und unter dieſen zeigt ſich namentlich Louiſa Venoni, die wir hier mittheilen als eine der rührendſten und lieblichſten, welche die engliſche Literatur aufzuweiſen hat. M. verſuchte ſich auch mit Erfolg in Balladen nach Art der älteren engliſchen Minſtrels.

Louisa Venoni.

By Henry Mackenzie.

If we examine impartially the estimate of pleasure which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgement, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward *****, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy, from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous and sometimes profuse, he was observed, however, never to be ridiculous in his expences, and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the vallies of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse, unluckily, made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarcely any signs of life. They conveyed him upon a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and attended with every possible care by his host and family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated, and in little more than a week he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and taking shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of a cottage), the night of her birth. „When her mother died,“ said he, „the Signora, whose name at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, when they were praised by Sir Edward, which they had never given her before; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa — it was that of a superior order of beings! — science, taste, sentiment! — It was long since Louisa had heard those sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expression, animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was not less captivating, and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and when it first grew warmer he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and of consequence increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute and touched a little wild memory of her mother. „That," said she, „nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad." Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for a husband. Against this match she had always protested, as strongly as a sense of duty and the mildness of her nature would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it. — „To marry, where one cannot love — to marry such a man, Sir Edward!" — It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues, and concluded by swearing that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love: and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at the proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above his neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often do on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but before his departure he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket upon the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched upon one of them and had already begun his accustomed song. Louisa sat down upon a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears. She turned — and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. „Are you not well, Sir Edward?“ said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken. — „I am ill, indeed,“ said he, „but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress; — but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy! it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility. — I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa.“

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. „This,“ said he, „if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and ceased to be wretched.“

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. „Oh! Sir Edward!“ said she, „What — what would you have me do?“ — He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of the past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part, which it is probable he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence and reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country; there she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendour of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon in equipage and show, that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures, if pleasures they could be called that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt for a while the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes, and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction for a while refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and affection were called forth to mitigate her grief; and after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her lodgings separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous, with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her, the colour faded in her cheek, the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand-organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute and listened; the air it played was one of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room; he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the strain, introduced a little melancholy air, of a wild and plaintive kind. — Louisa started from her seat and rushed upon the stranger. — He threw off a tattered coat and black patch — it was her father! — she would have sprung to embrace him, he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion. — „I come not to upbraid you,“ said Venoni, „I am a poor, weak old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields; grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy; — else why that dejected look which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?“ — — „But she shall shed no more,“ cried Sir Edward, „you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies: profligate in their hearts amidst affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion, and with the name of honour are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa! — but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem. — Continue to love your Edward but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will live for a while the wonder and envy of the fashionable circle here; we will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni.“

Miss Smith „at Home;“ or More Smiths!

By W. H. Wills, Esq.

Napoleon described us as a nation of shopkeepers; a community of „Smiths“ would have been a more appropriate designation; and, as at least a tithe of the king's subjects claim that title, one of the greatest misfortunes it is possible to be born with — except, perhaps, a taste for authorship — is to possess it.

To be a „Smith“ in this „iron age“ of railroads and steam-engines, is to form an integral fraction of one enormous whole — to be included in a general rule of which „Jones,“ „Williams“ and „Thompson“ are the exceptions — to have, in short, a distinction without a difference. The word ought to be struck off the list of nouns proper, for there is nothing substantive in it; it is an indefinite expression that symbolises no one individual, for it means quite a tenth of every body. If a place could be found of sufficient extent, a meeting of „Smiths“ ought to be convened to petition for a change of name by letters patent; and the whole congregation, European and Colonial — white-Smiths and black-Smiths — might be gazetted under the denomination of Legion; for „of a truth they are many.“

„Plurals,“ says Longinus, in the 18th chapter of his treatise on the sublime, „impart magnificence; and copiousness of number gives to the style emphasis and grace.“ What a „magnient" — what a sublime theme for pen of poet or pencil of painter, must be the name of Smith! — too elevated, too over-whelming for our weak powers; so we must commit the palpable bathos of descending to the insignificant consideration of „one Smith."

Mr. Unit Smith was a man by himself. He eat by himself, slept by himself, and would have died by himself, but for an accidental marriage. He had been blessed with a father (a very lucky thing for a Smith) who left him „alone in his glory," with five hundred a year. With this he retired to a lonely house at Hammersmith, where his whole establishment consisted of a buxom cook, whom he engaged without a character, because she described herself as a „lone woman."

A year had not elapsed before — to his consummate chagrin — he began to have neighbours. He was like the heroine in Marmion, who was bricked up in the recess of a convent; for people would persist in building close around him. But what was worse, these neighbours were uncommonly genteel folks, who had „*retired*" from the city, and having no business of their own, looked after the concerns of those about them. They were not a little scandalized to find that Mr. Unit Smith's habitual love of solitude and laziness had partially left him; for he had not only become a husband, but was on the eve of being a father also. Molly the cook having no great desire to retain her maiden name of „Scruggs," longer than she could help, was likely to add, besides herself, another being to the already overgrown list of „Smiths."

Poor Molly lived just long enough to present her new-wed spouse with a daughter. It is to be feared that the only impression the departure of his wife made upon Mr. Smith, was the necessity of guarding against accidents in future. He therefore engaged a man-servant, whose chief recommendations were deafness and taciturnity.

His new relation did not wean him from his desire for solitude. She was never at home, for from the nurse she passed to the school-mistress, and from school to the „private governess;" who, it was agreed, should finish her education on the continent.

The time at length arrived when Miss Julia Smith could remain no longer from her paternal roof. — The young lady had not sojourned in France and Italy without acquiring a taste for company; and having completely established a will of her own in her father's house, determined, with every regard for consistency, to celebrate her return from abroad by an „AT HOME."

She had no acquaintance but Mrs. Diggory Smith, whose daughter she had met in Paris; and who gave her a list of the names of her visiting acquaintances, to whom the indefatigable Julia issued cards of invitation.

Conceive Mr. Unit Smith's horror, on learning, from his man Jacob Post, the particulars of his daughter's proceedings! The thought that he, whose whole life was devoted to remaining a private — very private gentleman, should have his doors thrown open to the public, was perfectly terrifying! To prevent the catastrophe was impossible; for constitutional inactivity, and uncompromising gout, prevented his taking „active" measures of any kind. He was confined to his easy chair and fastened like a martyr tied to the stake — the flames were igniting around him, and he had no power to arrest their progress, for not all his expostulation could alter one jot of Miss Julia's determination to „flare up!"

By an hyperbole quite pardonable in notes of invitation, the once lonely cottage was elevated to the dignity of a mansion; the trim but narrow entry was no longer a passage, but a hall; the closet, down three stairs at its extremity—hitherto sacred to pickle-pots and soft soap, was made a cloak-room; the parlours, deprived of their folding doors, enlarged to a grand *salon à manger*; and the drawing-rooms were to be furnished forth with all „appliances and means to boot" (chalked floors, fiddlers, etc.) for a *salon de danse!*

For some time before the eventful Monday evening divers charwomen were hired at an expense of eighteen-pence a day and their victuals; the greengrocer was called upon to redeem the pledge made upon a green board with gilt letters exhibited in his window, of „Music provided for balls, and evening parties attended;" while these arrangements were completed by the engagement of a lank personage, dressed in scratch wig, long white waistcoat, short black coat, and worsted tights — to „announce the names."

The day arrived; and to Miss Smith's great satisfaction all the preparations were consummated with astonishing exactness. The home-made jellies and *blanc-mangers* „turned out beautiful;" not a single failure occurred to the custards; Julia's new white satin frock, turned up with blonde lace, fitted to a thread; and the chinaman was gratified with his „glass lent on hire." But what afforded the fair hostess most pleasure was the fact, that few of her „invites" had been negatived; and she confidently expected the entire *élite* of Hammersmith, the fashionables of Turnham Green, with a sprinkling of the *haut ton* of Old Brentford! A friend of a friend of Mrs. Diggery Smith, — no less a personage than the celebrated author of fifteen celebrated melodramas, — had consented to be *lionized*, and the *tiger* of Doctor Tweedum was promised, to keep „clear away" the supper.

Who can describe Miss Smith's feelings while dusting her father's best china? The appointed hour was at hand. She trembled, at the luminous rush of a family slop-basin, as if the crisis of her fate was approaching. Every vehicle that passed the house, from Hickson's Regulation to Cloud's 'Buss, stopped, she imagined, at her door. She hastened to the canterbury, and placed on her piano the songs and pieces — amounting in number to sixty odd — that were „inscribed to Miss Smith," all which had been lent her by her neighbourly namesake, who had bought them up from the trade. Every thing was now ready, — even Mr. [illegible] Smith, whom his man Jacob wedged into a recess upon his easy chair, like a half recumbent statue in the aisle of a cathedral, — though his well-stuffed footstool, flannel-bound feet, and diminished looks, gave him a much greater similitude to a cross old gentleman troubled with the gout.

To do our heroine justice, her travel and education had not been thrown away. She received her guests with the dignity of an experienced matron; and although she had never previously set eyes upon most of them, greeted all with the heartiness and apparent affection of long-tried friendship. Thus the *entrées* were managed to a miracle. One blunder certainly occurred. Mr. Socrates Snape, the apothecary, being too much of a philosopher to deem the common usages of decent society worthy of his superlative *cognoscence*, complained, on entering the room, of having been grossly insulted at the bottom of the stairs by a fellow in a long white waistcoat, whose impertinence went so far as to ask, without preface or preliminary, „What was my name? An insolent rascal!"

„Mr. Gregory Jinks!" shouted he of the worsted tights; and, as if the unconscious lackey had uttered an irresistible piece of waggery, the whole room was convulsed with laughter!

Every coterie has its buffoon. Mr. Gregory Jinks was the *droll* of Hammersmith. He could not open his mouth without exciting a degree of risibility amongst his particular friends, that would have made the fortune of a comedian. So completely had his imitations of the crowing of cocks, the frying of beefsteaks, and the sibilations of saw-pits, gained for him the character of a first-rate humourist, that no one could possibly suspect him of a moment's gravity. He once „set the table in a roar," by describing how an intimate friend got drowned in the Thames; and, on another occasion, related the particulars of having been himself run over by a coach and six, till the eyes of his auditory ran over with laughter. His facetiousness was not confined to mere parts of speech, Mr. Jinks was also an extensive practical joker.

(To be continued in our next.)

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. L. L. M.

Miss Smith „at Home!" or More Smiths!

By W. H. Wills, Esq.

(Continued from our last.)

He never „made one" of a waterparty without providing himself with a gimlet; administered cayenne pepper and Chili vinegar at pic-nics, and always kept a good stock of detonating balls and exploding cigars, for the use of his most esteemed friends: — in short, Mr. Gregory Jake was, to the revels of Hammersmith, what Liston is to the Olympic games.

The assembled group had got to that part of such entertainments which always takes place after most of the company has arrived, and immediately before the coffee is brought in. This consists of an unbroken, embarrassing silence. The titter on Jake's entrance had subsided; many young ladies looked upon the carpet, — not, be it understood, to discern where it was most worn, but because they were afraid to look up. Old Smith gazed round the room with an expression of mute despair; and Mrs. Diggory Smith, the voluminous dowager, was motioning her youngest daughter to pull her frock over her shoulders, — when the door silently opened, and a grave figure stalked into the apartment with the solemnity of an undertaker. He was habited in black; his black hair gracefully curled over the collar of his black coat *à la Paganini*; his black cane was ornamented with a huge black tassel, and his left hand, incased in a black glove, was adorned with a white pocket-handkerchief. This apparition looked mournfully at the pleasure-party, and seated himself on a vacant chair beside Mrs. Diggory Smith's second daughter, Miss Seraphina Celia Smith.

The silence was soon broken, — not with a rude and sudden shock, but by a gradual progression, like the crescendo movements of Rossini's overtures — commencing with soft whispers, gaining volume in murmurs, and ending with unequivocal articulate sounds. The new visitor had evidently created a great sensation, which was developed in a general desire to know who the illustrious individual could be? The whole circle formed a chain of conversation and surmise. Each inquired of his neighbour, and whoever was neighbourless, consulted his opposite friend in expressive pantomime. The hostess was eagerly looked for, to satisfy this overwhelming curiosity, but she was in the kitchen supplying the coffee-cups with silver spoons, and giving out the silver salver.

Tea actually passed off without the name of the mysterious stranger transpiring. He was very attentive to his fair neighbour, who delighted in being called a „bluestocking," because she was in the habit of perpetrating songs and scribbling „Impromptus." Mrs. Diggory Smith looked benignantly on the enraptured pair; and, like a prudent mamma, left them to themselves.

Out of the forty-odd persons assembled at Miss Smith's „at home," there was a due proportion of „Smiths:" for Mrs. Diggory Smith had a great many cousins and nephews, married and unmarried, who of course were among the guests, — and no small confusion was the consequence. When Miss Smith was asked to sing, a whole *flight* of nightingales attempted to perch upon the music-stool; and Miss Smith, Mrs. Diggory's eldest girl, possessing the greatest activity and the worst voice, inflicted the maximum of torture upon those present, who were learned in quavers and crotchets. Now Miss Julia Smith, the young hostess, really sang very agreeably; with some feeling, and without pretension. On one occasion she was fortunate enough to rescue her piano from the remorseless thumps of her rival and namesake. She warbled a ballad with such exquisite simplicity, and accompanied it with so much taste, as to make a deep impression on the heart of Jack Johnstone, who happened to be in the close vicinity of Mrs. Diggory Smith — the pianoforte intervening to prevent his seeing the fair vocalist. „Who *is* that charming girl?" he asked of his friend Jinks.

„Why, don't you know? — Miss Smith to be sure!" replied the joker, as he tripped over to let off a Waterloo cracker under the nose of the sleeping Mr. Call Smith.

Johnstone turned to Mrs. Diggory for further information. „Which lady was it who sang so sweetly?" he inquired.

Of course the dowager knew only of one lady who had sung sweetly, so she answered with conscious pride, „My daughter, sir."

„What, Miss Smith?"

„Yes, *sir*, she is my eldest — but Seraph, my second girl — she, sir, she is the singer! I wish she was not so busy with that strange gentleman in black, or you should hear her — she is a real genius, sings her own songs, and plays her own music. Ah! sir, she is —

„The devil incarnate!" exclaimed old Smith, rubbing his nose with great violence. „Jacob," he inquired of his man, whose orders were to keep behind his high chair, „who did it?"

Jacob Post pointed to Jinks.

„Knock him down!" continued the indignant old gentleman, quietly resuming his nap. Jacob did as he was bid!

Never did poor Gregory pay so dearly for one of his „good things:" he lay on the floor completely stunned. Some of the ladies fainted, others screamed, and all who had been lucky enough to get partners for the prospective dance, rushed, in the greatest alarm, to the ball-room, while Julia busied herself with great adroitness to make apologies. As such adventures were not new to the merry-andrew, he speedily recovered his senses and his good humour, and harmony was restored.

During the bustle which attended the settling of the elders to cards, it happened that Jack Johnstone, who was on the look-out for some fair one to escort to the dancing-room, encountered, among the maze of chairs, sofas, and card-tables, the „full face" of Julia Smith. An instantaneous recognition ensued on both sides. The lady blushed deeply: the gentleman stammered, and kicked over a footstool.

„Bless me!" exclaimed Julia, in a half whisper. „Good heavens, *she here*!" thought Johnstone; but suddenly recollecting himself, he thrust out his elbow with a precipitancy quite fatal to poor Julia's side. He did not knock her down, to be sure, thanks to the door-post for supporting her. „Will you allow me the honour?" he stuttered, undismayed by his awkwardness. Julia mechanically took his arm. She trembled.

„A very close evening, miss," remarked Johnstone, sighing.

„We shall find the drawing-rooms much cooler," replied the lady, with simplicity.

Her almost demented companion looked round, and, to his astonishment, discovered that he had so utterly lost his senses, as to have brought Julia into the confines of the cloak closet, instead of conducting her to the dancing-room. Suddenly his temporary insanity took a new turn. He dropped on one knee.

„Julia!“ he ejaculated, passionately kissing her hand, „I can retain this mask of secrecy no longer. Tell me how, why, do I meet you here? I am bewildered with the unexpected delight of beholding you again.

Miss Smith broke away from her detainer.

„Stay! stay! I implore you, he continued. „I never dared to express the deep love I have felt for you from the first moment! When I might have done so, I felt that it would have been presuming on a short acquaintance. You granted me permission to commence a correspondence. You seemed to take an interest in the event of my law-suit, which makes or beggars me for ever: grateful for such kindness, I — —

„Mr. Johnstone,“ interrupted Julia, „you need not detain me. If you would refer to the folly we were — I mean that *I was* guilty of at Paris, I would wish to forget it. You evidently have done so long since!“

„Never as I hope for mercy! I wrote —

„Wrote?“

„My letter was unanswered!“

„Wrote? To me?“

„To you.“

All further explanation was impracticable. The plaintive voice of the romantic Seraphine Celia Smith was heard near the door, pouring into the mysterious stranger's ear the balm of consolation.

„Why not hope for the best?“ she whispered.

„Hope? Hope and Julius St. Cyril de Montfort are strangers. I have struggled up the steep Parnassus of fame — have reached its summit — can look down from its envied eminence — and say, I have written as many dramas as the immortal bard of Avon; yet one other ambition have I to satisfy.“

„And that —?“ breathed the expectant Celia, eagerly.

„Is for you,“ answered Julius St. Cyril de Montfort; „deign but to hear those vows repeated, I so fervently uttered during our first meeting in Kensington Gardens —“

„Nay, nay, that cannot be,“ murmured Seraphine, returning her lover's ardent glance.

„I swear by all the — — but hark, that noise —“

Johnstone, during the agitation of this „closet scene,“ had murdered — not a Polonius — but a bran new beaver, by knocking it down and treading thereon. The noise scared the romantic pair into the parlour. Julia and *her* lover soon followed.

„Ah! Seraph, my dear, here you are at last,“ said Mrs. Diggery, „we are all dying to hear you sing.“

„Indeed, mamma, I am not in spirits.“

„That beautiful „farewell“ you composed the other day after your walk in Kensington Gardens, do try that.“

„It will be useless, indeed, ma'; without the „*fragment*“ no one would understand it.“

„Well, but I dare say you can remember that too, child: I'm sure Dr. Twoteam will be charmed do hear it.“

„Delighted,“ answered the doctor, with a look of thunder.

Having collected a tolerably large audience, Miss Celia very deliberately pulled a paper out of her reticule, and, despite the occasional thumping over-head, which proved that „the votaries of Terpsichore“ were tripping it on the „light fantastic toe,“ commenced:

Miss Seraphine Celia Smith's MS.

„'Twas evening. The moon shed her resplendent lustre; — a congeries of brilliant constellations illumined the blue vault of heaven. He came — his brow was darkened with a frown — a mighty torrent of tempestuous emotions swept over his manly bosom. There was a sound — a female form appeared — a cry of joy succeeded; and, in another instant, the lovely Juliana Marianna Montmorency was in the arms of her affianced lover! O! what a simple, original, indivisible gush of pure delight electrified their tender hearts! They wept for joy; but short his happiness was — evanescent as the summer cloud — durationless, as the winter sun. The rival of

Julien St. Clair sprung like a tiger from his hiding place; he tore the enraptured pair asunder. The lover drew his weapon. They fought — the conflict was long and desperate — and — fatal night! — the green received the lifeless form of the devoted Julien. His rival approached the terrified Juliana. Detested as he was, he did not fail to pour a heterogeneous homily of amorous amalgamations into her unwilling ear. She fled — her destroyer would have pursued — she reached the halls of her father, and pouring forth her woes in a strain of impassioned poetry, sank into the neighbouring brook „to rise no more.“ She expired like Ophelia, and „died in song.“ These were her warblings:

Farewell ye purling ponds and brooks,
Ye buttercups and daisies;
Farewell ye stately oaks, and rooks
That caw within your mazes.
Ye doves and singing birds adieu,
The nightingale and linnet;
Farewell, O! wood of grassy hue,
And all the cattle in it.

Farewell ye flowers of the stream,
Ye lilies and bullrushes;
Farewell my garden fair, that teems
With scent, and roses' blushes;
Adieu, my home, and loved alcoves,
My native soil and air,
Adieu ye walks and shady groves,
And Julien St. Clair."

When the auditory had recovered of the effects of this poetic composition, the whole party emigrated from the parlours to the drawing-room, to give time for the people below to „lay the supper things.“ Johnstone took a favourable opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Diggery Smith, who happened to be seated alone in one corner of the room.

„Madam!“ he began with evident confusion; „I trust you will excuse my addressing you on a subject of some delicacy: but your daughter, ma'am —“

„Which, sir?“ inquired the old lady, edging up to Johnstone with the anxious smile of an angler who has just felt a most promising nibble.

„The young lady whom I met in Paris; the [illegible], as I understood you, who sang the song I inquired about.“

„Indeed, sir! Then you are the gentleman who wrote the romantic letter from Lyons. Why, sir, you must have fallen in love with her at first sight!“

„Not quite so suddenly, madam,“ answered Johnstone, smiling; „I certainly had not the pleasure of seeing her very often; yet, madam, she made an impression which I now feel can never leave me.“

„But Mr. — a — a — “

„John Johnstone, Ma'am.“

„Yes, Mr. Johnstone, she read your letter to me and wondered who it could come from. But really, sir, you'll excuse her. My girls have so many admirers that, poor things, they can't always call to mind those who may be worthy their remembrance.“

Johnstone began to think it was barely possible that she, „his bright particular star,“ might turn out an errant coquette.

„All the influence a mother possesses, Mr. Johnstone, shall be yours. I think your letter stated something relative to a family estate you were at law about,“ progressed the dowager, taking her companion by the hand with all the affection of a mother-in-law.

„Yes, ma'am, the case will be decided on Thursday; and I am happy to add, with every prospect of success for myself. The villain who has for so long deprived me of my family rights absconded, and in my endeavours to overtake him I had the happiness of meeting Miss Smith. The rascal is, I am sorry to add, a namesake.“

„Our's is not a very uncommon name, but he can be no relation, I can assure you.“

„Indeed, madam, I could never suspect that a man, base enough to forge the codicil of a will, could claim kith or kin with a person so lovely, so innocent, so virtuous as your daughter.“

„I will speak to her at once on your behalf, Mr. Johnstone;“ and with the utmost impatience did the husband-hunting dame hasten to seek her daughter.

Mrs. Diggery found „Bella“ in most lover-like propinquity to the philosophical Snaps. When passed between the mother and daughter, may be gathered from the fact of poor Socrates being most remorselessly cut for the rest of the evening, by her to whom he had only five minutes previously proposed, and by whom he was just two minutes before unequivocally accepted.

Johnstone was greatly perplexed to find a reason for Miss Smith's apparent denial of the receipt of his epistle, when her mother (as he imagined), informed him that she had not only received it, but was guilty of the deceit of pretending to wonder by whom it was written. His cogitations were cut short by the announcement of supper.

At the table, Johnstone's friend Jinks might be in his glory. There „all appliances and means to boot“ for the perpetration of his jokes — practical and verbal — were before him. On this occasion he was, however, unusually unhappy; his smiles were nipped, like a frost-bitten rose, in the bud. A glance at the head of the table, where sat the cross-looking host with his powerful shadow in the person of Jacob Post stationed behind his chair, never failed to congeal the glowing fancies of his facetious brain. He helped the ladies to tongue, without his accustomed joke concerning the garrulity of the fair sex — saw several persons take wine, without inquiring, like Pierre — „what wine-ing monk art thou?“ and when he asked for porter forgot to make the usual allusion to his *bier*. The brawny fist of Jacob had knocked his best bits out of his head; he was, to use a favourite expression of his own — „dumb as an oyster.“

This Hammersmith symposium — unlike each of those described by Xenophon — passed over in a manner that quite reconciled Mr. Ugis Smith to the rest of the evening; scarcely a word was spoken. The only approach to a sensation was produced by Dr. Tweezum, who being blessed with a pleasing obliquity and a pair of spectacles — solicited, without apparent reference to any individual lady „the honour of taking wine with Miss Smith.“ Never was heard such a jingling of goblets and gurgling of wine since the marriage feast „in Cana of Galilee.“ Every Miss Smith at the table thought herself especially happy in being singled out for the compliment of one who wrote himself L.L.D. „in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation.“ The mistake was not easily rectified, and a great many Miss Smiths thought themselves ill used, and spoke to their brothers.

As for Mr. Socrates Snaps, his thoughts were sufficiently occupied by the extraordinary alteration of his „ladye-love's“ sentiments towards him. His philosophy was unable to solve the problem. A little light, however, entered his unhappy mind by noticing the attentions paid her by Johnstone. The fact was, when our hero (Johnstone is our hero, although we forgot to give him a formal introduction) was in Paris, he frequently met Miss Julia Smith and her namesake together, and naturally concluded they were sisters. He was not undeceived on that subject; for his private interviews with his fair enslaver in France were few, on account of the terribly sharp eyes of Julia's governess. When he got Jinks's invitation to join him in a *bourgeois* entertainment, he little imagined with whom he should meet. Vexed and dissatisfied at Julia's implied denial of the receipt of his epistle, he determined to seek revenge in the most violent attentions to the daughter of Mrs. Diggory Smith, whom he imagined to be Julia's sister.

The old lady looked round with the utmost satisfaction; her dear Seraphina Celia and Mr. Julius St. Cyril de Mountfort, were sighing, and ogling, and nudging each other with delightful perseverance; while the „young man with the family estate,“ and „her eldest,“ were getting on charmingly. Snaps noticed Johnstone's preliminary civilities undismayed; the whisper, soft as it was, and tender as it seemed to be, did not alarm him much; but when his rival proceeded to the extremity of detaining his fair one's willing hand to give it a perfectly *visible* squeeze, the mind of Mr. Socrates Snaps was made up!

By a „singular coincidence,“ the fair hostess at the same moment abruptly gave the signal for the general exit of her lady visitors, by leaving the table. Mr. Horatio Snaps buttoned his coat with the utmost vehemence, and retired also.

When he was fairly out of hearing, Jinks rose, with a gravity he knew very well how to assume, and proposed the health of Mr. Snaps and the *rest of the ladies.*" As this was meant for a *jeu d' esprit* on the chop-fallen inamorato's ill-timed retreat, an uproarious three-times-three was the consequence. Poor old Unit Smith was in a perfect agony; he could not in conscience require his man Jacob to knock down Jinks a second time, as he was only *particeps criminis* in the uproar, and to play at skittles with the whole company would be impossible; so putting both hands to both ears, he hobbled out of the room with the utmost haste. His departure was hailed with „one cheer more," proposed by Jinks, the vent-peg of whose *facetiae* seemed to fly out with the host: for, after *he* had left the room, Gregory's wit „flowed fast and furious."

The next toast was the health of „Mr. John Johnstone," accompanied with a hope of success in the forthcoming trial. In returning thanks, Johnstone trusted that the good wishes of his friends might be realized, as much for his own sake as for exposing the villanies of one of the greatest scamps that ever disgraced the profession — Mr. Samuel Smith! Johnstone then sat down.

„Mr. Samuel Smith!" echoed Dr. Tweezum, „my most intimate friend."

„Mr. S. Smith?" iterated Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, the most talented — 'first robber' — in the profession."

„Mr. S. Smith?" reiterated another Mr. Smith, „my brother, the conveyancer."

Glad to escape from the fumes of ill-made punch; or, possibly, overpowered by the corruscations of Jinks's brandy-and-water seasoned wit — Johnstone retired to muse over the wayward fate that brought him so near success in his temporal, or rather, legal matters, and gave so severe a disappointment to him in his love affair; for, to do him justice, the image of Julia had, since his adventure to Paris, been present to his thoughts while contemplating the possibility of obtaining his fortune. It was indeed always his intention to seek out the lady, and declare himself, immediately the issue of his cause was determined.

When at the foot of the stairs, he observed that a garden-door stood invitingly open; and as a little fresh air was not to be refused, he soon found himself among the shrubs, „chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." He was not long in discovering, between the trees, the flutterings of a white dress, and a nearer view convinced him that its wearer was Julia Smith.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Highland Anecdote.

The same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer, induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving of the Gored Huntsman, which adorned the first number of your work *), and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old, but not an ancient one; the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1745, with others of his clan, and was supposed, by many, to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained in Duncan's very good features, and in his keen gray eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former life, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarcely able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

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*) This article was written for the Keepsake.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flocks, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and at the same time so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the Gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path required caution.

In this manner he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red-deer species, running down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulty of the retreat. They stood, therefore, perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and as a last resource stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion, for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped down as if to examine him more closely, when the untameable love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot the dangers of his position, and with one hand seized the deer's horns; whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed upon the spot, while Duncan escaped with his life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view, (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend) but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

W. Scott.

Battle of Waterloo.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! — a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated — who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — “The foe! They come! they come!”

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms, — the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

Byron.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1838. Nr. 21.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Miss Smith „at Home;“ or More Smiths!

By W. H. Wills, Esq.

(Concluded from our last.)

Women are, to a man, (as a reporting friend once observed) great casuists. Their curiosity is so restless, that if they cannot account for effects by any real data, they set to work and build up *facts* of their own, out of their imaginations. By this process did Julia believe — although we will not be answerable for the precise phraseology in which the thought presented itself to her delicate mind — she concluded, that some „d—d good-natured friend“ had informed her lover of the low origin of her mamma; hence his sudden, unequivocal, and somewhat uncalled-for display of attention to her rival, and change of manner towards herself. These were her thoughts, when the subject of them presented himself.

Again did the lady tremble; but the gentleman's embarrassment had entirely left him; his demeanour was cold and constrained, and formed a bitter contrast to his passionate manner in the closet.

„I trust, Miss Smith, you will excuse my seizing so favourable an opportunity of again adverting to our former „*friendship*,“ began Johnstone, in a tone that seemed to strike a chill to poor Julia's heart: „when I asked permission to be allowed to write to you, it was no idle request. I availed myself of it the moment I imagined you had arrived in England, and were free from the surveillance of your governess.“

„Your letter was never received, sir,“ answered Julia, with the least possible betrayal of her great anxiety.

„I dare not say to a lady one word that would bear the construction of a direct contradiction,“ was the reply: „but really, Miss Smith, the only principal member of your family I have yet had the honour of knowing, has actually repeated a portion of the contents of my epistle.“

„I cannot understand this: my father would, I am sure, never open my letters, and —“

„Possibly your *father* would not; but there is, I am sorry to add, another obstacle to your proving the non-receipt of my communication.“

„Another obstacle?“

„Another bar which prevents me from renewing those vows I so lately made, in the person of —“

„Whom?“ exclaimed the almost breathless girl.

„Your mother, madam!“ answered Johnstone, bitterly.

Julia instantly burst into tears, and would have inevitably fallen, had not her companion promptly supported her. Johnstone conducted the nearly insensible girl into the house, where a not very coherent story, about having found her overcome with the fatigues of the evening in the ball, lulled all suspicion of what had passed in the garden.

The indisposition of the hostess caused a general ,,break up.'' Johnstone, with the proverbial ill-temper of a gentleman crossed in love, left the house with the utmost haste, to the utter consternation of Mrs. Diggory Smith, who had not had an opportunity of giving him her address. Jinks took such good care of the bottle as to become totally unable to take care of himself, and vociferated for the recreant Johnstone with might and main. Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort dropped a word or two into the delighted ear of Miss Seraphine Celia Smith, about the ,,sweet sorrow'' of parting, and Dr. Tweezum shook all the powder out of his wig in ,,fie, fieing'' the excesses of divers gentlemen who laboured woefully under the influences of certain evil, though excusable spirits.

The next morning found Johnstone at his chambers, ruminating, over a cup of coffee, upon the least troublesome method of committing suicide. After coming to the determination of deferring the ,,rash act'' until his cause was tried, he found, on opening a letter which his laundress had just brought, that the writer, Mr. Socrates Snaps, would in all probability save him unnecessary trouble. The note ran thus: —

,,Sir, — Having been informed by Mr. Gregory Jinks of your address, I lose no time in acquainting you of my engagements with Miss Smith, of Hammersmith; and unless you withdraw the pretensions to that lady, which I am told you advanced last evening, I shall require that satisfaction usually expected from one gentleman by another.

,,Your's, etc.

,,Socrates Snaps.''

,,So,'' thought Johnstone, on laying down the epistle, ,,Julia's conduct is easily accounted for; she would not acknowledge me or my letter, on account of her penchant for this rascally surgeon. I shall just present my compliments to Mr. Snaps, and tell him he is in error; my pretensions are already withdrawn.''

This was no sooner said than done; and the messenger, who waited, was speedily dispatched with an answer.

Another letter made its appearance. Its contents were; —

,,102, Basement, Lincoln's Inn.''

,,Sir, — My brother informs me that last evening, in the presence of several persons, you characterised me ,,as one of the greatest scamps in the profession.'' If you do not retract these words by five and twenty minutes to three this afternoon, I shall commence an action for slander forthwith.''

,,Your's, etc.

,,Samuel Smith.''

,,Another letter — twopence, please sir,'' exclaimed the laundress, before poor Johnstone had quite finished reading the above.

,,Theatre-royal, Adelphi.''

,,Sir, — Understanding from my friend, Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, Esq., author of ,,The Murdered Murderer, or the Fatal Bill-hook,'' and several popular dramatic compositions, that you spoke of me as ,,one of the greatest scamps in the profession,'' I beg to acquaint you, that although I have been playing the first business in the robber and villain line for the last ten years, such an imputation was never cast upon me before; and I can take nothing less than a public apology in the newspapers for so great and unfounded a calumny.''

,,Your's,

,,Smith.''

,,Please to direct to the stage-door.''

When the paper-beleaguered Johnstone had quite done laughing at the ridiculous mistakes the name of ,,Smith'' entailed, not only upon its owners, but those unlucky enough to know them, he heard his risibility echoed by the well-known cachinnation of his friend Jinks, — five minutes conversation with whom converted him from the most miserable to the happiest of men.

His friend gave him the whole history of the Smith's of Hammersmith, accompanied with imitations of the peculiarities of each member of each family. Johnstone remembered that he had directed his love letter to Julia „to Miss Smith, Hammersmith;“ and as it came before her arrival in town, of course it was taken to the house of Mrs. Diggory Smith.

In a month Johnstone completed his happiness: he won a wife and a law-suit during that time, which last completely cleared up the mistakes of the injured conveyancer and the indignant actor.

The last time Miss Seraphine Celia Smith was seen, it was in a strolling company, in which she acted under the name of Mrs. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort. As for her sister, she, in spite of Mr. Socrates Snaps, remains a spinster, and her mamma particularly wishes us to intimate, to any young gentleman with a „family estate“ in perspective, that *that* „Miss Smith“ is always to be found At Home.

The Charitable Bazaars of Dublin.

It has been said by a classic authority, that force without judgment is overthrown by its own impetus; and the proposition is equally true of virtue. To do good to mankind is less facile than moralists suppose. It requires something more than a mere animal impulse; and there is much ground for doubting whether the world (at least the British world), does not suffer more from the impertinent interference of mistaken benevolence, than from the direct attacks of selfishness and malice on its order and happiness. Charity, more especially (though, in a well ordered state, a duty whose exercise is limited within a narrow and comprehensible sphere), becomes, under a government replete with abuses and fertile in factitious misery, a science requiring as much patient research, and as large a grasp of intellect, as any other department of politics. To be charitable on an extensive scale, is to legislate for the poor; and man, in his domestic capacity (whatever may be thought of him as a citizen or a subject), is an animal made to think and to act for himself.

In the British empire, where every class of society is more or less dislocated, where the rewards of industry are subject to frequent revolutions, and where life is sustained by the most painful efforts, errors in the direction or energy of the charitable are doubly fatal. They are not only a waste of the scanty and insufficient resources of the multitudinous poor, a destruction of so much of the materials of happiness, but they are a direct and positive evil, deranging the economy of the lower orders, harassing them by needless and galling dictation, and destroying in their bosoms the principle of independence, without which there can be no virtue.

An high estimate of pecuniary charity in the scale of virtues is the result of incivilization, and a testimony of the barbarity of the governments where it prevails. Where the people are well governed and prosperous, the field for the exercise of this virtue is necessarily limited; but wherever great and terrible inequalities in human condition subsist, charity is a necessary supplement to the defective institutions, out of which they arise. In the christian world, where pecuniary liberality is dignified as a theological virtue, charity stands in the place of many more serviceable and important duties; and much of that energy which should be given to the improvement of the political and statistic condition of the country, is wasted in a vain attempt to bolster up bad systems, and to avert by eleemosynary efforts the miseries and vices accumulated by misrule. The high and influential classes are especially prone to fall into this error. Too moral and too religious to be satisfied with the wretchedness by which they are surrounded, yet too selfish, perverse, or indolent to attempt a thorough removal of its causes, they satisfy their consciences by attempting to relieve in detail the sufferings, which their privileges and pretensions produce in the gross; and when they have beallowed a small percentage of their overgrown fortunes upon the wretches whom their monopoly of power has impoverished and wronged, they flatter themselves that they have done all which human sympathy or divine injunction requires at their hands.

This description of charity has been well described by a popular writer, as „other-worldly-mindedness;" and no where is it more sensitive and alive than among the aristocracy of Ireland, — a country where mendicity is national, and where religious Quixotism is carried to the fever point of exaltation and excess. Unfortunately this fiery and rampant zeal is utterly deficient in knowledge; and there is more waste of money in the city of Dublin, more direct provocation of misery by ill-contrived attempts to relieve distress, more misdirected energy, than would, if properly applied, remove, ten times over, all the pauperism of a wholesomely constituted society of the same bulk.

In a country so teeming with an unemployed population as Ireland, it certainly is not an easy matter to give a proper direction to public feeling, and to avoid falling into dangerous errors; and though it is necessary to signalise the more flagrant and mischievous abuses, and to ridicule an all pervading folly, by which society suffers so deeply, yet it must be confessed that the individuals, who come under the lash are not without some excuse. If their presumption and self-conceit are absurd and baneful, their intentions at least are often the purest and the best.

The sphere of charity, its productive power of good, being closely confined to the relief of those fortuitous evils to which the lower classes must ever be exposed, even in the best regulated societies, the moment it is applied to large categories of persons, as a remedy for permanent abuses, it becomes an unmanageable and equivocal agent of happiness, interfering with independent labour, disturbing its market, and rendering occupation precarious, and its reward fluctuating. The means which a nation possesses of employing its population are definite; and charity, in giving them a new direction, does not increase the sum; on the contrary, in so far as the process is forced and unnatural, it tends to diminish that sum by waste and mismanagement. Most of the charitable efforts which daily succeeded each other for the employing poor of Ireland, are but the pouring money out of one pocket, to place it in another; and if certain individuals are put to work in a new direction by the process, an equal number are inevitably thrown out of employment in some unobserved department.

This evil attaches with particular severity and mischievous effect to those associations of good and pious ladies, who either work themselves for the benefit of the poor, or find employment for them in charitable asylums, where they are enabled to under-sell and drive out of the market all competitors who are thrown upon their own resources. The money which is collected by the sale of needle and fancy work thus performed, is a direct robbery of the sempstresses, who, in garrets and in cellars, strive to exist by unwearied labour. The cheap repositories that vend articles of taste, fabricated in Magdalen asylums and receptacles for the destitute, not only severely injure the shopkeeper, who pays rent and taxes for the service of the public, but, through him, strikes despair into the bosom of a large class of helpless females, who avail themselves of accomplishments, acquired in happier circumstances, to support themselves in independence, by the only means which the perverse exclusion of women from their natural employments has left open to them. It is no justification of such establishments, that they sell only inutilities, calculated to catch a certain portion of loose cash, which otherwise would be lost to benevolence. The manufacture of inutilities, no less than that of articles of prime necessity, is the property of the working poor, — a property with which the public cannot tamper, without producing a certain evil, that is never compensated by the uncertain and delusive good expected from the process.

Among the many idle, delusive, and extravagant amusements, invented by that [illegible] of Grand

Caliphs, Louis the XIVth. not the least remarkable were the shops opened in the saloons of Versailles, and kept by the king's mistresses, or the princesses of the blood, attended by cavaliers, who, though officiating as shop-boys, were chosen according to their rank and office. In these magazines, toys, trinkets, and jewels of immense value, were distributed at counters, attended by the greatest beauties and most distinguished personages at the court; and if the cupidity of the courtiers found its account in this prodigality, coquetry lost nothing by the assumption of a character which added the *naiveté* of the *bourgeoisie* to the graces of dignity and refinement. Madame de Maintenon dwells with emphasis on the fascinations of these illustrious shopkeepers, and the elegance which presided over their counters.

The bazaars, called charitable, which, for some successive seasons have been opened in Dublin, have in their details been modelled somewhat after the manner of these *comptoirs* of Versailles. The market is generally held in some very public place; either at the Rotunda (a room consecrated to all public purposes), or in a hotel or tavern. The stalls are raised on either side; the shops are kept by ladies of the highest rank in the Irish world of fashion and charity. The work disposed of is their own; their customers are the public at large, who are admitted on paying a shilling. The profits of the sale, of course, go to charity, sometimes at home — too often foreign, — the conversion of Jews, or the gathering of the stray sheep of Otaheite or Hindostan. The articles produced to extort the benevolence of the customer, address themselves rather to his taste. They are multifarious; and if variety could compensate for want of ingenuity and of skill, there would be nothing to wish for in the bazaars of the charitable ladies of Dublin: — worsted stockings, to fit Irish giants, — bead purses, threaded by fairy fingers, — frizettes for the head, woven of horsehair, — and slippers of hemp for the feet, as fatiguing as the tread mill, — hearth rugs as rugged „as a Russian bear," — and pillows of lavender, not much smoother, — old jelly and stale cakes, which have figured at more than one tea and card *soirée*, — and ornaments in every form, that can be produced by paste and paper, and daubed by paint, — from a pagoda to a pincushion, — of just that description which a woman of taste consigns to her housekeeper's room, and the housekeeper in turn, bestows on the still room, as fit for nothing but to preserve dust, and afford lurking places for spiders.

Meantime if criticism looks on with her „eye malign askance," in its lounge up the long line opened between the repositories of trash, there are many whose susceptibility supplies the place at once of taste and of charity, and the bazaar is the great resort of all the *désœuvrés* of one sex, and of all the saints of the other. Among the most distinguished of the first, are the military elegants of the garrison; among the latter, are some of the highest and prettiest of the aristocracy. Placed behind piles of pincushions, each having a moral in miniature stuck on its silken surface, or behind an outwork of paper screens, consecrated by the Lord's prayer and the commandments, stands the fair trader, with a look „sober, steadfast, and demure," and an air of gentle solicitation, like that of the venders of royal effigies at the gate of the Tuileries, who cry, from morning till night, „*Voyez, Messieurs, voyez la famille royale de France, et la Princesse Caroline, tous pour deux sous.*" *).

I was one day much amused by observing a little scene of this sort. The finest eyes I ever saw, were doing the honours of a charitable counter, to the very best of their ability, „*A bonnes enseignes, bon vin.*" A young and gallant hussar, whose attention had wandered from stall to stall, with undefined charity, was at last attracted by the „*voyez, messieurs,*" of the eyes alluded to. The *petit commerce* once begun, it was difficult to say which party threw most enterprise and speculation. Flytraps were shut and opened, with suitable comments on flies and traps; tablets were displayed, whose inscripthose were only to be breathed upon, to become, like good impressions, indelible; Adam and Eve, with the tempter in the tree, worked on a footstool in tent stitch, were not without allusion and edification; and the history of „Theresa Tidy" was recommended as a *souvenir* for absent sisters, with an air which proved that saints, as well as hussars, can be good disciplinarians. The choice was at length made. It fell upon a bunch of violets, reared by the fair hands of the vender for charitable purposes. The young hussar drew it from its vase, „all dripping with dew," breathed its essence, looked full in the eyes of the *belle jardinière*, paid his sigh and his sovereign, and — was elbowed on by a new chaperon, whose aid-de-camp's uniform gave him superior claims on the attention of the charitable bazaarist.

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*) „Here, gentlemen, here is the whole royal family of France and the Princess Caroline, all for a penny."

As I left the door of Morrison's tavern, where the scene passed, the young hussar stood waiting for his cab. A naked, shivering little girl, with a bunch of wall-flowers (stuffed with grass „to make a show,") in her dirty hands, came „between the wind and his nobility;" and with the usual supplicatory drawl of Irish mendicity, solicited his attention, according to its most approved formulary: „The Lord powr (pour) a blessing on your beautiful honour, Sir, and buy them iligant wall-flowers for an half-penny from a fatherless orphant, that hasn't broke her fast this day, God help her." His „beautiful honour" heard her not, or valued not the liquid blessing of Heaven at the price the supplicant put upon it. He held his violets to his nose. His thoughts were behind the counter of the bazaar, and his foot on the step of his cab *). After a moment's hesitation, he returned to the bazaar, and the half-penny worth of wallflowers fell to my lot.

While ignorant benevolence, and mistaken charity, fancy they are serving the great cause of humanity, by promoting institutions which are, in fact, directly opposed to their laudable intentions, low cunning and self-love take advantage of the circumstance, by joining in a work which produces a temporary intimacy and equality between the little and the great. Many, who have no other means of getting on in society, find, in the charitable repositories, bazaars, and poor-shops, a means of introduction to the aristocrats (for even dear Dublin has its *bel air*), of acquaintance with the Countess of this, and the Marchioness of the other, the long desired objects of all their struggles, hopes, and desires. Among a people essentially vain and ambitious, this sort of connexion draws in a vast number of subscribers, contributors, and labourers, to all schemes of mistaken benevolence, or quackish meddling; and the peculiar notions of the catholics, on the necessity of a constant practice of charity, complete the sums requisite for their mischievous success.

On the privations and sufferings inflicted on the respectable and laborious poor, by such interference with the branch of industry upon which they almost exclusively rely, it would be easy to say some eloquent things; for it is difficult to enter deeply and warmly into any subject, and not to treat of it effectually. There is no muse like being in earnest. But here is a little document, worth all that practised authorship could give on the subject, however deeply felt, or well studied. It is a letter from some poor sufferer, written in all the simplicity and integrity of conscious injury. I give it, with the too flattering letter in which it was inclosed, and which (having received it this morning, March 29th 1829), directed my thoughts to the composition of this brief article. Having allied myself, from my earliest youth, to the oppressed party of my country, I have never enjoyed there but one distinction. The suffering and the unfortunate of all creeds have honoured me, by claims on my sympathy, which, alas! is frequently all I have to bestow; and I have, for many years back, been in the habit of receiving applications from the wretched (a painful preeminence), which have included the details of almost every species of misery which flesh is heir to, from the despair of the condemned convict, who has written to me from his cell, to the indignant repinings of neglected genius, and the eloquent recital of „all the wrongs, which patient merit from the unworthy takes."

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*) [illegible]

But to the letter, and the simple statement of the distressed female, suffering from the ladies' charitable bazaar, which I give exactly as I received it: —

To Lady Morgan, Kildare-street, Dublin.

„Without presuming the Irish heart of your ladyship to be at all concerned in the pernicious custom? — the enclosed alludes to, it is very humbly submitted to your kind consideration — as one looked up to — as well in national pride — as the kindness of your disposition towards every individual of your country — and as it appears the *press* (the best medium of rectifying public evils) will not receive it — your general opinion — of the mischief it records — may go far in serving — a class of poor individuals (*your countrywomen*) labouring under the hardship it details — and layd before your ladyship — by one of the oppressed sufferers — who has the honour to be"

„Your Ladyship's
„Most obedient humble servant,
„*A distressed Female.*"
„*Dublin, March 20th, 1829.*"

„*To the Ladies of the late Bazaar, and those generally of Dublin.*"

„*Ladies*,

„However painful in laying before you in this public manner evils brought on a numerous class of persons through inadvertency and want of consideration (as hunger will break through stone walls) — it is necessary, in addition to many hints you have already had laid before you, to now enter into a more particular detail of the misfortune visited on many, by your establishing bazaars and other shops, to be met with in many parts of Dublin, for the sale of *ladies' works*; nor are you to suppose in doing so, it is intended to convey any idea of your but laudably working for yourselves or families, or contributing to such charities as you may desire to be interested in; but in doing so, permit me to say, you should put your hands in your *pockets*, and by no means interfere with the bread of others, as you manifestedly have done. You will please to recollect that besides the more common and industrious classes of society, there are many respectable, well educated females, reduced, from *misfortune*, and not *fault*, to the necessity of earning their bread by the work of their hands; inferior in taste, ingenuity, and acquirements, to none of their country women! now thrown on the world for want of a usual emporium for the sale of their labour; wrought probably in filial piety for the humane and dutiful purposes of assisting an aged father or mother perishing in silent misery. For your bazaars, and from the glut of work they accumulate, prevent even shopkeepers from taking any off their hands, from the impossibility of disposing of it, as well as others purchasing those articles of taste and ingenuity, these unhappy people were wont to earn subsistence by. And really, ladies, where females are concerned, I would put it to your kind consideration, if it is consonant to the generous feelings of our soil, to thus open the flood-gates of vice, as a probable mode of preventing starvation, encreasing female crime, and multiplying mendicity, in the current of misery and want."

„Our unfortunate country labours under the severe oppression of considerable absenteeism; but how despairingly must it indeed be felt, if those our *residents*, blessed with rank and fortune, lend their aid to increase distress in any part of the community, for the benefit of a good cause; let the object be what it may, nothing can be called charity, that uncharitably takes bread from the mouths of many."

„And although excuses may be made for ladies of high consideration not being sufficiently acquainted, either with the nature of the trading world, or desperate state of the poor, none can for *those* (some now holding titles) who have been indebted in a great measure for their present good fortune, to the benefit of fair trade, and support of the poor; swallowing Lethean drafts and standing behind a bazaar table, inficting in the articles they sell, misery and want on several poor creatures, their country-women.

„Your last bazaar, it is understood, not only netted a considerable sum of money by what it sold, but has left a great quantity of ladies' work yet to be disposed of; and which, notwithstanding the *piety* and *charity* of the worthy females concerned, is now at *their desire*, to be got rid of by a LOTTERY; as well in the teeth of the acts of the legislature, as truly encouraging a species of gambling: as destructive a vice as ever (in its avaricious propensities) seized on the human heart; and this being under the description of *little-go's*, becomes subject to magisterial interference. All this shews the quantity of work you ladies have set up against the poor and industrious fair trader, whose hands *is his or her support*, and which, evidently, you are not borne out in any interference with for any object whatsoever; or to lay the foundation of your *charities*, at the expense of the poor.

„And it is presumed, from the non-attendance of our gracious vice-queen at your bazaar, that though a stranger to our country, she has had that consideration in the benevolence of her heart, which, either through inadvertency or the fashion of the day, appears to have escaped yours. And believe the want of emporium for sale of female works, has occasioned much trouble to her grace, by many of those starving creatures who have had no other hope of trying to get their productions off their hands, has led them to seek that commiseration from the stranger, which they have failed to receive at home. So contrary is all this to the natural goodness of heart, so wound up in our national female character, that it is indeed with pain it is adverted to, and is only attributed to the inordinate desire of doing good; having in the impulse of the moment, banished that more general, reflecting, and feeling consideration. Your hearts, when thus strongly appealed to, will, I am convinced resolve in the charity and benevolence, so characteristic in the fair daughters of Erin.

„Whose obedient servant I am,
„PENELOPE,
„*Dublin*, 23*d March*. „Out of work."
„*Editor*," *etc. etc. etc.*

LADY MORGAN.

Autumn.

Oh! there's a beauty in the dying year!
'T is sweet, at quiet eventide, to gaze
Upon the fading hills, when the dun haze
Hangs like a pall above old Autumn's bier.

Those ancient woods! how beautiful in death!
For, see, the vivid green hath left the leaf,
And brighter hues are there; yet they are brief, —
Their pomp will vanish at the cold wind's breath.

There is a breeze amid the leaves! it swells,
Far in the solemn wood-paths, like the peals
Of music o'er the waters. Hark! it steals,
Sweet, as the distant sound of evening bells.

It is the voice of Autumn! — the low dirge
Sung mournfully within its ruined halls.
It stirs the fallen leaves, and sadly falls
On the hushed air, like whispers from the surge.

The summer-birds have sought a sunnier shore; —
They lingered till the cold, cold wind went in
And withered their green homes, — their merry din
Is mingling with the rivulet's song no more.

Rich flowers have perished on the silent earth
Blossoms of valley and of wood, that gave
A fragrance to the wind, have found a grave
Upon the scentless turf that gave them birth.

Pale, faded year! thy dying hour hath come!
Oh! there are crowds, that with a joyous brow
Welcomed thy birth, whose mirthful voices now
Are hushed in the long silence of the tomb!

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. Nro 22.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. L. M.

The O'Connors and M'Carleys: or, the Humours of an Irish Fair.

At somewhere about the distance of a quarter of a mile from the little town or rather village of —, in the north of Ireland, there lies a small common of from six to eight acres in extent. This piece of ground has been for centuries, I believe, the scene of an annual fair, in which some business is done, but infinitely more mischief. It is, in short, the scene of more battles than bargains, and of more kicking than kissing.

It was my good fortune to be in the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot on one of those splendid occasions alluded to, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to witness a scene where I was led to believe, I should see so beautiful a development of the united effects of love, liquor, and liberty as any man of a truly philanthropic disposition, such as mine is, could desire.

Full then of delightful anticipations, excited by the prospect of seeing a row upon a great scale — to me one of the most delicious things in nature — I hastened to the scene of action early in the forenoon, and shall now attempt to describe what I saw and heard on the very impressive occasion alluded to.

On the great day in question, one side of the common was occupied by a range of tents composed of old blankets, fragments of deal, and tattered canvass, with the name of the proprietor painted on a board surmounting each door, or opening, which gave access to the interior. One of these, with its owner, we shall select for special description as a fair average sample of the whole. This is the tent, then, as its sign bore, of „Daniel O'Grady, dealer in all sorts of liquors" — which, however, the reader may as well observe by the way, meant after all, nothing but whiskey; for no other liquor had Daniel ever dealt in during the whole course of his valuable existence, although he had been in the trade ever since he was the height of a Sligo firkin.

Dan himself was a stout, active, lively, bustling little fellow, and had all the appearance of being one who could handle a wattle should occasion require it, and such occasions often came in his way, with pretty considerable effect. Indeed, the breadth of his shoulders, the suppleness of his limbs, and the fierce expression of his lively eye, showed clearly that he had been destined by nature from his cradle to excel in the use of that truly national weapon the shillelah *).

On the occasion of which we speak, Dan was dressed in a pair of „spick and span new," subcotton breeches, a red waistcoat, a long coat of grey cloth, and, to complete the respectability of his entire man, there was a „neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck." His breeches, however, which were of course meant to be tied at the knee, were not secured at these particular points; and thus, the ribands by which that duty should have been performed were left dangling round his legs, or might be seen streaming from behind him as he hurried about making preparations for the business of the day. Dan's stockings too, as a necessary consequence of this neglect, were left at liberty to wrinkle downwards; and although he frequently gave them a hasty pull up as he ran to and fro, they never could be kept above a minute or two more than half-leg high, leaving the other half exposed in primitive nakedness.

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*) ein Stock.

Dan, when I first took him under my special observation, was busily employed, with the assistance of an active little girl, in making various arrangements and preparations in his tent for the approaching event, and occasionally holding converse with his coadjutor; — a little of which I overheard.

„Where's the big bottle with the whisky, Judy?" he said, addressing the lassie, who was intently occupied in placing several long forms around the interior of the tent for the accommodation of the expected customers.

„I never seen it," replied Judy.

„You never seen it, you little spalpeen you," said Dan, suspending the operation of wiping glasses in which he had been busily engaged; his fears for the fate of the big bottle greatly increased by the denial of his handmaiden of all knowledge of it.

„Wasn't it your own two hands, now, that brought it to the tint, so how can you be after saying you never seen it, tell me that?"

„Then to be sure if I brought it," replied Judy, „wouldn't I be after putting it in some safe place behind the basket of bread in the corner there?" pointing to the place of safety which she spoke of, where, in truth, the missing article was found, to the great joy of Dan's heart, whole and sound.

Judy had, at the moment she was first questioned by her master, totally forgotten where she had placed the bottle, and had, therefore, to avoid all further trouble on the subject, decided on the instant to deny all knowledge of it; but her recollection returning, she had taken the ingenious method described of getting out of the scrape.

„Quick, Judy, quick wid you now!" exclaimed Dan, shortly after, as he stood towel in hand at the door of his tent, eyeing with a look of great satisfaction the increasing bustle of the fair, and at the same time industriously persevering in the occupation of wiping glasses. „Quick, now Judy, quick wid you," he said, urging on the exertions which Judy was making inside the tent to fit it for the reception of *genteele* company: „There's Pat Duggan and a dozen more of them, and they'll be all here in a bundle like a drove of sucking-pigs, and every one of them as dry as a piece of half-burnt turf. — Stand out of the way you there, with your dirty wheel of fortune, and don't be after blocking up the passage to the *tint!*" exclaimed Dan, now addressing a tall, raw-boned fellow, in a tattered great-coat, or *trusty*, as it is more poetically called in Ireland, who, with one of those machines named after the fickle goddess, was about to take up his ground directly in front of Dan's establishment. „Can't ye go to the other side of the Common wid ye," he added; „the proper place for all them sort of roguerie."

„My eye, Dan," replied the other, nodding his head significantly, and at the same time sulkily preparing to decamp with his machine, knowing that he was on forbidden ground, „My eye, Dan, but I'll mind this, or my name's not Cornelius O'Flagherty. I'll may be come across ye afore night-fall yet, when there's more fun than favour going, more kicks than ha'pence."

„*Thin mind, thin mind*, ye ould scarecrow," replied the burly Daniel O'Grady, who understood, and rightly, Cornelius's enigmatical language to mean, that when the usual blow-up took place at the conclusion of the fair, he would take an opportunity of clearing scores with him.

„This minnit, ye ould pratee-scraper!" exclaimed Dan, laying down his towel and the glass which he had been wiping with it, then throwing off his coat, and advancing towards Cornelius in a highly scientific attitude.

At this critical moment, however, several friends of the parties who had been drawn to the spot by the appearance of a row successfully interfered in preventing the threatened breach of the peace, by prevailing on Dan to return to his duties, and on Cornelius to leave the ground without saying more about the matter — „at least," as they said, „in the meantime;" a caveat which was intended as an opening for the belligerents to resume and decide the dispute at the usual period when this sort of count and reckoning for standing scores was reserved to. The truth is, that the quarrel between Dan and Cornelius had been premature; there was no corresponding spirit yet abroad; and it was, therefore, reserved by their friends as a sort of bonne-bouche for the afternoon's entertainment — and not a little delighted were they to find that they had secured at least one row, which they could at any time call into existence. It was something to look forward to.

One side of the Common, we have said, was occupied by whisky-shops. The other was appropriated to hucksters, itinerant dealers in the various merchandises of cutlery, cotton goods, etc., etc., and the Pharo tables and rouge-et-noirs of the canaille, such as wheels of fortune, lotteries, the thimble, and the loop. Business here had already commenced, and at least a dozen fellows, „all in a row," mounted on barrels and stools, might be seen, and heard too, offering their various commodities to sale in the choicest flowers of oratory, and with a volubility of tongue that absolutely looked like inspiration.

As in the case of Dan, I shall select one of these gentlemen as a specimen of the whole, and this honoured individual shall be Jemmy Flynn, a well known itinerant vendor of the manufactures of Sheffield. Jemmy was a little man, rather corpulent than otherwise, about 50 years of age, with a sallow complexion, and a devil of an eye in his head. He had been nearly forty years in the trade, for he had commenced business when he was a boy of eight, with three pen-knives, a dozen of brass [illegible], a tasty pair of ear-rings made of the same rare and precious metal, and thirteen papers of pins. „There's a knife for you, ladies and gentlemen," said Jemmy, holding up the instrument of which he spoke, and which was a small pen-knife, with a deer's horn handle. „There's a knife for you, that never a one o' you, though you were to live a thousand years, and buy five hundred pen-knives every day, would ever fall in with the fellow of it. It's none of your thin delicate articles made out of the refuse of the workshop by a little hungry apprentice boy no bigger than a clothes-brush. No, no, this blade, ladies and gentlemen," continued the orator, „is the right article. It is made of the same stuff with the famous Damascus blades, which it is well known will cut any thing a mile off, and go through a bar of iron as if it were a roll of fresh butter, and so sharp that they'll shave you as clean as a skinned potatoe just by looking at them. This blade, ladies and gentlemen, little as you may think it, has been tempered in a fiery furnace seven times heated, that consumed a hundred tons of coals every five minutes, and roasts three firemen to death every day in the week except Sunday."

Thus spoke Jemmy Flynn, and in a somewhat similar strain, thus spoke also, his brethren in the trade of hyperbole and puffing.

At one end of the common, however, the real business of the fair had begun. There, a little shaggy, worn-out pony, blind of an eye, and absolutely overwhelmed, or rather smothered, by the prodigious quantity of long, clotted, uncombed hair with which it was overgrown, was apparently on the eve of finding a purchaser. The price asked for the „baste," was fifteen shillings, and it was declared, that not a ha'p'th would be abated. The price offered, and which was certainly as much as the animal was worth, was eight and sixpence and a noggin of settlement.

The object of the debate was, at this stage of the business, surrounded by at least a score of long, lank fellows; most of them rather elderly men, all habited in the favourite frieze, many of them having no fewer than three of these beloved garments on at the same time — and they would have put on a dozen if they had had them, however hot the weather might be.

The crowd that now enclosed, and wholly shut out, little Balgruddery, so the pony was called, from the light of day — for he scarcely reached the knees of any of those by whom he was surrounded — was composed of the friends of the intending purchaser, and of the proprietor of the miserable animal, whose merits and defects were as noisily and clamorously discussed as if he had been a „Tartar of the Ukraine breed," and worth his weight in gold. Into this discussion the whole party, talking at once, entered as keenly, and with as much earnestness and vociferation, as if every one of them had a deep interest at stake in the proceedings which were going forward. At length it was agreed on all hands that Balgruddery should be put through his paces, to exhibit at once his speed and proportions. With this view the crowd opened with a tremendous shout, and the little shaggy animal rushed forth under the stimulating influence of a huge shillelah, with which his owner — a tall, ragged ferocious looking fellow — ever and anon unmercifully belaboured him, every blow threatening to divide him in two. The pony being held short by the head by the straw rope with which he was secured, Balgruddery and his owner now set off together at a round trot over the common, pursued by a mob composed of the friends of both parties, buyer and seller, screaming and shouting as if their lives depended on the result; and each running as fast as his load of tattered clothes and outspread frieze would permit.

„Touch up his hind-quarters, Teague," shouted out one of the pursuers, and one evidently of the seller's party.

„There he goes, by St. Patrick, all the same as if he had wings," screamed out another.

„See how beautifully he steps over the ground!" exclaimed a third.

„Keep him to it, Teague, keep him to it, that's a jewel," roared out a fourth.

„Don't be after bating him so hard, Teague," shouted one of the opposite party, „you're making him go faster than he's able,, and that'll be seen of it."

„His hind legs are as bowed as a pot-hook," remarked a second.

„He can't trot a bit faster than my ould grandmother," bawled out a third.

The expression of these contradictory opinions gradually increased in vehemence and frequency, until the whole resolved itself into one tremendous and unintelligible babel, that threatened every moment to terminate in a general fight. This, however, did not occur. The race was at length run, and Balgruddery and his train returned to the spot from whence they had set out. Here the poor harassed animal was subjected to another test of the soundness of his condition. Five or six of the intended purchaser's party seized him by the head, raised his rough, shaggy snout, and tore open his jaws, to inspect his teeth; when, lo! every tooth in his head fell out, and dropped at the feet of the inspectors. The truth was, that having lost all his own teeth, his owner had taken the liberty of supplying him with a new set, an operation not unfrequently practised in certain counties in Ireland.

On the discovery of the trick, the friends of Balgruddery's intending purchaser, set up a shout of execration.

„Ah! what a devil of a rogue you are now Teague," said one.

„Are these your grandmother's teeth, Teague?" inquired another, stooping down, and lifting up a couple of tusks like a pair of pocket pistols. „My eye, what a set of powerful grinders the dacent ould omen must have had."

These reflections on his integrity Teague bore with inimitable grace; and in no other way rewould them, than by endeavouring to pay his compliments back in their own coin.

As the defect just discovered in [illegible], lessened his value at least one hundred per cent, five shillings, instead of eight and ninepence, was now offered for him, and finally accepted, which closed this particular portion of the business of the day.

At length that great epoch in an Irish fair — that period in which all the delights of the day were to be summed up in one charming scene of anarchy — arrived. Evening came on, and with it, certain impressive indications of the impending storm. Great events, however, have frequently very small beginnings.

„Here's the very man I wanted to meet with," said Phelim M'Carty, a stout little fellow, who had a few minutes before sallied out of a tent where he had been making a thirteener or two. „Here's the very man I wanted," he said, with a shout and a flourish of his shillelah, to which he added a graceful caper or two as he spoke, that showed he was in beautiful spirits, and ready either for love or murder.

The person whom Phelim addressed, was nearly a counterpart of himself. Patrick O'Connor wasn't a lad to be trifled with. He could handle a twig with any man of his inches in the county, and would'nt at any time give a ha'perth to choose whether it should be a black eye or a noggin, bloodshed or whisky. Patrick was also provided with a pretty tolerable switch, and was, moreover, at this particular moment under the benign influence of some fifteen glasses of „mighty illigant" (whisky), which he had fallen in with in the course of the day; so that a meeting in all its circumstances more favourable for the views of both parties, could scarcely have taken place. It is almost unnecessary to add, that these views had been for some time directed towards a row; for a cause for which they had trusted to providence and their own good luck. In truth, it so happened, that both of them at the moment of their meeting, were anxiously on the look-out for a duel.

Patrick, indeed, had for some time previously made an ineffectual attempt to get some one to quarrel with him, by trailing his *trusty*, — the usual provocative to battle in such cases, — which he had thrown off for the purpose, behind him. Dragging the garment after him by one of the sleeves with his left hand, and flourishing his shillelah in his right, he traversed the fair from one end to the other, calling upon any one to touch it at his peril, and challenging to mortal combat any man who should dare but to tread on it with the point of his toe.

It was, therefore, in this attitude, with the sleeve of his *trusty* in one hand and his sprig in the other, that Patrick encountered Phelim. Both instantly saw, with inexpressible delight, that they had at length fallen in with the very thing they wanted.

„Ah! Phelim, my jewel!" exclaimed Patrick with an expression of extreme felicity in his countenance, and giving a harmonizing flourish with his shillelah as he spoke, „And am I now just the man ye wanted?"

„Faith, my brush of a boy, and that you are."

„And pray now, my darling, what is it you might be wanting with Patrick O'Connor?" inquired the latter.

„Nothing in the universal world," said Phelim, „only to take a little of the orange blood out o'ye, as I'm told there's a small drop of it about ye, for all your blarney, Patrick — that's all."

„D'ye see my *trusty* on the ground there, Phelim?" said Patrick.

„To be sure I do," rejoined his antagonist.

„Well, then, my jewel, just do me the favour to put your ugly fore-foot on it."

„There, and be damned to you," replied Phelim, at the same instant planting his foot on the soiled and draggled garment — an act of temerity which was instantly followed by a well-directed blow from Patrick's shillelah, that nearly „grounded" his antagonist at the very outset. In a second, however, the latter had sufficiently recovered from the effects of his friend's obligation to return it with even superior cordiality.

„By the Holy Cross I'll make devil's meat of you!" shouted Patrick, as he flourished his weapon in the air.

„An' that's more than any man of your size in the country can do," retorted Phelim, „and bother me if I don't knock the *conceit* out of you." And to it they went again with a vigour and glee that showed plainly enough, that the pastime was one after their own hearts.

These two *fortunates*, however, were not long permitted to engross to themselves the whole pleasures of the fight. It was too great a luxury for any single couple to enjoy exclusively, and, accordingly, ere many minutes had elapsed, the row between Phelim M'Carty and Patrick O'Connor was shared by nearly a hundred friends.

On the very first appearance of a set-to between these worthies, a crowd had gradually gathered to the spot, attracted by the exhilarating prospect of a dust.

For some time the ring which had been formed around the combatants was tolerably well kept; and „Down with him, Phelim! Lay into him illegantly now, for the honour of Antrim! Wipe away the cobwebs from about him, Patrick! That's it, my jewel, dust him *cleanly*, rub him down handsomely!" was shouted out on all sides by the friends of either party. At length, however, the temptation to join in the frolic became too great to be resisted. The ring, after being repeatedly squeezed out of shape, and so contracted as to leave barely sufficient room for the shillelahs of the combatants, was fairly closed — and then the only thing wanting to make the row general amongst the friends of the parties was accomplished, namely, bringing them into personal contact with each other.

This, then, had no sooner taken place, than such a scene presented itself as perhaps could be nowhere witnessed out of Ireland.

In an instant, a hundred shillelahs were seen waving over the dark, dense mass of combatants beneath, and every second descending on the head of some luckless wight, either friend or foe, as chance might direct — for in this particular no great discrimination appeared to be exercised. Being by far too closely wedged together to permit of any thing like a scientific use of their weapons, the fight consisted merely in a rapid and thick ascent and descent of cudgels. In many instances, however, this constraint on the use of the national weapon, which, of course, was greatest near the centre of the hubbub, had induced the belligerents to take to their fists; and, wherever this change of *offensives* took place, black eyes and bloody noses prevailed over all other apparent effects of the fray.

Nor was the reckless glee which seemed to prevail amongst the combatants, their loud shouts of vengeance and threats of total annihilation to all around them, their singular oaths and imprecations, the least remarkable part of the extraordinary scene.

„Blood and blazes!" shouted out one as he furiously collared an enemy, or what was the same thing, one whom he thought so.

„Who is't that says black is the white of my eye?" inquired another, a new-comer, who with many besides was eagerly hurrying into the midst of the fray, and seemingly regretting that so much had been lost of it.

The row was now approaching its height; fists and shillelahs were plying vigorously in all directions: and murder, wounds, and confusion seemed to be carrying the day. New-comers were constantly arriving too, to increase the number of combatants, and the battle itself was gradually extending over the whole ground occupied by the fair. In fact, hundreds were now engaged on all sides who cared nothing for the original cause of the contest, and who did not know, or stop to inquire, why or wherefore they came to take a share in it.

Women and children were now heard screaming, and seen scampering away from the scene of action, in all directions. Tents were torn to pieces, stalls were overturned and trodden under foot. In short the row, in all its bearings and circumstances, was perfectly unexceptionable.

As all human enjoyments, however, are but of short duration, to this delight and glory of every true-born Irishman at length passed away. The combatants became exhausted, the darkness of night fell upon the field, the din of battle was hushed; but there was not a man there who did not retire from the scene of strife with a feeling of sincere satisfaction at the brilliant and national way in which the fair had concluded.

The Hurricane.

Various portions of our country have at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their way as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element, even now bringing with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also seated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when, on a sudden, I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for sometime expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked toward the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively towards the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise; then went the upper part of the massy trunks: and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to ensure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage, that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments, I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches, as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some loghouses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire-sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But, as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations, on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off, in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of mile in breadth.

Audubon.

The Butterfly.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold,
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut in silent ecstasy.

—— Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept;
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

Rogers.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1838. № 23.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

John Banim.

Es iſt bereits an einer andern Stelle in dieſer Zeitſchrift ausgeſprochen worden, daß die politiſchen Anſichten und die Parthei, zu der ein engliſcher Schriftſteller durch dieſelben gehört, keinen geringen Einfluß auf die öffentlichen Urtheile haben, welche über ſeine Leiſtungen abgegeben werden. Dieß hat Niemand mehr erfahren als der bekannte Verfaſſer der Tales of the o'Hara family, deſſen wirklicher Name die Ueberſchrift zu dieſen einleitenden Zeilen bildet. Während er auf der einen Seite bis in den Himmel erhoben und von ſeinen Verehrern für den größten engliſchen Romandichter erklärt und ſelbſt über Walter Scott geſetzt wurde, warfen ihm ſeine Gegner vor, langweilig, voll Uebertreibung und unnatürlich zu ſein. Die Wahrheit liegt wie immer in der Mitte. Von glühender Liebe für ſein unglückliches Vaterland Irland erfüllt, ſchildert er die Leiden, Verhältniſſe und Zuſtände deſſelben mit brennenden Farben, und läßt ſich allerdings oft von ſeiner Phantaſie hinreißen, ſie zu ſtark aufzutragen. Dagegen iſt ihm eine reiche, mannigfaltig ſchaffende Einbildungskraft, Tiefe und Innigkeit der Empfindung, außerordentliche Kraft der Darſtellung, ſchwärmeriſches Gefühl, und ein redlicher, wenn auch oft ſich heftig äußernder Wille eigen, und wiegt die eben angeführten, mitunter allerdings ſtark hervortretenden Fehler reichlich auf. Seine Schilderungen ſind genau und treu, und die Fabel ſeiner Erzählungen iſt immer eben ſo gut erfunden, als gleichmäßig und ohne Ermüdung durchgeführt. Im Allgemeinen verdient er daher die Anerkennung, welche ihm zu Theil geworden iſt, in hohem Grade, aber die Nachwelt wird ihm erſt volle Gerechtigkeit können widerfahren laſſen, da eine eben ſo genaue Kenntniß der von ihm mit der Treue eines Hiſtorikers und der tiefen Innigkeit eines Dichters dargeſtellten Zuſtände, als eine von allem Partheiweſen freie Geſinnung dazu gehört, ein gerechtes Urtheil über ihn zu fällen. — Dem ruhigen deutſchen Freunde wahrer poetiſcher Leiſtungen wird indeſſen die Lectüre ſeiner Schriften immer einen großen Genuß gewähren.

Ueber ſeine Schickſale iſt weiter nichts bekannt, als daß er gegenwärtig als Privatmann von ſchweren körperlichen Leiden heimgeſucht, zu Paris lebt. Er trat zuerſt mit den Tales of the o'Hara family (erſte Reihe 1825, zweite Reihe 1827) auf, dieſen folgten The battle of the Boyne, the Croppy, the Denounced, the Smuggler, the Mayor of Wind-Gap u. A. m., auch ſchrieb er verſchiedene kleinere Erzählungen und Aufſätze für engliſche Zeitſchriften.

The Irish Lord Lieutenant and his Double.

By the Author of „the O'Hara Tales."

It is really quite true that some time ago, and not long ago either, there was a London gentleman who took a strange fit of ambition into his head. His partial friends, or himself alone of his own accord, or he, in concert with them, believed that he bore, in face, air, and even in the upper part of his figure, a striking resemblance to a certain nobleman, who had become highly distinguished in the annals of fame by brilliant qualities of various kinds. In truth there was a likeness, but a general one only, between him and the celebrated Duke (or Marquis — at present we cannot declare which ought to be the proper title), and, highly flattered by this personal compliment of nature, he did all in his power to seem „the very image." He studied his original as closely as the nobleman's appearance in public, in the streets, in the parks, in „the house," gave him opportunities for doing so; and, in consequence of his observations, he changed his elongated hat for one of a round fashion, and his light hair for a sandy-coloured, or haply (for we hate being as demonstrative as he himself was) a raven-black wig; he instructed his tailor how to cut his coat; he spent hours before his glass, practising the very tie of his neck-cloth—to say nothing of the other hours occupied, by its aid, in trying to imitate a bow, a smile, a turn of the lip, or a droop or a toss of the head. But, although much was gained by all these adaptations and labours, something yet remained to be done, in order to procure a public and general misconception of who he was: for the Double's great longing consisted of a wish to have people gaze after him in the streets, in proof of how well he enacted his mute lie; and here (as regarded self-exhibition in the streets) lay his difficulty. At home, indeed, or in the houses of his particular friends, while he sat quietly at table, he succeeded amazingly well, because, in fact, in a sitting posture, you could not so easily detect that his figure was considerably shorter than the noble one of his supposed counterpart; but one cannot well sit down, out of doors, in a thronged metropolis; unless indeed, one sits in a saddle, on horseback; and even if one could do the former-mentioned feat, it were of no avail in this particular case, inasmuch as the man to be cheated out of the admiration due exclusively to his own person, never did it; and as to sitting in a saddle, our gentleman had no saddle, not to talk of a horse's back to put it on. Truth must out, although „a real gentleman," the high prices at which human existence, with a reasonable share of enjoyment superadded, must be purchased in London, had deterred his hitherto economical and rational mind from attempting the keep of a steed worthy of being seen in and about the great city.

But what will not high ambition endeavour on the road to its object? The Double, after pondering the matter some time, started off, after breakfast, one morning, to scrutinize the studs of sundry livery-stables, of respectable character though reasonable charges; and with a vivid recollection in his mind of the often-contemplated horse most usually ridden about town by his own original, he selected, before dinner, an excellent likeness of the animal, and hired it, for two days in each week, at not a very extravagant price. And now, if ever a man were on his hobby-horse, surely he was on his; and twice every week, for months afterwards, we have seen him, at fashionable hours, walking or trotting, nay, even galloping, his new acquisition, up and down Piccadilly, and by Hyde Park Corner into Grosvenor place, and about the Parks, and where not; and veritable attention did they both draw from individuals of the passing crowds, who, having never seen the true man and horse anywhere but in the open air, were promptly imposed upon; nor is that all; but once or twice in the Ring in Hyde Park, we, and others along with us (for, at the time we speak of, he was beginning to be known among us knowing ones, as Master Shallow might say)—have seen him bowed, or smiled, or kissed fingertips to, out of carriages which he rapidly passed in the direction opposite to their motion; and, oh, intoxicating spirit of fame! what a happy glow did not these palpable hits impart to the countenance of the successful aspirant! Indeed, it cannot be guessed by what process of reasoning (to say little of feeling) he then deemed himself honoured in his own mind, on account of only being mistaken for a celebrated person. What, then, were the grounds upon which the poor Double so anxiously would have disowned his identity? (so anxiously, indeed, that we do believe he was ready and willing to sell himself to the devil, as Doctor Faustus did, could the bargain have ensured to him as perfect a change into the likeness he thirsted after, as was the change from youth to age ensured to the doctor by his bargain.) But 'tis useless multiplying questions or conjectures on the subject; we only know that, in a vein of perfect consistency, he was nearly as proud of the deception practised by his hired horse, as of that toiled after by himself; that he often wished the poor brute were conscious of the laurels he had gained; and that, wiping his brows with a handkerchief in a way he had once seen his better self do, he has been heard to say, after returning from a day's exhibition about town, „I do own myself grateful and proud for having been cast in the same mould with that great man!"

And so far, for months as has been said, he passed a very happy life; when suddenly there arose a prospect of great interruption to the gathering of the triumphs of his deceptive existence. It was clear that if the nobleman were known to have left London, he could scarce hope to make people go on believing that he was still in London; unless, indeed, he wished to frighten passengers in the streets out of their senses, by being taken for the wraith or fetch of the absent public character. In fact, to continue in the glory of the occasional doubt that he was somebody else, the Double was [illegible] tied to the place, though not to the spot of the place, inhabited by that somebody; and considerable, therefore, were his anxieties, and sorrow, and sense of humiliation, when he read in the papers that the noble and gallant officer was to go over immediately to Ireland as the Vice-King, or Lord Lieutenant.

True, the high appointment flattered his vanity, in a kind of personal way. He felt it as an additional homage very nearly paid to himself; and strongly was he tempted to spend the summer, at least, in the Irish metropolis, in the hope of coming in for his just share of the usual public, that is street, worship, to be paid to the representative of royalty. But then, first of all, he feared, if he did not dislike, the Irish; and they were at that time more to be feared than ever, many of the counties of their country being in open insurrection, famine, and typhus-fever. And next, what was he to do for his well-esteemed horse, in Dublin? he could not think of purchasing him, — the price was too much even for ambition to pay, taking purse into account; but by no other arrangement could he prevail on the owner of the livery-stables to allow the distinguished animal to [illegible] within view of Ireland's Eye (the little island so called in the bay of Dublin): and, in a word, (and, alas!) the newly-appointed Vice-King sailed for his Irish capital, while his disconsolate Double remained, still here by indecision, in London.

Scarce a month had elapsed, however, after the Lord Lieutenant's arrival in the land (sometimes) of potatoes, when the good folks of Dublin began to be puzzled, as their brethren of London had been, by the vision of his copyist, riding about the main streets, or along the beautiful quays, or in the Phœnix Park; the horse, too, whether the London one or not, being a very good similitude. One fortunate circumstance was in favour of our adventurer. The Lord Lieutenant (though he stuck no great bunch of shamrock in his hat or on his breast, and pointed at, or pressed his hand upon it, as some people had done before him) was beginning to be very popular, in consequence of a mode of conduct, so manly, and so suitable to his nature, as it was good in policy. In truth, from almost the day of his arrival, he had thrown himself upon the confidence of the people, asking the higher classes of them to share his hospitality, or [illegible] measuredly sharing theirs, and showing himself in public, with the least ostentation possible, to the other classes. To come to our point: he began soon to ride through the streets, very often quite alone: and here, it will be perceived, was the circumstance in favour of his untired and untiring mimic of which we have already spoken. Here was the Vice-Sovereign in a situation susceptible of perfect imitation by one man and horse; and it is quite true that the lonely impostor sometimes succeeded to his heart's content in consequence; hats and caps were taken off to him by men and boys at either side of the streets, as he rode along, bowing and smiling to a degree of similarity only conferable by long practice; and having heard that the object of his mixed adoration and self-esteem had alighted one day at the door of a pastrycook's shop, and chatted amiably with the pretty girl behind the counter, he also did dismount at the door of another shop of the same kind, and did also overwhelm with a sense of being inexpressibly honoured and lifted out of herself, the not so pretty handmaiden of the rival establishment; and after all this, he would steal away, horse and self, to deposit the former in his livery-stable, and then win, by circuitous and unfrequented ways, his own humble lodgings, and sit down, a delighted man, to his chop or his steak, not now playing the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to his orderly landlady or her smoke-dried daughter; though indeed it added to his notions of self-consequence in the house, to hear them begin to say—even while he strove to divest himself of the character—„how very like he was.“

But his happiness was again doomed to be sadly interrupted. It was announced that the Lord Lieutenant would speedily set out on a tour through some of the counties in Ireland, and some of the disturbed ones too! For all the reasons—and more with them—given for his internal troubles when he heard of the intended voyage from London to Dublin, he felt agitated anew. Doubtless, the Irish he had met with in Dublin, itself, were not so much to be dreaded as he had laid the thing down in his own mind; but the barbarians of the insurrectionary and remote quarters of the country! the savages, whooping among their hills and bogs, with scythes and pikes in their hands! His soul, although nothing of its darling thirst for renown had abated, shrunk from such a prospect of peril. Besides, would there be much glory, worthy of the name, to be gained by the mistakes of his person committed by the populace of small towns or villages, or by peasants on the road-side, even supposing he should escape danger? Yes! and a new and brilliant ray of future fame flashed on his soul. Yes! by some happy combination of circumstances, in his character of Lord Lieutenant, he, also — and he, really — might allay an Irish rebellion, or stanch the wounds of civil discord. But fears, deadly fears, came on him again. His horse, too, as in a former case? — In truth, we must a second time part from him undecided, and a prey to conflicting wishes and doubts, longings and terrors; and in the mean time, after some other things, let us occupy ourselves a little with his reality.

This was not a year of rank insurrection, in any of the usually disturbed (that is, starving!) districts of Ireland. Great outrages were not committed by the neglected, uneducated, and despairing peasantry. The chief feature of their refractory spirit, for the season, was evinced in combinations and determinations not to cut down the corn of any of their landowners, no matter of what degree, who, during the speechifying of a recent election, we believe, had thought proper to give them rather hard words.

„An' so, we're not so much as to lay a finger on the poor Capt'n's wheat, either, Con?“ asked one of a body of legislators among them, who were assembled, by stealth, at a late hour of the night, in an old barn, for the purpose of organizing the rebellious proceedings of the next day; — it will be understood that the querist spoke in a tone of mock compassion for „the poor Capt'n,“ while his features expressed a bitter sneer.

„The divels a grain of it 'ill ever lie in shape wid help from our holy Roman reaping-hooks, Micky, mo-bouchal," answered Con, who might be termed chairman of their committee of public safety, though, indeed, he was only squatted on a thin lair of old straw, accidentally found in the empty barn.

„Och, an' its like, if we don't cut it for him, that he'll be forced to send a little way to the north for the rale Orange lads," remarked a third, — "becase, ye see, boys, we're only all a set o' the heavy-brutes o' Romans that's to be found about him, in these parts, and that he said, out afore all the gintlemen, th' other day, wasn't fit to be trusted wid a pair o' tongs, as we war'nt, the Lord look down on us!" —

„Asto," resumed Micky — „an' sure if he can stop his nose at us, afore the wheat is ripe, he can do widout us, when it's ready to shell itself about the fields."

„That's a thruth," said another — „an', sure, when the people that God plased to put in a counthry, aren't fit to cut the harvest that God put in it too, why, thin, the Cap'n need only thry to send for the Orangemen, the five hundred miles, as my gossip here told ye afore now, or else see how many rale, honest boys, like 'em, he'll be able to get in the barony."

„An' they're easily counted," resumed Con, the chairman, — „four of 'em, all in a lump; ould Spear, with the head shakin' on his shoulthers, like the last leaf on the top of a poplar in that crow „sayin'" to his [illegible], the minister, in the church, every Sunday, — ould Spear, I say, is one; thin there's the two Hacks, brothers, the weavers; the only bodies that hears ould Spear in the church, or does be there to hear him, barrin the minister's own wife and childer, and the Cap'n himself, long life to him — an' to his whiskey, too — the Hacks is — stop — ould Spear is one — yes — the two Hacks is three — [illegible] so were away with the cattle, and goin' in whither to a could church, that — but, look up there boys!" cried the speaker, suddenly interrupting himself, as he stared towards the roof of the barn. The eyes of all the other rebels followed his, and fixed upon the face of a man which was visible thro' a rent in the thatch, and which earnestly regarded them.

„It's Cummins, the informer!" — shouted Micky — „out wid us, boys, an' let us give him what some of us owes him, at last!"

„I'm no Cummins, and I'm no informer," said the man overhead, „stop where ye are, boys, and look at my features again."

„By the mortial man!" cried one of the conspirators, a young, taciturn, sad-browed fellow, who previously had not uttered a word, tho' he now spoke with remarkable liveliness of voice and manner, as he sprung from his primitive seat on his heels by the rough wall of the building — „By the mortial man, an' he says thrue! — it's poor Ned Cahill is in it, if he's a livin' man this night!"

„You're not far off from the mark, Peery O'Dea," replied the intruder — „and, now that you're sure o'me won't you and the other boys let me step down among ye, to discourse one word?" — He prepared to descend thro' the aperture as he spoke; his face disappeared from it; his legs, his body, took the place of the former; then he swung an instant, by the hands, from the rude joists of the roof, and saying — „Isn't the same way some people 'ud like to see me hangin', boys" — he alighted firmly on his outspread feet, in the middle of the earthen floor of the barn. There was ease, agility, and lightness in all his motions while accomplishing this not unperilous descent; and now, the moonlight which illumined the council of the disaffected Irish, showed the person of a slight-limbed man of thirty, or thereabouts, with broad chest and shoulders, and a well-favoured face, of which the only disagreeable expression was the suspicious curl of the brow, and the sidelong quick glance of the eye.

„Musha, my poor fellow! poor Ned! resumed Peery O'Dea, hastening to him, and there were tears in Peery's eyes, and a tremor in his limbs, while they interchanged the usual salute — kissing each other's cheeks, as they held each other's hands. The other peasants looked on, with various expres-

[illegible] of countenance. Some showed sympathy; some anxiety, perhaps for themselves; and one or two regarded the new comer, as if forming a selfish resolution towards him.

„And how is Nelly, *ma-bouchal?*" demanded Ned Cahill.

„The only sister o' yours is brave an' hearty," answered Peery O'Finn — „if it wasn't for thinkin' a great dale about you, Ned, an' crying, mornin', noon, and night, on the head of it all."

„An' her gossoon?" continued Cahill.

„As fine a lump of a boy as ever you ——" began the vain father. His brother-in-law interrupted him.

„Oh, well, — sure I know, Peery; Nelly's gossoon 'll want no praises you can give him: but that's not the business, now. I cum here, a good stretch o' road, to spake o' something else to you and the boys forenent me, only I'm hungry, not to say drouthy, an' 'ud ate a bit an' a sup afore I make my oration; so you'll just step out, *a-vich*, and beg a mouthful for me from Nelly, and tell her I'll see her, may be, the night, afore I take to my thravels again."

„I'll run out," volunteered one of the two men, whom we have mentioned as glancing at Cahill in a questionable way, „I'll run out, Peery; an' you can be stoppin' wid your brother-in-law."

„No," said Cahill, fixing upon him an expressive look — „no, neighbour (we're all neighbours afther a manner, tho' I won't take it on me to say I ever saw much of you afore); but no, neither Peery nor you need go now. Con, my boy," turning hastily to the ex-chief of the assembly, „you and I are ould friends, an' you'll think it no great throuble to run and get a morsel to ate for a hungry and a tired man."

„Your [illegible] just sayin' it, Ned *a-vich*," responded Con, and he soon got [illegible] towards the badly secured and crazy door of the barn. „I'll let you out, my own self," continued Cahill, — „there," holding the door only a little way open, while he again glanced keenly around him, „an' now God speed you!" he shut the door, and secured it as he had found it; „and you and I, Peery, can just step, the closest at any, to the door; for who knows who might be on the scent of one of us abroad; there's great temptation, boys," turning to the legislators, as he drew a pistol from his breast, „great temptation even among neighbours sometimes, in the reward offered for the head of a poor outlaw."

Short answers, yet such as sympathized with Cahill's wellknown position, or seemed to do so, came from the greater number of his hearers after he had spoken: but Peery O'Finn was greatly moved; his friends heard him groan as he turned away his face.

„It's a long time since you cum this road afore, Ned," remarked Micky before named, „tho' we heard tell of you showing yourself, here and there, in other places."

„Aye, Micky, the life I'm forced to keep isn't the pleasantest: here an' there, as you say, good weather and bad; sleepin' little, and never two nights together on the same spot, an' never under a christian roof, but out in the fields at the snug side of a stack, or in a wood, or in a plantation, or near the fox's hole, or down by the river near the otter's bed; and all for fear of what I said a moment ago. The neighbours are very good to me — I'll never deny it; and, as yet, I have no rason to be in dread or doubt of any one; but the reward in the proclamation is a heavy one; that's all I have to say."

He started slightly, Peery sharing his emotion, as a woman's voice came to the door, at the outside, high in anxiety, if not lamentation. Cahill, after listening a moment, hastily undid a second time the fastenings of the door, using, however, some caution still, and after saying in a whisper to Peery, „Look about you," opened his arms to embrace his only sister, whom he had not for a long time seen, and who was his nearest surviving relation.

Their meeting evinced deep and true affection on both sides. The young woman had an interesting if not handsome face, and her person just began to indicate the matronly change, which her characters and duties of wife and mother were working in her mind. She wept abundantly.

while her arms surrounded his neck, and her face lay hidden on his bosom; but for some minutes her attempts to speak could not get beyond, „Oh, Ned! oh, poor Ned!“ Nor was the rough man she clung to unmoved.

At length they began to talk a little more freely, and calling to mind the claim which her brother had forwarded by Con upon her hospitality, „Mary O'Brien caused the outlaw to sit down near the door, with his back to the wall, upon her ample cloak folded into a temporary cushion; and confronting him, sitting also „on her hunkers,“ she gave him to eat of the plain fare she was able to snatch up at home, and to drink, too, out of a bottle of „potheen,“ diluted with water. During her attentions, and his industry in consequence of them, Mary looked every other instant at her brother's features, or scanned his person, or perhaps the state of his attire, while tears still flowed down her cheeks and plaintive mutterings escaped her. Poor Mary, poor as she was, deserves to be called a good specimen of the only really beautiful existence under Heaven's sun, a true-hearted and gentle-hearted woman; she possessed, too, as may appear, what (thank Providence!) often mixes up with female excellence in the safest shape, a strong, prompt mind, and a sacred sense of right and wrong.

„An' won't you stop wid us the night, Ned, agrah?“ she asked, towards the conclusion of his hasty meal.

„You oughtn't to say to me, *won't you Ned*, but *can you*, Mary acushla,“ he answered, turning his head to the door to note if Peery continued to do his duty at it, with the pistol he had slipped into his hand; „that's what you ought to say to me, Mary; but little's the use in thinkin' of the thing the heart 'ud like best to do, when a body isn't able to do it.“

„I'll do something to get you leave to do that, Ned, my dear, afore I'm many days ouldher,“ resumed Mary, glancing at her husband, and, with a nod of her head, looking expressively at her brother, while she spoke in a low, cautious voice.

„Mary! Mary acthore!“ he said, in the lowest whisper, although its cadence betokened sudden and deep emotion, „what are you for saying, girl? Get up, and come this way wid me.“

He took her by the arm, and led her into a corner of the barn where they were far removed from the peasants.

„What's this, at all?“ he continued; „tell me in one word, Mary!“

„I know all about it at last, Ned, and I'll do my best to free you from the outlawry,“ she replied.

„*Dround!*“ he cried impatiently; „the woman has taken lave of her seven senses! — all about what? and what would you dhrame o' doing? and who towld you, Mary, if you do know all?“

„Himself, Ned.“

(To be concluded in our next.)

What 's hallowed Ground.

What 's hallowed ground? Hath earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That 's hallowed ground — where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed; —
But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed, down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool

Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind —
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies, in Heaven's sight,
The sword he draws: —
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! — But Heaven rebukes my zeal;
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love!

Peace, Love — the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine —
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not;
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august!
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples — creeds themselves grow wan;
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban —
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured, Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair Stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What 's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

Campbell.

Der BRITISH MUSEUM [illegible]

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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The Irish Lord Lieutenant and his Double.

By the Author of „the O'Hara Tales.“

(Concluded from our last.)

„Peery, his own self!“ he demanded. „No other crather; who could? Poor fellow, he couldn't long keep it from me; the heart in his body is too straight, and it loves and likes us both too well to let him lie down quietly, and you —“

„Whisht, Mary, for your life! whisht!“ he cast his suspicious eyes all around him. „Musha, but he's a born fool of his mother to open his lips to you a word about it! an' tell me, Mary, what are you goin' to do? what can you say that wouldn't be against your own husband — the father of your creatures?“ he continued passionately, „and dare you, Mary — dare you attempt any thing so unnatural as that? Mary, my curse be upon your head — and I will pray to our father and our mother to curse you out of their graves, if you let only the thought of it come into your mind!“ She several times strove to speak, he seemed resolved to afford her no opportunity; „give over thinking of it I warn you!“ he went on, „and now good bye and God bless you, if you deserve his blessing; good bye, Mary, I'll see you again as soon as I can!“ He hastily turned from her, and, standing with his back to the door, continued speaking to the peasants, without an instant's pause, „I'm goin' my road, boys, and as my time is short, I must say what I have to say to ye, at a hop-and-a-jump; so here it is. The Lord Lieutenant will be down among ye the morrow morning. He's to stop wid a good friend of yours, I hear, and that's like as if he wasn't far off from being a good friend himself. I don't want to advise ye to be good boys forenent his eyes; sure you'll thrate him well of your own accord, because ye all know he means well to us (the first of his kind that ever said so, at least), and more betoken because he goes about the poor country like a man who has trust in his poor people, ridin' his horse, sometimes, almost alone, along bye roads and boreens, as simple, ay, and a great deal simpler than some o' the little squireens nigh hand to us; well, if it's a thing that Captain Lighton axes the Lord Lieutenant to ax ye to cut his harvest, it would only be a good turn, afther all, not to refuse; it may sarve yourselves; and may be it might sarve me, too, in an endeavour I'm goin' to make to get leave to come home from my rambles, and take to arning an honest mouthful again; and so, there's what I'm come a begging to ye for; and, now the good night to ye, boys, or the top o' the morning; for that matter the day's breakin' already. God speed ye.“

„Peery O'Hea,“ he added, whispering to his brother-in-law, „help me to open this cauld door, quick, quick! and out wid you now like a lurcher afore me! and let us run over a field or two together. I want to spake to you, and keep you free of harm! Come man, hurry!" He seized Peery's arm, and almost forced him through the door-way; and when Mary and some of the peasants went out to look after them, the brothers-in-law were not to be seen. Mary pondered a moment, shook her head, and then bent her steps homewards, little changed in the resolution she had taken to try and restore her brother to society.

„What fool's talk has passed between you and Mary, Peery O'Dea?" asked Cahill, when they had gained their place of concealment, the ruins of an old castle, which overhung the main road to their village.

„Ned," answered Peery, "you know I've told her all; don't fly in a passion wid me; I saw ye discoursin' together in the barn, and it was asy to guess what Mary was sayin' to you."

„An' that's the way you keep your promise wid me?" — questioned Ned.

„I couldn't help it, Ned Cahill, *asthore*. It was lyin' like a heavy stone on my heart. Sure enough, we both thought it would be for the best; I to hould my tongue an' they to-work for her and the *weeneach* while you were only forced to hide yourself for a start. But I'll tell you what it is, Ned; the minute I heard of them takin' you, I set off for the jail door, to give myself up to them in your stead, as it well become me to do; an' nothin' but the news I larned on the road o' your breakin' jail, an' givin' 'em leg bail, the thing that put the out-lawry on you, afther all, poor boy, nothin' but that sent me home agin. Ay, an' I have more to say to you, Ned Cahill; the first moment I hear of your falling into their clutches a second time, I'll be on the road to the jail door a second time too; for I can't eat by day, nor sleep by night, thinkin' o' you. An' afther all we can say about Mary and the child, my heart tells me I'm not doin' a thing that a man ought to do."

„Bother an' botheration, Peery; do you mane to tell me, even if it did happen that I was locked up agin, that it *would* be the part of a man to start himself off, of his own accord, from wife an' *weeneach*; to say nothin' o' the poor ould father o' you sittin' at home by the fire; an' let them send you for life across the wide seys, if they didn't take the life from you afore-hand? I tell you, man, you have your duties laid out for you on this earth; as for me, no one is dependin' on me, and no one 'ud miss me barrin' yourself an' Mary; an' even ye only for the sorrow, an' nothing at all for the loss; an' I am not a boy given to marryin', I don't think the notion of id 'll ever come into my head agin; for, in throth, Peery, from the day I helped to carry poor Cauth Farrel to the berrin-ground, afther the long sickness that made her a light load to carry any where afore it ended her days" — Cahill's voice changed, and his eyes fell — „from that day to this, Peery, though I was a younger boy then, I never saw the *colleen* I'd care to be thinkin' of; no, nor wanted to see her neither. But we're talkin' a power o' *roumaush* here, in this *old place*. Tell me, Peery, an' don't tell me any thing but the thruth, how much o' the real business did you blab out to Mary?"

„I didn't hide a single bit of the real business, Ned. I tould her that it was myself (an' you not wid us nor in the secret) that went up to Lighton's house that night, for the arms, along wid the other boys; an' I tould her you only follied us to get me home out o' danger, when, by bad luck, you found out what I was goin' to do; and that when the Peelers purshued us, afther we got the guns and pistols, and were hard and close on my thrack, you ran up to me, Ned, and forced my gun from me, an' made me turn off home by a cross-cut; och, Ned! if it could come into my mind that night, what you were goin' to do —"

„Pua, Peery, I never meant they should ketch either of us, when I took your gun, an' if you were bid by me to use your legs sooner, they never would have to tell that they came up wid me; 'twas our argufyin' the thing that spiled all. Well, no matther now. Just listen to me over age. What's Mary goin' to do, to stay an' get no free o' the contrairy? can you tell me that, Peery?" Peery solemnly protested he could not, he had never heard his wife mention the subject. Cahill looked grave, and, after a pause, kindling into a rage, said, „By the sky over us! if my sisther, my father's and my mother's daughther, ever attempts the like of it, I could kill her with my own hand!"

Peery asked what he meant; and it was obvious from his perfectly unconscious manner, that he did not share with his brother-in-law a single doubt of Mary. — Cahill evaded answering him.

„You must stay the day by my side, Peery — that's all; or as much of the day, at least, as 'll be wanting to do what I mean to do in. An', first of all, let us bide here till the Lord Lieutenant passes by to Mr. Lowe's big house; I'd like to see him, that I may know him agin; an' he 'll soon come now, for Mr. Lowe expects him to the great breakfast."

Accordingly, both remained in the old ruinous house, peering out upon the road through narrow window-slits in its walls. And Ned Cahill seemed to have gained true information as to the movements of Vice-Royalty. After some time distant shouts reached them; they watched the top line of the hilly road; the uproar came nearer; clouds of dust arose in view; and, dimly seen through it, down streamed and trundled the crowds of peasantry, who were drawing his Excellency, with silken ropes, in his open carriage, and the huge crowds who, jumping and shouting, were before them, beside them, and behind them and Mr. Lowe, and other gentlemen of the place, on horseback, in front; „an' not a soger nor a Peeler to be seen!" — as the ecstatic mob declared, and truly declared, the ecstatic mob, who, not two years before, had been enjoying the Insurrection Act, and who have not remained quite ecstatic, ever since that blessed morning.

„I'm tould I'll know him in the carriage by his takin' off his hat and makin' all manner o' bows and fine manners to the people;" — soliloquized Cahill, looking close, as the female rout whirled onward the truly and meritedly popular Lord Lieutenant, often tumbling over each other, in the miserable zeal of each and all to „have one pull at the ropes."

„Well, an' there I seen him, sure enough," resumed Cahill, „an' it 'ill be quare if I don't know him agin, after he ates his breakfast — much good may it do him, every bit an' sup of it!"

At Mr. Lowe's hall-door the people permitted his Excellency to stop. Their parish priest there read him a little address, to which he replied kindly, in impromptu. Again we have to notice the correctness of Ned Cahill's private sources of information. Captain Lighton, who, with other gentlemen, had ridden out that morning to meet the great man, handed a note into the carriage. The Lord Lieutenant, interrupting a few words of conversation with the parish priest, immediately glanced over it, and then, saying something in a low voice, gave it to his late reverend panegyrist, who having perused it in his turn, thus addressed the assembled thousands.

„My good people — down to this morning ye have refused, even against my request, to cut Captain Lighton's corn; here is his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland, and your friend, if you will let him, by deserving his friendship, — and through my mouth his Excellency is pleased to ask ye, will you, or will you not, save the blessed harvest that Divine Providence — —"

„We will, plase his Majesty and your Riverince;" interrupted a voice very like that of „Con;" — „we will, out o' glory to him, for axin us, — an' for another little raison, bekase poor Ned Cahill, that we're all sorry for, an' love an' like, is afther biddin us do the same thing aforehand."

„Ned Cahill! the poor outlaw!" resumed the good priest, forgetting a little chagrin he had felt, on the head of being cheated out of a very pretty peroration, by Con's interruption: and he and the Lord Lieutenant began to discourse anew, in seeming earnestness.

Ned Cahill and Peery O'Dea soon had proof, from a changed hiding-place, that the people respected Dan's pledge as their spokesman; shouting and capering, and brandishing their sickles, hundreds of them rushed into the Captain's fields, and simultaneously attacked all the ripe corn they could find.

And still the outlaw showed a knowledge of how more important people were to act upon that — to him — memorable day. Having again spirited Peery along with him to a convenient place of ambush, he watched, earnestly, the expected approach of the Lord Lieutenant, along a bye-road leading, zig-zag, from Mr. Lowe's house. Peery knew his purpose by this time, and awaited its issue with his own mental reservations of what he would do, should evil come of Ned's bold thought.

„Whisht, Peery!" cried Cahill, catching his arm, as he glanced over the hedge of the road, with a sparkling eye, and suddenly flaring cheeks: — „here he is, sooner than I or others had a notion of! — and ridin, quite alone, too, by the Powers! — not an [illegible], nor Misther Lowe, himself, wid him! — well, an' that's queer! but I s'pose they're behind the turn o' the road; or, at any rate, it's all the better for me — so here goes, in the name o' God and good luck!" — and springing upon the road, and falling instantly upon his knees, straight before the object of his soul's solicitude and reverence, he continued, — „Oh, your Excellency! oh, my Lord Lieutenant! — oh, plase your Majesty, hear one word from a poor, heart-sore man!"

„Wha — a — t, what, what, friend?" stuttered the person he addressed, endeavouring to rein in and quiet his horse, who had been amazingly startled at the sudden vision of Cahill; and, indeed, the horse's master did not speak or look like a man of perfect presence of mind.

„My life, my life!" resumed Cahill; „wait, your honour, my Lord Lieutenant, an' I'll hould him, for you;" — and he jumped up and grasped the horse's reins — „an' now — —"

„Let go, fellow! let go!" — screamed the rider, in increased terror, for, from Cahill's brogue and impassioned pronunciation, he had mistaken the possessive pronoun which the suppliant had placed before the word „life."

„Och, an' won't I, your Majesty, won't I, when you only hear me spake one word! — sure I'm no one else in the world, but poor Cahill the outlaw, that your Majesty —"

„Outlaw!" repeated the other — „savage villain! do you mean to murder me?"

„Murder you, my Lord Lieutenant!" repeated poor Cahill, in his turn, letting go the reins, and starting back, aghast, with clasped hands — „By the blessed stars in the sky! I love an' like you so well, that I wouldn't harm a hair o' your horse's mane, let alone one o' your own head, for the round world stuffed full of gold!"

„And why do you carry that pistol, then?" still stammered the poor Double, now a little steadied, however, by the heated flattery of Cahill, and the repetitions of the splendid titles addressed to him.

„This, the bit of a pistol, my lord?" Cahill drew it from his breast, where its butt had not been well hidden — „och, an' is id me you fear, on the head o' this? — lookee here, plase your Majesty —"

He discharged the weapon in the air, close by the horse's ears, however; the animal pranced and reared in a frenzy of terror, and his rider, still sharing his feelings, could scarce keep his saddle.

„An' see here, agin" — continued Cahill hurling the pistol from him — an action lost to the confounded and dancing eyes of the Double — „and now, at last, your Majesty 'ill plase to hear me!" — he renewed his grasp on the horse's bridle, really only meaning well — „you put the outlawry on an innocent poor man, my Lord Lieutenant! — one that never riz a hand, for bad, in the country! — oh, take it off o' me! Let me go home from the hills and the woods, agin, to sleep undher a christhen roof, an' to meet my fellow creatures without bein' afeard o' them, an' to put my hand to the spade or the plough, agin, that I may ern the honest lit, and the honest sup, an' that I may go to the house o' God, an' kneel down, there, and put up my prayers for you an' yours, to the last day I draw the breath o' life! — ochone, take it off o' me, an' may you reign long in glory, an' die happy! — It's an innocent poor boy! — Say the word out o' your mouth, say the word, an' do a good action! say the word, an' —“

„Well, well, well, man“ — interrupted the Double, his fears now only divided between the uncertainty whether he had to do with a wild-Irish assassin, or a wild-Irish madman — „I — don't you pull me about so, and we shall see — let go the bridle and I *will* say the word — there stand aside, now, and you may regard yourself as a free man.“

„Hurrah!“ screamed Cahill, jumping up a good height from the ground, as he smote his breast in utter joy — „Peery O'Dea, inside the fence there, do you hear that?“

„Hurrah! an' it's I that do!“ answered Peery, with another shout, discovering himself.

„It's off o' me!“ it's off o' me!“ continued Cahill, hugging his brother-in-law, — „isn't it, your honour-in-glory — isn't it?“

„It is, it is — to be sure it is — have I not said so? I revoke every thing — only won't you and the other man move away from my horse's head? So — good day to you both — all's right — good day ——“ and seeing the road at last clear before him, the speaker gave spur and rein to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment — ay, and out of Ireland in some hours after, from the nearest sea-port, cured, in a degree, of performing his absurd and miserable impostures in it.

„There you go, an' may honour an' glory be in your road, afore you!“ — Cahill continued to shout.

„There you go, an' may you never know what it is to have a heart as heavy as the hearts you're aither makin' happy, this day!“ — added Peery.

„Stand!“ cried voices at their backs — „one of you is Cahill, the outlaw.“ They turned, and saw half a dozen police, who, with presented carbines, immediately surrounded them.

„Bother, boys, wid your ‚stand!‘“ — answered Ned — „I'm Cahill, sure enough, but no outlaw, this blessed day, thank God, an' his honour the Lord Lieutenant! Hurrah!“! — he jumped again.

„Come, come — your arms“ — said the serjeant of the party.

„Arms? sorrow a one I have, barrin' the two God gave me; — a little while ago, to tell truth, I had a sort of an ould pistol wid me — but I shot the bullet of it up into the air, an' flung after the bullet, to the devils, entirely — an' its my word I give you, Misther Peelers, besides, that, from this day, out“ ——

„Search him,“ — interrupted the serjeant.

„Here, then — search — search, search — ah, wid all my heart. I tell you, boys, it's only givin' yourselves throuble for nothin'!“

„Fall in with the men, then, and march for jail,“ commanded the serjeant, when the useless search was ended.

„Jail? me march for jail? ye're mad to spake of it. It's more than your lives are worth to use the words. Take good care what you're for doin'!“

„Come, fall in: — where are the handcuffs?“

„Handcuffs?“ as he heard them jingling — „have a' care o' your behaviour to me, I tell you once agin!“ ejaculated Cahill, while he vainly resisted the strength used to manacle his hands — „his own self took the ban off o' me, misther Peelers — his own self, my Lord the Lieutenant, only a minute agone, an' on this very bless-ed spot! ay, ye may laugh at me; but I say he did! an' here's Peery O'Dea, that's ready to say the same thing, for he hard an' seen him! didn't you?“

Peery proved, indeed, a ready witness; but still the police sneered, until, after glancing down the road, in the direction of Mr. Lowe's house, the serjeant said, „well, Cahill, now's the time to get grace from us, if your words are true,“ — the man's laugh was still deriding — „here comes his Excellency.“

„Which way?" demanded Cahill, glancing up and down the road, in great astonishment — „Eh? the gentleman ridin' up to us wid Mr. Lowe an' the officers? stop — wait stop — oh? by the powers o'man, an' it is sure enough, however the divils — or by the Lord's will — he got there! Peery! Peery, avick!" —

„Move aside, and clear the road," said the serjeant. The police and their prisoners accordingly stood at the fence, the men presenting arms. The Lord Lieutenant stopt before them, and was about to ask what was the matter, when Cahill broke forward, and falling almost prostrate, with his manacled hands, prayed his Excellency to look on him, and remember himself, and say whether or no he had not, a few moments before, pardoned him his offence; and at the same time he again shouted out for Peery O'Dea to support his assertion.

„The man must be mad" — said the Lord Lieutenant, to Mr. Lowe — „both of them must be so; I have never seen either of them, in my life before: and yet how apparently sincere in their earnestness; one of them weeps."

At the sound of his Excellency's voice, Cahill started up, staring in misgiving and dismay on the face of the speaker; and again he called, in a whisper, to „Peery! Peery, avick!" as if for counsel.

„No, Ned, asthore," replied Peery, after making his own observations, „'tisn't himself is afore us — or — it is himself, I mean — or else the ne'r a one o' them — or, it was the ould divil that came the road, first of all, to make you go thro' wit the foolish thought o' your mind, an get you taken agin!"

While the Lord Lieutenant still spoke in an under tone with Mr. Lowe, the serjeant of the police advanced to recapture Cahill. Peery O'Dea now sprung forward and continued, in a loud, wailing voice — „But since they have you the second turn, Ned, it's time for me to do what I said! — Plase your lordship, Ned Cahill, my wife's brother, tho' he broke jail, is as innocent as my own stomach o' what sent him there, — I am the man — I, Peery O'Dea, — that headed the boys up to the house, for the arms that night, — an' Ned wasn't wid us at all, only met me on the road, after we got what we went for — an' forced my gun for me, an' stood to be seized by the Peelers! an' this is the holy thruth, an' I'll get your honor plenty o' witnesses to say so: — an' now, sure your Majesty 'ill just tell them to let him go, and take me, in his place, an'" —

„Don't put thrust in a word the fool of a' boy is sayin, glory to your lordship," interrupted Cahill — „the head of him is cracked, because I'm poor Mary's brother, an' he's often not in his right mind; 'twas in my hands the gun was found — an' 'twas I that broke jail — and, by coorse, it's I that ought to go to jail, over agin; an' so, mister serjeant — now, the Lord save us! an' what's this?"

Mary O'Dea held him in her arms, sobbing and weeping aloud. „To jail you'll never go, brother Ned, mavourneen!" — she cried — „never, never, praises to the good God, an' our good Lord Lieutenant!" — „Avick, you poor craythur; an' did that desaitful divil come across you, too, an' make you all manner o' promises?" asked Cahill, returning her embraces. „Your honor, my lord! continued Mary, „spake the word you promised me!" —

Addressing Mr. Lowe, his Excellency, touched and affected, turned his horse's head. „Pray, Sir, explain to the poor people." „Cahill," said Mr. Lowe, „your sister has saved you; at least confirmed the Lord Lieutenant's merciful dispositions towards you, previously formed out of other circumstances. She contrived to meet his Excellency, before my house this morning, and, on condition that a considerable depôt of concealed arms — discovered by her, she has not said how," (Cahill glanced from Mary to Peery) — „should be delivered up, obtained your pardon. The tranquillity of the country for the last year, a word in your favor, from your priest and others, and indeed from myself, and a wish to show the deluded people that they will be treated mercifully, whenever they, themselves, afford the opportunity — all this helped your sister's prayers, — Thank his Excellency. You are a free man. —"

That Cahill did as he was bid it would be idle to enforce. Neither is it necessary to describe the joy of the re-united family. But, indeed, kind readers, — contradictory as the thing may sound, — men made of mortal materials similar to those which we believe you like in the Brothers-in-law, Ned and Perry, often plunder away in some Irish counties, aye, — (and, also for the admission!) use them fearfully, too. Let us hope and pray, however, that such an Irish Lord Lieutenant as we have here sketched for you, acting under the wise instructions which shape his own excellent feelings and inclinations, may soon gain possession of all the hidden depths of Corruption, accumulated by the wretched people.

As for his Double —

„Perry, avich," said Cahill, after they and Mary had been left alone on the road —" let us run hard, straight-a-head, an' they an' lay hould o' that brute-baste of a pretendher!"

My little grey Landlord.

BY THE AUTHOR OF „SCENES IN POLAND."

„And you will not go?" said Frank, seizing the knob of the door, and darting a glance of impatience.

„Not for this time. To-morrow is packet day — a number of letters."

„The old song — letters — despatches. Our minister can scarcely have more business than you. You are a strange fellow. Here you come over in a hurry scurry, run the first three days over all the theatres and ball-rooms like a madman, and then ensconce yourself in one of the crooked, shabbiest corners of the most desolate parts of London, at an equal distance from Billingsgate and Smithfield."

„Not quite so desolate as you may suppose," returned I, pointing at a trio of vagrant minstrels, who were just establishing their perambulatory quarters right beneath my windows.

„Only look," said Frank; „but the fiend may look here! — nothing but murky walls to be seen. I pledge you my word, the most lovely day you ever beheld in London. Confound ye!" added he, running up to the window, and tearing the curtains down —

The trio had begun their concert — an invalid violin, a shattered harp, and an asthmatic flute, sending forth a sort of cacophonic medley, to the great delight of a gang of ragamuffins and idlers who clustered around —

„That's the third serenade I have enjoyed this morning. You see, John Bull is becoming quite musical. A German organ and a Scotch bagpipe have preceded these delightful instruments. If you stay, there may be a chance of hearing more!"

„You are insufferable," retorted Frank. „You want me to go. What is it that keeps you? Do you expect any body? — ‚Something pleasant to look at,' as our quaker says."

„No that I know of."

The trio had in the mean while toiled through a skeleton of Weber's hunting chorus, looking anxiously towards the window. A dirty-capped, squaw-like woman, was stretching forth her brown wrists, when an elegant cabriolet came up the narrow lane, and right through the crowd. A young fashionably-dressed man jumped out, knocked at the door, and was, after some delay, admitted.

„Is the visit intended for you?"

„I presume not."

„To whom can it be then?"

„There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The minstrels persevered in regaling us with a doleful ditty; but above the shrill sounds of the music arose a cry of fury and terror, declining into a low, pitiful, and fearful moan. A long silence succeeded. The cry seemed to startle even the musicians; they paused, surveyed the windows, and retreated from the pavement. Immediately the gay young man came slowly down stairs, the bolt of the door was unfastened, and he approached his cabriolet; but what a change! The colour had deserted his cheeks — he was pale — he reeled as he mounted the vehicle!

„That's strange," said Frank: „strange, indeed. Why, Charles, where are we? Methought —"

„Hush!" said I; for I heard the sound of footsteps. I was not mistaken — a scarcely perceptible touch at the door indicated that some person was outside — it opened, and a head peeped in — it was my landlord.

Ah! Mr ——, you have company?"

I seized a couple of newspapers and ran after him. He took them.

„At *two o'clock* you will hear the signal. The *King will dissolve Parliament.*"

I shook my head, and returned to my room.

„Who is that fellow?" demanded Frank, with a slight shudder; „as often as I see him an ague overcomes me."

„It is my landlord."

„I know; but who is he — what is he?"

„Hush! — more anon. Are you still bound to Regent's Park?"

„Certainly."

„Well, then, I am at your command."

Frank shook his head, and we descended. We rode on without a word, through Holborn. When we arrived at Tottenhamcourt-road, my friend broke silence.

„Charles, your landlord is a singular personage. I should not much like his company."

„Nor do I."

„Why not leave him then?"

„That's another question — but listen."

Frank drew his bridle and his horse approached mine.

„You remember," said I, „that in 1826—27, I sojourned about eight months in London, and in this very house. It belonged then to the firm of G— and Co., a mercantile establishment connected with our friends. The concern failed, and this house went over to its present owner. One morning, just as I was on the point of going out to hunt for apartments, this little, grey, thin man entered my room, looked around, and announcing himself, after a long glance at me, as the new proprietor, invited me to reside with him; I did not quite relish his appearance, but I hate moving about, and remained. Every Saturday at five o'clock, five minutes, five seconds, he came regularly for his thirty shillings, which I had to place on the corner of the table, and for which he left the receipt. There was no intercourse whatever between us, for the six months I stayed with him, and when I departed he looked as dry and stale as ever."

„Three days after my arrival last December, a transaction on 'Change kept me the greater part of the day in its vicinity. After I had concluded the business, I returned; but immersed as I was in thought, my steps led me unconsciously toward my old residence. I was already in sight of the house before I discovered my mistake. Curiosity prompted me to inquire after its proprietor. I had not spoken three words to the old woman, when the little grey man came down, grinned slightly and took me by the hand, pointing up stairs. I followed and entered my former apartments. Every thing stood as I left it, — even some papers I had forgotten lay in the same corner.

„You stay of course again with me," said the little man, who, turning round abruptly, quitted the room for his own. I moved into his house.

„As I had left him four years before, so I found him again. Not one additional wrinkle. The same withered, ashy features, with their yellow ground, not unlike a silver medal badly gilt. His thin grey hair carefully combed over his forehead, his visage as impassible as ever, his reddish rabbit-eye, protected by the identical dirty green spectacles, his nose as sharp as of old, his lips as meagre as though food had never found its way through them.

(To be continued in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

My little grey Landlord.

By the Author of „Scenes in Poland.

(Continued from our last.)

His very whisper was uttered with the same calculating care not to mismanage the stock of his breath. He never talks, he only lisps, and if you speak to him while a carriage is passing, he will delay his answer till every thing is still, for fear of straining his lungs. Now and then you may hear a noise — a shriek — a cry — a yell in his room, but never his own voice; and like a spell, this silence has always an unaccountable sudden effect on the most clamorous visitor. A deadly stillness succeeds a moan which resembles the hushing moan of the waves after they have ingulfed their victim. He is the most absolute egotist I ever yet have seen. His age is a problem to me. During my short stay in Paris (you know I landed at Havre, and spent a couple of weeks in the French capital), I became by chance possessed of a secret of some importance at the period. It was on the second day after I had taken up my abode with him, that he entered my room to look over my newspapers. He asked me a few questions respecting trade in Paris, and in the course of conversation, I gave him some hints as to the instability of a most eminent and flourishing house. The man quailed under my information — I pitied his consternation and gave him proofs

„No sooner had he inspected the papers, than he grasped my hand, and ran out of the room. Four days afterwards he entered with a ghastly smile, saying, „You are right — your information is correct. — It is still a secret — keep it. It will not be to your loss — have you two thousand pounds to spare?“

„No,“ said I.

„Here they are,“ returned he. „The — — stocks are down — in a week they will be up thirty per cent. and more. Buy now and sell then — but let me see — I will do it for you: I have no use for this money.“

„He kept his word. As he said, so it happened. After the lapse of a week he laid six hundred pounds on my table, the fruit of his whimsically generous speculation. From that time I have lived rent-free in his house, and his confidence in me is almost unlimited. The subsequent day I was admitted for the first time to his room. It is a perfect picture of himself. Every piece of furniture worn out, brushed threadbare, from the bedcover to the green cloth on his writing-desk. I never yet saw the coals blaze in his grate, they smoke away, smothered into a thick sheet of ashes. He passes his life without making more noise than the ticking of a crazy clock, as regular in his habits as the movement of the pendulum, going down at sunset, and winding up at sunrise.“

„I wonder what country may have given

birth to this precious anomaly?" asked Frank.

„To judge from his protruding cheek-bones and a slight accent, I should think him a genuine Northman. Whether he has friends or relations I do not know."

„Go on," said Frank; „the account is marvellously interesting."

„His life is a mystery; no one ever enters his room except myself. At eight o'clock he makes his own coffee, the woman bringing him milk and water, and a roll of bread. At ten precisely he comes to look at the papers, over the contents of which he glances with the eye of an eagle. His acquaintance with every thing relating to trade, commerce, or credit, is astonishing. At eleven he walks out to return at half-past five. Till this time, the man, lost to every thing save money concerns, lives in a state of absolute somnambulism; but at half-past five the transmutation of the metal into something like humanity, takes place; then you may see him occasionally rubbing his hands, but softly and moderately, with a smile which might give you a nerve fit, — his harsh, withered, features contracting into ineffable bitterness.

„At six o'clock the woman carries up his dinner, which she places on a small table in the corner of the staircase: two raps at the door are the sign of her presence. Once she presumed to intrude, but she was wellnigh dismissed. Every Monday, at six o'clock, she fetches his linen, which she returns on Saturday at the same hour."

„To save expenses, he himself receives his bills, delivers his cheques, and transacts his business. However, with all his care and prudence, he is not unfrequently his own martyr. Last week I walked round the corner with him, when a sovereign dropped out of his pocket; how, I cannot yet conceive. A gentlemanly-dressed man took it up and presented it to him.

„It is not mine; it is not mine — I never carry gold about me, you may believe me — it is this gentleman's," whispered he, pointing at me. He was frightened out of his wits.

„I had to take the sovereign, in spite of my protestations for he would never have forgiven me, had I left it in the hands of the stranger. His satisfaction when I took it, showed that he felt something like a benevolent inclination towards me."

We now had approached Ulster Terrace, which presents so magnificent a range of palace-like houses to the view. It was one of the finest April days. The sun peered from the silvery clouds in bashful joyousness, with just sufficient force to burst the buds of plants and flowers, and yet not strong enough to dry up that humid fragrance which thrills through the English atmosphere, like the tear glistening in the eye of gentlest beauty. I enjoyed the scene fully — a scene so eminently calculated to impress a stranger, like myself, with the might and grandeur of this noble aristocratic country. As we approached Clarence Terrace, the clock struck two. A long-drawn peal of thunder came rolling on the breeze from the south.

„What is that?" said Frank; „it is like the sound of cannon."

I paused. — Should it be as my landlord foretold. — It was the St. James's guns.

„The King is dissolving parliament," said I.

„You are joking."

„By no means. Let us hasten down."

We trotted round the corner, and galloped towards Regent Street. Hurry, confusion every where increased as we approached Whitehall. It was as the little man had said. England's great, patriotic king — a Citizen King in the noblest sense of the words — was hastening to give his people the highest proof of his unbounded confidence — was going to put it in their power to speak to him as man speaks to man. He was going to dissolve Parliament. We gave a hearty hurrah! to the unflinching monarch as he passed by.

„Now, Charles!" said Frank; „you go with me, and dine with a dozen of our countrymen. We'll have a bumper to his Majesty."

„Not for this time, I must be at home," said I, turning my horse, and pressing his hand.

My little grey landlord filled my head. Where had he got the news — the positive news of an event which the King himself, probably, knew not at the time when he predicted it so confidently. The man had assumed a fearful importance with me. I hastened up the Strand, gave the stable-boy my horse, and paced home. Mr. Lomond was not in yet — I turned into the street, and paused; something unaccountable stirred within me. I entered the next coffee-house, ordered a hasty dinner, and scarcely taking time to finish it, proceeded through the narrow lane towards my residence.

„Is Mr. Lomond at home?“ — „Yes.“ A secret satisfaction accelerated my steps. I ascended the second staircase. — It was dark already in the street — our house was completely dark; I groped my way, and my hand touched the door.

„Who is there?“ asked he, scarcely audible.

I gave my name.

„Come in.“

I found my little grey landlord in his arm-chair before his smoking grate, motionless as a statue; his eyes fixed on the mantel-piece, on which stood an old lamp, once bronzed, that threw a pale light over an empty frame garnished with a variety of bills, cheques, accounts, and the like papers. As I looked into his sallow unearthly face, he glanced up, and the rays of the lamp shed a reddish glare upon his features, over which flickered something like a smile.

„Have you heard? Mr. Lomond,“ said I —

„I have, and know what you are going to say.“

„And what do you say?“

He shrugged his shoulders. „I knew it these four weeks.“

„These four weeks?“ The tone of my voice was rather doubtful.

„Look here;“ said he, pointing to a paper. It was a transfer of stock-property to a great amount. Again he relapsed into his former silence.

Does this creature think like other people, said I to myself. Does he know that there is a God? Has he a heart in his bosom? Has he even felt the influence of love? Does he know any such thing as woman, or happiness? Or is his soul shut up with his bonds and bags in the coffers of the bank, where his better self is securedly deposited.

„Well you have made a good business of it?“

„About a thousand pounds,“ he dryly remarked.

„And yet you are as mute and thoughtful as on the day when I gave you my confidential warning.“

„That you have given, young man,“ said he, „I have retrieved — saved — nay, gained a great sum through your fore-warning. I am still your debtor, I shall pay, rely on it; sooner or later; I shall pay: Lomond is sure.“

„Don't speak of it, Mr. Lomond, you have largely paid.“

He stretched out his fleshless hand and pressed mine. It lay like a piece of ice on my fingers.

„Have you met any disappointment, for really you seem to me —“

It was the first time that I ever touched so closely. He cast an inquiring glance at me, and said, after a pause —

„I amuse myself.“

„Amuse yourself,“ said I.

He again shrugged his shoulders, and darted a look of pity on me.

„Do you suppose there is no amusement, save that purchased by pounds and guineas in your ball-rooms and party saloons? Do you presume there is no poetry, save that which comes from Murray's or Longman's wholesale shops?“

Poetry! — This toad, thought I, and poetry! but I kept my thoughts to myself.

„Poetry — brilliant poetry — my young friend;“ the first time he had honoured me with this appellation. „Yes, my friend, Byron was never more in his trances than I was just now.“

His eyes glittered from behind the green spectacles as he drew up his lips.

„I am sorry then for having interrupted you.“

„Never mind, I am glad you are come. You shall hear, and from the recital of the events of this morning, you may, in some measure, be enabled to form an idea — but let us see. —“

So saying, he arose and rang the bell. We sat for a while without speaking a word, for the woman's heavy steps were heard upon the stairs.

„One of the bottles with the ducal coronet, and two tumblers,“ he said. — Again a pause. After some minutes the attendant came up; he went towards the door through which she held the bottle, and he handed it to me with a cork-screw.

„Fill the glasses. The King has no equal to this Madeira in his cellars.“

„I never have tasted the King's wine, but this I am sure is the best that ever reached my lips.“

„This morning,“ he began, after having sipped at his tumbler, „I had only three bills to present. Of the rest I had disposed yesterday. The first of these three bills had been handed to me by a hanger-on of the exquisites or exclusives of our capital — a frequenter of Crockford's, whose transition will be Newgate, and finally the halter. I have set him down for January, 1832. He came in a cabriolet; the bill was signed by his Grace of ——, a trifle of three thousand pounds lost and won, as is the fashion. The second of my bills came through a fine young dasher, who sported a tilbury, a most elegant fashionable. His scrap again was signed by one of our most charming women, the wife of a baronet, of good property, but somewhat embarrassed: this bill was for two hundred pounds. How the signature came upon it, I guessed, but that's not to the purpose. The third, for one hundred pounds, was to be honoured likewise by a lady — for the signature showed a Maria ——. It reached me through a linen-draper.

„The first object of my visit lives — you know where. The second occupies a fashionable mansion in —— square; the third I was to find in one of the fag-ends of our bloated city — Chelsea.

„If you knew the conjectures which crossed my brain on leaving home. These two women. What overtures, what anxiety, what tremors, what palpitations. How condescendingly they would press my hands — nay, offer gifts—gifts“ — The grey man darted a glance at me, which chilled my veins.

„Two hundred pounds are a trifle, comparatively speaking; but what might a woman not do for them, if pressed hard. While I, cold — ice-cold, stern, disdainful, would stand before her like the avenger of blood, seize her with the gripe of justice — but let us on — I respect rank, and my first visit, therefore, was paid to his Grace of ——“

„I entered the gorgeous mansion, freshed up with some assistance of my purse too — repaid — however — repaid. Times were once a little more prosperous in that quarter — the range wider. Things have changed — you comprehend —

I nodded.

„As I passed through the court-yard, the colonnade, when I was arrested by a grinning, yawning, gold-laced varlet, who handed me over to a fellow-idler, who again sent me forward to another; all of them grinning and jibing at me.

„‚His —— has not arisen yet,‘ said a powdered man.

„‚When can I see him?‘

„‚That is uncertain.‘

„‚My name is Lomond, I shall be here at three o'clock.‘

„‚Stop a moment;‘ said the minion, quailing a little under my determined look, ‚I shall see.‘

„I looked through the colonnade of the entrance. The fellow came down with a courtly, almost humble smirk. ‚His — is at leisure — please to walk up.‘

„I ascended the stairs, entered a magnificent drawing-room, and was ushered into a suite of apartments, each of them furnished with regal splendour. Just as I passed through, a figure was coming up from the back entrance of the mansion, who shrunk behind the door as soon as he caught a glimpse of me.

However, he had not escaped me; it was the A —— n A ——, that prince of coxcombs and profligates. Ah! thought I, does the wind blow from this quarter? But a door opened, and towards poor Mr. Lomond advanced, who should it be, but his Grace of —— himself! ‚Be brief, Mr. Lomond,' said the mighty man, ‚my time is precious.' I drew my bill from my pocket-book, and held it towards him. His —— is said to be unyielding — hard as iron — but he flinched a little, I can assure you.

„‚Ah, dear Mr. Lomond! three thousand pounds? The rascal was very quick, indeed; I hope, however, Mr. Lomond — dear Mr. Lomond, (I was *dear*, do you understand), I hope,' continued his ——, ‚you will wait a couple of days.'

„‚Till three o'clock precisely;' and I put my bill again into my pocket-book.

„‚Till three o'clock;' muttered his ——, ‚till three o'clock! Why that's little more than three hours.'

„‚Exactly.'

„‚You would not, you would not.' The iron frame, methought, shook.

„‚Were it an emperor I should not hesitate, if he refused acceptance.'

„At this moment the *valet-de-chambre* whispered something into the ear of his —— relating to the visitor I mentioned.

„‚Ah, well, very well; I am at his command. All is right, Mr. Lomond; at three then I shall have the pleasure ——.' The patrician's imperturbable countenance brightened up as I retreated.

„My second visit was to the beautiful Lady N——. It just struck twelve, when I entered the hall. Her ladyship, I was told, was still in bed; she could not be seen.

„‚When can I come then?'

„‚At two o'clock.'

„‚My name is Lomond. Tell her my name, I shall be here at two o'clock,' and I went away. My course lay down Chelsea, through King's-road, into one of the lanes, where a carriage is seldom or never seen. The cottage which I had to discover, was retired in a nook, pleasantly sheltered from the whirlwind of fashion and dissipation. I was admitted into the cheerful dwelling by a cleanly-dressed woman, who showed me up stairs into a neat drawing-room. Nothing can be more inviting than these abodes of our less wealthy fellow-citizens: this was a sample of the very best. No richness, no luxury, but every thing pretty and sparkling and convenient; I am a friend to order and cleanliness, and there I met it to my heart's content. Not the least trace of dust: there was an air of modesty, of noble simplicity, of virtue, in the room; true English, homebred virtue. I drew a deep sigh. On a sofa lay a prayerbook and a bible, with some needle-work; on a working-table, some linen; every thing white as snow. The door opened, and a girl, about eighteen, came out of a bed-room, from which a distressful coughing was heard. It was a sweet, delightful creature."

The man paused and took his glass and emptied it.

„Fill, my young friend, to her health; I should like to see you carry off this prize."

„I?"

„Stop, let us go on. She was dressed simply, but with extreme taste; her fair hair was arched, in two beautiful clusters, above her temples. One is seldom permitted to enjoy such a sight."

I emptied the tumbler.

„The girl stood a second or two looking at me before she said, ‚My mother is very sorry, but she is confined in bed.' I then presenting her the bill; she stepped into the next room, and returned soon after with a cheque on the banking-house of —— and Co.

„‚If, Miss, should perhaps — you understand me?' I said.

„‚I do not,' replied the girl, with an inquiring glance.

„‚If the payment should fall heavy upon you, I can and will wait.'

„‚It fell hard; but my mother is better; no, no,' she added, and retreated a few paces, as if afraid of me.

„I was touched — really touched. I felt almost as though I ought to leave the hundred pounds behind, but, on second thought, I deemed it better to put it into my pocket-book. She works hard to keep herself and her mother in something like respectability. A hundred pounds thrown in her way in such a manner, what mischief might it not create? One must consider every thing — why she might have a cousin, or some such connexion, who would fain drive his pony — or the hundred pounds might find their road into one of the thousand craters of French millinery. No; wiser to leave her as she was. She is the daughter of a mercantile gentleman who failed some years ago, and the remains of whose fortune are locked up in Chancery. *Apropos*, this Chancery business — it would be a pity if Brougham should succeed in curtailing so salutary an institution. It has brought many a thousand pounds into my coffers. Truly that girl would make a fine wife for you, young man; but let us proceed. When I regained the King's-road, the clock struck one. I looked for some time at the caricature shops, and at two found myself in —— square. I mounted the stairs of my lady's mansion, leaving, with every step, a foot imprinted into the Brussels carpet. That pleases me. I was desired by the servant to wait a moment, and seated myself in one of the gilded arm-chairs.

„‚Her ladyship has just rung the bell for the first time,' said the waiting-maid, with an air of importance. ‚I scarcely believe Mr. — what is his name? will be admitted.'

„‚Tell her ladyship my name.'

„She came in a few moments, and in a hurry, as it seemed, beckoning and running before me. I was ushered into a splendid apartment; the door opened to a second, and out came a woman. No; I shall not easily forget her, and how I saw her, and when, and where: there, young man, where no mortal will behold her save her husband, in a state — but hear.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The rainy Sunday.

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn — whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world, than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls, crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself, every-thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable; I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders, — a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of, at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving, adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors — such as coats of mail, falchions and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, — with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected with the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with clothes hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant, vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely and every-thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller: old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times; good-for-nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter — patter — patter, except that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats, and upper Benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that non-descript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient, the coach again whirled on its way, and boy and dog, and beetles and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess' tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom, through the whole month, ,,Expect — much — rain — about — this — time.''

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome.

Irving.

To my Child.

They say thou art not *fair* to others' eyes,
Thou who dost seem so beautiful to mine!
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks
What name, what home, what parentage are thine;
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,
Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful? — To me it seems
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair —
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips —
The light that falls upon thy shining hair —
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek —
Must *all* of nature's endless beauty speak!

The very pillow which thy head hath prest
Through the past night, a picture brings to me
Of rest so holy; calm, and exquisite,
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee;
And I repent, beneath the morning's light,
The mother's lingering gaze, and long good night!

Yea even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,
(When we two roam beneath the setting sun,)
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,
A something bright and fair to gaze upon:
I press thy little eager hand the while,
And do not even turn to see thee smile!

Art thou not beautiful? — I hear thy voice —
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth —
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring earth:
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine. I fear
Love hath bewitched mine eyes — my only dear!

Beauty is that which dazzles, that which strikes —
That which doth paralyze the gazer's tongue,
Till he hath found some rapturous word of praise
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along:
Sunbeams are beautiful — and gilded halls —
Wide terraces — and showery waterfalls.

Yet are there things which through the gazing eye
Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise,
Yet *prized*, perchance, the brightest things above:
A nook that was our childhood's resting place —
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress;
And what it could not say was BEAUTIFUL,
Yet gained the dearer term of LOVELINESS.
The *loved* are *lovely*: — so art thou to me,
Child in whose face strange eyes no beauty see.

Mrs. Norton.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

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My little grey Landlord.

By the author of „Scenes in Poland."

(Concluded from our last.)

Over her bare shoulders she had flung, in the hurry of the moment, a precious *cachemire*, into which she shrouded herself so anxiously, that her fine proportions were developed every where. She was dressed in a peignoir white as snow. Her auburn air escaped luxuriously from a *madras*, ingeniously wound round her head, *à la Créole* — (by-the-bye, I once kept a large assortment of French goods.) The half-open door presented a *coup d'œil* for which a painter would have given a world. The bed was thrown into the most picturesque confusion. Her dreams must have been very violent; a snowy pillow lay at the foot; the blue silken coverlet, garnished with white lace, was half flung on the carpet. Behind one of the lion-jaws carved into the foot of the *acajou* bed, lay a white satin shoe; another straggled further off. Over a gilded chair dangled a robe crumpled into shapelessness; stockings, which a breath might have wafted away, were slung round a screen; flowers, bracelets, gloves, garters, and girdles, were strewed all over the room. She must have hurried to bed without the attendance of her maid; all was luxury and disorder. A vague, voluptuous odour pervaded the apartment. As those vanities lay scattered before me, I could not restrain a smile of pity. In their proper places they might have driven a dozen of men into delirium; here they gave strong indications of passion — of reckless passion, with misery and shame, scorn and utter desolation, close on the heels; nay, they lurked already beneath the bronzed eyelids of her ladyship. She was an exquisite piece of workmanship, the very image of passion — wild, overpowering, restless, careering on to destruction."

The man cast a feverish glance at me.

„Her eyes sparkled with a sleepy fire; she resembled one of the Herodiades, whom we owe to Leonardo da Vinci — (I have dealt in pictures too). Yes, a powerful woman she was; a matured form of beauty, with a tropical haze around her; nothing mean, all noble — her colour, her traits, her very paleness lighted up here and there by red streaks; they all showed fire and love; and yet she seemed stronger even than love. She made a deep impression on me. My heart beat almost. It is long since it beat last. I was already paid; for what are two hundred pounds for a sensation? — a sensation which recalls our sweetest hours before expiring phantasy!

„,Mr. Lemond,' she said, ‚will you please to take a chair? Will you be so good as to wait?'

„,Till to-morrow noon, Madam,' I answered, folding up the bill which I had presented to her;

‚till to-morrow noon; then we shall see further.‘

„My glance must have told her what was passing within me. Pshaw! thought I, pay for thy luxury — *pay for* thy happiness, thy dissipation, the monopoly which thou exercisest. For the hapless wretch whom thy fastidious eye scorns to look upon, there is Bow-street, and Newgate, and its juries and judges, and the gallows; but thou who reposest on silk and lace, for thee are the scorpions of shame, and the world's sneer and contempt.

„‚*A protest!*‘“ said the beautiful woman! ‚Mr. Lomond, you cannot be so cruel, so utterly, Mr. Lomond!“

„Her words were interrupted by a rap at the *door*.

„‚Not at present! not at present!‘ ejaculated she; ‚I am engaged; I am not at leisure,‘ she added imperiously.

„‚Caroline! I *must* see you,‘ said a manly voice.

„Impossible, my *dear!*‘ returned she in a softer, but still very positive tone.

„‚You are not in earnest? Who is it whom you talk with?‘ and with these words the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman walked in. The lady cast a beseeching glance at me. I understood it. She was my slave. Ah! there was a time when I would have been fool enough, *not to protest*.

„‚Who is this man?‘ asked the baronet, measuring me from head to foot.

„‚My upholsterer, Mr. —.‘ The brow of her ladyship began to darken. She hesitated — she advanced.

„The baronet cast another glance at me, and then turned towards the window. The bill was still in my grasp, gaping most unmercifully at the beauty. At this direful sight she hurried towards me, and, with a broken whisper, pressed a diamond into my hand. ‚Take it and go. — Go, for heaven's sake!‘

„I glanced at the jewel, slipped the bill between the fingers of her ladyship, and turned away.

„The diamond was worth full three hundred. When I descended I found two brilliant carriages for her ladyship; a couple of liveried loungers brushed their coats, a third stood gaping and laughing. Ah, look! said I to myself, what leads these people to my poor house; what brings the duke and the marquis, the earl and the viscount before my *door* in the shape of supplicants, what makes them lose hundreds of thousands, and brings women to betray their husbands, men their country and themselves? They must live in style and extravagance! — just as I was thus meditating, there arrived in his elegant tilbury the young man who had transferred the bill to me.

„‚Sir,‘ I said, as he alighted, ‚here is one hundred pounds. You will be so good as to deliver it into the hands of her ladyship, and you will at the same time be pleased to tell her, that I shall keep the diamond at her disposal until next Wednesday at two o'clock, should she be inclined to redeem the pledge.‘

„The youth took the hundred pound note, a sardonic smile playing over his countenance.

„‚Ah! she has paid then, has she? All the better.‘

„This smile, these words, they said every thing. Her ladyship was already *perdita!*

„And now I passed to the mansion of his Grace of —; half a dozen of gold-laced servants marshalled my way, and I entered the *sanctuarium* of the Duke. Every thing sumptuous, but stern, like the possessor; yet dissipation was gleaming through.

„His Grace kept his seat, and presented me with a cheque on — on — No, I cannot mention it! but the cheque — While his keen eye rested on me, I remained, to all appearance, cold and indifferent.

„‚You understand me, Mr. Lomond? I shall perhaps want you soon again.‘

„He put his finger on his lips. ‚Can you be silent?‘

„I knew where the wind blew from. I knew what had passed — what was to come.“

My landlord paused, laid his green spectacles on the table, his ghastly countenance expanded, his reddish eyes hung with a chilling glare upon me. „Do you now understand my pleasures?“ said he, with a rising voice; the first time I had heard him raise his voice. „Do you reckon it nothing to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the human heart, to read the crooked counsels of statesmen, to lay bare the most hidden folds of society, to have placed before one's eyes the life of the proudest-born, of the brave, the crafty, and the beautiful, in utter nakedness and in utter helplessness. These scenes, ever shifting, ever varying, in a thousand ways; these hideous gamblings, these despairing joys and bootless ravings, which lead to the scaffold, those hysteric laughs of despair, those frantic festivals of dissipation green and grey. Now a father, who cuts his throat because he can no longer endure the cries of his starving children; again, a woman who offers the very jewel for which she has bartered name and happiness. O, these actors! these inimitable actors! Here Garrick and Kean and Kemble might have studied; but their art is lost on me. Often, indeed, a lovesick girl, an old merchant, a starving worthy mechanic, or a mother who panted to conceal the scandal of a beloved child; a noble lord on the brink of ruin; often have they made my hair stand erect like the mane of a frightened horse; but now I can look at those scenes, I can, young man; nothing now deceives me; nothing will. I can pierce the heart through; and what do I want? I possess every thing. I may buy ministers and consciences; that is in my power. The fairest women are rushing upon their knees before me. Here, young man, here in this room,“ said the withered usurer, „here have paid me homage, beauties, to delineate whose charms would outstrip the artist's skill. But I stand immoveable in my scorn, for I am past this frenzy; and I revenge myself on mankind who spurned and buffeted me while I was young and vigorous, but helpless and pennyless, and with no house to shelter, no friend to console me. I have tasted and am satiated. I am one of forty, who are the silent, the mute, the unknown kings of this country, the arbiters of life — for gold is life. Forty we are, bound together by the same ties, the same interests, though not the same motives. Once every week we assemble and compare notes, reveal the mysteries of finance, and of existence; no fortune, no condition escapes our view. We hold the secrets of every family from the highest to the lowest. Public credit and private happiness, the safety of the bank, and the stability of commerce, depend ten times of the year upon us. What is your secret police? It is we who analyse, who anatomize the world and its value. We love money; we love it, but we love power still more, and money is power. Yes, yes it is —

„Here,“ said the little grey man, pointing round his comfortless walls; „here, within these dingy naked walls — here the most enraptured lover, whom a word from the lips of his divinity would drive mad, here he will beg with folded hands; here prays the merchant, who never acknowledged the name of his Creator; here she bends low — low, before whom the stateliest noble would kiss the dust. Here the artist and mechanic, the farmer and the landlord, learn to unite in prayer. Here,“ added he, drawing his hand over his brow, „is the scale in which the destiny of thousands, of London itself, is balanced. Do you then believe that I have no rejoicing, no pleasure, no poetry, under this cold and shrivelled mask? that there beats no feeling under these blasted muscles?“ He laid his hand on my shoulder, and riveted his eye once more upon me. „Yes, you shall hear more; yes, —“ and so saying he turned and retreated to his bedroom.

I arose, and staggered towards the door almost stupified. I tottered down stairs. The little grey man had swollen up before me into a frightful monster. He had changed into a fantastic horrible being. He was the incarnate representative of the arch-demon. Existence, man, and beauty, looked hideous to my eyes; for all, all appeared subservient to his infernal power.

A little Talk about Spring, and the Sweeps.

> "Now ladies, up in the sky-parlour; only once a year, if you please!"
>
> *Young Lady with Brass Ladle.*
>
> "Sweep—sweep—sw-e-ep!"
>
> *Illegal Watchword.*

The first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, calling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant and beautiful in nature, in her sweetest and most delightful form. What man is there, over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence? carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field, with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since — where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now in all his ramblings — where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly — where the air blew more freshly over greener grass, and sweeter smelling flowers — where every thing wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart. The hardy traveller wanders through the maze of thick and pathless woods, where the sun's rays never shone, and heaven's pure air never played; he stands on the brink of the roaring waterfall, and, giddy and bewildered, watches the foaming mass as it leaps from stone to stone, and from crag to crag; he lingers in the fertile plains of a land of perpetual sunshine, and revels in the luxury of their balmy breath. But what are the deep forests, or the thundering waters, or the richest landscapes that bounteous nature ever spread, to charm the eyes and captivate the senses of man, compared with the recollection of the old scenes of his early youth — magic scenes indeed; for the fairy thoughts of infancy dressed them in colours brighter than the rainbow, and almost as fleeting: colours which are the reflection only of the sparkling sunbeams of childhood, and can never be called into existence, in the dark and cloudy days of after-life!

In former times, spring brought with it not only such associations as these, connected with the past, but sports and games for the *present* — merry dances round rustic pillars, adorned with emblems of the season, and reared in honour of its coming. Where are they now! Pillars we have, but they are no longer rustic ones; and as to dancers, they are used to rooms, and lights, and would not show well in the *open* air. Think of the immorality, too! What would your sabbath enthusiasts say, to an aristocratic ring encircling the Duke of York's column in Carlton-terrace — a grand *poussette* of the middle classes, round Alderman Waithman's monument in Fleet-street — or a general hands-four-round of ten-pound householders, at the foot of the Obelisk in St. George's-fields? Alas! romance can make no head against the riot act; and pastoral simplicity is not understood by the police.

Well, many years ago, we began to get a steady and matter-of-fact sort of people; and dancing in spring, being beneath our dignity, we gave it up, and in course of time it descended to the sweeps — a fall certainly; because, though sweeps are very good fellows in their way, and moreover very useful in a civilized community, they are not exactly the sort of people to give the tone to the little elegances of society. The sweeps, however, got the dancing to themselves, and they kept it up and handed it down. This was a severe blow to the romance of spring-time, but it did not entirely destroy it either; for a portion of it descended to the sweeps with the dancing, and rendered them objects of great interest. A mystery hung over the sweeps in those days. Legends were in existence of wealthy gentlemen who had lost children, and who, after many years of sorrow and suffering, had found them in the character of sweeps. Stories were related of a young gentleman, who having been stolen from his parents in his infancy, and devoted to the occupation of chimney-sweeping, was sent, in the course of his professional career, to sweep the chimney of his mamma's bedroom; and how, being hot and tired when he came out of the chimney, he got into the bed he had so often slept in, as an infant, and was discovered and recognised therein by his mother, who once every year of her life, thereafter, requested the pleasure of the company of every London sweep at half-past one o'clock, to roast beef, plum-pudding, porter, and sixpence.

Such stories as these, and there were many such, threw an air of mystery round the sweeps, and produced for them some of those good effects, which animals derive from the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. No one, except the masters, thought of ill-treating a sweep, because no one knew who he might be, or what nobleman's or gentleman's son he might turn out. Chimney sweeping was, by many believers in the marvellous, considered as a sort of probationary term, at an earlier or later period of which, divers young noblemen were to come into possession of their rank and titles: and the profession was held by them in great respect accordingly. We remember, in our young days, a little sweep, about our own age, with curly hair and white teeth, whom we devoutly and sincerely believed to be the lost son and heir of some illustrious personage — an impression which was resolved into an unchangeable conviction on our infant mind, by the subject of our speculations informing us one day, in reply to our question, propounded a few moments before his ascent to the summit of the kitchen chimney, „that he believed he'd been born in the vurkis, but he'd never know'd his father." We felt certain, from that time forth, that he would one day be owned by a lord at least; and we never heard the church bells ring, or saw a flag hoisted in the neighbourhood, without thinking that the happy event had at last occurred, and that his long lost parent had arrived in a coach and six, to take him home to Grosvenor Square. He never came, however; and, at the present moment, the young gentleman in question is settled down as a master sweep in the neighbourhood of Battle Bridge, his distinguishing characteristics being a decided antipathy to washing himself, and the possession of a pair of legs very inadequate to the support of his somewhat unwieldy and corpulent body.

Now the romance of spring having gone out before our time, we were fain to console ourselves as we best could, with the uncertainty that enveloped the birth and parentage of its attendant dancers, the sweeps; and we did console ourselves with it for many years. But even this wretched source of comfort received a shock, which was in reality its death-blow. We could not disguise from ourselves the fact, that whole families of sweeps were regularly born of sweeps, in the rural districts of Somers' Town and Camden Town — that the eldest son succeeded to the father's business, that the other branches assisted him therein, and commenced on their own account; that their children again were educated to the profession; and that about their identity there could be no mistake whatever. We could not be blind, we say, to this melancholy truth, but we could not bring ourselves to admit it nevertheless, and we lived on for some years in a state of voluntary ignorance. We were roused from our pleasant slumber, by certain dark insinuations thrown out by a friend of ours, to the effect that children in the lower ranks of life, were beginning to choose chimney sweeping as their particular walk, that applications had been made by various boys to the constituted authorities to allow them to pursue the object of their ambition, with the full concurrence and sanction of the law; that the affair, in short, was becoming one of mere legal contract. We turned a deaf ear to these rumours at first, but slowly and surely they stole upon us. Month after month, week after week, nay, day after day, at last, did we meet with accounts of similar applications. The veil was removed, all mystery was at an end, chimney sweeping became a favourite and chosen pursuit: there is no longer any occasion to steal boys, for boys flock in crowds to bind themselves. The romance of the trade has fled, and the chimney sweeper of the present day is no more like unto him of thirty years ago, than is a Fleet Street pickpocket to a

Spanish brigand, or Paul Pry to Caleb Williams.

This gradual decay and disuse of the practice of leading noble youths into captivity, and compelling them to ascend chimneys, was a severe blow, if we may so speak, to the romance of chimney sweeping, and to the romance of spring at the same time; but even this was not all; for some few years ago, the dancing on May-day began to decline; small sweeps were observed to congregate in twos or threes, unsupported by a „green,“ with no „My Lord“ to act as master of the ceremonies, and no „My Lady“ to preside over the exchequer. Even in companies where there was a green, it was an absolute nothing — a mere sprout; and the instrumental accompaniments rarely extended beyond the shovels and a set of Pan pipes, better known to the many, as a „mouth organ.“ These were signs of the times, portentous omens of a coming change: and what was the result which they shadowed forth? Why, the master sweeps, influenced by a restless spirit of innovation, actually interposed their authority, in opposition to the dancing, and substituted a dinner — an anniversary dinner at White Conduit House — where clean faces appeared in lieu of black ones smeared with rose pink; and knee cords and tops, superseded nankeen drawers and rosetted shoes. Gentlemen who were in the habit of riding shy horses, and steady-going people, who have no vagrancy in their souls, lauded this alteration to the skies, and the conduct of the master sweeps was described as beyond the reach of praise. But how stands the real fact? Let any man deny, if he can, that when the cloth had been removed, fresh pots and pipes laid upon the table, and the customary loyal and patriotic toasts proposed, the celebrated Mr. Shiffen, of Adam and Eve Court, whose authority not the most malignant of our opponents can call in question, expressed himself in manner following: „That now he'd cotcht the cheerman's hi, he vished he might be jolly vell blessed, if he worn't a goin' to have his innins, vich he vould say these here obserwashuns — that how some mischeevous coves as know'd nuffin about the consarn, had tried to sit people agin the mas'r swips, and take the shine out o' their bis'ness, and the bread out o' the traps o' their precious kids, by a makin' o' this here remark, as chimblies could be as vel swept by 'sheenery as by boys, and that the makin' use o' boys for that there purpose vos barbareous, vereas he 'ad been a chummy — he begged the cheerman's parding for usin' such a wulgar hexpression — more nor thirty year, he might say he'd been born in a chimbley, and he know'd uncommon vel as 'sheenery vos vus nor o' no use: and as to ker-hewelty to the boys, every body in the chimbley line, know'd as vel as he did, that they liked the climbin' better nor nuffin as vos.“ From this day, we date the total fall of the last lingering remnant of May-day dancing, among the élite of the profession; and from this period we commence a new era in that portion of our spring associations, which relates to the first of May.

We are aware that the unthinking part of the population will meet us here, with the assertion that dancing on May-day still continues — that „greens“ are annually seen to roll along the streets — that sportive youth, in the garb of clowns, precede them, giving vent to the ebullitions of their sportive fancies; and that lords and ladies follow in their wake. Granted. We are ready to acknowledge that in outward show these processions have greatly improved: we do not deny the introduction of solos on the drum; we will even go so far as to admit an occasional fantasia on the triangle; but here our admissions end. We positively deny that the sweeps have art or part in these proceedings. We distinctly charge the dustmen with throwing what they ought to clear away, into the eyes of the public. We accuse scavengers, brick-makers, and gentlemen who devote their energies to the costermongering line, with obtaining money once a-year under false pretences. We cling with peculiar fondness to the customs of days gone by, and have shut out conviction as long as we could, but it has forced itself upon us; and we now proclaim to a deluded public that the May-day dancers are not sweeps. The size of them alone is sufficient to repudiate the idea. It is a notorious fact that the widely-spread taste for register-stoves has materially increased the demand for small boys; whereas the men, who under a fictitious character, dance about the streets on the first of May now-a-days, would be a tight fit in a kitchen flue, to say nothing of the parlour. This is strong presumptive evidence, but we have positive proof — the evidence of our own senses, and here is our testimony: —

Upon the morning of the second of this present month of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, we went out for a stroll, with a kind of forlorn hope of seeing something or other which might induce us to believe that it was really spring, and not Christmas; and after wandering as far as Copenhagen House, without meeting any thing calculated to dispel our impression that there was a mistake in the almanacks, we turned back down Maiden-lane, with the intention of passing through the extensive colony lying between it and Battle-bridge, which is inhabited by proprietors of donkey-carts, boilers of horse-flesh, and sifters of cinders; and through this colony we should have passed, without stoppage or interruption, if a little crowd gathered round a shed had not attracted our attention, and induced us to pause. When we say a „shed," we do not mean the conservatory sort of building, which, according to the old song, Love tenanted when he was a young man; but a wooden house with windows stuffed with rags and paper, and a small yard at the side, with one dust-cart, two baskets, a few shovels, and little heaps of cinders, and fragments of China and tiles, scattered about it. Before this inviting spot we paused; and the longer we looked, the more we wondered what exciting circumstance it could be, that induced the foremost members of the crowd to flatten their noses against the parlour window, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of what was going on inside. After staring vacantly about us for some minutes, we appealed, touching the cause of this assemblage, to a gentleman in a suit of tarpaulin, who was smoking his pipe on our right hand; but as the only answer we obtained, was a playful inquiry whether our maternal parent had disposed of her mangle, we determined to await the issue in silence. Judge of our virtuous indignation, when the street-door of the shed opened, and a party emerged therefrom, clad in the costume and emulating the appearance of May-day sweeps!

The first person who appeared was „my lord," habited in a blue coat and bright buttons, with gilt paper tacked over the seams, yellow knee-breeches, pink cotton stockings, and shoes, a cocked hat ornamented with shreds of various coloured paper on his head, a bouquet about the size of a prize cauliflower in his button-hole, a long Belcher handkerchief in his right hand, and a thin cane in his left. A murmur of applause ran through the crowd (which was chiefly composed of his personal friends) when this graceful figure made his appearance, which swelled into a burst of applause as his fair partner in the dance bounded forth to join him. Her ladyship was attired in pink crape over bed-furniture, with a low body and short sleeves. The symmetry of her ankles was partially concealed by a very perceptible pair of frilled trousers; and the inconvenience which might have resulted from the circumstance of her white satin shoes being a few sizes too large, was obviated by their being firmly attached to her legs with strong tape-sandals.

Her head was ornamented with a profusion of artificial flowers, and in her hand she bore a large brass ladle, wherein to receive what she figuratively denominated „the tin." The other characters were a young gentleman in girl's clothes and a widow's cap; two clowns who walked upon their hands in the mud, to the immeasurable delight of all the spectators, a man with a drum, another man with a flageolet, a dirty woman in a large shawl, with a box under her arm for the money, — and last, though not least, the Green, animated by no less a personage than our identical friend in the tarpaulin suit. The man hammered away at the drum, the flageolet squeaked, the shovels rattled, the Green rolled about, pitching first on one side and then on the other, my lady threw her right foot over her left ankle, and her left foot over her right ankle alternately; and my lord ran a few paces forward and butted at the Green, and then a few paces backward upon the toes of the crowd, and then went to the right, and then to the left, and then dodged my lady round the Green, and finally drew her arm through his, and called upon the boys to shout, which they did lustily, — for this was the dancing.

We passed the same group accidentally in the evening. We never saw a green so drunk, a lord so quarrelsome (except in the house of peers after dinner), a pair of clowns so melancholy, a lady so muddy, or a party so miserable.

How has May-day decayed! thought we. How many merry sports, such as dancing round the May-pole, have fallen into desuetude! And, apparently trifling as their loss may appear, with how many profligate and vicious customs have they been replaced! How much of cheerfulness and simplicity of character have they carried away with them; and how much of degradation and discontent have they left behind!

Boz.

Song of a Spirit.

In the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sunbeams play;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did day-light stray:

I dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day-star's flaming course
Thro' realms of space to thought unknown;

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell in air, unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy cliff,
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells! — I hear them now;
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls — now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles through the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruin'd tower,
Faintly shown by moonlight gleam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my power
In shadows dire that substance seem;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence make more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad, solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move — unknown am fear'd!
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

Mrs. Radcliffe.

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Capitain Marryat.

Den Vornamen dieſes beliebten Romanſchriftſtellers, der aber im Auslande und vorzüglich bei uns eben ſo viel, wenn nicht gar mehr geleſen wird als in ſeinem Vaterlande, hat die Welt noch nicht erfahren; ſein Name gilt ihm ſtatt deſſen und ſteht auf ſeinem Bilde, auf welchem er ſich in ganzer Figur und in Seetracht zeigt, denn wir die Unterſchrift Capitain Marryat, der jedoch das bedeutungsvolle R. N. (Royal Navy) hinzugefügt iſt, das ihm bekanntlich gleich angeſehene Stellung mit einem Officier der Landtruppen verleiht. Dieſes R. N. iſt denn auch der Schlüſſel zu ſeinem Leben, wie zu ſeinen Leiſtungen. — Von dem Erſteren haben wir indeſſen Nichts zu berichten, als daß er ein Mann von ungefähr vierzig Jahren iſt, eine gute Erziehung genoß, früh ſchon in den Dienſt der Großbritanniſchen Flotte trat, und ſich noch jetzt, als Capitain einer Fregatte in demſelben befindet. Hinſichtlich ſeiner literariſchen Laufbahn iſt hier nichts eine Seltſamkeit, daß er ein ſehr beliebtes Londoner belletriſtiſches Journal, das Metropolitan Magazine, mit Geſchmack, Takt, Umſicht und liberaler Geſinnung redigirt. — Seine meiſten Romane ſchildern das Seeleben in allen ſeinen Erſcheinungen, und ſollen größtentheils von ihm in ſeiner Kajüte geſchrieben worden ſein. — Das merkt man ihnen auch an, ſie ſind ebenſo wechſelnd, wie das ewig bewegte Meer und ihr vorzüglichſter Reiz liegt zum Theil darin, daß ſie aus unmittelbarer Anſchauung entſprungen und frei von aller Autoren-Coquetterie abgefaßt ſind. — Außerordentliche Kunſtwerke ſind ſie freilich gar nicht, und der Capitain Marryat iſt auch nichts weniger als was man einen geiſtigen Autor nennt, d. h. einen ſolchen, der Genie und Talent ſtreng den als gültig angenommenen Regeln, dem Convenablen und den Anforderungen des Tages unterwirft, ohne doch ſeine Originalität und Selbſtſtändigkeit dabei aufzuopfern. — Was uns noch mehr für ihn einnimmt, iſt, daß ſeine Natürlichkeit und Alles was er warm und wahr hervorbringt, obwohl dies gänzlich außerhalb ſeiner Abſicht liegt, weil er gerade überall am Ehrlichen iſt, wenn Natur ſich ſtets bei ihm drängt und entſchieden er ſo [illegible] umgeht, daß einem zärtlichen engliſchen Autor ein Grauen dabei anwandeln muß. Denn ein Dichter würde aus einem Marryat'ſchen Roman bequem deren drei gewöhnliche machen können, wie ſie der Londoner Büchermarkt nicht beſſer verlangt. Das wahre treue Eichenherz*) mit ſeiner ganzen Tüchtigkeit und Redlichkeit, ſeinem Patriotismus und ſeiner Kindlichkeit, aber auch mit ſeinem ganzen Selbſtgefühle, ſeinem Uebermuthe und ſeiner tollen Laune tritt uns in vollſter Natürlichkeit bei ihm entgegen und wirkt unbewußt zauberiſch auf uns ein. — Die eigentliche Fabel ſeiner Romane iſt meiſt ſehr loſe gewebt, und beruht häufig, namentlich in ihrer Löſung, auf Unwahrſcheinlichkeiten; das kann aber einem Mann, der ſo vieler Länder und Städte Menſchen geſehn, und dem ſo Manches wirklich vor die Augen trat, von dem ſich unſere Philoſophie hinter dem Ofen Nichts träumen ließ, durchaus nicht ſchaden, er wappnet ſich mit dem bekannten Spruche le vrai n'est souvent pas vraisemblable, und er entreiſt und ſeine bunten, mannichfaltigen Bilder und ſelbſt gewebt, nach dem Willen der Admiralität heute im ſtillen Meere zu kreuzen, morgen nach der Nordſee zu ſegeln und von dort das Steuer wieder nach dem indiſchen Archipel zu richten, nimmt er ſeinen Leſer ohne ihn zu fragen, ein ſeemänniſcher [illegible], überall dorthin mit, immer jedoch ſich in ſeinen Darſtellungen gleichbleibend, aus dem täglichen Leben mit voller Hand ſchöpfend, und in Soho-ſquare oder Bondſtreet, ganz ſo behaglich zu Hauſe als auf den brauſenden vom Sturm gepeitſchten, himmelan ſchäumenden Wellen. — Darin aber liegt eben der große Reiz ſeiner Schriften und das Geheimniß, daß ſo viele Leſer an dieſelben feſſelt, und deren Verfaſſer zu ihrem Liebling macht. Erhöht wird jener Reiz noch durch die lebenswarme Wahrheit ſeiner Charaktere und die wirklich mitunter überraſchend tiefen pſychologiſchen Blicke, die er uns in das Weſen des Menſchen thun läßt.

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*) Hearts of oak: (Eichenherzen) Benennung der Matroſen der engliſchen Flotte, welche ſie ſich gern ſelbſt geben.

Das Einzige, was man ihm vorwerfen könnte, iſt, daß er zuviel ſchreibt; mehr als dreißig Bände Romane von ihm liegen vor uns und wie ſehr er ſich in ihnen, ſo geſchickt er auch das Gewand zu wechſeln verſteht, das er ihnen umwirft, unausbleiblich auf Wiederholungen, namentlich der Motive, die dann als Manier erſcheinen. Er iſt nun einmal der Liebling der Leſewelt, dieſes Argus nicht mit hundert Augen, ſondern mit hundert Schlünden, der unaufhörlich ohne zu verdauen, verſchlingt, und dem man, will man ſich bei ihm in Gunſt erhalten, unermüdlich neues Futter zwiſchen die ſtets geöffneten Zähne ſchieben muß. — Sein Talent leichter Production verführt ihn daher, da es ihm keine Anſtrengung koſtet, ſtets Neues zu ſchaffen; dazu kommt, daß ſeine Romane kapitelweiſe im Metropolitan erſcheinen, ehe ſie als ein Ganzes vor das Publicum treten, und ſo arbeitet er unermüdlich und ehe noch der Schluß des letzten in alle Welt gegangen iſt, leſen wir bereits den Anfang eines neuen Werkes in dieſem Journal. —

Unter ſeinen Dichtungen iſt gerade der Roman, der das Seeleben gar nicht berührt, der ſeinen Titel tragende Japhet (Japhet in search of his father) hinſichtlich des Wunderlichen der Charaktere, neben ſeinen anderen Peter Simple, The Kings Own und Mr. Midshipman Easy am Meiſten anzupreiſen von.

The Three Cutters.

Chapter I.

Cutter the First.

Reader, have you ever been at Plymouth? If you have, your eye must have dwelt with ecstasy upon the beautiful property of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe: if you have not been at Plymouth, the sooner that you go there, the better. At Mount Edgcumbe you will behold the finest timber in existence, towering up to the summits of the hills, and feathering down to the shingle on the beach. And from this lovely spot you will witness one of the most splendid panoramas in the world. You will see — I hardly know what you will not see — you will see Ram Head, and Cawsand Bay; and then you will see the Breakwater, and Drake's Island and the Devil's Bridge below you; and the town of Plymouth and its fortifications, and the Hoe; and then you will come to the Devil's Point, round which the tide runs devilish strong; and then you will see the New Victualling Office, — about which Sir James Gordon used to stump all day, and take a pinch of snuff from every man who carried a box, which all were delighted to give, and he was delighted to receive, proving how much pleasure may be communicated merely by a pinch of snuff — and then you will see Mount Wise and Mutton Cove; the town of Devonport, with its magnificent dock-yard and arsenals, North Corner, and the way which leads to Saltash. And you will see ships building and ships in ordinary; and ships repairing and ships fitting; and hulks and convict-ships, and the guard-ship; ships ready to sail and ships under sail; besides lighters, men-of-war's boats, dock-yard boats, bum-boats, and shore-boats. In short, there is a great deal to see at Plymouth besides the sea itself: but what I particularly wish now, is, that you should stand at the battery of Mount Edgcumbe and look into Barn Pool below you, and there you will see, lying at single anchor, a cutter; and you may also see, by her pendant and ensign, that she is a yacht.

Of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry of our island, there is not

one so manly, so exciting, so patriotic, or so national, as yacht-sailing. It is peculiar to England, not only from our insular position and our fine harbours, but because it requires a certain degree of energy and a certain amount of income rarely to be found elsewhere. It has been wisely fostered by our sovereigns, who have felt that the security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor, or connected with the nautical profession. It is an amusement of the greatest importance to the country; as it has much improved our ship building and our ship fitting, while it affords employment to our seamen and shipwrights. But if I were to say all that I could say in praise of yachts, I should never advance with my narrative. I shall therefore drink a bumper to the health of Admiral Lord Yarborough and the Yacht Club, and proceed.

You observe that this yacht is cutter-rigged, and that she sits gracefully on the smooth water. She is just heaving up her anchor; her foresail is loose, all ready to cast her — in a few minutes she will be under weigh. You see that there are some ladies sitting at the taffrail; and there are five haunches of venison hanging over the stern. Of all amusements give me yachting. But we must go on board. The deck, you observe, is of narrow deal planks as white as snow; the guns are of polished brass; the bitts and binnacles of mahogany; she is painted with taste; and all the mouldings are gilded. There is nothing wanting; and yet how clear and how unencumbered are her decks! Let us go below. This is the ladies' cabin: can any thing be more tasteful or elegant? is it not luxurious? and, although so small, does not its very confined space astonish you, when you view so many comforts so beautifully arranged? This is the dining-room, and where the gentlemen repair. What can be more complete or *recherché?* and just peep into their state-rooms and bed places. Here is the steward's room and the beaufet: the steward is squeezing lemons for the punch, and there is the champagne in ice; and by the side of the pail, the long corks are ranged up, all ready. Now, let us go forwards; here are the men's berths, not confined as in a man-of-war. No! luxury starts from abaft, and is not wholly lost, even at the fore-peak. This is the kitchen: is it not admirably arranged? What a cuisine in *petto!* and how delightful are the fumes of the turtle-soup! At sea we do meet with rough weather at times; but, for roughing it out, give me a yacht. Now that I have shown you round the vessel, I must introduce the parties on board.

You observe that florid, handsome man in white trousers and blue jacket, who has a telescope in one hand and is sipping a glass of brandy and water which he has just taken off the skylight. That is the owner of the vessel, and a member of the Yacht Club. It is Lord B——; he looks like a sailor, and he does not much belie his looks; yet I have seen him in the robes of state at the opening of the House of Lords. The one near to him is Mr. Stewart, a lieutenant in the navy. He holds on by the rigging with one hand, because, having been actively employed all his life, he does not know what to do with hands which have nothing in them. He is a *protégé* of Lord B.; and is now on board as sailing-master of the yacht.

That handsome, well-built man who is standing by the binnacle, is a Mr. Hamilton. He served six years as midshipman in the navy, and did not like it. He then served six years in a cavalry regiment, and did not like it. He then married, and, in a much shorter probation, found that he did not like that. But he is very fond of yachts and other men's wives, although he does not like his own; and wherever he goes, he is welcome.

That young man with an embroidered silk waistcoat and white gloves, bending to talk to one of the ladies, is a Mr. Vaughan. He is to be seen at Almack's, at Crockford's, and everywhere else. Every body knows him, and he knows every body. He is a little in debt, and yachting is convenient.

The one who sits by the lady is a relation of Lord B.; you see at once what he is. He apes the sailor: he has not shaved, because sailors have no time to shave every day; he has not changed his form, because sailors cannot change every day. He has a cigar in his mouth, which makes him half sick and annoys his company. He talks of the pleasure of a rough sea, which will drive all the ladies below — and then they will not perceive that he is more sick than themselves. He has the misfortune to be born to a large estate, and to be a *fool*. His name is Ossulton.

The last of the gentlemen on board whom I have to introduce, is Mr. Seagrove. He is slightly made, with marked features full of intelligence. He has been brought up to the bar; and has every qualification but application. He has never had a brief, nor has he a chance of one. He is the fiddler of the company, and he has locked up his chambers, and come, by invitation of his lordship, to play on board of his yacht.

I have yet to describe the ladies — perhaps I should have commenced with them — I must excuse myself upon the principle of reserving the best to the last. All puppet-showmen do so; and what is this but the first scene in my puppet-show.

We will describe them according to seniority. That tall, thin, cross-looking lady of forty-five is a spinster, and sister to Lord B. She has been persuaded very much against her will to come on board; but her notions of propriety would not permit her niece to embark under the protection of *only* her father. She is frightened at every thing; if a rope is thrown down on the deck, up she starts, and cries, ,,Oh!'' if on the deck, she thinks the water is rushing in below; if down below, and there is a noise, she is convinced there is danger; and, if it be perfectly still, she is sure there is something wrong. She fidgets herself and every body, and is quite a nuisance with her pride and ill-humour; but she has strict notions of propriety, and sacrifices herself as a martyr. She is the Hon. Miss Ossulton.

The lady who, when she smiles, shews so many dimples in her pretty oval face, is a young widow of the name of Lascelles. She married an old man to please her father and mother, which was very dutiful on her part. She was rewarded by finding herself a widow with a large fortune. Having married the first time to please her parents, she intends now to marry to please herself; but she is very young, and is in no hurry.

That young lady with such a sweet expression of countenance, is the Hon. Miss Cecilia Ossulton. She is lively, witty, and has no fear in her composition; but she is very young yet, not more than seventeen — and nobody knows what she really is — she does not know herself. These are the parties who meet in the cabin of the yacht. The crew consists of ten fine seamen, the steward, and the cook. There is also Lord B.'s valet, Mr. Ossulton's gentleman, and the lady's maid of Miss Ossulton. There not being accommodation for them, the other servants have been left on shore.

The yacht is now under weigh, and her sails are all set. She is running between Drake's Island and the main. Dinner has been announced. As the reader has learnt something about the preparations, I leave him to judge whether it be not very pleasant to sit down to dinner in a yacht. The air had given every body an appetite; and it was not until the cloth was removed that the conversation became general.

,,Mr. Seagrove,'' said his lordship, ,,you very nearly lost your passage; I expected you last Thursday.''

,,I am sorry, my lord, that business prevented my sooner attending to your lordship's kind summons.''

,,Come, Seagrove, don't be professional,'' said Hautaine; ,, you told me yourself, the other evening, when you were talkative, that you had never had a brief in your life.''

,,And a very fortunate circumstance,'' replied Seagrove; ,,for if I had had a brief I should not have known what to have done with it. It is not my fault; I am fit for nothing but a commissioner; but still I had business, and very important business, too; I was summoned by Ponsonby to go with him to Tattersall's, to give my opinion about a horse he wishes to purchase, and then to attend him to Forest Wild to plead his cause with his uncle."

,,It appears, then, that you were retained," replied Lord B.; ,,may I ask you whether your friend gained his cause?"

,,No, my Lord, he lost his cause, but he gained a suit."

,,Expound your riddle, sir," said Cecilia Hamilton.

,,The fact is, that old Ponsonby is very anxious that William should marry Miss Percival, whose estates join on to Forest Wild. Now, my friend William is about as fond of marriage as I am of law, and thereby issue was joined."

,,But why were you to be called in?" inquired Mrs. Lascelles.

,,Because, madam, as Ponsonby never buys a horse without consulting me ——"

,,I cannot see the analogy, sir," observed Miss Hamilton, senior, bridling up.

,,Pardon me, madam: the fact is," continued Seagrave, ,,that, as I always have to back Ponsonby's horses, he thought it right that, in this instance, I should back him; he required special pleading, but his uncle tried him for the capital offence, and he was not allowed counsel. As soon as we arrived, and I had bowed myself into the room, Mr. Ponsonby bowed me out again — which would have been infinitely more jarring to my feelings, had not the door been left a-jar."

,,Do any thing but pun, Seagrave," interrupted Horatio.

,,Well, then, I will take a glass of wine."

,,Do so," said his lordship; ,,but recollect, the whole company are impatient for your story."

,,I can assure you, my lord, that it was equal to any scene in a comedy."

Now, be it observed, that Mr. Seagrave had a great deal of comic talent; he was an excellent mimic, and could alter his voice almost as he pleased. It was a custom of his to act a scene as between other people, and he performed it remarkably well. Whenever he said that any thing he was going to narrate was ,,as good as a comedy," it was generally understood by those who were acquainted with him, that he was to be asked so to do. Cecilia Hamilton therefore immediately said, ,,Pray act it, Mr. Seagrave."

Upon which Mr. Seagrave — premising that he had not only heard, but also seen all that had passed — changing his voice, and suiting the action to the word, commenced. ,,It may," said he, ,,be called

Five Thousand Acres in a Ring-Fence."

We shall not describe Mr. Seagrave's motions; they must be inferred from his words.

,,'It will, then, William,' observed Mr. Ponsonby, stopping, and turning to his nephew, after a rapid walk up and down the room with his hands behind him under his coat, so as to allow the tails to drop their perpendicular about three inches clear of his body, 'I may say, without contradiction, be the finest property in the county — five thousand acres in a ring-fence.'

,,'I dare say it will, uncle,' replied William, tapping his foot as he lounged in a green morocco easy-chair; 'and so, because you have set your fancy upon having these two estates enclosed together in a ring-fence, you wish that I should also be enclosed in a ring-fence.'

,,'And a beautiful property it will be,' replied Mr. Ponsonby.

,,'Which, uncle? — the estate, or the wife?'

,,'Both, nephew, both; and I expect your consent.'

,,'Uncle, I am not avaricious. Your present property is sufficient for me. With your permission, instead of doubling the property, and doubling myself, I will remain your sole heir, and single.'

,,'Observe, William, such an opportunity may not occur again for centuries. We shall restore Forest Wild to its ancient boundaries. You know it has been divided nearly two hundred years. We now have a glorious, golden opportunity of re-uniting the two properties; and when joined, the estate will be exactly what it was when granted to our ancestors by Henry the Eighth, at the period of the Reformation. This house must be pulled down, and the monastery left standing.

Then we shall have our own again, and the property without encumbrance.'

„Without encumbrance, uncle! — You forget that there will be a wife.'

„And you forget that there will be five thousand acres in a ring-fence.'

„Indeed, uncle, you ring it too often in my ears, that I should forget it; but much as I should like to be the happy possessor of such a property, I do not feel inclined to be the happy possessor of Miss Percival; and the more so, as I have never seen the property.'

„We will ride over it to-morrow, William.'

„Ride over Miss Percival, uncle, that will not be very gallant. I will, however, one of these days, ride over the property with you, which, as well as Miss Percival, I have not as yet seen.'

„Then I can tell you, she is a very pretty property.'

„If she were not in a ring-fence.'

„In good heart, William. — That is, I mean an excellent disposition.'

„Valuable in matrimony.'

„And well tilled — I should say well educated, by her three maiden aunts, who are the patterns of propriety.'

„Does any one follow the fashion?'

„In a high state of cultivation; that is, her mind highly cultivated, and according to the last new system — what is it?'

„A four-course shift, I presume,' replied William, laughing; ‚that is, dancing, music, and drawing.'

„And only seventeen! — Capital soil, promising good crops. — What would you have more?'

„A very pretty estate, uncle, if it were not the estate of matrimony. I am sorry, very sorry, to disappoint you; but I must decline taking a lease of it for life.'

„Then, sir, allow me to hint to you, that, in my testament, you are only tenant at will. I consider it a duty that I owe to the family, that the estate should be re-united. That can only be done by one of our family marrying Miss Percival; and, as you will not, I shall now write to your cousin James, and if he accept my proposal, shall make him my heir. Probably he will more fully appreciate the advantages of five thousand acres in a ring-fence.'

„And Mr. Ponsonby directed his steps towards the door.

„Stop, my dear uncle,' cried William, rising up from his easy-chair; ‚we do not quite understand one another. It is very true that I would prefer half the property and remaining single to the two estates and the estate of marriage; but, at the same time, I did not tell you that I would prefer beggary to a wife and five thousand acres in a ring-fence. I know you to be a man of your word; — I accept your proposal, and you need not put my cousin *James* to the expense of postage.'

„Very good, William; I require no more: and as I know you to be a man of your word, I shall consider this match as settled. It was on this account only that I sent for you, and now you may go back again as soon as you please — I will let you know when all is ready.'

„I must be at Tattersall's on Monday, uncle; there is a horse I must have for next season. Pray, uncle, may I ask when you are likely to want me?'

„Let me see — this is May — about July, I should think.'

„July, uncle! Spare me — I cannot marry in the dog-days. — No, hang it, not July.'

„Well, William, perhaps, as you must come down once or twice to see the property — Miss Percival, I should say — it may be too soon — suppose we put it off till October.'

„October — I shall be down at Melton.'

„Pray, sir, may I then inquire what portion of the year is not, with you, dog-days?'

„Why, uncle, next April now I think that would do.'

„Next April. — Eleven months, and a winter between. Suppose Miss Percival was to take a cold, and die! —'

„I should be excessively obliged to her,' thought William.

„‚No! no!‘ continued Mr. Ponsonby, ‚there is nothing certain in this world, William.‘

„‚Well then, uncle, suppose we arrange it for the first *hard frost.*‘

„‚We have had no hard frosts lately, William. — We may wait for years. — The sooner it is over the better. — Go back to town, buy your horse, and then come down here — my dear William, to oblige your uncle — never mind the dog days.‘

„‚Well, sir,‘ if I am to make a sacrifice, it shall not be done by halves; out of respect for you, I will even marry in July, without any regard to the thermometer.‘

„‚You are a good boy, William. — Do you want a cheque?‘

„‚I have had one to-day,‘ thought William, but was almost at fault. ‚I shall be most thankful, sir — they sell horse-flesh by the ounce now-a-days.‘

„‚And you pay in pounds. — There, William.‘

„‚Thank you, sir, I'm all obedience; and I'll keep my word, even if there should be a comet. I'll go and buy the horse, and then I shall be ready to take the ring-fence as soon as you please.‘

„‚Yes, and you'll get over it cleverly, I've no doubt. — Five thousand acres, William, and — a pretty wife!‘

„‚Have you any further commands, uncle?‘, said William, depositing the cheque in his pocket-book.

„‚No, my dear boy, are you going?‘

„‚Yes, sir; I dine at the Clarendon.‘

„‚Well, then, good-bye. — Make my compliments and excuses to your friend Seagrove. — You will come Tuesday or Wednesday.‘

„Thus was concluded the marriage between William Ponsonby and Emily Percival, and the junction of the two estates, which formed together the great desideratum, — *five thousand acres in a ring-fence.*“

Mr. Seagrove finished, and looked round for approbation.

„Very good, indeed, Seagrove,“ said his lordship, „you must take a glass of wine after that.“

„I would not give much for Miss Percival's chance of happiness,“ observed the elder Miss Ossulton.

„Of two evils choose the least, they say,“ observed Mr. Hoskins. „Poor Ponsonby could not help himself.“

„That's a very polite observation of yours, Mr. Hoskins — I thank you in the name of the sex,“ replied Cecilia Ossulton.

„Nay, Miss Ossulton; would you like to marry a person whom you never saw?“

„Most certainly not; but when you mentioned the two evils, Mr. Hoskins, I appeal to your honour, did you not refer to marriage or beggary?“

„I must confess it, Miss Ossulton; but it is hardly fair to call on my honour to get me into a scrape.“

„I only wish that the offer had been made to me,“ observed Vaughan; „I should not have hesitated as Ponsonby *did.*“

„Then I beg you will not think of proposing for me,“ said Mrs. Lascelles, laughing; — for Mr. Vaughan had been excessively attentive.

„It appears to me, Vaughan,“ observed Seagrove, „that you have slightly committed yourself by that remark.“

Vaughan, who thought so too, replied: „Mrs. Lascelles must be aware that I was only joking.“

„Fie! Mr. Vaughan,“ cried Cecilia Ossulton; „you know it came from your heart.“

„My dear Cecilia,“ said the elder Miss Ossulton, „you forget yourself — what can you possibly know about gentlemen's hearts?“

„The Bible says, ‚that they are deceitful and desperately wicked,‘ aunt.“

„And cannot we also quote the Bible against your sex, Miss Ossulton?“ replied Seagrove.

„Yes, you could, perhaps, if any of you had ever read it,“ replied Miss Ossulton, carelessly.

„Upon my word, Cissy, you are throwing the gauntlet down to the gentlemen,“ observed Lord B. „but I shall throw my warder down, and not permit this combat *à l'outrance.* — I perceive you drink no more wine, gentlemen, — we will take our coffee on deck."

„We were just about to retire, my lord," observed the elder Miss Ossulton, with great asperity: „I have been trying to catch the eye of Mrs. Lascelles for some time, but —"

„I was looking another way, I presume," interrupted Mrs. Lascelles, smiling.

„I am afraid that I am the unfortunate culprit," said Mr. Seagrove; „I was telling a little anecdote to Mrs. Lascelles —"

„Which, of course, from its being communicated in an under tone, was not proper for all the company to hear," replied the elder Miss Ossulton: „but if Mrs. Lascelles is now ready—" continued she, bridling up, as she rose from her chair.

„At all events, I can hear the remainder of it on deck," replied Mrs. Lascelles. The ladies rose, and went into the cabin: Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles exchanging very significant smiles, as they followed the precise spinster, who did not choose that Mrs. Lascelles should take the lead, merely because she had once happened to have been married. — The gentlemen also broke up, and went on deck.

„We have a nice breeze now, my lord," observed Mr. Stewart, who had remained on deck, „and we lie right up Channel."

„So much the better," replied his lordship; „we ought to have been anchored at Cowes a week ago. They will all be there before us."

„Tell Mr. Simpson to bring me a light for my cigar," said Mr. Ossulton to one of the men.

Mr. Stewart went down to his dinner; the ladies and the coffee came on deck; the breeze was fine, the weather (it was April) almost warm; and the yacht, whose name was the Arrow, assisted by the tide, soon left the Mewstone far astern.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Flying-fish.

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

Thomas Moore.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. [illegible]

The Three Cutters.

(Continued from our last.)

Chapter II.

[illegible]

Reader, have you ever been at Portsmouth? If you have, you must have been delighted with the view from the saluting battery; and, if you have not, you had better go there as soon as you can. From the saluting battery you may look up the harbour, and see much of what I have described at Plymouth: the scenery is different, but similar dock-yards, and the [illegible] of our magnificent navy, are to be found there. — And you will see Gosport on the other side of the harbour, and [illegible] close to your [illegible] a great many other places, which, from the saluting battery, you cannot see. And then there is Southsea Beach to your left. Before you, Spithead, with the men-of-war, and the Motherbank, crowded with merchant vessels; — and there is the Nore, where the Royal George was wrecked, and where she still lies, the fish swimming in and out of her cabin windows: but this is not all, you can also see the Isle of Wight, — Ryde, with its long wooden pier, and Cowes, where the yachts lie. In fact, there is a great deal to be seen at Portsmouth as well as at Plymouth; but what I wish you particularly to see, just now, is a cutter holding fast to the buoy, just off the saluting battery. She is a cutter, and you may know that she belongs to the Preventive Service by the number of gigs and galleys which she has hoisted up all round her. She looks like a vessel that was about to sail with a cargo of boats. Two on deck, one astern, one on each side of her. You observe that she is painted black, and all her boats are white. She is not such an elegant vessel as the yacht, and she is much more lumbered up. She has no [illegible] of [illegible] over the stern, but then there is a bag of biscuit, and some cabbages hanging by their stalks. But revenue-cutters are not yachts. — You will find no [illegible] papers: but, nevertheless, you will, perhaps, find a joint to carve at, a good glass of grog, and a hearty welcome.

Let us go on board. — You observe the guns are iron, and painted black, and her bulwarks are painted red; it is not a very becoming colour, but then it lasts a long while, and the dock-yard is not very generous on the score of paint — or lieutenants of the navy troubled with much spare cash. She has plenty of men, and fine men they are; all dressed in red flannel shirts and blue trousers; some of them have not taken off their canvas or tarpaulin petticoats, which are very useful to them, as they are in the boats night and day, and in all weathers. But we will at once go down into the cabin, where we shall find the lieutenant who commands her, a master's mate, and a midshipman. — They have each their tumbler before them, and are drinking gin-toddy, hot, with sugar — capital gin, too, 'bove proof; it is from that small anker, standing under the table. It was one that they forgot to return to the custom-house when they made their last seizure. We must introduce them.

The elderly personage, with grizzly hair and whiskers, a round pale face, and a somewhat red nose (being too much in the wind will make the nose red, and this old officer is very often „in the wind," of course from the very nature of his profession), is a Lieutenant Appleboy. He has served in every class of vessel in the service, and done the duty of first-lieutenant for twenty years; he is now on promotion — that is to say, after he has taken a certain number of tubs of gin, he will be rewarded with his rank as commander. It is a pity that what he takes inside of him does not count, for he takes it morning, noon, and night. — He is just filling his fourteenth glass; he always keeps a regular account, as he never exceeds his limited number, which is seventeen: then he is exactly down to his bearings.

The master's mate's name is Tomkins; he has served his six years three times over, and has now outgrown his ambition, which is fortunate for him, as his chances of promotion are small. He prefers a small vessel to a large one, because he is not obliged to be so particular in his dress — and looks for his lieutenancy whenever there shall be another charity promotion. He is fond of soft bread, for his teeth are all absent without leave; he prefers porter to any other liquor, but he can drink his glass of grog, whether it be based upon rum, brandy, or the liquor now before him.

Mr. Smith is the name of that young gentleman, whose jacket is so out at the elbows; he has been intending to mend it these last two months, but is too lazy to go to his chest for another. — He has been turned out of half the ships in the service for laziness; but he was born so — and therefore it is not his fault. — A revenue-cutter suits him, she is half her time hove to; and he has no objection to boat-service, as he sits down always in the stern-sheets, which is not fatiguing. Creeping for tubs is his delight, as he gets over so little ground. He is fond of grog, but there is some trouble in carrying the tumbler so often to his mouth; so he looks at it, and lets it stand. He says little, because he is too lazy to speak. He has served more than *eight years;* but as for passing — it has never come into his head. Such are the three persons who are now sitting in the cabin of the revenue-cutter, drinking hot gin-toddy.

„Let me see, it was, I think, in ninety-three or ninety-four. — Before you were in the service, Tomkins. —"

„May-be, sir; it's so long ago since I entered, that I can't recollect dates, but this I know, that my aunt died three days before."

„Then the question is, when did your aunt die?"

„Oh! she died about a year after my uncle."

„And when did your uncle die?"

„I'll be hanged if I know!"

„Then, d' ye see, you 've no departure to work from. However, I think you cannot have been in the service at that time. We were not quite so particular about uniform as we are now."

„Then I think the service was all for it. Now-a-days, in your crack ships, a mate has to go down in the hold or spirit-room, and after whipping up fifty empty casks, and breaking out twenty full ones, he is expected to come on the quarter-deck as clean as if he was just come out of a bandbox."

„Well, there's plenty of water alongside, so far as the outward man goes, and iron dust is soon brushed off. However, as you say, perhaps, a little too much is expected, at least, in five of the ships in which I was first-lieutenant, the captain was always hauling me over the coals about the midshipmen not dressing properly, as if I was their dry nurse. I wonder what Captain Prigg would have said, if he'd seen such a turn-out as you, Mr. Smith, on his quarter-deck."

„I should have had one turn-out more," drawled Smith.

„With your out-at-elbows jacket, there, heh!" continued Mr. Appleboy.

Smith turned up his elbows, looked at one and then at the other; after so fatiguing an operation, he was silent.

„Well, where was I? Oh! it was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said, that it happened — Tomkins, fill your glass, and hand me the sugar, — how do I get on? — This is No. 15," said Appleboy, counting some white lines on the table by him; and taking up the piece of chalk, he marked one more line on his tally. „I don't think this so good a tub as the last; Tomkins, there's a twang about it — a want of juniper — however, I hope we shall have better luck this time. — Of course, you know we sail to-morrow."

„I presume so, by the leg of mutton coming on board."

„True — true — I'm regular — as clock-work. — After being twenty years a first-lieutenant, one gets a little method — I like regularity. Now the admiral has never omitted asking me to dinner once, every time I have come into harbour, except this time. — I was so certain of it, that I never expected to sail, and I have but two shirts clean in consequence."

„That's odd, isn't it? and the more so, because he has had such great people down here, and has been giving large parties every day."

„And yet I made three seizures, besides sweeping up those thirty-seven tubs."

„I swept them up," observed Smith.

„That's all the same thing, youngster. — When you've been a little longer in the service, you'll find out that the commanding officer has the merit of all that is done — but you're green yet. — Let me see, where was I? Oh! — it was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said. At that time I was in the Channel fleet — Tomkins, I'll trouble you for the hot water — this water's cold. — Mr. Smith, do me the favour to ring the bell — Jem, some more hot water."

„Please sir," said Jem, who was barefooted, as well as bareheaded, touching the lock of hair on his forehead, „the cook has capsized the kettle — but he has put more on."

„Capsized the kettle! heh! — very well — we'll talk about that to-morrow. — Mr. Tomkins do me the favour to put him in the report, I may forget it. And pray, sir, how long is it since he has put more on?"

„Just this moment, sir, as I came aft."

„Very well, we'll see to that to-morrow; — you bring the kettle aft as soon as it is ready. — I say, Mr. Jem, is that fellow sober?"

„Yees, sir, he be sober as you be."

„It's quite astonishing what a propensity the common sailors have to liquor. Forty odd years have I been in the service, and I've never found any difference. I only wish I had a guinea for every time that I have given a fellow seven-water grog during my servitude as first-lieutenant, I wouldn't call the king my cousin. Well, if there's not hot water we must take lukewarm — it won't do to heave to. By the L—d Harry! who would have thought it? — I'm at No. 16! — Let me count — yes! surely I must have made a mistake. — A fact, by heaven!" continued Mr. Appleboy, throwing the chalk down on the table. „Only one more glass, after this — that is, if I have counted right — I may have seen double."

„Yes," drawled Smith.

„Well, never mind — Let's go on with my story. — It was either in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, that I was in the Channel fleet — we were then a-breast of Torbay."

„Here be the hot water, sir," cried Jem, putting the kettle down on the deck.

„Very well, boy. — By-the-bye, has the jar of butter come on board?"

„Yes, but it be broke all down the middle; I tied him up with a rope-yarn."

„Who broke it, sir?"

„Coxswain says as how he didn't."

„But who did, sir?"

„Coxswain handed it up to Bill Jones, and he says as how he didn't."

„But who did, sir?"

„Bill Jones gave it to me, and I'm sure as how I didn't."

„Then who did, sir, I ask you?"

„I think it be Bill Jones, sir, 'cause he's fond of butter, I know, and there be very little left in the jar."

„Very well, we'll see to that to-morrow morning. Mr. Tomkins, you'll oblige me by putting the butter-jar down in the report, in case it should slip my memory. Bill Jones, indeed, looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth — never mind. Well, it was, as I said before — it was in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, when I was in the Channel fleet; we were then off Torbay, and had just taken two reefs in the topsails. Stop, before I go on with my story, I'll take my last glass — I think it's the last: let me count — yes, by heavens! I make out sixteen, well told! Never mind, it shall be a stiff one. Boy, bring the bottle, and mind you don't pour the hot water into my shoes, as you did the other night. There, that will do. Now, Tomkins, fill up yours; and you, Mr. Smith: let us all start fair, and then you shall have my story — and a very curious one it is, I can tell you; I wouldn't have believed it myself, if I hadn't seen it. Hillo! what's this? Confound it! what's the matter with the toddy? Hah, Mr. Tomkins?"

Mr. Tomkins tasted, but, like the lieutenant, he had made it very stiff, and, as he had also taken largely before, he was, like him, not quite so clear in his discrimination: „It has a queer flavour, sir; Smith, what is it?"

Smith took up his glass, tasted the contents:

„Salt water," drawled the midshipman.

„Salt water! so it is, by heavens!" cried Mr. Appleboy.

„Salt as Lot's wife! — by all that's infamous!" cried the master's mate.

„Salt water, sir!" cried Jem, in a fright — expecting a salt eel for supper.

„Yes, sir," replied Mr. Appleboy, tossing the contents of the tumbler in the boy's face, — "salt water. Very well, sir — very well!"

„It wasn't me, sir," replied the boy, making up a piteous look.

„No, sir, but you said the cook was sober."

„He was not so very much disguised, sir," replied Jem.

„Oh! very well — never mind. Mr. Tomkins, in case I should forget it, do me the favour to put the kettle of salt water down in the report. The scoundrel! I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but there's no means of having any more gin-toddy, — but never mind, we'll see to this to-morrow. Two can play at this; and if I don't salt-water their grog, and make them drink it, too, I have been twenty years a first-lieutenant for nothing — that's all. Good night, gentlemen; and," continued the lieutenant, in a severe tone, „you'll keep a sharp look-out, Mr. Smith — do you hear, sir?"

„Yes," drawled Smith, „but it's not my watch; it was my first watch, and, just now, it struck one bell."

„You'll keep the middle watch, then, Mr. Smith," said Mr. Appleboy, who was not a little put out; „and, Mr. Tomkins, let me know as soon as it's daylight. Boy, get my bed made. Salt water, by all that's blue! However, we'll see to that to-morrow morning."

Mr. Appleboy then turned in; so did Mr. Tomkins; and so did Mr. Smith, who had no idea of keeping the middle watch because the cook was drunk and had filled up the kettle with salt water. As for what happened in ninety-three or ninety-four, I really would inform the reader if I knew, but I'm afraid that that most curious story is never to be handed down to posterity.

The next morning, Mr. Tomkins, as usual, forgot to report the cook, the jar of butter, and the kettle of salt water; and Mr. Appleboy's wrath had long been appeased before he remembered them. At daylight the lieutenant came on deck, having only slept away half of the sixteen, not a taste of the seventeenth salt water glass of gin-toddy. He rubbed his gray eyes, that he might peer through the gray of the morning; the fresh breeze blew about his grizzly locks, and cooled his rubicund nose. The re-

revenue-cutter, whose name was the „Active," cast off from the buoy; and, with a fresh breeze, steered her course for the Needles' passage.

Chapter III.

CUTTER THE THIRD.

Reader! have you been to St. Malo? If you have, you were glad enough to leave the hole; and, if you have not, take my advice, and do not give yourself the trouble to go and see that, or any other French port in the Channel. There is not one worth looking at. They have made one or two artificial ports, and they are no great things; there is no getting out, or getting in. In fact, they have no harbours in the Channel, while we have the finest in the world; a peculiar dispensation of Providence, because it knew that we should want them, and France would not. In France, what are called ports are all alike, nasty narrow holes, only to be entered at certain times of tide and certain winds; made up of basins and back-waters, custom-houses, and cabarets; just fit for smugglers to run into, and nothing more; and, therefore, they are used for very little else.

Now, in the dog-hole called St. Malo, there is some pretty land, although a great deficiency of marine-scenery. But never mind that: stay at home, and don't go abroad to drink sour wine, because they call it Bordeaux, and eat villainous trash, so disguised by cookery that you cannot possibly tell which of the birds of the air, or beasts of the field, or fishes of the sea, you are cramming down your throat. „If all is right, there is no occasion for disguise," is an old saying; so depend upon it, that there is something wrong, and that you are eating offal, under a grand French name. They eat every thing in France, and would serve you up the head of a monkey who has died of the small-pox, as *Singe à la petite vérole* — that is, if you did not understand French; if you did, they would call it, *Tête d'amour à l'Ethiopique*, and then you would be even more puzzled. As for their wine, there is no disguise in that — it's half vinegar. No, no! stay at home; you can live just as cheaply, if you choose, and then you will have good meat, good vegetables, good ale, good beer, and a good glass of grog — and what is of more importance, you will be in good company. Live with your friends, and don't make a fool of yourself.

I would not have condescended to have noticed this place, had it not been that I wish you to observe a vessel which is lying along the pier-wharf, with a plank from the shore to her gunnel. It is low water, and she is aground, and the plank dips down at such an angle, that it is a work of danger to go either in or out of her. You observe that there is nothing very remarkable in her. She is a cutter, and a good sea-boat, and sails well before the wind. She is short for her breadth of beam, and is not armed. Smugglers do not arm now — the service is too dangerous; they effect their purpose by cunning, not by force. Nevertheless, it requires that smugglers should be good seamen, smart, active fellows, and keen-witted, or they can do nothing. This vessel has not got a large cargo in her, but it is valuable. She has some thousand yards of lace, a few hundred pounds of tea, a few bales of silk, and about forty ankers of brandy — just as much as they can land in one boat. All they ask is a heavy gale, or a thick fog, and they trust to themselves for success.

There is nobody on board except a boy — the crew are all up at the cabaret, settling their little accounts of every description — for they smuggle both ways, and every man had his own private venture. There they are all, eleven of them, and fine-looking fellows, too, sitting at that long table. They are very merry, but quite sober, as they are to sail to-night.

The captain of the vessel (whose name, by-the-by, is the „Happy-go-lucky," — the captain christened her himself) is that fine-looking young man, with dark whiskers, meeting under his throat. His name is Jack Pickersgill. You perceive, at once, that he is much above a common sailor in appearance. His manners are good, he is remarkably handsome, very clean, and rather a dandy in his dress. Observe, how very politely he takes off his hat to that Frenchman, with whom he has just settled accounts; he beats Johnny Crapaud at his own weapons. And then there is an air of command, a feeling of conscious superiority about Jack; see how he treats the landlord, *de haut en bas*, at the same time that he is very civil. The fact is, that Jack is of a very good, old family, and received a very excellent education: but he was an orphan, his friends were poor, and could do but little for him; he went out to India as a cadet, ran away, and served in a schooner which smuggled opium into China, and then came home. He took a liking to the employment, and is now laying up a very pretty little sum: not that he intends to stop; no, as soon as he has enough to fit out a vessel for himself, he intends to start again for India, and with two cargoes of opium, he will return, he trusts, with a handsome fortune, and reassume his family name. Such are Jack's intentions: and, as he eventually means to reappear as a gentleman, he preserves his gentlemanly habits; he neither drinks, nor chews, nor smokes. He keeps his hands clean, wears rings, and sports a gold snuff-box; notwithstanding which, Jack is one of the boldest and best of sailors, and the men know it. He is full of fun, and as keen as a razor. Jack has a very heavy venture this time — all the lace is his own speculation, and, if he gets it in safe, he will clear some thousands of pounds. A certain fashionable shop in London has already agreed to take the whole off his hands.

That short, neatly made young man, is the second in command, and the companion of the captain. He is clever, and always has a remedy to propose when there is a difficulty, which is a great quality in a second in command. His name is Corbett. He is always merry — half sailor, half tradesman; knows the markets, runs up to London, and does business as well as a chapman — lives for the day, and laughs at tomorrow.

That little punchy old man, with long gray hair and fat face, with a nose like a note of interrogation, is the most personage of importance. He ought to be called the sailing master, for, although he goes on shore in France, off the English coast he never quits the vessel. When they leave her with the goods, he remains on board; he is always to be found off any part of the coast where he may be ordered; holding his position in defiance of gales, and tides, and fogs: as for the revenue-vessels, they all know him well enough, but they cannot touch a vessel in ballast, if she has no more men on board than allowed by her tonnage. He knows every creek, and hole, and corner, of the coast; how the tides run in — tide, half-tide, eddy, or current. That is his value. His name is Morrison.

You observe that Jack Pickersgill has two excellent supporters in Corbett and Morrison; his other men are good seamen, active, and obedient, which is all that he requires. I shall not particularly introduce them.

„Now you may call for another *litre*, my lads, and that must be the last; the tide is flowing fast, and we shall be afloat in half an hour, and we have just the breeze we want. What d'ye think, Morrison, shall we have dirt?"

„I've been looking just now, and if it were any other month in the year I should say, yes; but there's no trusting April, captain. Howsomever, if it does blow off, I'll promise you a fog in three hours afterwards."

„That will do as well. Corbett, have you settled with Duval?"

„Yes, after more noise and *chattering* than a panic in the stock-exchange would make in England. He fought and squabbled for an hour, and I found that, without some abatement, I never should have settled the affair."

„What did you let him off?"

„Seventeen sous," replied Corbett, laughing.

„And that satisfied him?" inquired Pickersgill.

„Yes — it was all he could prove to be a *surfaire*: two of the knives were a little rusty. But he will always have something off; he could not be happy without it. I really think he would commit suicide, if he had to pay a bill without a deduction."

„Let him live," replied Pickersgill. „Jeannette, a bottle of Volnay, of toll, and three glasses."

Jeannette, who was the *fille de cabaret*, soon appeared with a bottle of a wine, seldom called for, except by the captain of the Happy-go-lucky.

„You sail to-night?" said she, as she placed the bottle before him.

Pickersgill nodded his head.

„I had a strange dream," said Jeannette; „I thought you were all taken by a revenue cutter, and put into a *cachot*. I went to see you, and I did not know one of you again — you were all changed."

„Very likely, Jeannette — you would not be the first who did not know their friends again when in misfortune. There was nothing strange in your dream."

„*Mais, mon Dieu! je ne suis pas comme ça, moi.*"

„No, that you are not, Jeannette; you are a good girl, and some of these fine days I'll marry you," said Corbett.

„*Doit être bien beau ce jour-là, par exemple,*" replied Jeannette, laughing; „you have promised to marry me every time you have come in, these last three years."

„Well, that proves I keep to my promise, any how."

„Yes; but you never go any farther."

„I can't spare him, Jeannette, that is the real truth," said the captain; „but wait a little — in the mean time, here is a five-franc-piece to add to your *petite fortune.*"

„*Merci bien, monsieur le capitaine; bon voyage!*" Jeannette held her finger up to Corbett, saying, with a smile, „*méchant!*" and then quitted the room.

„Come, Morrison, help us to empty this bottle, and then we will all go on board."

„I wish that girl wouldn't come here with her nonsensical dreams," said Morrison, taking his seat; „I don't like it. When she said that we should be taken by a revenue cutter, I was looking at a blue and a white pigeon sitting on the wall opposite; and I said to myself, now, if that be a warning, I will see: if the *blue* pigeon flies away first, I shall be in jail in a week; if the white, I shall be back here."

„Well?" said Pickersgill, laughing.

„It wasn't well," answered Morrison, tossing off his wine, and putting the glass down with a deep sigh; „*for the cursed blue pigeon* flew away immediately."

„Why, Morrison, you must have a chicken-heart to be frightened at a blue pigeon," said Corbett, laughing, and looking out of the window; „at all events, he has come back again, and there he is sitting by the white one."

„It's the first time that ever I was called chicken-hearted," replied Morrison, in wrath.

„Nor do you deserve it, Morrison," replied Pickersgill; „but Corbett is only joking."

„Well, at all events I'll try my luck in the same way, and see whether I am to be in jail: I shall take the blue pigeon as my bad omen, as you did."

The sailors and Captain Pickersgill all rose and went to the window, to ascertain Corbett's fortune by this new species of augury. The blue pigeon flapped his wings, and then he sidled up to the white one; at last, the white pigeon flew off the wall and settled on the roof of the adjacent house. „Bravo! white pigeon," said Corbett; „I shall be here again in a week." The whole party, laughing, then resumed their seats; and Morrison's countenance brightened up. As he took the glass of wine poured out by Pickersgill, he said, „Here's your health, Corbett; it was all nonsense, after all — for, d'ye see, I can't be put in jail without you are. We all sail in the same boat, and when you leave me, you take with you every thing that can condemn the vessel — so here's success to our trip."

„We will all drink that toast, my lads, and then on board," said the captain; „here's success to our trip."

The captain rose, as did the mates and men, drank the toast, turned down the drinking cannikin on the table, hastened to the wharf, and, in half an hour, the Happy-go-lucky was clear off the port of St. Malo.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Lover's Rock.

The Maiden through the favouring night
From Granada took her flight,
She bade her father's house farewell,
And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain,
In hope to Murcia on they flee,
To Peace, and Love, and Liberty.

And now they reach the mountain's height,
And she was weary with her flight,
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

But while she slept, the passing gale
Waved the maiden's flowing veil,
Her father, as he crost the height,
Saw the veil so long and white.

Young Manuel started from his sleep,
He saw them hastening up the steep,
And Laila shriek'd, and desperate now
They climb'd the precipice's brow.

They saw him raise his angry hand,
And follow with his armed band,
They saw them climbing up the steep,
And heard his curses loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe,
He loosen'd stones and roll'd below,
He loosen'd crags, for Manuel strove
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was steep, the rock was high,
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,
The fugitives stood safely there,
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief unmoved could see
His daughter bend the suppliant knee,
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the offenders both should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below,
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair,
Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
Then leap below and die with me.

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
They leapt adown the craggy side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid,
But never Cross was planted there,
Because they perish'd for despair.

Yet every Moorish maid can tell
Where Laila lies who loved so well,
And every youth who passes there
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

Robert Southey.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1838. №. 29.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. L. M. M.

The Three Cutters.

(Continued from our last.)

Chapter IV.

PORTLAND BILL.

The Happy-go-lucky sailed with a fresh breeze and a flowing sheet from St. Helens, the evening before the Arrow sailed from Barn Pool. The Active sailed from Portsmouth the morning after.

The yacht, as we before observed, was bound to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The Active had orders to cruise wherever she pleased within the limits of the admiral's station; and she ran for West Bay, on the other side of the Bill of Portland. The Happy-go-lucky was also bound for that bay to land her cargo.

The wind was light, and there was every appearance of fine weather, when the Happy-go-lucky, at 10 o'clock on the Tuesday night, made the Portland Lights; as it was impossible to run her cargo that night, she hove to.

At 11 o'clock, the Portland lights were made by the revenue cutter, Active. Mr. Appleboy went up to have a look at them, ordered the cutter to be hove to, and then went down to finish his allowance of gin toddy. At 12 o'clock, the yacht Arrow made the Portland lights, and continued her course, hardly stemming the ebb tide.

Day broke, and the horizon was clear. The first on the look-out were, of course, — the smugglers; they, and those on board of the revenue cutter, were the only two interested parties — the yacht was neuter.

„There are two cutters in sight, sir," said Corbett, who had the watch; for Pickersgill, having been up almost the whole night, had thrown himself down on his bed with his clothes on.

„What do they look like?" said Pickersgill, who was up in a moment.

„One is a yacht, and the other may be; but I rather think, as far as I can judge in the grey, that it is our old friend of here."

„What! old Appleboy?"

„Yes, it looks like him; but the day has scarcely broke yet."

„Well, he can do nothing in a light wind like this; and, before the wind, we can show him our heels: but are you sure the other is a yacht?" said Pickersgill, coming on the deck.

„Yes; the flag is seen outside of his canvass."

„You're right," said Pickersgill, „that's a yacht; and you're right there again in your guess — that is the stupid old Active, which always about creeping for tubs. Well, I see nothing to alarm us at present, provided it don't fall a dead calm, and then we must take to our boats as soon as he takes to his; we are four miles from him at least. Watch his motions, Corbett, and see if he lowers a boat. What does she go now? four knots — that will soon tire their men."

The positions of the three cutters were as follows: —

The Happy-go-lucky was about four miles off Portland Head, and well into West Bay. The revenue cutter was close to the Head. The yacht was outside of the smuggler about two miles to the westward, and about five or six miles from the revenue cutter.

„Two vessels in sight, sir," said Mr. Smith, coming down into the cabin to Mr. Appleboy.

„Very well," replied the lieutenant, who was *lying* down in his *standing* bed-place.

„The people say one is the Happy-go-lucky, sir," drawled Smith.

„Heh? what! Happy-go-lucky? yes, I recollect; I've boarded her twenty times — always empty. How's she standing?"

„She stands to the westward now, sir; but she was hove to, they say, when they first saw her."

„Then she has a cargo in her;" and Mr. Appleboy shaved himself, dressed, and went on deck.

„Yes," said the lieutenant, rubbing his eyes again and again, and then looking through the glass, „it is her sure enough. Let draw the fore-sheet — hands make sail. What vessel's the other?"

„Don't know, sir, — she's a cutter."

„A cutter? yes; may be a yacht, or may be the new cutter ordered on the station. Make all sail, Mr. Tomkins; hoist our pendant, and fire a gun — they will understand what we mean then; they don't know the Happy-go-lucky as well as we do."

In a few minutes the Active was under a press of sail; she hoisted her pendant, and fired a gun. *The smuggler perceived that the Active* had recognised her, and she also threw out more canvass, and ran off more to the westward.

„There's a gun, sir," reported one of the men to Mr Stewart, on board of the yacht.

„Yes; give me the glass — a revenue cutter: then that vessel in shore, running towards us, must be a smuggler."

„She has just now made all sail, sir."

„Yes, there's no doubt of it; I will go down to his lordship — keep her as she goes."

Mr. Stewart then went down to inform Lord B. of the circumstance. Not only Lord B., but most of the gentlemen came on deck; as did soon afterwards the ladies, who had received the intelligence from Lord B., who spoke to them through the door of the cabin.

But the smuggler had more wind than the revenue cutter, and increased her distance.

„If we were to wear round now, my lord," observed Mr. Stewart, „she is just abreast of us and in shore, we could prevent her escape."

„Round with her, Mr. Stewart," said Lord B., „we must do our duty, and protect the laws."

„That will not be fair, papa," said Cecilia Ounslow, „we have no quarrel with the smugglers; I'm sure the ladies have not, for they bring us beautiful things."

„Miss Ounslow, observed her aunt, „it is not proper for you to offer an opinion."

The yacht wore round, and sailing so fast, the smuggler had little chance of escaping her; but to chase is one thing — to capture, another.

„Let us give her a gun, said Lord B., that will frighten her; and he dare not cross our hawse."

The gun was loaded, and not being more than a mile from the smuggler, actually threw the ball almost a quarter of the way.

The gentlemen, as well as Lord B., were equally excited by the ardour of pursuit; but the wind died away, and at last it was nearly calm. The revenue cutter's boats were out, and coming up fast.

„Let us get our boat out, Stewart," said his lordship, „and help them, it is quite calm now."

The boat was soon out: it was a very large one, usually stowed on, and occupied a large portion of, the deck. It pulled six oars; and when it was manned, Mr. Stewart jumped in, and Lord B. followed him.

„But you have no arms," said Mr. Hamilton.

„The smugglers never resist now," observed Stewart.

„Then you are going on a very gallant expedition, indeed," observed Cecilia Hamilton; „I wish you joy."

But Lord B. was too much excited to pay attention. They shoved off, and pulled towards the smuggler.

At this time, the revenue boats were about five miles astern of the Happy-go-lucky, and the yacht about three quarters of a mile from her in the offing. Pickersgill had, of course, observed the motions on the yacht; had seen her wear on chase, hoist her ensign and pendant, and fire her gun.

„Well," said he, „this is the blackest ingratitude; to be attacked by the very people whom we smuggle for. I only wish she may come up with us; and, let her attempt to interfere, she shall rue the day: I don't much like this, though."

As we before observed, it fell nearly calm, and the revenue boats were in chase. Pickersgill watched them as they came up.

„What shall we do," said Corbett, — „get the boat out?"

„Yes," replied Pickersgill, „we will get the boat out, and have the goods in tow all ready: but we can pull faster than they do, in the first place, and, in the next, they will be pretty well tired before they come up to us. We are fresh, and shall soon walk away from them; so I shall not leave the vessel till they are within half a mile. We must sink the ankers, that they may not seize the vessel, for it is not worth while taking them with us. Pass them along ready to run them over the bows, that they may not see us and swear to it. But we have a good half hour and more."

„Ay, and you may hold all fast if you choose," said Morrison, „although it's better to be on the right side and get ready: otherwise, before half an hour, I'll swear that we are out of their sight: look there," said he, pointing to the eastward at a heavy bank, „it's coming right down upon us, as I said it would."

True enough, but still there is no saying which will come up first, Morrison; the boats or the fog, so we must be prepared."

„Hilloa! what's this? why, there's a boat coming from the yacht."

Pickersgill took out his glass.

„Yes, and the yacht's own boat, with the name painted on her bows. Well, let them come — we will have no ceremony in resisting them; they are not in the act of Parliament, and must take the consequences. We have naught to fear. Get stretchers, my lads, and hand-spikes; they row six oars, and are three in the sternsheets — they must be good men if they take us."

In a few minutes Lord B.'s boat was close to the smuggler.

„Boat, ahoy! what do you want?"

„Surrender, in the king's name."

„To what, and to whom, and what are we to surrender? We are an English vessel coasting along shore."

„Pull on board, my lads," cried Stewart; „I am a king's officer — we know her."

The boat dashed alongside, and Stewart and Lord B., followed by the men, jumped on the deck.

„Well, gentlemen, what do you want?" said Pickersgill.

„We seize you — you are a smuggler; there's no denying it — look at the casks of spirits stretched along the deck."

„We never said that we were not smugglers," replied Pickersgill; „but what is that to you? you are not a king's ship, or employed by the revenue."

„No, but we carry a pendant, and it is our duty to protect the laws."

„And who are you?" said Pickersgill.

„I am Lord B."

„Then, my lord, allow me to say that you would do much better to attend to the framing of laws, and leave people of less consequence like those astern of us, to execute them. „Mind your own business,' is an old adage. We shall not hurt you, my lord, as you have only employed words, but we shall put it out of your power to hurt us. Come aft, my lads. Now, my lord, resistance is useless; we are double your numbers, and you have caught a Tartar."

Lord B. and Mr. Stewart perceived that they were in an awkward predicament.

„You may do what you please," observed Mr. Stewart, „but the revenue boats are coming up, recollect."

„Look you, sir, do you see the revenue cutter?" said Pickersgill.

Stewart looked in that direction, and saw that she was hidden in the fog.

„In five minutes, sir, the boats will be out of sight also, and so will your vessel; we have nothing to fear from them."

„Indeed, my lord, we had better return," said Mr. Stewart, who perceived that Pickersgill was right.

„I beg your pardon, you will not go on board of your yacht so soon as you expect. Take the oars out of the boat, my lads, two or three of you, and throw in a couple of our paddles for them to reach the shore with. The rest of you knock down the first man who offers to resist. You are not aware, perhaps, my lord, that you have attempted *piracy* on the high seas."

Stewart looked at Lord B. It was true enough. The men of the yacht could offer no resistance; the oars were taken out of the boat, and the men got in again.

„My lord," said Pickersgill, „your boat is manned — do me the favour to step into it; and you, sir, do the same. I should be sorry to lay my hands upon a peer of the realm, or a king's officer even on half pay."

Remonstrance was vain; his lordship was led to the boat by two of the smugglers, and Stewart followed.

„I will leave your oars, my lord, at the Weymouth custom-house; and I trust this will be a lesson to you in future to ‚mind your own business.'"

The boat was shoved off from the sloop by the smugglers, and was soon lost sight of in the fog, which had now covered the revenue boats as well as the yacht; at the same time, it brought down a breeze from the eastward.

„Haul to the wind, Morrison," said Pickersgill, „we will stand out to get rid of the boats; if they pull on, they will take it for granted that we shall run into the bay, as will the revenue cutter."

Pickersgill and Corbett were in conversation abaft for a short time, when the former desired the course to be altered two points.

„Keep silence all of you, my lads, and let me know if you hear a gun or a bell from the yacht," said Pickersgill.

„There is a gun, sir, close to us," said one of the men — „the sound was right ahead."

„That will do, keep her as she goes. Aft here, my lads; we cannot run our cargo in the bay, for the cutter has been seen to chase us, and they will all be on the look-out at the preventive stations for us on shore. Now, my lads, I have made up my mind that, as these yacht gentlemen have thought proper to interfere, that I will take possession of the yacht for a few days. We shall then outsail every thing, go where we like unsuspected, and land our cargo with ease. I shall run alongside of her — she can have but few hands on board; and mind, do not hurt any body, but be civil and obey my orders. Morrison, you and your four men and the boy will remain on board as before, and take the vessel to Cherbourg, where we will join you."

In a short time, another gun was fired from the yacht. Those on board, particularly the ladies, were alarmed; the fog was very thick, and they could not distinguish the length of the vessel. They had seen the boat board, but had not seen her turned adrift without oars, as the fog came on just at that time. The yacht was left with only three seamen on board, and, should it come on bad weather, they were in an awkward predicament. Mr. Hautaine had taken the command, and ordered the guns to be fired that the boat might be enabled to find them.

The fourth gun was loading, when they perceivof the smuggler's cutter close to them, looming through the fog.

„Here they are,“ cried the seamen; „and they have brought the prize along with them. Three cheers for the Arrow!“

„Hilloa! you'll be on board of us,“ cried Hautaine.

„That's exactly what I intended to be, sir,“ replied Pickersgill, jumping on the quarter-deck, followed by his men.

„Who the devil are you?“

„That's exactly the same question that I asked Lord B. when he boarded us,“ replied Pickersgill, taking off his hat to the ladies.

„Well, but what business have you here?“

„Exactly the same question which I put to Lord B.,“ replied Pickersgill.

„Where is Lord B., sir?“ said Cecilia Ossulton, going up to the smuggler; „is he safe?“

„Yes, madam, he is safe; at least he is in his boat with all his men, and unhurt — but you must excuse me, if I request you and the other ladies to go down below, while I speak to these gentlemen. Be under no alarm, miss; you will receive neither insult nor ill treatment — I have only taken possession of this vessel for the present.“

„Take possession,“ cried Hautaine, „of a yacht!“

„Yes, sir, since the owner of the yacht thought proper to attempt to take possession of me. I always thought that yachts were pleasure-vessels, sailing about for amusement, respected themselves, and not interfering with others; but it appears that such is not the case. The owner of this yacht has thought proper to break through the neutrality, and commence aggression; and, under such circumstances, I have now, in retaliation, taken possession of her.“

„And, pray, what do you mean to do, sir?“

„Simply, for a few days, to make an exchange. I shall send you on board of my vessel as smugglers, while I remain here with the ladies, and amuse myself with yachting.“

„Why, sir, you cannot mean ...“

„I have said, gentlemen, and that is enough; I should be sorry to resort to violence, but I must be obeyed. You have, I perceive, three seamen only left; they are not sufficient to take charge of the vessel, and Lord B. and the others you will not meet for several days. My regard for the ladies — even common humanity, points out to me that I cannot leave the vessel in this crippled condition. At the same time, as I must have hands on board on my own, you will oblige me by going on board, and taking her safely into port. It is the least return you can make for my kindness. In those dresses, gentlemen, you will not be able to do your duty; oblige me by shifting, and putting on these.“ Corbett handed a flannel shirt, a rough jacket and trowsers, to Messrs. Hautaine, Ossulton, Vaughan, and Seagrave. After some useless resistance they were stripped, and, having put on the smugglers' attire, they were handed on board of the Happy-go-lucky.

The three English seamen were also sent on board, and confined below, as well as Ossulton's servant, who was also equipped like his master, and confined below with the seamen. Corbett and the men then handed up all the smuggled goods into the yacht, dropped the boat, and made it fast astern; and, Morrison having received his directions, the vessels separated, — Morrison running for Cherbourg, and Pickersgill steering the yacht along shore to the westward. About an hour after this exchange had been effected, the fog cleared up, and showed the revenue cutter hove to for her boats, which had pulled back, and were close on board of her; and the Happy-go-lucky, about three miles in the offing. Lord B. and his boat's crew were about four miles in shore, paddling and drifting with the tide towards Portland. As soon as the boats were on board, the revenue cutter made all sail after the smuggler, paying no attention to the yacht, and either not seeing or not caring about the boat which was drifting about in West Bay.

Chapter V.

THE TRAVESTIE.

Here we are, Corbett, and now I only wish my venture had been double,“ observed Pickersgill; „but I shall not allow business to absorb me wholly — we must add a little amusement. It appears to me, Corbett, that the gentleman's clothes which lie there will fit you, and those of the good-looking fellow who was spokesman will, I am sure, suit me well. Now, let us dress ourselves, and then for breakfast.“

Pickersgill then exchanged his clothes for those of Mr Hautaine, and Corbett fitted on those of Mr Ossulton. The steward was summoned up, and he dared not disobey; he appeared on deck, trembling.

„Steward — you will take these clothes below,“ said Pickersgill, „and, observe, I now command this yacht; and, during the time that I am on board, you will pay me the same respect as you did Lord B.; nay, more, you will always address me as Lord B. You will prepare dinner and breakfast, and do your duty just as if his lordship was on board, and take care that you feed us well, for I will not allow the ladies to be entertained in a less sumptuous manner than before. — You will tell the cook what I say, — and now that you have heard me, take care that you obey; if not, recollect that I have my own men here, and if I but point with my finger, *overboard you go.* — Do you perfectly comprehend me?“

„Yes, — sir,“ stammered the steward.

„Yes, *sir!* — What did I tell you, sirrah? — Yes, my lord. — Do you understand me?“

„Yes — my lord.“

„Pray, steward, whose clothes has this gentleman put on?“

„Mr. — Mr. Ossulton's, I think — sir — my lord — I mean.“

„Very well, steward; then recollect, in future you always address that gentleman as *Mr. Ossulton.*“

„Yes, my lord,“ and the steward went down below, and was obliged to take a couple of glasses of brandy, to keep himself from fainting.

„Who are they, and what are they! Mr. Maddox?“ cried the lady's-maid, who had been weeping.

„*Pirates! — bloody, murderous, stick-at-nothing pirates!*“ replied the steward.

„Oh!“ screamed the lady's-maid, „what will become of us, poor unprotected females?“ and she hastened into the cabin, to impart this dreadful intelligence.

The ladies in the cabin were not in a very enviable situation. As for the elder Miss Ossulton, (that, perhaps, it will be better in future, to distinguish the two ladies, by calling the elder simply Miss Ossulton, and her niece, Cecilia,) she was sitting with her salts to her nose, agonized with a mixture of trepidation and wounded pride. Mrs. Lascelles was weeping, but weeping gently. Cecilia was sad, and her heart was beating with anxiety and suspense — when the maid rushed in.

„Oh madam! Oh miss! Oh Mrs. Lascelles! I have found it all out! — they are murderous, bloody, do-every-thing pirates!!“

„Mercy on us!“ exclaimed Miss Ossulton, „surely they will never dare — —?“

„Oh, ma'am, they dare any thing! — they just now were throwing the steward overboard — and they have rummaged all the portmanteaus, and dressed themselves in the gentlemen's best clothes — the captain of them told the steward that he was Lord B. — and that if he dared to call him any thing else, he would cut his throat from ear to ear — and if the cook don't give them a good dinner, they swear that they'll chop his right hand off, and make him eat, without pepper or salt!“

Miss Ossulton screamed, and went off into hysterics. — Mrs. Lascelles and Cecilia went to her assistance; but the latter had not forgotten the very different behaviour of Jack Pickersgill, and his polite manners, when he boarded the vessel. She did not, therefore, believe what the maid had reported, but still her anxiety and suspense were great, especially about her father

After having restored her coat, she put on her bonnet, which was lying on the sofa.

„Where are you going, dear?" said Mrs. Lascelles.

„On deck," replied Cecilia; „I must and will speak to these men."

„Gracious heaven! Miss Ossulton; going on deck! have you heard what Phœbe says?"

„Yes, aunt, I have — but I can wait here no longer."

„Stop her! stop her! — she will be murdered!" — she will be — she is mad!" screamed Miss Ossulton; but no one attempted to stop Cecilia, and on deck she went. On her arrival, she found Jack Pickersgill and Corbett walking the deck; one of the smugglers at the helm, and the rest forward, and as quiet as the crew of the yacht. As soon as she made her appearance, Jack took off his hat, and made her a bow.

„I do not know whom I have the honour of addressing, young lady! but I am flattered with this mark of confidence. — You feel, and I assure you, you feel correctly, that you are not exactly in lawless hands."

Cecilia looked with more surprise than fear at Pickersgill; Mr. Hautaine's dress became him, he was a handsome, fine-looking man, and had nothing of the ruffian in his appearance; unless, like Byron's Corsair, he was *half savage, half soft*. She could not help thinking that she had met many with less pretensions, as far as appearance went, to the claims of a gentleman at Almack's, and other fashionable circles.

„I have ventured on deck, sir," said Cecilia, with a little tremulousness in her voice, „to request, as a favour, that you will inform me what your intentions may be, with regard to the vessel, and with regard to the ladies?"

„And I feel much obliged to you, for your so doing, and I assure you, I will, as far as I have made up my own mind, answer you candidly: but you tremble — allow me to conduct you to a seat. In few words, then, to remove your present alarm, I intend that the vessel shall be returned to its owner, with every article in it, as religiously respected as if they were church property. With respect to you, and the other ladies on board, I pledge you my honour, that you have nothing to fear; that you shall be treated with every respect; your privacy never invaded: and that, in a few days, you will be restored to your friends. Young lady, I pledge my hopes of future salvation to the truth of this; but, at the same time, I must make a few conditions, which, however, will not be very severe."

„But, sir," replied Cecilia, much relieved, for Pickersgill had stood by her in the most respectful manner, „you are, I presume, the captain of the smuggler? — Pray, answer me one question more — What became of the boat, with Lord B., — he is my father?"

„I left him in his boat, without a hair of his head touched, young lady: but I took away the oars."

„Then he will perish!" cried Cecilia, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

„No, young lady, he is on shore probably by this time; although I took away his means of assisting to capture us, I left him the means of gaining the land. It is not every one who would have done that, after his conduct to me."

„I begged him not to go," said Cecilia; „I told him that it was not fair, and that he had no quarrel with the smugglers."

„I thank you even for that," replied Pickersgill; „and now, miss — I have not the pleasure of recollecting his lordship's family name?"

„Ossulton, sir," said Cecilia, looking at Pickersgill with surprise.

„Then, with your permission, Miss Ossulton, I will now make you my confidant; excuse my using so fine a term, but it is because I wish to relieve your fears; at the same time, I cannot permit you to divulge all my intentions to the whole party on board; I feel that I may trust you, for you have courage, and where there is courage, there generally is truth; but you must first tell me whether you will condescend to accept these terms?"

Cecilia demurred a moment — the idea of being the confidant of a smuggler rather startled her; but still, her knowledge of what his intentions were, if she might not reveal them might be important, as, perhaps, she might dissuade him. She could be in no worse position than she was now, and she might be in a much better. The conduct of Pickersgill had been such, up to the present, as to inspire confidence; and although he defied the laws, he appeared to regard the courtesies of life. Cecilia was a courageous girl, and at length she replied: —

„Provided what you desire me to keep secret will not be injurious to any one, or compromise me, in my peculiar situation, I consent."

„I would not hurt a fly, Miss Ossulton, but in self-defence, and I have too much respect for you, from your conduct during our short meeting, to compromise you. Allow me now to be very candid; and then, perhaps, you will acknowledge that, in my situation, others would do the same; and, perhaps, not shew half so much forbearance. Your father, without any right whatever, interferes with me, and my calling; he attempts to make me a prisoner, to have me thrown in jail; heavily fined, and, perhaps, sent out of the country. I will not enter into any defence of smuggling, it is sufficient to say, that there are pains and penalties attached to the infraction of certain laws, and that I choose to risk them — but Lord B. was not empowered by government to attack me — it was a gratuitous act, and had I thrown him, and all his crew into the sea, I should have been justified, for it was in short, an act of piracy on their part. Now, as your father has thought to turn a yacht into a revenue cutter, you cannot be surprised at my retaliating, in turning her into a smuggler; and as he has mixed up looking after the revenue with yachting, he cannot be surprised if I retaliate, by mixing up a little yachting with smuggling. I have dressed your male companions as smugglers, and have sent them in the smuggling vessel to Cherbourg, where they will be safely landed; and I have dressed myself, and the only person whom I could join with me in this frolic, as gentlemen, in their places. My object is twofold; one is, to land my cargo, which I have now on board, and which is very valuable; the other is, to retaliate upon your father and his companions, for their attempt upon me, by stepping into their shoes, and enjoying, for a day or two, their luxuries. It is my intention to make free with nothing, but his lordship's wine and eatables, that you may be assured of; but I shall have no pleasure, if the ladies do not sit down to the dinner-table with us, as they did before with your father and his friends."

„You can hardly expect that, sir," said Cecilia.

„Yes, I do; and that will be not only the price of the early release of the yacht and themselves, but it will also be the only means by which they will obtain any thing to eat. You observe, Miss Ossulton, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I have now told you what I mean to do, and what I wish. I leave you to think of it, and decide whether it will not be best for all parties to consent. You have my permission to tell the other ladies, that whatever may be their conduct, they are as secure from ill treatment or rudeness, as if they were in Grosvenor Square; but I cannot answer that they will not be hungry, if, after such forbearance in every point, they shew so little gratitude, as not to honour me with their company."

„Then I am to understand, that we are to be starved into submission."

„No, not starved, Miss Ossulton; but recollect, that you will be on bread and water, and detained until you do consent, and your detention will increase the anxiety of your father."

„You know how to persuade, sir," said Cecilia. „As far as I am concerned, I trust I shall ever be ready to sacrifice any feelings of pride, to spare my father so much uneasiness.

(To be continued in our next.)

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THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

William Wordsworth.

Das Haupt der ſogenannten Lake-School, deren Anſehn jedoch in neueſter Zeit abzunehmen beginnt, wird Wordsworth von ſeinen Landsleuten als lyriſcher Dichter ſehr hochgeſtellt. Er ward am 7. April 1770 in Cockermouth geboren, zeichnete ſich ſchon als Knabe durch Fleiß und Fähigkeiten aus und bezog 1788 die Univerſität Cambridge. Als Student machte er mehrere Fußreiſen durch Frankreich, die Schweiz, Savoyen und Italien, welche er in Verſen beſchrieb und 1793 unter dem Titel Descriptive sketches*) herausgab. — Nachdem er ſeine Studien vollendet, zog er die ländliche Abgeſchiedenheit dem Geſchäftsleben vor, und ſchlug mit ſeinem Freunde Coleridge ſeine Wohnung zu Alfarden bei Bridgewater in Somerſetſhire auf. — Im Jahre 1798 erſchienen ſeine lyrical ballads; zu derſelben Zeit machte er eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland, und ließ ſich dann, bald nach ſeiner Rückkehr, in Rydale nieder, wo er ſeitdem von ſeinem Vermögen und dem Einkommen einer kleinen Beamtenſtelle in ſtillem Frieden lebt. — Im Jahre 1803 vermählte er ſich mit Miß Mary Hutchinſon, mit welcher er eine ſehr glückliche, kinderreiche Ehe führt.

Wordsworth iſt als Menſch mehr werth, denn als Dichter, obwohl er durchaus nicht zu den unbedeutenden oder alltäglichen Poeten gerechnet werden kann. — Seine Geſinnungen und Gefühle ſind edel, ſchön und wahr, Alles kommt bei ihm aus dem Herzen, und erfüllt den Leſer mit großer Achtung und Verehrung für den beſcheidenen Mann, der ſolche Empfindungen ſo warm und lebendig äußert und ſchildert, weil er ſie wirklich ſelbſt beſitzt, aber es fehlt ihm durchaus an Tiefe der Anſchauung, wie an Reichthum und Kraft der Phantaſie. Er iſt zu einſeitig, zu monoton; und da er zu ſehr darnach ſtrebt, fremde Gemüther nach dem ſeinigen zu ſtimmen, ſo wird er in dieſem ängſtlichen Bemühen mitunter trivial, ſehr häufig aber geſucht und manierirt. Daher erhebt er ſich eigentlich nicht über eine [illegible] Mittelmäßigkeit, und findet demzufolge auch ſeine meiſten Freunde unter der großen Menge der Mittelmäßigen. — Seine Sprache iſt ſehr cultivirt; ſeine Bilder ſind glücklich und anmuthig, ſeine Verſe fließend und gewählt. Sein edles, religiöſes Gefühl, ſein [illegible] Wohlwollen für die ganze Schöpfung, und ſeine Liebe zum Wahren und Guten ſind endlich nicht geringe Zierden des wackern Mannes — aber alle dieſe vortrefflichen Eigenſchaften reichen doch nicht hin, um einen großen Dichter zu ſchaffen.

Wordsworths bedeutendſtes und gelungenſtes Gedicht iſt das weiße Reh von Rylstone. Sein zweites größeres Gedicht, The excursion, die Streifzüge eines engliſchen Hauſirers und deſſen Unterhaltungen über Gegenſtände des Lebens mit den verſchiedenartigſten Perſonen enthaltend, leidet, trotz mancher Schönheiten, doch ſehr an Trivialität, es iſt dem Dichter hier mehr darum zu thun, ſeine Anſichten und An-

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*) Descriptive sketches taken during a pedestrian tour in the Alps.

II. Jahrgang.

wickeln, als uns durch die Wahl und Behandlung ſeines Stoffes zu unterhalten, und ſo verfällt er nur gar zu häufig in eine Art von ſüßlichem Predigerton, der uns ſehr bald ermüdet und vom weiteren Leſen abſchreckt.

Unter ſeinen kleineren Gedichten findet ſich dagegen manches Gelungene, namentlich das hier mitgetheilte: We are seven!

We are Seven.

By W. Wordsworth.

— — A simple child
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage-girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland-air
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?
How many? Seven in all, she said,
And wondering looked at me.

And where are they? I pray you tell.
She answered: Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard-cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.

You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?

Then did the little maid reply:
Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard-tree.

You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.

Their graves are green, they may be seen,
The little maid replied,
Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And all the summer dry
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.

How many are you then, said I,
If they two are in Heaven?
The little maiden did reply:
O master we are seven.

But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!

'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: Nay, we are seven!

The Farmer of Tilsbury-Vale.

By W. Wordsworth.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,
The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,
And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,
That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide town,
His staff is a sceptre — his grey hairs a crown;
Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak,
Of the unfaded rose is expressed on his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn — 'mid the joy
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy;
There fashioned that countenance, which, in spite of a stain
That his life hath received, to the last will remain.

A farmer he was; and his house far and near
Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer:
How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury-Vale
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his good ale.

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,
His fields seemed to know what their master was doing;
And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,
All caught the infection — as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl, —
The fields better suited the ease of his soul:
He strayed through the fields like an indolent wight,
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought, and the poor
Familiar with him made an inn of his door;
He gave them the best that he had; or to say
What less may mislead you, they took it away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm;
The genius of plenty preserved him from harm:
At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,
His means are run out, — he must beg or must borrow.

To the neighbours he went — all were free with their money;
For his hive had so long been replenished with honey,
That they dreamt not of dearth — He continued his rounds,
Knocked here and knocked there, pounds still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could of his ill-gotten pelf,
And something, it might be, reserved for himself:
Then (what is too true), without hinting a word,
Turned his back on the country; and off like a bird.

You lift up your eyes! — and I guess that you frame
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For this he did all in the ease of his heart.

To London — a sad emigration I ween —
With his grey hairs he went from the brook and the green;
And there, with small wealth but his legs and his hands,
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume, —
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and groom;
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birth-days younger, is green and is stout;

Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an old man that leisurely goes
About work that he knows in a track that he knows;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,
Like one whose own country's far over the sea,
And nature, while through the great city he hies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,
More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue:
Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,
And tears of fifteen have come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him or the dry parching heats?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;
With a look of such earnestness often will stand
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits and her flowers,
Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made
Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw
Like a magnet the heart of old Adam can draw;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Hay-market-hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hands in the waggon, and smells at the hay:
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair —
If you pass by at morning you'll meet with him there;
The breath of the Cows you may see him inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury-Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam, when low thou art laid
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

The Three Cutters.

(Continued from our last.)

With your permission, I will now go down into the cabin, and relieve my companions from the worst of their fears. As for obtaining what you wish, I can only say, that, as a young person, I am not likely to have much influence with those older than myself, and must inevitably be overruled, as I have not permission to point out to them reasons which might avail. Would you so far allow me to be relieved from my promise, as to communicate all you have said to me, to the only married woman on board? I think I then might obtain your wishes, which, I must candidly tell you, I shall attempt to effect, *only* because I am most anxious to rejoin my friends."

,,And be relieved of my company," replied Pickersgill, smiling, ironically, — ,,of course you are; but I must and will have my petty revenge; and although you may, and probably will detest me, at all events, you shall not have any very formidable charge to make against me. — Before you go below, Miss Ossulton, I give you my permission to add the married lady to the number of my confidants; and you must permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Ossulton," and Pickersgill waved his hand in the direction of Corbett, who took off his hat, and made a low obeisance.

It was impossible for Cecilia Ossulton to help smiling.

„And," continued Pickersgill, „having taken the command of this yacht, instead of his lordship, it is absolutely necessary that I also take his lordship's name. While on board, I am Lord B., and allow me to introduce myself under that name — I cannot be addressed otherwise. Depend upon it, Miss Ossulton, that I shall have a most paternal solicitude to make you happy and comfortable."

Had Cecilia Ossulton dared to have given vent to her real feelings at that time, she would have burst into a fit of laughter, it was too ludicrous. At the same time the very burlesque re-assured her still more. She went into the cabin with a heavy weight removed from her heart.

In the mean time, Miss Ossulton and Mrs. Lascelles remained below, in the greatest anxiety at Cecilia's prolonged stay; they knew not what to think, and dared not go on deck. Mrs. Lascelles had once determined at all risks to go up; but Miss Ossulton and Phoebe had screamed, and implored her so fervently not to leave them, that she unwillingly consented to remain. Cecilia's countenance, when she entered the cabin, re-assured Mrs. Lascelles, but not her aunt, who ran to her, crying and sobbing, and clinging to her, saying: „What have they done to you, my poor, poor Cecilia?"

„Nothing at all, aunt," replied Cecilia, „the captain speaks very fairly, and says that he shall respect us in every possible way, provided that we obey his orders, but if not —"

„If not — what, Cecilia?" said Miss Ossulton, grasping her niece's arm.

„He will starve us, and not let us go!"

„God have mercy on us!" cried Miss Ossulton, renewing her sobs.

Cecilia then went to Mrs. Lascelles, and communicated to her, apart, all that had passed. Mrs. Lascelles agreed with Cecilia, that they were in no danger of insult; and as they talked over the matter, they at last began to laugh; there was a novelty in it, and there was something so ridiculous in all the gentlemen being turned into smugglers. Cecilia was glad that she could not tell her aunt, as she wished her to be so frightened, as never to have her company on board of the yacht again; and Mrs. Lascelles was too glad to annoy her for many and various insults received. The matter was, therefore, canvassed over very satisfactorily, and Mrs. Lascelles felt a natural curiosity to see this new Lord B. and the second Mr. Ossulton. But they had had no breakfast, and were feeling very hungry, now that their alarm was over. They desired Phoebe to ask the steward for some tea or coffee. The reply was, that „breakfast was laid in the cabin, and Lord B. trusted that the ladies would come to partake of it."

„No, no," replied Mrs. Lascelles, „I never can, without being introduced to them first."

„Nor will I go," replied Cecilia, „but I will write a note, and we will have our breakfast here." Cecilia wrote a note in pencil as follows.

„Miss Ossulton's compliments to Lord B., and, as the ladies feel rather indisposed after the alarm of this morning, they trust that his lordship will excuse their coming to breakfast; but hope to meet his lordship at dinner, if not before that time, on deck."

The answer was propitious, and the servant soon appeared with the breakfast in the ladies' cabin.

„Well, Maddox," said Cecilia, „how do you get on with your new master?"

The steward looked at the door, to see if it was closed, shook his head, and then said with a look of despair: „He has ordered a haunch of venison for dinner, miss, and he has twice threatened to toss me overboard."

„You must obey him, Maddox, or he certainly will. These pirates are dreadful fellows; be attentive, and serve him just as if he was my father."

„Yes, yes, ma'am, I will, but our time may come; it's burglary on the high seas, and I'll go fifty miles to see him hanged."

„Steward!" cried Pickersgill, from the cabin.

„O lord! he can't have heard me — d'ye think he did, miss?"

„The partitions are very thin, and you spoke very loud," said Mrs. Lascelles; „at all events, go to him quickly."

,,Good bye, miss; good bye, ma'am; if I shouldn't see you any more," said Maddox, trembling with fear, as he obeyed the awful summons — which was to demand a toothpick.

Miss Ossulton would not touch the breakfast; not so Mrs Lascelles and Cecilia, who ate very heartily.

,,It's very dull to be shut up in this cabin," said Mrs. Lascelles; ,,come, Cecilia let's go on deck."

,,And leave me," cried Miss Ossulton.

,,There is Phoebe here, aunt; we are going up to persuade the pirates to put us all on shore."

Mrs Lascelles and Cecilia put on their bonnets and went up. Lord B. took off his hat, and begged the honour of being introduced to the pretty widow. He handed the ladies to a seat, and then commenced conversing upon various subjects, which, at the same time, possessed great novelty. His lordship talked about France, and described its ports; told now and then a good anecdote; pointed out the different headlands, bays, towns, and villages, which they were passing rapidly, and always had some little story connected with each. Before the ladies had been two hours on deck, they found themselves, to their infinite surprise, not only interested, but in conversation with the captain of the smuggler, and more than once they laughed outright. But the *soi-disant* Lord B. had inspired them with confidence; they fully believed that what he had told them was true, and that he had taken possession of the yacht to smuggle his goods, to be revenged, and to have a laugh. Now none of these three offences are capital in the eyes of the fair sex; and Jack was a handsome, fine-looking fellow, of excellent manners, and very agreeable conversation, at the same time neither he nor his friend were in their general deportment or behaviour otherwise than most respectful.

,,Ladies, as you are not afraid of me, which is a greater happiness than I had reason to expect, I think you may be amused to witness the fear of those who accuse your sex of cowardice. With your permission, I will send for the cook and steward, and inquire about the dinner?"

,,I should like to know what there is for dinner," observed Mrs. Lascelles demurely; ,,would'nt you, Cecilia?"

Cecilia put her handkerchief to her mouth.

,,Tell the steward and the cook both to come aft immediately," cried Pickersgill.

In a few seconds they both made their appearance.

,,Steward!" cried Pickersgill, with a loud voice.

,,Yes, my lord," replied Maddox, with his hat in his hand.

,,What wines have you put out for dinner?"

,,Champagne, my lord; and claret, my lord; and Madeira and sherry, my lord."

,,No Burgundy, sir?"

,,No, my lord; there is no Burgundy on board."

,,No Burgundy, sir! do you dare to tell me that?"

,,Upon my soul, my lord," cried Maddox, dropping on his knees, ,,there is no Burgundy on board — ask the ladies."

,,Very well, sir; you may go."

,,Cook, what have you got for dinner?"

,,Sir, a haunch of mutt — of venison, my lord," replied the cook, with his white night-cap in his hand.

,,What else, sirrah?"

,,A boiled calf's head, my lord."

,,A boiled calf's head? Let it be roasted, or I'll roast you, sir," cried Pickersgill in an angry tone.

,,Yes, my lord; I'll roast it."

,,And what else, sir?"

,,Maintenon cutlets, my lord."

,,Maintenon cutlets! I hate them — I won't have them, sir. Let them be dressed *à l'ombre Chinoise*."

,,I don't know what that is, my lord."

,,I don't care for that, sirrah; if you don't find out by dinner-time, you're food for fishes — that's all: you may go."

The cook walked off wringing his hands and his night-cap as well — for he still held it in his hand — and disappeared down the fore-hatchway.

,,I have done this to pay you a deserved compliment, ladies; you have more courage than the other sex."

,,Recollect that we have had confidence given to me in consequence of your pledging your word, my lord.“

„You do me, then, the honour of believing me?“

„I did not until I saw you,“ replied Mrs. Lascelles; „but now I am convinced that you will perform your promise.“

„You do, indeed, encourage me, madam, to pursue what is right,“ said Pickersgill, bowing; „for your approbation I should be most sorry to lose, still more sorry to prove myself unworthy of it.“

As the reader will observe, every thing was going on remarkably well.

Chapter VI.

THE SMUGGLING YACHT.

Cecilia returned to the cabin, to ascertain whether her aunt was more composed; but Mrs. Lascelles remained on deck. She was much pleased with Pickersgill; and they continued their conversation. Pickersgill entered into a defence of his conduct to Lord B.; and Mrs. Lascelles could not but admit the provocation. After a long conversation, she hinted at his profession, and how superior he appeared to be to such a lawless life.

„You may be incredulous, madam,“ replied Pickersgill, „if I tell you that I have as good a right to quarter my arms as Lord B. himself; and that I am not under my real name. Smuggling is, at all events, no crime; and I infinitely prefer the wild life I lead at the head of my men, to being spurned by society because I am poor. The greatest crime in this country is poverty. I may, if I am fortunate, some day resume my name. You may, perhaps, meet me, and, if you please, you may expose me.“

„That I should not be likely to do,“ replied the widow; „but still I regret to see a person, evidently intended for better things, employed in so disreputable a profession.“

„I hardly know, madam, what is and what is not disreputable in this conventional world. It is not considered disreputable to cringe to the vices of a court, or to accept a pension, wrung from the industry of the nation, in return for base servility. It is not considered disreputable to take tithes, intended for the service of God, and lavish them away at watering-places or elsewhere, seeking pleasure instead of doing God service. It is not considered disreputable to take fee after fee to uphold injustice, to plead against innocence, to pervert truth, and to aid the devil. It is not considered disreputable to gamble on the stock exchange, or to corrupt the honesty of electors by bribes, to doing which the penalty attached is equal to that decreed to the offence of which I am guilty. All these, and much more, are not considered disreputable; yet, by all these are the moral bonds of society loosened, while in mine we cause no guilt in others — —“

„But still it is a crime.“

„A violation of the revenue-laws, and no more. Observe, madam, the English government encourage the smuggling of our manufactures to the Continent, at the same time that they take every step to prevent articles being smuggled into this country. Now, madam, can that be a crime, when the head of the vessel is turned north, which becomes no crime when she steers the opposite way?“

„There is a stigma attached to it, you must allow.“

„That I grant you, madam; and as soon as I can quit the profession I shall. No captive ever sighed more to be released from his chains; but I will not leave it, till I find that I am in a situation not to be spurned and neglected by those with whom I have a right to associate.“

At this moment, the steward was seen forward making signs to Mrs. Lascelles, who excused herself, and went to him.

„For the love of God, madam,“ said Maddox, „as he appears to be friendly with you, do pray find out how these cutlets are to be dressed; the cook is tearing his hair, and we shall never have any dinner; and then it will all fall upon me, and I — shall be tossed overboard.“

Mrs. Lascelles desired poor Maddox to wait there while she obtained the desired information. In a few minutes she returned to him.

„I have found it out. They are first to be boiled in vinegar; then fried in batter, and served up with a sauce of anchovy and Malaga raisins.“

„First fried in vinegar; then boiled in batter, and served up with the almonds and raisins.“

„No — no!“ Mrs. Lascelles repeated the injunction to the frightened steward; and then returned aft, and re-entered into a conversation with Pickersgill, in which, for the first time, Corbett now joined. Corbett had sense enough to feel, that the less he came forward until his superior had established himself in the good graces of the ladies, the more favourable would be the result.

In the mean time Cecilia had gone down to her aunt, who still continued to wail and lament. The young lady tried all she could to console her, and to persuade her that if they were civil and obedient they had nothing to fear.

„Civil and obedient, indeed!“ cried Miss Ossulton, „to a fellow who is a smuggler and a pirate. I, the sister of Lord B. Never! The presumption of the wretch!“

„That is all very well, aunt; but recollect, we must submit to circumstances. These men insist upon our dining with them; and we must go, or we shall have no dinner.“

„I sit down with a pirate! Never! I'll have no dinner — I'll starve — I'll die!“

„But, my dear aunt, it's the only chance we have of obtaining our release; and if you do not do it, Mrs. Lascelles will think that you wish to remain with them.“

„Mrs. Lascelles judges of other people by herself.“

„The captain is certainly a very well-behaved, handsome man. He looks like a nobleman in disguise. What an odd thing it would be, aunt, if this should be all a hoax?“

„A hoax, child?“ replied Miss Ossulton, sitting up on the sofa.

Cecilia found that she had hit the right nail, as the saying is; and she brought forward so many arguments to prove that she thought it was a hoax to frighten them, and that the gentleman above was a man of consequence, that her aunt began to listen to reason, and at last condescended to join the dinner-party. Mrs. Lascelles now came down below; and when dinner was announced, they repaired to the large cabin, where they found Pickersgill and Corbett waiting for them.

Miss Ossulton did not venture to look up, until she heard Pickersgill say to Mrs. Lascelles: „Perhaps, madam, you will do me the favour to introduce me to that lady, whom I have not had the honour of seeing before?“

„Certainly, my lord,“ *replied* Mrs. Lascelles; „Miss Ossulton, the aunt of this young lady.“

Mrs. Lascelles purposely did not introduce *his lordship* in return, that she might mystify the old spinster.

„I feel highly honoured in finding myself in the company of Miss Ossulton,“ said Pickersgill. „Ladies, we wait but for you to sit down. Ossulton, take the head of the table and serve the soup.“

Miss Ossulton was astonished; she looked at the smugglers, and perceived two well-dressed gentlemanly men, one of whom was apparently a lord, and the other having the same family name.

„It must be all a hoax,“ thought she; and she very quietly took to her soup.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly. Pickersgill was agreeable, Corbett funny, and Miss Ossulton so far recovered herself as to drink wine with his lordship, and to ask Corbett what branch of their family he belonged to.

„I presume it's the Irish branch,“ said Mrs. Lascelles, prompting him.

„Exactly, madam,“ *replied* Corbett.

„Have you ever been to Torquay, ladies?“ inquired Pickersgill.

„No, my lord,“ answered Mrs. Lascelles.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The Three Cutters.

(Concluded from our last.)

„We shall anchor there in the course of an hour, and probably remain there till to-morrow. Steward, bring coffee. Tell the cook those cutlets were remarkably well dressed.“

The ladies retired to the cabin. Miss Ossulton was now convinced that it was all a hoax; „but“ said she, „I shall tell Lord B. my opinion of their practical jokes when he returns. What is his lordship's name who is on board?“

„He won't tell us,“ replied Mrs. Lascelles; „but I think I know; it is Lord Blarney.“

„Lord Blaney you mean, I presume,“ said Miss Ossulton; „however, the thing is carried too far. Cecilia, we will go on shore at Torquay, and wait till the yacht returns with Lord B. I don't like these jokes: they may do very well for widows, and people of no rank.“

Now, Mrs. Lascelles was sorry to find Miss Ossulton so much at her ease. She owed her no little spite, and wished for revenge. Ladies will go very far to obtain this. How far Mrs. Lascelles would have gone, I will not pretend to say, but this is certain, that the last tirade of Miss Ossulton very much added to her determination. She took her bonnet and went on deck, at once told Pickersgill that he could not please her or Cecilia more than by frightening Miss Ossulton, who, under the idea that it was all a hoax, had quite recovered her spirits; talked of her pride and ill-nature, and wished her to receive a useful lesson. Thus, to follow up her revenge, did Mrs. Lascelles commit herself so far, as to be confidential with the smuggler in return.

„Mrs. Lascelles, I shall be able to obey you, and, at the same time, to combine business with pleasure.“

After a short conversation, the yacht dropped her anchor at Torquay. It was then about two hours before sunset. As soon as the sails were furled, one or two gentlemen, who resided there, came on board to pay their respects to Lord B.; and, as Pickersgill had found out from Cecilia that her father was acquainted with no one there, he received them in person, asked them down in the cabin; called for wine; and desired them to send their boat away, as his own was going on shore. The smugglers took great care, that the steward, cook, and lady's maid, should keep no communication with the guests; one of them, by Corbett's direction, being a sentinel over each individual. The gentlemen remained about half-an-hour on board, during which Corbett and the smugglers had filled the portmanteaus found in the cabin with the lace; and they were put in the boat. Corbett then landed the gentlemen in the same boat, and went up to the hotel, the smugglers following him with the portmanteaus, without any suspicion or interruption. As soon as he was there, he ordered post-horses, and set off for a town close by, where he had correspondents; and thus the major part of the cargo was secured. Corbett then returned in the night, bringing with him people to receive the goods; and the smugglers landed the silks, teas, etc, with the same good fortune. Every thing was out of the yacht except a portion of the lace, which the portmanteaus would not hold. Pickersgill might easily have sent this on shore; but, to please Mrs. Lascelles, he arranged otherwise.

The next morning, about an hour after breakfast was finished, Mrs. Lascelles entered the cabin pretending to be in the greatest consternation, and fell on the sofa, as if she were going to faint.

„Good heavens! what is the matter?" exclaimed Cecilia, who knew very well what was coming.

„Oh, the wretch! he has made such proposals."

„Proposals! what proposals? what! Lord Blacey?" cried Miss Ossulton.

„Oh, he's no lord; he's a villain and a smuggler, and he insists that we shall both fill our pockets full of lace, and go on shore with him."

„Mercy on me! then it is no hoax after all; and I've been sitting down to dinner with a smuggler!"

„Sitting down, madam! — if it were to be no more than that — but we are to take his arm up to the hotel. Oh, dear! Cecilia, I am ordered on deck, pray come with me."

Miss Ossulton rolled on the sofa, and rang for Phoebe; she was in a state of great alarm.

A knock at the door.

„Come in," said Miss Ossulton, thinking it was Phoebe; when Pickersgill made his appearance.

„What do you want, sir? go out, sir! go out directly, or I'll scream."

„It is no use screaming, madam; recollect that all on board are at my service. You will oblige me by listening to me, Miss Ossulton. I am, as you know, a smuggler, and I must send this lace on shore. You will oblige me by putting it into your pockets, or about your person, and prepare to go on shore with me. As soon as we arrive at the hotel, you will deliver it to me, and I then shall reconduct you on board of the yacht. You are not the first lady who has gone on shore with contraband articles about her person.

„No, sir, go on shore in that way? no, sir, never! what will the world say? the Hon. Miss Ossulton walking with a smuggler! No, sir, never!"

„Yes, madam, walking arm-and-arm with a smuggler: I shall have you on one arm, and Mrs. Lascelles on the other; and I would advise you to take it very quietly, for, in the first place, it will be you who smuggle, as the goods will be found on your person, and you will certainly be put in prison, for, at the least appearance of insubordination, we run and inform against you and, further, your niece will remain on board a a hostage for your good behaviour, and if you have any regard for her liberty, you will consent immediately."

Pickersgill left the cabin, and shortly afterwards Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles entered, apparently much distressed. They had been informed of all, and Mrs. Lascelles declared, that, for her part, sooner than leave her poor Cecilia to the mercy of such people, she had made up her mind to submit to the smuggler's demands. Cecilia also begged so earnestly, that Miss Ossulton, who had no idea that it was a trick, with much sobbing and blubbering, consented.

When all was ready, Cecilia left the cabin; Pickersgill came down, handed up the two ladies, who had not exchanged a word with each other during Cecilia's absence; the boat was ready alongside, they went in, and pulled on shore. Every thing succeeded to the smuggler's satisfaction. Miss Ossulton, frightened out of her wits, took his arm; and, with Mrs. Lascelles on the other, they went up to the hotel, followed by four of his boat's crew. As soon as they were shewn into a room, Corbett, who was already on shore, asked for Lord B., and joined them. The ladies retired to another apartment, divested themselves of their contraband goods, and, after calling for some sandwiches and wine, Pickersgill walked on shore, and then returned on board. Mrs. Lascelles was triumphant; and she rewarded her new ally, the smuggler, with one of her sweetest smiles. Community of interest will sometimes make strange friendships.

Chapter VII

CONCLUSION.

We must now return to the other parties who have assisted in the acts of this little drama. Lord B., after puffing and paddling, the men relieving each other in order to make head against the wind which was off shore, arrived about midnight at a small town in West Bay, from whence he took a chaise on to Portsmouth, taking it for granted that his yacht would arrive as soon as, if not before himself, little imagining that it was in possession of the smugglers. There he remained three or four days, when, becoming impatient, he applied to one of his friends who had a yacht at Cowes, and sailed with him to look after his own.

We left the Happy-go-lucky chased by the revenue cutter. At first the smuggler had the advantage before the wind; but, by degrees, the wind went round with the sun, and brought the revenue cutter to leeward; it was then a chase on a wind, and the revenue cutter came fast up with her.

Morrison perceiving that he had no chance of escape, let run the ankers of brandy that he might not be condemned; but still he was in an awkward situation, as he had more men on board than allowed by act of Parliament. He therefore stood on, notwithstanding the shot of the cutter went over and over him, hoping that a fog or night might enable him to escape; but he had no such good fortune, — one of the shot carried away the heel of his mast, and the Happy-go-lucky's luck was all over. He was boarded and taken possession of; he asserted that the extra men were only passengers; but, in the first place, they were dressed in seamen's clothes, and, in the second, as soon as the boat was cleared of her, Appleboy had gone down to his gin toddy, and was not to be disturbed. The gentlemen smugglers therefore passed an uncomfortable night; and the cutter going to Portland by daylight before Appleboy was out of bed, they were taken on shore to the magistrate. Ossulton explained the whole affair, and they were immediately released and treated with respect; but they were not permitted to depart until they were bound over to appear against the smugglers, and prove the brandy having been on board. They then set off for Portsmouth in the seamen's clothes, having had quite enough of yachting for that season, Mr. Ossulton declaring that he only wanted to get his luggage, and then he would take care how he put himself again in the way of the shot of a revenue cruiser, or of sleeping a night on her decks.

In the meantime, Morrison and his men were locked up in the jail, the old man, as the key was turned on him, exclaiming, as he raised his foot in vexation: „That cursed blue pigeon!“

We will now return to the yacht.

About an hour after Pickersgill had come on board, Corbett had made all his arrangements and followed him. It was not advisable to remain at Torquay any longer, through fear of discovery; he, therefore, weighed the anchor before dinner, and made sail.

„What do you intend to do now, my lord,“ said Mrs. Lascelles.

„I intend to run down to Cowes, anchor the yacht in the night; and an hour before daylight leave you in my boat with all my men. I will take care that you are in perfect safety, depend upon it, even if I run a risk. I should, indeed, be miserable, if, through my wild freaks, any accident should happen to Mrs. Lascelles or Miss Ossulton.“

„I am very anxious about my father,“ observed Cecilia. „I trust that you will keep your promise.“

„I always have hitherto, Miss Ossulton; have I not?“

„Ours is but a short and strange acquaintance."

„I grant it; but it will serve for you to talk about long after. I shall disappear as suddenly as I have come — you will neither of you, in all probability, ever see me again."

The dinner was announced, and they sat down to table as before; but the elderly spinster refused to make her appearance; and Mrs Lascelles and Cecilia, who thought she had been frightened enough, did not attempt to force her. Pickersgill immediately yielded to these remonstrances, and, from that time, she remained undisturbed in the ladies' cabin, meditating over the indignity of having sat down to table, having drunk wine, and been obliged to walk on shore, taking the arm of a smuggler, and appear in such a humiliating situation.

The wind was light, and they made but little progress, and were not abreast of Portland till the second day, when another yacht appeared in sight, and the two vessels slowly neared until in the afternoon they were within four miles of each other. It then fell a dead calm — signals were thrown out by the other yacht, but could not be distinguished, and, for the last time, they sat down to dinner. Three days' companionship on board of a vessel, cooped up together, and having no one else to converse with, will produce intimacy; and Pickersgill was a young man of so much originality and information, that he was listened to with pleasure. He never attempted to advance beyond the line of strict decorum and politeness; and his companion was equally unpresuming. Situated as they were, and feeling what must have been the case had they fallen into other hands, both Cecilia and Mrs. Lascelles felt some degree of gratitude towards him; and, although anxious to be relieved from so strange a position, they had gradually acquired a perfect confidence in him, and this had produced a degree of familiarity, on their parts, although never ventured upon by the smuggler. As Corbett was at the table, one of the men came down and made a sign. Corbett shortly after quitted the table and went on deck. „I wish, my lord, you would come up a moment, and see if you can make this thing out," said Corbett, giving a significant nod to Pickersgill. „Excuse me, ladies, one moment," said Pickersgill, who went on deck.

„It is the boat of the yacht coming on board," said Corbett; „and Lord B. is in the sternsheets with the gentleman who was with him."

„And how many men in the boat? — let me see — only four. Well, let his lordship and his friend come: when they are on the deck, have the men ready in case of accident; but if you can manage to tell the boat's crew that they are to go on board again, and get rid of them that way, so much the better. Arrange this with Adams, and then come down again — his lordship must see us all at dinner."

Pickersgill then descended, and Corbett had hardly time to give his directions and to resume his seat, before his lordship and Mr. Stewart pulled up alongside and jumped on deck. There was no one to receive them but the seamen, and those whom they did not know. They looked around in amazement; at last his lordship said to Adams, who stood forward,

„What men are you?"

„Belong to the yacht, ye'r honour."

Lord B. heard laughing in the cabin: he would not wait to interrogate the men; he walked aft, followed by Mr. Stewart, looked down the skylight, and perceived his daughter and Mrs. Lascelles with, as he supposed, Houston and Ossulton.

Pickersgill had heard the boat rub the side, and the sound of the feet on deck, and he talked the more loudly that the ladies might be caught by Lord B. as they were. He heard their feet at the skylight, and knew that they could hear what passed; and at that moment he proposed to the ladies that as this was their last meeting at at table they should all take a glass of champagne to drink to „their happy meeting with Lord B." This was a toast which they did not refuse. Madden poured out the wine, and they were all bowing to each other, when his lordship, who had come down the ladder, walked into the cabin, followed by Mr. Stewart.

Cecilia perceived her father, the champagneglass dropped from her hand — she flew into his arms, and burst into tears.

„Who would not be a father, Mrs. Lascelles," said Pickersgill, quietly seating himself, after having first risen to receive Lord B.

„And pray, whom may I have the honour of finding established here?" said Lord B. in an angry tone, speaking over his daughter's head, who still lay in his arms. „By Heavens, you! — Stewart, it is the smuggling captain dressed out."

„Even so, my lord," replied Pickersgill. „You abandoned your yacht to capture me; you left these ladies in a vessel crippled for want of men: they might have been lost. I have returned good for evil by coming on board with my own people, and taking charge of them. This night I expected to have anchored your vessel in Cowes, and have left them in safety."

„By the — —" cried Stewart.

„Stop, sir, if you please!" cried Pickersgill; „recollect you have once already attacked one who never offended. Oblige me by refraining from intemperate language; for I tell you I will not put up with it. Recollect, sir, that I have refrained from that, and also from taking advantage of you when you were in my power. Recollect, sir, also, that the yacht is still in possession of the smugglers, and that you are in no condition to insult with impunity. My lord, allow me to observe, that we men are too hot of temperament to argue, or listen coolly. With your permission, your friend, and my friend, and I, will repair on deck, leaving you to hear from your daughter and that lady all that has passed. After that, my lord, I shall be most happy to hear any thing which your lordship may please to say."

„Upon my word —" commenced Mr. Stewart.

„Mr. Stewart," interrupted Cecilia Ossulton, „I request your silence; nay, more, if ever we are again to sail in the same vessel together, I insist upon it."

„Your lordship will oblige me by enforcing Miss Ossulton's request," said Mrs. Lascelles.

Mr. Stewart was dumbfounded, no wonder, to find the ladies siding with the smuggler.

„I am obliged to you ladies for your interference," said Pickersgill; „for although I have the means of enforcing conditions, I should be sorry to avail myself of them. I wait for his lordship's reply."

Lord B. was very much surprised. He wished for an explanation; he bowed with hauteur. Every body appeared to be in a false position; even he, Lord B., somehow or another, had bowed to a smuggler.

Pickersgill and Stewart went on deck, walking up and down, crossing each other, without speaking, but reminding you of two dogs who both are anxious to fight, but have been restrained by the voice of their masters. Corbett followed, and talked in a low tone to Pickersgill; Stewart went over to leeward to see if the boat was still alongside, but it had long before returned to the yacht. Miss Ossulton had heard her brother's voice, but did not come out of the after-cabin; she wished to be magnificent; and, at the same time, she was not sure whether all was right, Phebe having informed her that there was nobody with her brother and Mr. Stewart, and that the smugglers still had the command of the vessel. After a while, Pickersgill and Corbett went down forward, and returned dressed in the smugglers' clothes, when they resumed their walk on the deck.

In the mean time, it was dark; the cutter flew along the coast; and the Needles' lights were on the larboard bow. The conversation between Cecilia, Mrs. Lascelles, and her father, was long. When all had been detailed, and the conduct of Pickersgill duly represented, Lord B. acknowledged that, by attacking the smuggler, he had laid himself open to retaliation; that Pickersgill had shewn a great deal of forbearance in every instance; and, after all, had he not gone on board the yacht she might have been lost, with only three seamen on board. He was amused with the smuggling and the fright of his sister; still more, with the gentlemen being sent to Cherbourg; and much consoled that he was not the only one to be laughed at. He was also much pleased with Pickersgill's intention of leaving the yacht safe in Cowes harbour, his respect to the property on board, and his conduct to the ladies. On the whole, he felt grateful to Pickersgill; and where there is gratitude, there is always good will.

„But who can he be?" said Mrs. Lascelles, „his name he acknowledges not to be Pickersgill; and he told me confidentially that he was of good family."

„Confidentially! my dear Mrs. Lascelles," said Lord B.

„Oh, yes! we are both his confidants. Are we not, Cecilia?"

„Upon my honour, Mrs. Lascelles, this smuggler appears to have made an impression which many have attempted in vain."

Mrs. Lascelles did not reply to that remark, but said, „Now, my lord, you must decide; and I trust you will to oblige us — treat him as he has treated us, with the greatest respect and kindness."

„Why should you suppose otherwise?" replied Lord B.; „it is not only my wish, but my interest so to do. He may take us over to France to-night, or any where else. Has he not possession of the vessel?"

„Yes, replied Cecilia; „but we flatter ourselves that we have *the command*. Shall we call him down, papa?"

„Ring for Maddox. Maddox, tell Mr. Pickersgill, who is on deck, that I wish to speak with him, and shall be obliged by his stepping down into the cabin."

„Who, my lord? What! *Him?*"

„Yes, *him*," replied Cecilia, laughing.

„Must I call him, my lord, now, miss?"

„You may do as you please, Maddox; but recollect, he still is in possession of the vessel," replied Cecilia.

„Then, with your lordship's permission, I will; it's the safest way."

The smuggler entered the cabin; the ladies started as he appeared in his rough costume, with his throat open, and his loose black handkerchief. He was the *beau-ideal* of a handsome sailor.

„Your lordship wishes to communicate with me?"

„Mr. Pickersgill, I feel that you have had cause of enmity against me, and that you have behaved with forbearance. I thank you for your considerate treatment of the ladies; and I assure you, that I feel no resentment for what has passed."

„My lord, I am quite satisfied with what you have said; and I only hope that, in future, you will not interfere with a poor smuggler, who may be striving, by a life of danger and privation, to procure subsistence for himself and, perhaps, his family. I stated to these ladies my intention of anchoring the yacht this night at Cowes, and leaving her as soon as she was in safety. Your unexpected presence will only make this difference, which is, that I must previously obtain your lordship's assurance that those with you, will allow me and my men to quit her without molestation, after we have performed this service."

„I pledge you my word, Mr. Pickersgill, and I thank you into the bargain. I trust you will allow me to offer some remuneration."

„Most certainly not, my lord."

„At all events, Mr. Pickersgill, if, at any other time, I can be of service, you may command me."

Pickersgill made no reply.

„Surely, Mr. Pickersgill, —"

„Pickersgill! how I hate that name!" said the smuggler, musing. „I beg your lordship's pardon — if I may require your assistance for any of my unfortunate companions —"

„Not for yourself, Mr. Pickersgill?" said Mrs. Lascelles.

„Madam, I smuggle no more."

„For the pleasure I feel in hearing that resolution, Mr. Pickersgill," said Cecilia, „take my hand, and thanks."

„And mine," said Mrs. Lascelles, half crying.

„And mine, too," said Lord B., rising up.

Pickersgill passed the back of his hand across his eyes, turned round, and left the cabin.

„I'm so happy!“ said Mrs. Lascelles, bursting into tears.

„He's a magnificent fellow,“ observed Lord B. „Come, let us all go on deck.“

„You have not seen my aunt, papa.“

„True; I'll go in to her, and then follow you.“

The ladies went upon deck. Cecilia entered into conversation with Mr. Stewart, giving him a narrative of what had happened. Mrs. Lascelles sat abaft on the taffrail, with her pretty hand supporting her cheek, looking very much *à la Juliette*.

„Mrs. Lascelles,“ said Pickersgill, „before we part, allow me to observe, that it is you who have induced me to give up my profession——“

„Why me, Mr. Pickersgill?“

„You said that you did not like it.“

Mrs. Lascelles felt the force of the compliment. „You said, just now, that you hated the name of Pickersgill: why do you call yourself so?“

„It was my smuggling name, Mrs. Lascelles.“

„And now, that you have left off smuggling, pray what may be the name we are to call you by?“

„I cannot resume it, till I have not only left this vessel, but shaken hands with, and bid farewell to, my companions; and by that time, Mrs. Lascelles, I shall be away from you.“

„But I've a great curiosity to know it, and a lady's curiosity must be gratified. You must call upon me some day and tell it me. Here is my address.“

Pickersgill received the card with a low bow, and Lord B. coming on deck, Mrs. Lascelles hastened to meet him.

The vessel was now passing the Bridge at the Needles, and the smuggler piloted her on. As soon as they were clear and well inside, the whole party went down into the cabin, Lord B. requesting Pickersgill and Corbett to join him in a parting glass. Mr. Stewart, who had received the account of what had passed from Cecilia, was very attentive to Pickersgill, and took an opportunity of saying, that he was sorry that he had said or done any thing to annoy him. Every one recovered his spirits; and all was good humour and mirth, because Miss Ossulton adhered to her resolution of not quitting the cabin till she could quit the yacht. At ten o'clock the yacht was anchored. Pickersgill took his leave of the honourable company, and went in his boat with his men; and Lord B. was again in possession of his vessel, although he had not a ship's company. Mathews recovered his usual tone; and the cook flourished his knife, swearing that he should like to see the smuggler who would again order him to dress dinner *à l'ombre Chinoise*.

The yacht had remained three days at Cowes, when Lord B. received a letter from Pickersgill, stating that the men of his vessel had been captured, and would be condemned, in consequence of their having the gentlemen on board, who were bound to appear against them, to prove that they had sunk the brandy. Lord B. paid all the recognisances, and the men were liberated for want of evidence.

It was about two years after this that Cecilia Ossulton, who was sitting at her work-table in deep mourning for her aunt, was presented with a letter by the butler. It was from her friend Mrs. Lascelles, informing her that she was married again to a Mr. Davenant, and intended to pay her a short visit on her way to the Continent. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant arrived the next day; and when the latter introduced her husband, she said to Miss Ossulton, „Look, Cecilia, dear, and tell me if you have ever seen Davenant before.“

Cecilia looked earnestly. „I have, indeed,“ cried she at last, extending her hand with warmth; „and happy am I to meet with him again.“

For in Mr. Davenant she recognised her old acquaintance, the captain of the Happy-go-lucky, Jack Pickersgill, the smuggler.

The seven Sisters;
or the Solitude of Binnorie.

By W. Wordsworth.

Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle-horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right —
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they: Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind! —
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry: Nay let us die,
And let us die together.
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plung'd into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By Faeries are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

A Thought.

They say that Hope is happiness, —
  But genuine love must prize the Past;
And Memory wakes rich thoughts, that bless, —
  They rose the first, — they set the last.
And all that memory loves the most,
  Was once our only hope to be, —
And all that Hope adored and lost
  Hath melted into memory.

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Henry Fielding.

Dieſer, zu ſeiner Zeit als Gründer des engliſchen komiſchen Familienromans eben ſo hoch gefeierte, als wegen ſeiner perſönlichen Schwächen lebhaft angegriffene Schriftſteller ſtammte aus guter Familie, und ward im Jahre 1707 zu Sharpham in Somerſetſhire geboren. Sein Vater, der General Fielding, ließ ihm eine vortreffliche Erziehung geben, und ſandte ihn erſt auf die Schule nach Eton und darauf nach Leiden, um dort die Rechte zu ſtudiren. Er verweilte hier zwei Jahr und kehrte dann kaum zwanzigjährig nach England zurück. Leichtſinn und lockeres Leben, welche ihn in Schulden ſtürzten, trieben ihn an, ſeiner Neigung zu folgen und für die komiſche Bühne zu arbeiten. Seine Luſtſpiele und Opern erfreuten ſich größtentheils eines glücklichen Erfolges, den ſie mehr ihrer Wahrheit und Natürlichkeit als ihrem wirklichen dramatiſchen Werthe zu verdanken haben. Ein günſtiges Geſchick ließ ihn um dieſe Zeit die Neigung einer vortrefflichen, nicht ganz unbemittelten Dame gewinnen. Er vermählte ſich mit ihr und hätte, da ihm der Tod ſeiner Mutter ein jährliches Einkommen von 200 Pfund Sterling ſicherte, nun ſorgenfrei ſeinen literäriſchen Beſchäftigungen leben können, aber ſein zügelloſer Leichtſinn verleitete ihn fortwährend zu neuen Verſchwendungen, ſo daß ſein ganzes ererbtes Vermögen bereits vergeudet war, noch ehe er ſein dreißigſtes Jahr erreicht hatte. Die Nothwendigkeit für ſich und die Seinen ſorgen zu müſſen, veranlaßte ihn, ſeine juriſtiſchen Studien wieder aufzunehmen und Advocat zu werden. Auch in dieſem neuen Berufe begünſtigte ihn das Schickſal; er arbeitete fleißig und gehörte eine Zeitlang zu den beliebteſten und geſuchteſten Anwälden in London. Richardſon's Familienromane, welche damals außerordentlich viel geleſen wurden und faſt unglaublichen Beifall fanden, brachten ihn auf den Gedanken, daſſelbe Genre komiſch zu behandeln. Schon früher hatte er das Leben eines berüchtigten Spitzbuben, Jonathan Wild, als einen Roman bearbeitet und dieſe Arbeit ſich einer ſehr guten Aufnahme bei dem Publikum erfreut, jetzt trat er aber mit ſeinem Joſeph Andrews einem komiſchen Seitenſtück zu Richardſon's Pamela hervor und begann den Ruhm ſeines ernſten Nebenbuhlers beträchtlich dadurch zu ſchmälern; den glänzendſten Erfolg jedoch fand ſein nächſtes Werk dieſer Art, der berühmte Tom Jones (History of a Foundling) das trotz ſeinen vielen Fehlern doch noch immer als ein Meiſterſtück komiſcher Darſtellung des bürgerlichen Lebens betrachtet wird. — Nicht ſo gelungen iſt ſeine, bald nach dem Tom Jones erſchienene dritte Leiſtung auf dieſem Gebiet, Amelia, da ſie bereits unverkennbare Spuren geiſtiger Erſchöpfung trägt, obwohl ſie im Ganzen correcter iſt. Fieldings Jugendleben hatte ihm ein frühes Alter zugezogen: von mannigfachen körperlichen Leiden geſchwächt, begab er ſich mit ſeiner Familie nach Liſſabon, um hier durch den Einfluß des milden Klima zu geneſen; aber ſeine Hoffnung war vergebens, er ſtarb daſelbſt wenige Monate nach ſeiner Landung, 1754, im acht und vierzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters an der Waſſerſucht. Eine Herausgabe ſeiner ſämmtlichen Schriften beſorgte Arthur Murphy (Works of Fielding, London 1762, 4 Bde. in 4., ſowie 8 Bde. in 8.)

Die hervorſtechendſte Eigenſchaft in Fieldings Leiſtungen iſt ſeine komiſche Auffaſſung des häuslichen

Lebens und ſein Talent der Darſtellung, wenn man es von dieſer Seite aus betrachtet. Der geſunde Verſtand, der ſich hier überall bei ihm offenbart, würde aber noch wirkſamer ſein, wenn er eine moraliſche Tendenz vor Augen gehabt hätte; ſelbſt leichtſinnig gefällt er ſich zu wohl darin den Leichtſinn als liebenswürdig zu ſchildern und verſchmäht die Gemeinheit nicht, wo dieſe ihm komiſche Motive darbietet. Indem er vor Allem gegen das Unnatürliche und Naturwidrige ankämpft, ſcheint ihm dagegen alles Natürliche nicht allein erlaubt, ſondern rechtmäßig, und die ſtrenge Scheidungslinie, die ein höherer Sinn zwiſchen Sittlichkeit aus edlerem Bedürfniß und der Sinnlichkeit als rohem Naturtriebe zieht, iſt für ihn nur inſofern vorhanden, als die Nothwendigkeit des gewöhnlichen Lebens mit ſeinen hergebrachten Geſetzen ſie gezogen hat, nicht aber wie das Streben nach geiſtiger Verbeſſerung ſie verlangt. Große Lebenskenntniß, ſubjective Wahrheit und gewandte, wenn auch oft zu breit angelegte Zeichnung ſind ihm dagegen nicht abzuſprechen und ſein Tom Jones, ſowie einzelne Stellen und Capitel aus ſeinen anderen Schriften werden ſtets als Muſterbilder in dieſem Genre ihre Geltung behalten.

The History of Anna Boleyn.

By Henry Fielding.

(See A Journey from this World to the next.)

I am going now truly to recount a life, which, from the time of its ceasing, has been, in the other world, the continual subject of the cavils of contending parties; the one making me as black as hell, the other as pure and innocent as the inhabitants of this blessed place; the mist of prejudice blinding their eyes, and zeal for what they themselves profess, making every thing appear in that light, which they think most conduces to its honour.

My infancy was spent in my father's house, in those childish plays, which are most suitable to that state, and I think was one of the happiest parts of my life; for my parents were not among the number of those who look upon their children as so many objects of a tyrannic power, but I was regarded as the dear pledge of a virtuous love, and all my little pleasures were thought from their indulgence their greatest delight. At seven years old I was carried into France with the King's sister, who was married to the French King, where I lived with a person of quality, who was an acquaintance of my father's. I spent my time in learning those things necessary to give young persons of fashion a polite education, and did neither good nor evil, but day passed after day in the same easy way, till I was fourteen; then began my anxiety; my vanity grew strong, and my heart fluttered with joy at every compliment paid to my beauty: and as the lady, with whom I lived, was of a gay, cheerful disposition, she kept a great deal of company, and my youth and charms made me the continual object of their admiration. I passed some little time in those exulting raptures, which are felt by every woman, perfectly satisfied with herself, and with the behaviour of others towards her: I was, when very young, promoted to be maid of honour to her majesty. The court was frequented by a young nobleman, whose beauty was the chief subject of conversation in all assemblies of ladies. The delicacy of his person, added to a great softness in his manner, gave every thing he said and did such an air of tenderness, that every woman he spoke to, flattered herself with being the object of his love. I was one of those who was vain enough of my own charms to hope to make a conquest of him, whom the whole court sighed for: I now thought every other object below my notice; yet the only pleasure I proposed to myself in this design was, the triumphing over that heart, which I plainly saw all the ladies of the highest quality, and the greatest beauty, would have been proud of possessing. I was yet too young to be very artful; but nature, without any assistance, soon discovers to a man, who is used to gallantry, a woman's desire to be liked by him, whether that desire arises from any particular choice she makes of him, or only from vanity. He soon perceived my thoughts, and gratified my utmost wishes, by constantly preferring me before all other women, and exerting his utmost gallantry and address to engage my affections. This sudden happiness, which I then thought the greatest I could have had, appeared visible to all my actions; I grew so gay, and so full of vivacity, that it made my person appear still to a better advantage, all my acquaintance pretending to be fonder of me than ever: though young as I was, I plainly saw it was but pretence, for through all their endeavours to the contrary, envy would often break forth in sly insinuations, and malicious sneers, which gave me fresh matter of triumph, and frequent opportunities of insulting them, which I never let slip, for now first my female heart grew sensible of the spiteful pleasure of seeing another languish for what I enjoyed. Whilst I was in the height of my happiness, her majesty fell ill of a languishing distemper, which obliged her to go into the country for the change of air; my place made it necessary for me to attend her, and which way he brought it about, I can't imagine, but my young hero found means to be one of that small train that waited on my royal mistress, although she went as privately as possible. Hitherto all the interviews I had ever had with him were in public, and I only looked on him as the fitter object to feed that pride which had no other view but to shew its power; but now the scene was quite changed. My rivals were all at a distance: the place we went to was as charming as the most agreeable natural situation, assisted by the greatest art, could make it; the pleasant solitary walks, the singing of birds, the thousand pretty romantic scenes this delightful place afforded, gave a sudden turn to my mind, my whole soul was melted into softness, and all my vanity was fled. My spark was too much used to affairs of this nature, not to perceive this change; at first the profuse transports of his joy made me believe him wholly mine, and this belief gave me such happiness, that no language affords words to express it, and can be only known to those who have felt it. But this was of a very short duration, for I soon found I had to do with one of those men, whose only end in the pursuit of a woman, is to make her fall a victim to an insatiable desire to be admired. His designs had succeeded, and now he every day grew colder, and, as if by infatuation, my passion every day increased; and notwithstanding all my resolutions and endeavours to the contrary, my rage at the disappointment at once both of my love and pride, and at the finding a passion fixed in my breast, I knew not how to conquer, broke out into that inconsistent behaviour, which must always be the consequence of violent passions. One moment I reproached him, the next I grew to tenderness, and blamed myself, and thought I fancied what was not true; he saw my struggle, and triumphed in it; but as he had not witnesses enough there of his victory, to give him the full enjoyment of it, he grew weary of the country, and returned to Paris, and left me in a condition it is utterly impossible to describe. My mind was like a city up in arms, all confusion: and every new thought was a fresh disturber of my peace. Sleep quite forsook me, and the anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever, which had like to have cost me my life. With great care I recovered; but the violence of the distemper left such a weakness on my body, that the disturbance of my mind was greatly assuaged; and now I began to comfort myself in the reflection, that this gentleman's being a finished coquet, was very likely the only thing that could have preserved me; for he was the only man from whom I was ever in any danger. By that time I was got tolerably well, we returned to Paris; and I confess, I both wished and feared to see this cause of all my pain: however, I hoped, by the help of my resentment, to be able to meet him with indifference. This employed my thoughts till our arrival. The next day, there was a very full court to congratulate the queen on her recovery: and, amongst the rest, my love appeared dressed and adorned, as if he designed some new conquest. Instead of seeing a woman he despised and slighted, he approached me with that assured air which is common to successful coxcombs.

At the same time, I perceived I was surrounded by all those ladies who were on his account my greatest enemies; and, in revenge, wished for nothing more than to see me make a ridiculous figure. This situation so perplexed my thoughts, that when he came near enough to speak to me, I fainted away in his arms. (Had I studied which way I could gratify him most, it was impossible to have done any thing to have pleased him more!) Some, that stood by, brought smelling-bottles, and used means for my recovery; and I was welcomed to returning life, by all those ill-natured repartees, which women enraged by envy are capable of venting. One cried: Well I never thought my lord had any thing so frightful in his person, or so fierce in his manner, as to strike a young lady dead at the sight of him. No, no, says another, some ladies' senses are more apt to be hurried by agreeable, than disagreeable objects. With many more such sort of speeches which shewed more malice than wit. This not being able to bear, trembling, and with but just strength enough to move, I crawled to my coach and hurried home. When I was alone, and thought on what had happened to me in a public court, I was at first driven to the utmost despair, but afterwards, when I came to reflect, I believe this accident contributed more to my being cured of my passion, than any other could have done. I began to think the only method to pique the man, who had used me so barbarously, and to be revenged on my spiteful rivals, was to recover that beauty, which was then languid, and had lost its lustre; to let them see I had still charms enough to engage as many lovers as I could desire, and that I could yet rival them, who had thus cruelly insulted me. These pleasing hopes revived my sinking spirits, and worked a more effectual cure on me, than all the philosophy and advice of the wisest men could have done. I now employed all my time and care in adorning my person, and studying the surest means of engaging the affections of others, while I myself continued quite indifferent; for I resolved for the future, if ever one soft thought made its way to my heart, to fly the object of it, and by new lovers to drive the image from my breast. I consulted my glass every morning, and got such a command of my countenance, that I could suit it to the different tastes of a variety of lovers; and though I was young, for I was not yet above seventeen, yet my public way of life gave me such continual opportunities of conversing with men, and the strong desire I now had of pleasing them, led me to make such constant observations on every thing they said or did, that I soon found out the different methods of dealing with them. I observed that most men generally liked in women what was most opposite to their own characters; therefore, to the grave solid man of sense, I endeavoured to appear sprightly, and full of spirit; to the witty and gay, soft and languishing; to the amorous (for they want no increase of their passions) cold and reserved; to the fearful and backward, warm and full of fire; and so of all the rest. As to beaux, and all those sort of men, whose desires are centered in the satisfaction of their vanity, I had learned, by sad experience, the only way to deal with them was to laugh at them, and let their own good opinion of themselves be the only support of their hopes. I knew, while I could get other followers, I was sure of them; for the only sign of modesty they ever give, is that of not depending on their own judgments, but following the opinions of the greatest number. Thus furnished with maxims, and grown wise by past errors, I in a manner began the world again: I appeared in all public places handsomer and more lively than ever, to the amazement of every one who saw me, and had heard of the affair between me and my lord. He himself was much surprised and vexed at this sudden change, nor could he account how it was possible for me so soon to shake off those chains he thought he had fixed on me for life, nor was he willing to lose his conquest in this manner. He endeavoured by all means possible to talk to me again of love, but I stood fixed to my resolution, (in which I was greatly assisted by the crowd of admirers that daily surrounded me) never to let him explain himself: for notwithstanding all my pride, I found the first impression the heart receives of love is so strong, that it requires the most vigilant care to prevent a relapse. Now I lived three years in a constant round of diversions, and was made the perfect idol of all the men that came to court of all ages, and all characters. I had several good matches offered me, but I thought none of them equal to my merit; and one of my greatest pleasures was to see those women, who had pretended to rival me, often glad to marry those whom I had refused. Yet, notwithstanding this great success of my schemes, I cannot say I was perfectly happy; for every woman that was taken the least notice of, and every man that was insensible to my arts, gave me as much pain as all the rest gave me pleasure; and sometimes little underhand plots, which were laid against my designs, would succeed in spite of my care: so that I really began to grow weary of this manner of life, when my father, returning from his embassy in France, took me home with him, and carried me to a little pleasant country house, where there was nothing grand or superfluous, but every thing neat and agreeable; there I led a life perfectly solitary. At first, the time hung very heavy on my hands, and I wanted all kind of employment, and I had very like to have fallen into the height of the vapours, from no other reason, but from want of knowing what to do with myself. But when I had lived here a little time, I found such a calmness in my mind, and such a difference between this, and the restless anxieties I had experienced in a court, that I began to share the tranquillity, that visibly appeared in every thing round me. I set myself to do works of fancy, and to raise little flower gardens, with many such innocent rural amusements; which although they are not capable of affording any great pleasure, yet they give that serene turn to the mind, which I think much preferable to any thing else human nature is made susceptible of. I now resolved to spend the rest of my days here, and that nothing should allure me from this sweet retirement, to be again tossed about with tempestuous passions of any kind. Whilst I was in this situation, my lord Piercy, the earl of Northumberland's eldest son, by an accident of losing his way after a fox-chase, was met by my father, about a mile from our house; he came home with him, only with a design of dining with us, but was so taken with me, that he stayed three days. I had too much experience in all affairs of this kind, not to see presently the influence I had on him; but I was at that time so entirely free from all ambition, that even the prospect of being a countess had no effect on me; and I then thought nothing in the world could have bribed me to have changed my way of life. This young lord, who was just in his bloom, found his passion so strong, he could not endure a long absence, but returned again in a week, and endeavoured, by all the means he could think of, to engage me to return his affection. He addressed me with that tenderness and respect, which women on earth think can flow from nothing but real love; and very often told me, that unless he could be so happy, as by his assiduity and care to make himself agreeable to me, although he knew my father would eagerly embrace any proposal from him, yet he would suffer that last of miseries, of never seeing me more, rather than owe his own happiness to any thing that might be the least contradiction to my inclinations. This manner of proceeding had something in it so noble and generous, that by degrees it raised a sensation in me, which I know not how to describe, nor by what name to call it; it was nothing like my former passion; for there was no turbulence, no uneasy waking nights attending it, but all I could with honour grant to oblige him, appeared to me to be justly due to his truth and love, and more the effect of gratitude, than of any desire of my own. The character I had heard of him from my father, at my first returning to England, in discoursing of the young nobility, convinced me, that if I was his wife, I should have the perpetual satisfaction of knowing every action of his must be approved by all the sensible part of mankind; so that very soon I began to have no scruple left, but that of leaving my little scene of quietness, and venturing again into the world. But this, by his continual application and submissive behaviour, by degrees entirely vanished, and I agreed he should take his own time to break it to my father, whose consent he was not long in obtaining; for such a match was by no means to be refused. There remained nothing now to be done, but to prevail with the earl of Northumberland to comply with what his son so ardently desired; for which purpose, he set out immediately for London, and begged it as the greatest favour, that I would accompany my father, who was also to go thither the week following. I could not refuse his request, and as soon as we arrived in town, he flew to me with the greatest raptures, to inform me his father was so good, that finding his happiness depended on his answer, he had given him free leave to act in this affair as would best please himself, and that he had now no obstacle to prevent his wishes. It was then the beginning of the winter, and the time for our marriage was fixed for the latter end of March: the consent of all parties made his access to me very easy, and we conversed together both with innocence and pleasure. As his fondness was so great, that he contrived all the methods possible to keep me continually in his sight, he told me one morning, he was commanded by his father to attend him to court that evening, and begged I would be so good as to meet him there. I was now so used to act as he would have me, that I made no difficulty of complying with his desire. Two days after this, I was very much surprised at perceiving such a melancholy in his countenance, and alteration in his behaviour, as I could no way account for; but, by my importunity, at last, I got from him, that cardinal Wolsey, for what reason he knew not had peremptorily forbid him to think any more of me: and when he urged that his father was not displeased with it, the cardinal, in his imperious manner, answered him, he should give his father such convincing reasons, why it would be attended with great inconveniencies, that he was sure he could bring him to be of his opinion. On which he turned from him, and gave him no opportunity of replying. I could not imagine what design the cardinal could have in intermeddling in this match, and I was still more perplexed to find that my father treated my lord Piercy with much more coldness than usual; he too saw it, and we both wondered what could possibly be the cause of all this. But it was not long before the mystery was all made clear by my father, who sending for me one day into his chamber, let me into a secret which was as little wished for as expected. He began with the surprising effects of youth and beauty, and the madness of letting go those advantages they might procure us, till it was too late, when we might wish in vain to bring them back again. I stood amazed at this beginning; he saw my confusion, and bid me sit down, and attend to what he was going to tell me, which was of the greatest consequence; and he hoped I would be wise enough to take his advice, and act as he should think best for my future welfare. He then asked me, if I should not be much pleased to be a queen? I answered, with the greatest earnestness, that so far from it, I would not live in a court again to be the greatest queen in the world; that I had a lover who was both desirous and able to raise my station, even beyond my wishes. I found this discourse was very displeasing; my father frowned, and called me a romantic fool, and said, if I would hearken to him he could make me a queen; for the cardinal had told him, that the king, from the time he saw me at court the other night, liked me; and intended to get a divorce from his wife, and to put me in her place: and ordered him to find some method to make me a maid of honour to her present majesty, that, in the mean time, he might have an opportunity of seeing me. It is impossible to express the astonishment these words threw me into; and notwithstanding that the moment before, when it appeared at so great a distance, I was very sincere in my declaration, how much it was against my will to be raised so high, yet, now the prospect came nearer, I confess my heart fluttered, and my eyes were dazzled with a view of being seated on a throne. My imagination presented before me all the pomp, power, and greatness, that attend a crown; and

I was so perplexed, I knew not what to answer, but remained so silent as if I had lost the use of my speech. My father, who guessed what it was that made me in this condition, proceeded to bring all the arguments he thought most likely to bend me to his will; at last, I recovered from this dream of grandeur, and begged him by all the most endearing names I could think of, not to urge me dishonourably to forsake the man, who I was convinced would raise me to an empire, if in his power to give me all I desired. But he was deaf to all I could say, and insisted, that by next week, I should prepare myself to go to court: he bid me consider of it, and not prefer a ridiculous notion of honour to the real interest of my whole family, but, above all things, not to disclose what he had trusted me with. On which, he left me to my own thoughts. When I was alone, I reflected how little tenderness this behaviour showed to me, whose happiness he did not at all consult; but only looked on me as a ladder, on which he could climb to the height of his own ambitious desires: and when I thought of his fondness for me in my infancy, I could impute it to nothing, but either the liking me as a plaything, or the gratification of his vanity in my beauty. But I was too much divided between a crown and my engagement to lord Piercy, to spend much time in thinking of any thing else; and although my father had positively forbid me, yet, when he came next, I could not help acquainting him with all that had passed, with the reserve only of the struggle in my own mind on the first mention of being a queen. I expected he would have received the news with the greatest agonies; but he showed no vast emotion; however, he could not help turning pale; and taking me by the hand, looked at me with an air of tenderness, and said: If being a queen will make you happy, and it is in your power to be so, I would not for the world prevent it, let me suffer what I will.

This amazing greatness of mind had on me quite the contrary effect from what it ought to have had; for instead of increasing my love for him, it almost put an end to it, and I began to think if he could part with me, the matter was not much. And I am convinced, when any man gives up the possession of a woman, whose consent he has once obtained, let his motive be ever so generous, he will disoblige her. I could not help showing my dissatisfaction, and told him, I was very glad this affair sat so easily on him. He had not power to answer, but was so suddenly struck with this unexpected ill-natured turn I gave his behaviour, that he stood amazed for some time, and then bowed and left me. Now I was again left to my own reflections; but, to make any thing intelligible out of them, is quite impossible; I wished to be a queen, and wished I might not be one; I would have my lord Piercy happy without me; and yet I would not have the power of my charms be so weak, that he could bear the thought of life after being disappointed in my love. But the result of all these confused thoughts was a resolution to obey my father. I am afraid there was not much duty in the case, though at that time I was glad to take hold of that small shadow, to save me from looking on my own actions in the true light. When my lover came again, I looked on him with that coldness that he could not bear, on purpose to rid myself of all importunity: for since I had resolved to use him ill, I regarded him as the monument of my shame, and his every look appeared to me to upbraid me. My father soon carried me to court; there I had no very hard part to act; for with the experience I had had of mankind, I could find no great difficulty in managing a man who liked me, and for whom I not only did not care, but had an utter aversion to; but this aversion he believed to be virtue, for how credulous is a man who has an inclination to believe! And I took care sometimes to drop words of cottages and love, and how happy the woman was who fixed her affections on a man in such a station of life, that she might show her love, without being suspected of hypocrisy or mercenary views. All this was swallowed very easily by the amorous king, who pushed on the divorce with the utmost impetuosity, although the affair lasted a good while, and I remained most part of the time behind the curtain. Whenever the king mentioned it to me, I used such arguments against it, as I thought the most likely to make him the more eager for it; begging, that unless his conscience was really touched, he would not on my account give any grief to his virtuous queen; for, to being her handmaid, I thought myself highly honoured; and that I would not only forego a crown, but even give up the pleasure of ever seeing him more, rather than wrong my royal mistress. This way of talking, joined to his eager desire to possess my person, convinced the king so strongly of my exalted merit, that he thought it a meritorious act to displace the woman (whom he could not have so good an opinion of, because he was tired of her) and to put me in her place. After about a year's stay at court, as the king's love to me began to be talked of, it was thought proper to remove me, that there might be no umbrage given to the queen's party; I was forced to comply with this, though greatly against my will; for I was very jealous that absence might change the king's mind. I retired again with my father to his country-seat, but it had no longer those charms for me which I once enjoyed there; for my mind was now too much taken up with ambition, to make room for any other thoughts. During my stay here, my royal lover often sent gentlemen to me with messages and letters, which I always answered in the manner I thought would best bring about my designs, which were to come back again to court. In all the letters that passed between us, there was something so kingly and commanding in his, and so deceitful and submissive in mine, that I sometimes could not help reflecting on the difference betwixt this correspondence, and that with lord Percy; yet I was so pressed forward by the desire of a crown, I could not think of turning back. In all I wrote, I continually praised his resolution of letting me be at a distance from him, since at this time it was condescend indeed to my honour; but what was of ten times more weight with me, I thought it was necessary for his; and I would sooner suffer any thing in the world, than be any means of hurt to him, either in his interest, or reputation. I always gave some hints of ill health, with some reflections how necessary the peace of the mind was to that of the body. By these means, I brought him to recal me again by the most absolute command, which I for a little time artfully delayed, (for I knew the impatience of his temper would not bear any contradiction) till he made my father in a manner force me to what I most wished, with the utmost appearance of reluctance on my side. When I had gained this point, I began to think which way I could separate the king from the queen, for hitherto they lived in the same house. The lady Mary, the queen's daughter, being then about sixteen, I sought for emissaries of her own age, that I could confide in, to instil into her mind disrespectful thoughts of her father, and make a jest of the tenderness of his conscience about the divorce. I knew she had naturally strong passions, and that young people of that age are apt to think those that pretend to be their friends are really so, and only speak their minds freely: I afterwards contrived to have every word she spoke of him carried to the king; who took it all as I could wish, and fancied those things did not come at first from the young lady, but from her mother. He would often talk of it to me, and I agreed with him in his sentiments; but then, as a great proof of my goodness, I always endeavoured to excuse her, by saying, a lady so long time used to be a royal queen, might naturally be a little exasperated with those she fancied would throw her from that station she so justly deserved.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

The History of Anna Boleyn.

By Henry Fielding.

(Concluded from our last.)

By these sort of plots, I found the way to make the king angry with the queen; for nothing is easier than to make a man angry with a woman he wants to be rid of, and who stands in the way between him and his pleasures: so that now the king, on the pretence of the queen's obstinacy, in a point where his conscience was so tenderly concerned, parted with her. Every thing was now plain before me; I had nothing farther to do but to let the king alone to his own desires: and I had no reason to fear, since they had carried him so far, but that they would urge him on to do every thing I aimed at. I was created marchioness of Pembroke. This dignity sat very easy on me; for the thoughts of a much higher title took from me all feelings of this; and I looked upon being a marchioness as a trifle; not that I saw the bauble in its true light, but because it fell short of what I had figured to myself I should soon obtain. The king's desires grew very impatient, and it was not long before I was privately married to him. I was no sooner his wife, than I found all the queen come upon me; I felt myself conscious of royalty, and even the faces of my most intimate acquaintance seemed to me to be quite strange. I hardly knew them, height had turned my head, and I was like a man placed on a monument, to whose sight all creatures, at a great distance below him, appear like so many little pigmies crawling about on the earth; and the prospect so greatly delighted me, that I did not presently consider, that in both cases descending a few steps erected by human hands would place us in the number of those very pigmies who appear so despicable. Our marriage was kept private for some time, for it was not thought proper to make it public (the affair of the divorce not being finished) till the birth of my daughter Elizabeth made it necessary. But all who saw me knew it; for my manner of speaking and acting was so much changed with my station, that all around me plainly perceived, I was sure I was a queen. While it was a secret, I had yet something to wish for; I could not be perfectly satisfied, till all the world was acquainted with my fortune: but when my coronation was over, and I was raised to the height of my ambition, instead of finding myself happy, I was in reality more miserable than ever; for besides that the aversion I had naturally to the king was much more difficult to dissemble after marriage than before, and grew into a perfect detestation, my imagination, which had thus warmly pursued a crown, grew cool when I was in the possession of it, and gave me time to reflect what mighty matter

I had gained by all this bustle; and I often used to think myself in the case of the fox hunter, who, when he has toiled and sweated all day in the chace, as if some unheard-of blessing was to crown his success, finds, at last, all he has got by his labour, is a stinking nauseous animal. But my condition was yet worse than his; for he leaves the loathsome wretch to be torn by his hounds, whilst I was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly pretend him to be the object of my love. For the whole time I was in this envied, this exalted state, I led a continual life of hypocrisy, which I now know nothing on earth can compensate. I had no companion but the man I hated. I dared not disclose my sentiments to any person about me; nor did any one presume [illegible] enter into any freedom of conversation wi[illegible] but all who spoke to me, talked to the [illegible] and not to me; for they would have said just the same things to a dress'd up puppet, if the king had taken a fancy to call it his wife. And as I knew every woman in the court was my enemy, from thinking she had much more right than I had to the place I filled, I thought myself as unhappy, as if I had been placed in a wild wood, where there was no human creature for me to speak to, in a continual fear of leaving any traces of my footsteps, lest I should be found by some dreadful monster, or stung by snakes and adders; for such are spiteful women to the objects of their envy.

In this worst of all situations, I was obliged to hide my melancholy, and appear cheerful. This threw me into an error the other way, and I sometimes fell into a levity in my behaviour, that was afterwards made use of to my disadvantage. I had a son dead-born, which I perceived abated something of the king's ardour; for his temper could not brook the least disappointment. This gave me no uneasiness; for not considering the consequences, I could not help being best pleased when I saw least of his company. Afterwards I found he had cast his eyes on one of my maids of honour; and whether it was owing to any art of hers, or only to the king's violent passions, I was in the end used even worse than my former mistress had been by my means. The decay of the king's affection was presently seen by all those court sycophants, who continually watch the motions of royal eyes; and the moment they found they could be heard against me, they turned my most innocent actions and words, nay even my very looks, into proofs of the blackest crimes. The king, who was impatient to enjoy his new love, lent a willing ear to all my accusers, who found ways of making him jealous, that I was false to his bed. He would not so easily have believed any thing against me before, but he was now glad to flatter himself that he had found a reason to do just what he had resolved upon without a reason; and on some [illegible] pretences, and hearsay evidence, I was [illegible] to the Tower, where the lady, who was my greatest enemy, was appointed to watch me, and lie in the same chamber with me. This was really as bad a punishment as my death; for she insulted me with those keen reproaches, and spiteful witticisms which threw me into such vapours and violent fits, that I knew not what I uttered in this condition. She pretended, I had confessed talking ridiculous stuff with a set of low fellows, whom I had hardly ever taken notice of, as could have imposed on none but such as were resolved to believe. I was brought to my trial, and, to blacken me the more, accused of conversing criminally with my own brother, whom indeed I loved extremely well, but never looked on him in any other light than as my friend. However, I was condemned to be beheaded, or burnt, as the king pleased; and he was graciously pleased, from the great remains of his love, to chuse the mildest sentence. I was much less shocked at this manner of ending my life, than I should have been in any other station; but I had had so little enjoyment from the time I had been a queen, that death was the less dreadful to me. The chief things that lay on my conscience, were the arts I made use of to induce the king to part with the queen, my ill usage of lady Mary, and my jilting lord Piercy. However, I endeavoured to calm my mind as well as I could, and hoped these crimes would be forgiven me; for in other respects I had led a very innocent life, and always did all the good-natured actions I found any opportunity of doing. From the time I had it in my power, I gave a great deal of money amongst the poor, I prayed very devoutly, and went to my execution very composedly. Thus I lost my life at the age of twenty-nine, in which short time I believe I went through more variety of scenes, than many people who live to be very old. I had lived in a court, where I spent my time in coquetry and gaiety: I had experienced what it was to have one of those violent passions which make the mind all turbulence and anxiety. I had had a lover whom I esteemed and valued, and at the latter part of my life, I was raised to a station as high as the vainest woman could wish. But in all these various changes, I never enjoyed any real satisfaction, unless in the little time I lived retired in the country free from all noise and hurry; and while I was conscious I was the object of the love and esteem of a man of sense and honour.

The Dream.

By the Author of „Private Life," &c.

> I cannot tell how the truth may be, —
> I tell the tale as 't was said to me.
>
> SCOTT.

It was a bright morning early in June — that month of fragrance and sunshine, the laughing May of the old Poets — that a lively party assembled around the breakfast table of General Falkland. One guest, in addition to sons and daughters of various ages, — from twenty-five to sweet fifteen, — formed the gay group. They were talking of dreams.

„I shall sit next to William," exclaimed Emma Falkland; „for I am quite tired of you, Raymond; you have been in my dreams all night."

„Why, what a favoured mortal you are," replied Raymond, laughing; „your good genius must have presided over your slumbers!"

„Not at all," returned Emma; „you were like a great many persons in this waking, breathing world, who talk a great deal, and say nothing."

„Well, I cannot pay anybody the compliment of dreaming of them," observed William, „for I never dream."

„As few persons ever dream any thing worth dreaming of or recording, you need not deplore your delinquency very deeply," observed the General.

„My dear Sir," interrupted Raymond, „persons of active imaginations certainly dream most."

„Persons of perfect digestion certainly dream least," returned the General drily.

„You do not mean to refer dreaming to mere physical causes, I hope?" said Raymond.

„Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it may be so referred," returned the General.

„Ah! my dear father," said Emma, laughing, „what would the whole race of poets and philosophers say to you?"

„Why, poets and philosophers contrive to make a great deal out of nothing," said the General; „I am less skilful."

„Well but may we not consider dreams as a proof that the soul is independent of matter?" observed Raymond; „does not the mind think vigorously — eloquently, even when the senses are steeped in forgetfulness? Do we not see, hear, feel, act? Can we not, like Ariel, ‚compass the wandering moon,' or soar, as with a seraph-wing, to the seventh heaven?"

„I can answer for never having performed any feats of the kind," replied the General.

„Well, I would not give up that world of our own, in which, as Heraclitus said, we live in dreams," observed Raymond, „for the best share of this common world, where we meet to eat and drink, and where wise men and fools jostle and weary each other."

„My world of dreams so precisely resembles dull, substantial earth," said the General, „that I cannot any how mistake it for Elysium or Paradise."

„But will you not allow," continued Raymond, „that there have been persons whose inculties and perceptions were even more acute in a sleeping state? Did not Sir Thomas Browne declare, that though he never said or thought a witty thing in his waking hours, yet, in sleep he could compose a whole comedy, and laugh himself awake at the conceits thereof?“

„Perhaps the merriment would have been all his own, even if he had favoured the world with these conceits of his sleeping hours,“ replied the General. „The wit of a man wide awake is of a somewhat less questionable character.“

„Well, — not to insist upon the poetical and philosophical use that may be made of dreams,“ said Raymond, „certainly you will not deny that many singular and important communications have been made through their medium.“

„The Wizard, the Fairy, and the Banshee were in the habit of making singular and important communications at one time, I believe,“ returned the General.

„There is, at least, neither superstition nor enthusiasm in the opinion,“ observed Raymond; „for to say nothing of profane authors, the Scriptures record many such communications.“

„Yes, yes,“ returned the General, „and we shall do well to confine ourselves to that record; the age of supernatural interposition is gone by.“

„I am by no means prepared to concide in that opinion,“ said their guest, who had hitherto been quietly engaged discussing his coffee and ham, and had borne no part in the conversation; „depend upon it, there are ‚more things in heaven and earth‘ than are dreamed of in your philosophy, my dear General.“

Raymond turned to his new ally with unfeigned astonishment.

Mr. Clifford — the gentleman in question — was more than fifty years of age, and a barrister of about thirty years' standing: he was remarkable for acuteness of mind and strength of judgment; very learned in the law; and looking forward, at no very distant period, to that summum bonum of a lawyer's hopes, — the judge's wig. He appeared an entirely unimaginative person; one who had never thought of setting his foot in fairy land since he was seven years old.

„Have you any special reason for your opinion, Clifford?“ inquired the General.

„Twenty-five years ago,“ returned Mr. Clifford, when I was a young briefless barrister, on the Northern Circuit, a cause came into court, which made a very strong impression upon my mind; and I have ever since believed it to be highly presumptuous, to declare that supernatural intimations may not sometimes be given in dreams.“

„Oh! pray let us hear the story, sir,“ said Raymond eagerly; and all the party joined in his entreaties.

„No,“ replied Mr. Clifford; the carriage will be at the door before I have half done, and I must be in court in an hour: but at the time this occurred, I took some trouble to inquire into the history of the whole affair, and of the parties concerned; and I thought the particulars so well worth preserving, that I threw them into the form of a tale, which shall be forwarded to you when I return home.“

Mr. Clifford took leave; and in a few days the following pages were received by General Falkland.

The Barrister's Tale:

OR, THE DREAM. *)

‚The cottage homes of England,
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.“

Such a home of cheerful, quiet beauty, in Ashgrove, a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire had been the residence of Edmund Walton for the last twenty years. He rented a farm of about three hundred acres; and his intelligence, integrity, and kindliness of disposition rendered him a very popular person both with rich and poor. His station in society was something inferior to that which he once hoped to fill: he was the son of a clergyman, and, in the days of

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*) It is proper to mention that the leading incidents of this tale are strictly and literally facts.

his boyhood, had been destined for the church: the sudden death of his father — when Edmund was in his sixteenth year disappointed the hope. Instead of preparing for college, he was transferred to the chambers of a solicitor in London; but Edmund had been trained up amidst the freedom and freshness of nature, and he found a dull desk in a dusky office an insufferable exchange for the sunny hills, smiling valleys, and woody glens of his early home.

He accordingly decided upon devoting himself to agricultural pursuits; — and if a shade of regret at the blight of his youthful prospects sometimes stole over his mind, it was soon lost amidst the energy of active usefulness, or charmed away by a smile from his gentle wife, or the gambols of his sportive children. His education had been thoroughly good, for it had taught him to estimate things, persons, and circumstances justly; and when he compared his own lot with that of others, he was not disposed to quarrel with it. It was humble, but not mean: it secured independence, and permitted hospitality. His days were passed amidst woods, and brakes, and fields, in the full enjoyment of „free nature's grace," and his evenings in the soft, sweet endearments of domestic life. There were few better or happier men than Edmund Walton.

His principal servant and assistant in the management of the farm, was John Cumming: he had been in the employ of the former occupant, and to use his own phrase, had worked, man and boy, on the land nearly fifty years; he was indeed well known to all the inhabitants of Ashgrove. Notwithstanding his sober, sedate, industrious habits, John was a bachelor. Many ascribed this to the cold cautiousness of his character; but two or three of the grey-headed patriarchs of Ashgrove remembered something of a love-affair in his youth, which, however, ended in nothing. The old folks surmised that John had been jilted: it is certain that his proposed marriage with Susan Wilmot, the pretty dairymaid at the Rectory, had been suddenly broken off, and that from that time John became an altered man—not, indeed, less sober or industrious, but less gay and social. However, notwithstanding his single blessedness, and his ungracious preference of John Cumming's society to that of the world of Ashgrove, he was much respected, consulted as an oracle upon all matters connected with husbandry, and appealed to by parochial authorities, in doubtful and delicate cases, as a man acquainted with every rood of land in the parish.

With his master, he was on the best terms imaginable; fearlessly trusted, and entirely trustworthy. Every thing indeed, animate and inanimate, seemed to prosper under his care. There was also a peculiar tie between them. On one occasion, when Walton was breaking in a young horse, John had saved the life of his master, at the imminent peril of his own. Unsocial as his manner unquestionably was, the frank kindness of Walton seemed to open his heart. The children, too, became his pets and playthings: they climbed his knee, stroked his rough face with familiar fondness, and his long arm was frequently in request to reach a bough of hawthorn, a sprig of eglantine, or a cluster of ripe nuts: the eldest boy often followed him round the farm; there were young lambs to be seen, or rabbits to be hunted, or John would take him to the copse, where the finest primroses, harebells, and violets were to be found. Indeed, Cumming was treated in this family with the indulgence of a relative, rather than the distance usual with a hired servant.

A singular and fearful incident at length interrupted this happy state of things. Mrs. Walton was one night suddenly awakened by a deep groan from her husband: he started up in bed, his whole frame convulsed with terror, and continued for some minutes in a state of speechless agitation. At length the tremor began a little to subside, and looking fearfully around him, he exclaimed, „Thank God!—it is but a dream!" Still, however, he trembled exceedingly; and after vainly endeavouring to compose himself, arose, and walked about the room.

„It is but a dream," he repeated, in a low tone; „but, oh! how fearfully, how dreadfully distinct." He threw open the window: it was a still, balmy night in June, and the whole earth seemed wrapped in the softest quietude; the stars in glory and beauty were keeping their night-watches; and through the rich woods that clothed the hills, not a leaf stirred. A dewy fragrance stole from the woodbine, that hung its tangled wreaths around the window, and Walton felt his spirit soothed by the delicious calm of nature.

> „All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
> You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
> Secure that nought of evil could delight
> To walk in such a scene, on such a night!“

He slept little more; and rising with the dawn, made a strong effort to shake off the impression of his fearful *dream*, but in vain; neither

> „The active day so boon and bright.“

nor his own cheerful temperament, availed; he reasoned with himself again, and again he exclaimed:

„How absurd to be thus harassed by an idle dream!“

All would not do; the images conjured up in sleep, haunted him with strange pertinacity; he resisted the solicitation of his wife, whose curiosity was very naturally excited, and refused to relate the circumstances which had so affected him.

„Why should I infect your mind with images of horror?“ said he; „It would only increase the difficulty of dismissing them from my own, which I intend to do with all possible speed. Not one more word will we say on the subject.“

A week elapsed. Walton adhered to his resolution, and his impressions had lost some of their horror and intenseness, when precisely the same dream was repeated; the circumstances did not vary in a single point; the scene again appeared before him with the most vivid and intense distinctness. Still more agitated, still more deeply impressed, he no longer refused himself the relief of imparting the particulars to his wife.

„It is most remarkable,“ exclaimed he, „that this dream is entirely free from all confusion and indistinctness; every object and every circumstance are so clearly marked and defined, as if all were reality instead of illusion.

„I thought that I was walking on a fine, calm night through a green lane a few miles from Ashgrove: the moon shone brightly; and I came to a spot where the lane jutted out into a sort of broad bay. A large oak threw its rugged arms across the greensward; and at a few yards distance, ran a clear brook, over which was thrown a single plank by way of bridge; an old grey weeping ash, half despoiled of its branches, hung over it. As I stood watching the moonbeams softly playing over the little stream, two figures appeared slowly and silently advancing from that part of the lane which was wrapped in shade: the one wore the dress of a sailor, neat and trim, as if in his holiday garb; the other was considerably taller, habited in a carter's frock and thick shoes, like a ploughman just returned from his work. Though I heard no sound, yet their gestures appeared animated; and on the countryman's part, violent; the countenance of the sailor seemed to wear an arch smile; they paused a moment under the oak; the gestures of the rustic betrayed increasing and frightful violence. At length he suddenly seized upon the sailor, threw him on the ground, grasped his with a demon-like force, and after a few moments of fierce struggle, the man lay a corpse at his feet. I thought that I had no power to move or speak; my feet were rooted to the spot, while the murderer stood motionless, contemplating in silence his savage work, and the stiffening form of his victim.

„While I still gazed in unspeakable horror, the earth suddenly clave asunder, and again closed over the corpse of the murdered man. Every vestige of the bloody deed had vanished; the ruffian stood alone. At this moment, the moon shone with the most refulgent brightness. Suddenly he seemed invested with an atmosphere of light; he threw up his hands and eyes, as if in agony, then turned towards me; every line of his face and figure stood out with the cold, clear distinctness of a statue. The murderer was JOHN CREWSE!“

„How strange!“ exclaimed Mrs. Walton, in a low tremulous tone; „how very dreadful!“

Several minutes elapsed, and not another word was uttered, while Walton walked up and down the room in a state of violent perturbation.

„He is so faithful — so excellent! continued he, following the current of his own thoughts. „A shade of suspicion appears to be the most barbarous injustice, and yet — but it is a *dream* — the idle coinage of my own brain.“

John, at this moment, passed the window, with the eldest boy perched on his shoulder; the rough bass tones of his voice blending with the laughing joy of the boy. A cold shudder crept over Walton's heart; he passed hastily out, took the child gently from him, and pressed it with passionate fondness to his heart, as if he had rescued it from some strange peril.

„It is wicked — it is cruel!“ exclaimed he, „for an instant to harbour such thoughts.“ He covered his face for a moment with both hands; and then starting up, took his hat, and strove by a long walk, to dissipate the gloom that was steadily gathering over his mind.

Wrapped in thought, he wandered on till he found himself at some distance from Ashgrove; and, pausing for a few seconds to consider the bearings of the country, he struck into a bye-lane little frequented, which he thought would lead homewards by a short cut.

The sun was setting as Walton turned into the lane, so that the greatest part was in shade; but occasional breaks in the hedge admitted a few gleams of his parting radiance. He found the way longer and more winding than he had calculated upon, and was beginning to regret that he had made choice of such a path, when every feeling was absorbed in emotions of wonder and fear. He stood in the very spot of which he had dreamed! There was the little stream — the bridge of a single plank — the old withered oak. Walton leaned against the tree for support, and closed his eyes, as if fearful that the horrid vision should appear before him; but all around was calm and still. The distant low of the cattle, the tinkling of the sheep-bell, and the rich song of the nightingale, alone interrupted the deep repose of evening.

Walton, still leaning against the tree, breathed a fervent prayer for strength and direction. Free as he was from all superstition, he yet began to think that such a singular coincidence could not be the effect of chance; and while his frame trembled with emotion, he earnestly petitioned for that wisdom, which would alike preserve him from presumptuous recklessness or enfeebling terror.

Somewhat relieved, though still painfully agitated, he cast another rapid and inquiring glance around the spot, and shuddering at its fearful identity, pursued his way, wrapped in anxious meditation.

The shadows of twilight were deepening around him; and, his mind bewildered and oppressed, he was scarcely able to form a definitive purpose; he felt, however, a strong desire to examine the precise spot where the body had so mysteriously disappeared, but this could not be done with the secrecy and expedition which were so desirable, without assistance — and to whom could he apply? He dreaded the result of the examination. If he found any corroborating proofs, what course could he pursue? The occurrence was indeed passing strange! yet, would it not be better to bear the miserable burthen of such a mystery, than, by disclosing it, to impeach a man of irreproachable life and character — his own faithful and attached servant — one who had watched over his interests for many years with unceasing vigilance — whose age was now „falling into the sear and yellow leaf“ — above all, one who had saved his life?

Yet, if the whole dream were not the work of chance, or of some juggling fiend, was he at liberty to pass it over? — was he not imperatively called upon to proceed and ascertain the truth? His only relief, in this wretched perplexity, was to talk the whole matter over freely with his wife, and she strongly urged him to confide the circumstances to Mr. Forrester, the Rector of the parish. He was a man who combined high principle with clear sound sense and the best feelings; one who would judge wisely and act kindly. But so reluctant did Walton feel to make the disclosure, that not until he had been again and again visited by the same dream, and his health and spirits began to sink under its pressure, did he resolve to adopt her advice.

Mr. Forrester listened to the relation with deep interest.

„Perhaps," added Walton, „you will be inclined to think that I discover a great deal of childish credulity in being thus forcibly impressed by a dream: but I have struggled with the feeling in vain."

„No, my dear sir," replied Mr. Forrester, thoughtfully; and after a pause of some minutes, — „I should not envy the man who could readily dismiss such a dream; it would be, in my opinion, a far greater proof of presumption than of wisdom. From what is termed vulgar superstition, I hope we are equally free. It has pleased God, of His unspeakable mercy, to furnish us with a revelation of His will, containing a clear rule of faith and practice; and we have certainly the highest authority for concluding, that departed spirits are not permitted to revisit this earth — or, at least, to assume a visible form, and hold personal communion with its inhabitants, either to confirm the faith of the wavering, or alarm the conscience of the wicked; but I would by no means affirm, that even such visitations may not be permitted, for the discovery or prevention of atrocious crime; and with respect to dreams, who would have the hardihood to assert that the High and Holy Being, who breathed a portion of His spirit into man, cannot direct and control the action of that spirit, in order to accomplish any purpose of justice or of mercy? Nor do I see any reason, why a dream may not be made the medium of such agency. It is consonant with the recorded dealings of God in the olden time. But, of course, in such matters the exercise of nice discrimination and sound judgment is in the highest degree essential. I believe, that special interferences of this nature are extremely rare, — and that, where they do occur, the importance of the end justifies the unusual nature of the means. We must be upon our guard, too, against the freaks both of the body and the mind; for man is a curious compound; and the nerves and imagination, when stimulated to unusual action, are apt to be somewhat unmanageable. Nervous excitement, and a morbid state of mind, often produce strange imaginings. But, in your case, I see no proof either of physical or mental disease. The connected tenor of your dream — the strange identity of the spot — are so remarkable, that we appear to me to be imperatively called upon to investigate the matter further. As secrecy, however, is of the last importance, we will admit no person to our confidence. This very night, if you please, we will repair to the spot; if the examination should afford any confirmation of the circumstances of this most singular dream, we must then consider what course it will be wise to adopt."

In pursuance of this arrangement, when the evening sounds had gradually died away, and only a light here and there was seen to twinkle from the cottage windows of Ashgrove, Mr. Forrester and Walton pursued their intended way.

There was no moon, but the stars shone softly amidst the still, summer twilight, and they reached the lane about midnight.

During the evening Walton had conveyed the necessary implements; and, pointing to the exact spot, so tragically marked in his dream, they began their drear task. They had continued their work for more than an hour, pausing only occasionally to rest, and exchange a few low whispers, when Walton, feeling his labours suddenly impeded, stopped, and throwing the light of the lantern full on the ground, exclaimed, after a few moments, examination —

Gracious God! — all is then true — it is no illusion!"

(To be continued in our next.)

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THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

Mary Howitt.

Dieſe eben ſo tief als zart und fromm empfindende geiſtreiche Dichterin ward während eines kurzen Aufenthaltes ihrer Eltern, welche Wood hießen, zu Coleford in Glouceſterſhire dort geboren; ſie zog jedoch bald nachher mit ihnen nach dem gewöhnlichen Wohnorte derſelben, Uttoxeter in Staffordſhire, wo ſie ihre Jugend verlebte. Die wunderſchönen Gegenden in dieſem Theile von Staffordſhire ließen einen bleibenden Eindruck in ihrer Seele zurück und weckten ſchon früh die Liebe zur Dichterkunſt in derſelben, da aber ihre Eltern ſtrenge Mitglieder der Quäkergemeine waren, ſo erhielt ſie eine ſehr beſchränkte Erziehung, und lernte nur diejenigen Bücher kennen, welche von dem Umſichtigſten ihrer Glaubensgenoſſen gebilligt wurden. Um deſto lebhafter wirkte daher ſpäter die Lectüre von Poeſieen auf ihr Gemüth, und namentlich war es die alte echt engliſche volksthümliche Ballade, der ſie ihre volle Neigung zuwandte. Sie ward in ihrem einundzwanzigſten Jahre mit Richard Howitt, einem ausgezeichneten, auch als Dichter gefeierten Manne vermählt, und lebt in ſehr glücklicher Ehe mit demſelben, zuerſt in Staffordſhire, dann in Nottingham, und ſeit geraumer Zeit zu Eſher in Surrey.

In Verbindung mit ihrem Manne gab ſie zwei Bände Dichtungen heraus: „The Forest Minstrel, 1823“ und „The Desolation of Eyam and other Poems 1827“. — 1834 erſchien eine Reihe von Dramen aus ihrer Feder unter dem Titel: The Seven Temptations, welche zu anderer Zeit allein ſchon ihr einen bedeutenden Ruf verſchafft haben würden, da ſie reich an kühnen Gedanken, ſcharfen Charakterzeichnungen und kräftigen Zügen ſind. Mehrere Schriften für die Jugend aus ihrer Feder fanden gleichfalls großen Beifall.

Engliſche Berichterſtatter können nicht genug ihre Liebenswürdigkeit, Anmuth und herzliche Freundlichkeit ſchildern. Ihre Schriften halten gleichen Schritt mit ihrem Character; in allen herrſcht zarte Geſinnung, Wohlwollen, Liebe, tiefes Gefühl und echte Frömmigkeit bei großer Gewandtheit der Form, Kraft und Schönheit, ohne daß je die reinſte Weiblichkeit verletzt wird.

M. Howitt iſt gegenwärtig mit der Sammlung und Herausgabe ihrer volksthümlichen Balladen, in deren Behandlung alle ihre Zeitgenoſſen hinter ihr zurückbleiben, beſchäftigt. — Wir theilen eins der vorzüglichſten ihrer Gedichte aus dieſer Gattung hier mit.

Elian Gray.

By Mary Howitt.

„Oh! Elian Gray, rise up, rise up!“
His neighbours cried, „still dost thou sleep?
The bloody Indians are come down,
Flames rise from the near English town; —
And hark! — the warwhoop, wild and deep!“

„I sleep not,“ said the ancient man,
„Fly you — but tarry not for me! —

I dare not quit this lonely ground,
Though the wild Indians camp around,
For God commands me not to fear.

„I know not what may be his will,
But when I rose up to depart,
‚Fly not — thou hast no cause to fear, —
Thy place of duty still is here;'
Like lightning-words passed through my heart.

„Therefore, I dare not quit this place, —
But you, whom no commands delay,
Haste and secure by timely flight
Your wives and little ones this night, —
Fly! fly, my children! while ye may!"

They fled like wild deer through the woods,
And saw from each commanding height,
Afar, and all around, aspire
The red flames of consuming fire,
Marking the Indians' path that night.

Alone, alone sate Elias Gray,
With unbarred door, beside his fire,
Thoughtful, yet cheerfully resigned,
Awaiting with submissive mind
What the Great Master might require.

Seven days went on, and where was he?
A captive, travel-worn and spent
With many marchings night and day,
Through the far wilderness, away
To a wild Indian settlement.

And now the old man's strength had failed,
And powerless as a child new-born,
Stretched in that lonely forest-place,
Among a fierce and savage race,
He lay, as if of God forlorn! —

Forlorn! — and yet he prayed to live,
With a wild, feverish agony;
And fearful, doubting grew his mind,
And for a moment he repined
That God had brought him here to die.

When lowly murmured by the door
Of the rude hut in which he lay,
He heard, as if in dreams he heard,
Mournfully many an English word
Cast to the desert winds away.

He looked — it was an Indian woman,
Singing, as if to soothe some woe
Which at her very heart was strong, —
The sad words of an English song
That he remembered long ago, —

The ballad of a broken heart; —
But how could her soul understand
The sadness of that story old?
How could an Indian tongue unfold
The language of another's land?

Ere long the mystery was revealed,
And then the old man, Elias Gray,
Saw the great work of God was clear,
And she was the poor stricken deer
For whom his path through peril lay!

„No, I am not of Indian birth!"
Said she, „I have an English name,
Though now none give it unto me; —
Mahontis, child of misery,
They gave me for my Indian name,
And 'tis the only one I claim.

„And yet I love the English tongue,
And let us two our converse hold
In that dear, unforgotten speech,
For it hath words my grief to reach, —
The Indian tongue is harsh and cold.

„The place of which I scarce can think
Thou know'st, and knowing it, art dear;
For thou wilt say there's not on earth
A spot like that which gave me birth —
Know'st thou the Vale of Windermere?

„And yet it matters not — thou dost! —
There was my birth-place; there I grew,
Without a care my youth to dim,

A mountain-maiden strong of limb,
And free as the wild winds that blew.

,,My step was firm, my heart was bold,
I crossed the lake, I clomb the rock;
Clad in that simple country's dress,
I was a mountain shepherdess,
And there I kept my father's flock.

,,I grew, — and I became a wife;
And he who was my chosen mate,
Though midst our lonely mountains bred,
Much knowledge had, and much had read, —
Too much for one of his estate.

,,He knew all lands, all histories old —
He understood whate'er he saw:
His words poured out like waters free;
His was that native dignity
Which could respect from all men draw.

,,Wise as he was, he could not toil,
And all went wrong about our place:
The years were wet, we'd nought to reap;
Amid the snows we lost our sheep,
And misery stared us in the face.

,,We left the land that gave us birth —
And I, who was become a mother,
Within my inmost heart kept deep
My burning tears — I would not weep;
'Tis hard our bitterest griefs to smother!

,,My parents' graves among the hills,
We left them in their silence lying!
My husband's hopes were high and strong,
And with light heart he went along,
Good omens in each thing descrying *).

,,My heart was heavy as a stone, —
And the poor children's weary cry
Fevered me till my brain grew wild; —
And then I wept even as a child,
And tears relieved my misery.

,,We came into this foreign land —
Oh! weary is the stranger's fate —
He comes where none his feelings share,
Where he may die, and no one care!
This, this is to be desolate!

,,He died — ay, in the city street, —
God knows why such great grief was sent!
He died — and as the brute might die —
The careless people passed us by;
They were so used to misery,
Their meanest sympathies were spent!

,,Ah me! I by his body sate,
Stupid, as if I could not break
The bonds of that supremest thrall;
Nor had I roused my soul at all
But for my little children's sake.

,,We were indeed, those babes and I,
Wretched, in that strange land alone;
And yet, even then, 'twas mine to know
More misery, — a heavier woe
Than yet my wretched soul had known!

,,Want — total want of daily bread
Came next; — my native pride was strong
And yet I begged from day to day,
And made my miserable way
Throughout the city's busy throng!

,,I felt that I was one debased,
And what I was I dared not think:
Even from myself I strove to hide
My very name; an honest pride
Made me from common beggary shrink.

,,Oh misery! — my homeless heart
Grew sick of life. — I wandered out
With my two children, far away
Into the solitudes that lay
The populous city round about:

,,The mother in my soul was strong,
And I was ravenous as the beast;
Man's heart was hard — I stole them bread —

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*) [illegible]

And while I pined the children fed,
And yet each day our wants increased.

„I saw them waste, and waste away,
I strove to think it was not so;
At length, one died — of want he died —
My very brain seemed petrified —
I wept not in that bitter woe!

„I took the other in my arms,
And day by day, like one amazed
By an unutterable grief,
I wandered on; — I found relief
In travel, but my brain was crazed.

„How we were fed I cannot tell;
I pulled the berry from the tree,
And we lived on, — I knew no pain
Save a dull stupor in my brain,
And I forgot my misery.

„I joyed to see the little stars,
I joyed to see the midnight moon;
I felt at times a wild delight, —
I saw my child before my sight
As gamesome as the young racoon! *)

„'T was a strange season; and how long
It lasted, whether days or years,
I know not, — it too soon went by; —
I woke again to agony,
But ne'er again to human tears.

„The Indian found me in the wood,
He took me to his forest-home; —
They laid my child beneath the tree,
They buried it, unknown to me,
In a wild, lonely place of gloom.

„The Indian women on me gazed
With eyes of tenderness, and then
Slowly came back each 'wildered sense;
Their low tones of benevolence
Gave me my human soul again.

„And I have lived with them for years,
And I have been an Indian wife;
And save at times, when thoughts will flow
Back through those dreadful times of woe
To my youth's sunshine long ago,
I almost like the Indian life.

„But one thing in my soul is dark —
I have forgot my Fathers' God!
I cannot pray — and yet I turn
Toward Him, and my weak soul doth yearn
Once more for holy, spiritual food.

„Oh that I had an inward peace
To cheer my soul — a hope to bless —
A faith to strengthen and sustain
My spirit through its mortal pain, —
To comfort my long wretchedness!

„But I am feeble as a child —
I pine as one that wanteth bread;
And idly I repeat each word
Of holy import I have heard,
Or that in early creeds I said.

„But oh! my comfort cometh not!
And whether God is fixed in wrath
And will not heed my misery; —
Or whether he regardeth me,
I know not — gloomy is my path!“

With this arose old Elias Gray —
„My daughter, God hath left thee not!
He hath regarded thy complaint —
Hath seen thy spirit bruised and faint!
Thou art not of His love forgot.

„'T is by His arm I hither came —
Surely for this I heard a voice
Which bade me in my place ‚be still,‘
I came by his Almighty will,
And greatly doth my soul rejoice!“

He gave her comfort — gave her peace, —
And that lone daughter of despair
For very joy of heart shed tears;

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*) [illegible]

And the dark agony of years
  Passed by, like a wild dream of care.

Thus was the old man's mission done;
  And she, who 'mong that forest race
Was wife and mother, won his life
From torture, from the scalping-knife,
  And sped him to his former place.

The Dream.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ,,PRIVATE LIFE, &c."

(Continued from our last.)

He leaned on Mr. Forrester for support, as he pointed to the *earth*, where the remains of a human form were distinctly visible.

Awe-struck and trembling, they stood for some minutes by the yawning grave in silence. Here a deed of darkness had been done. Here had been the fierce and fearful struggle, the groan of mortal agony, and then the deep unbroken silence of death. Years must have rolled away since, amidst the darkness and hush of night, the murderer had committed his victim to the cold silent earth. No human *eye* beheld that work—no human *ear* heard the quick throbbing of that guilty heart—no human being witnessed the startled terror of his glance, as he gazed wildly around, though his *eye* rested only on the dimpling brook, and the foliage sleeping softly beneath the calm moonbeam. No busy feet had trod that lone and unfrequented path—only the wandering gipsy now and then fixed his tent beneath the old oak, tempted by the sheltered quietness of the spot. For many a year had the harebell and pale primrose

,,Unheeded shed their blossoms,"

and the violet breathed its rich fragrance over that unsuspected grave. But the Eye of that Holy Being, which ,,slumbereth not,, neither sleepeth," beheld the ruthless deed—in His book the dark deed was inscribed, and now, at the same hour, amidst the *darkness and the hush of* night, at his bidding, the grave again gave up its dead, and the secret stood revealed.

,,Dreadful! most dreadful!" exclaimed Walton; ,,too surely the murderous deed was done—and by whom? Oh! the agony of that horrid thought!"

,,This appears, indeed, to be a conjunction as strange as it is fearful," observed Mr. Forrester, endeavouring to quiet his own feelings and those of his agitated companion; but we must take courage. He who has so obviously willed the discovery of this crime, has doubtless some hidden purpose of mercy to accomplish: to Him let us commit our way, in humble and holy confidence, assured that He will direct our path."

In haste and trepidation they again filled up the untimely grave, and returned to Ashgrove: much time, however, elapsed in the completion of their task; and ere they reached home, ,,*fair* Hesperus had spent his lamp." *Faint* streaks of red tinted the grey mists with morning light, growing brighter and more bright, till the sky was rich with burnished gold; then

,,Up rose the gallant sun,"

the jewelled earth glittered and sparkled in his beam; the fresh flowers, decked in living lustre, filled the air with fragrance, and a thousand notes of joy rung out from every thicket.

,,Who can doubt," exclaimed Mr. Forrester, as he paused for a minute to look around on the bright and lovely scene, ,,that the mighty Hand which thus clothes the visible world in the splendour of light; which in a moment changes the dim and colourless earth into a scene of such surpassing beauty, can as easily unveil the hidden things of darkness, and bring to light the secret counsels of the heart? The Creator of ten thousand times ten thousand worlds disdains not to watch over that feeble insect," continued he, pointing to one which was just unfolding its newborn wings, and fluttering away its little hour of life beneath the morning beam. ,,He 'who calleth the stars by their names,' clothes the lily of the field, counts the leaves of the forest, and has declared that even the hairs of our head are numbered. And can the children of men hope to elude his vigilance, to veil their dark secrets from his piercing gaze? Is there a thought, a feeling, a wish framed in the human heart, which he perceiveth not? Oh! the inconceivable weakness, the utter folly of wickedness! ,He who made the eye, shall he not see? He who formed the ear, shall he not hear?' "

As he said this, they reached the gate of the rectory, and letting themselves in, passed into Mr. Forrester's study. There, Walton gave free scope to his agitated feelings.

„My perplexity is but increased by this dreadful discovery," said he; „my suspicions are darker and deeper than ever; but how can I act? Is it for me to denounce the man, who perilled his life for mine — who has spent the prime and vigour of his life in my service? Is it for me to bring his grey hairs with shame and ignominy to a dishonoured grave? No, never will I stir in the business — let it remain in all the darkness of mystery: yet I cannot see him without a shudder, without a feeling of indefinable horror and dread. Oh that he could be removed to some far distant land, where my eyes might never more behold him!"

„My dear Sir," returned Mr Forrester, „had our suspicions been excited by circumstances purely, or apparently accidental, we might perhaps have felt at liberty to proceed, or not, with the investigation: but certainly I may say without hesitation or superstition, that the more immediate hand of God is to be traced in this affair. We have yet no proof whatever of Cumming's guilt; we have only what appears strong presumption against him: but I have something to communicate, which I forbore to mention when I first listened to your dream, because I was unwilling to strengthen its impression unless corroborating proofs were obtained, though the circumstance recurred to my mind at the time with the most vivid and painful force.

„More than twenty-five years ago Susan Wilmot, the young person whom Cumming loved, lived in my service. She was a sprightly, gay, good-humoured girl, with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes — the belle and coquette of the village; and when the gossips of the parish let me into the secret that John Cumming was her suitor, he found warm advocates both with Mrs. Forrester and myself. We thought his steadiness and industry would form a happy counterpoise to the thoughtless simplicity of Susan; therefore John's lingering in the poultry yard or leaning over the gate for a long chat with her, appeared to us to be very happy omens. Every thing went on prosperously, till a young stranger came to our village, on a visit to some distant relations. Frank Gordon was an orphan; but gay, good-humoured, and careless as Susan herself, and soon rivalled John Cumming in her favour. Strange to say," continued Mr. Forrester, in a still lower tone, „this successful rival was a sailor."

Walton started, and shuddered.

„Well do I remember him!" resumed Mr. Forrester; „his countenance so full of youth, life, and glee! Imprudent as the whole business was, and while I gravely remonstrated, I could scarcely wonder at Susan. Though only twenty-one, he had made three voyages; and his talk of parrots and palm-trees, of bread-fruit and wild Indians, made the village annals of John Cumming appear stale, flat, and unprofitable.

„The lovers had golden hopes: he was to take a voyage,

> ,To make the crown a pound'

and in six months to return, and marry. Poor Susan wept abundantly when they parted; but her tears were ,forgot as soon as shed,' in the joyful hope of his return.

„Gradually, however, fear began to mingle with hope; for month after month passed and a line, not a word reached her. No tidings cheered the long, dull winter. Spring, summer, autumn, returned; then another long, dreary winter; and her bright hopes gradually faded into deep melancholy — she never doubted his truth — but

> ,Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
> To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
> At what a sailor suffers.'

„At length the hope that kept alive despair was all that remained to her. I made repeated inquiries, but it appeared that he had not sailed in the vessel which he had mentioned to Susan.

„It was concluded that he had entered on board another; but when or where, could never be ascertained. She became languid and dejected, and her health so visibly suffered, that it was thought desirable she should return to her friends, who lived in a distant county. For some months, we expected that she would be able to resume her place in our family, but her spirits were so entirely saddened, that it was considered best for her to remain at home—and many years have elapsed since we lost sight of her.

„All these circumstances considered—as a magistrate, I do not think myself justified in passing over the discovery of the body. I will not, however, act on my own judgment; this day a letter shall be dispatched to the Home Secretary, stating the circumstances, without mentioning names, and requesting advice upon the subject.“

„He saved my life“ reiterated Walton, covering his face with his hands, in unutterable anguish, „and I shall bring him to a shameful death!“

„Take courage, Walton,“ said Mr. Forrester. „Endeavour to calm this emotion; human sympathies, even the kindliest and the best, need control. ‚We dimly see‘ but a little part of the ways of God in this world. If Cumming be really guilty, doubt not that even the distressing circumstances, which at this moment bow your spirit to the earth, will be overruled for good. He whose mighty prerogative it is, to educe good from evil, is, no doubt, mysteriously and beautifully working out his own gracious ends. May not the repentance of the criminal need awakening or quickening? Will not agonies of shame in this world be the award of mercy, if they lead to deep contrition, if they teach him to cling to the cross of his Redeemer, and if from the depths of humiliation his pleadings for mercy rise to the throne of the eternal God? Remember, ‚duties are ours, events are His.‘“

The proposed letter was forwarded the following day; and in a short time a reply was received, recommending a private examination of the suspected person. John Cumming was therefore summoned to the rectory, where Walton, pale and agitated, was already prepared to meet him. John, concluding that the Rector had sent to talk to him on the subject of crops and cattle, entered the room, and stood before them in fearless confidence. His figure was tall, his cheek bronzed with health; but his grey locks, and a slight bend in the shoulders, showed that age was touching him, though gently.

„You and I are old acquaintance, John;“ said Mr. Forrester; „many a year has passed since we first met.“

„It is just five-and-twenty years since your reverence came to the rectory,“ returned John. „I remember it as well as if it was but yesterday.“

„I am glad to find your memory so tenacious,“ said Mr. Forrester, „for I have some important questions to put to you, about years long ago. Pray, have you any recollection of a young sailor, who passed some weeks here twenty-five years since, and who was never afterwards heard of?“

Mr. Forrester paused, but Cumming could not speak; he leaned for support on the back of a chair, grasping it eagerly with his hands.

„Your master has had a very extraordinary dream, which we believe to be connected with that individual,“ said the Rector; and without appearing to notice the emotion of his auditor, he proceeded to relate the circumstances, while Walton gazed on the changing countenance of Cumming, with agonizing intentness. John listened to the recital with breathless interest. At first, the convulsive quivering of his lip was all that indicated his secret emotion; but when the scene of the murder was detailed, and the spot and the struggle were described, his whole frame shook with agony; a mortal paleness spread over his face, his hands relaxed their grasp, and he fell into a death-like swoon.

Mr. Forrester and Walton placed him on a couch, and after the application of various remedies, a deep-drawn sigh evinced the return of consciousness; he opened his eyes, looked fearfully around, and in vain tried to speak. A cordial was administered, and after swallowing a few drops, he exclaimed —

„I am a doomed man! the hand of God is upon me.“

„Stop, Cumming, and listen to me,“ said Walton, eagerly. „I would give all I have in the world, to believe you innocent; but make no rash confession, and fear nothing from me. I solemnly pledge myself never to appear against you in this matter!“

„The hand of God is upon me,“ repeated Cumming, with a shudder, „and who can hinder it? My crime must be known to the whole world. I give myself up to justice. You shall hear all.“

It was a dark tale of jealousy and revenge. — He had followed the lovers secretly to their trysting-place, overheard the tender parting, the vow of constancy, the warm fond hope of a happy meeting. Maddened with fury, he breathed a vow that such a day of joy should never rise for them, and in a few hours sealed it by a deed of blood. He described the sort of malignant triumph, which mingled even in the keen agony of his remorse, when his victim lay motionless before him; the sudden, dreadful calm, which succeeded the tempest of his passion; the shuddering recoil with which he shrunk from the object of his love, and the dread of detection, which for years had haunted him, as a grim and fearful spectre.

To leave the neighbourhood had been his first impulse; but the fear of awakening suspicion determined him to remain, and endure conjectures, wonderings, and allusions, which made him sick at heart. He seemed barred and shut out from the sympathies and humanities of social life. But years rolled away, and pity and wonder died away also. That a sailor should perish of some distant coast, and be heard of no more, was no new event in the annals of human suffering; and except in the faithful heart of poor Susan, scarcely any remembrance of Frank Gordon was retained.

Gradually, the fears of Cumming had subsided, and a comparative calm had stolen over his feelings and conscience. True, it was a fearful crime, committed in an hour of intense passion, but he lived in the esteem and confidence of his fellow men, and no vial of wrath had been poured on his devoted head by the avenging hand of Providence. Every day, the remembrance of his crime became less acute and oppressive; and at length he began to look with something like complacency, on the honest industry, regularity, and usefulness of his life.

Mr. Forrester listened to the tale of his feelings with strong emotion. Never had he been more keenly sensible of his deep responsibility, as an „ambassador from God to guilty man.“ The comparative peace of Cumming's mind was exchanged for the agony, not only of remorse, but of terror; he believed that his earthly doom was fixed, as irrevocably as that of the guilty King, who saw his fearful condemnation inscribed by no mortal hand on the walls of his palace; and he fancied that a decree of eternal vengeance had gone forth against him. With desperate eagerness he surrendered himself to justice, repeating his confession to a neighbouring magistrate; and in a few days he had exchanged the cheerful home of his master for the dreary cell of a felon's prison.

Some weeks intervened before the trial came on. In spite of Walton's reiterated entreaties, Cumming resolved to plead guilty. His mind continued in a state of deep despondency; he believed, that like Cain, the first murderer, he was an object of abhorrence to God and man, branded by the hand of the Eternal; and that the shame and ignominy awaiting him on earth, were but preludes to the everlasting shame and contempt which would be poured on his devoted head hereafter.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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1838. Nro 35.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. W. R.

The Dream.

BY THE AUTHOR OF „PRIVATE LIFE,“ &c.

(Concluded from our last.)

Day after day, did Mr. Forrester devote hours to the unhappy man, listening with deep sympathy and patient tenderness, to the out-pourings of his harassed spirit. It was the Pastor's earnest desire to change the feelings and language of despair, to those of humble penitence; to prove, that in the midst of judgment, God remembers mercy; that even in this moment of utter desolation, amidst the chill and dreary darkness of that dungeon, a beam of heaven's own light could penetrate. Again, and again, he represented to the stricken man, that the judgments of God in this world, however severe, and though they may appear in a measure retributive, are still tempered with loving kindness and tender mercy; that correction, not vengeance, is their object; that they are intended, while they declare in the most emphatic language the watchful providence of God and his hatred of sin, to excite in the heart of the sinner, that repentance which shall not be repented of, — that they are, in fact, the work of love, that wondrous love, which willeth not that any should perish — which attaches unspeakable value to one immortal soul!

It was long, ere hope shed a beam over the tossed and troubled spirit of the criminal. Mr. Forrester, indeed, had no desire to check the salutary workings of penitence, to lull the soul with anodynes, which at once deaden the sense of sin, and bewilder rather than strengthen, the mind. It was when the sense of sin was felt in all its intenseness and poignancy — when, sunk to the depths of humiliation, the penitent scarcely dared to raise his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, exclaiming, „God be merciful to me, a sinner;“ it was then that the Pastor dwelt upon the ineffable goodness of Him who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, „to seek and to save that which was lost;“ it was then that he expatiated upon the touching instances of grace and mercy, recorded for our consolation and instruction in the book of Truth; that he pointed to the welcomed prodigal, to the dying thief, to the heavenly host rejoicing amidst the glory by which they are encircled, „over one sinner that repenteth.“

Hope at length dawned upon the soul of the criminal; comfort visited his heart. It was, however, a hope chastened by humility; a touching sense of the Redeemer's love, melting the heart to gratitude, but not kindling it to rapture.

Mr. Forrester did not desire to hear from his lips the language of that triumphant faith, which beholds the radiant crown prepared by the Lord, the righteous Judge: he did not desire to see the martyr's rapture, the saint's ecstatic joy: it was enough for him, that while his penitent was humbled under a consciousness of guilt, he was soothed by a sense of pardon.

On the awful day of trial, Cumming pleaded guilty. In vain did the Judge remonstrate, and declare that the law of England secured every possible indulgence to the accused.

„I am a murderer!" exclaimed Cumming. „God himself has borne witness to my crime, and I can say nothing but, Guilty!"

The sentence of the law was pronounced — and meekly did the criminal prepare for his awful doom. From that hour, his master scarcely ever left him: to talk with him, to read, and to pray by his side, were the only occupations that could at all soothe his own perturbed spirit. Confinement, and mental anguish, had wrought a considerable change on the frame of the prisoner; his form was bent, his cheek pale and thin, his eye dim; but the peace of a patient spirit sat upon his brow. He spoke of past days — of Walton's constant kindness — of the children, to whom his heart still clung; then his voice faltered, and a tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

„They loved me," said he: „but the name of old John Cumming must now be a forbidden sound; it must never pollute their innocent lips. May God bless them!" continued he, clasping his withered hands: „may God bless them! now, and for ever!"

Then he spoke of the future, — calmly, hopefully. He could now recognise the hand of Mercy in the discovery of his crime. Had any vague suspicion been awakened, he felt that he might have plunged still deeper into guilt; had he been cut off suddenly by any fearful accident, some rapid disease, the future would have been all darkness and horror; and now he felt that there was hope — hope even for him.

„Yes, my poor friend," said Walton, fervently pressing his hand, during the last evening they were to pass together on earth, „we shall meet again, I trust, where anguish, such as I now feel, will be unknown, — where 'tears will be wiped from off all faces.'" Together they partook of the holy communion — and Cumming, exhausted by the emotions of the day, fell into a calm sleep.

With feelings of solemn awe, but not of terror, he awakened from that sleep; and after joining with Mr Forrester in devout prayer, awaited with fortitude the last awful summons. The moment arrived, and he was conducted to a spot at a short distance from the prison. A stillness, as of death, pervaded the immense concourse gathered around the scaffold. — Not a sound was breathed, as the old man slowly advanced, and cast a farewell glance around.

Once more he beheld the bright and blessed sun, careering through the joyous sky; once more the morning air, laden with fragrance, blew freshly round his temples, — and a thought of the past, of the smiling earth, the green hills and woods, where his footsteps would tread no more, was for a moment busy; it was but for a moment. — He felt the parting pressure of the good Pastor's hand; he heard his voice in fervent and sweet solemnity, pronounce the words — „I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord." Then did this world, its joys, and woes, fade from before his eyes; and the future, with its blessed hopes, its glorious certainties, opened to his view, and calmed and sustained his parting soul.

A few minutes elapsed, and all was over — the awful penalty claimed by human and Divine justice, was paid; and the repentant and ransomed spirit returned to the God who gave it.

The golden Cup and the Dish of Silver.

By Thomas Hood.

Every one knows what a dog's life the miserable Jews lead all over the world, but especially amongst the Turks, who plunder them of their riches, and slay them on the most frivolous pretences. Thus, if they acquire any wealth, they are obliged to hide it in holes and corners, and to snatch their scanty enjoyments by stealth, in recompense of the buffets and contumely of their turbaned oppressors.

In this manner lived Yusouf, a Hebrew of great wealth and wisdom, but, outwardly, a poor beggarly druggist, inhabiting, with his wife, Anna, one of the meanest houses in Constantinople. The curse of his nation had often fallen bitterly upon his head; his great skill in medicine procuring him some uncertain favour from the Turks, but on the failure of his remedies, a tenfold proportion of ill-usage and contempt. In such cases, a hundred blows on the soles of his feet were his common payment; whereas on the happiest cures, he was often dismissed with empty hands and some epithet of disgrace.

As he was sitting one day at his humble door, thinking over these miseries, a Janizary came up to him, and commanded Yusouf to go with him to his Aga or captain, whose palace was close at hand. Yusouf's gold immediately weighed heavy at his heart, as the cause of this summons; however, he arose obediently, and followed the soldier to the Aga, who was sitting cross-legged on a handsome carpet, with his long pipe in his mouth. The Jew, casting himself on his knees, with his face to the floor, began, like his brethren, to plead poverty in excuse for the meanness of his appearance, but the Aga interrupting him, proceeded to compliment him in a flattering strain on his reputation for wisdom, which he said had made him desirous of his conversation. He then ordered the banquet to be brought in; whereupon the slaves put down before them some wine, in a golden cup, and some pork, on a dish of silver; both of which were forbidden things, and therefore made the Jew wonder very much at such an entertainment. The Aga then pointing to the refreshments addressed him as follows: —

„Yusouf, they say you are a very wise and learned man, and have studied deeper than any one the mysteries of nature. I have sent for you, therefore, to resolve me on certain doubts concerning this flesh, and this liquor before us, the pork being as abominable to your religion, as the wine is unto ours. But I am especially curious to know the reasons why your prophet should have forbidden a meat, which by reports of the Christians is both savoury and wholesome; wherefore I will have you to proceed first with that argument and, in order that you may not discuss it negligently, I am resolved in case you fail to justify the prohibition, that you shall empty the silver dish before you stir from the place. Nevertheless, to show you that I am equally candid, I promise, if you shall thereafter prove to me the unreasonableness of the injunction against wine, I will drink of this golden goblet as frankly before we part."

The terrified Jew understood very readily the purpose of this trial; however, after a secret prayer to Moses, he began in the best way he could to plead against the abominable dish that was steaming under his nostrils. He failed, notwithstanding, to convince the sceptical Aga, who, therefore, commanded him to eat up the pork, and then begin his discourse in favour of the wine.

The sad Jew, at this order, endeavoured to move the obdurate Turk by his tears; but the Aga was resolute, and drawing his crooked cimetar, declared, „that if Yusouf did not instantly fall to, he would smite his head from his shoulders."

It was time, at this threat, for Yusouf to commend his soul unto Heaven, for in Turkey the Jews wear their heads very loosely; however, by dint of fresh tears and supplications he obtained a respite of three days, to consider if he could not bring forward any further arguments.

As soon as the audience was over, Yusouf returned disconsolately to his house, and informed his wife Anna of what had passed between him and the Aga. The poor woman foresaw clearly how the matter would end; for it was aimed only at the confiscation of their riches. She advised Yusouf, therefore, instead of racking his wits for fresh arguments, to carry a bag of gold to the Aga, who condescended to receive his ransom; and after another brief discourse, to grant him a respite of three days longer. In the same manner, Yussuf procured a further interval, but somewhat dearer; so that in despair at losing his money at this rate, he returned for the fourth time to the palace.

The Aga and Yussuf being seated as before, with the mess of pork and the wine between them, the Turk asked, if he had brought any fresh arguments. The doctor replied, „Alas! he had already discussed the subject so often, that his reasons were quite exhausted;" whereupon the flashing cimeter leaping quickly out of its scabbard, the trembling Hebrew plucked the loathsome dish towards him, and with many struggles began to eat.

It cost him a thousand wry faces to swallow the first morsel; and from the laughter that came from behind a silken screen, they were observed by more watchers besides the Aga, who took such a cruel pleasure in the amusement of his women, that Yussuf was compelled to proceed even to the licking of the dish. He was then suffered to depart, without wasting any logic upon the cup of wine, which after his loathsome meal he would have been quite happy to discuss.

I guess not how the Jew consoled himself besides for his involuntary sin, but he bitterly cursed the cruel Aga and all his wives who could not amuse their indolent lives with their dancing-girls and tale-tellers, but made merry at the expense of his soul. His wife joined heartily in his imprecations; and both putting ashes on their heads, they mourned and cursed together till the sunset. There came no Janizary, however, on the morrow, as they expected; but on the eighth day, Yussuf was summoned again to the Aga.

The Jew at this message began to weep, making sure, in his mind, that a fresh dish of pork was prepared for him; however, he repaired obediently to the palace, where he was told, that the favourite lady of the harem was indisposed, and the Aga commanded him to prescribe for her. Now, the Turks are very jealous of their mistresses, and disdain, especially, to expose them to the eyes of infidels, of whom the Jews are held the most vile; — wherefore, when Yussuf begged to see his patient, she was allowed to be brought forth only in a long white veil, that reached down to her feet. The Aga, notwithstanding the folly of such a proceeding, forbade her veil to be lifted; neither would he permit the Jew to converse with her, but commanded him on pain of death to return home and prepare his medicines.

The wretched doctor, groaning all the way, went back to his house, without wasting a thought on what drugs he should administer on so hopeless a case; but considering, instead, the surgical practice of the Aga, which separated so many necks. However, he told his wife of the new jeopardy he was placed in for the Moorish Jezabel.

„A curse take her!" said Anna; „give her a dose of poison, and let her perish before his eyes."

„Nay," answered the Jew, „that will be to pluck the sword down upon our own heads; nevertheless, I will cheat the infidel's concubine with some wine, which is equally damnable to their souls; and may God visit upon their conscience the misery they have enforced upon mine?"

In this bitter mood, going to a filthy hole in the floor, he drew out a flask of schiraz; and bestowing as many Hebrew curses on the liquor, as the Mussulmen are wont to utter of blessings over their medicines, he filled up some physic bottles, and repaired with them to the palace.

And now let the generous virtues of good wine be duly lauded for the happy sequel!

The illness of the favourite, being merely a languor and melancholy, proceeding from the voluptuous indolence of her life, the draughts of Yussuf soon dissipated her chagrin, in such a miraculous manner, that she sang and danced more gaily than any of her slaves. The Aga, therefore, instead of beheading Yussuf, returned to him all the purses of gold he had taken; to which the grateful lady, besides, added a valuable ruby; and, thenceforward, when she was ill, would have none but the Jewish physician.

Thus, Yussuf saved both his head and his money; and, besides, convinced the Aga of the virtues of good wine; so that the golden cup was finally emptied, as well as the dish of silver.

Stray Leaves.

Oh! the past — the past! Why has man so many artificial modes of tormenting his own heart? By what law of his moral nature is it that that which is gone seems ever brighter than that which is present? Why is it that (apart from all which may have been won and lost in the meantime, — apart from all the hopes that made the past beautiful, and all the regrets that darken the present) the days that are gone seem ever to have been better than the days which are with us? It is with the ages of man as with the ages of the world, — the early scenes are ever better than the succeeding ones, and the earliest the best. It is in this very distance itself, says St. Evremond, that consist the gold and silver of which, at our pleasure, we compose the ages that are past.

It is with the moral as with the natural world. It is not amid the serenity of fortune, it is not in the unshaded light of noon, that the sublime of the one or the other is to be sought. Amid the mingled light and shadow which compose sunrise, the grandest combinations are formed; from the struggle of adverse or doubtful fortune, the loftiest morals are gathered. The doubt and the darkness, the shadow and the cloud, make the glory and the beauty! The moral and the natural light, in their essence and abstraction, are, alike, things too pure and bright and spiritual to be contemplated or understood by the eye of the body or the mind. It is only when they have some medium to act upon, some sorrow or difficulty to struggle with, some cloud to gild, that their glory and their beauty can be sensibly felt, and in part understood.

Oh! Beautiful! how very fair is thine image in the eye of memory! and how thy going away has changed all things for me. The bright and the beautiful lie still about — still bright and beautiful even to me; but in another manner than when thou wert here! All fair things have a look, and all sweet sounds a tone, of mourning since thou leftest me. How long it seems! — as if ages, instead of months of the grave had grown between us! — as if, indeed, I had known thee in some former and far removed state of being! I do not love to think of thee as dead. I think of thee rather as one whom I have left behind in the sunny and quiet valley of our youth and our love — from whom I have wandered forth, and lost my way amid the mazes of the world. But, oh! how little even that delusion can avail me, when it is saddened by the thought that I can never, never, never recover the youth which should lead me back to thee! There may have been fairer (sweeter, never!) things than thou in the world, but my heart could never be made to believe or understand it. Had I known thee only in the world, I might not have marked thy beauty; but thou wert with me when the world left me. In the flood of the sunshine, when a thousand birds are singing about us, we go upon our way, with a sense that there is melody around, but singling, perchance, not one note, to take home to the heart and make a worship of. But the one bird that sings to us in the dim and silent night, oh! none can know how dear its song becomes, filling with its music all the deserted mansions of the lonely soul. But the bird is dead — the song is hushed — and the bowers of my spirit are empty and silent and desolate!

The sun is, at each moment, rising upon some part of the world, and setting in another. We have but to change our horizons, — could we travel quickly enough, — to keep him always in view. There is no such thing, in truth, as sunshine or sunrise, but with reference to our fettered selves. It is not until we can learn to abstract self from the investigations which we follow, and the judgments which they form, that we can arrive at just views and sound conclusions, moral or natural.

However unseen or unnoted, the spirit of sadness is ever present, even by the side of joy. It haunts the natural world — it were but a truism to say it pervades the moral. Who ever found himself in the immediate presence of nature without a feeling of sadness, — even in youth, before the sadness lifts up its voice from the chambers of his own heart? Why is it that shouts of laughter, heard in the distance, come sadly on the ear? Why is it that echoes, when the sounds that gave them birth were bursts of gladness, are ever sad? It is the natural spirit of sadness which dwells in all things, making itself heard to those who are far enough removed from the exciting sentiment which gave birth to the shout and the laugh, to listen to its „still — small voice!"

They who have earnestly wished, must have deeply doubted. There is no hope where there is no fear. The absence of fear or doubt leaves *certainty*. It is no paradox, though it may seem one, to say that fear is an essential constituent of hope. Remove fear from the mind's workings, and what remains is something more than hope. Let in fear again, and the antagonist principle, which is called hope, comes at once to combat it. They have never panted after good who have not feared evil.

I know not how to describe the effect which the reflections of a single night have produced on my mind. Though I parted from her only yesterday, already I have learnt to think of her as of one separated from me by a long age of absence and death; — as if it were long since I had beheld her, — as if I gazed upon her from a far distance, across the lengthened and dreary alleys of the valley of the dead! She is yet, physically speaking, within my reach; and yet is she to me as if the tomb or the cloister had received her, and made of her (what the world or the grave makes of all things we have loved) a dream of the night — a phantom of the imagination — an angel of the memory — a creation of the hour of shadows! Whatever may be her future fortunes — however her name may, hereafter, be borne to my mortal ear, my heart will ever refuse to picture her but as one who died in her youth!

To you I send a final farewell, — and it is uttered in all the simplicity of sorrow and of love! I recommend you — Lucy and you — to the protection of Him who watches over the birds of the air, and clothes, with a beauty passing the glory of Solomon, the lilies of the field. None will learn with more joy than he whom she has deserted, that Lucy shall have added to the charms with which nature has endowed her, the charms which fortune can bestow. Yet would I rather she should remember that *those very natural graces*, those charms which she shares with the lilies, have been pronounced (by an authority paramount for her and me) above all the riches and all the pomp of the richest and most splendid of all the monarchs of the rich and splendid East — before his kingly crown, his poet-laurel, and his reputation as a sage; — and that the gift of a pure, simple, loving, and faithful heart, is worth more than all that can be purchased by its sacrifice. I carry away with me new blossoms and new regrets; wretched hitherto, in that all my lessons have been for me but so many regrets: happy, perchance, in the end, if all my regrets shall turn into so many lessons.

A letter! — alas! a letter is but a feeble consolation for the absence of one who is beloved. Surely separation must be a heavy evil, when we are obliged to felicitate ourselves on a consolation so imperfect and so sad. I know not if there be more of joy or sorrow in the receipt of a letter from the dearly loved — if it should be most properly said to communicate a painful pleasure or a pleasing pain. These may sound the same to the ear, but the heart knows well that it makes much difference which shall be the substantive and which the adjective. A letter is ever a witness of the absence which renders it necessary, — at the same time that it represents very feebly the presence for which the spirit pines. And is it not sad to read of sentiments which may be dead ere we have heard of their existence; and to receive assurances which are no assurance for the heart, — because time may have overthrown all which they promise by the moment when they reach us. Two fond hearts, separated by distance, exist not, if I may use the expression, at the same time. One is ever in arrear of the other, and the good announced is, even at the time of its announcement, a good gone by! A letter, too, must always want that communion of sentiment, that commingling of feeling, which makes so much of the charm of personal communications — that sympathy, which increases emotion in sharing it, and is like the incommunicable odour of flowers. You, my cousin, may copy for me the form and the colours of the rose which Henry may have placed in your bosom in the springtime of the year and of your loves, — but who shall paint for me the perfume which is its greatest charm — the mystery of its enchantment, the spirit of its beauty? It is no more to be traced by mortal pen or pencil, my cousin, than is the feeling with which it was placed, by Love's own hand, in its sweet resting-place!

It is strange how I have been haunted by the airs which you used to sing me. Sometimes, in the silent night, when broken snatches of melodies, imperfectly remembered, steal through the chambers of my heart, — even in the sweet tones in which it learnt to love them, — I ask myself if our love shall be like these passing and half-forgotten melodies! — If the time shall ever come when it shall be like an old song, learnt in life's happier day, — and whose memory has been treasured to make us weep in the years when the heart has ceased to be soothed by weeping! Shall there ever be a time when I shall pronounce, — no, not pronounce — that would not be! — but hear your name, as the name of a stranger? Oh! forgive me, but I am far from you, and I am ill and sad! How truly may we be said to live but in the past and the future — to have our beings made up of memory and hope — for which the present is little better than a void! And alas! is it not true, as a consequence, that the more they are occupied with memory, the less room have they for hope. Ambition, the one is ever gaining upon the other, — and the dark waters of memory are hourly spreading upon that shore where hope had been to build her edifices and play about them — till at length they cover all, — and hope, having "no room for the sole of her foot," flies forward to a higher and a better shore!

Hope! alas! by what fatality have I ever more found myself in a country, and learning its hope, ever so fatal for me? By a retribution which has never failed me, the fault here with itself its own punishment; the death of hope has been the price which I was destined to pay for the weakness of having permitted its birth! How many harps have been tuned in honour of hope; and, yet, what, on this dim earth, is it worth, — save only to make us long for that better country where it has no existence, because its place is occupied by certainty! It is the source of many sorrows, — the beautiful parent of deformed and mourning children. For myself, I have never wept, but because I had hoped. For me, the bud has ever perished ere it could blow to a flower! And yet I cannot resist the voice of the charmer, who charmeth "not wisely, but too well!" I cannot but feed the golden-plumaged bird that comes singing to my window, though I know that he will use his bright plumage but to leave me. Hope — eternal hope! — ever departing and ever returning — the heart's spreading tide — ever ebbing, but to flow again — overflowing, only that it may ebb — the true

Proteus, filling a thousand shapes — the veritable Metempsychosis, perishing in one form, but to be reproduced in another — undying and eternal in its essence — most mortal and mutable in its combinations!

The Mother.

Happy woman, who hast bound
Love within a magic round
Of home duties, and the ties
Of thy true heart's sympathies!
What to thee is daily care,
Early waking, homely fare,
Arduous toils, and watchings late —
What? — Thy being's careful state,
That which makes thee what thou art,
Beautiful, and pure of heart!
God hath given thee to fulfil,
Duties: and thy cheerful will
Doeth well the part assigned:
  And thy days of labour hard
  Bring abundant, rich reward,
Strength of body, peace of mind!

Woman, oft to such as thee,
With thy calm, maternal brow,
With thy heart, whose holy spring
Knows no wild disquieting,
Do I look, even with a sense
Of admiring reverence:
  With a wish, that I, like thee,
Had no restless yearnings fond
Towards what is our grasp beyond —
Had no eagle thought impelling
Onward, upward — that the welling
  Of my soul's strong tide would be
Like thine own, a stream that flows
Ever, yet no tumult knows.
Blessing to the Power benign,
Who warms that mother's heart of thine,
  And hath made thy soul's delight
  Thine own children in thy sight,
  And doth give, like morning dew,
  The goods thy spirit clings unto!
  Blessing be to God! for he
  Hath many mothers made like thee,
  Holy spirits, whose calm worth,
  Like spring sunbeams on the earth,
Makes a bliss where'er it shone!

Go, thou happy one, and cast
  Light thy children's home around:
Fame has nothing that can last
  Like the peace thy heart has found!
Go, thou art not poor, though lowly,
Thy life's wealth is duty holy;
And the countless joys that rise
From thy heart's warm charities,
These are better than the blind
Dreamings of a stranger mind.

MARY HOWITT.

The Alps at Day-break.

The sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow;
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd like an eagle's nest, on high.

ROGERS.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. N.ro 36.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Leigh Hunt.

Dieſer in der Geſchichte der neueſten engliſchen Literatur oft erwähnte talentvolle Schriftſteller iſt der Sohn eines Geiſtlichen der engliſchen Kirche und ward am 19ten October 1784 zu Southgate in Middleſex geboren. Er erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung im Chriſthospital, ging aber nicht zur Univerſität, da ein Fehler in ſeinem Sprachorgan, den er ſpäter glücklich beſiegte, ihn davon zurückhielt. Auf der Schule zeichnete er ſich durch Lebhaftigkeit aus, dagegen bewies er nur geringen Fleiß und ſeine Ausarbeitungen (Verſe ausgenommen, wo er gewöhnlich noch ein Mal ſo viel als aufgegeben war, lieferte), fielen meiſt ſo ſchlecht aus, daß ſie der Lehrer in der Hand zuſammen zu drücken und den anderen Schülern als Spielball hinzuwerfen pflegte.

Nach dem betrat Hunt ſchon früh die Laufbahn eines politiſchen Schriftſtellers und war einer der erſten Vorkämpfer für die Reform, die er mit größtem Eifer verfocht, und für welche er Leiden aller Art dulden mußte, ohne daß ihm ſpäter der verdiente Lohn dafür geworden wäre. Ein Artikel in der Zeitſchrift: „The Examiner,“ welche unter ſeiner Leitung ſtand, zog ihm, da derſelbe für ein Pasquill auf den Prinz Regenten erklärt wurde, Gefängnißſtrafe zu. Während dieſer Zeit entſpann ſich ſeine Bekanntſchaft mit Lord Byron, deſſen Weſen und Thun er ſpäter zu ſeinem eigenen Nachtheil ſo ungünſtig ſchilderte, was ihm um ſo mehr verargt wurde, als er dem edeln Lord Verbindlichkeiten ſchuldig war. In jener Zeit wurde ſein in den Journalen viel beſprochener Name auch bei uns bekannter, als er es ſeitdem geblieben iſt. Er kehrte nach längerem Verweilen in Italien nach England zurück und lebt dort gegenwärtig als Journaliſt beſchäftigt.

Als Dichter zeichnet er ſich aus durch Wärme, Friſche, lebhaftes Gefühl, Einfachheit und offene Herzlichkeit; die älteren engliſchen Dichter ſo wie die italieniſchen Novelliſten ſcheinen ſeine Vorbilder zu ſein. Dies verleitet ihn jedoch mitunter zu geſchwätzig, ja ſelbſt affectirt zu werden, auch redet er zu oft und gern von ſich ſelbſt. Ohne dieſe Fehler würde er ſich den begabteſten Geiſtern ſeiner Nation zugeſellen können, namentlich enthält ſein Gedicht, Francesca da Rimini, große und bedeutende Schönheiten.

Der Vergleichung wegen wird es unſeren Leſern nicht ohne Intereſſe ſein, zu ſehen, wie er denſelben Stoff, den Schiller in ſeinem „Handſchuh“ behandelte, bearbeitet hat. Die Art und Weiſe, mit der er denſelben ganz verſchieden von unſerem großen Dichter auffaßte und durchführte, verdient ihrer Originalität wegen, nicht geringes Lob. Sein Gedicht möge hier folgen.

The Glove and the Lions.

King Francis was a hearty king and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis, then: „Faith, gentlemen we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought: The count my lover is as brave as brave can be —
He surely would do wond'rous things to show his love of me.
King, ladies, lovers all look on; the occasion is divine, —
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him and smil'd;
He bow'd and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
„By God!" cried Francis," rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
„No love" quoth he, „but vanity sets love a task like that.

La Bella Tabaccaja.

By Leigh Hunt.

Nina was an orphan, and, at the age of fifteen, mistress of a snuff and tobacco shop in Pisa, under the discreet guidance of an aunt, who boarded and lodged with her by virtue of her experience. The stock in trade, a little ready money, and two houses in the suburbs of Leghorn, were her patrimony. She had the fairest complexion with the darkest ringlets that ever were formed together; and though no one ever criticised her lips as rather too full, yet some fastidious admirers objected to the largeness of her eyes — but they could not have remarked their lustre and expression, nor the beautiful jet lashes which shaded them. She was called *La Bella Tabaccaja*. The students of the University, as they returned from lecture, always peeped in the shop, to see if Nina was behind the counter; and, if she was, nine out of ten walked in and asked for segars. There they lighted them one after another at the pan of charcoal, and by turns, puffing awhile for invention, ventured on some gallant compliments. If these were received with a smile, as they generally were, and often more roguishly than would be considered within the rules of a bench of old English ladies, then away they went to strut on the Lungarno with a much gayer notion of themselves. The grave ones of the neighbourhood thought it a pity she could encourage such idle talk; and the aunt constantly advised her to go into the inner room, whenever those wild young fellows made their appearance. But Nina had all the vivacity, the joyousness of youth, almost of childhood, and defended herself by saying, „La' aunt, there can be no harm in their merriment; for my mother used to tell me, young men with serious faces were the only dangerous ones." And the mother's authority never failed in silencing the aunt.

Late one evening, a student entered while Nina was alone in the shop. After a single glance, he sat down by the side of the counter, took up a knife, that lay there, and began seemingly to play with it, but with a countenance that betrayed the most violent agitation. The poor girl, never having witnessed any thing like despair, imagined he was intoxicated; and, as the safest means of avoiding insult, remained firmly in her place. On a sudden, the youth, grasping the knife in his hand, seized her by the hair, and threatened death if she did not immediately, and without a word or a scream, give him her money. Instead of complying, quietly and on the instant, in her fright she shrieked for help, and struggled with him. Had not the youth felt a touch of pity, even in that moment of frenzy, she would have been destroyed. For her struggles were in vain, and the knife was at her bosom, when some passengers, hearing her cries, together with the neighbours from the adjoining houses, ran in and seized him. Without further question, they placed him in the hands of the officers, who led him directly to the police, and Nina was required to follow. Her evidence was written down, and she was ordered to sign the paper. To this she complied, with no other thought than that she had not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration. As she laid down the pen, the officer assured her she might rely on the utmost redress for such an outrage; as her evidence was not only the clearest, but it completely tallied with the prisoner's confession; and ended with — „Be under no apprehension, my good girl, for you will shortly see him in yellow," alluding to the colour which those convicts wear who are sentenced to hard labour for life. It was not till these words were uttered that she, still trembling in her fears, had once reflected on the punishment; when starting as she heard them, she looked piteously in the officer's face, and said, „I hope not, sir; he has not robbed me — not hurt me — not in the least. Pray let me have that paper again; and I — I am sorry I came here — indeed I am!" She was told he was now in the hands of the law, and it was neither in her power, nor in theirs, to release him; and that as it was the law, not the individual, that punished a criminal, she need not accuse herself, in the slightest degree, of severity, whatever his sentence might be. Incapable of replying to this argument, she could do nothing but repeat her request for the paper, when she was answered by a smile, and told she was quite a child. „Do, do give me that paper," she continued, „let nothing more happen; if I can pardon him, why cannot you?" At this she was called a silly child. Nina looked round for the prisoner; but he had been led to his dungeon. „O God!" she cried, „how unhappy does this make me! I know, sir, I am, as you say, a child; but can you make a child so miserable?" The officer then spoke with greater kindness, reasoning on the impossibility of his yielding, and thus she was dismissed.

The aunt was waiting at home in a thousand ecstacies at so providential an escape from a robber and a murderer; to all which Nina scarcely replied, but went to her pillow weeping, „and pity, like a naked new-born babe," lay in her bosom. Thus in two short hours was the laughing gaiety of this young creature gone for ever. She was the means, it mattered not how innocently, of driving a fellow-being into wretchedness and infamy. That her sorrow was unreasonable, few, perhaps, will deny. However, Nina had never learned to take enlarged views of the duties of citizenship; nor did it once enter her head to ask herself whether she was right or wrong. Before sunrise the old lady was surprised at being wakened by her niece, and to see her hastily dressing herself to go once more to the police. This created a long discussion. „Well, well," said the niece, „I will go alone; but then I can have little hope. You, aunt, that know the world, may find some method of softening the hearts of these cruel officers. I have but one friend now that both my parents are dead; and sure she will not refuse the first earnest prayer I make!" This appeal could not be withstood. Nina ran to the looking-glass, to put on her bonnet, when she perceived several bruises on her neck, the marks of his rude hands, — they would be observed, and could not be mistaken. Instantly inquiring if it was not rather chilly that morning, she at the same time without waiting for an answer, took up a large shawl, pinned it close under her chin, and then waited, in the mildest manner in the world, for her friend.

At a very early hour the convicts employed to clean the streets begin their labour. When Nina arrived at the corner of the *Borgo*, she heard the clanking of their chains; and clinging with both hands on her aunt's arm, remained motionless while they slowly passed. Though accustomed to the sight from her infancy, she now, for the first time, regarded them attentively. They were accompanied, as usual, by their guards armed with muskets and cutlasses, and came heavily chained together in couples; the two first with brooms, followed by those who drag on a cart, and then two others with their shovels. One was clothed in yellow, the girl looked at him with tears in her eyes. „I never thought,“ said she, „these men were so wretched!“ „Santa Maria!“ exclaimed the aunt, „and what did you think? Would you have them as comfortable as good Christians like ourselves? You will see, as I told you before, the gentlemen of the police will call me a simpleton for going to them on such an errand.“ In this she was mistaken; nobody noticed her. Nina's earnestness astonished the officers. They had never seen or heard of any thing of the like, and could not understand it. That she should be in love with the prisoner was out of the question, as it appeared in her evidence his person was unknown to her until the evening before; and a young woman never makes a present of her heart (so they argued) to a ruffian who comes to take it with a knife. In the absence, therefore, of this suspicion, she seemed of a more human, if not a more heavenly nature, than any saint in the calendar. And as they sympathised in her distress — for how could they help it? — their compassion was startled into something favourable to all sorts of criminals. The worst was, they could not grant her request.

It is high time to talk of our student—poor Gaetano in his dungeon! He had been noted by the professors for his application at the University, and endeared to his companions by his never failing cheerfulness and good temper. What a dreary change! And he was the favourite of his father, who, though not rich, still represented, with some attempts at dignity, an ancient family in Pistoia. Young Gaetano's story, I am sorry to own it, is a very bad one; as it bears a resemblance to that doleful tragedy, George Barnwell. Italians, to their praise be it spoken, seldom put faith in that love which is to be purchased by costly presents — they know better; yet when guilty of such folly, their extravagance is often boundless. It was so with this youth. After having, on every possible pretence, obtained money from his father, and lavished it on his Milwood, she began to put on her cold looks; then, in a short time, her door was closed against a penniless suitor. Why he attacked Nina seemed inexplicable. Had Pisa no respected Signor, with a heart as full of self-complacency as his pockets were of money, walking in his own orchard, and moralizing on his own goodness? It is certain, however, none but this innocent, defenceless girl struck his brain at that desperate moment. Perhaps there was a feeling of revenge against the sex. Your only true woman-hater is he who becomes trammelled in the magic of one whom his reason bids him despise. If this hint at an explanation should be objected to, I willingly refer the whole case to a general assembly of Scotch metaphysicians — they can settle every thing. My business is with facts. When Nina heard the story, she pitied him more than ever; and if this is sneered at as an immodest kind of pity among the courtly virtuous, let her inexperience in their ways be considered in her favour. So deep an impression did it make on her mind, that it stamped her character for ever. Instead of a laughing, thoughtless girl, she became, at once, a woman. Her brow was more tranquil, a milder brightness shone in her eyes, a far sweeter smile played upon her lips. Happiness, she thought, should not be divided; and, as the thought came over her, not a living being but shared in her sensibility. There is not a greater mistake than to imagine the characters of either sex are formed solely by the first impulses of love. Any of the passions, if thoroughly roused, or even pain of body, will have the same effect, and sometimes at a very early age. Grief, as I myself have witnessed, will act like inspiration; suddenly converting a childish docility in a lad into a manly fortitude and self-decision. The soul of Nina was awakened by the throbs of pity.

The trial came on; Gaetano's father hastened to Pisa, busy with his advocates in the defence of his son, but without seeing him. Insanity was attempted to be proved. Every effort availed nothing. When pronounced guilty, the father returned to Pistoia, thanking Heaven he had yet another son, and he should be his heir — a boy whom hitherto he had scarcely noticed, and who was at that time educating for the Church. Nina did better; she privately went to the houses of the Judges, and knelt before them, and implored the most lenient sentence. Whether her intercession was of some value, or whether there appeared to be more of passion than depravity in the prisoner, the sentence was certainly milder than was expected — three years hard labour.

When Gaetano appeared among the other convicts, every body ran to Nina and officiously pointed him out. Without some information it is probable she never would have recognized him. He passed before her door with that dull eye which those who have any shame instinctively acquire, seeing, as it were, every thing and nothing at the same time. She gazed at him fearfully and solemnly by turns, but did not utter a syllable. Always to see, or what is the same thing to the imagination, always to be liable to see, a fellow-creature who has injured us, suffering for his crime in toil and in chains, must, after awhile, excite the compassion of the sternest. It may be supposed that Nina's humanity could not have endured it. Not so; instead of avoiding him, she would walk through those parts of the city were he was employed, and frequently cross before him, in the hope of attracting his attention, merely that he might see how sorrowful she was, and then, she thought, she would be happier. But when, after some time, she suspected — (and the reader cannot but be prepared for so natural a transition) — there were other emotions in her bosom of a more tender nature than pity, she feared to watch him but from a distance. It ought not to create surprise, that as she could never drive him from her mind, he should win her heart even in a convict's clothes; though possibly in the gayest dress, and with the handsome lively countenance for which he was once admired, he might not have raised the slightest interest in her affections.

Still she retained the name of *La Bella Tabaccaja*; yet it was commonly followed by a whisper that once she was far more beautiful; and indeed her cheeks and her lips grew paler every day. This, together with the change of expression in her features, and her always choosing the earliest hour to go to mass, gave rise to many rumours. Some asserted she had been shamefully deserted by some one whom nobody knew; others, that she looked forward in terror towards the day when her enemy was to be released; and others, that she lived in constant dread of assassination — among which last was her wise aunt. Only one person, a lover of Nina's, discovered the secret; and he, as he has often declared, traced in her artless conduct the gradual progress of her love for Gaetano; from the first moment she saw him in the street. This may be going too far back, — yet it is no matter. He behaved generously, nobly to her, carefully avoiding to hint at his discovery, and offering his services to alleviate the hardships of his rival's fate. What a delight to speak of him! I wish I might give his name! Money is sometimes slipped into the hands of the convicts by their friends, while the guards pretend not to observe it, or turn their eyes another way. This was attempted by that young man with Gaetano, but nothing could induce him to receive it. To every offer of kindness he neither replied nor evinced by his manner that the words were understood. He was told that Nina was unhappy, and still he retained the same lethargic look. Every sense, his very soul, appeared to be fettered more heavily than his limbs. Failing in this, the young man visited the prison, and hoped to afford some relief to Nina in speaking of the attention paid to their health and cleanliness; and he described the discipline within the walls, not more severe than the mildest government could suggest; and Nina, as she listened to him, silently laid her cheek upon his hand. She, too, in her evening walks, would lead her aunt towards the *Ponte a mare;* and there lean upon the parapet, as if watching the rushing of the Arno through the arches. The prison stands at the end of the bridge. At the *Ave Maria* she heard them at their prayers; and sometimes her ear was startled at loud singing and laughter through the barred windows; for men, whether in a prison or a palace, however wretched their crimes or their follies ought to make them, will still, as in defiance, give loose to a wild jollity; and alas! it is the only enjoyment that remains for them.

The three years crawled drearily away, and at last the hour arrived for Gaetano to be set at liberty. A parcel was left for him at the prison door, with a message that it came from his father. Gaetano seized it from the keeper's hands, and throwing himself passionately on the ground, pressed it to his breast, for he had feared he was abandoned by every one he loved, and then he covered his face with it, and bathed it with his tears, the first he had shed within those walls. Suddenly he started up and tore open the parcel, eagerly searching for a letter—there was none—it contained nothing but a common sailor's dress. The cruel meaning in this present could not be misconstrued, and the son looked at it with a mixture of grief and indignation. „Yes, he shall be obeyed!" he muttered to himself; and at that instant Nina's lover, with his unwearied goodness, came in to warn him of his father's anger, and to advise not to seek a reconciliation too hastily. „Besides," he continued, „your father is ill and weak—bed-ridden for these five months—in great pain,—and it is thought, his disease is incurable." „Then," replied Gaetano, „I must see my father ere he dies, and he shall bless me—I know he will; and then, since he commands it, I will fly my country!" He hurried to put on the sailor's clothes, and instantly, with his free unfettered feet, speeded towards Pistoia.

When this news was carried to Nina, she trembled with apprehension. From all she could learn, the father's rage was implacable, and the crime of staining his family pride was never to be pardoned. She dreaded that Gaetano might be driven to some other act of despair, worse than before—suicide perhaps—and therefore, quietly avoiding observation, resolved to follow. A coach, similar to a stage-coach in England, was on the start for Lucca. There was yet a single place vacant, and when she entered it, the driver gladly whipped his horses forward. „Have I not done wrong?" she asked herself, „for no doubt he has taken the nearer path across the mountains. This silly coach—how it loiters! My own feet were better!" At Lucca she impatiently left her company, forgetting all ceremony, to the astonishment of a gentleman with a ribbon in his button-hole. She sought not for another conveyance, certain that her pace would be quicker than the lazy trot of such horses as had borne her from Pisa; and somewhat touched with shame at riding at her ease while Gaetano toiled on foot. On she walked, and in a few minutes came to that tedious part of the road, where the eye sees, in a straight line, and on a flat full three miles in prospect, between two double rows of trees. She strained her sight, but could distinguish no one in a sailor's habit. She quickened her steps. The road then takes a slight turn, and there is again a similar prospect, and for the same extent. Still not seeing him, she cried out, „Oh! where is he? Dear Madonna, Queen of Heaven, do but preserve him in his right mind, and I will be content! Let his father's arms receive him, and I will return—happy—and he shall never know that he might find a home in mine!" Coming into Pescia, she observed some children building their clay-houses on the side of the bridge; and perceiving that their work must have lasted from the morning, she hoped they could give her some information. From them she learnt that such a one had passed, though they disagreed as to the time, and described him very doubtfully; however, one among them, a little creature with a dusty thin face, satisfied her it could be no other but Gaetano, by his wonder at his long quick strides. Now she felt more light of heart, and gazed upon the mountains, clothed in a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, and forming a kind of amphitheatre above the city, and her eyes wandered over the rich, luxuriant plain, till her soul was elevated by the beauty of nature, and, forgetting the Madonna, she prayed direct to the Creator.

At that moment, Gaetano knocked at his father's door. The servant who opened it, though a stranger to him, looked confused, as if he had been taught to expect such a visitor; and without asking any questions, left him on the threshold. Presently he returned and in a low voice told him he was threatened to be dismissed from the house, if he did not immediately close the door upon him. „Then do your duty," said Gaetano, „and shut me out," — and as he spoke he retired one step backward, — " but tell my father I only desire to touch his hand before I leave him for ever." No reply was brought, and the son waited there without motion, like a statue. At last the window of the room where the father lay, was opened. The wretched old man, on a sick bed, his bed of death, with a voice scarce human, shrieked at his once beloved boy in curses. His fury was exasperated, instead of being subdued by his own sufferings — I will not, I cannot repeat his words. Gaetano stood firmly, and heard them with a painful smile. But when they ceased, and there was silence, he sunk upon his knees, with his body supported against the door-post. The window was closed. Passengers stopped in their way, and whispered, and knew not how to act. At last a little girl from a neighbour's was sent with food, and as she said „Dear Signor, eat! eat! eat!" Gaetano laughed. One circumstance I must not omit; his brother, the now favoured son, stole softly round from the garden door, and kissed him, but for a short moment, and then fled swiftly back, lest his love should be noticed by any one in the house. Towards night-fall, the sympathy of the town's people increased, and collecting there in a crowd, they began to talk loudly and impatiently. This still more enraged the father; he ordered the window to be opened again, but his curses were answered by a cry from the people in the street; and a poor cripple, a beggar, exclaimed, „Peace! peace! irreverend old man!" and they heard him no more.

Nina was then forcing her way through the crowd. She had just arrived, pale and heartsick, but not weary. Regardless of the bystanders, or rather, not giving them a thought, she knelt down close to Gaetano; with her arms crossed upon her breast, like one of Raphael's angels, and prayed to him to forgive her. He heard her gentle voice as a voice from heaven and lifting his feeble eyelids, saw who it was. „Forgive you!" he replied, „I forgive all—all—even my father! every one but myself!" And striving to raise himself from the door-post, he sunk senseless into her arms. She believed his heart was burst — that he was either dead or dying, — and screamed for help. The window above her head closed against her cries.

Many among the crowd sprung forward to her assistance, and they bore Gaetano to an inn, while Nina walked by his side without a word, his hand fast locked in hers. On the following morning he was in a high fever, which, after a few days, became so violent, it threatened speedily to destroy him. All the while Nina was his kind nurse; and in spite of the restraint laid upon unmarried women in Italy, she alone attended him. „Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." The brother often visited him, but secretly, and at night, with all the circumspection of a gallant to his mistress. At length Nina had the joy to see his health return, hanging over him with her sweet, quiet smiles, till he gazed upon her, forgetting he was unhappy. In a few days he wondered if it was possible to be unhappy again. And the roses began to blush on her cheeks more beautifully than ever they had blushed before. Yet they never talked of loving each other — it was a waste of words — neither of them had a doubt of it. One evening, the brother, as he paid his stolen visit, was not in the least surprised to hear they were married — why should he? And he wished them joy, and embraced Gaetano, and kissed the hand of his sister-bride, with a happiness almost equal to their own.

There was a good opportunity for opening a snuff-shop at Pescia, so the young couple resolved to fix themselves there. The aunt, and all the stock in trade, were removed from Pisa in the same cart to the new shop. Gaetano was presently initiated in the mysteries of weights and scales and canisters, delighted with his industry as his wife stood by his side. Yet at times a pang came across him as he thought of his father. At the end of six months a priest called, and said his *genitore* had forgiven him. This was merely effected by the terrors of his faith; and, therefore, the greatest bigot could have received but little comfort from it. In fact, he did no more than forgive him as a Christian; with this proviso, that he would never see him or leave him a farthing. Soon after this the old man died. Immediately the brother offered to divide the property, and upon his repeated entreaties, Gaetano did receive a part. „I cannot take half," said he, „because you, with a large house and no shop, are a poorer man than I am."

The aunt is more demure than ever. There are so many stories abroad of the infamy of an *Illustrissimo* becoming a shopkeeper, and of a respectable girl marrying a convict, that she is nervous. She goes about protesting she had no hand in the matter, that nothing of the kind ever entered her head, and thus gets suspected, most undeservedly, as a sly, good-for-nothing, wicked woman.

True love, they say, must be „itself alone," not the offspring of any other passion: and that affection springing from gratitude or pity is by no means love; with many more wise sayings, which I forget. To all this I have nothing to reply, — I only refer such dogmatisers to the principal snuff shop in Pescia. Gaetano and Nina have now three children. The youngest is the most beautiful infant I ever saw, „especially at the mother's breast;" — mind, reader, these are the husband's own words, and you are not to make me accountable for so dainty an observation.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved: and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Byron.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. L. M.

Lilian of the Vale.

Having partially recovered from a nervous distemper, brought on by a severe course of economical studies, I determined to withdraw for the summer months into the country, where my constitution, naturally weak, might be invigorated, and my mind be diverted from preying on my body, by the novelty and variety of such amusements as woods, and rivers, and mountains, and valleys afford. Both inclination and necessity (for I was not affluent) induced me to seek a place of retirement at once humble and private, where my expenditure would be inconsiderable, and my actions might escape from that ceremonious restraint which the forms of society impose upon its members. I had travelled for some time in search of such an abode, but with little success; when one evening as I was returning, quite chagrined, to the village where I had lain the night before, my eyes were attracted to a narrow sheepwalk, which deviated nearly at right angles from the high road, by something which I thought resembled an ornament of dress lying in the middle of the path. Upon taking it up, I found it to be a pale blue riband, simply folded in the form of a star-knot, and held together by a silken thread of the same colour. This was some proof at least, that a habitation was not far distant, and I immediately determined to attempt discovering it; for, beside the desire of returning the trifle to its owner, I was strongly imbued with that theory which appropriates much of our future destiny to such accidental occurrences, and I firmly believed that this pathway and no other would lead me to the object in search of which I had set out; especially as the riband I found did not lie near the road I was pursuing, but a considerable distance from it on the by-path, thereby obviously pointing out to me the way I should choose.

The path I speak of sank down between two hills, descending much below the level of the high road, and at length opening into a green platform which overlooked a still deeper declivity. I shall never forget the enchanting prospect which offered itself to my view, as I stood in the green recess formed by the two banks, which rose from the platform, and concealing both it and the steepdown valley beneath, from the passengers on the high road. I seemed as if suspended in middle air, for the purpose of surveying the hollow woodland beneath me to the greatest advantage; for the precipitous descent of the mountain, on whose side I was placed, prevented me from seeing that there was any thing under my feet but the surface of the platform itself. The valley was of considerable extent, and terminated either way in a dark glen*);

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*) enges Thal.

it was perfectly verdant, except where its green mantle was relieved by the deeper tints of several masses of foliage with which the lawns were interspersed, by a few glistening rocks, or by the bright surface of a stream which ran at the bottom, forming innumerable cascades and waterfalls, which gave an uncommon sweetness and purity to the air. At one end of the valley appeared a small cottage, scarcely indeed apparent from the number of trees which surrounded it, and open only in front towards the river, on whose opposite side it lay. A few wreaths of thin blue smoke curling above it, showed it to be inhabited. Here then (said I,) shall my labours at length cease; if all the wealth I am master of can purchase a corner in such a paradise. — As I looked about to see how I should descend from my present altitude to this Eden, a little goat made its appearance on the edge of the precipice, — just where it was met by the bank forming the side of the recess where I stood, — and gazing full at me for some time, disappeared. I approached the place where it had vanished, and found that the former pathway still wound by the foot of the bank wall, and continued in a slanting direction down the side of the precipice, till it ended at the ford which lay across the river, and led up to the cottage door. With some difficulty and considerable danger I doubled this promontory, and descended cautiously, my four-footed guide running on before me, and stopping at intervals to see if I followed. Surely (said I,) still theorizing as I followed my active conductor to the bottom, my fate lies this way; here have I a second regulator of my path; there must be something in these governing accidents. — I found the river much wider and more rapid than I expected; a large tree, supported at each end on massive stones, lay across the deepest part of the stream, where there were no rocks to serve as steps. Over this my nimble vaunt-courier trotted, and in a few moments led me to the threshold of the cottage, which it entered unceremoniously. As my figure darkened the door, a matron, who sat within, raised her eyes from the book which lay upon her knee, and somewhat astonished, I suppose, at the suddenness of my appearance, waited without speaking till I had explained myself. Having apologized for my intrusion, and related the circumstances which occasioned it, I briefly mentioned the object in search of which I was travelling. The matron civilly replied, that her cottage, from its smallness, was ill adapted to my purposes, but that if I was satisfied with such an humble residence, if I thought my health would be improved by the situation, I was welcome to a part of her house; that she only regretted her inability to provide me with a suitable apartment.

I agreed with the good woman on her own terms, and finding myself fatigued by my journey, I soon retired to my chamber. It was a small room, neatly but simply furnished; a little bed lay in one corner; a woman's dressing-stand, and a couple of old-fashioned chairs, with an oaken table, nearly completed the inventory. A few books, chiefly moral and religious, stood upon a shelf near the window, one of these I opened, and found the word *Lilian*, written in a delicate character, on the title-page. Without waiting to make any further observations, I went to bed and fell asleep immediately.

When the soul is entranced in slumber, and we are as if divided between life and death, there are sounds often heard in such moments, which seem to partake of another and a superior world; sounds of that wild and visionary description to which, waking, we can find no parallel. With such celestial music in my ears I awoke in the morning, but the sounds seemed to die away as I returned to the consciousness of earthly existence. While I was regretting that my dream was not reality, and before the echoes of its ideal symphony had ceased to vibrate in my brain, methought I heard the same notes distinctly repeated by a voice, human indeed, but more exquisitely sweet than ever I had heard on earth before. The imperfect sensations of sleep had given it its spirituality, but waking perception left it all its wildness and melody. The words, struck apparently by a silver tongue, penetrated to my brain, while lost in breathless transport my vision seemed to return. Again it sang: —

Vale of the Waterfalls!
Glen of the streams!
Wake from your slumbering!
Wake from your dreams!

Wild sings the mountain lark,
Bird of the air!
Calling the valley birds
Up to him there!

Sweet ring the mountain bells
High o'er the dale,
Waking the little bells
Down in the vale.

Fresh breathes the morning wind,
Bright looks the day, —
Up to the heather hills,
Lilian, away!

Raising myself on one elbow to catch these delicious sounds, and looking through the lattice which commanded a view of the ford, and the opposite side of the valley, I saw a light female figure glide swiftly over the sylvan bridge, and with the speed of wind fly up the pathway which I had descended yester evening. I arose instantly, and going to the window beheld her, accompanied by the little goat, rapidly ascending the precipice. When she had gained the platform, she turned towards the sun, which rose on the other side of the vale, and after a few moments, apparently given to contemplation of its splendour, disappeared between the banks which formed the verdant recess.

Though the morning was not far advanced, I felt too much interested, by the song I had heard, and the form I had seen, to think of returning to bed. I hastily dressed myself, and taking up one of the books which lay near me, fixed my eyes on the written characters which I had observed the night before. I know not how long I remained in this state of abstraction, when the shadow of the good woman of the house, passing over the book, awakened me from my reverie. In a few minutes she re-passed my window, and proceeded to the other end of the cottage, where a thick copsewood, reaching from it to the river, shut out the view of the mountains behind. A green plat, fresh and dewy, lay in front of the cottage, and sloping down to the river, mingled its short herbage with the sedgy borders of the channel; a rustic bench, shadowed by the overhanging copse, formed a kind of bower in which the matron now sat, looking anxiously towards the path which led down from the hills. As she sat there, I had a good opportunity to observe her appearance. It was that of one who had seen better days, who had felt misfortunes keenly but not impatiently; melancholy predominated in her countenance, but resignation strove hard for the superiority; sickness more than age had robbed her of youth's graces; but though the rose had faded on her cheek, the lily still remained in all its former delicacy. Turning towards my window, her eye caught mine, and I instantly went forth to salute her. She inquired kindly for my health, hoped a few days would restore it, and told me that her daughter had gone to pull some herbs which she thought would be of use to me, and would soon return. I asked, if it was her daughter whom I had heard that morning singing so exquisitely. „Yes (said she), my Lilian is more like a bird of the air than a thing of the earth; in joy she sings of her happiness: in woe she sings away her sadness; when in neither, like the birds she sings for very thoughtlessness." „And if I may judge (said I) by the rapidity with which she ascended yon precipice„ — she must have their wings too, as well as their song." The matron smiled. „Lilian (said she) has lived here for fourteen years, from infancy to girlhood; and these mountains are grown so familiar to her, that she might tread them blindfold. In truth, sir, she is a wild one: when her duty to me does not require her presence, she spends her time wandering through the recesses of this valley and the surrounding hills; she goes singing her little roundelays over the whole wilderness, and there is scarcely a rock, a cave, or a precipice, which has not echoed to her song." „Forgive me (said I), if I ask whether you are a native of this valley; your conversation would lead me to think not." „Alas, sir (replied the matron), I saw many years of sorrow before I came to this solitude. My husband was an officer of distinction in the army — but, hush! (said she, putting her finger to her lips) Lilian is coming; — and I think it but fair to keep the canker from the bud, let the old tree decay as it will," added the matron, forcing a smile as her daughter approached.

At the end of the arbour where I sat, the foliage was sufficiently thick to conceal me, yet not so dense as to prevent my seeing what might pass without: receiving a significant smile from the widow, I withdrew myself farther into the shade, just as the girl had reached the foot of the bridge. When she came to the middle where the water was deepest, she stopped, and clasping her hands, while she drew them to her neck with that natural grace which belongs to the period of extreme youthfulness, at the same time bending her aerial form into the attitude of one supplicating inwardly, she looked at her mother with an intensity of expression, which denoted more heartful feelings than words could possibly convey. This beautiful apparition seemed to have but just escaped the age of childhood; or rather, extreme innocence had prolonged that portion of her life beyond its due period; her figure was small, but exquisitely proportioned, as was evident from her delicate arms bare almost to the shoulder, and her tiny feet and ancles, which the mountain dress she wore was not calculated to conceal. Her hair was of a glossy fairness, and her complexion of that fine bloom which arises from health and purity of blood. Considerably heightened by exercise, the glow of her cheek was only surpassed by the bright redness of her mouth, which seemed indeed the very bed of sweetness. Eyes, with which we are inclined to imagine angels, heavenly blue and liquid from the overflowing of a tender and sensitive heart. A simple white wrapper of very thin muslin, showing off the harmony and gracefulness of her figure to the greatest advantage, and more like a mist than a garment, shrouded this little goddess; and as the foam of the cataract curled to her feet, or burst in a thousand frothy shapes around her, she stood like the Naiad of the River, which thundered in unruly joy at receiving her amongst its billows.

In this attitude she advanced, brightening as she approached her mother, and mincing her steps with girlish sportiveness, till she came within a few paces of the bower; then unclasping her hands and spreading her arms, as if to embrace her anxious parent, like a spirit at play, she began a kind of fantastic dance: and as her nimble fairy feet twinkled on the green turf, and her thin garb floated on her shoulders like wings, I thought the veritable Ariel swam before my sight. Fondly tantalizing her delighted mother, who sat with outstretched arms to receive her, while tears of joy trickled from her eyes, the playful girl still continued, without actually touching, to hover round her, accompanying her fantastic movements with a little song of the wildest, sweetest cadency.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And like a queen I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
O'er red rose and lily fair,
And like a sylph I'm coming
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And like a bee I'm coming
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Over hill and over plain,
And like a bird I'm coming
To my bower back again!

Here the fairy threw herself into her mother's breast, and was covered with kisses, as fervently repaid.

The favourite goat, which had been her companion, now presented itself at the entrance of the bower, having a little basket of light osier suspended from one of its horns, and containing a profusion of flowers which its mistress had gathered in her excursions. In rising from her mother's lap to relieve her companion from its charge, my figure met her view. A blush, at the recollection that she had been seen by a stranger, overspread her whole face, bosom, and even her arms, with the deepest crimson. When the good woman presented her to me as her daughter, with her cheek half averted, she made me a simple curtsy, and retired almost like a child behind her mother. In a little time we went to breakfast in the arbour, and the business of the scene was a relief to her embarrassment, but she remained in total silence, whilst at every turn of my head, the blood mantled involuntarily to her cheek and bosom. In this secluded valley, where perhaps no one of my sex above the grade of a peasant had ever appeared, and from which society was naturally excluded, neither her bashfulness nor her reserve surprised me, especially when I considered her extreme youth; but that such a beautiful creation could exist upon earth, without drawing the world to adore it as the symbol of heavenly perfection, was to me totally inexplicable.

Sensations which I never had experienced before, sensations under which my entire frame trembled with an agitation at once excessive and pleasurable, now took possession of my soul; I seemed to have plunged into a new world, a world of superior purity, where the softness of the air, and the brightness of the verdure, had exalted my feelings to a height of enthusiasm and intense sensitiveness, which we attribute to those who inhabit the visionary vales of eternal blessedness. Shut in from the common occurrences of life which might destroy the illusion, placed amid scenery so romantic, so melancholy, so lovely, it was no wonder if to one of my fervid imagination, his nature should seem to be exalted by the place, rather than the beauty of the scene to be exaggerated by his enthusiastic disposition. I forgot the actual world, — forgot that I was in it, and gave myself wholly up to the dreams of fancy. The sylvan goddess, or spirit of this place, had now become familiar, and as she hovered around my path, pointing out the freshest spots where I might recline she sung me into slumber, and showing me the various flowery treasures of her enchanted garden, I thought of Eden, of Elysium, of Paradise, fancied I had already by some forgotten means been transported to one of those delightful abodes, and her own angelic airy form confirmed the delusion. In fact, this singular girl had a character of mind and frame which was quite preternaturally: she was a perfect, I had almost said real, Wood nymph; her form, her actions, her thoughts, were those that belong to such a being. She seemed to have imbibed the very spirit of germination which pervaded the wild productions of her native valley; the tenderness and diminutive symmetry of its herbage had imparted a like delicacy and grace to her form; the purity and freshness of its elements had infused themselves into her blood; the wildness of its imagery, its sublimity, and its beauty, had assimilated the disposition of her mind to themselves. She was something between earthly and celestial; she had the form of a mortal, but the habits of a spirit.

For the first two or three days which I spent in the Vale of the Waterfalls (as it was called), Lilias was distant and reserved, but when a little habituated to my presence, with the freedom which we use in childhood when fear has subsided, she became affectionate and familiar, nor was there ever in her manners that coyness which generally distinguishes maidenhood; she seemed to be totally unconscious that it was necessary, and gave herself to my society as she would to that of a brother.

I became her inseparable companion. She would lead me through the devious paths of the wilderness, and bring me to the several groves and fountains, and fresh rolling streams, with which this solitude abounded; she would guide my steps over little hillocks blooming with the loveliest flowers, and glades of the sweetest verdure; then having ensconced me among those inextricable recesses, disappear like a wraith in some dell or hollow, and start up again when I least expected her. One day as I sat alone under the shade of a rock, I felt something rustle softly in my bosom, and looking round perceived the girl skipping down from the rock, with the riband which had first seduced me to this valley in her hand, and laughing gaily as she waved it round her head. She had silently mounted the rock behind me, and snatched the riband from my breast, where I had preserved it. I attempted to recover it, but she escaped me like a shadow before I had run a dozen paces. In a short time she re-appeared, and coming up to me, threw a little knot of blue flowers into my bosom, singing —

Sweet blue bells we,
Mid flowers of the lea
The likest in hue to heaven.
Our bonnets so blue
Are tinged with the dew
That drops from the sky at Even.

Our bloom more sweet
Than dark violet,
Or tulip's purple stain.
At every return
Of the dew breathing morn,
Grows brighter and brighter again!

A very remarkable circumstance attending my acquaintance with this creature was, that, except on the above occasion, I never knew what it was to feel her touch; and even here, the sensation was more that of a breeze rustling in my bosom, than of a mortal hand. Though perfectly familiar and unsuspicious, whenever I approached within the possibility of touching her, she seemed to flit from me by imperceptible degrees, so that I could not at this moment assert, except from the evidence of sight and reasoning, that she was actually corporeal. Indeed all her habits and actions partook of another nature.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Three Jewels.

By Thomas Hood.

There are many examples in ancient and modern story, of lovers who have worn various disguises to obtain their mistresses: the great Jupiter himself setting the pattern by his notable transformations. Since those heroic days, Love has often diverted himself in Italy as a shepherd with his pastoral crook; and I propose to tell you how, in more recent times, he has gone amongst us in various other shapes. But in the first place I must introduce to you a handsome youth, named Torrello, of Bergamo, who was enamoured of Fiorenza, the daughter of gentlefolks in the same neighbourhood. His enemies never objected any thing against Torrello, but his want of means to support his gentlemanly pretensions and some extravagances and follies, which belong generally to youth, and are often the mere faults of a generous nature. However, the parents of Fiorenza being somewhat austere, perceived graver offences in his flights, and forbade him, under grievous penalties, to keep company with his mistress.

Love, notwithstanding, is the parent of more inventions than Necessity, and Torrello, being a lively-witted fellow, and withal deeply inspired by love, soon found out a way to be as often as he would in the presence of his lady. Seeing that he could not transform himself, like Jupiter, into a shower of gold for her sake, he put on the more humble seeming of a gardener, and so got employed in the pleasure-ground of her parents. I leave you to guess, then, how the flowers prospered under his care, since they were to form bouquets for Fiorenza, who was seldom afterwards to be seen without some pretty blossom in her bosom. She took many lessons besides of the gardener, in his gentle craft, and her fondness growing for the employment, her time was almost all spent naturally amongst her plants, and in the infinite cultivation of her heart's-ease, which had never before prospered to such a growth. She learned also of Torrello a pretty language of hieroglyphics, which he had gathered from the girls of the Greek Islands, so that they could hold secret colloquies together by exchanges of flowers; and Fiorenza became more eloquent by this kind of speech than in her own language, which she had never found competent to her dearest confessions.

Conceive how abundantly happy they were in such employments, surrounded by the lovely gifts of Nature, their pleasant occupation of itself being the primeval recreation of humankind before the fall, and love especially being with them, that can convert a wilderness into a garden of sweets.

The mother of Fiorenza, chiding her sometimes for the neglect of her embroideries, she would answer in this manner: —

,,Oh, my dear mother! what is there in labours of art at all comparable with these? Why should I task myself with a tedious needle to stitch out poor tame formal emblems of these beautiful flowers and plants, when thus the living blooms spring up naturally under my hands. I confess I never could account for the fondness of young women for that unwholesome chamber-work, for the sake of a piece of inanimate tapestry, which hath neither freshness nor fragrance; whereas, this breezy air, with the odour of the plants and shrubs, inspirits my very heart. I assure you, 'tis like a work of magic to see how they are charmed to spring up by the hands of our skilful gardener, who is so civil and kind as to teach me all the secrets of his art.“

By such expressions her mother was quieted; but her father was not so easily pacified; for it happened, that whilst the roses flourished everywhere, the household herbs, by the neglect of Turrello and his assistants, went entirely to decay, so that at last, though there was a nosegay in every chamber, there was seldom a sallad for the table. The master taking notice of the neglect, and the foolish Turrello in reply showing a beautiful flowery arbour, which he had busied himself in erecting, he was abruptly discharged on the spot, and driven out, like Adam, from his Paradise of flowers.

The mother being informed afterwards of this transaction —

,,In truth,“ said she, ,,it was well done of you, for the fellow was very forward, and I think Fiorenza did herself some disparagement in making so much of him, as I have observed. For example, a small fee of a crown or two would have paid him handsomely for his lessons to her, without giving him one of her jewels, which I fear the knave will be insolent enough to wear and make a boast of.“

And truly Turrello never parted with the gift which, as though it had been some magical talisman, transformed him quickly into a master falconer, on the estate of the parent of Fiorenza; and thus he rode side by side with her whenever she went a-fowling. That healthful exercise soon restored her cheerfulness, which, towards autumn, on the withering of her flowers, had been touched with melancholy; and she pursued her new pastime with as much eagerness as before. She rode always beside the falconer, as constant as a tassel gentle to his lure; whilst Turrello often forgot to recall his birds from their flights. His giddiness and inadvertence at last procuring his dismissal, the falcon was taken from his finger, which Fiorenza recompensed with a fresh jewel, to console him for his disgrace.

After this event, there being neither gardening nor fowling to amuse her, the languid girl fell into a worse melancholy than before, that quite disconcerted her parents. After a consultation, therefore, between themselves, they sent for a noted physician from Turin, in spite of the opposition of Fiorenza, who understood her own ailment sufficiently to know that it was desperate to his remedies. In the mean time his visits raised the anxiety of Turrello to such a pitch, that after languishing some days about the mansion he contrived to waylay the doctor on his return, and learned from him the mysterious nature of the patient's disease. The doctor confessing his despair of her cure,

,,Be of good cheer,“ replied Turrello; ,,I know well her complaint, and without any miracle will enable you to restore her, so as to redound very greatly to your credit. You tell me that she will neither eat nor drink, and cannot sleep if she would, but pines miserably away, with a despondency which must end in either madness or her dissolution: whereas, I promise you she shall not only feed heartily, and sleep soundly, but dance and sing as merrily as you can desire.“

He then related confidentially, the history o their mutual love, and begged earnestly, the the physician would devise some means of genting him admitted to the presence of his mistress. The doctor being a good-hearted man, was much moved by the entreaties of Torrello, and consented to use his ability.

„However," said he, „I can think of no way but one, which would displease you — and that is, that you should personate my pupil, and attend upon her with my medicines."

The joyful Torrello assured the doctor, „that he was very much mistaken in supposing that any falsely-imagined pride could overmaster the vehemence of his love;" and accordingly putting on an apron, with the requisite habits, he repaired on his errand to the languishing Fiorenza. She recovered very speedily, at his presence — but was altogether well again, to learn that thus a new mode was provided for their interviews. The physician thereupon was gratified with a handsome present by her parents, who allowed the assistant likewise to continue his visits till he had earned another jewel of Fiorenza. Prudence at last telling them that they must abandon this stratagem, they prepared for a fresh separation, but taking leave of each other upon a time too tenderly, they were observed by the father, and whilst Torrello was indignantly thrust out at the door, Fiorenza was commanded, with a stern rebuke, to her own chamber.

The old lady thereupon asking her angry husband concerning the cause of the uproar, he told her that he had caught the doctor's man on his knees to Fiorenza.

„A plague take him!" said he; „'tis the trick of all his tribe, with a pretence of feeling women's pulses to steal away their hearts. I marvel how meanly the jade will bestow her favour next; but it will be a baser varlet, I doubt, than a gardener, or a falconer."

„The falconer!" said the mother, „you spoke just now of the doctor's man."

„Ay," quoth he, „but I saw her exchange looks, too, with the falconer; my heart misgives me, that we shall undergo much disgrace and trouble on account of such a self-willed and froward child."

„Alas!" quoth the mother, „it is the way of young women, when they are crossed in the man of their liking; they grow desperate and careless of their behaviour. It is a pity, methinks, we did not let her have Torrello, who, with all his faults, was a youth of gentle birth, and not likely to disgrace us by his manners; but it would bring me down to my grave, to have the girl debase herself with any of these common and low-bred people."

Her husband, agreeing in these sentiments, they concerted how to have Torrello recalled, which the lady undertook to manage, so as to make the most of their parental indulgence to Fiorenza. Accordingly, after a proper lecture on her indiscretions, she dictated a dutiful letter to her lover, who came very joyfully in his own character as a gentleman, and a time was appointed for the wedding. When the day arrived, and the company were all assembled, the mother, who was very lynx-sighted, espied the three trinkets, namely, a ring, a clasp, and a buckle, on the person of Torrello, that had belonged to her daughter: however, before she could put any questions, he took Fiorenza by the hand, and spoke as follows.

„I know what a history you are going to tell me of the indiscretions of Fiorenza; and that the several jewels you regard so suspiciously, were bestowed by her on a gardener, a falconer, and a doctor's man. Those three knaves, being all as careless and improvident as myself, the gifts are come, as you perceive, into my own possession; notwithstanding, lest any should impeach, therefore, the constancy of this excellent lady, let them know that I will maintain her honour in behalf of myself, as well as of those other three, in token of which I have put on their several jewels."

The parents being enlightened by this discourse, and explaining it to their friends, the young people were married, to the general satisfaction; and Fiorenza confessed herself thrice happy with the gardener, the falconer, and the doctor's man.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Lilian of the Vale.

(Concluded from our last.)

She spoke little; expressing herself mostly by gestures or inarticulate modulations of the voice. When she did utter words, they were breathed in a kind of recitative or cadence, or, as was most generally the case, her sentiments were conveyed in the form of a song. I have given a few specimens of these; and although simplicity is their principal attribute, when aided by her angelic voice and expressive gestures, they were the wildest and sweetest imaginable. In fact she had a natural turn for poetry; education had nothing to do with it, both her poetry and the music with which she accompanied it, were irregular and inartificial, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a brook, or the sigh of a tree — more the involuntary emanations than the premeditated combinations of sounds. Such of her songs as I can recall to memory — for as she sung from momentary impulse it was extremely difficult to find her repeating the same words except on similar occasions — such of these as I could collect on the instant will appear in order, whilst I endeavour to give some notion of this extraordinary girl, with whom the happiest, if not the most rational moments of my life were spent.

Her mother has often told me that she did not know how Lilian subsisted. She would never sit down to a regular meal, but would sometimes take a morsel of bread with her when she purposed a distant excursion, and even this would be found strewed on some pathway for the birds who might happen to light there. She was impatient of confinement; and often when her mother had seen her to bed, on going into her room an hour after, it would be found empty, and Lilian escaped unseen to wander by moonlight in the valley. This happened frequently during my residence there; and once being excited by curiosity, I went out in search of her, and found her in the bottom of a dell — drinking dew out of the cups of flowers. „Lilian,“ said I, „why have we lost you?“ „My sisters! my sisters!“ answered she impatiently. „What sisters?“ „Look! look!“ said she, pointing to some fantastic shapes into which the spray of the distant cataract was formed by the reflection of the moon. „I see nothing but the river foam dancing in the moonbeams.“ „These,“ she replied, „these are my sisters — the only sisters Lilian ever knew. Listen! do they not speak to each other?“ „Come, you are too romantic, Lilian; the water as it falls murmurs indistinctly, and at this distance misleads you.“ „Nearer then!“ said the girl, „I must hear what they say.“ And before I could interpose, she rushed to the brow of the cataract and disappeared. Uttering a cry of terror. I followed, and just as I had reached the spot where she vanished, her mother came to tell me that Lilian had returned to the cottage. I retired to my chamber, lost in astonishment at this singular occurrence. In the morning, when her mother expostulated with Lilian about the imprudence of wandering in the night air, she replied in a roundelay:

The wren hath her nest at the root of a tree,
And the tufted mouse in the couch of the bee,
Where rain nor cold hath power to harm her;
The bed of the eagle is built in the sky,
And the bittern in rushes doth nightly lie;
Then why should Lilian's bed be warmer?

Her senses were incontestably more acute than belongs to the nature of mortality. She would often stop in the midst of our conversation, to listen, as she said, to the wind walking over the flowers; and accordingly in a little time I would perceive the breeze to swell into a transient gust as it passed by the place where we stood. Whether in some instances her romantic imagination might not have suggested ideal murmurs, I will not decide, but her delicate perceptions of sound were mostly verified by fact. I remember sitting with her one sunny day on the river bank, in a sequestered part of the vale, when, after a fit of contemplative silence, upon my addressing myself to break it, she raised her head, and motioning me to be still, began in a low tremulous voice, scarcely distinguishable from the mixed murmur which rises from the breast of the woodland in summer time; a kind of irregular chant—

Hear! hear!
How the vale bells tinkle all around
As the sweet wind shakes them — hear!
What a wild and sylvan sound!

Hear! hear!
How the soft waves talk beneath the bank!
And each sighs to willow — hear!
The reed to the osier dank.

Hear! hear!
How the blue fly hisses in the air
With his voice in his fine wings — hear!
He sings of his flowery fare.

Hear! hear!
How the wood-bird murmurs in the dark,
And the distant cuckoo chimes — hear!
From the sun-cloud trills the lark.

She could discriminate accurately between the scents of flowers of the same species, so as to name them blindfold. Her sight was so fine that she would detect the minnows lying on the bed of a stream, in the darkest weather, when to me they were indistinguishable from the slimy pebbles of the bottom; on putting down a straw to the place she pointed out, they flitted. Her other senses were equally discriminative.

But in what she chiefly resembled our notions of a spirit, was the lightness, grace, and peculiar swiftness of her motion. Something between flying and dancing. Her movements were so rapid, that sometimes it required no great stretch of superstition to believe that she actually vanished into the air. The wild and restless life she led, wandering over hill, dell, rock, and precipice, had given an elasticity to her foot, which made her seem to tread on air; whilst the slightness of her limbs, formed on the most delicate model of beauty and grace, appeared, by the tremulous instability which they gave to her frame, to indicate a necessity for perpetual and ever-varying motion. I had often dreamed of Attendant Spirits, Sylphs, Gnomes, Semi-deities, and imagined beings partaking of a double nature, the spiritual and corporeal, beings of an intermediate class, whose outlines and figures were human, but whose form was unsubstantial; whose actions, habits, and thoughts were not preternatural, nor supernatural wholly, but such as human actions, habits, and thoughts would be when refined by some celestial alchemy, which would clear them of their grossness without divesting them of their specific essence: with such visionary beings had my waking dreams been peopled, but never until now were these conceptions apparently realized. This creature adequately represented my preconceived notion of an intermediate being.

The surface of the Vale of the Waterfalls was not uniform, but was broken into numberless hillocks and dells in miniature, interspersed with the several varieties of rock, cleft, glade, and declivity. Amid these romantic solitudes was Lilian ever straying; every singular or characterotic point of the Vale was to her in place of a companion; hillocks, rocks, shrubs, and flowers, the people of the wilderness, were to her in place of society. I have frequently wandered for the whole day in search of her, and perhaps found her at length in a shady nook singing to the wild flowers, or on a sunny bank dancing round a knot of cowslips, or hovering on the brink of the torrent chanting her mystic verses to its monotonous numbers. Sometimes I have accompanied her from the cottage door, while she rambled like a wild bee from bank to dell, and from shrub to flower, conversing with her by snatches, but never finding it possible to confine her either to one subject or one place. The character of her thoughts was wildness mingled with deep tenderness and melancholy; but she was at times gay and playful. A high strain of sublimity would often convert the sylph into a sybil, when the changes in the face of nature gave a gloomy colour to her mind; for her wildness, melancholy, gaiety, and sublimity of imagination, were nothing but the transcripts of those passions which seem to animate the system of natural things. A wild rock or a solitary cave attracted her notice, she grew romantic or melancholy; a sunny flower or a darkly-waving pine caught her eye, she became gay or gloomy accordingly. But as the predominating features of the solitude even in its most charming dress were melancholy and wildness, so the general characteristics of her thoughts were sadness and romance.

We sat one evening on the river side, just at the foot of the principal cataract, where the waters plunging from on high down into a rocky basin, shook the very bank we sat on by their fall, and drowning each other in the pool, raised a continual din and echo by their struggles and tumultuous contentions. The wind had swept in frequent gusts through the vale during the latter part of the day; but as night approached, the old trees began to groan with a heavier blast, and the wild birds flew with fearful screams to the groves; the small flowers closed up their breasts rapidly, and committed themselves to the storm, whilst the river seemed to foam and swell under the chafing wing of the tempest. In a few minutes the rack began; thunder broke in tremendous peals over our heads, leaves flew in eddies through the air, the shrill reed whistled, and the swinging pine moaned loudly in the night wind, whilst the caves and narrow passages between rocks swelled the terrific chorus by their hollow voices. Shuddering, I turned to Lilian. She had risen, and was hanging over the brink of the whirlpool, muttering something which, by its wildness and incoherence, resembled an incantation. Her delicate white arms were crossed upon her bosom, her long hair flew over her shoulders on the wind, and her little cheek grew pale as she uttered her mystic numbers to the roar of the torrent. „Lilian!“ said I, „come away; the night grows terrific.“ She answered not, but elevating her voice till it nearly reached a scream, and mingled with the noise of the waves like the cry of one drowning, she chaunted a wild rhapsody, her eye almost lighted to frenzy, and her cheek whitening every moment.

The woods are sighing!
And the wild birds crying!
And loud and sorely the wild waters weep!
Dark pines are groaning!
And night winds are moaning!
And muttering thunder rumbles hoarse and deep!

Ghostly, frantic, and appalling, she broke into a yet wilder measure:

Come, Sisters, come, come!
Bring the storm, and bring the rain,
Let the roving winds loose upon the swelling billows,
Down, Spirits, down, down!
Shake the oak, and split the rock,
Scream amid the dashing waves, and shriek among the willows!

Her voice ended in a wild shriek, and she disappeared. I had no courage to follow up this adventure. Her character seemed to change here; enthusiasm degenerated into frenzy, and gentleness gave way to more than sibylline extravagance of voice and gesture. I returned to the cottage, and as I did not wish to be questioned by the woman concerning her daughter, I retired immediately to my chamber.

There was something of a foreboding nature in this last incident. The morning after, I received a post letter from the neighbouring town whither the widow had gone for provisions, acquainting me that my father was on his death-bed, and requiring my immediate attendance to receive his last blessing. This was imperative; and though I had neither seen nor heard of Lilian since the preceding night, after having taken a hasty leave of her mother, I set off immediately to the village where I might procure some mode of conveyance to my father's residence. The direct path from the Vale of the Waterfalls to the village lay through one of the glens or dingles in which the valley terminated. The sides of the mountains which formed this defile were so precipitous that they almost met overhead, and they were moreover clothed with a dark mantle of hanging fir, which increased the gloom and horror of the place. At the very bottom lay the path, and as I looked up the sides of this dreary profound, which seemed the very realization of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, my fancy grew bewildered; though waking, I seemed to walk in a dream, and a thousand dim and terrible phantoms appeared to rise from the brambles under my feet, and darken still more the obscurity which encompassed me. The incidents of last night returned forcibly to my mind; there was something mysterious, unreal, and preternatural in every thing connected with that Vale, and this was a fit place for executing the final catastrophe. As I passed on, at intervals some horrid thing would brush by me, and a wet flaccid wing like that of a monstrous bat would flap me in the face; sometimes a phantom would come and whisper busily in my ear, yet I heard nothing; and I saw many hideous shapes, who by their distortions were apparently in the acts of screaming, laughing, and making other abominable noises, yet the air was as silent as death. All of a sudden, this subterranean passage of horror and darkness opened into the bright fields of day; I was re-inspirited; but the recollection of the dreary glen, the vale, Lilian and her preternatural disappearance, still remained. Pondering on these subjects, and endeavouring to account for them in some probable manner, I proceeded through the open valley into which the sides of the glen had widened and passing by a tuft of green bushes, I thought I heard from within them some one weeping like a deserted child. I immediately opened them, and to my astonishment found Lilian sitting on the green plat in the midst, with her head in her lap, lamenting piteously, and drowned in a flood of tears. She rose and spread her arms to receive me. I flew to her embrace, but when I thought to have caught her to my bosom, she was still at the same distance from me as before." „Lilian," said I, „why do you avoid me? I am going." „I know it," she replied, „and I come to take my last farewell." „Not the last, not the last, dear girl" (said I, forgetting yesterdays adventure) if heaven will spare us for each other: when I have paid the duties which I owe to my father, I will return to love and Lilian." „Lilian," said she, faintly smiling, „Lilian will then be no more!" As I stood, unable from the impressiveness of her manner to make any answer, whether it was imagination, or that the echo in this place was extraordinarily powerful, I heard her last words repeated several times up the mountains, and „No more! no more! no more!" at length died away in hollow sighs among the rocks of the valley. Perceiving me silent, she said, „Come, I will delay you no longer; depart to your home! On that glade," (pointing to a sloping bank at some distance), „we separate for ever!" We proceeded in silence. When we had reached the spot, she stopped; and turning to me, her innocent bosom filled with tears, and her blue eyes dropping crystal, she pointed towards the vale which lay behind us, and in a voice scarcely audible with sorrow, „Listen," said she, „to the Rover's Farewell!" —

Farewell the groves, and farewell the bowers!
Ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye streams, farewell!
Farewell the bloom and sweet breath of flowers!
Farewell for evermore! a long farewell!

Farewell, O Vale of fast falling water!
Ye banks, ye bushes, and ye glades, farewell!

Farewell, lone parent of one wayward daughter!
Farewell for ever, — a long, long farewell!

And farewell „Lilian“ . . .

Here she was interrupted by a loud laugh uttered over my shoulder. I turned to see from whom it came, but no one appeared. On turning again towards Lilian, she was gone. Immoveable with astonishment, I stood for some time stupified, but recovering my senses, I called several times, „Lilian, Lilian, dear Lilian, answer me!“ She appeared a long way off at the entrance of the valley, with her hands covering her face, and walking slowly towards her home. I now recollected my father, and considering that it would be useless to pursue this adventure any farther at present, summoning up my courage, I proceeded onwards to the village. I had scarcely walked twenty paces, when, to my utter surprise, this apparition stood before me again in the midst of the path, but when I approached, quitted it and appeared on the top of some rock or prominence at a distance, where her small figure whitening in the sun would seem to kiss its hand to me as I passed. In this way, she continued to accompany me, till the signs of population began to appear. She had gradually kept behind me as I approached the high road, and when I at length reached it, on looking round I perceived her standing on a high rock at some distance, the sunbeams glistening in her eyes, which were filled with tears, whilst she kissed her hand repeatedly, till she faded entirely from my view.

When I reached my father's house, I found him partially recovered. I accompanied him to Italy, where he had been ordered by his physicians — too late however for his preservation, he died within a few miles of Turin. My attention to him on his death-bed was necessarily unremitting; and this, combined with my own previous delicate state of health, occasioned a relapse of my nervous disorder. With some difficulty I recovered so much of my health as to think of returning to my native country, to which the desire of revisiting the Vale of the Waterfalls, and investigating its mysteries completely, was no small inducement. The unceasing attendance which my father's illness required upon my part, added to the novelty of scene and society, had prevented me from dwelling intensely on the extraordinary incidents which I so lately experienced; but my thoughts now reverted naturally to them, as well from my innate tendency to the romantic, as from the singularity of the facts themselves, and the influence of my late illness and my father's death, in rendering such melancholy recollection attractive. The cottage where my father died was situated on the borders of a lake in the bosom of a deep valley among the Piedmontese hills, and I was sitting, about the close of the evening, in the room that had been his, ruminating successivey on him and on Lilian. The window where I sat looked out on the lake which lay in calm unruffled stillness before me, and the blue mountains towards the west were just sinking into that mellow haze which characterises the softness of an Italian evening; the lattice was open, and I leaned forward to catch the summer breeze as it gently moved the tendrils of a jessamine which crept to the roof of the cottage. A rustic bench outside rose nearly to the level of the window; — Lilian came and sat down on it. I started at the sight, but looking steadfastly on the figure, I saw it melt gradually into air. In a little time it appeared standing on the bright surface of the lake, but disappeared in the same manner as before. Then on a rock at some distance, and again vanished. I had no doubt but this was a shadow raised by my own imagination, pursuing the same train of ideas intensely. Indeed the figure I now saw was very different from the original in the Vale of the Waterfalls. The form was evidently insubstantial; the figure, though preserving its characteristic outlines, was emaciated and stiff; the bloom had totally faded from its cheek and was replaced by the wan sickliness of death; the eyes were glazed and motionless. „Lilian is dead“ said I. Whilst I journeyed home, the figure occasionally appeared, but at each time more faintly than before, till it vanished entirely.

Upon reaching England, the Vale of the

Waterfalls was my first object. I quickly sought out the village near to which it lay, and pursuing my former steps, soon found myself in the midst of the valley. It was beautiful as ever, but methought appeared to wear less the air of enchantment than when I had left it. I turned to the cottage; it was in ruins. The bower was overgrown with nettles and tall weeds; the smooth plat had shot up into long rank grass that waved heavily in the breeze, and emitted a close suffocating odour. As I stood ruminating on these changes, my heart swelling with the melancholy conviction that Lilian was indeed no more, a peasant appeared on the hills, carrying a mattock and other instruments. Upon his approach I made inquiries concerning the widow and her daughter. He replied, that the person who had lived in the cottage was dead some months, that she never had any daughter to his knowledge, but lived quite alone; that the only person he had ever heard of in the valley, beside her, was a young man who came there for the recovery of his health, but he remained for a short time only; that the cottage now belonged to himself, and he was about repairing it for his own family. This account, to me, appeared very singular. I went to the entrance of the dreary glen, where I had experienced such horrors. The mountains seemed to have opened overhead, and the place was comparatively lightsome. I passed through it safely, and came to the circle of green bushes where I had found Lilian weeping. A rude stone cross stood in the midst. It was apparently of very great age, yet I never had observed it before. These things were still more extraordinary. On returning to the village, the inhabitants gave me the same account as the peasant had; and when I spoke of Lilian they seemed not to understand me. Many of them recognised me, yet I could gain no further satisfaction. They also called the vale by a different name.

I have frequently revisited this valley, but never could obtain any intelligence concerning the extraordinary being whom it was my fortune alone to have met there. An impenetrable veil seemed to have been drawn over her history, and I am at length compelled to give up all attempts at investigating it. That she was mortal and had actual existence, the evidence of my senses, and my disbelief in the theory of spirits visiting this world, induce me to assert; yet it is totally unaccountable how such a being could exist, and the whole world, with but one exception, remain ignorant of it. I have never been able to come to any conclusion upon this point; sometimes, indeed, I am inclined to think that this vision of Lilian of the Vale was a mere creation of my own brain, naturally very imaginative, and at the period of this adventure disturbed and overheated by the fever which accompanies a nervous disease such as mine.

Geronimo and Ghisola.

There are many tragical instances on record, of cruel parents who have tried to control the affections of their children; but as well might they endeavour to force backwards the pure mountain current into base and unnatural channels. Such attempts, whether of sordid parents or ungenerous rivals, redound only to the disgrace of the contrivers; for Love is a jealous deity, and commonly avenges himself by some memorable catastrophe.

Thus it befel to the ambitious Marquis of Ciampolo, when he aimed at matching his only daughter, Ghisola, with the unfortunate Alfieri; whereas her young heart was already devoted to her faithful Geronimo, a person of gentle birth and much merit, though of slender estate. For this reason, his virtues were slighted by all but Ghisola, who had much cause to grieve at her father's blindness; for Alfiery was a proud and jealous man, and did not scorn to disparage his rival by the most unworthy reports. He had, indeed, so little generosity, that although she pleaded the prepossession of her heart by another, he did not cease to pursue her; and finally, the Marquis discovering the reason of her rejection, the unhappy Geronimo was imperatively banished from her presence.

In this extremity, the disconsolate lovers made friends with a venerable oak, in the Marquis's park, which presented a convenient cavity for the reception of their scrolls; and in this way, this aged tree became the mute and faithful confidant of their secret correspondence. Its mossy and knotted trunk was inhabited by several squirrels, and its branches by various birds; and in its gnarled roots, a family of red ants had made their fortress, which afforded a sufficient excuse for Ghisola to stop often before the tree, as if to observe their curious and instructive labours. In this manner they exchanged their fondest professions, and conveyed the dearest aspirations of their hearts to each other.

But love is a purblind and imprudent passion, which, like the ostrich, conceals itself from its proper sense, and then foolishly imagines that it is shrouded from all other eyes. Thus, whenever Ghisola walked abroad, her steps wandered by attraction to the self same spot, her very existence seeming linked, like the life of a dryad, to her favourite tree. At last, these repeated visits attracting the curiosity of the vigilant Alfieri, his ingenuity soon divined the cause; and warily taking care to examine all the scrolls that passed between them, it happened that several schemes, which they plotted for a secret interview, were vexatiously disconcerted. The unsuspicious lovers, however, attributed these spiteful disappointments to the malice of chance; and thus their correspondence continued till towards the end of autumn, when the oak tree began to shed its last withered leaves; but Ghisola heeded not, so long as it afforded those other ones, which were more golden in her eyes than any upon the boughs.

One evil day, however, repairing as usual to the cavity, it was empty and treasureless, although her own deposit had been removed as heretofore; and the dews beneath, it appeared, had been lately brushed away by the foot of her dear Geronimo. She knew, notwithstanding, that at any risk he would not so have grieved her; wherefore, returning homewards with a heavy heart, she dreaded, not unreasonably, that she should discover what she pined for in the hands of her incensed father; but being deceived in this expectation, she spent the rest of the day in tears and despondence; for, rather than believe any negligence of Geronimo, she resolved that he must have met with some tragical adventure; wherefore his bleeding ghost, with many more such horrible phantasies, did not fail to visit her in her thoughts and dreams.

In the meanwhile, Geronimo was in equal despair at not having received any writings from Ghisola; but his doubts took another turn than hers, and justly alighted on the treacherous Alfieri. At the first hints of his suspicion, therefore, he ran to the house of his rival, where the domestics refused positively to admit him, declaring that their master, if not already deceased, was upon the very threshold of death. Geronimo naturally supposing this story to be a mere subterfuge, drew his sword, and with much ado forced his way up to the sick man's chamber, where he found him stretched out upon a couch, and covered from head to heel with a long cloak. The noise of the door disturbing him, Alfieri uncovered his face, and looked out with a countenance so horribly puckered by anguish and distorted, that Geronimo for an instant forgot his purpose, but recovering himself from the shock, he asked fiercely for the letters.

The dying wretch answered to this demand with a deep groan, and removing the cloak, he showed Geronimo his bare arm, which was swelled as large round nearly as a man's body, and quite black and livid to the shoulder; but the hand was redder in colour, and merely a lump of unshapely flesh, though without any perceptible wound.

„This,“ said he, pointing to the livid member, „is my punishment for a deep offence to you; and there is your cruel avenger.“

Geronimo, turning by his direction towards the table, at first sight discovered nothing deadly, but on looking within a little silver box, he discovered a small dead scorpion, the bite of which, in our climate, is frequently mortal. Alfieri then motioning to Geronimo to come nearer, continued with great difficulty in these words: —

„There is a certain old oak, with a cleft in it, in the Marquis's park, which is but too well known to us both. My evil fortune led me to discover its use to you: and my baseness to abuse that knowledge, for which I am suffering these torments. For putting my guilty hand into the hollow for your papers, which I blush to confess were my object, I was stung on my finger by this accursed reptile, who was lurking in the bottom of the hole. I have killed it as you see, though my own anguish commenced with its destruction. Notwithstanding, I took away the papers and ran hither, where, on looking at my hand, it was as scarlet as my shame; and my arm was already beginning to swell to this monstrous size, and the convulsed muscles were all writhing together like as many serpents. And now my pangs, together with the fever of my remorseless mind, have brought me to the extremity you behold." Saying which, he fell into a fresh fit of agony, so that the sweat issued in large drops from his forehead, and his eyes turned in their sockets with nothing but the whites upon Geronimo, whose flesh crept all over with compassion and dread.

This paroxysm passing over, he wiped away the foam from his mouth, and began to speak again, but in a much weaker voice and by syllables.

„You see," said he, „my injuries have returned, like ardent coals, upon my own head. I designed to have supplanted you, whereas I am myself removed from my place on the earth. Let me then depart with your forgiveness for the peace of my soul; whilst, on my part, I make you amends as far as I may. And first of all, take this box with its fatal contents to the Marquis, and bid him know by this token that God was adverse to our will. And because I did love, though vainly, let all my possession be laid at the same feet where I used to kneel; and beseech her, for charity's sake, to bestow her prayers on my departed soul. Tell her my pangs were bitter, and my fate cruel, except in preserving her from so horrible a calamity." He then fell backwards again upon the couch, and died.

As soon as he was laid out, Geronimo went and delivered the message to the Marquis, whom he found chiding with Ghisola for her melancholy. As he was much impressed with the dreadful scene he had witnessed, he described it very eloquently, so that both of his hearers were much affected, and especially at sight of the box with the dead scorpion. It cost Ghisola some fresh tears, which her lover did not reprove, to be told of the expressions which related to herself; but the Marquis was still more shocked at the relation, and confessing that it was the judgment of heaven, he no longer opposed himself to the union of Ghisola with Geronimo. He then caused the remains of Alfiery to be honourably buried; and it was observed that Geronimo shed the most tears of any one that wept over his tomb.

Thomas Hood.

Sonnet.

Sleep so unsound, 'tis not forgetfulness;
Little refreshes us: there is a sting
In memory, often we would calm and still;
But when it haunts our dreams, the pain of
frights
The images upon our fancies press
In shape more horrible and with them bring,
Hobgoblin forms their gathering crowds to fill,
And people with dismay the dismal night.
Then reason watches not to calm our fears;
We have no wand th' illusions to dispel:
In clouds his slumbering mien the giant rears,
And necromancer works uncheck'd his spell.
We weary wake; but bless the dawn of day,
That drives our madden'd Fancy's forms away.

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1838. Nro 39.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZE, A. A. M. M.

Thomas Hood.

Die Sphäre, in welcher ſich dieſer eigenthümliche und geiſtreiche Mann ausgezeichnet hat, iſt ihrer Natur nach ſo beſchränkt, daß ſelbſt ſeine gelungenſten Leiſtungen innerhalb derſelben nur in England wirklichen Anklang haben können, da ſie dem Ausländer zu große, faſt unüberwindliche Schwierigkeiten darbieten, indem zu ihrem vollkommenen Verſtändniß eine ſo genaue Kenntniß der engliſchen Sprache und Sitte nach allen ihren Richtungen gehört, daß es einem Fremden, wenn er nicht eine Reihe von Jahren in Großbritannien zugebracht hat, durchaus unmöglich iſt, in den wahren Sinn derſelben einzudringen. Es iſt nämlich die komiſche Satyre in allen ihren Gattungen, mit dem ganzen Reichthum von wunderbaren Wortſpielen, techniſchen Ausdrücken, Redensarten, offenen und verſteckten Anſpielungen u. ſ. w., welchen das geſellſchaftliche Leben der Britten in ſeiner ſcharf ausgeſprochenen Geſtaltung ſo bis in das Kleinſte ausgebildet hat. Hood's gelungenſte Erzeugniſſe, namentlich die Comic Annuals haben daher auf dem Feſtlande gar keine Leſer gefunden, und würden hier ganz unbemerkt vorüber gegangen ſein, wenn nicht alljährlich ſich ſämmtliche engliſche Zeitſchriften, gleichviel welche politiſche Farbe ſie tragen, zu deren Lobe vereinigten und ſich ausführlich über dieſelben verbreiteten, weshalb ſie denn doch die Aufmerkſamkeit des Freundes engliſcher Literatur auf dem Continente, der ſie jedoch bald unbefriedigt und verdrießlich wieder aus der Hand legt, anziehen mußten *). — Hood's übrige Schriften, namentlich ſeine lyriſchen Poeſieen und ſeine Erzählungen, fanden dagegen im Auslande und beſonders bei uns, verhältnißmäßig mehr Freunde als in ihrer Heimath. Ehe wir jedoch dieſelben kurz zu characteriſiren verſuchen, mögen einige biographiſche Notizen über ihren Verfaſſer vorangehn.

Thomas Hood ward 1799 in London geboren, wo ſein Vater als Buchhändler und Compagnon des angeſehenen Hauſes Vernor, Hood and Sharp lebte. Schon als Knabe verrieth er ſehr glückliche Anlagen und einen äußerſt lebhaften Geiſt. Er erhielt ſeine Erziehung in der Akademie eines Herrn Wanoſtrecht zu Camberwell, machte dann zur Wiederherſtellung ſeiner wankenden Geſundheit eine See-

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*) Um dem geneigten Leſer eine Probe dieſer Art und Weiſe zu geben, wollen wir hier eine der leichteſten Stellen in Proſa, aus einem der Comic Annuals mittheilen. Sie iſt aus den Skizzen von Nationalcharacteren, ein Bruchſtück der Schilderung des Irländers. He is a man with two ideas; no better than one, to wit a right one, and a wrong one, between which, like stools, his wit comes constantly to the ground. Thus it is as natural for him to blunder as to breathe, his Sign is Taurus: for he is constantly uttering Dilemmas with horns to them. — — Hence he is a Catholic by nationality; for the Pope makes Bulls likewise and is therefore a mere Irishman born at Home. For the rest of his Religion he confesses to at least nine of the Seven Mortal Sins; and above all Sabbath-Breaking, by which he understands eating Flesh of a Friday.

In his Politics he is commonly a Partisan; his main Ambition being a Trimmer, or as he describeth him, a Man who sits on both sides of the House at once. — — He hath a Scheme for reducing Tithes from a Tenth to a Fifth, and another for furthering the Education of the Poor, by means of Sunday-Schools twice a Week etc.

heit war ſehr. Darauf eine Zeitlang bei Verwandten zu Dundee. — Nach London zurückgekehrt, zeigte er Neigung für die bildenden Künſte, und ward zu ſeinem Oheim Robert Sands, dem bekannten ausgezeichneten Kupferſtecher in die Lehre gegeben. Hier verbrachte er zwei Jahre, vorzüglich mit Zeichnen beſchäftigt, gelegentlich auch wohl den Grabſtichel in die Hand nehmend, ganz beſonders aber ſeiner Neigung zum Dichten ſich hingebend. Mehrere ſeiner poetiſchen Productionen fanden Aufnahme in der Zeitſchrift „The London Magazine" und zogen bald die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit an. Er beſchloß nun dieſe neue glücklich eröffnete Bahn zu verfolgen, und gewann ſchnell eine ſehr ausgezeichnete Stellung in der Reihe der lebenden engliſchen Schriftſteller.

In ſeinen komiſchen Dichtungen tritt beſonders eine Fülle von Laune und Witz hervor, wie man ſie ſelten vereint findet, und der Verfaſſer derſelben erſcheint um deſto achtungswerther, als er ſein glückliches Talent nie weder zu perſönlicher Satyre noch zu Verſpottung des Edeln und Heiligen mißbrauchte. Freundlichkeit, Wohlwollen und Edelmuth bleiben ſelbſt in ſeinen ſatyriſchen Zeichnungen vorwaltende Charakterzüge. Seine ernſten Dichtungen zeichnen ſich auf der anderen Seite höchſt vortheilhaft aus durch Innigkeit, Anmuth, Wärme und Grazie; offenbar ſind die älteren engliſchen Dichter ſeine Vorbilder, ohne daß er die Fehler derſelben ängſtlich nachahmt, hat er ſie mit Erfolg in ihrer Natürlichkeit und Wahrheit zu erreichen geſtrebt.

Unter ſeinen zahlreichen Schriften ſind aus leicht begreiflichen Urſachen die „Whims and Oddities" und die Comic Annuals die geleſenſten. Auch ſeine National Tales, von denen wir hier einige mittheilen, fanden vielen Beifall; geringerer Theilnahme erfreuten ſich dagegen ſein „Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" und ſeine lyriſchen Poeſien, obwohl gerade ſie in hohem Grade die Aufmerkſamkeit der wirklich Gebildeten verdienen.

The Fall of the Leaf.

By Thomas Hood.

There is no vice that causes more calamities in human life, than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenious persons it hath reduced from wealth unto poverty; nay, from honesty to dishonour, and by still descending steps into the gulf of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the monies in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded at last into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same fate did not befal the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house; so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the Devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady, when she learned the nature of this connexion, which Malaspini himself discovered to her, by unconsciously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits, but the power of his Mephistopheles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent; he repairing instead to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man, in fortune and hope; and that at the cost of his life even, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini, to the richest nobleman in the Popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth; and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spites of Fortune: but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed for sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villanous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister; pretending that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood: and with these expressions, he sought him to kill him at any advantage. And no doubt he would have become a murderer, as well as a dishonest gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of Autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries; but others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour, Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered into a bye place in the neighbourhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation, its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp, dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped some time in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

„Alas! poor bankrupt,“ says he, „thou hast been plucked too, like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!“

With these and many more similar fancies he continued to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

„Chance,“ said he, „hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me, in my last cast between life and death, which is all that its malice hath left me.“

Thus, in his extremity he still risked somewhat upon fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini instantly interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop *) himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly; and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt, for a moment, if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment, to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night, he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with either trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially, — yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices; or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved Countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were therefore before long united, to the contentment of all Rome;

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*) [illegible]

her wicked relation having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate wind-fall which had so befriended him, Malespini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans; and for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand; but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

The Lady in Love with Romance.

By Thomas Hood.

Many persons in Castille remember the old Knight Pedro de Pueblo, — Surnamed The Gross. In his person, he was extremely large and vulgar, with a most brutal countenance; and in his disposition so coarse and gluttonous, and withal so great a drunkard, that if one could believe in a transmigration of beasts, the spirit of a swine had passed into this man's body, for the discredit of human nature.

Now, truly, this was a proper suitor for the Lady Blanche, who, besides the comeliness of her person, was adorned with all those accomplishments which become a gentlewoman: she was moreover gifted with a most excellent wit; so that she not only played on the guitar and various musical instruments to admiration, but also she enriched the melody with most beautiful verses of her own composition. Her father, a great man, and very proud besides of the nobility of his blood, was not insensible of these her rare merits, but declaring that so precious a jewel deserved to be richly set in gold, and that rather than marry her below her estate he would devote her to a life of perpetual celibacy, he watched her with the vigilance of an Argus. To do them justice, the young gentlemen of the province omitted no stratagem to gain access to her presence, but all their attempts were as vain as the grasping of water; and at length her parent becoming more and more jealous of her admirers, she was confined to the solitude of her own chamber.

It was in this irksome seclusion that, reading constantly in novels and such works which refer to the ages of chivalry, she became suddenly smitten with such a new passion for the romantic, talking continually of knights and squires, and stratagems of love and war, that her father, doubting whither such a madness might tend, gave orders that all books should be removed from her chamber.

It was a grievous thing to think of that young lady, cheerful and beautiful as the day, confined thus, like a wild bird in an unnatural cage, and deprived of the common delights of liberty and nature. At length, that old Knight of Castille, coming, not with rope-ladders, nor disguised in woman's apparel, like some adventurers, but with a costly equipage, and a most golden reputation, he was permitted to lay his large person at her feet, and, contrary to all expectation, was regarded with an eye of favour.

At the first report of his reception, no one could sufficiently marvel how, in a man of such a countenance, she could behold any similarity with those brave and comely young cavaliers, who, it was thought, must have risen out of their graves in Palestine to behold such a wonder; but when they called to mind her grievous captivity, and how hopeless it was that she could be freed by any artifice from the vigilance of her father, they almost forgave her that she was ready to obtain her freedom by bestowing her hand on a first cousin to the Devil. A certain gallant gentleman, however, who was named Castello, was so offended by the news, that he would have slain the Knight, without any concern for the consequence to himself; but the Lady Blanche, hearing of his design, made haste to send him a message that by the same blow he would wound her quiet for ever.

In the mean time her father was overjoyed at the prospect of so rich a son-in-law as the Knight; for he was one of those parents, that would bestow their children upon Midas himself, notwithstanding that they should be turned into sordid gold at the first embrace. In a transport of joy, therefore, he made an unusual present of valuable jewels to his daughter, and told her withal, that in any reasonable request he would instantly indulge her. This liberal promise astonished Blanche not a little; but after a moment's musing she made answer.

„You know, Sir,“ she said, „my passion for romance, and how heartily I despise the fashion of these degenerate days, when every thing is performed in a dull formal manner, and the occurrence of to-day is but a pattern for the morrow. There is nothing done now so romantically as in those delightful times, when you could not divine, in one hour, the fate that should befal you in the next, as you may read of in those delicious works of which you have so cruelly deprived me. I beg, therefore, as I have so dutifully consulted your satisfaction in the choice of a husband, that you will so far indulge me, as to leave the manner of our marriage to my own discretion, which is, that it may be on the model of that in the history of Donna Eleanora, in which novel, if you remember, the lady being confined by her father as I am, contrives to conceal a lover in her closet, and making their escape together by a rope-ladder, they are happily united in marriage.“

„Now, by the Holy Virgin!“ replied her father, „this thing shall never be;“ and foreseeing a thousand difficulties, and above all that the Knight would be exceeding adverse to his part in the drama, he repented a thousand times over of the books which had filled her with such preposterous fancies. The lady, notwithstanding, was resolute; and declaring that otherwise she would kill herself rather than be crossed in her will, the old miser reluctantly acceded to her scheme. Accordingly it was concerted that the next evening, at dusk, the Knight should come and play his serenade under her lattice, whereupon, hearing his most ravishing music, she was to let fall a ladder of ropes, and so admit him to her chamber; her father, moreover, making his nightly rounds, she was to conceal her lover in her closet, and then, both descending by the ladder together, they were to take flight on a pair of fleet horses, which should be ready at the garden gate.

„And now,“ said she, „if you fail me in the smallest of these particulars, the Knight shall never have of me so much as a ring may embrace,“ and with this injunction they severally awaited the completion of their drama.

The next night, the Lady Blanche watched at her window, and in due season the Knight came with his twangling guitar; but, as if to make her sport of him for the last time, she affected to mistake his music.

„Ah!“ she cried, „here is a goodly serenade to sing one awake with; I prythee go away a mile hence, with thy execrable voice, or I will have thee answered with an arquebuse.“

All this time the Knight fretted himself into a violent rage, stamping and blaspheming all the blessed saints; but when he heard mention of the arquebuse, he made a motion to run away, which constrained the lady to recal him, and to cast down the ladder without any further ado. It was a perilous and painful journey for him, you may be sure, to climb up to a single story; but at length with great labour he clambered into the balcony, and in a humour that went nigh to mar the most charming romance that was ever invented. In short, he vowed not to stir a step further in the plot; but Blanche, telling him that for this first and last time he must needs fulfil her will, which would so speedily be resolved into his own; and seducing him besides with some little tokens of endearment, he allowed himself to be locked up in her closet.

The lady then laid herself down in bed, and her father knocking at the door soon after, she called out that he was at liberty to enter. He came in then, very gravely, with a dark lantern, and asking if his daughter was asleep, she replied that she was just on the skirts of a doze.

„Ah,“ quoth he, after bidding her a good night, „am I not a good father to humour thee thus, in all thy fantasies? In verity, I have forgotten the speech which I ought here to deliver;

but pray look well to thy footing, Blanche, and keep a firm hold of the ladder, for else thou wilt have a deadly fall, and I would not have thee to damage my carnations."

Hereupon he departed: and going back to his own chamber, he could not help praising God that this troublesome folly was so nearly at an end. It only remained for him now to receive the letter, which was to be sent to him, as if to procure his fatherly pardon and benediction; and this, after a space, being brought to him by a domestic, he read as follows: —

„Sir,

„If you had treated me with loving kindness as your daughter, I should most joyfully have reverenced you as my father: but, as you have always carried a purse where instead you ought to have worn a human heart, I have made free to bestow myself where that sort of love will not be wanting to my happiness. As for the huge Knight, whom you have thought fit to select for my husband, you will find him locked up in my closet. For the manner of my departure, I would not willingly have made you a party to your own disappointment; but that, from your excessive vigilance, it was hopeless for me to escape except by a ladder of your own planting. Necessity was the mother of my invention, and its father was Love. Excepting this performance, I was never romantic, and am not now; and, therefore, neither scorning your forgiveness, nor yet despairing at its denial, I am going to settle into that sober discretion which I hope is not foreign to my nature. Farewell. — Before you read this I am in the arms of my dear Josef Castello, a gentleman of such merit, that you will regain more honour with such a son, than you can have lost in your undutiful daughter,

„Blanche."

On reading this letter, the old man fell into the most ungovernable rage, and releasing the Knight from the closet, they reproached each other so bitterly, and quarrelled so long, as to make it hopeless that they could overtake the fugitives, even had they known the direction of their flight.

In this pleasant manner, the Lady Blanche of Castile made her escape from an almost hopeless captivity and an odious marriage; and the letter which she wrote is preserved unto this day, as an evidence of her wit. But her father never forgave her elopement; and when he was stretched even at the point of death, being importuned on this subject, he made answer that, „he could never forgive her, when he had never forgiven himself for her creation." And with these words on his lips he expired.

The Lace Maker.

There was a time — although departed long,
It lives but on the page of ancient song —
When staid simplicity, and guileless mirth,
Dwelt unmolested on our peaceful earth.
As yet to life's more cloistered walks unknown,
Ambition strove in distant courts alone;
And feverish luxury held remote its state;
And pomp to few unbarred its blazoned gate.
In ancient halls, its fitting place of rest,
Dwelt here Fidelity, an honoured guest;
And gentle courtesy, with winning power;
And honour, Princess of the cheerful bower.
No emulative pride, with vain display,
Forestalled to-morrow's gifts to come to-day;
Yet each to each a welcome could afford,
And sweet contentment graced the liberal board.
Then stood the mansion, as for centuries past
Its walls had felt the sunbeam and the blast,
With circling groves, and lawn, for pleasance made,
And shielded portal waiting for its shade;
Home of one race, nor destined to obey
From year to year a new possessor's sway:
Nor far remote, as scattered in repose,
The modest hamlet's quiet roofs arose,
Sweet toil's abodes, and such as to invite
Much peace by day, and dreamless rest by night.

How lightly then, while cares and wants were few,
The hours of industry unheeded flew!

When mists yet wreathed the path of morning grey,
Abroad the sturdy peasant took his way;
Yet left not, sheltered in his walls behind,
The listless hand or uncontriving mind.
Soon as the murmuring bee its toils begun,
And dew-drops glistened in the mounting sun —
The wheels' low sound amidst the quiet shade
Announced the matron at her busy trade;
While, early trained to labour, at her side,
Her graceful task the cottage maiden plied —
Well-skilled to weave, with studded pillow set,
In meshes intricate, the snow-white net;
And, o'er its verge, as if disporting, spread,
To guide in varying forms, the filmy thread.
Thus stole the day unweariedly along,
From silence rescued by the voice of song,
Or converse, staid and simple, as beseems
The even tenour of the rustic's themes —
Tales of departed [illegible], or festal gay,
The prompt of annual wake or bridal day,
Of slighted presage, ominous and true,
Or spectre, seen beside the churchyard yew,
How in past times of dark distrust and fear,
Tempests and clouds have marred the smiling year,
And mildew seared the crops with midnight stroke,
Or fiery levin cleft the forest oak;
Whose wheat looked fairest from the upland glade;
Who ruled in vestries; who the market swayed;
And whose the voice which, on the day of rest,
The choir in anthems old acknowledged best!

Few are those scenes of cheerful labour now,
With downcast look and melancholy brow,
In factories pent, where dim the sunlight steals
O'er shifting frames, and strife of maddened wheels;
From morn's pale glance till glimmering day declines,
The graceful form of childhood droops and pines,
Toil's sickly thrall! and, from its hapless birth,
Barred from that wealth ordained for all on earth.
Unfelt the breathings of the wind which brings
Joy in its voice and freshness on its wings;
Unseen those hues of splendour which adorn
The glowing eve, or pageantry of morn;
Unmarked each rolling season's course, or known
By different grades of bitterness alone;
But known too well the taint, which fatly spread,
Pollutes life's waters at their fountain-head;
Temptation's wiles, and crime's soon-quickened seed,
In whispered counsel, or in witnessed deed;
Affection's blight; blind error's stubborn will;
Want, first, nor least, prolific source of ill;
And, last, that wan disease, which day by day
Distorts and wastes, but far too stern to slay,
Despair's vain wish of quick release denies,
And links with pain each moment as it flies.

Oh! ye! who, nursed in golden hours, possess
The power, but bounded by the will, to bless;
Who know, by consciousness long felt, how dear
The voice of childhood to a parent's ear;
Say, in a land unknown to slavery's tread,
Why weeps the infant at a fate more dread?
Why, while on shores remote deliverance stands,
And the riven fetter falls from Afric's hands,
Domestic bondage? and than bondage worse,
Life's dawn exposed to sin's contagious curse?
Why, in that atmosphere of guilt and shame,
Does virgin innocence forget its name?
Why, from the scene of harsh oppression wrong,
Dwells execration on the lisping tongue?
And why, where busy commerce holds her reign,
Does fancy view a Syrian Moloch's fane?
When shall the care whose exercise secures
Another's need, a blessing bring on yours?
Then may our prayers, indeed, at mercy's throne,
For helpless orphanage and youth made known
Each peaceful Sabbath to the approving skies,
Mixed with no guilt of mockery arise,
And foreign calumny confuted flee;
And Britain vaunt, in truth, her name — THE FREE

HOLLINS.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1838. Nro 40.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Felicia Hemans.

Dieſe zarteſte und gefühlvollſte unter allen engliſchen Frauen, denen die Gabe des Geſanges zu Theil geworden, ward am 21ſten September 1793 zu Liverpool geboren. Ihr Vater war ein Irländer, Namens Browne, ihre Mutter eine Deutſche, und dieſe gemiſchte Abſtammung ſcheint von nicht geringem Einfluß auf ihren Charakter ſeit ihrer früheſten Jugend geweſen zu ſein. Ihre erſten Jahre verlebte ſie in den Thälern und auf den Bergen von Nord-Wales; die erhabenen und eigenthümlichen Scenen, welche ſie hier täglich vor Augen hatte, machten einen großen und bleibenden Eindruck auf ihr jugendliches Gemüth; dazu kam, daß ſie ſich ſchon früh mit vollſtem Eifer in das Studium von Shakespeare's Werken vertiefte. So wurden ihre natürlichen Anlagen auf ganz beſondere Weiſe ausgebildet, und noch ehe ſie ihr vierzehntes Jahr vollendet, war ſchon eine gedruckte Sammlung von Gedichten dem Publikum übergeben, die ſich großen Beifalls erfreute. Seit dieſer Zeit bis zu ihrem Tode ſchritt ſie unermüdlich auf der einmal ſo glücklich betretenen Bahn fort; jede neue Leiſtung ihrer Feder übertraf die vorige an Zartheit und Kraft; es ſchien, ſagt der engliſche Kritiker, dem wir dieſe kurze biographiſche Notiz verdanken, als ob die Minen ihres Geiſtes unerſchöpflich geweſen ſeien, denn ihre letzte Arbeit wird als ihre beſte betrachtet. Früh verheirathet, erfreute ſie ſich keiner glücklichen Ehe und trennte ſich von ihrem Gatten, nachdem ſie ihm fünf Söhne geboren. Dieſes Verhältniß ſcheint vorzüglich jene Wehmuth hervorgebracht zu haben, die ſich in allen ihren Werken offenbart und von ihr einmal in folgenden Zeilen ausgeſprochen wird:

> Have I not tried and striven and failed to bind
> One true heart unto me, whereon my own
> Might find a resting place.

Sie lebte mehrere Jahre in St. Asaph, dann in Wavertree bei Liverpool und endlich in Dublin, wo ſie am 16ten Mai 1835 ſtarb.

Ihr äußeres Weſen ſoll in genauem Einklang mit ihren Poeſieen geweſen ſein. Sie war in ihrer Jugend ſehr ſchön, aber Kummer und tiefes Sinnen machten ſie früh verblühen. Freunde beſchreiben uns ihre Geſtalt als äußerſt zart, ihre Geſichtszüge als edel, ſanft und ausdrucksvoll; reiches, braunes, lockiges Haar verlieh denſelben einen beſondern Reiz. Sie zeigte ſich im Umgange durchaus anſpruchslos, etwas zurückhaltend gegen Fremde, aber offen und herzlich, ja mitunter bis zur Luſtigkeit heiter gegen die Vertrauten ihres Herzens. Kurz, wie ihre Dichtungen, ſo athmete ihr ganzes Weſen die höchſte weibliche Liebenswürdigkeit.

Ihre Poeſieen werden ſich erhalten, ſo lange man die Sprache redet, in denen ſie geſchrieben wurden. Der hervorſtechendſte Charakterzug in denſelben iſt eine milde, [illegible], [illegible] Güte

des Herzens, die ſich immer gleich bleibt, nie durch Leidenſchaft erregt, noch durch äußeren Einfluß gebeugt, zu dieſer geſellt ſich eine ſanfte Wehmuth, die nie in Unzufriedenheit übergeht, aber ſich oft in Sehnſucht nach einem beſſern Lande auflöſt. Wenige Dichter haben verhältnißmäßig ſo viel und dies ſo gut geſchrieben. Unter allen ihren Arbeiten findet ſich keine, die der Verfaſſerin unwürdig wäre. Ihre Poeſie iſt ungezwungen, gefällig und wohllautend, reich an Bildern und originellen Gedanken, in deren Behandlung ſie eben ſo glücklich als natürlich erſcheint. Am treffendſten, bemerkt ein engliſcher Schriftſteller, laſſen ſich die Dichtungen der Miſtreß Hemans einem Kirchengeſange vergleichen, tief feierlich und eindringlich, bewegend aber nicht aufregend, und eher die Gemüther, deren Glieder aufmerkſam ſind, zur Wehmuth als zur Erhebung ſtimmend.

The Prayer for Life.

By Mrs. Hemans.

> E vos, amigas!
> Cercai me em roda todas, e podendo,
> Defendei me da morte que me leva!
> FERREIRA.

O sunshine and fair Earth!
Sweet is your kindly mirth.
Angel of Death! yet, yet awhile delay!
Too sad it is to part,
Thus in my spring of heart,
With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf
Touches no chord of grief,
No dark weed in the rose's bosom lies:
Not one triumphal tone,
One hue of hope, is gone
From song or bloom beneath the summer skies.

Call me not hence away,
Death, Death! ere yet decay
Over the golden hours one shade hath thrown;
The poesy that dwells
Deep in green woods and dells,
Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death!
Not for the vernal breath
Of winds, that shake forth music from the trees;
Not for the splendour given
To Night's dark regal heaven,
Spoiler! I ask thee not reprieve for these

But for the happy love
Whose light, where'er I rove,
Kindles all nature in a sudden smile,
Shedding on branch and flower
A rainbow-tinted shower
Of richer life — spare, spare me yet awhile!

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come!
Too beautiful is home,
A home of gentle voices and kind eyes!
And I the loved of all,
On whom fond blessings fall
From every lip —oh! wilt thou rend such ties?

Sweet Sisters! weave a chain
My spirit to detain;
Hold me to earth with strong affection back!
Bind me with mighty love
Unto the stream, the grove,
Our daily paths — our life's familiar track!

Stay with me — gird me round!
Your voices bear a sound
Of hope — a light comes with you and departs;
Hush my soul's boding knell
That murmurs of farewell!
How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts?

Death! Grave! and are there those
That woo your dark repose
Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth?
Surely about them lies
No world of loving eyes —
Leave me, oh! leave me unto home and hearth!

Clara Mandeville.

A Tale of British India.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

Of all the innumerable host of projectors, whose „bootless fabrics" of philanthropy or self-interest find toleration, at least, if not favour, in the eyes of a world compounded of theorists like themselves, the only class on whom the anathemas of youth, and even the censures of all, are unsparingly lavished, are those parents who, combining something of an „old world" sense of property in, and authority over their children, with a yet more unfeigned solicitude for their substantial happiness in life, venture to cast their old age in the prospect of uniting them to partners less showy perchance, but often more enduringly valuable, than those whom giddy inexperience, or fickle fancy, have made the gods of their youthful idolatry.

Far be it from me to affirm that parents should influence, beyond a certain point, far less constrain the inclinations of their children. All I claim on their part is pardon, at least, for the wish to place happiness within their reckless offspring's grasp, and for myself the privilege of recording one of the many instances in which persistence and regret were synonymous things.

Mr. Mandeville — and I knew him well — was a Civil servant of long standing and great eminence at one of our eastern presidencies. Partial to the country in which he had resided from youth to age, and engrossed by important judicial functions, he had deferred visiting Europe till nearly all that were dear to him there had departed. I left him a stranger on his native soil; and when he returned to India, it was with a chilled heart and repressed affections, and the secret determination to die, as he had lived — in the East.

But he did not return alone. A fair cousin, of the few ties had left him, consented — though from disparity of years, with some hesitation — to be the companion of his exile; and never for a moment did Lucy Warner regret the day when she exchanged her name for that of Mandeville. Confidence the most unbounded, affection the most tender and mutual, soon united her to the mild and generous husband, whose added years were soon forgotten in the maturity of worth with which they were conjoined.

They were but too happy; till, having lost several children — and, something whispered, in consequence of the delay in sending them home so natural to a parent advanced in life, and dubious of witnessing their return — a precisely opposite feeling of imperative duty induced Mandeville to insist on his wife's accompanying their only remaining child — a daughter — herself to England.

The sacrifice was great on both sides, and the struggle severe; but the child was equally precious and delicate, and parental solicitude prevailed. Nor, during the long ten years of watching over the precarious health of their mutual darling, could the anxious mother find one interval of sufficient ease of mind to enable her to return to India.

The object of all these solicitudes seemed at length suddenly to outgrow them. She expanded at once from a pale and sickly exotic into a blooming British rose — hardy enough in appearance to bear transplanting to the parental bosom which yearned to call over its dear and absent treasures.

Mrs. Mandeville lost not a moment in realising, as soon as prudence would permit, her husband's long cherished anticipations. She sailed for India with her daughter, a fine blooming girl of sixteen, the youthful and more animated *fac simile* of what her mother had been, when, as the bride of her worthy father, she embarked on the same voyage.

But she herself, alas! was sadly changed; not by years, for she as yet numbered few — but by the mining influence of climate and bereavement while in India, and anxiety and separation in England. She did not live to gladden the heart of Mandeville with that tried and cherished blessing which had so long been folded to it, and still longer so cruelly estranged. She died almost within the waters of the Ganges to which her torn and divided heart had ever unconsciously clung, and it was a stranger's office to bid a heart-broken father embrace his motherless child.

But it was soon that child's office and privilege to recall a smile, though a subdued one, to lips which never thought to smile again. The resemblance to her mother, at first so painful, which Clara bore, endeared her inexpressibly to her surviving parent; nay in his slightly enfeebled state of mind, as well as body, it established a kind of identity between them which even made his loss, though ever deplored, less sensibly felt.

Lucy, early married to one so much her senior, had been thoughtful, even in the midst of happiness; but Clara's gay disposition luxuriated in the sunshine of parental indulgence, like the bright flowers of the soil she trod. To contradict her, or deny aught to one so lovely and loving, never seemed to her doting father within the range of possibility; and Clara soon ruled, where her mother had found felicity in obeying.

Young, beautiful, and from her father's known emoluments, a supposed heiress, Clara was soon the idol of Calcutta, as well as of her father's heart; and as she fluttered through its lighted ball-rooms, bright and dazzling as the fire-flies of an eastern heaven, satellites of all ranks and ages were drawn into her sparkling track.

In the graceful abandon of early youth, she smiled at first almost alike on all; but least, perhaps, ere long, on him, whom of all the admiring throng her father would have wished to fix for ever at her feet. This was his own tried and valued friend of half a life-time — a man, whom to name, was to personify worth and honor, of years not near enough his own to share the loves and graces from the compact, but too remote from Clara's childish standard to let her see in Mr. Courtenay what he really was — a noble-looking finished gentleman of five-and-thirty, with manliness and candour stamped by nature on a brow, some prematurely scattered grey hairs on which served to enroll him in the school-girl list of *ci-devants*.

His fortune and high station, the dazzling mark at which the whole female artillery of Bengal had for years been aimed in vain, she was too young and disinterested to take into the account. But while it was so drawn in her father's eyes, compared with Courtenay's high integrity and intense capacities for domestic happiness, it could not in human nature be overlooked by a parent, whose own princely hospitalities, liberal as the heart that dictated them, would leave, as he rather suspected than cared to ascertain, but a scanty reversion for his indulged and expensively-educated daughter. The melancholy blank created by the absence of wife and child, he had insensibly filled up, by adopting every young creature who reminded him of blessings lost but to be resumed; and doubts, too well founded, of ever being survived by one among his many children, deferred economy till time and habit rendered it impracticable.

Mr. Mandeville, though too upright to have deceived for a moment on this score one serious aspirant to Clara's heart and hand, did not feel called upon to proclaim the state of his affairs to the host of flutterers who surrounded her, and most of whom it would have sufficed to disperse. To Courtenay alone, who was in this as in every thing else his second self, he had no reserves; and but spoke in perfect sincerity, when regretting the obstacle her slender expectations presented to his darling project, of giving her, in Courtenay, a protector after his own heart. The disclosure so much dreaded, had a precisely opposite effect from what Mandeville (spite of twenty years' knowledge of his friend) anticipated. It seemed to release Courtenay from the influence of some withering spell; and, on the strength of it, he, whom genuine diffidence had hitherto kept a distant lingerer in Clara's train, now ventured to betray the feelings which all, save herself, watched in wondering envy of her rare good fortune.

Her eyes and thoughts, alas! were otherwise employed; and her ear engrossed by the least amiable, perhaps, though not least fascinating, of the younger votaries at her feet. A gay young soldier of a cavalry corps up the country, on his way to England, chiefly for that maladie du pays, which sorry veterans are apt to translate by the harsh synonymes of idleness and dislike of hardships, was thrown in evil hour in Clara's daily path. She began by sympathy with his supposed illness and exile — and pitied — till she induced him, ere long, to forget both. There mingled something of gratified pride in renovating the bloom and cheering the spirits of the handsome reputed invalid; and when devotion to her bright eyes could throw home and country, and all on which he had eloquently expatiated, into utter oblivion, the triumph of conquest was unhappily complete.

The attentions of Brabazon — though all who have been in India can appreciate those of a penniless captain of dragoons to a rich civil servant's daughter — were not, to do him justice, entirely dictated by interest. He admired — for who could do otherwise — the cynosure of Calcutta, nay, returned her girlish devotion with such a passion as triumphant vanity and gratified ambition can dignify with the name of love.

Their liaison was soon the universal topic, and all, save the faithful Courtenay, seemed inclined to give place to the youthful Caesar, who had „come and seen," only to „conquer." But Mr. Mandeville — whom, as an absentee since his wife's death from festive scenes, the flirtation between his daughter and Brabazon was the last to reach — was shocked beyond measure by an attachment, which, while it overthrew the darling project of a life-time, threatened his only child with a lot so widely different from what he had planned for her.

On one hand, ease and affluence awaited her, under the guiding influence of a man of lofty talent and sterling principle, and one who, to a mother's feminine tenderness, would add a father's solicitude, and a lover's chivalrous devotion. On the other, there was a life of separation from her father and society — a life of certain hardship and privation, amid the thousand chances of Indian warfare, with a witty, thoughtless lad, already familiar with folly, if not vice — and as unfit as the babe unborn to guide a child like Clara through a path, beset with snares and thorns.

One expedient alone — when eloquence had been exhausted on one too loving not to listen, nay, with tears, though too long indulged to yield — her father hoped might work on her young suitor, if not upon his daughter. When he reminded Clara (though with all a parent's delicacy), that the ten years' double establishment her own weak health and lavish education imposed, had left him little beyond the salary which must die with him, she had thought too seldom on the subject to feel more than momentary disappointment; and when her father hinted more explicitly still, at the probable effect of the information he felt bound to impart on one less inexperienced in the world than herself, she unhesitatingly consented to stake on his own decision the chances of union with her lover.

This Mr. Mandeville hailed with transport, as nearly tantamount with its relinquishment; but to his horror and dismay, the *exposé* of his finances — though „nothing extenuated" by one who clung to it as the talisman that might save his child — had no effect in inducing Brabazon to retract his pretensions. For this conduct, which (as inferring disinterestedness) insensibly disarmed much of the good parent's hostility to the match, there was one simple reason, „never dreamed of in his philosophy," viz that Brabazon did not believe him! He looked upon the statement as purely apocryphal — as a fatherly manoeuvre to get rid of an unwelcome son-in-law; and when he protested, that with Miss Mandeville's future prospects, be they what they might, he was perfectly content, he merely signified (according to a young captain's usual estimate of the hoards of a thirty years' resident) his entire approbation of some twenty or perhaps thirty thousand pounds.

In vain did Mr. Mandeville reiterate and remonstrate: the soldier scorned to be out-generalled by a civilian, and stood firm. Clara appealed triumphantly to her father's accepted alternative, and more irresistibly still to the love which could deny her nothing, not even ruin! —

and with the presentiments of one who saw his sole hope embark in a slight gilded vessel, on an ocean more treacherous still, Mr. Mandeville saw his wilful girl become the wife of the gay dragoon.

The separation, which might, even in the full tide of passion, have appalled poor Clara, — who, though she had not yet learned to think, could feel, and that acutely — was deferred by the interest of her father, which enabled him to detain the pair for a few short months of bridal festivity at Calcutta. But reported disturbances in the upper provinces, soon left a soldier, even a carpet one, no option; and Brabazon, and the wife worlds would not have detained behind him, set out together for his regiment.

The shock of this parting, and its cause, though the rumoured danger proved imaginary, Mr. Mandeville never entirely recovered. He vegetated on, during a couple of years of feverish anxiety, watching the tone of his daughter's letters for indications of altered feelings, which it would have been death to find realised — half thankful that Brabazon still seemed all the world to her — half mortified to think that, separated from him by some thousands of miles, she could taste unmingled happiness!

Thus all his remaining energies centered in providing. As long as life lasted, the ample emoluments of his office were shared with, or rather lavished on the young couple. Luxuries unknown in the camp, followed, nay, even preceded their frequent removals; and nearly the last act of parental solicitude (a prophetic and most important one) was enquiring into, and paying up, the long arrears of his improvident son-in-law's contribution to the military fund — on which, something whispered, his poor girl's subsistence might, one day or other, depend. This done, his long undermined constitution fell an easy prey to a prevailing epidemic, and Clara, who had been importuning with reviving filial anxiety her husband to let her visit her father, received, in the act of embarking, the news of his sudden death.

It was not destined, like other misfortunes, to stand long single. To the pangs of natural grief, and secret self-upbraiding, were soon added the more degrading annoyances arising from the extent of Brabazon's disappointment. As long as Mr. Mandeville lived, his splendid allowance and liberal presents kept pace with even a spendthrift's expectations; and though soon irritable and capricious (as gamblers, whether on turf or billiard table — and Brabazon was both — proverbially are), he had too good reasons for keeping well with his father-in-law, to quarrel with or neglect his wife. But when the will was opened, and a paltry sum of three thousand pounds (fully as much more having been, to his secret vexation, appropriated to cover the arrears before mentioned) proved to be the whole splendid dowry of the wife whose imaginary expectations — for he could not complain of deception in the matter — had led him into expences far beyond an officer's limited means, he reproached the unoffending Clara with the very pertinacity of affection which had made her prefer him to affluence and Courtenay!

His downward progress in the career of dissipation, was, from this moment, rapid and headlong. Difficulties which he had not the courage to look in the face, were encreased at the gaming table, and then drowned in the midnight bowl; and his finances now forbidding the riotous hospitality from which even Clara's gay disposition had early shrunk, she was left whole days and nights in the lonely bungalow, while her husband revived, by a course of intemperance, the threatening symptoms which had sent him once before — fatally, alas! for her peace! — to Calcutta to embark for Europe.

It was now that Clara, weakened in mind and body by her sorrows and approaching confinement, first learned to feel acutely the bitterness of her own chosen lot. But it was not till she had wept (scarce cheered by a transient gleam of reviving affection in its father) over the marble features of her dead infant, that a full sense of all she had owed to her own father, and made him suffer, took possession of her altered mind. Alas! it was too late; and remorse sometimes taught her to consider the removal of her babe as an act of special retribution.

She had little leisure to brood over these painful reminiscences, for dissipation and disease are alike foes to duty; and Brabazon, at best but an indifferent soldier, taxed severely his commanding officer's compassionate indulgence. His mind as well as body were, ere long, so weakened by a short but headlong course of riot, that his dismissal on furlough promised as much benefit to the regiment as to himself; and it was with feelings of deep mortification as well as sorrow that Clara set out to return with him to that Calcutta which had witnessed their inauspicious nuptials.

The first part of the monotonous and usually uneventful voyage was performed as comfortably as slender means, and, consequently, limited accommodations, would permit. Only two or three ordinary native servants (independent of the boatmen) assisted Clara in her fatiguing attendance on an irritable and capricious invalid, whom the disgraceful circumstances of what he felt to be a virtual retreat from the service, preyed upon, though they could not reform.

His health seemed, however, gradually amending under the influence of change of air and scene; when, towards afternoon of one of the hottest and most oppressive days the travellers had experienced, he was suddenly seized, after indiscreet exposure, with symptoms too much resembling those of the Indian malady since so fatally known in Europe. The remedies — if such there be — were too familiar not to be at hand. They were administered; and in the temporary rally they occasioned, his removal to some spot where coolness and shelter superior to those of the budgerow could be obtained, became indispensable. In vain his anxious wife strained her eyes, and interrogated her attendants, in the hope of some pagoda or choultry within a reasonable distance from the river, to which it might be possible, without risk of his life, to carry the sufferer. None such existed. At length one of the boatmen, who had on a former occasion accompanied European travellers thither, recollected a cave in the hills (at this point closely approaching the river), which promised, if the invalid could reach it alive, the requisite shade and shelter.

He thought he might be able to thread the path to it, through the jungle, if guided by shouts from the boat, in the proper direction of the sharp conical hill in whose bowels he knew the cavern to be situated; and a rude palanquin being formed of a mattress from the boat lashed across the oars, a sufficient number of bearers set forward, accompanied on foot by the weeping Clara, to whom terror and anxiety lent activity for an exercise so little familiar to Indian females.

To enhance the other painful circumstances under which the journey was performed, there were wellfounded apprehensions among the natives of the tigers with which they knew the jungle swarmed; and ever and anon, when Clara, either absorbed in more distressing reflections, or insensibly withdrawn from them by the exquisite beauty of the scenery, was inclined to forget this formidable peril, she was painfully reminded of it by the screech and whirr of some stately peacock, whose sure instinct of danger quickened that of the pusillanimous unarmed natives.

The chief servant flourished indeed, in idle demonstration of protection, his poor master's costly fowling-piece; but slight was the dependence which in case of real danger a helpless woman could place in the courage and fidelity of mercenaries, long irregularly paid, and half alienated by Brabazon's capricious treatment. In Providence, and Providence alone could poor Clara now confide — with the humility which penitence teaches, and the trust religion only can inspire.

With difficulty, and occasional deviation from the right course, they at length gained the cave. The shattered nerves of Clara recoiled from the simultaneous shout given by the bearers, to ascertain that no fierce inmate of the forest had anticipated them in selecting the cavern for his lair; and in the moment of breathless suspense which succeeded, when the post of each Indian at the foot of the nearest tree left it but too easy

... graves (in the event of their fears being realised) the fate of the helpless immoveable victim in the litter. — Clara paid the penalty of long years of thoughtlessness and folly. All was at length pronounced safe. One bolder than the rest kindled a torch to explore the cavern, whose low and narrow entrance — hardly admitting of the rude litter being dragged rather than carried through it — gave little promise of the extent and loftiness of the excavation within.

Though far inferior in these points to the more celebrated caves once used as places of worship in various parts of India, that which they now entered bore the traces of gigantic labour and elaborate though barbarous sculpture. At its further end, too dimly lighted by the narrow opening to dispense with the torches which the natives (rendered provident by their recollection of its darkness) had fortunately brought with them — was deposited, on a couch of branches hastily collected in the jungle, the mattress of the exhausted patient, whom the motion of the litter and the giant strides of Indian bearers had sunk in total and apparently hopeless stupor.

Such arrangements as circumstances permitted were made for his sojourn in a place which it was more than probable he would never quit alive; and before the rapid nightfall of a tropical climate, the once gay, indulged Clara was left all but alone — amid the half-scared owls and bats of a dreary abandoned cavern, surrounded by the symbols of Indian idolatry — with the fast-expiring human idol, to whom she had sacrificed with equal infatuation, name, influence, her own happiness and that of a parent — stiffening before her into a ghastliness of repose little inferior to that of the grim demon whose vices he had emulated!

All within the cavern was solitude and desolation. The bearers had fled, availing themselves of the brief twilight, to the necessary care of their host, which their presence and large fires could alone protect from the depredation of midnight marauders, and the visits of the wild denizens of the forest, — whose incessant roar came, softened perhaps, but deepened by the windings of the cavern into strange unearthly groanings, upon Clara's wakeful shuddering ear.

The head servant — on whose lately insolent demeanour compassion for his mistress seemed to have worked a pitying change — had gone out at her earnest entreaty, armed with a torch in one hand, and their sole weapon, the gun before-mentioned, in the other, to fetch water from a spring, to moisten lips which the thirst of disease and death was parching into agony. The two other Hindoos had stationed themselves outside the cavern, to feed with unslumbering vigilance the fire at its entrance on which their safety depended; and Clara was thus alone with the well-nigh insensible wreck of all she had loved so madly — nay, still at this moment loved, through unworthiness and neglect; for whose immortal part, fast fitting to its dread account, the long polluted echoes of this heathen fane were waked that livelong night with many a christian prayer.

She prayed too for herself — for pardon for the past, and guidance for the future — and for that special guardianship of the widow, which she felt it would soon be hers to claim from heaven alone. Relations in India she had none; and from the friends of her father, alienated no doubt by her unfeeling conduct, what had she to expect but reproaches or avoidance?

In such orisons and such reflections the long night was spent. With the last expiring torch of her store, the flickering gleam of life she yet watched over was gradually extinguished.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Das BRITISH MUSEUM [illegible]

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Clara Manderville.

A Tale of British India.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

(Concluded from our last.)

APPALLED by the prolonged sound of the last sigh of mortality in such a scene and hour, and oppressed by a sense of invincible terror, Clara flew to the entrance of the cave, to call the slumbering attendants, and breathe a moment the invigorating air.

The transition seemed as to paradise, from the sickly atmosphere of that murky cavern, to the sparkling beauty of Eastern scenics — beneath hills, clothed to their airy summits with odoriferous shrubs, and amid a forest whose waving branches were spangled with diamond dew-drops, and gemmed with birds of every rainbow hue, whose matin song, if inferior in harmony to that of the choristers of Europe, yet repaid in wildness and variety the absence of her native melodies.

The contrast was overpowering, from the stillness of desolation and mortality within to the flush of vegetation and tumult of life without; and Clara would have shrunk in natural revulsion of feeling from a gaiety so discordant, had she not recoiled in real alarm at the unaccountable absence of the servants, and the glimpse — for it was no more — which she caught of a wild-looking native in the savage garb of the hill country, armed not only with their peculiar bow and arrows, but a formidable glittering *creese or dagger* — who was loitering, in lieu of her scared attendants, beside the embers of their abandoned fire.

Clara now gave herself up for lost, and prayed fervently for escape from the worse than death and pillage which perhaps awaited her. She had thrown herself on the body of her husband — partly from inextinguishable remains of affection, partly from the hope of protection even his inanimate remains might afford — when the sound of cheerful European voices gave rise to another rush of emotion as overwhelming as the sense of utter abandonment which preceded.

The cave was, even in the brilliancy of morning, too dimly lighted to be at once explored by eyes fresh from the glare without; and two Europeans, a gentleman and his servant, attended by several natives, had advanced some way into it, ere they perceived, with an astonishment better to be conceived than expressed, the melancholy spectacle exhibited by the dead English officer, and the scarce less pallid being by whom he was in death convulsively embraced.

An exclamation from the leader of the party smote like a knell of judgment, on the ear, while it yet involuntarily spoke comfort to the heart of poor Clara. It was the voice of the rejected, long-forgotten Courtenay, whom Providence, at this her greatest need, had sent, at once to humble and console her! It came associated with all the now embittered, yet ever cherished memories of her home and father — and for the first time during her brief but intense agony, she found relief in tears.

The runaway servants, re-assured by the presence of the stranger's numerous retinue, now came in; the one who had gone for water, with a tale, probable enough to be true, of such pressing danger in the dusk from tigers, as left him no alternative but to remain in a tall tree until daylight; the others, (whom similar fears had basely withdrawn from their watch, careless of the fate of the helpless pair within,) from the river, whither they pretended to have but just gone to ascertain the fate of the boatmen.

One thing only was evident — that the fair sufferer within had been basely deserted by cowardly menials, and that she must be rescued from hands so unworthy of confidence. This resolution, so inevitable in a Briton and a countryman, was adopted by Courtenay before even a suspicion crossed him of ever having seen its object. But when, slowly rising like a spectre from the rude bier of her once gay, handsome bridegroom, Clara Mandeville stood before him, with dishevelled hair, and speech rendered incoherent by the rapid events and torturing anxieties of the last twenty-four hours, and implored him, as her father's friend, to lay her husband in a Christian grave — the firmness which had never before deserted him fairly gave way to emotions the most complicated and painful. Pity, however, and sympathy of the tenderest kind, of course predominated; and, after insisting on bearing her out of the dismal cave into the morning breeze, and preparing for her a couch of fresh boughs under the impervious shade of a huge banian tree, her heaven-sent protector lost not a moment in making the more melancholy arrangements, which the climate rendered indispensable, for the speedy and honourable interment of his once-envied rival.

The nearest settlement was too distant to admit of the removal thither of the senseless remains; and when, in absence of the beautiful burial service of the liturgy, its most affecting portion (the fourteenth chapter of Corinthians) was read over them by the deep, mild voice of Courtenay from the Bible (hastily procured from his boat) which, since first placed by a mother's hand amid his slender boyish wardrobe, had been his inseparable companion through life — even the heart of a wife felt no lack of a holier ritual, or a more soothing ministry!

The place of sepulture chosen was the cave itself, both as less exposed to the depredations of wild animals, and more easily identified in memory than a nameless spot in a trackless forest; and a slab of rock, which Nature herself had detached, formed an appropriate grave-stone.

When the last sad duties to the dead were completed, the next thought of Courtenay was for the comfort of the survivor. Gladly would he have been her escort to Calcutta, whither, no doubt, she might wish to proceed, but duty called him in a precisely opposite direction; and to allow her to perform the long, remaining voyage with none but native attendants of such doubtful fidelity, was not for a moment to be thought of.

Through the medium of a billet, as delicacy forbade his personal intrusion, he requested her permission to precede her, by a few hours, to the nearest military station up the river, and to prepare for her cordial reception the lady of the commandant, a particular friend of his own; to which he added, partly from consideration for her superior accommodation, but chiefly from distrust of her native servants, the proposal of an exchange of boats, by which he could be enabled to leave her in charge of his own tried and obsequious domestics.

To all this the humbled, heart-broken Clara could only signify her tearful acquiescence. Her nerves and spirits shrunk alike from the perils of the voyage to Calcutta, and from a return to that scene of her giddy triumphs and ill-starred marriage. Placing herself, therefore, implicitly under the guidance of one whom she considered as her dear father's delegated representative, she saw him depart, and sunk at length, surrounded by a guard of vigilant defenders, into a long slumber of exhaustion.

On her awaking, she was conducted, with the respect a princess might have commanded, to the spacious barge of office, fitted up with every eastern luxury, in which Courtenay had embarked on a tour of inspection into some reported abuses in the collection of the revenue in the upper provinces. How strange and complicated were her feelings while taking possession of a state and accommodation which might, but for her own rashness, have been legitimately hers!

Engrossed as she was by more painful and pressing anxieties, two objects in the cabin riveted her attention, — the simple book shelf whence had hastily been snatched (from amid comrades worthy of itself) the Bible used in the late and funeral rites, and — sharper than a thousand daggers — the picture of her dear, lost, too indulgent father! She gazed on it till her brain wavered, and her heart melted beneath its melancholy smile — then kissing it with frantic self-upbraiding, rushed up on deck for air.

Daily, during the three days' tedious passage up-stream to M——, did she revisit, with mingled emotions, this cherished likeness; and there, under the deep teaching of Affliction and Religion, did she for ever abjure the follies which had grieved a parent, and the sentiments which had given rise to them. To live henceforward as would have pleased her father, for others, not herself, was her inalienable resolution; and as it was made in pious diffidence, it was registered at a higher tribunal, and, in the strength of a higher power, maintained!

As the first step of merited self-abasement, Clara resolved to accept the charitable good offices of Courtenay and his female friend, in the spirit in which they were tendered, with no rebellious feelings of pride, but simple, unmixed gratitude to Heaven and its appointed agents. This feeling, and her recent grief, imparted to her manner such a touching and unaffected humility, that Mrs. G——, who had remembered but to dread or despise the silly, undutiful Clara Mandeville, felt disposed to take to her heart, as well as home, the chastened, widowed Mrs. Dalmaine.

Courtenay, whom instinctive delicacy still taught to defer their meeting, only awaited the arrival of his own boat to proceed on his mission; on his return from which, in about five months, he hoped to be permitted to see his old friend's daughter in safety to Calcutta, or whithersoever else she should wish to be escorted. Till then, she was the [illegible], and soon deeply-endeared guest, of the wife of the commandant at M——, in whose valuable society (for she declined all other) her tardy mental education was at length perfected.

A life of regularity and peace, while the past was disarmed of its sting by present piety and virtuous resolve for the future, soon brought again the charm, if not the bloom, of beauty to Clara's faded cheek. The widow's dress, so trying to most styles of countenance, harmonized, as though designed for it, with the meek Madonna expression which had supplanted the saucy smile so tantalizing in former days to the infatuated Courtenay. When she smiled now, that smile was irresistible — it seemed a tribute gently yielded to some pleasurable feeling in others which the fair smiler had herself for ever, though calmly and unostentatiously, abjured.

Such was Clara, when, at the end of some months longer than he had anticipated, Courtenay announced his approaching arrival at M—. This event compelled her to come to some determination regarding her future projects. To remain with her kind friend at M—, however tempting, was not to be indulged in; and the fittest task which the now zealously cultivated benevolent feelings of Clara could suggest — was the devotion of her society and attentions to soothe the declining years of a maiden sister of her father's, whom she remembered as having been kind to her childhood, when in England. To this old lady, her scanty pension would prevent her being a burden, while her resemblance to her father would render every trial which age or infirmity might impose, comparatively light.

This resolution, formed and communicated to

Mrs. G —— before Mr. Courtenay arrived, enabled Clara to encounter with more of fortitude and less of embarrassment, a meeting so fraught with painful reminiscences. Courtenay struggled less successfully for composure — especially since her wonderful return to her former self (the starry smile and laughing eye excepted) brought Calcutta rather than the Cave of B* before his unprepared mind's eye.

There was that in the demeanour of both — in their ill concealed confusion, and incoherent enquiries, and evident fear of any save the commonest topics — which convinced Mrs. G —— that all would end as it should do, in the triumph of a virtuous steady attachment over painful recollections and honest scruples, and a genuine sense of disparity, no longer in years, but in worth and merit.

This induced her to venture on the present detention of the letter actually written by Clara to old Aunt Mandeville in England and to sanction by her presence in quality of chaperon, the voyage of Mrs. Brabazon, under the escort of Courtenay, to Calcutta.

When abreast of the Cave of B——, natural feelings prompted poor Clara to wish to revisit it — and the wish was too amiable to find opposers in either Courtenay or Mrs. G——. While repassing, cheered by such friendly supporters, the well-remembered jungle, which she had so despairingly traversed only a short year before, Clara's heart swelled with gratitude, as well as with the emotion inseparable from the abrupt dissolution of ties so close, however uncongenial.

It was a satisfaction to the latter feeling to find the grave and its rude tombstone undisturbed; nay more, a private order from Courtenay had graced it with a plain inscription, commemorating the decease at this romantic spot of a youthful British officer. For whom this delicate tribute was in reality destined, it was not difficult to divine. It was felt and acknowledged with such a sweet mixture of grace and confusion, that Mrs. G——, one of those strong-minded, straight forward persons who, by abjuring false delicacy, often so discreetly cut the Gordian knots which finer natures find it difficult to untie — took a hand of each, and said, with a solemnity of manner suitable to the scene and circumstances — „My dear friends, strange as may seem to you the place and time I have rather availed myself of than chosen — I do not know that earth could, after all, afford a fitter — for the one to express, or the other to avow, sentiments to which on one side at least, this cavern and its incidents gave birth. Yonder grave has closed over an ill-starred union. If spirits partake our feelings, and any thing could add a drop of gladness to the bliss of Clara's sainted father — it would be seeing her faith plighted and heart devoted to one, who has wasted in devotion to her the best years of his life, and who can ill afford to yield to punctilio and etiquette a share of its remaining happiness.

„That you, Courtenay, love, and have ever loved Clara, your joyless solitary condition, so foreign from your nature, may amply convince her. That she esteems, nay I might on any other spot be tempted to say, loves you — that blush and downcast eye save her the effort of denying. Here, then, where first your fates were strangely joined by Providence on earth, let them be finally united for Eternity! The voice from yonder grave, far from reproving, would bless and sanction the union. It is not pure kind love like yours that need shrink from the awful presence of the dead. From that of the living, now that the ice is broken, and my office done — I will release you."

So saying, this singular woman walked to the mouth of the cave, where she was soon followed by those, whose streaming eyes, if not their lips, thanked her, for smoothing their path to mutual happiness.

My tale is at an end. — Years after these events, I saw Clara in England, the happy, honoured wife of the man of her father's choice; and as I contrasted him with the being her own rash preference had well nigh linked her to for life, I ended, as I began, by surmising, that parents might sometimes, if not always, be the best judges of their children's happiness!

The Splendid Annual.

By the Author of „Sayings and Doings."

Literature, even in this literary age, is not the ordinary pursuit of the citizens of London, although every merchant is necessarily a man of letters, and underwriters are as common as cucumbers. Notwithstanding, however, my being a citizen, I am tempted to disclose the miseries and misfortunes of my life in these pages, because having heard the „Anniversary" called a splendid annual, I hope for sympathy from its readers, seeing that I have been a „splendid annual" myself.

My name is Scroggs — I am an Alderman — I was Sheriff — I have been Lord Mayor — and the three great eras of my existence were the year of my shrievalty, the year of my mayoralty, and the year after it. Until I had passed through this ordeal I had no conception of the extremes of happiness and wretchedness to which a human being may be carried, nor ever believed that society presented to its members, an eminence so exalted as that which I once touched, or imagined a fall so great as that which I experienced.

I came originally from that place to which persons of bad character are said to be sent — I mean Coventry, where my father for many years contributed his share to the success of parliamentary candidates, the happiness of new married couples, and even the gratification of ambitious courtiers, by taking part in the manufacture of ribands for election cockades, wedding favours, and cordons of chivalry; but trade failed, and, like his betters, he became bankrupt, but, unlike his betters, without any consequent advantage to himself; and I, at the age of fifteen, was thrown upon the world with nothing but a strong constitution, a moderate education, and fifteen shillings and eleven pence three farthings in my pocket.

With these qualifications I started from my native town on a pedestrian excursion to London; and although I fell into none of those romantic adventures of which I had read at school, I met with more kindness than the world generally gets credit for, and on the fourth day after my departure, having slept soundly, if not magnificently, every night, and dined with an appetite which my mode of travelling was admirably calculated to stimulate, reached the great metropolis, having preserved of my patrimony, no less a sum than nine shillings and seven pence.

The bells of one of the churches in the city were ringing merrily as I descended the heights of Islington; and were it not that my patronymic Scroggs never could, under the most improved system of campanology, be jingled into any thing harmonious, I have no doubt I, like my great predecessor Whittington, might have heard in that peal a prediction of my future exaltation; certain it is I did not; and, wearied with my journey, I took up my lodging for the night at a very humble house near Smithfield, to which I had been kindly recommended by the driver of a return postchaise, of whose liberal offer of the moiety of his bar to town I had availed myself at Barnet.

As it is not my intention to deduce a moral from my progress in the world at this period of my life, I need not here dilate upon the good policy of honesty, or the advantages of temperance and perseverance, by which I worked my way upwards, until after meriting the confidence of an excellent master, I found myself enjoying it fully. To his business I succeeded at his death, having several years before, with his sanction, married a young and deserving woman, about my own age, of whose prudence and skill in household matters I had long had a daily experience. In the subordinate character of his sole domestic servant, in which she figured when I first knew her, she had but few opportunities of displaying her intellectual qualities, but when she rose in the world, and felt the cheering influence of prosperity, her mind, like a balloon soaring into regions where the bright sun beams on it, expanded, and she became, as she remains, the kind unsophisticated partner of my sorrows and my pleasures, the friend of my heart, and the guiding star of my destinies.

To be brief, Providence blessed my efforts and increased my means; I became a wholesale dealer in every thing, from barrels of gunpowder down to pickled herrings; in the civic acceptation of the world I was a merchant, amongst the vulgar I am called a *drysalter*. I accumulated wealth; with my fortune my family also grew, and one male Scroppe, and four female ditto, grace my board at least once in every week; for I hold it an article of faith to have a sirloin of roasted beef upon my table on Sundays, and all my children round me to partake of it: this may be prejudice — no matter — so long as he could afford it, my poor father did so before me; I plead that precedent, and am not ashamed of the custom.

Passing over the minor gradations of my life, the removal from one residence to another, the enlargement of this warehouse, the rebuilding of that, the anxiety of a canvass for common council man, activity in the company of which I am liveryman, inquests, and vestries, and ward meetings, and all the other pleasing toils to which an active citizen is subject, let us come at once to the first marked epoch of my life — the year of my Shrievalty. The announcement of my nomination and election filled Mrs. S. with delight; and when I took my children to Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to look at the gay chariot brushing up for me, I confess I felt proud and happy to be able to show my progeny the arms of London, those of the Spectacle Makers Company, and those of the Scroppes (recently found at a trivial expense) all figuring upon the same pannels. They looked magnificent upon the pea-green ground, and the wheels, „white picked out crimson," looked so chaste, and the hammercloth, and the fringe, and the festoons, and the Scroppe' crests all looked so rich, and the silk linings and white tassels, and the squabs and the yellow cushions and the crimson carpet looked so comfortable, that, as I stood contemplating the equipage, I said to myself, „What have I done to deserve *this*? — O that my poor father were alive to see his boy Jack going down to Westminster, to chop sticks and count hobnails, in a carriage like this!" My children were like mad things: and in the afternoon, when I put on my first new brown court suit (lined, like my chariot, with white silk) and fitted up with cut steel buttons, just to try the effect, it all appeared like a dream: the sword, which I tried on, every night for half an hour after I went up to bed, to practise walking with it, was very inconvenient at first; but use is second nature; and so by rehearsing and rehearsing I made myself perfect before that auspicious day when Sheriffs flourish and geese prevail — namely, the twenty-ninth of September.

The twelve months which followed were very delightful, for independently of the *positive* honour and *éclat* they produced, I had the Mayoralty *in prospectu* (having attained my aldermanic gown by an immense majority the preceding year,) and as I used during the sessions to sit in my box at the Old Bailey, with my bag at my back and my bouquet on my book, my thoughts were wholly devoted to one object of contemplation; culprits stood trembling to hear the verdict of a jury, and I regarded them not; convicts knelt to receive the fatal fiat of the Recorder, and I heeded not their sufferings, as I watched the Lord Mayor seated in the centre of the bench, with the sword of justice stuck up in a goblet over his head — there, thought I, if I live two years, shall *I* sit — however, even as it was, it was very agreeable. When executions, the chief drawbacks to my delight, happened, I found, after a little seasoning, I took the thing coolly, and enjoyed my toast and tea after the patients were turned off, just as if nothing had happened; for, in my time, we hanged at eight and breakfasted at a quarter after, so that without much hurry we were able to finish our muffins just in time for the cutting down at nine. I had to go to the House of Commons with a petition, and to Court with an address — trying situations for one of the Scroppes — however, the want of state in parliament, and the very little attention paid to us by the members, put me quite at my ease in

Westminster; while the gracious urbanity of our accomplished Monarch on his throne made me equally comfortable at St. James's. Still I was but a secondary person, or rather only one of two secondary persons — the chief of bailiffs and principal Jack Ketch; there was a step to gain — and, as I often mentioned in confidence to Mrs. Scroggs, I was sure my heart would never be still until I had reached the pinnacle.

Behold at length the time arrived! — Guildhall crowded to excess — the hustings thronged — the aldermen retire — they return — their choice is announced to the people — it has fallen upon John Ebenezer Scroggs, Esq. Alderman and spectacle maker — a sudden shout is heard — „Scroggs for ever!“ resounds — the whole assembly seems to vanish from my sight — I come forward — am invested with the chain — I bow — make a speech — tumble over the train of the Recorder, and tread upon the tenderest toe of Mr. Deputy Fade — leave the hall in ecstasy, and drive home to Mrs. Scroggs in a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

The days wore on, each one seemed as long as a week, until at length the eighth of November arrived, and then did it seem certain that I should be Lord Mayor — I was sworn in — the civic insignia were delivered to me — I returned them to the proper officers — my chaplain was near me — the esquires of my household were behind me — the thing was done — never shall I forget the tingling sensation I felt in my ear when I was first called „My Lord“ — I even doubted if it were addressed to me, and hesitated to answer — but it was so — the reign of splendour had begun, and, after going through the accustomed ceremonies, I got home and retired to bed early, in order to be fresh for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

Sleep I did not — how was it to be expected? — some part of the night I was in consultation with Mrs. Scroggs upon the different arrangements; settling about the girls, their places at the banquet, and their partners at the ball; the wind down the chimney sounded like the shouts of the people; the cocks crowing in the mews at the back of the house I took for trumpets sounding my approach; and the ordinary incidental noises in the family I fancied the popguns at Stangate, announcing my disembarkation at Westminster — thus I tossed and tumbled until the long wished-for day dawned, and I jumped up anxiously to realise the visions of the night. I was not long at my toilet — I was soon shaved and dressed — but just as I was settling myself comfortably into my beautiful brown broadcloth inexpressibles, crack went something, and I discovered that a seam had ripped half a foot long. Had it been consistent with the dignity of a Lord Mayor to swear, I should, I believe, at that moment, have anathematised the offending tailor; — as it was, what was to be done? — I heard trumpets in earnest, carriages drawing up and setting down; sheriffs, and chaplains, mace bearers, train bearers, sword bearers, water bailiffs, remembrancers, Mr. Common Hunt, the Town clerk, and the deputy town clerk, all bustling about — the bells ringing — and *I* late; with a hole in my inexpressibles! There was but one remedy — my wife's maid, kind, intelligent creature, civil and obliging, and ready to turn her hand to any thing, came to my aid, and in less than fifteen minutes her activity, exerted in the midst of the confusion, repaired the injury and turned me out fit to be seen by the whole corporation of London.

When I was dressed, I tapped at Mrs. Scroggs's door, went in, and asked her if she thought I should do; the dear soul, after settling my point lace frill (which she had been good enough to pick off her own petticoat on purpose) and putting my bag straight, gave me the sweetest smile imaginable.

„I wish your Lordship health and happiness,“ said she.

„Sally,“ said I, „your Ladyship is an angel;“ and so, having kissed each of my daughters, who were in progress of dressing, I descended the stairs, to begin the auspicious day in which I reached the apex of my greatness. Never shall I forget the bows — the civilities —

the congratulations — Sheriffs bending before me — the Recorder smiling — the Common Serjeant at my feet — the pageant was intoxicating; and when, after having breakfasted, I stepped into that glazed and gilded house upon wheels, called the state coach, and saw my sword bearer pop himself into one of the boots, with the sword of state in his hand, I was lost in ecstasy, I threw myself back upon the seat of the vehicle with all imaginable dignity, but not without damage, for in the midst of my ease and elegance I snapped off the cut steel hilt of my sword, by accidentally bumping the whole weight of my body right, or rather wrong, directly upon the top of it.

But what was a sword hilt or a bruise to me? I was the Lord Mayor — the greatest man of the greatest city of the greatest nation in the world. The people realized my anticipations, and „Bravo, Scroggs!" and „Scroggs for ever!" again resounded, as we proceeded slowly and majestically towards the River, through a fog, which prevented our being advantageously seen, and which got down the throat of the sword bearer, who coughed incessantly during our progress, much to my annoyance, not to speak of the ungraceful movements which his convulsive barkings gave to the red velvet scabbard of the official glaive as it stuck out of the window of the coach.

We embarked in my barge; a new scene of splendour awaited me, guns, shouts, music, flags, banners, in short, every thing that fancy could paint or a water bailiff provide; there, in the gilded bark, was prepared a cold collation — I ate, but tasted nothing — fowls, *patés*, tongue, game, beef, ham, all had the same flavour; champagne, hock, and Madeira were all alike to me — Lord Mayor was all I saw, all I heard, all I swallowed: every thing was pervaded by the one captivating word, and the repeated appeal to „my Lordship" was sweeter than nectar.

At Westminster, having been presented and received, I desired — I — John Ebenezer Scroggs, of Coventry — I desired the Recorder to invite the Judges to dine with me — I — who remember when two of the oldest and most innocent of the twelve, came the circuit, trembling at the sight of them, and believing them some extraordinary creatures upon whom all the hair and fur I saw, grew naturally — I, not only to ask these formidable beings to dine with me, but, as if I thought it beneath my dignity to do so in my proper person, deputing a judge of my own to do it for me; I never shall forget their bows in return — Chinese mandarins on a chimney-piece are fools to them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Farewell to Abbotsford.

Home of the gifted! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest,
While the heather waves its purple bell,
O'er moor and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And banks with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls —
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice from thee sent forth
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway,
As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay,
A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower,
'Mong honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood still
May thy free sward be prest!
While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!

Mrs. Hemans.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

1838. N.ro 12.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Walter Savage Landor

ward am 30. Januar 1775 zu Ipſley-Court, dem Sitz ſeiner alten angeſehenen Familie, in Warwickſhire geboren. Er erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung zu Rugby, und hatte bereits zu einer Zeit, wo er noch zu jung für die Univerſität war, alle ſeine Mitſchüler überflügelt, ſo daß er, um den Zwiſchenraum auszufüllen, der Leitung eines Herrn Langley übergeben wurde. Ein Jahr ſpäter bezog er die Univerſität Oxford und ſtudirte hier im Trinity-College unter der beſonderen Aufſicht des gelehrten Benwell. Sein unabhängiger Geiſt verleitete ihn jedoch zu Vergehen gegen die dort herrſchende Disciplin, und er ward demzufolge relegirt (rusticated). Bei der erſten Inſurrection in Spanien begab er ſich zu dem Vicekönig von Gallizien, Blake, und unterſtützte dieſelbe ſowohl durch ſeine perſönliche Mitwirkung wie durch bedeutende Geldgeſchenke. Nach der Aufhebung der Conſtitution legte er jedoch in die Hände des Don Pedro Cevallos alle empfangenen Beweiſe der königlichen Anerkennung und Gnade nieder, äußerte ſeine Geſinnung auf ſehr entſchiedene Weiſe und kehrte nach England zurück. Er vermählte ſich 1811 mit einem Fräulein von Neuveville, und begab ſich dann im Herbſt 1815 nach Italien, wo er anfangs im Pallaſt der Medicis zu Florenz wohnte, und dann ſpäter die ſchöne Villa Gherardesca in Fieſole kaufte, die er ſeitdem nur in kurzen Zwiſchenräumen verlaſſen hat.

Keine ſeiner Schriften hat ſich einer allgemeinen Theilnahme zu erfreuen gehabt, und doch könnte man in jeder, ohne Unterſchied, eine Menge Stellen finden, die einem gewandteren oder weniger eigenſinnigen Manne einen bleibenden Ruf erworben haben würden. Sie ſind bis zum Ueberfließen reich an tiefen und großen Gedanken, aber zu deutlich ſieht man ihnen an, daß es ihrem Verfaſſer nicht um den Beifall der Menge zu thun iſt, ja daß ihm ſogar daran liegt, ihr ſeine Verachtung zu zeigen. — Es leidet keinen Zweifel, bemerkt ein engliſcher Kritiker ſehr treffend, daß Landor der Welt ſich als ein weit größerer Mann g[illegible]den würde, wenn ihn das Schickſal weniger begünſtigt hätte. — Hat ſich jedoch ſein Ruhm a[illegible]l weit verbreitet, ſo wird er dagegen deſto nachhaltiger ſein; denn Reichthum der Phantaſie, W[illegible] Geſinnung, Kühnheit der Anſchauung, Tiefe und Kraft ſind Eigenſchaften, welche jener Mann im höchſten Grade beſitzt.

Er hat nur einen Band Poeſieen unter dem Titel „Gebir", Count Julian and other Poems by W. S. L." herausgegeben; ſeine bedeutendſten Dichtungen finden ſich jedoch in ſeinen proſaiſchen Schriften, unter welchen die „Imaginary Conversations" und „Pericles and Aspasia" die ausgezeichnetſten ſind, verſtreut. — Wir theilen hier folgende Probe aus den Imaginary Conversations mit, in der Hoffnung, daß ſie nicht verfehlen werde, die Aufmerkſamkeit des Leſers auf dieſen bedeutenden, in Deutſchland faſt gar nicht gekannten Geiſt, dauernd zu lenken.

Imaginary Conversations.

By Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

I.

Rhadamistus and Zenobia.

Zenobia. — My beloved! my beloved! I can endure the motion of the horse no longer; his weariness makes his pace so tiresome to me. Surely we have ridden far, very far from home! and how shall we ever pass the wide and rocky stream, among the whirlpools of the rapid and the deep Araxes?

Rhadamistus. — Alight, then, dear Zenobia! And does Rhadamistus once more embrace you? Can it be?

Zen. — „Can it cease to be?“ you would have said, my Rhadamistus! — Hark! where are those horns and trumpets? on which side of the water are they? Now they seem to come from the mountains, and now along the river. You, my Rhadamistus, could escape somewhere lower.

Rhad. — Wherefore? — with whom? — and whither in all Asia?

Zen. — Fly! there are armed men climbing up the cliffs.

Rhad. — It was only the sound of the waves in the hollows of them, and the masses of pebbles that rolled down from under you as you knelt to listen.

Zen. — Turn round — look behind! is it dust yonder, or smoke? and is it the sun, or what is it, shining so crimson? Not shining any longer now, but deep and dull purple, embodying into gloom.

Rhad. — It is the sun, about to set at mid-day; we shall soon see no more of him.

Zen. — Indeed! what an ill omen! but how can you tell that? Do not think it; I do not. Alas! alas! the dust and the sounds are nearer.

Rhad. — Prepare, then, my Zenobia!

Zen. — I was always prepared for it.

Rhad. — What reason, oh, unconfiding girl! from the day of our union, have I ever given you to murmur, to suspect?

Zen. — None, none: your love, even in these sad moments, raises me above the reach of fortune. How can it pain me and why do I repine? Worse may it pain me — but let that love never pass away!

Rhad. — Was it then the loss of power and kingdom for which Zenobia was prepared?

Zen. — The kingdom was lost when Rhadamistus lost the affection of his subjects. Why did they not love you? how could they but? Tell me so strange a thing.

Rhad. — Fables, fables! about the death of Mithridates and his children.

Zen. — What about them?

Rhad. — In all governments there are secrets.

Zen. — But between us?

Rhad. — No longer — time presses — not a moment is left us — not a refuge — not a hope.

Zen. — Then why draw the sword?

Rhad. — Wanted I courage? — did I not fight as becomes a king?

Zen. — True, most true.

Rhad. — Is my resolution lost to me? did I but dream I had it?

Zen. — Nobody is very near yet; nor can they cross the dell where we did. Those are fled who could have shewn the pathway. Think not of defending me. Listen! look! what thousands are coming! The protecting blade above my head can only provoke the enemy. And do you still keep it there? You grasp my arm too hard — can you look unkindly? Can it be? O, think again, and spare me, Rhadamistus! From the vengeance of man, from the judgments of Heaven, the unborn may preserve my husband.

Rhad. — We must die! They advance; they see us; they rush forward!

Zen. — Me, me would you strike? Rather let me leap from the precipice.

Rhad. — Hold! whither would your desperation? — are you again within my grasp?

Zen. — O, my beloved! never let me call you cruel! let me love you in the last hour of seeing you as in the first — I must, I must — and be it my thought in death that you love me no! I would have cast away my life to save you from remorse: it may do that and more, preserved by you. Listen! listen! among those who pursue us there are many fathers; childless by his own hand, none. Do not kill our baby — the best of our hopes when we had many — the baby not yet ours! Who shall then plead for you, my unhappy husband?

Rhad. — My honour, and before me, sole arbiter and sole audience of our cause. Bethink you, Zenobia, of the indignities — not bearing on my fortunes — but inmatured over your beauty! What said I? did I bid you think of them? Rather die than imagine, or than question me, what they are! Let me endure two deaths before my own, crueller than wounds, or than age, or than servitude, could inflict on me, rather than make me name them.

Zen. — Strike! Lose not a moment so precious! Why hesitate now, my generous, brave defender?

Rhad. — Zenobia! do you bid it?

Zen. — Courage is no longer a crime in you. Hear the shouts, the threats, the imprecations! Hear them, my beloved! let me no more!

Rhad. — Embrace me not, Zenobia! Loose me, loose me!

Zen. — I cannot: thrust me away! Divorce, but with death! the disobedient wife, no longer your Zenobia. (*He strikes.*) Oh! oh! one innocent head — in how few days — should have reposed — no, not upon this blood. Swim across! is there a descent — an easy one, a sure one, any where? I might have found it for you! Ill-spent time! heedless woman!

Rhad. — An arrow hath pierced me: more are showering round us. Go, my life's flower! the blighted branch drops after. Away! forth into the stream! strength is yet left me for it. (*He throws her into the river.*) She sinks not! O last calamity! She sinks! she sinks! Now both are well, and fearless! One look more! grant one more look! On what? where was it? which whirl? which ripple? they are gone too. How calm is the haven of the most troubled life! I enter it! Rebels! traitors! slaves! Subjects! why gape ye? why halt ye? On, on, dastards! O that ye dared to follow! (*He plunges into the Araxes.*)

II.

Philip II. and Dona Juana Coello.

Dona Juana. — Condescend, O my king! to hear me.

Philip. — By what means, Dona Juana, have you obtained this admission to my presence?

Dona J. — Sire, by right of my sex and my misfortunes.

Philip. — And what misfortune of yours, pray, madam, is it in my power to remove or alleviate?

Dona J. — Sire! All wise, O most potent monarch! and nearly all the sorrows that exist on earth — the providence of God having placed the larger part of the known world under the sceptre or the influence of your majesty.

Philip (*ironically*). — And the more suffering part, no doubt. God, and his mother, and the blessed saints, have exalted me to my station, that I may bring chastisement on the perverse and rebellious, and ward it off from the dutiful and obedient. I have now little leisure: to the point, then.

Dona J. — O, sire! my husband has offended: I know not how.

Philip. — Nor should you. His offence is against the state.

Dona J. — He has been secretary many years to your majesty; and in times and circumstances the most trying he has ever been a faithful vassal. The riches he possessed flowed in great measure from royal bounty: none from treason, none from peculation, none from abuse of power.

Philip. — Know you his steps, his thoughts?

Dona J. — I have always shared them.

Philip. — Always? no, madam. Let me tell you, he aspires too high.

Dona J. — O, sire! that is a generous fault, the fault of every one who loves glory, of every true Spaniard, and, above all, of Antonio Perez.

Philip. — When did he first begin to look so loftily?

Dona J. — When first he aspired to serve your majesty.

Philip. — Has he no gratitude, no sense of duty, no feeling of nothingness, as becomes a subject? I made him what he is. Tell me no more I enriched him; that is little — beside, I know not that I did it; and I could only wish to have done it, that I might undo it. I cannot remember that he has had any thing from me beside the salary of his offices; but those who accept my money for any services would just as readily accept it from my enemies. They care no more from whose hand it comes than whose effigy it bears.

Dona J. — He had enough and abundantly from his offices; nor indeed was he without a patrimony, nor I without a dower.

Philip. — He should have minded his business: he should have taken example from Scovedo.

Dona J. — Now, it becomes not me to express astonishment, or even to feel it, in the august presence.

Philip. — Something very like astonishment produces good effects occasionally. Madam, would you wish further audience?

Dona J. — Too graciously vouchsafed me! Sire, Antonio Perez, my husband, is accused of being privy to the assassination —

Philip. — Unmannerly, ill-featured expression! —

Dona J. — Of his colleague Scovedo. I come to entreat, on the part of his family and of mine, that he may be brought to trial speedily and openly. If your majesty will indulge us with this further act of royal clemency and favour, I engage that a crime so detestable, a crime from which the nature of Don Antonio is abhorrent, shall be removed for ever from our house.

Philip. — At my good pleasure I may confront him with his accomplices.

Dona J. — Alas! alas! who are the guilty?

Philip. — Who? who? — (*aside*) Suspicious, audacious woman! Some have suspected those about the Princess of Evoli, and have watched her.

Dona J. — Kind soul! may never harm befall her from their wiles! Beauty, that should fill the world with light and happiness, brings only evil spirits into it, and is blighted by malignity and grief. Who upon earth could see the Princess of Evoli, and not be softened?

Philip. — The injured — the insulted.

Dona J. — Alas! even she, then, serves the purposes of the envious. From the plant that gives honey to the bee, the spider and wasp draw poison.

Philip. — You know the lady very intimately.

Dona J. — She honours me with her notice.

Philip. — She honours your husband too with her notice, does she not?

Dona J. — Most highly.

Philip. — Then, madam, by the saints, he dies!

Dona J. — Oh, sire! recall the threat!

Philip. — We never threaten — we sentence.

Dona J. — He is innocent! By the beloved of God — by the Fountain of Truth and Purity — he is innocent!

Philip. — And she too — and she too, marvel of virtue! A brazen breast would split with laughter. She! Evoli — Evoli —

Dona J. — Is as innocent as he. Oh, sire! this beautiful and gentle lady —

Philip. — Ay, ay, very gentle; she brings men's heads to the scaffold if they have ever lain in her lap.

Dona J. — The unsuspicious, generous princess —

Philip. — Killed the poor fool Scovedo.

Dona J. — Pardon me, sire; she hardly knew him, and bore no ill will toward him.

Philip. — Nor toward Perez; at worst, not very spiteful. Dead secretaries and dead rats should drive off living ones. He was useful to me — I mean Scovedo — even when alive; I cannot afford one like him every day. Do you hear, Dona Juana!

Dona J. — Perfectly, sire.

Philip. — And understand?

Dona J. — As well as I dare.

Philip. — Could you live in privacy, with your accomplishments and your beauty?

Dona J. — Alas! I wish it had always been my lot!

Philip. I may promote you to that enviable situation.

Dona J. — My husband, now he has lost the countenance of your majesty, would retreat with me from the world.

Philip. — It is not in open places that serpents hatch their eggs. God protects me — I must protect the state. Perez is unworthy of you.

Dona J. — Sire, if I thought him so, I would try to make him worthy.

Philip. — There are offences that women cannot pardon.

Dona J. — Then they should retire, and learn how.

Philip. — That insolent and ungrateful man wrongs and despises you. He too, among the rest, presumes to love the Princess of Eboli.

Dona J. — Who does not?

Philip. — Who shall dare? Perez, I tell you again, has declared his audacious passion to her!

Dona J. — Then God forgive him his impetuosity and sinfulness! If she rejected him, he is punished.

Philip. — If — if! Do you pretend, do you imagine, she would listen to one like him? Do you reason about it — do you calculate on it — do you sigh and weep at it, as if in your spite and stupidity you could believe it? By the blood of the martyrs, I will drain the last drop of that traitor's! — Off! unclasp my knee! I cannot wait for the words in your throat!

The Splendid Annual.

By the Author of „Sayings and Doings."

(Concluded from our last)

Then came the return — we landed once more in the scene of my dignity — at the corner of Fleet Street we found the Lady Mayoress waiting for the procession — there she was Sally Scroggs (her maiden name was Snob) — there was my own Sally, with a plume of feathers that half filled the coach, and Jenny and Maria and young Sally, all with their backs to my horses, which were pawing the mud and snorting and smoking like steam engines, with nostrils like safety valves, and four of my footmen hanging behind the coach, like bees in a swarm. There had not been so much riband in my family since my poor father's failure at Coventry — And yet how often, over and over again, although he had been dead more than twenty years, did I, during that morning, in the midst of my splendour, think of him, and wish that he could see me in my greatness — Yes, even in the midst of my triumph I seemed to defer to my good kind parent — in heaven, as I hope and trust — as if I were anxious for his judgment and his opinion as to how I should perform the arduous and manifold duties of the day.

Up Ludgate Hill we moved — the fog grew thicker and thicker — but then the beautiful women at the windows — those up high could only see my horses and the paste buckles in my shoes; every now and then, I bowed condescendingly to people I had never seen before, in order to show my courtesy and my chain and collar, which I had discovered during the morning shone the better for being shaken.

At length we reached Guildhall — as I crossed the beautiful building, lighted splendidly, and filled with well dressed company, and heard the deafening shouts which rent the fane as I entered it, I really was overcome — I retired to a private room — refreshed my dress, rubbed up my chain, which the damp had tarnished, and prepared to receive my guests. They came, and — shall I ever forget it? — dinner was announced; the bands played „O the roast beef of old England!" Onwards we went, a Prince of the blood, of the blood royal of my country, led out my Sally — my own Sally — the Lady Mayoress! the Lord High Chancellor handed out young Sally; — I saw it done — I thought I should have choked; the Prime Minister took Maria; the Lord Privy Seal gave his arm to Jenny; and my wife's mother, Mrs. Nash, was honoured by the protection of the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. — Oh, if my poor father could but have seen that!

I would be tiresome to dwell upon the pleasures of the happy year, thus auspiciously begun, in detail; each month brought its delights, each week its festival; public meetings under the sanction of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor; concerts and balls under the patronage of the Lady Mayoress; Easter and its dinner, Bluecoat boys and buns; processions here, excursions there. — Summer came, and then we had swan-hopping up the river, and white-baiting down the river; Yantlet Creek below, the navigation barge above; music, flags, streamers, guns, and company; turtle every day in the week; peas at a pound a pint, and grapes at a guinea a pound; dabbling in rosewater served in gold, not to speak of the loving cup, with Mr. Common Hunt, in full dress, at my elbow; my dinners were talked of, Cits grew jealous, and I was idolized.

The days, which before seemed like weeks, were now turned to minutes; scarcely had I swallowed my breakfast before I was in my justice-room; and before I had mittimused half a dozen paupers for beggary, I was called away to luncheon; this barely over, in comes a deputation or a dispatch, and so on till dinner, which was barely ended before supper was announced. We all became enchanted with the Mansion House; my girls grew graceful by the confidence their high station gave them; Maria refused a good offer because her lover chanced to have an ill sounding name; we had all got settled in our rooms, the establishment had begun to know and appreciate us; we had just become in fact easy in our dignity and happy in our position, when lo and behold! the ninth of November came again — the anniversary of my exaltation, the consummation of my downfall.

Again did we go in state to Guildhall, again were we toasted and addressed, again were we handed in, and led out, again flirted with cabinet ministers and danced with ambassadors, and at two o'clock in the morning drove home from the scene of gaiety to our old residence in Budge Row. — Never in this world did pickled herrings and turpentine smell so powerfully as on that night when we entered the house; and although my wife and the young ones stuck to the drinkables at Guildhall, their natural feelings would have way, and a sort of shuddering disgust seemed to fill their minds on their return home, — the passage looked so narrow — the drawing-rooms looked so small — the staircase seemed so dark — our apartments appeared so low, — however, being tired, we all slept well, at least I did, for I was in no humour to talk to Sally, and the only topic I could think upon before I dropped into my slumber, was a calculation of the amount of expense which I had incurred during the just expired year of my greatness.

In the morning we assembled at breakfast, — a note lay on the table, addressed — „Mrs. Scroggs, Budge Row." The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again. A visitor was announced — a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance — what were his first words? — they were the first I had heard from a stranger since my job, — „How are you, Scroggs, done up, eh?"

Scroggs! no obsequiousness, no deference, no respect; — no, „my lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night — and how is her ladyship and your lordship's amiable daughters?" — not a bit of it — „How's Mrs. S. and the gals?" This was quite natural, all as it had been, all perhaps as it should be — but how oblike what I was, only one day before! The very servants, who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lacqueys of the Mansion House, (transferred with the chairs and tables from one Lord Mayor to another) dared not speak nor look, nor say their lives were their own, strutted about the house, and banged the doors, and talked of their ,,Missus," as if she had been an apple woman.

So much for domestic miseries; — I went out; I was shoved in Cheapside in the most unceremonious manner; my right eye had a narrow escape of being poked out by the tray of a brawny butcher's boy, who, when I civilly remonstrated, turned round and said, ,,Vy, I says, who are you I vonder, as is so partiklar about your *daylight*." I felt an involuntary shudder, — to-day, thought I, I *am* John Ebenezer Scruggs — two days ago I *was* Lord Mayor; and so the rencontre ended, evidently to the advantage of the bristly brute. It was however too much for me — the effect of contrast was too powerful, the change was too sudden — and I determined to go to Brighton for a few weeks to refresh myself, and be weaned from my dignity.

We went — we drove to the Royal Hotel; in the hall stood one of his Majesty's ministers, one of my former guests, speaking to his lady and daughter; my girls passed close to him, — he had handed one of them to dinner the year before, but he appeared entirely to have forgotten her. By and by, when we were going out in a fly to take the air, one of the waiters desired the fly man to pull off, because Sir Something Somebody's carriage could not come up, — it was clear that the name of Scruggs had lost its influence.

We secluded ourselves in a private house, where we did nothing but sigh and look at the sea. We had been totally spoiled for our proper sphere, and could not get into a better: the indifference of our inferiors mortified us, and the familiarity of our equals disgusted us, — our potentiality was gone, and we were so much degraded that a puppy of a fellow had the impertinence to ask Jenny if she was going to one of the *Old Ship* balls. ,,Of course," said the coxcomb, ,,I don't mean the ,Almacks,' for they are uncommonly *select*."

In short, do what we would, go where we might, we were outraged and annoyed, or at least thought ourselves so; and beyond all bitterness was the reflection, that the days of our dignity and delight never might return. There were at Brighton no less than three men who called me Jack, and *that*, out of flies or in libraries, and one of these chose occasionally, by way of making himself particularly agreeable, to address me by the familiar appellation of Jacky. At length, and that only three weeks after my fall, an overgrown tallow chandler met us on the Steyne, and stopped our party to observe, ,,as how he thought he owed me for two barrels of coal tar, for doing over his pigstyes." This settled it, — we departed from Brighton, and made a tour of the coast; but we never rallied; and business, which must be minded, drove us before Christmas to Budge Row, where we are again settled down.

Maria has grown thin — Sarah has turned methodist — and Jenny, who danced with his Excellency the Portuguese Ambassador, who was called angelic by the Right Honourable the Lord Privy Seal, and who moreover refused a man of fortune because he had an ugly name, is going to be married to Lieutenant Sludge, on the half pay of the Royal Marines — and what then? — I am sure if it were not for the females of my family I should be perfectly at my ease in my proper sphere, out of which the course of our civic constitution raised me. It was unpleasant at first: — but I have toiled long and laboured hard; I have done my duty, and Providence has blessed my works. If we were discomposed at the sudden change in our station, I it is who was to blame for having aspired to honours which I knew were not to last. However the ambition was not dishonourable, nor did I disgrace the station while I held it; and when I see, as in the present year, *that* station filled by a man of education and talent, of high character and ample fortune, I discover no cause to repent of having been one of his predecessors. Indeed I ought to apologise for making public the weakness by which we were all affected; especially as I have myself already learned to laugh at what we all severely felt at first — the miseries of a SPLENDID ANNUAL.

The Voice of Praise.

There is a voice of magic power
To charm the old, delight the young —
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue,
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptur'd on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepar'd to fly:
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word.
O praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaim their darling victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love, of praise, to hear?
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear —
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps, who never shed a tear;
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

The poet too — ah! well I deem,
Small is the need the tale to tell;
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell!
Who knows not that the magic spell
Can charm his every care away!
In memory cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope can lend a deathless day?

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye;
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When Friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But oh! a thousand times more sweet,
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can sooth the mourning dame,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven! —

That voice can quiet passion's mood;
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes immortality.
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine,
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh —
My mother, need I say 'tis thine!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

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A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
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Introduction

of

„Ernest Maltravers"

By E. L. Bulwer.

Some four miles distant from one of our northern manufacturing towns, in the year 18—, was a wide and desolate common; — a more dreary spot it is impossible to conceive — the herbage grew up in sickly patches from the midst of a black and stony soil. Not a tree was to be seen in the whole of the comfortless expanse. Nature herself had seemed to desert the solitude, as if scared by the ceaseless din of the neighbouring forges, and even Art, which presses all things into service, had disdained to cull use or beauty from these unpromising demesnes. There was something weird and primeval in the aspect of the place. Especially when in the long nights of winter you beheld the distant fires and lights, which give to the vicinity of certain manufactories so preternatural an appearance, streaming red and wild over the waste. So abandoned by man appeared the spot, that you found it difficult to imagine that it was only from human fires that its bleak and barren desolation was illumined. For miles along the moor you detected no vestige of any habitation; but as you approached the verge nearest to the town, you could just perceive at a little distance from the main road, by which the common was intersected, a small, solitary, and miserable hovel.

Within this lone abode, at the time in which my story opens, were seated two persons. The one was a man of about fifty years of age, and in a squalid and wretched garb which was yet relieved by an affection of ill-sorted finery: a silk handkerchief, which boasted the ornament of a large brooch of false stones, was twisted jauntily round a muscular but meagre throat. His tattered breeches were also decorated by buckles, one of pinchbeck, and one of steel. His frame was thin, but broad and sinewy, indicative of considerable strength. His countenance was prematurely marked by deep furrows, and his grizzled hair waved over a low, rugged, and forbidding brow, on which there hung an everlasting frown that no smile from the lips (and the man smiled often) could chase away. It was a face that spoke of long-continued and hardened vice — it was one on which the Past had written indelible characters. The brand of the hangman could not have stamped it more plainly, nor have more unequivocally warned the suspicion of honest or timid men.

He was employed in counting some few and paltry coins, which, though an easy enough matter to ascertain their value, he told and retold, as if the act could increase the amount. „There must be some mistake here, Alice," he said, in a low and muttered tone; we can't be so low — you know I had two pounds in the drawer but Monday, and now — — Alice, you must have stolen some of the money — curse you!"

The person thus addressed sate at the opposite side of the smouldering and sullen fire: she now looked quietly up, — and her face singularly contrasted that of the man.

She seemed about fifteen years of age, and her complexion was remarkably pure and delicate, even despite the sunburnt tinge which her habits of toil had brought it. Her auburn hair hung in loose and natural curls over her forehead, and its luxuriance was remarkable even in one so young. Her countenance was beautiful, nay, even faultless, in its small and childlike features, but the expression pained you — it was so vacant. In repose it was almost the expression of an idiot — but when she spoke, or smiled, or even moved a muscle, the eyes, colour, lips, kindled into a life which proved that the intellect was still there, though but imperfectly awakened....

„I did not steal any, father," she said, in a quiet voice, „but I should like to have taken some, only I knew you would beat me if I did.

„And what do you want money for?"

„To get food when I'm hungered."

„Nothing else?"

„I don't know."

The girl paused — „Why don't you let me," she said after a while, „why don't you let me go and work with the other girls at the factory? I should make money there for you and me both."

The man smiled — such a smile — it seemed to bring into sudden play all the revolting characteristics of his countenance. „Child," he said, „you are just fifteen, and a sad fool you are: perhaps if you went to the factory, you would get away from me; and what should I do without you? No, I think, as you are so pretty, you might get more money another way."

The girl did not seem to understand this allusion, but repeated, earnestly, „I should like to go to the factory."

„Stuff!" said the man, angrily, „I have three minds to —

Here he was interrupted by a loud knock at the door of the hovel.

The man grew pale. „What can that be?" he muttered. „The hour is late — near eleven. Again — again! Ask who knocks, Alice."

The girl stood spell-bound a moment at the door; and as she stood, her form, rounded yet slight, her earnest look, her varying colour, her tender youth, and a singular grace of attitude and gesture, would have inspired an artist with the very ideal of rustic beauty.

After a pause, she placed her lips to a chink in the door, and repeated her father's question.

„Pray pardon me," said a clear, loud, yet courteous voice, „but seeing a light at your window, I have ventured to ask if any one within will conduct me to ****; I will pay the service handsomely."

„Open the door, Alley," said the owner of the hut.

The girl drew a large wooden bolt from the door; and a tall figure crossed the threshold.

The new-comer was in the first bloom of youth, perhaps about eighteen years of age, and his air and appearance surprised both sire and daughter. Alone, on foot, at such an hour, it was impossible for any one to mistake him for other than a gentleman; yet his dress was plain, and somewhat soiled by dust, and he carried a small knapsack on his shoulder. As he entered, he lifted his hat with something of foreign urbanity, and a profusion of fair brown hair fell partially over a high and commanding forehead. His features were handsome, without being eminently so, and his aspect at once bold and prepossessing.

„I am much obliged by your civility," he said, advancing carelessly, and addressing the man, who surveyed him with a scrutinising eye; „and trust, my good fellow, that you will increase the obligation by accompanying me to ****

„You can't miss your way well," said the man, surlily: „the lights will direct you."

„They have rather misled me, for they seem to surround the whole common, and there is no path across it that I can discern; however, if you will put me in the right way, I will not trouble you further."

„It is very late," replied the churlish landlord, equivocally.

„The better reason why I should be at****. Come, my good friend, put on your hat, and I'll give you half-a-guinea for your trouble."

The man advanced; then halted; again surveyed his guest, and said „Are you quite alone, sir?"

„Quite."

„Probably you are known at****?"

„Not I. But what matters that to you? I am a stranger in these parts."

„It is full four miles."

„So far, and I am fearfully tired already!" exclaimed the young man, with impatience. As he spoke, he drew out his watch. „Past eleven, too!"

The watch caught the eye of the cottager; that evil eye sparkled. He passed his hand over his brow. „I am thinking, sir," he said, in a more civil tone than he had yet assumed, „that if you are so tired, and the hour is so late, you might almost as well ——"

„What?" exclaimed the stranger, half stamping petulantly.

„I don't like to mention it; but my poor roof is at your service, and I would go with you to**** at day-break to-morrow."

The stranger stared at the cottager, and then at the dingy walls of the hut. He was about, very abruptly, to reject the hospitable proposal, when his eye rested suddenly on the form of Alice, who stood, eager-eyed, and open-mouthed, gazing on the handsome intruder. As she caught his eye, she blushed deeply, and turned aside. The view seemed to change the intentions of the stranger. He hesitated a moment; then muttered between his teeth: and sinking his knapsack to the ground, he cast himself into a chair beside the fire, stretched his limbs, and cried gaily, „So be it, my host: shut up your house again. Bring me a cup of beer, and a crust of bread, and so much for supper! As for bed, this chair will do vastly well."

„Perhaps we can manage better for you than that chair," answered the host. „But our best accommodation must seem bad enough to a gentleman: we are very poor people — hard-working, but very poor."

„Never mind me," answered the stranger, busying himself in stirring the fire; „I am tolerably well accustomed to greater hardships than sleeping on a chair, in an honest man's house; and though you are poor, I will take it for granted you are honest."

The man grinned; and turning to Alice, bade her spread what their larder would afford. Some crusts of bread, some cold potatoes, and some tolerably strong beer, composed all the fare set before the traveller.

Despite his previous boasts, the young man made rather a wry face at these Socratic preparations, while he drew his chair to the board. But his look grew more gay as he caught Alice's eye; and as she lingered by the table, and faltered out some hesitating words of apology, he seized her hand, and squeezing it tenderly — „Prettiest of lasses," said he; and while he spoke he gazed on her with undisguised admiration — „a man who has travelled on foot all day, through the ugliest country within the three seas, is sufficiently refreshed at night by the sight of so fair a face."

Alice hastily withdrew her hand, and went and seated herself in a corner of the room, whence she continued to look at the stranger with her usual vacant gaze, but with a half smile upon her rosy lips.

Alice's father looked hard at the young people. „Eat, sir," said he, with a sort of chuckle, „and no fine words; poor Alice is honest, as you said just now."

„To be sure," answered the traveller, employing with great zeal a set of strong, even and dazzling teeth at the tough crusts; „to be sure she is. I did not mean to offend you; but the fact is, that I am half a foreigner, and abroad, you know, one may say a civil thing to a pretty girl, without hurting her feelings, or her father's either.“

„Half a foreigner! why you talk English as well as I do,“ said the host, whose intonation and words were, on the whole, a little above his station.

The stranger smiled. „Thank you for the compliment,“ said he. „What I meant was, that I have been a great deal abroad; in fact, I have just returned from Germany. But I am English-born.“

„And going home?“

„Yes.“

„Far from hence?“

„About thirty miles, I believe.“

„You are young, sir, to be alone?“

The traveller made no answer, but finished his uninviting repast, and drew his chair again to the fire. He then thought he had sufficiently ministered to his host's curiosity to allow him to attend to his own.

„You work at the factories, I suppose?“ said he.

„I do, sir — bad times.“

„And your pretty daughter?“

„Minds the house.“

„Have you no other children?“

„No; one mouth besides my own is as much as I can feed, and that scarcely. But you would like to rest now; you can have my bed, sir, — I can sleep here.“

„By no means,“ said the stranger, quickly; „just put a few more coals on the fire, and leave me to make myself comfortable.“

The man rose, and did not press his offer, but left the room for a supply of fuel. Alice remained in her corner.

„Sweetheart,“ said the traveller, looking round, and satisfying himself that they were alone; „I should sleep well if I could get one kiss from those coral lips.“

Alice hid her face with her hands.

„Do I vex you?“

„Oh no, sir.“

At this assurance the traveller rose, and approached Alice softly. He drew away her hands from her face, when she said gently, „Have you much money about you?“

„O the mercenary baggage!“ said the traveller to himself; and then replied aloud, „Why, pretty one? — Do you sell your kisses so high then?“

Alice frowned, and tossed the hair from her brow. „If you have money,“ she said, in a whisper, „don't say so to father. Don't sleep if you can help it. I'm afraid — hush — he comes!“

The young man returned to his seat with an altered manner. And as his host entered, he for the first time surveyed him closely. The imperfect glimmer of the half-dying and single candle, threw into strong lights and shades the marked, rugged, and ferocious features of the cottager; and the eye of the traveller, glancing from the face to the limbs and frame, saw that whatever the mind might design of evil, the body might well execute.

The traveller sank into a gloomy reverie. The wind howled — the rain beat — through the casement shone no solitary star — all was dark and sombre; — should he proceed alone — might he not suffer a greater danger upon that wide and desert moor — might not the host follow — assault him in the dark? He had no weapon, save a stick. But within, he had at least a rude resource in the large kitchen-poker that was beside him. At all events, it would be better to wait for the present. He might at any time, when alone, withdraw the bolt from the door, and slip out unobserved.

Such was the fruit of his meditations while his host plyed the fire.

„You will sleep sound to-night,“ said his entertainer, smiling.

„Humph! Why I am over-fatigued; I dare say it will be an hour or two before I fall asleep; but when I once am asleep, I sleep like a rock!“

„Come, Alice,“ said her father, „let us leave the gentleman. Good night, sir.“

„Good night — good night,“ returned the traveller, yawning.

The father and daughter disappeared through a door in the corner of the room. The guest heard them ascend the creaking stairs — all was still.

„Fool that I am!“ said the traveller to himself; „will nothing teach me that I am no longer a student at Gottingen, or cure me of these pedestrian adventures? Had it not been for that girl's big blue eyes, I should be safe at**** by this time; if, indeed, the grim father had not murdered me by the road. However, we'll balk him yet; another half-hour, and I am on the moor: we must give him time. And in the mean while here is the poker. At the worst it is but one to one; but the churl is strongly built.“

Although the traveller thus endeavoured to cheer his courage, his heart beat more loudly than its wont. He kept his eyes stationed on the door by which the cottagers had vanished, and his hand on the massive poker.

While the stranger was thus employed below, Alice, instead of turning to her own narrow cell, went into her father's room.

The cottager was seated at the foot of his bed, muttering to himself, and with eyes fixed on the ground.

The girl stood before him, gazing on his face and with her arms lightly crossed above her bosom.

„It must be worth twenty guineas,“ said the host abruptly to himself.

„What is it to you, father, what the gentleman's watch is worth?“

The man started.

„You mean,“ continued Alice, quietly, you mean to do some injury to that young man; but you shall not.“

The cottager's face grew black as night. „How,“ he began, in a loud voice, but suddenly dropped the tone into a deep growl „how dare you talk to me so? — go to bed, go to bed.“

„No, father.“

„No?“

„I will not stir from this room until daybreak.“

„We will soon see that,“ said the man with an oath.

„Touch me, and I will alarm the gentleman, and tell him that —“

„What?“

The girl approached her father, placed her lips to his ear, and whispered, „That you intend to murder him.“

The cottager's frame trembled from head to foot; he shut his eyes and gasped painfully for breath; „Alice,“ said he gently, after a pause — „Alice, we are often nearly starving.“

I am — you never!“

„Wretch, you! if I do drink too much one day, I pinch for it the next. But go to bed, I say — I mean no harm to the young man. Think you I would twist myself a rope? — no, no; — go along, go along.“

Alice's face, which had before been earnest, and almost intelligent, now relapsed into its wonted vacant stare.

„To be sure, father, they would hang you if you cut his throat. Don't forget that; — good night;“ — and so saying, she walked to her own opposite chamber.

Left alone, the host pressed his hand tightly to his forehead, and remained motionless for nearly half an hour. „If that cursed girl would but sleep,“ he muttered at last, turning round, „it might be done at once. And there's the pond behind, as deep as a well; and I might say at day-break that the boy had bolted. He seems quite a stranger here — nobody 'll miss him. He must have plenty of blunt to give half-a-guinea for a companion for four miles! I want money, and I won't work — if I can help it, at least.“

While he thus soliloquized, the air seemed to oppress him; he opened the window, he leant out — the rain beat upon him. He closed the window with an oath; took off his shoes, stole to the threshold, and, by the candle which he shaded with his hand, surveyed the opposite door. It was closed. He then bent anxiously forward and listened.

„All's quiet,“ thought he; „perhaps he sleeps already. I will steal down. If Jack Walters would but come to night, the job could be done charmingly.“

With that he crept gently down the stairs. In a corner, at the foot of the staircase, lay sundry matters, a few faggots, and a cleaver.*) He caught up the last. „Aha," he muttered, „and there's the sledge hammer**) somewhere for Walters. Leaning himself against the door, he then applied his eye to a chink which admitted a dim view of the room within lighted fitfully by the fire.

It was about this time that the stranger deemed it advisable to commence his retreat. The slight and suppressed sound of voices, which at first he had heard above in the conversation of the father and child, had died away. The stillness at once encouraged and warned him. He stole to the front-door, softly undid the bolt, and found the door locked and the key missing. He had not observed that during his repast, and ere his suspicions had been aroused, his host, in replacing the bar and relocking the entrance, had abstracted the key. His fears were now confirmed. His next thought was the window — the shutter only protected it half way, and was easily removed; but the aperture of the lattice, which only opened in part, like most cottage casements, was far too small to admit his person. His only means of escape was in breaking the whole window; a matter not to be effected without noise and consequent risk.

He paused in despair. He was naturally of a strong nerved and gallant temperament, nor unaccustomed to those perils of life and limb which German students delight to brave; but his heart well nigh failed him at that moment. The silence became distinct and burthensome to him, and a chill moisture gathered to his brow. While he stood irresolute and in suspense, striving to collect his thoughts, his ear, preternaturally sharpened by fear, caught the faint muffled sound of creeping footsteps — he heard the stairs creak. The sound broke the spell. The previous vague apprehension gave way, when the danger became actually at hand. His presence of mind returned at once. He went back quickly to the fire-place, seized the poker, and began stirring the fire, and coughing loud, and indicating as vigorously as possible that he was wide awake.

He felt that he was watched — he felt that he was in momently peril. He felt that the appearance of slumber would be the signal for a mortal conflict. Time passed, all remained silent; nearly half an hour had elapsed, since he had heard the steps upon the stairs. His situation began to prey upon his nerves, it irritated them — it became intolerable. It was not now fear that he experienced, it was the overwrought sense of mortal enmity — the consciousness that a man may feel who knows that the eye of a tiger is on him, and who, while in suspense he has regained his courage, foresees that sooner or later the spring must come. The suspense itself becomes an agony, and he desires to expedite the deadly struggle he cannot shun.

Utterly incapable any longer to bear his own sensations, the traveller rose at last, fixed his eyes upon the fatal door, and was about to cry aloud to the listener to enter, when he heard a low tap at the window; it was twice repeated; and at the third time a low voice pronounced the name of Darvil. It was clear, then, that accomplices had arrived; it was no longer against one man he should have to contend. He drew his breath hard, and listened with throbbing ears. He heard steps without upon the plashing soil; they retired, — all was still.

He paused a few minutes, and walked deliberately and firmly to the inner door at which he fancied his host stationed; with a steady hand he attempted to undo the bolt; it was fastened on the opposite side. „So!" said he, bitterly, and grinding his teeth; „I must die like a rat in a cage. Well, I'll die biting."

He returned to his former post, drew himself up to his full height, and stood grasping his homely weapon, prepared for the worst, and not altogether unelated with a proud consciousness of his own natural advantages of activity, stature, strength, and daring. Minutes rolled on; the silence was broken by some one at the inner door; he heard the bolt gently withdrawn. He raised his weapon with both hands, and started to find the intruder was only Alice. She came

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*) Beil. **) Schmiedehammer.

in with bare feet, and pale as marble, her finger on her lips.

She approached — she touched him.

„They are in the shed behind,“ she whispered, „looking for the sledge-hammer — they mean to murder you; get you gone — quick.“

„How? — the door is locked.“

„Stay. I have taken the key from his room.“

She gained the door, applied the key — the door yielded. The traveller threw his knapsack once more over his shoulder and made but one stride to the threshold. The girl stopped him. „Don't say anything about it; he is my father — they would hang him.“

„No, no. But you? — are safe, I trust; depend on my gratitude. I shall be at ***** to-morrow — the best inn — seek me if you can! Which way now?“

„Keep to the left.“

The stranger was already several paces distant; through the darkness, and in the midst of the rain, he fled on with the speed of youth. The girl lingered an instant, sighed, then laughed aloud; closed and re-barred the door, and was creeping back, when from the inner entrance advanced the grim father, and another man, of broad, short, sinewy frame, his arms bare, and wielding a large hammer.

„How?“ asked the host; „Alice here, and — hell and the devil, have you let him go?“

„I told you that you should not harm him.“

With a violent oath, the ruffian struck his daughter to the ground, sprang over her body, unbarred the door, and, accompanied by his comrade, set off in vague pursuit of his intended victim.

The day dawned; it was a mild, damp, hazy morning; the sod sank deep beneath the foot, the roads were heavy with mire, and the rain of the last night lay here and there in broad shallow pools. Towards the town, waggons, carts, pedestrian groups were already moving; and, now and then, you caught the sharp horn of some early coach, wheeling its be-cloaked outside and be-night-capped inside passengers along the northern thoroughfare.

A young man bounded over a stile into the road just opposite to the mile-stone, that declared him to be one mile from ****.

„Thank heaven!“ he said, almost aloud. „After spending the night wandering about morasses like a will-o'-the-wisp, I approach a town at last. Thank heaven again and for all its mercies this night! I breathe freely — I am safe.“

He walked on somewhat rapidly; he passed a slow waggon — he passed a group of mechanics — he passed a drove of sheep, and now he saw walking leisurely before him a single figure. It was a girl, in a worn and humble dress; who seemed to seek her weary way with pain and languor. He was about also to pass her, when he heard a low cry. He turned, and beheld in the way-farer his preserver of the previous night.

„Heavens! is it indeed you? can I believe my eyes?“

„I was coming to seek you, sir,“ said the girl, faintly. „I too have escaped; I shall never go back to father, I have no roof to cover my head now.“

„Poor child! but how is this? Did they ill-use you for releasing me?“

„Father knocked me down; and beat me again when he came back; but that is not all,“ she added, in a very low tone.

„What else?“

The girl grew red and white by turns, she set her teeth rigidly, stopped short, and then walking on quicker than before, replied, — „It don't matter; I will never go back — I'm alone now. What, what shall I do?“ and she wrung her hands.

The traveller's pity was deeply moved. „My good girl, said he earnestly, you have saved my life, and I am not ungrateful. Here,“ (and he placed some gold in her hand,)“ get yourself a lodging, food and rest; you look as if you wanted them; and see me again this evening when it is dark, and we can talk unobserved.“

The girl took the money passively, and looked up in his face while he spoke; the look was so unsuspecting, and the whole countenance was so beautifully modest and virgin-like, that had any evil passion prompted the traveller's last words — it must have fled scared and abashed as he met the gaze.

„My poor girl," said he, embarrassed, and after a short pause; — „you are very young, and very, very pretty. In this town you will be exposed to many temptations: take care where you lodge; you have, no doubt, friends here?"

„*Friends* — what are friends?" answered Alice.

„Have you no relations; no *mother's kin*?"

„None."

„Do you know where to ask shelter?"

„No, sir; for I can't go where father goes, lest he should find me out."

„Well, then, seek some quiet inn, and meet me this evening, just here, half-a-mile from the town, at seven. I will try and think of something for you in the meanwhile; but you seem tired, you walk with pain; perhaps it will fatigue you to come — I mean, you had rather perhaps rest another day."

„Oh! no; no! it will do me good to see you again, sir."

The young man's eyes met hers, and hers were not withdrawn; their soft blue was suffused with tears — they penetrated his soul.

He turned away hastily, and saw that they were already the subject of curious observation to the various passengers that overtook them. „Don't forget!" he whispered, and strode on with a pace that soon brought him to the town.

He inquired for the principal hotel — entered it with an air that bespoke that nameless consciousness of superiority which belongs to those accustomed to purchase welcome, wherever welcome is bought and sold — and before a blazing fire and no unsubstantial breakfast, forgot all the terrors of the past night, or rather felt rejoiced to think he had added a new and strange hazard to the catalogue of adventures, already experienced by Ernest Maltravers.

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia need no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the flood below;
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. Nro 44.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Kurze Uebersicht der neueſten engliſchen Literatur.

(Fortſetzung.)

II. Das engliſche Zeitungsweſen.

Wenn ein Deutſcher, der ſein Leben und ſeine Verhältniſſe auf den Kreis einer kleinen Stadt oder einer Provinz beſchränkt haben — und dies Schickſal trifft die meiſten unſerer Landsleute, denn leider hat unſer ganzes Leben ſelbſt in den größten Städten, Hamburg und Wien etwa ausgenommen, immer einmal vorherrſchend Kleinſtädtiſches — wenn, ſage ich, ein Solcher, übrigens ein gebildeter und wohlunterrichteter Mann, vernimmt oder lieſt, daß die Zeitungspreſſe in London der, ſeiner Wirkung nach, bedeutendſte moraliſche Hebel der Welt ſei, ſo wird er entweder mit tiefer Devotion das als glaubwürdig annehmen, wie wir das überhaupt bei allem übertriebenen Lobe des Auslandes zu thun pflegen, oder er wird, falls er zu den Skeptikern gehört, welche ſeit den letzten zwanzig Jahren, wie Pilze, überall hervorſchießen und auch dem [illegible] keinen Schein zu [illegible] ſuchen, höhniſch lachend den Kopf ſchütteln, wie über eine Lüge, die zu ungeheuer ſei, als daß irgend Jemand, und hätte er auch nur [illegible] Sinne, [illegible] glauben könnte. Sein Unglauben wird aber nicht darauf beruhen, daß er die einzelnen Punkte, welche die Baſis jener Behauptung bilden, genau prüft, ſondern daß er — und darin liegt leider unſer allgemeiner und größter Fehler — deutſchen Maßſtab an ausländiſche Zuſtände legt und dieſe mit jenem meſſen will. Zugegeben, ſolches Verfahren wäre richtig, ſo hätte er allerdings auch das größte Recht, gegen ſolche Uebertreibung zu eifern; denn wenn man unſer deutſches Zeitſchriften- und Zeitungsweſen bei Lichte betrachtet, was iſt es? — ein beſtändiges Drehen im vorgeſchriebenen Kreiſe, und nicht einmal, mit den Worten des Dichters:

Mit viel Behagen,
Wie junge Katzen mit dem Schwanz;

Zuſammenſtellen von Tagesneuigkeiten, [illegible] Geſchwätz, daß ſich um die kleinſtädtiſchen Intereſſen dreht u. ſ. w., aber nirgends ein freier Blick in das Allgemeine, nirgends jene kühne Speculation, die, wie ein Blitz, über [illegible] Länder und lange Jahrhunderte geht, und [illegible] und [illegible] der [illegible] Menſchheit [illegible], [illegible] vom richtigen Geſichtspunkte ausgehend, [illegible] haben [illegible], wenn es [illegible], großartig und genial ſich erweiſt. — Darin liegt auch der große Unterſchied, mit [illegible] die Zeitungen nur [illegible] Seite, der Tagesneuigkeiten wegen, um das [illegible] zu [illegible], der Engländer, und ſelbſt der Franzoſe, aber [illegible] nach dem [illegible] zu [illegible] befindet, in dieſem [illegible] über die [illegible] geleitet zu werden und einen feſten Ausgangspunkt zu gewinnen. Daher iſt der raiſonnirende Artikel (the leading article nennen ihn die Engländer ſehr paſſend und bezeichnend) über die vorzüglichſten Intereſſen des Tages die Hauptſache in einer engliſchen Zeitung, wogegen deutſche Zeitungen ihn entweder gar nicht haben, oder, wenn ſie verſuchen, ihn zu bringen, deutſche Leſer ihn als überflüſſiges Geſchwätz betrachten und es noch keinem Verſuche dieſer Art gelungen iſt, ſich Eingang bei der Menge, und wirklichen, allgemeinen Beifall zu verſchaffen. Dazu kommt nun noch unſere weltbekannte [illegible], unſere [illegible], der Umſtand, daß wir nie vergeſſen, welches Gehalt wir haben und welche [illegible], ſelbſt nicht bei Tiſche, noch in unſeren Geſellſchaften u. ſ. w. — mit einem Worte, uns fehlt der wahre Weltbürgerſinn, der durchaus nothwendig iſt, um ein ſolches Zeitungsweſen, wie das engliſche, hervorzubringen, und die Wechſelwirkung, von demſelben genährt und geſtärkt zu werden. — Daher werden und müſſen alle derartigen Unternehmungen bei uns, und wenn ſie auch noch ſo großartig angelegt ſind, ſchon in ihrer Entſtehung ſcheitern, und nur Handels- und Staatszeitungen können bei uns gedeihen, weil die erſteren eine Nothwendigkeit des täglichen Verkehrs für Hinz und Kunz ſind, und die letzteren nicht des Beifalls der Menge zu ihrem Gedeihen bedürfen. —

Wir haben dieſe flüchtigen Bemerkungen, die eigentlich der Stoff zu einer ſehr langen Abhandlung ſein könnten, nur hingeworfen, um unſere Leſer gleich von vorn herein über den deutſchen Standpunkt hinweg, und möglichſt auf eine Höhe zu heben, von der aus er eine freie, durch nichts beſchränkte Ausſicht über das ihm zu eröffnende Feld haben könne; denn allerdings wird ihm Manches in der folgenden Darſtellung, welche wir unſeren früheren Betrachtungen über die moderne engliſche Literatur, to show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure *), nachzuliefern für nöthig fanden, mit deutſchem, nicht an freiſinnige Formen gewöhntem Auge unglaublich ſcheinen, obgleich nichts leichter zu beweiſen iſt, als die eben aufgeſtellte Behauptung, daß die engliſchen Zeitungen den ſtärkſten moraliſchen Hebel der Welt bilden. — Bekannte Thatſache wird dazu hinlänglich ſein: Die engliſchen Zeitungen waren es zuerſt, welche mit großer Heftigkeit gegen die ſchändliche Behandlung der Negerſklaven in den engliſch-oſtindiſchen Colonien eiferten, die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit darauf hinlenkten, und die ſo die völlige Abſchaffung der Sklaverei in dieſen Regionen auf ewige Zeiten veranlaßten und durchſetzten, nicht aber hier allein wirkten, ſondern ähnliche Maßregeln an den amerikaniſchen Küſten vorbereiteten. — Wie bedeutend ſie ferner für die Reform wirkten, iſt zu allgemein bekannt, als daß es hier brauchte wiederholt zu werden.

Die engliſchen Zeitſchriften zerfallen ihrer Tendenz nach in politiſche oder literariſche. — Jene, die eigentlichen Zeitungen, erſcheinen entweder täglich, oder an beſtimmten Tagen der Woche, Morgens oder Abends; ſie ſind entweder miniſteriell oder opponirend, ſelten aber ſelbſt entſchieden, je nachdem die inneren politiſchen Verhältniſſe ſich geſtalten, wechſeln ſie auch, obwohl ihren Grundprincipien meiſt ſtandhaft treu bleibend. Eine nähere Darſtellung derſelben wird das deutlicher machen, wir gehen daher zum Einzelnen über.

Für die bedeutendſte Londoner Zeitung wird allgemein the Times erklärt, das beruht theils auf ihrer Verbreitung, theils auf ihrer Wirkſamkeit; ſie entſtand zuerſt während den letzten Decennien des 18ten Jahrhunderts, nahm 1788 ihren jetzigen Namen an und gewann ſeit dem Zeitraum 1813 ihre hohe Bedeutung. — Die gewöhnliche tägliche Auflage beträgt 10,000 Exemplare, und hat, nach mäßigem Ueberſchlag, 100,000 Leſer. Die vorzüglichſten Redacteurs derſelben waren und ſind zum Theil noch: Walter, Vater und Sohn, die jetzigen Beſitzer; Sir John Stoddart, bekannt wegen ſeiner heftigen Angriffe gegen Napoleon während deſſen glänzendſter Periode; Herr Barnes, höchſt vortheilhaft bekannt durch ſeine public characters; Captain Sterling, Mr. Alſager, und außer dieſen noch an die 100 Mitarbeiter. Die gewöhnlichen Koſten betragen ungefähr 100,000 Pfund Sterling jährlich, der Werth des ganzen Inſtitutes wird auf 500,000 Pfund Sterling, dem Rein-Ertrag auf 50,000 Pfund Sterling durchſchnittlich angeſchlagen. The Times erſcheint täglich im größten Format (double sheets). Sie hat in allen Theilen der Welt Correſpondenten, und wichtige Nachrichten werden ihr gewöhnlich durch eigene Couriere überbracht.

The Morning Herald, ſeit 1780 beſtehend, war lange ein gefürchteter Rival der Times, kam aber dann, durch allerlei Verhältniſſe gebeugt, um 1820 auf eine Auflage von nur 1200 Exemplaren herab, und hob ſich erſt dann allmählig wieder durch ſehr gute Berichte über Polizeiverhandlungen, die einen Herrn Wight, den jetzigen Redacteur des Blattes, zum Verfaſſer hatten. Sie zeichnete ſich von nun an durch entſchiedene Anhänglichkeit an den [illegible] Torismus aus, iſt aber jetzt ſehr gemäßigt, und iſt

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*) Shakſpeare: Hamlet A. III. Sc. 2.

in der letzten Zeit conſervativ geworden. Es iſt das Eigenthum der Familie Thwaites, wie einen Theil von [illegible] Sterling haben, und erfreut ſich mit dem, zu ihm gehörenden Whitehall-Chronicle, das dreimal wöchentlich erſcheint, eines täglichen Vertriebes von 7000 Exemplaren.

Das Morning Chronicle ward 1769 geſtiftet, gehörte anfangs einer Geſellſchaft von Gelehrten, dann einem Herrn James Perry, der auch zugleich deſſen Redacteur, und ein in moraliſcher, wie in politiſcher Hinſicht höchſt ausgezeichneter Mann war, und durch eine innige Verbindung mit Fox, Sheridan und den andern Häuptern der Whigpartei ſehr kräftig wirkte. Nach ſeinem 1821 erfolgten Tode, kaufte ein Hr. Clement das Journal um 40000 Pfd. Sterling, ein Herr Black war der Hauptredacteur, neben ihm arbeitete der rühmlichſt bekannte Mr. Albany Fonblanque. 1834 ging es in andere Hände über, kam ins Sinken, erholte ſich aber wieder ſehr kräftig ſeit dem Sturz des Miniſteriums Melbourne, deſſen Partei es ſtets ergriff, und erfreut ſich eines Abſatzes von 6000 Exemplaren; ſein Beiblatt the Evening Chronicle, welches drei Mal wöchentlich erſcheint, hat einen Debit von 1000 Exemplaren. — Die Correſpondenz der auswärtigen, namentlich franzöſiſchen und ſpaniſchen, Politik leitet der in Paris lebende, als Dichter und Romanſchriftſteller höchſt ausgezeichnete, Eyre Evans Crowe.

Die Morning-Post entſtand 1772, erfreut ſich, wenn auch nicht des ausgebreitetſten, doch des ſicherſten und gewählteſten Publicums, und wird vortrefflich und mit großer Conſequenz — denn ſie iſt gewiß auf Seite der Tory's — redigirt. Als Hauptmitarbeiter werden Mr. Winthrop Praed, Parlamentsmitglied, Mr. Croker und Lord Ellenborough genannt. Die Morning-Post gehört zum größten Theil der Familie Byrne. — Der Abſatz beläuft ſich auf ungefähr 3000 Exemplare.

Der Morning-Advertiser ward, wunderlich genug, 1794 von einer Geſellſchaft von Gaſtwirthen begründet, und gehört denſelben noch. — Für die Einlage von 100 Guineen und ein vollſtändiges Abonnement kann jeder [illegible] angehende Gaſtwirth in London Miteigenthümer werden. Das Journal wird durch einen gewählten Ausſchuß verwaltet, und eine Quote des reinen Ertrags für die Unterſtützung ehemaliger verarmter Miteigner, ſo wie für eine Erziehungsanſtalt zum Beſten der hinterlaſſenen Kinder derſelben verwendet. Hauptredacteur iſt ein Herr Anderton. Es iſt ein durchaus unabhängiges, entſchiedenen liberales, im Intereſſe des Volkes redigirtes Journal, welches, [illegible] der [illegible] der Leitung erhielen, und der Schnelligkeit und des Reichthums der Berichte mit allen übrigen würdig wetteifert. Sein Abſatz beläuft ſich auf 5000 Exemplare.

Der Public-Ledger iſt dem Alter nach der erſte; er ward 1760 gegründet; die erſte, der Bedeutſamkeit nach aber die letzte der am Morgen erſcheinenden Londoner Zeitungen, und hat mehrere Mal den Eigenthümer, wie den Titel geändert. Sie iſt im Intereſſe der Tory-Partei, hat die Herren Stevens und [illegible] zu Redacteuren, und heißt jetzt the Constitutional. Ihr Abſatz beträgt im Durchſchnitt nur 500 Exemplare täglich; ſie würde noch weniger Abnehmer haben, wenn nicht ihre vielen Annoncen ſie zum [illegible] Vehikel für Handel und Schifffahrt machten.

Die hier genannten ſind die vorzüglichſten am Morgen erſcheinenden Zeitungen; zu den am Abend herauskommenden gehören folgende:

(Fortſetzung folgt.)

Some Passages in the Life of Francis Lowerfish, Esq.

Chapter the First.

— I depart,
Whither, I know not; but the hour's gone by
Childe Harold.

I could endure this sort of thing no longer; I felt that I could not. I would pay no more rent. My creditors must consent to remain so a little yet until I could turn myself round. I settled this in my own mind during the preceding night, — a night of restless and feverish anxiety. The pleasures of reading are manifold, and while they had me in their books, a record of strange and intense interest would never be wanting to them. I would say to them, in the words of my favourite author,

"— [illegible] — Be there —"

And there, an' it please you, it must continue to remain.

Filled with this irrevocable resolution, I arose and dressed myself. I must leave my lodgings that very day. It would be well also to arrange

and take a mental inventory of my wearing apparel, and goods, chattels, and appurtenances, of whatever description. New lodgings are strange, and sometimes dangerous domiciles. Honesty is a scarce article — very few have Blackstone at their fingers' ends. I found, then, after I had completed my toilet, my extra wardrobe to consist of one pair of azure unwhisperables, in a rapid decline from exposure to incessant thorough-drafts — a shirt which had stuck to me through good and evil report, with more adhesive attachment than did the shirt of Nessus, the Centaur, to the limbs of Hercules — and two pair of old, exceeding old stockings, such as, to judge them by their appearance, might have been knitted by Mary Queen of Scots, for her husband Darnley.

Over and above this abundance of gear, I could boast a razor, better fitted to take off the beards of oysters than of men — a small tooth-brush, and a large-tooth comb, the bristles of one about equal in number to the teeth of the other — a superannuated hair-brush that could make itself useful as a battledore — and a locket, presented to me by my cousin Ellen, of inestimable worth to me, but of no great intrinsic value — indeed, a nominal relative of mine, whose house may at any time be recognized by its fanciful decoration of three gilded balls, had apprised me, only a few days previously, that the bijou in question was not worth ninepence.

Having packed up these several articles in as portable and invisible a shape as possible, and having, as a mere matter of form and ceremony, taken the gauge of my pockets, with a view to a final assurance that there was, indeed, no current coin of the realm remaining in them, I turned towards the scanty furniture of my bedroom, and took a farewell of that ancient jumble, bidding it at the same time to take notice that this was to be considered the last leave-taking of Frank Loverfish, Esq.

But now it may behove me to state why I made so precipitate a retreat from my lodging. This in few words. In the first place, Gripe, a sheriff's officer for the County of Middlesex, a man who had paralyzed more shoulder-blades than any two bailiffs extant, was on the look out after me. I had heard — heard of, nay I had seen him. He was pervading Pentonville like a pestilence, and he wanted to take measure of me, on an old suit, with a long piece of parchment. In the second place, my landlord had disgusted me. Some men are absurdly unreasonable. He wanted his little bill. He resided, as I have hinted, at Pentonville. He was by name Sullen, by profession a milkman, by habit a drunkard. Pentonville was a pleasant place — very much so. Milk is nutritious, the breath of cows wholesome. Nor was Sullen, during the earlier period of my sojourn with him, either an unamiable or an unintellectual character. It was he who exploded the vulgar error that gentlemen in his line put chalk into their milk. He was decisive upon the point. He said it was not *chalk*.

But as time wore away, a change much to be deprecated took place in the manners and behaviour of my landlord. Whether it was that his cows yielded milk less kindly than heretofore, or that he himself possessed less of the milk of human kindness, was at that time a problem to me, until at length the unworthy truth flashed upon me. Yes, I saw by the gradually increasing blueness, which was now become blackness of his physiognomie, and the half-and-half pepper and salt expression in the face of his wife (a worthy woman, too), that they expected long arrears of rent from me. They wanted their little bill.

I know it is unreasonable to expect invariable suavity from those to whom money is due. In some few instances that have come under my own knowledge such affability has been withheld. Was it for me to disturb the account? On no account, also, would I disturb myself. I forgave, while I pitied, the frailty of human nature, and was their inmate for a few months longer, that they might hereafter palliate to themselves their otherwise parsimony, their inherent haste. While I remained with them I was the most quiet lodger they ever had. They brought me into a habit of early rising. I rose up with the sun, and when I came home at night, such was my kind and truly humane horror of disturbing their repose, that I adopted a ghostlike gliding, inaudible even to myself.

Every thing must have an end. One night I had, as usual, crept silently into bed, where I lay for some time speculating on the best means of making one sovereign, of which I had become possessed, go as far as three; and during this process of expansion, I fell into a doze. The arms of Morpheus must have been jerked out of the sockets, as awaking with a start, I sprang up in bed. Could it be? Yes. A heavy and unsteadfast foot was stamping down, or rather up the stairs, while frequent tumblings against the wainscot led to the momentary conviction that Sullen, accompanied by his crew, was about to intrude into my chamber, the door of which was now burst open. Sullen, however, had come alone, much disguised in liquor (but I knew him too well), and planting the weight of his detested carcase upon my toes, heaved forth a heavy sigh.

„Well,“ presently hiccuped the bloated malt-worm, with a voice as though he said — „Here I am.“

„Well,“ I responded in a soothing tone that might have excited the envy of the late Mr Daffy, whose invaluable elixir has been found so efficacious when applied to infants, „Well, Mr. Sullen.“

„I want some money, Mr. Lavendish,“ roared the vulgar and unreasonable brute, „and I can't wait no longer for it. Here have we been more than ten months a waiting, and never seen a farthing the blessed time. Come, tip up, now — I'll stand no more nonsense.“

I am no coward — far from it; yet, I confess I was panic-struck. To have attempted to give battle to the excited brute would have been useless. I could no more have stood against him, than a small keg could have vied with the Heidelberg tun. Involuntarily seizing my pocket, I produced the sovereign.

„If half of this,“ I was about to say, „will be of any service,“ etc.

„I'll have it all,“ bellowed the miscreant, falling forward and grasping my treasure; „and now, Mr. Lavendish, you're a gentleman —“ and he staggered towards the door, „and may stay here a little longer, if you like.“

It was but small satisfaction to me to hear the base felon fall, head-over-heels, down stairs. It only accelerated the departure of my entire capital, which was now gone from me for ever.

That night preceded the morning of my departure. — What did the filthy hog mean? Not paid him a farthing for ten months! — Rubbish! But I had intended to pay him, which is the same thing, or as near to it as may be. — Oh! the selfishness of mankind!

With a feeling of manly indignation at the meanness of the world, I walked boldly down stairs, and there I paid my respects to the good woman, who, it seemed, had been somewhat annoyed by the plunder of the previous night; and concealing my few articles of wearing-apparel as well as I could, left the house, with a shudder at the means some people adopt of looking after what they call their interests.

Chapter the second.

—— Alone with care!

[illegible] Montgomery.

I had a friend residing in Goswell-street, to whom I straight-way bent my steps. Magson was a clerk in the Mint, and took breakfast precisely at eight every morning. I had the length of his coffee-pot, and knew accurately the diameter of his hot rolls. Magson was a very respectable, worthy, good kind of a man; that is to say, he kept his landlady civil, had a tame tailor, never drank more than two glasses of grog, never smoked more than one cigar, and was always in bed by the eleventh hour. Yet Magson had his faults. He was one of those men who would do nothing for you if he knew you wanted it; but if he thought you were „about something,“ would lend his assistance readily enough. He would not help a lame dog over the stile, but would obsequiously open the gate for any well-conditioned cat that could exercise its due proportion of legs. He would put no shoulder to the wheel if your waggon were stuck in the mud; but when you had borrowed three pair of fresh horses, and were travelling along the high road in triumph, he would come behind the waggon with his walking-stick, and give it a plaguy hard push — „and no mistake,'' as he was wont to say. With this estimable friend I was now taking my morning coffee.

During this refreshing meal, I had full leisure to peruse the index of Magson's mind, as printed in his face. To this index I added a supplement of good qualities, which my present situation rendered me prone to ascribe to him. But no; I felt it would not do. I saw that I must not reveal to him my forlorn plight. There are some men whom you can never understand. Magson was one of the utterly unintelligible. As he played with his watch-chain ostentatiously, I could have asked him for the loan of ten pounds; when he carefully brushed his hat, with an anxious scrutiny of its minute defects, I felt that a doit would have been denied. But, for what purpose had I come? Some compromise between ten pounds and a doit must be effected. He was going — he was off to his office.

„By the by, Magson,'' said I, with an air of sudden reminiscence, placing my hand upon my pocket as though doubtful of its vacuity. „I find I have come out without any loose silver about me — lend me a few shillings, will you?''

Had I attempted the man's existence with a breakfast knife, he could not have been more astounded.

„Loose silver,'' he stammered; „I don't know — I think I have a few shillings: what are you about just now?''

„Oh! many things — very busy, very busy — yes, those five half crowns will just do — thank ye — I shall be your way again next Wednesday.''

„Well, I shall be happy to see you then,'' said the discomfited curmudgeon — „you're getting on, are you?''

„I believe you I am!'' said I, with an important nod; „as much as I can do to get my meals sometimes — so engaged.''

„I am truly glad to hear it,'' replied Magson, pressing my hand as though it were a sponge, and we parted at the street-door with mutual expressions of goodwill and regard. Upon my life, the manner of the man compelled me to make a second application to him some time afterwards. There is a great deal in manner. I looked upon him as Dryden's treasure-seeker did upon a piece of shining ore which he suddenly turned up.

„I knew he would be gold another day.''

During the afternoon I dropped in accidentally upon my agreeable companion, Shelter. He lived in Paul's Chain, and was something in Doctors Commons. Shelter was a fine, generous fellow, but he never had any money about him, except at quarter-day, and then you must nick the minute, or the chance was hopeless. That was the worst of it — I have several times been subjected to much inconvenience from that circumstance. He enjoyed, however, an enviable degree of credit at the Star, whither, in a twinkling of it, we repaired.

Here I recounted to him my distresses, and vented much moral reprehension of Magson's meanness of soul, and calculating scepticism of character. He laughed heartily at my distresses, and threw up his eyes at the false prudence of our common friend.

„By the by,'' said he, after the second glass, „what a ninny you must be, Loosefish, to take a lodging — a mere paltry lodging in which you can never acquire respect, or exact the attention your station in life demands?''

I started.

„Don't you see,'' he resumed, „you're perpetually harassed for little trifling miserable sums altogether beneath a gentleman's notice? don't you see how you lower your character in the estimation of the world? Besides, to be obliged to take your meals at coffee-shops and eating houses — pshaw! you lower your respectability, Loosefish.''

„Well, but how can I help that?" was a natural question of mine.

„Superadd board to your lodging!" cried Skelter in a loud oracular voice.

I had never thought of that before. Very strange! I had never dreamed of it before.

„Board!" I exclaimed, „why, Skelter, you astonish me."

„Do I?" said Skelter, stroking his chin with an air of superior knowledge of the world.

„Why, Skelter," and I leaned across the table; „they take breakfast at these places at nine o'clock every morning."

„Precisely so," cried Skelter, rubbing his hair.

„Lunch about one."

Skelter nodded his head. „Go on."

„Dine at five; sometimes fish, and always a hot joint on table;" and here I motioned as though carving a leg of mutton.

„I believe you there is," said Skelter, „and cold again there."

„And tea and supper into the bargain. Oh! Skelter, you're a good fellow — but why didn't you tell me this before?"

„Be quiet," said my friend, „don't agitate yourself. Mark me: in a boarding-house you are an independent man. They dare not give you warning. They haven't the heart to do it. You have eaten and drunk at their table."

„Not yet," said I; „but very soon will do."

„That's right — mind, this is no mere dry lodging, but money out of pocket. Every additional joint fixes you more firmly; and when you have eaten about a hundred legs of mutton, you have erected a centipede which they dare not grapple with."

Skelter and I parted at midnight, — he to his own boarding-house (I wanted an introduction, but he said one was enough), and I to any house that might still be open.

As I walked down Fleet-street and turned up Chancery-lane, how I longed, like a full-freighted vessel of a merchantman, that I could go on board instantly. I was inwardly resolved, however, to put myself on regular diet the very next day, and in the mean while, a public-house arrested my attention, in which probably I might secure a bed.

The landlord, as I entered the house, was staring with all his might at a wizened lemon suspended from a hook in a small net; and yawning (for by this strange process he had been endeavouring to stave off slumber) demanded my pleasure.

„Can I have a bed here to-night," I inquired with my accustomed suavity.

„Certainly, sir," replied the host, „if you do not mind sleeping with another gentleman in the room."

„Not in the least. Misery, landlord, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, as our great bard says."

„Ah!" said the host, as though he understood something, but did not exactly know what. „Here, Betsy, show this gentleman the room."

„This honest fellow sleeps soundly," thought I, when the girl had retired and left me alone with my companion, „if snoring conduces to slumber, he is fast enough."

I stumbled accidentally against the bed. For this I was sorry at the time, for I would not willingly mar the repose of any human being. The unknown turned himself round with a blasphemous grunt, and I saw his face gradually collapse into quiescent unconsciousness.

I saw his face awhile, as I have stated, and moved not, for I had no power to move. It was Gripe, the bailiff! My Pentonville persecutor lay before me. „Abide wolf! mock bear!" and his withering digits were harmlessly expanded on the counterpane. Now could I have devised engines for his life, but that my senses promptly returning, warned me to provide for my own safety. With the cautious retrogression of a crab, therefore, I left the dreaded sleeper, and forthwith applied the little funnel of an extinguisher to the candle, which was perhaps the very wisest thing I ever did in my life. Slinking into bed, I lay in horrible suspense. Perhaps he might be dreaming of me, and would arise while I slept, and by some preternatural instinct lay hands upon his quaking victim. Awaking from uneasy repose, I arose about five in the morning, with a sort of tic douloureux in my left shoulder, impossible to be described.

The coat of my ruthless companion lay beside me. I took it up and examined the contents of the pockets. Amongst other slips of parchment (I think they term them writs) was one calling upon the sheriff of Middlesex, greeting, to secure me forthwith, stating that I owed 34l. 5s. to two gentlemen of similar names, and describing me as at present employed in „running up and down my bailiwick." This and the other similar documents I destroyed, and dressing myself hastily, took my leave in deep disgust of a man who, hardened by long and debasing custom, had evidently quite forgotten that liberty is not only the birthright but the privilege of Englishmen.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Solitary Tomb.

Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd,
Tho' a breath might have mov'd it so lightly;
Not a farewell note from a sweet singing bird
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west, where the sun was descending;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,
As his beams with their beauty were blending.

And the evening star, with its ray so clear,
So tremulous, soft, and tender,
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere
Its dewy, delightful splendour.

And I stood all alone on that gentle hill,
With a landscape so lovely before me;
And its spirit and tone, so serene and still,
Seem'd silently gathering o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood
By its winding banks was sweeping;
And close by the foot of the hill where I stood
The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting-place seem'd!
An enclosure which care could not enter;
And how sweetly the grey lights of evening gleam'd
On the solitary tomb in its centre!

When, at morn or at eve, I have wander'd near,
And in various lights have view'd it;
With what different forms, to friendship dear,
Hath the magic of fancy endued it!

It hath sometimes seem'd like a lonely sail,
A white speck on the emerald billow;
And at times, like a lamb in a low grassy vale,
Stretch'd in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or of strife,
Hath it e'er given birth to, one minute;
For lamented in death, as beloved in life,
Was he who now slumbers within it.

He was one who, in youth, on the stormy seas,
Was a far and a fearless ranger;
Who, borne on the billow and blown by the breeze,
Had deem'd lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still kept
All the freshness of gentlest feeling;
Nor in woman's warm eye hath a tear ever slept
More of meekness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past,
He liv'd, — and he lov'd — and he died too; —
Oh! why was affection which death could but blast,
A more lengthen'd enjoyment denied to?

But here he slumber's; and many there are
Who love that lone tomb, and revere it;
And one far off, like even's dewy star,
Tho' at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

Barton.

The BRITISH MUSEUM [illegible]

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. N.ro 15.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Some Passages in the Life of Francis Lonnerfish, Esq.

(Continued from our last.)

Chapter the Third.

— Bed and Board, &c.
[illegible]

[illegible]

It was a highly respectable house which I stopped in [illegible]. It was in George-street, Tottenham-court-road — a place, I believe, only remarkable for its vicinity to the Middlesex hospital, having no historical recollections connected with it to recommend its adoption to the antiquary or the curious. But I have no such predilections, being naturally more solicitous about the future for myself, than about the past connected with others. „Board and Lodging.“ It had a pleasing look with it, nicely printed, as it was, on a large white card. It reminded me of a tablecloth with the first course just served. It excited hunger.

I knocked and was admitted. Now, let me remark, I think it very strange that women, keeping expensive establishments of this nature, do not exercise more caution. I know that my features are prepossessing. I am aware that I was born „formed to make women take“ to their own interests, but surely, a reference should have been required. I think so. I may, however, be mistaken. Mrs. Moon, the worthy landlady, was pleased to remark that my face was a letter of recommendation, a sentiment in which her truly amiable daughter, Miss Eliza Moon, concurred, and I sat down to dinner, that very afternoon, with an excellent appetite.

Besides myself, there were two other gentlemen to whom my hostess introduced me. Mr. Trotter, an elderly gentleman with powdered hair and benignant expression of face, and a young gentleman, Mr. Cherubini Cox, whose chief personal points consisted of no eyebrows, a set of teeth like split filberts, and a voice, as though he had swallowed the bassoon.

At night, when the elderly gentleman had borne away his chamber candlestick, Mrs. Moon imparted to me in confidence that her „more than brother“ Mr. Trotter was a merchant who had left off business, that he was very wealthy, and lived upon an annuity payable once a year, and had money out in all directions, and that he was like a second father to her *girl*, and had promised to present her with a marriage portion. Miss Eliza Moon on her part descanted upon the merits of Mr. Cherubini Cox, who had retired into the back parlour. He was so well connected, so very respectable, so amiable, so quiet, so pleasant. He was walking the hospitals, and was passionately fond of music. His instrument was the violoncello; whose tones, by the by,

1) [illegible]

were now rumbling through the keyhole like groans of indisposed malefactors.

These recitals were gratifying to me. I was touched, nay, affected by the generosity of Trotter. I yearned towards Cox, whom I already looked upon as a friend. In return, I opened my heart, and hinted my affairs to this worthy couple. I was unexpectedly detained in London by a lawsuit involving a vast sum. I had foolishly sent on my wardrobe (except a small change of linen) to Paris, where my father, the General, had long resided; and I did not know whether I should not break off the match with Miss Ponsonby. Those wealthy aristocrats always thought so much of themselves. This discourse having made an evident impression, I retired to my very comfortable apartment.

For three weeks all went on smoothly enough: but during the fourth, methought I discovered a slight diminution in the cordiality, — on the fifth, I imagined (I am sensitively alive to such things) a degree of coolness; — and on the sixth, I felt sure that a storm was brewing for me. The wort of my landlady's wrath was already fermenting.

„The sky was changed, and such a change; oh! night"

was nothing to the pitchy expression on the countenance of my landlady and her daughter. Discontent nestled in their brows, malignity took lodgings in their eyes, distrust and disgust seemed to loom from the very peaks of their noses. What was to be done? I tried Magnus for five pounds, but it wouldn't do — it was with the most strange difficulty that I succeeded in securing one, a sum, of course, too paltry to think of tendering even in part payment.

And here I found Walker's theory imperfect. It is necessary to sacrifice some little specie for the first month or two, in order to secure a footing. I am thoroughly convinced that a man is a gainer by that process in the longrun. It compromises the principle, I grant, but the end justifies the means.

For now, I was fairly at a nonplus — I could not see my way clearly — the board was giving way from under me. I saw I must soon be, like the times of the melancholy Hamlet, „out of joint." In vain I started at the knock of the postman — in vain I cursed the dilatoriness of my Parisian Correspondent. How many times did I walk into the city to inquire at the Post Office whether there was not some strange mistake, some keeping back of the letters, some misdirection. How many interviews did I solicit with Sir Francis Freeling upon that very point.

When overcredulous people once begin to suspect, it is astonishing what sceptics they are. When doubt begins, farewell fiction and its uses. They doubted me. The worst construction was put upon my credit: they made a marked distinction between me and Cherubini Cox — there was a wide difference between their treatment of Trotter and of me. This was ungracious; nay, it was unkind. I particularly remarked that they invariably gave me the knuckle of the leg of mutton — the frostbitten potato was mine, my tea was not of the first water, and my bed was never half made. How will a senseless idolatry at the shrine of mammon warp the affections and corrupt the heart! — But I pitied and forgave the poor misguided creatures.

Something must be accomplished to re-establish my equality. I am free to confess that I am not partial to the knuckle end; that the potato is a vegetable by no means improved by exposure to the frost; that full-flavoured Hyson is preferable to the last faint twang of Twankay, and that a featherbed is no great shakes unless it be well shaken.

My thoughts alternately ran upon Cherubini Cox, and trotted up to Trotter. The former was fond of music. Good. Music is soothing, and I believe softens the sympathies. But then he was walking the hospitals. His soul was callous, doubtless; he had seen too much of misery to be affected by a recital of pecuniary accidents. He, who could witness unmoved a poor creature's leg taken off, would hardly listen to me if I told him that I had not a leg to stand upon. But Trotter — the benevolent, the exemplary, the kind, the wealthy Trotter! He was the man for my money — or, rather, I was the man for his.

I gave Trotter the preference. I would permit him to confer an obligation upon me.

One night I was left alone with the philanthropist. The ladies had gone to a minor theatre with tickets; Cox was rasping away at his violoncello in the back parlour. Trotter was dozing over the fire, with the cat on one knee, and a cotton pocket-handkerchief on the other. He looked the impersonation of disinterestedness. Ten pounds! It was a trifle.

A cough is no bad introduction to subjects of this nature. I was seized with an opportune fit, which awoke him.

„I am really very rude to fall asleep in your company," said the benevolent creature.

„Not in the least, Mr. Trotter," said I with a polite bow. The time was come. I trembled with agitation.

„Will you excuse, Mr. Trotter," I resumed, „the liberty I am about to take, in asking a very extraordinary favour. My agent, sir, has been culpably remiss — my remittances have not yet come to hand, and that excellent and truly intelligent woman — Mrs. Moon, I mean — is naturally solicitous — excessively so — about my little" — (here I smiled and interposed „ahem!"); — my absurdly small account."

„My dear Mr. Lounsdale, how can I serve you?" said my companion, looking about the room with an air of vague surprise.

„Simply and briefly, sir, by the trifling loan of ten pounds — for a very short time."

Trotter fell back in his chair with the most original face ever invented.

„My dear good sir," said he, „this is the most extraordinary application — "

„Peculiar, I admit," said I, slightly chopfallen, „but let me hope not offensively bold, or —"

„No — no — I'm not offended; far from it!" cried he, „but then, to make such a request to me — to me — "

„Nay, Mr. Trotter," and I smiled seductively, and shook my head — „I have long marked your nature — your qualities of head and heart —"

I paused, for my friend was cogitating deeply. There was a long silence, only broken by occasional bursts of anguish from the overwrought violoncello, which Cox, seemingly excited to frenzy, was wreaking himself upon in the back parlour.

„Mr. Lounsdale," said Trotter, at length, in a tone perfectly novel to my ear — "you are a man of the world — I can see that — so am I. — You have placed confidence in me — it shall not be broken. Can you be secret?"

I bowed.

„You want ten pounds," continued Trotter, lowering his voice, and pushing his finger towards the door of the back parlour; „you have been living here upon speculation — without any certain means, eh? Come, confess it."

„Sir!" cried I with becoming indignation, „do not presume —"

„I know you have," said Trotter; „a word in your ear: — so have I."

It was now my turn to fall back in my chair, while Trotter indulged in a series of regularly measured winks.

„Good Heavens! Trotter, you astonish me; you must be joking!"

„A fact," said the wealthy old gentleman.

„Why, you've been living here six months!"

„More," said Trotter; „and the deuce a farthing have I paid. But a certain person will very soon be Mrs. Trotter."

I could have hugged to my bosom the ingenious, but I fear I must call him, the unprincipled old gentleman.

„I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. „You mustn't stay here; you'll disconcert my plans — they'll, perhaps, suspect me. I'll guarantee the debt you owe them. I'll take it upon myself, and when I'm married you shall have twenty pounds. But, lord! a young fellow like you need never want money. Were you ever in love?"

„I have felt that passion, Trotter; but marriage —"

„The thing I mean," said he. „Have you ever thought about it?"

„Why, no," said I, „not so deeply, perhaps —"

„As its importance demands," interrupted Trotter, „only think: a rich widow, with freeholds, or long leases; or a soft spinster with hard cash as a set-off."

„Not to be had, old fellow, not to be had."

„Ay, but to be imagined, young fellow. Here's a secret for you that, if you have any friends, shall melt them; that will thaw the most Hyperborean tailor; that will provide furniture, linen, fixtures, every thing. Say you are going to be married."

„Say you're going to be married!" It had a plausible and pleasing degree of fiction to recommend it.

„Try it short," said Trotter. „Going to be married," and he repeated the golden sentence as though parading it for my inspection.

„Going to be married!" it was still better. „Trotter," cried I, and I took up my candle, „it will do. — Good night, God bless you!"

How unaccountable that I never should have hit upon it! Why, my uncle in the country, whom I had given up in despair, must come down upon so special a plea. It was worth a cool hundred or two at least. Even Magson would be practicable after this. „Going to be married!" I slept upon it.

Chapter the fourth.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

SHAKSPEARE.

I tried the new invention upon a tailor in Oxford street the very next morning. It succeeded to admiration, and within a week I was in a situation to take leave of Mrs. and Miss Moon and the two gentlemen, in a suit of superfine Saxony that might have defied the criticism of a Brummel.

„To you, dear madam," said I, addressing my kind hostess, while a tear worked its passage into my eye; „to you I feel that I shall be eternally indebted." And here I think I may take credit to myself for the utterance of stern and open truth. „But to Mr. Trotter," I continued, „I acknowledge myself under an obligation which can never be effaced."

„He is indeed a kind soul," cried Mrs. Moon, turning a soft eye upon the counterfeit Crœsus, who bowed deprecatingly. „Every thing has been satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Lowerfish; we shall be happy to see you whenever you pass our way. Good bye. — Farewell!"

Amid heartfelt valedictions of this nature, I withdrew.

The talismanic influence of this small sentence, „Going to be married," comprising as it does, only four words, was altogether beyond my fondest hopes. I gave credit to Trotter for the discovery, and others gave me credit for the application. I actually got Magson to accept a bill for me for twenty-five pounds on the strength of it, which, with the assistance of Shelter, I got discounted, as they call it: that is to say (such is the sickening self-hauteur of man) after deducting five pounds for commission, the agent compelled me to take a hundred bottles of blacking, forty-five pipkins, a gross of door-mats, and a ton of glue, handing me over a paltry balance containing three bad halfcrowns, two pocketpieces, and a light sovereign.

I was fain, however, to content myself, and disposed of my incongruous merchandise at a tremendous sacrifice — passed the bad halfcrowns with a sedate visage — „lightly come, lightly go," exchanged the light sovereign for twenty shillings; and generously gave the pocketpieces to the poor.

But a man can't be going to be married for ever. A bride must be forthcoming; there must be some producible person — some feasible female. The world goes round, and the world's affairs won't always square. Some of my creditors became impertinently importunate. They wished to know to whom I was espoused — when the hymeneal altar would be lighted for me — when the honeymoon would rise. In vain I rang the changes upon Trotter, his immense fortune, and his only child. Some hinted their belief that Trotter was a phantom, and his daughbe a fetch. Some, when I mentioned Trotter, said something touching one „Walker," while others cried „All a hum," — „A regular do," — „A swindling transaction," and the like. In a word, it is impossible to describe the base, the cruel insults to which I was subjected.

And now Magson's bill was falling due. The days of grace had commenced; the day after to-morrow, and procrastination must cease. Needless to say, it was hardly convenient to me to meet this bill; the alternative, therefore, must be to run away from it. How did I curse the foolish delicacy that had withheld me from writing to my uncle Grindley, explaining my connubial intentions, and soliciting fifty pounds to enable me to carry into effect that desirable arrangement. I had felt, however, that an abrupt intimation of that nature might prove fatal to my cousin Olive, whose love for me was altogether of a romantic character. Magson, then, must be once more applied to. I must raise ten pounds under pretence of taking up the bill, and then start into the country, and rely upon splendid eloquence, embellished by the most persuasive, and if necessary, pathetic diction. Some affected purists would, I know, condemn this step as rash and unadvised; I can only say that it is frequently resorted to by persons of the highest respectability.

The very first thing on the following morning, I found myself at Magson's door. As I entered, the odour of coffee was pleasingly fragrant, and the girl was just bringing in the hot rolls.

„Magson," said I, shaking him heartily by the hand, „I am come to breakfast with you; your bill falls due to-morrow. I can't wait half an hour — must conduct Charlotte to the morning concert — we're to be married, you dog, on Tuesday next."

„Well, that is most extraordinary," said Magson; „the very day on which I am to be married."

„You — you going to be married!" And I gazed at the old-fashioned juvenile with astonishment. „Well, but let me tell you. Ten pounds —."

„Two years ago," interrupted Magson, cutting an arch in the centre piece of a hot roll, „I went into the country on a month's leave. There I met a young lady and her excellent parent, with whom I became acquainted. I renewed the intimacy last year, when I paid my addresses to the young lady, which were rejected. But this year, on renewing my proposals, the old gentleman gave his consent, stating that he believed his daughter's objection to me had been weakened, an attachment she had formerly conceived for some worthless spendthrift of a nephew of his, having subsided."

„Well, my dear fellow, I give you joy," said I, not paying much attention to this narrative; „but touching business: I want you to lend me ten pounds for a day or two, to enable me to meet your bill. I must not appear to want money, you know, until I get my wife's property."

„Impossible, Loosefish, impossible!" cried Magson, setting down his coffee-cup. „Didn't you tell me that the bill should be taken up? It must be taken up. Your father-in-law, Mr. —"

„Trotter," said I.

„Mr. Trotter will lend you fifty pounds instantly." (Poor, short-sighted wretch, how little he knew Trotter!)

„Besides," he continued, „I want every farthing I can lay my hands upon at this moment. I must cut a dash for a month or two. I told the old fellow I had six hundred a-year in the Mint, and, you know, I only get a hundred and fifty. The girl has less."

Here was a sordid villain! At that moment I could have drugged his coffee with belladonna. „And so you won't lend me the ten pounds? Very well, Mr. Magson."

„I can't," he replied; „and I wish you'd be off now. I expect my wife that is to be, and her father, every instant. Ah! here they are. Now, go, that's a good fellow."

Urged by curiosity, I approached the window. „Ha! can it be?" cried I, in an ecstasy.

„Can it be? — It is," said Magson.

„My uncle and cousin," I rejoined; and rushing to the street-door, which I opened, I flung myself into the arms of the old gentleman, embraced my cousin with that warmth which is my chief and most amiable characteristic, and drew them into the parlour.

Magson's face, as we entered, assumed the sourness of small beer with which thunder has been making too free. „Very strange!" said he; „a most extraordinary coincidence."

„Very," replied the old gentleman, wiping his forehead. „So, then, nephew, you know Mr. Magson?"

„He was a friend," said I, with blandness, „but now — oh! uncle — well, how have you been?" And I drew my chair towards my relatives, and entered into an interesting conversation.

„Lancelot, a word with you for one moment," cried Magson, with an air of chagrin. I approached him.

„Now, can't you be off," said he, appealing to me; „you see you are not wanted; you can meet your friends some other time."

I turned away from him in disgust. „Oh! my dear uncle," said I, with emotion, „what a viper you were about to take to your bosom! Oh! my beloved cousin, how nearly were you sacrificed! What do you think that monster gets per annum at the Mint?"

„Six hundred on the rise," said Grindley.

„One hundred and fifty, and the salaries are about to be reduced; and to my certain knowledge his mother keeps a cakeshop in futile opposition to the Chelsea bun-house!"

Magson held down his head in utter confusion, while the head of my revered uncle appeared to be twisting round on a pivot with inconceivable rapidity, so instantaneously did his eyes glare upon every article in the room.

„Let us retire from the odious wretch!" said Ellen with a thrill of horror.

„Nay, hear me," cried the crest-fallen culprit. „It is true I have been guilty of duplicity, but let me plead my love for —"

I generously rushed between Magson and the enraged parent, and caught the descending walking-stick ere it clove upon the skull of the former.

„Leave him to his conscience," said I with dignity, and I drew my cousin's arm between my own. „Adieu, sir!" and we marched in triumph from the forlorn villain.

We walked a considerable distance, unconscious of the direction we were taking; the old gentleman practising immense strides in front, and my cousin and I exchanging explanations and confessions of mutual love.

„By the by, uncle," said I, suddenly stopping, „this is not the way to your inn, is it? I must accompany you there."

„No, no, you shan't," cried Grindley, „we will go home with you to-day. I will have it so. You have laid me under an obligation I shall never forget. You shan't repeat it. Where do you live?"

Just reconciled to my uncle, and entitled to expect some return at his hands, I put it to the candid reader whether, lover of truth in general as I am, I was not justified in withholding from Grindley the fact that I was then occupying an attic in Rose and Crown-court, Borough-market?

„Why," said I, „my health has obliged me to take furnished apartments in the New Road; but that's a great distance."

„Distance!" cried the less topographical Grindley; „why here we are in the New Road — you must be mad, nephew!"

I was nearly so at this disastrous circumstance. „Ay, we shall soon be there now," said I woefully, and the old gentleman stepped out with increased vigour.

„Where the devil do you live, boy?" cried he at length; and he threw open his coat and gave his bald pate the benefit of fresh air.

„Oh, here we are now — I see," I remarked, summoning resolution from despair, and leading the way through a small forecourt to a house, in the parlour window of which „Furnished Apartments" were visible.

„Step up stairs into the first floor," said I, as the door opened, „I will be with you instantly. My dear madam," and I drew the landlady into the parlour, — „will you permit us to occupy your first floor room for an hour or two? A friend of mine from the country, very tired, hates taverns, member of the temperance society — eh?"

„Certainly, sir," said the landlady to this unexpected application.

„You're a good woman," cried I, in a transport, „here, pray accept this five-shilling piece, and I wish with this other one, you'd send out for a bottle of wine, and bring it up with three glasses; will you?"

Making a funny face, to propitiate the good lady, I hastened up stairs.

„Well, my dear nephew, and how are you getting on," kindly inquired my uncle.

„Why, tolerably, sir, only tolerably — want of capital debars me from taking advantage of many opportunities."

„Well, but nephew, satisfy me that you can do good with it, and you shall not want money; besides, there was an attachment between you and my girl here, and if you will but be commonly prudent, you may still win her."

„I am prudent enough now," said I with a deep sigh. „Ah! those follies of my youth, how I detest them! I will have none of them now."

„What! no dissipation?" cried Grindley.

„None."

„No drinking?"

„Mention it not — it makes me ill to think of —"

Here the goodnatured hostess entered with the bottle of wine.

„For you," said I, laying my hand on Grindley's arm, „I myself can't touch it."

„No debts?" pursued the interested parent.

„Not a farthing in the world. I paid them off to the uttermost penny long ago; but the good lady of the house wishes to speak to me — what is it, Madam?

„Pray, sir, is your name Lonsdale?" said the woman.

„Of course it is, ha! ha!" and I turned to Grindley: „she's fond of a joke." I marvelled how she could know my name.

„A gentleman below, will insist upon seeing you."

„Oh! that Magson has been dogging our steps. Shall I go and kick him down stairs?"

I had just turned for that purpose, when a fearful apparition made itself manifest. Taking off his hat, smoothing his straight hair over his forehead, and making a strange bow, Gripe the bailiff stood before me!

In great emergencies what strange expedients present themselves.

„Ah! Gripe, is that you?" said I, winking and nodding; „glad to see you; let me introduce you to my uncle and cousin."

„Come, none o' that ere nonsense," cried the savage, fixing his cudgel under his arm, and producing the slip, which he gave to me in return for the slip I had heretofore given him: „I arrest this ere gemman, — Mr. Lonsdale, — and so don't you, sir, and don't you, marm, be humbugged by none o' his stories. Why, he's the slipperiest cove as is."

Let me draw a long black veil over the degrading scene that followed. Suffice it to say, my uncle booked inside places for two in that night's mail, and Gripe, at the same time, booked an inside place for one in the King's Bench.

I am there at this moment, preparing what is technically called a schedule, in order that I may take advantage of a benevolent act, intended for those whose means are in an inverse ratio to their debts.

The Enchantress.

By L. E. Landon.

Water — the mighty, the pure, the beautiful, the unfathomable — where is thy element so glorious as it is in thine own domain, the deep sea? What an infinity of power is in the far Atlantic, the boundary of two separate worlds, apart like those of memory and of hope! or in the bright Pacific, whose tides are turned to gold by a southern sun, and in whose bosom sleep a thousand isles, each covered with the verdure, the flowers, and the fruit of Eden! But, amid all thy hereditary kingdoms, to which hast thou given beauty, as a birthright, lavishly as thou hast to thy favourite Mediterranean? The silence of a summer night is now sleeping on its bosom, where the bright stars are mirrored, as if in its depths they had another home and another heaven. A spirit, cleaving air midway between the two, might have paused to ask which was sea, and which was sky. The shadows of earth and earthly things, resting cloud-like upon the waters, alone showed which was the home and which the mirror of the celestial host.

But the distant planets were not the only lights reflected from the sea; an illuminated villa, upon the extreme point of a small rising on the coast, flung down a flood of radiance from a thousand lamps. From the terrace came the breath of the orange-plants, whose white flowers were turned to silver in the light which fell on them from the windows. Within the halls were assembled the fairest and noblest of Sicily.

Every one, they say, has a genius for something — that of Count Arezzi was for festivals. A king, or more, the Athenian Pericles, might have welcomed his most favoured guests in such a chamber. The walls were painted in fresco, as artists paint whose present is a dream of beauty, and whose future is an immortality. Each fresco was a scene in Arcadia; and the nymphs, who were there gathering their harvest of roses, were only less lovely than the Sicilian maidens that flitted past. Among them was one much darker than her companions; her Eastern mother had bequeathed to her her black hair and her olive skin; in her eye was that brightness, and on her cheek was that freshness, which belong only to the earliest hour of youth — the blush had been too fleeting to burn, the smile too clear to cast that shadow which even light flings as it lingers. But to-night the colour was heightened, the eyes wore a deeper shade, for the lash of the downcast lash was upon them, and the sweet half-opened mouth was too earnest for a smile.

Lolah was listening to those charmed words which change the girl at once into the woman — we step not over the threshold of childhood till led by Love. Alas, this knowledge is almost always heralded by a sorrow! That morning had Lolah heard from her stern uncle, that the love she bore to her cousin Leoni di Montefiore was a childish toy, and as such was to be put away; and all her happiness had been destroyed by having to reflect upon it. Poor Lolah! how hard it is to teach the young that life is made up of many parts; and that wealth, rank, power, are more to be desired than affection! To-night she was listening to Leoni — and who ever thought of the future when the present has first taught us we love and are beloved? — still, her eyes were filled with tears, and her heart had heavier than usual. Leoni spoke of hope; but is not hope only a more gentle word for fear? And yet, with that mysterious contradiction which makes the fever of human existence, neither would have renounced the certainty of the other's affection for the careless content of yesterday. Strange, that ignorance should be our best happiness in this life, and yet be the one we are ever striving to destroy!

Leoni and his cousin stood in one of the deep windows; she leaning as if to inhale the fragrance of an Indian rose, and mark a flower which, brought from a far land, seemed more delicate than its bright companions. A pedestal of the green malachite stood beside, and on it a vase carved with the sacrifice of Iphigenia; these shut them out from the rest of the dancers.

„My father," exclaimed Leoni, „gave his daughters to her bartery;" — Then a bitter thought of the wasted heritage, which had made his noble name a bitter satire than an aid, for a moment caused the lover to pause.

(To be continued in our next.)

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The Enchantress.

By L. E. Landon.

(Continued from our last.)

„Hush, Leoni! — but my uncle has just crossed the room; let me go, ere he finds me talking to you.“

Leilah waited not for an answer; another moment, and she had passed her slender arm through that of one of her companions, and was lost in the crowd. It was so sudden, Leoni scarcely believed she was gone: surely her sweet low sigh was on the air — no! it was but the breath of the Bengal rose. His eye wandered round; it fell on the sculptured vase, and there stood the blossom hollow, a witness to the sacrifice of its youngest and loveliest child.

„Even so, my gentle Leilah, will the altar be thy tomb.“

Leoni started, for a figure now stepped from the shade of the column: not only his last words, but their whole conversation must have been heard.

„Yes, Don Leoni,“ said the intruder, replying rather to his thoughts than look, „I have heard your discourse; pardon me when I say it was wilfully overheard. It is long since I have hearkened to the eager and happy words of young affection, and I listened as if to music; and, like music, they have died in hearing.“

Leoni thought he would as soon that the dialogue had not been quite so attractive — strange, that it should be so to the cold and proud Donna Medora!

Again his companion answered to his thoughts — „You marvel at my speech; I could wonder myself at this still lingering sympathy with the human lot of humanity; but mortal breath and mortal frame cannot quite break away from mortal ties. Don Leoni, I pity you — I wish to serve you: I know not, if in giving you wealth I give you happiness; but wealth I can give. This is not the place for such words as mine must be. Breathe not to living ear what I have said: my power to serve you depends on your silence. Come to-morrow to our palace.“

Medora turned from him, and descended the terrace. The weakness of our nature — how soon any strong emotion masters it! Leoni stood breathless with surprise and hope: he had twice or thrice before seen Donna Medora, and he had heard much of her. Young — she had seen but three-and-twenty summers deepen into autumn; beautiful — for it was as if Heaven had set its seal on her perfect face, — her life was one of sadness and solitude. The cathedral where she knelt, the poor whom she aided, the sick-room of her aged father, and her own lonely chamber — these were the haunts of Medora. When about seventeen, a severe illness had stricken her even unto death; almost by a miracle she was restored to life, but never to youth — the shadow of the grave, to which she had so nearly approached, seemed to rest upon her. Her glad laugh never again made the air musical as with the singing of a bird in spring; her light step forgot the dance; and her lute was given to another. The sympathy she once had for joy was now kept entire for sorrow; but the mother who died in her arms, the father whose long and sickly age she soothed and supported, thought her nature had, in so nearly approaching heaven, caught something of its elements. And Lelah, who, as a distant relative, sometimes visited Don Manfredi's chamber, said that Modora was almost an angel; and added — „I should think her quite one, but that I do not hear her, and that she seems unhappy."

It was reported that love and religion had held a bitter conflict in her heart. Before her illness she had been betrothed to a young cavalier; on her recovery she refused to fulfil her engagement, alleging that the instability of life had taught her the vanity of human ties: all she now asked, was to devote what remained of existence to her aged parents. Remonstrances, prayers, were alike unavailing; and the young Count [illegible] became one of the Knights of Malta. Some years had since passed; and in the gay and hurrying circle of Palermo, Modora's name was rarely mentioned.

Leoni dwelt upon her promise of assistance; but the more he reflected, the more hopeless it seemed. How could she give wealth, the daughter of one of Sicily's poorest nobles?

Our young Sicilian was naturally of a daring and reckless temper; and resolving to hope, without analyzing why or wherefore, he re-entered the saloon. He danced no more with Lelah; yet he had the satisfaction of seeing her look sad and languid while dancing with another. But how restless was the night that followed! Hope is feverish enough at all times; what must it be when stimulated by curiosity!

The first blush of morning awakened Leoni from his light slumbers: he looked out; the hue of the sky was that too of the sea; the waves of the Mediterranean floated on as if freighted with roses; yet how Leoni wished they were glittering with the stern colourless light of noon! Never say that time is of equal length: the movement of the hours is as irregular as the beating of the heart which measures them. A year of ordinary life, if counted by hopes, fears, and fancies, was in that lingering morning. At length, noon sounded from many a turret; and, regardless of the heat, the young Count hurried to the palazzo.

When he reached the pier, a crowd of boatmen offered their services.

„What ho! Michele and Stefano! I have tried the swiftness of the Santa Catherina before now. Remember, I am as impatient as . . . ."

„Your lordship always is," replied Stefano, who, having no answer always ready, always answered.

Leoni jumped into the boat, whose celerity showed that the wax taper her pious rowers offered to Santa Catherina yearly on the day of her fête, was not thrown away; though, perhaps, the activity of the brothers who rowed did as much as their piety towards sending the little vessel swiftly through the waters.

„You want to land," said Michele, „at San Marco's steps?" turning the head of the boat to the accustomed landing-place.

The steps to which San Marco lent his name had been worthy many a sequin to them; for the winding path to the left led to Lelah's villa.

„No, no," replied Leoni; „to the Nymph's Cove."

„Signor," returned Michele, „those steps lead on to Count Manfredi's garden."

„And it is thither I am going."

The boatmen exchanged looks of astonishment bordering on dismay, which was not diminished by the silence of the usually gay cavalier. Meanwhile Leoni leant back in the boat: as the interview drew nigh, a feeling of fear — not fear, that was what none of his house had ever yet known — but of awe, stole over him. Many a mood had that morning passed through his mind; disbelief — but surely the sad seriousness of such a one as Donna Medora could never stoop to mockery! — then hope, like a sweet summer-shower, when dark clouds break away into sudden light — till all his thoughts fixed on one mysterious circumstance — that he was the only person who had seen her the preceding evening. The Count d'Arezzi himself was not aware that she had been among his guests.

While musing on the singularity of this, they arrived at the landing-place, and found the Senora's page in waiting. Dumb from his birth, the boy Julio had been brought up in the Manfredi family, where his weak frame and want of language had exempted him from all but the lightest tasks.

„What would the Senora Laleh say to this visit?" cried Stefano, the moment his master was out of hearing. „The lady Medora is beautiful as an angel; I marvel we never rowed cavalier hither before."

„We never have; but *I* have, and in an evil hour. Well had it been for my first master if he had never looked on a face so fair and so false. I remember when I was wont of an evening to row the Count Rivoli to this very spot. We used to see a white veil waving among the trees — it was the Senora watching his approach: they were very happy then. But I know not how it was, unless it be the inconstancy of woman; for change is as natural to them as it is to sea. The lady Medora was taken dangerously ill: during her fearful sickness, never was truer lover than my master; the shrine of our Lady was laden with gifts; and night after night he paced beneath the window of her room, — till she who lay dying above, could scarcely look paler than he who watched below. And yet, on her recovery she refused to wed him. She declared, that, in her danger, she had made a vow not to marry. They say the young Count knelt at her feet, but in vain; and for her sake he forswore the face of woman and his native country. Count Rivoli is now a Knight of Malta. What has the Senora Medora to do with another lover?"

„Well, yonder gallant's step is not much like a lover's," replied Stefano, as a bend in the path enabled them to see the slow and hesitating pace at which Lovel followed his guide.

The boy who led the way walked feebly and languidly, and therefore hurried him not. The gloom of the neglected garden added to that on his spirits; and the wild eyes and pale face of his dumb attendant seemed to fix his attention painfully. It was a countenance whose unhappiness was catching; for Lovel thought how terrible was his lot, debarred from that noblest privilege of humanity, interchange of thought, and its sweetest interchange of feelings! The boy stopped suddenly at the door of a summer-house so hidden by the dark branches of the pine-trees around, that the stranger might have passed it by unnoticed. They entered together; the page approached his mistress, pointed to the visitor, and then left the room.

Without rising from her own seat, Medora signed to Lovel to take the one opposite. At first she seemed so absorbed in thought, that even his entrance was insufficient to rouse her; she evidently hesitated to speak, as if she had not yet resolved on the purport of her words. Her young and impetuous companion found the silence very oppressive; but even his impetuosity was subdued by the gloom around him.

Panelled *) with the scarce woods of other lands, whose cornices were carved in quaint wreaths of flowers, mingled with crests of divers shapes and the family arms, it was obvious that a rich though barbarous taste had here once lavished its wealth. But Time had, as usual, laughed the works of man to scorn; and pomp amidst its decay sickened over its vanity. The colours were all merged in the heavy black of age; the gildings were tarnished; and the cornices broken and defaced. The temple, of which but a few fallen columns remain — the mighty city, whose stately fragments are strewed in the desert — are sublime, not sorrowful. But the desolation of yesterday comes home to every one's heart, — to-morrow its portion may be his own; and the faded tapestry, the discoloured floor, and the mouldering painting, speak of sorrow which still exists, and poverty which is still endured.

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*) [illegible]

Leoni gazed round the gloomy banquet-room, and remembered a festival which had been given there: he was a child at the time, and perhaps his memory lent something of its own gaiety to the scene. But he was roused from his reverie by Medora's voice.

„My silence, Count," said she, „must seem strange; but when you have heard the story I am about to reveal, you will not marvel that I hesitate to speak words which are even as those of Fate. You love, and you are beloved; surely you might be happy. There is but one obstacle, that of wealth. Leoni, I can make you rich — rich as the fabled kings, who poured forth gold like water: dare you accept the offer?"

„On what conditions?" exclaimed Leoni, almost unconsciously clasping the cross of the order which hung at his neck.

„On none," returned his companion. „Fear not my conditions, but your own use of the wealth I can bestow. Dare you take your destiny into your own hands? But I will place my life before you, and then judge for yourself."

Medora rose from her seat.

„Not here, where the uncharmed air might bear away my words, dare I tell my history. Count Leoni, you have heard of wondrous and fearful secrets, whose spell is over stars and over spirits; you have heard of mortals to whom immortal power is given — such power is mine. You deem you are speaking to your cousin — would that you were! I have but the borrowed likeness of her whose life long since reached its appointed boundary. Give me your hand, and in a few minutes we shall be in my own dwelling, amid those immeasurable deserts where only my story may be communicated. Do you consent to accompany me?"

Leoni answered by taking the hand extended towards him. Even as he touched it, a dense vapour filled the room; he felt himself raised with a sudden and dizzy velocity; he leant back; the cloud was as the wave on which a swimmer floats, borne by no effort of his own; and a pleasant sensation of sleep came over him. He was roused by the light touch of his companion, and startled into consciousness. They were standing on the top of a mighty tower; one of those, whose height, seen from below, seems to reach even unto the heavens — but the summit once gained, we only find what an immeasurable upward distance remains. A hot bright noon filled the air with light, but not with fertility; for far as the eye could reach — and the clear colourless atmosphere seemed to extend the sight even to infinity — spread an arid desert, as if sand were an element, and only shared its empire with the sky. But immediately around the tower lay the giant ruins of a once glorious city; one of those built when the world was in the strength of its youth, and reared buildings which were the work of a life: the cradle and the grave were then far apart. Now the shadow of the last rests upon the first, and all life groans beneath the weight and darkness thereof. Then the marble of the quarry and the gold of the mine lay on the surface; the fertile soil of the East yielded forth its abundance; and the labour, which was in man's destiny, needed not to be all given to that sad and perpetual strife with hunger which belongs to our worn-out and weary age.

It seemed, however, as if Time had long paused in his work of destruction; the vast masses of carved granite, the broken columns, the shattered walls where once four chariots drove abreast, all remained as they had done for ages. Year after year the burning sunshine forbade the rain to fall, and speedily dried up the dews of night; no green moss, no creeping plant, as in his native Italy, hid the ruin which they were aiding: the bare white marble shone distinct from the sands.

Leoni turned to his companion; her face and garb were wholly changed: she stood upon her native tower, and had resumed her native shape. As Medora, she had been so like his own Leilah — a slight, low figure, whose grace was that of childhood; the same sweet pleading eyes; alike, save that hope gave its gladness to the face of Leilah, while that of Medora had all the mournfulness of memory. But the glorious beauty of the being at his side, though it wore the shape, had scarce the semblance of mortality. The face had that high and ideal cast of beauty which made the divinities of Greece divine; for the mind was embodied in the features. The large blue eyes were of the colour of the noon, when heaven is full of light; they looked upon you like the far-off shining of some vast and lonely planet. Her garb and turban had an Oriental splendour; a silver veil mingled with her rich profusion of hair, which was bound by strings of costly pearls. Round her arm was coiled a band of gold, and on her hand she bore a signet of some strange clear stone, covered with mystic characters. Her height and step were like a queen's, such as might have beseemed the young Empress of Palmyra, ere she walked in the triumph of the Roman conqueror.

„I may not enter," said she, „the hall of my father's tomb but in mine own shape: follow me."

Casting the golden sandals from her feet, she led the way down a flight of black marble steps. They paused at the foot of the tower; two enormous doors flew open, and though it was the bright light of noon he had left behind, Leoni stood dazzled at the glory of the hall. The crystal roof was traversed by a shining zodiac, lit by a pale unearthly flame; the black marble floor was covered with inscriptions in gold, but they were in unknown ciphers: Leoni observed, however, that they were similar to those on the girdle and the border of his companion's robe. The gigantic pillars which supported the vast dome were also of black marble, covered, in like manner, with golden hieroglyphics. Between them were immense vases, each one a varying mosaic of precious stones, and filled with the same pale flame which lighted the zodiac above. In the centre of the hall stood a huge crystal globe, and upon its summit a funeral urn of the purest alabaster, on which neither figure nor sign was graven. Around were placed seven silver tripods, whereon were burning aloe-rose woods, which filled the air with their perfume.

„In yonder urn," said Medora, „lie the ashes of my father. I have obtained that gift in search of which his life was spent; and yet I would that our mingled ashes were strewn on those elements we have mastered, and in vain."

She now seated herself on a radiant throne opposite, and Leoni leant on the lion's skin at her feet. We have said that Leoni was of a race to whom fear was unknown, yet he felt his heart beat quicker than ordinary, and his glance quailed before the melancholy and spiritual beauty of the eyes now shining upon him.

„You see in me," said his mysterious companion, „the only living descendant of those Eastern Magi to whom the stars revealed their mysteries, and spirits gave their power. Age after age did sages add to that knowledge which, by bequeathing to their posterity, they trusted would in time combine to conquer their mortality. But the glorious race perished from the earth, till only my father was left, and I his orphan child. Marvels and knowledge paid his life of fasting and study. All the spirits of the elements bowed down before him; but the future was still hidden from his eyes, and Death was omnipotent. His power of working evil had no bounds, but his power of good was limited; and yet it was good that he desired. How dared he put in motion those mighty changes, which seemed to promise such happiness on earth, while he was ignorant of what their results might be? and of what avail was the joy he might pour out on life, over whose next hour the grave might close, and only make the parting breath more bitter from the blessings which it was leaving behind?

„I was no unworthy daughter of such a sire; I advanced in those divine studies even to his wish, and looked to the future with a hope which many years had deadened in himself, but from which I caught no omen of ultimate success. Alas! he mastered not his destiny: I have said before, his ashes are in yonder urn. A few unwholesome dews on a summer night were mightther than all his science. For a time I struggled not with despair; but youth is buoyant, and habit is strong. Again I pored over the mystic scroll — again I called on the spirits with spell and with sign. Many a mystery was revealed, many a wonder grew familiar; but still Death remained at the end of all things, as before. One night I was on the terrace of my tower. Above me was the deep blue sky, with its stars — worlds filled, perchance, with the intelligence which I sought. On the desert below was the phantom of a great city. I looked on its small and miserable streets, where hunger and cold reigned paramount, and man was as wretched as if flung but yesterday on the earth, and there had been as yet no time for art to yield its assistance, or labour to bring forth its fruit. I gazed next on scenes of festivity, but they were not glad; for I looked from the wreath into the head it encircled, and from the carcanet of gems to the heart which beat beneath — and I saw envy, and hate, and repining, and remorse. I turned my last glance on the palace within its walls; but there the purple was spread as a pall, and the voice of sorrow and the cry of pain were loud on the air. I bade the shadows roll away upon the winds, and rose depressed and in sorrow. I was not alone: one of those glorious Spirits, whose sphere was far beyond the power of our science, whose existence we rather surmised than knew, stood beside me.

„From that hour a new existence opened before me. I loved, and I was beloved — love, to which imagination gave poetry, and mind gave strength, was the new element added to my being. Alas! how little do the miserable race to which I belong know of such a feeling! They blend a moment's vanity, a moment's gratification, into a temporary excitement, and they call it love. Such are the many, and the many make the wretchedness of earth. And yet your own heart, Lionel, and that of my gentle cousin, may witness for my words, there are such things as truth, and tenderness, and devotion in the world; and such redeem the darkness and degradation of its lot. Nay, more — if ever the mystery of our destiny be unravelled, and happiness be wrought out of wisdom, it will be the work of Love.

„It matters little to tell you of my blessedness; but my very heart was filled with the light of those radiant eyes, which were to me what the sun is to the world. Yet one dark shadow rested on my soul, beyond even their influence. Death had been the awful conqueror with whom my race had so often struggled, and to whom they had so often yielded. A mortal, I loved an immortal, and the fear of separation was ever before me; yet a long and a happy time passed away before my fear found words.

„It was one evening we were floating over the earth, and the crimson cloud on which we lay was the one where the sun's last look had rested. Its gleam fell on a small nook, while all around was fast melting into shade. Still, it was a sad spot which was thus brightened — it was a new-made grave. Over the others the long grass grew luxuriantly, and speckled, too, by many small and fragrant flowers; but on this, the dark-brown earth had been freshly turned up, and the red worm writhed restlessly about its disturbed habitation. Some roses had been scattered, but they were withered; their sweet leaves were already damp and discoloured. All were the present and outward signs of our eternal doom — to perish in corruption.

„The shadows of the evening fell, deepening the gloom into darkness — the one last bright ray had long been past, when a youth came from the adjacent valley. That grave but yesterday received one who was to have been his bride — his betrothed from childhood, for whose sake he had been to far lands and gathered much wealth, but who had pined in his absence and died. He flung himself on the loathsome place, and the night-wind bore around the ravings of his despair. Woe for that selfishness which belonged to my mortality! I felt at that moment more of terror than of pity. I thought of myself. Thus must I, with all my power, my science, and loved by one into whose sphere Death comes not, even thus must I perish! True, the rich spices, the perfumed woods, the fragrant oils, which would feed the sacred fire of my funeral pyre, would save my mortal remains from that corruption which makes the disgust of death even worse than its dread. A few odoriferous ashes alone would be left for my urn. Yet not the less must I share the common doom of my race, — I must die!

„Nay, my beautiful!" said the voice, which was to me as the fiat of life and of death, so utterly did it fill my existence; „why should we thus yield to a vague terror? Listen, my beloved! I know where the waters of the fountains of life roll their eternal waves — I know I can bear you thither and bid you drink from their source, and over lips so hallowed Death hath no longer dominion. But, alas! I know not what may be the punishment. Like yourselves, the knowledge of our race goes on increasing, and our experience, like your own, hath its agonies. None have dared what I am about to dare, and the future of my deed is even to me a secret. But what may not be borne for that draught which makes my loved one as immortal as my love!"

„I gazed on the glorious hope which lighted up his radiant brow, and I said to him, ‚Give me an immortality which must be thine.' Worlds rolling on worlds lay beneath our feet when we stood beside the waters of life. A joyful pride swelled in my heart. I, the last and the weakest of my race, had won that prize which its bravest and its sages had found too mighty for their grasp. A sound as of a storm rushing over ocean startled me when I stooped to drink, the sparkled waves rose into tumultuous eddies, their fiery billows parted, and from amid them appeared the dark and terrible Spirit of Necessity. The cloud of his awful face grew deeper as it turned on me. ‚Child of a sinful and a fallen kind!' said he, and he spoke the language most familiar to my ear, which yet seemed like that of another world, ‚who have ever measured by their own small wisdom that which is infinite — drink, and be immortal! Be immortal, without the wisdom or the power belonging unto immortality. Drink!'

„I shrank from the starry waters as they rose to my lip, but a power stronger than my will compelled me to their taste. The draught ran through my veins like ice. Slowly I turned to where my once-worshipped lover was leaning. The same change had passed over both. Our eyes met, and each looked into the other's heart, and there dwelt hate — bitter, loathing, and eternal hate. I had changed my nature; I was no longer the gentle, up-looking mortal he had loved. I had changed my nature; he was no longer to me the one glorious and adored being. We gazed on each other with fear and abhorrence. The dark power, whose awful brow was fixed upon us like Fate, again was shrouded in the blinding waters. By an impulse neither could control, the Spirit and I flung ourselves down the steep blue air, but apart, and each murmuring, ‚Never! never!' And that word ‚never' told our destiny. Never could either feel again that sweet, [illegible] of happiness, which, if it be a lie, is worth all truth. Never more could each belong to the world of the other.

„Our feelings are as little in our power as the bodily structure they animate. My love had been sudden, uncontrollable, and born not of my own will — and such was my hate. As little could I master the sick shudder his image now called up, as I could the passionate beating of the heart it had once caused. I stood alone in my solitary hall — I gazed on the eternal fire burning over the tomb of my father, and I wished it were burning over mine. For the first time I felt the limitations of humanity. The desire of my race was in me accomplished — I was immortal; and what was this immortality? A dark and unconscious future. Alas, we had mistaken life for infinity! What was my knowledge? it only served to show its own vanity; what was my power, when its exercise only served to work out the decrees of an inexorable necessity? I had parted myself from my kind, but I had not acquired the nature of a spirit. I had lost of humanity but its illusions, and they alone are what render it supportable. The mystic scroll over which I had once pored with such intensenow, were now flung aside; what could they teach me? Time was to me but one great vacancy; how could I fill it up, who had neither labour nor excitement? I sat me down mournfully, and thought of the past. Why, when love is perished, should its memory remain? I had said to myself, So long as I have life, one deep feeling must absorb my existence. A change — and that too of my own earnest seeking — had passed over my being; and the past, which had been so precious, was now as a frightful phantom.

(To be continued in our next.)

Christmas-Day.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my Harp,
From silence and neglect — one lofty strain,
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
And speaking mysteries more than words can tell,
I ask of thee, for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.

Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch of ivy sear,
Wreathe I thy tresses, dark December! now;
Me higher quarrels call, with loudest song,
And fearful joy to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer. — Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day spring first
Beam'd from on high! — Now to the mighty mass
Of that increasing aggregate we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison,
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;
Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
The oppressed too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong,
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.
So has the year been character'd with woe
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes.
Yet 'twas not thus He taught — not thus He lived,
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
And much thanksgiving. — He, a man of woes,
Went on the way appointed, — path, though rude,
Yet borne with patience still: — He came to cheer
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and benighted mind
To pour the light of truth. — O task divine!
O more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds;
And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
Wrapt in thick darkness and the howling storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
At the surrounding wreck. —
When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For them He wept, for them to Heaven He pray'd,
His persecutors — „Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do."
Angels of Heaven,
Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
And did him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be and humble. — Lord of Life,
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now
Fills my uprising soul. I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs:
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

Henry Kirke White.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

The Enchantress.

By L. E. Landon.

(Continued from our last.)

The love which alters, in its inconstancy may set up a new idol, and worship again with a pleasant blindness; but the love which leaves the heart with a full knowledge of its own vanity and nothingness, — which saith, The object of my passion still remains, but it is worthless I [illegible] it — never more can I renew my early [illegible] I marvel how I ever could have loved — a smile, I disdain the weakness of my former self; — oh, the end of such love is indeed despair!

„Do you mark yonder black marble slab, which is spread as over a tomb? It covers the most silvery fountain that ever mirrored the golden light of noon, or caught the fall of the evening dew, in an element bright as themselves. The radiant likeness of a Spirit rests on those waters. I bade him give duration to the shadow he flung upon the wave, that I might gaze on it during his absence. The first act of my inconstancy was to shut it from my sight. There must that black marble rest for ever.

„Why need I tell you of the desolation with which centuries have passed over my head? At length I resolved to leave my solitude, to visit the earth; to seek, if I could not recall, my humanity; to interest myself in my species, and help even while I despised them. The thousand hues of sunset were deepening into the rich purple of twilight, when I passed over a Sicilian palace. Lemon and orange trees crowded the terrace, and their odours floated upwards towards an apartment where every casement was flung open for the sake of air. One emaciated hand stretched out on the purple silk coverlet, the other extended towards an aged female beside, reclined a young and beautiful girl; she was dying. A week of fever had done the work of years, life had burst fiercely out; and the fragile tenement, wasted and worn away, lay in that languid repose which is the harbinger of death. The long black hair hung in pall-like masses; it had been loosened in the restlessness of pain. Her mother kept bathing the marble temples with aromatics, but they throbbed no longer, and the sufferer motioned to her to desist. She now asked rest rather than relief; but life yet put forth its last energy in affection, and clasping her mother's hand, she turned her large soft eyes to her father. He stood watching her; as though, while he watched, life could not escape. Suddenly, a slight convulsion passed over the form of the dying girl; she gasped as if for air, and raised herself on her pillow without assistance, but sank back with the effort; — she was dead. A wild scream broke from the mother, and she fell senseless by the bed. The father caught the lifeless hands of his child, and, mad with despair, implored her not to leave him. Loud sobs came from the farther part of the chamber; there was now no one to disturb by that passion of sorrow.

„Human misery is an awful sight. The old nurse approached the corse; she smoothed the long dark hair, — she placed a chaplet of roses on the brow, and a few fresh flowers in the lifeless hand. The rich light from the open casement fell on the white dress, and still whiter face, with a mocking cheerfulness. The aged creature could restrain her grief no longer; she rushed to [illegible] darker part of the room, and wept. A thought struck me: over the departed I had no power; but I could spare the agony of the living. Yes, I would take upon myself human relations, would bind myself by human ties, — I would be to them even as a daughter. The next moment I had assumed the shape of their child.

„Far in an unfrequented track of the southern seas lies a small island; there are aged trees and early blossoms; and amid them myriads of shining insects and bright-winged birds make the solitude glad with life; but they are its sole inhabitants. Once, driven away by a tempest from its ordinary course, a ship discovered the little isle. The Spaniards landed; they took possession in the name of the Madonna, and with pieces of grey rock piled up a cross. Human eye has never since dwelt on that lovely and lonely shore; but beneath the shadow of that cross lie the mortal remains of your cousin Medora. — Gradually I allowed some sign of returning life to appear; the old nurse, who was kneeling over the body, was the first to exclaim, ‚Bring a looking glass, for there is breath within those lips.' The slight cloud left on the mirror was as the very atmosphere of hope; eyes dim with weeping, cheeks pale with watching, were lighted up on the instant.

„I felt a new and keen happiness in the happiness I had given. It needs not to tell how I gradually recovered, and how the parents, whose very life seemed bound up in their child's, were never weary of gazing on their recovered treasure. But a grief of which I had not dreamt awaited me. Medora had been betrothed to a young Sicilian nobleman. The moment an interview was permitted, the lover was at my feet, full of that hope and that joy he was never to know again. You are aware how the marriage was broken off, on the plea of a vow to the Virgin made in the extremity of danger; but you know not the agony I inflicted, or that I endured, in listening to the passionate despair of Ravelli; and when he said, 'Your death I might have borne — it was the will of God, and life would have lived on a hope beyond the grave; but thus to find you changed to me, to think that you can hold our love an offence in the sight of Heaven, and that I, who have loved, and who do love you so unutterably, that I should be the first sacrifice you offer up, — this, Medora, is more than I can bear!'

In listening thus, how I repented me of my rash interference with the course of human life! If I had given joy, I had also caused more sorrow; and, worse, I had reason to question whether the grief of the marriage thus broken off did not embitter, despite of all my care, the brief period of Donna Maria's life.

I have now little more to say of myself. The last few years have been devoted to [illegible] declining age; wearisome has [illegible] been, and still I have clung to it. I own, [illegible] the fatal truth, that my lot is but an awful solitude, without duties or affections — those ties and blessings of humanity. — And now for the wealth I offer you: I know not of its consequences, but I know those consequences can be but in your own acts. I do no more than a mere mortal might. On this interview there is imposed the condition — secrecy, on the possession of riches there is none. The spirits of riches are the first and the meanest which yield to science: it shall be my care that they reach you in simple and ordinary channels. Speak!"

„Give me," exclaimed Leoni, „give me wealth; give me Lelah!"

A purple cloud filled the glorious hall; again stupor overwhelmed him; again he awakened, and there he was in the lonely summer-room, and Medora, with her pale child-like face and black garments, at his side; but he met the large dark eyes filled with a strange wild light, and he knew it was no dream.

„Leave me now," said Medora; „but on your life be silent. Life and secrecy are one. Farewell!"

Dizzy with expectation, Leoni returned to the boat. The clock of San Francesco's abbey struck; he had been away but one hour. Pallid and abstracted, there was something in his look that effectually silenced the boatmen; they remained in gloomy stillness after he had left them.

„He has met with a refusal," at length said Tomaso.

„Father say, that there is evil in the dreary palace and that pale girl, and that their influence is on him. The lady Medora is kind and generous, but there is a curse fallen on her; and when did ever gift of hers turn to good?"

„The notary Signor Grazia awaits your pleasure," said a domestic, on Leoni's entrance to the palace.

The notary's business was soon told. The Marchese Guzman, a distant relative of the young Count, had made him his heir; and boundless was the wealth the aged miser left behind him. That evening saw Leoni a welcome guest at his uncle's, and but a few weeks had past, ere orange-flowers bound the bridal tresses of his gentle cousin. The same day died Count Manfredi; and, as if her life were one with his, young Medora breathed her last at the very moment of her father's death. —

„One, two, three; so late, so very late," exclaimed the Countess di Montefiore, „and Leoni still from home; there was a time when I dreamed not of keeping these solitary vigils."

Wearily Lelah rose from the velvet ottoman, and again the hour was struck by one of their own clocks, a few minutes later than the Abbey. It was surmounted [illegible] the time-piece was a rare device of a skilled artist by a sweet and lively air — one of those Neapolitan barcarolles which, like the glad music of Memnon's lyre, seemed inspired by the morning sunshine.

„Mockery," sighed the youthful watcher, „for the flight of time to be told in music!"

She began to pace the room, — that common resource of extreme lassitude, when sleep, to which the will consents not, hangs heavy on the eyelids. Truly night was made for sleep; since to its wakeful hours belongs an oppression unknown to the very dreariest hours of day. The stillness is so deep, the solitude so unbroken, the fever brought on by want of rest so weakens the nerves, that the imagination exercises despotic and unwholesome power, till, if the heart have a fear or a sorrow, up it arises in all the force and terror of gigantic exaggeration.

The Countess had long since dismissed her attendants; yet the pearls still braided her hair, which hung nearly to her feet, in two large plaits; and a white silk robe, carelessly fastened at the waist, shrouding her whole figure in its loose folds, gave her something of that ghost-like appearance with which our fancy invests the habitants of another world. And truly, with her pale cheek and melancholy eyes, she looked like a spirit wandering mournfully around the scene of former pleasures. Yet what luxury was there not gathered in that gorgeous room? The purple silk curtains excluded the night-dews, while they allowed the air to enter freighted with odours from the orange-trees on the terrace below. The nuns of the Convent of St. Valerio, so celebrated for their skill in embroidery, had exerted their finest art in transferring all the flowers of spring to the white velvet ottomans; you might have asked, which was real — the rose on the cushion, or that which hung from the crystal vase? The jewels lavished on the toys scattered round, had been held a noble dower by the fairest maiden in Sicily. On the walls were pictures, each one a world of thought and of beauty. The Grecian landscapes of Gaspar Poussin, who delighted in the graceful nymph, and the marble fane which recalled a mythology all poetry, as if in his dreams he had dwelt in Thessaly. The rugged scenes which Salvator Rosa loved to delineate — the forest, dark with impenetrable depths; the bare and jagged rock, rough as if Nature had forgotten it; the aged pine riven by the lightning, and beside it some bandit, desolate and stricken as the tree by which he stood, but with a cruel defiance in his looks, as though he longed to revenge on all the injuries he had received from a few. Near at hand hung one of the glad earths and sunny skies in which the more buoyant spirit of Claude Lorraine revelled, as if its native element were sunshine. There were portraits too, the noble and the beautiful of her race; faces which told a whole history — and yet Lolah marked them not.

But one twelvemonth had she been a bride, and her husband's presence was unfamiliar to his home. Day after day did some unkind friend — for when do friends not delight in the sorrow of the prosperous? — come to her with tales how the Count's wealth was lavished on others less lovely than herself. And even that very evening had her father been with her, telling her that no wealth could hold out against Leoni's reckless prodigality — against his mad passion for gaming. In pity to the gentle creature, who could only lean on his bosom and weep, he might not tell her that the husband of her love was an object of universal suspicion, and that sorcery and the once stainless name of Montefiore were coupled together. He left her with those words of fondness which are never, and those words of comfort which ever are, said in vain. Wretched she had long been, but not till to-night had she owned the truth even to herself — owned that all her dreams of happiness, all the fairy creations of her fancy, had melted away, like the gardens and palaces she had seen painted on the air in the Bay of Naples.

Weak, selfish, and vain, Leoni's was the very nature which wealth corrupts; he looked upon it but as the source of self-gratification. He forgot that the power with which the rich man is endued, is a sacred duty, whose neglect brings its own punishment; and that he who seeks pleasure with reference to himself, not others, will ever find that pleasure is only another name for discontent. At first Lolah was the idol of his heart — she became his bride — and a few happy weeks were passed in retirement and bliss; but Leoni soon looked beyond the small circle of the heart. They went to Palermo, and there he took delight in magnificence; his vanity exulted in glittering display, it was gratified by envy and wonder. Fête succeeded fête, till he himself grew weary of his prodigal hospitality; he craved for variety; and Lolah's timid and gentle temper was ill fitted to be the check he needed. Gambling soon became a habit; his enormous losses were an excitement; he knew he could repair them with a wish — he cared not, therefore, for the money he lost; but he desired to conquer fortune, and held success to be the triumph of skill. In the early part of his career, that evil and grudging feeling with which people regard great and sudden wealth, exhausted itself in prophecies of the certain ruin to which the young spendthrift Count was hastening; and when these prophecies were not fulfilled, their utterers were disappointed; they viewed it as a sin that he had proved their omens untrue. In sad truth, half our forebodings of our neighbours are but our own wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

Gradually, the crowds at the Montefiore palace grew less noble; those whose consequence was diminished by its splendour, were the first to turn away; their example was followed by those who had nothing to gain; then went those who are ever led by example; — till the palace only gathered the dissipated and the dishonoured; the needy, who made want their plea, for even they needed excuse; and the gamester, who was reckless whither he went, so that he indulged his passion. Old friends one after another became cold, and new friends were insolent and familiar. All this cut deep, and Leoni plunged still more madly into every possible excess; and when all other aids to forgetfulness failed, the red wine-cup was drained for oblivion.

Pale and sad the young Countess passed the weary hours in her splendid solitude; she felt the loss of friends less than Leoni, for had she not lost her husband? That evening had, however, been spent from home; it was the time of the Carnival — she had been to a masque as an Indian maiden; and now sat up for Leoni's return, half in girlish vanity, half because she could not bear the day to close without seeing him; she knew that he would let himself in by a private portal, which he had had expressly made, and that he must cross that chamber on his way to his own. Chilly and fatigued, she again drew the rich flower-wrought cashmere around her; for a moment she sat, her cheek resting on her hand; at length she leaned back on the ottoman, and sunk into disturbed and half-conscious slumber. She was roused by a noise — and starting up to meet Leoni, saw a stranger in the act of putting aside the curtains of the window through which he was entering. Excess of terror made her speechless for a moment; when the man, who was in the garb of a boatman, said:

„For the love of the saints, be calm, lady! I would lay down my life in your service; just hear me."

Lolah now recognized Stefano, who had before their marriage brought her many a note and flower from Leoni.

„Is the Count within?" asked he anxiously.

„I expect him every instant; but tell me your business at this strange hour."

Stefano hesitated.

„Perhaps it were best I should, and yet — do you know where I could find his Excellency?"

Lolah shook her head mournfully.

„Lady, I must then tell you all;" and he looked aside, and spoke hastily, as if unwilling to watch the misery his words must cause, „Lady, to-morrow this palace will be seized by the officers of the Inquisition, the Count — now may Rosalie punish his enemies! is accused of sorcery — to-morrow he will be arrested. My brother is one of their servants; but the Count is our old patron — he gave me a hint — I rowed hither — by means of a fishing-hook I fastened a rope to the balcony, and sprung up; I know every room of the palace, and thought to take my chance of meeting the Count Leoni; my boat lies below — a ship will sail from the bay at the break of day — they need sail fast, for they have better wine aboard than they would wish to have known in Palermo."

„Holy Virgin! if my husband should not return!" exclaimed Lolah, wringing her hands in an agony. Stefano had not a word of comfort for such an emergency. Suddenly the Countess rose from her seat: „I will trust in the blessed saints for his return: what is the latest period that we can escape?"

„It will not be light this half hour, and I will answer for his safe pilotage while dark; but if the day once break, the fishermen will be abroad, and there will not be a chance of escape."

Lolah sank on her knees, and remained for a few moments with her face hidden between her hands in earnest prayer. Rising from the ground, she hastily addressed Stefano.

„Will you remain here and wait as long as you dare for the Count's arrival? I will return in a few minutes; I only go to make some brief preparation for our flight."

„Your flight?" ejaculated the boatman, „you are in no danger."

„It matters not," answered she passionately; „I will not leave my husband's side."

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when she re-appeared in a plain dark travelling dress, and dragging with her a large horseman's cloak.

„This will conceal him, as he must stay for no change of apparel. But can it be so long? why, it is a quarter of an hour since you told me we had but half a one;" and the gay and fairy chime of the time-piece told four o'clock.

„It is very dark still," said she, looking from the window.

„Yes, lady, it is very dark, the moon set an hour ago; but do not you lean out, the night-dew is falling heavily."

Again Lolah turned to the time-piece, the hand marked that five minutes more had passed away; she looked to Stefano, but he only shook his head and muttered some indistinct sound. A little rosary of coral and of the many-coloured lavas of Vesuvius hung at her waist — she prized it, for it was her dead mother's gift to her in her earliest childhood, and it was linked with the hope and affection of other years: her hand trembled so that she could not count the beads, but she repeated the prayers, at first audibly, and then the words died away in faint murmurs; at length she herself knew not what she was uttering. Her cheek, which had been pale as the funereal marble, burned with crimson, her lips were white and apart — the fever of her mind had communicated itself to her frame. With an unsteady step she again approached the balcony — „Tell me," said she, faintly, „is there a grey streak amid those clouds? I cannot see."

„Lady, it is still dark; hist!" at this moment, a distant step was heard in the corridor; nothing but hearing made intense by anxiety could have caught it.

„Mother of God! I thank thee, it is Leoni!"

She sprang forward; but her head grew dizzy, and she leant for a moment against the table for support. Leoni entered the room, haggard with his excited vigil, his cloak disordered, his rich vest left open at the throat, as if in the agitation of the gaming-table he had loosened it to give himself air; a contraction, seemingly habitual, darkened his forehead; he was young still, but the expression and colours of youth were gone. He advanced moodily and abstractedly, when his eye was caught by the appearance of Stefano, who had lost not a moment in fastening the coils of the rope to the balcony.

„Robber!" shouted he; but the hand which sought his sword was arrested by Lelah's light touch on his arm.

„Be still, for your sweet life's sake," said she, in so earnest whisper, that fixed his attention at once; „yonder faithful creature has risked his for your's; we must fly, or to-morrow dawns for you in the dungeons of the Inquisition; all is ready for flight, only come."

Leoni turned still paler; then rallying with the high courage of his race, exclaimed, „Who dares accuse me? and what is my crime?"

„That matters not," said Stefano; „my brother gave me the hint; you fly to-night; or are a prisoner in the morning. In the name of the good St. Rosalie, don't stand talking; you have lost time enough already; we have settled every thing while waiting for you; — as if any good Christian ever kept such hours!" but these last words were muttered in an under-tone.

„Come, my husband, there will be opportunity enough for explanation; fling this cloak round you, and follow me," said the Countess, stepping onwards.

„Never, Lelah," rejoined Montefiore, startled by the danger, which a conscious feeling in his own heart foreboded was true; „never shall you be exposed to the hardship and danger of such a flight, for me, so worthless, so neglectful!" But she was already at the foot of the ladder.

„Come, Signor; ten minutes more, and we are lost!"

Leoni followed, though almost unconsciously; and in an instant more, Stefano was steering his boat into the bay.

„Lelah, why are you here?" burst from him in the bitter accents of self-reproach, as he felt her head sink on his shoulder.

„Nay, my Leoni," said the low sweet voice on which he once hung with such passionate love, „where should I be but where rests all my earthly happiness? with my head on your heart, Leoni, love mine, I am very, very happy!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

The eighth Sleeper of Ephesus.

It happened one day, in a certain merry party of Genoese, that their conversation fell at last on the noted miracle of Ephesus. Most of the company treated the story of the Seven Sleepers as a pleasant fable, and many shrewd conceits and witty jests were passed on the occasion. Some of the gentlemen, inventing dreams for those drowsy personages, provoked much mirth by their allusions; whilst others speculated satirically on the changes in manners, which they must have remarked after their century of slumber—all of the listeners being highly diverted, excepting one sober gentleman, who made a thousand wry faces at the discourse.

At length, taking an opportunity to address them, he lectured them very seriously in defence of the miracle, calling them so many heretics and infidels; and saying that he saw no reason why the history should not be believed as well as any other legend of the holy fathers. Then, after many other curious arguments, he brought the example of the dormouse, which sleeps throughout a whole winter, affirming, that the Ephesian Christians, being laid in a cold place, like a rocky cavern or a sepulchre, might reasonably have remained torpid for a hundred years.

His companions, feigning themselves to be converted, flattered him on to proceed in a discourse which was so diverting, some of them replenishing his glass continually with wine — of which, through talking till he became thirsty, he partook very freely. At last after uttering a volume of follies and extravagances, he dropped his head upon the table and fell into a profound doze; during which interval, his merry companions plotted a scheme against him, which they promised themselves would afford some excellent sport. Carrying him softly therefore to an upper chamber, they laid him upon an old bed of state, very quaintly furnished and decorated in the style of the gothic ages. Thence repairing to a private theatre in the house, which belonged to their entertainer, they arrayed themselves in some Bohemian habits, very grotesque and fanciful, and disguised their faces with paint; and then sending one of their number to keep watch in the bed-chamber, they awaited in this masquerade the awaking of the credulous sleeper.

In an hour or thereabouts, the watcher, perceiving that the other began to yawn, ran instantly to his comrades, who, hurrying up to the chamber, found their Ephesian sitting upright in bed, and wondering about him at the uncouth mouldering furniture. One of them then speaking for the rest, began to congratulate him on his revival out of so tedious a slumber, persuading him, by help of the others and a legion of lies, that he had slept out a hundred years. He thereupon asking them who they were, they answered they were his dutiful great grandchildren, who had kept watch over him by turns ever since they were juveniles. In proof of this, they showed him how dilapidated the bed had become since he had slept in it, nobody daring to remove him against the advice of the physicians.

,,I perceive it well,'' said he, ,,the golden embroideries are indeed very much tarnished — and the hangings in truth, as tattered as any of our old Genoese standards that were carried against the Turks. These faded heraldries too, upon the head-cloth, have been thoroughly fretted by the moths. I notice also, my dear great grandchildren, by your garments, how much the fashions have altered since my time, though you have kept our ancient language very purely, which is owing of course to the invention of printing. The trees, likewise, and the park, I observe, have much the same appearance that I remember a century since — but the serene aspect of nature does not alter so constantly like our frivolous human customs.''

Then recollecting himself, he began to make inquiries concerning his former acquaintance, and in particular about one Giuseppe Rossi — the same wag that in his mummery was then standing before him. They told him he had been dead and buried, fourscore years ago.

,,Now, God be praised!'' he answered; ,,for that same fellow was a most pestilent coxcomb, who, pretending to be a wit, thought himself licensed to ridicule men of worth and gravity with the most shameful buffooneries. The world must have been much comforted by his death, and especially if he took with him his fellow mountebank, Guidolphi, who was as laborious a jester, but duller.''

In this strain, going through the names of all those that were with him in the room, he praised God heartily that he was rid of such a generation of knaves and fools and profane heretics; and then recollecting himself afresh,

„Of course, my great grandchildren," said he, „I am a widower?"

His wife, who was amongst the maskers, at this question began to prick up her ears, and answering for herself, she said,

„Alas! the good woman that was thy partner has been dead these seventy-three years, and has left thee desolate."

At this news the sleeper began to rub his hands together very briskly, „Then there was a cursed shrew gone;" whereupon his wife striking him in a fury on the cheek, she let fall her mask through this indiscretion; and so awaked him out of his marvellous dream.

Thomas Hood.

The Alhambra.

Palace of beauty! where the Moorish Lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.
Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days,
When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,
The „thousand," milk white, Yemen's fiery blood,
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king,
And thro' thy portal's pour'd the gorgeous flood,
Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir hastening,
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.
Lovely thy morn, — thy ev'ning lovelier still,
When at the waking of the first blue star
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war,
It summon'd all thy beauty from repose,
The starr'd slumber of the burning noon.
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
That breathes to African or Indian sky.
Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone,
Pure lily: that its virgin head low waved
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would come
Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,
That see, and shrink, — and yet will seek their doom.

Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,
Hushing the tumult of the festival,
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball rear'd,
And told of eastern glories, silken hosts,
Tower'd elephants, and chiefs in topaz arm'd;
Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
Of the far western sea, the sons of blood,
The iron men of tournament and feud,
That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarm'd,
Doomed by the Moslem scymetar to fall;
Till the red cross was hurl'd from Salem's wall.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun,
That had no rival, and no second? — gone!
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.
Where is thy horn of battle? that but blown
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne;
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall;
Brought every charger barbed from the stall,
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore;
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.
Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain
Upon thy brow — the stain of guilt and gore,
Thy course was bright, bold, treach'rous, — and 'tis o'er.
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne!

Croly.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

The Enchantress.

By L. E. Landon.

(Concluded from our last.)

Gently his arm enfolded the confiding and childlike form that rested upon him, and all the memory of their early tenderness gushed into his thoughts; while she, with a woman's engrossing devotedness, forgot every thing but that her husband was once more her own.

„You must just pass for two runaways," said Stefano, „who have bribed me to row you beyond a powerful noble's reach, and who mean to stay from Palermo, till, for the daughter's sake, the lover be forgiven."

„Whither are we going?" asked Montefiore.

„On board yonder vessel, which bears a smuggling cargo; and pray you, at the port where she stops, lose no time in embarking for another. Do you remember the Marchese di Sezzaga?"

„Ay, the stripling! the sweeping away of whose ducats is the only instance of luck that ever awaited me at that accursed rouge-et-noir table."

„I doubt you owe something of your present flight to him; he is nephew to the Grand Inquisitor."

„And my husband is then the victim of his idle revenge!" cried the Countess, in a tone of affright.

Stefano made no answer: the next moment they were close to the ship, and he, fastening the boat to its side by a rope, sprung on board, to be spokesman for the party. Lelah trembled as the fragile bark rocked to and fro beneath the dark stern of the vessel, from which hung a lantern, whose dim light showed what she deemed their perilous position. Leoni might have felt the beating of the heart pillowed on his own; but he had himself been so long the sole object of his thoughts, that his wife's fear, not being shared by himself, never entered his mind.

„How provoking it is that I should have lost my last rouleau! I have not a ducat; and you hurried me so, that I had no time to bring away any thing!" exclaimed he, peevishly. „What the devil terms shall we come to with these rascals without money?"

„I have here three rouleaux," said the Countess; „I should have brought away more gold, but for its weight — I therefore preferred my diamonds, as to their sale we must look for our future support."

A smile passed over Montefiore's face; dearly did Lelah love his smile; but now rather, a thousand times rather would she have met his darkest frown.

„All is settled; you are to give the Captain fifty crowns on arriving in port; for the sake of his own pretty Agnes, he said he would not be hard upon two young lovers: — I thought," added Stefano, in a whisper, „I might so promise, as I knew my lady had brought jewels away with her."

„Give me the rouleaux," said the Count, „and do you take them, Stefano; and when I return I will increase them a hundredfold."

„Keep your money, good your Excellency; what I have done was in honour and love for your noble house. Keep your gold; it would little benefit me, I trow!"

Leoni rose in anger, and began hastily to ascend the side of the ship. Stefano helped the Countess, who, as with his aid she climbed the knotted ropes, whispered,

„Take the gold, and lay it out in masses at the shrine of St. Rosalie, and this ring — my father gave it me; he will thankfully redeem it, and bless you, as his child does now."

„Come, come, Stefano, here's what will furnish you with many a merry night;" and Montefiore again pressed the money into Stefano's hand, who did not now reject it: the voice in which he muttered his good wishes was inaudible; and as he sprung into his boat, the tears of a three-year-old child stood in the eyes of the hardy rower. The captain civilly showed the fugitives into a small cabin; and a fresh breeze filling the sails, bore them rapidly from Sicily.

Next morning, all was astonishment and consternation in Palermo; there was the palace with its splendid ornaments, the almost regal train of servants; there were the gorgeous dresses, there were the golden caskets filled with jewels and perfumes; but where were the Count and Countess? The domestics searched every room in dismay; not only were they gone, but not a vestige remained of their flight. A strange suspicion rose in every mind, pale and affrighted they crowded together, and then scarcely found speech. What if the demon, for whose wealth their lord had bartered his immortal soul — what if he had exacted, at length, his fearful tribute — had he carried off his victim bodily? But then the countess, their gentle and pious mistress, could she be involved in such awful doom? — A loud knocking at the portal broke off the discourse; every one hurried to the door — to admit the officers of the Inquisition. All search was fruitless, all inquiry vain. The palace was confiscated, and its rich furniture sold; the Marchese di Montefiore was summoned to appear on a charge of sorcery; he came not to answer the accusation, and sentence of outlawry was passed against him. A thousand wild rumours were afloat, which finally merged in one — that unearthly retribution had been exacted for unearthly riches. Yet there were two in Palermo who knew the truth; the father of Lolah, who died shortly after, a lonely and broken-hearted man; and Stefano — but he kept the secret as one of life and death; and when he perished in a storm at sea, it was buried with him in the deep and fathomless waters.

But now to return to our fugitives. At the first port they touched, they re-embarked, and finally landed at Marseilles; a small but lovely cottage on the sea-shore received them, an olive plantation encircled the house, and the Provence rose looked in at the casements. The far plains were covered with heath and thyme on one side, and on the other was the sea, where the rich vessels of the merchants seemed to sail in and out for ever. Fear and fatigue had severely tried a frame so frail as that of Lolah; and her husband's apprehension on her account for a time recalled his love: — perhaps they are more inseparable than we are ready to admit. Leoni felt that he was the only link between Lolah and life — his care the barrier between her and death: at length his gentle watchfulness was rewarded by the smile returning to her lip, and the rose to her cheek. Lolah thought she was very happy; in truth, from her birth, nature and fortune had been at variance: her delicate health unfitted her for either crowds or late hours — a constitutional timidity made her shrink from strangers — she had neither the talents which require, nor the spirits which enjoy an enlarged sphere of action: the affectionate monotony of her present life was just suited to her.

Not so to her husband, who soon desired more activity, more variety, more excitement:

a thousand times did he ask himself of what avail was his boundless wealth, if he made it not the minister of pleasure? Every evening that he marked the sea redden beneath the setting sun, he vowed it should be the last. At length he resolved on leaving their cottage; and, after travelling for a few days, they settled in a superb château near Lyons. Lelah trembled at the magnificence which again surrounded them. Once she ventured to remonstrate on their lavish expenditure; but Leoni only laughed, and said, „You will not find here the miserable suspicions of the Sicilians; and great part of my wealth was placed abroad. First we will dazzle these provincials, and then proceed to Paris."

In fact, Leoni feared yet to enter that most [illegible] capital; he wished to be somewhat forgotten of his countrymen, before he risked meeting with them. Half Lyons was soon collected at the château: what was splendour to Leoni, unless it were envied and admired? Perhaps the secret of this character was, that he was a very vain man, and yet had nothing in himself whereby that vanity was gratified; this forced him upon external resources. Again he delighted in bewildering by his magnificence, and astonishing by its extent. But in this enjoyment Lelah took no part; in this new display of riches, she saw but a confirmation of the suspicions which had driven them from Palermo: and Leoni — to whom, in spite of his selfishness, her devotion, her uncomplaining abandonment of home, friends, name, for his sake, had endeared her more and more, and who felt that Lelah was his only link with the past, the sole remembrance of his early and happy youth — Leoni felt keenly the barrier that doubt drew between his wife and himself. He was mortified to think that his very power degraded him in her eyes; that she confounded him with the alchymists and sorcerers, whom he despised as they were despised in that military and feudal age. A thousand times he was on the point of revealing his secret, and then again the memory of the mystery so mysteriously enjoined arose within him. A visitor at their fêtes, a passer-by on the road, who caught sight of the youthful couple, would have envied their happiness; but whosoever could have looked within on the hidden depths of their troubled minds, would have seen fear, discontent, sorrow for the past, and misgiving for the future.

One night there was a superb entertainment; the Countess presided, pale and melancholy; the Count, weary of himself, and therefore of his guests, secretly compared them with the brilliant groups that had assembled in his palaces at Palermo, and thought how little his provincial set were worthy of the cost and taste bestowed upon them. In reality, display had lost its novelty, and consequently its charm in his eyes. The evening had not half passed away, when Lelah was astonished by his coming up to her and whispering, „For Heaven's sake, find some excuse for dismissing these people! Illness will do; for I am sure you look pale enough."

She might have re-echoed her husband's words, for he himself looked wild and haggard. Still, it was near midnight when their guests dispersed; and Leoni — on returning from conducting la Présidente de Lauville, always the latest of the late, to her huge family coach — silently approached one of the windows, and stepping out upon the terrace, stood as if absorbed in the lovely view — and lovely indeed it was. Below, was a smooth turf, which sloped down to a lake, whose surface reflected the moonshine broken and tremulous; the moon herself was rising on the other side of the château, and so was invisible; but her light lay silvery on the grass, and lent a softness, sweeter even than colour, to many-shaped beds, which were filled with flowers. In the middle of the garden was a fountain; to a certain height the water shot up in a bright and straight column, suddenly the stream divided and came down in a glittering shower to the marble basin below; and the falling of this fountain was the only sound that broke the perfect stillness. A quiet step approached, a soft hand was laid on his arm, and Lelah whispered, „Is it not beautiful?" How often will the lips frame some indifferent question, when the heart is full of the most important!

„Will you then regret to leave it?“ said Leoni, as they wandered through the maze of odoriferous flower-pots, „for we must go to-morrow.“

Lolah gazed upon his face, but words died on her lips.

„That wearisome Madame de Lauville,“ continued he, „entertained me this evening with her delight that she should soon have a worthy guest to introduce to me; for that in a week's time the Count Gonzaga, the nephew of the great cardinal, would spend a few days at her house, on his way to the south of France; and she was so sure I should find him a charming acquaintance. Plague on the old simpleton, and the Count too! what cursed chance brings him here?“

„My Leoni, why should you fear him?“ murmured Lolah.

„Fear him, nonsense! But it would be very disagreeable to have the old and foolish story which banished us from Palermo, set abroad in Lyons:“ and, lost in gloomy meditation, he sank on a carved stone seat by the lake. For a moment the Countess stood irresolute by his side — suddenly dropping on one knee, she leant her beautiful head on his arm, and watching his countenance with those eloquent eyes which had never looked upon him but in love, said, in a low pleading voice,

„Leoni mine, my heart has never had one thought hidden from you, how can you bear to shut yours so utterly from me?“

„He made her no answer except by kissing her eyes, as if he might not see and resist their eloquent pleading: but his young wife had gained courage — the worst was over — and her very fondness, which made his anger such a thing of fear, now urged her to endeavour to persuade, if she could not convince. She implored him to say what was the secret of his wealth; to justify its possession, if possible — if not, to fling it from him: what lot could there be in life which she would not be ready to share with him? Had his wealth made him happy? oh, no! it had sown division between them; it had exiled him from his own land; it was now about to force him to become a wanderer again.

„I tell you, my beloved husband, this secret is to me even as death; I kneel to the Madonna, and my thoughts are not with prayer; in society I shrink from every eye with a vague but ever present fear — a word, a look, sends the colour from my cheek, and curdles the life-blood at my heart; and yet I know not what I dread: and sleep, oh, sleep is very terrible! for then, Leoni, you tell me what it is death to hear, and I start from my pillow — but when I waken I disbelieve your guilt: — you guilty, Leoni? oh, no! no!“ and again her head sank, while the moonlight fell on her pale cheek, and eyes glistening with earnestness and tears.

Weak and self-indulgent, accustomed to yield to all things to the impulse of the moment, Leoni was a very unfit person to be intrusted with a mystery and a secret: he sufficed not to himself; he felt weary of his unshared thoughts; and at this moment he was irresolute — he would even have wished to throw all the responsibility of decision on the fragile and gentle creature by his side.

In the deep stillness of that moonlit midnight he told her all; his voice died in silence, which was interrupted by a faint shriek from his wife; she pointed to the lake, but strong terror made her speechless — a faint silvery outline of a form was seen in the distant air; it came nearer, and the shadow fell dark upon the wave; a stately and lovely female slowly advanced across the water, which yielded not beneath her shining feet. The flashing of her radiant eyes fell upon the culprit — she raised her hand, whereon shone the starry talisman as it shone when she bade the spirits give him wealth unbounded and at a wish. She beckoned Leoni. A power was on him which forced him to obey — he sprung towards the lake — he sank below the surface — twice he emerged from the bright waves, again they closed over his head, and the moon shone upon one unbroken line of light. The strange and beautiful being gazed on the spot with a look of horror; she wrung her hands as it in the helplessness of despair — a low cry came upon the wind, and its mysterious utterer had disappeared. An influence stronger than even fear or love had riveted Lolah like a statue to the place; but as that figure melted into air, a terrible life returned to her — she rushed towards the lake, and with one wild shriek plunged into its depths.

Next morning, the birds were singing among the boughs, the bees were gathering their early honey amid the flowers, the sun had turned the lake into a sheet of gold — when the servants were drawn to the spot by a light-blue scarf floating on the waters; they knew it was what their mistress had worn the night before. The silver flowers embroidered on it, glittering in the sunshine, first caught the eye; assistance was procured, and the bodies were soon found. The wreath of white lilies yet bound the raven tresses of Lolah, some of whose lengths had become entangled round the neck of her husband. They parted them not, but carried them to the château. Ere noon, every inhabitant of Lyons had mourned over their youthful, but marble-like beauty. None knew their history; none ever solved the mystery of their fate — but there were many affectionate hearts that grew sorrowful for their sake — and kind hands buried them together in the same grave.

One morning a marble urn was found upon their tomb, though none could tell who placed it there. On it was exquisitely carved a veiled female figure, with hands clasped as if in prayer, and head bowed down as if weeping; she was kneeling at the foot of the Cross: on scroll below was graven with one single word — Submission!

Madeline.

There lived in Toledo a young gentleman, so passionately loved by a young lady of the same city, that on his sudden decease she made a vow to think of no other; and having neither relations nor friends, except her dear brother Juan, who was then abroad, she hired a small house, and lived almost the life of a hermit. Being young and handsome, however, and possessed besides of a plentiful fortune, she was much annoyed by the young gallants of the place, who practised so many stratagems to get speech of her, and molested her so continually, that to free herself from their importunities, both now and for the future, she exchanged her dress for a man's apparel, and privately withdrew to another city. By favour of her complexion, which was a brunette's and the solitary manner of her life, she was enabled to preserve this disguise; and it might have been expected that she would have met with few adventures; but on the contrary, she had barely sojourned a month in this new dwelling, and in this unwonted garb, when she was visited with still sterner inquietudes than in those she had so lately resigned.

At the beginning of her troubles, it happened, one evening, in going out a little distance, that she was delayed in the street by seeing a young woman, who, sitting on some stone steps, and with scanty rags to cover her, was nursing a beautiful infant at her breast and weeping bitterly. At this painful spectacle, the charitable Madeline immediately cast her purse into the poor mother's lap, and the woman eagerly seizing the gift, and clasping it to her bosom, began to implore the blessing of God upon so charitable and Christian-like a gentleman. But an instant had scarcely been gone, when on looking up, and more completely discerning the countenance of her benefactor, she suddenly desisted.

„Ah, wretch!“ she cried, do you come hither to insult me? Go again to your false ding; and the curse of a wife and of a mother be upon you!“ Then casting away the purse, and bending herself down over her child, and crying, „Alas! my poor babe, shall we eat from the hand that has ruined thy father?“ — she resumed her weeping.

The tender Madeline was greatly afflicted at being so painfully mistaken; and hastening home, she deliberated with herself whether she should any longer retain an apparel which had subjected her to so painful an occurrence; but recalling her former persecutions, and trusting that so strange an adventure could scarcely befal her a second time, she continued in her masculine disguise. And now, thinking of the comfort and protection which her dear brother Juan might be to her in such troubles, she became vehemently anxious for his return; and the more so, because she could obtain no tidings of him whatever. On the morrow, therefore, she went forth to make inquiry; and forsaking her usual road, and especially the quarter where she had encountered with that unfortunate woman, she trusted reasonably to meet with no other such misery.

Now it chanced that the road which she had chosen on this day led close beside a cemetery; and just at the moment when she arrived by the gates, there came also a funeral, so that she was obliged to stand aside during the procession. Madeline was much struck by the splendour of the escutcheons; but still more by the general expression of sorrow amongst the people; and inquiring of a bye-stander the name of the deceased: — „What!“ said the man, „have ye not heard of the villanous murder of our good lord, the Don Felix de Castro? — the hot curse of God fall on the wicked Cain that slew him!“ and with that, he uttered so many more dreadful imprecations as made her blood run cold to hear him.

In the meantime, the mourners one by one had almost entered; and the last one was just stepping by, with her hands clasped and a countenance of the deepest sorrow, when casting her eyes on Madeline, she uttered a piercing shriek, and pointing with her finger, cried, „That is he, that is he who murdered my poor brother!“

At this exclamation, the people eagerly pressed towards the quarter whither she pointed; but Madeline, shrinking back from the piercing glance of the lady, was so hidden by the gate as to be unnoticed; and the next man being seized on suspicion, and a great tumult arising, she was enabled to make her escape. „Alas!“ she sighed inwardly, „what sin have I committed, that this cruel fortune pursues me whithersoever I turn. Alas, what have I done;“ and walking sorrowfully in these meditations, she was suddenly accosted by a strange domestic.

„Senor,“ he said, „my lady desires most earnestly to see you; nay, you must needs come;“ and thereupon leading the way into an ancient, noble-looking mansion, the bewildered Madeline, silent and wondering, was introduced to a large apartment. At the further end a lady attired in deep mourning, like a widow, was reclining on a black velvet sofa; the curtains were black, the pictures were framed also in black, and the whole room was so furnished in that dismal colour, that it looked like a very palace of grief.

At sight of Madeline, the lady rose hastily and ran a few steps forward; but her limbs failing, she stopped short, and rested with both hands on a little table which stood in the centre of the room. Her figure was tall and graceful, but so wasted, that it seemed as if it must needs bend to that attitude; and her countenance was so thin and pale, and yet withal so beautiful, that Madeline could not behold it without tears of pity. After a pause, the lady cried in a low voice, „Ah, cruel, how could you desert me! See how I have grieved for you!“ and therewith unbinding her hair, so that it fell about her face, it was as grey as in a woman of fourscore!

„Alas!“ she said, „it was black once, when I gave thee a lock for a keep-sake; but it was fitting it should change when thou hast changed;“ and leaning her face on her hands she sobbed heavily.

At these words, the tender Madeline approached to console her; but the lady pushing her gently aside, exclaimed mournfully, „It is too late now!“ and then casting herself on the sofa, gave way to such a passion of grief, and trembled so exceedingly, that it seemed as if life and sorrow would part asunder on the spot. Madeline kneeling down, and swearing that she had never injured her, besought her to moderate a transport which broke her heart only to gaze upon; and the lady moving her lips, but unable to make any reply, then drew from her bosom a small miniature; and sobbing out, „Oh, Juan, Juan!“ hid her face again upon the cushion.

At sight of the picture, the miserable Madeline was in her own turn speechless; and remembering instantly the beggar and the mourner, whose mistakes were thus illustrated by the unhappy lady — she comprehended at once the full measure of her wretchedness. „Oh, Juan, Juan,“ she groaned, „is it thus horribly that I must hear of thee!“ and stretching herself upon the carpet, she uttered such piercing cries, that the lady, alarmed by a grief which surpassed even her own, endeavoured to raise her, and happening to tear open the bosom of her dress, the sex of Madeline was discovered. „Alas, poor wretch! hast thou too been deceived,“ cried the lady — „and by the same false Juan;“ and enfolding Madeline in her arms, the two unfortunates wept together for the space of many minutes.

In the mean time, a domestic abruptly entered; and exclaiming that the murderer of Don Felix was condemned, and that he had seen him conducted to prison, he delivered into the hands of his mistress a fragment of a letter, which she read as follows: —

„Most dear and injured lady,

„Before this shocks your eyes, your ears will be stung with the news that it is I who have killed your kinsman; and knowing that by the same blow I have slain your peace, I am not less stained by your tears than by his blood which is shed. My wretched life will speedily make atonement for this last offence; but that I should have requited your admirable constancy and affection by so unworthy a return of cruelty and falsehood, is a crime that scorches up my tears before I can shed them; and makes me to despair, that I cannot pray even on the threshold of death. And yet, I am not quite the wretch you may account me, except in misery; but desiring only to die as the most unhappy man in this unhappy world, I have withheld many particulars which might otherwise intercede for me with my judges. But I desire to die and to pass away from both hatred and pity, if any such befal me; but above all, to perish from a remembrance whereof I am most unworthy: and when I am but a clod, and a poor remnant of dust, you may haply forgive, for mortality's sake, the many faults and human sins which did once inhabit it.

„I am only a few brief hours short of this consummation: and the life which was bestowed for your misery and mine will be extinguished for ever. My blood is running its last course through its veins — and the light and air of which all others so largely partake, is scantily measured out to me. Do not curse me — do not forget that which you once were to me, though unrelated to my crimes; but if my name may still live where my lips have been, put your pardon into a prayer for my soul against its last sunrise. Only one more request. I have a sister in Toledo who tenderly loves me, and believes that I am still abroad. If it be a thing possible, confirm her still in that happy delusion — or tell her that I am dead, but not how. As I have concealed my true name, I hope that this deadly reproach may be spared to her, and now from the very confines of the grave —“

It was a painful thing to hear the afflicted lady reading thus far betwixt her groans — but the remainder was written in so wavering a hand, and withal so stained and blotted, that, like the meaning of death itself, it surpassed discovery. At length, „Let me go,“ cried Madeline, „let me go and liberate him! If they mistake me thus for my brother Juan, the gaoler will not be able to distinguish him from me, and in this manner he may escape and so have more years for repentance and make his peace with God.“ Hereupon, wildly clapping her hands, as if for joy at this fortunate thought, she entreated so earnestly for a womanly dress that it was given to her, and throwing it over her man's apparel, she made the best of her way to the prison. But, alas! the countenance of the miserable Juan was so changed by sickness and sharp anguish of mind, that for want of a more happy token she was constrained to recognize him by his bonds. Her fond stratagem therefore would have been hopeless, if Juan besides had not been so resolute, as he was, in his opposition to her entreaties. She was obliged, therefore, to content herself with mingling tears with him till night, in his dungeon, — and then struggling, tearing her fine hair, as though it had been guilty of her grief, she was removed from him by main force, and in that manner conveyed back to the lady's residence.

For some hours she expended her breath only in raving and the most passionate arguments of distress, — but afterwards she became so fearfully calm, neither speaking, nor weeping, nor listening to what was addressed to her, merely remarking about midnight, that she heard the din of the workmen upon the scaffold — and which, though heard by no other person at so great a distance, was confirmed afterwards to have been a truth. In this state, with her eyes fixed and her lips moving, but without any utterance, she remained till morning in a kind of lethargy — and therein so much more happy than her unfortunate companion, who at every sound of the great bell which is always tolled against the death of a convict, started and sobbed and shook, as if each stroke was made against her own heart. But of Madeline, on the contrary, it was noted that even when the doleful procession was passing immediately under the window at which she was present, she only shivered a little, as if at a cool breath of air, and then turning slowly away, and desiring to be laid in bed, she fell into a slumber, as profound nearly as death itself. But it was not her blessed fate to die so quickly, although on the next morning the unhappy partner of her grief was found dead upon her pillow, still and cold, and with so sorrowful an expression about her countenance, as might well rejoice the beholder that she was divorced from a life of so deep a trouble.

As for Madeline, she took no visible note of this occurrence, nor seemed to have any return of reason till the third day, when growing more and more restless, and at length wandering out into the city, she was observed to tear down one of the proclamations for the execution, which were still attached to the walls. After this, she was no more seen in the neighbourhood, and it was feared she had violently made away with her life; but by later accounts from Toledo it was ascertained that she had wandered back, bare-footed and quite a maniac, to that city.

She was for some years the wonder and the pity of its inhabitants, and when I have been in Toledo with my uncle Francis, I have seen this poor crazed Madeline, as they called her, with her long loose hair and her fine face, so pale and thin, and so calm-looking, that it seemed to be only held alive by her large black eyes. She was always mild and gentle, and if you provoked it, would freely converse with you; but oftentimes in the midst of her discourse, whether cheerful or sad, she would pause and sigh, and say in a different voice, „Oh, Juan, Juan!“ and with these two words, simple though they be, she made every heart ache that heard her.

The Snow.

The silvery snow! — the silvery snow! —
Like a glory it falls on the fields below;
And the trees with their diamond branches appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;
While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!

The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost —
How merry we go when the Earth seems lost;
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,
To live in a purer and holier clime! —
A new creation without a stain —
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!
But, oh! like the many fair hopes of our years,
It glitters awhile — and then melts into tears!

Swain.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klasing.

1838. N.ro 49.

The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Kurze Ueberſicht der neueſten engliſchen Literatur.

II. Das engliſche Zeitungsweſen.

(Schluß.)

The Globe, ein ſchon ſeit langer Zeit beſtehendes Journal, das allmählig mehrere andere Abendblätter in ſich vereinigte, wie den Traveller, den Statesman, den True Briton, die Evening Chronicle und die Nation, und ſeit 1835 von einem Herrn Wilſon vortrefflich redigirt wird. Sein Abſatz beläuft ſich auf 3000 Exemplare und der Werth des ganzen Inſtitutes wird auf 30,000 Pf. St. angeſchlagen, da namentlich ſeine Inſerate eine beträchtliche Summe eintragen. Es iſt miniſteriell und viele ſeiner Hauptartikel über ausländiſche Politik ſollen aus der Feder des Lord Palmerſton ſelbſt fließen, obgleich dies von Unterrichteten in Zweifel gezogen wird. Früher ſtand der Globe mit einer Morgenzeitung, the Morning Press, in Verbindung; dieſe hörte aber ſchon vor einer Reihe von Jahren auf zu erſcheinen, ohne daß eben die Wirkſamkeit und Ausbreitung des Globe dadurch geſchwächt wurde.

Die glänzendſte Zeit des zweiten Abendblattes, The Courier, war während des franzöſiſchen Krieges, wo es ſich eines täglichen Debits von 10,000 Exemplaren erfreute, der in einzelnen Fällen ſich bis auf 16,000 Exemplare und darüber erhöhte; namentlich wurde es von der Geiſtlichkeit ſehr protegirt und galt als das einzige Organ der Regierung. Später erlitt es jedoch bedeutende Abnahme, vorzüglich dadurch, daß es zu häufig während der Jahre 1827 bis 1830 die Farbe änderte. Dann trat es entſchieden auf Canning's Seite, da ſein Redacteur, ein Mr. Mudford, ein vertrauter Freund dieſes Miniſters war, und kehrte endlich nach Canning's leider zu frühem Tode auf die Seite der Tories zurück. Unter Lord Grey wurde es darauf wieder gemäßigt liberal, bis es zuletzt, nachdem es eben ſo oft ſeine Dirigenten gewechſelt hatte, eine Art von unabhängiger Mitte behauptet und unter der Leitung des jetzigen Redacteurs, eines Mr. Hodgkins, ſich durch Schnelligkeit und Genauigkeit der Berichte vortheilhaft auszeichnet. Sein Werth wird auf 80,000 Pf. St., der jährliche Ertrag auf 12,000 bis 15,000 Pf. St., da ſeine Inſerate ein Bedeutendes eintragen, geſchätzt. Der frühere Abſatz belief ſich, wie bereits bemerkt, auf 10,000 Exemplare, hat ſich natürlich aber bei dem Schwanken in den Principien nicht auf gleicher Höhe erhalten, ſondern bedeutend abgenommen. — Der Courier iſt das Eigenthum von 24 Beſitzern, an deren Spitze James Stuart ſteht.

The Sun, ein mehr als 40 Jahr altes Blatt verdankt ſeinen Aufſchwung einem Mr. Murdo Young, der, früher Redacteur, gegenwärtig Eigenthümer deſſelben iſt. Sein Abſatz beläuft ſich auf 3000 Exemplare täglich. Es zeichnet ſich vorzüglich durch die Schnelligkeit und Genauigkeit ſeiner Parlamentsberichte und durch ſeine literäriſchen Kritiken aus, da es jedes neue Buch von einiger Bedeutung zugleich zur Anzeige bringt und am erſten jedes Monates auch alle periodiſchen Erſcheinungen von Wichtigkeit beurtheilt. Der Koſtenaufwand für dieſe Zeitung beläuft ſich jährlich auf 12000 Pf. St.

The Standard ward 1827 als Stütze der Partei Wellington gegen das Miniſterium Canning geſtiftet; nächſt dem „Sun" iſt es die größte Abendzeitung dem Formate nach, da es ſechs Columnen umfaßt. Seine Redacteurs ſind Dr. Gifford und Dr. Maginn. Es zeichnet ſich durch treues Feſthalten an ſeinen Grundſätzen, durch äußerſt gewandte Dialectik und durch ſtrenge Vermeidung aller kleinlichen Privatneckereien aus, und konnte in letzterer Hinſicht den meiſten von unſeren deutſchen Zeitblättern als ein muſterhaftes Vorbild aufgeſtellt werden. — Der jährliche reine Gewinn des Standard, der ein Eigenthum des Mr. Charles Baldwin iſt, ſoll nahe an 10,000 Pfd. St. betragen. —

The True Sun wurde 1832 als Oppoſition gegen the Sun von einem Herrn Grant geſtiftet, und neigte ſich dem Radicalismus zu; anfangs erweckte es große Hoffnung, ſeine pecuniären Verhältniſſe verſchlimmerten ſich jedoch und ſo kam es in die Hände mehrerer Unternehmer, die es jedoch auch nicht in die Höhe bringen konnten und über 40000 Pfd. St. dabei zugeſetzt haben ſollen. Sein Abſatz überſteigt jetzt nicht mehr die Zahl von 1000 Exemplaren. Es gehört gegenwärtig dem Herrn Daniel Whittle Harvey, Parlamentsmitglied für Southwark. In ſeinen Grundſätzen iſt es ſich immer ſehr treu geblieben und wirkt beſonders als Anwald der arbeitenden Klaſſe.

Die hier aufgeführten ſind die bedeutendſten täglich herauskommenden Zeitungen, ihnen folgen nach der von uns beobachteten Ordnung die politiſchen Wochenblätter, von denen als die bekannteſten genannt werden:

The Examiner, ein ſeit 20 Jahren beſtehendes, auf Seite der Radicalen ſich haltendes Blatt, berühmt durch den Geiſt, Scharfſinn und Witz mit dem es redigirt wird. Früher ſtand es unter der Leitung des bekannten John Hunt, und Männer wie Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Keats, Shelley nahmen Theil an demſelben und lieferten beſonders ausgezeichnete literariſche und Theaterkritiken. Gegenwärtig beſitzt und redigirt Albany Fonblanque den Examiner und verleiht ihm einen beſondern Werth durch die ſarkaſtiſche und populaire Art, mit der er ſeine Artikel abfaßt. Er iſt ein eben ſo gewandter als treuer Vertheidiger der Rechte des Volkes. — Der Abſatz ſeines Blattes wird auf 3000 Exemplare geſchätzt.

Daſſelbe Anſehn wie der Examiner, genießt der Spectator unter der Leitung eines Herrn Rintoul. Dieſes Blatt iſt vollkommen liberal und unabhängig, alle ſeine Artikel ſind höchſt elegant ſtyliſirt, ſelbſt wenn die Verfaſſer ſich, was hin und wieder geſchieht, bei der Vertheidigung ihrer Grundſätze von ihrem Eifer fortreißen laſſen und heftig werden. — Die Aufſätze über Literatur, Kunſt und Muſik werden außerordentlich ihrer Feinheit und Wahrheit wegen gelobt. — Das Blatt hat nur 2500 Abonnenten, trägt aber demungeachtet ein Beträchtliches ein, da jede Nummer 9 Pence (8 Sgr.) koſtet.

Der Atlas, was das Format betrifft, eine der größten engliſchen Zeitungen, iſt gemäßigt liberal und hat das mit dem Spectator gemein, daß es ebenfalls vortreffliche Aufſätze über Literatur und Kunſt bringt, und ſich großer Unpartheilichkeit befleißigt; ſein Redacteur iſt ein Mr. Robert Bell. Der Abſatz betrug anfänglich 8000 Exemplare, hat aber beträchtlich abgenommen. Es gehört einem Herrn Whiting, Buchdrucker in London.

The Observer gehört zugleich mit einem andern wöchentlich erſcheinenden Journal Bell's Life in London als Eigenthum einem Herrn Clement; der Abſatz beider Zeitſchriften ſoll zwiſchen 15 und 20000 Exemplaren betragen. — Der Observer iſt ein bereits dreißig Jahr altes Blatt, hat eine gemäßigt liberale Tendenz und zeichnet ſich durch Eleganz und anſtändigen Ton in ſeinen Artikeln aus. Großes Lob erwirbt es ſich durch die Genauigkeit, mit der es die Verhandlungen in den Gerichtshöfen mittheilt, ſowie durch ſeinen Reichthum an Berichten über intereſſante Vorfälle in London, und ſeine vortrefflichen literariſchen Ueberſichten. — Bell's Life in London macht ſich dagegen durch den ſcherzhaften Ton und den Reichthum an Neuigkeiten beliebt und gehört zu den geleſenſten engliſchen Blättern. — Einen beſonderen Reiz verleihen ihm ſeine humoriſtiſchen Holzſchnitte mit ihren poetiſchen Erklärungen. Es iſt gemäßigt liberal und independent.

The weekly Dispatch hat den ſtärkſten Abſatz unter allen Wochenblättern, da ſein Debit die Zahl von 30000 Exemplaren überſteigt. Es iſt radical geſinnt, freimüthig und kühn, und wird von einem Herrn Smith vortrefflich geleitet. — Die politiſchen Artikel ſchreibt ein Herr Williams, die dramaturgiſchen, früher, ein in dieſem Fache mit Lob genannter Mr. Gumming.

Bell's weekly Messenger muß zunächſt als eins der verbreitetſten Londoner Wochenblätter genannt werden, da ſein Abſatz ſich auf 13,000 Exemplare beläuft. Er trägt, früher neutral, jetzt die Farbe der conſervativen Partei, zeichnet ſich aber durch einen ſehr anſtändigen und ſtreng ſittlichen Ton aus, und

wird namentlich viel von den Familien auf dem Lande geleſen. Dieſes Blatt gehört den Erben eines
Herrn Bell, der es gründete; es iſt derſelbe, welcher die bekannte, ſtark verbreitete und für die Zeit
ihres erſten Erſcheinens ſehr elegante Bell's Standard Edition of the British Poets beſorgte.

Bell's New Weekly Messenger ward dagegen von einem Sohne des eben Genannten im Jahre
1832 in Oppoſition zu dem vorigen Blatte geſtiftet; es hat eine entſchiedene liberale Tendenz, welche, ob-
wohl mit Feuer, und Beredſamkeit, doch höchſt populär und allgemein verſtändlich verfolgt wird; auch be-
ſchäftigt es ſich gern mit Literatur und Kunſt und giebt jedes Mal neben dem Urtheil Auszüge aus den
beſprochenen Werken. Ferner liefert es von Zeit zu Zeit gute und intereſſante Holzſchnitte. Sein Abſatz
beträgt 3000 Exemplare und iſt im Steigen begriffen.

The Sunday Times ward 1822 von einem Herrn Daniel Whittle Harvey gegründet, und
kam ſo ſchnell in Flor, daß der Beſitzer dieſe Zeitung bereits nach einigen Jahren für 14000 Pf. St.
wieder verkaufen konnte. Es wechſelte darauf mehrere Male Eigenthümer und Redakteur und ging von
ſeinem früher behaupteten Juſte-Milieu zu eifrigem Liberalismus über. The Sunday Times ſteht in
hoher Achtung bei dem Publicum; ſein Abſatz überſteigt die Zahl von 5000 Exemplaren.

Der John Bull, 1820 geſtiftet um die verſtorbene Königin Caroline auf alle nur erdenkliche Weiſe
anzugreifen, erfüllte dieſen Auftrag ſo gut, daß er ſich den entſchiedenen Haß des Volkes, aber auch die
lebhafteſte Protection der Ariſtokraten erwarb und außerordentlich ſchnell in Aufnahme kam. Allmälig
ſtimmte er ſeinen ſchmähenden Ton um, und wandte ſich nach dem Tode der Königin anderen Intereſſen
zu. — In neueſter Zeit iſt dieſes Blatt der heftigſte Gegner der Reformer und der Vorkämpfer für Kirche
und Regierung geworden. Unter ſeinen Mitarbeitern werden Theodore Hook, Croker und Mud-
ford genannt. — Das Vortrefflichſte in demſelben ſind ſeine Hauptartikel (leading articles), ſonſt ent-
hält es wenig Neues und zum größten Theil Inſerate. Im erſten Jahr nach ſeinem Erſcheinen hatte es
10,000 Abonnenten, eine Zahl, die ſich jedoch bis auf 6000 vermindert hat. Sein furchtbarſter Neben-
buhler unter den Londoner Wochenblättern iſt:

The Age, im Jahre 1825 geſtiftet und toryſtiſch geſinnt. Es wurde mit Witz und Scharfſinn
redigirt, war oft perſönlich, und verwickelte ſich dadurch in viele Injurienprozeſſe, wodurch es natürlich
allgemeines Aufſehen erregte und viele Leſer fand. — Später kam es in die Hände des Herrn Weſtma-
cott, der es mit vielem Geiſt leitete und es ſo in die Höhe brachte, daß es ihm bald mit einem jährli-
chen reinen Ertrag von 2000 Pfd. St. lohnte. Der Abſatz wird auf circa 9000 Exemplare geſchätzt.

The Satirist, wird in derſelben Weiſe redigirt wie das vorige Wochenblatt, iſt aber in ſeinen po-
litiſchen Prinzipien demſelben durchaus entgegengeſetzt und entſchieden liberal, jedoch dabei vollkommen
unpartheiiſch. Seine Aufſätze ſind mit Laune, Witz und Schärfe geſchrieben, mehr komiſch als boshaft,
doch hält es ſich nicht von Perſönlichkeiten frei, und iſt daher oft, gleich den beiden vorigen, in Inju-
rienprozeſſe verwickelt; ſein Abſatz ſoll ſich auf 4500 Exemplare belaufen und noch im Steigen ſein.

The News, entſtand ſchon 1805, und ward von den beiden Hunt geſtiftet; es war und iſt ent-
ſchieden radical. — Anfangs erfreute ſich dieſes Blatt des enormen Debits von 25000 Exemplaren; ſpäter
aber, in andere Hände übergehend, gerieth es in ein fortwährendes Sinken, hat jetzt kaum 2000 Abneh-
mer, und ſcheint, trotz aller angewandten Mühe und Koſten, ſich nicht wieder heben zu können. Seine
politiſchen Artikel ſind geiſtvoll und gut geſchrieben, die literariſchen dagegen ein Muſter von Seichtheit
und Oberflächlichkeit.

Die bisher genannten ſind die vorzüglichſten, wöchentlich erſcheinenden, politiſchen Zeitungen; zu de-
nen zweiten Ranges derſelben Klaſſe gehören noch folgende minder wichtige, auf deren kurze Angabe
wir uns hier beſchränken wollen: The weekly true Sun ein mit dem Abendblatte the true Sun ver-
bundenes Inſtitut; The County Chronicle, eine Art von Leſefrüchten, mit wenigen Originalartikeln,
wird viel auf dem Lande geleſen; The London weekly Journal, ein dem vorigen verwandtes Blatt; the
Mark Lane Express, eine Zeitung für den Landmann mit durchaus liberaler Politik; the Agriculturist
ein für die Pächter u. ſ. w. beſtimmtes Journal, in ſeinen politiſchen Anſichten conſervativ geſinnt; the
weekly Post, ein mit dem Morning post in Verbindung ſtehendes Blatt. Außer dieſen erſcheinen noch
drei geiſtliche Zeitungen wöchentlich: the Patriot, das Organ der calviniſch-evangeliſchen Diſſenters, ent-
ſchieden liberal, the Christian Advocate, das Organ der liberaleren Wesley-Methodists, gemäßigt libe-
ral und the Watchman das Organ der ſtrengen Wesley-Methodists, conſervativ. Endlich ſind hier
noch das Court Journal, die Naval and Military Gazette und the United Service Gazette deren Zweck
und Tendenz ſchon ihr Titel ausſpricht, zu erwähnen.

Der Geſammtabſatz der Londoner Tageblätter wird auf 60000; der der Wochenblätter auf 100,000,
im Allem alſo auf 160,000 Exemplare angeſchlagen. In Hinſicht der Tendenz iſt das liberale Prinzip

verhältnißmäßig das vorherrſchende, am wenigſten wird dagegen die conſervative Partei von den Zeitungen vertheidigt, da dieſer in Allem nur 11 Journale zu Gebote ſtehn.

Wir behalten uns vor, der Darſtellung der nicht politiſchen Zeitſchriften Londons, einem beſonderen Artikel zu widmen, der binnen Kurzem folgen ſoll.

The Image-man.

On the entire coast of England (which almost every tourist is familiar with) there is perhaps no part strewed with so many pretty objects and delightful watering-places, as the south; and especially the shores of Sussex, which, however, long previous to their being celebrated as the landing-place of that bold king, William the Conqueror, were often made the scenes of savage warfare between the more barbarous nations of the period. Amongst these spots of ancient renown, there is one worthy of every visitor's attention.

In a valley between two of the most lofty ranges of cliffs which skirt these shores for miles, — and so near the sea that the very thresholds of the houses are, in spring tides, washed by it, — lies the secluded little town of S——. Like many other places, it has felt the change of time and taste; for, a few years since it was not only a borough of some importance, but a bathing-place much frequented. Now, however, it is deprived of its parliamentary privilege, and visitors seem to prefer to its extensive beach and sands, the more lively shores of Brighton and Eastbourne, within a morning's drive of either of which it is situated. In approaching S—— from the fragrant and velvety downs, that, rising behind, shelter it from the north, there are several objects of interest; which from their being considered as the *lions* of the place, it is scarcely fair to pass over without notice.

First, the straggling and now almost tenantless village of B—, with its solitary sign of the Ploughshare, where entertainment might be had „for man and beast," and an honest old landlady met with in the person of Widow Walls. Poor old dame! it was in her neat parlour, over a dish of Sussex sausages, and a glass of Newhaven ale (so celebrated in the annals of John Barleycorn) that the materials of this story were collected. Perhaps the walls had often echoed with it before, for the widow seemed to have it all at her finger's end, and had known the dramatis personæ, from having occasionally accommodated their friends with a bed. Nor did she forget to tell you she had taken tea more than once in the oak-pannelled room, whereinto the reader is shortly to be introduced. The road hence to S—, lies through the churchyard of that place, where the vast number of tombstones would, at first sight, bespeak the spot unhealthy, and of great mortality. But whilst listening to the murmuring ocean at the foot almost of the spectator, he will soon resolve the sad enigma; or should his eye perchance roam to a distant corner of the burial-ground, it will fix upon one hillock larger than the rest. This is headed by a small slab, bearing the following melancholy inscription:— „Here lie interred the bodies of forty brave sailors, who in the night of the 22d of March 17—, in a heavy storm off this town, were shipwrecked on board the brig Ellen, when it is believed all hands perished." — And leaving the consecrated spot, to enter the town, — by the side of the road, in a small shrubbery of evergreens, which, with a row of lofty elms, shelters it from the rude gaze of strangers, stands a comfortable though old-looking manor-house. It is one of the best mansions in the place; and its gray smoke curling upwards to lose itself in the evening sky, with its latticed windows reflecting the golden light of sunset, serve the shepherds as a landmark, when, having penned up their flocks for the night, they come from the hills to take their evening meal in the bosom of their contented and industrious families.

This dwelling is now inhabited by a wealthy grazier; but twenty years ago it belonged to a middle-aged lady, who with an only daughter and two attached domestics, after having spent the greater part of her life in the heart of the city of London, retired thither, to end her declining days in seclusion and peace. — But it was not so ordained. —

It was on a lovely summer's night in June (from which our tale commences) that Mrs. and Miss Graham sat near the open window of a large oak-room up stairs (which had been fitted up as a drawing-room), listening to the faithful tide; and enjoying the breeze, which, from their vicinity to the sea, might be felt to freshen and cool the sultry air.

„Will you not finish your charming tale, my love? You know how delighted we were with it, and I long to hear its conclusion."

Dr. Johnson's Rasselas was in Emily's hand, half closed, and she raised it to her eyes as if to read; but she remained silent, looking towards the sea, and the book fell listlessly into her lap.

„Why, my child, my Emily — you have lost the page; — but let me see — I can find it — and I will read to you." With this the old lady took up the book, at the same time kissing her child's forehead. Happily, she saw not the tear stealing down Emily's cheek; happily! — for she had watched the glad gambols of her childhood, she had seen her ripen into womanhood without a cloud upon her brow, or a tear within her blue eyes, save when she spoke of him who was snatched from her just as her fond childish heart began to know and love a father.

„Emily, dear, why, what can be the matter? where are your spirits to-night? I must not see you thus. You walked too far on the beach to-day, and have tired yourself."

Emily was still silent, and seemed unconscious of her mother's solicitude, as, with strained eyes, she appeared to be watching some speck upon the sea. The sun was fast sinking below the watery horizon; and, by its golden light, in the distant offing, in a few seconds, an object could more plainly be perceived.

There was a ship riding at anchor; and Emily watched it which such anxiety, that her mother's curiosity was directed to the same quarter; but being unable to make it out without a telescope, she went to her boudoir for the glass, with which she at once obtained a clear view of the ship.

In an instant there was a flash. The vessel had fired a gun; and the report not only startled them, but Emily turned deathly pale, and, uttering a faint shriek, would have fallen from her chair, had not her mother, agitated as she herself was, been near to support her. Poor Emily's was, however, but a momentary unconsciousness, and a little water sprinkled on her face speedily recovered her. As Mrs. Graham was leading her from the window, she saw her eyes turned once more to the sea, and at that instant a boat put from the shore, which was soon lost sight of in the mist now gathering upon the water.

In crossing the room to the sofa, a letter fell from Emily's bosom. There was no agitation on her part to recover it, although it could not have escaped her mother's notice, nor could the blush which dyed Emily's face and neck do other than betray her. With eyes fixed on the ground, she saw her mother pick up the letter; and as she returned it to her daughter, suspicion for the first time flashed across the matron's mind.

It is impossible for any who have spent both infancy and childhood at home — who have looked up to and reverenced but one, and that one a parent — to disguise those feelings and emotions of the heart which once, and only once, in life can fix there.

It was even so with Emily Graham: — for to her nature dissimulation was a stranger; and that nature betrayed itself, as, looking in her mother's face, in a fond and faltering voice she begged her to take again the letter — to read it — to destroy it, if she wished — but to forgive her.

An appeal to such a mother as Mrs. Graham could not be in vain; who folding the trembling girl in her arms, all was for the moment forgotten. Shortly after this they parted for the night, and each sought her sleepless pillow.

When Mrs. Graham entered the breakfast-room next morning she found Emily already there, and occupied on the balcony with her flowers. Her earliest amusement was generally to take the telescope, and watch the little fishing-vessels bearing to land, laden with their finny treasures. On this morning, however, she had not used the glass, nor once had dared to look towards the sea. But her heart had told her the worst; for at intervals throughout the tedious night she had dreamt, that object was no longer to be seen; and as the sails bore its proud bow through the distant waters, she felt hopeless and forsaken.

The morning's salutation from mother to child was as affectionate as *ever*; and if Mrs. Graham's manner was at all altered, it had only become more sorrowful, for she could not entertain towards Emily the feelings of displeasure. She had in fact a true parent's heart, near which the devotion of her daughter had, like the ivy round the oak, been twining its earliest shoots; and but for the event of *yesterday*, the widow would indeed have felt happy. But, the letter, the *unhappy* letter — which she had read over and over again with the deepest regret — had thrown a cloud over poor Emily's prospects — and the mother feared, sooner or later, it might destroy them.

The next *few* days passed away but heavily at —— House; and with the hope that, by leaving S—— for a short time, it would again appear more cheerful, Mrs. Graham readily intrusted it, with all its little valuables and comforts, to the care of her old gardener and his wife — their only, but faithful domestics.

Brighton, however, and its thousand gaieties, did but little towards dissipating Emily Graham's sadness. Her aunt, whose circle of acquaintance was of the most attractive kind, neglected no opportunity of taking her into society; nor could she feel otherwise than disappointed, when she saw her solicitude on this point useless. Emily was ever by her side (for Mrs. Graham seldom accompanied them), and when compelled to leave it, as she sometimes was for the gay dance or to take her share in the musical performance of the night, Miss Oldham saw how painful such scenes were to her. To wean her heart from what it had intently fixed itself on, seemed impossible and cruel; and rather than weary her spirits longer with their present mode of life, Mrs. Graham at once took Emily back to S——; for those familiar objects around our homes can often restore the fading spirits, when gayer and brighter scenes tend only to depress them.

Autumn had now fled, and winter came and passed away. But neither time, nor home, brought to Emily what her mother prayed for. To her, alas! both night and day were tedious; till „hope deferred“ cankered the bud of health, and sickened for ever the too confiding heart.

Throughout this period, there was one whose name was held sacred — and that name, written by *his* hand, would have been to her a fresh existence — a proof that he yet lived.

But it came not — and day after day, month after month, did she turn from her window, where she had stood to watch the trusty postman on his rounds, in tears and disappointment. By the following spring, Emily Graham was so altered a creature, that none but those around her could have at first sight recognised her person. While nature had played upon her cheek, without the poison of neglected affection to mingle there its ashy hues, all was bright and beautiful; but now she lived a sick and broken-hearted girl. The head practitioner of S—— tried his skill in vain; and consoling poor Mrs. Graham with no assurance that her daughter was not consumptive, he advised her removal to Town, where other authorities might be consulted. This step was of course immediately adopted. By easy journeys, Mrs. and Miss Graham arrived in London, and very shortly afterwards took up their residence in Spring Gardens. — There, reader, must we for the present leave them. Your wish, no doubt, will be, that the life of poor Emily Graham may have had its charm renewed, and that her only parent may be blessed and comforted, by one whose love alone can sweeten her declining years. — —

Time, that faithful monitor of man, has kept upon the wing through ten of his chill winters, and it is on a fine evening in the early autumn of 1825, when our tale resumes itself.

But the scene is altogether changed. There is no expanse of ocean for the eye to roam over; — no beetling cliffs, nor lofty downs, to enhance the grandeur of our present scene. No, there will be found simply the fair and cultivated face of nature, studded here and there with a few cottages and modern villas, inhabited principally by retired tradesmen.

The house we are about to enter may be briefly described. It stands removed about fifty yards from the high western road, within twelve miles of Town, and is remarkable for its appearance of neatness and seclusion. It may, however, be more intimately recognised by a plain whitewashed front, with only four extremely narrow windows, like those found in almshouses; and by a good-sized flower-garden with lawn, between it and the road, from which it is greatly hidden by a row of tall and regular poplars.

It was on the evening just mentioned, when two elderly females were sitting at the parlour-window busied with their work; and in an old-fashioned chair, in a retired part of the room, a third figure might also be perceived, principally by her snow-white dress. But the features of this party could scarcely be distinguished, as it was nearly twilight.

The lady nearest the window appeared to be watching the garden-gate, which a servant, who had gone down to the adjacent village, had very carelessly left half open; but her attention seemed most awakened by some small white figures, peeping at the moment above it. The curiosity of this lady was changed to fear, as she heard heavy footsteps on the path; but especially so when the tall figure of a man presented himself directly in front of the window.

Her alarm, however, after a while subsided; for the stranger seemed only one of those harmless and wandering foreigners who earn a scanty pittance by hawking their images from place to place. After a few words, uttered with a deep voice, he lowered the heavy tray of casts from his head, to place it on a bench near the window; and, pointing to several of the busts, such as Milton's, Shakespeare's, etc., he begged the ladies, in the most beseeching manner, to purchase one of them.

The distinct, though melancholy tone, in which he pronounced the names of his earthy treasures, proved at once, that if an Italian, he had acquired a pure English accent; nor did his appearance altogether stamp the foreigner. His figure was unusually tall, and, in spite of the dirty and almost ragged suit he wore, commanding. A large leathern cap, stuck sideways on his head, showed a high and swarthy forehead, and from beneath it escaped a profusion of light hair, curling loosely down each side of his sun-burnt face. Although youth and health had fled his furrowed cheek, his full grey eyes gave to the whole a pleasing yet sorrowful expression.

So earnestly did the man endeavour to obtain custom, that the old ladies at length took compassion on him; and whilst one of them threw up the casement to select a cast, the other left the room, and returned immediately with a large horn of beer, and a plate full of cold meat and bread.

The man's eyes thanked her eloquently for her hospitality. He took the cup and hastily emptied it; for his parched and darkened lips betrayed his thirst.

The draught evidently revived him, and after partaking of the eatables, he inquired how far it was to London?

„My good man,“ answered one of the ladies, as she took a half-crown from her pocket to pay for a bust of Milton she had selected, „you are nearly twelve miles from London: it is now eight o'clock, and getting dark; you cannot walk so far to-night. Had you not better stop and sleep at the small inn at the end of the village? The old woman who keeps it will charge you very little for a bed; besides, here is an extra shilling to pay for it.“

The itinerant leaned against the window-sill; and as he took the money, his chest heaved heavily, and he drew his thin and yellow hand across his eyes, for tears stood in them.

The ladies felt for him, and listened.

„I had once strength in these limbs," said he, „and a heart that feared nothing. But now I am quite weary; I am indeed unable to go much further, for I have walked to day more than thirty miles, with this load upon my head, destitute of refreshment. Oh! a curse on my unhappy fate! — but it was my own seeking. Why did I first leave my home!"

This language of the stranger betrayed him. He evidently belonged not to those wandering tribes who come yearly to England for their bread, nor had he been always used to suffering and hardship.

Here he would have departed: — he was stooping for his load; but the compassion of his hearers had been won, and their interest so much excited that they questioned him further.

„Had he no friends in England, none who could protect him from want?" — He answered rather haughtily, and without disguise:

„Whilst my father lived, I wanted nothing. I was his only son, and he doated on me too much to embitter any moment of my life. But I became a wretch — yes, a wretch! While but a youth, heedless of his prayers and entreaties, I dashed so madly into the path of dissipation, that ere I learnt to reflect, it was too late! — — my prospects were all ruined, and I was homeless and a wanderer."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Sabbath Morning.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze!
Sounds the most faint attract the ear — the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating mid-way up the hill.
Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's notes come mellower from the dales;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise. —

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day!
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face, and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around it's root; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

GRAHAME.

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The British Museum.

A CHOICE SELECTION FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
MOST CELEBRATED ENGLISH AUTHORS
BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.
THE EDITORS: O. L. B. WOLFF AND C. SCHÜTZ, A. A. M. M.

Boz.

Dieſen wunderlichen Namen führt ein engliſcher Schriftſteller vor ſeinen Werken, der eigentlich Charles Dickens heißt, noch in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre ſteht, ſich dem Stande eines Rechtsgelehrten widmete, und Reporter *) bei einer engliſchen Zeitſchrift war. Dies iſt Alles, was bisher über ſeine Lebensverhältniſſe ſich ermitteln ließ, und wir verdanken ſelbſt dies Wenige nur der brieflichen Mittheilung eines in London lebenden gelehrten Freundes. — Dickens trat zuerſt in engliſchen Journalen, namentlich in The Library of Fiction mit kleinen aus dem Leben entlehnten Skizzen und Sittenſchilderungen auf, fand großen Beifall und verſuchte ſich dann in einer größeren Arbeit, Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, welche in monatlichen Lieferungen nach Art einer Zeitung erſchien, von dem bekannten witzigen Zeichner Seymour mit Illuſtrationen, wie es die Engländer nennen, begleitet wurde und einen ſo reißenden Abſatz fand, daß der Verkauf die Zahl von dreißigtauſend Exemplaren überſtieg. — Außer dieſem Buche lieferte D. noch: Sketches illustrative of Every Day Life and Every Day People, the Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi (des berühmten, kürzlich verſtorbenen engliſchen Clowns) und neuerlichſt the Life of J. Nickleby, von dem bis jetzt 7 Lieferungen erſchienen ſind.

Der faſt unglaubliche Beifall, den Dickens' Leiſtungen fanden, beruht auf der Wahrheit und Genauigkeit ſeiner Schilderungen, die das engliſche Leben, namentlich in den mittleren Kreiſen bis in die kleinſten Einzelnheiten verfolgen, dem äußerſt glücklichen Humor, der reichen Erfindung und geſchickten Verknüpfung der Situationen und der echten Herzlichkeit und Liebe zum Menſchengeſchlecht, die, trotz dem komiſchen Gewande, aus Allem, was er ſchreibt, hervorleuchtet und ſelbſt den poſſenhafteſten Characteren eine unverwüſtliche Liebenswürdigkeit verleiht. Darin, daß Boz zu gleicher Zeit das Herz zu rühren und den Verſtand zu beſchäftigen und zu ergötzen verſteht, und doch ſtets ſich innerhalb der Schranken der reellſten Wirklichkeit mit der größten Conſequenz bewegt, liegt eben der zauberhafte Reiz ſeiner Schriften und das Geheimniß ſeines Erfolgs.

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*) So heißen die Berichterſtatter der Parlamentsverhandlungen für die engliſchen Zeitungen. Da ein ſolcher Poſten gründliche Kenntniſſe, Gewandtheit, Scharfſinn und Klugheit erfordert, ſo werden oft junge wiſſenſchaftlich gebildete und höchſt talentvolle Männer dazu genommen und ſehr gut honorirt. Der Reporter iſt gewöhnlich die erſte Stufe zum Redacteur eines politiſchen Journals.

The Tuggs's at Ramsgate.

By Boz.

Once upon a time, there dwelt, in a narrow street on the Surrey side of the water, within three minutes' walk of the old London Bridge, Mr. Joseph Tuggs — a little, dark-faced man, with shiny hair, twinkling eyes, short legs, and a body of very considerable thickness, measuring from the centre button of his waistcoat in front, to the ornamental buttons of his coat behind. The figure of the amiable Mrs. Tuggs, if not perfectly

symmetrical was decidedly comfortable; and the form of her only daughter, the accomplished Miss Charlotte Tuggs, was fast ripening into that state of luxuriant plumpness, which had enchanted the eyes, and captivated the heart, of Mr. Joseph Tuggs in his earlier days. Mr Simon Tuggs, his only son, and Miss Charlotte Tuggs's only brother, was as differently formed in body, as he was differently constituted in mind, from the remainder of his family. There was that elongation in his thoughtful face, and that tendency to weakness in his interesting legs which tells so forcibly of a great mind and romantic disposition. The slightest traits of character in such a being, possess no mean interest for speculative minds. He usually appeared in public in capacious shoes, with black cotton stockings; and was observed to be particularly attached to a black glazed stock, without tie or ornament of any description.

There is perhaps no profession, however useful, no pursuit, however meritorious, which can escape the petty attacks of vulgar minds. Mr. Joseph Tuggs was a grocer. It might be supposed that a grocer was beyond the breath of calumny: but no, — the neighbours stigmatised him as a chandler; and the poisonous voice of envy distinctly asserted that he dispensed tea and coffee by the quartern, retailed sugar by the ounce, cheese by the slice, tobacco by the screw, and butter by the pat. These taunts, however, were lost upon the Tuggs's. Mr. Tuggs attended to the grocery department, Mrs. Tuggs to the cheese-mongery, and Miss Tuggs to her education. Mr. Simon Tuggs kept his father's books, and his own counsel.

One fine spring afternoon, the latter gentleman was seated on a tub of weekly Dorset behind the little red desk with a wooden rail, which ornamented a corner of the counter, when a stranger dismounted from a cab, and hastily entered the shop: he was habited in black cloth, and bore with him a green umbrella and a blue bag.

„Mr Tuggs?“ said the stranger, inquiringly.

„My name is Tuggs,“ replied Mr. Simon.

„It's the other Mr Tuggs,“ said the stranger, looking towards the glass door which led into the parlour behind the shop, and on the inside of which, the round face of Mr. Tuggs, senior, was distinctly visible, peeping over the curtain.

Mr. Simon gracefully waved his pen, as if in intimation of his wish that his father would advance, and Mr. Joseph Tuggs with considerable celerity removed his face from the curtain, and placed it before the stranger.

„I come from the Temple,“ said the man with the bag.

„From the Temple!“ said Mrs. Tuggs, flinging open the door of the little parlour, and disclosing Miss Tuggs in perspective.

„From the Temple!“ said Miss Tuggs and Mr. Simon Tuggs at the same moment.

„From the Temple!“ said Mr. Joseph Tuggs, turning as pale as a Dutch cheese.

„From the Temple,“ repeated the man with the bag; „from Mr. Cower's the solicitor's. Mr. Tuggs, I congratulate you, sir! Ladies, I wish you joy of your prosperity! We have been successful.“ And the man with the bag, leisurely divested himself of his umbrella and glove, as a preliminary to shaking hands with Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

Now the words „we have been successful,“ had no sooner issued from the mouth of the man with the bag, than Mr. Simon Tuggs rose from the tub of weekly Dorset, opened his eyes very wide, gasped for breath, made figures of eight in the air with his pen, and finally fell into the arms of his anxious mother, and fainted away, without the slightest ostensible cause or pretence.

„Water!“ screamed Mrs. Tuggs.

„Look up, my son,“ exclaimed Mr. Tuggs.

„Simon! Dear Simon!“ shrieked Miss Tuggs.

„I'm better now,“ said Mr. Simon Tuggs — „What! Successful!“ And then, as corroborative evidence of his being better, he fainted away again, and was borne into the little parlour by the united efforts of the remainder of the family and the man with the bag.

To a casual spectator, or to any one unacquainted with the position of the family, this fainting would have been unaccountable. To those who understood the mission of the man with the bag, and were moreover acquainted with the excitability of the nerves of Mr. Simon Tuggs, it was quite comprehensible. A long-pending lawsuit, respecting the validity of a will, had been unexpectedly decided; and Mr. Joseph Tuggs was the possessor of twenty thousand pounds.

A prolonged consultation took place that night in the little parlour — a consultation that was to settle the future destinies of the Tuggs's. The shop was shut up at an unusually early hour; and many were the unavailing kicks bestowed upon the closed door by applicants for quarterns of sugar, or half-quarterns of bread, or penn'orths of pepper, which were to have been „left till Saturday,“ but which fortune had decreed were to be left alone altogether.

„We must certainly give up business,“ said Miss Tuggs.

„Oh, decidedly,“ said Mrs. Tuggs.

„Simon shall go to the bar,“ said Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

„And I shall always sign myself ‚Cymon‘ in future,“ said his son.

„And I shall call myself Charlotta,“ said Miss Tuggs.

„And you must always call me ‚Ma,‘ and father ‚Pa,“ said Mrs. Tuggs.

„Yes, and Pa must leave off all his vulgar habits,“ interposed Miss Tuggs.

„I'll take care o' all that,“ responded Mr. Joseph Tuggs, complacently. — He was at that very moment eating pickled salmon with a pocket-knife.

„We must leave town immediately,“ said Mr. Cymon Tuggs.

Every body concurred that this was an indispensable preliminary to being genteel. The question then arose — Where should they go?

„Gravesend,“ mildly suggested Mr. Joseph Tuggs. The idea was unanimously scouted. Gravesend was *low*.

„Margate,“ insinuated Mrs. Tuggs. Worse and worse — nobody there but tradespeople.

„Brighton!“ Mr. Cymon Tuggs opposed an insurmountable objection. All the coaches had been upset in their turn within the last three weeks; each coach had averaged two passengers killed, and six wounded; and in every case the newspapers had distinctly understood that „no blame whatever was attributable to the coachman.“

„Ramsgate!“ ejaculated Mr. Cymon, thoughtfully. — To be sure: how stupid they must have been not to have thought of that before. Ramsgate was just the place of all others that they ought to go to.

Two months after this conversation, the City of London Ramsgate steamer was running gaily down the river. Her flag was flying, her band was playing, her passengers were conversing; every thing about her seemed gay and lively. — No wonder, the Tuggs's were on board.

„Charming, a'nt it?“ said Mr. Joseph Tuggs, in a bottlegreen greatcoat, with a velvet collar of the same, and a blue travelling cap with a gold band.

„Soul-inspiring,“ replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs — he was entered at the bar — „Soul-inspiring!“

„Delightful morning, sir,“ said a stoutish, military-looking gentleman in a blue surtout, buttoned up to his chin, and white trousers chained down to the soles of his boots.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs took upon himself the responsibility of answering the observation. „Heavenly!“ he replied.

„You are an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of Nature, sir?“ said the military gentleman, deferentially.

„I am, sir,“ replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs. „Travelled much, sir?“ inquired the military gentleman.

„Not much,“ replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs. „You've been on the continent, of course?“ inquired the military gentleman.

„Not exactly,“ replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs, in a qualified tone, as if he wished it to be implied that he had gone half way and come back again.

„You of course intend your son to make the grand tour, sir?“ said the military gentleman, addressing Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

As Mr. Joseph Tuggs did not precisely understand what the grand tour was, or how such an article was manufactured, he replied, „Of course.“ Just as he said the word, there came tripping up from her seat at the stern of the vessel, a young lady in a puce-coloured silk cloak, and boots of the same, with long black ringlets, large black eyes, brief petticoats, and unexceptionable ankles.

„Walter, my dear,“ said the young lady to the military gentleman.

„Yes, Belinda, my love,“ responded the military gentleman to the black-eyed young lady.

„What have you left me alone so long for?“ said the young lady. „I have been stared out of countenance by those rude young men.“

„What! stared at!“ exclaimed the military gentleman, with an emphasis which made Mr. Cymon Tuggs withdraw his eyes from the young lady's face with inconceivable rapidity.

„Which young men — where?“ and the military gentleman clenched his fist, and glared fearfully on the cigar-smokers around.

„Be calm, Walter, I entreat,“ said the young lady.

„I won't,“ said the military gentleman.

„Do, sir,“ interposed Mr. Cymon Tuggs. „They a'nt worth notice.“

„No no—they are not indeed,“ urged the young lady.

„I *will* be calm,“ said the military gentleman. „You speak truly, sir. I thank you for a timely remonstrance, which may have spared me the guilt of manslaughter;“ and calming his wrath, the military gentleman wrung Mr. Cymon Tuggs by the hand.

„My sister, sir,“ said Mr. Cymon Tuggs; seeing that the military gentleman was casting an admiring look towards Miss Charlotta.

„My wife, ma'am — Mrs. Captain Waters,“ said the military gentleman, presenting the black-eyed young lady.

„My mother, ma'am — Mrs. Tuggs,“ said Mr. Cymon. The military gentleman and his wife murmured enchanting courtesies; and the Tuggs's looked as unembarrassed as they could.

„Walter, my dear,“ said the black-eyed young lady, after they had sat chatting with the Tuggs's some half hour.

„Yes, my love,“ said the military gentleman.

„Don't you think this gentleman (with an inclination of the head towards Mr. Cymon Tuggs) is very like the Marquis Carriwini.“

„God bless me, very!“ said the military gentleman.

„It struck me, the moment I saw him,“ said the young lady; gazing intently, and with a melancholy air, on the scarlet countenance of Mr. Cymon Tuggs. Mr. Cymon Tuggs looked at every body; and finding that every body was looking at him, appeared to feel some temporary difficulty in disposing of his eyesight.

„So exactly the air of the marquis,“ said the military gentleman.

„Quite extraordinary!“ sighed the military gentleman's lady.

„You don't know the marquis, sir?“ inquired the military gentleman.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs stammered a negative.

„If you did,“ continued Captain Walter Waters, „you would feel how much reason you have to be proud of the resemblance — a most elegant man, with a most prepossessing appearance.“

„He is — he is indeed!“ exclaimed Belinda Waters energetically; and as her eye caught that of Mr. Cymon Tuggs, she withdrew it from his features in bashful confusion.

All this was highly gratifying to the feelings of the Tuggs's; and when in the course of further conversation, it was discovered that Miss Charlotta Tuggs was the *fac simile* of a titled relative of Mrs. Belinda Waters; and that Mrs. Tuggs herself was the very picture of the Dowager Duchess of Dobbleton; their delight in the acquisition of so genteel and friendly an acquaintance, knew no bounds. Even the dignity of Captain Walter Waters relaxed to such a degree, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon by Mr. Joseph Tuggs, to partake of cold pigeon-pie and sherry on deck; and a most delightful conversation, aided by these agreeable stimulants, was prolonged until they ran alongside Ramsgate Pier.

„Good by'e, dear!“ said Mrs. Captain Waters to Miss Charlotta Tuggs, just before the bustle of landing commenced; „we shall see you on the sands in the morning: and as we are sure to have found lodgings before then, I hope we shall be inseparables for many weeks to come.“

„Oh! I hope so,“ said Miss Charlotta Tuggs, emphatically.

„Tickets, ladies and gen'lm'n,“ said the man on the paddle-box.

„Want a porter, sir?“ inquired a dozen men in smockfrocks.

„Now, my dear—“ said Captain Waters.

„Good by'e,“ said Mrs. Captain Waters—„good by'e! Mr. Cymon!“ and with a pressure of the hand that threw the amiable young man's nerves into a state of considerable derangement, Mrs. Captain Waters disappeared among the crowd. A pair of puce-coloured boots were seen ascending the steps, a white handkerchief fluttered, a black eye gleamed: the Waters's were gone, and Mr. Cymon Tuggs was alone indeed.

Silently and *abstractedly* did that too sensitive youth follow his revered parents, and a train of smockfrocks and wheelbarrows, along the pier, until the bustle of the scene around recalled him to himself. The sun was shining brightly — the sea, dancing to its own music, rolled merrily in; crowds of people promenaded to and fro; young ladies tittered, old ladies talked, nursemaids displayed their charms to the greatest possible advantage, and their sweet little charges ran up and down, and to and fro, and in and out, under the feet, and between the legs of the assembled concourse, in the most playful and exhilarating manner possible. There were old gentlemen trying to make out objects through long telescopes, and young ones making objects of themselves in open shirt-collars; ladies carrying about portable chairs, and portable chairs carrying about invalids. Parties were waiting on the pier for parties who had come by the steam-boat; and nothing was to be heard but talking, laughing, welcoming, and merriment.

„Fly, sir?“ exclaimed a chorus of fourteen men and six boys, the moment that Mr. Joseph Tuggs, at the head of his little party, had set foot in the street.

„Here's the gen'lm'n at last!“ said one, touching his hat with mock politeness. „Werry glad to see you, sir—been waitin' for you these six weeks. Jump in, if you please, sir.“

„Nice light fly, and a fast trotter, sir,“ said another; „fourteen mile a hour, and surroundin' objects rendered inwisible by hextreme welocity!“

„Large fly for your luggage, sir,“ cried a third. „Werry large fly here, sir—reg'lar bluebottle!“

„Here's your fly, sir!“ shouted another aspiring charioteer, mounting the box, and inducing an old grey horse to indulge in some imperfect reminiscences of a canter. „Look at him, sir! —temper of a lamb and haction of a steam-ingin.“

Resisting even the temptation of securing the services of so valuable a quadruped as the last named, Mr. Joseph Tuggs beckoned to the proprietor of a dingy conveyance of a greenish hue, lined with faded striped calico; and the luggage and the family having been deposited therein, the animal in the shafts, after describing circles in the road for a quarter of an hour, at last consented to depart in quest of lodgings.

„How many beds have you got?“ screamed Mrs. Tuggs out of the fly, to the woman who opened the door of the first house, which displayed a bill, intimating that apartments were to be let within.

„How many did you want, ma'am?“ was of course the reply.

„Three.“

„Will you step in, ma'am?“ Down got Mrs. Tuggs. The family were delighted. Splendid view of the sea from the front windows—charming! A short pause. Back came Mrs. Tuggs again.—One parlour, and a mattress.

„Why the devil didn't they say so at first?“ inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, rather pettishly.

„Don't know,“ said Mrs. Tuggs.

„Wretches!“ exclaimed the nervous Cymon. Another hill — another stoppage. Same question — same answer — similar result.

„What do they mean by this?“ inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, thoroughly out of temper.

„Don't know,“ said the placid Mrs. Tuggs.

„Gevin the vay here, sir,“ said the driver, by way of accounting for the circumstance in a satisfactory manner; and off they went again, to make fresh inquiries, and encounter fresh disappointments.

It had grown dusk when the „fly“ — the rate of whose progress greatly belied its name — after climbing up four or five perpendicular hills, stopped before the door of a dusty house, with a bay window, from which you could obtain a beautiful glimpse of the sea — if you thrust half your body out of it, at the imminent peril of falling into the area. Mrs. Tuggs alighted.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Image-man.

(Concluded from our last.)

Having uttered this, the stranger's agony betrayed its truth and he abruptly paused.

„But your friends cannot all be lost to you!“ exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, as she concealed her aged and tearful eyes with her handkerchief.

„Yes, they must all be *dead*, and *she*—“ here his voice faltered, „she must be dead also: she, whom I nightly prayed for, is lost, lost to me for ever.---Yes, there was one, whose voice and image were once always with me, and I worshipped them! Our lives were so connected, from the first moment of meeting, that unless we breathed the same air, and watched the sun rise and set together, our days were lonely, and our nights wretched. At last, a sudden impulse of my temper separated us, and I fled from England's happy shores and from her—but still with a promise to return.

„I found myself shortly afterwards in Paris. Its gaieties consumed all my means, and I conceived that fatal passion which has brought me to what I am—*gambling*. In indulging it, I found myself eternally disgraced, and under that disgrace I tried to stifle what I felt. I prayed, I swore, to think of her no more! The oath itself made me faithless, and I deserted her!

„After two miserable years spent wholly in the haunts of dissipation, I came back to my native land. Here, though I deserved it not, fortune awaited me; and oh! how wickedly did I squander it!“

„But did you not still love the poor girl you had deserted?“

The man answered not.

„Go to her; ask *her* forgiveness, at least. Perhaps she yet lives; and it would make her happy to forgive you.“

„Oh, no, madam — that cannot be. I had no sooner landed in England, than with hurried steps I sought out the spot we had once called our own, thinking to see her walking there alone — for I heard that her love for me still continued, although I was worthless of it — but she was *not there*. In the suspense of such an hour, I paced the few streets of the town which was so well known to me. But amongst the many strangers there (for my long absence had made them *such*), I searched for *her* in vain. At length I reached her home, the doors of which I had never entered, for our meetings had been all clandestine; but I had watched *her* enter them, and every object was dearly familiar to me. Whilst I stood there a carriage stopped at the gate; the door opened, and I saw — oh, heavens! not her — but one belonging to her, in the deepest mourning. She wore the black dress of sorrow, as I with a sickly fancy concluded, for a child whom I had sacrificed. That thought, that conviction, went to my brain; upon the earth I sank senseless; and when I dared to raise myself from it, I fixed for a moment my swimming eyes upon the house — upon the window — *her* window — and from the spot I rushed into the dreary distance, and never saw it more. Oh! had she been spared but to have heard me ask forgiveness; though my presence must have poisoned the pure air about her, it would have been one of the most blessed moments of my life!“

„And where, my poor man, did you then bend your steps?“

„To London, madam — to that sink of infamy. The victim of sorrow and despair, the black clouds of the fate hung so densely around me, that I could not penetrate them. My old passion of gaming sprung up with tenfold violence; and enabled to feed it still further, by the considerable fortune left me by my poor father (whose eyes death had closed, whilst I was roving in other lands), I plunged at once into its deepest gulph. This fortune was indeed to me a bane; for it led me into the society of men of fashion, who associated with me on account of it alone; and whilst my gold lasted, they made me the toast, the god of their midnight revels. But the flattery and hollowness of my depraved associates, instead of gratifying me, made me hate myself the more; and this hatred I tried to foster by intoxication into revenge.“

„Unfortunate man,“ exclaimed one of the ladies, „who could deserve your revenge?“

„Myself! no other than myself. Oftentimes in a phrenzied state from drinking, as I watched the lamps of mirth burn down into their sockets, I have vowed to *sate* that revenge — by my own hand — by suicide.“

A sigh of pity here escaped the lips of those who listened.

„But (continued he) the guilty are but cowards — for as often as I advanced a few steps nearer my end, have I shrunk back from it, appalled.“

„How long did you continue such a life?“

„So long as the last shilling of my fortune remained — although, in those scenes of guilt, the film has fallen at moments from my eyes, that I might see once more her fading image — her wraith — her warning wraith — beckoning me away! But what did I see? the same bright face and form? — Its appearance haunts me still! Her figure was the same — her features were the same — and she moved as a thing of life. But — oh, horrible to tell! — reason had fled that noble mind. She stood before me in my visions a *maniac*!“

The agitated man again paused, and passed his feverish hand over his brow, whilst his hearers sat trembling and silent.

He shortly resumed.

„But my revelry at length was at an end. Her spectre had not scared me from those scenes; for I sought them till *they* vanished from me and left me to starve.

„So used was I to misery, that I bore against it long — until nature grew importunate; and to satisfy her I begged — though it almost choked me — first of midnight *friends*. But they, all of them, were poor, they said, and could not give: — then in the open streets of London did I ask for bread; whilst, through many a winter's night, have I wanted shelter from the benumbing cold and snow, and, worn to the last thread of strength, sunk senseless at a door, where I have slept till some pitying stranger has awakened and relieved me.

„One morning I was furnished with a warm and plentiful meal; and the kind man who fed me urged me to seek some plan of earning my bread. I did so. I seized on the first, though the most wretched means of life which offered — my present vocation.

„Through every part of England have I travelled with this heavy tray; and the more toil I could have well endured with *her* bright smile to cheer me on — but she is lost to me for ever, and I am hopeless! One day, well I remember it! on my way back to Town to procure more images from an Italian who made them there, I came accidentally on a large house, and having but one figure left, I knocked recklessly at the door — for I was hungry and would have parted with it for a slice of bread, having that day tasted nothing. The servant who answered my unwelcome summons, abused me for my impudence, and tried to thrust me away, threatening to set his mastiff on me if I remained there longer. I stood in anger, and could have struck him to the earth, as a recollection of the past flashed on my mind. The house, whose doors were closed against me — the servant, who had thrust me from them — and the dog that might have torn these wearied limbs — were all — but a few short years since — my father's; and would have been his son's, but for the accursed passion which had robbed him of them.

„With hasty paces, for my eyes could not bear its recognition, I left that painful spot, and as I passed the silver stream, and the green wood, which had been the chosen haunts of my boyhood, I felt, what peace it would have been to end my galled life near them.“

The wretched man's history was now told: and, sinking on the seat near the window, he buried his face within his freckled hands, and gave free vent to long-suppressed tears. But a further trial yet awaited him; the greatest and the saddest of them all; how little dreamt he of it!

The night by this had closed in, and the dews fell chill and heavily, as the image-man rose suddenly from his seat, anxious, for that night at least, to procure some place of rest. With this view he tried to raise the load upon his head, but so feeble was he that he was obliged to rest it some moments on his arm. Ere he left the spot, his look was turned in gratitude towards his benefactors, who could now be distinctly seen by the lights which the servant at that instant brought into the room. — The stranger's eyes seemed fixed: some indistinct words fell from his lips; he would have spoken, but the effort was too mighty for him. Nought could have moved him from the spot — he stood there as it were spell-bound. What had so arrested his glance? Something as colourless and speechless as a statue. As it moved unconsciously towards the light, a full glare fell upon it.—The man at length instinctively approached a glass-door that opened into the parlour. He unclosed it---one foot was already in the room: he would have sprung forward, and touched the uplifted hand of that figure, which seemed scarce earthly, but for a shriek that pierced his very soul---so loud, so appalling was it, as it burst from the broken heart of this realization of the wanderer's vision. Yes, it was *she*—now a poor maniac—but once the loved, the deserted Emily Graham.

In that sad moment have they met again. Reason, that had taken flight from her fast-withering form, returned for one instant, whilst she uttered, for the last time on this side her grave, the branded yet still loved name of HENRY MONTAGUE.

Where is the stranger now? Is he bending over that drooping flower, which had wanted but his cherishing, to bloom on in happiness? Is he chafing her stony hands till the ebb of life reflows?—till those eyes have lost their glassy stare, and behold him once again?

No—he is lost in the darkness of the night---There lie his broken images---but *he* has fled.

Did you ever, reader,—in passing up that lane of bustle and banking-houses, Lombardstreet, notice,---near the centre of it, a church?---its name you may easily make out by a London Guide. If so, let the tale you have just perused, induce you to worship your Creator there next Sunday. And as you bend your humble knee, remember that you are in the house of death,---that numbers are entombed beneath your feet, some of whom, perhaps, you have known and spoken with.

There are, however, two graves, side by side, in the middle aisle of the church, that may perhaps arrest your eye. The step of man has worn away some of the letters; but with a little care you may readily make out the name of the two Emily Grahams, mother and child. The younger, through the mercy of heaven, was carried to the tomb first; and the mouldering hand of time could have destroyed but little of the lineaments of the child, when, by the same mercy, the mother followed.

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THE EDITORS: *O. L. B. WOLFF* AND *C. SCHÜTZ*, A. A. M. M.

The Tuggs's at Ramsgate.

By Boz.

(Concluded from our last.)

One ground-floor sitting-room, and three cells with beds in them up stairs—a double house—family on the opposite side—five children milk-and-watering in the parlour, and one dear little boy, expelled for bad behaviour, screaming on his back in the passage.

„What's the terms?“ said Mrs. Tuggs. The mistress of the house was deliberating on the expediency of putting on an extra guinea; so she coughed slightly, and affected not to hear the question.

„What's the terms?“ said Mrs. Tuggs, in a louder key.

„Five guineas a week, ma'am, with attendance,“ replied the lodging-house keeper. (Attendance means the privilege of ringing the bell as often as you like, for your own personal amusement.)

„Rather dear,“ said Mrs. Tuggs.

„Oh dear, no, ma'am,“ replied the mistress of the house, with a benign smile of pity at the ignorance of manners and customs, which the observation betrayed. „Very cheap.“

Such an authority was indisputable. Mrs. Tuggs paid a week's rent in advance, and took the lodging for a month. In an hour's time, the family were seated at tea in their new abode.

„Capital srimps!“ said Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

Mr. Cymon eyed his father with a rebellious scowl, as he emphatically said „Shrimps.“

„Well then, shrimps,“ said Mr. Joseph Tuggs, „srimps or shrimps, don't much matter.“

There was pity, blended with malignity, in Mr. Cymon's eye, as he replied. „Don't matter, father! What would Captain Waters say, if he heard such vulgarity!“

„Or what would dear Mrs. Captain Waters say,“ added Charlotta, „if she saw mother—ma, I mean—eating them whole, heads and all!“

„It won't bear thinking of!“ ejaculated Mr. Cymon, with a shudder. „How different,“ he thought, „from the Dowager Duchess of Dubbleton!“

„Very pretty woman, Mrs. Captain Waters, is she not, Cymon?“ inquired Miss Charlotta.

A glow of nervous excitement passed over the countenance of Mr. Cymon Tuggs, as he replied, „An angel of beauty!“

„Hallo!“ said Mr. Joseph Tuggs, „Hallo, Cymon my boy, take care—married lady you know;“ and he winked one of his twinkling eyes, knowingly.

„Why,“ exclaimed Cymon, starting up with an ebullition of fury, as unexpected as alarming, „Why am I to be reminded of that blight of my happiness, and ruin of my hopes! Why am I to be taunted with the miseries which are heaped upon my head! Is it not enough to—to—to—!“

and the orator paused; but whether for want of words, or lack of breath, was never distinctly ascertained.

There was an impressive solemnity in the tone of this address, and in the air with which the romantic Cymon at its conclusion rang the bell, and demanded a flat candlestick, which effectually forbade a reply. He stalked dramatically to bed, and the Tuggs's went to bed too, half an hour afterwards, in a state of considerable mystification and perplexity.

If the pier had presented a scene of life and bustle to the Tuggs's on their first landing at Ramsgate, it was far surpassed by the appearance of the sands on the morning after their arrival. It was a fine, bright, clear day, with a light breeze from the sea. There were the same ladies and gentlemen, the same children, the same nursemaids, the same telescopes, the same portable chairs; the ladies were employed in needlework, or watch-guard making, or knitting, or reading novels: the gentlemen were reading newspapers and magazines, the children were digging holes in the sand with wooden spades, and collecting water therein: the nursemaids with their youngest charges in arms, were running back with the waves after them: and now and then a little sailing-boat either departed with a gay and talkative cargo of passengers, or returned with a very silent, and particularly uncomfortable-looking one.

„Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Tuggs, as she and Mr. Joseph Tuggs, and Miss Charlotta Tuggs, and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, with their eight feet in a corresponding number of yellow shoes, seated themselves on four rush-bottomed chairs which, being placed in a soft part of the sand, forthwith sunk down some two feet and a half.— „Well, I never!"

Mr. Cymon, by an exertion of great personal strength, uprooted the chairs, and removed them further back.

„Why, I'm bless'd if there a'nt some ladies a-going in!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph Tuggs, with intense astonishment.

„Lor pa!" exclaimed Miss Charlotta.

„There *is*! my *dear*," said Mr. Joseph Tuggs. And, sure enough, four young ladies, each furnished with a towel, tripped up the steps of a bathing machine; in went the horse, floundering about in the water: round turned the machine, down sat the driver, and presently out burst the young ladies aforesaid, with four distinct splashes.

„Well, that's sing'ler, too," ejaculated Mr. Joseph Tuggs, after an awkward pause. Mr. Cymon coughed slightly.

„Why, here's some gentlemen a-going in on this side," exclaimed Mrs. Tuggs, in a tone of horror.

Three machines — three horses — three flounderings — three turning round — three splashes — three gentlemen, disporting themselves in the water, like so many dolphins.

„Well, *that's* sing'ler," said Mr. Joseph Tuggs again. Miss Charlotta coughed this time, and another pause ensued. It was agreeably broken.

„How d'ye do, dear? We have been looking for you all the morning," said a voice to Miss Charlotta Tuggs. Mrs. Captain Waters was the owner of it.

„How *d'ye do*?" said Captain Walter Waters, all suavity: and a most cordial interchange of greeting ensued.

„Belinda, my love," said Captain Walter Waters, applying his glass to his eye, and looking in the direction of the sea.

„Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Captain Waters.

„There's Harry Thompson."

„Where?" said Belinda, applying her glass to her eye.

„Bathing."

„Lor, so it is! He don't see us, does he?"

„No, I don't think he does," replied the captain. — „Bless my soul, how very singular!"

„What?" inquired Belinda.

„There's Mary Golding, too."

„Lor! — where?" (Up went the glass again.)

„There," said the captain, pointing to one of the young ladies before noticed, who, in her bathing costume, looked as if she were enveloped in a patent Mackintosh, of scanty dimensions.

„So it is, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Captain

Waters. — „How very curious we should see them both!“

„Very,“ said the captain, with perfect coolness.

„It's the reg'lar thing here, you see,“ whispered Mr. Cymon Tuggs to his father.

„I see it is,“ whispered Mr. Joseph Tuggs in reply. „Queer though—an't it?“ Mr. Cymon Tuggs nodded assent.

„What do you think of doing with yourselves this morning?“ inquired the captain. — „Shall we lunch at Pegwell?“

„I should like that very much indeed,“ interposed Mrs. Tuggs. She had never heard of Pegwell before; but the word „lunch“ had reached her ears, and it sounded very agreeably.

„How shall we go?“ inquired the captain; „it's too warm to walk.“

„A shay?“ suggested Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

„Chaise,“ whispered Mr. Cymon.

„I should think one would be enough,“ said Joseph Tuggs aloud, quite unconscious of the meaning of the correction. „However, two shays, if you like.“

„I should like a donkey so much,“ said Belinda.

„Oh, so should I!“ echoed Charlotta Tuggs.

„Well, we can have a fly,“ suggested the captain, „and you can have a couple of donkeys.“

A fresh difficulty arose. Mrs. Captain Waters declared it would be decidedly improper for two ladies to ride alone. The remedy was obvious. Perhaps young Mr. Tuggs would be gallant enough to accompany them.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs blushed, smiled, looked vacant, and faintly protested he was no horseman. The objection was at once overruled. A fly was speedily found; and three donkeys — which the proprietor declared on his solemn asseveration to be „three parts blood, and the other corn“ — were engaged in the service.

„Kum up!“ shouted one of the two boys who followed behind to propel the donkeys, when Belinda Waters and Charlotta Tuggs had been hoisted, and pushed, and pulled into their respective saddles.

„Hi — hi — hi!“ groaned the other boy behind Mr. Cymon Tuggs. Away went the donkey, with the stirrups jingling against the heels of Cymon's boots nearly scraping the ground.

„Way — way! Wo—o—o—o—!“ cried Mr. Cymon Tuggs as well as he could, in the midst of the jolting.

„Don't make it gallop!“ screamed Mrs. Captain Waters, behind.

„My donkey will go into the public-house!“ shrieked Miss Tuggs, in the rear.

„Hi — hi — hi!“ groaned both the boys together; and on went the donkeys as if nothing would ever stop them.

Every thing has an end, however; and even the galloping of donkeys will cease in time. The animal which Mr. Cymon Tuggs bestrode, feeling sundry uncomfortable tugs at the bit, the object of which he could by no means understand, abruptly sided against a brick wall, and expressed his uneasiness by grinding Mr. Cymon Tuggs's leg on the rough surface. Mrs. Captain Waters's donkey, apparently under the influence of some playfulness of spirit, rushed suddenly, head first, into a hedge, and declined to come out again: and the quadruped on which Miss Tuggs was mounted expressed his delight at this humorous proceeding by firmly planting his fore-feet against the ground, and kicking up his hind-legs in a very agile, but somewhat alarming manner.

This abrupt termination to the rapidity of the ride naturally occasioned some confusion. Both the ladies indulged in vehement screaming for several minutes; and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, besides sustaining intense bodily pain, had the additional mental anguish of witnessing their distressing situation, without the power to rescue them, by reason of his leg being firmly screwed in, between the animal and the wall. The efforts of the boys, however, assisted by the ingenious expedient of twisting the tail of the most rebellious donkey, restored order in a much shorter time than could have reasonably been expected, and the little party jogged slowly on together.

„Now let'em walk,“ said Mr. Cymon Tuggs. „It's cruel to over-drive 'em.“

„Werry well, sir,“ replied the boy, with a grin at his companion, as if he understood Mr. Cymon to mean that the cruelty applied less to the animals than to their riders.

„What a lovely day, dear!“ said Charlotta.

„Charming, enchanting, dear!“ responded Mrs. Captain Waters. „What a beautiful prospect, Mr. Tuggs!“

Cymon looked full in Belinda's face, as he responded — „Beautiful, indeed!“ The lady cast down her eyes, and suffered the animal she was riding to fall a little back. Cymon Tuggs instinctively did the same.

There was a brief silence, broken only by a sigh from Mr. Cymon Tuggs.

„Mr. Cymon,“ said the lady suddenly, in a low tone, „Mr. Cymon — I am another's.“

Mr. Cymon expressed his perfect concurrence in a statement which it was quite impossible to controvert.

„If I had not been,“ — resumed Belinda; and there she stopped.

„What — what?“ said Mr. Cymon earnestly. „Do not torture me. What would you say?“

„If I had not been“ — continued Mrs. Captain Waters — „If in earlier life, it had been my fate to have known, and been beloved by a noble youth — a kindred soul — a congenial spirit — one capable of feeling and appreciating the sentiments which —“

„Heavens! what do I hear?“ exclaimed Mr. Cymon Tuggs. „Is it possible! can I believe my — Come up.“ (This last unsentimental parenthesis was addressed to the donkey, who with his head between his fore-legs, appeared to be examining the state of his shoes with great anxiety.)

„Hi — hi — hi,“ said the boys behind. „Come up,“ expostulated Cymon Tuggs again. „Hi — hi — hi,“ repeated the boys: and whether it was that the animal felt indignant at the tone of Mr. Tuggs's command, or alarmed by the noise of the deputy proprietor's boots running behind him, or whether he burned with a noble emulation to outstrip the other donkeys, certain it is that he no sooner heard the second series of „hi — hi's,“ than he started away with a celerity of pace which jerked Mr. Cymon's hat off instantaneously, and carried him to the Pegwell Bay hotel in no time, where he deposited his rider without giving him the trouble of dismounting, by sagaciously pitching him over his head, into the very door of the tavern.

Great was the confusion of Mr. Cymon Tuggs, when he was set right end uppermost by two waiters; considerable was the alarm of Mrs. Tuggs in behalf of her son; and agonizing were the apprehensions of Mrs. Captain Waters on his account. It was speedily discovered, however, that he had not sustained much more injury than the donkey — he was grazed, and the animal was grazing — and then it was a delightful party to be sure! Mr. and Mrs. Tuggs, and the captain, had ordered lunch in the little garden behind: — small saucers of large shrimps, dabs of butter, crusty loaves, and bottled ale. The sky was without a cloud, there were flower-pots and turf before them; and the sea at the foot of the cliff, stretching away as far as the eye could discern any thing at all, and vessels in the distance with sails as white, and as small, as nicely got-up cambric handkerchiefs. The shrimps were delightful, the ale better, and the captain even more pleasant than either. Mrs. Captain Waters was in such spirits after lunch; chasing, first the captain across the turf, and among the flower-pots, and then Mr. Cymon Tuggs, and then Miss Tuggs, laughing too, quite boisterously. But as the captain said, it didn't matter; who knew what they were, there? For all the people of the house knew, they might be common people. To which Mr. Joseph Tuggs responded, „To be sure,“ and then they went down the steep wooden steps a little farther on, which lead to the bottom of the cliff, and looked at the crabs, and the seaweed, and the eels, till it was more than fully time to go back to Ramsgate again, and finally Mr. Cymon Tuggs ascended the steps last, and Mrs. Captain Waters last but one: and Mr. Cymon Tuggs discovered that the foot and ankle of Mrs. Captain Waters, were even more unexceptionable than he had at first supposed.

Taking a donkey towards his ordinary place of residence, is a very different thing, and a feat much more easily to be accomplished, than taking him from it: it requires a great deal of foresight and presence of mind in the one case, to anticipate the numerous flights of his discursive imagination; while in the other, all you have to do is to hold on, and place a blind confidence in the animal. Mr. Cymon Tuggs adopted the latter expedient on his return; and his nerves were so little discomposed by the journey, that he distinctly understood they were all to meet again at the library in the evening.

The library was crowded. There were the same ladies and the same gentlemen that had been on the sands in the morning, and on the pier the day before. There were young ladies in maroon-coloured gowns and black velvet bracelets, dispensing fancy articles in the shop, and presiding over games of chance in the concert-room. There were marriageable daughters, and marriage-making mammas, gaming, and promenading, and turning over music, and flirting. There were some male beaux doing the sentimental in whispers, and others doing the ferocious in mustaches. There were Mrs. Tuggs in amber, Miss Tuggs in sky-blue, and Mrs. Captain Waters in pink. There was Captain Waters in a braided surtout: there was Mr. Cymon Tuggs in pumps, and a gilt waistcoat; and moreover, there was Mr. Joseph Tuggs in a blue coat, and a shirt-frill.

„Number three, eight, and eleven,“ cried one of the young ladies in maroon-coloured gowns.

„Number three, eight, and eleven,“ echoed another young lady in the same uniform.

„Number three's gone,“ said the first young lady. „Number eight and eleven.“

„Number eight and eleven,“ echoed the second young lady.

„Number eight's gone, Mary Ann,“ said the first young lady.

„Number eleven,“ screamed the second.

„The numbers are all taken now, Ladies, if you please,“ said the first; and the representatives of numbers three, eight, and eleven, and the rest of the numbers, crowded round the table.

„Will you throw, ma'am?“ said the presiding goddess, handing the dice-box to the eldest daughter of a stout lady, with four girls.

There was a profound silence among the lookers-on.

„Throw, Jane, my dear,“ said the stout lady — an interesting display of bashfulness — a little blushing in a cambric handkerchief — a whispering to a younger sister.

„Amelia, my dear, throw for your sister,“ said the stout lady; and then she turned to a walking advertisement of Rowland's Macassar, who stood next her, and said, „Jane is so very modest and retiring; but I can't be angry with her for it. An artless and unsophisticated girl is so truly amiable, that I often wish Amelia was more like her sister.“

The gentleman with the whiskers, whispered his admiring approval; and the artless young lady glanced across, to observe the effect of her most unqualified simplicity.

„Now, my dear!“ said the stout lady. Miss Amelia threw — eight for her sister, ten for herself.

„Nice figure, Amelia,“ whispered the stout lady, to a thin youth beside her.

„Beautiful!“

„And such a spirit. I am like you in that respect. I can not help admiring that life and vivacity. Ah! (a sigh) I wish I could make poor Jane a little more like my dear Amelia!“

The young gentleman cordially acquiesced in the sentiment: and both he, and the individual first addressed, were perfectly contented.

„Who's this?“ inquired Mr. Cymon Tuggs of Mrs. Captain Waters, as a short female, in a blue velvet hat and feathers, was led into the orchestra, by a fat man in black tights, and cloudy Berlins.

„Mrs. Tippin, of the London theatres,“ replied Belinda, referring to the programme of the concert.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Grave Doings.

My gentle reader — start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a RESURRECTIONIST. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your „Physician's“ dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler! — your own superstitious prejudices — that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come, let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question — and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning *how?* You would have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil, or sink a shaft! Is this fair, *fair reader?* Is this reasonable?

What I am now going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body-stealing. It was a grotesque, if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred *during* the period of my „walking the hospitals,“ as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young, and rather interesting female was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied diagnosis. *Now*, it seemed an enlargement of the heart — now, an ossification — then this, that, and the other; and, at last, it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter — no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic — or whether it *was* really the heart that was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and, at length, fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprized of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately to the hospital, that she might „die at home.“ In vain did Sir —— and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent, in exaggerated terms, the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion, but in vain; and, at last, said to the young men, „Well, if you are afraid only of our *dissecting* her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she die with you as with us.“

„Well — we'll *try* that, measter,“ replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father's house, which was at a certain village, about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir —'s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that, come what might, we would have her body out of the ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time, and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir —— our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, „Ah, my fine fellow! — if you have sense enough — dangerous,“ etc. etc. Was it not skilfully said? The Baronet further told us, he felt himself so curious about the matter, that if fifty pounds would be of use to us in furthering our purpose, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *éclat* with which the successful issue of the *affair* would be attended among our fellow students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M —— and E ——, Sir ——'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced „*grab*“ — that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist — were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening — which would be the third day after the burial — in a glass coach, provided with all „appliances and means to boot.“ During the day, however, our friend, the grab, suffered so severely from an overnight's excess, as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew, were absent on *professional tours!* Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter — a sort of „ne'er-do-weel" hanger-on at the hospital — whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and, in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered him into acquiescence, promising him half-a-guinea for his evening's work — and as much whisky as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip — that was the name he went by — had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet douceur in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip — under the effects of which he became quite „bouncible," and *vaunted* about the feat he was to take a prominent part in — and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white topcoats, we entered the vehicle — four in number — and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening — moonlight, rain, thunder, and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about, was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own, that, in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated quite as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs! — It took our fancy amazingly; and then — *Mr* ——'s cunning hint about the „danger" — and our „spirit!"

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop and caught sight of —— church, with its hoary steeple grey — glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it were standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rashly to violate — Tip's spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, *none of us* felt over much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hairbrained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister's grave? They were not likely to stand on much ceremony with us. And then the manual difficulties! E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us *spoke* our misgivings, but the silence that reigned within the coach was tolerably significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach pocket; and before we drew up, had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length, the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

„Come, Tip," said I, „out with you."

„Get out did you say, sir? To be sure I will—Och! to be sure I will." But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for, while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clangour of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to *warn* us against what we were going to do.

„'Tis a cowld night, yer honours," said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if any thing was stirring but ourselves. „'Tis a cowld night—and—and—and" —he stammered.

„Why, you cowardly old scoundrel," grumbled M——, „are you frightened already? What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane."

„Och, but yer honours—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murtherous cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor cratur from her last sleep." He said this so querulously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited us. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all on jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprized of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously. As it were by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half way down the lane. M—— whistled with infinite spirit and distinctness; E—— remarked to me that he „always thought a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;" and I talked about business—„soon be over"—„shallow grave," etc, etc.

„Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers should be there?" said M—— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

„Powerful fellows both of them!" muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders, elevated both hands in a listening attitude, and exclaimed, „Whisht!—whisht! By my soul, *what* was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little over-head.

„Fait—an' wasn't it somebody *spaking* on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

„Pho—stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper. „Come, M—— and E——, it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense; and if we mean really to *do* anything, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet you see." Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunder-storm. We therefore buttoned up our great-coats to the chin, and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get into the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed, in a second or two, by a loud burst of thunder! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cockchaffer shaken from an elm-tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttering Paternosters. We could scarcely help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning. „Now, look ye gintlemen," said he, still squatting on the ground, „do you mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye've done wid her? An' will ye put her back again as ye found her? 'Case, if you won't, blood an' ouns"——

„Hark ye now, Tip," said I, sternly, taking out one of a brace of *empty* pistols I had put into my great-coat pocket, and presenting it to his head, „we have hired you on this business, for the want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of your nonsense, by ——, I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The Tuggs's at Ramsgate.

By Boz.

(Concluded from our last.)

The talented Tippin having condescendingly acknowledged the clapping of hands, and shouts of „bravo!“ which greeted her appearance, proceeded to sing the popular cavatina of „Bid me discourse,“ accompanied on the piano by Mr. Tippin; after which Mr. Tippin sang a comic song, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Tippin, the applause consequent upon which was only to be exceeded by the enthusiastic approbation bestowed upon an air with variations on the guitar, by Miss Tippin, accompanied on the chin by Mr. Tippin.

Thus passed the evening: and thus passed the days and evenings of the Tuggs's, and the Waters's, for six weeks afterwards. Sands in the morning — donkeys at noon: pier in the afternoon — library at night; and the same people every where.

On that very night six weeks, the moon was shining brightly over the calm sea, which dashed against the feet of the tall gaunt cliffs with just enough noise to lull the old fish to sleep, without disturbing the young ones, when two figures were discernible — or would have been, if any body had looked for them — seated on one of the wooden benches which are stationed near the verge of the western cliff. The moon had climbed higher into the heavens, by two hours' journeying, since those figures first sat down, and yet they had moved not. The crowd of loungers had thinned and dispersed, the noise of itinerant musicians had died away; light after light had appeared in the windows of the different houses in the distance, blockade-man after blockade-man had passed the spot, wending his way towards his solitary post, and yet those figures had remained stationary. Some portions of the two forms were in deep shadow, but the light of the moon fell strongly on a puce-coloured boot and a glazed stock. Mr. Cymon Tuggs, and Mrs. Cap'tain Waters, were seated on that bench. They spoke not, but were silently gazing on the sea.

„Walter will return to-morrow,“ said Mrs. Captain Waters, mournfully breaking silence.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs sighed like a gust of wind through a forest of gooseberry-bushes, as he replied — „Alas! he will.“

„Oh, Cymon!“ resumed Belinda, „the chaste delight, the calm happiness, of this one week of Platonic love, is too much for me.“

Cymon was about to suggest that it was too little for him, but he stopped himself, and murmured unintelligibly.

„And to think that even this glimpse of happiness, innocent as it is,“ exclaimed Belinda, „is now to be lost for ever!“

„Oh, do not say for ever! Belinda,“ exclaimed the excitable Cymon, as two strongly-defined tears chased each other down his pale face — it was so long that there was plenty of room for a chase — „Do not say for ever!“

„I must,“ replied Belinda.

„Why?“ urged Cymon,“ oh why? Such Platonic acquaintance as ours is so harmless, that even your husband can never object to it.“

„My husband!“ exclaimed Belinda. „You little know him. Jealous and revengeful; ferocious in his revenge — a maniac in his jealousy! Would you be assassinated before my eyes?“ Mr. Cymon Tuggs, in a voice broken by emotion, expressed his disinclination to undergo the process of assassination before the eyes of any body.

„Then leave me,“ said Mrs. Captain Waters. „Leave me, this night, for ever. It is late; let us return.“

Mr. Cymon Tuggs sadly offered the lady his arm, and escorted her to her lodgings. He paused at the door — he felt a Platonic pressure of his hand. „Good night,“ he said, hesitating.

„Good night,“ sobbed the lady. Mr. Cymon Tuggs paused again.

„Won't you walk in, sir?“ said the servant. Mr. Tuggs hesitated. Oh, that hesitation! He did walk in.

„Good night,“ said Mr. Cymon Tuggs again, when he reached the drawing-room.

„Good night!“ replied Belinda; „and if, at any period of my life, I — Hush!“ The lady paused, and stared, with a steady gaze of horror, on the ashy countenance of Mr. Cymon Tuggs. There was a double knock at the street-door.

„It is my husband!“ said Belinda, as the captain's voice was heard below.

„And my family!“ added Cymon Tuggs, as the voices of his relatives floated up the staircase.

„The curtain! the curtain!“ gasped Mrs. Captain Waters, pointing to the window, before which some chintz hangings were closely drawn.

„But I have done nothing wrong,“ said the hesitating Cymon.

„The curtain!“ reiterated the lady, frantically; „you will be murdered.“ This last appeal to his feelings was irresistible. The dismayed Cymon concealed himself behind the curtain, with pantomimic suddenness.

Enter the captain, Joseph Tuggs, Mrs. Tuggs, and Charlotta.

„My dear,“ said the captain, „Lieutenant Slaughter.“ Two iron-shod boots and one gruff voice were heard by Mr. Cymon to advance, and acknowledge the honour of the introduction. The sabre of the lieutenant rattled heavily upon the floor, as he seated himself at the table. Mr. Cymon's fears almost overcame his reason.

„The brandy, my dear,“ said the captain. Here was a situation! They were going to make a night of it: and Mr. Cymon Tuggs was pent up behind the curtain, and afraid to breathe.

„Slaughter,“ said the captain, „a cigar?“

Now Mr. Cymon Tuggs never could smoke without feeling it indispensably necessary to retire immediately, and never could smell smoke without a strong disposition to cough. The cigars were introduced; the captain was a professed smoker, so was the lieutenant, so was Joseph Tuggs. The apartment was small, the door was closed, the smoke powerful: it hung in heavy wreaths over the room, and at length found its way behind the curtain. Cymon Tuggs held his nose, then his mouth, then his breath. It was all of no use — out came the cough.

„Bless my soul!“ said the captain, „I beg your pardon, Miss Tuggs. You dislike smoking.“

„Oh no; I don't indeed, said Charlotta.

„It makes you cough.“

„Oh dear, no.“

„You coughed just now.“

„Me, Captain Waters! Lor! how can you say so?“

„Somebody coughed,“ said the captain.

„I certainly thought so,“ said Slaughter. No; every body denied it.

„Fancy,“ said the captain.

„Must be,“ echoed Slaughter.

Cigars resumed, more smoke, another cough — smothered, but violent.

„Damned odd!“ said the captain, staring about him.

„Sing'lar!“ ejaculated the unconscious Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

Lieutenant Slaughter looked first at one person mysteriously, then at another; then laid down his cigar; then approached the window on tiptoe, and pointed, with his right thumb over his shoulder, in the direction of the curtain.

„Slaughter!“ ejaculated the captain, rising from table, „what do you mean?“

The lieutenant in reply, drew back the curtain, and discovered Mr. Cymon Tuggs behind it; pallid with apprehension, and blue with wanting to cough.

„Ah!“ exclaimed the captain furiously, „What do I see? Slaughter, your sabre!“

„Cymon!“ screamed the Tuggs's.

„Mercy,“ said Belinda.

„Platonic,“ gasped Cymon.

„Your sabre!“ roared the captain, „Slaughter — unhand me — the villain's life!“

„Murder!“ screamed the Tuggs's.

„Hold him fast, sir!“ faintly articulated Cymon.

„Water!“ exclaimed Joseph Tuggs — and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, and all the ladies forthwith fainted away, and formed a tableau.

Most willingly would we conceal the disastrous termination of the six week's acquaintance. A troublesome form, and an arbitrary custom, however, prescribe that a story should have a conclusion, in addition to a commencement; and we have therefore no alternative. Lieutenant Slaughter brought a message — the captain brought an action. Mr. Joseph Tuggs interposed — the lieutenant negotiated. When Mr. Cymon Tuggs recovered from the nervous disorder into which misplaced affection, and exciting circumstances had plunged him, he found that his family had lost their pleasant acquaintance; that his father was minus fifteen hundred pounds; and the captain plus the precise sum. The money was paid to hush the matter up, but it got abroad notwithstanding; and there are not wanting those who affirm that three designing impostors never found more easy dupes, than did Captain Waters, Mrs. Waters, and Lieutenant Slaughter, in the Tuggs's at Ramsgate.

Grave Doings.

(Concluded from our last.)

„Och, aisy, aisy wid ye! don't murther me! Bad luck to me, that I ever cam wid ye! Och, and if ivir I live to die, won't I see and bury my ould body out o' the racks of all the docthers in the world? If I don't, divil burn me!“ We all laughed aloud at Tip's truly Hibernian expostulation.

„Come, sir, mount! over with you!“ said we, helping to push him upwards. „Now, drop this bag on the other side,“ we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements. We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the churchyard. It poured with rain; and, to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tombstones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension— „the compunctious visitings of remorse“ — which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which, I had no doubt, were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group, for an instant, under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our great coats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c.; and, taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally grumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy doings—at least, I felt it so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarcely see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got into the ground; taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. On—on—on we worked, till we had hollowed out about three feet of earth. Tip then hastily joined together a long iron screw, or borer, which he thrust into the ground, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth at which the coffin yet lay from us. To our vexation, we found a distance of three feet remained to be got through. "Sure, and by the soul of St. Patrick, but we'll not be done by the morning!" said Tip, as he threw down the instrument, and resumed his spade. We were all discouraged. Oh, how earnestly I wished myself at home, in my snug little bed in the Borough! How I cursed the Quixotism that had led me into such an undertaking! I had no time, however, for reflection, as it was my turn to relieve one of the diggers; so into the grave I jumped, and worked away as lustily as before. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, so startled me, that I protest I thought I should have dropped down dead in the grave I was robbing. I and my fellow digger let fall our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two, in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an Ass, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us; and, while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw! Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh. The brute was actually close upon us, and had *given tongue* from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind, as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprung the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury, and fear lest the noise should lead to our discovery, I could have killed the brute if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered, in an affrighted whisper—"Och, the baste: Och, the baste! The big black divel of a baste! The murtherous thundering"—— and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whisky as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy, that we soon cleared away the remainder of the superincumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grapplers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fear. After a pause of two or three minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the grave side. Before proceeding to use our screws, or wrenchers, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked; but neither seeing nor hearing any thing, we set to work, prised off the lid in a twinkling and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrouded female

— all white and damp. I removed the face-cloth, and unpinned the cap, while M—— loosed the sleeves from the wrists. Thus were we engaged, when E——, who had hold of the feet, ready to lift them out, suddenly let them go—gasped—" Oh, my God! there they are;" and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter whither his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily towards us. „Well, we're discovered, that's clear,“ I whispered as calmly as I could. „We shall be murdered!“ groaned E——. „Lend me one of the pistols you have with you,“ said M——, resolutely; „By ——, I'll have a shot for my life, however!“ As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seen the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of black horror! I could have laughed even then, to see his staring black eyes—his little cocked-ruby-tinted nose—his chattering teeth. „Hush—hush!“ said I, cocking my pistol, while M—— did the same; for none but myself knew that they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon withdrew the small scantling of light she had been doling out to us, and sunk beneath a vast cloud, „black as Erebus,“ but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. „Surrounded!“ two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, in a subdued tone, „Where are they? where? *Here* I saw them! Oh, there they are! Hollo—hallo!“

That was enough—the signal of our flight. Without an instant's pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprung, like small-shot from a gun's mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarcely knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves—now coming full-butt against a plaguy tombstone, then tumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe, I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my ensconcing myself, the sound of the person's footsteps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of, „Ugh—oh—ugh!“ and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch-dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight, that then I might step into the arms of my captors? What was become of my companions?—While turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two's distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-smothered human voice—" Ugh! ugh! Och, murther! murther! murther!"—another splash— „and isn't it dead, and drowned, and kilt I am"——

Whew! Tip, in trouble, thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor Tip, I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—souse—head over heels, into a newly opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sound which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:—

„Och, Tip, ye ould divel! Don't it serve ye right, ye fool? Ye villanous ould coffin robber! Won't ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner? Ullaloo! When ye are did yourself, may ye be trated like that poor crater — and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kilt I'll be!" — A loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he were readjusting his footing — „Och! an' I'm catching my dith of cowld! Fait, an' it's a divel a drop o' the two bottles o' whisky I'll iver see — Och, och, och!" — another splash — „och, an' isn't this uncomfortable! Murther and ouns! — if ever I come out of this — shan't I be dead before I do?"

„Tip — Tip — Tip!" I whispered, in a low tone. There was a dead silence. „Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?" — No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself — " Where am I! by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murthered I am — that's all!"

„Tip — Tip — Tip!— I repeated, a little louder.

„Tip, indeed! Fait, ye may call, bad luck to ye — whoever ye are — but it's divel a word I'll be after spaking to ye."

„Tip, you simpleton! It's I — Mr ——."

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, „Whoo! whoo! an' is't you, sweet Mr——! What is the matther wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son of you?" he asked eagerly, in a breath.

„Why, what are you doing, Tip? Where are you?"

— Fait, an' it's being *washed* I am, in the feet, and in the queerest fix your honour ever saw!" A noise of scuffling, not many yards off, silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E——, calling out— „Help, M——!" (my name) — „Where are you?" The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, when both of us hurried towards the spot whence the sound came. By the faint moonlight, I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them, both fell down, locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E——'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had so discomfited and affrighted us all — our COACHMAN. That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps — his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name it seems when we must all have understood one another — when, lo, we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E——. Finding all quiet, he and E——, as if by mutual consent, were groping from their hiding places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another each too affrighted to speak — and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement, we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, etc. in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid — fearful — impious mockery! — and consigned it once more to its resting place — Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently — „An' may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to ye!“ The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M——, and E——, and Tip to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence were throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right! On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay several yards farther in the lane, tilted into the ditch — for the horses, being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch — and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—his whole body off the ground, and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however — deposited our unholy spoil within, turned the horses' heads towards the high road, and then, after enjoining John to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that „shovelling *in*, was surprisingly easier than shovelling *out!*“ We took great pains to leave every thing as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it, as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried away each our own tools, and hurried as fast as possible to our coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that, after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.

It was broad daylight before we reached town and a wretched coach company we looked — all wearied and dirty — Tip especially, who, nevertheless, snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved, with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be „the divel's own dear self only that shoud timpt me out agin *body-snatching!*“

Human Life.

And say, how soon, where blithe as innocent,
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green:
The man himself how alter'd! — not the same —
Now journeying home with nothing but the name;
Way-worn and spent, another, and the same!
No eye observes the growth or the decay,
To day we look as we *did* yesterday;
Yet while she loveliest smiles, her locks grow grey!
And in her glass could she but see her face
She'll see so soon amid another race;
How would she shriek! — Returning from afar,
After some year's of travel — some of war,
Within his gates Ulysses stood unknown,
Before a wife, a father, and a son.

And such is Human Life, the general theme.
Ah what at best, what but a longer dream?
Though with such wild romantic wandering fraught,
Such forms in fancy's richest colouring wrought
That like the visions of a love-sick brain,
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again?
Our pathway leads but to a precipice,
And all must follow — fearful as it is,
From the first step; 'tis known: but — no delay!
On — 'tis decreed — we tremble and obey.
A thousand ills beset us as we go,
„Still could I shun the fatal gulph“ — ah! no,
'Tis all in vain — the inexorable law!
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up, and fruits and flowers invite;
And groves and fountains — all things that delight.
„Oh I would stop and linger if I might.“
We fly; no resting for the foot we find;
All dark before, all desolate behind!
At length the brink appears — but one step more
We faint — on, on! we falter — and 'tis o'er!
How great the mystery! Let others sing
The circling year, the promise of the spring,
The summer's glory and the rich repose
Of autumn, and the winter's silvery snows.

Man through the changing scene let me pursue,
Himself how wond'rous in his changes too!
Not Man the sullen savage in his den,
But man called forth in fellowship with men
Schooled and trained up to wisdom from his birth;
God's noblest work — His image upon earth!
And now behold him the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope, like evening stars, attending;
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest:
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,
Those by the world shunned ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!
They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,
Sees and exults — were ever dreams like these?
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
And Earth appears, and Heaven itself appears.
'Tis past, That hand we grasped, alas, in vain!
Nor shall we look upon his face again!
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting; and through many a year,
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to night;
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close!
Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all, that we endure
He slept in peace — say, rather soared to Heaven,
Upborne from earth by Him, to whom 'tis given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of eternity.
When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright:
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Say, pointing upwards, that he is not here,
That he is risen!
But the day is spent;
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent — though like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of life and circumstance,
Where some the paths of wealth and power pursue,
Of pleasure some, of happiness a few;
And as the sun goes round — a sun not ours,
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire
A distance dwell on all that passes there
All that their world reveals of good and fair;
And as they wander, picturing things, like me,
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
Trace out their journey through their little day,
And fondly dream a little hour away. —

Rogers.

The River.

Thou art the Poet of the Woods, fair River,
A lover of the beautiful! — and still
Wand'rest by wildest scenes, while night-stars quiver,
The only voice that haunts the desert hill; —
Thou art the Poet of the Woods, whose lay
Charms the dim forest on thy sylvan way.

Thou art the artist of the vale, bright River,
That paint'st the glowing hues of earth and sky
On thine own pure and placid breast for ever;
Two worlds of beauty on thy waters lie!
Thou'rt Nature's boldest Painter — broad and free —
And human genius ne'er surpasseth thee!

Thou art the Minstrel of the Fields, sweet River,
Whose music lingers like an angel's tongue —
A voice that sings the glory of the Giver!
Creation's first, sublimest, birth of song!
Still let my soul thy liquid music hear,
Oh, sweet Musician — voice for ever dear!

Swain.

Bielefeld, Druck und Verlag von Velhagen & Klaſing.

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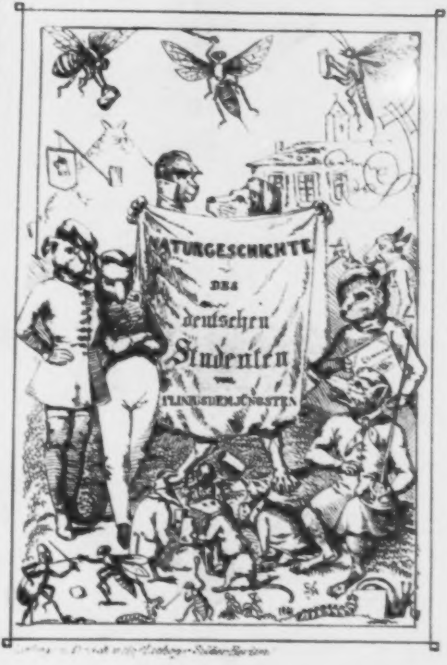
NATURGESCHICHTE
DES
deutschen
Studenten
PLINIUS DEM JÜNGSTEN

[illegible]

Naturgeſchichte

des

Deutſchen Studenten.

Von

Plinius dem Jüngſten.

Osc. Ludw. Bern. Wolff.

Mit Federzeichnungen

von

Johann Gottfried Apelles.

Motto. Laßt mir die jungen Leute nur,
Und ergötzt Euch an ihren Gaben!
Es will doch Großmama Natur
Manchmal einen närriſchen Einfall haben.
Goethe.

Leipzig,
Verlag von J. J. Weber.
1842.

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Allen,

die in deutſchen Landen

auf Univerſitäten

ſtudirt haben, ſtudiren und ſtudiren werden,

freundlichſt gewidmet

vom Verfaſſer.

Zur Verſtändigung.

Der Verfaſſer hält es für ſeine Pflicht, auf das Ausdrücklichſte zu erklären, daß ihm bei der Abfaſſung dieſes Büchleins weder Perſonen noch Localitäten vorſchwebten und daß er ſich von allen „Anſpielungen“ mit großer Strenge fern gehalten. Er proteſtirt daher entſchieden gegen jede derartige Auslegung und erklärt denjenigen, der ſich eine ſolche erlaubt, und ihm beſtimmte Abſichten unterſchiebt, für heimtückiſch oder bornirt.

Der talentvolle Zeichner der Illuſtrationen wandelte nach des geiſtreichen Grandville's Vorbilde Menſchen in Thiere um, jedoch nur nach dem Sinne, den die Studenten dieſen Thierbezeichnungen beilegen; der Fuchs bedeutet daher Nichts als den Neuling, der Ochſe den unermüdlich arbeitenden, der Hahn den ſich auszeichnenden Studioſus u. ſ. w. — Jede andere im gewöhnlichen Leben vielleicht geltende Deutung weiſt der Künſtler demgemäß eben ſo entſchieden zurück. —

Der Verfaſſer.

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Naturgeſchichte
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# deutſchen Studenten.

Einleitung.

Die Naturphiloſophen meinen, die Idee Gottes müſſe ſich in der Schöpfung erfüllen; bis dahin ſchreite dieſe fort, dann aber ſei es mit derſelben vorbei. S. erklären ſie das Entſtehen, ſelbſt die equivoken Generationen, bis zum Verſchwinden und gänzlichen Aufhören derſelben, entweder in ſich ſelbſt oder durch äußere Urſachen. Ganz Unrecht mögen ſie nicht haben; ein Philoſoph hat eigentlich immer Recht, ſeine Kollegen dulden nur nicht, daß die Menſchen es glauben, weil die Philoſophie allein bloß wiſſen darf was ſie nicht wiſſen kann. Aber die Weltgeſchichte lehrt es. Wie das Megatherium ausgeſehen, davon wiſſen wir wenig, und doch iſt's dageweſen, hat ſich gebären laſſen, ſich begattet und iſt geſtorben, bis endlich das letzte Männchen kein Weibchen mehr fand oder umgekehrt und die Gattung von der Erde verſchwand. Den grünen durchſichtigen Chalcedon, den die Alten ſo gern als Schmuck benutzten und gewöhnlich Victorien oder Niken hinein ſchnitten, wiſſen wir nicht mehr zu finden und ſchneiden daher unſere Siegesgöttinnen nicht hinein, ſondern überhaupt nur mit unſeren Göttern auf. England hat keine Wölfe mehr; in Amerika ſchrumpfen die Urſtämme zuſammen, und Leipzig hätte beinahe bald ſeinen letzten Magiſter begraben, wenn nicht glücklicher Weiſe in neueſter Zeit für die Erhaltung auch dieſes Urſtammes der alten Univerſität an der Pleiße wäre Sorge getragen worden. Durch ſolche künſtliche Begattung kommen nun freilich bloß ſchwächliche Kinder auf die Welt, die ſich ſelbſt verzehren und kaum confirmirt am Marasmus dahin ſterben. Jeder Alchymiſt weiß, daß ſich allerdings ein Homunculus erzeugen oder richtiger zuſammenſetzen läßt; bleibt er aber nicht in dem Glaſe, in dem er gemiſcht wurde, ſo iſt's über Nacht aus mit ihm. Vielleicht iſt die Univerſität Leipzig ein ſolches Glas, in dem die Homunculi, das heißt, die Magiſter doch gedeihen, trotz dem Zeitgeiſt, der im Doctor der Philoſophie nur einen Henkel ſehen will, bei welchem man irgend einen Krug, Menſch genannt, in der Geſellſchaft anfaſſen kann und im Magiſter gar nur eine Abart, einen Pedanten, der viel Lateiniſch und etwas weniger Griechiſch gelernt hat, von dem er nie recht ſatt wird, und mit aller Gelehrſamkeit doch ſein Leben nur dadurch kümmerlich zu friſten vermag, daß er fremden Kindern das

A B C lehrt oder für die Buchhändler in fremden Büchern Druckfehler corrigirt.

Es iſt möglich, daß dieſe wenigen Zeilen irgend einen gelehrten Thebaner veranlaſſen, eine Abhandlung zu ſchreiben, in welcher er beweiſt, daß Nichts ende, alſo Nichts ausſterbe, ſondern Alles nur ſich verwandle, es daher kein neues Leben, ſondern nur neue Formen des einen und untheilbaren aber tauſendfach geſtaltet erſcheinenden Lebens gebe als Ausdruck der ſich ſelbſt reproducirenden Gottheit; daß alſo noch Megatherien auf der, Plasmen in der Erde, eben ſo gut zu finden ſeien, wie Wölfe in England, nur in anderer Geſtalt, und daher jener Polizeidiener, dem ſein Chef auftrug, eine Frau Meier vor dem Oſterthor ausfindig zu machen und welcher wiederkam und berichtete, er habe ſie gefunden, ſie heiße aber nicht Meier, ſondern Müller, wohne nicht vor dem Oſter-, ſondern vor dem Weſterthor, ſei auch keine Wittwe, ſondern ein Kanonier — nicht allein vollkommen Recht gehabt, ſondern ein tiefdenkender Philoſoph geweſen ſei. Dieſem trefflichen, gründlich forſchenden Manne wünſche ich im Voraus Heil und Segen; ich bin feſt überzeugt, er wird durch ſeine ſcharfſinnige Entwickelung Deutſchland frei machen von dem geiſtigen Drucke, der bisher ſo eiſern auf ihm laſtete und alle Geiſteskräfte unſeres armen Vaterlandes lähmte, und Deutſchland iſt eines der ſchönſten Länder, welche bis

Sonne begrüßt in ihrem ewigen Laufe — (man leſe nur die erſte Seite von ſeiner Geſchichte bei Luden, um ſich davon zu überzeugen) und wohl werth frei zu ſein — Deutſchland nämlich, — Luden und der Leſer können hier weiter nicht in Betracht kommen. — Zur Freiheit kann es aber nur durch Philoſophie gelangen, denn die Philoſophie iſt eben die Form, in welcher die deutſche Freiheit zur lebendigen Erſcheinung gelangt. — Ohne meinen Irrthum wird aber mein gelehrter thebaniſcher Freund — ich ſehe ſchon, wie er ſeine Achſeln mitleidig zuckt, indem er auf mich herabblickt, wie er die Naſe rümpft, wie er lächelt über mich, lauter Zeichen innigen Wohlwollens, die mich berechtigen, ihn für meinen wahren Freund zu halten — alſo ohne meinen Irrthum wird er nicht die Veranlaſſung finden, ſeine völkerbefreiende Abhandlung zu ſchreiben, ſein feſſelnſprengendes Syſtem zu entwickeln. — Ich bin der Apfel, der dieſem künftigen Newton auf die Naſe fällt, um das neue Geſetz der Bewegung zu finden. — Ich Glücklicher! — Kann ich nun Beſſeres thun, als irren?

Ich fahre alſo fort zu irren, zum Wohle Deutſchlands. Hier bin ich recht in meinem Element. Seit geraumer Zeit nämlich iſt die Furcht in mir rege geworden — nein, keine Furcht — ſo darf ich es nicht nennen, — die Anſchauung iſt in das Bewußtſein getreten und hat ſich zur klaren Vorſtellung entwickelt, daß die alten deutſchen Studenten, jene Gattung, aus der Wallenſtein und Günther, Fauſt — ich meine den Nekromanten — und der Göttinger Hainbund und noch gar viele merkwürdige Menſchen, von denen übrigens die Geſchichte ſchweigt, hervorgingen, immer mehr und mehr von der Erde verſchwinde. O akademiſche Jugend! Auch Patroklus mußte ſterben und war mehr als Du! — Das war er nun eigentlich nicht; er war nur des Achilles Freund und Du biſt der Achilles ſelbſt. Die ganze Geſchichte des Achilles iſt eigentlich nichts Anderes als eine Allegorie, in welcher ſich die Geſchichte eines deutſchen Studioſi birgt. Peleus, der Pedantismus, erzeugt ihn mit Thetis, der ſchönen, freien, geiſtigen Kraft. Sie taucht ihn in den Styx, die unergründliche Fluth der Luſt am Forſchen und Wiſſen. — Skyros iſt das Gymnaſium, er lebt dort ſehr unſchuldig und lernt τυπτω und mensa; da kommt das alte Haus, der Vandalen oder Teutonenſenior Odyſſeus, verkleidet wie ein Kandidat, der noch nachhelfen ſoll; dieſer läßt ihn das Schwert, den Schläger, ſehen; die Luſt zum Renommiren erwacht. Achill zieht vor Troja, das heißt auf die Univerſität; unermüdlich iſt er im Kampfe. Endlich, da er der Deidamia, d. h. dem Amt oder der Praxis ſich vermählen will und mit ihr zum Altare, nämlich in das Examen geht, trifft ihn der Pfeil an der einzigen verwundbaren Stelle, an der Hauptlücke heißt das im Wiſſen ſeines Brodſtudiums und er ſtirbt in voller Blüthe, — er fällt nämlich durch — aber nicht unberühmt zieht er zum Hades hinab, denn noch lange werden die Hellenen — id est die Saxonia, Vandalia, Germania, Arminia, Rhenania etcetera, ſein Lob verkünden und die Sage ſeiner ruhmvollen Thaten fortleben von Geſchlecht zu Geſchlecht, bis der letzte Pedell den letzten Studioſus vor den letzten Rector citirt wegen ſchlechten Beſuchs der Brodwiſſenſchafts-Vorleſungen.

So war es, aber ſo wird es bald nicht mehr ſein; ein Student, der im Examen durchfällt, wird binnen Kurzem zu den Naturwundern, zu den Meerweibern, zu den ſchwarzen Schwänen zu rechnen ſein. Arme Univerſitäten! — Wo hört man noch von einem guten, tollen, herzlich dummen aber ſehr luſtigen Spaße erzählen, der ſich ohne Wehen Euerem Schooße entwand? — Der Ernſt des Lebens hat ſeinen bleiernen Scepter auch über die akademiſche Jugend geſtreckt. — Wie unſere Jungfrauen bei jetzigen ſchlechten Zeiten — ſchöne Redensart — nicht mehr lieben oder vielmehr gar nicht lieben, ſondern allein heirathen, das heißt möglichſt bald anſtändig verſorgt — noch ſchönere Redensart — ſein wollen, ſo zieht auch kein Student mehr zur Univerſität, um zu ſtudiren, ſondern um möglichſt bald Phyſikus, Actuarius, Paſtor oder Profeſſor zu werden, das heißt, mit Schiller zu reden, nicht Prieſter, ſondern

Kuhhirt oder noch beſſer mit Ariſtophanes Bockmelker — denn weiter iſt die pure Brodwiſſenſchaft nichts, als Bockmelkerei. Dabei muß die Univerſität aufhören ihrem Namen treu zu bleiben und eine Universitas literarum zu ſein, eine freie Stätte allgemeiner Forſchung, univerſellen Geiſtes, reiner Wiſſenſchaft. — Freilich ſehen das die Bockmelker gern und gewiſſe Bockmelker ſogar außerordentlich gern — —

Still, es wird an meine Thür geklopft. — Herein! — Ach — der würdige Chef des Collegiums, in dem ich Unwürdiger als Supernumerarſubſtitutenaſſiſtent arbeite, ein vortrefflicher Mann; kurz und dick, etwas leberfarbenen Teints, mit Perrücke und Schnurrbart; den Schnurrbart — wer trägt jetzt nicht einen Schnurrbart — hat er ſich angeblich wachſen laſſen, um den unbärtigen oder milchbärtigen Auditoren Reſpect einzuflößen, eigentlich aber um eines durchaus praktiſchen Zweckes willen: er wiſcht nämlich die Federn darin aus. Dadurch bleibt ihm die ſaure Feuchtigkeit ſtets in den Mundwinkeln ſitzen, verzieht ſie ihm homöopathiſch zu einem ewigen ſüßlichen Lächeln und giebt ihm die ſichere Beruhigung, daß er ſich nie den Mund verbrennen könne, wobei er obendrein ſymboliſch der ganzen Welt andeutet, daß er Haare auf den Zähnen habe. Trotz Allem iſt er aber doch ein ganz ſcharmanter Mann, ein Mann in ſeinen beſten Jahren, ſein Alter nämlich eben ſo zweifelhaft wie die Farbe ſeines Rockes und ſeine eigentliche Geſinnung. Er fürchtet mich zu ſtören und fragt mich artig, was mich denn ſo eifrig beſchäftige. — Wohlgemuth reiche ich ihm das beſchriebene Blatt. Er lieſt, macht ein officielles Geſicht, fühlt ob ſein Schnurrbart noch feucht ſei und es lagert ſich nun über ſein ganzes Antlitz — wie eine große Narbe, die ſchreiende rothe Zeugin heißen Kampfes — eine Falte, gleich dem Striche, den er unwillkürlich krampfhaft über meine armen ſämmtlichen Zeilen mit ſpitzer aber ergiebiger Feder zieht. Erſchreckt ſehe ich ihn an — er lächelt wieder — er hat ſich ſelbſt genug gethan und gelebt für ſeine Zeit. Nun entſpinnt ſich folgendes Geſpräch zwiſchen uns:

Er. Beſter! Sie wollen über Univerſitäten ſchreiben? Das iſt ſehr bedenklich, faſt, ſo zu ſagen, gefährlich. —

Ich. Ueber Univerſitäten? — Gott bewahre mich! — Eine Naturgeſchichte der deutſchen Studenten hat ja nichts mit Univerſitäten zu thun, nur mit der Univerſität.

Er. Sie entgehen mir nicht, Theuerſter! Unmaaßgeblich möchte ich Ihnen rathen, überhaupt gar nicht zu ſchreiben, oder, wenn Sie, vielleicht von inneren Krämpfen geplagt, das Schreiben nicht laſſen können, doch wenigſtens nichts dem Drucke zu übergeben. Sie

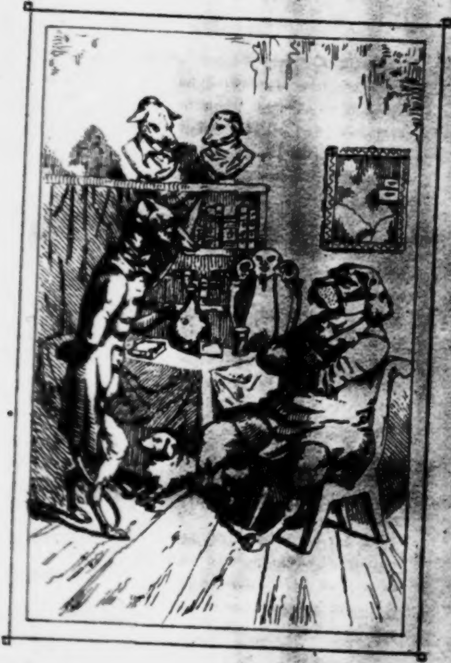

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erſparen ſich dadurch manche Unannehmlichkeit. Schreiben Sie alſo unzielſetzlich nicht.

Ich. Das iſt eben mein Unglück, daß ich juſt unzielſetzlich ſchreiben muß.

Er. Ich ſollte meinen, wenn Sie über Univerſitäten ſchreiben, ſchreiben Sie gerade ſehr zielſetzlich.

Ich. Das heißt, Sie meinen, wenn ich über Univerſitäten ſchriebe, ſo wäre ich, mit Fichte zu reden, das Ich, das ſich ſelbſt ſetzt, als Ziel nämlich, welches alle Regierungen im Auge haben, und nach dem jeder Univerſitätsprofeſſor, der ängſtlich über der Zahl ſeiner Zuhörer brütet und daher alle Oeffentlichkeit fürchtet wie die Peſt, ſeine ſtumpfen Pfeile heimlich, oder öffentlich in den akademiſchen Literaturzeitungen, was jetzt daſſelbe iſt, nämlich heimlich, abſchießt. — Ich werde aber ſo klug ſein, mich nicht zu nennen.

Er. Man wird Sie aber errathen. Sie können ſich gar nicht verbergen. Ihr Styl iſt zu kenntlich. So wie mir ein Concept von Ihnen gebracht wird, erkenne ich Sie gleich.

Ich. So werde ich mir einen anderen Namen geben, z. B. Heinrich Heine.

Er. Was iſt das für ein unglücklicher Einfall? Sie wiſſen, das Anathema über die Autorenpentarchie iſt noch nicht aufgehoben, trotz dem daß ſich mehr als ein Mund zum krankhaften Greinen darüber verzogen und nun durch die loyale Fiſtel ſingt.

Ich. Gut, ſo will ich mich Friedrich Zollverein nennen.

Er. Ein ſolcher Name wird eben ſo wenig geduldet werden können, die Ironie deſſelben gleicht einer Congreviſchen Rakete; äußerlich nur eine Papp-Hülſe, aber wenn ſie platzt, ſtrömt griechiſches unauslöſchliches Feuer heraus. — Nur gewiſſe Leute erlauben ſich dergleichen.

Ich. Gewiſſe Leute — wen meinen Ew. Hochwohlgeboren damit?

Er (nach kurzer Pauſe einen zerſchmetternden Blick auf mich werfend). Leute wie Sie, unnütze, unberufene Schriftſteller, die die väterlichen Abſichten der Regierungen abſichtlich verkennen, die nachſichtige Behandlung, die ihnen zu Theil wird, rückſichtslos misbrauchen. Leute, die — — —

Ich. Theuerſter Gönner, ereifern Sie ſich nicht. Wie iſt es möglich, daß Sie mich ſo verkennen? Es iſt ja Niemand ſo dankbar bereit, guten offiziellen Rath oder offiziell guten Rath anzunehmen, wie ich. Wirklich, Sie thun mir ſchweres Unrecht. Sagen Sie nur, was ſoll, was kann ich thun?

Er. Nun denn. Sie wollen über Studenten ſchreiben; Sie können nicht über Studenten ſchreiben ohne über Univerſitäten zu ſchreiben. Das iſt doppelt polizeiwidrig. Einmal weil die Univerſitäten leider der Heerd der Demagogie waren, dann weil in letzterer Zeit die loyalen Univerſitäten mit ihren Corporationseigenſchaften und kleinen Altersſchwächen ſchon auf die rückſichtsloſeſte Weiſe in einem Oppoſitionsjournal, zum Aerger und Verdruſſe aller Wohlgeſinnten, beſprochen worden ſind. Hat man nicht dort auf die kränkendſte Weiſe Halle den Pietismus, Leipzig den Pedantismus, Jena den Nepotismus, Kiel den Marasmus, Tübingen das Schwabenthum, Göttingen den philoſophiſchen Nihilismus und ſo weiter ohne Weiteres vorgeworfen und den heimlichen Krebsſchaden jeder dieſer armen Hochſchulen dem Spott des ungelehrten Pöbels preisgegeben? Hat man nicht die armen Profeſſoren, von denen man ſagte, daß ſie deshalb öffentliche heißen, weil ihnen alle Oeffentlichkeit ein Gräuel, ordentliche, weil ſie nichts Außerordentliches und außerordentliche, weil ſie nichts Ordentliches leiſten, an den Pranger geſtellt vor dem geſammten Deutſchland, namentlich vor der ſtudirenden Jugend und ſo das letzte Bischen Pietät ruchlos zerſtört, das ſich bisher noch, ich möchte faſt ſagen traditionell bei dieſer erhalten hatte?

Ich. Das iſt allerdings wahr; aber was geht das mich an? Damit habe ich nichts zu thun.

Er. Nicht? Sie irren. — Wenn Sie eine Naturgeſchichte des Löwen ſchreiben wollen, ſo müſſen Sie ſeine Höhle ſchildern, des Adlers, ſo müſſen Sie ſeinen Horſt beſchreiben, der Nachtigall, ſo müſſen Sie ihr Neſt darſtellen. Höhle, Horſt, Neſt aber der deutſchen Studenten ſind die Univerſitäten.

Ich. Die Univerſitäten nicht, nur die Univerſität. —

Er. Nein, die Univerſitäten. Wie die verſchiedenen Schwalben verſchieden den Winter im Schlaf der Erſtarrung zubringen, ſo leben auch die Studenten verſchieden auf den verſchiedenen deutſchen Univerſitäten.

Ich. Ein geiſtreicher Gedanke! — Demgemäß könnte man alſo ſagen: der deutſche Student horſtet in Heidelberg, Jena, Freiburg, Gießen, Marburg, Kiel; niſtet in Halle, Bonn, Breslau, Tübingen, Erlangen, Leipzig; lebt in ſeinem Bau zu Berlin und Göttingen, in ſeiner Höhle in München. In welchem Sumpfe dieſe Wanderſchwalbe den erſtarrenden Winterſchlaf verträumt, möchte dagegen ſchwerer zu beſtimmen ſein, die Beſtimmung wenigſtens heftigen Widerſpruch finden. — Aber ſeien Sie ruhig, werthgeſchätzteſter Gönner! auf ſolche Einzelnheiten denke ich mich gar nicht einzulaſſen.

Er. Sie ſollten lieber das ganze Buch gar nicht ſchreiben.

Ich. Sie haben ja die Gründe, die mich dazu bewegen, bereits geleſen.

Er. Sie meinen, das Verſchwinden des echten Studententhums. Das iſt aber eine ganz irrige, hypochondriſche Anſicht. Was nennen Sie echtes Studententhum? worin beſteht es eigentlich nach Ihrer Meinung?

Ich. Soll ich Ihnen das jetzt ſchon ſagen? Sie werden ja als mein hochgeehrter Chef der Erſte ſein, der es in meinem Buche lieſt, das ich Ihnen pflichtſchuldigſt überreichen muß, um von Ihnen die Erlaubniß zu erhalten, es herauszugeben, da nach Paragraph 7777 der Dikaſterial-Ordnung kein Subalterner etwas ohne Erlaubniß ſeiner Oberen drucken laſſen darf.

Er. Bekannten loyalen Beamten pflege ich die Erlaubniß zu ertheilen, ohne ihre Schriften zu leſen; ich habe ſchon ſo entſetzlich viel mit mir unbekannten Dingen zu thun, daß es mir Niemand verargen kann, wenn ich mir die Arbeit etwas leichter mache.

Ich. Das iſt ſehr wahr. So will ich denn aus wahrhafter Neigung zu Ihnen mir bei dem erſten Kapitel, in welchem ich zu entwickeln gedenke, welchen Begriff ich den Worten deutſcher Student beilege, ganz beſondere Mühe geben.

Er. Wie? — Sie wollen trotz meinem Abrathen doch das Buch ſchreiben? Wo iſt denn nur die Nothwendigkeit es zu thun? Schreiben Sie doch lieber irgend etwas Anderes; es giebt ja ſo viele nützliche nie genug zu beſprechende Gegenſtände wie z. B. über den Nutzen des Runkelrübenzuckers, den ſchädlichen Einfluß der Hegelſchen Philoſophie, die Wichtigkeit der neuen Tuchbereitung, die Herabſetzung des Briefportos, lauter Dinge, durch welche ſich ein gemeinnütziger Schriftſteller einen berühmten Namen erwerben kann.

Ich. Kann es etwas Wichtigeres geben als die Beſchränkung der akademiſchen Freiheit, die daraus ſich entwickelnde Abnahme des freien geiſtigen Forſchens auf unſeren Univerſitäten und das Sinken des echten deutſchen Studententhums, dies Verwelken eines Keims, aus dem ſich einſt ſo herrliche Blüthen entwickelten?

Er. Sie ſehen da Dinge, die kein anderer vernünftiger Menſch ſieht. Wann wären denn die Univerſitäten, wann das ganze freie wiſſenſchaftliche Streben auf denſelben geſunken? Sind ſie nicht jetzt blühender und beſuchter als je? Zeichnen ſich nicht die Studenten durch Beſcheidenheit, Fleiß, Sittlichkeit höchſt vortheilhaft aus? Wie ſelten fällt gegenwärtig Einer durch's Examen! Wie unendlich mehr wird von ihnen gefordert an poſitivem Wiſſen als früher! Zeigen Sie mir jetzt einen Kameraliſten, der nicht genau die ganze römiſche Rechtsgeſchichte ſeit Erbauung Roms bis zum Romulus Auguſtulus an den Fingern herzuzählen im Stande iſt;

einen Mediciner, der nicht alle Syſteme der Metaphyſik von Ariſtoteles bis auf Hegel kennt, einen Juriſten der nicht den Sündenfall und die Entſtehung des Rechtes aus demſelben eben ſo gründlich zu deduciren weiß, wie der beſte Theolog; einen Theologen, der nicht das kleinſte Kräutlein nach Linné oder Juſſieu genau zu beſtimmen vermag, und einen Philologen, der nicht eben ſo geſchickt in der Phyſik und Chemie iſt, wie man es nur von einem Oerſtedt, Berzelius, Döbereiner, Liebig u. ſ. w. verlangen kann. Das können Sie doch wahrhaft nicht Sinken der Univerſitäten, Abnahme des freien wiſſenſchaftlichen Forſchens nennen?

Ich. Doch — denn —

Er. Sie ſind unverbeſſerlich. — Nein, nie waren unſere Univerſitäten ſo heilbringende, ſegensreiche, für den Staat ſo nützliche Anſtalten, wie gerade jetzt. Seit die Studenten von den letzten demagogiſchen Träumen erwacht ſind — —

Ich. Hat ſich eine gewiſſe Abſpannung und Nüchternheit eingeſtellt, die —

Er. Sie wollen doch nicht den verderblichen, revolutionären Tendenzen das Wort reden, mein Herr?

Ich. Gott bewahre mich! Ich haſſe die Ueberſpanntheit, alles ſich Ueberheben und Ueberſchätzen, alle Anmaaßung wie die Peſt und ſomit auch jenes Treiben, das nach allen Seiten hin unberechenbaren Schaden geſtiftet, und das nie hätte aufkommen können, wenn der ernſte und erhabene Geiſt freier und gründlicher wiſſenſchaftlicher Forſchung und die friſche fromme Luſt an demſelben nicht von unſeren Univerſitäten immer mehr und mehr verſchwunden wäre.

Er. Und dem meinen Sie mit Ihrem Buche wieder aufzuhelfen?

Ich. Das fällt mir gar nicht ein. — Könnte ich es aber, gewiß; denn einen größeren Dienſt vermöchte ich nicht meinem Vaterlande zu leiſten. — Dazu gehören indeſſen andere Kräfte und ein glücklicheres Geſchick.

Er. Wenn Sie nun aber ſelbſt Ihre Unzulänglichkeit einſehen, weshalb und wozu ſchreiben Sie denn ein ſolches Buch?

Ich. Bloß um die Leute zu ärgern.

Er. Laſſen Sie die Poſſen zu Hauſe, mein Wertheſter; ich rede jetzt ſehr ernſt mit Ihnen. Beantworten ſie meine Frage genügender.

Ich. Nun denn ich hoffe, das wird ſich im Laufe des Buches ſelbſt zeigen. Sie wiſſen, nach den beſten Theorien iſt der Zweck eines jeden Kunſtwerkes das Kunſtwerk ſelbſt. Der Humor treibt mich dazu.

Er. Ich haſſe die Humoriſtiker. Leben Sie wohl! Ueber die Erlaubniß zum Druck werde ich erſt Verhaltungsregeln einziehen.—

Er geht zürnend ab, wie falber Blitz zuckt die Streichfalte unaufhörlich über ſein Antlitz dahin; die Haare ſeines Schnurrbartes ſträuben ſich empor wie die Stacheln eines Igels, ſeine Augen — ich habe vergeſſen zu berichten, daß er ſtark ſchielt, was daher kommt, daß er beſtändig mit dem einen Auge nach oben, d. h. nach dem Miniſter blickt, während er mit dem andern die Eingeweide ſeiner Untergebenen zu durchdringen ſucht, um Herzen und Nieren zu prüfen, — alſo ſeine Augen werfen vernichtende Blicke auf mich, von denen der eine aber die in meinem Zimmer befindliche Büſte des Thomaſius, der andere einen an der Wand aufgehängten alten, mit verhängnißvollen, doch längſt verblichenen Farben geſchmückten Schläger trifft. Er geht, nachdem er mir in der Thür mit einer Stentorſtimme zum Abſchied zugerufen: Sie ſind noch ſehr jung! und läßt mich allein

> In meines Nichts durchbohrendem Gefühl,

allen Stürmen, d. h. allen Betrachtungen, die ſich in mir drängen, Preis gegeben. Aber ich bleibe feſt, ich weiche und wanke nicht, und ſchreibe mein Buch trotz allen Artikeln und Paragraphen der Dikaſterial-Ordnung. Es heißt in einem alten, längſt vergeſſenen, deutſchen Trauerſpiel:

> Du kannſt, Prinzeſſin, nicht ein ſchuldlos Herz verdammen,
> Weil es Gefühle hat, die deinen nicht entflammen,

Weil es die Zeit beklagt, wo ſelber jung es war
Und Schmerzen nicht gekannt noch Folter und Gefahr.
Du wirſt es nimmermehr in der Erinn'rung ſtören,
Vergang'ne Tage hier von Neuem zu beſchwören,
Und ernſt zu fragen rings, mit aufgehob'ner Hand,
Ob Aehnliches noch weilt im weiten Vaterland.
Wie Marius ſtand auf den Trümmern von Karthago,
So ſteh' ich hier vor dir, durchlauchtige Virago!
O ſchließ mit deinem Scepter mir grauſam nicht den Mund,
Nein, laß mich, was ich fühle, der Menſchheit geben
kund u. ſ. w.

Statt Prinzeſſin ſetze ich Chef, und ich wette, dieſe captatio benevolentiae rührt meinen hohen Vorgeſetzten ſo, daß er mein Buch paſſiren läßt, gerade wie die Polizei einen armen Narren laufen läßt, der ſich im Gedränge mauſig gemacht, aus dem einfachen Grunde, weil ſie nicht recht weiß, was ſie mit ihm anfangen ſoll und weil ſchon Salomo geſagt, daß man einen Narren im Mörſer ſtoßen könne und die Narrheit doch nicht von ihm laſſe.

Nicht ohne tiefe, gründliche Studien, geneigter Leſer, gehe ich an dies Werk; ich habe Alles geleſen, was ſeit Guttenbergs unſterblicher Erfindung über meinen Gegenſtand und deſſen Naturgeſchichte, geſchrieben worden iſt, von Happelii akademiſchem Roman, worinnen das Studentenleben vorgebildet wird in einer ſchönen Liebesgeſchichte, (Ulm, 1690), oder dem verliebten und galanten

Studenten (Lübeck, 1731) an, bis zu dem Studentenleben in tugend- und laſterhaften Abſchilderungen (Nürnberg, 1764), Laukhard's Annalen der Univerſität Schilda (Leipzig, 1798), Schiff's Pumpauf und Pumperich (Zerbſt, 1826), und dem deutſchen Studenten (1834) herunter; aber es will mich, um mit meinem Chef zu reden, unmaßgeblich bedünken, als ob Keiner von dieſen ausgezeichneten und ruhmwürdigen Autoren ſeinen hohen Gegenſtand genügend erſchöpft und ergründet hätte, weder der vielbeleſene Happel, noch der vielbetrunkene Laukhard oder der vielgewanderte Verfaſſer des deutſchen Studenten, noch der vielerfahrene Schiff. Sie haben ſämmtlich den Studenten nur von einer Seite, der Nachtſeite, betrachtet und die Tagſeite an ihm wohl deshalb überſehen, weil gewöhnliche Augen nicht die Sonne ſchauen können ohne zu blinzeln, jeder Schriftſteller aber gern mit ſeinem Publikum liebäugelt, und hier um ſo mehr, wo er darauf rechnen kann, daß ſein Held ſelbſt ſein beſtes und aufmerkſamſtes Publikum iſt. An dieſem Liebäugeln wird er natürlich gehindert, wenn das zu ſtarke Licht, das ihn beſtrahlt, ihn die Augen zu ſchließen zwingt. Das brauche ich nun nicht zu befürchten; ich habe mich in dieſen Strahlen gebadet, und ich darf behaupten, daß dieſe meine Schilderung der Platte eines Daguerrotyps zu vergleichen ſei, denn ich bin darauf ausgegangen, meinen Gegenſtand dem hellſten Sonnenlichte auszuſetzen, damit mir eben auch nicht die kleinſte Schattenparthie an ihm entgehe. Du wirſt nicht von mir verlangen, geneigter Leſer, daß ich Dir ſage, wo und wann ich ſtudirt; ich habe eben gar nicht ſtudirt, ſondern mich nur Studirens halber auf den berühmteſten Univerſitäten Deutſchlands aufgehalten, und bin vor lauter Eifer, ein flotter Student zu ſein, gar nicht zum Studiren gekommen. Ich bin auch weder examinirt noch durch's Examen gefallen, denn ich habe mich gar nicht zum Examen geſtellt, ſondern mich damit begnügt, mich abweſend mit dem Doctorhute ſchmücken zu laſſen, meiner beſonderen Verdienſte wegen, über die ich aus Beſcheidenheit ſelber die gelehrte Facultät im Ungewiſſen erhielt, die mich mit dem Diplome beglückt. Wie früher in Frankreich jedes Findelkind für adelig galt, damit einem von adeligen Eltern erzeugten Findelkinde kein Unrecht geſchähe, ſo wird auch auf vielen deutſchen Univerſitäten jeder Doctorand als ein Findelkind der Wiſſenſchaft in Gottes Namen zum Doctor creirt, um einem wirklichen gelehrten Doctoranden, von deſſen Gelehrſamkeit man aber, da der Mann im Auslande iſt, nur weiß, daß er ſie hätte acquiriren können, kein Unrecht zu thun. Du ſiehſt nun, werthgeſchätzter Leſer, daß mich alle dieſe Eigenſchaften vor tauſend

Andern befähigten, die Hand an das Werk zu legen und das wunderbare Buch, das ich Dir jetzt überreiche, zu verfaſſen; Du haſt, wie ich glauben darf, die Gründe, die mich dazu bewogen, geprüft und probehaltig befunden. Wir hegen gleiche Erwartung von einander, Du, daß mein Buch ein treffliches Werk, ich, daß Du ein trefflicher Leſer ſeieſt. Mögen die gütigen Götter geben, daß wir uns Beide nicht täuſchten; iſt es aber doch der Fall, ſo waſche ich meine Hände in Unſchuld, denn Du kannſt und mußt eigentlich jetzt ſchon wiſſen, was Du an mir haſt. —

Erſtes Kapitel.

Begriff des Wortes Student. — Was heißt und woran erkennt man einen deutſchen Studenten? Wodurch zeichnet er ſich vor allen übrigen Studenten der Erde aus? —

Student heißt eigentlich im Allgemeinen jeder, der ſich bemüht, im Beſonderen aber jeder, der ſich bemüht für einen Menſchen zu gelten, der die Schule hinter ſich und die Wiſſenſchaft vor ſich hat. Ueber dieſe letztere ſind nun freilich die Meinungen verſchieden und wechſeln mit den Zeiten und den Verhältniſſen. So z. B. verſteht ein deutſcher Student im erſten Semeſter unter Wiſſenſchaft meiſt die Phyſiologie, in ſo fern ſie ſich mit der Lehre vom Wachsthum der Haare über der Oberlippe und auf dem Kinne beſchäftigt, oder die Statiſtik, welche, wenn ſie genau ſein will, auch die Zahl der Vergnügungsörter und deren verſchiedene Eigenſchaften und Beſchaffenheit an dem Orte, wo er ſeinem Studium obliegt und in deſſen nächſter Umgebung, auf das Pünktlichſte angeben muß; ferner jenen Theil der Zoologie, der von den Füchſen und Brandfüchſen zu handeln pflegt. Zur Kenntniß der Bären und anderer Raubthiere gelangt er gewöhnlich erſt ſpäter; doch findet man auch, obwohl ſelten, daß ein ſehr fleißiger Student ſich bereits in den erſten Monaten ſeiner akademiſchen Laufbahn eine gründliche Kenntniß dieſes Theils der Naturgeſchichte erwirbt. Iſt er noch ſehr jung, ſo begnügt er ſich, hinſichtlich der erſt erwähnten Forſchungen, nicht immer mit der Phyſiologie allein, ſondern beſchäftigt ſich auch, wenn dieſe ihm nicht ausreichend ſcheint, mit der Chemie, denn er ſieht nur zu bald ein, daß es in den gewöhnlichen Lebensverhältniſſen mit der Natur und ihrer Kunde allein nicht gethan iſt, ſondern daß die Kunſt ihr zu Zeiten förderlich unter die Arme greifen muß, um ihre Entwickelung oder Geſtaltung zu beſchleunigen. Im zweiten Semeſter wendet er ſich ſchon ernſteren Dingen zu, und verſteht unter Wiſſenſchaft theils jenen Abſchnitt in der Jurisprudenz, der von den Injurien handelt; theils die diverſen Kapitel der Chirurgie, in welchen die Lehre von den Wunden und deren Heilung vorgetragen wird, ohne jedoch das Studium der oben erwähnten Disciplinen, namentlich der Statiſtik, die er dann bereits auf die angrenzenden Orte auszudehnen pflegt, darüber zu vernachläſſigen. Im dritten Semeſter ſind ſeine Studien, oder richtiger, iſt die Wiſſenſchaft, der er ſich hingiebt, ſchon objectiver und umfaſſender; vom Naturrecht oder der Lehre vom Menſchen im Zuſtand der Wildheit, geht er gewöhnlich mit großem Intereſſe zum Studium des Contrat social, des jus belli et pacis und, falls er ſich unter ſeinen Genoſſen einiges Anſehens erfreut, auch der Geſetzgebung über. Während dieſer erſten drei Halbjahre hat er ſich zugleich emſig des Sprachſtudiums befliſſen und vielleicht den auf ſeiner Univerſität herrſchenden Dialect durch manche kühne Wortbildung bereichert. Dieſelben Studien treibt er zum Theil auch noch während des vierten Semeſters angelegentlich, doch ſteigen mitunter leiſe Zweifel in ihm auf, als ſei die bisher gepflogene Wiſſenſchaft nicht ganz die rechte, und als habe er doch eigentlich die Philoſophie, und in dieſer namentlich die Metaphyſik, unter welcher er nur die Lehre von den künftigen Dingen zu verſtehen pflegt, zu ſehr vernachläſſigt. — Er beſchließt nun, im fünften Semeſter dies Verſäumniß eifrig nachzuholen und beginnt mit dem Anfange aller Philoſophie, mit der Logik und der Erkenntnißtheorie; doch gelangt er häufig nicht zur gänzlichen Durchdringung derſelben, weil die Praxis ihn zu oft noch davon abzieht und große Lücken in ſeinen Heften veranlaßt. Endlich im ſechſten Semeſter fängt er an einzuſehen, daß die Wiſſenſchaft derjenigen Facultät, bei der er inſcribirt wurde, die allein wahre ſei, und iſt emſig bemüht, ſich ſoviel von derſelben anzueignen, als es ihm binnen ſechs kurzer, von Ferien unterbrochenen Monaten nur irgend möglich iſt. Er will jetzt von allen jenen früheren ſo heiß geliebten Studien nichts mehr wiſſen, aber — nun iſt er auch kein Student mehr, ſondern durch ſeinen Irrthum zu den wiederkäuenden Thieren, welche Menſchen und Studenten Ochſen zu nennen pflegen, hinabgeſunken. Wohl ihm, wenn dieſer Zuſtand nur ein vorübergehender iſt und ſich aus der Verpuppung, in welche er ſich gewiſſermaßen gewaltſam einſpann, ein glänzender Schmetterling entwickelt, den ſeine bunten Flügel nun als Kandidat, Rechtspraktikant, Doctor der Arzneigelehrtheit, oder Privatdocent, frei durch die ganze Welt, worunter, wie immer bei den Sterblichen, nur ſeine Welt zu verſtehen iſt, tragen können. —

Dies iſt im Allgemeinen ſo ziemlich der Begriff, den ein großer Theil der Studenten, wenigſtens in den erſten Semeſtern, von Dem hat, was man mit einer generellen Bezeichnung Wiſſenſchaft zu nennen pflegt. Eine gewiſſe Philoſophie findet ſich bei Allen vor; ſie ſind nämlich feſte Anhänger des Abſoluten, doch muß daſſelbe allein aus ihnen als Urprincip ſich entwickeln, nicht aber antagoniſtiſch, als außer ihnen ſeiend, ihnen entgegengeſtellt werden. Daß ſich Mancher von ihnen ſeine Anſicht anders geſtalte, wird Niemand, der je eine

Univerſität beſucht, in Abrede ſtellen wollen. Der Eine verbindet mit jenem oben angeführten Theil der Statiſtik noch diejenigen Kapitel aus der Chemie, welche im Allgemeinen vom Gährungsproceß überhaupt und im Beſonderen von der Gährung der verſchiedenen Arten des Trauben- oder Gerſtenſaftes, oder gar von der Rectification der einzelnen Spiritusarten handeln und bringt es in deren gründlicher Erforſchung ſehr weit, oft ſo weit, daß man gar nicht fehl greift, wenn man ihn nicht mehr auf Deutſch Student, ſondern nur lateiniſch studiosus nennt. Ein Anderer, der ein Freund der auf Univerſitäten leider viel zu gering geachteten Philologie iſt, wendet ſich dieſer gelegentlich auch zu und ſucht praktiſch die Wahrheiten, die er in der ars amatoria und den amores des Ovid oder in ähnlichen verwandten alten Klaſſikern findet, in Anwendung zu bringen. Ein Dritter treibt vorzugsweiſe gern Mathematik und beſchäftigt ſich beſonders mit den Gleichungen und Wahrſcheinlichkeitsrechnungen, welche ſich am Intereſſanteſten im ſogenannten Buch der Könige ſtudiren laſſen. Dieſe Studien zeichnen den Studenten als ſolchen aber nicht eigentlich aus, es kann ſie ein Jeder an jedem Orte treiben und der Aufenthalt auf der Univerſität iſt keine nothwendige Bedingung dabei, während jene früher genannten Studien nur allein auf der Hochſchule gedeihen und von Niemandem ſonſt, als vom wirklichen, immatriculirten Studenten getrieben werden können, namentlich der Theil der Naturgeſchichte, welcher von den Füchſen, Brandfüchſen, Bären, Finken, Ochſen und anderen zahmen und wilden Thieren handelt.

Nachdem wir ſo den Begriff der Wörter Student und Wiſſenſchaft im Allgemeinen und Beſonderen entwickelt haben, gehen wir zu dem ſpeciellen Theile dieſes unſeres erſten Kapitels über, der ſich mit der Frage zu beſchäftigen hat: Was heißt ein deutſcher Student, und woran erkennt man ihn? Die erſte Hälfte dieſer Frage iſt nicht ganz leicht genügend zu beantworten, da hinſichtlich ihrer eine zu große Meinungsverſchiedenheit Statt findet und die Gelehrten über manche Punkte derſelben durchaus uneinig ſind. Im Allgemeinen könnte man freilich ſagen: Ein deutſcher Student iſt ein Jüngling, dem auf irgend einem Gymnaſium oder durch Privatlehrer ſoviel Griechiſch, Lateiniſch und Mathematik beigebracht wurde, daß er in dem ſogenannten Maturitätsexamen nicht durchfiel und in Folge deſſen von dem Rector oder Prorector der Univerſität gegen Erlegung einer gewiſſen Summe und Gebung eines Handſchlags, daß er in keine verbotene Verbindung treten, auch den akademiſchen Geſetzen gehorſam ſein und wenigſtens halbjährlich das Honorar für ein Brodcollegium pränumerando entrichten, daſſelbe auch, wenn ihn keine anderweitigen Beſchäftigungen daran hindern, möglichſt fleißig beſuchen wolle, immatriculirt worden iſt. — Eine ſolche Definition wäre aber eine oberflächliche und keineswegs der Wichtigkeit und Würde des Gegenſtandes angemeſſene. Suchen wir daher tiefer einzudringen. Ehe wir unſere eigene Anſicht hier zu entwickeln und feſtzuſtellen uns bemühen, ſei es uns geſtattet, die verſchiedenen Meinungen, welche darüber herrſchen, genau zu prüfen. Geſetzt alſo, wir fragten einen Vater, welcher einen oder mehrere Söhne auf der Univerſität hat: Beſter Herr Juſtizrath, Medicinalrath, Paſtor, Schuldirector, Commerzienrath, Landrath, Baudirector u. ſ. w., was nennen Sie eigentlich einen deutſchen Studenten? ſo würde er uns unmaßgeblich antworten: „Ein deutſcher Student iſt ein junger Mann, der ſeinen Aeltern große Sorge macht. Unter anderen ſchlimmen Qualitäten, die ihm par excellence eigen ſind, habe ich vorzüglich folgende zu bemerken: 1) Er kleidet ſich ſelten wie ein anderer vernünftiger Menſch, ſondern gefällt ſich meiſt darin, zu kurze Röcke und zu lange Stiefeln, oder in Ermangelung derſelben, zu weite Hoſen zu tragen. 2) Er rechnet ſich meiſt reich und zählt ſich arm, das heißt, er hat von dem ihm mitgegebenen oder beſtimmten Gelde immer dann Nichts mehr, wenn er es gerade am Nothwendigſten braucht. 3) Er iſt ein abgeſagter Feind aller Rangordnung, und man bringt ihm nur ſchwer den Unterſchied der Stände und den gehörigen Reſpect vor vornehmen und in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft hochſtehenden Perſonen bei. 4) Er iſt weit klüger als ſein Vater, und das um ſo mehr, je weiter die Zeit, wo dieſer den Studien oblag, von der entfernt iſt, in welcher er die Univerſität beſucht. 5) Der Muth äußert ſich bei ihm zur unrechten Zeit; vor einer blanken Klinge, einem ſpitzigen Degen, einem derben Prügel oder einer geladenen Piſtole hat er nie die geringſte Furcht, vor dem Examen jedoch ſtets die größte. 6) Er iſt ſehr geneigt, ſich zu verlieben, ja ſogar ſich zu verloben, obwohl eine Studentenbraut einem Wechſel zu vergleichen, der am jüngſten Tage erſt zur Verfallzeit kommt und ſelbſt dann noch proteſtirt werden kann, wodurch ſeinen und anderen Aeltern oft nicht geringe Verdrießlichkeiten bereitet werden. Endlich 7) er kann nie zur rechten Zeit fertig werden, und wenn man meint, er habe nun mit ſeinem Triennium auch das ganze Studium hinter ſich, ſo will er gemeiniglich erſt recht anfangen zu ſtudiren und ruht nicht eher, bis man ſeinem Herzen einen Stoß giebt, in den durch ihn ſehr erleichterten Geldbeutel greift und ihm noch ein halbes oder ganzes Jahr, in Erwartung einer glänzenden Cenſur (eine Hoffnung, die ſich aber unter hundert Malen neunundneunzig Mal nicht erfüllt), auf der Univerſität zu verweilen geſtattet.“ — So redet in dieſem Falle ein ſorgſamer Vater und erfahrener

Staatsbürger, und es iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß die böſe Galgenzahl dieſer ſcharfen Diſtinctionen ſo ziemlich im Stande ſei, einen nicht ganz undeutlichen Begriff von dem inneren, eigenthümlichen Weſen eines deutſchen Studenten beizubringen. — Fahren wir nun, zu noch gründlicherer Erforſchung, zu fragen fort; wenden wir uns einmal um des Gegenſatzes willen an eine junge Dame und hören wir ihre Antwort. Sie lautet unzweifelhaft ſo: „Ein deutſcher Student iſt ein liebenswürdiger, ritterlich geſinnter, meiſt eigenthümlich gekleideter junger Mann, der ſich durch ſeine Bildung auszeichnet, unermüdlich gern tanzt, weshalb man ihn als eine Zierde der Bälle und Soiréen betrachten kann, voll Höflichkeit gegen die Damen, immer bereit, ihre Wünſche zu erfüllen und ſchwärmeriſcher Verehrung zart empfindender weiblicher Seelen nicht abgeneigt, ſie gern durch poetiſche Huldigungen oder andere feine Aufmerkſamkeiten feiernd, kurz, ein Muſter der Vollkommenheit, zwei geringe Fehler abgerechnet, von denen in ſeiner Blüthenzeit faſt keiner frei bleibt, die ſich aber ſpäter allmälig geben. Er kann nämlich 1) keinen Lieutenant leiden aus Idioſynkraſie, wie mein Vater ſagt und bekommt 2) eben ſo leicht etwas in den Kopf wie in das Herz, was ihn mitunter unangenehm macht. Viele ältere Perſonen wollen behaupten, wenn er ſich in ſeiner Entwickelungsperiode befinde, ſo ſei ihm häuſig eine Magd im Putz willkommener als ein adeliges Fräulein oder eine Profeſſorentochter. Dies Letztere ſoll jedoch aus einem wunderlichen Aberglauben, daß er ſich in unſerer Geſellſchaft geniren müſſe, entſpringen. Bemerkenswerth iſt außerdem noch an ihm ſeine Treue; während ein Officier dieſe gute Eigenſchaft ſchon zu verlieren pflegt, wenn er die Garniſon wechſelt, bewahrt ein Student ſie ſtandhaft noch auf den anderen Univerſitäten, die er beſucht, ja er nimmt ſie oft ſogar noch in das wirkliche Leben hinüber, bis endlich die Proſa des Alltags, gewiß wider ſeinen Willen, dieſe letzten Trümmer einer ſchönen Feenwelt in ihm zerſtört." — Das iſt doch wahrlich eine ſehr hübſche Definition, die ganz anders klingt als die obige. Unparteilich iſt ſie gewiß auch, denn — ich will es meinem Leſer nur verrathen — die holde Antwortende hat weder einen Profeſſor zum Vater noch einen Bruder auf der Univerſität, ſondern pflegt nur dann und wann, beſonders im Winter, auf einige Monate ihren Onkel, den Univerſitätsrichter, zu beſuchen, der doch gewiß die Herzen und Nieren zu prüfen und die Böcke von den Schafen zu trennen weiß. Uebrigens trifft ſie, was ich wohl zu bemerken bitte, in ihrer Anſicht von der Empfänglichkeit eines Studenten-Herzens mit dem oben erwähnten citirten Papa überein; ein Umſtand, der ſehr für die Gründlichkeit und Gediegenheit ihres Urtheils ſpricht. Ich kann mich aber unmöglich damit begnügen und finde es nothwendig, noch mehr Zeugen zu vernehmen, ehe ich die Acten für ſpruchreif halten darf. Da nun die junge Dame einen Officier gewiſſermaßen als einen gebornen Gegner der Studenten aufgeführt hat, ſo ſcheint es mir gar nicht übel, auch die Meinung eines Solchen zu vernehmen. — Wertheſter Herr Lieutenant, was iſt ein deutſcher Student? — „Auf Ehre, mein Beſter, das iſt eine Frage de quelque importance; wenn Sie aber meine Opinion hören wollen, ſo werde ich ſie Ihnen nicht vorenthalten. Ein deutſcher Student iſt ein junger meiſt ſehr arroganter Mann, der ſich das Recht, einen Schnurrbart zu tragen und mit einem Militär zu rangiren, auf wunderliche Weiſe angemaaßt, dabei aber eine große Averſion gegen Epaulettes hat, ſich einbildet, Alles beſſer zu wiſſen und zu können als alle anderen Leute, und weil er den ganzen Tag auf dem Fechtboden liegt, anſtatt die Vorleſungen zu beſuchen, bei jeder Gelegenheit mit einer Forderung da iſt, ſich ganz wacker ſchlägt oder ſchießt, das kann man ihm nicht abſprechen, aber im Duell meiſt mehr Glück als Verſtand und keineswegs das rechte savoir faire hat, auch ſich in ſeiner Geſellſchaft und beſonders bei Damen gar nicht zu benehmen weiß, auf Seele nicht! Auch tanzt er ſehr ſchlecht.“ — So urtheilt der Herr Secondlieutenant, nachdem er vor zwei Jahren das Cadettenhaus verlaſſen und in einer

Univerſitätsſtadt in Garniſon geſtanden. — Im Punkt der Furchtloſigkeit vor Degen, Säbel und Piſtolen trifft er auch mit dem Papa zuſammen, während ſeine Anſicht der der jungen Dame durchaus entgegengeſetzt ſcheint. — Die Sache wird alſo immer verwickelter und wir müſſen noch mehr Zeugen abhören. — Fragen wir nun einmal einen Univerſitätsprofeſſor und zwar einen öffentlichen, ordentlichen, der im Senat ſitzt und wenn er Decan iſt, Doctoren creirt, der muß es doch am Beſten wiſſen. — Seine Entgegnung auf unſere Frage lautet: „Distinguendum est unter Studenten und Studenten. Es giebt mehrere Arten von Studenten und es ſcheint mir nöthig, zu leichterer Ueberſicht, folgendes Schema zu entwerfen, nämlich:

A) der Student im Allgemeinen. Dieſer zerfällt in:

A A) den fleißigen Studenten,

A B) den faulen Studenten.

A A) Der fleißige Student wird wiederum eingetheilt in:

A A a) den fleißigen ruhigen Studenten,

A A b) den fleißigen aber unruhigen Studenten.

A A a) der fleißige ruhige Student kann ſein:

A A a α) ein Student der Theologie.

A A a β) ein Student der Philoſophie,
A A a γ) ein Student der Jurisprudenz,
A A a δ) ein Student der Medicin.

Hier ſind wieder folgende Unterabtheilungen feſtzuſtellen, nämlich:

A A a β) ein Student der Philoſophie kann ſein:

A A a β א) ein Student der Philoſophie im Allgemeinen, oder:
A A a β ב) ein Student der Philologie, oder auch — —"

Beſter Herr Profeſſor, bitte, bemühen Sie ſich nicht weiter; wenn wir ſo fortfahren zu diſtinguiren, ſo müſſen wir nothwendig dem geneigten Leſer alle gute Laune extinguiren, und er wirft das Buch weg, ohne dahinter zu kommen, was eigentlich ein deutſcher Student ſei. Das könnte aber ganzen Generationen unberechnenbaren Schaden bringen. Denken Sie nur, es ſäße Jemand im Cultminiſterium, der nicht ſtudirt hätte, ſondern ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung im Cadetteninſtitute oder auf einer Ritterakademie erhalten, und ſollte Sr. Majeſtät oder Sereniſſimo einen Vortrag halten über die Landesuniverſität. Der gute und vortreffliche Mann ſucht ſeinen Gegenſtand möglichſt zu penetriren und zu approfundiren, aber Ihre haarſcharfen Diſtinctionen machen ihn eben durch ihre Genauigkeit verwirrt;

es will ihm durchaus nicht in den Kopf, daß es ſo viele Gattungen, Arten, Abarten, Unterarten, Unterabarten und Unarten von Studenten geben könne, er wirft daher verdrießlich alle zuſammen, nimmt nur eine allgemeine Klaſſe an — und was iſt die natürliche Folge? Es kommen Reſcripte auf Reſcripte an den illuſtren Senat über Verbindungen, Duelle, Collegienbeſuch u. ſ. w. der Studioſen, die entweder durchaus nicht in das Werk zu ſetzen ſind, oder eine noch zwei Mal ſo große Confuſion hervorbringen, als eben dadurch vermieden werden ſoll. Nie aber verlieren Menſchen und Studioſen mehr den Reſpect vor den Geſetzen, als wenn ſie wiſſen, daß es Geſetze giebt, die allein deswegen da ſind, um nicht in Kraft zu treten; ungefähr ſo, wie jener Jude umgekehrt meinte, die falſchen Eide ſeien nur dazu da, um geſchworen zu werden; denn würden ſie nicht geſchworen, ſo gäbe es ja keine falſchen Eide, und es könne von ihnen nie und nirgends die Rede ſein. Daß Sie, wertheſter Herr *** Rath (ich laſſe nämlich Platz für das Ihnen gebührende Medicinal-, Juſtiz-, Hof- oder Geheime — weil mir bekannt iſt, daß Sie, wie alle Ihre Herren Collegen, ſehr auf ihren Titel halten, ich Sie nicht gern verletzen möchte, und doch wohl weiß, daß es jetzt auf den meiſten Univerſitäten keinen ſimpeln, ordentlichen, öffentlichen Profeſſor mehr giebt, ſondern nur Räthe mit Vorſchlagſylben); alſo, daß Sie, wertheſter Herr *** Rath, auf dem Katheder ſo ſcharf diſtinguiren, finde ich ſehr richtig, es wäre ſonſt nicht möglich, die Zeit gehörig einzutheilen, und mit dem Schluß Ihrer Vorleſungen genau zu dem vorgeſchriebenen Termin, vor welchem durchaus die Ferien nach den neueſten Verordnungen nicht beginnen ſollen, zu gelangen. Für die vorzutragende Disciplin, und noch mehr für den Fleiß der Studenten, die ſonſt davon ziehen, ehe ſie Alles gelernt haben, und die Wiſſenſchaft wie einen Spargel betrachten, von dem ſie den Kopf eſſen und das Uebrige als ungenießbar liegen laſſen — (als ob es in Ihrer Wiſſenſchaft überhaupt etwas Ungenießbares gäbe) — iſt Ihre Methode gewiß höchſt erſprießlich; uns wäre aber wirklich ſchlecht damit gedient; wir würden mit dem erſten Kapitel mehrere hundert Seiten füllen, und den Reſt auf wenigen Blättern abthun müſſen; denn wie Ihnen das Miniſterialreſcript, das Ihnen vorſchreibt, wann Sie mit der Wiſſenſchaft zu Ende ſein ſollen, ſteht mir der Verleger drohend entgegen, der ſeinen Papierbedarf für dieſes Buch ſchon beſtellt hat, und ſchwerlich bei Ihrer Art und Weiſe ausreichen würde. Erlauben Sie mir alſo, von der Noth getrieben, unſere Unterhaltung abzubrechen, und da die Theorie mich im Stiche zu laſſen ſcheint, mich der Praxis zuzuwenden. Ich ſehe nämlich eben den Pedell mit dem Umlaufskaſten ſich ihrem Hauſe nahen, und geſtatte mir ihn aufzuhalten und ihm dieſelbe Frage zu thun, die ich vor gerade fünf und zwanzig Minuten — denn ſo lange hat bei Ihrer bedächtigen und abgemeſſenen Redeweiſe unſere Unterhaltung gedauert — die Ehre hatte Ihnen vorzulegen. Der gute Mann war, wenn ich nicht irre, lange bei Ihnen Kutſcher, Bedienter und Famulus in einer Perſon, Sie ſind gut mit ihm, er iſt gut mit Ihnen gefahren, oder richtiger, er hat Sie gut gefahren, weshalb Sie in der Ueberzeugung, die Univerſität werde auch gut mit ihm fahren, ihm dies einträgliche Aemtchen verſchafft haben, dem er um ſo würdiger vorſteht, als er mehrere Jahre in den Dienſten eines deutſchen Fürſten in Uniform ſteckte, ehe er das Glück hatte, ſich in Ihre Dienſte und in Ihre Livree zu ſtecken, und reſpective in beiden zu ſtrecken. Er ſieht, daß ich aus Ihrem Hauſe komme, über die Studentenjahre hinaus bin, vermuthet wahrſcheinlich in mir einen neuberufenen Profeſſor, der ſeine eigene Univerſitätszeit längſt vergeſſen, und antwortet mir daher ſehr höflich und in wohlgeſetzter Rede: „Ein deutſcher Student, mein Herrrrr, — iſt ein eigenthümlicher Menſch; bei Tage ſehr höflich und artig, aber bei Nacht hat er, beſonders in Kaffeehäuſern, Bierkellern u. ſ. w., die unangenehme Eigenſchaft, daß er das Kerzenlicht, oder brennende Lampendochte, ja ſelbſt die Gasbeleuchtung nicht gut vertragen kann, ſobald ſeine hohe Obrigkeit“ — damit meint der gute Mann nämlich ſich — „in das Zimmer tritt. Durch irgend ein gewaltſames Mittel läßt er im Nu die tiefſte Dunkelheit entſtehen und, das wiſſen Sie wohl, wo kein Licht iſt, da iſt auch keine Ordnung; und wo keine Ordnung iſt, gilt auch kein Geſetz. Von den übrigen Folgen dieſes ungeſetzlichen Zuſtandes erlauben Sie mir zu ſchweigen. Ueberhaupt wirkt die Nacht höchſt ſonderbar auf ihn; es iſt mir ſchon widerfahren, daß mehr als ein Studioſus mir bei Tage, als ſeinem beſten Freunde, die Hand ſchüttelte, und in der Dunkelheit mich als ſeinen ärgſten Feind todtſchlagen wollte; dieſer abnorme Zuſtand wirkt im Allgemeinen ſehr anſteckend, je mehr ihrer beiſammen ſind, deſto leichter theilt er ſich Allen mit, und deſto heftiger äußert er ſich. — Uebrigens beſitzt der Student außerordentliche Klugheit und Gewandtheit, und weiß Alles Verbotene — ich habe vergeſſen Ihnen zu ſagen, daß er, was am Strengſten unterſagt iſt, z. B. Duelle, Fenſtereinwerfen, Singen auf den Straßen, das Tragen gewiſſer Bänder und Streifen, gerade am Liebſten thut — auf die liſtigſte Weiſe vor mir zu verbergen, nur macht er es häufig zu liſtig, und eben dadurch komme ich dahinter, was ihn denn natürlich nicht wenig ärgert. Sonſt hat er viele gute Eigenſchaften; er iſt tapfer, redlich, treu und voll Selbſtaufopferung in der Freundſchaft, freigiebig, luſtig, kurz eine liebenswürdige Natur — ja, Herrrrr — das iſt er, und wäre ich nicht Pedell, ſo möchte ich, weiß Gott! Student ſein. — Ich empfehle mich Ihnen zu Gnaden.“ —

Nun das klang wahrlich nicht übel, und iſt um ſo mehr zu glauben, als der Pedell ein Mann iſt, der ſtets bei ſeinem Amtseide über die Studenten ausſagen muß, und daher gewiß in dieſem Punkte nie eine Unwahrheit vorbringt, wenigſtens ſubjectiv ſich ſtets von der Richtigkeit ſeines Zeugniſſes überzeugt hält. Daß er mitunter, in der für ihn ſo gefährlichen Dunkelheit, den Einen für den Anderen anſieht und dem Senate als ſtrafbar anzeigt, kann ihm nicht zur Laſt gelegt werden; denn Irren iſt menſchlich. Auch denkt er hierin wie jener päbſtliche Legat, der bei der Eroberung einer franzöſiſchen Stadt, in der Waldenſer und Katholiken wohnten, gefragt wurde, woran man die Rechtgläubigen von den Ketzern unterſcheiden könne, und zur Antwort gab: „Schlagt ſie nur Alle, ohne Ausnahme, todt, der liebe Gott wird die Seinigen ſchon herausfinden.“ Wenn er gleich zwanzig anzeigt, von denen vielleicht funfzehn unſchuldig ſind, ſo weiß er, daß der illuſtre Senat in väterlicher Milde ſich damit begnügt, Einen oder höchſtens zwei von den Unruhſtiftern zu relegiren oder zu conſiliiren, die Uebrigen aber leer ausgehen oder höchſtens auf das Carcer kommen, was für einen rechtſchaffenen Studenten ein Amuſement iſt, denn ein Student, der noch nicht auf dem Carcer ſaß, gleicht einem Seefahrer, der die Linie noch nicht paſſirte. Auch tröſtet er ſich damit, daß jeder Studioſus gewiß ſchon ein Mal die Strafe, die er jetzt unſchuldig leidet, wirklich verdient habe, und ſieht daher in ſolchem Irrthum nur den Finger der gerechten, allwaltenden, ſicher ſchreitenden Gottheit, der rächenden Nemeſis, die ſtets dem glücklichen Menſchen ſein Glück beneidet.

Ich dächte, wir hätten jetzt ſchon der Zeugen genug vernommen, doch halt — dort naht noch ein ſehr wichtiger und glaubwürdiger Mann für unſeren Zweck — ein junger Privatdocent, der eben aus ſeiner dritten Vorleſung kommt, und genau ſo viele Zuhörer zählt, als er bis jetzt Vorleſungen gehalten hat. Mit freundlichſtem Lächeln, angenehmen Geſten und wohlklingender, obwohl etwas eintöniger Stimme — er hat nämlich die Verlegenheit, öffentlich zu reden, noch nicht ganz überwunden — erwiedert er uns auf unſere Frage: „Die deutſchen Studenten ſind die Blüthe der deutſchen Jugend, die wahre ἀκμὴ ἀνθοῦσα des Iſokrates, oder des großen Redners ἡλικία, juventus apta bello gerendo, wie ſie das namentlich in den großen Jahren des Befreiungskrieges bewieſen haben; in ihnen allein hat ſich noch jener altritterliche Geiſt erhalten, der einſt im Mittelalter ſo herrliche Früchte trug. Sie ſind die Morgenröthe deutſcher Zukunft, und die Sonne geiſtiger

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Allmacht wird aus ihnen immer herrlicher ſich entwickeln, je mehr ſie erſt zum Abſoluten durchgedrungen ſind. Sie dahin zu führen iſt das Ziel, dem ich entgegenſtrebe, der Zweck, um deſſen willen ich mich hier, wo bisher die Wiſſenſchaft nur auf eine oberflächliche unphiloſophiſche Weiſe gelehrt wurde, habilitirte. Das Abſolute aber iſt“ — — „„Bitte, beſter Herr Doctor, ich wünſche ja nur zu wiſſen, was die deutſchen Studenten, und nicht was Sie, oder das Abſolute ſind.““ — „Stören Sie mich doch nicht, mein Herr!“ entgegnet der junge Gelehrte, gereizt die Brauen zuckend und das lockige Haupt ſchüttelnd, wie der Herrſcher im Donnergewölk, Zeus. Dann fährt er fort: „Ich kann ja das Eine, was ſie wünſchen, nicht entwickeln, ohne die nöthigen Prämiſſen vorangeſtellt zu haben; alſo: Die Entelechie der Wiſſenſchaft“ — O weh! höflich ziehe ich den Hut und entferne mich — er rennt mir nach und beginnt noch ein Mal: „Die Entelechie der Wiſſenſchaft“ — — Nun mache ich, daß ich um die Ecke und ihm aus den Augen komme — aber ſeine Stimme ſchießt um die Ecke herum, und ſeine letzten Worte „unphiloſophiſcher Menſch!“ treffen meinen breiten Rücken, prallen von ihm ab, und verhallen ſterbend. —

Ich dächte aber doch, ich dürfte die Acten nun ſchließen, und aus dem Zeugenverhör Folgendes entwickeln:

Die deutſchen Studenten ſind ein freies, friſches, muthiges Völkchen voll Thatenluſt und Eifer, mitunter zu thatenluſtig und zu eifrig, wie es die rechte Jugend immer iſt; leicht vergötternd, und eben ſo leicht verdammend, raſch handelnd, ſelten prüfend, und wenn es zum Prüfen Zeit und Geduld hat und einmal dazu kommt, gern auf die Spitze ſtellend; mit dem Urtheil friſch weg vorn hinaus, viel wiſſend und wenig wiſſend zu gleicher Zeit, raſch über das Schwierigſte der Wiſſenſchaft mit der Entſcheidung her, kurz der echte deutſche Charakter in ſeiner ganzen Liebenswürdigkeit und Ungezogenheit zur ſelben Zeit; ein brauſender, rheiniſcher Moſt, der ſich mit den Jahren zum edelſten Weine klärt und allen ſchlechten Stoff hinausgährt, im Alltäglichen und Ordinären aber auch leicht umſchlägt, noch ehe er zum eigentlichen Gähren kommt, und dann als ſubalterner Beamter ein philiſterhafter Eſſig wird, oder als halbreifer Schriftſteller bald ſchaal abſteht, und ſich trübe zeigt und ungenießbar, wenn das Bißchen jugendliche Kraft fort iſt; den ſtellt dann keine Schöne wieder her. Viele ruiniren ſich ſchon auf der Univerſität ſelbſt; das muß aber ſein, denn da ihr Beruf eigentlich iſt, ſich gegenſeitig zu bilden und zu erziehen für das ganze kommende thatenreiche Leben, ſo ſind ſolche Beiſpiele die beſte Praxis, aus der ſich eine gute Theorie ableiten läßt, und eine höhere Ordnung der Dinge hat das, wie

Alles, überaus weiſe eingerichtet. Früher waren ſie trotz äußerer anſcheinender größerer Rohheit im Marke noch edler und feſter; die letzten Jahre haben ihnen im Ganzen ſehr geſchadet; durch den politiſchen Schwindel und die demagogiſchen Unterſuchungen hat der Geiſt der Intrigue ſich vielfach unter ſie geſchlichen, ob auch nur, wie ſie in ihrer Unſchuld und Unwiſſenheit meinen, zur Abwehr. Solches geſchieht immer, wenn der Stärkere ſich über den Schwächeren hermacht und dieſer ſich zu decken und ſichern und ihm zu entgehen ſucht; der Letztere muß dann die Liſt als Tarnkappe gebrauchen, und gewöhnt ſich leider gar leicht daran, ſich ihrer auch bei anderen Gelegenheiten zu bedienen. Auch ſind ſie nicht ſo friſch und frei mehr, ſeitdem die Regierungen in Folge jener Erſcheinungen ſich aufmerkſamer um ſie bekümmern, und dieſen nicht mehr daran liegt, Männer der Wiſſenſchaft, ſondern nützliche und gehorſame Diener des Staates aus ihnen zu erziehen. Wer lernen will, lernt immer gut, wer lernen muß, ſelten. Zum Lernen müſſen braucht man eigentlich keine Univerſitäten, Schulen thun es auch und beſſer, d. h. für das ſogenannte allgemeine Beſte. Seit dem Studenten die Collegia, auch die allgemein bildenden vorgeſchrieben worden, belegt er ſie, früher beſuchte er ſie und mit Luſt und Eifer. Wie oft vernimmt man jetzt nicht aus Studentenmunde: — „Ach, wer wird dies oder Jenes hören, man braucht's ja nicht im Examen." — Hol der Teufel — ich ſage — hol der Teufel die Examina, ſie ruiniren die Wiſſenſchaft; zuvor aber ſoll er die Profeſſorenzeugniſſe über gehörte Zwangscollegia und Fleiß oder Unfleiß im Beſuch derſelben holen, denn die ſind gar ein „bis hieher und nicht weiter" für den echten, freien, wiſſenſchaftlichen Geiſt. Vorher waren unſere Univerſitäten Wäldern vergleichbar, mit hohen, ſchattigen, laub- und fruchtreichen Gängen, in denen gar ſeltene Blumen blühten; jetzt ſind ſie künſtlich ausgezirkelte Gärten mit Treibhäuſern und Miſtbeeten, in denen ſogar Pilze gezogen werden, um ihnen dadurch von vorn herein das Gift zu nehmen und ſie eßbar zu machen. Geht das ſo fort, ſo haben wir in wenigen Decennien nichts mehr, als die Gerippe unſerer alten deutſchen hochehrwürdigen Univerſitäten, und nur die Schatten unſerer früheren Studenten noch. — Das iſt ja leider der Grund, warum ich dieſe Naturgeſchichte ſchreibe — Aber ſtill, wie die geiſterhafte Majeſtät des alten Dänemark in Hamlet, ſteigt die Geſtalt meines geliebten Freundes, des Chefs, vor mir auf und ruft mir zu: „Still! Verbrennen Sie ſich nicht den Mund! Schweigen Sie! — Sie wiſſen nicht was geſchehen kann." Dann fährt er mit den eigenen königlichen Worten, das heißt den eigenen Worten des ſeligen oder richtiger nicht ſeligen Königs in Hamlet fort:

„Wär' mir es nicht verboten,
Des Kerkers tief Geheimniß zu enthüllen,
So könnt' ich etwas Dir erzählen, das
In ſeinem leicht'ſten Wort die Seele Dir
Aufjagt, Dein junges Blut erſtarren macht,
Die Augen, Sternen gleich, aus ihren Sphären
Dir treibt und Deine dicht verſchlungnen Locken
Zertrennt, daß jedes Haar ſich bergan ſträubt,
Des zorn'gen Stachelſchweines Kielen gleich.“

Gehorſamer Diener! Ich ſchweige ſchon und wende mich ſtill und bewegt, wie das Meer, der letzten Unterſuchung und mit ihr dem Schluſſe dieſes Kapitels zu, nämlich der Frage: Wodurch unterſcheidet ſich der deutſche Student von allen übrigen Studenten Europa's? Die Antwort liegt eigentlich ſchon in den obigen Ausſagen, um aber deutſcher Gründlichkeit zu genügen, will ich ſie zu beantworten ſuchen und zwar auf negative Weiſe; ich werde nämlich Alles anführen, was die Studenten anderer Nationen haben, und was mein Held nicht hat, und daraus, wie ich hoffe, ein ſehr günſtiges Reſultat ziehen. Der deutſche Student hat keine Griſette, mit der er während ſeiner Studienjahre in wilder Ehe lebt, wie der franzöſiſche und namentlich wie der Pariſer Studioſus: er unterſcheidet ſich alſo von dieſem durch ſeine Sittlichkeit; er hat keinen Schulzwang und keine vorgeſchriebene Kleidung, wie der engliſche; er unterſcheidet ſich alſo von dieſem durch ſeine Freiheit; er muß nicht ſich in den Vorleſungen examiniren laſſen, gleich einem Schulknaben, und iſt nicht genöthigt beſtimmte Vorleſungen bei einem beſtimmten Profeſſor zu hören, wie der *italieniſche* Studirende; er nimmt keinen *Manuducteur* an, der ihm, für ein beſtimmtes Honorar, genau ſo viel und nicht mehr mechaniſch eintrichtert, als er für eine beſtimmte Cenſur, nach der ſich eben das Honorar richtet, im Examen braucht, wie der *däniſche*; keine Verbindlichkeit treibt ihn, ſich einer beſtimmten Landsmannſchaft anzuſchließen, wie den *ſchwediſchen* Studenten; er kann ſich frei ſeinen näheren Umgang und ſeine beſtimmte Geſellſchaft wählen, deren Gebräuchen er ſich aus eigener Wahl unterwirft; er läuft nicht Gefahr, unter die Soldaten geſteckt zu werden, wenn er gegen die Geſetze ſündigt, wie der *ruſſiſche* Student — kurz — ich könnte freilich noch viele Vergleichungen dieſer Art anführen, aber das Geſagte wird ſchon hinreichen, um ihn zur Einſicht deſſen zu bringen, was ich mit dem guten Wörtlein *kurz* andeuten und einleiten will — kurz, er iſt trotz manchem Leid noch immer von allen Studenten auf Erden der freieſte und der glücklichſte, und wer es nicht allein mit ihm, ſondern mit ganz Deutſchland gut meint, der wird in den Wunſch aus voller Seele einſtimmen: „Möge Gott ihm noch lange ſein Glück und ſeine Freiheit erhalten!"

Zweites Kapitel.

Unterſuchungen über die Sprache der deutſchen Studenten. — Excurſus über ihre Tracht und gewiſſe Gewohnheiten und Gebräuche derſelben, welche immer mehr zu verſchwinden drohen. — Tell's Monolog.

Ein weiſer Mann hat einmal geſagt: Rede, daß ich Dich ſehe. Das war ein ſehr geſcheidtes Wort; denn die Sprache iſt die Kleidung des Geiſtes und es findet durch ſie eine Art von Kleiderordnung noch mehr und entſcheidender Statt, als im gewöhnlichen Leben. Wer ſich etwas in der Welt umgeſehen hat, und einige Erfahrung geſammelt, der wird beſtimmte Stände und Arten unter den Menſchen an gewiſſen Redemoden eben ſo leicht erkennen können, wie den Frankfurter an ſeinem als, den Oeſterreicher an ſeinem halter, den Sachſen an ſeinem ich dächte gar, den Thüringer an ſeinem eben, den Hamburger an ſeinem ja wohl, mein Jung' u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. Beſtimmte Richtungen bilden beſtimmte Eigenthümlichkeiten aus, die in der Sprache ebenfalls ſtark zur Erſcheinung kommen. Wenn ich auf der Straße gehe, und es geht Jemand im Oberrocke und dunklen Beinkleidern mit rother Litze vor mir auf, ſo weiß ich gleich, daß das ein —ſcher Offizier in Civilanzuge iſt; brauche denſelben aber nicht einmal mit meinen leiblichen Augen zu ſehen und nur die Wörter: „auf Ehre oder auf Seele“, gelegentlich ſolcher Gegenſtände, bei denen Ehre und Seele etwas ganz Ueberflüſſiges ſind, von ihm zu hören, ſo weiß ich es auch und noch viel ſicherer, als wenn ich ihn geſehen hätte. Nun wird man mir zugeben, ſobald man das vorige Kapitel nur mit der gehörigen Aufmerkſamkeit geleſen, daß die eigenthümlichſte Menſchenrace auf Erden die der deutſchen Studenten iſt, und es daher ganz natürlich, ja ganz nothwendig finden, daß ich vor allen Dingen einige Unterſuchungen über ihre Sprache anſtelle, ehe ich zu anderen, ſie betreffenden, wichtigen Punkten übergehe; denn: — Rede, daß ich Dich ſehe. Wie die Sprache aller Völker, die noch im Naturzuſtande leben, iſt auch die ihrige ſehr bildlich, aber dieſe bildlichen Ausdrücke ſind — und das iſt ein eigenthümlicher Charakterzug des ſtudentikoſen Idioms — nicht den rohen Naturerſcheinungen, ſondern den Erſcheinungen des civiliſirten Lebens auf ſeiner höchſten Culturſtufe entlehnt, ſelbſt da, wo man hiſtoriſch ihren Urſprung nachweiſen kann. Folgende Beiſpiele werden hinreichen, das Geſagte zu beſtätigen, um ſo mehr, als ich mich bemühen werde, ſie allen Lebensverhältniſſen des deutſchen Studenten zu entlehnen.

Beginnen wir mit den Lebensſtufen des Studenten. Wenn ein Schüler noch auf der hohen Schule ſich befindet, und mit Ungeduld jenen Moment erwartet, wo ihm der dem Rector oder Prorector gegebene Handſchlag die Freiheit gewährt, einen Schnurrbart zu tragen, mit einer langen Pfeife mit bunten Troddeln über die Straße zu gehen, Wirthshäuſer zu beſuchen und ſpäter als um zehn Uhr zu Hauſe zu kommen, ſo pflegt er bis zu jenem ſeligen Momente einen heftigen Bildungsdrang zu verſpüren, der ihn antreibt, bei günſtigen Gelegenheiten ſich zu wirklichen Studenten zu geſellen, die er ſich um ſo mehr zum Muſter nimmt, falls ihm ein gütiges Geſchick verſtattet, unter ihnen vor anderen Leuten als ihrer einer zu gelten. Mit majeſtätiſcher Milde läßt der Student ihn gewähren, ja er behandelt ihn, im hohen Gefühl des Bewußtſeins ſeiner Würde, ungefähr ſo, wie ein großer ſtämmiger, von allen ſonſt biſſigen Jagd- und Hühnerhunden gefürchteter Newfoundländer einen kleinen Bologneſer zu behandeln pflegt, von dem er ſich ſogar zu Zeiten in das Behäng oder die Ruthe beißen läßt, ohne ſeinen Unwillen anders, als höchſtens durch ein gelindes, gutmüthiges Knurren zu erkennen zu geben, an welchem denn der kleine Kläffer auch gleich erkennt und weiß woran er iſt. Aber trotz ſeiner Milde und Herablaſſung, nennt er ihn — der Student nämlich den Gymnaſiaſten, nicht der Newfoundländer den Bologneſer (vielleicht hat auch dieſer in ſeiner Sprache denſelben Ausdruck, das kann uns hier jedoch weiter nicht kümmern), alſo er nennt ihn ein Pennal. Welch ein bildlicher und bezeichnender Ausdruck! — Er verſteht nämlich darunter ein hohles Futteral, in das der Lehrer ſeine Federn und Alles, was aus denſelben fließt, hineinſtopft, bis es Nichts derartiges mehr zu faſſen vermag. Dann entläßt ihn das Schulcollegium als reif für die Univerſität; aber damit iſt er noch nicht gleich Student. Es vergehen noch einige Wochen von ſeiner Entlaſſung an bis zu ſeiner Immatriculation, während welcher Zeit er ſich bemüht, ſeinen früheren, traurig auf dem Gymnaſium, wie die Juden in der babyloniſchen Gefangenſchaft, zurückbleibenden Mitſchülern zu zeigen, was ein freier Menſch ſei. So ganz will ihm das aber nicht gelingen, er hat noch nicht den rechten Muth, er kann ſich noch nicht an die Wirklichkeit gewöhnen: denn, mit dem Dichter zu reden:

> Denn aus Gemeinem iſt der Menſch gemacht,
> Und die Gewohnheit nennt er ſeine Amme;

und dieſe Gewohnheit, heimlich den Lehrern zu trotzen, aber öffentlich vor ihnen zu zittern, hinter ihrem Rücken über ſie zu ſpotten und ihnen in das Geſicht die tiefſte reverentia puerilis zu fingiren, hat zu tiefe Wurzeln geſchlagen, als daß er dieſelbe mit einem Ruck gleich ausreißen könnte; auch hat ihn der Schuldirector noch zu ſehr in der Gewalt mit dem Abgangszeugniſſe, das er ihm nicht eher ausliefert, als bis er wirklich die Stadt verläßt. So ſchwebt er denn zwiſchen der Schule, die hinter ihm liegt, und der Univerſität, von der er jetzt allnächtlich träumt, mitten inne, weder leidend noch handelnd, wie die Abgeſchiedenen bei Dante:

Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo,

die ohne Schmach und ohne Lob lebten, zwiſchen Himmel und Hölle. Einen ſolchen Jüngling nun nennt der Student ein Maulthier, ein Weſen zwiſchen Eſel und Roß. Die Vortrefflichkeit dieſes Ausdruckes liegt auf der Hand, und braucht dem denkenden Leſer nicht weiter entwickelt zu werden, dem nicht denkenden aber helfe Gott, ich kann es nicht. Endlich aber iſt die glückliche Stunde erſchienen, und der zwiſchen Himmel und Erde wankende verzauberte Geiſt iſt erlöſt worden; er hat dem Prorector ſeinen Handſchlag gegeben, und ward, wie die Sclaven der alten Römer, durch dieſe manumissio ein freier Menſch. Jetzt ſucht er die alten Bekannten auf, deren Gunſt ihn als demüthigen Schüler ſo hoch beglückte; aber ſtolz ſehen dieſe jetzt auf ihn herab, und nennen den Neuling einen Fuchs. Ein oberflächlicher

Menſch wird nun vorlaut fragen, welche Aehnlichkeit denn ein nagelneuer Studioſus mit dem Raubthier, Fuchs genannt, habe, und dieſe nicht begreifen können; ein philoſophiſcher Kopf aber, beſonders ein ſolcher, deſſen Lieblingsſtudium die Metaphyſik iſt, den tiefen Sinn, der in dieſer Benennung liegt, ſogleich mit Staunen und Bewunderung erkennen. Wie der Fuchs zu gleicher Zeit etwas von der Natur des Hundes und etwas von der Natur des Wolfes an ſich hat, ſo hat der Neuling etwas vom Schüler und etwas vom Studenten. Wie ferner der Fuchs ſich nicht tollkühn in Gefahr wagt, ſondern um den Hühnerhof herumſchleicht, ehe er einen Einbruch verſucht, und bei dem erſten Lärm ſich augenblicklich in ſeinen Bau zurückzieht, ſo auch der neue Student; denn die Ermahnungen ſeines guten Papa, die Angſt, mit der Mama ihn entließ, die guten Vorſätze, die er ſich ſelbſt bildete, und die Furcht vor den Pedellen, ſo wie der tiefe Reſpect vor Rector, Univerſitätsrichter und Senat, wirken noch zu lebendig in ihm, um ſich ſo ohne Weiteres den anderen wilden Thieren zuzugeſellen, die zur Nachtzeit heulend die Straßen durchziehn und den armen harmloſen Wanderer aus dem Volke der Philiſter überfallen. Allmälig wächſt ihm jedoch der Muth, beſonders gegen Ende des Semeſters, und mit dem neuen Semeſter hat er auch ſchon einen ganz anderen Menſchen angezogen. Wohlgefällig ſieht der alte Student auf ihn hinab und adelt ihn, er wird zum Freiherrn unter den Füchſen erhoben, das heißt ein Brandfuchs. Dieſes Thier hat bekanntlich ſchon weit mehr vom Wolfe als vom Hunde an ſich — eben ſo wie der Student im zweiten Semeſter weit mehr vom Studenten, als vom Gymnaſiaſten, den er allmälig ganz abſtreift, — und Simſon bediente ſich ſeiner, des Brandfuchſes nämlich, nicht der Studenten — obwohl einige gelehrte Exegeten meinen, es ſeien nicht wirkliche Brandfüchſe, ſondern die Befliſſenen der Theologie auf der Univerſität zu Bethlehem geweſen — um das Getreide der Philiſter noch vor der Ernte zu zerſtören. — So läßt ſich noch heutigen Tages der akademiſche Brandfuchs vom Simſon, der in der Studentenſprache Senior heißt und auch oft von einer Dalilah geſchoren wird — gebrauchen, um dem Philiſter die Ernte zu ruiniren. Auch in dieſer bildlichen Benennung liegt alſo, wie in allen ſtudentikoſen Wörtern und Redensarten, ein tiefer Sinn. Im dritten Semeſter wird er endlich wirklicher Student und bezeichnet ſich ſelbſt mit der Benennung Burſch, gewöhnlich des Epitheton „flott" hinzufügend. Einſeitige Bücherwürmer behaupten, dieſes Appellativum ſei hiſtoriſchen Urſprunges, und komme von einem der mittleren Latinität entlehnten Worte bursa her, welches ſoviel wie Stipendienfonds bedeute, mithin ſei ein bursarius, ein Burſch, einer, der von Stipendien ſtudire. Dieſe Erklärung iſt ganz falſch, was ſchon dadurch bewieſen wird, daß gerade diejenigen die flotteſten Burſchen ſind, die kein Stipendium haben, weil die Angſt, daſſelbe zu verlieren, ihnen nicht hinderlich in den Weg treten kann. Burſch kommt allerdings von bursa, ein Geldbeutel, her, aber a potiori fit denominatio; weil des Studenten Geldbeutel immer mehr Raum als Geld umfaßt, ja die meiſte Zeit leer iſt, wie es ſchon im Anticlaudiano c. 7. heißt: nec bursam satiat nummis, ſo heißt der Burſch ein Burſch, weil er ſtets einen zu großen oder gar einen leeren Geldbeutel hat; ein Umſtand, durch den man ſchon zu Käſtner's Zeiten, den phyſikaliſchen Satz: daß es keinen leeren Raum gäbe, umzuſtoßen bemüht war. Er ſelbſt nennt ſich flott wie ein Schiff, das die Ladung, hier: das überflüſſige Geld ausgeworfen hat, und das nun nichts hindert, ſich luſtig von der Fluth forttreiben zu laſſen. So geht es denn zwei Semeſter fort, bis aus dem Burſchen ein bemooſtes Haupt wird. Ueber dieſe Benennung und ihre Ableitung ſind die Gelehrten ebenfalls im Irrthum; ſie glauben, dieſelbe komme von Moos, der zweiten Ordnung der vier und zwanzigſten Pflanzenklaſſe des Linnéiſchen Syſtems, cryptogamici musci, her; das iſt aber ganz falſch; Moos heißt überall, wo luſtige deutſche Brüder in ihrer Sprache reden, Geld. Im fünften und ſechſten Semeſter nämlich naht ſich der Studioſus dem Examen oder der Promotion, kurz dem Abgange von der Univerſität; damit dieſer in Ehren geſchehen könne, muß Papa ein Uebriges thun, und das nöthige Geld ſchicken, um die Schulden zu bezahlen, die Promotionskoſten zu beſtreiten u. ſ. w. Jetzt hat der Studioſus, durch Erfahrungen gewitzigt, endlich wieder Geld, das er wohl zu verwenden weiß; ehrfurchtsvoll blicken ſeine Commilitonen zu ihm hinauf und nennen ihn in der Freude ihres Herzens, mit tiefem Reſpect, ein würdiges bemooſtes Haupt.

So haben wir den Studenten auf ſeinem Lebenswege in ſeinen eigenſten Verhältniſſen begleitet und geſehen, wie er ſchon hier ſich innerhalb der Grenzen des Deutſchen eine neue Sprache geſchaffen hat, über deren Worte, Bilder und Geiſtesreichthum wir erſtaunen müſſen. Fahren wir nun in dieſen Unterſuchungen fort und überzeugen wir uns, daß ſich unſere Verwunderung ſteigern muß, je tiefer wir dringen, faſt bis zum Unglaublichen. Ein Student iſt weit mehr als ein deutſcher Poet, denn nach Schiller dichtet und denkt die Sprache für dieſen, der Studioſus denkt und dichtet aber für die Sprache. Wie ſinnreich weiß er die Erſcheinungen ſeines Lebens zu bezeichnen! Ueberall ſchöpft er aus dem Urquell der Poeſie, doch iſt er mehr als ein bloßer Naturdichter; denn auch die ſtrenge Wiſſenſchaft zieht er in den Kreis ſeiner kühnen Wortbildung hinein.

Betrachten wir ihn in den Verhältniſſen zu ſeinen Genoſſen: ein Commilitone hat ihn mit Worten verletzt; er nennt das nicht beleidigt, denn beleidigen kann ihn das nicht, wie überhaupt Nichts, er ſteht erhaben und glorreich über Allem da; aber bezeichnen muß er es doch, und ſo entlehnt er der Maeeutik einen terminus technicus, und ſagt: Jener habe ihn touchirt, d. h. bildlich: unterſucht, wie weit ſich das Gefühl der Studentenehre, deren Keim er empfängt, ſo wie er die Univerſität bezieht, in ihm bereits entwickelt habe; er dagegen läßt ihn conſtituiren, d. h. ihm eine Conſtitution geben, bei welcher die Stände den Monarchen zwingen, entweder Frieden zu ſchließen oder Krieg zu erklären, ohne daß durch diplomatiſche Verhandlungen die Sache in die Länge gezogen und hinter ſeinem Rücken eine Quadrupelallianz geſchloſſen werden kann. Der Gegner wählt das Letztere und nun wird gepaukt, ein höchſt bezeichnender Ausdruck, und weit beſſer, als das ausländiſche duellirt — denn Beide ſehen ſich im Zorne, wie weiland Don Quijote die Rieſen für Windmühlen — für jenes ſtarktönende Inſtrument an, deſſen Stelle in der Harmonie der Sphären der Donner vertritt, und hauen und ſtoßen ſo lange auf einander los, bis das eine oder das andere Fell ein Loch bekommt und nicht mehr wagt, in dieſem Theil der Concertmuſik des Studentenlebens mitzutönen, ehe nicht ſein Fell wieder hergeſtellt iſt. — Ein ſolches Loch nun heißt — aber hier eben ſo wie bei dem Worte, das über den, der ſich nicht paukt, die Reichsacht ausſpricht — declinirt das Bildliche zu ſehr nach den niederen Regionen des Lebens, und wiewohl man zu ſagen pflegt: literae non erubescunt — ſo kann ich mich doch nicht überwinden, aus Achtung für die vielen ſchönen Augen, welche dieſe Naturgeſchichte gewiß mit großem Eifer ſtudiren werden, jene beiden Worte in die Feder zu nehmen.

Das darf uns nicht ſtören. — Dieſe Sprache iſt ſo reich an Schönheiten, daß wir noch einen herrlichen Kranz daraus winden können, ohne zu Blumen wie Bilſenkraut und anderen ähnlichen, draſtiſch oder narkotiſch wirkenden, die vorzugsweiſe auf dem Miſte wachſen, unſere Zuflucht nehmen zu müſſen. Gehen wir zu den Verhältniſſen des Studenten nach außen über, und ſehen wir, was ſich hier findet. Leider iſt auch in ſeinem Leben nur zu oft das Geld der nervus rerum gerendarum, und gerade dann am Meiſten, wenn er es am Wenigſten achtet, obwohl er recht gut weiß, daß es Jeder ſo ſorgſam hütet, wie der Drache den Schatz der Nibelungen. Er muß es aber haben, denn trotz dem, daß er gar ſchlecht zu rechnen verſteht, iſt ihm doch die Regel der Subtraction: 6 von 0 kann ich nicht, borge ich Eins, wohl in der Erinnerung geblieben. Er borgt aber nicht, nein — nur ein Rechenknecht borgt, er pumpt, das heißt: mühſam läßt er ſo lange den Schwengel ſeiner Beredſamkeit auf und abgehen, bis es ihm gelingt, Moneten aus dem tiefſten Brunnenſchacht herauf zu holen. Wenn jedoch kein Brunnen mehr fließen will, kein Pumpen mehr hilft, ſo verkauft er nicht, das was ihm überflüſſig ſcheint, er verkeilt es; denn jeder Keil, den er ſo einſchlägt, dient für's Erſte dazu, ihn oben zu erhalten. Hilft ihm aber ein Freund in der Noth und pumpt ihm, ſo wird er ſich bei nächſter Gelegenheit gewiß löffeln und ihn ſetzen, das heißt: ihn durch allerlei mit Löffeln oder anderen Inſtrumenten zu vertilgende Stoffe dermaaßen an irgend einen Lieblingsplatz bannen, daß auch der mobilſte Student, auf eine Weile wenigſtens, gern zum geſetzten Manne wird, und ſelbſt ſeine Gläubiger, die er mit gelehrter Benennung Manichäer nennt, weil ſie noch unſinniger, als Manichäus ſelbſt, glauben, es ſei von einem flotten Burſchen Geld zu erhalten, werden ihn nicht vertreiben können; nur der von Göthe ſelbſt im weſtöſtlichen Divan gefeierte phyſiſche Katzenjammer, den die Perſer Bidamag Buden nennen, vermag es allein, namentlich dann, wenn ſich mit ihm die Reue, κατ᾽ ἐξοχὴν der moraliſche (scilicet, Katzenjammer) genannt, einſtellt.

Dem höchſten Culturzuſtande endlich ſind diejenigen Worte in der Sprache des Studenten entlehnt, welche ſein Verhältniß zum ſchönen Geſchlechte ausdrücken.

Selbſt im Wort Beſen, das mancher holden Leſerin unangenehm auffallen mag, und mit dem er im Allgemeinen die ganze beſſere Hälfte der Menſchheit bezeichnet, liegt ein gar tiefer Sinn. Wo wären ohne das weibliche Geſchlecht die Städtegründerin, Ordnung, und die Freundin deutſcher Gelehrſamkeit, Reinlichkeit, auf Erden geblieben? Nur durch zarter Frauen Hand ſind ſie uns erhalten worden. Das weiß der Student ſehr wohl, und darum iſt dieſe pars pro toto in ſeinem Munde eine durchaus ehrende Benennung, ungefähr wie ein großer Pinſel für einen großen Maler; denn ein vollkommenes Weib kann er ſich nicht ohne Bürſte und Beſen, mit denen es hinter dem Manne her dem Bücherſtaub und der Tabacksaſche auf Tod und Leben zu Leibe geht, denken. Was er von ſolcher Hand zu erwarten habe, weiß er lange ſchon aus dem Fauſt, wo der Prototyp aller Studioſen auf dem Spaziergange höchſt bedeutungsvoll ſagt:

Die Hand, die Samſtags ihren Beſen führt,
Wird Sonntags Dich am Beſten carreſſiren.

Jene zarteren Hände aber, die das nur heimlich thun, in der irrigen Meinung, es ſchicke ſich nicht, nennt er ſtrafend Florbeſen, weil ſie das Attribut ihrer Weltherrſchaft zu verhüllen ſtreben. Gern macht er ihnen den Hof, oder richtiger er pouſſirt ſie, das heißt:

durch ſeinen geiſtreichen Umgang bringt er ſie vorwärts in der feinen Bildung.

Schon aus dem Wenigen, das ich hier vom Raum beſchränkt gegeben, wird man ſich überzeugt haben, welchen außerordentlichen Reichthum an ſymboliſchen Hyperbolen die Sprache der Studenten beſitze; es liegt ſo viel Poetiſches, Treues, Rührendes darin. Kann etwas mehr zum Herzen reden, als wenn der dankbare Studioſus einen alten Flausrock, der mit ihm Freud' und Leid getragen, oder richtiger, den er in Freud' und Leid getragen, einen alten Gottfried nennt? Ruht nicht wirklich der Friede Gottes auf ſolchem alten, ehrlichen treuen, bis auf den letzten Faden abgenutzten Kleidungsſtücke, das nicht um der Welt willen angezogen ward, wie ein vornehmer ſchwalbenſchwänziger Frack, ſondern um ſeiner ſelbſt willen? Iſt etwas Poetiſcheres in der weiten Gotteswelt zu finden, als der Name Philiſter, mit welchem der Student alle Menſchen benennt, ſich ſelbſt und ſeine Profeſſoren ausgenommen? Man glaube ja nicht, daß dieſer Name von balistarius, ein Armbruſtſchütze, abgeleitet ſei; denn was ging ein Solcher den Studioſus an, wenn gleich die Franzoſen belitre daraus machten, und damit einen Lumpenkerl bezeichnen. Nein, der Urſprung dieſes bedeutenden Wortes, das ſeine Geltung behalten wird, ſo lange es Univerſitäten giebt, iſt ein ganz anderer, und hat ſeine Quelle in der Bibel. Als ſich 1693 zu Jena, im goldenen Engel, Studenten mit Gnoten (vulgo Handwerksburſchen) zankten und ſtritten, da kam es zu Thätlichkeiten, und ein Studioſus wurde erſchlagen. Am folgenden Sonntage erwähnte der hochehrwürdige Paſtor Götz daſelbſt dieſes traurige Ereigniß auf der Kanzel, und brach vor tiefem Schmerz dabei in die Worte aus: „Philiſter, über Dir Simſon!“ (der geneigte Leſer weiß bereits, daß Simſon und Senior gleichbedeutend ſind.) Seit dieſer Zeit heißt Jeder Nichtſtudent Philiſter; aber einen tieferen welthiſtoriſchen und philoſophiſchen Gehalt erhielt das Wort erſt ſpäter. Der Student drückt damit einmal die Idee der Gleichheit, in welcher Alles vor ihm erſcheint, aus und hat das lange vorher gethan, ehe Fraternité und Égalité die Looſung der blutigſten Thaten in Frankreich wurden. — Jeder Student iſt dem anderen gleich, und jeder Philiſter gilt dem Studenten gleich. In ſeinen Augen iſt ein Kaiſer oder ein König eben ſo gut ein Philiſter, wie ſein Haus- oder ſein Speiſewirth. Was nun das Philoſophiſche betrifft, ſo iſt der Philiſter das dem Ich, dem Studenten, entgegengeſetzte Nicht-Ich der Fichteſchen Wiſſenſchaftslehre. Ob es nun wohl eine Sprache auf Erden giebt, die mehrere größere Gedanken in einem und demſelben Worte birgt? So endlich — ich muß mich faſt wider Willen von dieſem intereſſanten und belehnenden Gegenſtande losreißen — das Wort Kneipe für Wirthshaus, Schenke im Allgemeinen, dann beſonders für das Wirthshaus, das der Studioſus vorzugsweiſe zu beſuchen pflegt. Die Ableitung liegt vor Augen, denn wer wird nicht Alles durch ſolche Art gekneipt? Der Student ſelbſt, wenn er dem Wirth oder Kneipier Schreibſtunde oder Rechnenſtunde giebt, und ihn Buchſtaben und Zahlen mit Kreide an die Tafel malen läßt, um ſich erſt gehörig zu üben, ehe er mit Dinte in ſein Buch ſchreibt, was er gelernt; der Vater des Studenten, der oft nicht allein des Sohnes Kneipen, ſondern auch deſſen Bauchkneipen von dem ſchlechten Bier und Wein, das der ſpitzbübiſche Wirth dieſem gereicht, doppelt bezahlen muß; der Profeſſor, wenn Studioſus die Collegiengelder verkneipt, und ſich nachher Stundung bis zum jüngſten Gericht ausbittet, ein Gericht, welches bekanntlich vom Univerſitätsrichter nicht gehalten wird; die verſchiedenen Philiſter, deren Hoffnungen und Erwartungen in der Kneipe ebenfalls wie Seifenblaſen platzten. — Ach! und wie manchem ehemaligen Studenten kneipt die Erinnerung an Kneipe und Kneipier, in ſpäten Jahren noch, das Herz und den Geldbeutel zuſammen, und preßt ihm zu gleicher Zeit Thränen und Thaler aus!

Ja die Sprache der Studenten iſt eine Macht. Sie, und ſie allein iſt das geiſtige Band, das alle Hochſchulen Deutſchlands, von Kiel bis Freiburg, von Bonn bis Königsberg, verbindet; ſie iſt der ſegenbringende Zollverein des Studentenlebens, der da eine Einheit ſchafft, wo ſelbſt ein Talleyrand ſie für unmöglich halten würde.

Nächſt der Sprache, war früher die Tracht ebenfalls ein gemeinſames Band, aber die Alles verwiſchende Zeit hat immer mehr und mehr die Eigenthümlichkeit derſelben zerſtört, Adam iſt faſt ganz herunter gekommen, und Unſer Einer geworden. Daran ſind allein die leidigen Reſidenzen Schuld, in denen Univerſitäten entſtanden, was ich in einem anderen Kapitel, neben anderen Nachtheilen derſelben, faventibus Diis ausführlich zu entwickeln gedenke. Wo hätte denn noch vor fünf und zwanzig Jahren, ſelbſt der obſcurſte Student, einen ſchwarzen Filz mit ſteifem runden Rande, vulgo Hut genannt, getragen, oder einen Spargelſtecher, Frack genannt, angezogen, oder gar eine Cravatte umgethan? Nehmen wir unſere Gelehrſamkeit zu Hülfe, gehen wir die Tracht der Studenten ſeit Jahrhunderten durch, ſehen wir, wie ſie immer eigenthümlich war, und wir werden leider finden, daß die letzten Decennien begonnen haben, ihre charaktervolle Originalität zu Grabe zu tragen, und daß ſie bald gänzlich hienieden verſchwinden wird, gleich den Stätten der Mächtigen auf Erden, von denen auch nicht eine Spur mehr dem einſamen Wanderer auf der Haide erzählt, daß ſie einſt da geweſen.

Das Eigenthümliche in der Tracht der Studenten hat nämlich ſtets darin gelegen, daß dieſer genau ein Mißverhältniß, zwiſchen dem Ober- und Untertheil ſeines Körpers, oder umgekehrt, dadurch ausdrückte, womit er nämlich ſymboliſch andeutete, daß immer nur die eine Hälfte von ihm ſich dem Zwange, ſei es nun der Schule oder des Lebens, unterwerfe, während die andere ſich in voller Freiheit bewege. Die beſten Quellen für die früheſte Kenntniß dieſer Tracht ſind die alten Stammbücher, in welchen Studioſus nicht allein ſeinen Leibſpruch niederzulegen, ſondern auch ſein Familienwappen — und wer hatte damals keines? — und ſich ſelbſt in den verſchiedenſten Situationen liebte abconterfeien zu laſſen. Der Verfaſſer dieſes unſterblichen Werkes hat eifrig aus dieſen Quellen geſchöpft, und durchgehends ſeine Behauptung und Wahrnehmung beſtätigt gefunden. Das älteſte Conterfei dieſer Art, das ihm vorgekommen, iſt vom Jahre 1572; hier fand er Studioſus auf folgende Weiſe coſtumirt. Auf dem Kopfe trug er ein ſchwarzſammetnes Baret, mit einer rothen Feder; Stutz und Knebelbart zierten ſein Antlitz, ſo wie ſeinen Hals eine gefältelte Spitzenkrauſe. Seinen Oberkörper ſchmückte ein ganz eng anliegendes rothes Wamms, mit eben ſo engen, aber durch Puffen verzierten Aermeln; dann kamen ein Paar ungeheuere rothe Pluderhoſen mit unzähligen Falten, die über dem Knie wieder ganz eng zuſammenſchnürten und Bein und Fuß bedeckten, bis zu dem ſchwarzen Lederſchuh. Ueber der rechten Schulter hing ein purpurrother Mantel, und an der linken Hüfte ein langer Stoßdegen mit einem Korbgriffe. So erſcheint nämlich ein Herr von Dieskau, der in Leipzig zu jener Zeit dem Studium der Rechte oblag. Das Prachtſtück an dieſem Anzuge waren die Pluderhoſen, die aus lauter aneinandergenähten Falten beſtanden, und oft über 100 Ellen Tuches erforderten; ſo daß eines Studioſi ganzer Wechſel in Beinkleidern aufging, und dieſe Tracht in Wittenberg nicht allein verboten, ſondern auch von den Kanzeln dagegen gepredigt wurde. — Später ward ſie (eine urſprünglich ſpaniſche) von der franzöſiſchen verdrängt, und Studioſus ſuchte ſeinen Ruhm darin: ungeheuere Allongenperrücken zu tragen, während ſein übriger Leichnam ſehr knapp und zierlich gekleidet war, wenn er nicht, um der Bequemlichkeit willen, die Gaſſen im fliegenden Schlafrocke durchzog, den blanken Schläger, den er auf den Steinen zu wetzen pflegte, unter dem Arm. So berichtet uns die liebenswürdige und galante Salinde, die das Treiben zu Jena, am Schluſſe des ſiebenzehnten Jahrhunderts, ſchildert. Dann verſchwand dieſer Anzug gänzlich, und machte dem himmelhohen Stürmer oder ledernen Helm mit Federbuſch, dem Koller, das oft Farbe und Schnitt einer Phantaſie-Uniform erhielt, den engen hirſchledernen Beinkleidern und den ungeheueren Kanonenſtiefeln Platz. Dieſer Prachtanzug erhielt ſich, ſelbſt der franzöſiſchen Revolution, die alle Moden umwälzte, zum Trotz, bis in unſer Jahrhundert hinein, obwohl im Gegenſatz zu demſelben die weiten Beinkleider und die Mützen aufkamen. Endlich brach der Befreiungskrieg, und mit ihm eine Wendung aller Dinge, natürlich auch der Tracht, an. Deutſchheit war die Looſung, und wie konnte ſie beſſer ausgedrückt werden, als durch den alten deutſchen Rock, der eigentlich keinesweges deutſch, ſondern urſprünglich eine polniſche Litevka iſt; aber Studioſus wußte ihm den echten Stempel der Deutſchheit, oder den Stempel echter Deutſchheit dadurch aufzudrücken, daß er alle Schnuren und Troddeln, die ihn bei ſeiner Geburt ſchmückten, wegthat, und über den kurzen Kragen eine halbe Elle gebleichter Leinwand hinaushing, eine freie Fortſetzung des Hemdes. Dazu kamen das ſchwarze Sammetbaret mit Eicheln, die grauen etwas ſchmutzig ausſehenden weiten Tuchhoſen, die gänzliche Abweſenheit einer Weſte; ſo daß man jedem wahren Muſenſohne, wenn auch nicht bis in das Herz, doch bis auf das Herz, ja ſogar mitunter bis auf den Magen ſehen konnte; und ſtatt des gewaltigen Knotenſtockes, der ſchon lange an die Stelle des für feierliche Gelegenheiten aufgeſparten Schlägers getreten war, der glatt polirte, aber nicht minder gewichtige Ziegenhainer. Die Gegner der Deutſchheit, die ſich damals auf Univerſitäten fanden, ſuchten Jene durch Eleganz zu beſchämen, und trugen reich mit Gold geſtickte farbige Mützen, hohe Cravatten, ſchöne mit vielen Litzen, Troddeln und Sammet garnirte polniſche Röcke, blaue Huſarenweſten mit Silber verbrämt, enge Tuchbeinkleider mit ſilbernen und goldenen Streifen geſchmückt, oder außerordentlich weite Mameluckenhoſen von Sammet. Allmälig ſind aber alle dieſe Auszeichnungen verſchwunden von der Oberfläche der Erde; Studioſus geht wie jeder andere Jüngling hienieden; die mehrfarbigen Mützen haben meiſt aufgehört, die kurzen kaum bis über die Hüften reichenden Röcke haben ein mittleres Maaß, eine Art von Tag- und Nachtgleiche erreicht, ja ſie ſind ſogar in der neueſten Zeit zu engländiſcher Länge hin und wieder angewachſen; die Beinkleider zieren keine ſilbernen und goldenen Treſſen mehr; Collet und Stürmer ruhen bei den Todten, und nur hier und da, aber höchſt ſelten taucht noch ein altdeutſcher Jüngling auf, in der ganzen Majeſtät ſeiner Einfachheit, wie eine Schwalbe, die ſich vom Winter überraſchen ließ, und — das iſt das Schrecklichſte, — die verſtümmelte Unform eines Fracks ziert dagegen häufig den Studenten, nicht bloß auf Bällen, wo er de rigueur iſt — ich bediene mich abſichtlich dieſes fremdländiſchen Ausdruckes, da ich von dieſem eunuchiſchen Eindringling rede, ſondern auch — proh dolor! — ſelbſt in den Hörſälen, und überhaupt im Leben des gemeinen Alltags — ja ſogar — was noch ſchrecklicher iſt — ſelbſt auf Kommerſchen!

Die Wehmuth zwingt mich einen Augenblick die Feder niederzulegen, und meinen Thränen freien Lauf zu gönnen. — So konnteſt Du Dich nivelliren laſſen, akademiſche Jugend, Du Stolz des Vaterlandes, ſo einen Theil Deiner Eigenthümlichkeit aufgeben? Wo ſeid Ihr hin, Ihr ſeligen Tage, als es unmöglich war, einen Studenten auf zehn Meilen weit nicht augenblicklich zu erkennen und in einer Entfernung von fünf deutſchen Meilen nicht ſogleich zu ſehen, welcher Univerſität er angehörte?!

Darum, Commilitonen! haltet feſt, ich beſchwöre Euch, an Euerer Sprache. Sie allein iſt noch Euer Palladium; wenn Ihr ſie auch aufgebt, ſo habt Ihr nichts mehr, das Euch hervorhebt vor dem Plebs, und Euch als geweihte Prieſter der Wiſſenſchaft zeigt. Wenn Ihr ſie aufgebt, ſo iſt der Wein des Lebens verdunſtet, und nur noch die ſchaale Hefe im Becher übrig. — Wenn Ihr ſie aufgebt, ſo iſt das Salz der Erde dumm geworden, und wenn das Salz dumm geworden, womit ſoll man ſalzen? Der Tag des Schniepels und der Glacéhandſchuhe iſt leider ſchon weit vorgerückt und ſeine Sonne ſteht bereits im Zenith. Aber nie möge der Tag erſcheinen, wo Ihr, ſtatt Proſit, bon jour ſagt, euern Hauswirth einen Bürger, und nicht einen Philiſter nennt, ſtatt Spritztouren, einen Ausflug nach einer benachbarten Stadt macht, und lieber arbeitet als ochſt; denn dann habt Ihr aufgehört das Salz der Erde zu ſein. Dann unterſcheidet Ihr Euch durch Nichts mehr von dem Ladenſchwengel, dem Forſtlöwen und dem Miſtiker, dann — doch meine Feder weigert ſich das Bild auszumalen und ich verſtumme.

So viele Eurer Gebräuche und Sitten ſind bereits verſchwunden und in die Nacht gänzlicher Vergeſſenheit verſunken. Seit Jahrhunderten wird kein Fuchs mehr deponirt, ſeit Jahren nicht mehr feierlich zum Brandfuchs gebrannt, und ihm von drei alten Häuſern Brief und Siegel darüber ausgeſtellt. Wo ſieht man Euch dem edlen Kartenſpiel Pereat, mit den intereſſanten Bezeichnungen: Knüppel, Galgen und Rad, zur Belehrung der Füchſe und Stärkung der Bemooſten, obliegen? — Ach! ja wohl, facilis descensus Averni. Alles iſt dahin, iſt dort hinabgezogen, von wo kein Wiederkehren ſein kann. Kaum, daß Ihr bei den Kommerſchen noch das Alte beibehalten, und wäre das Trinken nicht eine Handlung, die man nie feierlich genug zu begehen vermag, ſo würde in unſeren revolutionären Tagen ſchwerlich noch der ehrwürdige Landesvater die Mützen mit ehrenvollen Narben ſchmücken, noch pro poena getrunken und ein allgemeines Hospitium angeordnet werden. —

Darum noch ein Mal, haltet feſt an Eurer Sprache! Es will mir ſcheinen, deutſche Studenten, als liebtet Ihr ſie nicht genug. Die Blüthe deutſchen Geiſtes, die Poeſie, trägt zu wenig Spuren davon. Wann bringt Ihr Eure reichen Bilder, Euere kräftigen Reden, wie nur ſie und ſie allein dieſelben zu geben vermag, in Euern Liedern an? Hier iſt ein Mittel, durch das Ihr derſelben die ſicherſte Unſterblichkeit verleihen könnt. Fehlt Euch die Uebung, ſo nehmt die Gedichte großer Meiſter und übertragt ſie in Eure Weiſe und Euer Idiom. Wie herrlich ſich das mache, davon hier ein Beiſpiel. Ein Pedell hatte vor langen Jahren einen Burſchen, durch falſche Angabe, ſchmählich gekränkt; dieſer lauerte ihm Abends an einer Straßenecke auf, um ihn durchzuprügeln, und wandte nun, die Erwartung täuſchend zu beſchwichtigen, den unſterblichen Monolog des Schillerſchen Tell folgendermaaßen auf ſeinen Zuſtand an:

Durch dieſe finſtre Gaſſe muß er kommen,
Es führt kein and'rer Weg zur Kneipe, — hier
Holz' ich ihn durch, — die Suite macht ſich gut.
Der alte Brunnen dort verbirgt mich ihm.
Von dort herab faßt ihn mein Ziegenhainer;
Die Schnurren nahen vor Manſchetten nicht.

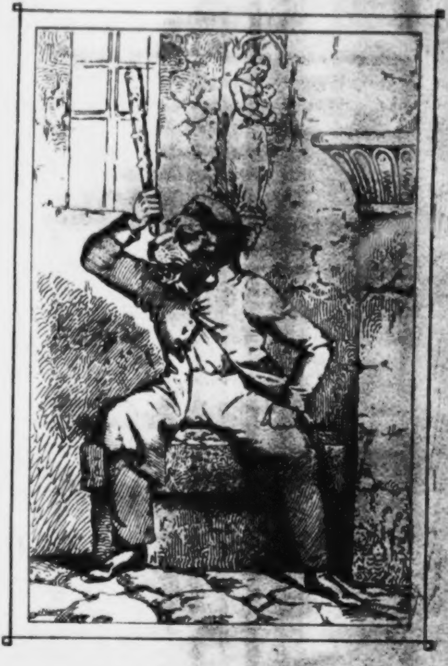

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Ja, zeig' mich nur dem Amte, Pudel! an,
Holz mußt Du faſſen, jetzt auf Cerevis! —

Ich lebte ganz obſkur — der Ziegenhainer
Ward auf die Knoten nur allein geſchwenkt, —
Ich wußte Nichts vom Carcer und Conſil.
Du haſt in der Pomade mich geſtört,
In bitter gährend Drachengift haſt Du
Die Milch jedweden Bierſtoffs mir verwandelt;
An's Ungeheure haſt Du mich gewöhnt. —
Wer ſicher weiß, er werde bald geſchickt,
Dem iſt der Pudel Jeglicher nur Wurſt.

Die armen Füchſe, die unſchuldigen,
Das biedere Hauscamiſol muß ich
Vor Dir beſchützen. — Als Du mich gefaßt,
Mit blankem Schläger in der Hand, den ich
Als Unparteiiſcher nur aufgehoben,
Weil der Paukanten Einer fort ihn warf:
Als Du mit grauſam teufeliſcher Luſt
Mich vor das Amt citirt und vor den Profax,
Und Nichts begreifen wollteſt, Du Kameel!
Damals gelobt' ich mir auf Ehrenwort,
Das Gott nur und der Senior gehört:
Ich tränke keinem Burſchen mehr Eins vor,
Und tränke keinem Burſchen mehr Eins nach,
Und machte keinen Fürſt von Thoren mit,
Bis ich das dicke Fell Dir durchgeholzt,
Daß Du kein Glied mehr regſt. — Was ich gelobt
In jenes Augenblickes Höllenquaalen,
Das iſt ein heil'ger Pump. — Ich will ihn zahlen!

Du biſt der Pudel Jüngſter, doch es hätte
Der Oberpudel ſelbſt ſich nicht erlaubt,
Was Du — Abfaſſen ſollſt Du Paukereien,

Allein den Unparteiiſchen zu petzen,
Als der Paukanten Einen, heißt Dich Niemand. —
Kein Andrer wagte ſo ſich zu erfrechen.
Es lebt ein Gott zu ſtrafen und zu rächen!

Komm Du hervor, Du Bringer bitt'rer Schmerzen,
Mein Ziegenhainer, jetzt mein höchſter Schatz!
Du ſollſt nun einen Rücken treffen, der
Bisher den Burſchen unerreichbar war.
Du aber wirſt ihn faſſen. — Und auch Du
Dreifarb'ge Pfeifenlitze, die Du ſonſt,
Wenn es bei Kneipereien was geſetzt,
Den Ziegenhainer bandeſt an die Hand,
Verlaß mich nicht im fürchterlichen Ernſt!
Nur jetzt noch halte feſt, Du treue Schnur,
Die ſonſt die Pfeife, dann das Holz geſchmückt.
Hätt' ich jetzt Pech, und riſſeſt Du entzwei,
So wär' es morgen auch mit mir vorbei.

Auf dieſen Brunnenſtein will ich mich ſetzen,
Den Beſen für die Eimer aufgerichtet,
Denn dieſe ſchwatzen hier allein. — Sonſt zieht
Ein Jeder raſch vorüber; Keiner kohlt
Zum Zeitvertreib mit Anderen. Hier geht
Der ochſende Profeſſor — der Philiſter,
Der einen Riß hat — der vorſicht'ge Schnurre,
Der Doctorand, ſo wie der kraſſe Fuchs,
Der Finke und noch ſonſt ſo manch Kameel,
Das ferne her kommt von der Menſchen Ländern,
Denn jede Straße führt hier auf den Markt.
Sie Alle ſchieben in die Kneipe ſich. —
Doch der hier durſtig lauert, das bin Ich.

Sonſt, wenn das alte Haus kam, kraſſe Füchſe!
Das war ein Jubel in der ganzen Kneipe;

Denn nimmer trat es ein, ſo trank es Euch
Gleich Eines vor, und ſchlug nachher Euch ein.
War's eine hohe Quart, war's eine Terz,
Die es Euch lehrt, war's ein Rappierjung' ſelbſt,
Euch an der Waffen Klirren zu gewöhnen:
Kurz, etwas lerntet immer Ihr von ihm,
Auch paukt es den Comment Euch oftmals ein —
Jetzt kommt es nicht; am Brunnen ſitzt es jetzt,
Des Pudels Rücken iſt's, auf den es lauert.
Und doch — an Euch nur denkt es, lieben Füchſe,
Auch jetzt — Euch vor'm Conſilium zu bewahren,
Zu ſchützen vor dem bittern Relegat,
Sobald Euch abgefaßt der Pudel hat.
Ich laure auf ein edles Wild — Läßt ſich's
Der Jäger nicht verdrießen, Tage lang,
Mit dem Schießprügel unterm Arm, zu ſtreifen
Durch Wald und Feld, in harten Winters Strenge,
Um einem Haſen auf den Pelz zu brennen;
Hier gilt es einen köſtlicheren Preis,
Des Pudels, der mich ſchmählich will verderben —
Des Pudels Rücken gilt es blau zu färben.
So lang' ich Burſche bin, hab' ich den Hieber
Gehandhabt, mich geübt auf der Menſur,
Und meinen Gegner oftmal ausgeſchmiert.
Heut aber zieh' ich keinen Paukwichs an.
In einen alten Flauſch hüll' ich mich ein,
Den Ziegenhainer will allein ich faſſen,
Ja, Pudel, möge Gott Dir gnädig ſein!
Denn heute gilt's, auf immer Dich zu ſchaffen,
Wenn Du umherſchleichſt in den engen Gaſſen. —

Nicht wahr, das iſt echte Poeſie — die innigſte Verſchmelzung von Natur und Kunſt. — Schiller's Monolog iſt ein Meiſterſtück — aber dieſer Monolog noch ſchöner, oder ich müßte nicht wiſſen, was ein echtes Burſchenherz erfreuen, begeiſtern und zu kühnen Thaten entflammen kann. Dieſes herrliche Werk wurde damals in unzähligen Abſchriften verbreitet, alle Füchſe konnten es auswendig, und mein Landsmann hatte ſich ſeine Unſterblichkeit zwiefach geſichert, denn er prügelte den Pedellen auch wirklich durch, und es kam nicht heraus:

Wer dieſe heldenkühne That vollbracht. —

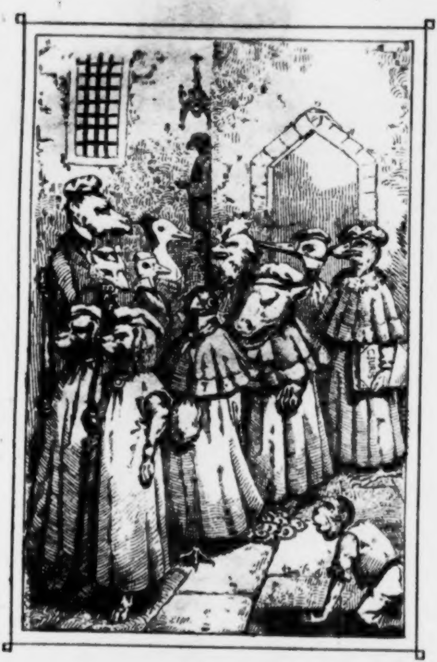
CJURS

Drittes Kapitel.

Von den Univerſitäten im Allgemeinen und Beſondern.

Eine Univerſität iſt eine Anſtalt, welche einen Rector oder Prorector hat, der halbjährlich oder jährlich wechſelt, und vier oder fünf Facultäten beſitzt, die Doctoren creiren können, und zwar umſonſt, was ſie ſelten thun, und meiſt nur bei feierlichen Gelegenheiten, oder für Geld, was ſie häufig und bei jeder Gelegenheit thun. Der Rector oder Prorector hat einen hohen Rang, aber wenig Macht, er gleicht einem abgeſetzten — nein, der Ausdruck iſt zu illoyal, — ſagen wir lieber einem Könige, der vom Throne geſtiegen iſt — man erzeigt ihm die alten Ehren, aber man läßt ihn höchſtens nur ſeinen Hofſtaat regieren. Doch repräſentirt er, der Rector oder Prorector nämlich, die höchſte Macht, und die Studenten werfen ihm die Fenſter ein, wenn ſie mit dem Geſetz unzufrieden ſind. Die eingeworfenen Fenſter braucht er aber nicht auf ſeine Koſten wieder machen zu laſſen, ſondern das geſchieht aus öffentlichen Caſſen, meiſt aus der Caſſe für die Ehrenausgaben, wenn eine ſolche beſonders vorhanden iſt. Er tritt ſein Amt mit einer Rede an, was eigentlich nur ein Verſuch iſt, um die Studenten an ſeine Stimme zu gewöhnen. Außerdem hat er noch manche Functionen, wie z. B. in den Senatsverſammlungen, und bei Schmäuſen, den Vorſitz zu führen, und hier den erſten Toaſt auf das Wohl des Landesherrn auszubringen. Von ſeinen übrigen Pflichten und Geſchäften wird ſpäter wohl noch die Rede ſein. Eine beſondere Eigenſchaft an ihm iſt, daß, wenn er auf dem Felde der Ehre fällt, oder vom Kampfplatz abtreten muß, nicht ſein Hintermann, ſondern ſein Vordermann für ihn eintritt, der Exrector oder Exprorector nämlich, bis ein neuer Rector ernannt iſt. — Früher wurde er nur von ſeinen Collegen gewählt, damals war die Wiſſenſchaft noch unabhängig; jetzt iſt ſie ein Vaſall der Krone geworden, und er muß ſich von der Regierung belehnen oder beſtätigen laſſen.

Außerdem hat eine Univerſität noch eine Anzahl ordentlicher und außerordentlicher Profeſſoren, Privatdocenten, andere Lehrer und allerlei Juſtizperſonen, unter denen die Pedelle die angeſehenſten ſind, d. h. diejenigen, welche die Studenten am häufigſten zu ſehen bekommen. Ueber der ganzen Univerſität ſchwebt, als Gottheit in unſeren Tagen, die Polizei; ſie iſt die Nothwendigkeit, der ſelbſt der Herrſcher im Donnergewölk, Zeus, der Prorector oder Rector, ſich, trotz ſeiner Magnificenz, eben ſo gut unterwerfen muß, wie der Geringſten Einer dieſer akademiſchen Welt. Der Zweck einer Univerſität endlich iſt, die Totalität des geſammten menſchlichen und übermenſchlichen Wiſſens, die scientia rerum humanarum et divinarum im weiteſten Sinne des Wortes, in ihrem Schooße zu bergen, und dafür zu ſorgen, daß die auf ihr immatrikulirten Studenten Alles lernen können, nicht allein was man weiß, ſondern auch was man nicht weiß. Die Profeſſoren auf deutſchen Univerſitäten wiſſen aber Alles, das ausgenommen, was ſie nicht wiſſen, und das wiſſen die Studenten, brauchen es daher nicht zu lernen. Empfindſame Reiſende und andere Naturforſcher behaupten, es gäbe nirgends mehr heimliche kleine Intriguen und Kabalen, und heimlichen und öffentlichen Neid und Haß, als auf den deutſchen Univerſitäten, weil jeder einzelne Docent nicht allein glaube, Alles, ſondern Alles auch am Beſten zu wiſſen, und es daher für Pflicht halte, ſeine Collegen, die ohne ihn beſtändig irren würden, durch die ſanfteſten und gelindeſten Mittel von ſeiner Superiorität zu überzeugen. Das iſt aber ſchändliche Verleumdung, in der Hölle iſt weit mehr Haß und Neid. Böſe Zeugen ſagen nun freilich, die Hölle ſei die Geſammtakademie der ganzen Menſchheit; ſolches iſt indeſſen bloß ein ſchlechter Witz. Ich habe noch nie erfahren, daß Jemand, der ſich zum Staatsexamen gemeldet, Teſtimonia producirt hätte über Vorleſungen, ſo er bei dem Satan oder anderen kakodämoniſchen Notabilitäten gehört, gleichviel, ob es Brodcollegia oder andere waren; ſelbſt nicht einmal die Juriſten, die es doch am Beſten brauchen könnten, was freilich wohl daher rührt, daß in den neueſten Zeiten ſo viel Chriſtenthum in die Jurisprudenz, beſonders in das römiſche Recht, gedrungen iſt, weshalb natürlich der Teufel nichts mehr damit zu thun haben will; vorzüglich ſeitdem gewiſſe Rechtslehrer das Recht aus dem Sündenfall deduciren, und die römiſchen Inſtitutionen mit der moſaiſchen Schöpfung beginnen. An den Sündenfall denkt aber der Teufel nicht gern, weil ihm damals nichts weiter gelang, als die Eva zu verführen, und das kann jetzt — ſoweit iſt die Welt doch ſeit 6000 Jahren vorgeſchritten — jeder dumme Teufel bei jeder Eva, ja es iſt ſogar eine merkwürdige phyſiologiſche Erſcheinung, daß es ihm deſto leichter gelingt, je dümmer er und je geſcheidter ſie iſt. Die Urſache mag tiefer und in dem Ausgleichungsprincip zu ſuchen ſein, das durch die ganze Natur geht; das gehört aber nicht hierher.

Im Ganzen herrſchen noch viele Controverſen über den Begriff Univerſität vor, was von der Vielſeitigkeit der Univerſitäten ſowohl, wie daher rühren mag, daß viele Menſchen immer nur eine Seite derſelben ſehen. So z. B. halten manche Staatsmänner die Univerſitäten nur für den Staats-Wiſſenſchafts-Speicher, aus dem die Lehrlinge auf den Staatscomptoirs halbjährlich im Voraus holen müſſen, was der Staat nothwendig conſumirt, wie unter Anderem das erforderliche Oel, um die Räder der Maſchine zu ſchmieren, damit ſie es nachher bei der Hand haben, wenn ſie Commis geworden ſind. Aus demſelben Grunde ſind jene Lenker und Regierer denn auch dafür, den Profeſſoren ſchlechte Beſoldungen zu geben; denn ſie meinen, eines Theils, wer in und von der Wiſſenſchaft lebt, der braucht weiter Nichts um zu leben, anderen Theils aber, daß ein Profeſſor leicht übermüthig wird, und daß man die Bäume zeitig und fortwährend beſchneiden müſſe, damit ſie nicht in den Himmel wachſen. Das ſind nun Staatsmaximen, über welche einem beſcheidenen Bürger kein Urtheil zuſteht, da er leicht dafür auf die Finger geklopft werden kann. Viele andere Leute, namentlich von dem hohen Adel, glauben: eine Univerſität ſei eine Pepiniere aller möglichen Ungezogenheiten, Unarten, Untugenden und Unanſtändigkeiten, ganz beſonders aber revolutionärer Geſinnungen, und beklagen es ſehr, daß die Ritterakademieen nicht genügen, um ihre hochwohlgebornen Söhne für den höheren Staatsdienſt vorzubereiten. Frauen, ferner, welche erwachſene Söhne beſitzen, ſind der Anſicht: eine Univerſität ſei eine Anſtalt, in der das Söhnlein zu einer Verſorgung allerdings fähig gemacht, aber auch zugleich methodiſch zerhauen oder zerſtochen werde, durch die man jedoch hindurch müſſe, wie die Jungfrau durch die Brautnacht, um zu allen Rechten und Befugniſſen eines ehelichen Weibes zu gelangen. Viele Studirende endlich bilden ſich ein, eine Univerſität ſei ein Luſtort, um drei oder mehr Jahre das Leben recht tüchtig zu genießen; für das Uebrige möge dann erſt der Papa, und nachher der liebe Gott ſorgen. Die Profeſſoren endlich betrachten die Univerſität als das Centrum aller Intelligenz, und ihre Vorträge als die Radien, die von dieſem Centrum aus die ganze Welt erleuchten und erhellen, außerhalb deſſen aber keine wahre Intelligenz mehr zu finden ſei.

An allen dieſen Anſichten haftet nun, wie an allen ſublunariſchen Anſichten, mehr oder weniger Falſches, und mehr oder weniger Wahres, und kein vernünftiger Menſch wird ſich daher darüber wundern, daß die Regierungen in neueſter Zeit die Univerſitäten unter ihren beſonderen Schutz und in beſondere Affection genommen, zumal da es ihnen ſchien, als ob dieſelben, die ſie als moraliſche Perſonen beſtehen ließen, ihnen gegenüber ſich zu oft als immoraliſche Perſonen benähmen. Dies hat nun auch wieder viele Zweifel angeregt, und die wichtige Frage, ob und in wie fern die Univerſitäten vom

Staate und deſſen beſonderen Zwecken abhängig ſein ſollten und müßten, und wie ihre ganzen Einrichtungen, von den Pedellen an bis zu den Collegien hinunter, zu beſtimmen ſei, iſt noch immer nicht ganz genügend beantwortet worden, weder praktiſch noch theoretiſch. Ein geiſtreicher Mann, deſſen Name ſchon anzeigt, daß er im Dunkeln tappt, behauptete ſogar, man müſſe die Lehrmethode reformiren, und aus dem wiſſenſchaftlichen Monologe des Docenten einen behaglichen Dialog machen; nur ſo könne man den Profeſſoren auf die Finger paſſen und das Verderben auf den deutſchen Univerſitäten, das allein von den Docenten ausgehe, die ſämmtlich nichtsnutzige, geiſtloſe, eigennützige, pflichtvergeſſene Geſellen ſind, ausrotten. Das Unrichtigſte bei der ganzen Sache war, daß ſich verdiente Männer und Lehrer der Wiſſenſchaft herabließen, den guten, geiſtreichen, vielnutzigen, uneigennützigen und pflichtgetreuen Mann bekehren und eines Beſſeren belehren zu wollen, als ob irgend ein Menſch auf Erden vermöchte einen Mohren weiß zu waſchen. Solche Leute muß man ſich ſelbſt im Fett ihrer Selbſtgefälligkeit, Selbſtbewunderung und Selbſtüberſchätzung ruhig ſchmoren laſſen, ſie erſticken am Ende vor lauter Vergnügen über die Vortrefflichkeit ihres lieben Selbſt, darin und verlöſchen wie ein nicht ausgeputztes, ſondern ausgeblaſenes Licht, dunſtend. Taugt eine Univerſität nichts, ſo liegt das an der illiberalen und geiſtloſen Behandlung, die der Staat, dem ſie angehört, ihr zu Theil werden läßt: iſt aber freie, reine Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit das höchſte Princip, nach dem ſie geleitet und verwaltet wird, ſo muß, bei der allgemeinen Regſamkeit und Tüchtigkeit, der einzelne Lehrer mit fort und vorwärts, oder er bleibt wie ein verächtlicher Maraudeur hinter dem ſiegreich vorwärts ſchreitenden Heer, ein verlorener und vergeſſener Mann, zurück. Fragt einmal, wann Heidelberg, Göttingen, Jena u. ſ. w. in ihrer ſchönſten Blüthe ſtanden? Stets nur dann, als die höchſte und reinſte Intelligenz die Zügel in der Hand hielt.

Die ganze Frage über die Univerſitäten und ihr Zurückbleiben hinter oder ihr Fortſchreiten mit der Zeit hat, wie das in Deutſchland nie anders ſein wird, theils zu Extravaganzen, theils zu Kleinigkeitskrämereien geführt, und am Ende iſt's doch überall bei dem Alten geblieben, wenigſtens bis jetzt. Daß eine Univerſität nicht in unſeren Tagen völlig unabhängig vom Staat beſtehen könne, wie Einige verlangt haben, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, denn kein Staat kann und wird einen Staat im Staate dulden wollen und können, und wie die Intelligenz nur Dienerin des Staates, zum Wohl des Ganzen wie der Einzelnen ſein kann, ſo auch die Univerſität. Darum braucht man ihr aber nicht ihre Eigenthümlichkeit, ihre innere geiſtige Freiheit zu rauben, denn eben dieſe, wo ſie ſich rein und um ihrer ſelbſt willen ausbildet, und die echte Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit zur Grundlage hat, verträgt ſich gar wohl mit jeder vernünftigen Regierungsform. Dem Staate muß vor Allem daran liegen, eine tüchtige, reichbegabte Jugend zu tüchtigen, klaren, willensfeſten Männern herangebildet zu ſehen. —

Wo aber ſind die beſten Studenten in jeder Hinſicht zu finden? Da, wo ſie die meiſte Achtung und Verehrung für ihre Lehrer haben, und zwar nicht bloß um des Wiſſens, ſondern um der redlichen, treuen, wahren Geſinnung willen. Ein einziger von ſeinen Zuhörern wahrhaft geliebter Profeſſor vermag mehr über dieſelben, als alle Geſetze, Verbote und Examenbeängſtigungen. Dieſe Liebe erwirbt er ſich dauernd allein durch die Tüchtigkeit ſeines Wiſſens und ſeiner Geſinnung. Zulauf kann ein Docent durch allerlei Mittel wohl eine Zeitlang haben, aber es hält nicht vor. Die Jugend hat bewußtlos einen zu glücklichen Inſtinkt, und fühlt alles Falſche und Gemachte gar bald durch; dann aber urtheilt ſie härter und ſtrenger, als die weiland geheimen Juſtizräthe: Minos, Aeakus und Rhadamanth ſelbſt.

Eine Frage ſei hier noch berührt, weil ſie den geliebten Hauptgegenſtand dieſes Buches beſonders betrifft, die nämlich: ob kleine oder große Städte für Univerſitäten paſſender und den Studenten zuträglicher ſeien?

Wir wollen uns nur mit dem letzten Theile derſelben beſchäftigen, und die Beantwortung des erſteren ſo gelehrten Nußknackern, wie den Herren Dieſterweg und Achert, zur Uebung für ihre trefflichen, ſich gern in die Waden der armen Profeſſoren verbeißenden Zähne, überlaſſen. Unſere Vorfahren verlegten die Univerſitäten lieber in kleine Städte; die neueſte Zeit hat ſogar, als Gegenſatz, Reſidenzen vorgezogen. Kleine und große Städte haben, wie alle Dinge in der Welt, ihre guten und ihre böſen Seiten, es kommt nun darauf an, was das Ueberwiegende iſt. In kleinen Städten herrſcht der Student allerdings, und Alles richtet ſich mehr oder weniger nach ihm; ſein Uebermuth hat alſo die Arme freier. Aber die Geſammtmaſſe iſt zuſammengerückter und kann ſich, was auf Univerſitäten von höchſter Wichtigkeit bleibt, ſelbſt beaufſichtigen und ihre innere Sittenpolizei über den Einzelnen weit ſicherer ausüben. Der Student muß daher in kleinen Städten weit mehr Student bleiben, und das iſt gut, denn das iſt ſein Beruf. In großen Städten dagegen ſteht Alles, was zu einer Univerſität gehört, ſich geſellſchaftlich weit ferner: andere Intereſſen ziehen diejenigen, welche mit, in und durch einander zu leben beſtimmt ſind, von einander ab; der Student kann ſich nicht fühlen und geräth dadurch in ein Misverhältniß zu ſeinen nächſten Umgebungen: die Zerſtreuungen, die ſich ihm darbieten, ſind vielſeitiger und gefährlicher; zwiſchen ihm und ſeinen Lehrern iſt eine große, oft durch Sitte und Etiquette unüberſteiglich gewordene Kluft; der Einzelne verliert ſich alſo weit leichter, und verdirbt natürlich auch weit leichter. Dagegen bieten größere Städte den zunächſt auf das Praktiſche gerichteten Wiſſenſchaften weit reichere und zugänglichere Mittel dar; das gewöhnlich theuerere Leben, als in kleinen Städten, wird dadurch wieder ausgeglichen, und zwar auf eine weit vortheilhaftere Weiſe, denn Dinge, die von großer Wichtigkeit für die allgemeine Bildung des Geiſtes und des Herzens ſind, finden ſich in kleinen Städten entweder gar nicht, oder ſpärlich, ärmlich und mittelmäßig, und der Studirende wird durch deren Genuß und Anſchauung nicht emporgehoben, was immer ſehr ſchlimm iſt.

Kurz, meine Meinung iſt: Hätte ich einen Sohn auf die Univerſität zu ſchicken, ſo ließ' ich ihn ſeine Studien auf einer kleinen Univerſität beginnen, um ſittlich feſt, und auf einer großen enden, um wiſſenſchaftlich feſt zu werden, ſo weit nämlich einem Studioſus das die Götter überhaupt vergönnen, denn die eigentliche Normaluniverſität eines jeden Studirenden iſt und bleibt das wirkliche Leben ſelbſt.

Was ſoll ich nun noch von den Univerſitäten im Beſonderen ſagen? Die Zeiten, wo man mit dem ſchönen Verſe:

Wer von Leipzig kommt ohne Weib,
Von Halle mit geſundem Leib,
Und von Jena ungeſchlagen,
Der hat von großem Glück zu ſagen.

das Wichtigſte im Einzelnen zuſammen faſſen konnte, ſind dahin; denn wir haben der Univerſitäten mehr im deutſchen Lande, und jede hält ſich für die bedeutendſte. Gedächtnißverſe ſind aber ein gut Ding, namentlich für Väter und Vormünder, die Söhne oder Mündel auf die Univerſität ſenden ſollen, und in der Eile gern die guten und ſchlimmen Eigenſchaften der deutſchen Hochſchulen, um ſich bei der Wahl mit größerer Sittlichkeit zu benehmen, recapituliren möchten. Für dieſe folge denn hier ein, von einem lieben Freunde uns mitgetheiltes,

Goldenes Univerſitäten A. B. C.

Berlin ganz oben an jetzt ſteht,
Und zwar nicht bloß im Alphabet,
Doch hat es für den rechten Kenner
Berühmte Namen mehr als Männer.
Ein ſchlechter Reim zwar iſt auf Bonn
Im Allgemeinen dort der Ton,
Und doch möcht' er noch beſſer ſein,
Als dieſer, der nicht immer fein,
Obwohl gar Vieles gut gewählt,
Und es an Tüchtigem nicht fehlt.
Breslau iſt feſten Wiſſens Burg;
Erlangen hilft ſich eben durch;
In Freiburg herrſcht ein freier Geiſt.

Wie Wort und That das wohl beweiſt. —
Es reimt ſich keineswegs auf Gießen,
Daß es ſich pflege abzuſchließen,
Auf Göttingen paßt es weit mehr,
Wer's ehrlich meint, beklagt das ſehr.
Greifswalde iſt ein kleiner Ort,
Und geht, ſo gut es kann, mit fort.
In Halle zankt man widerlich,
Studioſus iſt oft — reime Dich,
Doch birgt es reiche Wiſſenſchaft,
Trotz vielverſuchter Geiſtes-Haft.
Zu Heidelberg ein großes Faß,
Für die Studenten auch viel Spaß;
Und wer der Rechte ſich befliſſen,
Erwirbt dort leicht das rechte Wiſſen.
An Sittlichkeit iſt Jena reich,
Doch dem, was einſt es war, nicht gleich.
Zu Kiel herrſcht gar ein guter Sinn,
Nur liegt's zu ſehr im Winkel drin.
Von Königsberg ein Gleiches gilt,
Wenn auch ein heller Born dort quillt.
In Leipzig iſt zu viel Latein,
Und zu viel Sächſiſch oben drein;
Und wie die Stadt raſch vorwärts geht,
So nicht die Univerſität.
Von Marburg weiß man Wenig nur;
In München herrſcht zu viel Dreſſur.
Roſtock gehört zu Meckelnburg;
Durch Tübingen geht Schwaben durch.
Würzburg baut einen guten Wein,
Und disputirt nicht auf Latein.
Kurz, überall ſo Luſt wie Weh'
Im Univerſitäten A. B. C.

Wer mehr zu wiſſen wünſcht, bemühe ſich einen Commentar zu dieſen tiefſinnigen Verſen zu erhalten. Der Verfaſſer iſt aber kein Profeſſor, und wenn er auch gern bereit wäre, privatiſſime darüber Vorleſungen zu halten, ſo zweifelt er doch, daß ihm irgend wo die venia docendi dazu ertheilt werden möchte, denn — —

Leicht aufzuritzen iſt das Reich der Geiſter,
Sie liegen lauernd unter dünner Decke,
Und leiſe hörend, ſtürmen ſie herauf.

Viertes Kapitel.

Die Lebensalter des deutſchen Studenten.

All the world 's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven ages. —
Shakspeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

Die Welt iſt eine Univerſität,
Und alle Menſchen ſind nichts als Studenten,
Vom lieben Herrgott immatrikulirt,
Conſilirt, relegirt, examinirt.
Der Einzelne treibt manche Wiſſenſchaft,
Und ſeine Studienzeit ſind ſechs Semeſter,
Mit unter auch wohl ſieben, wenn ſich's macht.
Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Viele geiſtreiche Künſtler haben ſich bemüht, dieſe berühmte Stelle im Shakſpeare zu verſinnlichen, und es iſt ihnen mehr oder minder gelungen. Eigentlich ſcheint die Aufgabe nicht allzuſchwer, denn der große Dichter hat ſeinen Gegenſtand mit Worten ſo meiſterhaft gezeichnet, daß man bei nur einigermaaßen erträglicher Phantaſie jedes einzelne Bild, wie es die folgenden Verſe enthalten, gleich vor ſich ſieht, und es daher leicht durch Stift, Pinſel oder Meißel zu reproduciren, oder, um mich mit neueſtem Ausdruck kunſtgerecht zu zeigen, die fließende Idee zur feſten Erſtarrung zu bringen vermag. Wie man aber Alles in der Welt in ein anderes Licht ſtellen, oder, durch verſchiedene farbige wie unfarbige Gläſer betrachtet, anders ſehen kann, als es wirklich iſt, ſo auch natürlich die Lebensalter eines deutſchen Studenten. Bleibt derſelbe im normalen Zuſtande, ſo wird er, gleich jedem anderen erdgeborenen Weſen, die verſchiedenen Perioden ſeines Daſeins in naturgemäßer Entwickelung und Löſung durchſchreiten. Thut er das nicht, ſo müſſen natürlich Störungen und Stockungen entſtehen, die ihn entweder zu lange in der Kindheit verweilen laſſen oder zu früh alt machen. Dies hängt oft von Verhältniſſen ab, die nicht von ihm abhängen; ſeit Adam ſind wir eben Alle Epigonen. So z. B. behaupten Erfahrene und Vielgewanderte, daß die Embryonen der Klöſter und Fürſtenſchulen ſich ſelten, nach ihrer Geburt als Studenten, naturgeſetzlich ausbilden, ſondern entweder, mit dem großen Britten zu reden, magere Pantalons in Pantoffeln, das heißt hier: obſkure Duckmäuſer werden, oder gerade in das Gegentheil umſpringen und ſich als kraſſe Renommiſten zeigen. Medium tenuere beati, heißt es; unter den beati darf man aber nie Portani, Afrani u. ſ. w. verſtehen, denn die wiſſen wenig oder Nichts von der gerechten Mitte. Einzelne Ausnahmen können hier nicht gelten, ſie beſtätigen nur die Regel, wie die Juriſten zu ſagen pflegen. Ueberhaupt, meine ich, haben unſere Gymnaſien, wie ſie da ſind, mehr oder weniger den Fehler, daß ſie das Gedächtniß und den Wortverſtand leider zu ſehr, Geiſt und Herz aber zu wenig ausbilden. . Die meiſten Schüler kommen geiſtig unreif, und poſitiv wiſſenſchaftlich überreif auf die Univerſität, und daraus entſpringt denn der Uebelſtand, daß ſie als Studenten ſtets zu wenig und ſtets zu viel wiſſen, und erſt nach den mannigfachſten Verluſten an Zeit, Arbeit, Geld u. ſ. w. dahin kommen, das Rechte, nämlich das, was ihnen wahrhaft Noth thut, als Menſchen wie als Gelehrte zu lernen, ja mitunter horribile dictu die Univerſität wieder verlaſſen, und nicht einmal eine dunkle Ahnung deſſen, was wirklich das Rechte ſei, mitnehmen. Wer ſich davon überzeugen will, gehe auf das flache Land oder in die kleinen Städte, wo das Leben einer Mühle gleicht, in der Jeder als drehendes Pferd beſchäftigt iſt, er wird überall eine Menge von Richtern, Advokaten, Dorfpfarrern, Landärzten u. ſ. w. antreffen, die ſo aller höheren, wahren Bildung baar ſind, daß er nie glauben würde, ſie hätten ſtudirt, wüßte er nicht, daß der Weg durch die Univerſität allein in die verſchiedenen Ställe führte, in welchen ſie ſich für die ganze Lebenszeit auf Stallfütterung befinden. Wären dieſe armen Leute nicht unreif, aber dreſſirt, von ihren Gymnaſien auf die Univerſität gekommen, hätten ihre Lehrer nur einen ſchwachen Funken des Göttlichen in ihre Seelen zu werſen vermocht, der nun während ihrer akademiſchen Zeit reiche Nahrung gefunden, ſo würde es beſſer mit ihnen ſtehn und ſie gleich wahren Männern der Wiſſenſchaft das Leben würdig genießen und veredeln, während ſie jetzt nur den Geiſt — wenn man anders hier überhaupt vom Geiſte reden darf — brauchen, um das Thier zu mäſten. Unſer großes Unglück iſt in Deutſchland, daß wir die Lehrerſtellen an den Gymnaſien nicht mit tüchtigen Pädagogen, ſondern mit gelehrten Philologen beſetzen. Die ſchöne Benennung Schulfuchs rührt bekanntlich von Juſtus Ludwig Brismann her, der in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts erſt als Rector zu Naumburg, dann als Profeſſor der griechiſchen Sprache zu Jena fungirte, und dem die Studenten wegen ſeiner Pedanterei und ſeines mit Fuchspelz gefütterten Mantels jenen Spottnamen gaben. Man muß geſtehn, daß die Nachfolger dieſes würdigen Mannes bis auf die neueſten Zeiten mit echter Pietät unabläſſig bemüht waren, ſich die Bezeichnung als ein heilig Erbtheil zu bewahren. — Der daraus entſpringende Fluch wird noch ſchwer auf mancher kommenden Generation laſten. Arme, deutſche Schuljugend! Ich weiß den Fall, daß ein grundgelehrter Director eines Gymnaſiums, ein feiner Grammatiker, ſeinen Primanern verbot, gute deutſche Bücher zu leſen und neuere Sprachen zu erlernen — denn — ſo lauteten ſeine trefflichen Gründe — was es Gutes giebt in neueren Sprachen, das iſt Alles überſetzt; die Klaſſiker aber kann Niemand überſetzen. Eben ſo empfahl er bei der Lectüre des Tacitus vorſichtig zu ſein; den Salluſt proſcribirte er aber ganz und gar um ſeines Latein willen; nur im Cicero, wiederholte er aber unermüdlich, ſei das wahre Heil zu finden. — Hinc illae lachrymae!

Gehen wir indeſſen zu Intereſſanterem über, und ſehen wir den echten deutſchen Studenten in ſeinen verſchiedenen Lebensaltern ſich entwickeln, ſein und vergehn.

Des vierten Kapitels

erſte Unterabtheilung.

Der Studenten-Embryo oder das ſogenannte Maulthier.

> Either they must be dieted like mules
> And have their provender ty'd to their mouths
> Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.
> Shakspeare, I. Henry VI, A. I. Sc. II.
>
> Entweder muß man ſie in Tracht und Weſen
> Schen wie Studenten gehen laſſen, oder
> Sie ſehen aus nach Nichts; nicht Fiſch, nicht Fleiſch.
> Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Die Bedeutung des Namens Maulthier ward ſchon von uns mit deutſcher Gründlichkeit im zweiten Kapit dieſes Buches erklärt, wir können alſo ohne Weiteres, indem wir den Leſer darauf zurück verweiſen, zu der Darſtellung unſeres Gegenſtandes übergehn, welcher, wie das Ei der indiſchen Mythe, eine ganze Welt in ſich birgt. Denken wir uns, um ihn in ſeiner vollen Schönheit zu begreifen, einen holden Jüngling, dem der erſte Flaum an Kinn und Oberlippe eben anzufliegen beginnt, und dem, wenn er ſich zu mauſig macht, Papa und Oheim, Beide ergraute und erſtarrte Altgeſellen der Themis, erzählen: Leute, die noch im erſten Proceß, dem mit den Gänſen nämlich, lägen, dürften ſo eigentlich nicht mitſprechen. Das verdrießt ihn ſehr: in ſeines Nichts durchbohrendem Gefühl ſchleicht er ſich auf ſein Zimmer, das er noch mit einem oder mehreren jüngern Brüdern theilt, ſieht ſich vorſichtig um, ob dieſe nicht in der Nähe, und ſtellt ſich nun vor den Spiegel, um ſeines künftigen Bartes erſte Umriſſe zu ſtudiren. Ach, ſie entſprechen ſeiner Erwartung nicht: einzeln ſproſſen ſpärliche Härchen hervor, mit größeren Lücken, als er ſelbſt in den Dictaten des Religionsunterrichtes ſeiner Prima hat, — bekanntlich dem Lehrgegenſtande, der am Schlechteſten auf den Gymnaſien tractirt wird, weil entweder der philologiſche Director zur Hebung ſeines Anſehens ihn ſelbſt vorträgt, oder er jungen Theologen anvertraut wird, die ihn als ein Mittel betrachten, ihre ganze ſtupende dogmatiſche Gelehrſamkeit.

ſammt allen daran wie Schwänzchen hängenden Controverſen, mit Glanz an den Mann zu bringen. — Schmerzerfüllt blickt der Jüngling Kinn und Lippe an, ſie ſind zu glatt, kaum daß ſie die künftige Größe ahnen laſſen. Heimlich greift er zur Kohle, oder wenn es ſeine ſchwache Caſſe erlaubte — gar zur Stangenpomade, und verwirklicht ſeine kühnen Träume auf ſeinem Antlitz, ſich weidend am Vorgefühl der einſtigen Herrlichkeit. Noch heimlicher ſtopft er dazu eine alte Pfeife des Papa mit getrockneten geſchnittenen Blättern des Kirſchbaums oder der Centifolie, die er ſich verſtohlen bereitete, ein geiſtreiches Surrogat; ſetzt ſie in Brand, drückt ſich ſeine Mütze ſchief auf das Haupt, ergreift den Ziegenhainer, den er ſich von den Geſchenken der Tanten, Großmütter und ſo weiter kaufte, und ſchreitet nun renommiſtiſch auf und ab, ſtets parallel mit dem Spiegel ſich haltend, und mit halber Stimme, damit man es nicht höre, ſingend: „Der Burſch von echtem Schrot und Korn“; denn ein ſolcher träumt er ſich zu ſein, in ſeines Daſeins ſchönſten Momenten. Aber ach! „da ſchlägt die Stunde;“ er muß in das Gymnaſium eilen, um eine Naſe für das letzte ſchlecht gearbeitete lateiniſche Exercitium in tiefſter Demuth zu empfangen, und ſeine goldenen Träume ſind zerronnen. Umſonſt declamirt er halb wehmüthig, halb zornig mit Schiller: „Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren“ — es hilft Alles Nichts, er muß fort. Selbſt daß ihm von ſeinem künſtlichen Tabaksſurrogat etwas wunderlich zu Muthe iſt, ſchützt ihn nicht: er muß fort. Matthiſſon oder Tiedge — er weiß in ſeinem Jammer nicht mehr ganz genau, wer von Beiden — flüſtert ihm zu: „So vergehn des Lebens Herrlichkeiten, ſo verſinkt das Traumbild eitler Macht“ — und das macht ihn nur noch wehmüthiger, wozu denn freilich die aufſteigende Uebelkeit vom verſtohlenen Rauchen das Ihrige beiträgt. Der Director tritt ein und kanzelt ihn herunter, er hat zu einem verbo sentiendi einen Conjunctiv geſetzt, ja er hat proh dolor! sequi den Dativ regieren laſſen; das ſind unerhörte Verbrechen, die den verehrten Schulmonarchen ſogar auf die Vermuthung bringen, er habe ein ſchlechtes Herz. Da wird er bleicher und bleicher, und kaum hat er das Document ſeiner moraliſchen Schlechtigkeit, nämlich ſeiner fehlerhaften Latinität, aus den Händen des ſtrengen Cenſors zurückempfangen, ſo wankt er auch ſchon ſtill, das Schnupftuch vor ſein Antlitz haltend, aus der Klaſſe. Erſt nach geraumer Zeit kehrt er wieder und ſetzt ſich ſchweigend, zwar etwas gefaßter, aber doch noch ſehr bleich auf ſeinen Platz. Triumphirend blickt ihn der Director an, denn einen ſolchen Beweis von der eindringlichen Wirkung ſeiner Beredſamkeit hat er lange nicht gehabt. Er ruft ihn auf zum Ueberſetzen des neuen Kapitels im Plato oder Cicero; mit einer geborgten Präparation hilft ſich unſer unermüdlich fleißige Zögling der Muſen ſo gut durch, wie es nur immer geht, und der erfreute Lehrer ſagt ihm mit ſeltenem pädagogiſchen Scharfſinn jetzt manches Lobende über ſein reines, unverdorbenes Gefühl, auf welches die guten Ermahnungen von vorhin einen ſo tiefen und nachhaltigen Eindruck gemacht haben, und verſpricht ihm, wenn er ſo fortfahre, eine gute Cenſur im Abiturientenexamen, dem unſer Jüngling mit ſehnſüchtiger Angſt entgegenſieht.

Endlich iſt auch dieſer große Zeitpunkt gekommen, und unſer hoffnungsvolle Gymnaſiaſt hat eine leidliche Cenſur erhalten. Daß ihm nicht Nummer Eins zu Theil geworden, daran ſind allein die Intriguen des Conrectors, der in Prima Hebräiſch und Franzöſiſch lehrt, nach ſeiner Ausſage Schuld, weil er bei demſelben keinen Privatunterricht genommen. Wenige Tage nachher findet die ewig denkwürdige Begebenheit der Abſchiedsrede Statt. Er hat ſich für dieſelbe, oder vielmehr ſein Polyhiſtor von Director hat ihm für dieſelbe einen Gegenſtand gewählt, an den ſich die gelehrteſten Männer nicht ohne jahrelange Studien wagen würden, wie z. B. über den Einfluß des Hugo Grotius auf die wiſſenſchaftliche Begründung des Völkerrechtes in lateiniſcher, oder über die Aehnlichkeit Schiller's und Göthe's in deutſcher, oder gar in wie fern die franzöſiſchen Philoſophen die Revolution vorbereitet haben in franzöſiſcher, wenn nicht ſelbſt über die Politik des Ariſtoteles in griechiſcher Sprache. Er aber macht ſich friſch und keck an das Werk und ſtellt die kühnſten Urtheile, fremde wie eigene, mit wahrer Todesverachtung zuſammen, und trägt dann an dem feierlichen Tage ſeine treffliche Rede, mit dem falſcheſten Pathos und der unrichtigſten Betonung, die nur gedacht werden können, zum größten Entzücken ſeiner Verwandten und zur höchſten Zufriedenheit des geſammten Lehrercollegiums vor. So hat er denn Alles geleiſtet, was von ihm als Beweis der höchſten Reife für die Univerſität gefordert werden kann, und der Kranz des Siegers, das heißt: das Abiturientenzeugniß harrt ſeiner. Jetzt iſt er ein freier Menſch, unter Larven die einzige fühlende Bruſt. In ſeiner Vaterſtadt mag das Rauchen auf der Gaſſe erlaubt ſein oder nicht, er geht am nächſten Tage mit einer brennenden Cigarre in das Kaffeehaus und ſpielt öffentlich einige Parthien Billard, wobei er jedoch den Glimmſtengel ausgehen läßt, und die er ſämmtlich verliert. Einen dort anweſenden fremden Studenten redet er nun ſogleich mit den kühnen Worten an: „Sie ſind Student?“ Dieſer blickt ihn befremdet an, da beeilt er ſich hinzuzuſetzen: „Auch ich denke bald Einer zu werden.“ — Der fremde Studioſus, der ſich zufällig feſtgekneipt hat, iſt ſehr erfreut dieſe nützliche Bekanntſchaft zu machen und knüpft, voll großartiger Herablaſſung

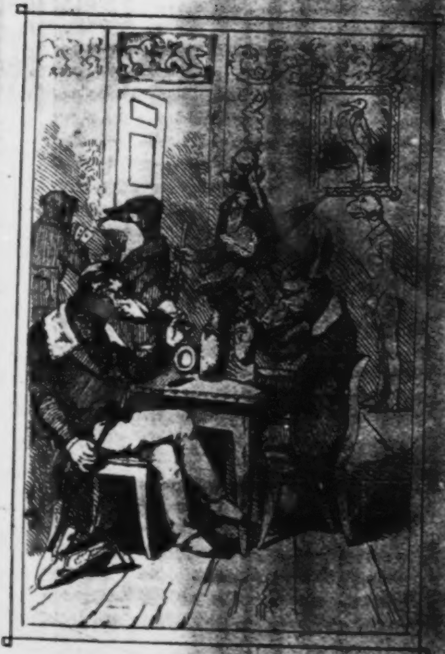

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ein Geſpräch mit ihm an. Entzückt über deſſen Benehmen, beeilt er ſich ihn zu tractiren, um ihm zu beweiſen, wie würdig er ſeines Umganges ſei. Zwar kann er noch nicht über ſo viel Geld gebieten, als nöthig iſt, um den gigantiſchen Durſt ſeines neuen Freundes zu löſchen, aber ſein Vater iſt ein angeſehener Mann in der Stadt, der Cafetier kennt ihn als deſſen Sohn und creditirt daher ſchon, was er, noch ehe er zur Univerſität abgeht, mit den von Onkeln und Tanten zu erhaltenden Geldgeſchenken, oder wenn dieſe nicht hinreichen, von dem erſten Vierteljahr ſeines künftigen Wechſels zu decken hofft, um nicht hinterher mit Papa in unangenehme Verdrießlichkeiten zu gerathen. Sein neuer Pylades, dem der Wein oder Punſch vortrefflich ſchmeckt, bietet ihm ſogar Smollis an und dies hebt ihn auf die höchſte Staffel des Glückes. Doch

Mit des Geſchickes Mächten
Iſt kein ew'ger Bund zu flechten,
Und das Unglück ſchreitet ſchnell.

Dies Mal erſcheint es in der Geſtalt eines Collaborators an dem Gymnaſium, den ein tückiſcher Zufall auch herbeigeführt, um bei einer beſcheidenen Taſſe Kaffee die Zeitungen zu leſen. Dieſer zeigt es dem Director an, denn die Schulgeſetze verbieten ſtreng allen Schülern, ſelbſt den eben abgegangenen, den Beſuch von öffentlichen Häuſern jeder Art; und der junge Collaborator, der eifrig über den Geſetzen wacht, um ſeine rege Theilnahme an dem Wohl der berühmten Anſtalt, der er als Lehrer ſeit ſechs Monaten anzugehören die Ehre hat, zu zeigen, iſt nicht wenig entrüſtet geweſen über die Quantität von Punſch und Wein, welche Oreſt ſo ohne alle Scheu mit ſeinem Pylades conſumirte. Am folgenden Tage wird derſelbe nochmals vor den Schulmonarchen citirt, und nur die demüthige, ihn innerlich furchtbar ſchmerzende und ärgernde Unterwürfigkeit, mit der er den bitteren und harten Sermon deſſelben entgegennimmt, in welchem (nach ſeiner Meinung) ſo gar keine Spur von Achtung der Menſchenwürde zu finden iſt, rettet ihn vor noch Schlimmerem. Er verſichert bei Allem, was heilig iſt, ſich zu beſſern, und bittet den geſtrengen Herrſcher, um die Breſche, die er durch den Kaffeehausbeſuch in deſſen Gunſt ſchoß, leidlich wieder auszufüllen, ſchlau um Rath, welche philologiſchen Vorleſungen er auf der Univerſität noch frequentiren ſolle, denn obwohl von ſeinem Vater zum Juriſten beſtimmt, theile er doch keineswegs den allgemeinen Aberglauben, daß man ein guter Kenner der Rechte zu werden im Stande ſei, ohne auch zugleich ein ausgezeichneter Philolog zu ſein. Entzückt geht der eifrige Grammatiker in die Falle, und nennt ihm ſo viele unerläßlich nothwendige Collegia, daß er nicht damit fertig würde, ſie alle zu hören, und wenn er ſo lange ſtudirte, wie der ewige Jude in der Welt umherirren muß. Zärtlich nehmen Beide Abſchied von einander; unſer Held iſt überaus froh, ſo mit blauem Auge davon gekommen zu ſein, hält aber den Entſchluß feſt, ſich zu rächen. Damit wartet er jedoch vorſichtig bis zur Nacht vor ſeiner Abreiſe. Papa hat ihm verſtattet, am Abende vorher ſeinen genaueren Freunden noch einen Abſchiedsſchmaus zu geben, dem er ſelbſt beiwohnt, und wo er ſich gefällt, der ſtaunenden Jugend ſeine Heldenthaten, als alter Senior der —aner —onen, —aten oder —alen zu erzählen; dieſe bekommen von nun an einen ungeheuern Reſpect vor ihm, und ſein Herr Sohn erhält dadurch einen großen Segen als Mitgift auf die Univerſität mit, nämlich in allen künftigen Fatalitäten den ſtillen aber wirkſamen Troſt „— dein Alter hat's zu ſeiner Zeit nicht beſſer gemacht und iſt doch Geheimerath geworden, alſo kann's dir auch nicht fehlen." — Nachdem man ſo um Mitternacht, wo nur die wachen, die nicht ſchlafen können, aber die ſchlafen, die wachen ſollen, nicht mehr bei dem erſten Glas iſt, und mit Uhland „gern denkt an dies und das, was rauſchet und was brauſet", ſchleicht er ſich leiſe fort, eilt zur Hausthür hinaus, die Taſche voll Kieſeln und wirft dem Director, der in tiefem Schlummer von einer eigenen, neu aufgefundenen altlateiniſchen Redensart und dem hinterliſtigen Collaborator, der von einem holdſeligen Lächeln des Ephorus, in dem Gehaltszulage liegt, träumt, jenem zwei, dieſem eine Fenſterſcheibe, in ſtürzender Haſt und ſteter Angſt geſehen zu werden, ein. Dann kehrt er behutſam nach Hauſe zurück, wo Niemand ſeine Abweſenheit bemerkt hat, kann aber in der Freude ſeines Herzens, daß Alles ſo gut abgelaufen, das Geheimniß nicht bewahren, und vertraut es, nachdem er ihm mit größter Feierlichkeit das Ehrenwort abgenommen, einem alten Schulkameraden, der noch ein halbes Jahr unter dem eiſernen Scepter des Directors ſchmachten muß, an. Da glücklicher Weiſe einige Primaner kurz vorher mehrere Tage im Carcer zubringen mußten, wegen einer unerheblichen Sache, ſo trifft am folgenden Tage der Verdacht und die daraus entſpringende Unterſuchung dieſe, und da es ſich ergiebt, daß ſie um jene Zeit nicht zu Hauſe waren, ſo müſſen ſie dafür büßen, während der eigentliche Thäter am folgenden Morgen triumphirend den Poſtwagen beſteigt, und mit heimlichem Entzücken an ſeinen bei dieſer großen That bewieſenen Heroismus denkt.

Die ganze Familie hat ihn bis zur Poſt begleitet und ſich mit Ausnahme Papa's, der ihm noch einige goldene Regeln durch das Fenſter hinein wirft, als er ſchon im Eilwagen ſitzt, unter heißen Thränen und Küſſen von ihm getrennt; der künftige Studioſus hielt ſich aber ſtandhaft, und wenn auch der Schmerz der Trennung wie ein Wolkenſchatten einen Augenblick über ſeine

Seele zog, ſo verſcheuchte doch die in goldener Perſpective ihm entgegenſtrahlende Univerſität augenblicklich alle Trauer wieder. — Endlich bläſt der Poſtillion, die Peitſchen knallen, die Pferde ziehen an, donnernd rollt der Wagen über das Steinpflaſter hin und zur Stadt hinaus. Unſer Held, der einzig wachende, ſieht ſich nach ſeinen Reiſegefährten um, es ſind lauter Fremde, ältere Perſonen, kein einziges bekanntes Geſicht; ſie ſchnarchten ſchon als er einſtieg, und haben daher Papa's letzte inhaltsſchwere Ermahnungen gewiß nicht vernommen. Das freut ihn ſehr, und er beſchließt nun den flotten Burſchen zu ſpielen, und dadurch, daß er ſich für ein altes bemooſtes Haus ausgiebt, den Reiſegenoſſen weidlich zu imponiren. Dies gelingt ihm denn auch einige Stationen hindurch ganz gut, er erzählt von wüthenden Duellen, bei welchen den Zuhörern, unter denen ſich eine ſentimentale unvermählte Dame von zweifelhaftem Alter befindet, die Haare zu Berge ſteigen, und lügt wie gedruckt. Auf der vierten Station öffnet ſich aber der Wagenſchlag, und es ſteigen einige wirkliche alte bemooſte Häuſer, die mit ihm nach derſelben Univerſität ziehn, ein. Jetzt fällt er aus Angſt und Reſpect in ein tiefes Stillſchweigen und erwiedert auf die theilnehmende Frage der Dame, warum er ſo ſtill geworden, er habe furchtbares Zahnweh. Die wahren Studenten kümmern ſich nicht eben um ihn, da ſie ihn nicht kennen, und da die Dame am nächſten Orte, als dem Ziel ihrer Reiſe, ausſteigt, und er nun allein mit den drei Studioſen, denn die übrigen Paſſagiere haben ſchon früher den Wagen verlaſſen, ſich befindet, ſo iſt er wenigſtens vor einer Beſchämung ſicher. Sein Zahnweh ſchwindet nun eben ſo plötzlich wieder; er macht Bekanntſchaft mit ſeinen künftigen Commilitonen und ſucht ihre Freundſchaft zu gewinnen, was ihm auch gelingt, denn dieſe gehören einer beſtimmten Farbe an und bemühen ſich eifrig ihn für dieſelbe zu werben. Papa hat ihm zwar auf das Strengſte verboten, ſich zu Solchen zu geſellen, aber wer kann dem Drange widerſtehen ſo inniger Freundſchaft; wenigſtens will er als Renonce mit ihnen kneipen, bis der geſtrenge Vater Weiteres geſtattet. Zur Bekräftigung tractirt er ſie auf der letzten Station, was ſie ſich wohlwollend gefallen laſſen, und mit halbem Rauſche und ganzer Seligkeit fährt er ſingend mit ihnen in die Univerſitätsſtadt ein.

Hier angekommen ſucht er ſogleich einen Landsmann und früheren Schulkameraden auf, der ihm ein Logis beſorgt hat. Dies bezieht er alsbald, packt ſehr ordentlich ſeine Kleider aus, ſtellt ſeine mitgebrachten Bücher auf und begiebt ſich nun auf die Straße, mit der himmliſchen Empfindung, nun ein wirklich freier Menſch zu ſein. Sein erſter Gang iſt, ſich eine Pfeife zu kaufen, ſo ſchön und burſchenhaft wie er dieſelbe nur immer finden kann. Zwar prellt ihn der Schalk von Drechsler, der ſeinen Mann kennt, unverſchämt, er aber glaubt, für ein Spottgeld in den Beſitz dieſes unſchätzbaren Kleinodes gekommen zu ſein. Die Pfeife wird augenblicklich geſtopft und angebrannt, als höchſte Zier. — Sein zweiter Gang iſt nun zu einem Mützenhändler, um ſich eine mehrfarbige Mütze zu erſtehn, falls dieſe auf jener Univerſität nicht ſtreng verpönt iſt. Auch dies geſchieht, und nun iſt nach ſeiner Meinung, da er bei dem in der Nähe wohnenden Buchbinder auch eine Mappe erſtanden hat, der Student fertig. — Es fehlt nur noch die Immatrikulation. Dieſe erfolgt am nächſten Morgen, vorausgeſetzt, daß ſeine Papiere in Richtigkeit ſind; denn um Studioſus zu werden, bedarf man jetzt mehr Documente, als nöthig ſein möchten eine Erbſchaft aus den Colonien in Holland flott zu machen, oder durch die ganze Welt zu reiſen; — und nun iſt aus Morgen und Abend ein Tag, das heißt: aus dem Maulthier endlich ein Student geworden.

Ich will damit nicht ſagen, daß alle Maulthiere dieſem auf das Haar gleichen; denn wie es bekanntlich die verſchiedenſten Arten von Eingeweidewürmern bei den Menſchen giebt, vom Trychocephalus dispar an bis zum Echinococcus visceralis, oder gar bis zu den Spermatozoen hinab, ſo giebt es auch die verſchiedenſten Arten von Maulthieren, vom gelehrten Wunder-

Kinde an bis zum halbwüchſigen Schüler, der aus Secunda abging, um Naturwiſſenſchaften zu ſtudiren, hinauf. Alle aber haben einen gewiſſen Familienzug, den ſie nicht verläugnen können, und dieſen Familienzug verdanken ſie meiſt unſeren trefflichen Gymnaſien, was mir Niemand läugnen kann.

Des vierten Kapitels

zweite Unterabtheilung.

Der Student im Kindesalter oder der Fuchs.

> At first, the infant
> Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
> Shakespeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

> Zuerſt der Fuchs,
> Quakend und ſpeiend unter alten Burſchen.
> Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Etwas Erhabeneres als das alte tiefſinnige Bundeslied: „Was kommt da von der Höh'" kann es wohl nicht geben. Ich habe Greiſe, wenn ſie es ſingen hörten, Thränen der innigſten Rührung vergießen ſehen. Und wen verherrlicht ſie, die wunderbare Mythe, die es in ſeinen harmoniſchen Verſen birgt? Den Fuchs; keinen anderen als den kraſſen Fuchs, dieſen Uranfang alles regelrechten Wiſſens und Denkens auf deutſcher Erde; denn ein Menſch, der nicht auf einer deutſchen Univerſität Logik gehört hat, darf es in Deutſchland gar nicht wagen, ſich und anderen Leuten einbilden zu wollen, er wiſſe zu denken und denke zu wiſſen. Ein alter Profeſſor in Greifswalde pflegte ſeine Vorträge über die Logik mit den Worten zu eröffnen: „Mit meiner Logik, meine Herren, kommen Sie durch die ganze Welt." Das war eine wahre Gewißheit und gewiſſe Wahrheit, wie ſie der verſtorbene Philoſoph K. L. Reinhold ſo ſehr liebte; aber nicht bloß mit des guten Greifswalder Profeſſor Logik kommt man durch die ganze Welt, ſondern mit jeder, von der Kieſewetter'ſchen an bis zur Hegel'ſchen oder Tieftrunk'ſchen hinauf oder hinunter. Ich habe Leute gekannt, die damit nach Java und Surinam, nach Pondichery und Tranquebar, nach Wardoehuus und Novazembla gekommen ſind, und ſie unverſehrt, gerade ſo wie ſie dieſelbe von dem Profeſſor empfingen, einige Lücken abgerechnet, die aber damals ſchon hinein kamen, wieder mitgebracht haben, denn ſie verſicherten mir, es ſei ihnen durchaus unmöglich geweſen, auch nur den mindeſten Gebrauch davon zu machen. Damit ſoll der Logik indeſſen keineswegs zu nahe getreten werden, im Gegentheil, wie wir ſchon früher den flotten Studenten mit einem Schiffe verglichen, ſo haben wir die Logik als den ihm durchaus nothwendigen Ballaſt zu betrachten, durch welche allein er die rechte Tiefe auf der Fluth des Wiſſens zu halten vermag. Hätte er dieſen Ballaſt nicht geladen, er würde bei dem erſten Windſtoße unrettbar umſchlagen. Die Logik iſt daher auch das eigentliche Fuchscollegium. Ehe aber der Fuchs dazu kommt, dieſe wichtigſte aller Wiſſenſchaften zu ſtudiren, oder wenigſtens zu hören, bedarf es noch vieler Vorbereitungen. Gehen wir daher, um ſolche genau kennen zu lernen, zu unſerem im vorigen Kapitel verlaſſenen Helden zurück und ſehen wir, wie er ſich benimmt, nachdem er einen durchaus neuen Menſchen angezogen hat. Er iſt natürlich wenigſtens einige Tage vor Anfang der Collegien in der Univerſitätsſtadt eingetroffen, um ſich erſt behaglich einrichten und als ein ganz ſorgenfreier Menſch den Wiſſenſchaften obliegen zu können. Er lebt jetzt in der eigentlichen Periode der Romantik. Im Rauſche der höchſten Empfindungen, im vollſten Genuß aller Natur-Erſcheinungen, im Weben der ſchönſten Träume ahnt und fühlt er in und hinter Allem einen tieferen Sinn, und Manches, das er nicht begreift, tritt ihm dämoniſch entgegen; doch huldigt er in der Freude ſeines Herzens unerſchütterlich dem Eudämonismus, und dieſe Welt iſt und bleibt ihm gewiß die beſte. Wie begabte Fiſcher auf der Oſtſee in geweihten Stunden über Vineta noch die Glocken dieſer verſunkenen Herrlichkeit tönen hören, ſo hört er auch in Allen wunderbare Klänge, und ſein

Herz lebt während der erſten Tage beſtändig Abenteuer, wenn auch die Wirklichkeit ganz hausbacken vor ihm vorüber zieht. Ich habe einen Fuchs gekannt, der nach Heidelberg kam, als ich dort mit meiner Diſſertation ſchwanger ging, wie Zeus mit der Pallas; er war mein Landsmann und hatte zu mir, als einem ſehr alten Hauſe, eben ſo viel Zutrauen, als er vor dem Träger meiner von Landesvätern wie ein Sieb durchbohrten, Mütze Reſpect hatte. Auf einem einſamen Spaziergange nach der Hirſchgaſſe, dieſem Thal der ſüßen Erinnerungen, erzählte er mir mit verſchämten jungfräulichen Mienen, als etwas ganz Außerordentliches: Er wäre nun ſchon volle drei Tage in Heidelberg und noch ſei ihm gar nichts Ungewöhnliches begegnet; wie das nur käme? Tiefgerührt blieb ich ſtehen, blickte ihm in die unſchuldigen blauen Augen, ſegnete den weichen Flaum ſeines keimenden Bartes, drückte ihm wehmüthig die weiche Hand und ſeufzte, reuig wie Eva, als ihr Adam den Arm bot, um ſie aus dem Paradieſe zu führen und ihr Leibaffe ihr die Schleppe von Feigenblättern nachtrug: „So Ihr nicht werdet wie die Kindlein, ſo werdet Ihr nie in das Himmelreich kommen!“ — Mein Fuchs trat darauf am Abend den Rückweg allein an, denn mich feſſelten noch pſychologiſche Studien bei einem Mannemer Kind, das in Heidelberg zum Beſuche war und für die Krone des Hofballes galt. Dicht vor der Stadt rannte er mit einem im Mondſchein philoſophirenden Schwarzweißgrünen zuſammen, und die Folge war eine Herausforderung. Jetzt war das Ungeheuerſte am Abend des dritten Tages in ſein Leben getreten; der furchtbarſte Dämonismus der Romantik. Am anderen Morgen kam er zu mir, als kaum Eos mit den Roſenfingern ihre Runde angetreten, um den werdenden Tag zu verkündigen. Meine kurze Antwort auf ſeine lange Rede war: „Fuchs, Du mußt Dich pauken!“ Worte, die ihm in das Ohr ſchmetterten, wie die Poſaunen des Engels am jüngſten Tage. Dann adreſſirte ich ihn an einen erfahrenen Freund, um das Weitere zu beſorgen. Es fehlte meinem Fuchs keineswegs an Muth, ja innerlich brannte ſeine Seele ſogar nach rühmlichem Kampf, aber das Ungeheure des Außerordentlichen hatte ihn doch mächtig ergriffen. Er ging einher wie ein Träumender; wohl konnte er mit Shakſpeare's Julius Cäſar ausrufen:

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council and the state of man
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.
>
> Julius Caesar, A. 2. Sc. 1.

(Deutſch. Zwiſchen dem Begehen eines furchtbaren Dinges und dem erſten Antrieb dazu, iſt die ganze Zwiſchenzeit einem Phantasma oder ſcheußlichen Träumen gleich. Der Genius und die ſterblichen Werkzeuge ſind dann verbündet, und der Zuſtand des Menſchen, einem kleinen Königreiche gleich, leidet dann das Weſen einer Empörung.)

Dies fiel dem tiefen Menſchenkenner Krings auf, dem Phoebus unter allen Pedellen; er ſpürte nach und brachte die Paukerei heraus. Mein Fuchs mußte dem unvergeßlichen Thibaut, der damals Rector war, das Ehrenwort geben, ſich nicht mit dem Schwarzweißgrünen zu ſchlagen, und ſo hatte er, ehe die Woche zu Ende, noch Außerordentlicheres erlebt, als ſeine kühnſten Träume je ihm prophezeit. Als ich ihn einige Jahre nachher im Vaterlande wieder ſah, lachten wir nicht wenig über ſeinen damaligen romantiſchen Schwindel, von dem er übrigens ſehr bald, und zwar in Heidelberg ſelbſt ſchon, geheilt wurde.

Es geht nicht Allen ſo gut. Mancher bleibt im Schwindel und duſſelt ſeine ganze Univerſitätszeit hindurch ſo fort, bis ihn die ſterile Proſa des Examen weckt. O, Ihr langen wallenden Locken und Du herabfließender, ſtatt einer ſteifen Cravatte dienender Bart, wie oft ſchon habe ich Euch fallen ſehn, noch ehe das letzte Lied verklungen und der letzte Ton verhallt war! Du freier jugendlicher Buſen, der Du wie die arme

Pretioſa allen Stürmen Preis gegeben wareſt, wie ſchnell verſchwändeſt Du hinter der zierlich gefältelten Bruſtgardine, vulgo Vorhemdchen genannt, das dem echten Studenten ſtets ein Greuel iſt! Und Ihr, Ihr anderen ſtolzen Attribute eines alten Muſenſohnes, Du farbiges quer über die Bruſt wie ein Orden getragenes Band, an dem ſtatt der Uhr gar oft ein Schlüſſel hing, wenn dieſe ſich mit der altteſtamentlichen Urſprache beſchäftigte; Du ſtattliche Pfeife mit dem reichgeſchmückten Wappen und dem zierlich geſchriebenen Namen des Gebers, Ihr klirrenden Sporen, mit denen ſo oft in die Hörſäle geritten wurde auf Schuſters Rappen, und endlich all' Ihr anderen Dinge, die Ihr einem echten Burſchen unentbehrlicher ſcheint als das liebe Brod, und wichtiger als dem Pabſt ſeine Tiare, oder einem Könige ſein Scepter, wie bald ſchon modert Ihr in einem Winkel oder verkrümelt Euch in einer Tiſchſchublade zwiſchen chemiſchen Schwefelhölzchen, Bindfaden und anderen nützlichen Utenſilien einer gelehrten Junggeſellenwirthſchaft, und wie manche wehmüthige Zähre fällt auf Euch, wenn Euch in ſpäteren Jahren der Zufall, dieſer Sohn der Götter, wieder Euerem ehemaligen Beſitzer in die Hände oder vor die Augen führt!

Doch — hinweg von dieſer Stätte der Trauer zu freundlicheren Bildern! Wir haben bereits erfahren, daß mit unſerem Maulthier die erſte Metempſychoſe begonnen und ein Fuchs aus ihm geworden iſt, ja, daß er ſich ſchon eine ſtattliche Pfeife, eine mehrfarbige Mütze und eine Mappe gekauft, oder, um mich des trefflichen Studentenausdruckes zu bedienen, angequält hat. Nun finden wir ihn in den nächſten Tagen bereits eifrig mit wichtigen Studien beſchäftigt, bei denen er weiſe die graue Theorie mit der grünen Praxis verbindet; er lernt nämlich rauchen und fechten; und wenn er auch beide erhabene Wiſſenſchaften ſchon auf der Schule getrieben, ſo kommt er jetzt doch erſt dahinter, daß es dort nur ein leidiger Dilettantismus war, und daß er es allein auf der Univerſität zur Meiſterſchaft bringen könne. Ein altes Haus hat ſich großmüthig ſeiner angenommen, und begonnen, ihn einzuſchlagen oder einzuſtoßen; dieſes iſt ihm jetzt der magnus Apollo, um ſo mehr, als es ihm verſprochen, ihn zu der Würde ſeines Normalfuchſes zu erheben, wenn er ſich gut mache, d. h. mit der Klinge wie mit dem Geldbeutel gleich willig bei der Hand ſei. Topographiſche Studien werden unter der Leitung deſſelben nun auch getrieben, in denen unſer Neophyt ſehr bald ein Erkleckliches profitirt, ſo daß er ſpäter eintreffenden Mitfüchſen ſchon als Wegweiſer dienen kann. Hält er ſich gar zu geſchloſſenen Geſellſchaften ſeiner Commilitonen, ſo ſtreben die Vorſteher oder Stimmführer derſelben danach, ihn methodiſch zu erziehen, um ein würdiges Mitglied an ihm heran zu bilden; er wird zu den Kämpfen für das Vaterland mitgenommen, um als ein ehrenwerther Knappe oder Edelknabe ſeines Ritters, zwar nicht Helm und Lanze, denn die ſind lange aus der Mode, aber Schläger und Paukwichs, die ewig in der Mode bleiben werden, heranzuſchleppen und ſich an das Klirren der Waffen zu gewöhnen. Binnen Kurzem iſt er ein Eingeweihter, und redet mit einer Geläufigkeit von der Menſur, dem An — (keuſche Muſe, erſchrick nicht! ich ſchreibe das garſtige Wort nicht aus —), Stürzen und Nachſtürzen, Conſtituiren und Depreciren und anderen wichtigen Dingen, als habe er ſchon ſechs Semeſter hinter ſich. — So iſt endlich die Zeit herangekommen, wo die Collegia beginnen; er ſelbſt befindet ſich ganz wohl, nur ſein Wechſel iſt etwas ſchwach geworden, und die fatalen Honorare, die dem unerbittlichen Quäſtor voraus bezahlt werden müſſen, drohen ein gar großes Loch hinein zu reißen, wenn ſie nicht gar den ganzen übrig gebliebenen Reſt verſchlingen, wie einſt den Jonas der Wallfiſch. In der Angſt ſeines Herzens fragt er ſeinen Mentor um Rath. Zwar hat Papa ſich den Lectionscatalog ſchon vorher kommen laſſen und ihm die Vorleſungen, die er im erſten Semeſter hören ſoll, vorgeſchrieben oder durch einen kundigen Mann vorſchreiben laſſen; glücklicher Weiſe werden aber ſehr viele Collegia nicht geleſen, die im Cataloge verzeichnet ſtehen, was denn ſpäter eine vortreffliche Ausflucht darbietet, wenn Papa ſich danach erkundigt oder gar die Zeugniſſe der reſpectiven und reſpectabeln Docenten zu ſehen verlangt. Der Mentor weiß nun gewandt Rath; erſtlich ſendet er ihn in die Collegia, die am Wenigſten koſten, oder wenn unvermeidliche dabei ſind, wie z. B. Inſtitutionen, Oſteologie und dergleichen überflüſſige und unwichtige Disciplinen, die aber einmal gehört werden müſſen, zu dem Docenten, dem er und ſeine Freunde am Meiſten zugethan ſind, und dem er ſich vorgenommen hat, ein möglichſt volles Auditorium zu verſchaffen, weil der Mann, wenn auch gerade keine große Gelehrſamkeit, doch allerlei andere gute Eigenſchaften, wie z. B. liebenswürdige Töchter beſitzt, oder vielleicht noch vor Kurzem ſelbſt ein flotter —aner —one oder —ale war, oder willig ſtundet und was dergleichen Gründe mehr ſind; dies heißt mit dem Kunſtausdruck: keilen. Der Fuchs geht nun hinein, nachdem er eine vorläufige Bekanntſchaft mit dem Famulus gemacht hat; der Profeſſor erſcheint und wird von ihm mit ehrfurchtsvoller Bewunderung angeſtaunt. Dieſer beginnt zu dociren — unſerem Fuchs iſt der akademiſche Studiengang noch eine terra incognita; er paßt auf gleich einem Heftelmacher, wie die Wiener ſagen, aber ach, ihm entgeht ſo Manches.

Zwar weiß er Viel, doch möcht' er Alles wiſſen.

indeſſen der Profeſſor dictirt, und unſer Zögling der Muſen folgt nun des Mephiſtopheles

> des Schreibens Euch wohl befleißt,
> Als dictirt' Euch der heilige Geiſt:

auf ein Jota; denn ein ſauberes Heft, das iſt doch ein großes Plaiſir, und

> Was man Schwarz auf Weiß beſitzt,
> Kann man getroſt nach Hauſe tragen.

Da ſchreibt er denn und ſchreibt und ſchreibt, daß dem armen Teufel die Finger ſteif werden, und obendrein plagt noch manchen Profeſſor der Satan, die ganze Stunde hindurch zu dictiren, ohne auch nur ein einziges freies Wort an ſeine armen Zuhörer zu richten, die er für lauter Schreibmaſchinen in ſeiner Verblendung anſieht. Zwar hat dieſe Unſitte, Gott ſei Dank, im Allgemeinen auf unſeren Univerſitäten ſehr abgenommen, doch aber giebt es noch manchen gelehrten Federfuchſer auf deutſchen Kathedern, der da meint, nur in ſeiner Weiſe, die Wiſſenſchaft zu behandeln, ſei allein das wahre Heil zu finden, und welcher daher ein, ſeinen Dictaten vollſtändig bis auf das geringſte Komma nachgeſchriebenes Heft für das non plus ultra aller menſchlichen Beſtrebungen hält, das dem Studenten nicht allein durch das Examen hilft, ſondern auch für deſſen ganzes Leben ausreicht. Von den Fortſchritten, die die Wiſſenſchaft gemacht hat und unaufhörlich macht, iſt freilich Nichts darin zu finden; ſo ſtand ſie, als der gelehrte Mann das Heft ausarbeitete, zu welchem er denn von Zeit zu Zeit Nachträge machte, bis er ordentlicher, öffentlicher Profeſſor wurde. Damals hatte ſie ihre Blüthe erreicht, ſie noch höher zu heben, iſt unmöglich. Was ſeitdem für dieſelbe geſchah, exiſtirt für ihn nicht, denn es iſt Unſinn, Afterweisheit, unſichere Speculation und er denkt viel zu ſehr mit Goethe:

Ein Kerl, der ſpeculirt,
Iſt wie ein Thier auf dürrer Halde,
Von einem böſen Geiſt herumgeführt.

Wie er es daher vor ſo vielen Jahren niederſchrieb, ſo trägt er es von Semeſter zu Semeſter mit ſtrengſter Gewiſſenhaftigkeit vor, ja er unterläßt ſogar nie, eben ſo regelmäßig dieſelben Späße in jedem Halbjahre zu wiederholen, die er damals mit ſo großer Mühe erfunden oder zuſammengetragen, woher es ſich denn mitunter wohl ereignet, daß ſich ein muthwilliger Zuhörer ein früher ſchon geſchriebenes Heft verſchafft, in welchem die Witze an den Rand notirt ſind, und ſobald eine ſolche Stelle naht, ſchadenfroh ſeinen Commilitonen zuflüſtert: „Paßt auf, nun macht er einen Witz!“ Dies wagt freilich der Fuchs noch nicht zu thun, im Gegentheil, er ſchreibt Alles, was aus dem Orakelmunde des Profeſſors ertönt, mit gewiſſenhafteſter Pietät nieder, wenigſtens in der erſten Hälfte des Semeſters; nachher iſt er ſchon mehr zum akademiſchen Leben erwacht, und ſchläft dem zu Folge deſto leichter bei derartigen Vorträgen, beſonders wenn ſie im Sommer gehalten werden, wodurch denn ſein Anfangs ſo ſchön angelegtes Heft, namentlich gegen den Schluß, immer mehr und mehr Lücken erhält, zumal ſobald noch einige ſogenannte Schwänze hineinkommen, welche Studioſus ſich allerdings vornimmt, in den Ferien nachzureiten, wozu er aber ſelten gelangt.

Unter ſolchen Beſchäftigungen iſt denn endlich der große und wichtige Tag des Fuchscommerſches gekommen, an dem eigentlich der junge Studioſus ſeine erſte Weihe und deſſen Mütze ihr erſtes Loch, Landesvater genannt, erhält. Voll ſchwärmeriſcher Gefühle geht der Jüngling hin; die langen mit Getränk und Gläſern beſetzten Tiſche, an denen die Präſides mit blanken Schlägern ſitzen, tragen Anfangs nicht wenig dazu bei, ihn in dieſer Stimmung zu erhalten, ſogar das leere, mit friſchem Stroh ausgelegte Lazareth, in das er zufällig einen Blick wirft, ſtößt ihm ahnungsvolles Grauen ein. Andächtig ſingt er die beſtimmten Geſänge mit; voll des ſtrengſten Gehorſames folgt er dem Rufe der Präſides ad loca! wenn dieſe Worte kaum noch geſprochen ſind; ſelbſt während des Colloquium's wagt er es kaum, ſich von ſeinem Platze zu erheben, und wenn nun endlich der blanke Stahl die Runde macht, der Präſes ihm zuſingt:

Nimm den Schläger in die Linke,
Bohr' ihn durch den Hut und trinke
Auf des Vaterlandes Wohl!

und er nun, indem er ſeine Kopfbedeckung aufſpießt, antworten muß:

Ich durchbohr' den Hut und ſchwöre,
Halten will ich ſtets auf Ehre,
Stets ein braver Burſche ſein!

da pocht ihm das Herz ſo hörbar, daß er kaum im Stande iſt, dieſe berühmten Worte mit gehörigem Ausdruck vorzutragen; auch erſchrickt er nicht wenig über die freche Weiſe ſeines Nachbars, der, ein ſehr altes Haus und bereits etwas angeriſſen, während ſeines Singens vor ſich hinbrummt, nach derſelben Melodie:

Herrſcher über die Philiſter,
Komm, vernicht' die Pumpregiſter,
Daß ich von hier reiſen kann!

Dieſe Parodie ſcheint ihm eine Entweihung; mit verhaltenem Ingrimm ſchielt er nach dieſem Kirchenſchänder und hätte große Luſt, ihm Eins aufzubrummen, wenn Jener nur nicht eine ſo verteufelt gute Klinge ſchlüge. Obendrein wird eine ſimple Paukerei mit Hut und Binde, zum Wenigſten, wenn ſie heraus kommt, durch vierzehn Tage Carcer beſtraft, da läßt er es denn lieber bleiben, denn Papa ſteht noch immer drohend im Hintergrunde. Es hat ihn aber ſo verwirrt gemacht, daß er bei dem bald darauf folgenden Hoſpitium Nichts vorzubringen weiß, er, der als Secundaner ſchon das ganze Tübinger Commersbuch, ſammt dem patriotiſchen Anhange deſſelben, im Kopfe hatte, und als Primaner bereits ſeinen ſtaunenden Schweſtern die intereſſante Saufmeſſe vorzutragen pflegte. Der berühmte Geſang „Zieh, Schimmel, zieh!“ der bekanntlich ſchon älter iſt als der dreißigjährige Krieg, wo er nach der Leipziger Fatalität auf Tilly angewendet wurde, erſchallt nun aus mehr denn hundert Kehlen ihm zur Schande, was ihn nicht wenig ärgert. Allmälig ſtimmt ihn jedoch das Trinken heiterer; er hat ſich zwar vorgenommen, höchſt mäßig zu bleiben, und eben ſo nüchtern wieder zu Hauſe zu gehen, als er gekommen iſt; aber der Menſch denkt und Gott lenkt. Herrſcht auf der Univerſität, auf der er ſtudirt, kein Duz-Comment, ſo giebt ihm das herrliche Smollistrinken, das ihm, beſonders wenn er etwas Gutes vor ſich ſtehen hat, von gar vielen alten Häuſern angeboten wird, und das er nicht minder fleißig und eifrig ſeinen Mitfüchſen anbietet, ſehr bald einen Stoß, aus dem durch Vor- und Nachtrinken ſchnell ein Hieb wird. Er iſt nun wie mitten in der Schlacht: rechts und links fallen die Mitkämpfer, Todte und Verwundete werden in das Lazareth geſchafft, aus

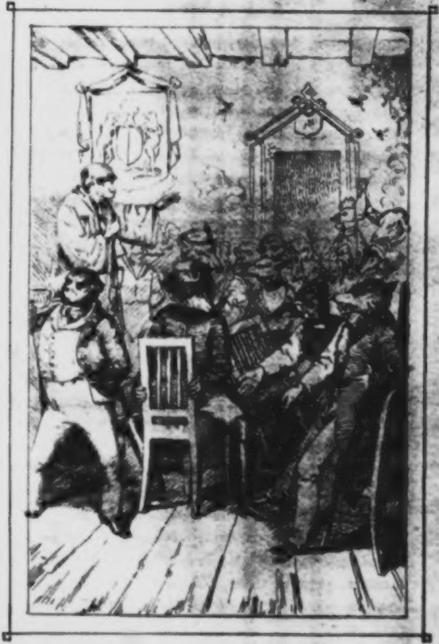

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dem in einzelnen Pauſen ſonderbare Laute in den Saal herüber dringen:

> Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
> Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
> Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,

wie ſchon Dante ſingt, und der geiſtreiche Philaleth trefflich überſetzt:

> Gemiſch von Sprachen, grauenvolle Reden,
> Des Schmerzes Worte und des Zornes Laute,
> Und Stimmen tief und rauh, mit Händeklopfen.

Aber noch immer hält unſer Freund ſich tapfer. Das ärgert denn einen alten Burſchen nicht wenig; dieſer ſetzt ſich verrätheriſch zu ihm und trinkt ihm auf den Pelz; Ehren halber muß er Beſcheid thun; ja er wird ſogar üppig, er will es mit dieſem aufnehmen und ſtürzt Glas auf Glas hinunter; ſchon wird ihm die Zunge ſchwer, ſchon fängt er an doppelt zu ſehen, aber muthig trotzt er den Gefahren; endlich mitten im Wort ſinkt er hin, rüſtige Hände packen ihn und ſchaffen ihn in das Lazareth, wo ſie ihn neben ſeinen minder ruhmvoll gefallenen Brüdern auf weiches Stroh betten. Hier bringt er mehrere Stunden jämmerlich zu; endlich kommt ein barmherziger Samariter, ſein Landsmann oder Freund, mit der Laterne und ſucht ihn auf der Wahlſtatt unter den Todten. Mühſam richtet er ihn auf, bringt ihn zu ſich und ſchleppt ihn nach ſeiner Wohnung, wo er ihn mit Stiefeln und Sporen in das Bett practicirt und ſeinen Rauſch ausſchlafen läßt. Am anderen Morgen erwacht er ſpät mit furchtbarem Kopfweh, aber zugleich mit dem beſeligenden Bewußtſein, eine der höchſten Weihen des Burſchenthums am geſtrigen Tage empfangen zu haben. Trotz ſeines Katzenjammers, der jedoch ein einfach phyſiſcher bleibt und dies Mal noch nicht den fatalen moraliſchen Nachgeſchmack hat, ergreift er triumphirend ſeine Mütze, die neben dem Stiche des Landesvaters auch noch einige Flecken von den geſtrigen Getränken davon trug, und ſetzt ſie auf ſein ſchmerzendes Haupt; dann nimmt er die Mappe und geht in das zweite Collegium. Das erſte hat er natürlich verſchlafen und auch dieſes verträumt er halb; denn was der Profeſſor vorträgt, bleibt ihm unverſtändlich, da ihm die ſeltſamſten Geſtalten noch vor der Seele herumſchwirren, wenigſtens erſcheinen ihm Cajus und Sempronius ſtets als die beiden Präſides an ſeinem Tiſche, von denen der Eine die Exceptio des Smollis macht und der Andere mit Fiduzit duplicirt.

So hat unſer Fuchs nun die wichtigſten Momente ſeines erſten Semeſters durchlebt, denn zu einer Paukerei pflegt es nur ſelten während deſſelben zu kommen. Diverſe Sätze. Privatcommerſche und Spritztouren, ſowie einige Nachtwachen bei Kranken oder Verwundeten, die er als heilige Pflicht betrachtet, unterbrechen allein

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das erdrückende Gleichmaaß der Tage, und der Schluß der Collegien kommt endlich heran. Er ſchnürt ſein Ränzel und beginnt eine Reiſe mit einigen Commilitonen, entweder nach dem Harz, dem Thüringer Walde, der ſächſiſchen Schweiz oder gar nach Tyrol, oder auch er zieht mit einem in der Nähe wohnenden Commilitonen, deſſen Herz er gewonnen hat, nach deſſen Vaterhauſe, von den Eltern herzlich aufgenommen als ein Freund des Sohnes, und von deſſen Schweſtern noch zuvorkommender als ein Freund des Bruders, aus dem — wenn die holden Mädchen es auch nicht zu denken wagen, ſo liegt es ihnen doch als dunkele Anſchauung im Bewußtſein — mit der Zeit vielleicht ein Schwager werden kann. Nach der eigenen Heimath will er noch nicht: — er hat einen wichtigen Grund dazu, und widerſteht ſogar ſtandhaft dieſes Mal den Bitten ſeiner zärtlichen Mama: — ſein Bart iſt nämlich noch nicht ausgebildet genug, um den dortigen Philiſtern zu imponiren. — Nur noch ein Semeſter mehr, und er reiht ſich würdig den Erſten des Jahrhunderts an; dann aber wird er gewiß das liebe Vaterhaus mit ſeiner theueren Gegenwart beglücken. Mittlerweile müſſen ſie ſich daheim mit ſeinen Briefen tröſten, die die Gelehrſamkeit ſeiner Profeſſoren, wie die Wichtigkeit des Studententhums mit gleicher Beſtimmtheit des Urtheils ſchildern, und zur ſelben Zeit ein gar ſeltſam Zeugniß von ſeiner

Unreife und Ueberreife, die ſich in ihm auf wunderbare Weiſe miſchen und durchdringen, den geliebten Eltern und Geſchwiſtern ablegen.

Des vierten Kapitels
dritte Unterabtheilung.

Der Student im Knabenalter oder der Brandfuchs.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
Shakspeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

Und dann der Brandfuchs, ſtets mit dem Rappier,
Mit ſtrahlendem Geſicht; in die Collegien
Nur langſam kriechend einer Schnecke gleich.
Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Nach dem Lectionscataloge iſt der Anfang der Vorleſungen auf den 10. Mai oder den 21. October beſtimmt worden, aber man ſchreibt in der Univerſitätsſtadt, die mit offenen Armen ihre liebſten Bewohner erwartet, bereits ſchon den 15. Mai oder den 26. October, und noch ſind die ſtudirenden Zugvögel nicht von ihren Wanderungen heimgekehrt. Einzeln nur läßt ſich hier und da ein Studioſus, gleich einer Schildwache, die man vergeſſen hat, abzulöſen, auf der Gaſſe ſehen und ſchleicht ſo müd' einher wie Adam nach dem Falle, mit Blumauer zu reden, denn nur drei böſe Dinge konnten ihn nöthigen, die ſchöne Ferienzeit in den dumpfen Mauern zu verbringen, entweder die Furcht vor dem Examen, oder der Mangel an Geld, oder endlich der ſchrecklichſte der Schrecken — Stadtarreſt. Sonſt iſt Alles in der Univerſitätsſtadt, vorausgeſetzt, daß dieſe eine kleine und ihre Studentenwelt der Mittelpunkt iſt, um den ſie ſich dreht, auf den Empfang der Studioſen vorbereitet und harrt mit geſpannter Erwartung der Dinge, die da kommen ſollen, d. h. der neuen Studenten; denn an dieſen liegt Allen am Meiſten. Das ſchwarze Bret iſt von oben bis unten wie mit friſcher Wäſche behangen, nämlich mit friſchen Ankündigungen der Vorleſungen, von denen leider manche ungeboren bleibt; die Philiſter haben die Stuben ſcheuern laſſen und nicht die Bruſt, ſondern die Betten gelüftet, um Miethsleute anzulocken; die Pfeifenhändler hängen die ſchönſten Syſteme mit den herrlichſten Pfeifenköpfen vor die Fenſter; in den Buchbinderläden liegen neue Mappen, in den Buchläden die ſauber gebundenen Compendien mit glänzend roth und goldenen Titeln aus; die Famuli laufen mit großer Emſigkeit von den Docenten zum Quäſtor und vom Quäſtor zu den Docenten; die Frauen und Jungfrauen geben wieder genau Acht auf den Schlag der Stundenglocken, um nicht in eine aus einem Collegium in das andere ziehende Schaar hinein zu gerathen: kurz, es herrſcht überall eine rege Spannung, aber die Erwartung wird noch nicht befriedigt. Einige über die Maaßen pflichtgetreue Profeſſoren haben ſogar ſchon verſucht, ihre Collegien zu beginnen, mußten aber dem Rath des getreuen Famulus folgen und noch einige Tage ausſetzen, denn es fehlte am Beſten, an Zuhörern nämlich, und ſelbſt die unverlierbaren, die z. B. im vorigen Semeſter die Inſtitutionen hörten und alſo ſicher im nächſten Halbjahre die Pandecten beſuchen müſſen, ſind ſogar noch nicht da. Endlich tauchen hier und da einige fremde Geſichter auf; ſie werden freudig begrüßt, wie die erſten Schwalben, die den Sommer verkünden, aber ſie ſind nur ſpärlich geſäet, und ſelbſt die Mitglieder der Immatrikulationscommiſſion, die ihr Werk begonnen haben, machen bedenkliche Geſichter, vom Rector an bis zum Pedellen hinab und prophezeien nicht viel Gutes. Die Juriſten geſtehen ſich nun allmälig in der Stille den Unterſchied zwiſchen Geſetz und Obſervanz, und wie die letztere eigentlich im lebendigen Verkehr weit mächtiger, als das erſtere. Das Geſetz ſagt: die Collegien ſollen an dieſem oder jenem Tage begonnen werden, die Obſervanz läßt ſie erſt acht oder ſogar vierzehn Tage nachher anfangen, und nach ihr, nicht aber nach jenem richten ſich die Studenten, ja ſogar die Füchſe, die doch vor dem gedruckten Popanz, wie Tieck das Geſetz nannte, den meiſten Reſpect haben. Plötzlich aber bricht der

Damm, von allen Seiten ſtrömen die Studenten herbei, namentlich am Sonnabend und Sonntage vor dem wirklichen Anfange. Mit einem Mal iſt die Stadt wie durch Zauberſchlag wieder gefüllt, und man kann mit Schiller ausrufen:

Wer zählt die Völker, nennt die Namen,
Die gaſtlich hier zuſammen kamen?
Von Hamburg, von der Oſtſee Strand,
Aus Baiern und aus Sachſenland,
Von Albions entlegner Küſte,
Sogar aus Ungarn kamen ſie,
Zu horchen von dem Schaugerüſte
Der Profeſſoren-Theorie.

Unter ihnen iſt denn auch unſer innig geliebter Fuchs gar oft der Letzten Einer, trotz dem, daß er ein neues Quartier gemiethet hat, weil er im alten mit dem Hauspump oder dem Hausſchlüſſel genirt war. Sieben Mal hat ihn ſchon vergeblich ein alter Schulkamerad, jetzt ein Fuchs, wie er es war, aufgeſucht; immer noch hielt ihn die Fremde fern. Endlich iſt denn auch er eingerückt, ſeinem aller Dinge noch unkundigen Landesgenoſſen ein wahrer Odyſſeus, ein vielerfahrener, vielgewanderter Mann, der der Menſchen Städte und Sitten geſehen. Mit beſcheidenem Selbſtbewußtſein empfängt er den Freund und ſucht ihn in die Myſterien des Studententhums einzuweihen, mit unabläſſigem Fleiß; nur Eins verbirgt er ſorgfältig vor ihm, weil er noch nicht ganz genau weiß, wie er mit ihm daran iſt, und gerade dies Eine beſchäftigt ihn ſelbſt doch am Meiſten. Er iſt nämlich auf der Reiſe, wo er ſich vor allen Dingen forſch zu machen ſuchte, und redlich bemüht war, den X—er Studenten herauszubeißen, d. h. der Univerſität, auf der er ſtudirte, nach ſeinen und ſeiner Commilitonen Begriffen Ehre zu machen, mit einem Y—er oder Z—er Studenten, der ſich üppig machte, zuſammengerathen, und ſie haben contrahirt. Da Jener auch künftig in X. weiter ſtudiren wird, ſo haben ſie beſchloſſen, es hier auszufechten. Unſer Held hat gefordert und erwartet nun die Beſtimmung von Ort und Stunde nach dem Comment, dieſem uralt heiligen Geſetz, das der Student noch ſtrenger beobachtet, als der frömmſte Sohn Iſraels weiland die zehn Gebote, welche Gott dem Moſes gab. Einige Tage ſind vergangen und noch iſt keine Nachricht geworden, obwohl er ſeinen Feind ſchon auf einer Kneipe getroffen. Er durfte kein Wort mit ihm wechſeln, ſondern mußte ſogar das Recht des Erſtgekommenen anerkennen, und jenen Ort wieder verlaſſen, denn ſo beſiehlt es eben der Comment, in welchem die Weisheit von Jahrhunderten und ganzen Generationen ſich wie die Weisheit der Hindus im Wiſchnu verkörpert hat; aber heiligen Zornes voll, ſendet er ihm ſogleich ſeinen Sekundanten, als Herold, um ihn zu treten, d. h. an ſeine Pflicht zu mahnen. Jener hat indeſſen das Seinige bereits gethan, wie es einem braven Burſchen geziemt, und ſich an irgend einen Hohen im Rath gewandt, um ihm das Nöthige zu ermitteln und zu beſorgen. Dies iſt gänzlich zu ſeiner Zufriedenheit geſchehen, und er kann mit vornehmer Herablaſſung jetzt dem Ministre plénipotentiaire ſeines Gegners Ort und Stunde beſtimmen. Sie treffen ſich nun zur feſtgeſetzten Zeit am genannten Orte, je nach den Verhältniſſen der Univerſität und der Wachſamkeit der Pedelle entweder auf einer geräumigen Studentenſtube, welche der eigentliche Bewohner kluger Weiſe um dieſelbe Stunde verlaſſen hat, oder im Freien an einer ſicheren, die umliegende Gegend beherrſchenden Stelle, oder auch einige Meilen weit von der Stadt in einer Dorfkneipe, deren Kneipier ein zuverläſſiger, verſchwiegener Mann iſt, weil er einen erklecklichen Profit von ſeiner Verſchwiegenheit hat. Der Paukapparat und der Paukdoctor ſind ſchon da, die Sekundanten kommen mit den Paukanten; der Unpartheiiſche und einige Zuſchauer ſtellen ſich gleich darauf ein. — Die beiden Gegner meſſen ſich mit den Blicken, aber ihre Lippen wechſeln kein Wort. Die Toilette wird jetzt gemacht, wenn möglich in verſchiedenen Räumen; geht das nicht, doch in den entgegengeſetzten Winkeln des Locals. Rock, Weſte, Halstuch, Mütze und Tragbänder werden abgelegt und ſtatt deren, — es iſt nur eine einfache Paukerei — der Kopf mit einem breiträndrigen Filz, der Hals mit einer hohen Cravatte, die Armgelenke mit ſeidenen Tüchern, Hand und Unterarm mit dem undurchdringlichen Stulp, der Leib mit einer breiten mit farbigen Streifen ſchön geſchmückten wattirten Binde, und die anderen Extremitäten bis über das Knie hinab ebenfalls mit einer dicken Binde gedeckt. Das iſt der Paukwichs. Man ſollte faſt glauben, es ſei noch unmöglicher, als bei weiland Achilles oder dem ſeligen hörnenen Siegfried, eine verwundbare Stelle zu finden, aber die Fechtkunſt hat ſolche Fortſchritte gemacht, daß das nur ein Hirngeſpinnſt iſt. Die Sekundanten haben mittlerweile ſchon die Menſur genommen, d. h. die Entfernung, in welcher die beiden Gegner zu Anfange jedes Ganges ſtehen müſſen, abgemeſſen und mit Kreideſtrichen bezeichnet. Jetzt nehmen ſie ſelber ein Rappier zur Hand, nachdem ſie ſich ebenfalls vor Hieben, welche die Duellanten treffen ſollen und ſie treffen könnten, ſo gut wie möglich verwahrten. Sie laden nun die Kämpfenden ein, ſich einander gegenüber zu ſtellen, geben ihnen die auf den Griffen mit hellen Farben wie die Binden geſchmückten Schläger in die Hand, und die inhaltsſchweren Worte: „Legt Euch aus! — Bindet die Klingen! Gebunden iſt — Haut aus!“ — erſchallen. — Der Beleidigte hat den erſten

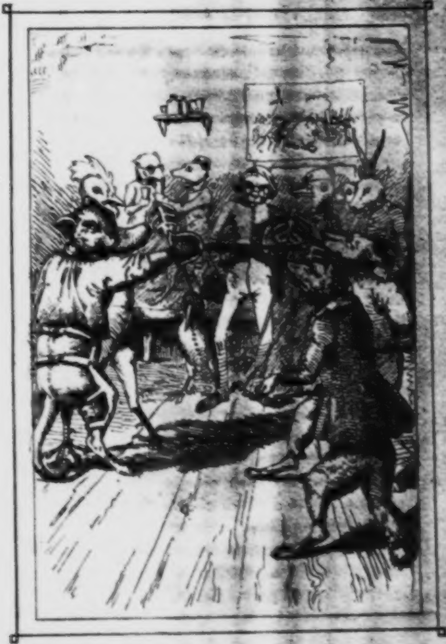

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Hieb. — Er berührt die Klinge des Gegners und nun geht es los, wie **Bürger** ſingt:

Wie Wetter erhebt ſich der grimmigſte Kampf.
Das Stampfen der Kämpfer zermalmet zu Dampf
Den Sand und die Schollen der Erde.
(oder auch: Den hölzernen Boden der Stube.)
Sie hauen und hauen mit Tigerwuth,
Bis Schweiß und Blut
Die Panzer und Helme (rectius den Stulp und die Binde)
bethauen.

Endlich hat ein Hieb **geſeſſen**, d. h. er iſt nicht parirt worden und die Klinge hat den Körper des Gegners berührt. War es der Beleidiger, der getroffen worden, ſo tritt der Sekundant des Beleidigten hinzu und unterſucht dieſen; hat es gar eine Wunde gegeben, ſo betrachtet er ſie genau, ob Blut aus ihr fließt, ſie die gehörige Länge hat und ſo weit klafft, daß man den Rücken der Klinge hineinlegen kann. In dieſem Falle iſt es ein An— (Muſe! erröthe nicht, es kommt zu oft vor) und der Touchirte hat Satisfaction. Hat der Letztere dagegen die Wunde erhalten, ſo findet keine Unterſuchung Statt; es hängt von ihm ab, ob er Satisfaction nehmen oder weiter gehen will, vorausgeſetzt, daß er es kann. Vor dem ſechſten Gange wird nicht gern Satisfaction genommen, ſondern, bei etwaigem Hinderniß, die Fortſetzung bis nach der Heilung der erhaltenen Wunde hinausgeſchoben. Nach zwölf Gängen jedoch muß, wenn Nichts herausgekommen iſt, commentmäßig Satisfaction genommen werden, denn die Beleidigung iſt nach Burſchenbrauch und Recht geſühnt. — Unſer Held hat nun zwar allerdings von ſeinem geübteren Gegner einige Wunden erhalten, er iſt aber zu tapfer und daher nicht beſonnen und kaltblütig genug, um den rechten Moment abzupaſſen und ihm eins auszuwiſchen; es liegt ihm indeſſen daran, da er noch Jungfer iſt, d. h. früher noch keine Paukerei gehabt hat, ſich ſeines hohen Berufes als deutſcher Burſch würdig zu zeigen, und er nimmt alſo trotzig, aber heldenmüthig keine Satisfaction bis zum vollendeten zwölften Gange. Er hat ſich gut gepaukt, und die Füchſe haben jetzt großen Reſpect vor ihm; die Schläger werden weggelegt, die beiden Feinde treten auf einander zu und reichen ſich feierlich die Hand zum Zeichen der Verſöhnung, und Alles endet nun in Lieb' und Luſt, meiſt mit einem Satze, den die beiden Paukanten, einzeln oder zuſammen, ihren Sekundanten, dem Unpartheiiſchen und dem wackeren Paukdoctor, der nicht umſonſt Heftpflaſter geſchmiert und ſein Verbindezeug ausgepackt haben ſoll, loslaſſen.

Ein moroſer Hypochondriſt, der nichts von Jugendluſt an Thatkraft weiß, wird hier ausrufen: Quantum est in rebus inane! aber wie iſt der Mann auf dem Holzwege! Gerade in einer ſolchen Paukerei liegt ein unendlich tiefer Sinn, ein großes Geheimniß verborgen, nämlich die ganze Politik der Studenten, durch welche ſie ihre Republik regieren und vor innerem Schaden behüten. So ſeltſam dem Uneingeweihten auch die einzelnen Formen und Formeln erſcheinen, ſo ſehr weiß der Eingeweihte ihre hohe Bedeutung anzuerkennen und zu ſchätzen. — Die Moraliſten mögen ſagen was ſie wollen, ſchafft man, d. h. der Studioſus, erſt einmal das Duell ab, ſo iſt auch mit einem Schlage das ganze ſchöne Leben zerſtört auf Univerſitäten. Nur die Steigerungen, in denen ſich der jugendliche Uebermuth und die Eitelkeit gefallen, namentlich dann, wenn Keiner dem Anderen nachſtehen will, die Piſtolenſkandäle, die Paukereien auf krumme Säbel, ohne Stulp und Binde, auf Pariſiens und wie alle dieſe Erfindungen des Satan heißen mögen, ſind verderblich, denn ſie ſind demoraliſirend, eben ſo wie der Holzcomment, der bei dem ritterlichen Sinn unſerer akademiſchen Jugend Gottlob nur ſelten auftaucht, eine Ausgeburt innerer Bürgerkriege und nie lange währt. Das gewöhnliche Studentenduell iſt dagegen nur eine Form, um einem Zwiſte auf ritterliche Weiſe ein Ende zu machen und dauernde Verſöhnung herbei zu führen; um deſto edler, wenn unter den Studirenden ſelbſt ein Ehrengericht beſteht, ohne deſſen Zuſtimmung es dann überhaupt gar nicht Statt finden kann.

Nicht immer freilich läuft es ſo glücklich ab, wie das oben geſchilderte; namentlich nicht da, wo der Stoßcomment vorherrſcht, der ſich jedoch nur noch auf wenigen Univerſitäten findet und hoffentlich binnen wenigen Jahren ganz verſchwunden ſein wird. Eine Hiebwunde iſt unter zehn Mal neun Mal nicht gefährlich; eine Stoßwunde beſonders in der Bruſt kann ein ganzes ſieches Leben und einen frühzeitigen Tod herbeiführen und damit iſt der Spaß denn doch etwas zu theuer bezahlt.

Aber kehren wir zu unſerem Helden zurück. Er hat ſich, wie wir geſehen, gut geſchlagen, iſt dadurch angeſehen bei ſeinen Genoſſen, und die Luſt, dergleichen öfter zu verſuchen, bleibt nicht aus. Herkules ſteht nun am Scheidewege und läuft Gefahr, unter die Drachen zu gehen, d. h. ein Renommiſt zu werden. Den Bäumen iſt aber bekanntlich die Axt an die Wurzel gelegt, daß ſie nicht in den Himmel wachſen. Er zieht ſich vielleicht noch einige Mal glücklich aus der Affaire; endlich kommt aber doch ſein Meiſter und zeichnet ihn bei irgend einer Gelegenheit ſo, daß er, lange daran laborirend, Zeit hat zur Erkenntniß, in ſich kehrt und allmälig einen anderen Menſchen anzieht, der zwar einer blanken Klinge eben nicht aus dem Wege geht, ſondern jederzeit, wann und wo es ſein muß, ſeinen Mann ſteht, aber auch nicht eben übermüthig Händel ſucht, ausgenommen da, wo das Vaterland ruft, d. h. nicht das Vaterland, denn er ſchlägt ſich oft für Thüringen und iſt ein Rheinländer von Geburt, ſondern die patria, dieſe Mutter der Uneinigkeit nach außen.

Im Uebrigen führt unſer Brandfuchs während des Semeſters ein luſtiges Leben. Zu den vortrefflichen Vor- und Grundſätzen, die er ſich als Maulthier und Fuchs in die Seele ſchrieb, hat er unglücklicher Weiſe keine gute Dinte genommen, und die Schrift iſt ſo gebleicht, daß ſie ihm kaum noch leſerlich erſcheint. Zum Auffriſchen fehlt es ihm aber für's Erſte an Zeit; er hat ſo viel zu thun mit Kneipereien, Spritztouren, Paukereien und dergleichen wichtigen Dingen, daß er nicht allein höchſt ſelten in die Collegia, ſondern noch viel ſeltener zur Beſinnung kommt. So vergeht ihm ſein zweites akademiſches Halbjahr, er weiß ſelbſt nicht wie. Nur diverſe angebundene heulende Bären und ſein jetzt in höchſter Blüthe ſtehender Schnurrbart und Wallenſteiner wecken ihn aus ſeinem Schlafe und erinnern ihn, daß er ſich vorgenommen habe, am Schluſſe deſſelben in die theure Heimath zu ziehn, wo ſeine Gegenwart höchſt nothwendig iſt, einmal um ſich in vollſtem Glanze der ſtaunenden Philiſterſchaar zu zeigen, dann aber um eine mögliche Erhöhung ſeines Wechſels oder wenigſtens irgend eine Extragratification zu erlangen, damit aus jenen Raubthieren nicht alte Bären werden, während er nur noch ein junger Burſch iſt. Ach, auf der Heimreiſe verſteht er jetzt erſt die berühmte Stelle aus dem Horaz, die ihm ſein Director nie recht begreiflich machen konnte:

> Post equitem sedet atra cura!

Des vierten Kapitels
vierte Unterabtheilung.
Der Student im Jünglingsalter oder der junge Burſch.

> And then the lover
> Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow.
> Shakespeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

> Und dann der junge Burſch,
> Nächtlich ſingend auf den Straßen, Ständchen
> Vor ſeiner Holden Thüre bringend.
> Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Die Collegien beginnen zum dritten Mal, ſeit unſer Held die Univerſität bezogen hat; er iſt dies Mal ſogar etwas früher wieder da, denn um die Wahrheit zu geſtehen, ſo ſehr er ſich auch freute, die Seinen in der Heimath wieder zu begrüßen, ſo hat es ihm doch auf die Länge nicht ſo ganz da gefallen, weil man ihn eigentlich nicht ſo recht für voll anſehen wollte; er ſpielte im elterlichen Hauſe nur eine Ripiengeige, keineswegs aber die erſte wie auf der Univerſität vor den Philiſtern. Deshalb ſchützte er auch zuletzt gewaltigen Pflichteifer vor und war ängſtlich beſorgt, wenn er länger bliebe nicht wieder zur rechten Zeit einzutreffen, ſondern den höchſt wichtigen Anfang höchſt wichtiger Collegia verſäumen zu müſſen. Im Uebrigen beſtand er ganz wohl; zwar ſuchte Papa ihm hinſichtlich ſeines Wiſſens entweder ſelbſt auf den Zahn zu fühlen, oder wenn er das nicht vermochte, durch irgend einen gelehrten Hausfreund auf den Zahn fühlen zu laſſen, da es ihm aber nicht an Suade und keckem Urtheil fehlte und Jener eben nicht tief im Geſpräch auf die Sache einging, ſo lief das Examen noch ganz leidlich ab und das Urtheil fiel tröſtlich aus, ungefähr: Er ſcheine ganz hübſch ſtudirt zu haben und es könne wohl etwas aus ihm werden, und dergleichen. Bei einem anderen Examen, das Mama nicht mit ihm, ſondern mit ſeiner Wäſche angeſtellt hat, iſt es ihm freilich nicht ſo gut gegangen. Sie hat nämlich dieſelbe in etwas deſolatem Zuſtande gefunden; viele Hemden ſind arg zerriſſen, mehrere nicht Kaſtorſtrümpfe, ſondern Strumpfkaſtore betrauerten melancholiſch das Schickſal ihrer Polluxe, das mit dem der wirklichen Dioskuren die größte Aehnlichkeit hatte, der Eine blieb nämlich auf der Oberwelt, während der Bruder in die Unterwelt gefahren; andere declamirten mit den Gebrüdern Fatalis: „Schrecklich iſt's, wenn Ferſen oder Zehen ſo hinaus in's kalte Leben ſehen", und endlich — die weißen, ſauberen Cravatten, von den Schweſtern mit emſigem Fleiße geſäumt, gezeichnet, ja ſogar geſtickt, waren ganz verſchwunden. Zwar behauptete unſer Held, er habe ſie als überflüſſig in der Univerſitätsſtadt zurückgelaſſen und ſie ſeien noch alle vorhanden, was auch reine Wahrheit war, denn er hatte ſie in bedrängten Zeiten verkeilt und ſie waren noch alle bei dem Doctoranden, der ſie für ein Billiges von ihm erhandelt, wirklich vorhanden; aber das mütterliche Herz konnte ſich nicht dabei beruhigen und klagte ſehr über die Verderbtheit der männlichen Jugend. Denn der Gedanke vorzüglich, daß ſolche Cravatten vom feinſten Kammertuch, auf das Feinſte geſäumt und eine wahre Zierde des Menſchengeſchlechtes, überflüſſig ſein ſollten, quälte ſie ſehr. Wie tief mußte ihr Sohn geſunken ſein! Auch gab ſie ſich nur einigermaaßen zufrieden, als er, um ſie zu verſöhnen, am nächſten Sonntage ſie mit einem neuen weißen, von den ſorgſamen Schweſtern beſorgten Halstuche in die Kirche begleitete und dann mit ihr einige Viſiten machte bei verſchiedenen Tanten und Couſinen, wo er ſich denn auch ganz hübſch benahm, nur daß ihm mitunter irgend ein burſchikoſer Ausdruck entwiſchte, worüber die ſämmtlichen Damen nicht wenig erſchraken und zuſammenfuhren, mit Ausnahme eines hübſchen Couſinchens, das ſich darüber zu Tode lachen wollte. Auf ſolche Weiſe ging denn auch dieſer Kelch glücklich vorüber; aber alle dieſe Ereigniſſe dienten nur dazu, die Sehnſucht nach der geliebten Univerſitätsſtadt, wo ihm ſolche Dinge gar nicht widerfahren konnten, zu ſteigern. So haben wir ihn denn vor der Zeit Abſchied nehmen und den Brüſten der geliebten alma mater wieder zueilen ſehen, unter dem oben angeführten Vorwande. Neu ausſtaffirt kommt er hier an und begrüßt die wohlbekannten Häuſer, ja ſogar die Carcer, mit lauter Zufriedenheit.

Aber nicht dies allein war es, was ihn wieder hinzog. Er hatte ein wichtiges Pfand zurückgelaſſen, — ſein Herz. — Schon am Schluſſe des vorigen Semeſters auf einem Balle, oder bei irgend einer, von einem Profeſſor veranſtalteten Luſtparthie, hatte er ein junges Mädchen kennen lernen, einen wahren Engel. Vor Tiſche ſchon war es ihm gelungen, einige Extratouren mit ihr zu tanzen, obgleich Mama es nicht gern ſah, daß ſie Extratouren tanzte; auch bemerkte er, daß ſie nach der letzten, die ſie ihm bewilligt, einem Meckelnburger und einem Oſtfrieſen es abgeſchlagen, weil ſie keine mehr tanzen dürfe, und das verlieh ihr nicht geringen Werth in ſeinen Augen. Bei Tiſche hatte er gar das Glück, neben ihr zu ſitzen und ſich vortrefflich mit ihr über Schiller und Goethe zu unterhalten. Heine's Gedichte kannte ſie noch nicht und war ſehr dankbar, als er ihr anbot, ihr deſſen Buch der Lieder zu ſchicken. Er wagte nun, ſie zum Cotillon zu engagiren. Sie ſagte es ihm zu, wenn Papa und Mama ſo lange da blieben und erſuchte ihn ſogar, Mama darum anzugehen. Dieſe ließ ſich denn auch erweichen. Bei dem Cotillon ſetzte das etwas zerſtreute Paar das Tiſchgeſpräch mit großem Intereſſe fort und irrte ſich dadurch mitunter in den Touren, doch ermangelte ſie nicht, ihm ihre liebſten Freundinnen zuzuführen und er ſuchte ihr dafür, wenn die Touren es ſo mit ſich brachten, die beliebteſten Tänzer, jedoch natürlich nur unter ſeinen Freunden und von ſeiner Couleur, aus. Als der Cotillon zu Ende und er ſie zur Mama zurückbrachte, wagte er ihr leiſe die Hand zu drücken und es kam ihm vor, als erwiedere ſie es mit noch leiſerer, zitternder Hand. Er blickte ihr in die holden Augen — doch ſie ſchlug verſchämt die Blicke nieder. Bald darauf brach ſie mit Papa und Mama auf; er aber ſtand an der Thür und verbeugte ſich tief; ſie dankte erröthend. Bedurfte es mehr, um ihn mit Seligkeit zu überſchütten? Sein Herz war ſo voll — o nur eine Seele auf dieſem weiten Erdenrunde, der er ſein Glück mittheilen könnte! — Schon wollte er allein hinaus in Gottes freie Natur und dem Sternenhimmel ſein Entzücken zujauchzen; da fand er ſie, dieſe Seele. — Sie ſteckte in einem phlegmatiſchen Holſteiner, aus Weſſelingsbuhren, der ſein Nachbar in den Pandecten war. Dieſer wollte noch nicht zu Bett gehen, weil er zu viel Punſch getrunken, wovon er gewöhnlich nicht ſchlafen könne und war daher bereit, mit ihm eine

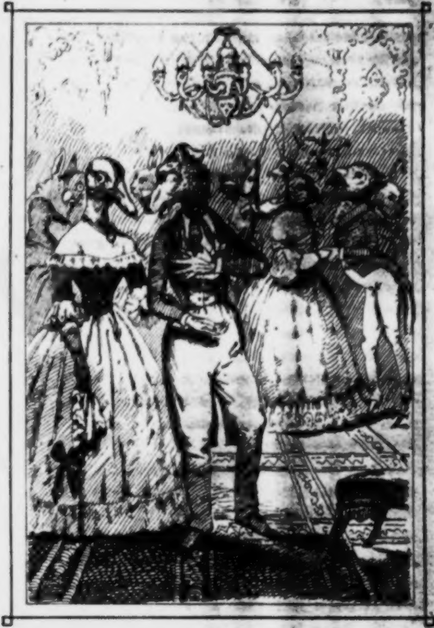

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Stunde auf der Promenade auf- und abzugehn. — Er theilte ihm nun alle Herrlichkeiten dieſes Abends mit und ſprach während des ganzen nächtlichen Spazierganges unerſchöpflich allein; Jener hörte geduldig zu und ſagte nur zuletzt: „Ja, das muß eine ſehr nette Deern ſein; aber nun ſchlaf wohl, ſonſt verſchlaf' ich doch morgen das Collegium, denn mein verfluchter Stiefelwuchs kommt nie zur rechten Zeit.“ — Seit dieſer Zeit hielt unſer Held den guten Martens aus Weſſelingsbuhren, Dämmerkönig genannt, für ſeinen treueſten und uneigennützigſten Freund, dem er das heiligſte Geheimniß ſeines Lebens anvertrauen konnte.

Bereits am nächſten Tage fing nun unſer damalige Brandfuchs an, gerade diejenigen Collegia am Fleißigſten zu beſuchen, zu denen der Weg ihn bei ihrem Fenſter vorüber führte. Aber leider ſaß ſie nicht am Fenſter, denn Mama litt es nicht, weil es ſich für junge Mädchen in einer Univerſitätsſtadt nicht ſchicke. Das machte ihn ſehr betrübt und er ſann vergebens auf Mittel und Wege, ſie zu ſehen. Da gewahrte er eines Sonntags Morgens von ſeinem Fenſter aus, daß ſie in die Kirche ging und von nun an gab es keinen frömmeren Chriſten als ihn. Bald nachher erfuhr er durch einen ähnlichen Zufall, daß ſie alle Nachmittage mit ihrer Mama, der der Doctor Motion verordnet, im Philoſophengange — (welche Univerſitätsſtadt hat übrigens keinen Philoſophengang?) —

luſtwandele, und von dieſem Augenblick griff ihn der Nachmittagsſchlaf im Naturrechte, das von 2 — 3 geleſen wurde, ſo an, daß er ſich nothwendig von 3 — 4 Uhr eine ſtarke Bewegung im Philoſophengange machen mußte, um für das höchſt wichtige Kirchenrecht, das er von 4 — 5 Uhr hörte, und das im nächſten Sommer vielleicht nicht geleſen wurde, wieder friſch und munter zu ſein, wozu denn ihr reizender Anblick nicht wenig beitrug.

Wie ſtudirt er jetzt den Schiller, den er nun erſt ganz in ſeiner Größe begreift. Alle ſeine Muſeſtunden wendet er daran. Früher hätte er ſich ſogar einmal beinahe von einem Frankfurter, der in Berlin bei Hotho Aeſthetik und in Halle bei Hinrichs die Vorleſungen über den Fauſt gehört, verführen laſſen, Goethe Schiller'n vorzuziehen, weil Schiller zu ſehr in ſeiner Subjectivität ſtecken geblieben, Goethe aber allein zur reinen, vollkommenen abſoluten Objectivität vorgedrungen. jetzt läßt er ſich aber eine ſolche Sünde nicht mehr zu Schulden kommen. Schiller iſt der Dichter der Freiheit und der reinen Liebe; Goethe nur ein Ariſtokrat und ein ſinnlicher Kerl; die Frauen bei Schiller ſind Ideale des Himmels, Goethe's Philine, Gretchen, Marie nur gefallene irdiſche Weiber, frivole Geſchöpfe. Thekla bleibt ſein Ideal und ihr gleicht die Geliebte ſeiner Seele ſo auf ein Haar, als hätte ſie Schiller geſeſſen, da er ſeinen Wallenſtein ſchrieb. Wo er geht und ſteht, fallen ihm die herrlichen Worte ein, ja es iſt ihm ſogar widerfahren, daß er ſie zuſammen mit der Lehre von der Dos aestimata in ſein Pandectenheft ſchrieb, was ſich denn folgendermaaßen etwas wunderlich ausnahm:

> Die künſtliche Uebertragung wird vermuthet — der Zug des Herzens iſt des Schickſals Stimme — wenn die Brautgabe — Ich bin die Seine — unter Beſtimmung ihres Werthes — Sein Geſchenk allein — auf den Mann — Iſt dieſes neue Leben — übertragen iſt — das ich lebe — dos venditionis gratia aestimata — Er hat ein Recht an ſein Geſchöpf — doch kann die Taxe auch zu dem Ende feſtgeſetzt werden — Was war ich — um der Frau bei der Rückforderung — Eh' ſeine ſchöne Liebe mich befreite — den Beweis des verlorenen Werthes zu erleichtern. — Ich will auch von mir ſelbſt nicht kleiner denken — Für die letzte Art der Taxe — als der Geliebte — ſtreitet aber nicht — der kann nicht gering ſein — die Vermuthung. — der das Unſchätzbare beſitzt.

L. 5. 10. 21. C. de jure dot.
Ich fühle
die Kraft — Glück, loco citato S. 30 — 33
— mit meinem Glücke mir verliehn.
Anderer Meinung ſind Leyser Sp. 311. m. 10.
Ernſt liegt das Leben vor der ernſten Seele!
Müller ad Leyser. Obs. 551, allein wider die
Geſetze und —
— Daß ich mir ſelbſt gehöre, weiß ich nun; —
allgemeinen Interpretationsregeln.

— Den feſten Willen hab' ich kennen lernen —
Coccejí J. C. L. 19. T. 3. 9 u. 8.
— den unbezwinglichen in meiner Bruſt —
S. auch überhaupt über die dos aestimata
— Und an das Höchſte kann ich Alles ſetzen. —
Tiegerſtröm, Dotalr. 1. B. S. 138 — 150.

Anderer ähnlicher Zerſtreuungen nicht zu gedenken. Leider aber hat kein günſtiger Gott ihn wieder mit der Holden zuſammengeführt, und das Semeſter ſich ſeinem Ende genaht, ohne daß es ihm möglich geworden, ſie einen tieferen Blick in ſein Herz thun zu laſſen, als ſie, ohne ſein Wiſſen, freilich ſchon gethan, denn in einer Univerſitätsſtadt ſind die jungen Mädchen noch viel ſcharfſichtiger als anderswo. — Woher das kommt, weiß ich nicht genau, glaube aber, weil der Alte-Jungfern-Stand dort etwas zu Entſetzliches an ſich hat. — Unſer Jüngling hat nun abreiſen müſſen, aber ſie iſt ſein Taggedanke, iſt ſein Traum, und da ihr Geburtstag (den er durch einen ſtudirenden Vetter von ihr erfahren) an demſelben Tage war, wo er ſich aufmachte, um in die Heimath zu ziehen — er hielt das übrigens für ein ſehr günſtiges Omen — ſo hat er nicht unterlaſſen können, ihr anonym einen blühenden Roſenſtock mit einem ſehr ſchönen Gedichte zuſtellen zu laſſen. Mit dem Poem will ich jedoch dem geneigten Leſer um ſo weniger beſchwerlich fallen, als er es drei Wochen ſpäter der Redaction des in X. geleſenſten belletriſtiſchen Journals, die es ſogleich abdrucken ließ, einſendete, ſammt einigen anderen beſcheidenen Maaßlieben (bellis perennis, auch Gänſeblümchen genannt) ſeines Liebesfrühlings. Die Holde iſt natürlich ſehr mit dem Roſenſtocke — das Gedicht hat ſie ſogleich geſchickt auf die Seite zu bringen gewußt — geneckt worden, aber die heimliche Freude, die es ihr machte, war doch größer, als der Verdruß, den ſie über die Neckereien empfand. Sie hat auch gleich den Verfaſſer errathen, und höchſt gewandt herausgebracht, daß er an demſelben Tage ſeine Ferienreiſe angetreten. Dadurch gewinnt nun ſeine zarte Aufmerkſamkeit noch weit mehr in ihren Augen; heimlich, vor dem zu Bette Gehen, zwiſchen dem letzten Haarwickel und dem Ausziehen des erſten Strumpfes, lieſt ſie es jeden Abend wieder, trotz dem, daß ſie es am zweiten ſchon auswendig konnte, und ſchläft dann unter den ſüßeſten Träumen ein. — Er aber, der Liebende, macht im Poſtwagen unaufhörlich Gedichte auf ſie und beſingt ſie noch mehr en détail, als weiland Petrarca ſeine Laura, und das will doch viel heißen. Als,er endlich in der geliebten Vaterſtadt angelangt, iſt ſeine Brieftaſche ſo voll Verſe, daß er ſämmtliche belletriſtiſche Journale Deutſchlands auf ein Jahr mit dieſer in Deutſchland ſo überaus ſeltenen Waare verſehen könnte. Er bringt nun alle Morgenſtunden damit zu, ſie zu feilen und ſauber in das Reine zu ſchreiben, ſo daß Papa, der da glaubt, er repetire ſo gewiſſenhaft Inſtitutionen und Pandecten, und ſuche ſich den Unterſchied zwiſchen dolus und culpa wie zwiſchen der actio exercitoria, der actio quod jussu und der actio de in rem verso auf das Genaueſte und nach den feinſten Diſtinctionen einzuprägen, überaus zufrieden mit ihm iſt und Mama des Abends vor dem zu Bett Gehen, während ihr Gatte die Uhr vor ſeinem Bett aufzieht und ſie die Nachthaube aufſtülpt, zu dieſem ſagt: „Siehſt Du nun, Vater, wie ungerecht Du gegen den Fritz geweſen biſt: er iſt ſo fleißig, daß mir ordentlich bange wird, er ſchadet ſeiner Geſundheit durch das viele Sitzen." Papa giebt es zu, beruhigt ſie jedoch im Punkt der Geſundheit, und Beide beten dann den Abendſegen und ſchlafen ruhig ein. Nicht ſo die Schweſtern, die wiſſen die Wahrheit, denn der Bruder hat ihnen begeiſtert die Geliebte geſchildert und die Gedichte vorgeleſen. Sie unterhalten ſich noch lange, ehe ſie einſchlafen, erſt von Fritzens Liebchen, dann von der Liebe überhaupt, die eine höchſt merkwürdige Sache iſt, über welche ſich junge Mädchen gar zu gern mit einander unterhalten, und wenn ſie auch noch ſo fromm und tugendhaft ſind, wahre kleine Heilige, car, ſagt ſchon der frivole Parny:

Car une sainte, hélas! est toujours femme.

und darüber vergeſſen ſie am Ende ganz und gar den Abendſegen und ſchlafen ſo ein, ohne an den lieben Gott zu denken. Nun, jungen unſchuldigen Mädchen mag das ſchon paſſiren, an deren Lager ſtehen doch, wie es in dem plattdeutſchen Volksreim heißt, drei Engel zu Häupten und drei Engel zu Füßen, und der liebe Gott rechnet es ihnen gewiß nicht an, daß ſie ihn vergeſſen haben, im Gegentheil, wie ich mir den lieben Gott denke, hat er ſie deswegen nur deſto lieber, weil alles Natürliche ihm gewiß Freude macht.

Endlich iſt denn unſer Freund als junger Burſch mit Papa's Lobe und Ermahnungen, mit Mama's Segen und heimlich zugeſteckten Mutterpfennigen und mit der Schweſtern heißeſten Segenswünſchen und neuen Cravatten wieder in der Univerſitätsſtadt angekommen. Sein erſter Weg war zu einer Fenſterparade und das Ziel ihre Wohnung. — O Glück! da begegnet ſie ihm auf der Straße. — Vor freudiger Verwirrung und Haſt kann er ihr kaum die devoteſte aller Verbeugungen machen und ſie — erröthet vor ſüßem Schreck bis in die Fingerſpitzen, ſo daß ſie jetzt mit vollem Rechte der roſenfingerigen Eos des alten Homer verglichen werden kann. Ich will es nur geſtehen, ſie hat ſich echt weiberhaft unterdeſſen genau nach ihm und

nach Papa und Mama
und dem Stand der Onkels und Tanten

bei einem ſeiner Landsleute erkundigt und lauter erfreuliche Dinge von ihm gehört. Eigentlich hat ſie das nicht um ihres eigenen Selbſt willen gethan, denn ſie ginge mit ihm durch die ganze Welt, ſondern um Papa's willen, der es früher oder ſpäter doch erfahren muß, und dem ſie dann gleich von Allem Rechenſchaft geben kann. — Ich habe vergeſſen zu erzählen, daß der liebende Roland — Fritz wollte ich ſagen — jetzt geſchickt einen Fuchs in ſein Logis hinein practicirt — der Fuchs iſt ganz erſtaunt und gerührt über ſeine Großmuth und vergißt ihm das nie — und unter dem Vorwande, daß er beſſer da ochſen könne, deſſen weit ſchlechteres Zimmer bezogen hat, das natürlich in der Nachbarſchaft von der Wohnung ſeiner Auserwählten iſt. Sehr bald erfährt er nun, daß ſie Montags und Donnerstags um eilf Uhr Vormittags in die Zeichnenſtunde oder die Singakademie geht, und ſonderbarer Zufall, er verſpätet ſich immer um dieſe Zeit und begegnet ihr jedes Mal, ſo daß er ſtets dann erſt in das Collegium kommt, wenn der Profeſſor ſchon angefangen hat, und ſeinem Hefte in dieſen Stunden daher immer der Kopf fehlt. Einer ſeiner Freunde, ein witziger Mediciner, der die Sache wittert, meint ſogar, er leide an einem Quartanfieber, das ihm jedes Mal zwei Köpfe raube, ſeinen eigenen und den der Vorleſung. Da derſelbe den Spaß ſelbſtgefällig mehrere Mal wiederholt, ſo ſetzt unſer Liebender ſogar einen dummen Jungen darauf und ſie würden ſich gepaukt haben, wenn das

Ehrengericht nicht anders entſchieden hätte. Uebrigens iſt der ſonſt ſo flotte junge Burſche jetzt außerordentlich fleißig und ſchwänzt kein Colleg; denn er denkt ernſtlich ſchon an das Heirathen, vor dem das Examen ſich nothwendig als verſchloſſene Himmelspforte zeigt. Nur die Bälle beſucht er fleißig, und auf einem derſelben gelingt es ihm endlich, ihr in dem günſtigen Cotillon, zwiſchen der Tour mit den Stühlen und der Galopptour, ſeines Herzens heiligſtes Geheimniß zu offenbaren und zitternd ſein Lebens- oder Todesurtheil von ihren Lippen zu erwarten. Sie wagt Nichts zu antworten, ſo ſehr er auch fleht und dringt — eben ſoll ſich ihren Lippen ein ſchüchternes Wort entwinden — o Schmerz, da kommt ein Bremenſer und holt ſie zum Walzen. — Endlich, nachdem der Grauſame nicht ein Mal, wie es üblich iſt, ſondern zwei Mal mit ihr rund getanzt hat, bringt er ſie wieder. — Der zitternde Liebende wiederholt ſeine dringende Bitte um Gegenliebe — da müſſen ſie abwalzen, denn die Tour und mit ihr der Cotillon iſt zu Ende. Ihm bleibt Nichts übrig, als ſie zu ihrem Sitze zurückzuführen; zu ſprechen vermag er nicht mehr — aber er drückt ihr die Hand und ſieht ihr ſo flehend in die Augen, daß ſie aus purem Mitleid nicht anders kann, ſie muß ſie ihm wieder drücken. — Alle neun Muſen! wer beſchreibt ſeine Seligkeit? Er drückt ſie ihr noch ein Mal — ſie drückt ſie ihm noch ein Mal wieder — er drückt ſie ihr zum dritten Mal, ſie erwiedert es zum dritten Mal; die Götter blicken lächelnd hernieder, und der zarte Bund der Herzen iſt für die Ewigkeit geſchloſſen.

Am nächſten Morgen erhält ſie, natürlich von unbekannter Hand, ein ſehr ſchönes Bouquet und ein ſehr überſchwengliches Gedicht. Mama, die Argusaugen hat, ſtellt ſie darüber zu Rede. Als eine wohlerzogene Tochter bekennt ſie Alles. Gottlob! Mama iſt eine vernünftige Frau; ſie hat ſich ſelber unter ähnlichen Auſpicien mit Papa verlobt, als Papa in J. ſtudirte, und ihre Schweſter, die an einem Phyſicus in Meckelnburg verheirathet iſt, hat es eben ſo gemacht. Sie ſieht alſo nichts Unpaſſendes darin, da der junge Mann von guter Familie iſt, beſchließt aber, Papa ſolle vor der Hand noch Nichts erfahren, da er ein heftiger Feind von Studentenverlobungen ſei (vielleicht aus heimlicher Reue, wer kann das wiſſen?); dagegen will ſie aber den jungen Mann genau prüfen, die erfahrene und umſichtige Frau. Unſer Held wird nun zu der nächſten Abendgeſellſchaft eingeladen, da er glücklicher Weiſe bei Papa ein Collegium gehört hat, oder ſich ſonſt irgend ein guter Vorwand — Mamas, die heirathsfähige Töchter haben, ſind außerordentlich erfinderiſch in dergleichen; es muß im Blut liegen — darbietet. — Sie läßt ſich natürlich Nichts merken, das ginge gegen ihre Würde; der junge Mann muß den erſten Schritt thun und ſich ihr — figürlich wenigſtens — zu Füßen werfen, aber das Töchterlein, deſſen Tiſchnachbar er durch eine ſeltſame Verkettung der Umſtände wieder iſt, flüſtert ihm zu: „Ich durfte der theuern Mutter Nichts verſchweigen, und ſie iſt ſo gut, ſie zürnt uns nicht.“

Kurz, voilà, comme ici bas, les choses s'enfilent, ſagen die Franzoſen; es dauert nicht lange, ſo iſt Alles in Richtigkeit. Papa iſt auch dem jungen Manne nicht abgeneigt, will aber von Verlobung Nichts wiſſen, als bis er das Examen hinter ſich hat. Es bleibt alſo für's Erſte ein Geheimniß, das Niemand weiß, Niemand auf Gottes weiter Erde, — die ganze Stadt und die halbe Univerſität ausgenommen. Die boshaften Franzoſen pflegen das le secret de Polichinelle zu nennen.

Aber welch ein glückliches Semeſter für den jungen Burſchen! es verfließt ihm unter lauter Seligkeit. Auch nimmt er ſich muſterhaft zuſammen, und als es vorbei iſt, hat er ſich nur drei Mal gepaukt, zwei Mal ſekundirt und ein Mal berauſcht — eigentlich nur etwas beſpitzt — nie aber einen ſolchen moraliſchen Katzenjammer gehabt, als nach dieſem Räuſchchen. — Dabei ward faſt kein Collegium von ihm verſäumt. — O Ihr, die Ihr wißt, was es heißt ein junger Burſche ſein! Euch frage ich: Iſt das nicht ungeheuer für einen jungen Burſchen?

Aber ach, mit dem Schluſſe des Semeſters naht nun auch die ſchwere Stunde der Trennung. Sein Papa will durchaus, daß er jetzt eine andere Univerſität beſuche, und er muß gehorchen. Er bleibt bis zum letzten Augenblicke. Sie hat ihm eine Brieftaſche geſtickt — einen eleganten Tabaksbeutel hat er ſchon früher von ihr bekommen — er ihr einen Ring geſchenkt. — Nach dem heißeſten Gelübde ewiger Treue, reißen ſie ſich endlich von einander los. Die Poſt geht erſt ſpät am Abend; der Wagen muß vor ihrem Hauſe vorbei; heimlich die Thränen trocknend, ſteht ſie am Fenſter — da erſchallt das Poſthorn — der gefühlloſe Poſtillion bläſt munter: „Friſch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen!“ oder „Lott' iſt todt, Lott' iſt todt, Jule liegt im Sterben!“ — wie kann der Menſch ſo roh ſein! — ach

dieſe Töne,
Wie zerreißen ſie ihr Ohr!
Jeder ruft ihr ſeine Stimme,
Zaubert ihr ſein Bild hervor.

Da raſſelt der Wagen vorüber; das Fenſter in demſelben wird niedergelaſſen, ſie öffnet das ihrige; aus beiden grüßt ein weißes Tuch. — Nun biegt die Poſtkutſche um die Ecke, bald verhallt ihr Rollen auf dem Pflaſter — fort iſt der Geliebte und ſie, die Geliebte nämlich,

— nicht die Poſtkutſche, die fährt ruhig weiter mit ihrer ſüßen Laſt — blickt wie Thekla

Hinaus in die dunkle Nacht,
Das Auge vom Weinen getrübet! —

Des vierten Kapitels

fünfte Unterabtheilung.

Der Student im Mannesalter oder der alte Burſch.

Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
Shakspeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

Der alte Burſch,
Stark im Comment, und bärtig wie ein Wilder,
Voll point d'honneur, raſch zum Duell bereit,
Wenn es die Ehre ſeiner Farbe gilt,
Die er verficht, trotz Carcer und Conſil,
Ja ſelbſt vor dem Senat.
Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Zum vierten Mal beginnen die Vorleſungen ſeit Erſchaffung der Welt, das heißt ſeit der Immatrikulation unſeres Helden. Er iſt jetzt, wie wir wiſſen, auf einer anderen Univerſität, aber ein erfahrener Mann, der ſich in der Welt umgeſehen. Deshalb beſchließt er, ſich die Dinge erſt ruhig zu betrachten, ehe er ſich mit ihnen befaßt. Eigentlich will er auf der neuen Univerſität nur ſtudiren und weiter Nichts, das Verſäumte einholen und ſich um gar nichts Anderes bekümmern, als um ſeine Brotwiſſenſchaft. Er belegt daher viele Collegia und repetirt außerordentlich fleißig, iſt den ganzen Tag zu Hauſe und in der Nacht begrüßt oft ſeine Lampe den anbrechenden Morgen. Es iſt ganz erſtaunlich, wie eifrig er es treibt, ja er ſelbſt wundert ſich darüber, denn ſolches Sitzfleiſch hat er ſich ſelbſt nicht zugetraut.

Es wird ihm auch mitunter ganz wehmüthig dabei zu Muthe, ſo gewiſſermaaßen flau, aber er will ein Mann ſein und hält noch eine ganze Woche aus. Jetzt hat er's nun ſchon einen vollen Monat ſo getrieben, da iſt's denn doch nicht mehr wie recht und billig, daß er ſich ein Mal ein Vergnügen, eine kleine Zerſtreuung gewähre; doch hat er faſt gar keine Bekanntſchaft angeknüpft, ſeinen Hausburſchen ausgenommen, weil ſich das nicht füglich vermeiden ließ, und dieſer von Anfang an ſehr gefällig gegen ihn war. Eben ſo kennt er nur einige alte Häuſer noch von der erſten Univerſität her; dieſe haben noch mehr Gott im Herzen und das Examen vor Augen, als er, und da ſie nicht von demſelben Fach ſind, ſo fehlen ihnen gegenſeitig die Berührungspunkte und ſie ſehen ſich daher nur äußerſt ſelten. Kurz, er lebt wie ein Einſiedler und weiß nicht recht, wie er es anfangen ſoll, um einmal nach alter Weiſe recht fidel zu kneipen. Da trifft es ſich, daß irgend ein berühmtes Vogelſchießen oder ſonſt ein ländliches Feſt oder ein Jahrmarkt auf einen der nächſten Tage fällt und daß er zufällig ſeinen Hausburſchen ſich rüſten ſieht, um die reichen Freuden, die es darbietet, zu genießen. Dieſer ladet ihn ein, ihn zu begleiten, und unſer Held läßt ſich das nicht zwei Mal ſagen. Sie ziehen hinaus und finden draußen noch andere luſtige Commilitonen, mit denen er ſchnell bekannt wird, da ſich mit ihnen gut leben läßt. Der Hausburſche gehört nämlich zu den Pommeranzenfarbigcitrongelbweißen, die er dort antrifft und welche unſeren Freund ſehr zuvorkommend behandeln. Das ſieht ein Coquelicothimmelblauroſenrother, den es heftig wurmt, daß die ihm verhaßte andere eben bezeichnete Couleur ſchon wieder einen gekeilt hat, der eigentlich zu ſeiner Couleur ſich halten müßte, weil ſeine Couleur ihren Stammſitz in Meckelnburg hat und Jener ein Lauenburger iſt, alſo ein Grenznachbar oder weil Jener in X. Renonce war bei den Saftgrünſcharlachrothſilbernen und die Saftgrünſcharlachrothſilbernen in X. im Cartel ſtehen mit den Coquelicothimmelblauroſenrothen in Y. Einem Nicht-auf-deutſchen-Univerſitäten-ſtudirt-habenden werden dieſe Bezeichnungen räthſelhaft erſcheinen, der Eingeweihte aber ſie dagegen wohl verſtehen. Da es zu gefährliche Geheimniſſe ſind, ſo wird es Niemand dem Verfaſſer verargen; wenn er ſich, um nicht mit wißbegierigen bekannten Leuten in unangenehme Colliſionen zu gerathen, aller weiteren Erklärungen enthält. Jener alſo bindet bei irgend einer natürlich vom Zaun gebrochenen Gelegenheit mit unſerem Freunde an, und unſer Freund, der nur zu wohl weiß, was ſich ziemt, brummt ihm ſogleich Einen auf, oder fordert ihn gar, wenn Jener ſich in Avantage geſetzt, je nachdem der Comment es geſtattet, auf einen Gang krumme Säbel, vielleicht, je nachdem die Univerſität iſt, auf vier und zwanzig Gänge Pariſiens, wenn nicht gar auf Piſtolen, ſechs Schritt Barriere. Die Begebenheit macht natürlich nicht geringe Senſation in der Studentenwelt; unſer alte Burſche wendet ſich nun zu den Pommeranzenfarbigcitrongelbweißen, um ihm das Nöthige zu beſorgen, und wählt ſich ſeinen Sekundanten unter ihnen aus. Die Sache wird ſo bald als möglich ausgemacht, er kämpft wie ein Löwe, aber mit großartiger Ruhe, und der Coquelicothimmelblauroſenrothe trägt eine arge Schlappe davon. Des Ruhmes Kränze ſchmücken nun, wenn gleich unſichtbar, unſeres Freundes ſieggewohnte Stirn; Füchſe und Brandfüchſe haben einen teufelmäßigen Reſpect vor ihm, und die alten Häuſer ſuchen ſeine Bekanntſchaft. Bald ſehen ſie, daß er in jeder Hinſicht einer der honorigſten Kerle iſt, die je auf einer Menſur ſtanden; ſie laſſen ihm alſo keine Ruhe, bis er ſich ihnen eng anſchließt, und da die alte

Thatenluſt in ihm erwacht, ſo iſt das auch bald geſchehen. Nun trifft es ſich obendrein, daß über irgend einen Chargirten ein Unglück gekommen iſt, ſo eine Verbannung, wie ſie der gefühlloſe Senat unter dem Namen von Conſilium oder Relegation auszuſprechen pflegt (für die letztere wird ſogar ein eigenes Patent ausgeſtellt); einſtimmig wird er an deſſen Stelle gewählt. Geſchmeichelt und dankbar nimmt er es an; es iſt jetzt gerade eine bedenkliche Zeit für die Pommeranzenfarbigroſenrothweißen, denn die Coquelicothimmelblauroſenrothen haben ſich mit den Ponceaulillagoldenen zuſammen gethan, um ſie nicht aufkommen zu laſſen, und obendrein hat der Senat einen Zahn auf ſie, weil ſie die eigentlichen Stimmführer geweſen ſein ſollen bei einem nächtlichen Fenſterbier, mit dem der abgegangene Rector wider ſeinen Willen zu nächtlich-ſpäter Stunde tractirt wurde. Jetzt gilt es hier alſo, wie einſt Octavio Piccolomini, ein eben ſo feiner diplomatiſcher Fuchs als tapferer Krieger zu ſein und das iſt es, was unſeren neuen Würdenträger ganz beſonders reizt. Durch ſchlaue Verhandlungen, eingedenk der alten Maxime: Divide et impera, weiß er Uneinigkeit unter die Coquelicothimmelblauroſenrothen und die Ponceaulillagoldenen zu werfen, und die Broncefarbenſilbergraugrasgrünen dahin zu bringen, ſich paſſiv zu verhalten. Dadurch iſt ſchon ein Großes gewonnen, denn ſeine Couleur hat es jetzt nur mit jener feindlichen Couleur allein zu thun. Nach den üblichen Präliminarien wird nun der Krieg erklärt, es kommt zum Kampf; heiß und blutig geht es zu; mit Schiller kann man ausrufen:

Ein Schlachten war's und keine Schlacht zu nennen.

Selbſt kämpfend oder als Sekundant hat unſer Held Außerordentliches geleiſtet. Seine Farbe trägt den Sieg davon; es kommt zum Waffenſtillſtand, zu Friedensunterhandlungen. Endlich wird der ewige Frieden geſchloſſen, der, wie alle ewigen Frieden, wirklich ewig, bis zum nächſten Kriege nämlich, währt. Aber, wehe, der Senat hat davon Kunde erhalten, ſolche Bürgerkriege drohen der ganzen akademiſchen Republik Untergang; er kann ſie unmöglich dulden. Da er aber doch nicht wohl eine ganze Völkerſchaft ausrotten darf, ſo hält man ſich an die Häuptlinge. Unſer Held iſt reich an Liſt und entwickelt vor dem Inquirenten diplomatiſche Talente, die einem Talleyrand, und eine Beredſamkeit, die einem Pitt, Fox, Manuel und Foy keine Schande gemacht haben würden. — Aber es hilft ihm Nichts, gerade dadurch trifft ihn das Schickſal am Erſten. Er wird exilirt, und muß Gott danken, daß es noch in der glimpflichſten Form geſchieht. Vor Sonnenuntergang muß er Stadt und Weichbild der Univerſität verlaſſen haben. —

Wehe! was iſt aus ſeinen guten Vorſätzen, aus ſeinem Fleiß geworden? Das Schickſal, das unerbittliche, hat ihn ereilt. — Und was würden erſt Papa und Mama ſagen, wenn ſie es erführen. Glücklicher Weiſe iſt die Ferienzeit nahe, er kann ſich alſo bei einem alten Univerſitätsfreunde in der Nähe, der ſchon Philiſter iſt, ſo lange aufhalten, und dann zu rechter Zeit zu Hauſe oder auf irgend einer anderen Univerſität eintreffen, ohne daß die Lieben daheim etwas davon merken.

Zwar brummen noch häßliche Bären, aber ſeine dankbare Couleur tritt vor den Riß und die enthuſiaſtiſch für ihn ſchwärmenden Füchſe leiſten Bürgſchaft. Am Nachmittage muß er fort. Da kommen, als die bange Abſchiedsſtunde ſchlägt, vor der Kneipe, wo er zum letzten Mal mit den Seinen ſpeiſte, die verſchiedenſten Arten von Wagen gerollet. Zuerſt eine ſtattliche offene Chaiſe mit vier oder gar ſechs Extrapoſtpferden davor und zwei blaſenden Poſtillions, dann noch alle anderen Sorten von Fuhrwerken, von der zwölfſitzigen Blamage an bis zur einſpännigen Droſchke herab; zwiſchen dieſen tummeln ſich kühne Reiter im ſchönſten Burſchenwichs auf herrlichen — nein, das kann man eben nicht ſagen — lieber ohne alle Epitheta — alſo auf Philiſtergäulen. Die dankbare Couleur giebt nämlich dem theuern Freunde ein glänzendes Comitat, d. h. ſie begleitet ihn bis zur nächſten Station mit dieſer Pracht. Wie er dann weiter kommt, ob im beſcheidenen Einſpänner oder gar auf Apoſtelroſſen, das Ränzchen auf dem Rücken, das überläßt ſie ganz ſeinem Geſchmack. Er ſteigt in die Prachtkaroſſe; zu ihm ſetzen ſich die Würdenträger, ſonſt Niemand; die Uebrigen, denen ſich noch viele flotte Burſchen anderer Farben zugeſellt haben, theilen ſich in die anderen Wagen, je nachdem die Finanzen es erlauben, und daher etwas ungleich, ſo daß in einem engen Einſpänner vielleicht fünf oder ſechs und in einer breiten Chaiſe dagegen zwei Studioſen ſitzen. Die Poſtillione blaſen, die Pferde ziehen an, und wie Bürger ſingt:

Hurre, hurre, hopp, hopp, hopp.
Geht's fort in raſendem Galopp,
Daß Roß und Reiter ſchnoben
Und Kies und Funken ſtoben.

Erſt wird durch die Hauptſtraßen der Stadt oder um die Promenade gefahren, ehe es zum Thore hinaus geht. Aus allen Wagen erſchallt nun das Weihelied, das den trefflichen Guſtav Schwab zum Verfaſſer haben ſoll:

Bemooſter Burſche zieh' ich aus!

Bei dem Carcer vorbei fahrend, wird der Vers:

Auch Du mit Deinem Giebeldach,
Ade!
Schauſt mir umſonſt, o Carcer! nach;
Ade!
Für ſchlechte Herberg Tag und Nacht
Sei Dir ein Pereat gebracht!
Ade! Ade! Ade!

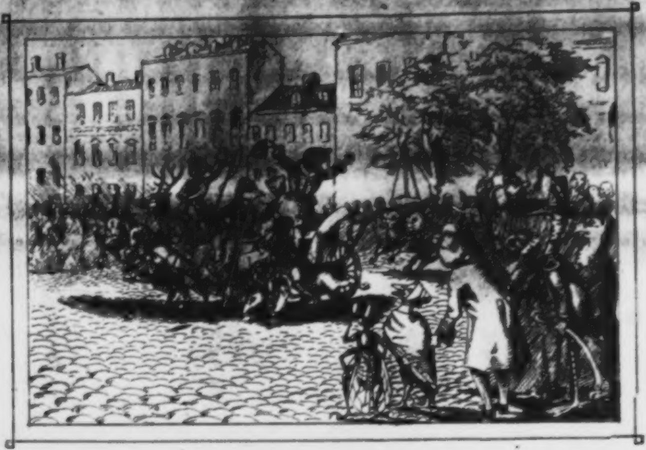

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ganz beſonders feierlich geſungen. Betrübt ſchauen einige Haupthähne, die um derſelben Sache willen ein Quartier dort beziehen mußten, auf die bunte Escorte hinab. Nun geht es zum Thor hinaus nach der nächſten Station, hier wird denn noch weidlich commerſirt; ob aber Eris nicht einige Aepfel hinein wirft, die mehr als einen trojaniſchen Krieg zur Folge haben, dafür iſt nicht zu ſtehen. Spät am Abend kehrt denn die ganze Cavalcade mit Ausnahme des Exilirten zurück, und wirft gelegentlich irgendwo die Fenſter ein. Man hat auch Beiſpiele, daß der Verbannte am hellen Tage mit blaſenden Poſtillions vor aller Welt aus der Stadt fuhr und ſich am Abend mit der Menge wieder hineinſchlich und noch einige Tage dort blieb, namentlich wenn es an Reiſegeld fehlte. Daß er mit dem, was die glänzende Begleitung koſtete, bis nach Conſtantinopel hätte kommen können, das fällt Niemandem ein und ihm ſelbſt am Wenigſten. Für die ſtillen Freuden hat überhaupt der Student ſelten Geld, für die lauten aber ohne Ausnahme immer, das ſteckt nun einmal im Studentenblut.

So iſt denn unſer Held wieder bei einem Stufenjahr angelangt. Jetzt in der Einſamkeit hat er Gelegenheit, über ſich nachzudenken; denn gar oft muß er auf einem ſtillen Dorfe verweilen, wie ein Schiff, das während der Ebbe auf eine Sandbank gerieth, die Fluth erwarten muß, um wieder flott zu werden. Die Betrachtungen, die er dann anſtellt, ſind zwar moraliſch, aber nicht angenehm. Er geht nun in ſich und gelobt ſich ſelbſt, allen Göttern und Papa und Mama, ſich zu beſſern und ein ſolides Haus zu werden; um ſo mehr als er, wie man ſagt, mit einem blauen Auge davon gekommen iſt, denn es hätte noch viel ſchlimmer, und er durch Senats- und Schickſalsſchluß gezwungen werden können, die Tage bis zum gänzlichen Aufhören der Vorleſungen und ſeiner nothgedrungenen Entfernung von der Univerſität auf dem Carcer zubringen zu müſſen.

Wir wollen aber den geneigten Leſer nicht mit ſeinen Monologen ermüden, da derſelbe mit einiger Phantaſie, wenn nicht gar mit einigem Gedächtniß, ſich ſelbſt in des armen Verbannten Lage hinein träumen kann. Wir ſpringen ſogar über die künſtlichen und natürlichen Ferien, die unſerem Freunde zu Theil wurden, und ihm ſehr lang vorkamen, mit gleichen Füßen hinüber und wie ein geſchickter Trampolinſpringer ſogleich hinein in

Des vierten Kapitels

ſechſte Unterabtheilung.

Der Student im Greiſenalter oder das bemooſte Haupt.

I.

And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.
Shakespeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

Dann, das bemooſte Haupt
Mit ſtarkem Schnauzbart, den es wohl gepflegt,
Doch ſonſt philiſterhaft, und ohne Farben,
Voll überfließender Gelehrſamkeit;
Denn ſo wird jetzt gedacht.
Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Wir müſſen dieſe Unterabtheilung, um der Gründlichkeit zu genügen, welcher wir uns bei dieſem wichtigen Werke unermüdlich befleißigten, in drei Unterunterabtheilungen wiederum zerfallen laſſen, denn das Leben eines bemooſten Hauptes zerfällt in drei Zeitabſchnitte, die ſich durch ihren Inhalt ſtreng von einander unterſcheiden und abſondern. Wollten wir dieſelben zuſammenfaſſen, ſo würde zweifelsohne der nicht eingeweihte Leſer, für den wir vorzüglich dieſe Naturgeſchichte verfaſſen, leicht in eine Verwirrung der Begriffe gerathen, welche zu entwickeln und aufzuhellen ſchier unmöglich ſein möchte. Dieſem aber kommen wir durch unſere genauen und ſcharfſinnigen Diſtinctionen zuvor und ſind daher im Voraus ſeines Dankes gewiß.

Unſer Freund hat nun das letzte Stufenjahr ſeines akademiſchen Lebens erreicht; er iſt ein altes Haus geworden, ein bemooſtes Haupt. Die Stürme, die ihn umbrauſten, haben einen Schmuck ſeiner Jugend nach dem anderen von ihm geſtreift; nur der ſorgſam gepflegte Schnurrbart und eine ruhmvolle Narbe auf ſeinem Antlitz, die erſtarrte Zeugin ſeiner Weltgeſchichte, wenn nicht gar mehrere, künden noch von dem Glanz vergangener Tage. Wir finden ihn auf der Landesuniverſität wieder, die ihn nicht ohne Kampf aufnahm. Er ſteht allein. Mit verſchränkten Armen, wie einſt Napoleon auf St. Helena, blickt er über das Meer nach dem Lande ſeiner ſchönſten Träume. Wo ſind die Genoſſen ſeiner Jugend? Fern, ach fern im Philiſterium. Rings umher bewegt ſich ein anderes Geſchlecht, das ihm fremd bleiben muß fortan. Die unerbittliche Nemeſis hat ihn erfaßt; drohend zeigt ſie ihm das Examen in bangen Träumen; er wagt wachend nicht einmal mehr irgendwo feſt aufzutreten, er, der ſonſt ſo keck einherſchritt, wenn auch nicht mit klingender Münze, doch mit klingenden Sporen, — denn die Furcht vor dem Durchfallen hat ſich in ſeiner Seele feſtgeniſtet, wie ein Kobold in einem Bauernhauſe. Ach, jetzt geht es ihm erſt recht wie dem Schüler im Fauſt: Zwar weiß er viel, doch möcht' er Alles wiſſen — wenn auch nur ſo lange, wie das leidige Examen dauert. Bis er examinirt worden, geht er exanimirt herum, denn in ſeinem Wiſſen ſind ſo unendliche Lücken. Und was hat er nicht alles zu thun, um dieſe auszufüllen! Erſt müſſen die nicht teſtirten, wenn auch ſchon früher einmal, vielleicht per Schwanz gehörten Collegia gehört, wenigſtens belegt werden; außerdem wird repetirt, daß einem die Haare zu Berge ſtehen, bei Profeſſoren oder jungen Docenten, die ſich eben dadurch ihren Weg bahnen und ihn unermüdlich einpauken, oder mit Commilitonen, die ſelbſt in ähnlichen Nöthen ſind. Von burſchikoſen Dingen will er gar nichts mehr wiſſen; er iſt im vorletzten Semeſter. Dagegen häuft ſich eine unendliche Gelehrſamkeit in ihm auf, die von Tage zu Tage wächſt und der er freien Lauf läßt, wo er nur kann, um ſie eben dadurch bereichert wieder in ihr eigentliches Bett zurück zu leiten. Aller Dilettantismus, mit dem er früher in der Wiſſenſchaft umherfuhr, iſt ihm jetzt ein Gräuel; alle Spekulation aber auch; nur poſitives Wiſſen will er, gutes, geſundes, viereckiges, abgepaßtes, das man dem Cerberus von Examinator gleich in den Rachen ſchieben kann und ihm denſelben vollkommen damit ſtopfen. Wo er nur kann, knüpft er ein wiſſenſchaftliches Geſpräch an; er erſtaunt ſelbſt über die Maſſe der

Kenntniſſe, die er binnen ſo kurzer Zeit in ſeinem Hirne aufgeſpeichert, aber ſo viel er auch weiß, es genügt ihm noch immer nicht, denn der Lücken ach! ſind, wie geſagt, ſo viele und die Zeit, ſie auszufüllen, iſt ſo kurz. Allen Freuden des Lebens hat er entſagt; nichts gönnt er ſich, nicht einmal den wohlthätigen Schlaf, dieſen Ernährer der Menſchheit, den Balſam des Lebens; er möchte ihn morden, wie Macbeth und wendet die künſtlichſten Mittel an, ihn zu vertreiben. So wird er immer müder, und immer näher rückt die Zeit. Auch dies Semeſter geht zu Ende, die Ferien kommen; er gönnt ſich keine Zerſtreuung, er bleibt, als habe er Stadtarreſt und ochſt. Eintönig ziehen ſie vorüber, nebelgrau. Eine wichtige Handlung aber beſchloß ſie. Er hat ſich zum Examen gemeldet und arbeitet nun an den Proberelationen, den aufgegebenen Abhandlungen oder der Diſſertation. Alle möglichen Bücher ſchleppt er zuſammen; von Herodes zu Pilatus läuft er, um Winke, Notizen, Nachweiſungen zu erbeuten. Immer glaubt er, nicht genug zu haben. Er wird bleich, hager, mager dabei; ſeine Freunde entſetzen ſich vor ihm, ſeine Braut, wenn er eine erſt oder noch hat, grämt ſich. — Ihm gilt das Alles Nichts. Das Geſpenſt: Examen — dräut unaufhörlich. — Nur eine Revolution oder der Welt Untergang könnten ihn retten. — Um ein Demagoge zu werden, dazu hat er aber doch, nach ſeiner

Meinung, zu viel gelernt, und die Welt hat noch gar keine Luſt, unterzugehen. So bleibt ihm denn Nichts übrig, als unter Angſt und Zagen an die Abfaſſung der nothwendigen ſchriftlichen Arbeiten für das Examen zu gehen.

II.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

Shakespeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

Das letzte Halbjahr
Zieht aus den Burſchen, den Philiſter an;
Die Brille auf der Naſe, runder Hut,
Statt eines Flausrocks ein moderner Schniepel;
Die burſchikoſe Rede, die ihm ſonſt
So flott vom Munde floß, verwandelt jetzt:
In Complimente ſich, gar wohl gedrechſelt,
Doch nur mit halber Stimme.

Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Die Probearbeiten ſind eingeliefert, die Zeugniſſe geſammelt, die erſte Hälfte des letzten Semeſters iſt dahin. Nur noch einige Wochen, und die verhängnißvolle Stunde iſt da. Er benutzt jetzt jeden Augenblick, um alles Verſäumte einzuholen und ſeine Rechnung — nicht mit dem Himmel, denn dies Conto-courant wird von den Examinatoren ausgefertigt, ſondern mit den Univerſitäts-

Studien und der Univerſitätsſtadt zu ſchließen. Wie vorſichtig iſt er geworden! Er übt ſich nicht bloß auf die Staatsprüfung, ſondern auch auf das Philiſterium ein, damit auch nicht der kleinſte Zipfel der Burſchikoſität zur unrechten Zeit hervorgucke und den pedantiſchen Mitgliedern der Prüfungscommiſſion, in deren Händen ſein Wohl und Wehe liegt, Anſtoß und Aergerniß gebe. Ach, was iſt aus ihm geworden! Er, ſonſt ein Haupthahn, iſt jetzt ein obſkurer Mann, der müd' und matt einherſchleicht wie Adam nach dem Falle; er kann es noch erleben, daß ihn ein kraſſer Fuchs anrempelt, ſo wenig zeigt ſich im Aeußeren ſeine alte Herrlichkeit, oder daß ein Philiſter Beſchlag legt auf ſein unumgänglich nothwendiges Abgangszeugniß, kurz, daß Niemand mehr vor ihm zittert. Ach wie ſchön, ſagt Matthiſſon, in ſeiner tief empfindſamen Elegie:

So vergehn des Lebens Herrlichkeiten,
So entfleucht das Traumbild eitler Macht;
So verſinkt im ſchnellen Lauf der Zeiten,
Was die Erde trägt in öde Nacht.

Ja wohl, ja wohl —

Hoheit, Ehre, Macht und Ruhm ſind eitel —
Eines flotten Burſchen ſtolze Scheitel
Beugt, eh wenig Jahre noch herum,
Trüb und matt das Philiſterium.

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III.

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
Shakspeare, As you like it, A. II. Sc. 7.

Die letzte Scene,
Die dieſes thatenreiche Schauſpiel endet,
Iſt zweite Maulthierzeit, noch ſchrecklicher;
Ganz ohne Hieber, Schnurrbart, Pfeife, Sporen.
Nach Schlegel und Tieck's Ueberſetzung.

Es iſt vorbei. — Alles auf der Univerſität ſo gut wie möglich geordnet; die Philiſter ſind mit ihren Bären, wenn auch nicht bezahlt, doch beruhigt. Der Schnurrbart ward unter Thränen wegraſirt; von den Freunden iſt Abſchied genommen, die weinende Braut getröſtet. In aller Stille reiſt er ab; kein Comitat wird ihm zu Theil, nur ein einzelner, treuer Bundesbruder aus alten Tagen, der ſich ſelbſt auch ſchon das Meſſer an das Kinn geſetzt hat, weil ihm ebenfalls das Meſſer an der Kehle ſitzt, begleitet ihn zum Poſtwagen oder bis an das nächſte Dorf. — Wehmüthig wird die Pfeife geſtopft, wehmüthig angebrannt. Noch ein Blick auf die Univerſitätsſtadt, noch ein Händedruck, ein Kuß, und fort geht es — in das Philiſterthum. —

Das iſt das Loos des Schönen auf der Erde! —

Fünftes Kapitel.

Vom Staatsweſen der Studenten.

Im Naturzuſtande kann es kein Menſch lange aushalten, wenn er nicht leben will wie das Thier des Waldes und der Vogel in der Luft. Ja ſelbſt dieſe, die unvernünftigen Beſtien, wenden ſich bei etwas höherem Inſtinkt gleich einem geordneten geſellſchaftlichen Zuſtande zu. Kann man eine beſſere abſolute Monarchie finden, als die der Bienen, wo das ganze Volk ſeiner Königin unbedingt folgt und der hohe Adel, die Drohnen, weiter Nichts zu thun hat, als ſich füttern zu laſſen und Kinder zu zeugen, während der gemeine Plebs mühſam den Honig in die Schatzkammern ſchleppt? Giebt es auf Erden vortrefflichere Republiken, als die der Ameiſen, unter denen die Termiten ſogar feſte Schlöſſer bauen, in welchen das ganze Volk einträchtiglich beiſammen wohnt? Können die Colonieen der Biber nicht allen Auswanderern nach Nordamerika als Muſter dienen? — Und nun wundere man ſich noch, daß der deutſche Studioſus nicht wie ein Wilder oder ein Trapper einſam und allein in den Wäldern deutſcher Univerſitäten hauſen mag, ſondern ſogar häufig, ohne zuvor Rouſſeau's Contrat social und Zachariä's vierzig Bücher vom Staate geleſen zu haben, ſich mit ſeinen Genoſſen alsbald verbündet, einen Staat, das Muſter eines Staates, zu gründen, und in geregelter bürgerlich geſellſchaftlicher Ordnung mit einander zu leben.

Es giebt nur zwei Arten von Studentenſtaaten: die Bierſtaaten und die Witzſtaaten; die letzteren ſind eigentlich eine Abart der erſteren; bei den erſteren iſt das Bier der geſetzgebende Körper, bei den letzteren aber wird halb Bier und halb Witz genommen. Ob nun der Witz das Bier oder das Bier den Witz mildert, will ich nicht unterſuchen; meine Kenntniſſe in der Chemie ſind zu unbedeutend, um die Scheidung vorzunehmen, und ich bedürfte vielleicht einer größeren Voltaiſchen Säule dazu, als ſie einſt Humphrey Davies aus den Silbertellern der engliſchen Tories baute. — Betrachten wir lieber die Dinge, wie ſie ſind, ohne uns auf irgend eine Zerſetzung einzulaſſen, die bekanntlich der Witz am Wenigſten verträgt.

Alter König Gambrinus! Du Spiegel aller Monarchen! Welche ſeligen Träume mußt Du gehabt haben, nachdem Du das Bier erfunden! Noah iſt Nichts gegen Dich! Er pflanzte die Rebe und preßte den Saft der Trauben aus, nämlich aus purer Faulheit, damit er beſagten Saft in großen Zügen ſchlucken könnte und nicht nöthig hätte, die Beeren einzeln aufzubeißen, was immer ſtumpfe Zähne macht. Natürlich trank er den ſüßen, ſchäumenden Moſt mit großem Wohlbehagen und das Bißchen, was er übrig ließ, gerieth von ſelbſt in Gährung und als es ausgegohren hatte, war es Wein. Das iſt keine große Kunſt, die Natur walten zu laſſen und nachher bei der dummen Nachwelt als Erfinder zu gelten. Du aber, edler Fürſt, Du mußteſt weiſe Hopfen und Malz combiniren, um nicht durch ein falſches Verhältniß Hopfen und Malz zu verlieren. Du mußteſt das Feuer Dir dienſtbar machen und das Waſſer. Und wenn Du nun Alles weiſe vorbereitet, geprüft, gewogen, abgemeſſen und gemiſcht, konnte doch noch ein tückiſches Schickſal Dein Gebräude umſchlagen machen, ſo daß es Niemand zu genießen vermochte, während Wein immer Wein iſt, und es ſtets viele Menſchen giebt, die auch den ſauerſten Krätzer mit einer wahren Todesverachtung in die Kehle gießen, wenn ſie nur ſelbſtgefällig ſich in die Bruſt werfen und ſich und ihren Nachbarn ſagen können: Ich habe Wein getrunken. Das beruht auf dem Aberglauben, als ſei der Wein etwas Vornehmes; und wer ſich etwas Vornehmem aſſimilire, werde ſelber vornehm. Darum laufen auch ſo viele

Leute dem Adel nach und hängen ſich ihm ſo gern an, Leute, die für ſich und den hohen Adel den Wein zu bezahlen vermögen und nicht arm davon werden, und die es doch kitzelt, zu ihren Genoſſen ſagen zu können: Ich habe Wein getrunken.

Aber kommen wir wieder auf Deine Träume zurück, guter bierſeliger Gambrin! Wenn Dir auf irgend einer dürren Haide, gleichviel, ob im Traum oder in der Wirklichkeit, Hexen einen Spiegel vorhielten, ſo mußt Du weit mehr Fürſten darin geſehen haben, als weiland Macbeth in der dunklen Höhle der Schickſalsſchweſtern erblickte, da ihm die gekrönten Nachkommen Banquo's, von welchen Mehrere doppelte Reichsapfel und dreifache Scepter trugen, gezeigt wurden. — Und was für Fürſten! Ganz Andere als die ſind, die der Tyrann beſchreibt; Fürſten, die nicht ſo unwiſſend waren, wie man ſie ſich gewöhnlich denkt. — Nein, Fürſten, die Medicin oder Theologie, Jurisprudenz oder Philoſophie zu ſtudiren ſich bemühten; Fürſten ohne Fürſtenthum und Geld, ja oft mit großen Staatsſchulden belaſtet, und die doch oft glücklich und noch öfter ſelig waren, und welche die Kronen nicht drückten und Scepter nicht beläſtigten: Fürſten, die eine Fee mit einem Talisman begabt hatte, durch welchen ſie ihr Reich in Frieden, Flor und Freude unwandelbar erhielten. Dieſer Talisman aber war Nichts Anderes, als Deine herrliche

Erfindung, großer Monarch! — das Bier. Es machte zum Fürſten und es erhielt den Fürſten auf ſeinem Thron. Nirgends konnte der berühmte Vers des franzöſiſchen Tragikers:

Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux.

ſo treffend angewandt werden und parodirt als hier: Le premier qui fut roi fut un buveur heureux. Deutſche Studenten kamen zuſammen, um aus lauter echtem Deutſchthum, wie einſt ihre Väter in Walhalla, Bier, zwar nicht aus den Schädeln ihrer Feinde, doch aber aus großen Krügen oder Birkenmeiern, die wohl noch viel mehr faßten, als ſo ein lumpiger Römerſchädel, zu trinken. Sie wußten aus dem Tacitus, daß ihre Ahnen unſterbliche und unüberwindliche Bierſtoffvertilger geweſen waren, und wetteiferten mit einander, es dieſen gleich zu thun. Bald ſah man, wer das größte Talent hatte, um den meiſten Biergeiſt in ſich aufzunehmen, und wie bei der Jugend immer der Fähigſte auch zugleich der Herrſchende iſt, ſo wurde auch hier der Fähigſte im Biertrinken als princeps, Fürſt, begrüßt. Die Anderen erhielten Aemter, je nach ihren Verdienſten und Leiſtungen, und ſo ward aus innerem Bedürfniß geſellſchaftlicher Ordnung ſchnell ein Staat, und zwar ein ſehr geordneter, daraus. Der beſte Biertrinker nach dem Fürſten ward Kronprinz, dann kamen die Miniſter, der Erzbiſchof, der Kanzler und ſo weiter

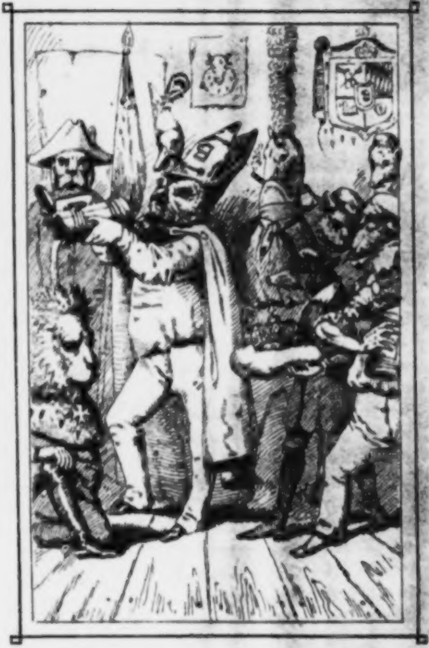
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bis auf den Hofpoeten und Hofzeitungsſchreiber hinab. Obendrein war das Reich kein erbliches, ja nicht einmal auf Lebens-, d. h. auf Studienzeit, verliehen. Der Fürſt konnte vom Thron getrunken werden; auch der Gemeinſte vermochte ſich auf die höchſten Stufen im Staate zu ſchwingen; ein einziger Krug mehr gab die Oberherrſchaft über Alle, und ſo heiß auch gekämpft, ſo viele Lanzen auch gebrochen wurden, es floß dabei kein anderes Blut, als das des theuern Hans Gerſtenkorn, den der treffliche Schotte Burns ſo ſchön beſungen hat.

Dieſer Staaten wurden bald mehrere; wo deutſche Univerſitäten exiſtirten, da bildeten ſie ſich ſchnell und bekriegten ſich oder ſchloſſen Bündniſſe mit einander. Der berühmteſte war wohl das Fürſtenthum Lichtenhain bei Jena, deſſen Fürſten Tus XXXVII. der edle Karl Auguſt von Weimar, ſogar in freundlicher Laune, als einen regierenden Fürſten anerkannte. Dieſer Fürſt von Lichtenhain wurde nämlich einmal auf Wilddieberei ertappt und ihm von dem Revierjäger die Büchſe genommen. — „Wie kann er ſich das unterſtehen", fuhr er denſelben an — „weiß er, wer ich bin?" — „Nein!" war die Antwort. — „Ich bin der Fürſt Tus XXXVII. von Lichtenhain", hieß es nun. — Verdutzt gab ihm der Jäger die Büchſe wieder, in der Meinung, irgend einen wirklichen kleinen Fürſten vor ſich zu haben, meldete aber doch die Begebenheit pflichtſchuldigſt höheren Ortes. — Da ſendete der hochſelige Großherzog von Weimar, dem der kecke Streich gefallen hatte, einen Leibhuſaren an jenen Studenten und Fürſten und ließ ihm ſagen: „Eine Empfehlung vom Herrn Großherzog an Seine Liebden, den Fürſten Tus XXXVII. von Lichtenhain. Sereniſſimus hätten beſchloſſen, künftig nur auf ihrem Reviere zu birſchen und bäten, daß der Herr Fürſt auch auf dem Ihnen eigenthümlichen Revier blieben, wenn Sie wieder zu jagen geruhten.“ — In der langen Herrſcherreihe dieſer Fürſten brachte es einer der Monarchen ſogar bis zu dem Quantum von 18 Stübchen Bier an einem und demſelben Hof- und Gallatage, wie die Sage meldet. Aber auch Ihr Fürſtenthümer, gefürſtete Abteien, ja ſelbſt Kaiſerreiche von Ziegenhain, Waſſendorf, und Du herrliche von dem Humoriſten Kobbe geſtiftete Cereviſia von Heidelberg werdet noch in gutem Andenken bei Manchem leben und in der Erinnerung noch oft gefeiert werden!

Das Bier war aber zu ſtark, um in ſolchen Maſſen ohne dauernden Schaden verſchlungen zu werden; es untergrub zu Vielen die Geſundheit, und mancher hoffnungsvolle Fürſt und hoffnungsloſe Miniſter ſank durch ſeine Heldenthaten nach einem kurzen ſiechen Leben in ein frühes Grab. Ich meine das nicht figürlich, ſondern könnte aus meiner eigenen Erfahrung manchen ſeiner Zeit reichbegabten Studenten nennen, der ſich im buchſtäblichſten Sinne des Wortes in Bier zu Tode ſoff. — Da beſchloß man denn den Trank zu verdünnen und ihm doch das Angenehme zu erhalten, aber nicht mit ſchaalem Waſſer, ſondern mit leicht ſprudelndem Witz. Aus den Bierſtaaten wurden Witzſtaaten; man hielt Hoftag mit der größten Feierlichkeit, fremde Geſandten hatten Audienz. Verräther wurden in die Bieracht erklärt; die Hofzeitung ſchilderte die Feierlichkeiten ausführlich, Orden wurden verliehen und Titel verſpendet und was dergleichen wichtige diplomatiſche Verhandlungen mehr waren. Zwar blieb das Bier auch hier noch der Bindepunkt, aber der Bierſtange hielt fortan der Witz die Stange, und das unmäßige Trinken, das in den alten Bierſtaaten bis zum viehiſchen Saufen war geſteigert worden, nahm ein Ende. Allmälig ſind auch die Witzſtaaten nach und nach eingegangen, wie überhaupt Alles auf Erden ein Ende nimmt, und nur einige wenige exiſtiren noch hie und da, aber ohne den alten Glanz und die alte Pracht.

Daß die Studenten noch andere Staaten im Staate gehabt haben, davon weiß ich Nichts, obwohl ich mich lange auf Univerſitäten aufgehalten. Ich glaube, Alles, was man davon redet und noch obendrein mit dem übelriechenden Namen verbotene Verbindungen belegt, war nur ein trüber Traum, der längſt ausgeträumt wurde. Im alten Griechenland mag das geweſen ſein, als die Akademieen noch in ihrer vollen Blüthe ſtanden, und man bei Sokrates Naturrecht und bei Plato Politik hören konnte, wenigſtens deutet ein neuerlichſt von einem gelehrten Baiern auf der Akropolis gefundenes Fragment von einem alten kykliſchen Dichter darauf hin: in Deutſchland fand dergleichen aber gewiß nie oder höchſtens nur vor langen, langen Jahren, zur Zeit des verrufenen Pennalismus, Statt. — Damit man jene und dieſe Verhältniſſe vergleichen könne, laſſe ich beſagtes Bruchſtück in einer wortgetreuen Ueberſetzung folgen: die Lücken durch kühne Conjecturen zu ergänzen, habe ich aber nicht gewagt: der Schatten meines Cenſors lagert ſich drohend über das Papier und — ich ſchweige. Daß da viel Bedeutendes zu ſuppliren ſei, daran zweiſle ich nicht; wer weiß, ob der alte Dichter die Lacunen nicht abſichtlich und vorſichtig ſelbſt gemacht habe, — auch aus Furcht vor ſeinem Cenſor? Einen Scholiaſten dazu, der uns darüber belehren könne, hat man bis jetzt noch nicht entdeckt: es möge alſo dem Scharfſinn der Archäologen, Philologen und Hiſtoriker überlaſſen bleiben, denen ich es hiermit feierlichſt übergebe; mir ſelbſt iſt Vieles darin unverſtändlich geblieben. Alſo lautet es —

Die Mythe von den Somaten und der Helikia.

Fragment aus einem neu entdeckten Kykliker.

Muſe! Tochter des Himmels, erwecke vergangener Zeiten
Angedenken in mir und allen verwandten Gemüthern,
Daß ich würdig des hohen Berufes, zu dem ich die Lyra
Stimmte, ſobald ich den Göttern geziemendes Opfer bereitet,
Nun Unſterbliches ſinge von Tagen der älteſten Vorwelt!
Aus dem Kriege kamen ſie heim und wandten ſich wieder
Zu des Friedens-Geſchäft, des völkerbeglückenden, ſelig
Im Bewußtſein gelungener That und rühmlichen Strebens.
Dieſer kehrte zum nährenden Pflug, ein Andrer zum Webſtuhl,
Jener zu fremdem Geſchäft, dem er ſchon früher ſich weihte,
Als er verließ die Stätte des Friedens und griff zu dem
Schwerte,
Daß er in dichtgeſchaareten Reihen mit Tauſenden ziehend
Helfe den Sieg erringen dem Fürſten, der wackere Bürger.
Alle waren beglückt und harrten ſelig der Tage,
Wo erfüllen ſich würde die Hoffnung', die ſie im Buſen
Voll Vertrauen genährt. — Ach, anders wandt' es das
Schickſal!
Jene, die in den Schulen zu Füßen der Lehrer geſeſſen,
Daß ſie der Weisheit Wort aus erfahrenem Munde vernähmen,
Doch als dem Lande gedroht des Feindes ſchimpfliche Willkür,
Der Geſetz und Ordnung Nichts und die Ehre nur wenig
Galt, ſich gleich gerüſtet, die kräftigen Lenden zu gürten

Mit dem Schwert und zu führen den Speer zum Beſten des Herrſchers,
Der dem Tyrannenjoch mit entflammtem Muthe getrotzet,
Waren wiedergekehrt wie Alle; ſie hatten im Tempel,
Wo die lautere Milch der Weisheit Brüſten entquillet,
Sich von Neuem geſellt, ſowohl des Aſklepios Jünger
Wie die Diener der Themis und deine Schüler, Athene!
Auch die zu Prieſtern der Götter beſtimmt, geweihete Knaben. —
So im Segen des Friedens den Künſten des Friedens ſich widmend,
Lebten ſie wieder dem alten Beruf in trefflicher Weiſe,
Wie es Menſchen geziemt, die ſich dem Dienſte der Gottheit
Schon in früher Jugend beſtimmt mit heiligem Eifer.
Nenne mir, Muſe, die Länder, aus denen die Einzelnen kamen,
Alle zwar zum Volk der Hellenen im Ganzen gehörend,
Doch verſchiedenen Namens und aus verſchiedener Gegend,
So vom höchſten Norden von Thrakiens rauhen Gefilden,
Wie aus dem Peloponnes, Spartaner, oder Athener,
Selber von Ithaka, auch des Odyſſeus heimiſchem Eiland;
Auch aus Aetolien waren ſie da, ja ſelbſt aus Mycene.
Selbſt aus ferneſter Zone ſogar, von der nordiſchen Thule,
Kamen ſie willig gereiſt, am Quell des Wiſſens zu ſchöpfen,
Wenn ein begeiſterter Mann mit gewaltigem Wort es geſpendet.
Anfangs lebten ſie ſtill, ſich ſtolz der Zeiten erinnernd,
Wo ſie von Helden geführt nach unſterblichem Ruhme gerungen.
Gleiche geſellten zu Gleichen ſich gern; denn die Sitte des Landes,

Wo die beſorgte Mutter ſie in der Wiege geſchaukelt
Und verwandte Töne ſie in der Jugend begrüßten,
Band ſie feſt zuſammen, die Schaar von Brüdern und Vettern,
Oder Verbrüderten doch, zu den geſelligen Spielen,
Wie ſie die Jugend erfreun, ſei's nun das Führen der Waffen,
Sei es ein fröhlicher Tanz, ein Lied in heiterem Kreiſe
Oder was ſonſt die Menge bedarf, um ſich zu geſtalten.
Jegliche Schaar nun folgt' dem Geſetz, das in älteſten Zeiten
Einſt die Väter erdacht im Rath der weiſeſten Männer,
Und auf die Enkel vererbt von einem Geſchlechte zum andern,
Das, wenn zwei Mal die Sonne, die Allbelebende, ihren
Kreislauf um die Erde gemacht, zu erneuen ſich pflegte.
Aber den Einzelnen erſt und bald auch der größeren Menge
Schien's, als ſei veraltet der Brauch und entfremdet dem Tage.
Selten gilt ein Geſetz noch ganz bei dem dritten Geſchlechte,
Wankelmüthig ſind ja die Menſchen, und keiner der Götter
Hat hienieden ſo viel wie Themis zu ſchlichten und ordnen.
Feindlich traten ſich bald die einzelnen Schaaren entgegen,
Denn das Geſetz und der Brauch und deſſen mögliche Deutung
War ein Apfel der Eris, den mit willigen Händen
Unter die Menge ſie ſchleudert, in Luſt, die tückiſche Göttin.
Viele hingen am Wort, wie es die Väter geſprochen,
Streng daſſelbe bewahrend und jeglicher Aenderung abhold;
Andere wollten, es ſolle der Menſchheit Fortſchritt entſprechen,
Und, was veraltet, hinaus von beſſerem Neuem verdrängt ſein.
Viel der Reden wurden gewechſelt mit heftigem Eifer,
Aber ſie reichten nicht aus, und die Schwerter mußten entſcheiden;

Doch es ſchwankte der Sieg und eilte von einem zum Andern,
Heute dieſen beglückend und Morgen Jenen erhebend,
Daß, wie auch tobte der Kampf, ſich nimmer geſtaltet' Entſcheidung
Und von Neuem des Worts gewaltige Waffe ſie wählten.
Endlich ſprach ein begeiſterter Mann von ewiger Einheit:
Alle hätten ſie ja den Zweck, den hohen, des Wiſſens,
Und das Wiſſen iſt Eins wie die Welt; in tauſend Geſtalten
Immer nur Eins; wozu denn ſich in Schaaren vertheilen?
Eine Schaar allein, verbunden, im Geiſte verknüpfet,
Nur ein Band, das die Schulen im ganzen Land der Hellenen
Feſt umſchlinge, nur ein Geſetz, ein Ziel, eine Farbe!
Vielen war der Gedanke wie aus der Seele genommen.
Wie ein köſtlich Gefäß enthielt er jegliche Tugend,
Welcher der Menſch nachſtrebt, ſich von dem Thier zu entfernen
Und den Göttern zu gleichen, ſo weit es die Erde verſtattet.
Dieſe traten zuſammen zum heiligen Bunde der Schulen,
Und Helikia nannten ſie ſich, entwarfen Geſetze,
Nicht allein für die Schule zu leben und ſich zu bilden,
Nein für das Vaterland und das Wohl der heiligen Hellas,
Die, ſo wähneten ſie, nicht bloß in Tagen des Kampfes,
Sondern im Frieden noch mehr der Hülfe der Jugend bedürfe,
Sie zu befreien vom Leid, das ſchwer noch auf ihr laſte.
Alle riefen ſie auf, ſo viel helleniſche Schulen
Zählten der Jünger, ſich nun zu dem neuen Bund zu geſellen,
Der, wie des Morgens Gluth aus dunkler Nacht ſich entwickelt,
Von der Sonne Strahlen umſäumt, mit goldenem Rande.

Aber die einzelnen Schaaren, die ſich zuſammen gefunden
Und nach den Staaten ſich mit dauerndem Namen bezeichnet,
Sei es Thrakien oder Aitolien oder Mycene,
Traten feindlich ſogleich dem neuen Bunde entgegen;
Nicht für den Staat, für die Schulen allein das Leben geſtaltend,
Streng im Geſetz, doch frei mit dem Schwert und der Ehre gehorſam,
Nur die Erwählteſten ziehend zum Bund und viele der Andern,
Sich im lockern Verband zu längerer Prüfung geſellend.
Nichts vom Staate, von heiligem Bund, vom einigen Hellas
Wollten ſie wiſſen, allein vom freieren Leben der Schüler;
Jenes erſchien ein Hirngeſpinnſt, voll gaukelnder Träume;
Nur an dem Wirklichen hielten ſie feſt mit Waffen und Worten.
Darum erklärten ſie bald, es ſei die Helikia ihnen
Nichtig und wollten ſie nicht mit demſelben Rechte begaben,
Das ſie ſich einander gewährt. So waltete Eris.
Jene forderten nun, als Bund von ihnen betrachtet
Und mit demſelben Rechte begabt und geehret zu werden,
Nach der Vereinten Geſetz. Sie aber verweigerten Alles,
Beide griffen zum Schwert. — Blut floß auf jeglicher Seite,
Heftig wogte der Kampf und nimmer winkte Entſcheidung;
Jahre zogen dahin, nicht ward der Friede geſchloſſen. —
Oftmals zürnten darob die weiſen Lehrer der Schulen
Und es ſandte Manchen ihr Wort in Haft und Verbannung.
Anfangs ſchien's, als ſeien ſie mehr der Helikia günſtig
Als den Somaten, ſo nannten ſich dieſe, von Soma, dem Körper.

Denn ſie wähnten, daß Jene, mit ernſterem ſittlichen Streben
Mehr als die Andern begabt, die Blüthe der Schule befördert.
Siehe, da traf es ſich, daß heftige Gegner der Schulen
Und der inneren Freiheit, ein Erbtheil noch von den Vätern,
Sich im Volke erhoben mit mächtig tadelndem Worte.
Drob ergrimmten im Herzen gar ſehr die Helleniſchen Schüler
Und vor Allen die Jünglinge, ſo zur Helikia hielten.
Sinnend auf Rache ſteigerte ſich das Toben des Zornes
So in ihnen, daß Einer, verblendet, getrübt in der Seele,
Griff zum tödtenden Stahl und jäh den beredteſten Gegner
Sandte mit tückiſchem Stoß hinab zum dunkelen Hades,
Nicht erwägend die furchtbare That. — Zwar büßt' er es ſelber
Mit dem eigenen Blut und fiel, der Nemeſis Opfer,
Der gewaltigen Göttin, die raſtlos wandelt auf Erden. —
Aber noch größeres Leid, als er den Seinen bereitet
Und dem Weib und den Kindern des Feindes, des bitter gehaßten,
Bracht' er dadurch den Genoſſen noch in den ferneſten Zeiten.
Denn die Herrſcher und Führer des Volks, mit gerechtem Entſetzen,
Traten alsbald zuſammen und ſuchten die Wurzel des Uebels
Zu erſpähn und mit kräftiger Hand aus der Erde zu reißen;
Ach, die Helikia ſelbſt traf nun ihr mächtiger Bannſpruch,
Manches ſchon hatte vorher geweckt den lauernden Argwohn:
Sei es der Einzelnen Wort, ſei's eng Verbrüderter Rede
Bei dem Feſt, wo früher ſich ſchon die Schulen verſammelt,
Sei's die ſymboliſche That, die ſolchem Wort ſich geſellet.
Richter ſetzte ſie ein, zu forſchen, wägen und richten.

Und ſie entdeckten gar bald, daß der alten Landes-Ordnung
Umſturz drohte, daß ſich ein Bund im Bunde gebildet, —
Welcher den Fürſten und Führern der Staaten entgegen ſich ſtellte
Und der Empörung Keim mit heimlichem Eifer gepflegt.
Strenges Geſetz und — —

(Lücke im Manuſcript.)

So verſchwand allmälig das freiere Leben der Schulen,
Und ein ängſtlich Geſchlecht ſitzt nun zu den Füßen der Lehrer.
Arme Helleniſche Jugend, Du haſt die geiſtige Freiheit,
Die Athene gewährt, nicht recht zu deuten verſtanden!
Wer ſie im Leben ſuchet, der irrt; im ewigen Wiſſen
Waltet ſie ungeſtört allein — —

(Lücke im Manuſcript.)

So weit der Kykliker; es iſt ſehr zu bedauern, daß uns nur ein Bruchſtück hinterblieben. An deſſen Echtheit wird übrigens Niemand zweifeln, denn daß das Leben auf den Akademieen der alten Hellenen große Aehnlichkeit mit dem Leben und Treiben auf unſeren Univerſitäten gehabt, das muß doch Jeder ſogleich zugeſtehen, der nur etwas in den alten Autoren ſich umgeſchaut hat. Für die Laien will ich indeſſen, ganz in der Kürze, noch einige Beweiſe herſetzen. — Den Fuchscomment z. B. hatte ſchon Pythagoras eingeführt, nur dauerte die Fuchszeit in ſeiner Akademie nicht ein Jahr, ſondern ein ganzes Triennium, cf. Jamblichus de vita Pythagorae c. 17. n. 72; damals ſtudirte man freilich auch länger. Zu Athen wurde der Fuchs ſo gut gehänſelt wie in Marburg oder Roſtock, cf. Gregorii Nazianzeni Oratt. in laudem Basilii M. p. 327, edit. Lips., ferner: Balsamon ad Can. 71. Synodi VI. Trullanae. Daß in Conſtantinopel und in Berytus Aehnliches geſchehen, beweiſt uns ein Edict des Kaiſers Juſtinian, ja ſogar zu Karthago kam es vor, wie der heilige Auguſtin in ſeinen Bekenntniſſen III, 3 uns ſelbſt erzählt. —

Nun muß ich aber die Feder niederlegen, denn die Gelehrſamkeit wird Einem auf die Länge doch zu ſauer. —

Sechſtes und letztes Kapitel.

Die Doctorpromotion.

Wir haben unſeren Helden bis zum letzten Augenblicke des Studentenlebens im vorletzten Kapitel begleitet, aber den wahrhaft glorreichen Schluß deſſelben, der eigentlich allein den Studien ein Ende macht, als Nachtiſch und beſte Schüſſel aufgeſpart. Und wenn ein armer Studioſus auch das ganze Triennium ſich nicht ordentlich ſatt gegeſſen, und noch viel weniger ordentlich ſatt getrunken hat, der Tag der Doctorpromotion macht Alles wieder quitt. — Doctor! das iſt ein großer Gedanke! — Man glaubt gar nicht, was man ſich Alles bei dem Worte Doctor denken kann, was ein Doctor Alles vorzuſtellen vermag. Erſtlich: einen Studirten, den man für voll anſehen muß, das heißt für voll Gelehrſamkeit, wenn er auch kaum halb voll iſt; dann: einen Nichtſtudirten, der es noch weiter gebracht hat als ein Studirter, denn er iſt Doctor geworden ohne ſtudirt zu haben; ferner: einen Menſchen, der wenigſtens ein Mal in ſeinem Leben ſo viel Goldſtücke beiſammen hatte, daß er die Koſten der Promotion damit bezahlen konnte, und nach dem Urtheile des Decans und der übrigen Aſſeſſoren ſeiner Facultät auf eine glänzende Weiſe, d. h. durch glänzende Friedrichsd'or (Louisd'or nimmt man jetzt nur ſehr ungern, ſeitdem ſie im Cours gefallen ſind, wenigſtens läßt man ein bedeutendes Agio darauf vergüten) promovirt hat; weiter: einen Menſchen, der doch einen Henkel hat, bei dem man ihn geſellſchaftlich anfaſſen und einrangiren kann, nämlich den Doctortitel; dann noch: einen Menſchen, dem das Heirathen gar nicht ſchwer werden kann, beſonders in einer Handels- oder Provinzſtadt, weil es dort viele ſcharmante junge Mädchen giebt, die für ihr Leben gern Frau Doctorin hießen, und denen die Frau oder Madame ſchlecht weg ein Gräuel iſt (in einer Univerſitätsſtadt iſt das ſchon etwas Anderes, da ſind die Schönen nicht ſo darauf erpicht, denn ſie wiſſen, wie die Doctoren fabricirt werden, und daß es nicht ſelten Dutzendwaare oder Ausſchuß iſt; da muß wenigſtens vor dem Doctor ein Profeſſor ſein, oder doch möglichſt dahinter ſtecken, d. h. daraus werden können). Außerdem noch: einen Menſchen, der etwas iſt und doch Nichts, denn das Diplom, und wäre ſelbſt ein Examen vorhergegangen, nützt ihm Nichts; im Staate iſt er gar Nichts; wenn er nicht noch die ſogenannte Staatsprüfung beſtanden hat, kann er kein gelehrtes Handwerk ausüben, was er obendrein in vielen Ländern ſogar mit dem Staatsexamen ohne Doctortitel darf, ausgenommen da, wo die armen Univerſitätsprofeſſoren ſchlecht beſoldet ſind und die Regierung ihnen doch ein Verdienſtchen zuwenden will, das ihr ſelbſt Nichts koſtet, ja, bei dem ſie ſogar, wenn auch nur indirect, ein Erkleckliches profitirt; da beſteht denn freilich, wenigſtens für gewiſſe Fächer, der Promotionszwang, der ſich ſogar hin und wieder auf die Univerſität ſelbſt ausdehnt, bei der ein fremder Doctor Nichts gilt, ſondern erſt von ſeiner Facultät, wenn er anders zu ihr gehören will, ſich noſtrificiren (was gleichbedeutend iſt mit myſtificiren oder brandſchatzen) laſſen muß.

Nicht wahr, ſchöne Leſerin, es iſt erſtaunlich, was ein Doctor Alles, Alles, und was Alles ein Doctor ſein kann! — Ich habe bei Weitem den Gegenſtand nicht erſchöpft; ein Doctor kann z. B. auch ein Menſch ſein, der Schnaps ſchenkt, wie ich das auf einer berühmten Univerſität ſelbſt erlebt habe; in Leipzig überließ man das früher den Magiſtern. Wie es jetzt damit iſt, weiß ich nicht; es kann aber noch wohl ſo ſein, denn das Schnapsſchenken wie das Schnapstrinken gehört unter die ſieben freien Künſte, ſo viel iſt gewiß; ob in das Trivium oder in das Quadrivium, wage ich nicht zu entſcheiden und überlaſſe das den Magiſtern ſelbſt. Auf jener Univerſität gehörte es in die Medicin, wohin es auch eigentlich gehört, trotz aller Homöopathie. — Es kann ein Doctor auch ein Bierbrauer ſein, wie ich das ebenfalls in einer großen Handelsſtadt erlebt habe — kurz, ſchöne Leſerin, ich komme immer wieder auf jenen Punkt zurück, es iſt erſtaunlich, was ein Doctor Alles ſein kann, und wenn Sie noch keinen Mann haben, ſo rathe ich Ihnen, keinen Anderen als einen Doctor zu heirathen. Sie befinden ſich gewiß wohl dabei. — Aber ich wette, Sie ſind neugierig geworden, wie man denn ein Doctor wird. Ich eile, Ihre Neugier zu befriedigen, und bereite mich vor, dieſes um ſo ausführlicher zu thun, als ich erſtens dadurch vielleicht eine glückliche Ehe zwiſchen Ihnen und irgend einem Doctor ſtiften kann, was gewiß ein gottgeſegnetes Werk iſt, und zweitens mit der Doctorpromotion, als der Sahne des ganzen Studirens, dieſes mein unſterbliches Buch ſo glänzend und lehrreich wie möglich zu ſchließen gedenke.

Es giebt zwei Arten von Doctoren im Allgemeinen: ſolche, die es anweſend, und ſolche, die es abweſend werden; darunter dürfen ſie jedoch um Gottes Willen nicht geiſtesabweſend verſtehen, denn das würde eine große Verwirrung der Begriffe hervorbringen, da ja auch ein anweſend promovirter Doctor geiſtesabweſend geweſen ſein kann, was wenigſtens nicht ganz unmöglich wäre: das iſt denn Sache der Facultät, die ihn creirt und es vor Gott und Menſchen ſchon verantworten wird. Nein, hier iſt nur von körperlicher An- und Abweſenheit die Rede. Sie können ſich gewiß auch leicht denken, daß ein Abweſender auf eine andere Weiſe zum Doctor gemacht wird als ein Anweſender; aber wie das geſchieht, wird Ihnen ein Räthſel ſein, und ſo will ich Ihnen und der ganzen gebildeten Welt, denn ich weiß, daß die ganze gebildete Welt dies Buch leſen wird, Beides, meiner Pflicht gemäß, ausführlich beſchreiben. — Erlauben Sie aber, daß ich, als ein galanter Autor, Sie, wie es ſich von ſelbſt verſteht, zu der gebildeten Welt rechne, und mir wiederum die gebildete Welt ſelbſt als eine holdſelige Leſerin vorſtelle. Ich ändere daher meine Anrede, und meine Sie zwiefach, wenn ich mich an die gebildete Welt wende. — Sie werden das um ſo mehr, hoffe ich, erlauben, als mein Styl durch das Collectivum und das mit ihm verbundene obligate Du ſogleich einen höheren Schwung, der ihm wohl nöthig ſein mag, erhält.

Gebildete Welt! Haſt Du den Molière geleſen? — Ich möchte faſt daran zweifeln, denn, wenn Du Dich auch mit franzöſiſcher Lectüre beſchäftigſt, ſo haſt Du Dich doch gewiß ſo in den Romanticismus eines Balzac, Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, und wie dieſe Dichter-Heroen des Blutes und Laſters Alle heißen mögen, verſenkt, daß Dir der alte, geſunde Sittenmaler, der trotzdem, daß faſt 200 Jahre dazwiſchen liegen, Dir noch immer einen Spiegel verhält, in welchem Du Dich zu Zeiten mit einer Schellenkappe, Fuchs- und Haſenſchwänzchen und Eſelsöhrchen erblicken magſt, als roh und ungenießbar erſcheint. Vielleicht aber hat man in der Erziehungsanſtalt, in welcher Du Deine Jugend verlebteſt, das eine oder das andere Stück von ihm mit Dir vorgenommen, um Dir einen natürlichen, franzöſiſchen Dialog beizubringen, und Du erinnerſt Dich deſſen noch, wenn auch nur dunkel. — Unter dieſen Stücken nun iſt der berühmteſten eines der Malade imaginaire und dieſem malade imaginaire iſt eine mediciniſche Doctorpromotion als eine Art von Ballet mit Geſang angehängt. Nun ſieh, geliebte gebildete Welt, das iſt eben das Merkwürdige bei der Sache, daß dieſe alte poſſenhafte franzöſiſche Doctorpromotion mit unſeren heutigen deutſchen Doctorpromotionen die frappanteſte Aehnlichkeit hat. Du magſt Dich ſelbſt davon überzeugen. Bei Molière wird die Feierlichkeit dadurch in aller Form eröffnet, daß der Präſes eine Rede hält, in welcher er das ſchönſte mediciniſche Doctorlatein ſpricht, zuerſt die Arzneiwiſſenſchaft als eine herrliche Sache lobt, dann ſeinen verehrten Collegen die rühmliche Erhaltung des Anſehens, in welchem die Heilkunde überall ſteht, an das Herz legt, und zuletzt den Doctoranden mit folgenden Worten lobt, vorſtellt und zu examiniren empfiehlt:

— — Credo, quod trovabitis
Dignam materiam medici
In savanti homine que voici;
Lequel in chosis omnibus
Dono ad interrogandum
Et à fond examinandum
Vostris capacitatibus.

Die Examinatoren gehen nun an das Werk, der Doctorand antwortet auf jede Frage vortrefflich, und zwar meiſt auf alle daſſelbe, und die ganze gelehrte Verſammlung bezeugt dann im Chor ihren Beifall durch den Ausruf:

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere!
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

Nachdem er nun das Examen vortrefflich beſtanden, nimmt ihm der Präſes den Eid ab, ſetzt ihm den Doctorhut auf und verleiht ihm feierlichſt

Virtutem et puissanciam
Medicandi,
Purgandi,
Saignandi,
Perçandi,
Taillandi,
Coupandi,
Et occidendi
Impune per totam terram.

Nun hält der Doctor folgende vortreffliche Dankrede in echt ciceronianiſchem Styl:

Grandes Doctores doctrinae,
De la rhubarbe et du séné,
Ce seroit sans douta a moi chosa folla
Inepta et ridicula,
Si j'alloibam m'engageare
Vobis louangeas donare,
Et entreprenoibam adjoutare
Des lumieras au soleillo
Et des etoillas au cielo,
Des ondas a l'oceano
Et des rosas au printano.
Agreate qu' avec uno moto
Pro toto remercimento,
Rendam gratiam corpori tam docto.
Vobis, vobis debeo
Bien plus qu'à naturae et qu'à patri meo.
Natura et pater meus
Hominem me habent factum;
Mais vos me, ce qui est bien plus
Avetis factum medicum.
Honor, favor et gratia
Qui, in hoc corde que voilà
Imprimant ressentimenta
Qui dureront in saecula.

Es erfolgen nun von allen Seiten Gratulationen der Kunſtgenoſſen, und damit iſt die Farce, — wollt' ich ſagen, die Feierlichkeit zu Ende.

Im Allgemeinen, verehrteſte gebildete Welt, treffen die deutſchen Doctorpromotionen, wie ich bereits bemerkt habe, mit dieſer überein, nur iſt der kleine Unterſchied, daß das Examen vorhergeht und an deſſen Stelle bei der Promotion ſelbſt eine Disputation eintritt. Doch Du würdeſt zu viel einbüßen, wenn ich Dir die ganze Herrlichkeit nicht ausführlich beſchriebe, auch möchteſt Du mir bei Deinem außerordentlichen Patriotismus zürnen, wenn ich, der deutſche Mann, Dich, die deutſche gebildete Welt, mit dem Skelette einer franzöſiſchen Feierlichkeit abſpeiſen wollte, wo Du ſelbſt den fleiſchigen und vollblütigen Körper einer deutſchen Solennität aufzuweiſen haſt. Davor ſoll mich auch Gott bewahren! Ich weiß es ja, wie patriotiſch Du biſt, weiß es ja, daß Du das Becker'ſche Rheinlied drei Mal täglich ſingſt, als Morgen-, Mittags- und Abendſegen, Morgens nach der Weiſe eines der drei hundert ſechs und ſechzig Componiſten deſſelben, mit denen Du gewiſſenhaft abwechſelſt, ſo daß jede Compoſition regelmäßig ein Mal im Jahre daran kommt (die beſte immer am erſten, die nächſtbeſte am letzten April, und die allerbeſte am Schalttage); Mittags nach der Melodie des Deſſauer Marſches: „So leben wir, ſo leben wir, ſo leben wir alle Tage bei grüner Peterſilie und Krautſalat;" und Abends endlich, mit einiger Variation, nach der ſchönen kirchlichen Weiſe: „Nun ruhen alle Wälder." Wie könnte ich mir alſo je in den Sinn kommen laſſen, Dir etwas Franzöſiſches einſchwärzen zu wollen? Nicht einmal das heilige Rococo und die geſegnete Renaiſſance: dazu bin ich ein viel zu ſtabiler Menſch. — Nein, ausführlichſt ſchildere ich, was Dein iſt mit allem Rechte, Dein ſeit Jahrhunderten, Dein bleiben ſoll in Ewigkeit und wovon Dir nie ein Menſch ein Jota rauben darf. Ausführlichſt, gebildete deutſche Welt — Hoch- und Wohlgeboren — nein, das darf ich doch wohl nicht ſagen, denn eine Freiin biſt Du einmal nicht, — alſo ... Geborene, denke Dir ſelbſt das Uebrige hinzu, dann thue ich Dir gewiß kein Unrecht — erfolgt hier die Darſtellung einer Feierlichkeit, welche dem geſammten deutſchen Vaterlande ſo großen Glanz verleiht.

Studioſus iſt alſo endlich durch unabläſſigen, unermüdlichen, unerſchöpflichen, unverdroſſenen und ungeheuern Fleiß ſo weit gekommen, daß er nun Nichts mehr lernen kann, ſondern ſich fähig fühlt, ſelbſt den Lehrern, was, wie Jeder weiß, gleichbedeutend iſt mit Doctoren, beigezählt zu werden. Dieſe Palme bleibt ihm noch zu erringen, aber ſie iſt die ſchwerſte von allen. Muthig ſtrebt er jedoch dem Ziele zu. Lange geht er mit ſich und ſeinen Freunden zu Rathe, welchen Gegenſtand er in der Diſſertation, die auf vielen Univerſitäten nothwendig vorher eingereicht werden muß, behandeln ſolle. Jener ſchlägt dieſes vor, dieſer Jenes; ihm aber ſcheint weder dieſes noch Jenes würdig ſeines tiefen

Wiſſens und ſeines haarſpaltenden Scharfſinnes. Er wendet ſich nun an einen ſeiner Profeſſoren, welcher, da er ſchon oft Decan der Facultät geweſen, eine gewiſſe Praxis im Auswählen von derartigen Stoffen hat. Der treffliche Mann weiß ihm ſogleich mehrere vorzulegen, ſeien es nun merkwürdige Unterſuchungen oder wichtige Controverſen. Gewöhnlich hat derſelbe ſothane Punkte in ſeinen unvergleichlichen Vorleſungen ſelbſt auf das Ausführlichſte behandelt oder denkt es noch zu thun, und iſt daher im Stande, dem Doctoranden den dahin gehörigen wiſſenſchaftlichen Apparat auf das Genaueſte nachzuweiſen, und ihm obendrein noch einige nützliche Fingerzeige zu geben, bei welchem Ende er das Ding am Beſten anpacken könne. Schwer beladen zieht nun der junge Mann zu Hauſe und wühlt in den Quellen, wie die alten Römer zu ſagen pflegten, mit täglicher und nächtlicher Hand. Seine Commilitonen haben einen ungeheuern Reſpect vor ihm; überall, wo er ſich blicken läßt, heißt es nun von ihm: er ſchreibt an ſeiner Diſſertation, und die Füchſe wagen nur in ehrfurchtsvoller Entfernung zu ihm aufzublicken. Jetzt empfindet er zum erſten Male ganz das Glück des mostrari digito et dicier: Hic est, und geht mit ſtiller, obwohl etwas mühſeliger Seligkeit in der Welt herum, ſchwanger mit Gedanken, die die ganze Fachgelehrſamkeit umſtürzen oder unglaublich bereichern müſſen. Es trifft ſich freilich auch wohl, daß irgend ein Studioſus nicht ſo großen Werth auf die Diſſertation legt, ſondern ſie nur als ein nothwendiges Uebel betrachtet und daher ſich nirgends Rathes erholt bei den Erfahrenen, ſondern das erſte beſte Lehrbuch hernimmt und das erſte beſte Kapitel daraus Lateiniſch paraphraſirt, noch einige ſogenannte Literatur hinzufügt, ſein curriculum vitae und ein Paar Theſen hintendran hängt, und nun ſein opusculum in Gottes Namen bei der Facultät einreicht, die es gewöhnlich eben ſo gefällig annimmt. Im Ganzen iſt dieſe Art ſo übel nicht, denn was kann ein armer Studioſus denn durch eine Diſſertation mehr beweiſen, als daß er fleißig Collegia gehört, treuherzig in verba magistri ſchwört und ein erträgliches Latein zu ſchreiben verſteht? Streng genommen iſt eine ſolche Diſſertation doch nur ein phyſiologiſches Experiment, um die Kürze des Darms, und die raſche geiſtige Verdauung des hoffnungsvollen Doctoranden zu ermitteln.

Wir wollen aber doch zur Ehre der ſtudirenden Menſchheit und unſeres Helden insbeſondere annehmen, er habe es ſich unendlich ſauer werden laſſen und nach ſchlafloſen Nächten und durchwachten Tagen endlich ſein außerordentliches Werk elaborirt, das er nun omni qua par est reverentia der hochverehrlichen Facultät zur Prüfung vorlegt. Sämmtliche Mitglieder haben darauf mit unſeren Freunden, den Molière'ſchen Aerzten, nachdem ſie davon Kenntniß genommen, einſtimmig ausgerufen: Dignus est intrare in nostro docto corpore. Es wird ihm nun der wichtige Tag des Rigoroſums beſtimmt. Vorher hat er aber noch eine heilige Pflicht, die heiligſte von allen, zu erfüllen; er muß nämlich das Honorar für das Examen in blanken, vollwichtigen Goldſtücken in die geweihten Hände des Decans niederlegen; eher wird er nicht examinirt. Er könnte nämlich, wenn er übel beſtünde, vor Schreck, Angſt, Entſetzen oder Wuth in eine doppelte Bewegung gerathen, das heißt: erſt durchfallen und dann durchgehen, wo dann ſeine Herren Examinatoren für ihre große Mühe und ihren ſauern Schweiß das leere Nachſehen hätten. Man glaubt aber gar nicht, welch' ein horror vacui bei den promovirenden Facultäten vorherrſcht. Viele wiſſen ſich daher noch beſſer zu verwahren und nehmen den Examinanden vorher das feierliche Verſprechen ab, daß er ſelbſt im Falle des Durchfallens nie wieder auch nur den mindeſten Anſpruch auf die einmal gezahlten Louisd'ore machen wolle, was ſehr weiſe iſt.

Der wichtige Tag iſt endlich da. Unſer Freund hat vorher noch gewaltig repetirt, namentlich in den Wiſſenſchaften, wo er einige Lücken bei ſich verſpürte, oder die er nicht auf dieſer Univerſität gehört. Seine Freunde ſind zu ihm gekommen und haben ihm Muth eingeſprochen; ihm wackeln, in der Studentenſprache zu reden, die Manſchetten gewaltig und ſein Puls ſchlägt neunzig Mal in einer Minute, aus Furcht vor einem Repuls. Nie hat unſerem Doctoranden die Wahrheit des pauliniſchen Spruches: „Unſer Wiſſen iſt Stückwerk,“ ſo klar eingeleuchtet, wie jetzt. Glücklicher Weiſe ſpricht er ein ziemlich fertiges Latein und weiß, daß das bei derartigen akademiſchen Handlungen ein treffliches Hülfsmittel iſt, um die Blößen zu verdecken, vor Allem, wenn die Examinatoren nicht gar zu ſtreng ſind, was ſich, wenn er ein Ausländer iſt, auch nicht wohl erwarten läßt, denn da denken ſie, ſo ſehr ihnen auch in unſeren Tagen die Regierungen auf die Finger ſehen, doch mitunter noch; sumimus pecuniam et mittimus asinum in patriam, was auf Deutſch heißt: Wir examiniren den fleißigen, talentvollen und gelehrten jungen Mann, und ſenden ihn als promovirten Doctor in ſein Vaterland. — Unſer Jüngling jedoch verläßt ſich nicht darauf, ſondern leert, um ſich Courage zu ſchaffen, noch eine halbe Flaſche Champagner, zieht den Frack an, wenn dieſer ein nothwendiges Requiſit iſt, knöpft denſelben bis oben zu, und begiebt ſich nun mit haſtigen Schritten und wahrer Todesverachtung nach dem Hauſe des Decans, wo ſich das examinirende Collegium verſammelt hat. Hier meldet er ſich bei dem draußen harrenden Pedell, der zugleich Facultätsdiener iſt; dieſer meldet ihn wieder, und erhält den Befehl, ihn einzulaſſen. Er tritt mit einer tiefen Verbeugung, doch ziemlich unſicheren Schrittes ein. Als er ſich wieder etwas geſammelt hat und aufblickt, ſieht er das Collegium um einen Tiſch ſitzen, den Decan als Präſes oben an und um ihn herum die anderen Herren secundum ordinem. Er wird ebenfalls eingeladen, den ihm beſtimmten Platz einzunehmen. Nach einigen vorläufigen Redensarten beginnt nun der Präſes mit milden Worten und ſanftem Ton zu fragen. Dem armen Examinanden ſteht zwar der helle Angſtſchweiß vor der Stirn, aber er ermannt ſich und antwortet ſo gut er kann, nach einigem Beſinnen, wenn auch juſt nicht im ſchönſten Latein. Das recte tu quidem, oder irgend eine andere approbirende Floskel, macht ihn ſchon beherzter, es geht nun mit jeder Frage beſſer, und wenn er ſelbſt auch auf einige abſonderlich ſchwere oder ungewöhnliche — denn ein Decan kann oft mehr fragen, als zehn Doctoranden antworten — die richtige Entgegnung ſchuldig bleibt, ſo kommt er doch allmälig immer mehr hinein, das Latein fließt ihm wie Waſſer vom Munde, und die Furcht und Angſt iſt gänzlich von ihm gewichen. Endlich hat denn der letzte Examinator die letzte Frage gethan, nachdem ihn der Decan mit der Uhr in der Hand höflich erinnerte, daß die beſtimmte Zeit abgelaufen ſei, und der Doctorand wird nun mit artigen Worten erſucht, das Gemach zu verlaſſen, und draußen im Vorzimmer zu harren, bis man ihn wieder rufen läßt. Er ſteht auf, verbeugt ſich und geht hinaus.

Jetzt kommen die peinlichſten Augenblicke für ihn; er hört die Herren drinnen lebhaft mit einander verhandeln, ihm iſt, als entſchieden ſie über Leben und Tod, während ſie oft ſchon längſt einig ſind, daß er nicht abgewieſen werden ſolle, und nur der Form wegen und um der Sache mehr Anſehen zu geben, ihn einige Minuten länger warten laſſen. Unruhig mißt er mit großen Schritten das Gemach; die ſchuldig gebliebenen Antworten fallen ihm jetzt zur Unzeit ein, o könnte er ſie doch noch durch das Schlüſſelloch ſenden oder in das Protokoll hinein zaubern! — Gelaſſen ſieht der Pedell ihm in das Geſicht; den kümmert es nicht, welch Schickſal verhängt wird, denn der Schickſalsſchluß, daß er als Facultätsdiener ſeine beſtimmten Gebühren erhalten ſolle, muß in Erfüllung gehen. Si fractus illabatur orbis, Impavidum ferient ruinae; ob auch der Doctorand durchfalle, ſein Geld bleibt ihm nicht aus. — Endlich ertönt die verhängnißvolle Klingel. Der dienſtbare Geiſt tritt hinein und kehrt gleich wieder zurück mit der Einladung, ihm zu folgen. Es geſchieht. Die Aufforderung, ſich zu ſetzen, ergeht wie vorhin, und mit wohlgedrechſelten Worten erklärt ihm jetzt der Decan, daß die Facultät mit der abgelegten Probe von ſeinem Wiſſen zufrieden ſei, und der Promotion weiter Nichts im Wege ſtehe, als die Entrichtung des für die Feierlichkeit herkömmlich zu leiſtenden Honorars.

Auf einigen Univerſitäten geht noch ein ſchriftliches Examen vorher. Bei verſchloſſenen Thüren und ohne Vorbereitung und Hülfsmittel, ein lateiniſches Lexicon etwa ausgenommen, muß der Doctorand gewichtige Fragen aus den bedeutendſten Disciplinen auf dem Papiere beantworten. Allen Reſpect vor den Doctoren, die auf dieſen Univerſitäten creirt werden!

Wer iſt aber glücklicher als unſer Held? Mit geflügelten Schritten eilt er jetzt, nachdem er ſich bei den geſtrengen Herren in den ſchönſten Redensarten für ihre Nachſicht, Güte und Milde bedankt, und dieſe ihn noch väterlich auf manche Lücke in ſeinem Wiſſen oder dieſen und jenen Fehler aufmerkſam gemacht haben, nach ſeiner Wohnung oder in irgend eine Kneipe, wo ihn die treuen Freunde erwarten. Ausführlich muß er nun berichten, wie es ihm gegangen, denn Mancher iſt darunter, dem der ſaure Schritt bevorſteht und der hier Troſt ſchöpft und oft in ſtiller Selbſtüberſchätzung denkt: „Na, wenn der durchgekommen iſt, wie glänzend mußt du da nicht beſtehen?“ — Ach, gar oft irrt er ſich, und wenn er noch ſo viel gelernt hat, denn er hat nicht bedacht, daß die Herren Examinatoren Menſchen ſind: und daß Schiller ſchon ſehr ſchön ſagte:

Auch Patroklus mußte ſterben
Und war mehr als Du!

Ein kleiner Vorſchmaus beſchließt nun den Tag, denn, wenn auch Papa nur das ſtrict Nothwendige ſchickte, ſo hat doch Mama, falls es ihr nur irgend möglich war, dafür geſorgt, daß das Söhnlein in jeder Hinſicht auf würdige Weiſe ein Doctor werde.

In den nächſten Tagen wird nun die Diſſertation gedruckt, die das Imprimatur des Decans erhalten hat. Aengſtlich überwacht der junge Autor dies Erſtlingswerk, und jagt ſorgſam den Druckfehlern nach, aber es bleiben leider eben ſo viel ſtehen als er ausgemerzt hat, denn es fehlt ihm noch gar zu ſehr am ſicheren Blick für die Setzerſünden. Auch dieſer Kelch geht vorüber, die Abhandlung iſt fertig, die Theſen angehängt, die Dedication, gewöhnlich an den Papa oder einige Profeſſoren gerichtet, vorgeheftet; Alles bereits vom Buchbinder abgeliefert und der wichtige Tag beſtimmt worden. Der Pedell trägt die Diſſertation herum; Curator, Rector, Decan und einige Standesperſonen und hohe Gönner erhalten ſchöne in Saffian oder Saffianpapier gebundene, auf dem Schnitt vergoldete Exemplare, während die anderen Herren mit brochirten fürlieb nehmen müſſen. Der Doctorand und die von ihm gewählten Opponenten üben ſich in elegantem Lateiniſch zu disputiren, arbeiten ſich auch wohl, wenn es mit dem Lateinſprechen etwas wackelig ausſieht, was bei den Medicinern bekanntlich am Seltenſten der Fall iſt, Frage und Antwort genau aus, und prägen ſie ihrem Gedächtniſſe ein, und ſo bricht denn unter dieſen Beſchäftigungen endlich der letzte große Tag an.

Schwarz gekleidet mit feierlichem Antlitz holt kurz vor der feſtgeſetzten Stunde der Doktorand den Decan und die Opponenten in einem eleganten Wagen, auf dem hinten ein für dieſe Feierlichkeit als Diener aufgeputzter Stiefelputzer ſteht, ab, und fährt entweder mit ihnen gleich in die Aula, oder erſt in ſeine Behauſung, wo ſie zuvor ein kleines Frühſtück als Herzſtärkung einnehmen. Dann geht es nach dem Hörſaal, wo ſich einige wenige Profeſſoren und einige wenige Studenten eingefunden haben, um der wichtigen Handlung beizuwohnen. Der Doctorand beginnt vom Katheder herab eine ſehr ſchöne Anrede, und es folgt nun die Diſputation mit oder ohne Präſes, die ſich oft um lana caprina dreht, und wobei gewöhnlich allerlei Späße vorgebracht werden, die deutſch trivial erſcheinen würden, ſich lateiniſch aber ganz excellent ausnehmen, denn darin liegt eben der große Zauber des Latein. Wir wollen, geehrte gebildete Welt! Dich nicht damit langweilen, denn Du biſt doch keine große Freundin des alten Schlendrianus Herkommannus, ſchon aus dem einfachen Grunde, weil Du kein Univerſitätsprofeſſor biſt. Wir erwähnen daher nur, daß, nachdem die Opponenten das Ihrige gethan und am Schluſſe auf beiden Seiten die eleganteſten ciceronianiſchen Complimente gedrechſelt wurden, der Decan nun dem Doctoranden den Doctoreid abnimmt, und ihm feierlichſt alle privilegia, jura et munera eines Doctors verleiht. Damit hat die Herrlichkeit ein Ende, es erfolgen Gratulationen, und der junge Doctor bringt entweder die Herren in ſeinem Wagen nach Hauſe, oder man fährt gleich zum Doctorſchmauſe, zu dem gewöhnlich noch einige Profeſſoren, Doctoren und Studioſen ebenfalls eingeladen wurden, und wo Alles voll Jubel und Freude iſt, bis das letzte Glas geleert und der letzte Ton verklungen.

So iſt denn aus dem hoffnungsvollen Studioſus ein hoffnungsvoller Doctor geworden.

Ich habe manchen vernünftigen Mann über die Doctorexamina, Disputationen u. ſ. w. unſerer deutſchen Univerſitäten, beſonders derjenigen, wo das Latein noch recht florirt, den Kopf ſchütteln ſehen und ausrufen hören: Quantum est in rebus inane! Da ich aber nur eine Naturgeſchichte der Studenten und nicht der Profeſſoren ſchreibe, ſo kann ich mir kein Urtheil darüber geſtatten.

Bei einer Promotion in absentia iſt natürlich Alles weit einfacher; der Doctorand ſendet die erforderlichen Zeugniſſe, Abhandlung und vor Allem das erforderliche

Geld, und erhält, wenn die Facultät Alles genau nach den Geſetzen geprüft und richtig befunden hat, — beſonders das Honorar — das gewünſchte Diplom von dem Decan zugeſchickt. — Von den Menſchlichkeiten, die auf manchen Univerſitäten dabei vorgehen ſollen — was aber gewiß Verleumdung iſt — darf ich hier eben ſo wenig reden, da eine Naturgeſchichte der Studenten Nichts damit zu thun hat.

Ende.

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Verzeichniß der Illuſtrationen

№ 1. Titelblatt.

№ 2. Chef und Autor zur Einleitung.

№ 3. Darſtellung der verſchiedenen Perſonen welche befragt werden was ein Student ſei; zu Cap. I.

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[Wolff]

Die

Kleinen Leiden

des

Menschlichen Lebens.

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Die

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des

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Von

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[illegible] Oskar Ludwig Bernhard]

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Die

Kleinen Leiden

des

Menſchlichen Lebens.

Geliebter Leſer! Du, der Du Dir die Mühe giebſt dieſe Vorrede zu leſen, Du haſt wahrſcheinlich das Buch, deſſen Ceremonienmeiſter ſie iſt, noch nicht geleſen, denn Du wirſt es ja nicht machen, wie jener Ungar, mein guter Freund, der ſich von Grillparzer's Ahnfrau gleich zwei Exemplare kaufte, weil er gehört hatte: „ſei ein Buch ſehr ſchönes und wolle er es leſen gleich zwei Mal.“ Höchſtens kann ich von Dir vorausſetzen, Du habeſt von der erſten Auflage gehört, ſie ſei Buch ſehr ſchönes und Dir nun die zweite Auflage gekauft. Ich mache Dir nämlich von vorn herein das Compliment, Du gehöreſt zu der kleinen, auserleſenen, heiligen Schar der Bücherkaufenden in Deutſchland und das iſt kein geringes, ſondern ein ſehr großes Verdienſt in den Augen eines Schriftſtellers und noch mehr eines Verlegers, denn ein Verleger theilt bekanntlich alle Menſchen in zwei Gattungen ein, nämlich in ſolche, die ſich Bücher kaufen und in ſolche, die es nicht thun; die Letzteren aber ſind in ſeinen Augen gar nicht Menſchen, exiſtiren nicht für ihn und wenn ſie der liebe Gott geſchaffen hat, ſo geſchah es nur im Irrthum. — Doch kehren wir zu Dir zurück, verehrter Leſer und Gönner, Du wirſt alſo dieſe Leiden noch leſen und erfahren, welche Leiden ſie ihrem armen Verfaſſer bereiteten. (S. die Schlußrede Deines gehorſamen Dieners Plinius des Jüngſten.) Alle dieſe Leiden nun, die Du dort noch leſen wirſt, hatte ich längſt hinter mir und, ehrlich geſagt, vergeſſen, da kommt nun ſchon nach zwei Jahren die Schreckensnachricht, eine zweite Auflage mache ſich nöthig. — Jedem Anderen und mir ſelbſt auch bei jedem anderen Buche würde das eine große Freude bereitet haben, denn das Bewußtſein, drei tauſend Menſchen in Deutſchland — ob drei tauſend Deutſche iſt die Frage — haben dein Buch gekauft und alſo ſechzigtauſend es geleſen — iſt ein erhebendes, und die Hoffnung, es werden es nun in der zweiten Auflage vielleicht noch drei tauſend kaufen und noch ſechzigtauſend leſen — Summa Summarum alſo ſechstauſend und ein hundert und zwanzigtauſend — iſt eine beſeligende — aber ſo geneigt ich auch bin mir Freuden durch Illuſionen zu machen, mich reizte, mich erfreute dieſe Nachricht nicht, mich erſchreckte ſie, denn — die neue Auflage bedurfte einiger Veränderungen, Umarbeitungen u. ſ. w. Manches gefiel mir ſelbſt nicht, ſchien mir oder meinen Freunden nicht gelungen, war nicht mehr zeitgemäß — kurz alle jene in der Schlußrede berichteten Leiden begannen von Neuem. Ich mußte das lange verſchloſſen gehaltene

Skizzenbuch wieder hervorholen und kaum hatte ich es geöffnet, ſo krochen auch alle Dämonen, die ſorgfältig eingeſperrten, wieder hervor und quälten und plagten mich wie früher, und ich erlebte wieder die ganze Schar der kleinen, wie der großen Leiden. Ich war das ſchlechteſte Publicum für mein Buch, denn wenn ich einige Seiten des Manuſcriptes wieder durchleſen, ſo wünſchte ich nie,

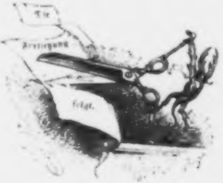

ſondern ich wäre ſehr zufrieden geweſen, wenn irgend ein Dämon, den ich gewiß als einen guten Genius betrachtet, es ſo gemacht hätte, wie Figura zeigt. Aber es half Nichts, ich mußte die Fortſetzung ſelbſt liefern. — Alle jene Noth, jene Angſt vor den Recenſenten — denn ein gewiſſenhaft ſchreibender Autor wird ſich immer vorkommen, wie eine arme, oder vielmehr reiche junge Dame (ſie iſt nämlich hübſch) aus der Provinz, die das Schickſal in die Fremdenloge einer kleinen Reſidenz geführt und von der nun jeder Reſidenzler Rechenſchaft geben und Rechenſchaft haben, weil er ſie beurtheilen will — ſtieg wieder vor meiner Seele auf. Wie dieſe, ſteht ein armer Schriftſteller, wenn auch nur im Geiſte, die Augen aller Recenſenten, wohlbewaffnet mit Lorgnetten, Jumelles, Brillen, kurz mit Gläſern aller Art, um auch den kleinſten Fehler an ihm zu erſpähen. Aber was half's, ich mußte hindurch und habe es endlich gethan und ſo, geliebter Leſer, liegt denn endlich die zweite Auflage fertig vor Dir, vermehrt, umgearbeitet — vielleicht auch verbeſſert und mit ihr alle jene Leiden hinter mir. Liebe

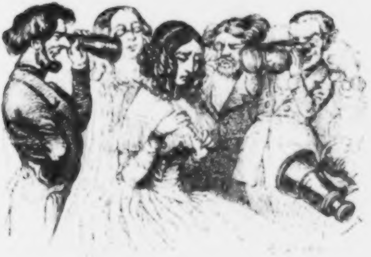

Mitleid nun und Nachſicht, denn das ſind chriſtliche Tugenden, und die Tugend, beſonders die chriſtliche, iſt jetzt Mode. Folgſt Du hier auch nicht Deinem Herzen, ſo folgſt Du doch gewiß der Mode — und ich bin alſo Deiner Güte gewiß.

Ein Leid blieb noch — das Leid eine Vorrede zur zweiten Auflage zu ſchreiben: doch, ſieh' gewiſſe Leiden leben ſich von ſelbſt aus, und ſo iſt es mit dieſem auch; hoffentlich nimmſt Du keine Notiz davon, ſondern biſt ſo eifrig auf das Buch ſelbſt erpicht, daß Du ſie, nach den erſten Worten ſchon, überſchlägſt. — Im Grunde ſteht auch Nichts darin, als daß ſie eine Vorrede zu einer zweiten Auflage iſt: eine captatio benevolentiae, die eigentlich überflüſſig, denn ich bin ja ſchon, aus den oben angeführten Gründen, Deines Wohlwollens gewiß, und wäre das nicht der Fall, ſo halte ich Dich für viel zu klug, geſcheidt und erfahren, um Dich durch die ſchönen Redensarten einer Vorrede, die daher jedenfalls überflüſſig iſt, beſtechen zu laſſen. — Gelt, das iſt die wahre captatio benevolentiae, und mit ſolcher empfiehlt ſich Dir

der Verfaſſer.

Plinius des Jüngſten

jüngſte Epiſtel

an alle Leidensbrüder auf Erden.

Euch Alle grüß' ich mit einander,
Die Ihr mir trüb die Hand gereicht,
Und deren Leben gleich dem Fluß Mäander,
Ach! nur durch Leidenswieſen ſchleicht.
Ihr ſeid, ich weiß es, nicht zu zählen.
Gering iſt freilich nur die Zahl
Derer, die offen es bekennen;
Wollt Ihr die ſtill Gequälten nennen,
Multiplicirt ſie hundert Mal.
Gar Manchen drückt geheim ſein Schuh,
Und — was ihn ſonſt auch mag beſeelen —
Raubt ihm Gelaſſenheit und Ruh'!
Erlaubt mir Euch den Troſt zu bringen,
Als Gegenſatz der ſteten Litanei:
Daß man trotz vielen böſen Dingen
Doch nicht der größte Leidensbruder ſei.
Nein, rechts und links giebt's manche Leute,
Die mehr gelitten wohl als wir;

Sie leiden Morgen, war's nicht Heute,
Und leiden dort, war es nicht hier.
Wir Alle ſind einmal des Schickſals Beute,
Das, liebe Menſchheit, merke Dir!

Schon hör' ich einen Leſer ſchmälen:
„Herr Plinius iſt nicht recht geſcheidt,
Mir längſt Bekanntes zu erzählen!
O Langeweile! bittres Leid!“
Er braucht ſich nicht ſo zu erhitzen:
War's ihm nicht neu, ſo blieb's doch wahr,
Und wahr iſt gut ſtets, offenbar. —
Mög' er nun ſeine Feder ſpitzen
Und Neues ſchreiben nach Belieben,
Woran ſich Publicus kann weiden.
Ich habe bei den alten Leiden
Schon alle Federn ſtumpf geſchrieben;
Seht hier die Frucht von meinen Werken,

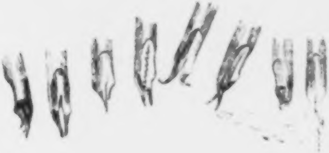

Denn gar zu Viel gab's anzumerken,
So daß ſie mir den Dienſt verſagt,
Nachdem ich weidlich mich geplagt,
Und doch gefunden: hier auf Erden
Kann es einmal nicht beſſer werden. —

Hätten all' dieſe Leiden Leiber
Und zählten in der Menſchenzahl,
Und wären alle Sterne Schreiber,
Nur weiß Papier der Himmelsſaal,
Voll Tinte ſelbſt der Ocean,
So reichte Alles das, o Graus!
Ja, ſelbſt die Ewigkeit nicht aus,
Um deren Namen aufzuſchreiben,
Denen als Leid, Schmerz, Angſt und Qual
Die armen Menſchen unterthan
Und ewig untergeben bleiben. —
Weiß Er es beſſer, ſchreib' er nun
Und laß er mich in Frieden ruhn.
Doch glaub' ich's nicht, Erfahrung lehrt,
Daß Allen Gleiches wird beſcheert.
Das Leiden ſelbſt iſt feſte Norm
Und wechſelt einzig in der Form.
Der hat's als Gicht, den plagt ſein Weib,
Dem Dritten fehlt's an baarem Geld,
Dem Vierten nur an Zeitvertreib;
Doch Jeder wähnt, daß auf der Welt
Sein Leid das allergrößte ſei,
Und macht deshalb ein laut Geſchrei;
Indeß die Leute rings um ihn
Verächtlich doch die Achſeln ziehn,
Und Mancher denkt: Von ſolchen Dingen
Allein gequält, wie der ſie hat,
Wie wär' ich glücklich in der That,
Wie wollt' ich lachen, jubeln, ſpringen!
Dann ſetzt er noch hinzu, erboſt:
„Wo find' ich für mein Leiden Troſt?"

Vielleicht hab' ich ihn. — Kommt heran
Und höret, was ich Euch berichte,
Denn wunderbar iſt die Geſchichte.
Ich traf einſt einen alten Mann
Auf einer Forſchungsreiſe an.
Er war von ſonderlicher Art,
Sein Kleid unmodiſch, lang ſein Bart,
Hatt' keine Ruh' an keinem Ort,
Es trieb, zog, ſtieß und drängt' ihn fort. —
Voll Neugier trat ich flugs herbei,

Um ihn zu fragen, wer er ſei;
Er ſchien ſo ſeltſam mir bekannt,
Und wie mit Jedermann verwandt.
Ich that ihm an nun alle Ehr',
Da ſprach er: „„Ich bin Ahasver,
Den man den ew'gen Juden nennt

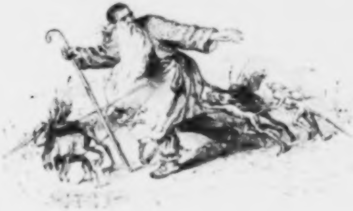

Und der ſeit achtzehnhundert Jahren,
Wo er viel Schlimmeres erfahren,
Umher ſtets rings auf Erden rennt.
Ihr würdet höchlichſt mich verbinden
— Fuhr er zu mir ſehr artig fort —
Wenn Ihr mir nennet einen Ort,
Wo ich die Ruhe könnte finden,
Die mir nun ſchon ſo lange fehlt.
Das iſt es, was mich gräßlich quält
Und ob ich gleich bin unbeweibt,
Mich überall von dannen treibt,
Zumal da mich mit ſcharfer Brühe
Hat umgekocht Herr Eugen Sue.
Ich glaubte nicht, daß Neues noch
Nach dieſer langen Reih' von Jahren
Mir Aermſten könne widerfahren,
Und nun trifft mich das Schlimmſte doch,

Ich werde ruhelos gehetzt,
Und mehr als jemals überſchätzt,
Doch noch weit öft'rer überſetzt.““

Ich ſprach: „Eu'r Leid iſt wirklich groß,
Doch Leiden iſt des Menſchen Loos,
Und ich hab' ſchon als Kind gehört,
Ihm lächle ſeine wahre Ruhe
Zuerſt, zuletzt in Holzmeiers Truhe,
Wo weder Gram noch Leid ihn ſtört.
Ob's Euch nun unaufhörlich hetzt,
Ob ſich an mir die Krankheit ätzt,
Ob Jenes Ehre wird zerfetzt,
Ob Dieſer von dem Amt entſetzt,
Der Kaufmann da fallirt zuletzt,
Dem Dieb der Rücken wird zermetzt,
Den Höfling nicht ſein Fürſt mehr ſchätzt,
Im Weltſtaat Die der Regen netzt,
An Dem der Haß die Zähne wetzt,
An Jenem Mißgunſt ſich ergetzt,
Der Neid von Dieſem Böſes ſchwätzt . . .
Das iſt am Ende ganz egal,
Denn Leid bleibt Leid und Qual iſt Qual.“

Er aber ſprach: „„So denkt auch Ihr
Bei Euern ewig leeren Klagen
Und Jammern — mit Permiß zu ſagen —
Recht wie ein unvernünftig Thier.
Was Andern groß, das dünkt Euch klein;
Ihr zieht darauf des Tadels Lauge
Und ſeht — Ihr Menſchen insgemein! —
Den Splitter in des Nächſten Auge,
Allein — wie ſchon die Bibel ſpricht —
Den Balken in dem eignen nicht.
So macht Ihr auch es mit den Leiden;
Ihr glaubt ſogar, daß es Euch ziert,
Wenn Ihr damit ſelbſt coquettirt,
Um Eure Eitelkeit zu weiden.
Die Uebel, die Euch die Dämonen,
Die Euch auf Euerm Weg begleiten
Und meiſtens in Euch ſelber wohnen,

Oft täglich, ſtündlich gar, bereiten,
Das ſind ja alles Kleinigkeiten,
Sobald Ihr Euch mit mir vergleicht,
Der unaufhaltſam weiter irrt,
Dem nirgends Ruh' auf Erden wird,
Seit ihn der Fluch des Herrn erreicht.""

„Wie? Kleinigkei" —? rief ich entſetzt,
Das Wort blieb mir im Munde ſtecken,
Er wollte mich — ſo ſchien mir's — necken.
„Ei!" ſprach ich dann: „Wie Ihr nur ſchwätzt!
Das wäre Kleinigkeit, — geſtört
Zu werden bei den beſten Plänen?
Das wäre Kleinigkeit, — bethört
Zu werden bei dem reinſten Sehnen?
Das auch wohl Kleinigkeit, — gekränkt
Zu werden an der eignen Ehre?
Und gar noch Kleinigkeit, — verſenkt
In's Nichts der Welt durch fremde Schwere? ...."

Hier unterbrach mich Ahasver:
„„Ihr ſprecht, mein Herr, in ſchönen Phraſen,
Doch all' ſolch' Leid iſt ja nicht ſchwer,
Mit einem Hauche wegzublaſen,
Wenn Ihr den einen Teufel nur
— Der jetzt die ganze Welt raſiert
Durch unverſtändige Cultur —
Aus Eurem Kreiſe removirt.
Der Dämon iſt's der Eitelkeit,
Der Euch bereitet all' dies Leid.
Laßt ihn bei einem Haar Euch faſſen.

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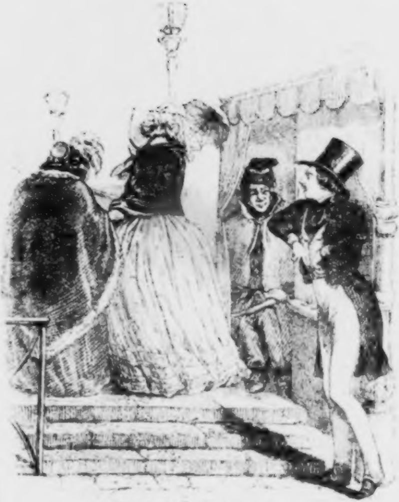

Gleich wird jed' Haar zum Ankertau,
Er ſchleppt Euch fort durch alle Gaſſen,
Treibt Euch zum Lieben, wie zum Haſſen
Und knechtet Euch, ſo Mann wie Frau.““

Drauf ich: „Ganz unrecht habt Ihr nicht!
Wohl iſt der Schalk ein ſchlimmer Wicht,
Doch größ'res Leid giebt's auf der Welt,
Es heißt mit einem Wort: Kein Geld!
Euch winkt das Glück — Ihr könnt's nicht haſchen,
Da es vor Euch vorüberſchwebt —
Entſetzt greift Ihr in — leere Taſchen,
Verwünſchend, daß Ihr das erlebt.
Das iſt des Schickſals wahre Tücke,
Die Euch am innern Herzen zerrt,
Und ſelbſt auf einer Actien-Brücke
Den Weg zum Paradieſe ſperrt.
Kein Geld! das iſt das größte Leid
In unſrer aufgeklärten Zeit.“ —

Der ew'ge Jude rief: „„Kein Geld
Und ſchwer gekränkte Eitelkeit
Das größte Leid jetzt auf der Welt!
O arge Welt! o ärgre Zeit!!““
Dann eilt' er fort und ließ mich ſtehn,
Sagt' nicht einmal: „„Auf Wiederſehn!““

Ich dachte lang' darüber nach,
Was ich erfuhr an dieſem Tag,
Und kam zuletzt auf einen Troſt,
Der Allen mög' zu Theile werden.
Drum, Leidensbrüder! her zu mir,
Denn guten Balſam hab' ich hier:
Ob Ihr Euch frei ob feſt geloost
Zu ſchwerem Sklavendienſt auf Erden,
Bleibt heiter, wenn die Kraft Euch bleibt,
Den innern Menſchen auszubilden!
Ob Euch dann auch das Schickſal treibt
Zu Cultivirten oder Wilden,

Ihr ſtrebt und wirket nicht vergebens, —
Wie das Geſchick Euch auch verkürzt:
Die Leiden ſind das Salz des Lebens,
Mit denen Gott das Daſein würzt.
Klein oder groß, ſie hindern doch
Nicht in dem Alltag zu verſumpfen;
Wahr oder falſch, ſie wehren, noch
Vor unſerm Alter abzuſtumpfen.
Sie führen erſt in's Leben ein,
Uns auf die Höh' des Daſeins ſchwingend,
Die Seele läuternd und durchdringend,
Bis ſie, von allen Schlacken rein,
Von allen Uebeln iſt geneſen.
Drum hab' ich auch mit vielem Fleiß
Der Leiden Heer hier aufgeſtellt,
Und Mancher, der gar viel ſich weiß,
Wird finden, er ſei doch kein Held,
Wenn er ſich niederdrücken läßt
Von dem, was quält und plagt und preßt.
Nein, will man wirklich haben Ruh'
Am hellen Tag, in dunkler Nacht,
So ſei die Loſung: Ausgelacht
Was Leid heißt und ſich ſelbſt dazu.
Wer es darin zur Force bringt,
Kann ſicher ſein, daß ihm gelingt,
Und hätt' er keinen Pfennig Geld,
Sich zu beherrſchen und die Welt

Von dem Geſichtspunkt ging ich aus,
Als ich das Büchlein hier verfaßt,
So bitt' ich denn in dieſem Haus,
Geehrter Leſer, Dich zu Gaſt.
Sei mir gewogen und tritt ein,
Vergiß darob die eigne Pein,
Gieb Deiner Seele neue Schnellkraft,
Du findeſt ſeltſame Geſellſchaft,
Ob der, wenn Du ſie recht beſiehſt,
Du nicht die Stirn in Falten ziehſt.
Vielleicht gefällt am Ende Dir —
Und große Freude wär' es mir —
Das wunderbare Völkchen da,
Das Volk der —

JOCO SERIA

Einleitung.

Plato läßt in ſeinem Gaſtmahl den Apollodoros ſagen: „Theils habe ich Mitleiden mit Euch, Ihr Freunde, daß Ihr bei Eurem nichtigen

Thun ſo viel zu ſchaffen wähnt.“ Ich muß geſtehen, dieſe Worte liegen mir ſtets im Sinne und drängen ſich mir wider Willen über die Lippen, wenn ich nur die Naſe aus dem Fenſter ſtecke. Man ſollte eigentlich das auch gar nicht thun; die Welt wimmelt von Unglück, und man weiß ſich nicht davor zu retten. Pascal bemerkt irgendwo, alles Unglück käme allein davon her, daß die Menſchen ſich nicht ruhig im Zimmer zu halten wüßten. Das iſt allerdings ein ſehr wahres Wort, aber wie Alles unter dem Monde, iſt es kein vollkommener Ausſpruch; denn wie viel Unglück harrt nicht eines armen Erdenſohnes, der ruhig in ſeinem Zimmer bleibt. Ach! unſichtbar, aber darum nicht minder fruchtbar, gedeihen die Dornenranken unſers Daſeins, ſelbſt in der Stubenluft, und wenn man das ganze Jahr auch kein Fenſter öffnete. Das kann ich beweiſen. Recht behaglich hatte ich mir die Lampe angezündet, das Papier zurechtgelegt, die Stahlfedern probirt, ob ſie auch keine ungleichen Spitzen hätten, die Tinte unterſucht, ob ſie auch von Schimmel frei, meinen Stuhl geprüft, ob ſich im Sitze nicht auch verborgene Nadeln fänden, meinen Bedienten weggeſchickt, damit er mich nicht während der glücklichſten Ideenconception mit unnützen Fragen oder am Tage vergeſſenen Beſtellungen unterbräche, kurz alle nur erdenklichen Störungen aus dem Wege geräumt, um ſo recht mit Liebe an dieſem Werke zu arbeiten, das — die Frucht eines bewegten Lebens und reicher Erfahrung — die Menſchen über ihr angeborenes, anerzogenes, angeflogenes Elend unterrichten ſoll, da erhebt ſich plötzlich draußen ein boshafter Novemberſturm, ſo ein recht malitiöſer Nordweſt zu Nord, und ſchlägt an meine Fenſter, daß ſie klirren; zugleich einen feinen, durchdringenden Regen daran peitſchend, gerade ſo wie in jener Nacht zu Eger, als Wallenſtein ermordet wurde. Seelenvergnügt, denn meine Fenſter ſind dicht, die Rouleaux herunter, die Laden vor, und in meinem Zimmer herrſcht die angenehmſte Temperatur, ſchlug ich dem Schickſal ein Schnippchen und ſang recht con amore: Komm nur her, komm nur her, Nordweſt zu Nord! nach der bekannten Melodie: Komm nur her, komm nur her, ſchöner Schweizerbub! und wollte eben, um das Factum recht zu verhöhnen, hinzufügen: Hier ſitz' ich auf Raſen, mit Roſen bekränzt! da bleibt mir plötzlich das Wort Raſen in der Kehle ſtecken, oder viel-

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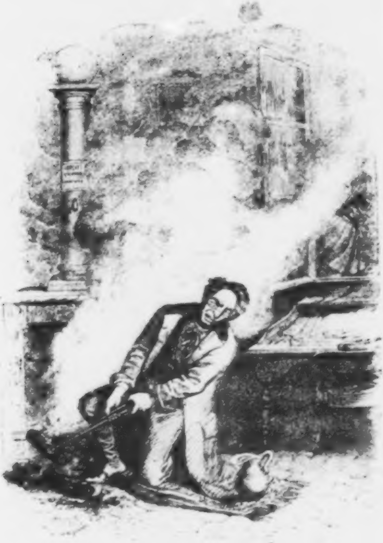

mehr, es überſchlägt ſich rückwärts mir wieder in die Gurgel hinein, und wird halbgequetſcht durch einen gewaltſamen Huſten auf's Neue hinausgeſchleudert, und zur ſelben Zeit treten mir die ätzendſten Thränen in die Augen, verzieht ſich meine Naſe in krampfhaften Zuckungen. Entſetzt, pruſtend, huſtend, ſtöhnend und keuchend ſpringe ich auf, um nach der Urſache dieſer teufliſchen Störung zu ſehen. Aber bin ich das im Stande? Gott bewahre, ein dicker Rauch füllt das Gemach. — Ich Aermſter! Spielball der Schickſalstücken! — Mit allen Winden iſt die Feuereſſe, in die mein Ofen ſeinen Rauch abſetzt, befreundet, nur mit dieſem vertrackten Nordweſt zu Nord nicht, der ſich auf ihr lagert wie Fueßli's berühmter Alp auf der jungen träumenden Schönen, und allen Dampf wieder zurücktreibt, von wannen er kam. Da haben wir nun die Beſcheerung. — Ich reiße das Fenſter auf, nachdem ich Rouleaux und Laden haſtig entfernt und mir dabei noch die Hand verſtaucht habe. Ein eiſig kalter Zugwind durchſchauert mich und treibt noch obendrein den Dampf wieder in das Gemach zurück, anſtatt ihn hinaus zu laſſen; ein feiner Regen ſchlägt mir in's Geſicht und bedeckt mir die Brille mit Tropfen, ſo daß ich gar Nichts ſehe. Inzwiſchen ſchießt mit jedem Windſtoße eine züngelnde, nach meinem eleganten Schlafrocke gierig leckende Flamme wie ein Pfeil aus dem Ofenloche hervor und eine dicke Rauchwolke folgt ihr jedesmal nach, wie der Donner dem Blitz. Es bleibt mir alſo nichts übrig, als ſelbſt Hand an das Werk zu legen und das Feuer zu erſticken. Verzweifelnd knie ich vor dem Ofen hin; alles Waſſer, das mir zur Hand iſt, gieße ich hinein, um das brennende Holz zu löſchen, aber es reicht nicht hin und entwickelt nur noch mehr Dampf und Qualm. Ich greife zur Zange und reiße die glimmenden Scheite aus dem Ofen; doch nun fliegen mir auch Aſche und Funken um das Geſicht; die Luft, die ich einathme, iſt von ihnen und von dem Dampfe voll und zerſtört mir Bruſt und Augen; alle meine Geduld hat ein Ende, und zu welcher Reſignation ich es auch, Dank der Vorſehung, ſchon gebracht habe, mir bleibt doch Nichts übrig, als weinend, huſtend, pruſtend, ächzend, ſtöhnend, frierend und doch vor innerer Erregung ſchwitzend mich und das Zimmer, den Ofen und das Feuer in die

Hölle zu wünſchen und auf dem Eſtrich ſtampfend, taſtend, drückend die einzelnen glimmenden Stücke Holz, Kohlen und Funken auszulöſchen.

Endlich iſt das große Werk vollbracht, aber mein Zimmer kalt, mein Papier vom Regen durchnäßt, weil ich das Fenſter geöffnet ließ, mein Tintenfaß in der Verwirrung umgeworfen, mein Stuhl beſchmutzt, und vor Allem die behagliche Stimmung, in der ich dies unſterbliche Werk beginnen wollte, dahin gefahren, von wannen kein Wiederkehren iſt, wenigſtens ſo lange der verzweifelte Nordweſt zu Nord anhält, und nun frage ich, ob der Apollodoros in Platon's Gaſtmahl nicht Recht habe, weil er Mitleiden fühlt mit ſeinen Freunden, die bei ihrem nichtigen Thun ſo viel zu ſchaffen wähnen?

Ich laſſe mich aber doch nicht irren: dem Schickſal und dem jetzt kalten Zimmer zum Trotz ſetze ich mich mit thränenden Augen und krampfhaftem Huſten, mit halberſtarrten und halbverſengten Fingern von Neuem an den Schreibtiſch, nachdem ich Alles wieder, ſo gut es ging, von Neuem in Ordnung gebracht. So nehme ich denn nun mein Werk und meine Behauptung wieder auf, daß uns im Hauſe eben ſo viele Leiden über den Hals kommen, als im Freien. Wo gedeihen denn die kleinen als Inſecten verkappten Dämonen, die uns ſo entſetzlich plagen, necken, ſtören, beſſer als in unſern Zimmern? Erlaubt, daß ich Euch, nur als einen ſchwachen Beweis, die Arabeske von kleinen Leiden verſinnliche, welche als Dornenguirlande die erſte Seite dieſes Werkes ſchmückt und zu deren Compoſition für einen im Leiden geübten Künſtler nur geringe Erfindungskraft gehörte. Nehmen wir an, das ſei Euch Alles ſelbſt folgendermaßen begegnet, und ich wette, das iſt es ſchon einmal oder wird es ganz gewiß noch einmal. Ihr habt Euch in Gottes freier Natur ergangen, denn Ihr ſeid auch ein Menſch und wollt auch die Natur genießen, weil es Euch ſchon in der Schule gelehrt wurde, wie ſchön die Natur ſei. Da habt Ihr denn einen ganzen Tag daran geſetzt und ſeid über Wald und Berg gezogen, über Waſſer, durch tiefes Thal. O und wie habt Ihr ſie genoſſen: die Sonne hat Euch gebrannt, der Regen durchnäßt, auf den Bergen der Wind Euch eiſig durchſchauert. Aber das ſchadet Nichts, die Natur iſt doch ſchön. — Mücken haben Euch geſtochen, Ameiſen krochen Euch in die Stiefel, Fliegen ſetzten ſich Euch auf die Naſe, Kröten ſpazierten Euch über die Füße, Vögel ſchenkten Euch ſonſt noch etwas, wenn Ihr unter einem Baume ausruhtet, als ihren ſüßen Geſang — aber das ſchadet Nichts, die Natur iſt doch ſchön. — Ueber Wurzeln ſeid Ihr geſtolpert, Dornen haben Euch den Rockſchoß zerriſſen, Aeſte Euch den Hut vom Kopfe geſtreift — das ſchadet Alles Nichts, die Natur iſt doch ſchön. — Mitten im Walde ſind Euch fünf oder ſechs bedenklich ausſehende Kerle begegnet, ungefähr wie dieſe confiſcirte Branntweinsſeele hier, und haben Euch auf eine ſehr unverſchämte Weiſe angebettelt, worüber Eure junge Frau ſich furchtbar entſetzte, was noch ſehr bedenkliche Folgen haben kann. Was kann aber die arme Natur dafür? die iſt doch ſchön. — Die Natur hat ſolche Strolche nicht ſo hervorgebracht, ſondern das ſind ſie erſt durch die civiliſirte Geſellſchaft geworden. Endlich aber, nachdem Ihr alle dieſe Leiden überſtanden, nachdem Ihr mit Eurer ſchwärmeriſchen beſſeren Hälfte

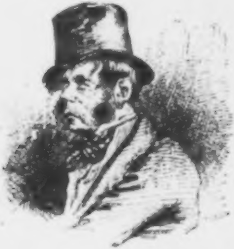

einen ganzen Tag im Freien erlebt und die ſchöne Natur wahrhaft idylliſch genoſſen habt, macht Ihr Euch auf den Rückweg. Da ſteigt noch ein Gewitter auf, mit gewaltigem Sturm, der Euch plötzlich Euern Hut vom Kopfe reißt und ihn in das Waſſer ſchleudert. Ihr ſendet Euern wohl dreſſirten Hund nach, den Ihr erſt ſeit einigen Tagen aus ſeiner Erziehungsanſtalt abgeholt, aber die Beſtie gefällt ſich nicht im Waſſer, kehrt wieder um und ſpringt, naß wie ſie iſt, ganz vergnügt Eure junge Frau an, die vor Entſetzen ein lautes Geſchrei erhebt, da ihr ganzer Anzug verdorben wird und ſie noch mit Euch durch die halbe Stadt muß, ehe Ihr Eure Wohnung erreicht. — Ohne Hut könnt Ihr doch auch nicht zurückkommen, denn ein Staatsdiener, der in jetzigen Zeiten ohne Hut durch die Straßen ginge, würde poſitiv ſogleich, aus adminiſtrativen Gründen, als ein Revolutionär abgeſetzt werden, und das geht doch platterdings nicht, wenn man eben erſt geheirathet hat. Alſo Ihr macht Euch ſelbſt an das Werk. Vorſichtig zieht Ihr Strümpfe und Stiefel aus und wagt Euch in das Waſſer, von dem Ihr wißt, daß es nicht tief iſt. Der Sturm hat Euch den Regenſchirm umgeklappt und zerbrochen. Erfinderiſch benutzt Ihr den Stock deſſelben mit dem Griff daran, um Euern Hut zu erfaſſen, der ſich luſtig auf den Wellen wiegt, aber jeden Augenblick unterzuſinken droht. Endlich glückt es Euch, ſiegreich wendet Ihr Euch nun zu der Genoſſin Eurer Freuden in der ſchönen Natur: da ſeht Ihr das Unglück, das Euer Revo mittlerweile in ihrem eleganten Sommeranzuge angerichtet. Und als Ihr nun wieder zu Euern Stiefeln eilt, da hat irgend ein böſer Dämon, gleichviel in welcher Geſtalt, Euch Waſſer hinein practicirt. Die Strümpfe könnt Ihr gar nicht anziehen und die Stiefel — dieſelben Stiefel, mit denen Ihr Euch vor acht Tagen ſo entſetzlich quältet, als Ihr mit Eurer jungen Frau Staatsviſiten bei den Gattinnen Eurer hohen Vorgeſetzten machen wolltet, und — obgleich ſie nicht mehr in der Mode — Eure eleganten aber auch höchſt engen Pantalons bereits angezogen hattet, ſo daß Ihr nicht rück-, nicht vorwärts konntet und im Zimmer umherhüpftet wie ein angeſchoſſener Specht, dieſe Stiefel ſind nun ganz feucht und laſſen ſich nur mit genauer Noth, nachdem Ihr die Füße nicht in die naſſen Strümpfe, ſondern die naſſen Strümpfe in die Taſche ge-

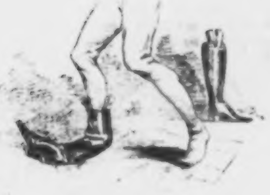

ſteckt habt, wieder anziehen. Endlich erreicht Ihr in dem deſolateſten Zuſtande Eure Wohnung. Aber die Natur iſt doch ſchön — ſehr ſchön! ſagt Ihr und denkt: Gottlob, nun hat alle Noth ein Ende. Ja — da müßte man ja kein Menſch ſein. — Nun geht der Jammer erſt recht an. Von dem Fußbade wider Willen habt Ihr pro primo das entſetzlichſte Kopfweh bekommen; Euch iſt zu Muthe, als tanzten Teufel auf Eurem armen Schädel eine Galoppade oder liefen Schlittſchuh darauf, und bohrten ſich mit ihren ſpitzen Stäben gerade an den allerempfindlichſten Stellen recht feſt ein. Ihr wollt etwas eſſen, denn Ihr ſeid bei allem Jammer ſehr hungrig geworden und hofft durch Sättigung die Migraine zu vertreiben, aber die Köchin, die den ganzen freien Tag ſehr fleißig benutzt, um — ſich und ihrem Schatze gütlich zu thun, hat an die arme Herrſchaft gar nicht gedacht und nicht einmal den Reis zu Eurer Suppe ordentlich geleſen, ſo daß Ihr bei dem erſten Löffel Suppe auch gleich einige Steinchen in den Mund bekommt — recht, als ſchöben tückiſche Dämonen ſie Euch abſichtlich hinein — und Euch Eure Zähne beſchädigt. Eure junge Gattin, der es auch den ganzen Tag, trotz aller Schönheit der Natur, recht ſchlecht gegangen iſt, und der — o Grauen! — ein Kleid, ein Shawl, ein Hut und Gott weiß was ſonſt Alles noch verdorben wurde, will es ſich bequem machen und ihrem ſehr durch Sturm und Regen in Unordnung gebrachten Haar durch die ſtarre Haſt der Papilloten während der Nacht wieder die alte Herrlichkeit verſchaffen, um am folgenden Tage mit der Fülle ihrer ſchönen Locken (lauter Netze, in denen ſich Liebesgötter fangen) den zärtlichen Ehemann von Neuem zu beglücken und zu feſſeln, aber — Eure Vorwürfe wegen der kleinlichen Reißſuppe haben die alte verſtockte Köchin ſo aufgebracht, daß ſie mit raffinirteſter Tücke das reiche Haupthaar Eurer beſſeren Hälfte, anſtatt zu brennen, verbrennt, anſtatt es zu ordnen, verwirrt. Bei dem troſtloſen Geſicht Eurer Gemahlin wird Eure Naſe noch einmal ſo lang. Gequält, bedrückt, geärgert, hungrig, frierend ſucht Ihr Euer Lager auf, um in den Armen des Schlafes allen Jammer des Tages — des Tages, an dem Ihr die ſchöne Natur genießen wolltet, zu vergeſſen. — Aber, könnt Ihr ſchlafen? — Aermſter, — nur durch eine Wand geſchieden, hört Ihr, nicht Euer Kind — das ließe ſich noch ertragen, denn was erträgt Aelternliebe nicht — nein, das Kind Eurer Nachbarin, der gattenloſen, die ganze Nacht in den ohrenzerreißendſten Tönen ſchreien und quäken — während Eurer Wohnung gegenüber in der Herberge die Geſellen Freinacht haben und mit türkiſcher Trommel, Drehorgel und Halbmond, welche von kunſtliebenden Dilettanten unter ihnen geſpielt werden, einen Ball improviſiren, der bis zum hellen Tage dauert. Armer Kreuzträger! dieſem infernaliſchen Lärm zum Trotz ſchlaft Ihr endlich ein, aber nun quälen Euch die tollſten Träume: ein wildes Pferd geht mit Euch durch, Diebe haben ſich eingeſchlichen, Mörder zwicken Eure Eingeweide mit glühenden Zangen — ſchreiend wacht Ihr auf, und jetzt tritt die ſchreckliche Wirklichkeit in Geſtalt einer Cholerine mit ihren Folgen, die Ihr Euch durch den Fiſchfang Eures Hutes zugezogen, in Euer Leben und jagt Euch aus dem warmen Lager unbarmherzig hinaus in die dunkle Nacht, dahin, wo Heulen und Zähnklappen iſt. —

Das aber ſind die Dämonen, die Ihr in Euerm Zimmer vorfandet, als Ihr von dem Genuſſe der ſchönen Natur zurückkehrtet. Iliacos muros peccatur intra et extra, das heißt auf deutſch, nicht blos im Freien, ſondern auch im Zimmer quälen und peinigen uns gleich ſehr, unabläſſig, unaufhörlich, unerträglich und unaufhaltſam die tauſend und aber

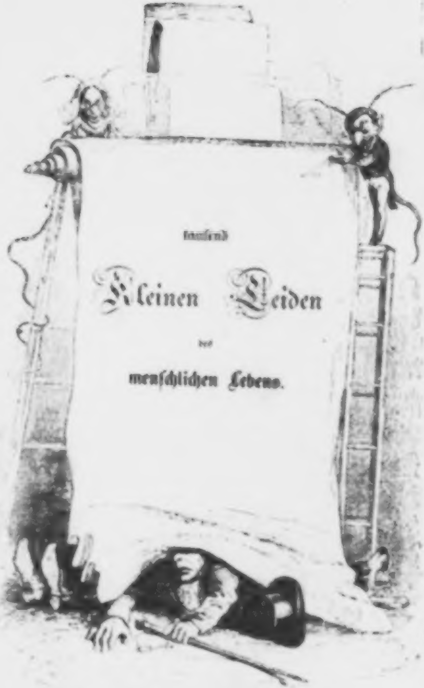
tauſend
Kleinen Leiden
des
menſchlichen Lebens.

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Die Tücken des Winters.

Genrebilder.

Der Winter hat zwei Geſichter wie ſein Schutzheiliger Janus, friedfertigen römiſchen Andenkens. Das eine Antlitz iſt komiſch, das andere tragiſch. Er tödtet und macht ſich luſtig; Beides oft zu derſelben Zeit, nur daß er ſeine Schlachtopfer zu Caricaturen verzerrt.

Herrliches Wetter! ruft der Cammerkaſſencalculator Schiefelbein — ein Junggeſelle in ſeinen beſten Jahren, d. h. über die guten Jahre ſchon längſt hinaus — als er aufwacht. Aber wie täuſcht er ſich. — Ach! was er für Sonnenſchein hält, iſt nur der Wiederſchein des auf den Dächern liegenden Schnees. Unſer Freund, der ſich raſch im Bette aufgeſetzt hatte, fährt mit erſtarrten Schultern wieder unter die Decke und harrt nun auf die Ankunft ſeiner Aufwärterin. Dieſe jedoch, Frau Heinichen genannt, iſt im Winter ſo faul wie ein Murmelthier, und Schiefelbein, der in die Expedition muß, ſteht endlich zähneklappernd auf, den trüben Blick nach ſeinem kalten Ofen richtend, in welchem halbausgebrannte und erloſchene Holzſcheite friedlich neben einander ſchlummern. Während er ſein Phosphorfeuerzeug und ſeine Sammlung alter Zeitungen zur Hälfte conſumirt, um endlich eine Flamme auflodern zu ſehn, betrüben und quälen die finſterſten Gedanken den armen Beamten. Wenn Frau Heinichen gar nicht kommt, ſo iſt er genöthigt, ſich um Haushaltungsangelegenheiten zu kümmern, die ihm ganz fremd geworden ſind, und ſelbſt ſich Milch und Semmel zu holen, um ſeinen beſcheidenen Kaffee nicht ſchwarz wie die Nacht und ohne die nothwendige Begleitung des Frühſtückbrodes hinabſchlucken zu müſſen.

Um wenigſtens etwas Zeit zu gewinnen, beſchließt er mittlerweile Toilette zu machen. Doch vergebens ſieht er ſich nach dem nöthigen Waſſer um: es iſt hart gefroren in dem Waſchbecken und der Caraffe. Beide, die er verzweifelnd ſchüttelt, künden durch einen dumpfen, ſchweren Ton ihm die Dicke des Eiſes an. Die Seife, hart wie Marmor, iſt Eins geworden mit der beſcheidenen Untertaſſe, auf der ſie ruhte. Die am geſtrigen Abende noch feuchten Bürſten ſind vortrefflich geeignet alle Formen der Kryſtalliſation daran zu ſtudiren. Schiefelbein muß aber auf die Expedition und fühlt daher doppelt lebhaft, welch ein Leid es ſei, ſich bei ſolchem Wetter auf die Straße zu wagen

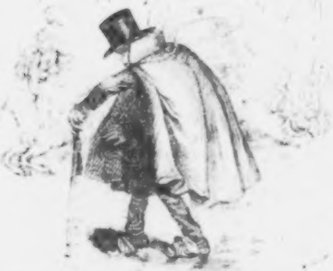

Er betheuert ſich ſelbſt, daß ſeit Menſchengedenken nicht ſolche Kälte geherrſcht habe; aber dieſes hiſtoriſche Zeugniß lindert ſeinen Jammer nicht. Seine Zähne klappern, ſeine Glieder erſtarren, die

Nägel ſpringen ihm an den Fingern, ſeine Haare richten ſich wie Borſten wieder unter dem Kamme empor. Er trippelt, hüpft und ſpringt, bald vom Ofen an das Fenſter, dann vom Fenſter an die Thür, endlich von der Thür an die Treppe; ungeduldig ruft er dort, da, hier: Frau Heinichen! aber keine Frau Heinichen läßt ſich ſehen.

Endlich kommt ſie .... Ihr aſthmatiſches Keuchen auf der Treppe und das Schlürfen ihrer Pantoffeln erfreut ihn, als ob es die Ankunft eines Gottes verkündigte. Heimlich beglückt, ruft er entzückt mit Schiller, deſſen Dithyrambe ihm gerade als außerordentlich paſſend auf ſeinen Zuſtand, ja, wie recht dafür gedichtet, einfällt:

Nimmer, das glaubt mir,
Erſcheinen die Götter,
Nimmer allein.
Kaum daß ich Bacchus, den luſtigen, habe,
Kommt auch ſchon Amor, der lächelnde Knabe,
Phöbus, der herrliche, findet ſich ein.
Sie nahen, ſie kommen,
Die Himmliſchen Alle,
Mit Göttern erfüllt ſich
Die irdiſche Halle.

Die Thür öffnet ſich und es kommen herein: Frau Heinichen und eine höchſt unangenehme Zugluft, die die Kälte im Zimmer wenigſtens um drei Grad verſtärkt. Der Kammerkaſſencalculator hält es für gerathener, ſeine Freude zu verbergen und die Aufwärterin mit dem kalten Ernſte eines erzürnten Staatsbeamten zu empfangen. So breit wie möglich ſetzt er ſich vor dem Ofen hin, im Begriff, ihr ein zerſchmetterndes „Nun, kommt ſie endlich?“ zuzuſchleudern; aber Frau Heinichen ahnt das aufſteigende Gewitter und hat ſich, um es zu vertreiben, mit einer mächtigen Entſchuldigung gerüſtet. Es iſt nämlich der Tag, wo Schiefelbein ſeine reine Wäſche erwartet. Sie präſentirt ihm ein Paar geſtern gewaſchener und dem Nachtfroſte ausgeſetzter Strümpfe, die auf ein Haar zwei gedörrten Stockfiſchen gleichen. Die Ueberraſchung, die ihm dieſer Anblick verurſacht, lähmt ihm die Sprache.

Von ſeiner Milde gerührt, iſt die Alte voll der unermüdlichſten Sorgfalt für ihn. Während er ſich zu raſiren glaubt, mit einer

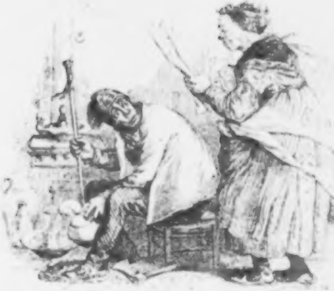

Art von ſtumpfer Säge, die ein Raſirmeſſer heißt und nach dem Kunſtausdruck mehr als einen Draht hat, ſodaß ihm unter heftigen Schmerzen ein Haar ſeines Bartes nach dem andern ausſpringt, hat ſie ihm ſein Frühſtück bereitet. Endlich iſt er ſo weit fertig und eilt nun auf ſein Expeditionszimmer, wo er wenigſtens eine genügende Wärme vorfindet; ungefähr doppelt ſo viel Grad Wärme, als draußen Grad Kälte herrſchen, — denn wenn in unſern bureaukratiſchen Zeiten die Beamten nicht einmal warm ſäßen, wer ſollte es denn thun? da ginge ja nächſtens die Welt unter; aber die geht ſobald nicht unter; jene Herren wiſſen vortrefflich auf Staatsunkoſten für das Beſte des Staates, und das iſt doch gewiß die Erhaltung der Welt, zu ſorgen. Die wärme

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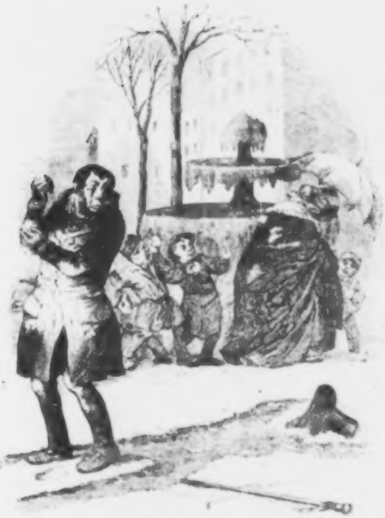

ſten Stätten im Winter ſind daher auch immer die Gerichtszimmer, Reiſebureaus, Amtsſtuben u. ſ. w.

Begleiten wir nun den Herrn Kammerkaſſenkalkulator Schiefelbein auf die Straße. Obgleich ihn die Zeit drängt, ſo ſind ſeine Schritte doch ſehr abgemeſſen. Vorſichtig verläßt er das Trottoir jedes Mal überall, wo ſich ein etwas bedenklicher Abhang zeigt. Er hat den Kragen ſeines Ueberrockes ſorgfältig in die Höhe geſchlagen: dieſer, ſowie ſein tief in die Augen gedrückter Hut, deſſen breiter Rand kaum ein Drittel ſeines mageren Geſichtes zeigt, geben ihm ſo ziemlich das Anſehn einer wandelnden Mumie. Indem er ſich einer gewiſſen Straße nähert, wird ſein an ſich ſchon unſicherer Gang immer ſchwankender und ungewiſſer. Ein luſtiges Schreien traf ſein Ohr und er ſieht voraus, daß ſich daſſelbe bei ſeinem Kommen verdoppeln werde. In der That, kaum erſcheint er, ſo ſtimmt ein Dutzend junger Schlingel, mit Backen, die weiß und blau marmorirt ſind, ein Spottlied an. Schiefelbein, der ſie kennt, weiß ſehr wohl, warum die wilde Bande ſich zerſtreut und wem die Schneeballen beſtimmt ſind, von denen jeder dieſer Straßenbuben ſchon einen ziemlichen Vorrath bereit hält. Unſer armer Staatsdiener macht gute Miene zum böſen Spiel und verſucht ſeine Feinde durch ſein kluges Benehmen zu entwaffnen. Vorſichtig lüftet er das gelbe ſeidene Tuch, das er zwei Mal um den Hals gewickelt hat, und macht ſein mageres Antlitz für einen Augenblick frei, um ein gezwungenes Lächeln zu zeigen. Vergebliche Politik, ohne Wirkung auf die unbarmherzigen Gaſſenjungen. Alle ihre Batterieen ſpielen zu gleicher Zeit: von hinten wie von vorn, von der Rechten wie von der Linken treffen ihn pfeifend die unſchuldigen Bomben. Anfangs affectirt Schiefelbein eine ſtoiſche Gelaſſenheit, aber ſein erkünſtelter Muth macht bald natürlicheren Empfindungen Platz. Ein Schneeball trifft ſein Auge: die Geduld verläßt ihn, er zieht ſeinen Naſenwärmer in die Höhe, faßt ſeinen Hut mit beiden Händen und verdoppelt ſcheltend ſeine Schritte. Unglücklicherweiſe hat er die Gefahren einer ſo eiligen Flucht nicht berechnet. Der tückiſche Schnee gleitet ihm unter den Füßen weg und, ehe er ſich deſſen verſieht, gleicht unſer beklagendwerther Kammerkaſſencalculator einem Müllerburſchen auf ein Haar. Er ſteht wieder auf, von unten bis oben gepudert und ſetzt ſchleunig ſeinen Weg fort, froh, daß die kampfluſtige Jugend einen anderen Zielpunkt ihrer Schießübungen gefunden hat. Aber an einer anderen Stelle, die ſo glatt iſt wie polirter Stahl und ſich ein wenig neigt, verliert er von Neuem das Gleichgewicht und legt ſich der Länge nach glorreich auf den Rücken hin. Nehmen wir an, daß in dieſem Augenblicke ſein Präſident vorüberkäme: hätte der Winter nicht Urſache in ſeinen alten, bereiften Bart zu lachen?

Aber nicht an alten Junggeſellen allein, ſondern auch an ganz anderen Leuten läßt der Winter ſeine Tücken aus. Du haſt, lieber, junger, eleganter Leſer, auf dem geſtrigen Balle mit einer jener bleichen

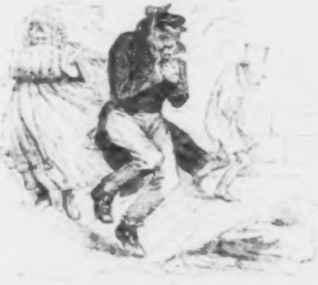

zierlichen Sylphiden gewalzt, deren zarten Teint eine durchtanzte Nacht kaum röthet. Iſt ſie es wirklich, die dir heute begegnet, aus der Kirche kommend, ſchwerfällig in dickes Pelzwerk und wattirte Stoffe gehüllt? Dieſes mißgeſtaltete Pack Kleider, das wäre ihre Wespentaille? dieſe blauen, aufgeſprungenen Lippen ihr Roſenmund? Willſt du unter dieſen Augenliedern, roth wie die eines Eskimo, ihren ruhigen und ſchönen Blick ſuchen? Ihr zarter Fuß wenigſtens, unter dem ſich kaum die goldene Aehre beugt, wenn er ſie berührt. . . . um Gottes willen! dieſer ſo leichte Fuß zerbricht eine dicke Eiskruſte und kommt eben nicht im angenehmſten Zuſtand wieder aus einer kothigen Goſſe hervor.

Zeigen wir ein anderes Bild. Funfzehnhundert Perſonen, die Sahne einer großen und glänzenden Reſidenz, ſind verſammelt, um die göttlichſte Muſik von der Welt zu genießen. Nichts iſt verſäumt worden das herrliche Kunſtwerk in ſeiner möglichſten Vollkommenheit vorzuführen. Das Geld — dieſer Herrſcher — hat alle Hinderniſſe aus dem Wege geräumt. Zwei berühmte Tenore geben Gaſtrollen; die Prima Donna und zwar eine wirkliche Prima Donna ſteht ſchon auf der Bühne. Eine Kapelle, deren Ripieniſten ſelbſt Virtuoſen ſind, begleitet mit der genaueſten Aufmerkſamkeit den Geſang. — Still, wenn ich bitten darf. Niemand rühre ſich — Nehmen Sie ſich ja in Acht, mein Herr, daß die feinen Sohlen Ihrer Schuhe nicht knarren. — Um Gottes willen, gnädige Frau, ſtecken Sie die Camelie feſt, die aus Ihren Locken auf die Baluſtrade fallen und durch das Geräuſch unſere Freude ſtören könnte. — Stille! Bitte! kein Wort, keinen Laut. — Da wird der erſte Accord angeſchlagen. . . . .

Die Prima Donna. Crudel tiranno!

Eine Baßſtimme im Orcheſter. Krumm! Krmmm!

Chor der Dilettanten. Scht! Scht!

Die Prima Donna. Pietà di me!

Eine Baronin. Atſchi! Atſchi!

Ihre Nachbarin. Ihr Wohlſein!

Chor in den Logen. Scht! Scht!

Die Prima Donna. Vorrei morir!

Ein Staatsminiſter. Krrrr! tſcht! gbhh!

Ein Präſident. Aber — meiner Treu — das iſt unerträglich! (Er ſchnäuzt ſich.)

Die Prima Donna. Vo - o - orrei morir! Vo - orrei moooooorir!

Allgemeiner Chor. Schſch!

Um dieſe Verſammlung wohlerzogener Zuhörer in ein lärmendes Bacchanal zu verwandeln, bedurfte es nur einer Laune des Winters und einige zwanzig jener antimuſikaliſchen Schnupfen, mit denen er die am ſicherſten verwahrten Kehlen, die am ſorgfältigſten bedeckten Häupter überfällt, ſtellten ſich gehorſam ein.

Die Liebhaber und die Diebe — zwei Claſſen von Bürgern, welche von einander zu unterſcheiden ſehr ſchwer fällt, haben auch ſehr oft einen Zahn auf dieſe grauſame Jahreszeit.

Vermittelſt einer Strickleiter überſteigt Jemand die Mauern eines Parks. Die von dem Froſte gehärtete Erde hallt, zu ſeinem Schrecken, unter ſeinen Tritten wieder. Wenn der Schloßhund aufwachte!! Der Gärtner, der bereits auf den Beinen iſt und die Flinte bereit hält, lauert vielleicht ſchon mit böſem Blicke auf den nächtlichen Beſucher. Dieſer ſchreitet dennoch vor, langſam, mit geſenktem Haupte, gerunzelter Stirn; hinter jedem Baum bleibt er ſtehen und ſegnet ganz leiſe den Himmel, welcher anfängt ſich mit Wolken zu bedecken. Von dieſem beſchützt, erreicht er endlich das Ziel und mit Nachſchlüſſeln oder mit Dietrichen verſehen — je nachdem Amor oder Merkur ſeine Schritte leitet — dringt er in das Schloß ein. — Zwei oder drei Stunden verſtreichen, während welcher der Schnee, in dichten Flocken fallend, eine dicke Decke über die Erde ſchüttet. Unſer geheimnißvoller Nachtwandler — iſt's ein Liebender? — erſcheint wieder auf der Schwelle, die er raſch hinter ſich läßt. O Schrecken und Entſetzen! Wie ſoll er entfliehen, ohne dem Boden verrätheriſche Fußſtapfen einzudrücken? Eginhard entkam einer ähnlichen Verlegenheit durch die Treue ſeiner kraftvollen Geliebten; aber das Blut Karl's des Großen fließt nicht in den Adern jeder hübſchen Dame. Auch könnte die Wohlthat nur einem Liebenden nützen. — Aber der Dieb, der unglückliche Dieb, iſt der nicht zu beklagen? Wie viel Dank iſt nicht die Criminaljuſtiz dem Winter ſchuldig, der ſo geſchickt und trefflich für ſie ſorgt.

Vor der ſtrengen Moral verdienen jene Leute wenigſtens das Schickſal, das ſie trifft. Welches Verbrechen hat aber jener arme Teufel begangen, der in einer lappländiſchen Nacht, an der Seite ſeiner theuern Ehehälfte eben beginnt, ſich der Süßigkeit des Schlafes zu erfreuen?

— Lieber Mann! —

Keine Antwort. Der Ton der Anrede wird ſtärker.

— Auguſt, wach' doch auf!

Auguſt wacht gähnend auf.

— Was iſt? — Was giebt's? was haſt du denn, zum Kuckuk?—

— Haſt du nachgeſehn, als du zu Hauſe kamſt, ob das Feuer im Wohnzimmer auch aus war?

— Das Feuer im Wohnzimmer? .... Nein, meiner Treu .... Haſt du noch Feuer machen laſſen?

— Ja, ich dachte, du würdeſt dich in der warmen Stube ausziehen wollen, wenn du kämſt. —

— Und die Klappe iſt nicht zugemacht? Wie?!

— Mir iſt, als röche es brenzlicht —

Bei dieſer Bemerkung ſteckt der beſorgte Hausherr ein Bein aus dem Bette; aber ehe noch ſein Fuß die Erde berührt, ſagt er vorſichtig:

— Wenn wir Hannen klingelten!

— Ja, wenn der Glockenzug nicht entzwei wäre. Auch würdeſt du den Kleinen aufwecken. —

— Höchſt ſonderbar! So ſpät noch in der Wohnſtube heizen zu laſſen.

— Es war ja zu deinem Beſten. .... Aber geh doch hin und ſieh nach; der Geruch wird immer ſtärker.

— Brrrr. — Wo iſt mein Schlafrock?

— Hanne hat ihn mitgenommen, um ihn auszubeſſern. — Aber geh doch nur .... mir wird ſo entſetzlich bange zu Muth.

— Na, erfroren oder gebraten, das kommt auf eins heraus.

— Meinethalben — denkt die zärtliche Gattin — aber braten muß ich mit dir und erfrieren thuſt du allein.

Das überſetzt ſie aber:

— Geh doch, lieber Auguſt! Ich ſterbe vor Angſt bei deinem Zaudern.

Der beſorgte Ehemann ſpaziert nun ohne Begleitung die Treppe hinab, die nur zweiundzwanzig Stufen hat.

Im Kamin des Wohnzimmers auf einem Haufen Aſche ſieht er noch zwei kleine mattglimmende Steinkohlen, die auch von ſelbſt erloſchen ſein würden. —

Na, die ſollen mir wieder ſo ſpät mit Einheizen kommen' denkt der gute Gatte ärgerlich und beeilt ſich zähnklappernd und frierend, ſein warmes Bett wieder zu erreichen. Als er dort angelangt iſt, findet er ſeine ängſtliche Gattin ſanft eingeſchlafen und auf ſein Brummen antwortet ſie nur mit melodiſchem Schnarchen.

◆

Ein Abend in der franzöſiſchen Oper.

Aus dem Reiſetagebuche eines deutſchen Kleinſtädters.

Mein erſter Gang war natürlich nach dem Palais-Royal. Noch auf dem Wege dahin las ich an einer Straßenecke die Affichen und ſah zu meiner Freude, daß an demſelben Abende die *Hugenotten* gegeben würden. Welch ein glückliches Zuſammentreffen! So wie ich, der Deutſche, nach Paris komme, begrüßt mich ſogleich das Werk eines deutſchen Meiſters, eines geborenen Berliners. Ja, von Deutſchland aus wird das wahre Heil über Frankreich kommen. — Das fühlte ich nur zu tief, und das ſtimmte mich ſehr freudig. Deutſche Gründlichkeit, deutſche Muſik, deutſche Treue, deutſche Ehrlichkeit, lauter Dinge, die man bisher in Frankreich nicht zu ſchätzen, nicht zu erkennen wußte, ſie werden, ſie müſſen ſich Bahn brechen und die Franzoſen noch erkennen, daß, wenn ſie auch unſern Geſchmack durch ihre Moden, wir ſie ſelbſt dereinſt durch unſere Tugenden beherrſchen werden. Es iſt doch ein wunderbares Gefühl, ein Deutſcher zu ſein.

Das muß man jedoch den Franzoſen laſſen, bis jetzt noch wiſſen ſie die Ereigniſſe und Erſcheinungen des Alltagslebens viel beſſer zu faſſen und zu handhaben als wir. Ich erinnere mich noch ſehr deutlich, als in Rattenhauſen vorigen Winter zum erſten Mal auf ausdrücklichen Befehl Sereniſſimi zum Geburtstage unſerer gnädigſten Fürſtin, ungeachtet aller Beſorgniſſe und Einwendungen des hohen Staatsminiſteriums, die Stumme von Portici gegeben wurde, wie ſich da Alles ſchon um drei Uhr vor dem Schauſpielhauſe lagerte, ſammelte, drängte, ſtieß und quetſchte, ganz ſo wie Seine Excellenz, der weiland großherzogliche Staatsminiſter und Geheimerath, Herr Johann Wolfgang von Goethe in ſeinem unſterblichen Trauerſpiele Fauſt (Siehe den Prolog, Stuttgart, bei Cotta, 1825. S. 7 und folgende) unübertrefflich ſchön dichtet, daß (bei Herrn von Goethe heißt es eigentlich wenn, aber dieſe kleine Variante wird man mir wohl geſtatten, da ich mir weiter keine Aenderung erlaube und es ſo vortrefflich paßt), alſo daß:

— ſich der Strom nach unſrer Bude drängt
Und mit gewaltig wiederholten Wehen
Sich durch die enge Gnadenpforte zwängt;
Bei hellem Tage, ſchon vor Vieren,
Mit Stößen ſich bis an die Kaſſe ficht,
Und wie in Hungersnoth um Brod an Bäckerthüren
Um ein Billet ſich faſt die Hälſe bricht.

Wie ganz anders iſt es dagegen in Paris. Da heißt es, wer zuerſt kommt, malt zuerſt, und wer zuletzt kommt, muß warten, bis ſeine Vorderleute befriedigt ſind. Da werden ſie ordentlich durch Geländer, die man anſetzt, eingepfercht, und Schildwachen ſind dabei aufgeſtellt und dulden nicht, daß ſich Einer vordrängt, und wenn's ein General wäre. Das iſt Gleichheit der Menſchenrechte und da giebt es keine privilegirte Kaſte, wie leider noch in Deutſchland, beſonders in den kleinen Reſidenzen. Eine ſolche Aufſtellung nun, bis zur Oeffnung der Kaſſe, heißt in Paris eine queue.

Ich habe mir den Kopf zerbrochen, um den Urſprung dieſer Benennung zu finden, aber es hat mir nicht glücken wollen, obgleich ich ſonſt gar nicht erfolglos in etymologiſchen Forſchungen bin. In dem ſehr reichhaltigen Lexikon von Wolff und Lenz (Weimar 1836, zweite Auflage) finde ich Seite 1030 zwar unter dem Artikel queue neben einigen dreißig anderen Bedeutungen dieſes Wortes auch die Redensart angegeben: Il y a queue à ce spectacle und erklärt durch „man ſteht in einer Reihe, wenn dies Schauſpiel gegeben wird, es iſt ſehr beliebt, man drängt ſich dazu" — aber das kann mir nicht genügen und giebt mir keine Aufhellung über den Urſprung dieſes Ausdruckes. Ich will es mir notiren, und wenn ich mit Gottes Hülfe wieder zu Hauſe bin, es gründlich zu erforſchen ſuchen und eine kleine Abhandlung für unſere linguiſtiſche und ethnographiſche Mittwochsgeſellſchaft darüber ſchreiben. Für jetzt will ich es aber dabei bewenden laſſen und zu Papier bringen, wie es mir an jenem Abende erging, was gegenwärtig doch das Wichtigſte und Nothwendigſte bleibt.

Ich ſtellte mich alſo auch in die Queue hin; aber meine kleine und ſchmächtige Geſtalt, die mir ſonſt immer bei allen öffentlichen Schauſpielen ſehr zu Statten kommt, war mir diesmal etwas hinderlich. Die Maſſe mehrte ſich mit jedem Augenblicke und bald war ich

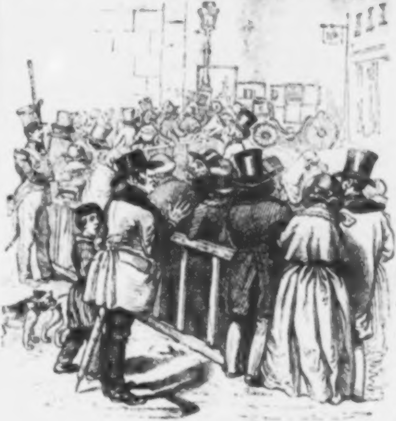

von meinem Nachbar zur Rechten, einem dicken Engländer, ſo in meinen Nachbar zur Linken, einen ſtämmigen Amerikaner, hineingedrängt, daß ich mir wirklich vorkam wie ein in einen unbeholfenen Bleiklumpen gefaßtes Juwel. Ich ließ mir das eine Zeitlang gefallen, als es jedoch zu arg wurde, lehnte ich mich mit Zunge und Elbogen, die ich beide ſo ſpitz wie möglich machte, gegen dieſes Unterdrückungs- oder richtiger Zerdrückungsſyſtem auf. Nun warfen ſich aber meine beiden Nachbarn argliſtig einen Blick des Einverſtändniſſes zu und, ſich durch eine combinirte Bewegung raſch einander nähernd, ſchleuderten ſie mich plötzlich zurück, ſodaß ich meinem Hintermann zwiſchen die Beine gerieth. Dieſer benutzte, wie ich zu meinem größten Leidweſen mir erſt ſpäter deutlich machte, den Umſtand mit ſeltener Gewandtheit, mein Taſchentuch zu ſtibitzen; ein ſchönes, feines linnenes Tuch, das meine geliebte Henriette, als wir uns verlobten, nebſt fünf andern Tüchern von derſelben Qualität und Feinheit, ſelbſt geſäumt und die Anfangsbuchſtaben meines Namens hineingeſtickt hatte. Dieſer Verluſt ſchmerzte mich ſehr und betrübt mich noch immer, wenn ich daran denke. Damals aber ward ich es nicht gleich gewahr, ſo ſehr waren meine Gedanken auf den mir bevorſtehenden Genuß gerichtet, der noch erhöht werden ſollte dadurch, daß, wie ich von den Umſtehenden in der Queue vernahm, der König mit ſeiner ganzen Familie das Theater beſuchen würde. Louis Philipp war ja für mich die größte hiſtoriſche Merkwürdigkeit in Paris, und da ich nicht wagte mich den Tuilerien oder Neuilly zu nahen, aus Furcht, der Abſicht eines Attentats auf das Leben dieſes Monarchen aus dem Hauſe Orleans, welche ſich damals nur zu oft wiederholten, für verdächtig gehalten und gefänglich eingezogen zu werden, ſo war mir dieſe Gelegenheit, meine geſchichtliche Wißbegierde zu befriedigen, ſehr erwünſcht, und ich betrachtete es als einen beſondern Glücksfall, an demſelben Abende, der noch dazu der erſte ſeit meiner Ankunft in Paris war, gleich ſo zu ſagen zwei Fliegen mit einer Klappe ſchlagen zu können. Sobald ich daher an die Kaſſe kam, nahm ich ſogleich ein Billet für das Parkett, weil ich hoffte von hier aus Alles auf das Bequemſte im ganzen Hauſe zu ſehen, da ich mich mit tüchtigen Binocles bewaffnet hatte*). Aber nur zu bald bereute ich die Wahl, das Haus drohte ſehr voll zu werden; ich hatte den vierten Sitz von der Ecke bekommen und die Hälfte der ganzen Reihe mußte bei mir vorüber. Die Sperrſitze ſind aber entſetzlich ſchmal und eng. Da ich ſelbſt nur ſchmächtig und klein bin, ſo ward ich nach den Geſetzen der Phyſik bei dem Durchdrängen am meiſten gepeinigt; denn

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*) Für meine des Franzöſiſchen unkundigen Freunde bemerke ich, daß binocle, aus dem Lateiniſchen von bis und oculus herkommend und daraus zuſammengeſetzt, ein Inſtrument bedeutet, welches aus zwei in der Entfernung beider Augen an einander befeſtigten, durch eine Schraube zu ſtellenden Operngucken beſteht. — In der Naturgeſchichte bezeichnet binocle dagegen ein Schalthier, das Doppelauge genannt

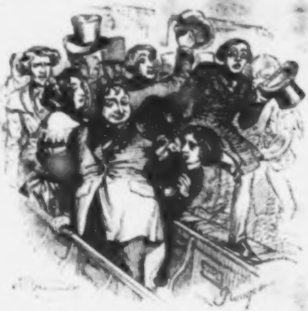

der Druck, den ein ſolider, compacter, ſchwerer menſchlicher Körper auf mich ausübte, konnte durch den Gegendruck meiner kleinen Figur nicht in eine Art von Gleichgewicht gebracht werden, ſondern erhielt eher noch Verſtärkung. Das Gedränge wuchs und ich litt dadurch faſt an allen Stellen meines armen Leibes, ſo ſehr ich mich auch bemühte, indem ich mich zuſammendrängte und den Athem einzog, das Volumen meines Körpers zu verringern.

Zwar durfte ich hoffen, daß mit dem Beginne der Oper ſich der Zudrang legen würde, aber mit jedem Zwiſchenacte mußte ſich das Uebel wiederholen und ich lief wirklich Gefahr — ohne alle Uebertreibung geredet — nicht mit ganzen Gliedmaßen das Theater am Schluſſe verlaſſen zu können. Was hatte ich nicht ſchon Alles ausgeſtanren' — Mit der größten Artigkeit und einem ſtereotypen Pardon, Monsieur, das mit den verſchiedenſten Betonungen ausgeſprochen wurde, hatte ſich ein neuangekommener Zuſchauer derſelben Reihe nach dem anderen an mir vorübergequetſcht; bald hatten ſich unſere Uhrketten und Knöpfe verfitzt, wie das Tauwerk und die Steuer zweier Schiffe, die ein Sturm zuſammenſtoßen läßt, bald trat mir Einer auf meine Hühneraugen, bald drängte mich Einer mit ſeinem hinteren Menſchen, daß mir der Athem ausging; bald wieder legte ſich ein Vierter, den die Gottheit mit einem beträchtlichen Bauche geſegnet, dermaßen auf mich, daß ich faſt die Fähigkeit zu hören und zu ſehen verlor und meinte, zu Hauſe in meinem Bette und vom Alp gedrückt zu ſein. Endlich ſtillte ſich der Sturm und ich hatte wenigſtens in ſo fern Urſache, mich über meinen Platz zu freuen, als vor mir ein leerer Sitz war, weßhalb ich auch der feſten Hoffnung lebte, zwiſchen den großen Hüten der rundherumſitzenden Damen hindurch mindeſtens etwas ſehen zu können. Aber weh mir! Wer malt meinen Schreck, als ſich urplötzlich mein Freund, der dicke Amerikaner, durch die gefüllten Reihen drängt und auf dem leeren Sitze Platz nimmt, ſo daß mir jetzt auch alle und jede Ausſicht verſperrt ward. Wie ich mich auch drehn und wenden mochte, um irgend eine Lücke zu erhaſchen, durch die ich meine Blicke nach der Bühne ſenden konnte; es war vergeblich.

Um das Maß meiner Leiden voll zu machen, hörte ich nun noch obendrein, denn ſehen konnte ich ja Nichts, daß der Regiſſeur vortrat und dem Publicum anzeigte: durch eine plötzliche Krankheit der erſten Sängerin ſei es unmöglich, die Oper zu geben; er erlaube ſich daher das Publicum zu fragen, ob es ſtatt deſſen das Ballet La Juive zu ſehen wünſche. Dieß wurde mit Acclamation von allen Seiten angenommen und brachte mich zur Verzweiflung. Ich haſſe das Ballet, es iſt der Ruin aller Bühnen. Seit Sereniſſimus in Rattenhauſen den Balletmeiſter aus München angeſtellt und die Chorſchüler und Bürgertöchter zu einem corps de ballet hat zuſtutzen laſſen, ſind Schiller, Goethe, Shakeſpeare und Raupach auf immer von der Bühne bei uns verſchwunden und mit ihnen aller Adel der dramatiſchen Künſte. — Für mich war nun kein Intereſſe mehr an dieſem Abende, als der Anblick Seiner Majeſtät, des Königs der Franzoſen, und ich beſchloß die ganze Abend-

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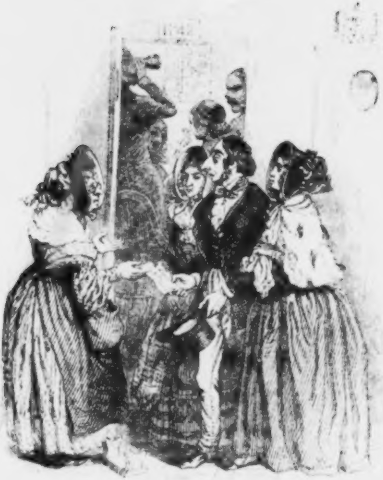

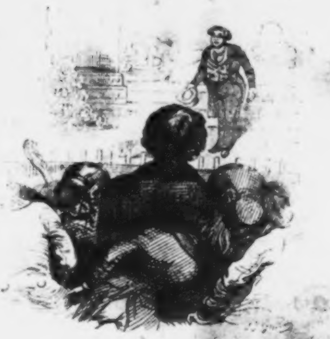

zeit dazu zu verwenden, ſein erhabenes Antlitz recht aus dem Grunde zu ſtudiren und mir einzuprägen. — In der Idee Alles daran zu ſetzen, eilte ich zu dem Kaſſirer und verlangte den erſten Platz in einer Loge. Anfangs wollte er nicht, aber ich nahm mich zuſammen und donnerte ihm eine Philippica zu. Das half und er war ſo gefällig, meine Bitte für das Doppelte des gewöhnlichen Preiſes zu gewähren, ſo daß mich der Platz ungefähr acht Gulden im Vierundzwanzig-Guldenfuß koſtete; aber das ſchien mir nicht zu viel, um Louis Philipp ganz à mon aise zu betrachten. — Ich begab mich jetzt nach dem zweiten Range und freute mich im Stillen, noch etwas mehr Glück gehabt zu haben, als eine Familie vom Lande, die ich auf dem Corridor antraf und die unter anhaltendem Regen eine Reiſe von zehn Meilen zurückgelegt hatte, um auch einmal die weltberühmten Hugenotten zu hören, jetzt aber, im Beſitz mühſam erworbener, theuer erhandelter, ungültiger Billets, nicht einmal das Ballet zu ſehen bekam. Mich dagegen nahm ein vortrefflicher Vorderplatz auf. Nachdem ich mich bequem hingeſetzt, ließ ich die Augen umherſchweifen, doch nirgends konnte ich etwas Königliches erblicken. Endlich faßte ich ein Herz und fragte meine Nachbarin, eine Dame, die unaufhörlich durch ihre Binocles (Siehe die Anmerkung auf der Seite 46) nach der Loge gegenüber blickte: „Pardon, Madame, où est la loge du Roi?" — was auf Deutſch heißt: „Verzeihen Sie, Madame, wo iſt die Loge des Königs?" Sie ſah mich verwundert an, erwiederte jedoch kurzweg: Exactement sous celle-ci, Monsieur (Gerade unter dieſer, mein Herr), und rückte etwas von mir fort. Ich ſaß wie vom Donner gerührt. Gedrängt, gequetſcht, getreten zu ſein, acht Gulden im Vierundzwanzig-Guldenfuß gezahlt zu haben, um den König zu ſehn und nun, ſo ſehr ich mich auch über die Brüſtung hinabbeugte, Nichts gewahren zu können, als in ſeltenen Augenblicken die Naſenſpitze Seiner Majeſtät — das ſchien mir doch zu große Tücke des Schickſals — und kein anderer Platz war, wie mir der Kaſſirer verſichert, im ganzen weiten Hauſe mehr zu haben, ſelbſt wenn ich ſechzehn Gulden im Vierundzwanzig-Guldenfuß dafür hätte zahlen wollen. — Unabläſſig legte ich mich nun mit halbem Leibe über die Loge hinaus, um wenigſtens etwas zu ſchauen, aber meine Augen vermochten Nichts zu erfaſſen als beſagte königlich franzöſiſche Naſenſpitze, eine Seitenlocke der Herzogin von Orleans und den Rand der Epauletten des Herzogs von Nemours. Obendrein zürnten meine Logennachbaren unaufhörlich mit mir: Asseyez-vous! Asseyez-vous donc, Monsieur! rief man von allen Seiten, welches hieß: Setzen Sie ſich doch, mein Herr. — Mon Dieu, je crois qu'il a l'intention d'un suicide, flüſterte die Dame neben mir, mich in den Verdacht des Selbſtmordes habend, ihrem Begleiter zu. Dieſer, dem Anſcheine nach ein Offizier von hohem Range, ſtand leiſe auf, ging hinaus und kehrte nach einer Weile wieder. Gleich darauf fühlte ich plötzlich eine Hand auf meiner Schulter; ich ſah mich um; ein Sergent de ville ſtand hinter mir und bat mich, ihm zu folgen. Ich that es. Draußen erklärte er mich für einen Arreſtanten. Alle meine Proteſtationen halfen Nichts; ich mußte ihm in ein unteres Gemach folgen

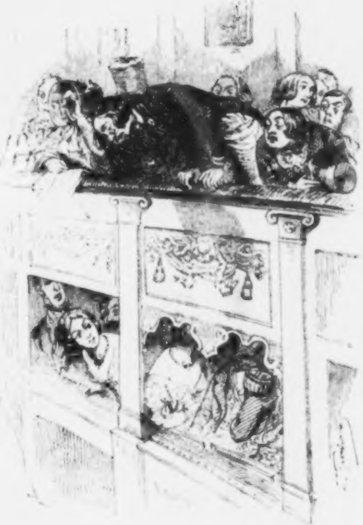

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und dort verweilen, bis endlich nach mehren Stunden ein Commiſſar kam und mich verhörte. Nun klärte ſich Alles auf, man entließ mich mit höflichem Bedauern. Das Theater war aus, die Menge ſtrömte fort. Draußen regnete es entſetzlich. Ich hatte einen weiten Weg zu Hauſe und ſah mich nach einem Fiaker um. Ein einziger war noch da. — Eben will ich einſteigen, da kommt mein Feind, der

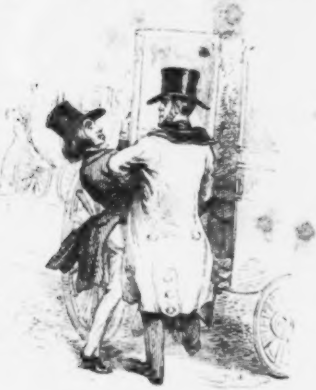

verwünſchte Amerikaner, ſtößt mich weg, nimmt vor meinen Augen Beſitz von meinem Fuhrwerk und ich muß nun zu Fuß nach Hauſe, wo ich, nachdem ich mich unzählige Mal verirrt und in beſtändiger Angſt geſchwebt, angefallen und beraubt zu werden, endlich bis auf die Haut naß und von Kopf zu Fuß beſchmutzt anlange.

So iſt es mir zum erſten Mal in der franzöſiſchen Oper gegangen. Geſtoßen, gequetſcht, um acht Gulden und ein Taſchentuch ärmer und gar Nichts geſehen. Aber ich weiß nun Beſcheid: das nächſte Mal ſoll es mir nicht ſo gehen.

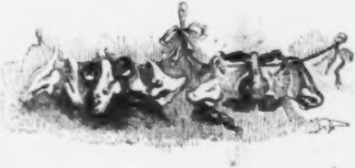

Denkwürdigkeiten einer Nase, erzählt von einem Munde.

Nach dem Franzöſiſchen.

Die Jahre hatten ſie einander nahe gebracht. Seit geraumer Zeit ſenkte ſich dieſe Naſe dem Grabe zu. Seinerſeits ſtrebte das Kinn, das ſich immer mehr ſpitzte, hinauf. Die Zeit geſchwätziger Mittheilung und herzbewegender Erinnerungen war gekommen. Die Naſe ſprach; ſie hatte ſchon die Gewohnheit, es zu thun. Der Mund hörte zu. Das könnte gewiſſe beſchränkte Köpfe in Erſtaunen ſetzen. Nachher wiederholte er es. Das geſchah ihm oft.

Ich war ſchon lange auf der Welt, ſagte ſie, ehe ich zum Bewußtſein meines Selbſt kam. Wir gehören Beide, wie du weißt, demſelben Individuum, das eigentlich gar nichts Frühreifes hat, mich ausgenommen, die ich mich ſchon ſehr früh entwickelte und in die Welt hinausſtrebte; ich gab dem Geſichte, das ich beherrſchte, einen Charakter, deſſen es urſprünglich nicht fähig zu ſein ſchien.

Die Amme meines Herrn bemerkte es zuerſt, und nachdem ſie eine Zeitlang über die Urſachen, die mich ſo unbequem machten, nachgedacht, benutzte ſie den Umſtand, um ſich dem beſchwerlichen Geſchäfte des Stillens zu entziehen. Statt deſſen mußte ein in Milch getauchtes linnenes Bündelchen die Dienſte thun, und wir uns ſo gut wie möglich damit behelfen.

Wir lebten, aber wir gediehen nicht. Schon machte ſich der verderbliche Einfluß, den ich lange um mich her ausgeübt, fühlbar. Ich hatte groß werden wollen und ich war es, aber auf meine und meiner Umgebung Koſten, wie das immer der Fall iſt. Wäre der Himmel gerecht, ſo würde der Ehrgeiz nur ſich allein in's Verderben ſtürzen.

Ich war groß und das, wie ich bereits ſagte, ſchon ſehr früh, daher zog ich auch die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf mich. Sobald mich meine Wärterin auf einen öffentlichen Spaziergang führte, hatte ich gar viele Naſenſtüber und Spottreden zu erdulden, ſodaß meine Begleiterin es kaum ertrug. Glücklicherweiſe war ſie hübſch und fand viele Leute geneigt, ſie zu tröſten. Ich war ihnen nützlich als Anknüpfungspunkt. Sie begannen gewöhnlich mit irgend einer Artigkeit für ſie, wenn auch nicht für mich.

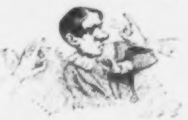

„Das iſt doch unmöglich Ihr eigenes Kind,' — ſagten ſie — ‚das könnte doch nicht ſolche Naſe haben?"

Oder auch:

„Nie hat eine große Naſe" (dabei zeigten ſie auf mich) „ein hübſches Geſicht entſtellt" (ſie deuteten dabei auf ihr Antlitz).

Auf dieſe Weiſe bediente man ſich meiner, wußte mir deſſen aber keinen Dank; überall zurückgeſtoßen, führte ich die Exiſtenz eines Einſiedlers, in die ich natürlich Alles, was von mir abhing, mit mir hineinzog.

Man ſagt, von der Einſamkeit werden nur die Dummen fett. Ich glaube, mein Herr war dumm, denn ich nahm ganz entſetzlich zu. Wir wurden Beide in die Schule geſchickt, und auch da trafen mich wiederholt unerhörte Beleidigungen. Mein Herr that, was er konnte, um mich zu rächen, ich hätte ihm das gern erlaſſen, denn ſeine Empfindlichkeit trug gar unangenehme Früchte für mich. Ich machte ihm das fühlbar. Er wurde mürriſch, kam nicht mehr zu den Spielſtunden, faßte eine Leidenſchaft für die alten Claſſiker, büffelte für vier und fügte nun zu den Annehmlichkeiten ſeiner angeborenen Beſchränktheit noch die einer ſtöckiſchen und verdrießlichen Pedanterie. Fünf Jahre hinter einander bekam er den Preis im Examen und verdankte nur mir allein jedes Mal den Sieg, obwohl es Niemand ahnte. Später geſchah das freilich nicht mehr.

Mein Eintritt in die Welt hat mir Erinnerungen hinterlaſſen, die in gleichem Verhältniſſe zu meinem Umfange ſtehn. Sie dauern noch fort. Als ich in dem Salon eines ſehr berühmten Arztes erſchien, entſtand plötzlich auf allen Seiten eine merkwürdige Stille. Die Damen machten, erſtaunt, ſehr große Augen; einige Herren lorgnettirten mich mit der unverſchämteſten Ruhe. Dann flüſterte man ſich einander etwas zu und das ſchien meinem Herrn ſo unangenehm zu ſein, daß er mich höher trug als je.

Während das erſte Staunen über meine Erſcheinung ſich allmälig verlor, umgaben zwei oder drei von ſeinen jüngeren Collegen den Herrn des Hauſes.

— „Das iſt erſtaunlich!" ſagte der Eine.

— „Wunderbar! Außerordentlich! Pyramidaliſch!" — fügten die Anderen hinzu.

— „Nur" — bemerkte der Vertrauteſte — „iſt die Wahrſcheinlichkeit nicht geſchont werden."

— „Der Stoff auch nicht,“ — ſagte ein Zweiter.

„Und das mit Recht,“ — hub ein Anderer an.

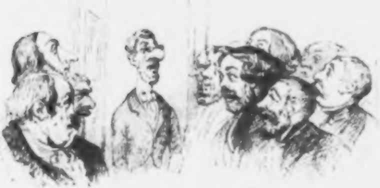

„Aber, meine Herren,“ — rief der Aeſkulap — „mit wem haben Sie es denn eigentlich vor? Wie komme ich denn zu dieſem ſonderbaren Gemenge von Complimenten und Vorwürfen, die mir zu Theil werden? Wovon reden Sie denn eigentlich?“

— „Von der Operation!“ — antworteten ſie im Chor, auf meinen Herrn zeigend.

„Ich verſichere Ihnen,“ — ſagte der Arzt leiſer — „daß ich dieſen Herrn nie operirt habe.“

„Warum nicht gar!“ rief der Vorlauteſte von der ganzen Bande. „Wer hätte denn die Nähte ſo außerordentlich geſchickt machen können, daß ſie faſt unſichtbar ſind? Wer wäre im Stande geweſen, dem vorgeblichen Knorpel eine ſo gute Krümmung zu geben, wenn Sie es nicht waren?“

— „Nur die Verhältniſſe ſind übertrieben.“

„Die Verhältniſſe! Welche Verhältniſſe? Zum Kuckuck! . . .“

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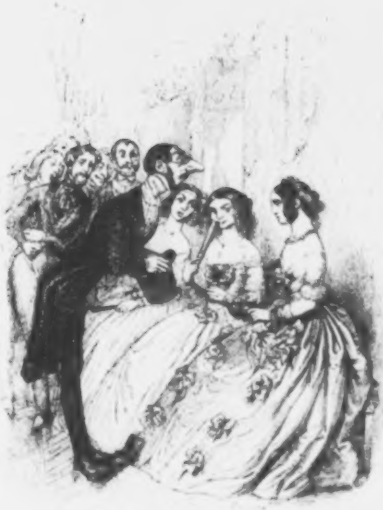

— „Die Verhältniſſe dieſer Naſe,“ — erwiederte kaltblütig der unbarmherzige Spottvogel. „Die Rhinoplaſtik iſt eine herrliche Sache, aber man muß ſie nicht übertreiben.“

Als ich mich in dem Verdacht ſah, eine jener falſchen Naſen zu ſein, welche die Kunſt der Chirurgen an die Stelle ſchadhaft gewordener ſetzt, erröthete ich bis in meine äußerſte Spitze. Das war die bündigſte Proteſtation, die ich ablegen konnte und die auch das ſtärkſte Vorurtheil hätte beſiegen müſſen. Aber wann hat je die offenbarſte Wahrheit den Sieg über eine glückliche Neckerei davongetragen? Dieſe verbreitete ſich in wenigen Minuten durch die ganze Geſellſchaft und brachte alle Anweſende zum Lachen, einige junge Damen ausgenommen, welche ſie nicht verſtanden. Die Beſchaffenheit des Gegenſtandes flößte ihnen übrigens die Furcht ein, ſich zu compromittiren. Ohne Eitelkeit, ich habe bemerkt, daß eine große Naſe der ſchöneren Hälfte des Menſchengeſchlechtes einigen Reſpect einzuflößen pflegt.

Unglücklicherweiſe iſt Reſpect nicht Liebe. Das wurde ich bald gewahr. Die ſchönen Damen, ja ſelbſt die am wenigſten ſchönen — nahmen eine Einladung zum Tanz von meinem Herrn und mir nur mit Zagen — ich möchte faſt ſagen mit Schrecken an und wenn wir uns, liebenswürdig und galant wie wir waren, zu ihnen hinabbeugten, um ihnen einige geheimnißvolle Süßigkeiten in das Ohr zu flüſtern, ſo warfen ſie ſich ſämmtlich rückwärts, als ob irgend ein blinder von einem brutalen Handlanger auf der Schulter getragener Balken dem leicht zerſtörbaren Bau ihrer Locken Gefahr gedroht hätte. Der Walzer wurde uns übrigens ſeit einem gewiſſen Abende unterſagt, wo eine kleine muthwillige Tänzerin behauptete, daß ich (unwillkürlich) hinter ihrer Schulter eine Bandſchleife aufgezogen hätte. Das Verbrechen war geſchehen, ich will es nicht zu leugnen ſuchen, aber konnte ſie nicht eine ungeſchickte Hand, die wahre Sünderin, dieſes Vergehens anklagen?

Dem Ball entſagen, das heißt bei dem jetzigen Zuſtande der Geſellſchaft, dem Rechte entſagen ſich eine Frau zu wählen. Der

Mann, der nicht mehr tanzt, iſt eine Art von bankerottem Junggeſellen, dem die Eheſtandsbörſe verboten wurde. Er kann keine jener Handelsoperationen mehr wagen, die mit dem autoriſirten Anerbieten eines Bouquets beginnen und mit authentiſchen Contracten endigen. Die Freunde ſeiner Familie ſprachen in dieſem Sinne mit meinem Herrn. Er blieb unerſchütterlich. Nur wenn ſie hartnäckiger und heftiger als gewöhnlich in ihn gedrungen hatten, verweilte er am Abend, in der Nachtmütze, etwas länger vor ſeinem Spiegel und verſuchte da mich en face, im Profil und drei Viertel als die erſte beſte Naſe zu betrachten.

„Sie läßt ſich denn doch präſentiren," ſagte er einſt, aber ſein Gewiſſen ließ ihn die Bemerkung machen, daß der ſteife Zipfel ſeiner Nachtmütze, der ſich mehr als gewöhnlich nach vorn bog, mich ungemein begünſtigte. Dies gab er ehrlich zu und beſiegelte ſeinen feſten Entſchluß, dem Balle zu entſagen, durch einen ungeheuern Fauſtſchlag, den er mir in ſeiner böſen Laune verſetzte. Ich that ihm noch am folgenden Morgen weh davon.

Ich hatte ſeinen Schmerz begriffen und fühlte Mitleid mit ihm, wie ungerecht auch die erſten Aeußerungen deſſelben waren. Um ihm einen Theil des Vergnügens, deſſen ich ihn beraubte, wiederzugeben, erheuchelte ich eine Sehnſucht, die ich gar nicht empfand, als eine Tabacksdoſe eines Tages dicht bei mir vorüberkam. Dieſe unbeſonnene Begebenheit habe ich theuer bezahlt. Man weiß gar nicht, was es koſtet, gefühlvoll geboren zu ſein.

Seit dieſem Tage ſah mein Herr, der es ebenfalls war, ſich darauf beſchränkt in den unteren Regionen der Geſellſchaft eine Dankbarkeit zu ſuchen, die er mit ſeinem Gelde bezahlte und die er ſich bemühte für etwas Anderes zu halten. Ohne weitere Umſchweife, er gerieth unter die Griſetten. Ich war die Urſache davon, denn die Priſe ſpielte bei dieſer Gelegenheit eine weſentliche Rolle. Die Griſette hat Geſchmack für den kitzelnden Tabacksſtaub. Sie macht gern aus ihrer verderblichen Sinnlichkeit ein Syſtem, indem ſie frech erklärt, „daß man thöricht ſein müſſe, ſich ein Vergnügen zu verſagen, das man alle fünf Minuten erneuern könne.“ Dieſe weibliche, in ihren äußerſten Folgen ſo furchtbare Maxime wird jeder redlichen und verſtändigen Katze großen Stoff zum Nachdenken geben.

Die Liebe — ſagen die Dichter — iſt ein Fluß, in welchem das Kind — allmälig ſich demſelben nähernd — zuerſt ſich ſpiegelt, dann ſich wäſcht und endlich ertrinkt. Ich kann nur den letzten Theil dieſes Vergleiches beſtätigen. Wir ertranken mit Leib und Seele in den Manſardenzärtlichkeiten und den Gefühlen, die eigene Meubles haben wollen. Mein Herr ließ ſich ganz und gar von ſeinen herrſchſüchtigen Favoritinnen leiten, die ihn, ich will nicht ſagen woran herumführten.

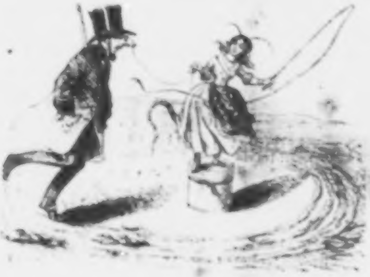

Von Hauſe aus ſchüchtern, wagte er nun auch nicht mehr, mich in eine anſtändige Geſellſchaft zu bringen, und ich fühlte, daß ich verloren ſei, wenn es mir, der ich der Urſprung des Uebels war, nicht gelänge, die Fortſchritte deſſelben zu beſiegen. Ich dachte (claſſiſche Erinnerung) an die Lanze des Achilles, die die Wunden heilte, welche ſie gemacht hatte: — „Ich bin faſt eben ſo lang," — rief ich aus — „warum ſoll ich denn geringere Kraft haben?"

Das Uebel war groß und drohend; es erforderte ein kräftiges Heilmittel. Meine Vernichtung ausgenommen — eine ſelbſtmörderiſche Naſe würde die Menſchheit empören — war ich zu Allem entſchloſſen.

Zuerſt zwang ich meinen Herrn dem Taback zu entſagen, der ihn in's Verderben geſtürzt hatte. Ich that das unter dem Vorwande, daß ich einen gar zu großen Umfang dadurch erhielt. Er war ſo gutmüthig, in dieſe ganz falſche Idee einzugehn, welche ich ihm durch eine hochmüthige Stickerin zuflüſtern ließ, in deren Augen es mir gelang ungeheuer dick zu erſcheinen.

Nachdem das geſchehen war, zeigte ich mich fortan nur den ſanfteſten und natürlichſten Gerüchen zugänglich. Ich hatte meinen Plan gemacht. Im Erdgeſchoſſe eines an das unſrige ſtoßenden Hauſes bemerkte ich ſeit einiger Zeit ein anbetungswürdiges, ganz ſeinen Tüchern, drei Kätzchen und einigen Blumentöpfen hingegebenes junges Mädchen. Meine Sympathie für daſſelbe hatte einen durchaus philoſophiſchen Grund. Neben vielen anderen Reizen und Annehmlichkeiten beſaß es noch das, in meinen Augen ungeheure Verdienſt, — keine Naſe zu haben. Ich eile, mich deutlich zu machen. Mitten in dem winzigen Raume zwiſchen ſeinen ſchönen Augen und ſeinem roſigen Munde konnte wohl ein aufmerkſamer Beobachter mit unbewaffnetem Blicke ein gewiſſes Etwas bemerken, welches wie mit einem Bohrer von zwei kleinen Canälen durchlöchert war, die zum Athmen für dieſen Engel hinreichten; aber das war Alles und in meinen Augen war es Nichts.

Die Sympathie — man braucht eben keine ſehr feine Naſe zu haben, um das zu bemerken — die Sympathie iſt das Product der Contraſte. Unſere junge Nachbarin wurde meine Sonne und ich war täglich der Zeiger, der ihr die Stunden bezeichnete.

Das Licht kam mir von ihr und ich warf einen ſchwarzen Schatten nach der Seite, wo ſie nicht war. Einer Anziehungskraft

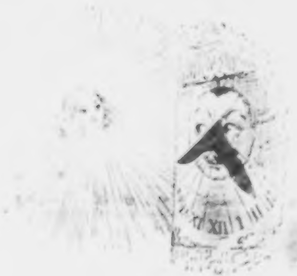

gehorchend, deren Urſache er nicht ahnte, ging mein Herr an das Fenſter, ſobald er die allerliebſte Gärtnerin ſich rühren hörte. Der Unvorſichtige! — Aber ſie ſchlug nie die Augen zu uns auf, und ich konnte mich einer Kriegsliſt bedienen, welche ſchon in Marmontel's moraliſchen Erzählungen vorkommt.

Erinnert Ihr Euch jenes Ehemannes, der, um ſeiner Frau zu gefallen, die ſich in die Sylphen verliebt hatte, ſich in ein ſolches luſtiges Weſen umwandelte, ſo gut das eben einem Ehemanne möglich iſt? Vermittelſt einiger akuſtiſchen Täuſchungen und der Zauberkraft einer Art von mobilem Diorama ſchien er bei Tage unſichtbar bis in das Boudoir ſeiner jungen ſchwärmeriſchen Gattin zu dringen, die hier friedlich ihren entzückenden Träumen nachhing. Während der Nacht verſteckt hinter den Vorhängen des ehelichen Alkovens, machte er ſeine Stimme ſo ſanft wie möglich, um ſeiner beſſern Hälfte eine Menge moſchusduftender Schmeicheleien in das Ohr zu flüſtern. Um deſto freundlicher aufgenommen, da er abſichtlich viel Böſes von ſich ſelber redete, erfreute er ſich binnen Kurzem reißender Fortſchritte, die ihm reichen Stoff zum Nachdenken gaben. An der bewegten Stimme ſeiner Frau und der Mattigkeit, welche die mit dem untaſtbaren Liebhaber zugebrachten Nachtwachen auf ihren Zügen zurückließen, ſah er, welche Gefahr ihm drohte, wenn die Sylphen weniger platoniſch liebten. Eines ſchönen Morgens hielt er es daher für paſſend, ſeine materiellen Eigenſchaften wieder anzunehmen. Die Flügel fielen — der Gatte blieb und — das iſt zwar ſehr moraliſch, aber unglücklicher Weiſe eine erdichtete Erzählung — der Zauber verſchwand nicht.

Als nun mein Herr eines Tages einige vor langen Zeiten von ſeiner Großmutter gebrauchte Putzſachen betrachtete, benutzte ich ein Riechkiſſen, aus welchem noch ein leichter Wohlgeruch vergangener Jahre drang, um ihm den Gedanken einzuflößen, bei unſerer Nachbarin die Rolle des Sylphengemahls zu ſpielen. Da er mehr Empfindungen als Ideen hatte, ſo klammerte er ſich hartnäckig an diejenigen, die ihm ungewöhnlicher Weiſe durch den Kopf fuhren, und ſuchte ſie mit einer Halsſtarrigkeit, wie ſie geiſtreiche Leute nie gekannt haben, auszuführen. Das eben iſt, ohne Prätenſionen zu ſprechen, das Geheimniß jenes höheren Geſetzes, welches zu allen Zeiten, vorzüglich aber in unſeren Tagen, den Dummköpfen die Oberhand in menſchlichen Angelegenheiten verleiht.

Wenn ich im Detail erzählen ſollte, wie er ſeine myſteriöſen Huldigungen an den Mann, oder, richtiger an die Dame brachte, ſo würde ich mir eine Arbeit aufladen, ſchwerer als die maſſivſte

Brille. Lieber möchte ich zwanzig Partien des wunderlichen Spiels La Drogue ſpielen und verlieren.

Kurz, ſobald er ſich nicht zeigte, kehrte er in die Claſſe gewöhnlicher Naſen zurück, und das verſchaffte ihm für ſein Gewerbe

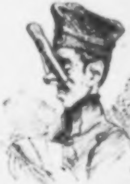

als Liebhaber die günſtigſten Ausſichten. Die ſchöne Nachbarin machte alle Peripetieen des Erſtaunens, der Furcht, des Intereſſe, der Dankbarkeit, der Rührung und endlich der Sympathie durch. Alle Grade der Kryſtalliſation waren zurückgelegt, und — um die einer Abhandlung über die Liebe entlehnte Metapher beizubehalten — alle Unvollkommenheiten meines Herrn (ich rechne mich beſcheiden mit dazu) verſchwanden, durch eine Unzahl blendender und prismatiſcher Diamanten verdunkelt. Unter dieſer funkelnden Bedeckung konnte die Einbildungskraft unſerer ſchönen Angebeteten die urſprüngliche Wirklichkeit ebenſo wenig wiederfinden, als ſie einen während drei Wintermonate in den Tiefen einer Mine vergeſſenen Zweig unter einer dreifachen Lage von Steinſalz wiedererkannt haben würde. So wirkt etwas vierundzwanzig Stunden in dem Kopfe eines Liebenden, das mehr als vierundzwanzig Tage brauchte, um in dem Kopfe unſerer Nachbarin zur Vollendung zu kommen. Als, ſie jedoch ſo weit war, konnte ich nach einigen redneriſchen Vorſichtsmaßregeln auftreten. Und wäre ich auch ſo groß geweſen wie der Galgen, an welchem König Ahasverus den Haman aufhängen ließ, — ja hätte ich die Länge der Säule auf dem Vendomeplatze gehabt, man würde mich doch — ich ſage nicht erträglich — ſondern niedlich gefunden haben. Wir wurden angenommen; wir vermählten uns und mein Herr war gerettet.

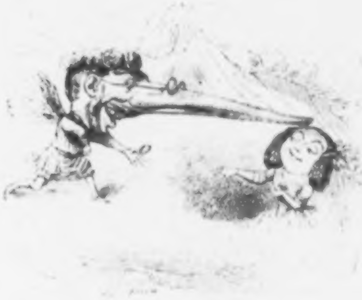

Ebenſo ſehr wie die Junggeſellennaſe der Kritik ausgeſetzt bleibt, erkennt die Geſellſchaft den verheiratheten Naſen das Recht zu, zu ſein, was ihnen geziemt. Nichts ſchützte ſie früher vor den rauhen Stürmen des Spottes; da kommt die Ehe und eine vollkommene Sicherheit und Glückſeligkeit folgt dieſen Ungewittern. Auch hörte ich, als ich mich in meinem neuen Glücke wie in einem bequemen Lehnſeſſel breit machte, viele Leute ſagen: „Ihm ward wohl ſeine Naſe gedrehe?" — „Keine Naſe gedreht?" rief ich, der Zuhörer, den Mund anſehend, ob er nicht lächelte.

— „Keine Naſe gedreht," — antwortete er ganz ernſthaft — „Was fällt Ihnen denn ſo auf bei dieſer ſprichwörtlichen Redensart?"

— „Warten Sie," — ſagte ich nach kurzer Ueberlegung. — „Um Ihnen Nichts zu verbergen . . . hat die bewußte Naſe nie etwas hinzugefügt?"

— „Doch."

— „Ha ha!"

— „Sie fügte hinzu: „„Wir lebten ſehr glücklich und bekamen viele Kinder.""

— „Und das iſt Alles?"

— „Alles. Was wollen Sie denn noch mehr?"

— „Wahrlich," — ſagte ich heimlich zu mir — „ein Ehemann ſteckt auch nie die Naſe in ſolche Geheimniſſe." —

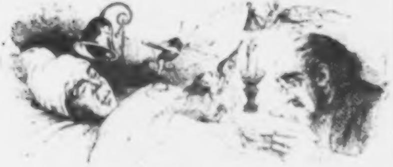

Ueber das Unglück,
allein sein und besonders allein schlafen
zu müſſen

Eine von der Akademie der Spaß beati gekrönte Preisſchrift.

„Es iſt nicht gut, daß der Menſch allein ſei" — ſagt ſchon die Bibel. Gewöhnliche kurzſichtige Ausleger haben das blos auf den ledigen Stand deuten und eine Ermahnung für jeden Junggeſellen und jede Jungfrau darin finden wollen, möglichſt bald zur Ehe zu ſchreiten. Das iſt aber grundfalſch oder mindeſtens ſehr einſeitig, denn die Erfahrung hat ſchon ſeit Adam's Zeiten, das heißt, gleich nach dem Sündenfall, unzählige Mal bewieſen, daß ſich oft der Menſch gerade dann am meiſten allein befinde, wenn er zu zweien ſei, in der Ehe nämlich. In der Ehe, ſelbſt in der glücklichſten, iſt man übrigens immer allein, denn das Weib iſt ja nur die Hälfte des Mannes, wenn auch, wie Schmeichler behaupten, die beſſere Hälfte. Mann und Weib machen daher erſt ein Ganzes, eine Einheit, und dieſe Einheit fühlt es auch gar häufig, daß ſie allein ſei; wenn man allein iſt, langweilt man ſich mitunter, und daher mag es denn wohl kommen, daß ſo viele Paare eine langweilige Ehe führen und ſich mit einander langweilen. In unſern emancipationsſüchtigen Zeiten könnte ein kühner Exeget, wie wir deren jetzt von allen Farben haben, ſogar die Behauptung aufſtellen, jener berühmte Satz ließe ſich anders deuten und ſchärfe ſogar den Ehepaaren ein, für Hausfreunde und Hausfreundinnen zu ſorgen, um den Fluch des Alleinſeins, oder den Fehler des Alleinſeins, oder auch den Tadel des Alleinſeins, kurz das Alleinſein auf möglichſt bequeme Weiſe zu heben und aus dem Wege zu räumen.

„Es iſt nicht gut, daß der Menſch allein ſei" — aber es iſt doch beſſer, daß er als ein Ganzes allein ſei, denn nur als ein Halbes, beſſer vollſtändig allein als unvollſtändig, beſſer vollkommen allein als unvollkommen, und das Letztere iſt man immer, wenn man nur eine Hälfte iſt, die nach und mit Plato zu reden, ihre andere Hälfte auf Erden bisher vergeblich ſuchte. Eine ſolche iſolirte männliche Hälfte der Menſchheit nun nennt bekanntlich der Sprachgebrauch — einen Junggeſellen — und in dieſer Benennung liegt eine tiefe Weisheit verborgen, wie ſie überhaupt der Genius des Menſchengeiſtes in aller Sprache barg und wenn ſie auch nur von Wilden geredet wird, die nicht weiter als bis drei zählen können. — Ein Junggeſelle, das iſt Einer, der nie Meiſter werden kann, wenn er nicht ſeinen Stand und ſein ganzes Weſen ändert. Hier folge der Beweis:

Ein geiſtreicher engliſcher Schriftſteller, der eine Anweiſung zum Courmachen (Book of Courtship) geſchrieben hat, um auch ſein Theil zu der Beſſerung des Menſchengeſchlechtes, an der ſeit 6000 Jahren vergeblich gearbeitet worden, beizutragen, giebt folgende Schilderung der Leiden eines Junggeſellen, bei der wir uns jedoch, um der Vollſtändigkeit willen, noch einige Zuſätze erlaubt haben. „Der arme Mann kehrt in ſein Logis zurück. Wenn er auch dort Alles findet, wie er es möglicher Weiſe ſich nur wünſchen kann, in der Geſtalt von tauſend großen und kleinen Comforts, welche ſeine alte Haushälterin ihm bereitet hat — ſo wird das doch nur eine äußerliche, oberflächliche Behaglichkeit ſein und ungefähr eine Wirkung auf ihn üben, wie das Mondlicht einſt auf Lord Byron:

Distinct but distant, clear but oh! how cold.

„deutlich aber fern, klar, aber ach wie kalt," und ihn nie zu einer ſein ganzes Weſen durchdringenden Wärme gelangen laſſen. Sein Zimmer hat eine kältende Leere; der Atmoſphäre deſſelben fühlt man ſchon das Dumpfe und Unwohnliche an; die Stühle, die äußerſt ſauber gehalten und zierlich an den Wänden aufgeſtellt ſind, klagen ſtumm, daß ſie nicht benutzt werden; die anderen blankpolirten Meubles ſtrahlen nur das Bild des Einſamen zurück und dieſe Politur tritt ihm wie ein Fluch überall entgegen. Alles iſt kalt, öde, traurig, zurückſtoßend. Kein freundlich Antlitz begrüßt ihn bei ſeinem Kommen — kein heller Blick begegnet dem ſeinen, der müde durch das leere Zimmer ſtreift. — Er ſetzt ſich mit einem Buche hin — kein Weſen ſitzt neben ihm, um ſich mit ihm über eine tief poetiſche Stelle zu freuen, an einer ſcharfſinnigen Bemerkung zu ergötzen; um Gefühle und Ideen, die das Leſen in ihm weckte, mit ihm zu theilen oder auszutauſchen; er hat keine Zuflucht als zu ſich allein; all ſein Glück muß von ihm allein ausgehen, zu ihm allein zurückkehren. Verzweiflungsvoll wirft er das Buch fort, bedeckt ſein Antlitz mit den Händen und ſeufzt laut: „O ich Aermſter!“ —

So ſchildert der Engländer, deſſen Farben wir noch aus unſerem eigenen Vorrathe einigen Glanz verliehen, und es iſt ein großes Leid, das er darſtellt; ein Leid des Herzens, das aus einer unbeantworteten Lebensfrage entſpringt. Indeſſen ein großes Herz trägt auch ein großes Leid gelaſſen und lernt am Ende es ertragen; aber die kleinen täglichen, ſtündlichen Leiden des Daſeins, die erträgt man nicht, an die gewöhnt man ſich nie, die bringen eigentlich zur wahren Verzweiflung, und an ihnen eben wollen wir die uns von der erleuchteten Akademie geſtellte Aufgabe zu löſen und nachzuweiſen verſuchen, daß das Unglück, allein ſein und beſonders allein ſchlafen zu müſſen, das größte auf Erden ſei, denn es ſchwächt, entmuthigt, demoraliſirt den Menſchen, den es trifft, und tödtet ihn langſam, in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre, ihn thaten- und ruhmlos hinabſendend in die Welt der Schatten, aus der kein Wiederkehren iſt.

Nehmen wir einmal die von dem engliſchen Menſchenfreunde geſchilderte Situation auf und führen ſie bis in das kleinſte Detail aus, wie ſie ſich in der gemeinen Wirklichkeit der Dinge geſtaltet. Es wird, wenn wir dieß gethan haben, ſelbſt der größte Skeptiker dann, wie wir feſt überzeugt ſind, keine weiteren Beweiſe fordern, ſondern uns Alles als vollkommen richtig zugeſtehen. Der Halbmenſch, Junggeſell genannt, kommt alſo zu Hauſe; er hat ſich den ganzen Tag abgemüht in ſeinem Amte oder Beruf, und hofft nun in behaglicher Umgebung auszuruhen. Aber er hat keine liebende Hand, die dafür ſorgt, ſondern nur eine bezahlte, und die iſt nachläſſig geweſen und hat über der Sorge für das Wohlergehen des eigenen Ich das Wohlergehen des armen Herrn vergeſſen oder verſäumt. Sein Zimmer iſt dunkel und kalt; er ſieht ſich alſo genöthigt, ſelber für Feuer und Licht zu ſorgen. Das Feuer will nicht brennen und er muß ſich entſetzlich abmühen, es in Gang zu bringen, und geräth darüber in Schweiß, während das Gemach dumpf und kalt bleibt; ein Schnupfen iſt alſo unvermeidlich. Der Ofen raucht; der Blaſebalg hat ein Loch; das Holz iſt naß; er verbrennt ſich die Finger. Alle dieſe Widerwärtigkeiten, die auch den Geduldigſten dazu bringen, ſich in die Hölle zu wünſchen, bereitet ihm das Feuer. Nun kommt das Licht. Er will ſeine Lampe anzünden; ſie geht wieder aus, denn es mangelt ihr an Oel; er verſorgt ſie damit, gießt aber zu viel hinein und jetzt läuft ſie über und macht böſe Flecken auf ſeinen neuen Schreibtiſch, oder verdirbt ihm Bücher und Papiere. Dann taugt der Docht Nichts; er zieht ihn heraus und einen neuen ein, da verſagt aber die Schraube, ſodaß jener weder rückwärts noch vorwärts kann. Endlich iſt auch dieß Hinderniß beſeitigt und ſie brennt, doch nur dunkel; er verbeſſert das, die Flamme wird zu groß, plötzlich ſpringt der Cylinder, die Glasſplitter fliegen dem Erſchreckten vor dem Geſichte vorbei und er muß Gott danken, wenn er noch mit heiler Haut davongekommen iſt.

Mit faſt unglaublicher Sanftmuth und Geduld hat er nacheinander alle dieſe Widerwärtigkeiten beſiegt; das Feuer im Ofen flackert luſtig, die Lampe brennt ruhig, ſogar der Theekeſſel ſummt und es läßt ſich zuletzt denn doch etwas Behaglichkeit hoffen. Nun will ſich unſer armer Halbmenſch etwas zu Gute thun und ſetzt ſich bequem in ſeinen Sorgenſtuhl, um ein intereſſantes Buch, auf das er ſich ſchon lange gefreut und welches er mehrere Wochen vergeblich von der Buchhandlung erwartet hat, mit gehöriger Muße zu leſen und zu genießen. Doch auch mit den Büchern, dieſen dem Anſcheine nach ſo treuen und gefälligen Freunden, hat man ſeine Plage zu Zeiten, und ſie behandeln uns mitunter nicht beſſer als alle unſere anderen Freunde, die uns gerade dann im Stich laſſen, wenn wir am meiſten auf ſie rechnen. Ich will gar nicht davon reden, wie oft ſie unſere Erwartung täuſchen, beſonders dann, wenn uns eine marktſchreieriſche buchhändleriſche Annonce hinterging und wir ſchon längſt Bekanntes in ihnen finden, wo das geprieſene Neue alt und das Alte ſchlecht iſt. Nein, nur die äußeren Widerwärtigkeiten, mit denen wir ſelbſt bei ihnen können zu kämpfen haben, will ich anführen. Sie kommen zum Beiſpiel neu aus dem Laden und ſind entweder roh, brochirt oder gebunden. — Sind ſie noch roh, ſo müſſen wir ſchon bedeutende Uebung haben, die einzelnen Bogen ſo zu brechen, daß wir nicht mühſam erſt die auf einander folgenden Seiten zu ſuchen brauchen. Geſetzt aber, wir hätten darin wirklich eine große Fertigkeit, ſo bietet ſich plötzlich mitten in der intereſſanteſten Lage uns, dem armen Einſiedler, ein ſogenannter Schimmel dar, d. h. ein nur auf einer Seite bedruckter Bogen, und wir werden nicht allein im Leſen unterbrochen, ſondern ſind noch obendrein genöthigt, es dem Buchhändler anzuzeigen und wochenlang auf Ergänzung dieſes Defectes warten zu müſſen, ſodaß uns unterdeſſen vollkommen entfällt, was wir ſchon geleſen haben, und wir das Werk noch einmal von vorn beginnen müſſen, wenn wir es nicht etwa gemacht haben wie jener Ungar, der ſich gleich zwei Exemplare von Grillparzer's Ahnfrau kaufte, und als er gefragt wurde, warum er das thue, zur Antwort gab: „Hat man mir geſagt, iſt Buch außerordentlich ſchönes, und weil Buch iſt ſo außerordentlich ſchönes, will ich leſen Buch gleich zwei Mal." Wenn man ſo vorſichtig iſt, kann Einen freilich ein Schimmel oder ein Defect weiter nicht ſtören, man müßte denn ein ſolcher Unſtern ſein, daß ſich gerade derſelbe Fehler in den beiden Exemplaren, die man ſich angeſchafft, vorfände, was auch nicht gerade in die Unmöglichkeiten zu verweiſen ſein möchte. Soll Jemand einmal Unglück haben, ſo iſt eben Alles möglich. — Sind die Bücher dagegen brochirt, ſo hat man ſeine Noth mit dem Aufſchneiden und zerreißt leicht die Blätter; gewöhnlich hat ſie der Buchbinder dann auch ſchlecht geheftet, und ehe man ſich deſſen verſieht, gehen ſie auseinander und man hat lauter loſe Bogen, die ſich leicht verlieren, in der Hand. Sind ſie endlich gebunden, ſo findet man ſie oft zu ſtark geleimt und hat die größte Mühe, die Blätter zu trennen, ohne ſie zu beſchädigen. Verdrießlich wirft man das Buch weg — aber — der Abend iſt noch ſo lang. — Was beginnen? Da fällt Einem wie durch Inſpiration ein, man ſei ganz ungeſtört, und dies die rechte Zeit, um in alten ſeligen Erinnerungen zu ſchwelgen. Ein herrlicher Gedanke! Raſch wird die Mappe herbeigeholt, die die Zeugen glücklicher Tage, die koſtbaren Reliquien himmliſcher Jahre, die Erinnerungen einſtiger Seligkeit birgt. Man öffnet ſie in der beſten feierlichſten Stimmung und nimmt die ſorgſam bewahrten Documente heraus — aber — es wird Einem zu Muthe, als ob zugleich mit dieſen alle möglichen Dämonen der Bosheit, Schadenfreude, Heimtücke, Hinterliſt zugleich aus der Mappe kröchen und Einen umſchwirrten, peinigten, kitzelten, ſtächen, quälten. Anſtatt ſich zu freuen, anſtatt zu ſchwelgen in den alten Erinnerungen, ärgert und grämt man ſich nur, denn alles Unangenehme, was man damals auch erlebte, alle Falſchheit und Tücke, die an Einem ausgeübt worden, die Untreue der Angebeteten, die Unbeſtändigkeit des Glücks, die verfehlte Exiſtenz, die ungerächten Beleidigungen, kurz Alles dies tritt Einem wieder vor die Sinne, anſtatt des Guten, das man wieder beleben wollte, und die Stimmung wird immer trüber, immer dunkler und geht zuletzt faſt in Verzweiflung über. Woher kommt das? Weil man allein iſt; weil man Niemanden hat, mit dem man ſich von den alten Zeiten unterhalten kann, der die alten Schmerzen willig theilt und ſich mit uns freut, daß ſie vorüber und das alte Glück gern mit uns von Neuem belebt. — Das eben iſt der Fluch des Alleinſeins! man ſieht Alles im trübſten Lichte, während ſich dagegen Alles, ſelbſt das Schlimmſte mildert und verklärt, wenn zwei geliebte Augen ihre freundlichen Strahlen darauf ſcheinen laſſen.

Uneins mit ſich und der Welt, ſpringt man auf, ſchiebt die Papiere haſtig wieder in die Mappe, verſchließt ſie und beſchließt zu Bette zu gehen, obwohl noch drei Stunden an der gewöhnlichen Zeit fehlen,

— um allen Jammer des Lebens zu verſchlafen. — Geſagt, gethan. Man ſchläft auch wirklich gleich ein, aber nach einigen Stunden zu frühen und daher ſchweren Schlafes geht man in einen Halbſchlummer über mit heißem Blute, brennender Haut, fieberhaftem Pulſe und Ameiſenkriechen über den ganzen Leib. Es iſt die Stunde der ſchweren Träume, der ängſtlichen Viſionen, die Stunde, wo der Teufel in den Menſchen fährt und der Alp drückt. Er kommt, der Nachtmähr; man hört das Keuchen, das Rauſchen, das Schlürfen, das Schlagen ſeiner Flügel.

Er ſetzt ſich endlich auf Deine Bruſt, und Dein Herz, armer Einſiedler und halber Menſch, hört auf zu ſchlagen. Dann bemächtigt ſich das Ungethüm Deines ganzen Weſens, und das bizarre Gefolge, das hinter ihm herzieht, behandelt Dich wie eine gute Beute. Umſonſt ſuchſt Du Dich ſeiner zu erwehren; mit Elephantenfüßen zertritt er Deinen Leib, Centnerlaſt preßt Deine Bruſt und mit einem Biß ſeines wie eine Krebsſcheere geformten Rachens klemmt er Dir Naſe und Mund zuſammen. Vergeblich ringſt Du mit ihm. Dein Körper widerſetzt ſich inſtinktmäßig, Du greifſt um Dich, aber nicht Herr Deiner Bewegungen, ſchleuderſt Du mit der Hand Alles hinunter, was ſich auf dem Nachttiſche neben Deinem Lager befindet. Das Gepraſſel und Gepolter, welches Leuchter, Feuerzeug, Taſſen u. ſ. w. im Sturze machen, wirkt durch die halbwachen Sinne auf Deine Seele, aber dieſe leidet noch unter dem Drucke des Ungethüms; die körperlichen Empfindungen bilden ſich zu verwirrten Anſchauungen aus und nun geſtalten ſich die wunderlichſten Träume und ziehen ſchwirrend durch Deinen Geiſt. Du haſt die Decke abgeworfen und die Kälte der Nacht trifft empfindlich Deine Glieder; jetzt geht die Wirklichkeit in ein Wahnbild über, und Du träumſt, am Hofe vor Deiner Fürſtin zu ſtehn; ohne Inexpreſſibles! Gräßliches Geſchick!!! — Wirft die Durchlauchtige einen Blick nur nach Deinem untern Menſchen, ſo iſt ewige Ungnade Dein Loos. Du ſuchſt zu entſchlüpfen, mit einer raſchen Bewegung biſt Du aus der Thür und eilſt die Treppe hinab, um dich in Deinen Wagen zu werfen und nach Hauſe zu eilen. Da trittſt Du ſchon auf der

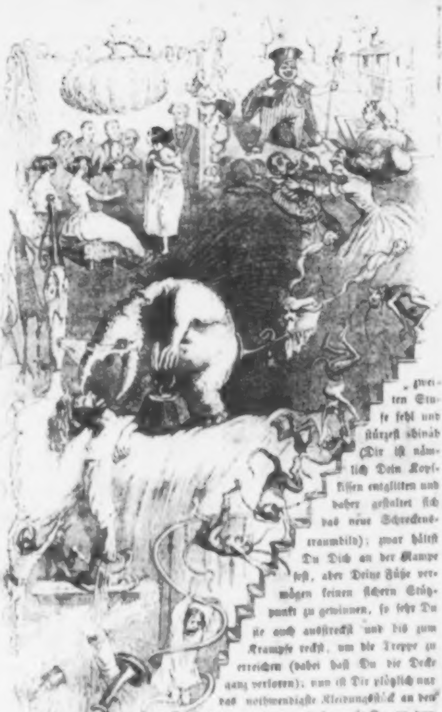

zweiten Stufe fehl und ſtürzeſt hinab (Dir iſt nämlich Dein Kopfkiſſen entglitten und daher geſtaltet ſich das neue Schreckenstraumbild); zwar hältſt Du Dich an der Rampe feſt, aber Deine Füße vermögen keinen ſicheren Stützpunkt zu gewinnen, ſo ſehr Du ſie auch ausſtreckſt und bis zum Krampfe reckſt, um die Treppe zu erreichen (dabei haſt Du die Decke ganz verloren); nun iſt Dir plötzlich nur das nothwendigſte Kleidungsſtück an den Leib gezaubert, und ſo mußt Du an dem ſchlangenförmigen Geländer hinabgleiten, bis Du endlich in der gräßlichſten Todesangſt, mit eiskaltem Schweiß auf der Stirn, unten ankommſt, während Dir iſt, als ob alle Hofbedienten, in dämoniſche Affen verwandelt, hinter Dir her mit der unverſchämteſten Stirn und dem verzweifelndſten Gleichmuth in Purzelbäumen die Treppe auf ihren Stufen hinabſpazieren, gleich als wollten ſie Dir zu verſtehn geben, wie es nur möglich ſei, daß ein ſo gewandter Hofmann, wie Du, ſich ſo unſicher auf dem gebohnten Parket bewege, während ſie, niedriges Lackeiengeſindel, die halsbrechendſten Sprünge ausführen, und doch immer wieder ſicher auf ihre Füße zu ſtehn kommen.

Endlich erwachſt Du — Gott ſei Dank! Von den andern ſchrecklichen Träumen, die den Nachtmähr begleiten, will ich gar nicht reden, nicht die tauſend moraliſchen Klemmen, in die man geräth, Dir noch ausmalen. — Mit wem hätte denn der boshafte Traumgott nicht ſchon auf dieſe Weiſe ſein Spiel getrieben?!

Wäreſt Du nun nicht allein, ſo hätte Dich gewiß ſchon eine liebende Seele, ſobald ſie Dich im Schlaf ächzen und ſtöhnen hörte, mit Zaubertönen bei Deinem Namen gerufen und den Alp in die Flucht geſchlagen, noch ehe er den böſen Spuk mit Dir begonnen. Siehſt Du, das iſt der Fluch des Alleinſeins!

Aber Du ſollſt ihn noch ſtärker empfinden. Du biſt erwacht! Tiefes Dunkel rings um Dich her! Dich ſchaudert! Du ächzeſt. — Mühſam ſuchſt Du Deine Decke und findeſt ſie nach langem Tappen erſt auf dem Boden wieder. Du kannſt nicht wieder einſchlafen. — Licht zu machen iſt unmöglich, Du haſt ja Alles hinabgeworfen. — Will dieſe Nacht denn ewig dauern? rufſt Du mit Schiller. — Eintönig pickt Deine Taſchenuhr. Du willſt ſie repetiren laſſen, aber die Glocke verſagt. Nun horchſt Du und lauerſt auf den Schlag der Thurmglocke. Endlich hebt der Hammer aus. — Er thut einen Schlag. — Das iſt ein Viertel. — Alſo erſt in drei Viertel Stunden kannſt Du erfahren, wie weit der Tag noch entfernt iſt. Du verſuchſt wieder einzuſchlafen; Du legſt Dich von der einen Seite auf die andere — Alles umſonſt.

Und nun kommt das Schlimmſte. Der Alp des Wachens, die Melancholie packt Dich; ein Zuſtand der Entmuthigung, der Troſtloſigkeit, der Angſt bemächtigt ſich Deiner. Die ſchwärzeſten Bilder ſteigen auf vor Deinen wachen, nur zu wachen Sinnen. Und wärſt Du der glücklichſte Sterbliche, in ſolchen Momenten hältſt Du Dich für den größten Leidträger auf Erden. Alles Freundliche, was Dir das Schickſal bot, verſchwindet in Deiner Erinnerung, alles Schlimme wird dagegen rieſengroß. Du ſiehſt Deine hellſten Sterne erbleichen, Deine ſicherſten Hoffnungen erſterben; Du wähnſt, daß Dich Deine treueſten Freunde verrathen, daß überall Böſes im Hinterhalte auf Dich lauere; das leiſeſte Kniſtern in der Wand macht Dich emporfahren mit dem Gedanken, Diebe wollten einbrechen, oder die Decke ſei im Begriff einzuſtürzen. Aengſtlich lauſcheſt Du! Alles iſt wieder ſtill. Du legſt Dich von Neuem hin und verſuchſt einzuſchlummern; es iſt Dir auch zu Muthe, als ob Morpheus ſich Deiner erbarmen wollte. Da läutet es plötzlich vor Deinen Ohren. — Sollte das die Feuerglocke ſein? Entſetzt fährſt Du auf. — Alles ſtill. — Nur in der Wand pickt der Todtenwurm. — Das bringt Dich wieder auf gräßliche Gedanken. — Und ſo — unter tauſendfachen Qualen dämmert endlich der Tag herauf. — Nun wirſt Du ruhiger — ja Du ſchläfſt ſogar ein, aber Du verſchläfſt die Zeit — weit, weit bis in den Vormittag hinein. — Du erwachſt endlich aus ſchwerem unerquicklichen Schlummer, biſt am ganzen Körper zerſchlagen, als wäreſt Du in einem Striche von Petersburg nach Paris, ohne aus dem Wagen zu ſteigen, mit der Eilpoſt gereiſt, und haſt obendrein ein höchſt wichtiges Geſchäft verſäumt, und dieſe Verſäumniß kann Dir für Dein ganzes Leben ſchaden.

Siehſt Du, halber Menſch, das iſt der Fluch des Alleinſeins in ſeiner ganzen grauenhaften Wirklichkeit.

Das iſt das Unglück, allein ſein und allein ſchlafen zu müſſen. — Glaubt nicht, durch bezahlte Diener und Wärter dieſen Jammer von Euch abwenden zu können. Bezahlte Diener ſchlafen, wenn Ihr wacht, ſchnarchen, wenn Ihr ſchlaft, ſo laut, daß ſie Euch wecken, athmen leiſe, wenn Ihr ſtöhnt und keucht, hören nie etwas von dem, was Ihr zu hören glaubt, und verderben Euch Eure ſchönſten Träume durch unzeitigen Eifer.

Nein, nur eine liebende Seele, nur eine beſſere Hälfte, die für Euch wacht, mit Euch träumt, die bei der leiſeſten Bewegung, die Ihr im Schlafe wacht, auffährt und nach Euch fleht, die, wenn Ihr lautlos ſchlummert, ſich vorſichtig an Euer Bett ſchleicht, um ſich zu überzeugen, daß nicht der Zwillingsbruder des Schlafes an des Letzteren Stelle trat, kann Euch allein vor allen oben geſchilderten Leiden bewahren. — Das wollte ich in dieſer Abhandlung beweiſen und darf glauben, Motte Korah! Herr der Junggeſellen! es bewieſen zu haben.

Wahrlich, es iſt nicht gut, daß der Menſch allein ſei!

Die Rieſen und die Zwerge.

Phyſiologiſche Abhandlung

aus den Papieren eines hypochondriſchen Arztes.

Das rechte Maß halten, iſt ein gut Ding, aber das rechte Maß haben, ein beſſeres, denn da braucht man es nicht zu halten, es hält ſich von ſelbſt. Ehemals ſollen zwar die Menſchen ſämmtlich Rieſen geweſen ſein; da hatten ſie auch ſämmtlich das rechte Maß; ſeitdem wir uns aber ſo von der Natur entfremdet haben, daß wir Kaffee und Liqueure trinken und uns ſchnüren — ich meine nicht blos die Frauen — ſeitdem iſt's mit der antiken Taille vorbei, und auf Erden giebt es nur noch ſehr verkrüppelte und verrenkte Ebenbilder des lieben Gottes. Die Mittelmäßigkeit herrſcht jetzt überall, auch in der Geſtaltung des Menſchengeſchlechtes, es iſt kaum hundert Jahr her, daß ein König von Preußen Tauſende aufwandte, um eine Garde von Enakſöhnen zu haben; jetzt müßte er gewiß das Doppelte zahlen und bekäme ſie doch nicht vollſtändig. Um deſto abnormer erſcheinen daher die Rieſen wie die Zwerge in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft. Wer zu lang iſt, iſt gar ſchlimm daran, wer zu kurz iſt, auch. Für das gewöhnliche Leben taugen beide Gattungen nichts. Weder zu lange noch zu kurze Menſchen werden je ihr Glück machen; denn ſie ſind beſtändig genirt und können daher ihre Kräfte nie gehörig entfalten, um zur rechten Zeit ihr Ziel zu erreichen. Der zu Lange kommt ſtets zu früh, der zu Kurze ſtets zu ſpät. Die rechte Zeit iſt aber eigentlich das Glück in der Welt und die unrechte Zeit immer das Unglück. Sehr lange Menſchen ſind meiſt phlegmatiſch, denn die Reiſe vom Solarſyſtem nach dem Herzen und dem Kopfe iſt zu weit, auch haben ſie zu viel Platz in ſich und die Leidenſchaften vertheilen ſich. Sehr kurze Menſchen ſind dagegen meiſt choleriſch, Alles ſteigt ihnen gar leicht zu Kopf und das kleine Gefäß läuft ſchnell über, wenn's drinnen kocht oder gähnt. Kurz, zu lang oder zu kurz iſt ein Leben voll Leid; das habe ich in dreißigjähriger Praxis wohl beobachtet und will es ausführlich nachweiſen.

Der Menſch bringt bekanntlich den größten Theil ſeiner Zeit zu:

a) **Im Bette.** Die gewöhnlichen Betten ſind aber nur für Menſchen von mittlerer Länge berechnet. — Der Rieſe — ich nenne der Kürze wegen alle Menſchen über fünf Fuß acht Zoll ſo — muß ſich daher zuſammenziehen wie ein lateiniſches N, während der Zwerg — ich meine damit alle Leute unter vier Fuß — Gefahr läuft, ſich darin zu verlieren, ſodaß man ihn am folgenden Morgen mühſam zu ſuchen hat.

b) **Sitzend.** Für den Rieſen ſind die Stühle ſtets zu niedrig, für den Zwerg zu hoch. Der Rieſe hat daher ſtets die Furcht, ſich das Kinn mit den Knieen zu zerſtoßen; der Zwerg dagegen leidet häufig an Wadenkrämpfen, oder müht ſich ab, nicht das Gleichgewicht zu verlieren. Noch peinlicher wird dieſer Uebelſtand für beide Theile in einem Wagen, beſonders wenn noch andere Perſonen darin ſitzen mit ihnen, vorzüglich aber in einem Omnibus.

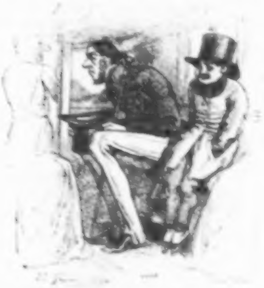

e) Angezogen. Das iſt nun gar ein großes Leid. Kein Schneider macht den Rieſen die Kleider ſo, daß ſie ihnen bequem ſitzen, und wenn ſie auch zehn Mal ſich Maß nehmen laſſen. Ein junger Mann aus Pommern, der mit ſeiner ganzen Familie das ſchwere Loos theilte, zu lang zu ſein, klagte mir einmal ſeine Noth, daß ihm alle ſeine Röcke ſäßen, als ob er ſie geſtohlen hätte und kein Kleiderkünſtler ihm zu Dank arbeiten könne. Ich rieth ihm, in ein großes Magazin zu gehn und dort ſich etwas aufzufinden, in der feſten Meinung, daß er daſelbſt etwas Paſſendes finden würde. Da der Beſitzer jener Handlung, ein kleiner, dicker Mann, von mir wegen aſthmatiſcher Leiden behandelt wurde und große Stücke auf mich hielt, ſo fuhr ich ſelbſt zu der Stunde, wo mein Protégé dort ſein mußte, hin, um ihn auf das Nachdrücklichſte zu empfehlen. Beide fand ich aber in großer Ver-

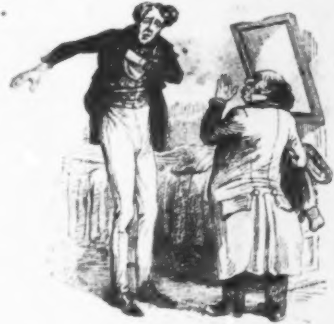

zweiflung; mein armer junger Anclamer probirte mit dem Muſkelſpiel des Körperleidens den einunddreißigſten Frack, für ihn kaum eine Jacke, und der kleine Kaufmann ſtand mit der Miene des Entſetzens neben ihm, einen galonnirten Rock, den einzigen, der einigermaßen das rechte Maß hatte, auf dem Arm haltend. Beſagter Rock war aber urſprünglich für den Kammerheiducken eines ungariſchen Fürſten, der in die Dienſte eines Engländers getreten, beſtimmt geweſen und nicht abgeholt worden; den konnte mein armer Schützling doch unmöglich tragen. Endlich kam der Herr des Magazins auf den Einfall, einen langen engliſchen Ueberrock, ohne ihn zu verkürzen, zu einem Frack zuſtutzen und neue Aermel einſetzen zu laſſen, und ſo war denn der Noth für's Erſte abgeholfen.

d) Auf Bällen. Da ſind nun beide, Rieſen wie Zwerge, gleich ſchlimm daran. Die Rieſen haben gewöhnlich eine beſondere Zärtlichkeit für kleine Damen und fordern ſie gar oft zu ſolchen Tänzen auf, wo viel auf die richtige Vertheilung des Gewichtes und die genaue Findung des Schwerpunktes ankommt, wie z. B. Galoppaden. Ich habe auf einem Ball einen jungen Mann an alle Kronleuchter anſtoßen ſehn, während er mit einer kleinen Dame walzte, deren Anzug nicht wenig dadurch verdorben wurde. — Der Herr des Hauſes, zur Gattung der Zwerge gehörend, bemühte ſich dagegen vergeblich, eine rebelliſche Wandlampe in Ordnung zu bringen, die es ihm unmöglich war zu erreichen. Nie iſt mir Beider trauriges Loos ſo lebhaft vor die Augen getreten, wie an dieſem Abende.

Ich könnte noch mehr Punkte anführen, aber es möge dabei ſein Bewenden haben; nur einige wenige allgemeine Bemerkungen laſſe ich noch zum Schluſſe folgen. Eigenthümlich iſt, wie ich ſchon erwähnt habe, die Neigung langer Männer zu kleinen Frauen. Auf dem anatomiſchen Muſeum zu Berlin bewahrt man das Skelett eines ehemaligen himmellangen Flügelmannes der Garde, der ſich wegen der Untreue ſeiner nur vier Schuh hohen Geliebten erſchoß. — Wäre er etwas kürzer, oder ſie etwas länger geweſen, ſo würde ſie ihm vielleicht nicht untreu geworden ſein und er ſich nicht entleibt haben. Dann lebte er möglicherweiſe noch und zierte nicht als Seltenheit das Muſeum.

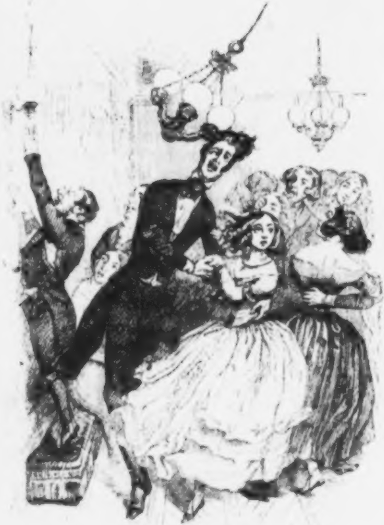

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Eine andere Beobachtung hat mir bewieſen, daß die Welt im Irrthum iſt, wenn ſie den Rieſen Muth und Stärke zuſchreibt, während ſie die Zwerge als unbedeutend und furchtſam behandelt. Ich habe ſtets das Gegentheil gefunden. Der Rieſe iſt meiſt in Verlegenheit, was er mit ſeinen Gliedmaßen anfangen ſolle, und daher ſtets ungeſchickt, verlegen und furchtſam, während die Kleinen ſich immer gewandt, keck und kampfluſtig zeigen. Bei Duellen, zu denen ich als Arzt gerufen worden, ſah ich ſtets den Rieſen, wenn er ſich mit einem Zwerge ſchlug, den Kürzeren ziehn. Wenn er ſich auch noch ſo ſehr ſtreckte, um ſich den Gegner vom Leibe zu halten, dieſer ſchlüpfte ihm doch gewandt unter der Klinge durch und verſetzte ihm eine Wunde, ehe er ſich deſſen verſah.

Noch ſchlimmer als zu lange Männer ſind zu lange Frauen daran. Auch ſie haben die eigenthümliche Neigung zu kleinen Männern und vermählen ſich gern mit ihnen, wahrſcheinlich in der Hoffnung, ſie leichter beherrſchen zu können. Sehr ſelten jedoch gelingt ihnen das. Die kleinſten Männer ſind ſtets die größten Haustyrannen.

Eine Juno erobert weit ſchwerer ein männliches Herz, als eine Thalia — ich meine nämlich die dritte und kleinſte der Grazien. — Eine Juno darf nicht tändeln und ſchmeicheln, das läßt ihr gerade ſo, als wollte der berühmte antike Fechter Entrechats ſchlagen. — Hat ſie nun eine kleine, gewandte, neckiſche, gaukelnde Thalia zur Nebenbuhlerin und will es ihr gleich thun in dieſen zierlichen und gefälligen Künſten der Kätzchencoquetterie, ſo iſt ſie unrettbar verloren, denn ſie macht ſich lächerlich und die Lächerlichkeit iſt der Tod der Liebe.

Das Capitel von den Freunden und Freundinnen.

Bruchſtück aus Theophron's Vermächtniß an ſeinen Sohn.

Mein lieber Sohn, ſchaff' Dir nie einen Freund an, und noch weniger eine Freundin, ſelbſt nicht in der ſtricteſten und ehrbarſten Bedeutung des Wortes. Habe funfzig Feinde, aber keinen Freund; funfzig Geliebte, aber keine Freundin. Verſpiele Dein Geld eher, als daß Du es an Deine Freunde verborgeſt; laß Dich zehn Mal von Deiner Frau ſcheiden und heirathe ſie zehn Mal wieder, und wenn auch Xantippe ein Engel gegen ſie wäre, oder heirathe zehn Mal von Neuem eine Andere, ehe Du in ein Verhältniß mit einer Freundin trittſt.

Laß meine Erfahrungen Dir nützen und Dich vor Schaden behüten, mein Sohn. Die Freundinnen haben mir das Daſein verbittert und die Freunde das Leben zerſtört. Wenn Du einen Freund haſt, ſo biſt Du eine Null auf der Welt, und haſt Du eine Freundin, noch weniger als Nichts. Ich will Dir das an Beiſpielen aus dem Leben deutlich machen.

Du haſt eine wichtige Arbeit vor, von der vielleicht Deine ganze Zukunft abhängt, oder Du befindeſt Dich in einer glücklichen Stimmung und willſt die letzte Hand an eine poetiſche Arbeit legen, die Du Jahre lang mühſam und liebevoll gepflegt und gefeilt haſt, und von welcher Du hoffſt, daß ſie Deinem Namen endlich den lang erſehnten guten Klang unter Deutſchlands literariſchen Notabilitäten verſchaffen werde. Raſch ſetzeſt Du Dich an das Pult, die Gedanken drängen ſich, die Feder fliegt auf dem Papiere; Du biſt eben bei der Entwickelung eines Hauptſatzes der von Dir aufgeſtellten neuen Theorie, oder in der intereſſanteſten und wichtigſten Scene deines Drama, und hoffſt nun alle Schwierigkeiten zu überwinden, ſo vortrefflich fühlſt Du Dich gerade jetzt disponirt. — Unglücklicher! Du haſt aber vergeſſen Deine Thür zu verſchließen und den Schlüſſel abzuziehn. — Du darfſt Dich alſo nicht verleugnen. — Du biſt zu Hauſe. Plötzlich wird an Deine Thür geklopft, und ehe Du noch das übliche Herein gerufen, iſt der Beſuchende ſchon im Zimmer. Dein beſter Freund iſt's — was thut es alſo? er findet Dich am Schreibtiſch; er iſt viel zu discret, um Dich zu ſtören, er wird gleich wieder gehn, denkſt Du. — Sehr wahrſcheinlich! — Mittlerweile entſpinnt ſich aber folgendes Geſpräch zwiſchen Euch:

Der beſte Freund. Guten Tag, Emil. Ich ſtöre Dich doch nicht?

Du. Niemals. — Doch erlaubſt Du — —

Der beſte Freund. Laß Dich ja nicht ſtören — das würde mir ſehr leid thun. Ich bleibe auch nur einen Augenblick, denn ich habe Wilhelm verſprochen, ihn zu einem Spaziergange abzuholen und es iſt noch zu früh dazu. Störe ich Dich wirklich nicht? . . .

Du. Nein — doch — ich wollte —

Der beſte Freund. Ich muß Dir doch einen Spaß erzählen. Julius wettete heute mit mir, er könne mit verbundenen Augen rothen und weißen Wein durch den bloßen Geſchmack unterſcheiden. Ich verband ihm die Augen, ſetzte ihm zwei Gläſer weißen Wein hin und ließ ihn nun ſagen, welcher der rothe ſei. Er ſagte es auch wirklich und wurde natürlich von Allen tüchtig ausgelacht. Das ärgerte ihn nicht wenig; Du weißt ja, wie er iſt. — Nicht wahr, der Spaß war gut? —

Du. Scharmant — doch — —

Der beſte Freund. Du willſt ſchreiben. Ei! laß Dich doch ja nicht ſtören. Ich ſetze mich ſo lange hin — denn zu Wilhelm zu gehn iſt's noch viel zu früh — und ſpiele die neue Henſelt'ſche Etude durch, die ich da auf Deinem Piano aufgeſchlagen ſehe. — Das ſtört Dich doch nicht? —

Du. Bewahre — aber —

Der beſte Freund. Na, arbeite nur — laß Dich ja nicht ſtören. Das möchte ich um Alles in der Welt nicht.

Du ſetzeſt Dich wieder an den Schreibtiſch, er ſich an Dein Inſtrument, höchſt ſtümperhaft das Muſikſtück durchſpielend. — Aermſter, Deine Gedanken ſind fort, Deine Stimmung verflogen; mühſam ſuchſt Du Dich wieder hineinzuſetzen. Aber während Du Jamben ſchreibſt, trommelt er Trochäen, und während Du Deinen Helden in die Peripetie führſt, läßt er die Etude Etude ſein und ſpielt einen Straußiſchen Walzer; da bleibe Du im Versmaß und im rechten Ton. Eben willſt Du Dich zu ihm wenden und ihn um's Himmels willen bitten aufzuhören, o Gott, da haben ſich unbemerkt noch zwei andere beſte Freunde eingefunden, die Dich auch nicht ſtören wollen: der Eine accompagnirt nur den Pianiſten auf einer alten Trompete und der Andere hat ſich über Dich gebeugt, bläſt Dir den Dampf ſeiner Pfeife in das Geſicht und lieſt mit der größten Ungenirtheit, was Du ſchreibſt und ſtreng vor aller Welt bisher als Dein theuerſtes Geheimniß verbargſt.

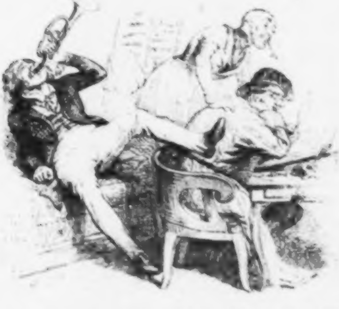

Du verzweifelſt!! Ja, mein Sohn, das kommt davon, wenn man **Freunde** hat. In ſolchen Lagen befand ſich Dein armer Vater nur zu oft.

Wenden wir einmal das Blatt. Du haſt eine Freundin. — Die kann Dich allerdings nicht beſuchen; das ſchickt ſich nicht. Solche Störung brauchſt Du alſo nicht zu fürchten. Ja, ſie iſt ſogar nicht einmal am Orte, ſie befindet ſich im Bade. Noch hat ſie Dir nicht geſchrieben. Du biſt ſchon unruhig ihretwegen. Endlich kommt ein Brief und zwar folgenden Inhaltes:

„Mein theuerer Freund! Ich hatte Ihnen ſchon früher ſchreiben wollen, aber die vielen Zerſtreuungen, ſowie die Badecur, die mir Gottlob! ſehr gut zu bekommen ſcheint, hinderten mich daran. Jetzt treibt mich die Nothwendigkeit, und ich rechne ſehr darauf, daß Sie dieſe Zeilen noch zu rechter Zeit erhalten. Sie müſſen, wie ich aus Erfahrung weiß. Dienſtag bis fünf Uhr Nachmittags in Ihren Händen ſein, da haben Sie noch drei Stunden Zeit bis zu Abgang der Fahrpoſt. Bitte, verſäumen Sie keine Minute; mir liegt außerordentlich daran. Ich weiß, daß ich Sie plage, aber ich weiß auch, wie gern Sie es thun. — Gehn Sie doch gleich in die Steindruckerei und laſſen Sie mir hundert Viſitenkarten machen, blos mit „Madame Stephanie Aderheim“ darauf, aber recht ſauber; Golddruck; bei Meier und Müller können Sie dieſelben binnen anderthalb Stunden bekommen; ſie wohnen zwar weit vor dem Thore, aber ſie liefern doch die beſte Arbeit. Sie müſſen die Karten gleich mitſenden in dem Packet, denn ich bin in der größten Verlegenheit, weil ich nur noch ſehr wenige habe und geſchriebene, das ſieht zu mesquin aus. — Ferner ſprechen Sie doch mit Gumperz — Sie wiſſen, das iſt mein Bankier — Sie müſſen aber mit ihm ſelbſt reden, ſonſt hilft es Nichts — und laſſen ſich hundert Thaler in Zwanzigkreuzern für mich geben. — Ich habe thörichter Weiſe nur Kaſſenſcheine mitgenommen und an denen verliert man zu viel. Es wäre möglich, daß Gumperz Umſtände machte, weil er Sie nicht perſönlich kennt, aber wenn Sie nur ſelbſt zu ihm gehn und ihm dieſen Brief zeigen, ſo wird er die Summe ſchon auszahlen. Wenn Sie das beſorgt haben, ſo bitte ich Sie, in meinem Logis nachzuſehn, ob man ſchon angefangen zu weißen und zu tapeziren, und die Arbeiter etwas anzutreiben, damit Alles zu rechter Zeit fertig wird und mich der Geruch nicht mehr incommodirt, ſobald ich zu Hauſe komme. Im Nothfall laſſen Sie doch Sauerkraut ſtreuen, das zieht alle böſen Dünſte an ſich; nachher muß dann geräuchert und gelüftet werden. Schreiben Sie mir ja, wie weit der Tapezirer iſt und ob die Bordure für das grüne Zimmer auch ausreicht. Zugleich laſſen Sie ſich gütigſt von Hannchen den blauen ſammetnen Ridicule geben, den ich vergeſſen habe, und packen ihn ſorgfältig zwiſchen Baumwolle ein, damit die goldenen Litzen den Sammet nicht abſcheuern. Der Beutel liegt in meinem Secretair unten in der zweiten Schublade; meine Schweſter Fanny hat den Schlüſſel dazu, den Sie ihr gefälligſt wieder zuſtellen wollen, ſobald Sie ihn gebraucht haben. Sie wiſſen, daß ſie, ſo lange ich abweſend bin, bei der Tante Meier wohnt, Lindenvorſtadt Nr. 437 zwei Treppen hoch, das vorletzte Haus an der Chauſſee. Sie wird ſich bei dieſer Gelegenheit ſehr freuen, Sie zu ſehn; denn ſie hält große Stücke auf Sie, wie Sie wiſſen. Fragen Sie ſie doch zugleich, ob Felix — ich meine meinen jüngſten Bruder, nicht den Onkel Aderheim — ihr Saint-Roche wiedergegeben hat, ſonſt ſenden Sie zu ihm und laſſen das Buch holen und legen es bei. Hier iſt es nicht zu haben, und die Fürſtin Renibulska, der ich's verſprochen, wartet ungeduldig darauf. Endlich bitte ich noch um einige neue Muſikalien, beſonders Lieder und Duette für Alt und Sopran, ſowie um einen hübſchen neuen franzöſiſchen Roman.

Adieu, beſter Freund. Ich muthe Ihnen allerdings ein Bischen viel zu, um ſo mehr, als Sie ſtets von ſo bedeutenden Geſchäften den Kopf voll haben; aber ich weiß, Sie thun es gern. — Sie werden doch das Packet nicht fortſenden, ohne mir einen recht langen Brief zu ſchreiben. Sie wiſſen, wie ſehr das erfreut

Ihre aufrichtig ergebene
Stephanie Aderheim."

Siehſt Du, Unglücklicher! drei Stunden Zeit haſt Du nur, ſollſt während dieſer kurzen Friſt Alles das beſorgen und zwar meiſt in eigner Perſon, von Pontius zu Pilatus laufen, vorſichtig Jegliches einpacken, auf die Poſt befördern und noch obendrein einen langen Brief ſchreiben. Wehe Dir, wenn Du nicht pünktlich das Verlangte abſendeſt, oder irgend etwas vergiſſeſt. Dann iſt's mit der Freundſchaft für immer aus; dann betrachtet Dich Deine Freundin als einen unzuverläſſigen, gewillenloſen ungefälligen Mann. Daß Du vor dem Drange der eigenen wichtigen Geſchäfte mitunter nicht weißt, wo Dir der Kopf ſteht und keine Minute frei haſt, das iſt ihr zwar wohl bekannt, aber ihre Angelegenheiten ſind wichtiger und drei kleine Stunden wirſt Du an einem Poſttage doch wohl erübrigen können, um ihre Wünſche zu erfüllen und Deine Anhänglichkeit zu beweiſen. Alſo laufe, renne, jage von Oſten nach Weſten, packe, ſiegle und ſchreibe, verſäume die wichtigſten eignen Dinge, aber zeige Dich als ein treuer Freund im Leben und Tod. Du wirſt ſchon belohnt werden, wenn ſie wiederkehrt; ſie wird Dich einladen, den Vierten in einer Whiſtpartie mit drei alten, ſchlecht ſpielenden Damen zu machen, oder mit ihrer kranken Mutter ſpazieren zu fahren, oder auch Thalberg'ſche Compoſitionen mit ihr einzuſtudiren. Kurz, Dein Lohn wird alle Deine Bemühungen bei weitem übertreffen; verlaß Dich darauf.

Das iſt die erſte Wohlthat, die Einem dankbare Freunde und Freundinnen erzeigen: *ſie ſtehlen Einem auf das Gewiſſenloſeſte die Zeit.*

Das iſt aber bei weitem noch nicht Alles, um das ſie Dich bringen. Glaube der Erfahrung Deines Vaters. —

Schlagen wir eine neue Seite auf im Buche des Lebens, um den Beweis zu finden.

Dein Freund borgt Dir Geld ab — hört aber nicht auf Dein Freund zu ſein, ſondern iſt blos nicht Dein Schuldner. Wäre er Dein Schuldner, ſo wäre er Dein Freund nicht mehr. Um das zu bleiben, erwähnt er nie das von Dir geliehene Geld, zahlt es Dir natürlich auch nicht wieder. Du denkſt natürlich auch zu zart, um Dir jemals nur die leiſeſte Anſpielung zu erlauben und erhältſt Dir dadurch einen treuen Freund, der Dir zwar kein Geld mehr, als nur vielleicht in der höchſten Noth, dafür aber andere Dinge abborgt, die Dir vielleicht noch lieber ſind, wie z. B. Dein Pferd, Deine Hunde, Deine Gewehre, auf die Du ſo viel Werth legſt, Deine Bücher, mit denen Du ſo eigen biſt, Deine Pfeifen und Gott weiß was ſonſt noch. Und wie bekommſt Du meiſt die geliehenen Dinge zurück? Verlaß Dich darauf, unbrauchbar, zerbrochen, zerſtört, ſo daß Du alle Freude an ihnen verlierſt. Erlaube Dir dann einmal die leiſeſte Klage und gieb Acht, welche Antwort, ja welche Vorwürfe Dir zu Theil werden.

Ich habe ein hübſches Beiſpiel bei der Hand. Du wirſt Dich erinnern, daß ich mir vor ungefähr zwanzig Jahren ein allerliebſtes Cabriolet anſchaffte, groß genug, um Deine ſelige Mutter, Dich und mich aufzunehmen. Ich hatte es bauen laſſen, um ungeſtört und behaglich mit euch Beiden darin nach unſerm Landhauſe zu fahren. Kaum drei Wochen waren verfloſſen, ſeit ich es angeſchafft, da kam mein damaliger beſter Freund und bat mich himmelhoch, es ihm zu leihen, weil es das eleganteſte Fuhrwerk in der ganzen Stadt ſei und ihm ganz beſonders daran liege, es zu haben. Er verſprach, daſſelbe wie ſeinen Augapfel zu hüten. Treu meinen Freundespflichten, willigte ich ein. Am Abend brachte ein Bauer es mir in einem ſchrecklichen Zuſtande zurück: die Gabel und ein Rad waren zerbrochen und von dem Sitze der Lack abgeſtoßen. Für die Koſten der Reparatur konnte man ein neues kaufen. Als ich dem werthen Freunde nun am andern Tage mit den ſanfteſten Worten vorſtellte, daß ich es ſo nicht gehofft hatte wiederzubekommen, fuhr er auf und donnerte mich folgendermaßen an: „Hätteſt Du mir den verdammten Karren nur nicht geborgt! Er hielt gar keine Spur und ſchlug gleich um, als ich von der Chauſſee in die Hohle nach Weißenſteinbach einlenkte. Das war eine gräßliche Scene.

Weißt Du, wen ich fuhr? Die hübſche Baronin Werderſtein und ihre jüngſte Schweſter. Glücklicher Weiſe fielen Beide auf mich und litten nur den Schrecken, aber keinen Schaden; ich ſchlug aber unſanft hin und habe ein ganz zerſchundenes Knie. Das hätte indeſſen nichts gethan, wäre ich nicht genöthigt geweſen, ſie mit ihren zarten Füßchen auf dem holprichten Wege über eine halbe Stunde weit bis nach dem Schloſſe zu führen, von den dummen Bauern ausgeſpottet und verhöhnt. — Wie lächerlich ich dadurch in den Augen dieſer Damen geworden bin, die mir früher ſo wohl wollten, davon macht ſich Niemand einen Begriff. Ich komme nie wieder bei ihnen in Gunſt. — Und das habe ich allein Dir und Deiner abſcheulichen Karrete zu verdanken.“

Ich ſah ein, daß ich allein Schuld an ſeinem Unglücke ſei, und war nahe daran, ihm eine Entſchädigung anzubieten, die ſeine Groß-

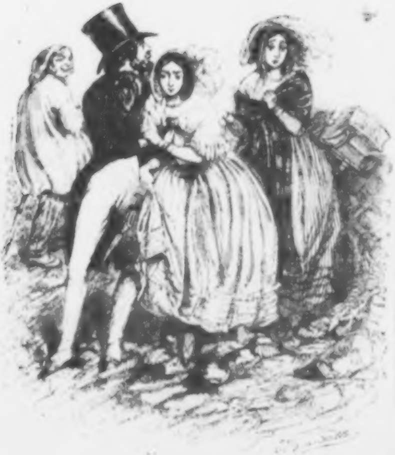

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mich indeſſen wohl nicht würde angenommen haben. Ein neues Cabriolet ſchaffte ich mir indeſſen nicht wieder an, blos um einem Freunde nicht damit zu ſchaden, und wir fuhren, wie Du weißt, von nun an nur mit Lohnkutſchern, was mir allerdings viel theurer kam. Aber Nichts kann Einem zu theuer erſcheinen, wo es gilt, einem Freunde Unannehmlichkeiten zu erſparen.

Dergleichen kann Dir nun allerdings mit einer Freundin nicht geſchehn, wohl aber Dinge anderer Art, die noch weit ſchlimmer ſind.

Blättern wir einmal einige Seiten weiter in meinem Buche.

Richtig! da kommt ſchon etwas. Ich war ungefähr dreißig Jahr alt, noch unverheirathet, Redacteur einer geleſenen Zeitſchrift und nicht ohne Ruf in der literariſchen Welt. Eine Dame hatte mir Gedichte zugeſandt, die Talent verriethen, jedoch manchen Fehler gegen Reimgeſetz und Form enthielten. Die Erlaubniß, dieſe kleinen Unebenheiten auszumerzen, ward mir gegeben und dieſe von mir benutzt. Dadurch kamen wir in ein näheres Verhältniß zu einander; ſie hätte meine Mutter ſein können, obwohl ſie ihr eigentliches Alter verſchwieg, und nannte ſich nun meine Freundin. Auf meinen Rath legte ſie großen Werth, beſonders in literariſchen Dingen. Zwei Mal wöchentlich mußte ich des Abends Thee bei ihr trinken; dann gingen wir ihre poetiſchen Arbeiten durch. Endlich rückte ſie mit einem Roman heraus, den ſie geſchrieben hatte. Vier Abende brauchte ſie, mir ihn vorzuleſen; ich hörte mit der barmherzigſten Geduld zu, obwohl er mich gräulich langweilte; dann wandte ich noch zwei Abende an, um ihr die vielen Mißgriffe in demſelben weitläufig auseinanderzuſetzen und ihr gründlich zu beweiſen, daß es eine ganz verfehlte Arbeit ſei. Sie ſchenkte mir eben ſo aufmerkſam Gehör, und als ich endlich mit trockner und heiſerer Kehle zu Ende war, rollte ſie das Manuſcript zuſammen und ſagte: „Nehmen Sie es mit, theuerſter Freund, ſtreichen und ändern Sie, wo Sie es für nöthig halten, aber ſchaffen Sie mir dann einen Verleger dafür, denn meine ganze Seligkeit hängt daran, dieſe meine liebſte Arbeit gedruckt zu ſehen; ich bin feſt überzeugt, wenn Ihre gewandte Feder die kleinen Unebenheiten ausgeglättet hat, ſo muß ſie Epoche machen.“

Was wollte ich thun? Ich gehorchte und wuſch die ſchmutzige

Geſchichte, die mir faſt drei Monate koſtete, was ihrer Ungeduld viel zu lange vorkam; denn während dieſer Zeit bekam ich gar oft zu hören: Männer wären bei weitem nicht ſo hingebend und aufopfernd in der Freundſchaft wie Frauen. Endlich war ich fertig und mußte nun wie ein Verzweifelnder rennen, um meinen Findling zum Verlage zu bewegen. Der Roman erſchien, ward gräßlich angegriffen in Recenſionen; denn die Hauptfehler hätte ich nicht wegbringen können, ohne ein ganz neues Buch zu ſchreiben; alle Exemplare kamen in der nächſten Meſſe unverkauft zurück; ich zerfiel mit meinem Verleger darüber, der die Redaction der Zeitſchrift einem Andern übertrug, und meine theure Freundin gab mir zu verſtehen, daß das Buch gewiß anerkannt worden wäre, hätte ich nicht ſo viel davon geſtrichen und geändert. Sie befreundete ſich nun mit dem neuen Redacteur und unſer zartes Verhältniß löſte ſich bald. Zum Danke dafür gab ſie nun einen neuen Roman heraus, in dem ſie die Jugendgeſchichte Deiner Mutter, meiner damaligen Braut und ihre Familienverhältniſſe ſo plump verkappt erzählte — denn ſie war zu geiſtig arm, um etwas ſelbſt zu erfinden — daß mir unſere Verwandten die heftigſten Vorwürfe machten, einer ſo indiſcreten Perſon ſo zarte, wenn gleich ganz unſchuldige Dinge anvertraut zu haben.

Daraus nimm Dir die Lehre, mein Sohn: Nie eine literariſche Freundin!

Höchſt unausſtehlich iſt ferner die Klugheit der Freunde. Sie betrachten ſich als Deine verpflichteten Erzieher und Lehrer, die Alles beſſer wiſſen als Du, und Du biſt ein Thor, wenn Du nicht in allen Dingen ihrem Rathe folgſt. Jeden Augenblick, d. h. hinterher, wenn die Dinge nicht mehr zu ändern ſind, mußt Du und zwar auf die theilnahmloſeſte Weiſe von ihnen hören: „Habe ich Dir es nicht vorhergeſagt?“ wie z. B.

Habe ich Dir es nicht vorhergeſagt, daß die Eiſenbahnactien ſinken müßten?

Habe ich Dir es nicht vorhergeſagt, daß Peter Plum noch einmal fallirt?

Habe ich Dir nicht vorhergeſagt, daß Luischen dem Lieutenant nicht gram ſei?

Habe ich Dir nicht vorhergesagt, daß der Alte doch hinaus will mit seiner Tochter?

Habe ich Dir es nicht vorhergesagt, daß der Rothfuchs Dich noch einmal abwürfe?

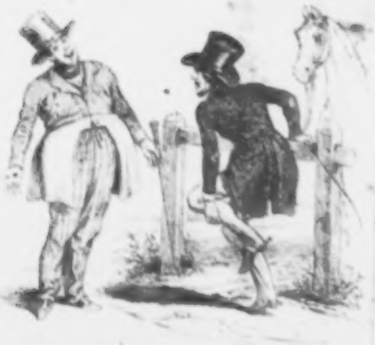

Das Schlimmste von Allem aber ist, daß Niemand so Deinen Ruf ruinirt wie gerade Deine Freunde. Du wachst eines Morgens auf und findest, daß Dein Ansehn, Dein Credit, Dein Einfluß gewaltig abgenommen haben, ohne daß Du die wahre Ursache zu ermitteln vermagst. Bestürzt und ängstlich forschest Du in der Stille nach und siehe! Du hast das Niemandem anders als Deinem vertrautesten Freunde zu verdanken. Nicht, daß er Dich verleumdete. Gott bewahre! das bleibt ihm fern. Er bemerkt blos, wenn man von Deinem Geiste oder Deinen Kenntnissen spricht, daß er Dich genau kenne und gefunden habe. Du biſt allerdings ein ſehr talentvoller Mann und ein trefflicher Arzt, aber Du würdeſt noch weit mehr leiſten können, wenn es Dir nicht an Ruhe und Gründlichkeit fehlte, oder auch, Du haſt allerdings außerordentliche Kenntniſſe und vielſeitiges Wiſſen, aber Du ſpeicherſt zu viel in Deinem Kopfe auf, ſo daß Dir kein Raum für eigene Gedanken bleibe, an denen Du daher auch eigentlich arm biſt. Erwähnt man Dein Vermögen, ſo weiß er es genau bis auf einen Heller anzugeben, und die Leute erfahren durch ihn, daß Du nicht ſo reich ſeiſt, wie die Welt glaubt, was Dir unbedingt ſchadet. Lobt man Deinen Charakter, ſo ſtimmt er allerdings ein, zählt aber auch alle Deine Fehler her. Zwiſchen Dich und die Welt ſchiebt er ſich ſtets wie eine Lupe, ſodaß Jeder auch die kleinſten Einzelheiten Deines Weſens, Deines Beſitzthums und Deines Thuns durch ihn kennen lernt. Wundere Dich alſo nicht, wenn Deine Unternehmungen mißlingen, Deine Pläne ſcheitern, Deine Beförderung rückgängig wird, Du die Gunſt Deiner Vorgeſetzten verlierſt; Nichts iſt natürlicher — Du haſt ja einen Freund.

Eine fatale Seite und wahrlich eine der fatalſten an den Freunden iſt auch ihre Empfindlichkeit. Von Dir erwartet ein Solcher, daß Du ihn wie ein rohes Ei behandelſt; er aber läßt ſtets ſeine üble Laune, ſeine Spottluſt, ſeine Herrſchſucht an Dir aus, und wehe Dir, wenn Du auch nur auf das Leiſeſte die Miene dabei verziehſt. Ich bin Zeuge geweſen, wie ein ſolcher Freund ſeinem Freunde auf öffentlicher Straße die beleidigendſten Dinge ſagte. Und weshalb? Weil dieſer ihm durch eine ungeſchickte Bewegung den Hut aus der Hand geſchlagen hatte. Jener aber theils ſchlechten Humors war, theils ſich vor der Dame, die er führte und die nicht wenig darüber erſchrak, ein Anſehn geben wollte. Alle Entſchuldigungen des armen Mannes halfen nichts; der gute Freund wurde dadurch nur noch lauter und unverſchämter, und dem gutmüthigen Ungeſchickten blieb Nichts übrig, als fortzugehen, denn einen alten Freund wollte und konnte er doch nicht ſtrafen. — Am andern Tage trat dieſer mit den Worten bei ihm ein: „Du biſt mir doch nicht böſe wegen meiner geſtrigen Heftigkeit, aber ich hatte meiner hübſchen Couſine verſprochen, ſie in das Theater zu führen, und konnte

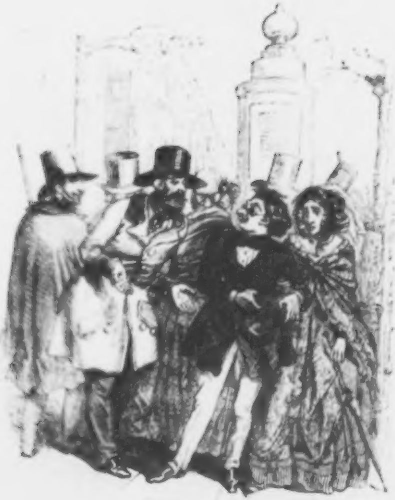

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keinen Platz mehr bekommen. Das machte mich ſo verdrießlich und ärgerlich, daß ich mich ſelbſt hätte prügeln können.“ Der Aermſte verzieh ihm nachſichtsvoll — und erlebte drei Tage nachher ſchon eine ganz ähnliche Scene mit ſeinem biſſigen Pylades.

Wenn Du dies Capitel mit Bedacht geleſen haſt, mein Sohn, ſo hoffe ich, Du läſſeſt jeden Gedanken, Dir einen Freund anzuſchaffen, oder falls Du das ſchon gethan, dieſen ſelbſt fahren. Sollteſt Du jedoch noch nicht ganz von der Schädlichkeit der Freundſchaft überzeugt ſein, ſo lies noch folgendes Geſchichtchen, das ich einem franzöſiſchen Autor verdanke, der es in einer italieniſchen Handſchrift gefunden hat, und Du wirſt beſtimmt Deines Vaters Vermächtniß hoch in Ehren halten und gewiſſenhaft ſeinen Rath befolgen.

Der franzöſiſche Verfaſſer erzählt es ſelbſt mit folgenden Worten:

„Nie war eine Freundſchaft ſo uneigennützig, ſo innig, ſo thätig als die, welche Jeppo für mich hegte und von der er mir ſtets die Beweiſe gab. Welche Liebe! welche Großmuth! welcher Eifer, mir zu dienen!

„Ich zählte kaum zwanzig Jahr, als er mir freiwillig ſeinen Wunſch zu erkennen gab, mich ihm zu verpflichten. Damals vergötterte ich die Marcheſina Peroli, deren Neigung der franzöſiſche Geſandtſchaftsſecretair mir rauben wollte. Ich hatte die Abſicht, mich mit dem verhaßten Nebenbuhler zu duelliren. Aber der Mann war ſo höflich und artig, daß es mir unmöglich fiel, einen Grund zur Herausforderung zu finden, zumal da ich doch nicht wünſchte, meine brennende Eiferſucht der Welt zu verrathen. Dieſer Zuſtand hätte noch lange ſo fortdauern können, wenn Jeppo nicht glücklicherweiſe meine heimlichen Leiden errathen und aus Anhänglichkeit die boshafteſten Reden über den fremden Diplomaten, als von mir kommend, verbreitet hätte. — Der Franzoſe, ein Mann von Geiſt, that, als hielt er mich für dergleichen unmöglich fähig, aber Jeppo ergriff die erſte Gelegenheit, ihm zu ſagen, daß er jene böſen Nachreden von mir ſelbſt vernommen habe. Seine dienſtfertige Lüge zwang den Secretair, eine Genugthuung von mir zu verlangen, welche ich ihm augenblicklich bewilligte, und obwohl ich ſelbſt von einem Degenſtoße durchbohrt wurde, hatte ich doch das Vergnügen, meinen Gegner gezwungen zu ſehn, ſich auf einige Wochen aus Florenz und von der Marcheſina entfernen zu müſſen.

„Peppo, der mein Secundant geweſen war, pflegte mich, als ſei ich ſein Bruder, und verließ mein Lager nur, um meine Ungetreue bei den Leuten zu verklagen, daß ſie ſo gefühllos ſei, mich nicht einmal zu beſuchen. Seine Vorwürfe machten ſie zuerſt etwas verwirrt; da er dieſelben aber unaufhörlich bei jeder Gelegenheit wiederholte, und zwar mit mehr Hitze, als ſich geziemte, ſo gewöhnte ſich die Falſche daran und hatte keine Scheu, in das Extrem überzugehn und dem ſchlauen Diplomaten, den ſie mir vorzog, nach Baden-Baden zu folgen.

„Die Verzweiflung, in welche mich ihre ſchändliche Handlungsweiſe ſtürzte, durch die mir alle Hoffnung geraubt wurde, unſer Verhältniß wieder anzuknüpfen, verſetzte meiner geſchwächten Natur einen ſchweren Stoß und brachte mich dem Tode nahe. Peppo verlor darüber ganz und gar den Kopf. Auf einem Tiſchchen neben meinem Bette befanden ſich mehrere Medicinflaſchen; er vergriff ſich und gab mir zwanzig Tropfen Laudanum ſtatt eben ſo vieler Hoffmannſcher Tropfen ein und vergiftete mich demzufolge in der Unſchuld ſeines Herzens. Die Aerzte ſahen ſich genöthigt, gewaltſame Mittel anzuwenden, und retteten mir das Leben nur, indem ſie meine Geſundheit gänzlich zerſtörten.

„Peppo hatte in ſeiner Verzweiflung geſchworen, ſich mir ganz zu widmen. Er hielt gewiſſenhaft Wort und übernahm die Verwaltung meines Vermögens während der erſten beiden Jahre, wo ich außer Stande war, ſelbſt dafür zu ſorgen.

„Ich hatte mehrere Prozeſſe; er betrieb ſie mit ſo unermüdlichem und feurigem Eifer, daß er, von meinem Rechte überzeugt, alle Vergleiche abwies. Selbſt bei den einfachſten Streitſachen, wo ich hätte durchaus gewinnen müſſen, bot er Himmel und Erde auf, ſodaß alle Welt ſich einbildete, meine Sache tauge Nichts. Er verlor dabei ſeinen guten Ruf, ohne daß ich meine Prozeſſe gewann; aber ich überzeugte mich, etwas auf ſeine, bedeutend auf meine Koſten, daß er mein wärmſter Freund ſei.

„Um die Breſche in meinem Vermögen einigermaßen wieder auszufüllen, vermählte er mich mit einer ſeiner Nichten, die er ſelbſt höchſt ſorgfältig erzogen hatte und welche für eine unſerer reichſten Erbinnen galt.

„Mit vollem Vertrauen nahm ich das ſeltene Geſchenk, das er mir machte, an. Nähere Erkundigungen einzuziehen, wäre höchſt unpaſſend von mir geweſen. — Allein was geſchah! — Schon am Morgen nach der Hochzeit erfuhr ich, daß meine Gattin eine ſehr entſchiedene Neigung für Sir Roddy Crawfiſh, einen jungen, ſchönen Offizier im Dienſte Seiner Majeſtät des Königs von England, habe. Dieſer tapfere Krieger, vor deſſen Schnurrbart ſeine rothe Uniform erbleichte, unterrichtete mich durch ein Billet, daß man den Gefühlen ſeiner Vielgeliebten Gewalt angethan, und daß er mich zu ſehr für einen Gentleman halte, als daß ich den Vortheil würde benutzen wollen, den mir fünf oder ſechs von einem Prieſter geſprochene Worte und fünf oder ſechs von einem Notar niedergeſchriebene Zeilen vor ihm gewährten. — Täuſche er ſich jedoch darin — fuhr er fort — ſo hätte ich von meiner Halsſtarrigkeit unzählige Leiden zu erwarten, mit deren Aufzählung er mich indeſſen verſchone, um nicht durch einen Anſchein von Drohung das feine Gefühl, das er in mir vorausſetze, zu beleidigen.

„Zwei Tage früher hätte dieſes Billet mich nachdenklich gemacht; jetzt war alle Ueberlegung zu ſpät. Nachdem ich mich überzeugt hatte, daß viel Wahres darin ſei, ging ich zu Jeppo, deſſen Freundſchaft ich dieſe neue Verlegenheit verdankte.

„Mein Pylades erbleichte etwas, als ich ihm vorwarf, mich nicht mit der wahren Lage der Dinge bekannt gemacht zu haben; dann aber antwortete er mir, indem er die größte Gelaſſenheit affectirte: „„Ich werde das ſchon in Ordnung bringen.““ — Ueber die Mittel, die er anzuwenden gedachte, ließ er ſich jedoch nicht weiter aus.

„Am andern Morgen erfuhr ich, daß er mit dem hitzigen Crawfiſh Händel angefangen und ihm nach Sonnenuntergang in einer abgelegenen Straße das Lebenslicht ausgeblaſen habe.

„Zwei Stunden ſpäter ſagte man mir, daß Jeppo auf Requiſition des engliſchen Geſandten, als des Mordes ſchuldig, feſtgenommen ſei und daß die öffentliche Meinung mich zu den Mitſchuldigen zähle, da man den an mich gerichteten Brief des Todten in der Taſche des Mörders gefunden habe.

„Noch zu rechter Zeit erinnerte ich mich, daß der Fiscal mir gar nicht grün ſei, und obwohl dieſer Umſtand mir vielleicht gerade günſtig geweſen wäre — ſo machte ich mich doch ganz ſachte aus dem Staube, während ich meiner Frau einige Zeilen zurückließ, in denen ich ihr meine Reiſeroute angab und ſie in den Stand ſetzte, mir nachzukommen. Dann ſchlug ich den entgegengeſetzten Weg ein und that ſehr weiſe daran. Die Italienerinnen ſind entſetzlich rachſüchtig. Eine halbe Stunde ſpäter, als meine Gattin die Nachricht von mir empfangen, erhielt die Juſtiz dieſelbe aus ihren Händen.

„Auf das Strengſte eingekerkert, hatte Jeppo das Schlimmſte von dem Haſſe der Engländer zu erwarten. Dennoch war dieſer großmüthige Mann nur auf meine Sicherheit bedacht. Man machte ihm weis, ich ſei auch gefangen und ſetze den redendſten Zeugniſſen das hartnäckigſte Läugnen entgegen, ſodaß ich ſogar die Gültigkeit des bei ihm gefundenen Briefes beſtreite. Jeppo, beſtürzt über die Gefahren, mit welchen dieſe lügenhafte Vertheidigung mich bedrohte, beſtach den Kerkermeiſter und vertraute demſelben ein Billet für mich an, in welchem er mich in ſehr doppelſinnigen Wendungen beſchwor, die Wahrheit zu bekennen. Daß der Kerkermeiſter ein Verräther war, das Billet daher in die Hände des Fiscals kam und die ſchändlichen Ausſagen meiner Frau verſtärkte, braucht wohl nicht erſt entwickelt zu werden, weil es ſich von ſelbſt verſteht. Der gewandte Criminaliſt hatte deren übrigens nicht bedurft, um die Klage gegen mich anzuſtellen, aber die Ausſagen des Kerkermeiſters, durch meine eigenen Schriftzüge unterſtützt, konnten kein anderes als das ſchlimmſte Urtheil auf mein unſchuldiges Haupt herabziehn. Ich ward in contumaciam zu ewigem Exil verbannt und meine Güter confiscirt.

„Mein Freund brachte mich alſo nach fünf Jahren der innigſten Verbindung um meine Geſundheit, mein Vermögen, meine Ehre, mein Vaterland und mein eheliches Glück. Dafür hatte ich freilich den Troſt, daß ein auf Lebenszeit eingeſperrter Staatsgefangener eine unſterbliche Zuneigung für mich bewahrte. Zuweilen ſcheint es mir aber doch, als ſei ich bei dieſem Handel etwas zu kurz gekommen. . . .

Hier endet die Geſchichte von Jeppo. — Jetzt, mein Sohn, jetzt gehe auch hin und thue desgleichen, und Deines Vaters Andenken wird unvergänglich in Deiner Seele fortleben. Deſſen bin ich gewiß. —

G.

Welche Luſt gewährt das Reiſen!

Ein Artikel für die Beilage der A. A. Z. von Talliſade.

Wer kann jetzt zu Hauſe bleiben! Das iſt ja gar nicht mehr möglich. Geht man des Abends in ein Kaffeehaus, ſo ſpricht der Nachbar rechts von der Türkei, der Nachbar links von Schweden, Jener vor uns von New-York und ein Vierter hinter uns von Moskau oder Aſtrachan. Sie erzählen ausführlich, nicht was ſie geleſen, ſondern was ſie mit ihren eigenen Augen geſehn; und wer wie ich nur die Hauptſtädte Deutſchlands kennt oder in ſeiner Jugend in Paris und London war, muß ſich ſchämen und darf gar nicht mitreden, denn ſolche Reiſen ſind heutzutage nicht mehr der Rede werth. Nach Paris geht mein Schneider jährlich zwei Mal, um das Geheimniß der Pantalons zu löſen, und in London iſt mein Schuſter noch kürzlich geweſen, um die Wellingtonſtiefel an ihrem Modell ſelbſt zu ſtudiren. Will man alſo für einen gebildeten Mann gelten, ſo muß man nothwendig vom Juli bis zum November eine große Reiſe machen, denn in die Bäder ziehn nur noch abgeleſene ſubalterne Staatsbeamte und bankerotte Kaufleute oder Spieler von Profeſſion. Nun hoffe ich zwar längſt bewieſen zu haben, daß ich ſechzehn Ahnen an Bildung beſitze, aber es iſt doch gut, wenn man neben den angebornen Vorrechten auch noch angeerbte oder angekaufte aufzuweiſen hat, und ſo beſchloß ich denn, um mein Anſehn in dem Kaffeehauſe, das ich jeden Abend beſuche, etwas aufzufriſchen und gewiſſermaßen neu zu firniſſen, auch eine große Reiſe zu machen. Wohin? Das wußte ich eigentlich ſelbſt noch nicht; nach Südweſten, dachte ich mir, ſo weit ich kommen könne, wenn möglich bis an die äußerſte Spitze von Spanien, Gibraltar nämlich, oder gar hinüber nach Afrika.

Das war ein großer Gedanke, und als ich ihn äußerte, ſtaunte mich alle Welt an als einen auf der Höhe der kosmopolitiſchen Cultur ſtehenden Sterblichen. Ich dachte mir übrigens die Sache viel leichter, als ich ſie wirklich und in der Wirklichkeit gefunden habe, und will darum genau niederſchreiben, wie es mir ging. Man ſagt, das Reiſen ſei jetzt keine Kunſt. Das iſt eine Lüge unſeres lügenhaften Jahrhunderts. Vor dreißig Jahren, als die gelbe Kutſche drei Tage von Leipzig nach Dresden brauchte und man ſein Haus beſtellte und ſein Teſtament bei der Obrigkeit niederlegte, wenn man von Blaubeuren nach Garz mußte, oder Einen Geſchäfte von Stettin nach Ulm riefen, wurde das Reiſen als eine Kunſt, und mit Recht, betrachtet; aber ich behaupte, jetzt, wo es Eilwagen, Perſonenpoſten, überall Chauſſeen und ſogar Eiſenbahnen giebt, iſt es eine weit größere. Man hat gegenwärtig funfzig Mal mehr Sorgen als früher. Das will ich, erfahrener Ruprecht, durch mein Beiſpiel beweiſen.

Ich fange, wie Lord Byron ſeinen Don Juan, an mit dem Anfange. Wenn man vor dreißig Jahren von einem Ende der Welt zum andern reiſte und nur hinlänglich Geld hatte, um die Poſt oder einen Hauderer zu bezahlen, und in den Wirthshäuſern Nichts ſchuldig blieb, ſo mußte man höchſtens an einigen Stadtthoren Namen und Stand declariren; aber ob man wirklich ſo heiße und effectiv das ſei, wofür man ſich ausgab, darum bekümmerte ſich Niemand. Jetzt dagegen kann man nicht von Dresden nach Bautzen oder von Bonn nach Cöln, ja vielleicht ſelbſt nicht von Hamburg nach Altona oder von Nürnberg nach Fürth ohne diplomatiſche, von den Geſandten aller jener Länder, die man zu berühren Willens iſt, garantirte Bürgſchaft, ein viſirter Paß genannt. Erfahrene Polizeibeamte wollen wiſſen, daß die ärgſten Spitzbuben ſtets die regelmäßigſten Päſſe haben; aber wehe einem ehrlichen Manne, wenn er einen unregelmäßigen Paß vorzeigt; er kann darauf rechnen, behandelt zu werden, als ſei Lips Tullian gegen ihn ein Tugendheld, und eine der größten und ſchwerſten Reiſekünſte iſt heutigen Tages, ſeinen Paß, was die Viſa's oder andere Formalitäten betrifft, während der Tour ſo in Ordnung zu halten, daß ſelbſt der die Locomotive von Berlin nach Leipzig begleitende Polizeicommiſſair Nichts daran auszuſetzen findet.“

Auf dem Polizeibureau meines Wohnortes erhielt ich nun beſagten Ehrlichkeitsſchein, wie ſich's gehört, ausgefertigt, jedoch mit der Weiſung, in Frankfurt am Main ihn in den Kanzleien ſämmtſicher bei dem Bundestage accreditirten Miniſter und Chargés d'Affaires, durch deren Herren Länder ich kommen würde oder könnte, mit der nothwendigen Beglaubigung verſehn zu laſſen. — Wie habe ich da laufen und rennen müſſen — es war gerade eine bedenkliche Periode: ſämmtliche Herren Geſandten hielten mich für ſo intereſſant, daß ſie wenigſtens ihren Secretairen oder Schreibern das Glück verſchaffen wollten, meine perſönliche Bekanntſchaft zu machen. Als ein gebildeter Mann durfte ich ihnen natürlich ihren Wunſch nicht abſchlagen; die Herren Secretaire und Attachés ſchienen gleichfalls von einem ähnlichen Wunſche ſehr lebhaft beſeelt zu ſein, denn ſowie ich kam, ließen ſie mich ſobald nicht wieder fort, und es dauerte mitunter ſehr lange, ehe ich expedirt wurde. Freilich thaten ſie faſt immer, als ob ſie ſich gar nicht um mich kümmerten; der Eine ſchrieb fort, als ginge es ihn gar Nichts an, während der Andere halbe Stunden lang ſeine Feder corrigirte und ich ſo lange die Wand anſtarren mußte. Das war aber nur diplomatiſche Feinheit und der Wunſch, mir zu zeigen, wie weit ſie es ſchon darin gebracht; denn ſie wollten mich nicht merken laſſen, wie intereſſant ich ihnen wirklich

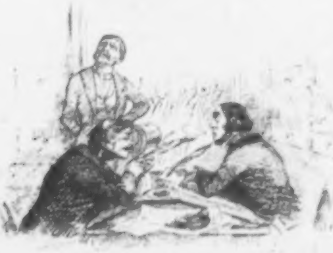

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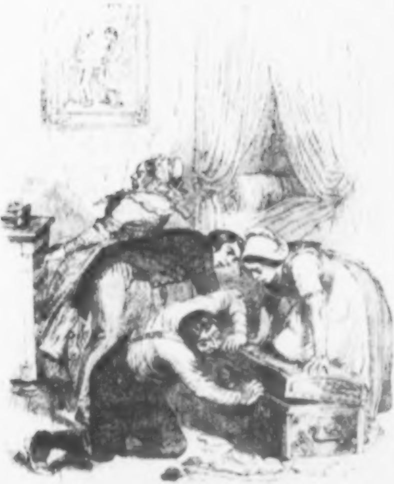

ſei. Ich ſah es jedoch an dem Eifer, mit dem ſie endlich meinen Paß ſtudirten und die kleinſte anſcheinende Ungenauigkeit hervorhoben, ehe ſie ihn mit den nöthigen Stempeln verſahen. Kurz, nach vollen ſieben Stunden hatte ich erſt alle nothwendigen Stempel und Unterſchriften zuſammen und konnte endlich ungehindert, d. h. wenn irgend eine Paßbehörde eines der vielen Potentaten mir kein neues Hinderniß machte, in die Welt hinaus oder richtiger, hinein.

Da der Zweck dieſer Blätter aber iſt, zu beweiſen, welche Kunſt das Reiſen in unſeren Tagen ſei, ſo mache ich mich nicht gleich auf den Weg, ſondern kehre erſt nach meinem Wohnort zurück, um die geehrten Leſer der A. A. Z. von vorn herein zu überzeugen, wie richtig meine Behauptung ſei. Ich bitte ſie daher, ſich mit mir in meine Behauſung zu verſetzen, wo wir das wichtige Geſchäft der Vorbereitung und des Einpackens beginnen. — Aber, was iſt das! alle jene Kleinigkeiten, die mir das Leben behaglich machten, ſind plötzlich an einem einzigen Morgen um drei Jahre gealtert. Ich kenne ſie kaum mehr, ſo groß iſt der Unterſchied zwiſchen der ſorgſamen Vorſicht des künftigen Reiſenden und dem ſich Gehenlaſſen des bequemen Stubenhockers. Nun finde ich, daß meine Raſirmeſſer Nichts taugen, daß meine Garderobe unvollſtändig iſt, daß meine Wäſche unmöglich eine ſo bedeutende Reiſe abhält, und begreife nicht, wie ich das ſo lange habe überſehen können. Außerdem überzeuge ich mich, daß mir tauſend andere, für eine Reiſe nothwendige Dinge, wie z. B. ein Taſchenthermometer, eine kleine Apotheke, ein neuer Regenſchirm, ein gutes Fernglas, einige Poſt- und Reiſekarten, eine dauerhafte Cigarrenbüchſe, eine bequeme Pfeiſe und ſo weiter fehlen, und ein ganzer Tag geht noch darauf hin, ſie ſämmtlich anzuſchaffen und über dem Nothwendigen nicht das Nothwendigere zu vergeſſen.

Endlich hatte ich Alles beiſammen, aber wo nun es unterbringen; mein Reiſeſack und meine Taſchen waren mit den Dingen gefüllt, die ich jeden Augenblick nöthig habe; alles Uebrige mußte alſo in einen großen Koffer hinein. Dieſer war auch gepackt, doch der Deckel wollte nicht ſchließen, und wenn ich endlich glaubte, ſo weit zu ſein, flog er plötzlich zurück und mir an die Naſe. Ich rief mein ganzes disponibles Hausgeſinde zuſammen: den ſtämmigen Peter, die ſchwer wiegende Hanne; ſogar meine wohlbeleibte Hauswirthin, Madame Gerſtenmeier, kam herzu und erbrach in ihrem Eifer, mir zu helfen, eine Schublade, zu welcher ſich der Schlüſſel nicht gleich finden wollte und in der ſie eine Kneipzange, um den Deckel niederzuziehen, vermuthete, die aber nicht darin lag. — Wir legten Alle Hand an das Werk und endlich ſiegten unſere vereinten Kräfte über den rebelliſchen Koffer. — Er war geſchloſſen. — Bedenklich ſah ich ihn an und überlegte, wie ich mir künftig helfen ſolle in ähnlichem Falle, allein in einem Wirthshauſe, dachte aber leichtſinnig genug: Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath.

Mitten in dieſer Unordnung überraſchte mich einer meiner Gönner, ein Mann, dem ich wirklich manche Verbindlichkeit ſchuldig war und der mit Recht auf Gegendienſte von meiner Seite rechnen durfte. „Ach, lieber Luttolaſſe!“ rief er, „wie freut ich mich, Sie noch hier zu finden; ich hätte es mir nicht verziehen, wäre ich zu ſpät gekommen, um perſönlich von Ihnen Abſchied zu nehmen.“

„Sie ſind zu gütig, beſter Herr Geheimerath!“ — antwortete ich und ſah mich vergeblich nach einem Stuhle für ihn um, denn ſie lagen ſämmtlich voll Reiſegepäck. Er war jedoch ein zu feiner Mann, um meine Verlegenheit nicht ſogleich zu bemerken, und weigerte ſich daher entſchieden, ſich zu ſetzen.

„Nein, mein Theuerſter!“ — ſagte er — „ich will Sie nicht lange ſtören. — Ich habe Ihnen nur zwei Worte zu ſagen. — Wäre es indiscret, wenn ich Sie bäte, mir ein Schächtelchen mitzunehmen?“

Eine fatale Zumuthung. — Es ſchien mir ſchon eine große Kunſt, unterwegs von meinem Gepäcke Nichts zu vergeſſen, und nun noch fremdes dazu, für das ich ſorgen ſollte. Indeſſen direct abſchlagen konnte ich es einmal nicht wohl. — Etwas zögernd antwortete ich daher: „Gewiß nicht! — Sie glauben nicht — welche Freude — es mir macht — Ihnen ge — fällig zu ſein.“

„Beſter Freund!“ — entgegnete er — „es muß Sie nicht im

Mindeſten geniren. — Sagen Sie es frei heraus, wenn das der Fall ſein ſollte —"

„Bitte, bitte — gewiß nicht!" verſetzte ich.

„Es iſt eine ganz leichte Pappſchachtel, weiter Nichts," — bemerkte er nun.

„Geben Sie nur her!" — entgegnete ich und ſtreckte die Hand aus, um ſie in Empfang zu nehmen. Da ſetzte er hinzu: „Sie iſt aber etwas umfangreich. Da Sie indeſſen durchaus die Güte haben wollen, ſo .... Friedrich!"

Plötzlich zeigte ſich Friedrich, ſein Bedienter, den ich früher gar nicht bemerkt, in der Thür mit einer enormen Pappſchachtel, die wenigſtens drei Federhüte enthielt.

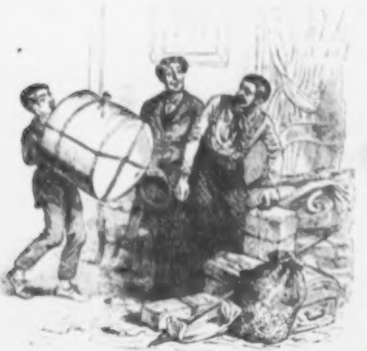

„Es iſt ein Geburtstagsgeſchenk für meine liebe kleine Frau." — erzählte mir ſüßlich lächelnd mein verehrter Gönner. „Die Gute iſt in Baden-Baden, wie Sie wiſſen. Da Sie nun gewiß über Karlsruhe und Baden-Baden nach Straßburg gehn, ſo iſt es Ihnen ein Leichtes, ihr die große Freude zu machen und ihr ſelbſt den Beweis zu überbringen, daß ich an ſie gedacht habe. Schlagen Sie aber einen andern Weg ein, ſo geben Sie dieſelbe gefälligſt in Karlsruhe auf die Poſt. Doch bitte ich Sie eindringlich, die größte Sorgfalt dafür zu haben; denn es würde mein Karolinchen ſehr betrüben, wenn die Hüte und Bonnets, die die Schachtel enthält, nicht im friſcheſten Zuſtande ankämen. — Hier iſt übrigens die Adreſſe meiner Frau: „Geheimeräthin Pfeifmüller, Hôtel du Rhin No. 37, Baden-Baden." — Und nun Adieu, theuerſter Freund! Reiſen Sie recht froh und glücklich und kommen Sie recht heiter wieder."

Darauf embraſſirte er mich und ging. — Etwas verblüfft ſah ich ihm nach, dann die enorme Pappſchachtel und darauf die Karte ſeiner Frau an. Ich fürchtete, dieſelbe zu verlieren, und wollte mir die Adreſſe, um ganz ſicher zu gehn, noch in meinem Reiſebuche aufzeichnen — aber ich ſah mich vergeblich darnach um und fragte endlich Peter, mein Factotum:

„Wo ſind denn die beiden Bücher geblieben, die ich auf den Stuhl neben dem Koffer gelegt hatte?"

„Zwei Bücher in Lederband und Futteral? Meint der Herr die?"

„Ja wohl! wo ſind ſie?"

„O! die hab' ich ganz ſicher verwahrt."

„Aber wo denn?"

„Wo anders als im Koffer?"

„Im Koffer, Duſſel?"

„Ja wohl! ganz unten im Koffer."

„Was! meinen Reichardt und mein Notizenbuch unten im Koffer?"

Ich hätte des Kuckucks werden mögen. Es half aber alles Nichts, der Koffer mußte wieder geöffnet, Alles herausgeriſſen und die beiden Bücher, die ich ſo nothwendig brauchte, hervorgeſucht werden. Kleider, Wäſche, Alles flog nun im Zimmer umher, bis jene gefunden waren, und dann ging das Einpacken wieder von Neuem an. Endlich waren wir fertig, nach furchtbaren Mühen. Es war keine Zeit mehr zu verlieren, wenn der Koffer noch angenommen werden ſollte. Peter mußte über Hals und Kopf damit fort. — Ich folgte ihm ſobald wie möglich nach. — Als ich vor dem Poſtgebäude ankam, ſtand er dort und machte ein ſehr bedenkliches Geſicht; neben ihm ſpreizte ſich mein Koffer in ſeiner ganzen Breite auf dem Pflaſter. —

„Nun?“ — rief ich — „was ſoll der Koffer da?“

„Sie wollen ihn nicht annehmen, Herr!“

„Nicht annehmen? Warum nicht?“

„Es geht gegen die Eilwagenordnung: er iſt mit Eiſen beſchlagen, und mit Eiſen beſchlagene Koffer werden nur mit dem Packwagen befördert. Da kommt er grade vierundzwanzig Stunden nach Ihnen in Frankfurt an.“

Schöne Geſchichte, das. — Aber alle Remonſtrationen und Bitten halfen Nichts. — Ich mußte mich bis Frankfurt von ihm trennen, erhielt ihn erſt am zweiten Morgen nach meiner Ankunft wieder, verlor einen Tag darüber und war genöthigt, ihn gegen zwei lederne Eilwagenkoffer — denn einen, der Alles faſſen konnte, was er enthielt, fand ich nicht — umzutauſchen und noch eine bedeutende Summe dazu zu zahlen, damit ich nicht überall dieſelbe Scheererei hätte.

Und nun ſage mir noch Einer, daß das Reiſen keine Kunſt ſei.

Die Eilwagen aber — die vielgeprieſenen; ſind eine wahre Erfindung des Teufels. Die vielen Leiden und Plagen, denen man in denſelben ausgeſetzt iſt, laſſen ſich kaum ſchildern.

Ich will nur einige von den mannigfaltigen Unannehmlichkeiten, welche einen armen Reiſenden heimſuchen, der ſich dieſen Elephanten anvertraut hat, aufführen; denn von den meiſten kann ich ſagen: quorum pars magna fui — ich bin ihnen nicht entgangen, und wenn ich mich auch noch ſo vorſichtig benahm und noch ſo früh einſchreiben ließ, um einen guten Platz zu erhalten. Eilen thun ſie, das iſt wahr! beſonders in Frankreich noch mehr als in Deutſchland. Die Todten reiſen ſchnell, jetzt aber die Lebenden auch. Die Todten ſind indeſſen ſo vernünftig, nur Nachts zu reiſen, und thun ſehr recht daran. Die Sonne verfolgt ſie nicht mit ihren ſengenden Strahlen und der Staub dörrt ihnen nicht die Kehle aus. Zwar ſitzt ſich's ganz hübſch im Cabriolet allein mit dem Conducteur. Man hat die Gegend vor ſich und wird nicht von anderen Reiſenden beläſtigt. Aber wie lange dauert ſolch ein Glück? — Eine, höchſtens zwei Stationen. Es iſt Abend geworden. Die Bäume ſcheinen am Rande der Chauſſee vorüberzulaufen; ihre verwirrten Geſtalten bringen uns bei zunehmender Dunkelheit ſüße Traumbilder. Das Klirren der Fenſter in den hölzernen Rahmen, das Knirſchen des Kieſes unter den Rädern, das monotone Rufen der Poſtillone und das luſtige Klatſchen ihrer Peitſchen. Alles dies bildet eine Muſik, die eine unendlich beſchwichtigende Harmonie hat. In dieſem Augenblicke, wo ſelbſt die angenehmſte, geiſtreichſte Unterhaltung nur ſtörend ſein würde, bei der ſüßen Selbſttäuſchung ſeines Inneren, der man ſich, in den Mantel gewickelt und in das Kiſſen gedrückt, hingegeben hat, hält der Wagen plötzlich auf der Station, nachdem das melodiſche Poſthorn erſchallte. Der gefällige Conducteur verläßt ſeinen Sitz, um den Pflichten ſeines Amtes zu genügen. Das kümmert uns aber nicht, wir ſind ſüßen Träumen hingegeben; wir befinden uns eben in einer Soirée, und die Präſidentin von Seitenſtein, unſere hohe Gönnerin, reicht uns eigenhändig eine Taſſe Thee und fordert uns auf, unſer neueſtes Sonnett auf die Unſterblichkeit der Hegel'ſchen Philoſophie oder unſere neueſte Theorie der elektromagnetiſchen Kraft und ihre Anwendung auf die Eiſenbahnen mitzutheilen. Da reißt plötzlich der Conducteur, der ſonſt ſo höfliche Mann, fluchend die Thür des Cabriolets wieder auf und nimmt ſeinen Mantel heraus. Zwei neue Paſſagiere ſind hinzugekommen; es werden keine Beichaiſen gegeben, ſondern dieſelben zu uns in das Cabriolet geſteckt, und unſer armer bisheriger Geſellſchafter muß nach dem Poſtreglement „hinaus in die dunkle Nacht“ und, „allen Stürmen preisgegeben,“ oben auf oder hinter dem Wagen ſeinen Nothſitz einnehmen. Jedenfalls werden wir in unſerer Bequemlichkeit und in unſeren ſüßen zuſammen geſtört. Wir beginnen alſo ein Fluchduett mit ihm, anfangs leiſe, nur ſecundirend, bald aber die Oberſtimme einnehmend und aus ruhigem Parlando in ein donnerndes Recitativ im tiefſten Baſſe übergehend, denn die beiden Ankömmlinge, ein dicker Viehhändler, der auf zehn Schritte nach dem Stalle riecht, und ſein College, ein Roßkamm eine Art von aſthmatiſchem Rhinoceros, ſteigen ein, trampeln, ſtoßen, quetſchen und drängen uns in die Ecke, daß ſtatt unſeres ganzen Selbſt alle unſere Glieder einzeln einſchlafen, und unterhalten ſich nun die ganze Nacht auf das Lauteſte von Preiſen des Korns, der Wolle, der Ochſen, der Pferde, ſodaß es unmöglich iſt, auch nur ein Auge zuzuthun und wir am andern Morgen wie gerädert und zerſchlagen den Tag begrüßen, der auch nur Leiden bringen kann; denn noch ganze vierundzwanzig Stunden müſſen wir ein Inſaſſe des leidigen Eilwagens bleiben, ehe wir das nächſte Ziel unſerer Fahrt erreichen.

»Es iſt auch möglich, daß der neue Nachbar nicht ſchwatzt, ſondern ſchläft; man giebt ſich alſo vertrauensvoll dem ſüßen Schlummer hin. — Plötzlich aber wird man gepufft, bei den Haaren gepackt, bei der Kehle gefaßt, daß man faſt erſtickt. Erſchreckt fährt man aus ſeinem Halbſchlafe auf, wehrt ſich mit Händen und Füßen, ſieht bei zweifelhaftem Mondlicht eine dicke, bleiche, geiſterhafte Geſtalt, die die verbrecheriſcheſten Abſichten zu haben ſcheint. Entſetzt ſchreit man aus Leibeskräften nach Conducteur und Poſtillon, zu halten. Der dadurch erwachende Nachbar fragt nun gekränkt, was er denn gethan habe, ſo mißhandelt zu werden. Man thut ihm ſtatt der Antwort dieſelbe Frage. Nun klärt ſich Alles auf. Der Mann hat einen unruhigen Schlaf, ja mitunter, beſonders bei Mondſchein, ſogar Anfälle von Somnambulismus, und vergeſſen, Euch vorher davon in Kenntniß zu ſetzen. Ihr müßt ihm alſo verzeihn; denn daß Nachtwandler, gleich Hunden und Kindern unter fünf Jahren, nicht mit dem Eilwagen reiſen dürften, davon ſteht Nichts im Reglement. Er ſchläft auch ruhig wieder ein; Ihr ſchließt aber die ganze Nacht, ſeid Ihr gleich noch ſo müde, kein Auge mehr, ſondern bewacht ängſtlich jede ſeiner Bewegungen, aus Furcht, auf der nächſten Station von ihm im Schlafe erdroſſelt, erſtickt oder auf irgend eine andere Weiſe getödtet, aus dem Poſtwagen ſteigen zu müſſen.

Dies iſt, Gottlob, nicht geſchehn; wider Euern Willen bemächtigt ſich Euer ſogar der Schlaf; das von allen Strapazen und Schrecken erhitzte Blut wirkt auf Eure Schleimhäute und Ihr gerathet während des Schlummers in eine ſtarke Tranſpiration. Plötzlich werdet Ihr geweckt; ein Rad brach, der Wagen ſchlug um; Alle müſſen ausſteigen und die Herren Hand anlegen, während die Damen wehklagend und wimmernd neben dem ausgeworfenen Ballaſt von Kiſten, Koffern, Mantelſäcken, Hutſchachteln u. ſ. w. ſitzen; denn das nächſte Dorf, aus dem Succurs geholt werden könnte, iſt noch eine Stunde weit; das würde alſo zu viel Zeit rauben. Wozu ſind auch die Reiſenden da, als um in ſolchen Nöthen die Function von Hebebäumen zu übernehmen; dafür bezahlen ſie ja das ſchwere Poſtgeld.

Es ſoll aber nicht einmal ſo ſchlimm ſein, ſondern der Weg nur einen ſteilen Berg hinaufführen, wo der Wagen, — ſchwer beladen — jeden Augenblick umzuwerfen droht. Hier zwingt Euch die Vorſicht ſchon, auszuſteigen. Die mühſelige Promenade greift Euch aber ſo an, daß Ihr im Schweiße Eures Angeſichtes die Höhe erklimmt. Oben durchweht Euch ein eiſiger Wind. — Es kann auch kommen, daß Ihr Euch dabei verſpätet und nun dem plötzlich raſch dahin rollenden Wagen halbe Stunden lang nachlaufen müßt.

In jedem Falle holt Ihr Euch eine tüchtige Erkältung und müßt am Ende in der nächſten Stadt, wo Ihr Euch ſehr zu amüſiren hoffet, das Bett hüten.

Zu eſſen und zu trinken wird auch nie zur rechten Zeit gereicht. Es geht Euch ſogar mitunter wie dem armen Tantalus — Ihr bekommt das, was Euern Durſt ſtillen ſollte, nur zu ſehn, denn der Eilwagen fährt in ſeiner Eile davon und der langſame Wirth zeigt Euch aus weiter Ferne das köſtliche Naß, den labenden Trank, ſodaß Ihr nur noch durſtiger werdet.

Und die ſchrecklichen Beichaiſen — wenn Euch das Schickſal trifft, in eine ſolche zu gerathen — die Ihr noch obendrein in ſtür-

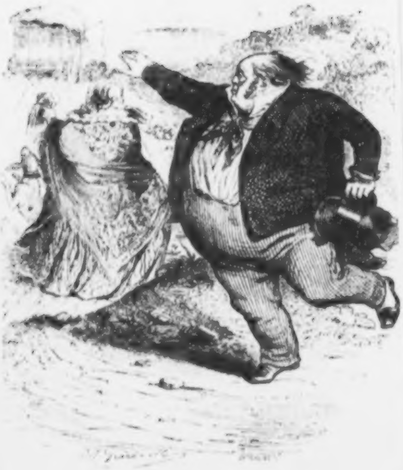

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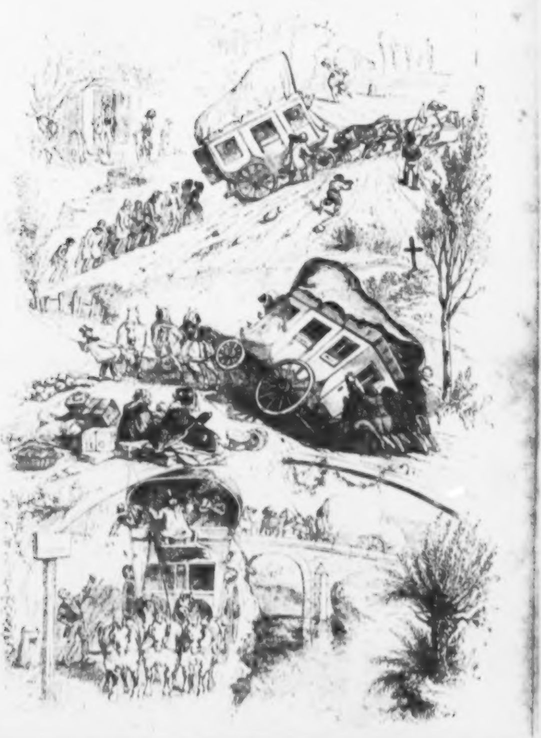

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miſcher Nacht auf jeder Station verlaſſen müßt, um in eine noch entſetzlichere zu kriechen!

Ihr habt den Eilwagen ſatt und vertraut Euch einem Hauderer an. — Nun ſeid Ihr erſt recht ein Sklave geworden; denn ein ſolcher Automedon iſt der größte Tyrann, den es giebt auf Erden. Er hält nie Wort, fährt ſtets zu früh oder zu ſpät aus, kehrt meiſt in den ſchlechteſten Wirthshäuſern ein, wenn er nur freie Zeche dort hat; ſeine Pferde kriechen wie Schnecken; ſein Wagen läßt den Regen durch; er nimmt Grethi und Plethi auf; in den Hôtels, in denen er Euch zu übernachten zwingt, werdet Ihr ſchändlich geprellt. Endlich wird ſein Benehmen Euch zu arg und Ihr wählt

Extrapoſt. Da habt Ihr auf jeder Station neuen Aerger, neue Plackereien. Die Poſtillone ſind mit dem Trinkgelde unzufrieden oder fahren im Gegentheil, als wollten ſie Euch durchaus den Hals brechen. Ihr habt keinen eigenen Wagen und bekommt eine ſchlechte Karrete. Ein Fürſt iſt kurz vor Euch durchgekommen und Ihr müßt nun ſtundenlang auf Pferde warten und endlich ſpannt man Euch für Euer ſchweres Geld ein Paar abgetriebene Gäule vor, die vom Acker geholt wurden.

Rechnet nun zu dieſem Allen noch die ſchlechten Nachtquartiere, die Prellereien der Gaſtwirthe, der Kellner, der Hausknechte, der Lohnbedienten, der Wäſcherinnen; den ſchlechten Krätzer, der Euch vorgeſetzt, den Cichorienkaffee, der Euch zum Frühſtück ſervirt wird, die vielen Bettler, die Euch läſtig fallen; die Enttäuſchungen, wenn Ihr, Euerem Guide des voyageurs folgend etwas Herrliches zu ſehn glaubtet und etwas ganz Alltägliches findet, und Ihr werdet nicht mehr ſingen: „Welche Luſt gewährt das Reiſen,“ ſondern: „Welchen Aerger macht das Reiſen.“ —

Der Dichter aber, der das Leben einer Reiſe verglich, hatte Recht. — Reiſen iſt leben, d. h. dulden, leiden, gemartert werden. Rede mir Keiner von einer Vergnügungsreiſe. Ich bekam das zum Vergnügen Reiſen ſchon nach vierzehn Tagen ſo ſatt, daß ich über Hals und Kopf in meinen Wohnort zurückkehrte und einen heiligen Eid ſchwur, mich nie wieder durch eine ſolche Thorheit aus demſelben fortlocken zu laſſen.

Ich hoffe zu Gott, daß dieſer Artikel, wenn die hochverehrliche Redaction ihm ein Plätzchen gewährt, Tauſenden von Deutſchen ihr Geld ſpart und ihre Geſundheit rettet. In dem ſeligen Bewußtſein, mit einem weltverbeſſernden, großartigen, jungen, deutſchen Dichter ausrufen zu dürfen: „Mein Wort iſt eine That!“ lege ich daher die Feder nieder.

Das Trauerſpiel vom Schuldner.

Dem Franzöſiſchen nacherzählt.

Wir wollen unſern Helden Hector nennen; es iſt ein wahrhaft tragiſcher Name. Seine ganze Jugenderziehung war darauf gerichtet geweſen, ihm einen tiefen Abſcheu vor Allem, was Schulden heißt, beizubringen. Der Urheber ſeines Daſeins, der ihn wahrſcheinlich zum Kaufmann beſtimmte, hatte ihm denſelben eingeflößt ſeit ſeiner früheſten Jugend, indem er ihn jedes Mal tüchtig durchbläute, ſo oft er es ſich einfallen laſſen von einem ſeiner kleinen Kameraden einen Reif, einen Kreiſel, eine Peitſche oder irgend ein anderes Spielzeug zu borgen. Als es ſich ſogar eines Tages um einen Groſchen handelte, war die Züchtigung ſo lacedämoniſch und von ſolchen kränkenden Einzelheiten begleitet, daß ſie ſich mit unauslöſchlichen Zügen dem Gedächtniß des Kindes eingrub. Seit dieſer Stunde ſtrich Hector aus ſeinem Lexicon das Wort *borgen* nebſt allen Synonymen deſſelben. Er würde eher gebettelt, als um die kleinſte Gefälligkeit unter der Verpflichtung, ſie wieder zu erweiſen, gebeten haben. Gewiſſe Redensarten waren ihm gänzlich zuwider und er gebrauchte ſie daher nie. Nie bat er Jemanden ihm ſein Ohr zu *leihen*, ebenſowenig als er wünſchte Jemandem Dank *ſchuldig* zu ſein; ſogar der Styl ſeiner Briefe war faſt nackt vor Einfachheit, weil er allen erborgten Schmuck haßte.

Demgemäß begriff er auch ſeines Vaters wiederholte Ermahnungen nicht, da ſie ſtets mit dem unnöthigen Refrain ſchloſſen: „Beſonders, mein Sohn, hüte Dich vor Schulden!“

Das waren die letzten Worte des ſtrengen Greiſes, als derſelbe auf immer die Augen ſchloß, ſeinem einzigen Kinde eine vollkommen liquide Erbſchaft hinterlaſſend, in welcher ſich weder eine Obligation noch ein Schuldpoſten vorfand.

Dem väterlichen Willen unwandelbar gehorchend, bezahlte Hector ſtets Alles bar, ſogar ſeinen Schneider. Niemand, wer es auch ſein mochte, durfte ihm mit einer Rechnung kommen. Für die jungen Herren, denen es noch an dem fehlt, was die Franzoſen savoir vivre nennen, bemerken wir hier in Parentheſe, daß der gute junge Mann dadurch auch nicht im Mindeſten Credit und Anſehn gewann. Man ſchrie ihn im Gegentheil als einen Knauſer, Sonderling und ordinären Menſchen aus. Sein Hauswirth ließ ihn drei Jahr auf die wichtigſten Reparaturen warten und die Kaufleute ſuchten ihm ſtets ihre Ladenhüter aufzuhängen. Bei dem Reſtaurateur, wo er gegen Marken ſpeiſte, bekam er nur an dem Tage gutes Eſſen, an welchem er die letzte Marke hingab. —

Aber er hatte keine Schulden und erreichte auf dieſe Weiſe ſein vierzigſtes Jahr. — —

Zwei Etagen unter ihm, in demſelben Hauſe, wohnte ein junger Mann von ganz entgegengeſetztem Charakter. Es war ein junger beliebter Componiſt, bei dem ſich, wenn er hätte arbeiten wollen, jener glänzende Regen, der ſonſt Götter barg und jetzt ſie macht, in Fluthen eingeſtellt haben würde. Unſer Arion huldigte aber der Faulheit als der liebenswürdigſten Göttin und machte ſich Nichts aus Geld, das er ſo leicht verdienen konnte. Gegen Alles, was Rechnungsabſchluß hieß, hatte er außerdem den entſchiedenſten Widerwillen. Sein ganzes Gefühl entſetzte ſich ſtets vor jenen feierlichen Conferenzen, wo man nach einer unangenehmen Unterſuchung des „Sollen und Haben" alle Bande, die Einen an einen Gläubiger feſſeln, zerreißen muß, indem man ihn bezahlt. Dergleichen Trennungen waren ihm höchſt fatal und er ſchob ſie daher immer, ſo lange er nur irgend konnte, hinaus. Wäre ihm nicht alle Kenntniß der Geſchichte und der Politik gänzlich abgegangen, ſo hätte man glauben können, er wolle den Cäſar in ſeiner Jugend nachahmen. Uebrigens erfreute er ſich eines bedeutenden Anſehens unter den Leuten und ſeine Gläubiger hielten große Stücke auf ihn.

Hector erſtaunte mitunter über dieſen bizarren Contraſt, war aber trotzdem ebenſo entzückt von dem jungen Tonkünſtler, wie die ganze übrige Welt. Die elegante Ungezwungenheit des genialen Maeſtro, der wunderbare Tact, mit dem er alle Reclamationen, die bis zu ihm gelangten, aufnahm, die ehrfurchtsvolle und gerührte Phyſiognomie der Gläubiger, denen dieſer muſikaliſche Don Juan auf die nobelſte Weiſe von der Welt die Thür wies, und ſeine feine

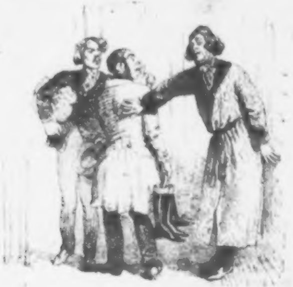

Sicherheit unter Umſtänden, unter denen Hector platterdings ſich nicht zu helfen gewußt hätte. Alles dies blendete den alten Junggeſellen. Die natürliche Herrſchaft des Verſchwenders über den ſoliden Weltbürger offenbarte ſich beſonders an einem Tage, wo der Tonkünſtler ohne alle Umſchweife und Veranlaſſung unſerm Freunde ſeine erſte Viſite, und das im Schlafrocke machte. Er ſagte ihm nach den erſten Complimenten ſogar, daß er nur aus Eigennutz komme.

„Jemand,“ ſetzte er hinzu, „dem ich nicht gut etwas abſchlagen kann, ſieht ſich durch die Ungezogenheit eines unanſtändigen Hauswirthes gezwungen, das Logis zu wechſeln. Daß dieſer Jemand eine Dame iſt, werden Sie wohl ſchon errathen haben. Sie braucht tauſend Francs und wendet ſich deswegen natürlich an mich, die Zeit drängt; ſie muß das Geld bis heute Mittag haben. — In dieſer Verlegenheit, lieber Herr Nachbar, fielen Sie mir ein. Sie ſind auch ein junger Mann — (Hector verneigte ſich lächelnd bei dieſen Worten) — Sie werden daher meine vielleicht etwas bruske Manier begreifen; ich würde mich wenigſtens ſehr geſchmeichelt gefühlt haben, wenn Sie in einem ähnlichen Verhältniſſe mir die Ehre erzeigt hätten, ſich ohne Weiteres an mich zu wenden.“

Hector konnte dieſer Berufung auf ſein zartes Gefühl unmöglich widerſtehn. Die Klugheit zürnte vielleicht im Grunde ſeiner Seele mit ihm, aber die ſtolze Heiterkeit und die imponirende Kaltblütigkeit des modernen Orpheus, ſowie die Gewißheit, die er zu haben ſchien, daß es unmöglich ſei, ihm ſeine Bitte abzuſchlagen, brachte alle Bedenklichkeiten bei unſerm Freunde zum Schweigen.

Das verpflichtet mich ja auch zu gar Nichts — dachte der edle Mann — und macht mich meinen Grundſätzen keineswegs untreu. —

Noch an demſelben Abende fand er auf ſeinem Schreibtiſch einen von ſeinem melodienreichen Schuldner in ſtrengſter Form ausgeſtellten und unterzeichneten Solawechſel. Da er ihn nicht verlangt hatte, ſo fand er dies Benehmen ſehr gewiſſenhaft und zart und legte ſich mit dem Gefühl der größten Sicherheit in Bezug auf die bewußten tauſend Francs zu Bette.

Seit dem Augenblicke nun, wo er das Glück gehabt, den talentvollen Künſtler zu verpflichten, hegte er das größte Intereſſe für ihn und las nicht ohne Rührung den berühmten Namen in den Zeitungen, den er als eigenhändige Unterſchrift in ſeinem Bureau aufbewahrte. Es war, als ob ſeines Hausgenoſſen Ruhm der ſeinige geworden ſei, ſolchen Antheil nahm er an demſelben. Er betrachtete die Triumphe des jungen Mannes mit derſelben Zuverſicht, mit welcher ein hypothekariſcher Gläubiger ein Landgut betrachtet, das ihm gewiſſe Zahlung ſichert.

Dieſer Zauber dauerte eine volle Woche. Nach Ablauf derſelben durchzuckte eine bange Ahnung, gleich dem fernen Rollen des Donners, der ein ſchweres Gewitter verkündet, ſeine Seele und ſchreckte ſie aus ihrer Ruhe. Er ſaß nämlich eines Abends in einem Kaffeehauſe auf dem Boulevard des Capucins und hörte bewußtlos dem Geſpräch zweier Gäſte zu, die ſich dicht hinter ihm befanden. Sie unterhielten ſich von einem Dritten, deſſen Namen ſie jedoch noch nicht genannt hatten.

Er iſt Gott und dem Teufel ſchuldig, ſagte der Eine.

Die Gräfin hat ihn ruinirt — entgegnete der Andere — Reden Sie mir nicht von den Damen, die Nichts koſten. —

Er hätte die Muſikdirectorſtelle annehmen ſollen. —

Wenn er es ſo fort treibt, werden ſeine Compoſitionen bald aus der Mode kommen. — Nichts als Lieder: Talent, aber kein Fleiß.

Er iſt wahnſinnig. —

Ein Narr! —

Ein Verſchwender. —

Still, da kommt er!

Dieſe Unterhaltung hatte Hector's Neugier angeregt. Er wandte ſich nach dem Eintretenden um und gewahrte zu ſeinem großen Schrecken ſeinen Hausgenoſſen, der ihn nachläſſig und graziös mit der Hand grüßte.

Nichts keimt ſo raſch auf im Herzen des Gläubigers wie das Mißtrauen. Noch an demſelben Morgen hätte Hector nicht für neunhundertneunundneunzig Francs funfzig Centimes den Wechſel des Componiſten weggegeben. Nun aber, als er am Abend, traurig und verſtimmt durch das vernommene Geſpräch, in ſein Zimmer trat, fühlte er die größte Luſt, das Feuer in ſeinem Ofen mit dem, in ſeinen Augen ganz entehrten Lappen Papier anzuzünden. Wollte Gott, er hätte dieſer heilſamen Eingebung Folge geleiſtet.

Guter Rath kommt jedoch über Nacht. Bei ruhiger Ueberlegung ſchwand ein Theil ſeiner Beſorgniſſe und es fielen ihm allerlei gute Mittel ein, die ihn aus der verdrießlichen Lage erlöſen ſollten. Vor allen Dingen ſchien es ihm ganz natürlich, um ſein Geld wieder zu bekommen, zu derſelben Weiſe ſeine Zuflucht zu nehmen, welche angewandt worden war, um es ihm zu entlocken. Er zog daher am folgenden Morgen ſeinen Rock und ſeine Stiefeln an, gab ſich ein ſo lächelndes Anſehn wie möglich und ging zu ſeinem Hausgenoſſen, nachläſſig den Wechſel in den Händen haltend und damit ſpielend, ohne ihn jedoch zu zerreißen. Ohne weitere Umſchweife redete er nun den Tonkünſtler mit folgenden Worten an:

„Sagen Sie mir, Beſter! was ſoll ich mit dem Papierchen machen? Ich dachte früher nicht daran es Ihnen wieder zu ſenden, aber es iſt wahrhaftig überflüſſig. Sie ließen ſich, da Sie gerade etwas knapp waren, tauſend Francs von mir geben; ich erfreute mich des Glücks, dieſelben zu Ihrer Verfügung liegen zu haben. Das iſt ja kein Geſchäft .... Sie geben mir die Kleinigkeit wieder, wenn es Ihnen bequem iſt .... Morgen .... Uebermorgen .... in der nächſten Woche. ....“

Der Componiſt ſah ihn an wie Jemand, der genau Beſcheid weiß, nahm ihn aber bei dem Wort und erwiederte, ihm alle weitere Rede gleichſam vor dem Munde abſchneidend:

„Wie, Verehrteſter! Sie haben Ihr Geld noch nicht wieder? Wiſſen Sie, daß mich das in Verlegenheit ſetzt? Ich glaubte es Ihnen erſtattet zu haben, an demſelben Abende, wo ich Ihnen das Papier zuſchickte; Sie erinnern mich aber daran, daß ich Ihnen den Disconto vergüten muß. Sagen Sie mir nur, wie man Ihnen denſelben berechnet, und ich werde mit Vergnügen und wie es ſich gebührt, die Differenz vergüten.“

Hector, bereits ganz aus dem Sattel gehoben, kratzte ſich hinter dem Ohr. — „Sie müſſen wiſſen,“ — entgegnete er viel demüthiger — „daß ich mich gar nicht auf Discontogeſchäfte verſtehe und daß die Banquiers, die ſich damit befaſſen, mir faſt gänzlich unbekannt ſind. Ich wünſchte ....“

— „Daß ich Ihnen zu ſolcher Kenntniß verhülfe, werthgeſchätzter Herr Nachbar. Nichts iſt einfacher ....“ Bei dieſen Worten ſetzte ſich der Künſtler an ſein Bureau und ſchrieb ein Billet.

— „Gehn Sie mit dieſen Zeilen,“ — ſagte er dann — „zu X. Y., meinem gewöhnlichen Agenten. Es iſt ein Jude, ein Beduine — aber er hat anſtändige Manieren und, wie ich Ihnen bereits mitgetheilt, die Proviſion geht Sie Nichts an .... Grüßen Sie ihn nur von mir .... Vielleicht werden Sie mir noch einmal Dank wiſſen — denn wer kann in jetzigen Zeiten für ſich ſtehn — daß ich Sie bei ihm eingeführt habe .... Sie, vortrefflicher Mann,“ —

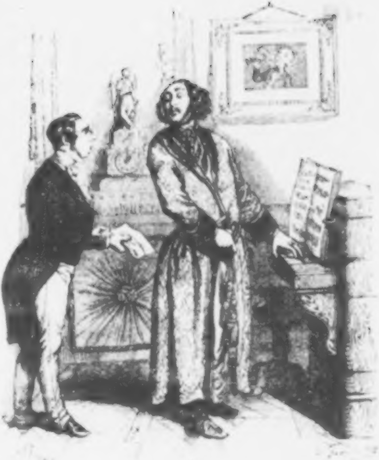

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ſetzte er hinzu, indem er Hector auf die Schulter klopfte — „Sie ſind ſolide wie Notenpapier. Indeſſen wer weiß, es kann Ihnen auch ſo gehn wie uns Allen und wie mir jetzt, daß Sie keinen blaſſen Pfennig im Beutel haben . . . . Traurige Perſpective! werden Sie ſagen, das ſoll mich aber doch nicht hindern im Café anglais zu frühſtücken, wo mich einige ſolide Freunde erwarten. Entſchuldigen Sie alſo, daß ich Sie verlaſſe."

Dieſe letzte Inſinuation wurde geſchickt von dem Componiſten, der Hector beim Arme hielt, bis ſie ſich in der Nähe der Thür befanden, verſchleiert. Da unſer Freund jedoch noch zauderte, ſo erſparte ihm ſein Schuldner die Mühe, dieſelbe zu öffnen und wieder zuzumachen. Dies Manoeuvre war indeſſen ſo langſam und mit ſo vieler Artigkeit ausgeführt, daß Hector zwei Stunden brauchte, ehe er dahinter kam, er ſei geprellt worden.

Der Banquier, zu dem er ſich nun blos in der Abſicht begab, das Terrain zu ſondiren, ſchickte ihn wieder fort, von dieſer troſtreichen Wahrheit durchdrungen. Wirklich fand er, geringere Höflichkeit und einige ſchlechtere Späße mehr abgerechnet, bei demſelben durchaus eine ähnliche Aufnahme wie bei ſeinem Hausgenoſſen. Das gemünzte Reſultat bei dieſen Viſiten war übrigens identiſch. Dafür lernte unſer Held aber auch einige Kunſtausdrücke des Finanzmannes

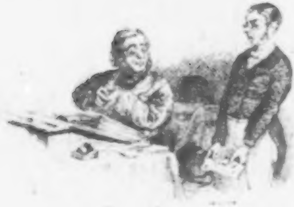

kennen und hörte zum erſten Male mit großem Erſtaunen Redensarten wie — ſelbſt zu belaſtet für den Ultimo; — Kellerwechſel — Papier, das wie Blei liegt, u. ſ. w.; eine Lection, die er theuer genug bezahlte.

Unter den Lagen eines Kriegers ſoll die peinlichſte ſein, ſich unbeweglich dem Feuer einer Batterie ausſetzen zu müſſen; für den Civiliſten iſt es dagegen die, einen für einen beſtimmten Termin erſt fälligen Wechſel zu beſitzen und alſo bis dahin nicht gegen ſeinen Schuldner gerichtlich einſchreiten zu können, ſondern alle Ausſichten eines bevorſtehenden Verluſtes paſſiv mit anſehen zu müſſen. Hector, zum Beiſpiel, konnte nicht an das Fenſter treten, ohne von einer jener unangenehmen Erſcheinungen heimgeſucht zu werden. Eines Morgens kam einer der faſhionabeln Sattler zu Fuß zu dem Componiſten. Nach einer ziemlich langen Conferenz benutzte jener Mann, um zu Hauſe zu kommen, das elegante Cabriolet, das er vor drei Monaten dem genialen Tonkünſtler geliefert hatte.

Oho! was bedeutet das? dachte Hector; aber ſein Schuldner ſetzte ſich — als hätte er dieſe Frage gehört, an den Flügel und phantaſirte ebenſo heiter wie brillant. Das war faſt beruhigend. Am folgenden Morgen trug ein Laſtträger das Pianoforte, ein ſchönes Product der Erard'ſchen Fabrik, über den Hof.

— „Wollen Sie ausziehen?“ rief der beſtürzte Gläubiger mit erzwungenem Lächeln aus ſeinem Fenſter dem Künſtler zu, welcher dem Inſtrumente nachſah.

— „Nicht doch. — Ein abſcheulicher Klapperkaſten. Pleyel baut mir jetzt einen vortrefflichen Flügel; bis dahin habe ich das kleine Ding da gemiethet, das nicht viel Platz wegnimmt.“ — antwortete der unerſchütterliche Componiſt, auf ein altes Clavier zeigend, das man ihm ohne Furcht vor ſchlechtem Gebrauch hatte anvertrauen können.

Ein prächtiges Porcellanſervice verſchwand auf ähnliche Weiſe wenige Tage nachher, von einer ſuperben Stutzuhr begleitet. Ebenſo holte der Tapezirer die damaſtenen Vorhänge und die eleganten Mobilien ab. Jedes Mal kam es Hector vor, als raube man es ihm, und wie er früher ſich an dem Ruhm des Künſtlers geweidet, ſo litt er jetzt durch die allmälige Zerſetzung der Eleganz und des Wohlſtandes ſeines modernen Arion.

Endlich nahte der Tag, an welchem der Wechſel verfallen war. Mit klopfendem Herzen begab ſich Hector zu ſeinem Hausgenoſſen, der ihn dies Mal an der Thür empfing und weder einzutreten noch ſich zu ſetzen bat.

„Verzeihn Sie, Beſter,“ — ſagte er — „ich bin nicht allein. — Was haben Sie da? Ihr Papierchen? Sie haben es alſo nicht discontirt? Das iſt vortrefflich .... Wir ſind gerettet ....“

„Wie das?“ — rief Hector, ſchon ganz glücklich, ſo ſehr ſchien ihm des Schuldners Freude von guter Vorbedeutung zu ſein.

— „Sie begreifen das nicht? — Sie begreifen alſo Nichts — Sehn Sie, hätte der Beduine, an den ich Sie wies, den Wechſel, ſo würde er unbarmherzig ſein — und auf das Aeußerſte verfolgen und Sie wären gezwungen, ihm das Geld zurückzugeben.“

„Nun ... und Sie — ?“

„Ich! O das iſt ganz etwas Anderes. — Wo Nichts iſt, da hat der Kaiſer ſein Recht verloren. — Was ſetzt Sie denn ſo in Erſtaunen? — Sie machen ja eine ſonderbare Figur. — Ich wollte, ich hätte Zeit, Sie abzuzeichnen. —“

Unſerem Freunde war eben nicht lächerlich zu Muthe.

— „Aber, mein Herr,“ — ſagte er — „wiſſen Sie, daß Ihr Benehmen ...“

Der Künſtler nahm plötzlich eine ernſte Haltung an; er ſchien nur auf die Gelegenheit zu warten, ſich auf das hohe Pferd zu ſetzen. Deshalb fiel er Hector in die Rede und ſagte im arroganteſten Tone:

„Was meinen Sie, mein Herr? Erklären Sie ſich deutlicher, wenn ich bitten darf.“

Unſer unglücklicher Freund ſah jetzt erſt, daß ſein Schuldner die Taille eines Grenadiers und wahrſcheinlich auch eine damit übereinſtimmende Muskelkraft beſaß. Er ſuchte daher eine artigere Wendung.

„Sie werden mir zugeben ....“

„Nichts werde ich zugeben,“ — erwiederte der Tonkünſtler, vom

Jener in den Paß hinabſteigend — „Ihre Hartnäckigkeit iſt mir ſehr unangenehm, mein Herr! — Man incommodirt einen gebildeten Mann nicht mit dergleichen Kleinigkeiten — In Ihrem Alter benimmt man ſich vernünftiger .... Was wollen Sie denn? .... Eine Prolongation des Wechſels vielleicht? .... damit will ich Ihnen dienen .... Nicht? — Nun, mein Herr, da ſetzen Sie mich in Erſtaunen." — ſetzte er mit dem Tone der tiefſten Verachtung hinzu. — „Ich ſehe in Ihnen nicht mehr einen Gläubiger — ſondern einen Gerichtsdiener — der ſich an mich ſelbſt wendet, während man gewöhnlich dergleichen Dinge mit meinem Portier abmacht .... Bei ihm werden die Proteſte aufgenommen — Gehn Sie zu ihm, mein Herr, er wird Ihnen die Form ſagen — Sie mißbrauchen meine Geduld!"

Dabei ſchlug er ſeinem verdutzten Gläubiger die Thür vor der Naſe zu. — Dieſen beſeelte von nun an ein heißer Durſt nach Rache.

— „Ha!" rief er aus, mit dem Wechſel die Thür bedrohend — „Das ſollen Sie mir bezahlen, mein theurer Hausgenoſſe."

„Vielleicht!" antwortete durch das Schlüſſelloch die lachende Stimme einer jungen Dame.

Sobald ſich Hector auf der ſchlimmen Bahn befand, entrollte ſich vor ſeinen Augen die lange Reihe von Hinderniſſen, welche ein boshafter Geſetzgeber zwiſchen dem nach Reſtitution heißhungrigen Gläubiger und dem, nach Verzug nicht minder heißhungrigen Schuldner aufgethürmt hat. Er lernte die Huiſſiers und deren doppeltes Antlitz kennen, ihre Begier nach Beute und ihren hitzigen Anlauf, den man nothgedrungen mäßigen muß, wenn ſie Einem die Ohren voll ſchwatzen von augenblicklicher Beſchlagnahme, Perſonalarreſt binnen vierundzwanzig Stunden u. ſ. w. — die aber bei Licht beſehen die beſten Leute von der Welt ſind, denen ſelbſt am wenigſten damit gedient iſt, einen Prozeß abzukürzen.

Nach einer Verurtheilung wegen Nichterſcheinens, der eine Oppoſition des Schuldners folgte, auf welche wiederum ein Urtheil letzter Inſtanz kam, ſah der Neuling von einem Gläubiger, der ſchon ſeinen Mann hinter Schloß und Riegel zu haben glaubte und ſich

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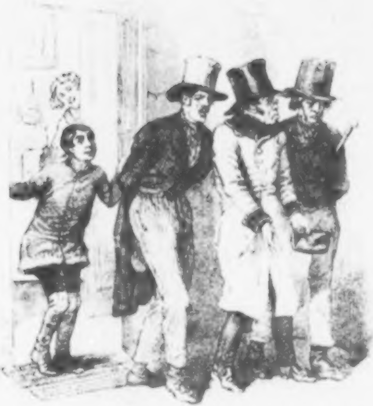

heimliche Vorwürfe wegen ſeiner übertriebenen Strenge machte, vor ſeinen Augen das Reſultat der erhaltenen Verurtheilungen fliehen, wie die Oaſe eines Spiegelbildes der Wüſte vor dem erſchöpften Wanderer ſchwindet. Verzögerungen führten zu Verzögerungen und als es endlich keine Motive für ſolche mehr gab, hemmte eine Anklage wegen Fälſchung alle weiteren Verfolgungen und brachte die Sache vor ein höheres Tribunal.

— „Wie?“ — rief Hector — „der Elende beſchuldigt mich ſeine Unterſchrift fälſchlich nachgemacht zu haben? Welche Infamie!“

— „Das iſt keine Infamie, lieber Herr“ — ſagte ſanftmüthig der Huiſſier Grippart — „das iſt nur eine Ausflucht, eine bloße Form, eine dilatoriſche Exception .... Sein Sie ruhig, es wird nicht vor das Criminalgericht getrieben werden .... Macht nichts .... der junge Mann intereſſirt mich aber, er weiß ſich in jeder Lage zu helfen.“ —

Von großmüthigem Enthuſiasmus für ſeinen gewandten Gegner bereit, bewilligte Grippart ihm ſogar einen neuen Aufſchub, trotz Hector's ausdrücklicher Inſtruction.

Endlich kam, nach tauſend Bemühungen und Flüchen, ein Tag, wo der barmherzige Huiſſier mit einem tiefen Seufzer zu ſeinem Clienten ſagte:

„Ach guter Gott! nun iſt ſein Latein am Ende. Definitives Urtheil, Erkenntniß auf Perſonalarreſt, letzte Ausfertigung, Confiscation und Subhaſtation ſeiner Habe — nun hat er die letzte Oelung bekommen.“

Gräßliche Rede, die den unglücklichen Künſtler mit dem Tode zu bedrohen ſchien; ſie bedeutete aber weiter Nichts, als daß Hector mittelſt vierhundertfünfunddreißig Francs von ihm vorgeſchoſſener Koſten, die verlorene Zeit und die ſonſtigen Nebenausgaben abgerechnet, das Recht erlangt hatte, einem Diener des Handelsgerichts neunzig Francs zu zahlen und ihm den Auftrag zu ertheilen, ſeinen widerſpänſtigen Schuldner zu verhaften.

Dieſer jedoch, ſchon ſeit langer Zeit gewöhnt mit dem Perſonalarreſte ſein Spiel zu treiben, wartete nur auf den Augenblick, um ſich nach Herzensluſt über den Verfolger und die Verfolgung luſtig zu machen. Er gehörte zu jenen Leuten, für welche die Perſpective des Schuldgefängniſſes eine Würze iſt, in dem Glücke ſich frei zu fühlen, und welche es lieben, in dem reizenden Park ihrer Exiſtenz dieſe Klippenpartie zu beſitzen. Für einen ſolchen Charakter war es ordentlich ein Glücksfall, ſo nahe bei ſeinem aufgebrachten Gläubiger zu wohnen. Welche Quelle von prachtvollen Myſtificationen!

Abends, nach Sonnenuntergang, ſah Hector die Zimmer des luſtigen Schuldners ſich erhellen und auf der Mauer gegenüber ſpöttiſche Schattenriſſe fideler Geſellen. Der Duft des Punſches ſtieg bis zu ihm hinauf und die Freunde des Componiſten, deren Köpfe ziemlich illuminirt waren, machten ſich einen Spaß daraus, komiſche Concerte zu organiſiren, bei denen der Text der gewählten Arien immer voll Anſpielungen auf Hector's Niederlage war. Alle Opern lieferten ihr Theil zu dieſem ſatiriſchen Quodlibet: „Die Nacht wird unſern Plänen dienen.“ — „Es lebe die Freiheit!“ — „Der Vogel ſchlüpft aus ſeinem Bauer!“ und zum Refrain: „Der Sieg iſt unſer, unſer iſt der Sieg.“ oder „Hänschen, geh und ſieh dich um. Sieh doch, ob ſie kommen.“

Als dies Treiben zum erſten Mal ſtattgefunden und Hector einen guten Theil der Nacht hindurch ſolchen Aerger einſchlucken müſſen, lief er ſchon vor Tagesanbruch zu dem Agenten ſeiner vergeblichen Wuth. Auf den Ruf ſeiner Stimme aus dem Schlafe geweckt, legte ſich das ſchwarze Trio, aus dem Gerichtsdiener und ſeinen beiden Zeugen beſtehend, vor der Hausthür in den Hinterhalt; dann, ſowie Eos mit den Roſenfingern die Thore des Oſtens öffnete, drang man, im Namen des Königs und der Juſtiz, in die Wohnung des Componiſten.

Dort fand man nur unter Mobilien, auf die kein Beſchlag gelegt werden konnte, zwei oder drei von den Sängern, welche der ſtarke Punſch und die häufigen Cigarren unfähig gemacht hatten den Ort zu verlaſſen.

An einem anderen Tage, auf das Aeußerſte getrieben, ſtieg Hector in den dunkeln Abgrund der Beſtechung hinab und beſoldete den Portier, damit dieſer vor der Stunde, wo die Geſetze wieder in Kraft treten, keine lebende Seele aus dem Hauſe ließe. Dieſer Menſch aber, der ſich ſchon der feindlichen Partei verkauft hatte, nahm, von dem Schuldner dazu ermächtigt, die Anerbietungen des Gläubigers an. Natürlich fing man in dieſer Falle Alle, die ſich fangen laſſen wollten, und deren waren Viele. Aber vom Tonkünſtler keine Spur und doch hatte ſeine Stimme bei dem nächtlichen Tumulte vorgeherrſcht. Wie war derſelbe denn verſchwunden? Alle Winkel des Hauſes wurden durchſucht, man brachte es nicht heraus. Daß die andern Hausgenoſſen, Leute von ſolidem Betragen und eines ſo ſchlechten Spaßes durchaus unfähig, nicht mit ihm unter einer Decke ſteckten, lag am Tage. — Man mußte ſich alſo darein ergeben. Der Gerichtsdiener und ſeine Akolyten wurden von unſerem Gläubiger entlaſſen. Als derſelbe aber in ſein Zimmer zurückkehren wollte, fand er daſſelbe von innen verſchloſſen. Erſchreckt, war er im Begriff zu klingeln, doch der Componiſt kam ihm zuvor, indem er die Thür öffnete, ihm eine ehrfurchtsvolle Verbeugung machte und verſchwand.

So wüthend er auch ſein mochte, ſo verfolgte Hector doch ſeit dieſer Zeit ſeinen Schuldner minder heftig, obwohl ein tückiſcher Zufall ihm denſelben beſtändig in den Weg führte. Der Gerichtsdiener nahm Himmel und Hölle zu Zeugen, daß er nie Jemanden hartnäckiger verfolgt habe, als dieſes unerreichbare Phantom. Unſer Freund dagegen ging niemals die Treppe hinab, ohne von dem erfinderiſchen Flüchtling gerämpelt zu werden, deſſen leibliche Exiſtenz übrigens durch die beſtändige Jagd, deren Gegenſtand er war, gar nicht ſchien geſtört zu ſein. Bald ſah Hector ihn in einem brillanten Cabriolet vorüberfahren, bald wieder in der Uniform der Nationalgarde hinter den Equipagen des Königs herſprengen, der die Morgenluft unter den Kaſtanienbäumen der Tuilerien genoß, oder die Goldfiſchchen im Baſſin zählte, immer ruhig, friſch, ausgeruht und heiter, einen Triller und ein Lächeln auf den Lippen.

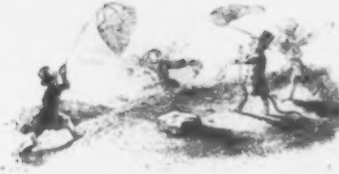

Dieſe Begegnungen vergifteten die Exiſtenz des Gläubigers. Ja eines Abends ſogar, als derſelbe keinen Platz im Parterre der italieniſchen Oper gefunden, weil er zu ſpät gekommen, bot ihm ſein Schuldner, der nachläſſig vorüberging, an, ihm mit in ſeine Loge zu nehmen.

„Sie finden dort bereits,“ — fügte er mit ironiſcher Beziehung hinzu — „die Baronin von Chabrillant nebſt ihrem Gemahl.“

Der Baron von Chabrillant — darin lag eben die Tücke — bekleidete in einem Miniſterium die wichtige Function, die ihn veranlaßte ein Erkenntniß über Hector's Klage zu fällen. Auch ward unſer armer Freund bei dieſen einfachen Worten faſt ohnmächtig. Er ſammelte zwar alle ſeine Feſtigkeit, bei dem Gedanken, daß der moderne Orpheus vielleicht noch über ſeine Gutmüthigkeit ſpotte, aber melancholiſcher als je ging er wieder zu Hauſe.

Dort erwartete ihn eine Zerſtreuung: es war der etwas ſpäte Beweis, daß der von ihm angeſtellte Gerichtsdiener von dem verfolgten Schuldner täglich etwas Gewiſſes bekam und dieſen dafür ungehindert umherſtreifen ließ.

Die ſogleich zurückgeforderten Documente gingen nun in zuverläſſigere Hände über und die Verfolgung ſchien das gewünſchte Reſultat herbeizuführen. Da fand es der Schuldner, der wahrſcheinlich auch von anderer Seite her beunruhigt wurde, für gerathen, ſich offen inſolvent zu erklären. Unter dem Vorwande, daß er einige Romanzen ſelbſt verlegt hätte, erhielt er als Kaufmann freies Geleit und ſtrich nun von Neuem, unverletzlich und freier als je, vor den Augen des erſtaunten Hector herum.

Es läßt ſich leicht denken, daß dieſer, auf das Tiefſte verletzt, bei keiner Verſammlung der Creditoren fehlte. Mit leidenſchaftlicher Heftigkeit fulminirte er hier gegen den Falliten, deſſen unwürdige Kunſtgriffe, ſittenloſes Weſen u. ſ. w. . . . . Aber zu ſeinem großen Erſtaunen fanden ſeine Philippiken, deren überzeugende Eloquenz er ſelbſt im Stillen bewunderte, nur bei der unbedeutendſten Minorität Unterſtützung und Sympathie; die größere Anzahl der Anweſenden lächelte, flüſterte miteinander, zuckte die Achſeln, ſah ihn über quer an und dieſer unbegreifliche Mangel an gutem Willen bei ſeinen Mitintereſſenten ſtörte den Redner, ſodaß er zur großen Freude ſeiner Zuhörer mehrere Mal den Faden ſeiner Rede verlor.

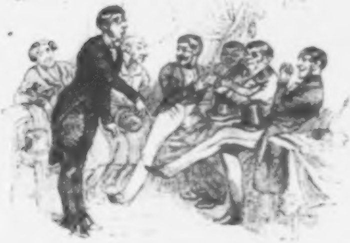

Nun ging es an's Votiren und ein geheimer, aber unfehlbarer Einfluß machte, daß die günſtigſten Maßregeln für den Schuldner, obwohl die ungünſtigſten für die Gläubiger angenommen wurden. Man ernannte auf dieſelbe Weiſe, Hector in das Geſicht, die beiden Soliſten von den Concertgebern, die ihn in ſeiner Wohnung ſo beläſtigt und beunruhigt hatten, zu Curatoren der Maſſe.

Als Hector ſo diejenigen, die ihm natürlichen Beiſtand und Hülfe hätten leiſten ſollen, ſich gegen ihn verbinden ſah, fing er allmälig an, nicht allein an ſeinem guten Rechte, ſondern auch faſt an ſeiner Vernunft zu zweifeln und ſich für das Spielzeug einer phantaſtiſchen Illuſion zu halten. Herr Grippart brachte ihn jedoch auf den rechten Weg, indem er ihn belehrte, wie es bei jedem Bankerotte zwei ſehr verſchiedene Arten von Gläubigern gäbe: diejenigen nämlich, die das Geſetz als die ernſten Gläubiger, d. h. die rechtmäßigen bezeichnet, und diejenigen, die ein ſehr geiſtreicher franzöſiſcher Schriftſteller, zum Gegenſatz, die luſtigen Gläubiger nennt.

— „Sie ſind ernſt,“ — fuhr der Huiſſier fort zu Hector, deſſen Geſicht ſich bei dieſer Mittheilung wieder ſehr verfinſtert hatte, — „aber die Curatoren ſind luſtig und machen ſich über Sie für ihre Diäten noch luſtiger. Wie ſie es treiben, dürfen Sie nicht erſtaunen, wenn Sie kaum die Hälfte Ihrer Koſten wieder bekommen. — Man hat es noch ſchlimmer geſehen.“

— „Giebt es denn kein Mittel gegen ſo abſcheulichen Betrug?“ rief der unglückliche Gläubiger.

— „Mit Hülfe eines guten Advocaten könnten Sie ſie wohl zur Rechenſchaft ziehn; aber Sie müſſen prozeſſiren und viel blechen.“

„Da ſtecke ich ja in einem ſchändlichen Wettrennen!“ — dachte Hector.

Um ſobald wie möglich erlöſt zu werden, beſchloß er, ſich einem Accorde nicht zu widerſetzen, der denn auch zu Stande kam und ihm vier Procent von ſeiner urſprünglichen Forderung, in vier Jahren zahlbar, zuſprach; alſo vierzig Francs, die ihm das Stück drei Louisd'or zu ſtehn kamen, und die er doch nie erhielt. Dieſer letzte Punkt iſt traditionell.

An demſelben Abende des Tages, an welchem der Accord unterzeichnet worden, gab der dadurch in alle ſeine bürgerlichen Rechte wieder eingeſetzte Faillit eine ſcharmante **Soiree.** Die luſtigen Gläubiger tanzten bis drei Uhr Morgens und der ernſte Gläubiger konnte auch bis drei Uhr Morgens kein Auge ſchließen.

Er ſchlummerte daher noch, als man ihm ein Miniſterialreſcript brachte, das in dieſem bürgerlichen Trauerſpiele die Rolle des Dolches oder des Giftes übernommen hatte. Am Schluſſe der in den kälteſten officiellen Ausdrücken abgefaßten Miſſive, welche die Anſprüche des eigenſinnigen Gläubigers auf Nichts reducirte, ſpreizte ſich die Namensſchiffre des Baron Chabrillant. Die andere Unterſchrift war von derſelben Hand, welche das „zahle ich die Summe von tauſend Francs“ — auf einen ewig verfluchten Wechſelbrief geſchrieben hatte.

* * *

So verwirklichte ſich für Hector die zweideutige Prophezeiung jenes Vaters. „Hüte Dich vor Schulden!“ hatte der ſterbende Greis geſagt. „Hüte Dich vor Schuldnern!“ hätte er hinzufügen ſollen. Aber die Orakel ſind weſentlich dunkel und unſere interpretativen Fähigkeiten weſentlich beſchränkt.

Vom Sonntage.

Moraliſche Betrachtungen eines feinen Mannes.

Sechs Tage ſoll der Menſch arbeiten und am ſiebenten ſoll er ruhn? So ſteht geſchrieben; die Welt hat ſich aber in den ſechstauſend Jahren, wo der liebe Gott ſie in ſechs Tagen ſchuf und am ſiebenten Tage ſelbſt ruhte, gewaltig umgekehrt. Die meiſten Menſchen machen es jetzt ganz anders; während der ſechs Tage arbeiten ſie nicht und dafür ruhen ſie am ſiebenten auch nicht, ſondern quälen ſich ſchon von frühem Morgen an, wie ſie den lieben Sonntag recht genießen, d. h. recht unruhig zubringen wollen.

Man betrachte dieſe beiden Figuren.

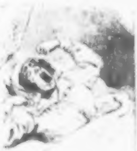

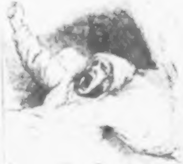

Es iſt ein Ehepaar, das ſieht man ihnen gleich an, denn ſie gähnen. Er gähnt, ſie gähnt, aber nicht zu gleicher Stunde und nicht aus gleicher Urſache. Der Herr Gemahl gähnt am Sonntag Morgen, weil er den ganzen lieben Sonntag vor ſich hat und ſich amüſiren ſoll, und das iſt keine Kleinigkeit; die Frau Gemahlin aber gähnt am Montag Morgen, weil ſie den lieben Sonntag hinter ſich und ſich — leider nicht amüſirt hat, und das war auch keine Kleinigkeit, ſondern einer der ſchwerſten Tage ihres Lebens, denn ſie hatte ſich mit Gewalt in den Kopf geſetzt, ſich amüſiren zu wollen, und es war ihr total misrathen.

Damit wir nun einen realen Boden, ein wirkliches Ackerland haben, auf welchem die Saat unſerer moraliſchen Betrachtungen gedeihlich keimen, wurzeln und aufſproſſen könne, denn wir lieben es nicht, gleich den neueſten Philoſophen die Wirklichkeit zu zerſtören und dafür Ackerbau im Reiche der Abſtraction zu treiben, wollen wir die Geſchichte vom Sonntage dieſes Ehepaars hier folgen laſſen, um daran die von uns verſprochenen moraliſchen Betrachtungen zu knüpfen.

Beſagtes Ehepaar wohnt in Berlin; der Mann heißt Brennſohl, iſt Rentier und Gatte der Madame Brennſohl; Madame Brennſohl hatte früher als Mamſell Plümecke eine große Wäſch-, Kniff-, Tell-, Roll- und Brennanſtalt. Dann heirathete ſie ihren Gatten, der als Copiſt bei dem Stadtgericht angeſtellt war und ihr nebenbei ihre Handelsbücher in Ordnung hielt; ſie brachte ihm die Wäſch-, Kniff-, Tell-, Roll- und Brennanſtalt in einem hübſchen, ihr gehörigen Hauſe am Mühlendamm zu, nebſt einem kleinen Knaben, der ein unglückliches Polenkind ſein ſollte, deſſen Eltern geſtorben waren, und den ſie zu ſich genommen, weil ſie nicht daran dachte ſich zu verheirathen, und doch eine Seele die ihre nennen wollte auf dem Erdenrunde. Herr Brennſohl ſchenkte ihr und dem holden kleinen Polacken ſeinen Namen. Das Geſchäft ging gut; nach zehn Jahren verkauften ſie daſſelbe; zu gleicher Zeit gab er ſein Aemtchen auf, und ſie lebten fortan von ihrem Vermögen und dem Vermiethen meublirter Zimmer, das ihnen ein Erkleckliches eintrug. Herr Brennſohl war übrigens der artigſte, gefügigſte Ehemann von der Welt, und Madame Brennſohl, wenn Alles nur ging, wie ſie in ihrem beſſeren Ermeſſen es haben wollte, ein wahres Muſter der Gattenliebe in Berlin.

Der Leſer iſt nun von dem Nothwendigſten unterrichtet und wird uns Dank wiſſen, daß wir ihm die, doch ſonſt bei jedem Trauerſpiele ſo unerläßliche Expoſitionsſcene erſpart haben. Wir theilen ihm nun, um ihn ganz in die Myſterien des Brennſohlſchen häuslichen Lebens einzuweihen, folgendes eheliche Zwiegeſpräch mit.

Madame Brennſohl. Ludwig! Ludwig! Wachſt Du ſchon? —

Herr Brennſohl ſchnarcht.

Mad. B. Ludwig! Ludwig! Gott, der Langſchläfer! Wach doch auf.

Herr Brennſohl gähnt.

Mad. B. Ludwig, hörſt Du denn nicht, es iſt ſchon ſechs Uhr.

Herr B. gähnt noch lauter und ſagt dann: — Na, was ſoll's? Guten Morgen, mein Kind. Wünſche wohl geruht zu haben.

Mad. B. Danke; guten Morgen. — Sage, wie kannſt Du nur ſo lange ſchlafen? Denkſt Du denn gar nicht an Alles, was wir heute vorhaben.

Herr B. Ja wohl, mein Kind — gähnt wieder. —

Mad. B. Na, denn ſpude Dich doch und gähne nicht ſo viel.

Herr B. Liebes Kind, das verſtehſt Du nicht. Gähnen gehört zum Schlafe.

Mad. B. Ach, verſtehn oder nicht verſtehn! Ich will gar nicht wiſſen, was zum Schlafen gehört, ich will wiſſen, ob Du wach biſt?

Herr B. Ja wohl, Liſettchen, mein Engelchen . . . .

Mad. B. Ach, wir haben jetzt keine Zeit, zärtlich zu ſein. Spute Dich und ſteh' auf. Mine iſt ſchon auf, ich höre, wie ſie bei dem Herrn Referendarius ausfegt; da muß es immer ſehr ſtaubig ſein, denn ſie braucht ſtets eine halbe Stunde mehr als gewöhnlich.

Herr B. So? das iſt nicht hübſch von Minen.

Mad. B. Das geht Dich gar Nichts an.

Herr B. Ich bin ja doch Herr vom Hauſe.

Mad. B. Ja, um monatlich das Miethgeld einzucaſſiren. Na, nu höre was ich Dir ſagen will. Nun ſtehſt Du auf und gehſt hinunter und läßt Dir die Sahne von der Milchfrau geben, ſie wird ſchon unten halten.

Herr B. Wer? die Sahne?

Mad. B. Gott, ne, die Milchfrau. Du haſt wohl noch nicht ausgeſchlafen, Ludwig? Nachher mahlſt Du den Kaffee; fünf Loth brauchſt Du; dann kochſt Du ihn in der Löff'ſchen Maſchine und nimmſt die erſten beiden Portionen für uns; die fünf andern, je zu drei Taſſen, giebſt du Minen, um ſie den Miethsleuten hinaufzutragen; der Referendarius bekommt zwei Semmeln dazu, die andern nur eine, die Frau Geheimeräthin aber Zwieback.

Herr B. Aber, mein Schatz, warum beſorgſt Du denn das nicht? — Du pflegſt doch ſonſt — —

Mad. B. Rede doch nicht ſo dumm, Ludwig. Iſt denn heute nicht Sonntag; wollen wir denn nicht nach Potsdam — habe ich nicht ganz andere Dinge zu thun? Kommen. Wiedelers nicht präciſe um elf Uhr und holen uns ab?

Herr B. Das iſt allerdings wahr — aber ....

Mad. B. Nichts zu abern, Brennſohl, werde nicht unangenehm .... Nachher gehſt Du hin, wenn Du Dich angezogen haſt, und treibſt die Wieſeken, daß ſie ja Wort hält und mir vor zehn Uhr das neue Kleid bringt; von da hole bei Wiedmachers die neuen Zeugſchuh für mich ab. Du kannſt Wilhelm aus der Penſion mitnehmen, der wird ſich freuen. Wenn der Educationsrath nicht will, weil er ſeine Arbeit noch nicht gemacht hat, ſo gieb hübſch gute Worte, daß er das arme Jüngelchen fortläßt; alle Sonntage fährt man ja nicht nach Potsdam. Dann kommſt Du nicht wieder hierher, ſondern gehſt mit Wilhelm nach der Ausſtellung und zeigſt ihm die Bilder, bis wir kommen; Wiedeler iſt ſchon ſo gut und ſpringt hinauf und ruft Euch ab. In Potsdam wollen wir einen Beſuch bei Flörkens machen; unterdeſſen gehſt Du mit Wilhelm in den Garten vom neuen Palais, denn es würde ſich nicht ſchicken, wenn wir fünf Mann hoch zu Flörkens kämen. Sobald wir wieder bei Euch ſind, ſtiehlſt Du Dich weg und fährſt zu Hauſe, um mit Minen Alles einzurichten, denn Wiedelers eſſen bei uns, wenn wir zurückkommen. Daß wir unterwegs was zu genießen haben, dafür will ich ſchon ſorgen, ſonſt kann es Wilhelm nicht aushalten, da er bei dem Educationsrath ſchon um 12 Uhr ſein Mittagseſſen bekommt und es heute wohl bis vier oder fünf Uhr dauern kann. — Heute Abend kommen die jungen Wiedelers und der Frau Geheimeräthin ihre Roſalie und Polizeicommiſſairs ihre drei, da können die Kinder ein Bischen tanzen, denn wofür bezahlt man die ſchwere Tanzſtunde? Du kannſt ſpielen, der Herr Referendarius, der auch bei uns iſt, ſpielt vielleicht auch ein Bischen; da macht es ſich ſchon. Der Muſikus oben hat mir verſprochen, heute Morgen das Klavier zu ſtimmen; erinnere ihn noch daran, ehe Du ausgehſt, er iſt ſo noch zwei Monate Miethe und die Auslage für den letzten Monat ſchuldig. Na, ſteh nur auf, Ludwig, und ſpute Dich.

Herr B. Ja wohl, mein Scha — a — a — tz.

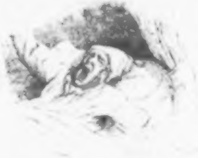

Der gute Herr Brennſohl gähnte nämlich noch ein Mal herzhaft, ehe er aufſtand.

Denn ſtatt Sonntagsfreuden ſah er nur Sonntagsleiden vor ſich, gerade weil ſeine beſſere Hälfte ſich vorgenommen hatte, ſich nur ihre Familie an dieſem Tage des Herrn ganz beſonders zu amuſiren. Niemand wartete ſo ſehnſüchtig auf das neue, von der einen weltlichen Hälfte Berlins gefürchtete, von der andern frommen Hälfte der Reſidenz aber innig erſehnte, vielbeſprochene und noch immer nicht erſcheinende Sonntagsgeſetz, wie der Rentier Herr Prennichl, aber nicht aus Frömmigkeit, ſondern allein weil es ihm mehr Sabbatsruhe, die er ſo liebte, verſprach. — Heute dagegen war es beſonders ſchlimm; die vielen Wege und dann ſich mit dem Jungen auf der Ausſtellung herumtreiben müſſen und ihm die Bilder erklären, von denen er ſelbſt Nichts verſtand und denen er gar keinen Geſchmack abgewinnen konnte! War das nicht entſetzlich?

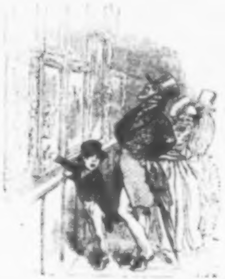

Was ſollte er aber anfangen? Er mußte gehorchen, denn Liſettchen verſtand in ſolchen Dingen keinen Spaß. — „Stillſchweigend ſtand er auf vom Bette, ein wohlgezogener Ehemann," konnte man, Voſſens vortrefflichen Flausrock parodirend, mit Recht von ihm ſagen, machte unter Gähnen die Toilette und ſtimmte den Morgengeſang an. Er war eigentlich ein frommer Mann und fand es ſehr Unrecht von ſeiner theuern Ehehälfte, daß ſie den Sonntag nicht heiliger hielt. Laut durfte er das freilich nicht werden laſſen, doch wußte er ſich zu helfen. Um es mit dem lieben Herrgott eben ſo wenig wie mit ſeiner Frau zu verderben, ſummte er, während er ſein ſonntäglich Gewand anlegte, leiſe einen Vers aus einem Herrnhutergeſangbuche, der ihm noch aus ſeiner Jugendzeit, deren größten Theil er in einer Brüdergemeinde zugebracht, im Gedächtniß ſteckte, und ſang sotto voce, aber darum nicht minder andächtig:

  Eine Seele geht verloren,
Wie ſie auch bekleidet iſt,
Wenn ſie ſich nicht Jeſum Chriſt
Zur Bekleidung auserkoren.
Und ein Geiſt wird bloß erfunden,
Iſt er noch ſo reich und ſatt,
Der nicht Chriſti Fülle hat.
Darum hinein in Chriſti Wunden!
Selig nur
Die zu den blutigen Wunden des Heilands geflohen ſind.

Dann aber ging er geſtärkt und beruhigt an die ihm aufgetragenen Geſchäfte, die ihm zwar viel Plage und Sorge, Mühe und Scheererei machten, von denen er aber hoffte, daß ſie ihm Gott dereinſt anrechnen und der Engel Gabriel bis dahin aufſchreiben würde, da er aus reinem Pflichtgefühl und ehelicher Liebe ihnen ſogar ſeine Sabbatsruhe opferte.

* * *

Am Schluſſe deſſelben Sonntages, gerade achtzehn Stunden ſpäter, als ihr geduldiger Ehegatte es gethan, gähnte Madame Brennſiebl eben ſo laut, daß die Wände ihres Alkovens wiederhallten, aber neben ihr ſchlummerte nun ihr kreuztragender Gemahl den Schlummer des Gerechten; denn dieſer Tag, der ihr ſo viel Leiden gebracht, lag nun hinter ihm, ſie aber wälzte noch in der Seele die Qualen umher, die ſie erduldet. Lies es, geliebter Leſer, und — nein, gähne nicht mit ihr, das wäre mir doch ſehr unangenehm — ſondern bemitleide ſie.

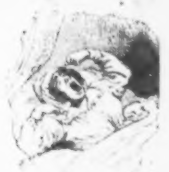

Ihre treue Seelenfreundin Madame Wiebeler hatte nämlich — und damit begannen die Rippenſtöße, die ihr Herz erduldete während jener ereignißreichen achtzehn Stunden — ohne ihr ein Sterbenswörtchen darüber zu ſagen, eine prachtvolle Toilette gemacht, die gewiſſenloſe Schneidermamſell ſie aber mit dem verſprochenen neuen Kleide ſitzen laſſen. Dadurch nun ſtach ſie und wahrlich nicht zu ihrem Vortheil gewaltig von der treuloſen Freundin ab, welche ſich außerordentlich herausgeputzt hatte. Das verdarb ihr ſchon von vorn herein die gute Laune, denn mußten Fremde, welche ſie nicht kannten, wenn ſie den Anzug der Madame Wiedeler, deren Mann doch nur Secretair im Kriegsminiſterium war, mit dem ihrigen verglichen, ſie nicht für eine ſehr untergeordnete Perſon halten? Das war alſo ſchon ein großer Verdruß, dem noch viele andere folgen ſollten, ehe der Tag ſich ſeinem Ende zuneigte, den Umſtand, daß zwei Commis mit in dem Wagen ſaßen und Madame Wiedeler gewaltig die Cour machten, ſie aber keines Blickes würdigten, nicht einmal mitgerechnet. Mehr noch verdroß es ſie, daß Herr Wiedeler, der ſonſt ſo artig und zuvorkommend war, ſich heute auch gar nicht um ſie kümmerte. Das hatte nun freilich ſeinen guten Grund. Wiedeler ſollte nämlich nach Potsdam verſetzt werden und wollte ſich das Terrain dort erſt etwas anſehn; ihn beſchäftigten alſo viel wichtigere Dinge an dieſem Tage, als die Liebenswürdigkeit der Madame Brennſohl, die das freilich nicht ahnen konnte.

Auch bei der Viſite ging es ihr unglücklich; ihre Bekannten traf ſie nicht zu Hauſe, und Wiedelers Bekannte, denen ſie, wie ſie glaubte, nicht elegant genug angezogen war, ſchienen ſie ſehr links liegen zu laſſen und ſie nur als eine läſtige Zugabe zu betrachten. Das verſtimmte ſie noch mehr und ſie drang nun darauf, ihren Gatten und Wilhelm, die ſie unter anderen Verhältniſſen noch lange hätte warten laſſen, raſch aufzuſuchen, um wieder zu rechter Zeit in Berlin einzutreffen. Wer beſchreibt aber ihr Entſetzen, als ſie ihren Gemahl in einer Art von ſtiller Wuth, die aber jeden Augenblick auszubrechen drohte, und Wilhelmchen in der beklagenswertheſten Verfaſſung fand. Der ungezogene Junge war nämlich einem Tümpel zu nahe gerathen, am Rande ausgeglitſcht und ſeiner ganzen Länge nach hineingefallen. Nanking und Blau vor ſeinem Sturze, glich er nach demſelben einem kleinen Seeungeheuer, wie ſie die Teiche in öffentlichen Gärten zu zieren pflegen, auf ein Haar, denn die Stelle der Broncefarbe bei dem Meergotte verſah der zähe, grüne Schlamm, welcher ihn von Kopf zu Füßen bedeckte. Er mußte nun, ſo gut es ging, getrocknet und gereinigt werden; darüber verging natürlich längere Zeit, obwohl man das Nöthige in einer benachbarten Schenke erhielt. Daheim in Berlin wartete aber das Mittagseſſen und einige eingeladene Gäſte. Es war unmöglich zur rechten Zeit einzutreffen.

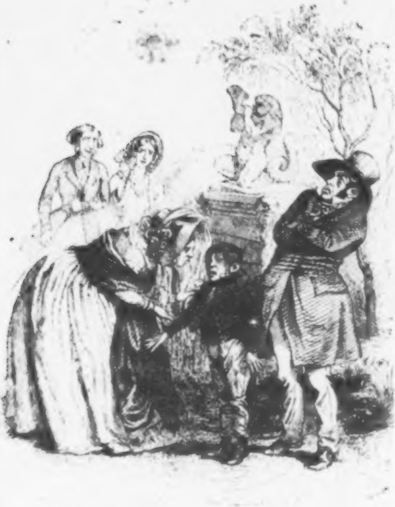

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Die theilnehmenden Wiedelers wollten die leidende Freundin nicht in der Noth verlaſſen, obwohl ſie ganz unthätig den Vermenſchlichungsverſuchen an Wilhelmchen zuſahen, und ſo mußte denn Freund Brennſohl mit dem nächſten Wagenzuge fort, um zu Hauſe Alles zu ordnen und bei den Gäſten die Verzögerung zu entſchuldigen, während die übrige Geſellſchaft mit dem nothdürftig trocknen Wilhelmchen ſich dem folgenden anvertraute und bedeutend ſpäter in Berlin eintraf.

Daß durch eine ſolche Verzögerung das Mittagsmahl nicht eben beſſer geworden, kann ſich leicht denken, ſelbſt wer kein Koch iſt. Aber während der Fahrt legte ſich eine andere ſchwere Sorge auf das Herz der Madame Brennſohl und verdrängte alles Andere. Wir wiſſen bereits, daß ſie Minen nicht eben traute und ihr ein zärtlicheres Herz, als eben nöthig war für eine maid of all work, wie die Engländer ein ſolches weibliches Factotum zu nennen pflegen, zuſchrieb. Nun wußte ſie obendrein aus Erfahrung, daß auch Brennſohl eben nicht kalt gegen weibliche Reize ſei, und der Argwohn, daß ſich zwiſchen ihm und Minen ein engeres Verhältniß einzuſchleichen drohe, als es eine ſorgſame Hausfrau geſtatten dürfe, hatte ſie bereits mitunter in nächtlichen Träumen geängſtigt und zu ganz beſonderer Wachſamkeit angeſpornt. Seit dieſer Zeit konnte der unglückliche Gatte keine Bewegung in Minens Gegenwart machen, keinen Befehl geben, ja kaum die Augen aufſchlagen, ohne daß ſie es ihm nicht falſch auslegte. Und nun — man denke ſich ihren Schrecken, als ihr das einfiel — nun hatte ſie ſelbſt Beiden, dadurch daß ſie den Gemahl vorausgeſandt, eine beträchtliche Zeit ungeſtörten Beiſammenſeins ſelbſt bereitet; ja, ſie durfte nicht einmal wagen, den mindeſten Verdacht zu äußern, ohne ſich lächerlich zu machen, indem ſie ihrem Gatten ausdrücklich eingeſchärft, der gefährlichen Iris in Allem, wo er ihr nützlich ſein könne, an die Hand zu gehn, um den Braten vor dem Verbrennen und die anderen Speiſen vor dem Verderben zu bewahren.

In der ſchwärzeſten Stimmung von der Welt kam ſie demgemäß zu Hauſe an. Die übrigen Gäſte waren ſchon da; man ſetzte ſich daher eilig zu Tiſch. Mißtrauiſch betrachtete ſie bald ihren Mann, bald die aufwartende Mine, und es kam ihr vor, als ob ſie auf

Beider Antlitz Spuren einer verſteckten Freude und eines heimlichen Einverſtändniſſes bemerke. In ihrem Innern kochte Alles, um ſo mehr, als ſie es vor den Fremden doch verbergen mußte. Nur an Minen konnte ſie ihre Wuth auslaſſen und ermangelte nicht es zu thun. Die größte Bitterkeit miſchte ſich zu jedem Befehle, den ſie der unglücklichen Dienerin gab, und ein Verweis vor allen Anweſenden drängte den anderen. Mine, die den ganzen Ehrgeiz eines Berliner Dienſtmädchens beſaß und gar nicht begreifen konnte, warum ſie vor allen Fremden ſo behandelt werde, ſetzte ſich bald zur Wehr. Von ſtillſchweigender Unterwürfigkeit ging die gekränkte Dienerin zu ſtillem Achſelzucken, von ſtillem Achſelzucken mit bedeutſamem Schmollen zu abſichtlichen Ungeſchicklichkeiten, von dieſen zu ſüßſaueren Antworten, von ſüßſaueren Antworten zu leiſem Murren, und von leiſem Murren endlich, da die Vorwürfe und Zurechtweiſungen ihrer grollenden Gebieterin immer noch kein Ende nehmen wollten, zu directen Impertinenzen über. Die erſchreckten Gäſte geriethen dadurch in nicht geringe Verlegenheit, denn es giebt wohl nichts Unangenehmeres für einen Dritten, als Zeuge häuslicher Zerwürfniſſe, und wären ſie nur mit den Dienſtboten, ſein zu müſſen. Noch verlegener aber ſchien Herr

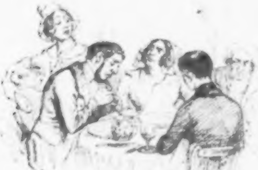

Brennſohl, der den verſteckten Grund des Zorns ſeiner geliebten Hälfte witterte und den Mund nicht zu öffnen wagte, um wenigſtens, ſo lange die Gäſte da waren, einen Waffenſtillſtand zu vermitteln. Mit ſeltener Aufmerkſamkeit, doch ſehr trübſeligem Geſicht zählte er daher fortwährend die Zinken ſeiner Gabel oder die Ecken ſeines herrlich geſchliffenen Kryſtallglaſes, das ein Geburtstagsgeſchenk ſeiner ſonſt ſo zärtlichen Gemahlin war und auf der Tafel ſtets den Platz des Hausherrn bezeichnete.

Endlich ging auch das verhängnißvolle Mittagsmahl zu Ende und Madame Brennſohl konnte ſich unbemerkt entfernen. In der Küche kam es nun zwiſchen ihr und Minen zu einer heftigen Discuſſion, und die Letztere drohte auf der Stelle ihren Dienſt zu verlaſſen. Was wäre dann aus der Abendgeſellſchaft geworden, denn wo hätte die arme unglückliche Frau in der Eile einen anderen dienenden Geiſt herbekommen? Zu ihrem größten Schmerze mußte ſie nun der rebelliſchen Magd gute Worte geben, ihre Gäſte mit dem freundlichſten Geſicht bewirthen und alle ihre Befehle vier Stunden lang mit der ſanfteſten Stimme ertheilen, während ſie ein Königreich darum gegeben hätte, dem Drange ihres Gemüthes folgen und die rebelliſche Dirne alle Treppen hinab aus dem Hauſe werfen zu können.

So war ihr der ſchöne Sonntag, von dem ſie ſich ſo Viel verſprochen hatte, verdorben. Kein Wunder alſo, daß ſie, nachdem es ihr endlich vergönnt war den Frieden ihres Lagers aufzuſuchen und ungeſtört über die unglücklichen Begebenheiten des Tages nachzudenken, in ein längeres und verzweifelnderes Gähnen ausbrach, als es Brennſohl achtzehn Stunden früher hatte hören laſſen.

Zur unrechten Zeit.

Morgenbetrachtungen eines Ungeſchickten.

„Zur rechten Zeit!“ Das iſt die Zauberformel alles Glückes, denn alles Glück beſteht darin, daß es Einem zur rechten Zeit zu Theil werde, ſonſt iſt das Glück ein Unglück. Was hilft es mir zum Beiſpiel, wenn ich mich mein ganzes Leben hindurch gequält habe, auf dem Sterbebette noch das große Loos zu gewinnen, oder, wenn mir der Miniſter eine Stelle zugedacht hat, daß mir die paſſende Antwort auf eine wichtige Frage erſt auf der Treppe einfällt, nachdem er mich bereits in der Meinung entlaſſen, mit mir ſei eben nicht viel anzufangen, oder auch in einem Duell eine Quart oder Terz außerordentlich geſchickt erſt dann zu pariren, wenn der Gegner mir ſeinen Stoß ſchon beigebracht und ſeinen Degen zurückzieht, oder endlich ..... ach ich könnte noch tauſend ſolcher Fälle anführen und zwar alle aus meiner eigenen Erfahrung, ja meiſt aus eigenen Erlebniſſen, die die Wahrheit meiner Behauptung zur völligſten Evidenz beweiſen.

„Zur unrechten Zeit“ iſt aber der Fluch der Zeit, in der wir leben; meiner Meinung nach iſt das ganze neunzehnte Jahrhundert zur unrechten Zeit gekommen. Vor ſechzig Jahren konnte man den Ruf eines großen deutſchen Dichters erlangen, wenn man nur einigermaßen erträgliche deutſche Verſe zu machen verſtand, mit Gleim einen Freundſchaftsbund ſchließen und ſich von der neuen deutſchen Monatsſchrift als ein Wunder auspoſaunen laſſen. Das iſt jetzt eine Unmöglichkeit, denn erſtlich macht alle Welt jetzt Verſe, zweitens iſt Gleim todt und drittens hat die neue deutſche Monatsſchrift ſchon längſt aufgehört. Das war vor ſechzig Jahren. Vor fünfzig Jahren hätte man nach Frankreich gehn und ſich guillotiniren laſſen oder Dictator werden können, wie es Napoleon wurde, der zu rechter Zeit von Corſica kam, zu rechter Zeit nach Italien ging und zu rechter Zeit nach Paris zurückkehrte, um die Zügel der wild gewordenen Stute Frankreich, wie ſie der Jambenſchleuderer Barbier nennt, zu ergreifen und ſich ihr auf den Nacken zu ſchwingen. Vor vierzig Jahren war es in Deutſchland nicht ſchwer, ſich an die Spitze der neuen romantiſchen Bewegung oder einer neuen philoſophiſchen Schule zu ſtellen, denn es war die rechte Zeit für Beides. Vor dreißig Jahren konnte man Lorbeeren im Befreiungskriege pflücken und als großer General die Franzoſen zum Lande hinausjagen. Zu allen dieſen Dingen gehörte allerdings Genie und Talent und ſonſt noch einige Eigenſchaften, aber es war auch die rechte Zeit dafür. Jetzt dagegen iſt gar keine Zeit; denn weder als junges Deutſchland mit Emancipationsideen, noch als jüngſtes Deutſchland mit politiſchen Poeſien macht man ſonderliches Glück, weil entweder die Zeit dafür noch nicht da oder ſchon vorüber iſt oder auch gar nicht kommen wird. Wir leiden entweder durch die Vergangenheit oder kränkeln an der Zukunft, und unſere Zeit iſt eben gar keine Zeit.

Dergleichen Krankheitsſtimmungen kommen oft an einem Einzelnen ganz beſonders zum Vorſchein und er wird daher ein vortreffliches Exemplar für die Pathologen zum Studium. Ein ſolches Exemplar bin ich; ich thue Alles zur unrechten Zeit; ich bin zur unrechten Zeit auf die Welt gekommen und werde gewiß zur unrechten Zeit aus der Welt gehn. Es iſt ein trauriges Schickſal, das mir fortwährend Leiden, im Großen wie im Kleinen, bereitet. Es quält mich und demüthigt mich. — Ach, wie oft höre ich hinter mir her mir die Worte nachſagen:

„Der Menſch kommt immer zur unrechten Zeit.“

Erſt vor Kurzem habe ich ſie noch aus ſchönem Munde vernommen; ein Todesurtheil. — Und wie hat mich das verſtimmt! Ich habe wieder bisher die Nächte nicht ſchlafen können und bin immer erſt nach Sonnenaufgang zur unrechten Zeit eingeſchlafen, natürlich auch zur unrechten Zeit aufgeſtanden.

Ich will aber beichten und büßen dafür, wie es ſich gehört.

Neulich machte ich einer höchſt liebenswürdigen Dame einen Beſuch. Frau von Hermelin empfing mich ſehr freundlich, aber ich merkte doch, daß ich zur unrechten Zeit käme, und wollte, um mir ihre Gunſt zu erwerben oder zu erhalten, wenigſtens zur rechten Zeit gehn. Ich empfahl mich alſo, ſobald ich mich ſchicklicher Weiſe empfehlen konnte, und ſie bat mich ſehr freundlich, ſie recht bald wieder zu beſuchen. Leider that ich das nur zu bald und verſcherzte mir dadurch auf immer ihre Gunſt. Als ich nämlich ſchon auf der Treppe war, bemerkte ich zu meinem Verdruſſe, daß ich zur unrechten Zeit meinen Stock in ihrem Zimmer vergeſſen.

Was ſollte ich nun thun? Den Stock da laſſen? Ja wenn es eine zierliche Badine geweſen wäre, oder ein ſehr reiches ſpaniſches Rohr mit goldenem Knopfe. Es war aber ein alter, ſchlechter Stock, der meinem Bedienten gehörte und den ich in der Eile genommen, weil ich meinen eigenen irgendwo ſtehen laſſen und durchaus nicht, ohne etwas in den Händen zu haben, ausgehn kann. Ein ſo häßliches Meuble in ſo eleganter Umgebung zurückzulaſſen? — Welcher Stoff zu den boshafteſten Bemerkungen über den Eigenthümer! Das ging alſo durchaus nicht. — Einen Bedienten bitten, hinein zu gehn und ihn mir zu holen? Man weiß, wie impertinent, naſeweis und vorlaut dieſe Leute mitunter ſind. Es blieb alſo nichts übrig, als mich in eigner Perſon wieder in den Beſitz zu ſetzen, und dazu entſchloß ich mich denn auch.

Leiſe ging ich wieder zurück. In der Hoffnung, Frau von Hermelin habe vielleicht auf einen Augenblick das Zimmer verlaſſen und ich könne unbemerkt mich meines Eigenthums verſichern und wieder fortſchlüpfen, trat ich auf den Zehen und ohne anzuklopfen ein — da traf mich aus den Augen der ſchönen Frau der zermalmendſte und verächtlichſte Blick, den je zwei weibliche Sterne auf einen unglücklichen Sterblichen geſchleudert haben.

Zwei — nein, vier waren es, denn Frau von Hermelin befand ſich nicht allein. Sie war in geheimnißvoller Unterredung begriffen mit einem abſcheulichen alten Weibe, das mir aus dem Goethe'ſchen Fauſt heraus beſchworen zu ſein ſchien und nothwendig Frau Marthe heißen mußte:

— ein Weib wie auserleſen
zum Kuppler- und Zigeunerweſen.

Dieſe Perſon hatte ohne alle Umſtände ihren alten, fleckigen, vergriffenen, verbleichten Hut auf das Sopha gelegt, um einen prachtvollen Cachemirſhawl, den ſie anſah, als wenn ſie ihn auswendig lernen wollte, genau unterſuchen zu können. Zwei oder drei Shawls, ei-

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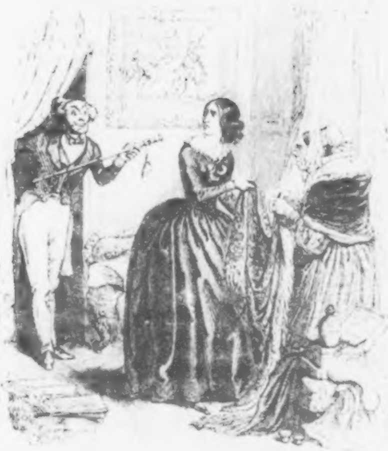

nige Blondenmantillen, Kragen, Federhüte und andere Gegenſtände der Toilette, die auf den Stühlen umher lagen, erklärten deutlich den Inhalt dieſer geheimnißvollen Conferenz. Meine Viſite hatte eine Verhandlung verzögert, welche einige Damen der vornehmen Welt, die ihre Sucht zu glänzen mit der Beſchränktheit ihrer Mittel in Einklang bringen müſſen, bei verſchloſſenen Thüren abzumachen pflegen; meine unglückliche Rückkehr unterbrach dieſelbe. Ein zweiter Actaeon überraſchte ich Diana, nicht im Bade, ſondern mit einer Trödlerin. Nun begriff ich, weshalb vorher meine geiſtreichſten Redensarten gar keinen Eindruck auf Frau von Hermelin gemacht, warum ſie zerſtreut nach der Decke geſehn, durch die Naſe gegähnt und während ich mich ſo angeſtrengt, liebenswürdig zu ſein, ein ſo niedergeſchlagenes Geſicht gemacht.

— Aber — mein Herr! .....

Dieſer halb unterdrückte Ausruf war Alles, womit ihre Höflichkeit ihr erlaubte, dem Aerger, welchen meine Rückkehr ihr verurſachte, Luft zu machen. Uebrigens ſagten jene beiden Worte deutlich, was ſie meinte, und in meine Sprache überſetzt, lautete dieſe Meinung:

— Sie ſind ein Menſch, der ſich nicht zu benehmen weiß — läſtig und zudringlich. — Sie ſind mir unerträglich — Kommen Sie mir nie wieder vor die Augen — Ihr bloßer Anblick reicht ſchon hin, mir Krämpfe zu machen — Wer ihn nur hereingelaſſen hat? — Ihr Stock! — Was geht mich Ihr Stock an? — Ein ſauberer Stock! er iſt Ihr Ebenbild. — Machen Sie doch, daß Sie fortkommen — Sie bringen mich zur Verzweiflung! Sie plumper — tactloſer — einfältiger Bär, Sie!

Alles dies lag wenigſtens im Ton, mit welchem ſie das „Aber — mein Herr“ ausſprach, und zwar ſo deutlich, daß dieſe Worte unmöglich für einen Euphemismus gelten konnten.

Hätte ich auch an der Richtigkeit meiner Auslegung noch zweifeln wollen, ſo wäre ich doch ſehr bald von derſelben überzeugt worden. An dem nächſten Abende, wo ich Frau von Hermelin in einer Geſellſchaft traf, ließ ſie mich ohne alle Rückſichten unbarmherzig ablaufen. Dafür wußte ich ihr im Innern aufrichtig Dank, denn ſie erſparte mir nur die Unannehmlichkeit, mich zwei oder drei Mal abweiſen zu ſehn, wenn ich es nach jenem Vorfalle gewagt hätte, ihr einen Beſuch zu machen. Verdrießlicheres kann es für einen Mann, der etwas auf ſich hält, nicht leicht geben, als ſich von einem Tölpel von Bedienten oder einem ſchnippiſchen Kammerkätzchen abgeführt zu ſehn, während ein Anderer ohne Weiteres zugelaſſen wird. Wenn man ein auch noch ſo gleichgültiges Geſicht dazu macht, ſo fühlt man ſich doch im Innern nicht wenig beleidigt, und der gekränkte Ehrgeiz reißt obendrein ſelbſt den Gelaſſenſten leicht hin, dem erſten Bekannten, der uns in den Wurf kommt, die erlebte Unbill zu erzählen. Gewöhnlich benutzt noch obendrein ein Solcher unſere Herzensergießungen für ſeine Zwecke, indem er ſich ungläubig ſtellt. „Frau von Hermelin hat Ihnen das gethan? die liebe, rückſichtsvolle Dame!! Das iſt unmöglich — das muß ein Mißverſtändniß ſein. — Wollen Sie, daß ich mit ihrem Bruder, dem Lieutenant, oder mit ihrer Tante, der Präſidentin, darüber rede? .....“

Natürlich verbittet man ſich das und bittet dagegen um das tiefſte Stillſchweigen über den ganzen Vorfall. Dafür weiß es denn morgen ſchon die halbe und übermorgen die ganze Stadt. Nun kommen die guten Freunde, wollen die Geſchichte von uns ſelbſt wiſſen, belehren und tadeln, wie z. B. — „Allerdings hat Frau von Hermelin Unrecht, aber Du, mein Beſter, biſt auch nicht ganz im Recht. — Um eines ſchlechten Stockes willen ſetzt man doch nicht alle Dehors aus den Augen. Wenigſtens hätteſt Du ein lautes Geräuſch machen müſſen, als Du wiederkamſt, huſten, ſtark auftreten oder an einen Stuhl ſtoßen, damit die alte Hexe ſich friſiren konnte. Mit etwas kaltem Blute vermeidet man ſolche Unannehmlichkeit. — Ein Secundaner wäre nicht ſo ungeſchickt geweſen. — Du biſt doch ſonſt ein Mann, der Tact hat und ſich zu helfen weiß,“ und dergleichen mehr.

Nun macht man ſich noch obendrein die größten Vorwürfe, überhaupt davon geredet und dadurch die eigentlich geringfügige Sache vergrößert, alſo verſchlimmert zu haben. Das iſt eine noch ärgere Ungeſchicklichkeit. Darüber wird man denn aufgebracht gegen ſich ſelbſt und geräth in einen gewaltigen Zwieſpalt mit ſich. Die eine Hälfte unſeres inneren Menſchen zankt mit der anderen, und dieſe findet keine Entſchuldigungsgründe. Wenigſtens erhob ſich in Folge jener Begebenheit in meinem Innern ein ſolcher Dialog. Ich will ihn hier folgen laſſen, um Beichte und Buße vollſtändig zu machen, denn er war es, der mir den Schlaf raubte.

„Solche Dummheiten machſt Du immer,“ — ſo ſprach nämlich die erzürnte Hälfte meines Ich — „unvorſichtiger Schwätzer! der gleich allen Leuten erzählen muß, was ihn freut oder ärgert. Wozu brauchteſt Du die Geſchichte auszuplaudern? Die Freunde der Frau von Hermelin werden ſchöne Gloſſen dazu liefern.“

„Ich muß geſtehn,“ — erwiederte betrübt die beſchwichtigende Hälfte — „es wäre allerdings beſſer geweſen, kein Wort darüber zu verlieren. — Auch weiß ich wirklich nicht, wie ich dazu gekommen bin, davon zu reden . . . . .“

„Das weißt Du nicht?“ — unterbrach die erſte Hälfte dieſe Worte — „nun, ſo will ich Dir es ohne Umſchweif ſagen. Du warſt wüthend, weil Du eine Dummheit gemacht hatteſt, aber Du warſt zu eitel, um es Dir zu geſtehn, und da mußte Frau von Hermelin denn, nach Deiner Meinung, blamirt werden. — Das bringt Dir viel Ehre, Du beſchränkter, empfindlicher Thor! . .“

„Nun ja,“ — fiel die zweite Hälfte gereizt in die Rede — „ſei nur nicht ſo heftig; ich ſehe mein Unrecht ein.“

„Wirklich?“ — ſagte Nummer Eins — „das iſt hübſch von Dir. — Wenn es nur etwas hülfe. — Aber Du biſt ein Menſch, der nie durch Erfahrung gewitzigt wird.“

„Doch — doch — gewiß“ — entgegnete Nummer Zwei demüthig.

„Nein! ſage ich,“ — verſetzte Nummer Eins noch ſtrenger. — „Laß uns nur ein Mal die Dummheiten durchgehn, die Du in dem letzten halben Jahre allein Dir zu Schulden kommen ließeſt.“

„Bitte, wozu das? —“

„Wozu? Als gerechte, wohlverdiente Strafe. Haſt Du das berühmte Diner vergeſſen, wo Du alle Welt ſo in Erſtaunen und Schweigen verſetzteſt, weil Du laut und nur zu deutlich ein gewiſſes ſkandalöſes Hiſtörchen erzählteſt, deſſen Held der eigene Schwager des Wirthes war?“

„Das wußte ich ja nicht.“

„Das mußteſt Du aber wiſſen. Ferner die beredte Tirade gegen Lieferungen bei einem reich gewordenen Lieferanten?“

„Pure Zerſtreuung.“

„So! Nicht übel. — Dann noch, daß Du Frau von Levini die Subſcriptionsliſte zu dem Balle zuſandteſt, auf welcher als ausdrückliche Bedingung bemerkt war, daß weder getaufte noch ungetaufte Juden daran Theil nehmen ſollten.“

— Ich dachte nicht daran, daß ſie eigentlich Levi hieß.“

„Ich will Dich auch an Deine unverſtändige Luſtigkeit erinnern, die Dich zwanzig Mal, ein Liedchen trällernd, bei Deinem podagriſtiſchen Oheim eintreten ließ, den Dein Benehmen bei ſeinen Leiden furchtbar verletzte.“

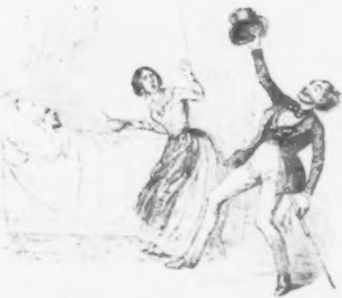

„Ferner Deine Geſcheidtheit, in Gegenwart eines bankerotten Kaufmanns den Witz eines anderen Bankerottirers zu erzählen: wenn er nicht mehr auskommen könnte, käme er ein. — Deine Liebenswürdigkeit, die Frau von Buſchdorf, deren Mann ſich todtgeſchoſſen, eine geſchlagene Glockenſtunde lang nur von merkwürdigen Selbſtmorden zu unterhalten, und endlich Deine Gegenwart im beſchmutzten Jagdanzuge

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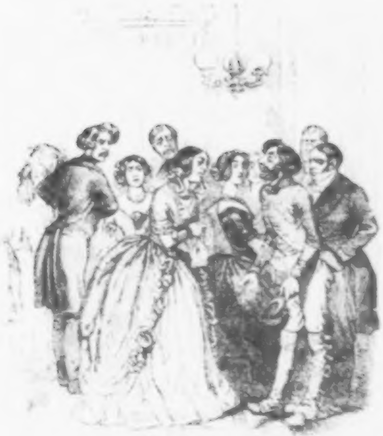

bei der Soirée, die Dein Freund, der Präſident von Stellau, der Nobleſſe ſeiner Stadt und den Räthen ſeines Collegiums gab."

„Warum zwang er mich mit Gewalt, einzutreten?"

„— Er zwang Dich gar nicht, es war eine bloße Höflichkeitsformel und Du haſt recht gut die Grimaſſe bemerkt, die er ſchnitt, als Du ſeine Einladung annahmſt. Der Aufzug, in dem Du erſchienſt, war höchſt unſauber, und es quälte ihn ſehr, daran zu denken, welche Ideen ſich die Geſellſchaft, die er zum erſten Mal bei ſich verſammelt, von ſeinem früheren Umgange in der Reſidenz machen würde."

„Siehſt Du, ich habe Dich zum Schweigen gebracht; Du mußt ſelbſt zugeben, daß Du unerträglich und unverbeſſerlich biſt. Nie kommſt, nie ſprichſt Du zur rechten Zeit und am rechten Orte."

„Nie? ſagſt Du —"

„Nie! ſage ich."

„— Nun denn," — bemerkt ſchüchtern die Eigenliebe — „ſo nützen mir alle die heraufbeſchworenen quälenden Erinnerungen auch nichts. Im Gegentheil, ſie machen mich nur noch verwirrter. — Belehrten und beſſerten ſie mich, ſo würde ich ſie gelaſſen anhören; da das aber nach Deiner Meinung unmöglich iſt, ſo ſcheint es mir, als könnte ich Dir einen Theil Deiner Vorwürfe zurückgeben und mich ebenfalls mit Recht beklagen, daß Du . . . . ."

„Nun? daß ich . . . . .?"

„Weder zur rechten Zeit, noch am rechten Orte zu ſprechen weißt."

Die Schmerzen eines Tigers

oder

Einen ablaufen laſſen.

Aus einem ungedruckten Roman: „Die Märtyrer der Geſellſchaft“ betitelt.

In Frankreich und in England nennt man bekanntlich jeden Mann und namentlich jeden jungen Mann, der in dem Kreiſe, in welchem er lebt, den Ton angiebt, und den ſich alle nach Eleganz ſtrebenden jungen und alten Jünglinge zum Muſter nehmen, einen Löwen; den Pylades dieſes Löwen aber einen Tiger.

Nicht Jeder, der es ſein möchte, wird ein Löwe; gar oft bringt er es nur bis zum Tiger, das heißt: bis zu einem Weſen, das mit allen Leibes- und Seelenkräften danach ſtrebt, ein Löwe zu werden.

Wem gilt dieſe Rede?

Dir, ihm, vielleicht mir ſelbſt; wem Du willſt, gleichviel.

Du biſt nur ein Tiger. In gewiſſen Cirkeln erlangſt Du allein

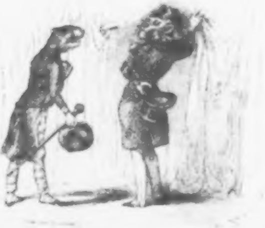

Zutritt durch die Protection und gewiſſermaßen unter der Fahne eines Löwen; der ſicherſte Beweis, daß Du ſelbſt es nie bis zum Löwen bringſt. Er ſteht für Dich ein, leiſtet Bürgſchaft für Dich, Du gehörſt zu ſeinem Gefolge und die Thüren, welche ſich mit beiden Flügeln vor ihm öffnen, ſchließen ſich nicht ſo ſchnell wieder, daß Du nicht mit ihm, indem Du ihn bei dem Rockſchooße hältſt, ebenfalls in die faſhionabeln Cirkel hineinſchlüpfen könnteſt.

Dieſer Mann iſt Deine Vorſehung geworden; Du biſt dagegen, um Dich zu revanchiren, ſein Caſſirer, denn der, den er früher hatte, verließ ihn ſchon längſt, als ſeine Ausgaben ſämmtliche Einnahmen vollkommen aufgezehrt. Auch benutzt er Dich mit Vergnügen als Gehülfen ſeines Bedienten, deſſen Lohn Du bezahlſt, um ſeine Pferde ſpazieren zu reiten, wenn ſchlechtes Wetter oder ſüßere Geſchäftigungen ihn daran verhindern. Du haſt ferner einen Platz in der Loge mit ihm gemeinſchaftlich, doch benutzeſt Du denſelben nur an jenen Tagen, wo die elegante Welt ſich nicht dort einzufinden pflegt und er alſo keinen Gebrauch davon machen kann. Dieſe ganz leoniniſche Gütergemeinſchaft erſtreckt ſich auf Alles, nur nicht auf den Abſchluß der Rechnungen, den überläßt er Dir ganz allein.

Aber was verdankſt Du ihm nicht auch Alles dafür!

Durch ſeine Vermittelung ſtehſt Du obenan auf jeder Subſcriptionsliſte, welche vornehme Damen ausſenden, um der Kunſt oder der Armuth eine Unterſtützung zufließen zu laſſen; er ſetzt Deinen Namen ſtets neben dem ſeinigen hin und Du bezahlſt für Beide. Ebenſo verfährt er auch mit allen Gegenſtänden des Luxus und der ſchönen Künſte, von denen die Mode verlangt, daß man ſie ſich anſchaffe. Ihr wohnt ja zuſammen. Zwar zwingt er Dich auszugehn, wenn er einen Beſuch erwartet, bei dem ihm Deine Gegenwart überflüſſig ſcheint. Mitunter aber zieht er ſich auch in das Zimmerchen zurück, in welches er Dich drängte; es können nämlich Umſtände eintreten, wo Ihr nicht zuſammen, wo Du auch nicht bei ihm, ſondern wo er bei Dir wohnt. — Das iſt ſo um die Zeit der fälligen Miethe; ſonſt wohnſt Du aber immer bei ihm.

Das ſind aber noch nicht alle Annehmlichkeiten, welche einen Tiger erwarten.

Ich will gar nicht davon reden, daß er ſich mitunter Stunden lang auf der Straße herumtreiben, oder vor irgend einer Hausthür unter einem Wetterdache vom Regen durchnäßt, von der Hitze verſengt, oder halb todt vor Kälte ausharren muß, weil ſein Löwe ihn dahin beſtellte und es vergaß, oder ſich abſichtlich darin gefiel, ihn warten zu laſſen, denn das kommt alle Tage vor; ſondern nur folgende Luſtſpielsſcene aus dem Stücke: „Das Glück eines Tigers“ — beſchreiben, welche ebenfalls gar oft pflegt aufgeführt zu werden.

Sie ſpielt in einem eleganten Zimmer. Paul (der Löwe) und Peter (der Tiger) treten zuſammen ein, wie gewöhnlich. Nach einigen geſchickten Wendungen und Manoeuvres ſitzt Paul neben der liebenswürdigen Madame X., die ihm nicht eben abgeneigt zu ſein ſcheint. Was iſt unterdeſſen aus dem treuen Peter, dem Tiger, geworden? Er füttert der ältlichen Madame Y., die ſchon längſt die Vierzig umſchifft hat, galant allerlei ſüße Süßigkeiten zu. Hat er wirklich Abſichten auf ſie? Gott bewahre! das fällt ihm gar nicht ein. Ob-

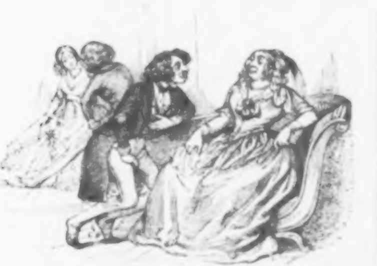

wohl ihn die Dame ſehr zuvorkommend behandelt, würde er dieſe Eroberung gern jedem Nebenbuhler abtreten. Aber Madame D., Schwiegermutter der Madame L., hat es übernommen, in Abweſenheit des Gatten die etwas flatterhafte Schwiegertochter zu bewachen, und der gute, treue, ergebene, unerſchrockene Tiger Peter bemüht ſich nun, ſie angenehm zu beſchäftigen, um durch dieſe Diverſion ihre Aufmerkſamkeit abzulenken und ſeinen geliebten Löwen vor möglicher Störung zu ſichern.

Eine andere, nicht minder angenehme Scene iſt folgende. Peter erſcheint eines Tages auf der Promenade, gerade zu der Zeit, wo die elegante Welt ſich dort einfindet, in einem ſo originellen Anzuge, daß ein allgemeines Staunen und Lachen ihn begrüßt. Die Vorübergehenden kehren ſich verwundert um und ſehen ihm lange nach, und mehr als ein unverſchämter Straßenjunge ſtellt ſich ihm in den Weg und gafft ihn ſpöttiſch an. Seine näheren Bekannten moquiren ſich ohne alle Zurückhaltung über ihn. — Zwanzig Wetten werden wegen ſeines Anzuges gemacht; die Einen behaupten, es ſei eine neue Ordenstracht, die Anderen, es ſei ein Spaß, wieder Andere, es ſei eine Wette, einen Anzug, den der beliebteſte Komiker auf der Bühne angehabt, öffentlich zu tragen. — Alle dieſe Bemerkungen ſtören aber Peter, den Tiger, nicht im Mindeſten.

„Ihr werdet mir doch zugeben,“ — ſagt er zu den Spöttern — „daß mein Freund Paul, der Löwe, ſich auf die Toilette verſtehe.“

„Das beſtreitet Niemand,“ — lautet die Antwort.

„Nun alſo“ — ruft der Tiger mit ſiegreichen Blicken. — „Dieſen Anzug, an dem Ihr Alle ſo viel auszuſetzen habt, dieſen Paletot, deſſen Schnitt Euch ſo erſchreckt, hat er erfunden und für ſich machen laſſen.“

„Alle Wetter!“ — rufen die Kühnſten — „das iſt eine unglückliche Inſpiration. — Indeſſen, man muß es abwarten.“

Vergebens erwartet man jedoch, daß der Löwe ſich mit dieſer Excentricität des ſchlechten Geſchmackes zeige. Von dem unglücklichen Erfolg dieſes Verſuches unterrichtet, entſagt er wohlweislich der kecken Neuerung, die er ſich ausgeſonnen hatte. Damit jedoch ſeine Idee nicht ganz verloren ſei, giebt er vor: dieß in anima vili gemachte Experiment ſei weiter nichts als eine Myſtification des armen Tigers Peter geweſen.

Das iſt unangenehm, ſehr unangenehm, und doch nur eine von den tauſend Unannehmlichkeiten, die Peter geduldig erträgt in ſeiner Eitelkeit, ſich zum Löwen heranzubilden. Das einzige Unglück aber, das er kennt und fürchtet, iſt: das Patronat ſeines angebeteten Löwen zu verlieren.

Es trägt ſich nämlich mitunter zu, entweder daß der Löwe eine bedeutende Erbſchaft macht, oder daß er einen beſſeren und vortheilhafteren Tiger findet, und dann ſetzt er den alten unbarmherzig ab; dann läßt er ihn grauſam ablaufen.

Es giebt mehrere Arten ablaufen zu laſſen; ich will hier zum Beſten der feinen Welt, die nicht ſo inſolent zu ſein vermag, als ſie zu ſein wünſcht, einige derſelben ſchildern.

Peter, der Tiger, begegnet zum Beiſpiel Paul, dem Löwen, mit dem er geſtern noch gefrühſtückt hat, auf der Straße. Er will auf ihn zu mit blinzelnden Augen und aufgeſperrtem Munde, kurz mit allen Zeichen des freudigſten Vertrauens. Paul bleibt ſtehen, ſchlägt die Arme übereinander, läßt ruhig ſeinen Extiger ganz nahe kommen und wirft ihm dann einen ſo froſtigen und hochmüthig fragenden Blick zu, daß der arme Peter wie angenagelt ſtehen bleibt. Der Löwe, dieſen Schrecken benutzend, ſetzt nun majeſtätiſch ſeinen Weg fort, geht bei dem Tiger vorüber, indem er ihn anſieht, und ſagt ihm ſo auf eine ſehr beredte Weiſe, ohne auch nur eine Silbe fallen zu laſſen: Ich kenne Sie nicht. Dieß nennt man Jemanden direct oder einfach ablaufen laſſen.

Das indirecte oder ausweichende Ablaufenlaſſen erfordert nicht ſo viele Gewandtheit und Erfahrung. Es beſteht darin, daß man ſich auf die andere Seite der Straße begiebt oder eine Straße vermeidet, kurz, ſeinen Weg verändert, um einem unangenehmen Begegnen zu entgehn.

Die Augen gen Himmel gerichtet und in ein ſtummes Anſchauen der Geſtirne vertieft, ſtößt Paul den Peter im Vorübergehn mit dem Ellbogen, ohne ihn zu bemerken. Peter kann ſich dieſe Vorliebe

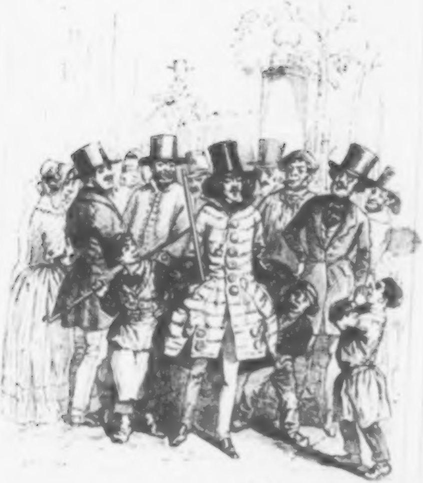

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für das Studium der Himmelskörper gar nicht erklären, bis er endlich begreift, daß es abſichtlich iſt. Dies heißt Jemanden ſublim ablaufen laſſen.

Aendert man die Richtung des Blickes und wendet ihn ſtatt dem Himmel der Erde zu, ſtellt nicht aſtronomiſche, ſondern geologiſche Forſchungen an, zählt nicht die Sterne, ſondern die Pflaſterſteine — ſo läßt man perpendiculär ablaufen; eine Weiſe, welche ſchüchterne Leute jeder anderen vorziehn.

Je nachdem der Himmel bedeckt oder hell, es Mittag oder Abend iſt, man ſich auf freiem Felde oder unter dichten Bäumen befindet, wendet man entweder das blinzelnde Ablaufenlaſſen oder das ſtarrende an. Bei dem Erſteren ſchließt man die Augen, als ob man geblendet ſei; bei dem Letzteren reißt man ſie dagegen weit auf, als ob man gar nichts ſehe.

Will man Jemanden ſchalkhaft ablaufen laſſen, ſo lacht man aus vollem Halſe, wirft den Kopf nach hinten und trocknet ſich dann die Augen, als ob die gewaltige Erſchütterung des Zwerchfells Thränen hervorgelockt hätte, die natürlich alle Sehkraft paralyſiren.

Die Mimik des ernſten, tiefſinnigen Ablaufenlaſſens beſteht dagegen in Folgendem: Man geht ſehr raſch, zieht die Augenbrauen zuſammen, ſpitzt den Mund und geſticulirt heftig, wie bei einem Monolog.

Unterſuchen wir, welche von dieſen beiden Arten die beſte ſei.

Wir nehmen an: Peter ſieht den Paul lachen. Durch dieſe anſcheinende Heiterkeit ſicher gemacht, kann und will er ihn eben ſo jovial anreden. Das muß Paul natürlich in große Verlegenheit ſetzen, denn es zwingt ihn, die ſchalkhafte Art aufzugeben und ſich durch einen ſchwierigen Uebergang der directen zu bedienen, welche die beleidigendſte und daher auch die gefährlichſte von allen iſt.

Wenn Paul dagegen von einem finſteren Gedanken ganz eingenommen zu ſein ſcheint, wenn er ausſieht wie Jemand, der ſich Zwang anthun muß, ſo kann er ganz ruhig ſein, denn Peter wird ſich aus Rückſicht auf ſein eigenes Selbſt wohl hüten, ihn anzureden. Das wagt ſelbſt der muthigſte Tiger nicht gern bei dem hungrigen Löwen.

Es giebt noch eine große Anzahl ſolcher Arten Jemanden ablaufen zu laſſen, doch obwohl in der Form verſchieden, haben ſie alle dieſelbe Tendenz, und üben auf den Unglücklichen, der ſie erdulden muß, dieſelbe Wirkung aus, ähnlich dem Hiebe einer Reitpeitſche in das Geſicht.

Wir wollen die Leute, denen dergleichen zu widerfahren pflegt, aber nicht bemitleiden. Warum haben ſie ſolche Ohrfeigengeſichter? Einem tüchtigen Menſchen kann ſolche Kränkung nie geſchehn.

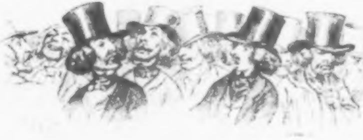

Der Haustyrann.

Schreiben eines Junggeſellen in der Reſidenz an einen Ehemann in der Provinz.

Wünſche mir Glück, lieber Anton, und beklage mich. Ich bitte Dich darum. Beneide mein Geſchick und habe Mitleid mit mir. Ich bin zu gleicher Zeit ſehr glücklich und ſehr unglücklich. Ich habe tauſend Gründe, mein Loos zu ſegnen, und tauſend andere, es zu verwünſchen. Eine große Kriſis, deren ſich widerſprechende Wirkungen ich nicht recht erkenne, hat meine ganze Exiſtenz erſchüttert. Kurz, um Dir mit vier Worten das Räthſel zu löſen, — Ich habe Lorenz fortgejagt.

Eigentlich drücke ich mich aber falſch aus, denn richtiger muß es heißen: Lorenz hat mich verlaſſen. Ich ſelbſt wäre wirklich nie im Stande geweſen, ihm zu kündigen. Seit zehn Jahren hatte er mich in ſeinen Dienſten für einen ganz erklecklichen Lohn, den er von mir erhielt, und ich war zu ſehr eingeſchult in dieſe verkappte Knechtſchaft, um je daran zu denken, mich davon zu befreien. Auch muß ich geſtehn, daß Lorenz eine gute Manier hatte und mich ſeine unwiderſtehliche Herrſchaft nur dann fühlen ließ, wenn mein Wille ſich zu direct dem ſeinigen widerſetzte.

Wenn es mir des Morgens zum Beiſpiel in den Sinn kam, faul ſein und lange ſchlafen zu wollen, ſo trieb er mich aus dem Bette. Mit welcher Haſt riß er nicht die Laden auf, und die Fenſter dazu, die er ſo lange offen ſtehn ließ, bis Aurora's feuchter Hauch mir die vom Schlaf erhitzten Wangen kühlte. Welchen

Lärm machte er nicht dazu, indem er mein Zimmer aufräumte und den gebohnten Fußboden frottirte.

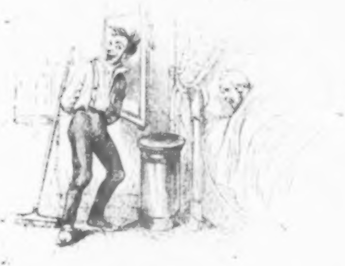

Ebenſo trieb er es auch nach dem Mittagseſſen, wenn ich länger als gewöhnlich zu Hauſe blieb und er Luſt hatte auszugehn. Dann zeigte ſich beſonders ſein erfinderiſches Genie im hellſten Lichte. Die Convenienz verbot ihm, mir Hut, Stock und Handſchuhe ohne Weiteres zu bringen; aber er wußte es ſo einzurichten, daß ich von ſelbſt danach verlangen mußte, um ihm das Feld zu räumen. Aller Widerſtand war vergeblich, davon hatte ich mich ſchon längſt überzeugt. Selbſt wenn es in Strömen vom Himmel goß, verließ ich doch mit ſtoiſcher Entſagung meinen Lehnſeſſel vor dem warmen Ofen, wo ich ſo gern meine einſame Verdauung behaglich und friedlich vollendet hätte. Ich wußte aber aus Erfahrung, daß ich, falls ich dieſem unerlaubten Wunſche nachgäbe, die ſchnellſten und ſtrengſten Strafen auf mein armes Haupt laden würde; daß ich meinen Thee an dieſem Abende unſchmackhaft, mein Bett ſchlecht gemacht, meinen Nachtanzug unbequem fände, kurz, daß mir alle jene kleinen Annehmlichkeiten mangelten, welche ihm als eben ſo viele Stricke verrätheriſch dienen mußten, um meinen freien Willen zu knebeln. Auch war ihm ſehr wohl bekannt, wie ſehr das Schmollen, ſelbſt von Untergebenen, einem ſo angelegten Charakter wie dem meinigen verhaßt iſt, und wie gern ich ſelbſt ein großes Opfer bringe, um meine Umgebung nur bei guter Laune zu erhalten. Dies fatale Schmollen iſt ja der einzige Grund, weßhalb ich mich nie vermählt habe, obwohl mich eine gute Frau unendlich glücklich gemacht haben würde, und es ihr bei meinem bequemen Naturell nicht eben ſchwer geworden wäre. Von den Bräuten kann man aber nie wiſſen, ob ſie als Frauen ſchmollen werden, und der liebenswürdigſten Braut, die keine Spur davon blicken ließ, ſiegt das Schmollen oft bei der Trauung wie ein böſer Schnupfen an. Dieſe Scheu nun gab Herrn Lorenz einen ungeheuern Vortheil, den er auf wahrhaft diaboliſche Weiſe gegen mich zu benutzen verſtand; es war gewiſſermaßen ſein Sporn, und der geſchickte Bereiter benutzte denſelben nur, wenn Zügel und Peitſche nicht ausreichten. — Uebrigens hatte ſein Inſtinkt ihm eine jener großen Lehren der wahren Politik enthüllt; die nämlich, daß die Macht wie die Intelligenz durch die Ausübung ſelbſt an Kraft gewinnt, daß eine Handlung der Oberherrſchaft nie unbedeutend iſt, und daß man die Gelegenheit zum Kampfe unabhängig von jedem anderen Intereſſe vervielfältigen müſſe, um dadurch die Gelegenheit zu ſiegen zu vervielfältigen.

Demzufolge gab es auch nicht das Geringſte, bei dem er nicht ſeinen Einfluß geübt hätte. Ich kann mich nicht erinnern, mir ſeit zehn Jahren eine Weſte oder einen Stock ohne ſeine Intervention angeſchafft zu haben, und doch ſtimmte ſein Geſchmack nie ganz mit dem meinigen überein. Freilich habe ich auch nie einen Anzug getragen, der mir ganz zugeſagt hätte. Dennoch entſprang aus meiner Feigheit ein arger Uebelſtand für mich; die Kleider, deren Farben meinem Kammerdiener beſonders gefielen und die ſein hoher Beifall mich zu wählen angetrieben hatte, nutzten ſich — wunderbare

Erſcheinung — zwei Mal raſcher ab, als alle übrigen. Dann aber — ganz entgegengeſetzte Erſcheinung — leiſteten ſie ihm (er erhielt nämlich meine abgelegten Kleider) zwei Mal mehr Dienſte, als man nach den vorhergegangenen Erfahrungen von denſelben hätte erwarten dürfen. Erkläre wer kann: dieſen Zwieſpalt der Natur.

Das iſt aber noch nicht Alles und ich kann Dir nicht ſagen, denn ich ſchäme mich deſſen, wie ſehr dieſer Menſch ſich zum Richter meiner Entſchlüſſe, zum Wächter meiner Schritte, zum Lenker auch der geringſten meiner Handlungen aufgeworfen hatte. Ich glaube, es machte ihm Vergnügen, meine Unterwürfigkeit in Thätigkeit zu erhalten. Nur dadurch allein kann ich mir erklären, warum es ihm nie an Gründen fehlte, mir zu beweiſen, wenn ich vor Froſt zitterte, daß ich nothwendig die Pantalons von Halbzeug anziehen müſſe, und wenn der Thermometer auf fünfundzwanzig Grad über Null ſtand, daß es ſehr Unrecht von mir ſein würde, mein flanellenes Unterjäckchen abzulegen; — daß ferner mein grüner Frack (Nr. 2) hinreiche, um anſtändig bei der Gräfin H. zu erſcheinen, während er meinen ſchwarzen Frack (Nr. 1) für zu ſchlecht erklärte, um Madame M., die doch nur eine reich gewordene Krämersfrau iſt, eine Viſite zu machen.

Du wirſt mich fragen, durch welche ſeltenen Eigenſchaften Lorenz dieſen Despotismus wieder ausglich, und ob vielleicht ſeine unerſchütterliche Ehrlichkeit an ihn feſſelte. — Auch das könnte ich eben nicht ſagen. — Mützen, Hüte, Stiefel und Kleider ſtahl er mir zwar nicht, denn die fielen ihm von ſelbſt zu, ohne Verbrechen und Gefahren, ſobald er Luſt dazu bekam. Dagegen hielt er ſehr auf Reinlichkeit und auf gute Zahnbürſten, Tincturen und dergleichen. Ich bezog dieſe Dinge aus der beſten Quelle und bezahlte ſie theuer, um ſie gut zu haben; je theuerer ich ſie bezahlte, deſto ſchlechter kamen ſie mir aber vor; die Zahnbürſten verloren entſetzlich ſchnell die Haare; das Zahnpulver löſte ſich außerordentlich leicht auf; die Pommadenbüchschen hatten ſehr dicke Boden, weit dicker als früher. Ich konnte mir das gar nicht erklären. — Endlich kam ich durch einen Zufall dahinter, als ich ihn eines Morgens bei ſeiner höchſt ſorgfältigen Toilette überraſchte.

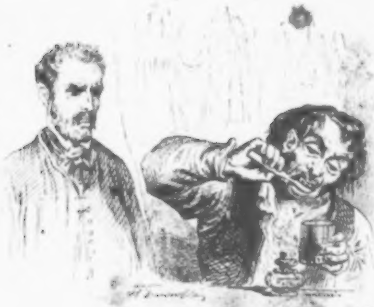

Was nun das Geld betrifft, ſo weißt Du, wie ſchlecht ich mich darauf verſtehe, Buch zu halten; auch könnte ich vor Gericht keinen Eid leiſten, wenn Lorenz angeklagt würde, mein Vertrauen gemißbraucht zu haben. Alles, was ich darüber ſagen kann, iſt, daß zu ſeiner Zeit die Schublade, welche mir als Kaſſe diente, nicht früher und nicht ſpäter leer wurde als unter der Regierung ſeines Vorgängers. Dieſer Letztere ſitzt freilich jetzt im Zuchthauſe. Ich könnte ſogar hinzufügen, daß ich eines Tages einen Kaſſenſchein von hundert Thalern auf dem Tiſche liegen ließ, und denſelben bei meiner Rückkehr nicht mehr vorfand, daß mir aber Lorenz ſehr ſorgfältig einige ganz unkenntliche Fragmente einhändigte, welche er, wie er mir verſicherte, meinem kleinen Affen Blaſtio aus den Krallen und den Zähnen geriſſen hätte. — Was ließ ſich dagegen einwenden? — Was ſoll ich ſelbſt von der wunderbaren Zertrümmerung einiger funfzig Flaſchen recht guten Weines ſagen, — deren Scherden Lorenz eines Morgens auf dem Boden des Kellers verſtreut fand? Das ſind Geheimniſſe zwiſchen dem Teufel und meinem Ex-Kammerdiener. — Ich überlaſſe es Dir, welchen Schluß Du daraus zu ziehen für gut findeſt.

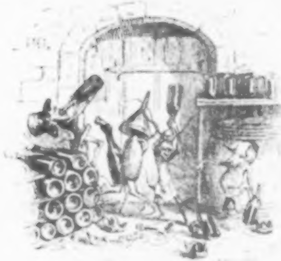

War er mäßig? Darüber weiß ich ſchon beſſer Beſcheid, da ich niemals, wie ich es auch anfangen mochte, am Morgen nach einem guten Diner einige anſtändige Ueberreſte des geſtrigen Schmauſes aufzufinden vermochte. Ich klagte lange Zeit den Appetit meines Kammerdieners an, der nach meiner Meinung ungeheuer ſein mußte; ſpäter kam ich jedoch dahinter, daß er — höchſt regelmäßig in ſeinen Unregelmäßigkeiten — nicht weit von meiner Wohnung eine kleine ſaint-ſimoniſtiſche Haushaltung etablirt hatte, deren Mittagstiſch den Ueberfluß des meinigen verſchlang. Als man mir das hinterbrachte, war es zu ſpät, die Sache zu ändern. Ich mußte mich entweder zu einer offenen Empörung entſchließen oder geduldig ertragen, was ich durch einfache Ermahnungen nicht hätte hindern können. Ich drückte alſo die Augen zu und begnügte mich damit, ſeinem Herzen die hohe Achtung zu zollen, die ich früher vor ſeinem

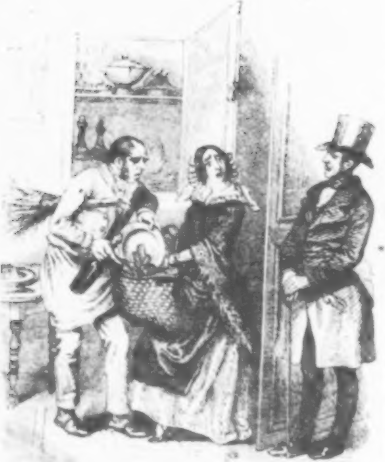

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Magen gehabt hatte — ſeine Fähigkeit zu lieben ſchien mir ſeine Fähigkeit zu verdauen noch weit zu übertreffen.

War er verſchwiegen? Gegen mich ohne Zweifel. Nie verdankte ich ihm die mindeſte unfreundliche Mittheilung über einen Dritten. — Kraft eines heimlichen Uebereinkommens beobachtete er ſogar das gewiſſenhafteſte Stillſchweigen über die zahlreichen Betrügereien, die ich von meinen Lieferanten erdulden mußte. Dagegen entwiſchten ihm aber auch häufig Fragen, welche eine ſeltſame Kenntniß meiner geheimſten Angelegenheiten verriethen. Wenn ich ihm den Auftrag gab, irgend einer Schönen ein Billet zuzuſtellen, in welchem ich unſer Verhältniß löſte, ſo brachte er mir niemals eine mehr oder minder immer unangenehme Antwort zurück, ebenſo wenig als er je die in Ungnade gefallene Dame bis zu mir dringen ließ. Schrieb mir einer meiner Freunde einige Zeilen, um Geld von mir zu borgen, ſo war ich ſicher, daß Lorenz von dieſem Tage an, ohne daß ich ein Sterbenswörtchen darüber fallen laſſen, Jenem, ſo oft er ſich blicken ließ, ein Geſicht machte, wie ein erzürnter Bullenbeißer. Welcher Scharfſinn, wirſt Du ſagen, welche faſt übermenſchliche Divinationsgabe! Täuſche Dich jedoch nicht; Lorenz war nur ein Menſch, das heißt zufolge der philoſophiſchen Definition, eine durch Organe bedingte Intelligenz. — Welcher Art dieſe waren, das magſt Du rathen.

Nimm nun an, daß ihr Scharfſinn ſich an allen Geheimniſſen meines Lebens übte, und Du wirſt begreifen, daß ich ohne Vertheidigung einem, wenn auch nicht ſehr gefährlichen, doch mindeſtens ſehr unangenehmen Spionirſyſtem preisgegeben war.

War er mir ergeben? Ohne allen Zweifel. — Hätte uns Beide eine und dieſelbe Gefahr betroffen, ſo würde er ſein Leben gewagt haben, um uns alle Beide zu retten. Auch hätte er, im möglichen Falle, meinen Ruin verhindert, um ſeinen Lohn in Sicherheit zu bringen. Verlange nie mehr von einem Bedienten. Einige ſeltene Ausnahmen abgerechnet, verzeihen uns dieſe Leute, die oft unſere Herren ſind, nie, daß wir die Ihrigen zu ſein ſcheinen.

War er ſparſam? Ich habe es nie bemerkt, doch ſcheint der

Umſtand, daß er, während er in meinen Dienſten war, mehr als tauſend Reichsthaler auf der Sparkaſſe angelegt hat, dafür zu ſprechen. Ich halte das ſogar für ein Wunder von Sparſamkeit, denn gerade ſo viel beträgt der ganze Lohn, den er in dieſer langen Zeit von mir bekommen.

War er? . . . . Nein. — Ich antworte von vorn herein auf dieſe Frage, da das Adjectivum, das ſie ſchließen ſollte, nothwendig eine Tugend bezeichnet und ich deren keine an meinem Exbedienten kannte. Es wird Dir demzufolge freilich ſonderbar ſcheinen, daß ich ſo lange zögerte, ſein Joch abzuſchütteln. Du weißt aber wahrſcheinlich nicht, welche Tyrannei die Gewohnheit auf einen apathiſchen Charakter ausübt, und wieweit egoiſtiſche Furcht ſich oft der faſt unglaublichen Duldſamkeit beimiſcht, mit der wir die Fehler unſerer Leute ertragen. Der entmuthigende Zweifel: „Man weiß, was man verliert, aber man weiß nicht, was man wieder bekommt,“ ſchiebt oft unſeren kräftigſten Entſchlüſſen, an unſerer Befreiung zu arbeiten, einen unbezwinglichen Riegel vor.

Glaubſt Du denn, daß ein ſolcher Uebergang bequem ſei? Meinſt Du, es ſei angenehm, vierzehn Tage (und das iſt die kürzeſte Zeit) dem weltlichen Arme Deines Hausmannes oder der indiscreten Discretion einer Aufwärterin preisgegeben zu ſein, Erkundigungen von Pontius und Pilatus einholen, dreißig Mal täglich allen unbekannten Figuren Audienz geben zu müſſen, die Dein Ruf, ein leicht zu lenkender, leicht zu plündernder, ſorgloſer, kurzſichtiger Herr zu ſein, Dir aus allen Winkeln der Erde auf den Hals lockt? Dann kommen die Proben und da man ſich zu einiger Aufmerkſamkeit verpflichtet glaubte, ſo erſcheinen die Fehler, welche man an dem alten Diener duldete, weil man ſie nicht genauer unterſuchte, an dem neuen Bedienten weit größer und unerträglicher. Sein Geſicht, an das Du nicht gewöhnt biſt, mißfällt Dir; ſein übertriebener Eifer iſt Dir läſtig; ſeine Ehrlichkeit, und wäre ſie makellos, heilt Deinen Argwohn nicht, und Du findeſt ein Deficit in Deiner Kaſſe, aus der er doch Nichts genommen hat. Die Furcht vor allen dieſen Fatalitäten iſt es eben, welche die Herrſchaft eines alten Bedienten unbeſchränkt macht; bei der hält er Dich feſt und knechtet

Dich nach Herzensluſt. So lange er nicht die äußerſten Grenzen überſchreitet, ſo lange er Dich nicht in Deinen heiligſten Empfindungen verletzt, oder ein Geheimniß ausplaudert, von dem Deine Ehre, Deine Sicherheit, Dein Vermögen abhängen — vergiß nicht, daß er um alle Deine Geheimniſſe weiß — ſo lange ſenkſt Du demüthig und ohne zu murren Dein Haupt vor ihm.

Ich denke alſo nicht daran, liebſter Freund, Lorenz zu erſetzen. Bei Lichte betrachtet, iſt es ein wahres Glück, daß ſeine unordentliche Aufführung, die, während meiner dreiwöchentlichen Abweſenheit, allen Leuten ſo auffällig wurde, mich in die unumgängliche Nothwendigkeit verſetzte, ihn fortzuſchicken. Der Galgenſtrick, der ſo lange allein Herr im Hauſe war, lebte, wie man mir erzählte, gleich einem wahren Sardanapal.

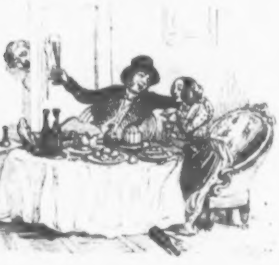

Findet ſich nun unter Deinen Freunden Niemand, deſſen Charakter, Laune, Lebensweiſe und Beſchäftigungen ihn Dir als einen vollkommenen Herrn erſcheinen laſſen? Er müßte Junggeſell aus guten Gründen, reich, wie ſich von ſelbſt verſteht, ein Langſchläfer, verliebt, aber mehr aus Gewohnheit als aus Leidenſchaft ſein; auch wünſchte ich, daß er ein Reitpferd hätte, nicht zu Hauſe äße und keine Köchin hielte. Wäre dies Alles der Fall, ſo würde auf den Lohn nicht ſehr geſehn.

Von mir handelt es ſich nämlich. Müde, einen Bedienten zu haben, und doch nicht ohne einen Diener leben könnend, ſehe ich kein anderes Mittel, als mir einen Herrn zu nehmen. Ich habe Dir ihn geſchildert, wie er mir vor Allen behagen würde. Wenn Du einen Solchen kennſt, ſo ſuche ihn zu bewegen, daß er mich engagire, und lobe ihm, damit er es gern thue, mit allem Eifer treuer Freundſchaft, ſeinen künftigen Kammerdiener.

Die Roſen des Guatimozin.

Antwort eines Ehemanns in der Provinz an einen Junggeſellen in der Reſidenz.

Theuerſter Freund! Nachdem ich Deinen letzten Brief geleſen, erlaube mir, Dir zu bemerken, daß, wenn ich Dich bei Jemandem unterbringen müßte, dieſer gewißlich nicht einer von meinen Freunden ſein würde.

Der arme Mann! Ich würde ihn von ganzem Herzen beklagen und ſehe ihn im Geiſte, wie er mich aus ganzer Seele verwünſchte, vom frühen Morgen an, wo er zwanzig Glockenſtränge abriſſe, ehe er Dich weckte, bis zum ſpäten Abend, wo er unter zehn Malen neun Mal vergeblich auf Deine Dienſtleiſtungen hoffte. Sein Keller wäre in Sicherheit, das iſt wahr, aber ſein Stall?! Bei Deiner Neigung für die edle Reitkunſt, und was ſich daran hängt, hätte er gerade einen Diener für ſein Pferd und ein Pferd für ſeinen Diener, er ſelbſt würde aber weder Diener noch Pferde haben. Du ſiehſt, wie genau ich Dich kenne.

Iſt es nicht auch ſehr ſchwer, Dich zu etwas zu bringen? — Du beklagſt Dich, daß ein geſcheidter Menſch — nach Deinen Reden halte ich Lorenz dafür — ſich geſchickt zu Deinem Herrn macht, — ſich Deines Willens bemächtigt, um Dir den ſeinigen dafür einzuſchieben, der unter vier Malen drei Mal vernünftiger iſt, — Dich mit Gewalt hinaustreibt, wenn Deine Faulheit Dich zu großem Schaden Deiner Geſundheit an Dein Zimmer feſſeln will — den Wein austrinkt, den Deine übermäßige Nüchternheit ſchal werden ließe — das Intereſſe, das er für Dich hat, ſoweit treibt, Alles wiſſen zu wollen, was Dich betrifft — in Deine Geheimniſſe einzudringen ſucht, um nöthigen Falles für Dich zu handeln — und endlich ſich die Mühe giebt, Dich an Ordnung zu gewöhnen, indem er Dir die Gefahr zeigt, welche die Nachläſſigkeit bei werthvollen Dingen immer mit ſich führt. — Wahrlich, Du warſt ſehr übel daran.

Was würdeſt Du denn ſagen, knurriger und immer unzufriedener Menſch, wenn Du, als Gatte einer liebenswürdigen Frau, binnen einem Dutzend von Jahren einige Dutzend Köchinnen und Dienſtmädchen hätteſt kennen und ertragen lernen. Einige Dutzend, ja faſt ein halbes Dutzend Dutzend; ich übertreibe nicht, neunzehn Hannen, elf Lotten, ſechzehn Chriſtel, ſechs oder acht Minen und den Reſt in Dorotheen, Katharinen, Sophieen, Margarethen, Lenen u. ſ. w., das war mein, Deines Freundes, Loos. — Welche Proceſſion; ein ganzes Regiment: ſtelle einen Sappeur an die

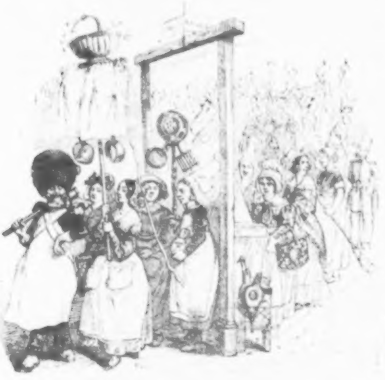

Spitze und man kann die holden Damen, die meines Hauſes Dienerinnen waren, als eine vollzählige Pioniercompagnie in das Feld ſchicken. Ihr Haar bildete eine complete Muſterkarte aller Farben und Nuancen vom dunkelſten Schwarz bis zum brennendſten Roth; ſie gehörten allen Provinzen unſeres Königreiches an, ſie waren von allen Taillen, eine volle Scala von Lilliput bis Brobdignac; alle Dialekte, alle Fehler, alle Tugenden konnte man bei ihnen finden — Gott behüte Dich vor ihren Tugenden mehr als vor jedem anderen Laſter.

Die erſte war fromm und hatte immer Gewiſſensſkrupel. Um dieſe los zu werden, lief ſie beſtändig zu ihrem Beichtvater und Seelſorger, der auch der meinige war, und trug ihm Alles zu, was in meiner kleinen, unſchuldigen Haushaltung vorfiel. Dieſer wackere, übermäßig pflichtgetreue und um unſer Seelenheil beſorgte Mann wußte daher genau, wenn meine Frau am Sonntage nicht in die Kirche gegangen war, ſondern ſtatt deſſen an ihrem Ballſtaat für den Abend genäht hatte, oder daß ich eine Whiſtpartie bei mir gehabt, nachdem ich am Morgen vorher das heilige Abendmahl genommen. Auch warnte er mich ſehr wohlwollend, vorſichtig zu ſein und nicht ſo oft in den Klubb zu gehen und meine junge Gattin ſo viel allein zu laſſen, da ein junger Referendarius ſich ſtets dann einzuſtellen pflege. Das wußte er freilich nicht, daß es ein Vetter meiner Frau war, der mit ihr aufgewachſen und mit dem ſie das Italieniſche fort trieb, das ſie im älterlichen Hauſe zuſammen erlernt hatten. Eben ſo wenig war ihm freilich bekannt, daß mein Vermögen vollkommen hinreichte, meinen geringen Aufwand zu decken, ohne daß ich die Mitgift meiner Cornelie anzurühren brauche, aber er warnte mich doch, keine Ausgaben über meinen Stand zu machen, ſo oft ich nämlich ein Diner oder ein Souper gegeben und ihn nicht dazu eingeladen hatte. Du wirſt mich verwundert fragen, wie ich dergleichen nur dulden können? Lieber Freund, die Zeiten haben ſich geändert, und dergleichen kommt von oben herab. Mein Präſident iſt nämlich ſehr fromm und räumt der Geiſtlichkeit ein Recht nach dem anderen ein; will ich es nicht mit ihm und mir das Leben und meine ganze hieſige Stellung dadurch verderben, ſo muß ich ſchon bei der eifrigen Seelſorge meines Beichtvaters, den er als einen überaus würdigen Arbeiter im Weinberge des Herrn vor Allen protegirt, ein Auge zudrücken. Es iſt ſchon genug, daß ich nicht zugleich mit meinem Geſinde, das ich nicht davon abhalten darf, Bet- und Miſſionsſtunden und ſonſtige Conventikel beſuche. Ueberhaupt machſt Du Dir keinen Begriff davon, wie die Frömmelei in unſerer Stadt um ſich gegriffen hat und wie Alles dabei dem Scheine und nur dieſem allein huldigt. Seinem Gotte in der ganzen Dankbarkeit ſeines Herzens, aber nur ihm allein und in ſeinem Herzen dienen, iſt nicht genug; Jeder, der irgend ein Amt dabei hat, will auch verehrt ſein und wäre er auch nur Bälgentreter bei der Orgel; Jeder glaubt ſich daher auch berufen, ſeinem lieben Nächſten aufzupaſſen und ihn zu controliren, und Wehe dieſem, wenn er ſich darüber hinwegſetzt, die ganze Stadt ruft: Kreuzige ihn! und kein Vernünftiger hat ein Einſehen.

Aber jenes Spioniren ward mir doch ſehr läſtig. Meinem Wunſche nachgebend, ſchickte meine Frau die Fromme fort und nahm dafür, da ich es ausdrücklich verlangt hatte, ein Weltkind, mit glattem Geſichtchen, lebhaften Augen, einem Stumpfnäschen und blühendem Teint, an, das nur um ſich zu haben Einem ſchon Vergnügen machte. So viel Reize ſollte ich jedoch nicht ungeſtraft in meinem Hauſe beherbergen, welches jetzt bald gewiſſermaßen ein Nebengebäude unſerer beiden hier befindlichen Kaſernen wurde. Infanterie und Cavallerie, auch zu Zeiten Artilleriſten vom ſchwerſten Kaliber, Fouriere und Unteroffiziere, Feldwebel und Korporale, kurz alle Grade und alle Waffengattungen löſten ſich nun in demſelben ab und begegneten ſich ſogar mitunter. Dieſe Begegnungen führten aber meiſt ſchlimme Folgen mit ſich. Man griff zum Säbel auf meiner Treppe und verſchanzte ſich in meiner Küche; es war mitunter eine wirkliche Belagerung. Meine Ruhe litt darunter und meine Suppen wurden ſichtlich magerer. Ich verlangte daher eine neue Trennung und erlangte ſie. Weißt Du aber, wie die Schelmin ſich rächte? Sie erzählte überall, die Frau Landgerichtsräthin habe ſie fortgeſchickt, um ſie vor den Nachſtellungen des Herrn Landgerichtsrathes in Sicherheit zu bringen. Die böſen Zungen unſerer Stadt gloſſirten ſechs Monate lang über dieſen Text.

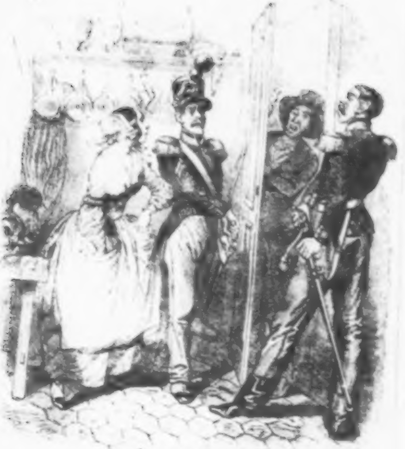

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Da mir Venus mit einer Küchenſchürze ſehr zuwider geworden war, ſo bat ich meine Frau angelegentlich, ſich nach einer häßlichen umzuſehen, was denn auch geſchah. Die neue Acquiſition war wirklich ſo abſchreckend, daß ſelbſt der gierigſte Minotaurus ſie nicht angerührt haben würde. Allmälig jedoch und ohne den Grund zu errathen, der eine meiner geſündeſten Fähigkeiten lähmte, verlor ich allen Appetit, denn das Bild meiner Küchenmonarchin drängte ſich immer dazwiſchen, wenn die leckerſten Speiſen vor mir auf der Tafel ſtanden. Ich wäre beſtimmt noch verhungert, ſo häßlich erſchien ſie mir. Glücklicher Weiſe ward ſie krank aus Liebesgram und wir dadurch von ihr befreit.

Zwiſchen dieſen Dreien und der Vierten, die ich Dir ausführlicher ſchildern werde, befinden ſich nun noch einige Marieen, Hannen, Kathrinen, Lotten und Sophieen, die aber ſämmtlich nicht lange blieben, da ihre Fehler durchaus ſo beſchaffen waren, daß man ſie unmöglich in einer geordneten Haushaltung, als zum Inventarium gehörig, dulden konnte. Die Eine hatte Verwandte in der Stadt und ſchleppte dieſen alle Reſte zu. Daß ſie ganze Schinken und Würſte, volle Körbe mit Holz, unangeſchnittene Brode und dergleichen auch dafür hielt, geſchah gewiß nur im Irrthum ihres Eifers, den Ihrigen Gutes zu thun, von denen ſie dafür auch ſo innig geliebt wurde, daß ſtets ein Mitglied ihrer theuern Familie bei ihr zum Beſuche war und mit aß und trank, als ob es zum Hauſe gehöre. Auf die Länge ward das nun freilich zu koſtſpielig und ſie mußte fort. An ihre Stelle trat jetzt jene Vierte, eine Caroline, die uns bis in den Tod treu und ergeben war; ein wahres Muſter von Dienſtbotentreue, für das alle Frauenvereinsbelohnungen noch lange nicht genug geweſen wären. Dieſem Selbſtaufopferungstriebe fehlte es leider nur an Gelegenheit, ſich zu entfalten, denn unglücklicher Weiſe verarmten wir weder, noch überfiel uns die Cholera oder brannten wir ab. Sie konnte uns daher nur überflüſſige und nutzloſe Opfer bringen. Dies that ſie aber mit einer Liebe, vor deren Gluth und Begeiſterung man wirklich erſchrak. Sie faſtete, als ob wir uns in einer belagerten und ausgehungerten Stadt befänden und unſer Leben mit dem friſten ſollten, was ſie übrig ließ. Vier Nächte in der Woche ging ſie gar nicht zu Bett, um Alles ſelbſt zu thun, was der übrigen Dienerſchaft zukam. Dieſe aber, auf die ſie entſetzlich eiferſüchtig war, lief eines Tages Gefahr, ſchädliche Subſtanzen in ihrem Eſſen zu ſich zu nehmen, und es entſtand nun eine Verſchwörung, die eben ſo raſch als lebhaft zum Ausbruch kam. Sie mußte alſo — das forderte die Gerechtigkeit — auf der Stelle ihren Abſchied erhalten, — aber ſie weigerte ſich zu gehen und erklärte, wie einſt Mirabeau, ſie weiche nur der Gewalt der Bajonette. Der herbeigeholte Polizeicommiſſarius vermochte nichts über ſie und man mußte wirklich zu Gewaltmitteln ſeine Zuflucht nehmen. Zwar ließ man nicht die Garniſon ausrücken, aber die ganze aufgebotene Polizeimannſchaft im activen Dienſt, ſogar der Bettelvogt, den man zur Unterſtützung requirirte, hatten die größte Noth mit ihr und brachten ſie endlich nur, einer Caſſandra gleich, mit fliegenden Haaren und zerriſſenen Gewändern aus meiner ſonſt ſo friedlichen Wohnung fort. Es gab ordentlich einen Aufruhr in der ganzen Stadt und am andern Tage erzählte man, meine Frau ſei an dem ihr von der Magd beigebrachten Gifte geſtorben, ich glücklicher Weiſe gerettet, aber meine Kinder rängen noch mit dem Tode.

Eine Fünfte war ein entſetzlicher Reinlichkeitsteufel und Waſchbär, heimlich in der Nacht aufſtehend und alle Stuben ſcheuernd, ſo daß man am Morgen nirgends zu bleiben wußte und Schnupfen und Huſten nie aus unſerem Hauſe wichen. Man mochte dagegen proteſtiren, ſchelten, toben, ſo viel man wollte; es half Alles nichts. Sie mußte ſcheuern und wenn es ihr das Leben gekoſtet hätte. Meine Frau behauptete ſogar, ſie ſei ſomnambul und thue es unwiſſentlich im Schlafe.

Die Sechſte war dafür das entſchiedene Gegentheil: ſchmutzig, nachläſſig und zerſtreut. Sie mußte über Hals und Kopf fort, als ich eines Mittags zu meinem und der Meinigen Entſetzen ein Stück von einem alten Lockenkamme, den ſie lange getragen, bei dem Vorlegen in der Suppenterrine fand.

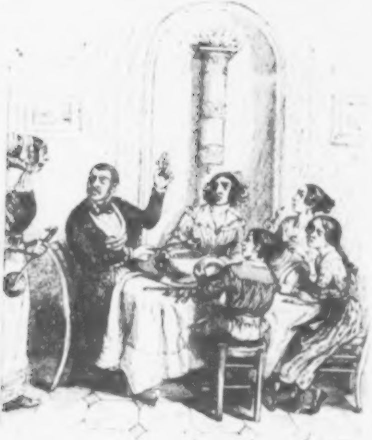

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Ihr folgte eine reinliche aber dumme und taube Magd. Nie ward wirklich unſer Aller Geduld ſo auf die Probe geſtellt, als bei ihr. Ich hoffe, die Gelaſſenheit, die ich ausübte, wird mir dereinſt noch im Himmel angerechnet werden. Ein einziger Zug wird hinreichen, Dir einen Begriff von ihrer Intelligenz zu geben; nämlich das merkwürdige Syſtem, das ſie ſich ausgedacht hatte, um Rechenſchaft über ihre Einkäufe auf dem Wochenmarkte abzulegen. Wenn man ihr einen Thaler eingehändigt hatte, ſo ſteckte ſie in die andere Taſche dreißig Bohnen und ergänzte dann die verausgabten Silbergroſchen durch dieſe. Kam ſie nun zu Hauſe, ſo machte ſie ihre Rechnung damit: was ſie nicht an Silbergroſchen hatte, mußte ſie an Bohnen in der Taſche haben, und was an Bohnen fehlte, mußte an Silbergroſchen da ſein. Das gab nun freilich eine beſtändige Confuſion, einen täglichen Aerger für meine Frau und ein tägliches Feſt für meine Kinder, wenn dieſer Kaſſenſturz halb in Bohnen, halb in Silbergroſchen vorgenommen wurde.

Dabei war ſie, wie ich bereits ſagte, taub, daß man eine Kanone hätte vor ihrem Bette abſchießen können, ohne ſie im Schlafe zu ſtören, bemühte ſich aber, gleich den meiſten Perſonen, die an dieſem Uebel laboriren, es nicht merken zu laſſen, und verſtand dabei Alles falſch. Gott iſt Zeuge meiner Angſt geweſen, wenn ich einmal in Ermangelung eines anderen Geſandten eine private Botſchaft durch ſie mußte beſtellen laſſen. Man brauchte in ſolchen Fällen nur ihr zutrauliches Lächeln und ihre verſtehenden Blicke zu ſehen, um überzeugt zu ſein, daß ſie Alles verderben würde. Die Sottiſen, die ſie dabei beging und welche natürlich auf meine Rechnung kamen, ſind nicht zu zählen. Mit der Mehrzahl meiner Bekannten hat ſie mich brouillirt durch die Art und Weiſe, mit der ſie ihre Namen auffaßte und verſtümmelt wiedergab; es war ordentlich, als ob ein böſer Dämon es ihr eingab, denn ihre Irrthümer glichen gar oft den boshafteſten Epigrammen. So zum Beiſpiel erinnerſt Du Dich vielleicht noch meines Herrn Collegen, des langen, höflichen, ſchleichenden Suſemihl. Die Taube meldete ihn nie anders an als

Herr Landkriegsrath Süßemilch.

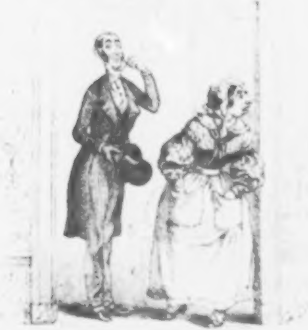

Und Frau von Magerkreu — Du weißt, Ihr Vater war Gewürzbäcker — iſt ſeitdem nie den Namen wieder los geworden, den die Dienſtfertige ihr eines Nachmittags gab, als mehrere Freunde bei mir geſpeiſt hatten und ſie ſich zum Thee bei meiner Frau anmelden ließ: — Frau Makarone. —

In der Provinz verzieht und vergißt man dergleichen Vergehen ſo leicht nicht; ich mußte alſo nach dieſer letzten That mich über Hals und Kopf der ſo ſehr compromittirenden Dienerin entledigen.

Ihre Nachfolgerin hatte dagegen nur zu feine Ohren. Immer an den Thüren horchend, brachte ſie ihre Zeit damit zu, Fetzen der Unterhaltung aufzuſchnappen, zu denen ſie dann einen die ſchwatzhaften Nachbarinnen erbauenden Commentar lieferte. Der unbedeutendſte eheliche Zwiſt verbreitete ſich alsbald durch ihre Bemühungen wie ein Lauffeuer in der ganzen Stadt. So erfuhr ich eines Tages zu meinem größten Erſtaunen, daß ich ein Ungeheuer von Geiz und Grauſamkeit ſei. Meine Frau hatte ſich nämlich einen neuen Hut gekauft und ich ihr im Scherz gedroht, ich würde ſie auf Brod und Waſſer ſetzen, wenn ſie fortführe ſolche Verſchwendung für ihre Toilette zu treiben. Du mußt nämlich wiſſen, daß meine Julie gerade was das betrifft, ganz gegen meine Wünſche ſehr ſparſam iſt. Unſere Iris aber hatte nun jene Rede, mit einigen Zuſätzen bereichert, unter die Leute gebracht und ich galt jetzt wirklich bei einigen mitleidigen Einfaltspinſeln lange Zeit für eine zweite Auflage des Blaubart, deſſen hübſche junge Frau ein ſehr trauriges und beklagenswerthes Leben führe.

Ein anderes Mal verbreitete ſich, in Folge einiger unvorſichtig hingeworfenen Worte, als wir bei Tiſche ſaßen, das Gerücht, mein Schwager ſei ruinirt. Seine Handelsfreunde kamen von allen Seiten herbeigeſtrömt, und wäre er nicht ſo ſolide, ſo hätte er bei allen ihm abverlangten Zahlungen, durch die Indiſcretion der Magd, auf immer einen heftigen Stoß erlitten. Das war denn doch zu gefährlich und Johanna die Neunte wurde entlaſſen.

Du ſollſt jedoch nicht mit allen ſechs Dutzend Erfahrungen beläſtigt werden — jede dieſer Unglücklichen ward uns zur Plage, ſei es nun durch Impertinenz oder Unbeſonnenheit, durch ein zu zärtliches Herz oder zu unerträgliche Keuſchheit, durch Untreue oder Näſcherei, durch Faulheit oder zu große Geſchäftigkeit, oder was ſonſt noch mehr, und bei dem beſten Willen mußten wir ſie wieder verabſchieden.

Eine einzige unter den zweiundſiebenzig ſchien alle wünſchenswerthen guten Eigenſchaften in ihrer Perſon zu vereinigen. Sie war verſtändig und beſcheiden, arbeitſam ohne Geräuſch, uneigennützig ohne zu prahlen, weder zu jung noch zu alt, weder zu hübſch noch zu häßlich, von ausgeſuchter Reinlichkeit und gerade lecker genug, um gut zu kochen, aber nicht ſo, daß es uns läſtig geworden wäre. Eben ſo freundlich, wie ſie die Leute anmeldete, verſtand ſie auch diejenigen, von denen ſie glaubte oder wußte, daß ſie uns nicht angenehm waren, abzuweiſen, und hatte ein beſonderes Talent, an den Tagen, wo ich ſehr beſchäftigt war, einen Vorwand zu erſinnen, um mir alle Störung fern zu halten. Kurz, ſie war einzig in ihrer Art, und wir prieſen unser Glück, eine solche Acquisition gemacht zu haben, vor allen Leuten. Sie bekam dadurch auch einen so vortrefflichen Ruf, daß einer der Handwerker, die für mich arbeiteten, sie schon nach einem Vierteljahr als seine Gattin heim- und natürlich uns entführte.

Das sind wahre Leiden, mein Freund, der Theilnahme würdig und ganz anderer Art, als diejenigen, über die Du klagst und die mir nur als umgeknickte Rosenblätter auf dem Lager eines Sybariten vorkommen. Glücklicher Junggesell! Du redest von Tyrannei! Was würdest Du erst sagen, wenn Du unter dem eisernen Scepter einer Amme geschmachtet hättest! Das läßt Alles, was Du von Unterwürfigkeit gegen Untergebene je kennen lernen, weit, weit hinter sich. — Die Amme! diese unumschränkteste despotische Gebieterin, die man in seinem Hause aufnimmt, um Alles ihrem Gutdünken unterzuordnen, deren geringste Launen man respektiren muß, in der Furcht, daß ihr schlechter Humor die Quelle verdirbt, aus der Dein heiß geliebtes Kind täglich sein Leben schöpft, — die Amme! die vor allen anderen bedient sein will und muß, selbst vor Dir; für die die Kapaune nicht genug an zwei Flügeln und die Rebhühner nicht genug an zwei Schenkeln haben und welche plötzlich so lecker und so wählerisch geworden ist, daß ihr selbst das Beste und Feinste nicht gut und fein genug scheint; die Alles verachtet bis auf saure Speisen, die sie nicht essen darf, und die sie sich heimlich verschafft, um jeden Preis, — die Amme, die Du hütest, wie nur der eifersüchtigste Ehemann die ungetreueste Frau hüten kann und welche dennoch — —

Ich hoffe, theurer Freund, Du hast jetzt genug und möchtest füglich erröthen, wenn es Dir einfiele, Deine Leiden einem Unglücklicheren erzählen zu wollen. Charity, sagen die Engländer, begins always at home; rechne also nicht darauf, verwöhnter aber glücklicher [illegible], daß ich meine Barmherzigkeit fünfzig Meilen weit zu Dir reisen lassen werde; wahrlich, ich kann sie besser hier in der Provinz und zwar in meinem eigenen Hause, für mich selbst, verwenden.

* * *

Schreckliche Momente.

Aus den Papieren eines Pſychologen.

Die Lacedämonier erzeigten der Furcht göttliche Verehrung: ein bizarrer Cultus für die heldenmüthigſte aller Nationen. Sie war in ihren Tempeln dargeſtellt mit einem Löwenkopfe und ſie flehten ſie um Muth an — ut bonam mentem concederet — eben ſo wie ſie um Ruhe und geiſtigen Frieden vor dem Altar der Angerona Dea, der Göttin des Verdruſſes, beteten.

Ohne Zweifel dachten ſie darüber wie Montaigne, der irgendwo ſehr naiv ſagt: „Davor habe ich mehr Furcht als die Furcht," und wie Vives „Nulla est miseria major quam metus — Die Furcht iſt das größte Elend." — Sie umgiebt ſich mit Phantomen. Cardanus bemerkt das ſchon im 18ten Buche der Subtilitäten: Timor attrahit ad se daemones. — Nicht blos dem Pöbel zeigt ſie „die Ungeheuer, gehüllt in Leichenhemden, aus den Gräbern kommend, Wehrwölfe, Geſpenſter und Chimären;" es giebt auch ſonſt ſehr verſtändige Leute, denen es ſchien, da ſie ſich zu nächtlicher Stunde unterwegs befanden, als ob zu ihrem großen Schrecken plötzlich aus dichtbelaubtem Baume eine Flinte auf ſie ziele. Andere haben noch ſeit

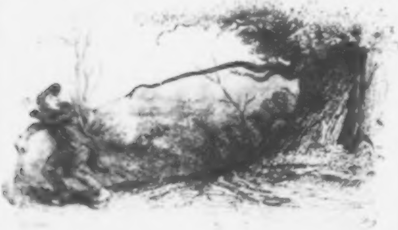

ihren Kinderjahren eine unbezwingliche Angſt vor der Dunkelheit; dieſe können ſich mit dem Beiſpiel des Auguſtus tröſten, der, wenn man dem Sueton Glauben ſchenken darf, großen Widerwillen gegen die Finſterniß hatte: Nisi aliquo assidente, nunquam tenebris evigilavit.

Andere endlich ſehen Geſpenſter hinſichtlich des Capitels vom Tode, wie jene Marquiſe von Sablé, von welcher Tallemant des Réaux in ſeinen „Historiettes" ſpricht. Sie halten alle Uebel für contagiös und meinen, daß der Schnupfen anſtecke — „Ach, in welcher Verlegenheit befinde ich mich," — ſagte die Marquiſe eines Tages, als ſie im Faubourg Saint-Germain bei der Marſchallin de Guebriant war, — „welchen Weg ſoll ich nur zurücknehmen? Auf dem Pont-Neuf ſah ich einen kleinen Jungen, der vor Kurzem die Blattern gehabt hat; er bettelte, jagen ſie ihn fort, ſo können meine Leute angeſteckt werden, und was den Pont-Rouge betrifft (dieſe Brücke führte von der Gallerie des Louvre nach der Rue du Beaune), dort iſt etwas, das kracht." Ehe ſie in ein Haus einzog, erkundigte ſich dieſelbe, ob Niemand darin geſtorben ſei, und wollte eine Wohnung nicht miethen, weil ein Maurer bei dem Bau derſelben den Hals gebrochen hatte. Sie war es, der Mademoiſelle de Rambouillet, eben von den Blattern geneſen, einen Brief ſchrieb, welchen ſie an ihre Geſellſchafterin adreſſirte und den dieſe ihrer Gebieterin vorleſen ſollte, indem ſie ſich *unter dem Winde* hielt. — Der Brief iſt allerliebſt.

Laſſen wir übrigens dieſe Empfindungen, die für den Gegenſtand, mit welchem wir uns beſchäftigen wollen, unnütz ſind, bei Seite. Die Furcht vor einer wirklichen Gefahr iſt immer, ſelbſt wenn ſie übertrieben ſein ſollte, auch ein wirkliches Leid; die Täuſchungen, mit denen ſie uns umgiebt, haben eine relative Wirklichkeit, welche ſie dem Uebel gleich ſtellt, mit dem ſie uns bedrohen. Der verſpätete Spaziergänger, der im Begriff durch einen Hohlweg zu gehn ihn mit ſcheußlichen Figuren bevölkert, und ſich dann hineinwagt, pfeifend oder trällernd, um nicht das Klopfen ſeines eigenen

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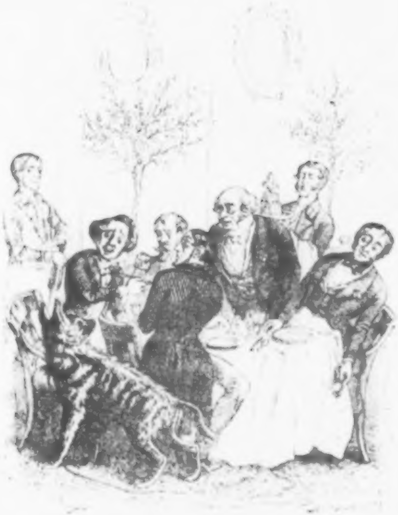

Herzens zu hören, iſt eben ſo ſehr zu beklagen, als wenn er wirklich von einem Straßenräuber angehalten würde.

Gar manche Gattung von Furcht ſucht uns im Leben heim, deren Grund weniger ernſt, deren Aengſte weniger grauſam ſind und die uns doch die Stunden, deren Lauf ſie ſtört, äußerſt ſchwer macht.

Ich glaube, daß ich nicht viel mehr als andere vernünftige Leute für meine Selbſterhaltung ſorge, und doch finde ich die Menſchen unerträglich, welche dieſelbe unnützer Weiſe auf das Spiel zu ſetzen lieben. Ein wildes Pferd reitend, halten ſie Euch zum Beiſpiel auf der Promenade ohne Bedenken an, und gefallen ſich darin eine Converſation zu verlängern, welche ſehr unangenehmer Weiſe durch die Capriolen und Sprünge und andere Brutalitäten ihres Roſſes fortwährend geſtört wird. Oder auch ſie machen ihre Wohnung zu einer Menagerie von wilden Beſtien und ergötzen ſich ſehr daran, wenn Euch der Faden Eurer Rede durch den unerwarteten Eintritt eines losgelaſſenen Bären, Wolfes oder Schakals abreißt.

Dabei fällt mir ein, daß ich, als ich zuletzt in Paris war, von dem Marineminiſter zu Tiſche gebeten wurde. Gleich nach der Suppe ließ man im Saal eine Hyäne vom Kap los, die der Contreadmiral von X . . . ihm als Geſchenk geſandt hatte. Das liebenswürdige, von dem Duft der Schüſſeln angelockte Thier lief mit großen Schritten um die Tafel herum und machte allerlei Grimaſſen, bei denen es eine doppelte Reihe furchtbarer Zähne zeigte. Hundert kleine heulende Klagetöne, welche ohne die Stimme der Gäſte zu bedecken, ihnen doch eine wenigſtens läſtige Geſellſchaft in das Gedächtniß rief, bezeichneten die Fortſchritte dieſer Promenade. Wir machten Alle gute Miene zum böſen Spiel, Gott ſei Dank . . . aber ich erkläre, daß ich nie ſo wenig Genuß von guten Speiſen gehabt habe, ſelbſt auf die Gefahr hin, von Menageriewärtern ausgelacht zu werden.

Ein Freund von phyſiognomiſchen Studien, der die Symptome gründlich kennen lernen will, durch welche ſich ſolche nicht eingeſtandene Aengſte verrathen, braucht nur einige Minuten in dem Zimmer eines Zahnarztes zuzubringen. Da kann er ſie, und zwar am wenigſten verſtellt ſehen: der gegenwärtige Schmerz verurſacht, daß Jeder unachtſam auf ſich ſelbſt iſt, und geſtattet ihm nicht, die Angſt vor dem zukünftigen Schmerz zu verbergen. Bleiche Wangen, unruhige, auf die Thür des Operationsſaales geworfene Blicke, Schweiß auf der Stirn, Bewegung der Hände, vergebliche Anſtrengung ruhig zu bleiben, gezwungene Zerſtreuung, die man rund umher ſucht, ohne ſie zu finden, ja ſogar das aufrichtige Mitleid, das man für ſeine Mitgenoſſen fühlt, Alles dies bezeichnet die Energie dieſer kleinen moraliſchen Tortur. Dies Gemälde wäre ein überaus rührendes, wenn gewiſſe Leiden und darunter ſehr peinigende — aller geſunden Vernunft zum Trotz — nicht ſtets lächerlich gemacht würden.

Zu dieſer Gattung gehört zum Beiſpiel der Schrecken eines armen Schülers, wenn es Vorwürfe, Verweiſe und Strafen auf einen Kameraden regnet, der unmittelbar neben ihm ſeine Lection ſchlecht aufſagt, — die er noch viel ſchlechter gelernt hat. Dahin gehört ferner die Furcht, die uns ergreift, wenn wir unerwartet eine Conferenz mit einem Manne haben ſollen, deſſen außerordentliches Verdienſt man uns rühmte. Es handelt ſich um wichtige Gegenſtände. Abgeſehen davon, daß unſere theuerſten Intereſſen auf dem Spiele ſtehn, quält uns noch für unſere Eigenliebe die Beſorgniß eines ſchlimmen Ausganges der Verhandlung. Die Unruhe treibt uns und wider unſern Willen probiren wir mit zugeſchnürter Kehle und trocknem Gaumen unſere Ueberredungskünſte. Dem Lehnſtuhl vor uns ſuchen wir die Richtigkeit unſerer Behauptungen einleuchtend zu machen. Aber der Lehnſtuhl thut kalt, vornehm, ungläubig und durchbohrt uns mit ſeinen ironiſchen Blicken. — Gerade ſo wird es der vornehme Mann uns auch machen. Wer kann ferner wiſſen, ob er im Laufe der Unterhaltung uns nicht eine unerwartete und doch ſehr natürliche Frage vorlegt, die uns ganz aus der Faſſung bringt? Werden wir da beſtehen? Werden wir uns mit Ehren aus der Sache ziehn?

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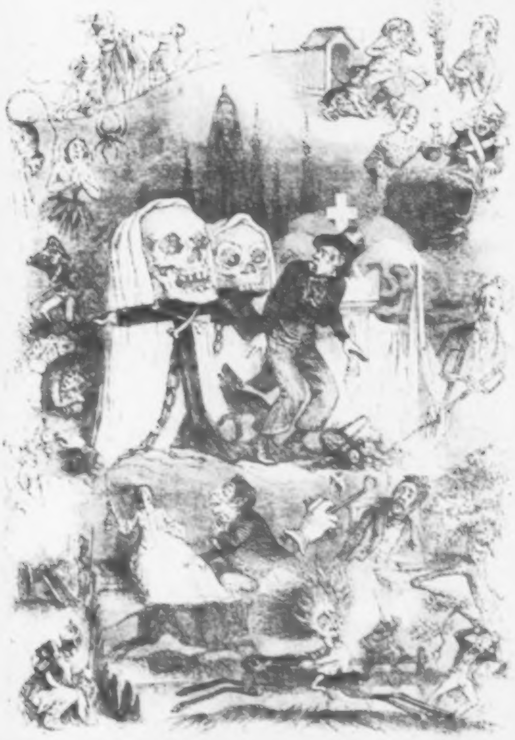

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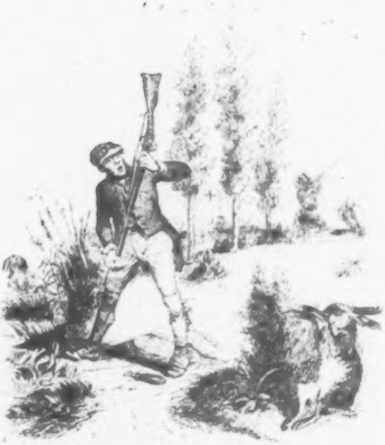

Und wenn wir nun öffentlich reden müſſen; wenn wir ein Schauſpieler ſind, der debutiren ſoll, ein Advocat, der zum erſten Mal plaidirt, ein Candidat, der zum erſten Mal predigt, ein junger Privatdocent, dem ein tückiſcher aber ſattelfeſter Decan opponirt, ein Landtagsmitglied, das ſeine erſte Motion vertheidigt! Welche Angſt, welche Verwirrung! Wie brennen uns die Eingeweide! Welche Congeſtionen des Bluts zum Kopfe! Welche Sorge vor der Untreue des Gedächtniſſes! O ſchreckliche Momente!

Die Furcht überfällt uns oft da am ſtärkſten, wo wir ſie am wenigſten zu ſcheuen haben. Sollte man glauben, daß ſie ſich unſerer in einer friedlichen Geſellſchaft bemächtigen könne, wo keine poſitive Gefahr uns bedroht, wo nichts uns zwingt zu reden, wo Alles auf unſere Sicherheit, ja auf unſer Vergnügen berechnet zu ſein ſcheint? Und doch, wie oft geſchieht das nicht? — Wir bemerken z. B., daß an einer der bedenklichſten Stellen unſeres Anzuges eine Naht geplatzt, ein Knopf abgeſprungen iſt, und bilden uns ein, daß Jeder, der mit uns ſpricht, nach der verrätheriſchen Stelle hinſieht. — Oder: Die Frau vom Hauſe erſucht uns bei Tiſche irgend ein Gericht vorzulegen, wir benehmen uns ungeſchickt dabei, eben aus Angſt, uns ungeſchickt dabei zu benehmen, unſere beiden Nachbarinnen ſind entſetzlich beſorgt für ihre ſchönen Kleider und die ganze Geſellſchaft wird aufmerkſam. — Oder auch: Nicht daran denkend, daß nach Tiſche getanzt werden ſoll, haben wir einem Lieblingswein etwas ſtark zugeſprochen. Unſer Verſtand blieb ganz unbewölkt, aber unſere Beine ſind leichter als unſer Kopf. Vorſichtig drücken wir uns in eine Ecke und wollen uns mit Zuſehen begnügen. Die Tochter vom Hauſe aber, welche weiß, daß wir tanzen, will uns eine Artigkeit erzeigen und holt uns im Cotillon. In der Angſt fällt uns keine paſſende Entſchuldigung ein. Wir walzen mit ihr herum, die Furcht zu fallen ſchlägt uns wirklich ein Bein unter und wir ſtürzen unſanft hin, ſie mit zu Boden reißend.

Zehnte Gefahr. — Aber es giebt deren Tauſende — und die Furcht langweilig zu werden — eine der gräßlichſten unter dem Monde — nimmt uns die Feder aus der Hand und hindert uns die Aufzählung dieſer Tauſende fortzuſetzen.

Viſiten und ihr Gefolge.

Aus den Memoiren eines Weltmüden.

Ich könnte parodirend mit Fauſt ſagen:

> Mein Vater war ein dunkler Ehrenmann,
> Der über der Geſellſchaft enge Kreiſe
> In Redlichkeit, jedoch auf ſeine Weiſe
> Mit grillenhafter Mühe ſann:
> Was nur verlangt die Etikette,
> Das ſah er an als heil'ge Pflicht;
> Sein Leben war wie eine Kette
> Viſiten, die Nichts unterbricht,

und ganz nach ſeinen Anſichten erzog er mich, ſeinen einzigen Sohn. Schon früh mußte ich mit ihm, ſpäter auch allein, Viſiten machen und Viſiten ſind mir daher ein ſolcher Gräuel, daß mir ſchon, wenn ich nur das Wort höre, ein Schauer über den Leib läuft, denn ich hatte ſtets irgend ein Leid dabei zu dulden und erinnere mich keiner Viſite, die ganz glücklich für mich abgelaufen wäre. Ich kann ſicher darauf rechnen, daß wenn ich mich zu irgend einer ſolchen angeputzt habe, mir unterweges auch irgend ein Unglück widerfährt, ein vorüberrollender Wagen mich beſpritzt, ich mir ein Loch in den Rock reiße, mir an irgend einem Kleidungsſtücke indiscrete Knöpfe ſpringen, was ich zu meinem eigenen Schrecken immer erſt gewahr werde, wenn ich vermuthen muß, daß es alle anderen Anweſenden, ſelbſt die Damen ſchon geſehen haben, wodurch ich nun vollends in Verzweiflung gerathe, kurz, was dem in Geſellſchaft lebenden Thiere, Menſch genannt, nur Ver-

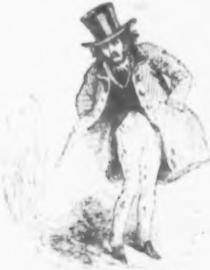

drießliches die Götter erſonnen haben mögen, das widerfährt mir gewiß auf dem Gange zu einer Viſite oder während derſelben. — Viſiten! Erfindung irgend eines ſchadenfrohen müßigen Dämons, um die arme Menſchheit zu plagen! Viſiten! miſerables Papiergeld, mit dem wir den Reichthum baarer, ächter freundſchaftlicher Geſinnungen der Welt vorlügen wollen; Viſiten! o ich finde kein mir genügendes Bild, um den Abſcheu, den ich gegen dieſe Mißgeburten leidiger Convenienz habe, zu verſinnlichen.

Meine Antipathie gegen Alles, was Viſite heißt, hat mir im Leben ſchon, wie alle Antipathien, außerordentlichen Schaden gebracht, ohne daß es mir möglich geworden iſt, ihrer Herr zu werden. Der Gedanke, „es läßt ſich nicht länger aufſchieben, ich muß dieſe oder jene Viſite machen," kann mich zur Verzweiflung bringen. Wenn eine ſolche unerläßliche Pflicht mir droht, beſonders aber dann, wenn ich ſie einer mir noch unbekannten Perſon abzuſtatten habe, ſo verliere ich ſchon lange vorher Appetit und Schlaf und die übernommene oder zu übernehmende Verpflichtung wächſt allmälig in meiner Phantaſie zu einem furchtbaren Ungeheuer heran. Ich martere mich ab, wie ich mich einzuführen habe, wie ich die Unterhaltung lenken ſoll, was ich ſagen darf, und was nicht. Bei allen meinen Bekannten erkundige ich mich nach der zu beſuchenden Perſon und ihrer Art und Weiſe, — ganz beſonders aber wenn es eine Dame iſt, der ich aufzuwarten habe — und erhalte natürlich ſtets die widerſprechendſten Beſcheide, wie z. B.:

Ich. Kennen Sie zufällig eine Frau von Zirngiebel, Lilienſtraße 1029, im erſten Stock?

Hofrath Eins. Frau von Zirngiebel? — Ja wohl. — Ich ſah ſie auf der Kunſtausſtellung; Profeſſor Meißelmann, der berühmte Bildhauer, begleitete ſie. Es iſt eine Dame, die die ſchönen Künſte mit Leidenſchaft liebt, und daher leidenſchaftlich von Nichts Anderem redet. Auf allen Tiſchen in ihrem Salon liegen Zeichnungen und Kupferſtiche; den Steindruck haßt ſie; alle Wände ihrer Zimmer ſind mit Oelgemälden behängt; in allen Ecken ſtehen Statuen, auf dem Vorplatz und der Treppe Gypsabgüſſe; ſelbſt vor einer gewiſſen Localität iſt die Dea del silenzio aufgeſtellt, ſowie vor der Thür ihrer Antichambre der antike bekannte Windhund. — Um bei ihr in Gnade zu ſtehn, muß man wenigſtens Dilettant ſein oder ein ſchönes Album beſitzen, und wer ſich nicht für die ſchönen Künſte, namentlich die bildenden, zu intereſſiren vermag, der iſt in ihren Augen ein Barbar und wird von ihr keines Blickes gewürdigt.

Weh mir! da bin ich übel daran: von den ſchönen Künſten verſtehe ich gar Nichts, und über etwas reden, das ich nicht verſtehe, iſt eben nicht meine Art. — Wie wird es mir ergehn? Ein Beſuch bei ihr iſt durchaus nothwendig und von den wichtigſten Folgen für meinen Neffen, der ſich um ihre Nichte bewirbt und dem ich verſprochen habe, ihr meine Aufwartung zu machen.

Indeſſen Hofrath Eins konnte ſich auch geirrt, oder die Beſchreibung übertrieben haben; ich wandte mich daher an Hofrath Zwei, der alle Leute in X zu kennen vorgiebt, und fragte ihn nach der Dame.

Hofrath Zwei erwiederte: Frau von Zirngiebel? Ach, liebenswürdige Dame, große Freundin der ſchönen Künſte, beſte Sängerin unter den Dilettanten, componirt auch meiſterhaft und ſpricht nicht gerne von etwas Anderem als Muſik.

Guter Gott, ich kenne nicht einmal die Noten. Da werde ich eine ſchöne Empfehlung für meinen Neffen ſein; denn der gute Junge iſt eben ſo unmuſikaliſch. — Ich wende mich nun mit meinen Erkundigungen an Frau Hofräthin Drei, um vielleicht von ihr etwas Tröſtliches zu erfahren.

Dieſe giebt mir folgende beruhigende Auskunft. „Frau von Zirngiebel, ſcharmante Frau, ſehr talentvoll, malt, ſingt, componirt, hat aber leider Alles liegen laſſen, ſeit ihr Mann Landſtand geworden iſt, und beſchäftigt ſich nur mit Politik, lieſt Bentham, Toqueville, Bülow-Cummerow und wie dieſe Herren ſonſt heißen, Tag und Nacht. Nationalökonomie iſt ihr Steckenpferd, wie ſie ſagt, ihre eigene Oekonomie möchte aber wohl etwas darunter leiden, bemerkt mein Mann, der Oekonomie nicht mit Sparſamkeit, ſondern mit Haushaltungskunſt überſetzt.“

Bentham! Bülow-Cummerow! Politik, Nationalökonomie, — das ſind mir leider ganz und gar böhmiſche Dörfer. Wie ein Idiot werde ich da ſitzen, den Mund aufſperren und Nichts zu ſagen wiſſen.

Aber ich muß nun einmal dort Viſite machen und möchte doch gar zu gern irgend ein Häkchen finden, an das ich den Faden meiner Unterhaltungskunſt hängen kann, ohne deſſen zu frühes Zerreißen befürchten zu müſſen. Im Clubb treffe ich den Kirchenrath Eins, den Lichtfreund. Er kennt alle Damen in ſeinem Sprengel. Ich rücke ihm nun ſogleich mit der Frage entgegen: Beſter Herr Kirchenrath, iſt Ihnen eine Frau von Zirngiebel bekannt?

Kirchenrath Eins antwortet mir zu neuem Schrecken: Frau von Zirngiebel? Ja wohl; leider ſehr genau. Eine zarte, ſchmachtende Schwärmerin, las früher nur den Jean Paul, und iſt jetzt fromm geworden und hält Betſtunden.

Betſtunden! — Großer Gott! —

„Frau von Zirngiebel,“ ergänzt nun Hofrath Vier, der dazu getreten iſt und unſere Unterhaltung gehört hat, — „ſo, iſt die jetzt fromm geworden, weil es gegenwärtig bei der Crême Mode iſt? Sonſt war die edle Dame beſtändig auf der Löwenjagd und ſetzte bei ihren Geſellſchaften ſtatt feiner und guter Speiſen Notabilitäten vor. Sie fühlte ſich unglücklich, wenn irgend ein berühmter Künſtler herkam und ihr Haus nicht das erſte war, in welchem er ſich der ſchönen Welt producirte. Uebrigens war es ihr gleich, welchen Löwen ſie vorführte, wenn es nur ein Löwe war, und man hat ſchon erlebt, daß ſie in Ermangelung eines beſſeren einen engliſchen Zahnarzt als Solchen benutzte, der jedoch nachher die Unverſchämtheit hatte, in ihrer Soirée ſeine Medicamente feil zu bieten und alle Leute verſtummen machte, weil Niemand in ſeiner Gegenwart den Muth hatte, mehr den Mund aufzuthun, indem er gleich hineinſah und ihm eine baldige Fiſtel oder mindeſtens nächſtens gräßliches Zahnweh prophezeite. Wenn ſie aber gar keinen Löwen aufzutreiben wußte, ſelbſt nicht einen Zahnarzt, ſo machte ſie den erſten beſten Fremden hinter ſeinem Rücken dazu, und der Unglückliche ſah nun die ganze Geſellſchaft fortwährend neugierige Blicke auf ihn richten und zerbrach ſich den Kopf, was er denn Beſonderes an ſich habe, das ſo auffallend die Aufmerkſamkeit aller Anweſenden auf ihn ziehe. — Nun aber, da ſie fromm geworden iſt, hat ſie wohl die Löwenjagd aufgegeben.“

„Behüte,“ entgegnete Kirchenrath Gins; „das verträgt ſich Alles ganz vortrefflich mit der Sorte von Frömmigkeit, die dieſe Leute affectiren; die iſt wie Brodwaſſer, das können Sie ohne Nachtheil bei jeder Art Medicin trinken.“

Daß alle dieſe Perſonen bei ihrer Schilderung der Frau von Irngiebel etwas übertrieben, daran zweifelte ich gar nicht; aber war auch nur der zehnte Theil wahr, ſo rechtfertigte das meine Scheu vor der Viſite bei ihr vollkommen, und ich ſchob dieſelbe nun, ſo wichtig ſie für meinen Neffen auch ſein mochte und ſo feſt ich es ihm gleich verſprochen hatte, von einem Tage zum anderen auf. Endlich aber, als zufällig ein Freund mich beſuchte, der ſie ſehr genau kannte, und mir verſprach, mich unter ſeine Flügel zu nehmen, wagte ich es, jedoch erſt nachdem ich ſelbſt dieſem drei Mal es wieder abgeſchrieben unter irgend einem Vorwande. Zuletzt preßte er mich ordentlich dazu, und als wir nun endlich — ich mit Zittern und Zagen — das Haus betraten, entgegnete der Portier auf unſere Frage:

„Die gnädige Frau ſind in das Seebad gereiſt und kommen erſt in ſechs Wochen zurück.“

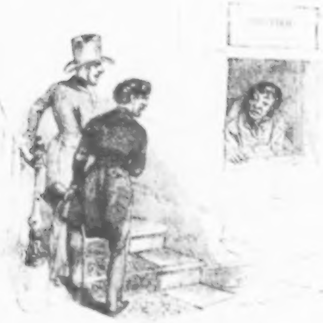

Von dem verdrießlichen Geſicht, das mir mein geliebter Neffe jetzt machte, will ich gar nicht reden. — Und was das Schlimmſte iſt, mir ward dieſer Adler nicht geſchenkt, wie es im Freiſchützen heißt, denn ſobald Frau von Zirngiebel, die Gefürchtete, zurückgekehrt iſt, muß ich ihr doch noch meine Aufwartung machen, da mich mein Neffe förmlich bei ihr angemeldet hat.

Das ſind ſo meine Leiden vor den Viſiten, noch viel ſchrecklicher iſt aber, was ich während der Viſiten ſchon ausgeſtanden habe. Ich will nur Einiges davon erzählen, und die ganze Welt wird mich bedauern und mir zugeſtehn, daß ich volles Recht darauf habe, das leidige Viſitenweſen wie die Peſt zu haſſen.

Erſtlich komme ich meiſtens zur unrechten Zeit. Das hat mir ſchon unſäglichen Schaden gebracht. Ich erinnere mich, daß, als ich mich eben verheirathet und mit meiner ſeligen Frau mein neugekauftes Landgut bezogen hatte, ich ſelbſt darauf drang, gleich in den erſten Tagen bei allen Gutsnachbarn die Antrittsbeſuche abzuſtatten und ſämmtliche Beſuche womöglich an einem Tage abzumachen. Das war eine ordentliche Reiſe von circa acht deutſchen Meilen, wenn man alle Diſtanzen zuſammenrechnet. Um dies bewerkſtelligen zu können, mußten wir alſo ſehr früh am Tage ausfahren. Meine Frau proteſtirte zwar dagegen und meinte, wir würden gewiß bei den erſten Nachbarn zu unpaſſender Zeit eintreffen; ich behauptete aber, auf dem Lande ſtehe man früh auf und ſei überhaupt nicht ſo kleinlich, hinſichtlich der Etikette, wie in der Reſidenz. Die gute Selige, die die Sanftmuth ſelbſt war, gab nach, und um ſechs Uhr waren wir ſchon unterwegs. Mein nächſter Nachbar war ein Major von [illegible], der ſeinen Abſchied genommen und in Ermangelung einer Beſſeren ſeine Haushälterin geheirathet hatte, die ſich nun nicht wenig darauf einbildete, gnädige Frau geworden zu ſein und ihre mühſam erlernten Begriffe von feiner Lebensart ſtets mit gehörigem Nachdruck in Wirklichkeit umzuſetzen ſuchte, übrigens aber im innerſten Kern die Haushälterin des Majors nach wie vor geblieben war. Sei es nun, daß wir den uns empfangenden Bedienten, der wie in Molière's Geizigen Reitknecht, Gärtner und Kammerdiener in einer Perſon war, nicht recht verſtanden, oder daß dieſer Menſch ſeiner Herrſchaft einen Streich ſpielen wollte, kurz er öffnete uns raſch, nachdem er uns durch ein Vorzimmer geführt hatte, eine Thür, durch die wir ſchritten, in der Meinung, in das eigentliche Empfangszimmer zu treten. Nun denke man ſich aber unſeren Schreck und das Entſetzen. Es war das nächtliche Wohnzimmer des Ehepaars, das dieſes noch nicht verlaſſen hatte, um ſich in das tägliche zu begeben. Wie Kaſſandra, mit ſträubenden Haaren trat uns die Frau Majorin entgegen und ließ mit einem Ausruf des Entſetzens Schere, Nadel, Wolle und die Strümpfe ihres Gatten fallen, mit deren Ausbeſſerung ſie ſich höchſt eigenhändig beſchäftigt hatte, was ſie aber bei ihrem falſchen Stolz nicht von anderen Leuten gewußt haben wollte. Dabei war ſie im

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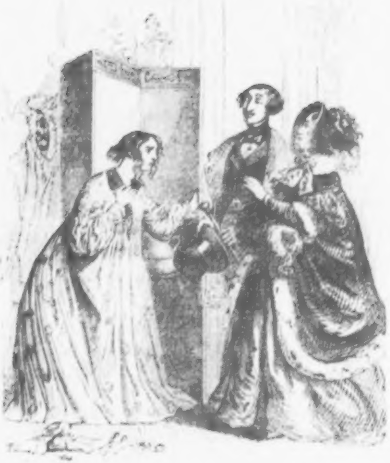

zerriſſen und eben nicht ſauberſten Negligé. Ihr Herr Gemahl kam zwar nicht zum Vorſchein, denn eine ſpaniſche Wand verdeckte ihn und nur ſeine zärtliche Gattin bemühte ſich noch mehr, dieſe vor uns auszubreiten; ein verrätheriſcher Spiegel zeigte mir ihn aber, wie er hinter derſelben im Begriff war ſich in das unentbehrlichſte aller Kleidungsſtücke zu hüllen und in der Beſtürzung gar nicht damit zu Stande kommen konnte. — Natürlich nahmen wir ſo eilig wie möglich unter tauſend Entſchuldigungen unſeren Rückzug, aber die natürliche Folge war, daß die Frau Majorin nicht allein uns in der ganzen Gegend als zudringliche, neugierige, keine Lebensart beſitzende Menſchen ausſchrie, ſondern daß ſie auch ihren Mann dahin brachte, mich wegen einer unbedeutenden Grenzſtreitigkeit in einen langwierigen Prozeß zu verwickeln, der mir endlich das Leben dort im höchſten Grade verleidete und mich veranlaßte, mein Gut mit Schaden zu verkaufen und fortzuziehn.

Zweitens bin ich ein ſolcher Unglücksvogel, daß mir gewiß bei jeder Viſite irgend ein kleines oder großes Leid widerfährt. Entweder habe ich das Unglück ſchon bei meiner erſten Verbeugung irgend einem Schooßhunde oder Schooßkater, den ich in meiner Angſt

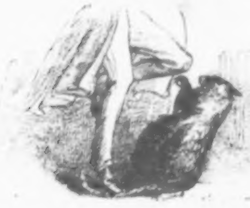

und Scheu gar nicht bemerkt, auf den Schwanz zu treten und mich von der erzürnten Beſtie dann arg mißhandeln zu laſſen, wobei ich ebendrein aus Artigkeit mich nicht wehren darf, um die huldvolle Gebieterin deſſelben nicht auf ewige Zeiten zu erzürnen, oder es widerfährt mir das Leid, daß mir irgend etwas vorgeſetzt wird und ich zu achtſam über dem Geſpräch, das man mit mir führt, mich ſelbſt vergeſſe und mir irgend eine, fleckige Andenken zurücklaſſende Flüſſigkeit auf die Kleider ſchütte. Von meinen vielen Irrthümern und Ungeſchicklichkeiten, wie z. B. daß ich die Kammerjungfer für die gnädige Frau, oder was noch weit ſchlimmer iſt, die gnädige Frau für die Kammerjungfer halte, gar nicht zu reden. Auch iſt es immer, als ob ſich alle Mobilien tückiſch gegen mich verſchworen hätten und ſo wie ich ſie nur berühre, Leben bekämen, um mir irgend einen hinterliſtigen Streich zu ſpielen. Die Stühle rutſchen mir unter dem Leibe weg, wenn ich eben glaube mich behaglich darauf niederlaſſen zu können, und ich ſitze zu meinem eigenen und Anderer Schrecken plötzlich auf der Erde da; die Lampen fallen um, wenn ich ſie nur

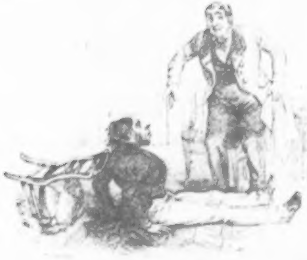

anſehe, und welches Unglück ich ſchon in mehr als einem eleganten Boudoir angerichtet habe, davon mag ich noch weniger ſprechen. —

Und doch — ich ſchreibe ja gegen Viſiten und darf als ein geſchulter Redner die ſtärkſten Gründe nicht übergehn — doch will ich eine Begebenheit nicht verſchweigen, die mich ſehr betrübte und großen Einfluß auf mein Leben hatte. Ich will ſie hier folgen laſſen, wie ich ſie in meinem Tagebuche niederſchrieb: man wird daraus erſehen, wie ehrlich ich es meine und wie ſehr ich Recht habe, Alles, was eine Viſite heißt, zu haſſen.

Ein großes Unglück hat mich nämlich mein ganzes Leben hindurch verfolgt und bereitet mir noch jetzt täglich unſägliche Plagen und Qualen: das der Ungeſchicklichkeit nämlich. Ich habe nie zur rechten Zeit die rechte Herrſchaft über meine Arme und Beine, und ich möchte faſt glauben, die Glieder, welche man ſo zu benennen pflegt und die ich an meinem armen Körper mit mir herumführe, ſind gar nicht diejenigen, welche die Natur mir urſprünglich beſtimmte, ſondern wurden von irgend einer böswilligen Fee mir bei meinem Werden vertauſcht. Dem äußeren Anſcheine nach könnte man allerdings vermuthen, daß ſie wirklich zu mir gehörten; wenn man mich aber länger beobachtet, wird man ſogleich ſeinen Irrthum einſehn, denn ſie gehorchen mir platterdings nicht, und wenn ich meinen Willen durchſetzen und ſie zwingen will, ſo ſpielen ſie mir einen Streich über den andern. Ich habe noch nie ein Meſſer in die Hand genommen, außer bei Tiſche, ohne mich zu ſchneiden; noch nie mit einer Dame getanzt, ohne ihr auf den Fuß zu treten, nie ein Butterbrod gegeſſen, ohne es wie Hoffmann's Student Anſelmus auf die fette Seite fallen zu laſſen, nie einen Rock angezogen, ohne etwas daran zu zerreißen oder zu beſchädigen, und zu allen Dingen endlich, zu denen mechaniſche Geſchicklichkeit gehört, bin ich ganz untauglich. Dieſe Ungeſchicklichkeit iſt das Unglück, das der liebe Gott auf mein Leben gelegt hat; ſie iſt meine Portion Schickſal. Ach, wehmüthig wird mir zu Muthe, wenn ich daran denke, um welche Freuden, um welche Seligkeit ſie mich ſchon betrog. Da ich einmal daran bin allen kleinen und großen Jammer meines Lebens zu erzählen, ſo will ich mit einem kühnen Sprunge dem größten, der mir zu Theil ward, lieber jetzt gleich ſeinen Platz anweiſen, wer weiß, ob ich ſpäter in der gehörigen Stimmung ſein würde, und vorenthalten darf ich ja doch dem geſchätzten Leſer Nichts.

Meine lieben Aeltern waren Beide faſt zu gleicher Zeit geſtorben. Ich fühlte mich, nachdem ich den erſten heftigen Schmerz einigermaßen überwunden, furchtbar allein in der Welt, ſo verlaſſen, als hätte mich irgend ein trübes Geſchick von einem anderen Sterne, wo ich ganz zu Hauſe war, plötzlich auf die mir wildfremde Erde geſchleudert. Meine Sehnſucht nach einem Herzen, an dem ich das meinige ausruhen könne, war unbeſchreiblich. Wie oft, wenn Schiller's Lied an die Freude geſungen wurde (es war damals ſo recht in der Mode und durfte bei keinem Gelage weggelaſſen werden) und es an den Vers kam:

Ach! wer auch nur eine Seele
Sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund —

mußte ich mich, ganz wie der große Dichter ſingt, mit weinenden Augen fortſtehlen aus dem frohen Kreiſe. Ein treuer Freund hatte endlich Mitleid mit mir und gab mir den Rath, mich zu vermählen. Ach, ich hatte ja in der größten Abgeſchloſſenheit gelebt, ſogar niemals einen Ball beſucht, weil ich dort aus bekannten Urſachen nicht zu tanzen wagte, und mich wie ein Stück Waare mit Gelobung tiefſter Discretion in einem Intelligenzblatte als ſchwarzer Punkt in der Scheibe für alle alten Jungfern ausbieten, das wollte ich doch auch nicht. Steinmann, ſo hieß mein Freund, der es wirklich redlich mit mir meinte, dachte mir die Schweſter ſeiner Frau, ein gutes aber lebensluſtiges und keckes junges Mädchen, zu und führte mich mit warmer Empfehlung bei ſeinen Schwiegerältern ein. Ich wurde überaus freundlich aufgenommen; Minchen, ſo hieß meine Zukünftige, ſprach mich mit ihrem heiteren aber herzlichen Weſen ſehr an und ich ſchien ihr, wie ich mir ſchmeichelte, auch nicht zu mißfallen. Lange ging ich in dem Hauſe aus und ein, aber mir fehlte immer der Muth, den rechten Augenblick zu benutzen und meine Liebe — denn ich war bereits bis in das innerſte Mark verliebt und das machte mich nur noch verlegner — am rechten Orte auszuſprechen. Steinmann munterte mich auf, indem er mir vertraute, daß ich den Aeltern ein ganz willkommener Schwiegerſohn ſei, daß ſie aber zu vernünftig wären, um ihrer Tochter nicht völlige Wahlfreiheit zu laſſen. Zugleich ſagte er mir, daß ich ſie am folgenden Nachmittage um die Theeſtunde, die in dieſem Hauſe pünktlich gehalten wurde, allein zu Hauſe träfe. Ich faßte mir ein Herz, nahm einen gewaltigen inneren Anlauf, feſt entſchloſſen die Sache zur Entſcheidung zu bringen, und ging trotz meiner Scheu vor Allem, was wie eine Viſite ausſieht, hin. Sie war allein und ſehr erfreut, daß ich kam mit ihr Thee zu trinken. Wir ſaßen vertraulich in einem äußerſt zierlich aufgeputzten Boudoir, in welchem ſie ſeit der Verheirathung ihrer Schweſter als unumſchränkte Herrſcherin waltete. Sie ſchenkte mir eine Taſſe Thee ein, die ich mit zitternder Hand empfing, die mir aber Stoff gab, meine Bewerbung, obwohl auf eine etwas einfältige Weiſe, anzubringen. Ich fragte ſie nämlich, ſie ſtarr dabei anſehend, um von ihren Lippen Leben oder Tod zu empfangen, ob ſie mir mein ganzes Leben hindurch Thee machen wolle, da er mir, von ihrer Hand zubereitet, ſo herrlich ſchmecke. Statt aller Antwort ſchlug ſie, in mädchenhaft jugendlichem Uebermuthe ein helles Gelächter auf. Plötzlich ward ich zu meinem Schrecken gewahr, daß ich bei meiner inneren Erregtheit die Taſſe ſchief gehalten und allen Thee in meinen Hut gegoſſen hatte.

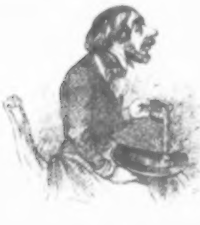

Entſetzt ſpringe ich auf und will die Taſſe wegſetzen, da läßt mein böſes Geſchick meinen Fuß am Teppich hängen bleiben und meine Hand nach einem Stützpunkt greifend, faßt den in dieſem unſeligen Augenblick eintretenden Steinmann mit einer ſolchen Gewalt, und bringt ihn, trotz ſeiner nicht unanſehnlichen Corpulenz, dergeſtalt aus dem Gleichgewicht, daß er rückwärts taumelnd mit dem Stocke einen koſtbaren Spiegel einſtößt, deſſen Trümmer in tauſend Stücken herumfliegen, während ich neben dem meinen Händen bereits entfallenen Hute und Taſſe niederſtürze und einen Nipptiſch mit allen den vielen koſtbaren Kleinigkeiten umwerfe.

Betäubt lag ich da, endlich kroch ich aus den Trümmern wieder hervor und ſuche in meiner Verlegenheit einige Worte der Entſchuldigung an Minchen zu richten, da zeigte ſie mit zermalmendem Antlitz erſt auf die zerbrochenen Herrlichkeiten, dann auf den eleganten Teppich; der Thee war aus meinem Hute auf die Erde gefloſſen und hatte das bunte Gewebe mit einem häßlichen Flecken verunſtaltet.

Noch ein Mal verſuchte ich etwas zu ſagen, aber ſie rief mir zu: „Gehn Sie und kommen Sie mir nie wieder vor die Augen.“

Beſtürzt, niedergeſchlagen, verzweifelnd ſchlich ich mich fort. Minchens Benehmen war mir unerklärlich. Ich hatte ſie wohl für reich und heftig, aber nicht in ſolchem Grade, gehalten. Bei meiner Gemüthsſtimmung wandte ich natürlich alle Waffen meines Verſtandes gegen mich ſelbſt, wie ich das immer gewohnt bin zu thun, denn ich kenne und haſſe alle meine Schwächen leider nur zu ſehr.

Ein heftiges Fieber warf mich auf das Krankenlager. Steinmann pflegte mich treulich und ſuchte Balſam in die Wunde zu gießen, indem er mir Minchens tiefen Aerger über ihre Heftigkeit ſchilderte und mir ein, noch von ihren Thränen feuchtes Billet, in dem ſie mich auf das Demüthigſte um Verzeihung bat, überbrachte. — Aber meine Wunde heilte nicht.

Sobald ich wieder das Zimmer verlaſſen durfte, ſandte ich ihr einen ganzen Galanterieladen voll Nippe, die ich mit einer Miſchung von Schmerz und Vergnügen auf das Sorgfältigſte ausgeſucht.

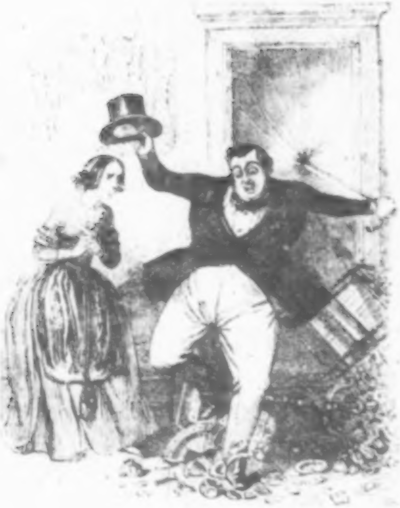

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Bei Lichte betrachtet war meine Ungeſchicklichkeit noch ein Glück zu nennen. Wir hätten doch nicht zu einander gepaßt.

Sie ließ mich durch Steinmann, durch ihre Schweſter, ja ſelbſt durch ihren Vater bitten, zu ihr zu kommen und ihren Dank perſönlich und mündlich in Empfang zu nehmen. — Ich bedurfte deſſen nicht; darum ging ich nicht hin. — Gott behüte einen ungeſchickten Mann vor einer heftigen Frau.

An ſolchen Fäden hängt der Menſchen Schickſal. Urſachen und Folgen, oder ein Glas Waſſer heißt jetzt die berühmte Geſchichte zwiſchen der Königin Anna und Marlborough. Urſachen und Folgen kann man die nicht minder berühmte aber viel merkwürdigere Geſchichte zwiſchen Minchen und mir mit Recht nennen.

Die Folge nämlich war: daß ich lange ſuchte, bis ich endlich die ſanftmüthigſte Frau auf Erden fand. Meine ſelige Joſephine war ſo ſanftmüthig — daß ſie mich mit ihrer Sanftmuth oft zum Verzweifeln brachte, und ich glaube — ohne der theueren Abgeſchiedenen Unrecht zu thun — das heftige Minchen hätte doch beſſer für mich gepaßt.

Kehren wir nach dieſer Digreſſion wieder zu den Viſiten zurück, die wie mit Allem, was drum und dran hängt, mein ganzes Leben

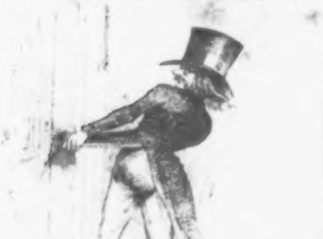

verdorben haben. Drittens: nicht allein vor und in den Viſiten, ſondern auch nach denſelben iſt mir entſetzlich viel Uebles widerfahren. Davon, daß eine tückiſche Thür mir den Rockſchooß einklemmte und ich nun entweder dieſen preis geben oder Stunden lang warten mußte, bis ich erlöſt wurde, erzähle ich gar Nichts, denn das iſt mir ſo häufig geſchehn, daß ich gar nicht mehr weiß wie oft; auch das übergehe ich mit Stillſchweigen, daß, wenn ich irgend einem Herrn eine Viſite machte, und dieſer, ein leidenſchaftlicher Raucher, mir eine Pfeife oder Zigarre anbot, ich aus Schüchternheit ſeine Freundlichkeit nicht abzulehnen wagte und es jedes Mal theuer bezahlen mußte und noch lange

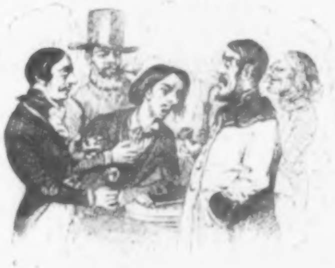

nachher fühlte. Kurz, was man Viſite nennt, bringt mir irgend ein Leid und ich habe nun endlich den feſten Entſchluß gefaßt, nicht aus meinem Hauſe zu weichen, nur Leute bei mir zu ſehn, aber nie zu irgend Jemandem, und wäre es ein Kaiſer oder die ſchöne Helena ſelbſt, die mich einlüden, hinzugehn.

Denn — Fortſetzung von Erſtens — ich habe auch noch das

Schlimme an mir, wie ich bereits oben erzählte, daß ich nirgends zur rechten Zeit hinkomme, ſondern ſtets entweder zu früh oder zu ſpät. Ich konnte und kann jederzeit mich ſicher darauf verlaſſen, daß mir unterweges irgend etwas Störendes oder Hinderndes über den Weg läuft, das ganz und gar unabhängig von meinem Willen, meinen Willen von ſich abhängig macht. Bei dem Major war es meine Schuld und ich kam zu früh; wie viele Mal habe ich aber ſeitdem und vorher dieſen Verſtoß gegen die Etikette büßen müſſen, dadurch daß ich zu ſpät kam. Entweder paſſirt mir irgend ein Unglück, ich werde geſtoßen, beſchüttet, beſchmutzt, oder ein gelehrter Schwätzer begegnet mir und hält mich wider Willen auf. So noch vor Kurzem, wo ich nothwendig den Miniſter zu ſprechen hatte, wegen einer Expropriationsangelegenheit, bei der ich Gefahr lief, großen Schaden zu leiden. Er hatte mich pünktlich um drei Viertel auf neun Uhr beſtellt und ich, der ich, obwohl kaum eine Viertelſtunde weit von ihm wohnend, ſchon um acht Uhr ausgegangen war, befand mich nach glücklicher Beſiegung aller Hinderniſſe bereits um halb neun Uhr vor ſeinem Hauſe mit dem feſten Entſchluſſe, dort bis zum erſten Glockenſchlage zu warten und dann augenblicklich einzutreten. Da führt mein Unſtern plötzlich den berühmten Philologen Naſturtius, geheimen Hofrath und Profeſſor der Eloquenz, d. h. der lateiniſchen, — um andere bekümmert man ſich bekanntlich auf den meiſten deutſchen Univerſitäten nicht — her, einen Mann, den ich weiter nicht kannte, als daß ich ihn einige Tage vorher in einer Geſellſchaft geſehen und der von mir erfahren, daß ich amo und τύπτω conjugiren konnte und die Verba auf μι mir in meiner Jugend ſehr viel Kopfbrechen gemacht. Mich ſehen, begrüßen, mich bei dem Rocke faſſen und mir gratis eine halbſtündige Vorleſung über die Vortrefflichkeit einer von ihm vorgeſchlagenen Lesart für eine bis jetzt dunkle Stelle in einer homeriſchen Hymne, die mich gar nicht intereſſirte, halten, war bei ihm eine dicht aufeinanderfolgende, unzertrennliche Reihe von Handlungen. Ich verſuchte umſonſt dieſer philologiſchen Demonſtration zu entwiſchen; er hielt mich feſter als der Teufel eine arme Seele. Meine Ungeduld ſtieg auf das Höchſte und ich war nahe daran, dem gelehrten Manne ein Leid zuzufügen. Da fiel es ihm ein, ſich durch eine Priſe zu ſtärken. Raſch benutzte ich dieſen

Augenblick und flog in das Haus des Miniſters, doch hörte ich noch deutlich das Wort „Böotier!“ hinter mir her. Der eifrige Philolog folgte mir ſogar mit großen Schritten nach, wie ein Blitz war ich aber die Treppe hinauf und trat gleich nachher athemlos in das Vorzimmer Seiner Excellenz, wo mich der aufwartende Bediente ſehr mißtrauiſch anſah und mich erſt gar nicht anmelden wollte. Ich glaube, der Kerl war der Meinung, ich ſei ein zweiter Sand oder Löning, und erſt nachdem ich ihn durch einen Reichsthaler von meiner Loyalität überzeugt und ihm meine Karte übergeben, ſchien er meine guten Geſinnungen nicht mehr ſo heftig zu bezweifeln und zeigte Seiner Excellenz an, daß ich draußen ehrfurchtsvoll harre. Dieſe aber hatte mich ſchon ungeduldig erwartet und empfing mich etwas ungnädig, bat mich auch mich kurz zu faſſen — was eben meine Glanzſeite nicht iſt, wie der geneigte Leſer bereits erfahren hat — denn ſieben Minuten waren bereits verloren und ich verfehlte darüber faſt den Zweck meiner Viſite.

Ich habe eben erzählt, wie meine Unpünktlichkeit die in meiner Seele aufdämmernde Hoffnung möglichen Lebensglückes zerſtörte; ſchon früher bereitete mir meine unwillkürliche Unpünktlichkeit ähnliche Schmerzen. Ich hatte nämlich während der ſtudirenden Zeit meiner Jugendjahre, als ich in Berlin ſtudirte, einen Empfehlungsbrief an einen penſionirten Obriſten, den Freund eines Freundes meines Vaters, bekommen und, mich nach ſo vielen Freundſchaften natürlich eines freundlichen Empfanges ſchmeichelnd, auch wirklich abgegeben. Nun fiel zwar beſagter Empfang keineswegs ſo aus, wie ich ihn erwartet: der Herr Obriſt war nämlich ein mürriſcher, egoiſtiſcher, eiſenfreſſeriſcher Herr, der mir nach den erſten Worten, die er in dem Briefe geleſen, rund heraus erklärte, er ſei gar kein Freund von Studenten und am wenigſten liebe er ſolche in ſeinem eigenen Hauſe zu ſehn, denn er habe eine erwachſene Tochter und Studenten gingen nur darauf aus, jungen Mädchen Unſinn in den Kopf zu ſetzen, oder demagogiſche Umtriebe zu machen. Obwohl ich ihm nun wiederholt verſicherte, daß für das Erſtere ſein Fräulein Tochter ſicherlich und für das Zweite ich ſelbſt beſtimmt viel zu verſtändig wäre, wollte er doch ſo recht von mir nichts wiſſen, und nach vielen Beſuchen und Aufmerkſamkeiten, bei denen ich mich um ſeine Tochter nicht zu

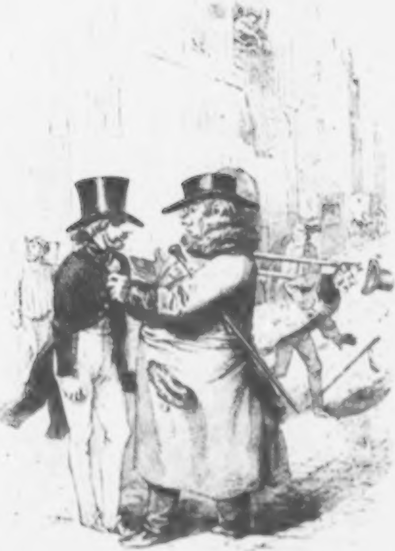

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ſchlimmern ſchien, beſonders aber nachdem ich mit ihm unzählige Partien Schach geſpielt und dieſelben verloren, wodurch ich mir ihre Gunſt erwarb, denn ſie hätte es ſonſt thun müſſen, ſchmolz endlich die Eiskruſte, die ſein Herz umgab, etwas und er lud mich ſogar mehre Mal ausdrücklich ein, wiederzukommen. Endlich als ich ihm ſogar während eines ganzen Abends Geſellſchaft geleiſtet und es Fräulein Iſabelle, ſo hieß die junge Dame, nicht allein möglich gemacht, mit einer Freundin das Theater zu beſuchen, ſondern auch ſogar bei ihrer Rückkehr den Papa in vortrefflicher Laune zu finden, was ſonſt nie der Fall war, denn er ließ es ihr entgelten, wenn ſie ohne ihn das Haus verließ, invitirte er mich am folgenden Tage, mit ihm zu ſpeiſen und dann mit ihm und ſeiner Tochter nach der Haſenhaide hinauszufahren, um einem Manoeuvre, das ihn ſehr intereſſirte, beizuwohnen. Hochentzückt und dankbar nahm ich es an, umſomehr da Iſabelle, als wir uns einen Augenblick allein im Zimmer befanden, mir verſicherte, wie ſehr es ſie freue, und mich bat, ja recht pünktlich zu kommen, indem ihr Papa entſetzlich ſtreng in der Zeiteintheilung ſei und ſich mit ſeinem beſten Freunde, einem alten hieſigen Stabscapitain, förmlich entzweit habe, weil dieſer zu einer Whiſtpartie fünf Minuten nach der beſtimmten Zeit gekommen ſei. Ich gelobte mit Hand und Mund Schlag Eins am folgenden Tage zu ihnen in das Zimmer zu treten.

Aber ach! wie ging es mir! Mit dem Glockenſchlage Zwölf verließ ich meine Wohnung, Ecke der Leipziger- und Friedrichsſtraße, um mich nach der neuen Königsſtraße, wo der Oberſt hauſte, zu begeben; es war aber erſt zwölf Minuten nach Zwölf, als ich aus der Breitenſtraße auf den Schloßplatz trat. Zu früh durfte ich ebenſo wenig erſcheinen, wie zu ſpät, denn das haßte der wunderliche Mann auch. Ich trete alſo bei Joſty ein, in der Abſicht, mit einer Taſſe Bouillon die rechte Zeit abzuwarten, ſetze mich dort hin, ergreife ein Journal und vertiefe mich in eine intereſſante Novelle, die ebenfalls noch keinen Schluß hatte. Als ich das letzte dort vorräthige Blatt der Zeitſchrift durchgeleſen und nun nach der Uhr ſehe, die ſich gerade mir gegenüber befindet, zeigt der Weiſer ſchon auf Eins und eine halbe Minute über Eins. Entſetzt ſpringe ich auf und aus der Thür hinaus, und bezahle in meiner Angſt die Taſſe Bouillon mit eiweiſe in der Zerſtreuung verſchluckte Paſteten zu bezahlen. Einer der Aufwärter eilt mir nach, holt aber mich, den wie mit Siebenmeilenſtiefeln Schreitenden, erſt bei der Statue des großen Kurfürſten wieder ein und faßt mich höflich bei dem Arm. In meiner Haſt gebe ich ihm einen Stoß und will weiter; er packt mich feſter und macht mich ziemlich derb und laut, ſodaß die Vorübergehenden aufmerkſam werden. Erſchrocken und beängſtigt, wie ich bin, verſtehe ich anfangs gar nicht, was er eigentlich will, und rufe, mich losreißend drei, vier Mal hinter einander: Laſſen Sie mich! laſſen Sie mich los! ich bitte Sie! Endlich wird es mir klar, was er von mir verlangt, ſchleunigſt ziehe ich einen harten Thaler heraus, biete ihm um Gottes willen den Ueberſchuß als Vergütigung für ſeine Mühe und das [illegible] zu behalten und renne nun, da er endlich meinen Arm fahren läßt, wie ein ſcheugewordenes Pferd fort und in die Königsſtraße hinein. Aber in meinem ganzen Leben iſt mir dieſelbe, die allerdings als eine Hauptader von Berlin zu betrachten und daher immer ziemlich belebt iſt, nicht ſo außergewöhnlich voll vorgekommen, oder vielmehr, nie habe ich auf ſo viel Hinderniſſe und Störungen darin geſtoßen, wie an dieſem Tage.

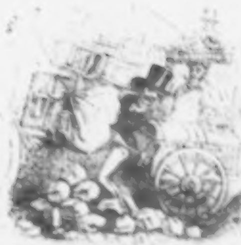

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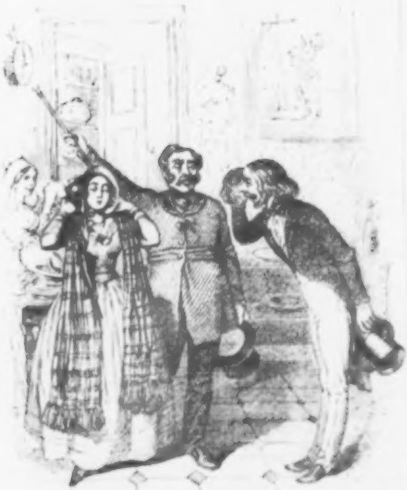

Es iſt, als ob vor dem, der Eile hat, die Hemmungen aus der Erde herauswüchſen. Endlich, mit einem heftigen Seitenſtechen und triefend vor Schweiß, erreiche ich die Wohnung des Obriſten. Seine Britſchka hielt ſchon angeſpannt vor der Thür. Das war ein böſes Zeichen. Wie ein Beſeſſener ſtürze ich hinauf in das Vorzimmer; da ſtehen Vater und Tochter vor mir und die treue Zofe Betty, die eben die letzten Schüſſeln und Teller des Mittagsmahles abgeräumt hat, befindet ſich hinter ihnen und ſieht mich mit einem verſchmitzten, halb Mitleid und halb Spott ausdrückenden Lächeln an. Der Obriſt hat Hut und Stock in der Hand; Fräulein Iſabelle bringt etwas an ihrem Shawl in Ordnung und würdigt mich keines Wortes. Mit einer tiefen Verbeugung, mir Ströme von Schweiß aus der Stirn wiſchend, will ich mich entſchuldigen; aber weder Vater noch Tochter halten mich einer Antwort werth. Endlich richtet der Obriſt die Spitze ſeines Stockes auf eine im Vorzimmer hängende Wanduhr, die drei Viertel auf Zwei zeigt, und ſagt nach einigen vorhergehenden unartikulirten Tönen, dem Mauzen und Pruſten eines erzürnten Katers vergleichbar: „Adieu, Monſieur.“ Dann ſchreiten Beide vornehm an mir vorbei, die Treppe hinunter und gleich darauf höre ich den Wagen fortrollen. Als ich mich von meinem Schrecken erhole befinde ich mich mutterſeelenallein, müde, zerſchlagen, hungrig und beſchämt, denn auch Betty hatte ſich fortgemacht, und es bleibt mir Nichts übrig, als langſam den Weg zurück zu machen und in der erſten beſten Reſtauration für mein eigenes ſchweres Geld ſo ſchlecht wie möglich zu eſſen.

Trotz dem, daß ich mir noch an demſelben Abend zwei Uhren kaufte und ſpäter dieſen noch viele Schweſtern zugeſellte, komme ich doch immer — Gott mag wiſſen, wie es zugeht — nirgends zu rechter Zeit hin, ſondern überall entweder zu früh oder zu ſpät.

Daß ich nie wieder einen Fuß in das Haus des Obriſten ſetzte und der Freund des Freundes meines Vaters mir das ſehr übel nahm und mir ſehr lange nachtrug, ſoll ich das dem neugierigen Leſer auch noch erzählen? Ich denke, er kennt mich nachgerade ſchon.

Und gewiß, er giebt mir jetzt vollkommen Recht, wenn ich weltmüde mich zurückziehe, keinen Fuß mehr aus dem Hauſe ſetze und die Viſiten mit ihrem Gefolge betrachte als eine Erfindung des Teufels.

Florentin der Vielgeliebte.

Aus einem ungedruckten Manuſcripte: „[illegible] in abſteigender Linie" betitelt.

Er iſt ein großer, ſchlanker Jüngling, ſchlank, mager und bebende wie ein gut dreſſirter Windhund. Die Männer nennen ihn mit einem ſehr ſchlechten aber doch ſehr treffenden Spaße Flob rennt hin, ſeine unglücklichen Opfer vom ſchönen Geſchlechte dagegen Florentin; den Beinamen des Vielgeliebten hat er ſich ſelbſt gegeben.

Wenn man ihn zum erſten Mal ſieht und weiter nicht kennt, ſo hält man ihn für ein vernünftiges Weſen; Leute, die keine Verſe machen können, betrachten ihn ſogar mit Ehrfurcht. Er iſt es, der vor einigen Jahren die berühmte Sammlung von Gedichten unter dem Titel Florentiniſche Blüthen herausgegeben hat. Eine philoſophiſche Epiſtel an die Sonne, welche die ganze Theorie des Abſoluten enthält, und die er gleichfalls dichtete, iſt dagegen nicht an ihre Adreſſe gelangt, denn ſie iſt niemals an das Licht getreten. Man lebt aber, trotz ſolchen Erfahrungen, recht leidlich, vorausgeſetzt, daß man hinreichendes Vermögen hat, um leben zu können.

Er ſtellt alſo einen beinahe verſtändigen jungen Mann vor und könnte ſelbſt mitunter dafür gelten. Sieht er jedoch die wallenden Falten eines Damenkleides, den Saum eines Weibermantels oder die Spitze eines Frauenſchuhes, ſo geht ſein Verſtand augenblicklich mit ihm durch.

Das iſt keine Metapher. Florentin rennt wirklich augenblicklich, von ſeinem Inſtinkt fortgeriſſen, wie ein dreſſirter Windhund dem lockenden Wilde nach. Nichts kann ihn aufhalten weder Geſchäfte noch ſonſtige Pflichten oder Verſprechungen; denn in ihm hat die Idee ſich verkörpert, daß ſeine beiden langen Beine, die ſpindeldürren Stützen ſeines langen dürren Körpers, auf dem ein langes Geſicht mit langem, ſemmelblondem Haar ſitzt, ein Ganzes bilden, deſſen zauberiſchen Reizen kein weiblich Herz auf Erden Widerſtand zu leiſten fähig iſt.

Demzufolge iſt er beſtändig auf der Jagd nach Liebesglück, das ſo viele Beweiſe ihm, nach ſeiner Meinung, nothwendig bereiten müſſen. Das unbedeutendſte Zeichen der Gunſt würde ihm nie entgehen, und glaubt es ſich zu offenbaren, ſo wird er dennoch nicht enttäuſcht. Er ſchiebt ein Traumbild an deſſen Stelle und bekommt nun ein Verſtändniß weiblicher Liſt, wie es außer ihm gewiß Niemand ſonſt hienieden beſitzt.

Eine Dame ſieht ihn an . . . . ſie will ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich lenken.

Sie huſtet leiſe . . . . geheime Aufforderung, ſich ihr zu nahen.

Sie ſpielt mit dem Fächer . . . . das iſt noch weit deutlicher.

Sie iſt zerſtreut . . . . unvermeidliche Wirkung einer verzehrenden Leidenſchaft.

Sie iſt luſtig . . . . aus Begier, ihm zu zeigen, wie froh ſeine Gegenwart ſie macht.

Dieſe und noch tauſend ähnliche Conjecturen laufen alle bei ihm in die Ueberzeugung aus, die Dame ſei ſterblich in ihn verliebt.

Dies fantaſtiſche Syſtem ſetzt alle jungen Damen, die unſern Vielgeliebten mehr oder minder kennen, dem läſtigen Zwange aus, ſich in ſeiner Gegenwart außerordentlich mit ihren Mienen, Bewegungen und Reden in Acht nehmen zu müſſen, da von ihm Alles gleich als Zeichen der glühendſten Zuneigung ausgelegt wird.

Eine derſelben ſchwenkte zum Beiſpiel auf einem Spaziergange, ohne daran zu denken, ihr Taſchentuch; augenblicklich richtete Florentin unverwandt ſeine Lorgnette auf ſie und warf ihr dankbare Blicke zu, ſodaß ſie ſich genöthigt ſah, damit während der ganzen Promenade, indem ſie lebhaft zu ihrem Begleiter ſprach, fortzufahren. Sie machte ſich faſt lächerlich, erhitzte ſich und verrenkte ſich beinahe die zarte Hand, um unſeren Helden zu enttäuſchen. Dieſer lief ihr trotz dem vierzehn Tage lang überall nach, überzeugt, daß ſie damals von ihrer Leidenſchaft fortgeriſſen, jetzt nur ſo kalt thue, um irgend einen eiferſüchtigen Wächter irre zu führen.

Sehr häufig geſchah es ihm, daß er nicht bemerkte, wie hinter der Dame, die er anbetete, ein höchſt intoleranter Gemahl herging. In demſelben Augenblicke, in welchem er die zärtlichſte

Erklärung ſpinnt, fühlt er ſich plötzlich gepackt und umgedreht; zwei kräftige Fäuſte halten ihn am Rockkragen feſt; eine gräßliche Erſcheinung, glühende Wangen, funkelnde Augen, bleiche vor Wuth zitternde Lippen.

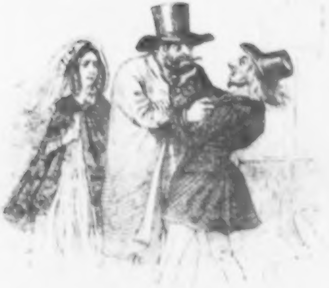

Ein anderes Mal ſah er bei günſtiger Dämmerung eine ſchlanke, weißgekleidete weibliche Geſtalt flüchtigen Fußes dahineilen. Er ſetzt ihr nach und holt ſie ein. — Er wagt es ſie anzureden. O Glück! ſie ſcheint ihm Gehör zu ſchenken — ihm antworten zu wollen — ſie geht wenigſtens langſamer, zeigt gar keine Angſt, nur jenes Zaudern, ohne das die plötzliche Eroberung gar keinen Werth hätte — plötzlich kommen ſie an eine Laterne, nun wendet ſie ſich zu ihm — entzückt tritt er ihr ganz nah' und ſieht ihr liebevoll in das Antlitz — o Graus — die Dame könnte recht gut ſeine Großmutter ſein. Entſetzt fährt er zurück und ſie eilt lächelnd weiter.

Welche abſcheuliche Bosheit! ruft er, nach langer Pauſe erſt wieder zu ſich kommend.

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Noch ein Stückchen: Ich traf ihn ein Mal in einer ſehr belebten Straße. Er folgte einer mir wohl bekannten, eben ſo hübſchen als boshaften Dame, die durch einen Zufall allein ging, auf dem Fuße nach. Bei dem Witz und der Spottluſt der Frau von T. war dieſe Situation ſehr gefährlich für Florentin den Vielgeliebten und als ſein Freund hätte ich ihn warnen ſollen. Ich war jedoch ſchadenfroh genug, es nicht zu thun, hielt mich aber aus Neugier in der Nähe des kühnen Verfolgers; übrigens war er ſo in ſeine Gedanken vertieft, daß er mich gewiß nicht erkannt haben würde, ſelbſt wenn er mich geſehen hätte.

Was übrigens Frau von T. dachte über die galanten Phraſen, die er ihr zuflüſterte, das wußte ich, als wenn ſie es mir geſagt, und war überzeugt, ſie warte nur auf die Gelegenheit, um ſich höchſt empfindlich dafür an ihm zu rächen. Wie weit ihre Rache gehen würde, das wußte ich freilich nicht, ſollte aber bald Zeuge derſelben ſein. — Sie benutzte nämlich den Augenblick, wo mehrere Perſonen, die ihr entgegenkamen, ſie zwangen, etwas auf die Seite zu gehen, zog ihren Geldbeutel hervor, that, als ob ſie etwas in demſelben ſuche, und ſagte dann mit lauter, betonter Stimme zu Florentin, ihre Worte höchſt nachläſſig mit einer verächtlichen Bewegung begleitend:

„Es thut mir leid, ich habe aber keine kleine Münze bei mir.“

Wie Loth's Weib ſtand er, eine Salzſäule, erſtarrt da, während die boshafte Frau ihren Weg fortſetzte, ohne eine Miene zu verziehen, innerlich aber gewiß ſehr erfreut, dem zudringlichen und unverſchämten Gecken ſolche Lection gegeben zu haben.

Wir ſuchten ihn ein Mal zu curiren, indem wir ihn durch einen nachgemachten Liebesbrief, ſpät Abends, nach einem öffentlichen Garten lockten. Den ganzen Tag ſchon ging er mit ſtrahlendem Geſichte umher und konnte kaum die für das Rendezvous beſtimmte Stunde erwarten, auch koſtete es ihm die größte Mühe, ſein Geheimniß zu verſchweigen. Einer von uns hatte ſich als Dame verkleidet und erwartete ihn an dem bezeichneten Orte tief verſchleiert, wir Anderen waren wohl zwanzig an der Zahl rings umher in den Gebüſchen verſteckt. Florentin ſchwamm in Seligkeit.

als er die Unbekannte wirklich dort fand und ſie auf das im Billet verabredete Zeichen antwortete und ſeinen Arm annahm. Länger als zwei Stunden zog er mit ihr auf und ab, die ſüßeſten Redensarten verſchwendend und der vermeinten Schönen nur einzelne leiſe Worte entlockend. Immer muthiger bat Florentin ſie endlich ziemlich zudringlich um einen Kuß, nachdem ſie ihm einen ſchönen Ring vom Finger gezogen und einen falſchen, kaum vier Groſchen werthen Reif dafür angeſteckt. Sie weigerte ſich lange, aber er beſtürmte ſie mit Bitten; endlich zog ſie ihn nach dem Rondel, warf den Schleier zurück und ſagte im tiefſten Baſſe: „Na! komm denn her und küſſe mich!" Das war das Signal, auf welches wir ſämmtlich herbeieilten und ihn ſchrecklich verſpotteten. Wie vom Blitz getroffen ſtand er da und bedurfte lange Zeit, ſich von der Täuſchung und dem Schrecken zu erholen. Den verpfändeten Ring mußte er natürlich mit einigen Flaſchen Champagner einlöſen und obendrein noch gute Miene zum böſen Spiel machen. — Aber auch das vermochte nicht, ihn von ſeiner Thorheit zu heilen.

Er trieb es endlich ſo arg, daß man überall mit Fingern auf ihn zeigte und ſeine werthe Figur auf Tabaksdoſen und Pfeifenköpfen in den Läden zu haben war, ſo daß er ſchicklicher Weiſe nicht länger in der Reſidenz bleiben konnte. Es glückte ihm auch in einer Provinzialſtadt eine Anſtellung zu bekommen, aber auch dahin nahm er ſeine fixe Idee mit ſich.

Bald nachher beſuchte ich ihn auf einer Reiſe und trotz meinem Abſcheu für Provinzialtheater zwang er mich doch, eine Vorſtellung der Stummen von Portici beizuwohnen. Die muſikaliſchen Leiden, die ich dort auszuſtehn hatte, wären unerträglich geweſen, wenn nicht ein luſtiges Intermezzo ſie einigermaßen gemildert hätte.

„Sieh doch!" — ſagte Florentin plötzlich und gab mir mit dem Elbogen einen Stoß in die Seite, der einen Ochſen hätte umwerfen können.

Ich ſah ihn an, aber da ich ihn ſo häßlich wie immer fand, wollte ich ſchon mich beklagen. Nun deutete er mit dem Kopfe nach der Nebenloge. Augenblicklich ſchaute ich hin: zwei ſehr aufgeputzte

Damen ſpreizten ſich dort. Ihr Anzug ſetzte mich jedoch nicht ſo ſehr in Erſtaunen, wie der Umſtand, daß die Eine, indem ſie beſtändig mit ihrer Nachbarin plauderte, unverwandt einen jener Seitenblicke auf Florentin richtete, welchem ſelbſt ein höchſtbeſcheidener Mann eine für ihn ſchmeichelhafte Auslegung geben darf.

Dieſer Blick nun ſchien mir ſo bezeichnend, daß ich leiſe eine nicht eben ſehr günſtige Vermuthung gegen ihn äußerte. Das verletzte ihn aber tief.

„Ungläubiger Thomas!“ ſagte er. — „Ich kenne die Dame nicht, wahrſcheinlich iſt ſie hier fremd; ihre Nachbarin gehört aber zu den vornehmſten Frauen der Stadt. Dein Mißtrauen iſt alſo abſurd.“

„So iſt es ein Zufall, daß ſie Dich anſieht, — vielleicht hat ſie Dich früher irgendwo getroffen und kann ſich nicht auf Dich beſinnen — was weiß ich! . . . .“ war meine Antwort.

„Das wird ſich bald ausweiſen,“ erwiederte er mit ſeinem unerſchütterlichen Selbſtbewußtſein. „Sehn wir erſt, ob der Blick wirklich mir gilt. Die Loge auf der anderen Seite iſt leer. Gehn wir hinein. — Vielleicht wirſt Du dann endlich Dich überzeugen, daß man mich nicht ganz unbeachtet läßt.“

Ich nahm es an und wir gingen hinüber. Die Unbekannte fuhr fort zu plaudern, aber ihr Seitenblick verließ meinen Helden nicht. Er triumphirte.

„— Habe ich Dir nicht geſagt, daß die hieſigen Damen ſehr zuvorkommend ſind?“

„In der That,“ erwiederte ich lachend. „Da Du nun aber wirklich dies unſchätzbare Herz bezwungen haſt, ſo muß man doch erfahren, ob es noch ſonſt als im Profil . . . . .“

„— Unverbeſſerlicher Zweifler,“ — unterbrach er mich, die Achſeln zuckend, — „noch immer ſchwankſt Du. — Nun wohl, gegenüber ſind noch freie Plätze in der Loge. Gehn wir dorthin.“

Daſelbſt angelangt, nahm ich meinen getreuen Operngucker zur Hand und beſah mir die Dame genau. — Gleich darauf bemerkte ich lachend zu Florentin, der ungeduldig auf mein Teleſkop warterte: „Beſter, wenn ich mich nicht irre, ſo hat Deine Schöne einen falſchen Blick."

„— Behüte!" — rief er — „nur nach mir ſchaut ſie; ich wußte es wohl . . . . Ein himmliſches Geſchöpf!" —

Nun konnte ich mich nicht länger halten und brach in ein lautes Gelächter aus, indem ich ihm, ohne ein Wort zu äußern, den Operngucker hinſchob. Er ergriff denſelben haſtig, beobachtete lange und genau und überzeugte ſich endlich, daß ſeine vermeinte Anbeterin — entſetzlich ſchielte.

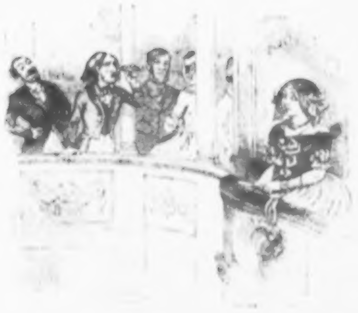

Timon und Soſias.

Geſtändniſſe eines Unglücklichen.

Ich haſſe ſie Beide: den Einen eben ſo ſehr wie den Anderen.

Was habe ich ihnen gethan? Warum verfolgen ſie mich ſo unermüdlich und quälen, plagen und martern mich um die Wette?

Ich habe Nichts gemein mit ihnen. Kaum daß ich ihren Namen weiß. Es ſcheint mir unmöglich, daß wir uns je, weder im Guten noch im Böſen um einander bekümmern könnten. Und doch ſuchen ſie mich eben ſo ſehr, als ich ſie zu vermeiden ſtrebe. Sie haben ſich allmälig in allen Häuſern Zutritt verſchafft, die ich vorzugsweiſe gern beſuchte; aus einigen haben ſie mich ſchon vertrieben und werden mich noch aus den andern vertreiben, das iſt gewiß; die Promenade, die ich liebte, haben ſie mir zuwider gemacht, ebenſo mein Kaffeehaus, den Clubb, die Schwimmanſtalt — kurz alle Orte, wo ich mit Vergnügen hinkam.

Der Erſtere haßt mich. Mein Geſicht muß ihm mißfallen haben, die Form meiner Naſe, die Farbe meiner Augen, der Schnitt meiner Lippen oder die Bildung meiner Ohren ſind ihm entſchieden zuwider. Andere Urſachen kann ich mir wenigſtens nicht denken. Kein Prozeß hat uns als Gegner auf dem Schlachtfelde der Gerichte zuſammengeführt, keine Nebenbuhlerſchaft in der Liebe mir Gelegenheit gegeben, ihn durch einen Triumph zu demüthigen. Ich weiß nicht, zu welcher politiſchen Farbe er gehört, da ich ſelbſt aber zu gar keiner gehöre, ſo kann die meinige unmöglich ſeinen Zorn auf ſich geladen haben. Daſſelbe darf ich von meinem literariſchen Rufe behaupten, der noch gar nicht exiſtirt, da ſich dieſe Geſtändniſſe noch im Manuſcript allein befinden. — Ich beſchwöre Dich alſo bei dem Himmel über uns, grauſamer Timon! (ich habe ihm den Namen des athenienſiſchen Menſchenhaſſers gegeben) ſprich, rede! was willſt Du von mir? Welche tödtliche Beleidigung ſuchſt Du zu rächen?

Trat ich Dir wider meinen Willen auf die Hühneraugen?

Habe ich Deinen Hund geſchlagen, der mit ſeinen Zähnen die Wirklichkeit meiner Waden unterſuchen wollte?

Habe ich vielleicht eine Sängerin ausgeziſcht, die Du protegirſt?

Hat man Dir erzählt, daß mir Dein ſtets grüner und ſchlechtgemachter Rock ein Gräuel iſt?

Das iſt wenigſtens das einzige Verbrechen gegen Dich und Deine Freunde, deſſen ich mich ſchuldig weiß. Es iſt ſehr gering und verdiente jedenfalls nicht mit ſolcher Strenge beſtraft zu werden.

Ich appellire an den geneigten Leſer.

Wenn ich mich zum Ecarté an einen Spieltiſch ſetze, um den giftigen Blicken aus dem Wege zu gehn, mit denen Timon mich verfolgt, ſo pariirt er auf der Stelle gegen mich und lähmt mich durch ſeinen mit wüthendem Haß, Gift und Scharfblick meinem Gegner ertheilten Rath. Bei dem Billardſpiel in der Boule kauft er ſich das Recht, auf mich zu ſpielen, und macht mir das Garaus, indem er meinen Ball auf das Unbarmherzigſte an die Bande legt, ſo daß ich einen Fix machen muß. Selbſt bei dem Schachſpiel — da er mich nicht zwingen kann mit ihm zu ſpielen, ſtellt er ſich ſtirnrunzelnd hinter meinen Stuhl und ſchweigt unausſtehlich, aber das Geräuſch ſeines

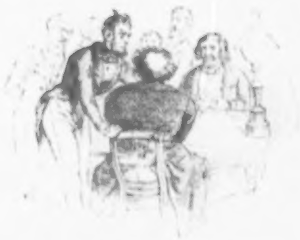

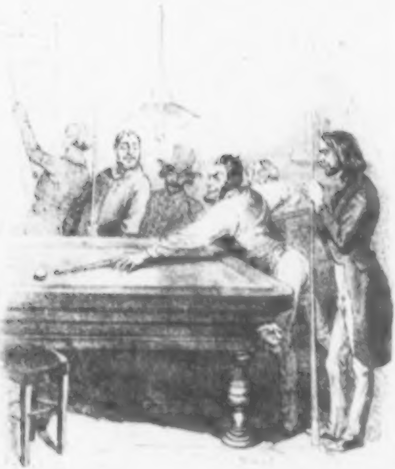

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etwas asthmatiſchen Athemholens reicht ſchon hin, um mir alle Fähigkeit der Berechnung zu rauben; ich glaube, er hat das gerathen.

Bei der unbedeutendſten Unterhaltung, die ich führe, offenbart ſich ſeine Feindſeligkeit durch die geſpannte Aufmerkſamkeit, mit der er mir zuhört; dieſe Aufmerkſamkeit iſt ſo kritiſirend und böswillig, daß ſie mich beunruhigt und in Verlegenheit ſetzt. Entwiſcht mir nur ein grammatiſcher oder logiſcher Fehler, habe ich die Pointe einer Anekdote mir entſchlüpfen laſſen, fahre ich in einer Miethkutſche, ſo macht Timon, ohne es weiter hervorzuheben, die Geſellſchaft durch ein ſpöttiſches Lächeln darauf aufmerkſam … Ich erdroſſelte ihn gern in ſolchen Augenblicken.

Oft freut es mich, daß keine Wechſel von mir im Umlauf ſind. So wenig Credit ich auch habe, ſo würden ſie doch bald aufgekauft werden und dieſer Mann, der mich unabläſſig verfolgt, mein alleiniger Gläubiger ſein.

War er es nicht, der, als ich mich um ein Amt bewarb, überall mein Lob verkündete, aber auch überall zu dem Panegyrikus hinzufügte: es ſei zu bedauern, daß ich das für dieſe Stelle erforderliche geſetzliche Alter nicht habe? Der Verräther fügte nicht hinzu, daß mir nur noch drei Wochen daran fehlten. — Ich erhielt das Amt nicht.

Verdanke ich ihm nicht den Ruf der Bosheit, den man ſo leicht bekommt, wenn nur Jemand mit einer gewiſſen Miene von Einem ſagt: „Der junge Mann hat einen ſchneidenden Verſtand!“

War er es nicht, der mich in eine Geſellſchaft treten ſah mit meiner liebenswürdigen Couſine, der ich den Arm gab und welcher ihr augenblicklich auf das Galanteſte den Hof machte? Ich war ordentlich gerührt, denn ich merkte ſogleich ſeinen Irrthum. Unglücklicher Weiſe erkundigte ſich Jemand bei ihr nach dem Befinden ihres Mannes. Augenblicklich blieb Timon mit ſeinen Artigkeiten aus, wie eine Uhr plötzlich ſtehen bleibt, deren Feder geſprungen iſt. Sobald er erfuhr, daß Eugenie nicht meine Frau ſei, kümmerte er ſich gar nicht mehr um ſie.

Nun frage ich den Leſer, ob mich das nicht beunruhigen muß über meine Zukunft in der Ehe? Wie es dahin kommt, verſchätigt ſich Simon an mir durch eine andere Gattung von Feindſeligkeiten.

Ich hatte ein Haus zu verkaufen. Er beſah es und machte es ſo verächtlich, daß ich froh ſein mußte, es unter dem Einkaufspreiſe los zu werden. Vor einiger Zeit wollte ich mir nun eins wieder kaufen; ein unbekannter Liebhaber zwang mich, mein Gebot bedeutend zu erhöhen; ich bekam es endlich — denn ich hatte meinen Kopf darauf geſetzt — aber für eine enorme Summe. Kaum war ich der Eigenthümer, ſo drückte Simon überall ſein Bedauern aus, — wodurch erfuhr ich, daß er mein Concurrent geweſen — mich ſo entſetzlich hineingeritten zu haben.

Was nun den Bollak betrifft, ſo iſt der eine Peſte anderer Art. Ich weiß nicht, bei welcher Gelegenheit er einen ſolchen Narren an mir, meinen Gewohnheiten, meiner Tracht, meiner Redensweiſe, meinen Manieren gefreſſen hat, aber ſeit dieſem unglücklichen Augenblick beſitze ich auf der Welt einen Doppelgänger, ein anderes Ich, das mich vor mir ſelbſt verleiden macht, ein Portrait, das gerade ähnlich genug iſt, um dem Freunde das Original zuwider zu machen. Dieſes Original nun, nämlich ich ſelbſt, war bis dahin mit ſeiner Individualität ganz wohl zufrieden und hatte, wenn auch keine andern Vorzüge, doch den, einzig da zu ſtehn. Jetzt aber, da ich auf vier Beinen umherwandle und in zwei ſehr ähnliche Hälften getheilt bin, deren eine wenigſtens vollkommen lächerlich iſt — würde ich mich gern mit zwanzig Procent Verluſt verkaufen, und gewönne wahrlich noch dabei, denn man glaubt nicht, was ich Alles verloren habe, ſeit Bollak in meine Fußſtapfen tritt. Wir wollen es einmal durchgehn.

Was das Äußerliche betrifft, ſo iſt die Aenderung bemerklich und von Schaden enorm. Vom Schneider zu Schneider gehetzt durch dieſen Leibhändler, ſehe ich, wie er ſich unerbittlich meiner Toilettenideen bemächtigt, mir meine Lieblingsfarben raubt, indem er ſie ſich zueignet — mich aus meinem Paletot, meiner Weſte, meiner Cravatte herausdrängt, bis er mich beſtändig zu ändern zwingt, da er ſie ſtets ſogleich nachahmt.

Sogar den Ton meiner Stimme und meinen Accent copirte er und machte ſie lächerlich, indem er ſie übertrieb. Ich pflegte mich früher gern auf eine graziöſe Weiſe anzulehnen, da ſie mir ſehr gut ſtand; auch das hat er mir geraubt, indem er die Gewohnheit annahm, ſich beſtändig das Ohr an der rechten Schulter zu reiben.

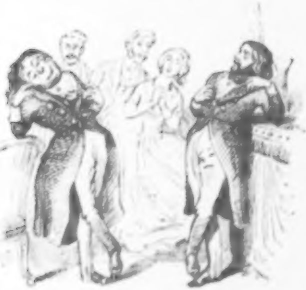

kurz Alles, wodurch ich Aufſehn machte und gefiel, wird mir nach und nach entfremdet. Ein einziger kleiner Ausruf war mir geblieben; er hatte Beifall in der förmlichen Geſellſchaft gefunden, wo ich ihn mit großer Mühe eingeführt; — da profanirt ihn dieſer Geckes [illegible] — Nun hat er ſeinen Werth verloren. Und doch gehörte er mir eben ſo, wie Pâques-Dieu Ludwig dem Elften und Ventre-ſaint-gris Heinrich dem Vierten — und auch ebenſo rechtmäßig, wie Frankreich ſeinen beiden legitimen Monarchen.

Was nun dagegen das Moraliſche betrifft, ſo wird es mir künftig an jener Sicherheit, Gewandtheit und Raſchheit fehlen, die einem galanten Manne eigenthümlich ſind, der nie eine Dummheit ſagte.

Dieſe Schmach habe ich nun meinem Deſſas ſchon mehr als zwanzig Mal zu verdanken gehabt. Er ſtützte ſich mit dem Ellbogen auf das Kamin, drei Viertel ſeiner Figur der Geſellſchaft zugewendet — eine charmante Stellung, deren Monopol ich vor ihm beſaß — und zog gegen die Liberalen zu Felde, weil ich von Geburt ein Edelmann bin, indem er zugleich einen ſehr verhaßten Miniſter pries, weil er mich für miniſteriell hielt. Es war kläglich, alle jene Wendungen, mit denen ich ſehr intereſſante paradoxe Behauptungen verfocht, auf ſeinen Lippen wieder zu finden. Auch ſagte ich jeden Augenblick zu mir mit dem Gefühl der tödtlichſten Unruhe:

— Wäre es möglich, daß ich mitunter ſo einfältig, plump, affectirt und abgeſchmackt geweſen bin, wie dieſer Herr es jetzt iſt?

Ach, wer iſt hienieden ganz ſicher? Solche Fragen muß man ſich ſelbſt nie vorlegen. Der Zweifel, den ſie enthalten, wird alſo nie ganz gehoben werden, aber er macht mich ſchüchtern, verlegen und linkiſch; er demüthigt mich und verwandelt mich wider meinen Willen. Ich bin nicht mehr, was ich war, und bin doch nicht, was ich werden kann. Dieſer Uebergangszuſtand iſt unerträglich und macht mich jenen armen zahnloſen, magern und doch nicht ſchlanken Knaben mit belegter Stimme ähnlich, die zwiſchen der Kindheit, deren Grazie ſie nicht mehr haben, und dem Jünglingsalter, deſſen Schönheit ſie erwarten, mitten inne ſchweben. Ich werde wieder Gymnaſiaſt und ſitze von Neuem in Tertia. Etwas Traurigeres giebt es nicht.

Und wißt Ihr, was mir noch obendrein widerfährt? Die Welt — ein ſehr feiner, aber ſehr oberflächlicher Beobachter, der nicht immer die Kunſt beſitzt, die Zeit richtig zu beſtimmen — richtet jetzt zwiſchen Deſſas und mir eine Verwirrung an, die mich am meiſten verwirrt. Sie weiß nicht mehr, wer von uns Beiden das Original und wer die Copie, das Modell und das Portrait, der Körper und der Schatten iſt. Die feineren Köpfe ſehen zwar den Unterſchied ein und machen ſich über Deſſas luſtig, der nie, wie ſie ſagen, die entzückende Leichtigkeit ſeines Vorbildes erreichen wird; aber die Dummköpfe — vielleicht die Mehrzahl — bilden ſich ein, ich ſei die furchtſame Copie und ſagen: „Oscar — ich gebe mir dieſen Namen — kauft ſeine Worte bei Deſſas' Fabrikanten" — [illegible]

— „Sehn Sie den Frack, den Soſias trägt? Wollen wir wetten, daß Oreſt binnen acht Tagen eben ſolchen hat?“ — oder auch: „Was wird Oreſt anfangen, wenn Soſias ſo reicher wird als er? Dann ruinirt ſich der arme Schelm gewiß, um mit ihm gleichen Schritt zu halten.“ —

Iſt das nicht, um mit dem Kopfe gegen die Wand zu rennen?

Es iſt jetzt ſo weit gekommen, daß ich daran habe denken müſſen, dem Dinge ein Ende zu machen. Ich habe darüber meinen Advocaten, einen ausgezeichneten Rechtsgelehrten, conſultirt, um zu erfahren, ob ich dem Soſias nicht eine Nachdrucksklage an den Hals werfen könnte.

„Vernunft und Billigkeit ſind auf Ihrer Seite,“ — hat er mir geantwortet. — „Wenn man Ihnen einen Aufſatz oder Gedichte nachdruckte, ſo könnten Sie klagen, ſelbſt wenn dieſe Nichts taugten. Aber er druckt Ihnen nicht allein Ihren Geiſt . . . .“

Aha — dachte ich. —

„Sondern“ — fuhr er fort — „auch Ihre Eleganz — die Früchte Ihrer Erziehung — Ihr Anſehn in der Geſellſchaft — Ihre Sicherheit und Ihre Perſönlichkeit, ſo zu ſagen, nach. Dennoch könnten Sie wohl in dem erſteren Falle durch meinen Beiſtand Ihren Proceß gewinnen, im zweiten würden Sie ihn aber beſtimmt verlieren. Das Vergehen Ihres Gegners, obwohl ein wirkliches, iſt zu ſubtil und zu problematiſch, um rechtskräftig bewieſen werden zu können. — Was, werthester Herr Client! ſollte ihm auch der Richter unterſagen? Sich wie Sie zu kleiden — etwas bei dem R zu ſchnarren — über Verſe zu reden, indem er ſich auf den Ellbogen ſtützt — ſeine Pferde aus England kommen zu laſſen oder — ſolche Kleinigkeiten verbietet kein Geſetz.“

„Das iſt recht gut, aber er hat mich doch geplündert. Von wem ſoll ich denn Schadenerſatz verlangen und auf welche Weiſe?“

— „Von wem und auf welche Weiſe?“ — erwiederte mein Advocat. — „Wenn das Geſetz ſchweigt — nun ſo —“

Er legte ſich dabei ſo gewandt in Parade, daß ich augenblicklich einen alten Senior aus der Kreislerſchen Schule in ihm erkannte.

„Jedoch," — ſagte er darauf ernſthaft und als ob er es ſehr reiflich überlegte — „betrachtet man Alles genau, ſo können Sie den Soſias nicht tödten, ohne eine Gott und den Menſchen verhaßte That zu begehen . . . . Das wäre ja, wie Sie mir ſelbſt zugeben müſſen, ein wahrer Selbſtmord."

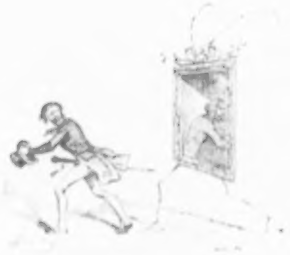

Die nobeln Paſſionen.

Ein ſtrafliches Gedicht.

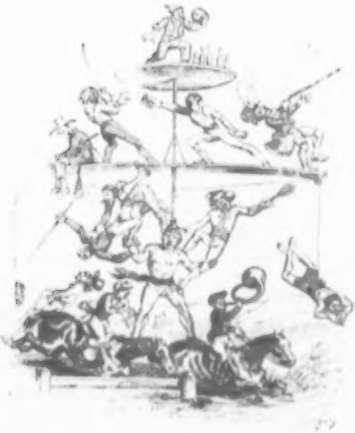

Als einſt zu Rom Kaiſer Severus herrſchte,
Da ſang ein junger Dichter, den die Götter
Zu ihrem Liebling auserſehen hatten,
Der Jagd ſo edle Freuden, ſchilderte

Der Hunde und der Roſſe Gattungen,
Die ſchlaue Liſt, die klug erdachte Kunſt,
Auf ſeiner Spur dem Wilde zu folgen; auch
Beſang er Amphitritens Kinder, die
In blauen Tiefen wohnen, ihre Liebe
Und ihre Ehe, ferner die Verfolgung
Vielfacher Art, wie ſie die edle Kunſt
Des Fiſchfangs übt, die tauſend ſchlauen Mittel,
So Menſchenwitz erdacht, um in den Fluthen
Das fruchtbare Geſchlecht zu überraſchen.

O Muſe, laß um meinetwillen auch
Den Helicon, ſteig jetzt zu mir herab!
Ich will des Sport ſo wunderbare Freuden,
Der Pferde raſch beſchwingten Lauf beſingen,
Die hochberühmte Steeple-chase, ſowie
Die hurdleraces, die an Herrlichkeit
Nicht minder reich, zuſammt dem handicap.
Wie man ſich lebhaft ſtreitet um die stakes;
Die Fuchshatz und des feigen Haſen Jagd,
Die Jagd des Rehbocks, deſſen Witterung
Sich weit verbreitet, ja die Wolfsjagd ſelbſt,
Sowie die wilde Schweinsjagd ſoll mein Sang
Verherrlichen.

Das Taubenſchießen werd' ich
Im Liede feiern, und die Jagd auf Wachteln,
Die man im Laube häufig überraſchte,
Auf Enten, die das Blei des Jägers trifft,
Indeß ſie um den blanken Spiegel gaukeln,
Auf Feldhaſen mit den Windhunden,
Denen der Jäger mit der ſchlauen Flinte
Aufmerkſam nachſtellt. Endlich ſoll die Treu
Des muntern Stöbers treue Geſtalt,
Wenn von dem letzten Knochen er erſcheint
Mit aufgeſchlagnen Quelle im Gebiß

Die Angel eintaucht, tückiſch Netze ſtellt
Dem kühnen Hecht, der tändelnden Forelle,
Der ſanften Schleie, den Ellritzen ſelbſt.
Und wenn ich von den Fiſchen rede, will ich
Zugleich die ſeligen Genüſſe ſchildern,
Die ſich der Menſch, der ſterbliche, bereitet,
Wenn in die kühle Fluth hinab er taucht,
Des Schwimmers Freuden und die Herrlichkeit,
Wenn man ſich müht, dem Froſche gleich zu werden.

Das ſind die nobeln Paſſionen, doch
Es giebt zum Heil der Erde noch weit mehr
Als dieſe nur: die edle Boxerkunſt,
Das Fechten auf den Hieb und auf den Stoß,
Der Hahnenkampf, die Kunſt des Ruderns, auch
Das Ballſpiel und was ſonſt dazu gehört;
Nicht Geiſt braucht man dazu, nur Geld allein
Und Ueberfluß an Zeit; das Letzte hat
Der Edle immer, oft das Erſte auch,
Doch ſeltner wohl, und darum nennet man
Mit Recht die edeln dieſe Leidenſchaften,
Sie füllen oft des Edeln ganzes Sein.

So ſchwinge dich denn auf, mein Geiſt, und eile
Mit mir nach jenem hohen Schloſſe hin.
Wer ſind die Reiter dort auf raſchen Roſſen,
Die jener lauten Meute raſtlos folgen?
Des neugebornen Jahrhunderts Paladine,
Sie machen Jagd auf kleine Abenteuer
Und einen Sechzehnender. Werden ſie
Den Hirſch aufſpüren? Nun, ich weiß es nicht;
Doch daß ſie Abenteuer haben werden,
Weiß ich gewiß. Seht nur, der Eine dort,
Von ſeinem wilden Roſſe fortgeriſſen,
Sprengt mitten in die Koppel wild hinein
Und ſeines Renners Huf zertritt alsbald

Zwei oder drei der besten Hunde. — Horch,
Wie Alles zankt und zürnt, der Eigenthümer
Klagt herzzerreißend um die Lieblinge.
Er aber, dem so Schlimmes widerfahren
Ein Neuling noch in dieser edlen Kunst,
Will es durch kühne That vergessen machen
Und zieht die Sporen jählings seinem Gaul
Auf seiner Bahn hemmt eine Hecke ihn.
Allein von seinem Rosse fortgetragen
Setzt er hinüber — eine Wolke legt
Sich über sein Gesicht — ein seltsam Brausen
Füllt ihm das Ohr — ihm zwitschern tausend Zeisig-
lein tausend Sterne tanzen ihm vor'm Blick
Er fühlt auf weichem Sammt sich gebettet,
Er sinkt betäubt zur Erde — doch, er kommt
Nach einer Weile zum Bewußtsein wieder,
Und sieht sich nun, jungem Vöglein gleich,
Gebettet in den dornenreichen Ranken,
In denen ihm ein Lager ward bereitet,
Das zu den weichsten eben nicht gehört.

Alsbald beginnt für ihn ein neues Rennen;
Mit bloßem Haupt, — die Mütze blieb im Dorn —
Zerrissnen Kleidern und zerschundnen Händen,
Eilt er der Spur — doch nicht des flücht'gen Wildes,
O nein! — des eigensinn'gen Rosses nach.
Das seiner schweren Last befreit, hat es
Im ersten Grase Halt gemacht, und weidet
Nachlässig dort; zerrissen ist der Zaum
Und schleift bei seinen Hufen, ein Symbol
Gesprengter Ketten, die es nicht so bald
Gesonnen ist vom Neuen zu ertragen.
Mit bös'gem Blick schielt es nach seinem Herrn,
Läßt dennoch ihn sich nahn, und wenn er glaubt
Den ungeschlachten Thiere sich zu nahen

Bewältigen zu können, sprengt es plötzlich
Mit mächtigem Galopp in's Weite fort.

O Muse, die Du Alles wissen mußt,
Verkünde mir, wenn Du so gut sein willst,
Was aus den übrigen Genossen ward.
Der Eine, der voll Kühnheit es gewagt,
Rasch über einen Zaun zu setzen, stürzte
Ins Gras, blieb dort auf dem Rücken liegen
Und sah den Himmel an. Er wäre längst

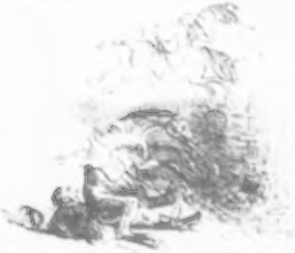

Schon aufgestanden, wenn sein gutes Pferd
Nicht mit ihm hingestürzt. Des Weiteren wegen
Lag es sich nun auf seinem Herrn, der ihm
Die Flanken mit den Sporen arg zerkitzelt.
So macht das Schicksal Alles wett im Leben.

Ein Dritter kam zwar glücklicher hinüber,
Doch sah er nicht, daß hinter jener Hecke
Ein tiefer Graben war. Er fällt hinein,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], in dem er steckt.

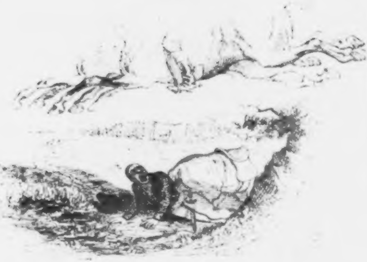

Benimmt dem Sturze ſeine Heftigkeit,
Und ſeine Sinne werden ihm erhalten.
Acht Mal gewahrt er über ſeinem Haupte
Die vier beſchlagnen Hufe jener Roſſe,
Die ihm gefolgt ſind; voller Schrecken nun
Empfiehlt er ängſtlich acht Mal ſich dem Himmel,
Indem er ſchreckerfüllt die Augen ſchließt.

Nicht weit davon nimmt in dem friſchen Bach
Ein Dritter raſch ein nicht beſtelltes Bad,
Die andern Jäger ſetzen drüber weg,
Ironiſch lächelt ihm ein Jeder zu
Und kündet ihm, er könne drin ertrinken,
Doch Keiner hemmt des Roſſes wilden Lauf
Und reicht zur Rettung hülfreich ihm die Hand.

Kurz, nach zwei Stunden dieſer wilden Freuden,
Der zügelloſen Luſt erreichen endlich
Die Hunde das ſo heiß gehetzte Wild. —
Zum Rand des Teiches, wo das Thier verendet

(Bemerket, daß kein Menſch es noch geſehn),
Ruft das Hallali nun die Reiter alle.
Was von der Jagdgeſellſchaft übrig blieb,
Das heißt zwei arme todesmatte Reiter
Auf lahmen Pferden, ſchleppt ſich jetzt dahin
Und findet, — ſterbend von der Hunde Zahn,
Dort ein armſelig Schmalthier nur, vom Hirſch,
Zur falſchen Spur der Meute, aufgetrieben.

Als Dante einſt die kühne Wanderung
In's Reich der Hölle an Virgilius' Hand
Begonnen, ſprach inmitten dieſes Zuges,
Begabtere um Beiſtand flehend, er:
„O Muſen, hoher Geiſt, kommt mir zu Hülfe!
Gedächtniß, welches ſchrieb, was ich geſehn,
Hier wirſt du deinen Adel offenbaren."
So ruf' ich auch, mich von dem Herbſte wendend
Zum heitern Frühling, an Gewittern reich,
Wo die Wettrennen Mode ſind, und ſich
Zweibeinig wie vierbeinig Vollblut ſpreizt.

Die blau und rothen, ſchwarz und violetten,
Grün und orangefarbnen Jockeys haben
Sich mühſam in der Reihe aufgeſtellt,
Nachdem ſie lang' vergeblich ſich gemüht,
Und ungeduldig ſtampfen ihre Renner.
Da plötzlich bricht es wie ein Sturmwind los.
Die Erde zittert unter ihren Hufen
Und eine Wolke Staub deckt Alles rings.
Voraus iſt Hardy, Peyce wird überholt. — —
O welche Hoffnung keimt jetzt ſchmeichelnd auf,
Wie klopft manch ſtolzes Herz laut vor Erwartung!

Stop, Stop! ruft eine rauhe, heiſ're Stimme,
Gleich einem Renner, deſſen ſtark Gebiß
Die ſtärkre Hand mit feſtem Zügel reißt,
Daß mitten er im Laufe inne hält.

Mit wilden Blicken, mit geſchwellten Nüſtern
So wendet ſich die Hoffnung auch und kehrt
Betrübt und muthlos wiederum zurück.

Nun endlich geht es fort .... O Muſe, Tochter
Des Himmels, ſage mir in deiner Weisheit:
Was fühlen jetzt zwei oder drei Beſitzer
Von armen Thieren, ſo zurückgeblieben?
Gieb mir ein Bild des ſchlechtverhehlten Kummers,
Der heimlichen Verwünſchungen, der Reue,
Die ſie erfaßt, wenn ſie bei ſich erwägen,
Wie viele Sorgfalt und wie ſchweres Geld
Dieſe Demüthigung jetzt ihnen koſtet.
Erzähle auch, was jene Trainer fühlen,
Deren Jockeys den Sieg ſich ſtreitig machen
Und die nun ihre Zöglinge zuletzt
Ankommen ſehn; beſchreibe ihre Angſt
Und ihren Zorn bei jeglicher Bewegung,
Die von der graden Linie etwas weicht.
Auch laß uns wiſſen, was der Sieger fühlt,
Wenn ihm das Röcheln ſeines Pferdes ſagt,
Daß dieſes edle, gut geſchulte Roß,
Auf das ſo große Hoffnung er gegründet,
So angegriffen ward im letzten Rennen,
Daß es die Nacht nicht überleben kann.

Doch weg von dieſem Bild gerechter Trauer,
Du liebſt den Staub und dieſes Staubes Jammer,
Geliebte Muſe, nicht; drum führe mich
Zu friedlicheren Bildern freundlich hin.
Laß uns den bürgerlichen Freund der Jagd,
Den unermüdlich ſtreifenden, betrachten.
Noch ſchlummert er an ſeiner Gattin Seite,
Da weckt ein ſüßer Waidmannstraum ihn auf.
Er ſchleicht ſich ſtill von ſeinem Lager fort,
Was auch die liebe Gattin ſagen möge,

Legt ſeine ledernen Kamaſchen an,
Hängt ſich die ſchwere Taſche um die Schulter,
Ergreift ſein doppelläufiges Gewehr
Und giebt ſich kühn dem Thau des Morgens preis.
Nie ſah man einen glücklicheren Mann,
Denn großer Thaten Ahnung füllet ihm
Mit ſtolzer Zuverſichtlichkeit die Bruſt.
Das kluge Thier, das ſo gewandt erräth,
Was man von ihm verlangt, und weit voraus
In's Feld hineinläuft, raſtlos dort reviert,
So daß ſein Herr nur mühſam folgen kann —
Geleitet ihn mit ſeinem Schweife wedelnd
Und fährt dann plötzlich unter ein Volk Hühner.
Bei ihrer Flügel Rauſchen bleibt der Jäger
Verlegen ſtehn und ladet ſeine Flinte
In aller Eile, ſchlägt drauf an, doch ſchießt nicht,
Aus guten Gründen. „Sultan!“ ruft er — „Sultan!
Verfluchtes Vieh!“ Doch Sultan leiht kein Ohr.
So wild iſt er, mit ſchallendem Gebell
Läuft er den Hühnern nach und ſpringt und ſchnappt,
Als ob er ſie im Fluge haſchen wollte.
„Verruchte Beſtie! Du verwünſchtes Thier!“
So ſchilt erboſt der Herr, und dunkles Roth
Färbt die erhitzten Wangen ihm vor Zorn.
Doch faßt er ſich, auf ſchwere Rache ſinnend.
Sobald nun Sultan arglos ſich ihm naht,
Packt er ihn plötzlich, hebt ihn von der Erde,
Bei ſeines Nackens [illegible] Fell ihn faſſend,
Und ſchleudert heftig ihn zu Boden dann.
Das arme Thier heult, ſtöhnt und ſchreit entſetzlich,
Doch bringt das ſeinen Herrn noch heft'ger auf,
Anſtatt ihn zu beſänftigen, die Wuth
Verblendet ihn, er greift nach dem Gewehr,
Faßt es am Lauf und ſchlägt den armen Hund,
Der ſich zu ſeinen Füßen winſelnd ſtreckt;

Da von der Schläge Schwung bricht plötzlich krachend
Der Kolben ab und fliegt weit von ihm fort,
Er muß ſich glücklich ſchätzen, daß der Lauf
Nicht auch unbrauchbar wird, noch glücklicher,
Daß er in ſeiner Wuth nicht auf ſich ſelbſt
Den Doppelblitz, den ſeine Waffe barg,
Zerſtörend, ja Tod bringend ſchleuderte.

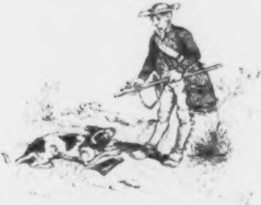

Der Aufruhr ſeiner Seele legt ſich endlich,
Und Sultan folgt demüthig ſeinen Schritten.
Allein — wie bald vergeſſen ſich nicht Leiden.
O caeca mens der Menſchen wie der Hunde! —
Kaum fällt der Schuß, ſo hebt der Hund den Kopf
Und jagt mit raſchem Sprung der Schnepfe nach,
Die auf den Tod verwundet, matten Flugs
Den Boden ſtreift, ſie läßt ſich endlich nieder,
Da faßt Sultan mit ſcharfem Zahn die Arme,
Die zarten Glieder mörderiſch zermalmend.

Apporte, Apporte! doch ſtolz auf ſeinen Sieg
Und mit der Leiche ſpielend, die er ganz
Im Maul zu Brei zerknetet, läuft er luſtig
In weiten Kreiſen rings um ſeinen Herrn.

So ſchleifte einſt um Troja's hohe Mauern
Des Peleus Sohn, auf ſeinem Siegeswagen,
Die edeln blut'gen Ueberreſte Hectors.
Nach allen Seiten fliegen jetzt die Federn,
Das zarte Wild, es iſt nur noch ein Knäuel
Von blut'gem Fleiſche und zermalmten Knochen,
Und tief empört wirft es der Jäger fort,
Nachdem der Hund es endlich hergegeben.
Weit kälter iſt ſein Zorn für dieſes Mal,
Doch weit gefährlicher, er ſinnt auf Rache
Und wie er Sultan furchtbar ſtrafen werde.

Diana hat den Waidmann unterdeſſen
Zu einem Sumpf geführt, der reiche Beute
Ihm zu verſprechen ſcheint. Noch zaudert er
Und wagt ſich trotz der Lockung nicht hinein,
Er denkt an den vorjähr'gen Rheumatismus,
Und aus den Binſen ſcheint wie ein Geſpenſt
Der Nebel aufzuſteigen, die Geſtalt
Von einer Bruſtentzündung anzunehmen,
Die ihm gebieteriſch den Zutritt wehrt;
Doch widerſteht er der Verſuchung nicht,
Allein kaum hat er einen Schritt gethan,
So gleitet ihm der Fuß aus — er verliert
Das Gleichgewicht — ganz unwillkürlich öffnet
Die Hände er — ach, ſein Gewehr entfällt ihm,
Das neue, das er ſich vom Förſter lieh,
Sinkt in die Pfütze, deren trübes Waſſer
Nun augenblicklich beide Läufe füllt.
Er packt es raſch, eilt auf den feſten Boden
Zurück, um in der Sonne es zu trocknen.
Mit einem Krätzer zieht die Ladung er
Gewandt heraus. Faſt iſt das Werk vollendet,
Die letzten Pulverkörner fallen noch
Ihm in die Hand — da — läuft ein fetter Haſe
Gemächlich über ſeinen Weg hin, ſetzt

Sich arglos in des Weißdorns Schatten hin
Und putzt die Löffel mit den Läufen ſich . . . .
Es rückt der Morgen vor; die Sonne ſendet
Schon brennend heiße Strahlen aus, es läutet
Die Frühſtücksglocke in des Waidmanns Magen.
Er ſchlägt den Weg nach ſeinem Wohnſitz ein
Und fragt ſich im Voraus, wie er begegnen
Den ſchlechten Späßen ſoll, mit denen ihn
Die eignen Gäſte ganz gewiß empfangen,
Wenn er ermüdet kehrt und ſo beſchmutzt.
Im Geiſt verwünſcht er ſchon die wilden Kinder,
Die ſich auf ſeine Taſche ſtürzen werden,
Er hört der Damen hinterliſtig Lachen,
Der Männer ernſten Spott, wenn man erkannt,
Daß leer er heimkehrt, wie er ausgegangen.
Ihm ſchwillt das Herz vom nagenden Verdruß.
Die Blicke, die auf ſeinen Hund er wirft,
Sind Unheil kündend — doch das gute Thier
Hat ſeinen ganzen Eifer wieder, ſtreift
Durch's Feld, die Schnauze auf die Erde richtend,
Die Ruthe himmelan und ſchnauft gewaltig.
Ach, dieſes Schnaufen weckt Erinnerungen
In unſers Waidmanns Bruſt, die peinlich ſind,
Denn als die vor'ge Nacht er aus dem Schlaf
Emporfuhr, hörte er zum erſten Mal
In ſeinem Leben ſeine beſſ're Hälfte
So ſchnarchen . . . . Finſt'rer noch wird ſeine Stimmung.
Nun iſt er nah' dem Schloſſe — plötzlich ſteht
Der Hund und giebt die Zeichen ſich'rer Beute.
Mit langen Schritten eilt nun unſer Freund
Quer über's Feld; — da ſteigen Lerchen auf
Mit raſchem Flug, von Sultan aufgejagt,
Von Neuem ſpringt das ungelehr'ge Thier
Laut bellend hinterher. — Unglücklicher,
Siehſt Du nicht Deines Herrn gewalt'gen Zorn,

Da ſeine Hoffnung Du zum dritten Mal
Zerſtörſt, — Dich trifft nun ſeine blinde Wuth.
Es fällt ein Schuß — langſam verzieht der Rauch
Und Sultan wälzt in ſeinem Blute ſich,
Ermordet von der Hand, die ihn ernährt.
O Muſe! gar zu gräßlich war das doch.
Nein! laß uns die erſchreckten Blicke wenden
Von dieſem Bild des unfreiwill'gen Mordes
Und der gewiſſen Reue; führe mich
Zu des geliebten Fluſſes ſtillem Ufer,
An jene einſam ungeſtörten Stellen,
Wo das Dreimaſchengarn, Fiſchgabeln, Hamen,
Schleppnetze, Reuſen, Angelleinen, Schlingen,
Sardellennetze, Gabelnetze, Schläuche,
Streichwathen, Deckelkörbe und Bricolen
Den Tod bereiten, ſo dem kecken Barſch
Wie dem azurnen Braſſen, ſo dem Plattfiſch,
Den Menſchenſpur herbeilockt, wie der Barbe,
Vor deren Hauch das Waſſer Blaſen wirft,
Dem faden, transparenten Weißfiſch und
Der gelben, ſchwarzgetüpften Grundel, wie
Dem raſchen Karpfen und dem feigen Kaulbarſch,
Den eine Fliege ſchon jagt in die Flucht,
Dem friſchen und lebendigen Rothauge,
Dem Klumpfiſch mit dem dicken Kopfe, wie auch
Der ſpringenden Seebarbe, die ſich nährt
Von Kräutern, und dem Stint, dem ſilbernen,
Wohlduftenden, des Fluſſes lebend Veilchen.
Dort giebt es Menſchen, die, den ſtarren Blick
Gerichtet auf die Spule, Stunden lang
Den glücklichen Moment erharren, wo
Sie an dem Angelhaken eine Beute,
Die in der Einbildung nur Werth beſitzt,
Aufziehen können. — Der Moment erſcheint,
Die Angelſchnur wird ſtraff, — der Fiſch, der ſich

Geſtochen fühlt, ſtrengt ſeine Kräfte an
Und ſtrebt zur Tiefe wiederum zurück,
Da reißt aus Mangel an Geſchicklichkeit
Die Schnur — und eine Peitſche, die zu Nichts
Mehr zu gebrauchen, zieht der Angler an ſich,
Indeß der arme Fiſch im Grund der Fluth
Den Todeskampf auskämpft und oben nur
Das Waſſer ſich in vielen Ringeln kräuſelt,
Die den getäuſchten Mann zu foppen ſcheinen.
    Oft iſt ihm noch weit Aerg'res zugedacht —
Wenn er aufmerkſam auf das leiſe Zucken
Der Spule, raſch und ſiegreich ſeine Angel
Herauszieht und an ihrem Haken baumelt
Ein alter Schuh, vom Ufer weggeſpült.
    Und doch — ſelbſt vor dem großen Augenblicke,
Wie viele Hinderniſſe ſtörten tückiſch
Den Vielgetäuſchten ſchon bei ſeinem Werk:
Der Himmel, der mit Wolken ſich bedeckt,

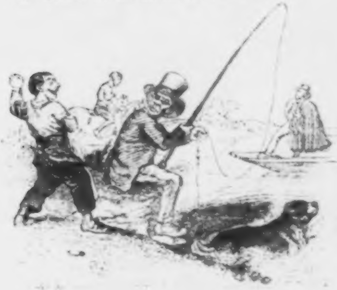

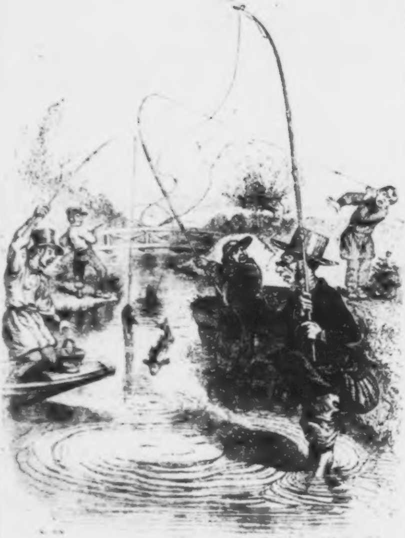

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Der Wind, der ſtürmiſch mit dem Waſſer tobt,
Das laute Schwatzen von Luſtwandelnden,
Der glatte Stein, den eines wilden Knaben
Unſert'ge Hand läßt ſchuſſern auf dem Waſſer;
Ach, mehr bedarf es nicht, um ſchnell dem Aermſten
Des ganzen Nachmittags mühſelig Harren
Und ſtets getäuſchte Hoffnung zu vernichten.
Sag', holde Muſe, wenn ich bitten darf,
Was fühlt der leidenſchaftlichſte der Schüler
Von Iſaak Walton, wenn er ſeine Reuſen
Und Netze unterſucht und unberührt
Sie findet, wenn er ſich geſtehen muß,
Daß er die Stätte ſchlecht gewählt, wenn er
Sieht auf dem Waſſer gift'ge Kräuter ſchwimmen,
Wie Diebe ſie gebrauchen, um Behälter
Verrätheriſch der Fiſche zu berauben?
Zeig' ihn auch mit dem ſchweren Wurfnetz mir,
Das einem Mantel gleich er um die Schultern
Geſchlagen hat, das bleibeſchwerte Tau
Ward feſt an ſeine linke Hand gebunden;
Nach dieſer Seite hin dreht er den Körper,

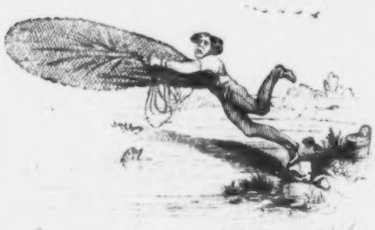

Um ſich den rechten Schwung zu geben, wendet
Sich lebhaft nach der andern Seite dann,
Und rollt das Netz auf, das kreisförmige
— Doch nun, wenn der zahlloſen Maſchen eine
An ſeinem Kleide einen Knopf nur findet,
Der ſie zurückhält, reißt das ſchwere Garn
Den Unvorſicht'gen wüthend mit ſich fort,
Ein unerwünſchtes Bad ihm raſch bereitend.
Dann zeige ferner mir bei jener Quelle,
Wo ſich der Krebs in Menge findet und
Der glatte Aal gern zu verweilen pflegt,
Den kühnen Abenteurer, der gewandt
Sich in das Waſſer ſtiehlt und ſeinen Arm
In jene Löcher ſteckt, wo unter Wurzeln
Und großen Kieſeln gern die Beute hauſt.
Er ſchreitet vor — es füllet ſich ſein Korb,
Ein ſiegreich Lächeln ſpielt um ſeine Lippen;
Es muß ein hoher Preis ſein, der ihn freut.
Er zieht ihn raſch hervor und ſchwingt ihn kräftig
Hoch über ſeinem Haupt — doch plötzlich weicht
Die Freude tiefer Angſt — ſtatt eines Aals
Ergriffen ſeine Hände eine Schlange,
Die zürnend zwiſchen ſeinen Fingern ſich
Gewaltſam windet und nach allen Seiten
Aus plattem Kopf ſchießt die geſpaltne Zunge.
O Muſe, ich beſchwöre Dich, verlaſſe
Mit mir den grauſenhaften Anblick, führe
Zu Bildern mich, die nicht ſo ſchrecklich ſind!
Was thun die Leute da? Nackt wie die Schatten
Des Dante, eingehüllt in Leichentücher,
Seh' ich ſie irren längs dem trüben Waſſer,
In das ſich Ein'ge ſtürzen; ihre Leiber
Sind wie getigert von der friſchen Kälte,
An ihren Schläfen kleben ihre Haare
Und decken größtentheils das bleiche Antlitz.

In welchem Scham ſich und Verwirrung zeigt,
Durch ein gezwungnes Lächeln ſchlecht verhüllt.
  Dort nimmt der Eine einen raſchen Anlauf
Und ſtürzt ſich köpflings in das finſtre Becken;
Nach wenigen Secunden zeigt er ſich
Mit einer derben Beule auf der Stirn,
Des Bretterbodens ungewöhnliche
Erhöhung mit ergrimmtem Fluch verwünſchend.
  Ein Andrer, der zum erſten Mal es wagte,
Von einem Ende bis zum anderen
Die unbekannten Fluthen zu durchmeſſen,
Fühlt plötzlich zwei gewalt'ge Hände ſchwer
Auf ſeinen Schultern laſten; angſterfüllt
Taucht raſch er unter, doch ein rauher Stoß
Verfolgt ihn dort und ſchleudert ihn zu Boden.
Umſonſt ſtreckt er die Arme aus und will
Um Hülfe ſchrei'n; das naſſe Element
Preßt ihn und macht ihn blind, füllt ihm den Mund,

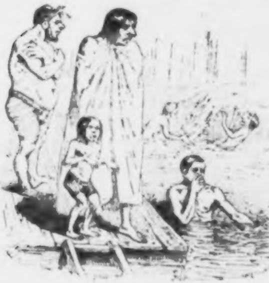

Kocht in den Ohren ihm und raubt den Athem
Dem Aermſten. An ſein Liebſtes auf der Erde
Denkt er noch ein Mal, hebt dann ſeine Arme
Zum Himmel auf und harrt demüthig nun
Auf ſeinen Tod .... allein, ihm kehrt die Kraft,
Er athmet wieder, ſieht mit feuchten Wimpern
Das ſüße Licht des Tags, die Luft des Himmels
Füllt wieder ſeine Lunge — er vergißt
Das Gräßliche, das eben ihn bedrohte,
Und will ſich freuen, daß er lebt — da ſieht er
Verdächtiges in ſeiner Nähe ſchwimmen,
Er überzeugt ſich, daß die Stadt nicht fern,
Die Reinlichkeitsbehörde nicht ſehr ſtreng,
Und daß ein ganz enormer Unterſchied
Obwalte zwiſchen Fluß- und Wannenbad.
„Mein Hemd! mein Rock! mein Taſchenbuch! die Uhr!“
So ſchreiet plötzlich eines der Geſpenſter,
Und ſtürzet bleich und ängſtlich aus der Zelle,
Die eben es betreten; Alle eilen
Herbei und ſcharen ſich umher und ſchnattern
Gleich Enten, die man aus dem Teiche trieb.
„Braun war er — Wer, der Rock? — Nicht doch,
der Räuber. —
Ein ſilbern Schloß war dran — Wie? an dem Diebe? —
Nicht doch, am Taſchenbuch — verſchließt die Thüren
Und holt die Polizei .... Durchſucht die Taſchen! —“
Das und noch manches Andre hört man jetzt,
Dem unvorſicht'gen Schwimmer hilft es Nichts,
Man tadelt ſeine Unbeſonnenheit,
— Und ſchilt ihn weidlich aus — indeſſen er
Vor Aerger und Verdruß faſt aus der Haut fährt.
O Muſe, wenn der Schreck Dich reden läßt,
So ſag' uns wenigſtens, wie dieſer Arme
Nach ſeiner Wohnung kehrt, und wenn es ihm
Auch mit geborgten Kleidern jetzt gelingt,

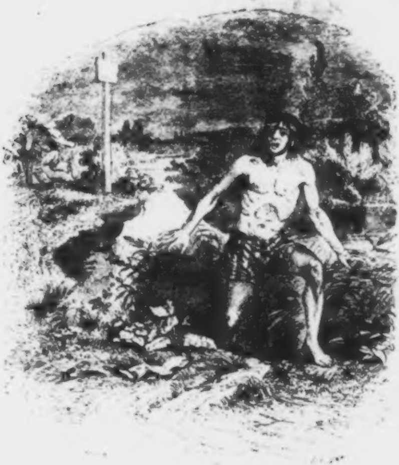

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Wie er am nächſten Morgen ausgehn ſoll,
Denn deutlich las in ſeinen Zügen man,
Daß ſeine ganze Garderobe er
Auf ſeinem Leibe trug, als er in's Bad ging. —
Eins, zwei — eins, zwei — eins, zwei, drei — eins,
zwei, drei!!
Was geht in jenem niedern Saale vor?
Und welch geheimnißvolles Werk beginnen
Dort jene ausgeſtopften und mit dicken
Handſchuhn verſehenen, maskirten Männer?
Wir wollen dieſen ſchmächt'gen Jüngling fragen,
Der ſich den Schweiß von ſeiner Stirne wiſcht,
Und Flecken von der arg zerſchrammten Bruſt;
Die Schultern hat er ſich verrenkt, die Sohlen
Hat er voll Schwielen, ſeine Kniee ſchmerzen
Und ſeine Schläfen thun ihm ſchrecklich weh.
Ein großer Eiſenfreſſer lehret ihm,
Wie man den lieben Nächſten aus der Welt ſchafft
Durch Terz und Quart, — doch ſcheint's, als ob an ihm
Er demonſtrirt, wie praktiſch ſeine Lehren.
„Auf' legen Sie ſich aus — die Terz parirt,

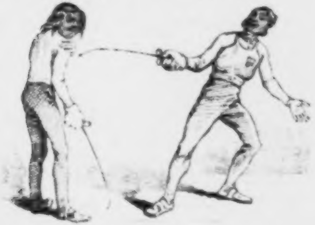

Quart nachgeſtoßen — raſch in die Parade —
Eins — zwei — da ſitzt mein Stoß — eins — zwei — legirt'
So geben Sie doch Acht — wär' nicht der Knopf,
Sie hätten dreißig Lungenſuchſer ſchon . . . ."
Ganz leiſe ſagt der Schüler zu ſich ſelbſt,
Daß in des Treffens Hitze leicht der Knopf
Abſpringen könne, Allen unbemerkt.
Doch bleibt es ausgemacht, daß ſeine Bildung
Ganz unvollſtändig wäre, wenn er nicht
Die edle Fechtkunſt aus dem Grund erlernt,
Und ſeufzend ſtürzt er ſich in die Gefahr,
Geſpießt zu werden, ſeiner Bildung wegen.
    Du lächelſt, Himmelstochter! führeſt mich
An einen andern Ort, wo Schüſſe fallen
Schnell auf einander, wie im kleinen Krieg.
Vom Krieg iſt hier indeſſen keine Rede,
Nur von der nobeln Paſſion des Schießens,
Und mit Piſtolen zwar. Zwei edle Herrn,
Berühmt durch ihres Auges ſichern Blick
Und ihre feſte Hand, wetteifern hier.
Ein ſchöner Becher iſt des Siegers Preis
Und die Bedingungen ſind folgende:
Auf ein und zwanzig Schritte ein und zwanzig
Unſchuld'ge Tauben; nur zwei Unzen Pulver
Jedwedem Kämpfer. Weit voraus iſt ſchon
Der Eine, neunzehn Schüſſe that er nur
Und ſechzehn arme weiße Täubchen liegen
Dort blutend auf der Erde — dennoch ſchlüpft
Der Sieg ihm aus der Hand — ſein Pulverhorn
Iſt leer; durch eine unbemerkte Spalte
Entwich das ihm ſo karg gemeßne Pulver.
Der Wette eiſernes Geſetz verbietet
Mit anderem ſich zu verſehn.
                                        Es ſchmunzelt
Der Gegner, beſſeren Erfolgs gewiß;

Allein das wankelmüth'ge Schickſal will,
Gleich einem Weibe, nicht, daß man vorher
Auf ſeine Gunſt ſich freue. — Eben will er
Der Schüſſe zwanzigſten dem Rohr entſenden,
Da zittert von furchtbarem Knall die Luft,
Es ſpringt der Lauf und ſeine Stücke fliegen
Nach allen Seiten hin; geblendet ſchwankt
Der Schütze hin und her, mit blut'gen Händen
Nach ſeinen Haaren, die auflodern, greifend.
Beſorgt und ängſtlich eilt man ihm zu helfen.
Nachdem man Alles ſorgſam unterſucht,
Sieht man, daß die Gefahr nicht zu gefährlich.
Wohl iſt es möglich, daß trotz allen Mitteln
Ein Auge er verliert — allein — welch' Glück!
Das andre hofft man noch ihm zu erhalten.

Wohl wär' es Zeit, o Muſe, daß wir jetzt
Die Gallerie der ſchönen Bilder ſchlöſſen.
Indeſſen ehe wir uns trennen, laß
Gemeinſchaftlich uns jenem Jüngling folgen,
Der eben erſt aus Albion gekehrt
Ganz angliſirt und aus Britannien
Sich edler Künſte Lehrer mitgebracht,
Um ſeinen von dem Gipfel der Cultur
Noch weit entfernten Freunden und Genoſſen
Der höchſten Bildung Mittel zu verſchaffen.
Mit edlem Beiſpiel geht er Allen vor
Und zeigt, wie man mit Grazie und Gefühl
Die Theorie des Boxens practiſch lernt.
Sein großer Meiſter packt ihn und verſetzt
Ihm einen derben Schlag auf ſeine Naſe,
Dann giebt er einen Puff ihm auf die Bruſt,
Daß Hören ihm wie Sehn alsbald vergeht,
Drauf faßt er ihn am Bein, hebt es empor
Und fährt ihm mit der Fauſt ſo unter's Kinn.

Daß alle Zähne ihm im Munde wackeln
Und hintenüber er zu Boden ſtürzt.
Nachdem der Edle endlich ſich erholt
Und keuchend, ſtöhnend, hinkend ſich erhebt
Vom Boden, ſchüttelt er dem weiſen Lehrer
Die Rieſenfauſt und drückt ein Geldſtück ihm
Als Honorar in ſeine mächt'ge Hand.
Am Tage drauf fängt er mit einem Kärrner,
Der aus dem Wege nicht ihm fahren will,
Gleich wie vom Zaun gebrochen Händel an
Und fordert ihn, raſch ſeinen Rock abwerfend,
Zum Fauſtkampf auf, wohl eingedenk der Lehren,
Die ihm ſein Meiſter geſtern erſt gegeben
Und die, ſo hofft er, ihm den Sieg verleihn.
Der Kärrner iſt zwar nur Naturaliſt,
Allein er weiß ſich trefflich zu benehmen,
Er prügelt nämlich unſern Junker durch,
Daß ängſtlich der um Gnade bitten muß
Und endlich Gott dankt, noch mit blauem Auge
Davon zu kommen.
Muſe, habe Dank!
Das ſind, mit ſchwachen Zügen nur geſchildert,
Die nobelſten der nobeln Paſſionen.

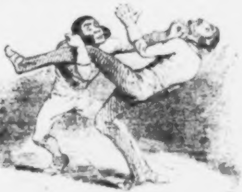

Der erſte Tag der Berühmtheit.

Ein Genrebild.

Beginnen wir mit dem vorhergehenden Tage, einer Prüfungszeit, wie es wenige giebt. Man denke ſich nur, was aus einem armen Teufel Alles werden kann, während der Stunden zwiſchen dem erſten und dem fünften Acte des Drama, das ihn berühmt machen ſoll. In dieſem entſcheidenden Momente concentriren ſich die zwölf oder funfzehn Monate voll Unruhen und Sorgen, welche dieſer Art von Kampf des Autors mit dem Publicum vorhergingen, zu einer wahren Agonie. Die vornehme Herablaſſung und die ewigen Verzögerungen des Theaterdirectors — die Furcht vor den Recenſenten — die Laune der

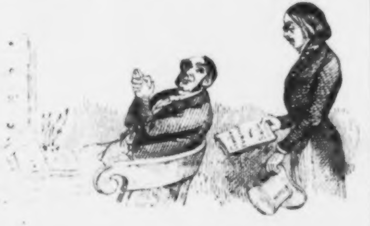

bedeutenderen Schauſpieler — das Wichtigthun der unbedeutenden — die tauſend Verſtöße bei den Proben, bei denen man aus der Haut fahren möchte — die Verzweiflung über die Verſtümmelungen, die das Werk erleiden mußte — die vielen Aenderungen, die man verlangte, und ohne welche es gar nicht zur Darſtellung gekommen wäre, Veränderungen, deren jede den unglücklichen Dichter in Wuth ſetzte, ehe er ſich dazu bequemte — kurz alle dieſe Fieberſchauer, dieſe Leiden ſcheinen eben ſo viele mit wahrhaft hölliſcher Geſchicklichkeit gemiſchte Gifte zu ſein, um für jene ſchrecklichen Augenblicke, von denen wir eben redeten, ihre verderbliche Quinteſſenz zu liefern.

Wem je ſo Ungeheures in das Leben trat, der wird gewiß mit uns darin übereinſtimmen, daß jener Moment einer der kritiſcheſten ſei im menſchlichen Daſein. Durch die viele Mühe, die es uns gemacht, iſt ſolch ein Drama ein weſentlicher, ja der weſentlichſte und auch der verwundbarſte Theil unſeres Selbſt geworden. Nun iſt es endlich auf der Bühne allen Stürmen preisgegeben, das heißt allen Launen, allen Irrthümern, allen Bosheiten, allen Spöttereien des tauſendköpfigen Ungeheuers, Publicum genannt. Das iſt aber noch nicht Alles; jeden Augenblick kann man es, ſo zu ſagen, am Rande des Abgrundes ſehn, das Stück ſelbſt eben ſowohl, wie den Ruhm, die Hoffnung, die Zukunft ſeines Verfaſſers und zwar durch den böſen Willen des erſten Liebhabers, deſſen Eitelkeit man verletzte, ohne es zu wiſſen und zu wollen; durch das ſchlechte Gedächtniß des Intriguanten, der nur im Wirthshauſe zu memoriren pflegt; durch die unvernünftige Coquetterie der erſten Liebhaberin, die ſich nicht in den Helden, ſondern in ihren Putz verliebt hat. Die Fallſtricke vermehren ſich unter unſeren Füßen, eine Ungeſchicklichkeit des Maſchiniſten — dieſes Tiſchlers mit den öligen Händen, dem Fettgeruche, der zerriſſenen Jacke — reicht hin, um das herrliche Gebäude in ſeinen Grundveſten zu erſchüttern und in Trümmer zu legen: ein ſchlechtberechneter Lichteffect, der die Handelnden in Schatten ſtellt, die heiſere Stimme eines Figuranten können da Lachen erregen, wo wir Grauſen einflößen wollten. Iſt das nicht gräßlich!

Wir wollen aber nicht das Schreckliche heraufbeſchwören, ſondern lieber annehmen, Alles ſei glücklich vorübergegangen und der

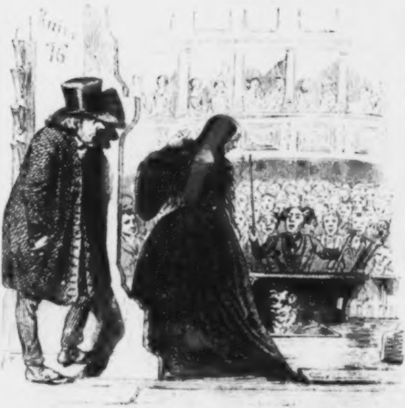

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Verfaſſer habe — im Hintergrunde einer Loge wohl verborgen — Nichts als das ſeinem Ohre ſo ſchmeichelhafte Bravorufen und Beifallklatſchen vernommen. Das Drama hat ſo außerordentlich gefallen, daß es ſchon am nächſten Tage wiederholt werden ſoll, denn das Publicum verlangte es einſtimmig, und der Director bewog den glückſeligen Dichter aus ſeiner Anonymität hervorzutreten. Am folgenden Morgen ſchon prangt unſer Name an allen Straßenecken auf dem Komödienzettel. — Was auch unſere Feinde ſagen, wie auch unſere Beſcheidenheit es ablehnen möge — wir ſind berühmt! Hundert Journaliſten beeilen ſich unſern Ruhm zu verbreiten, hundert andere ihn zu vernichten — unſeren Namen müſſen alle veröffentlichen. Wir ſind berühmt! — Binnen ſechs Monaten wird es in ganz Deutſchland für Jeden, der auf Bildung Anſprüche macht, eine Schande ſein, unſeren Namen und den Titel unſeres Stückes nicht zu kennen. Wir ſind berühmt! — Unſere Geliebte hat ſich ſchon eiferſüchtiger Furcht nicht erwehren können, wir würden ihr abſpänſtig gemacht werden; unſere beſten Freunde gehn uns ſchon aus dem Wege und ſchmollen mit uns. Ganz gewiß wir ſind berühmt.

Ich müßte mich ſehr irren oder ein glücklicher Autor wird dieſen erſten Tag ſeiner Berühmtheit nicht in ſeinen vier Pfählen zubringen wollen. Unter irgend einem Vorwande wird er vor dem Eſſen einen Spaziergang durch die Straßen machen, um etwas von der guten Luft einzuathmen, die noch zittern muß von dem geſtrigen Beifalle, den die aus dem Schauſpiel Heimkehrenden durch die ganze Stadt trugen. Aermſter! erkenne dieſen täglichen Lärm, der immer derſelbe iſt, in dem alles Andere ſich verliert; dieſes Geſumme menſchlicher Intereſſen, über das ſich Nichts erhebt. Jedes Bedürfniß des Menſchen hat ſeine Verkündiger und weckt überall ein Echo, aber Dein Ruhm ſchweigt. Das Waſſer rauſcht und ſprudelt, die Schornſteine grüßen ſich von einem Dach zum anderen; das Haus, das gebaut wird, verſpottet mit ſeinem Lärm das Haus, welches eingeriſſen wird; das Poſthorn ſchmettert durch die Straßen; die Glocken rufen dem Menſchen in die Seele, daß es einen Gott giebt; die Drehorgel begleitet eine neue Romanze, aber es iſt nicht die Deines Drama. Alte Kleider, friſche Kuchen, Waldteufel, Milch, Gemüſe, Alles wird ausgerufen; in allen möglichen Tonarten, mit allen möglichen Stimmen, aber Deinen Ruhm verkündet keine von allen. Die Biographie des eben hingerichteten Verbrechers wird an allen Ecken feil geboten, ſein Name zerreißt alle Ohren;

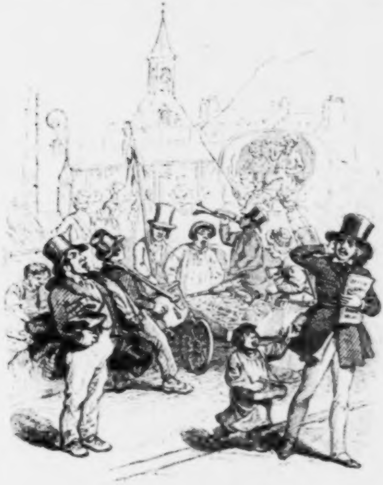

aber von dem Deinigen ſchweigt Alles. Dieſer Lärm, dem Du fremd biſt und deſſen verſteckten Sinn Du bis dahin nie begriffen hatteſt, wird Dich morgen und vielleicht immer an eine treffliche Lection praktiſcher Philoſophie erinnern, an die erſte Pauſe nämlich in den Täuſchungen Deiner Eitelkeit, an den erſten drawback, wie die Engländer ſagen, ſagen wir an den erſten Hemmſchuh, der Deinem unüberlegten Sprunge angelegt wurde.

Freilich konnteſt Du — dieſe Bemerkung machteſt Du indeſſen nicht ohne einige Bitterkeit — nicht erwarten, daß der gewöhnliche Lauf der Dinge unterbrochen würde durch ein Meiſterwerk, durch die plötzliche Erſcheinung noch eines großen Dichters mehr. Wie ſollte denn ein ſolches Ereigniß dieſe plumpe Menge aufregen, in deren Schooß, wie in einem ſtehenden Sumpfe, auch die brennendſten Pfeile verlöſchen würden, welche Apollon jemals verſandt? „Steigen wir einen Grad höher, begeben wir uns zu denen, die nicht blos vom Brode leben!“ So ſprichſt Du zu Dir und begiebſt Dich nach dieſen Worten in den Clubb, in welchem die geleſenſten Journale zu finden ſind.

Dein Ruhm muß auf jenem Tiſche liegen, unter jener Liverpoollampe, wenigſtens in den kleinen täglich erſcheinenden Localblättern, die ſchon am folgenden Tage von jedem Ereigniß auf, vor und hinter der Bühne Bericht erſtatten. — Laß uns einmal Deinen Ruhm ſehen. Fatales Hinderniß! — Dein Ruhm wird gerade geleſen.

Ein alter, magerer, ernſthafter Herr durchackert geduldig mit ſeiner ſpitzigen Naſe das einzige Exemplar des einzigen kleinen Journals dieſer Art, welches hier gehalten wird. Dein erſter Gedanke wünſcht ihn zum Teufel, Dein zweiter dagegen nimmt großen Antheil an ihm, denn Du ſiehſt, wie er mit langen Zügen die Analyſe Deines unſterblichen Werkes einſchlürft; Du möchteſt ſeine intereſſante Phyſiognomie in allen ihren Variationen ſtudiren, denn ſie muß im Kleinen der Abdruck aller Emotionen ſein, welche Du in Deinen fünf Acten, deren Inhalt er ſtudirt, ſo reichlich angebracht haſt. Unglücklicher Weiſe entzieht die Kurzſichtigkeit dieſes redlichen Bürgers ihn Deinen Blicken, welche die Schranke, die die Theaterzeitung zwiſchen Euch bildet, nicht durchdringen können; als Baſis Deiner anziehenden Hypotheſen bleibt Dir daher nur die langſamere oder ſchnellere Bewegung des Schattens, den ſeine Naſe auf dieſe halbdurchſichtige Maſke wirft. Dieſe pathologiſchen und literariſchen Conjecturen, welche allerdings nicht frei von Irrthum ſein mögen, erleichtern Dir jedoch die Uebung in der Geduld. Allmälig und ohne ſich irgend zu übereilen, erreicht die reiſende Naſe endlich das Ziel, das ſie ſich geſteckt zu haben ſcheint, nämlich die Anzeigen. Doch auch hier irrt ſie noch eine Zeitlang herum, als würde es ihr ſchwer, ſobald zu ſcheiden. Endlich entſchließt ſie ſich dazu. Das Journal fällt auf den Tiſch .... Du hälſt es ſchon .... da ſpringt plötzlich ein Männchen, das Du früher gar nicht bemerkteſt, weil es hinter einer engliſchen Zeitung verborgen war, wie ein Leopard aus einem Dickicht hervor und ruft Dir zürnend zu:

„Nach mir, mein Herr! .... Ich hatte es belegt.“

Niederſchmetterndes Wort, das aber der alte Herr durch ein ſüßliches Neigen des Kopfes bethätigt.

Neues Harren, neue Pein, neue phyſiognomiſche Studien. Diesmal kannſt Du vermittelſt Deiner guten Augen und Deiner größeren Figur die Lectüre Deines Nachbarn bewachen und fühlſt Dich nicht wenig enttäuſcht, als Du ihn die Theaterkritik haſtig durchlaufen und nur auf die kleineren Notizen ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit richten ſiehſt. Dieſe ſtudirt und commentirt er mit Muße. Wahrſcheinlich iſt er der Verfaſſer derſelben. Noch mehr, er holt ſich Tinte, Feder und Papier und ſchreibt einen dieſer merkwürdigen Artikel Wort für Wort ab. Brauche ich noch den Zuſtand zu ſchildern, in welchen Dich dieſes unmenſchliche Verfahren ſetzt?

Nach langem Harren endlich wird Dir — Du haſt es redlich verdient — das Journal zu Theil. Du verſchlingſt es mit den Augen, zwei Secunden reichen hin, um in ſeinen ſchwarzen Spalten zu finden, was Dir das Wichtigſte iſt, die Nachricht von Deinem Triumph, Deinen nun berühmten Namen .... O vanitatum vanitas! o vanitatis vanitas! Der Titel Deines Drama ſteht da und ebenfalls ein Bericht über das außerordentliche Glück, das es gemacht, aber — es iſt einem Anderen zugeſchrieben worden. Sei es Bosheit

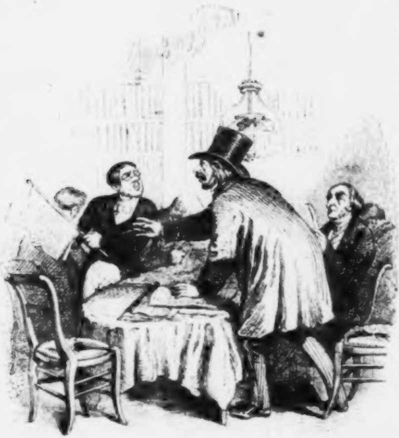

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oder Unwiſſenheit, kurz dem Kritiker iſt der heutige Theaterzettel noch nicht zu Geſichte gekommen, oder er hat ſich den Namen des Dichters von einem Schauſpieler ſagen laſſen und ihn gänzlich falſch verſtanden, denn Du biſt es nicht, den er genannt, und das Publicum, wenigſtens ein großer Theil deſſelben, wird nun einen ganz anderen Mann als den Dichter des unſterblichen Werkes begrüßen. Das iſt aber ſehr ſchlimm. Die Zeitſchriften ſchreiben bekanntlich einander aus und dieſer Irrthum wird ſich durch das ganze deutſche Vaterland von Journal zu Journal als eine Wahrheit verbreiten. Willſt Du dem abhelfen, ſo mußt Du überall Briefe hinſenden, um dieſen Mißgriff ſchon im Keime zu erſticken, und der ganze erſte Tag Deiner Berühmtheit geht Dir verloren.

Das wäre doch eine zu unangenehme Arbeit, auch mußt Du ſehn, was Dein Freund Theodor macht. Er war geſtern nicht im Theater, das iſt Dir um ſo unbegreiflicher, als Du ihm doch ein Freibillet geſandt hatteſt.

Dein armer Freund Theodor iſt aber unwohl. Nicht ohne Mühe gelangſt Du bis an ſein Bett. Verzeih ihm ſeine Zerſtreutheit, aber ſeine Krankheit beſchäftigt ihn zu ſehr und er unterhält Dich nur von ſeinem Fieber, ſeiner Schlafloſigkeit, ſeiner ſtarken Transſpiration und ſeiner Kolik. Wenn er ſich allein damit begnügte, es Dir zu beſchreiben, ſo ginge es noch, aber vergeſſend, daß Du kein Arzt biſt, unterwirft er Deiner hier ganz incompetenten Kritik eine Maſſe von mehr oder minder bedenklichen Symptomen, die Dich an keinem Tage, heute aber am allerwenigſten intereſſiren .... Dein Drama erwähnt er dagegen auch nicht mit einer Sylbe. Selbſt da Du der Prüderie Deiner verzweifelnden Eigenliebe einige Gewalt anthuſt und leiſe auf Deinen geſtrigen Triumph anſpielſt, unterbricht der Kranke Dich plötzlich:

„Ach ja, Dein Trauerſpiel, das iſt wahr .... denke Dir nur, ich zog mich gerade an, um in das Theater zu gehn, als plötzlich heftige Uebelkeiten u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w."

Dieſe neue Erzählung dauert eine Viertelſtunde, ohne daß auch nur ein einziges Mal von dem, was Dich betrifft, die Rede iſt. Zwiefach geärgert durch eine ſo gefühlloſe Gleichgültigkeit und durch

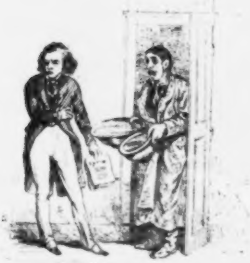

ſo wenig angenehme Mittheilungen, entfernſt Du Dich ſobald Du kannſt und kommſt nun ganz aufgeregt zu einer liebenswürdigen jungen Wittwe, die, wie Du Dir ſchmeichelſt, innigeren Antheil an Deinem glänzenden Erfolge nimmt.

Sobald ſie Dich erblickt, eilt ſie Dir entgegen und ruft Dir freudig zu:

„Ach wie herrlich iſt's, daß Sie kommen .... Ich erwartete Sie .... ich wollte Ihnen ſchreiben .... zu Ihnen ſenden .... Wie dankbar bin ich Ihnen, daß Sie meine Gedanken errathen haben.“

„Scharmant! — denkſt Du — endlich iſt doch das Schickſal gerecht.“

Du willſt nun eben beſcheiden einige Worte der Erkenntlichkeit ſtammeln. Die holde Frau gönnt Dir aber nicht die Zeit, ſondern fällt Dir in die Rede.

„Sie kennen Würtemberg?“

„Wür — tem — berg,“ wiederholſt Du ganz verdutzt.

„Ja, Würtemberg. Was befremdet Sie denn ſo? — Ich möchte gern einige Auskunft von Ihnen haben, der Doctor hat mir das Wildbad verordnet. — Iſt es hübſch da? — Wie iſt es in Stuttgart? Ich möchte mich nachher einige Wochen dort ausruhen u. ſ. w."

* * *

Ehe Du am Abend der zweiten Vorſtellung beiwohnſt, gehſt Du in das Theaterkaffeehaus. Neben Dir ſitzen an einem Tiſche zwei junge Leute und ſchwatzen ziemlich laut — Bald, o Glück! wendet ſich ihr Geſpräch auf den geſtrigen Abend. Du biſt ganz Ohr, um auch nicht ein Wörtchen von ihrer intereſſanten Unterhaltung zu verlieren.

— „Es thut mir leid nicht bei der erſten Vorſtellung zugegen geweſen zu ſein, — ſagt der Eine; — Du warſt im Theater?"

— „Ob ich da war!" antwortet der Andere triumphirend.

— „Nun?"

— „Ganz herrlich!"

Ein vortrefflicher Jüngling! Wenn es ſich nur ſchickte, Du ſprängeſt auf und drückteſt ihn an Dein dankbares Herz.

— „Großer Beifall? Nicht wahr?"

— „Die Wände bebten. Seit langer Zeit wurde nicht ſo applaudirt."

— „Und wie war ſie angezogen?" —

Was iſt das? .... Ein kalter Schauer läuft Dir über den ganzen Leib.

— „Sie wechſelte drei Mal das Coſtüm und ſah jedes Mal wunderbar ſchön aus."

— „Ein göttliches Weib — das freut mich außerordentlich — Nun, und das neue Stück? ...."

— „Bah, eine Tragödie — Ungereimte Jamben, wie gewöhnlich —"

Der Böotier! — Wie gern würfeſt Du ihm Dein Glas an den Kopf. —

— „Wie heißt der Verfaſſer? .... Weiß man's nicht? ...."

— „Ich habe nicht nach ſeinem Namen gefragt."

Dick, fett und .... melancholisch.

— „Sie ſcheinen — ſagte ich zu ihm, um eine Unterredung anzuknüpfen — ſich einer vortrefflichen Geſundheit zu erfreuen?“

Er ſah mich mißtrauiſch und zornig an. Das ſetzte mich in nicht geringes Erſtaunen, denn in meinen Worten lag doch wahrlich nichts Uebelwollendes.

— „Ja, mein Herr! — erwiederte er — ich befinde mich wohl .... ſehr wohl .... ohne Zweifel zu wohl. Was habe ich Ihnen denn gethan, daß Sie mich ſo boshaft daran erinnern?“

— „Verzeihn Sie — entgegnete ich — es war mir unbekannt ....“

— „Es war Ihnen unbekannt? — Wozu brauchten Sie es denn zu wiſſen? .... Bin ich hier nicht vor Ihren ſehenden Augen und verberge ich etwa mein Mißgeſchick? .... Das zeigt ſich, Gott ſei Dank, überall.“ —

Bei dieſen Worten verſuchte er die Hände zwiſchen ſeine Weſte und ſeine Inexpreſſibles zu bringen, um das erſtere Kleidungsſtück auf ein rundes Bäuchlein hinabzuziehn, das ſich von der zwängenden Hülle allmälig befreit hatte. Dieſer Verſuch gelang ihm aber nicht, denn er brachte nicht einmal einen Finger — freilich erinnerten ſeine Finger auch an die jenes römiſchen Kaiſers, der die Halsbänder ſeiner Gemahlin als Ringe trug — zwiſchen die beiden einander einzwängenden Stoffe. — Ich begriff nun, daß ihn ſeine wirklich ungewöhnliche Wohlbeleibtheit quälte. — Ein Ungeſchickter würde an meiner Stelle, indem er das Verſehen wieder gut zu machen ſuchte, daſſelbe noch vergrößert haben; ich hütete mich aber wohl Troſtgründe aufzuſuchen, die leicht verletzend werden konnten. Der dicke Mann war dankbar für meine Zartheit und ſagte, nach einigen noch ſeinem früheren Zorn gewidmeten Minuten, mit gerührtem Ton:

— „Ich bin fett — ſehr fett — wozu es läugnen? Aber, wenn es gleich ein Unglück iſt, ſo iſt es doch kein Verbrechen und ich werde nicht unter der Laſt meines Mißgeſchicks erliegen .... Angenehm wäre es mir freilich, bei den Menſchen mehr Rückſichten und Zurückhaltung zu finden. Ich wollte, ſie enthielten ſich, wenn die Höflichkeit es ihnen zur Pflicht macht — jener abgedroſchenen Redensarten, die, Allen gleichgültig, für mich und meine Leidensgenoſſen ebenſoviele Kränkungen ſind. — Einem Lahmen werden Sie nicht zu ſeiner Art zu gehen Glück wünſchen, eben ſo wenig wie einem Blinden, daß er Nichts ſieht, oder einem Verwachſenen, daß er einen Buckel hat, nicht wahr? — Warum denn an mir meine unglückliche Beleibtheit preiſen? ....“

Er erwartete vielleicht eine Antwort auf ſeine höchſt verfängliche Frage: ich begnügte mich aber damit, mein Unrecht durch ein ausdrucksvolles Schweigen einzugeſtehn. Dieſe Kriegsliſt gelang mir vollkommen und erwarb mir gleich das innige Zutrauen des vortrefflichen Mannes. In demſelben Tone fuhr er nun fort:

— „Ich werde nicht die verehrten Urheber meiner Tage anklagen, — es hat nicht von ihnen abgehangen mir eine minder ſtarke und furchtbare Geſundheit zu geben. Allerdings hätten ſie ſchon früh die außerordentliche Entwickelung bekämpfen und mir in meiner Kindheit einige heilſame Krankheiten verſchaffen können, aber ſie haben es nicht gethan, von einem allgemeinen Vorurtheil verblendet, und ich darf in dem Zuſtande, in dem [illegible] mich jetzt befinde, nur die irrige Idee beſchuldigen, welche die Geſundheit als das erſte aller Güter betrachten läßt, eine ſtarke Conſtitution als ein koſtbares Geſchenk der Natur anſieht und den übertriebenſten Appetit für ein ſtets günſtiges Symptom hält. Ach! ....“

Hier hielt der Unglückliche inne, um Odem zu ſchöpfen. Die lange Rede hatte ihn ganz erſchöpft, von ſeiner Stirn rieſelte der Schweiß. Er trocknete ihn, ſo gut er konnte, mit einem ſeidenen Taſchentuche ab, das ſeine kurzen Arme mühſam aus einer der hintern Rocktaſchen hervorgeholt. Dieſes Taſchentuch breitete er alsdann auf dem Raſen einer Erhöhung, welche die Landſtraße einfaßte.

aus und ließ ſich darauf hinfallen mit einem Geräuſch, das dem letzten Seufzer eines gefällten Ochſen glich.

— „Ich werde — nicht — weiter gehn — junger Mann! — für — jetzt — verweilen wir etwas — hier — wenn Sie — wollen — Uf! — —“

Ich lächelte innerlich, denn mir fiel die Rache ein, welche Heinrich IV., wie man ſagt, an ſeinem mit ihm ausgeſöhnten Feinde, dem Herzog von Mayenne, nahm. Ohne daran zu denken, hatte ich dem armen Dicken eine ähnliche Strafe auferlegt. Aber — da ich weder König war noch mit einem Exrebellen zu thun hatte — ſo erforderte die Artigkeit, daß ich meinen Gefährten um Verzeihung bat, weil ich durch meine raſchen Schritte ihm den Spaziergang mühſelig gemacht hatte. Dabei benahm ich mich denn ſehr diplomatiſch, indem ich vorſchützte ſelbſt ganz ermüdet zu ſein.

— „Sie haben ſehr Recht — rief ich — die Hitze iſt höchſt drückend — und die Stelle hier ſehr geeignet, etwas zu raſten.“

Ich log wie ein Zahnarzt: denn es ging ein ſtarker Wind und blies uns den Staub der Landſtraße gerade in das Geſicht. Dies gewann mir indeſſen ſogleich die Gunſt des Dicken, der mich alſobald um einen Liebesdienſt bat. Sein Bedienter hatte nämlich, als er ihn ankleidete, ihm die Halsbinde etwas zu feſt geſchnallt, was bei einer von Natur zur Apoplexie geneigten Conſtitution immer

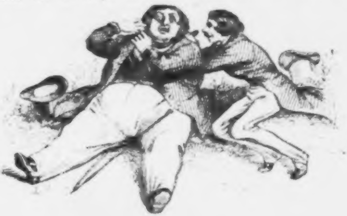

bedenklich iſt. Er ſelbſt vermochte indeſſen nicht, dieſem läſtigen Uebel abzuhelfen. Ich ſtand ihm alſo bei und ſo wurden wir raſch vertraut mit einander.

— „Wenn Sie glauben, — ſagte er nach einigem Pruhſten und Stöhnen — daß ich nicht oft Ihre behende und ſchlanke Magerkeit beneide . . . . ſo irren Sie ſich, Liebſter . . . . ich würde viel darum geben, wenn ich einen menſchlichen Abdecker fände, der, ohne mich zu tödten, dieſen mißgeſtalten Block etwas entdickte . . . . (dabei zeigte er mir ſeine Elephantentaille und Beine); doch — fuhr er fort — jetzt würde es zu ſpät ſein und ich den ſchlimmſten der an meinem Zuſtande haftenden Leiden doch nicht entgehen . . . . in Ihrem Alter, junger Mann, iſt es vorzüglich hart, ſich durch einen Ueberfluß an Leben außerhalb der Geſellſchaft zu befinden . . . . in Ihrem Alter, ſage ich, und ſelbſt ſchon früher . . . . denn, ich habe ein gutes Gedächtniß, meine Leiden begannen ſchon in der Schule.

„So lange ich bei den Meinen blieb, wurde ich mit meinem Zuſtande gar nicht bekannt gemacht. Meine Mutter — eine vortreffliche Frau — fand es ganz natürlich, daß ein durch ſeinen Geiſt und ſeine Schönheit den anderen ſo überlegenes Kind auch ihnen durch die großen Fähigkeiten ſeines Magens den Rang ablief. Sie freute ſich über meinen lächerlichen Appetit und wollte nur das Symbol und die Gewißheit eines verzehrenden Ehrgeizes, der ihrem Stolze ſchmeichelte, darin finden. Das Kind wird es weit bringen — habe ich ſie oft ſagen hören — ſo jung wie es iſt, verzehrt es doch ſchon fünf Semmeln zu ſeinem Frühſtück.“

Die Zeit kam indeſſen, wo man daran denken mußte, ſo glänzende Fähigkeiten auszubilden. Ich wurde nach der Reſidenz in eine Penſionsanſtalt geſchickt, deren Proſpectus den Schülern eine geſunde und reichliche Nahrung verſprach. Daß ſie geſund war, will ich nicht in Abrede ſtellen, denn es ſoll Fälle geben, wo ſtrenge Diät als ein Heilmittel wirkt; das zweite Verſprechen der reichlichen Nahrung erſchien mir dagegen ſchon am erſten Tage, wo das erſte Rindfleiſch mit Salzgurken ſich auf meinem Teller fand, als eine jener Täuſchungen, deren uns das irdiſche Leben ſo viele bereitet. Ich kann Ihnen nicht ſagen, welcher Schreck mich durchzuckte, als ich das Fleiſch in ebenſo transparente Schnitte wie eine Fenſterſcheibe zerlegen ſah. Wären die Teller nicht von grober Fayence geweſen, ſo hätte man glauben können, der Director des Inſtitutes wolle uns nicht des angenehmen Anblicks derſelben berauben.

„Ich war vor Erſtaunen außer mir, als ich bemerkte, daß meine Schulkameraden ſich mit ſo magerer Koſt begnügten. Was mich betrifft, ſo gelobte ich mir, „mit ſtillem Eidſchwur, den nur Gott gehört," daß ich auf die eine oder andere Weiſe dieſer Hungersnoth abhelfen wolle. Ein hungriger Bauch hat keine Ohren, ſagt das Sprichwort; ich kann Ihnen aber verſichern, daß es ihm dafür nicht an Augen und Händen fehlt. Immer auf der Lauer, immer bei der Hand, mich in die Speiſekammer oder die Küche zu ſchleichen, verdoppelte und verdreifachte ich täglich, unter tauſend Vorwänden, die mir beſtimmte Portion. Dieſe vielfältigen Diebſtähle, welche einen reichen Vorrath von Lügen und Hülfsquellen verlangten, ſchienen zu gleicher Zeit meine Intelligenz wie meinen Appetit zu erweitern. Trotz dem hatte ich immer Hunger und konnte jene Schwäche nicht verbergen, die mich zu einem Gegenſtande des Spottes für meine Geſpielen machte.

„Damals ſchon ſah ich, welch ein Querkopf der Menſch iſt. Man verdammte jene meiner Conſtitution anhängende und angeborne ſündhafte Neigung, und wenn es ſich traf, daß meine leichter geſättigten und ſchwerer befriedigten Tiſchgenoſſen eine ſchlecht bereitete Schüſſel zurückſchoben und ich ihrem mangelhaften Appetit zu Hülfe kommen wollte — ſo verkannten ſie mich ſo ſehr, daß ſie mich wegen meiner mildthätigen Abſicht mißhandeln konnten. Mehr denn zwanzig Mal trieben ſie die Undankbarkeit und Grauſamkeit ſo weit, daß ſie allerlei ſchlechtes Zeug zu den koſtbaren Nahrungsmitteln miſchten, die ihnen unangenehm waren und die ich mich anbot ſogleich aus der Welt zu ſchaffen. Das heißt Inconſequenz, oder ich verſtehe mich nicht darauf.

„Obendrein regnete es von allen Seiten Spottnamen auf mich, Spottnamen von Schuljungen nämlich, wie ſie meiſt der Gradus ad Parnassum oder ein anderes lateiniſches Lexicon lieferte. Die kleinen Pedanten ſchmierten auf alle meine Bücher, ſchnitten in meine Bank, in mein Pult, mein Bett alle Arten von ſchmähenden Inſchriften: Ventri natus — Ventri deditus — Vesana gula — Escarum gurges —

Populus indulgens — Non dans frena gulae — Sectans lautae fercula mensae. — Ueberall fand ich dieſelbe beleidigende Synonymie, die man mir ſogar in die Ohren ſchrie, wohin ich immer meine Schritte richtete .... als ob es von mir abgehangen hätte, mich der Tyrannei des Magens und ſeines Miniſters, des Gaumens, zu entziehn. — Ich war ſehr unglücklich, das können Sie mir glauben .... und noch jetzt denke ich nicht ohne Bitterkeit an alle dieſe Kränkungen. Ich erinnere mich, wie oft ich verkannt wurde und wie häufig man mir meinen Egoismus vorwarf, wenn ich mit ſchwerem Herzen, aber mit leerem Magen mich in irgend eine Ecke flüchtete, um dort ungeſtört und allein die Körbe voll Leckerbiſſen zu verſchlingen, die meine gute Mutter mir

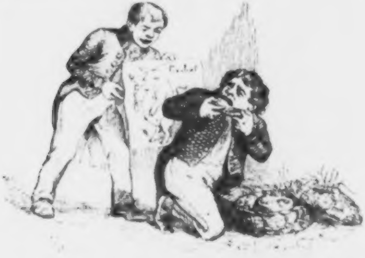

hatte zukommen laſſen. Was hätte ich nicht darum gegeben, ſie ſelbſt mit Jenen zu theilen, die mich ſo verfolgten, aber die Natur befahl mir zu gebieteriſch dieſem Zuge meines fühlenden Herzens nicht nachzugeben. Wie viel Puffe, wie viele Poſten, wie viele Eierkuchen hatte ich nicht meinem unerläßlichen Geize zu verdanken."

Die Worte Poſten und Eierkuchen fielen mir auf. Mein Gefährte bemerkte es.

„Ach — fuhr er fort, meinen Irrthum errathend — das waren nicht ſolche Eierkuchen, wie Sie glauben — die würde ich, ohne mich zu beklagen, genommen haben, das kann ich Ihnen verſichern: — aber der Eierkuchen, von dem ich rede, iſt ein ſchlechter nächtlicher Spaß, der einen ſo ehrenvollen Namen gar nicht verdient. Er beſteht darin, ſich ganz geräuſchlos bis an das Bett eines armen Teufels zu ſchleichen, ſeine Matratze bei allen vier Zipfeln zu faſſen und ſie raſch umzudrehen, gerade ſo wie man einen —“

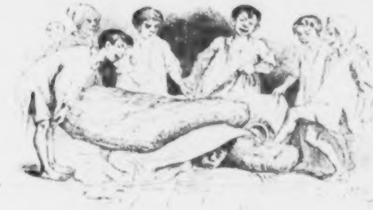

— „Ich begreiſe die Analogie,“ — rief ich ſogleich.

— „Sie begreifen ſie! . . . . da ſind Sie ſehr glücklich . . . . Was mich betrifft, ſo habe ich nie etwas Analoges gefunden zwiſchen einem vortrefflichen Eierkuchen — einer ebenſo nahrhaften als ſchmackhaften Speiſe, und der höchſt unangenehmen Empfindung, plötzlich aufzuwachen neben einem umgeſtürzten Nachttiſche, unter Matratzen und verwickelten Betttüchern, mit einer halb verrenkten Schulter, gequetſchter Naſe, geſpaltener Lippe, zwiſchen einem Dutzend junger Schlingel im Hemde, die aus Leibeskräften über den boshaften Streich lachen.“

— „Und die Poſt?“ —

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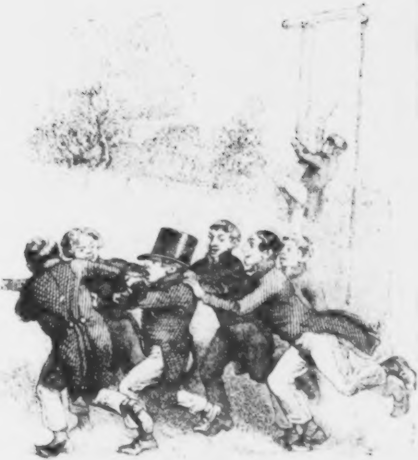

— „Die Poſt iſt eine andere nicht minder teufliſche Erfindung, welche die angeborne Rohheit beweiſt, die dem Menſchen ſchon in zarter Jugend anklebt. Aus voller Seele muß man den armen Schüler beklagen, gegen den die ganze Claſſe aufſteht und der von einer Bande grauſamer Kinder gehetzt, verfolgt, in eine Ecke gedrückt, zitternd vor Angſt, unfähig ſich ſo vieler Feinde zu erwehren, ihnen Nichts als Bitten entgegenſetzen kann. Einige zerren ihn bei den Händen, Andere hängen ſich an ſeine Kleider, wieder Andere ſchieben ihn an den Schultern fort und ſo beginnt die entſetzliche Poſt: ein wüthender Lauf, der ihn Gott weiß wohin führt, ihm bei den erſten Schritten die Beſinnung raubt, ihn an die Mauer oder auf den Boden zu ſchleudern droht, wo er ſich den Kopf zerſchmettern kann, und welche ihn ſcheinen in dunkeln Spalten und Abgründen verſchlingen zu wollen. — Ach, die Poſt — mein Herr — die Poſt — welche traurige Erinnerungen läßt uns oft die ſo geprieſene Kindheit zurück!

„Mein Charakter verſchlimmerte ſich inmitten dieſer Verfolgungen. Meiner Klagen überdrüſſig, nahmen mich meine Aeltern wieder zu ſich, und damit ich die vielen erduldeten Demüthigungen vergeſſen ſollte, bemühte ſich ihre erfinderiſche Sorgfalt, die Schwäche, welche mir dieſelben zugezogen hatte, zu verdecken. Man nahm an, daß ich außerordentlich wachſe, und ſchrieb meinen ungeheuern Appetit den daraus entſpringenden Bedürfniſſen meines Körpers zu. Man ging ſogar ſo weit, mir Complimente darüber zu machen. Aber dieſe Täuſchung konnte nicht immer währen und nach wenigen Jahren ſtand die gräßliche Wahrheit in ihrer ganzen Nacktheit vor mir. Ich war entſchieden fett und gefräßig.

„Denken Sie ſich — es wird Ihnen leicht ſein — welchen Leiden mich dieſer doppelte Temperamentsfehler in den Jahren ausſetzte, wo der Menſch, jedem Hinderniß zum Trotz, ſich genöthigt ſieht, der Liebe Opfer darzubringen. Schon ſeit den entfernteſten Zeiten hat man allgemein angenommen, daß ein Liebender, von der Gluth der Leidenſchaft verzehrt, bleich und mager ſein müſſe:

Pallidus omnis amans, color hic est aptus amanti,

ſagt Ovid; und das iſt, wenn gleich nicht wahr, doch nie beſtritten worden. Eine blühende Geſichtsfarbe, funkelnde Augen, eine gewiſſe

Ründung der Formen, lauter Dinge, die gefallen und bezaubern ſollten, gereichen dem ſich wohl befindenden Liebenden zum Nachtheil. Seine, von einer ſtarken Bruſt ausgeſtoßenen Seufzer wirken auf die eigenſinnige Schöne ganz anders, als die kleinen, halb erſtickten, halb leiſen Odemzüge einer beinahe ſchwindſüchtigen Zärtlichkeit. Dies erinnert mich, daß gerade zu der Zeit, wo ich die Wohlbeleibtheit gern hätte Mode werden ſehn, dieſe thörichte Gottheit die Schwindſüchtigen außerordentlich in Aufnahme brachte. Man wagte eine Liebeserklärung nur huſtend, die Kacherie galt als Schönheit, der Gebrauch der Jujuben und des isländiſchen Mooſes gereichte zur beſondern Empfehlung bei den Damen. Jeder Magen dagegen, der ſeine Functionen auf eine etwas vollkommene Art verſah, war ihnen ein Abſcheu.

„Dieſe ſeltſame Antipathie verdammte mich zur fatalſten Lebensweiſe. Ich hatte mir ſagen laſſen, daß vieles Waſſertrinken bis auf einen gewiſſen Punkt das immer dunkler werdende Roth meines Geſichtes zu bekämpfen vermöge, ſowie daß man gegen Obeſität Säuren anwende. Nun goß ich ganze Fluthen Eſſig und Waſſer in mich hinein. Auf die Länge wäre mir das auch wohl ſchlecht bekommen, wenn mich nicht ein barmherziger Arzt aufmerkſam gemacht hätte, daß ich entgegengeſetzte Mittel anwendete. — „Es iſt nicht ganz gewiß — ſagte er — daß das Waſſer Sie je bleich macht und daß Sie durch Eſſig eine Weſpentaille bekommen können; ganz gewiß iſt aber, daß das Waſſer Sie fett macht, und daß der Eſſig, indem er die Organe der Verdauung erhitzt, Ihr Geſicht mit unzähligen Blütchen bedeckt. — Das bedenken Sie wohl.“

„Seinen weiſen Rathſchlägen folgend, mußte ich alſo meinen natürlichen Anlagen freien Lauf laſſen. Ich beſchränkte mich nun darauf, ſie, wenn ſie mir ſchaden konnten, ſo gut wie möglich zu verbergen, und es hätte nur von den vielen Schönen, in die ich mich nacheinander verliebte, abgehangen, mich für den mäßigſten Spartaner zu halten, ſo ſehr bemühte ich mich vor ihren Augen, gefühllos gegen die anziehendſten Lockungen der Gaſtronomie zu bleiben. An den Tagen, an welchen dergleichen Kämpfe ſich ereignen konnten, ſorgte ich dafür, mich durch Vorſichtsmaßregeln, die mir einen leichden Sieg ſicherten, darauf vorzubereiten, und ich ging, nach dem Princip der britiſchen Strategie, mit Allem ausgerüſtet, deſſen ich bedurfte, um die heftigſten Angriffe auszuhalten, hin. Denken Sie ſich aber meine Verzweiflung, wenn ich durch irgend einen unerwarteten Zufall, halbtodt vor Hunger, eine jener Abwaſchmahlzeiten, die vier bis fünf Stunden zu währen pflegen, vor mir mußte vorüber defiliren laſſen, ohne ſie anzuſehen, geſchweige denn eine Schüſſel anzurühren. Mein bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten bewieſener Stoicismus ſetzte mich oft ſelbſt in Erſtaunen. Um die Wirkung gewiſſer ſchmackhafter Düfte, die mir zu Kopfe ſtiegen, nur einigermaßen zu mildern, mußte meine Phantaſie mir die herrlichſten Ausſichten belohnter Liebe vorzaubern, ſonſt hielt ich es doch nicht aus.

„Wozu nützten mir aber ſo viele Anſtrengungen? Man kämpft vergeblich gegen ſein Geſchick, und das meinige ſchien eine boshafte Freude darin zu finden, alle meine diätetiſchen Beſtrebungen zu vereiteln. Es verwandelte mein beſcheidenſtes Vesperbrod in ein Diner mit drei Gerichten und gab einigen Biſſen Brod Geltung und Wirkung der fetteſten Kapaune. Allen mir von der Liebe auferlegten Faſten zum Trotz ward ich mit jeder Woche blühender, röther und fetter; Cupido's Pfeile ſchienen ſich für mich in Spicknadeln verwandelt zu haben. Daraus entſprang natürlich die Nothwendigkeit, mich neuen Foltern zu unterwerfen, mich in enge Schnürleiber zu preſſen, die mir den Odem und die freie Bewegung raubten, in Pantalons, welche, ob man ſie noch ſo ſolide auswählte, dennoch der erſten unüberlegten Bewegung nachgeben mußten, zu der die Leidenſchaft den Unglücklichen trieb, deſſen gewaltigen und rebelliſchen Umfang ſie zuſammendrängten. Die Mimik — dieſer ſo wichtige Theil der verführeriſchen Beredſamkeit — ward bei mir vernichtet durch den ewigen Kerker, zu dem mein Schneider ſie verdammt hatte. Ließ meine Vielgeliebte in meiner Gegenwart ein Tuch oder ein Bouquet fallen, ſo war ich des Glückes beraubt, es mit jenem leidenſchaftlichen Eifer, der ſo viel ausdrückt, aufzuheben, und während ich unbeweglich blieb, die Lippen durch ein gezwungnes Lächeln zuſammenpreſſend, ſah ich mehr denn hundert Mal einen gewandten Nedenbuhler auf den Fußzehen herbeieilen, ſich graziös neigen, ein Bein in der Luft, mit den Fingerſpitzen den koſtbaren Gegenſtand aufheben und ihn mit zierlich gerundetem Ellbogen unſerer gemeinſchaftlichen Gottheit darreichen. Dieſe, welche dadurch an mein Unglück erinnert worden, warf mir, nachdem ſie ihm gedankt, einen mit jenem verächtlichen Mitleid erfüllten Blick zu, vor dem alle Hoffnung im Herzen des heftig Liebenden erſtirbt.

„Die Eiferſucht meiner Altersgenoſſen — ſie war durch einige rein moraliſche Vorzüge und unter Anderem fünftauſend Thaler jährlicher Renten in meinem Beſitz erweckt worden — ihre Eiferſucht, ſage ich, hatte den graecolatiniſchen Schimpfwörtern romantiſche Anſpielungen folgen laſſen. Die engliſche Literatur war damals ſehr in die Mode gekommen; alle Welt, ſogar die Damen, wollten den Shakſpeare leſen, und der ſo ausführlich gezeichnete Falſtaff wurde nun unzählige Mal gegen mich benutzt. Ich werde mich ſtets mit Schmerzen einer Ueberſetzung des erſten Theiles von Heinrich IV. erinnern, die ein junger, magerer, ſpindelbeiniger Poet, um mich zu ärgern, verfaßt hatte. Dieſer Unverſchämte war ſo verwegen, ſie bei einer jungen, reichen Engländerin vorzuleſen, um deren Hand ich mich bewarb, und welche glaubte dadurch deutſch zu lernen. Jedes Mal, wo der wohlbeleibte Sir John erſchien und ſein geliebter Prinz Heinz denſelben mit beißenden Sarkasmen verhöhnte, ſchleuderte mir der freche Ueberſetzer, ſich unter dem Leſen direct an mich wendend, alle dieſe ſchönen Ehrentitel in's Geſicht. Ja er ging noch weiter, indem er mich ſehr ernſthaft über die Genauigkeit ſeiner Ueberſetzung zu Rathe zog, und fragte mich zum Beiſpiel:

„Embossed rascal — Wie würden Sie das wiedergeben? Knotty pated fool . . . . Greasy tallow Keech . . . . Huge hill of flesh . . . . My sweet beef . . . . helfen Sie mir doch gefälligſt gleichbedeutende deutſche Ausdrücke zu finden.“

Natürlich wich ich ſolchen Aufforderungen ſo gut wie ich konnte aus, unglücklicher Weiſe that es aber die reiche Erbin ebenſo bei den meinigen. Drei Monate ſpäter heirathete ſie den magern Dichter.

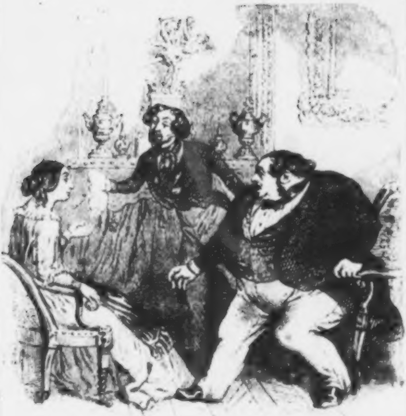

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Das iſt es jedoch nicht, was mich quält, denn der Himmel ſelbſt hat es übernommen mich zu rächen. Kaum war mein Nebenbuhler verheirathet, ſo änderte er augenblicklich ſeine Lebensweiſe und es dauerte daher nicht lange, daß ſein ganzes Weſen eine totale Umwandlung erlitt. Aus der durchſcheinenden Elegie ward ein dickleibiges didactiſches Poem. Er erwählte ſich zur Muſe die fett lächelnde Göttin Gaſterea, der er ausſchließlich huldigt. Sein Bauch iſt jetzt zwar nur noch majeſtätiſch, wenn er aber fortfährt, ſo wird derſelbe bald gigantiſch werden und den meinigen weit übertreffen. Dann wird ſchon die Reue über ſie kommen, die mir jenen Mondſcheingeſellen ſo ſchmählich vorzog. Ich bin geblieben, was ich war; wohin es jener noch bringen kann und wird, wiſſen allein die unſterblichen Götter. Kehren wir indeſſen zu mir zurück.

Die Liebe iſt nicht die einzige Lebenspaſſage, welche gleich einem zu engen Corridor, dem Unglücklichen verſperrt bleibt, dem die Natur ein zu verhängnißvolles Embonpoint verleiht. Bei tauſend anderen Gelegenheiten bildet das behagliche Aeußere, das ſie ihm wider ſeinen Willen gegeben, den ſchreiendſten Gegenſatz zu den Verhältniſſen. Ich will nicht von Leichenbegängniſſen reden, wo Unſereiner als die lebendige Karikatur des Schmerzes erſcheint, den Jeder fühlt oder zu fühlen vorgibt: es reicht ſchon hin, daß irgend eine Angelegenheit trauriger oder bloß ernſthafter Art ſei, um uns mit unſeren, zur unrechten Zeit ſtets heiteren Figuren dabei zu einer höchſt unpaſſenden Erſcheinung zu machen. Thränen ſtehen uns wie Manchetten einem . . . . Thier, das ich nicht nennen will. Uns iſt es verwehrt an die allgemeinſten Sympathien zu appelliren. Die Rührung gelingt uns nie, und die Lehre des Horaz

. . . . si vis me flere, dolendum est

müßte, wo es ſich von uns handelt, geradezu umgedreht werden. — Auch wundert es mich, daß alle fetten Menſchen — gleich den Raubthieren — von der Natur dazu gezwungen, nicht durchaus darauf verzichten, Rührung erwecken zu wollen.“

Mir iſt es wenigſtens ſtets mißlungen und hat mir meinen eigentlichen Lebenslauf gänzlich zerſtört. Sie müſſen wiſſen, daß ich, ein geborner Rheinländer, die Rechte ſtudirte und mich dem Advocatenſtande widmete, weil ich glaubte einige Beredſamkeit zu beſitzen, und hoffte auf dieſe Weiſe meinem Vaterlande, das ſich ja der öffentlichen Rechtspflege erfreut, am Meiſten nützen zu können. Aber ſchon mein erſtes Plaidoyer verunglückte ganz. Ich hatte es vortrefflich einſtudirt und ſchmeichelte mir außerordentlichen Erfolges mich zu erfreuen. Doch als ich nur begann und in den tiefſten Tönen, dem Brüllen eines Stieres nicht unähnlich, mit den Worten anhub: „Wenn es meiner ſchwachen Stimme gelingen kann" — da brach die ganze Verſamlung, Präſident und Beiſitzer, Generalprocurator und Jury, ja ſelbſt die Zeugen und die Angeklagten in eine homeriſches Lachen aus. Ich ließ mich nicht irre machen, ſammelte alle meine Kräfte und raſſelte fort, wie eine losgelaſſene Locomotive, um nur den Sieg davon zu tragen. Auf das Gelächter folgte auch ein tiefes Schweigen des Erſtaunens und der Verwunderung. Plötzlich aber ſah mich der Präſident, der ein intimer Freund meiner Familie war — ein kleines trocknes, gallichtes Männchen — höchſt väterlich beſorgt an und gab mir ein Zeichen inne zu halten. Ich hemmte das ungeſtüme Rollen meiner Beredſamkeit, verbeugte mich und ſagte fragend:

„Herr Präſident?"

„Herr Anwalt — erwiderte er mit dem Tone des größten Wohlwollens — mäßigen Sie ſich um Ihres eigenen Beſten willen. Sie ſind ja wie in Schweiß gebadet und laufen, wenn Sie ſich ferner ſo angreifen, bei Ihrer Conſtitution Gefahr — einen apoplectiſchen Anfall — — —"

Vernichtet ſtammelte ich noch einige unverſtändliche Worte. Die ſchreckliche Perſpective, die er mir eröffnet, zerſchnitt, als ob die Parze ſelbſt ihr die Scheere dazu hingereicht, plötzlich den Faden meines Gedächtniſſes ſo total, daß ich mich auf Nichts mehr beſinnen konnte. Ich blieb ſtecken und trat ab, für immer dieſem Berufe mit Othello's Worten entſagend:

O Lebewohl,
Lebwohl du wiehernd Roß, Drommetenſchmettern!
. . . .
Hin iſt, womit Othello ſich beſchäftigt.

Seit dieſer Zeit habe ich gelebt — wenn man das Leben nennen kann, wie ein wahrer geſellſchaftlicher Paria — verdammt, allein meine fünftauſend Thaler Renten zu verzehren — und ich verzehre ſie wirklich im buchſtäblichſten Sinne des Wortes. Durch meine phyſiſche Disproportion von jedem angenehmen Umgange entfernt, finde ich nirgends meines Gleichen als unter den alten Fleiſchern, den alten Gaſtwirthen und den alten Möpſen alter Jungfern. Niemals werde ich zum Eſſen eingeladen, mein Appetit macht den Leuten Angſt; niemals giebt ſich ein gefälliges Cabriolet dazu her mich irgendwo abzuſetzen, denn ſtiege ich hinein, ſo würfe ich

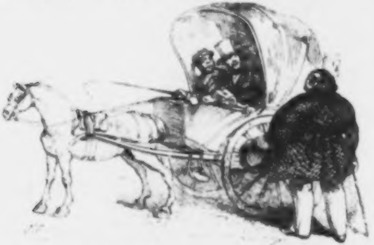

es um. Ich hüte mich wohl, vor irgend einer hübſchen Frau auf die Kniee zu fallen, denn es wäre mir ſchrecklich, wie Gibbon vor Madame Montolieu, ſo lange liegen bleiben zu müſſen, bis die herbeigerufene Dienerſchaft, durch ihre vereinigten Anſtrengungen mich wieder auf die Beine brächte. — Die Freundſchaft ſelbſt, die keuſche Freundſchaft öffnet mir ihre Arme nicht, mein Umfang ſchreckt ſie ab. Sie ſehn es, junger Mann, ich bin wahrhaft zu beklagen.

Der hohle Seufzer und die melancholiſche Grimaſſe, mit welcher der Fette dieſe letzten Worte begleitete, trugen endlich über meine mühſam behauptete Ernſthaftigkeit den Sieg davon. Da ich jedoch fühlte, daß meine Luſtigkeit ihn beleidigen konnte, ſo ſuchte ich ſie zu unterdrücken — und erſtickte faſt daran. Der Schwerbeleibte ſah es und ſagte großartig, obwohl nicht ohne Anſtrengung:

„Lachen Sie — lachen Sie und laſſen Sie uns dann gehn. Mögen Sie, junger Magerer, nie drei Centner wiegen! . . . .“

Amen! dachte ich, als ich ſah, daß er meiner Hilfe bedurfte, um aufſtehen zu können. Gott weiß, wie gern ich ſie ihm anbot; aber konnte er ſie in dieſem Augenblicke eben ſo gern annehmen?

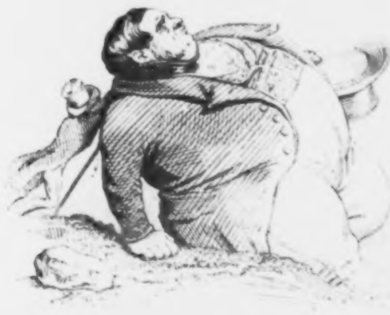

Von den Servituten.

Eine akademiſche Vorleſung.

Meine Herrn!

Mackeldey in ſeinem Lehrbuche des heutigen römiſchen Rechtes (Gieſſen 1831, 9te Ausgabe) Bd. II. S. 79. §. 275. definirt das Servitut oder die Servitus folgendermaßen: Dienſtbarkeit einer Sache (servitus rei) bedeutet im urſprünglichen Sinne die Beſchränkung der natürlichen Freiheit, des Eigenthums derſelben, durch einzelne, vom Eigenthume abgelöſte und einem Anderen an der Sache eingeräumte Benutzungsrechte. Im abgeleiteten Sinne bezeichnet servitus das Dienſtbarkeitsrecht ſelbſt, oder dasjenige jus in re (aliena), welches eben aus jener Beſchränkung der natürlichen Freiheit der Sache entſteht, und kraft welchem der Berechtigte verlangen kann, daß der Eigenthümer der Sache etwas nicht thue oder leide, was er ſonſt als Eigenthümer thun dürfte, oder nicht zu leiden brauchte, und dies iſt die gewöhnliche Bedeutung des Wortes."

Hinſichtlich der Eintheilung der einzelnen Arten der Servitute weiche ich jedoch von dieſem großen Rechtslehrer ab, ſo ſehr ich ihm auch in der allgemeinen Entwicklung des Begriffes beipflichte, und nehme dagegen folgende Claſſen an.

Die Servitute können ſein:

a) active oder paſſive, activae aut passivae;
b) fortgeſetzte oder nicht fortgeſetzte, continuae aut discontinuae;
c) apparente oder nicht apparente, apparentes aut non apparentes;
d) ſtädtiſche oder rurale, servitutes praediorum urbanorum aut s. praed. rusticorum.

Es giebt wohl noch hundert oder zweihundert andere ebenſo abſolute Diſtinctionen, die ſich aus dem Corpus juris oder den Commentaren ableiten laſſen. Dieſe obigen genügen jedoch vollkommen, und ich werde mich jetzt bemühen, Ihnen das Weſen derſelben in Folgendem deutlich zu machen.

Das active Servitut verlangt eine wirkliche Handlung eines Mannes oder einer Frau, welche auf ihre Unkoſten ausgeübt wird. Zum Beiſpiel, Sie wohnen, meine Herren, unmittelbar unter Demoiſelle Caroline Scheere, einer jungen, hoffnungsvollen, d. h. zu vielen Leuten die angenehmſten Hoffnungen machenden, Näherin. Vermittelſt dieſer Superpoſition und beſonderer ihr eigenthümlichen Neigungen, beſitzt ſie gar viele Servitutsrechte, die ſie mit einer merkwürdigen Autorität in Ausübung bringt.

Zuerſt kommen die verbotenen Tanzſtunden, die ſie ſich bei verſchloſſenen Thüren und zu ſehr früher Tageszeit von ihren zahl-

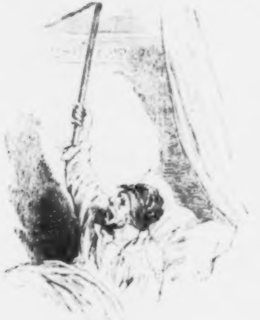

reichen Freunden geben läßt, um ihren Freundinnen das Gelernte am Nachmittage wieder beizubringen. Während des ganzen Abends beweiſt ſie dann, bei dem Klange einer Guitare oder Violine, daß dieſe Lectionen weder für ſie noch für den wechſelſeitigen Unterricht, den ſie übernommen hat, verloren ſind.

Es iſt ferner die Sorgfalt, die ſie ihren Reſeda's, ihren Balſaminen, ihren Levkoyenſtöcken von allen Farben, ihren Kanarienvögeln und Stieglitzen widmet, eine rührende Sorgfalt, welche im Nothfall Ihr Balcon, der voll Katzenpfötchen, Hanfſamen, ſchmutzigem Waſſer und anderen zweideutigen Trümmern liegt, bezeugen könnte. Wenn Sie die Legalität dieſes Servitutsrechtes vor dem Tribunal Ihres Hauswirthes beſtreiten, ſo werden Sie es ohne Zweifel für ſich und Ihren Schlafrock in eins der unangenehmſten Paſ-

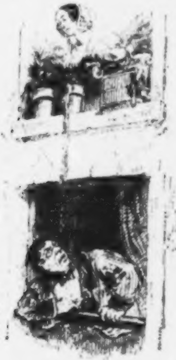

ſiven ſich verwandeln ſehn; das Stillicidium wird ein unterbrochenes ſein, die Kanarienvögel, welche die Rache ihrer Gebieterin ausüben helfen, werden ausdrücklich Purganzen aller Art zu ſich nehmen, und die jungen Profeſſoren der Tanzkunſt endlich, von denen vorhin die Rede war, ſich keine Gelegenheit entgehen laſſen, Sie mit der Aſche ihrer Cigarren zu pudern.

Nehmen wir nun an, daß Sie verheirathet ſeien, ſo können Sie ſich überzeugt halten, daß Demoiſelle Caroline Scheere ihre Feindſeligkeiten gegen Sie noch viel weiter treiben werde. Sie hat auch doppelten Grund dazu, denn Sie ſind erſtlich ein kalter, gefühlloſer Menſch, und haben zweitens eine Frau. Sie fühlt ſich nur glücklich auf Ihre Koſten, weiſt die Leute ab, die zu Ihnen wollen, mit der Bemerkung, Sie wären ausgegangen, oder verſteckt den Schlüſſel zu Ihrem Corridor, den man unten auf der Hausflur neben Ihrem Lichte hingelegt hat, für den Fall, daß Sie ſpät zu Hauſe kommen und Ihre Frau Gemahlin ſich früher in Morpheus Arme werfen möchte. An ſolchen Tagen bleibt Mademoiſelle Caroline ausdrücklich bis nach Mitternacht auf, um Sie zu belauſchen und ſich an Ihrer entſetzlichen Verlegenheit zu weiden, wenn Sie vor der verſchloſſenen Eingangsthür Ihrer Wohnung anlangen. Sie befinden ſich nun in folgendem Dilemma: entweder müſſen Sie durch heftiges wiederholtes Klingeln Ihre Frau Gemahlin aus ſüßen Träumen aufſchrecken, wogegen Sie ſicher auf ein höchſt verdrießliches Geſicht und einen gerade nicht freundlich zu nennenden Empfang rechnen können, oder auch, da dieſelbe, durch die getroffenen Vorſichtsmaßregeln beruhigt, durchaus nicht zu erwecken iſt, ſich genöthigt ſehn, die beſagte verſchloſſene Thür einzutreten, wodurch Sie die übrigen Hausgenoſſen nicht wenig gegen ſich aufbringen werden. Findet dies Letztere Statt, ſo halten Sie ſich überzeugt, daß Mamſell Carolinchen noch viel lauter als die Anderen auf Sie ſchilt und Ihnen alle Ihre Sünden vorhält: „Wer macht denn zu nachtſchlafender Zeit ſolchen unverſchämten Lärm? Sie ſind es, Herr Sempronius? Sie, der Sie immer gleich mit der Polizei drohen, benehmen ſich ſelbſt ſo polizeiwidrig und jagen dem ganzen Hauſe ſolche Angſt ein .... Davon bitte ich mir einen Abſenker aus! Warum ſchwärmen Sie noch ſo ſpät und können

Ihren Schlüſſel nicht finden, wenn Sie zu Hauſe kommen? Soll ich Ihnen meinen Commodenſchlüſſel leihen? u. ſ. w."

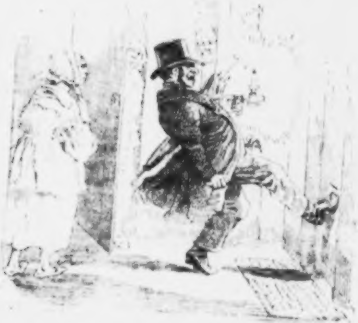

Die paſſive Dienſtbarkeit entſpringt aus dieſer oder jener Anordnung menſchlicher Dinge, vermöge deren irgend ein Weltbürger, ohne daß er deßhalb einen Finger zu bewegen braucht, Ihnen eine unangenehme Verpflichtung auferlegt.

Das vollkommenſte Muſter von ſolcher Dienſtbarkeit iſt ohne Widerrede die Ehe: da ſolche aber gegenſeitig iſt, ſo führe ich ſie bloß an.

Neben ihr — aber richtiger innerhalb derſelben — finden wir das Ideal der Herrſchaft und alſo demzufolge das der paſſiven Dienſtbarkeit.

Nie hat ein Diener in einem Luſtſpiel, dem ein wüthender Herr mit zwanzig Degenſtößen droht, nie ein Negerſclav unter der Geißel des Negers, wie ein furchtſamer Hund unter der Peitſche des Jägers ſo genau die Gefahr erſpäht, und um ſie zu vermeiden, ſo eifrig, ſchon im Voraus, den Willen des Gebieters nach den geringſten Anzeichen erfüllt, als es der demüthige Diener einer ſchönen Dame dem Gemahl derſelben gegenüber thut.

Dieſer wackere Mann kann nicht ein Wort äußern, keine Bewegung machen, nicht den geringſten Wunſch ſich entſchlüpfen laſſen, ohne daß ſein treuer Sklave ſich nicht für verpflichtet halten muß, Alles zu deuten, zu rathen, in Ausführung zu bringen.

Eine ſo vollkommene Verleugnung des eigenen Selbſt bedürfte nur legitimerer Motive, um wahrhaft rührend zu ſein. Trotz ihrem verbrecheriſchen Urſprunge iſt ſie es ſogar in den Augen jedes Mannes, der — ich bediene mich eines kaufmänniſchen Ausdrucks — Koſten und Netto-Provenu mit einander zu vergleichen weiß.

Der junge Mann opfert auf dem Altar ſeiner Gottheit alle ſeine Neigungen, ſeine Launen, ſeinen Geſchmack.

Um fünf Uhr Morgens — faul wie ein Ai — entreißt er ſich den ſchwellenden Eiderdaunen und rüſtet ſich gähnend und mit noch halbgeſchloſſenen Augen für die Jagd, — Kopfweh und Abgeſpanntheit werden ſein Lohn ſein, und ob dieſes heldenmüthige Opfer erfolgreich, ſteht noch ſehr zu bezweifeln. Ungewiß iſt es jedenfalls. Obendrein ſchiebt der Gemahl, wenn die Jagdpartie nicht gut ausfällt, alle dabei vorgefallenen Fehler auf ſeinen Gefährten und macht ſich unbarmherzig über ihn luſtig.

Iſt der Herr Gemahl ſchon nicht zufrieden, ſo ſind es Madame noch viel minder und ſchmollen und beklagen ſich. Zufällig waren Sie gerade heute in einer äußerſt mitleidigen Stimmung aufgewacht und hatten, durch die Abweſenheit des Gatten begünſtigt, ſich eine Promenade nach dem Wäldchen ausgedacht. Sie werden mir entgegnen, meine Herrn, daß Ihr gehorſamſter Sklave nicht das Geringſte von dieſer gütigen Abſicht ahnte. Hätte er den Verſtand des Herzens, ſo hätte er es errathen müſſen; aber er iſt linkiſch, kalt und verdient gar nicht, daß man ſo viel für ihn thut.

Nach dem Frühſtück iſt der Herr Gemahl indeſſen unſchlüſſig, was er während des übrigen Tages beginnen ſolle; der Hausfreund harrt, um ſein Geſchick zu erfahren, daß dieſes Schwanken des Willens ſich endlich in einen feſten Entſchluß verwandle. Mittlerweile begleitet er alle dieſe Launen mit einer obligaten unermüdlichen Zuſtimmung, bereit das Bret zu holen, wenn die Rede vom Schachſpiel iſt, ſeine Flöte, wenn man Muſik will, nach dem Stalle zu eilen, wenn man die Pferde verlangt, kurz zu Allem bereit, ſelbſt Pläne und Riſſe zu zeichnen, wenn die Herrſchaft cataſtrirt werden ſoll; ein univerſeller Max Helfenſtein, raſch wie der Blitz bei der Hand, um ſich angenehm zu machen.

Auch läßt man ihn den Flügel ſtimmen und die Uhren aufziehn — zur Verzweiflung ſeiner Ohren — die jungen Hengſte zureiten auf die Gefahr hin, den Hals zu brechen — die Bibliothek ordnen, das Geräth für den Fiſchfang nachſehen, die Rebſtöcke aufbinden — das Herbarium claſſificiren, Documente rotuliren, die Rechnungen des Verwalters revidiren und — abſcheulicher Mißbrauch der Benutzung des Menſchen! den acht Folioſeiten langen Bericht des Herrn Gemahls „an die hochpreisliche Regierung zu M. die nothwendige Ziehung eines Grabens, um die Niederung zum Behuf der neuen Chauſſée trocken zu legen, betreffend" — copiren.

Ich bemerke noch, daß die hier geſchilderte Dienſtbarkeit, um zu den paſſiven gerechnet zu werden, ohne Bosheit von Seiten des Gemahls, deſſen Tyrannei, ſobald ſie zum Bewußtſein gelangt, ſogleich ihre Natur ändert, ausgebeutet werden muß. Die Richtigkeit wie die Feinheit dieſer Diſtinction wird Ihnen einleuchten, meine Herren.

Der abſichtliche Deſpot, der eine Lage mißbraucht, deren Geheimniß er kennt, übt eine abſichtliche Herrſchaft aus, der wackere Mann aber, der ohne das Mindeſte zu ahnen, der Gegenſtand eines ſo eifrigen Fetiſchismus iſt, bleibt unbedingt im paſſiven Zuſtande, denn nie fällt ihm ein, dem gehorſamen Hausfreunde ein ſolches Servitut aufzuerlegen. Dieſer Letztere, von der Angſt getrieben, beugt ſich freiwillig unter das Joch, vervielfacht die Gelegenheiten, ſich dienſtlich zu erweiſen, und packt ſich ſelbſt eine Reihe von Opfern und Hingebungen, eine noch verdienſtlicher als die andere, auf, und Alles, das oft für ein Männchen, das kaum mitgezählt werden kann unter den Adamsſöhnen, während dagegen der Opfer bringende Hausfreund nicht ſelten ein Enaksſohn, ein Rittmeiſter mit gewaltigem Schnauzbart, ſonſt ſtets mit der Klinge bei der Hand

who seeks the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth

wie Shakſpeare ſagt, ein wahrer Eiſenfreſſer iſt.

Indeſſen wohlverſtanden iſt es auch nicht das Männchen, das ihn erſchreckt und in Furcht ſetzt, ſondern das kleine blonde Weibchen, bei dem er ſein Glück machen will. Er kennt die Auserkohrene ſeines Herzens nur zu genau. Sie iſt es, der er ſchmeichelt in der Perſon ſeines Wirthes. Sie würde ihm eher — und das will viel ſagen — übertriebenen Reſpect gegen ſie, als Mangel an Aufmerkſamkeit gegen ihren Mann verzeihn.

Die fortgeſetzte Dienſtbarkeit iſt ſelten, meine Herren! Wir finden ſie nur in den kleinen Infirmitäten, die unſerer Organiſation adhäriren. Ein Kurzſichtiger z. B. iſt ſtets abhängig 1) von ſeinen Augen, 2) von ſeiner Brille; 3) von allen Sehenden, die Luſt haben, mit ihm ihren Scherz zu treiben.

Vor dieſen hat er freilich einen großen Gewinn voraus, wenn nämlich ſeine Phantaſie zu den Optimiſten gehört; denn er glaubt alsdann, daß jeder Schleier ſchöne Züge verhülle, giebt allen vorübergehenden Frauen nur zwanzig Jahr und hält alle Teints für blühend, alle Taillen für wunderſchön. Süße Täuſchung, die er theuer bezahlt, wenn er ſich ihr zu ſehr hingiebt, und die ihm mitunter gar zu bittere Enttäuſchungen bereitet.

Davon iſt hier aber nicht die Rede. Folgen wir dem Kurzſichtigen in dem Augenblicke, wo er, bewaffnet mit ſeiner Lorgnette, deren er ſich nicht zu bedienen wagt, in einen Salon tritt, in welchem er faſt ſicher iſt, zwanzig Perſonen von ſeiner Bekanntſchaft, ohne ſie zu erkennen, unter hundert oder hundert und funfzig Fremden anzutreffen. Wie übel iſt er daran! Welche Unruhe bemächtigt ſich ſeiner, wenn er dem Platze zuſteuert, wo die Dame des Hauſes ſich befinden muß und nur einen leeren Stuhl zu erblicken wähnt. — Soll er grüßen oder nicht grüßen, ſich lächerlich machen oder grob ſein?

Während er überlegt, was das Beſte ſei, ſteht ſeine holde Wirthin einen Schritt von ihm und iſt ſehr verwundert über die Hart-

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näckigkeit, die ihr Gaſt darein ſetzt, ihre Höflichkeit nicht zu erwiedern, nachdem ſie ſich bereits drei oder vier Mal verneigte.

Auf der Straße geht es dem Armen eben ſo ſchlimm. Zwei junge Leute kommen laut lachend auf ihn zu.

Nur Julius und Adolph können ſich ſo über mich luſtig machen — denkt der arme Schelm. Er thut alſo, als ob ihn das gar nicht ärgere, affectirt auch aus vollem Halſe zu lachen und eilt auf ſie zu, um ihnen die Hand zu reichen . . . . da ſieht er zwei ganz fremde Menſchen, die ſich nicht wenig über ſeine freundliche Zuthulichkeit wundern.

Sie werden mir hier einwenden, meine Herren! warum trägt der Kurzſichtige keine Brille?

Glauben Sie ernſtlich, daß er ſich durch dieſes Mittel wirklich von dem Servitut befreie? Iſt das nicht gerade eins der charakteriſirteſten Servitute, ſtets überquer auf ſeiner Naſe dieſe beiden Ergänzungsaugen tragen zu müſſen, die, ſobald man ſie einen Augenblick gezwungen iſt abzulegen, in den Zuſtand vollkommener Blindheit verſetzen?

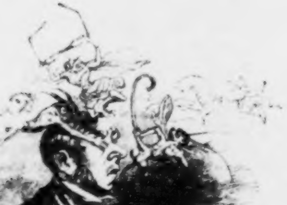

Ich rede nicht vom Kopfweh, von der Erhitzung der Augenlider, von der Ausdörrung des Augapfels ... ja nicht einmal von der frühreifen Hinfälligkeit, die aus dieſer beklagenswerthen Gewohnheit entſpringt, noch von den Ausſichten auf eine glückliche Ehe, welche ſie raubt. Wie oft hat nicht eine junge Dame, um deren Hand man ſich bewarb, und deren Vormund, als ein vernünftiger Mann, dieſe Bewerbung unterſtützte, ſchnippiſch geantwortet:

„Er trägt aber eine Brille.“ —

Sie will keinen Mann mit einer Brille, die Thörin. Als ob der Scharfblick eine wünſchenswerthe Eigenſchaft für einen Gemahl wäre!

Ich rede nicht weiter von allen dieſen Inconvenienzen, meine Herren, aber der Myops iſt Jedem Preis gegeben, der ihn täuſchen will. Worüber kann er denn ein genügendes Urtheil fällen? Wenn man in ſeiner Gegenwart über eine Landſchaft, ein Bild, eine Sängerin ſtreitet, was kann er ſagen? Denken Sie ſich denſelben in einer Geſellſchaft, wo er unter den Augen eines Argus mit einer jungen liebenswürdigen Dame, auf deren guten Willen er bauen darf, ein Einverſtändniß haben will. Supponiren Sie, er ſage leiſe zu ſich ſelbſt: — „Ich bin überzeugt, *ſie* ſieht mich jetzt an. Hundert Louisd'or möchte ich wetten, daß ſie mir mit den Augen das Notenheft, das Sophakiſſen, die Blumenvaſe andeutet, wo ich das Billet verſtecken ſoll .... Gott! für wie dumm muß ſie mich halten!“

Supponiren Sie ihn eiferſüchtig:

„Titus iſt ſehr nahe bei ihr .... Fliſtert ſie ihm nicht etwas in das Ohr? .... Was bedeutet die verdächtige Bewegung? Einen Brief? .... Er hebt ihn auf. .... Ha! das iſt zu viel ....“

Und der Myops iſt im Begriff einen Eclat zu machen; da giebt Titus vor Aller Augen ſeiner Nachbarin den vermeintlichen Brief zurück. ... ein Stickmuſter, das von ihrem Schooße auf die Erde geglitten war.

Supponiren Sie eine Unvorſichtigkeit:

Obriſt Sempronius nähert ſich ihm, führt ihn in eine Ecke und ſagt zu ihm:

„Beſter, ſehen Sie nicht, daß die alte Baronin wüthend auf Sie iſt. Seit einer Stunde wirft ſie Ihnen Blicke zu, die Ihnen deutlich die Thür weiſen. Was fällt Ihnen aber auch ein, ſo vor allen Leuten der kleinen Nichte ein Liebesbriefchen zuzuſtecken?“

„Wie?“ — ſtammelt der Myops, erröthend und ſich gleich verrathend .... „Sie drehte uns ja den Rücken zu. .... Glauben Sie ....?“

— „Daß ſie es geſehen habe? Allerdings .... im Spiegel gegenüber. — Aber die ganze Geſellſchaft hat es geſehen, wie ich Sie ſehe .... Und wenn ....“

Ohne das Ende des Satzes abzuwarten, greift der Unglückliche, um zu fliehen, nach dem Hute eines ſeiner Nachbarn. Dies zwingt ihn — da zwei Menſchen nie einen ganz gleichen Kopf haben — mit entblößtem Haupte bei ſcheußlichem Wetter zu Hauſe zu gehen, eine fremde Hauptbedeckung vorſichtig in der Hand tragend.

Zwei Tage ſpäter erfährt er durch Zufall, daß man ihn auf das Abſcheulichſte zum Beſten gehabt, und daß die alte Frau Baronin nicht das Mindeſte gemerkt habe. Obriſt Sempronius hat ſich einen Spaß mit ihm gemacht, und dieſer jedes mögliche Recht, denſelben zu fordern .... nur nicht das Recht des Stärkeren. Der Mangel an dieſem hindert ihn, ſich der anderen zu bedienen, und aus Rückſicht auf ſich ſelbſt ſieht er ſich genöthigt, den Streich, der ihm geſpielt worden, ganz ſcharmant zu finden.

Es wäre auch wirklich höchſt abſurd, wenn er, der im Stande wäre, einen Ochſen auf zehn Schritt Schußweite nicht zu treffen, ſich mit dem beſten Schützen der ganzen Armee meſſen wollte, die Piſtole in der Fauſt.

Nicht fortgeſetzter Dienſtbarkeiten giebt es zu Tauſenden. Eine der häufigſten und drückendſten, meine Herren, wird uns von unſern ſtets zu zahlreichen Correſpondenten auferlegt.

Wer hat nicht ſchon in ſeinem Leben an einem trüben Morgen den ſchönen Plan gefaßt, den ganzen Tag einer lange verſchobenen Arbeit zu widmen, dem zu Folge den beſtimmten Befehl ſeinen dienenden Geiſtern ertheilt, Niemanden, wer es auch ſei, vorzulaſſen und ſo ſich vor aller Störung geſichert glaubend, ſein Werk begonnen?

Plötzlich aber fällt Einem ein kleines Papier in die Augen, das man abſichtlich auf ſeinen Schreibtiſch hingelegt hat, und man erinnert ſich, daß man ohne Aufſchub einem Vater, einer Mutter, einem Oheim, einem Freunde oder Gott weiß wem ſonſt, antworten müſſe. Es handelt ſich um Geſchäftsangelegenheiten, um eine wichtige Nachricht, eine delicate Erklärung oder dergleichen.

Raſch geht man daran, die Expedition dieſer nothwendigen und verdrießlichen Vorarbeit beſchleunigend. In demſelben Augenblicke aber, wo man eben damit fertig, den Brief ſiegelt und nur die Adreſſe darauf ſchreiben will, öffnet der Bediente leiſe die Thür, die man feſt verſperrt wähnte.

„Herr Cajus .... Herr Cajus!“ ſagt er halblaut, doch mit eigenthümlicher Betonung — verzeihen Sie, daß ich Sie ſtöre .... aber die kleine Kammerjungfer von .... Sie wiſſen ſchon .... ſie ſagt, ſie bekäme eine Antwort ....“

— „Dummkopf! Ich hatte Dir ja befohlen ....

— „Ach! verzeihen Sie .... ich glaubte nicht .... Sie ſagte .... ich will ihr den Brief wiedergeben.“

— „Nicht doch. — Gieb her: Sie weiß, daß ich zu Hauſe bin.“

— „Nein, das habe ich ihr nicht geſagt.“

— „Nun, was haſt Du ihr denn geſagt?“

— „Ich habe gar nichts geſagt, ſondern das Briefchen gleich heraufgetragen. —“

— „Nun, das iſt eben ſo gut. Gieb doch her!“

Der Brief enthält fünf enggeſchriebene Seiten und beginnt folgendermaaßen:

„Theurer, einziger Freund! Licht meiner Seele! Ich ſende Dir meinen erſten, noch unklaren Gedanken; er zögert zu Dir zu fliegen, wie der junge Vogel am Rande des mütterlichen Neſtes zögert, ſich in den blauen Aether zu ſtürzen. Sende mir nur einige Worte dafür u. ſ. w.“

Man muß antworten: Angebetetes Weſen! — So warte doch, Friederich! — Wie ſoll ich dir meine Freude ſchildern? Du kannſt doch nie thun, was man dir ſagt, meine Freude ſchildern. Alle Wetter, da habe ich das zwei Mal geſchrieben. Du verdienteſt, Schlingel! — Na, nun noch ein Klecks! Das fehlte noch. —

Und nun, meine Herren, fangen Sie das unglückliche Billet brummend, aber ſehr vorſichtig wieder von Neuem an. Bis an das Ende der erſten Seite geht Alles vortrefflich, da aber, als Sie umſchlagen wollen, ſehen Sie daß Sie das Papier verkehrt genommen und den Schnitt zur Linken und den Rücken zur Rechten haben. Bei dieſem neuen Mißgeſchick reißt Ihnen die Geduld. Sie kommen nur erſt mit dem dritten Exemplar der Dankepiſtel zu Stande, nachdem Sie zwei Federn zerknickt, eine Stange Siegellack zerbrochen und ſich in die Finger geſchnitten haben. Dieſer letztere Umſtand beſchleunigt Ihren Brief aber nicht, ſondern bewirkt gerade das Gegentheil.

Aergerlich über die Störung, ſenden Sie Friedrich mit dem äußerſt ſchlecht ſtyliſirten Billet raſch fort, und wollen nun endlich an die Arbeit gehen. Während der Abweſenheit Ihres dienenden Geiſtes hat ſich aber ein fremder Bedienter eingefunden, iſt vom Vorzimmer bis in ihr Arbeitszimmer gedrungen und überreicht Ihnen wieder einen Brief. Dies neue Schreiben kommt vom Geheimerath Pancratius, der ſich die beiden ihm verſprochenen Briefe für Baron Onuphrius und Graf Juſtinianus noch heute ausbittet, da er gleich nach Tiſche abzureiſen gedenke.

Bemerken Sie wohl, meine Herren, daß jeder dieſer Briefe an Freunde im Auslande, bei denen man im Rückſtande iſt, wenigſtens eine Stunde Zeit fordert, obendrein verlangt auch der Anſtand, daß man in einigen Zeilen dem Geheimerath Pancratius, den man zu allen Teufeln wünſcht — eine glückliche Reiſe wünſche.

Uebrigens braucht die Correſpondenz nur höchſt unwichtig zu ſein und kommt doch gleich einer Ueberſchwemmung. Einladungsbriefe, Verlobungsanzeigen, Liebesbriefe, mitunter voll Haß, kurz unbedeutende Briefe aller Art überfluthen oft einen armen Erdenſohn, dem in ſolchen Momenten, wo ein wichtiges Geſchäft ihn drängt, am Ende Wechſelbriefe, nach Sicht zahlbar, eben ſo lieb wären. Wenigſtens braucht er doch nur mit Banknoten darauf zu antworten und die ſind ſchon für und fertig.

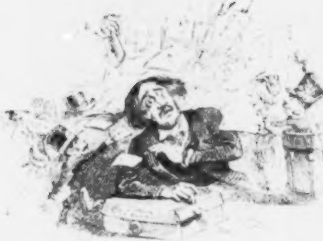

Gehen wir, meine Herren! wenn es Ihnen gefällt, zu den apparenten Servituten über. Wir brauchen dieſe deutliche Bezeichnung nicht erſt zu definiren: ſie erklärt ſich ſelbſt; es wird hinreichen, ſie durch einige Beiſpiele zu illuſtriren.

Ein Solches bietet, wenn Sie wollen, die untergeordnete Stellung eines jungen Mannes dar, ältern Leuten gegenüber, welche kraft der grauen Haare, die ſie haben oder haben könnten, allerlei phyſiſche und moraliſche Entſagungen kategoriſch von ihm verlangen.

Ich rede, wohl verſtanden, nicht von dem Reſpect, von der Artigkeit, von den Conceſſionen, die unſer Jüngling, falls er von guter Familie und ſeine Erziehung nicht vernachläſſigt iſt, ſchon von ſelbſt dieſen ehrwürdigen Repräſentanten des vorigen Jahrhunderts erzeigen und einräumen wird, ſondern von den oft übertriebenen und grauſamen Pflichten, die ſie ihm auferlegen.

Wie zum Beiſpiel, mäuschenſtill zu bleiben — und wenn er hundert Mal Recht hätte — bei den unverſchämten Behauptungen eines innerlich an Ideen und Logik, wie äußerlich an Haaren gleich armen Kopfes.

Die tauſend und aber tauſend Mal gehörten Hiſtörchen mit einem anſcheinend immer neuen Vergnügen zum tauſend und erſten Male wieder hören zu müſſen.

Ein Monopol zu haben auf die Stellen, wo es zieht und man ſich am Leichteſten einen Schnupfen holt, wie auf die Seſſel ohne Lehne, die Mittelplätze im Eilwagen, die letzten Plätze in einer

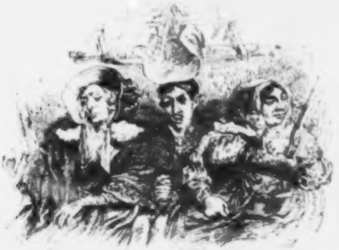

Loge u. ſ. w., dieſes Monopol auf wenig wünſchenswerthe Dinge hat allerdings den Vortheil, ſehr verdienſtlich, aber auch den Nachtheil, auf die Länge ſehr verdrießlich zu ſein.

Ferner die Pflicht, den obengenannten Greiſen auf deren Verlangen ſogleich den beneideten Platz bei ihr, den er ſich durch unermüdliche Geduld endlich erobert hat, abtreten zu müſſen. Sie iſt nämlich die gefeiertſte Schönheit auf einem Balle, den der junge Mann nur beſucht, um mit ihr zu reden .... dieſes Glück wird ihm aber dadurch vollſtändig geraubt.

Fügen Sie noch hinzu, meine Herren, daß er deutlich vernimmt, wie die alten Herren, ihr Privilegium und ihre Autorität mißbrauchend, ſich über ſeine Verſtimmung, die er nicht ganz verbergen kann, luſtig machen, und die Dame ſeines Herzens mit faden altmodiſchen, oft ſelbſt equivoquen Galanterien unterhalten, d. h. beläſtigen.

Und Alles dieſes „Angeſichts Himmels und der Erden", vermöge eines ſo allgemein anerkannten und feſtgeſtellten Rechtes, daß im Nothfall die Polizei es in Schutz nehmen würde, wenn es dem jungen Manne in den Sinn käme, es nur einen Augenblick verkennen zu wollen.

Anders iſt es mit den nicht apparenten Servituten, denen die Polizei nicht als Garantie dient, weit entfernt, meine Herren! Was ſollten ſie auch mit der Polizei anfangen? Die Sorgfalt, welche die Menſchen anwenden, dieſelben zu verbergen, das Geheimniß, mit welchem ſie ſich bemühen ſie zu verhüllen, ſichern ihnen ſchon allein eine dauernde Herrſchaft.

Das nicht apparente Servitut iſt nämlich meiſtentheils eine heimliche Unvollkommenheit, die wir der Welt nicht zeigen wollen, und welche gerade wegen der Verheimlichung aus Eitelkeit uns eine gewiſſe Summe kleiner, aber läſtiger Unannehmlichkeiten zuzieht.

So z. B. ein fehlender Zahn, der uns zwingt mit geſpitzten Lippen zu reden und beſtändig ernſthaft zu bleiben.

So ferner ein Pechpflaſter gegen Rheumatiſmen und dergleichen, das wir nicht merken laſſen wollen und das uns doch entſetzlich plagt. Wir ſehen, einer Dame gegenüber ſitzend, vom Fenſter aus auf der Weide einen Ochſen, Eſel oder ſonſt ein Vieh, das ſich behaglich an einem Pfahl reibt und beneiden ihn um ſein Glück; wir dürfen um des Anſtandes Willen dagegen auf keine Weiſe zu erkennen geben, daß wir uns einer ſolchen Kur unterworfen haben, und doch quält uns das Reizmittel mit ſeiner eben ſo komiſchen als beſchwerlichen Wirkung zum Verzweifeln.

So auch eine jener Anfangs unbedeutenden Unbequemlichkeiten, die auf die Länge einen demüthigenden Einfluß auf uns ausüben, Neue Stiefeln, welche uns drücken, zum Beiſpiel.

Ich kann Ihnen zum Beweiſe die Geſchichte zweier Freunde anführen, die eines Abends in heftigen Streit geriethen. Wir wollen ſie Gajus und Sempronius nennen, übrigens waren ſie

Beide Offiziere in der —ſchen Armee. Den Gajus hatte ſeine enge Fußbekleidung ſeit dem Morgen geplagt, und er Anfangs dieſen Zwang mit Geduld ertragen, zuletzt aber war er biſſig geworden wie der Hund eines Spandauer Milchweibes. Sempronius neckte ihn, er wurde heftig, anzüglich, beleidigend, und forderte endlich ſeinen Schul-, Jugend- und Buſenfreund auf Piſtolen.

Nie werde ich dies Duell vergeſſen. Die neuen Stiefel waren allein Schuld: das geſtand ihr Beſitzer auch ein, aber nur ſeinem Secundanten — „Erklären ſie doch“ — redete ihm dieſer beſchwichtigend zu — „daß dies allein die Urſache war, weswegen ein ganz unſchuldiger Scherz ſie plötzlich ſo in Wuth brachte, dann iſt die Sache abgemacht und löſt ſich mit Wohlgefallen in einem luſtigen Frühſtück auf.“ — Gajus konnte ſich aber nicht entſchließen das zu thun . . . . , und da er übrigens ein wahrhafter Mann war, den der Mangel an Phantaſie zur gewiſſenhafteſten Aufrichtigkeit verdammte, ſo mußte er den herben Kelch bis auf die Hefen ausleeren.

Denken Sie ſich nun zwei Gegner ohne allen Haß und Zorn, alſo auch ohne wahren Muth, ärgerlich, ihr Leben wegen einer Kleinigkeit auf das Spiel ſetzen zu müſſen, die aber die Sache um ſo ernſter nahmen, je abſurder ſie ihnen eigentlich erſchien. Das geht gewöhnlich ſo bei Affairen dieſer Art. Man lud die Piſtolen, man maß die Entfernung ab. Gajus nahm ſeinen Secundanten bei Seite und theilte ihm ſeinen großartigen Entſchluß mit: „Ich werde Sempronius auf mich ſchießen laſſen, ſelbſt aber in die Luft ſchießen.“

Er hoffte, daß das eine herrliche Wirkung machen würde, und hielt ſeine Waffe etwas ſeitwärts, in gleicher Höhe mit ſeinem Kopfe, den Piſtolenlauf gen Himmel gerichtet: eine heroiſche und würdige Stellung. Sein Gegner ſchoß, ſobald das Signal gegeben war; da ließ plötzlich Gajus das Piſtol fallen und fiel ſelbſt zu Boden, die Beine in die Luft, in der lächerlichſten Attitüde von der Welt. Man hielt ihn für todt, er war aber nicht einmal verwundet. Die Kugel hatte ihn erſt entwaffnet und dann leicht ricochettirend betäubt. — Aus war's mit der großartigen Miene. — Er beſtand aber darauf, in die Luft zu ſchießen, und mußte ſich dazu die Waffe ſeines Gegners leiden. Nun frage ich Sie, meine Herren, wäre es nicht beſſer geweſen, die Kugel geradezu in die Bruſt bekommen, als ſich ſo lächerlich gemacht zu haben, wie man ſich denn überhaupt durch ein Duell lächerlich machen kann?

(Hier wurden die Zuhörer ſehr unruhig, murmelten und ſcharrten; der Redner ließ ſich aber nicht irre machen, ſondern fuhr nach einer kleinen Pauſe fort, in der Weiſe eines berühmten akademiſchen Lehrers, dem er das abgelauſcht hatte.)

Nun, wenn Sie nicht wollen, meine Herren, wie Sie wollen. Sie müſſen das beſſer wiſſen. Gehen wir, um die Zeit nicht zu verlieren, zu den beiden letzten von mir genannten, den ſtädtiſchen und den ländlichen Servituten über, ſo geheißen, je nachdem ſie ihre Herrſchaft in der Stadt oder auf dem Lande ausüben.

Wenn ein Mann die Stadt verläßt, das Glück auf dem Lande ſuchend, ſo denkt er freilich nicht an die Plagen und Leiden, die ihn dort erwarten. Er träumt nur von dem kühlen Schatten, den ſüßen Blüthendüften, den klaren halb im Graſe verſteckten Quellen und den herrlichen Ausſichten. Freiheit iſt es, die er heiſcht, ſehnſüchtiger als irgend ein hypermoderner politiſcher deutſcher Dichter ſie beſingen kann. Freiheit von allem Zwang und aller Etikette. Er will auf ein halbes Jahr einen Waffenſtillſtand ſchließen mit der Welt, den Viſiten, den ſteifen Diners, den engen Beinkleidern, den knappen Weſten, den gelben Glacéhandſchuhen, den Redensarten der Geſellſchaft, kurz mit allen jenen Unbequemlichkeiten, die der Aufenthalt in einer großen Stadt nothwendig mit ſich führt. Aber er mag ſich hüten; ſeine Gemahlin ſieht die Dinge nicht mit denſelben Blicken an und ohne ihre ländlichen Pläne zu verrathen, contreminirt ſie heimlich durch mehrere geſchickt verſtreute Einladungen die holden Träume von Einſamkeit, denen ſich ihr Gatte hingab, ohne ſie um Erlaubniß zu fragen.

Kaum hat er ſich eben häuslich niedergelaſſen, ſo ſieht der unglückliche Gutsherr einige von jenen Staaren und Wachteln anlangen, die er kaum kennt und deren Namen er nur auf der Liſte geſehen, welche ſeine beſſere Hälfte ihm acht Tage vor ihrer erſten Winterſoirée gegen Ende des vorigen Jahres angefertigt hatte. Da ſind ſie nun ſeine Gäſte geworden und je weniger er geneigt iſt, Ihnen in ſeiner Zurückgezogenheit ihre Stelle einzuräumen, deſto weniger darf er hinſichtlich ihrer die Etikette vernachläſſigen. Adieu, bequeme Tracht. Er muß ſich jeden Morgen vor dem Frühſtück raſiren und ſich die ſtrengſte Pünktlichkeit und Förmlichkeit auferlegen, um ſie von ihnen verlangen zu können. Das iſt aber doch nicht Alles. Dieſe Geſchöpfe, die ihn wenig intereſſiren und außerordentlich ſtören, rechnen auf die liebenswürdigſte Aufnahme. Ihrer Meinung nach haben ſie ihm ein ungeheures Opfer gebracht — von dem er ſie übrigens gern dispenſirt hätte — indem ſie zu ihm auf das Land kommen. Er muß ſie alſo auf jede mögliche Weiſe amuſiren. Sie bedienen ſich ſeiner Equipage und ſeiner Pferde unumſchränkter als er ſelbſt. Um irgend einer Partie willen kehren ſie das Oberſte zu Unterſt; die Ackerpferde und die Knechte werden eben ſo wohl in Trab geſetzt wie die Scheune in ein Theater umgewandelt, und das ganze weibliche dienende Perſonal unter der Leitung irgend eines begünſtigten Kammerkätzchens zu Theaterſchneiderinnen und Garderobieren verwandt.

Rechnen ſie nun noch zu aller dieſer Unruhe, meine Herrn, die aus der Hauptſtadt mitgebrachten Verdrießlichkeiten hinzu, die Verläumdungen, die Aeußerungen verletzter Eigenliebe, die Eiferſüchteleien, die heimlichen Liebesintriguen, die kleinen Täuſchungen, die Skandälchen u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Dies Alles befreiet doch keinesweges unſern Landmann von den dem Landmann eigenthümlichen Plagen.

Alle Sonntage muß er, wie es ſich für einen guten Chriſten ziemt, in die Kirche gehen und eine langweilige Predigt des Dorfpfarrers ohne zu gähnen anhören, auch gelegentlich bei Kirchenviſitationen und dergleichen ſämmtliche benachbarte Geiſtlichen mit ſammt dem Superintendenten und dem die Kirchenrechnung abnehmenden Amtmann zu einer gaſtronomiſchen Synode verſammeln, bei der ſie ihn aus Erkenntlichkeit mit theologiſchen Controverſen regaliren — ſonſt läuft er Gefahr, für einen Ketzer und Gottesläugner in der ganzen Umgegend ausgeſchrieen zu werden.

Liegt ſein Gut in einem jener geſegneten deutſchen Staaten, die ſich einer Conſtitution erfreuen, ſo ſchwächlich auch dieſelbe ſein möge, und er ſtrebt nach der Ehre, Landſtand zu werden, ſo muß er den Wählern — Groß und Klein — demüthiglich ſchmeicheln.

Endlich muß er — wenn der Termin kommt, wo die Pachtgelder gezahlt werden — die Klagen von zwanzig armen Teufeln, die alle behaupten durch Mißernten, Hagelſchäden, Ueberſchwemmung, Wildſchäden und Gott weiß was ſonſt noch ruinirt zu ſein, mit der größten Geduld anhören und ihnen, wenn er ein menſchlich Herz im Buſen trägt, Pacht und Zinſen erlaſſen, wobei er Gefahr läuft, von den Spitzbuben hinterher als ein Dummkopf ausgelacht — oder wenn er ſich weigert, als ein wahrer Filz, Knauſer und Menſchenſchinder zehn Meilen in der Runde verwünſcht zu werden.

Kehren Sie nun, meine Herren, von allen dieſen Leiden zurückgeſchreckt, nach der Stadt zurück, ſo erwarten Sie dort die nicht minder zahlreichen quäleriſchen und furchtbaren ſtädtiſchen Servitute.

So z. B. gleich anfangs, wenn Sie Ihre Reiſegarderobe in den Schrank hängen, fallen Ihnen die Inſignien der Communalgarde oder Bürgermiliz in die Augen. Die majeſtätiſche Uniform! Welche Freuden ruft ſie Ihnen nicht in das Gedächtniß zurück, welche Genüſſe verſpricht ſie Ihnen nicht!

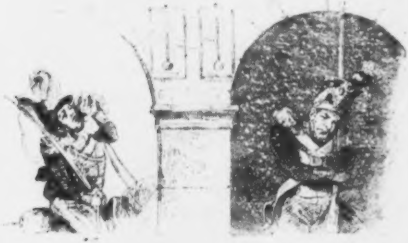

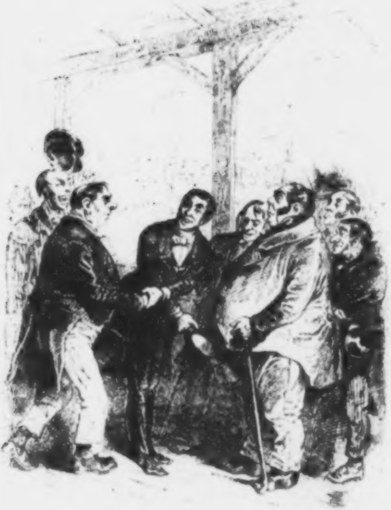

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Sind Sie Infanteriſt, das Schildwachſtehen in kalter Winternacht bei Schneegeſtöber! Sind ſie Cavalleriſt, eine vierſtündige Parade bei einer Hitze von fünf und zwanzig Graden am Geburtstage des Landesherrn!

Nun treten Sie in Ihr Zimmer und finden auf Ihrem Schreibtiſch:

Citationen vor das Stadtgericht; perſönliche Erſcheinung bei ſchwerer Strafe anbefehlend, Einladungen einer Verſammlung der Actionnaire dieſer oder jener Compagnie, bei der Sie ſehr betheiligt ſind; Programm des öffentlichen Examens der Armenſchule, zu deren Vorſtehern Sie gehören und wo Sie nicht fehlen dürfen u. ſ. w.

Sie erliegen unter der Laſt dieſer Verpflichtungen und wiſſen nicht, wohin Sie ſich zuerſt wenden ſollen. Da fällt Ihnen ein verſiegelter Brief in die Hand. Mechaniſch erbrechen Sie ihn; Sie erkennen die Handſchrift eines Schulfreundes. — Nun, der wird mit Ihnen weder von Proceſſen reden, noch von Actien, noch von Schulexamen, noch — —

Ach, um Gottes willen!

Roſſmeyer — der alte Freund — der Patriarch von Ochſenhauſen — der fünf und vierzigjährige — nach einem ganz der Pflicht geweihten Leben — —

— Iſt er etwa geſtorben? —

Behüte der Himmel. Er iſt friſch und munter. — Wer hätte das geglaubt? — Er und ſeine Frau und ſeine vier Kinder .... und Hanne, ſeine alte Magd .... und gewiß auch Seline, ſein alter einäugiger Mops — —

— Nun, was iſt Ihnen widerfahren?

— Gar Nichts — aber dem Städter wird widerfahren. Leſen Sie nur den Brief!

„Ochſenhauſen, am u. ſ. w.

Lieber alter Junge!

Du biſt der Erſte, dem ich eine Nachricht mittheile, die Dich gewiß mit der lebhafteſten Freude erfüllen wird .... nach der wenigſtens zu urtheilen, die ich empfinde, Dich davon in Kenntniß zu ſetzen .... die Wendung, die meine Geſchäfte ſeit einigen

Jahren genommen haben, und eine Erbſchaft, die mir unverſehens zugefallen iſt, erlauben mir endlich einen alten Lieblingsplan auszuführen.

Ich reiſe nächſte Woche mit meiner ganzen Familie nach der Reſidenz ab, wo ich vierzehn Tage zu bleiben gedenke.

Deine koſtbare Freundſchaft — an der ich nie zweifelte — wird, ich weiß es, mir dieſen kurzen Aufenthalt in der Hauptſtadt der Civiliſation und der Künſte verſchönen. Ich habe Deine Stellung, Deinen Einfluß, Deine angenehmen und bedeutenden Verhältniſſe wohl in Erwägung gebracht, und werde Alles benutzen, als ob es mir gehörte, wie ich es damals that, als wir noch zuſammen in Secunda ſaßen. Du haſt die herrliche Zeit ja auch nicht vergeſſen, wie Du mir noch voriges Jahr ſchriebſt.

Ich will keinen andern Führer als Dich, keine andere Wohnung und andere Lebensweiſe als die Deinige. Wir wollen zuſammen Alles beſuchen, was die große Stadt einem alten Kleinſtädter an Merk-

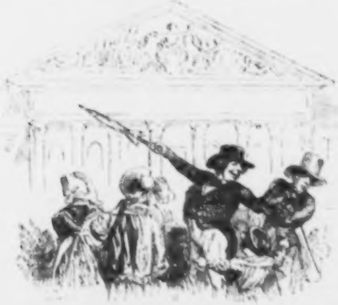

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würdigkeiten darbietet. Kirchen, Theater, Muſeen, öffentliche Denkmäler, Bibliotheken und Privatſammlungen, ſogar die Gärten und die Gewächshäuſer — Du weißt, daß ich mich auf den Gartenbau verſtehe — überall wollen wir hingehen, Alles wollen wir ſehen mit den Augen Deiner vollendeten Erfahrung.

Ich will die berühmten Männer, die Deine Freunde ſind, kennen lernen und meine Kinder ſollen dieſelben von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht ſchauen. Du ſollſt mich ſelbſt, aber allein, jenen gefeierten Schönheiten vorſtellen, deren Grazie, Geiſt und Coquetterie Du mir ſo oft geprieſen haſt. Ich kann Dir gar nicht ſagen, was ich von jedem einzelnen dieſer vierzehn Tage, die ich bei Dir verleben werde, Alles erwarte. Alle meine Hoffnungen kannſt Du zwar nicht verwirklichen (das wäre faſt unmöglich), aber ich baue auf Deine Freundſchaft, die uns die Reiſe eben ſo nützlich wie angenehm machen wird: utile dulci, ſagt der Weiſe. Meine Frau trägt mir auf, Dir jetzt noch unbekannter Weiſe die herzlichſten Grüße zu ſagen. Meine drei Mädchen und mein kleiner Bube brennen vor Begierde, Dir um den Hals zu fallen und Dir für die ſchönen Geſchenke zu danken, mit denen Du ſie ſo oft erfreut haſt. Kurz, ich bringe Dir meine ganze Familie, die Dich immer als eins ihrer theuerſten Glieder betrachtete. Die alte Hanne wollte gar zu gern mit von der Partie ſein, und ich habe ihren langjährigen treuen Dienſten dieſe kleine Belohnung nicht verſagen können.

Es bleibt mir nun noch übrig, Dir die Stunde unſeres Eintreffens anzugeben. Wir machen nur kleine Tagreiſen in einer Chaiſe, die ich eigends dazu gekauft habe. Nach meiner Rechnung, auf deren Genauigkeit Du Dich verlaſſen kannſt, ſind wir am 16ten dieſes gegen Mittag vor Deiner Thür.

Alles Andere mündlich von

Deinem treuen

Roßmeyer."

Sie ſcheinen, meine Herren, an der Wahrheit meiner Angaben zu zweifeln. Ich verſichere Ihnen, daß ich ſtreng hiſtoriſch zu Werke ging und nur aus meiner Erinnerung die Facta ſchöpfte, die ich Ihnen mittheilte. Faſt alle Servitute, von denen die Rede war, habe ich an mir ſelbſt experimentirt . . . .

Das hindert mich aber doch nicht — auch wird es ziemlich allgemein anerkannt — durch meine Stellung, wie durch meinen Charakter — durch meine Gewohnheiten, wie durch meine ſehr mäßigen Wünſche — vorzüglich aber durch den ausdrücklichen Willen, mich nur in die unvermeidlichen Dienſtbarkeiten zu fügen, von mir mit vollem Rechte behaupten zu können, ich ſei

der unabhängigſte Menſch auf Erden.

Das Glück taub zu ſein.

Mein Freund Moritz, ein junger geiſtreicher Studioſus der Philologie, der ſich mit Eifer den neueſten philoſophiſchen Doctrinen in die Arme geworfen hat, und wie ſo viele hoffnungsvolle junge oder jüngſte Deutſche, außerordentlich gern Paradoxen reitet, behauptet unter Anderem, daß jede Unvollkommenheit der Sinne, anſcheinend eine Quelle von Unglücksfällen oder unangenehmen Zufällen, — eigentlich ein wahres Glück ſei. Nach ihm iſt die Welt ſo beſchaffen, daß unſere Augen, unſere Ohren, unſer Gaumen u. ſ. w. uns mehr an und für ſich unangenehme und in ihren Folgen verderbliche als angenehme und wohlthätige Empfindungen bereiten.

„Du kannſt nicht läugnen“ — ſagte er mir bei einer ſolchen Gelegenheit — „und thäteſt Du es, ſo würde man Dich bald ad absurdum führen, daß es hienieden eine ungeheure Majorität von häßlichen Männern, häßlichen Dingen, ja ſelbſt von häßlichen Frauen giebt, und daß eine ſchöne Landſchaft, ein angenehmes Antlitz, eine bewundernswürdige Statue oder ein edles Denkmal nur um ihrer Seltenheit willen bewundernswürdig, anziehend und bemerkt ſind. Der Grund dieſer Seltenheit kann aber kein anderer ſein, als die allgemeine Häßlichkeit, von der ſie eine Ausnahme bilden. Daraus ziehe ich den Schluß....“

— „Daß man ſich die Augen ausſtechen ſolle.“

— „Das nun weniger, aber daß jeder Kurzſichtige ein Thor wäre, wenn er ſich das ſcharfe Sehvermögen jenes Wilden, den man das Falkenauge nannte, wünſchen wollte. Unter den Gegenſtänden, die ihm entgehen, ſind wenigſtens neun Zehntel unangenehm zu betrachten, einige andere durchaus gleichgültig und nur eine ſehr geringe Zahl ſchön und wirklich der Mühe werth.“

„So auch iſt, es mit dem Geſchmack. Wem er fehlt, der büßt zwar einige Genüſſe ein, aber von wie viel ekelhaften Senſationen bleibt er dagegen nicht auch verſchont."

„Ferner noch ...."

Hier nahm ich Moritz bei dem Arm und führte ihn ſpazieren, um ſeinen Paradoxen ein Ziel zu ſetzen. Gern hätte ich ihn allein ſeine Straße ziehen laſſen, denn ich hatte andere Dinge im Kopfe — aber unſere innige Freundſchaft verbot es mir.

Wir ſchlenderten auf der Promenade auf und ab und machten Halt vor dem neuen Kaffeehauſe, wo man vortreffliches baieriſches Bier bekommt. Moritz, der, wie jeder deutſche Studioſus, ein großer Biertrinker iſt und den ſein eifriges Reden durſtig gemacht hatte, ließ ſich mechaniſch neben einem grünen Tiſchchen vor dem Hauſe nieder und bald perlte der Nektar des deutſchen Zollvereins in den geſchliffenen Deckelkrügen vor uns.

Wir ſaßen jedoch kaum eine Minute dort, als ein plärrender Geſang uns von unſeren Stühlen aufſpringen machte. Raſch ſahen wir uns um und gewahrten mit Entſetzen eins jener ambulanten Orcheſter, die die Polizei als menſchenfeindlich längſt ſchon hätte unterdrücken ſollen, anſtatt ſie zu begünſtigen. Die drei Künſtler, aus denen es beſtand — zwei Frauen und ein Mann — drückten mit einem faden Lächeln auf ihren verlebten Geſichtern die Empfindung des Vergnügens aus, welches ſie überzeugt waren uns zu machen. Unſere erſchreckten Blicke enttäuſchten ſie nicht, und ſie begannen alsbald ihre greuliche Muſik. Kreisler's muſikaliſche Leiden fielen mir augenblicklich ein und hätte ich den ſeligen Kammergerichtsrath Hoffmann je der Uebertreibung beſchuldigen wollen, ich hätte mich auf der Stelle widerlegt geſehen durch den Ohrenzwang, den ich erlitt, wie durch die unwillkürlichen Grimaſſen meines Freundes. Die Kollerader ſchwoll ihm auf der Stirn, ſeine Mundwinkel ſenkten ſich, ſeine Naſe ſchien dünner zu werden und ſeine Schultern zogen ſich in ſich ſelbſt zurück. Ich begriff, daß er leiſe ſein Geſchick verwünſchte, und griff in die Taſche, um durch eine anticipirte Freigebigkeit das Concert, mit dem wir gepeinigt wurden, abzukürzen. Moritz that daſſelbe; das aber ſchien

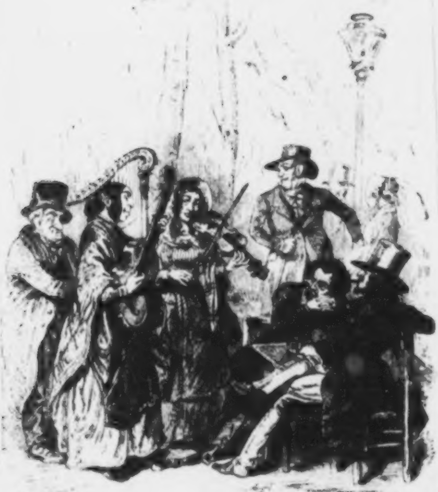

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den drei Virtuoſen ein günſtiges Omen, das ihnen unſere wohlwollenden Abſichten beſtätigte. Die Violine kreiſchte munter fort und die Guitarre wie die Harfe, beide verſtimmt, antworteten mit ächzenden Klängen. Da ſagte Moritz zu mir:

„Das ſind die Kleinen von den Meinen. Haſt Du Münze bei Dir?“ —

„Höre, wie zu Luſt und Thaten altklug ſie rathen“, fuhr ich, ebenfalls den Fauſt citirend, fort und ſetzte dann hinzu: „Zum Teufel erſt das Inſtrument, zum Teufel hinterdrein den Sänger! Und Du, haſt du keinen einzelnen Silbergroſchen?“

— „Nein!“ erwiderte er mit kläglichem Ton.

— „Und der Kellner, dem ich einen Thaler zum Wechſeln gab, kommt auch nicht wieder.“

Die Muſik wurde immer rauſchender.

„Packt Euch!“ . . . . adjuro vos! . . . ſcheert Euch zum Henker!“ ſchrie Moritz verzweifelnd. Seine energiſche Stimme blieb nicht wirkungslos. Das hölliſche Orcheſter hielt plötzlich inne; die Guitarre wurde faſt ohnmächtig, der Fidelbogen blieb kraftlos auf den Saiten liegen, die Harfe zitterte und die letzten Töne verhallten röchelnd im Dahinſterben.

Die entmuthigten Künſtler [illegible] uns trübe Blicke voll ſtummer Vorwürfe zu, zogen ſich aber [illegible] endlich zurück und wir athmeten wieder — da wachte aber neben uns ein dicker Herr aus behaglichem Schlummer auf, in den das Katzenconcert ihn gelullt hatte.

„Da, ihr Leutchen!“ — ſagte er, als wollte er uns wegen unſerer Hartherzigkeit beſchämen. Ich weiß nicht, wie reich die Gabe war, welche dieſe einfachen Worte begleitete, aber ſie brachte eine magiſche Wirkung hervor. Die Harfe fing wieder in B moll an, die Guitarre modulirte ihren Dank in C dur — die Violine aber, wahrſcheinlich aus entgegengeſetzten Empfindungen — ſprang von einer Tonart in die andere, um uns ihre Verachtung, dem guten dicken Herrn dagegen ihre Achtung auszudrücken.

Kurz, Moritz ſchmeckte an dieſem Tage ſein geliebtes baieriſches Bier nicht; er trieb mich aufzubrechen und bemerkte mir ſorgfältig, daß der zarte Bau ſeiner Ohren ihm dieſe harte Nothwendigkeit auferlege.

Wir gingen weiter und richteten unſere Schritte nach einem öffentlichen Garten, deſſen ſchattige Gänge, deren Laub die Sonne reizende Lichter aufſetzte, uns lockten einzutreten. Moritz hatte große Luſt, das eben erlebte Abenteuer als Beleg für ſeine früheren Behauptungen anzuwenden; ehe er jedoch den nöthigen Odem dazu geſchöpft, knirſchte der Sand unter flüchtigen Tritten, und wir ſahen zwei allerliebſte Kinder herbeieilen, deren glühende Wangen, ſuchende Blicke und vom Winde zerzauſte Locken uns andeuteten, daß ſie ſich irgend einer läſtigen Aufſicht entzogen hatten und ſich nach einem ſichern Verſteck umſahen. Es waren Bruder und Schweſter — das bewies die Aehnlichkeit in ihren Zügen und die ruhige Vertraulichkeit ihres gegenſeitigen Benehmens. Sie ſetzten ſich neben einander auf eine leere bewegliche Bank und fingen dann leiſe eines jener Geſpräche an, mit denen die kleinen Mädchen die legitimſte Freundſchaft auszuſchmücken wiſſen. Was ſie ſprachen, hätten die Engel lächelnd angehört, daran zweifle ich nicht, aber ſie wollten es ſelbſt den Engeln verbergen, um ein Geheimniß zu haben.

Mir fiel es nicht ein, ſie zu belauſchen; wohl aber Moritz, dem neugierigſten aller Menſchen und Studioſen. Er ſchlich ſich hinzu und ſetzte ſich eben ſo verſtohlen auf das äußerſte Ende der Bank, auf der unſere beiden Cherubim Platz genommen hatten. Das kleine Mädchen errieth dies Manoeuvre zuerſt. Sie ſtieß ſanft ihren Bruder, um ihm ein Zeichen zu geben. Beide ſahen ihren unverſchämten Nachbar von der Seite an und fanden auch augenblicklich eine wohlverdiente Strafe für ihn. Sie ſprangen nämlich zu gleicher Zeit raſch von ihrem Sitze auf, die auf dieſer Seite erleichterte Bank gab nun dem Gewicht auf der anderen Seite nach, ſo daß Moritz mit umſchlug und auf die Erde fiel, während Bruder und Schweſter ſich herzlich lachend entfernten.

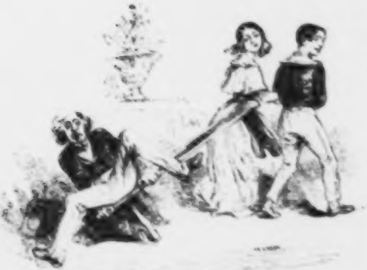

— „Angeführt!“ rief ich dem Studioſus zu, mußte aber doch ſeine Philoſophie bewundern, als er nach ſeinem Falle ſiegſtrahlend zu mir ſagte:

— „Begreifſt Du nun, wie ſehr ich Recht habe? Brauchſt Du noch andere Beweiſe? Wäre ich gefallen, wenn mich der Himmel . . . .“

— Weniger indiscret —

— Nein, taub gemacht hätte. Die Indiscretion iſt hier nur eine secundäre Urſache. Hätte ich nicht die Hoffnung gehabt zu hören, ſo hätte ich gewiß nicht gehorcht.

Ich ſann über eine Antwort nach auf dieſes unerwartete Argument, als ein neues Ereigniß mich ſtörte. Wir verließen gerade den Garten.

Es war ein Geräuſch von Geld, wie wenn der Regen, der Danae verführte, das Straßenpflaſter hätte befruchten wollen. Als ich mich umſah, gewahrte ich einen Mann, deſſen mehr als

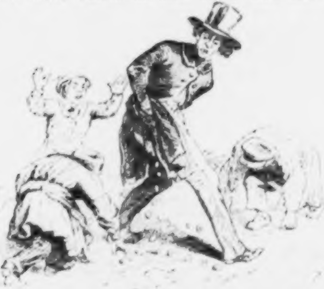

gewöhnlich gefüllte Taſchen zerriſſen waren und eine Lawine harter Thaler ausſpien, die nach allen Seiten rollten, zur größten Freude vieler Vorübergehenden, die mit ſehr zweideutigem Eifer herbeieilten.

Während der Arme, dem die Begebenheit ſehr unangenehm ſchien, da er bald den Dienſtfertigen danken, bald auch dafür ſorgen mußte, daß ſeine Thaler nicht den Weg in andere Taſchen fänden, ſich ängſtlich quälte, ſah ihm Moritz mit einer Art wilder Befriedigung zu.

„Nun“ — ſagte ich zu ihm — „mir ſcheint, als wenn Dein Syſtem hier nicht Stich hielte. Der Mann wäre gewiß nicht ſtehen geblieben, wenn der Klang des Geldes ihm nicht ſeinen Verluſt angezeigt hätte.“

— „Sehr weiſe bemerkt. Aber weißt Du, von wem Du ſprichſt?“ —

— „Durchaus nicht. — Darauf kommt auch Nichts an.“

— „Doch. Wo Du ſein Heil zu ſehen glaubſt, ſehe ich ſein Unglück. Der verhängnißvolle Klang, der ihn in ſeinem Laufe hemmte, das iſt die Nemeſis, die ihn ſicher einholte und der er gehorchte, ohne es zu wiſſen. — Sieh doch nur —

Ich ſah mich um und gewahrte einige Polizeibeamte, die ſich eifrig durch die Menge drängten.

Der Mann mit den zerriſſenen Taſchen wurde todtenbleich, als er ſie ſah, und ließ den Hut fallen, in welchem er die aufgeſammelten Thaler verborgen hatte. Es war ein berüchtigter Dieb, der ſich ohne jenen Unfall glücklich aus dem Staube gemacht hätte. Dieſes Mal hoben einige Polizeidiener das Geld auf, während Andere ihn packten und in das Gefängniß ſchleppten.

— „Ach, liebe Fanny, hören Sie mich doch an!“ — das hübſche Kind ging nur deſto raſcher — „Hören Sie mich doch an, ich beſchwöre Sie!“ — Sie wandte ein Wenig ihr Köpfchen, ohne jedoch langſamer zu gehen. — Ich begriff, daß Moritz hinter einer dringenden Rechtfertigung hertrabte.

Plötzlich blieb Fanny ſtehen, roth wie eine Kirſche und mit funkelnden Augen.

— „Nun, ſo reden Sie, aber raſch, denn man folgt mir ....“

Der Student ergriff ihre Hand und ....

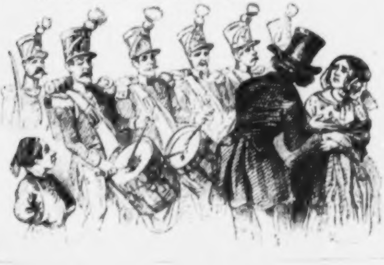

Rumdirum drum drum, rumdirum drum drum!

Ein edles Bataillon Infanterie, mit ſeiner lärmenden Avantgarde, marſchirte in dieſem Augenblicke um die Straßenecke.

Moritz hörte nicht auf zu reden, aber Fanny hörte auf zu hören und das war eben ſo ſchlimm.

Er neigte ſich zu ihr und ſchrie ihr wie ein Zahnbrecher ſeine Treuſchwüre zu. Um Nichts davon zu verlieren, hatte das junge Mädchen graziös die hohle Hand wie ein Hörrohr hinter ihr Ohr gelegt. Alles war jedoch umſonſt. Die raſſelnden Kalbfelle ertränkten jedes Wort.

Eine bejahrte Frau machte dieſer peinlichen Scene ein Ende. Als Fanny dieſelbe gewahrte, erſchrak ſie, machte ſich von Moritz los, bog in ein Seitengäßchen ein und verſchwand wie ein Schatten.

Moritz las eine Frage in meinen Augen.

„Was meinſt Du?“ — ſagte er entmuthigt — „ſie äußerte nur ein Wort und dieſes Wort . . . .“

— „Iſt Dir entgangen. Wirſt Du noch das Glück, taub zu ſein, rühmen?“

Moritz betrachtete mich mit traurigem Erſtaunen von Kopf zu Fuß.

„Ob ich es rühmen werde?“ — entgegnete er — „Ach! mehr denn je: Ich wundere mich, daß Du daran zweifelſt.“

Ich war erſtaunt und ſagte nach einer Pauſe ſehr beſcheiden:

— „Das begreife ich nicht. Du haſt Deine Schöne nicht gehört . . . .“

„Weil ich die Trommeln zu ſehr hörte.“

„Gut. Aber wenn Du nun taub wäreſt, hätteſt Du da . . . .“

„Da hätte ich mit den Augen gehört.“

Vom Wörtlein Aber.

Eine philologiſche Abhandlung.

Das Wörtlein Aber iſt die gewöhnliche Formel des Einwurfs, das Vorwort der Weigerung, das verhängnißvolle Wort, mit dem man beſchränkt, zurücknimmt, widerruft, was man bereits eingeräumt hatte. Es iſt der Stein, an welchem der Fuß ſich ſtößt, gerade wenn er im Begriff iſt, das Ziel zu erreichen; es iſt der Schild, mit dem ſich der Wille deckt, welcher, ſchon der Nachgiebigkeit nahe, ſich zuſammennimmt. Aber iſt das Fuchseiſen, in welchem unſere Leichtgläubigkeit ſich ſängt, wenn man uns anſcheinend freimüthig und freundſchaftlich behandelt. — „Ja, mein Beſter! Sie thaten wohl daran, auf mich zu rechnen; Sie werden mich immer bereit finden, Ihnen einen Dienſt zu leiſten .... aber ....“ Nun folgt eine anſtändige Redensart, welche die verbindliche Einleitung immer geradezu Lügen ſtraft; das Aber hat Alles zerſtört, indem es wie ein feiler Kuppler ſich darbot, um die Verbindung der angenehmen Prämiſſen mit dem widerlichen Schlußſatz zu bewerkſtelligen.

Das Wörtlein Aber ſpielt eine wichtige Rolle in allen menſchlichen Widerwärtigkeiten und das iſt der Grund, weshalb wir ihm hier eine eigene Abhandlung widmen. Da jedoch nach dem Ausſpruche eines der größten deutſchen Dichter oder, ſtreng genommen, nach dem Ausſpruche des Teufels, denn der ſagt es bekanntlich und der verſteht ſich wahrlich am Beſten darauf, alle Theorie grau und des Lebens goldner Baum dagegen grün iſt, ſo wollen wir, um die Richtigkeit des oben Geſagten zu beweiſen und nicht theoretiſch kreuz und quer zu irrlichteriren, die Aepfel von dieſem goldnen Baume brechen und dem wirklichen Leben eine

Reihe von Thatſachen entlehnen, welche die Wahrheit unſerer hier feſtgeſtellten Lehrſätze auf das Unumſtößlichſte documentiren müſſen und werden.

Erſtes Factum. Julius hat ſich auf der Univerſität treffliche Kenntniſſe erworben und ſein theologiſches Examen glänzend beſtanden. Er iſt ſeit bereits zwölf Jahren Candidat, hat als Subſtitut eines Oberpfarrers unverdroſſen gepredigt, getraut, getauft, iſt ſeit zwei Jahren glücklicher Bräutigam eines liebenswürdigen Mädchens, der Tochter eines Landpredigers, weiß mit ſehr Wenigem ſich zu behelfen, kurz, beſitzt alle Eigenſchaften, die man nur von einem wackeren Landpfarrer verlangen kann, und lebt der Hoffnung, die nächſte vacante Stelle zu erhalten, denn auch die Reihe iſt an ihm und das Conſiſtorium hat ihm wiederholt zugeſichert, ſeiner bei der erſten Gelegenheit zu gedenken. Endlich wird ein Pfarramt erledigt, er verabſäumt Nichts, was zu ſeiner Beförderung beitragen kann; man macht ihm die beſten Hoffnungen und er lebt der beſten Hoffnung. Da läßt ihn eines Tages der Präſident des Conſiſtoriums rufen und redet ihn folgendermaßen an: „Sowohl Ihren Verdienſten wie der Anciennetät nach muß Ihnen das Pfarramt zu Trübendorf zufallen, auch hat das Oberconſiſtorium durchaus Nichts gegen Sie einzuwenden, ſondern freut ſich vielmehr, einen ſo wackern, wiſſenſchaftlich tüchtigen und pflichteifrigen jungen Mann an der Spitze ſeiner Pfarramtscandidaten zu ſehen, und ſpricht Ihnen bei dieſer Gelegenheit ſeine volle Zufriedenheit aus" — (Julius iſt außer ſich vor Vergnügen, ach, da kommt der fatale Nachſatz, anhebend mit dem unheilsſchwangeren Wörtlein) — „aber" — kurz er bekommt die Pfarre nicht, ſondern bleibt wiederum am Teiche Bethesda in Exſpectanz liegen, der Aermſte! Das Wörtlein Aber kann man übrigens vielfach ergänzen. — Der Präſident ſagt freilich nur: „aber das Oberconſiſtorium muß bei den eigenthümlichen Verhältniſſen der Gemeinde dieſe Stelle durchaus mit einem in den praktiſchen Geſchäften erfahrenen Geiſtlichen beſetzen;" oder auch „aber eben deswegen wünſcht das Oberconſiſtorium Sie noch länger als würdigen Subſtituten des Herrn Oberpfarrers, jedoch leider nicht cum spe succedendi zu ſehen“ — heißen kann das auch — aber der Sohn des zweiten Oberconſiſtorialrathes, oder der Bräutigam der Kammerjungfer meiner Frau muß erſt verſorgt werden, ehe wir an Sie denken können u. ſ. w.

Zweites Factum. Ludwig hat ein hübſches Amt, iſt nicht ohne Vermögen und denkt nun ſehr lebhaft daran, zu heirathen. Auf einem Balle im vorigen Jahre hatte er die Tochter des Banquier Goursmann kennen lernen, eine ſehr geiſtreiche, liebenswürdige junge Dame. Es iſt ihm vorgekommen, als zeichne ſie ihn vortheilhaft vor ihren andern Anbetern aus. Er hat ſeitdem gewagt, ſich ihr immer mehr zu nahen und ihr ſeine geheimen Abſichten auf ihr Herz und ihre Hand zu erkennen zu geben, und es iſt ihm vorgekommen, als muntere ſie ihn durch kleine Beweiſe der Huld auf, den entſcheidenden Schritt zu thun. Um als ein redlicher Mann zu handeln und ganz ſicher zu gehen, wendet er ſich an ihren Papa und ſucht deſſen Geſinnungen zu erforſchen. Der Banquier verſteht ihn anfangs nicht, ſondern meint, er wolle ein Geſchäft mit ihm machen. Ludwig muß nun deutlich werden, immer deutlicher, ſo deutlich wie möglich, und nun antwortet endlich Herr Goursmann ſehr artig: „Verehrteſter Herr Aſſeſſor, ich betrachte es als ein großes Glück, und es gereicht mir zum beſonderen Vergnügen, daß meine Tochter, die wirklich ein liebes Mädchen iſt, — obwohl ich ihr Vater bin, darf ich das doch ſagen — einen ſo tiefen Eindruck auf Sie gemacht hat. Sie ſind auch ganz ein Mann, wie ich ihn mir zum Schwiegerſohn wünſche, und ich zweifle nicht, daß meine Alphonſine ein glückliches Daſein als ihre Gattin zu erwarten hat, — aber, — ſie iſt noch viel zu jung, als daß ich ſie ſchon von uns trennen möchte“, oder „ſie iſt ſchon ſeit drei Jahren im Stillen mit dem Sohne meines Compagnons verlobt u. ſ. w.“ Dies aber heißt eigentlich vielleicht — aber, das ſollte mir fehlen, ſie mit einem ſimpeln Aſſeſſor zu verheirathen, oder — aber, ich will einen Edelmann zum Schwiegerſohn, und tauſend andere Aber, die einen ſehr kränkenden oder ſehr thörichten Nachſatz beginnen, die der feine Banquier jedoch aus Klugheit oder Höflichkeit verſchweigt.

Drittes Factum. Nach vielen vergeblichen Bitten und langen Monaten erhielt Karl endlich von ſeiner angebeteten Amalie das Zugeſtändniß, ihn allein an einem dritten Orte zu treffen. Sie hatte es ihm nur zögernd gegeben, denn ihre Phantaſie hatte nicht ermangelt, ihr alle Gefahren und Unannehmlichkeiten, denen ſie ſich dabei bloß ſtellte, auszumalen. Aengſtlich beſtimmte ſie ihm eine Promenade, welche um die von ihr feſtgeſetzte Stunde gewöhnlich von Niemandem beſucht zu werden pflegte. Bebend fand ſie ſich daſelbſt ein, ihr Herz klopfte zagend und ihr Arm zitterte in dem ihres Geliebten, der, ſelbſt bewegt, ſie mit ungewiſſer Stimme zu beruhigen ſuchte. Allmälig wuchs ihr Muth; im Schatten des Abends, eiferſüchtigen Augen verborgen, wandelten ſie endlich ſelig Hand in Hand. Aber, plötzlich hallen Hufſchläge wieder und zwingen ſie, ſich hinter einem Baume zu verſtecken. Amalie hatte ſich erſchreckt Karl in die Arme geworfen und verbarg ihr Haupt an ſeiner treuen Bruſt. Zum erſten Mal in ſeinem Leben genoß er dieſes ſeltene Glück, von der tiefſten Dunkelheit beſchützt, keine Störung fürchtend, und gab ſich ihm mit vollem Entzücken hin. Aber .... da erhebt ſich plötzlich ein wüthendes Gebell, das von dem Fahrwege her den Liebenden immer näher kommt. Es rührt von einer echten Bulldogge, einem auf Menſchen dreſſirten Hunde, der gefährlichſten von allen Racen, her. Jetzt bemächtigt ſich auch Karl's die tiefſte Angſt, nicht um ſeines eigenen Selbſt willen, denn was hätte es ihm gekoſtet, ſich für ſie, die Angebetete, zerfleiſchen zu laſſen? — Aber was ſoll ſie während des unvermeidlichen Kampfes beginnen. .... der unbekannte Reiter, der Herr des Hundes — der ſchon den Schritt ſeines Pferdes gemäßigt hat, wird ohne Zweifel herbeieilen und Amalien erkennen. Die Aermſte, die ſich ſo compromittirt ſieht, iſt einer Ohnmacht nahe ....

War der Reiter bewundernswürdig discret, oder bloß furchtſam? Wer kann das entſcheiden wollen. Wie dem auch ſei, die rauhe Stimme, welche rief:

— Strey! Willſt du hierher? Gleich komm her!

klang unſerem Helden wie Sphärenharmonie. Knurrend und zäh-

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nefletſchend entfernte ſich Strop, und ſein zorniges Bellen vermiſchte ſich noch lange mit dem klappernden Hufſchlag des Roſſes.

Amalie faßte ſich wieder und ohne weiteres Abenteuer brachte Karl ſie glücklich und unbemerkt nach Hauſe. *Aber* die junge, zarte Liebe war gleich im Entſtehen durch die erlittene Angſt erſtickt worden.

Viertes Factum. Die Aermſte! Wie ennuyirte ſie ſich auf dem Balle. Noch häßlicher als gewöhnlich in dem geſchmackloſen Anzuge, mit dem man ſie aufgeputzt hatte, wartete ſie vergeblich, ein wahres Spalier, auf eine Aufforderung zum Tanze.

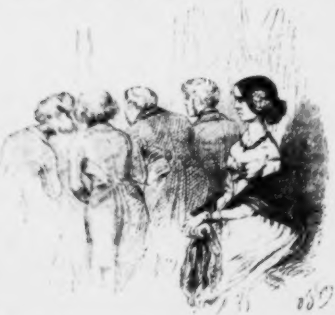

Ringsumher eilten bei den erſten Geigenſtrichen junge artige Herren herbei, ſtanden junge, fröhliche Mädchen auf, raſch den leichten Shawl von den blendenden Schultern ſtreifend, und mehr als eine Schöne hatte die Wahl zwiſchen zwei ſtolzen Nebenbuhlern, die bereit waren, ſich um des Vorzuges willen auf Tod und Leben zu ſchlagen. Dieſe glücklichen Mädchen beneidete die arme Verlaſſene nur um ihren Ueberfluß, um die Broſamen, die von ihrem Tiſche fielen. Aber Nichts der Art ward ihr zu Theil, die Zeit verſtrich, die Verlegenheit wuchs und ihre innere Betrübniß geſtattete ihr nicht mehr, das gerade jetzt ſo nothwendige indifferente Lächeln zu affectiren. Ihre Augen waren nahe daran, ſich mit Thränen zu füllen; in allen ihren Bewegungen zeigte ſich eine ſchlecht verhehlte Ungeduld; ſie zerzupfte ihren Shawl, indem ſie ihn über die Schulter zog, und zerbrach ihren Fächer, als ſie denſelben öffnen wollte .... da zeigte ſich auf der Schwelle des Saals ein Mann, deſſen Anblick ſie zittern machte .... Ein Adonis hätte ihn um dieſe electriſche Kraft beneidet, und jener war Nichts weniger als ein Adonis. — Man denke ſich dagegen ein Mulattengeſicht, eine dicke, ganz in Schwarz gekleidete Figur, mit Berlocken auf dem Bauche und mit Füßen, um bequem im Stehn zu ſchlafen, in baumwollenen Strümpfen.

Das ſchadet aber Nichts. In gewiſſen Fällen iſt jeder Mann ein Mann. Dieſer nun, ein häufiger Tiſchgaſt bei den Eltern der jungen Einſamen, war ihr eine Artigkeit ſchuldig, das heißt, ein Zwangstänzchen, wie man zu ſagen pflegt. Sie beobachtete ſeine Schritte, rief ihn in Gedanken herbei und ließ ihn nicht aus den Augen, als er längs den Wänden näher kam, fürchtend, ein anderer Gegenſtand möchte ihn feſſeln. Endlich kommt er heran .... er hat ſie geſehn — er lächelt ihr zu. — Wie liebenswürdig erſcheint er ihr in dieſem Augenblicke. Neben ihr iſt ein Stuhl frei; er eilt ihn in Beſitz zu nehmen — günſtiges Zeichen ....

Aber .... einmal ſitzend, fragt er ſie:

Tanzen Sie denn nicht, mein Fräulein?

Dann erzählt er ihr, — ohne die Antwort abzuwarten — von Gicht und Rheumatismen, ihm ſind die Füße geſchwollen von dem langen Stehen; er konnte es nicht länger aushalten, er mußte ſich ſetzen u. ſ. w.

Fernere Erfahrungsſätze. Wem iſt es nicht ſchon geſchehen oder wird es nicht noch einmal geſchehen, unbemerkt Zeuge einer Unterredung zu ſein, deren Gegenſtand ſeine eigene werthe Perſon iſt; oder in einem Briefe, der ihm in die Hände fällt und urſprünglich nicht für ihn beſtimmt war, eine unparteiiſche Liſte ſeiner Verdienſte wie ſeiner Mängel zu finden. Bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten lernt man das Wörtlein aber erſt recht verabſcheuen. Wenn man z. B. von ſich ſagen hört:

„Er iſt ein Ehrenmann, unfähig irgend einer Seele das mindeſte Unrecht zuzufügen; man hat mehr denn zwanzig Beweiſe ſeiner edeln Uneigennützigkeit, ſeine Verwandten loben ſein immer großartiges und edelmüthiges Benehmen. Er iſt unterrichtet, vorſichtig, geregelt in ſeinem Betragen, feſt in ſeinen Grundſätzen, treu und zuverläſſig in Verhältniſſen jeder Art! .... Aber neben allen dieſen vortrefflichen Eigenſchaften iſt er der langweiligſte, ſchwerfälligſte und ungenießbarſte Sterbliche, dem Jeder gern aus dem Wege geht. Es iſt, als ob er ein Miasma ausdünſtete, das alle Unterhaltung lähmt, allen Geiſt tödtet und den beſuchteſten Salon in eine Wüſte umwandelt u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Oder auch, wenn ein armer Liebender das Portrait ſeiner Geliebten folgendermaßen ſkizzirt findet:

.... Man beſtreitet nicht ihre perſönliche Anmuth. Sie zeichnet ſich aus durch die Zartheit ihrer Züge, die Grazie ihres Weſens, ihre ſchlanke Geſtalt, ihre Perlen gleichen Zähne, ihren lebhaften und natürlichen Teint .... Aber ihre Haare ſind, wie es ſcheint, nicht ſo echt, und wir haben neulich ſehr gelacht, als wir in einem von Eduard (das iſt nämlich der arme Liebende, dem ein böſer Zufall dieſe Zeilen in die Hände geſpielt hat) verlornen Medaillon eine jener ſchwarzen ſeidenartigen Locken erkannten, welche Paul, der Friſeur am Königsplatze, dieſer reizenden Dame liefert ....

Kurz, ſo kündet das Wörtlein aber uns bei jeder Gelegenheit eine Enttäuſchung, einen Verdruß, eine zerſtörte Illuſion, ein unangenehmes Mißverhältniß, zwiſchen dem, was uns ſchmeichelt und der Wirklichkeit, an. Aber iſt ein Zaun um das Feld, das wir unbegrenzt wünſchen, ein Schlagbaum auf der Heerſtraße, die wir

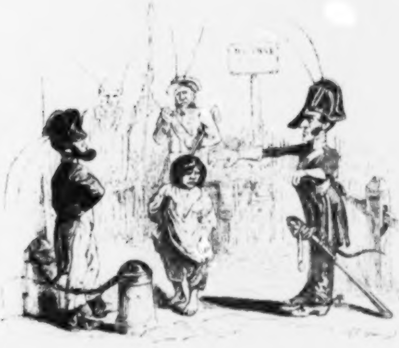

gern ganz frei hätten. Da es uns überall entgegentritt, ſo geſtaltet uns obendrein unſere Phantaſie ein Menge eingebildeter Aber, die ſich uns bei unſeren tauſend und aber tauſend Wünſchen hemmend in den Weg ſtellen.

„Ich brächte gern acht Tage auf dem Lande zu .... Aber, wenn es regnete ....“ — Während dieſer acht Tage iſt gerade das ſchönſte Wetter, der heiterſte Himmel.

Man hat Luſt, Madame X. einen Beſuch zu machen. „Aber ſie wird nicht zu Hauſe ſein.“ Sie iſt zu Hauſe, Unglücklicher, und erwartet Dich. Du gehſt an der Schwelle vorüber, die Dich vergeblich einladet und die ein geſpenſtiſches Aber allein Dir verſperrt.

„Wie graziös ſie iſt!“ — fügſt Du hinzu, — „wie wohlwollend, wie freundlich hat ſie mich aufgenommen! .... Aber ſie iſt kokett .... Kokett für Dich, Einfältiger! Warum verſtehſt Du ſie nicht, anſtatt Dich ſelbſt ſo abzuſchrecken?“

„Ich heirathete ſie gern .... Aber, eine Wittwe .... — Eine kinderloſe Wittwe, die einen alten Mann hatte ....“

Es mag manches Wahre darin ſein, ruft der Leſer, aber dieſe Abhandlung iſt doch zu lang.

Und nun ſoll man das abſcheuliche Wörtlein Aber nicht haſſen!

Der Gaſt im abgeſchabten Rock,

oder

der unglückliche Banquier.

Eine moderne Novelle.

Man ſpeiſt ganz vortrefflich bei dem Banquier, Herrn Wechſelmann. Auch hat er ſehr viele Freunde und ich — man wird mir das nicht mißdeuten — gehöre zu ſeinen vertrauteſten. Das iſt wirklich ein Verdienſt von mir und nicht das Reſultat paraſitiſcher Neigungen, denn Wechſelmann iſt ein ganz eigenthümlicher Mann und, trotz der Vortrefflichkeit ſeines Koches, nicht immer angenehm im Umgange. Sein Reichthum hat ihn melancholiſch gemacht, er betrachtet denſelben wie eine Laſt und behauptet Einem ins Geſicht: dreißigtauſend Thaler jährlicher Einkünfte ſeien das größte Unglück ſeines Lebens.

Seine Theorie in dieſer Hinſicht hat etwas ſehr Verlockendes und es gefällt mir beſonders, wenn er bei ſeinen feinen Weinen und ausgeſuchten Delicateſſen gegen die Genüſſe der Tafel declamirt. Wechſelmann iſt nämlich arm geweſen und affectirt, ſich mit Vergnügen deſſen zu erinnern, was natürlich nur Komödie iſt. So behauptet er auch, das feinſte Frühſtück wöge die Radieschen und das Milchbrod nicht auf, mit denen er früher um dieſelbe Zeit ſeinen Hunger ſtillte, als er nur noch ſimpler Commis auf einem Comptoir war. Mitten in ſolcher Rede bemerkt er aber doch, daß der Faſan nicht lange genug gebraten habe und der Laroſe nicht gut verkorkt worden ſei, und geräth in große Wuth über die Nachläſſigkeit ſeiner Dienerſchaft. Iſt indeſſen der Anfall wieder vorüber, ſo verſinkt er natürlich von Neuem in Melancholie und ruft uns zu Zeugen auf, daß er ganz gewichtige Gründe habe, ſich für höchſt unglücklich zu halten.

Neulich begegnete er mir auf der Promenade. Er ritt ein Pferd, deſſen ſich Semilaſſo nicht geſchämt haben würde. Ich machte ihm ein Compliment darüber und lobte die feine Geſtalt und die edle Haltung des ſchönen Thieres. „Ach, laſſen Sie das gut ſein“ — ſagte er verdrießlich — „Sie haben den neuen Fuchs des engliſchen Geſandten noch nicht geſehn, der iſt zehnmal mehr werth als dieſer, welcher doch ſiebenzig Friedrichsd'or mehr koſtet. Da bin ich wieder einmal ſchön betrogen; daran iſt aber Nichts als der vertrackte Reichthum Schuld, um den mich die Welt ſo ſehr beneidet.“

— „Sie ſcheinen aber Vergnügen daran zu finden, es zu reiten . . . . Man ſieht Sie ja täglich auf der Promenade.“

— „Nun, wer ſoll es denn reiten, wenn ich es nicht thue? Einem plumpen Stallknecht, der es lahm macht und ihm das Maul verdirbt, kann ich es doch nicht anvertrauen. Das zwingt mich aber täglich — gleichviel bei welchem Wetter — wie ein junger Huſarenlieutenant hier ein Paar Stunden dadurch zu verlieren. Nicht war, das iſt amüſant? . . . .“

Aergerlich gab er bei dieſen Worten dem edeln Roß einen derben Schlag mit der Reitgerte, das ſogleich Galopp einſetzte und ihn auf ein Haar abgeworfen hätte. Er erſchrak nicht wenig und wurde gewiß erzürnter als je gegen ſein trauriges Geſchick.

Ein anderes Mal traf er den Miniſterialrath und Dichter Anſelm, welcher höchſt verdrießlich war, einen ſchönen Frühlingstag im Conſeil verſitzen zu müſſen. Wechſelmann dagegen war gerade im Begriff, nach ſeinem herrlichen Landhauſe zu fahren und ſtieg aus dem Wagen, bloß um Jenen mit folgenden Worten anzureden: „Wie glücklich ſind Sie, liebſter Miniſterialrath! wenn Sie des Morgens aufwachen, wiſſen Sie genau, was Sie den Tag über zu thun haben, und Ihre Geſchäfte ſind pünktlich beſtimmt! Das Hauptbuch Ihrer Exiſtenz liegt aufgeſchlagen vor Ihnen. Ich wette, Sie wiſſen gar nicht, was Langeweile iſt. Die Gewohnheit hat Ihnen das Arbeiten zu einer Nothwendigkeit gemacht, und die Arbeit macht Ihnen wieder die Ruhe zum Genuß. Eine ſtets unbeſchäftigte und doch raſtloſe Einbildungskraft quält Sie nicht, die bei mir um ſo peinlicher iſt, weil ſie alle ihre Träume alsbald verwirklichen kann und das Vergnügen daher gleich in der Geburt erſtickt.“

Der feine Weltmann Anſelm verſicherte mir, er ſei nahe daran geweſen, dem inſolenten Millionnair eine Grobheit zu ſagen, und nur der Gedanke, daß es dennoch vielleicht deſſen wirklicher bitterer Ernſt ſei, habe ihn davon abgehalten, indem es in dieſem Falle doch ein Unrecht geweſen wäre, zu vergeſſen, wie fein und gaſtfrei er Künſtler und Gelehrte behandle. Zu gleicher Zeit machte mich der Miniſterialrath aber darauf aufmerkſam, daß alle Perſonen, deren Mitleid unſer Banquier heraufbeſchwört, ſich zuletzt ſehr beklagenswerth fühlen. Je mehr er ihnen ſein vorgebliches Unglück entwickelt, deſto mehr werden ſie als Gegenſatz geneigt, ihre eigene Lage zu betrachten, und wenn es ihm nicht gelingt, ſie ſeinetwegen zu rühren, ſo macht er ſie ſtets höchſt betrübt über ihren eigenen Zuſtand.

„Mich hungert jedes Mal“ — fuhr Anſelm fort — „wenn der verzweifelte Menſch mir ſeine Indigeſtionen ſchildert.“

Eines Tages fühlten Anſelm und ich jedoch wirklich das tiefſte Mitleid mit unſerem Amphitryon. Bei unſerer Stimmung gegen ihn kann man ſich leicht denken, daß es eines wahren Trauerſpieles bedurfte, um uns in ſolche Rührung zu verſetzen.

Es war auf dem Landhauſe, von dem ich bereits geſprochen habe. Der Banquier führte uns in den Gartenanlagen herum und ſuchte uns zu beweiſen, daß die Nachbarſchaft einiger diebiſcher Bauern, der Muthwille ihrer Jungen, die Untreue des Gärtners und die Indiscretion der Damen, welche immer Bouquets aus den Treibhäuſern verlangten, ihm die Freude an dem ſchönen Eigenthum gänzlich verleideten. Wir hörten ihm mit unſerer gewöhnlichen Artigkeit zu, ohne ihm zu ſehr zu widerſprechen, wie es ſich für Leute geziemt, die die Erwartung einer guten Mittagsmahlzeit nachſichtig ſtimmt. Da erſchien plötzlich am Ende der Allee, in welcher wir uns befanden, ein ſchüchterner, magerer Mann, der ſich höchſt demüthig näherte und bei deſſen Anblick — er machte wirklich ein Geſicht wie ein begoſſener Hund — uns ein kalter Schauer überlief. Seine dürren, an den Leib gedrückten Ellnbogen ſchienen jede freiere Bewegung zu ſcheuen, welche ſeinem ſauber gebürſteten, abgeſchabten, bis oben hinauf zugeknöpften Rocke, deſſen Nähte in der Sonne leuchteten, Schaden bringen konnte. So wie er uns gewahr wurde, ſchon in der weiteſten Entfernung nahm er den Hut ab; ſeine Höflichkeit kam uns jedoch ſo übertrieben vor, daß Niemand ſie erwiederte. Ich ſah unſeren Wirth an, um die Löſung dieſes Räthſels von ihm zu erhalten. Alle Uebrigen thaten daſſelbe, die Einen aus bloßer Neugier, die Anderen, damit ſie ſich nach ihm richteten. Nie aber gewahrte ich eine verlegenere Phyſiognomie, nie ein gezwungeneres Lächeln, nie kläglichere und ärgerlichere Blicke. Wir glaubten Alle, der Unbekannte ſei am Ende der Verderben bringende Agent irgend einer geheimnißvollen Macht und die Gourmands unter uns ſchnitten ſchon beſtürzte Grimaſſen, die jeden Uneigennützigen, wenn anders ein ſolcher gegenwärtig geweſen wäre, höchlichſt ergötzt haben müßten.

Der Fremde näherte ſich indeſſen mit immer ungewiſſeren Schritten; es war, als ob es ihm an Muth fehle und die Beine ihm den Dienſt verſagten. Er hatte die Augen niedergeſchlagen und wiſchte ſeinen abgetragenen Hut mit dem Aermel ab. Die Scene wurde verwickelter. Der Banquier hatte Halt gemacht und trocknete ſich den kalten Schweiß von der Stirn. Ein tragiſches Schweigen herrſchte und nicht minder tragiſche, nach der Küche gerichtete Blicke ſuchten dort unbedingt eine Gegenwirkung gegen alle dieſe Erſchütterungen.

Endlich redete der Unbekannte. Wir erwarteten irgend eine feierliche Beſchwörung. Er ſagte aber nur mit einiger Anſtrengung:

„Guten Tag, Jakob!“

Jakob iſt Wechſelmann's Vorname. Wie ſollte man dieſe Vertraulichkeit erklären und wie kam es, daß dem Banquier die Stimme verſagte, dieſe freundſchaftliche Anrede zu erwiedern? Er zögerte noch, als der Fremde von Neuem anhub:

„Guten Tag, Jakob! guten Tag, lieber ....“

„Guten Tag, guten Tag, guten Tag“, ſchrie plötzlich Wechſelmann, aus ſeiner Erſtarrung, die uns Alle überraſchte, auffahrend und dem Unbekannten die Hand reichend.

„Geht's Euch gut? . . . Eurer Frau auch? deſto beſſer, deſto beſſer!“

Wir bemerkten Alle, daß der Banquier mit dieſen Worten dem Fremden die Rede vor dem Munde abſchnitt, aber nun ward unſerem Scharfſinn wieder manches Räthſel aufgegeben. Nachdem der Fremde uns von Neuem begrüßt hatte, bildete er den Nachtrab und zog hinter uns her, ohne mit irgend Jemandem von uns auch nur eine Silbe zu wechſeln. Ich wandte mich von Zeit zu Zeit um und betrachtete ihn, die Standhaftigkeit bewundernd, mit der er ſeinen unglücklichen Hut putzte, wenn meine Blicke ihm läſtig wurden.

Endlich rief man uns zu Tiſche, was, mit Ausnahme des unglücklichen Banquiers, Alle ſehr heiter ſtimmte. Während er uns ſämmtlich voranſchreiten ließ, entging mir ſein ängſtlicher und finſterer Blick keineswegs. Ich wollte der Letzte ſein, um eine kleine Frage an ihn zu richten und meine brennende Neugier hinſichtlich des Gaſtes im abgeſchabten Rocke zu befriedigen; dieſer ſchien es aber gemerkt zu haben und Nichts konnte ihn bewegen, den Vortritt zu nehmen. Er wollte ſogar durchaus hinter unſerm Wirthe ſelbſt hergehn, und ihre desfallſige Verhandlung, welche ich belauſchte, war nicht die am Wenigſten eigenthümliche Scene in dieſem kleinen Luſtſpiel.

— „Geht voran!“ ſagte der Banquier. — „Nein, geh' Du voran!“ erwiederte der Andere. „Biſt Du bei Troſt, geh' doch hinein!“ verſetzte Jener. — „Nein, geh' Du doch hinein!“ entgegnete dieſer. — „Wollen wir denn bis Morgen hier bleiben?“ fragte Wechſelmann. — „Gott, mach doch nicht“ — antwortete der Gaſt — „ſolche Umſtände mit Deinem . . . .“ — „Nun, weil Ihr es durchaus nicht anders wollt“, unterbrach ihn der Banquier und ließ ſich von ihm in den Saal ſchieben.

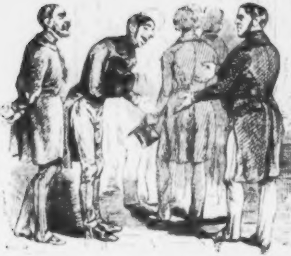

Dort gab es eine neue Scene. Die Zahl der Couverts war nach der Größe des Tiſches berechnet. Ein Gaſt mehr ſtörte alſo unſere Bequemlichkeit außerordentlich. Der arme Schelm bemerkte es und fing nun ſehr zur Unzeit eine Reihe von Entſchuldigungen an, die unſern Wirth von Neuem auf die Folter ſpannten. — „Er ſei zu viel .... Man müſſe ſich ſeinetwegen geniren .... Er bäte um Erlaubniß fortzugehn .... Er ſei untröſtlich, gerade heute gekommen zu ſein .... Er hoffe, Jakob werde deßwegen nicht ungehalten auf ihn ſein u. ſ. w."

Jakob ſchwitzte mittlerweile Angſtſchweiß und ſeine Blicke flehten uns an, nicht darauf zu hören. Auf ſeinen Befehl mußte ein Bedienter die Couverts zweier verzogener Kinder wegnehmen, welche, als ſie für ſich ein Katzentiſchchen gedeckt ſahen, ein Duo von Schreien und Weinen begannen. Der Grundbaß des Unbekannten miſchte von Zeit zu Zeit eben ſo unpaſſende Entſchuldigungen wie die früheren hinein — obwohl der Verräther — das lag am Tage — keineswegs ernſtlich daran dachte, ſich zu entfernen.

Kaum ſaß er endlich, ſo ließ Wechſelmann, um ihn zum Schweigen zu bringen, ihm einige Delicateſſen präſentiren, welche, nach der Kleinheit des Tellers zu urtheilen, große Seltenheiten waren. Der Gaſt im abgeſchabten Rocke nahm aber dem Diener den Teller aus der Hand, ſetzte ihn vor ſich hin und leerte ihn ſo raſch, wie man eine Hand umdreht, gänzlich, indem er dabei laut bemerkte: „Man ſetze ihm zu reichlich vor“.

Ich ſah, wie ſeine beiden Nachbarn vor Zorn erbleichten und drei andere Geſichter, das des Banquiers nicht eingerechnet, gewaltig lang wurden.

Bei dem zweiten Gange wagte der Unbekannte eine Conjectur über den Preis des köſtlichen ſilbernen Tafelaufſatzes. Er taxirte ihn auf hundert Thaler. Uns blieb der Biſſen im Munde ſtecken und Wechſelmann proteſtirte, gen Himmel blickend, innerlich gegen dieſe demüthige Schätzung. Der Aufſatz hatte wenigſtens tauſend Thaler gekoſtet. Wahrſcheinlich merkte der Fremde nun, daß er eine Dummheit begangen, und um ſich dafür zu beſtrafen, nahm er hartnäckig nichts mehr von Allem, was ihm ſervirt wurde. Aus Furcht jedoch, den Herrn des Hauſes zu beleidigen, begleitete er jede Weigerung mit einer Entſchuldigung und richtete dieſelbe an den Bedienten, der dieſe ſeltſamen Ausreden mit verlegenem Lächeln anhörte.

Ich übergehe tauſend andere Ungeſchicklichkeiten, die einzeln wie Tropfen geſchmolzenen Bleies auf die verwundete Eigenliebe unſeres Wirthes fielen. Nach franzöſiſcher Sitte, welche Wechſelmann ſehr liebte, wurde uns zuletzt warmes Waſſer, um den Mund auszuſpülen, präſentirt. Der arme Fremdling, dem dieſer Gebrauch unbekannt war, dachte einen Augenblick darüber nach und leerte dann das Glas mit einem herzhaften Zuge, was uns in nicht geringe Angſt über die wahrſcheinliche Wirkung verſetzte.

Als er es bemerkte, wurde er bald bleich, bald roth, einer Ohnmacht nahe, und wies heftig den angebotenen Kaffee zurück. Drei Minuten nachher bot ein anderer Gaſt, der jenes Manöver nicht bemerkt hatte und glaubte er ſei abſichtlich übergangen, ihm höflich ſeine Taſſe an — die Jener wider alles Erwarten annahm, weil er nicht wußte, wie er ſie ablehnen ſollte. Dies geſchah in dem Augenblicke, wo Wechſelmann die letzten Tropfen des koſtbaren Trankes in ſeine Taſſe goß. Er wurde es gewahr und erblaßte. Der um ſeinen Kaffee gebrachte Gaſt war ein Mann, zu deſſen Ehre der Banquier das Diner veranſtaltet hatte und an deſſen Verdauung dieſem am Meiſten gelegen war. Er hatte ihn nämlich zur Theilnahme an einem Geſchäfte bereden wollen, bei dem vielleicht zwanzigtauſend Thaler zu gewinnen waren. Wir wußten das und ſahen das ganze Unternehmen ſcheitern; in demſelben Augenblicke, wo der um ſeinen Kaffee gebrachte Mann ſich gewandt der Thür näherte und verſchwand, ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, oder daß man es wagte ihn zurückzuhalten.

Man kann ſich denken, mit welchen Blicken Wechſelmann nun den Gaſt im abgeſchabten Rocke durchbohrte. Dieſer wußte vor Angſt nicht zu bleiben. — Er wollte fliehn, aber da er ſeinen Hut, den er unter einem Tiſchchen ſorgfältig verſteckt hatte, nicht finden konnte, ſo ſah er ſich genöthigt bis zum allgemeinen Aufbruch zu bleiben.

Als Einer von uns ſich beſorgt erkundigte, ob ſein Wagen nicht gekommen ſei, bot ihm der Unglückliche, gleich als wolle er das Siegel auf ſeine Ungeſchicklichkeit drücken, an:

„Ich habe mir einen Platz in der Journaliere beſtellt; ſie wird um fünf Uhr hier vorbeikommen, und wenn mein Vetter (hier wies er auf Wechſelmann) es erlaubt, ſo trete ich Ihnen denſelben gern ab und gehe zu Fuß . . . .“

In dieſem Augenblicke fühlten wir alle das tiefſte Mitleid mit dem Millionnair.

Die Anti-Thierquäler-Vereine.

Moraliſche Betrachtung.

Unſere Zeit iſt die Zeit der Vereine, das heißt, die Leute, die ſich allein langweilen, verbinden ſich, um ſich in Geſellſchaft zu langweilen und meinen ſich dadurch das Leben zu erleichtern, weil Viele doch eine Laſt leichter tragen als der Einzelne. Es ſind aber nur ſatte Leute, die das thun: man wird nie hören, daß ſich die Hungrigen verbinden, um gemeinſchaftlich zu hungern, ſondern ſolche Vereine werden blos geſtiftet, um gemeinſchaftlich ſich ſatt zu eſſen? was allerdings ein ſehr löblicher Zweck iſt, denn mit gefülltem Magen erträgt man die Leiden der Zeit weit beſſer und jedenfalls angenehmer als mit leerem. Das wiſſen auch die Damen, oder richtiger die ſogenannte Frau vom Hauſe, ſehr wohl und ſorgen immer ſehr gütig für ihre Gäſte, namentlich bei Kindtaufſchmäuſen

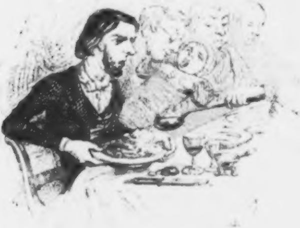

und ähnlichen feierlichen Gelegenheiten, ſo daß ein vorſichtiger Mann, den derlei Glück oft heimſucht, auch ſtets vor wie nachher ſeine Maßregeln trifft und ſich zu einem zeitgemäßen Vorfaſten und Nachfaſten verurtheilt. Vorſicht iſt eben bekanntlich zu allen Dingen nütze, wie das alte Sprüchwort ſagt, und ein vorſichtiger Mann thut wohl daran, ſich recht vorzuſehn, ehe er Mitglied eines neuen Vereins wird, ſelbſt eines ſolchen, der gegründet wurde, um Mäßigkeit und Enthaltſamkeit zu befördern, denn auch dieſe legen wenigſtens ihre Jahresrechnung nie anders als mit einem obligaten Zweckeſſen und reſpective Trinken ab. Ich hatte einen Oheim, der ein alter reicher Junggeſelle und ein Enthuſiaſt des Princips der Aſſociation war; zehn Meilen in der Runde gab es keinen Verein irgend einer Art, dem er nicht als Mitglied angehört hätte und bei welchem er nicht ſeine menſchenfreundlichen Geſinnungen mindeſtens ein Mal im Jahre durch tapferes Miteſſen und Trinken bethätigte. Ja, er ließ es ſich ſauer werden, der wackere Oheim und zwar nicht blos für die gute Sache, ſondern für die guten Sachen, denn da jeder Verein eine gute Sache hat, die ſeinige nämlich, und er allen affiliirt war, ſo hatte er unzählige gute Sachen in ſich aufzunehmen, das Jahr hindurch. Er war Mitglied des Goethevereins wie des Schillervereins, des Vereins für die Conſumtion inländiſcher Producte, ſo wie derer zur Beförderung der Viehzucht, zur Unterſtützung des Weinbau's, zur Rettung verunglückter Bürger, zur Unterbringung von Züchtlingen, zur Erziehung ſittlich verwahrloſter Kinder, lauter trefflicher Verbindungen, ſo wie der nicht minder trefflichen Geſellſchaften für die Belohnung tugendhafter Dienſtmädchen, für Errichtung einer Magdalenenſtiftung, für geſellige Heiterkeit u. ſ. w., u. ſ. w., der vielen andern zweckloſen, Nichts bezweckenden, in ſich ſelbſt ihren eigenen Zweck tragenden und welche ſeltſame Namen ſie ſich ſonſt noch beilegen mochten — Aſſociationen, Collegien, Kränzchen u. d. m. nicht zu gedenken. — Die Folge war, daß der gute, ſelige Oheim, der ſchon im Leben immer ſelig von dem Zweckeſſen ſeiner Vereine nach Hauſe zu kommen pflegte, an einer Indigeſtion ſtarb, da zufällig die Mittagsfeier des Viehzucht-Beförderungs- und die Abendfeier des Mäßigkeit-Vereins auf denſelben Tag fielen, an welchem er am Morgen als Präſident der Unterſuchungscommiſſion für die Beförderung und Unterſtützung des Weinbau's ſehr gewiſſenhaft fungirt hatte. In ſeinem Teſtamente vermachte er mir ein ſehr anſehnliches Legat, jedoch unter der ausdrücklichen Bedingung, daß ich wenigſtens einem ſogenannten Nützlichkeits-Vereine als Mitglied beiträte. Wollte ich nun die ſchöne Summe Geldes nicht einbüßen, ſo mußte ich mich ſchon dazu bequemen, obwohl ich ſonſt eben kein Freund von dergleichen bin.

Wer die Wahl hat, hat aber die Qual. Ich zerbrach mir nun lange den Kopf, welchen Verein ich mit meiner Theilnahme beglücken ſolle und zog endlich einen erfahrenen Freund zu Rathe. Dieſer drang ſehr in mich, Mitglied des Vereins gegen Thierquälerei zu werden, weil erſtlich dies ein ſehr löblicher Zweck an und für ſich ſei und zweitens ich in dieſem Vereine die ausgeſuchteſte Geſellſchaft fände, da faſt nur vornehme Leute dieſe nützliche Verbindung bildeten. Da ich von jeher ein ſehr thierfreundlicher Menſch geweſen bin, ſo lächelte die Idee eines ſolchen Vereins mir ſehr gefällig zu. Indeſſen da ich Alles einer näheren Prüfung unterwerfe, ſo fand ich, daß der ganze Wirkungskreis der Anti-Thierquäler-Vereine ein viel zu beſchränkter ſei und daß man ſie noch ſehr erweitern müße. Daß man die liebe Jugend abhält, Fliegen und Maikäfern die Flügel und Beine auszurupfen; ſich der Hunde und Katzen annimmt, damit ſie nicht unverdiente Prügel bekommen; den Kutſchern wehrt, den Pferden zu große Laſten aufzubürden und ſie zu übertreiben, wie es in ihrer Sprache heißt (was ſie übrigens ſo ſchon nicht thun werden, wenn ſie ihren eigenen Vortheil verſtehn); Kälber und Schweine zur Schlachtbank fahren läßt wie in neueſten Zeiten Miſſethäter zur Hinrichtung, ſtatt ſie zu zwingen den letzten ſauern Gang zu Fuße zu machen: iſt allerdings ſchon ſehr Viel gewonnen, indeſſen können gute Volksſchulen das auch bewirken und es bedarf dazu nicht beſonderer Vereine. Aber es läßt ſich noch weit Größeres erreichen, wenn man den Kreis eines ſolchen Vereins erweitert. Ich bin daher auf fol-

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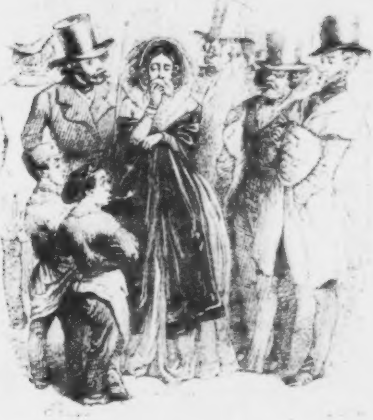

gende Idee gekommen, die, wie ich hoffe, in unſerer vereinshungrigen Zeit bedeutenden Anklang finden wird und erlaube mir ſämmtlichen Antithierquälervereinen Folgendes vorzulegen, das ich mir die Freiheit nehmen werde, wo es mir nöthig und erſprießlich ſcheint, mit moraliſchen zweckdienlichen Betrachtungen und Erfahrungsbeiſpielen zu unterſtützen. Ich gehe dabei von folgendem Princip aus, auf dem ich, wie neulich ein erlauchtes Haupt ſehr treffend ſagte, ſchon ſeit zwanzig Jahren reite.

1) Ein Verein gegen die Thierquälerei iſt eine Verbindung von Perſonen, deren gemeinſames Wirken dahin gehen ſoll, das Quälen der Thiere, ohne Unterſchied, weß Standes und Glaubens, zu verhindern.

2) Zu den Schützlingen eines ſolchen Vereins gehört alſo auch der Menſch: denn die beſte Definition des Begriffs Menſch, iſt bekanntlich die, er ſei ein **Alles freſſendes Thier**: **Animal omnivorum.**

3) Die Aufgabe des Vereins iſt alſo, nicht allein zu verhindern, daß die Menſchen die Thiere nicht quälen, ſondern auch:

a) daß die Thiere die Menſchen nicht quälen;

b) daß die Menſchen einander nicht quälen.

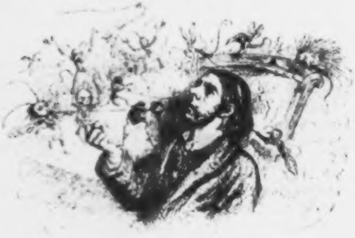

Ad 3, a: Wie ſehr Menſchen von Thieren gequält werden und ſich gutwillig von ihnen quälen laſſen, geſtatte ich mir durch folgendes Capitel aus meinen Lebenserfahrungen zu illuſtriren. Ich gebe daſſelbe, um ihm nichts von ſeiner Urſprünglichkeit zu rauben, ſo wieder, wie es ſich in meinem Tagebuche aufgezeichnet findet. Etwaige Weitſchweifigkeit wolle der freundliche Leſer entſchuldigen; ich halte es für ein Unrecht gegen mich — denn da ich wenig ſchreibe, bin ich ein gewiſſenhafter Schriftſteller — etwas daran zu ändern oder gar wegzuſtreichen.

Mein guter ſeliger Papa, ſeiner Zeit Finanzbeamter in Dresden, deſſen einziges Söhnlein ich war, hatte mich ſchon vor meiner Geburt für die Wiſſenſchaften beſtimmt, aus dem einzigen Grunde, den ſo viele Väter haben, die ihre Söhne gelehrtem Berufe widmen, dem nämlich, daß er ſelbſt nicht ſtudirt hatte. Meine gute Mama war nun zwar nicht ganz damit einverſtanden, gab aber nach, da er es zu lebhaft wünſchte — denn ſie konnten ſich einander nichts abſchlagen — und ſo wurde mir denn, bereits ſeit meinem fünften Jahre, mit großem Fleiß von einem armen, körperlich wie geiſtig gleich dürren, Candidaten der Theologie, mensa und amo mühſam eingetrichtert. Mensa und amo! Zauberworte der Langeweile! Wie viele Verwünſchungen primitiver unſchuldiger Seelen, die durch Euch erſt haſſen und verabſcheuen lernten, laſten auf Euch! — Ihr aber, Lange, Bröder, Zumpt! Quälgeiſter des jedesmaligen jüngſten Deutſchlands! hättet ihr nur eine frohe Stunde haben können, wenn ihr je bedacht hättet, wie viele trübe Stunden ihr Tauſenden von armen Knaben, durch Eure Fauſtiſchen Höllenzwänge, vulgo Grammatiken der lateiniſchen Sprache genannt, bereitet. Selbſt du, von der edlen Schuljugend ſo genannter kleiner Splittegarb, der Du die ſchwierigen Geſchlechtsregeln und ſonſtigen Sprachgeſetze zur Erleichterung der Geplagten in den trefflichſten Knittelverſen mittheilſt, ſelbſt du mußt, und wenn du auch der beſte Menſch wärſt, unwiderbringlich in die Hölle gefahren ſein, denn der Fluch der Unſchuldigen und Waiſen drückt dich ſchwer. Was half es, daß man leichter lernte:

Neutra ſind gar viel auf er
Ver, cadaver, iter, tuber,
Cicer, piper, siser, uber,
Acer, siler, verber, spinther,
Doch commune braucht man linther,

es rutſchte Einem doch nicht gleich und glatt in den geiſtigen Hals, ſondern man mußte daran würgen und kauen, ehe man es weg hatte, und man konnte dabei doch nichts denken als Poſſen, über die man das mechaniſch Gelernte gleich wieder vergaß. Ach, dieſe Erde iſt ein Jammerthal! Man ſpricht immer von dem Glücke der Kindheit und den ſeligen Träumen der Jugend. Dummes, abgeſchmacktes Zeug! Iſt denn das ein Glück, ſtill ſitzen zu müſſen und lateiniſche Vocabeln einbläuen; hat man denn ſelige Träume, wenn man aus Angſt vor der Schulſtrafe, weil man lieber Haſchemann ſpielte oder einen Drachen ſteigen ließ, als ſeine Lection lernte, gar nicht ſchlafen kann? — Nein, nein, die Jugend iſt unglücklich, eben ſo unglücklich wie das Alter und alle jene Schreckgeſpenſter, die den erwachſenen Menſchen quälen, plagen ſie eben ſo ſehr. Ob ich nun als Junge mich fürchte, daß mich der Lehrer in das Loch ſteckt, oder als Mann, daß es eine vortreffliche Polizei oder eine hochweiſe Juſtiz thut, das kommt auf Eins heraus; man fürchtet ſich ſo wie ſo. Einen Vorzug hat allerdings die Jugend; ſie braucht bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten kein Geld zu zahlen, aus dem ganz einfachen Grunde, weil ſie keins hat, und das iſt wirklich der einzige Fall im menſchlichen Leben, wo es zu den Annehmlichkeiten gehört, kein Geld zu haben.

Aber, lieber Leſer, wo gerathen wir hin? Kehren wir geſchwind wieder zu mensa und amo zurück, und begeben wir uns von da in die Kreuzſchule zu Dresden, wo ich in Tertia ein Unterkommen fand, als mein Candidat endlich Prediger wurde und ich ſchon ein ziemlich aufgeſchoſſenes Reis im Walde der Menſchheit wie der Gelehrſamkeit war. Welche Leiden ich hier ausgeſtanden, davon will ich lieber gar nicht reden; der Conrector liebte, der Tertius haßte mich; ſo ward ich wie in einer Maſchine auf der einen Seite geſtreichelt und auf der andern gekratzt, bis ich denn nach Secunda und dann nach zwei ähnlichen Leidensjahren endlich nach Prima hinaufrückte.

Nachdem ich hier wieder ein Jahr zugebracht hatte, ward mir eines Morgens ein Beſchluß mitgetheilt, den Papa und Mama während der Nacht gefaßt und der mich nicht wenig überraſchte. Die umſichtige Mutter hatte ſich nämlich ſchon lange überzeugt, daß es für einen einzigen Sohn durchaus nicht tauge, nur im väterlichen Hauſe aufzuwachſen und daher ſchon früher wiederholt darauf gedrungen, mich ſobald wie möglich auf eine Univerſität zu ſenden. So ſchmerzlich es auch ihrem liebenden Herzen war, mich von ihr entfernt zu wiſſen, ſo ſah ſie doch die Nothwendigkeit ein. Lange hatte ſich indeſſen der Vater dawider geſträubt, und nun erſt war es ihr endlich gelungen, ihn zu überzeugen. In Jena wohnte eine alte verwittwete, kinderloſe Tante von ihr, welche meine Pathe war, und weil ihr das damals Nichts gekoſtet, verſprochen hatte, mich dafür zum Erben einzuſetzen. Auf die Anfrage meiner Eltern, ob ſie mir für einige Jahre Wohnung und Koſt gegen billige Vergütung in ihrem Hauſe geben wollte, kam eine ſehr freundliche Antwort, mit umgehender Poſt, und es ward nun feſtgeſetzt, daß ich am Schluſſe des Semeſters von der hohen Schule abgehn und dort, indem ich zwei Jahre lang allgemein wiſſenſchaftliche Collegien hörte, mich für meinen eigentlichen Beruf, die Rechtsgelehrſamkeit, vorbereiten und ausbilden ſollte.

Nach einem traurigen Abſchiede, den ich mir aber bald aus dem Sinne ſchlug, ſo wie ich im Poſtwagen ſaß, denn es war meine erſte Reiſe und dieſe machte ich noch dazu allein, langte ich wohlgemuth in Jena an und hatte mich eines überaus wohlwollenden Empfanges zu erfreuen. Meine Großtante war eine wohlbeleibte, freundliche, Menſchen und Thiere liebende, übrigens ziemlich eigenſinnige Dame, deren allerdings anſcheinend große Gutmüthigkeit doch, wie das ſo oft bei ihres Gleichen der Fall iſt, eine ſehr beſtimmte und ſcharf gezogene Grenze hatte. Sie bewohnte ein geräumiges Haus, an welches ein großer dazu gehöriger Garten ſtieß, ganz allein mit ihrer Geſellſchafterin, einer alten Köchin und einem eben ſo bejahrten männlichen Individuum, welches Bedienter und Gärtner in einer Perſon war. Ihre Geſellſchaftsdame, Mamſell Antoinette Stange, erſchien als das leibhaftige Conterfei ihres Namens und das treffendſte Gegenstück der Großtante. In dem etwas ungewiſſen, ſtereotypen Alter ſolcher Demoiſellen nämlich, d. h. zwiſchen fünf und zwanzig und fünf und vierzig Jahren, ſich befindend, war ſie von beträchtlich langer, ſchlanker und dürrer Geſtalt, trug zu beiden Seiten des Geſichts lange blonde wallende Locken und dazwiſchen, auf ziemlich ſpitzer und nach dem Kinn zuſtrebender Naſe, um ihrer leidenden grauen Augen willen, eine grüne Brille. Dabei war ſie ſtets nach der Mode gekleidet, denn die Großtante liebte Pracht und Eleganz und ließ es ihr an nichts fehlen; ſie hatte ſich bei der alten, etwas, ja, ich darf wohl ſagen ſehr eiteln Frau dergeſtalt einzuſchmeicheln gewußt, daß ſie ihr durchaus unentbehrlich war.

Die beiden Damen empfingen mich, wie ich bereits gemeldet, überaus freundlich, denn ſie litten mitunter an Langeweile, und ich war ihnen als ein neues Spielzeug überaus willkommen. Gewohnt, ſich gegenſeitig zu verziehn und zu verhätſcheln, wandten ſie nun alle ihre Sorgfalt und Aufmerkſamkeit mir zu und ich wußte mich vor ihrer Güte nicht zu retten. Dieſe Güte (auch eine Thierquälerei) war eine Plage, die ich meinem ärgſten Feinde nicht wünſchen will, denn es giebt nichts Gräßlicheres als fünfzehn Stunden täglich, Sonntags wie Alltags, der Gegenſtand einer kleinlichen, ängſtlichen, peinlichen Aufmerkſamkeit zu ſein. Schon am frühen Morgen flüſterten ſie vor meiner Thür und ſannen irgend eine ſüße Ueberraſchung aus, die mir in der Geſtalt einer überzuckerten Taſſe Kaffee oder Sonntags gar einer dicken, mit gebranntem Mehl verſtärkten Chokolade, ſo daß der Löffel kerzengerade aufrecht darin ſtand, zu Theil wurde. Dazu wurde ich mit allem erdenklichen ſelbſt bereiteten Backwerke geſtopft, ſo daß ich mir nothgedrungen, da alles Proteſtiren nichts half, den Magen verderben mußte. War das jedoch der Fall, ſo brach gar ein Elend über mich herein, denn nun ſetzten beide Damen Alles daran, um mich wieder herzuſtellen, und ich wurde mit Eſſenzen, Latwergen, Decocten und andern Wundermitteln ihrer Hausapotheke faſt zu Tode gepflegt.

Dabei ließ es aber die holdſelige Antoinette nicht einmal bewenden. Sie ſtrickte, ſtickte und nähte unaufhörlich für mich, und nach kaum zwei Monaten meines dortigen Aufenthaltes beſaß ich ſchon

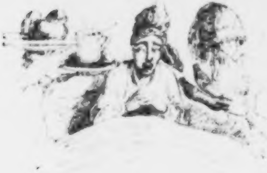

diverſe Paar geſtickte Pantoffeln, mit den reichſten aufgenähten Arabesken geſchmückt, in Stramin geſtickte Hoſenträger, Beruhigungsmützen u. ſ. w., u. ſ. w.

Aber dieſer Adler war mir nicht geſchenkt, mit Kaspar im Freiſchützen zu reden. Gefälligkeiten und Aufmerkſamkeiten wurden dagegen auch hundertfältig von mir verlangt. Außer uns Beiden hatte die Tante noch, wohlgemerkt! zwei Lieblinge, einen boshaften Papagei und einen wohlbeleibten, trägen Kater. Der Papagei fand eine beſondere Luſt daran, mich in den Finger zu beißen, wenn ich ihm auf der Großtante Geheiß ein Stück Zucker reichte, und der Kater ſchlief nirgends lieber als auf meinem Schooß, den er auch ſogleich zur Lagerſtätte erwählte, ſobald ich mich nur hinſetzte. Beides mußte ich natürlich dulden, ohne auch nur eine Miene zu verziehn. Und dann noch die anderen kleinen Dienſte: immer hatte eine von Beiden Garn zu halten und ich war natürlich die angenehmſte Haspel, um das nothwendige Knäuel daran abzuwickeln; dann Vorleſen aus einem langweiligen Roman oder aufmerkſames Anhören alter, breiter, für mich ganz unintereſſanter Geſchichten von Anno Eins, wo der große Wind wehte, und endlich im Winter, Abend für Abend, das vertrackte Whiſt mit einem Strohmann, dem ich auch nicht den mindeſten Geſchmack abgewinnen konnte, um ſo weniger, da, wenn ich den Letzteren hatte, die beiden Damen mir auf das Leutſeligſte in die Karten guckten. Im Sommer dagegen, was noch ſchlimmer war, der tägliche Spaziergang nach der Großtante Weinberg, der regelmäßig in folgender Ordnung angetreten wurde. Auf der einen Hand den Papagei, in der andern

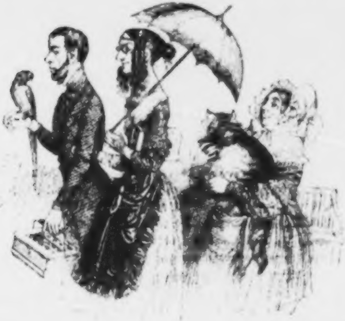

Antoinettens Arbeitskäſtchen ſchleppend, mußte ich dieſer ſelbſt, die den Roman unter dem Arm hielt, aus dem ich drei Stunden lang vorzuleſen hatte, und den Sonnenſchirm über dem Haupte ſchwenkte, meinen Arm bieten. Hinter uns wackelte die Tante, ihren vielgeliebten Kater ſelbſt tragend und mit großem Wohlgefallen uns betrachtend. So bewegte ſich unſer Zug Tag für Tag durch die Straßen, bis nach dem vor dem entgegengeſetzten Thore liegenden Weinberge, zum größten Vergnügen aller Gaſſenjungen und zu noch größerem der mir abſichtlich begegnenden Studenten, denen ich dadurch ein nie erſterbender Gegenſtand des Spottes wurde. Ach Gott, der Zweck, weshalb mein ſorglicher Vater mich nach Jena geſandt, ward nur zu bald erreicht; nach wenigen Monaten war ich ſo mürbe, ſo mürbe, daß es ſich gar nicht beſchreiben läßt, und aller jugendliche Uebermuth dermaßen in mir erſtorben, daß auch Nichts ihn hätte erwecken können. Um einen jungen Menſchen noch vor der Zeit alt und geiſtig unkräftig zu machen, laſſe man ihn nur mit Frauen zuſammenleben, die ihn beſtändig hätſcheln und verziehn; er wird bald um alle Elaſticität ſeiner Jugend gebracht ſein und in den nächſten zehn Jahren untauglich für das menſchliche Leben. Probatum est, ich bin ein leider nur zu ſchlagendes Beiſpiel der Wahrheit dieſer Behauptung.

Mit meinen Commilitonen durfte ich nicht umgehn, das erlaubte die Tante nicht, denn ſie und noch mehr die holdſelige Antoinette fürchteten für die Reinheit und die Feinheit meiner Sitten, obwohl bei dem guten Geiſte, der auf der Univerſität vorherrſchte, gar Nichts zu beſorgen war; dazu kam freilich, daß mein guter ängſtlicher Vater die jetzige oder richtiger die damalige Jugend für ſehr verderbt hielt und die Großtante ausdrücklich gebeten hatte, nach beſten Kräften, allen Verkehr mit meines Gleichen zu verhindern. Um dies deſto ſicherer zu erreichen, mußte ich ſtets die genaueſte Rechenſchaft ablegen, wie ich die Zeit außer dem Hauſe verwandt hatte, und mir jede Minute nachzählen laſſen.

So führte ich, den das freie friſche Studentenleben Jena's beſonders erfreut und vielleicht im eigentlichen Sinne des Wortes erzogen hätte, die troſtloſeſte und obſkurſte Exiſtenz, die nur für einen armen Muſenſohn gedacht werden kann, kam mit keinem meiner Genoſſen, die mich faſt wie einen blödſinnigen betrachteten, zuſammen, und durfte nur die Collegien beſuchen, nach deren Schluſſe ich mich ſtets pünktlich wieder zu Hauſe einſtellen und bei der Tante melden mußte. Meine angeborene Schüchternheit hinderte mich, dieſes Joch abzuſchütteln.

Dieſes ewige Verhätſcheln der Alten, die raſtloſen Minauderien der Jungen, die Sklaverei, in der ich lebte, und die nie endenden Spöttereien meiner Commilitonen machten mir bald das ſonſt ſo freundliche Jena ſo verhaßt, daß ich binnen kurzer Zeit ein furchtbares Heimweh bekam. Vergebens bat ich meine Eltern in den kläglichſten und rührendſten Briefen, mich von dem ferneren Aufenthalte im Saalthal, das für mich ein wahres Qualthal war, zu erlöſen; es half Nichts; die beſtändige Antwort auf alle meine Jeremiaden war: da ich nur noch wenige Zeit hätte bis zu meinem Abgange auf eine andere Univerſität, die ich noch obendrein durch angeſtrengten Fleiß abkürzen könne, ſo möge ich ruhig fürs Erſte dort bleiben, indem ich jedenfalls wohl aufgehoben und nach meiner eigenen Beſchreibung wie in Abrahams Schooß ſei. Vergebens deutete ich ſogar darauf hin, daß Fräulein Antoinette Stange, wie es mir ſcheine, ziemlich klare Abſichten auf mein Herz und meine Hand hege, die ſonſt ſo liebevolle Mutter ſandte mir, ganz gegen ihre Gewohnheit, eine ſehr ſpöttiſche Antwort und meinte, was das Erſtere beträfe, ſo könne unmöglich Jemand Abſichten hegen auf etwas, das noch in gänzlicher Unreife ſei, und was das Zweite angehe, ſo wäre Fräulein Stange, die ich ihr ja als eine geſetzte Demoiſelle dargeſtellt, ſowohl zu klug als auch zu alt, um Frau Studentin heißen zu wollen. Da irrte die liebe Mama nun freilich ſehr; wenn gewiſſe Damen ein gewiſſes Alter erreicht haben, ſo iſt ihnen jeder Mann lieb und der Jüngſte am liebſten, denn erſtlich hoffen ſie ihn ganz nach ihrem Willen ziehen zu können, und zweitens ſind ſie dann doch, möge er auch in der Welt ſein, was er wolle, durch ihn Madame geworden und nehmen in der weiblichen Geſellſchaft ihren Platz ein, während eine alte Jungfer ein nie recht placirtes und zu placirendes Weſen bleibt.

Ich mußte mich alſo in mein trauriges Schickſal ergeben. Wie von bleiernen Fittigen getragen, ſchwanden in dieſer Lebenswüſte meine Tage dahin; ach! und keine verwandte Seele, der ich mein Leid klagen konnte. Mit meinen Commilitonen durfte ich ja keinen Umgang pflegen, das litt die Großtante gar nicht, ſeit ihr Antoinette zugetragen, daß dieſe ſich über uns moquirten und ihr den geliebten Kater wegzufangen ſuchten. So war ich ganz allein auf mich beſchränkt. Wer beſchreibt daher meine Freude, als eines Tages einer meiner näheren Dresdener Bekannten, ein junger Maler Namens Julius, bei mir eintrat. Er wollte in den ſchönen Partien des Saalthales landſchaftliche Studien machen und hatte daher Jena zu ſeinem längeren Aufenthalt, als Mittelpunkt ſeiner Excurſionen gewählt, mich aber dazu auserſehn, mit ihm in der Umgegend herumzuſtreifen, und ſich vorſichtig dazu von meinem Papa einen Empfehlungsbrief an die Großtante geben laſſen. Als ich ihm nun mit brennender Schamröthe geſtand, daß ich von der reizenden Umgebung Jena's noch gar Nichts und überhaupt nur den Weg von der Tante in die Auditorien und nach dem Weinberg kenne, hatten ſeine Neckereien und Spöttereien kein Ende. Ich ertrug dieſelben geduldig, froh, daß endlich doch Jemand gekommen ſei, um einige Abwechſelung in mein trauriges Daſein zu bringen, und nicht ahnend, daß ſeine Gegenwart mir noch den Reſt meiner in Jena zu verlebenden Tage auf das furchtbarſte verbittern würde.

Um den Neckereien und Witzſpielen Julius, der mich von nun an nie anders als Sargino nannte, zu entgehen, ſchlug ich ihm vor, ihn trotz ſeinen Reiſekleidern gleich den Damen vorzuſtellen, womit er denn auch vollkommen zufrieden war, nur wollte er ſeinen beſtändigen Begleiter, einen großen, ſehr ungezogenen Hund, nicht von ſeiner Seite laſſen, und willigte endlich, obwol nur ungern darein, ihn unten im Hofe anzubinden. Dieſer Hund war überhaupt ſein Unglück und bereitete ihm unſäglichen Verdruß, aber aus angeborenem Widerſpruch hatte er ihn nach jedem derartigen Ereigniß nur um ſo lieber und trennte ſich leichter von einer angebeteten Braut, als von ihm. So ſchleppt eben Jeder ſein Schickſal mit ſich herum.

Die Großtante empfing ihn äußerſt freundlich, beſonders als er ſich ſehr höflich wegen ſeines Reiſecoſtumes damit entſchuldigte, daß er es für ſeine Pflicht gehalten, ſo wie er aus dem Wagen geſtiegen, ihr, ehe er noch etwas Anderes beginne, den Brief meines Vaters, den ihm dieſer ſehr anempfohlen, ſogleich ſelbſt zu überbringen. Dieſe Aufmerkſamkeit rührte die alte Dame, die ſich dadurch überaus geſchmeichelt fühlte, ſo ſehr, daß ſie ihn auf der Stelle einlud, da zu bleiben und mit uns zu ſpeiſen. Um ihn bis dahin zu unterhalten, ſchlug ſie ihm vor ſie in den Garten hinter dem Hauſe zu begleiten. In der Abſicht, ihn für ſeine Neckereien wenigſtens durch einige Langeweile zu beſtrafen, ſchlich ich mich, ſobald ſie unten angelangt waren, auf mein Zimmer zurück. Als ſie über den Hof gingen, riß ſich Mouton, ſo hieß der Hund, los, ſobald er ſeinen Herrn erblickte, und erſchreckte Matante, die ſich überhaupt vor großen Hunden gewaltig fürchtete, nicht wenig. Julius wußte ſie jedoch zu beruhigen, vergaß aber Mouton wieder feſtzubinden, der ihnen nun luſtig in den Garten folgte. Stolz auf ihre Krautköpfe und Artiſchocken, zeigte die Tante dem unglücklichen Maler nun Pflanze für Pflanze, was ihn nicht wenig ennuyirte, da er auch nicht das geringſte Intereſſe dafür hatte; aber nicht ein Blatt wurde ihm geſchenkt; er mußte Alles bewundern, während Mouton

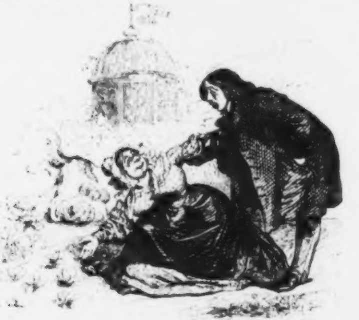

zu ſeinem Schrecken frech über die Beete lief, und ſpieleriſch bald dieſen, bald jenen Kohlkopf zerzauſte und zerbiß, oder die Erde aufkratzte, daß die Wurzeln bloß lagen.

Mit ſtiller Schadenfreude hatte ich das Alles von meinem Fenſter aus angeſehen und auch gewahrt, daß die Tante zuletzt des Hundes Verwüſtungen mit ſchlecht verhehlter Unzufriedenheit bemerkte, denn wer ihr ihre Kohlköpfe zertrat, zertrat ihr die Seele. Sie war demzufolge plötzlich aufgeſtanden und mit dem Maler in das Haus gegangen. Da die Eßglocke noch nicht geſchlagen hatte, ſo beeilte ich mich nicht, gleichfalls hinunter zu gehen, ſondern beſchloß ruhig auf meinem Zimmer zu bleiben, bis Antoinette, welche nie eine Gelegenheit verſäumte, mich mit ihrem Beſuche zu beehren, käme, um mich zu rufen. Da vernahm ich plötzlich in dem Eßzimmer, das gerade unter dem meinigen lag, in welchem ich deutlich Alles hören konnte, was dort vorging, einen ſeltſamen Lärm. Zuerſt waren es drei oder vier Mian, von einer Kraft, wie ſie noch nie ein italieniſcher Tenorſänger dem ſtets zur Unzeit enthuſiasmirten Berliner Publikum in einer Donizettiſchen Oper zugeſchleudert hat. Hierauf folgte ein dumpfes Murren, nur von einigem Pruſten, Pfuchzen und Mauzen, das ſtoßweiſe herauskam, unterbrochen. Dazwiſchen hörte ich deutlich der Tante Papagei ſchimpfen und ſchreien, und dazu das Kreiſchen Antoinettens und der Köchin, ſowie das Ziſchen einer Flüſſigkeit, die auf dem Heerde überläuft. Von dem Erdgeſchoſſe aus erſchallten nun einige gellende Pfiffe und einige heftige Reden, in denen ich die zürnende Stimme der Alten erkannte. Daran ſchloß ſich alsbald ein wüthendes Bellen, ein ſehr lautes, wehklagendes Miauen und dann war Alles ſtill. Raſch eilte ich hinunter.

Da hatten wir die Beſcheerung. Im Speiſezimmer lag die Tante ohnmächtig. Fräulein Stange ſtand wie eine Amazone mitten in der Stube und zürnte und dräute, die Köchin ſchrie und tobte über ihr ganz verdorbenes Mittagseſſen. Miezchen, der geliebte Kater, ſtreckte mauſetodt alle Viere auf der Erde von ſich; der Papagei flog wie toll herum in ſeiner Angſt und ſtieß die Fenſterſcheiben ein; Julius war, in der größten Verlegenheit, auf dem Sprunge, um ſich davon zu machen, und hatte Mouton bei dem abgeriſſenen Stricke

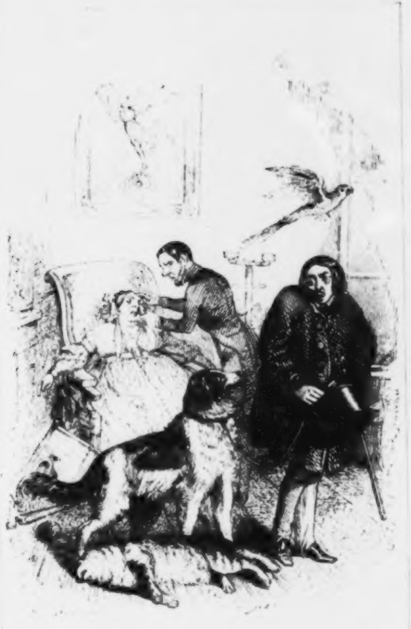

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glücklich wieder erwiſcht; Mouton aber, der Böſewicht, ſah ſeinen Herrn ſchwanzwedelnd mit dem ſelbſtzufriedenſten Geſichte an, da ſein geborner Feind todt, von ſeinen Pfoten erwürgt, da lag.

Und wen traf nun der Großtante Zorn und Haß, als ſie wieder zu ſich kam, unter meinen ſorgfältigen Bemühungen, ſie durch ſtarke Gerüche in das Leben zurückzurufen? Weder Julius noch Mouton, den Urheber dieſer Gräuelthat; weder Antoinette, die das Zimmer offen gelaſſen hatte, um den jungen hübſchen Fremden knixend auf der Treppe zu empfangen, noch die Köchin, die den herumſchnopernden Hund mit einem Beſen aus ihrem Reiche gejagt, ſondern mich, mich, der an all dieſem Unglück ſo unſchuldig war wie ein neugeborenes Kind. Julius ließ ſich, obwol er noch geraume Zeit in Jena verweilte, natürlich nie wieder bei der Tante ſehn, die ſich noch lange nicht über den harten Verluſt und das traurige Ende ihres Miezchens beruhigen konnte. Er war der einzige männliche Umgang, deſſen ich mich erfreuen konnte; ich mußte ihn aber heimlich beſuchen, wenn ich ein Stündchen mit ihm verplaudern wollte, und da die Tante ſtets von mir Rechenſchaft verlangte, wenn ich meine Zeit außer dem Hauſe zugebracht hatte, meine Zuflucht zu Lügen nehmen. Darin bin ich aber von jeher ſehr unglücklich geweſen; ich habe mir nie auch nur die kleinſte Nothlüge erlauben dürfen, ohne daß nicht die Wahrheit auf der Stelle an den Tag gekommen wäre und ich beſchämt dageſtanden hätte. Das gehört auch zu den Leiden des Daſeins und ganz beſonders des meinigen. Antoinette — bei deren Erſchaffung ſich übrigens die Natur geirrt, denn ſie hatte ſie eigentlich zu einem Manne und zwar zu einem Polizeiſpion beſtimmt, — beſaß ein außerordentliches Talent, mir jede Abweichung von der Wahrheit gleich an der Naſe anzuſehen und mich meiner Sünden zu überführen, was ſie denn auch weidlich benutzte, um die ſchwache Großtante gegen mich zu ſtimmen. Das holde Fräulein hatte nämlich einen nicht geringen Groll gefaßt, ſeitdem ſie heimlich einen angefangenen Brief an meine Mama geleſen, den ich unvorſichtig auf meinem Schreibtiſche liegen laſſen und in welchem ich ſie eben nicht mit glänzenden Farben, ſondern Grau in Grau, obwol ganz nach dem Leben zu ſchildern verſucht. Seitdem war ſie zu der gewiſſen Ueberzeugung gelangt, daß ich kein Herz beſitze, nur dazu diene, den ſtillen Frieden des Hauſes zu ſtören, und daß man ſich freuen könne, wenn meine Zeit nur erſt um und ich fort ſei. Ach! bei jeder Gelegenheit mußte ich nun von ihr Sticheleien und Anſpielungen auf die ſchlechten Sitten meiner Freunde hören, obwol ich, wie der große Hegel von ſeinen Schülern zu ſagen pflegte — ich habe nur einen Schüler, der mich verſtanden und der hat mich auch eigentlich nicht verſtanden — von meinen Freunden behaupten durfte: ich habe leider gar keinen Freund als einen und der gefällt mir auch keineswegs genug, wirklich mein Freund ſein zu können. Hatte ich nun Antoinette bei ſolcher Gelegenheit, wenn mir endlich die Geduld riß, einmal durch eine ſcharfe Antwort zum Schweigen gebracht, ſo wußte ſie geſchickt den Krieg auf ein anderes Terrain zu ſpielen und zu erwähnen, wie mein ſauberſter Freund ihre gute Gebieterin ſo tückiſch um die Freude ihres Lebens gebracht; dann ſtimmte die Tante gerührt mit ein und ich mußte nun ein zweiſtimmiges Requiem anhören auf den Tod des ſeligen Miezchens, — das ich übrigens feierlich im Garten beſtattet und ihm ſogar ein Denkmal mit der Inſchrift: „Hier ruht Miezchen, die Zierde ſeines Geſchlechtes; während ſeines irdiſchen Daſeins die Freude ſeiner Gebieterin. Pulvis et umbra sumus! — “ höchſt ſentimental geſetzt hatte. Dieſes Requiem habe ich wenigſtens hundert Mal vernehmen müſſen — man denke ſich meine Verzweiflung. Ach! und hinterher ſang die Großtante gewöhnlich noch ein Solo auf die Vortrefflichkeiten des Geſchiedenen: die empfindſamſte Witwe Katze hätte es nicht rührender herheulen können; ein Lied,

das Stein erweichen,
Menſchen raſend machen kann.

Ich wundre mich auch wirklich, daß ich es nicht mitunter geworden bin; aber meine Natur war leider zu zähe, um mir dieſen Liebesdienſt zu leiſten.

Die übertriebene Neigung, welche viele Menſchen zu Thieren hegen, iſt mir ſtets unerklärlich geblieben, obwol ſie Einem täglich vorkommt. Bei Menſchen, die nichts Anderes zu lieben haben, wie z. B. die Großtante, oder Mamſell Stange, oder irgend ein alter vertrockneter Junggeſell, laſſe ich es mir noch eher gefallen, obwol es mit dem Guckguck zugeben müßte, wenn man nicht noch einen Menſchen finden könnte, der Einem Liebe mit Liebe vergälte. Aber wenn ein junger Mann, dem noch alle Herzen der Welt offen ſtehen, um ſie zu erobern, ſein eigenes den Menſchen verſchließt, um es bloß für ein Thier, ein unvernünftiges, ungeſittetes, ungezogenes Thier zu haben, ſo iſt mir das außer allem Spaß und ich würde es gewiß nicht dulden, wenn ich im Collegium der Weltregierung irgend Sitz und Stimme hätte. So war es auch mit Julius; er war verliebt in ſeinen Mouton, wie Romeo in Julie, und welchen unſäglichen Aerger hatte ihm das Vieh nicht ſchon gemacht! Er würde ihn aber um keinen Preis abgeſchafft haben, und ſelbſt als Mouton ihm, dem armen, eben nicht übermäßig talentvollen Maler, die Ausſicht auf eine reiche Heirath zerſtörte, die ihm das angenehmſte Leben zu bereiten verſprach, ließ er ſich doch nicht bewegen, den Hund fortzujagen. Ein ſehr liebenswürdiges junges Mädchen, das ihm gleich ein ſchönes Vermögen mitbrachte und außerdem noch eine vortreffliche Perſpective für die Zukunft darbot, zeigte ſich ihm gewogen und auch ihre Eltern waren ihm nicht abgeneigt. Julius durfte alſo das Beſte hoffen, nur Eins ſtand ihm noch im Wege — Mouton; vor dem ſich Caroline, ſo hieß ſie, fürchtete. Bisher hatte ſie über Julius noch nicht gewinnen können, ihr das ungeſchlachte und täppiſche Thier zum Opfer zu bringen; ja ſie vermochte nicht einmal ihn zu bewegen, es zu Hauſe zu laſſen, wenn er das Haus ihrer Eltern beſuchte. Mein mit Blindheit geſchlagener Freund bildete ſich ein, er lege gerade dadurch einen Beweis ſeiner Characterſtärke ab, und führte nur zu oft die ganz falſch verſtandene engliſche Redensart: love me, love my dog, in der überhaupt ſeine ganze Kenntniß des Engliſchen beſtand, im Munde. Endlich — bei einer Waſſerpartie, wo wiederum Alle in Julius gedrungen hatten, den abſcheulichen Hund nicht mitzunehmen und er es doch nicht laſſen konnte, führte ſich Mouton, als es ihm zu langweilig geworden ſchwimmend zu folgen, ſo ſtörend und unverſchämt auf, und brachte auch die ganze Geſellſchaft in ſo große Gefahr, mit dem Boote umzuſchlagen und ihren Tod in den Fluthen zu finden, daß Carolinens Neigung ſich in das Gegentheil verwandelte und ihr Vater erklärte, der Maler dürfe nie wieder über ſeine Schwelle treten.

Julius war thöricht genug, lieber ſein Glück als ſeinen Hund zu opfern; aber die ſchlimmen Folgen blieben nicht aus. Einſt, als er ihn züchtigen wollte, ſetzte ſich Mouton zur Wehre und biß ihn; in der erſten Hitze ergriff der Maler ein Piſtol und ſchoß das ſonſt treue Thier todt. Seitdem quält er ſich aber mit der Furcht, Mouton ſei toll geweſen und auch bei ihm werde — obgleich er auf der Stelle die Wunde der geſchickteſten ärztlichen Behandlung unterworfen — dereinſt und plötzlich die Waſſerſcheu ausbrechen und er ein gräßliches Ende nehmen. Dieſe Idee verläßt ihn faſt nie und treibt ihn, wie ich fürchte, noch zu einer gewaltſamen That gegen ſich ſelbſt.

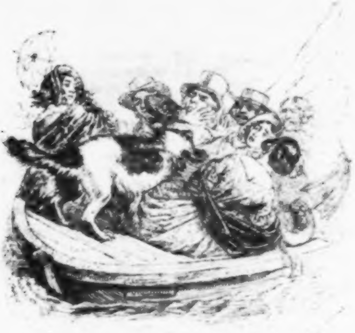

Ich habe dies allerdings etwas weitläuftig erzählt, aber ich entnahm es dem wirklichen Leben; von der Tante bis zu Julius ſind eigentlich nur wenige Stufen Unterſchied und der Beiſpiele von Menſchen, die ſich von Thieren quälen laſſen, giebt es unzählige, namentlich wenn man alle Conſequenzen unvernünftiger Thierliebe in Betracht zieht; dagegen müßte alſo der Verein zu wirken ſuchen, wenn er ſeine Aufgabe würdig löſen will.

Ad 3. b: Daß Menſchen Menſchen nicht quälen, bietet eine eben ſo bedeutende Aufgabe für den Verein dar. Ich rede nicht von den groben Qualen, die ein Individuum dem Andern zufügen kann, ſondern von den kleinen, feinen geſellſchaftlichen Tücken, die täglich ausgeübt werden. Gegen die erſteren muß die Polizei einſchreiten und thut es auch, mitunter ſogar mehr als zu viel, was denn ebenfalls eine Art Thierquälerei iſt, aber gegen die letzteren iſt Niemand geſchützt und hier könnte der Verein außerordentlich viel Gutes ſtiften. Ich will nur Einiges anführen, wodurch die Nothwendigkeit, dagegen anzukämpfen, gleich ſonnenklar hervortreten wird; denn wer unter uns, der im Kreiſe anderer Menſchen und mit ihnen lebt, hätten nicht dergleichen Qualen ſchon getroffen, ſo, daß er mit Recht ſagen kann

— — quorum pars magna fui.

Da iſt nun eines der zunächſt Liegenden anzuführen, gleich die Wunderkinderei unſerer Tage. Die meiſten Eltern ſind nicht mehr damit zufrieden, daß ihre Kinder geſunde Gliedmaßen und geſunden Menſchenverſtand beſitzen, nein ſie müſſen auch bedeutende Talente haben; denn wie wäre es möglich, daß Kinder, die ihnen das Daſein verdanken, ſich ſolcher reichen Mitgift für das Leben nicht erfreuten? Schon von der Wiege an wird daher aufmerkſam danach geforſcht; beſchmierte ein Junge gern Tiſche und Bänke, Wände und Mauern mit Kreide, gleich ſteckt ein großer Maler in ihm; tappt ein Töchterchen mit den Fingern auf die Claves von Mama's Pianoforte, ſo verräth ſie unbedingt die künftige Virtuoſin, und nun wird dahin dreſſirt und alles andere darüber vernachläſſigt. Der Junge kann noch ſo ungezogen, eigenſinnig, gefräßig ſein, das macht Nichts, das verräth den künftigen großen Mann und der eigenthümliche Geiſt muß und darf in ſeiner Entwickelung nicht geſtört werden; zeigt ſich das Töchterchen unartig, ſo muß man es auch dulden, denn das iſt die bei allen ungewöhnlichen Kindern vorherrſchende Reizbarkeit der Nerven, die man durch ſtrenge Behandlung lebensgefährlich ſteigern würde; kurz ſolche zu Genies von den lieben blinden Eltern prädeſtinirte Kinder erfreuen ſich des Privilegiums, kein Genie, dafür aber recht viele Unarten an ſich zu haben und unausſtehlich zu ſein. — Und was wird in ſpäteren Tagen meiſt aus ſolchen armen Geſchöpfen? verirrte Wanderer auf der Bahn des Lebens, die ſich mühſam quälen, die gewöhnliche Heerſtraße zu erreichen und Gott danken müſſen, wenn ihnen hier für den Abend und die Nacht ein beſcheidenes, beſchränktes Unterkommen zu Theil wird.

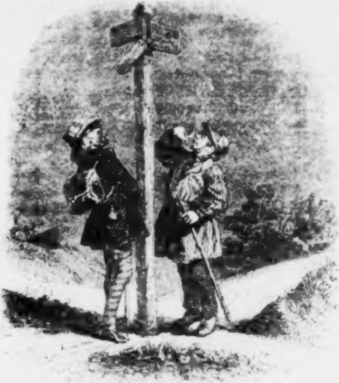

Solch ein Wunderkind muß aber nicht allein ſich ſelbſt und ſeine Lehrer quälen, es quält ferner nicht blos Papa und Mama, Brüder und Schweſtern, ſondern alle Menſchen, die mit ihm nur in die entfernteſte Berührung kommen, haben von ihm zu leiden, ganz beſonders wenn es ein künftiger Mozart oder eine künftige Catalani ſein ſoll. Wie viele Leute ſind nicht mit Krämpfen von verhaltenem Gähnen ſchon aus einer muſikaliſchen Soirée in Freundeskreiſe nach Hauſe gekommen, und wie Viele giebt es nicht, denen das täglich noch droht. Wie herrlich könnte dagegen der Verein wirken!

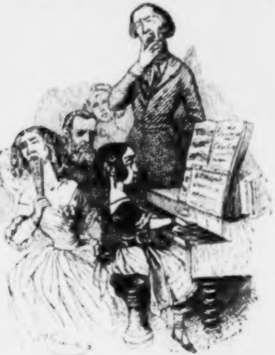

Ueberhaupt fallen nirgends ſo viele Thierquälereien vor, wie in unſeren geſelligen Kreiſen; man kommt zuſammen, um ſich zu amüſiren, aber man quält ſich, und an mancher dieſer geſellſchaftlichen Quälereien ſind wir ſchon ſo gewöhnt, daß wir ſie ruhig ertragen und ſie uns gar nicht mehr auffallen. Namentlich geſchieht das auf Bällen. Die beiden Geſchlechter, die ſich gegenſeitig das Leben angenehm machen ſollten, verbittern es ſich, gerade in der Meinung das Gegentheil zu thun; man will den Forderungen der Etikette genügen, man will ſein gutes Recht behaupten und man quält ſich und ſeine Mitmenſchen. Ich habe das neulich noch ſehr lebhaft beſtätigt geſehn. Es fand ein großer ſogenannter ländlicher Ball Statt; die Herren, die nicht tanzen wollten und daher in Stiefeln erſchienen, und deren giebt es jetzt ſelbſt unter den Jüngſten eine nicht geringe Zahl, ſtellten ſich, ehe ſie hinaufgingen, erſt unten an der Thür hin und kritiſirten die im Wagen ankommenden Damen, ſelbſt ſolche, die, wie ſie, gar nicht zu tanzen dachten, ſo laut, daß

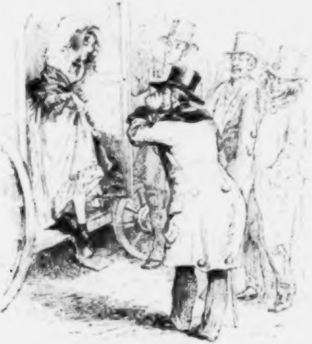

ſie dieſen gewiß ſchon für den ganzen Abend die beſcheidene Freude verdarben. Oben im Saale war ein ſolches Gedränge, eine ſolche Hitze, daß man es nicht auszuhalten vermochte; wiederum wahre Thierquälerei. Ich hatte mich, als eben ein Walzer geendet, mühſam durchgedrängt, um meiner alten verehrten Freundin, der Generalin A., guten Abend zu wünſchen, denn die ſonſt vortreffliche Dame nimmt es ſehr übel, wenn man bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten die Dehors gegen ſie aus den Augen ſetzt und ihr nicht ſeine Aufwartung macht (auch Thierquälerei), als ich plötzlich die liebenswürdige Frau von A. neben mir erblickte, welche ermüdet und erhitzt vom Tanzen und des Ausruhens ſehr bedürftig, vor einem Stuhle ſtand, den, wie ich bald erfuhr, während des Walzens, trotz dem, daß ſie ihren Shawl darauf gelegt, zum Zeichen, daß ſie ihr Recht an ihn nicht aufgebe, eine andere Dame, Madame Talgner, die Frau eines Fabrikanten von Stearinlichtern in Beſitz genommen und durchaus nicht wieder hergeben wollte. Als ich dazu kam und Frau von A. leiſe fragte, ob ſie die Uſurpatrice ihres Thrones kenne, erwiederte ſie vor Schaam und Aerger erröthend: „durchaus nicht .... ich tanzte, während deſſen nahm Madame Beſitz von meinem Stuhl und da es mir nicht möglich war, Platz anderswo zu finden, ſo ....

„ „Richtig“ “ — unterbrach uns Madame Talgner, ſich majeſtätiſch wie ein beleidigter Tambourmajor in ihrem Seſſel zurechtrückend und drei Viertel ihrer Geſtalt uns zudrehend — „ „ganz recht, weil Madame anderswo keinen Platz finden, ſoll ich aufſtehen! das wäre ſehr hübſch. Nein, Madame, es thut mir Leid“ “ — ſetzte ſie mit ſchleppender Stimme hinzu, einer heiſeren Flöte ähnlich — „ „das iſt nicht hier wie in der Komödie; es ſind keine nummerirten Sperrſitze: man ſetzt ſich, wo man kann. — Gräfinnen wie die anderen, Madame!“ “

Frau von A. erglühte vor Schaam und Verlegenheit und hätte, ich weiß nicht was darum gegeben, wenn es ihr möglich geweſen wäre, ſich im Nu am andern Ende des Saales zu befinden. Inſtinktmäßig wich ſie vor der groben Dame zurück, ergriff meinen Arm, ſchmiegte ſich erſchreckt an mich und bat mich, ſie fortzuführen. Nun hielt ich es für meine Pflicht, den Vermittler zu machen; kaum hatte ich aber einige Worte geäußert, als Madame Talgner ſich aufſpreizte wie ein kalekutiſcher Hahn und mir entgegnete:

„„Wollen Sie mir das nicht noch ein Mal ſagen, Herrrr .... Sie haben wohl das Amt, hier für Plätze zu ſorgen? Sind Madame etwa Ihre Frau Liebſte? ....““

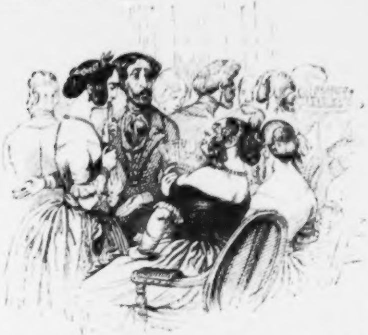

Jetzt war der Rückzug das Gerathenſte; doch verſprach ich Frau von A., ſie auf einen Augenblick verlaſſend, ihr binnen fünf, höchſtens zehn Minuten den Seſſel, auf welchem Madame Talgner noch immer in voller Majeſtät thronte, wieder zu verſchaffen.

Die Aufgabe war allerdings nicht leicht, aber mein Freund Albert, einer der erfindungsreichſten und talentvollſten Myſtificatoren, die ich kenne, befand ſich ebenfalls im Saal und in meiner Nähe. Ich unterrichtete ihn raſch von dem Vorgefallenen und bat ihn mir zu helfen. Seine Antwort lautete:

„Lebt das Männchen dieſes artigen Weibchens noch?“

„„Ja wohl, heißt Talgner und hat eine Fabrik von Stearinlichtern.““

„Dieſem Manne ſoll geholfen werden.“

Fünf Minuten ſpäter, als ich noch bei Frau von A. ſtand, die ſich ganz in der Nähe, etwas in den Hintergrund zurückgezogen und immer noch keinen Stuhl gefunden hatte, war Madame Talgner plötzlich Zeuge folgender Unterhaltung zweier ihr gänzlich unbekannter Herren.

Erſter. Es iſt zu heiß hier, man ſollte die Fenſter öffnen.

Zweiter. Ja, es iſt zum Erſticken.

Erſter. Kennen Sie den Herrn im Spielzimmer, der plötzlich ohnmächtig geworden iſt.

Zweiter. Nein, aber ich glaube, es iſt mehr als Ohnmacht; es iſt ein ſchlagartiger Anfall. — Der arme Mann, die Augen traten ihm aus dem Kopf und die Zunge ſchwoll ihm; das iſt ein böſes Zeichen. — Kennen Sie ihn?

Erſter. Eben ſo wenig wie Sie, ich weiß nur, daß er Talgner heißt und eine Fabrik von Stearinlichtern hat.

Wie eine Lawine drängte ſich nun eine dicke weiße Maſſe mitten durch den dichteſten Haufen von Herren hindurch und in das Spielzimmer und Frau von A. ſah ſich wieder in ihr rechtmäßiges Beſitzthum eingeſetzt.

Damit war nun die Geſchichte für uns zu einem luſtigen Ende gediehn, aber ſie ſollte noch weitere Folgen haben. Madame Talgner beſitzt ein vortreffliches Perſonengedächtniß und hatte ſich, trotz ihrer Beſtürzung die Phyſiognomien der beiden Sprechenden wohl eingeprägt. Als ſie nun ihren Gatten geſund und friſch an einem Whiſttiſche ſitzen ſah, wurde ihr die Myſtification klar. Albert kam durch Zufall bald nachher in das Spielzimmer, um eine Partie Ecarté zu machen: ſie bezeichnete ihn ihrem Gemahl und dieſer, ein ehemaliger Freiwilliger im Völkerkriege von 1813, beſchloß den böſen Streich nicht ungeahndet hingehen zu laſſen. Demzufolge lauerte er Albert unten an der Treppe auf, als dieſer den Saal verließ, ſtellte ihn zur Rede und fing Händel an; Andere wollten ſich dazwiſchen legen, es bildeten ſich zwei Parteien und das Ganze endete — zwar

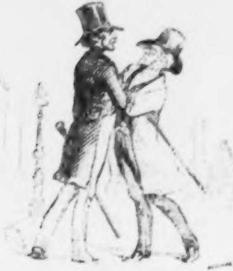

nicht mit einer Schlägerei, auch nicht mit einem Duell, ſondern mit einem Injurienproceß, den nicht Albert, nein Herr Falquet in allen Inſtanzen verlor und welcher ihm ein Erkleckliches koſtete.

Im Speiſeſaale ging es nicht weniger unleidlich zu. Mancher Herr mußte wieder hungrig vom Tiſche aufſtehn, manche Dame mit beſchmutztem, unauslöſchlich beflecktem Kleide, Dank ſei es der Ungeſchicklichkeit der Kellner, nach Hauſe eilen.

Zuletzt regnete es noch und Equipagen hatten nur die Wenigſten. Ein kleiner Mann, der eine ſehr große Dame zu Fuß nach Hauſe begleiten mußte, war ebenfalls ein ſchlagender Beweis für die Mannigfaltigkeit der Thierquälerei unter den Menſchen.

Wie herrlich könnte nun nicht ein Verein wirken, deſſen Thätigkeit ſich auf und über alle lebenden Weſen erſtreckte. Ja, Mitglied eines ſolchen würde ich gleich, auch ohne die teſtamentariſche Klauſel meines Oheims.

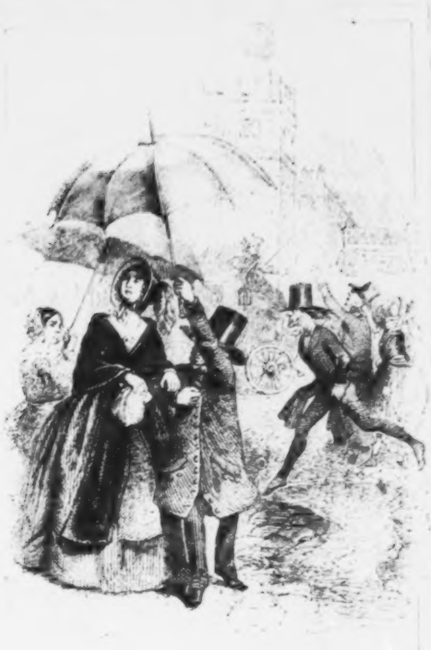

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Klagen eines Unvermählten.

Eine Threnodie.

Zürnend ſprach das Geſchick zu mir: Du ſollſt ein Unvermählter bleiben auf Erden, ein einſamer Wanderer auf der Haide, ein verlaſſenes Gänſeblümchen im Thal, ein unaufgethauter Schneehaufen im Frühling, über den die lauen Lüfte hinſtreichen und ihn nicht in Waſſer zu wandeln vermögen, weil ihn der Strahl der Sonne nicht zu erreichen im Stande iſt.

O wäre mein Haupt eine Ciſterne! O wären meine Augen zwei rauſchende Springbrunnen, auf daß ich Tag und Nacht beweinen könnte meines Geſchickes grauſame Strenge. Wollte Gott, ich hätte in der Wüſte eine einſame Hütte. Da verließ ich meine Genoſſen und zöge mich dahin zurück; denn meine Bekannten Alle ſind vermählt und daher für mich ſehr läſtig und langweilig.

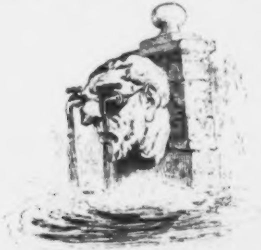

Amandus und Amanda, meine intimſten Freunde, leben in einer unglücklichen Ehe und tödten mich mit ihren Klagen. Ihre Zunge iſt wie ein geſpannter Bogen und fliegende Pfeile werden herüber und hinüber geſendet, von Mann zu Weib, von Weib zu Mann. — Plötzlich aber wenden ſie ſich zu mir, dem Unvermählten, und fragen mich: was iſt Deine Meinung?

„Entſcheide Du!“ ſpricht der Gatte, „iſt ſie nicht verſchwenderiſch und leichtſinnig? . . . . Erzieht ſie nicht unſere Kinder ſchlecht? . . . . Hat ſie nicht immer zwanzig Courmacher um ſich herum? . . . . Kann ihre Leidenſchaft für Schmuck und Geſchmeide von einem rechtlichen Bürger und Staatsdiener befriedigt werden? Legt ſie mir nicht dadurch tauſend Entbehrungen auf? . . . .“

„Du ſiehſt, Geliebter, wie unfreundlich ſie mich heute Abend empfing. — Das iſt aber Kleinigkeit gegen ihr Benehmen, wenn wir in traulicher Stille allein ſind. — Und wie kalt iſt ſie gegen mich. — Kälter kann nicht des Nordpols ewiger Schnee ſein. — Sage mir nur, bin ich nicht zu beklagen?“

„Wohl denn, er ſoll richten zwiſchen Dir und mir!“ antwortet die holdſelige Gattin. „Er iſt Dein Freund, ich weiß es, doch, hoffe ich, auch der Wahrheit Freund! Und wenn er das iſt, ſo muß er zugeſtehn, daß Du der haſſenswertheſte Sterbliche biſt, immer despotiſch, arrogant, zänkiſch und ſpöttiſch . . . .“

„Verſchwenderiſch gegen Andere, geizig gegen ſein ehelich Weib; ohne Zartgefühl, ohne Nachſicht für meine ſchwankende Geſundheit, ein kalter Egoiſt, ein ſchlechter Vater und . . . . häßlich wie die Nacht. Dies Bewußtſein macht ihn eiferſüchtig, hindert ihn aber nicht, untreu zu ſein.“

„Haſt Du nun genug?“ unterbricht ſie der erzürnte Mann. — „Jetzt weiß er es,“ entgegnet die gekränkte Gattin. „Auf denn zur Entſcheidung!“

Der betrübte Eheloſe giebt Beiden Recht . . . . und Beide haſſen ihn fortan wie die Peſt.

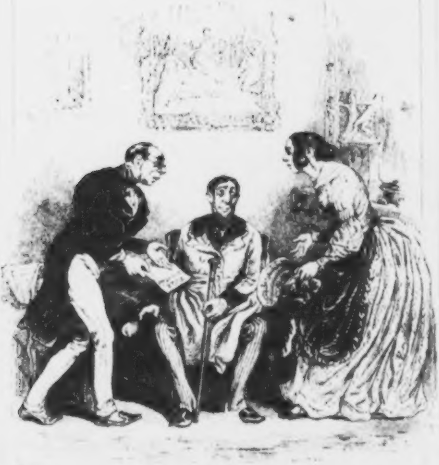

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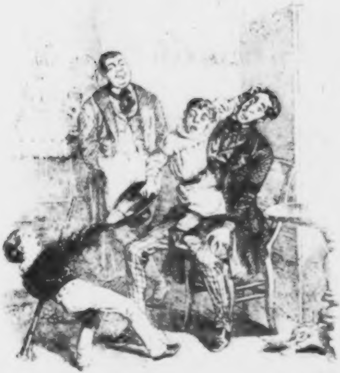

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Doch ach! auch die glücklichen Ehen ſind voller Leiden für den Eheloſen. Wenn das Waſſer ehelicher Galle bitter ſchmeckt auf der fremden Lippe, die es beſpritzt, ſo reizt der ſüßliche Honig der Roſenmonde leicht den Unvermählten zum Ekel, wenn er ihm zu häufig geboten wird.

Wenn eine Neuvermählte ſich darin gefällt, uns über die Mauer in das Paradies blicken zu laſſen, in welchem ſie mit ihrem „lieben Männchen" weilt, was will ſie damit, im Namen des Himmels? Was bedeutet der Seitenblick, den ſie den Unvermählten zuwirft? Eine ſchwere, bittere, unziemliche Kränkung iſt es.

In der Bosheit ihres Herzens, in der Härte ihres Gemüthes erinnert ſie ihn daran, daß ſie ihn weder hübſch, noch liebenswürdig, weder vornehm, noch reich genug fand, um daran zu denken, ihn zu heirathen — und die Wohlgeſittetheit verbietet dem Unglücklichen, ihr zu erwiedern, ja nicht einmal zu verſtehen zu geben, daß es ihm aus ähnlichen Gründen gar nicht unlieb war, ſo ſtreng beurtheilt worden zu ſein.

Es vergeht eine Zeit und nun kommen Kinder. Eine Quelle von Leiden für den eheloſen Hausfreund. Er iſt bald ſo weit, daß er ſie nur liebt, wenn ſie heulen und ſchreien, weil ſie dann entfernt werden.

Ehe dieſer glückliche Augenblick naht, ſpringen ſie ihm auf den Schooß, zertreten ſeinen Hut, zerbrechen ſeinen Stock, zerreißen ſeine Uhrkette, zerknillen ſeine Glacehandſchuh, zerzauſen ſeine Friſur, beſchmutzen ſeine Beinkleider und fahren ihm mit ihren niedlichen, roſigen, aber unſauberen Fingern in das Antlitz.

Die lieben Kleinen! Und wenn ſie — was aber eine Unmöglichkeit iſt — von Allem dem Nichts thun, wenn ſie artig, liebenswürdig, beſcheiden ſind, und der Eheloſe ſich ergetzt an ihrem unſchuldvollen Lächeln und ihrem ſchmeichelnden Lallen — ſo ſendet die junge Mutter, die plötzlich eiferſüchtig wird, ſie auf der Stelle fort, unter dem Vorwande, ſie beläſtigten ihn.

Der Unvermählte iſt ihr zuwider — es müßte denn ſein, daß ſie ihn anbetete — und ſie richtet alle ihre Sorge dahin, ihn allmälig von ihrem Angeſicht zu verbannen. Sie behauptet, er ſei gefährlich und unmoraliſch, im Grunde ſichert ſie ſich aber nur gegen einen Spion, den ſie für eine mehr oder minder nahe Zukunft fürchtet.

Denn das Weib iſt argliſtigen Herzens und ein boshaft Geſchöpf. Wer hat es je ergründet? Wer wird es je ergründen?

Auch weiß ſie dem Freunde ihres Mannes mehr als eine Falle zu legen, mehr als einen Stein in den Weg zu werfen.

Es giebt Gattinnen, die bei Allem, was Du Eheloſer ſagſt, erſtaunt Dich anſehn und Deine einfachſten und unſchuldigſten Reden dadurch als Zweideutigkeiten verdächtigen. Der Mann bemerkt nun, daß Du Dir zu wenig Zwang auferlegſt, und daß Deine, unter Männern ſehr argloſen Einfälle der Würde des Frauengemachs Abbruch thun.

Andere giebt es, die Dir noch argliſtiger ſchaden durch übertriebene Lobeserhebungen, und indem ſie jeden Augenblick Deine glänzenden Eigenſchaften herausſtreichen, ihren Gatten — in dem ſich bei dieſer Gelegenheit ein natürlicher Geiſt des Widerſpruchs regt — zwingen, ſich Deiner großen Fehler zu erinnern, die er mit lauter Stimme verkündet und mit ſtets wachſendem Eifer verſtärkt.

Andere endlich, eine erlogene Naivetät heuchelnd, thun, als irrten ſie ſich über die Gründe der Neigung und Achtung, die Du ihrem Herrn und Gebieter einflößeſt. Sie ſuchen immer in Dir, was Du nicht biſt, und was ſie gewiß ſind, nicht bei Dir zu finden. Biſt Du redlich, ſo wollen ſie Dich geiſtreich, biſt Du geiſtreich, ſo verlangen ſie Dich geſetzt und zuverläſſig. Zieh' Dich aus dieſer Klemme, wenn Du es vermagſt!

Deßwegen und noch um vieler anderer weiblicher Erfindungen willen, wird der Eheloſe allmälig ſeinen alten Freund und Genoſſen gegen ſich erkalten ſehn; ihre Freundſchaft wird verſchlagener Münze gleichen, und wohl noch Werth haben, aber nicht mehr curſiren. Hier iſt der Gatte zu beklagen, nicht aber der Unvermählte.

* * *

Weisheit, Tochter des Zeus, hellblickende Pallas Athene! die Du unvermählt bliebſt, weil Dir in Olymp kein Mann gut genug war, begeiſtere mich. Leihe mir goldene Worte, denn tieferes Leid will ich jetzt ſchildern, als ich bisher gethan. — Begeiſtere mich, daß mein unglückliches Privatſchickſal endlich rühre das Generalſchickſal!

Warum, o Fatum! zwingſt Du den Unvermählten ſein Zelt aufzuſchlagen unter den Ungläubigen? Warum machſt Du ihn abhängig von der Tücke dienender Geiſter, von der Bosheit ſeines Hauswirthes, ſeines Dieners oder ſeiner Haushälterin?

Dieſe Menſchen thun ihm, wenn er ihrer Habſucht nicht genügt, alles gebrannte Herzeleid an. Sie verſperren ſeine Thür unſchuldigen Freunden und Freundinnen und öffnen ſie weit biſſigen Gläubigern, verſchämten Bettlerinnen, Subſcribentenſammlern und citirenden Gerichtsdienern.

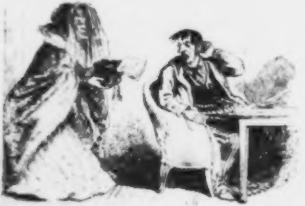

Den Staub laſſen ſie liegen auf den Mobilien in friedlicher Ruhe und auf den Stiefeln den Koth, wie auf den Fenſtern den Schmutz.

Aber unſer Zimmer ſcheuern ſie allwöchentlich mit unbarmherziger Grauſamkeit und zwingen uns vor dem Dämon der Reinlichkeit die Flucht zu ergreifen.

Unſere Wäſche beſorgen ſie, aber unſeren Hemden fehlen die Knöpfe, unſeren Vatermördern die Kragen und in unſeren Strümpfen laſſen ſie Fenſter, damit unſere Zehen in das kalte Leben hinausſehen.

Und welche Unordnung iſt um uns her: Nichts liegt an ſeinem Platze, oder vielmehr Alles, denn wo es einmal liegt, da bleibt es liegen in chaotiſcher Verwirrung.

Kehren wir des Abends fröſtelnd und hungrig heim, was finden wir? Kein Feuer im Ofen, kein Oel in der Lampe, kein Brod im Schranke, kein gut gemachtes Bett; dagegen auf dem Tiſche die ellenlange Rechnung für Auslagen an Holz, Oel, Licht, Wurſt, Wein u. ſ. w.

Iſt dieſer Jammer nur eine ſtumme, aber redende Ermahnung zur Ehe? Iſt er die ausführliche Paraphraſe des Fluches, die den Unvermählten trifft?

Denn der Unvermählte gleicht dem Ginſter auf der Haide; er weilt in der Wüſte, an trockener Stätte, auf ſalzigem, unwirthlichem Boden.

O Eheloſer, höre auf die Mahnung höherer Mächte!

* * *

Und er leiht ihr endlich ſein Ohr! Er entſagt der Thorheit und dem Lachen der Narren, das da iſt wie das Kniſtern des Reiſigs unter dem Keſſel.

Er geht in ſich und ſagt: „Eines Dinges Ende iſt beſſer denn ſein Anfang!“

Und er trotzt dem Weinen und Zähneknirſchen ſeiner Geliebten, die ihm mit unruhigen Blicken folgt, da er ſeinen Glimmſtengel anzündet, während ſie die Thränen mehrerer Krokodille weint.

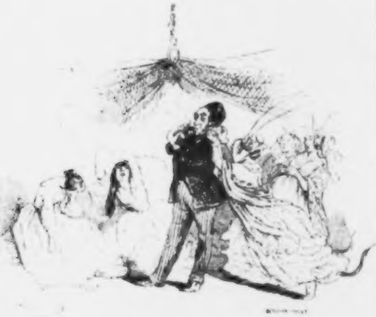

Da aber findet der Eheloſe, daß das Weib, das dem Netze gleicht, deſſen Herz einer Fiſcherreuſe ähnelt und deſſen Hände Bande ſind, bitterer ſei denn der Tod.

Wen das Fatum liebt, der wird ihm entgehn, aber der Sünder wird ſich darin fangen.

* * *

Wer iſt der neue Jüngling, der aus den Reihen der Veteranen des luſtigen Lebens tritt? Seinen Hals ſchmückt die zierlich gefältelte Binde, ſeine weißen Haare verſchwanden unter den kunſtgewandten Händen des Friſeurs und ein kosmetiſches Mittel gab ſeinem grauwerdenden Backenbart der Kohle dunkelglänzende Schwärze.

Mit geſenkten Augen ſchreitet er, einer ſchüchternen Jungfrau gleich, einher und ſeiner Stimme leiſes Flöten gleicht dem Lüftchen, das im Schilfrohr ſäuſelt. Er ſucht das blühende Weib, das ihn mit göttlicher Kraft beglücken ſoll.

Aber wer folgt ſeinen Spuren? Sie ſind wie die Spur des Adlers in der Luft, der Schlange auf dem Fels, des Schiffes auf der See.

Einer antiken Vaſe mit Henkeln gleicht er, indem er die Arme krümmt, um gewandt Mutter und Tochter zugleich zu führen.

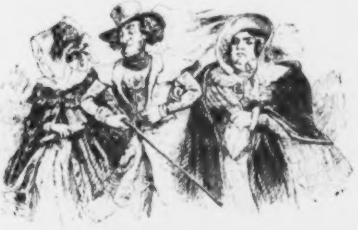

Beifällig horcht er auf der Großtanten Geſchichten, auf des Oheims Späße, auf des kleinen Bruders knabenhafte Einfälle. Die ganze Familie führt er in die Komödie.

Am Morgen lieſt er die Augsburger Allgemeine, des Vaters Orakel, um mit dieſem einerlei Meinung zu ſein, und wenn die Tochter ſich an den Flügel ſetzt, ſo ſchlägt er falſch den Takt dazu und liſpelt: „Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren!“

Wenn er vorüberwandelt, wo die Spötter ſitzen, ſo zeigen ſie mit Fingern auf ihn, und die ſo durch's Fenſter ſchauen, ſagen zu einander: „Ei Invalide!“

Ihm iſt, als ſei er im Thal der Schrecken und ein Gewitter ſchwebe über ſeinem Haupt. Die verlaſſene Geliebte droht Einſpruch zu thun und die Tanten flüſtern ſich gräßliche Dinge von ihm zu.

Die Zeit enteilt, Woche auf Woche zieht vorüber; er erſchöpft ſeinen Credit, um die Auserkohrene zu ſchmücken, und kleidet ſie in Sammet und Seide.

Sie aber ladet die Freundinnen zu einem Nähkaffee; da wird zugeſchnitten, geſäumt, geſteppt, Alles nur für ſie.

Und er in dankbarem Entzücken kauft Shawls und Gewänder, Colliers, Bracelets und goldene Ringe; Spitzen feiner als Spinnengewebe, Perlen des Orients, Demanten, Rubinen und Smaragde . . . . . Alles auch nur für ſie.

Und leiſe murmelt er: Die Länge bringt die Ferne.

Da öffnet ſich die Thür und herein tritt ein bleiches Weib mit den funkelnden Augen der Löwin. Da er entfliehn will, hemmt ſie ihn auf ſeinem Lauf und ſpricht: „Höre mich! Und betteteſt Du Dich am Südpol und flüchteteſt zu dem Schakal der Wüſte, ich ereilte Dich doch.“

„Hier iſt Dein ſchriftlich Ehegelöbniß! Entweder mich oder Keine! —“

Alſo trifft ihn das Schickſal. Er muß ſich der Amalekiterin vermählen, oder ein Unvermählter bleiben, bis zu den Pforten des Grabes.

Und er bleibt ehelos; ſo will es ſein grauſam Geſchick.

* * *

O welcher Schmerz faßt ſeine Seele. — Wenige Monden vergehn und die Auserkohrene wandelt vorüber an eines Anderen Arm, eine glückliche Braut.

Heiß brennt des Sommers Gluth und der wirbelnde Staub vergiftet die Lungen. Auf den Gaſſen iſt Alles beſchäftigt und ſchöpft emſig die rinnende Fluth, um zu ſprengen, zu netzen, zu löſchen den fliegenden Sand.

Ungeſchickter Männer und Knaben Bewegung, da ſie das Naß ſchöpfen aus dem rinnenden Bach, befleckt ihr das ſeidene Gewand.

Zürnend ſchaut ſie ſich um und ihrem Geliebten brauſt auf der kochende Zorn. Da ſieht ſie ihn, den treuloſen Eheloſen, am Fenſter.

Und wie von einer Natter geſtochen, wendet ſie ſich ab mit funkelndem Auge. Nicht achtend das befleckte Gewand, die benetzten Schuhe, zieht ſie den Mann ihres Herzens mit ſich fort, um dem verhaßten Anblicke zu entgehn.

Denn durch den Unvermählten konnte ſie Frau Räthin werden, und jetzt wird ſie nur Frau Secretairin. Wie muß ſie ihn haſſen. So haßte einſt Medea nicht den treuloſen Jaſon.

* * *

Jahre ſchwinden. Er hat ſich getröſtet, der Eheloſe. Die Amalekiterin iſt in ihre Heimath zurückgekehrt, des langen Wartens müde. Und er athmet wieder frei.

Er gedenkt der Tage ſeiner Jugend. Des reiferen Alters gedenkt er.

Ach, farblos iſt ſein Leben: grau in grau — Haushälterin, Mops und Kater nur werfen düſtere Schatten hinein.

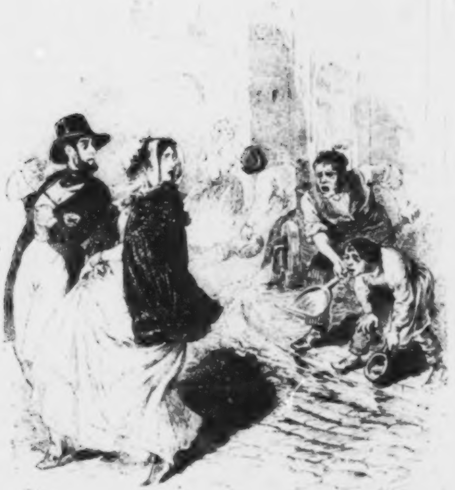

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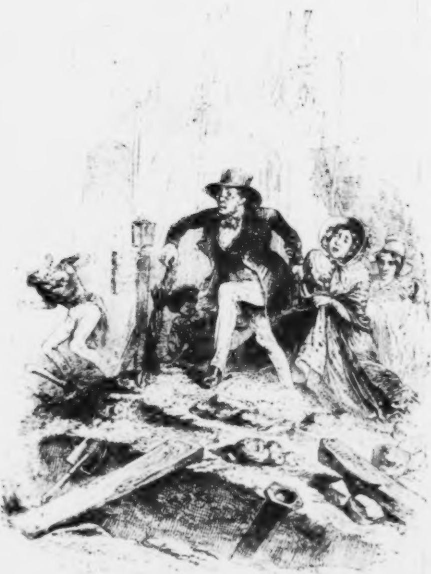

Und mit Fauſt ſeufzt er:

Nur mit Entſetzen wach' ich Morgens auf
Und möchte blut'ge Thränen weinen,
Den Tag zu ſehn, der mir in ſeinem Lauf
Nicht einen Wunſch erfüllen wird, nicht Einen!
Der ſelbſt die Ahnung jeder Luſt
Mit eigenſinnigem Krittel mindert,
Die Schöpfung meiner regen Bruſt,
Mit tauſend Lebensfratzen hindert.
Auch muß ich, wenn die Nacht ſich niederſenkt,
Mich ängſtlich auf das Lager ſtrecken;
Auch da wird keine Raſt geſchenkt,
Mich werden ſchwere Träume ſchrecken.

Ja, ihm iſt zu Muthe, als müßte er auch des Fauſt ſchrecklichen Fluch hinzuſetzen, denn der Balſam der Trauben und die höchſte Liebeshuld haben ihn ebenſo elend gemacht.

Er flieht die Stätten der Menſchen, aber ach, wo niſten nicht Menſchen ſich ein?

Da führt ihn ſein Pfad an einem Hauſe vorüber, das gebaut wird.

Und ſiehe, trotzig und verzagt kommt die einſt Auserkohrene, früher Frau Secretairin, nun auch Frau Räthin. Neben ihnen wandelt ein blühender Knabe. Und den jüngſten Sprößling am Baum ihres Lebens trägt ihnen die Amme ſorglich nach.

Sie ſind es, die ſich das Haus erbauen, ein Aſyl für ihr Geſchlecht. Nicht ohne Angſt, aber doch muthig, klettern ſie über Schutt und Balken, denn ſie beſeelt das Gefühl des Glückes, bald im eigenen Hauſe die Collegen und der Collegen Gattinnen empfangen zu können.

Nur mit ſich beſchäftigt, achtet die einſt Erkohrene des Unvermählten nicht. Auch würde ſie ihn nicht erkennen, denn das Alter und die Nachläſſigkeit ruhen ſchwer auf ihm.

Er aber kennt ſie und entflieht, wie einſt Oreſt den Furien. Mögen ihn auch herabfallende Steine zu erſchlagen, eine Grube mit Kalk zu verbrennen drohn. Schrecken des Todes ängſtigen ihn nicht ſo ſehr wie der Anblick ihres ehelichen Glückes.

Und daheim in ſeiner Kammer zerrauſt er ſein Haar und weinet bittere ſalzige Thränen. Sein Haupt gleicht einer Ciſterne und ſeine Augen rinnenden Pumpen.

O Grauſamkeit des Geſchicks!

Schlußrede Plinius des Jüngſten.

Endlich iſt die ſchwere Arbeit vollendet, und ich muß geſtehn, ich bin froh, daß ſie fertig iſt, denn ich glaube nicht, daß ein Autor je von den kleinen und großen Leiden des menſchlichen Daſeins geplagt wurde, als es mir geſchah, während ich mich damit beſchäftigte, Unſterns und ſeiner Genoſſen Papiere zu redigiren und herauszugeben. Bis zum Druckerjungen herunter hat Jeder, der nur irgend mit dieſem Buche in Berührung ſtand, mich geängſtigt und geplagt. Bald paßten die Bilder nicht in den Text, bald der Text nicht zu den Bildern; bald Beides nicht zu unſerer Zeit und unſeren Verhältniſſen. Beſonders ſchrecklich iſt aber ein kritiſirender Verleger. Das Schrecklichſte von Allem jedoch iſt, mit deren zwei zu thun haben. Wenn Cenſor, Setzer, Drucker Nichts mehr zu erinnern hatten, und ich nun glaubte, mit einem Bogen fertig zu ſein und dieſen hinter mir zu haben, ſo kam der eine Compagnon mit ſeinen Bedenklichkeiten hintennach, und von Neuem mußte hier geändert, dort geſtrichen, oben hinzugeſetzt, unten weggelaſſen werden Umſonſt meldete ich mich krank oder ließ mich verläugnen; er klingelte ſo lange an meiner Thür, bis der Glockenzug ihm in der Hand blieb, und wenn ich nicht alle Tage eine neue Klingel bezahlen

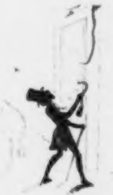

wollte, ſo mußte ich wohl öffnen und ihn anhören. War ich nun auch endlich mit ihm auf das Reine und glaubte Odem ſchöpfen zu können, erſchien der andere, ein ebenſo eigenſinniger Mann, und beide Herren zogen nun an mir herum; wollte mich der Eine ſchwarz, ſo wollte mich der Andere weiß, denn Jeder ſuchte mich ſeinerſeits zu überzeugen, wie ſehr er Recht habe; ich kam mir figürlich vor, als ſtände ich zwiſchen einem Kohlenbrenner und einem Müller, und Beide arbeiteten zugleich an meiner Bekehrung. So war ich denn ſtets ein nichts Geringes in der Preſſe; eine reizende, elegant chauſſirte junge Dame, der ein plumper Pächter auf den Fuß tritt, gerade da ſie im Begriff iſt, ſich in die Tanzſtunden zu begeben, um eine neue Françaiſe für den nächſten Ball einzuſtudiren, kann ſich nach der Empfindung der ihr dadurch verurſachten körperlichen Schmerzen ungefähr einen Begriff von meinen geiſtigen Qualen machen. Die beſten Einfälle wurden unbarmherzig in der Geburt erſtickt, die ſchönſten Geſchichten blieben ungeboren — kurz, nie hat ein armer Schriftſteller ſo auf einem Prokruſtesbett gelegen, wie ich bei dieſem mühſeligen Werk.

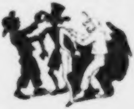

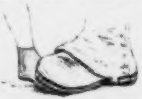

Aber das war es nicht allein. Alle kleine Dämonen, die dem Menſchengeſchlechte Leiden zu bereiten pflegen, hatten ſich wider mich verſchworen und plagten mich unabläſſig, ſeit ich mich dieſer Arbeit widmete; es ſchein wirklich, als hätten ſie in Unſterns Mappe geſteckt und ſeien mein ſehr unbequemer Hofſtaat geworden, mich auf die läſtigſte Weiſe begleitend und neckend, wo ich nur ging und ſtand. So viele kleine Malheurs ſind nie auf meinem Scheitel gehäuft geweſen. Ging ich aus, ſo war ich zu warm angezogen und gerieth in heftige Transſpiration, ſo daß ich eine Erkältung fürchten mußte. War ich zu Hauſe, fleißig an dieſem mühſeligen und tiefgelehrten Werke arbeitend und wollte eines Citates wegen irgend ein Buch in meiner Bibliothek nachſchlagen, ſo konnte ich ſicher ſein, durch irgend eine Tücke des Schickſals das ſchlecht befeſtigte Repoſitorium umzureißen, ſo daß ein Wolkenbruch von Folianten, Quartanten, Octav- und Duodezbändchen auf mich herabſtürzte, mir Beulen und Wunden ſchlug, und ich nun meine ſchöne Zeit und mit ihr meine beſten Gedanken einbüßte indem ich aus angeborener Ordnungsliebe nicht eher Ruhe fand, als bis ich das Repoſitorium wieder aufgerichtet und jedes Buch genau wieder nach der Nummer im Catalog an den ihm gebührenden Platz geſtellt hatte. Von anderen Leiden, wie zerſchriebenen Federn, Tintenklecksen, ſchlechtem Papier, Störungen und dergleichen mehr, will ich gar nicht einmal reden, da ich ſchon früher am geeigneten Orte deren gehörige Erwähnung gethan.

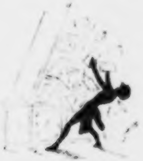

Doch Alles nimmt bekanntlich ein Ende auf dieſer ſublunariſchen Welt, und ſo war es auch mit jenen Klagen. Der letzte Buchſtabe aus den Papieren Unſterns, welche es verdienten, gedruckt zu werden — war geſetzt, und ich nahm nun meinen Hut, der Erlöſung froh, und ging zu meinem Herrn Verleger, um mir mein wohlverdientes Honorar einzucaſſiren. Ach, faſt hätte ich mit Schiller ausrufen können:

Du haſt gehofft; Dein Lohn iſt abgetragen,
Dein Glaube war Dein zugemeſſnes Glück;

mein Herr Verleger machte mir nämlich erſtens bemerklich, daß vor der Meſſe an kein Honorar zu denken und daß er zweitens mit meiner Redaction der Unſtern'ſchen Papiere gar nicht recht zufrieden ſei.

In meines Nichts durchbohrendem Gefühl

ſtand ich vor ihm und hörte demüthig zu, als er anhub:

„Wertheſter Herr Plinius Minimus. Ich ſehe zu meinem großen Mißvergnügen, daß Sie die intereſſanteſten Holzſchnitte gar nicht benutzt haben. Sie gaben zum Beiſpiel das Trauerſpiel vom Gläubiger, aber das Gegenſtück, das Trauerſpiel vom Schuldner, ließen Sie aus mir unbegreiflichen Gründen weg. Kann nun aber etwas anziehender ſein, als die Schilderung des Wechſelſchuldners, der aus einem Schlupfwinkel nach dem anderen vertrieben, nirgend ſein müdes Haupt ſicher zu betten weiß, und dem noch dazu die brennendſte Eiferſucht das Herz zerreißt, welche ihn denn endlich, aller Vorſicht zum Trotz, antreibt, ſich zu der vermeintlichen Ungetreuen zu ſchleichen? Hier iſt es aber gerade, wo man ihm auflauert, der gefürchtete Nebenbuhler iſt Niemand anders als der Diener der Juſtiz, der aus ganz davon verſchiedenen Gründen Parade vor den Fenſtern ſeiner Schönen machte und nun den armen Beruhigten und auf der anderen Seite weit ſchwerer Getäuſchten in den Schuldthurm ohne Gnade ſchleppt. Das wäre eine Verwickelung,

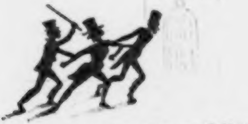

mein Herr, wie ſie einem Autor von Talent und Geſchmack, gleich

Ihnen, durchaus nicht hätte entgehen dürfen, ſollte ich meinen und glauben.“

„„Geſchätzteſter Herr Verleger,“ erwiederte ich „„Sie vergolden zwar ihre Pillen, aber . . . .““

Mein Herr Verleger läßt ſich indeſſen nicht irre machen und fährt, ohne auf meine Einwendungen zu achten, fort, „Unter den delicaten Verhältniſſen, über welche ſich eine ganze Reihenfolge von Skizzen vorfindet, hätten Sie doch wenigſtens das Capitel vom Rendezvous benutzen und mittheilen ſollen. Wie hat man, ſollte ich glauben, die Plagen und Sorgen eines ſo ſchwierigen Glückes, die Täuſchungen bei einer Escalade, die Feindſeligkeiten der Duenna, die Ungeſchicklichkeit oder die Verrätherei eines Helfershelfers, die Unentſchloſſenheit und Unbeholfenheit der Geliebten mit ſolchem Talent und ſolcher Wahrheit und Lebendigkeit gezeichnet.“

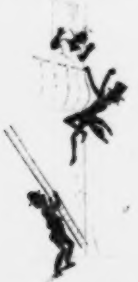

„„Das gebe ich zu, indeſſen —““

„Laſſen Sie mich ausreden, Herr Plinius! Unter der Rubrik Portraits finden ſich ebenfalls mehrere ganz vortreffliche Gegenſtände, welche die Leſewelt gewiß beſſer amüſirt haben würden, als ſo mancher von Ihnen aufgenommene Artikel. So z. B. das Portrait des Onkels, dieſes Prototyps eines gutmüthigen Mannes, der ein Opfer ſeiner Güte wird und den Jeder auf hundertfache Weiſe benutzt. Ferner das Portrait der Tante, dieſes Muſterbildes einer Hausfrau, bei welcher die Ordnungsliebe und die Sorge für die Küchenangelegenheiten zur Leidenſchaft geworden ſind und eine ſo außerordentliche Reizbarkeit entwickelt haben, daß ein verſchobenes Meuble, ein zerbrochenes Gefäß, das Betragen des Kindermädchens, dem ſie das Schickſal ihrer Kleinen anvertraut hat, die ſauer gewordene Milch, eine auf dem Feuer vergeſſene Kaſſerole, die Uhr, welche die Mittagszeit zu früh oder zu ſpät anzeigt, das plötzliche Steigen im Preiſe des Zucker und Kaffee, Gäſte, die keinen Appetit haben, ein Schmutzfleck auf ihren Gardinen, der Mangel an Fiſchen, altgewordenes Gebäck, zu lange Holzſcheite u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. von ihr als eben ſo viele entſetzliche Unglücksfälle im Laufe ihres ſonſt ſo friedlichen Lebens betrachtet werden. Ge-

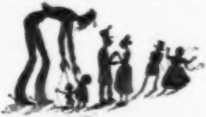

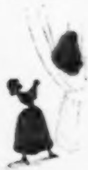

ſtehen Sie nur, mein Herr Plinius, eine ſolche Schilderung wäre echt aus dem Leben gegriffen und wohl der Mühe werth geweſen.“

„„Das iſt allerdings war. — Ich hätte . . . .““

„Das Capitel von den ſchönen Künſten“ — unterbricht mich mein Herr Verleger unbarmherzig — „hätten Sie auch nicht auslaſſen ſollen; die Beſchäftigung mit denſelben veranlaßt ſtets eine Menge kleiner Leiden und lächerlicher Unglücksfälle: wie z. B. ein fehlendes Blatt im Notenhefte bei dem leidenſchaftlichen Vortrage eines noch leidenſchaftlicheren Duettes; das Springen der Saiten an einer Harfe mitten in einem herzerſchütternden Adagio; das plötzliche Verſagen der Stimme; die Mühſeligkeiten bei dem Beſuche einer Kunſtausſtellung, beſonders in Geſellſchaft von Künſtlern, welche dort Werke eingeſandt haben; die Langeweile der Concerte, die Eiferſüchteleien und böſen Nachreden, das ungeſchickte Benehmen eines Dilettanten in einem Atelier, die faden Complimente der ſogenannten gebildeten Leute u. A. m., ohne allen Jammer zu rechnen, den die gekränkte Eigenliebe, der verletzte

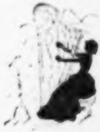

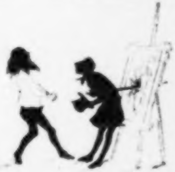

Ehrgeiz, der Kampf des Beſſerwiſſens mit der Unwiſſenheit, der unverſchämten Zumuthungen mit der beleidigten Künſtlerwürde uns zu bereiten pflegen, ehe man mit jenem ſchwierigen Werke zu Stande kommt, das im gewöhnlichen Leben ein Portrait heißt und faſt nie nach ſeinem ganzen Werthe geſchätzt wird!“

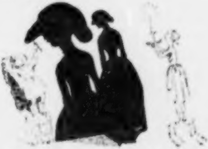

„Und nun ferner jene Erſcheinungen, die die Aerzte mit dem Namen „Manie“ zu bezeichnen pflegen, was hätten Sie da leiſten können, mein Herr Plinius, wenn Sie das vorhandene reiche Material mit einiger Sorgſamkeit würden geordnet und bearbeitet haben! Waren Sie denn ganz blind dafür, welche Quelle von Unannehmlichkeiten und Leiden eine ſolche Manie iſt? Haben Sie vergeſſen, welche Reihe von Verdrießlichkeiten der Eifer für den Kriegsdienſt in Friedenszeiten, wenn er ſich eines redlichen Bürgers bemächtigt, nach ſich zu ziehn pflegt,

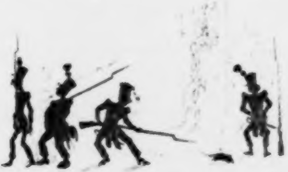

von der tapferen Patrouille an bis zur einſamen Schildwache hinab —

„„Allerdings, aber . . . .““

„Fallen Sie mir doch nicht ſtets in das Wort, ſondern laſſen Sie mich ausreden. Ferner, die ſo reich zuſammgenetragenen moraliſchen Empfindungen, was hätten Sie mit denen nicht beginnen können! Nehmen Sie z. Beiſpiel den qualvollen Zuſtand eines geiſtig unbehilflichen Menſchen, der augenblicklich eingeſchüchtert wird, einem geiſtreichen Manne gegenüber. Er wird ſo ängſtlich, ſo verlegen, daß er eine Ungeſchicklichkeit über die andere begeht, deren bloße Idee ſchon ihn vor Schrecken erſtarren macht und ihn ſeiner fünf Sinne beraubt. Und nun endlich die Ungeſchicklichkeiten ſelbſt! Wie mannichfaltig läßt ſich dieſes Thema nicht variiren von Jenem an, der ſich in der Verlegenheit auf einen Schooßhund ſetzt, bis zu dem, der ſeinen Hintermann auf die podagriſchen Extremitäten tritt, während er einer Dame ein Compliment macht, ſich umdreht, um ſich zu entſchuldigen, denſelben Verſtoß begeht, ſich wieder entſchuldigt und ſo eine halbe Stunde lang zwiſchen Verſtößen und Entſchuldigungen, wie ein Federball zwiſchen zwei guten Spielern hin und her fliegt. — Sie können nicht läugnen, mein Herr Plinius . . . .“

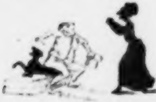

„„Ich läugne Nichts““ unterbrach ich ihn ärgerlich —, „„als daß ich noch die Geduld habe, Ihre Vorwürfe länger ruhig hinzunehmen und anzuhören. Laſſen ſie mich nun auch ein Mal reden. Sie haben ganz vergeſſen, — oder thun wenigſtens ſo, als hätten Sie es, — welche Mühe und Noth ich mit der Redaction dieſes Werkes gehabt. Glaubte nicht Jeder ein Recht zu haben, mitzureden, der Setzer, der Drucker, der Factor und am Ende Sie, tadelnd und krittelnd, klagend und winſelnd, behauptend, Feder und Graven vertrügen ſich nicht miteinander. Mußte ich nicht die beſten Stellen deswegen ändern und ſtreichen? Obendrein das Leid, daß der ſo geniale

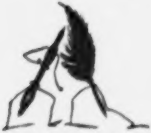

Künſtler doch die feinſten Einfälle nicht verſinnlichen kann, ſondern nur Handgreifliches, Plaſtiſches durch ſich ſelbſt Redendes darzuſtellen vermag, das eigentlich keiner Erklärung bedarf, wie z. B. Scenen, wo ſich der Wind in den Gewändern einer unglücklichen Dame verfängt, oder einem ſchönen Herrn den Regenſchirm

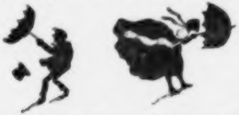

umdreht und den Hut entführt: den Moment, wo Jemand auf der Treppe ausgleitet; die Unannehmlichkeiten der Abenddämmerung, ehe die Laternen angezündet werden, die Beſtürzung eines

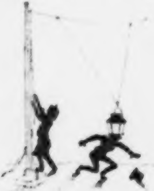

armen Invaliden, dem plötzlich ſein Stelzfuß unter dem Leibe

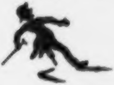

zerbricht; die Verzweiflung eines lateiniſchen Reiters, den ſeine ermüdete Mähre eigenſinnig in einen Moraſt führt, aus dem er ſich

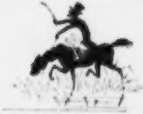

nicht wieder herauszutreiben vermag: die Verlegenheit einer anſtändigen Frau auf einem überſtrengen Grenzzollamte; den groteſken

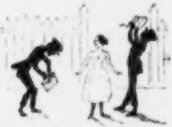

Zwang gewiſſer peinlicher Stellungen: die verſchiedenartigen Unfälle,

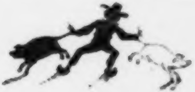

welche unſere Vergnügungen in Qualen verwandeln; den Kampf

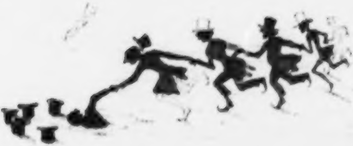

zweier ineinander verbiſſener Bulldoggs, die wir uns vergebens zu

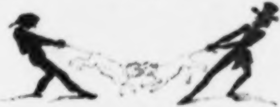

trennen bemühen; den Zuſammenſtoß zweier, in vollem Lauf begriffener menſchlicher Geſchöpfe, welche plötzlich an einer Ecke gegen einander fliegen; ein raſch angezogener ſeidener Strumpf, durch deſſen ſpringende Maſchen unſer Fuß wieder in Gottes freie Luft hinausfährt; ein friſch angeſtrichenes Treppengeländer, das tückiſch unſere neuen gelben Glacéhandſchuhe marmorirt; die traurige Lage eines raſchen Tänzers, der in einer Galoppade mit ſeiner Dame hinſtürzt und den ſeine verſtauchte Hüfte dennoch nicht vor tauſend

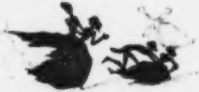

ungerechten Vorwürfen ſichert; das verlegene Geſicht und die zagzarte Aengſtlichkeit einiger Damen oder Dämchen, denen zur Zeit der Abenddämmerung in einer abgelegenen Straße einige unheimliche Geſellen drohen das Geleit zu geben; das Unwohlſein von Rei-

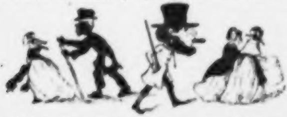

ſenden, die bei trübem Wetter auf einem Dampfſchiffe von Hamburg nach Helgoland fahren; oder auch jene Hiſtörchen, welche der

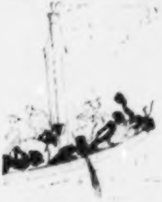

Künſtler allein, ohne Vermittelung des Schriftſtellers darſtellen kann, wie z. B. die der Demoiſelle Leduc und des Grafen de Clermont . . . . Sie kennen ſie, meine Herren? . . . .‟“

„Allerdings!“ erwiederten meine Herren Verleger mit Zuverſicht. — „Indeſſen Sie erzählen ſo gut, daß wir mit Vergnügen . .“

„„O, bitte recht ſehr!““ erwiederte ich beſcheiden — „„doch will ich mir einbilden, ſie ſei Ihnen noch unbekannt. Trotz ſeiner Verwandtſchaft mit dem königlichen Hauſe — denn der Herr war Prinz von Geblüt — hatte der Graf die liebenswürdige Dame, die ich ſo eben genannt, heimlich geheirathet. Ihre Zuſammenkünfte waren ſelten, oft ganz unerwartet. Eines Morgens lag die Dame noch in Morpheus Armen, als ihre Kammerfrau ſie plötzlich weckte und ihr die Ankunft ihres Geliebten meldete.

— Gieb mir raſch — rief Mademoiſelle Leduc noch ſchlaftrunken — mein Orangenblüthenwaſſer, das auf dem Kamine ſteht, und öffne die Vorhänge erſt, wenn ſeine Hoheit eintritt. —

Dann, ohne einen Augenblick zu verlieren, goß ſie ſich die wohlriechende Flüſſigkeit in Strömen auf ihr Antlitz, ihre Schultern und Arme. Der Graf und der helle Tag kommen gleichzeitig herein. Seine Hoheit ſtößt einen Schrei des Entſetzens aus und weicht drei Schritte zurück, zum großen Erſtaunen ſeiner aufmerkſamen Gemahlin.

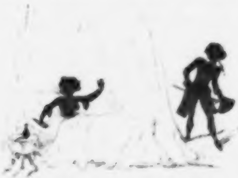

Die Zofe hatte ſich vergriffen und ihr ſtatt des Parfüms ein Fläſchchen mit Tinte gegeben““.

„Ach! die arme Dame!“ riefen die Verleger mitleidig. — „Aber wozu brauchte ſie auch Tinte auf das Kamin zu ſtellen!“

„„Beruhigen Sie ſich, meine Herren““ — unwahrſcheinlich wäre die Geſchichte auch in unſeren Tagen nicht.““

„Ach, gelehrte Damen, Blauſtrümpfe! Sie wiſſen nicht, wie die einen armen Verleger zu plagen vermögen!“ riefen in wirklicher Ideenaſſociation wiederum Beide zugleich.

„„Ferner““ — fuhr ich fort — „„das Schickſal jenes Unglücklichen, der, anſtatt ſich zu erſchießen, einen Spiegel zerſchießt und nun aus Furcht vor ſeinem Hauswirthe in die weite Welt läuft, ſein Glück macht und als ein reicher Mann zurückkehrt, wäre auch

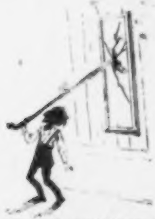

kein übles Bild der Art, wenigſtens in ſeinem erſten Theile ein ſehr verſtändliches.““ —

„Dergleichen hätten Sie auch wählen ſollen, um einen intereſſanten Text daran zu knüpfen,“ ſagte der Vater der Firma.

„„Meine Herren! hören Sie nun endlich auf mit Tadeln und Beſſerwiſſen““ — rief ich ungeduldig. „„Sie haben mich wahrlich genug gequält. Gar zu oft bin ich mir vorgekommen wie ein Mann, der feſt auf ſeinen beiden Füßen zu ſtehen wähnt und dem plötzlich — Sie werden das Gleichniß nicht übel nehmen, jedes Gleichniß hinkt, wie Sie wiſſen — zwei Hunde zwiſchen die Beine laufen und ihn umwerfen, ſo daß er da liegt und ſich nicht zu helfen weiß.““

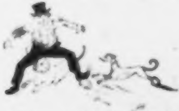

„„Kurz, meine Herren, Sie haben mich oft ſo confus gemacht, daß mir zu Muthe war, als ob mich der platzende Keſſel einer Locomotive in die Luft ſprengte und ich mich wirklich befühlen mußte, ob ich auch noch meine Glieder beiſammen habe.““

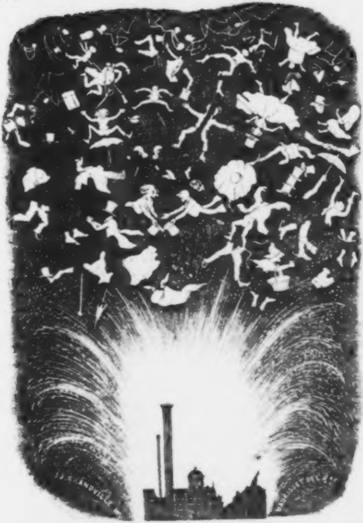

„„Bedenken Sie nun endlich, daß es eine Menge von komiſchen Unglücksfällen giebt, die ſich in guter Geſellſchaft nicht ſagen laſſen, und die Geſellſchaft, für die wir unſer Buch beſtimmten, iſt nicht allein die gute, ſondern die beſte; bedenken Sie ferner, daß wir es zuſammen wahrlich nicht an Fleiß und gutem Willen

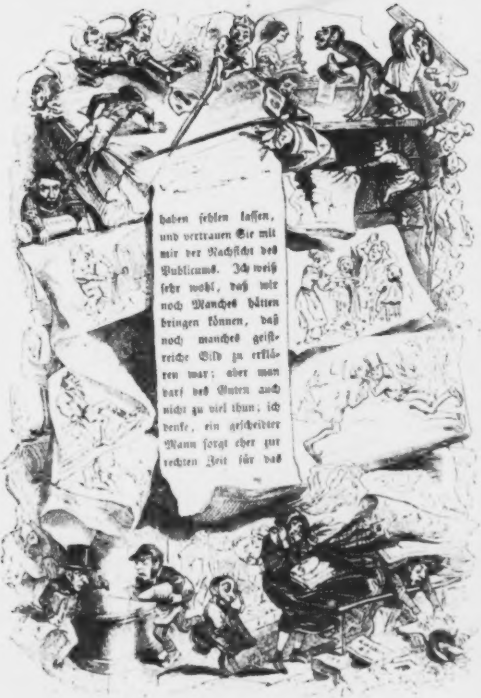

haben fehlen laſſen, und vertrauen Sie mit mir der Nachſicht des Publicums. Ich weiß ſehr wohl, daß wir noch Manches hätten bringen können, daß noch manches geiſtreiche Bild zu erklären war; aber man darf des Guten auch nicht zu viel thun; ich denke, ein geſcheidter Mann ſorgt eher zur rechten Zeit für das

Ende.

An die Recenſenten.

rotz der Schlußrede, in welcher gar Manches beſprochen wurde, das, reiflich erwogen, die geſtrengen Herren der Literatur- und anderen Zeitungen zu gerechter Nachſicht veranlaſſen dürfte, ſcheint es doch den gehorſamſt Unten Gezeichneten nicht unerſprießlich, noch Einiges zu bemerken, das für den Leſer weiter eben kein Intereſſe haben möchte, jenen Gewaltigen aber zu wiſſen ganz willkommen ſein kann. Wir leben einmal in einem kritiſchen Zeitalter; unbefangen ſich freuen am Gelingen einer Sache oder wenigſtens am guten Willen, der den oder die Urheber derſelben beſeelte, das macht jetzt den Wenigſten Spaß, und thun ſie es auch, ſo wollen ſie es mindeſtens nicht vor der Welt zeigen; ihr Urtheil dagegen auf eine Weiſe auszuſprechen, daß es wie eine Eingebung von oben erſcheint und auch ſolche Geltung haben ſolle, damit ſind die Meiſten gleich bei der Hand. Aus ganz guten Gründen geſtatten ſich daher die Unterfertigten, wie man in

Oeſtreich zu ſagen pflegt, den in dieſem Augenblicke noch nicht gebornen Kritiken von fertigen oder unfertigen Recenſenten folgende Antikritik a priori entgegenzuſtellen.

Den Künſtler und die Verleger wird ſchwerlich ein harter Tadel treffen. Der Erſtere iſt ſo genial und ſo correct zu gleicher Zeit, daß man ihm höchſtens hin und wieder eine zu muthwillige Laune vorwerfen kann, weiter aber Nichts an ihm auszuſetzen finden wird. Darauf iſt denn auch nur zu erwiedern, daß, wer nicht den Frömmler ſpielt oder prüde thut, um für ſittenrein vor der Welt zu erſcheinen, eher an den phantaſtiſchen Sprüngen des geiſtreichen Meiſters ſein Vergnügen, als ſich durch dieſelben auch nur im Geringſten verletzt finden werde. Was die Verlagshandlung betrifft, ſo hat ſie, das muß jeder Sachverſtändige zugeſtehn, kein Opfer geſcheut, um das Werk ſo glänzend und doch ſo ſolid wie möglich auszuſtatten. Es bleibt alſo nur noch der Verfaſſer des deutſchen Textes der Kritik zugänglich, und der wird, aus leicht begreiflichen Gründen, der Sündenbock ſein müſſen. Die Herren Recenſenten theilen ſich jetzt in zwei Klaſſen, die liberalen und die gelehrten; der Kritiker, der jetzt nicht liberal iſt, will wenigſtens gelehrt, und jener, der nicht gelehrt iſt, wenigſtens liberal ſein, um doch nicht ganz ohne Nimbus zu erſcheinen. Die Liberalen alſo werden dem Autor vorwerfen, daß er in einem Buche, welches die Intereſſen der Menſchheit behandelt, das höchſte Intereſſe derſelben, die Freiheit, gar nicht berückſichtigt habe. Darauf erwiedert er ſehr einfältiglich erſtens: „Meine Herren, wenn ich Sie auf ein Gericht Fiſche einlade, können Sie doch nicht von mir Fleiſch verlangen; zweitens, die arme Mähre Freiheit wird jetzt von ſo vielen lateiniſchen Reitern lahm geritten und ſtruppirt, daß ich die Zahl derſelben nicht vermehren mag, und am Wenigſten da, wo ſie eigentlich nur beſtiegen wird, um damit Fenſterparade vor dem Publicum zu machen.“ Die gelehrten Recenſenten dagegen werden ihm vorwerfen, daß er in dieſem Werke nicht durchweg Originales gegeben, ſondern ſehr oft, beſonders in der letzteren Hälfte das franzöſiſche Muſter benutzt und hin und wieder ganz nachgebildet habe. — Dieſen entgegnet er: „Sie haben vollkommen Recht, meine

Herren, aber es galt hier nicht, eine Originalarbeit zu ſchaffen ſondern zu den gegebenen Zeichnungen des franzöſiſchen Künſtlers einen lesbaren und, will's Gott! nicht langweiligen Text zu liefern; es galt, eine franzöſiſche Idee im eigentlichen Sinne des Wortes zu verdeutſchen. Wo alſo das franzöſiſche Original, nur auf franzöſiſche Verhältniſſe ſich beziehend, fremdartig blieb, da habe ich es ganz weggelaſſen und Neues dafür gegeben, wo es aber allgemeine Verhältniſſe behandelte, da habe ich es als Baſis beibehalten, oder es mehr oder weniger deutſchen beſtehenden Verhältniſſen angepaßt. Iſt mir das gelungen, ſo wird es mich ſehr freuen; wenigſtens betrachte ich es als das einzige Verdienſt, auf welches ich bei dieſem Buche Anſpruch machen darf und kann.

Das iſt Alles, meine Herren Recenſenten, was ſich die Triad von Verleger, Zeichner und Autor Ihnen zu bemerken erlaubt; möge es Ihnen ſo einleuchtend ſein, daß es ſie bewegt, wenigſtens ein Auge bei den mannichfaltigen Unvollkommenheiten dieſes Buches nachſichtsvoll zuzudrücken und dieſelben ſo viel wie möglich zu verſchonen mit den großen und

Kleinen Leiden der Kritik.

Druck der Teubner'ſchen Officin in Leipzig.

IL TESORETTO.

Hausschatz italienischer Poesie.

Auswahl aus den Werken
von
einhundert italienischen Dichtern
seit den
frühesten Tagen bis zur Gegenwart
in
chronologischer Folge,
nebst biographischen Notizen über dieselben,
zugleich
Handbuch
der
italienischen Poesie, Poetik und Geschichte der Poesie.

Von

Dr. O. L. B. Wolff,
ordentlichem öffentlichem Honorar-Professor der neueren Literatur an der Universität zu Jena, wirklichem, correspondirendem und Ehrenmitgliede mehrerer gelehrten Gesellschaften u. s. w.

WIEN.
Druck und Verlag von Carl Gerold.
1846.

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Seiner Excellenz,

dem

Hochgebornen Grafen und Herrn,

Herrn

Franz Anton Grafen von Kolowrat-Liebsteinsky,

Herrn der Herrschaften Reichenau, Czernikowitz, Wamberg, Maierhöfen, Pfraumberg und Koschatek, dann der Güter Borohradek, Horatiez und Schiefzelez in Böhmen, und der Herrschaft Ebreichsdorf in Nieder-Österreich, Ritter des goldenen Vließes und vieler anderer hoher Orden Großkreuz; k. k. wirklichem geheimen Rathe, Kämmerer und Staats- und Conferenz Minister, Protector des böhmischen allgemeinen Wittwen- und damit verbundenen Taubstummen-Institutes, Präsidenten der königlich böhmischen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften, vieler in- und ausländischen gelehrten und gemeinnützigen Gesellschaften und Anstalten Protector und wirklichem Mitgliede, Ehrenmitgliede der Akademie der Künste und Wissenschaften zu Mailand, dann Ehrenbürger der k. k. Haupt- und Residenzstadt Wien.

euch

nach

ausdrücklicher gütigst ertheilter Genehmigung

in

tiefster Verehrung

gewidmet.

Dem Geist gehört die Welt; doch oft verschlossen
Sieht er die Schätze, so in ihr zerstreut,
Die tausend Gaben, die sie willig beut,
Durch Eigensucht der menschlichen Genossen.

Nur spärlich rinnt der Quell dann und verdrossen
Und selten wird der Sinn durch ihn erfreut,
Wie auch das Streben emsig sich erneut
Nach heil'gem Strom, der einst sich reich ergossen.

Ich sah das Gegentheil dort wo **Du** waltest,
In Liebe Ordnung und Gesetz gestaltest,
Und auch des Kleinsten denkest freundlich mild.

Wetteifernd wollen Alle **Dich** erreichen,
Als Führer leitet sie **Dein** edles Bild. —
Nimm gütig auf bescheid'nen Dankes Zeichen.

Jena.

O. L. B. Wolff.

Vorwort.

Der Verfasser hat nur Weniges zur Mitgabe für dieses Buch zu bemerken, da dasselbe in allen seinen Theilen für sich selbst reden muſs. Obwohl er demselben Plane folgte, den er bei ähnlichen von ihm herausgegebenen Sammlungen, deren groſse Verbreitung wenigstens ein Beweis für ihre practische Brauchbarkeit ist, zum Grunde legte, so wich er doch darin von ihm ab, daſs er die Gedichte nicht nach den Gattungen ordnete, sondern eine chronologische Reihenfolge nach den Dichtern selbst beobachtete, und die Poetik so wie die Uebersicht der Geschichte der italienischen Poesie als ein zusammenhängendes Ganze vorzustellen. Dadurch wurde die Anschauung der Entwickelung und Fortbildung italienischer Poesie seiner Meinung nach hier wesentlich erleichtert, ohne daſs dem fleiſsigen Leser, der sich Beispiele für die Gesetze der einzelnen Gattungen sucht, das Auffinden derselben schwerer gemacht worden wäre. Hinsichtlich der Orthographie suchte er die Mitte zu halten, indem er den Charakter der Rechtschreibung jeder Periode möglichst bewahrte, und doch die Störung des Verständnisses für den minder Kundigen zu vermeiden sich bemühte. Daſs er endlich bei der Auswahl aus Werken lebender Dichter sehr behutsam war, wird Jeder mit den Verhältnissen Vertraute nicht miſsbilligen.

Und so möge denn diese Sammlung zu dem Wunsche und der Lebensaufgabe des Verfassers, die Kenntniſs der Poesie, als der edelsten Form, in welcher das Höchste und Schönste des Menschengeistes zur Erscheinung kommt, nach allen Seiten hin zu verbreiten und zu befördern, ihr bescheidenes Scherflein beitragen.

Jena, im August 1846.

Wolff.

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Einleitung.

I. Italienische Poetik [1].

§ 1.
Entwickelung des Begriffes: Poesie.

Poesie ist das freie Spiel der schöpferischen Phantasie und des Gemüthes in allgemeinster Bedeutung, ohne bestimmt ausgesprochenen Zweck, in sofern dieses Spiel vermöge der Rede und der sinnlichen Formen derselben ein Ideal darstellt, oder der Darstellung eines solchen nachstrebt. Nach Aristoteles in seiner Poetik ist daher die Poesie die geistige Nachahmung der Natur.

§ 2.
Aesthetik. Poetik.

Dieses freie Spiel der vereinten Phantasie und des Gemüthes muss, um in allen Theilen vollkommen zu werden, von der Vernunft und dem Verstande geleitet seyn. Die Poetik beschäftigt sich nur mit den äusseren Formen der Poesie, und hat es daher vorzüglich mit den Regeln, welche der Verstand hier aufstellt, zu thun; wogegen die Vernunft die Grundsätze angibt und entwickelt, nach welchen jenes freie Spiel der beiden verbundenen Kräfte bewerkstelligt und ausgeführt werden soll. Die Summe dieser Grundsätze bildet einen Theil der Aesthetik, oder die Lehre vom Schönen und Erhabenen. Im gewöhnlichen Leben versteht man dagegen unter Poetik den Unterricht in den Regeln der Dichtkunst überhaupt.

§ 3.
Volkspoesie. Kunstpoesie.

Die Poesie hat ihren Ursprung im unverdorbenen Geiste; ihre Quellen sind Reichthum der Empfindung und Trieb zur Nachahmung. Sie war daher anfänglich nur ein natürlicher Ausdruck des Gefühls, und eine kunstlose, in versähnlicher Form vorgetragene Mittheilung der Gedanken und Gesinnungen oder merkwürdiger Ereignisse. Was uns von diesen ersten Produkten der Völker übrig geblieben ist, pflegen wir im Allgemeinen mit dem Namen Volkspoesie zu bezeichnen, wogegen wir die späteren, bestimmten Regeln unterworfenen poetischen Leistungen, Kunstpoesie nennen.

§ 4.
Subjective und objective Poesie.

Alle Poesie zerfällt naturgemäss in zwei Klassen. In sofern nämlich, als der Dichter im seinen Leistungen entweder nur seine eigenen Gefühle und Empfindungen, ohne eine bestimmte Rücksicht auf die Außenwelt, oder auch nur die Außenwelt, wie sie sich in ihm wiederspiegelt, ohne eine bestimmte Rücksicht auf seine Individualität schildert. Die erste wird *subjective*, die letztere *objective Poesie* genannt.

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[1] Um Missdeutungen vorzubeugen, bemerkt der Verfasser, dass er hier Einzelnes, welches das für die Poesie im Allgemeinen Gültige behandelt, seinem „Poetischen Hausschatze des deutschen Volkes" entlehnt hat. Er hätte sonst dasselbe mit anderen Worten noch ein Mal sagen müssen und zweifelt, dass es dadurch besser geworden wäre. Es sind übrigens nur wenige Paragraphen, mit denen er sich diese Freiheit gestattet hat, und auch bei diesen nur mit Abkürzungen, Änderungen und Zusätzen.

§. 5.
Klassische und romantische Poesie.

Eine andere Eintheilung der Poesie gestaltete sich im Laufe der Zeiten durch den Fortgang derselben bei den verschiedenen Völkern. Diese Eintheilung in die *klassische* und in die *romantische Poesie* beruht nicht auf inneren naturnothwendigen Gesetzen, sondern mehr auf äußeren Zufälligkeiten, welche die Lebensverhältnisse der verschiedenen Nationen, und mit diesen auch die Ansichten derselben vom Leben in seinem ganzen Umfange verschieden gestalteten. Die Grenze bildet hier das Christenthum; doch lassen sich die Gegensätze, wenn man dasselbe als scharfe Trennungslinie annimmt, historisch noch genauer entwickeln. Sie werden gebildet 1) durch die Religionen selbst; die griechische Götterlehre im Gegensatze zum christlichen Monotheismus; 2) durch die Familienverhältnisse; die Familien der Alten mit dem Sklavenwesen im Gegensatze zu den Familien der neueren Zeit mit vollkommener gesetzlicher Freiheit aller Individuen; 3) durch das Verhältniß der Unterordnung des weiblichen Geschlechtes bei den Alten im Gegensatze zu dem Gleichheitsverhältniß und der überschätzenden Verehrung der Frauen bei den Neueren; 4) endlich durch die in das Leben und daher auch in die Dichtkunst tretende weitere Ausbildung des menschlichen Geistes; die ausgebreitetere Gelehrsamkeit und Wissenschaftlichkeit, die die Alten nicht besaßen. In sofern nun, als diese Umstände auf das Leben und daher auch auf die Poesie wirkten, bildeten sie den Unterschied und das eigenthümliche Wesen der romantischen und klassischen Poesie. Die Poesie der Italiener ist im eigentlichen Sinne romantisch zu nennen.

§. 6.
Poetischer Stoff.

Poetischen Stoff nennt man jeden Gegenstand, welchen Gemüth und Phantasie vereint zu behandeln vermögen und in sinnlich vollkommener Darstellung durch die Rede wieder geben können. Das Geistige und Allgemeine, in sofern es sich auf diese Weise behandeln läßt, kann daher eben so wohl zum poetischen Stoffe dienen. Die Poesie beschäftigt sich also mit der Darstellung, Beschreibung, Nachahmung und Wiederbildung wirklicher oder als wirklich gedachter Gegenstände, Begebenheiten, Handlungen, Gefühle und Gesinnungen, deren Werden, Bestehen und Vergehen sie zu schildern unternimmt. Täuschung ist in sofern einer ihrer Zwecke, als sie sich bemüht, das nicht Vorhandene oder nicht Gegenwärtige als vorhanden und gegenwärtig darzustellen.

§. 7.
Poetische Behandlung.

Die *poetische Behandlung* eines solchen Stoffes erfordert aber, außer der vollkommenen Auffassung des Gegenstandes, auch die möglichst vollkommene äußere Form, da ein Kunstwerk nur durch gänzliche Harmonie seiner inneren und äußeren Verhältnisse vollendet genannt werden kann. Je nachdem nun die poetischen Gegenstände unter sich verschieden und daher mannigfaltig sind, vertragen sie nicht allein, sondern verlangen auch eine mannigfaltige und verschiedene Behandlung, deren Wahl von dem inneren Gehalte des Stoffes bedingt wird. Hieraus entspringen die verschiedenen Formen der poetischen Darstellung.

Aus dem hier Gegebenen erhellt auch der hohe Zweck der Poesie, wie aus diesem Zwecke ihr Werth. Durch eine sinnlich vollkommene Darstellung sucht sie auf alle Kräfte des menschlichen Geistes zu wirken, und diesen zu erheben und zu veredeln.

§. 8.
Genie. Talent.

Poetisches Genie nennt man den Besitz derjenigen geistigen Fähigkeiten im höchsten Grade, durch welche jener Zweck der Poesie erreicht wird. Man unterscheidet hier streng in der neuesten Zeit das Genie vom Talent, und versteht unter Genie vorzugsweise das mit allen jenen Fähigkeiten begabte Vermögen, poetisch neu zu schaffen, unter Talent nur den Besitz jener Fähigkeiten im geringeren Grade, bei welchen sich das Vermögen nicht auf selbstständiges Schaffen, sondern bloſs auf geschickte Nachahmung des Gegebenen erstreckt.

§. 9.
Andere Erfordernisse der Poesie.

Genie und Talent sind unbedingt die nothwendigsten Eigenschaften des Dichters; aber sie genügen bei dem jetzigen vorgerückten Stande menschlicher Erkenntniſs nicht zu seiner vollkommenen Bildung. Es bedarf genauer Kenntnisse der Regeln seiner Kunst, einer eben so strengen als gründlichen Herrschaft über die Sprache, in der er dichtet, philosophischer Klarheit und inniger Bekanntschaft mit dem Wesen und den Zuständen des von ihm zu behandelnden Stoffes.

§. 10.
Poetische Begeisterung, poetische Laune.

Der Moment, in welchem die Seele des Dichters vorzüglich angeregt und wirksam ist und sein Genius sich thätig schaffend beweist, wird im gewöhnlichen Leben poetische Begeisterung[*] genannt. Es bedarf der inneren wie der äuſseren Ursachen, um sie zu wecken, und ohne sie vermag kein Dichter etwas Bedeutendes zu leisten. Sie steht aber auſserhalb der Poesie und verhält sich zu ihr wie die Ursache zur Wirkung. Vernunft und Verstand müssen ihre steten Begleiter seyn. Poetische Laune nennt man dagegen nur jenen Moment, in welchem sich der Dichter zur poetischen Reproduction besonders aufgeregt fühlt. Sie ist bloſs der unterste Grad der poetischen Begeisterung.

§. 11.
Nothwendige Eigenschaften eines Dichters.

Demgemäſs also verlangt man mit Recht von einem Dichter ein besonders lebhaftes Gefühl, eine reiche schöpferische Phantasie, ungemeine Thätigkeit des Geistes, scharfes, bestimmtes Urtheil, geläuterten Geschmack, philosophische Bildung und einen Reichthum von allgemeinen Kenntnissen.

§. 12.
Inhalt der Poetik.

Die Poetik, oder die Lehre von der Kunst zu dichten, setzt daher alle jene Eigenschaften voraus, und beschäftigt sich nur mit den Gesetzen über die poetischen Formen und Verhältnisse. Diese Formen zerfallen in innere und äuſsere; unter inneren versteht man das harmonische Verhältniſs der Theile eines Kunstwerkes zu einander; unter äuſseren nur die Bildung und die Verhältnisse der Rede als Mittel zur poetischen Darstellung.

§. 13.
Ton und Tonverhältniſse der Wörter.

Bei der Bildung der Rede, welche als äuſseres Mittel die Gedanken zur Erscheinung bringt, ist der Wohlklang derselben in der Poesie um so mehr ein Erforderniſs, als er dazu dient, die äuſsere Schönheit des dichterischen Kunstwerkes mit der inneren in Einklang zu bringen, so daſs zu gleicher Zeit auf das Organ der Auffassung, das Ohr, eben so erfolgreich eingewirkt werde, wie auf das Gefühl, die Phantasie und die Vernunft. Der Wohlklang der Sprache im Allgemeinen kann hier aber nicht genügen; es müssen Mittel zu Hülfe genommen werden, welche allerdings schon in den Verhältnissen der Sprache liegen, aber ungewöhnlicher sind, wenigstens im täglichen Leben nicht angewandt werden, und daher auch eine außergewöhnliche Wirkung hervorbringen. Diese Mittel sind der Ton der Wörter und das Tonverhältniſs derselben zu einander mit seinen natürlichen oder künstlichen Abweichungen, je nachdem sie die innere Nothwendigkeit des Ausdruckes oder der gewählten Form bedingt.

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[*] Italienisch: Estro.

§. 14.

Metrik.

Dieses Verhältniſs besteht entweder in der Länge oder Kürze, in der Verschiedenheit des Klanges und in der Zahl derselben. Mit der Bestimmung der ersteren beschäftigt sich die Metrik, jedoch nur bei den Sprachen, welche überhaupt eine Messung der Sylben zulassen, was im Italienischen nicht der Fall ist (s. §. 15); die Bestimmung der beiden letzteren entwickelt dagegen die Lehre vom äusseren Bau der Verse, welche in der italienischen Poetik auf das Genaueste ausgebildet wurde.

§. 15.

Der Vers.

Mit dem Worte Vers (verso) bezeichnet die italienische Poetik eine zusammenhängende Reihe von Sylben in bestimmter Anzahl mit regelmäſsig wiederkehrenden Accenten. Die Sylbenzahl kann von zwei bis zu eilf steigen. Zwar finden sich in der älteren italienischen Poesie auch Verse von zwölf, vierzehn, ja sogar von achtzehn Sylben, diese hat der gute Geschmack jedoch später gänzlich aus derselben verbannt und ihre Anwendung höchstens nur zu komischen Zwecken gestattet. Ein Vers von eilf Sylben wird intero genannt, jeder andere, der weniger zählt, heiſst mozzo. — Eine andere Eintheilung ist die in verso tronco, piano und sdrucciolo. Tronco heiſst der Vers, bei dem der letzte Accent auf der letzten Sylbe, piano bei dem er auf der vorletzten, sdrucciolo bei dem er auf der drittletzten Sylbe liegt, wie z. B.

v. tronco: Montepulciano d'ogni vino è il re;
v. piano: Vino vino a ciascun bever bisogna;
v. sdrucciolo: Celebri l'acqua, e se la bea per Pindaro.

Es gibt auch Verse, bei denen der letzte Accent auf der dritten, der vierten, selbst der fünften Sylbe vor der letzten Sylbe liegt, da die italienische Sprache dieſs gestattet, wie z. B. in den Worten rammemoriamoci, abbeveriamocene; solche werden jedoch nur zu komischen Zwecken gebraucht, indem dieser eigenthümliche Fall bereits an und für sich eine komische Wirkung hervorbringt.

Die Italiener messen nicht den Vers, wie die Alten und die Deutschen, sondern bestimmen ihn, wie bereits oben bemerkt wurde, durch die Zahl der Sylben. Daher findet auch nicht ein bestimmter Wechsel kurzer und langer Sylben in demselben Statt, wohl aber muſs der Accent nach gewissen Regeln sich in den Versen wiederholen, und zwar:

Im eilfsylbigen Verse muſs der Accent außer auf der zehnten Sylbe auch noch entweder auf der sechsten, z. B.

Passa la nave mia colma d'oblio;

oder auf der vierten und achten, z. B.

Già fiammeggiava l'amorosa stella

oder auf der vierten und siebenten, z. B.

E traballando movea disotto

liegen; dann verlangt er aber die Cäsur nach der vierten und der siebenten Sylbe, und zwar so, daſs die Worte mit der fünften und achten enden, wie z. B.

Che per mia morte ‖ ed al caldo ‖ ed al gelo.

Der zehnsylbige Vers fordert den Accent

entweder auf der dritten, sechsten und vorletzten Sylbe, wie z. B.

le procelle sì torbide e rubelle,

oder auf der vierten, siebenten und vorletzten Sylbe, wie z. B.

Ecco ch' el cielo la terra impregna,

die erstere Art ist jedoch die gebräuchlichere.

Der neunsylbige Vers hat den Accent entweder auf der dritten, fünften und vorletzten Sylbe, wie z. B.

Che mi porse quella ferita,

oder auf der dritten, sechsten und vorletzten Sylbe, wie z. B.

Della terra, tappeti vivi,

oder endlich auf der vierten und achten Sylbe, wie z. B.

A duro stràl di ria ventura.

Bei dem achtsylbigen Verse muss der Accent liegen:

auf der dritten und der vorletzten Sylbe, wie z. B.

Medicine con fatte.

Der siebensylbige Vers verlangt ihn ausser auf der vorletzten noch auf irgend einer anderen Sylbe nach der zweiten, doch ist er am wohlklingendsten, wenn er auf der vierten Sylbe liegt, wie z. B.

Qual sulle tènere fronde,

Der sechssylbige Vers hat den Accent auf der zweiten und der vorletzten Sylbe, wie z. B.

Ma tesso ghirlande.

Bei dem fünfsylbigen Verse muss der Accent auf der ersten und der vierten Sylbe liegen, wie z. B.

Tirsi, deh vieni;

mitunter liegt er auch nur allein auf der vorletzten Sylbe.

Die viersylbigen, dreisylbigen und zweisylbigen Verse haben den Accent nur auf der vorletzten Sylbe, wie z. B. Vaga Irene. — Lisena! u. s. w.

Anmerkung. Die bestimmte Anzahl Sylben hat der Vers nur, wenn er tronco ist; der piano dagegen hat eine Sylbe, der sdrucciolo zwei Sylben mehr, welche nicht gerechnet werden. So z. B. haben die oben bei der Erklärung von verso tronco u. s. w. angeführten drei Beispiele der erste eilf, das zweite zwölf, das dritte dreizehn Sylben. Ist der Vers tronco, so liegt natürlich der letzte Accent stets auf der letzten Sylbe, während er auf den andern vorgeschriebenen unveränderlich bleibt.

In Hinsicht auf die Geltung der Sylben an und für sich ist ferner zu bemerken, dass, wenn zwei Vocale zusammentreffen, von denen der eine ein Wort endet, der andere eins beginnt, der schwächere in der Aussprache von dem stärkeren absorbirt wird (wenn ihn nicht der Dichter überhaupt hinauswirft) und beide Sylben nur als eine zählen. Man nennt dieses Zusammentreffen in der italienischen Poetik Collisione, oder mit dem griechischen Worte Synalephe.

Folgen dagegen in einem und demselben Worte mehrere Vocale auf einander und liegt der Ton auf dem letzten, so werden sie, obwohl die Italiener Diphthongen eigentlich nicht kennen, im Lesen häufig zusammengezogen und bilden nur eine Sylbe, wie z. B. in Folgendem:

La gola e il sonno e l'oziose piume,

wo in oziose das zio nur als eine Sylbe gilt. Diess darf jedoch nur zu Anfange und in der Mitte, nie aber am Schlusse eines Verses Statt finden. Es wird Pronunzione congiunta oder mit dem griechischen Worte Synaeresis genannt.

Bei den Wörtern endlich, deren vorletzte Sylbe auf l, m, n oder r und deren letzte Sylbe mit einem Vocale endigt, steht es dem Dichter frei, die ganze letzte Sylbe wegzuwerfen, sobald das folgende Wort nicht mit einem s impura (s mit darauf folgendem Consonanten) beginnt; doch darf diess nur mit grösster Vorsicht geschehen, und es ist wohl darauf zu achten, dass weder der Wohlklang zu sehr verletzt, noch das Wort dadurch verstümmelt werde; und für snello würde z. B. als eine fehlerhafte Apokope betrachtet werden.

Auf der anderen Seite ist dem Dichter auch erlaubt, die Wörter zu verlängern durch Vermehrung der Sylben. Es giebt fünf Arten dieser Vermehrung: a) die Prothesis zu Anfange eines Wortes, wie z. B. dipartita für partita; b) die Epenthesis in der Mitte desselben, simulemente für similmente; c) die Paragoge am Schlusse, wie z. B. mene für me; d) die Diaeresis, welche aus einer

Sylbe zwei macht, z. B. pi - e - ta - te statt pietate liest, und c) die Dialephe, welche die nothwendige Synalephe aufhebt, z. B. quando e come, so gelesen, daſs es fünf Sylben bildet.

Eben so darf der Dichter auch die Worte verkürzen, indem er zu Anfang, in der Mitte oder am Ende eine Sylbe herauswirft, wie z. B. sendo für essendo (Aphaeresis), disnore für disonore (Synkope), vorre' für vorresti (Apokope, s. oben). Diese Freiheiten müssen sämmtlich jedoch mit groſser Vorsicht angewendet werden, und wurden mehr von den älteren Dichtern, die noch mit der Sprache zu ringen hatten, als von den neueren gebraucht.

§ 16.

Der Reim.

Unter Reim (Rima) versteht die italienische Poetik den Gleichklang der letzten, der beiden letzten oder der drei letzten Sylben zweier oder mehrerer Wörter, und zwar dergestalt, daſs nur der Consonant, mit dem die erste dieser Sylben beginnt, verschieden, alle anderen Buchstaben aber gleich sind, wie z. B. [illegible]; hanno, stanno; scendono, tendono. Gleich den Versen werden die Reime auch als tronche, piane und sdruccioli unterschieden. Reiche Reime, d. h. solche, wo entweder das ganze Wort oder doch ganz dieselben Buchstaben mit einander reimen, vermeidet der Italiener gern, und bedient sich derselben nur in besonderen Fällen und zu besonderen Zwecken.

Die älteren italienischen Dichter gestatteten sich groſse Freiheit mit dem Reime, wie z. B. die Antithese, wo z. B. um des Reimes willen despitto für dispetto gesetzt wurde; die Metathese, z. B. strupo für stupro, die Epenthese, die Synkope u. s. w. Die Neueren erlauben sich dergleichen nur höchst selten.

Man muſs vermeiden, dieselben Reime zu häufig, oder ähnlich klingende neben einander anzuwenden. Der beste Führer bei der Wahl der Reime ist ein gebildetes Gehör, das für den leisesten Misklang empfindlich, diesen vermeiden lehrt.

§ 17.

Der reimlose Vers.

Der reimlose Vers (verso sciolto) entbehrt nicht allein des Gleichklanges am Schlusse, sondern auch der leiseste Anklang an den Reim muſs in demselben auf das Strengste vermieden werden. Die Einführung desselben in die italienische Poesie wird dem Trissino zugeschrieben. Der verso sciolto ist meist eilfsylbig, entweder piano oder sdrucciolo. Die erstere Gattung wird fast nur bei ernsten Gedichten, namentlich bei Tragödien und didactischen Poesieen; die zweite, deren Erfinder Ariost gewesen seyn soll, dagegen vorzüglich bei Komödien, Hirtengedichten u. s. w. angewendet. In allem Uebrigen unterliegt er denselben Gesetzen wie der eilfsylbige Vers überhaupt. Trissino hat in seiner Sofonisba eilfsylbige und siebensylbige reimlose Verse mit einander gemischt; spätere Dichter bedienten sich dieser Form jedoch nur bei Idyllen und diesen verwandten Poesieen.

§ 18.

Die Gattungen der Poesie im Allgemeinen.

Die Poesie zerfällt ihrer mannigfachen Anwendung und Behandlung wegen in verschiedene Gattungen oder Dichtungsarten. Stellt man diese Eintheilung fest, je nachdem der Dichter selbst redet oder andere Personen reden läſst, so kann man zwei Hauptklassen annehmen, die epische und die dramatische. Besser aber theilt man sie ein in die lyrische Poesie, in welcher die Subjectivität des Dichters vorherrscht, in die epische, wo er ganz objectiv verfährt, und in die dramatische, wo der Dichter zwar objectiv verfährt, Personen aber subjectiv handelnd vorführt. Eine strenge Scheidung läſst sich hier nie gestalten, und es bleiben noch immer mehrere Arten übrig, die man in eine vierte oder Ergänzungsklasse, die Klasse der gemischten inneren Formen der Poesie, bringen muſs, vorzüglich deshalb, weil sie ihrer Eigenthümlichkeit nach theilweise bald der einen, bald der andern Klasse zugehören. Wir werden der einzelnen Arten derselben im Laufe dieser Einleitung an der geeigneten Stelle Erwähnung thun.

§ 19.

Die lyrische Poesie.

Die lyrische Poesie leitet ihren Namen aus dem Griechischen her, weil bei den Völkern des Alterthums sämmtliche zu ihr gehörige Dichtungsarten mit Musikbegleitung vorgetragen wurden. Ihr Hauptcharakter gründet sich auf die Darstellung bestimmter subjectiver Empfindungen des Dichters in möglichst vollendeter Form. Alles, was daher das menschliche Gemüth anregt und ergreift, bietet ihr einen reichen, nie zu erschöpfenden Stoff dar.

Die Hauptaufgabe, welche dem lyrischen Dichter gestellt ist, liegt nun darin, daſs er mit möglichster Wahrheit, Wärme und Tiefe seine Empfindungen darstelle, und daſs er im Gemüthe des Zuhörers oder Lesers dieselben oder verwandte Gefühle hervorrufe. Es versteht sich von selbst, daſs seine Darstellungen immer in soweit idealisirt seyn müssen, als es dem Dichter überhaupt vorgeschrieben ist, das Leben in ihm und außer ihm idealisirt wiederzugeben; geläuterter Geschmack und Urtheil müssen ihm auch hier zur Seite stehen, und er sich vor Allem hüten, gewöhnliche Dinge nicht zu erheben, erhabene nicht zu gewöhnlich zu behandeln. Der Ton des lyrischen Gedichts hängt daher von der Stärke des Gefühls, dessen sich der Dichter bewuſst ist und das er offenbart, ab.

§ 20.

Die epische Poesie.

Das eigenthümliche Wesen der epischen Dichtkunst beruht auf der vollendeten Darstellung von Ereignissen des menschlichen Lebens, welche durch menschliche Willensfreiheit erzeugt und hervorgebracht werden. Sie umfaſst daher das Leben mit allen seinen Verhältnissen und mit den Erscheinungen, welche auf dasselbe einwirken. Diese müssen aber in einem edlen Tone erzählend vorgetragen werden, so daſs sie dieselben Gefühle, welche sie bei den Mitlebenden hervorbrachten, durch die Darstellung ebenfalls im Leser oder Hörer erzeugen. Demgemäſs verlangt jedes epische Gedicht eine wichtige Handlung, die ihm zum Grunde liegt. Eine ungetheilte Einheit dieser Handlung, welche möglichst einfach ist, vorgetragen in einem edlen, dem Gegenstande angemessenen Tone, ist das zweite Haupterforderniſs. Durch diese muſs das Interesse an der ganzen Dichtung, eine besonders wichtige Eigenschaft derselben, in dem Leser geweckt werden. Es kann dreifacher Art seyn:

1. ein allgemein menschliches Interesse,
2. ein nationales,
3. ein religiöses.

Wenn der Dichter die Handlung, die den Hauptgrund seines Gedichtes ausmacht, entweder als geschehene aus dem Gebiete der Geschichte genommen, oder hingegen dieselbe erfunden hat, und sich genau nach den bereits gegebenen Regeln richtet, so hat er ferner noch darauf zu sehen: 1. daſs die von ihm zur Beförderung des Interesse eingeschalteten Nebenhandlungen (Episoden) durchaus der Haupthandlung untergeordnet sind, aber mit dieser in genauer Verbindung stehen, und den Eindruck derselben befördern und erhöhen (Episoden dürfen nur da eingeschaltet werden, wo das Fortschreiten der Handlung Ruhe ohne Störung gestattet); 2. daſs das Interesse sowohl auf der Haupthandlung, als auch auf den Episoden, den Charakteren der Handelnden, ihren Verhältnissen und dem Vortrage gleichmäſsig beruhe; 3. daſs die handelnden Personen oder Charaktere solche sind, deren Eigenschaften zu der Haupthandlung in gleichem Verhältnisse stehen.

Bei der Wahl und Schilderung der Charaktere muſs der Dichter vorzüglich darauf Rücksicht nehmen, daſs er die allgemeine Wahrheit nicht verletze, d. h. Nationalität, persönliche Sinnesart u. s. w. treu und consequent darstelle, und selbst die kleinsten Handlungen und Ereignisse in genauem Zuſammenhang mit dem Charakter der Handelnden ſelbſt zu bringen wiſſe.

Der epiſchen Dichtkunſt, und vorzüglich (ſtreng genommen, ausſchlieſslich) dem Epos in derſelben, beſonders eigenthümlich iſt das Wunderbare. Es beruht theils auf der die gewöhnliche Vorſtellung überſteigenden Gröſse natürlicher Mittel und Vorfälle, theils auf der neuen und ungewohnten Darſtellung derſelben, theils aber auch auf der Einwirkung übernatürlicher Mittel, die der Dichter zur Vollendung des Ganzen entweder ſelbſt zu erfinden, oder wegen ihrer inneren Erheblichkeit anzunehmen berechtiget iſt. Das Wunderbare, das durch den Antheil höherer, übernatürlicher Weſen an der Handlung (wodurch dieſelbe in ihrem Fortſchreiten entweder befördert oder gehindert wird) von dem Dichter als nothwendig eingeführt werden muſs, nennt man die Maſchinerie des epiſchen Gedichts. Die Wahl derſelben muſs hierbei behutſam getroffen werden, und iſt nur dann erlaubt, wenn die Handlung dadurch eine gröſsere poetiſche Wahrſcheinlichkeit erhält. Die beiden gewöhnlichſten Quellen des Wunderbaren ſind die Religion und die Allegorie.

Da der epiſche Dichter die durch die menſchliche Willensfreiheit hervorgebrachten Ereigniſſe des Lebens darſtellt, ſo ſteht ihm natürlich frei, zur Verſtärkung des Eindrucks ſeiner Dichtung, und zur Verſchönerung und Veredlung ſeines Gedichtes ſelbſt, alle Erſcheinungen des Lebens, welche die Haupthandlungen ſo wie die Nebenhandlungen begleiten, wie z. B. Beſchreibungen der Verhältniſſe, des Orts, der Zeiten u. ſ. w., in ſofern ſie das Intereſſe erhöhen und verſtärken, in den Kreis ſeiner Darſtellungen zu ziehen. Phantaſie und Geſchmack müſſen jedoch hier Hand in Hand gehen, und ihn vor Ueberladung, weitſchweifigen Schilderungen, unpaſſenden Bildern u. ſ. w. bewahren.

Styl und Einkleidung des epiſchen Gedichts müſſen der Würde deſſelben durchaus angemeſſen ſeyn und im engſten Verhältniſſe zu dem Inhalte ſtehen. Der Ton des Epos muſs ſich daher über den Ton der gewöhnlichen Erzählung erheben; aber es iſt wohl darauf zu achten, daſs auf der andern Seite auch nicht zu viel geſchehe, und jener Ton in Emphaſe oder Schwulſt ausarte. Die nothwendige Abwechslung in der Art und Weiſe des Vortrags, welche erforderlich iſt, um Ermüdung und Einförmigkeit zu vermeiden, muſs dem Dichter ſelbſt überlaſſen bleiben.

§. 21.

Die dramatiſche Poeſie.

Die dramatiſche Poeſie leitet ihren Namen von dem griechiſchen Worte Drama (von δράω, ich thue), das ſo viel wie eine Handlung oder die Vorſtellung einer Handlung bezeichnet, ab. Schon aus dieſer Benennung erhellt, daſs man unter Drama ein zur Darſtellung durch ſinnliche Mittel beſtimmtes Gedicht verſteht, und daſs die dramatiſche Poeſie alle zu dieſem Behuf verfaſsten Werke in ihren Kreis zieht, in ſofern ſie überhaupt in das Gebiet der Dichtkunſt gehören.

Eine gedichtete Handlung, welche dazu beſtimmt iſt, vorgeſtellt zu werden, muſs demgemäſs eine eigene Form haben, um mit der Wahrheit des Lebens zur vollkommenen Erſcheinung zu gelangen. Das Drama unterſcheidet ſich vorzüglich von dem Epos und der lyriſchen Poeſie, daſs hier nicht der Dichter ſelbſt erzählend, fühlend oder reflectirend ſich äuſsert, ſondern hinter die Perſonen zurücktritt, die er zur Ausführung der von ihm gedichteten Handlung verwendet. Zu einem allgemeinen Haupterforderniſs des dramatiſchen Gedichtes wird alſo die vollkommene Objectivirung der Handlung verlangt, in welcher der Dichter, wenn er ſeine Individualität mit derſelben verflechten wollte, ſelbſt nur objectiv ſich darſtellen könnte. Während das Epos uns von den Menſchen und ihren Handlungen erzählt, ſtellt das Drama uns dieſelben wirklich vor, und entfaltet zugleich die aus ihnen entſprungenen Gedanken und Empfindungen vor uns

Da ferner jede von mehr als einem Menschen ausgeführte Handlung in That und Gespräch zerfällt, so ist die dialogische Form die einzige der dramatischen Poesie angemessene, weil durch dieselbe allein die Wirklichkeit in ihrem weitesten Umfange versinnlicht werden kann.

Die Bestimmung der dramatischen Poesie im Allgemeinen ist die Vergegenwärtigung der zu ihr gehörigen Werke durch die Bühne und auf derselben. Dramatische Werke, welche nicht aufführbar, sondern nur zum Lesen bestimmt sind, erfüllen den ursprünglichen Zweck nicht, und müssen als Ausnahmen von der Regel — was sie übrigens oft durch herrschende Bühnenverhältnisse allein sind — betrachtet werden.

Durch die Darstellung auf der Bühne wird eine auf innere Einheit gegründete, in allen Theilen vollkommene und consequent durchgeführte edle Form der Handlung bedingt. Diese muſs sich auf die strengste innere Lebenswahrheit gründen, welche durch die psychologisch richtige und consequente Zeichnung der die Handlung vollziehenden Personen (Charaktere), so wie durch die genau zusammenhängende und nothwendig aus einander entspringende Folge von Vorgängen (Situationen), die auf der in demselben Zeitraume wirkenden Thätigkeit einzelner Menschen beruhen und zusammen das Ganze der Handlung bilden, versinnlicht wird.

Der Stoff oder Inhalt der dramatischen Handlung in seinem factischen Zusammenhange wird mit einem technischen Ausdrucke gewöhnlich die Fabel des Drama genannt. Diese Fabel kann entweder vollkommen von dem Dichter erfunden und ein reines Erzeugniſs seiner Phantasie seyn, oder schon Vorhandenem aus dem Gebiete der Wirklichkeit (Geschichte) oder aus dem der Dichtung (Sage, Mythologie und Poesie im engeren Sinne) entnommen werden. Poetische Wahrheit, d. h. hier, das was unter den Verhältnissen des Lebens im weitesten Sinne als möglich gedacht werden kann und zur Darstellung sich eignet, ist ein Haupterforderniſs bei der Bildung der Fabel.

Eine andere wesentliche Eigenschaft der dramatischen Handlung ist die Einheit derselben. Unter diesem Worte versteht man hier den genauen, inneren, natürlichen Zusammenhang der einzelnen Vorgänge und Momente, welche die Handlung bilden, so daſs dieselbe als ein vollkommenes, rein in sich abgeschlossenes organisches Ganze mit ungestörter Kraft auf den Zuschauer wirkt und eines Totaleindruckes auf sein Gemüth sicher ist. — Auſser dieser Einheit verlangte die ältere italienische, aus den Mustern des klassischen Alterthums abgeleitete Dramaturgie auch die Einheit des Ortes, an welchem, und die Einheit der Zeit, in welcher die Handlung vor sich geht.

Durch die Einheit der Handlung wird ein Mittelpunkt derselben nothwendig, welcher natürlich kein anderer als eine Person seyn kann. Um diese, den Hauptcharakter (den Helden), welche durch ihr Thun und Leiden in den ihr gegebenen Verhältnissen die ganze Handlung bestimmt, gruppiren sich die übrigen Personen herum, und sind ihr in sofern untergeordnet, obwohl jede selbstständig sich derselben gegenüber oder zur Seite befindet. Für diese Hauptperson muſs der Dichter das höchste Interesse zu entwickeln wissen, da die Handlung nur durch dieselbe gestaltet wird und alle Wirkung auf den Zuschauer verfehlen würde, so wie dieser kein Interesse an dem Helden hätte. Da die Handlung ein aus gegebenen Ursachen beginnendes, nothwendig fortschreitendes und zusammenhängend zum Schlusse gelangendes organisches Ganze von mit einander verbundenen Vorfällen ist, so sind die gute Verwickelung und Auflösung derselben nothwendige Erfordernisse des Drama. Unter der ersteren versteht man die Wirkung der sich dem Hauptcharakter entgegenstellenden Verhältnisse, unter der letzteren die Wegräumung alles dessen, was der völligen Entscheidung seines Geschickes hindernd entgegentritt.

Genaue Uebereinstimmung in der Schilderung der Personen und Zustände mit den Sitten, Gebräuchen und Ansichten der Zeit, in welcher die Handlung als vorgehend gedacht wird, gehört ebenfalls zu den strengen Forderungen, welche die Kritik an die dramatische Poesie macht.

Der äuſseren Form nach zerfällt die dramatische Handlung in Acte oder Aufzüge, und Scenen oder Auftritte. Der Act bildet einen in sich zusammenhängenden besonderen Kreis von Vorgängen, an dessen Schluſs ein Ruhepunkt eintritt, und wenn derselbe richtig herbeigeführt ist, auch aus innerer Nothwendigkeit eintreten muſs. Die Scene wird durch das Hinzukommen neuer oder das Abtreten schon gegenwärtiger Personen bestimmt.

Die Sprache muſs würdig und nicht allein der Handlung, sondern auch den einzelnen Charakteren und deren Eigenschaften angemessen seyn; doch erlaubt das höhere Drama, dieselbe idealer zu halten.

§. 22.

Die äuſseren Formen der italienischen Poesie.

Zum Theil durch den Inhalt und den Zweck eines Gedichtes, mehr aber noch durch feste, einerseits aus dem inneren Wesen der Poesie entsprungene, andererseits aber durch den Gebrauch und die Autorität groſser Dichter festgestellte Gesetze wird die äuſsere poetische Form, d. h. die äuſsere Gestaltung eines Gedichtes, bestimmt, welche sowohl auf der Länge oder Kürze und auf der Anzahl seiner Verse, wie auf der Anwendung und der Verschränkung der Reime beruht. — Die italienischen Theoretiker theilen die in ihrer nationalen Poesie üblichen äuſseren Formen in drei Klassen ein, nämlich *a*) die gemischten, componimenti mescolati, *b*) die strengen (gebundenen), componimenti legati und *c*) die freien Formen, componimenti liberi. Eine andere Eintheilung in *a*) diejenigen Formen, welche die Italiener von anderen Nationen, namentlich von den Provenzalen, entlehnten, und *b*) in diejenigen, die ihnen eigenthümlich sind, führt leicht zu einer Begriffsverwirrung, da sie theils die Gattungen zu sehr durch einander mischt theils hinsichtlich mancher Formen noch der historischen Feststellung bedarf.

§. 23.

Die äuſseren gemischten Formen.

Mit dem Namen gemischte Formen, componimenti mescolati, umfaſst die italienische Poesie alle diejenigen Dichtungsarten, deren Gestaltung zum Theil bestimmten Gesetzen unterliegt, zum Theil aber von der Willkür des Dichters abhängt. Hierher gehören *a*) das Sonett mit seinen Unterarten; *b*) die Canzone, und zwar α) die Canzone des Petrarca, β) die pindarische Canzone, γ) die Ballata, δ) die anakreontische Canzone; *c*) die Catena des Tasso; *d*) das Monile; *e*) die Frottola; *f*) die Barzelletta; *g*) das Ritornello.

§. 24.

Die äuſseren gebundenen Formen.

Aeuſsere gebundene Formen (componimenti legati) heiſsen diejenigen, welche sowohl hinsichtlich der Sylbenzahl des Verses, wie der Anzahl der Verse, und der Wahl und Verschränkung der Reime, festen unabänderlichen Gesetzen unterworfen sind. Dahin gehören *a*) die Sestine, *b*) die Distese, *c*) die Terzine und die Zingaresche, *d*) die Quadernarj, *e*) die Quinte Rime, *f*) die Seste Rime, *g*) die Settime Rime, *h*) die Ottave Rime u. s. w.

§. 25.

Die äuſseren freien Formen.

Die äuſseren freien Formen (componimenti liberi) sind weder hinsichtlich des Baues und der Anzahl ihrer Verse, noch hinsichtlich ihrer Reimverschränkungen besonderen Gesetzen unterworfen, sondern hängen fast ganz von der Willkür des Dichters ab, der sich bei ihnen nur den allgemeinen Regeln für den Versbau unterwarf. Man rechnet dazu: a) die Madrigali und die Madrigalesse, b) die Dithyramben, c) die Selve, d) die Idyllen, e) die Cantaten, f) die Epigramme, Grabschriften, Mottetti und Ribboboli, und g) sämmtliche Dichtungen in Versi sciolti, welche, mit Ausnahme der beiden ersteren jedoch, eigentlich zu den inneren poetischen Formen gehören.

§. 26.

Die äuſseren gemischten Formen.

a) Das Sonett.

(Il Sonetto.)

Das Sonett ist wohl die älteste bekannte Form der italienischen Poesie; nach der Behauptung einiger Literatoren soll es von den Provençalen entlehnt, nach Anderen jedoch nur den Namen mit einer verwandten provençalischen Form gemeinschaftlich haben, seine Gestaltung von vierzehn Zeilen aber ursprünglich italienisch seyn. Gewiſs ist indessen nur, daſs es die noch gültige Gestaltung in ihrer ersten Vollendung von Guittone d'Arezzo zuerst erhielt. Seinen Namen hat es von suono, was im Mittelalter auſser Klang auch so viel wie Gesang (Lied) bedeutete.

Folgenden Gesetzen ist es unterworfen:

a) Es darf nur einen Hauptgedanken enthalten, der es mit seiner Einleitung und Entwickelung ganz ausfüllt.

b) Es besteht aus vierzehn gleichlangen Verszeilen, von denen die ersten acht und die letzten sechs mit einander im Reim anklingen, und zwar so, daſs die acht ersten in zwei vierzeilige Strophen (Quadernarj) zerfallend, nur zwei verschiedene Reime haben, welche jeder vier Mal mit einander anklingen; die sechs letzten dagegen in zwei dreizeilige Strophen (Terzine) zerfallend, können mit zwei oder mit drei verschiedenen Reimungen wechseln. Petrarca's Sonette werden als Muster betrachtet und bieten folgende Reimverschränkungen dar:

α) Für die Quadernarj vier Arten:

1)	2)	3)	4)
a	a	a	a
b	b	b	b
b	a	a	a
a	b	b	b
a	a	b	b
b	b	a	a
b	a	b	a
a	b	a	b

β) Für die Terzinen sieben Arten:

1)	2)	3)	4)	5)	6)	7)
a	a	a	a	a	a	a
b	b	b	b	b	b	b
a	a	b	c	c	c	c
b	a	b	a	b	c	b
a	b	a	b	c	b	a
b	a	a	c	a	a	c

Andere, zwar nicht von Petrarca, jedoch von bedeutenden italienischen Dichtern in Anwendung gebrachte Verschränkungen der Terzinen sind noch:

1)	2)	3)	4)	5)	6)
a	a	a	a	a	a
b	b	b	b	b	b
a	b	c	a	a	b
a	a	c	b	c	a
b	b	a	c	b	c
b	b	b	c	c	c

c) Der Gedanke muſs in der ersten Strophe eingeleitet, in der zweiten erklärt oder durch ein Bild versinnlicht, in der dritten zum Schlusse vorbereitet und in der vierten vollständig ausgeführt werden, so daſs die letzte Terzine die eigentliche Grundidee des Gedichtes enthält.

d) Die gewöhnliche Sylbenzahl der Verse des Sonettes beträgt eilf, doch gibt es auch kürzere von acht- und siebensylbigen Versen, ja sogar von fünfsylbigen; diese letzteren werden indessen nur bei leichteren, tändelnd oder scherzhaft behandelten Gegenständen angewendet, während der eilfsylbige Vers den Sonetten der ernsten Poesie ausschlieſslich vorbehalten bleibt.

Da das Sonett, von einem Dichter nicht mit Unrecht dem Bette des Prokrustes verglichen, oft in seiner beschränkten Form nicht Raum genug darbot, einen Gedanken vollständig zu entwickeln und in allen seinen Theilen durchzuführen, so kamen die Italiener schon früh auf den Gedanken, es zu erweitern oder einzelne Sonnette durch Formenverhältnisse mit einander zu verbinden. Dadurch entstanden folgende Nebenarten dieser Gattung:

1. Il Sonetto colla coda (auch caudato, col ritornello, ternellato genannt). — Es ist ein vollständiges Sonnett, an dessen Schlusse jedoch der Gedanke nicht vollständig dargestellt worden, weshalb der Dichter, um diess zu bewerkstelligen, noch eine coda anhängt, die aus Terzinen besteht, und deren Anzahl ganz von seiner Willkür abhängt. Die erste Zeile der ersten auf diese Weise angehängten Terzine darf jedoch nur aus einem Halbverse bestehen, und muſs mit der mittleren Zeile der letzten Terzine des eigentlichen Sonnettes im Reime anklingen; die übrigen sind vollständig in der Sylbenzahl dem ganzen Sonnette gleich; die zweite kann einen neuen Reim bringen, die dritte reimt aber mit der ersten Halbzeile. Auf diese Weise kann die sogenannte Coda ganz nach der Willkür des Dichters fortgesetzt werden, nur daſs jede neue Terzine wieder mit einem Halbverse beginnen und dieser mit der mittleren Zeile der vorhergehenden Terzine reimen muſs, so wie mit ihm die letzte Zeile. Die Form des Sonetto caudato ist demgemäſs folgende:

Letzte Terzine des eigentlichen Sonnettes	——— a ——— b ——— a
Erste Terzine der Coda	——— b Halbvers ——— c ——— b
Zweite Terzine der Coda	——— c Halbvers ——— d ——— c u. s. w.

Das Sonetto caudato wird nur für komische Zwecke gebraucht.

2. Il Sonetto a risposta. Es gibt zwei Arten desselben, entweder nämlich ist es eine Antwort auf ein anderes Sonnett, mit denselben Reimklängen, oder es spinnt den Gedanken eines vorhergehenden Sonnettes weiter aus, und muſs dann mit der letzten Zeile desselben beginnen.
3. Sonetti a Catena und Sonetti a Corona. So heisst eine Reihe von Sonnetten, welche ebenfalls einen im ersten Sonnette ausgesprochenen Gedanken weiter ausführt und durch die äussere Form mit einander verbunden ist. Die Schlusszeile des vorhergehenden Sonnettes bildet nämlich stets die Anfangszeile des folgenden; der Reim, der dadurch aus den Terzinen des vorigen in die Quadernarj des folgenden Sonnettes übergeht, darf in den Terzinen dieses letzteren nicht wieder vorkommen, auch muſs die Wiederholung der Endworte vermieden werden. Bilden so mit einander verbundene Sonnette eine Zahl von weniger als fünfzehn, so heissen sie eine Kette, Catena; bilden sie dagegen eine Reihe von fünfzehn, so sind sie ein Sonnettenkranz, Corona. Das fünfzehnte Sonnett, das Meistersonnett, Sonetto magistrale genannt, muſs aus den Endzeilen der sämmtlichen vorhergehenden vierzehn Sonnette zusammengesetzt werden. Dieser strenge Sonnettenkranz ist jedoch eine spätere Erfindung und soll zuerst von der Academia degli Intronati zu Siena ausgegangen seyn. Petrarca und Tasso, die ebenfalls Sonnettenkränze dichteten, behandeln dieselben mit grösserer Freiheit.

§. 27.

b) *Die Canzone.*

(La Canzone.)

Gleich dem Sonett ist die Canzone eine der ältesten Formen der italienischen Poesie; ihre Erfindung schreibt man ebenfalls den provençalischen Troubadours zu, doch soll sie schon im zwölften Jahrhundert nach Italien verpflanzt worden seyn. Petrarca bildete sie am Glücklichsten aus, und diente in derselben den meisten spätern Dichtern als Vorbild, so daß die Gestaltung, welche er diesem Gedichte gab, in der italienischen Poetik ausdrücklich als Petrarchische Canzone bezeichnet wird und eine besondere Klasse bildet, deren Gesetze sich weiter unten entwickelt finden.

Unter Canzone im Allgemeinen versteht man ein größeres lyrisches, reflectirendes oder elegisches Gedicht, das aus einer Anzahl regelmäßiger, vollkommen in ihrem innern, wie in ihrem äußern Bau einander gleichender Strophen besteht. Es ist gewissermaßen eine poetische Abhandlung, und die strengern Theoretiker verlangen, daß es (abgesehen von seiner Eintheilung in Strophen, Stanzen) in fünf Theile zerfalle, welche sie mit den Benennungen l'Introduzione, la Proposizione, la Confermazione, la Digressione und l'Epilogo bezeichnen. In der Introduzione wird das Gedicht überhaupt eingeleitet; sie muß kurz und bestimmt seyn; die Proposizione spricht den Hauptgedanken aus und verlangt ebenfalls Kürze und Einfachheit; die Confermazione entwickelt und bestätigt die Grundidee, sie darf sich daher aller ihr zu Gebote stehenden Mittel bedienen, um dem Ganzen Anmuth, Würde und poetischen Schmuck zu verleihen; die Digressione enthält eine natürlich sich darbietende Abschweifung vom Hauptgedanken, welche aber ebenfalls sehr poetisch seyn, und den Hauptgedanken hervorheben und unterstützen muß; mit dem Epilogo endlich schließt der Dichter die Canzone, indem er den Hauptgedanken noch einmal wiederholt und seine Wahrheit oder die Wahrheit des Gefühls, dem er entsprang, dadurch auf poetische Weise bestätigt. In diesem innern Baue sind also die Canzone und das Sonett eng mit einander verwandt, und die erstere Form ist nur eine Erweiterung der letzteren.

Es ward bereits oben (§. 23) bemerkt, daß die Italiener vier Arten der Canzone unterscheiden; diese Unterscheidung beruht auf der äußern Form derselben; denn für die innere Gestaltung gilt bei allen dasselbe Gesetz. Diese vier Arten sind:

a) Die Petrarchische Canzone (Canzone Petrarchesca). Sie ist meist elegischen oder reflectirenden Inhalts, stets ein lyrisches Gedicht, und zerfällt ihrer äußeren Form nach in Strophen, Stanzen, deren Bau ganz von dem Dichter abhängt, die jedoch durch das ganze Gedicht hindurch auf das Genaueste einander gleichen müssen. Gewöhnlich werden eilfsylbige Verszeilen dabei angewandt; doch steht es dem Dichter frei, regelmäßig an derselben Stelle in den verschiedenen Strophen wiederkehrende kürzere, meist siebensylbige Verszeilen einzuschieben. Die Zahl der Verszeilen in jeder Strophe ist ebenfalls dem Dichter anheimgestellt, nicht minder die Zahl der Stanzen; Petrarca's kürzeste Canzonen bestehen aus fünf Stanzen[1], seine längsten aus zehn[2]; seine längsten Stanzen aus zwanzig[3], seine kürzesten aus sieben Verszeilen[4], eben so seine längste Ripresa (s. weiter unten) aus zehn[5], seine kürzeste aus zwei Verszeilen[6]. Die Reimverschränkung hängt ebenfalls vom Dichter ab, doch muß sie in jeder Stanze genau dieselbe seyn; eben so der Periodenbau. Jede Stanze zerfällt in drei Theile, von denen jeder eine logische Periode bildet; die beiden ersteren, deren Reimverschränkung nicht von einander abhängig zu seyn braucht, heißen Piedi, die letztere, welche sich in den Reimen ihrer Vorgänger anschließen muß, Coda. — Am Schlusse der ganzen Canzone findet sich eine kürzere Stanze, in der gewöhnlich die Canzone selbst angeredet wird, sie heisst **Ripresa** oder **Commiato** oder auch **Congedo**; die Anzahl ihrer Verszeilen stimmt gewöhnlich mit der der Coda überein.

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[1] Z. B. die Canzone: Chiare, fresche e dolci acque etc.

[2] Siehe die Canzone: Vergine bella, che di sol vestita etc.

[3] S. a. a. O.: Nel dolce tempo della prima etade etc.

[4] S. a. a. O.: Verdi panni, sanguigni, oscuri o persi etc.

[5] S. a. a. O.: Italia mia benchè il parlar sia indarno etc.

[6] S. a. a. O.: Verdi panni, sanguigni, oscuri o persi etc.

Zu besserem Verständnisse möge hier das Schema der vier ersten Canzonen Petrarca's sich anschliessen. Die gleichen Buchstaben bezeichnen die gleichen Reimklänge, so z. B. im Schema der ersten Canzone a auf ade, b auf erba, c auf ebbe u. s. w.

Canzone.	Stanza.	Ripresa.	Canzone.	Stanza.	Ripresa.
I. Nel dolce tempo della prima etade etc. 8 Stanzen zu 20 Versen, 9 verschiedene Reimklänge; Ripresa 9 Zeilen mit vier Reimklängen.	11syllbig a " b " c " b " a " c 11syllbig c " d " e 7syllbig e 11syllbig d " f " g " h 11syllbig h " g " f " f " i " i	11syllbig a " b " c " c " b " a " a " d " d NB. schliesst sich in den Reimen nicht der Coda der letzten Stanze an.	II. O aspettata in ciel beata e bella etc. 7 Stanzen von 15 Zeilen mit 6 Reimklängen; Ripresa von 9 Zeilen mit 4 Reimklängen.	11syllbig a " b " c " b " a " c 11syllbig c " d 7syllbig e 11syllbig e " d " e 11syllbig f 7syllbig d 11syllbig f	a b c c b c d b d schliesst sich nicht der Coda der letzten Stanze an.
III. Verdi panni, sanguigni, oscuri e persi etc. 8 Stanzen von 7 Zeilen mit 6 Reimklängen; Ripresa 2 Zeilen und 2 Reimklänge. — Diese Canzone ist eigentlich eine **Distesa**. S. weiter unten.	11syllbig a 7syllbig b 11syllbig c " d " e " f 7syllbig e In diesen Stanzen findet keine Unterabtheilung Statt, und sie haben sämmtlich dieselben Reimklänge.	11syllbig f 7syllbig e Die Ripresa hat dieselben Reimklänge, wie die drei letzten Verszeilen.	IV. Si è debile il filo a cui s'attene etc. 7 Stanzen von 16 Zeilen mit 6 Reimklängen; Ripresa 8 Zeilen mit 4 Reimklängen.	11syllbig a 7syllbig b — b 11syllbig c 11syllbig b 7syllbig a " a 11syllbig c 7syllbig c " d " d 11syllbig e 7syllbig e 11syllbig d " f " f	7syllbig a " b " b 11syllbig c 7syllbig c 11syllbig b " d " d Die Ripresa schliesst sich in den Reimklängen nicht der letzten Stanze an.

β) Die Pindarische Canzone, Canzone Pindarica, ist eine Nachahmung der altgriechischen Oden, vorzüglich des Pindar. Hinsichtlich ihres innern Baues unterliegt sie denselben Gesetzen, wie die Petrarchische Canzone, hinsichtlich der äuſseren Form weicht sie jedoch von derselben ab. Ihr Ton ist mehr der der Begeisterung und des Entzückens, während der Ton der Petrarchischen Ode ein ruhiger, elegischer bleibt. — Sie besteht ebenfalls aus Stanzen, bei denen die Anzahl der Verszeilen, so wie die Anzahl der Sylben und der Reimklänge von dem Dichter abhängt; auch ist sie nicht auf eilfsylbige und siebensylbige Verszeilen beschränkt, sondern kann aus willkürlich gewählten Verszeilen jeder Art bestehen, doch müssen die Stanzen im Versbau wie im Periodenbau genau einander gleichen. Jede Stanze (Comprensione) zerfällt in drei Theile, die Strophe, Antistrophe und Epode, welche die Italiener Ballata, Contraballata und Stanza nennen. Die Ballata und die Contraballata müssen im Bau einander durchaus gleichen, und wenigstens in einigen Verszeilen gemeinschaftliche Reimklänge haben; die Stanza kann dagegen willkürlich vom Dichter und äuſserlich ganz verschieden von den beiden ersten Theilen gebildet werden, doch muſs sie sich in einem innern Zusammenhange zu denselben befinden.

γ) Die Canzone a Ballo oder Ballata verdankt ihren Ursprung wie ihren Namen, dem Tanze, und war ein zum Tanze gesungenes Lied, dessen äuſsere Form sich nicht immer gleich blieb, sondern von dem Dichter willkürlich gestaltet wurde, und nur in ihrem innern Bau einem feststehenden Gesetze unterlag. Die Verszeilen derselben brauchten nicht immer gleich zu seyn, sie konnten auch mit kürzeren durchmischt werden; es gibt Ballaten von eilfsylbigen, achtsylbigen und siebensylbigen Versen; der längere Vers ist jedoch immer der vorherrschende. Die Ballata besteht aus vier Theilen, einer Ripresa (nach Crescimbeni Capo), zwei Mutazioni und einer Volta. Die Ripresa bildet eine Strophe für sich und kann aus zwei, drei und mehr Versen bestehen. Die beiden Mutazioni (von Crescimbeni corpo) und die volta (von Crescimbeni piede genannt) machen zusammen die folgende gröſsere Strophe aus, welche selten die Zahl von zehn Verszeilen überschreitet, und sind logische Perioden derselben, bei denen zu beobachten ist, daſs die Volta genau so viel Zeilen haben muſs, wie die Ripresa. Diese enthält gewöhnlich den Hauptgedanken, die folgende Strophe aber die Entwickelung desselben. — Eine Ballata kann nur aus diesen beiden allein bestehen, und heiſst dann semplice oder non vestita, oder sie hat auſser der Ripresa (so geheiſsen, weil die Dichter sie am Schlusse der ganzen Ballata zu wiederholen pflegten) mehrere im Bau einander ganz gleiche Strophen, und wird dann vestita oder spingata genannt. Für die Reimverschränkung besteht kein besonderes Gesetz, sie ist dem Dichter anheimgestellt. — Mit dem sechzehnten Jahrhunderte kamen die Ballaten aus der Mode, und erscheinen seit dieser Zeit nur sehr selten in der italienischen Poesie; ihr Inhalt gleicht meistens dem der Petrarchischen Canzone, und der ruhige contemplative Ton herrscht bei ihnen vor. Wir schlieſsen hier, zu besserem Verständniſs, von mehreren Ballaten berühmter Dichter das Schema an.

Semplice.			Vestita.			Vestita.		
Ballata I. des Petrarca: Lassare il velo etc.	Ripresa.	11sylbig a 7sylbig b 11sylbig b " a	Ballata VI. des Petrarca: Perchè quel che mi trasse etc.	Ripresa.	11sylbig a 7sylbig b 11sylbig b	Ballata von Boccaccio: Io mi son giovinetta etc.	Ripresa.	11sylbig a " b " a
	1 Mutazione.	11sylbig c " d " e		1 Mutazione.	11sylbig c 7sylbig d		1 Mutazione.	11sylbig c " d
	2 Mutazione.	11sylbig d " c " e		2 Mutazione.	11sylbig c 7sylbig d		2 Mutazione.	11sylbig d " c
	Volta.	11sylbig e 7sylbig f 11sylbig f " a		Volta.	11sylbig d 7sylbig b 11sylbig b		Volta.	11sylbig c " b " a
					Die folgende Strophe eben so; die beiden letzten Zeilen reimen auf b.			Die folgenden Strophen eben so, die beiden letzten Zeilen reimen stets mit b und a.

Uebrigens richteten sich die älteren italienischen Dichter nicht immer streng nach jenen Regeln, und wir finden häufig bei ihnen Gedichte dieser Gattung, welche zwar Ballate von ihnen genannt wurden, aber Uebergänge vom Sonett zur Ballata und von der Ballata zur Canzone bilden.

2) Die Canzone Anacreontica hieß früher Villanella, und nahm erst mit Bernardo Tasso, zu der Zeit, als die Neigung für die Schäferpoesie in der italienischen Literatur vorherrschte, den letzteren Namen an. Sie entspricht am Meisten dem deutschen Liede, sowohl in der Form, wie dem Inhalte nach, und ihre Behandlung hängt ganz von dem Geschmack und dem Talente des Dichters ab. Zum Unterschiede von der eigentlichen Canzone wird sie auch oft mit dem Namen Canzonetta bezeichnet.

§. 28.

c) Die Kette.

(La Catena.)

Die Catena, deren Erfindung man Torquato Tasso zuschreibt, ist eine Abart der Petrarchischen Canzone, deren Gesetzen sie auch unterliegt, nur mit dem Unterschiede, daß die einzelnen Theile der Strophe nie mehr als drei Verszeilen betragen und daß der dritte Vers [illegible] stets ein Kurzvers, meist ein siebensylbiger, mit keinem andern reimt, und somit den Sylben des letzten Verses verbunden, zusammen den ersten Vers der folgenden Strophe bildet, der dadurch vielsylbig wird. Das Anfangsbeispiel [illegible] des T. Tasso wird dies deutlich machen:

Mentre Pomona e par del Ciel nemico,
Pò chiari sereni bomi

Mille versate ognor gioje e dolcezze;
E fanno preziosa aurea catena
Gli angelici costumi,
E le vostre celesti alme bellezze,
E'n sì leggiadri modi,
Per far più sempre un bel desio contento,
Non si congiunse mai l'oro e l'argento.

L'oro e l'argento in sì leggiadri modi
Mai non s'avvolse e prese
Come voi ne sembrate adorna e vaga;
E tutte fiamme son l'umane lodi,
E vive stelle accese
Son le divine onde 'l pensier s'appaga.
Nè fra ventosi campi,
Se di candide nubi il Ciel s'oscura
Tanto suol variar col suo bell'arco.

Col suo bell'arco fra ventosi campi
Tanti color non mostra
L'Iri, che'l mezzo cerchio a noi descrive etc.

§ 29.

d) Das Halbband.

(Il Mezzo.)

Auch diese Form ist eine Erfindung des T. Tasso und nahe der Catena verwandt, nur mit dem Unterschiede, dass sich allein die vier ersten Sylben der drittletzten Verszeile der vorhergehenden Strophe in dem ersten Verse der nachfolgenden wiederholen, und keinen eilfsylbigen, sondern einen siebensylbigen Vers bilden, wie z. B.

Nel mar de' vostri onori,
Come alte margarite,
Queste lodi ho raccolte e insieme unite.
Lega il bel filo e reggi;
Ecco, ma belle sono;
Piccolo è sì ma prezioso dono.
Dunque Donna reale
Di gradirlo vi piaccia,
Perch'io non men mi sforzi, e mai non taccia.

Dunque Donna immortale,
Se di lume m'aggiunge
Novo metallo, [illegible] etc.

Uebrigens ist diese Form nur selten nachgeahmt worden.

§ 30.

e) Die Frottola.

(La Frottola.)

Die Frottola ist ein Gedicht leichteren Inhaltes, und von contemplativer oder scherzhafter Art, in welchem der Dichter nach Wohlgefallen Sprichwörter und sprichwörtliche Redensarten einmischt. Gewöhnlich besteht sie aus kürzeren, meist siebensylbigen Verszeilen, welche je zu zweien unmittelbar auf einander reimen, doch auch den Wechsel mit längeren Versen gestatten; mitunter wird die Frottola aber auch ganz als Petrarchische Canzone behandelt, wie das Petrarca selbst gethan hat in seiner eilften Canzone, deren erste Strophe folgendermaßen lautet:

Mai non vo' più cantar com' io soleva;
Ch' altri non m'intendeva, ond' ebbi scorno
E puossi in bel soggiorno esser molesto!
Il sempre sospirar nulla rileva,
Già su per l'alpi neva d'ogni intorno,
Ed è già presso al giorno, ond' io son desto.
Un atto dolce onesto è gentil cosa,
Ed in donna amorosa ancor m'aggrada,
Che 'n vista vada altera e disdegnosa,
Non superba e ritrosa,
Amor regge suo imperio senza spada.
Chi smarrit' ha la strada, torni 'ndietro!
Chi non ha albergo, posisi in sul verde!
Chi non ha l'auro, o 'l perde
Spenga la sete sua con un bel vetro! etc.

Bemerkenswerth sind hier die Mittelreime, welche die Künstlichkeit noch erhöhen. Die Frottola verschwand bald aus der Kunstpoesie, erhielt sich aber noch lange im Volke.

§ 31.

f) Die Barzelletta.

(La Barzelletta.)

Diese Form ist dem eigentlichen französischen Vaudeville und dem deutschen Liede mit einem Kehrreim (Refrain) eng verwandt, nur dass dieser, der **Verso intercalare**, das Gedicht beginnen und sich am Schlusse jeder Strophe wiederholen muss. Die Verse sind meist kurz, gewöhnlich siebensylbig, und die erste Strophe hat weniger Verszeilen als die folgende, auch muss der Verso intercalare sie anfangen und enden. Folgende anmuthige Barzelletta des **Serafino dall' Aquila** wird den deutlichsten Begriff von dieser Form geben, die sich auch weit länger im Volke als in der Kunstpoesie erhalten hat.

Non mi negar, Signora,
Di porgermi la man,
Ch'io vo da te lontan,
Non mi negar, Signora.

Una piccola vista
Può far ch'el si desista
Quest' alma afflitta trista
Che già per te non mora.
Non mi negar, Signora.

E se 'l tuo vago volto
Vedrommi esser tolto,
Non credo sia disciolto
Benchè lontan dimora.
Non mi negar, Signora.

S'io vado in altra parte,
Il cuor non si diparte,
Sì, che non discordarte.
Non mi negar, Signora,
Di porgermi la man.

§ 12.

a) Die Rotondelle.

(Il Rotondello.)

Eine Abart der Barzelletta; der Unterschied zwischen beiden beruht allein darauf, dass in der letzteren nicht die erste Verszeile, sondern jede beliebige den Refrain bilden kann. Die Erfindung beider Formen wird dem **Antonio di Tempo**, einem Dichter des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts zugeschrieben.

§ 13.

Die äusseren gebundenen Formen.

a) Die Sestine.

(La Sestina.)

Diese Form soll der Troubadour **Arnaut Daniel** (1180 — 1200) erfunden haben, wenigstens ist keine ältere Sestine bekannt, und **Dante** erwähnt ausdrücklich, dass er die seinige zum Vorbilde genommen habe. Sie besteht aus **sechs Stanzen** und **einer Ripresa**, die Stanzen haben **sechs** Verszeilen, die Ripresa deren **drei**. Reime gibt es eigentlich nicht in derselben, wohl aber müssen die Endworte jeder Stanze in den folgenden ebenfalls am Schlusse der Verszeilen wiederkehren, und zwar in einer gewissen Folge, so dass dasselbe Wort in jeder Stanze eine andere Zeile beschliesst, und das letzte Wort der letzten Zeile das Schlusswort der ersten in der folgenden Stanze ist. Die Verszeilen sind meist eilfsylbig. Der Gedanke, der den Inhalt der Stanze bildet, muss mit dieser abgeschlossen werden und darf nicht in die folgende überschreiten. In der Ripresa endlich müssen alle sechs Endworte wiederholt werden, und zwar drei in der Mitte und drei am Schlusse der drei Zeilen, aus denen sie besteht. Ton und Inhalt der Sestine sind mit denen der Petrarchischen Canzone verwandt, wie überhaupt die Sestine nur eine künstlichere und beschränktere Form der Canzone ist. Folgendes Schema diene zur Verdeutlichung ihrer Gestaltung.

	Endworte	1. Stanze	2. Stanze	3. Stanze	4. Stanze	5. Stanze	6. Stanze	Ripresa
Petrarca's Sestine: A la dolce ombra de le belle frondi etc.	1 frondi	1	6	3	5	4	2	1 — 2
	2 lume	2	1	6	3	5	4	3 — 4
	3 cielo	3	5	4	2	1	6	5 — 6
	4 poggi	4	2	1	6	3	5	
	5 tempo	5	4	2	1	6	3	
	6 rami	6	3	5	4	2	1	

Es gibt noch sogenannte unregelmäßige Sestinen, Sestine irregolari; diese sind eigentlich nur eine Art [illegible], und haben mit der wirklichen Sestine nichts gemein, als dass sie aus Strophen von sechs Verszeilen bestehen, welche letztern übrigens unter einander reimen, und deren Endworte sich keineswegs in allen Strophen, die oft weniger als sechs betragen, wiederholen. Eine solche z. B. ist die Sestine von Angelo Poliziano: Udite, selve, mie dolci parole. Diese unregelmäßigen Sestinen sind auch nicht auf eilfsylbige Verse beschränkt, sondern haben sogar mitunter gemischte Verszeilen.

§. 34.

b) *Die Distesa.*

(La Distesa.)

Die Distesa oder Canzone distesa ist eine Nebengattung der Canzone; ihre Erfindung wird ebenfalls dem Troubadour Arnaut Daniel zugeschrieben, den Dante (Purgatorio XXVI, 117) den besseren Schmied der Muttersprache (miglior fabbro del parlar materno) nennt. Sie hat acht Strophen, jede von sieben Verszeilen, deren zweite und letzte siebensylbig, die übrigen aber eilfsylbig sind. Dieselben Reimklänge kehren an derselben Stelle in sämmtlichen Stanzen wieder; außer diesen finden sich aber noch Anfangs- oder Mittelreimklänge, die ebenfalls an der bestimmten Stelle in den andern Stanzen wiederkehren. Die Ripresa endlich besteht aus zwei Zeilen, von denen die erste mit dem vierten, die zweite mit dem letzten Verse sämmtlicher Strophen im Reime anklingt. Wir haben bereits §. 27. v. III. das Schema einer solchen Distesa gegeben, lassen aber hier zu besserem Verständnisse die ersten beiden Strophen und die Ripresa derselben folgen, wobei wir bemerken, dass die in allen acht Strophen derselben wiederkehrenden Anfangs- und Mittelreime mit gesperrten Lettern gedruckt sind:

Verdi panni, sanguigni, oscuri o persi
Non vestì donna unquanco,
Nè d'or capelli in bionda treccia attorse
Sì bella come questa, che mi spoglia
D'arbitrio, e dal cammin di libertade
Seco mi tira sì, ch'io non sostegno
Alcun giogo men grave.

E se pur s'arma talor a dolersi
L'anima a cui vien manco
Consiglio, ove 'l martir l'adduce in forse,
Rappella lei dalla sfrenata voglia
Subito vista, che del cor mi rade
Ogni delira impresa, ed ogni sdegno
Fa 'l veder lei soave etc.

und die Ripresa:

Quando 'l sol gira, Amor più caro pegno,
Donna, di voi non ave.

§. 35.

c) *Die Terzine.*

La Terzina (Terza rima, Serventese).

Diese, wahrscheinlich auch von den Provenzalen entlehnte, von Dante zu ihrer Vollkommenheit erhobene Form bildet eine dreizeilige eilfsylbige Strophe, deren Reime so mit den ihr nachfolgenden (selten weniger als neun betragenden) verschränkt sind, dass sie dadurch sämmtlich *wie eine Kette zusammenhängen*, und *ein einziger ausfallender Reim* die ganze äußere Ordnung des Gedichtes zerstören würde. Die erste und dritte Verszeile klingen nämlich mit einander an. Die zweite besteht für sich; mit dieser müssen aber die vierte und sechste *Zeile* (erste und dritte der folgenden Strophe) reimen, während die fünfte wieder für sich besteht, und mit dieser die siebente und neunte (erste und dritte der dritten Strophe) reimen, und so fort bis zum Schlusse des ganzen Gedichtes. — Da nun aber die mittelste *Zeile* der letzten Strophe ungereimt bliebe, so wird dieser am Schlusse noch eine einzelne vierte *Zeile* (Tornello genannt) angehängt, welche mit jener reimt, und so das ganze Gedicht auch formell abschließt. Die Wiederholung derselben Reime muss möglichst vermieden werden.

Folgendes ist das Schema für die regelmäſsige Terzine:

11sylbig ——— a
" ——— b
" ——— a
" ——— b
" ——— c
" ——— b
" ——— c
" ——— d
" ——— c

und so regelmäſsig weiter fort bis zum Schlusse:

11sylbig ——— y
" ——— z
" ——— y
Tornello 11sylbig ——— z

Einige Dichter wichen hinsichtlich des Versbaues darin von der strengen Form der Terzine ab, daſs sie die Mittelzeile durchgehends statt aus eilf Sylben nur aus sieben bestehen lieſsen, oder auch, wie z. B. Giusto de' Conti, nicht durchgängig in demselben Gedichte, sondern nur da, wo es ihm passend scheint, wie z. B. in seinem ersten Capitolo:

Udite, monti alpestri, gli miei versi
Fiumi correnti e rive,
Udite quanto per amor soffersi.
Udite i miei lamenti. Anime dive;
E voi che insino al sommo cielo sete
Dei nostri lagrimar fontane vive etc.

Andere Dichter erlaubten sich andere Abweichungen, sowohl im Baue, wie bei dem Tornello oder bei der Reimverschränkung; dies hörte jedoch zum gröſsten Theil mit dem sechzehnten Jahrhunderte gänzlich auf, und seitdem ist die oben angegebene Form der Terzine die normale geblieben.

Der Terzine bedienten sich und bedienen sich die italienischen Dichter zum Theil noch für die Satyre, so z. B. Ariosto, Salvator Rosa u. A. später wurde jedoch der Verso sciolto, z. B. von Parini, vorgezogen, für die Capitoli bernieschi (eine eigene Gattung komischer Gedichte), für die Hirten- und Fischergedichte, für die Elegieen und für die Capitoli pedanteschi, in denen die Pedanterie mit ihrer Weise und ihren Ausdrücken lächerlich gemacht wird, kurz für alle jene Gattungen, in welchen die Reflexion oder die ruhige Schilderung das vorherrschende Element ist. Das bedeutendste ältere in Terzinen geschriebene Gedicht ist Dante's Divina Commedia, das bedeutendste neuere Monti's Cantica in morte di Ugo Basville.

Eine Abart der Terzinen sind die Zingaresche, deren Erfindung man Cecco d'Ascoli (gest. 1327) zuschreibt, und die meist bei der Schilderung des Zigeunerwesens, jedoch hin und wieder auch bei anderen Gelegenheiten angewendet wurden. Sie verlangen groſse Lebendigkeit des Ausdruckes. Ihre Gestaltung zeigt folgendes Schema:

7sylbig ——— a
7sylbig ——— b
(7sylbig) Mittelreim (5sylbig) Endreim
11sylbig ——— b ——— c
7sylbig ——— c
7sylbig ——— d
11sylbig ——— d ——— e

Im Ganzen kommt diese Form selbst bei älteren Dichtern nur selten vor.

§. 36.

d) Die Vierzeile.

(Il Quadernario)

Diese Form bezeichnet, wie schon ihr Name zeigt, Strophen von vier Verszeilen, meist eilfsylbig, doch auch mit siebensylbigen gemischt, oder nur aus solchen bestehend. Die Reimklänge können entweder gekreuzt mit einander übereinstimmen, oder auch überschreiten in die folgenden Strophen, dies hängt von der Willkür des Dichters ab; nur muſs die einmal gewählte Form durch das ganze Gedicht vorherrschen, und die logische Periode mit jedem einzelnen Quadernario geschlossen seyn. Man bedient sich dieser Form vorzüglich bei Oden, bei lyrischen Gedichten, in denen die Reflexion vorherrscht, und bei poetischen Episteln. Auch ward sie besonders bei tändelnden Poesien mit siebensylbigen Versen, von denen der erste und der dritte, oder der zweite und der vierte gleitend sind, häufig in Anwendung gebracht. Folgendes ist das Schema für die gebräuchlichsten Arten der Vierzeile:

I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.
11sylbig a	7sylbig a	11sylbig a	7sylbig a	7sylbig sdrucc. a
„ b	11sylbig b	„ b	„ b	7sylbig b
„ b	7sylbig b	7sylbig b	„ a	7sylbig sdrucc. c
„ a	11sylbig c	11sylbig c	„ b	7sylbig b
11sylbig c	7sylbig c	11sylbig c	7sylbig c	7sylbig sdrucc. d
„ d	11sylbig d	„ d	„ d	7sylbig e
„ d	7sylbig d	7sylbig d	„ c	7sylbig sdrucc. f
„ c	11sylbig e	11sylbig e	„ d	7sylbig e
u. s. w.	u. s. w.	u. s. w.	u. s. w.	u. s. w.

§. 37.

e) *Die Fünfzeile.*

(*La Quinta Rima.*)

Crescimbeni erfand dieselbe und gab ihr folgende Gestaltung:

11sylbig ———— a
„ ———— b
„ ———— a
„ ———— c
„ ———— c

11sylbig ———— b
„ ———— d
„ ———— b
„ ———— e
„ ———— e und so fort;

sie hat aber keinen Anklang und nur wenig Nachahmer gefunden.

§. 38.

f) *Die Sechszeile.*

(*La Sesta Rima.*)

Diese Form darf nicht mit der Sestine verwechselt werden; sie ist eine Erfindung späterer Dichter. Gewöhnlich besteht sie aus siebensylbigen Versen mit drei Reimklängen, von denen zwei kreuzen und der letzte unmittelbar wieder anklingt. Sie ward vorzüglich zu Oden benutzt. Als Beispiel diene folgende Strophe aus der Ode von Parini, La Educazione:

La guancia risorgente
Tondeggia sul bel viso;
E quasi lampo ardente
Va saltellando il riso
Tra i muscoli del labro
Ove riede il cinabro.

§. 39.

g) *Die Siebenzeile.*

(*La Settima Rima.*)

Die siebenzeilige Strophe ward ebenfalls von neueren Dichtern eingeführt, und bei Oden und Hymnen angewandt. Wir geben hier zwei Beispiele für dieselbe.

Aus Manzoni's Hymne:

La Risurrezione.

Oh beati! a lor più bello
Spunta il sol de' giorni sacri;
Ma che fia di chi rubello
Torse, ahi stolto! i passi storti
Ne la strada de l'errore?
Chi s'affida nel Signore
Col Signor risorgerà.

Aus A. Paradisi's Hymne:

La Parola di Dio.

Voce di Dio terribile,
Dei gran decreti eterni
Moderatrice ed arbitra,
Voce, che il ciel governi,

Con non volgari accenti
Su i pregi tuoi sollevasi
Il suon de' miei concenti.

Anmerkung. Die in den §§. 36 – 39 dargestellten Formen, so wie einige von der eigentlichen Ottava Rima abweichende achtzeilige Strophen, die sich am Schlusse des folgenden Paragraphen finden, werden von den ältern Theoretikern mit dem Namen Cobla oder Cobbola (nämlich von dem Provençalischen copla, franz. couplet, Strophe) bezeichnet, und ihre Construction ganz der Willkür und dem Geschmacke des Dichters anheimgestellt; doch sind sie gebundene Formen dadurch, dass es sich keine Freiheit innerhalb derselben gestatten darf.

§. 40.

b) *Die Achtzeile.*

(L'ottava Rima.)

Die achtzeilige Strophe, welche die Italiener auch per eccellenza die Stanze (la Stanza) nennen, ist eine Erfindung des Boccaccio. Die von ihm festgestellte Form benutzte zuerst Luigi Pulci für das Heldengedicht, und die spätern Epiker folgten ihm darin nach, wie z. B. Bojardo, Ariost, Bernardo Tasso u. s. w.; ihre höchste Ausbildung erhielt sie aber durch Torquato Tasso. Sie ist seitdem bis zur neuesten Zeit mit wenigen Ausnahmen die stehende Form sowohl für das ernste, wie für das komische Epos in Italien geblieben.

Die Stanze besteht aus acht Verszeilen, jede von eilf Sylben mit drei Reimklängen, von denen zwei drei Mal sich kreuzen, der dritte aber unmittelbar übereinstimmt. Mit dem Schlusse muss auch der Inhalt der Stanze gänzlich ausgesprochen seyn und darf nicht in die folgende überschreiten, sondern die Periode muss mit dem letzten Worte gänzlich abgeschlossen werden, und der Sinn möglichst von zwei zu zwei Zeilen einen Ruhepunkt finden. Folgende Ottava von Torquato Tasso (Ger. lib. I. 13) wird die Befolgung aller Gesetze für die Stanze am besten verdeutlichen:

Così parlogli, e Gabriel s' accinse | a
Veloce ad eseguir l' imposte cose, | b | —
La sua forma invisibil d'aria cinse, | a
Ed al senso mortal la sottopose: | b | —
Umane membra, aspetto uman si finse, | a
Ma di celeste maestà il compose. | b | —
Tra giovane e fanciullo età confine | c
Prese, ed ornò di raggi il biondo crine. | c ‖ —

Die Rispetti oder Strambotti und die Stanza alla Contadinesca sind der Form nach von der Ottava Rima durchaus nicht verschieden, sondern haben ihre Benennungen nur von ihrem Inhalte oder dem in ihnen herrschenden Tone. Die ersteren waren Gedichte verehrender und bewundernder Liebe, und sind hinsichtlich der Benennung später ganz ausser Gebrauch gekommen; die letzteren enthielten Schilderungen ländlicher Gefühle und Handlungen im bäurischen Tone. Eins der berühmtesten Gedichte dieser Art ist: Il Lamento di Cecco da Varlungo von Francesco Baldovini († 1716), im Florentinischen Bauerndialekte, von dem hier ebenfalls eine Stanze als Probe folgen möge:

Egli è ben ver, ch' e' non ha il torto affatto,
Ch' i' veggo anch' io dove la capra casca.
Dove il topo non è, non corre il gatto;
Chi non vuol l'osteria, levi la frasca.
Ma fero se non si può nè pian nè ratto,
Che de' dami tu sieni quittro per lasca;
E i' quanto a me, i' mi sconfondo
Che tu daresti retta a tutto il mondo.

Die Siciliana oder Stanza Siciliana ist die älteste bekannte Form der Stanze überhaupt; sie ward wahrscheinlich von sicilianischen Dichtern den Provençalen entlehnt, verschwand aber bald aus der Kunstpoesie und hat sich nur im Volke erhalten. Sie besteht aus acht eilfsylbigen Verszeilen mit zwei vier Mal alternirenden Reimklängen und ist meist im sicilianischen Dialekte.

Andere Formen achtzeiliger Strophen, die jedoch mit der Ottava Rima nichts gemein haben als die gleiche Zahl der Verszeilen, führten neuere Dichter in die italienische Poesie ein und fanden Beifall und Nachahmung. Wir lassen hier das Schema zweier solcher Strophen aus den Inni sacri von Manzoni um der Vollständigkeit willen folgen.

I. Aus La Passione.	II. Aus La Pentecoste.
11sylbig ——— a piano	7sylbig ——— a sdrucciolo
„ ——— b „	„ ——— b piano
„ ——— a „	„ ——— c sdrucciolo
„ ——— c tronco	„ ——— b piano
„ ——— b piano	„ ——— d sdrucciolo
„ ——— d „	„ ——— e piano
„ ——— d „	„ ——— e piano
„ ——— c tronco	„ ——— f tronco
	NB. Mit f reimt jedesmal die achte Zeile der folgenden Strophe.

§. 41

Die äufseren freien Formen.

a) Das Madrigal.

(Il Madrigale.)

Der Name dieser Form rührt von Mandra, die Heerde (daher Mandriale, woraus später Madriale und dann Madrigale wurde), her, und bezeichnet ursprünglich ein kleines Schäfergedicht, dann überhaupt ein zierliches, tändelndes, kleines, lyrisches Gedicht, das nur einen anmuthig ausgedrückten und durchgeführten Hauptgedanken enthält, gewöhnlich nicht unter sechs, nicht über dreizehn Verszeilen lang, und meistens in gemischten eilfsylbigen und siebensylbigen Versen geschrieben ist. Es zerfällt in zwei Dreizeilen und eine Vierzeile, oder drei Dreizeilen und eine Doppelzeile, oder auch in drei Doppelzeilen und eine Dreizeile, mitunter auch wohl, jedoch seltener, in zwei Vierzeilen und eine Fünfzeile. Eben so hat es selten mehr als drei, höchstens vier Reimklänge, die nach des Dichters Wohlgefallen mit einander wechseln; doch kommt es auch vor, dafs derselbe in der letzten Strophe neue Reimklänge gebraucht, da hier durchaus von keinem bestimmten Gesetze die Rede ist, sondern Alles von der Willkür und dem Geschmacke des Verfassers abhängt. Mit dem Schlusse der Strophe mufs auch die Periode entweder in ihren einzelnen Theilen oder ganz endigen.

Als Probe möge folgendes Madrigal von Petrarca hier stehen:

Perchè al viso d'amor portava insegna
Mosse una pellegrina il mio cor vano,
Ch' ogni altra mi parea d'onor men degna;
E lei seguendo su per l'erbe verdi,
Udii dir' alta voce di lontano:
Ahi quanti passi per la selva perdi.
Allor mi strinsi a l'ombra d' un bel faggio,
Tutto pensoso; e rimirando intorno,
Vidi assai periglioso il mio viaggio,
E tornai indietro quasi a mezzo il giorno.

b) Die Madrigalesse.

(La Madrigalessa.)

Eine von Grazzini, genannt il Lasca, im sechzehnten Jahrhundert erfundene Abart der Madrigale, welche sich dadurch von jenen unterscheidet, dafs sie weit länger und meist nur komischen Inhaltes sind.

§. 42.

Die inneren Formen.

Hierunter sind alle jene Arten der verschiedenen Gattungen der Poesie zu verstehen, deren Gestaltung nicht blofs durch die Gesetze des äufseren Baues der Verszeilen und der Strophen, sondern durch ihren Inhalt, Ton und Zweck bestimmt wird, und bei denen daher jene äufsere Form wohl durch das Herkommen und den herrschenden Ge-

[illegible] angenommen seyn kann, keineswegs aber eine Nothwendigkeit ist, während die innere Gliederung durch eine innere, aus ihrem eigensten Wesen entspringende Nothwendigkeit bedingt wird. Dazu gehören:

In der lyrischen Poesie: 1) das Lied, la Canzonetta; 2) die Ode, l'Ode; 3) die Hymne, l'Inno; 4) die Dithyrambe, il Ditirambo; 5) die Elegie, l'Elegia; 6) die Cantate, la Cantata.

In der epischen Poesie: 1) die Fabel, la Favola; 2) das ernste Epos, il poema epico serio; 3) das komische Epos, il poema epico giocoso.

In der dramatischen Poesie: 1) die Tragödie, la tragedia; 2) die Komödie, la commedia; 3) die Oper, il Dramma lirico, l'Opera.

In den gemischten Gattungen der Poesie: 1) Il Capitolo; 2) die Satyre, la Satira; 3) das didaktische Gedicht, il poema didascalico; 4) die Hirtenpoesie, poesia pastorale; 5) die Allegorie, l'Allegoria; 6) die vertrauliche Epistel, das Epigramm, l'Epigramma, die Gnome, il motteto, das Räthsel, il ribobolo, l'indovinello, die Grabschrift, l'epitaffio u. s. w.

§ 43.

Die inneren Formen der lyrischen Poesie.

a) Das Lied.

(La Canzonetta (la Villanella).)

Der Charakter des Liedes gründet sich auf die Darstellung eines einzigen bestimmt ausgesprochenen Gefühls unter der Einheit einer möglichst vollkommenen ästhetischen Form, welche für den Gesang geeignet seyn muss. Jene Empfindung nun nach ihren verschiedenen Richtungen und Eigenschaften ausgesprochen, bildet den Stoff oder Inhalt eines Liedes, und mit ihm muss der Ton, d. h. die Art und Weise der Behandlung und des dichterischen Vortrages in genauer Uebereinstimmung seyn. Je nachdem nun dieses Gefühl sich verschiedenartig offenbart, je nachdem die Gegenstände, die es veranlassen, verschiedenartig sind, lässt sich das Lied auch verschiedenartig behandeln, und wird daher zu einer Dichtungsart, welche sich über alle Gegenstände des innern und des äussern Lebens erstrecken kann.

Im Verhältnisse zur Kunstpoesie anderer Nationen ist das Lied, la Canzonetta, dessen Form ganz von der Willkür und dem Geschmacke des Dichters abhängt, von den Italienern nicht eben mit grosser Vorliebe angebaut, sondern mehr dem Volke überlassen worden, so dass bei der grossen Zahl italienischer Kunstdichter sich im Ganzen nur Wenige mit demselben beschäftigt haben. Unter diesen haben namentlich Serafino dall' Aquila, Chiabrera, Lemene, Zappi, Scip. Maffei, Rolli, Metastasio, T. Bandettini, Vittorelli, S. Vernucci Mantovani, C. Morroni, L. A. Paladini u. a. m. Ausgezeichnetes geleistet.

b) Die Ode.

(l'Ode.)

Die Ode ist, genau betrachtet, nur das Lied in höherer und höchster Potenz. Sie schildert irgend eine Empfindung oder einen Zustand des Gefühlsvermögens, welche in vollkommener Einheit ihren Stoff bilden, mit gesteigertem Tone und in möglichst vollendeter ästhetischer Form. Die in der Ode behandelten Gefühle und Gegenstände sollen jedoch, streng genommen, nur die bedeutendsten Interessen des Menschen berühren, und, wenn möglich, stets ein Streben nach dem Höchsten, nach der Vollkommenheit andeuten oder darstellen. Einkleidung und Ausdruck muss daher dem Inhalte vollkommen angemessen und dessen würdig seyn. Ihren Namen hat diese Form von dem griechischen Worte ᾠδή (vom ᾄδω, ich singe, ich feiere, durch ein Gedicht). Bernardo Tasso führte sie zuerst in die italienische Kunstpoesie ein; sie ward seitdem bis zur neuesten Zeit von den Dichtern mit Vorliebe gepflegt. Für ihren Bau gab es keine bestimmte Regel; man sah anfangs gemischte elf- und siebensylbige

Versarten, deren Zahl in einer Strophe selten mehr als sechs betrug, und deren Reimverschränkung dem Dichter überlassen blieb; später wich man jedoch auch davon ab, jeder Dichter baut sich seine Ode, wie er es für gut findet, und beobachtet nur dabei, daſs alle Strophen derselben äuſserlich einander vollkommen gleichen.

c) *Die Hymne.*
(l'Inno.)

Wie die Ode nur ein Lied im höheren Style, so ist es auch die Hymne (von ὕμνος, von ὕδω, ich feiere durch Gesang, ich lobsinge), nur mit dem Unterschiede, daſs sie stets das Gefühl der Unterordnung gegen Höheres, und daher der Verehrung und des Dankes, bewundernd, preisend oder flehend ausspricht. Bei den Italienern vertritt sie als Inno sacro die Stelle unseres religiösen Liedes. Sie ward schon früh bei ihnen eingeführt und ist seitdem fortwährend mit gröſsem Erfolge von ihnen angebaut worden. Die älteren Dichter, wie Bernardo Tasso u. A., wählten dafür die Form der Petrarchischen Canzone oder der Sestina, Andere, wie z. B. Alamanni, die der Pindarischen Canzone (s. §. 37, 3); die Neueren haben sich jedoch gänzlich davon frei gemacht und geben ihren Strophen eine willkürliche Gestaltung, nur daſs sämmtliche Strophen äuſserlich einander gleichen müssen (s. §. 39, c und §. 40 das Schema am Schlusse).

Die Salmi und die Laudi, welche sich auch bei italienischen Dichtern finden, sind ebenfalls Hymnen; die ersteren Nachahmungen der Psalmen, die letzteren Lobgesänge; beide Arten natürlich religiösen Inhalts.

d) *Die Dithyrambe.*
(Il Ditirambo.)

Ursprünglich bezeichnet die Dithyrambe, welche eine untergeordnete Gattung der Hymne ist, einen Gesang zur Feier des Bacchus und der sinnlichen Genüsse im Tone der höchsten Erregtheit. Der Name stammt aus dem Griechischen (διθύραμβος), nach Einigen von δίθυρος, was zwei Eingänge hat, und ἐμβαίνω, ich gehe hinein, weil Bacchus zuerst aus der Semele, dann aus dem Schenkel des Zeus geboren, zwei Mal in das Leben trat; nach Andern von λύω ῥάμμα, löse die Naht, weil Bacchus diese im Schenkel des Zeus, in den er eingenäht gewesen, gebrochen haben soll, als er heraus wollte.

Die Dithyrambe ist mit groſser Vorliebe von den italienischen Dichtern behandelt und nicht immer bloſs auf den Bacchus und dessen Gaben, sondern auch auf andere Gegenstände angewandt worden. Sie gestatteten sich bei dieser Form die gröſste Freiheit, die auch vollkommen zu ihrem Inhalte paſst, und mischten hier nicht allein alle Gattungen von Versen hinsichtlich der Sylbenzahl, sondern auch gereimte und ungereimte Verse durch einander.

e) *Die Elegie.*
(l'Elegia.)

Der antiken Poesie entlehnt, verlangt die Elegie, wie die Ode und Hymne, eine strenge Einheit der Form und eine genaue Durchführung des Gedankens. Statt des Tones der höchsten Begeisterung aber herrscht der Ton der Wehmuth und aller jener milderen Gefühle, welche das menschliche Herz mehr sanft bewegen als fortreiſsen, in ihr vor. Sie darf daher dieselben Gedanken, wie die Ode, berühren; allein mit dem Unterschiede, daſs die Ode den Menschen gewissermaſsen zur Unendlichkeit hinaufhebt, während die Elegie die Unendlichkeit zum Menschen herabzieht, woraus sich denn natürlich ein Gefühl des Schmerzes über die, dem menschlichen Geschlechte gezogenen Schranken und die Leiden desselben entwickelt. Der Name Elegie kommt aus dem griechischen ἔλεγος, und bezeichnet dort ursprünglich jeden wehmüthigen Gesang, selbst den der Nachtigall.

Viele vortreffliche italienische Dichter, wie z. B. Ariosto, Alamanni, Bernardo Tasso, Menzini u. A., dichteten Elegieen, und wählten meist für dieselbe die Form der Terzine, weshalb man auch häufig elegische Gedichte findet, die nicht so, sondern mit der allgemeinen für Gedichte in Terzinen geltenden Benennung Capitoli belegt sind.

f) Die Cantate
(*La Cantata.*)

Diese Dichtungsart unterscheidet sich vorzüglich darin von den übrigen lyrischen Formen, daſs sie unbedingt für die Darstellung durch Musik bestimmt ist. Sie umfaſst alle jene Gegenstände, welche die lyrische Poesie überhaupt in sich aufnimmt, doch muſs sie stets der Musik untergeordnet bleiben, und der Dichter darf nur einen Stoff wählen, welcher sich durchaus und in allen seinen Theilen für die musikalische Behandlung eignet, so daſs sein Werk, obwohl in strenger dichterischer Einheit, eigentlich nur ein Gerüste ist, welches erst durch die Composition zur Vollkommenheit der Erscheinung gebracht wird. Poesie und Musik gehen in der Cantate unzertrennlich neben einander her, und müssen sich gegenseitig unterstützen und ergänzen.

Die Cantate zerfällt in mehrere Abtheilungen, welche durch die Musik bedingt werden. Die Bildung und Form derselben hängt mehr oder weniger willkürlich von beiden Künstlern ab, und das einzige Gesetz, welchem sie unterliegen, besteht darin, daſs die Formen stets dem Charakter des Darstellenden entsprechen müssen. Gewöhnlich zerfällt die Gattung in drei Theile: das **Recitativ**, die **Arietten** (welcher das **Duett**, **Terzett**, **Arioso**, die **Cavatine** u. s. w. nur Nebengattungen sind) und den **Chor**. Der Dichter beobachtet in der Form derselben nur das allgemeine Nothwendige und vom Inhalte oder dem musikalischen Bedürfnisse Geforderte; alles Uebrige muſs dem Tonsetzer überlassen bleiben.

Diese Form ward im siebenzehnten Jahrhunderte in Italien erfunden, fast nur für musikalische Zwecke allein angebaut, und hat sich seitdem unverändert so erhalten, doch nimmt sie in der italienischen Poesie nur eine sehr untergeordnete Stelle ein.

§ 44.
Die inneren Formen der epischen Poesie.

Die Italiener nehmen nur drei Arten derselben an: die Fabel, das ernste und das komische Epos; alle anderen von den übrigen civilisirten Nationen eingeführten Formen, wie z. B. die poetische Erzählung, die Romanze u. s. w., existiren bei ihnen entweder gar nicht, oder nicht als eine besondere Klasse mit eigenem Namen, obwohl, vorzüglich in der letzten Zeit, italienische Dichter auch poetische Erzählungen, Romanzen u. s. w., wenn gleich nicht unter solcher Benennung, geliefert haben.

a) Die Fabel.
(*La favola.*)

Sie stellt Ereignisse im Gebiete der Thierwelt mit besonderer Rücksicht und Anwendung auf menschliche Individuen und deren Zustände, Eigenschaften, Handlungen und Verhältnisse dar. Mitunter dürfen Pflanzen oder unorganische Körper die Stelle der Thiere vertreten. Der Zweck der Fabel ist, Lehren der Weisheit und Klugheit zu geben unter der symbolischen Hülle des Instincts der Thiere, als Handlungen dieser letzteren auf eine eindringliche und schöne Weise dargestellt. Sie vereinigt daher die Tendenz epischer und didactischer Poesie. Früher trennten die Theoretiker sie von der Dichtkunst, und zogen sie zur Redekunst im engeren Sinne; da aber die Darstellung solcher, Thieren beigelegten Handlungen auf eine poetische Weise und häufig in poetischer Form geschieht, so gehört sie nicht minder zur Poesie. Die Handlung der Fabel muſs einfach und naturgemäſs, und das Thier oder der handelnde Gegenstand so gewählt seyn, daſs der Mensch sich und seine guten und bösen Eigenschaften in ihm erkenne. Da die Fabel, ihrem Inhalte gemäſs, eine leichte und flieſsende Erzählung verlangt, so hängt die äuſsere Form derselben von der nothwendigen Uebereinstimmung mit ihrem Inhalte ab, und unterliegt nicht bestimmten Regeln, sondern

Bloß der Wahl und dem Geschmacke des Dichters überlassen.

Als eigene für sich bestehende poetische Form kam die Fabel erst während des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts in Italien auf. Zwar hatte man schon oft die äsopischen Fabeln in Prosa und Versen wie z. B. Accio Zucco 1479 in Sonetti caudati nachgeahmt, oder Dichter, wie Dante, Berni, Alamanni, Pulci, Ariosto, sehr geistreiche Fabeln erfunden, und diese in ihre größeren Dichtungen verwebt, aber eine besondere Klasse von Poesien bildeten sie bis dahin nicht. Im achtzehnten Jahrhunderte widmete man sich derselben mit großem Fleiße, und sie ist seit dem bis auf die neuesten Zeiten mit Vorliebe und Erfolg angebaut worden. Zuerst wählte man für dieselbe vorzüglich den gereimten siebensylbigen Vers, später aber ging man von dieser Norm ab und gab ihr jede beliebige Gestaltung. Bei den Italienern haben sich vorzüglich Grillo, Bertola, Pignotti, Gherardo de Rossi, Roberti, Crudeli, Passeroni, Bondi, Perego, Clasio, Polidori u. A. m. darin ausgezeichnet.

f) Das ernste Heldengedicht.
(Il poema epico serio.)

Die vorzüglichste Aufgabe, welche der Dichter bei der Hervorbringung des ernsten Heldengedichtes (Epos, Epopöe, von ἔπω, ich sage, erzähle, und ποιέω, ich mache) zu lösen hat, besteht darin, den Kampf der menschlichen, von dem freien Willen bestimmten Kraft mit der Macht des Schicksals durch einen wichtigen, entweder nationalen oder doch allgemein ansprechenden Stoff in einer dessen gemäßen Form und Behandlung darzustellen. Die Veranschaulichung dieser Aufgabe findet ihren Mittelpunkt in einem edlen, begabten Menschen, welcher uns in dem Conflicte mit den Verhältnissen, mögen diese durch Naturnothwendigkeit oder durch gesellschaftliche Zustände bedingt werden, vorgeführt wird, und aus demselben moralisch siegreich hervorgeht, selbst wenn er ihm physisch unterliegen sollte. Dieser Kämpfer heißt vorzugsweise der Held, die ihm feindlich entgegenstehende Kraft das Schicksal, der Kampf in allen seinen Theilen dagegen die Handlung des Epos. Eine consequente Charakterzeichnung und eine eben so in einer Folgereihe von wichtigen und würdigen Ereignissen ohne Stockung und Schwächung des Interesses bis zum Schlusse durchgeführte, mit einander innig verflochtene Kette von Begebenheiten sind demzufolge die Haupterfordernisse des Heldengedichtes, das in gleichmäßiger innerer Einheit erhalten werden muß. Eben so erhaben und wahr, nämlich als der Held, muß das ihn bekämpfende Schicksal ihm gegenüber gestellt werden. Um Beide herum können andere, in die Handlung eingreifende oder dieselbe erläuternde Personen, welche aber stets dem Helden untergeordnet erscheinen, gruppirt werden, so wie es auch erlaubt ist, Begebenheiten in die Erzählung zu verweben, welche zwar nicht unmittelbar zur Durchführung derselben nothwendig sind, aber dazu beitragen, die Mannigfaltigkeit zu verleihen und mittelbar in einem natürlichen Zusammenhange mit ihr stehen. — Diese nennt man Episoden. Die übernatürlichen Mittel, welche der Dichter wählt, um den Kampf zu motiviren, werden die Maschinerie des Heldengedichtes genannt. — Siehe darüber die Einleitung zur epischen Poesie.

Der Vortrag und die Form des Epos müssen würdevoll, gemessen und gleichmäßig seyn, da die fortschreitende Handlung eben so darzustellen ist. Als herkömmlich festgestellte Form ward bei den Griechen und Römern der Hexameter, bei den Franzosen der Alexandriner, bei den Engländern früher der fünffüßige iambische reimlose Vers, später durch Byron die englische Stanze, bei den südlichen europäischen Nationen besonders die Stanze angenommen. Die Deutschen haben sich in ihren derartigen Werken bald der einen, bald der anderen Form bedient, und die einzige nationale, welche sie besitzen, die sogenannte Nibelungenstrophe, nur wenig angewendet.

Man unterscheidet das **klassische** und das **romantische** Epos. Jenes ist das nach den Gesetzen und Mustern klassischer antiker Poesie gebildete; dieses bewegt sich in freierer Form, lässt die Phantasie und das Gemüth lebendiger vorwalten, und zieht die Ansichten des christlichen Mittelalters in seine Kreise, da diese bei der poetischen Behandlung so reichen Stoff gewähren.

Das Epos ist eine der Glanzseiten der italienischen Poesie; die Werke **Bojardo's**, **Ariosto's**, **Tasso's** u. s. w. liefern den Beweis dafür. Die vorherrschende Form für dasselbe ist die Ottava Rima geblieben; und obwohl neuere Dichter (wie z. B. **Olivieri** in seiner **Alamanna**) versuchten, den Verso sciolto statt derselben einzuführen, so haben sie doch nur wenig Nachahmer gefunden.

c) Das komische Heldengedicht.

(Il poema epico giocoso, comico.)

Das komische Epos ist nichts als eine Parodie des ernsten Heldengedichtes; und da demzufolge sein Zweck darauf hinausgeht, nur angenehme Empfindungen bei dem Leser oder Hörer zu erwecken, so ist eine Hauptbedingung desselben das stets siegreiche Hervorschreiten des Helden aus dem Kampfe mit widrigen Verhältnissen. Das Komische liegt theils in der Charakterzeichnung des Helden selbst, der keineswegs mit den Eigenschaften, die von dem Helden der ernsten Epopoe verlangt werden, ausgerüstet zu seyn braucht, sondern sogar eine drollige Person seyn kann, die eben, weil sie nach Art und Weise der Helden handelt, einen gelungenen Gegensatz bildet, theils in den Verhältnissen, mit welchen der Dichter ihn in Conflict bringt, theils endlich in der Art und Weise der Einkleidung und Darstellung. Auch die Maschinerie kann wie im ernsten Epos angewandt werden, da eben die Benützung so erhabener Mittel einen trefflichen Contrast zu den unbedeutenden geschilderten Personen und Begebenheiten hinstellt, doch darf das Wunderbare untergeordneter Art seyn, und Feen, Elfen u. s. w. treten passend für das Schicksal und die Götter ein. Vollkommene Einheit erfordert das komische Epos eben so wohl; die äussere Form bleibt jedoch dem Geschmacke und der Wahl des Dichters überlassen.

Das komische Epos, für das sie sich auch der Ottava Rima vorzugsweise bedienten, wurde von den Italienern ebenfalls mit grossem Erfolge angebaut, und Dichter, wie **Tassoni**, **Bracciolini**, **Lorenzo Lippi** u. A. m., leisteten Ausgezeichnetes auf diesem Gebiete.

§. 45.

Die inneren Formen der dramatischen Poesie.

a) Das Trauerspiel.

(La tragedia.)

Das **Trauerspiel** oder die **Tragödie** stimmt mit dem Epos darin überein, dass es gleich demselben ein Ereigniss von hoher Bedeutung behandelt, und den Kampf eines begabten und grossartigen Menschen mit dem Geschicke darstellt; nur geschieht hier diese Darstellung in dramatischer Form, und der Held muss physisch in dem Kampfe unterliegen. Der Untergang einer edlen Individualität durch höheren Willen bildet also den Inhalt und das Hauptmerkmal der Tragödie. Ihre Wirkung auf den Zuschauer würde eine betrübende seyn, wenn nicht eben die Erscheinung einer edeln, zwar physisch untergehenden, aber moralisch siegenden Natur einen erhebenden und beseligenden Eindruck auf ihn machte, der ihm das Bewusstseyn des hohen sittlichen Werthes der menschlichen Kraft um desto lebhafter hervorruft. Hierin liegt der moralische Nutzen des Trauerspiels, den einige Aesthetiker, die Poetik des Aristoteles missverstehend, besonders hervorgehoben haben, der aber an und für sich schon, von jedem guten tragischen Gedichte unzertrennlich ist.

Die Haupterfordernisse einer vollkommenen Tragödie sind: eine gut gewählte Fabel, welche meist der Geschichte, also der Wirklichkeit entlehnt wird, so wie Einheit und Vollständigkeit in der Durchführung derselben, der Handlung, welche durch ihre Wichtigkeit, so wie durch ihre einzelnen Theile, die Situationen, beständig die Theilnahme des Zuschauers bis zum völligen Schlusse in Spannung zu erhalten hat; diefs geschieht zum Theil durch die würdige und consequente, psychologisch richtige Zeichnung der handelnden Personen, namentlich des Helden, der entweder ein sittlich hochgestellter Mensch oder ein geistig hochstehender, den seine Leidenschaften irre führten, seyn kann. Die übrigen Charaktere, so wie die Sprache, in der sie sich äufsern, müssen im ästhetischen Verhältnisse zu ihm stehen, und würdevoll, aber natürlich seyn. Die Italiener halten sich im Allgemeinen streng an die Beobachtung der drei Aristotelischen Einheiten, der Handlung, der Zeit und des Ortes für das Trauerspiel, d. h. es darf nur eine Handlung, und zwar diese ganz vollständig, enthalten; alle Episoden sind daher ausgeschlossen; die Zeit, in welcher diese Handlung als vor sich gehend gedacht wird, darf nur einen Tag betragen, eben so wie der Ort, an dem sie Statt findet, nur einer und derselbe seyn kann. Einige Kritiker gestatten demselben einen gröfseren Raum, wie z. B. eine Stadt in ihren verschiedenen Theilen. Die strengeren Kunstrichter verlangen aber, dafs es ein beschränkterer und durchaus derselbe Raum, wie z. B. der Vorhof eines Tempels, ein Saal, ein Garten u. s. w. seyn müsse.

Diejenige Scene, in welcher durch geschickte Motivirung die Fabel bis zu dem Augenblicke, wo die Handlung selbst beginnt, dem Zuschauer versinnlicht wird, so dafs er sich genau von den Verhältnissen unterrichtet findet, heifst die Exposition; Peripetie nennt man dagegen die Veränderungen in den Verhältnissen des Helden, den Uebergang vom Glück zum Unglück, durch welche die letzte und höchste Entscheidung seines Schicksals, die Katastrophe, herbeigeführt wird. Sie mufs aus dem inneren Wesen der Handlung hervorgehen, und darf nie durch blofs äufserliche Mittel hervorgebracht werden, wie z. B. im Epos durch die Maschinerie.

In allem Uebrigen unterliegt das Trauerspiel denselben Gesetzen, welche oben für die dramatische Poesie insgemein aufgestellt worden sind; doch ist zu bemerken, dafs die Italiener den Verso sciolto ausschliefslich für dieselbe gebrauchen. Trissino war der Erste, der die regelmäfsige Tragödie in die italienische Poesie einführte (in den ersten Decennien des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts); er hatte sehr viele Nachfolger, unter denen jedoch nur als wahrhaft bedeutend hervorzuheben Rucellai, Dolce, Testi, Gravina, Maffei, Conte, Granelli, Alfieri, Monti, Pindemonte, Niccolini, Manzoni, Pellico u. A. m. Die Tragiker neuester Zeit sind jedoch theilweise von der strengen Form abgewichen, und haben sich gröfsere Freiheit hinsichtlich der Einheiten und die Einführung von modernen Chören erlaubt.

b) *Das Lustspiel.*

(*La Commedia.*)

Das Lustspiel (die Komödie im engeren Sinne des Wortes) ist eine dramatische Darstellung einer Handlung, durch welche das wirkliche oder als wirklich denkbare Leben mit seinen Erscheinungen von seiner heiteren Seite, im Gegensatze zur tragischen, aufgefafst und auf eine komische, ergetzliche und belehrende Weise versinnlicht wird. Es beschäftigt sich demgemäfs mit den Schwächen und Mängeln des Menschen, wie mit den Mifsverhältnissen menschlicher und gesellschaftlicher Zustände und deren Verwirrungen, die jedoch auf eine beruhigende, keineswegs gewaltsame, tragische Weise ihre Lösung zu finden vermögen, und erreicht dadurch den doppelten Zweck, der Ergetzung und der Belehrung. Das Lustspiel soll daher den Eindruck ungestörter Lust auf den Zuschauer hervorbringen, und gelangt dazu theils durch die glückliche Verwickelung und Entwickelung der Handlung selbst und deren gut an einander gefügte und aus einander entspringende Situationen, theils durch die richtige Zeichnung und Durchführung eigenthümlicher und komischer, poetisch und psychologisch wahrer, im wirklichen Leben als vorhanden denkbarer Charaktere, theils endlich durch einen, den Verhältnissen der handelnden Personen angemessenen, raschen, witzigen und komischen Dialog, der jedoch das Rührende und Leidenschaftliche keineswegs ausschlieſst, wo dasselbe nöthig und erforderlich erscheint.

Im Allgemeinen unterliegt das Lustspiel gleichen Gesetzen mit der übrigen dramatischen Poesie, doch erleidet die Anwendung derselben hier manche Modification, und es ist in vielen Dingen ihm gröſsere Freiheit gestattet. Die Einheit der Handlung braucht nicht so streng festgehalten zu werden, und episodische Scenen sind auch im schwächsten Zusammenhange mit der Fabel zulässig, sobald sie nur dem Ganzen Lebhaftigkeit und Interesse verleihen; auch verlangen die einzelnen Charaktere und Situationen nicht so streng angelegt und durchgeführt zu werden, ja, sie können selbst, in Vergleich mit der Wirklichkeit, übertrieben erscheinen, wenn nur der innere, *geistige* Zusammenhang des Ganzen nicht dadurch gestört wird.

Der Stoff des Lustspiels kann entweder dem Leben entlehnt, oder auſser allen Erscheinungen der Wirklichkeit, eine rein phantastische Erdichtung seyn, doch muſs in diesem Falle die nahe Beziehung zu dem Menschen und seinen Verhältnissen durchleuchten; diese Gattung, zu der die aristophanische Komödie gehört, gestattet die freieste Form, während die erstere sich mehr den Bedingungen des Natürlichen und Wirklichen anschmiegen muſs. — Man unterscheidet ferner im Lustspiel das Intriguenstück vom Charakterstücke oder Charaktergemälde; bei jenem beruht das Interesse mehr und fast allein auf der Verwickelung der Situationen, bei dem zweiten auf der Zeichnung und Durchführung des Hauptcharakters; doch sind beide Richtungen oft in einem und demselben Stücke mit einander verbunden oder doch wenigstens verfolgt. Endlich wird auch der Unterschied des Fein-Komischen mit dem Niedrig-Komischen festgestellt, und jenes mehr für das eigentliche Lustspiel gefordert, während dieses der Posse und Farce anheimfällt.

Der Dialog muſs durchaus den redenden Charakteren angemessen seyn; doch kann er zur Steigerung des Interesse hin und wieder übertrieben werden, und es ist einem Dichter erlaubt, zu leichterer Wirkung die Farben stärker aufzutragen. — Da die Komödie sich am nächsten dem Leben anschlieſst, so ward sie schon in früheren Zeiten bei den Italienern häufig in Prosa behandelt; da, wo man sich des Verses bediente, wählte man meist den eilfsylbigen gleitenden Vers.

Das regelmäſsige Lustspiel ward zuerst von Ariosto in die italienische Poesie eingeführt, seine Komödien sind jedoch Nachahmungen der antiken Komödie, besonders des Terenz; er fand viele Nachfolger, unter denen Macchiavelli, Francesco d'Ambra, Berni, Pietro Aretino, A. Firenzuola, Grazzini, Bentivoglio u. A. m. als die Glücklichsten zu nennen sind. Angelo Beolco, genannt Ruzzante (1502 — 1540), führte mit Erfolg die Dialekte im Lustspiel ein; der jüngere Buonarotti (gest. 1626) schrieb Komödien in Ottave Rime. Gegen das Ende des siebenzehnten Jahrhunderts wandte man sich aber der französischen Komödie als Vorbild zu, und seit dieser Zeit erschien das regelmäſsige, von Goldoni, Federici, Rossi, Nota, Giraud mit groſsem Talente angebaute feinere Lustspiel nur in Prosa; eine eigenthümliche Ausnahme bildeten die dramatisirten Märchen, Fiabe von Carlo Gozzi; sie stehen aber bis jetzt allein da.

c) Das Singspiel.

(Il Dramma musicale.)

Das Singspiel im Allgemeinen ist ein dramatisches Gedicht, in welchem eine innige Verbindung der Poesie mit der Tonkunst, und eine gegenseitige Ergänzung beider durch einander bewirkt wird, um einen möglichst tiefen Eindruck auf das Gefühl des Zuschauers hervorzubringen. Um diese Verbindung und die derselben zunächst liegende Erreichung jenes Zweckes zu begründen, muſs neben den Anforderungen, welche das Drama überhaupt macht, das lyrische Element in dem dramatischen Stoffe vorwalten, da nur vermittelst des letzteren die Musik zu voller selbstständiger Wirkung auf der Bühne gebracht werden kann; aber auf dem ersteren, wo es in bestimmter Gesangsform oder vorbereitend und begleitend durch Instrumente, beruht. Damit dieser Forderung vollkommen genügt werde, hat der Dichter vor allen Dingen darauf zu sehen, daſs er die Situationen geschickt erfinde und durchführe, um den handelnden Charakteren Gelegenheit zu geben, ihre Gefühle mit möglichster Kraft und Wahrheit, in schöner, wohlklingender, dem Gesange förderlichen Form zu äuſsern. Dieſs wird am Besten durch geschickte Contrastirung, Wechsel und Steigerung der Leidenschaften und Empfindungen, interessante Situationen, scharfe Charakterzeichnung und spannende, aber rasch vorüberschreitende Handlung hervorgebracht.

Hinsichtlich der den Gesang betreffenden Form unterliegt das Singspiel denselben Gesetzen, wie die Cantate (vgl. § 43 f.), und besteht eben so aus dem Recitativ, der Arie und dem Chor, von welchen das Arioso, die Cavatine, das Duett, Terzett u. s. w. nur musikalische Nebenarten sind.

Das Singspiel zerfällt in folgende Gattungen:

1. **Die groſse oder ernste Oper** (Opera seria, auch par excellence, Dramma per musica genannt). Diese ist dem ernsten Drama verwandt, indem sie gleiche Stoffe mit demselben behandelt; es herrscht durchgängig Gesang in ihr vor; sie wird in gemischten, gereimten, nie reimlosen Versen geschrieben.

2. **Die mittlere, halbernste Oper** (Opera semi-seria); ihr Inhalt ist nicht so tragisch, ihre Behandlung nicht so feierlich, wie die der vorhergehenden Gattung.

3. **Die komische Oper** (Opera buffa) in Stoff und Behandlung, dem Lustspiel, und zwar in allen seinen Abstufungen bis zur Posse hinab, verwandt.

Die an den italienischen Höfen veranstalteten Aufführungen der Tragödien und Pastoralen, deren Chöre mit Musikbegleitung vorgetragen wurden, sind als der erste Ursprung der Oper, deren eigentliches Vaterland Italien ist, zu betrachten. Gegen das Ende des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts wurden jedoch erst Dramen eigends für die musikalische Composition und Aufführung verfaſst, und C. Rinuccini ist als der erste Operndichter (1594 — 1600) zu betrachten. Ihm folgten begabte Talente auf dieser Bahn nach, wie z. B. Chiabrera, Campeggi, Faustini, Morandi, Zeno, Frugoni, Maffei u. A. m.; den höchsten Ruhm aber trug Metastasio davon, dessen klassische Leistungen noch immer als Muster betrachtet werden, und unerreicht geblieben sind, obwohl seitdem so viele Operntexte (Libretti) in Italien erschienen und täglich erscheinen, daſs die Italiener dieselben mehr als eine Fabrikarbeit, denn als ein kunstreiches Gedicht betrachten und eben nicht sonderlichen Werth darauf legen.

§ 46.

Die inneren Formen der gemischten Gattungen der Poesie.

a) Das Capitolo.

(Il Capitolo.)

Capitolo nennt der Italiener jedes in regelmäſsigen Terzinen geschriebene Gedicht, in welchem nicht das Gefühl und die Phantasie, sondern der Verstand und der Witz vorwalten. Es kann daher ernsten, contemplativen, oder komischen und spottenden Inhaltes seyn, was gewöhnlich, besonders im letzteren Falle, noch durch irgend ein Beiwort näher bezeichnet wird. So gibt es z. B. Capitoli morali, burleschi, pedanteschi u. s. w. Früher wurde diese sehr bequeme, streng genommen nur äuſsere Form für eine äuſsere poetische Behandlung von nicht immer poetischen Stoffen vielfach benutzt, später kam sie jedoch fast ganz aus der Mode. Die Selva ist eine Nebenart des Capitolo, jedoch nicht in Terzinen, wenn auch stets in gleichlangen Versen.

b) *Die Satyre.*
(La Satira.)

Ihren Namen hat diese Gattung wahrscheinlich von dem lateinischen Worte satura, ein buntes Gemisch. Die Aufgabe derselben besteht in der Darstellung des wirklichen Lebens mit seinen sittlichen Fehlern und Thorheiten, als Gegensatz zu dem Ideal des Wahren, Guten und Schönen, nach welchem jeder Mensch, so viel er vermag, unablässig streben soll. Durch diese Darstellung aber wird zugleich die Besserung des Einzelnen wie der menschlichen Gesellschaft bezweckt, indem ihnen ein Spiegel vorgehalten wird, in welchem sie die Verirrungen, in die sie verfallen sind, mit ihrer ganzen Strafbarkeit oder Lächerlichkeit erblicken sollen. Je nachdem nun die Satyre diese Verirrungen entweder mit ernstem Tadel oder mit witzigem Spotte darstellt, wird sie als ernst oder heiter (strafend oder lachend nannte man es früher) unterschieden. Es versteht sich, daſs der Gegenstand, mit welchem sie sich beschäftigt, ästhetisch darstellbar und von allgemeinem Interesse seyn muſs; sie darf daher weder wirkliche Verbrechen noch die Vergehungen und Thorheiten eines Einzelnen schildern; im ersteren Falle überschreitet sie ihre Grenzen, im letzteren sinkt sie zum Pasquill herab. Einheit des Stoffes wie der Behandlung desselben, scharfe Charakteristik, lebhafte Darstellung, Scharfsinn, Witz und Adel der Gesinnung, der sich vorzüglich in der Erhebung über das Gemeine offenbart, sind von einer guten Satyre unzertrennlich. Je nachdem der Inhalt dargestellt wird, kann auch die Satyre episch, dramatisch oder didaktisch seyn. Die äuſsere Form hängt von der Wahl des Dichters ab; die Alten bedienten sich meist des Hexameters, die Italiener dagegen der Terzine, später auch der Verso sciolto. Der Ton richtet sich eben sowohl nach dem Gegenstande, wie nach der Auffassung und Behandlung desselben.

Als der erste Satyriker der Italiener ist unstreitig Dante zu betrachten, der in seiner unsterblichen Divina Commedia die Geissel gegen seine Widersacher eben so groſsartig wie unbarmherzig schwang; die erste eigentliche Satyre schrieb indessen Antonio Vinciguerra, doch ward er von Ariosto, Bentivoglio, Alamanni, Salvatore Rosa, L. Dolce, Menzini u. A. m. übertroffen. Später vertauschte man, wie bereits bemerkt worden, die Terzine mit dem Verso sciolto, einer Form, in der namentlich Parini für die ironische Satyre Vortreffliches leistete.

c) *Das Lehrgedicht.*
(Il poema didascalico.)

Das Lehrgedicht, welches früher sogar eine besondere Hauptklasse in der Poetik, unter dem Namen: die didactische Poesie, bildete, gehört eigentlich nur der Poesie seiner äuſseren Form nach an. Jedes Lehrgedicht hat, wie das schon in der Benennung sich ausspricht, die Belehrung zum Hauptzwecke, der wahre Zweck der Poesie kann aber nur sie selbst seyn, und dieser wird durch die vorherrschende didactische Tendenz zerstört, welche sich des Poetischen bloſs künstlich als eines Mittels bedient, um leichter und anhaltender Eingang bei dem Leser oder Hörer zu finden.

Die Aufgabe des Lehrgedichts ist, wie bereits oben gesagt wurde, zu belehren, und zwar auf eine möglichst gefällige und anmuthige Weise, denn wenn der Verfasser das nicht beabsichtigte, so würde er nicht die poetische, sondern die streng systematische, prosaische Form wählen. Er hat also hier auf zwei Punkte vorzüglich sein Augenmerk zu richten: 1) daſs das, was er lehrt, ein allgemeines rein menschliches Interesse habe; 2) daſs der gewählte Gegenstand poetischer Behandlung fähig sey, d. h. nicht bloſs den Verstand, sondern auch das Gefühl und die Phantasie anzuregen und zu beschäftigen vermöge. Er muſs daher besonders diejenigen Seiten, welche einer solchen Behandlung fähig sind, an dem von ihm gewählten Gegenstande hervorheben, mit der Darstellung derselben geschickt seine Lehren und Betrachtungen verbinden, und da hier eine ermüdende Monotonie fast unvermeidlich ist, durch gut angebrachte Bilder, Beschreibungen und Episoden das Interesse festzuhalten wissen, auf der anderen Seite jedoch auch nicht zu weit und zu oft vom Gegenstande abschweifen, sondern in strenger, innerer Einheit den Gegenstand seiner Lehre, wie diese selbst, so anschaulich wie möglich zur Darstellung bringen. Die Behandlung richtet sich demgemäſs ganz nach demselben, und der Ton muſs ihm stets angemessen seyn, für die äuſsere Form ist nichts Bestimmtes festgestellt; da aber jeder Lehrvortrag seiner Natur nach den Ausdruck der Ruhe haben muſs, so sind ruhigere, möglich gleichmäſsig fortschreitende Rhythmen die passendsten, ohne daſs jedoch ein und dasselbe Metrum für das ganze Gedicht beibehalten zu werden braucht.

Man theilte früher die Lehrgedichte in theoretische und praktische, je nachdem der Gegenstand der wissenschaftlichen Forschung oder dem Leben angehörte, oder in philosophische oder artistische (ästhetische), von denen die ersteren allgemeine Wahrheiten, die zweiten besondere Wissenschaften oder Künste behandelten; diese Eintheilung war unpassend in sofern, als sie nicht scharf und bestimmt die verschiedenen Klassen zu trennen vermochte, da ein und dasselbe Gedicht entweder ganz oder in seinen einzelnen Abtheilungen zu beiden gehören konnte. Will man hier noch Unterabtheilungen machen, so thut man am Besten, nach den Hauptwissenschaften zu klassificiren, und also demgemäſs von theologischen, philosophischen u. s. w. Lehrgedichten zu sprechen.

Die italienischen Aesthetiker rechnen diejenige Gattung, welche wir zum Unterschiede von der streng didactischen Poesie die descriptive nennen, mit zu dem Lehrgedichte, und ordnen es diesem in sofern unter, als sie den didactischen Zweck als die Hauptaufgabe betrachten, dessen zunächst aber groſse Schönheit der Darstellungen, Reichthum und Wechsel der Schilderungen und mannigfaltige Episoden verlangen, wodurch diese Gattung eine sehr gemischte wird.

Das beschreibende Gedicht (auch die poetische Schilderung, das poetische Gemälde genannt) darf nur als selbstständig betrachtet werden, wenn bloſs die dichterische Beschreibung eines Gegenstandes sein Zweck ist, wodurch es dann zu der nothwendigen Einheit eines Kunstwerkes gelangt. Da bei der Darstellung jedes beseelten, oder als beseelt gedachten Wesens Handlung nothwendig ist, um dieselbe vollkommen auszuführen, und also eine epische oder dramatische Form bedingt wird, so kann sich die dichterische Schilderung als solche nur mit unbeseelten Gegenständen beschäftigen. Hier bietet die Natur in allen ihren Erscheinungen den passendsten und reichhaltigsten Stoff dar. Auch die Kunst, jedoch nicht durch ihr Wirken, sondern durch ihre Werke, liefert angemessene Motive. Die tiefere Bedeutung erhält ein derartiges Gedicht durch die Idee des Verhältnisses der Natur oder der Kunst zum Menschen und zur Gottheit. Dadurch neigt es sich der didactischen Poesie, in sofern das Gefühl in demselben vorherrscht, es, und der Inhalt ist es, welcher hier die Form bestimmt; aus diesem Grunde wird das beschreibende Gedicht auch im Allgemeinen den gemischten Gattungen eingereiht, wie es, was bereits bemerkt wurde, von den Italienern der didactischen Poesie überhaupt zugetheilt wurde.

Das Lehrgedicht im weitesten Umfange wurde vorzüglich im sechzehnten Jahrhundert mit groſsem Fleiſs und Erfolg bei den Italiern von Alamanni, Rucellai, Tansillo u. A. behandelt; später lieferte Riccoboni in seiner Arte rappresentativa her das Vorzüglichste. Die vorherrschende Form blieb der Verso sciolto.

d) Die Schäferpoesie.
(La poesia pastorale.)

Die Schäfer- oder Hirtenpoesie, für welche sich die besondere Neigung der Zeit einst über das ganze gebildete Europa (in Italien bereits seit dem funfzehnten Jahrhundert) verbreitet hatte, stellte sich als Aufgabe, in idealisirter Darstellung das Leben unschuldiger Hirten, welche, unberührt von der spätern gesellschaftlichen Cultur, sich vollkommen naturgemäfs bewegen, in allen seinen Erscheinungen zu schildern. Sie beschäftigte sich daher mit menschlichen Zuständen, wie sie die Mythe in eine längst verschwundene Zeit, die sie als das goldene Zeitalter bezeichnet, versetzt. Durch den Gegensatz, den eine solche Darstellung zu den verderbten Verhältnissen der Gegenwart bildet, indem sie die gröfste Unschuld, Einfachheit, Bescheidenheit und Natürlichkeit glücklicher, in freundlicher Umgebung waltender Menschen vorführt, erhält die Schäferpoesie einen ganz eigenthümlichen Reiz. Vollkommene innere Einheit ist das Haupterfordernifs derselben, denn nichts darf die Harmonie stören, die als Grundlage des Ganzen vorausgesetzt wird. Die Wahl der Form hängt dagegen von dem Dichter ab; ihrem inneren Wesen nach episch, kann sie auch dramatisch oder mit vorherrschender Lyrik gestaltet werden, je nachdem der Stoff zu gröfserer Anschaulichkeit dieser oder jener Auffassung bedarf. Nicht blofs Hirten, sondern überhaupt Stände, deren Beruf sie auf die innigste Verbindung mit der freien Natur und das Leben in derselben hinweist, können in ihren Individuen als handelnde Personen in dieser Gattung dargestellt werden.

Die Italiener hatten vorzüglich drei Formen für die Schäferpoesie: a) die Ekloge, Egloga (vom griechischen ἐκλογή, eine Auswahl), welche eine epische oder dramatische Darstellung von Ereignissen im Leben der Hirten, oder von Gefühlen und Empfindungen derselben war. Ihr Wesen und Unterschied von den übrigen Arten der Pastoralpoesie ward allein durch die äufsere Form bestimmt; sie verlangte nämlich durch das ganze Gedicht hindurch für ihre Verse genau die gleiche Sylbenzahl und Gestaltung, doch liefs sie dem Dichter die Freiheit, sich der Terzine, anderer Reimverschränkung oder des Verso sciolto zu bedienen; b) die Idylle dagegen (Idillio, vom griechischen εἰδύλλιον, ein kleines Gemälde) desselben Inhaltes, nur, wo möglich, noch einfacher gehalten, verstattete den Gebrauch gemischter Verse und freiwilliger Reimverschränkung; c) das Pastoraldrama endlich war mit demselben Inhalte ein Drama in freiester äufserer wie innerer Form. — Eine vierte Form, der Schäferroman, eine prosaische Erzählung, durch poetische Poesien verschiedenster Art unterbrochen, gehört nicht hieher, sondern in das Gebiet der Prosa.

Die ältesten Schäfergedichte in der neueren Literatur überhaupt waren Boccaccio's Admet, ein Schäferroman mit eingelegten Terzinen, und dessen, dieser Gattung verwandtes, aber [illegible] zufälliges Ninfale Fiesolano. Später zeichneten sich vorzüglich Sannazar, Beccari, Torq. Tasso, Baldi, Guarini, Marino, Lemene, Guidi u. A. m. aus. Nachher erlosch die Neigung dafür gänzlich.

e) Die Allegorie.
(L'Allegoria, il poema allegorico.)

Die Allegorie (von ἄλλο, anders, und ἀγορεύω, ich rede, spreche) bezeichnet ursprünglich eine rednerische Figur, durch welche zugleich eine Sache dargestellt, und unter und mit dieser bildlichen Darstellung eine andere gemeint und angedeutet wird. Im engeren Sinne genommen, ist sie ein Gedicht, das einen Gegenstand unter einem ihm vollkommen entsprechenden Bilde schildert. Sie kann als solches für sich bestehen und daher in jeder poetischen Form erscheinen oder auch einen Theil eines gröfseren Gedichtes ausmachen, mit welchem sie eben so vollkommen verwebt, wie in sich vollendet und abgerundet seyn mufs.

Allegorien kommen häufig in italienischen Dichtungen, ausdrücklich für sich bestehend aber seltener vor. Die berühmtesten sind **Petrarca's Trionfi.**

f) Die poetische Epistel, das Epigramm u.s.w.

Die **poetische Epistel** (l'epistola poetica) ist ein vertraulicher Brief poetischen Inhaltes, in poetischer Form, von allgemeinem Interesse. Die Italiener bedienen sich für dieselbe meist der Terzine oder des Verso sciolto. Sie haben diese Art im Ganzen wenig und erst spät angebaut, und das Beste in dieser Gattung leisteten vorzüglich **Algarotti, Frugoni, Pindemonte** u. A. m.

Das **Epigramm** (von ἐπίγραμμα, eine Inschrift, Aufschrift) ist ein kleines Gedicht, das einen poetisch-interessanten Gegenstand mit wenigen aber scharfen und charakteristischen Zügen anziehend darstellt. Es verlangt daher die höchste Präcision und Nettigkeit im Ausdrucke. Für die äussere Form schreiben die Italiener keine bestimmten Regeln vor. **Alamanni** führte das Epigramm zuerst in die italienische Litteratur ein und fand viele talentvolle Nachfolger.

Die **Gnome**, *il Mottetto*, ist ein kurzes Gedicht, das einen belehrenden Gedanken enthält, und gewöhnlich aus drei, nie aus mehr als fünf, meist gemischten und gereimten Verszeilen besteht.

Das **Räthsel**, *l'Indovinello, il* [illegible], ist eine Spielerei des Verstandes in poetischer Form, das entweder einen Gegenstand in seinen Theilen und Eigenschaften schildert, ohne ihn zu nennen, und dies dem Scharfsinn des Lesers überlässt, oder dessen Namen selbst künstlich in den Worten verbirgt. Ein Beispiel der letzteren Art ist folgendes über das Wort velo:

Indovinate un poco in velo dirò;
Indovinate or su; in ve l'ho detto.
Di nuovo vel dirò; vi stimo un fico,
Se non sapete ormai questo mio detto.

Kunstdichter beschäftigten sich wenig damit, desto grösseres Wohlgefallen fand das italienische Volk daran, das einen grossen Schatz von (oft überraschend geistreichen) Räthseln aller Art besitzt.

II. Ueberblick der Geschichte der italienischen Poesie.

§. 1.

Ursprung und Entwickelung der italienischen Sprache.

Nach der Ansicht einiger Gelehrten ist das Italienische keine Tochtersprache des Lateinischen, sondern gleichsam eine Schwester desselben, und bestand gleichzeitig neben ihm als Umgangssprache des gemeinen Mannes, während dieses die Sprache der Gebildeten, der öffentlichen Verhandlungen und der Schriftsteller war; die eigentliche gebildete Sprache verschwand und der Volksdialect nahm im Laufe der Zeit ihre Stelle ein und bildete sich zur Schriftsprache aus. Andere Forscher, und diese bilden die grössere Zahl, behaupten dagegen, es sei eine Tochter des Lateinischen, und aus der Verderbtheit des Letzteren mit Aufnahme vieler Wörter aus den Sprachen der Barbaren, welche als Sieger mit dem Verfalle des Kaiserreichs Italien überschwemmten, hervorgegangen. Bis zum Ende des zwölften Jahrhunderts blieb das Lateinische die Sprache der Dichter und Schriftsteller, dann aber, als vorzüglich am Hofe der Könige von Sicilien die Dichtkunst gepflegt wurde, und die Troubadours der Provence dort in einem nahe verwandten Idiom mit grossem Beifalle sangen, begannen die Eingebornen ebenfalls in der Volkssprache (lingua volgare) ihrer Provinz, bald aber in einer ganz Italien gemeinschaftlichen Sprache, die nun schnell sich zur Büchersprache emporschwang, zu dichten. Diese Sprache hatte das Glück, dass sich schon im vierzehnten Jahrhunderte drei der grössten Geister, welche Italien je hervorgebracht, ihr mit Vorliebe zuwandten und ihr eine hohe Ausbildung gaben. In Folge dessen wurden von bald darauf ihre grammatischen Regeln festgestellt, und die Leistungen der Akademieen, der Uebersetzer klassischer Meisterwerke und der Sprachforscher während des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts vorzüglich, gaben ihr die nöthige Vollendung, so dass sie eine der reichsten, wohlklingendsten und ausgebildetsten lebenden Sprachen geworden ist.

§. 2.

Erste Periode der italienischen Poesie.

1198 — 1265.

Die provençalischen Troubadours und die nordfranzösischen Trouvères, vorzüglich aber die ersteren, wie bereits im vorigen Paragraph bemerkt wurde, hatten im Norden wie im Süden Italiens, in der Lombardei wie in Sicilien, überaus freundliche Aufnahme und Nachahmung gefunden, und Italiener selbst versuchten anfangs in derselben Sprache, dann aber nur in den von ihnen entlehnten Formen in ihrer eigenen Umgangssprache zu dichten. Sowohl denen, welche die provençalische Mundart für ihre Dichtungen wählten, wie z. B. Folchetto von Genua, Nicoletto von Turin, Giorgi von Venedig, und vor Allen der berühmte Sordello aus Mantua u. A. m., wie auch den Andern, welche in sicilianischer Hofsprache oder in der nördlichen Lingua volgare dichteten, ward der Beifall der Menge nicht versagt, und die Geschichte der italienischen Nationalliteratur spricht die Namen dieser Begründer der vaterländischen Poesie, wie Ciullo d'Alcamo, Guido Guinicelli, Dante da Majano, Nino, Brunetto Latini, Guido Cavalcanti u. s. w., von denen sämmtlich Gedichte auf die Nachwelt gekommen sind, verehrend aus. Selbstständig beschäftigten sie sich jedoch nur mit lyrischer Poesie, oder übersetzten, vorzüglich als die Wiederbelebung der Wissenschaften die Kenntniss der klassischen antiken Werke in Italien mehr verbreitete. Dieser ganze Zeitraum ist daher nur als die Periode der Vorbereitung und der ersten Versuche zu betrachten.

§. 3.

Zweite Periode.

1265 — 1375.

Die Zeit der Vorbereitung, die wir im vorigen Abschnitte charakterisirten, war nur kurz. Schon im folgenden Jahrhunderte nahm die Poesie Italiens, die in eigenthümlicher Wechselwirkung zu der Wissenschaft jener Tage stand, einen außerordentlichen Aufschwung, und drei große Geister führten ihr goldenes Zeitalter herbei. Es waren Dante, Petrarca und Boccaccio. Dante Alighieri (geboren 1265 zu Florenz, gestorben 1321 in der Verbannung zu Ravenna) war der Erste, der ein zusammenhängendes großes italienisches Gedicht schuf, das ein getreuer Abdruck seiner großartigen Gesinnung wie der Weltanschauung jener Epoche war. Er hatte nicht geringeren Kampf mit der noch ungebildeten Sprache, als mit dem gewaltigen Stoffe, der in sich die bedeutendsten Erscheinungen der Vergangenheit, wie die mächtigen Strebungen der Gegenwart vereinigte, aber er besiegte Beides meisterhaft, und seine Genialität wie seine Gesinnung hoben sich, und ergänzten sich in seiner Divina Commedia wechselseitig. Aus dem [illegible] engbegrenzten Kreise, in welchem die noch junge Poesie seines Landes sich bisher bewegte, führte er sie heraus, den bedeutendsten Interessen des Lebens zu, wie eine edle Jungfrau, die ein Held zum Weibe nimmt und nun in das Leben bringt, und an dessen höheren Zuständen selbstthätigen Antheil nehmen lässt. Sein unvergleichliches Werk, das zugleich auf der Geschichte der Glaubenslehre, der philosophischen Weltbetrachtung und der tiefsten Empfindung ruhte, war von unglaublicher Wirkung, und bildete lange die Norm für verwandte Bestrebungen, wie es noch jetzt der Gegenstand tiefer Studien und unwandelbarer Verehrung der Nachkommen ist. Alle anderen Werke Dante's, so bedeutend sie an und für sich auch sind, und so viel einzelne darunter auch die Entwicklung italienischer Poesie befördert haben, erscheinen nur wie untergeordnete Diener, die mit schönsten Kräften des Geistes zur Anerkennung und zur Verherrlichung ihres Herrn und Meisters beitragen. Was jedoch Dante fehlte, die leichte, anmuthige, spielende Beherrschung der Form, das verlieh der **Francesco Petrarca** (geboren 1304 zu Arezzo, gestorben 1374 zu Arqua, ebenfalls florentinischer Abkunft) durch seine unübertrefflichen lyrischen Gedichte, in welchen die zarteste und tiefste Empfindung durch eine reiche Phantasie in vollendetster Gestaltung zur Erscheinung gebracht wird. — Seine grössern Verdienste um die Verbreitung der Wissenschaften gehören, ihrer Wirkung nach, einem andern Gebiete an, und können nur angedeutet werden, obgleich ihr indirecter Einfluss auf die Entwickelung der Poesie, durch die Beförderung eines reinern Geschmackes, höchst bedeutend war. — Der dritte dieser grossen Männer, **Giovanni Boccaccio**, aus Certaldo bei Florenz (geboren 1313, gestorben 1375 in seinem Geburtsorte), war ebenso glücklich in gewandter Behandlung der poetischen Form, wenn auch hier nicht eigentlich selbstständig, dagegen aber der Schöpfer italienischer Prosa in seinem an Erfindung eben so reichen, wie durch den Zauber und die Blüthe der Darstellung ausgezeichneten **Decamerone**, einer Sammlung von Novellen. — Wie sein Freund Petrarca erwarb sich Boccaccio auch grosse Verdienste um die Wissenschaften.

Durch diese drei grossen Männer hatte die italienische Poesie erhalten, was sie zu ihrer Ausbreitung brauchte, allgemeine Anerkennung und ausgezeichnete echt nationale Muster der Nachbildung. Schon die gleichzeitigen Dichter erkannten dies und richteten ihr Streben darauf hin, obwohl weit hinter ihren Vorbildern zurückbleibend. Unter ihnen sind vorzüglich zu nennen: **Cecco d'Ascoli** (eigentlich Francesco Stabili aus Ascoli, geboren 1257, wegen irreligiöser Lehren nach damaligen Begriffen, 1327 zu Florenz verbrannt), ein Gegner Dante's und Guido Cavalcanti's, den er vorzüglich in seinem grössern Gedichte l'Acerba angriff, und nach der Behauptung einiger Literarhistoriker, der Erfinder der Ottave Rime; **Albertino Mussato** (geboren 1261 zu Padua, gestorben 1330), der Verfasser mehrerer Tragödien; **Cino da Pistoja**, ausgezeichnet als Lyriker; **Francesco da Barberino** (geboren 1264 zu Barberino, gestorben 1348) gelobt wegen seines mehr didactischen als lyrischen poetischen Werkes Documenti d'amore; **Fazio degli Uberti** aus Florenz (gestorben 1358), ein Nachahmer Dante's in seinem **Dittamondo**, einer in Terzinen geschriebenen Geographie; **Antonio Pucci** (gestorben 1360), Verfasser satyrischer und burlesker Poesieen; **Buonaccorso da Montemagno** der Aeltere (gestorben um 1390), glücklicher lyrischer Dichter und grosser Kenner der Dichtkunst u. A. m. Im Ganzen herrschte jedoch auch in diesem Zeitraume die Lyrik vor.

§. 4.

Dritte Periode.

1375 — 1475.

Dieser Zeitraum ist als der der Nachahmung zu charakterisiren, doch begrüsste er zugleich auch die ersten selbstständigen und kunstbewussten Anfänge in der epischen und dramatischen Poesie. Die Richtung des Jahrhunderts hatte sich vorzüglich dem Studium des Alterthums und der Philosophie zugewandt, und die Poesie beschränkte sich darauf, die grossen Muster der vorigen Periode nachzuahmen. Die meisten Dichter jener Tage erscheinen daher auch nur als Nachahmer, so z. B. **Fed. Frezzi**, Bischof von Foligno, gestorben 1416, dessen Muster für sein **Quadriregio** Dante war; **Giusto dei Conti** aus Rom, gestorben 1449, der in seiner Sammlung von lyrischen Poesieen, **la bella mano**, Petrarca nachahmte u. A. m. Als bedeutend sind nur hervorzuheben: **Domenico di Nani**, genannt Burchiello, Barbier zu Florenz, gestorben 1450, ausgezeichnet als burlesker Satyriker; **Luca Pulci**, Verfasser des **Ciriffo Calvaneo** (gest. 1470), und dessen Bruder **Luigi Pulci** (geboren 1432, gest. 1487), der Dichter des **Morgante maggiore**, beide als die Schöpfer der romantischen Epopöe zu betrachten; Lorenzo de' Medici, il Magnifico genannt (geboren 1448 zu Florenz, Haupt der Republik, gestorben 1492), selbst ein glücklicher, fruchtbarer, lyrischer Dichter, und ein großer und freigebiger Gönner der Musen, daher auch mit dem Beinamen der Vater der Wissenschaft geehrt; Angelo Poliziano, geboren 1454 zu Montepulciano, gestorben 1494 in Florenz, der Verfasser des ersten italienischen Singspiels, berühmter noch durch seine ausgebreitete Gelehrsamkeit; Matteo Bojardo, geboren um 1430, gestorben 1494), der Dichter des verliebten Roland; Lucretia Tornabuoni, die Mutter des Lorenz von Medicis, gestorben 1482, rühmlichst bekannt wegen trefflicher religiöser Poesieen, und endlich Serafino dall' Aquila, geboren um 1466, gestorben 1500, der erste bedeutende Improvisator, vorzüglich glücklich in Barzelletten.

§. 5.

Vierte Periode.

1475 — 1575.

Die italienischen Literarhistoriker pflegen, und nicht mit Unrecht, das sechzehnte Jahrhundert als das der eigentlichen Blüthe ihrer Nationalliteratur zu betrachten und es gewöhnlich als das Jahrhundert Leo's X. zu bezeichnen. Die bedeutenden geschichtlichen Ereignisse dieses Zeitraumes, welche zu allgemein bekannt sind, als dass es nothwendig wäre, sie hier näher zu bezeichnen, hatten einen mächtigen Einfluss auf den Umschwung des Geistes und die Verbreitung der Ideen, und dehnten daher natürlich ihre Wirkung auch auf die Poesie aus, welche nun mit grösserem kritischen Bewusstseyn nach allen Seiten hin und in allen ihren Gattungen angebaut wurde. Lorenz von Medicis (s. §. 4) wird gewöhnlich als der Wiederhersteller der Poesie genannt. Das romantische Epos erhielt seinen höchsten Glanz durch Ariost, wie das heroische Epos, das Trissino wieder erweckt hatte, durch Torquato Tasso; Sannazar, Muzio und Rota verbreiteten mit Erfolg die Hirtenpoesie; Trissino, Rucellai u. A. m. fanden Beifall mit regelmäßigen Tragödien; Bibbiena, Macchiavelli u. A. lieferten gelungene satyrische Lustspiele, und die Commedie dell'arte, Italien eigenthümlich, fanden den allgemeinsten Beifall. Berni gründete die nach ihm benannte Gattung der leichten, burlesken Satyre, während die ernste Satyre durch Vinciguerra und Alamanni sich kunstgemäss und doch frei entwickelte. Endlich ward auch die didactische Poesie um diese Zeit eingeführt, und die Lehrgedichte von Rucellai, Alamanni, Muzio fanden grossen und bleibenden Beifall. Das sechzehnte Jahrhundert übertraf das vierzehnte, so unerreicht auch die Werke der grossen Meister desselben noch immer waren, an Reichthum und Vielseitigkeit, und ist bis jetzt als der eigentliche Höhepunkt in der Entwickelung der italienischen Poesie anzusehen, denn es hat die grösste Zahl bedeutender Dichter aufzuweisen. Unter ihnen sind vorzüglich hervorzuheben: Giov. Rucellai, geb. 1475 zu Florenz, gest. 1526, berühmt durch sein didactisches Gedicht, die Bienen, und seine Trauerspiele; Jac. Sannazaro, geb. 1458 in Neapel, gest. 1530, ausgezeichnet als lyrischer Dichter und Prosaist in seiner Muttersprache, wie durch treffliche lateinische Poesieen; Ludovico Ariosto aus Reggio, geb. 1474, gestorben 1533, von den Italienern der Göttliche genannt, unsterblich durch seinen rasenden Roland, gross in allen seinen Werken; Bernardo Accolti aus Arezzo, geb. 1466, gest. 1534, von den Italienern als der Einzige bezeichnet, einer der glücklichsten Improvisatoren, Erfinder der Strambotti; Francesco Berni aus Campovecchio (geboren 1490, gest. 1536), der Schöpfer der nach ihm benannten Gattung der leichten burlesken volksthümlichen Satyre; Angelo Beolco, genannt Ruzzante, geb. 1502, gest. 1542, Verfasser volksthümlicher Lustspiele und Carnevalspossen, in denen er die Dialekte auf die Bühne brachte; Vittoria Colonna aus Marino, geb. 1490, gest. 1547, gross als elegische Dichterin; Pietro Bembo aus Venedig (geb. 1470, Cardinal 1539, gest. 1547, trefflich als Nachahmer Petrarca's in lyrischen Poesieen, noch bedeutender als Prosaist; Giov. Giorg. Trissino aus Vicenza, geb. 1478, gest. 1550, ein strenger Nachahmer der alten Klassiker, besonders glücklich in seinen dramatischen Leistungen; Luigi Alamanni aus Florenz, geb. 1475, gest. 1556, Meister im Verso sciolto, am Erfolgreichsten durch sein dramatisches Gedicht, della Coltivazione; Ant. Franc. Grazzini, genannt il Lasca, aus Florenz, gest. 1583, berühmter Novellist und sehr glücklich in scherzhaften Gedichten; Pietro Aretino aus Arezzo, geboren 1492, gest. 1556, sich selbst die Geißel der Fürsten nennend, ein fruchtbares, vielseitiges Talent, aber einer der schamlosesten Menschen, die je die Erde trug; Bernardo Tasso aus Bergamo, geb. 1493, gest. 1569, ausgezeichnet als lyrischer und epischer Dichter, berühmter Vater eines noch berühmteren Sohnes; Luigi Tansillo aus Venosa, gest. 1570, einer der gewandtesten Nachahmer Berni's; Ercole Bentivoglio, geb. zu Mailand 1506, gest. 1567 (n. A. 1573) zu Venedig, trefflicher Satyriker und Lustspieldichter; Bernardo Rota aus Neapel, gest. 1575, der Vater der Fischeridylle in Italien; Torq. Tasso, geb. 1544 zu Sorrento, gest. 1595, am Tage vor seiner Krönung auf dem Capitol, der Dichter der Gerusalemme liberata, des Aminta, vieler ausgezeichneter lyrischer Poesieen und als der letzte, aber neben Ariost auch der größte unter den ausgezeichneten Epikern dieser bedeutenden Zeit, mit diesem stets von den Italienern Dante und Petrarca zur Seite gestellt u. A. m.

§. 6.

Fünfte Periode.

1600 — 1700.

Mit dem Schlusse des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts beginnt eine Zeit des Verfalls in der Geschichte der italienischen Poesie. — Man strebte mit zu großer Begierlichkeit nach Neuem und griff auf Uebertreibung. An die Stelle poetischer Wahrheit, tiefen Gefühls, lebendiger warmer Darstellung und ächter Begeisterung traten Schwulst, Spiel des combinirenden Verstandes, der Alles auf die Spitze trieb, und gemachter Enthusiasmus. Am Erfolgreichsten wurde die lyrische Poesie und die ernste Satyre behandelt, so wie das komische satyrische Epos; alle anderen Gattungen hatten sich dagegen geringerer Pflege zu erfreuen. Zu den nennenswerthesten Dichtern dieses Zeitraumes gehören: Giov. Batt. Guarini, geb. 1537 in Ferrara, gest. 1612, mit Recht berühmt wegen seiner tragikomischen Pastorale, il pastor fido, in welcher der Einfluß des vorigen Jahrhunderts sich noch glänzend offenbart; Bernardo Baldi, geb. 1553 in Urbino, gest. 1617, bedeutend durch die Correctheit seiner reimlosen Verse, vorzüglich im didactischen Gedichte, erfolgreich als Fabeldichter; Ottavio Rinuccini aus Florenz, gest. 1621, der Verfasser der ersten regelmäßigen italienischen Opern: Daphne, Euridice und Ariadne; Giulio Cesare Croce aus Persiceto, geb. 1550, gest. 1609, nach Andern 1620, der Vater des satyrischen Volksromans; Giambattista Marino, geb. 1569 zu Neapel, gest. 1625, der Verderber des guten Geschmackes, Stifter einer poetischen Schule, der nach ihm genannten Marinisten, mit reichem Talente begabt, aber dasselbe missbrauchend; Alessandro Tassoni, geb. 1565 zu Modena, gest. 1635, der Schöpfer des komischen italienischen Epos, klassisch durch seine Correctheit; Gabr. Chiabrera, geb. 1552 zu Savona, gest. 1637, als lyrischer Dichter bedeutend durch seinen pindarischen Ton, weniger erfolgreich als epischer Dichter; Michel Angelo Buonarotti, der Neffe des großen Michel Angelo, gest. 1646, Verfasser einiger eigenthümlicher Lustspiele in ottave rime; Fulvio Testi, geb. 1593 zu Ferrara, gest. 1646 als Odendichter, ein Nachahmer des Horaz; Francesco Bracciolini, geb. 1566 zu Pistoja, gest. 1645, glücklich in lustiger epischer Darstellung; Lorenzo Lippi, florentinischer Maler, gestorben 1664, berühmt durch sein burleskes, jedoch wegen vieler florentinischer Ausdrücke schwer verständliches Epos Il Malmantile racquistato; **Salvatore Rosa**, geboren 1615, gest. 1673, der groſse Maler, in der italienischen Poesie, ausgezeichnet durch markige Satyren; **Vincenzio Capponi**, gestorben 1688, geübt als religiöser Dichter u. A. m.

§. 7.

Sechste Periode.

1675 — 1775.

Gegen das Ende des vorigen Zeitraums bildete sich bereits eine entschiedene Reaction, welche kräftig darauf hin arbeitete, den falschen Geschmack der Marinisten zu verdrängen; am Meisten wandte man sich der Lyrik und der Satyre zu, doch wurden auch die dramatische, die didactische und die epische (besonders komische) Poesie mit Erfolg behandelt. Die französische Literatur gewann jedoch einen starken Einfluſs auf die italienische, der bis zum Schlusse dieser Periode vorherrschte. Als die vorzüglichsten Dichter derselben sind aufzuführen: **Benedetto Menzini**, geb. 1646 zu Florenz, gest. 1704, ausgezeichnet als Satyriker und Didactiker; **Vincenzio Filicaja**, geb. zu Florenz 1642, gest. 1707, glücklicher in der Ausführung, als in der Erfindung seiner Gedichte, besonders seiner Eklogen; **Alessandro Marchetti**, geb. 1632 zu Pontormo, gest. 1714, trefflich als Uebersetzer des Anakreon und des Lucrez; **Nicolo Forteguerra**, geb. 1674 zu Pesaro, gestorben 1735, der glücklichste Nachahmer des Ariost; **Apostolo Zeno**, geb. 1668 zu Venedig, gest. 1750, Verfasser meisterhafter lyrischer Dramen und Oratorien; **Paolo Rolli**, geb. 1687 in Rom, gest. 1774, rühmlich genannt als Lyriker und als Uebersetzer Miltons, Anakreons und Virgils; **Carlo Frugoni**, geb. 1692 in Genua, gest. 1768, sehr glücklich in Liedern und poetischen Episteln; **Pietro Metastasio**, geb. 1698 in Rom, gest. 1782, der Glanzpunkt dieser Epoche, als lyrischer Dramatiker klassisch; **Gasparo Gozzi**, geb. 1713 in Venedig, gest. 1786, gefeiert als Lyriker und Satyriker; **Giuseppe Parini**, geb. 1729 zu Bosisio, gest. 1799, einer der bedeutendsten neueren Satyriker, u. A. m. — Zu bemerken ist noch, daſs die Akademie der Arkadier in den ersten Decennien dieses Zeitraums unter dem Patronate Christinens von Schweden in Rom (1690) gegründet wurde, und nicht wenig zur Wiederherstellung eines reineren Geschmackes beitrug.

§. 8.

Siebente Periode.

1775 — 1850.

Die letzten Decennien des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, so wie die ersteren des neunzehnten, zeichnen sich aus durch die Tendenz, den nachtheiligen französischen Einfluſs zu verdrängen, und an dessen Stelle ein echt nationales Element einzuführen, während auf der anderen Seite durch meisterhafte Uebersetzungen antiker, wie moderner Poesieen viel für die Verbreitung des guten Geschmackes in freierer Ausbildung gethan wurde. Ein ernsterer, würdigerer Ton macht sich zugleich mit einem vielseitigen fruchtbaren Streben durchgängig bemerkbar, und es scheint sich eine neue glanzvolle Aera für die italienische Poesie vorzubereiten. — Die Zahl der Dichter wächst immer mehr, wir müssen uns daher hier darauf beschränken, nur die bedeutendsten anzuführen, zu denen gehören **Vittorio Alfieri**, geb. 1749 zu Asti, gest. 1803, der groſsartigste tragische Dichter Italiens; **Vincenzio Monti**, der höchst talentvolle Nachahmer Alfieri's und Dante's, geboren 1753 zu Fusignano; **Carlo Gozzi**, geb. 1718 zu Venedig, gest. 1806, der unerreichte Dichter dramatischer Volksmärchen; **Lorenzo Pignotti**, geb. 1739 zu Arezzo, gest. 1812, überaus glücklicher Fabeldichter; **Giovanni Pindemonte**, **Giov. Batt. Nicolini**, **Aless. Manzoni**, **Fr. Ruffa**, **Ugo Foscolo**, **Silvio Pellico** als Trauerspieldichter und viele Andere mehr.

Parnasso Italiano.

1.

Der heilige Franz von Assisi.

Geboren 1182 zu Assisi, gestorben 1226 als Einsiedler in der Nähe seines Geburtsortes. Der nachfolgende Hymnus, einer der ersten Dichtungen in toscanischer Sprache, ward von Fra Pacifico, einem seiner Gefährten, in Musik gesetzt und von den andern Ordensbrüdern gesungen. Wir theilen ihn hier in gereinigter Schreibart mit, wie er sich bei Crescimbeni, Comentarj intorno all' Istoria della Poesia Italiana I. B. c. 8, findet.

Cantico del Sole.

Altissimo Signore,
Vostre sono le lodi,
La gloria, e gli onori,
Ed a voi solo s'hanno a riferire
Tutte le grazie; e nessun uomo è
Degno di nominarvi.
Siate laudato, Dio, ed esaltato,
Signore mio, da tutte le creature,
Ed in particolar dal sommo Sole
Vostra fattura, Signore, il qual fa
Chiaro il giorno che c'illumina,
Onde per sua bellezza e suo splendore
Egli è vostra figura
E dalla bianca Luna e vaghe stelle
Da voi nel ciel create,
Così lucenti e belle.
Laudato sia il mio Signor pel fuoco
Da cui la notte viene illuminata
Nelle tenebre sue,
Perch' egli è risplendente
Allegro, bello, vago, e vigoroso.
Laudato sia il mio Signor dall' aere,
Da i venti, e dal sereno,
Dal nuvolo, e da tutti
Gli altri tempi, pe' quali
Vivono tutte queste
Altre basse creature.
Laudato sia il mio Signor per l'acqua,
Elemento utilissimo a' mortali,
Umile, casta, e chiara.
Laudato sia il mio Signor per la nostra
Madre terra, la quale
Ci sostenta e nudrisce ed produce
Tanta diversità
Dell' erbe, di fiori, e frutti.
Laudato sia il mio Signor per quelli
Che perdonan per suo
Amore, e che sopportano i travagli
Con pazienza, e l'infermità
Con allegrezza di spirito.
Laudato sia il mio Signore
Per la morte corporale
Dalla qual nessun uomo
Vivente può fuggire.
Grazia a quelli che muoiono in peccato
Mortale, e beati quelli
Che all' ora della morte
Si troveranno nella vostra grazia
Per aver' ubbidito
Alla vostra santissima volontà;
Perchè non vedranno
La seconda morte
Delle pene eterne.
Laudate e rendete
Grazie al mio Signore, siategli grati,
E servitelo, voi tutte creature,
Con quella umiltà che voi dovete.

2.

Pier delle Vigne.

Petrus de Vineis ward gegen das Ende des zwölften Jahrhunderts zu Capua geboren, trat nach vollendeten Studien in die Dienste Kaiser Friedrichs II., der ihn zu seinem Kanzler erhob, ihm aber später, weil er der Untreue verdächtig wurde, die Augen ausstechen ließ. Er starb 1249.

Canzone.

Amore, in cui io vivo ed ho fidanza,
Di voi, bella, m'ha dato guiderdone;
Guardomi in fin che vegna la speranza
Pure aspettando bon tempo e stagione,
Come huom che è in mare, e ha speme di gire
Quando vede lo tempo, e ello spanna
E già mai la speranza non lo inganna,
Così facci Madonna in voi venire.
Or potessio venire a voi, amorosa,
Come il ladrone ascoso, e non paresse,
Ben lo mi terria in gioja avventurosa
Se lo amor tanto di ben mi facesse.
Si bel parlare, Donna, con voi fora,
E direi come vamai lungamente
Più che Piramo Tisbe dolcemente
E vameraggio, in fin ch'io vivo ancora.
Vostro amore mi tiene in tal desiro,
E donami speranza con gran gioja,

Ch'io non curo s'io doglio, e ho martiro,
Membrando l'hora ch'io vegno à voi:
Che s'io troppo dimoro, aulenta cera,
Pare ch'io pera, e voi mi perderete.
Adunque, bella, se ben mi volete,
Guardate ch'io non mora in vostra spera.
In vostra spera vivo, Donna mia,
E lo meo core adesso à voi rimando
E l'hora tarda mi pare che sia,
Che fino amore al vostro cor mi mando
E guardo tempo che mi sia a piacere;
E spando le mie vele ver voi, Rosa:
E prendo porto là ove si posa
Lo meo core allo vostro insegnamento.
Mia Canzonetta, porta i tuoi compianti
A quella che in balia ha lo meo core
E le mie pene contale davante,
E dille come io moro per suo amore:
E mandimi per suo messaggio a dire,
Come io conforti l'amor, ch'io li porto:
E s'io ver lei feci alcuno torto
Donimi penitenza al suo volere.

3.

Guittone d' Arezzo.

Er hieß nach Einigen Viva nach Andern Bonelli, ward zu Arezzo geboren, wurde ein Mitglied des Ordens der Cavalieri oder Frati Gaudenti und starb 1294. Dante erwähnt ihn in der gött. Comödie (Purg. XXVI v. 124), Petrarca im Trionfo d'Amore (c. 4).

Sonetto.

Donna del cielo, gloriosa madre
Del buon Gesù, la cui sacrata morte
Per liberarci da le infernal' porte
Tolse l'error del primo nostro padre;
Risguarda amor con saette aspre e quadre
A qual strazio m'adduce ed a qual sorte;
Madre pietosa, a noi cara consorte,
Ritraine dal seguir sue turbe e squadre.
Infondi in me di quel divino amore
Che tira l'alma nostra al primo loco,
Sì ch'io disciolga l'amoroso nodo.
Cotal rimedio ha questo aspro furore,
Tal' acqua suole spegner questo foco,
Come d'asse si trae chiodo con chiodo.

Sonetto.

Quanto più mi distrugge il mio pensiero,
Che la durezza altrui produsse al mondo,
Tanto ognor, lasso, in lui più mi profondo,
E col fuggir de la speranza spero.
Io parlo meco, e riconosco in vero
Che mancherò sotto sì grave pondo;
Ma 'l mio fermo desir tant' è giocondo,
Ch' io bramo e seguo la cagion ch' io pero.
Ben forse alcun verrà dopo qualch' anno,
Il qual leggendo i miei sospiri in rima
Si dolerà de la mia dura sorte.
E chi sa che colei ch' or non mi stima,
Visto con il mio mal giunto il suo danno,
Non deggia lagrimar de la mia morte?

4.

Guido Cavalcanti.

Er ward in der ersten Hälfte des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts zu Florenz geboren, und starb nach einem sehr bewegten Leben im Jahre 1300.

Sonetto.

Una giovine donna di Tolosa
Bella e gentil, d'onesta leggiadria,
Tanto è diritta e somigliante cosa
Ne' suoi begli occhi de la donna mia,
Che ha fatto dentro al cor desiderosa
L'anima in guisa, che da lui si svia,
E vassene a lei; ma tanto è paurosa,
Che non le dice di qual donna sia.
Quella la mira nel suo dolce sguardo
Ne lo qual fece rallegrar amore,
Perchè v'è dentro la sua donna dritta,
Poi torna piena di sospir nel core,
Ferita a morte d'un tagliente dardo
Che questa donna nel partir le gitta.

5.

Dante Alighieri.

Dieser große Mann, der Vater der italienischen Poesie, war ein Sprößling des edeln florentinischen Geschlechtes der Alighieri, und ward im Mai 1265 zu Florenz geboren. Er erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung und entwickelte sich sehr früh. Schon in seinem neunten Jahre nahm die Liebe zu Beatrice Portinari sein ganzes Herz ein, und erhielt sich in demselben trotz aller späteren Lebensstürme in unwandelbarer Kraft und Herrlichkeit bis an den Tod, obgleich Beatrice schon 1290 von der Erde schied. Dante vollendete seine philosophischen und theologischen Studien zu Bologna, und kehrte dann in seine Vaterstadt zurück, deren Diensten er sich weihte, und wo er sich 1291 mit Gemma dei Donati vermählte, die ihm fünf Söhne und eine Tochter gebar. 1300 ward er [illegible] zum Prior erwählt, als zur Partei der Bianchi (Ghibellinen) gehörend, zu der er aus Erbitterung von der Partei der Neri (Guelfen), der er früher angehangen, übergetreten war, verbannte er sich, da die Letzteren den Sieg davon trugen, 1302 freiwillig. Seine Gegner fällten das Urtheil des ewigen Exils über ihn, und Dante irrte nun heimathlos, theils in Romagna, theils an den Höfen italienischer [illegible], theils auch in der Einsamkeit längere oder kürzere Zeit verweilend, umher, bis zu seinem am 14 September 1321 in Ravenna erfolgten Tode. Während seines Exils vollendete er sein unsterbliches Werk, die Divina Commedia, die der großartigste Abdruck seines Charakters, seiner Weltanschauung und seiner Zeit ist. Diesem

— — göttlichen Gedichte
Hat er Alles eingeschrieben,
Mit so ew'gen Feuerzügen
Wie der Blitz in Felsen schreibet.

Uhland.

Außer der D. C. hinterließ er noch: la vita nuova, die glühende Schilderung seiner Liebe zu Beatrice mit eingestreuten Gedichten enthaltend, 1291 vollendet; ferner il convito, 1310 geschrieben, ein Commentar zu drei von seinen Gedichten; zwei Bücher der Schrift della volgare eloquenza, an der er gegen das Ende seines Lebens arbeitete, von ihm so wie das Buch von der Monarchie in lateinischer Sprache abgefaßt, und erst später von Trissino in das Italienische übertragen, und endlich eine poetische Paraphrase der sieben Bußpsalmen und des Credo, so wie mehrere Canzonen, lateinische Episteln, die ersten Gesänge der D. C. in lateinischen Versen u. s. w. — Bereits 1373 war schon in Florenz ein öffentlicher Lehrstuhl für die D. C. errichtet, und Boccaccio der Erste, der denselben bekleidet und es erläutert hatte.

Inferno.

Canto XXXII. v. 124—139. C. XXXIII. v. 1—87.

Noi eravam partiti già da ello,
Ch'io vidi duo ghiacciati in una buca
Sì, che l'un capo all'altro era cappello:
E come 'l pan per fame si manduca,
Così 'l sovran li denti all'altro pose
Là, 've 'l cervel s'aggiunge con la nuca.
Non altrimenti Tideo si rose
Le tempie a Menalippo per disdegno,
Che quei faceva 'l teschio, e l'altre cose.
O tu, che mostri per sì bestial segno
Odio sovra colui, che tu ti mangi,
Dimmi 'l perchè, diss'io, per tal convegno,
Che se tu a ragion di lui ti piangi,
Sappiendo chi voi siete, e la sua pecca,
Nel mondo suso ancor io te ne cangi,
Se quella, con ch'i' parlo, non si secca.

— — — — — — — — —

La bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto
Quel peccator, forbendola a' capelli
Del capo, ch'egli avea diretro guasto.
Poi cominciò: Tu vuoi, ch'i' rinnovelli
Disperato dolor, che 'l cuor mi preme,
Già pur pensando, pria ch'i' ne favelli.
Ma se le mie parole esser den seme,
Che frutti infamia al traditor, ch'i' rodo,
Parlare, e lagrimar mi vedrai insieme.
I' non so chi tu sie, nè per che modo
Venuto se' quaggiù, ma Fiorentino
Mi sembri veramente, quand' i' t'odo.
Tu de' saper, ch'io fui 'l Conte Ugolino,
E questi l'Arcivescovo Ruggieri:
Or ti dirò, perch' i' son tal vicino.
Che per l'effetto de' suo' ma' pensieri,
Fidandomi di lui io fossi preso,
E poscia morto, dir non è mestieri.
Però quel che non puoi avere inteso,
Cioè, come la morte mia fu cruda,
Udirai; e saprai se m' ha offeso.
Breve pertugio dentro dalla muda,
La qual per me ha 'l titol della fame,
E 'n che conviene ancor ch'altri si chiuda,
M'avea mostrato per lo suo forame
Più lune già, quand' io feci 'l mal sonno,
Che del futuro mi squarciò 'l velame.
Questi pareva a me maestro e donno,
Cacciando 'l lupo, e i lupicini al monte,
Per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.
Con cagne magre, studiose, e conte
Gualandi con Sismondi, e con Lanfranchi
S'avea messi dinanzi dalla fronte.
In picciol corso mi pareano stanchi
Lo padre e i figli, e con l'agute scane
Mi parea lor veder fender li fianchi.
Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane,
Pianger senti' fra 'l sonno i miei figliuoli,
Ch'eran con meco, e domandar del pane.
Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli,
Pensando ciò, ch'al mio cuor s'annunziava:
E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?
Già eran desti, e l'ora s'appressava,
Che 'l cibo ne soleva essere addotto,
E per suo sogno ciascun dubitava,
Ed io senti' chiavar l'uscio di sotto
All'orribile torre: ond'io guardai
Nel viso a' miei figliuoi senza far motto.
Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai:
Piangevan elli; ed Anselmuccio mio
Disse: Tu guardi sì, padre: che hai?
Però non lagrimai, nè rispos' io
Tutto quel giorno, nè la notte appresso,
Infin che l'altro Sol nel mondo uscio.
Com' un poco di raggio si fu messo
Nel doloroso carcere, ed io scorsi
Per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso,
Ambo le mani per dolor mi morsi;
E quei pensando, ch'io 'l fessi per voglia
Di manicar, di subito levorsi,
E disser: Padre, assai ci fia men doglia
Se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti
Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.
Quetàmi allor, per non farli più tristi:
Quel dì, e l'altro stemmo tutti muti.
Ahi, dura terra, perchè non t'apristi?
Poscia che fummo al quarto dì venuti,
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,
Dicendo: Padre mio, chè? non m'aiuti?
Quivi morì; e come tu mi vedi,
Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno,
Tra 'l quinto dì, e 'l sesto, ond' io mi diedi
Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno;
E tre dì gli chiamai, poi ch' e' fur morti:
Poscia, più che 'l dolor, potè 'l digiuno.
Quand' ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti

Riprese il teschio misero co' denti,
Che furo all' osso, come d' un can, forti.
Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti
Del bel paese là, dove 'l sì suona;
Poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,
Muovasi la Capraia, e la Gorgona,
E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
Sì ch' egli annieghi in te ogni persona:
Che se 'l Conte Ugolino aveva voce
D' aver tradita te delle castella,
Non dovei tu i figliuoi porre a tal croce.

Purgatorio.

Canto XXX.

Quando 'l Settentrion del primo Cielo,
Che nè occaso mai seppe, nè orto,
Nè d' altra nebbia, che di colpa velo,
E che faceva lì ciascuno accorto
Di suo dover, come 'l più basso face,
Qual timon gira per venire a porto,
Fermo s' affisse, la gente verace
Venuta prima tra 'l Grifone et esso
Al carro volse sè come a sua pace:
E un di loro, quasi da Ciel messo,
Veni sponsa de Libano, cantando
Gridò tre volte, e tutti gli altri appresso.
Quale i beati al novissimo bando
Surgeran presti, ognun di sua caverna,
La rivestita carne alleviando;
Cotali in su la divina basterna
Si levar cento ad vocem tanti senis
Ministri, e messagier di vita eterna.
Tutti dicean: Benedictus, qui venis,
E fior gittando di sopra e dintorno,
Manibus o date lilia plenis.
Io vidi già nel cominciar del giorno
La parte oriental tutta rosata,
E l' altro Ciel di bel sereno adorno,
E la faccia del Sol nascere ombrata,
Sì che per temperanza di vapori
L' occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata:
Così dentro una nuvola di fiori,
Che dalle mani angeliche saliva,
E ricadeva giù dentro e di fuori,
Sovra candido vel cinta d' oliva,
Donna m' apparve sotto verde manto
Vestita di color di fiamma viva.
E lo spirito mio, che già cotanto
Tempo era stato con la sua presenza,
Non era di stupor tremando affranto,
Senza degli occhi aver più conoscenza,
Per occulta virtù, che da lei mosse,
D' antico amor sentì la gran potenza.
Tosto che nella vista mi percosse
L' alta virtù, che già m' avea trafitto
Prima ch' io fuor di puerizia fosse,
Volsimi alla sinistra col rispitto,
Col quale il fantolin corre alla mamma,
Quando ha paura, o quando egli è afflitto,
Per dicere a Virgilio: Men che dramma
Di sangue m' è rimasa, che non tremi:
Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma.
Ma Virgilio n' avea lasciati scemi
Di sè, Virgilio dolcissimo padre,
Virgilio, a cui per mia salute diemi:
Nè quantunque perdeo l' antica madre
Valse alle guance nette di rugiada,
Che lagrimando non tornassero adre.
Dante, perchè Virgilio se ne vada,
Non pianger anche, non piangere ancora;
Che pianger ti convien per altra spada.
Quasi ammiraglio, che 'n poppa et in prora
Viene a veder la gente, che ministra
Per gli altri legni, et a ben far la 'ncuora;
In su la sponda del carro sinistra,
Quando mi volsi al suon del nome mio,
Che di necessità qui si registra,
Vidi la donna, che pria m' apparío
Velata sotto l' angelica festa,
Drizzar gli occhi ver me di qua dal rio.
Tutto che 'l vel, che le scendea di testa,
Cerchiato dalla fronde di Minerva
Non la lasciasse parer manifesta,
Realmente nell' atto ancor proterva
Continuò, come colui, che dice,
E 'l più caldo parlar dietro riserva:
Guardami ben: ben son, ben son Beatrice:
Come degnasti d' accedere al monte?
Non sapei tu, che qui è l' uom felice?
Gli occhi mi cadder giù nel chiaro fonte:
Ma veggendomi in esso io trassi all' erba;
Tanta vergogna mi gravò la fronte.
Così la madre al figlio par superba,
Com' ella parve a me, perchè d' amaro
Sentì 'l sapor della pietade acerba.
Ella si tacque, e gli Angeli cantaro
Di subito In te Domine speravi,
Ma oltre pedes meos non passaro.
Sì come neve tra le vive travi
Per lo dosso d' Italia si congela,
Soffiata e stretta dalli venti Schiavi;
Poi liquefatta in sè stessa trapela,
Pur che la terra, che perde ombra, spiri,
Sì che par fuoco fonder la candela;
Così fui senza lagrime e sospiri
Anzi 'l cantar di que', che notan sempre
Dietro alle note degli eterni giri.
Ma poi che intesi nelle dolci tempre
Lor compatire a me, più che se detto
Avesser: Donna, perchè sì lo stempre?
Lo giel, che m' era intorno al cuor ristretto,
Spirito et acqua fessi, e con angoscia
Per la bocca e per gli occhi uscì del petto.
Ella pur ferma in su la detta coscia
Del carro stando, alle sustanzie pie
Volse le sue parole così poscia:

Voi vigilate nell' eterno die,
  Sì che notte, nè sonno a voi non fura
  Passo, che faccia 'l secol per sue vie;
Onde la mia risposta è con più cura,
  Che m' intenda colui, che di là piagne,
  Perchè sia colpa e duol d' una misura.
Non pur per ovra delle ruote magne,
  Che drizzan ciascun seme ad alcun fine,
  Secondo che le stelle son compagne,
Ma per larghezza di grazie divine,
  Che sì alti vapori hanno a lor piova,
  Che nostre viste là non van vicine,
Questi fu tal nella sua Vita Nuova
  Virtualmente, ch' ogni abito destro
  Fatto averebbe in lui mirabil prova.
Ma tanto più maligno e più silvestro
  Si fa 'l terren col mal seme, e non colto,
  Quant' egli ha più di buon vigor terrestro.
Alcun tempo 'l sostenni col mio volto;
  Mostrando gli occhi giovinetti a lui
  Meco 'l menava in dritta parte volto.
Sì tosto, come in su la soglia fui
  Di mia seconda etade, e mutai vita,
  Questi si tolse a me, e diessi altrui.
Quando di carne a spirto era salita,
  E bellezza, e virtù cresciuta m' era,
  Fu' io a lui men cara e men gradita;
E volse i passi suoi per via non vera,
  Immagini di ben seguendo false,
  Che nulla promission rendono intera.
Nè l' impetrare spirazion mi valse,
  Con le quali ed in sogno, e altrimenti
  Lo rivocai; sì poco a lui ne calse.
Tanto giù cadde, che tutti argomenti
  Alla salute sua eran già corti,
  Fuor che mostrargli le perdute genti.
Per questo visitai l' uscio de' morti,
  Ed a colui, che l' ha quassù condotto,
  Li preghi miei piangendo furon porti.
L' alto fato di Dio sarebbe rotto,
  Se Lete si passasse, e tal vivanda
  Fosse gustata senza alcuno scotto
Di pentimento, che lagrime spanda.

Paradiso.

Canto XXXIII.

Vergine madre, figlia del tuo Figlio,
  Umile ed alta più che creatura,
  Termine fisso d' eterno consiglio,
Tu se' colei, che l' umana Natura
  Nobilitasti sì, che 'l suo Fattore
  Non si sdegnò di farsi sua fattura.
Nel ventre tuo si raccese l' amore,
  Per lo cui caldo nell' eterna pace
  Così è germinato questo fiore.
Qui se' a noi meridiana face
  Di caritate, e giuso intra i mortali
  Se' di speranza fontana vivace.
Donna, se' tanto grande, e tanto vali,
  Che qual vuol grazia, e a te non ricorre,
  Sua disianza vuol volar senz' ali.
La tua benignità non pur soccorre
  A chi dimanda, ma molte fiate
  Liberamente al dimandar precorre.
In te misericordia, in te pietate,
  In te magnificenza, in te s' aduna
  Quantunque in creatura è di bontate.
Or questi, che dall' infima lacuna
  Dell' universo insin qui ha veduto
  Le vite spiritali ad una, ad una,
Supplica a te per grazia di virtute,
  Tanto che possa con gli occhi levarsi
  Più alto verso l' ultima salute;
Ed io, che mai per mio veder non arsi
  Più, ch' i' fo per lo suo, tutti i miei preghi
  Ti porgo, e prego, che non sieno scarsi,
Perchè tu ogni nube gli disleghi
  Di sua mortalità co' prieghi tuoi,
  Sì che 'l sommo piacer gli si dispieghi.
Ancor ti prego, Regina, che puoi
  Ciò che tu vuoi, che tu conservi sani
  Dopo tanto veder gli affetti suoi.
Vinca tua guardia i movimenti umani;
  Vedi Beatrice con quanti Beati
  Per li miei preghi ti chiudon le mani.
Gli occhi da Dio diletti e venerati
  Fissi negli orator ne dimostraro
  Quanto i devoti prieghi le son grati.
Indi all' eterno lume si drizzaro,
  Nel qual non si de' creder, che s' invii
  Per creatura l' occhio tanto chiaro;
Ed io, ch' al fine di tutti i disii
  M' appropinquava, sì com' io doveva,
  L' ardor del desiderio in me finii.
Bernardo m' accennava e sorrideva,
  Perch' io guardassi in suso: ma io era
  Già per me stesso tal, qual ei voleva;
Chè la mia vista venendo sincera,
  E più e più entrava per lo raggio
  Dell' alta luce, che da sè è vera.
Da quinci innanzi il mio veder fu maggio
  Che 'l parlar nostro, ch' a tal vista cede,
  E cede la memoria a tanto oltraggio.
Quale è colui, che sognando vede,
  E dopo 'l sogno la passione impressa
  Rimane, e l' altro alla mente non riede;
Cotal son io, che quasi tutta cessa
  Mia visione, e ancor mi distilla
  Nel cor lo dolce, che nacque da essa.
Così la neve al Sol si disigilla:
  Così al vento nelle foglie lievi
  Si perdea la sentenza di Sibilla.
O somma luce, che tanto ti levi
  Da' concetti mortali, alla mia mente
  Ripresta un poco di quel, che parevi;
E fa' la lingua mia tanto possente,

Ch' una favilla sol della tua gloria
Possa lasciare alla futura gente;
Che per tornare alquanto a mia memoria,
E per sonare un poco in questi versi,
Più si conceperà di tua vittoria.
Io credo, per l'acume ch' io soffersi
Del vivo raggio, ch' io sarei smarrito,
Se gli occhi miei da lui fossero aversi:
E mi ricorda, ch' i' fu' più ardito
Per questo a sostener, tanto ch' io giunsi
L'aspetto mio col valore infinito.
O abbondante grazia, ond' io presunsi
Ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna
Tanto, che la veduta vi consunsi!
Nel suo profondo vidi, che s'interna
Legato con amore in un volume
Ciò, che per l'universo si squaderna,
Sostanzia et accidente, e lor costume,
Tutti conflati insieme per tal modo,
Che ciò, ch' io dico, è un semplice lume.
La forma universal di questo nodo
Credo ch' io vidi, perchè più di largo,
Dicendo questo, mi sento ch' io godo.
Un punto solo m'è maggior letargo,
Che venticinque secoli alla 'mpresa
Che fe' Nettunno ammirar l'ombra d'Argo.
Così la mente mia tutta sospesa
Mirava fissa, immobile, et attenta;
E sempre nel mirar faceasi accesa.
A quella luce cotal si diventa,
Che volgersi da lei per altro aspetto
È impossibil che mai si consenta:
Perocchè 'l ben, ch' è del volere obbietto,
Tutto s'accoglie in lei, e fuor di quella
È difettivo ciò, ch' è lì perfetto.
Omai sarà più corta mia favella
Pure a quel ch' io ricordo, che d' infante,
Che bagni ancor la lingua alla mammella;
Non perchè più ch' un semplice sembiante
Fosse nel vivo lume, ch' io mirava,
Che tal è sempre, qual s'era davante,
Ma per la vista, che s'avvalorava
In me guardando una sola parvenza,
Mutandom' io, a me si travagliava.
Nella profonda e chiara sussistenza
Dell' alto lume parvemi tre giri
Di tre colori, e d' una continenza:
E l'un dall' altro, come Iri da Iri,
Parea reflesso; e 'l terzo parea fuoco,
Che quinci e quindi igualmente si spiri.
O quanto è corto 'l dire, e come fioco
Al mio concetto! e questo a quel, ch' io vidi,
È tanto, che non basta a dicer poco.
O luce eterna, che sola in te sidi,
Sola t'intendi, e da te intelletta,
Et intendente te a me arridi,
Quella circulazion, che sì concetta
Pareva in te, come lume reflesso,
Dagli occhi miei alquanto circonspetta,
Dentro da se del suo colore stesso
Mi parve pinta della nostra effige:
Per che 'l mio viso in lei tutto era messo.
Qual è il geometra, che tutto s'affige
Per misurar lo cerchio, e non ritruova,
Pensando, quel principio, ond' egli indige;
Tale era io a quella vista nuova:
Veder voleva come si convenne
L'imago al cerchio, e come vi s'indova;
Ma non eran da ciò le proprie penne:
Se non che la mia mente fu percossa
Da un fulgore, in che sua voglia venne.
All' alta fantasia qui mancò possa:
Ma già volgeva il mio disiro e 'l velle,
Sì come ruota, che igualmente è mossa,
L'Amor, che muove 'l Sole e l'altre stelle.

Sonetto.

Parole mie, che per lo mondo siete,
Voi che nasceste poi ch' io cominciai
A dir per quella donna in cui errai;
Voi che 'ntendendo il terzo ciel movete:
Andatevene a lei, che la sapete,
Piangendo sì, ch' ella oda i nostri guai;
Ditele: noi sem vostre; dunque omai
Più che noi semo, non ci vederete.
Con lei non state, che non v'è amore;
Ma gite attorno in abito dolente,
A guisa delle vostre antiche suore:
Quando trovate donna di valore,
Gittatevile a' piedi umilemente,
Dicendo: a voi dovem noi fare onore.

Sonetto.

O dolci rime, che parlando andate
Della donna gentil che l'altre onora,
A voi verrà, se non è giunto ancora,
Un, che direte: questi è nostro frate.
Io vi scongiuro che non lo ascoltiate
Per quel Signor, che le donne innamora:
Che nella sua sentenza non dimora
Cosa che amica sia di veritate.
E se voi foste per le sue parole
Mosse a venire in ver la donna vostra,
Non vi arrestate; ma venite a lei;
Dite: Madonna, la venuta nostra
È per raccomandare un che si duole,
Dicendo: ov' è 'l desio degli occhj miei?

Sonetto.

Questa donna, ch' andar mi fa pensoso,
Porta nel viso la virtù d' Amore,
La qual risveglia dentro nello core
Lo spirito gentil, che v'era ascoso.
Ella m' ha fatto tanto pauroso,

Poscia ch'io vidi il mio dolce Signore
Negli occhj suoi con tutto il suo valore,
Ch'io le vo presso, e riguardar non l'oso.
E quando avvien che questi occhj miri,
Io veggio in quella parte la salute:
Che l'intelletto mio non vi può gire.
Allor si strugge sì la mia vertute,
Che l'anima, che move gli sospiri,
S'acconcia per voler da lei partire.

Sonetto.

Chi guarderà giammai senza paura
Negli occhj d'esta bella pargoletta,
Che m'hanno concio sì, che non s'aspetta
Per me, se non la morte che m'è dura?
Vedete quanto è forte mia ventura,
Che fu tra l'altre la mia vita eletta,
Per dare esempio altrui, ch'uom non si metta
A rischio di mirar la sua figura.
Destinata mi fu questa finita
Da ch'un uom conveniva esser disfatto,
Perch'altri fosse di pericol tratto;
E però lasso fu' io così ratto
In trarre a me 'l contrario della vita,
Come virtù di stella margherita.

Sonetto.

Dagli occhj della mia donna si move
Un lume sì gentil, che dove appare,
Si veggion cose, ch'uom non può ritrare
Per loro altezza, e per loro esser nove:
E da' suoi raggi sopra 'l mio cor piove
Tanta paura, che mi fa tremare,
E dico: qui non voglio mai tornare;
Ma poscia perdo tutte le mie prove,
E tornomi colà dov'io son vinto,
Riconfortando gli occhj paurosi,
Che sentir prima questo gran valore.
Quando son giunti, lasso, ei si son chiusi,
E 'l disio, che gli mena, qui è stinto;
Però provveggia del mio stato Amore.

Sonetto.

Lo fin piacer di quello adorno viso
Compose il dardo che gli occhj lanciaro
Dentro dallo mio cor, quando giraro
Ver me, che sua beltà guardava fiso:
Allor sentì lo spirto diviso
Da quelle membra che se ne turbaro:
E quei sospiri che di fuor andaro
Dicean piangendo, che 'l core era anciso;
Là u' dipoi mi pianse ogni pensiero
Nella mente dogliosa, che mi mostra
Sempre davanti lo suo gran valore:
Ivi un di loro in questo modo al core
Dice: pietà non è la vertù nostra,
Che tu la trovi; e però mi dispero.

Sonetto.

E' non è legno di sì forti nocchj,
Nè anco tanto dura alcuna pietra,
Ch'esta crudel, che mia morte perpetra,
Non vi mettesse amor co' suoi begli occhj:
Or dunque s'ella incontra uom che l'adocchi,
Ben gli de' 'l cor passar, se non s'arretra:
Onde 'l convien morir: che mai ne impetra
Mercè, ch' il suo dover per sì spannocchi.
Deh perchè tanta vertù data fue
Agli occhj d'una donna così acerba,
Che suo fedel nessuno in vita serba?
Ed è contr'a pietà tanto superba,
Che s'altri muor per lei, nol mira piue;
Anzi gli asconde le bellezze sue?

Sonetto.

Ben dico certo, che non è riparo
Che ritenesse de' suoi occhj il colpo:
E questo gran valore io non incolpo;
Ma 'l duro core d'ogni mercè avaro,
Che mi nasconde il suo bel viso chiaro,
Onde la piaga del mio cor rimpolpo:
Lo qual niente lagrimando scolpo,
Nè movo punto col lamento amaro.
Così è tuttavia bella e crudele,
D'Amor selvaggia, e di pietà nemica;
Ma più m'incresce, che convien ch'io 'l dica,
Per forza del dolor che m'affatica;
Non perch'io contr'a lei porti alcun fele:
Che vie più che me l'amo, e son fedele.

Sonetto.

Io son sì vago della bella luce
Degli occhj traditor che m'hanno occiso,
Che là dov'io son morto e son deriso,
La gran vaghezza pur mi riconduce:
E quel che pare, e quel che mi traluce,
M'abbaglia tanto l'uno e l'altro viso,
Che da ragione e da vertù diviso,
Seguo solo il disio, com'ei m'è duce:
Lo qual mi mena pien tutto di fede
A dolce morte sotto dolce inganno,
Che conosciuto solo è dopo il danno.
E' mi duol forte del gabbato affanno;
Ma più m'incresce, lasso! che si vede
Meco pietà, tradita da mercede.

Sonetto.

Io maledico il dì ch'io vidi imprima
La luce de' vostri occhj traditori,
E 'l punto che veniste in sulla cima
Del core a trarne l'anima di fori:
E maledico l'amorosa lima
Ch'ha polito i miei motti e bei colori,

Ch' io ho per voi trovati e messi in rima,
Per far che 'l mondo mai sempre v' onori:
E maledico la mia mente dura,
Che ferma è di tener quel che m' uccide,
Cioè la bella e rea vostra figura,
Per cui Amor sovente si spergiura;
Sì che ciascun di lui e di me ride,
Che credo tor la ruota alla ventura.

Sonetto.

Nelle man vostre, o dolce donna mia,
Raccomando lo spirito che muore,
E se ne va sì dolente, che Amore
Lo mira con pietà, che 'l manda via:
Voi lo legaste alla sua signoria,
Sì che non ebbe poi alcun valore
Di poterlo chiamar, se non: Signore,
Qualunque vuoi di me, quel vo' che sia.
Io so, che a voi ogni torto dispiace;
Però la morte, che non ho servita,
Molto più m' entra nello core amara:
Gentil Madonna, mentre ho della vita,
Per tal ch' io mora consolato in pace,
Vi piaccia agli occhj miei non esser avara.

Sonetto.

Non v' accorgete voi d' un che si smore,
E va piangendo, sì si disconforta?
I' prego voi (se non ven sete accorta),
Che voi 'l miriate per lo vostro onore.
Ei sen va sbigottito in un colore,
Che 'l fa parere una persona morta,
Con una doglia che negli occhj porta,
Che di levargli già non han valore:
E quando alcun pietosamente il mira,
Il cor di pianger tutto si distrugge,
E l' anima ne duol sì, che ne stride.
E se non fosse ch' egli allor si fugge,
Sì alto chiama a voi, poi che sospira,
Ch' altri dovrebbe: or sappiam chi l' uccide.

Sonetto.

Se vedi gli occhj miei di pianger vaghi
Per novella pietà ch' il cor mi strugge,
Per lei ti priego che da te non fugge,
Signor, che tu di tal piacer isvaghi
Con la tua dritta man, cioè che paghi
Chi la giustizia uccide; e poi rifugge
Al gran tiranno, del cui tosco sugge,
Ch' egli ha già sparto, e vuol che 'l mondo allaghi:
E messo ha di paura tanto gelo
Nel cor de' tuoi fedei, che ciascun tace;
Ma tu, fuoco d' Amor, lume del cielo,
Questa virtù, che nuda e fredda giace,
Levala su vestita del tuo velo;
Che senza lei non è in terra pace.

Sonetto.

Molti volendo dir, che fosse Amore
Disser parole assai, ma non potero
Dir di lui in parte ch' assembrasse il vero,
Nè diffinir qual fosse il suo valore:
Ed alcun fù, che disse ch' era ardore
Di mente immaginato per pensiero:
Ed altri disser ch' era desidero
Di voler, nato per piacer del core;
Ma io dico, ch' Amor non ha sustanza,
Nè è cosa corporal ch' abbia figura:
Anzi è una passione in disianza,
Piacer di forma, dato per natura;
Sì che 'l voler del core ogni altro avanza:
E questo basta fin che 'l piacer dura.

Sonetto.

Per quella via che la bellezza corre,
Quando a destare Amor va nella mente,
Passa una donna baldanzosamente,
Come colei che mi si crede torre.
Quando ella è giunta appiè di quella torre,
Che tace quando l' anima acconsente,
Ode una boce dir subitamente:
Levati, bella donna, e non ti porre:
Che quella donna che di sopra siede,
Quando di signoria chiese la verga,
Come ella volse, Amor tosto le diede:
E quando quella accommiatar si vede
Di quella parte, dove Amore alberga,
Tutta dipinta di vergogna riede.

Sonetto.

Dagli occhj belli di questa mia dama
Esce una virtù d' Amor sì pina,
Ch' ogni persona che la ve', s' inchina
A veder lei, e mai altro non brama.
Beltate e cortesia sua dea la chiama,
E fanno ben, ch' ella è cosa sì fina,
Ch' ella non pare umana, anzi divina:
E sempre sempre monta la sua fama.
Chi l' ama, come può esser contento,
Guardando le virtù, che 'n lei son tante;
E s' tu mi dici: come 'l sai? che 'l sento;
Ma se tu mi domandi, e dici: quante?
Non tel so dire: che non son per cento,
Anzi più d' infinite, e d' altrettante.

Sonetto.

Da quella luce che 'l suo corso gira
Sempre al volere dell' empirea sarte,
E stando regge tra Saturno e Marte,
Secondo che lo astrologo ne spira,
Quella che in me col suo piacer ne aspira,
D' essa ritragge signorevol arte:
E quei che dal ciel quarto non si parte,
Le dà l' effetto della mia desira;

Ancor quel bel pianeta di Mercuro
  Di sua vertute sua loquela tinge;
  E 'l primo ciel di se già non l'è duro.
Colui che 'l terzo ciel di se costringe,
  Il cor le fa d'ogni eloquenzia puro;
  Così di tutti i sette si dipinge.

Sonetto.

Ahi lasso, ch'io credea trovar pietate,
  Quando si fosse la mia donna accorta
  Della gran pena che lo mio cor porta;
  Ed io trovo disdegno e crudeltate,
Ed ira forte in luogo d'umiltate;
  Sì ch'io m'accorgo già persona morta;
  Ch' io veggio che mi sfida e mi sconforta,
  Ciò che dar mi dovrebbe securtate.
Però parla un pensier che mi rampogna,
  Com' io più vivo, non sperando mai,
  Che tra lei e pietà pace si pogna:
Onde morir pur mi conviene omai;
  E posso dir, che mal vidi Bologna,
  E quella bella donna ch' io guardai.

Sonetto.

Madonne, deh vedeste voi l'altr'ieri
  Quella gentil figura che m'ancide?
  Io dico che quand'ella un po' sorride,
  Ella distrugge tutti i miei pensieri;
Sì che giunge nel cor colpo sì fieri,
  Che della morte par che mi disfide,
  Però, Madonne, qualunque la vide,
  Se l'incontrate per via ne' sentieri,
Restatevi con lei per pietate,
  E umilmente la fate accorta,
  Che la mia vita per lei morte porta:
E s'ella vuol che sua mercè conforta
  L'anima mia, piena di gravitate,
  A dirlo a me lontano lo mandate.

Sonetto.

Voi, donne, che pietoso atto mostrate,
  Chi è esta donna, che giace sì vinta?
  Sare' mai quella ch' è nel mio cor pinta?
  Deh s'ella è dessa, più non mel celate.
Ben ha le sue sembianze sì cambiate,
  E la figura sua mi par sì spenta,
  Ch'al mio parere ella non rappresenta
  Quella che fa parer l'altre beate.
Se nostra donna conoscer non puoi,
  Ch' è sì conquisa, non mi par gran fatto;
  Però che quel medesmo avvenne a noi;
Ma se tu mirerai al gentil atto
  Degli occhj suoi, conosceraila poi.
  Non pianger più, tu, sei già tutto sfatto.

Sonetto.

Onde venite voi così pensose?
  Ditemel, s'a voi piace, in cortesia:
  Ch' io ho dottanza che la donna mia
  Non vi faccia tornar così dogliose.
Deh, gentil donne, non siate sdegnose,
  Nè di ristare alquanto in questa via,
  E dire al doloroso che disia
  Udir della sua donna alcune cose;
Avvegna che gravoso m' è l'udire:
  Sì m'ha in tutto Amor da sè scacciato,
  Ch' ogni suo atto mi trae a ferire.
Guardate bene, s' io son consumato;
  Ch' ogni mio spirto comincia a fuggire,
  Se da voi, donne, non son confortato.

Sonetto.

O Madre di virtute, luce eterna,
  Che partoriste quel frutto benegno,
  Che l'aspra morte sostenne sul legno,
  Per scampar noi dall' oscura caverna.
Tu del ciel Donna e del mondo superna,
  Deh priega dunque il tuo figliuol ben degno,
  Che mi conduca al suo celeste regno,
  Per quel valor che sempre la mia spene:
  Tu sai, che 'n te fu sempre il mio diporto:
  Or mi soccorri, o infinito bene,
Or mi soccorri, ch' io son giunto al porto,
  Il qual passar per forza mi conviene;
  Deh non mi abbandonar, sommo conforto.
Che se mai feci al mondo alcun delitto,
L'alma ne piange, e 'l cor ne vien contrito.

Sonetto.

Di donne io vidi una gentile schiera
  Quest' ognissanti prossimo passato
  Ed una ne venia quasi primiera,
  Seco menando Amor dal destro lato.
Dagli occhj suoi gittava una lumiera,
  La qual pareva un spirito infiammato;
  Ed i' ebbi tanto ardir, che la sua cera
  Guardando, vidi un' Angiol figurato.
A chi era degno poi dava salute
  Con gli occhj suoi quella benigna e piana,
  Empiendo il core a ciascun di virtute;
Credo che in ciel nascesse esta soprana,
  E venne in terra per nostra salute;
  Dunque beata chi l' è prossimana.

Sonetto.

Un dì si venne a me melanconia,
  E disse: voglio un poco stare teco;
  E parve a me che si menasse seco
  Dolor ed ira per sua compagnia.

Ed io le dissi: partiti, va via!
Ed ella mi rispose, come un greco:
E ragionando a grand' agio meco,
Guardai, e vidi Amore che venia,
Vestito di novo di un drappo nero,
E nel suo capo portava un cappello,
E certo lacrimava pur da vero:
Ed io gli dissi: che hai, cattivello?
Ed ei rispose: io ho guai e pensiero;
Che nostra donna muor, dolce fratello.

Sonetto.

Quando la notte abbandona con bruch' ale
La terra, e 'l dì dà volta e si nasconde,
In cielo, in mare, in boschi e fra le fronde,
Si posa, e sotto tetto, ogni animale;
Perchè 'l sonno il pensier mette in non cale,
Che per le membra si distende e abonde,
Fin che l'aurora con sue trecce bionde
Rinnova le fatiche diurnale.
Io misero mi trovo fuor di schiera,
Che 'l sospirar insino alla quarte
Mi tien aperti gli occhj e desto il core:
E come uccello avviluppato in rete,
Quanto più cerco di fuggir maniera,
Più mi trovo intricato e pien d'errore.

Ballata.

Io mi son pargoletta bella e nova,
E son venuta per mostrarmi a voi
Delle bellezze e loco, dond' io fui.
Io fui del cielo, e tornerovvi ancora,
Per dar della mia luce altrui diletto:
E chi mi vede, e non se ne innamora,
D'Amor non avrà mai intelletto:
Che non gli fu in piacere alcun disdetto
Quando natura mi chiese a colui,
Che volle, donne, accompagnarmi a voi.
Ciascuna stella negli occhj mi piove
Della sua luce e della sua virtute:
Le mie bellezze sono al mondo nove,
Però che di lassù mi son venute:
Le quai non posson esser conosciute,
Se non per conoscenza d'uomo, in cui
Amor si metta per piacere altrui.
Queste parole si leggon nel viso
D'una Angioletta che ci è apparita:
Ond' io che per campar la mirai fiso,
Ne sono a rischio di perder la vita;
Però ch' io ricevetti tal ferita
Da un ch' io vidi dentro agli occhj suoi,
Ch' io vo piangendo, e non m'acquetai poi.

Sestina.

Al poco giorno, ed al gran cerchio d'ombra
Son giunto, lasso, ed al bianchir de' colli
Quando si perde lo color nell' erba:
E 'l mio disio però non cangia il verde,
Sì è barbato nella dura pietra,
Che parla e sente, come fosse donna.
Similemente questa nova donna
Si sta gelata, come neve all' ombra:
Che non la muove, se non come pietra,
Il dolce tempo, che riscalda i colli,
E che gli fa tornar di bianco in verde,
Perchè gli copre di fioretti e d'erba.
Quando ella ha in testa una ghirlanda d'erba,
Trae della mente nostra ogni altra donna;
Perchè si mischia il crespo giallo e 'l verde,
Sì bel, ch' Amor vi viene a stare all' ombra:
Che m'ha serrato tra piccioli colli
Più forte assai, che la calcina pietra.
Le sue bellezze han più virtù, che pietra,
E 'l colpo suo non può sanar per erba:
Ch' io son fuggito per piani e per colli,
Per potere scampar da cotal donna:
Onde al suo lume non mi può far ombra
Poggio, nè muro mai, nè fronda verde.
Io l'ho veduta già vestita a verde
Sì fatta, ch' ella avrebbe messo in pietra
L'amor, ch' io porto pure alla sua ombra:
Ond' io l'ho chiesta in un bel prato d'erba
Innamorata, come anco fu donna,
E chiusa intorno d'altissimi colli.
Ma ben ritorneranno i fiumi a' colli
Prima, che questo legno molle e verde
S'infiammi, come suol far bella donna
Di me, che mi torrei dormire in pietra
Tutto il mio tempo, e gir pascendo l'erba,
Sol per vedere u' suoi panni fanno ombra.
Quandunque i colli fanno più nera ombra,
Sotto un bel verde la giovane donna
Gli fa sparir, come pietra sotto erba.

Canzone.

Fresca rosa novella,
Piacente primavera,
Per prata e per rivera,
Gajamente cantando,
Vostro fin pregio mando alla verdura.
Lo vostro pregio fino
In gio' si rinnovelli
Da grandi e da zitelli,
Per ciascuno cammino:
E cantino gli augelli
Ciascuno in suo latino
Da sera e da mattino
Sulli verdi arbuscelli.
Tutto lo mondo canti,
Poi che lo tempo vene,
Sì come si conviene,
Vostra altezza pregiata,
Che siete angelicata criatura.
Angelica sembianza

In voi, donna, riposa;
Dio! quanto avventurosa
Fu la mia disianza.
Vostra cera gioiosa,
Poi che passa e avanza
Natura e costumanza,
Bene è mirabil cosa:
Fra lor le donne Dea
Vi chiaman, come sete;
Tanto adorna parete,
Ch' io non saccio contare;
E chi poria pensare oltra natura?
Oltra natura umana
Vostra fina piacenza
Fece Dio per essenza
Che voi foste sovrana;
Perchè vostra parvenza
Ver me non sia lontana:
Or non mi sia villana
La dolce provvedenza.
E se vi pare oltraggio
Ch' ad amarvi sia dato,
Non sia da voi biasmato;
Che solo Amor mi sforza,
Contra cui non val forza nè misura.

Canzone.

Amor, che movi tua virtù dal cielo
Come 'l sol lo splendore,
Che là si apprende più lo suo valore,
Dove più nobiltà suo raggio trova;
E come el fuga oscuritate e gelo,
Così, alto Signore,
Tu scacci la viltate altrui del core,
Nè ira contra te fa lunga prova;
Da te convien che ciascun ben si mova,
Per lo qual si travaglia il mondo tutto;
Senza te è distrutto
Quanto avemo in potenza di ben fare:
Come pintura in tenebrosa parte,
Che non si può mostrare,
Nè dar diletto di color, nè d'arte.

Feremi il core sempre la tua luce,
Come 'l raggio la stella,
Poi che l'anima mia fu fatta ancella
Della tua podestà primieramente:
Onde ha vita un pensier che mi conduce,
Con sua dolce favella,
A rimirar ciascuna cosa bella
Con più diletto, quanto è più piacente;
Per questo mio guardar m'è nella mente
Una giovane entrata, che m'ha preso:
Ed hammi in foco acceso,
Come acqua per chiarezza foco accende;
Perchè nel suo venir li raggi tuoi,
Con li quai mi risplende,
Saliron tutti su negli occhj suoi.

Quanto è nell' esser suo bella e gentile
Negli atti, ed amorosa,
Tanto lo immaginar, che non si posa,
L'adorna nella mente, ov' io la porto:
Non che da se medesmo sia sottile
A così alta cosa;
Ma dalla tua virtute ha quel ch'egli osa,
Oltre il poder che natura ci ha porto.
E' sua beltà del tuo valor conforto,
In quanto giudicar si puote effetto
Sovra degno suggetto,
In guisa che è il sol segno di foco:
Lo qual non dà a lui, nè to' virtute;
Ma fallo in altro loco
Nell' effetto parer di più salute.

Dunque, Signor di sì gentil natura,
Che questa nobiltate,
Che vien quaggiuso, e tutta altra bontate,
Leva principio della tua altezza:
Guarda la vita mia, quanto ell'è dura,
E prendine pietate:
Che lo tuo ardor per la costei beltate,
Mi fa sentire al cor troppa gravezza.
Falle sentire, Amor, per tua dolcezza
Il gran disio ch' io ho di veder lei:
Non soffrir che costei
Per giovinezza mi conduca a morte;
Che non s'accorge ancor, com'ella piace,
Nè come io l'amo forte,
Nè che negli occhj porta la mia pace.

Onor ti sarà grande, se m'ajuti,
E da me ricco dono;
Tanto quanto conosco ben, ch' io sono
Là ov' io non posso difender mia vita
Che gli spiriti miei son combattuti
Da tal, ch' io non ragiono,
(Se per tua volontà non han perdono)
Che possan guari star senza finita,
Ed ancor tua potenza fia sentita
In questa bella donna che n' è degna:
Che par che si convegna
Di darle d'ogni ben gran compagnia,
Come a colei, che fu nel mondo nata,
Per aver signoria
Sovra la mente d'ogni uom che la guata.

Canzone.

Voi, che 'ntendendo, il terzo Ciel movete,
Udite il ragionar, ch' è nel mio core,
Ch' io no 'l so dire altrui, sì mi par novo:
El Ciel, che segue lo vostro valore,
Gentili creature, che vo' sete,
Mi tragge nello stato, ov' io mi trovo:
Onde 'l parlar della vita, ch'io provo,
Par, che si drizzi degnamente a voi:
Però vi prego, che lo m' intendiate,

I' vi dirò del cor la novitate,
Come l'anima trista piange in lui;
E come un spirto contra lei favella,
Che vien pe' raggi della vostra stella.

Suol esser vita dello cor dolente
Un soave penser, che se ne gia
Molte fiate a piè del nostro Sire,
Ove una donna gloriar vedia,
Di cui parlava me sì dolcemente,
Che l'anima dicea: i' men vo' gire.
Or apparisce, chi lo fa fuggire:
E signoreggiami di tal virtute,
Che 'l cor ne trema, e che di fuori appare.
Questi mi face una donna guardare:
E dice: chi veder vuol la salute,
Faccia, che gli occhj d'esta donna miri,
Sed e' non teme angoscia di sospiri.

Trova contraro tal, che lo distrugge,
L'umil pensero, che parlar mi sole,
D'un'Angiola, che 'n cielo è coronata.
L'anima piange, sì ancor le 'n dole,
E dice: o lassa me! come si fugge
Questa pietosa, che m'ha consolata.
Degli occhj miei, dice, questa affannata,
Qual'ora fu, che tal donna gli vide?
E perchè non credeano a me di lei?
I' dicea: ben negli occhj di costei
De' star colui, che gli miei pari uccide;
E non mi valse, ch'io ne fossi accorta,
Che non mirasser tal, ch'io ne son morta.

Tu non se' morta, ma se' ismarrita,
Anima nostra, che sì ti lamenti;
Dice uno spiritel d'amor gentile;
Che quella bella donna, che tu senti,
Ha trasformata in tanto la tua vita,
Che n'hai paura, sì se' fatta vile.
Mira quanto ell'è pietosa ed umile,
Saggia e cortese nella sua grandezza;
E pensa di chiamarla donna omai:
Che, se tu non t'inganni, tu vedrai
Di sì alti miracoli adornezza,
Che tu dirai: Amor, Signor verace,
Ecco l'Ancella tua; fa', che ti piace.

Canzone, i' credo, che saranno radi
Color, che tua ragione intendan bene,
Tanto lor parli faticosa e forte:
Onde, se per ventura egli addiviene,
Che tu dinanzi da persone vadi
Che non ti paion d'essa bene accorte,
Allor ti priego, che ti riconforte,
Dicendo lor, diletta mia novella:
Ponete mente almen, com'io son bella.

Salmo.

Domine, exaudi orationem meam etc.

(Psal. 101.)

Signor, esaudi la mia orazione,
La qual gridando porgo al tuo cospetto,
E vogli aprir di me compassione.
Non mi privar, Signore, del tuo aspetto;
Ma ogni giorno, ch'io son pien d'affanni,
Gli orecchj tuoi inchina al mio affetto.
Però che li miei giorni, e li miei anni,
Come lo fumo, presto son mancati:
E gli ossi miei son secchi, e pien di danni.
Percosso io sono, come il fien ne' prati,
Ed è già secco tutto lo mio core,
Perchè li cibi miei non ho mangiati.
E tanto è stato grave il mio dolore,
Che lungamente sospirando in vano,
Ho quasi perso il natural vigore.
Simile fatto sono al pellicano,
Ch'essendo bianco come il bianco giglio,
Dagli abitati luoghi sta lontano.
E sono assomigliato al vespertiglio,
Che solamente nella notte vola,
E 'l giorno giace con turbato ciglio.
I' ho vegliato senza dir parola:
Ho fatto come il passer solitario,
Che stando sotto il tetto si consola.
Ciascuno m'è nemico ed avversario:
Tutto lo giorno mi vituperava:
E diffamavami con parlare vario.
E quei, che nel passato mi lodava
Con sue parole, e con lusinghe tenere,
Di lor ciascuno contra me giurava;
Perch'io mangiava, come il pan, la cenere,
E 'l mio ber mescolava con il pianto,
Per contrastar alla lussuria Venere:
Ch'io temo l'ira del tuo volto santo,
Qualora io penso, che son fatto basso,
Da poi che me tu m'esaltasti tanto.
Or come l'ombra, quando il sole è basso,
Si fa maggiore, e poi subito manca,
Quando il sole ritorna al primo passo;
Così la vita mia afflitta e manca
Ora è mancata; e come il secco fieno
È arsa, consumata, e trista, e stanca.
Ma tu, Signor, che mai non verrai meno,
Lo cui memoriale sempre dura,
Dimostrami lo tuo volto sereno.
Tu sei, Signor, la pace chiara e pura,
La qual, levando su senza dimora,
Farà la rocca di Sion sicura;
Però ch'egli è venuto il tempo e l'ora
Di aprire quella gentil cittade,
Ch'ogni suo cittadino sempre onora.
Ed è ragion, che tu l'abbi pietade;
Però che le sue sante mura piangono
Alli tuoi servi pieni di bontade.

Li quali udendo li sospiri e l'acque,
E le lamenti, e i gemiti di quella terra,
A perdonarle mai lor non dispiacque.
S' tu li servi, Signore, da quella guerra,
Tutte genti, Signore, lo temeranno,
E il santo nome tuo, che il ciel disserra.
E tutti li Signori confessaranno
La tua potenza grande, e la tua gloria,
E tutti i Re ti magnificheranno.
Però che Dio in eterna memoria
La santa Sion volle edificare;
E li sarà veduto in la sua gloria.
E perchè guarda all' umile pregare
De' suoi eletti servi, e non disprezza
Li prieghi loro, nè 'l lor domandare.
Ma pur perchè la perfida durezza
Di alcuno ingrato il suo parlar non stima,
A lor non lo scriv' io, ma a chi lo apprezza.
Un popolo miglior, che quel di prima,
Sarà creato; e questo degnamente
Lauderà Dio in basso, ed anche in cima.
Però che dal luogo alto ed eminente
Il Signor nostro ha riguardato in terra;
E dal ciel scese e fra l'umana gente,
Per liberare dall' eterna guerra
Quelli, ch' eran legati, infermi e morti,
Ed obbligati a quel, che il mondo atterra.
Acciò che liberati e fatti forti
Potessono lodare il nome santo
Nel regno degli eletti e suoi consorti;
Dove la gente, e 'l popol tutto quanto
Saranno insieme con li Re pietosi;
E lì gli serviran con dolce canto,
In questo mondo, come virtuosi,
Risponderan così all' eterno Dio;
E poi saranno sempre gloriosi.
Ora ti prego, o dolce Signor mio,
Che tu ti degni di manifestarmi
L'estremo fin del breve viver mio.
Deh non voler a terra rivocarmi
Nel mezzo de' miei giorni; ma più tardo
Aspetta il tempo e l'ora di salvarmi.
Tu sai ben, ch' io da terra son composto,
E tuo, come tu sei, se' sommo eterno;
Ma sono ad ogni male sottoposto.
Tu solo sei, che sempre in sempiterno,
E che formasti i cieli nell' amore
E poi la terra col profondo inferno.
E quando sarà il giorno del giudizio,
Tu rimarrai immobile e fermo;
Benchè vediamo i cieli in precipizio.
Tutta l'umana gente, che fu ed è
Ora invecchiata, come il vestimento,
Della sua colpa allora vedrassi.
La qual subitamente in un momento
Risorgeranno al suono della tromba,
Per rendere ragion del lor talento.
Ma Tu, Signore, che della mia tomba
In essa fuora, non carnosa e greve;
Ma pura, come semplice colomba,
Acciò, ch' io essendo allora chiaro e lieve,
Possa venire ad abitar quel loco,
Che li tuoi figli e servitor ricrea,
Dov' è diletto e sempiterno giuoco.

Il Credo.

Io scrissi già d'amor più volte rime,
Quanto più seppi dolci, belle e vaghe;
E in pulirle adoprai tutte mie lime.
Di ciò son fatte le mie voglie smaghe,
Perch' io conosco avere speso in vano
Le mie fatiche, ed aspettar mal paghe.
Da questo falso amor omai la mano
A scriver più di lui io vo' ritrarre,
E ragionar di Dio, come Cristiano.
Io credo in Dio Padre, che può fare
Tutte le cose, e da cui tutti i beni
Procedon sempre di ben operare;
Della cui grazia terra e ciel son pieni
E da lui furon fatti di niente,
Perfetti, buoni, lucidi e sereni.
E tutto ciò, che s'ode, vede e sente,
Fece l'eterna sua bontà infinita;
E ciò, che si comprende con la mente.
E credo, ch' ei l'umana carne e vita
Mortal prendesse nella Vergin santa,
Maria, che co' suoi prieghi ognor ci aita;
E che l'umana essenza tutta quanta
In Cristo fosse nostro, santo e pio
Sì come Santa Chiesa aperto canta,
Il qual veracemente è Uomo e Dio,
Ed unico Figliuol di Dio, nato
Eternalmente; e Dio di Dio uscio.
Non fatto mondanal, ma generato
Simile al Padre; e 'l Padre ed esso è uno
Con lo Spirito Santo; e s' è incarnato,
Questi volendo liberar ciascuno,
Fu nella santa Croce crocifisso,
Di grazia pieno, e di colpa digiuno.
Poi discese al profondo dell' abisso
D' inferno tenebroso, per cavarne
Gli antichi padri, ch' ebbero il cor fisso
Ad aspettar, che Dio prendesse carne
Umana, per lor trar dalla prigione,
E per sua passion tutti salvarne;
E certo chi con buona opinione
Perfettamente, e con sincera fede
Crede, è salvato per sua passione,
Chi altrimente vacillando crede,
Eretico è nemico è di se stesso;
L'anima perde, che non se n' avvede.
Tolto di croce, e nel sepolcro messo,
Con l'anima e col corpo il terzo dì
Da morte suscitò, credo e confesso;
E con tutta la carne, ch' ebbe qui
Dalla sua madre Vergin benedetta,

Poi salì in cielo vivo se ne gì,
E con Dio Padre siede, e quindi aspetta
Tornar con gloria a giudicare i morti,
E di buoni, e de' rei far vendetta.
Dunque a ben far ciaschedun si conforti,
E 'l Paradiso per ben far aspetti:
Ch' alle grazie di Dio saremo consorti.
E chi con vizj vive, e con diletti,
Sempre in inferno sparti pene e guai
Insieme coi demonj maledetti.
Alle quai pene rimedio giammai
Non vi si trova, che son senza fine,
Con pianti, strida ed infiniti lai.
Dalle quai pene l' anime tapine
Ci guardi e campi lo Spirito Santo,
Qual è terza persona alle divine.
Egli col Padre e lo Spirito Santo,
Com' è 'l Figliuolo: l' uno all' altro eguale:
E solo un Dio, e sol de' Santi un Santo.
Ed è la vera Trinità cotale,
Che il Padre ed il Figliuol un solo Dio
Con lo Spirito Santo ciascun vale:
Lo qual per quell' amore, e buon desio,
Che dal Padre al Figliuolo eterno regna,
Procedente, e non fatto, e al parer mio,
Chi più sottile dichiarar s' ingegna,
Che cosa sia quella divina essenza,
Manca la possa, e così il cor ne indegna.
Basta solo aver ferma credenza
Di quel, che ci ammaestra Santa Chiesa.
La qual ci dà di ciò vera sentenza.
E dico, che 'l Battesmo [illegible]
Della divina grazia; e mondaci tutto
D' ogni peccato, e d' ogni virtù il pesa;
Qual è sol d' acqua, e di parole tutto:
E non si dà a niun più d' una volta,
Quantunque fosse di peccato brutto.
E senza questo ogni possanza è tolta
A ciaschedun d' andar a vita eterna:
Benchè in sè abbia assai virtù raccolta.
Come tal volta di quella lucerna,
Che dallo Spirito Santo in noi risplende,
E con diritto lume ci ne governa;
E dal Battesmo ancor sì forte accende
L' ardor in noi, che per la voglia giusta
Non men, ch' avesse, l' uom giusto s' intende.
E per purgar la nostra voglia ingiusta,
E 'l peccar nostro, che da Dio ci parte,
La Penitenza abbiam per nostra frusta.
Nè per nostra possanza, nè per arte
Tornar potremo alla divina grazia,
Senza Confessione da nostra parte.
Prima Contrizion quella è, che strazia
Il mal ch' ha fatto, poi con propria lingua
Confessa il mal, che tanto in noi [illegible]
E 'l salvator, che dietro a lei s' accosta
Ci fa tornar con le perdute insegne
A aver perdon, [illegible] il [illegible]

Da poi che 'l rio nemico pur ne preme
Le nostre fragil voglie a farci danno,
E di nostra virtù poco si teme,
Acciò che noi fuggiamo il falso inganno
Di questo maledetto e rio nemico,
Da cui principio i mal tutti quanti hanno:
Il nostro Signor Dio, padre nel amore,
Il Corpo suo, e 'l suo Sangue, [illegible]
All' Altar ci concede, com' ei disse:
Il proprio Corpo, che nel santo legno
Fu croce fu confitto, e 'l Sangue sparto,
Per liberarne dal demonio maligno.
E sol dal falso il vero si ben comparte,
In forma d' Ostia noi se veggiamo [illegible]
Quel, che produsse la Vergine in parto.
Vero è Iddio e l' Uomo insieme unito,
Sotto le specie del pane e del vino,
Per far del Paradiso in noi acquisto.
Tanto è santo, mirabil e divino
Questo Misterio e santo Sacramento,
Che a dirlo saria poco il mio latino.
Questo ci dà fortezza ed ardimento
Contra le nostre rie tentazioni,
Sì che per lui da noi 'l nemico è vinto.
Perchè egli intende ben l' orazioni,
Che a lui son fatte, benigne e divote,
E che procedon da contrizioni.
La possa di ciò far, e l' altre dote,
L' Ostie consacrare, e dare altrui Battesmo,
Solo è dat' preti il volger cotal rote.
E per fermezza ancor del Cristianesmo
Abbiamo la Cresima, e l' Olio Santo ancora,
Per rafforzare quel creder medesmo.
La carne nostra sì mal pronta tuttora
E stimolata da buoni e tristi,
Che a lo mal far ognora sempre [illegible]
A tal rimedio Dio ci volse il volto,
Ed ordinò fra noi il Matrimonio,
Per qual cotal peccar da noi sia tolto.
E così ci difendon dal demonio
I soprascritti sette Sacramenti,
Con orazion, limosine e digiuno.
Dieci abbiamo da Dio comandamenti.
Lo primo è, che lui solo adoriamo,
E a Idoli, o altri Dei non siamo credenti.
E 'l santo nome di Dio non pigliamo
Invan, giurando, o in altre vanal cose;
Ma solamente lui benediciamo.
Il terzo si è, che ciascun si riposi
D' ogni fatica un dì della semmana,
Sì come Santa Chiesa sopra pose.
Sopra ogni cosa qui fra noi mondana,
A padre e a madre noi prestiamo onore;
Perchè da loro abbiamo la carne umana.
Che tu non uccida; ne sia rubatore;
E vivi casto di lussuria e fraude;
Nè di cosa d' altrui far [illegible]
Nè già per cosa, ch' egli aspetti al mondo,
Falsa testimonianza alcun non faccia;

Perchè col falso il ver si mette al fondo.
Che non [illegible] spesso le sue [illegible]
A chi se [illegible] per altrui [illegible];
Che sarà indegno di veder sua [illegible].
Nè delle colpe non netterà il mondo,
Chi del prossimo suo brama la moglie;
Perchè vendetta di contra [illegible].
L'ultimo è tutto ciò, che uomo voglie
Non voler desiderar da tor l'altrui;
Perchè questo da Dio ci parte e toglie.
[illegible] che ben' [illegible] tutti nui
Ognor amar e ubbidire ciò, che ci dice,
Fuggiamo il vizio, che ci toglie a lui.
Prima è superbia d'ogni mal radice;
Perchè l'uom si reputa valer meglio
Del suo vicino, od esser più felice.
Invidia è quella, che fa l'uom [illegible];
Perchè s'attrista veggendo altrui bene
Al nemico di Dio lo rassomeglio.
Ira all'uom sempre accresce pene;
Perchè l'accende in furia, e in fiamma l'arde;
Segue il mal fare, e partesi dal bene.
Accidia d'ogni ben nemica, che arde,
E nel mal far sempre sue voglie aggira,
Al dispettar è pronta, e al ben è tarde.
Avarizia è, per cui mai si ritira
Il mondo da' cattivi e rei contratti,
E quel lecito fa, che a se più tira.
La gola è, che consuma vizj e matti;
E con ebbrezza, e con mangiar soverchio;
Morte apparecchia, e di lussuria gli atti.
Lussuria, che è per settima al cerchio,
Amistà rompe, e parentado spezza;
Fa a ragione ed a virtù soverchio.
Contra questi peccati abbiamo fortezza
Che sono scritti in questo poco inchiostro,
Per andar poi, dov'è somma allegrezza.
Io dico, per entrar dentro al bel chiostro,
Dobbiamo far a Dio preghiere assai.
La prima è l'orazion del Pater nostro.
O Padre nostro, che ne' cieli stai,
Santificato sia sempre il tuo nome,
E laude e grazia di ciò, che ci fai.
Avvenga il regno tuo, sì come pone
Questa orazion; tua volontà si faccia
Sì come in cielo, in terra in unione.
Padre, da oggi a noi pane, e ti piaccia,
Che ne perdoni gli peccati nostri;
Nè cosa noi facciam, che ti dispiaccia.
E che noi perdoniam tu ci dimostri
Esempio a noi per la tua gran virtute;
Onde dal rio nemico ognun si schiostri.
Divino Padre, pien d'ogni salute,
Ancor ci guarda dalla tentazione
Dell'infernal nemico, e sue ferute;
Sì che a te facciamo orazione,
Che meritiam tua grazia, e 'l regno vostro
A posseder vegniamo con devozione.
Preghiamti, Re di gloria e Signor nostro,
Che tu ci guardi da dolore; e fitta
La mente abbiamo in te, col volto prostro.
La Vergin benedetta qui a diritto
Laudiamo e benediamo; anzi che fine
Aggiunga a quello, che è di sopra scritto.
E lei preghiamo, ch'alle grazie divine
Si ne conduca co' suoi santi prieghi
E scampi noi dall'eternal ruine,
E tutti quei, che del peccar son cieghi,
Allumi, e sciolga per sua cortesia,
E dai lacci infernal si ne disleghi.
Ave Regina Vergine Maria,
Piena di grazia: e Dio sempre teco;
Sopra ogni donna benedetta sia.
E benedetto il frutto, il qual' io preco,
Che ci guardi da mal, Cristo Gesù:
E che alla nostra fin ci tiri seco.
Vergine benedetta, sempre tu
Ora per noi a Dio, che ci perdoni,
E che a viver ci dia sì ben quaggiù,
Che a nostra fin Paradiso ci doni.

Amen.

6.

Cino da Pistoja.

Er gehörte zum Geschlechte der Sinibaldi, und ward am 15. April 1270 in Pistoja geboren. Ein ausgezeichneter Rechtsgelehrter, war er mit Dante und Petrarca innig befreundet. Er starb am 15. December 1336.

Canzone.

Effetti della beltà di sua Donna.

Quando Amor gli occhi rilucenti e belli;
Che han d'alto foco la sembianza vera,
Volge ne' miei, sì dentro arder mi fanno,
Che per virtù d'Amor vengo un di quelli
Spirti, che son nella celeste spera,
Ch'amore e gioja egualmente in lor hanno.
Poi per mio grave danno,
S'un punto sto, che fiso non li miri,
Lagrimar gli occhi, e 'l cor tragge sospiri.
Così veggio, che in se discorde tiene
Questa troppo mia dolce, e amara vita,
Che tutto tempo nel Ciel trovasi e in terra,
Ma di gran lunga in me crescon le pene;
Perchè chiamando ad alta voce aita,
Gli occhi, altrove mirando, mi fan guerra:
Or se pietà si serra
Nel vostro cor, fate, che ognor contempre
Il bel guardo, che in Ciel mi terrà sempre.
Sempre non già, poscia che nol consente
Natura, ch'ordinato ha, che le notti
Legate sian, non già per mio riposo,
Perocchè allor sta lo mio cor dolente,
Nè sono a l'alma i suoi pianti interrotti

Del duol, ch'ho per fin qui tenuto ascoso;
Deh se non v'è noioso
Chi v'ama, fate almen perch'ei non mora,
Parte li rai de la notte ancora.
Non è chi immaginar, non che dir pensi
L'incredibil piacer, Donna, ch'io piglio
Del lampeggiar de le due chiare stelle,
Da cui legati ed abbagliati i sensi,
Prende il mio cor un volontario esiglio,
E vola al Ciel tra l'altre anime belle;
Indi da poi le stelle
La luce vostra, ch'ogni luce eccede,
Fuor di quella di quel, che tutto vede.
Ben lo so io, che il Sol tanto giammai
Non illustrò col suo vivo splendore
L'aer, quando che poi di nebbia è puro,
Quando i vostri celesti e santi rai,
Vedendo avvolto in tenebre il mio core,
Immantinente fan chiaro e sereno;
E del carcer terreno
Sollevandol talor, nel dolce viso
Gusto molto dei ben del Paradiso.
Or perchè non vedete voi, ch'io mora
Gli occhi leggiadri, u' con Amor già fui,
E privar lo mio cor di tanta gioja?
Di questo converrà, che Amor s'adiri,
Che un core in se, per vivere in altrui
Morto, non vuol, ch'un altra volta moja.
Or se prendete a noja
Lo mio Amor, occhi d'Amor rubelli,
Foste per comun ben stati men belli.
Agli occhi de la forte mia nemica,
Va, Canzon, che tu dica,
Poichè veder voi stessi non potete,
Vedete in altri almen quel, che voi sete.

Canzone.

Sulla Morte del Dante.

Su per la costa, amor, de l'alto monte
Dietro a lo stil del nostro ragionare
Or chi potrà montare,
Poi che son rotte l'ale d'ogni ingegno?
I' penso che gli è secca quella fonte,
Ne la cui acqua si potea specchiare
Ciascun del suo errare,
Se ben volem guardar nel dritto segno.
Ah vero Dio, ch'a perdonar benegno
Sei a ciascun, che col pentèr si colca,
Quest'anima bivolca
Sempre e stata d'amor coltivatrice,
Ritorneta nel grembo di Beatrice.
Qual oggi mai da gli amorosi dubi
Sarà a' nostri intelletti secur passo,
Poi ch'è caduto, ahi lasso,
Il ponte ove passava i peregrini?
Mo il veggio sotto nubi
Del suo aspetto si copre ognun basso,
Siccome 'l duro sasso
Si copre d'erba e talora di spini.
Ah dolce lingua, che con tuoi latini
Facevi contento ciascun che t'udia,
Quanto dolor si dia
Ciascun che verso amor la mente ha volta,
Poi che fortuna dal mondo t'ha tolta.
Canzone mia, a la nuda Firenza
Oggi mai di speranza te n'andrai;
Di' che ben può trar guai,
Ch'omai ha ben di lungi al becco l'erba.
Ecco la profezia che ciò sentenza
Or è compiuta, Firenza, e tu 'l sai.
Se tu conoscerai
Il tuo gran danno piangi che t'acerba.
E quella saggia Ravenna che serba
Il tuo tesoro allegra se ne goda,
Ch'è degna per gran loda.
Così volesse Iddio che per vendetta
Fosse deserta l'iniqua tua setta.

7.

Fazio degli Uberti.

Er wird zu [illegible] geboren, und starb um 1368 in Verona. Sein umfangreichstes Werk ist Il Dittamondo, eine Art von Geographie in Terzinen, er hat jedoch [illegible] poetische Werke. [illegible]

Canzone.

Lasso, che quando immaginando vegno
Il forte e crudel punto dov'io nacqui,
E quanto più dispiacqui
A questa dispietata di fortuna,
Per la doglia crudel che al cor sostegno
Di lagrime convien che gli occhi adacqui,
E che 'l viso ne sciacqui,
Ch'ogni duolo e sospiro al cuor s'aduna;
Come farò io, quando in parte alcuna
Non trovo cosa che ajutar mi possa,
E quanto più mi levo, più giù caggio?
Non so, ma tal viaggio
Consumato avrà sì ogni mia possa,
Ch'io vo chiamando morte con diletto:
Sì m'è venuta la vita in dispetto.
I' chiamo i' prego i' lusingo la morte,
Come divota cara e dolce amica,
Che non mi sia nemica,
Ma vegna a me come a sua propria cosa;
Ed ella mi tien chiuse le sue porte,
E sdegnosa ver me par ch'ella dica:
Tu perdi la fatica,
Ch'io non son qui per dare a' tuoi par posa:
Questa tua vita cotanto angosciosa
Di sopra data ti è, se 'l ver discerno;
E però il colpo mio non ti distrugge
Così mi trovo in uggia
A' cieli al mondo a l'acqua ed a l'inferno,

Ed ogni cosa c'ha poder mi scaccia;
Ma sol la povertà m'apre le braccia.
Come dal corpo di mia madre usci' io,
Così la povertà mi fu da lato,
E disse: I' è [illegible],
Ch'io non mi vegga mai da te partire;
E s'tu volessi dir come 'l so io;
Donne che s'eran me l'hanno contato,
E più manifestato
M'è per le prove, s'io non vo' mentire.
Lasso, che più non posso sofferire;
Però bestemmio in prima la natura
E la fortuna con chi n'ha podere
Di farmi sì dolere;
E torcilo a chi si vuol, ch'io non ho cura;
Che tanto è 'l mio dolore e la mia rabbia,
Che io non posso aver peggio ch'io m'abbia.
Però ch'io sono a tal punto condotto,
Ch'io non conosco quasi ov'io mi sia;
E vado per la via,
Com'uom ch'è tutto fuor d'intendimento,
Nè ne altrui nè altri a me fa motto,
Se non alcun che queto come io stia;
Però son cacciato via,
Che se di vita fossi struggimento
Ahi lasso me, che così vil divento,
Che morte sola al mio rimedio cheggio;
E come il corpo e la voce mi trema;
Io ho paura e tema
Di tutte quelle cose che io veggio;
Ed ancor peggio mi rodica il core,
Che senza fine sarà il mio dolore.
Mille fiate il dì fra me ragiono:
Deh che pure fo io, che non m'uccido?
Perchè me non divido
Da questo mondo peggior che 'l veleno?
E riguardando il [illegible],
Io non ardisco a far di me 'micidio;
Piango, lamento, e strido,
E son tormentato così pieno;
Ma quel di ch'io [illegible] meno
Si è, ch'io odo mormorar la gente,
Che mi sta più che ben, se io ho male;
E ch'è gente cotale,
Che se fortuna ben ponesse mente
In [illegible] quel che sanno fare,
E' non sarebbon più da mormorare.
Canzon, io non so a cui io mi ti scriva;
Ch'io non credo che viva
Al mondo uom tormentato com'io sono;
E però l'abbandono,
E vanne ove tu vuoi, che più ti piace;
Che certo son ch'io non avrò più pace.

8.

Francesco Petrarca.

Francesco Petrarca, der erste und größte lyrische Dichter Italiens, der eifrigste Förderer der Wissenschaften jener Zeit in seinem Vaterlande, zugleich ausgezeichnet als Philosoph, Geschichtschreiber, Redner, Philolog, lateinischer Dichter und Staatsmann, ward am 20 Juli 1304 zu Arezzo, wohin sein aus Florenz verbannter Vater sich gewendet hatte, geboren. Seine Mutter begab sich mit ihm auf ein ihr gehörendes Gut zu Ancisa, wo sie sieben Jahre verweilten; dann zogen sie nach Pisa, und als alle Hoffnung auf Rückkehr in die Vaterstadt vereitelt wurden, gingen sie nach Avignon (1313) und von dort nach Carpentras. Der junge Petrarca studirte darauf, aus Gehorsam gegen den Wunsch seines Vaters, in Montpellier und in Bologna die Rechte; seine Neigung aber zog ihn zu den schönen Wissenschaften, denen er sich ganz widmete, als ihn 1326 der Tod seines Erzeugers nach Avignon zurückrief, und ihm eine völlige Freiheit dadurch wurde. 1327 am 6. April um 6 Uhr Morgens, am Montage der heiligen Woche, erblickte er daselbst in der Kirche der heiligen Clara, Madonna Laura, Tochter Audebert's de Noves und Gattin Hugo's de Sade, zu der sein Herz in Liebe entbrannte, und zu deren Preise er von nun an unaufhörlich dichtete, die ihn aber unerhört ließ. Nachdem er darauf eine Zeit lang in Lombez, bei seinem Freunde dem Bischofe Jacob Colonna, verweilt, machte er größere Reisen, kehrte 1333 nach Avignon zurück, und ließ sich in dem Thal von Vaucluse nieder. Später ging er nach Rom, wo er am Ostertage, den 8. April 1341 feierlich auf dem Capitol mit dem Dichterlorbeer gekrönt wurde, nachdem er in Neapel zu diesem Zwecke vor dem gelehrtesten Fürsten seiner Zeit, König Robert, ein Examen höchst ehrenvoll bestanden. Von nun an theilte sich sein Leben zwischen Reisen und Studien, da er vielfach als vermittelnder Gesandter in den damaligen Zeitumständen verwendet wurde. Im Jahre 1348 starb seine geliebte Laura zu Avignon an der Pest, merkwürdig genug, an demselben Tage und zu derselben Stunde, wo er sie vor 21 Jahren zuerst erblickt hatte. Auch nach ihrem Tode feierte er sie mit derselben Inbrunst in Gedichten. — Nach einem bis an sein Ende unablässig thätigen Leben überraschte ihn der Tod in seiner Zurückgezogenheit zu Arqua in den Euganeischen Hügeln am 18. Juli 1374. Er ward mit großer Pracht zu Avignon begraben.

Außer seinen zahlreichen italienischen lyrischen und allegorischen Gedichten hinterließ er noch viele lateinische Schriften, deren Aufzählung nicht hieher gehört.

Sonetto.

Era 'l giorno, ch'al sol si scoloraro
Per la pietà del suo fattore i rai,
Quand' io fui preso, e non me ne guardai,
Che i be' vostr' occhj, donna, mi legaro.
Tempo non mi parea da far riparo
Contr' a' colpi d'Amor; però n'andai
Secur senza sospetto; onde i miei guai
Nel commune dolor s'incominciaro.
Trovommi Amor del tutto disarmato,
Ed aperta la via per gli occhj al core,
Che di lagrime son fatti uscio e varco.
Però, al mio parer, non gli fu onore
Ferir me di saetta in quello stato
E a voi armata non mostrar pur l'arco.

Sonetto.

La gola, e 'l sonno, e l'oziose piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtu sbandita;
Ond' e dal corso suo quasi smarrita
Nostra natura vinta dal costume:
Ed e si spento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel, per cui s' informa umana vita,
Che per cosa mirabile s' addita
Chi vuol far d' Elicona nascer fiume.
Qual vaghezza di lauro? qual di mirto?
Povera e nuda vai, Filosofia,
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.
Pochi compagni avrai per l'altra via:
Tanto ti prego piu, gentile spirto,
Non lassar la magnanima tua impresa!

Ballata.

Lassare il velo, o per sole o per ombra,
Donna, non vi vid' io,
Poi che 'n me conosceste il gran desio,
Ch' ogni altra voglia dentr' al cor mi sgombra.
Mentr' io portava i be' pensier celati,
C' hanno la mente desiando morta,
Vidivi di pietate ornare il volto,
Ma, poi ch' Amor di me vi fece accorta,
Fur i biondi capelli allor velati,
E l' amoroso sguardo in se raccolto.
Quel che piu desiava in voi, m' e tolto,
Si mi governa il velo,
Che per mia morte, ed al caldo, ed al gelo,
De' be' vostr' occhj il dolce lume adombra.

Sonetto.

Quando fra l'altre donne ad ora ad ora
Amor vien nel bel viso di costei,
Quanto ciascuna e men bella di lei,
Tanto cresce 'l desio, che m' innamora.
I' benedico il loco, e 'l tempo, e l'ora,
Che si alto miraron gli occhj miei,
E dico: Anima, assai ringraziar dei,
Che fosti a tanto onor degnata allora.
Da lei ti vien l'amoroso pensiero,
Che, mentre 'l segui, al sommo ben t' invia,
Poco prezzando quel, ch' ogni uom desia;
Da lei vien l'animosa leggiadria,
Ch' al ciel ti scorge per destro sentero,
Sicch' i' vo gia della speranza altero.

Ballata.

Occhj miei lassi, mentre ch' io vi giro
Nel bel viso di quella, che v' ha morti,
Pregovi, siate accorti!
Che gia vi sfida Amore, ond' io sospiro.
Morte puo chiuder sola a' miei pensieri
L' amoroso cammin, che li conduce
Al dolce porto della lor salute.
Ma puossi a voi celar la vostra luce
Per meno obbietto, perche meno interi
Siete formati, e di minor virtute.
Pero dolenti, anzi che sian venute
L' ore del pianto, che son gia vicine,
Prendete or alla fine
Breve conforto a si lungo martiro.

Sestina.

A qualunque animale alberga in terra,
Se non se alquanti, ch' hanno in odio il sole,
Tempo da travagliare e quanto e 'l giorno;
Ma poi che 'l ciel accende le sue stelle,
Qual torna a casa, e qual s' annida in selva,
Per aver posa almeno infin all' alba.
Ed io, da che comincia la bell' alba
A scuoter l'ombra intorno della terra,
Svegliando gli animali in ogni selva,
Non ho mai triegua di sospir col sole.
Poi, quand' io veggio fiammeggiar le stelle,
Vo lagrimando e desiando il giorno.
Quando la sera scaccia il chiaro giorno,
E le tenebre nostre altrui fann' alba,
Miro pensoso le crudeli stelle,
Che m' hanno fatto di sensibil terra,
E maledico il di, ch' i' vidi 'l sole,
Che mi fa in vista un uom nudrito in selva.
Non credo, che pascesse mai per selva
Si aspra fera, o di notte, o di giorno,
Come costei, ch' i' piango all' ombra e al sole
E non mi stanca primo sonno, ed alba;
Che, bench' i' sia mortal corpo di terra,
Lo mio fermo desir vien dalle stelle.
Prima ch' i' torni a voi, lucenti stelle,
O torni giu nell' amorosa selva,
Lasciando il corpo, che fia trita terra,
Vedess' io in lei pieta, ch' in un sol giorno
Puo ristorar molt' anni, e innanzi l'alba
Puommi arricchir dal tramontar del sole!
Con lei foss' io, da che si parte il sole,
E non ci vedess' altri, che le stelle,
Sol una notte, e mai non fosse l'alba
E non si trasformasse in verde selva
Per uscirmi di braccia, come il giorno,
Che Apollo la seguia quaggiu per terra!
Ma io saro sotterra in secca selva
E 'l giorno andra pien di minute stelle,
Prima ch' a si dolce alba arrivi il sole.

Canzone.

Nel dolce tempo della prima etade,
Che nascer vide, ed ancor quasi in erba,
La fera voglia, che per mio mal crebbe,
Perche cantando il duol si disacerba,

Canterò, com' io vissi in libertade,
Mentre Amor nel mio albergo a sdegno s'ebbe;
Poi seguirò, sì come a lui ne 'ncrebbe
Troppo altamente, e che di ciò m'avvenne;
Di ch' io son fatto a molta gente esempio:
Benchè 'l mio duro scempio
Sia scritto altrove, sì che mille penne
Ne son già stanche, e quasi in ogni valle
Rimbombi 'l suon de' miei gravi sospiri,
Ch' acquistan fede alla penosa vita.
E se qui la memoria non m'aita,
Come suol fare, iscusinla i martiri,
Ed un pensier, che solo angoscia dalle
Tal, ch' ad ogni altro fa voltar le spalle,
E mi face obbliar me stesso a forza;
Chè tien di me quel dentro, ed io la scorza.

I' dico, che dal dì, che 'l primo assalto
Mi diede Amor, molt' anni eran passati,
Sì ch' io cangiava il giovenile aspetto,
E d'intorno al mio cor pensier gelati
Fatto avean quasi adamantino smalto,
Ch' allentar non lassava il duro affetto.
Lagrima ancor non mi bagnava il petto,
Nè rompea il sonno; e quel che 'n me non era,
Mi pareva un miracolo in altrui.
Lasso, che son? che fui?
La vita il fin, e 'l dì loda la sera.
Chè sentendo il crudel, di ch' io ragiono,
Infin allor percossa di suo strale
Non essermi passato oltra la gonna,
Prese in sua scorta una possente donna,
Ver cui poco giammai mi valse, o vale
Ingegno, o forza, o dimandar perdono.
E i duo mi trasformaro in quel ch' i' sono,
Facendomi d' uom vivo un lauro verde,
Che per fredda stagion foglia non perde.

Qual mi fec' io, quando primier m'accorsi
Della trasfigurata mia persona,
E i capei vidi far di quella fronde,
Di che sperato avea già lor corona,
E i piedi, in ch' io mi stetti, e mossi, e corsi,
Com' ogni membro all' anima risponde,
Diventar due radici sovra l'onde,
Non di Peneo, ma d' un più altero fiume,
E 'n duo rami mutarsi ambe le braccia!
Nè meno ancor m' agghiaccia
L'esser coverto poi di bianche piume,
Allorchè fulminato e morto giacque
Il mio sperar, che troppo alto montava:
Che, perch' io non sapea, dove, nè quando
Mel ritrovassi, solo lagrimando
Là, 've tolto mi fu, dì e notte andava
Ricercando dal lato, e dentro all' acque;
E giammai poi la mia lingua non tacque,
Mentre poteo, del suo cader maligno:
Ond' io presi col suon color d' un cigno.

Così lungo l'amate rive andai,
Che volendo parlar cantava sempre,
Mercè chiamando con estrania voce.
Nè mai in sì dolci, o in sì soave tempre
Risonar seppi gli amorosi guai,
Che 'l cor s'umiliasse aspro e feroce.
Qual fu a sentir, che 'l ricordar mi coce?
Ma molto più di quel ch' è per innanzi
Della dolce ed acerba mia nemica
È bisogno, ch' io dica,
Benchè sia tal, ch' ogni parlare avanzi.
Questa, che col mirar gli animi fura,
M' aperse il petto, e 'l cor prese con mano,
Dicendo a me: di ciò non far parola!
Poi la rividi in altro abito sola,
Tal ch' io non la conobbi, (oh senso umano!)
Anzi le dissi 'l ver pien di paura:
Ed ella, nell' usata sua figura
Tosto tornando, fecemi, oimè lasso!
D' un quasi vivo e sbigottito sasso.

Ella parlava sì turbata in vista,
Che tremar mi fea dentro a quella petra
Udendo: i' non son forse, chi tu credi
E dicea meco: se costei mi spetra,
Nulla vita mi fia nojosa, o trista.
A farmi lagrimar, signor mio, riedi!
Come, non so, pur io mossi indi i piedi,
Non altrui incolpando, che me stesso,
Mezzo tutto quel dì tra vivo e morto.
Ma perchè 'l tempo è corto,
La penna al buon voler non può gir presso;
Onde più cose nella mente scritte
Vo trapassando, e sol d' alcune parlo,
Che meraviglia fanno a chi le ascolta.
Morte mi s' era intorno al core avvolta,
Nè tacendo potea di sua man trarlo,
O dar soccorso alle virtuti afflitte:
Le vive voci m' erano interditte:
Ond' io gridai con carta, e con inchiostro:
Non son mio, no: s' io moro, il danno è vostro.

Ben mi credea dinanzi agli occhi suoi
D' indegno far così di mercè degno;
E questa speme m' avea fatto ardito.
Ma talor umiltà spegne disdegno,
Talor lo 'nfiamma: e ciò sepp' io da poi
Lunga stagion di tenebre vestito:
Ch' a quei preghi il mio lume era sparito.
Ed io non ritrovando intorno intorno
Ombra di lei, nè pur de' suoi piedi orma,
Com' uom, che tra via dorma,
Gittaimi stanco sopra l' erba un giorno.
Ivi accusando il fuggitivo raggio
Alle lagrime triste allargai 'l freno,

E lasciaile cader, come a lor parve.
Nè giammai neve sotto al sol disparve,
Com'io sentii me tutto venir meno,
E farmi una fontana a piè d'un faggio.
Gran tempo umido tenni quel viaggio.
Chi udì mai d'uom vero nascer fonte?
E parlo cose manifeste e conte.

L'alma, ch'è sol da Dio fatta gentile,
Che già d'altrui non può venir tal grazia,
Simile al suo Fattor stato ritene:
Però di perdonar mai non è sazia
A chi col core, e col sembiante umile
Dopo quantunque offesa a mercè viene:
E se contra suo stile ella sostiene
D'esser molto pregata, in lui si specchia;
E fal, perchè 'l peccar più si pavente:
Chè non ben si ripente
Dell'un mal, chi dell'altro s'apparecchia.
Poi che madonna da pietà commossa
Degnò mirarmi, e riconobbe, e vide
Gir di pari la pena col peccato,
Benigna mi ridusse al primo stato.
Ma nulla è al mondo, in ch'uom saggio
si fide:
Ch'ancor poi ripregando, i nervi e l'ossa
Mi volse in dura selce, e così scossa
Voce rimasi dell'antiche some,
Chiamando morte e lei sola per nome.

Spirto doglioso errante, mi rimembra,
Per spelunche deserte e pellegrine
Piansi molt'anni il mio sfrenato ardire:
Ed ancor poi trovai di quel mal fine,
E ritornai nelle terrene membra,
Credo, per più dolor ivi sentire.
I' seguii tanto avanti il mio desire,
Ch'un dì cacciando, sì com'io solea,
Mi mossi, e quella fera bella e cruda
In una fonte ignuda
Si stava, quando 'l sol più forte ardea.
Io, perchè d'altra vista non m'appago,
Stetti a mirarla: ond'ella ebbe vergogna,
E per farne vendetta, o per celarse,
L'acqua nel viso con le man mi sparse.
Vero dirò, forse e' parrà menzogna,
Ch'i' sentii trarmi della propria immago,
Ed in un cervo solitario e vago
Di selva in selva ratto mi trasformo
Ed ancor de' miei can fuggo lo stormo.

Canzon, i' non fu' mai quel nuvol d'oro,
Che poi discese in preziosa pioggia,
Sì che 'l foco di Giove in parte spense:
Ma fui ben fiamma ch'un bel guardo accese,
E fui l'uccel, che più per l'aere poggia,
Alzando lei, che ne' miei detti onoro:
Nè per nova figura il primo alloro
Seppi lasciar; chè pur la sua dolce ombra
Ogni men bel piacer del cor mi sgombra.

Canzone.

Oh aspettata in ciel beata e bella
Anima, che di nostra umanitade
Vestita vai, non come l'altre carca,
Perchè ti sien men dure omai le strade,
A Dio diletta obbediente ancella,
Onde al suo regno di qua giù si varca,
Ecco novellamente alla tua barca,
Ch'al cieco mondo ha già volte le spalle,
Per gir a miglior porto,
D'un vento occidental dolce conforto,
Lo qual per mezzo questa oscura valle,
Ove piangiamo il nostro e l'altrui torto,
La condurrà de' lacci antichi sciolta
Per drittissimo calle
Al verace oriente, ov'ella è volta.

Forse i devoti e gli amorosi preghi,
E le lagrime sante de' mortali
Son giunte innanzi alla pietà superna,
E forse non fur mai tante, nè tali,
Che per merito lor punto si pieghi
Fuor di suo corso la giustizia eterna:
Ma quel benigno re, che 'l ciel governa,
Al sacro loco, ove fu posto in croce,
Gli occhi per grazia gira;
Onde nel petto al novo Carlo spira
La vendetta, ch'a noi tardata noce,
Sì che molt'anni Europa ne sospira:
Così soccorre alla sua amata sposa,
Tal che sol della voce
Fa tremar Babilonia, e star pensosa.

Chiunque alberga tra Garonna e 'l monte
E 'ntra 'l Rodano, e 'l Reno, e l'onde
salse,
Le 'nsegne cristianissime accompagna,
Ed a cui mai di vero pregio calse,
Dal Pireneo all'ultimo orizzonte,
Con Aragon lassa vota Ispagna,
Inghilterra con l'isole, che bagna
L'oceano intra 'l carro e le colonne,
Infin là, dove sona
Dottrina del santissimo Elicona,
Varie di lingue, e d'arme e delle gonne,
All'alta impresa caritate sprona.
Deh qual amor sì licito, o sì degno,
Qua' figli mai, qua' donne
Furon materia a sì giusto disdegno?

Una parte del mondo è, che si giace
Mai sempre in ghiaccio ed in gelate nevi,

Tutta lontana dal cammin del sole,
Là, sotto i giorni nubilosi e brevi,
Nemica naturalmente di pace
Nasce una gente, a cui 'l morir non dole.
Questa, se più devota, che non sole,
Col tedesco furor la spada cigne;
  Turchi, Arabi e Caldei,
Con tutti quei, che speran negli Dei,
Di qua dal mar, che fa l'onde sanguigne,
Quanto sian da prezzar, conoscer dei:
  Che ferro mai non strigne,
Ma tutti i colpi suoi commette al vento!

Dunque ora è 'l tempo da ritrare il collo
  Dal giogo antico, e da squarciare il velo,
  Ch'è stato avvolto intorno agli occhj nostri;
  E che 'l nobile ingegno, che dal cielo
  Per grazia tien dell'immortale Apollo,
  E l'eloquenza sua virtù qui mostri
  Or con la lingua, or con laudati inchiostri:
  Perchè d'Orfeo leggendo, e d'Anfione,
    Se non ti meravigli,
  Assai men fia ch'Italia co' suoi figli
  Si desti al suon del tuo chiaro sermone,
  Tanto, che per Gesù la lancia pigli;
  Che, s'al ver mira questa antica madre,
    In nulla sua tenzone
  Fur mai cagion sì belle, o sì leggiadre.

Tu, ch'hai, per arricchir d'un bel tesauro,
  Volte l'antiche e le moderne carte,
  Volando al ciel con la terrena soma,
  Sai dall'imperio del figliuol di Marte
  Al grande Augusto, che di verde lauro
  Tre volte trionfando ornò la chioma,
  Nell'altrui ingiurie del suo sangue Roma
  Spesse fiate quanto fu cortese;
    Ed or perchè non fia
  Cortese no, ma conoscente e pia
  A vendicar le dispietate offese
  Col figliuol glorioso di Maria?
  Che dunque la nemica parte spera
    Nell'umane difese,
  Se Cristo sta dalla contraria schiera?

Pon mente al temerario ardir di Serse,
  Che fece, per calcar i nostri liti,
  Di novi ponti oltraggio alla marina;
  E vedrai nella morte de' mariti
  Tutte vestite a brun le donne perse,
  E tinto in rosso il mar di Salamina.
  E non pur questa misera ruina
  Del popolo infelice d'oriente
    Vittoria ten promette,
  Ma Maratona, e le mortali strette,
  Che difese il Leon con poca gente,
  Ed altre mille, ch'hai ascoltate e lette.
  Perchè inchinar a Dio molto conviene

  Le ginocchia e la mente,
Che gli anni tuoi riserva a tanto bene.

Tu vedra' Italia e l'onorata riva,
Canzon, ch'agli occhj miei cela e contende
  Non mar, non poggio, o fiume,
Ma solo Amor, che del suo altero lume
Più m'invaghisce, dove più m'incende:
Nè natura può star contra 'l costume.
Or movi, non smarrir l'altre compagne;
  Che non pur sotto bende
Alberga Amor, per cui si ride e piagne.

Canzone.

Verdi panni, sanguigni, oscuri, o persi
    Non vestì donna unquanco,
  Nè d'or capelli in bionda treccia attorse
  Sì bella, come questa, che mi spoglia
  D'arbitrio, e dal cammin di libertade
  Seco mi tira sì, ch'io non sostegno
    Alcun giogo men grave.

E se pur s'arma talor a dolersi
    L'anima, a cui vien manco
  Consiglio, ove 'l martir l'adduce in forse,
  Rappella lei dalla sfrenata voglia
  Subita vista, che del cor mi rade
  Ogni delira impresa, ed ogni sdegno
    Fa 'l veder lei soave.

Di quanto per Amor giammai soffersi,
    Ed aggio a soffrir ancor,
  Fin che mi sani 'l cor colei, che 'l morse,
  Rubella di mercè, che pur lo 'nvoglia,
  Vendetta fia; sol che contra umiltade
  Orgoglio ed ira il bel passo, ond' io vegno,
    Non chiuda, e non inchiave.

Ma l'ora, e 'l giorno, ch'io le luci apersi
    Nel bel nero, e nel bianco,
  Che mi scacciar di là, dove Amor corse,
  Novella d'esta vita, che m'addoglia,
  Furon radice e quella, in cui l'etade
  Nostra si mira, la qual piombo, o legno
    Vedendo è chi non pave.

Lagrima dunque, che dagli occhj versi
    Per quelle, che nel manco
  Lato mi bagna chi primier s'accorse,
  Quadrella, dal voler mio non mi svoglia:
  Che 'n giusta parte la sentenza cade:
  Per lei sospira l'alma, ed ella è degno
    Che le sue piaghe lave.

Da me son fatti i miei pensier diversi:
    Tal già, qual io mi stanco,
  L'amata spada in se stessa contorse.
  Nè quella prego, che però mi scioglia:

Che non son dritte al ciel tutt' altre strade,
E non s' aspira al glorioso regno
Certo in più salda nave.

Benigne stelle, che compagne fersi
Al fortunato fianco,
Quando 'l bel parto giù nel mondo scorse!
Ch' è stella in terra, e, come in lauro foglia,
Conserva verde il pregio d' onestade,
Ove non spira folgore, nè indegno
Vento mai, che l' aggrave.

So io ben, ch' a voler chiuder in versi
Sue laudi, fora stanco
Chi più degna la mano a scriver porse.
Qual cella è di memoria, in cui s' accoglia
Quanta vede virtù, quanta beltade,
Chi gli occhj mira d' ogni valor segno,
Dolce del mio cor chiave?

Quanto 'l sol gira, Amor più caro pegno,
Donna, di voi non ave.

Sonetto.

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti,
E gli occhj porto per fuggire intenti
Dove vestigio uman l' arena stampi.
Altro schermo non trovo, che mi scampi
Dal manifesto accorger delle genti,
Perchè negli atti d' allegrezza spenti
Di fuor si legge, com' io dentro avvampi.
Sì ch' io mi credo omai, che mo[illegible]e piagge,
E fiumi, e selve sappian, di [illegible]e tempre
Sia la mia vita, ch' è celata altrui.
Ma pur sì aspre vie, nè sì selvagge
Cercar non so, ch' Amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

Sonetto.

S' io credessi per morte essere scarco
Del pensier amoroso, che m' atterra,
Con le mie mani avrei già posto in terra
Queste membra nojose, e quello incarco.
Ma perch' io temo, che sarebbe un varco
Di pianto in pianto, e d' una in altra guerra,
Di qua dal passo ancor, che mi si serra,
Mezzo rimango, lasso, e mezzo il varco.
Tempo ben fora omai d' avere spinto
L' ultimo stral la dispietata corda,
Nell' altrui sangue già bagnato e tinto!
Ed io ne prego Amore, e quella sorda,
Che mi lasciò de' suoi color dipinto,
E di chiamarmi a sè non le ricorda.

Canzone.

Sì è debile il filo, a cui s' attiene
La gravosa mia vita,
Che, s' altri non l' aita,
Ella fia tosto di suo corso a riva;
Però che dopo l' empia dipartita,
Che dal dolce mio bene
Feci, sol una spene
E' stata infin a qui cagion, ch' io viva,
Dicendo: perchè priva
Sia dell' amata vista,
Mantienti, anima trista!
Che sai, s' a miglior tempo ancor ritorni,
E a più lieti giorni?
O se 'l perduto ben mai si racquista?
Questa speranza mi sostenne un tempo;
Or vien mancando, e troppo in lei m' attempo.

Il tempo passa, e l' ore son sì pronte
A fornire il viaggio,
Ch' assai spazio non aggio
Pur a pensar, com' io corro alla morte.
A pena spunta in oriente un raggio
Di sol, ch' all' altro monte
Dell' avverso orizzonte
Giunto il vedrai per vie lunghe e distorte.
Le vite son sì corte,
Sì gravi i corpi e frali
Degli uomini mortali,
Che, quand' io mi ritrovo dal bel viso
Cotanto esser diviso,
Col desio non possendo mover l' ali,
Poco m' avanza del conforto usato;
Nè so, quant' io mi viva in questo stato.

Ogni loco m' attrista, ov' io non veggio
Que' begli occhj soavi,
Che portaron le chiavi
De' miei dolci pensier, mentr' a Dio piacque;
E perchè 'l duro esilio più m' aggravi,
S' io dormo, o vado, o seggio,
Altro giammai non cheggio;
E ciò ch' io vidi dopo lor, mi spiacque.
Quante montagne, ed acque,
Quanto mar, quanti fiumi
M' ascondon que' duo lumi
Che quasi un bel sereno a mezzo 'l die
Fer le tenebre mie,
Acciò che 'l rimembrar più mi consumi:
E quant' era mia vita allor gioiosa,
M' insegni la presente aspra e noiosa.

Lasso, se ragionando si rinfresca
Quell' ardente desio
Che nacque il giorno, ch' io
Lasciai di me la miglior parte addietro,
E s' Amor se ne va per lungo obblio;
Chi mi conduce all' esca,
Onde 'l mio dolor cresca?
E perchè pria tacendo non m' impetro?

Certo, cristallo, o vetro
Non mostrò mai di fuore
Nascosto altro colore,
Che l'alma sconsolata assai non mostri
Più chiari i pensier nostri,
E la fera dolcezza, ch'è nel core,
Per gli occhj, che di sempre pianger vaghi
Cercan dì e notte pur chi glien' appaghi.

Novo piacer, che negli umani ingegni
Spesse volte si trova,
D'amar, qual cosa nova
Più folta schiera di sospiri accoglia!
Ed io son un di quei, che 'l pianger giova;
E par ben, ch'io m'ingegni
Che di lagrime pregni
Sien gli occhj miei, siccome 'l cor di doglia.
E perchè a ciò m'invoglia
Ragionar de' begli occhj,
Nè cosa, è che mi tocchi,
O sentir mi si faccia così addentro,
Corro spesso, e rientro
Colà, donde più largo il duol trabocchi;
E sien col cor punite ambe le luci
Ch'alla strada d'Amor mi furon duci.

Le trecce d'or, che dovrien far il sole
D'invidia molta ir pieno,
E 'l bel guardo sereno,
Ove i raggi d'amor sì caldi sono,
Che mi fanno anzi tempo venir meno,
E l'accorte parole
Rade nel mondo, o sole,
Che mi fer già di se cortese dono,
Mi son tolte; e perdono
Più lieve ogni altra offesa,
Che l'essermi contesa
Quella benigna angelica salute,
Che 'l mio cor a virtute
Destar solea con una voglia accesa;
Tal ch'io non penso udir cosa giammai,
Che mi conforti ad altro, ch'a trar guai.

E per pianger ancor con più diletto,
Le man bianche sottili
E le braccia gentili,
E gli atti suoi soavemente alteri,
E i dolci sdegni alteramente umili,
E 'l bel giovenil petto,
Torre d'alto intelletto,
Mi celan questi luoghi alpestri e feri:
E non so, s'io mi speri
Vederla anzi ch'io mora:
Però ch'ad ora ad ora
S'erge la speme, e poi non sa star ferma;
Ma ricadendo afferma
Di mai non veder lei, che 'l ciel onora,
Ove alberga onestate e cortesia,
E dov'io prego che 'l mio albergo sia.

Canzon, s'al dolce loco
La donna nostra vedi;
Credo ben, che tu credi
Ch'ella ti porgerà la bella mano,
Ond'io son sì lontano.
Non la toccar; ma reverente a' piedi
Le di', ch'io sarò là, tosto ch'io possa,
O spirto ignudo, od uom di carne e d'ossa!

Sonetto.

L'oro, e le perle, e i fior vermigli, e i bianchi,
Che 'l verno devria far languidi e secchi,
Son per me acerbi e velenosi stecchi,
Ch'io provo per lo petto, e per li fianchi.
Però i dì miei fien lagrimosi e manchi,
Che gran duol rade volte avvien ch'invecchi;
Ma più ne 'ncolpo i micidiali specchi,
Che 'n vagheggiar voi stessa avete stanchi.
Questi poser silenzio al signor mio,
Che per me vi pregava; ond'ei si tacque,
Veggendo in voi finir vostro desio.
Questi fur fabbricati sopra l'acque
D'abisso, e tinti nell'eterno oblio,
Onde 'l principio di mia morte nacque.

Canzone.

Spirto gentil, che quelle membra reggi,
Dentro alle qua' peregrinando alberga
Un signor valoroso, accorto, e saggio,
Poi che se' giunto all'onorata verga,
Con la qual Roma e suoi erranti correggi,
E la richiami al suo antico viaggio;
Io parlo a te, però ch'altrove un raggio
Non veggio di virtù, ch'al mondo è spenta,
Nè trovo, chi di mal far si vergogni.
Che s'aspetti non so, nè che s'agogni
Italia, che suoi guai non par che senta,
Vecchia, oziosa, e lenta.
Dormirà sempre, e non fia chi la svegli?
Le man l'avess'io avvolte entro i capegli!

Non spero, che giammai dal pigro sonno
Mova la testa, per chiamar ch'uom faccia;
Sì gravemente è oppressa, e di tal soma!
Ma non senza destino alle tue braccia,
Che scuoter forte, e sollevar la ponno,
È or commesso il nostro capo, Roma.
Pon mano in quella venerabil chioma
Securamente, e nelle trecce sparte,
Sì che la neghittosa esca del fango!
I', che dì e notte del suo strazio piango,
Di mia speranza ho in te la maggior parte:
Che, se 'l popol di Marte

Devesse al proprio onor alzar mai gli occhj,
Parmi pur, ch'a 'tuoi dì la grazia tocchi.

L'antiche mura, ch'ancor teme, ed ama,
E trema 'l mondo, quando si rimembra
Del tempo andato, e 'ndietro si rivolve,
E i sassi, dove fur chiuse le membra
Di tai, che non saranno senza fama,
Se l'universo pria non si dissolve,
E tutto quel, ch'una ruina involve,
Per te spera saldar ogni suo vizio.
Oh grandi Scipioni, oh fedel Bruto,
Quanto v'aggrada, s'egli è ancor venuto
Romor laggiù del ben locato ufizio!
Come cre', che Fabrizio
Si faccia lieto, udendo la novella!
E dice: Roma mia sarà ancor bella!

E se cosa di qua nel ciel si cura,
L'anime, che lassù son cittadine,
Ed hanno i corpi abbandonati in terra,
Del lungo odio civil ti pregan fine,
Per cui la gente ben non s'assicura;
Onde 'l cammino a' lor tetti si serra,
Che fur già sì devoti, ed ora in guerra
Quasi spelunca di ladron son fatti,
Tal ch'ai buon solamente uscio si chiude,
E tra gli altari, e tra le statue ignude
Ogni 'mpresa crudel par che si tratti.
Deh quanto diversi atti!
Nè senza squille s'incomincia assalto,
Che per Dio ringraziar fur poste in alto.

Le donne lagrimose, e 'l volgo inerme
Della tenera etate, e i vecchj stanchi,
Ch'hanno sè in odio, e la soverchia vita,
E i neri fraticelli, e i bigi, e i bianchi,
Con l'altre schiere travagliate e 'nferme
Gridano: oh signor nostro, aita, aita!
E la povera gente sbigottita
Ti scopre le sue piaghe a mille a mille,
Ch'Annibale, non ch'altri, farian pio:
E se ben guardi alla magion di Dio,
Ch'arde oggi tutta, assai poche faville
Spegnendo, fien tranquille
Le voglie, che si mostran sì 'nfiammate;
Onde fien l'opre tue nel ciel laudate.

Orsi, lupi, leoni, aquile, e serpi
Ad una gran marmorea Colonna
Fanno noja sovente, ed a sè danno.
Di costor piagne quella gentil donna,
Che t'ha chiamato, acciò che di lei sterpi
Le male piante, che fiorir non sanno.
Passato è già più che 'l millesim' anno,
Che 'n lei mancar quell'anime leggiadre,
Che beata l'avean là dov'ell'era.
Ahi nova gente oltra misura altera,
Irreverente a tanta ed a tal madre!
Tu marito, tu padre;
Ogni soccorso di tua man s'attende
Che 'l maggior padre ad altr'opera intende.

Rade volte addivien, ch'all'alte imprese
Fortuna ingiuriosa non contrasti,
Ch'agli animosi fatti mal s'accorda.
Ora, sgombrando 'l passo, onde tu intrasti,
Fammisi perdonar molt'altre offese,
Ch'almen qui da sè stessa si discorda:
Però che, quanto 'l mondo si ricorda,
Ad uom mortal non fu aperta la via
Per farsi, come a te, di fama eterno:
Che puoi drizzar, s'io non falso discerno,
In stato la più nobil monarchia.
Quanta gloria ti fia
Dir: gli altri l'aitar giovane e forte;
Questi in vecchiezza la scampò da morte.

Sopra 'l monte Tarpeo, canzon, vedrai
Un cavalier, ch'Italia tutta onora,
Pensoso più d'altrui, che di sè stesso.
Digli: un, che non ti vide ancor da presso,
Se non come per fama uom s'innamora,
Dice, che Roma ognora
Con gli occhj di dolor bagnati e molli
Ti chier mercè da tutti sette i colli.

Sonetto.

Padre del ciel, dopo i perduti giorni,
Dopo le notti vaneggiando spese
Con quel fero desio, ch'al cor s'accese,
Mirando gli atti per mio mal sì adorni,
Piacciati omai col tuo lume, ch'io torni
Ad altra vita, ed a più belle imprese,
Sì ch'avendo le reti indarno tese
Il mio duro avversario se ne scorni!
Or volge, signor mio, l'undecim' anno,
Ch'i' fui sommesso al dispietato giogo,
Che sopra i più soggetti è più feroce.
Miserere del mio non degno affanno!
Riduci i pensier vaghi a miglior luogo?
Rammenta lor, com'oggi fosti in croce?

Canzone.

Lasso me, ch'i' non so in qual parte pieghi
La speme, ch'è tradita omai più volte:
Che se non è chi con pietà m'ascolte,
Perchè sparger al ciel sì spessi prieghi?
Ma s'egli avvien, ch'ancor non mi si nieghi
Finire anzi 'l mio fine
Queste voci meschine,
Non gravi al mio signor, perch'io 'l ripreghi

Di dir libero un dì tra l'erba e i fiori:
Drez et raison es qui eu ciant emdemori *).

Ragion è ben, ch'alcuna volta i' canti,
Però ch'ho sospirato sì gran tempo;
Che mai non incomincio assai per tempo,
Per adeguar col riso i dolor tanti.
E s'io potessi far, ch'agli occhj santi
Porgesse alcun diletto
Qualche dolce mio detto,
Oh me beato sopra gli altri amanti!
Ma più, quand'io dirò senza mentire:
Donna mi prega, per ch'io voglio dire.

Vaghi pensier, che così passo passo
Scorto m'avete a ragionar tant'alto,
Vedete che madonna ha 'l cor di smalto
Sì forte, ch'io per me dentro nol passo.
Ella non degna di mirar sì basso,
Che di nostre parole
Curi; che 'l ciel non vuole,
Al qual pur contrastando i' son già lasso;
Onde, come nel cor m'induro e 'naspro,
Così nel mio parlar voglio esser aspro.

Che parlo? o dove sono? e chi m'inganna
Altri, ch'io stesso, e 'l desiar soverchio?
Già, s'i' trascorro il ciel di cerchio in cerchio,
Nessun pianeta a pianger mi condanna.
Se mortal velo il mio veder appanna,
Che colpa è delle stelle,
O delle cose belle?
Meco si sta chi dì e notte m'affanna,
Poi che del suo piacer mi fe' gir grave
La dolce vista e 'l bel guardo soave.

Tutte le cose, di che 'l mondo è adorno,
Uscir buone di man del mastro eterno:
Ma me, che così a dentro non discerno,
Abbaglia il bel, che mi si mostra intorno;
E s'al vero splendor giammai ritorno,
L'occhio non può star fermo;
Così l'ha fatto infermo
Pur la sua propria colpa, e non quel giorno,
Ch'io 'l volsi 'nver l'angelica beltade
Nel dolce tempo della prima etade.

Sonetto.

Io son già stanco di pensar, sì come
I miei pensier in voi stanchi non sono,
E come vita ancor non abbandono,
Per fuggir de' sospir sì gravi some;
E come a dir del viso e delle chiome,
E de' begli occhj, ond'io sempre ragiono,
Non è mancata omai la lingua, e 'l suono,
Dì e notte chiamando il vostro nome:
E che i piè miei non son fiaccati, e lassi
A seguir l'orme vostre in ogni parte,
Perdendo inutilmente tanti passi;
Ed onde vien l'inchiostro, onde le carte,
Ch'i' vo empiendo di voi: se 'n ciò fallasse,
Colpa d'amor, non già difetto d'arte.

Sonetto.

Petrarca: Occhj, piangete; accompagnate il core,
Che di vostro fallir morte sostiene. —
Occhj. Così sempre facciamo; e ne conviene
Lamentar più l'altrui, che 'l nostro errore. —
P. Già prima ebbe per voi l'entrata Amore
Là, onde ancor, come in suo albergo, viene. —
O. Noi gli aprimmo la via per quella speme,
Che mosse dentro da colui, che more. —
P. Non son, com'a voi par, le ragion pari:
Chè pur voi foste nella prima vista
Del vostro, e del suo mal cotanto avari. —
O. Or questo è quel, che più ch'altro n'attrista;
Chè i perfetti giudicj son sì rari,
E d'altrui colpa altrui biasmo s'acquista.

Sonetto.

Piangete, donne, e con voi pianga Amore!
Piangete, amanti, per ciascun paese,
Poi che morto è colui, che tutto intese
In farvi, mentre visse al mondo, onore.
Io per me prego il mio acerbo dolore,
Non sian da le lagrime contese,
E mi sia di sospir tanto cortese,
Quanto bisogna a disfogare il core.
Piangan le rime ancor, piangano i versi!
Perchè 'l nostro amoroso messer Cino
Novellamente s'è da noi partito.
Pianga Pistoja, e i cittadin perversi,
Che perdut'hanno sì dolce vicino,
E rallegrisi il cielo, ov'egli è gito!

Sonetto.

Più volte Amor m'avea già detto: scrivi,
Scrivi quel che vedesti, in lettre d'oro
Sì come i miei seguaci discoloro,
E 'n un momento li fo morti e vivi.
Un tempo fu, che 'n te stesso 'l sentivi,
Volgare esempio all'amoroso coro;
Poi di man mi ti tolse altro lavoro,

---

*) Principio d'una canzone provenzale d'Arnaldo Daniello, e vuol dire: Diritto e ragione è ch'io canti e mi trastulli.

Ma già ti raggiunse' io, mentre fuggivi.
E se i begli occhj, ond' io me ti mostrai,
E là dov' era il mio dolce ridutto,
Quando ti ruppi al cor tanta durezza,
Mi rendon l'arco, ch' ogni cosa spezza;
Forse non avrai sempre il viso asciutto:
Ch' i' mi pasco di lagrime, e tu 'l sai.

Canzone.

Una donna più bella assai che 'l sole,
E più lucente, e d' altrettanta etade,
Con famosa beltade
Acerbo ancor mi trasse alla sua schiera.
Questa in pensieri, in opre, ed in parole
Però ch' è delle cose al mondo rade,
Questa per mille strade
Sempre innanzi mi fu leggiadra altera:
Solo per lei tornai da quel ch' i' era,
Poi ch' i' soffersi gli occhj suoi da presso;
Per suo amor m' er' io messo
A faticosa impresa assai per tempo,
Tal che, s' i' arrivo al desiato porto,
Spero per lei gran tempo
Viver, quand' altri mi terrà per morto.

Questa mia donna mi menò molt' anni
Pien di vaghezza giovenil e ardendo,
Sì com' ora io comprendo,
Sol per aver di me più certa prova,
Mostrandomi pur l'ombra, o 'l velo, o i panni
Talor di se, ma 'l viso nascondendo:
Ed io, lasso, credendo
Vederne assai, tutta l'età mia nova
Passai contento, e 'l rimembrar mi giova,
Poi ch' alquanto di lei vegg' or più innanzi.
I' dico che pur dianzi,
Qual' io non l'avea vista infin allora,
Mi si scoverse; onde mi nacque un ghiaccio
Nel core, ed evvi ancora,
E sarà sempre, fin ch' io le sia in braccio.

Ma non mel tolse la paura o 'l gelo:
Che pur tanta baldanza al mio cor diedi,
Ch' i' le mi strinsi a' piedi
Per più dolcezza trar degli occhj suoi.
Ed ella, che rimosso avea già il velo
Dinanzi a' miei, mi disse: amico, or vedi
Com' io son bella, e chiedi
Quanto par si convenga agli anni tuoi.
Madonna, dissi, già gran tempo in voi
Posi 'l mio amor, ch' io sento or sì infiammato;
Ond' a me in questo stato
Altro volere, o disvoler m' è tolto.
Con voce allor di sì mirabil tempre
Rispose, e con un volto,
Che temer e sperar mi farà sempre:

Rado fu al mondo fra così gran turba,
Ch' udendo ragionar del mio valore,
Non si sentisse al core,
Per breve tempo almen, qualche favilla:
Ma l'avversaria mia, che 'l ben perturba,
Tosto la spegne, ond' ogni virtù more,
E regna altro signore,
Che promette una vita più tranquilla.
Della tua mente Amor, che prima aprilla,
Mi dice cose veramente, ond' io
Veggio, che il gran desio
Pur d' onorato fin ti farà degno,
E come già se' de' miei rari amici,
Donna vedrai per segno,
Che farà gli occhj tuoi via più felici.

I' volea dir: quest' è impossibil cosa;
Quand' ella: or mira, e leva gli occhj un poco,
In più riposto loco
Donna, ch' a pochi si mostrò giammai.
Ratto inchinai la fronte vergognosa,
Sentendo novo dentro maggior foco:
Ed ella il prese in gioco,
Dicendo: i' veggio ben, dove tu stai.
Sì come 'l sol co' suoi possenti rai
Fa subito sparir ogni altra stella,
Così par or men bella
La vista mia, cui maggior luce preme.
Ma io però da' miei non ti diparto:
Chè questa e me d' un seme,
Lei davanti, e me poi, produsse un parto.

Ruppesi intanto di vergogna il nodo,
Ch' alla mia lingua era distretto intorno,
Su nel primiero scorno,
Allor quand' io del suo accorger m' accorsi:
E 'ncominciai: s' egli è ver quel ch' i' odo,
Beato il padre, e benedetto il giorno,
Ch' ha di voi 'l mondo adorno,
E tutto il tempo, ch' a vedervi io corsi!
E se mai dalla via dritta mi torsi,
Duolmene forte assai più ch' i' non mostro;
Ma se dell' esser vostro
Fossi degno udir più, del desir ardo.
Pensosa mi rispose, e così fiso
Tenne 'l suo dolce sguardo,
Ch' al cor mandò con le parole il viso.

Sì come piacque al nostro eterno padre,
Ciascuna di noi due nacque immortale.
Miseri! a voi che vale?
Me' v' era, che da noi fosse 'l difetto.
Amate, belle, giovani e leggiadre
Fummo alcun tempo ed or siam giunte a tale,
Che costei batte l'ale,
Per tornar all' antico suo ricetto.
I' per me sono un' ombra: ed or t' ho detto,

Quanto per te si breve intender puossi.
Poi che i piè suoi fur mossi,
Dicendo, non temer ch' i' m' allontani!
Di verde lauro una ghirlanda colse,
La qual con le sue mani
Intorno intorno alle mie tempie avvolse.

Canzon, chi tua ragion chiamasse oscura,
Di: non ho cura; perchè tosto spero,
Ch' altro messaggio il vero
Farà in più chiara voce manifesto.
Io venni sol per isvegliare altrui,
Se, chi m' impose questo,
Non m' ingannò, quand' io partì da lui.

Canzone.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei, di fare al bel fianco colonna;
Erba e fior, che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse
Con l' angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno,
Ov' Amor co' begli occhj il cor m' aperse,
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolenti mie parole estreme!

S' egli è pur mio destino,
E 'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
Ch' Amor quest' occhj lagrimando chiuda,
Qualche grazia il meschino
Corpo fra voi ricopra,
E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda,
La morte fia men cruda,
Se questa speme porto
A quel dubbioso passo:
Che lo spirito lasso
Non poria mai 'n più riposato porto,
Nè 'n più tranquilla fossa,
Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' ossa.

Tempo verrà ancor forse,
Ch' all' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta,
E là 'v' ella mi scorse
Nel benedetto giorno,
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,
Cercandomi; ed, oh pietà!
Già terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, Amor l' inspiri
In guisa, che sospiri
Sì dolcemente, che mercè m' impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo,
Asciugandosi gli occhj col bel velo.

Da' be' rami scendea,
Dolce nella memoria,
Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea
Umile in tanta gloria
Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo:
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual sulle trecce bionde,
Ch' oro forbito e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle;
Qual si posava in terra, e qual sull' onde,
Qual con un vago errore
Girando parea dir: qui regna Amore.

Quante volte diss' io
Allor pien di spavento:
Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso;
Così carco d' obblio
Il divin portamento
E 'l volto, e le parole, e 'l dolce riso
M' aveano, e sì diviso
Dall' immagine vera,
Ch' i' dicea sospirando:
Qui come venn' io, o quando?
Credendo esser in ciel, non là, dov' era.
Da indi in qua mi piace
Quest' erba sì, ch' altrove non ho pace.

Se tu avessi ornamenti, quanti hai voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco e gire infra la gente.

Canzone.

Italia mia, benchè 'l parlar sia indarno
Alle piaghe mortali,
Che nel bel corpo tuo sì spesse veggio,
Piacemi almen, che i miei sospir sien, quali
Spera 'l Tevero, e l' Arno,
E 'l Po, dove doglioso e grave or seggio.
Rettor del ciel, io chieggio
Che la pietà, che ti condusse in terra,
Ti volga al tuo diletto almo paese.
Vedi, signor cortese,
Di che lievi cagion che crudel guerra,
E i cor, ch' indura, e serra
Marte superbo e fero,
Apri tu, Padre, e 'ntenerisci, e snoda!
Ivi fa, che 'l tuo vero
(Qual io mi sia) per la mia lingua s' oda.

Voi, cui Fortuna ha posto in mano il freno
Delle belle contrade,
Di che nulla pietà par che vi stringa,
Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade?
Perchè 'l verde terreno
Del barbarico sangue si dipinga?
Vano error vi lusinga:
Poco vedete, e parvi veder molto;

Che 'n cor venale amor cercate, o fede:
Qual più gente possede,
Colui è più da' suoi nemici avvolto.
O diluvio raccolto
Di che deserti strani,
Per inondare i nostri dolci campi!
Se dalle proprie mani
Questo n' avvien, or chi fia che ne scampi?

Ben provvide Natura al nostro stato
Quando dell' Alpi schermo
Pose fra noi, e la tedesca rabbia.
Ma 'l desir cieco, e 'ncontra 'l suo ben fermo
S' è poi tanto ingegnato,
Ch' al corpo sano ha procurato scabbia.
Or dentro ad una gabbia
Fere selvagge, e mansuete gregge
S' annidan sì, che sempre il miglior geme:
Ed è questo del seme,
Per più dolor, del popol senza legge,
Al qual, come si legge,
Mario aperse sì 'l fianco,
Che memoria dell' opra anco non langue;
Quando assetato e stanco
Non più bevve del fiume acqua, che sangue.

Cesare taccio, che per ogni piaggia
Fece l' erbe sanguigne
Di lor vene, ove 'l nostro ferro mise.
Or par, non so per che stelle maligne,
Che 'l cielo in odio n' aggia.
Vostra mercè, cui tanto si commise,
Vostre voglie divise
Guastan del mondo la più bella parte.
Qual colpa, qual giudizio, o qual destino
Fastidire il vicino
Povero, e le fortune afflitte e sparte
Perseguire, e 'n disparte
Cercar gente, e gradire,
Che sparga 'l sangue, e venda l' alma a prezzo?
Io parlo per ver dire,
Non per odio d' altrui, nè per disprezzo.

Nè v' accorgete ancor per tante prove
Del bavarico inganno,
Ch' alzando 'l dito con la morte scherza.
Peggio è lo strazio, al mio parer, che 'l danno.
Ma 'l vostro sangue piove
Più largamente, ch' altr' ira vi sferza.
Dalla mattina a terza
Di voi pensate, e vederete, come
Tien caro altrui, chi tien se così vile.
Latin sangue gentile,
Sgombra da te queste dannose some!
Non far idolo un nome
Vano senza soggetto!
Che 'l furor della sua gente ritrosa
Vincerne d' intelletto,
Peccato è nostro, e non natural cosa.

Non è questo il terren, ch' i' toccai pria?
Non è questo 'l mio nido,
Ove nutrito fui sì dolcemente?
Non è questa la patria, in ch' io mi fido,
Madre benigna e pia,
Che copre l' uno e l' altro mio parente?
Per Dio, questo la mente
Talor vi mova, e con pietà guardate
Le lagrime del popol doloroso,
Che sol da voi riposo
Dopo Dio spera: e pur che voi mostriate
Segno alcun di pietate,
Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l' arme, e fia 'l combatter corto:
Che l' antico valore
Negl' italici cor non è ancor morto.

Signor, mirate, come 'l tempo vola,
E sì come la vita
Fugge, e la morte n' è sovra le spalle!
Voi siete or qui; pensate alla partita;
Che l' alma ignuda e sola
Convien ch' arrive a quel dubbioso calle.
Al passar questa valle
Piacciavi porre giù l' odio e lo sdegno,
Venti contrarj alla vita serena:
E quel, che 'n altrui pena
Tempo si spende, in qualche atto più degno
O di mano, o d' ingegno,
In qualche bella lode,
In qualche onesto studio si converta!
Così quaggiù si gode,
E la strada del ciel si trova aperta.

Canzone, io t' ammonisco
Che tua ragion cortesemente dica:
Perchè fra gente altera ir ti conviene,
E le voglie son piene
Già dell' usanza pessima ed antica,
Del ver sempre nemica.
Proverai tua ventura
Fra magnanimi pochi, a chi 'l ben piace.
Di lor: chi m' assicura?
I' vo gridando: Pace, pace, pace!

Sonetto.

Amor, che nel pensier mio vive e regna,
E 'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tiene,
Talor armato nella fronte viene:
Ivi si loca, ed ivi pon sua insegna.
Quella, ch' amare e sofferir ne 'nsegna,
E vuol, che 'l gran desio, l' accesa spene,
Ragion, vergogna, e reverenza affrene,
Di nostro ardir fra se stessa si sdegna.
Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core,

Lasciando ogni sua impresa; e piange, e trema:
Ivi s'asconde, e non appar più fuore.
Che poss'io far, temendo il mio signore,
Se non star seco infin all'ora estrema?
Che bel fin fa, chi ben amando more.

Sonetto.

In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea
Era l'esempio, onde natura tolse
Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch'ella volse
Mostrar quaggiù, quanto lassù potea?
Qual ninfa in fonti, in selve mai qual dea
Chiome d'oro sì fino all'aura sciolse?
Quand'un cor tante in se virtuti accolse?
Benchè la somma è di mia morte rea.
Per divina bellezza indarno mira
Chi gli occhj di costei giammai non vide,
Come soavemente ella li gira.
Non sa com'Amor sana, e come ancide,
Chi non sa, come dolce ella sospira,
E come dolce parla, e dolce ride.

Sonetto.

Amor, natura, e la bell'alma umile,
Ch'ogni alta virtute alberga e regna,
Contra me son giurati. Amor s'ingegna,
Ch'io mora affatto, e 'n ciò segue suo stile;
Natura tien costei d'un sì gentile
Laccio, che nullo sforzo è che sostegna;
Ella è sì schiva, ch'abitar non degna
Più nella vita faticosa e vile.
Così lo spirto d'or in or vien meno
A quelle belle care membra oneste,
Che specchio eran di vera leggiadria.
E s'a morte pietà non stringe il freno,
Lasso! ben veggio, in che stato son queste
Vane speranze, ond'io viver solia.

Sonetto.

Lasso, ch'i'ardo, ed altri non mel crede?
Sì crede ogni uom, se non sola colei,
Ch'è sovr'ogni altra, e ch'i' sola vorrei,
Ella non par che 'l creda, e sì sel vede.
Infinita bellezza, e poca fede,
Non vedete voi 'l cor negli occhj miei?
Se non fosse mia stella, i' pur devrei
Al fonte di pietà trovar mercede.
Quest'arder mio, di che vi cal sì poco,
E i vostri onori in mie rime diffusi
Ne porian' infiammar fors' ancor mille:
Ch'i' veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,
Fredda una lingua, e duo begli occhj chiusi
Rimaner dopo noi, pien' di faville.

Sonetto.

I dolci colli, ov'io lasciai me stesso,
Partendo, onde partir giammai non posso,
Mi vanno innanzi, ed emmi ognor addosso
Quel caro peso, ch'amor m'ha commesso.
Meco di me mi meraviglio spesso,
Ch'i' pur vo sempre, e non son ancor mosso
Dal bel giogo più volte indarno scosso;
Ma com' più me n'allungo, e più m'appresso.
E qual cervo ferito di saetta
Col ferro avvelenato dentr'al fianco
Fugge, e più duolsi, quanto più s'affretta,
Tal io con quello stral dal lato manco,
Che mi consuma, e parte mi diletta,
Di duol mi struggo, e di fuggir mi stanco.

Sonetto.

Tra quantunque leggiadre donne e belle
Giunga costei, ch'al mondo non ha pare,
Col suo bel viso suol dell'altre fare
Quel, che fa 'l dì delle minori stelle.
Amor par, ch'all'orecchie mi favelle
Dicendo: quanto questa in terra appare,
Fia 'l viver bello; e poi 'l vedrem turbare,
Perir virtuti, e 'l mio regno con elle.
Come natura al ciel la luna, e 'l sole
All'aere i venti, alla terra erbe e fronde,
All'uomo e l'intelletto e le parole,
Ed al mar ritogliesse i pesci e l'onde,
Tanto, e più fien le cose oscure e sole,
Se morte gli occhj suoi chiude, ed asconde.

Sonetto.

Rotta è l'alta colonna, e 'l verde lauro
Che facean ombra al mio stanco pensiero.
Perdut'ho quel, che ritrovar non spero
Dal borea all'austro, o dal mar indo al mauro.
Tolto m'hai, morte, il mio doppio tesauro,
Che mi fea viver lieto e gire altero;
E ristorar nol può terra, nè impero,
Nè gemma oriental, nè forza d'auro.
Ma se consentimento è di destino,
Che poss'io più se no aver l'alma trista,
Umidi gli occhj sempre, e 'l viso chino?
Oh nostra vita, ch'è sì bella in vista,
Com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
Quel, che 'n molt'anni a gran pena s'acquista!

Sonetto.

Nell'età sua più bella, e più fiorita,
Quand'aver suol amor in noi più forza,
Lasciando in terra la terrena scorza,
È Laura mia vital da me partita,
E viva, e bella, e nuda al ciel salita.
Indi mi signoreggia, indi mi sforza.
Deh, perchè me del mio mortal non scorza
L'ultimo dì, ch'è primo all'altra vita,

Che, come i miei pensier dietro a lei vanno,
Così leve, e spedita, e lieta l' alma
La segua, ed io sia fuor di tanto affanno?
Ciò che s' indugia, è proprio per mio danno,
Per far me stesso a me più grave salma.
Oh che bel morir era oggi è terz' anno!

Sonetto.

Gli occhj, di ch' io parlai sì caldamente
E le braccia, e le mani, e i piedi, e 'l viso,
Che m' avean sì da me stesso diviso,
E fatto singular dall' altra gente,
Le crespe chiome d' or puro lucente,
E 'l lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,
Che solean fare in terra un paradiso,
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente:
Ed io pur vivo; onde mi doglio e sdegno,
Rimaso senza il lume, ch' amai tanto,
In gran fortuna, e 'n disarmato legno.
Or sia qui fine al mio amoroso canto!
Secca è la vena dell' usato ingegno,
E la cetera mia rivolta in pianto.

Canzone.

Tacer non posso, e temo non adopre
Contrario effetto la mia lingua al core,
Che vorria far onore
Alla sua donna, che dal ciel n' ascolta.
Come poss' io, se non m' insegni, Amore,
Con parole mortali agguagliar l' opre
Divine, e quel che copre
Alta umiltate in se stessa raccolta?
Nella bella prigione, ond' or è sciolta,
Poco era stata ancor l' alma gentile
Al tempo, che di lei prima m' accorsi:
Onde subito corsi
(Ch' era dell' anno, e di mia etate aprile)
A coglier fiori in quei prati d' intorno,
Sperando agli occhj suoi piacer sì adorno.

Muri eran d' alabastro, e tetto d' oro,
D' avorio uscio, e fenestre di zaffiro,
Onde 'l primo sospiro
Mi giunse al cor, e giugnerà l' estremo.
Indi i messi d' Amor armati usciro
Di saette e di foco: ond' io di loro
Coronati d' alloro,
Pur com' or fosse, ripensando, tremo.
D' un bel diamante quadro, e mai non scemo,
Vi si vedea nel mezzo un seggio altero,
Ove sola sedea la bella donna.
Dinanzi una colonna
Cristallina, ed iv' entro ogni pensiero
Scritto, e fuor traluceva sì chiaramente,
Che mi fea lieto, e sospirar sovente.

Alle pungenti, ardenti, e lucid' arme,
Alla vittoriosa insegna verde,
Contra cui in campo perde
Giove, ed Apollo, e Polifemo, e Marte,
Ov' è 'l pianto ognor fresco, e si rinverde,
Giunto mi vidi, e non possendo aitarme,
Preso lassar mi fei,
Ond' or non so d' uscir la via, nè l' arte.
Ma sì com' uom talor, che piange, e parte
Vede cosa, che gli occhj e 'l cor alletta,
Così colei, per ch' io son in pregione,
Standosi ad un balcone,
Che fu sola a' suoi dì cosa perfetta,
Cominciai a mirar con tal desio,
Che me stesso, e 'l mio mal posi in obblio.

I' era in terra, e 'l cor in paradiso,
Dolcemente obbliando ogni altra cura,
E mia viva figura
Far sentia un marmo, e 'mpier di meraviglia,
Quand' una donna assai pronta e sicura,
Di tempo antica, e giovane del viso,
Vedendomi sì fiso —
All' atto della fronte, e delle ciglia,
Meco, mi disse, meco ti consiglia!
Ch' i' son d' altro poder, che tu non credi,
E so far lieti e tristi in un momento,
Più leggiera, che 'l vento,
E reggo, e volvo quanto al mondo vedi.
Tien pur gli occhj, com' aquila, in quel sole!
Parte dà orecchj a queste mie parole!

Il dì che costei nacque, eran le stelle,
Che producon fra voi felici effetti,
In luoghi alti ed eletti,
L' una ver l' altra con amor converse.
Venere e 'l padre con benigni aspetti
Tenean le parti signorili e belle,
E le luci empie e felle
Quasi in tutto del ciel eran disperse.
Il sol mai sì bel giorno non aperse,
L' aere e la terra s' allegrava, e l' acque
Per lo mar avean pace, e per li fiumi.
Fra tanti amici lumi
Una nube lontana mi dispiacque,
La qual temo, che 'n pianto si risolve,
Se pietate altramente il ciel non volve.

Com' ella venne in questo viver basso,
Ch', a dir il ver, non fu degno d' averla,
Cosa nova a vederla,
Già santissima e dolce, ancor acerba,
Parea chiusa in or fin candida perla.
Ed or carpone, or con tremante passo
Legno, acqua, terra, o sasso,
Verde facea, chiara, soave, e l' erba
Con le palme, e coi piè fresca e superba,

E fiorir co' begli occhj le campagne,
Ed acquetar i venti, e le tempeste,
Con voci ancor non preste
Di lingua, che dal latte si scompagne;
Chiaro mostrando al mondo sordo e cieco,
Quanto lume del ciel fosse già seco.

Poiche, crescendo in tempo ed in virtute,
Giunse alla terza sua fiorita etate,
Leggiadria ne beltate
Tanta non vide il sol, credo, giammai.
Gli occhj pien di letizia e d'onestate,
E 'l parlar di dolcezza e di salute.
Tutte lingue son mute
A dir di lei quel, che tu sol ne sai.
Sì chiaro ha 'l volto di celesti rai,
Che vostra vista in lui non può fermarse;
E da quel suo bel carcere terreno
Di tal foco hai 'l cor pieno,
Ch' altro più dolcemente mai non arse.
Ma parmi, che sua subita partita
Tosto ti fia cagion d' amara vita.

Detto questo, alla sua volubil rota
Si volse, in ch' ella fila il nostro stame,
Trista e certa indovina de' miei danni:
Che dopo non molt' anni
Quella, perch' io ho di morir tal fame,
Canzon mia, spense morte acerba e rea,
Che più bel corpo uccider non potea.

Canzone.

Solea dalla fontana di mia vita
Allontanarme, e cercar terre e mari,
Non mio voler, ma mia stella seguendo;
E sempre andai (tal' amor diemmi aita)
In quelle esilj, quanto e' vide, amari,
Di memoria, e di speme il cor pascendo.
Or, lasso, alzo la mano, e l' arme rendo
All' empia, e violenta mia fortuna,
Che privo m' ha di sì dolce speranza:
Sol memoria m' avanza,
E pasco 'l gran desir sol di quest' una
Onde l' alma vien men, frale e digiuna.

Come a corrier tra via, se 'l cibo manca,
Convien per forza rallentar il corso,
Scemando la virtù, che 'l fea gir presto,
Così, mancando alla mia vita stanca
Quel caro nutrimento, in che di morso
Die', chi 'l mondo fa nudo, e 'l mio cor mesto,
Il dolce acerbo, e 'l bel piacer molesto
Mi si fa d' ora in ora; onde 'l cammino
Sì breve non fornir spero e pavento.
Nebbia o polvere al vento
Fuggo, per più non esser pellegrino:
E così vada, s' è pur mio destino!

Mai questa mortal vita a me non piacque,
(Sassel' Amor, con cui spesso ne parlo)
Se non per lei, che fu 'l suo lume, e 'l mio.
Poi che 'n terra morendo, al ciel rinacque
Quello spirto, ond' io vissi, a seguitarlo
Licito fosse! e 'l mio sommo desio.
Ma da dolermi ho ben sempre, perch' io
Fui mal accorto a provveder mio stato,
Ch' Amor mostrommi sotto quel bel ciglio,
Per darmi altro consiglio;
Che tal morì già tristo e sconsolato,
Cui poco innanzi era 'l morir beato.

Negli occhj, ov' abitar solea 'l mio core,
Fin che mia dura sorte invidia n' ebbe,
Che di sì ricco albergo il pose in bando,
Di sua man propria avea descritto Amore
Con lettere di pietà quel, ch' avverrebbe
Tosto del mio sì lungo ir desiando.
Bello e dolce morire era allor quando,
Morend' io, non moria mia vita insieme,
Anzi vivea di me l' ottima parte.
Or mie speranze sparte
Ha morte, e poca terra il mio ben preme;
E vivo, e mai nol penso, ch' i' non treme.

Se stato fosse il mio poco intelletto
Meco al bisogno, e non altra vaghezza
L' avesse deviando altrove volto,
Nella fronte a madonna avrei ben letto:
Al fin se' giunto d' ogni tua dolcezza,
Ed al principio del tuo amaro molto.
Questo intendendo, dolcemente sciolto
In sua presenza del mortal mio velo,
E di questa nojosa e grave carne,
Potea innanzi lei andarne
A veder preparar sua sedia in cielo:
Or l' andrò dietro omai con altro pelo.

Canzon, s' uom trovi in suo amor viver queto,
Di': muor, mentre se' lieto;
Che morte al tempo è non duol, ma refugio,
E chi ben può morir, non cerchi indugio.

Canzone.

Vergine bella, che di sol vestita
Coronata di stelle, al sommo sole
Piacesti sì, che 'n te sua luce ascose,
Amor mi spinge a dir di te parole.
Ma non so 'ncominciar senza tu' aita,
E di colui, ch' amando in te si pose.
Invoco lei, che ben sempre rispose,
Chi la chiamò con fede.
Vergine, s' a mercede
Miseria estrema dell' umane cose

Giammai ti volse, al mio prego t'inchina!
Soccorri alla mia guerra,
Bench' i' sia terra, e tu del ciel regina.

Vergine saggia, e del bel numero una
Delle beate vergini prudenti,
Anzi la prima, e con più chiara lampa!
Oh saldo scudo dell' afflitte genti
Contra' colpi di morte, e di fortuna,
Sotto 'l qual si trionfa, non pur scampa!
Oh refrigerio al cieco ardor, ch' avvampa
Qui fra mortali sciocchi!
Vergine, que' begli occhi,
Che vider tristi la spietata stampa
Ne' dolci membri del tuo caro figlio,
Volgi al mio dubbio stato,
Che sconsigliato a te vien per consiglio!

Vergine pura, d' ogni parte intera,
Del tuo parto gentil figliuola e madre,
Ch' allumi questa vita, e l' altra adorni,
Per te il tuo figlio, e quel del sommo padre,
Oh finestra del ciel lucente, altera,
Venne a salvarne in su gli estremi giorni;
E fra tutt' i terreni altri soggiorni
Sola tu fosti eletta,
Vergine benedetta,
Che 'l pianto d' Eva in allegrezza torni,
Fammi, che puoi, della sua grazia degno,
Senza fine oh beata,
Già coronata nel superno regno!

Vergine santa, d' ogni grazia piena,
Che per vera ed altissima umiltate
Salisti al ciel, onde miei preghi ascolti,
Tu partoristi il fonte di pietate,
E di giustizia il sol, che rasserena
Il secol pien d' errori oscuri, e folti:
Tre dolci e cari nomi hai 'n te raccolti:
Madre, figliuola, e sposa;
Vergine gloriosa,
Donna del re, che nostri lacci ha sciolti,
E fatto 'l mondo libero e felice,
Nelle cui sante piaghe
Prego, ch' appaghe il cor, vera beatrice.

Vergine sola al mondo senza esempio,
Che 'l ciel di tue bellezze innamorasti,
Cui nè prima fu simil, nè seconda!
Santi pensieri, atti pietosi e casti
Al vero Dio sacrato e vivo tempio
Fecero in tua verginità feconda.
Per te può la mia vita esser gioconda,
S' a' tuoi preghi, oh Maria,
Vergine dolce e pia,
Ove 'l fallo abbondò, la grazia abbonda.
Con le ginocchia della mente inchine
Prego, che sia mia scorta,
E la mia torta via drizzi a buon fine.

Vergine chiara, e stabile in eterno,
Di questo tempestoso mare stella,
D' ogni fedel nocchier fidata guida,
Pon' mente, in che terribile procella
I' mi ritrovo sol senza governo,
Ed ho già da vicin l' ultime strida!
Ma pur in te l' anima mia si fida
Peccatrice, i' nol nego,
Vergine, ma ti prego,
Che 'l tuo nemico del mio mal non rida.
Ricorditi, che fece il peccar nostro
Prender Dio, per scamparne,
Umana carne al tuo virginal chiostro.

Vergine, quante lagrime ho già sparte,
Quante lusinghe, quanti preghi indarno,
Pur per mia pena, e per mio grave danno!
Da poi ch' i' nacqui in su la riva d' Arno,
Cercando or questa, ed or quell' altra parte,
Non è stata mia vita altro, ch' affanno.
Mortal bellezza, atti, e parole m' hanno
Tutta ingombrata l' alma.
Vergine sacra ed alma,
Non tardar, ch' i' son forse all' ultim' anno.
I dì miei più correnti, che saetta,
Fra miserie e peccati
Son sen' andati, e sol morte n' aspetta.

Vergine, tale è terra, e posto ha in doglia
Lo mio cor, che, vivendo, in pianto il tenne,
E di mille miei mali un non sapea,
E per saperlo, pur quel, che n' avvenne,
Fora avvenuto, ch' ogni altra sua voglia
Era a me morte, ed a lei fama rea.
Or tu, donna del ciel, tu nostra Dea,
Se dir lice e conviensi,
Vergine d' alti sensi,
Tu vedi il tutto, e quel, che non potea
Far altri, è nulla alla tua gran virtute,
Por fine al mio dolore,
Ch' a te onore, ed a me fia salute.

Vergine, in cui ho tutta mia speranza,
Che possi e vogli al gran bisogno aitarme,
Non mi lasciare in su l' estremo passo!
Non guardar me, ma chi degnò crearme,
No 'l mio valor, ma l' alta sua sembianza,
Ch' è in me, ti mova a curar d' uom sì basso!
Medusa, e l' error mio m' han fatto un sasso
D' umor vano stillante;
Vergine, tu di sante
Lagrime e pie adempi 'l mio cor lasso!
Ch' almen l' ultimo pianto sia divoto,

Senza terrestre limo,
Come fu 'l primo non d' insania voto.

Vergine umana, e nemica d' orgoglio,
Del comune principio amor t' induca;
Miserere d' un cor contrito umile!
Che, se poca mortal terra caduca
Amar con sì mirabil fede soglio,
Che devrò far di te, cosa gentile?
Se dal mio stato assai misero e vile
Per le tue man resurgo,
Vergine, i' sacro, e purgo
Al tuo nome e pensieri, e 'ngegno, e stile,
La lingua, e 'l cor, le lagrime, e i sospiri.
Scorgimi al miglior guado,
E prendi in grado i cangiati desiri!

Il dì s' appressa, e non pote esser lunge;
Sì corre il tempo e vola,
Vergine unica e sola,
E 'l cor or coscienza, or morte punge.
Raccomandami al tuo figliuol, verace
Uomo, e verace Dio,
Ch' accolga 'l mio spirto ultimo in pace!

9.

Giovanni Boccaccio.

Der Geburtsort dieses feinen Geistes, des Vaters der italienischen Prosa, ist nicht genau zu ermitteln. Nach Einigen erblickte er zu Certaldo im Florentinischen, woher sein Vater stammte, nach Andern zu Paris, wo derselbe, ein Kaufmann, sich damals in Geschäften aufgehalten haben soll, im Jahre 1313 zuerst das Licht der Welt. Ebenfalls für den Handel bestimmt, musste er schon früh bedeutende Reisen machen, und erst im acht- und zwanzigsten Jahre seines Alters erhielt er von seinem Vater die Erlaubniss, sich den Wissenschaften zu widmen, jedoch nur unter der ausdrücklichen Bedingung, die Rechte zu studiren. Er gehorchte sechs Jahre lang, dann aber, als ihm der Tod des Vaters vollkommene Freiheit liess, lebte er ganz der Poesie und Philologie. Später, wie Petrarca, dem er durch seine Studien genau befreundet wurde, vielfach zu Staatsgeschäften verwandt, liess er sich gegen das Ende seines Lebens in Florenz nieder, wo er öffentlich Dante's Meisterwerk erklärte, und zog sich dann nach Certaldo zurück, wo er 1375 starb. Sein bedeutendstes Werk ist Il Decamerone, eine Sammlung von Novellen in Prosa; ausserdem schrieb er noch in italienischer Prosa die Romane Filocopo, Fiammetta, il Corbaccio, den Ameto (Prosa mit eingestreuten Versen) und das Leben des Dante; in Versen La Teseide in Ottave Rime, l'amorosa Visione in Terzinen, den Ninfale Fiesolano und den Filostrato ebenfalls in Ottave Rime, so wie Canzonen, Sonette u. s. w.; auch hat er eine Anzahl wissenschaftlicher Werke und mehrere Eklogen in lateinischer Sprache hinterlassen.

Ballata.

Io mi son giovinetta, e volentieri
M' allegro e canto en la stagion novella,
Merzè d' Amor e de' dolci pensieri.
Io vo pe' verdi prati riguardando
I bianchi fiori e' gialli ed i vermigli,
Le rose in sulle spine e' bianchi gigli,
E tutti quanti li vo somigliando
Al viso di colui che me amando
Ha presa e terrà sempre, come quella
Ch' altro non ha in disio che' suoi piaceri.
De' quai quand' io ne truovo alcun che sia
Al mio parer ben simile di lui,
Il colgo e bacio e parlomi con lui,
E com' io so, così l' anima mia
Tuttutta gli apro e ciò che il cor disia:
Quindi con altri il metto in ghirlandella
Legato co' miei crin biondi e leggeri.
E quel piacer, che di natura il fiore
Agli occhi porge, quel simil mel dona,
Che s' io vedessi la propria persona
Che m' ha accesa del suo dolce amore.
Quel che mi faccia più il suo odore
Esprimer nol potrei con la favella,
Ma i sospir ne son testimon veri.
Li quai non escon giammai del mio petto,
Come dell' altre donne, aspri ne gravi,
Ma se ne vengon fuor caldi e soavi,
Ed al mio amor sen vanno nel cospetto:
Il qual come li sente, a dar diletto
Di se a me si muove, e viene in quella
Ch' i' son per dir: Deh vien', ch' i' non disperi.

Canzone.

Amor, la vaga luce
Che move da' begli occhi di costei,
Servo m' ha fatto di te e di lei.
Mosse da' suoi begli occhi lo splendore
Che pria la fiamma tua nel cor m' accese,
Per li miei trapassando,
E quanto fosse grande il tuo valore,
Il bel viso di lei mi fe' palese:
Il quale immaginando,
Mi sentii gir legando
Ogni virtù, e sottoporla a lei,
Fatta nuova cagion de' sospir miei.
Così de' tuoi adunque divenuto
Son, Signor caro, e ubbidente aspetto
Dal tuo poter mercede:
Ma non so ben se 'ntero è conosciuto
L' alto disio che messo m' hai nel petto,
Ne la mia intera fede,
Da costei che possiede
Sì la mia mente, che io non torrei
Pace, fuor che da essa, ne vorrei.
Per ch' io ti priego, dolce Signor mio,
Che gliel dimostri, e facciale sentire
Alquanto del tuo foco
In servigio di me, che vedi ch' io
Già mi consumo amando e nel martire

Mi sfaccio a poco a poco;
E poi, quando fia loco,
Me raccomanda a lei, come tu dei;
Che tosto a farlo volentier verrei.

10.

Franco Sacchetti.

Er ward um 1335 zu Florenz geboren, wurde von seinen Mitbürgern vielfach zu Gesandtschaften verwendet, und starb um 1402. Sowohl durch Poesien wie durch Novellen zeichnete er sich aus.

Caccia.

Passando con pensier per un boschetto,
Donne per quello givan fior cogliendo,
Con diletto, co' quel, co' quel dicendo;
Eccolo, eccol; che è? è fiordaliso.
Va là per le viole;
Più colà per le rose, cole, cole
Vaghe amorose.
O me, che 'l prun mi punge.
Quell' altra, me v' aggiunge:
U, u', u, ch' è quel che salta?
Un grillo, un grillo.
Venite qua, correte,
Ramponzoli cogliete:
E' non son essi.
Sì, sono; colei o colei
Vien qua, vien qua per funghi, un mucolino,
Più colà, più colà per sermollino.
Noi starem troppo, che 'l tempo si turba:
Ve' che balena e tuona,
E m' indovino che vespero suona.
Paurosa, non è egli ancor nona,
E vedi ed odi l' usignuol che canta,
Più bel ve', più bel ve',
Io sento e non so che;
E dov' è, e dov' è?
In quel cespuglio.
Ognuna qui picchia, tocca, e ritocca.
Mentre lo busso cresce
Una gran serpe n' esce.
O me trista! o me lassa! o me! o me!
Gridan fuggendo di paura piene,
Ed ecco che una folta pioggia viene.
Timidetta quell' una e l' altra urtando,
Stridendo, la divanza via fuggendo,
E gridando, qual sdrucciola, qual cade.
Per caso l' una appone lo ginocchio
La ve seggea lo frettoloso piede,
E la mano e le veste;
Quella di fango lorda ne diviene,
Quelle di più calpeste;
Cui e' han colto ir si lassa,
Nè più s' apprezza, e per bosco si spande
De' fiori a terra vanno le ghirlande,
Nè si sdimette pure unquanco il corso.
In cotal fuga a repetute rote
Tenni beata chi più correr puote.
Sì fuor stetti il dì ch' io le mirai,
Ch' io non m' avvidi e tutto mi bagnai.

11.

Buonaccorso da Montemagno.

Es gibt zwei Dichter dieses Namens, beide glückliche Petrarchisten, weshalb wir hier auch von Beiden Proben mittheilen. Großvater und Enkel. Der Aeltere blühte um 1364, war Gonfaloniere in seiner Vaterstadt Pistoja, und Petrarca befreundet, er starb daselbst um 1390. Von den Lebensumständen des Jüngeren ist wenig bekannt, er starb 1429 ebenfalls in Pistoja.

Sonetto.

Erano i mie' pensier ristretti al core
Davanti a quel che nostre colpe vede,
Per chieder con devota dolce mercede
D' ogni antico mortal commesso errore;
Quando colei che 'n compagnia d' amore
Sola scolpita in mezzo al cor mi siede,
Apparse a gli occhi miei, che per lor fede
Degna mi parve di celeste onore.
Quivi mi strinse 'l cor un umil pianto,
Qui la salute de' beati regna,
Qui risplendea una mattutina stella:
A lei mi volsi; e se il Maestro santo
Sì leggiadra la fece, or non si sdegni
Ch' io rimirassi allor cosa sì bella.

Sonetto.

Io piango, e 'l pianger m' è sì dolce e caro,
Che di lagrime il cor nutrisco e pasco,
E mille volte il dì moro e rinasco,
Diletto ad altri, a me stesso discaro.
Fatto m' è l' amar dolce e 'l dolce amaro,
E 'l viver lieto, dispettoso e lasco:
Or vado or seggio or mi rilievo or casco,
E come vive 'l cor senz' alma imparo.
E fuggo il giorno, e sto le notti a l' ombra;
Di fortuna e d' amor meco mi doglio,
Anzi di me che del mio ben mi privo.
Libertà fuggo, ed un pensier m' ingombra
Che mi fa pur voler quel ch' io non voglio;
Quest' è 'l mio stato, in cui morto ancor
vivo.

Sonetto.

Non mai più bella luce o più bel sole
Del viso di costei nel mondo nacque;
Nè 'n valle ombrosa erranti e gelid' acque
Bagnar più fresche e candide viole,
Nè quando l' età verde aprir si vuole,
Rosa mai tal sovra un bel lito giacque;
Nè mai suono amoroso al mio cor piacque

Simile a l'onorate sue parole
Dal bel guardo vezzoso par che fiocchi
Di dolce pioggia un rugiadoso nembo,
Che le misere piaghe mie rinfresca.
Amor s'è posto in mezzo a' suoi begli occhi,
E l'afflitto mio cor si tiene in grembo,
Troppo ardente favilla a sì poca esca.

Sonetto.

Freschi fior' dolci, e violette, dove
Spirano l'aure d'amor, Zefiri lieti;
Quelle alte vaghe e gentili laureti,
Dove un bel nembo rugiadoso piove;
Cara leggiadra selva, ond'amor move
Mio cuor ne gli alti suoi pensier' segreti;
Rivi erranti politi ombrosi e cheti,
Possenti a far di sete accender Giove;
Quanto mirabilmente il viver mio
Trasformato s'è in voi in nuova sorte
Pria dal dì de le mie prime fasce!
Qui vivo a l'ombra onde fuggir m'è morte;
Qui dolce aura d'amor quant'i' desio
Sol mi nutrica, m'alimenta e pasce.

Sonetto.

Poich'a quest'occhi il gentil lume piacque
Senza 'l qual cieco al mondo ancor sarei,
Vessato son fin qui de' danni miei
Cantando, nè mai poi mia lingua tacque.
Oime, quanti arbuscei, quante dolci acque,
Quanti monti hanno udito i versi miei!
E tu, sacro terren, saper tel dei,
Sacro terren, dove mia donna nacque!
Ma se mai per cantar le labbra apersi,
Or ne' versi d'amor piango e sospiro,
Lontan vivendo dal mio vivo sole;
E mentre gli occhi al bel paese giro
Dove i colpi d'amor primi soffersi,
Il cor s'adira, e star meco non vuole.

Sonetto.

Avventuroso dì, che col secondo
Favor de la divina alma bontade
Producesti l'esempio di beltade
Che di tanta eccellenza adorna il mondo;
Sempre onorato, a me sempre giocondo
Verrai, sia pur in qual si voglia etade:
Tal giorno nacque a la mia libertade
E sì soave, ch'io non sento il pondo.
In te ne fu dal ciel mandato in terra
L'albergo di virtù con tal valore,
Ch'ogni cosa terrestre a lui s'inchina;
In te fuggir del mondo invidia e guerra,
E 'l sol più che mai lieto apparse fuora,
Perchè nascer dovea cosa divina.

Sonetto.

Gli occhi soavi al cui governo amore
Commise i miei pensieri e 'l viver mio,
Che già col raggio lor benigno e pio
Mi facevan soave ogni dolore;
L'ostro e le perle che con tant'odore
Movean leggiadre parolette, ond'io
Trovai conforto al mio duolo aspro e rio,
Ov'io solea gioir con tanto ardore,
Mi sono or lungi, e nel commune amore
Fu sol conforto a la mia stanca vita
La rimembranza de la vostra fede.
Anima pellegrina, ogni altra aita
È nulla a me, se non l'esservi caro;
Nè saprei dommandarvi altra mercede.

Sonetto.

Quando il piacer del desiato bene
Spesso ne la memoria mi rinfresca,
Torna talor a ricercar de l'esca
Sì dolce onde mi prese, or mi ritiene.
Seco mi tira; e come avanti viene
A be' vostr' occhi, tanto si rinvesca
L'anima in quei gioir, ch'io temo ch'esca
Di me qual prigioniere fuor di catene.
Però seguendo il natural costume
Di cercar vita; a voi, donna, mi volgo;
Ma trovo stato più peggior che morte.
Onde tardo pentito mi raccolgo;
Nè aver potrei più graziosa sorte,
Che di morir davanti a sì bel lume.

Sonetto.

Ben mille volte il dì raccolgo al core
Ogni mio spirto, e fo nuovo consiglio
Di non più amare, e mostro il gran periglio
Ove mi scorge il conosciuto amore.
E con viva ragion per lo migliore
Snodo quel laccio, e con severo ciglio
Per libertà sì cara l'arme piglio,
Ribellandomi in tutto al mio signore.
Ma poi s'avvien che un cenno, una sol vista
Di voi si scopra, subito ha tal forza,
Che a mal mio grado poi mi riconquista.
E per vendetta la prigion rinforza,
E stringe il nodo sì, che l'alma trista
Per men duol tace, e ben servir si sforza.

Sonetto.

Già per quell'onda che ancor fuma e stride
Pel grave eccidio de l'incauto figlio
Vidi passar con lagrimoso ciglio
La donna che da te tuo cor divide.
E perchè lagrimosa? altri ne ride,
Quand'esce fuor di pena e di periglio;
E tu che d'amor lasci il crudo artiglio,
Stolta, non sai come tua sorte arride?

Io 'l dissi, Antonio, ed ella non rispose;
  Ma dal cupo del cor tratto un sospiro,
  Più torbo l' onda, e ratto dileguossi.
Aspettava ben io che l' amorose
  Labbra s' aprisser; ma per suo martiro,
  Un sì breve contento anco negossi.

12.

Malatesta de' Malatesti.

Ein Sohn von Pandolfo di Rimini, ward zu 1370 geboren, wurde Senator in Rom, zeichnete sich als Bürger und als Freund der Wissenschaften aus, und starb am 9. December 1429.

Sonetto.

Poichè 'l spirto gentil soavemente
  Movea le vaghe membra ove natura
  Pose per adornarle ogni sua cura
  Con tanta gravità sì dolcemente;
Senza riparo ogni uom volgea la mente
  E gli occhi a quell' angelica figura,
  Posponendo ragion senno o misura,
  Che fa l' uom singular da l' altra gente.
Che nè matura età nè parva vita,
  Nè fredda stella aver potea valore,
  Ch' ogni cor sano era ferito al varco.
Ma poichè morte l' ha da noi partita,
  Ben puoi permetter Giove omai ch' amore
  Spezzi il turcasso il stral la corda e l' arco.

13.

Filippo Brunelleschi.

Ein berühmter Architect. Er ward 1377 in Florenz geboren, und starb daselbst 1444.

Sonetto.

Madonna se ne vien da la fontana
  Contro l' usanza con vuoto l' orcetto,
  E ristoro non porta a questo petto
  Nè con l' acqua nè con la vista umana.
O ch' ella ha visto la bestia ruana
  Strisciar per l' erba in su quel vialetto,
  O che il can la persegue, o c' ha sospetto,
  Che stiavi dentro in guato la befana.
Vien qua, Renzuola, vienne, che vedrai
  Una fontana e due e quante vuoi,
  Nè dal padre severo avrai rampogna:
Ecco che stillan gli occhi tutti e duoi;
  Coglierne tanto quanto ti bisogna,
  E più crudel che sei, più ne trarrai.

14.

Burchiello.

Der Erfinder der sogenannten burchiellesken Poesie ward um 1380 zu Florenz geboren, sein Vater hieſs eigentlich Domenico di Nanni. Er war Barbier, und starb 1448 in seiner Vaterstadt. Obgleich reich an derbem Witz, sind seine Poesieen doch gröſstentheils cynisch und nicht zu empfehlen, und wir haben daher unsere Auswahl auf die beiden folgenden beschränken müssen.

Strambotto.

Fratel mio, non pigliar moglie,
    Se non vuoi tormenti e doglie.
Io ti voglio consigliare
  Senza chiedere il consiglio;
  Non voler moglie pigliare,
  Se tu vuo' fare il tuo meglio;
  Non entrare in tal periglio,
  Se vuoi star lieto e contento;
  Che non c' è il maggior tormento
  Sotto il ciel, che l' aver moglie.
    Fratel mio, non pigliar moglie,
    Se non vuoi tormenti e doglie.
Sai perchè la fece Dio?
  Per degnarci al paradiso,
  E quest' era il suo desio,
  E per scampar canto e riso,
  Che non s' ha, io te n' avviso,
  Quella gloria senza pena;
  E non c' è tal disciplina
  Sotto il ciel, che d' aver moglie.
    Fratel mio, non pigliar moglie,
    Se non vuoi tormenti e doglie.
Vuo' veder tu s' egli è vero?
  Pensa un poco al padre antico,
  Onde poi per tal mistero
  Fummo in bocca al gran nimico,
  Solo per mangiar del fico
  Per cagion di quella vana:
  E non c' è cosa più strana
  Sotto il ciel, che d' aver moglie.
    Fratel mio, non pigliar moglie,
    Se non vuoi tormenti e doglie.
Io lo so che l' ho provato,
  E lo provo a tutte l' ore;
  Che ho moglie e parentato
  Di tormento e di dolore.
  Vuo' tu far lo tuo migliore?
  Non la torre, o fratel mio,
  Ch' io ti giuro in fe di Dio,
  Che non c' è le maggior' doglie.
    Fratel mio, non pigliar moglie,
    Se non vuoi tormenti e doglie.
Guarda come io ero grasso,
  Trionfal, bello, e pulito,
  Et or son smagrito e lasso,
  Tutto quanto sbalordito:
  Questo avvien che son marito;
  Questo è bene il nome dritto,
  Non marito, anzi smarrito,
  Di qualunque piglia moglie.
    Fratel mio, non pigliar moglie,
    Se non vuoi tormenti e doglie.

Ella m'ha cavato il cuore,
Ti so dir come sedei;
Che mai più non mi ridoro,
Si mal stan li fatti miei:
Son peggior di morte sei.
Ne mi posso tener ritto:
Io sto lasso e tutto afflitto,
Pien di guai e pien di doglie.
Fratel mio, non pigliar moglie,
Se non vuoi tormenti e doglie.

Sonetto.

La poesia combatte col rasojo,
E spesso hanno per me di gran quistioni;
Ella dicendo a lui: per che cagioni
Mi cavi il mio Burchiel de lo scrittojo?
E lui ringhiera fa del colatojo,
E va in bigoncia a dir le sue ragioni;
E comincia: io ti prego mi perdoni,
Donna, se alquanto nel parlar ti nojo:
S' i' non foss' io, e l' acqua, e 'l ranno caldo,
Burchiel si rimarrebbe in sul colore
D' un moccolin di cera di smeraldo;
Ed ella a lui: tu sei in grand' errore;
D' un tal disio porta il suo petto caldo,
Ch' egli non ha in sì vil bassezza il core;
Ed io: non più romore,
Che non ci corra la secchia e 'l bacino;
Ma chi meglio mi vuol, mi paghi il vino.

15.

Leonello d' Este.

Ein Sohn Nicolaus III. von Este, Marchese von Ferrara, zeichnete er sich durch seine Liebe zu den Wissenschaften und sowohl als Dichter wie als Redner aus. Sein Geburtsjahr ist unbekannt; er starb am 30. September 1450.

Sonetto.

L' Amor m' ha fatto cieco, e non ha tanto
Di carità, che mi conduca in via;
Mi lassa per dispetto in sua balia,
E dice: or va tu che presumi tanto.
Ed io perchè mi sento in forze alquanto,
E stimo di trovar chi man mi dia,
Vado, ma poi non so dove mi sia,
Tal che mi fermo dritto su d' un canto.
Allora Amore, che mi sta guatando,
Mi mostra per dispregio e mi ostenta,
E mi va canzonando in alto metro,
Nè 'l dice tanto piano, ch' io non lo senta;
Ed io rispondo così barbottando:
Mostrami almen la via che torna indietro.

Sonetto.

Batte il cavallo su la balza alpina,
E scaturir fa d' Elicona fonte,
Dove chi le man bagna e chi la fronte,
Secondo che più onore o amor lo inchina.
Anch' io m' accosto spesso a la divina
Acqua prodigiosa di quel monte;
Amor ne ride, che 'l sta lì con pronte
Le sue saette in forma pellegrina.
E mentre il labbro a ber s' avanza e stende,
Ello con il velen de la puntura
Macula l' onda e velenosa rende.
Sì che quell' acqua che di sua natura
Rinfrescar mi dovrebbe, più m' accende,
E più che bagno, più cresce l' arsura.

16.

Lucrezia Tornabuoni de' Medici.

Die Mutter Lorenzo's von Medicis, eine der trefflichsten Frauen ihrer Zeit, und ausgezeichnet als Dichterin durch ihre geistlichen Gesänge. Sie starb 1482 zu Florenz.

Christo al Limbo.

Ecco il re forte,
Ecco il re forte,
Aprite quelle porte.
O principe infernale
Non fate resistenza:
Egli e il re celestiale
Che vien con gran potenza;
Fategli riverenza,
Levate via le porte.
Chi e questo potente
Che vien con tal vittoria?
Egli e Signor possente
Egli e Signor di gloria,
Avuto ha la vittoria,
Egli ha vinto la morte.
Egli ha vinto la guerra
Durata già molt' anni,
E fa tremar la terra
Per cavarci d' affanni,
Riempier vuol gli scanni
Per ristorar sua corte.
E vuole il padre antico,
E la sua compagnia;
Abel vero suo amico,
Noe si metta in via;
Moise qui non stia,
Venite alla gran corte.
O Abraam patriarca,
Seguite il gran Signore:
La promessa non varca,
Venuto e il Redentore:
Venghene il gran cantore
A far degna la corte.
O Giovanni Battista,
Orsu senza dimoro

Non perdete di vista;
Su nell' eterno coro,
E Simeon con loro
Dietro a se fa la scorta.
O parvoli innocenti,
Innanzi a tutti gite:
Or siete voi contenti
Delle avute ferite?
O gemme, o margherite,
Adorate la corte.
Venuti siete al regno
Tanto desiderato;
Poiche nel santo legno
E' fu' morto e straziato
Ed ha ricomperato
Tutta l' umana sorte.

17.

Bernardo Pulci.

Der älteste der drei poetischen Brüder Pulci, aus edlem florentinischen Geschlechte. Ueber seine Lebensumstände ist nichts Näheres bekannt, als daſs er um 1450 blühte (nach der Behauptung Einiger soll er erst 1501 gestorben sein). Er ist bedeutender durch seine Uebersetzung der Eklogen Virgils als durch seine eigenen Gedichte.

Sonetto.

Se viva e morta io ti dovea far guerra,
Vinti d' un foco e d' un pudico strale,
Poi ch' e dato al mio vol si corte l' ale,
Duolmi se per tuo mal discesi in terra.
Ma se fato o destin che mai non erra
Vuol che per morte io sia fatta immortale,
Se venerasti gia cosa mortale,
Qual di me invidia in te si chiude e serra?
Vinci tanto furor che ti trasporta,
Si che il pianto non giunga piu nel cielo
A turbar chi ti fu sempre diletta.
Che piangi tu colei che non e morta,
Ma viva sciolta dal terrestre velo
Sol di te pensa, e qui nel ciel t' aspetta?

18.

Giusto de' Conti.

Der glücklichste Nachahmer Petrarca's und der talentvollste lyrische Dichter des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts in Italien. Ueber seine Lebensverhältnisse ist jedoch nur wenig bekannt. Er stammte aus Valmontone, und kam nach Rom, wo er als Rechtsgelehrter lebte, und sich 1409 in eine schöne Römerin verliebte, deren reizende Hand ihn so entzückte, daſs er der ganzen Sammlung seiner Liebesgedichte, dieser zu Ehren, den Namen la bella mano gab. Sein Todesjahr ist nicht genau zu ermitteln, doch lebte er bis zur Mitte des Jahrhunderts, und wurde in Rimini begraben. Auch als Redner zeichnete er sich aus.

Sonetto.

Se la stagion che rimbellisce l' anno
Fuggendo, s' esser puo, chi mi tien vivo,
E quella Man di chi si caldo scrivo,
E gli atti che da dir tanto mi danno;
Amore armato con suo nuovo inganno
Mi si fe incontra appresso un fresco rivo:
E lusingando, cosi fuggitivo
Mi trasse, e mi ridusse al primo affanno.
Io dicea meco: or chi ti riconduce?
Ma questo non mi valse a la difesa,
Tanto ebber forza in me parole e cenni.
La debil vista da l' obbietto offesa
Lo sforzo non sostenne d' una luce,
Quand' io mi volsi indietro dond' io venni.

Sonetto.

Spento ha da gli occhi miei l' altero lume
La debile mia vista, sicch' io vivo
Omai cieco nel mondo, e son gia privo
Del senso che mi spinse al mal costume.
Ma, lasso, perche il duol piu mi consume,
Tra il candido ciglio e il guardo schivo
Talor si muove un raggio fuggitivo
Che in parte pur le mie tenebre allume,
Del cui splendor riprendo nuova luce,
Tal che dubbioso scorga la mia morte,
Dove allor corro, perche amor divampi.
E veggio ben che la mia dura sorte
Si vacillando la mi riconduce,
Perche m' abbagli e non veggia ov' io scampi.

Canzone.

Luce dal ciel novellamente scesa
Per far con tua presenza sacra e pura
Piu degna in noi natura,
Ed aggrandire il basso stato umano;
Appena che la lingua s' assicura
A dir del ben donde ho la mente accesa
Pensando a la mia impresa
Degnissima di stile alto e sovrano:
Ma prego amor ch' ogni mia sorte ha in mano,
Che la presuntuosa affranchi e aspire,
Facendo a le mie stanche rime scorta;
E scusi il troppo ardire
Del gran piacer che a scriver mi conforta.
Poiche compiutamente ogni bellezza
Per vera elezione amore e Dio
Poser nel volto ch' io
Come idolo scolpito in terra adoro;
Sia benedetto il subito disio,
E il mio sperar che fu di tanta altezza,
Che gia con tal vaghezza
Mi mosse a contemplar l' alto lavoro;
Non so se per riposo o per ristoro
Di mie fortune e de i passati affanni
Cio provvedesse il mio signor fallace

Per darmi al fin de gli anni
Alcun breve conforto o qualche pace.
Se il piacer amoroso ond' io m' accendo
Mentre che in te son tutto attento e fiso
Per isculpire il viso
Che fa a la nostra eta cotanto onore,
Non mi levasse allor da me diviso
Finche la forma tua vera comprendo,
E gli secreti intendo;
L' anime sparte accenderei d' amore,
Ma se l' innamorato acceso core
La gran dolcezza in voce poi sciogliesse,
Come confusa in lui l' ascondo e celo;
Io temo non ne avesse
Di si supreme laudi invidia il cielo.
Quel vago riso e l' atto signorile,
L' angeliche maniere elette e care,
E il bel dolce parlare
Che per virtu materna in te succede,
L' aspetto che nel mondo non ha pare,
Son le faville e il bel lume gentile
Che in angoscioso stile
Mia vita ardendo strugge e la mia fede.
Misero me, sara sempre mercede
Nimica pur cosa di leggiadria,
Come bellezza di pieta rubella?
Che se in costei non fia,
Trovarassi sopr' ogni donna bella.
Chi porria mai le doti e le virtute
E l' alte tue eccellenzie al mondo sole
Con mortali parole
Contare appieno come io dentro 'l sento?
Quale intelletto, e che tanto alto vole,
Che spieghi cose mai piu non vedute,
Ove son stanche e mute
E penne e lime e ciascun nostro accento?
L' andar celeste e il divin portamento
Che fan del paradiso prova in terra,
Qual lingua o quale stile e che 'l descriva?
Che se 'l piacer non erra,
Tua forma e umana, ma l' essenza e diva.
Or va, canzon leggiadra,
Davanti a quella oriental fenice
Che fa di se la nostra eta felice,
Cotanta grazia da' begli occhi piove;
E narra se fra noi valor fu mai
Che in lei non se ritrove
Raccolto tutto, e piu compiuto assai.

Sonetto.

O sasso avventuroso, o sacro loco
Dovele si muove onestamente e posa
Talor la donna mia sola e pensosa
Col mio signore a cui vittoria invoco;
Quinci ancor vidi quel soave foco
Che fa la vita mia tanto angosciosa:
Quivi sedeva altera e disdegnosa
Colei che del mio mal cura si poco.
Pero devoto a voi convien ch' io torne
Cercando col disio ciascuna parte,
Qualor la dolce vista al cor mi riede,
Per ritrovar de le faville sparte
Da quelle luci sopra l' altre adorne;
O l' orme impresse da l' onesto piede.

Sonetto.

Quando dal nostro polo sparir suole
Il chiaro giorno, e sopra gli altri luce,
Allor che il carro d' oro al mar conduce
Apollo che di Dafne ancor si dole,
Il cor d' ardenti rai d' un vivo sole
Chi puo m' ingombra, e di si nuova luce,
Che a l' intelletto mio sempre riluce:
Sole che m' arde omai come amor vuole.
E veggio sempre di mia morte colme
Due stelle, ove il bel guardo costei gira,
Per tempo sfavillar si come al tardo:
Ma lasso pur talor di Febo duolme,
E di qualunque per amor sospira,
Ma piu di me che piu d' altrui sempr' ardo.

Sonetto.

Mentre ch' io son con gli occhi tutto intento
Ne gli altri ove s' accende il mio gran foco,
Il tempo e li momenti a poco a poco
Si mi sottragge amor, che appena il sento;
E per troppo a la vista esser contento,
Ritrar non posso in carta assai o poco
De i miei pensieri, che gran parte in gioco
Sen vanno, e la maggior sen porta il vento.
L' opra e si degna e nuova e si divina,
Di quelle che nel ciel piu elette sono,
Che spiegar nol puo stil ne lingua nostra.
L' aspetto a cui natura e 'l ciel s' inchina,
Quel poco e si confuso mi dimostra
Ch' io vo di lei scrivendo, e ch' io ragiono.

Sestina.

Chi e possente a riguardar ne gli occhi
Di lei che a torto mi distrugge il core,
E mirar fisso le sue bionde chiome,
Sapra perche si forte innanzi al giorno
Finire io bramo la mia grave vita,
E perche sempre, lasso, chiamo morte.
Amor che si nudrica di mia morte,
Non so che muove dentro a quei begli occhi,
Che a poco a poco scema la mia vita,
E perche pur languisca il tristo core,
Il laccio ov' io fui preso nel bel giorno,
Con nuova arte nascoso ha tra le chiome
S' io avessi avvolte in man le amate chiome
Di lei che in fronte porta la mia morte,
E me consuma piu di giorno in giorno;
Farei crudel vendetta di quegli occhi
Che fan rapina di me stesso al core.

E in un punto mi donna e morte e vita.
Lasso, vedro gia mai quel giorno in vita
Che dal bel nodo di sue crespe chiome
Sia sciolto alquanto l'infelice core?
E innanzi che di me trionfi morte,
Faran mai segno di pieta quegli occhi
Che tran dei miei duo' fonti notte e giorno?
Non vidi mai beltade in alcun giorno
Che piu invaghisse la mia debil vita,
Quanto un dolce splendor di due begli occhi:
Talche mirando appresso le lor chiome,
A mia voglia arsi, e non soffersi morte,
Si mi rubaron dolcemente il core.
Ben dei esser contento, o debil core,
Che il ciel ti riservasse a questo giorno
Per darti di tal Man si dolce morte:
Che non formo natura in questa vita
Si dolce nodo in si leggiadre chiome,
Ne lume tanto altero unqua mai d'occhi.
Occhi soavi, onde si pasce il core
Col rassembrar d'un giorno e de le chiome,
Cagion sete di vita e di mia morte.

Sonetto.

Ratto per man di lei che in terra adoro,
Amor ne gli occhi vaghi io vidi un giorno
Tesser la corda che al mio cor d'intorno
Tra' ne i primi anni avvolse si, ch'io moro.
Ordito era di perle e testo d'oro
Il crudel laccio, e di tant'arte adorno,
A tal che Aragne troppo avrebbe scorno,
Dove natura e vinta dal lavoro.
E vidi allor come gli aurati strali
Amor nel foco affina, e da qual forza
Si armo la gentil Man che il cor mi prese;
E perche in questa eta son piu mortali
I colpi di colui che gli altri sforza,
E piu che gia felici le sue imprese.

Sonetto.

O Man leggiadra, ove il mio bene alberga,
E morte e vita insieme al cor m'annodi:
O Man, che chiusamente l'alma frodi
Di quanto ben sperando la mente erga:
E stringi il duro freno e l'aspra verga
Che mi corregge e volve a mille modi;
E leghi il core e l'alma in tanti nodi
Che a forza converra che omai disperga;
Selvaggia e fera voglia e rio pensiero,
C'hai rotto omai nel mezzo ogni mia spene;
Crudel vaghezza d'ogni pieta nuda:
O bel costume, o peregrin mio bene,
O natural bontate in ch'io sol spero,
Pensate a la mia pena quanto e cruda.

Sonetto.

Chi vuol vedere in terra un'alma sola
In tutto sciolta dal mondano errore,
Miri la donna mia, miri il valore
Che quanto il mondo apprezza vince e vola;
Ascolti quella angelica parola,
La dove ogni sua pompa spande amore;
E guardi quei begli occhi che il mio core
Visibilmente col mirar mi invola.
Il vago spirto che la voce muove
E di quei dolci rai leggiadro velo
Pien tutto d'amorose e chiare stelle;
E poi volando con vaghezze nove
Per l'aer nostro alternamente al cielo,
Ivi le parti elette fa piu belle.

Sonetto.

O bella e bianca Mano, o Man soave,
Che armata contra me sei volta a torto,
O man gentil che lusingando scorto
A poco a poco in pena m'hai si grave,
De i miei pensieri e l'una e l'altra chiave
T'ha dato l'error mio; da te conforto
Aspetta il cor che desiando e morto;
Per te conven che amor sue piaghe lave.
Poiche ogni mia salute ogni mia speme
Da voi sola ad ognor conven ch'io spere,
E da voi attendo vita e da voi morte;
Lasso, perche, perche contra al dovere,
Perche di me pieta non vi ritiene?
Perche sete ver me, crudel, si forte?

Canzone.

Amor, quando mi viene
Dinanzi quella luce
Che di bellezze avanza il primo sole;
Io sento fra le vene
Piacer che mi conduce
Laddove il sommo bene albergar suole
Allor mi vien parole
Dal cor si altere e nove,
E ciascun pensier tale;
Che immaginar mortale
Tanto non sente gia ne lingua move;
Ond' io grande mi tegno,
Che il ciel di tanto ben mi fesse degno.
Ben debbo il mio destino,
Che mi condusse e spinse,
Laudare, essendo in me cosi cortese;
E quel voler divino
Che al bel laccio mi strinse,
E si soavemente il cor m'accese:
Lodar debbo l'offese
De la spietata voglia;
E il disdegnoso petto
Che d'indurato affetto
Ha fatto il smalto perche ognor mi doglia:
Che lei che il cor m'ancide,
Avanza ogni altro ben che mai si vide.
Felice l'ora e il giorno,
Che in forma tanto umile

Apparve a noi sua mattutina stella;
E il mondo che fu adorno
Di spirto sì gentile
E di persona sì leggiadra e bella;
Ma più beata quella
Anima eletta e pura
Che scesa giù dal cielo
Si avvolse nel bel velo
Che tanto ha fatto onore a la natura;
E il loco ove già nacque
La bella donna che a me tanto piacque.
 Virtute e gentilezza
Qua giù discese, amore,
Quando madonna venne in questa vita;
E il ciel d' ogni bellezza
Fu privo e di splendore
D' allor che ne le terre fu nudrita.
Poichè la più fiorita
E più perfetta etade
Il tempo la rivolse,
In lei sola si accolse
Quanto si vide al mondo di beltade;
Ond' io contento e lodo
Chi pria mi strinse a sì leggiadro nodo.
 Ricca pioggia di rose
Ne le sue treccie bionde
Cadea, quando di lei pria 'nnamorai;
Ne gli occhi il sol s' ascose,
Nè sa far onde altronde
Per più colmarmi d' infiniti guai;
E di amorosi rai
Ardeva il suo bel viso
E il fronte di color
Ch' è un specchio a gli occhi miei
Formato veramente in paradiso.
Dunque sien benedette,
Amor, tue forze e l' arco e le saette.
 Canzon, se vai dinanzi al mio tesoro,
Adorna tua persona;
E poi cortese del mio mal ragiona.

Sonetto.

Questo mirabil mostro di natura
 Che il cor m' ha pien di speme e di disire,
 Non ha, chi verso lei la vista gire,
 Umano aspetto nè mortal figura.
Chi di virtù di fama e di onor cura,
 Chi forse aspetta al ciel fra noi salire,
 In lei si specchi e segua; e il volto mire
 Dove il maestro pose ogni sua cura.
Da lei ne vien divine le parole;
 Beato il viso e il guardo ove due stelle
 Si mostran dal seren de l' alme ciglia;
L' andar celeste e gli atti santi e quelle
 Caste bellezze angeliche che sole
 Il mondo han tutto pien di maraviglia.

Canzone.

 In quella parte dove i miei pensieri
Miran quegli occhi vaghi, anzi quel sole
Che scorge al glorioso fin la gente,
Convien che le dolenti mie parole
Per forza pieghi, avvenga ch' io non speri
Trovar parlando posa al cor dolente.
Divina luce, che sì dolcemente
Mia vita ardendo al foco mi consumi,
A te rivolgo tutti i miei sospiri;
E se pur da i martiri
Non mi dan pace o tregua quei bei lumi,
Più mesurata guerra al cor si faccia;
Quelle spietate braccia,
Ond' io cotanto oltraggio ancor sostegno,
Apri, s' io ne son degno,
La natural bontà che dal cielo hai,
Commossa da pietà di tanti guai.
 Quell' infinito ben di ch' io ragiono;
E quell' alta speranza che indi nasce,
Gli spirti involti nel parlar ch' uom face;
Talchè l' alma innamorata allor si pasce
D' ombre soavi che raccolte sono
Nel cor che disiando ognor si sface;
Così si snoda la mia lingua e tace,
Che volea dir de la mia acerba vita;
E di bontade or parla e di salute;
Sì forte è la virtute
Di quell' alto subietto che la invita,
Che ragionando eterno ne divento,
Nel ben passato io sento
Il mal presente, e me medesmo obblio;
E morto è quel disio
Che mi avea scorto al lamentar del foco
Che mi va consumando a poco a poco.
 La meraviglia del crudel mio stato,
Che dolcemente vien da dolce parte,
Fa che il mio mal non crede chi l' ascolta;
Benchè il parlar sia certo in mille carte;
O mio soccorso tanto disiato,
Per voi mirate quanto l' alma è involta
E stretta sì che mai non fia più sciolta,
Se non rompe la Man che già la prese
Quella catena d' oro ove la stringe.
L' angoscia che dipinge
A color tanti le mie guancie accese,
E chi m' affredda in un punto e scolora
Trapassa ad ora ad ora
L' usato sì, che il fin spero da poi.
So ben ch' altri che voi
Del mal che m' invaghisce e che m' incende,
Nè la cagion nè le parole intende.
 E per più doglia so che stella cara
Dispone gli atti vostri, e che natura
Vi fece umana e di pietade amica;
Quel vago impallidir che il fronte oscura,
E il subito infiammar dove s' impara
Morire e ritornar vie più m' intrica.

Lasso, a me non val, dolce nemica,
Nè forza di pianeti o d'altre tempre,
Nè cangiar quei bei lumi ond'io tutto ardo,
Se l'amoroso sguardo
In voi accogliete perch'io mi distempre
[illegible] che io ne mora senz'aver mercede:
[illegible] di mia fede
[illegible] nel mio fronte il cor mirando:
Così [illegible] posto in bando
Il [illegible] costei del ciel Sirena
Che a [illegible] non sono sdegni al fin mi mena.
Io veggio ben ch'io non son degno a tanto,
Se non [illegible] vostro alto valore,
Alma gentil, che ne i miei detti onoro:
Bella scesa dal ciel, perdona al core;
E per Dio scusa l'anima che alquanto
Trasporta il gran disio quando m'accoro:
Ardo in un punto e agghiaccio, vivo e moro,
Mentre che sospirando tu sorridi
In guisa che visibilmente impetro:
Amor, poich'io mi spetro,
Giunge al felice duol più nuovi stridi,
E qui fra il troppo lume vengo meno:
Nè posso in mano il freno
Tener de la ragion, cara mia luce:
In tutto mi conduce
L'angelica bellezza e il bel cordoglio
E il mio giusto dolore ove io non voglio.
Se per destin, Canzone, o per pietade
La Man leggiadra e sopra ogni altra bella,
La qual prende a diletto i dolor miei,
Ti porgerà colei
Che il mio cor volge in questa parte e in quella;
Dille, perchè toccarla a me non lice,
E poi, lasso infelice,
Mira l'alta eccellenzia che m'uccide.
Che mal per me si vide
Il fronte e il viso e quella bionda trezza,
Poichè mia morte fan di sua bellezza.

Sonetto.

Di selva in selva a la stagion più acerba
Solo seguendo una selvaggia fera,
Alfin la giunsi là dove la sera
Pascer soleva tra i fioretti e l'erba.
Era sua vista sì cruda e superba
E contro amor del mio languir sì altera;
Ch'io abbandonai l'impresa, lasso, che era
Condotto al fin che il bel piacer ne serba.
Questo sì forte al mio signor dispiacque,
Che come spesso già per me l'assale,
E mosso da pietà pregar solea:
Così quasi sdegnando poi si tacque,
Nè per mio scampo poscia mai più valse
Trovar mercede a la mia morte rea.

Sonetto.

L'alta beltà che mi dipinse amore
In mezzo il cor con sì pungente stile,
Sì come per natura ella è gentile,
Così pietoso avesse il duro core;
Di tanta altezza e del mio gran dolore
Io farei fede in più leggiadro stile:
Perchè mia vita ad opra più sottile
Insieme ordita avria col gran valore.
Ma bench'io parli [illegible] d'ira e d'affanno,
Stata non è quanto che il mio felice,
Nè in ciel, ch'io creda già, nè qui nè altrove
Che l'eccellenze che abbagliato m'hanno,
Essendo in terra lei sola fenice,
Ipolito arder ponno non che Giove.

Capitolo.

Udite, monti alpestri, gli miei versi,
Fiumi correnti, e rive,
Udite quanto per amor soffersi.
Udite i miei lamenti, Anime dive;
E voi che tosto al sommo colmo sete
Del nostro lagrimar, lontane vive.
O boschi ombrosi, e voi riposte e chete
Strade selvagge, a cui il mio stato è chiaro:
O chiuse valli, a sospirar segrete,
Soave colle, o fido porto e caro
Ne le tempeste quando amor mi assale,
Mentre ardere e tremare insieme imparo,
Udite come l'amoroso strale
Quando al cor passa, poi non sana mai
Il corpo, che difesa far non vale.
E poi che avete intese i nostri guai,
Piangete meco sì, che il senta quella
Che avermi morto non gli pare assai.
Ascolta ne i miei pianti la novella
Che aspetta e chiede ognor con tal disio
L'alma spietata e di mercè rubella.
E tu, crudel signor, del dolor mio
Prendi vaghezza, poichè sì diversi
Miei preghi non ti fer mai dolce e pio.
Piangono insieme gli angosciosi versi:
Spirti gentili, e grandi,
Udite quanto per amor soffersi.
Chi vide mai dolor tanti e sì crudi?
Chi mai l'udì, o mostrò ne i primi anni?
Qual mente è tal, che nel pensier gli chiudi?
Nacque favilla d'amorosi inganni,
E d'un crudel voler che a poco a poco
Ognor si fa più forte ne' miei danni.
Quinci si accese poscia quel gran foco
Che il mondo tutto ha già mosso a pietade,
Se non la fera a cui soccorso invoco.
Nè fuggir valmi a tanta crudeltade,
Nè lei dovunque io vada venir suole,
Nè mi abbandona mai per mille strade.

Si come stanco peregrin che il sole
  Di poggio in poggio per la via accompagna
  Infino il giorno a l'altra gente vole;
E poi che al tardo in mare il sol si bagna,
  Tornasi in sogno, e del suo gran martire
  Fra se ragiona, e del suo mal si lagna;
Sol perche nulla manche al mio languire,
  E corra sempre piu bramando l'esca
  Con gli occhi avvolto in fasce al mio morire.
Oime, che lamentando si rinfresca
  La fiamma accesa in mezzo i nervi e l'ossa;
  E par che il gran dolor dolendo cresca.
Veggio la mia virtu fiaccata e scossa;
  E sotto il peso maggior mia possanza,
  Come la neve dal gran sol percossa.
Veggio fuggirmi innanzi ogni speranza;
  E raddoppiando le infinite voglie,
  Che piu, che sospirar sempre, m'avanza?
Perche piuttosto lui non si accoglie
  Che mi consume al foco in che io sempre ardo
  Per fuggir forse morendo tante doglie?
O crude voglie, o dispietato sguardo,
  Donde la mente fra il pensier vien meno;
  O presto ingegno, nel mio ben si tardo;
O lieto passo, o sacro e bel terreno,
  La dove al gentil lume gli occhi apersi,
  Che del desio si di veder son pieno;
Rincominciamo i nostri usati versi,
  O vaghi pensier' miei,
  Cagion di quanto affanno mai sofferse.
Che giova a me, se il ciel pose in costei
  Sovra ogni altra, belta? poiche natura
  La fe sdegnosa piu che non vorrei.
Vera angioletta, una innocente e pura
  Colomba che e discesa allor dal cielo,
  Para a veder l'angelica figura;
Spirto celeste avvolto in un bel velo,
  Cosa piu che divina in forma umana,
  A passion soggetta a caldo e gelo:
Cor il mi dispare in vista umile e piana;
  Dolci parole e sopra l'altre accorte
  Da far gentil per forza alma villana;
Guarde amorose infiamma al cor mio afforte;
  Possenti arder d'amor un cuor selvaggio;
  Bellezze sol create per mia morte:
Pensar troppo alto, e per mio mal si saggio,
  Che la mia vita dentro e di fuor vede,
  Come traluce in vetro vivo raggio:
Deh, perche non piuttosto piu mercede
  Ti die natura, e poco men bellezza,
  Per far contento in parte tanta fede?
Avrei tue laudi poste in tanta altezza,
  E il mondo pien di si soavi accenti,
  Che i monti sarien mossi per dolcezza.
Che ben felici troppo son le genti
  Che per fortuna a te compagne fersi;
  Beati gli occhi che ti son presenti.
Udite ancora i miei dolenti versi,
  Rose, viole, e fiori,
  Udite quanto per amor sofferse,
Qual forza, qual destin vuol ch' io m' adore
  Costei che mille volte il di mi uccide;
  E che de la mia morte io mi innamore.
Se del mio sempre lagrimar si ride
  Che mi conduce a l'esca acerba e fera,
  Col foco in man che nel mio cor s'annide,
Non veggio come indarno omai si spera
  Di mia salute; e come sta contenta
  Vedermi lagrimar mattino e sera.
Vedrò mai, lasso, una favilla spenta
  Di tanto mal, quanto al mio cor s'accende;
  O lei di simil fiamma in parte tenta?
Che allor potria nel foco che m' incende
  Gioire contento, e fra pungenti spine:
  Ardendo il laccio che mercè contende.
Però, signor gentil, 'nnanzi al mio fine
  Fanne vendetta un dì; prendi a despetto,
  Che a sempiterno affanno mi destine:
Spira virtu nel freddo e crudel petto,
  Che meco insieme sforzi ella a dolersi,
  Rompendo il velo a l'indurato affetto.
Poi seguitando gli amorosi versi
  In piu dolci sospiri;
  Non mi dorra quantunque mai sofferso,
Non per mio ben, ma per gli altrui martiri.

Capitolo.

Amor con tanto sforzo omai m' assale,
  Che a mal mio grado al fin pur mi conduce
  Ove io non voglio, e contrastar non vale.
Mosse da i due begli occhi pria la luce,
  Che mentre al cielo mi scorgeva un tempo
  Fra il sano mia fe colonna e duce;
Poi le speranze mie da tempo in tempo
  Disperse, e in cor mi accese quel disio
  Che piu m' infiamma quanto piu m' attempo.
Ed or quanto in me possa il furor mio,
  E quanto fuor d' usanza il mio core arda,
  Sassel chi n' e cagion, madonna, ed io.
Ogni altra aita omai per me fia tarda,
  Se non quest' una, ove il dolor mi mena,
  Se pianti ne sospiri il ciel riguarda.
Da l' una parte la ragion mi affrena,
  Da l' altra mi combatte sempre e preme
  L' oltraggio e l' onta e la mia ingiusta pena.
Ma perche il cor vacilla e perche teme,
  Non debbo una fiata uscir d' affanno,
  E vendicarmi 'nnanzi l' ore estreme?
Ecco la notte inchina; e senza inganno
  A l' oriente torna omai l' aurora;
  Il tempo e accetto, e la stagion de l' anno.
Finche il dolce silenzio e la dolce ora
  Fra il dolce sonno gli animi addolcisca;
  Ecco la luna spunta, eccola fora,

Perch' io contra mia voglia incrudelisca:
Che biasmo fia, se ciò da amor procede,
Da amor procede, che la mente ardisca?
Ponti dinanzi a gli occhi la tua fede,
E poi ripensa al suo spietato core;
Merita tanto affanno tal mercede?
Merita questo il mio fedele amore?
E questo il ristorar de i miei tormenti,
E il refrigerio de l'antico ardore?
Deh forse meglio fia che amor ritenti,
Se pietà mai piegasse tal durezza;
E pensa pria che a tanto mal consenti.
Ma che giova il pregar, se lei nol prezza,
Se lei di me nè del morir mio cura,
Se de la morte mia prende vaghezza?
Non sa la vita mia quanto ella è dura?
Or come io spero che il parlar la pieghi,
Se pur d'un picciol cenno ella ha paura?
E sei commossa mai da i nostri prieghi?
O mente stolta, quanto or sei ingannata!
E benchè la cagion per me si nieghi,
So ben perchè; deh prendi una fiata
L'arme al bisogno come far si suole:
Che troppo è innanzi già la piaga andata.
Così facciamo: e mentre il giorno e il sole
Si celano a ciascun che alberga in terra,
Comincio; poiche il cielo ed amor vuole.
Tu notte, e voi tenebre, che sotterra
Nascoste eterne con me l'altro polo,
Dove il nostro emisperio il giorno serra,
Or muovati a pietade il mio gran duolo,
Qual tu sai ben quanto al mio cor si accoglia,
Quando me vede sconsolato e solo.
Più volte mi vedeste per gran voglia
Di lagrimar girne fra i fiori e l'erba;
E poi mancar le lagrime per doglia.
Proserpina, che fede ancor mi serba
A gli notturni e questi miei sospiri,
O testimon de la mia vita acerba,
Tu sola puoi saper de i miei martiri
Il pondo e la gravezza, e sola sai
Qual siano e quanti tutti i miei disiri.
Tu d'ogni tempo nel girar che fai
Mi vedi come amor mi sprona e volve;
E nulla è a te celato ne' miei guai.
Ombre amorose, e spirti ignudi e polve,
Che al doloroso fine amor sospinse,
E Pluto or sotto a noi danna ed assolve;
Per quella fè che già el morir vi strinse,
Per quella stessa fede io vi scongiuro
La qual come ora me, così voi vinse;
Con voi, non solo l'animo sì duro
Vorrei potermi di quella per cui arsi,
Ma il sole a mezzo 'l dì vedere oscuro,
Restare i fiumi, e i colli al ciel levarsi,
Il mar turbarsi, ed acquetarsi poi;
E quale e le colombe anche farsi.
Deh dian gli prieghi miei dinanzi a voi
Esser si conti, che il mio cor si veda
De la passata fede i frutti suoi.
Qui son de l'erbe, che lodò già Leda
Tanto a sua figlia; onde il Pastor Trojano
Vinto da lor virtù fe la mal preda:
De l'altre, onde già Circe un corpo umano
In rigido orso trasformar solea,
Sì che ad Ulisse un tempo parve strano.
De l'erbe, che da l'Indo ebbe Medea,
E le radici che d'Olimpo svelse
Quando a l'età sua prima Eson rendea:
De l'altre, che fra mille erbette scelse
Per incampar Giason, quando lui volse
Mostrar per oro sue virtuti eccelse:
De i versi, donde Orfeo le selve accolse,
E Sisifo del sasso lasciò l'opra,
Nel tempo che Euridice a morte tolse.
Raccolto insieme ho quanto qui di sopra
Si possa fra noi miseri mortali,
Quando vendetta contra amor s'adopra.
Ma benchè sian queste arti tante e tali,
Pur l'alma sconsolata altronde spera
Il suo soccorso per quetar suoi mali.
Si fida tanto ne la fe sincera
Che in voi sempre ebbe, che per suo sostegno
Fia assai vostra mercè senza preghiera.
E benchè il cor villano forse degno
Di mille e più vendette insieme aggiunte,
Non voglio al tutto armarmi mosso di sdegno:
Sempre sì ben saran le mie man pronte,
Ch'io potrò ritornare a la vendetta,
Per vendicar gli oltraggi e fuggir l'onte.
Deh aspetta e taci, se così fa; aspetta
Col fin sì tardo e facile costume;
La morte nostra 'nnanzi tempo affretta.
Or dunque come in sterpo le sue piume
A questa mia colomba a poco a poco,
Così di tempo in tempo si consume;
Lei si consume come cera al foco;
E quale io già nel rassembrar di lei,
Per aver pace mai non trovo loco.
Io parlo lagrimando, o ben vorrei
Che udisse ne' miei preghi pieni d'ira
Il tigre dispietato i dolor miei.
E come fra i miei denti più non spira,
Così il gran foco del mio cor si allente
Per chi tanto or si punge e si sospira.
Tengami sempre sola ne la mente,
Come io già tenni lei gran tempo prima
Che in me l'alte faville fusson spente;
Amor con quella dispietata lima
Il cor gli roda, onde egli Dido accese,
Il cor, che di virtù sì il ciel sublima:
Contra ella adopri amor tutte sue offese:
La luce notte, il sol le paja un sogno,
Le notti pien d'angoscia un ciascun mese.
E come già morendo questa lingua,

Così languendo lei, se altrui dona,
Rimanga senza vita e senza sangue.
Nè resti mai lagnarsi già, se pria
Il nodo che qui faccio non discioglie,
Che addoppiar sempre che indissolubil sia.
Che più dirò non so: ma ben mi doglio
Che le parole mie non son più folte
Di sdegno e d'ira, e piene di più orgoglio.
Domandomi perdono, e non l'ascolte,
S'esser potesse; e quanto più s'infiamme,
Al suo gridar mercè l'orecchie volte.
E veggia spente l'amorose fiamme
Che or sovra ogni altro lume altero il viso
Che sempre vivo ne la mente stamme.
Nè più, qual suole, germine il bel riso
Infra le nevi le viole e i fiori
Che fanno in terra un altro paradiso.
Senza sperare, il danni l'ardori;
Ogni suo fallo ogni pensier raggrave,
Sempre piangendo de i passati errori.
E come il suo parlar tanto è soave
Quanto sa ben chi l'ha nel cor dipinto,
Si faccia altrui noioso, ed a se grave.
Veggia nel bel sembiante un pallor tinto
Che pietà faccia a me; che più domando?
Da poi che il mio signor da sdegno è vinto,
Su questo foco alfine a voi non spando
Nè lauro già nè mirto, che non lice;
Ma gli ultimi sospiri; e lagrimando
Alli dolenti, mesta e infelice
Vita angosciosa, e triste ricordanze;
Che lieto cominciar non si condice,
Non si conface a me false speranze,
Nè più leggiadra lode, ma tal verso
Che di pietade ogni lamento avanze.
Quel poco di mie lagrime qui verso,
Che ancor mi resta; e del buon cor le porge
Lo spirto doloroso a voi converso.
Ma per troppo dolor l'uom non si accorge
Che il tempo fugge; e come il sol dà volta
E con la notte cala e il giorno sorge.
Or basta, io spero che la spera volta
Pur colle non avrà Proserpina ancora,
Che l'alma mia sarà da amor disciolta.
Quel corvo che mi canta al lido ancora,
Dice che tosto si apparecchia il giorno,
Che l'altra mia tempesta avrà ancora;
E quella fiamma che a quell'altra intorno
Spesso s'aggira, e spesso innanzi s'adorna,
Segno è come ora in libertà ritorno
Coruscando a le stelle ed a la luna:
Ha non so che nel petto, che predire
Mi suole l'una e l'altra mia fortuna:
Vedi che al ciel dispiace il mio martire.

Capitolo irregolare.

La notte torna, e l'aria e il ciel si annera,
E il sol si affretta a fornire il viaggio,
Dietro a le spalle avendo omai la sera.
E come intorno il fuggitivo raggio
Sparisce altrui; così dentro m'infosco
Per lo novello in me commesso oltraggio.
Ite a casa, e noi lasciate al bosco,
Pasciute pecorelle; e voi d'intorno
Pastori, omai venite a pianger meco.
E benchè l'ora a noi ne cele il giorno
Sotto il gravoso velo de la terra,
La luna ha pieno l'uno e l'altro corno.
Ma tu vieni, per Dio, la mandra serra
Sì tosto come a noi di su si oscura,
E la gran luce se ne va sotterra:
Nè qui nè altrove è ben la fe sicura:
E chi nol sa si specchi nel meschino;
Che per fidarsi tal tempesta dura.
Un altro Caco qui sotto Aventino,
Con arme avverse e disusati inganni
Fura gli armenti di ciascun vicino.
Ercole è morto già che di tanti anni
Gli ammenda l'offese e puna l'onte,
E le vendetta de i passati danni.
E già il carro stellato varca il monte
Con la sua punta, sì che l'ora è tarda;
Mira, che oscura tutto l'orizzonte.
Di che, per Dio, sta desto e ben ti guarda.
Ira di stelle, e di fortuna colpa
Uman provvedimento pur riguarda.
Ma chi ne incolpa
In tanta mia ruina?
Sentenza divina e mia sciocchezza;
E 'l volto e la durezza di chi io adoro.
Se il serpe che guardava il suo tesoro
Fosse dal sonno stato allor più desto,
Quando per Danae Giove si fe d'oro;
Nè quel nè questo ond'io mi lagno ognora
Lo giunse che mi accora, ed è ragione,
Sapendo la cagione
Al duol ch'io provo.
Ah, ch'io movo Smanie? or basta omai,
Amor, che assai tai guai per noi son pianti,
E gli occhi santi, donde ancor mi struggi.
Ma tu, per chi mi fuggi, cor di sasso?
Deh ferma il passo e i miei lamenti ascolta;
Prendi una volta del mio mal cordoglio,
Io sarò pur qual soglio
Infin che morte
Le corte mie giornate ne interrompa.
Soperchia pompa de vederti bella
Ti fa sì fella contra me e te stessa
In cui mai speme fu messa.
Ahi crudo amore,
Non hai del mio dolore ancor pietate?
Del verno estate fa per forza il tempo;
E tu di tempo in tempo stai più salda
E men ti scalda l'amoroso foco;
E parti un gioco
Il gran martir ch'io sento:

Deh, perchè il mio tormento a te non
duole?
Ben son le mie parole senza senso;
Ch'io penso far d'un orso un cor pietoso;
E per trovar riposo, guerra chieggio.
Ma se chi 'l puote il vede,
A che ripenso?
L'immenso suo volere ei mi è nascoso;
E pur cercar non oso miglior seggio.
Se io veggio che mostri
Mi cela il suo bel viso e il vago lume
Che fe natura per non mai sì adorno
Sol perchè io mi consume,
Deh, cor tradito, e vani pensier' miei,
Perchè smarrito dal cammin non torno?
L'ore, la notte e il giorno
Mi vo struggendo; e pur l'ingorda voglia
Per tuttora non sbramo;
Nè dal cor levo la tenace spene.
Così tra due mi tene
Amor, che da l'un lato morte chiamo;
Da l'altro cerco d'acquetar la doglia;
Se d'ogni ben mi spoglia
La fiamma che mi rode nervi e polpe,
Nè so chi, lasso, del mio mal ne incolpe.
L'astuta volpe che svegliò per forza
Il topo che dormiva,
Quando vi penso a lagrimar mi sforza.
Venga [illegible] a l'infiammata riva
Dove la causa nacque e fece i fiori,
Per chi conviene che in mille carte scriva.
O tu che al mondo amor Galeotto onori,
Deh maledetto sia quando mostrasti
Tale arte nel trattar de' nostri amori.
Per più mia pena, lasso, tu infiammasti
Qualunque dopo te nel mondo nacque
Allor che di Lancelotto tu trattasti.
Rose la mia speranza, e poscia tacque
Vedendo dentro come il cuor ardea
Del bel messer che a lei cotanto piacque.
Seco leggendo tutta si struggea,
Di faville d'amor nel volto accesa,
Poi serrandole l'occhio li porgea.
Allor credette il topo averla presa,
Nè si accorgeva che a sì poca forza,
Al parer mio, troppo alta era la impresa.
L'astuta volpe che svegliò per forza
Il topo che dormiva,
Quando vi penso, a lagrimar mi sforza,
Talchè da gli occhi un fonte mi deriva.
Solea nel petto mio già viva viva,
Pietosa e schiva starsi la mia donna,
Come ferma colonna in loco posta;
Ed or posto ha in obblio, come a sua
posta
Son posto in croce e tormentato a torto,
Nè spero mai conforto,
Nè trovar porto in tanta mia tempesta.
Questa Sirena al suo cantar mi resta
Fin che mi mostra l'onda che mi fonda;
Non sento chi risponda
Al mio gridar, che pur già mi consume;
L'altero e dolce lume
De gli occhi che mi fur governo e vela,
Fortuna, invidia, e gelosia mi cela.
Rotta è la tela che con tanto affanno
Già per d'un anno avea piangendo or-
dita;
Compita è la mia trama in sul fiorire,
Che mi rivela come andò l'inganno,
Che tanto d'amore a lagrimar m'incita,
Sì che di vita l'alma vuol partire?
Non posso più soffrire,
Che quella per cui muoro ella respira,
Ver me si è volta in ira;
Ond'io dì e notte piango, e non mi stanco
Perchè mia vita tosto venga manco.
Ha amore il mondo; e forse, chi sa? il ritto,
E così manco io, tal guerra tenne
Deh, caro amore, or non l'hai tu a dis-
petto?
Io fuggirò in Egitto,
Perchè il tuo sguardo, ingrata, non m'in-
fiamme,
Poscia che qui riposo m'è interditto.
Il mio è già scritto, sì che mille carte
Nè impendera il fero inchiostro
De la mia poca fede
E sempre sospirare e il piangere nostro
Rimbomba in tutte parti,
In quanto il sol ne scalda e il ciel si vede.
Nè te hai mosso a mercede
Nè miei lamenti nè mie giusti prieghi;
Anzi a costui ti pieghi
A cui più manca quel che più si chiede.
Chi l'ha veduto il crede,
Se io dico il vero, deh perchè mel nieghi?
Stella, se prieghi il sordo;
Non ha ricordo de le sue impromesse
Giurate e spesse che già lei fa fe;
E che mi vale? il mio voler si ricorda
Non vale accordo che ragion mi leva;
Ma spesse volte duolmi di sua fe.
Di cui ne incolpo te,
Amore amaro, e quella falsa vista,
Che nel pensare mi attrista
Col fuggir che or mi fan gli occhi sereni,
Con la qual forza come vuoi mi meni.
Novello, vieni, or che fa chi m'intende?
Comprendi mia ragion colui a chi tocca,
Che senza la balestra senza legge,
Corregge il servo, e regge il sire, e [illegible],
Vesta la donna, e l'uom pianga la rocca:
Sciocca e sinistra cosa a chiunque legge
Ei par che mi dilegge
Messer quando vagheggi allor per caso,
Il gentile che di Ercole ha sua casa.
La Mosca che mi vola intorno al naso

Non altramente da mattina a terza,
  Che quando il sole è già presso à l'occaso,
Con altra ruota, che con dolci ferza
  Lei muovendo quindi scorrere
  Mira che a guisa d'uccello scherza.
Così non si vuol pure, e poi fare
  Del grande traditor crudel vendetta,
  Che quel che in ver non era un mostro.
Ah folle, infedeli, io dirò a te, aspetta
  Vedi che volan l'ore e gli momenti,
  E come il tempo al trapassar si affretta.
Apollo non avea d'intorno venti
  Volte trascorso tutto in giro il mondo,
  Che d'esser vivo converrà te penti;
Io parlo chiaro, e non mi ti nascondo.

19.

Luca und Luigi Pulci.

Beide jüngere Brüder von Bernardo Pulci. L. d. zu Lucca, von dessen Lebensumständen gar nichts bekannt ist, soll nach 1480 zu Florenz gestorben seyn. Er hinterließ ein prächtig beschreibendes Gedicht: La Giostra del magnifico Lorenzo de' Medici, und eine unvollendete Ritterepopöe, Ciriffo Calvaneo, so wie einige Heroiden u. s. w. Bedeutender erscheint Luigi, geboren 1431 oder 1432 zu Florenz, gestorben daselbst 1487. Er war ein vertrauter Freund Lorenzo's von Medicis, und dichtete auf Veranlassung von dessen Mutter ein großes Rittergedicht: Il Morgante Maggiore, von dem Sagenhaften Helden des Gedichts. Außerdem hinterließ er noch mehrere kleinere Poesieen. Die beiden jüngeren Pulci sind mit Bojardo als die Erfinder des italienischen romantischen Epos zu betrachten. Wir lassen hier übrigens aus den schon angeführten Gründen nur ein Bruchstück vom Morgante folgen.

Il Morgante.

Canto IV. St. 7.

Era dinanzi Rinaldo a cavallo,
E Ulivier lo seguiva e Dodone,
Per un oscuro bosco senza fallo,
Dove si scuopre un feroce dragone,
Coperto di strani sguardi verde, e giallo,
Che combatteva con un gran lione;
Rinaldo al lume della luna il vede,
Ma che quel fussi drago ancor non crede.
  E Ulivier poi tutto avea detto:
Sempre avvien chi cavalca di notte;
Io veggo un lione appiè di quel poggetto,
Gente debbe abitar per queste grotte;
Egli era quel serpente maledetto,
Che getta fiamma per bocca ta' dotte,
Ch' un torchio parea in calore,
E tutto il bosco empiea di splendore.
  E 'l lion par che con lui s'avviluppi,
E colle branche, e co' denti lo scuda,
Ed or pel collo or nel petto lo piglia;
Il drago avvolta gli aveva la coda,
E presol colla bocca, e cogli artigli,
Per modo tal che da lui non si snoda;
E non pareva al Lione esser giuoco,
Quando per bocca e' vomitava fuoco.
  Bajardo cominciò forte a sbuffare
Com' e' conobbe il serpente da presso,
Vegliantin d'Ulivier volea fuggire,
Quel di Dodon si volge a drieto spesso,
Che 'l fiato del dragon si fa sentire;
Ma pur Rinaldo innanzi si fu messo,
E increbbeli di quel lion, che perde
Appoco appoco, e rimaneva al verde.
  E termina di dargli al fin soccorso,
E che non fussi dal serpente morto;
Bajardo sprona e tempera col morso,
Tanto che presso a quel drago l'ha porto,
Che si studiava co' graffi, e col morso,
Tal che condotto ha il leone a mal porto;
Ma innanzi prima l'ajuto da sopra,
Che cominciossi sì terribil opra.
  E adorando, sentiva una voce,
Che gli dicea: non temer, Baron dotto,
Del gran serpente rigido, e feroce,
Tosto fara per tua mano al di sotto.
Disse Rinaldo: o Signor mio, che in croce
Moristi, io ti ringrazio di tal motto;
E trasse con Frusberta a quel dragone,
E ancor però e' non dette al leone.
  Parve il lion di ciò fusse indovino,
E quanto può dal serpente si spicca,
Veggendosi in ajuto il paladino;
Frusberta addosso al dragon non s'appicca,
Perchè il dosso era più che d'acciajo fino;
Trasse di punta, e 'l brando non si ficca,
Che solea pur forar corazze, e maglie,
Sì dure aveva il serpente le scaglie.
  Disse Rinaldo: e' fia da Satanasso
Il cuojo, che 'l serpente porta addosso,
Poi che di punta col brando nol passo,
E che col taglio levar non ne posso,
E lascia pur la spada andare in basso,
Credendo a questo tagliare al fin l'osso;
Frusberta balza, e faceva faville,
Così de' colpi gli die forse mille.
  E quel lion lo teneva pur fermo,
Onde diceva: s'io lo tengo saldo,
Non arà sempre a ogni colpo schermo:
Ma poi che molto ha bussato Rinaldo,
E conoscea che questo crudel vermo
L'offendea troppo col fiato e col caldo;
Se gli accostava, e prese un tratto il collo
E spiccò il capo, che parve d'un pollo.
  Fuggito s'era Ulivieri, e Dodone,
Che il lor destrier non poteron tenere;
Come e' fu morto quel fiero dragone,
Rizzato il capo, e caduto a jacere,
Verso Rinaldo ne venne il leone,
E cominciava a leccare il destriere;

Parea che render gli volesse grazia,
Di far festa a Rinaldo non si sazia.
  Ed avviossi con esso alla briglia;
Rinaldo disse: Vergine graziosa,
Poi che mostrata m' hai tal maraviglia,
Ancor ti priego, Regina pietosa,
Che mi dimostri ove la via si piglia
Per questa selva così paurosa,
Di ritrovare Ulivieri e Dodone,
O tu mi fa' fare scorta al leone.
  Parve che questo il leone intendesse,
E cominciava innanzi a camminare,
Come se, dietro mi verrai, dovessi;
Rinaldo si lasciava a lui guidare,
Che boschi v' eran sì folti, e sì spessi,
Che fatica era il sentiero osservare;
Ma quel leone appunto sa i sentieri,
E ritrovò Dodone e Ulivieri.
  Era Ulivier tutto malinconoso,
E del cavallo in terra dismontato,
Con Dodone, e piangea doloroso,
E 'ndietro inverso Rinaldo è tornato,
Per dar soccorso al Paladin famoso;
E Ulivieri aveva ragionato:
Forse che morto Rinaldo vedremo
Da quel serpente, o tardi giugneremo.
  E non sapean ritrovar il cammino,
Erano entrati in certe strette valli;
Ecco Rinaldo, e 'l leon già vicino
Maravigliensi, e corrono a guardalli;
Vede Ulivier non avea Vegliantino,
Dice: costoro ove avranno i cavalli?
A qualche fiera si sono abbattuti
Dove egli avranno i lor destrier perduti.
  Ulivier quando Rinaldo vedea,
Non si può dir se pareva contento,
E disse: veramente io mi credea
Ch' omai tu fussi dalla vita spento;
E poi ch' allato il leone scorgea
Al leone della luna ebbe spavento.
Disse Rinaldo: Ulivier, non temere
Che quel leon ti faccia dispiacere.
  Sappi, che morto è quel dragon crudele,
E liberato ho questo mio compagno,
Che sempre or fia come amico fedele,
E aren fatto di lui buon guadagno;
Credo che forse la luna si cele,
Tratto ci arà questo leon grifagno
Del bosco, e guiderecci a buon cammino;
Ma dimmi, hai tu perduto Vegliantino?
  Ulivier si scusò con gran vergogna:
Come tu fusti alle man col dragone,
E' destrier ci hanno grattata la rogna
Tra mille sterpi, e per ogni burrone;
Ognun voleva far quel che bisogna,
Per spronarli, com' era ragione;
Ma ritener non gli potemmo mai,
Tanto che forse da noi li dorrai.
  Noi gli lasciammo presso a una fonte,
Perchè pur quivi si fermorno a bere;
Quivi legati appiè gli abbiam del monte,
E or da te venavamo a sapere,
Se rotta avevi al serpente la fronte,
O da lui morto restavi a giacere.
Disse Rinaldo: pe' cavalli andiamo,
E tra noi scusa, Ulivier, non facciamo.
  Ritroveremo ciascuno il corridore;
Dicea Rinaldo: or da toccar col dente
Non credo che si truovi, senza che fore
Usciam del bosco, o troviamo altre gente:
Così stessi tu, Carlo Imperadore,
Che vuoi, ch' io vado pel mondo dolente;
Così stessi tu, Gan, com' io sto ora,
Ma forse peggio star ti fia ancora.
  E così cavalcando con sospetto,
Rinaldo si dolea del suo destino;
E quel leone innanzi va soletto,
Sempre mostrando a costoro il cammino:
E poi ch' egli hanno salito un poggetto,
Ebbon veduto un lume assai vicino;
Che in una grotta abitava un gigante,
E un gran fuoco s' avea fatto avante.
  Una capanna di frasche avea fatta,
Ed appiccato a una sua caviglia
Un cervio, e della pelle l' avea tratta;
Sente i cavai calpestare, e la briglia,
Subito prese la [illegible] di matto,
Come colui che poco si consiglia:
A Ulivieri, [illegible] ratto,
Addosso presto la bestia fu mossa.
  Ulivier vede quella mazza grossa,
E del gigante la mente sospetta
Volle fuggirlo: intanto una percossa
Giunse nel petto sì forte, ed acerba,
Che benchè avesse il fusto molta possa,
Di Vegliantino si trovava in sull' erba.
Rinaldo quando Ulivier vide in terra,
Non domandar quanto dolor l' afferra.
  E disse: ribaldon, ghiotton da forche,
Che mille volte sei l' hai meritato;
Prima che sotto la luna si corche,
Io ti metterò di tal derrata,
Questo bestion con sue parole porche,
Disse: a te non dirò se sono gelato;
Che se' tu tratto del cervio all' odore?
Tu debb' essere un ghiotto o beccatore.
  Rinaldo, ch' avea poca pazienza,
Dette in sul viso al gigante col guanto,
E fu quel pugno di tanta potenza,
Che tutto quanto il mostaccio gli ha infranto,
Perocchè Iddio non ci arè sofferenza.
Cade il gigante tramortito alquanto,
Accostossi la cavalla a Rinaldo,
Che d' altro che di sol gli vuol dar caldo.
  Rinaldo al colpo sciolto molto destro,
E 'l Bajardo saltar com' un gatto;
Combatter co' giganti era maestro,
Sapeva appunto ogni lor colpo ed atto;

Parea il castello uscissi d'un balestro:
Rinaldo menò il pugno un altro tratto,
E fu sì grande questo mostaccione,
Che morto cadde il gigante beccone.
E però nota e' non lì, com' e' suole
Il drago, quando uccide il leofante,
Che non s'avvede, tanto è sciocco e fole,
Che nel cader quel monsol pesante
L'uccide, che gli è sotto, onde e' si duole;
Così Rinaldo a questo fu ignorante,
Che quando cadde il gigante gagliardo,
Infranse quasi Rinaldo, e Baiardo.
E così lo tirava già di sotto,
E bisognò che Dodon l'aiutassi;
Disse Rinaldo: io non pensai di botto
Così il gigante in terra rovinassi,
Ond'io n'ho quasi pagato lo scotto;
E disse ch'a l'odor d'un cervio trassi,
Alla sua capannetta andiamo un poco,
Dove si vede ardeva quel fuoco.
Allor tutti smontaron dell'arcione,
Alla capanna furono arrivati,
Voltossi il cervio; diceva Dodone:
Forse che mai non siamo capitati;
Ecco il su' certo come uno schidone,
Rinaldo intanto tre pani ha trovati,
E pare di strana vergogna un barlotto,
E disse: Il cervio mi sa di lucerto.
Erano i pan com' un fondo di tino,
Tanto ch'a dirlo par un raccapriccio:
Disse Rinaldo: se c'è 'l pane e 'l vino,
Ch'aspettiam noi, Dodon? qui sia d'arriccio.
Disse a Dodone: aspetta un tal porchino,
Tanto che faccia la crosta su 'l riccio.
Disse Rinaldo: poi non l'arrostiamo,
Che 'l cervio mezzo cotto è poco sano.
Disse Dodone: i' l'ho inteso, Rinaldo,
Il compagno ti debbe piacere;
Se non è cotto, e' basta che sia caldo,
E cominciorno del cervio a spezzare:
Rinaldo nel mangiare intero, e saldo,
Sì poco che la vergogna il fa restare;
E de' tre pan fece presto a uno,
Che col barlotto non bere a digiuno.
Poi che fu l'alba in Levante apparita,
Si dipartiron da quella capanna:
Dicea Dodon: questa fu buona gita,
Poi che noi cavi sopracciò la manna.
E quel gigante ha perduto la vita:
Vedi che pure innanzi a chi 'nganna,
Quel baccelliere, Ulivier, si percosse
A tradimento, ove si sia per le fosse.

28.

Lorenzo de' Medici.

Lorenzo von Medici, zugenannt il Magnifico, wurde 1448 zu Florenz geboren. Ein Sohn Peters und ein Enkel Cosmus von Medicis erhielt er eine vortreffliche Erziehung; Ficino, Landino und der Grieche Argyropulus waren seine Lehrer, und der vielbegünstigte Schüler machte unter deren Leitung, mit bedeutendem Talente begabt, außerordentliche Fortschritte. Er bildete sich dann für die Staatsgeschäfte, unternahm 1464 und 1465 einige Reisen, zeichnete sich auch in ritterlichen Übungen aus, vermählte sich 1468 mit Clarice Orsini, und trat 1469 nach dem Tode seines Vaters an die Spitze der Regierung, die er mit fester Hand bis zu seinem 1492 erfolgten Tod führte. Lorenzo war einer der großmüthigsten Beschützer der Künste und Wissenschaften, denen es je gegeben war über Menschen zu herrschen, und als Dichter ein glücklicher und talentvoller Nachahmer Petrarca's, dem er hinsichtlich der Correctheit und der Zierlichkeit der Gedanken sehr nahe kommt. Seine Poesien gehören meist zur lyrischen Gattung.

Sonetto.

Spesso mi torna a mente, anzi già mai
Non può partir da la memoria mia
L'abito e 'l tempo e 'l luogo dove pria
La mia donna gentil fiso mirai.
Quel che paresse allor, amor tu 'l sai,
Che con lei sempre fosti in compagnia;
Quanto vaga, gentil, leggiadra e pia,
Non si può dir nè immaginar assai.
Quale sovra i nevosi ed alti monti
Apollo spande il suo bel lume adorno,
Tale i crin' suoi sovra la bianca gonna.
Il tempo e 'l luogo non convien ch'io conti;
Che dov'è sì bel sole, è sempre giorno,
E paradiso ov'è sì bella donna.

Sonetto.

Oimè, che belle lagrime fur quelle
Che il nembo del desio stillando mosse,
Quando il giusto dolor che il cor percosse
Salì poi su ne l'amorose stelle!
Rigavon per la delicata pelle
Le guance bianche dolcemente rosse,
Come chiar rio faria che in prato fosse
Fior' bianchi e rossi, le lagrime belle.
Stavasi amor ne la soave pioggia,
Come augel dopo il sol bramato tanto
Lieto riceve rugiadose stille,
E piangendo ne gli occhi ov'egli alloggia
Facea col bello e doloroso pianto
Visibilmente uscir dolci faville.

Sonetto.

Ch'è quel ch'io veggo dentro a gli occhi belli
De la mia donna? lasso, egli è amor forse,
Per l'avversata vista io lo scorse;
Benchè lo vinca lo splendor di quelli,
Amor, perchè per me non le favelli?
Rispose lui che de l'error s'accorse:
Perchè l'arco e gli strai' di man m'estorse,
E mi lega co' suoi biondi capelli.

Questa con volontaria violenza
Fatto ha che in me le mie saette ha volte;
Per lei ho in odio la mia antica stella.
Due n'ho per una, ed è molto più bella
Cagione d'esser; ed io temo che tolta
È senza e il fonte d'ogni mia clemenza.

Sonetto.

Occhi, voi siete pur dentro il mio core,
E vedete il tormento ch'e' sostiene,
E la sua morte [illegible]; dunque onde viene,
Che madonna non cura il suo dolore?
Tornate a lei, e con voi venga amore,
E contatele il tutto di tante pene;
Poi che resta al cor sol questa spene
De' principii vostri, e senza lei si muore.
Portate a lei i nostri lamenti;
Ma, lasso, quant'è folle il mio desio!
Che il cuore non vive senza gli occhi belli.
O occhi, refrigerio a' miei tormenti,
Deh ritornate al misero cuor mio:
Amor sol vada, e lui per me favelli.

Sonetto.

Tante vaghe bellezze ha in se raccolto
Il gentil viso de la donna mia,
Ch'ogni nuovo accidente che in lui sia,
Prende da lui bellezza e valor molto.
Se di pietate pinto talora è avvolto,
Pietà par non sia se dolce e pia;
Se di sdegno arde, tanto bella e ria
È l'ira, ch'amor trema in quel bel volto.
Pietosa e bella è in lei ogni mestizia;
E se rigano i pianti il vago viso,
Dice piangendo amore: quest'è il mio regno.
Ma quando il mondo cieco è fatto degno
Che muova quella bocca un dolce riso,
Conosce allor qual'è vera letizia.

Sonetto.

Allor ch'io penso di dolermi alquanto
De' pianti, e de' sospir' miei teco, amore;
Mirando per pietà l'afflitto core,
L'immagin veggo di quel viso santo.
E parmi allor sì bella e dolce tanto,
Che vergognoso il primo pensier muore;
Nascene un altro poi con tale ardore
Di ringraziarla, e le sue lodi canto.
La bella immagin che lodar si sente,
Come dice il pensier che lei sol mira,
Son la più bella e più perfetta assai.
Quindi sorge un desio novo in la mente
Di veder quella ch'ode parla e spira,
E torno a voi, begli occhi e dolci rai.

Sonetto.

O bella violetta, tu se' nata
Ove già 'l primo mio bel desio nacque;
Lagrime triste e belle furon l'acque
Che t'han nutrita e più volte bagnata.
Pietate in quella terra fortunata
Nutrì il desio, ove il bel cesto giacque;
La bella man ti colse, e poi le piacque
Farne la mia per sì bel don beata.
E'mi pare ad ognor fuggir ti voglia
A quella bella mano onde se' tolta
Al nudo petto dolcemente stretta;
Al nudo petto, che desire e diletta
Tiene in loco del cor; che il petto lei alegna,
E stassi, onde tu vieni, o violetta.

Canzone.

Amor, veggio che ancor non se' contento,
Ch'a le mie antiche pene
Altri lacci m'ordine.
Vo' fabbricando ognor più saggio e forte
De le tue catene, tal ch'ogni mia speme
D'alcun prospero evento
Che se ne porti il vento,
Nè spero libertà se non per morte.
O crudo, o poco accorto
Mente de' tristi amanti!
Che ne' bei lumi santi
Avrò posto alquanto tua speranza?
Nè punto anche dianza
Promettevamo a noi i nostri [illegible].
Così dolce mi venne in forza altrui,
Nè spero esser più mai quel che già fui.
Io conoscea ne la libertà [illegible];
E 'l tempo andato e lieto,
E il mio stato quieto,
Che poi mi die' mia benigna fortuna.
Ma poi, com' ogni ben avviene [illegible],
Mi [illegible],
Ed a diversi lidi
Amore e lei m'avviluppano a [illegible];
Come assai non fosse ora
Parte di tanta forza
A che per se [illegible]
Di [illegible] sempre più e più stretti;
E come semplicetto
Non mirando più altro che la scorza,
Con le mie mani già [illegible] i lacci,
Avvien che tanto più serva mi fanno.
La [illegible] e semplice animale,
Se già viene discoperto
Lo inganno, che [illegible]
Si mostra turbata da la sua parte,
Torna al secondo poi più l'occhio aperto;
Ch'è ragione naturale,
Ch'ogni uom fugge il suo male;
Ed io, che veggio che m'inganna e sforza,
Di seguir pur mi piace
La via ne la qual veggio
Il mal passato, e peggio,
Come s'io non avessi esempj [illegible].

Ma in tal modo ha operato
Amore in me d'ogni ragione il seggio,
Ch'io non saprei trovar rimedio o tempre,
Che mi togliesse il voler andar sempre.
Tanto han potuto gli amorosi inganni,
E 'l mio mortale ardore,
Ch'io non ho più memoria
Alcuna d'ogni mio pare, che me stesso;
Se cerco altro o per altro m' affatico,
Se non com' io mi inganni;
Ed aggiunge a' miei danni,
E chiamo mia salute molto espressa;
Tanto, se mi è concesso
Star in sospiri e 'n doglia:
Di più nulla che mi spoglia
Di servitute, e cerca libera farmi;
E vedendo legarmi,
Parmi, che il fa, di libertà mi voglia.
Così del mio mal godo, e del ben dolgo;
E quel ch'io cerco, io stesso poi mi tolgo.
Così l'infanzia e 'l mio nemico amore
Tra sproni, carezze e saette,
Prese chiuse ed aperte
M' han tenuto e percosso un lustro intero;
E sotto umile pelle e sue coverte
De la mia etade il fiore
Nell' suo crudel signore
Ho consumato, e più goder non spero.
Amor, via pur di vero
De la mia misera lode,
Che dovrei di mercede
Aver dimostro alcun pur qualche segno;
Ch' non si prova il regno
Di quella, quel leggiadro bello e che 'l crede,
Che cercando il vento di mia vita lieta
Quand' [illegible] pur, non pigliarà l'addietro.
Canzon mia, tra i tuoi lamenti serba,
E mostra degli acerba
Tu puoi dimostrare in alcuna parte;
Ma tanto cela il tuo tormento amaro,
Che amor, morte, o barbaro don riparo.

21.

Angelo Poliziano.

Sein eigentlicher Name war Ambrogini, er nannte sich aber Poliziano, weil er aus Montepulciano stammte, wo er 1454 geboren wurde. Schon früh kam er nach Florenz um dort zu studiren. Lorenzo von Medicis nahm sich seiner an und später zog er ihn in sein Haus, wo er die Erziehung seiner Söhne leitete und öffentliche Vorlesungen hielt. Er war einer der berühmtesten Gelehrten und einer der vorzüglichsten italiänischen Dichter seiner Zeit, doch hat er wenig in seiner Muttersprache hinterlassen, und es ist nicht einmal Alles durch den Druck veröffentlicht worden. Seinen Gönner Lorenzo überlebte er nur zwei Jahre, da er bereits 1494 starb. Unter seinen Poesien sind die bemerkenswerthesten seine leider unbeendigten berühmten Stanzen auf das Turnier Julian's von Medicis, sein Drama Orfeo und mehrere Sonnette und Canzonen.

Canzone.

Monti, valli, antri, e colli
Pien di fior' frondi ed erba,
Verdi campagne, ombrosi e folti boschi;
Poggi, ch'ognor più molli
Fa la mia pena acerba,
Struggendo gli occhi nubilosi e foschi,
Fiume, che par conoschi
Mio spietato dolore,
Sì dolce meco piagni;
Augei, che n' accompagni
Ove con voi si duol cantando amore;
Fere, ninfe, aer, venti,
Udite il suon de' tristi miei lamenti.
Già sette e sette volte
Mostrò la bella aurora
Cinta di gemme oriental' sua fronte;
Le corna ha già raccolte
Delia, mentre dimora
Con Teti il fratel suo dentro il gran fonte;
Da che il superbo monte
Non segna il bianco piede
Di quella donna altera,
Che 'n dolce primavera
Converte ciò che tocca, adombra o vede:
Qui i fior', qui l' erba nasce
Da' suoi begli occhi, e poi de' miei si pasce.
Pascesi del mio pianto
Ogni foglietta lieta,
E vanne il fiume più superbo in vista.
Amor, deh perchè tanto
Quel volto a noi si vieta,
Che queta il ciel qualor più si contrista?
Deh se nessun l' ha vista
Gir per l' ombrose valli
Sceglier tra verdi erbette
Per tesser ghirlandette
I bianchi e rossi fior', gli azzurri e i gialli,
Prego che me la insegni,
S' egli è che in questi boschi pietà regni.
Amor, qui la vedemo
Sotto le fresche fronde
Del vecchio faggio umilmente posarsi;
Dei rimembrar ne fremo;
Ahi come dolci l' onde
Facean i bei crin' d'oro al vento sparsi!
Com' agghiacciai, com' arsi,
Quando di fiori un nembo
Vedea rider d' intorno,
(O benedetto giorno!)
E pien di rose l' amoroso grembo!
Suo divin portamento
Ritrai tu, amor, ch' io per me n' ho pavento.
I' tenea gli occhi intenti
Ammirando, qual suole
Cervetto in fonte vagheggiar sua immago;

Gli occhi d'amor accesi,
Gli atti, volto e parole,
E 'l canto che facea di sè il ciel vago,
Quel riso ond' io m' appago,
Ch' arder farebbe i sassi,
Che fa per questa selva
Mansueta ogni belva,
E star l'acque correnti. Oh s'io trovassi
De l'orme, ove i piè muove,
Non avrei del cielo invidia a Giove.
Fresco ruscel tremante,
Ove 'l bel piede scalzo
Bagnar le piacque, o te quanto felice!
E voi ramose piante,
Che 'n questo alpestro balzo
D' umor pascete l'antica radice;
Fra quai la mia Beatrice
Sola talor sen viene!
Ahi quanta invidia t' aggio,
Alto e muschioso faggio,
Che sei stato degnato a tanto bene!
Ben de' lieta goderti
L' aura ch' accolse i suoi celesti versi.
L' aura i bei versi accolse,
E in grembo a Dio gli pose
Per far godere tutto il paradiso.
Qui i fior', qui l'erba colse,
Di queste spin le rose;
Quest' aer sereno con dolce riso,
Ne l'acqua che 'l bel viso
Bagnolle. Oh dove sono?
Qual dolcezza mi sface?
Com' venni in tanta pace?
Chi scorta fu? con chi parlo o ragiono?
Onde sì dolce calma?
Che soverchio piacer via caccia l'alma?
Selvaggia mia canzone innamorata,
Va secura ove vuoi,
Poi che 'n gioia son conversi i dolor' tuoi.

Sestina irregolare.

Udite, selve, mie dolci parole,
Poi che la ninfa mia udir non vuole.
La bella ninfa è sorda al mio lamento,
E 'l suon di nostra fistula non cura;
Di ciò si lagna il mio cornuto armento,
Nè vuol bagnare il grifo in acqua pura,
Nè vuol toccar la tenera verdura;
Tanto del suo pastor gl' incresce e duole.
Udite, selve, mie dolci parole.
Ben si cura l'armento del pastore,
La ninfa non si cura de l'amante,
La bella ninfa che di sasso ha il core,
Anzi di ferro, anzi di diamante.
Ella fugge da me sempre davante,
Come agnella dal lupo fuggir suole.
Udite, selve, mie dolci parole.
Digli, zampogna mia, come via fugge
Con gli anni insieme la bellezza snella;
E digli come il tempo ne distrugge,
Nè l'età persa mai si rinnovella;
Digli che sappia usar sua forza bella,
Che sempre mai non son rose e viole.
Udite, selve, mie dolci parole.
Portate, venti, questi dolci versi
Dentro a l'orecchie de la ninfa mia;
Dite quant' io per lei lagrime versi,
E lei pregate che crudel non sia;
Dite che la mia vita fugge via,
E si consuma come brina al sole.
Udite, selve, mie dolci parole,
Poi che la ninfa mia udir non vuole.

Sestina irregolare.

Vaghe le montanine e pastorelle,
Donde venite sì leggiadre e belle?
Vegnam da l'alpe presso ad un boschetto;
Picciola capannella è 'l nostro sito;
Col padre e con la madre in picciol letto
Dove natura ci ha sempre nutrito.
Torniam la sera dal prato fiorito,
Che abbiam pasciute nostre pecorelle.
Qual è 'l paese dove nate siete?
Che sì bel frutto sovra ogni altro luce!
Creature d'amor voi mi parete,
Tanta è la vostra faccia che riluce.
Nè oro nè argento in voi non luce,
E mal vestite, e parete angiolelle.
Ben si posson doler vostre bellezze,
Poi che fra valli e monti le mostrate;
Che non è terra di sì grandi altezze,
Che voi non foste degne ed onorate.
Ora mi dite se vi contentate
Di star ne l'alpe così poverelle.
Più è contenta ciascuna di noi
Gire a la mandra dietro a la pastura,
Più che non fate ciascuna di voi
Gire a danzare dentro a vostre mura.
Ricchezza non cerchiam nè più ventura,
Se non be' fiori, e facciam grillandelle.

Canzone irregolare.

La pastorella si leva per tempo
Menando le caprette a pascer fuora.
Di fuora fuora la traditora
Co' suoi begli occhi la m' innamora,
E fa di mezza notte apparir giorno.
Poi se ne giva a spasso a la fontana
Calpestando l'erbette tenerelle,
Oh tenerelle galanti e belle,
Sermollin fresco, fresche mortelle,
E 'l grembo ha pien di rose e di viole,
Poi si sbraccia e si lava il suo bel viso,
Le man, la gamba, il suo pulito petto,
Pulito petto con gran diletto
Con bianco aspetto,

Che ride intorno intorno (a) le campagne.
E qualche volta canta una canzona,
Che le pecore balla e gli agnelletti;
E gli agnelletti fanno i scambietti,
Con le capre con li capretti,
E tutti fanno a gara (a) le lor danze.
E qualche volta in sur un verde prato
La tesse ghirlandette (a) di bei fiori,
Di bei fiori di bei colori,
Così le vende con li pastori,
E tutti imparan da la pastorella.
Poi la sera ritorna a la sua stanza
Con la vincastra in man discinta e scalza,
Discinta e scalza
Ride e saltella per ogni balza.
Così la pastorella passa il tempo.

Stanza.

Che fai tu, Eco, mentre ch'io ti chiamo? Amo.
Ami tu due o pur un solo? Un solo.
E io te solo, e non altri, amo. Altri amo.
Dunque non ami tu un solo. Un solo.
Quest' è un dirmi: i' non t'amo. I' non
t'amo.
Quel che tu ami, ami tu solo? Solo.
Chi t'ha levato dal mio amore? Amore.
Che fa quello a chi porti amore? Ah, more.

Canzonetta.

Deh udite un poco, amanti,
S'io son bene sventurato:
Una donna m'ha legato,
Or non cura i miei pianti;
Una donna il cor m'ha tolto,
Or nol vuole, e non mel rende;
Hammi un laccio al collo avvolto,
Ella mi arde, ella m'accende:
Quando io grido non m'intende,
Quando io piango ella si ride;
Non mi sana, e non m'uccide,
Tienmi pure in dolor tanti.
E' più bella assai che un Sole,
Più crudele e ch'un serpente;
Suoi bei modi, e sue parole
Di dolcezza empion la mente;
Quando ride, immantinente
Tutto il Cielo s'asserena.
Questa bella mia Sirena
Fa morirmi co' suoi canti.
Ecco l'ossa, ecco la carne,
Ecco il core, ecco la vita,
O crudel che vuoi tu farne?
Ecco l'anima smarrita;
Perchè innovi mia ferita,
E del sangue mio se' ingorda?
Questa bella aspida sorda
Chi verrà che me la incanti?

Stanze.

Per la giostra del magnifico Giuliano di Pietro de' Medici.

Libro Primo.

Le gloriose pompe e i fieri ludi
De la città che 'l freno allenta e stringe
A' magnanimi Toschi; e i regni crudi
Di quella dea che 'l terzo ciel dipinge;
E i premj degni a gli onorati studi,
La mente audace a celebrar mi spinge
Sì, che i gran nomi e i fatti egregj e soli
Fortuna o morte o tempo non involi.

O bello dio ch'al cor per gli occhi spiri
Dolce desir d'amaro pensier pieno,
E pasciti di pianto e di sospiri,
Nutrisci l'alme d'un dolce veneno,
Gentil fai divenir ciò che tu miri,
Nè può star cosa vil dentro al tuo seno;
Amor, del quale i' son sempre suggetto,
Porgi or la mano al mio basso intelletto.

Sostien tu 'l fascio che a me tanto pesa;
Reggi la lingua, amor, reggi la mano;
Tu principio, tu fin de l'alta impresa,
Tuo fie l'onor; s'io già non prego in vano,
Di', signor, con che lacci da te presa
Fu l'alta mente del baron Toscano
Più giovin figlio de l'Etrusca Leda;
Che reti furno ordite a tanta preda.

E tu, ben nato Lauro, sotto il cui velo
Fiorenza lieta in pace si riposa,
Nè teme i venti o 'l minacciar del cielo,
O Giove irato in vista più crucciosa,
Accogli a l'ombra del tuo santo stelo
La voce umil tremante e paurosa;
Principio e fin di tutte le mie voglie
Che sol vivon d'odor de le tue foglie.

Deh sarà mai che con più alte note,
Se non contrasti al mio voler fortuna,
Lo spirto de le membra che devote
Ti fur da' fati insin già da la cuna,
Risuoni te dai Numidi a Boote,
Da gl'Indi al mar che 'l nostro ciel imbruna;
E posto 'l nido in tuo felice ligno,
Di roco augel diventi un bianco cigno?

Ma fin ch'a l'alta impresa tremo e bramo,
E son tarpati i vanni al mio disio,
Lo glorioso tuo fratel cantiamo,
Che di nuovo trofeo rende giulio
Il chiaro sangue, e di secondo ramo,
Convien che sudi in questa polver' io:
Or muovi prima tu mie' versi, amore,
Ch'ad alto volo impenni ogni vil core.

E se qua su la fama il ver rimbomba,
Che d'Ecuba la figlia, o sacro Achille,
Poi che 'l corpo lasciasti entro la tomba,
T'accende ancor d'amorose faville;
Lascia tacer un po' tua maggior tromba,
Ch'io fo squillar per l'Italiche ville,

E tempra tu la cetra a nuovi carmi,
Mentr' io canto l' amor di Giulio e l'armi.
Nel vago tempo di sua verde etate,
Spargendo ancor pel volto il primo fiore,
Nè avendo il bel Giulio ancor provate
Le dolci acerbe cure che dà amore,
Viveasi lieto in pace in libertate,
Talor frenando un gentil corridore
Che gloria fu de' Ciciliani armenti;
Con esso a correr contendea co' venti.
Ora a guisa saltar di leopardo,
Or destro fea rotarlo in breve giro;
Or fea ronzar per l' aer un lento dardo
Dando sovente a fere agro martiro.
Cotal viveasi 'l giovane gagliardo;
Nè pensando al suo fato acerbo e diro,
Nè certo ancor de' suoi futuri pianti,
Solea gabbarsi de gli afflitti amanti.
Ah quante ninfe per lui sospirorno!
Ma fu sì altero sempre il giovinetto,
Che mai le ninfe amanti lo piegorno,
Mai potè riscaldarsi 'l freddo petto.
Facea sovente pe' boschi soggiorno;
Inculto sempre, e rigido in aspetto;
Il volto difendea dal solar raggio
Con ghirlanda di pino o verde faggio.
E poi, quando nel ciel parean le stelle,
Tutto gioioso a sua magion tornava,
E 'n compagnia de le nove sorelle
Celesti versi con disio cantava;
E d' antica virtù mille fiammelle
Con gli alti carmi ne' petti destava:
Così, chiamando amor lascivia umana,
Si godea con le muse o con Diana.
E se talor nel cieco labirinto
Errar vedeva un miserello amante,
Di dolor carco, di pietà dipinto,
Seguir de la nimica sua le piante;
E dove amore il cor gli avesse avvinto,
Li pascer l'alma di due luci sante,
Preso ne le amorose crudel gogne;
Sì l' assaliva con agre rampogne:
Scuoti, meschin, dal petto il cieco errore
Ch' a te stesso ti fura, ad altrui porge:
Non nutrir di lusinghe un van furore
Che di pigra lascivia e d' ozio sorge.
Costui che 'l volgo errante chiama amore,
È dolce insania a chi più acuto scorge:
Sì bel titol d' amore ha dato 'l mondo
A una cieca peste, a un mal giocondo.
Quanto è meschin colui che cangia voglia
Per donna, o mai per lei s' allegra o dole!
E qual per lei di libertà si spoglia,
O crede a' suoi sembianti o a sue parole!
Che sempre è più leggier ch' al vento foglia,
E mille volte il dì vuole e disvuole;
Segue chi fugge, a chi la vuol s' asconde;
E vanne e vien, come a la riva l' onde.
Giovane donna sembra veramente
Quasi sotto un bel mare acuto scoglio,
Ovver tra' fiori un giovincel serpente
Uscito pur mo fuor del vecchio scoglio.
Ah quant' è fra' più miseri dolente
Chi può soffrir di donna il fiero orgoglio!
Che quanto ha il volto più di beltà pieno,
Più cela inganni nel fallace seno.
Con essi gli occhi giovenili invesca
Amor, che ogni pensier maschio vi fura;
E quale un tratto ingozza la dolce esca,
Mai di sua propria libertà non cura;
Ma, come se pur lete amor vi mesca,
Tosto obbliate vostra alta natura;
Nè poi viril pensiero in voi germoglia,
Sì del proprio valor costui vi spoglia.
Quanto è più dolce, quanto è più sicuro
Seguir le fere fuggitive in caccia
Fra boschi antichi fuor di fossa o muro,
E spiar lor covil per lunga traccia!
Veder la valle e 'l colle e l' aer puro,
L' erbe e i fiori l' acqua viva chiara e ghiaccia!
Udir gli augei svernar, rimbombar l' onde,
E dolce al vento mormorar le fronde!
Quanto giova a mirar pender da un' erta
Le capre, e pascer questo e quel virgulto;
E 'l montanaro a l' ombra più conserta
Destar la sua zampogna e 'l verso inculto!
Veder la terra di pomi coperta,
Ogni arbor da' suoi frutti quasi occulto;
Veder cozzar montoni, vacche mugghiare,
E le biade ondeggiar come fa il mare!
Or de le pecorelle il rozzo mastro
Si vede a la sua torma aprir la sbarra;
Poi quando muove lor col suo vincastro,
Dolce è a notar come a ciascuna garra;
Or si vede il villan domar col rastro
Le dure zolle, or maneggiar la marra;
Or la contadinella sciolta e scalza
Star con l' oche a filar sotto una balza.
In cotal guisa già l' antiche genti
Si crede esser godute al secol d' oro;
Nè fatte ancor le madri eran dolenti
De' morti figli al marzial lavoro;
Nè si credeva ancor la vita a' venti,
Nè del giogo doleasi ancora il toro.
Lor casa era fronzuta quercia e grande
Ch' avea nel tronco mel, ne' rami ghiande.
Non era ancor la scellerata sete
Del crudel oro entrata nel bel mondo;
Viveansi in libertà le genti liete,
E non solcato, il campo era fecondo.
Fortuna invidiosa a lor quiete
Ruppe ogni legge, e pietà mise in fondo.
Lussuria entrò ne' petti, e quel furore
Che la meschina gente chiama amore.
In cotal guisa rimordea sovente
L' altero giovinetto i sacri amanti;
Come talor chi se gioioso vede,
Non sa ben porger fede a gli altrui pianti:

Ma qualche miserello a cui l' ardente
Fiamme struggeano i nervi tutti quanti,
Gridava al ciel: giusto sdegno ti muova,
Amor, che costui creda almen per prova.
Ne lo Cupido sentio al pio lamento,
E 'ncominciò crudelmente ridendo:
Dunque non sono iddio? dunque è già spento
Mio foco con che tutto il mondo accendo?
Io pur fei Giove mugghiar fra l' armento,
Io, Febo dietro a Dafne gir piangendo;
Io trassi Pluto de l' infernal seggie:
E chi non ubbidisce a la mia legge?
Io fo cadere al tigre la sua rabbia,
Al leone il fier rugghio, al drago il fischio,
E quale è uom di sì secura labbia,
Che fuggir possa il mio tenace vischio?
E che un superbo in sì vil pregio m' abbia,
Che di non esser dio vengo a gran rischio?
Or veggiam se 'l meschin ch' amor riprende,
Da due begli occhi se stesso difende.
Zefiro già di bei fioretti adorno
Avea da' monti tolta ogni pruina:
Avea fatto al suo nido già ritorno
La stanca rondinella peregrina:
Risonava la selva intorno intorno
Soavemente a l' ora mattutina:
E l' ingegnosa pecchia al primo albore
Giva predando or uno or altro fiore.
L' audace Giulio, al giorno ancora acerbo,
Allor ch' al nido torna la civetta,
Fatto frenare il corridor superbo,
Verso la selva con sua gente eletta
Prese il cammino, e sotto buon riserbo,
Seguia de' fedel can la schiera stretta,
Di ciò che fa mestieri a caccia adorni,
Con archi e lacci e spiedi e dardi e corni.
Già circondata avea la lieta schiera
Il folto bosco; e già con grave orrore
Del suo covil si destava ogni fera;
Givan seguendo i bracchi 'l lungo odore.
Ogni varco da lacci e can chiuso era;
Di stormir, d' abbaiar cresce il romore;
Di fischi e bussi tutto il bosco suona;
Del rimbombar de' corni il ciel rintrona.
Con tal romor, qualor l' aer discorda,
Di Giove il foco d' alta nube piomba:
Con tal tumulto, onde la gente assorda,
Da l' alte cateratte il Nil rimbomba:
Con tal orror del latin sangue ingorda
Sonò Megera la tartarea tromba.
Qual animal di stizza par si roda,
Qual serra al ventre la tremante coda.
Spargesi tutta la bella compagna,
Altri a le reti, altri a la via più stretta.
Chi serba in coppia i can, chi gli scompagna:
Chi già il suo ammette, chi 'l richiama e alletta.
Chi sprona il buon destrier per la campagna,
Chi l' adirata fera armato aspetta.
Chi si sta sopra un ramo, a buon riguardo,
Chi ha in man lo spiede, e chi s' acconcia il dardo.
Già le setole arriccia, e arruota i denti
Il porco entro il burron: già d' una grotta
Spunta giù il cavriol: già i vecchi armenti
De' cervi van pel pian fuggendo in frotta.
Timor gl' inganni de le volpi ha spenti:
Le lepri al primo assalto vanno in rotta.
Di sua tana stordita esce ogni belva:
L' astuto lupo vie più si rinselva.
E rinselvato, le sagaci nare
Del picciol bracco pur teme il meschino:
Ma il cervo par del veltro paventare;
De' lacci 'l porco o del fiero mastino.
Vedesi lieto or qua or là volare
Fuor d' ogni schiera il giovan pellegrino:
Pel folto bosco il fier caval mette ale;
E trista fa, qual fera Giulio assale.
Qual il Centaur per la nevosa selva
Di Pelio o d' Emo va feroce in caccia,
Da le lor tane predando ogni belva;
Or l' orso uccide or il lion minaccia.
Quanto è più ardita fera, più s' inselva:
Il sangue a tutte dentro al cor s' agghiaccia.
La selva trema, e gli cede ogni pianta,
Gli arbori abbatte o sveglie, o rami schianta.
A quanto a mirar Giulio è fiera cosa!
Rompe la via dove più il bosco è folto
Per trar di macchia la bestia crucciosa;
Con verde ramo intorno al capo avvolto,
Con la chioma arruffata e polverosa,
E d' onesto sudor bagnato il volto.
Ivi consiglio a sua bella vendetta
Prese amor, che ben loco e tempo aspetta.
E con sue man di lieve aer compose
L' immagin d' una cerva altera e bella,
Con alta fronte, con corna ramose,
Candida tutta leggiadretta e snella;
E come tra le fere paventose
Al giovan cacciator si offerse quella,
Lieto spronò il destrier per lei seguire,
Pensando in breve darle aspro martire.
Ma poi che in van dal braccio il dardo scosse,
Del fodro trasse fuor la fida spada,
E con tanto furor il corsier mosse,
Che 'l bosco folto sembrava ampia strada.
La bella fera, come stanca fosse,
Più lenta tuttavia par che sen vada;
Ma quando par che già la stringa o tocchi,
Picciol campo riprende avanti a gli occhi.
Quanto più segue in van la vana effigie,
Tanto più di seguirla in van s' accende:
Tuttavia preme sue stanche vestigie,
Sempre la giugne, e pur mai non la prende.
Qual fino al labbro sta ne l' onde Stigie
Tantalo, e 'l bel giardin vicin gli pende;
Ma qualor l' acqua o 'l pome vuol gustare,
Subito l' acqua e 'l pome via dispare.

Era già dietro a la sua disianza
Gran tratto da' compagni allontanato,
Nè pur d'un passo ancor la preda avanza,
E già tutto il destrier sente affannato;
Ma pur seguendo sua vana speranza,
Pervenne in un fiorito e verde prato:
Ivi sotto un vel candido gli apparve
Lieta una ninfa, e via la fiera sparve.
La fiera sparve via da le sue ciglia,
Ma il giovan de la fiera omai non cura;
Anzi ristringe al corridor la briglia,
E lo raffrena sopra a la verdura.
Ivi tutto ripien di maraviglia
Pur de la ninfa mira la figura:
Pargli che dal bel viso e da' begli occhi
Una nuova dolcezza al cor gli fiocchi.
Qual tigre, a cui da la petrosa tana
Ha tolto il cacciator suoi cari figli,
Rabbiosa il segue per la selva ircana,
Che tosto crede insanguinar gli artigli:
Poi resta d'uno specchio a l'ombra vana,
A l'ombra che i suoi nati par somigli:
E mentre di tal vista s'innamora
La sciocca, il predator la via divora.
Tosto Cupido entro a' begli occhi ascoso
Al nervo adatta del suo stral la cocca,
Poi tira quel col braccio poderoso
Tal che raggiunge l'una e l'altra cocca.
La man sinistra col ferro focoso,
La destra poppa con la corda tocca;
Nè prima fuor ronzando esce il quadrello,
Che Giulio dentro al cor sentito ha quello.
Ah qual divenne! ah come al giovinetto
Corse il gran foco in tutte le midolle!
Che tremito gli scosse il cor nel petto!
D'un ghiacciato sudor era già molle;
E fatto ghiotto del suo dolce aspetto
Giammai gli occhi da gli occhi levar puolle;
Ma tutto preso dal vago splendore
Non s'accorge il meschin che quivi è amore.
Non s'accorge che amor gli è dentro armato
Per sol turbar la sua lunga quiete;
Non s'accorge a che nodo è già legato;
Non conosce sue piaghe ancor secrete,
Di piacer, di desir tutto è invescato;
E così il cacciator preso è a la rete.
Le braccia fra sè loda e 'l viso e 'l crine;
E 'n lei discerne non so che divino.
Candida è ella, e candida la vesta,
Ma pur di rose e fior dipinta e d'erba:
Lo inanellato crin de l'aurea testa
Scende in la fronte umilmente superba.
Ridele attorno tutta la foresta,
E, quanto può, sue cure disacerba.
Ne l'atto regalmente è mansueta;
E pur col ciglio le tempeste acqueta.
Folgoran gli occhi d'un dolce sereno,
Ove sue faci tien Cupido ascose;
L'aer d'intorno si fa tutto ameno,
Ovunque gira le luci amorose.
Di celeste letizia il volto ha pieno
Dolce dipinto di ligustri e rose.
Ogni aura tace al suo parlar divino,
E canta ogni augelletto in suo latino.
Sembra Talia, se in man prende la cetra:
Sembra Minerva, se in man prende l'asta:
Se l'arco ha in mano, al fianco la faretra,
Giurar potrai che sia Diana casta.
Ira dal volto suo trista s'arretra;
E poco avanti a lei superbia basta.
Ogni dolce virtù l'è in compagnia:
Beltà la mostra a dito e leggiadria.
Con lei sen va onestate umile e piana,
Che d'ogni chiuso cor volge la chiave;
Con lei va gentilezza in vista umana,
E da lei impara il dolce andar soave.
Non può mirarle in viso alma villana,
Se pria di suo fallir doglia non ave.
Tanti cuori amor piglia, fere e ancide,
Quanto ella o dolce parla o dolce ride.
Ella era assisa sopra la verdura
Allegra, e ghirlandetta avea contesta:
Di quanti fior creasse mai natura,
De' quali era dipinta la sua vesta.
E come in prima al giovan pose cura,
Alquanto paurosa alzò la testa;
Poi con la bianca man ripreso il lembo,
Levossi in piè con di fior pieno un grembo.
Già s'inviava per quindi partire
La ninfa sopra l'erba lenta lenta,
Lasciando il giovinetto in gran martire,
Che fuor di lei null'altro a lui talenta.
Ma non possendo il miser ciò soffrire,
Con qualche priego d'arrestarla tenta;
Perchè, tutto tremando e tutto ardendo,
Così umilmente incominciò dicendo:
O qual che tu ti sia, vergin sovrana,
O ninfa, o Dea (ma Dea mi sembri certo);
Se Dea, forse che se' la mia Diana;
Se pur mortal, chi tu sia fammi aperto;
Che tua sembianza è fuor di guisa umana;
Nè so già io qual sia tanto mio merto,
Qual dal ciel grazia, qual sì amica stella,
Ch'io degno sia veder cosa sì bella.
Volta la ninfa al suon de le parole
Lampeggiò d'un sì dolce e vago riso,
Che i monti avria fatto ir, restare il sole,
Che ben parve s'aprisse un paradiso.
Poi formò voce fra perle e viole
Tal, ch'un marmo per mezzo avria diviso,
Soave, saggia e di dolcezza piena,
Da innamorar, non ch'altri, una Sirena.
Io non son qual tua mente in vano auguria:
Non d'altar degna, non di pura vittima;
Ma là sopr'Arno ne la vostra Etruria
Sto soggiogata a la teda legittima.
Mia natal patria è ne l'aspra Liguria

Sopr'una costa a la riva marittima,
Ove fuor de' gran massi indarno gemere
Si sente il fier Nettuno, e irato fremere.
  Sovente in questo loco mi diporto:
Qui vengo a soggiornar tutta soletta.
Questo è de' miei pensieri un dolce porto:
Qui l'erba i fiori e 'l fresco aer m'alletta.
Quinci 'l tornare a mia magion è corto;
Qui lieta mi dimoro Simonetta
A l'ombre, a qualche chiara e fresca linfa,
E spesso in compagnia d'alcuna ninfa.
  Io soglio pur ne gli oziosi tempi,
Quando nostra fatica s'interrompe,
Venire a' sacri altar ne' vostri tempi
Fra l'altre donne con l'usate pompe.
Ma perch' io in tutto il gran desir t'adempi,
E 'l dubbio tolga che tua mente rompe,
Maraviglia di mie bellezze tenere
Non prender già, ch' i' nacqui in grembo a Venere.
  Or poi che 'l sol sue rote basso cala,
E da quest' arbor cade maggior l'ombra,
Già cede al grillo la stanca cicala,
Già 'l rozzo zappator del campo sgombra
E già da l'alte ville il fumo esala,
La villanella a l'uom suo il desco ingombra;
Omai riprenderò mia via più corta:
E tu lieto ritorna a la tua scorta.
  Poi con occhi più lieti e più ridenti,
Tal che 'l ciel tutto asserenò d'intorno,
Mosse sopra l'erbetta i passi lenti
Con atto d'amorosa grazia adorno.
Feciono i boschi allor dolci lamenti,
E gli augelletti a piangere cominciorno;
Ma l'erba verde sotto i dolci passi
Bianca gialla vermiglia azzurra fassi.
  Che de' far Giulio? aimè che pur desidera
Seguir sua stella, e pur temenza il tiene.
Sta come un forsennato, e 'l cor gli assidera,
E gli s'agghiaccia il sangue entro le vene;
Sta come un marmo fiso, e pur considera
Lei che sen va, nè pensa di sue pene;
Fra sè lodando il dolce andar celeste,
E il ventilar de l'angelica veste.
  E par che 'l cor del petto se gli schianti,
E che del corpo l'alma via si fugga,
E che a guisa di brina al sol davanti
In pianto tutto si consumi e strugga.
Già si sente esser un de gli altri amanti,
E pargli che ogni vena amor gli sugga.
Or teme di seguirla, or pure agogna:
Qui il tira amor, quinci 'l ritrae vergogna.
  U' sono or, Giulio, le sentenzie gravi,
Le parole magnifiche, e i precetti
Con che i miseri amanti molestavi?
Perchè pur di cacciar non ti diletti?
Or ecco ch'una donna ha in man le chiavi
D'ogni tua voglia, e tutti in lei ristretti
Tien, miserello, i tuoi dolci pensieri:
Vedi che or non se' chi pur dianzi eri.
  Dianzi eri d'una fiera cacciatore;
Più bella fiera or t'ha ne' lacci involto.
Dianzi eri tuo, or se' fatto d'amore;
Se' or legato, e dianzi eri disciolto.
Dov' è tua libertà? dov' è tuo core?
Amore ed una donna te l'han tolto;
Ed acciocchè a te paro creder deggi,
Ve' che a virtù, a fortuna amor pon leggi.
  La notte che le cose ci nasconde,
Tornava ombrata di stellato ammanto,
E 'l lusignuol sotto l'amate fronde
Cantando ripetea l'antico pianto.
Ma sola a' suoi lamenti Ecco risponde;
Ch' ogni altro augel quetato avea già il canto.
Da la Chimmeria valle uscian le torme
De' sogni negri con diverse forme.
  I giovan che restati nel bosco erano,
Vedendo il ciel già le sue stelle accendere,
Sentito il segno, al cacciar fine imperano;
Ciascun s'affretta a lacci e reti stendere;
Poi con la preda in un sentier si schierano;
Ivi s'attende sol parole a vendere;
Ivi menzogne a vil prezzo si mercano,
Poi tutti del bel Giulio fra se cercano.
  Ma non veggendo il suo compagno intorno,
Agghiaccia ognun di subita paura,
Che qualche dura fiera il suo ritorno
Non impedisca, od altra ria sciagura.
Chi mostra fochi, e chi squilla il suo corno;
Chi forte il chiama per la selva oscura.
Le lunghe voci ripercosse abbondano,
E Giulio par che le valli rispondano.
  Ciascun si sta per la paura incerto,
Gelato tutto; se non che pur chiama
Veggendo il ciel di tenebre coperto.
Ne sa dove cercare, ed ognun brama,
Pur, Giulio, Giulio, sona il gran diserto;
Non sa che farsi omai la gente grama.
Ma poi che molta notte indarno spesero,
Dolenti per tornare il cammin presero.
  Cheti sen vanno; e pur alcun col vero
La dubbia speme alquanto riconforta,
Che sia reddito per altro sentiero
Al loco ove s'invia la loro scorta.
Ne' petti ondeggia or questo or quel pensiero,
Che fra paura e speme il cor trasporta.
Così raggio che specchio mobil ferza,
Per la gran sala or qua or là si scherza.
  Ma il giovin che provato avea già l'arco
Ch' ogni altra cura sgombra fuor del petto,
D'altre speme e paure e pensier carco,
Era arrivato a la magion soletto.
Ivi pensando al suo novello incarco
Stava in forti pensier tutto ristretto,
Quando la compagnia piena di doglia
Tutta pensosa entrò dentro a la soglia.
  Ivi ciascun più da vergogna involto
Per gli altri gradi sen va lento lento.

Qual il pastor a cui 'l fier lupo ha tolto
Il più bel toro del cornuto armento;
Tornansi al lor signor con basso volto,
Nè s' ardiscon d' entrare a l' uscio drento:
Stan sospirosi, e di dolor confusi,
E ciascun pensa pur come si scusi.
  Ma tosto ognuno allegro alzò le ciglia,
Veggendo salvo lì sì caro pegno:
Tal si fe' poi che la sua dolce figlia
Ritrovò Cerere giù nel morto regno.
Tutta festeggia la lieta famiglia:
Con essa Giulio di gioir fa segno;
E quando può nel cor preme sua pena,
E il volto di letizia rasserena.
  Ma fatto Amor la sua bella vendetta,
Mossesi lieto per l' aere a volo,
E giunse al regno di sua madre in fretta,
Ov' è de' piccol suoi fratei lo stuolo.
Al regno ove ogni Grazia si diletta;
Ove Beltà di fiori al crin fa brolo;
Ove tutto lascivo dietro a Flora
Zefiro vola, e la verde erba infiora.
  Or canta meco un po' del dolce regno,
Erato bella, che 'l nome hai d' amore.
Tu sola, benchè casta, puoi nel regno
Sicura entrar di Venere e d' amore.
Tu de' versi amorosi hai sola il regno:
Teco sovente a cantar viensi amore;
E posta giù da gli omer la faretra,
Tenta le corde di tua bella cetra.
  Vagheggia Cipri un dilettoso monte
Che del gran Nilo i sette corni vede
Al primo rosseggiar de l' orizzonte,
Ove poggiar non lice a mortal piede.
Nel giogo un verde colle alza la fronte,
Sott' esso aprico un lieto pratel siede:
U' scherzando tra' fior lascive aurette,
Fan dolcemente tremolar l' erbette.
  Corona un muro d' or l' estreme sponde
Con valle ombrosa di schietti arboscelli,
Ove in su' rami fra novelle fronde
Cantan gli loro amor soavi augelli.
Sentesi un grato mormorar de l' onde
Che fan duo freschi e lucidi ruscelli,
Versando dolce con amar liquore,
Ove arma l' oro de' suoi strali amore.
  Nè mai le chiome del giardino eterno
Tenera brina o fresca neve imbianca;
Ivi non osa entrar ghiacciato verno;
Non vento l' erbe o gli arboscelli stanca;
Ivi non volgon gli anni il lor quaderno;
Ma lieta primavera mai non manca,
Che i suoi crin biondi e crespi a l' aura spiega,
E mille fiori in ghirlandetta lega.
  Lungo le rive i frati di Cupido,
Che solo usan ferir la plebe ignota,
Con alte voci e fanciullesco grido
Aguzzan lor saette ad una cota.
Piacere, Insidia posati in su 'l lido
Volgono il perno a la sanguigna rota:
Il fallace Sperar col van Disio
Spargon nel sasso l' acqua del bel rio.
  Dolce Paura, e timido Diletto,
Dolci Ire e dolci Paci insieme vanno:
Le Lagrime si lavan tutto il petto,
E 'l fiumicello amaro crescer fanno;
Pallor smorto, e paventoso Affetto
Con Magrezza si duole e con Affanno;
Vigil Sospetto ogni sentiero spia:
Letizia balla in mezzo de la via.
  Voluttà con Bellezza si gavazza:
Va fuggendo il Contento, e siede Angoscia;
Il cieco errore or qua or là svolazza;
Percotesi il Furor con man la coscia:
La Penitenza misera stramazza,
Che del passato error s' è accorta poscia;
Nel sangue Crudeltà lieta si ficca,
E la Desperazion se stessa impicca.
  Tacito Inganno, e simulato Riso
Con cenni astuti, messagier de' cuori,
E fissi sguardi con pietoso viso
Tendon lacciuoli a' giovani tra' fiori.
Stassi col volto in su la palma assiso
Il Pianto in compagnia de' suoi Dolori;
E quinci e quindi vola senza modo
Licenza non ristretta in alcun nodo.
  Cotal milizia i tuoi figli accompagna,
Venere bella, madre de gli Amori.
Zefiro il prato di rugiada bagna,
Spargendolo di mille vaghi odori;
Ovunque vola, veste la campagna
Di rose, gigli, violette e fiori;
L' erba di sue bellezze ha maraviglia;
Bianca, cilestra, pallida e vermiglia.
  Trema la mammoletta verginella
Con occhi bassi, onesta e vergognosa;
Ma vie più lieta, più ridente e bella
Ardisce aprire il seno al sol la rosa:
Questa di verdi gemme s' incappella,
Quella si mostra a lo sportel vezzosa;
L' altra che 'n dolce foco ardea pur ora,
Languida cade, e 'l bel pratello infiora.
  L' alba nutrica d' amoroso nembo
Gialle sanguigne e candide viole;
Descritto ha il suo dolor Jacinto in grembo;
Narcisso al rio si specchia come suole;
In bianca vesta con purpureo lembo
Si gira Clizia pallidetta al sole;
Adon rinfresca a Venere il suo pianto;
Tre lingue mostra Croco, e ride Acanto.
  Mai rivestì di tante gemme l' erba
La novella stagion che 'l mondo avviva.
Sovr' esso il verde colle alza superba
L' ombrosa chioma, u' il sol mai non arriva,
E sotto vel di spessi rami serba
Fresca e gelata una fontana viva,
Con sì pura tranquilla e chiara vena,
Che gli occhi non offesi al fondo mena.

L'acqua da viva pomice zampilla,
Che con suo arco il bel monte sospende;
E per fiorito solco indi tranquilla
Pingendo ogni sua orma al fonte scende;
Da le cui labbra un grato umor distilla
Che 'l premio di lor ombre a gli arbor rende:
Ciascun si pasce à mensa non avara,
E par che l'un de l'altro cresca a gara.
Cresce l'abeto schietto e senza nocchi
Da spander l'ale a Borea in mezzo l'onde;
L'elce, che par di mel tutta trabocchi;
E il lauro, che tanto fa bramar sue fronde:
Bagna Cipresso ancor pel cervo gli occhi,
Con chiome or aspre or già distese e bionde.
Ma l'arbor che già tanto ad Ercol piacque,
Col platan si trastulla intorno a l'acque.
Surge robusto il cerro, ed alto il faggio,
Nodoso il cornio, e 'l salcio umido e lento,
L'olmo fronzuto, e 'l frassin pur selvaggio:
Il pino alletta con suoi fischi il vento.
L'avornio tesse ghirlandette al Maggio;
Ma l'acer d'un color non è contento.
La lenta palma serba pregio à forti;
L'ellera va carpone co' piè distorti.
Mostransi adorne le viti novelle
D'abiti varj, e con diversa faccia,
Questa gonfiando fa crepar la pelle:
Quella racquista le perdute braccia:
Quella tessendo vaghe e liete ombrelle
Pur con pampinee fronde Apollo scaccia:
Quella ancor monca piange à capo chino,
Spargendo or acqua, per versar poi vino.
Il chiuso e crespo bosso al vento ondeggia,
E fa la piaggia di verdura adorna:
Il mirto che sua dea sempre vagheggia,
Di bianchi fiori i verdi capelli orna.
Ivi ogni fera per amor vaneggia:
L'un ver l'altro i montoni arman le corna;
L'un l'altro cozza, e l'un l'altro martella
Davanti à l'amorosa pecorella.
I mugghianti giovenchi appiè del colle
Fan vie più cruda e dispietata guerra
Col collo e 'l petto insanguinato e molle,
Spargendo al ciel co' piè l'erbosa terra.
Pien di sanguigna schiuma il cinghial bolle,
Le larghe zanne arruota e 'l grifo serra,
E rugge e raspa, e per acuir sue forze
Frega il calloso cuoio a dure scorze.
Provan lor punga i daini paurosi,
E per l'amata druda arditi fansi:
Ma con pelle vergata aspri e rabbiosi
I tigri infuriati a ferir vansi:
Sbatton le code, e con occhi focosi
Ruggendo i fier leon di petto dansi:
Zuffola e soffia il serpe per la biscia,
Mentr'ella con tre lingue al sol si liscia.
Il cervio appresso a la montana fera
Co' piè levati la sua sposa abbraccia:
Fra l'erba ove più ride primavera,
L'un coniglio con l'altro s'accovaccia.
Le semplicette lepri vanno a schiera
Da' can sicure a l'amorosa traccia;
Sì l'odio antico, e 'l natural timore
Ne' petti ammorza, quando vuole, Amore.
I muti pesci in frotta van notando
Dentro al vivente e tenero cristallo,
E spesso intorno al fonte roteando
Guidan felice e dilettoso ballo:
Tal volta sopra l'acqua un po' guizzando,
Mentre l'un l'altro segue, escono à gallo:
Ogni lor atto sembra festa e gioco;
Nè spengon le fredde acque il dolce foco.
Gli augelletti dipinti intra le foglie
Fan l'aere addolcir con nuove rime;
E fra più voci un'armonia s'accoglie
Di sì beate note, e sì sublime,
Che mente avvolta in queste umane spoglie
Non potria sormontare a le sue cime:
E dove Amor gli scorge pel boschetto,
Saltan di ramo in ramo a lor diletto.
Al canto de la selva Eco rimbomba:
Ma sotto l'ombra ch'ogni ramo annoda,
La passeretta gracchia, e attorno romba:
Spiega il pavon la sua gemmata coda:
Bacia il suo dolce sposo la colomba:
I bianchi cigni fan sonar la proda:
E presso a la sua vaga tortorella
Il pappagallo squittisce e favella.
Quivi Cupido e i suoi pennuti frati,
Lassi già di ferire uomini e dei,
Prendon diporto, e con gli strali aurati
Fan sentire a le fiere i crudi omei.
La dea Ciprigna fra' suoi dolci nati
Spesso sen viene, e Pasitea con lei,
Quetando in lieve sonno gli occhi belli
Fra l'erbe e fiori e giovani arboscelli.
Muove dal colle mansueta e dolce
La schiena del bel monte, e sopra i crini,
D'oro e di gemme un gran palazzo folce,
Sudato già nei Cicilian cammini.
Le tre Ore che 'n cima son bifolce,
Pascon d'ambrosia i fior sacri e divini;
Nè prima dal suo gambo un se ne coglie,
Ch'un altro al ciel più apre le sue foglie.
Raggia davanti a l'uscio una gran pianta,
Che fronde ha di smeraldo, e pomi d'oro:
E pomi ch'arrestar fenno Atalanta,
Che ad Ippomene dierno il verde alloro.
Sempre sovr'essa Filomena canta;
Sempre sott'essa è de le ninfe un coro.
Spesso Imeneo col suon di sua zampogna
Tempra lor danze, e pur le nozze agogna.
La regia casa il sereno aer fende,
Fiammeggiante di gemme e di fin oro,
Che chiaro giorno a mezza notte accende;
Ma vinta è la materia dal lavoro.
Sopra colonne adamantine pende
Un palco di smeraldo, in cui già fero

Anch' e stanchi dentro a Mongibello
Sterope e Bronte ed ogni lor martello.
Le mura attorno d'artificio miro
Forma un soave e lucido berillo.
Passa pel dolce oriental zaffiro
Ne l'ampio albergo il dì puro e tranquillo;
Ma il letto d'oro in cui l'estremo giro
Si chiude, contra a Febo apre il vessillo.
Per varie pietre il pavimento ameno
Di mirabil pittura adorna il seno.
Mille e mille color forman le porte
Di gemme e di sì vivi intagli chiare,
Che tutte altre opre sarian rozze e morte,
Da far di sè natura vergognare.
Ne l'una è sculta l'infelice sorte
Del vecchio Celio; e in vista irato pare
Suo figlio, e con la falce adunca sembra
Tagliar del padre le feconde membra.
Ivi la terra con distesi ammanti
Par ch'ogni goccia di quel sangue accoglia;
Onde nate le furie e i fier giganti
Di sparger sangue in vista mostran voglia.
D'un seme stesso in diversi sembianti
Pajon le ninfe uscite senza spoglia,
Pur come snelle cacciatrici in selva,
Gir saettando or una or altra belva.
Nel tempestoso Egeo in grembo a Teti
Si vede il fusto genitale accolto,
Sotto diverso volger di pianeti
Errar per l'onde in bianca schiuma avvolto;
E dentro nata in atti vaghi e lieti
Una donzella non con uman volto,
Da' Zefiri lascivi spinta a proda
Gir sopra un nicchio, e par che 'l ciel ne goda.
Vera la schiuma, e vero il soffiar de' venti,
Il nicchio ver, vero il mar direste,
La dea ne gli occhi folgorar vedreste,
E 'l ciel riderle attorno e gli elementi;
L'Ore premer l'arena in bianche veste,
L'aura increspar li crin distesi e lenti:
Non una, non diversa esser lor faccia;
Come par che a sorelle ben confaccia.
Giurar potresti che de l'onde uscisse
La dea premendo con la destra il crino,
Con l'altra il dolce pomo ricoprisse;
E stampata dal piè sacro e divino,
D'erba e di fior la rena si vestisse;
Poi con sembiante lieto e pellegrino
Da le tre ninfe in grembo fosse accolta,
E di stellato vestimento involta.
Questa con ambe man le tien sospesa
Sopra l'umide trecce una ghirlanda
D'oro e di gemme orientali accesa:
Quella una perla a gli orecchi accomanda:
L'altra al bel petto e i bianchi omeri intesa
Par che ricchi monili intorno spanda,
De' qua' solean cerchiar lor proprie gole
Quando nel ciel guidavan le carole.
Indi paion levate in ver le spere
Seder sopra una nuvola d'argento:
L'aer tremante ti parria vedere
Nel duro sasso, e tutto 'l ciel contento;
Tutti li dii di sua beltà godere,
E del felice letto aver talento;
Ciascun sembrar nel volto maraviglia,
Con fronte crespa e rilevate ciglia.
Ne lo estremo se stesso il divin fabro
Formò, felice di sì dolce palma,
Ancor de la fucina irsuto e scabro,
Quasi obbliando per lei ogni salma,
Con disire aggiungendo labro a labro,
Come tutta d'amor gli ardesse l'alma:
E par via maggior foco acceso in ello,
Che quel ch'avea lasciato in Mongibello.
Ne l'altra, in un formoso e bianco tauro
Si vede Giove per amor converso
Portarne il dolce suo ricco tesauro,
E lei volgere il viso al lito perso
In atto paventosa; e i be' crin d'auro
Scherzan nel petto per lo vento avverso;
La vesta ondeggia, e indietro fa ritorno;
L'una man tien al dorso, e l'altra al corno.
Le ignude piante a sè ristrette accoglie,
Quasi temendo il mar, che non le bagne:
Tale atteggiata di paure e doglie
Par chiami in van le sue dolci compagne;
Le quali assise tra fioretti e foglie
Dolenti Europa ciascheduna piagne.
Europa, sona il lito, Europa, riedi:
Il toro nota, e talor bacia i piedi.
Or si fa Giove un cigno, or pioggia d'oro;
Or di serpente, or di pastor fa fede
Per fornir l'amoroso suo lavoro;
Or trasformarsi in aquila si vede,
Come Amor vuole, e nel celeste coro
Portar sospeso il suo bel Ganimede;
Lo quale ha di cipresso il capo avvinto,
Ignudo tutto, e sol d'erbetta cinto.
Fassi Nettuno un lanoso montone;
Fassi un torvo giovenco per amore;
Fassi un cavallo il padre di Chirone;
Diventa Febo in Tessaglia un pastore:
E 'n picciola capanna si ripone
Colui ch'a tutto 'l mondo dà splendore;
Nè gli giova a sanar sue piaghe acerbe,
Perchè conosca le virtù de l'erbe.
Poi segue Dafne, e 'n sembianza si lagna
Come dicesse, o ninfa, non ten gire:
Ferma il piè, ninfa, sopra la campagna,
Ch'io non ti seguo per farti morire:
Così cerva leon, così lupo agna,
Ciascuna il suo nemico suol fuggire;
Me perchè fuggi, o donna del mio core,
Cui di seguirti è sol cagione amore?
Da l'altra parte la bella Arianna
Con le sorde acque di Teseo si dole,
E de l'aura e del sonno che la inganna,
Di paura tremando, come sole

Per picciol ventolin palustre canna:
Par che in alto abbia impresse tai parole
Ogni fiera di te meno è crudele;
Ognun di te più mi saria fedele.
  Vien sopra un carro d' ellera e di pampino
Coperto Bacco, il qual duo tigri guidano,
E con lui par che l' alta rena stampino
Satiri e Bacche, e con voci alte gridano.
Quel si vede ondeggiar: quei par ch' inciampino;
Quel con un cembal bee: quei par che ridano;
Qual fa d' un corno, e qual de le man ciotola:
Qual ha preso una ninfa, e qual si rotola.
  Sopra l' asin Silen, di ber sempre avido,
Con vene grosse, nere, e di mosto umide
Marcido sembra, sonnacchioso e gravido;
Le luci ha di vin rosse, enfiate e fumide:
L' ardite ninfe l' asinel suo pavido
Pungon col tirso; ed ei con le man tumide
A' crin s' appiglia; e mentre sì l' attizzano,
Casca nel collo, e i Satiri lo rizzano.
  Quasi in un tratto vista, amata e tolta
Dal fiero Pluto Proserpina pare
Sopra un gran carro, e la sua chioma sciolta
A' Zefiri amorosi ventilare.
La bianca vesta in un bel grembo accolta
Sembra i colti fioretti giù versare:
Si percuote ella il petto, e in vista piagne,
Or la madre chiamando, or le compagne.
  Posa giù del leone il fiero spoglio
Ercole, e veste femminina gonna:
Colui che 'l mondo da grave cordoglio
Avea scampato; ed or serve una donna.
E può soffrir d' Amor l' indegno orgoglio
Chi con gli omer già fece al ciel colonna;
E quella man con che era a tenere uso
La clava poderosa, or torce un fuso.
  Gli omer setosi a Polifemo ingombrano
L' orribil chiome, e nel gran petto cascano;
E fresche ghiande l' aspre tempie adombrano:
Presso a se par sue pecore che pascano.
Ne a costui dal cor giammai disgombrano
Le dolci acerbità che d' amor nascano;
Anzi tutto di pianto e dolor macero
Seggia in un freddo sasso appiè d' un acero.
  Da l' una a l' altra orecchia un arco face
Il ciglio irsuto lungo ben sei spanne:
Largo sotto la fronte il naso giace;
Paion di schiuma biancheggiar le zanne.
Tra' piedi ha il cane; e sotto il braccio tace
Una zampogna ben di cento canne.
E guarda il mar ch' ondeggia, e alpestre note
Par canti, e mova le lanose gote,
  E dica ch' ella è bianca più che il latte,
Ma più superba assai ch' una vitella;
E che molte ghirlande le ha già fatte,
E serbale una cervia molto bella,
Un orsacchin che già col can combatte;
E che per lei si macera e flagella:
E che ha gran voglia di saper notare
Per andare a trovarla infin nel mare.
  Duo formosi delfini un carro tirano;
Sovr' esso è Galatea che 'l fren corregge;
E quei notando parimente spirano;
Ruotasi attorno più lasciva gregge.
Qual le salse onde sputa, e quai s' aggirano;
Qual par che per amor giuochi e vaneggie.
La bella ninfa con le suore fide
Di sì rozzo cantor vezzosa ride.
  Intorno al bel lavor serpeggia acanto
Di rose e mirti e lieti fior contesto;
Con varj augei sì fatti, che il lor canto
Pare udir ne gli orecchi manifesto:
Nè d' altro si pregiò Vulcan mai tanto,
Nè 'l vero stesso ha più del ver che questo;
E quanto l' arte intra se non comprende,
La mente immaginando chiaro intende.
  Questo è il loco che tanto a Vener piacque,
A Vener bella, a la madre d' Amore.
Qui l' arcier fraudolente in prima nacque
Che spesso fa cangiar voglia e colore:
Quel che soggioga il ciel la terra e l' acque,
Che tende a gli occhi reti, e prende il core:
Dolce in sembianti, in atto acerbo e fello,
Giovane nudo, e faretrato augello.
  Or poi che ad ali tese ivi pervenne,
Forte le scosse, e giù calossi a piombo,
Tutto serrato ne le sacre penne,
Come a suo nido fa lieto colombo.
L' aer ferzato assai stagion ritenne
De la pennuta striscia il forte rombo.
Ivi racquete le trionfanti ale,
Superbamente inver la madre sale.
  Trovolla assisa in letto fuor del lembo,
Pur mo di Marte sciolta da le braccia,
Il qual rovescio le giaceva in grembo
Pascendo gli occhi pur de la sua faccia.
Di rose sopra lor pioveva un nembo
Per rinnovargli a l' amorosa traccia:
Ma Vener dava a lui con voglie pronte
Mille baci ne gli occhi e ne la fronte.
  Sopra e d' intorno i piccioletti Amori
Scherzavan nudi or qua or là volando:
E qual con ali di mille colori
Giva le sparte rose ventilando:
Qual la faretra empiea di freschi fiori,
Poi sopra il letto la venia versando:
Qual la cadente nuvola rompea
Fermo in su l' ali, e poi giù la scotea.
  Come avea da le penne dato un crollo,
Così l' erranti rose eran riprese:
Nessun del vaneggiare era satollo.
Quando apparve Cupido ad ali tese
Ansando tutto, e di sua madre al collo
Gittossi, e pur co' vanni il cor le accese
Allegro in vista, e sì lasso, che appena
Potea ben per parlar riprender lena.
  Onde vien', figlio? o quai n' apporti nuove?

Venere gli disse, e lo baciò nel volto:
Ond' esto tuo vigor? quai latte hai prove?
Qual dio, qual uom' hai ne' tuoi lacci involto?
Fai tu di novo in Tiro mugghiar Giove?
O Saturno ringhiar pel Pelio folto?
Quel che ciò sia, non umil cosa parmi,
O figlio, o sola mia potenzia, ed armi.

Libro Secondo.

Eran già tutti a la risposta attenti
I pargoletti intorno a l'aureo letto,
Quando Cupido con occhi ridenti
Tutto protervo nel lascivo aspetto
Si strinse a Marte, e con gli strali ardenti
De la faretra gli ripunse il petto,
E con le labbra tinte di veleno
Baciollo, e 'l foco suo gli mise in seno.

Poi rispose a la madre: e' non è vana
La cagion che sì lieto a te mi guida,
Ch' io ho tolto dal coro di Diana
Il primo condottier, la prima guida,
Colui di cui gioir vedi Toscana,
Di cui già infin al ciel la fama grida,
Infin agl' Indi, infin al vecchio Mauro,
Giulio, minor fratel del nostro Lauro.

L' antica gloria e 'l celebrato onore
Chi non sa de la Medica famiglia?
E del gran Cosmo, Italico splendore,
Di cui la patria sua si chiamò figlia?
E quanto Pietro al paterno valore
Aggiunse pregio, e con qual maraviglia
Dal corpo di sua patria rimosse abbia
Le scellerate man, la crudel rabbia?

Di questo e de la nobile Lucrezia
Nacquene Giulio, e pria ne nacque Lauro;
Lauro, ch' ancor de la bella Lucrezia
Arde; e dura ella ancor si mostra a Lauro;
Rigida più ch' a Roma già Lucrezia,
O in Tessaglia colei ch' è fatta un Lauro;
Nè mai degnò mostrar di Lauro a gli occhi
Se non tutta superbia i suoi begli occhi.

Non prego, non lamento al meschin vale;
Ch' ella sta fissa come torre al vento:
Perch' io lei punsi col piombato strale,
E col dorato lui; di che or mi pento.
Ma tanto scoterò, madre, queste ale,
Che foco accenderolle al petto drento.
Richiede omai da noi qualche restauro
La lunga fedeltà del franco Lauro.

Che tutto parmi pur veder pel campo
Armato lui, armato il corridore,
Come un fier drago gir menando vampo,
Abbatter questo e quello a gran furore:
L' armi lucenti sue spargere un lampo
Che faccian tremar l' aere di splendore:
Poi fatto di virtute a tutti esempio,
Riportarne il trionfo al nostro tempio.

E che lamenti già le Muse ferno!
E quanto Apollo s' è già meco dolto,
Ch' io tenga il lor poeta in tanto scherno!
Ed io con che pietà suoi versi ascolto!
Ch' io l' ho già visto al più rigido verno,
Pien di pruina i crin le spalle e 'l volto,
Dolersi con le stelle e con la luna
Di lei di noi di sua crudel fortuna.

Per tutto il mondo ha nostre laudi sparte:
Ma d' altro, mai, se non d' Amor, ragiona;
E potea dir le tue fatiche, o Marte,
Le trombe e l' arme e 'l furor di Bellona:
Ma volle sol di noi vergar le carte,
E di quella gentil ch' a dir lo sprona.
Ond' io lei farò pia, madre, al suo amante;
Che pur son tuo, non nato d' adamante.

Io non son nato di ruvida scorza,
Ma di te, madre bella, e son tuo figlio;
Nè crudele esser deggio; ed ei mi sforza
A riguardarlo con pietoso ciglio:
Assai provato ha l' amorosa forza,
Assai giaciuto è sotto il nostro artiglio:
Giusto è ch' ei faccia omai co' sospir tregua;
E del suo buon servir premio consegua.

Ma il bel Giulio ch' a noi stato è ribello,
E sol di Delia seguito ha il trionfo,
Or dietro a l' orme del suo buon fratello
Vien catenato innanzi al mio trionfo:
Nè mosterrò già mai pietate ad ello
Fin che ne porterà nuovo trionfo;
Ch' io gli ho nel core diritta una saetta
Da gli occhi de la bella Simonetta.

E sai quanto nel petto e ne le braccia,
Quanto sopra il destriero è poderoso:
Pur mo lo vidi sì feroce in caccia,
Che parea il bosco di lui paventoso:
Tutta aspreggiata avea la bella faccia,
Tutto adirato, tutto era focoso.
Tal vid' io te là sopra al Termodonte,
Cavalcar, Marte, e non con esta fronte.

Quest' è, madre gentil, la mia vittoria;
Quinci è 'l mio travagliar, quinci è 'l sudore;
Così va sovr' al ciel la nostra gloria,
Il nostro pregio, il nostro antico onore:
Così mai cancellata la memoria
Di te non fia, nè del tuo figlio Amore;
Così canteran sempre e versi e cetre
Gli strai le fiamme gli archi e le faretre.

Fatta ella allor più gaia nel sembiante,
Balenò intorno uno splendor vermiglio
Da fare un sasso diventare amante,
Non pur te, Marte; e tale ardea nel ciglio,
Qual suol la bella Aurora fiammeggiante;
Poi tutto al petto si ristrinse il figlio,
E trastullando con sue chiome bionde,
Tutto il vagheggia, e lieta gli risponde:

Assai, bel figlio, il tuo desir m' aggrada,
Che nostra gloria ognor più l' ale spanda.
Chi erra, torni a la verace strada:
Obbligo è di servir chi ben comanda.
Pur convien che di nuovo in campo vada

Lauro, e si cinga di nova ghirlanda;
Che virtù ne gli affanni più s'accende,
Come l'oro nel foco più risplende.

Ma in prima fa mestier che Giulio s'armi
Sì, che di nostra fama il mondo adempi:
E tal del forte Achille or canta l'armi,
E rinnova in suo stil gli antichi tempi,
Che diverrà testor de' nostri carmi,
Cantando pur de gli amorosi esempi:
Onde la nostra gloria, o bel figliuolo,
Vedrem sopra le stelle alzarsi a volo.

E voi altri, miei figli, al popol Tosco
Lieti volgete le trionfanti ale:
Gite tutti fendendo l'aer fosco;
Tosto prendete ognun l'arco e lo strale:
Di Marte il fiero ardor non venga vosco.
Or vedrò, figli, qual di voi più vale:
Gite tutti a ferir nel Tosco coro;
Ch'i' serbo a chi fer prima un arco d'oro.

Tosto al suo dire ognun arco e quadrella
Riprende, e la faretra al fianco allega:
Come al fischiar del comito sfrenella
La snella ciurma, e i remi mette in voga,
Già per l'aer ne va la schiera snella:
Già sopra a la città calan con foga.
Così i vapor pel bel seren giù scendono,
Che pajon stelle, mentre l'aer fendono.

Vanno spiando gli animi gentili
Che son dolce esca a l'amoroso foco:
Sovr'essi battan forte i lor focili,
E fangli apprender tutti a poco a poco:
L'ardor di Marte ne' cuor giovenili
S'affigge, e quelli infiamma del suo giuoco:
E mentre stanno involti nel sopore,
Pare a' giovan far guerra per amore.

E come quando il sole i pesci accende,
Di sua virtù la terra è tutta pregna:
Che poscia a primavera fuor si stende
Mostrando al ciel verde e fiorita insegna:
Così ne' petti ove lor foco accende,
S'abbarbica un disio che dentro regna:
Un disio sol d'eterna gloria e fama,
Che l'infiammate menti a virtù chiama.

Esce sbandita la Viltà d'ogni alma,
E, benchè tarda sia, Pigrezia fugge:
A Libertate l'una e l'altra palma
Legan gli Amori; e quella assai rugge.
Solo in disio di gloriosa palma
Ogni cor giovenil s'accende e strugge:
E dentro al petto sopito dal sonno
Gli spirti d'amor posar non ponno.

E così mentre ognun dormendo langue,
Ne' lacci è involto, onde giamai non esce:
Ma come suol fra l'erbe il picciol angue
Tacito entrare, o sotto l'onde il pesce,
Si van correndo per l'ossa e pel sangue
Gli ardenti spiritelli, e 'l foco cresce.
Ma Venere, come i pennuti suoi corrieri
Vide partiti, mosse altri pensieri.

Pasitea fe' chiamar del Sonno sposa,
Pasitea de le Grazie una sorella,
Pasitea che de l'altre è più famosa,
Quella che sopra tutte è la più bella:
E disse: muovi, o ninfa graziosa,
Trova il consorte tuo veloce e snella:
Fa che mostri al bel Giulio tale immago,
Che faccia dimostrarsi al campo vago.

Così le disse; e già la ninfa accorta
Correa sospesa per l'aria serena:
Quete senz'alcun rombo l'ale porta,
E lo ritrova in men che non balena:
Al carro de la Notte facea scorta,
E l'aria intorno avea di sogni piena,
Di varie forme, e stranier portamenti:
E facea racquetare i fiumi e i venti.

Come la ninfa a' suoi gravi occhi apparve,
Col folgorar d'un riso gliele aperse:
Ogni nube dal ciglio via disparve,
Che la forza del raggio non sofferse.
Ciascun de' Sogni dentro a le lor larve
Le si fe' incontro, e 'l viso discoperse:
Ma poi ch'ella Morfeo tra gli altri scelse,
Lo chiese al Sonno; e tosto indi si svelse.

Indi si svelse, e di questo convenne
Tosto ammonirlo; e partì senza posa.
Appena tanto il ciglio alto sostenne,
Che fatta era già tutta sonnacchiosa.
Vassen volando senza mover penne,
E ritorna a sua dea, lieta e giojosa.
Gli scelti Sogni ad obbedir s'affrettano,
E sotto nove fogge si rassettano.

Quali i soldati che di fuor s'attendono,
Quando senza sospetto par che giacciano,
Per suon di tromba al guerreggiar s'accendono,
Vestonsi le corazze, e gli elmi allacciano;
E giù dal fianco le spade sospendono,
Grappan le lance, e i forti scudi imbracciano:
E così divisati i destrier pungono
Tanto, che la nemica schiera giungono.

Tempo era quando l'alba s'avvicina,
E divien fosca l'aria, ov'era bruna:
E già il carro stellato Icaro inchina,
E par nel volto scolorir la luna;
Quando ciò ch'al bel Giulio il ciel destina
Mostrano i Sogni e sua dolce fortuna;
Dolce al principio, al fin poi troppo amara:
Perocchè sempre dolce al mondo è rara.

Pargli veder feroce la sua donna,
Tutta nel volto rigida e proterva
Legar Cupido a la verde colonna
De la felice pianta di Minerva,
Armata sopra a la candida gonna,
Che 'l casto petto col Gorgon conserva,
E par che tutte gli spennacchi l'ali,
E che rompa al meschin l'arco e gli strali.

Ahimè, quanto era mutato da quello
Amor, che sen tornò tutto giojoso!
Non era sopra l'ale altero e snello,

Non del trionfo suo punto orgoglioso:
Anzi mercè chiamava il meschinello
Miseramente, e con volto pietoso;
Gridando a Giulio, miserere mei;
Difendimi, o bel Giulio, da costei.
E Giulio a lui dentro al fallace sonno
Parea risponder con mente confusa:
Come poss' io ciò far, dolce mio donno?
Che ne l' arme di Palla è tutta chiusa.
Vedi i miei spirti che soffrir non ponno
La terribil sembianza di Medusa,
Il rabbioso fischiar de le ceraste,
E 'l volto e l' elmo e 'l folgorar de l' aste.
Alza gli occhi, alza, Giulio, a quella fiamma
Che come un sol col suo splendor t' adombra:
Quivi è colei che l' alte menti infiamma,
E che da' petti ogni viltà disgombra.
Con essa, a guisa di semplice damma,
Prenderai questa, ch' or nel cor t' ingombra
Tanta paura, e t' invilisce l' alma:
Ch' ella ti serba sol trionfal palma.
Così dicea Cupido: e già la Gloria
Scendea giù folgorando ardente vampo:
Con essa Poesia, con essa Istoria
Volavan tutte accese del suo lampo.
Costei parea che ad acquistar vittoria
Rapisse Giulio orribilmente in campo:
E che l' arme di Palla a la sua donna
Spogliasse, e lei lasciasse in bianca gonna.
Poi Giulio di sue spoglie armava tutto,
E tutto fiammeggiar lo facea d' auro:
Quando era al fin del guerreggiar condutto,
Al capo gl' intrecciava oliva e lauro;
Ivi tornar parea sua gioja in lutto;
Vedeasi tolto il suo dolce tesauro;
Vedea sua ninfa in trista nube avvolta
Da gli occhi crudelmente essergli tolta.
L' aria tutta parea divenir bruna,
E tremar tutto de l' abisso il fondo:
Parea sanguigna in ciel farsi la luna,
E cader giù le stelle nel profondo.
Poi vedea lieta in forma di Fortuna
Sorger sua ninfa, e rabbellirsi il mondo;
E prender lei di sua vita governo;
E lui con seco far per fama eterno.
Sotto cotali ambagi al giovanetto
Fu mostro de' suoi fati il leggier corso:
Troppo felice, se nel suo diletto
Non mettea Morte acerba il crudel morso.
Ma che puote a Fortuna esser disdetto?
Ch' a nostre cose allenta e stringe il morso:
Nè val perch' altri la lusinghi o morda,
Ch' a suo modo ci guida, e sta pur sorda.
Adunque il tuo lamentar che giova?
A che di pianto pur bagniam le gote?
Se pur convien ch' ella ne guidi e mova;
Se mortal forza contra lei non puote;
Se con sue penne il nostro mondo cova;
E tempra e volge, come vuol le rote.
Beato qual da lei suoi pensier solve,
E tutto dentro a la virtù s' involve!
O felice colui che lei non cura,
E che a' suoi gravi assalti non s' arrende!
Ma, come scoglio che incontro al mar dura,
O torre che da Borea si difende,
Suoi colpi aspetta con fronte sicura,
E sta sempre provvisto a sue vicende:
Da se sol pende; in se stesso si fida:
Nè guidato è dal caso, anzi lui guida.
Già carreggiando il giorno Aurora lieta
Di Pegaso stringea l' ardente briglia;
Sorgea del Gange il bel solar pianeta
Raggiando intorno con l' aurate ciglia:
Già tutto parea d' oro il monte Oeta;
Fuggita di Latona era la figlia;
Sorgevan rugiadosi in loro stelo
I fior chinati dal notturno gielo.
La rondinella sopra il nido allegra
Cantando salutava il nuovo giorno;
E già de' Sogni la compagnia negra
A sua spelonca avea fatto ritorno;
Quando con mente insieme lieta ed egra
Si destò Giulio, e girò gli occhi intorno;
Gli occhi intorno girò tutto stupendo,
D' amore e d' un disio di gloria ardendo.
Pargli vedersi tuttavia davanti
La Gloria armata in su l' ali veloce
Chiamare a giostra i valorosi amanti,
E gridar, Giulio Giulio, ad alta voce.
Già sentir pargli le trombe sonanti;
Già divien tutto ne l' armi feroce.
Così tutto focoso in piè risorge,
E verso il ciel cotai parole porge:
O sacrosanta dea figlia di Giove,
Per cui il tempio di Jan s' apre e serra,
La cui potente destra serba e move
Intero arbitrio e di pace e di guerra:
Vergine santa, che mirabil prove
Mostri del tuo gran nume in cielo e 'n terra;
Che i valorosi cuori a virtù infiammi,
Soccorrimi or, Tritonia, e virtù dammi.
S' io vidi dentro a le tue armi chiusa
La sembianza di lei che me a me fura:
S' io vidi il volto orribil di Medusa
Far lei contro ad amor troppo esser dura;
Se poi mia mente dal tremor confusa
Sotto il tuo schermo diventò sicura;
S' amor con teco a grandi opre mi chiama,
Mostrami il porto, o dea, d' eterna fama.
E tu che dentro a l' affocate nube
Degnasti tua sembianza dimostrarmi,
E ch' ogni altro pensier dal cor mi rube,
Fuor, che d' amor; dal qual non posso aitarmi;
E m' infiammasti, come a suon di tube
Annoso caval s' infiamma a l' armi;

Fammi intra gli altri, o Gloria, sì sublime,
Ch' io batta insino al ciel teco le penne.
E s' io non, dolce Amor, se non par degno
Essere il tuo campione contra costei,
Contra costei da cui con forza e ingegno
(Se 'l ver mi dice il senno) avvinto sei,
Fa sì del tuo furor mio pensier pregno,
Che spirto di poeta nel cor le crei:
Ma virtù per se stessa ha l' ali corte;
Perchè troppo è il valor di costei forte.
Troppo forte, signor, e 'l suo valore,
Che, come vedi, il tuo poder non cura;
E tu pur suoli al cor gentil, Amore,
Riparar come augello a la verdura:
Ma' se mi presti il tuo santo furore,
Leverai me sopra la tua natura,
E farai come suol marmorea rota,
Ch' ella non taglia, e pure il ferro arrota.
Con voi men vengo, Amor, Minerva, e Gloria,
Che 'l vostro foco tutto il cor m' avvampa:
Da voi spero acquistar l' alta vittoria,
Che tutto acceso son di vostra lampa:
Datemi aita sì, che ogni memoria
Segnar si possa di mia eterna stampa;
E faccia umil colei ch' or mi disdegna:
Ch' io porterò da voi nel campo insegna.

22.

Bernardo Bellincioni.

Sein Geburtsjahr ist unbekannt. Er stammte aus Florenz, war ein Freund des Luigi Pulci, und starb 1491 zu Mailand, wo ihn kurz vorher Lodovico il Moro hatte mit dem Lorbeer krönen lassen. Seine scherzhaften Poesien sind gelungener als seine ernsten Gedichte.

Sonetto.

Chi vuol che roba avanzi ad un convito,
Facci che a mensa non vi sia il Tapone,
Che l' arme mangerìa con che Sansone
N' ammazzò tanti; or basti, egli è chiarito.
Dunque per ogni fedele romito,
Come studente faccia vacazione;
Che una fornace in bocca ad un lione
Sarebbe un forno a lui senza arrostito.
I' credo, se la torre di Babello
Fusse piena di roba, che 'n un pasto
E' direbbe, ch' è questo? un figatello?
Dunque non aspettate a mensa il guasto;
Anzi sarebbe una tempesta quello;
Però fate di fuor che sia rimasto:
E se vuol far contrasto,
I' non saprei trovar miglior difesa,
Cacciarlo come can fuor d' una chiesa.

23.

Gasparo Visconti.

Ueber sein Leben sind weiter keine Nachrichten vorhanden, als dafs er aus Mailand war, von ritterlichem Geschlechte. Sein Canzoniere erschien 1493 und erwarb sich den Beifall seiner Zeitgenossen.

Sonetto.

O sassi, o mura, che in voi chiuso avete
Il sol che nel mio cor lucea sì forte,
E luce e lucerà per fin che morte
Non solva questa mia terrena rete;
Non so se il bene immenso comprendete
Che alberga in voi per vostra dolce sorte;
E che l' alte maniere oneste e accorte,
Tesor di questa etate, in voi chiudete.
Per voi convien che lacrimando viva,
Tenendomi nascoso il vivo lampo,
Che ovunque splende, germina virtute.
Per voi 'nnanzi al suo tempo viene a rive
Mia vita, che non sa più trovar scampo,
Priva del cibo de la sua salute.

24.

Matteo Maria Bojardo.

M. M. B., Graf von Scandiano, ward um 1430 zu la Fratta bei Ferrara geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung, und trat, nachdem er seine Studien zu Ferrara vollendet, in den Dienst der Herzoge von Ferrara, die ihn theils auf Reisen zu ihrem Begleiter wählten, theils mit Gesandtschaften beauftragten, und endlich zum Gouverneur von Reggio ernannten, wo er am 20. Februar 1494 starb. Er war einer der gebildetsten Männer seiner Zeit, der sich ungeachtet seiner Aemter viel mit wissenschaftlichen Arbeiten beschäftigte, und mehrere griechische und römische Klassiker in das Italienische übersetzte. Sein bedeutendstes Werk, das romantische Epos l'Orlando Innamorato blieb unvollendet, erschien, so weit es fertig geworden, 1495 zu Scandiano im Druck, und ward später sowohl von Domenichi wie von Berni umgearbeitet. Aufserdem hinterliefs Bojardo noch kleinere italienische und lateinische Poesien.

Sonetto.

Ecco l' alma città che fu regina
Da l' onda caspia a la terra sabea,
La triunfal città che impero avea
Dove il sol s' alza, infin là dove inchina.
Or leve fato e sentenza divina
Si l' han mutata a quel ch' esser solea,
Che dove quasi al ciel egual surgea,
Sua grande altezza copre ogni ruina.
Quando fu dunque più cosa terrena
Stabile e ferma? poichè tanta altura
Il tempo e la fortuna a terra mena.
Come poss' io sperar già mai sicura

La mia promessa? ch' io non credo appena
Che un giorno intero amore in donna dura.

Sonetto.

Oggi ritorna l' infelice giorno
Che fu principio de la mia sciagura,
E l' erba si rinnova e la verdura,
E fassi il mondo de' bei fiori adorno;
Ed io dolente a lamentar ritorno
D' amor, del cielo e di mia sorte dura,
Che adesso infiamma la vivace cura
Che si gelava al cor dolente intorno.
Il tempo rivien poi com' era usato,
Fiorito allegro lucido e sereno,
Di nembi raro, e di foll' erba spesso;
Ed io son da quel ch' era sì mutato,
Di sdegno d' ira e sì d' angoscia pieno,
Che il giorno riconosco, e non me stesso.

Sonetto.

Non credete riposo aver già mai,
Spirti infelici, che seguite amore;
Che morte non vi dà quel rio signore,
Ma pena più che morte grave assai.
Udito avea, e poi i' stesso il provai,
Che non uccide l' uom il gran dolore;
Se l' uccidesse, io già di vita fuore
Sarei, onde mi trovo in pianti e guai.
Nè sua allegrezza ancora al fin vi mena,
Che fugge come nembo avanti al vento,
E in tanta fuga si conosce appena.
Così fra breve gioja e lungo stento,
E fra mille ore torbide e una serena,
Amante in terra mai non fia contento.

Sonetto.

Chi non ha visto ancora il gentil viso
Che solo in terra si pareggia al sole,
E l' accorte sembianze al mondo sole,
E l' atto dal mortal tanto diviso;
Chi non vide fiorir quel vago riso
Che germina di rose e di viole;
Chi non udì le angeliche parole
Che suonano armonia di paradiso;
Chi mai non vide favellar quel guardo
Che come stral di foco il lato manco
Sovente invade, e mette fiamme al core;
E chi non vide il volger dolce e tardo
Del soave splendor fra 'l nero e 'l bianco
Non sa nè sente quel che vaglia amore.

Sonetto.

Se la prodezza età lubrica e frale
D' amor cantava, anzi piangea più spesso,
Per altrui sospirando; or per me stesso
Tardi sospiro, e piango del mio male.
Re de le stelle eterno ed immortale,
Soccorri me, che son di colpe oppresso,
E conosco il mio fallo, e a te il confesso,
Ma senza tua mercè nulla mi vale.
L' alma corrotta da' peccati e guasta
S' è nel fangoso error versata tanto,
Che breve tempo a lei purgar non basta.
Signor, che la copristi di quel manto
Che a ritornare al ciel pugna e contrasta,
Tempra il giudizio con pietate alquanto.

Canzone.

Apri le candid' ale, e vieni in terra
A pianger meco, amore,
Che del mio amato ben meco cantavi.
Non può senza tu' aita
Sue pene tanto gravi,
Che un tropp' alto dolor la voce serra.
Ben ho da lamentarmi in tanta guerra,
Che il ciel mi fate a torto,
E la sventura mia
Tenendomi lontan dal mio conforto.
Perduto ho lei, di cui viver solia
E non m' uccide la fortuna ria.
Da poi che mi partii da quel bel volto,
Non ebbi ora serena,
Nè spero aver più mai, se non ritorno.
Sempre in sospiri lamentando e in pena
Mi sto la notte e 'l giorno,
Nè altro che doglia nel mio petto ascolto.
Lume vivo mio, chi mi l' ha tolto?
Chi m' ha da te partito,
Perchè vivendo io mora?
Com' uom di venenato stral ferito,
Che di morire aspetta d' ora in ora,
Via più che morte l' aspettar l' accora.
Io mi credea con tempo e con fatica
Sgombrar dal core insano
Il gran dolor ch' io presi al dipartire;
Or veggo il mio sperar fallace e vano
Ch' io non posso fuggire
Il duol che meco vive, e 'l cor m' intrica.
Lui per l' alpe deserte si nutrica
Del mio crudele affanno,
Nè per tempo s' abbassa;
Che se me stesso forse non m' inganno,
Oggi compitamente il mese passa
Ch' io son partito, e 'l mio duol non mi lassa.
Non mi lassa il dolor, che più s' accende
Qualor più s' allontana
Da la cagion che rimembrando il move;
Ch' or de' begli occhi or de la faccia umana,
Or d' altre vede nove
Il dolce immaginar spesso m' offende;
E l' alma addolorata non intende,
Quando il pensier soave
Che seco è in ogni loco,
Faccia la pena più molesta e grave;

Come l'acqua la febbre accheta un poco,
E in picciol tempo rende maggior foco.
Ma s'io dovessi ben morir pensando
Di voi, donna gentile,
Non fia che tal pensier mi tragga mai,
Ben fora d'alma fanciulletta e vile,
Se la vita con guai
Cercasse, e dolce morte avesse in bando.
Già nel cor mi starete anche allor quando
Sarò sotterra in polve,
Ne vi porrò in obblio,
Se un'altra morte l'anima non solve;
Ma se divisa puote aver desio,
Eterno fia con voi il pensier mio.
Felice mia canzon, tu che gir puoi
Là dove il ciel mi vieta,
Al mio parer diva,
Quanto gir debbi gratiosa e lieta!
Vanne dicendo: io lascio un ch'è privo
D'ogni suo spirto, e sospirando è vivo.

Canzone.

Lode della sua donna.

Come in la notte liquida e serena
Vien la stella d'Amor innanzi giorno
Di raggi d'oro e di splendor si piena,
Che l'orizzonte e di sua luce adorno;
Ed ella a tergo mena
L'altre stelle minore,
Ch'a lei d'intorno intorno
Cedon parte del Ciel, e luogo onore;
Indi rorando splendido liquore
Da l'umida sua chioma, onde si bagna
La verde erbetta, e il colorito fiore,
Fa rugiadosa tutta la campagna;
Così costei de l'altre il pregio acquista,
Perchè amor l'accompagna,
E fa sparir ogni altra bella vista.
Chi mai vide al mattin nascer l'Aurora,
Di rose coronata e di giacinto,
Che fuor del mare il dì non esce ancora,
E del suo lampeggiar è il ciel dipinto;
E lei più s'incolora
D'una luce vermiglia,
Da la qual fora vinto
Qual ostro più fra noi gli rassomiglia;
E il rozzo pastor si maraviglia
Del vago rosseggiar dell'Oriente,
Che a poco a poco su nel ciel si appiglia,
E come più mira più si fa lucente:
Vedrà così nell'angelico viso,
Se alcun fia che possente
Si trovi a riguardarla in vista fiso.

Orlando Innamorato.

L. I. C. VIII.

Giunse Rinaldo a quel vago giardino,
Ch'era per nome chiamato giocondo,
Stracco gli ha il caso, l'animo e 'l cammino
Il corpo; ond'ha bisogno di riposo.
Il legno al lito fatto già vicino
Smontar lo fa sopra un bel prato erboso
Di mille fior vestito, vago e adorno,
E ben quindici miglia volge intorno.
Verso ponente, a punto sopra 'l lito
Un ricco e bel Palagio si mostrava,
Fatto d'un marmo sì terso e polito,
Che 'l Giardin tutto in esso si specchiava.
Rinaldo tosto verso quello è gito,
Che con sì bella vista assai si grava
De la noia c'havea già sostenuta:
Ecco una vaga Donna che 'l saluta.
Dicendo, Valoroso Cavaliero
A noi vi porta la vostra ventura.
Nè senza gran cagion, fate pensiero
Che siete qui, non so se con paura;
Ma con molestia grande a dire il vero,
Se la Fortuna vostra è stata dura,
Dolce fin porteravvi, e dilettoso,
Havendo il cor (com'io credo) amoroso.
E così detto, per la man lo piglia;
Dentro a quel bel Palagio l'ha menato,
Era la porta candida, e vermiglia,
Di marmo natural così variato,
A quella il pavimento s'assomiglia,
A scacchi, a groppi, a cerchi lavorato.
Di qua, e di là, vi son superbe loggie
Fatte d'oro, e d'azzurro in mille foggie.
Giardini ornati, e di fresca verdura,
Son sopra i tetti, e per terra nascosi,
Di gemme, e d'oro a vaga dipintura,
Son tutti i luoghi nobili, e giocosi,
Chiare fontane, e fresche oltre misura,
Son circondate d'arborselli ombrosi,
Sopra ogni cosa quel loro un'odore,
Da tornar lieto un'affannato core.
Fra l'altre in una Loggia lo menava
La Donna; riccamente fabricata;
Quale una vaga pittura adornava
Di smalto in lame d'oro istoriata.
Dal Sol di Mezzogiorno la guardava
Una selvetta d'arborselli ornata.
E le colonne di quel bel lavoro,
Han di cristallo il fusto, e 'l capo d'oro.
In questa Loggia il cavaliero entrava,
Di belle Dame ov'era un adunanza,
Tre cantavano insieme, e una sonava
Un'istromento fuor di nostra usanza:
Ma dolce molto il cantar' accordava
L'altre poi tutte menaro una danza,
Com'entro dentro il cavalier' adorno,
Così danzando gli fur tutte intorno.
Una di quelle con sembianza humana
Disse, in tavola son tutte le cose,
E l'hora de la cena, e non lontana,
Così per l'erbe fresche, et odorose,
Seco 'l menaro a lato a la fontana,

Sotto un coperto di vermiglie rose
Quivi apparato, che nulla vi manca,
Di drappo d'oro, e di tovaglia bianca.
Quattro Donzelle l'han accommodato,
E in mezzo lor tolse il Baron' egregio,
Rinaldo sta smarrito in veritate,
La sedia sua di perle haveva il fregio,
Quivi venner vivande delicate,
Coppe con gioie di mirabil pregio
Vin di buon gusto, e di soave odore,
Servon tre Dame à lui con molto honore.
Poi che la cena comincia à finire,
E far scoperte le tavole d'oro,
Arpe, e liuti si comincia à udire.
E a Rinaldo s'accosta una di loro
Basso a l'orecchia, e gli comincia à dire,
Questa casa real, questo tesoro,
E l'altre cose, che non puoi vedere,
Che assai piu sono, e tutto al tuo piacere.
Per tua cagione è tutto edificato,
E per te solo il fece la Reina,
Ben ti dei riputare aventurato,
Che t'ami quella Dama pellegrina,
Rosa e piu bianca, che giglio nel prato,
Vermiglia piu che rosa in la spina,
La giovanetta, Angelica si chiama,
Che tua persona piu che 'l suo cor' ama.
Quando Rinaldo fra tanta allegrezza,
Ode nomar colei, ch'odiava tanto,
Non hebbe a la sua vita tal tristezza,
E cambiossi nel viso tutto quanto,
La lieta casa homai nulla non prezza,
Anzi gli sembra un luogo pien di pianto:
E leva per fuggirsi; ma colei
Non ti mover, dicea, prigion tu sei.
Qui non ti val Fusberta adoperare,
Ne ti varria s'havesti il tuo Bajardo
Intorno ad ogni parte cinge 'l mare,
Qui non ti vale a dir d'esser gagliardo
Quel cor tant'aspro ti convien mutare,
Ella altro non desia fuor che 'l tuo guardo,
Quando morirla il cor non ti comporti,
Come vedrai alcun, ch'odio ti porti?
Cosi dicea la bella giovanetta;
Ma nulla ascoltava il Cavaliero,
Ne quivi alcuna le dame aspetta,
Anzi soletta va per il verziero,
Cosa alcuna di quel non lo diletta,
Ma con cor crudo dispietato, e fiero,
Partir di quivi al tutto si destina,
E da Ponente torna à la marina.
Trova 'l naviglio che l'havea portato,
E sopra a quell'ei sol ritorna ancora,
Perche nel mar si sarebbe gittato,
Piu tosto ch'al giardin far piu dimora,
Non si parte il naviglio anzi è accostato,
E questo è la gran doglia, che l'accora,
E fa pensier se non si puo partire,
Gettarsi al mar, e al tutto di morire.
Or'il naviglio nel mar s'allontana,
E con Ponente in poppa via camina,
Non lo potria contar la voce humana,
Come la nave va con gran ruina:
Ne l'altro giorno una gran selva strana
Vede, et a quella il legno s'avicina,
Rinaldo al lito di quella dismonta.
Subito un vecchio bianco à lui s'affronta.
Forte piangendo quel vecchio dicea,
Deh non m'abbandonar franco Barone
S'honor ti move di cavalleria:
Ch'è la difesa di giusta ragione,
Una donzella ch'è figliuola mia,
M'è stata tolta da un falso ladrone,
E pur'adesso presa se la mena,
Duzento passi non è lunge à pena.
Mosso a pietade quel Baron gagliardo,
Benche sia à piedi armato con la spada
A seguir il Ladron gia non fu tardo,
Coperto d'arme corre quella strada,
Come la vide quel ladron ribaldo,
Lascia la dama, e gia non stette a bada,
Pose à la bocca un grandissimo corno,
Par che rimbombe l'aria, e 'l ciel d'intorno.
Venne Rinaldo la vista ad alzare,
E vede a se davanti un montarello,
Che facea un capo pendente in mare,
A la cima di quell'era un castello,
Ch'al suon del corno il pont'ebbe a calare
Fuora venne un gigante magno, e fello
Sedeci piedi è da terra lontano,
Una catena, e un dardo tien' in mano.
Quella catena ha da capo un'uncino,
Or chi potrà quest'opre indovinare
Come fu giunto il Gigante mastino,
E dardo con gran forza hebbe a lanciare,
Giunse lo scudo, che è ben forte e fino,
Ma tutto quanto pur l'hebbe a passare,
L'usbergo, e maglia tutt' hebbe passato,
Fer 'l Baron' al quanto nel costato.
Dicea Rinaldo a lui, deh torna a mente
Chi meglio di noi due di spada fera,
E gli va adosso impetuosamente,
Com'egli vide quella faccia altiera,
Volta le spalle, e non tardava niente,
Forte correndo fugge a una riviera:
Questa riviera un ponte sopra havea,
Una sol pietra quel ponte facea.
Nel capo di quel ponte era un'anello,
Dentro gli attacca il Gigante l'uncino
E gia Rinaldo è sopra 'l ponticello,
Che correndo al pagan era vicino,
Tira l'ingegno con gran forza il fello,
La pietra profondava, o Dio divino
Dicea Rinaldo: ajuta, o madre eterna,
Cosi dicendo va ne la caverna.
Era la tana oscura, e tenebrosa,
E sopra d'essa la fiumana andava,
Una catena dentro v'era ascosa:

Che 'l caduto Baron tosto legava.
E quel Gigante già non si riposa,
Così legato in spalla se 'l portava:
A cui dicendo, perchè davi impaccio
Al mio compagno, ecco io t' ho giunto al laccio.
Non risponde Rinaldo alcuna cosa;
Ma ne la mente, tristo me dicia,
Hor ti par che fortuna rovinosa,
Una disgrazia dietro a l' altra invia.
Qual sorte al Mondo è la più dolorosa,
Non si pareggia a la sventura mia,
Che 'n tal miseria mi veggo arrivare,
Nè con qual modo lo sapesi contare.
Così dicendo già sono su 'l ponte,
Che del crudel castello era l' entrata,
Teste d' uomini su la prima fronte.
E gente morta vi pende appiccata:
Ma quel, ch' era più oscuro, in un gran monte
Le membra vive parea alcuna fiata;
Vermiglio è lo castello, e da lontano
Sembrava foco, ed era sangue humano.
Rinaldo sbigottito d' animo si muta,
Ben vi confesso, ch' ora hebbe paura,
Gli davanti una vecchia era venuta,
Tutta coperta d' una veste oscura,
Magra nel volto horribile, e canuta,
E di sembianza dispietata, e dura,
Che fa Rinaldo a la terra gettare,
Così legato, e comincia a parlare.
Forse per fama havrai sentito dire,
Dicea la vecchia la crudel usanza,
Che questa rocca ha preso a mantenire,
Hora pel tempo, ch' a viver t' avanza.
Poi ch' a doman s' indugia il tuo morire,
Che già di vita non haver speranza,
In questo tempo ti voglio contare,
Qual cagion fece l' usanza ordinare.
Un cavalier di possanza infinita
Di questa rocca un tempo fu Signore,
Vita tenea magnifica, e fiorita,
Ad ogni forestier facea honore;
Ciascun che passa per la strada invita,
Cavalier, Dame, e gente di valore,
Havea costui per moglie una Donzella,
Ch' altra al mondo non fu mai tanto bella.
Quel cavalier havea nome Grifone,
Questa rocca Altaripa era chiamata,
E la sua dama Stella per ragione,
Che ben parea del ciel' esser levata,
Era di Maggio a la bella stagione,
Andava il cavalier qualche fiata,
A quella selva ch' è su la marina,
Dove giungesti tu questa mattina.
E passar per lo bosco hebbe sentito,
Un' altro cavalier, ch' a caccia andava,
Sì come a tutti fe il cortese invito,
Et a la rocca qui seco il menava,
Fu quest' altro ch' io dico mio marito,
Marchino il sir d' Aronda si chiamava,
Che fu menato dentro a questa stanza,
Et honorato assai com' era usanza.
Hor come volse la disaventura,
Gli occhi à la bella Stella hebbe voltato,
E fu preso d' amore oltre misura,
E seco prese il viso delicato,
Di quella mansueta creatura,
In somma è dentro il cor tanto infiammato,
Ch' altro no 'l stringe, nè d' altro ha pensiero,
Se non di tor la donna al cavaliero.
Da questa rocca si parte il fellone
Torna cambiato in viso à meraviglia,
Altro che ei non sapea de la cagione,
Parte d' Aronda con la sua famiglia,
Porta l' insegne seco di Grifone.
E di persona alquanto il rassomiglia,
E suoi compagni nel bosco nascose;
L' insegne, e l' arme pur con essi pose.
E come à caccia tutto disarmato
Va per la selva, e forte suona un corno,
Il cortese Grifon l' hebbe ascoltato,
Ch' era nel bosco anchor' egli, quel giorno,
In quella parte tosto ne fu andato;
Marchino 'l falso si guardava intorno,
E come non havente alcun veduto
Forte diceva, io l' haverò perduto.
Poi ver Grifon' ei si venne à voltare,
Com' il vedesse all' hor primieramente.
Diceva, io vengo un mio cane a cercare;
Ma in questo luogo io non so andar niente
Hor vanno insieme, e vengon' arrivare
Ove Marchino ha nascoso la gente,
E per venir più tosto al compimento
Ferirono costoro à tradimento.
Con la sua insegna la rocca pigliaro;
Nè dentro vi lasciar persona viva,
Fanciulli, e vecchi, senza alcun riparo.
Et ogni Dama fu di vita priva,
La bella Stella qui dentro trovaro,
Che la sventura sua si malediva,
Molte carezze le facea Marchino;
Ma non si piega quel cor pellegrino.
Pensava ella l' oltraggio dispietato,
Che l' havea fatto il falso traditore,
E Grifon, che da lei fu tanto amato,
Sempre le stava notte, e dì nel core,
Nè altro disia c' haverlo vendicato,
Nè trova qual partito sia 'l migliore,
Infin l' offerse il suo voler crudele,
Qual' animal ch' al Mondo è di più fele.
L' animal, che è più crudo, e spaventevole,
Et è più ardente, che fuoco che sia;
È la moglie che fu un tempo amorevole,
Che dispregiata cadde in gelosia,
Non è leon ferito più spiacevole,
Nè la serpe calcata è tanto ria,

Quanto è la moglie ria à quella fiata,
Che per altrui si vede abbandonata.
  Et io ben lo so dir, che lo provai,
Quando avisata fui di questa cosa,
Io non sentei maggior doglia giamai,
E quasi venni in tutto rabbiosa,
Ben lo mostro la crudelta ch' usai,
Che forse ti parra meravigliosa,
Ma dove gelosia stringe l'amore,
Quel mal ch' io feci in due e ancor peggiore.
  Due fanciulletti haveva io di Marchino,
Il primo lo scannai con la mia mano,
Stava a guardarmi l'altro piccolino,
E dicea, madre; deh per Dio fa piano,
Io presi per li piedi quel meschino,
E diedi il capo a un sasso non lontano,
Ti par ch' io vendicassi il mio dispetto,
Ma questo fu il principio, e non l'effetto.
  Quasi vivend' anchora lo squartai,
Del petto a l'uno, e l'altro trassi 'l core
Le picciolette membra minuzzai,
Pensa se cio facendo havea dolore,
Ma anchor mi giova, ch' io mi vendicai,
Servai le teste non gia per amore
Che in me non era amor, ne ancho pietade,
Servalle per usar piu crudeltade.
  Quelle portai qua suso di nascoso,
La carne, che fec' io poi posi al fuoco,
Tanto pote l'oltraggio dispettoso,
Io stessa fui beccaio, io stessa cuoco.
A mensa l'hebbe 'l padre doloroso,
E quella si mangio con festa, e giuoco,
Ahi crudel sole, ahi giorno scelerato,
Che comportò veder tanto peccato.
  Io mi parti da poi nascosamente,
Le mani e 'l petto di sangue macchiata,
Al Re d' Orgagna andai subitamente
Che gia longa stagion m' haveva amata,
Era costui della Stella parente,
E raccontai l'historia dispietata,
Quel Re condussi armato in su l'arcione,
A far vendetta del morto Grifone.
  Ma non fu questa cosa cosi presta,
Che com' io fui partita del castello
La cruda Stella menando gran festa,
A Marchin va davanti in viso fello,
E l'appresenta l'una, e l'altra testa,
De figli, ch' io servai dentro a un piattello,
Ben che per morte ciascun' era trista,
Pur li conobbe 'l padre ne la vista.
  La Damigella haveva il crin disciolto,
La faccia altera, e la mente sicura,
Et a lui disse, l'uno, e l'altro volto,
Son di tuoi figli, dagli sepoltura,
Il resto hai tu nel tuo ventre sepulto,
Tu il divorasti non haver piu cura,
Hora a gran pena il falso traditore,
Che crudelta condutte con amore.
  L' oltraggio smisurato ben l'invita,
A far di quella Dama crudo strazio,
Da l'altra parte la faccia fiorita,
E l'affocato amor non gli da spazio,
Conchiuse vendicarsi a la finita,
Ma qual vendetta lo potria far sazio?
Che pensando al suo oltraggio in veritade,
Pena non era a tanta crudeltade.
  Il corpo di Grifon fece portare,
Che cosi ucciso anchor giacea nel piano:
Fece la Dama a quel corpo legare,
Viso con viso, e mano con mano.
Cosi con lei poi s' hebbe a dilettare,
Hor fu piacer giamai tanto inhumano,
Gran puzza mena 'l corpo tuttavia,
La Damigella a quel legato havia.
  In questo tempo venne il Re d' Orgagna,
Et io con esso con molta brigata,
Ma come fummo visti a la campagna,
Marchin la bella Stella hebbe scanata,
Ne ancor pur questo avvien ch' egli rimagna
Ma usava con lei morta a la arrabbiata,
Credo io che 'l fece sol per darsi vanto,
Ch' altro huom non fosse scelerato tanto.
  Noi qui venimmo, e con cruda battaglia,
La forte rocca al fin pur fu pigliata,
E Marchin preso d' ardente tanaglia,
Fu sua persona tutta lacerata,
Chi rompe le sue membra, e chi le taglia,
La bella Dama poi fu sotterrata,
Dentro un sepolchro adorno per ragione,
Posto fu seco il suo caro Grifone.
  Il Re d' Orgagna poi se ne fu andato,
Et io rimasi in questa rocca oscura,
Era l'ottavo mese gia passato,
Quando sentimmo in questa hora oscura
Un grido tant' horrendo, e smisurato,
Ch' io non vo' dir, che gl' altri abbian paura,
Ma tre giganti ne fur spaventati,
Che 'l Re d' Orgagna meco havea lasciati.
  Un d' essi alquanto piu di cuore ardito,
Volse la sepoltura un poco aprire;
Ma ben ne fu poi tosto ripentito,
Pero che un Mostro, che non pote uscire,
Pur fuor getto una branca ed ha 'l gremito
In poco d' hora lo fece morire,
Stracciollo in pezzi, e trasse 'l ne la fossa,
La carne divoro con tutte l'ossa.
  Non trovo piu huom tanto sicuro
Che dentro a quella Chiesa voglia entrare,
Cinger poi la fec' io d' un forte muro,
E quel sepolcro a ingegno disserrare
Uscirne un Mostro contrafatto, e oscuro,
Tanto, che alcun non l'ardisce guardare,
L' horribil forma sua non ti descrivo,
Perche sarai da lui di vita privo.
  Noi poi seguimmo cosi fatta usanza,
Che ciascun giorno qualch' un' e pigliato,
E in gettato dentro quella stanza,

Perche la bestia l'habbia devorato,
Ma tanti ne pigliammo, che n'avanza,
Alcun si scanna, alcun vien' impiccato,
Squartansi vivi ancora qualche fiata,
Come veder potesti in su l'entrata.

25.

Serafino da l' Aquila.

Der erste bedeutende italienische Improvisator. Er ward 1466 zu Aquila in den Abruzzen geboren, erwarb sich viele Gönner durch sein Talent, starb aber schon 1500 in Rom.

Sonetto.

Se l'opra tua di me non ha gia molto,
Non da te, Bernardin; vien da colei
Che l'immagine mia porta con lei:
L'aspetto mio non e donde l'hai tolto.
Son tutto un lungo tempo in essa accolto;
Onde per far del viso i membri miei,
Prima ti converria ritrar costei
E poi rubarmi intorno al suo bel volto.
Ma come la torrai, che tu non ardi
Al far de gli occhi, lei quelli volgendo,
Che tutti i sguardi suoi son foco e dardi?
Sola una via per tuo scampo comprendo;
Finger serrati i perigliosi sguardi
Ritrarre il resto, e dir ch'era dormendo.

Sonetto.

Mando il ritratto mio qual brami ognora
Non ti ammirar, se par d'un altro il volto;
Non m'ha il pallor del natural gia tolto,
Perche 'l mio natural teco dimora.
Lassando te, da me fu il spirto fora,
E intorno a gli occhi tuoi rimase involto;
Io restai un' ombra; e avvien ch'io vegna stolto,
Non mi vuol vivo amor, ne vuol ch'io mora.
Poi 'l lungo pianto, oime, ch'io spargo in vano
Per gli occhi, dove un mar di e notte alloggia,
Fatto ha che 'l mio non par piu volto umano.
Come talor avvien, che una gran pioggia
Muta i sentier' le vie li monti e 'l piano,
Tal ch'ogni cosa par d'un'altra foggia.

Sonetto.

Io giurerei che non t'offesi mai
Per l'alma ch'ogni senso in me comparte;
Ma tu potresti dir, ch'io non v'ho parte,
Ch'ella abbandonò te poi di me assai.
Direi per lo mio cor; ma tu ben sai
Ch'ei mio non è, ne mai da te non parte;
Vorrei per questa lingua anche giurarte;
Ma ella e pur tua, se tu legar la fai.
Direi per gli occhi; e tu farai risposta:
Gli occhi son miei, per quello io ne concedo,
Che gli apro chiudo e abbaglio a ogni mia posta.
Orsu, per queste lacrime; ch'io credo,
Che 'l pianto sia pur mio, che assai mi costa,
Poi ch'altro del mio corpo io non possiedo.

Sonetto.

Fermati alquanto o tu che movi il passo;
Amor son io che parlo e non costei;
Che per mio onor morir volli con lei
Vedendo andar col suo mio stato in basso.
Deposto ho l'armi, e 'l mondo in pace lasso,
E tante spoglie de' superni Dei,
Tant' inclito valor, tanti trofei;
Madonna e me qui chiude un picciol sasso.
Fatto m'aveva il ciel tutto nemico,
L'abisso e 'l mondo; e poi costei perduta
Forz' era nudo ed orbo andar mendico.
Pero morir volsi io poiche caduta
Era mia gloria; or ch'e ben stolto, dico,
Colui che per vilta morte rifiuta.

Sonetto.

Ahi morte ingorda dispietata e cruda
Che con tuo falso colpo acro e funesto
Hai fatto ricco il ciel, in terra resto
Mendica desolata inculta e nuda:
Ma per disfarme ognor trepida e suda,
Che quanto con piu furia io mi disvesto,
E tagli mia virtu, tanto piu presto
Tu resti, morte, di potenza ignuda.
Chi t'ha costretta a coglier l'uva acerba?
Poco guadagno fa, s'io ben discerno,
Chi miete i frutti e la sementa in erba.
Gia non tel comando fato superno;
Se non che dubitavi, aspra e superba,
Che tanta sua virtu nol fesse eterno.

Sonetto.

Col tempo il villanello al giogo mena
Il tor si fiero e si crudo animale;
Col tempo il falcon s'usa a menar l'ale,
E ritornare a te chiamando appena;
Col tempo si domestica e incatena
Il bizzarro orso, il feroce cinghiale;
Col tempo l'acqua ch'e si molle e frale
Rompe il dur sasso come fusse arena;
Col tempo ogni robusto arbore cade;
Col tempo ogni alto monte si fa basso;

Ed io col tempo non posso a pietade
Muover un cor d'ogni dolcezza casso;
Onde avanza d'orgoglio e crudeltade
Orso toro leon falcone e sasso.

Sonetto.

Io son quel lauro e quell'amata fronde
Conversa in arbor gia di corpo umano,
Per cui discese in questo basso piano
Quel ch'a la scura terra il lume infonde.
Del carro trionfale ornar le sponde
Soleva al forte vincitor romano;
Non fabbrica per me strali Vulcano,
Ne vento o pioggia vien che mai mi sfronde.
Sempre piu fresca son, sempre piu verde
Per coronar poeti, e 'l mio vigore
Dimostra che virtu vigor non perde.
Io gli son fama eterna, eterno onore,
Per me la fama lor cresce ed inverde,
E 'l nome viver fe, se 'l corpo more.

Sonetto.

Pensato ho gia fra me che cosa è amore,
Libero essendo e poi legato e vinto,
E visto l'ho non sopra un mur dipinto,
Ma portalo sculpito in mezzo al core.
Alcuni il fanno Dio sol per suo onore,
Poiche son persi al cieco labirinto;
Chi alato ignudo faretrato e cinto;
Tutti secondo me pigliano errore.
De la sua propria forma il vero effetto
Nulla se ne puo trar se non sembianti,
Che sempre tal è lui qual è il suggetto.
Vive al cibo d'ogni uom, talor di pianti,
Talor di riso, talor di diletto;
Testimonio mi sian tutti gli amanti.

Sonetto.

In Dialogo.

Quando nascesti, amor? Quando la terra
Si riveste di verde e bel colore.
Di che fusti creato? D'un ardore,
Che cio lascivo in se rinchiude e serra.
Chi ti produsse a farmi tanta guerra?
Calda speranza e gelido timore.
Ove prima abitasti? In gentil core,
Che sotto al suo valor presto s'atterra.
Chi fu la tua nutrice? Giovinezza,
E le sue serve accolte a lei d'intorno,
Leggiadra vanita pompa e bellezza.
Di che ti pasci? D'un guardar adorno.
Non puo contra di te morte o vecchiezza?
No: ch'io rinasco mille volte il giorno.

Sonetto.

Cieco, che vai qui mendicando il pane
Lamentandoti ognor con umil verso,
Già non sei solo in tal dolor sommerso,
Che in varj modi van le sorti umane.
Un tempo ebbi mie membra intere e sane,
Ed ora gli occhi e 'l core insieme ho perso,
E un cieco vo seguendo ognor disperso,
Ma tu guidato sei da un fedel cane.
Tu il cibo, ed io 'l mio cor vo mendicando
Tu acquisti assai per pieta del tuo torto,
Ma niun a me puo dar quel ch'io domando.
Tu hai l'alma e 'l core, ed io son quasi morto;
Sta dunque lieto al mio caso pensando,
Che l'altrui danno ai miseri e conforto.

Stanze

dell'Autor delli Strambotti.

Voi che ascoltate mie giuste querele,
Deh movavi pieta de la mia sorte,
Che a seguitar costei drizzai le vele,
Per tutto ognor merce gridando forte,
La qual per ben amar mi rende fele,
E per servirla mi conduce a morte,
Tal che in amar un cor d'alpestri sassi
Perdo il tempo, il servir, la voce e i passi.
O sacro Apollo che con dolce lira
Fatto hai mover le selve e gli animali,
Come a quel Tracio Orfeo mia lingua spira,
Quando commosse le furie infernali,
Ch'io possa questa donna alpestra e dira
Mover a compassion de li mei mali;
Dove non valser mai l'arme d'amore
Possa col tuo valor placarle il core.
Risguarda, donna, come il tempo vola,
Ed ogni cosa corre a la sua fine;
In breve si fa oscura ogni viola,
Cascan le rose, e restan poi le spine;
Cosi la tua belta che al mondo e sola
Non creder come ora al ben affine;
Dunque conosci il tuo tempo felice,
Ne sperar rinnovar come fenice.
Che val belta, che val esser formosa,
Se tu per non l'usar la tien sommersa?
Un'eccelsa virtu che giace ascosa
Si puo ben dir che gli e smarrita o persa.
Gia tra spine non sta sempre la rosa,
Ch'ogni cosa col tempo si rinversa;
L'opinion son bianche neve e rose;
Beato al fin chi al tempo si conosce.
T'ha data qualche grazia la natura?
Che la trionfi, e che la stimi cara;
Pero vendemmia l'uva ch'e matura,
E non esser di te a te stessa avara:
Perche di questo so che sei sicura,
Che 'l tempo perso mai non si ripara,
E di volerti pentir dopo il male,
Tu compri molto quel che poco vale.

Come avrai tu di me qualche pietate,
Se sei a te stessa dispietata e dura?
Che vedi ognor volar la tua beltate,
E tu raffreni il corso di natura;
Che non e ben tener tanto serrate
Ricchezze che si presto il tempo fura;
Ma chi qua giu di poi stato si vale,
A quel ricerca esser piu liberale.
Tu che di tua belta vai si superba,
Pensa ch' ogni gran giorno si fa sera:
Se l' aer e fosco, e la stagione acerba
La state e 'l tempo chiaro ancor si spera:
Se 'l freddo secca i fior le fronde e l' erba,
Fanno ritorno a l' altra primavera:
Ma tua belta si forte si disperde,
Che per nulla stagion mai torna verde.
Chi ha tempo e tempo aspetta, il tempo perde;
Il tempo fugge come d' arco strale;
Dunque per fin che sei nel tempo verde
Accogli il tempo, che pentir non vale;
Il tempo fugge e mai non si rinverde,
E mena al fin le tue bellezze frale:
Adunque cogli del tuo tempo il fiore
Prima che manchi il giovanil valore.
Pensa, madonna, ben che 'l tempo fugge,
Ne mai ritorna a noi poi ch' e passato:
Vecchiezza ogni belta presto distrugge,
Ne sempre mai si sta fermo in un stato.
Ogni cosa divora il tempo, e sugge
Il bel color d' ogni viso rosato:
Fin che tu puoi, raccogli il vago fiore
De li dolci anni tuoi, che volan l' ore.
Donna, se sei leggiadra e giovinetta,
Non creder che tua chioma non s' imbianca;
Che quando il viver nostro piu diletta,
Fortuna al suo favor piu presto manca:
Tal crede il suo cammin fornire in fretta,
Che spesse volte in mezzo al corso stanca:
Tal volar crede, e indarno spiega l' ale;
Non e sempre felice un uom mortale.
E se vuoi dire, io ben faro col tempo,
Vivi in fallace e cieca opinione:
Giova pigliar la medicina a tempo,
Ma fuor di tempo nuoce e da passione:
Pero, madonna, aiutati per tempo,
Che 'l frutto non e buon fuor di stagione;
E piglia il buon ricordo in l' eta verde,
Che nel consiglio suo ciascun si perde.
E se a voler quel che ti dice il core,
Ti par venir con vergognosa faccia;
Questo ti scusi e scacci ogni timore,
Che un cor gentil d' amor presto s' allaccia:
Fortuna volentier presta favore
A gli animosi, e i timidi discaccia:
Vien da te confortata a l' impresa,
Che frutto non fe' mai cosa sospesa.
E dato il mondo a noi sol per giardino
Tutto soave e pien d' ameni frutti;
E non t' accorgi poi che in un mattino
Un freddo vien che li ruina tutti?
Pero vedendo il verno si vicino,
Mentr' hai buona stagion, cogli li tutti,
Che in questa vita ria fragile e corta
Del mondo quel n' ha piu che piu ne porta.
Fuggono l' ore i giorni i mesi e gli anni,
Ogni mondan piacer si perde al tutto:
Se guardi il tempo e suoi fallaci inganni,
Ogni bel fiore alfin diventa brutto;
Se poi ti pentirai con gravi affanni,
Che passi tua belta senz' alcun frutto;
Pero vedendo il ben che poco dura,
Dispensa il tempo buon con piu misura.
Deh pensa ben dove non val soccorso
Con quanta rabbia il tempo ci divora,
E guarda il tempo, e 'l suo veloce corso,
Quanti leggiadri volti discolora:
Pero del viver tuo fa buon discorso,
E gusta tua belta che fugge ognora;
Perche di quanto in terra ha il ciel prodotto
Si vuole in sua stagion cogliere il frutto.
Deh che si trae da questo falso mondo,
Se non qualche piacer che l' uom ne fura?
Ogni bellezza alfin ritorna al fondo,
Mondan diletto piccol tempo dura:
Mentre sei bella e col volto giocondo,
Godi quel che t' ha dato la natura,
E pensa ben che le tue membra tenere
Tutte a la fin ritorneranno in cenere.
Con fede e con speranza io vivo ancora
Placar col bel servir la tua durezza;
Ogni animal che in bosco si dimora
Col tempo abbassa e tempra ogni fierezza;
Vedo una goccia d' acqua ad ora ad ora
Dar sopra il marmo tal che alfin lo spezza;
Cosi spero il tuo cor s' umilie e tempre
Pregando amando e lagrimando sempre.
Se da poca acqua consumar si vede
Per lunga pioggia il marmo duro e forte,
Perche non debbo ancor sperar mercede
Di tanti affanni e mia si dura sorte,
Che se pregando amando, ognor con fede
Leal servendo, e sospirando forte,
E lagrimando ognor con piu fermezza,
Non e si duro cor che non si spezza?
Se 'l tempo ha posto in te tanta bellezza,
Tempo te la torra senza ritorno:
Se 'l tempo m' ha legato in tanta asprezza,
Tempo convien che mi disciolga un giorno;
Se 'l tempo t' ha portato in tanta altezza,
Tempo t' abbassera con grave scorno,
Che 'l tempo e penitenzia e fin de' pianti,
E sol giustizia de' fedeli amanti.
Col tempo al fier caval si mette il freno,
E si dispiana ogni superba altezza:
Col tempo s' addolcisce ogni veleno,
E la molle acqua il duro marmo spezza:
Col tempo si fa in polve venir meno

Il diamante, e tanta sua durezza;
E sola in te non puo far cosa alcuna
Ne servitu ne tempo ne fortuna.
Se 'l tempo dona molto, il tempo toglie;
Se 'l tempo da piacer, il tempo attrista;
Se 'l tempo lega stretto, il tempo scioglie;
Se 'l tempo molto perde, il tempo acquista;
Se 'l tempo da allegrezza, il tempo doglie;
Se 'l tempo inforza, il tempo il sangue pista;
Se 'l tempo t'alza, il tempo ti sommerge;
Il tempo in somma ogni opera converge.
Ogni pungente e velenosa spina
Si vede a qualche tempo esser fiorita;
Crudel veneno posto in medicina
Piu volte torna l'uom da morte a vita.
Il fuoco ch'ogni cosa arde e ruina
Spesso risana una mortal ferita.
Cosi spero il mio mal mi fia salute,
Ch'ogni cosa che nuoce ha par virtute.
Ogni fiero animal nudrito in bosco
A qualche tempo pur conosce amore.
Ogni serpente con rabbioso tosco
Amor il vince, e placa il suo furore.
Ma questa ognor piu fredda la conosco,
Ne mai foco d'amor le scalda il core.
Contento son che sua belta non dura
Nimica ognor del cielo e di natura.
Porta la polve il vento in su le torre,
E benche in alto sia, polve si stima:
Poi presto presto con furor ricorre,
E la riporta in terra ov'era prima:
Cosi questa fortuna ognor discorre;
Ora t'abbassa, ed or ti porta in cima:
Ma se tua gran belta m'ha si sommerso,
Sappi ch'ogni diritto ha il suo riverso.
O soave sospir ch'uscendi fore
Dal casto petto de la mia nimica,
Dimmi qualche novella del mio core,
Che fa li drento, e come si nutrica?
Io tel diro; par che 'l governi amore,
Che fra sue belle membra ognor s'intrica;
E per aver si caro e degno loco
Di ritornare a te si cura poco.
Cor mio, si lieto in me tanto abitasti,
Perche mi lasci ingrato aspro e villano?
Te lasso, che a costei pria mi donasti!
Non ti ricorda, o vagabondo e vano,
Come si longo tempo mi lasciasti,
Che 'l viver senza cor mi par pur strano?
Strano sei tu, non sai d'amor la legge,
Che fuor d'ogni ragion suo stato regge?
Merce merce merce d'un cor contrito,
D'un cor piu che mai vostro, e fra voi giace
Un peccator del suo fallir pentito,
Che cada ne l'inferno al ciel non piace.
Dunque porta del mio corpo smarrito
Ch'ognor devoto vi domando pace;
E pur se 'l mio morir t'aggrada forte,
Con la mia propria man mi daro morte.
Ne la tua pelegrina alta figura
Mia morte scritta porti, e la mia vita;
Morte che tua belta mi da paura,
Che da me non si sdegna esser servita.
Questo poi mi tien vivo e rassicura,
Che un cor gentil non ha pieta smarrita;
Cosi in un punto m'assicuro e temo,
Arrosso, impallidisco, abbrucio e tremo.
Guardando a gli occhi tuoi morir mi sento
D'un morir dolce in loco aspro e tenace,
E senza te di me stesso spavento,
E cio che vedo al mondo mi dispiace;
Ma se stare e fuggir mi da tormento,
Davanti a gli occhi tuoi morir mi piace;
Perche convien tutta sua vita more
Chi peregrinamente amando more.
Peregrinando vo per mio destino
Per alti monti e dispietati sassi;
E per andar gran tempo peregrino
Son tutti i membri miei fiaccati e lassi;
Ch'io non m'accorsi de l'aspro cammino
Che fosse troppo longo a li miei passi:
Onde tornare indietro spesso provo,
Ma la via che ho fatta or non ritrovo.
Peregrinando vo di sasso in sasso
Disperso notte e di di monte in monte;
Sol solo, afflitto afflitto, lasso lasso,
Smarrito con la morte a fronte a fronte,
Pregando il ciel ognor di passo in passo,
Ch'ajuti me con le man giunte giunte,
Che dubito tornarmi al tutto al tutto,
Pian pian, stanco stanco, asciutto asciutto.
Se per andar peregrinando tanto
Di giorno in giorno ognor di terra in terra,
Giunger mai posso a quel beato santo
Che puo dar pace dopo longa guerra,
Forse porero fine al grave pianto,
Ed a l'aspro dolor che il cor m'afferra,
Perche servendo un cor di tanta fede,
Il giusto prego avra qualche mercede.
Questo e quel peregrin che vola in alto,
E fa de' cori uman si gran divoro,
C'ha trapassato il ciel con grave assalto,
E tolto ha me del piu beato coro;
E tanto mi sbatte di salto in salto,
Che qui fra l'unghie sue languisco e moro,
Sua preda son, che fui nel ciel divino,
Che nessun puo fuggir dal suo destino.
Quando mia lingua piu brama laudarte,
Piu si confonde e piu tua fama imbruna;
Chi spera tue virtu ponere in carte,
Cerca contar le stelle ad una ad una.
Non scerne ingegno uman minima parte
De la belta che in te sol si raduna.
Perche guardando il sol nostri occhi offende,
E tanto il vedi men quanto piu splende.
Donar non ti poss'io vago lavoro
D'oro, di perle, ne ricchezza alcuna,
Ma a me par doni assai ricco tesoro

Chi l' alma sua col cor franco vi dona:
Perche ricchezza, stato, argento ed oro
Tutti son sottoposti a la fortuna:
Sola e la fede al mondo un vero lume,
Ch' ogni altra cosa si risolve in fume.
  Spesso nascosti stan fra vaghi fiori
Aspidi crudi e venenosi serpi;
E spesse volte ancor li gran tesori
Stan sotto i sassi e sotto aridi sterpi;
Non si giudica l' uom per li colori:
Va dunque crudelta da te disterpi,
Che povertate ancor che si disprezza
Non guasto mai virtu ne gentilezza.
  Gridan vostri occhi al mio cor fora fora,
Che le difese sue son corte corte.
Su su, a sacco a sacco, mora mora,
Arda arda, al freddo al freddo, forte forte:
Io pian pian, dico dico, allora allora,
Vien vien, accorri accorri, o morte morte;
Or grido grido, alto alto, or muto muto,
Acqua acqua, al foco al foco, ajuto ajuto.
  Vien spesso amor sdegnato in fretta in fretta
Gridando contra me pur guerra guerra,
Con la sua cruda gente stretta stretta,
Gridando piglia piglia, afferra afferra,
Foco nel freddo petto getta getta
Questo misero core a terra a terra,
Che non mi val gridare al foco al foco,
Onde 'l mio cor s' arrenda a poco a poco.
  Spesso nel mezzo d' un bel fabbricare
Manca l' arena, ovver la calce bianca;
Spesso per lungo e forte cavalcare
In mezzo il corso il fier caval si stanca;
Spesso al buon navigante in mezzo al mare
Prima che giunga in porto il vento manca:
Cosi questa fortuna e si fallace,
Che tal crede volar che in terra giace.
  Si vuol pigliare il tempo come va,
E faccia pur fortuna il corso suo:
Sempre in un bel sereno il ciel non sta,
Da poi gran pioggia torna quel che fu;
Cosi questa fortuna or toglie or da,
Sue false rote mai fermar non puo:
Ma se del tutto il fin si guarda e spera,
Non giudicare il di fino a la sera.
  Questa fortuna che m' ha sotto il piede
Va rinfrescando ognor nuovi tormenti,
E non e stella in ciel ch' abbia mercede,
Mossa a pieta de' miei gravi lamenti,
Perche la barca mia carca di fede
Sempre e fra scogli e fra turbati venti,
E fatto son col mio crudel servire
Ricetto e magazzin d' ogni martire.
  S' io son caduto in terra, i' non son morto;
Ritorna il sol, benche talor si cele;
Spero mi dara il ciel qualche conforto,
Poiche fortuna avra sfogato il fele;
Chi ha visto nave ritornarsi in porto,
Da poi che rotte ha in mar tutte sue vele;
E 'l salce ancora il vento abbassa e piega,
Poi si raddrizza, e gli altri legni lega.
  Non sempre dura in mar grave tempesta,
Ne sempre folta nebbia oscura il sole;
La fredda neve al caldo poco resta,
Che scopre in terra poi rose e viole;
So ch' ogni santo aspetta la sua festa,
E ch' ogni cosa il tempo mutar suole;
Pero d' aspettar tempo e buon pensiero,
Che chi se vince, ben degno e d' impero.
  Fatto ha fortuna omai tutte sue prove
Per dismembrarmi ognor di pelo in pelo;
Convien la nave in porto si ritrove,
Poich' e sfogato il gran furor del cielo.
Torna sereno un di, non sempre piove,
Ne sempre mai le nube al sol fan velo;
E 'l vento abbatte in selva ogni alta cima,
E pur ritorna al suo stato di prima.
  Crudel fortuna, orribile furore,
Invidia falsa, al ben sempre molesta,
Vuoi pur che costei lassi, abbi l' onore,
Riparar non si puote a tua tempesta;
Ma sol dividi il corpo e non il core,
Che a tuo dispetto il cor con essa resta;
Ne saro mai d' amar madonna stanco;
Che vogli o no, d' ognun l' arbitrio e franco.
  Consumo la mia vita a poco a poco,
E non ardisco addimandar mercede
Per non uscir di questo ardente foco
Ch' e dolce molto piu ch' altri non crede:
Ma solo al mio bisogno amore invoco
Che riconosce la mia pura fede;
Che se ben ardo, spero ardendo forte,
Come fenice rinnovar mia sorte.
  Reggere il stato suo senza giustizia,
Deh guarda, amor, ch' egli e gran disonore:
Vedi questa crudel con sua nequizia
Che mi conduce a morte a gran furore:
Fagli sentir nel cor qualche mestizia,
Acciò conosca a prova il mio dolore;
Se mi tormenta or che la servo ed amo,
Giustizia, amor, giustizia, altro non chiamo.
  Se amor piu volte ha posto in foco ardente
L' aer la terra il ciel l' abisso il mare,
S' ogni indurato petto a lui consente,
Non creder, donna, da sue man campare:
Buttati fra sue braccia arditamente,
Che d' ogni cosa e forte il cominciare;
Perche quanto piu sprezzi ogni sua guerra,
Tanto piu forte alfin t' abbatte in terra.
  Sara per fin ch' il ciel mi serba in terra
Contesta la mia vita in foco ardente,
Purche costei la qual prigion mi serra
A qualche tempo mie catene allente;
Che se ben crudelmente il cor m' afferra,
Sol ripensando in lei martir non sente,
E giace a l' ombra d' un bel lauro verde
Che da alcuna stagion foglia non perde.
  Rendimi prima il cor che tu m' hai tolto,

E la mia libertà per te sbandita;
Strappa dal petto mio il lauro folto
Del lauro verde ov'è mia morte e vita,
E fa che da' tuoi lacci sia disciolto,
E ch'amor sani mia crudel ferita:
E s'io non piango poi del mio peccato,
Allor potrai ben dir ch'io sono ingrato.

26.

Andrea de Basso.

Sein Geburtsjahr ist unbekannt. Er stammte aus Ferrara, blühte um 1472 und starb um 1500. Die hier mitgetheilte eigenthümliche Canzone erwarb ihm grossen und bleibenden Ruhm.

Canzone.

Risorga da la tomba avara e lorda
La putrida tua salma, o donna cruda,
Or che di spirto nuda
È cieca e muta e sorda
Ai vermi dai pastura;
E da la prima altura
Da fiera morte scossa
Fai tuo letto una fossa,
Notte, continua notte
Ti divora ed inghiotte,
E la puzza ti smembra
Le sì pastose membra,
E ti stai fitta fitta per dispetto,
Come animal immondo al lercio stretto.
Vedrai se ognun di te mettrà paura,
E fuggirà come garzon la sera
Da l'ombra lunga e nera
Che striscia per le mura;
Vedrai se a la tua voce
Cedran l'alme pietose;
Vedrai se al tuo invitare
Alcun vorrà cascare;
Vedrai se seguiranti
Le turbe de gli amanti,
E se il dì porterai
Per dove passerai,
O pur se spargerai tenebre e lezzo;
Tal che a te stessa verrai in dispregio.
E tornerai dentro l'immortale bolge
Per minor pena de la tua baldanza.
La tua disonoranza
Allora in te si volge;
E grida: o sciaurata
Che fosti sì sfrenata:
Quest'è il premio che torna
A chi tanto s'adorna,
A chi nutre sue carne
Senza più giù guardarne,
Dove tutto si volve
In cenere ed in polve,
E dove non è requie o penitenza,
Fino a quel dì de l'ultima sentenza.
Dov'è quel bianco seno d'alabastro
Ch'ondoleggiava come al margin flutto?
In fango s'è ridutto.
Dove gli occhi lucenti
Due stelle risplendenti?
Ah che son due caverne
Dove orror sol si scerne.
Dove il labbro sì bello
Che parea di pennello?
Dove la guancia tonda?
Dove la chioma bionda?
E dove simmetria di portamento?
Tutto è smarrito come nebbia al vento.
Non tel diss'io tante fiate e tante?
Tempo verrà che non sarai più bella,
E non parrai più quella,
E non avrai più amante:
Or ecco vedi il frutto
D'ogni tuo antico fasto?
Cos'è che non sia guasto
Di quel tuo corpo molle?
Cos'è dove son belle
E vermi e putridume
E puzza e sucidume?
Dimmi, cos'è, cos'è che possa piue
Far a' tuoi proci le figure sue?
Dovevi altro amore chieder che amore,
Chieder dovevi al cielo pentimento.
Amor cos'è? un tormento;
Amor cos'è? un dolore
E tu gonfia e superba,
Ch'eri sul fiore ed erba
Che languon nati appena;
E te credevi piena
Di balsamo immortale:
Credevi d'aver l'ale
Da volar su le nubi,
E non eri che Anubi
Adorato in Egitto oggi e domane
In la sembianza di Molosso cane.
Fora giovo ch'io ti dicessi: vanne,
Vanne pentita a' piè del confessore.
Dagli: frate, io moro
Ne le rabbiose sanne
De l'infernal dragone,
Se tua pietà non pone
Argine al mio fallire.
Io vorrei ben guarire;
Ma sì mi tiene il laccio,
Che per tirar ch'io faccio
Romper nol posso punto;
Sì che oramai consunto
Ho lo spirito e l'alma, e tu pur solo
Toglierni per pietà fuori di duolo.
Allor sì che 'l morir non saria amaro,
Che morte a' giusti è sonno, e non è morte.
Vedesti mai per sorte
Patir chi dorme? raro
Raro chi non s'allevi

Dai sonni anche non brevi
Tu saresti ora in alto
Sopra il stellato smalto,
E di là ne la fossa
Vedresti le tue ossa
E candide e odorose
Come i gigli e le rose:
E nel dì poi de l' angelica tromba
Volentier verria l' alma a la tua tomba.
  Canzon, vanne là dentro
In quell' orrido centro;
Fuggi poi presto, e dille che non spera
Pietà chi aspetta di pentirsi a sera.

27.

Cariteo.

Ueber die Lebensverhältnisse dieses geistreichen und eigenthümlichen Dichters ist Nichts bekannt, als dass er in Neapel lebte, und um 1515 starb. Sein Canzoniere erschien 1506 zu Neapel im Druck unter dem Titel Endimione.

Canzone.

Qual odio, qual furor, qual ira immane,
Quai pianeti maligni
Han vostre voglie unite, or sì divise?
Qual crudeltà vi move, o spirti insigni,
O alme Italiane,
A dare il Latin sangue a genti invise?
Non stan omai sì fise
Le vostre menti in voglie in foco accese
D' esser superiori a vostri eguali;
O cupidi mortali
S' ardente amor vi chiama ad alte imprese,
Ite a spogliar quel sacro almo paese
De' Cristiani titoli.
E tu santa, immortal, Saturnia terra,
Madre d' uomini e Dei,
Ver barbari converti or l' empia guerra,
O mal concordi ingegni, o da prim' anni,
E dalle prime cune
Abborrenti da dolce, e lieta pace,
Perchè correte in un voler commune
Ai comuni danni,
Ed in comune colpa il mal vi piace?
Perchè non vi dispiace
Tinger nel proprio sangue or vostre spade?
Fu questo dato già dal fato eterno
Quando 'l sangue fraterno
Tinse 'l muro di quella alma cittade
Con quella fera invidia, ed impietade?
Ed or qual morbo insano
Ha pollute le membra giunte in uno?
E una con l' altra mano
Pugna senza sperar trionfo alcuno?
Se ciò che per virtù far si devria,
Si fa sol per argento,
E non per gloria mai guerra s' imprende;
Quanto mai può sperarsi ogni momento
Da lega a compagnia
Di chi lo proprio onor vende, e rivende,
Io so che tal m' intende
Che per gl' orecchi tiene un lupo iniquo,
Che 'l lasciar nè 'l tener non gli è sicuro.
O petto immite e duro,
Contra la tua, de' tuoi nemici amico,
Come non ti sovvien dell' odio antico
Che col primo Parente
Nacque? perchè no aspiri ad un bell' atto:
Che con perfida gente
E perfidia servar promessa o patto?
Che maledetta sia di quel Sydonio
L' ombra perversa, e sonte
Perfida alma crudel superba e dura,
La qual dell' Alpe ruppe il duro monte;
E nel bel piano Ausonio
Scese per forza, e fe' sì gran paura,
Che già l' alma natura
Avea munita la bella pianizie
Contra 'l superbo Gallico furore,
Or l' infinito ardore
D' imperio, or le private inimicizie
Han la via trita in pubblica pernizie.
Nulla cosa si mostra
Difficile a' mortali: il ciel tentiamo
Con la stultizia nostra:
Fulmina Giove, e noi non paventiamo.
Non parlo per cagion del proprio affanno,
Che 'n questa umil fortuna
Riposo più, che gli altri in sommo imperio.
Nè mi move a parlar paura alcuna
D' alcun privato danno,
Ma sol di pace ardente desiderio.
Che nel bel campo Esperio
Di Monarchia io veggio un Duca degno
Della preclara stirpe d' Aragona,
Ch' aspetta aurea corona
Non sol del proprio suo, ma d' altrui regno,
E duolmi che tal è di pena indegno
Che avrà dolor diversi.
Che 'l picciol sempre geme per discordia
De' grandi; e non dolersi
Del mal d' altrui mi par somma vecordia.
Ben fu senza pietà quel ferreo petto,
Quell' animo feroce
Che fu inventor del ferro orrendo e forte.
D' allora incominciò la pugna atroce
La venenosa Aletto;
E di più breve via per l' empia morte
Aperse le atre porte.
Ma non fu in tutto colpa di quel primo:
Che ciò che egli trovò nel bel aspetto
Incontro all' aspre fere
Noi nelli nostri danni or convertiamo.

Questo addivien (se 'l falso io non estimo)
Di fame di tesoro,
Ch' ogni petto mortal tiene cattivo:
Che pria che fosse l'oro,
Non era il ferro all' uom tanto nocivo.
Ahi pace, ahi ben dal ciel sì desiato!
Alma pace, e tranquilla,
Per cui luce la terra, e 'l ciel profondo:
Pace d'ogni cittade, e d'ogni villa,
D'ogni animal creato
Letizia, e gioja del sidereo mondo;
Mostra il volto giocondo,
E con la spica, e i dolci frutti in seno
D'Italia adombra e l'una e l'altra riva
Con la frondente oliva;
Ed in questo amenissimo terreno
Di Napol, dove 'l cielo è più sereno,
Ferma i tuoi piedi erranti;
Accendone fuor quiete eterna;
E con sicure chiavi
Chiudi la guerra alla prigione inferna.
Canzon, fra 'l Pado e l'Alpe
Vedrai quel glorioso Duca altero,
Che di pace, e di guerra in man le aurate
(Cosa il ciel volle) or tiene,
Digli che voglia omai vedere il vero,
E svegliar quel santissimo pensiero
Di pubblica salute;
Che per moderna, e per antica istoria
S' acquista per virtute
E non per signoria la vera gloria.

Sonetto.

Sì come io soglio, e come amor m' invita,
Alzai gli occhi a mirare intento e fiso
Quel volto che già vide in paradiso
Prima ch' entrasse l'alma in questa vita.
Simile il vidi a la bella infinita
D'angelica natura; al chiaro viso,
A la voce al rubino al dolce riso
A' i capei d'oro ed a l'età fiorita.
Allora vidi amor che in un momento
Mosse contra di me tutte quell' arme
Che mover suol ne le più forti imprese.
Qual ella per pietà del mio tormento
Lieta ver me volgesi a salutarme,
E con più viva fiamma il cor m' accese.

Sonetto.

Se giammai ponno al ciel prieghi mortali,
E se pietade, amore, in te si trova;
Manca del duol che sempre si rinnova
Dentr' il mio cor, o fa le fiamme eguali.
Come credi acquistar lode immortali
Per far contra di me l'ultima prova?
Poichè l'altrui martir tanto ti giova,
Non voler ch' io sol viva in tanti mali.
Drizza l'insegne a più famosa impresa;
Vinci costei che par sì dolce in vista,
E contra te fu sempre armata e forte.
Che gloria no, ma biasmo al fin s' acquista
Di pugnar contra cui non fa difesa,
E disarmato, incauto corre a morte.

Sonetto.

Per Dio, madonna, un dubbio mi solvete
Nel qual pensoso vaneggio, anzi mi doglio.
E' era forse questo l'ond' aspro orgoglio,
Che la salute ancor non mi rendete?
Qual sorte mia vi fa, che non vedete
Ch' altro che vostro amor di voi non voglio?
Ma de' begli occhi se più lagnar mi soglio,
Che già mai verso me non mi volgete.
Nel viso aperto, aperto il cor vi mostro,
Nel qual si vede ch' altro io non desio,
Ch' un dolce aspetto sol del lume vostro.
Resto sazio del desiderio mio
Poi che chi beve in gemma e dorme in ostro;
Tanto a ciascun giocondo è 'l suo desio.

Sonetto.

Sonno, d'ogni pensier placido oblio,
E degli affanni umani tranquilla pace;
Perchè fuggir da me tanto ti piace?
Non da cagione a [illegible] mio?
Lasso, che del mio cor fiamma son io,
Ch' ardendo, ne l'ardor son più vivace;
E del vegghiar cagione è l'empia face
Accesa dal superbo alto desio.
O forse il sonno vuol da me fuggire,
Temendo il foco mio vorace interno
Ch' arde e tormenta, e non può far morire?
Amor, tu 'l fai; che chi sotto 'l governo
Vive del regno tuo, non può dormire
Nè riposar se non col sonno eterno.

Sonetto.

Con lieta fronte amor dal clima esperio,
Per rinnovar le fiamme al gran desio,
Ch' io non disperi amor m' accenna, ond' io
Nel foco sento quasi un refrigerio.
Ah pietade, ahi dolore, ahi desiderio!
Sarà già mai ch' io rimiri al morir mio
Rivegga il volto in cui natura e Dio
Degno di lor mostraro il magisterio?
Ch' amor sia Dio, la terra e i cieli il sanno,
Così si canta per antiqua usanza;
Io 'l credo, che un tal Dio non sape inganno.
Ah mente errante in vana desianza!
Non ti fidar di lui; che quel tiranno
Per non perderti ancor ti dà speranza.

Sonetto.

È questa, o Pietro mio, quella selvosa
Selva, dove con suoi versi sonori
Di Lalage cantava i dolci amori
Quell'anima preclara anzi divina?
Sono queste l'acque ancor d'acqua vicina?
E 'l picciol campo fra campi maggiori?
Vivon sol de gl'ingegni i chiari onori:
Il tempo ogni altra cosa al fin ruina.
Tu, Pietro mio, quei luoghi almi e beati
Di mio nome saluta; anzi gli adora,
Che son dal vostro cuor or rinnovati.
[illegible] o riserbate a miglior ora
Dolci acque, ombrose selve, ameni prati;
Ch' di poeti un bel coro vi onora.

28.

Giovanni Rucellai.

Dieser ausgezeichnete italienische Dichter ward 1475 zu Florenz geboren, aus einem alten vornehmen Geschlechte entsprossen. Er erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung, trat in den geistlichen Stand, wurde Nuntius in Frankreich, dann [illegible] des Pabst Hadrian VI, und später unter Clemens VII Castellan der Engelsburg, wo er 1526 starb. Außer seinem vortrefflichen Lehrgedichte über die Bienen, schrieb er noch zwei Tragödien: Rosmunda und Oreste, die jedoch nur schwache Nachahmungen der Antike sind.

Le Api.

Libro sesto.

Mentr'era per cantare i vostri doni
Con alte rime, o verginette caste,
Vaghe angelette de le erbose rive,
Preso dal sonno in sul spuntar de l'alba
M'apparve un coro de la vostra gente,
E da la lingua onde s'accoglie il mele
Sciolsono in chiara voce este parole:
O spirto amico, che dopo mill'anni
E cinquecento rinnovar ti piace
E le nostre fatiche e i nostri studj,
Fuggi le rime, e 'l rimbombar sonoro.
Tu sai pur che l'immagin de la voce,
Che risponde dai sassi ov'Eco alberga,
Sempre nimica fu del nostro regno:
Non sai tu ch'ella fu conversa in pietra,
E fu inventrice de le prime rime?
E dei saper ch'ove abita costei,
Null'ape abitar può per l'importuno
Ed imperfetto suon parlar loquace.
Così diss'egli; poi tra labbro e labbro
Mi pose un favo di soave mele,
E lieto se n'andò volando al cielo.
Ond'io da tal divinità spirato
Non tenterò cantare i vostri onori
Con verso etrusco da le rime sciolto.
E canterò come il soave mele,
Celeste don, sopra i fioretti e l'erba
L'aere distilli liquido e sereno;
E come l'api industriose e caste
L'adunino e con studio e con ingegno;
Pappoi compongan le odorate cere
Per onorar l'immagine di Dio.
Spettacoli ed effetti vaghi e rari,
Di maraviglie pieni e di bellezze.
Poi dirò seguitando ancor siccome
I magni spirti dentro ai picciol corpi
Governin regalmente in pace e 'n guerra
I popoli, l'imprese e le battaglie.
Ne' piccoli soggetti è gran fatica;
Ma qualunque gli esprime ornati e chiari,
Non piccol frutto del suo ingegno coglie.
Già so ben io quanto difficil sia
A chi vuol derivar dal greco fonte
L'acque, e condurle al suo paterno seggio,
O da quel che irrigò la nobil pianta
Di cui vado or scegliendo ad uno ad uno
I più bei fiori e le più verdi frondi;
Di cui mi tesso una ghirlanda nuova,
Non per ornarsi come già le tempie
Fecero a l'età prisca i chiari ingegni,
Ma per donarla a quello augusto tempio,
Che 'n su la riva del bel fiume d'Arno
Fu da gli antiqui miei dicato a Flora.
E tu, Trissino, onor del bel paese
Ch'Adige bagna, il Po, Nettuno e l'Alpe
Circonda; deh porgi le tue dotte orecchie
A l'umil suon de le forate canne,
Che nate sono in mezzo a le chiare acque,
Che Quaracchi oggi il volgo errante chiama.
Senza te non fe' mai cosa alta e grande
La mente mia, e teco fino al cielo
Sento salire il susurrar de l'api,
E risonar per le convesse sfere.
Deh poni alquanto per mio amor da parte
Il regal ostro, e i tragici coturni
De la tua lacrimabil Sofonisba;
E quel gran Belisario, che fugando
I Goti, pose Esperia in libertade,
O chiarissimo onor de l'età nostra:
Ed odi quel che sopra un verde prato,
Cinto d'abeti e d'onorati allori,
Che bagna or un muscoso e chiaro fonte,
Canta de l'api del suo florid'orto.
Deh movi i labbri tuoi, donde parole
Escon più dolci, che soave mele,
Che versa il seno del tuo santo petto,
Immergi dentro al liquido cristallo,
Ed addolcisci l'acqua al nostro rivo.
Prima sceglier convienti a l'api un sito,
Ove non possa penetrare il vento,
Perchè 'l soffiar del vento a quelle vieta
Portar da la pastura a l'umil case
Il dolce cibo, e la celeste manna.
Nè lungo e dove pecorella pasca,
O l'importuna capra e' suoi figliuoli,

Ghiotti di fiori e di novelle erbette;
Nè dove vacche o buoi che col piè grave
Fragano le sorgenti erbe del prato,
O scuotan la rugiada da le frondi.
Ancora stian lontane a questo luogo
Lacerte apriche, e le squamose bisce,
E non l'ingemmi il verde e bel ramarro
Ch'ammira fiso la bellezza umana;
Nè rondinella che con destri giri,
Di sangue ancora il petto e la man tinta,
Preda col becco suo tenace e ingordo
L'api che son di cera e di mel carche,
Per nutrir a' suoi loquaci nidi;
Troppo dolce esca di sì crudi figli.
Ma sorgano ivi appresso chiari fonti,
O pelaghetti con erboso fondo,
O corran chiari e tremolanti rivi
Nutrendo gigli e violette e rose,
Che 'n premio de l'umor ricevono ombra
Dai fiori, e i fior cadendo infioran anco
Grati la madre, e 'l liquido ruscello.
Poscia adombri il vestibulo una gran palma,
O l'oliva selvaggia: acciocchè quando
L'aere s'allegra, e nel giovenil anno
Si ricomincia il mondo a vestir d'erba,
I re novelli, e la novella prole
S'assidan sopra le vicine frondi;
E quando usciti del regale albergo
Vanno volando allegri per le piagge,
Quasi gl'inviti il fresco ombroso seggio
A fuggir il calor del sole ardente:
Come fa un'ombra folta ne la strada,
Che par che inviti a riposar sott'essa
I peregrini affaticati e stanchi.
Se poi nel mezzo stagna un'acqua pigra,
O corre mormorando un dolce rivo,
Pon salci a traverso, o rami d'olmo,
O sassi grandi e spessi; acciocchè l'api
Possan posarvi sopra, e spiegar l'ali
Umide, ed asciugarle al sole estivo,
S'elle per avventura ivi tardando
Fosser bagnate da celeste pioggia,
O tuffate dai venti in mezzo l'onde.
Io l'ho vedute a' miei dì mille volte
Su le spoglie di [illegible] e di [illegible],
Di cui Zeffiro spesso il rivo infiora,
Affisse bere, e volve l'acqua intanto
L'ondanti foglie, che li par vedere
Nocchieri andar sopra barchette in mare.
Intorno del bel culto e chiuso campo
Lieta fiorisca l'odorata persa,
E l'appio verde, e l'umile serpillo,
Che con mille radici attorte e crespe
Sen va carpon vestendo il terren d'erba,
E la melissa ch'odor sempre esala;
La mammola, l'origano ed il timo,
Che natura crea per fare il mele.
Nè t'incresca ad ogn'or l'arida sete
A le madri gentil de le viole
Spegner con le fredd' acque del bel rio.
I vasi ove lor fabbriche fan l'api,
O sien ne' tronchi d'alberi scavati,
O 'n cortecce di sugheri e di querce,
Ovver con lenti vimini contesti,
Fa ch'abbian tutti le porticelle strette
Quanto più puoi; perchè l'acuto freddo
Il mel congela, e 'l caldo lo risolve;
E l'un soverchio, e l'altro nuoce a l'api,
Ch'amano il mezzo tra il calore e 'l gelo.
Nè senza gran ragion travaglian sempre
Con le rime dei lor vimini e lenti,
E con la cera fusile e tenace,
Di turar con grand'arte ad uno ad uno
I fori e le fessure donde il sole
Aspirar possa vapor caldi, o 'l vento
Il freddo boreal che l'onda indura.
Tal colla, come visco, o come pece,
O gomme di montani abeti e pini,
Serban per munizione a questo ufficio:
Come dentr' ai navali de la gran Terra
Fra le lacune del mar d'Adria posta,
Serban la pece la [illegible] gente,
Ad uso di lor navi e lor triremi,
Per solcar poi sicuri il mare ondoso,
Difensando la patria loro e 'l nome
Cristiano dal barbarico furore
Del re de' Turchi; il qual, mentre ch'io canto,
Muove le insegne sue contra l'Egitto
Che pur or l'aspro giogo dal suo collo
Ha scosso, e l'arme di Clemente implora.
Spesso ancor l'api, se la fama è vera,
Cavan sotterra l'ingegnose case,
O certe cavernette dentro a' tufi,
O ne l'aride pomici, o ne' tronchi
Aspri e corrosi de le antiche querce.
Ma tu però le lor rimose celle
Leggermente col limo empi e ristora,
E ponvi sopra qualche ombroso ramo.
Se quivi appresso poi sorgesse il tasso,
Sbarbal da le radici, e 'l tronco fendi
Per incurvare i lunghi e stridoli archi
Che gli ultimi Britanni usano in guerra.
Nè lasciar arder poi presso a quei lochi
Gamberi o granchi con le rosse squame,
E fuggi l'acque putride e corrotte
De la stagnante e livida palude,
O dove spiri grave odor di fango,
O dove da le rupi alte e scavate
Il suon rimbomba de la voce d'Ecco,
Che fu forse inventrice de le rime.
Poscia come nel Tauro il bel pianeta
Veste di verde tutta la campagna,
E sparge l'alma luce in ogni parte;
Quanto gradisce il vederle ir volando
Pei lieti paschi, e per le tenere erbe,
Lambendo molle più viole e rose
Su le tremanti e rugiadose cime,

Che non vede onde il lito, o stelle il cielo?
Queste posando appena i sottil piedi,
Reggonsi il corpo su le distese ali,
E van cogliendo il fior de la rugiada,
Che la bella consorte in grembo a Giove
Sparge dal ciel con le lattanti mamme,
Già vital cibo de la gente umana
Ne l'aureo tempo de la prisca etade.
Adunque l'api ne l'aprir de l'anno
Son tutte di dolcezza e d'amor piene;
Allor son vaghe di veder gli adulti,
E la dolce famiglia e i lor figliuoli;
Allor con artificio e 'ndustria fanno
Loro edificj e celle, e con la cera
Tesson celle angolette eguali a filo,
Lineando sei faccie; perchè tanti
Piedi ha ciascuna. O magisterio grande
De l'api architettrici e geometre!
Questi sono i cellari u' si ripone,
Per sustentarsi poi l'orribil verno,
L'almo liquor che 'l ciel distilla in terra,
E con sì gran fatica si raccoglie.
E se non ch'io t'adoro, o chiaro spirto
Nato presso a la riva ove il bel Mincio
Coronato di salci e di canne
Feconda il culto e lieto suo paese,
Poichè portasti a la tua patria prima
Le palme che toglieste al terren d'Ascra,
Che canta i doni de l'antica madre;
Io canterei come già nacque il mele,
E la cagion per cui le caste cere
Adunan l'api da cotanti fiori;
Per porgere alimento ai sacri lumi,
Ed ornar la sembianza alma e divina.
Ma questo non vo' far, perch'io non cerco
Di voler porre in sì grand' orme il piede,
Ove entrar non potria vestigio umano,
Ma seguo l'ombra sol de le tue frondi;
Perchè non dee la rondine d'Etruria,
Ch'appresso l'acque torbide si ciba
D'ulva palustre, e di loquaci rane,
Cantar col bianco cigno del bel lago,
Che i bianchi pesci suoi nutrisce d'oro.
  Quand' escon l'api dai rinchiusi alberghi,
E tu le vedi poi per l'aere puro
Natando in schiera andar verso le stelle,
Come una nube che si sparga al vento;
Contempla ben, perch'elle cercan sempre
Posarsi al fresco sopra una verde elce,
Ovver presso a un corrente e chiaro fonte.
E però sparga quivi il buon sapore
De la trita melissa, e l'erba vile
De la cerinta, e con un ferro in mano
Percuoti il cavo rame, o forte suona
Il cembal risonante di Cibelle.
Queste subito allor vedrai posarsi
Nei luoghi medicati, e poi riporsi
Secondo il lor costume entro a le celle.
Ma se talor quelle lucenti squadre
Surgono instrutte nei sereni campi,
Quando rapiti da discordia ed ira
Sono i lor re, poichè non cape il regno
Due regi fra i pargoletti insetti;
A te bisogna gli animi del volgo,
I trepidanti petti, e i moti loro
Vedere innanzi al maneggiar de l'armi;
Il che dimostra un marzial clangore,
Che, come suole il suon de la trombetta,
Sveglia ed invita gli uomini a battaglia.
Allor concorron trepide, e ciascuna
Si mostra ne le belle armi lucenti;
E col dente mordace gli aghi acuti
Arrotando, brunascon come a cote,
Movendo a tempo i piè, le braccia e 'l ferro
Al suon cruento de l'orribil tromba;
E stanno dense intorno al lor signore
Nel padiglione, e con voce alta e roca
Chiaman la gente in lor linguaggio a l'arme.
Poi quando è verde tutta la campagna,
Escono fuor de le munite mura,
E ne l'aperto campo si combatte.
Sentesi prima il crepitar de l'arme
Misto col suon de le stridenti penne,
E tutta rimbombar l'ombrosa valle.
Così mischiate insieme fanno un groppo,
E vanno orribilmente a la battaglia
Per la salute de la patria loro,
E per la propria vita del signore.
Spettacol miserabil e funesto!
Perciocchè ad or ad or da l'aere piove
Sopra la terra tanta gente morta,
Quante dai gravi rami d'una quercia
Scossa dai venti vanno a terra ghiande,
O come spessa grandine e tempesta.
I re nel mezzo a le pugnaci schiere,
Vestiti del color del celeste arco,
Hanno nei piccioli petti animo immenso;
Nati a l'imperio, ed a la gloria avvezzi,
Non voglion ceder nè voltar le spalle,
Se non quando la viva forza o questo
O quello astringe a ricoprir la terra.
Questi animi turbati, e queste gravi
Sedizioni, e tanto orribil moto
Potrai tosto quetar, se getti un pugno
Di polve in aria verso quelle schiere.
Ancora, avanti che si venga a l'armi,
Se 'l popol tutto in due parti diviso
Vedrai dal tronco d'un'antica pianta
Pender, come due poma o due mammelle
Che si spiccan dal petto d'una madre;
Non indugiar, piglia un frondoso ramo,
E prestamente sopra quelle spargi
Minutissima pioggia, ove si truovi
Il mele infuso, o 'l dolce umor de l'uva;
Che fatto questo, subito vedrai
Non sol quetarsi il cieco ardor de l'ira,
Ma insieme unirsi allegre ambe le parti,

E l'una abbracciar l'altra, e con le labbra
Leccarsi l'ale, i piè, le braccia, il petto,
Ove il dolce sapor sentisser sparso,
E tutte inebbriarsi di dolcezza.
Come quando nei Svizzeri si muove
Sedizione, e che si grida a l'arme,
Se qualche uom grave allor si leva in piede,
E comincia a parlar con dolce lingua,
Mitiga i petti barbari e feroci;
E subito fa portare ondanti vasi
Pieni di dolci ed odorati vini;
Allora segnan le labbra e 'l mento immerge
Ne le spumanti tazze; ognun con esso
S'abbraccia e bacia, e fanno e pace e tregua
Inebbriati da l'amor de l'uva,
Che fa obliar tutti i passati oltraggi.
Ma poichè tu da la sanguinosa pugna
Rivocato averai gli ardenti regi,
Fa che mora quel che ti par peggiore;
Acciocchè il tristo re non noccia al buono,
Lascia regnare un re solo a una gente,
Siccome ancor un sol Dio si trova in cielo.
E l'allegro vincitor con l'ale d'oro,
Tutto dipinto del color de l'alba,
Volerà per entro a le falangi armate
Accompagnato e intorno al regal seggio;
Siccome a l'età prisca in Campidoglio
Il console roman per la via Sacra
Accompagnato dal popol di Marte
Menava altieramente il suo trionfo.
Come son l'api di due varie stirpe,
Così sono i lor re diversi ancora;
Quello è miglior, le cui fulgenti squame
Rosseggiano, come al sol la chiara nube;
Ma quel che squallor livido dipinge,
E di poco valor, ch'appena dietro
Strascinar puossi il tumefatto ventre,
E così ancora è tutta la sua gente;
Che 'l popol sempre è simile al signore.
Ecco Voi che creato in terra un Dio,
Quanto questo si deve questa etade,
Perchè rendeste al mondo la sua luce!
Voi pur vedendo essere accolto in uno
Tutto 'l valor che potea dare il cielo,
Lo proponeste ed eleggeste duce
A l'alta cura de le cose umane,
Per far gregge simile al Pastore.
Il divo Julio, e fonte di clemenza,
Onde 'l bel nome di Clemente ha tolto;
Come potrebbe il mormorar de l'api
Mai celebrar le due divine laudi?
A voi si converria per tale chiare,
Non suon di canne o di sottile avena,
Ma celeste armonia di versi eterni
Ne' raggi di Febo e di tutti i lumi
Rinnoverassi de l'antiche frondi
Sotto 'l governo di sì gran Pastore,
Ornato di virtù tanto eccellente,
Che ne potesse rinnovarsi il mondo.
S'assembrerebbe de la sua bellezza.
Non prender dunque ne' tuoi floridi orti
Quel mele donde brutta gente nera,
Che par simile a quel che vien da lunge
Fra 'l polvere acciaccato dal sole,
Ch'appena il lato pon ch'ei tiene in bocca
Sputar in terra con le labbra asciutte.
Ma piglia quello che risplendon come
Le ricche oriental de l'inde perle,
Che porge il mare ove s'annida il Gange,
Lungo da tuoi pascoli e cavi specchi;
Che quindi al tempo poi più dolce mele
Premendo spremerai; nè sol più dolce,
Ma chiaro e puro e del color de l'ambra;
Atto a dolcir ciascuno acerbo frutto,
Nespole e sorbe, e l'agro umor de l'uva.
Ma quando poscia neghittoso gira
L'alato armento con le sue famiglie,
Scordandosi il tornare a i cari alberghi;
Tu puoi vietar questi voli erranti e vaghi
Senza fatica, e con un picciol pensiero,
Tarpando ai regi lor le tenere ali;
Perocchè senza i capitani avanti
Non ardiscono uscir fuor de le mura,
Nè dispiegar le lor bandiere al vento.
L'orto ch'aspiri odor di timo e d'erbe,
Le alletti, e quello Iddio che ha gli orti in
cura,
Le guardi e le difenda, e i ladri scacci
Col rubicondo volto e con la falce,
E gli animali rettili e volanti,
Che viver vogliono de le lor fatiche.
Il buon cultor de l'api con sue mani
Porti da gli alti monti il verde pino,
E la tragoncia ne' suoi floridi orti
Con le sue barbe svelte, e col nativo
Terreno intorno, sicchè non s'avveggia
La svelta pianta aver cangiato sito,
E piantili con l'onor a quegli intorni
Verdi, com'era ne la patria selva.
Così facemmo intorno a le chiare acque
L'avolo nostro ed io; così fu fatto
Dal padre mio ne la città di Flora.
A questo modo il tasso e l'amaranto
Dei trapiantare ancora, e quell'altre erbe,
Che danno a questa greggia suoi cibi,
E spesso adacquarle le lor radici,
Porgendo lor acqua di tenere rivola
Perchè a guisa d'un minuto eritro,
Che a viver debba nuovamente ei prendere,
Per cui si vedran le mille campagne
Con esse molte pone la sottil pianta,
Ed ornar tutte le incolte selvette
E dare come col pendente ventre
L'alvearia carcolata s'aggrava,
E quanti altri sapor soavi e grati
Nascono in acque, su l'erbe, su' fiori e 'n
valle,
Che con le proprie man lavora e pone

München

Et veder nelle l'ingegnosa terra;
Di dieci anni un albero selvaggio
Tagliato e fesso, e chiuso in le cime
Di domestiche piante, in breve tempo
Si maraviglia a riguardar se stesso
De l'altrui frondi e lor vestito e pomi;
Ma serbo questa parte ad altro tempo,
Volendo ora cantar l'ingegno e l'arte
Che 'l padre onnipotente diede a l'api;
Per esser grato lor, quando seguendo
Il suon canoro, e le squille del rame,
Pascero a l'antro ditteo gli dieron vitto,
E lo nutriron pargoletto infante
Di vital succo, e rugiadoso umore;
Al tempo quando il genitor dei Dei
Saturno antico divorava i figli.
E però diede loro il padre eterno,
Che avessero comune e lor figliuoli,
E le famiglie, e le città comune,
E che vivesser sotto sante leggi,
Correndo una medesima fortuna.
Sole conoscon veramente l'api
L'amor paterno de le patrie loro
Queste penati e lari dei tetti,
Prevedendo de gli orrendi tempi,
Si fan tutta la state a le fatiche,
Riponendo in comune i loro acquisti
Per goder quelli, e sostentare il verno;
Alcune intente al procacciar del vitto
Per la campagna florida ed erbosa
Discorron vaghe, compartendo il tempo.
Altre ne le secrete serrate e case
Il lacrimoso umor del bel narciso,
E la viscosa colla da le scorze
De' pruni sen raccolgono, e co' piedi
Pongon le prime fondamenta ai favi;
A cui sospendon la tenace cera,
E tessono le mura e gli altri tetti.
Altre il nascente seme allor nascosto
In sul bel verde, e 'n su i ridenti fiori,
Covan col caldo temperato e lento:
Alcune intorno al nuovo parto intente,
I nati figliuolin, ch'appena han moto,
Con la lingua figurano, e così senza
Gli allattan di soave ambrosia e chiara.
Parte quei, poi che son cresciuti alquanto,
Fuora aprono de gli aditi segreti,
Menano fuori, e con l'esempio loro
Gli mostran l'acque dolci, e i prati aprici,
E qual liquore, e qual sugo convenga.
Altre dispongon [illegible] de le lune
Che l'umido vapor del verno arreca,
Ripongon il pan nel dentro a le celle.
Sono alcune a cui la sorte ha data
La guardia de le porte, e queste stanno
Scambievolmente a speculare il tempo
Nel lume incerto de l'aereo globo;
Ove si forma e si dissolve ognora
Sereno e nube, e 'l bel tranquillo e vento,
Ovvero a tor le salme, e i gravi fasci
Alleggerir di chi dal campo torna
Carcate e chine sotto i serosi pesi.
E spesso fan di se medesme schiera,
E dai presepi lor scacciano i fuchi,
Armento ignavo, e che non vuol fatica.
Così divien quell'opera fervente,
E l'odorato mel per tutto esala
Soavissimo odor di fior di timo.
Come ne la fucina i gran Ciclopi,
Che fanno le saette orrende a Giove,
Alcuni con la forbice a due mani
Tengono la ferma candente massa,
E la rivolgon su la salda incude;
Altri levando in alto ambe le braccia,
Battendo a tempo con orribil colpi;
Altri ne alzando le bovine pelli,
Ed or premendo, mandan fuori il fiato
Grave, che stride nei carboni accesi;
Parte quando più bolle e più sfavilla,
Tuffano la massa ne le gelid'onde,
Infrenando il vapor del ferro ardente;
Onde rimbomba il cavernoso monte,
E la Sicilia e la Calabria trema:
Non altrimente fan le piccole api,
Se lecito è a' minimi animali
Assomigliare a' massimi giganti.
Ognuna d'esse al suo lavoro è intenta:
Le più vecchie e più sagge hanno la cura
Di munir l'alte torri, e far ripari,
E porre i tetti a l'ingegnose case,
Intonacando le comuni mura
Col sugo de l'origano e de l'appio,
Il cui sapor, come un mortal tossico,
Fugge lo scarabeo, fugge la talpa,
La talpa cieca che la musica odia,
Fugge il moscone e la formica alata,
La verde cantarella, e la farfalla
Più d'ogni altro animal nimica a l'api;
E mille mostri sottili, ed alati,
Che, quando il caldo l'umido corrompe,
La natura soverchia al mondo crea.
Tornan poi le minori ai loro alberghi
La notte stanche, ed han le gambe e 'l seno
Pieno di timo e di odorata menta,
Pieni di ginestre, rosmarini,
Di tremolanti canne e lenti salci,
Di serpollo e del bel fiore azzurro
Che tiene in mezzo a le sue foglie il croco
De la vittoriosa e forte palma,
Del terebinto e de l'umil ginepro
Che stilla degno sol de le sue gomme;
Del sanguigno giacinto, che nel grembo
Porta dipinto il suo dolore amato;
E di molti altri arbusti erbette e fiori,
Di cui rugiada liquida, che perle
Pare a veder sopra zaffiri ed oro,
Suggendo questo animaletto ameno
Colora, odora, e dà sapore al mele.

Tutte hanno un sol travaglio, un sol riposo.
Com' escon la mattina de le porte,
Non restan mai perfin che 'l ciel s'imbruni;
Ma poi, com'egli accende le sue stelle,
Tornansi a casa, e dei soliti cibi
Nutrono i loro affaticati corpi.
Sentesi il suono e 'l suo mormorar sovente
Nel vestibulo intorno a le lor porte;
Ma poichè ne le camere son chiuse,
Prendono ivi a bell'agio alto riposo
Con gran silenzio fino al nuovo giorno,
E 'l sonno irriga le lor lasse membra
Di profonda e dolcissima quïete.
Nè da le stalle mai si fan lontane,
Se veggono l'aere tenebroso e scuro,
O se 'l sol ne le nubi il piovoso austro
Dipinge, e mormorar sentan le frondi,
Messaggi certi di tempesta e pioggia:
Ma vanno se ne vanno intorno a casa
A pigliar l'acqua ai più propinqui fonti,
Con certi sassolini accolti in seno
Librandosi per l'aria, e con grand'arte
Secan le vane nubi e 'l mobil vento,
Come se fosser navi in mezzo l'onde,
Che 'l peso fermo fan de la zavorra.
Tu prenderai ben or gran meraviglia,
S'io ti dirò che ne' lor casti petti
Non alberga già mai piacer lascivo,
Ma pudicizia, e sol divino amore.
Nè partoriscon come gli altri insetti
Uova, nè seme di minuti vermi,
Premendo per dolore il materno alvo;
Ma sopra verdi frondi e fioriti giunchi
I nati figliuolini allora allora
Levano prima, e poi colgongli in grembo,
E gli nutriscon di celeste umore.
Nè solo esse qui vivon pure e caste,
Come le sacre vergini vestali
Al tempo antico de' Sabini e Numa;
Ma non voglion sentir fiato che spiri
D'impudico vapor, nè d'odor tetro
D'agli, porri, scalogni o d'altro agrume,
O di cui sopra sia forte e malgrado,
Che stomaco indisposto esali e rutti.
Però sia netto e terso e sobrio e mondo,
Qualunque ha in cura questa onesta prole.
Così il lor re con pargoletti infanti
Ch'esser den successori al grande impero,
Allevan regalmente, e regai seggi
Dentro gli fanno d'odorate cere.
Spesso sopra le pietre aspre e pungenti
Logoran l'api le gemmate penne,
Per la fatica consumate e rose;
E sotto ponderosi e ingiusti carchi
Danno spirando fuor del casto petto
L'anima stanca in su le patrie mura;
Tant'è l'amor che han, tant'è la gloria
Di generare a la sua patria il mele.
Ed esse, o per natura, o don di Dio,
Sebbene han picciol termine di vita,
Perchè non veggon mai l'ottava estate,
Son di stirpe immortal, e per molt'anni
Stan le fortune de le case loro,
E ponno annoverar gli avi de gli avi;
Servono gli Ottomanni oppressi i Turchi,
Luigi in Francia, o ne la Spagna Alfonso
Nè tanto amore e riverenza porta
La Gallia al re Francesco, nè la Fiandra
Al suo principe Carlo, e re di Spagna,
Ch'è ora eletto imperador di Roma,
Nè quei che bevon l'acqua del bel Gange,
Nè l'Egitto o la Persia ch'adora
I regi e 'l regal sangue come Dei;
Quanto portano l'api al lor signore.
Mentre il re vive, tutte hanno una mente,
Un pensiero, un desio, sola una voglia;
Morto, in un punto il popol senza legge
Rompe la fede, e 'l compilato mele
Son rapendo fra se medesme a sacco
Spiannan le case fino a le radici;
Che 'l re conserva e custodisce il tutto.
Egli è che dà le leggi, e che con pena
Ciò punisce, ciò con premi esalta,
Compartendo gli onori e le fatiche
Con giusta lance, e pareggiando ognuno.
Onde ognun per l'adora, ognun l'ammira,
Lo guarda, e in mezzo a lor serrato e stretto
Lo portan sopra gli omeri, e gli fanno
Ne la battaglia de' lor corpi scudo;
E spesso per salvare il lor signore
Voglion morir di gloriosa morte.
Da questo segno, e da sì bello esempio
Hanno creduto alcuni dotti ingegni,
Che alberghi in lor qualche divina parte,
Che con celeste e sempiterno moto
Muova il corpo, e l'incorporeo regga;
Perciocchè la grand'anima del mondo
Sta come auriga, e in questa nostra mole
Infusa, muove le sublimi sfere,
L'eterea piaggia, e quel dove si crea
Il folgore, la pioggia e la tempesta,
E la mostruosa macchina del mare
Sul grave globo de la madre antica.
Di qui gli uomini tutti e gli animali,
E gli armenti squammigeri, e i terrestri,
Le mansuete bestie e le selvagge,
Piccole e grandi, e tutti ed altri,
Aver prima principio, aver la vita,
Avere il moto, il senso e la ragione,
E certa providenza del futuro;
A questa ritornar l'anime sciolte,
Ed in questa risolversi ogni morto,
Per questa cosa celeste ed immortale
L'uomo in tutti i corpi dei viventi,
E ritornare al fin nel suo principio,
L'una a le chiare stelle, e l'altra al sole
Quindi sì bello e sì alto pensiero
Va permanendo piacevoli in loro,

Come ne' rispetto de gli umani ingegni,
Trovasse, con tua chiara e viva voce
Tu primo a' primi seggi; d' Acheronte
Ponesti sotto i tuoi lucidi piedi,
Scacciando la ignoranza dei mortali.
Ma non voglio ora ridir qui le tue lodi;
Ch' io starei troppo a ritornarmi a l' api.
Nel decente tempo che si miete
Il dolce frutto, e i lor tesori occulti,
Spargere converrai una minuta pioggia,
Soffiando l' acqua c' hai raccolta in bocca
Per l' aria, che spruzzata di sottil chioma;
E convienti aver ancor in mano un legno
Ferace, ch' abbia già fiamme, e porti fumo;
Che impedite da quel, non più durante
Sieno e distolte nel sottrarle il mele.
Due volte l' anno son feconde, e fanno
La lor ricolte pingui; e i lor figliuoli
Nascono in tanto numero, che pare
Che sian dal ciel piovuti sopra l' erbe,
L' una è, quando la rondine s' affretta
Sospender a le travi luto e paglia
De' dolci nidi, che di penne impiumano,
Per porre l' uova gentili, che 'l corpo
Non le può più patire, e mal devria
Gli verde i rondinin, che sente il ventre;
L' altra è, quand' ella prevede del tempo
Prima il Taygeto, e avverso in quelle parti
Ove son le reliquie di Cartago.
Ma perchè l' api ancor s' elle son molto
Abbi gran cura, quando sono oltraggio
Indegnamente han ricevuto a torto
Perocchè quando Dio crea l' amore,
Insieme a loro a lui pose lo sdegno,
Sicchè ben guarda, che nei piccol corpi
Non già piccol fiume da rabbia e d' ira
Ondeggia e bolle: e come acqua in caldaja,
Che sotto 'l negro fondo ha fuoco ardente
Fatto di schegge e di sermenti secchi,
Trabocca il bollor dai labbri estremi,
Che in se non cape, e le gonfiate schiume
Innondan sotto la stridente fiamma,
E 'l fuoco cuoce, e intanto un vapor negro
S' innalza, e vola come nube in aria;
Così fan l' api indegnamente offese.
Allora il mover lor rabbioso e infetto,
E si mortal veneno le infiamma il cuore,
Che le cieche saette entr' a le piaghe
Lascian insieme con la vita insieme.
Se tu poi temi il crudo sdegno del [illegible],
E se vuoi riparare per l' avvenire,
E compatire a gli animi contriti,
A le fatiche de l' afflitto gregge;
Non dubitar di profumar col timo
Ben dentro gli apiari, e col coltello
Recider le sospese e vane cere.
Perocchè spesso dentro ai cerei fori
La stellata lucertola dimora,
E mangia il mel con l' impetuoso morso.

Ancora dentro a gli apiari il fuco
Ignavo stassi, e senza alcun sudore
Si pasce e vive de l' altrui fatiche;
Come la pigra e scelerata setta
Ch' empie le tasche e 'l ventre di pane e vino,
Che qualche semplicetta vedovella
Toglie a se stessa ed a' suoi cari figli,
E dallo a loro timida e devota,
Credendosi ir per questo in grembo a Dio.
Fa poi che tu avvertisca al calabrone
Lor gran nimico, che per l' aere ronza,
Superiore assai di forze e d' arme;
Ed ancor a certa specie di farfalle,
Del mellifero gregge orrenda peste;
Ed a la Aragne odiata da Minerva,
Che tende i lacci suoi sopra le porte;
Ed a molt' altri mostruosi vermi
Che sogliono far de l' api aspra rapina.
Ma perchè in questi mostri ch' io narrando,
Non è maggior veneno nè più mortale,
Che quel de la farfalla; io voglio darti
Prima il mal ch' elle fanno, e poscia il modo
Che dei tenere a spegner questo seme.
Elle non solo a l' api son nemiche
Per abito per arte e per natura;
Ma ciò che trovan, ciò che di lor nasce,
È come peste del soave mele;
Che come la gran madre, anzi matrigna,
Il suo contrario ad ogni bene ha posto.
Dal nostro ventre esce un umor corrotto,
Ch' a dire è brutto, ed a tacerlo è bello.
Da questo nasce una visibil seme,
Che come fa morte, infetta i fiori e l' erbe,
La regal corte, e i pargoletti nidi;
Ancor la terra e l' acque e 'l fuoco e l' aria
Col fiato impestarebbe altro e corrotto,
Se non che corruttibil fu creato.
E però ti bisogna porre il tempo
Ne la stagion che son le malve in fiore,
Che allor tal verme con ale ampie e pallide
Di sonnacchiosi popoli germoglia;
Sicchè provedi, e spegni questo seme,
La sera, allor che l' aere è fatto oscuro,
Piglia un gran vaso, che sia stretto il fondo,
E largo sia dal piede, e poi si stringa
Nel mezzo, insin che la sua cima estrema
Venga in un punto, ove sia posto un lume;
Acciocchè render possa indi il vapore
In guisa di piramide rotonda.
Ma se non hai tal vaso, per quest' uso
Piglia l' ondato onde s' infonde il vino,
E ponlo poi fra le vacue malve
Col lume dentro, e stia su quattro assi
Quattro dita alto, acciocchè quella luce
Riluca fuor, che le farfalle alletta.
Non prima arà posato il vaso in terra,
Che vedrai venir per l' aere cieco,
E intorno il crepitar de l' ale ardenti,
E cader corpi semivivi e morti.

[illegible] il fumo esce fuor del cammino
Con tal fetor, che volterai la faccia,
Torcendo il naso, e starnutando [illegible].
[illegible] l'accorto, che prende il vaso
Di fuggir, e fassi poi questo a pensare,
Dove vedrai tutto quel popol morto,
Che sarebbe un spettacolo mirando
A quel gran [illegible] che produsse [illegible].
Come quando una vecchia antica casa
È abitata dal popol di Liguria,
Se 'n la sottana [illegible] s'apparecchia
Per qualche caso [illegible] il fuoco,
Tutta s'abbrucia l'[illegible] gente
In vari modi; e chi 'l petto e chi 'l collo
Ha monco, e chi le braccia, e chi del ventre
E quale è senza capo, e chi dal ventre
Manda fuor quelle parti, dove il cibo
S'aggira per mutar l'umana forma;
Così parranno allor queste vermi [illegible].
Ma se ne l'api tue vorrai [illegible],
Poiche sono sì [illegible] corpi,
Come noi mortali, son diversi umori;
Questo con chiari segni ti fia noto,
[illegible] in sul fiorir de l'olmo,
O del verde [illegible], che [illegible]
I corpi loro, come scemano i [illegible].
Allor le vedi impallidire in volto,
E farsi estenuate [illegible] e secche,
[illegible] a [illegible] e spoglie di [illegible];
E tra le vedi ancora i corpi morti
Portar di fuor da le [illegible] case;
Or [illegible] pendere da le porte,
E [illegible] aspettar l'ultimo fine;
Or [illegible] dentro a lor [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] e [illegible],
Con l'ale basse e le [illegible] al petto.
Allor si sente un susurro più grave
Fra loro, e un suono [illegible] e [illegible],
Come fa il vento ne le antiche selve,
O come stride il mormorar de l'onde,
O come fuoco in la fornace inclusa,
Ch'ondeggia e manda fuori orribil suono.
Qui ti consiglio soccorrere a gl'infermi
Con odori e profumi; [illegible] prima
Il galbano, e le gomme dei Sabei:
Ne l'[illegible] a volar [illegible] di mele
Per un canal di canna, invitando
Le stanche a la pastura, a l'usate chiare.
[illegible] ancor il mescolarvi insieme
Le rose secche, ovver la galla trita,
O la ben dolce e ben cotta sapa,
O [illegible], [illegible] pasta di [illegible],
O la centaurea col suo grave odore,
O l'odorato timo, che 'n gran copia
Nasce là dove fur le dotte Atene,
Che son or serve di spietata gente.
[illegible] ancor un [illegible] de' campi e [illegible],
Che [illegible] il [illegible] e [illegible].
E questo [illegible]

Di sapa, o di [illegible] sia dolce,
Ed in tale acqua porrai alcuni [illegible]
Di pura lana, e [illegible] come [illegible]
De [illegible] che dal ciel [illegible];
O [illegible] di [illegible] che [illegible]
[illegible] tagliati da [illegible] verde:
Ella si [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible] a galla, come [illegible];
Ella [illegible] da [illegible]
[illegible] a poco a poco il [illegible]
Che si diffonde [illegible] sotto,
Ne si [illegible] nel [illegible] lago.
Se [illegible] che non [illegible] sia [illegible];
Onde 'l [illegible] e [illegible]
S' [illegible] tutto in quel [illegible];
E [illegible] per tale [illegible]
Le [illegible] abbandonate e sole,
E gli [illegible] [illegible] di mele,
[illegible], e [illegible] e [illegible];
E [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible]
Per qualche caso, e [illegible]
Di la speranza di poter [illegible]
Per alcun luogo [illegible], io [illegible]
[illegible] e [illegible],
Che [illegible] [illegible]
Di [illegible] [illegible];
Come già fece il gran pastor d'Arcadia,
[illegible] dal [illegible],
Che per l'[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] quella [illegible]
Che [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
Che [illegible] per [illegible]
Popolo di Canopo, ove Alessandro
Pose l'alta città ch'ebbe il suo nome;
E quella [illegible] ne le [illegible]
Che la [illegible] de le [illegible]
[illegible], e le [illegible]
Quando [illegible] gli Indi
C'hanno i lor corpi [illegible],
[illegible] il [illegible] del verde Egitto,
E poi [illegible] per sette bocche in mare:
Questo paese intorno al Nilo
[illegible] il vento che si dice [illegible], che [illegible]
[illegible] l'api, e far [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Fatto e disposto sol per tale effetto,
E [illegible] questo d'[illegible] parte [illegible]
Di [illegible], e sopra un [illegible] tetto
D'[illegible], ed [illegible] ogni [illegible]
Apri [illegible] che [illegible]
Ai quattro [illegible] venti, onde [illegible]
La luce che [illegible]
E [illegible] a tutti gli [illegible];
Poi [illegible] [illegible]
Che [illegible] le [illegible],
E [illegible] di [illegible],
E [illegible] e la [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] fuori [illegible] fumo.

D' onde con rami ben nodosi e gravi
Tanto le battono, che [illegible] in terra;
E fatto questo, chiudile in quel loco,
Ponendo sotto lor [illegible] e salci,
E sopra cassia con serpillo e timo:
E nel principio sia di primavera,
Quando le grue tornando a le fredde alpi,
Scrivono per l' aer liquido e tranquillo
La biforcata lettera dei Greci.
In questo tempo da le tenere ossa
E tepefatto umor bollendo ondeggia.
O potenza di Dio, quanto sei grande,
Quanto mirabil! D' ogni parte allora
Tu vedi pullular quegli animali,
Informi prima, tronchi, e senza piedi,
Senz' ali, [illegible] appena il moto.
Poscia in un punto quel bel spirto infuso
Che vien da la grand' anima del mondo,
Spira e figura i piè, le braccia e l' ale,
E di voglia volante le punge e muove.
Ond' elle tutte rilucenti e belle
Spiegano a l' aria le stridenti penne,
Che par che sian una minuta pioggia
Spinta dal vento, in cui fiammeggi il sole;
O le saette lucide che i Parti
[illegible] prode, od ora i Turchi
Scoccan dai nervi de gl' incurvati archi.
Io già non posso a te di questi insetti
[illegible] per molti membri loro,
Che chiaman anatomia in lingua greca;
Tanto [illegible] de le piccole api;
E parrebbe incredibil, s' io non [illegible]
[illegible] lor [illegible] come [illegible],
Che son quasi invisibili ai nostri occhi;
Ma s' io ti dico l' instrumento e 'l modo
Ch' io trovai, non parrà impossibil cosa.
Dunque se vuoi saper questo bel modo,
Prendi un bel specchio lucido e scavato,
In cui la piccol forma d' un fanciullo
Ch' uscito sia pur or del materno alvo,
Ti sembri ne la vista un gran colosso,
Simile a quel del sol che stava in Rodi,
O come quel che fabbricar già volse
Dinocrate architetto per scolpire
La smisurata immagine d' Alessandro
Nel dorso del superbo monte d' Ato.
Così vedrai moltiplicar la immago
Dal concavo riflesso del metallo
In guisa tal, che l' ape sembra un drago,
Od altra bestia che la Libia mena.
Indi potrai veder come vid' io,
L' organo dentro articolato e breve,
La sua forma, le braccia, i piè, le membra
[illegible], le pennute e gemmate ale,
Il rostro o proboscide, come hanno
Gl' indi elefanti, onde con esso sugge
Dal [illegible] verde, e prende i [illegible]
Ancor se vedi ancor l' occulta spada
Ne la vagina che natura ha fatta.
Per la salute loro e del suo rege.
Truovasi scritto poi quel ch' io non vidi,
Sebbene io le osservai per molte etadi,
Che 'l re la spada sua ch' ei tiene al lato,
La tien per scettro, e mai però non l' usa:
Quasi ammonendo ognun che popol regge,
Ch' adoprar debba il senno, e non la spada.
Ma perchè 'l tempo fugge, e mai non torna,
Troppo ne spendo mentre che l' amore
Mi spinge a investigar tutti i secreti;
E questo or basti a riparar la stirpe.
Poi resta a dir come le sommerse api
Si possan rivocar da morte a vita.
Tu prenderesti, Trissino eccellente,
Gran meraviglia da le mie parole,
Se non sapessi i fisici secreti,
E la natura de le cose occulte;
Pur un miracol grande io vo' narrarti,
Non già per insegnare a chi altrui insegna,
Ma sol per porre il suo fastigio al tempio.
Quando repente un tempestoso nembo
Per l' aere si condensa, e 'l cielo oscura,
E si preme dappoi, come una spugna
Che sia gravida d' acque, in folta pioggia;
Quindi si bagnan l' api in un momento,
E poi non possendo il mele incarco,
Saran prostrate come morte a terra,
Di lor coprendo tutta la foresta:
Allor tu con le dita pure e caste
Raccogli leggermente i corpi morti
In una tua conchetta, o in un vasello
Ben netto, e ponvi sopra un bianco panno
Ch' esali intorno il grato odor del timo,
E stendile sovr' esso ad una ad una.
Nel riguardare avrai gran meraviglia
L' aurato pavimento adorno e pinto,
Che fanno i corpi lor di color mille;
Qual madreperla, ovver testudin inda,
Segate in sottil lamine polite.
Quando le avrai così raccolte insieme,
Fa che tu curi ancor d' aver riposto
Nel tuo tesoro, non argento o gemme,
Ma cener puro di silvestre fico,
Più possente rimedio e più salubre,
Che non son quei del fisico Galeno,
Nè del gran Coo, ch' è padre di tal arte.
Questa polvere poi tepida alquanto
Spargerai sopra le già morte genti,
Voltando il vaso dove raggia il sole;
Ma s' egli è nube, fa che veggia il fuoco.
Vedrai un gran miracolo apparire
Qui, che s' ei fosse sopra corpi umani,
S' affretterebbon le pietose madri
Di sospender le cere e i voti al tempio.
Però ch' allor vedrai tornar la vita
A quel defunto popolo sommerso,
Il cui principio non appare al senso;
Come interviene a chi tien gli occhi fisi,
Credendosi vedere aprirsi un fiore:

Che pria ne l'api il tremolar de' corpi
Si vede, e poscia il mormorar si sente
Subito, e lo stridor de l'ale pitte;
Onde levate in aria, e fatta schiera,
Risuscitate da l'orribil morte,
Ritornano a veder gli aviti regni.
Ma tempo è ch'io ritorni al tristo Oreste
Con più sublime e lagrimoso verso,
Come conviensi ai tragici coturni.

29.

Jacopo Sannazaro

Jacopo Sannazaro ward am 28. Juli 1458 in Neapel geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung, und zeichnete sich schon früh so durch seine Fähigkeiten und sein Streben aus, daſs ihn Pontanus zum Mitgliede seiner noch jungen Akademie machte, in welcher er sich den Namen Actius Sincerus beilegte. Freundlich am Hofe der Könige von Neapel aufgenommen, begleitete er Alphons II. in den Krieg und Friedrich in sein freiwilliges Exil nach Frankreich. Erst nach dem Tode des Letzteren kehrte er in seine Vaterstadt zurück, wo er, auch von den neuen Herrschern geehrt und geliebt, 1530 starb. Sannazaro hinterlieſs in italienischer Sprache seinen in Prosa mit eingestreuten Versen geschriebenen Schäferroman l'Arcadia sowie viele lyrische Gedichte; in lateinischer dagegen ein geistreiches Gedicht de partu Virginis, Oden, Eklogen u. s. w., den letzteren legte er selbst, obwohl mit Unrecht, grössern Werth bei als den ersteren.

Sonetto.

Vinto da le lusinghe e da gl' inganni
Del dolce sonno, ond' alcun tempo Amore
Mi tenne in bando e 'n tenebroso errore,
Tal che ne piansi già molti e molt' anni;
Signor mio caro, i' vidi di bei panni,
E d'un novello e florido colore
La terra rivestirsi in quel vigore
Qual era in sul principio de' miei danni.
Poi vidi voi sovr' un bel carro aurato
Adorno sì de le famose fronde,
Ch' io dissi: il secol prisco è rinovato.
E 'l sol non si affrettava intrar ne l'onde,
Quasi godendo del vostr' alto stato.
O notti liete, o vision gioconde!

Canzone.

O fra tante procelle invitta e chiara
Anima gloriosa, a cui Fortuna
Dopo sì lunghe offese al fin si rende;
E benchè da le fasce e da la cuna
Torda venisse a te sempre ed avara,
Nè corra ancor quanto il dover si stende;
Pur fra se stessa danna oggi e riprende
La 'ngiusta guerra, e del suo error si pente;
Quasi già d'esser cieca or si vergogni:
Onde, perchè tardando non si agogni
Tra speranze dubbiose inferme e lente,
Benigna ti consente
La terra e 'l mar con salda e lunga pace:
Che raro alta virtù sepolta giace.
Ecco che 'l gran Nettuno, e le compagne
De la bella Anfitrite, e 'l vecchio Glauco
Sotto al tuo braccio omai quieti stanno;
E con un suon soavemente rauco
Per le spumose e liquide campagne
Sovra a' pesci fermati ignudi vanno
Ringraziando Natura il giorno e l'anno
Ch' a sì raro destino alzaron l'onde;
Tal che Proteo, benchè si posi o dorma,
Più non si cangia di sua propria forma;
Ma in su gli scogli assiso, ov' ei s' asconde,
Chiaramente risponde
A chi 'l dimanda senza lacci o nodo,
E de' tuoi fatti parla in cotal modo:
Questi che qui dal ciel per grazia venne
Sotto umana figura a far il mondo
Di sue virtuti e di sua vista lieto,
Empierà di sua fama a tondo a tondo
L' immensa terra; e di se mille penne
Lascerà stanche, e tutto il sacro ceto
Sicchè Parnaso mai nel suo laureto
Non sentìo risonar sì chiaro nome,
Nè far d'uom vivo mai tanta memoria;
Nè con tal pregio unqua trionfo e gloria,
Dopo vittoriose e ricche some
Vide mai cinger chiome
Di verde fronda come il dì ch' io parlo;
Che 'l ciel a tanto ben volse serbarlo.
Ben provvide a' dì nostri il Re superno,
Quando a tanto valor tanta beltade,
Per adornarne il mondo, insieme aggiunse.
Felice altera e gloriosa etade,
Degna di fama e di pregio eterno,
Che di nostra aspra sorte il ciel compunse,
E per cui sola il vizio si disgiunse
Da' petti umani, e sola virtù regna
Riposta già nel proprio seggio antico,
Onde gran tempo quello suo nemico
La tenne in bando, e ruppe ogni sua insegna:

Or onorata e degna
Dimostra ben, che se in esilio visse,
Le leggi di lassù son certe e fisse.
Chi potrà dir fra tante aperte prove,
E fra sì manifesti e veri esempi,
Che de le cose umane 'l ciel non cure?
Ma 'l viver corto, e 'l variar de' tempi,
E le stelle qui tarde, e preste altrove,
Fan che la mente mai non s' assecure.
A questo e le speranze e le paure
(Siccome ognun del suo veder s' inganna)
Tiene il cor, che da se stesso e 'nganna,
A creder quel che 'l volgo cieco e sordo
Pur la consiglia, e poi gli occhi gli appanna;

E poi fra sè condanna
Nò 'l proprio error, ma 'l cielo e l'alte stelle,
Che sol per nostro ben son chiare e belle.
O qual letizia fia per gli alti monti,
Se a' Fauni mai tra le spelunche e i boschi
Arriva il grido di sì fatti onori!
Usciran de' suoi nidi ombrosi e foschi
Le vaghe ninfe, e per le rive e i fonti
Spargeran di sue man divini odori.
In tutti i tronchi, in tutte l'erbe e i fiori
Scriveran gli atti e l'opre alte e leggiadre,
Che 'l faran vivo oltra mille anni in terra:
E se in antiveder l'occhio non erra,
Tosto fia lieta quest' antica madre
D'un tal marito, e padre,
Più che Roma non fu de' buoni Augusti;
Che 'l ciel non è mai tardo a' preghi giusti.
Benigni Fati, ch'a sì lieto fine
Scorgete il mondo e i miseri mortali,
E gli degnate di più ricco stame;
Se mitigar cercate i nostri mali,
E risaldar li danni e le ruine,
Acciocchè più ciascun vi preghi ed ame;
Fate, prego, che 'l cielo a sè non chiame
(Fin che Natura sia già vinta e stanca)
Questo ch'è di virtù qui solo esempio;
Ma di voi fede in terra un sacro tempio
Lasci poi ne l'età matura e bianca:
Che se la carne manca,
Rinnova il nome. E così detto, tacque,
E lieve e presto si gittò ne l'acque.
Su l'onde salse, fra' beati scogli
Andrai, Canzon: che 'l tuo Signore e mio
Ivi del nostro ben pensoso siede.
Bacia la terra, e l'uno e l'altro piede;
E vergognosa escusa il gran desio
Che m'ha spronato; ond'io
In dimostrar il cor ardo e sfavillo
Al mio gran Scipione, al mio Cammillo.

Sonetto.

Così dunque va il mondo, o fere stelle?
Così giustizia il ciel governa e regge?
Quest'è 'l decreto de l'antica legge?
Queste son l'influenze eterne e belle?
L'uomo ch'a virtù son più rubelle,
Fortuna esalta ognor tra le sue gregge;
E quelle per cui 'l vizio si corregge,
Soggette espone a venti ed a procelle.
Or non devria la cara alma beltade,
Li divini costumi, e 'l sacro ingegno
Alzar costei sovr'ogni umana sorte?
Destino il vieta; e tu, perverso indegno
Mondo, il consenti. Ahi cieca nostra etade!
Ahi menti de' mortali oblique e torte!

Sonetto.

Una nova angioletta a' giorni nostri
Nel viver basso apparve altera e schiva;
E così bella poi, lucente e viva
Tornò volando a li superni chiostri.
Felice ciel, tu chiaro or ti dimostri
Del lume onde la terra è oscura e priva:
Spirti ben nati, e voi l'alma mia Diva
Lieti vedete ognor con gli occhi vostri.
Ma tu ben puoi dolerti, o cieco mondo:
Tua gloria è spenta, il tuo valore è morto,
Tua divina eccellenza è gita al fondo.
Un sol rimedio veggio al viver corto;
Che avendo a navigar mar sì profondo,
L'uom raccolga la vela, e mora in porto.

Canzone.

In quel ben nato avventuroso giorno
Ch'Amore a gli occhi miei sì vago apparse,
E di novella fiamma il mio cor arse,
Vidi ir per terra (o chi mel crede?) un sole,
E co' bei piedi ornarla d'ogn'intorno
(Fortunato soggiorno)
Di pallidette e candide viole.
Ond'io ch'udiva il suon de le parole,
E vedea 'l raro portamento adorno;
L'odor seguendo e la bell'aria e 'l nome,
Sentii legarmi da le sparte chiome.

Canzone.

Ben credev'io che nel tuo regno, Amore,
Fossin frodi ed inganni;
Ma non tanti tormenti e sì diversi.
Or veggio un carcer pien di cieco errore,
Di sospiri e d'affanni;
Che maledico il dì che gli occhi apersi
Misero, a che l'offersi
Senza conoscer pria tua mente cruda,
L'alma semplice e nuda?
Allor foss'ella di suo albergo uscita;
Che bello era il morire in lieta vita.
Chi pensò mai che dentro a duo begli occhi
Tante faville ardenti,
Tante reti e lacciuoli fussin tesi?
Quante fiate avvien che l'arco scocchi,
Tante trovi dolenti,
Tanti volti cattivi al varco presi.
Lasso, che male intesi
Quel che la mente peregrina e vaga,
Già del suo mal presaga,
Parlava al cor che palpitava forte
Dicendo: ecco il tremor di nostra morte.
Qual meraviglia ebb'io, quando in un punto
L'alma confusa e calda
Sentii senza vedere altro sembiante!
Era 'l colpo mortal passato, e giunto
Ne la più intera e salda

Parte del cor, difesa d'un diamante.
Ahi stolta voglia errante!
Io che mi strugge, un che m' ancide adoro,
E per lui vivo e moro;
Nè pur dal cieco e folle desir mio,
Ma da l'ingordo mondo è fatto Dio.
Qual pregio, qual onor, qual tanta gloria
Ti sprona a far tue prove
Non con tuoi par, ma contra uom pur mortale?
Qual palma o spoglie avrai di tal vittoria?
Quali inaudite e nuove
Lodi? qual carro aurato e trionfale?
Or t'innalza su le ale,
E scrolla l'arco, e lauri assai più cari:
Che sei famoso e chiaro
Per aver vinta sì leggiadra impresa,
Spirito inerme senza far difesa.
E perchè ancora lamentar conviemmi
De la mia cruda donna,
Che di tanti pensier il petto m'empie;
Dico che 'l dì che tal percossa diemmi,
Che mi passò la gonna
Insino al cor con piaghe acerbe ed empie,
Tal che pria queste tempie
Imbiancheranno, ch'io saldar le senta;
A pena fu contenta,
Ch'io respirasse al colpo del suo dardo;
Ma fuggì presta più che tigre o pardo.
Da quel dì in qua per selve e per campagne
Magro e pallido in vista
Son gito, morte o libertà bramando.
Ma perchè dopo il danno in van si piagne,
Acqueta l'alma trista,
Che dì e notte va sempre sospirando;
Ma non sì, che pensando
Non torni a' suoi dolori alcuna volta.
Così di pene involta
Conviem ch'odii la vita, e si distempre:
Che via meglio è 'l morir, che pianger sempre.
Quante fiate, lasso, in questo stato
Al mio fiero destino
Ho dato biasmo, ed a le crude stelle?
Ma che colpa è del cielo, o del mio fato,
O del voler divino,
Se voi, occhi mortal, miraste quelle
Forme celesti e belle?
E 'l cor già vago di sua morte, corse
Al foco, ove ora in forse
Sta di sua vita, e di peggiore ha tema:
Che più pesa è 'l tardar, che l'ora estrema.
Canzon, se in alcun bosco
Ti fermi, del mio mal non far parola;
Ma peregrina e sola,
Come dolente e disperata andrai;
E per cammin nessun salutarai.

Sonetto.

Dolce amaro, pietoso irato sdegno,
Pien di strana mestizia leggiadria,
Che 'n caldo ardor di fredda gelosia
Mi stringi, e forzi Amor nel proprio regno;
Tu le mie tempie innasti, ahi fiero pegno,
Crudel membranza in sì lontana via!
Di quelle amate piante che fer pria
Diadema al vincitor del sacro legno.
Lasso, questo è 'l ristoro de' miei danni?
E 'l pieno guiderdon de' miei martiri?
Questa è la fede dopo tanti inganni?
Spento foss'io, se non da' miei prim'anni,
Almen dal cominciar di tai sospiri:
Che ben finisce chi non prova affanni.

Sestina.

Spente eran nel mio cor l'antiche fiamme,
E da sì lunga e sì continua guerra
Dal mio nemico omai sperava pace;
Quando a l'uscir de le dilette selve,
Mi sentii ritener da un forte laccio
Per cui cangiar conviemmi e vita e stile.
Lingua non poria mai narrar nè stile,
Quante spine pungenti e quante fiamme
Eran d'intorno al periglioso laccio;
Ond'io scorgendo i segni d'altra guerra,
Pensai di rinascondermi a le mie selve,
Tosto che disperai d'impetrar pace.
O fiere stelle, omai datemi pace;
E tu, Fortuna, muta il crudo stile:
Rendetemi a' pastori ed a le selve,
Al cantar primo, a quelle usate fiamme:
Ch'io non son forte a sostener la guerra,
Ch'Amor mi fa col suo spietato laccio.
Non per viver, signor, fuor del tuo laccio,
Ma per menar queste poch'ore in pace,
Prego non duri sì la 'ndegna guerra;
Ch'io tornar possa al mio rustico stile,
Ed acquetar le ardenti occulte fiamme,
Che nè città poter mi fan nè selve.
Tempo fu ch'io cantai per poggi e selve,
E cantando portai nascoso il laccio:
Poi piacque al ciel sottrarmi a quelle fiamme
Ed a' colli sempre promettere pace.
Allor m'accosto ad un più raro stile,
Non credendo giammai più sentir guerra.
Or veggio, lasso, che di guerra in guerra
Mi strazia amor, benchè per altre selve,
E seguir mi fa pur l'antico stile,
Tal ch'i' non spero uscir de l'empio laccio,
Nè trovar a' miei dì tranquilla pace,
Ma finir la mia vita in queste fiamme.
Nuovo amor, nuove fiamme, e nuova guerra
Sento, da pace escluso e da le selve,
E nuovo laccio ordir con nuovo stile.

Sonetto.

Candida e bella man, che sì sovente
Fra' bei lumi leggiadri ti attraversi,
E lagrime dai miei sì spesso versi,
Che rinfrescar devrian la piaga ardente;
Già ti vid' io passar soavemente
Il dì che la tua luce non soffersi
A ragionar i be' capei dispersi,
Che mi stan sì scolpiti or ne la mente.
Ma chi potea pensar d'un netto avorio
Veder mai foco uscir tanto vivace?
O chi far ver presagio di sua morte?
Mano, sola cagion per ch' io mi glorio
Del viver mio così penoso e forte,
Quando avrò mai teco io qualche pace?

Canzone.

Or son pur solo, e non è chi m' ascolti
Altro che sassi, e queste querce amiche,
Ed io, se di me stesso oso fidarme.
O secretarj di mie pene antiche,
A cui son noti i miei pensier occulti,
Potrò fra voi sicuro or lamentarme?
Poi che non trovo altr' arme
Contra ai colpi d' Amor che preme e sforza
Questa frale mia scorza
A soffrir più ch' uom mai soffrisse in terra;
Tal che, se l' aspra guerra
Porta non tempra, il sol morir m' è gioja:
Che a chi mal vive, il viver troppo è noja.
Certo le fiere e gli amorosi augelli,
E i pesci d' esto ameno e chiaro gorgo
Il sonno acqueta e l' aria e i venti e l' acque;
Sola tu, luna, vegli: e ben mi accorgo
Che ver me drizzi gli occhi mesti e belli;
Nè mai la luce tua com' or mi piacque.
Tu sai ben quando tacque
La lingua mia, e quando in se ritenne
Dal dì che ad arder venne
L' anima serva in questo carcer fosco,
Or che 'l mio mal conosco;
Che 'l desir via più cresce, e mancan gli anni;
Cominciò teco a contar miei danni.
Quante fiate questi tempi a dietro,
Se ben or del passato ti rammembra,
Di mezza notte mi vedesti qui solo?
A pena allor traea l' afflitte membra
Per fuggir un pensier noioso e tetro
Che fea star l' alma per levarsi a volo;
E per temprar mio duolo,
Credendo che 'l tacer giovasse assai,
Non t' apersi i miei guai:
Ma se 'l tuo cor sentì mai fiamma alcuna,
E sei pur quella luna
Ch' Endimion sognando fe' contento;
Conoscer mi potesti al gir sì lento,
Che potea far, se d' ogni speme in bando,
E dal dolor mi vedea preso e vinto,
E 'l sonno era nemico a gli occhi miei?
Talor in queste selve risospinto
Scrivea di tronco in tronco sospirando
De la mia donna il nome: e ben vorrei
Che fosse or noto a lei:
Forse quel core adamantino e fiero,
Non resistendo al vero,
A pietà si movesse di mia sorte,
E mi togliesse a morte:
Che sol' ella il può far con sue parole;
E 'n tanta pioggia mi mostrasse il sole.
Tal guida fummi il mio cieco desio,
Ch' al laberinto, il qual seguendo fuggo,
Mi chiuse; onde non esco omai per tempo,
Nè questo incarco, sotto 'l qual mi struggo,
Mi parrebbe sì grave al creder mio,
Se guiderdon sperasse in alcun tempo.
Ma perch' ognor m' attempo,
E quella dolce mia nemica acerba
Di dì in dì più superba
Ver me si mostra, e non veggio altro scampo;
Corro senz' arme al campo
Per far, lasso, di me l' ultima prova:
Che bel fin è morir com' uom si trova.
Che spero io più, se non di pianto in pianto
Varcar mai sempre, e d' uno in altro strazio?
Sì mi governa Amor, fortuna e 'l cielo.
E benchè io non sia mai di pianger sazio,
Pur mi rileva lo sfogare alquanto,
Perch' in silenzio sol non cangi il pelo.
Scusar non posso il velo,
E la man bianca, e i be' capei che spesso
Mi fanno odiar me stesso,
Quando fra 'l volto inordinati e sparsi
Mi sono invidi e scarsi
Di que' begli occhi, ov' io mirando fiso,
Sento qual sia 'l piacer del paradiso.
Lasso, chi porria mai ridire a pieno
Quel che questa affannata infelice alma
Notte e dì prova al foco ov' ella è d' esca?
La vita a lei noiosa e grave salma
Non può per tanti affanni venir meno;
Ma più s' indura, perchè 'l duol più cresca.
Nè par che vi rincresca,
Invide stelle: anzi 'l mio mal vi piace:
Che s' a le prime fasce
Chiusi avess' io quest' occhi, era assai meglio
Andar fanciul, che veglio:
Che desiar non dee più lunga etade
Chi può giovin morire in libertade.
Canzon, se tua ventura

Ti guidasse dinanzi a la mia donna,
Gittati a la sua gonna
Con riverenza, ed umilmente piagni
Tanto, che 'l lembo bagni:
Che s'ogni selva del mio duol s'attrista,
Che devria far chi par sì umana in vista?

Sonetto.

Ripensando al soave onesto sguardo,
Al volto vago, al parlar dolce umile,
Al divin portamento, a quel gentile
Spirto che 'l ciel mi fe' veder sì tardo;
Sento la piaga ond' io languisco ed ardo
Versar fuoco sì dolce e sì sottile,
Ch' ogni altra vita, ogni piacer m' è vile,
E sol d' uscir di pena oggi mi guardo.
Ma quel che 'l mio dolor più desta ognora,
È la man bella e bianca che da presso
Il marmo avanza, e i gigli discolora.
Man, che sola rubbasti a lui me stesso;
Che fosti a' preghi miei sì cruda allora;
Perchè non ti poss' io veder più spesso?

Sonetto.

O man leggiadra, o terso avorio bianco,
O latte o perle o pura e calda neve,
Dolce amorosa man, man, che sì leve
Mi rendi il peso ond' io non son mai stanco;
Se d' aitarmi sempre ti calse unquanco;
Se soccorso a chi muor prestar si deve;
Porgi a l' alma affannata qualche breve
Conforto, a cui fortuna e 'l ciel vien manco.
Sai ben che 'n quel mio fido alto soggiorno
Tu fosti il principio di tanti affanni;
Per ch' a te spesso col pensier ritorno.
Da te venne il tesoro de' miei danni:
Onde, s' io vivo, il loco il mese e 'l giorno
Farò nomar per le mille e mill' anni.

Sestina.

Sola Angioletta starsi in treccie a l' ombra,
Di treccie d' oro, e di più rai che 'l sole,
Per mia cara ventura vidi un giorno;
E così bel viso e con la bianca mano
Far liete l' erbe e i fior d' un verde colle,
Che per lei fia beato in ciascun tempo.
Lasso, vedrò io mai venire il tempo
Ch' ella a seder m' inviti a la bell' ombra,
E mi ritenga in quel beato colle
Dal sorger primo al dipartir del sole,
Sovente la gentil candida mano
Ver me porgendo, come fe' quel giorno?
Quand' io ripenso al benedetto giorno
Che nel mio cor rinova il dolce tempo,
Sospiro il don de l' adorata mano,
Ch' Amor mi fece; e dirmi: ov' è quell'
ombra?
Ecco che già con Libra alberga il sole:
Perchè non la vegg' io nel vicin colle?
O qual grazia sentii sopra al tuo colle,
Patria mia bella, in te mirando il giorno
Che meco avea con l' un l' altro mio sole;
Poi carco di pensier, quel breve tempo
Rivolgendo fra me, mi parse un' ombra;
Che non vedea la desiata mano.
Non vide 'l mondo sì leggiadra mano,
Nè sopra 'l ciel mai sì felice colle:
Tu sol sai, sallo Amor, sallo ancor l' om-
bra
Che nel mio cor verdeggia notte e giorno:
L' ombra, che sopra il Po sì lungo tempo
Pianse Fetonte, e 'l ruinar del sole.
Ben credo ch' ancor tu sospiri, o sole,
Pensando a la divina amata mano:
Che se ben ti rimembra di quel tempo,
Ti rincresceva lasciar l' amato colle;
Al fin costretto di portarne il giorno,
Pien d' ira il nostro ciel copristi d' ombra.
Tal ombra già facea de' rami il sole
Il giorno che 'l mio cor beasti, o mano,
Qual mai colle non vide in alcun tempo.

Sonetto.

Ite, pensier miei vaghi, ai dolci rami,
Ov' Amor nascose la vostra amica
Anima, che piangendo se n' affatica,
Nè par ch' altro che voi sempre si brami.
Non v' appressate, ancor ch' ella vi chiami:
Andate tanto voi, che vi ridica
Dove lasciò la libertà mia antica,
E con qual esca e presa, e con qual ami.
Ritornate a me poi leggieri a volo;
E se Amor vi ritien, fate ch' io 'l senta:
Voi vedete al partir com' io son solo.
E se l' alma in mortal vive contenta,
Ridite a lei che me qui strugge 'l duolo;
E non so se di ciò m' allegri o penta.

Sonetto.

Parrà miracol, donna, a l' altra etate
Questo ch' or leggo e scrivo, e 'l mondo
vede,
Che 'n sì scarso tempo il ciel tanta beltate
Mostrò, quanta in voi sola oggi si vede.
Nè potrà ove tutta con onestate
Trovasse mai sì giovenil sede;
Nè voi mai sì vaghezza di parlare,
Che prestasse a' sospir sì poca fede.
Ma chi saprà con quante pene io viva,
Potrà ben dir, pensando a la mia morte:
Qual fu costei, se questa amò sì forte?
Altri forse esultando in mia sorte
Gioirebbesi con gli occhi in terra fisso,
Quand' io vidi esser vero, e quanto accorto

Sonetto.

Se per farmi lasciar la bella impresa
Mi mostrate, madonna, orgoglio ed ira,
Celando il volto, ove il mio cor sospira,
Gia ripensando nell' antica offesa;
Esser non puo giammai: che l' alma accesa
In voi trova conforto e 'n voi respira.
Se chi dovrebbe aitarmi in me s' adira,
Chi non prendera l' arme a mia difesa?
Dunque quanto piu voi con cruccio e sdegno
Scacciar cercate Amor, piu forte regge
Dentr' al mio petto: o mio supplizio indegno!
E direi non spero, s' ora lo strugge
La tua memoria, ch' io lasci il mio pegno;
Non se mille fiate il di ti fugge.

Sonetto.

Se mai morte ad alcun fu dolce e cara,
L' alma infelice il prova in questo stato;
La qual piangendo il suo tempo passato,
Si trova in vita piu ch' assenzo amara.
Quella che 'l sereno mostra rossa e rischiara,
A cui le stelle, Amor, Fortuna e 'l Fato
Perdono in sorte questo sconsolato,
Fa la mia pena al mondo e nova e rara.
Cosi morte lacrimando io mi consumo;
E 'n su le mele, ov' io mi volgo intorno,
Veggio le mie speranze in ombra ed fumo.
Cosi ad ogni farfalla al foco torna;
Cosi fenice al sole il nido allumo;
E moro e nasco mille volte il giorno.

Canzone.

Amor, tu vuoi ch' io dica
Quel ch' io tacer vorrei;
Ne par che 'n tanto error vergogna curi.
Puro con gran fatica
Gli affanni e i dolor miei:
Non perche speri dir quanto sian duri;
Ma, se tu mi assicuri
Di tue percosse acerbe,
Vo' che mi veda e senta
Quella che mi tormenta,
Quasi un languido cigno or per l' erbe;
Ch' allor che morte il preme
Getta le voci estreme.
Ben mi credeva, lasso,
Che 'l mio cantar un tempo
Gisse lunge a l' orecchie alpestre e crude;
Che non e sterpo o sasso,
Ch' almeno tardi o per tempo
Vedendo le mie piaghe aperte e nude,
E cio che l' alma chiude;
A pieta non si movesse
Del mio doglioso stato:
Ma sorte, ahi crudel fato!
Ed a costei perche 'l mio pianger giova?
Perche mi giunge affanno,
Se 'l mio morir l' e danno?
Ver e ch' io piansi sempre
Con lagrimoso stile
De' miei gravi martir la lunga guerra:
Ma con soavi tempre
Il bel nome gentile
Cantando ancor sperava alzar di terra.
Che, s' un marmo poi serra
La carne ignuda e frale;
Almen di tanta gloria
Qualche cara memoria
Qui rimanesse eterna ed immortale.
Or poi ch' a lei non piace,
La mia lira si tace.
Taccion le dolci rime,
E quei pietosi accenti
Che rilevar soleano mie pene in parte,
Che se non e chi stime
Queste voci dolenti,
Ne chi gradisca il suon di tante carte;
A che l' ingegno e l' arte
Perder, sempre piangendo
Dietro a chi non m' ascolta,
S' e sorda alcuna volta
Per non mirar altrui soffrir tacendo?
Che per gridar piu forte
Non si fugge la morte.
Alma, riprendi ardire,
E dal continuo pianto
Ti leva ai cieli, che gia t' affretta e chiama.
Ritorna il gran desire;
E con piu altero canto
Ti sforza d' acquistare eterna fama,
Che chi di venir brama
In qualche chiaro grado,
Non sol per mirar fiso
Ne gli atti d' un bel viso
Si puote a volo alzar dal proprio suolo,
Drizza le voglie accese
A piu lodate imprese.
Non sa la turba sciocca
Dei miseri mortali
Qual pregio e rimaner dopo mill' anni
Com la morte scocca
I velenosi strali,
Ed in un punto sgombra i vani affanni.
Ma chi pensa a' suoi danni,
Potra ben veder come
Poca polvere ed ossa
In una breve fossa
Si chiuderanno, e fia sepolto il nome:
Pero mentr' ella e viva,
Trove di se chi scriva.
Quando vedi, Canzon, col tempo muore,
E la trionfi e i regni;
Altro ch' i sacri ingegni.

Sonetto.

Cercate, o Muse, un più lodato ingegno
Che con più dolce stil lodi costei,
Che 'l suon de' bassi e fiochi accenti miei
Par non ascolta, e 'l mio dir prende a sdegno.
Lasso, ben conosco io mio stato indegno,
Ch' altro non si può già quant' io vorrei:
Ma spesso un cor devoto a gli alti Dei
Impetra grazia nel celeste regno.
Questa speranza mi levò tant' alto,
Ch' io presi ardir di gire al ciel senz' ale;
Or m' abbandona; ed io rimango in terra.
Misero, a che non caddi al primo assalto?
Ch' al mal ch' è 'nfermo, e contrastar non vale,
Meglio è 'l morir, che 'l viver sempre in guerra.

Capitolo.

Se mai per meraviglia alzando il viso
Al chiaro ciel pensasti, o cieca gente,
A quel vero Signor del paradiso;
E se vedendo il sol da l' Oriente
Venir da noi veduto, e poi la notte
Tutta di lumi accesa e tutta ardente;
Se i fiumi uscir da le profonde grotte,
Ed in sue leggi star ristretto il mare
Nè quelle salde mai trasgresse o rotte;
Se ciò vi fu cagion di contemplare
Quel che 'n questa terrena immagin nostra
Nostro stato mortal volse esaltare;
Volgete gli occhi in qua; ch' or vi dimostra
Non quella forma, none, non quel colore
Che impresse forse i sensi in mente vostra.
Piangete il grande esizial dolore;
Piangete l' aspra morte e 'l crudo affanno,
Se punto di pietà vi punge il core.
Per liberarvi da l' antiquo inganno
Pende, come vedete, al duro legno,
E per salvarvi dal perpetuo danno.
Insolita pietà, mirabil pegno!
Donar la propria vita, offrir il sangue,
Per cui sol di vederlo non fu degno.
Vedete, egri mortali, il volto esangue,
Le chiome lacerate, e 'l capo basso,
Qual rosa che recisa in terra langue.
Piangi, misera natura, piangi, lasso
Mondo, piangi, alto ciel, piangete, venti,
Piangi tu cor, se non sei duro sasso.
Quelle man che composer gli elementi
E fermar l' ampia terra in su gli abissi,
Volser per te soffrir tanti tormenti.
Per te volser in croce esser affissi
Quei piè, che solean premer le stelle:
Per te 'l tuo Redentor dal ciel partissi.
O sacro sangue, o piaghe [illegible] e belle
Piaghe, rimedio sol, fidate scorte
In tante turbulente atre procelle;
Sangue, con che l' eterne serrate porte
De l' infernal tiranno ruppe e sparse
Quel che col suo morir vinse la morte;
Quel vero sol che 'n viva luce apparse
Di giustizia, d' amor per far più certe
Le vie che di salute eran sì scarse,
Ed aspettarne con le braccia aperte!

Capitolo.

Scorto dal mio pensier fra i sassi e l' onde,
Fermato er' io su la vezzosa falda
Che Pausilipo in mar bagna ed asconde.
L' interna passion profonda e calda
Che mi fece alcun tempo amar quel monte,
Bollia ne l' alma ancor possente e salda;
Quando girando il sole a l' orizzonte,
Invitato dal sonno interno e lasso
Dopo molto pensar chinai la fronte;
E parvemi veder d' un vivo sasso
Un fonte uscir che 'l mondo tutto ardea,
E poi versarsi il mar di passo in passo.
E mentre gli occhi in ciò fermi tenea,
Vidi nel mezzo [illegible] il cielo,
E gradendo fuggir la bella Astrea.
Per l' ossa mi sentiva un freddo gielo
Vedendo la ruina sì repente;
Ed in sudor tenea le mortal velo;
Quando subito allor mi fu presente
Un' ombra che venia di fulgid' arme,
E de' suoi propri rai tutta lucente.
Questa, credo, venia per consolarme
Vedendo in me tanta pietà raccolta,
E per li cenni suoi confortarme.
Parvemi averla già vista altra volta;
Ma dove non saprei, come, nè quando;
Nè se da' lacci umani fosse disciolta.
Così ver lei mi strinsi lagrimando:
Dimmi chi sei, felice e ben nat' alma?
E poi caddi a' suoi piè tutto tremando.
Mentr' io fui qui con la terrena salma,
Che fu pur' assai già, rispose allora,
Di ogni eccelsa virtù portai la palma.
Nè molto spazio il cielo è volto ancora,
Poscia che mi lasciasti sì pensoso,
Che mai non dovea più veder l' aurora.
Fu la partita, ed io tutto dubbioso
Rimasi; e benchè in vista andassi lieto,
Il cor stava sospetto e doloroso.
Ma chi può gir contra 'l divin decreto?
Io stesso pur sentia turbarmi a morte
Da un pensier tempestoso ed inquieto.
Onde, quando a te ora il ciel sì forte
Vietò l' aspettar, il colpo allor provai
De la mia dura inseparabil sorte.
A questo detto mio gli occhi levai;
Ma sì del sonno ancor la mente oppressa,

Che per nome chiamar nol seppe mai.
Ed egli: ov' è fuggita la tua musa?
C' hai posto in fondo la memoria antica,
Come vedessi il volto di Medusa.
Non ti sovvien che in quella pugna aprica
[illegible] il tuo dir saggio mi riprese
De la pericolosa mia fatica?
Allor io corsi con le braccia stese;
Ahi lasso me, dicendo, or ti conosco,
Magnanimo, gentil, mio gran marchese.
Perdona a l' intelletto infermo e losco,
Il qual da tema, da dolor sospinto
Non ti scorgeva ben per l' aer fosco.
Tre volte gli pensai il collo cinto:
Tre volte [illegible], come, le braccia in vano;
E di paura poi rimasi vinto.
Parvemi l' accidente orrendo e strano;
E ritirando il piè, gittai un grido,
Qual uom che per dolor diventi insano.
Poi dissi: signor mio diletto e fido,
Perchè fuggi da me com' ombra o vento?
Ed ei, che di virtù fu albergo e nido,
Rispose: amico, io son di vita spento;
Ossa e polpe non ho: non prender doglia;
Che del mio stato io son lieto e contento.
Che quella calda ed eccessiva voglia
Che sempre ebbi in mostrarti intera fede,
Non mi fe' mai pregiar la cara spoglia.
Ed ora un sol pensier m' offende e lede;
Che non condussi al fin la bella impresa;
E 'l mio caro signor so ben che 'l crede:
Il qual vedendo in me tal fiamma accesa,
Cercò, [illegible], di mitigarla;
Ma la voce da me non era intesa.
Ed or fors' ei me pensa, e di me parla;
Forse dubita ancor de la mia vita;
E pur non sa che poi non puote aitarla.
O amico, diss' io, nel ciel gradito,
Qual forza ti ridusse al duro varco,
Che sì subito sei del corpo uscito?
Morì, rispose: e [illegible] il parco;
La mia innocenza fu che mi condusse
D' amor, d' affezion, di voler carco:
E qui ogni mia gloria si distrusse.
Or puoi ben estimar il volgo cieco,
Se le cose di qua son vane e flusse.
E chi nel ciel, [illegible] quando io meco:
Che quel cor a cui fu sì angusto il mondo,
Or si contenta d' un breve speco;
E quell' amor vasto e sì profondo
[illegible] fosse in sì breve ora [illegible]
Col chiaro ingegno a null' altro secondo.
Mentr' ei parlava, se gli vedea sì spesse
Faville lampeggiar sotto la gola,
Che parea ch' una stella ivi lucesse.
Così mirando quella in parte sola,
Signor mio, dimandai, che cosa è questa?
Ed ei così seguìo la sua parola.
La luce ch' ora a te si manifesta,
È 'l segno che lasciò l' empia saetta
Ch' al mio punto fatal volò sì presta.
Quest' è l' onor che del ben far s' aspetta;
Mostrar per gloria le onorate piaghe;
Poichè non lice in ciel cercar vendetta.
Però priega per me, ch' omai s' appaghe
Il mio signor, e di', ch' io mi ricordo
De le parole sue dolci e presaghe.
Ma 'l pensier cieco e 'l desiderio ingordo
Teneva la mente mia tanto offuscata,
Che tutto era narrar favole al sordo.
Dirali ancor che lieta ed impennata
Vittoria al suo favor spiegherà l' ale,
Quando da lui sarà poi desiata.
Onde con fama eterna ed immortale
Alzerà infino al cielo i suoi trofei,
E fia il gran nome a' suoi gran gesti eguale.
Così, s' a te non grava, ancor vorrei
Pregassi per la mia bella Costanza,
Che col pianto non turbe i piacer miei.
Ferme ne gli altri doni la sua speranza:
Che lieve e scarco de le umane some
Chiamato io son ne la superna stanza.
Or è ragion ch' adempia il suo bel nome;
Onde Ippolita mia prendendo esempio,
Le man non ponga su l' aurate chiome.
Pensa che 'n questo eterno immortal tempio,
Che voi chiamate ciel, sarà 'l mio ospizio,
Lontan dal viver basso iniquo ed empio:
Ove rivolto al nostro primo inizio
Volgerò in gioco i miei passati danni,
Non più soggetto a bruma ed a solstizio.
Dunque in me non contate i giorni e gli anni:
Ch' assai son visso io già, se 'l viver mio
Da la virtù s' estima e da gli affanni.
Temprate, ogni mortal, vostro desio:
Che non la lunga età, ma i chiari gesti
Ne bastan a schermir dal cieco oblio.
Gli anni son usi a fuggir sì lievi e presti,
Ch' al fine altro non è ch' un volger d' occhi
Questo che poi vi lassa afflitti e mesti.
Però, pria che l' offesa in voi trabocchi,
Armate il petto incontra a la fortuna:
Che vano è l' aspettar che 'l colpo scocchi.
Così dicendo, al raggio de la luna,
Ch' allor del mar uscia, rivolse il viso;
Poi salutò le stelle ad una ad una,
E lieto se n' andò nel paradiso.

38.

Ludovico Ariosto.

Der älteste Sohn eines Edelmannes aus Ferrara, damaligen Gouverneurs von Reggio, Niccolò Ariosto, ward L. A. am 8 September 1474 zu Reggio geboren. Sein großes poetisches Talent entwickelte sich schon sehr früh, doch musste er, statt seiner Neigung folgen zu dürfen, auf Befehl seines Vaters die Rechte studiren, was er auch fünf Jahre lang, jedoch mit solchem Widerwillen that, daß dieser ihm endlich volle Freiheit gewährte. Er widmete sich nun den schönen Wissenschaften in Rom, mußte indessen 1500 nach des Vaters Tode zurückkehren und sich ernsteren Geschäften hingeben. Darauf trat er in die Dienste des Cardinals Hippolyt von Este, der ihn vielfach sowohl in Friedensgeschäften wie auch im Kriege zu seinem und seines Bruders Alphons I. Nutzen verwandte. Trotz seinen mannigfaltigen Arbeiten fand Ariost dennoch die Zeit, sein großes romantisches Epos, den rasenden Roland, l'Orlando furioso, zu verfassen, welches 1515 zuerst im Druck erschien. Bald nachher verließ er den Dienst des Cardinals und ging zu dessen Bruder Alphons, der ihn jedoch ebenfalls nicht immer auf eine ihm angenehme Weise mit Geschäften belud, allein später ihm ein ruhigeres Leben gönnte, so daß er sich vorzüglich dramatischen Bestrebungen zuwenden konnte, bis ihn der Tod im Jahre 1533 zu Ferrara von dieser Erde abrief. Außer seinem großen Meisterwerke, dem rasenden Roland, hinterließ er noch mehrere Comödien in versi sdruccioli, Satyren, lyrische Poesien und einige Uebersetzungen aus dem Lateinischen, Spanischen und Französischen.

Orlando furioso.

Canto XIII. St. 1 — 32.

1.

Ben furo avventurosi i cavalieri,
Ch'erano a quella età, che ne i valloni,
Ne le scure spelonche, e boschi fieri,
Tane di serpi, d'orsi, e di leoni,
Trovavan quel, che ne i palazzi altieri
A pena or trovar pon giudici buoni;
Donne, che ne la lor più fresca etade
Sien degne di aver titol di beltade.

2.

Di sopra vi narrai, che ne la grotta
Avea trovato Orlando una donzella;
E che le dimandò, ch'ivi condotta
L'avesse. Or seguitando dico, ch'ella
(Poi che più d'un singhiozzo l'ha interrotta)
Con dolce, e soavissima favella,
Al Conte fa le sue sciagure note
Con quella brevità, che meglio puote.

3.

Benchè io sia certa (dice) o cavaliero,
Ch'io porterò del mio parlar supplizio;
Perchè a colui, che qui m'ha chiusa, spero,
Che costei ne darà subito indizio;
Pur son disposta non celarti il vero,
E vada la mia vita in precipizio;
E che aspettar poss'io da lui più gioja,
Che si disponga un dì voler, ch'io muoja?

4.

Isabella son io, che figlia fui
Del Re malfortunato di Galizia;
Ben dissi fui, ch'or non son più di lui,
Ma di dolor, d'affanno, e di mestizia;
Colpa d'Amor, ch'io non saprei di cui
Dolermi più, che de la sua nequizia;
Che dolcemente ne i principj applaude,
E tesse di nascosto inganno, e frode.

5.

Già mi vivea di mia sorte felice,
Gentil, giovane, ricca, onesta, e bella;
Vile, e povera or sono, or infelice,
E, s'altra è peggior sorte, io sono in quella.
Ma voglio sappi la prima radice,
Che produsse quel mal, che mi flagella;
E, ben ch'ajuto poi da te non esca,
Poco non mi parrà, che te n'incresca.

6.

Mio padre fe' in Bajona alcune giostre,
Esser denno oggimai dodici mesi;
Trasse la fama ne le terre nostre
Cavalieri a giostrar di più paesi;
Fra gli altri (o sia ch'Amor così mi mostre,
O che virtù pur se stessa palesi)
Mi parve da lodar Zerbino solo,
Che del gran Re di Scozia era figliuolo.

7.

Il qual poi che far prove in campo vidi
Miracolose di cavalleria,
Fui presa del suo amore, e non m'avvidi,
Ch'io mi conobbi più non esser mia;
E pur, ben che 'l suo amor così mi guidi,
Mi giova sempre avere in fantasia,
Ch'io non misi il mio core in luogo immondo,
Ma nel più degno, e bel, ch'oggi sia al mondo.

8.

Zerbino di bellezza e di valore
Sopra tutti i Signori era eminente.
Mostrommi, e credo, mi portasse amore,
E che di me non fosse meno ardente.
Non ci mancò chi del comune ardore
Interprete fra noi fosse sovente,
Poi che di vista ancor fummo disgiunti,
Che gli animi restar sempre congiunti.

9.

Però che, dato fine a la gran festa,
Il mio Zerbino in Scozia fe' ritorno.
Se sai, che cosa è Amor, ben sai che mesta
Restai, di lui pensando notte, e giorno;
Ed era certa, che non men molesta
Fiamma intorno il suo cor facea soggiorno.
Egli non fece al suo desio più schermi,
Se non, che cercò via di seco avermi.

10.

E perchè vieta la diversa fede,
Essendo egli Cristiano, io Saracina,
Ch'al mio padre per moglie non mi chiede,
Per furto indi levarmi si destina.
Fuor de la ricca mia patria, che siede
Tra verdi campi a lato a la marina,
Aveva un bel giardin sopra una riva,
Che i colli intorno, e tutto il mar scopriva.

11.

Le parve il luogo a fornir ciò disposto,
Che la diversa religion ci vieta,
E mi fa saper l'ordine, che posto
Avea di far la nostra vita lieta.
Appresso a Santa Marta avea nascosto
Con gente armata una galea secreta,
In guardia d'Odorico di Biscaglia,
In mare, e in terra mastro di battaglia.

12.

Ne potendo in persona far l'effetto,
Perch'egli all'ora era dal padre antico
A dar soccorso al Re di Francia astretto,
Manderia in vece sua questo Odorico,
Che fra tutti i fedeli amici eletto
S'avea pe 'l più fedele, e pe 'l più amico.
E ben esser dovea, se i benefici
Sempre hanno forza d'acquistar gli amici.

13.

Verria costui sopra un navilio armato
Al terminato tempo indi a levarmi;
E così venne il giorno desiato,
Che dentro il mio giardin lasciai trovarmi.
Odorico la notte accompagnato
Di gente valorosa a l'acqua, e a l'armi
Secondo ad un fiume a la città vicino,
E venne chetamente al mio giardino.

14.

Quindi fui tratta a la galea spalmata
Prima, che la città n'avesse avviso;
De la famiglia ignuda, e disarmata
Altri fuggiro, altri restaro uccisi,
Parte cattiva meco fu menata.
Così da la mia terra io mi divisi,
Con quanto gaudio, non ti potrei dire,
Sperando in breve il mio Zerbin fruire.

15.

Voltati sopra Mongia eramo a pena,
Quando ci assalse a la sinistra sponda
Un vento, che turbò l'aria serena,
E turbò il mare, e al cielo gli levò l'onda.
Salta un Maestro, ch'a traverso mena,
E cresce ad ora, e soprabbonda;
E cresce, e soprabbonda con tal forza,
Che val poco alternar poggia con orza.

16.

Non giova calar vele, e l'arbor sopra
Corsia legar, ne ruinar castella;
Che ci veggiamo (mal grado) portar sopra
Acuti scogli, appresso a la Rocella:
Se non ci ajuta quel, che sta di sopra
Ci spinge in terra la crudel procella:
Il vento rio ne caccia in maggior fretta,
Che d'arco mai non si avventò saetta.

17.

Vide il periglio il Biscaglino, e a quello
Usò un rimedio, che fallir suol spesso;
Ebbe ricorso subito al battello;
Calossi, e me calar fece con esso;
Sceser due altri, e ne scendea un drappello,
Se i primi scesi l'avesser concesso;
Ma con le spade li tenner discosto,
Tagliar la fune, e ci allargammo tosto.

18.

Fummo gittati a salvamento al lito
Noi, che nel palischermo eramo scesi;
Periron gli altri col legno sdrucito;
In preda al mare andar tutti gli arnesi.
A l'eterna bontade, a l'infinito
Amor, rendendo grazie, le man stesi,
Che non m'avesse dal furor marino
Lasciato tor di riveder Zerbino.

19.

Come ch' io avessi sopra il legno vesti
Lasciato, e gioje, e altre cose care,
Pur che la speme di Zerbin mi resti,
Contenta son, che s'abbia il resto il mare.
Non sono, ove scendemmo, i liti pesti
D'alcun sentier, ne intorno albergo appare;
Ma solo il monte, al qual mai sempre fiede
L'ombroso capo il vento, e 'l mare il piede.

20.

Quivi il crudo tiranno Amor, che sempre
D'ogni promessa sua fu disleale,
E sempre guarda, come involva, e stempre
Ogni nostro disegno razionale,
Mutò con triste, e disoneste tempre
Mio conforto in dolor, mio bene in male;
Che quell'amico, in chi Zerbin si crede,
Di desire arse, ed agghiacciò di fede.

21.

O che m'avesse in mar bramata ancora,
Ne fosse stato a dimostrarlo ardito;
O cominciasse il desiderio all'ora,
Che l'agio s'ebbe dal solingo lito;
Pensò quivi senza più dimora
Condurre a fin l'ingordo suo appetito,
Ma prima da se torre un de li dui,
Che nel battel campati eran con nui.

22.

Quell'era uomo di Scozia, Almonio detto,
Che mostrava a Zerbin portar gran fede,
E commendato per guerrier perfetto
Da lui fu, quando ad Odorico il diede.
Disse a costui, che biasmo era, e difetto,
Se mi traeano a la Rocella a piede;
E lo pregò, ch'innanzi volesse ire,
A farmi incontra alcun ronzin venire.

23.

Almonio, che di ciò nulla temea,
Immantinente innanzi il cammin piglia
A la città, che 'l bosco ci ascondea,
E non era lontana oltre sei miglia.
Odorico scoprir sua voglia rea
A l'altro finalmente si consiglia;
Sì, perchè tor non se lo sa d'appresso,
Sì, perchè avea gran confidenza in esso.

24.

Era Corebo di Bilbao nomato
Quel, di ch'io parlo, che con noi rimase
Che da fanciullo piccol allevato
S'era con lui ne le medesme case.
Poter con lui communicar l'ingrato
Pensiero il traditor si persuase,
Sperando ch'ad amar saria più presto
Il piacer de l'amico, che l'onesto.

25.

Corebo, che gentil era, e cortese,
Non lo potè ascoltar senza gran sdegno;
Lo chiamò traditore, e gli contese
Con parole, e con fatti il rio disegno.
Grande ira a l'uno, e a l'altro il core accese,
E con le spade nude ne fer segno:
Al trar de' ferri io fui da la paura
Volta a fuggir per l'alta selva oscura.

26.

Odorico, che mastro era di guerra,
In pochi colpi a tal vantaggio venne,
Che per morto lasciò Corebo in terra,
E per le mie vestigie il cammin tenne.
Prestogli Amor, se 'l mio creder non erra
Perchè potesse giungermi, le penne,
E gl'insegnò molte lusinghe, e prieghi,
Con che ad amarlo, e compiacer mi pieghi.

27.

Ma tutto indarno, che fermata, e certa
Più tosto era morir, che satisfarli:
Poi ch'ogni priego, ogni lusinga esperta
Ebbe, e minaccie, e non potean giovarli,
Si ridusse a la forza a faccia aperta.
Nulla mi val, che supplicando parli
De la fè, ch'avea in lui Zerbino avuta,
E ch'io ne le sue man m'era creduta.

28.

Poi che gittar mi vidi i prieghi in vano,
Nè mi sperare altronde altro soccorso,
E che più sempre cupido, e villano
A me venia, come famelico orso:
Io mi difesi con piedi, e con mano,
Et adopravvi fino l'ugne, e il morso;
Pelaigli il mento, gli graffiai la pelle,
Con stridi, che n'andavano a le stelle.

29.

Non so, se fosse caso, o li miei gridi,
Che si doveano udir lungi una lega,
O pur ch'usati sian correre a i lidi,
Quando naviglio alcun si rompe, o anniega;
Sopra il monte una turba apparir vidi,
E questa al mare, e verso noi si piega.
Come la vede il Biscaglin venire,
Lascia l'impresa, e voltasi a fuggire.

30.

Contra quel disleal mi fu adjutrice
Questa turba, Signor; ma a quella immage
Che sovente in proverbio il volgo dice,
Cader de la padella ne le brage.
Gli è ver, ch'io non son stata sì infelice,
Nè le lor menti ancor tanto malvage,
Ch'abbiano violata mia persona;
Non che sia in lor virtù, nè cosa buona.

31.

Ma perchè, se mi serban, com'io sono,
Vergine, speran vendermi più molto.
Finito è il mese ottavo, e viene il nono,
Che fu il mio vivo corpo qui sepolto.
Del mio Zerbino ogni speme abbandono;
Che già per quanto ho da lor detti accolto,
M'han promessa, e venduta a un mercadante,
Che portare al Soldan mi de' in Levante.

32.

Così parlava la gentil Donzella,
E spesso con singhiozzi, e con sospiri
Interrompea l'angelica favella,
Da muovere a pietade aspidi, e tiri,
Mentre sua doglia così rinnovella,
O forse disfogava i suoi martiri,
Da venti uomini entrar ne la spelonca
Armati, chi di spiedo, e chi di ronca.

La Cassaria.

Atto II, Sc. II.

Volp. O città piena d'insidie,
Piena di ladri e di tristi! Crisobolo. Dio aiutami!
V. O pazzia di [illegible] o negligenza
Di manigoldo! C. Che cosa è? V. Di che animo
Sarà il padron, come n'abbia notizia?
C. Volpin! V. Ma ben gli sta, vada, or confidisi
Più in un gaglioffo, che nel figlio proprio.
C. Io tremo e sudo, che qualche infortunio
Non mi sia occorso. V. Lascia le sue camere
Piene di tanta e tanta roba in guardia
D'una bestia insensata, che lasciatele
Ha aperte tutto oggi, e mai fermatosi
Non è in casa. C. Volpin! V. Se non la trovano
Questa notte, è spacciata. C. Volpin, fermati.
V. Tornato è il padron. C. Pur tutto [illegible]
La lingua, che sia ver! Volpino! V. Sentomi
Chiamar. C. Volpin! V. Oh, gli è il padron. C. Che gridi tu?
V. O padron mio! C. Che cosa c'è? V. Vo' credere
C. Che c'è di mal? V. Che Dio t'ha per miracolo.

C. Che cosa c'è? V. Fatto trovar. C. Su, narrami
Che male è intervenuto? V. Appena cogliere
Posso il fiato. C. Ch' hai tu? V. Ma or veggendoti
Comincio a respirar: non sapea muovere
A chi voltarmi. C. Di chi ti rammarichi?
V. Morto era. C. Di che mal? V. Ma or riuscito,
Ch' io ti veggo, padron. C. Che c'è? V. Ne perdere
Posso più la speranza. C. Or di su, spacciala,
Che cosa c'è? V. Che tu non la ricuperi.
C. Che vuoi tu, ch' io ricuperi? che diavolo
C'è? non posso oggi . . . V. Padron. C. Da te intendere?
V. Il tuo servo . . C. Che servo mio? V. Il tuo Nebbia.
C. Ch' ha egli fatto? V. T' ha fatto grandissimo
Danno. C. Ch' ha fatto? V. Tel dirò; ma lasciami
Un poco riposar, ch' altro che correre
Non ho fatto tutt' oggi, e appena muovere
Mi posso, ed ho difficoltade a esprimere
Le parole. C. Dimne una sola, e bastami;
Ch' ha egli fatto? V. Per sua trascuraggine
T' ha ruinato. C. Finisci d' uccidermi,
Non mi tener, manigoldo, più in transito.
V. Egli ha lasciato rubar della camera . .
C. Che ha lasciato rubar della camera?
V. Padron, di quella, ove tu dormi proprio,
Della quale a lui solo hai consegnate le
Chiavi, la qual così raccomandatagli
Avevi. C. Cosa è della mia camera
Stato rubato? dillo a un tratto, spacciati.
V. La cassa. C. Cassa? V. Quella che quei giovani,
Credo che son Fiorentini, vi posero.
C. Quella? V. Quella. C. Oimè, quella c' ho in deposito?
V. Di che già avevi: ch' or non l'hai più. C. Ah misero,
Ah! più d' ogni altro infelice Crisobolo!
Oh esci della terra, e lascia in guardia
La tua casa a poltroni, a pazzi, a ribaldi,
A gaglioffacci, imperiti: potevola
Cosa lasciare in guardia a cotanti asini.
V. Se la Cantina ritrovi in disordine,
Di che la cura hai data a me, gastigami,
Padron, e fammi patir quel supplizio,
Che vuoi: ma c' ho a far io della tua camera?
C. Ecco discrezione del mio Erifilo;
Così ha pensier, così sollecitudine
Delle sue cose e mie: questo è l' ufizio
Di buon figliuol. V. Ne lui men riprendere
In questo dei: che può far meglio un giovane,
Che suo padre imitar? Se tu del Nebbia
Non men ti fidi, che di te medesimo;
Perchè a fidar non se n' ha anche egli, e credere,
Come credevi ancora tu, che assiduo
Star dovesse alla cura, e alla custodia
Delle tue cose? Non tosto che volto gli
Abbia le spalle, partirsi, e la camera
Lasciar aperta? C. Son disfatto, o povero,
O ruinato me! V. Padrone, pigliari,
Tanto ch' è fresco il mal, qualche rimedio.
Poich' io ti veggo qui, non voglio perdere
La speranza, che tosto non ricuperi
La cassa tua, e ben credo che t' ha Domene —
Dio fatto a tempo tornar. C. Ha vestigio,
Hai traccia, su la qual mi possi mettere
Per ritrovarla? V. Tanto travagliatomi
Son oggi, e tanto son ito avvolgendomi
Di qua e di là, come un bracco, che credo di
Saper mostrar, dove sia questa lepore.
C. Perchè non me l' hai già detto, sapendolo?
V. Non dico ch' io lo sappia certo; dicoti,
Ch' io credo di saperlo. C. A chi hai tu l' animo
Che l' abbia tolta? V. Tel dirò; ma tirati
Un po' in qua: più ancora: un poco scostati
Da quella porta in tutto. C. Di chi temi tu,
Che possa udirci? V. Di colui, ch' io dubito
Che l' abbia avuta. C. E' sì appresso, che intendere
Ci possa? V. E' in questa casa la qual prossimo
Hai da man destra. C. Tu credi, che tolta la
Abbia questo Ruffian, che qui dentro abita?
V. Lo credo, e ne son certo. C. Ma che indizio
N' hai tu? V. Non pur io n' ho indizio, ma dicoti
Ch' io n' ho certezza; ma per Dio non perdere
Tempo in voler, ch' io narri con che industria,
Con che fatica, con ch' arte, a notizia
Ne sia venuto, ch' ogni indugia nuocere
Ti potria troppo; perchè ti certifico,
Che 'l tristo s' apparecchia di fuggirsene
All' alba, tosto che le porte s' aprano. — —

Satira.

Ad Alessandro Ariosto e a Lodovico da Bagno.

Io desidero intendere da voi,
Alessandro fratel, compar mio Bagno,

Se la corte ha memoria più di noi;
Se più il signor mi accusa; se compagno
Per me si leva, e dice la cagione
Perchè partendo gli altri io qui rimagno.
O tutti dotti ne l'adulazione,
L'arte che più tra noi si studia e cole,
L'ajutate a biasmarmi oltre a ragione.
Pazzo chi al suo signor contraddir vuole,
Se ben dicesse c'ha veduto il giorno
Pieno di stelle, e a mezza notte il sole.
O ch'egli lodi, o voglia altrui far scorno,
Di varie voci subito un concento
S'ode accordar di quanti n'ha d'intorno,
E chi non ha per umiltà ardimento
La bocca aprir, con tutto il viso applaude,
E par che voglia dire: anch'io consento;
Ma se in altro biasmarmi, almen dar laude
Dovete, che volendo io rimanere,
Lo dissi a viso aperto e non con fraude.
Dissi molte ragioni, e tutte vere,
De le quali per se sola ciascuna
Esser mi dovea degna di tenere.
Prima la vita, a cui poche o nessuna
Cosa ho da preferir; che far più breve
Non voglio che 'l ciel voglia o la fortuna.
Ogni alterazione, ancor che leve,
Ch'avesse il mal ch'io sento, o ne morrei,
O il Valentino e il Postumo errar deve.
Oltra che 'l dicon essi, io meglio i miei
Casi d'ogni altro intendo; e quai com-
pensi
Mi sien utili so, so quai son rei.
So mia natura come mal conviensi
Co' freddi verni; e costà sotto il polo
Gli avete voi più che in Italia intensi.
E non mi nocerebbe il freddo solo;
Ma il caldo de le stufe, c'ho sì infesto,
Che più che da la peste me gl'involo.
Nè il verno altrove s'abita in cotesto
Paese; vi si mangia, giuoca e bee,
E vi si dorme e vi si fa anco il resto.
Che quindi vien, come sorbir si dee
L'aria che tien sempre in travaglio il fiato
De le montagne prossime Rifee?
Dal vapor che dal stomaco elevato
Fa catarro a la testa, e cala al petto,
Mi rimarrei una notte soffocato:
E il vin fumoso, a me via più interdetto,
Che il tosco, costì a inviti si tracanna,
E sacrilegio è non ber molto, e schietto.
I cibi tutti son con pepe e canna
D'amomo e d'altri aromati, che tutti
Come nocivi il medico mi danna.
Qui mi potreste dir ch'io avrei ridutti,
Dove sotto il camin sederia al foco,
Nè piè nè ascelle odorerei nè rutti;
E le vivande condiriemi il cuoco
Come io volessi, ed inacquarmi il vino
Potrei a mio senno, e nulla berne, o poco.
Dunque voi altri insieme, io dal mattino
A la sera starei solo a la cella,
Solo a la mensa come un certosino?
Bisognerianno pentole e vasella
Da cucina e da camera, e dotarme
Di masserizie, qual sposa novella.
Se separatamente cucinarme
Vorrà mastro Pasino una o due volte,
Quattro e sei mi farà 'l viso de l'arme.
S'io vorrò de le cose ch'avrà tolte
Francesco di Siver per la famiglia,
Potrò mattina e sera averne molte.
S'io dirò: spenditor, questo mi piglia,
Che l'umido cervel poco nutrisce;
Questo no, che 'l catar troppo assotti-
glia;
Per una volta o due che mi obbedisce,
Quattro e sei se lo scorda, o perchè teme
Che non gli sia accettato, non ardisce.
Io mi riduco al pane; e quindi freme
La collera; cagion che a li due motti
Gli amici ed io siamo a contesa insieme:
Mi potreste anco dir: de li tuoi scotti
Fa che 'l tuo fante comprator ti sia;
Mangia i tuoi polli a li tuoi alari cotti.
Io per la mala servitude mia
Non ho dal cardinale ancora tanto,
Ch'io possa fare in corte l'osteria.
Apollo, tua mercè, tua mercè, santo
Collegio de le muse, io non mi trovo
Tanto per voi, ch'io possa farmi un manto.
E se 'l signor m'ha dato onde far tanto
Ogni anno mi potrei più d'un mantello,
Che m'abbia per voi dato non approvo.
Egli l'ha detto; io dirlo a questo e a quello
Voglio anco, e i versi miei posso a mia
posta
Mandar al Culiseo per lo suggello.
Opra che in esaltarlo abbia composta,
Non vuol ch'ad acquistar mercè sia buona:
Di mercè degno è l'ir correndo in posta
A chi nel Barco e in villa segue, dona,
A chi la veste e spoglia, o pone i fiaschi
Nel pozzo per la sera in fresco a nona.
Veggia la notte in fin che i Bergamaschi
Si levino a far chiodi, sì che spesso
Col torchio in mano addormentato caschi.
S'io l'ho con laude ne' miei versi messo,
Dice ch'io l'ho fatto a piacere, e in ozio:
Più grato fora essergli stato appresso.
E se in cancelleria m'ha fatto socio
A Melan del Costabil, sì c'ho il terzo
Di quel che al notar vien d'ogni negozio;
Gli è, perchè alcuna volta io sprono e sferzo
Mutando bestie e guide, e corro in fretta
Per monti e balze, e con la morte scherzo.
Fa a mio senno, Maron, tuoi versi getta
Con la lira in un cesso, e un'arte impara
Se beneficio vuoi; che sia più accetta.

Ma tosto che n'hai, pensa che la cara
Tua libertà non meno abbi perduta,
Che se giocata te l'avessi a zara;
E che mai più, se bene a la canuta
Età vivi, e viva egli di Nestorre,
Questa condizion non ti si muta.
E se disegni mai tal nodo sciorre,
Buon patto avrai, se con amore e pace
Quel che t'ha dato si vorrà ritorre.
A me per esser stato contumace
Di non voler Agria veder nè Buda,
Che si ritoglia il suo già non mi spiace:
Se ben le miglior penne ch'a la muda
Avea rimesse, mi tarpasse: come
Che da l'amor e grazia sua mi escluda;
Che senza fede e senza amor mi nome,
E che dimostri con parole e cenni
Che in odio e che in dispetto abbia il mio nome;
E questo fu cagion ch'io mi ritenni
Di non gli comparire innanzi mai
Dal dì che indarno ad escusar mi venni:
Ruggier, se a la progenie tua mi fai
Sì poco grato, e nulla mi prevaglio,
Che gli alti gesti e 'l tuo valor cantai;
Che debbo fare io qui, poich'io non vaglio
Smembrar su la forcina in aria starne,
Nè so a sparvier nè a can metter guinzaglio?
Non feci mai tai cose, e non so farne:
A gli usatti e a gli spron', perch'io son grande,
Non mi posso adattar per porne o trarne.
Io non ho molto gusto di vivande,
Che scalco sia; fui degno esser al mondo
Quando vivevano gli uomini di ghiande.
Non vo' il conto di man torre a Gismondo;
Andar più a Roma in posta non accade
A placar la grand'ira di Secondo.
E quando accadesse anco, in questa etade,
Col mal ch'ebbe principio allora forse,
Non si convien più correr per le strade.
Se far cotai servigi, e raro torse
Di sua presenza de' chi d'oro ha sete,
E stargli, come Artofilace a l'Orse;
Più tosto che arricchir, voglio quiete:
Più tosto che occuparmi in altra cura
Sì, che inondar lasci il mio studio a Lete.
Il qual, se al corpo non può dar pastura,
Lo dà a la mente con sì nobil cura,
Che merta di non star senza cultura.
Fa che la povertà meno m'incresca,
E fa che la ricchezza sì non ami,
Che di mia libertà per suo amor esca.
Quel ch'io non spero aver, fa ch'io non brami,
Che nè sdegno nè invidia mi consumi,
Perchè Marone o Celio il signor chiami.
Ch'io non aspetto a mezza estate i lumi,
Per esser col signor veduto a cena;
Ch'io non lascio accecarmi in questi fumi.
Io men vo solo e a piedi ove mi mena
Il mio bisogno; e quando io vo a cavallo,
Le bisaccie gli attacco su la schiena.
E credo che sia questo minor fallo,
Che di farmi pagar, s'io raccomando
A principe la causa d'un vassallo:
O mover liti in beneficj, quando
Ragion non ci abbia: e facciami i piovani
Al offerir pension venir pregando:
Anco fa, che al ciel levo ambe le mani,
Ch'abito in casa mia commodamente,
Voglia tra' cittadini o tra' villani;
E che ne' ben paterni il rimanente
Del viver mio, senza imparar nuov'arte,
Posso, e senza rossor far di mia gente.
Ma perchè cinque soldi da pagarte,
Tu, che noti, non ho, ritornar voglio
La mia favola al loco onde si parte.
Aver cagion di non venir mi doglio;
Detto ho la prima, e s'io vo' l'altre dire,
Nè questo basterà nè un altro foglio.
Pur ne dirò anco un'altra, che patire
Non debbo, che levato ogni sostegno,
Casa nostra in ruina abbia a venire.
Di cinque che noi siam, Carlo è nel regno
Onde cacciaro i Turchi il mio Cleandro,
E di starvi alcun tempo fa disegno:
Galasso vuol ne la città di Evandro
Por la camicia sopra la guarnaccia:
E tu, sei col signor ito, Alessandro.
Ecci Gabriel, ma che vuoi tu ch'ei faccia?
Che da fanciul restò per mala sorte
De li piedi impedito e de le braccia.
Egli non fu nè in piazza mai nè in corte:
Ed a chi vuol ben reggere una casa
Questo si può comprendere che importe.
A la quinta sorella che è rimasa,
È di bisogno apparecchiar la dote,
Che le siam debitori, or che si accasa.
L'età di nostra madre mi percuote
Di pietà il cor, che da tutt' in un tratto
Senza infamia lasciata esser non puote.
Io son di diec' il primo, e vecchio fatto
Di quaranta quattro anni, e il capo calvo
Da un tempo in qua sotto la cuffia appiatto.
La vita che mi avanza, me la salvo
Meglio ch'io so: ma tu che diciotto anni
Dopo me t'indugiasti a uscir de l'alvo,
Gli Ungheri a veder torna, e gli Alemanni,
Per freddo e caldo segui il signor nostro,
Servi per ambedue, rifà i miei danni.
Il qual se vuol di calamo e d'inchiostro
Di me servirsi, e non mi tor da bomba,
Digli: signor, il mio fratello è vostro.
Io stando qui farò con chiara tromba
Il suo nome sonar forse tanto alto,

Che tanto mai non si levò colomba.
A Filo a Cento in Ariano e a Calto
Arriverei, ma non sino al Danubio,
Ch' io non ho piè gagliardi a sì gran salto;
Ma se a volger di nuovo avessi al studio
I quindici anni che in servirlo ho spesi,
Passar la Tana ancor non stare' in dubio.
Se avermi dato onde ogni quattro mesi
Ho venticinque scudi, nè sì fermi,
Che molte volte non mi sien contesi,
Mi debbe incatenar, schiavo tenermi;
Obbligarmi ch' io sudi e tremi senza
Rispetto alcun; ch' io muoja o ch' io m' infermi;
Non gli lasciate aver questa credenza;
Ditegli che più tosto ch' esser servo,
Torrò la povertade in pazienza.
Un asino fu già, ch' ogni osso e nervo
Mostrava di magrezza, e entrò per rotto
Del muro, ove di grano era un acervo;
E tanto ne mangiò, che l' epa sotto
Si fece più di una gran botte grossa,
Fin che fu sazio, e non però di botto.
Temendo poi che gli sien peste l' ossa,
Si sforza di tornar dond' entrato era;
Ma par che 'l buco più capir nol possa.
Mentre s' affanna, e uscir indarno spera,
Gli disse un topolino: se vuoi quinci
Uscir, tratti, compar, quella panciera:
A vomitar bisogna che cominci
Ciò c' hai nel corpo, e che ritorni macro;
Altrimenti quel buco mai non vinci.
Or conchiudendo dico: che se 'l sacro
Cardinal comperato avermi stima
Con li suoi doni, non mi è acerbo ed acro
Renderli, e tor la libertà mia prima.

Satira.

A Galasso Ariosto.

Perc' ho molto bisogno, più che voglia,
D' esser in Roma, or che i cardinali
A guisa de le serpi mutan spoglia;
Or che son men pericolosi i mali
A' corpi, ancor che maggior peste affliga
Le travagliate menti de' mortali;
Quando la ruota, che non pur castiga
Ission, si volge in mezzo a Roma
L' anime a cruciar con lunga briga;
Galasso, appresso il tempio, che si noma
Da quel pedon valente, che l' orecchie
A Malco allontanar fe' da la chioma,
Stanza per quattro bestie mi apparecchia,
Contando me per due con Bissoni mio:
Poi metti un mulo, e un' altra rozza vecchia.
Camera o loca ove a stanziar abbia io,
Che luminosa sia, che poco saglia,
E da far fuoco comoda, desio.
Nè de' cavalli aver meno ti caglia;
Che poca gioventù che avesse poste,
Potendo lor mancar poi fieno o paglia.
Sia prima un materasso, che a le coste
Faccia vezzi, di lana o di cotone,
Sì che la notte io non abbia ire a l' oste.
Provedimi di legna secche e buone,
Di chi cucini pur così a la grossa
Un poco di vaccina o di montone;
Non curo d' un, che con sapori possa
Di varj cibi suscitar la fame,
Se fosse morta e chiusa ne la fossa.
Unga il suo schidon pure, o il suo tegame
Sin a l' orecchio a ser Vorano il muso,
Venuto al mondo sol per far letame;
Che più cerca la fame, perchè giuso
Mandi i cibi nel ventre, che per trarre
La fame cerchi aver de' cibi l' uso.
Il novo camerier tal cuoco innarre:
Di fame e d' agio uso a sfamarsi, poi
Che risposte i fratelli avean le marre
Ed egli a casa avea fornito i buoi:
Or vuol fagiani or tortorelle or starne,
Che sempre un cibo usar par che l' annoi.
Or sa che differenza è da la carne
Di capro e di cinghial che pasce il monte,
Da quel che l' Elcea soglia mandarne.
Fa ch' io trovi de l' acqua, non di fonte,
Di fiume sì, che già sei dì veduto
Non abbia Sisto, nè alcun altro ponte.
Non curo sì del vin, non già il rifiuto:
Ma a temprar l' acqua me ne basta un poco,
Che la taverna mi darà a minuto.
Senza mesti' acqua i nostri, nati in loco
Palustre, non assaggio, perchè pure
Dal capo tornano in giù, che mi fa roco.
Cotesti che farian che son ne' duri
Scogli de' Corsi ladri, o d' infedeli
Greci, o d' instabil Liguri, maturi?
Chiuso nel studio frate Ciurla se la
Bea, mentre fuor il popolo digiuno
Lo aspetta che gli esponga gli Evangeli.
E poi monti sul pergamo più da uno
Gombaro cotto rosso, e tanto tocca,
E un minacciar, che ne spaventi ognuno;
Ed a messer Moschin pur dia la caccia,
A fra Gualengo, ed a' compagni loro,
Che metton carestia 'n la vernaccia.
Che fuor di casa in Torgadello o al Moro
Mangian pernici piccioni e capponi grassi,
Com' egli in cella, fuor del Refettoro.
Fa che vi sien de' libri con ch' io passi
Quell' ore che comandano i prelati
Al lor uscier, che alcun entrar non lassi:
Com' ancor fanno ne la terra i frati,
Che non li muove il suon del campanello,
Poi che si sono a tavola assettati.
Signor, dirà (non s' usa più fratello,

Poi c'ha la vile adulazion spagnuola
Messo la signoria fin in bordello,
Signor (se fosse ben mozzo da spuola)
Però, fate, per Dio, che monsignore
Reverendissimo oda una parola.
Agora non se puede, et es meiore,
Che vos torneis a la magnana. Almeno
Fate ch'ei sappia ch'io son qui di fuore.
Risponde che 'l padron non vuol gli sieno
Fatte imbasciate, se venisse Pietro,
Paol Giovanni e 'l mastro Nazareno.
Ma se fin dove col pensier penetro,
Avessi a penetrarvi occhio linceo,
O i muri trasparessero come vetro;
Forse occupati in cosa li vedrei,
Che giustissima causa di celarsi
Avrian dal sol, non che da gli occhi miei.
Ma sia a un tempo lor agio di ritrarsi,
E a noi di contemplar sotto il cammino
Pe' dotti libri i saggi detti sparsi.
Che mi muova a veder monte Aventino,
So che vorresti intendere, e dirollo:
È per legar fra carte piombo e lino,
Sì che ottener che non mi sieno tolti
Possa pel viver mio certi baiocchi
Che a Melan piglio, ancor che non sien molti;
E provveder ch'io sia il primo che mocchi
Sant'Agata, se avvien ch'al vecchio prete,
Sopravvivendogli io, di morir tocchi.
Dunque in dare del capo ne la rete,
Ch'io soglio dir che 'l diavol tende a questi
Che del sangue di Cristo han tanta sete?
Non è già mio pensier ch'ella mi pesti,
Ma che in mano a persona si riponga
Saggia e scorta e di costumi onesti;
Che con periglio suo poi ne disponga:
Io nè pianeta mai nè tunicella
Nè chierca vo' che in capo mi si ponga:
Come nè stole, non credo mai anella
Mi vaglion mai, che in mio poter non tenga
Di eleggere sempre o questa cosa o quella;
Indarno è, s'io son prete, che mi venga
Desir di moglie; e quando moglie io tolga,
Convien che d'esser prete il desir spegna.
Or perchè so com'io mi muti e volga
Di voler tosto, schivo di legarmi,
Donde, se poi mi pento, io non mi sciolga.
Qui la ragion potresti domandarmi,
Perchè mi levo in collo sì gran peso,
Per dover poi su 'n altro scaricarmi.
Perchè tu e gli altri frati miei ripreso
M'avreste, e odiato forse, se offerendo
Tal don fortuna, io non l'avessi preso.
Sai ben che 'l vecchio la riserva avendo
Inteso d'un costì, che la sua morte
Bramava; e di velen perciò temendo;
Mi pregò che a pigliar venissi in corte
La sua rinunzia, che potria sol torre
Quella speranza onde tessea sì forte.
Opra feci io che si volesse porre
Ne le tue mani, o d'Alessandro, il cui
Ingegno de la chierca non abborre.
Ma nè di voi nè di più giunti a lui
D'amicizia, fidar unqua si volle:
Io fuor di tutti scelto unico fui.
Questa opinion mia so ben che folle
Diranno molti, che salir non tenti
La via ch'uom spesso a grandi onori estolle:
Queste povere sciocche inutil genti,
Sordide infami ha già levato tanto
Che fatte le ha adorar dai re potenti.
Ma chi mai fu sì saggio, o mai sì santo,
Che di esser senza macchia di pazzia,
O poco o molto dar si possa vanto?
Ognun tenga la sua, quest'è la mia:
Se a perder s'ha la libertà, non stimo
Il più ricco cappel che in Roma sia.
Che giova a me sedere a mensa il primo,
Se per questo più sazio non mi levo
Di quel ch'è stato assiso a mezzo o ad imo?
Come nè cibo, così non ricevo
Più quiete più pace o più contento,
Se ben di cinque mitre il capo aggrevo.
Felicitade estima alcun, che cento
Persone l'accompagnino a palazzo,
E che stia il volgo a riguardarlo intento.
Io lo stimo miseria; e son sì pazzo,
Ch'io penso e dico, che in Roma fumosa
Il signore è più servo, che 'l ragazzo.
Non ha da servir questi in maggior cosa,
Che d'esser col signor quando cavalchi:
L'altro tempo a suo senno o va o si posa:
La maggior cura che sul cor gli calchi,
È, che Fiammetta sia lontana, e spesso
Causi che l'ora del tinel gli valchi.
A questo ove gli piace è andar concesso
Accompagnato e solo; a piè, a cavallo;
Fermarsi in ponte in banchi e in chiasso appresso:
Piglia un mantello o rosso o nero o giallo;
E se non l'ha, va in gonnellin leggiero:
Nè questo mai gli è attribuito a fallo.
Quell'altro, per fodrar di verde il nero
Cappel, lasciati ha i ricchi uffizj, e tolto
Minor util, più spesa, e più pensiero.
Ma molta gente a pascere, e non molto
Da spender, che a le bolle è già obbligato
Del primo e del secondo anno il ricolto;
E del debito antico uno è passato
Ed uno, e al terzo termine si aspetta
Esser sul muro in pubblico attaccato.
Gli bisogna a san Pietro andare in fretta;
Ma, perchè il censo o lo spenditor manca,
Che gli son dietro, gli è la via interdetta.

Fuor è la mula, o che si duol d'un'anca,
O che le cinghie o che la sella ha rotta,
O che da Ripa vien sferrata e stanca.
Se con lui fo il guattero non l'odia,
Non può il misero uscir, che stima incarco
Il gire e non aver dietro la frotta.
Non è il suo studio nè in Matteo nè in Marco,
Ma specula e contempla a far la spesa
Sì, che 'l troppo tirar non spezzi l'arco.
D'uffizj, di badie, di terra chiesa
Forse adagiato alcun vive giocondo,
Che nè la stalla nè il fuoco gli pesa;
Ma che 'l desio d'alzarsi il tiene al fondo!
Già il suo grado gli spiace, e a quello aspira
Che dal sommo Pontefice è il secondo.
Giunge a quell'anco, e la voglia ancor il tira
A l'alta sedia che d'aver bramata
Tanto indarno il Riario si martira.
Che fia s'avrà la cattedra beata?
Tosto vorrà suoi figli o suoi nipoti
Levar da la civil vita privata.
Non penserà d'Achivi o d'Epiroti
Dar lor dominio; non avrà disegno
Ne la Morea o ne l'Arta far despoti;
Non cacciare Ottoman per dar lor regno,
Ove da tutta Europa avria soccorso,
E faria del suo ufficio ufficio degno:
Ma spegner la Colonna e spegner l'Orso
Per torgli Palestina e Tagliacozzo,
E darli a' suoi, sarà il primo discorso;
E qual strozzato, e qual col capo mozzo
A la Marca lasciando e a la Romagna,
Trionferà del cristian sangue sozzo.
Darà l'Italia in preda a Francia o Spagna,
Che sozzopra voltandola, una parte
Al suo bastardo sangue ne rimagna.
Le scomuniche empir quinci le carte,
E quindi esser ministre si vedranno
L'indulgenze plenarie al fiero Marte.
Se 'l Svizzero condurre o l'Alemanno
Si dee, bisogna ritrovare i nummi,
E tutto al servitor ne viene il danno.
Io sempre intesi, e sempre chiaro fummi,
Ch'argento che lor basti non han mai
Vescovi, cardinali e pastor summi.
Sia stolto, indotto, vil, sia peggio assai:
Farà quel ch'egli vuol, se posto insieme
Avrà tesoro; e chi lo giugne, vai.
Perciò gli avanzi e le miserie estreme
Fansi, di che la misera famiglia
Vive affamata, e grida indarno e freme.
Giunta è pur morte, tutto più assottiglia
La spesa, che a tre quarti si delibra
[illegible] di cui che l'amor piglia.
Da l'altro canto per lesina, e mezza libra
Si vien di carne, e al pan, di cui la veccia
Arca con lui nè il loglio fuor si cribra.
Come la carne e 'l pan, così la feccia
Del vin si dà, c'ha seco una puntura
Che più mortal non l'ha spiedo nè freccia,
O ch'egli fila, e mostra la paura
Ch'ebbe a dar volta, di lavarsi il collo
Sì, che men mal saria ber l'acqua pura.
Se la barchetta pur levar satollo
Lasciasse il cappellan, mi starei cheto,
Se ben non gusta mai vitel nè pollo.
Questo, dirai, può un servitor discreto
Patir, che quando monsignor suo accresce,
Accresce anch'egli, e n'ha da viver lieto.
Ma tal speranza a molti non riesce,
Che per dar luogo a la famiglia nuova,
Fra d'un vecchian d'uffizio e d'onor esce.
Camerier, scalco e secretario trova
Il signor degni al grado: e n'ha buon patto,
Che dal servizio suo non li rimuova.
Quanto ben disse il mulattier quel tratto,
Che tornando dal bosco ebbe la sera
Nuova che 'l suo padron papa era fatto!
Che per me stesso cardinal meglio era:
Ho fin qui avuto da cacciar due muli,
Or n'avrò tre: chi più di me ne spera,
Compri pur quando io n'ho d'aver, due giuli.

Satira.

Ad Annibale Malaguzzi.

Poi che, Annibale, intendere vuoi come
La fo col duca Alfonso, e s'io mi sento
Più grave o men de le mutate some;
Perchè s'anco di questo mi lamento,
Tu mi dirai c'ho il guidalesco rotto,
E ch'io son di natura un rozzon lento;
Senza molto pensar dirò di botto,
Che un peso e l'altro ugualmente mi spiace,
E saria meglio a nessun esser sotto.
Dimmi or c'ho rotto il dosso, e se 'l ti piace,
Dimmi ch'io sia una rozza, e dimmi peggio,
In somma esser non so, se non verace.
Che s'al mio genitor, tosto ch'a Reggio
Daria mi partorì, facea il pensiero
Che fe' Saturno al suo ne l'alto seggio,
Sì che di me sol fosse questo poco
Nel qual dieci tra frati e sirocchie
È bisognato che tutti abbian loco;
La pazzia non avrei de le ranocchie
Fatta già mai, d'ir procacciando a cui
Scoprirmi il capo, e piegar le ginocchie.
Ma poi che figliuol unico non fui,
Nè mai fu troppo a' miei Mercurio amico,
E viver son sforzato a spese altrui;
Meglio è s'appresso il duca mi nutrico,
Che andar a questo e a quel de l'umil volgo

Accattandomi il pan come mendico.
So ben che dal parer dei più mi tolgo:
Lo star in corte stimano grandezza;
Io pel contrario a servitù rivolgo.
Stiaci volentier dunque chi l'apprezza;
Fuor n'uscirò ben io, s'un dì il figliuolo
Di Maia vorrà usarmi gentilezza.
Non si adatta una sella o un basto solo
Ad ogni dosso; ad un par che non l'abbia,
A l'altro stringe e preme e gli dà duolo.
Mal può durar il rosignuolo in gabbia;
Più vi sta 'l cardellino, e più il fanello;
La rondine in un dì vi muor di rabbia.
Chi brama onor di sprone o di cappello,
Serva re, duca, cardinale o papa;
Io no, che poco curo e questo e quello.
In casa mia mi sa meglio una rapa
Ch'io cuoco, e cotta su uno stecco inforco,
E mondo e spargo poi di aceto e sapa;
Che a l'altrui mensa tordo, starna o porco
Selvaggio; e così sotto una vil coltre,
Come di seta o d'oro ben mi corco;
E più mi piace di posar le poltre
Membra, che di vantarle che a gli Sciti
Sien state, a gl'Indi, a gli Etiopi, ed oltre.
De gli uomini son varj gli appetiti:
A chi piace la chierca, a chi la spada,
A chi la patria, a chi gli strani liti.
Chi vuol andar attorno, attorno vada:
Vegga Inghilterra, Ungheria, Francia e Spagna;
A me piace abitar la mia contrada.
Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l'altro che la bagna.
Questo mi basta; il resto de la terra
Senza mai pagar l'oste andrò cercando
Con Tolomeo, sia il mondo in pace o in guerra;
E tutto il mar, senza far voti quando
Lampeggia il ciel, sicuro in su le carte
Verrò, più che su i legni volteggiando.
Il servigio del duca, d'ogni parte
Che ci sia buona, più mi piace in questa,
Che dal nido natio raro si parte.
Perciò gli studj miei poco molesta,
Nè mi toglie; onde mai tutto partire
Non posso, perchè il cor sempre ci resta.
Parmi vederti qui ridere, e dire
Che non amor di patria nè di studi,
Ma di donna è cagion che non vogl' ire.
Liberamente tel confesso: or chiudi
La bocca, ch'a difender la bugia
Non volli prender mai spada nè scudi.
Del mio star qui qual la cagion si sia,
Io ci sto volentieri: ora nessuno
Abbia a cor più di me la cura mia.

S'io fossi andato a Roma, dirà alcuno,
A farmi uccellator de' benefici,
Preso a la rete n'avrei già più d'uno;
Tanto più ch'era de gli antichi amici
Del papa, innanzi che virtude o sorte
Lo sublimasse al sommo degli uffici;
E prima che gli aprissero le porte
I Fiorentini, quando il suo Giuliano
Si riparò ne la feltresca corte;
Ove col formator del Cortigiano,
Col Bembo e gli altri sacri al divo Apollo
Facea l'esilio suo men duro e strano;
E dopo ancor, quando levaro il collo
Medici ne la patria; e il gonfalone,
Fuggendo del palazzo, ebbe il gran crollo;
E fin ch'a Roma s'andò a far Leone,
Io gli fui grato sempre, e in apparenza
Mostrò amar più di me poche persone.
E più volte Legato, ed in Fiorenza
Mi disse, che al bisogno mai non era
Per far da me al fratel suo differenza.
Per questo parrà altrui cosa leggiera,
Che stando io a Roma già m'avessi posta
La cresta dentro verde, e di fuor nera.
A chi parrà così farò risposta
Con uno esempio: leggilo, che meno
Leggerlo a te, che a me scriverlo, costa.
Una stagion fu già, che sì il terreno
Arse, che 'l sol di nuovo a Faetonte
De' suoi corsier parea aver dato il freno.
Secco ogni pozzo, secca era ogni fonte;
Gli stagni i rivi e i fiumi più famosi
Tutti passar si potean senza ponte.
In quel tempo d'armenti e di lanosi
Greggi, io non so s'io dica ricco o grave,
Era un pastor fra gli altri bisognosi,
Che poi che l'acqua per tutte le cave
Cercò indarno, si volse a quel Signore
Che mai non suol fraudar chi in lui fede have;
Ed ebbe lume e inspirazion di core,
Ch'indi lontano troveria nel fondo
Di certa valle il desiato umore.
Con moglie e figli e con ciò ch'avea al mondo
Là si condusse, e con gli ordigni suoi
L'acqua trovò, nè molto andò profondo:
E non avendo con che attinger poi,
Se non un vaso picciolo ed angusto,
Disse: che mio sia 'l primo non v'annoi;
Di mogliema il secondo; e 'l terzo è giusto
Che sia de' figli e il quarto; e fin che cessi
L'ardente sete onde è ciascuno adusto,
Gli altri vo' ad un ad un che sien concessi,
Secondo le fatiche, a li famigli
Che meco in opra a far il pozzo ho messi.
Poi su ciascuna bestia si consigli,
Che di quelle che a perderle è più danno,

Innanzi a l'altre la cura si pigli.
Con questa legge un dopo l'altro vanno
A bere; e per non esser i sezzai,
Tutti ivi grandi i lor meriti fanno.
Questo una gazza, che già amata assai
Fu dal padrone, ed in delizie avuta
Vedendo ed ascoltando, gridò: guai!
Io non gli son parente, nè venuta
A far il pozzo, nè di più guadagno
Gli son per esser mai ch'io gli sia suta;
Veggio che dietro a gli altri mi rimagno;
Morrò di sete, quando non procacci
Di trovar per mio scampo altro rigagno.
Cugin, con questo esempio vo' che spacci
Quei che credon che 'l papa porre innanti
Mi debba a Neri, a Vanni, a Lotti e a Bacci.
I nipoti e i parenti, che son tanti,
Prima hanno a ber; poi quei che l'ajutaro
A vestirsi il più bel di tutti i manti.
Bevuto ch'abbian questi, gli sia caro
Che beano quei che contra il Soderino
Per tornarlo in Firenze si levaro.
L'un dice: io fui con Pietro in Casentino,
E d'esser preso e morto a risco venni:
Io gli prestai denar, grida il Brandino.
Dice un altro: a mie spese il frate tenni
Un anno, e lo rimessi in veste e in arme:
Di cavallo e d'argento gli sovvenni.
Se fin che tutti beano aspetto a trarme
La volontà di bere; o me di sete,
O secco il pozzo d'acqua veder parme.
Meglio è star ne la solita quiete,
Che provar, s'egli è ver, che qualunque erge
Fortuna in alto, il tuffa prima in Lete.
Ma sia ver, se ben gli altri vi sommerge,
Che costui sol non accostasse al rivo
Che del passato ogni memoria asterge.
Testimonio son io di quel ch'io scrivo:
Ch'io non l'ho ritrovato, quando il piede
Gli baciai prima, di memoria privo.
Piegossi a me da la beata sede;
La mano e poi le gote ambe mi prese,
E 'l santo bacio in amendue mi diede.
Di mezza quella bolla anco cortese
Mi fu, de la qual ora il mio Bibiena
Espedito mi ha il resto a le mie spese.
Indi col seno e con la falda piena
Di speme, ma di pioggia molle e brutto,
La notte andai fin al Montone a cena.
O sia vero che 'l papa attenda tutto
Ciò che già offerse, e voglia di quel seme
Che già tant' anni sparsi or darmi il frutto;
Sia ver che tante mitre e diademe
Mi doni, quante Iona di cappella
A la messa papal non vede insieme;
Sia ver che d'oro m'empia la scarsella
E le maniche e 'l grembio, e se non basta,
M'empia la gola il ventre e le budella;
Sarà per questo piena quella vasta
Ingordigia di aver? Rimarrà sazia
Per ciò la sitibonda mia cerasta?
Dal Marocco al Catai, dal Nilo in Dazia,
Non che a Roma anderò, se di potervi
Saziare i desiderj impetro grazia.
Ma quando cardinale, o de li servi
Io sia il gran servo, e non ritrovino anco
Termine i desiderj miei protervi;
In che util mi risulta essermi stanco
In salir tanti gradi? Meglio fora
Starmi in riposo, e affaticarmi manco.
Nel tempo ch'era nuovo il mondo ancora,
E che inesperta era la gente prima,
E non eran le astuzie che son ora;
A piè d'un alto monte, la cui cima
Parea toccasse il cielo, un popol, quale
Non so mostrar, vivea ne la valle ima;
Che più volte osservando la inegnale
Luna, or con corna or senza, or piena or scema
Girar pel cielo al corso naturale;
E credendo poter da la suprema
Parte del monte giungervi, e vederla
Come si accresca, e come in sè si prema;
Chi con canestro e chi con sacco per la
Montagna cominciar correr in sù,
Ingordi tutti a gara di tenerla:
Vedendo poi non esser giunti più
Vicini a lei, cadeano a terra lassi,
Bramando in van d'esser rimasi giù.
Quei ch'alti li vedean dai poggi bassi,
Credendo che toccassero la luna,
Dietro venian con frettolosi passi.
Questo monte è la ruota di Fortuna,
Ne la cui cima il volgo ignaro pensa
Ch'ogni quiete sia, nè ve n'è alcuna.
Se ne l'onor contento e ne la immensa
Ricchezza si trovasse, io loderei
Non aver, se non qui, la voglia intensa;
Ma se vediamo i papi e i re, che Dei
Stimiamo in terra, star sempre in travaglio,
Che sia contento in lor dir non potrei.
Se di ricchezze al turco, e s'io m'agguaglio
Di dignitade al papa, ed ancor brama
Salir più in alto, e mal me ne prevaglio
Convenevole è ben che ordisca e trami
Di non patire a la vita disagio,
Che più di quanto ho al mondo è ragion ch'ami;
Ma se l'uomo è sì ricco, che sta ad agio
Di quel che dà natura, contentarse
Dovria, se fren pone al desir malvagio.
Che non digiuni, quando vorria trarse
L'ingorda fame, ed abbia fuoco e letto,
Se dal freddo e dal sol vuol ripararse;
Nè gli convenga andare a piè, se astretto

E di mutar paese; ed abbia in casa
  Chi la mensa apparecchi, e acconci il letto;
Che mi può dare, o mezza o tutta rasa
  La testa, più di questo? Ci è misura
  Di quanto può capir tutte le vasa.
Convenevole è aver che s'abbi cura
  De l'onor suo; ma tal, che non divenga
  Ambizione, e passi ogni misura.
Il vero onore è ch'uom da ben ti tenga
  Ciascuno, e che tu sia: che non essendo,
  Forza è che la bugia tosto si spenga.
Che cavaliero o conte o reverendo
  Il popolo ti chiami, io non t'onoro,
  Se meglio in te, che il titol, non comprendo.
Che gloria t'è vestir di seta e d'oro,
  E quando in piazze appari o ne la chiesa
  Ti si levi il cappuccio il popol soro?
Poi dica dietro: ecco chi diede presa
  Per danari a' Francesi Porta Giove,
  Che 'l suo signor gli avea data in difesa.
Quante collane, quante cappe nuove
  Per dignità si comprano, che sono
  Pubblici vituperi in Roma e altrove?
Vestir di romagnuolo, ed esser buono,
  Io mi contento; ed a chi vuol con macchia
  Di barreria, l'oro e la seta dono.
Diverso al mio parer il Bonda gracchia,
  E dice: abbi' io pur roba, e sia l'acquisto
  O venuto pel dado o per la macchia:
Sempre ricchezze riverir ho visto
  Più che virtù; poco il mal dir mi nuoce;
  Si rinnega anco e si bestemmia Cristo.
Non posso, Bonda, non alzar la voce,
  Bestemmian Cristo gli uomini ribaldi
  Peggior di quei che lo chiavaro in croce;
Ma ben gli onesti e i buoni dicon mal di
  Te, e dicon ver, che carte false e dadi
  Ti danno i beni c'hai mobili e saldi.
E tu dai lor da dirlo, perchè radi
  Fra di te in questa terra straccian tele
  D'oro e broccati, velluti e zendadi.
Quel che devresti ascondere, rivele;
  A' furti tuoi che star devrian di piatto,
  Per me' mostrarli allumi le candele;
E dai materia ch'ogni savio e matto
  Intender vuol, come sale e palazzi
  Dentro e di fuor in sì pochi anni hai fatto;
E come così vesti e così sguazzi:
  E rispondere è forza che a te è avviso
  Esser grand'uomo, e che dentro ne guazzi.
Pur che non se lo veggia dire in viso,
  Non stima il Bonda che sia biasmo, s'ode
  Mormorar dietro ch'abbia il frate ucciso.
Se ben è stato in bando un pezzo, or gode
  L'eredità in pace; e chi gli agogna
  Mal, freme indarno, e indarno se ne rode.
Quell'altro va se stesso a porre in gogna
  Facendosi veder con quella aguzza
  Mitra, acquistata con tanta vergogna.
Non avendo più bel d'una cucuzza,
  Ha meritato con brutti servigi
  La dignitade e 'l titolo che puzza
A gli spirti celesti umani e stigi.

Satira.

A Sigismondo Malaguzzo.

Il ventesimo giorno di febbrajo
  Chiude oggi l'anno, che da questi monti
  Che danno a' Toschi il vento di rovajo,
Qui venni, dove da diversi fonti
  Con eterno rumor confondon l'acque
  La Turrite col Serchio fra duo ponti,
Per custodir, come al signor mio piacque,
  Il gregge grafagnin, che a lui ricorso
  Ebbe tosto ch'a Roma il Leon giacque:
Che spaventato, e messo in fuga, e morso
  L'aveva dianzi, e l'avria mal condotto,
  Se non venia dal ciel giusto soccorso.
E questo in tanto tempo è il primo motto
  Ch'io fo a le Dee che guardano la pianta,
  De le cui fronde io fui già così ghiotto.
La novità del loco è stata tanta,
  C'ho fatto come augel che muta gabbia,
  Che molti giorni resta che non canta.
Sigismondo cugin, che taciuto abbia
  Non ti meravigliar, ma meraviglia
  Abbi che morto io non sia ormai di rabbia,
Vedendomi lontan cento e più miglia,
  E m'abbian monti e fiumi e selve escluso
  Da chi tien del mio cor sola la briglia.
Con altre cause e più degne mi scuso
  Con gli altri amici, a dirti il ver: ma teco
  Liberamente il mio peccato accuso.
Altri, a chi lo dicessi, un occhio bieco
  Mi volgerebbe addosso, e un muso stretto:
  Guata poco cervel, poi diria seco.
Degno uom, da chi esser debbia un popol retto,
  Uom che poco lontan da cinquant'anni
  Vaneggi nei pensier di giovinetto.
E direbbe il Vangel di san Giovanni;
  Che se ben erro, pur non son sì losco,
  Che 'l mio error non conosca, e ch'io nol danni.
Ma che giova, s'io il danno e s'io 'l conosco,
  Se non ci posso riparar, nè trovi
  Rimedio alcun che spegna questo tosco?
Tu forte e saggio, che a tua posta movi
  Questi affetti da te, che in uom nascendo
  Natura affigge con sì saldi chiovi.
Fisso è in me questo, forse non sì orrendo,
  Come in alcun c'ha di me tanta cura,
  Che non può tollerar ch'io non mi emendo;
E fa come io so alcun che dice e giura,

Che quello e questo è poco; e quanto lungo
Sia il cimier del suo capo non misura.
Io non uccido, io non percuoto o pungo,
Io non do noja altrui; se ben mi dolgo,
Che da chi meno e sempre, io mi dilungo;
Perciò non dico, nè a difender tolgo
Che non sia fallo il mio; ma non sì grave,
Che di via più non ne perdoni il volgo.
Con minor acqua il volgo, non che lave
Maggior macchia di questa, ma sovente
Al vizio titol di virtù dato have.
Un uom sì del danajo ardente,
Come di esso il Giuda, e che lo brama
Ognora in ogni loco, da ogni gente;
Nè amici nè fratel nè se stesso ama;
Uomo d'industria, uom di grande ingegno,
Di gran saper, di gran valor si chiama.
Gentil Rinieri, ed ha il suo grado a sdegno;
Esser gli par quel che non è; più innanzi
Che in tre salt' ir non può, si mette il segno.
Non vuol che in ben vestir altri l'avanzi:
Spenditor scalco falconiero e cuoco
Vuol chi lo scalzi, e chi gli tagli innanzi.
Oggi uno, e diman vende un altro loco;
Quel che in molt' anni acquistar gli avi e i patri
Getta a man piene, e non a poco a poco.
Costui non è chi morda, o chi gli latri:
Sì liberal magnanimo si noma
Fra i volgari giudicj oscuri ed atri.
Solo di faccende sì gran soma
Tolle a portar, che ne saria già morto
Il più forte somier che vada a Roma.
Tu 'l vedi in Banchi, a la dogana, al porto,
In camera Apostolica e in castello,
Da un ponte a l'altro a un volger di occhio sorto;
Si stilla notte e dì sempre il cervello
Come al papa ognor dia freschi guadagni
Con dazj nuovi e multe, e con balzello.
Gode fargli saper che se ne lagni,
E dica ognun che a l'util del padrone
Non riguardi parenti nè compagni;
Il popol l'odia, ed ha d'odiar ragione,
Se d'ogni mal che la città flagella,
Gli è ver ch'egli sia il capo e la cagione.
E pur grande e magnifico s'appella;
Nè senza prima discoprirsi il capo
Il nobile o 'l plebeo mai gli favella.
Lasciam si fa de la sua patria capo,
Ed in privato il publico converte;
Tre ne confina, a sei ne taglia il capo:
Comincia volpe, ed indi a forze aperte
Esce leon, poi c' ha il popol sedutto
Con licenze con doni e con offerte:
Gl'inopi alzando, e deprimendo in tutto
I buoni, acquista titolo di saggio,
Di forti stupri e d'omicidj brutto.
Così dà onore a chi dovrebbe oltraggio,
Nè sa da colpa a colpa scerner l'orbo
Giudicio, a cui non mostra il sol mai raggio.
Estima il corbo cigno, e il cigno corbo;
Se sentisse ch' io ammassi, faria un viso,
Come mordesse allora allora un sorbo.
Dica ognun come vuole, e siagli avviso
Quel che gli pare: in somma ti confesso,
Che qui perduto il canto, il giuoco, il riso,
Questa è la prima; ma molt' altre appresso,
E molt' altre ragion posso allegarte,
Che da le Dee m' han tolto di Permesso.
Già mi fur dolci inviti a empir le carte
I luoghi ameni di che il nostro Reggio,
Il natio nido mio n' ha la sua parte.
Il tuo Mauriziano sempre vagheggio,
La bella stanza, e 'l Rodano vicino
De le najade amato ombroso seggio,
Il lucido vivajo onde il giardino
Si cinge intorno, 'l fresco rio che corre
Rigando l'erbe, ove poi fa il molino.
Non mi si pon de la memoria torre
Le vigne e i solchi del fecondo Iaco,
La valle e 'l colle e la ben posta torre.
Cercando or questo ed or quel loco opaco,
Qui in più d' una lingua e in più d' un stile
Rivi traea sin dal gorgoneo laco.
Erano allora gli anni miei fra aprile
E maggio belli, ch' or l'ottobre dietro
Si lasciano, e non pur luglio e sestile.
Ma nè d'Ascra potrian nè di Libetro
Le amene valli, senza il cor sereno
Far da me uscir gioconda rima e metro.
Dove altro albergo era di questo meno
Conveniente ai sacri studj, voto
D' ogni giocondità, d' ogni error pieno?
La nuda Pania tra l'aurora e 'l noto,
Da l'altre parti il giogo mi circonda
Che fa d' un pellegrin la gloria noto:
Quest' è una fossa, ov' abito, profonda,
D' onde non muovo piè senza salire
Del selvoso Apennin la fiera sponda.
O starmi in rocca, o voglia a l'aria uscire,
Accuse e liti sempre e gridi ascolto,
Furti omicidj odj vendette ed ire;
Sì ch' or con chiaro, or con turbato volto
Convien ch' alcuno preghi, alcun minacci,
Altri condanni, ed altri mandi assolto;
Ch' ogni dì scriva, ed empia fogli, e spacci
Al duca, or per consiglio or per ajuto,
Sì che i ladron c' ho d' ogn' intorno scacci.
Dei saper la licenza in ch' è venuto
Questo paese, poi che la Pantera,
Indi il Leon l' ha fra gli artigli avuto.
Qui vanno gli assassini in sì gran schiera,
Che un' altra che per prenderli ci è posta,

Non oso trar del sacco la bandiera.
Saggio chi dal castel poco si scosta;
Ben arriva a chi più tocca, ma non torna,
Secondo ch'io vorrei, mai la risposta.
Ogni terra in se stessa alza le corna;
Che sono ottantatre, tutte partite
Da la sedizion che ci soggiorna.
Vedi or se Apollo, quando io ce lo invite,
Vorrà venir lasciando Delfo e Cinto
In queste grotte a sentir sempre lite.
Dimandar mi potresti, chi m'ha spinto
Dai dolci studj, e compagnia sì cara,
In questo rincrescevol laberinto?
Tu dei saper che la mia voglia avara
Unqua non fu; ch'io solea star contento
De lo stipendio che traea in Ferrara.
Ma non sai forse come ancor poi lento
Succedendo la guerra; e come volse
Il duca che restasse in tutto spento?
Fin che quella durò, non me ne dolse;
Mi dolse di veder che poi la mano
Chiusa restò, ch'ogni timor si sciolse.
Tanto più che l'officio di Melano,
Poi che le leggi vi tacean fra l'armi,
Bramar gli afflitti suoi mi facea in vano.
Ricorsi al duca: o voi, signor, levarmi
Dovete di bisogno, o non v'incresca
Ch'io vada altra pastura a procacciarmi.
Grafagnini in quel tempo, essendo fresca
La lor rivoluzion, che spinto fuori
Avean Marzocco a procacciar d'altr'esca;
Con lettere frequenti e ambasciatori
Replicavano al duca, e facean fretta
D'aver lor capi, e loro usati onori.
Fu di me fatta una improvvisa eletta;
O fosse perchè il termine era breve
Di consigliar chi pel miglior si metta;
O pur fu appresso il mio signor più leve
Il bisogno de' sudditi, che 'l mio;
Di ch'obbligo gli ho quanto se gli deve.
Obbligo gli ho del buon voler, non ch'io
Mi contenti del dono, il quale è grande,
Ma non molto conforme al mio desio.
Or se di me a quest'uomini domande,
Potrian dir che bisogno era di asprezza,
Non di clemenza a l'opre lor nefande.
Come ne io me, così ne contentezza
È forse in lor; io per me son quel Gallo
Che la gemma ha trovato, e non l'apprezza.
Son come il Veneziano, a cui il cavallo
Di Mauritania in eccellenza buono
Donato fu dal re di Portogallo:
Il qual per aggradire il real dono,
Non discernendo che mestier diversi
Volger timoni, e regger briglie sono;
Sopra vi salse, e cominciò a tenersi
Con mano al legno, e co' sproni a la pancia:
Non va, non va, dicea, che tu mi versi.
Sente il cavallo pungersi, e si lancia;
E 'l buon nocchier più allora preme e stringe
Lo sprone al fianco, aguzzo più che lancia;
E di sangue la bocca, e 'l fren gli tinge:
Non sa il cavallo a chi ubbidir, o a questo
Che 'l torna indietro, o a quel che l'urta e spinge;
Pur se ne sbriga in pochi salti presto:
Rimane in terra il cavalier col fianco
Con la spalla col capo rotto e pesto;
Tutto di polve e di paura bianco
Si levò al fin del re mal satisfatto,
E lungamente poi se ne dolse ancor;
Meglio avrebbe egli, ed io meglio avrei fatto,
Egli il don del cavallo, io del paese,
A dire: o re signor, non ci son atto;
Sii pur a un altro di tal don cortese.

Satira.

A Bonaventura Pistofilo.

Pistofilo, tu scrivi che se appresso
Papa Clemente ambasciator del duca
Per un anno o per due voglio esser messo,
Ch'io te ne avvisi, acciò che tu conduca
La pratica; e proporre anco non resti
Qualche viva cagion che mi v'induca:
Che lungamente io sia stato di questi
Medici amico, e conversar con loro
Con gran domestichezza mi vedesti,
Quando eran fuorusciti, e quando foro
Rimessi in casa, e quando in su le rosse
Scarpe Leone ebbe la croce d'oro;
Che oltre che a proposito assai fosse
Del duca, estimi che tirare a mio
Utile e onor potrei gran pesi e grosse;
Che più da uomo grande, che da un rio
Posso sperar di prendere, s'io pesco.
Or odi quanto a ciò ti rispond'io.
Io ti ringrazio prima, che più fresco
Sia sempre il tuo desire in esaltarmi,
E far di me mi vogli un barbaresco;
Poi dico che pel fuoco, e che per l'armi
A servigio del duca in Francia e 'n Spagna
E in India, non che a Roma puoi mandarmi.
Ma per dirmi che onor vi si guadagna
E facultà, ritruova altro zimbello,
Se vuoi che l'augel caschi ne la ragna.
Perchè quanto a l'onor, n'ho tutto quello
Che io voglio; basta che in Ferrara veggio
Da più di sei levarmisi il cappello.
Perchè san che talor col duca seggio
A mensa, ne riporto qualche grazia,
Se per me o per gli amici giovar chieggio.
E se, come di onor mi trovo sazia
La mente, avessi facultà a bastanza;
Il mio desir si fermeria, ch'or spazia.
Sol tanto ne vorrei, che viver senza

Chiederne altrui mi fosse in libertade;
Il che ottener mai più non ho speranza:
Poi che tanti mie' amici potestade
Hanno avuto di farlo, pur rimaso
Son sempre in servitude e in povertade.
Non vo' più che colei che su dal vaso
De l' incauto Epimeteo a fuggir lenta,
Mi tiri com' un bufalo pel naso.
Quella ruota dipinta mi sgomenta,
Ch' ogni mastro di carte a un modo finge;
Tanta concordia non cred' io che menta.
Quel che le siede in cima, si dipinge
Uno asinello; ognun lo enigma intende,
Senza che chiami a interpretarlo Sfinge.
Vi si vede anco che ciascun che ascende,
Comincia a inasinir le prime membre,
E resta umano quel che a dietro pende.
Fin che de la speranza mi rimembre,
Che coi fior venne e con le prime foglie,
E poi fuggì senza aspettar settembre;
Venne il dì che la Chiesa fu per moglie
Data a Leone, ed a le nozze vidi
A tanti amici miei rosse le spoglie.
Venne a calende, e fuggì innanzi a gl' idi:
Fin che me ne rimembre, esser non puote
Che di promesse altrui mai più mi fidi.
La sciocca speme a le contrade ignote
Salì dal ciel quel dì che 'l Pastor santo
La man mi strinse, e mi baciò le gote:
Ma fatte in pochi giorni poi di quanto
Potea ottener le sperienze prime,
Quanto andò in alto, in giù tornò altrettanto.
Fu già una zucca che montò sublime
In pochi giorni tanto, che coperse
A un pero suo vicin l' ultime cime:
Il pero una mattina gli occhi aperse,
Ch' avea dormito un lungo sonno, e visti
I nuovi frutti su 'l capo sederse;
Le disse, chi sei tu? come salisti
Qua su? dove eri dianzi, quando lasso
Al sonno abbandonai questi occhi tristi?
Ella gli disse il nome, e dove al basso
Fu piantata mostrogli; e che in tre mesi
Quivi era giunta accelerando il passo.
Ed io, l' arbor soggiunse, a pena ascesi
A quest' altezza, poichè al caldo e al gelo
Con tutti i venti trenta anni contesi.
Ma tu ch' a un volger d' occhi arrivi in cielo,
Renditi certa che non meno in fretta
Che sia cresciuto, mancherà il tuo stelo.
Così a la mia speranza, che a staffetta
Mi trasse a Roma, potea dir chi avuto
Per Medici sul capo avea l' accetta;
Chi gli avea ne l' esilio sovvenuto,
O chi a riporlo in casa; o chi a crearlo
Leon d' umil agnel gli diede ajuto.
Chi avesse avuto lo spirto di Carlo
Sosena allora, avria a Lorenzo forse
Detto, quando sentì duca chiamarlo;
Ed avria detto al duca di Nemorse,
Al cardinal de' Rossi, e al Bibiena,
A cui meglio era esser rimaso a Torse,
E detto a Contessina e a Maddalena,
A la nuora a la suocera ed a tutta
Quella famiglia d' allegrezza piena:
Questa similitudine fia indutta
Più propria a voi, che, come vostra gioja
Tosto è venuta, tosto sarà distrutta:
Tutti morrete, ed è fatal che muoja
Leone appresso, prima che otto volte
Torni in quel segno il fondator di Troja.
Ma per non far, se non bisognan, molte
Parole, dico che fur sempre poi
L' avare spemi mie tutte sepolte.
Se Leon non mi diè, che alcun de' suoi
Mi dia non spero: cerca pur questo amo
Coprir d' altra esca, se pigliar mi vuoi;
Se pur ti par ch' io vi debba ire, andiamo;
Ma non già per onor nè per ricchezza;
Questa non spero, e quel di più non bramo.
Più tosto di ch' io lascerò l' asprezza
Di questi sassi, e questa gente inculta
Simile al luogo ov' ella è nata e avvezza,
E non avrò, qual da punir con multa,
Qual con minacce; e da dolermi ognora,
Che qui la forza a la ragione insulta.
Dimmi ch' io potrò aver ozio talora
Di riveder le muse, e con lor sotto
Le sacre frondi ir poetando ancora.
Dimmi ch' al Bembo al Sadoleto al dotto
Giovio al Cavallo al Blosio al Molza al Vida
Potrò ogni giorno, e al Tibaldeo far motto;
Tor d' essi or uno, e quando un altro guida
Pe' i sette colli, che col libro in mano
Roma in ogni sua parte mi divida.
Qui, dica, il circo, qui il foro romano,
Qui fu suburra: e questo il sacro clivo;
Qui Vesta il tempio, e qui solea aver Giano.
Dimmi ch' avrò di ciò ch' io leggo o scrivo
Sempre consiglio, o da latin quel torre
Voglia o da tosco, o da barbato argivo.
Di libri antiqui anco mi puoi proporre
Il numer grande, che per publico uso
Sisto da tutto 'l mondo fe' raccorre.
Proponendo tu questo, s' io ricuso
L' andata, ben dirai che tristo umore
Abbia il discorso razional confuso.
Ed in risposta, come Emilio, fuore
Porgerò il piè, e dirò: tu non sai dove
Questo calzar mi prema, e dia dolore.
Da me stesso mi tol chi mi rimove
Da la mia terra: e fuor non ne potrei
Viver contento, ancorchè in grembo a Giove.
E s' io non fossi d' ogni cinque o sei
Mesi stato uno a passeggiar fra il duomo,

E le due statue de' marchesi miei;
Da sì noiosa lontananza domo
Già sarei morto, o più di quelli macro,
Che stan bramando in purgatorio il pomo.
Se pur ho da star fuor, mi fia nel sacro
Campo di Marte senza dubbio meno,
Che in questa fossa, abitar duro ed acro.
Ma se 'l signor vuol farmi grazia a pieno,
A sè mi chiami; e mai più non mi mandi
Più là d' Argenta, o più qua dal Bondeno.
Se perchè amo sì il nido mi dimandi,
Io non te lo dirò più volentieri,
Ch' io soglia al frate i falli miei nefandi.
Che so ben che diresti: ecco pensieri
D' uom che quarantanove anni a le spalle
Grossi e maturi si lasciò l' altr' ieri.
Buon per me ch' io m' ascondo in questa valle,
Nè l' occhio tuo può correr cento miglia
A scorger se le guancie ho rosse o gialle.
Che vedermi la faccia più vermiglia,
Ben ch' io scriva da lunge, ti parrebbe,
Che non ha madonna Ambra, nè la figlia;
O che 'l padre canonico non ebbe,
Quando il fiasco del vin gli cadde in piazza,
Che rubò al frate oltre li dui che bebbe.
S' io ti fossi vicin, forse la mazza
Per bastonarmi piglieresti tosto
Che m' udissi allegar, che ragion pazza
Non mi lasci da voi viver discosto.

Sonetto.

Occhi miei belli, mentre ch' io vi miro,
Per dolcezza ineffabil ch' io ne sento,
Vola, come falcon c' ha seco il vento,
La memoria da me d' ogni martiro;
E tosto che da voi le luci giro,
Amaramente resto in tal tormento,
Che s' ebbi mai piacer, non lo rammento,
E va il ricordo col primier sospiro.
Non sarei di vedervi già sì vago,
S' io sentissi giovar, come la vista,
L' aver di voi nel cor sempre l' imago.
Invidia è ben, se 'l guardar mio s' attrista,
E tanto più, che quell' ond' io m' appago,
Nulla a voi perde, ed a me tanto acquista.

Sonetto.

Quel capriol che con invidia e sdegno
Di mille amanti a colei tanto piacque,
Che con somma beltà per aver nacque
Di tutti i gentil cori al mondo regno;
Turbar la fronte, e trar, pietoso segno
Dal petto li sospir, da gli occhi l' acque
A la mia donna, poi che morto giacque,
E d' onesto sepolcro è stato degno.
Che sperar ben amando or non si deve,
Poi che animal senza ragion si vede
Tal premio aver di servitù sì breve?
Nè lunghi e ennui, or dee venir, mercede;
Che quando s' incomincia a sciôr la neve,
Ch' appresso il fin sia il verno e chiara fede.

Canzone.

Quante fiate io miro
I ricchi doni e tanti
Che 'l ciel dispensa in voi sì largamente,
Altrettante io sospiro;
Non che 'l veder che innanti
A tutte l' altre donne ite egualmente,
Mi percuote la mente
L' invidia; che a ferire
Io molto bassa parte,
Se la ragion si parte
Da un alto oggetto, mai non può venire;
E da l' umiltà mia
A vostra altezza, è, più ch' al ciel, di via.
Non è d' invidia affetto
Ch' a sospirar mi mena,
Ma sol d' una pietà c' ho di me stesso;
Però ch' aver mi aspetto
De la mia audacia pena,
D' aver in voi sì innanzi il mio cor messo:
Che se l' esser concesso
Di tanti il minor dono
Far suol di ch' il riceve
L' animo altier; che deve
Di voi far dunque, in cui tanti ne sono,
Che da l' Indo a l' estreme
Gade tant' altri non ha il mondo insieme?
L' aver voi conoscenza
Di tanti pregi vostri,
Che siate per amar unqua sì basso,
Mi dà gran diffidenza:
E ben che mi si mostri
Di voi cortesia grande sempre, ahi lasso,
Non posso far ch' un passo
Voglia andar la speranza
Dietro al desir audace:
La misera si giace,
Ed odia e maledice l' arroganza
Di lui che la via tiene
Molto più là, che non se gli conviene.
E questo ch' io temo ora,
Non è ch' io non temessi
Prima che si perdesse in tutto il core:
E qual difesa allora
E quanto lunga io fessi
Per non lasciarlo, è testimonio amore:
Ma il debile vigore
Non potè contra l' alto
Sembiante, e le divine
Maniere, e senza fine

Virtù e bellezza, sostener l'assalto;
Che 'l cor perdei, e seco
Perdei la speme di più averlo meco:
Non sarà già ragione,
Che per venir a porse
In vostre man, devesse esservi a sdegno;
Se n'è stato cagione
Vostra beltà, che corse
Con troppo sforzo incontro al mio disegno,
Egli è ben che degno
Parer non può l'abbiate
Dopo lungo tormento,
In parte a far contento:
Nè questo cerca ancor, ma che pietate
Vi stringa almen di lui,
Ch'abbia a patir senza mercè per vui.
Canzon, conchiudi in somma a la mia donna
Ch'altro da lei non bramo,
Se non che a sdegno non le sia, s'io l'amo.

Sonetto.

Madonna, io mi pensai che star assente
Da voi non mi dovesse esser sì grave,
S'a riveder il bel guardo soave
Venia tal or, che già solea sovente.
Ma poi che 'l desiderio impaziente
A voi mi trasse, il cor però non ave
Men una de le doglie acerbe e prave:
Anzi raddoppiar tutte se le sente.
Giovava il rivedervi, se sì breve
Non era; ma per la partita dura
Mi fu un velen, non che un rimedio lieve.
Così suol trar l'infermo in sepoltura
Interrotto compenso: o non si deve
Incominciar, o non lasciar la cura.

Madrigale.

Per gran vento che spire,
Non si estingue, anzi più cresce un gran foco,
E spegne, e fa sparire ogni aura il poco.
Quando ha guerra maggiore
Intorno in ogni luogo, e in su le porte,
Tanto più un grande amore
Si ripara nel core, e fa più forte.
D'umile e bassa sorte,
Madonna, il vostro si potria ben dire,
Se le minacce l'han fatto fuggire.

Sonetto.

Chiuso era il sol da un tenebroso velo
Che si stendea fin a l'estreme sponde
De l'orizzonte, e mormorar le fronde
S'udiano, e tuoni andar scorrendo il cielo:
Di pioggia in dubbio e tempestoso gelo,
Stav'io per gire oltre le torbid'onde
Del fiume altier che 'l gran sepolcro asconde
Del figlio audace del signor di Delo:
Quando apparir su l'altra ripa il lume
De' be' vostr'occhi vidi, e udii parole,
Che Leandro potean farmi quel giorno;
E tutto a un tempo i nuvoli d'intorno
Si dileguaro, e si scoperse il sole,
Tacquero i venti, e tranquillossi il fiume.

Canzone.

Anima eletta, che nel mondo folle,
E pien d'error sì saggiamente quelle
Candide membra belle
Reggi, che ben l'alto disegno adempi
Del re degli elementi e de le stelle,
Che sì leggiadramente ornar ti volle,
Perch'ogni donna molle
E facile a piegar ne li vizj empi,
Potesse aver da te lucidi esempi,
Che fra regal delizie in verde etade
A questo d'ogni mal secolo infetto
Giunta esser può d'un nodo saldo e stretto
Con somma castità somma beltade:
Da le sante contrade,
Ove si vien per grazia e per virtute,
Il tuo fedel salute
Ti manda, il tuo fedel caro consorte,
Che ti levò di braccio iniqua morte.
Iniqua arte, che quel tanto quieto
Giocondo, e al tuo parer felice tanto
Stato, in travaglio e in pianto
T'ha sottosopra, ed in miseria volto,
A me giusta e benigna, se non quanto
L'udirmi il suon di tue querele dietro
Mi potria far non lieto,
Se ad ogni affetto rio non fosse tolto
Salir qui, dove è tutto il ben raccolto;
Del qual sentendo tu da mille parti
L'una, già spento il tuo dolor sarebbe;
Ch'amando me, come so ch'ami, debbe
Il mio, più che 'l tuo gaudio rallegrarti;
Tanto più ch'al ritrarti
Salva da le mondane aspre fortune,
Sei certa che commune
L'hai da fruir meco in perpetua gioja
Sciolta d'ogni timor, che più si muoja.
Segui pur senza volgerti la via
Che tenuto hai fin qui sì drittamente,
Che al cielo e a le contente
Anime, altra non è che meglio torni:
Di me t'incresca, ma non altrimente
Che s'io vivessi ancor t'incresceria
D'una partita mia
Che tu avessi a seguir fra pochi giorni;
E se qualche e qualch'anno anco soggiorni
Col tuo mortal a patir caldo e verno,
Lo dei stimar per un momento breve
Verso quest'altro, che mai non riceve
Nè termine nè fin, viver eterno.

Volga fortuna il perno
A la sua rota in che i mortali aggira;
Tu quei che acquisti mira,
Per la tua via non declinando i passi;
E quel che a perder hai, se tu la lassi.
Non abbia forza, il ritrovar di spine
E di sassi impedito il stretto calle,
Di farti dar le spalle
Al santo monte per cui al ciel tu poggi,
Sì ch'a l'infida e mal secura valle
Che ti rimane a dietro, il piè decline:
Le piagge e le vicine
Ombre soavi d'alberi e di poggi
Non t'allettino sì, che tu v'alloggi;
Che se noja e fatica fra gli sterpi
Senti al salir de la poco erta roccia,
Non v'hai da temer altro che ti nuoccia;
Se forse il fragil vel non vi discerpi.
Ma velenosi serpi
De le verdi vermiglie e bianche e azzurre
Campagne, per condurre
A crudel morte con insidiosi
Morsi, fra' fiori e l'erba stanno ascosi.
La ricca gonna, il mesto e scuro velo,
Il letto vedovil, l'esserti priva
Di dolci vini, e schiva
Fatta di giuoco e d'ogni lieta vista,
Non ti spiacciano sì, che amor cattiva
Vada del mondo, e 'l fervor torni in gelo,
C'hai di salir al cielo,
Sì che fermar ti veggia pigra e trista:
Che questo abito inculto ora t'acquista
Con questa noja e questo breve danno
Tesor, che d'aver dubbio che t'involi
Tempo, quantunque in tanta fretta voli,
Unqua non hai, nè di fortuna inganno.
O misero chi un anno
Di falsi gaudj, o quattro o sei più prezza,
Che l'eterna allegrezza
Vera e stabil, che mai speranza o tema,
O altro affetto non accresce o scema!
Questo non dirò già perchè d'alcuno
Freno ai desiri in te bisogno creda,
Che da niun' altra feda
Sai con quant' odio e quant' orror ti scosti;
Ma dirò, perchè godo che proceda
Come conviensi, e com' è più opportuno
Per salir qui ciascuno
Tuo passo, e che tu sappia quanto costi
Il meritarci i cerchi primi posti:
Non godo men che a gl' ineffabil pregi
Che avrai qua su, veggio che in terra ancora
Accresci un ornamento, che più onora,
Che l'oro e l'ostro e li gemmati fregi,
Le pompe e i culti regi,
Sì riverir non ti faranno, come
Di costanza il bel nome,
E fede e castità, tanto più caro,
Quanto esser suol più in bella donna raro:
Questo più onor, che scender da l'augusta
Stirpe d'antichi Ottoni, estimar dei:
Di ciò più illustre sei,
Che d'esser de' sublimi incliti e santi
Filippi nata, ed Ami ed Amidei,
Che fra l'arme d'Italia, e la robusta,
Spesso a' vicini ingiusta,
Feroce Gallia hanno tant' anni e tanti
Tenuti sotto il lor giogo costanti
Con gli Allobrogi i popoli de l'Alpe;
E di lor nomi le contrade piene
Dal Nilo al Boristene,
E da l'estremo Idaspe al mar di Calpe.
Di più gaudio ti palpe
Questa tua propria e vera laude il core,
Che di veder al fiore
De' gigli d'oro, e al santo regno aggiunto,
Chi di sangue e d'amor ti sia congiunto.
Questo sopra ogni lume in te risplende,
Se ben quel tempo che sì ratto corse,
Tenesti da Nemorse
Meco scettro ducal di là da' monti;
Se ben tua bella mano freno torse
Al paese gentil che Appennin fende,
E l'Alpe e il mar difende:
Nè tanto vai, che a questo pregio monti,
Che 'l sacro onor de l'erudite fronti,
Quel lauro e 'n terra e 'n cielo amato Lauro,
Suocer ti fu, le cui mediche fronde
Sparse a le piaghe, donde
Italia morì poi, furo ristauro;
Che fece a l'Indo e al Mauro
Sentir l'odor de' suoi rami soavi;
Onde pendean le chiavi
Che tenean chiuso il tempio de le guerre,
Che poi fu aperto, e non è più chi 'l serre.
Non poca gloria è che cognata e figlia
Il Leon [illegible] ti dica,
Che fa l'Asia e l'antica
Babilonia tremar sempre che rugge;
E che già l'Afro in Etiopia aprica
Col gregge e con la pallida famiglia
Di passar si consiglia;
E forse Arabia e tutto Egitto fugge
Verso ove il Nilo al gran cader rimugge:
Ma da costume e senno, e scettri e seggi,
Per stretta affinità fuor non hai
Da sperar che li rai
Del chiaro sol di tue virtù pareggi,
Sol perchè non vaneggi
Dietro al desir che come serpe annoda;
E ~~guadagnar la loda~~
Che 'l padre e gli avi e i tuoi maggiori invitti
Si guadagnar con l'arme in gran conflitti.

Quel cortese Signor, che onora e illustra
Bibiena, e innalza in terra e in ciel la fama;
Se come, fin che là giù m' ebbe appresso,
M' amò quanto se stesso,
Così lontano e molto sparto m' ama;
Se Amor intende e brama
Soddisfare a' miei preghi, come suole;
Queste fide parole
A Filiberta mia scriva e rapporti,
E preghi per mio amor che si conforti.

Canzone.

Amor, da che ti piace,
Che la mia lingua parle
De la sola beltà del mio bel sole;
Questo a me non dispiace,
Pur che tu voglia darle
A tant' alto soggetto alte parole,
Che accompagnate e sole
Possano andar volando
Per bocca de le genti;
E con soavi accenti
Mille belle virtù di lei narrando,
Facciano per ogni core
Nascer qualche desio di farle onore.
Sai ben che non poss' io
Parlarne per me stesso,
Che la mia mente pur non la comprende;
Perch' ella è, com' un Dio,
Da tutto il mondo espresso,
Ma non inteso, e sol se stesso intende:
Il suo bel nome pende
Prima dal suo bel vero,
E dai celesti lumi
Prendono i suoi costumi;
Tal che scesa qua giù dal paradiso
A tempo iniquo ed empio
Fu di se stessa a se medesma esempio.
Quando che a gli occhi miei
Prima costei s' offerse,
Come stella ch' appare a mezzo giorno;
Stupido allor mi fei,
Perchè la vista aperse
Cosa qua giù da far il cielo adorno;
Benedetto il soggiorno,
Ch' io fermo in questa vita;
Ove s' ebbi mai noia,
Tutto è conversa in gioia,
Vedendo al mondo una beltà compita;
Ne la quale io comprendo
Quell' alme grazie che nel cielo attendo.
Poi che quell' armonia
Giù nel mio cuor discese,
Ch' uscìo fra 'l mezzo di coralli e perle;
Entro l' anima mia
Il suon così s' apprese
Di quelle note, che mi par vederle,
Non che in l' orecchie averle.
O fortunato padre
Che seminò tal frutto,
E tu che l' hai produtto,
Beata al mondo sopra ogni altra madre!
E più beata assai,
Se quel ch' io scorgo in lei veder potrai!
Ancor dirò più innante,
Pur ch' e' mi sia creduto;
Ma chi nol crede possa il ver sentire:
Sotto le care piante
Per tutto ove è veduta
L' erba fiorisce a prova nel fiorire;
Vidi ben, dove il fiume
De' suoi begli occhi arriva,
In valle poggio o colle
Rida l' erbetta molle,
E di mille color farsi ogni riva,
L' aer chiararsi, e il vento
Fermarsi al suon di sue parole attento.
Ben, sì come a rispetto
De l' ampio ciel stellato
La terra è nulla, e veramente centro;
Così del mio concetto
Quello ch' ho fuor mandato,
È proprio nulla a par di quel ch' ho dentro:
Veggio ben ch' io non entro
Nel mar largo e profondo
Di sue infinite lode,
Che l' animo non gode
Gir tanto innanzi, che paventa il fondo:
Però lungo le rive
Va raccogliendo ciò che parla e scrive.
So, canzonetta mia, ch' avrai vergogna
Gir così nuda fuore;
Ma vanne pur, poi che ti manda Amore.

Sonetto.

Avventurosa man, beato ingegno,
Beata seta, beatissimo oro,
Ben nato lino, inclito bel lavoro
Da chi vuol la mia Dea prender disegno!
Per far a vostro esempio un vestir degno,
Che copra avorio e perle ed un tesoro
Ch' avendo io ch' ella, non torrei fra il Mauro
E il mar di Gange il più famoso regno.
Felice voi; felice farmi anch' io,
Se mostrarle o con gesti o con parole
Io potessi altro esempio, ch' ella toglia.
Quanto meglio di voi ch' imitar suole
Sarà, se imita la mia fe, se 'l mio
Costante amor, e la mia grata voglia!

Madrigale.

O se quanto è l' ardore,
Tanto, madonna, in me fosse l' ardire,
Forse il mal ch' ho nel core osarei dire,
A voi dovrei contarlo;

Ma per timor, oimè, d'un sdegno resto,
Ch'io taccia, e io ne pero,
Crescemi il duol sì che 'l vedrà presto;
Però ve 'l dica questo,
Che da voi tutto nasce il suo martire:
E s'ei ne more, il fido suo morire.

Sonetto.

Qual avorio di Gange, o qual di Paro
Candido marmo, o qual ebano oscuro,
Qual fin argento, qual oro sì puro,
Qual fresca ambra, o qual cristal sì chiaro;
Qual scultor, qual artefice sì raro
Fabbricar un vaso a le chiome che fûro
De la mia donna, ove riposte, il duro
Separarmi da lei fora men amaro?
Che ripensando a l'alta fronte, a quelle
Vermiglie guance, a gli occhi, a le divine
Rosate labbra, e a l'altre parti belle,
Non potrian, se ben fosse come il crine
Di Berenice assunto fra le stelle,
Riconsolarmi, e porre al duol mai fine.

Sonetto.

Qual volta io penso a quelle fila d'oro,
Ch'al dì mille si pose e mille volte,
Fûr per forza da l'alto bel tesoro,
Che per bisogno e buon giudicio tolte;
Di sdegno e d'ira avvampo e mi scoloro,
E 'l viso ad or ad or, e il sen di molte
Lagrime bagno, e di desir mi moro
Di vendicar de l'empie mani e stolte.
Ch'elle non sieno, Amor, da te punite,
Di fuoco e fiamme? Bacco al re de' Traci
Fe' scontar cara ogni sua tronca vite,
E tu, maggior di lui, da queste audaci
Le tue rame più belle e più gradite
Levar ti vedi, e lei comporti, e taci?

Sonetto.

Se con speranza di mercè perduti
Ho i migliori anni in vergar tanti fogli,
E vergando dipingervi i cordogli
Che per amar alte bellezze ho avuti;
E se fin qui non li ho fatti sì arguti,
Che l'opra il cor duro ad amarmi invogli;
Non ho da attender più che ne germogli
Nuovo valor, ch'in questa età m'ajuti.
Dunque è meglio il tacer, donna, che 'l dire,
Poi che de' versi miei non puote altr'uso,
Che dilettar altrui del mio martire.
Se voi l'udir sete, ed io mi escuso,
Che non voglio esser quel che, per udire
Dolce dolor, fu nel suo loco chiuso.

Sonetto.

Lasso, i miei giorni lieti, e le tranquille
Notti che i sonni già mi fêr soavi,
Quando nè Amor nè sorte m'eran gravi,
Nè mi cadean da gli occhi ardenti stille;
Come, perch'io continuo da le squille
A l'alba il seno lagrimando lavi,
Son volti affatto, onde il cor par s'aggravi
Del suo vivo calor, che più sfaville?
O folle cupidigia, o mai non al merto
Pregiata libertà, senza di cui
L'oro e la vita ha ogni suo pregio incerto:
Come beato e miser fate altrui,
E l'un de l'altro è morte e caso certo,
Or che piangendo penso a quel ch'io fui!

Madrigale.

Se voi così mirate a la mia fede,
Com'io miro a' vostri occhi e a vostre chiome,
Eccedere l'altre la vedreste, come
Vostra bellezza ogni bellezza eccede.
E come io veggio ben che l'una è degna
Per cui nè lunga servitù nè dura
Nojosa mai debba parermi o grave:
Così vedreste voi, che vostra cura
Dev'esser che quest'altra si ritegna
Sotto più lieve giogo e più soave,
E con maggior speranza, che non ave,
D'esser premiata; e se non ora a pieno
Come devriasi, almeno
Con un dolce principio di mercede.

31.

Bernardo Accolti.

Ebenfalls ein gefeierter Improvisator, dessen Stegreifdichtungen jedoch bedeutender waren, als seine geschriebenen, mit Ausnahme des hier mitgetheilten trefflichen Sonettes. Er stammte aus Arezzo und starb um 1534. Mehr ist nicht über seine Lebensverhältnisse bekannt.

Sonetto.

Di fiammeggiante porpora vestita
Era la mia celeste immortal Dea
Che nel volto e ne l'abito parea
Allor allor dal cielo essere uscita.
Tutta fra sè di sè stessa invaghita
Con tai sembianti i begli occhi volgea,
Che in lei divinamente si vedea
Beltà con leggiadria essersi unita.
Io con la mente a l'usato infiammata
Avea stupor di contemplarla e gioco,
Ch'era pur cosa oltre natura usata.
Seco era Amor, che a me sdegnato un poco
Dicea gridando: guarda, anima ingrata,
Guarda com'io t'accesi in gentil foco.

32.

Francesco Berni.

Der Erfinder der nach ihm benannten eigenthümlichen Gattung burlesker italienischer Poesie ward er, aus adeligem Geschlechte stammend, um 1490 zu Lamporecchio in Toscana geboren. Arm an Glücksgütern, lebte er zuerst in Florenz, dann in Rom, wo er nach einander bei dem Cardinal Bernardo und dem Prälaten Angelo Dovizio, darauf bei dem Bischof von Verona Matteo Giberti, theils zu Rom, theils zu Verona als Secretär in Diensten stand. Später lebte er als Canonicus in Florenz, wo ihm der Herzog Alexander und der Cardinal Hippolyt von Medici sehr wohl wollten. Er starb am 26. Juli 1536, wahrscheinlich vergiftet. Seiner eigenen Umarbeitung von Bojardo's verliebtem Roland, welche grossen Beifall fand und das Original verdrängte, hinterliess er viele andere burleske Poesien in Sonetten und Capitoli.

Capitolo.

Nel mille cinquecento anni ventuno,
Del mese di settembre a' ventidue,
Una mattina a buon' ora a digiuno
Venne nel mondo un diluvio che fue
Si rovinoso, che da Noè in là
Ad un bisogno non ne furon due.
Fu, come disse il Pesca, qui e quà:
Io che lo vidi, dico del Mugello;
De l'altre parti dica chi lo sa.
Vulcano, Ischia, Vesuvio e Mongibello
Non feron mai di tanto fracasso;
Dissen le donne ch' egli era il fragello;
E ch' egli era il demonio e 'l satanasso,
E 'l diavolo e 'l nemico e la versiera
Ch' andavan quella volta tutti a spasso.
Egli era terra, e parea più che sera:
L'aria non si potea ben ben sapere
S'ella era persa, monachina o nera.
Tonava e balenava a più potere:
Cadevan le saette a centinaja:
Chi le sentì non le volea vedere.
Non restò campanile o colombaja;
In modo tal che si potea cantare
Quella canzona che dice: oh ve' baja!
La neve fe' quel ch' ella aveva a fare.
Cacciossi innanzi ogni cosa a bottino;
Menonne tal, che non ne volea andare.
Non rimase per Roma un sol mulino,
E maledetto quel gambo di biada,
Che non n'andasse al nome del vino.
Chi stette punto per camparla a bada
Avvedde poi voluto essere altrove,
Che non rinvenne a sua posta la strada.
Io potrei raccontar cose alte e nuove,
Miracoli crudeli e sterminati,
Dico più d' otto e anche più di nove.
Come dir bestie ed uomini affogati,
Querce sbarbate, salci, olmi e cerri,
Case spiantate e ponti rovinati.
Di questo dica chi trovossi ai ferri:
Io ne vo solamente un riferire,
E anche Dio m' ajuti ch' io non erri.
O buona gente, che state a udire,
Sturatevi gli orecchi de la testa,
E udirete quel ch' io vi vo' dire.
Mentre ch' egli era in cul questa tempesta,
Si trovaro in un fiume due persone,
Or udirete cosa che fu questa.
Un fossatel che si chiama il Muccione,
Per l'ordinario si secca e si smunta
Che non immolla altrui quasi il tallone,
Venne quel dì sì grosso e sì raggiunto,
Che costor due credendo esser da lato,
Si trovaro nel mezzo appunto appunto.
Quivi ciascun di loro spaventato,
E non vedendo modo di fuggire,
Come sa chi in tal casi s'è trovato,
Volsono in su un albero salire,
E non dovette darne loro il cuore,
Io non so ben che si volessi dire.
Eran fratelli, e l'un ch' era il maggiore,
Abbracciò ben quel legno, e 'n su le spalle
Si fe' salir il suo fratel minore.
Quivi il Muccion con tutta quella valle
Menava ceppi e sassi zeppi e taglienti,
Tutta mattina dàlle, dàlle, dàlle.
Furon coperti de le volte venti,
E quel di sotto per non affogare
A l'albero appoggiava il viso, e i denti
Attendeva quell' altro a confortare,
Ch' era per la paura quasi perso;
Ma l'uno e l'altro aveva poco a stare,
Che bisognava lor far altro verso;
Se non che Cristo mandò loro un legno,
Che si pose a quell' albero attraverso.
Quel dette loro alquanto di sostegno;
E non bisogna che nessun s' inganni;
Che in altro modo non v' era disegno.
A quel di sotto con rincrse panni;
I scuote pesto livido e percosso,
Ed era ad ordin, come a San Giovanni.
Quel di sopra anche avea poco indosso;
Pur gli parve aver tratto diciannove,
Quand' ei si fu da la furia riscosso.
Quest' è una di quelle cose nuove
Ch' io non ricordo aver mai più sentita,
Nè credo sia mai stata tale altrove.
Buone persone, che l'avete udita,
E pure avete fatto questo bene,
Pregate Dio che ci dia lunga vita,
E guardici dal fuoco e da le piene.

Capitolo.

Io ho di nuovo, Amor, che tu hai il torto
Assassinarmi in questo modo altrui,
E volermi ammazzar, quand' io son morto.
Tu mi imbarcasti prima con colui,
Or vorresti imbarcarmi con costei:
Io vo' che venga il morbo a lei e a lui.

E penso ch'io non dissi a te o a lei:
  Se non perch'io non vo' che tu l'adiri,
  Ad ogni modo io te l'apparecchierei.
Sappi quel ch'io ho a far co' tuoi sospiri:
  Io era avvezzo a rider tuttavia,
  Or bisogna ch'io pianga e ch'io sospiri.
Quand'io trovo la gente per la via,
  Ognun mi guarda per trasvedato,
  E dice ch'io sto male, e ch'io vo via.
Io me ne torno a casa disperato:
  E poi ch'io m'ho veduto ne lo specchio,
  Conosco ben ch'io son trasfigurato.
Parmi esser fatto brutto magro e vecchio;
  E gran mercè ch'io non mangio più nulla,
  E non chiudo nè occhio, nè orecchio.
Quand'ognun si sollazza e si trastulla,
  Io attendo a trar guai a centinaja:
  E fammegli trar una fanciulla.
Guarda se la fortuna vuol la baja;
  La m'ha lasciato stare infino ad ora:
  Or vuol ch'io m'innamori in mia vecchiaja.
Io non voleva innamorarmi ancora:
  Che poi ch'io m'era innamorato un tratto,
  Mi pareva un bel che l'esserne fuora.
A ogni modo, Amor, tu hai del matto;
  E credi a me, se tu non fossi cieco,
  Io ti farei veder ciò che m'hai fatto.
Or se costei l'ha finalmente meco,
  Questa rinnegataccia de la Dea,
  Di grazia, fa ancor ch'io l'abbia seco.
Poi che tu l'hai disposto, ch'io la bea;
  S'ella mi fugge, ch'io le sia nimico;
  E sia turco io, s'ell'è ancor giudea.
Altrimenti, Cupido, io te lo dico
  In presenza di questi testimonj:
  Presto ch'io t'abbia ad esser poco amico.
E se tu mi percuoti ne gli ugnoni,
  Rinnieghi Dio, s'io non ti do la stretta,
  E s'io non ti fornisco a mostaccioni.
Prega pur Giove ch'io non mi ci metta:
  Tu non me n'avrai fatte però sei,
  Ch'io ti farò parere una civetta.
Non potendo valermi con costei,
  Per vendicarmi de' miei dispiaceri
  Farotti quel ch'io avrei fatto a lei.
E non ti varrà esser balestrieri,
  O armarti con l'esser giovanetto;
  Ch'allor tel farò io più volentieri.
Non creder ch'io ti voglia aver rispetto;
  Io te la darò se nulla t'avviene,
  Non dir dipoi ch'io non te l'abbia detto.
Cupido, se tu sei un uom dabbene,
  E servi altrui quando tu sei richiesto,
  Abbi compassion de le mie pene.
Non guardar perch'io t'abbia detto questo;
  La troppa stizza me l'ha fatto dire;
  Un'altra volta io sarò più onesto.
A dirti il vero, io non vorrei morire;
  Ogni altra cosa si può comportare:
  Questa io non so com'ella s'abbia a ire.
Se costei mi lasciassi marinare,
  Io le farei di dietro un manichino,
  E mostrerei di non me ne curare.
Ma che non mangia pane, e non bee vino,
  Io ho sentito a dir che se ne muore,
  E questo quasi ch'io me l'indovino.
Però ti vo' pregare, o Dio d'amore,
  S'io ho pure a morir per man di dame,
  Tira anche a lei un verrettone nel cuore;
Fa ch'ella muoja d'altro, che di fame.

Sonetto.

Chi vuol veder quantunque può natura
  In far una fantastica befana,
  Un'ombra un sogno una febbre quartana,
  Un model secco di qualche figura;
Anzi pure il model de la paura,
  Una lanterna viva in forma umana,
  Una mummia appiccata a tramontana;
  Legga per cortesia questa scrittura.
A questo modo fatto è un cristiano,
  Che non è contadin nè cittadino,
  E non sa s'ei s'è in poggio, o s'ei s'è in piano.
Credo che sia nipote di Longino:
  Com'egli è visto fuor ricorre il grano
  A la più trista ogni volta un carlino.
    Ha 'ndosso un gonnellino
   Di tela ricamata da' magnani
   A toppe e spranghe messe coi trapani,
    Per amor de' tafani
   Porta attraverso al collo uno stracciale
   Quadro, come da' vescovi un grembiale;
    Con un certo cotale
   Di romagnuolo attaccato a le schiene
   Con una stringa rossa, che lo tiene.
    Ha quando calza bene
   Una brachetta accattata a pigione,
   Che par appunto un naso di montone.
    Non farìa la ragione
   Di quante stringhe ha egli e 'l suo mantelletto
   Un abbachista in cento anni perfetto.
    Nemico del confetto,
   E de gli arrosti e de le peverade,
   Come de' birri un assassin di strada.
    E opinion ch'ei vada
   Del corpo l'anno quattro tratti soli,
   E serva paternostri, e fusajuoli.
    Fugge da' cerajuoli,
   Acciocchè non lo vendin per un boto,
   Tant'è sottil leggiere giallo e voto;
    Comecchè il Buonarroto
   Dipigne la quaresima e la fame,
   Dove che vuol ritrar questo carcame
    Con un cappel di stame,
   Che porta dì e notte come i bravi,

E dieci mazzi a cintola di chiavi,
Che sentonsi per schiavi;
Co' ferri a' piè non fan tanto romore,
E tenuto sagrestano ed un priore
Va per ambasciadore
Ogni anno de l'acciughe a mezzo maggio,
Contro a capretti ed ova ed a formaggi;
E perchè è gran viaggio,
Ha sempre sotto il braccio un mezzo pane,
Ed ha un giubbon di sette sorte lane,
Quel rode come un cane.
Poi giù pel gozzo gli dà la spalla
Con tre o quattro sorte di stoppa tinta.
Ora cornice dipinta
Una figura strana, un' arpia,
La mena fuggita da la notomia.

Sonetto.

Chiome d' argento fine, irte ed attorte
Senz' arte intorno ad un bel viso d' oro;
Fronte crespa, u' mirando io mi scoloro,
Dove spunta i suoi strali Amore, e morte;
Occhi di perle vaghi, luci torte
Da ogni obbietto diseguale a loro;
Ciglia di neve, e quelle ond' io m' accoro
Dita e man dolcemente grosse e corte,
Labbra di latte, bocca ampia celeste,
Denti d' ebano rari e pellegrini,
Inaudita ineffabile armonia;
Costumi alteri e gravi; a voi, divini
Servi d' Amor, palese fo che queste
Son le bellezze de la donna mia.

Sonetto.

O spirito bizzarro del Pistoja;
Dove sei tu? che ti prendi un subbietto,
Un' opra da rompere, non ch' un sonetto,
Più bella che 'l Danese e che l' Ancroja.
Noi abbiam qua l' ambasciator del boja,
Un medico maestro Guazzaletto;
Che se m' avvedi mai ch' io abbia detto,
So che tu ridi tanto, che tu muoja.
Egli ha una berretta adoperata
Più che non è 'l breviario d' un prete
Ch' abbia assai divozione, e poca entrata.
Sovra ritratta in certe comete,
Con quel che si condisce l' insalata,
Di varie sorti, come le monete.
Mi fa morir di sete,
Di sudore e di spasimo e d' affanno
Una sua vesta, che fu già di panno,
C' ha forse ottanta un anno;
E foderata tutta, non di martore,
Che non ha peli, e pende in color bianco
Mi fanno venir meno
I calzoni ancor delli al Borrojo,
Che porta il luglio in cambio del gennajo.
Quella gli serva sajo,
Cappa, stival, mantello, e copertojo,
Intorno al collo par che sia di cuojo;
Senza lana scolatojo.
Tu che l' avesse a gli occhi, vedrestilo,
Se non gli desse noja già l' odore
Di pelazzi e di penne
Piena tutta, e di sprazzi di ricotte,
Come le berrettacce de le notte;
Son fatti taglie e ghiotte
Le maniche in un modo strano sfesse;
Volser esser dogal, poi fur bizzarre,
Fingemmo che sedesse
Un potere giubbon che porta indosso,
Che 'l sudor tutt' ha logoro, ne gualda roso.
E mai non se l' ha mosso
Da sedici anni in qua che se lo fece,
E par che sia attaccato con la pece
Chi lo guarda, e non vede.
Ha stomaco da guerra e da galera
Che mancaron gli scorpioni per medicina.
Ha modo e può dirsi;
Spiritoni, savj, a chi ben d' essa;
Una berretta par vecchia dimessa
Scucita e scomunicata;
Se la conta le conte ad una ad una,
Pascola il sole e le stelle e la luna;
E vuole digiuna.
Che il calendario memoria non basta:
Come un segnal da boccia ha fuor le anime
Che lei vendevon a lucino,
Ed a Milano, onde a vede la sua luna,
Si farà torre in una sottilissima.
Per parer gentilissima,
Le cammino di bianco le gente mende,
E da un piè sentir soffiole scende:
Ha pria fiera e poi crede
Intorno a biancamente scampolotti,
Che non han mai notizia ben attentitti;
Nella sommosa i brati.
Quando sale le scale sopra il podestà,
Teme che poi d' una pena il bordone
Allor chi scende pone
Vede le calze sfondate al maestro,
E la camicia ch' esce dal canestro,
Con le fede del destro
Scorge che ha la coda più profonda
Il cotone, l' agugliata, e la ritonda.
Da una tolta tonda
La suola, e van rappezzando e travalli,
Dove il maestro: me volgo commendo.

Sonetto.

Verona è una Terra c' ha le mura
Parte di pietre e parte di mattoni,
Con merli e torri e fossi tanto buoni,

Che nessuna legge vi stava sicura.
Dietro ha un monte, [illegible] una pomona
Per la qual corre un fiume senza sprona:
Ha presso un lago che mena carpioni,
E trote e pesche e anguille e trottore.
Dentro ha spelonche, grotte ed anticaglie,
Dove il Duca ed Ercole ed Anteo
[illegible] il re [illegible] con le tanaglie.
Due archi ancora, un coliseo,
Nel qual sono intagliate le battaglie
Che fece il re di Cipri con Pompeo.
La rilievo ch' Orfeo
Lascia, che s' appiccare un instrumento,
A Flacco ed a Catullo in testamento.
Appresso ha anche dentro,
Come hanno l'altre Terre, piazze e vie,
Molte strade spedale ed osterie
Tutte in prospettive,
Da fare ad Euclide ed Archimede
Perder gli architetti con que' sguardi;
E chi non me lo crede,
E' vuol far pruova de la sua persona,
Venga a [illegible] a Verona:
Dove la fama suona
La gente e 'l nome [illegible]
De' più [illegible] savii e pellegrini,
Che han su pe' camini
E su pe' tetti le [illegible] in colonne,
[illegible] in giù e 'n su [illegible] a giorni;
Ed han dietro un [illegible]
Di maniera di [illegible] e di speciali,
Che portan tutto l'anno gli stivali;
Perchè i luoghi [illegible]
Ch' [illegible] le lor strade [illegible],
Producon questo ed altre belle cose:
Ma [illegible] più famose,
Da [illegible] gli occhi,
[illegible] e pesci e [illegible] e [illegible].

Sonetto.

Cancheri, e beccafichi magri arrosto,
E mangiar carbonata senza bere;
Essere stracco, e non poter sedere,
Avere il fuoco presso, e 'l vin discosto;
Riscuotere a bell' agio, e pagar tosto,
E dare ad altri per avere a avere;
Esser ad una festa, e non vedere,
Sudar di gennaio come d' agosto;
Avere un sassolin 'n una scarpetta,
Ed un pulce drento ad una calza,
Che vada in giù e 'n su per istaffetta;
Una mano imbrattata, ed una netta;
Una gamba calzata, ed una scalza;
Esser fatto aspettare, ed aver fretta:
Chi più n' ha, più ne metta,
E conti tutti i dispetti e le doglie,
Che la maggior di tutte è l' aver moglie.

Sonetto.

Io ho per cameriera mia l' Ancroja,
Madre di Ferraù, zia di Morgante,
Arcavola maggior de l' Amostante,
Balia del Turco, e suocera del Boja.
È la sua pelle di razza di stoja,
Morbida come quella del liofante;
Non credo che si trovi al mondo fante
Più orrida, più sozza e squarquoja.
Ha del [illegible] un [illegible] di sopra manco;
Una sassata glie lo porto via,
Quando si combatteva Castelfranco.
Par di suo capo la cosmografia,
Pien d' isolette d' azzurro e di bianco,
Commesse da la tigna di Tarsia.
Il dì di Befana
Vo' porla per befana a la finestra
Perchè qualcun le dia d' una balestra.
Ch' ell' è sì fiera e alpestra,
Che le daran nel capo d' un bolzone,
In cambio di civetta e d' [illegible].
S' ell' andasse carpone
Parrebbe una scrofaccia, o una marchia,
Ch' abbia le poppe a guisa di [illegible]:
Tutta grinza ed arsiccia,
Nera dal fumo e fatta in verdeghiccio,
Con [illegible] e [illegible] e [illegible] qualche riccio.
Non le fu dato in fallo
La lingua e i denti di [illegible] tempre,
Perchè ella ciancia, e mangia sempre
sempre.
[illegible] ch' io mi distempre
A dir ch' [illegible] di man de' famigli;
E che la [illegible] ora mi pigli
Par de' vostri consigli,
Compar, che per le man me la met-
tiate
Per una fante dal dì de le frate.
Credo che lo farete
Con animo d' andarvene al vicario,
Ed accusarmi per concubinario.

21.

Antonio Tebaldeo.

Er ward 1463 in Ferrara geboren, war Arzt und starb 1537 in Rom; in der Geschichte der italienischen Poesie ausgezeichnet als einer der besten Petrarchisten des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts.

Sonetto.

Or che tempo era di tornare in porto,
Per mutar vento estrema arbore e sarte,
E cominciar calar le vele sparte
Che tutte eran [illegible] a l' arbor porto;
Dal torbido ritorna un crudel vento e sorto
Che da riva mi spinge in altra parte,
E s' io non trovo altro soccorso od arte,

Temo che 'l mio cammin sia tristo e corto.
Ch' io veggio da lontano in mare un scoglio,
Ove la stella mia dritto mi mena,
E di fortuna ognor crescer l' orgoglio.
E sentovi cantare una Sirena
Che per forza mi tira ov' io non voglio,
Tanto ho del suo bel suono l' orecchia piena.

Sonetto.

Deh perchè non mi fur svelti di testa
Gli occhi quel dì che fur sì intenti e pronti
Mirar costui che gli ha conversi in fonti,
Colmi d' un lungo umor che mai non resta?
E l' orecchia che a udir fu tanto presta
I dolci accenti suoi soavi e conti,
Che i sassi tratti avrian fuor dei duri monti,
Ed i venti acchetati e ogni tempesta?
Per queste vie discese al cor la pena;
Da questo tempo quella viva face
Che occultamente ardendo al fin mi mena.
Questo turbò la mia tranquilla pace;
Questa fu l' esca gli ami e la catena
E man che fa di me quel che gli piace.

Sonetto.

Provato ho stare in sdegno i mesi e l' ore,
Provato ho far mia vita in monte e 'n piano,
Solcar l' onde del mar, fuggir lontano,
Per trovar fine al mio cocente ardore;
Provato ho porre ad altra donna il core,
Che suol amor spesso far l' altro esser vano;
Ma nulla giova al mio dolore insano,
Che sempre cresce in me più vivo amore.
Sì che nulla provare omai m' avanza,
E veggio ben che indarno il tempo spendo
Che contra questo amor non val possanza,
Sol esso mi sana, ma nessun prende
Questo crudel signor c' ha per usanza
D' uccider chi contrasta e chi si rende.

Sonetto.

Mille fiate fra me di giorno in giorno
Giurato ho di fuggire e mutar sede,
Vedendo il mio servir senza mercede,
E per potermi acquistar salute e soggiorno;
Ma un vostro sguardo sol fa poi ch' io torno,
Tanta grazia e valor da quel procede,
E insieme fan contrasto il core e 'l piede;
Questo vorria fuggir, quel far ritorno.
Così io mi trovo a sdegno con me stesso,
Ch' essendo al mondo nato in libertade,
Per mia colpa ad altrui sia sottomesso.
Trovai donna che tal felicitade
Per me non era, e che a noi mortal concesso
Non è di prender tanta beltade.

Sonetto.

Chi crederia che mai per sì selvaggi
E alpestri luoghi ove non è sentiero,
Trovar sapesse amore il cammin vero,
Che appena il sol vi viene con li suoi raggi?
E pure il trova, e gli atti onesti e saggi
Di madonna mi addita sola al pensiero,
E il bel volto gentile, e il guardo altero,
E veggio lei vedendo querce e faggi.
Ma gran cosa non è, se in ogni strano
Loco mi trova; perchè ovunque io passo
Resta del pianto mio bagnato il piano.
Lui segue il segno che a me dietro lasso,
E sì acquistar mi vede da lontano,
Ed ei va con le penne, ed io col passo.

Sonetto.

Chi non sa come venga primavera
A maggior verde, come il verno ai venti
Si toglie, ai rai le nubi, agli serpenti
L' aspro veneno, le tenebre a la sera;
Chi non sa come una più alpestre fera
Si placa, come il mar tranquil diventi
Quand' è più in furia, e come tosto spenti
Rimangon prova la sua forza intera;
Fermi l' occhio nel lume di costei:
Dentro vi è amor, che non sa stare altrove,
Sospirar maravigliando uomini e dèi.
Quando in donna fu mai grazie sì nove?
Ma prova quel che fa parlando lei,
Se sol col guardo son fa tante prove.

Sonetto.

A che, cieco fanciul, cotanto orgoglio?
A che in superbia ti fa montar sereno?
A madonna mi son ... non a te meno,
Lei fa che rompe del mio petto il scoglio.
Facciala libera lei com' esser soglio,
E ha con l' arco e con suoi strali acerbo
Vantar sola, e s' io sono più pieno,
A ogni gran disagio mi condanna in voglio.
Guarda, misero te, se fosse vil sei,
Che armato contra un disarmato esce
Non ardisce tener certain credei.
S' io l' obbedisco e s' io fo poeta amore,
Nol fo per te, ma per cagion di lei,
Ch' a servir a lei m' sospinse pel signore.

Sonetto.

Non più saette, amor; non v' è più omai
Loco nel corpo mio scudiero e frale,
Ove bisogna adoperar strale;
Se grande, prova altra piaga fai.
Ahimè, se un tempo il tuo valor sperai,
Ora senz' altro rimanerne ad altro male
Il primo colpo fu che la sanità,

Per vendetta dovea parerti assai
Fallai, ma giovanil fu il mio fallire,
E poi che [illegible] dentro il tuo core,
Tu sai che amor mio non cessa fuggire.
Ma non potrai [illegible] ancor s'io moro,
Che se fussi ben morto, il mio tesoro
Nel qual ti rendo mille strali d'oro.

Sonetto.

Ben può dal suo lavor cessare omai
Natura, senza far nuovo disegno,
Giunta a l'estremo e dentro segno
Ove non giunse o giungerà più mai.
Felice Italia, e più felice assai,
Se questo lume glorioso e degno
Nella età al tempo di quel sommo ingegno
Che Sorga tenne in amorosi guai.
Che il sacro inchiostro e le sue terse carte,
Le dolci rime vigilate tanto
Non sarian state in donna volgar sparte.
Avria serrate l'una e l'altro tomba;
Ma natura tardò, rende con arte,
Non per tuo danno [illegible], ma per suo pianto.

Sonetto.

Tu che mirando stupefatto sedi,
Se t'innamora questa immagin bella,
Pensa se, come ha il corpo, la favella
Avesse, e i bei costumi e i modi e i gesti.
Sì che tutto [illegible] altro diresti:
Io ti veggo, Eros, s'ardi per quella;
Tolse il scultor la minor parte d'ella,
Abbagliato da gli occhi ardenti e onesti.
Ben potria il cielo, e sarebbe atto pio,
Mandar al mondo un'alma per mia pace;
Ebbe l'invidia quel che chieggio io,
E se cosa di lei sia che non gli piace;
Torre a Beatrice, che ha il suo spirto e 'l mio,
Lei, e locarlo in quest'altri che tace.

Sonetto.

Spesso il cor mesto e gli occhi [illegible];
Il cor si duole, e dice che il suo lume
E causa dei suoi mali; ma per costume
Ricerca gli occhi vederlo non sanno:
Il cor che cerca come il grave affanno,
Di lagrime un costante e largo fiume
A gli occhi dimora, acciocchè si consume
La vista vista che gli fe danno.
Il cor il fanciullo e cieco Iddio,
Che messo ha fra lor lite per diletto,
Lascia stare fra se del danno mio.
Quasi tu non so più di che sdegnare:
Come sperar salute mai posso io,
Se i miei [illegible] di me possedono l'[illegible]?

Sonetto.

Qual fu il pittor sì temerario e stolto,
Che ritrar volse la tua forma in carte?
Che Zeusi e Apel, che intese sì ben l'arte,
E c'hanno il pregio a tutti gli altri tolto,
Insieme non sapriano del tuo bel volto
Col suo disegno por la minor parte;
Nè si confidaria di nuovo farte
Essa natura, benchè possa molto.
Sì che non dir fatica a la pittura;
Se sei un sol, non li fare una stella;
Non ha in carte il suo onore la tua figura.
Solo il cor mio sa farla com'è bella;
Che se di fuor potesse per ventura
Mostrarlo, udresti ognun gridar: gli è quella.

Sonetto.

Felici membra, che già avesse in terra
Con voi quel spirto glorioso e santo,
Che tal fama lassò col dolce canto,
Che 'l tempo mai non gli potrà far guerra;
So che per questi poggi tale erra
Per rammentarsi del terrestre manto;
Però qui vengo per lavare alquanto
De la grazia che in quel si chiude e serra.
E mentre in questi colli io muovo i passi,
Io sento non so che, che 'l lauro ingegno
Mi sveglia e i sensi [illegible] e bassi.
Qui viver voglio; e come a morte vegno,
Lasciar il corpo in un di questi sassi,
Benchè di starvi appresso io non sia degno.

Sonetto.

Fortuna, ogni elemento, uomini e dei
Tutti son congiurati ne' miei danni;
Tu solo in tanta angustia e tanti affanni,
Sogno, [illegible] di me pietoso sei;
Che tornando con le meste [illegible]
Potrai [illegible] ingannar il tempo e gli anni
In quella forma in quei medesmi panni,
Tal che mai fosse giorno io non vorrei.
Ma il bene c'ho da te, sogno, gli è raro,
Che non mi lassa amor troppo dormire,
Acciò che il mio dolor non sia riparo.
Pur ch'io speri a me non posso venire,
Almen quando tu vieni, o sogno caro,
Non ti voler sì subito partire.

Sonetto.

Tempio sublime, ov'è la luce altera
De la tua stella, anzi del nostro sole,
Ov'è colei che illuminar ne suole,
Che non si mostra ne l'usata schiera?
Ahimè che l'abbiam disperata e fiera
La terra oppressa! onde smarrito e solo
Van le compagne, e amor piange e si duole

Vedendo grave quella in cui sol spera.
Or che sarà di me se 'l ciel fallace
Del suo bel viso mi dispoglia e priva?
Non bisogna sperar di aver mai pace.
Onde convien che con timor io viva;
Che mal sicuro è quel ch'a molti piace,
E raro un bel guadagno al mondo arriva.

Sonetto.

Lasciato ha Febo l'Ariete ov'era,
Drizzando i raggi a le Tauree corna,
Onde di varj fior vestita e adorna
Ridendo a noi si mostra primavera.
Zefiro spira, e con sua dolce schiera
[illegible] cantando a le caverne torna;
A la dolce ombra il pastorel soggiorna,
Scherzando greggi armenti ed ogni fera.
Amore e Marte fan strada e romore,
L'un [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible],
L'altro [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible].
Segua Marte chi vuole, io seguo Amore,
E son le mie vittorie e la mia guerra,
[illegible] [illegible] parole e [illegible] e sguardi.

Sonetto.

Ov'hai, morte, a che lasciarmi tanto?
Io pur troppo [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]:
A che sta, bella morte, tanto [illegible]?
Deh per Dio se non pare, troppo di quanto.
S'io vi do lume, e di voi [illegible] e [illegible],
Non [illegible] già [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] che s'ha in seno, l'amore:
[illegible] s'ama e segue, e [illegible] altro che [illegible].
Che gloria v'è [illegible] un vile e basso,
Tu corri [illegible] [illegible] e a mal forte,
Che va per via [illegible] a [illegible] passo?
Ma se pur vuoi [illegible] mi [illegible] per sorte,
Poiche ch'è mi [illegible], [illegible] nel sasso:
Due occhi ed una man fur la mia morte.

Sonetto.

Semplice avventurosa pastorella,
Che il dì lieta vai tra il gregge senza cura,
Poi quando l'altra gente il ciel ne fura
Torni a posar ne la tua agreste cella:
Lasso, che sparso in questa parte e 'n quella
Senza quete il giorno, e la notte oscura
Vassene la mia vita aspra e dura,
Come del mar procelloso navicella.
Tu sei lunge dal lupo, ma io [illegible] [illegible]
Per la via vigilando a simil guerra,
Che fa l'animo mio sempre vane;
Ed io lunge del cielo e de la terra;
Gradita la fortuna, amore, le genti umane,
Se l'arme altrui per mia difesa afferra.

Sonetto.

Ben fosti in Cipro nata nel giardino
D'amore, e in quel di [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible],
Rosa gentil, che in questo nostro giorno
Sul bel fior non si coglie d'alcun spino.
Io ch'era a la mia morte già vicino,
Poiché a me ti mandò la bella mano,
A l'odor tuo son fatto in parte sano;
Mercè tua mi potrei, ch'era consumato.
Ma di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Che [illegible] pallida [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible],
Che [illegible] [illegible] si [illegible] e si vermiglia.
Torna a madonna, e di piangendo a lei,
Che [illegible] [illegible] il tuo [illegible] somiglia,
E che al suo [illegible] provveda o si martir' [illegible].

Sonetto.

Io lettera a l'uscio di quell' aspra e fiera
Donna ch'ogni momento [illegible] a mia morte,
Quando giunger ti vedi a le sue porte
Mostra umanità e di color di cera.
Ma se come colei che perdón spera
[illegible] di [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible];
E dirai: me a vedere [illegible] la morte,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] a lo mi' mandato, [illegible] l'[illegible] e [illegible],
Che se [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] di [illegible];
[illegible] la [illegible] e [illegible] la [illegible] mia.
[illegible] che per me [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] a l'[illegible], e [illegible] [illegible],
O che lei mi [illegible], [illegible] che [illegible] non mora.

Sonetto.

Parlo de l'alma mia, caro compagno,
Che [illegible] dopo me qualch' anno ancora,
Se [illegible] che in pace ed in [illegible] [illegible],
Tempra tanto dolor [illegible] e forte.
Il [illegible] [illegible] m'è doppia morte;
E se pur piangere [illegible], ch'io la [illegible]
Tanto che 'l [illegible] se ne [illegible] [illegible],
Ch'essere già per [illegible] [illegible] a le porte.
Al mio [illegible] ed io [illegible] un [illegible];
Che serva fede al nostro [illegible] letto
Che in la mia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
E [illegible] [illegible] par qualche [illegible]
Tra [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
In [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] in [illegible] l'aspetto.

[illegible]

Giovanni Guidiccioni.

Dieser ausgezeichnete lyrische Dichter wurde 1500 zu Lucca geboren, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] geistlichen Stand, und starb 1541 als Bischof von Fossombrone in seinem [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Annibal Caro, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible].

Canzone.

Spirto gentil, che ne' tuoi bei verd' anni
Prendesti [illegible] il ciel l' ultimo esiglio,
E me lasciasti qui misero e solo
A lagrimar i miei, poi che i tuoi danni;
Poi dal ciel mirando in quanti amari affanni
Sia la mia vita assai peggior che morte:
Mira quel duro sorte
Vivo nel ben [illegible] contra mia voglia,
Ahimè ch' io viva eternamente in doglia
Che quando torna a la memoria, quando
Torna per me quel sempre acerbo giorno,
Che vidi a l' ultimo altro soggiorno;
Tornar de la partita, [illegible]
Come morte chiuse que' duo lumi spenti,
Che i miei lieti e contenti
Facean sperar, ed or di piangere voglio
Non hanno in tanto mal chi più gli ap-
paghi.
Onde mio core, senza te non voglio
Più vivere, nè volendo ancor potrei;
Che poi che ti vedeti a gli occhi miei,
Come son io dolor mio, quant' io mi doglio:
La lingua al duol, e gli occhi al pianto
sciolgo,
Se render potrai mai di piangere tanto,
Ch' io potessi col mio pianto
Far palese ad altrui quant' io t' amai;
Che le lagrime pur non sono assai.
Canzon, vedova di candide spoglie adorna
In bel [illegible], e d' [illegible]
Trovar lo spirto mio, che sempre chiama
L' amato nome, e sol la morte brama.

Sonetto.

Viva fiamma di Marte, onor de' tuoi,
Ch' Urbino un tempo, e più l' Italia or-
nava;
Mira che giogo vil, che duolo amaro
Preme or l' altrice de' famosi eroi.
Ove morte ne' begli occhi suoi,
Che fur del mondo il sol più ardente e
chiaro;
Sostener il Tedesco, e gioia e dolce [illegible],
Mira le schiere onde [illegible],
E qua ne vien dove le strade de gli empi
Tutte le sacre e gloriose spoglie,
E bagna il terren d' innocente sangue.
Le tue vittorie, e le tue grandi voglie,
E i diletti del tuo ond' ella langue,
Tu, che sol dei, con le tue mani adempi.

Sonetto.

Dal pigro e grave sonno ove sepolta
Sei già tant' anni, omai sorgi e respira;
E disdegnosa le tue piaghe mira,
Italia mia, non men serva, che stolta.
La bella libertà ch' altri t' ha tolta
Per tuo non sano oprar, cerca e sospira;
E i passi erranti al cammin dritto gira
Da quel torto sentier dove sei volta:
Che se riguardi le memorie antiche,
Vedrai che quei ch' i tuoi trionfi ornaro,
T' han posto il giogo, e di catene avvinta.
L' empie tue voglie a te stessa nemiche
Con gloria d' altri, e con tuo danno amaro,
Misera, t' hanno a sì vil fine spinta.

Sonetto.

Da questi acuti e dispietati strali
Che fortuna non sazia ognora avventa
Nel bel corpo d' Italia, onde paventa,
E piange le sue piaghe alte e mortali;
Bram' io levarmi omai su le destre ali,
Che 'l desio impenna, e di spiegar già
tenta;
E volar là dove io non veggia, e senta
Quest' egra schiera d' infiniti mali:
Che non poss' io soffrir, che fu già lume
Di beltà, di valor, pallida e 'nvolta
Mutar a voglia altrui legge e costume:
E dir versando il glorioso sangue:
A che t' armi, fortuna? a che sei volta
Contra chi vinta cotanti anni langue?

Sonetto.

Il non più udito e gran publico danno,
Le morti, l' onte, e le querele sparte
D' Italia, ch' io pur piango in queste carte;
Empieran di pietà quei che verranno.
Quanti, s' io dritto stimo, ancor diranno:
O nati a peggior anni in miglior parte!
Quanti movransi a vendicarne in parte
Del barbarico oltraggio e de l' inganno!
Non avrà l' ozio pigro e 'l viver molle
Loco in quei saggi, ch' anderan col sano
Pensiero al corso de gli onori eterno,
Ch' ancor col nostro sangue abbiamo il folle
Error purgato di color ch' in mano
Di sì belle contrade hanno il governo.

Sonetto.

Questa che tanti secoli già stese
Sì lunge il braccio del felice impero;
Donna de le provincie e di quel vero
Valor che 'n cima d' alta gloria ascese;
Giace vil serva; e di cotante offese
Che sostien dal Tedesco e da l' Ibero,
Non spera il fin; che indarno Marco e Piero
Chiama al suo scampo ed a le sue difese.
Così caduta la sua gloria in fondo,
E domo e spento il gran valor antico,
Ai colpi de l' ingiurie è fatta segno.
Posta in un colmo di dolor profondo,

Buonvisi, odi quel ch' io piangendo dico,
E non sento avvampar d' un fero sdegno.

Sonetto.

Perch' in mezzo il ciel de la su' vita,
Se pur quanto devria ti punge cura
Di quest' afflitta Italia, a cui non dura
In tanti affanni omai la debil vita:
Non può la forte vincitrice ardita
Reggere, chi 'l crederia? sua pena dura;
Nè rimedio o speranza l' assicura;
Sì l' odio interno ha la pietà sbandita:
Ch' a tal, nostre sue colpe e di fortuna,
È giunta, che non è chi pur le dia
Conforto nel morir, non che soccorso.
Così tremar fece l' universo ad una
Rivolta d' occhi, ed or cade tra via
Battuta e vinta nel suo estremo corso.

Sonetto.

Il Tebro, l' Arno, il Po queste parole
Formate da dolor saldo e pungente
Odo io, che sol ho qui l' orecchie intente,
Accompagnar col pianto estremo e sole:
Chiuso e sparito in queste rive è il sole,
E l' accese virtù d' amore spente;
Ha l' empia tempesta d' occidente
Scossi i bei fior de' prati e le viole;
E Borea ha svelto il mirto e 'l sacro alloro,
Pregio e corona vostra, ombre rare,
Cantando i sacri a Dio devoti letti.
Non avrà 'l mar più le solite acque chiare;
Nè de gli omeri sparse i bei crin d' oro
Coprir le ninfe tra l' onde i petti.

Sonetto.

Mentre in più largo e più superbo volo
L' ali sue spande, e le gran forze move
Per l' italico ciel l' augel di Giove,
Come re altero di tutti altri e solo;
Non vede avvolto un rio perfido stuolo
Entro al suo proprio e vero nido altrove;
Ch' arde quei di mille morti nove,
E questi ingombra di spavento e duolo;
Non vede i danni suoi, nè a qual periglio
Sia la verace santa fè di Cristo;
Che colpa, e so di cui, negletta muore:
Ma tra noi volto a sanguinar l' artiglio,
Per fare un breve e vergognoso acquisto,
Lascia caro il cammin vero d' onore.

Sonetto.

Ecco che muove orgogliosamente il piede,
E scende, quasi un rapido torrente,
Da gli alti monti a nostra ingiuria gente
Per far di noi più dolorose prede;
Per acquistar col sangue nostro fede
A lo sfrenato lor furore ardente,
Ecco ch' Italia misera dolente
L' ultime notti a mezzo giorno vede.
Che deve or Mario dir, che fè di queste
Fere rabbiose già sì duro scempio,
E gli altri vincitor di genti strane;
Se quest' alta ruina in voci meste
Odon rinnovellare il dolor empio,
E 'n van pregar chi le sue piaghe sane?

Sonetto.

Dunque, Buonvisi mio, del nostro seme
Deve i frutti côrre barbara mano?
E de le piante coltivate in vano
I cari pomi via portarne insieme?
Questa madre d' imperi ognora geme,
Sconsolata il mal sentendo umano,
Sì larghi danni, e 'l suo valor sovrano,
La libertade, e la perduta speme:
E dirai: o Re del ciel, se mai l' accese
Giust' ira a raffrenar terreno orgoglio;
Or tutte in aiuto le saette spendi.
Vendica i miei gran danni, e le tue offese;
O quanto è aumento il mal, grave il cordoglio,
Tanto del primo mio vigor mi rendi.

35.

Agnolo Firenzuola.

Sein Geburtsjahr lässt sich nicht bestimmt ermitteln; er war Abt zu Vallombrosa, lebte unter Leo X. und Clemens VII., und starb 1548. Canzonen, Sonette, Capitoli, Possen, Novellen und Lustspiele hinterliess er. Er verdient auch eine Stelle, [illegible] der lebendigen toscanischen [illegible] oder die Novelle aus [illegible]

Canzone.

Amor bello e gentile,
Per cui l' anima mia
Sempre arderà in così dolce face
Ovvero, mai in tempo sì vile
Con ch' altro bel si sia,
Sì ch' nessun fuor di voi nulla mi piace;
O bella e rara pace,
Che nel sen di madonna
Rendi dolce concento
Per crescer l' ornamento
De la leggiadra sua terrena gonna;
Fu mai che le mie carte
Lodin di voi de le mille una parte?
Oh quanti ardor d' amore,
Cercando in sempre loro,
Penso che avesse invidia al mio bel stato:
Quanti hanno in troppo onore
Quel ch' avvien poscia in guerra,
Sappiendo perch' io viva oggi beato;

Come fora pregiato
Quel ch'or si sprezza e fugge,
Quel ch'or si chiama e vuole
Con sì dolci parole.
Come vedrebbe ognun che 'l rode e sugge,
S'io potessi dar saggio
Qual entro accende il core questo raggio!
Io vi direi, che i rai
Del suo fulgente speglio
Dal ver splendor del terzo cielo accesi,
Se si rivolton mai
Ver me, che bramar meglio
Non seppi, poi che 'l lor viaggio intesi,
Che ne' più caldi mesi
Non 'nfiamma terra il sole,
Come mi scalda il seno
Il bel splendor sereno
A voler con amor quel ch'amor vuole;
E da quel tempo a questo
Sempre ebbi in grado il bel, non che l'onesto.
Quando la bianca mano
Questa mia fida scorta
Mi porge, ov'io non le rimango a lungo
E per bel calle e piano,
Per strada uniforme e corta
Mi scorge lieta al suo felice albergo;
Nè pensier mai fuor ergo,
Che mi torni a mal passo;
Perchè ogni sua parola
Ogni forza l'invola;
Ond'io veggendo ch'è seguito il passo,
Quanta gioja ha 'l cor mio,
Sallo Amor, sal madonna, e sallo anch'io.
Canzone, se forse avvien quand'hai voglia,
Potrai di arditamente
Gire a 'nfiammar d'amor tutta la gente.

Sonetto.

Deh le mie belle donne ed amorose,
Ditemi il ver per vostra cortesia;
Non è chiara fra voi la donna mia,
Com'è 'l sol chiar fra tutte l'altre cose?
Mirate il volto, e vedrete le rose
In bianca neve ardere tuttavia,
E le perle e i rubini aprir la via
Ai bei pensier ch'in lei bontate pose.
Io per me credo, e so che 'l creder mio
Non è vano, che pur donna il dice Amore,
Che questa è di virtute un vivo esempio.
Dunque impennate l'ale al bel disio,
Apriatemi, donne, a farle onore
Dove che de le sue lodi il mondo empio.

Sonetto.

Come a l'altare il mansueto agnello,
Sen va madonna a porsi in quelle braccia
Che fur ardite a violar la faccia
Ch'accoglie in se ciò che 'l mondo ha di bello.
Deh, signor, svegli dal sen crudo e fello
La mal locata pianta; e non ti piaccia,
Che così bella gioja ascosta giaccia
In così vile povero gioiello.
O voi preposti a vendicar l'errore
Di color che con voglia impura e profana
Ardiscon violar le sante cose;
Armate il rigor vostro, e con furore
Troncate quella man sozza e villana
Che in su quel sacro volto il colpo pose.

Sonetto.

Il primo dì ch'Amor mi fe' palese
La viva neve, i rubin veri, e l'ostro
Che bella pose nel bel petto vostro,
Allor che per suo albergo e nido il prese;
Il primo di caldo desio m'accese
Di tentar se con carte e con inchiostro
Io potessi mostrare al secol nostro
Come vi è stato il ciel largo e cortese;
E se il bel ch'appar fuor vincea 'l mio ingegno,
Pur si ombreggiava or una or altra parte,
Mercè d'amor che mi porgea 'l valore;
Ma tosto che in le man presi il disegno
De l'interne bellezze, mancò l'arte,
Ond'io mi tacqui per più vostro onore.

Madrigale.

Pur già mi vide Selvaggia, e stretto tenne
Quanto il male a lei piacque;
Di poi non so per qual cagione avvenne,
Che di sciorlo desio nel suo cor nacque:
Ond'io libero tornai,
E non mi accorsi mai,
Se più mi piacque il laccio,
O l'esser fuor de l'amoroso impaccio.

Canzone.

O fere aspre e selvagge,
O amorosetti augelli,
Saltanti capre, e voi lascivi armenti,
Che 'n queste verdi spiagge
Lungo i freschi ruscelli
Godete i vostri amor lieti e contenti;
Satir lascivi e attenti
Con le cornute canne
Gabbar le pastorelle
Che in queste grotte e 'n quelle
Rinchiuse stansi, e per le lor capanne;
Quest'è il Prato, u' mi piacque
Chi per mio piacer nacque.
Qui si scontraron gli occhi
De la mia donna, e 'l core
Arse d'entrambi in amoroso foco;
Qui furo i dolci tocchi

D'ogni voler; qui Amore
M'aperse via d'onesto e dolce gioco:
E quanti, o gentil loco!
Con amoroso zelo,
Fra le scherzanti aurette
Con le tenere erbette,
D'ambedue strinse e cinse l'alma e 'l velo
Di laccio sì soave,
Che libertà m'è grave.
E però volentieri
Calcando le tue spalle,
O bel Bisenzio, a te sovente torno,
E dico: qui l'altr'ieri
Fui servo, e 'n questo calle
Vidi far ombra i rami di quell'orno:
Qua entro si posorno
I pargoletti piedi;
Ecco che ancor quest'erba
Quelle bell'orme serba;
E quel bel tesoro ch'or fiorito vedi,
Già secco, al suo apparire
Incominciò a fiorire.
Potess'io con mie rime
Far palese la gioja
Ch'ebb'io, mercè d'Amor, tra questi fiori;
Come scriver le prime
Quelle a chi amore annoja,
Che porgeriano il petto a' dolci ardori.
Parmi questi allori,
De' quai l'aspra durezza
Di donna ebbe già forza
Mutarla in fronde e scorza,
Ch'ancor, la sua mercè, tanto s'apprezza;
Com'è gentile e vaga
Chiunque d'amor s'impiaga.
Canzon, se ben sei nata in mezzo ai boschi,
Ben spesso rozza gonna
Cuopre leggiadra donna.

Capitolo.

Perch'io so, Varchi mio, che voi sapete
Quanto sien fuor de' gangheri coloro
Che non hanno indizio de la sete;
E che avanzato insieme ogni tesoro
Che ci ha concesso l'umana natura,
Che quella vince tutti quanti loro;
Vi mando questa carta a dirittura,
Acciò costà in Firenze ad ogni passo
Lodiate questa nobil creatura.
Ch'è pur pur l'aver sete un grande spasso;
E quello è veramente un uom dabbene,
Che ha sete, e può ber per ogni chiasso.
Abbia un d'argento e d'or le casse piene;
Sia signor, mi fai dir, sia di Numidia,
Sia sano sano, e dorma bene bene;
Non gli abbiate per questo astio nè invidia;
Che 'l porre il sommo bene in simil cosa,
È, mi farete dir, una perfidia.
Invidia abbiate a chi sempre ha nascosa,
Anzi attaccata la sete al palato;
Che in quella sola ogni ben si riposa.
Ma voi m'avreste per ismemorato,
Se io non vi rendessi la ragione
Perch'io le son cotanto affezionato.
Ch'io vi conosco d'una condizione,
Che senza il quod, quid, est, e 'l propter quid
Non date fede a le buone persone.
Volgete dunque a me la fantasia,
Perch'io vi voglio ogni cosa provare
Per marcia forza di filosofia.
Dovete dunque sapere e notare,
Che le cose che son cagion del bene,
Più che 'l ben stesso si den tener care.
Verbigrazia cinque, sei, quattro, e tiene
Ti fan vincer due scudi; non a baro,
Ma s'e' dadi sei sforzato a voler bene:
Perchè tu non potevi carpar l'oro,
Se vincer nè giucar nè far covelle,
Se non avessin voluto costoro.
Ma con ciò sia che fra le balle belle
E buone e buone cose e sane e liete,
Sia la miglior l'immollar le mascelle;
E che di ciò ne sia cagion la sete,
Senza la quale il bevere è imperfetto;
La sete più che 'l ber loda dovete.
Diceva il signor Prospero un bel detto,
Per mostrar che la sete era divina,
Lodando la cagion più che l'effetto;
Che 'l primo ber la sera e la mattina
Dopo il popone e dopo l'insalata,
Stimava più che Cirta Bolvina:
Che la natural sete accompagnata
Da l'artificio di quelle vivande,
Faceva la bevanda esser più grata.
Bevendo un'acqua da lavar mutande,
Disse Artaserse già questa parola
Dopo una sete grande grande grande:
Che più piacer di quell'acquerella sola
Aveva avuto, che s'un botticino
Di trebbian gli passasse per la gola.
Aveva una gran sete il poverino
Patito un pezzo, e vedevala quasi;
Però gli parse l'acqua me' che 'l vino.
Io vi potrei contar mill'altri casi,
S'io volessi le storie squadernare,
Che voi ne rimarreste persuasi.
Ma che so io? non vorrei mostrare
Far del maestro de le storie adesso,
Ch'elle son tutte ridotte in volgare;
E non c'è mole, e non c'è borgo sì messo,
Che non sappia anche lui che Carrone
Fu quasi quasi soldato ancor esso.
Basta ch'io v'ho mostrato per ragione,
E per autori e per esempli per
Che io ho una buona opinione,
E che la sete tratta tutti noi

Molto meglio che 'l Bozzolo in Firenze
  Non usava trattar gli avventor suoi.
Quest' uom vendeva la carne a credenza,
  E i debitori in sul desco scriveva,
  Usandovi un' estrema diligenza.
E tutti i venerdì poi li radeva,
  O li faceva radere al fattore,
  Quando 'l suo desco far bianco voleva.
Sarà la febbre cosa da signore
  Per quella estrema sete ch' ella ha seco,
  Se si potesse bere a tutte l' ore;
O quei che stanno al governo con teco,
  In luogo di giulebbe o di stillato,
  Ti devon qualche volta un po' di greco.
Però fra tutti gli altri è sciagurato
  E disonesto il mal de la quartana,
  Che tol la sete al povero ammalato.
Questo si fa ch' è una cosa strana;
  Ed io lo so che provai tanti mesi
  La febbre presso, e la sete lontana.
Son benedetti i medici inghilesi,
  E i pollacchi e i tedeschi, che almanco
  E' sanno medicare in que' paesi:
Com' uno ha mal, gli fanno alzare il fianco
  Con un gran beveraccio pien di vino,
  E 'n pochi giorni te lo rendon franco.
Io conobbi un tedesco mio vicino,
  Che per una gran febbre ch' egli aveva
  Are' levato affidare a san Martino,
Ed al medico che gli prometteva
  Levargli quella sete immantinente,
  Poi che la febbre cavar le voleva;
Rispose: e' basta che voi mi leviate
  La febbre, ond' io ho tanta passione,
  Chè la sete a me il pensier lasciate.
E se saputo avesse il compagnone
  Che levata la febbre in quello istante
  Se n' andava la sete al badalone;
Are' cacciato il medico e l' astante,
  E voluto aver sete a suo dispetto;
  O tedeschi gentil, o uom galante!
Avea 'l Mauro de' Nobil gran rispetto
  A berregli, s' egli eran di que' buoni,
  Che dan sete la notte anco nel letto;
E volea male a' fichi badaloni;
  Ed ancor che sian dolci come un mele,
  E' gli teneva frutte da poltroni:
E con ragione, a le sante guagnele;
  Voler mangiar quelle frutte molle
  Che ti levan la sete, è pur crudele:
Le frutte, come dir, nate in un colle
  Che non abbian vicin qualche pantano,
  Se gli può comportare a chi le tolle;
Ch' elle non fanno il bever così strano,
  Come mill' altre porcherie che noi
  In bocca tutto giorno ci mettiano.
Un Fiorentino, che 'l conoscete voi,
  Ch' è savio e letterato assai, nel vero,
  Ma non mai domandate il resto poi,
Usava dir che nel farsi un cristero
  Era ogni suo piacer, perchè quel dì
  Are' bevuto un pozzo intero intero.
Io non voglio un bel punto lasciar qui
  In favor de le lingue, le quai fanno
  Venir più sete che le spezierie;
E conosciuto ho molti che le danno
  Innanzi a soppressati e salsicciotti,
  Tanto piacer dirieto trovato v' hanno.
In somma io trovo che gli uomini dotti
  Voglion le pesche, perchè le dan sete,
  E sopra tutto i preti ne son ghiotti,
C' han buona entrata, come voi sapete.

35.

Francesco Maria Molza.

Er ward 1489 zu Modena geboren, starb daselbst 1544 und ist einer der elegantesten Petrarchisten des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts. Sein Leben war übrigens keineswegs tadellos; er brachte den grössern Theil desselben in Rom mit Liebeshändeln hin.

Stanze.

La ninfa Tiberina.

La bella ninfa mia, ch' al Tebro onora
Col piè le sponde, e co' begli occhi affrena
Rapido corso allor che discolora
Le piaggie il ghiaccio, con sì dolce pena
A seguir le sue orme m' innamora;
Ch' io piango e rido, e non la scorgo appena;
Ch' io scopro in lei mille vaghezze ascose,
Ed entro a l' alma un bel giardin di rose.
  E se non che acerbetta mi si mostra,
E troppo innanzi amor aspra e fugace;
Dietro il bel piede che le ripe inostra
Avrebbe l' alma interamente pace:
E fuor in tutto d' ogni usanza nostra
Sormonteria dov' or languendo giace;
Ma sempre insieme mi si scopre e fugge,
Ed invisibilmente mi distrugge.
  E pur che giri gli occhi o 'l passo mova,
Aprile e maggio ovunque vuole addure;
Che sua mercede ratto si rinnova
Quella virtù che dentro a i fior traluce;
Come nel guardo del fratel suo, nova
Forza racquista la notturna luce;
Per ciò che prova da quei dolci rai,
Primavera per me non fu ancor mai.
  Che par che seco scherzi la natura,
E prenda spesso per sollazzo i venti
Ella di ciò non altrimenti cura,
Che di nemico il lupo infra gli armenti,
O de le ripe il leone; così pura
Le grazie c' ha d' intorno ognor presenti
Poco stima, e gradisce: e lieta e vaga
Sol di se stessa, se medesma appaga.

Nè rugiada già mai fresca di notte,
Quando la luna i campi arsi rintegra,
E l'asciutte piaggie e dal sol rotte
Cuopre d'argento, e i sacri boschi allegra,
A' tenere l'erbe a supplicar condotte
Così ristora, e rende ogni ombra [illegible];
Come la chiara vista e 'l vago piede
Di questa che nel cor mio regna e siede.
Velloso armento che bel prato pasce,
Ov'ella di sedersi ha per costume,
Quando poi rode più, tanto rinasce
[illegible] e vago per sì chiaro lume;
Tal valor porta seco da le fasce
Questa fenice da l'aurate piume;
Dunque, pastori, omai casti e devoti
Porgete a lei, e non a Pale i voti.
Che potea quella terra di leggiero
Ch'ella col piede pargoletto preme,
Rispondere largo ad ogni avaro impero,
E colmar de i bifolchi ogni alta speme:
Che fanno per qualunque sentiero
Vi nascono frutti che non porta il seme:
Nè potea dunque pure guardar o belva,
O di loglio o d'avena orrida selva.
Nè per che 'l verno i solchi aspro non rompa,
O la semenza non offenda il gelo,
Nè per continua pioggia si corrompa
Senza l'umido suo terrestre velo,
Avvolti in lunga e contesta pompa
Sparger i preghi vi fa d'uopo al cielo:
Che questa con la vista umile e piana,
Ogni altra indignità vi fa lontana.
Dunque duo altar su la più verde sponda
Uno a Pomona, ed uno a lei sacrate:
E quei cuopersi pria di bella fronda,
Cantando, il suo bel nome al ciel portate:
Tal ch'ogni antro d'intorno vi risponda,
E suoni il lito l'alta sua beltate:
E Dafni co' bei versi inviti Orfeo,
E i Satiri saltando Alfesibeo.
Altri sciolto le braccia occulte e forti
A lottar coraggioso si prepari:
Altri con lacci e motti insieme accorti,
Poi che posti in tal prova arabi e cari
Odor giungete, a le sacre are apporti,
E fiori molti amorosetti e rari:
Altri del fiume le sacre onde intatte
A lei sparga di caldo e bianco latte.
Io dieci pomi di fin oro eletto,
Ch'a te pendevan con soave odore
Simil a quel che dal tuo vago petto
Spira sovente, onde si nutre Amore,
Ti sacro umile; e se n'avrai diletto,
Domani col novo giorno uscendo fuore,
Per soddisfar in parte al gran desio,
Altrettanti vegliando a te gl'invio.
E d'oliva una tazza ch'ancor serba
Quel puro odor che già le diede il verno:
Nel mezzo a cui si vede in vista acerba
Portar smarrito un giovinetto il giorno:
E sì 'l carro guidar, ch'accende l'erba,
E fin al fondo i fiumi arde d'intorno.
Stolto, che mal tener seppe il viaggio,
E 'l consiglio seguir fedele e saggio.
Ecco Giove che in ciel fra mille lampi
Va fulgorando il segno, e lo percuote:
Ecco i destrier per gli aerei campi
Fuggir turbati a parti più remote,
Là dove par che minor fiamma avvampi.
Così dal carro sciolto, e da le ruote
Cadde il mostro in Po nel fumo avvolto,
Tardi pentito de l'ardir suo stolto.
L'umor che nel calcio si frange e parte
La ve più molle ha 'l re de' fiumi il piede,
Rassomiglia sì 'l ver, che dirai l'arte
Quivi d'avanzar la natura crede:
Con sì alto saper l'opra comparte,
Che chi si fisse che tal pregio diede
Del saggio ingegno suo chiaro e gradito,
E merce a fama gloriosa salito.
Da l'altra parte sen'è intagliato il pianto
Che fan le sue dolenti e pie sorelle,
Lungo il gran fiume ove si dolser tanto,
Che 'l cordoglio n'andò sovra le stelle:
Onde, cangiato il lor purpureo manto,
Le vaghe membra, e le chiome ite e belle,
Come il ciel per pietà dispone e vuole,
Tenera fronde, e duro legno avvolse.
Le braccia in rami andaron, in fronde il crine
E i piedi diventar ferme radici:
Cotal ebbe il lor pianto acerbo fine.
E le luci già tanto alme beatrici,
E le polite guancie e pellegrine,
Ch'altri sperar godendo esser felici,
Per divina scultura in breve forza,
Un'amara converse e dura scorza.
Indi posto lontan sovra un gran sasso
Con verde musco d'ogni intorno appanna,
Con gli occhi fitti giù ne l'onda al basso,
E in essa tenendo sua tremante canna,
Canuto vecchio, a cui molti anni lasso,
Con l'amo i pesci d'allettar s'affanna,
Vien seguendo [illegible], a che ben mora
La preda ch'a lo scoglio adesca e tira.
In tanto dunque invidiosa Charme
Di parlarne di me può ogni ingegno;
E forse lo farà, perchè d'amarne
Talor mi mostra pur non piccol segno.
Non come fa 'l mio vil rustico carme,
Quand'io canto d'amor, si prende a sdegno:
Anzi mercè sedar non si vergogna,
E porse al collo questa mia sampogna.
Poi che 'l gettator fia de le gregge in mano,
E i pastor caccia con [illegible],
De i colomi ch'ame già in corpo umano
Congiunse prima una lodata schiera,

Che decrescendo vien di mano in mano;
E quella uscita da tenace scorza
Porta cantando al ciel con salde penne
Siringa che per lui canna divenne.

Con questa in mezzo a i prati un Amarinto
Cantando fe' gli armenti più d'Anfione
Obliar l'erbe; e 'n mille nodi avvinto
Nessun rispose ad altri la ragione
Per che sia 'l mondo come appar distinto
In tante forme; e qual ferma stagione
Faccia lieta e s'appressa a i giorni tardi;
E men gli altri veder più che pardi.

Ma tu che sacra già gran tempo pendi
Da questo ombroso pino ornato e folto,
Fistola mia, a lodar meco scendi
Le chiome d'oro e l'onorato volto;
E l'infinito nome or sa mi rendi,
Ch'Orfeo e Lino io non invidj molto;
Per gli occhi di lei prendi in modi,
Che 'l con le usate, interrotte e nodi.

Quanto l'elce frondosa alto il lavoro
Stende, e 'l salce la pallida oliva,
E quanto i suoi lumi il verde decoro
Onde questa verdeggia e l'altra viva;
Tanto al volto di lei ch'amo e ch'adoro,
Cede d'assai qual più famosa viva.
Ma perchè lingua non le serva schietta,
A lei, ninfe, le chiome ornate in fretta.

E di fioretti, e d'erbe altro serene,
A voi serbate, a voi polite e monde,
Un leggiadretto cerchio le tenete,
Che i crin le avvolga e la serena fronte;
E mentre ornata fia voi, se l'avvolgete,
Ch'insieme venga a più riposte sponde:
E veggia, ascosa da' suoi lumi santi,
Stupir de voi il core a se davanti.

Forse da l'alte vostre maraviglie
Aprendo gli occhi a si beati preghi
Co' quai se stessa e nell'altre somiglie,
Teco pur cura e non potessi nieghi:
E dica con tranquille e liete ciglia:
Perchè lumi si chiari alti ed egregi
Celar altrui? Che se non fosser mai,
Avanti in stessa più ch'altre sarei.

E poi ch'avrà di se quel tanto appreso,
Che in parte di pietà la faccia amica;
Lo sdegno deponga, che al cor acceso
Voglia le faci d'amor troppo nemica;
E me che tanto ha col fuggir offeso
Prenda a grado, ed ogni mia fatica;
E tutta dentro a gli amorosi balli,
Se stessa avveggia de gli altrui falli.

E dove come suol ch'erra e pasce
Lontana da la madre, a me s'invola,
Talor pur mostrerà che non le annoie
Di non star sempre solitaria e sola:
E quel che fatto mai sin qui non ave,
Forse risponderà qualche parola:
E me leggendo a cosa dura sempre,
Al ciel innalzerà con nuovo esempio.

Liris, ninfa gentil, le sponde erbose
Stringe a l'acque, e quelle gira al mare,
E le piagge vicine alme e vezzose
Viene col vago aspetto a rallegrare:
Quivi le piante più che altrove ombrose,
E l'erba molle, e 'l fresco dolce appare:
Ma mentre tardi, quando apre e riscende,
Tutto col suo tardar si secca e perde.

Quivi fra verdi frondi, e rivi ornati
Susurrar s'odon l'api a mille a mille;
E da le siepi a gli alveo lor cavati
Portano sughi, onde poi mel ne stille:
Ridono i campi, e in mezzo i verdi prati
Ogni tenero fior par che sfaville:
E perchè dolcemente altri sempr'ami,
L'acque parlan d'amor e l'ora e i rami.

A te di lei cornuto un antro ingombra,
E folto adorna d'ellera serrata;
L'edera bianca, e sparge sì dolce ombra,
Che tosto tolta a le verdi erbe in grembo
D'ogni grave pensier te n'andrai sgombra:
E sparso a terra il bel ceruleo lembo,
Potrai con l'aura ch'ivi alberga il colle,
Segnar securo sonno dolce e molle.

Troppo credi e commetti al torbo lido,
E spesso scendi a contemplar quest'acque:
Nè ti sovvien del gran pubblico grido
Che Marte costa su con fin giacque;
Da sol in qua non fu sicuro e fido,
E nuovi inganni ordir sempre gli piacque:
Dunque fuggi dal lido, e l'onda sprezza;
Nè ti furi da voi falsa vaghezza.

Il Tebro l'ali e 'l mal gradito scudo
Vide restarsi con vergogna in terra:
E senza amore rimanebbe ignudo
Lui che di sangue sol si pasce e guerra:
E benchè sia di cor selvaggio e crudo,
Pur da lei vinto ch'ogni altezza atterra,
A due lumi l'occhi far di se dono,
E tacer star senza intelletto e suono.

E avvien che spesso da la greggia errando
Ivi qualche montone per doglia torcebe,
E come amor lo tiro di pace in bando
A far nuova battaglia si rinfresche,
Così cozzando getta ne l'acque altrui:
Dal fiume Tosc il suo caro ripesche,
Ecco che i tolli serra sanando tutto;
Cotal di troppo ardir si miete frutto.

Che pianto fora il tuo, tu che ti avvezza
A me ti mostri perchè senza ho il mondo,
E tutto il ciglio; se dove si versa
Più largo il fiume, e e lodo, lui rapo corso,
Un giorno ti sentissi alto sommersa,
E data in preda a cento mostri e cento?
A cui le lievi onde corna, e insieme
Di sassi una gran selva ingombra e preme.

In mezzo il Tebro del gran fondo abborria

[illegible] sparsi col ventre e con le spalle;
E con gran piedi, e le distorte braccia
Alberga or questa ed or quell' altra valle;
[illegible] dal mondo e da l' ondosa faccia
[illegible], ch' ei porta con obliquo calle
Fin dov' ei bagna del [illegible] di Marte
L' antiche mura, e 'l suo tesor comparte.
Nè fra gli armenti di Nettuno alberga
In vista mostro sì superbo, sì fero,
Quando Proteo che fuor di lui la verga
[illegible], e poscia per dormir si corca:
Ed or in acqua par che si disperga,
Or arbore diventa, or tutto infiora:
E perchè [illegible] appresso altro non prenda,
In varie forme si trasforma e [illegible].
Ma tu, se 'l mar bel suo più mai non volta
Acque men chiare, e di minor orgoglio,
E [illegible] ogni vena si risolva,
Nè di corso [illegible] la [illegible] si scioglio;
E s' altri a dar d' amor la lingua scioglia,
Le pome avrai tue le fresche foglie;
A questa vaga ninfa e pellegrina,
A questa ogni fiume e l' onda inchina.
E quando con la [illegible] alma e [illegible]
[illegible] le greggie dal suo chiuso esce,
[illegible] del capo il manto l' orna,
S' alta a te scende, con [illegible] onde
Tutte le faccia la sua bianca chioma,
E [illegible] d' intorno del [illegible] suo letto
Di molle [illegible] ogni suo lido e seno,
Sì che 'l vaso ne brugia umido e pieno.
Sì dirai poi come oltre ove che 'l lido
Di due vaghi fanciulli acque reggevan,
[illegible] il viso lor mostravan e grato,
E poi l' onda ne medicava e piovea;
Ch' a le due sacre ponde, in quello stato,
Rotto al gran letto ritornando crescea:
Onde Roma poi nacque, e 'l mondo vinse,
E 'l suo di palme gloriose cinse.
Chi stimar quel ch' avvenne allor devesse
Che l' uno e l' altro pargoletto intorno
Fu le mammole ferine così pendesse,
E in luogo esposto solitario ed ermo,
Come poten piangendo si dolevan,
Altro che piangere non avendo schermo?
Fur da quel latte si formar le mura
Di cui la fama ancor e 'l nome dura.
Talora or l' aspetto ambedue guarda,
E col collo pargolo al latte invita
La gentil lupa; e di dove par ch' ardi
Di porger lor, come a suoi figli, aita;
[illegible] giunto dal ciel non la man tarda,
Anzi se allor gran luogo [illegible],
Ch' a l' empie fere col valor suo [illegible]
E a l' acque [illegible] che' portato e mosso,
Perchè un di fosse, che troppo or m' in-
[illegible]
Di sue fontane, ombrose e verdi boschi,
E me stesso [illegible] di tal valle;
Credo, Sebeto mio, che tel conoschi:
Però tornando a lei ch' io adoro e colo,
Cantiam fra verdi colli ameni e foschi;
Che degno nome non [illegible] di [illegible] al [illegible]
I versi miei, nè al [illegible] ornato e chiaro.
Ambedui sono al cantar usi e pronti:
Il Mincio [illegible] e l' [illegible]:
[illegible] sono ambedue, ambedue conti,
Mercè de l' alta sua silvestre musa,
Che da le selve sparse a chiare fonti
[illegible], e da lo stil che fra noi s' usa;
Sì che l' amor cantando e i degni eroi
La vincono, ove di qui non lece a noi.
Pur le selve abitar non fu disdetto
A i Dei, ed a la madre de gli Amori:
Che spesso col suo Adone amato e caro
Lasciando giacque fra' più folti allori,
E in Ida del suo amor superbo e chiaro
Fe' il grande Anchise, e [illegible] i fiori;
Dunque se l' [illegible], e 'l [illegible] bello,
[illegible] a' bei lauri, poi che con lui me godo.
L' umido sale dopo il parto aggrada
A la feconda greggia, e l' acque intorno
Ne' [illegible] campo a te la landa,
I fiori l' api, e il pellegrino [illegible] ama
Ombrosa faggia dopo lung' i strada:
Ma dietro a l' orme il divin vago chiama
De la dolce ed amata mia nemica:
Riposo ed ove il sogno suo fatica.
Nè già mai a le spalle e su [illegible],
Allor che 'l campo tutto [illegible] endeggiato,
[illegible] sonate, nè si il lupo aspetto
A pascolare e mal [illegible] greggia,
Nè il vento a i fiori, quando [illegible] e [illegible]
Sento ogni forza [illegible] che n' [illegible];
Come la pura mia alma m' [illegible]
Con sei sembianti e con onesta vista.
Poco tornando da gli [illegible] colli
Col il latte del mio [illegible] gran tempo preme,
E guida agnelli delicati e molli,
Col dire onde al sol più caldo teme,
Solo le [illegible] in vaso [illegible]
Che 'l core accoglie che lodando sempre:
Talor le poma son [illegible], quale
Minerva alcuna non spiegasse a Pale.
Per tutto ove dolci versi porgo
Il dolce ombra che mi [illegible];
Ch' ella con 'l suo dolce a' begli occhi
scorgo
Sento del mio languir godere e ride;
E se dal duol talor sospiro risorgo,
Subito gli occhi da parti divide;
E nel bel petto ma' cor di tigre o d' orsa
Mostro sdegnando, ogni mio studio indarno.
A Delia [illegible] mille [illegible] agnelle
Questa del vago fiume sponde amena;
A i colli di [illegible] e le [illegible]
In un tempo il latte non men mena,
E quando avvien che l' alba tramonte,

E quando le campagne il verno imbianca,
Or che sperar debb' io d'ogni mio danno,
Or frutti di me pur ricolti sono?
  Quantunque perchè Febo tradì e spenti
Fuoro con l'agne a sè leggiadro vaso,
Ed altri trasse [illegible] selvaggi e fiori
Cadde Mirra nel latte, e solo un fiore
Con l'agne Pelia, e col suo latte Mirra,
Vidi m'ombreggiano, e con fin il lor [illegible];
Tanto di ogni altrui don poco si cura
Questa Ninfa angeletta umile e pura.
  Sicchè Amor che tutto indarno accusa,
E le chiare onde in cui lieta si specchia
L'amata mano e bella oltre mostrar osa,
E spesso [illegible] oltraggio ne apparecchia.
E lui che mercè rende si confonde,
Quando d'altra bella man [illegible] si [illegible],
[illegible]; e tanto più che poco
Ai mai lui via partendo i raggi suoi.
  [illegible] Clori anzi a me si mostra sorda,
Nè di tante mie preghi un solo ascolta;
Nè si pentò mai altri come da [illegible],
Com' ella volta per fuggir si volta;
Nè un [illegible] del suo ingegno mora si scorda,
Che fuggendo mostrato alcuna volta;
Ed [illegible] e giunge il cor che langue,
E fugge al [illegible] come a serpe l'angue.
  Ed pur qual io mai [illegible] ancor vel afflitto
Sotto il tuo impero, Amore, pianse [illegible]
Fra vostre infiamme, e del tuo stral trafitto
[illegible] l'onde al fiume di [illegible];
Ed or per [illegible] forte or per diritto
La maggior [illegible] del divin [illegible];
Ma pure ogni suo [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible],
Nè nulla del suo amor par mai le viene.
  Ella vedere più che [illegible]
[illegible], l'erbe non offende o piega;
E quei [illegible] che in alto si [illegible],
I [illegible] al [illegible], e 'l [illegible] al vento spiega;
E senza [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible], quand' altra pur la segue o piega;
Così [illegible] giungendo alle [illegible],
[illegible] il [illegible] [illegible].
  Egli di [illegible] di sorta forma,
Di che superbo non [illegible] più,
E [illegible] segnar ogni sua orma
Di [illegible] e di [illegible];
Tal che [illegible] da la prima forma
A pena di [illegible] [illegible]:
Onde fatto crudel, e [illegible],
[illegible] ver lui sua divina schiera.
  Fu Pan il primo che d' Arcadia venne,
Di [illegible] il [illegible] e di [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible], come si [illegible],
E di [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible].
Venne Silvano, e [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] e si [illegible],
E qual [illegible] l'amor, [illegible], [illegible],
Che di [illegible], o [illegible]?

  Venne Priapo, a cui tenendo il collo
Curvan le [illegible], e [illegible] l'[illegible] il nome;
Seco Mercurio qual [illegible] [illegible]
In pastor [illegible], quando il [illegible] 'l [illegible]
E [illegible], come il [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible], [illegible] a piangere qui [illegible],
S'ella che tu [illegible], di [illegible] [illegible],
Volendo i [illegible] e le campagne [illegible]?
  Nè di [illegible], che [illegible] [illegible] o si [illegible],
Fredo già mai quanto [illegible] [illegible],
Nè [illegible] fra le verdi [illegible] campagne
A l'[illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] tempo [illegible],
Nè i fior a l'api, nè [illegible] geme e piagne
Di [illegible] [illegible] amor [illegible] mai [illegible]:
Anzi quanto più lungo il [illegible] [illegible],
Tanto maggior [illegible] a gli occhi si chiede.
  Non però dal voler suo fermo e saldo
Per consiglio d'altrui questi s'è mosso;
Nè d'amor [illegible] il petto aver men caldo,
Ei pur da l'alma il grave giogo scosso:
[illegible] dal duol [illegible] e [illegible]
[illegible] gli occhi ond' egli ha [illegible];
E 'l corpo [illegible] e l'[illegible] [illegible]
Per cui [illegible] ch' altri [illegible] [illegible].
  Dunque le valli a gli [illegible] son [illegible],
Che tutto [illegible] con lungo [illegible] [illegible],
Nè a [illegible] la [illegible] [illegible],
E [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
Così con l'alma [illegible] e [illegible],
Senza [illegible] [illegible], al suo mal [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] senza [illegible] il giorno,
E fa solo la sera [illegible] ritorno.
  E dove [illegible] la [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] si [illegible] a le [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] di latte, che [illegible] e pura
[illegible] [illegible] a le lor [illegible] [illegible],
Or [illegible] [illegible], e con [illegible] [illegible]
Le [illegible] [illegible] del pastor suo [illegible].
E [illegible] [illegible] da le [illegible] i [illegible],
Di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], e [illegible].
  L'api ch' esser [illegible] la maggior [illegible]
Che la [illegible] d'ogni suo lavoro,
Per non [illegible] de' fiori in su la [illegible];
Che 'l [illegible] d'[illegible], e 'l gran [illegible]
[illegible] l'ha dal lungo uso di prima;
E [illegible] e il dolce [illegible] [illegible],
Ch' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
In vece di liquor soave e chiaro.
  [illegible] i [illegible] intorno a gli [illegible] tetti,
Nè [illegible] nè [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible],
Nè [illegible] [illegible], ch' a [illegible] [illegible]
Il maggior caldo, le [illegible] ombre porge:
[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] col [illegible];
Ed [illegible] che [illegible] gli altri e [illegible] [illegible],
Seco del proprio danno [illegible] [illegible]:
Il [illegible] [illegible] l'[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
  D' [illegible] sol l'alta e chiara [illegible]
Con l'alma [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible],
E 'n quella [illegible] il cor [illegible] [illegible];

Nè l' infelice ad altra cura intende.
Talor, quando col carro ardente e vago
Il giorno a noi portando Febo ascende,
Con gli occhi e con le man rivolte al sole,
Sciogliea la lingua in tai parole:
Sole, che non pur l' aspre mie fatiche,
E 'l mondo scorgi tutto a parte a parte,
Ma quante furon mai moderne e antiche
Opre conte hai senza voltar di carte,
E dove l' ombra pria la terra impliche,
E dove il raggio tuo più tardo parte,
Vedesti mai pena sì grave e ria,
Che pari col mio duol giammai non sia?
Tu, se forse non hai posto in obblio
L' aspre durezze de l' amata fronde
Che commosse già un tempo il tuo disio,
Ed or verdeggia a le paterne sponde,
Benigno ascolta il dolor empio e rio,
Poi che null' altro al mio chiamar risponde:
Membrando Ciparisso, e 'l ricco Admeto,
Di cui pascevi armento bianco e lieto.
Quante volte veggendoti la sera
Portar per la campagna sua vitella,
Cangiossi in vista, e dove pallid' era,
Si fer rosse l' alma tua sorella!
E la sorte accusando iniqua e fera,
In ciel mosse a pietà quasi ogni stella!
Deh soccorri al mio gravoso scempio,
Tu che d' amor mi sei sì ricco esempio.
Le vacche il suono, onde più volte a Giove
Fatt' hai l' armi cader insieme e l' ira
Cantando le superbe antiche prove
Ch' Encelado e Tifeo ancor sospira,
Sovente udiro, e quel che più mi muove,
Fece silenzio a la tua dolce lira:
Rompendo con muggiti aspri e diversi
Primi detti, e non più uditi versi.
Di giunchi allor fu la fiscella ordita
Per le tue mani, e 'l sentier raro aperto
Al siero, che fra noi ancor s' addita,
E preso il vimine in giro eguale e certo:
E sì largo a' pastor porgesti aita,
Che grado n' avrà sempre il tuo gran merto:
E 'n ogni parte dove il latte geli,
Non fia che 'l tuo bel nome altri mai celi.
Ancor direi, ma troppo lungo fora
Questa selva sfrondar ov' io non cerco:
Tu 'l sai, che qual verdeggia e qual infiora
Le campagne del ciel rami spesso:
Or perchè al gran disio che m' innamora
Questo favor da te mi fia concesso,
Basti che di Cirene il dolce foco
Qualche poco rimembri, e 'l tempo e 'l loco.
Parlava ancora, e parve si facesse
Mesta del sol la luce alma e serena,
E de' bei raggi un lampo più cadesse,
Come soglion cader quando balena,
Che 'l ciel in un momento trascorresse,
Fu inteso ei, che si scorgesse a pena:
Tal dal stellato mondo ha per costume
Scender talor la notte un picciol lume.
Ardito amante e timido divenne,
E due parti di se fur in un punto
Sentì Aristeo, quando il gran danno avvenne,
Che gli ebbe il cor di speme e timor punto;
Perchè l' ali al disio spiega e ritenne,
Dal freddo in uno e dal calor compunto,
E parte uditi fuor i suoi lamenti,
Parte per l' aria ne portaro i venti.
Al fin la speme discacciò il timore,
E da paura il cor gelato sciolse:
Ch' ardendo corse in signoria d' amore,
E tutti i suoi pensier dietro a lui volse:
E 'n breve spazio col fuggir de l' ore
Tanto di nuova fiamma in se raccolse;
Ch' a l' ultime sue prove si dispose,
O di non viver più seco propose.
Teneva un cerchio leggiadretto e lento,
Che legge prescrivesse al vago crine;
Quando ei, fra l' onde d' or ferendo il vento,
Ondeggia ed erra su le fresche brine.
La vaga ninfa, ed ecco in un momento
Le campagne veder a lei vicine:
Fugge, fiamma gentil, degna d' Orfeo,
Fugge dal pastor fiero, ecco Aristeo.
Ella fuggendo, l' odorata pioggia
Di che 'l grembo s' avea tutto dipinto,
Per bella paura in dimessa foggia
Col gran mostrarsi fra i bei fiori avvinto,
Lascia cader: ed ove il fiume alloggia
Sul lito un bosco giovenetto cinto
Di schietti albori, drizza pronto il piede,
E 'l cammin fuor che più impedito vede.
La sottil gonna in preda a i venti resta,
E col crin ondeggiando addietro torna;
Ella più ch' aura o più che strale presta,
Per l' ombrosa selva non soggiorna;
Tanto che 'l lito prende snella e mesta,
Fatta per la paura assai più adorna:
Tende Aristeo la vaga selva anch' egli,
E la man pronta avea sciolto i capegli.
Tre volte innanzi la man destra spinse
Per pigliar de le chiome il largo invito,
Tre volte il vento solamente strinse,
E resto lasso senza fin schernito,
Nè stanchezza però tardollo o vinse,
Perchè tornasse al pensier suo fallito;
Anzi quanto men loco più si sente,
Tanto s' affretta, non che 'l corso allente.
Come cervo talor fra l' acque chiuso,
O da porpore penne cinto intorno,
Ben mille vie ritenta al fuggir uso,
E quindi parte e quinci fa ritorno;
E 'l veltro gira addietro a se deluso,
E lungo pezzo al cacciator fa scorno;
Così al fuggir la bella ninfa intenta,
Ogni aspra via per sua salute tenta.
Cinque giri fecero, e altrettanti

Ordir di nuovo ritessendo il corso,
Anelando ambedue; ma molto avanti
Ella pur fugge, e chiede al ciel soccorso:
Quando a l'una il destin d'eterni pianti
Trovò cagione; a l'altra da' di morso
Nel fior de' primi suoi giovenil anni,
Mentre fuggir d'amor credea gli affanni.
  Di nuova spoglia e d'alto petto armato,
Quasi spuntando l'alta ripa, al sole
Forbiva un angue con tre lingue, e 'l prato
Spargeva di veneno, e le viole.
(Questo mal vedend'ella (ahi duro fato!))
Al bianco piè, ch'ancor mi pesa e duole,
Avventandosi fe' sì dura offesa,
Che diede fine a l'infelice impresa:
  Che punta nel talon, come fior colto
Langue repente, e perde ogni vigore,
Così la bella Euridice nel volto
Subito tutta di mortal colore,
Cadde su l'erba; e le fu 'l viver tolto;
E spento il gel de l'indurato core:
Le valli empìr di pianto e gli alti monti
Le onde vaghe, e i vaghi ameni fonti.

Sonetto.

Poscia che qui la ninfa mia si giacque,
  Riposta grotta, e reverendo speco,
  Che più fonti, fresche, e chiare hai teco,
  Ch'altra spelonca, ed erbe ed ombre ed acque;
Al sacro altar che in te fornir gli piacque
  Fra l'aer fresco rugiadoso e cieco;
  Di pomi e latte un umil don t'arreco,
  E un bianco agnel che nel mio gregge nacque.
Forse verrà, che via più degno onori
  Tua pietate pastor lombardo o tosco;
  Ma non che più di me [illegible] l'adori.
Così il pastor gradito a l'aer fosco
  Diceva, ed ambe man spargendo fiori,
  E Porzia, Porzia! risonava il bosco.

Sonetto.

Doman vedrò, s'io non m'inganno, o sole,
  Quelle beate luci ch'io sospiro,
  Arder d'appresso; e con pietoso giro
  Splender la donna mia com'ella suole.
Udrò le caste sue sante parole,
  In cui 'l mio fato già le stelle ordiro;
  E dal viso vedrò, cui sempre miro,
  Perder d'assai le rose e le viole.
Vedrò dal ciglio alteramente umano
  Cader celeste ed amoroso nembo,
  E l'alme empir altrui di casto affetto;
Ma s'io m'inganno, quando vai lontano
  Da noi, rimanti pur di Teti in grembo,
  Ch'io per me poco il tuo ritorno aspetto.

Sonetto.

Guidiccion, che con saldo invitto piede
  Da le terrene membra al ciel salito,
  Ed a quel ben che sempre amasti unito
  Godi de la tua chiara e pura fede;
Il mondo che i suoi danni or sente e vede,
  Ogni tuo passo va mostrando a dito,
  E gli ultimi vestigj onde partito
  Volesti dianzi a più beata sede.
Piange il Serchio i suoi lumi insieme spenti,
  E l'onde sceman che al suo dolce canto
  Crebber più ch'altre già pure e lucenti.
Tu, se sì alto sale il nostro pianto,
  Tempra 'l gran duol, mentre le mie dolenti
  Note consacro al tuo bel nome santo.

Sonetto.

Ben ebbe il cielo a l'onorato impero
  Che gli errori mondan toglie e corregge,
  Fermo riguardo allor, che a le sue gregge
  Pastor vi diede a successor di Piero.
Era a scoglio vicino acuto e fiero
  Quel che la vostra cura or volge e regge
  Sacrato legno, e senza guida e legge
  Errava lungi dal cammin suo vero.
Guardastel voi con novo ingegno ed arte,
  Tal che di vele armato e di governo
  Sicuro passa or questa or quella parte.
Voi solo incontro a sì rabbioso verno
  Che fiaccato gli aveva arbori e sarte,
  Aveste i venti e la fortuna a scherno.

Sonetto.

Nè giglio posto ad un bel rio vicino,
  Nè tra le nubi vago arco celeste,
  Nè quando d'erbe il mondo si riveste
  D'alto cipresso vista, o d'alto pino;
Nè care gemme che divida or fino,
  Nè per campagne fere snelle e preste,
  Nè belle donne, ch'amor punga o desti,
  Balli in alto guidar lieto e divino;
Nè vaghezza mai fu, che lieve e scuro
  Sommo non sembri a l'alma che comprende
  Ognor di voi più nova maraviglia.
Fedele esempio, e specchio amato e puro
  De l'eterna sembianza che in voi splende;
  Certo cosa mortal non vi somiglia.

Sonetto.

Eterno fiore, e più d'ogni altro grato
  A lei che Capua regge ed Amalfi unta,
  Il cui bel raggio d'Oriente spunta
  A gli amanti gradito e desiato;
Degno vedrai d'ogni benigno fato,
  E gentil coppia d'un ardor compunta,
  Insieme a marital giogo congiunta,
  Tosto il mondo chiamar a miglior stato.
Già il ciel contento de' futuri onori,

Con le viole cangia orride nevi,
E 'l verno fugge oltra la Tana e l'Ebro.
Ecco già insieme i pargoletti Amori
Scherzan con Imeneo teneri e lievi,
E suona Ottavio e Margherita il Tebro.

Sonetto.

Come tesse di vaghi e lieti fiori
Che con saggia verginetta e bella,
Onde ornarsi i bei crin sperò, poi ch'ella
Giunto lo veggia a' suoi perfetti onori;
Se mentre volve il vento aspri furori,
La sparge a terra, e spinge aspra procella,
Il ciel chiama crudel, cruda ogni stella,
E mesta teme di mostrarsi fuori;
Così de la nostr' alma e nobil pianta
Roma biasmando il caso atro e funesto,
Se stessa affligge, e di dolor s'ammanta.
Il Tebro fatto a le campagne infesto,
Per non veder languir cosa sì santa,
Al mar sen fugge minaccioso e presto.

Sonetto.

Se mai raccolsi ne l'estivo ardore
Colore il sole in sì vezzoso aspetto;
Se da bei pomi o porpor come astretto
Sì vago mise e sì natio colore;
Se di rose i bei crin cinta mai fuore
Porto l'aurora di chiaro ed eletto;
Se giunse mai a lo avorio schietto
D'Affrica e Tiro prezioso umore;
Se stella segnò mai porpora fare
Allor che 'l ciel cadendo a basso fiede;
Se giro 'l vello primavera intorno;
Se vaghezza fu mai, ch'ad alma pure
Sonde apporti a quella che al cor riede
Membrando il varcar del viso adorno.

Sonetto.

Altero sasso, lo cui giogo spira
Gli antichi onor del gran popol di Marte;
Fiume, che fendi questa e quella parte
Or queto e piano, or pien di sdegno e d'ira;
Piagge, che 'l mondo ancor ama e sospira
Consacrate da tante e da tai carte;
Memorie eterne, e voi, reliquie sparte,
Ch'ogni buon' alma con pietà rimira;
Parmi d'udir fuggendo a voi d'intorno
Sospirar l'onde; e i rami, e i fiori, e l'ora
Lagnarsi, e per dolor rompere i sassi;
Che già del pianto s'avvicina il giorno
Che 'l bel viso che Italia tutta onora,
Cinti d'orrore al suo partir vi lassi.

Sonetto.

Del gran foco ch'ognor mi strugge e pero
Senza sperar da voi pace ne aita;
Del colpo che a morir ognor m'invita,
Del vostro orgoglio, e del superbo impero;
Del viver questo, onde ne andai già altero,
Del cor, de l'alma, d'ogni mia ferita,
De la speme più volte omai tradita,
Del seguir l'ombre, e gir lontano al vero:
Questo solo vi chieggio, occhi beati,
Occhi più che 'l sol chiari, occhi lucenti,
Che 'l vostro sdegno il mio lodar non schivi.
Se questo impetro, di mandarvi ornati
Spero da lunge; e con pietosi accenti
Tenervi ancor dopo mille anni vivi.

Sonetto.

Schietti arboscelli, e voi, bei lochi aprici,
Ch'ogni mio mal narrar m'udite a pieno,
Il fosco stato mio fia mai sereno?
E i miseri miei dì lieti e felici?
Rivedrò mai le due luci beatrici
De la mia vita? o verrà quivi meno
Quest' arso e molle mio vivo terreno?
Ditel voi, poggie, e ditel voi, pendici.
Dimmel tu, chiaro e mormorante fiume,
Che del mio lagrimar sovente cresci,
Cangerà mia fortuna unqua costume?
Mentre ciò chiedo, par ch'augelli e pesci
Dican: conven che sempre ti consumi,
Se col morir del tuo dolor non esci.

Sonetto.

Se a poco ferme e non vivaci carte
I nostri amor commetto, almo mio sole;
E s'al desio non seguon le parole
Per altrui colpa, o per difetto d'arte;
Non fia però che del bel viso parte
Oscuri il tempo, come gli altri suole;
O che pur una de le lodi invole
Per la mia lingua già tanti anni sparte;
Ch'io veggio dopo voi in altra etate
Alzarsi con più ardite e miglior piume,
E gir volando al ciel vostra beltate.
Canterà questa ogni real costume
Più largamente, e 'l pregio d'onestate,
Non offeso, com' io, dal troppo lume.

47.

Vittoria Colonna.

Diese in jeder Hinsicht durch ihre Tugenden wie durch ihr Talent ausgezeichnete Frau ward 1490 zu Castell von Marino geboren. Ihre Eltern, Fabrizio Colonna, Großconnetable von Neapel, und Anna von Montefeltro, Tochter des Herzogs Friedrich von Urbino, verlobten sie schon als Kind mit Fernando d'Avalos, Marchese von Pescara. Sie wurden mit einander erzogen und ihre Ehe war überaus glücklich. Doch hatte Vittoria den Schmerz, ihren geliebten Gatten 1525 in Folge seiner bei der Schlacht von Pavia erhaltenen Wunden zu verlieren. Sie lebte von nun an nur seinem Andenken in tiefer Frömmigkeit, und wies eine zweite Ehe ab, und den [illegible] Alphora sei nicht von ihr getrennt. Sie endete ihr Leben 1547 in einem Kloster zu Rom, wohin sie sich von der Welt zurückgezogen hatte. Fast alle ihre Poesieen sind, wie ihr ganzes Leben, entweder mit der Erinnerung an ihren Gemahl oder religiösen Empfindungen gewidmet, und in jeder Hinsicht musterhaft.

Sonetto.

Il Dì Natale del suo Sposo.

Fiammeggiavano i vivi lumi chiari,
Che accendon di valor gli alti intelletti;
L' anime sante e i chiari spirti eletti
Davan ciascuno a prova i don più chiari.
Non fur le grazie parche e i cieli avari:
Gli almi pianeti, in propria sede eretti,
Mostravan lieti quei benigni aspetti
Che stillan la virtù nei corpi rari.
Fu chiaro giorno, non aperse il sole;
S' udian per l' aere angelici concenti;
Quando volle natura, a l' opra attenne.
Col sen carco di gigli e di viole
Stava la terra, e 'l mar tranquillo e' venti,
Quando 'l bel lume mio nel mondo venne.

Sonetto.

Dolci Effetti della Presenza dello Sposo.

Qual digiuno augellin che vede ed ode
Batter l' ali alla madre intorno, quando
Gli reca nutrimento, ond' egli amando
Il cibo e quella, si rallegra e gode;
E dentro il nido suo si strugge e rode
Per desio di seguirla anch' ei volando;
E la ringrazia in tal modo cantando,
Che par ch' oltra il poter la lingua snode;
Tal io, qualora il caldo raggio e vivo
Del divin sole, onde nutrisco il core,
Più dell' usato lucido lampeggia,
Movo la penna mossa dall' amore
Interno e, senza ch' io stessa m' avveggia
Di quel ch' io dico, le sue lodi scrivo.

Sonetto.

Appena avean gli spirti intera vita,
Quando il mio cor proposse ogn' altro oggetto;
E sol m' apparve il bel celeste aspetto
Della cui luce io fui sempre nodrita.
Qual dura legge ha poi l' alma sbandita
Dal proprio albergo, anzi divin ricetto?
La scorta, il lume, il giorno l' è interdetto,
Ond' or cammina in cieco error smarrita.
Sol natura e il ciel con pari voglia
Ne legò insieme, ahi qual invido ardire,
Qual' nemica forza ne disciolse?
Se il viver suo nodrì mia frale spoglia,
Per lui nacque, era sua, per se sel tolse;
Nella sua morte ancor dovea morire.

Sonetto.

La Rimembranza dello Sposo perduto.

Parmi che 'l sol non porga il lume usato,
Nè che lo dia sì chiaro a sua sorella;
Non veggio almo pianeta, o vaga stella
Rotar lieti i bei rai nel cerchio ornato;
Non veggio cor più di valore armato;
Fuggito è il vero onor, la gloria bella,
Nascosa è la virtù giunta con ella,
Nè vive in arbor fronda, o fiore in prato;
Veggio torbide l' acque e l' aere nero;
Non scalda il foco, nè rinfresca il vento;
Tutti han smarrito la lor propria cura,
D' allor che 'l mio bel sol fu in terra spento;
O che confuso è l' ordin di natura,
O il duolo agli occhi miei nasconde il vero.

Sonetto.

La Stanza dello Sposo.

Qui fece il mio bel sole a noi ritorno
Di regie spoglie carco e ricche prede:
Ahi con quanto dolor l' occhio rivede
Quei lochi ove mi fea già chiaro il giorno!
Di mille glorie allor cinto d' intorno,
E d' onor vero alla più altera sede
Facean dell' opre udite intera fede
L' ardito volto, il parlar saggio, adorno.
Vinto da' prieghi miei poi mi mostrava
Le belle cicatrici, e il tempo e il modo
Delle vittorie sue tante e sì chiare.
Quanta pena or mi dà, gioja mi dava,
E in questo e in quel pensier piangendo godo
Tra poche dolci, e assai lacrime amare.

Sonetto.

Signor, che in quella inaccessibil luce
Quasi in alta caligine t' ascondi,
Ma viva grazia e chiari rai diffondi
Dal lume eterno, ove ogni ben riluce;
Principio al tutto ed a un sol fin conduce
Un sol tuo cenno che infiniti mondi
Poria far e disfar; che nei profondi
Abissi in terra e in ciel sei vero duce.
Riguardami, ti prego, in questo centro
Terrestre afflitta, e coll' ardor che suole
La tua bontate al mio martir proveggia.
Poni l' alma omai tanto al tuo regno dentro,
Che almen lontan la scaldi 'l tuo gran sole,
E da vicin quel picciol mio riveggia.

Canzone.

In Morte di suo Marito.

Spirto gentil, che sei nel terzo giro
Del ciel fra le beate anime ascoso,

Scarco del mortal peso,
Dove premio si rende a chi, con fede
Vivendo, fu d' onesto foco acceso;
A me che del tuo ben non già sospiro,
Ma di me che ancor spiro;
Perchè il dolor che nella mente siede
Sovr' ogni altro crudel non si concede
Di metter fine all' angosciosa vita;
Gli occhi, che già mi fur benigni tanto,
Volgi ora ai mari che di pianto
Apron sì larga e sì continua uscita:
Vedi come mutati son da quelli
Che ti solean parer già così belli.
L' infinita ineffabile bellezza,
Che sempre miri in ciel, non ti distorni
Che gli occhi a me non torni,
A me cui già mirando ti credesti
Di spender ben tutte le notti e giorni;
E se 'l levarli alla superna altezza
Ti leva ogni vaghezza
Di quanto mai quaggiù più caro avesti,
La pietà almen cortese non ti presti,
Che 'n terra unqua non fu da te lontana,
Ed ora ne n' hai d' aver più chiaro segno,
Quando nel divin regno,
Dove senza me sei, n' è la fontana:
S' amor non puoi, dunque pietà ti pieghi
D' inchinar il bel guardo ai giusti preghi.
Io sono, io son ben dessa; or vedi come
M' ha cangiato il dolor fiero ed atroce,
Ch' a fatica la voce
Puoi da me dar la conoscenza vera.
Lassa, ch' al tuo partir partì veloce
Dalle guance, dagli occhi e dalle chiome
Questa a cui davi nome
Tu di beltate, ed io ne andava altera,
Che nol credea, poichè in tal pregio l' era,
Ch' ella da me partisse allora, ed ora
Non tornasse mai più, non mi da noja;
Poichè tu, a cui sol gioja
Di lei dar intendea, mi vieni manco,
Non voglio no, s' anch' io non vengo dove
Tu sei, che questo od altro ben mi giove.
Come possibil è, quando sovviemmi
Del bel guardo soave ad ora ad ora
Che spento ha sì breve ora,
Ond' è quel dolce e lieto riso estinto,
Che mille volte non sia morta o muoro?
Perchè, pensando all' ostro ed alle gemme
Ch' avara tomba tienne,
Di ch' era il viso angelico distinto,
Non scoppia il duro cor dal dolor vinto?
Com' è ch' io viva, quando mi rimembra
Ch' empio sepolcro e invidiosa polve
Contamina e dissolve
Le delicate alabastrine membra?
Dura condizion? che morte è peggio?
Fuor di morte e morendo viver deggio?
Io sperai ben di questo carcer tetro,
Che quaggiù serra, ignuda anima sciorme;
E correr dietro all' orme
Degli tuoi santi piedi, e teco farmi
Delle belle una in ciel beate forme;
Che io crederei quando ti fossi dietro,
E insieme udisse l' Etra
E di fede e d' amor di te lodarmi,
Che le sue porte non potria negarmi.
Deh, perchè tanto è questo corpo forte,
Che nè la lunga febbre, nè 'l tormento,
Che maggior nel cor sento,
Potesse trarlo a destinata morte;
Sicchè lasciato avessi il mondo tetro,
Che senza te, ch' eri suo lume, è cieco.
La cortesia e 'l valor, che stati ascosi
Non so in quali antri e latebrose foreste
Eran molt' anni e lustri,
E che poi teco apparvero, e la speme
Che 'n più matura etade all' opre illustri
Pareggiassi de' Publii e Fabii famosi
Tuoi fatti gloriosi;
Son iti a sentir avvezzi l' estreme
Genti, che ancor vive di Marte il seme;
Che più non vegna, nè da quella sede,
Ch' agli occhi miei lasciasti un lume oscuro,
Mai più veduti fuora;
Che ritornati a loro antiche grotte
E per dileguar congiunzion, quando
Del mondo uscìi, ferme perpetuo fondo.
Del danno suo Roma ancor avvezza,
Dove pende rendei, morte, ma tolle
Non mai più i sette colli
Dove vedrai che l' ombra lo passa
Per sacra via fra catene i colli:
Dell' altre piaghe, ond' io non quasi morta,
Fuor sarei accorta,
Ma questa è in mezzo 'l cor quella percossa
Che da me ogni speranza mi ha rimossa.
Turbato corse il Tebro alla marina,
E ne diè annunzio ad Ilia sua che mesta
Sedea piangendo: or questa
Di mia progenie è l' ultima ruina:
Le sante ninfe e i boschereccî dei
Trassero al grido, e lagnossi con lei.
E si sentì nell' una e l' altra riva
Pianger donne, donzelle e figlie e madri,
E da purpurei padri
Alla più bassa plebe il popol tutto,
E dove ir potria, questo dì fra gli altri
D' Allia e di Canne ai posteri si scriva:
Quel giorno che cattiva
Restasti e che 'l tuo imperio fu distrutto,
Nè più di questo non degnò di lutto;
E 'l desiderio, signor mio, e 'l ricordo,
Che di te in tutti gli animi è rimaso,
Non trarrà giù all' occaso
Sì presto il volubile fato ingordo;
Nè potrà far, che mentre voce o lingua

Formin parole, il tuo nome s'estingua.
Pon questa appresso all' altre pene mie;
Che di salir al mio signor, [illegible],
Sì ch' odi tua ragione,
D' ogn' intorno li son chiuse le vie:
Facesse a' venti almen di rapportarli,
Ch' io di lui sempre penso, o piango o parlo.

Stanza.

Quando miro la terra ornata e bella
Di mille vaghi ed odorati fiori,
E scorgo nel ciel lucer ogni stella,
Così splendono in lei varj colori;
Ed ogni fera solitaria e snella,
Mossa da natural istinto, fuori
De' boschi uscendo e de l' antiche grotte,
Va cercando il compagno giorno e notte.
E quando miro le vestite piante
Pur di be' fiori e di novelle fronde,
E de gli augelli le diverse e tante
Odo voci cantar dolci e gioconde;
E con grato romor ogni sonante
Fiume bagnar le sue fiorite sponde;
Tal che di se invaghita la natura
Gode in mirar la bella sua fattura;
Dico fra me pensando: quanto è breve
Questa nostra mortal misera vita!
Pur dianzi tutta piena era di neve
Questa pianura, or si vede sì fiorita,
E d' un aer turbato oscuro e greve
La bellezza del ciel era impedita;
E queste terre vaghe ed amorose
Stavan sole fra monti e boschi ascose.
Nè s' udivan cantar dolci concenti
Per le tenere piante i vaghi augelli;
Che dal soffiar de' più rabbiosi venti
S' atterran, secche queste, e morti quelli:
E si vedean fermar i più correnti
Fiumi dal ghiaccio, e piccoli ruscelli;
E quanto ora si mostra e bello e allegro,
Era per la stagion languido ed egro.
Così si fugge il tempo, e col fuggire
Ne porta gli anni e 'l viver nostro insieme;
Che a noi, colpa del ciel, di più fiorire,
Come queste fanno, manca la speme,
Certi non d' altro mai che di morire,
O d' alto sangue nati o di vil seme;
Nè quanto può donar benigna sorte
Farà senza di noi pietosa morte.
Anzi questa crudel ha per usanza
I più famosi e trionfanti regi,
Allor c' hanno di vincere speranza,
Privar di vita e de gli ornati fregi;
Nè lor giova la regia alta possanza
Nè gli avuti trofei nè i fatti egregi;
Che tutti uguali in suo potere ne andiamo,
Nè più di ritornar speranza abbiamo.
E pur con tutto ciò, miseri e stolti,
Del nostro ben nimici e di noi stessi,
In questo grave error fermi e sepolti
Cerchiamo il nostro male e i danni espressi;
E con molte fatiche e affanni molti
Rari avendo i piaceri, i dolor spessi,
Procacciamo di far noiosa e greve
La vita che troppo è misera e breve.
Quello per aver fama in ogni parte
Ne la sua più fiorita e verde etade
Seguendo il periglioso e fiero Marte,
Or fra mille saette e mille spade
Animoso si caccia, e con nuova arte
Mentre spera di farsi a le contrade
Più remote da noi altrui immortale,
Casca assai più che un debol vetro e frale.
Quell' altro ingordo d' acquistar tesori
Si commette al poter del mare infido;
E di paura pieno e di dolori
Trapassa or questo ora quell' altro lido;
E spesso de l' irate onde i romori
Gli fan mercè chiamar con alto grido;
E quando ha d' arricchir più certa speme,
La vita perde e la speranza insieme.
Altri ne le gran corti consumando
Il più bel fior de' lor giovanil anni;
Mentre utile ed onor vanno cercando,
Sol ritrovano invidia oltraggi e danni:
Mercè d' ingrati principi che in bando
Posto hanno ogni virtute, e sol d' inganni
E di brutta avarizia han pieno il core,
Pubblico danno al mondo disonore.
Altri per vaghi son d' esser pregiati,
E di tener fra tutti il primo loco;
E per vestirsi d' oro, e gire ornati
De le più care gemme, a poco a poco
Tiranni de la patria odiosi e ingrati
Si fanno ora col ferro ora col foco;
Ma alfin di vita indegni e di memoria
Son morti, e col morir muor la lor gloria.
Quanti son poi che divenuti amanti
Di due begli occhi e d' un leggiadro viso,
Si pascon sol di dolorosi pianti
Da se stesso tenendo il cor diviso;
Nè gioja nè piacer sono bastanti
Trar lor del petto, se non finto riso;
E se lieti talor si mostran fuori,
Hanno per un piacer mille dolori.
Chi vive senza mai sentir riposo
Lontano da la dolce amata vista;
Chi a se stesso divien grave e noioso
Sol per un guardo o una parola trista:
Chi da un nuovo rival fatto geloso,
Quasi appresso al morir duolsi e s' attrista;
Chi si consuma in altre varie pene
Più spesse assai che le minute arene.
E così senza mai stringere il senso
Con la ragion a questi van desiri,
Dietro al senso correndo, il viver [illegible]
Traggono d' infiniti aspri martiri;

Che tranquillo aria puro e sereno,
Nè senza passion, senza sospiri
Lieto godendo quanto il ciel n' ha dato,
Viveano con modesto ed umil stato.
  Come ne la felice antica etate,
Quando di limpido latte e verdi ghiande
Si pascevan quell' anime beate
Contente sol di povere vivande;
E non s' udiva infra le genti armate
De le sonore trombe il romor grande;
Nè per far l' arme le cicloppe ignudi
Battendo rimbombar facean gl' incudi.
  Nè lor pungeva la speranza ardore
Di poter acquistar fama ed onore;
Nè per darsi da poi grave martire
Con dubbiosi pensier davan timore;
Nè per mutarsi i regni e per desire
Di soggiogare altrui, gioja e dolore
Sentivan già mai, sciolti di queste
Umane passion gravi e moleste.
  Ma senz' altri pensier stavan contenti
Con l' aratro a voltar la dura terra,
Ed a menar i lor più cari armenti
Facendo insieme far piacevol guerra;
Or con allegri e boscherecci accenti
Scacciavano il dolor che spesso atterra
Chi in se l' accoglie, fra l' erbette e i fiori
Cantando or con le ninfe or co' pastori.
  E spesso a piè d' un olmo ovver d' un pino
Era una mensa in termine apparecchiato;
E chi col dardo al segno più vicino
Volare dava, era di fronde ornato;
A Cerere poi le spiche, a Bacco il vino
Offerivan divoti, e in tale stato
Passando i giorni lor, sereni e chiari
Questa vita facean serena e amara.
  Questa è la vita che cotanto piacque
Al gran padre Saturno, e che seguita
Fu da' pastori sani mentre che giacque
Ne le lor menti l' ambizion sopita,
Ma come poi questa rea peste nacque,
Nacque con lei l' invidia sempre unita;
E misero divenne a un tratto il mondo
Prima così felice e sì giocondo.
  Perchè dolce più assai era fra l' erba
Sotto l' ombre dormir queto e sicuro,
Che ne' dorati letti, e di superba
Porpora ornati; e forse più ogni oscuro
Pensier discaccia ed ogni doglia acerba,
Sentir col cor tranquillo allegro e puro
Ne l' apparir del sol mugghiar gli armenti,
Che l' armonia de' più soavi accenti.
  Beato dunque, se lecito lice
Chiamar, mentre che vive, uomo mortale;
E se vivendo si può dir felice,
Tenni esser quel che vive in vita tale;
Ma esser più deve, qual la fenice,
E sorra di mortal, farsi immortale;
Anzi quella che l' anima eterna veglia

Dolce nel fine e nel principio acerba.
  La virtù dico, che volendo al cielo
Cinta di bella, d' inestinguibil luce,
Se ben vestita è del corporeo velo,
Con le luci ale sue porta e conduce
Chi l' ama e segue; nè di morte il gelo
Teme già mai, che questa invitta duce
Spegnendo il tempo e suoi infiniti danni
Fa viver lui, che morto è già mill' anni.
  Di così bel desio l' anima accende
Questa felice e gloriosa scorta,
Che a le cose celesti spesso ascende,
E l' intelletto nostro spesso porta,
Tal che del ciel e di natura intende
Gli alti segreti, onde poi fatta accorta
Quanto ogni altro piacer men bello sia,
Sol segue quella, e tutti gli altri obblia.
  Quanti principi grandi amati e cari
Insieme con la vita han perso il nome?
Quanti poi vivon gloriosi e chiari
Poveri nati, sol perchè le chiome
Di sacri lauri, allori dotti e rari,
S' ornarono felici; ed ora, come
Chiare stelle nel ciel splendon beati,
Mentre il mondo starà, sempre onorati!
  Molti esempj potrei venir contando
De' quai piene ne son tutte le carte,
Che 'l ciel produtto ha in ogni tempo ornando
Non sempre avaro or questa or quella parte;
Ma quanti ne fur mai dietro lasciando,
E quanti oggi ne son posti da parte,
Tu ne dirai che tal fra gli altri luce,
Qual fra ogni altro splendor del sol la luce.
  Duca di voi e de l' altera pianta,
Felice come del beniato lauro,
In cui mirando sol, si vede quanta
Virtù risplende dal mar Indo al Mauro;
E sotto l' ombra gloriosa e santa
Non s' impara a prezzar le gemme o l' auro;
Ma le grandezze ornar con la virtude,
Cosa da far tutte le lingue mute.
  Pietro a l' amor di voi dunque venendo,
Ogni basso pensier posto in oblio,
Seguirò la virtù, chiaro vedendo
L' esser in seguir lei lieto desio,
Lasciare ogni altro; nè così temendo
O nemica fortuna o destin rio,
Starò con questa, ogni altro ben lasciando,
L' anima e lei, mentre ch' io vivo, amando.

28.

Pietro Bembo.

Aus venetianischem Patriziergeschlechte stammend ward er am 20. Mai 1470 zu Venedig geboren, trat in den geistlichen Stand, wurde Bischof von Gubbio, dann von Bergamo, und endlich als [illegible] des [illegible] [illegible] Rom, von Paul III. zum Cardinal erhoben. Raphael malte ihn nach dem Leben in der Schule von Athen. Er starb am 18. Januar 1547 zu Rom. Die Poesie wie die Wissenschaften verdankten diesem ausgezeichneten Manne sehr viel. Seine lyrischen Gedichte zeichnen sich vorzüglich durch ihre Feinheit aus, namentlich ist seine Canzone auf den Tod seines Bruders ein Meisterwerk. Außerdem hinterließ er noch viele kritische, philosophische und historische Schriften bedeutenden Inhalts.

Canzone.

In morte di suo fratello Carlo.

Alma cortese, che dal mondo errante
Partendo ne la tua più verde etade
Hai me lasciato eternamente in doglia,
Da le sempre beate, alme contrade,
Ov' or dimori cara a quello Amante,
Che più temer non puoi che ti si toglia;
Riguarda in terra, e mira u' la tua spoglia
Chiude un bel sasso, e me, che 'l marmo asciutto
Vedrai bagnar, te richiamando, ascolta.
Però, che sparsa, e tolta
L'alta pura dolcezza, e volto in lutto
Fu 'l più fido sostegno al viver mio,
Frate, quel dì che te n' andasti a volo.
Da indi in qua nè lieto, nè securo
Non ebbi un giorno mai, nè d' aver curo;
Anzi mi pesa esser rimaso solo,
Che non vivendo senza te in oblio
Di me medesmo, e per te solo er' io
Caro a me stesso; or teco ogni mia gioja
E' spenta, e non so già, perch' io non moja.
Raro pungente stral di sua faretra
Fe sì profonda, e sì mortal ferita,
Quanto questo, onde 'l Ciel volle piagarme.
Rimaso alcun da rallegrar la vita
Non chiude tutto 'l cerchio de la Luna,
Che dei miei duri lutti a consolarme.
Sì come non potea grave appressarme
Allor, ch' io partia teco i miei pensieri
Tutti, e tu meco i tuoi sì dolcemente;
Così non ho dolente
A questo tempo, in che mi fidi, o speri,
Ch' un sol piacer m' apporte in tanti affanni;
E' non si vide mai perduta nave,
Fra duri scogli a mezza notte il verno
Spinta dal vento, errar senza governo
Che non sia la mia via assai più grave:
E s' ella non si tronca, a mezzo gli anni,
Forse avverrà, perch' io pianga i miei danni
Più lungamente, e scemo in mille carte
I miei lamenti, e le tue lodi sparte.
Dinanzi a te partiva ira, e tormento,
Come parte ombra a l'apparir del Sole;
Qual tua dolcezza in dolce ogni altro amaro;
O pur, con l'aura de le tue parole,
Sgombravi d'ogni nebbia, in un momento,
Lo cor, cui dopo te nulla fu caro;
Nè mai volli al mio scampo altro riparo,
Mentre aver si potea, che la tua fronte,
E l'amoro, fedel, saggio consiglio,
Perso, bianco, o vermiglio
Color non mostrò mai vetro, nè fonte
Così puro il suo vago e riposto fondo,
Com' io negli occhi tuoi leggeva espresso
Ogni mia voglia sempre, ogni sospetto,
Con sì dolci sospir, sì caro affetto
De le mie forme la tua guancia impressa
Portavi, una per l'Alma, e 'l cor profondo.
Or quanto a me non ha più un lume il mondo,
E tutto quel di lui, che giova, e piace,
Ad un col tuo mortal sotterra giace.
Quasi stella del polo chiara, e ferma
Ne le fortune mie sì gravi, e 'l porto
Fosti de l'Alma travagliata, e stanca;
La mia sola difesa, e 'l mio conforto
Contra le noje de la vita inferma,
Ch' a mezzo il corso assai spesso mi manca;
E quando 'l verno le campagne imbianca;
E quando il maggior dì fende 'l terreno,
In ogni rischio, in ogni dubbia via,
Fidata compagnia
Tenesti il viver mio lieto, e sereno,
Che mesto, e tenebroso fora stato,
E sarà l'uno senza te mai sempre.
O disavventurosa, acerba sorte,
O dispietata intempestiva morte,
O mie cangiate, e dolorose tempre,
Qual fu già, lasso, e qual ora è 'l mio stato?
Tu 'l sai, che poi ch' a me ti sei celato,
Nè di qui rivederti ho più speranza,
Altro, che pianto, e duol nulla m' avanza.
Tu m' hai lasciato senza sole i giorni,
Le notti senza stelle, e grave, ed egro
Tutto questo, ond' io parlo, ond' io respiro,
La terra scossa, e 'l Ciel turbato, e negro,
E pien di mille oltraggi, e mille scorni
Mi sembra in ogni parte, quant' io miro.
Valor, e cortesia si dipartiro
Nel tuo partir, e 'l mondo infermo giacque,
E virtù spense i suoi più chiari lumi,
E le fontane a i fiumi
Negar la vena antica, e l'usate acque,
E gli augelletti abbandonaro il canto,
E l'erbe e i fior lasciar nude le piaggie;
Nè più di fronde il bosco si ricoperse.
Parnaso un nembo eterno ricoperse,
E i lauri divenner querce selvaggie,
E 'l cantar de le Dee già lieto tanto
Fu doglioso, e lamentevol pianto,
E fu più volte in voce mesta udito
Di tutto 'l colle: O Bembo, ove se' ito?

Sovra 'l tuo sasso, ed onorato busto
  Cadde grave a se stesso il padre antico,
  Lacero il petto, e pien di morte il volto;
  E disse: Ahi crudo, e di pietà nemico
  Destin predace, e reo, destino ingiusto,
  Destinato a impoverirmi in tutto volto;
  Perchè più tosto me non hai disciolto
  Da questo grave mio tenace incarco
  Poi che son breve, e più, ch'i' non vorrei,
  [illegible] a lui gli anni miei,
  Che del suo breve corso tempo hai scarso?
  Lasso, allor potev' io morir felice;
  Or vivo sol per dare al mondo esempio
  Quant' è 'l peggior far qui più lungo indugio,
  S'uom di perdere in breve il suo refugio
  Dolce, e poi rimaner a pena, e scempio.
  O vecchiezza ostinata, ed infelice
  A che mi serbi ancor senza valore,
  Se 'l tesoro, in cui fioriva la mia speme,
  È spento, e gelo eterno il copre, e preme?
Qual pianser già le triste, e pie sorelle,
  Cui le treccie in sul Po tenera fronde,
  E l'altre membra un duro legno ascose,
  Tal con la selva, e con l'aure, e con l'onde,
  Mincio, e con le piante, e con le stelle,
  Del tuo fatto lugubre la terra si dolse.
  Per duol Tomaso indietro si rivolse,
  E volser Mantua i boschi, e le campagne
  Verse con gli occhi rugiadosi, e molli.
  Allora le rive, e i colli
  Per tutto, ove 'l suo mar sospira, e piagne,
  Percosse in vista altra l'onda offesa,
  Tal, ch'a noja, e disdegno ella mi viene;
  E se non fosse, che maggior paura
  Trema l'anima, con morte acerba, e dura,
  A la qual hai molte fiate presa,
  D'amor di affanno avrei certa via presa.
  Or chiamo, e non so far altra difesa,
  Per lui, che l'ombra sua lasciando meco
  In me la viva, e miglior parte ha seco.
Che con l'altra restai morto in quel punto,
  Ch'io senti morir lui, che fu 'l mio core;
  Nè non bramo d'altro, che di leggiere giorni.
  Tregua non voglio aver col mio dolore,
  In fin ch'io vo dal giorno ultimo giunto;
  E tanto il piangerò quanto l'amai.
  Deh perchè innanzi a lui non mi spogliai
  La mortal gonna, s'io mori' vedi prima?
  S'al viver tu volere, perchè tardo
  Sono al morir? io ardo
  Ahimè ancor, ed una stessa lima
  Tormentando tutto col vecchio, e rosa;
  Che si come un voler sempre ne tenne
  Vivendo, avvi quel morte ci avvenne
  Un sasso, ed un sepolcro ne chiudesse;
  E ne questo al suo tempo, o quel non venne
Nè spero degli affanni alcun riposo,
  Aprasi per mio danno a l'angosciosa
  Carcere mio rinchiusa omai la porta,
  Ed egli all' uscir fuor sia la mia scorta.
E guidimi per man, che sa 'l cammino
  Di gir al Ciel, e ne la terza sfera
  M'impetri dal Signor appo se loco,
  Ivi non corre il dì verso la sera,
  Nè le notti son' van vedrà 'l mattino;
  Ivi 'l caso non può molto ne poco;
  Di tema gelo mai, di desir foco
  Gli animi non raffredda, e non riscalda;
  Nè tormenta dolor, nè versa ingombra;
  Contento in quello stesso
  Vive, e pasce di gioja pura, e salda
  In eterno fuor d'ira, e d'ogni oltraggio,
  Che preparato gli ha la sua virtute.
  Chi mi dà il grembo pien di rose, e mirto,
  Sì, ch'io sparga la tomba? o sacro Spirto,
  Che quel a tuoi più lodi e di salute,
  O di trastullo, a gli altri e danno, e oltraggio
  Non saper' dar; ma chiaro e dolce raggio
  Spargesti in questa fosca etade acerba,
  Che tutti i frutti suoi consuma in erba.
Se come già ti vidi, ora ti vede
  Di me, poni dal Ciel mente, com' io vivo
  Dopo 'l tuo occaso in tenebre, e 'n martiri.
  Te la tua morte più che pria fe' vivo,
  Anzi eri morto, or sei fatto immortale;
  Me di lagrime albergo, e di sospiri
  Fa la mia vita; e tutti i miei desiri
  Sono di morte, e sol quando m' interviene
  E', ch' io non vo più tosto al fin, ch'io bramo.
  Non mostra verde ramo
  De' nostri campi augello, e non han piene
  Tutte queste lagune, e tutte rive,
  Nè preme, o lungo a sè rodato scoglio
  Filo d'alga posato onda marina,
  Nè si riposa fronda al vento marina,
  Che non sia testimon del mio cordoglio.
  Tu Re del Ciel, cui nulla circonscrive,
  Manda alcun de le schiere elette, e dice
  Di su da' quei splendori giù in quest' ombre,
  Che di se darà vita oscura mai sgombre.
Canzon, qui vedi un tempio a canto al mare,
  E gente in lunga pompa, e preme, ed ode,
  E cerchi, e tede, e vedo palme d'oro;
  A lui, ch' io in terra amava, in Cielo adoro,
  Darai, con v'onora il suol nostro
  Mentre solca questo oceano, e chiare
  Mostre, Amor fiamme ardi dolci, ed amore,
  Mentre sprigiona il Sol dorate chiome,
  Sempre sarà lodato il vostro nome.
  A lei, che l'Esperia superba afferma,
  La 've parte le grazie il bel Metauro,
  Di cui non vive dal Mar Indo al Mauro,
  Da l'uno a l'altro seno, ne seconda,
  Va prima, che la nostra, o la seconda

Stanza.

Ne l'odorato e lucido oriente
Là sotto 'l puro e temperato cielo
De la felice Arabia, che non sente
Sì che l'offenda mai caldo ne gelo;
Vive una riposata e lieta gente,
Tutta di ben amar si accesa in zelo,
Come vuol sua ventura, e come piacque
A la cortese Dea che nel mar nacque.
A cui più ch'altri mai servi e devoti
Questi felici; e son nel ver ben tali;
Han posto pur d'un tempio, e fan lor voti
Sopra l'altare e' suoi dolci strali:
E mille a prova eletti Sacerdoti
Curan le cose sante e spiritali;
E hanno in guardia lor tutta la legge
Che le belle contrade unica regge.
La qual in somma è questa ch'ogni uom viva
In tutti i suoi pensier seguendo amore;
Però, quando alma se ne rende schiva,
Le mostra quanto è grave questo errore,
E che del vero ben colui si priva
Ch'al natural diletto indura il core;
E sopra ogni altro, come gran peccato
Commette chi non ama essendo amato.
A questo confortando il popol tutto
Onorar la lor Dea con pura fede;
E quando cosa ne ven maggiore il frutto,
Ne torna lor più dolce la mercede;
Ed han già la bell'opra a tal condotto,
Che senza questïon fama ognun le crede;
Ond'ella stimando pria che 'l dì s'aprisse,
A duo di lor nel tempio apparve, e disse:
Fedeli miei, che sotto l'ali avete
La gloria mia, quanto pote ire, alzata;
Sì come non bisogna velo o rete
A fera che già sia presa e legata;
Così voi il sapete, or più non mi siete,
Tanto ci son temuta e venerata
Quel che far se devea tutto è fornito:
Da indi in qua si puote ir oltre al lito.
E se pur fia che le mie insegne sante
Uscendo alcun da me vorrà partire,
De l'altre schiere mie, che son cotante,
Sarà lodato, e non ne potrà gire.
Per voi comincia che 'l mio valor si cante
In altre parti sì, che 'l possa udire
La gente che non l'ave udito ancora,
E per memoria mai non s'innamora.
Sì come là, dove 'l suo lume Romano
Cessa di vita le l'un duo Mauro,
E col piè vago discorrendo il piano
Parte le verdi piagge il bel Metauro,
Ivi son donne che fan via più vano
Lo stral d'Amore, che quel di tempo il lauro,
Sol per vaghezza di dar che la mia stella
Sallo pure chiamar bugiarda e fella.
L'una ha 'l governo in man de la contrade;
L'altra è d'onor e sangue a lei compagna.
Queste non pur a me chiudon le strade
Dei petti lor, che pianto altrui non bagna;
Ch'ancor verrian di pari crudeltade
Da l'orse a l'austro, e da l'Indo a la Spagna
Tutte insegnar le donne e i cavalieri,
Tanto hanno i cori adamantini e feri.
E vanno argomentando che si deve
Castitate pregiar più che la vita,
Mostrando ch'a Lucrezia non fu greve
Morir per questa; onde ne fu gradita:
Tal che la gloria mia come a sol neve
Si va struggendo: e se la vostra aita
Non mi ritien quel regno a questo tempo,
Tutto il mio vedrò torre in picciol tempo.
Però vorrei ch'andaste a quelle fere
Solo per me, là ov'elle fan soggiorno,
E le traeste a le mie dolci schiere
Prima che faccia notte ov'ora è giorno;
Rotti gli schermi ond'elle vanno altere,
E mille volte a me fer danno e scorno;
Dando lor a veder quanto s'inganni
Chi non mi dona il fior de' suoi verdi anni.
Accingetevi adunque a l'alta impresa:
Io v'agevolerò la lunga via.
Non vi sarà la terra al gir contesa,
Che insieme a lor per tutto ho signoria.
E perchè 'l mar non possa farvi offesa,
Lo varcarete ne la conca mia;
O prendete i miei cigni, e 'l mio figliuolo,
Che regga il carro, e sì ven gite a volo.
Così detto disparve; e le sue chiome
Sparsar nel suo sparir soavi odori;
E tutto il ciel cantando il suo bel nome
Sparser di rose i pargoletti Amori.
Stupiro intanto i sacerdoti; e come
Fu il sol de l'oceano Indico fuori,
Senza dimora già per cammin dritto
Presa lor via, n'andar verso l'Egitto.
Le piramidi e Menfi poi lasciate,
Stolta che 'l bue d'altari e tempio cinse,
Veder le mura da colui nomate
Che giovinetto il mondo corse e vinse;
E Rodi e Creta; e queste anco varcate,
E te che da l'Italia il mar distinse;
E, poi che mezzo corso l'Appennino,
Entrar nel vostro vago e lieto Urbino.
E son or questi ch'io v'addito e mostro,
L'uno e l'altro di laude e d'onor degno.
E perch'essi non sanno il parlar nostro,
Per interprete lor seco ne vegno;
E in lor vece dirò, come che al vostro
Divin cospetto non fia di dire indegno:
E se cosa udirete che non s'usi
Udir fra voi, la Dea strana mi scusi.
O donna in questa etade al mondo sola,

Anzi a cui par non fu già mai nè fia,
La cui fama immortal sopra 'l ciel vola
Di beltà di valor di cortesia,
Tanto ch'a tutte le altre il pregio invola;
E voi che siete in un crudele e pia,
Alma gentil dignissima d'impero,
E che di sola voi cantasse Omero;
Qual credenza d'aver senz'amor pace,
Senza cui lieta un'ora uom mai non ave,
Le sante leggi sue fuggir vi face,
Come cosa mortal si fugge e pave?
E lui ch'a tutti gli altri giova e piace,
Solo voi riputar dannoso e grave,
E di signor mansueto e fedele,
Tiranno disleal farlo e crudele?
Amor è graziosa e dolce voglia
Che i più selvaggi e i più feroci affrena.
Amor d'ogni viltà l'anime spoglia,
E le scorge a diletto, e trae di pena.
Amor le cose umili in alto invoglia,
Le brevi e fosche eterna e rasserena.
Amor è seme d'ogni ben fecondo,
E quel ch'informa e regge e serva il mondo.
Però che non la terra sola e 'l mare,
E l'aere e 'l foco e gli animali e l'erbe,
E quanto sta nascosto, e quanto appare
Di questo globo, Amor, tu guardi e serbi;
E generando fai tutto bastare
Con le tue fiamme dolcemente acerbe;
Ch'ancor la bella macchina superna
Altri che tu, non volge e non governa.
Anzi non pur Amor le vaghe stelle
E 'l ciel di cerchio in cerchio tempra e move
Ma l'altre creature via più belle:
Che senza madre già nacque di Giove;
Liete care felici pure e snelle,
Virtù, che sol d'Amor discende e piove,
Creò da prima; ed or le nutre e pasce;
Onde 'l principio d'ogni vita nasce.
Questa per vie sovr'al pensier divine
Scendendo pura giù ne le vostre alme,
Tal che state sarian dentro al confine
De le lor membra quasi gravi salme;
Fatto ha poggiando altere e pellegrine
Gir per lo ciel, e gloriose ed alme
Fin che pria rimaner dopo la morte,
Il lor destin vincendo e la lor sorte.
Questa fe' dolce ragionar Catullo
Di Lesbia, e di Corinna il Sulmonese;
E dar a Cintia nome, a noi trastullo
Lui a cui patria fu questo paese;
E per Delia e per Nemesi Tibullo
Cantar, e Gallo che se stesso offese,
Va con le penne de la fama impigre
Portar Licori dal Timavo al Tigre.
Questa fe' Cino più lodar Selvaggia,
D'altra lingua maestro e d'altri versi:
E Dante, acciocchè Bice ancor ne traggia,
Stili trovar di maggior lumi aspersi:
E perchè il mondo in riverenza l'aggia
Sì come dée ei, di sì leggiadri e tersi
Concenti il maggior Tosco addolcì l'aura,
Che sempre s'udirà risonar Laura.
La qual or cinta di silenzio eterno
Fora, sì come pianta secca in erba,
S'a lui ch'arse per lei la state e 'l verno,
Come fu dolce, fosse stata acerba;
E non men l'altre illustri ch'io vi scerno
E qual si mostrò mai dura e superba
Verso quei che potea sovra 'l suo nido
Alzarla a volo, e darle vita e grido.
Questa novellamente a i padri vostri
Spirò desio; di cui, come a Dio piacque,
Per adornarne il mondo, e gli occhi nostri
Bear de la sua vista, in terra nacque
L'alma vostra beltà; nè lingue o inchiostri
Contar potrian, nè vanno in mar tant'acque,
Quanta Amor da' bei cigli alta e diversa
Gioja pace dolcezza e grazia versa.
Cosa dinanzi a voi non può fermarsi,
Che d'ogni indegnità non sia lontana;
Ch'al primo incontro vostro vuol destarsi
Virtù, che fa gentil d'alma villana.
E se potesse in voi fiso mirarsi,
Sormonteriasi oltra l'usanza umana.
Tutto quel che gli amanti arde e trastulla,
A lato ad un saluto vostro è nulla.
Quanto in mill'anni il ciel dovea mostrarne
Di vago e dolce, in voi spiegò e ripose,
Volendo a suo diletto esempio darne
De le più care sue bellezze ascose.
Chi non sa come Amor soglia predarne,
O pur di non amar seco propose,
Fermi ne' be' vostri occhi un solo sguardo,
E fugga poi, se può, veloce o tardo.
Rose bianche e vermiglie ambe le gote
Sembran colte pur ora in paradiso;
Care perle e rubini onde escon note
Da far ogni uom da sè stesso diviso.
La vista un sol che scalda entro e percote:
E vaga primavera il dolce riso.
Ma l'accoglienza il senno e la virtute
Potrebbon dar al mondo ogni salute.
Se non fosse il pensier crudele ed empio,
Che s'arma incontro Amor di ghiaccio il petto,
E fa d'altrui sì doloroso scempio
E priva del maggior vostro diletto
Voi con l'altre a cui nuoce il vostro esempio:
Sì come nuoce al gregge semplicetto
La scorta sua, quand'ella esce di strada,
Che tutto errando poi convien che vada.
Così più d'un error versa dal fonte
Del vostro largo e cupo e lento orgoglio:
E s'io avessi parole al voler pronte,
Frangersi fanno ben aspro e duro scoglio;
Che non si dolse al caso di Fetonte
Febo, quand'io per voi, donne, mi doglio.

Pur mi consola, che qual io mi sono,
Amor mi detta quanto a voi ragiono.
E per bocca di lui chiaro vi dico:
Non chiudete l'entrata a i piacer suoi.
Se 'l ciel vi si girò largo ed amico,
Non vi siate nemiche e scarse voi.
Non basta il campo aver lieto ed aprico,
Se non si ara e sementa e miete poi.
Giardin non cólto, in breve divien selva,
E fassi lustro ad ogni augello e belva.
È la vostra bellezza quasi un orto;
Gli anni teneri vostri aprile e maggio;
Allor vi va per gioja e per diporto
Il signor, quando può, sed egli è saggio.
Ma poi che 'l sole ogni fioretto ha morto,
O 'l ghiaccio a le campagne ha fatto oltraggio,
Nol cura; e stando in qualche fresco loco,
Passa il gran caldo, o tempra il verno al foco.
Ahi poco degno è ben d'alta fortuna
Chi ha gran doni e cari, e schifa usarli.
A che spalmar i legni, se la bruna
Onda del porto dee poi marcirli?
Questo sol che riluce, e questa luna
Lucesse in van, non si devria pregiarli.
Giovinezza e beltà che non s'adopre,
Val quanto gemma che s'asconde e copre.
Qual fora un uom, se l'una e l'altra luce
Di suo voler in nessun tempo aprisse?
E 'l senso de le voci a l'alma duce
Tenesse chiuso sì, che nulla udisse?
O 'l piè che 'l fral di noi porta e conduce,
Mai di orma non movesse, e mai non gisse?
Tal è proprio colei che bella e verde
Neghittosa fra voi siede e si perde.
Non vi mandò qua giù l'eterna cura
A fin che senz'amor fra noi viveste;
Nè vi diè sì piacevole figura
Perchè in tormento altrui la possedeste.
Se stata fosse ad ogni prego dura
Ciascuna madre, or voi dove sareste?
Il mondo tutto in quanto a sè distrugge,
Chi le pari amorose adombra e fugge.
Come a cui vi donaste si disdice,
Sed egli a voi di sè si rende avaro,
Così voi, donne, a quei che v'hanno in vice
Di sole a la lor vita dolce e chiaro,
Mostrarvi acerbe e torbide non lice:
E quelle men cui più l'onesto è caro:
Che s'io sostenni te mentre cadevi,
Debbo cadendo aver chi mi rilevi.
Il pregio d'onestate amato e cólto
Da quelle antiche poste in prosa e 'n rima,
E le voci che 'l volgo errante e stolto
In peccati e disnor sì gravi estima,
E quel lungo rimbombo indi raccolto
Che s'ode risonar per ogni clima;
Son fole di romanzi e sogno e ombra
Che l'alme semplicette preme e 'ngombra.
Non è gran maraviglia s'una o due
Sciocche donne alcun secol vide ed ebbe,
A cui sentier d'amor caro non fue,
E indarno viver gli anni poco increbbe:
Come la greca ch'a le tele sue
Scemò la notte quanto 'l giorno accrebbe:
Misera, ch'a se stessa ogni ben tolse,
Mentre attender un uom vent'anni volse:
Il qual errando in questa e 'n quella parte,
Solcando tutto il mar di seno in seno,
A molte donne del suo amor fe' parte,
E lieto si raccolse loro in seno:
Che ben sapea quanto dal ver si parte
Colui ch'al legno suo non spiega il seno,
Mentr'egli ha 'l porto a man sinistra e destra,
E l'aura de la vita ancor gli è destra.
Come avrian posto al nostro nascimento
Necessità d'amor natura e Dio,
Se quel soave suo dolce concento
Che piace sì, fosse malvagio e rio?
Se per girar il sole, ir vago il vento,
Ir su la fiamma, al chin correre il rio,
Non si pecca da lor; nè voi peccate
Quando 'l piacer per cui si nasce amate.
Mirate quando Febo a noi ritorna,
E fa le piagge verdi e colorite;
Se dove avvolger possa le sue corna
E se fermar non ha ciascuna vite,
Essa giace, e 'l giardin non se n'adorna,
Nè 'l frutto suo nè l'ombre son gradite.
Ma quando ad olmo o ad oppio alto s'appoggia,
Cresce feconda e per sole e per pioggia.
Pasce la pecorella i verdi campi,
E sente il suo monton cozzar vicino,
Ondeggia, e par ch'in mezzo l'acque avvampi
Con la sua amata il veloce delfino.
Per tutto ove 'l terren d'ombra si stampi,
Sostien due rondinelle un faggio un pino.
E a voi pur piace in dannate tempre
Viver solinghe e scompagnate sempre.
Che giova posseder cittadi e regni,
E palagi abitar d'alto lavoro,
E servi intorno aver d'imperio degni,
E l'arche gravi per molto tesoro;
Esser cantate da sublimi ingegni,
Di porpora vestir, mangiar in oro,
E di bellezza pareggiar il sole,
Giacendo poi nel letto fredde e sole?
Ma che non giova aver fedeli amanti,
E con loro partir ogni pensiero,
I desir le paure i risi i pianti
E l'ira e la speranza e 'l falso e 'l vero;
Ed or con opre care or con sembianti
Il grave de la vita far leggiero;
E se di rozzo in alto e in pensier vili
Sovra l'uso mondan vaghe e gentili?

Quanto esser vi dee caro un uom che brami
La vostra molto più che la sua gioja?
Ch' altro che 'l nome vostro unqua non chiami?
Che sol pensando in voi tempri ogni noja?
Che più che 'l mondo in un vi tema ed ami?
Che spesso in voi si viva, in se si moja?
Che le vostre tranquille e pure luci
Del suo corso mortal segua per duci?
O quanto è dolce, perch' amor la stringa,
Talor sentirsi un' alma venir meno!
Saper come due volti un sol dipinga
Color, come due voglie regga un freno!
Come un bel ghiaccio ad arder si costringa,
Come un torbido ciel torni sereno!
E come non so che si lega con gli occhi,
Perchè sempre di gioja il cor trabocchi!
Puossi morta chiamar quella, di cui
Face d' amor nessun pensiero accende,
Nè dice, che son io lassa? che fui?
Nè giova al mondo, e se medesma offende,
Nè si tien cara, nè vuol darsi a lui
Che già mill' anni sol un giorno attende:
Nè sa con l' alma ne la fronte espressa
Altrui cercar, e ritrovar se stessa.
Però che voi non siete cosa integra,
Nè noi; ma è ciascun del tutto il mezzo,
Amor è quello poi che ne rintegra,
E lega e strigne come chiodo al mezzo;
Onde ogni parte intanto si rallegra,
Che suoi diletti e gioje non han mezzo;
E s' uom durasse molto in tale stato,
Compitamente diverria beato.
Così voi vi trovate altrui cercando,
E fate nel trovar paghe e felici.
Dunque perchè da voi ponete in bando
Amor, se son di tanto ben radici
Le sue quadrelle? or danno in guerreggiando
Qual maggior posson farvi alti nemici,
Che torvi il regno? questo assai più vale;
E voi lo vi togliete, e non vi cale.
Quel ch' io vi do sano e fedel consiglio:
Non vi torca dal ver falsa vaghezza:
Se non si coglie, come rosa o giglio
Cade da se la vostra alma bellezza.
Vien poi canuta il crin, severa il ciglio
La faticosa e debile vecchiezza;
E vi dimostra per acerba prova,
Che 'l pentirsi da sezzo nulla giova.
Amor direi: ma temo non tal volta
Vi gravi il lungo udire; oltra ch' io vedo
Questa selva d' Amor farsi più folta,
Quant' io parlando più sfrondar la credo.
Dunque vostra mercè, che sempre è molta,
Darete a gli cantori omai congedo.
L' altro ch' a dir rimane, essi diranno
Quando la lingua vostra appresa avranno.

30.

Giovan Giorgio Trissino.

Er ward 1478 zu Vicenza geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung, begab sich im vier und zwanzigsten Jahre seines Alters nach Rom, und ward vielfach von Leo X. und Clemens VII. zu Gesandtschaften verwendet. Kaiser Karl V. erhob ihn zum Ritter vom goldenen Vliess. Reich und angesehen starb er 1550 in Rom. Ausser lyrischen Poesieen hinterliess er ein regelmässiges Epos (das erste in versi sciolti), ein regelmässiges Trauerspiel (ebenfalls das erste), ein Lustspiel, Idyllen und einige Schriften in Prosa.

Canzone.

Signor, che fosti eternamente eletto
Nel consiglio divin per il governo
De la sua stanca e travagliata nave;
Or che novellamente quell' eterno
Pensiero è giunto al desiato effetto,
Ed hai del mondo l' una e l' altra chiave;
Se ben ti trovi in questo secol grave
Pien di discordie e di spietate offese,
Non star di porre a l' onorate imprese,
Per torre il giogo a tutto l' Oriente;
Ch' a l' alto suo Clemente
Ha riservato il ciel sì largo onore,
Per fare un sol ovile e un sol pastore.
Che chi ben mira, da che volse Iddio
Col proprio sangue liberare il mondo,
E poi lasciare un suo vicario in terra;
Vedrà ch' a maggior uom non diede il pondo
Di governare il gregge amato e pio,
Mentre che la mondana mandra il serra.
Questi or tranquillo in pace, ed or in guerra
Vittorioso, si saprà guidarlo,
Che sarà fortunato; onde a lodarlo
S' estenderanno ancor tutte le lingue;
Ed è, com' uom ch' estingue
Ogni altra voluttà, ha solo intento
Ad aver cura del commesso armento.
Qual altro ebbe già mai terrestre impero,
Ch' avesse le virtù simili a questo
Feroci in guerra, e mansuete in pace?
Non fu il più giusto mai nè il più modesto,
Nè 'l più giocondo insieme e 'l più severo,
Nè 'l più prudente ancor, nè 'l più verace.
Ogni ben operar tanto li piace,
Che giorno e notte ad altro mai non pensa.
E però Dio, che sua virtute immensa
Nel principio del mondo antivedette,
Volse l' opre più elette
A lui serbare, acciò che 'l mondo tutto
Si possa rallegrar di sì bel frutto.
Dunque, signor, poi che ne l' alto seggio

Per vicario di Dio seder ti trovi,
Ed hai la cura de la gente umana:
Muovi il profondo tuo consiglio, muovi,
E da la scabbia ria ch'ognora peggio
L'infetta gente e misera risana.
Poi la grave discordia e l'inumana
Voglia dei duo gran re sì d'ira accesi,
Ch'affligge Italia ed altri be' paesi,
Mitiga e spegni con la tua grandezza.
Fa che la lor fierezza,
E l'odio lor si sparga contra quelli
Ch'al nome di Giesù furon rubelli.
Che veramente la metà del sangue
Il qual s'è tratto fuor dei nostri petti
Per travagliare Italia in quindici anni,
Se fosse sparsa in far salubri effetti
A l'infelice Grecia ch'ognor langue
In servitù, sarebbe fuor d'affanni;
E 'l tempo che s'è speso in nostri danni,
Sarebbe andato in mille belle lodi.
E fora in nostre man Belgrado e Rodi,
Ed altre terre assai, ch'abbiam perdute;
E la nostra virtute
Si saria mostra almen con tai nemici,
Che in vita e morte ne faria felici.
Prendi dunque, signor, la bella impresa
Che t'ha serbato il ciel mill'anni e mille,
Per la più gloriosa che mai fosse;
E certo al suon de l'onorate squille
Si moverà l'Europa in tua difesa,
E farà l'arme insanguinate rosse
Del turco sangue, e pria vorrà che l'osse
Restin di là, che la vittoria resti.
Non è da dubitar che Dio non presti
Ogni favor a quel che ti destina.
Fatto che la ruina
De' Turchi posta sia ne le tue mani,
E tor la Grecia da le man de' cani.
Veggio ne la mia mente il grave scempio
Di quelle genti, e con vittoria grande
Tornarsi lieto il mio signore in Roma.
Veggio che fiori ognun d'intorno spande,
Veggio le spoglie opime andare al tempio,
Veggio a molti di lauro ornar la chioma;
Veggio legarsi in verso ogni idioma
Per celebrar sì gloriosi fatti;
Veggio narrar fin le parole e gli atti
Che si fer combattendo in quella parte;
Io veggio empir le carte
Del nome di Clemente, e veggio ancora
Che in terra come Dio ciascun l'adora.
Se mai, canzone, a quelle mani arrivi,
Che chiuder ponno e disserrare il cielo,
Leva de la tua faccia il bianco velo,
E grida: signor mio, non star sospeso;
Ma piglia questo peso,
Poi ch'a tanta vittoria il ciel ti chiama,
Che lascerai nel mondo eterna fama.

Sonetto.

O dolce valle, ove tra l'erbe e i fiori
Talor madonna sospirando siede,
Terra beata, ove s'afferma il piede
Che ti fa respirar di tanti odori;
Ombrose frondi, e mormoranti umori,
Da cui l'ombra si move, e l'aura fiede,
Ch'al bel soggiorno ogni mio ben possiede,
E lo ristaura ne gli estivi ardori;
Vaghi augelletti, che tra folti rami
S'ascolta il vostro dilettevol canto
Da quelle orecchie al mio lamento sorde;
Deh per pietà del mio continuo pianto
Pregate lei ch'almanco si ricorde
Quanto sian duri ed aspri i miei legami.

Sonetto.

Dolci pensier, che da radice amara
Nascer vi sento, ed occuparmi il core,
Se, come spero, in voi cresce il vigore,
Vedrem pur libertà soave e cara.
Già per voi m'avvegg'io quanto s'impara
Ne le cose dubbiose; e quel dolore
Che conoscer mi fa che cosa è amore,
Come che tardi, a mia morte ripara.
Sì ch'io ringrazio i sdegni e la durezza
Di questa donna, anzi nimica mia,
Ch'a mal mio grado mi ritorna in vita.
E se nel cominciar di questa via
Sento giungermi al cor tanta dolcezza,
Or che fia dunque al fin de la salita?

Sonetto.

Poi che sdegno discioglie le catene
Che bellezza construsse, e amore avvinse,
E da la dura man che le distrinse
Troppo aspramente libertà mi viene;
Torni la mente al suo verace bene,
Da cui nostra follia lungi la spinse
Per un pensier, che dentro al cor dipinse
Gioja non vera, e mal fondata spene;
Ed ella poi con sì beata scorta
Forse porìa guidarne a quel cammino
Che parte noi da ogni pensier terreno:
E la ragion che poco men che morta
Stata è alcun tempo, ed in altrui domino,
Preporre ai sensi, e darle in mano il freno.

Sonetto.

Sì come i miei pensier tutti ad un segno
Guidava amor col vostro alto desio,
Tal che mai non pensai, nè mai vols'io
Cosa ch'io mi credessi esservi a sdegno;
Or ei mi fa che sì diverso tegno
Dal vostro aspro volere il pensier mio,
Che indietro vo, come caval restio,

E più duro a lo spron sempre divegno.
Seguito ho, bella donna, il tuo sentiero
Più di sett' anni, e me n'andava a morte,
S' io non volgeva i passi ad altra via.
Sotto altra forma Amor m' apparve il vero,
E mostrommi il cammin da gir più forte
A vita che vivrà dopo la mia.

Sonetto.

Come cangia natura arte e costume,
Se oggi è più qual pria esser solea!
O matrigna del mondo empia e rea,
Come i tuoi proprj onor guasti e consume!
Dianzi pronta a increspar l' aurate piume
D' una nova angeletta io ti vedea:
Or le increspi il bel volto, onde accendea
L' Espero e l' alba in cielo ogni suo lume.
Empio trofeo! Ma tra sì care falde,
Come per valli a' suoi diporti elette,
Pur vola Amore, e vi si asside e giace
Con tanto suo maggior diletto e pace,
Quanto or le sue dolcissime saette
Son men pungenti, e men sue fiamme calde.

Italia liberata.

L. III.

Mentre che i Capitani erano intenti
Ad imbarcar quell' onorevol stuolo,
Il bel Giustino andò verso 'l palazzo,
Per visitar Theodora Imperadrice,
E tor da lei commiato anz' il partire;
Et havea seco amor, che quasi sempre
Gli facea compagnia dovunque andava.
Giunto dunque al palazzo, e l' ampie scale
Salendo, ritrovò, che la Regina
Volea lavarsi, per andare a mensa;
Com' ella il vide, con allegra fronte
L' accolse, e disse a lui queste parole:
Gentil nipote, voi sarete a tempo
Venuto qui, che cenerete nosco,
E questa sera goderemovi alquanto,
Poi, che sì tosta è la partenza vostra.
Ed ei rispose con parole accorte:
Signora, i son parato ad ubidirvi
In ogni dura impresa, non che in questa,
Che si ha da trappassar con mio diletto.
Hor, mentre questo si dicea fra loro,
Se 'n venne la bellissima Sophia
Accompagnata da le sue donzelle;
Ma come giunta fu sopra la porta
De la camera sua, che spunta in sala,
Vide Giustino, onde ritenne il passo,
E quasi stette per tornarsi dentro;
Pur venne fuori, e gli occhi a terra fisse,
Sparsa nel volto d' un color di rose.
Come fa il Pellegrin, che nel cammino
Vede un serpente, e 'l piè rivolge in dietro
Tutto smarrito, e poi trappassa innanzi,
Spinto da la vergogna, e dal disire
D' arrivar tosto al suo fedele albergo;
Tal veramente fu il sembiante allora
Di quella vaga, e vergognosa Donna;
Poi, fatta riverenza a la Regina,
Subitamente se n' andò da parte.
Quando Amor vide lei, che tanto schiva
S' era condotta a l' honorata cena,
Disse fra se sdegnosamente: Adunque
Costei fugge chi l' ama, e me dispregia?
Poi, che non vide alt' amorosa fiamma,
Che quella, che conosce una donzella,
Vaga di sua beltà, s' altri la mira,
Proviam di sottoporla al nostro Impero.
E detto questo, elesse una saetta
Ferma, e acuta, e l' adattò su l' arco;
Poi si raccolse dietro al bel Giustino,
E drizzò gli occhj in lei, tirando forte
La dura corda, onde sospinse il strale
Verso il bel petto, e le percosse il core:
Ma come vide il colpo al segno aggiunto,
Partissi, e se n' andò ridendo al cielo.
E fece come Arcier, che sta nascosto
In qualche macchia, e vede di lontano
Libera cervia andar pascendo l' erbe,
E l' arco tira, e le percuote il fianco;
Poi lieto del bel colpo indi si parte,
Lasciando quivi lei ferita a morte.
Quando la bella verginetta accolto
Si vide il cuor da l' amoroso strale,
Rivolse gli occhj lampeggianti al viso
Del bel Giustino, e 'l delicato petto
Di lei da nuovo amor tutto commosso
Levossi, e mandò fuor qualche sospiro;
Poi tanto crebbe quella acerba piaga
In poco spazio, che le belle guancie
Si fer pallide, e smorte; e poco stando
Divenner di color di fiamma viva.
L' Imperadrice a la già posta mensa
S' assise sopra una gran sedia d' oro
E fece a lato a se seder Giustino,
Nipote, e successor del grande Impero;
Da poi sedette Asteria, e poi Sophia,
Che fur ambe figlie di Sylvano,
Fratel de la Regina: onde rimase.
Erano eredi di ricchezza immensa.
Qui si portaron ottime vivande
In vasi d' oro, e di mirabil' arte,
Da cento leggiadrissime donzelle,
Tutte vestite di damasco bianco,
Col lembo azurro, e con la cinta d' oro;
E cent' altre vestite pur di bianco,
Come le prime, stavano d' intorno
La ricca mensa; e chi di lor poneva
I piatti, e chi e levava, e chi trinciava,

E chi porgeva preziosi vini
In coppe de finissimi cristalli,
Come poi la gran cena al fine aggiunse,
L' Imperadrice con soave aspetto
Si volse al bel Giustino, e cosi disse:
Io vi vedo Signor disposto a gire
Con Belisario a la fiera guerra;
Certo figliuol, che a noi pareva il meglio,
Che voi restaste a casa, e che l' impresa
S' avesse ad espedir per quei soldati,
Che sono esperti, e che ci son soggetti,
Senza vostro periglio e vostri affanni.
Ed egli a lei rispose in tal maniera:
Veramente Regina ho molta cura
Avuta, et avero mentre, ch' io viva,
Di non far cosa mai, che si discosti
Punto dal vostro altissimo volere;
Che 'l mio sommo diletto e d' ubidirvi.
Ma spero, se pensarete al gran bisogno,
Che abbia, chi e nato d' onorevol sangue,
D' avere esperienza delle guerre,
Che non sarete al mio passaggio aversa.
E poscia i vado a la piu degna impresa,
Che fosse mai; sotto 'l divin governo
Del miglior Capitan, ch' al mondo sia.
Tal, che s' io non andasse a questa guerra,
Quando avrei piu giammai tanta ventura?
Si che non sia nojosa a vostra altezza
La mia fervente, e virtuosa voglia.
Poi s' io ritorno vivo, forse ancora
Saro caro a qualcun, ch' or mi dispregia;
E s' io morro, non saro senza onore,
Se ben fia lieta altrui de la mia morte.
Quest' ultime parole furo intese
Da la bella Sophia, come eran dette,
E tutta quanta si cangio nel volto,
E raccolse nel petto un gran sospiro;
Ma per temenza poscia lo ritenne.
L' Imperadrice con parole dolci,
Rispose al gentilissimo Giustino:
Certo figliuolo, il vostro alto pensiero
Non vo se non lodar, ben ch' ei m' aggravi,
Ite dunque felice, e vi ricordo,
D' aver custodia della vostra vita.
Come ebbe udito questo, il bel Giustino
Si levo ritto, et accostossi ad ella
Umilmente, e col ginocchio in terra
Prese licenza, e le bacio la mano.
Poi volto per partir, volse ancor gli occhj
Verso la sua bellissima Sophia,
La quale a caso in lui volgea la vista;
Onde si rincontrar le belle luci,
Di che la giovinetta ebbe vergogna,
E i suoi rispinse sorridendo a terra.
Poi mentre, ch' egli ando verso la porta,
Ella postosi avanti il suo ventaglio,
Con la coda dell' occhio il rimirava;
E la mente di lei, si come in sogno
Seguia le poste de l' amate piante;
Ma come usci di corte, ad un balcone
Si trasse, e lo guardo fin che disparve.
D' indi tornando al luogo, ove cenaro,
Sempre sempre l' havea davanti a gli occhj,
Rammemorando ogni suo minimo atto,
E ogni suo costume, e sempre avendo
Dentr' a le orecchie il suo parlar soave.
E dicea fra se stessa; Il mondo mai
Non ebbe, e non avra cosa piu rara.
Sedendo poi nel loco, ov' egli a cena
S' era seduto, e cio, che avea toccato
Toccar volendo per sfogare il cuore,
Dava nuov' esca al' amorosa fiamma.
Al fin partita quindi, e ritirata
Ne la camera sua, non si partiro
I focosi pensier da la sua mente;
Ma d' uno in altro spesso trapassando,
Incomincio temer, ch' ei non morisse
In quel pericoloso aspro passaggio;
E ripensando circa la sua morte,
Gli occhj s' empier di lacrime, e caddero
Giu per le guance in su l' eburneo petto;
Poi dietro a l' onda d' un sospiro amaro,
Disse fra se medesma este parole:
O misera Sophia, come sei colta
Ne la rete d' amor senza pensarvi;
Hor se n' andra il bellissimo Giustino,
Il quel t' amava, e t' honorava tanto;
Ne tu giammai del suo fervente amore
Pietade havesti, e non volesti mai,
Non che ambasciata udir, ma darli un sguardo.
O degno frutto a l' aspra tua durezza;
Or ti conviene amar quel, che fuggisti;
E quel, che quando t' era avanti gli occhi
Avesti a schivo, or, che si fa lontano
Brami, e disii. Deh come e ver, che 'l bene
Non si conosce mai, s' e non si perde.
Chi sa, se mosso da possente sdegno
Si parte, e cerca questa horribil guerra,
Per andar quasi disperato a morte.
O s' ei per caso alcun vi rimanesse,
Come viver potro senza vederlo?
E s' io vivro, come saro mai lieta,
Sendo stata cagion, che a morte corra
Il piu bel giovenetto, e 'l piu leggiadro,
E 'l piu gentil, che mai nascesse al mondo,
E che m' amava piu, che la sua vita?
Deh poni giu Sophia tanti rispetti,
Lascia il timor, che t' occupava il cuore,
Cerca, cerca impedir l' aspro viaggio
Al tuo Giustin; fa ch' ei rimanga a casa;
Il che lieve ti fia, volendo porre
La man sopra la carta, e farli nota
La voglia tua; perch' ei t' onora tanto,
Che non lascera voto il tuo desire.
E detto questo, comincio di nuovo

Dirotto pianto, e sospirando forte
A se stessa rispose in tal maniera:
Misera me, dove ho rivolto il core?
Che mal pensier ne la mia mente alberga?
Che ho da far io, se alcun trapassa il mare,
E vuol andare in sanguinose imprese?
Vadavi; e se morrà tanta bellezza,
Che dovria da la morte esser sicura,
Muojasi, e non si macchi il nostro onore;
Anzi prima la terra mi sommerga,
Che mai s'avanti alcun di mie parole,
Ne d'ambasciate, o di lascivia alcuna.
Ver è ch'io priego Iddio, che lo conduca
Vivo nel suo nativo almo paese,
Per non dar noja al Correttor del mondo.

Scena della Sofonisbe.

Sof. Molto mi piace, che tu sia disposta
Di compiacermi; hor morirò contenta.
Ma tu, sorella mia, primieramente
Prendi 'l mio figliuolo da la mia mano.
Herm. O dal che cara man, che caro dono!
S. Hora in vece di me gli sarai madre.
H. Così farò, poichè di voi fia privo.
S. O figlio, figlio, quando più bisogno
Hai de la vita mia, da te mi parto.
H. Oimè! come farò fra tanta doglia?
S. Il tempo suol far leve ogni dolore.
H. Deh lasciatemi ancor venir con voi.
S. Basta ben, basta de la morte mia.
H. O fortuna crudel, di che mi spogli?
S. O madre mia, quanto lontana siete!
Almen potuto havessi una sol volta
Vedervi, et abbracciar ne la mia morte!
H. Felice, chi non vede
Questo caso crudel! ch'assai men grave
Ci pare il mal, che solamente s'ode.
S. O caro padre, o dolci miei fratelli,
Quant'è, ch'io non vi vidi, nè più mai
V'haggio a vedere; Iddio vi faccia lieti!
H. O quanto, quanto ben perdera a un'ora!
S. Hermonia mia, tu sola a questo tempo
Mi sei padre, fratel, sorella e madre.
H. Lassa, valessi pur per un di loro!
S. Hor sento ben, che la virtù si manca
A poco a poco, e tutta via caminò.
H. Quant' amaro è per me questo viaggio!
S. Che veggio qui? che nuova gente è questa?
H. Oimè infelice! che vedete voi?
S. Non vedete voi questo, che mi tira?
Che fa? dove mi mena? io so ben dove;
Lasciami pur, ch'io me ne vengo teco.
H. O che pietade, o che dolore estremo!
S. A chi piangete? non sapete ancora,
Che ciò, che nasce, à morte si destina?
Coro. Ahime, che questo è pur troppo per tempo.
Ch'ancor non siete nel vigesim' anno.
S. Il bene esser non può troppo per tempo.
H. Che duro bene è quel, che ci distrugge!
S. Accostatevi a me; voglio appoggiarmi,
Ch'io mi sento mancare; e già la notte
Tenebrosa ne vien ne gli occhi miei.
H. Appoggiatevi pur sopra 'l mio petto.
S. O figlio mio, tu non avrai più madre,
Ella già se ne va; statti con Dio.
H. Oimè! che cosa dolorosa ascolto!
Non ci lasciate ancor; non ci lasciate!
S. Io non posso far altro, e sono in via.
H. Alzate il viso a questo che vi bacia.
C. Risguardatelo un poco. S. Ahimè! non posso.
C. Dio vi raccolga in pace. S. Io vado; addio.
H. Oimè! ch'io son distrutta!
C. Ell'è passata con soave morte.
Sarebbe forse ben di ricoprirla.
H. Deh lasciatela alquanto. O donna cara,
Luce degli occhi miei, dolce mia vita,
Tosto m'havete, tosto abbandonata.
O dolci lumi, o delicate mani,
Come vi vedo stare! O felice alma,
Udite un poco, udite la mia voce;
La vostra cara Hermonia vi domanda.
Coro. Lassa, che più non vede, e più non ode.
Copritela pur, e riportiamla dentro.

10.

Luigi Alamanni.

Im Jahre 1495 zu Florenz geboren, einem edeln Geschlechte angehörig, schloss er sich anfangs den Mediceern an, theilte sich aber bald darauf in eine Verschwörung gegen dieselben ein, und rettete sich, als diese entdeckt wurde, durch die Flucht. Fünf Jahre lebte er als Verbannter fern von der Vaterstadt, theils in Frankreich, theils in Italien; dann kehrte er wieder nach Florenz zurück, wo man ihn sogar im Staatsgeschäften verwendete. Als entschiedener Gegner des mediceischen Hauses ward er jedoch von Neuem verwiesen, und trat nun in die Dienste Franz I. von Frankreich, der ihn als seinen Gesandten wiederholt nach Italien und selbst zu Karl V. beauftragte. Nach dem Tode seines Gönners stand er auch bei dessen Nachfolger Heinrich II. in Gunst. Er starb 1556 zu Paris. Sein vorzüglichstes Werk ist das didaktische Gedicht vom Landbau la coltivazione, dem er durch die Form in der That eine hohe noch unbekannte Vollendung gab. Außerdem hinterließ er noch zwei Epopeen, Umarbeitungen eines französischen Ritterromans und der Ilias, die zwar correct und elegant, aber ohne wahren poetischen Werth sind, lyrische Gedichte, Idyllen, Satiren, Bußpsalmen, ein Lustspiel Flora, und eine Uebersetzung von Sophokles Antigone. Er ist der Erfinder des eilfsilbigen verso sdrucciolo, den er in seiner Komödie anwendete, der jedoch nur selten nachgeahmt worden ist.

Canzone.

Santa compagna antica
Di Febo e de le nove
Dotte sorelle, di Parnaso onore;
Cetra nel mondo amica
Di quanti il sommo Giove
Addrizza al vero ben che mai non more;
Tu puoi l'alto furore
Torre a Nettuno e al cielo,
E ritornargli in pace;
Tu puoi, quand' a te piace,
Temprar l'ardenti fiamme, e sciorre il gelo,
Fermar le stelle e i fiumi,
E muover le montagne i boschi e i dumi.
Tu la tartarea porta
Puoi con tue note aprire,
E torre a morte l'onorate prede:
Chi t'ha per fida scorta
Ben può sicuro gire,
Che 'l fato stesso a le tue forze cede:
Chi mai pietà non vede
Puoi far cortese e pio,
Come al buon Tracio avvenne;
Quel che in un punto venne
Nel basso centro il dispietato Dio,
Quand' ei sentì cangiarse,
E tutto dentro a se contrario farse.
Frenasti il crudo orgoglio
De le rabbiose fronti
A l'affamato can che guarda Dite:
Da lo spumoso scoglio
Per ubbidirti pronti
Traesti i pesci su l'arene trite;
Furon da te compite
Quelle onorate mura,
Là ve quel figlio eterno
Nacque, ch' al caldo e 'l verno
De' petti sgombra ogni soverchia cura,
Bacco, che Tebe onora
Quanto ha 'l mondo d'ogn' intorno adora.
Dolce mia cetra, or meco
Vien, che nel centro oscuro
Non vo' mostrarti, o de gli scogli in cima:
Di domar fiera speco
A le città non curo,
Non cura i falsi onor che 'l volgo estima;
Ma con la nostra rima
N' andrem sovra Durenza,
Là ve soletta stassi
Quella che i serpi e i sassi
Puote addolcir con l'alta sua presenza,
L' alma mia vaga pianta,
Che sola oggi per me s' onora e canta.
Quanto la terra ingombra,
Quanto il mar volge intorno,
Quanto bagnan le piagge e scalda il sole,
Non pur s' agguaglia a l'ombra
Del mio bel tronco adorno
Ch' inversa 'l ciel con le sue frondi sole;
Quanta virtù mai suole
La più benigna stella
Sparger qua giù tra noi,
Tanta nei rami suoi
Ne porta ascosa dolcemente quella,
Quella, ond' eterno il grido
Avrà Liguria, il suo famoso nido.
Ben mostra aperto in lei
Quanto più d'altro chiaro
Fosse il gran seme ond' ha le sue radici;
Quale hanno don gli Dei
Più prezioso e caro
Per quei che più le son nel mondo amici.
Quei son da dir felici,
Quei son beati in terra,
Ch' in alto sangue nati
Tali han costumi ornati,
Che virtù nobiltà disfida in guerra,
Nè scerner si può bene
Chi di lor vinca, com' in questa avviene.
Quanto biasmar si deve
Chi per se nudo vive,
E sol si copre de l'antiche spoglie!
Come avrà 'l viver breve
Colui, che 'n l'altrui rive
Ognor del non suo seme il frutto coglie!
Chi drizza al ciel le voglie
Non sia contento a quello
Che nel suo sangue trova;
Ma con gli antichi a prova
Cerca nome lasciar più chiaro e bello,
E far palese altrui
Che 'l paterno valor non more in lui.
Tu, che in le frondi porti,
Alma mia pianta altera,
Con tanta nobiltà tanta virtude;
Deh perchè non m' apporti
De la tua grazia intera
Sì ch' io possa narrar quanto 'l cor chiude?
Tali or d'invidia nude
Van, che tornar vedresti
Di sdegno carche e d'ira,
S' or con la tosca lira
Cantar sapessi i santi rami onesti.
Ma senza lor non vale
A ragionar di lor lingua mortale.
Se quel che scorgo io solo,
Scorgesse il cieco mondo,
Di più nobil terreno avresti seggio:
Con più onorato volo
Al mio desir secondo
Giresti in parte ov' io per me non veggio.
Omai tardi m' avveggio
Quanto sia grave il peso
Ch' a portar, lasso, prendo,
E 'l troppo ardir riprendo,
C' ha vostra altezza, e me medesmo offesa.

Ahi ciel sordo a' miei preghi,
Perchè a sì gran desir le forze neghi?

Sonetto.

Profondissima valle, alpestre monte,
Che 'l corso date a la famosa Sena;
Poich' io non veggo in voi l'alma serena,
Che mi nodrisce il cor, divina fronde;
Esser lunge vorrei vicino al fonte
Ond' esce fuor con più tranquilla vena
Sorga gentil, ch' in quella riva amena
Son virtudi e bellezze altere e conte.
Qui non trovo fra voi se non sospiri
Fuor vinti e dentro di amorose doglie
E senz' altro sperar cure e desiri.
Là sta colei che le mie ardenti voglie
Potea tutte acquetar, pur ch' io la miri,
Ch' ogni dolce d'amor nei lumi accoglie.

Sonetto.

Quante fiate il dì mi torna a mente
Ch' or non sta qui la mia fatale stella,
Tante mi par che l'anima si svella,
E me lasci morir trista e dolente.
Io mentre vo lontan da l'altra gente
Solo e pensoso in questa parte e in quella,
Piangendo pur che la stagion novella
Muova l'ale al venir sì tarde e lente;
Deh vien ratto, dico io, cortese Aprile,
La terra a rivestir di bei colori,
D'argento i fiumi, e 'l ciel d'aura gentile:
Ed io fo voto de' tuoi sacri onori
Cantar poi sempre in sì leggiadro stile,
Ch' io faccia ingelosir Favonio e Clori.

Stanze.

L'oscuro suo sentier la notte avea
Compito, e si giacea d'Atlante a l'ombra;
La vaga luna al suo fratel rendea
L'amata luce che le presta a l'ombra;
La bianca aurora nel balcon parea
Chiamando quel ch' ogni silenzio sgombra:
E i dipinti augelletti a lei d'intorno
Salutavan cantando il nuovo giorno.
Sol i tristi occhi miei stati sepolti
Nel pianto, lassi, e non nel sonno ancora,
Dal lagrimar per stanchezza tolti,
Fur col chiuso dolor fen tregua allora,
E dal mio terren gli spirti sciolti
Sen giron forse a visitar l'aurora,
Lasciando il corpo omai greve e noioso
Prender da le fatiche alcun riposo.
Ma nel primo dormir d'alto splendore
Cinta la vista abbagliata aver mi sembra,
Tal che di maraviglia e di timore
Tremar sentia le riposate membra;
Gli occhi dolenti, a cui morte d'amore
Sol d'una donna e non d'altrui rimembra,
Volsi sperando in van che tanta luce
Seco portasse in sen l'alma mia duce.
Ma la vista porgendo oltra più fiso,
Un garzon vidi da bei raggi avvolto,
Che ben pareva uscir di paradiso,
Onde tutto 'l miglior s'avesse accolto:
Nè da la nuova età tanto diviso
S'era, ch' amor nel giovinetto volto
Di fresca barba ancor o segno od ombra,
Che l'amoroso fior di noi disgombra.
Ma quale al maggior di la bianca aurora,
Lieta mostrarsi in oriente suole;
Qual fresca rosa che pur nasce allora,
Nè sente ancor come poi punge il sole;
Qual per le pioggie che dipinge l'ora
Perse vermiglie e candide viole;
Tale e più mi parea, guardando quello
Di ch' io ragiono, allor leggiadro e bello.
I capei che vincean e l'ambra e l'oro
Scendean nel collo ch' ogni neve oscura;
Vaga ghirlanda pur di verde alloro
Copria la fronte sua candida e pura;
Candida, quale al suo vergineo coro
Suol Diana parer, poi che sicura
D'altra vista mortal fra fiori e fronde
Lava il casto seno ne le fresch' onde.
Ben celeste a mirare era il vermiglio
Onde il volto gentil dipinto avea;
Ch' io vedea l'amaranto e 'l bianco giglio
Contesti ivi, ai mani di Citerea;
Qual sotto mostra al vergognoso ciglio
Donzella schiva cui pur or perdea
L'ardente sposo, ed ella in vista e come
Nel tardo autunno vien maturo pome.
Da l'onorate spalle al basso pende
Candida e vaga leggiadretta vesta
Coperta tutta, che quel qui non scende
Ombra fra noi che mortal gonna vesta;
Ch' ogni argento più fino, ogni oro eccede
A quello ond' ella tessuta era e contesta;
E rendea tutto allor sì chiaro intorno,
Ch' esser di lei figliuol sembrava il giorno.
Con l'amore mosso e la sinistra mano
Reggea di mille gemme ornata cetra;
E l'eburneo plettro con sembiante umano
Movea sovr' essa tal, che ferro o pietra
Farìa molle tornar, soave e piano
Il più fero leon, qualor s'impetra
Di durezza e d'orgoglio; e certo altrove
Di esser non mi pensai che in grembo a Giove.
E col suon aggiungea sì vaghe note,
Ch' ogni pensier villan farian gentile:
Beate orecchie, ove l'alor percuote
La celeste armonia col chiaro stile;
Ma poi ch' aperto le quanto in uom puote

L'alta dolcezza a null'altra simile:
Con bassa voce e suon più tristo alquanto
Rivolse a me con le parole il canto:
  Giovin colmo di fe, che già tanti anni
L'alma obbligasti in servitù d'amore;
Nè lontananza tempo o lunghi affanni
T'han dal dritto sentier menato fuore;
Ma qualor più di te crescevano i danni,
Più sempre armasti a sofferenza il core;
Nè poter tanto fur Minerva e Marte,
Che non tenesse amor sua dritta parte;
  So ben che gran maraviglia avrai
Di veder qui colui che 'l giorno adduce;
Colui ch'è sol de' luminosi rai,
Ch'è de l'occhio del ciel signore e duce;
E quant'è chiaro al mondo o fu giammai,
Sol dal valor di lui prende sua luce;
La notte ancor ch'ad altr'opra intende,
Quanto alluma qui son per lui risplende.
  Ma, se mai non ti fu, noto ti sia
Come quella gentil c'hai sola cara,
Saggia, vaga, leggiadra, onesta e pia,
Per valor per beltà per nome chiara,
Nel chiostro di che 'l sen natura apria
Per far il mondo lieto d'opra sì rara,
Come a' pittori suoi pennelli piacque,
Al sommo imperio mio soggetta nacque.
  Perchè la madre sua, ch'altra non ave
Più di lei in terra sua divota e serva,
Di non so qual peso sentendo grave,
Di lunga infermità dura e proterva
Sorpresa, quel che doppia morte pave
In se, di quel ch'a se dentro riserva
Frutto, ne l'opra sol, a me si volse,
E 'n cotai preghi le parole sciolse:
  Almo lucido pastor, con cui nasce e vive
Quanto produce il mar la terra e 'l cielo,
Se ti fur care mai le verdi rive
Che pria toccasti del tuo fermo Delo,
Se ti son dolci ancor le sempre vive
Fronde, cui nulla val d'estate o gelo;
Me ch'il mal preme, e quel ch'a nascer porta
Trai da l'angoscia di morte, e torna in porto.
  Là ne la voce sua già di questo deve
Nascer di me ti fia cortese dono.
Pensaldi, signore, e di pena aspra e greve
Togli in un punto due ch'ambe tue sono.
Io che mai sempre fui veloce e lieve
A vestir di pietà, de' preghi al suono
Cotal divenni, ch'essa a mano a mano
Lieta tornò nel suo primo esser sano.
  Nè gran tempo andò poi, ch'al mondo diede
Il nome mio quell'onorata figlia;
Quella che Giove in ciel, qualor la vede,
Empie, non pur qui voi, di maraviglia;
Vive il padre e l'uom che la possiede
Nè più felice, che l'ardenti ciglia
Han forza col valor ch'io loro ho dato
Di far chi vogliono Dio, non pur beato.
  Poi che mai chiaro, e dal più altero loco
Dolce l'accolsi quando venne al mondo;
Vener col padre il suo benigno foco
Oltra l'usato a lei mostrò secondo;
Il divin messaggier che nulla o poco
Va lunge a' passi miei, si fea giocondo;
Ridea la mia sorella in lieta parte,
L'ira era spenta di Saturno e Marte.
  Nata, in memoria de' miei raggi chiari,
Le posi, e tu 'l sai ben, quel chiaro nome;
Quel chiaro nome, ch'i tuoi pianti amari
Fa dolci, e levi le tue gravi some:
Poi perchè 'l mondo ad onorarmi impari,
Ne le luci nel volto e ne le chiome
La fei di propria man sì chiara e bella,
Ch'odio mi porta ancor la mia sorella.
  Quinci a le Grazie, a l'alma Citerea
La portai là dov'elle fan dimora:
Le due compagne insieme e Pasitea
Del latte la nutrir che 'l mondo adora:
Or questa lieta or quella in grembo avea
La bella figlia, e l'apprendeva ognora:
Talor lieti scherzando i vaghi Amori
La menar seco a còrre erbette e fiori.
  Indi le venne il bel sembiante umano,
Il mirar dolce, il sospirar cortese,
L'alte accoglienze in atto umile e piano,
Le caste voglie, e pur d'onore accese,
Il parlar saggio, il suo pensier lontano
Dal volgar studio, e ch'a virtude intese;
In somma indi le vien tutto quel ch'ave
Santo vago leggiadro onesto e grave.
  Così mentre in virtù tempo e beltate
Venia crescendo questa amata pianta,
Quanti avea intorno d'amorosa etate
Il Tesin l'Adda il Po sotto la santa
Ombra di lei fuggendo: ove son nate,
Donna, le frondi, e d'onde grazia tanta?
Deh come sembra il fior de gli altri tutti
Più soave, e più dolci i dolci frutti!
  Ma poi che gli anni la menar là dove
Chiede natura a l'uom più larga parte,
Qual chi seguendo sol l'antiche prove
Del buon Saturno, fugge Apollo e Marte,
Che già disciolto il ciel da venti e piove
Sente il verde tornar che 'l bianco parte,
Per vederle il sen poi di frutto colmo
Sposa la cara vite al salcio o a l'olmo,
  Cotal, perch'a Giunon non fosse a sdegno
Dal suo giogo vederla andar disgiunta,
A giovin per virtù per sangue degno
Quant'altro fosse, allor la fei congiunta:
Il ciel l'aria la terra il mar fe' segno,
Che in chiaro e lieto dì fu insieme aggiunta
Questa onorata coppia, ond'oggi il mondo
Vive al par di là su ricco e giocondo.
  Le sante Parche che presenti furo

Per adornare il festo giorno altero,
Sì come a Peleo e a Teti il ben futuro
Col suo canto divin palese fero.
Ma di narrarlo altrui qua giù non curo,
Che nessun forse lo terria per vero;
Fin ch' al ciel gli occhi suoi più dolce soma
Sian, che di Berenice l' aurea chioma.
Così mentre d' un sol lieta e felice
Vivea questa gentil che par non vede,
Venere, che già le fu madre e nutrice,
De le fatiche sue giusta mercede
Chiedea, meco dicendo: or come lice
Ch' una beltà ch' ogni beltade eccede,
Una che questo incende e l' altro polo
Volga i dì senz' amor, e sia d' un solo?
Sai tu qual è 'l velen che gli Dei danno
Più d' altro amaro a' miseri mortali?
L' aspre morti i tormenti il lungo affanno,
I fabbricati in Dite ardenti strali?
I pungenti desir d' eterno danno
Ire sdegni pensier cure immortali?
Odio fiamma martir pena e dolore?
Donna che bella sia, nè senta amore.
Se dunque tu per fare il mondo adorno
Già prendesti dal ciel sì dolce cura,
Consenti ch' a ciascun sia danno e scorno
L' altera e vaga angelica figura?
Che se non provedi or, di giorno in giorno
Vedrai crescer con lei senza misura
Crudeltade e beltà, che l' uno e l' esca
Son di che morte de' cosa danni invesca.
Deh come vago e bel fuor mostra il volto,
Così cortese e più dentro abbia 'l core;
Scaldi dal petto il freddo ghiaccio tolto
Con quel foco gentil ch' accende Amore:
A lei diletto con virtude accolto,
A te nel mondo fia grazie ed onore:
Che 'l tuo sommo valor con l' arte mia
Chiuso in tanta eccellenza eterno fia.
Così diceva; ed io con lunga pruova
Mostrato avea com' un crudel pensiero
Ch' in cor di donna senz' amor si truova
È sovr' ogni altra cosa acerbo e fero;
Ch' allor che ne la mente si rinnova
L' alta durezza e quell' orgoglio altero
Di chi già divento fuggendo alloro,
Tremo ancor tutto, ahi lasso, e mi scoloro.
Non risposi altro a lei, salvo che: sia,
Santa amorosa Dea, quel ch' a te piace,
Sol ch' a l' amata e dolce figlia mia
Torni contento onor salute e pace:
Benchè, s' io non m' inganno, oggi non fia
In questo mondo misero e fallace
Garzon che s' alzi sopra 'l volgo in tanto,
Che pur sia degno di mirarla alquanto.
Ella stendendo allor la bianca mano
In atto dolce la mia destra prese;
Poi sorridendo disse: e' non è vano
Questo temer che troppo amor t' accese;
Ma pur sempre veggiam ch' al buon villano
Mostra pur qualche spiga il caldo mese,
Avvegna ancor ch' in disusata foggia
Sia guasto il campo da tempesta e pioggia.
Nel nido stesso in cui la tua fenice
Mise l' aurate e le purpuree piume,
Conviene un tal, che faccia oggi chi dice
Di quell' antica età ch' ebbe in costume
Di non pregiar chi l' uom tenea felice
Nè le gemme e ne l' oro, anzi chi 'l lume
Sol di virtù seguia, qual onda il pesce
Che muor privo di lei, con lei s' accresce.
Però ch' in costui sol tanta si trova
Purità d' alma, lealtade e fede,
Quanta in molti altri mai per lunga pruova
Esser già stata si ragiona e crede;
E come cosa al mondo unica e nuova,
Non pur cara, dirò sol per mercede
Si converria donar, s' a te non spiace,
In quei begli occhi amor dolcezza e pace.
Ch' a tanta fede una minor bellezza
Drittamente d' aver si disconviene:
Com' a tanta beltà tanta chiarezza
Una fede minor mal si conviene;
Perchè van l' una e l' altra a quella altezza
Ove non ponno andar cose terrene;
Ma fabbricate son nel nostro regno
Sole ad esser di par senno e sostegno.
Sia di sì gran beltà servo e soggetto
Colui ch' oggi di fede esempio è solo;
Ch' un dì con maraviglia e con diletto
Meco dirai da l' uno a l' altro polo,
D' Atlante al Gange, ove per torto e stretto
Calle allumando il giorno e notte volo:
Non vidi altro mortal più fido e degno
Di lei già possedere sì chiaro pegno.
Più volea dir ancor, poscia che 'l nome
Ch' io cercai di saper, detto m' avea;
Quand' io soggiunsi ripensando: e come
Credere non deggio à l' alma Citerea?
Il bel volto i bei lumi e l' auree chiome
Sian di chi piace a l' amorosa Dea.
Così partimmo; e d' uno aurato strale
Punse poscia ambedue con piaga uguale.
Quando poi fussi caramente accolto,
Ben ti sovviene ancor senza ch' io 'l dica;
Con qual guardi soavi e con qual volto
Temprando andasse l' alta tua fatica,
Con che vaga dolcezza al poco e 'l molto
Legge imponesse d' onestade amica;
Tal che sempre ti sia pregiata e cara,
A tutto 'l mondo poi lodata e chiara.
Or la sola cagion ch' a te mi mena,
Nuova tema è di lei che 'l cor m' ingombra;
Poi che tu quinci con tuo danno e pena
Hai fugato il furor ch' i buoni sgombra
Fuor de la bella Italia, ch' oggi è piena
Di sementa crudel ch' adugge e adombra

Quanto nascer solea benigno frutto,
E di lappole e roghi ha pieno il tutto;
  Ivi, che senza te solo dimora,
Nè pur di te parlar l'è dato loco.
Quant'anche son, quanti fuochi ognora
Per mercede il cor di nuovo foco?
Così dentro il pensier nasce talora
In paventando pur di quel che poco
Dee paventar colui che sa per prova
Com'è caro il valor ch'in lei si trova.
  Ma 'l securissimo desir ch'ho del suo bene,
Oltr'ogni mio valor vuol pur ch'io tema;
E ben ch'amor che da virtù ci viene
E da voglia gentil già mai non scema
Per lontananza o tempo, spesso avviene
Ch'al fin pur cade; poi che spesso trema
L'arbor ch'al ciel le sue radici mostra,
E col fero soffiar de' venti giostra.
  Il terren che copria profondo il piede
Che saldo in lei tenea d'amor la pianta,
Era il suo buon servir, la pura fede
Ond'io m'allegro, e 'l ferro ond'ei si vanta;
Or che sei fuor di lei, forse non crede
Esser come già fu sì ferma e tanta;
Forza, che tosto pur si tronchi o pieghi,
E l'altrui fido amor l'mondo e i preghi.
  Se credi almeno a' miei consigli alquanto,
Fuggi a le prime l'amorosa mano,
E scriva quel che t'ho narrato, e quando
Accusi d'esser donna, ma forse in vano;
E che la lontananza o doglia o pianto
Potrian far che 'l mio cor le stia lontano;
Poi rimembra il nome tuo, che largo onore
Si serba a quel che mai non cangia amore.
  Qui finito il suo dir, col nome insieme
Ratto quasi uno stral da me disparve,
Io somigliante ad uom che vede e teme,
Dopo che son sparite le notturne larve
In con l'errante volgo e spera e teme?
Non già non poco, che indarno mai non parve
Su 'l riflusso del dì quel chiaro Dio
Ch'io ben soccorso al gran bisogno mio.
  Perchè diritto al ciel le lancia altera
Grave rendendo a l'alta sua partita;
La penna poscia subitamente presa
Che posta avuta avea già lunga etate,
E quelle cose ch'al suo dir compresi,
Com'ei quasi conto tutte ho narrate;
E brevemente m'apparecchio ancora
In consegnar ciò che m'impose allora.
  E se 'l mio dir v'è stato o sarà grave,
Al più vostro voler chieggio perdono;
Altra scusa con voi luogo non ave:
Tanto al mio non errar tenuto sono.
Ben prego, del mio cor catena e chiave,
Che quello Dio per cui scrivo e ragiono,
Se vi sentiste in me di sdegno accesa,
Prenda di lui per far giusta difesa.
  Io per seguir quanto commesse in prima,
Con pace vostra dico, alma gentile,
Che da quel dì che del mio core in cima
Vi pose invitto Amor, mai voglia o stile
Cangiar non seppi, e l'amorosa lima,
Tal ch'ebbi ogni altra e tutto 'l mondo a vile,
Non fia poco che per voi render la mente;
Esempio ancor tra la futura gente.
  Che ritrovando in voi virtù sì chiara,
Stretto il cor m'annodai tenace e fermo,
Nè si potria mover bella o chiara,
Che congiunse il voler ch'io tengo fermo,
Ma qual sarà di voi luce più chiara,
E qual sarà del mio servir più fermo?
Chiara e ferma d'amor portando salma,
Chiara e ferma d'amor s'acquista palma.
  E se ben or montagne piaggie e fiumi
Qui m'han diviso dal mio dolce loco,
Ov'io non scorgo, oimè! quei vaghi lumi
Che 'l cor m'hanno arso in sì soave foco;
E per campi deserti selve e dumi
Già di mercè chiamar son fatto roco;
Non per quest'anco so bramar che sia
D'una dramma minor la fiamma mia.
  Nè pur sì duro esilio e lontananza,
Ma morte stessa non torrà del core,
Donna gentil, di voi quella sembianza
Ch'in sì saldo lavor vi sculse Amore;
E s'altro che sospir nulla m'avanza,
Lieve m'è 'l sospirar, caro 'l dolore,
Dolce il languir, soave ogni tormento
Che per voi lunge giorno e notte sento.
  Quando parer mai donna senza fede
Seppi, cangiando ognor novello amante;
Quanta gioja e dolcezza aver si crede
In chi mira al suo sol le luci sante;
Quanto ha contento chi 'l suo ben possiede
In grazia, che bramar non può più innante;
La millesima parte tale appena
Di quella che gran fede apporta pena.
  Quale ha diletto chi seco ragiona,
Sia pur che può, ch'io fui fedel mai sempre,
E se 'l diletto sentire altri abbandona,
E per suo danno va mutando tempre,
Una speranza ancor ne l'alma suona,
Forse verrà che 'l mio dolor contempre
Con l'altrui pene, e se pur ciò non fia,
Assai m'è rimembrar la fede mia.
  Come talor si trova in gentil core
Lieto e giocondo il tristo pianto amaro!
Come quel che fuor sembra ira e dolore,
Dentro a chi 'l porta vien soave e caro!
Come giova il chiamar sovente Amore
Largo a chi 'l fugge, a chi 'l ben segue avaro!
Ch'a chi pena sostien di troppa fede
Vie più dolce è languir ch'altri non crede.
  Io dunque a cui dolor donato ha il cielo
La più bella cagion ch'avesse il mondo,
Come sempre non deggio al caldo al gelo

Viver d'ogni mio mal lieta e gioconda?
Nè in cercar terra e mar, nè in cangiar pelo
Nè per montar in cima o starmi in fondo
De la ruota crudel ch'ha in man Fortuna,
De le mie pene non vedrò meno una?
Mentre ameranno i muti pesci l'onde,
L'alte selve i leon, gli armenti i prati,
L'api i dipinti fior, gli augei le fronde,
L'alma Venere gli arabi odorati,
Amor, ch'a gentil cor mai non s'asconde,
Dolci sembianti, e stili alti ed ornati,
Mentre il ciel volgerà le notti e i giorni,
Scalderà l'alma de' vostri occhi adorni.
E se belle pensier già mai comporre
Fuor in credenza che da voi mi scioglia,
Guardi pur quanta in voi bellezza luce,
Che tutto il mondo d'adorarvi invoglia:
Sì dirà ben allor: chi l'ha per duce,
Come potria cangiar pensiero e voglia?
E voi s'altro di ciò vi fa dubbiare,
Mirate il fido speglio, e l'onde chiare.
Dirolle allor, che 'l giorno il mese e l'anno,
E 'l sole l'onde le piagge l'erba e 'l loco,
E i vostri begli occhi in sì soave affanno
Mi fer l'assenzio mele, e 'l pianger gioco,
Ond'io che sì dolci a' pensier mi stanno
Dardi facili strali catene e foco,
Sguardi accoglienze risi atti e parole
Avrò sempre nel cor sagrate e sole.
Che dunque altro dirò, s'in voi si trova
Del mio fido servir certezza tale?
Così potess'io ben con ferma prova
Vincer la tema che di voi m'assale.
Ma che parlo io di ciò? l'altezza nova
Della ch'io scorsi, e che sarà immortale,
Fur mi dice ad ognor: con questa insegna,
Amor fede e virtù trionfa e regna.
Ben dubbioso d'ogni uom, di nulla fora
Certo colui che di voi tema avesse;
S'io pur giustamente temer talora,
Non ben saggio sarà chi mel concedesse:
Io temo sperar, e con temo in un'ora
Come vogliono le beati antiche imprese
Dal signor nostro; ma pensando poi,
So poi ch'io tutto 'l ciel ne affido in voi.
Com'or mi sembra in solitaria parte
Veder voi ragionar dentro il pensiero!
E con saggio estimar porre in disparte
Il voler tutto il dritto il falso il vero!
Quinci a l'antiche e le moderne carte
Volger talora il buon giudicio intero!
Poi di santa pietà dipinto il volto
Veggio da lunge, e tai parole ascolto:
Vero è ch'esser non puote un gentil core
In colei che d'amor sen va disgiunta:
Ed è ben ver ch'esser non puote amore,
S'ad esso insieme non è fede aggiunta;
Ma da rozzo appetito e vil furore
Si può dir ch'abbia l'alma arsa e compunta
Quella che con parole aspre e sembianti
Scaccia e chiama ogni dì novelli amanti.
Non dunque il donarsi lunge vola
Che malgrado di voi non è qui meco,
Non falle argomentar, non preghi altrui
Far potran che 'l mio cor non sia là seco;
Son or qual era allor, sarò qual fui;
Non seguirò 'l sentier fallace e cieco
De la gente volgar, cui 'l dritto piace
Mentre dolce il ritrova, e poi le spiace.
Il donare a più d'un quel ch'è d'un solo;
Furto è da dir, non cortesia d'amore:
A la fede a me stessa al ciel m'involo
A lui che mi donò sì largo il core?
Di quel ch'or senza me con pena e duolo
Misero passa piangendo i giorni e l'ore,
Deh così poco, ahi poca fe! mi cale,
Ch'io sprezzi il suo che trovar non vale?
Lassa, io so pur del gran figliuol d'Egeo
Quanto Arianna in mezzo 'l mar si dolse;
Del bel pastor che doppio inganno feo
Quanto Enon pianse il dì ch'a lei si tolse;
Quanto Jason chiama fallace e reo
Quella ch'in odio ogni sua fiamma volse;
Che come grave sia, ma fan pur fede
A qual di se falle che troppo crede.
Ben è crudel chi per l'antiche prove
Seco vede in altrui gli estremi falli,
E 'l suo crudo pensier rivolge altrove,
Mobil non men che i liquidi cristalli;
Ch'i fondi lor lasciando, corron dove
Scendan più i monti o più pendan le valli,
Fin che giungon nel mar spezzando pene,
Ma non de' venti al fier grida s'oppone.
Non è più caro assai ch'altro tesoro
Un saggio cor pien d'amorosa fede?
I regni i [illegible] come le gemme e l'oro
Cui solo il mondo vagheggiando crede,
L'alte fatiche e nostro sommo lavoro
Che son del tempo dubbiose prede,
Nascon d'affanni, e fuggonsi in poche ore;
Solo il buon nostro oprar già mai non muore.
Ma com'appar fra l'altre belle bella
Chi di fede e d'amor la mente adorna?
Perdon tutte appo lei, com'ogni stella
A l'apparir del sol quando s'aggiorna.
Qual donna è in terra di virtù rubella
Sì, che non dica: alma cortese, adorna,
Tu benedetta e 'l tuo amoroso foco,
E chi t'ha dato al mondo, e 'l tempo e 'l loco.
Le giovin vaghe e i leggiadretti amanti
Con gelosa temenza agghiaccia il core,
Con dolce invidia e modi onesti e santi
Dicon pietosi: o petto pien d'onore,
Verace esempio e non più stato innanti
Di amor di cortesia di gran valore,
Chiari sereni tranquilli e senz'affanni

Possa lieta contar di Pirra gli anni.
Le madri e i vecchiarelli afflitti e bianchi
C'hanno se in odio e la soverchia etade,
Morte chiamando e i suoi pensieri stanchi,
Dicon lieti fra lor: somma bontade,
Fur pria che sparte in queste membra manchi,
Veggiam bellezza in un fede e pietade;
Viva ella eternamente, e 'l viver molto
Non porti neve al crin, non rughe al volto.
L'amante stesso, s'oggi amante è detto
Chi l'altrui d'occupar no 'l suo s'ingegna,
Poi ch'a gl' ingenui pregi solo il diletto,
Quanto più di ogni onor l'estima degna!
Tempo, dice, sacrato, tempo eletto
Per cui quà giù quant' hai di ben s'insegna;
Così sempre sola Amor largo i tuoi preghi,
Come a me con ragione il torto neghi.
S'io dunque solo di voi così lontano
E di fede e d'amor vo' sì chiaro,
Perchè più faticar mi deggio in vano
A portar frondi al bosco, arene al mare?
Se colui pur ch'al suo balcon serrano
Col giorno innanzi e con l'aurora appare
Del mio troppo sperar mi biasma e incolpa,
Vostro, donna, e d'Amor sarà la colpa.

Della Coltivazione,

L. I. v. 211 sq.

O beato colui, che in pace vive
Dei lieti campi suoi proprio cultore;
A cui, stando lontan da l'altre genti,
La giustissima terra il cibo apporta,
E sicuro il suo ben si gode in seno.
Se ricca compagnia non ha d'intorno
Di gemme e d'auro; nè le case ornate
Di legni peregrin, di statue e d'oro;
Nè le muraglie tue coperte e tinte
Di pregiati color; di veste aurate
Opre chiare e sottil di Persia e d'Inda,
Se 'l letto genital di regie spoglie,
E di sì bel lavor non aggia il fregio
Da far tutta arrestar la gente ignara;
Se non spegni la sete, e tra la fame
Con vasi antichi, in cui dubbiosi sembri
Tra bellezza e valor chi vada innanzi;
Se le soglie non hai dentro e di fuore
Di chi parte e chi vien calcate e cinte;
Nè mille vani onor ti scorgi intorno;
Sicuro almen nel poverello albergo,
Che di legni vicin del tuo bosco,
E di semplici pietre ivi entro accolte
T'hai di tua propria man fondato e strutto,
Con la famiglia più l'adagi e dormi.
Tu non temi d'altrui forza ne inganni,
Se non dei lupi; e la tua guardia è il cane,
Il cui fedel amor non vende a prezzo,
Qualor ti svegli a l'apparir de l'alba,
Non trovi fuor chi le novelle apporte
Di mille ai tuoi desir contrarj effetti;
Nè commandando o stando, a te conviene
A l'altrui satisfar, poi ch'al tuo cuore,
Or sopra il verde prato, or sotto il bosco,
Or su 'l erboso colle, or lungo il rio;
Or lento or ratto a tuo diporto vai.
Or la scure or l'aratro or falce or marra
Or quinci or quindi, ov' il bisogno sprona,
Quando è il tempo miglior, soletto adopri.
L'odioso vulgo non ti grida intorno,
Che devolute in te dormin le leggi.
Come a null'altra par dolcezza reca
Da l'arbor proprio, e da te stesso inserto
Tra la casta consorte e i cari figli
Quasi in ogni stagion goderne i frutti?
Poi darne al suo vicin, contando d'essi
La natura il valor la patria e 'l nome,
E del suo cultivar la gloria e l'arte,
Giungendo al vero onor più larga lode?
Indi menar talor nel cavo albergo
Del prezioso vin l'eletto amico,
Divisor dei sapor, mostrando come
L'uno ha grasso il terren, l'altro ebbe
pioggia?
E di questo e di quel di tempo in tempo
Ogni cosa narrar, che torni in mente?
Quinci mostrar le pecorelle e i buoi,
Mostrargli il fido can, mostrar le vacche,
E mostrar la ragion che d'anno in anno
Han doppiato più volte i figli e 'l latte?
Poi menarlo ove stan le biade e i grani
In varj monticei posti in disparte?
E la sposa fedel, ch'ancor ella vuole
Mostrar ch'indarno mai non passa il tempo,
Lietamente a veder d'intorno il mena
La lana, il lin, le sue galline e l'uova,
Che di domestico oprar son frutti e lode?
E di poi ritrovar mandando in alto
La mensa inculta di vivande piena
Semplici e vaghe, le ricotte e l'erba
Del suo fresco giardin, l'agnel ch'il giorno
Avea tratto il pastor di bocca al lupo,
Che mangiato già avea la treccia e 'l bianco?
Ivi, senza temer cicuta o tosco
Di chi perda il suo regno o 'l suo tesoro,
Cacciar la fame, senz' affanno e cura
D'altro, che di dormir la notte intera,
E trovarsi al lavor nel nuovo sole?
Ma qual paese è quello, ove oggi possa,
Glorioso Francesco, in questa guisa
Il rustico cultor goderse in pace
L'alte fatiche sue sicuro e lieto?
Non già il bel nido ond'io mi sto lontano;
Non già l'Italia mia, che poi che lunge
Ebbe, altissimo re, le vostre insegne,
Altro non ebbe mai, che pianto e guerra.
I colli e campi suoi son fatti boschi,
Son fatti albergo di selvagge fere,
Lasciati in abbandono a gente iniqua:

Il bifolco e 'l pastor non puote appena
In mezzo a le città viver sicuro
Nel grembo al suo signor; che di lui stesso,
Che 'l devria vendicar, divien rapina.
Il vomero il marrone le falce adunche
Han cangiate le forme, e fatte sono
Lunghe spade taglienti, e lance acute
Per bagnare il terren di sangue pio.
Fuggasi lungi omai dal seggio antico
L'Italico villan, trapassi l'Alpi,
Truove il gallico sen, securo posi
Sotto l'ali, signor, del vostro impero.
E se qui non aver, come ebbe altrove,
Così tepido il sol, sì chiaro il cielo;
Se non vedrà quei verdi colli toschi
Ove ha il nido più bel Palla e Pomona;
Se non vedrà quei colti lauri e mirti,
Che del Partenopeo vestian le piagge;
Se del Benaco e di mill' altri ameni
Non saprà qui trovar le rive e l'onde;
Se non l'ombre gli odor gli scogli ameni,
Che 'l bel Ligure mar circonda e bagna;
Se non l'ampie pianure e i verdi prati,
Che 'l Po l'Adda e 'l Tesin girando infonde;
Qui vedrà le campagne aperte e liete,
Che, senza fine aver, vincon lo sguardo;
Ove il buono arator si degna a pena
Di partir il terren con fossa o pietra:
Vedrà i colli gentil sì dolci e vaghi,
E sì leggiadri andar, fra lor disgiunti
Da sì chiari ruscelli, sì ombrose valli,
Che [illegible] vita poi s'abbella
Quando belle [illegible] sopra [illegible]
Vedrà in mezzo d'un pian tutto ritondo
Non da rude montagne o sassi alpestri,
Ma da bei campi dolci, e piagge aperte!
La ghiandifera quercia il cerro e l'orno
Con sì bel vigor si leva in alto,
Ch'ei mostran minacciar coi rami il cielo,
Ben partiti fra lor; ch'ogn'uom direbbe
Dal più dotto cultor misurate e poste
Per compor quanto bel si trova in terra.
Ivi il buon cacciator sicuro vada,
Nè da sterpi o da sassi intoppo trova,
Che gli squarci la veste, o serri il corso.
Ond' dirà poi, con meraviglia forse,
Ch'al suo caro liquor tal grazia infonde
Bacco, Lesbo obliando, Creta e Rodo;
Che l'antico Falerno invidia n'aggia.
Quanti chiari benigni ameni fiumi
Correr sempre vedrà di merce colmi;
Nè disdegnarse un sol d'aver incarco,
Ch'al suo corso contrario indietro torni!
Alma sacra Caranta, Esa cortese,
Rodan Sena Garona Era e Matrona
Troppo lungo saria contarvi a pieno.
Vedrà il gallico mar soave e piano,
Vedrà il padre ocean superbo in vista
Calcar le rive, e spesse volte irato
Trionfante scacciar i fiumi al monte:
Che ben sembra colui che dona e toglie
A quanti altri ne son le forze e l'onde.
Ma quel ch'assai più val, qui non vedrassi
I divini volti, l'angeliche forme
Del vostro dominar, che spoglie altrui
Di [illegible] il mondo e lode;
Come or vedrassi nel dispietato grembo
D'Italia inferma, ove tra Marte discorda
Ogni villan, che pareggiando vive.
Qui ripieno d'amor, di pace vera
Vedrà la gente; e la candida compagnia
E più ricchi signor, l'umil plebe
Vivere insieme, ottenendo ognuno
Senza oltraggio d'altrui le sue fortune.
Nè l'albergo real vedrà due rare
Sacrate e preziose Margherite,
Che mandar lume al più soave sponde,
A l'Indo al Tago a le vermiglie arene.
Cielo non ne vedrà; che s'ei potea
Il dì fatale a più perfetto giorno
Condurre l'alta donna, ch'ogni mortale
Sormontava d'onore, ed era a tutte
L'esempio non pur e [illegible],
Non a l'Iberia pur, che 'l piange e chiama.
Vedrà l'alto splendor, che più che l'Arno
Orna di tanta luce, o nuovo Dio
Il purpureo suo [illegible], empie e rischiara
Ch' [illegible] sue sacrate piante
Del viaggio nostro; quell'alma Caterina,
Al cui gran nome la mia indotta cetra
Consacrar deve questi ultimi anni.
L'alto sposo vedrà, che nel l'aspetto,
E ne lo sguardo sol mostra ch'ancora
Fia colmo di virtù di gloria e d'onore
L'antica macchia de gli altri regi,
Ch'ei n'andrà adornando, il sommo Europa.
Poi il sembiante dei lumi, l'eletta sede
Di giustizia e di onor, l'altero speglio
Di bontà integra, il fido lume e chiaro
D'invitta costanza, l'immagine in terra
Di quanto dona il ciel a noi mortali,
Magnanimo Francesco, in voi vedranno;
Sotto il cui santo [illegible], tranquillo e lieto
Il vostro almo terren sicuro gode,
Qualor sente in altrui più doglia e tema:
Quasi uom che seggia in alto monte scorge
Dentro il crucioso mar Borea rabbioso,
Ch'a lo scoglio mortal percuote un legno;
Che di non esser quel ringrazia il cielo.
Vivi, o sacro terren, vivi in eterno
D'ogni lode e di ben fido ricetto:
A te drizzo il mio stil; per te sono oso
D'esser primo a versar nei lidi franchi
Del divin fonte, che con tanto onore
Sol conobbe e gustò Mantova ed Ascra.
Ma tempo viene omai che 'l fren raccoglia

Al buon cantore, che per sì dolci campi
Tal vagando fra se diletto prende,
Che stanchezza o caldo non sente in essi.

11.

Antonio Francesco Grazzini detto il Lasca.

Einer der witzigsten [illegible] Dichter. Er ward zu [illegible] geboren, lebte aber zu Florenz, war ein Mitglied der Akademie degli Umidi, und ein [illegible] mit den Spitznamen Il Lasca (der Weissfisch), [illegible] der Akademie della Crusca. [illegible] 1583 [illegible].

Sonetto.

Un bel vocabolista, ser Ruscello,
Mi ha chiarito a la fe' che un pedante
È più presuntuoso e più arrogante,
Che mai portasse stivali o cappello.
Non ti vergogni tu, vil [illegible],
Apor la bocca a ragionar di Dante?
Tu prima bestia del Polo, furfante,
O più del Bembo, o ragionar del [illegible].
Ma come dicer già quelli sono [illegible]:
Cercan le mosche a l' acqua la guerra,
E i granchi vogliono mordere le balene.
O cielo o fuoco o aria o acqua o terra,
Perchè non vi adirate? io che vi tengo
Mille miglia [illegible] ?
Non fu mai visto in terra
Un più [illegible] [illegible] e sozzo,
Non ver [illegible], ma [illegible],
[illegible] in un pozzo,
Se [illegible] un bel frutto, o di [illegible]
Di una lingua sofferta, e in un [illegible];
Perchè si vede espresso,
Ch' ogni più [illegible] non ti lascia ad dietro,
E ha parer [illegible] il Castelvetro.

Sonetto.

Se prima avessi col Caro questionato,
O Castelvetro, in su la lingua strana,
Greca o latina, arabesca o caldea,
Forse potresti aver qualche ragione;
Ma perchè in lingua tosca e la canzone,
Tu ti sei affibbiato una giornea,
Che la gente patrizia e la plebea
Ride non pur, ma t' ha compassione.
E tuo sapere è saper da pedanti,
E di sofisti e pur la tua scienza,
Che fa stupire i goffi e gl' ignoranti.
Non in Modena adunque ed in Provenza
La lingua, che saper ti lodi e vanti,
Ma sol s' impara e favella in Fiorenza,
Ve' sidia pazienza,
Ch' al parlar, Romagnuol sembri, o Norcino,
E 'l Caro par Toscano e Fiorentino.
Sol quel vago e divino
Stile gentil t' hai preso per insegna,
Fa parer l' opra tua schiava e degna.
Questo ti mostra e 'nsegna,
Che 'l sale hai in odio, e che parerti debbia
Il buio solo e la notte e la nebbia.

Sonetto.

Com' hai tu tant' ardir, brutta bestiaccia,
Che vali a viso aperto, e fuor di giuoco,
Volendo il tuo parer mandare attorno
Sopra la sella, e non muovere l' accia?
O mondo ladro, or va' chi se l' abbraccia!
Fiorenza mia, va, ferrati 'n un forno,
S' al gran Boccaccio hai con tanto scorno
Lasci far tanti freghi in su la faccia.
Non ti bastava, pedantuzzo stizzoso,
De le carne e di Frisi marrocchi,
Aver mandato manco Dante a sacco?
Che hai scritto che ne le prose e sole,
Hai trattenendo sì diserto e lucro,
Che è una bestia e fatto un pomodoro?
Ma questo ben s' è solo,
Ch' ogni persona sa, che ogni cosa ch' intende,
Ti biasima e ti garrisce e ti riprende.
Io lo, goffo, cuculo,
Ma non si sa che l' una e l' altra cosa,
O la presunzione, o l' ignoranza
Io ti dirò in sostanza.
Che dove de la lingua hai ragionato,
Tu non intendi fatto, fatto, fatto.
E dov' hai emendato,
O raccorciato, o tronco, o tagliuzzato,
Tu non intendi punto, punto, punto.
E dov' hai preso assunto
Di conciar, tu sembri il Carafulla,
E non intendi nulla, nulla, nulla.
Torcirigli la culla,
La poppa, il bombo, la ciccia e 'l confetto,
Fasciatel bene, e mettetelo a letto,
Io ti giuro, e prometto,
Se già prima il cervel non mi si sgangola,
Tornarti di Ruscello una pozzanghera.

Sonetto.

Amor vuol ch' io pur l' ami, ed io non posso,
Perch' io non porto mai denar' a lato;
Tu sai che chi non ha qualche ducato,
L' amor s' interna fino dentro a l' osso.

S' ei cacciasse altrui con qualche grosso,
 Sarebbe da più gradi scusato;
 Ma mi pare un humore sciaurato,
 Caro, ostinato, e senza punto rilevo.
Voi direste, amanti, come par chiaro,
 Ch' oggidì le donne son tutte amare,
 Ed amar una è altro che denari.
Con dire: donna, io son tuo servidore;
 Quell' altra dice: se tu non triemi,
 Io andrò consumar l' ultimo cuore:
  E dovrò che muore;
 E lei risponde: se vuoi morir, muorj;
 Che chi non ha denar, non abbia fuoco,
  Solo i sospetti amorosi;
 E son più se mandassi un centinajo,
 Tutti son peggio che l' un danajo.

Sonetto.

La mula bianca che tu m' hai mandata,
 Mi par che l' ombra sua venuta di notte;
 Va sempre saltellon come le botte,
 E viene magra, vecchia e maltrattata;
E per disgrazia un qua l' ha cavalcata,
 Ed hollo tutte le carche rotte;
 Dall' avemaria a gli uffici di notte,
 Ed hanno trovata l' osteria.
Io non posso con essa andare a spasso,
 Che i cechi me la tirano per la via;
 La pelle è fatta come un altro sasso.
Tutti quanti gli speron di Lombardia
 Non la potrebbon far mover un passo,
 Tanto è sdegnosa, vecchia e restia.
  Ho questa fantasia,
 Che camminando, avendo al col la briglia,
  Andrebbe indietro il di seconda miglia.
  Poi perche le la voglia,
 E mandare a vendere due coregli,
 Ch' almen la pelle ci serva a far vagli.

62.

Annibale Caro.

Geboren 1507 zu Civitanova in der Mark Ancona, hatte dieser talentvolle Mann in seiner Jugend sehr mit Mangel zu kämpfen, und mußte in Florenz eine Stelle als Hauslehrer annehmen. Er trat darauf als Secretär in die Dienste des Prälaten Giovanni Gaddi, der ihn mit reichlich Wohlthaten überhäufte, und ihm so für ihn sorgte, daß er seine Studien fortsetzen konnte. Nach dem Tode seines Wohlthäters kam er in gleicher Eigenschaft zu Pier Luigi Farnese, welcher, als er 1545 Herzog von Parma und Piacenza geworden, Caro zu Staatsgeschäften verwendete. Gleicher Gunst und gleicher Stellung erfreute er sich bei Ottavio Farnese, dann bei dem Cardinal Ranuccio und endlich bei dem Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, bei dem er, mit Pfründen reichlich bedacht, blieb bis zu seinem 1566 erfolgten Tode. Er hinterließ viele prosaische und poetische Schriften (namentlich Briefe), unter ihnen große Vortrefflichkeit, und erwarb sich den außerordentlichen Ruhm einer geistreichen und einfachen Schreibart und eleganten Diction.

Canzone.

Venite a l' ombra de' gran gigli d' oro,
 Care muse, devote a' miei giacinti;
 E d' ambo insieme avvinti
 Tessiam ghirlande a' nostri idoli, e fregi.
 E tu, signor, ch' io per mio sole adoro,
 Perchè non sian da l' altro sole estinti,
 Del tuo nome dipinti
 Gli serba, onde in lor poggia eterni pregi.
 Che per degna corona a tanti regi
 Per me non oso; e' ndarno altri m' invita
 Se l' ardire e l' aita
 Non vien da te. Tu sol m' apri e dispensi
 Parnaso; e tu mi desta, e tu mi avviva
 Lo stil, la lingua e i sensi
 Sì, ch' altamente ne ragioni e scriva.
Questi, quasi gran cerchi infra due mari
 E due monti lucenti Alpe e Pirene,
 Parte da le più amene
 D' Europa, e da quest' arco il sol nasconde;
 Di terre e di popoli e d' altari
 Ch' al mondo sono esempio e maestre;
 Di generose vene,
 D' arti e d' armi e d' amor madre feconda:
 Novella Berecinzia, a cui gioconda
 Cede l' altra di sua corona e i suoi leoni:
 E sol par che ne sproni
 Di tutte le sue torri Italia e lei;
 E dica: ite miei Galli, or Galli intenti;
 Gl' Indi e i Persi e i Caldei
 Vincete, e fate un sol di tanti imperj.
Di questa madre generosa e chiara,
 Madre ancor essa di celesti eroi,
 Regnano oggi fra noi
 D' alta virtù altra figlia ed altro amore;
 E tuo più degno amore d' innesto e d' arte,
 Che non fur già, sotto Saturno, i tuoi.
 Ma ciascun gli suoi onori
 Ripone in l' umiltate e nel timore
 Del maggior Dio. Mirate al vincitore
 D' Augusto invitto, al giovinetto Enrico,
 Come di Cristo amico,
 Con la pietà non l' audacia con l' arme,
 Col sollevar gli oppressi, e punir gli empj,
 Non con furore o con ruina
 Si va sacrando i simulacri e i tempj.
Mirate, come placido e severo,
 E di se stesso a se legge, e corona.
 Vedete Iri e Bellona
 Come dietro gli vanno, e Temi avanti,
 Com' ha la ragion seco, e 'l senno e 'l vero.

Bella schiera che mai non l'abbandona.
[illegible], come buona
Sopra de' [illegible] e de' giganti
[illegible] quando s'ha già donna, e quando
Ne [illegible], e s'[illegible]: e con che
possa
[illegible] d'Olimpo e d'Ossa
Alle stelle [illegible] e contr' al cielo [illegible].
O qual fia poi spettacolo Febo l'[illegible],
E i [illegible];
Quando il mondo a' terra [illegible] e pace?
La vera gran [illegible] i [illegible] alterna [illegible]
[illegible] de l'amor suo lieta e sicura;
E [illegible] e [illegible] e cura
Che 'l cor le punga e di [illegible] e d'[illegible]
[illegible], il tuo valor, donna gentile,
Di [illegible] e d'alma [illegible] e pura:
E la nostra [illegible],
E [illegible] del supremo Dio,
Che 'n sì gran segno a sì gran [illegible] l'amor;
Perchè del suo splendore e del suo [illegible]
[illegible] la spene
De la [illegible], e de l'Italia tutta;
Che se [illegible] mostrando,
[illegible] e [illegible],
[illegible] e libertà s'attende
[illegible], e [illegible]
Di [illegible] e del suo [illegible] e quella,
[illegible] e [illegible]
Di [illegible], e [illegible] e sposa,
[illegible], che di gloria [illegible],
Quindi [illegible] dal sol [illegible] stella,
[illegible]
Per che più bene a questa nostra [illegible],
[illegible], [illegible] e [illegible],
Qual fu [illegible] di te [illegible] più degna?
[illegible], [illegible],
[illegible] bel lume [illegible],
[illegible] e 'l [illegible]
[illegible]
Tal, che [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], che [illegible],
[illegible] che [illegible];
[illegible] l'[illegible].
Ma che, se [illegible] a mente [illegible]?
Se [illegible] quel, che [illegible]
[illegible]?
Se 'l [illegible] gl' [illegible]
Per [illegible], e [illegible]?
Quando [illegible] il [illegible], e [illegible]
[illegible], e Dio [illegible]?
Quanti [illegible] e [illegible],
Che [illegible] al ciel la via?
E se [illegible] Dio, qual altra gente
[illegible], che più degna sia
[illegible] e di [illegible] e di [illegible]?
[illegible], se la virtù, se i chiari gradi

Ne fan celesti; del ciel degne sono
L'alme di ch' io ragiono.
Tu lor queste di fiori umide offerte
Porgi in mia vece, e di: se non son elle
D'oro e di gemme inserte;
Son di voi degne, e saran poi di stelle.

Sonetto.

Era 'l mar tranquillo, e l'onde chiare,
Spirava Favonio, e fuggia Clori;
L'alma Ciprigna innanzi ai primi albori
Ridendo empiea d'amor la terra e 'l
mare:
La rugiadosa aurora in ciel più rare
Facea le stelle; e di più bei colori
Sparse le nubi e i monti, uscia già fuori
Febo, qual più lucente in Delo appare;
Quando altra aurora un più vezzoso stello
Aperse, e lampeggiar sereno e puro
Il sol, che sol m'abbaglia e mi disface.
Volsimi; e incontro a lui mi parve oscuro,
Santi lumi del ciel, con vostra pace,
L'oriente che dianzi era sì bello.

Sonetto.

Donna, qual mi foss' io, qual mi sentissi,
Quando primier in voi quegl' occhi apersi;
Dirlo non so; ma i vostri non sofferse,
Ancor che di mirarli appena ardissi.
Ben gli fermi io nel bianco avorio fissi
Di quella mano a cui me stesso offersi,
E nel candido seno ove gl' immersi,
E gran cose nel cor tacendo dissi.
Arsi, alsi, osai, temei; duolo e diletto
Presi di voi; sperai, poscia obblio
Tutte l'altre ch' io vidi e prima e poi.
Con ogni senso sano, con ogni affetto
Mi lego vostro; e tal, ch' io non desio
E non penso e non amo altro che voi.

Sonetto.

Ben ha del caro oggetto i sensi privi,
Ma 'l veggio e 'l sento, e l' ho ne l'alma
impresso,
Come suol cera che da sito oppresso
Versa ognor col pensier lontano e vivi.
E s' io qui mi consumo, e 'l mio sol ivi
Altrui risplende; Amor, dille tu stesso,
Come di sì lontano ancor l'appresso,
E com' è che di duol gioja derivi.
Dille, mentre l'attendo e la desio,
Mentre 'l suo nome sospirando invoco,
Con che dolce memoria in lei mi obblio.
Dille, che non fia mai tempo nè loco
Che spegna o scemi pur l'incendio mio;
Poi ch' ardo più, quant' ho più lungo il
foco.

Sonetto.

Ora o più che mi sembri e mi si volga
Madonna o col pensiero o con l'aspetto;
In ogni stato e nel maggior diletto
Trovo, misero amante, onde mi dolga.
Però, quando amor vuol ch'ella m'accolga
Sì dolcemente, e che sì dolce affetto
Senta del suo dolcissimo sospetto
Che vaghezza d'altrui me le ritolga;
M'affligge e la mia gioja e 'l suo timore;
E temo io non so che; poi che non vede,
Lasso, ch'io l'amo ancora di pari ardore:
E so per prova quel ch'altrui non crede,
Che strazio fan d'un amoroso core
Molto sdegno di donna, e poca fede.

Sonetto.

Corona.

Dunque un antropofago, un lestrigone,
Un mostro così sozzo e così fero,
Un ch'è di lingua e d'opre e di pensiero
Una sfinge, un Busiri, un Licaone;
Ora contra pietà, contra ragione,
Contra l'umanitate e contra il vero,
In dispregio del santo e del severo
Editto che la legge e Dio c'impone;
Ora, dico, tornare in favor al sole
Il crudel, come! d'un suo figlio innocente,
Ond'ha Parnaso mesto rime e viole?
E l'osa, e 'l face, e vive, e non sen pente?
E c'è chi 'l vede, e chi 'l prega, e chi 'l cole?
O vituperio de l'umana gente!

Sonetto.

O vituperio de l'umana gente!
I sacri studj, e l'onorate scuole,
Ond'ha l'alma virtù perpetua prole,
Ond'è simile a Dio la nostra mente,
Contamina un profano, un impudente
Veglio, imaginator d'ombre e di fole;
Di cui lo stil, gl'inchiostri e le parole
Son la rabbia e 'l veleno e 'l ferro e 'l dente.
Questo empio veglio, per far empio altrui,
Coi caduti dal ciel nostri avversari,
E coi suoi vizj esce de' regni bui.
Quinci turba le cattedre e gli altari,
E i puri e i saggi e i buoni. E tu da lui,
Misera età, senno e valore impari?

Sonetto.

Misera età, senno e valore impari
Da sì malvagio e da sì folle, a cui
Sembran folle da Cadmo insino a noi
Quanti mai, fuor de' suoi, scritti più rari.
Santi lumi del vero eterni e chiari,
Qual fu vostro destin, che sì v'abbui,
E vi spegna la nebbia di costui?
Tanto ne son del sol i raggi avari?
Tanto un cieco presume? un che la luce
Ne 'nvidia? ma che da sè si pesta e trita,
Fra laberinti a Lete se conduce?
E presume guidarne, e lor di vita
Chi non l'ha per un Argo e per un duce?
Arroganza de gli uomini infinita!

Sonetto.

Arroganza de gli uomini infinita,
Che la natura in servitute adduce;
E lei ch'a tutti eternamente luce,
In un sol lume ha già spenta e finita.
Anima santa, al quarto ciel salita,
Fuor de l'error che 'l mortal velo induce,
Vedi quanta error qua giù produce
Questa furia, onde sei del mondo uscita.
Che per far vero il falso, e dubbio il certo,
Ha te, spirto sì chiaro e sì benigno,
A dira morte indegnamente offerto.
Or s'io m'adegno, e se da me traligno,
E perchè l'aggio indarno assai sofferto,
Lingua ria, pensier fello, oprar maligno.

Sonetto.

Lingua ria, pensier fello, e oprar maligno;
Fell'ira, amor mal fido, odio coverto;
Biasmar altrui, quando il tuo fallo è certo;
E dar per gemma un vetro, anzi un macigno;
Far di lupo e d'arpia l'agnello e 'l cigno;
Fuggire, e saettar; lodar aperto;
Chiuso mal dir; gran vanti, e picciol merto;
E prender in mano il ferro, in bocca il ghigno;
Disprezzar quei che sono, e quei che foro
D'esser più degni; e solo a te simile
Far di quanto ha 'l gran Febo ampio tesoro;
Furori e frenesie d'inchiostro e di bile
Atra; e sete di sangue, e fame d'oro;
Queste son le tue doti, anima vile.

Sonetto.

Queste son le tue doti, anima vile,
Degne pur d'altra mitra, e d'altro alloro;
Che non vestan le tempie di coloro,
Ch'ornan di Apollo, e di Cirra l'ovile.
Già serva aragna, il tuo lungo covile
Ne hai per tomba; e per pompa il tuo lavoro;

Già ne sei, quel Perillo, entro il tuo toro,
Nel fuoco, di cui fosti esca e focile
Già prole abominevole, e mortale
Augurio a chi ti vede, ed a chi t'ode;
Sol di notte apri il gozzo, e spieghi l'ale.
Sì, perchè il tuo dover non ti si frode;
Chi mi dà fuoco al tuo volume eguale,
Di più lingue aspe, e scorpion di più code?

Sonetto.

Di più lingue aspe; e scorpio di più code;
Idra di mille teste, e d'una tale,
Che latra e morde, e come sferza e strale,
Invisibile a lui par che s'avventi e snode;
Chimera di bugie; volpe di frode;
Corso mostro e ministro d'ogni male;
Verme che fila e tesse opra sì frale,
Che l'aura e 'l fumo la disperge e rode;
Sazia di sangue putrido e di seme
D'impudicizia grondi; e vero e vivo
Coccodrillo, che l'uom divora, e geme;
E quanto adorne, e quanto ha 'l mondo a schivo,
Sendo, ed è veramente accolto insieme,
Il mostro di ch'io parlo e di ch'io scrivo.

Sonetto.

Il mostro di ch'io parlo e di ch'io scrivo,
Di nessun pregio, e di perduta speme,
Non potendosi alzar, s'altri non preme,
Spregia e spegne i mortali, e se fa divo.
Serva di vile affetto; fuggitivo,
E rubel di virtù; ben sai d'estreme
Tu pene reo; ben chi l'onora e teme,
D'amore indegno, e d'intelletto è privo.
Quel tratto da le stelle, e da le tane,
E dal suo fango, in ciel ripone il mago
Nilo, un coccodrillo, un aspe e un cane;
Tale, e più fero e di più sozza imago,
Con ritorte d'inferno orride e strane
La nobil Secchia ara per nome un drago?

Sonetto.

La nobil Secchia ara per nome un drago?
Che per far rospi d'innocenti rane,
I ruscelli infettando, e le fontane,
Fatto ha d'averno, e di mefite un lago.
Quinci rivolta al ciel l'empia vorago
Vomitando e fischiando, orribilmente immane,
Spira nebbie sì bieche e sì lontane,
Che 'l sol ne vela dal Celso al Tago.
Febo, com'è, che soffri il tetro e nero
Fiato di questo nuovo empio Pitone,
Se sei padre di luce, e fai l'arciero?
Com'è, che teco il gran tonar non tuone;
Se d'ambo incontra al sacrosanto impero
Ora un Antropofago, un lestrigone?

Sonetto.

Mattaccini contra il Castelvetro.

Mandami, ser Apollo, otta calotta
Quel tuo garzon con l'arco, e coi bolzoni,
Per batter di Vetralla i torrioni,
Ove il Gufo ancor bujo e nebbia imbotta.
Da la gruccia l'ha sciolto una marmotta;
E chiamando assiuoli e cornacchioni
Ridure il suo sfasciume in bastioni,
Per far contra pazzesi nuova riotta.
Già veggio su i ripari una ghiandaja
Che grida a l'arme; e i ragni e i pipistrelli,
Che stan coi grilli a gli usci de le buche.
Ma se torni mona Beria e mona Baja,
Non fia per sempre il giuoco de gli uccelli
Quel barbassoro de le fanfaluche?
Fruga tanto, che sbuche,
E rimettilo in gabbia, e se dà crollo,
Senza remission tiragli il collo.

Sonetto.

Il Gufo strofinandosi ha già rotta
La zucca; e in su la stanga spenzolon
Per farsi formidabile a' piccioni,
Schiamazza e si dibatte e sbuffa e sbotta.
Arruota il becco, infoca gli occhi, aggrotta
Le ciglia, arruffa il pelo, arma gli unghioni,
E raggruzzola paglie, e fa covoni
Intorn' al sole, ond' ha la pelle incotta.
E già l'uccellatoja e l'asinaja
In soccorso gli mandano i marchielli,
Che impregnan le ventose per le mache.
Già per Secchia mettendo Arno in grondaja,
Versa spilli e zampilli e pispinelli,
E ricama le carte per l'arruche,
O trincheri, o mandorche,
Sparato. E tu che l'hai di piume brollo,
Aprigli il capo, e cavagli il midollo.

Sonetto.

Scarica, Forfanicchio, un'altra botta,
Da' ne le casematte e ne' gabbioni;
Dove le vespe aguzzan gli spuntoni,
E dove il calabron fa la pallotta.
Apposta che son tutti in una frotta
Le zanzare e le lucciole e i mosconi;
Poi con pece con razzi e con soffioni
Gli sparpaglia gli abbrucia e gli pillotta.
Suona il cembalo, ed entra in colombaja,
Ove covano i gheppi e i falombelli,
O lanciavi un terzuol che vi s'imbuche.

E tu grida, menando il can per l'aja,
  Ai grilli che rosecchiano i granelli:
  Gettar al palio con le tartaruche.
    Farai poi due festuche
   Nel berrettin al Barbajanni, e come un pollo
   Fallo pender col piè, fin che sia frollo.

Sonetto.

Il castello è già preso; or via forbotta
  La rocca, e que' suoi vetri, e quei mattoni,
  Ch' un sopra l'altro come i maccheroni
  Sono a crosta murati ed a ricotta.
Già l'hanno i topi e le formiche addotta
  Per fame a darne statichi e prigioni:
  Già si sente al bisbiglio di mosconi
  Che v'è romore e dispareri e dotta.
Oh 'l tuolo si cuoce; odi che Serchia abbaja:
  Ai passi, a le parete, ai buccinelli
  Gran fatto fia che più vi si rimbuche.
Io l'ho pure: o se 'l ceffo, o che ventraja:
  Quell' occhio, se non pajon due tonelli;
  O nasale pennacchie alte e caduche!
    Or su, Zanfurnio, su, che
   Tosto ti veggia e rotto e trito e sollo.
   Questo è 'l tuo bel letto ov' ei t'annollo.

Sonetto.

Fu altro tuffo, odo che l'acqua scotta
  Mostragli l'unghie; arruffagli i polmoni:
  Fa che a schiacci a liscioni a tentoni
  Gli si freghi la cherica e la cotta.
Ma quanto più si tuffa, più s'abbotta:
  Vedi che gli gorgogliano i polmoni:
  Vedi c' ha fuor la lingua, ha fuor gli occhioni,
  E pur s'apre il borraccio, e pur ringotta.
Or va, cerviale, Bizzarro, in rappresaja:
  Strappali de le reni i campanelli;
  Ed avvia che l'amor gli si rammarche,
Ordina da mia parte a la massaja,
  Che qua e là sul capo gli trivelli,
  E s'appicche parecchie sanguisuche;
    E su fin da le cerviche
   Lo squarci in su le bucce; e se lo avvolla
   Non giova, e tu lo strozza, ed as l'az-
      frollo.

Sonetto.

Ve' come fra le gambe il capo ingrotta,
  Come sta rannicchiato e coccoloni:
  Certo e' sente i sonagli de' falconi,
  O polvere di Bacco o d'epiglotta.
Forse ha podagre. Or dagli una dirotta
  Di strecole di sprugni e di frugoni:
  Ma per guarirlo da gli strangoglioni:
  Fa che grilli e berrette e' sorri inghiotta.
Ei fa; che gli s'è mossa la cacaja;
  Su, che 'l cul gli si turi, e si suggelli,
  Che più carte non schiccheri o impor-
      chiuche.
Tornisi un'altra volta a la caldaja,
  Che i fonti non intorbidi e i ruscelli
  Su di Parnaso, o gli suoi lauri imbrucche.
    De le cui sante bruche
   Mentr' io gli occhi gli annodo, e 'n fondo il bollo,
   Fagli tu di berrecchio un bel cercollo.

Sonetto.

Avea quest' uccellaccio ormai ridotta
  La musica in falsetti e 'n semituoni;
  Facea la messa a suon di pifferoni
  Sangarezzare e tuttar come un' arlotta,
Andava quando annebbia e quando annotta
  Calafatando i colombi e i perticoni;
  Dava a chiunque vedea morsi e sgraffioni;
  La volea far con gl'ippogrifi a lotta.
E come un pappagallo di Cambaja
  Cinguettando le lingue a' suoi stornelli,
  Dicea barbaricchie e babole e lupache.
Credea che la froggia fosse civaja:
  Però ne dava a mezzi a piparelli,
  A suoni a tignoso a tarli a ruche.
    Temendosi di più, che
   Rovello, come dice un Sermangello,
   Turba la cattedra e 'l pomposello.

Sonetto.

Tu, che in lingua di gazza e di merlotta
  Intendi la parlatura de' gabbioni;
  A che parte si trovan questi prenomi?
  Con la bramala in va de barrelotta?
Fra ruccovezzia e brodola e boalotta,
  Che differenza è ne gli buoi sermoni?
  Di che vetro si fanno i caraffoni
  Da tenere i siroppi e l'acqua cotta?
Quante braccia di fondo ha la peschaja
  D'un cervel secco? e 'ntorno a' suoi capelli
  Che vuoi prima, o le lucciole, o l'erucche?
Quante lasagne il giorno, e quante staja
  Usano di crusca questi tuoi cervelli
  Tra vecce e loglio e brucioli e pagliucche?
    Se d'un che ne manduche,
   Mi sai dar qual sia più sodo e satollo;
   Qual eris mihi? il Mangia, o 'l magno Apollo.

Sonetto.

La gran torre di vetro, ove corrotta
  La lingua si trasforma in farfalloni,
  Portata inverso 'l ciel da' formiconi
  S'era fino a le nugole condotta;

Quand' ella, e quel suo mastro di nigella
Che 'l Nembrotto facea tra lampi e tuoni,
L'un cieco, e l'altra in pezzi a' suoi marchioni
Tornando, diventaro [illegible] e grotta.
Allor gli fu d'intorno a centinaja
E cutrettole e scriccioli e fringuelli;
E l'oche ne lavoraron le lattuche.
Ma per dar fine a questa [illegible];
Venga da quelli alati [illegible]
Un che nel tragga fuor de le marruche;
Un che 'l naso gli buche,
O gli ne spunti, e con un buon compello
Gli empia il teschio di menta e di serpello.

Sonetto.

Queste son le ruine; e qui la rotta
Segno de gli [illegible] e de' Baroni;
Qui cadde il mastro de gli [illegible],
Ch' ebbe quasi a sbarcar l'elsa di gotta.
In questo golfo s'addibo la lotta
Tenuta da Lorena; a questi ponzoni
Restar bruchi e farfalle a milioni;
Qui die la bolla il suo carpentro al Potta.
Questo ch' era castello, or è colpaja;
Questi pezzi d'ampolle e d'alberelli,
Eran terrazzi e cupole e verruche.
Qui cadde il Gallo; e questa è la corraja,
Ov' or s' adima [illegible], cigni e fanelli,
Da le Canarie insino a le Moluche
Condotte; e voi borrache
Bette, che vi trovaste al suo bordello,
Ponete il capo al vostro [illegible].

11.

Bernardo Tasso.

Der berühmte Tasso (Vater) eines berühmteren Sohnes. Er ward 1493 in Bergamo geboren, stammte aus edlem Geschlechte, hatte aber das Unglück, schon früh seine Eltern zu verlieren, nachdem er seine Studien in Padua vollendet, trat er als Sekretär in die Dienste des päpstlichen Feldherrn Rangone, mit dem er der Schlacht von Pavia beiwohnte, und kam später [illegible] am Hofe zu Ferrara. Ferrante Sanseverino, Fürst von Salerno, wurde aufmerksam auf ihn, und berief ihn zu sich, ihm eine ehrenvolle Stellung anbietend. Bern. Tasso begleitete auf dem Feldzuge Karls V. gegen Tunis denselben, der ihm auch nach ihrer Heimkehr fortwährend gewogen blieb, und dem der Dichter, als er bei dem Kaiser in Ungnade fiel, nach Frankreich folgte. Hier schien ihm anfangs das Glück zu lächeln, kehrte ihm jedoch bald den Rücken. Er begab sich nun wieder nach Italien, hoffte, da er mittlerweile seine geliebte Gattin verloren hatte, seinen Sohn Torquato zu sich kommen, lebte dann anfangs bei dem Herzoge von Urbino, wurde darauf erster Geheimschreiber in Mantua, und endlich Gouverneur von Ostiglia, wo er jedoch, kaum daselbst angelangt, am 4. September 1569 starb. Sein größtes Werk ist sein Epos Amadigi, eine Bearbeitung des bekannten Ritterromans in Stanzen, das jedoch, trotz seinen hundert Gesängen, wenig eigentlich Schönes enthält; eine zweite Arbeit dieser Art, il Floridante, [illegible] unvollendet. Desto glücklicher war er in lyrischen Poesien, auch bieten seine in Prosa geschriebenen Briefe viel Interessantes dar.

Canzone.

Lode della vita pastorale.

O Pastori felici
Che d'un picciol poder lieti e contenti
Avete i Cieli amici;
E lungi da le genti
Non temete di mar l'ira, o di venti;
Nè vivete a le noje
Del tempestoso Mondo, ed a le pene;
Le maggior nostre gioje,
Ombra del vostro bene
Son più di fel, che di dolcezza piene.
Mille pensier molesti
Ne porta in fronte il dì da l'Oriente;
E di quelli e di questi
Ingombrando la mente,
Fa la vita parer trista e dolente.
Mille desir noiosi
Mena la notte sotto a le fosch' ali,
Che turbano i riposi
Nostri, e speranze frali;
Salde radici d'infiniti mali.
Ma voi tosto che l'onde
Esce col Sole dal [illegible] celeste,
E che del ben ignaro
Progne con voci meste
Si lagna, e d'allegrezza il dì si veste;
All' apparir del giorno
Sorgete lieti a salutar l'Aurora,
E 'l bel prato d'intorno
Spogliate ad ora ad ora
Del vario fior, che 'l suo bel grembo onora,
E 'nghirlandate il crine,
De' più felici rami, gli arboscelli
Ne le piagge vicine
Fate ornando belli,
Ond' innalzano al Ciel vaghi capelli.
E talor maritate
Ai verd' olmi le viti tenerelle,
Ch' al suo collo appoggiate,
E di foglie novelle
Vestendosi, si fan frondose e belle.
Poichè a la notte l'ore
Ritoglie il giorno, del securo ovile
La greggia aprite fuore,
E con soave stile
Cantate il vago e dilettoso Aprile.
E 'n qualche valle ombrosa,

Ch' a i raggi ardenti di Febo s' ascende,
Là dove Eco dogliosa
Sovente alto risponde
Al roco mormorio di lucid' onde,
Chiudete a sonni molli
Gli occhi gravati; e sparsi i bianchi tori
Morate per li colli,
Spinti da' loro amori,
Cantar vedreme; e lieti a i vincitori
Cingete le corna
Onde si veggion poi superbi, e feri
Alzar la fronde adorna,
E gir ne i campi altieri
Come vittoriosi cavalieri.
Sparse da poi che tinte
Di bionde spiche il crin la state riede,
Con l' alta chioma avvinta
Di torta quercia, il piede
Vago movendo, con sincera fede,
In ampio giro accolti,
La figlia di Saturno alta chiedete;
E con allegri volti
Lieti come devete
L' altar del sangue a lei caro spargete;
Sovente per le sere
Con le vezzose pastorelle a paro
Sedete a l' ombre estive;
E senza nullo amaro
Sempre passate il dì felice, e chiaro.
A voi l' Autunno serba
Uve vestite di color di rose,
Pomi la pianta acerba,
Mele l' api ingegnose,
Latte puro le pecore lanose.
Voi, mentre oscuro vela
Il vostro chiaro Ciel nascondo e serra;
Mentre la neve e 'l gelo
A le piagge fa guerra
Lieti de' frutti de la ricca terra,
Or col foco, or col vino,
Sedendo a lunga mensa in compagnia,
Spezzate ogni destino;
Nè amore o gelosia
Da gli usati diletti unqua vi svia:
Or tendete le reti
A la gru pellegrina e la cornetta;
Or perseguite lieti
Con fromba e con saetta
La fuggitiva damma e semplicetta.
Voi queta e tranquilla
Avete, e senz' affanno alcun la vita;
Voi non inopia squilla
Ad altrui danni invita,
Ma senza guerra mai pace infinita.
Vita gioiosa e queta!
Quanto è invidia così dolce stato!
Che quel, che in te s' acqueta,
Non solo è fortunato
Ma veramente si può dir beato.

Stanze.

Se ben di sette stelle ardenti e belle
Ti cinge il biondo crin bella corona,
Mentre a diporto in queste parti e 'n quelle
Vai con la vaga figlia di Latona;
Pur t' accese il cor l' empie facelle
Del fiero arcier di Gnido, onde ne suona
E lido ancora, e l' arenosa sponda
Che 'l mar di Creta mormorando inonda.

Fosti amando com' io, com' io piangesti
Lagrime di dolor calde ed amare;
E con accenti dolorosi e mesti
Facesti col tuo duol pietoso il mare:
Teco vogl' io parlar, [illegible]; e con questi
Tristi lamenti miei voglio sfogare
L' estrema pena ch' ogni pena avanza
Per la mia lunga e dura lontananza.

Tu piangevi il tuo amor, io piango il mio;
Ma tu piangevi un fuggitivo ingrato,
In cagion del tuo duol acerbo e rio,
Il ben che volontario ho già lasciato;
Tu del tuo amante ti lagnavi, ed io
Di me stesso mi lagno, che spietato
Con questa cruda amara dipartita
Ho perduto il mio ben e la mia vita.

Vita de la mia vita, egli è pur vero
Ch' io vivo senza voi mesto e solo;
Se non quando con l' ale del pensiero
Pien di ardente desio mi innalzo a volo,
E vengo per drittissimo sentiero
A sfogar teco il mio angoscioso duolo;
Ma sì breve è la gioja e sì fugace,
Ch' io non ho col mio ben tregua nè pace.

Ohimè! dov' è il mio ben, dov' è il mio
core?
Chi mi nasconde il mio cuor, e chi mel to-
glie?
Dunque ha potuto nel desio d' onore
Farmi ben cagion di tante doglie?
Dunque han potuto in me, più che 'l mio
amore,
Ambizione e troppo lieti voglie?
Ahi sciocco mondo e rio, ahi cruda sorte,
Che ministro mi fu de la mia morte!

Morto son io, perchè dal dì ch' a i rai
Del mio lucido sol rivolsi il tergo,
Misero, da quel dì ch' io vi lasciai,
Stato son di martir perpetuo albergo:
Morto son a' diletti, e vivo ai guai
Che 'n dolorosa pioggia io spargo e vergo
Da quest' infermi, non occhi, ma fonti,
Che fur nei danni miei si accorti e pronti.

Lume de gli occhi miei chiaro e sereno,
Albergo del mio cor alto ed eletto,
Vedete senza voi qual porto il seno
Umido sempre, e rugiadoso il petto,
Qual senza voi di doglia e d' amor pieno
Sospiro ognora; e perchè il più perfetto

E 'l bel del corpo mio con voi si vive,
Ch' io son ombra di quel che parla e scrive.
Ombra son di colui che mai non parte
Dal bel seren del vostro vago viso;
Di color, lasso, che con voi comparte
La speranza, il timor, il piacer, il riso;
Di colui che non ha sì cara parte,
Che non sia vostra, e che da voi diviso,
Lasso e pur vive, che l'empio Amor in ira,
Senza spirto vital si muove e spira.
Ahi dispietato Amor, come consenti
Ch' in morta vita sì penosa io sia,
Solcando un empio mar d'aspri tormenti
Per così lunga e perigliosa via?
Deh perchè fiato di benigni venti
Non sospinge la stanca nave mia
Sì, che dopo un cammin sì lungo e torto
Possa chiuder le vele in questo porto?
Ma scorgami dentro empio e rapace
Ove l'onda del ciel il mondo abbraccia,
O dove Febo con la calda face
Arde del bel terren la vaga faccia;
Che 'l nodo così stretto e sì tenace,
Che 'l vostro col mio cor stringe ed allaccia,
Non fia mai chi rallenti o chi discioglia,
Mentre avrà verde albero e rami e foglia.
Vostro fui, vostro son, e sarò vostro
Fin che vedrò quest' aere e questo cielo;
Voi prima saran le perle e l'ostro,
Negre ed ardenti fien le nevi e 'l gelo,
Che 'l tempo spenga mai questo amor nostro
Per cangiar clima o variar di pelo;
Anzi crescerà sempre il mio bel foco
Quanto andrà più cangiando etate e loco.
Porto da' miei desir, quale d'intorno
Vola il mio bel pensier ai vostri lumi,
Perchè più far non può dolce soggiorno
Varca tante montagne e tanti fiumi;
Accoglietelo lieta, e con adorno
Affetto di pietade, avviva i lumi
La fiamma del desio dolce e gentile,
Tal che 'l vostro si mostri al mio simile.
Accoglietel pietosa, e 'n mezzo a quella
De l'alma vostra albergo alto e lucente,
Nel seggio più secreto e nel più bello,
Dove soggiorna ognor la vostra mente,
Accogliete l'affetto; e come ancella
Gentile a casta vergine servente,
Toglietelo ogni cibo amaro e grave,
Pascetel d'un piacer dolce e soave.
Questo fia guiderdon gentil e degno
De la mia pura inviolabil fede,
La qual non teme mai macchia nè segno,
Nè mondan accidente opprime o fiede;
Ma come scoglio in mezzo a l'aria, al sdegno
D'ogni empito del ciel tien fermo il piede;
Che dopo morte ancor in sepoltura
Osservata vi fia candida e pura.
Ma folle, io spargo le mie rime al vento,
E non m' accorgo, ahi dispietata e fera,
C' hai già chiuse l'orecchie al mio lamento,
E vai con l'altre stelle in lieta schiera.
Va pur felice, che 'l tuo puro argento
Non copra nebbia mai torbida o nera;
Ch' io starò in questo luogo cieco ed oscuro
A piangere il mio fato acerbo e duro.

41.

Luigi Dolce.

Er ward 1508 zu Venedig geboren, widmete sich philologischen Studien, und lieferte mehrere Uebersetzungen aus dem Griechischen und Lateinischen. An eigenen Gedichten hinterließ er bei seinem 1568 erfolgten Tode ein Epos, mehrere Tragödien und Komödien u. s. w., die aber der Vergessenheit heimgefallen sind, während mehrere seiner Satiren und burlesken Poesien sich im Andenken erhalten haben.

Capitolo.

Della Speranza.

Fra tutti i cibi, o che trova l'usanza,
O che necessità, non è il migliore
Di quello ch' è da voi detto, speranza,
Cibo d'incomparabile sapore,
Cibo che non si mangia alesso o arrosto,
Cibo pure invisibile, e del cuore,
Nè come gli altri si dilegua tosto,
Nè si compera per oro o per castella,
Ma puossi sempre avere senza costo,
Nè vendersi a bever una scodella,
Voi, che servendo a l'amorosa corte,
Lo vi perdeste su l'età novella,
Senza vivanda di sì buona sorte,
Del bel garzone amato in tempo breve
Ciascun trovando avria la morte.
Sarebbe ogni fatica al sol di neve,
Ch' ella ne fa parer dolce l'amaro,
E 'l grave peso de la vita lieve.
Il suo sostiene a quei che studia e caro,
Sperando alfin de le fatiche tante
Di farsi in vita e dopo morte chiaro.
Tutto il mal ch' è qua giù, soffre l'amante,
Solo perchè tra se divisa e spera
Trovar mercede da due luci sante.
Fra gente brava coraggiosa e fiera,
Pascendosi di lei fido soldato,
Segue di capitan vecchia bandiera.
Serve padron magnifico e onorato
Buon servidor, e non si stanca mai
Per avanzar alfin qualche ducato.
Sprezzano la fortuna i marinai,
Per non parlar di quella gente grossa
Che pestano le spezie nei mortai.
Sprezzano ogni minaccia, ogni percossa
Di lingua, di ritorte, e legno, e mani,
E aver le carni travagliate e l'ossa,

Sprezzano la fatica gli artigiani,
E tanto [illegible] e [illegible],
Che ci vendono in fumo i cortesani.
Vengono a la città le contadine,
E lasciano le valli e la campagna,
Portando carne latte uova e galline.
Ne fanno stima se pioggia le bagna,
Ne fanno stima se le cuoce il sole,
Ne rompe le ginocchia o le calcagna.
Quell' altro non si tedia e non si duole
Di consumar tutta la vita in corte
Per sperar fatti e rapportar parole.
Se vede da varia morte serrata,
Sperando la vittoria in un momento,
Soccorre il capitan l' assediata sua terra.
Con speme di cavar l' oro e l' argento
Corrono alcuni, che nel farsi gir in,
Per tutti i buchi de la terra drento.
Ne più bel poter nostro al parer mio
Si può insegnare a un putto ch' abbi ingegno,
Che: soffri, spera, e lascia far a Dio.
Ma non condurre al divisato segno,
(Guardate s' egli è questo un bel tesoro!)
Mirar senza speranza il suo disegno.
Con speme di veder nel sommo coro
Mugghian digiuni ed addormenzan i frati,
E chi 'l vino ha d' argento, e chi l' ha d' oro,
Ma questi si sarebbono ammazzati,
Se la speranza non gli avesse detto,
Voi tornerete ancor lieti e beati!
S' ella non l' insegnasse con diletto,
E promettesse a lui tranquilla vita,
Non soffriria la fame un poveretto.
Saria del mondo ogni cosa sbandita;
E staria in uno tal, che ad un cappello
Quando più pare, col vento volar s' alza.
Anche la contessa si mette al bordello,
Se colui che va l' ama non sperasse
Una molta acquistar per uno anello.
E non sarebbe chi ti accarezzasse,
E non sarebbe chi ben ti volesse
Ne chi di un hospitio t' accomodasse.
Non lascerian si spesso le ricchezze
I duchi per andar bene in battaglia,
Ne 'l Turco tenta contra da fortezze.
Ne dormiria su spron in la paglia
In grazia del suo re buon cavaliero
Che ogni elmo rompe, ogni lorica smaglia.
Non ci saria ne paggio ne scudiero,
Non ci sarebbe medico o dottore,
E 'l mondo avria bisogno d' un cristiero.
Non ci saria architetto ne pittore,
Non ci saria mercato, ne mercante,
Ne caccia ci saria ne cacciatore.
Tale è signore, che saria un furfante,
Se la speranza drizzando l' ali
Non l' avesse ogni dì cacciato avante.
Ella alberga nel mezzo a gli spedali
Non meno ch' ella alberghi tra' palazzi
Ne si diparte ancor da gli animali.
Starian freschi senza questa i pazzi,
E senza questa andrebbono a spasso
I cavalli le prediche i sollazzi.
E non si troverebbe un contrabbasso,
Ne chi facesse torre ne sovrano,
E molte cose che in la prima lasso.
Non ci sarebbe al mondo un Cristiano,
Non ci sarebbe Turco ne Giudeo,
Non ci saria Marrano ne Luterano.
Il papa non darebbe il giubileo,
E senza speme da ricever poi
Non correremmo col pegno a lo Ebreo.
Or come passeria pecore e buoi,
Porci poscia canaglia traditora,
Chi non sperasse l' utile da voi?
Per la speranza si teme ed onora,
Per la speranza volontier s' inchina,
Per lei si fa del ben, per lei s' adora.
Stilla il cervel la sera e la mattina
Il poeta per gola di due foglie
Di che tocca ne va la pelatina.
Vorria più tosto un secco aver le doglie
Del mal francese, e il mal de la morte,
Che soffrir l' umore de la moglie;
Se non fosse la speme battuta
Di gravide figliuole per semenza
De la grandezza di lor generazione.
La formichetta c' ha tanta prudenza,
Coglie per questa il grano ne la state,
A barba de la nostra providenza.
La rondinella le contrade amate
Lascia, se teme così lunghe vele,
Per far il nido per le sue brigate,
Senza questa avvocati e notaiuoli,
Ne giudici saranno, tanto a quelli
Che vendon l' insalata e i cetriuoli
Ed i cuochi e le guide e i vaccarelli,
Garzoni, e quei che vendono i pesciuoli,
Frati salsiccion, trippe e budelli.
Non ci saranno tele ne velluti,
Ne panni lini, ne panni di lana,
Ne individui che fosser saputi.
Non spenderia tutta la settimana
Il buon villan, ne con l' entrate d' un anno,
A le bisogne de la vita umana.
E non sarebbe al mondo più governo;
Morirebbe ciascun, com' io vi dissi
Su nel principio del primo quaderno.
E perchè saria tempo ch' io finissi,
Dirò che la speranza è quella chiave
Che s' apre il cielo, e spaziar gli abissi.
Ed è così a ciascun dolce e soave,
Ch' accompagna a la forca i sciagurati,
Che ben può dirsi il terzo male si pave.
I poveri infelici incarcerati
Si pascono di lei più che di pane,

E nel vivo ne l'inferno i disperati:
La dove sono tutte [illegible],
Ch' accompagnata hanno le pene e i guai,
Se mai si vede manco di compagne,
E [illegible] la gridar sempre.

Sonetto.

Zefiro, io moro [illegible] per queste salde sponde
La dove d' Adria il mar più alto freme,
Colmo d' ogni martir, vuoto di speme,
E del piede ch' io torno avverso l' onde.
Con voci meste e sospir alte e profonde,
Ch' amor e gelosia formano insieme,
Chiamo, mentre il mio cor sospira e geme,
Amarilli che m' ode, e non risponde.
Ella se prende nel Abruzzo allegra e bella,
[illegible] si ripensa, e ride
De' lagrimosi accenti al mesto suono.
Tal è il tenor de la mia fera stella:
Cotal mi dolgo di [illegible] perdono
In mente che m' uccida e non m' uccide.

15.

Luigi Tansillo.

Sein Geburtsjahr ist unbekannt. Er stammte aus Nola, und [illegible] Gedichte auf, das [illegible] In diesem Jugendgedichte [illegible] durch ein religiöses Epos: Le Lagrime di San Pietro, [illegible] Außerdem schrieb er noch [illegible] Sonette u. s. w. [illegible]

Canzone.

Alma reale, e di maggiore impero
Degna di quel che 'l largo ciel t'ha dato,
Che vinte in tua verde etade hai tante genti,
E rendi al tempo nostro il secolo beato
E antiche usanze del secol primiero,
In cui vivean le genti senza inganno;
Ecco che per te sol tanti anni danno
Spera veder non pur l' Europa afflitta,
Ma l' Asia e l' arenosa Africa ancora;
Poichè conviene che senza far dimora
La tua mano s' armerà sempre invitta
S' armi di ferro, e scritta
Porti nel cor la caritate accesa,
Onde vincer potrai sì degna impresa.
Forse per grazia quel Signor benigno
Che, per noi riposar, se stesso volle
Affannar sì, che 'l proprio sangue sparse;
Gli occhi volse pietoso al sacro colle,
Ove pregò per quel popol maligno
Che 'l pose in croce, e per amor nostro
arse;
Ond' or nel sacro tuo petto, in cui sparse
Son le sue sante ardenti fiamme, spera
La vendetta, che omai non resti indugio.
Con Dio ne scorrerai; nè rifugio
S' aspetta altronde al duro male s' adira
Europa, e ne sospira;
E così fia nel mondo, ogni non vile,
Un pastore solamente ed un ovile.
La buona gente e a le fedel di Spagna,
Che t' ha già dato in mille parti onore,
E 'l buon popol di Marte, ov' ancor mostra
Non è l' antico gentil valore;
L' insegne Italiane accompagna:
Ed il Tedesco, a viver poco accorto,
Che quai legna che i venti sparsero in parte
Non curando de' colpi acerba e rea
Sta a le percosse de' nemici saldo;
Duolsi la morte ancora ardita e baldo.
Dunque ora è 'l tempo; e tu conoscer dei
Che destinato sei
A sì grand' opra, e senz' altrui consigli
Conviene che per farsi la briga pigli.
Quel che da Troia a gl' Itali gran parte
Condusse, indi che 'l regno tolse
De' Persi al successor d' [illegible], e l' [illegible]-
[illegible];
Come non sarìa al fin contraria volse,
Muover li deve a sua grande offesa;
E tu sarai del, tal tanto si commise,
La pur la scettro ov' altri 'l fero muro,
E fatti imperador de l' Oriente.
A te convenne, che i miglior corregi,
Stiamo gradi fermar, per grande legati;
Nè il dimmi de le navi e de la gente
Ch' avesti ora in Ponente
Te ne distolsi; che Dio spesso suole
Percuoter prima un ch' esaltar poi vuole.
Pon mente al gran pendice, che dispende
L' onda scorre, e i fior adeguando e l'ecco,
Di comune così s' erse la chioma:
E vedrai tre queste potenze ancora
Cristo da Dio, cui nulla cosa è ascosa,
E questo pende al fin fu da lui dona
Avendo ancora il nostro capo Roma,
Quando di perder più temea sua gloria,
Nel pericolo maggior, maggior virtude
Mostrando, rivolte la sua salute.
Che dunque hai da sperar, se non vittoria
Degna d' eterna storia
Da quel Signor, ch' ogni tuo affanno lieve
Ristorerà con l' altrui danno grave?
Se pietà ti commosse a rinvestire
Il re di Libia del perduto regno,
Ponendo a sì gran rischio la persona,
E l' avere e gli amici ed il sostegno
Di quei che correan pur teco a morire;
Assai più giustamente ora ti sprona,
Oltre la fama che di te risuona
In ogni parte di cortese e pio,

L'amor di Cristo a porre in libertate
Tante misere genti battezzate,
Le quai t'aspettan con sì gran desire:
E se con fede e Dio
Contra 'l tiranno che in sue forze spera,
Temer non dei de la contraria schiera.
Il buon Leon che la fedel cerna
Nel duro prandio a' suoi compagni offerse,
Con pochi a molti armati il passo tenne,
Che invano per passar in Grecia Serse;
E quel d'Atene, che sconfisse a prima
[illegible], contra di Dario si sostenne,
Tal che mettier gli fece al fuggir penne:
E non pur questi esempj infra palma
Te ne promettan, ma molt'altri assai,
Che tu ancor letti ed ascoltati avrai;
Onde a Dio ti conviene inchinar l'alma,
Che di sì ricca salma
Gravato t'have, e ringraziarlo molto,
Che ti concede quel ch'a gli altri ha tolto.
Canzon nata di sdegno in mezzo a l'arme,
Nodrita d'un pensier di pace avaro,
Vanne a colui ch'a gloria impresa invita;
A par l'inchina, e di che gli smarriti
Servi del buon Gesù senza riparo
Pregan che gli sia caro
Torre al fero Ottoman la santa terra;
Poi va gridando, guerra, guerra, guerra.

Sonetto.

Amor m'impenna l'ale, e tanto in alto
Le spiega l'animoso mio pensiero,
Che d'ora in ora sormontando, spero
A le porte del ciel far nuovo assalto.
Temo, qualor giù guardo, il vol tropp'alto;
Ond'ei mi sgrida e mi promette altero,
Che se dal nobil corso in cado e pero,
L'onor fia eterno, se mortale il salto.
Che se altri, cui desio simil compunse,
Diè nome eterno al mar col suo morire,
Ove l'ardite penne il sol disgiunse;
Il mondo ancor di te potrà ben dire:
Questi aspirò a le stelle; e s'ei non giunse,
La vita venne men, ma non l'ardire.

Stanze.

Mentre più sazio de gli onor che altero,
Che ingegno e man vi procacciaro insieme,
Voi col piè vi furate e col pensiero
Al gran peso real che sì vi preme;
E 'l secondo morir sovra il primiero
Temendo, che sì poco oggi si teme,
Vi fate con alte opre e con bei studi
Contra il tempo omicida eterni scudi;
De' giovani vaghezza persuaso
Che cerchi onor di man più che d'ingegno,
Io fuggo da le donne di Parnaso
Con cui vissi talor quantunque indegno;
E dato in preda a la fortuna, al caso,
Che in ogni parte, e più ne l'onde, han regno,
Di giorno in giorno al mar la vita credo
Dietro a l'insegne del mio buon Toledo.
Voi nel sen de la bella Leucopetra
A l'umil cura d'ogni intorno chiusa,
Lieto cantate con la nobil cetra,
E con voi canta l'una e l'altra musa,
Com'ella amando si trasforma in pietra,
E in fior Narciso, e in lagrime Aretusa;
Temprando là dove la fonte nacque
E le corde e le voci al suon de l'acque.
Ora cantate Ismenia ed or Ismene,
E fate altrui veder com'onda al vento
Si dian, fuggendo le paterne arene,
Di Croton l'una, e l'altro di Tarento;
Come mille perigli e mille pene
Passando, alfin dopo lungo tormento
Giungon pur salvi a i lor lidi ridotti,
Del disperato amor securi frutti.
Or le conche marine, che già foro
Case di pesci, in riva al mar scegliete,
E senza ferro e senza penna il muro
Scolpite d'alte imagini e pingete
Per dar al secol nostro ed al futuro
Stupor; e al bel lavor mentre intendete,
Forse voi stesso vi maravigliate
De l'alta maraviglia che altrui date.
Or spaziate per l'amena falda
Del gran Vesevo, e la sentite sotto
I piè del vecchio ardor questa ancor calda;
E mirando il terren tanti anni rotto,
Ed or fiorito, il loco, ond'ei si scalda,
Amor, prendete speme che condotto
Vedrassi anch'egli al termine suo talora,
Poi ch'ebbe fin sì alto incendio ancora.
Or lungo il mar vagate ove più sodo
Sentir fa l'onda che l'arena indura,
Cercando col pensier qualche bel modo
D'alzar gli amori, e gli altri che natura
O virtute con voi di degno nodo
Stringe; e benchè ogni scopo ed ogni cura
Quand'ivi entrate sian da voi bandite,
Quest'una vien con voi dovunque gite.
Mentre in questi pensier voi e in quest'opre
Spendete l'ore che ne van serene;
Io dal ciel dilungandomi che copre
La terra che s'adorna del suo bene,
Nè vo verso quest'altro onde si scuopre
L'alba che 'l giorno adduce; il qual non viene
Incontro a me mai sì lucente e puro,
Che a me non sembri torbido ed oscuro.
Va, dissi, anzi son tratto, nè cammino
Ch'io faccia scorgo per l'ondose strade:
Girerò io pur, e l'aspro alto Apennino
Avesse de' miei piè l'orme segnate:

Venti acque nembo ferro legno lume,
Genti vili e nimiche e disperate
Ne portano e ne reggono e ne traono;
E le s'io bramo men, più lodo vanno.
Le muse onde qui s'odon canti e suoni,
Son quei che l'altrui forze o i proprj falli
Frangon, che mali i miseri e prigioni
Sembran cultor de le tartaree valli;
Le cetre lor son remi; le canzoni
Urli e sospir; le funde metalli
Con cui dolce concento par che mischi
Il vento e l'onda e le catene e i fischi.
Ne men soave è quel vapor ch'esala
Da le valli de l'ale de la mola
Turbo, qualor s'alza co' remi e cala,
E 'l legno a se tirando suda e suda;
Sonvi sonni, quai senza e quai con ala,
Che sdegnan che qui dentro occhio si chiuda;
Onde ora van la notte a torma a torma
Desti a la guardia, perchè alcun non dorma.
Questo ed ogni altro che sentir si possa
In alto, egli è dolcissimo, a rispetto
Di quel ch'io sento quand' il mar s'ingrossa
Sì, che non ha riposo entro il suo letto;
E la flemma e la collera già mossa
Move fortuna al fondo del mio petto;
Onde di cibo e d'ogni umor le vuota,
Sporge di nebbia il capo, e attorno il ruota.
Colui che non si pente d'aver posto
Su l'onda il piè, quando con l'affanno,
In pubblico può far, non che in nascosto
Ogni delitto che a morir condanna;
Che a negar nel tormento ei fia disposto
Non men che Pietro nel palagio d'Anna;
Nè gli dovria del mar nuocer la rabbia,
Quando di ferro il petto egli par ch'abbia.
Ma che dirò, quando si crucian l'onde,
E vanno al cielo, e calansi a l'inferno?
E giorno a gli occhi e terra e ciel s'asconde,
Nè si vede altro ch'acqua e notte e verno?
A gli urtoni le vele, ed a le sponde
I remi, ed il nocchier vede il governo?
E i venti ognor con impeto più grande
Batton la prua la poppa e le due bande?
E l'onda che dal vento non sopporta
Esser vinta, orgogliosa il legno fiede?
E batte tanto, finchè su la porta,
E saltar dentro e insignorir si vede?
Ed io non dico de la turba smorta
Ch'esce del mondo ad or ad or si crede;
Ma perchè spesso avvien che in lor m'affisi,
Vedo de' marinai pallidi i visi.
Quando l'alma da' membri si rimove,
Pena maggior non credo che si senta;
Anzi avverrà che men talor si prove;
Che come è men pensata, men tormenta;
E se non che nel mar vie più che altrove
Il passato periglio non sgomenta;
Chi si vede una volta a tal partito,
Il piè non più non trarria fuor del lito.
Ma come donna che si dole e pave
A l'affanno del parto ed al periglio,
E parle acerbo ciò che fu soave,
E se n'obblia ratto che in terra ha il figlio;
Così chi passa in mar fortuna grave,
Fa di più non v'entrar voto e consiglio,
Fin che si vede a lui tratto di bocca,
Nè più vi pensa come il lido tocca.
S'io ne scampassi un giorno, il mar tirreno,
E l'adrian, l'ionio, e l'egeo
Non m'avrian più, che vaghi del terreno
Sono i miei piè vie più che quei d'Anteo;
E raro avverria chi si spesso in seno
Si corca de le figlie di Nereo;
Ove perchè talor più mi confonda,
Quel non mi serve di che più s'abbonda.
Vivo su l'acqua, e temo ognor del foco;
E son di ber qual Tantalo bramoso;
Costeggio il mondo, e mai non cangio loco;
Sto sempre in ozio, e non ho mai riposo;
E mille altri accidenti miei, se 'l giuoco,
Benchè il più de le volte sia dannoso,
Qui non si ritrovasse e la speranza,
De l'inferno farian vera sembianza.
S'altri che voi le mie rime leggesse,
O Martirano, cui non pur Febo tenne,
Quando vi fur le man di calli impresse
Fra le spade non men che da le penne;
E vi vedesse sovra il capo spesse
Volte le vele pendere e l'antenne;
Io direi mille mali in mille carte,
Ch'io provo in mar su i legni, e sotto l'armi.
Con tutto ciò non ave il mar sì intenso
E grave mal, ch'agguagli il ben ch'io gusto
Quando a colui che in mar mi trasse io penso;
E 'l trovo in poca età d'onor sì onusto,
Ch'ardisco dir ch'al suo valore immenso
L'ocean tutto ha da parer angusto,
Non solo il mar di Spagna, e 'l mar d'Ausonia,
Come al grande Alessandro Macedonia.
Il conversar suo dolce, a cui applaude
Ogni alma generosa, e dassi affatto,
L'alta sua cortesia vuota di fraude,
Il veder lui in ogni minimo atto
Sempre effetti produr degni di laude,
E tante e tante sue virtù m'han fatto
E fanno ognora sì di seguirlo vago,
Che d'ogni mal col veder lui m'appago.
S'io lo guardo nel mar quand'ha tempesta,
D'Eolo mi sembra figlio e di Nettuno;
Se in terra spada ha in mano o lancia in resta,
Parmi di Marte o di Bellona alcuno;
S'ei gode in ozio, or quella forma or questa

Di virtù prende, ed è com lor Vertunno,
Ogni abito adattando, ogni sermone
Al loco al tempo a l'opre a le persone.
  Mentre a mutar costumi giovane sale,
L'ingegno il guida e non l'esperimento;
Onde prima al suo nome crebber l'ale,
Che i fiori a lui nascessero sul mento:
E di valor sì perigliose scale
A scender giovinetto ebbe ardimento,
Che ad età de la sua troppo maggiore
Il destarlo sol farebbe onore.
  Non meno a gloria si terrà il gran Pietro
Aver di sì bel frutto adorno il mondo,
Che aversi spesso il fior de gli anni dietro
Al suo gran re, senza mai gir secondo
Ad altri; e del livor maligno e tetro
De le corti malgrado, puro e mondo,
Aversi sempre conservato il nome,
Che si macchia talor, nè si sa come.
  E avergli il suo signor fidato in mano
La cara sua bellissima sirena,
E dal sen de la balia del Trojano
A quel di Scilla, ciò che la tirrena
Acqua, e l'adriana cinge; e aver lontano
Spinto d'Italia ove preme l'arena
Il possente ottoman con tanto stuolo,
Con la virtù del suo gran nome solo.
  E se la terra a le sue man commessa
Aver tratto dal ciel la bella Astrea,
Destando la ragion, dal torto oppressa
Tant'anni, da la tomba in che giacea;
E nel sen di Partenope aver messa
Forza e beltà maggior che non avea;
Perchè sul mar si vede e su la terra
Più bella in pace, e più sicura in guerra.
  Dove ne vo? lasso lodarlo intendo
Tra ferri e tra rumor d'onde inquiete?
Altro ozio ed altra attenzione attende
Per tor, s'io posso, il suo gran nome a
lete:
Ma potea nel lodar, di lui scrivendo
Io che non vivo, a voi che non vivete,
Se più grata armonia che le sue lode
Non si tempra da me nè da voi s'ode?
  Ma dunque nè da me nè d'altri puossi,
Che cosa d'onor degna non si suole;
Poco adunque, tornando ond'io mi mossi,
Ch'io segua il mio signor, naviglio o suole,
Godendo, e vi servo se non vi fossi:
E tanto più che se nel mar si puole
Comodo alcuno aver, destarsi o giaccia,
Tutto, la sua mercè, mi si procaccia.
  Io mi godo fra gli altri un camerino,
Ove col mio Tiberio di Gennaro
N'assediamo talor fin dal mattino,
O parliamo d'amor, cibo a noi caro;
O di Medici suo che fu divino
Narra qualch'atto a' tempi nostri raro;
E m'innamora sì di lui talvolta,
Che invidio il ciel che sì bell'alma ha tolta.
  Qui da gli urti de gli uomini remoto,
Chiudo la notte e 'l dì talor le ciglia,
E corronne volte quasi noto
Che 'l sonno si deponga ove si piglia:
Che quando lasso gli occhi e mi riscuoto,
Mi trovo aver trascorso molte miglia,
Com'uom che per incanto se ne vada;
E questo è quel che più nel mar m'aggrada.
  Se non fusse il desio del caro lume
Che spesso turba il sonno a gli occhi miei,
E fa che destando io mi consume,
Forse più tiepido io me n'andrei
Su i legni i mar, che in terra su le piume
Non mi giacqui talor, nè invidia avrei
Tra i perigli de l'onde e tra i disagi,
A le delizie a gli ozj de i palagi.
  Quando di qui dì e notte mi rappella,
E vie più ch'Euro e Noto sul altro lato
Nel sen de' mari promove nuova procella;
Non sì forte però, che del mio stato
Mi penta, nè mi doglia unque di quella
Ardita voglia che m'ha qui menato:
Se non da lui lunge di qui mi chiama
L'altro desio che rivveder voi brama.
  Ma chi sarà colui che gli occhi suoi
A cosa bella oggetto avendo avvezzi,
Come son quei de la mia donna, poi
Se stia lontano, e 'l cor non gli spezzi?
E chi sarà che d'amor goda a voi
Non vi brami da lunge, e non v'apprezzi?
Nessun ch'io creda: così io d'ambedue senza,
D'amor languisco e di benevolenza.
  Pur mi consolo che s'io guardo al duro
Cor suo mai d'entrar degno non fui,
Voltare pur da lunge, io vo sicuro
Che quel che non fu mio non fia d'altrui;
S'io guardo al vostro, nè di tempo oscuro
Nè di fortuna: volgono ambidui
Pur quanto ponno le volubil rote,
Che nè questa nè quel punto si scuote.
  Con voi, quantunque tanto mar ne parta,
Quando lo spero men, più presso io sono
De l'ambasciator mercede de la carta
Per cui v'ascolto spesso e vi ragiono;
Con lei, qualor avvien ch'io ne diparta,
Perch'ella non mi degna a tanto dono,
Rimedio alcun non fia che possa aitarme,
Se non piangere pensoso e lamentarme.
  Le lagrime e 'l pensier son quegli amici
Che non mi lascian mai dovunque io vado;
E quando piovon più gli occhi infelici,
Allor ne le mie pene più m'aggrado;
Del cordoglio ch'io porto sfogatrici
Quelle sono talor; questi mal grado
Del mar che da me stesso mi disgiunge,
Mi leva a volo, e a me mi ricongiunge.
  Caro pensier, che ciò che altrui contende
Scarsa fortuna liberal dispensi;

E se del vero in te talor risplende,
Che appaghi non pur l'anima ma i sensi;
Se la mia penna che lodarti intende
Potesse il pregio dar che a te conviensi;
Sì alto le tue lodi a porre andrebbe,
Che a pena il volo tuo gir vi potrebbe.
Questo pensier, o scenda il sole o monte,
Mai da l'anima mia non si scompagna;
Ma quando avvien che su l'arena io smonte,
Allor più che mai dolce m'accompagna;
Ch'or su la falda d'un sassoso monte,
Che lenti e tardi questo mar ne bagna,
Or a la cima di qualche isoletta,
Dal mar saltando, io me ne corro in fretta.
E d'una pietra seggio, e d'un virgulto
Fattomi tetto, con la lingua muta
Sfogando da gli altri il par che penso occulto;
Qui par che altrove il buon pensier m'aiuta
Sentir il dolce che in ogni luogo sculto
Mi mostra, e per difendermi si muta
In mille forme, e mille cose finge,
Or legge or scrive or parla or sculpe or pinge.
Legge ne note or ch'altrui man non segna,
E scrive quelle ch'occhio altrui non scorge;
Fa voci ch'altrui orecchia udir non degna,
E ritrae la beltà ch'al ciel mi scorge;
Ma qui la man conviene che si ritegna,
Che oggetto degno al mondo non le porge
Ove il volto divin pinga ed intagli,
Nè chi lavora ne trova che l'agguagli.
E 'n questo ancor Fortuna m'è nemica
Come ne gli altri ben ch'ella mi turba;
Che quando più m'è del piacere amica
L'opra, e più godo sola, ecco la turba
De' marinari e d'altri che l'aprica
Terra cercando il mio piacer perturba;
E bisogna ridendo al nuovo assalto,
O gir con loro, o rimontare in alto.
Talor la lingua che 'l dolor mi snoda
Tornando a le fontane ove io m'assido;
E lamento di sdegno ove men s'oda
La voce, e men possa seguirmi il volgo,
Sovra l'estreme sponde ch'eran di proda
M'assido, e con la cetra che in man tolgo,
Dando le spalle a l'onde ov'esce il sole,
Sfogo il desio che m'arde in tai parole:
O bella e più che 'l dì lucida imago,
Del cui bel volto ornandosi risplende,
Qui scolora terra quando il sol colora,
E natal de la notte l'oriente;
Dal ciel che lieto al tuo apparir s'indora,
A le tenebre mie, prego, pon mente;
Coi divini occhi e con l'orecchie pie
Accogli il suon de le querele mie.
Nè perchè tanta terra e tanto mare
Si ponga fra noi due, ti potran torre
Ch'udir possi da lunge e riguardare
Chi desiando te la vita abborre;
Che impedimento uman non può frenare
Virtù celeste che per tutto corre;
Ma l'udir e 'l veder, lasso, che giova,
Se non ha il mondo cosa che ti mova?
Tu da la terra allontanata, e schiva
Di quanto av'ella e 'l mar che a lei fa giro,
Non guardi s'io mi mora o s'io mi viva,
Nè del mio ben ti cal nè del martiro;
Ed io di seno in sen, di riva in riva,
Per l'onde or di Dalmazia or de l'Epiro
Ne vado errando, e o ben m'incontri o male,
Sol di te penso, e d'altro non mi cale.
Tu che in terra hai tutto il ben raccolto
Che in terra vede Amor quando egli vaga,
Lieta ti godi ognor nel proprio volto,
Del ciel, non d'altro, e di te stessa vaga;
Ed io che tutto amando in te son volto,
Te sola bramo, ed altro non m'appaga;
Te sola bramo, e quanto men da presso
Ti son, più ne vo lunge da me stesso.
Potrà natura, se mai cangia il zelo
Onde le cose cria nutre ed informa,
Far che sia freddo il foco, e caldo il gelo,
E l'acqua sì ch'ella si stampi d'orma,
E la terra stellata, erboso il cielo,
Ed abbia il mondo tutto nuova forma;
Ma a far ch'uom viva da se stesso lunge,
Nè il suo poter nè il mio pensier s'aggiunge.
Già l'auriga del dì che assai men bella
Scorta segue di te, quando il dì mena,
Ha cinque volte de la sua sorella
Scema la faccia, ed altrettante piena,
Dopo che 'l ciel, perchè ne sol nè stella
Restasse a lui nè parte che serena
Fosse, dal tuo bel volto mi divise,
Nè per sì lungo tempo il duol m'uccise.
La giovinetta Cerere vestita
Era a verde, e la terra a color mille,
Allor ch'io feci l'empia dipartita,
E trassi a riva l'ore mie tranquille;
Or Cerere già vecchia e impallidita
Per le selve va nuda e per le ville;
La terra, scosso il manto onde fioria,
Veste il color de la speranza mia.
Ed io da te ne' cui begli occhi m'era
D'ogni tempo il terren fiorito e verde,
Vo pur lontan, nè so se a primavera
L'arbor de la speranza mia rinverde:
Che s'una volta il dì l'anima spera
Vederti, mille la speranza perde;
Ma in tutto ella già mai non le si toglie,
Acciò ch'io viva lungamente in doglie.
Luce de gli occhi miei mentre ch'io vidi,
Vita de' spirti miei mentre ch'io vissi,
Oimè per quanto spazio mi dividi
Da gli occhi tuoi che sì ne l'alma ho fissi!
Quanti seni di mare e quanti lidi
Mi fan morendo del tuo lume eclissi!

E qual nuovo desio da te mi parte,
Perchè segua Nettuno e segua Marte!
Se a ricchezza aspirava, e qual tesoro
Maggior vedea girando il mondo intorno,
Che del bel viso tuo le gemme e l'oro
Che possedean quest'occhi il più del giorno?
E se d'onor che dopo il rogo adoro
Bramoso er'io, senza cangiar soggiorno
Avea ben il cammin da gir lodato,
Oprando come suole a te ben grato.
E se veder bramava tutti egregi
Per celebrar cantando l'altrui glorie;
Senza seguir de' principi e de' regi
Le dubbiose battaglie e le vittorie
Avea tante tue lodi e tanti pregi,
Di che potea ordir mille altre istorie,
Che memorie eterne si sarebbon fatte
A chi per torre il ciel qua giù combatte.
E se mi fa solcar l'onde marine
Vaghezza di veder cose diverse;
Senza cercar contrade peregrine,
Tentando notte e di fortune avverse,
Potea ne le bellezze tue divine
Veder ciò che di novo puon vederse,
Che meraviglia porgan a gli occhi nostri:
E qui spender dovea gli anni e gl' inchiostri.
Sì contento io vivea di mia fortuna,
Mentre arsi de' bei lumi a i dolci rai;
Che di quanto si sta sotto la luna
Mai nulla da me lunge invidiai;
E se desir non che speranza alcuna
Che gioia oltra il veder non ebbi mai;
Il puro sguardo de' begli occhi santi
Valea tutto il gioir de gli altri amanti.
Or sovra il cerchio de la luna quasi
Temo non trovar cosa che m'acqueti;
Sì tempestosi e mesti son rimasi
I giorni miei ch'eran tranquilli e lieti;
Nè di tanti perigli che ne' vasi
Scelse Fortuna de l'instabil Teti,
E ne' regni di Marte io temo punto,
Da te, mio ben, vedendomi disgiunto.
La tema di morir prima che i cerchi
Occhi riveggan la perduta luce,
Vince ogni altra tema che m'arrechi
Il ferro e 'l fuoco e l'onda che m'adduce;
Ma s'egli è mio destin che qui si secchi
Il filo, Amor, che 'l viver mio produce;
Fa che deposta la terrena salma,
Quel che non veggon gli occhi, vegga l'alma.
Chi sarà mai che più contento spire,
Se al dubbio passo va con questa speme?
Ella già sta su l'ale per fuggire
Dal carcer grave ove rinchiusa geme:
O de' primi anni miei primo desire,
Che l'ultimo sarai de l'ore estreme,
O bellezza del cielo in terra sola,
Prendi l'anima mia che a te sen vola.
Se può sperar mercè d'animo santo
Un voler puro, un desire onesto;
Mercè spero io da te dopo che 'l manto
Avrò spogliato, che malgrado io vesto:
Così cantando sfoga il duolo; e intanto
Ecco la tromba, ecco il fischietto; questo
Col piccol suono, quella col grande strido
Segno ne fan d'abbandonare il lido.
Al gran Toledo che sostien di Carlo
Il gran pondo com' Ercole d'Atlante,
Fanciulli, quando a voi parrà di farlo,
In vece mia baciar la man che a tante
Genti dà legge, e dir che d'adorarlo
Qual fui son fermo; e mentre che 'l levante
E l'onda e 'l vento a lui mi niegano, io
Adoro il volto suo nel signor mio.

Il Podere.

Capitolo I.

Io non so se da scherzo o da dovero
Voi diceste l'altr' ier su quella torre,
Che per lode vi va nuovo pensiero:
E che 'l giardin che deveste torre
Qui in riva al mar, più non v'aggrada, accorto
De l'error e del danno ove s'incorre:
Ma in cambio di giardin vo' che v'esorto
Voi vorreste mercantar villa o podere,
Che a più vi fosse insieme util e diporto.
Voi pensate da saggio, al mio parere:
Ch'egli è follia che apporta penitenza,
Il comprar ne' terren solo il piacere.
Io so che a voi non manca provvidenza
In questo e in altro da far scelta buona,
E per ingegno e per esperienza:
Che siete uom raro, e da grande persona,
Non pur che 'l cerchio cinga il capo suo;
Ma che porti il cimiero o la corona.
Ma perchè si suol dir: nel caso tuo
Proprio prendi avvocato; e anche dire:
Che veggono più quattr' occhi, che non due;
E parmi d'ora in ora veder' ire
Col venditore e col notaio al banco;
Io vi vo' col consiglio prevenire.
Nè vi debbo in quest' atto venir manco,
Sebben l'usanza il consigliar mi vieta
Con chi nol chiede, oltra c'ha il pelo bianco.
Se comparir da amico e con moneta
Non posso, il che voi forse avreste a scorno,
Verrò con penna in mano, e da poeta.
E vi voglio insegnar tutto in un giorno
Quel poco che in molti anni m'ha insegnato
Il leggere e l'udire e 'l gire attorno.
Perchè in ogni atto che non sia sforzato,
L'elezion ben fatta è quel che importa:

Lasciamo andar quando da se vien dato.
Se va l' cieco senza la scorta
Del buon conoscimento, ella andrà male;
E va gir al bujo là ve 'l piè ne porta.
Ch' esser puote il poder in parte, e tale,
Ch' io nel tenerlo se mi si desse in dono,
Non por a mezzo men di quel che vale.
Ond' io vi mostrerò quando e quai sono
(Pria che 'l danajo fuor di borsa s' esca)
Le parti che richiede un poder buono.
E perchè 'l prezzo oltre al dover non cresca,
Io vi darò due documenti radi,
Che mai di compra fatta non v' incresca.
E vi dirò de gli uomini, e de' gradi,
Col cui mezzo, e da cui l' aver sia lieve
Cosa che men vi costi, e più v' aggradi.
De la memoria mai non vi si leve,
Che un poder nè altro che si vede,
Comprar cupidamente unqua si deve.
Mostratevi quest' altre due parole,
Quando al vedere e al patteggiar voi siete,
Che ciò che mal si compra, sempre duole.
Se 'l piè da l' orme mie non torcerete,
Fia 'l cammin buono; e non vi farà mai
Acqua torbida ber soverchia sete.
Voi mi potreste dir: se tu non hai
Ne poder ch' io mi sappia ne giardino,
Come trattarne, ed insegnar saprai?
Stimate ch' io sia un pover Fiorentino,
Che regga scuola d' abaco; e del mio
Non abbia da contar soldo o quattrino.
Quel che pria s' ha da fare, è il pregar Dio
S' indrizzi al meglio; come in tutti affari
Far dee principio ogni uom prudente e pio.
Indi parlate a' pubblici sensari,
A' più vecchi e più sodi contadini,
A' dottori, a' mercanti ed a' notari.
C' han gli umori e i cittadini e i vicini;
Sapran s' uom vender voglia, e quanto chieda;
E quai sian le contrade, e quali i fini.
Quando saprete ove il poder si sieda,
Ite a vederlo non una o due
Volte, ma dieci; e con voi altri il veda.
Sappiate di cui sia, e di cui fue;
Guardatel tutto intorno, entro e di fuora,
E ne le più riposte parti sue.
Giova il vederlo più, e più talora;
Che s' è buono il terren, s' è vago il sito,
Quanto il vedete più, più v' innamora.
Com' uom ch' egli abbia a procacciar marito
A figlia bella e sola, e d' alta dote;
Con la lingua e col piè siate scaltrito.
Sia presso a la città quando si puote
Il poder che cercate; e larghi e piani
Sieno i sentier, che andar vi possan rote.
Comprar poderi, e che ne sien lontani,
È un far dono a tre stati di persone,
A servitori a schiavi ed a villani.
Però quel Moro saggio il buon Magone
Dicea: chi 'l poder compra, immantinente
Venda ne la città la sua magione;
Per mostrar che 'l signor non pur sovente,
Il che non potrà far, s' è lunga strada,
Ma a qualunque ora esser vi dee presente.
S' è presso al mar sì ch' uom per mar vi vada,
E del carro si vaglia, e de le barche,
Quel più gli è in destro, tanto più m' aggrada.
Ma sia che bisogni ir, perch' uom si sbarche,
Due tratti d' arco; e sia ch' entrin le porte
E treggie e carra, non che bestie carche.
Quanta utilità pensate voi che apporte
Poder ch' abbia sì comodi i viaggi,
Oltre al piacere, a cui gliel dà la sorte?
S' è lontan da città, sia tra villaggi;
Che chi vuol voi, per boschi non vi cerchi;
Ne il guardian tema di ladri oltraggi;
E possa ancor più agevolmente aver chi
Poti e vendemmi e zappi ed ari e falce;
Ne lungi e caro altrui fatiche merchi;
E se la zappa o 'l vomero o la falce
Si rintuzzan, sia presso che gli acconcie.
E s' abbian ferro e legno e pietre e calce
Da far nuove opre, e da servir le sconcie;
E se si paga il far de' tetti e palchi
Altrove a danajo, qui non manchi ad oncie.
E fisici e chirurgi e maniscalchi
Uom possa aver, quando il bisogno accade;
Ne lunga via per lor vada o cavalchi;
Che 'l villan vostro rade volte e rade
Per cosa che gli sia d' uopo, o roba, od opra,
Lasci la villa, ed osi a la cittade.
Pigra palude che di nebbia il copra
Non abbia intorno, o verde umor che stagna,
E nociva aura spiri gli afflati sopra
Siede a le falde o al piè de la montagna,
Che si possa goder vista più bella,
E l' acqua corre che le pendici bagna.
Ma non che tema a tempo di procella
Torrente che ogni cosa affatto strugga,
Porti le biade via, gli arbori svella.
Ne penda sì, che l' acqua se ne fugga
Che d' aria vien; ne ve ne mora goccia;
Ma che la terra il più n' assorba e sugga.
Nè gli stia su qualche scoscesa roccia,
Che per tempesta che la smova o crolli,
Col rotar giù de' sassi talor noccia.
E s' egli è in pian, sien campi asciutti e molli;

(Che s'aver nol potete e buono e bello,
Nè sempre aver si posson monti e colli.)
Attendete ch'egli abbia o questo o quello;
O il terren tutto ad una banda inchini;
O sia per tutto egual, non a livello;
Che ed erto e pian ne' fossi e ne' pendini,
Non si faccia quel lamo e quella lezza
Che uligine vuol dirsi dai Latini.
Se umor non ha, nè 'l puote aver, che corra;
Abbial che giaccia; ma sien vene eterne;
Non sì profonde, che 'l villan le abborra.
Non m' appagan perciò nè cisterne,
Or calde or secche; ma vo' fonte o pozzo,
Freddo di state, e caldo quando verne.
Oh se la Parca non avesse mozzo
Il filo de la vita del gran Pietro,
Ch' ebbe sì in odio il viver rude e sozzo;
Chiare onde, e fredde più che ghiaccio e vetro
Avrian forse e Pausilipo, e sant' Ermo,
Non pur la spiaggia e 'l sale e i campi addietro.
Ameno e colto ogni sopra colle ed ermo
Fora qui intorno; ed acque avrian gli agrumi
Per far dal caldo e dal gelar schermo.
E chi non sa, che le fontane e i fiumi
Son l'alme de le terre, e i fregi veri,
Come del ciel le stelle, e i maggior lumi?
E se avesse sortito il buon Lettieri
Un secolo del nostro men cattivo,
Quando in opra poneansi i bei pensieri;
Avria la vostra casa oggi il suo rivo;
Ed ei, come a que' tempi era il costume,
Fora in petto e 'n metalli sempre vivo.
Perch' egli ebbe d' ingegno tanto lume,
Che scoperse le vie maravigliose
Che da Serino a Napoli fea 'l fiume;
Le vie mille anni e mille e più nascose
Sotterra, in mezzo al sasso, dentro i monti;
Che pur sono a pensar mirabil cose.
Che fora il veder Napoli con fonti
Così nel sommo suo, come nel basso?
Altro ancora, che aver marchesi e conti.
Non perchè sia 'l terren fertile e grasso,
L'aria abbia infetta, che i cultor funeste;
Nè sia magro sabbione o steril sasso,
Perchè l'aria abbia pura: che son queste
Due vie sorelle; e ne dee far paura
Così la sterilità, come la peste.
Non è sì scarsa o povera natura,
Che ambedue grazie un luoco aver non possa;
E far, ch'ove egli ha 'l petto, volga il tergo.
Che aere che non vi sia vapor terrestre
Che l'aria ammorbi; son talora i venti,
Che fan le cose or prospere or sinestre.
Non sempre appare ai visi de le genti,
Se 'l cielo è buono o reo; che spesso suole,
Vivon sane ne' luoghi pestilenti.
Nè titol di salubre sempre gli date,
Se non è buono per le stagioni tutte,
E via più che di verno, anche di state.
Pensate a quel terren, benchè assai frutte,
Col qual bisogna che si metta a gioco
La vita del padrone, e sua tutte:
Dove de l'acqua; dove ancor del foco
Abbia il padre commodità de legna;
Che ambedue fan bisogno in ogni loco.
Abbiala sì, ch' arda e la villa, e vegna
A la città col carro il rustic' uomo;
E 'l carbon sempre avervi si sostegna.
Voi d'altrui siete, e vostro maggiordomo:
Sapete se le legna oggi son care
Più che 'l granaro d'Italia, e 'l cinnamomo;
E se qui senza bragia si puo' stare,
Quando vi soffia il vento di rovaio;
Oltre ai bisogni in che si suole oprare.
Venga la prima sera di gennaio
Coi ceppi e lauri verdi le schiere selvagge
A chiedervi cantando alcun danaio,
E voi dien la prima alba di maggio
A suono d'alta sampogna, e posti in collo,
Per piantarla in su l'uscio, infin un faggio.
E con le legna or s'arrechi nevi or pollo;
Or questi doni or quei, conforme al tempo;
O mena alto il suo carro, o basso Apollo.
Vengon e fichi ed uve al caldo tempo;
Nespole e sorbe al freddo, e pere e poma,
Tratte da luoghi ove più lungo tempo.
E stridenti in sul carro or or la soma,
Leprotte, caprioli, porchette ed agne,
Quando il verno ha più bianca e bella chioma,
Benchè non entri al libro de' guadagni,
E' dolce ad uom qual sia largo e gentile,
Dare, e dire a' signori ed a' compagni:
Questo è del mio podere, o del mio ovile;
O ch'egli stesso a mensa ne prenda;
E 'l suo gli aggradi, e tenga ogni altro a vile.
La state benedichi, il verno lodi,
Che visco o rete ne' vostri arbor prenda,
Da far di loro i più svogliati ingordi.
Importa assai, benchè nessun l'intenda,
Per comprar con men costo, e men periglio,
Saper chi sia 'l padrone, e perchè venda.
E vi vo' dare un saggio alto consiglio,
Che mai scrittore antico altrui non diede;
Cercate di comprar sempre da figlio,

Figlio che sia di morto padre erede,
Se aver bramate un venditor cortese,
Che si toglia assai men di quel che chiede,
Schivate di comprar d' uom che s' intese,
E 'n fatto abbia suo e diligenza posta;
Che allor val troppo ogni aspro e vil paese.
Però Nicola bella assai men costa,
Al vostro e mio signore, a cui fortuna
Dovria far d' oro i sassi de la costa,
O donne tutte a lui raccolte in una
Quando tocca in queste parti e 'n quelle
Per le molte anche altrui sparge e raduna.
So che le donne valorose e belle,
E le persone dotte e virtuose
Non si devrian se sperar de le stelle.
E Nicola, ch' or è de le vezzose
Che cinga il mar da Rodi a Negroponte,
Saria de le più ricche e più famose.
La qual se in quei primi anni ebbe verde e fronde
Dolci, come or, non paja strano a voi,
Che ardesse del suo amore il vicin mondo.
Ma se a comprar v' avvien da colui
Che prima le spoglie d' inculte vesti,
Per tor cultura non saria d' altrui.
Scegliete dai quei vaghezze sempre agresti,
Che ancor di figlio e d' arbore sembiante,
Qualora non di sua mano il pianti, o innesti.
Se vi vien qualche giovane davante
Cui senno appena i primi peli chiusi,
Che brama di cavalier, brama l' ammante;
Non è bisogno allor che da voi s' usi
Cautela preveduta; ma potrete
Comprar, come si dice, ad occhi chiusi:
E tanto più, se si fan giostre e feste;
E 'l giovanetto a leggi e pompe avvezzo,
Vuol cavalli e staffieri ed armi e veste.
Comprate allor, se si vendesse un pezzo
Di quei monti d' Apruzzo, o di Scalia;
Che v' è sopra il terreno, e duro il prezzo.
Benchè la compera sia buona, e mala,
Se quando al mio parer, s' uom se n' appaga
Il meglio, e 'l più che 'l vende vale e costa.
Perchè si parla cosa buona e vaga,
Ancor che non habbia con i patti,
Non quel si compra, che di più si paga.
Trovo un errore, e d' uomini minuti,
Che non s' accorgeriano del vender loro,
Se fosser come eretici puniti.
Che si debbian comprar vogliono costoro,
Possession deserte, e d' uom mendico
E povero, ove s' avanzi col lavoro.
E di qui nacque quel proverbio antico
Ch' è tra noi: maggion fatta, e terra sfatta
Ed io tutto il contrario oggi vi dico.
Il buon Catone, ed altri che ne tratta
Conchiudon, che cercar terra ben colta
Non men si debba, che magion ben fatta;
E che faccenda più dannosa e stolta
Non si può fare, e dove non più s' inganni,
Che possession comprar caduta e incolta.
Non è meglio (lasciamo or gli altri danni)
Goder dal primo giorno il ben già fatto,
Che quel che s' ha da fare, attender gli anni?
Da terra ben condotta se s' ha tutto
L' usura in mano, e l' utilità vien certa;
L' altra è dubbia e dannosa al primo tratto.
Chi vuol pigliar possession deserta,
Voglia ch' ei non abbia ancor la gota
De la prima lanugine coperta;
Ma chi con quattro croci il dì si nota
Del suo natale, o se ne sta digiuno,
Or la vecchia ben lieta, e su la rota
Poi vi vo' dir; sappiate ad uno ad uno
Quai frutti v' ha, da chi gli ha colti, e visti,
Nè vi vaglia il parer troppo importuno.
Perchè se tutti son cattivi e misti,
Bisognan doppie spese; affanni doppi
A porvi i buoni, ed a sbandirne i tristi:
Ch' or nobil ramo a troppo vil s' accoppi;
Or questo arbor si taglie, or quel si sterpe;
E si accresca di nuovo or gli olmi or gli oppi.
Che veder vite che per arbor serpe
Non possa gli occhi vaghi de' buoni padroni,
Se ella non è di generosa stirpe.
Ma che le viti e gli arbori sian buoni,
Se con misura ed arte non fur posti,
Ancor che sian ben colti, e 'n lor stagioni,
Rende poco il poder, benchè assai costi;
Che l' una pianta a l' altra se fa guerra,
Se più che non dovria s' appressa o scosta
L' una a l' altra. Qualor ne l' ordin s' erra,
L' aria e l' acqua e la luna e 'l sol si toglie,
Nè bere a tutte ugual può dar la terra,
Il che nuoce di lor fino a le foglie;
Oltra che non dan mai quanto han promesso,
E quel poco men buon, ch' indi si coglie.
Pria che 'l poder sia nostro non solo esso
Noi dobbiamo e mirare e squadrar bene,
Ma ancor le terre che gli stan da presso.
Perchè se quelle splendon, ne dan spene,
Anzi certezza che sia buono il clima.
Sappiasi ancor l' uom che vicin si tiene.

E quei cinse i vicini acquistar prima,
Che gli alberghi e i poderi abbiam noi tolti,
E di memento assai più ch'uom non stima.
E vi potrei contar popoli molti,
Che per fuggir vicini ladri infidi,
Si son da più contrade insieme accolti;
E da le patrie lor, dai dolci nidi
In volontario esilio se son tratti,
Nuove terre cercando e nuovi lidi.
Nel principio del mondo far concessi
A gli uomini da Dio quei privilegi
E quei doni che chiesero egli stessi.
Come nuovi casali e nuovi regi,
Ogni popolo da loro ivi conviene;
Quali si rimasi intatti, e quali si fregi.
Tra gli altri la testuggine vi venne,
E chiese il poter sempre, o vada o seggia,
Trar seco la sua casa; e 'l dono ottenne.
Dimandata da Dio, perchè gli chieggia
Mosso che a lei più grave soma si faccia;
Non è, diss'ella, ch'io 'l mio mal non veggia;
Ma vo' piuttosto addosso, e su le braccia
Tor sì gran peso tutti gli anni miei,
Che non poter schifar, quando mi piaccia,
Un mal vicin. Che dunque dir potrei
De' tempi nostri se da quei d'Adamo
Già s'ebbe tema de' vicini rei?
Ma avvien che quel poder che noi cerchiamo,
Innanzi che si trovi, non ne stanchi,
Riposiamoci un poco, e poi torniamo;
Che avrem più lena al piè, più lena ai fianchi.

Capitolo III.

Se per cercar talor picciola lepre
L'uom va per neglia al freddo a l'acqua al vento,
E guata e preme ogni macchietta e vepre;
Per trovar il miglior d'un elemento,
Non vi gravi seguirmi per via lunga,
E un dì sudar, per riposar poi cento.
Benchè vi paja opera che poco giunga,
Il dovemo spiar come sian fatti
Quei che fussin e sempre a noi congiunga:
E perchè esaminar de gli altrui fatti
Imparerai sia che cada utile apporti,
S'uom di servigio o matrimoni son tratti;
Nessun potria pensar quel che gl'importi
L'aver, se prima non ne viene a prova,
Buoni vicini o rei, deboli o forti.
Il reo vicin mi nuoce, il buon mi giova;
Col povero ho speranza d'allargarme;
E 'l ricco fa ch'uom passo non si mova.
Se 'l poder compro per talor quetarme,
Se ho mal vicino, a capo, al letto, al fianco
La notte e 'l dì convienmi tener l'arme.
Sia fertil quanto uom vuol; se a destra e a manca
Qualche Autolico stammi o qualche Cacco,
Non vale il mio poder la metà manco?
Ruba a Pomona, a Cerere ed a Bacco;
Non teme di minaccie nè di accusa,
Per ch'empia in terra altrui la corba e il sacco.
Non giova villa d'ogn'intorno chiusa,
Nè diligenza d'uomini e di cani
Contro le insidie che 'l vicin vostro usa.
Gallina che da l'uscio s'allontani,
Più non vi riede; e chiama pure e pianga
La villanella, e battasi le mani.
Aratro o giogo o rastro o marra o vanga,
Qual sia da ferramenti o di legname,
Non fidate che fuori si rimanga.
Or svelle viti or pali, or tronca rami,
Or alberi per fare o per altri usi;
Nè lascia intatti i paglii nè gli strami.
Fura i legumi ancor ne' granai chiusi,
Nè de' frutti primier, nè de' serotini
Sentiva che 'l padron lievi, e per sè gli usi;
Nel suo lavoro non mette più giammai,
Che dianzi non consuma, e piccolo e raro
N'abbia a sua posta, e di ogni tempo assai.
Chi per sua colpa o per sua rea ventura
S'avvede a' rei vicini e si raffronta,
Sempre ha l'occhio a le siepi ed a le mura.
D'un signor cerca e maggior si racconta,
Che lavando non val possessione
Per sotto l'orlo al perizia che più monta.
Commodo che godiamo ancora il padrone,
Ch'ella aver buon vicin; quasi che stima
Non men che l'altre qualità sue buone.
Se ha rea vicin, quasi ancora si sublima
Fama che ha nel letto non m'insulte?
Qual legno a lento è, che non apra e lima?
Abbia il poder le siepi e folte ed alte,
Gli argini e i fossi, e gli steccati e i muri,
Sì che bestia non v'entri, uom non vi salte.
I termini più saldi e più sicuri
De le possessioni son gli arbor stessi;
Che non ho tema ch'uom gli smova o furi.
Però chi vi pon pini, e chi cipressi,
Che sono arbori rari ed immortali;
Nè giudice bisogna ove son essi.
L'uve e le biade son le principali
Ricchezze ne' poder che denno aversi,
Come il ber e 'l mangiare han gli animali.
Benchè abbian intorno a ciò parer diversi;
Chi vuol che sien le prata; e le difese:

Chi le vigne, e chi gli orti d'acqua aspersi.
Io che tratto di questo del paese
Tra Liri e Sarno, e le montagne e l'onde,
Lascio le altrui dispute e le contese,
I quai son ricchi d'arbori e di fronde,
Più che di piante e d'erbe quasi tutti;
Le prime parti al vino, e le seconde
Do al grano. D'ogni spezie poi di frutti
Abbiam che nascer possa, e più e meno,
Come può da quel clima esser produtti.
Non produce ogni cosa ogni terreno:
Convien che sua natura ogni terra abbia:
E pari a l'esser suo se l'empia il seno.
Che s'uom volesse non lontan da Stabbia
Arare, e seminar, e metter grano,
Ch'è tutto un ghiaio, or pietra arsiccia or sabbia,
O in quel d'Aversa e Capua e Gaudiano
Piantar granata, mandorle ed olive,
Ch'è sì feconde, fora un pensier vano,
La vite è quella che più rende e vive
Su questo nostro terren a Bacco sacro,
Non curi o monti o poggi o valli o rive:
Se non se alquanto paludose o marce,
[illegible] ed a l'uve ed a le biade,
Che l'une e l'altre fan deboli e scarse.
Vorreste voi saper de le contrade
C'ha qui d'intorno, qual miglior mi paja,
E intender la ragion perchè m'aggrade?
Ove abbonda Vesevo, e la ver Baja,
Oh i dolci colli, oh le campagne erbose,
E per le biade fertili, e per l'aja!
Le comparazion sono odiose,
E con quei massimamente c'han del grosso,
O che aman troppo le lor proprie cose.
S'io tocco l'altrui grano il più che posso,
Non vo' con far dei luoghi differenza
L'ira accendere de' padroni addosso.
Tal cosa dico, che coscienza
Mi sforza a non tacerla: e con perdono
Di lor cui tocca, e spiace la sentenza.
Perdonimi il Sangro, il Musso, il Marzelano,
E gli altri tutti, e sian gentili o rudi,
Se in quel ch'io dirò offesi da me sono.
Ogni uom tre luoghi di fuggir si studi,
Che son dannosi e disagiati ed egri,
L'Acerra, e Pomigliano, e le Paludi.
Per quella polve, e quegli aer sì negri,
S'io avessi ver Cuma il mio podere,
Io starei a men ivi gli anni integri,
Oltre ai danni ch'egli han de le galere,
I cui spirti dannati a suon di ferro
A sradicar le selve vanno a schiere;
Svellon gli arbusti, non che l'orno e 'l cerro
Sto talor nel balcon, veggio le torme;
Per non vedergli, o mi fo indietro, o 'l serro.
È pur gran fatto; e Napoli si dorme;
Nè si vede uom destar, ch'ei cerchi sforzo
In moderar faccian cosa conforme.
Ho corso quasi tutto il mar di mezzo;
Tutte l'isole ho visto e tutti i lidi
Ch'egli ha dai lati, e che gli stanno in mezzo:
E in parte mai dar ancora non vidi,
Ove la turba vil da ferro degna
Nel gire ai danni altrui tanto osi e fidi:
Smonti in Sicilia, in Corsica, in Sardegna,
In Liguria, in Provenza e 'n Catalogna;
E coglie i frutti altrui, tronca le legna.
Non vo' ch'uom corra al ferro, o venga a pugna:
Ma preghiam chi 'l può far, quei che dan voti,
Che freni arpie c'han sì rapace l'ugna.
Che peggio potrian far Svizzeri e Goti
Ne' campi de' nemici e de' ribegli,
Che qui fanno oggi i nostri galeotti?
Non spero che in ciò Napoli si svegli,
Poichè in cosa maggior l'aggrava il sonno,
* Le man le avess' io avvolte entro i capegli.
Torniamo al campo. I ricchi qualor vonno,
E con la vigilanza e con la borza,
Ogni aspro scoglio fertile far ponno.
Onde tastar bisogna oltra la scorza
Il terren che a veder voi siete addutto,
Che sia buon per natura, e non per forza;
E quando anco sia tal; che per far frutto
Non richieda molt'oro, opra e fatica:
E questa parte grava a par del tutto.
Quella nobil romana gente antica,
Tanto lodata in prosa e 'n verso e 'n rima,
Che fu de l'arte rustica sì amica,
Questo era quel che investigavan prima,
Se terra egli comprar volean talora:
E questo de' più scaltri oggi si stima.
Nè cerco già nè vo' che sia tale ora,
Qual fu la terra ne l'età de l'oro:
O fortunato chi nasceva allora!
Che senza seme altrui, senza lavoro,
Per se stessa abbondante e fertil era,
E dava a quei mortali il viver loro:
O sia, qual de gli Elisi la riviera,
Ove ogni anno il terren frutta tre volte,
E v'ha perpetuo autunno e primavera:
Basti che sia ch'ella si renda e volte
Senza sudor soverchio d'uman viso;
Nè le speme sormontin le ricolte.
Da che gli uomini in cielo, e in paradiso,
L'un furò 'l foco, e l'altro colse il pomo,
Volgendo in pianto il proprio e l'altrui riso;
Fe' Dio compagni eterni al miser uomo
I morbi, i mal, le cure e le fatiche;
E fu 'l furto punito, e l'ardir domo.
Onde abbiam quando vuol le stelle amiche,

Bisogna ch' uom patisca in tutte etadi,
E con sudor si pasca e si nudriche.
Ma vi son poi le differenze e i gradi:
Cui più, cui men ne tocca: e tuttavia
Son color che n' han poco, e pochi e radi.
Vuol Dio che stato sotto il ciel non sia,
Ove uom s' acqueti, e men chi ha miglior sorte;
Nè senz' affanno abbia uom quel che desia.
Un saggio contadin venendo a morte,
Acciò che i figli in coltivar la terra
S' esercitasser dopo lui più forte;
Figli, lor disse, io muoio, ed ho sotterra,
E ne la vigna il più de' beni ascoso:
Nè mi sovvien del cespo ove si serra.
Morto il padre, i fratei senza riposo
A zappare e vangar tutto il dì vanno,
Cercando del tesoro desiosi,
La vigna s' avanzò dal primiero anno;
E i giovanetti inteser con diletto
Del provido vecchion l' utile inganno.
Avea un buon romano un poderetto,
Dal qual traea più frutto, che dai grandi
Non traean quei da canto, o di rimpetto.
Nè bastò a l' altrui invidia che dimandi;
Ond' è che tanto renda il poder tuo,
Ch' è tal che un mondo il copre, che vi spandi?
Ma accusandol più d' uno e più di duo,
Dicean che con incanti e con malie
Le biade altrui tirava al terren suo.
Venne a giudicio il destinato die
Che si dovea por fine a le tenzoni,
E scoprir l' altrui vero e le bugie.
Il buon uom per difender sue ragioni,
Al tribunal de' giudici prudenti
Non menò nè dottori nè patroni:
Recò tutti i suoi rustici strumenti,
E tutti i ferri onde il terren s' impiaga,
Ben fatti, e per lungo uso rilucenti;
Seco grassi buoi, sua gente d' oprar vaga;
Questi, dice, già posti in lor presenza,
Son gl' incantesmi miei, l' arte mia maga;
Le vigilie, il sudor, la diligenza
Trar qui non posso come fo di questi,
Benchè de l' una io mai non vada senza.
Subito senza dar luogo a protesti
Ed a calunnie, o porvi indugio sopra,
Dichiararon lui buono e quei scelesti.
E la sentenza fu, che più pon l' opra
Nel terren, che 'l dispendio ch' ivi fassi;
E tanto val poder, quanto uom v' adopra.
L' oprar dunque in sul campo uom mai non lassi,
Che 'l frutto è il ver tesor sotterra posto:
Non però tanto che 'l dover trapassi
Terren fecondo per molt' opra e costo,
Sendo uom che ben guadagni, e spenda largo,
Che a fin più ha speso, che non ha riposto.
Qui bisognan, direte, gli occhi d' Argo,
Perchè del tutto a tempo io mi ravvegga:
Non già quando aro, o pianto o il seme spargo.
Or io v' insegnerò come si vegga
La buona terra, e come si conosca:
E qual per grano, e qual per vin s' elegga.
La miglior terra, che sia negra o fosca
Vogliono o bigia: e in questo avvien che s' erre:
Che ancor nelle lagune ella s' infosca.
Conoscer solo ne' color le terre,
È proprio un giudicar gli uomini al volto:
Non sempre al volto appar quel che 'l cor serre:
Quel che importa, è saper s' è raro o folto
Il terren, grasso o magro, dolce o amaro,
Grave o leggier, pria che da noi sia tolto.
Per farvi dunque a certi indizj chiaro
Qual ei si sia, e quando è da sperarne
Che ubbidisca al villan, quantunque avaro;
Duo qual prova voi potrete farne;
E s' egli è pingue o secco, raro o spesso,
Salso o soave, a la certezza trarne.
Cavisi un pozzo; del terreno stesso,
Onde pria si votò, poi si riempia
Cui pur da sè ben adeguato e presso.
Se 'l terren manca, e che qual fu non s' empia,
D' esile e scarso darà segno aperto
A l' occhio ben accorto che 'l contempla.
Ma se 'l fosso ripieno e ricoperto,
Fuora s' avanza che non possa accorlo;
Che denso e fertil sia credete certo.
E se 'l pozzo s' adegua a par de l' orlo,
Nè lascia crescer il terren nè dentro scemo,
In grado di mezzan potrete porlo.
Bagnata gleba uom con man tratti e preme:
Se invesca, e tra le dita ella s' attacca,
Di terra magra non abbiate tema.
O se avventata a terra, non si fiacca,
Ma tutta insieme affissa ivi si resta,
Da vomer grave non sarà mai stracca.
Per prova del sapor, vil sacco e cesta
S' empia di terra, e là dove più avversa
Ella vi pare, ed al fruttar men presta;
E d' acqua dolce ben da sè cosparsa,
Premasi il cesto o il sacco, onde trapela
L' umor che fuora a larghe goccie versa:
Indi purgato da stamigna o tela,
In un vaso, qual vin, fatene il saggio;
E il sapor de la terra ei vi rivela.
S' egli ha del dolce, può compararla uom saggio;
S' è amaro o salso, al suo signor potrete
Dir: frate, addio; che sete più non aggio
Che salata m' ha questo licor la sete

Del padre vostro che m' avea sì acceso,
Qual fontana d' Ardenna, o rio di Lete.
S' ella è grave o leggera, al proprio peso
Conoscer puote uom che non sia cultore,
Che n' abbia alquanto in su la palma preso.
Lieta terra si scopre anche a l' odore,
Qualor si rompa, e il vento gli presti ale;
Ma che l' odor sia suo, non d' erba o fiore.
Simile a quel ch' ella ha quando il sol cala
Là ve l' arco del ciel pon le sue corna;
O che dopo gran secca molle esala.
Quando cessa la pioggia, il sereno torna,
Così suole odorar nel nuovo solco
Terra molti anni d' alti boschi adorna;
Poichè gli svelse ed arse il buon bifolco,
E in lei fere col vomero le piaghe
Che le fecero in sul terren di Colco;
E dove augelli e serpi e fiere vaghe
Avean lor case, or molto campo s' ara,
Perchè il padron d' altro che d' ombre appaghe.
Daran le terre ed uve e biade a gara,
Se ben partite elle saran tra i dui;
La spessa a Cerere, a Lieo la rara.
Ma tante prove far sul campo altrui
Come si può, che non sen rida o sdegni
O il suo signore, o chi vi sta per lui?
Vorreste dunque ch' io vi dessi segni,
Che a tutti l' occhio sol fosse bastante,
Senza tanti strumenti e tanti ingegni.
Mirate l' erbe, gli alberi e le piante,
Che per se stesse in quel terren son nate,
O che altrui man le semini o le piante,
Ch' elle vi potran dir la veritate;
E meglio assai che astrologo o profeta,
Prometteravvi abbondanza o sterilitate.
Se l' erbe liete son, la terra è lieta;
Steril la terra, se ha avversa l' erba,
E secondo ciò ch' indi si coglia o mieta.
E se l' arbore è grossa, ampia e superba,
O se ha piccol il tronco, i rami accorti;
Mostra ch' è tal che in se li nutre e serba.
E quando pur van verso il ciel gli arbusti,
Par vien giù l' uva morbida e brunetta,
E più soavi e generosi i mosti.
Il calamo, il trifoglio e la gramigna,
Il ginepro, il bulbo, il rovo, terren grasso
Mostrano, e più da campo, che da vigna.
Ove l' elera negra, il pruno e 'l tasso
Appare, non curate di lodarla;
Ch' è terra fredda, e steril più che sasso.
Terra simile a legno che si tarla,
Non più che non vogliate io vi consiglio;
Ma che 'l piè non si degni di calcarla.
Terren c' ha polve d' or, terren vermiglio,
E ghiara e sabbia e creta e tufo e selce,
Non bisogna a schifargli altrui consiglio.
Il mirto, il rosmarin, l' oglastro e l' elce
Mostran terra amicissima a l' ulivo,
L' ebulo al pome, al buon licor la felce.
Ogni terren, quantunque aspro e cattivo,
È ad uso uman, purchè nel suo si fermi,
E non si sforzi a gli altri ond' egli è schivo.
Che poi, che nudi scogli arsicci ed ermi?
E cappero e bambagio vi si crea;
Questo a le donne, e quel caro a gl' infermi.
Uom ch' abbia vista la Pantalarea,
Com' io talor, gli è forza che concluda,
Che terra non ha il mondo che sia rea.
Pietra cinta di mar negra, arsa e nuda,
Dove non credo che mai piova o fiocchi;
Eppur fa frutto, e quel secco osso suda.
La miglior terra che col piè si tocchi,
Non pur s' apra col ferro adunco e greve,
Qual sia dirò con note esposte a gli occhi.
Quella ch' esala sottil nebbia e lieve,
Onde in sul grembo suo l' aria ne fuma;
E bee l' umore, e 'l caccia qualor deve,
Ne la state vien secca, ne la bruma
Umida troppo; e di sua verde erbetta
Sempre si veste come augel di piuma;
Ne di ruggine salsa il ferro infetta;
Questa le viti liete a gli olmi intesse;
Questa è fertil d' olive, questa alletta
Greggi ed armenti, e loro fresche e spesse
Erbe ministra, e questa ai buoni cultori
Eguale al gran desio reca la messe.
Tal solean terra il più de gli aratori
Sotto questo ciel nostro sì felice,
Ove son l' erbe eterne, eterni i fiori;
Ove Cerere e Bacco e l' inventrice
De l' olive contendon di ricchezze;
E dove è il paradiso, se dir lice;
Delizie di natura, ed allegrezza,
Di cui fu sempre il mondo in dubbio e stato,
Qual sia più, la bontade o la bellezza.
Or entriamo a la villa a prender fiato;
Che lo star fuora, e volger pietre e zolle,
V' ha forse oltra misura affaticato;
E già vi vedo ormai di sudor molle.

Capitolo III.

Basti che abbiam finor corso le terre;
Benchè a cercar gran parte ne rimane;
Tempo è ch' uom dentro si raccoglia e serre.
E' veduto il terreno, veggiam la casa
Là dove si ristora ogni fatica,
E si ripongon frutti, ordigni e vasa.
Del sito poco avanza ch' io vi dica;
Ne dissi su, quando parlai de l' aria
Ond' uom continuamente si nutrica.
Siede la villa in molte parti varia;
Imita l' edificio il corpo umano,

Che qual ne gli usi, tal ne' membri varia.
Sieda alta alquanto, ed abbia innanzi il piano;
E per più maestade e per più pregio,
Gli arbusti e i colti tengansi per mano.
Se avrà dinanzi a l'uscio cammin regio,
O via che intorno intorno la ghirlande,
Fia come a donna bella un giunger fregio.
E benchè voglia autor famoso e grande
Che da pubblica strada ella si scosti,
Io desio che la cinga a tutte bande:
Ancor che tanto o quanto più vi costi
L'aver talor de' forestieri in villa:
Tengan gli avari i beni lor riposti.
E mi pare una vita assai tranquilla,
Ch'uom non possa di passo a lite trarvi,
O di terra o di siepe che partilla.
E se volete a villa ricovrarvi,
Vi bisognan de gli agi e de' diporti:
Che a le donne non sia duro lo starvi.
Voi non siete de' padri e de' consorti
A le femmine loro aspri e selvaggi,
Ma de' gentili e nati ne le corti.
Siete com' esser den gli uomini saggi,
Da cui s'acquista onor, util s'accresce,
E nè a strani nè a suoi si fanno oltraggi.
Non imitate alcun cui non incresce,
Pur ch'ei si goda, ch'altri pianga e crepi;
Lascia in prigion le donne, e di casa esce.
Non son le donne bestie da presepi:
Bisogna che piacer lor si procuri;
Ch'altro vedan talor, ch'arbori e siepi.
Oltra che fan più mesti e più sicuri
Gli alberghi, vie di passo innanzi o a canto;
Fanno ancor i giorni men noiosi e duri.
Se appresso avrà qualche magion di santo,
Ove ir possiate almen le feste a messa,
Vi dico ch'ella val quasi altrettanto;
E s'è tal ch'a' suoi dì vi si confessa,
E vi si dà battesmo, e talor cresma;
È un tesoro, una ricchezza espressa:
Che potete abitarvi e di quaresima,
E d'ogni tempo e voi e la famiglia,
Me' che se fosse la città medesima.
In villa al gran dispendio si pon briglia;
Il più de l'ore in opra si dispensa;
E pochissima noja vi si piglia.
Poco mal vi si fa, men vi si pensa:
E se hanno le città più passatempi,
Hanno ancor di perigli copia immensa.
Cercan gli uomini d'oggi il passar tempi;
Ed io che son d'opinion diversa,
Vorrei cosa che fosse arresta tempi.
L'ambizione al viver santo avversa,
Che 'l più de' nostri dì fa men sereni,
In villa raro alberga nè conversa.
O troppo fortunati, se i lor beni
Conoscesser color che si stan fora
Tra colti poggi e valli e campi ameni!
Cui da benigna terra d'ora in ora
Quel che altrui fa bisogno agevolmente,
Nè suon di tromba i volti ivi scolora:
E se non han gl'inchini de la gente,
Nè men han chi li turba e chi gli scuote
Dal riposo del corpo e de la mente.
O felice colui, che intender puote
Le cagion de le cose di natura,
Che al più di que' che vivon sono ignote.
E sotto il piè si mette ogni paura
De' fati e de la morte, ch'è sì trista,
Nè di volgo gli cal, nè d'altro ha cura!
Ma più felice chi del mondo vista
La parte sua, non vi s'appoggia sovra,
Aitato dal saper ch'indi s'acquista;
Ma in villa ch'è sua tutta si ricovra;
E de gli anni e dei dì c'ha speso indarno,
A se stesso ed a Dio parte ricovra.
Così potess' io tra Sebeto e Sarno
Menare omai la vita che m'avanza,
Con le onde del Tevere e de l'Arno,
Da le quai fei sì lunga lontananza:
E de' signor sgannato di qua giuso,
Fondar nel re del cielo ogni speranza.
Deh sarà mai, pria che giù cada il fuso
De gli anni miei, che a piè d'una montagna
Mi stia tra colli ed arbori rinchiuso;
E con la mia dolcissima compagna,
Qual Adamo al buon tempo in paradiso,
Mi goda l'umil tetto e la campagna,
Or seco all'ombra, or sovra il prato assiso,
Or a diporto in questa e in quella parte,
Temprando ogni mia cura col suo viso:
E ponga in opra quel c'han poste in carte
Cato e Virgilio e Plinio e Columella,
E gli altri che insegnan sì util arte;
E di mia mano innesti e pianti e svella
La spessa de' rampolli inutil prole,
Che fan la madre lor venir men bella;
E con le care figlie, e se 'l ciel vuole,
Spero co' figli, a tavola m'assida,
La state ai luoghi freschi, il verno al sole;
E di mia man fra lor parta e divida
L'uve e le poma; e s'io mi desti o corche,
Con loro io mi trastulli e scherzi e rida?
Benchè mi paian di bifolce e d'orche
Le porte de' palazzi e le colonne,
— — — — — — —
E 'l Vasto, e quattro o cinque illustri donne
Ad inchinar talor sol mi rivoche;
Cui servo in chiaro ed in oscure gonne,
I pavimenti miei sien fiori ed erbe,
Rami i tetti, e negre elci i marmi bianchi,

E volti l'arche, ove il tesoro io serbe;
Ne curi ire a palazzo, o stare a' banchi,
E dimandar che faccian Turchi o Galli;
Se armano di nuovo, o se ambeduo son stanchi.
Non sia obbligato a suono di metalli
Giorno e notte seguir picciol zendado,
Forbir arme, e nutrir servi e cavalli.
E qual si sia, contento del mio grado,
Non cerchi di chi scende, o di chi poggia;
O che altri m'abbia in odio, o gli sia a grado.
E quando i dì son freddi, o versan pioggia,
Con la penna io, le femmine con l'ago,
Passiam quelle ore in cameretta, o in loggia.
Se mai vi giungo, e' mi parrà più pago,
Ch'abbia ne gli ardor miei maggior tesoro,
Che non avean quei che guardava il drago.
Non avesse altro bene, altro ristoro,
Che scostar l'uom da la città corrotta,
Comprar si dee la villa a peso d'oro.
Mi maraviglio (a tal vedo ridotta
La fera turba che qui dentro alberga,)
Come il terren non s'apra, e non ne inghiotta:
O come il mar tant'alto un dì non s'erga,
Che avanzi questi monti, e 'n noi s'attuffe,
E in un punto ne affoghi e ne sommerga.
La poca fe, le ruberie, le truffe,
Le proprie utilità, le altrui gravezze,
Le tante uccision, le tante zuffe;
Le pompe, le lascivie e le mollezze
Non men ne le berrette, che ne' veli,
Le bestemmie, il mal dire e le alterezze;
E le altre scelleraggini crudeli,
Il cui lezzo là su credo che saglia,
Non so come soffrir possano i cieli.
Ma quando d'altrui vizj a voi non caglia,
Per fuggir molte cose via men gravi
Stimo la villa ogni altro pregio vaglia.
L'urtar de' giovanetti e cavai bravi;
L'accompagnar signori, il seguir cocchio,
Il far noi stessi in mille guise schiavi;
Il visitar sovente; il gir con occhio
Com'uom ch'abbia nemici e questi e quelli;
Or salutar col capo, or col ginocchio;
Il veder tanti e tanti dottorelli,
C'han sì contrarj al titolo gli aspetti,
Che farian noja a statue il vedelli.
Vedo ir con toga mille garzonetti
Degni ancora di bulla e di pretesta;
E maestri de gli altri vengon detti.
Legge farebbe il re bella ed onesta,
Se 'l termine ne gli anni statuisse
Al tor di grado, ed al cangiar di vesta.
Senza cagion dal Tosco non si disse,
Per mostrar che 'l saver venga col tempo:
"Nestor che tanto seppe, e tanto visse.
Uom che qual voi sappia partirsi il tempo,
Dirò c'ha in villa ognor mille sollazzi.
Ma fabbrichiamla omai, ch'egli è ben tempo.
Io non vo' che le ville sien palazzi
Che ingombrin molto: e chi vi vien, che veda
Terren vo non c'arti, che si spazzi.
Quanto in grandezza più la casa eccede,
Più vi dà costo, e più men vostra fasse;
Che or questi or quegli avvien che la vi chieda.
Salvo se 'l tor palagio v'aggradasse,
Perchè talvolta (e veramente il penso)
L'alta donna del Vasto ivi albergasse.
S'egli è ciò, che sia regia io do il consenso;
Che 'l mal che un solo incommodo v'adduca,
Col ben di mille glorie ricompenso:
Che avervi e lei e i suoi e 'l vostro duca,
Credo che a voi parrà, senza esser empio,
Che 'l terren vostro a par del ciel riluca,
Qual fia 'l piacer, finora già il contempio,
Veder correre il mondo, o caldo o gelo,
A casa vostra come a sacro tempio?
E se Ischia un tempo a Samo a Creta a Delo
Fece invidia, ed a Cipro ed a Citera,
La vostra villa or farà invidia al cielo.
Oltre al diporto che da voi si spera,
Ella farà con gli occhi a mezzo il verno
Nel poder vostro autunno e primavera.
Nè sia tanto il terren, che al suo governo
Non aggiungan le forze di chi 'l prende;
Onde il vicin ne rida e l'abbia a scherno.
Poca terra e ben colta, assai più rende,
Che molta e mal trattata: ond'uom dovria
Tor men di quel che 'l braccio suo si stende.
Benchè alcun voglia che la villa e sia
In calda parte o in fredda o in erta o in piana,
Il volto esposto al mezzo di si stia.
Nei luoghi caldi io vo' che a Tramontana
Guardi, e ne' freddi a l'Austro, ne' temprati
D'ond' esce il marzo, dicon, la Diana.
Sia grande pur sì che vi stiano agiati
Il villico il signor e gli animali,
Gli ordon chiusi, e i frutti conservati.
Che se fan danno i tetti ampj e reali,
Quando la villa di strettezza pecchi,
Porta ancor de gl'incomodi e de' mali:
Che avvien che 'l frutto o s'infracidisca o secchi,
Se è mal riposto, o che l'un l'altro s'urti;

O che verme nol roda, o uccel nol becchi.
E rado giungon dal dì lungo ai corti
Le fatiche de gli uomini e de' buoi;
E spesso incontran le rapine e i furti.
E se non ha l'albergo i membri suoi,
Compartite pur, se 'l loco non è angusto,
Sì che possiate l'abitarvi voi,
E farvi de le stanze a vostro gusto,
Or una or altra a gli usi accomodata,
Qual di decembre buona, e qual d'agosto.
L'aver villa ben concia e bene ornata,
Ove per poca agevol via si monte,
Fa che sia dal signor più frequentata;
Che ogni giorno vi vada, ognor vi smonte;
E de' padron le giova e giorno e notte,
Via più che la collottola, la fronte.
Sianvi sue volte ove s'arringhin botte,
E più del vino che 'l poder produce;
E più m'aggraderian se fosser grotte:
Il vento l'uomo pie l'aria e la luce
Entrin per Borea, e 'l men che puon le guarde,
Non che scaldi, il pianeta che 'l dì luce.
Stanza non vi si appressi ove foco arde,
O che sporcizie accoglie, o fuor le scarca;
E se vi sia, l'emenda non si tarde.
La corte spaziosa, ma non giaccia
Sì, ch'entro e fuor s'allaghi al tempo pluvio;
E fango eterno aria mortal vi faccia.
Sia larga assai, nè curi di Vitruvio,
Acciò che dentro più animali accolga,
Che non ne salvò l'arca dal diluvio.
Qui si veda il pavon che in giro sciolga
Sue vaghe gemme, e sprezzi ogni altro augello,
E guardandosi 'l piè talor si dolga.
E 'l pavon d'India, peregrin novello,
Augel, sebben non ha sì nobil ruota,
Non men buon morto, che quel vivo è bello.
Ivi di dì e di notte il romor s'oda
De le turme de l'anatre e de l'oche,
Guardia fedel contra a notturna froda:
E stridoli pulcini, e chioccie roche;
Di galline straniere, e del paese,
Molte di queste, ma di quelle poche,
V'abbian lor piazza, ove di mese in mese
Sul vinaccio, sul polvere e su l'aja
Si trovin da beccar senza altrui spese;
E 'l bue che spesso mugghia, e 'l can che abbaja
Le notti, e 'l gallo che al villan dà legge,
Un'armonia dolcissima vi paja.
E serrar vi si possa armento e gregge
Ad un bisogno, se Aquilon protervo
Fa che di neve il monte e 'l pian biancheggie.
Qui cavriol domestico, la cerva,
Cui sonante monile il collo attorca,
Or coi fanciulli scherzi ed or col servo:
E si veda la grassa e stanca porca
Con più figli attaccati a le sue poppe,
Ch'or sul letame, or sul terren si corca;
E 'l fico e 'l pero che Austro e Borea roppe,
Da rozza man cavati in varie foggie,
Sien di questi animai l'urne e le coppe.
Abbia il cortile sue capanne e loggie,
Che i maggior legni, scale, aratri e carra
Riparino dal caldo e da le pioggie;
E l'aja dentro, acciò che 'l grano e 'l farro
Si scotan da le paglie; e fuor non trove
Da involar il villan ladro bizzarro;
Ed ampj tini, e luoghi a tetto, dove
L'uva si preme; e, se gran sol l'aggiunge,
Non arroghi o marcisca qualor piove.
Il granajo da l'aja non sia lunge;
Nè dal tin lunge la cantina voglio:
Buono architetto sempre li congiunge.
Siavi luogo da farsi e serbarsi oglio,
Da quel diverso che del vin già dico;
Sia, s'esser può, sotto alcun tufo o scoglio;
Esposto certo che sia caldo ed aprico,
Senz'accendervi fuoco al mezzo giorno;
Perchè 'l fumo è de l'olio gran nemico.
Ampia sia la cucina, ed ampio il forno,
Che pascan molti, e le sere aspre e gravi
Il rozzo stuol seder vi possa attorno:
A volta, non a tetto, ancor che gravi;
Che non tema di pioggia che li bagne,
Nè di favilla che s'attacchi a' travi.
Goda la villa i monti e le campagne,
E parimente il mare e la riviera,
Se ben non ode quando freme e piagne.
Sia fabbricata e sieda in tal maniera,
Ch'abbia di verno il sol, di state l'ombre
Il più del dì, se non da mane a sera.
Muro non tema incontro che l'adombre;
E siavi giardin pubblico e segreto,
Ove uom talor sue gravi cure sgombre:
E benchè angusti, vigna orto oliveto
E prato; e vi desio qualche selvetta
Che faccia il loco via più fresco e lieto.
Se selva avrà; che ferro ivi si metta
Non ho timor che pur le tronchi le chiome:
Tanto il veder di selva a voi diletta.
Che fate? Oimè, ch'io di qua veggio come
Vi siete tutte scolorate in volto
In udir solo de la selva il nome!
Vedo il pallor che in rosso s'è rivolto;
E vi si fan vermiglie ambe le guancie,
Come suol che in tutto a l'improvviso è colto.
Soffrite ch'io con voi mi rida e ciancie:
Parmi d'udir che voi fra' denti dite:

Le mie piacesse a Dio che fosser ciance.
Ed io vi dico: fratel mio, seguite,
Seguite amor, che sebben v'arde e sface,
Men noja è il far l'amor, che l'aver lite.
Seguite pur amor quanto vi piace;
Che sembra un'alma, dove amor non stanze,
Cosa di notte senza luce o face:
E un dì vi mostrerò certe mie stanze,
Là dove io provo appien che un cor gentile
Più deve amar, com' più in età s'avanze.
A gl'ipocriti falsi, al vulgo vile,
Lasciate questi scrupoli di fama;
E voi seguite il vostro antico stile.
Vergognisi d'amor chi vilmente ama,
Ed arde e langue di lascivo amore;
Non chi sol gloria a la sua donna brama.
Oltra che a sempre amar v'inclina il core,
Tutte le leggi voglion ch'esser deggia
Tale il buon cortigian, qual è il signore.
E se ancor il dì la barba vi biancheggia,
Basti che 'l corpo ha le sue usate tempre;
È morbida e la guancia, e vi rosseggia.
Ardete, e 'l vostro ardor mai non si tempre,
Che 'l nome suo che Venere a voi diede,
Di ragion vi condanna ad amar sempre.
Poichè parlando, ch'uom non se ne avvede,
Dove a la villa io mi credea d'andarne,
A la selva d'amor portommi il piede,
Qui già tant' mai avvezzo di portarne;
Qui vo' che si finisca il cammin nostro:
Che in miglior parte non mi potria lasciarne.
Qual il poder si compri io v'ho già mostro,
A consiglio d'antichi e di moderni,
Perchè sia buono, e degno d'esser vostro.
Se gli affanni domestici o gli esterni
Non m'impediranno, forse un dì di questi
Dirò come si tratti e si governi.
Intanto i' pregherò ch'ella vi presti
Il suo favor fortuna nel comprarlo;
Sì che da desiar nulla vi resti:
Nè pur vengan sovente ad onorarlo
Flora e Pomona e Cerere e Leneo;
Ma non possan mai punto abbandonarlo.
E quanto scrisse il Mantovan, l'Ascreo,
Il Greco e 'l Moro, e chi 'n su 'l Tebro nacque,
Di buono vi venga, e fuggane il reo:
E piaccia sempre a voi più che non piacque;
Ed al produrre ed al servar de' frutti,
Propizie egli abbia le stagioni e l'acque,
L'aure e le stelle e gli elementi tutti.

46.

Ercole Bentivoglio.

Er war ein Sohn Hannibal's II., Fürsten von Bologna, und ward hier 1506 geboren. Ein ungünstiges Geschick trieb ihn aber schon als Kind fort nach Mailand und dann nach Ferrara, wo er am Hofe erzogen wurde und eine wissenschaftliche Bildung erhielt. Er starb 1573 zu Venedig, rühmlich bekannt durch seine Satyren und Komödien, in denen er die Alten zum Muster genommen hatte.

Satira.

A Pietro Antonio Acciajuoli.

Sopra i bei colli che vagheggian l'Arno,
E la nostra città ch'or duolsi ed have
Pallido il viso e lagrimoso indarno,
Son un di quei che con fatica grave
Al marzial lavoro armati tiene
Quel che di Pietro ha l'una e l'altra chiave,
Qui vivo in mille guai disagi e pene;
Onde forza è di por l'arti in obblio,
Per cui famose son Corinto e Atene:
Che invece di Catullo e Tibul mio,
Del Mantovano e di colui d'Arpino,
La lancia tutto il giorno in man tengh'io.
In vece de l'Albano e del divino
Trebbian, che ber costì solea, gusto uno,
Vie più, che aceto dispiacevol vino.
Un duro pane muffido e più bruno,
Che 'l mastel vostro amaramente roda,
E non u' avendo, ancor spesso digiuno,
Se dormir spero a mezza notte, i' odo
La tromba che m'invita a tor la lancia,
E la celata dispiccar dal chiodo.
E i nemici talor con mesta guancia
Miro, vi dirò il ver, tutto pauroso,
Che il capo mi si fori o braccio o pancia.
Quante volte dirò io meco pensoso:
Saggio chi stassi dove non rimbomba
D'archibugio lo strepito noioso.
Nè suon crudel d'importuna tromba,
Nè di tamburo il sonno scaccia a lui,
Nè teme ad or ad or l'oscura tomba.
O voi prudente, o ben accorto, o voi
Fortunato Acciajuol, che lontan sete
Dai perigliosi casi ove siam noi!
Piacemi udir che in sanità vivete
Coi cari figli; e vi dirò di queste
Nuove, che di saper desir avete.
Pochi denari, e gran timor di peste
Ha questo campo, e sol gli archibugi empi
Le scaramucce fanno aspre e funeste.
Duolmi il veder che i begli antichi esempi
Non seguan questi capitan che vanno
Sotto così vil peso a questi tempi:
Nè usan la modestia che usat' hanno
Gli antichi capitani, che i palagi
Le case non volean ch'avesser danno:

Che infino i tempii qui, non dai dinanzi
Di legna astretti, gettati hanno a terra
Per porli al foco i barbari malvagi.
Solessi usar che il vincitor in guerra
Spogliava solo il vinto; e tra noi oggi
Spogliasi, e col pugnal di poi s'atterra.
Convien ch'io mori ovunque scenda o poggi,
Malgrado mio ferrate arche e nuove
Per questi vostri già sì ameni poggi.
Atti orrendi da dir cola già dove
Entrar la Sieve nel nostro Arno io vidi,
Forse d'altr'uom già mai non visti altrove.
Da otto, e che Spagnuoli eran m'avvidi
Dal parlar e dal volto, un villanello
Legato fu non senza amari gridi:
Che partito dal suo povero ostello
A vender biada e fieno iva a Fiorenza,
Di ch'era carco un piccolo asinello.
Quivi il misero fecer restar senza
Membro viril, che gli tagliar di botto
Sordi a mille suoi preghi in mia presenza.
Nè sazj fur di tal martir quegli otto
Ladri, del sangue italico sì ingordi,
Che l'arsero ancor tutti col pilotto,
Come fa nostro Anton le starne e i tordi
Ne lo schidone, e non però [illegible]
Dai capitan lor rigidi e sordi.
E veggo altri crudeli atti inauditi,
Che d'onor privan le captive donne,
Presenti i padri e i miseri mariti.
E tolte lor anella e cuffie e gonne,
Fannosi cuoche e meretrici tutte
Quelle che dianzi fur caste e madonne.
Se vecchie, piccole o stroppiate o brutte,
Vi so dir che le conzan col bastone,
Sì che non hanno mai le luci asciutte.
Se bella è la pregiona, il suo guidone
Le mette il frisio, e una berretta in testa,
Poi l'usa in ogni ufficio di garzone.
O fortunata, e non simile a questa,
O degna d'alti onori antica etade,
Men acerba e crudel, via più modesta!
Allor che i capitan fur di bontade
D'animo invitto e di virtù ripieni,
E ogni atto loro fuggir di crudeltade!
Alma pace, rimena i dì sereni,
E con le spiche e con l'oliva in mano,
Col sen di pomi omai ritorna e vieni!
Sì che tra noi spento il furor insano,
L'Italia assai assai tinta di sangue
Riposi e 'l tempio chiuda di Giano.
Misera Italia, che sospira e langue,
E chiede indarno a' suoi signori aita,
Più rigidi ver lei, che tigre od angue.
Che s'impetro io da la bontà infinita
D'uscir di questi bellicosi affanni,
E che ritorni a casa con la vita;
Nè vuo', Arcipel, che più mi logri i panni
Spallazzo, nè che 'l capo elmo mi prema,
Ma con le muse e con Apol questi anni
Vivere in pace insino a l'ora estrema.

Sonetto.

Non vide dietro a fuggitiva fiera
Delo, nè Cinto, nè l'erbose rive
D'Eurota mai tra le sue ninfe dive
Diana bella e onestamente altera;
Come voi siete in sì lodata schiera
Che con le luci troppo ardenti e vive
Fate l'altre parer di beltà prive,
Non senza invidia de la terza sfera.
La gran cittade, a cui fremono intorno
De l'adriaco mar l'onde spumose,
Stupore intenta al vostro aspetto adorno.
E 'l Po ch'ode l'onor tra le amorose
Donne a voi darsi, benedice il giorno
Che vi produsser le sue rive ombrose.

17.

Torquato Tasso.

Dieser eben so große als unglückliche Dichter ward am 11. März 1544 in Sorrento geboren, erhielt seine erste Bildung zu Neapel, dann in Rom und endlich in Bergamo, und zeichnete sich schon früh durch seine glücklichen Fähigkeiten aus. [illegible] Jahre alt bezog er die Universität zu Padua, und studirte hier zugleich Theologie, Jurisprudenz und Philosophie, in denen sämmtlich er sich binnen vier Jahren die höchsten akademischen Ehren erwarb. In seinem [illegible] Jahre gab er bereits ein Epos Rinaldo heraus, das eine sehr günstige Aufnahme fand, und seine Berufung an den Hof zu Ferrara veranlaßte, wo er sich mit seinem größten Gedichte, dem befreiten Jerusalem, beschäftigte. Er erfreute sich im höchsten Grade der Gunst des Fürsten; und als er von der Begleitung des Cardinals von Este nach Paris 1571 zurückkam, ward seine dramatische Pastorale Aminta mit dem glänzendsten Erfolge aufgeführt. Von nun an begann sein Stern jedoch zu erbleichen; ein Streit mit einem Höflinge zog ihm 1577 Stubenarrest zu, da er gegen denselben in den fürstlichen Gemächern den Degen gezogen hatte. Dies konnte er nicht ertragen und ergriff heimlich die Flucht, erst nach Turin, dann nach Rom, endlich auch nach Sorrento, wo seine Schwester [illegible] war. Es trieb ihn jedoch [illegible] die glühende Liebe zu der Prinzessin Eleonore von Este, der Schwester seines Fürsten, des Herzogs Alphons II. von Ferrara, doch ist [illegible] nicht historisch genau [illegible] nach Ferrara zurück, wo er eine freundliche Aufnahme fand. Bald darauf entfernte sich von Neuem [illegible] ging er wieder fort, allein der Herzog von Urbino überredete ihn abermals nach Ferrara zurück zu kehren. Er that es, aber der Herzog befahl ihn als einen Wahnsinnigen fortan zu behandeln und ihn in das Tollhaus zu sperren. Nach einer unverbürgten Sage soll die Ursache davon gewesen seyn, daß er die Geliebte öffentlich am Hofe umarmte [illegible]. Er wurde in [illegible] Haft gehalten, und beschäftigte sich mit geistigen Arbeiten, aber seine Gesundheit litt fortwährend. Während dieser Zeit entstand ein heftiger Streit der Literaten über den Werth seines befreiten Jerusalems, in dem er zuletzt selbst als sein eigener Vertheidiger auftrat, jedoch gedrängt wie er war, nur mit schwachen Waffen kämpfte. Endlich erhielt er 1586 die Freiheit wieder in Folge der Verwendung des Fürsten Vincenz Gonzaga von Mantua, zu dem er sich nun auch begab, bei dem er aber nur ein Jahr lang verweilte; dann lebte er abwechselnd in Neapel und Rom, unstät aber elend und kränklich in solcher Armuth, daß ihm oft das Nöthigste fehlte. Der Cardinal Aldobrandini, der sich zuletzt seiner annahm, wirkte seine Krönung als Dichter auf dem Capitol aus, allein er erlebte diese Freude nicht, sondern starb am Tage vor derselben, dem 25 April 1595, im Kloster des heiligen Onuphrius zu Rom. Er war ein edler, reiner, schwer geprüfter Mensch, voll Schwächen, aber frei von Schuld, unablässig strebend und thätig, eine durch und durch poetische Natur, die die Welt mißverstand wie sie von ihr mißverstanden wurde. Daher sein Unglück, aber auch seine Größe.

Außer seinem befreiten Jerusalem und seinem Amyntas besitzen wir noch ein unvollendetes Gedicht, Le sette giornate del mondo creato, ein Trauerspiel Torrismondo, viele lyrische Poesien, prosaische Schriften, Briefe u. s. w.

La Gerusalemme liberata.

Canto XVI. St. 1 — 25.

1.

Tondo è il ricco edificio e nel più chiuso
Grembo di lui, ch'è quasi centro al giro,
Un giardin v'ha, ch'adorno è sovra l'uso
Di quanti più famosi unqua fioriro.
D'intorno inosservabile e confuso
Ordin di loggie i Demon fabri ordiro:
E tra le oblique vie di quel fallace
Ravvolgimento impenetrabil giace.

2.

Per l'entrata maggior (però che cento
L'ampio albergo n'avea) passar costoro.
Le porte qui d'effigiato argento,
Sù i cardini stridean di lucid'oro.
Fermar nelle figure il guardo intento:
Che vinta la materia è dal lavoro.
Manca il parlar; di vivo altro non chiedi;
Nè manca questo ancor, s'a gli occhi credi.

3.

Mirasi qui fra le Meonie ancelle
Favoleggiar colla conocchia Alcide.
Se l'inferno espugnò, resse le stelle;
Or torce il fuso, amor se 'l guarda, e ride.
Mirasi Iole colla destra imbelle
Per ischerno trattar l'armi omicide;
E 'n dosso ha il cuoio del leon, che sembra
Ruvido troppo a sì tenere membra.

4.

D'incontra è un mare; e di canuto flutto
Vedi spumanti i suoi cerulei campi.
Vedi nel mezzo un doppio ordine instrutto
Di navi, e d'arme: e uscir dell'arme i lampi.
D'oro fiammeggia l'onda: e par che tutto
D'incendio marzial Leucate avampi.
Quinci Augusto, i Romani, Antonio quindi
Trae l'Oriente, Egitti, Arabi et Indi.

5.

Svelte notar le Cicladi diresti
Per l'onde, e i monti co' i gran monti urtarsi:
L'impeto è tanto, onde quei vanno, e questi
Co' legni torreggianti ad incontrarsi.
Già volar faci, e dardi: e già funesti
Vedi di nova strage i mari sparsi.
Ecco (nè punto ancor la pugna inchina)
Ecco fuggir la barbara Reina.

6.

E fugge Antonio, e lasciar può la speme
Dell'imperio del mondo, ov'egli aspira.
Non fugge no, non teme il fier, non teme;
Ma segue lei, che fugge, e seco il tira.
Vedresti lui simile ad uom, che freme
D'amore a un tempo, e di vergogna, ed'ira,
Mirar alternamente or la crudele
Pugna, ch'è in dubbio, or le fuggenti vele.

7.

Nelle latebre poi del Nilo accolto,
Attender pare in grembo a lei la morte;
E nel piacer d'un bel leggiadro volto
Sembra, che 'l duro fato egli conforte.
Di cotai segni variato e scolto
Era il metallo delle regie porte.
I duo guerrier, poi che dal vago obietto
Rivolser gli occhi, entrar nel dubbio tetto.

8.

Qual Meandro fra rive oblique, e incerte
Scherza con dubbio corso, or cala, or monta:
Queste acque ai fonti, e quelle al mar converte:
E mentre ei vien, se che ritorna affronta;
Tali, e più inestricabili, conserte
Son queste vie; ma il libro in se le impronta;
Il libro, don del Mago; e d'esse in modo
Parla, che le risolve, e spiega il nodo.

9.

Poi che lasciar gli avviluppati calli,
In lieto aspetto il bel giardin s'aperse;
Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
Fior vari, e varie piante, erbe diverse,
Apriche collinette, ombrose valli,
Selve, e spelonche in una vista offerse.
E quel, che 'l bello, e 'l caro accresce a l'opre,
L'arte che tutto fa, nulla si scopre.

10.

Stimi (sì misto il culto è col negletto)
Sol naturali e gli ornamenti, e i siti,
Di natura arte par, che per diletto
L'imitatrice sua scherzando imiti:

L' aura, non ch' altro, è della Maga effetto:
L' aura, che rende gli alberi fioriti,
Co' fiori eterni, eterno il frutto dura,
E mentre spunta l' un, l' altro matura.

11.

Nel tronco istesso, e tra l' istessa foglia
Sovra il nascente fico invecchia il fico.
Pendono a un ramo, un con dorata spoglia,
L' altro con verde, il novo, e 'l pomo antico.
Lussureggiante serpe alto, e germoglia
La torta vite, ov' è più l' orto aprico:
Qui l' uva ha in fiori acerba, e qui d' or l' ave,
E di piropo, e già di nettar grave.

12.

Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova lascivette note.
Mormora l' aura, e fa le foglie, e l' onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote:
Sia caso, od arte, or accompagna, et ora
Alterna i versi lor la musica ora.

13.

Vola fra gli altri un, che le piume ha sparte
Di color vari, ed ha purpureo il rostro.
E lingua snoda in guisa larga, e parte
La voce sì, ch' assembra il sermon nostro.
Quest' ivi all' or continuo, con arte
Tanto il parlar, che fu mirabil mostro.
Tacquero gli altri ad ascoltarlo intenti,
E fermaro i susurri in aria i venti.

14.

Deh mira (egli cantò) spuntar la rosa
Dal verde suo modesta, e verginella:
Che mezzo aperta ancora, e mezzo ascosa,
Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella.
Ecco poi nudo il sen già baldanzosa
Dispiega, ecco poi langue, e non par quella,
Quella non par, che desiata avanti
Fu da mille donzelle, e mille amanti.

15.

Così trapassa al trapassar d' un giorno
Della vita mortale il fiore, e 'l verde:
Nè perchè faccia indietro April ritorno,
Si rinfiora ella mai, nè si rinverde;
Cogliam la rosa in su 'l mattino adorno
Di questo dì, che tosto il seren perde:
Cogliam d' Amor la rosa: amiamo or, quando
Esser si puote riamato amando.

16.

Tacque; e concorde degli augelli il coro,
Quasi approvando, il canto indi ripiglia.
Raddoppian le colombe i baci loro:
Ogni animal d' amar si riconsiglia.
Par che la dura quercia, e 'l casto alloro,
E tutta la frondosa ampia famiglia;
Par, che la terra, e l' acqua, e formi, e spiri
Dolcissimi d' amor sensi, e sospiri.

17.

Fra melodia sì tenera, e fra tante
Vaghezze allettatrici, e lusinghiere
Va quella coppia; e rigida, e constante
Se stessa indura ai vezzi del piacere.
Ecco tra fronde, e fronde il guardo avante
Penetra, e vede, o pargli di vedere;
Vede pur certo il vago, e la diletta,
Ch' egli è in grembo alla donna, essa all' erbetta.

18.

Ella dinanzi al petto ha il vel diviso,
E 'l crin sparge incomposto al vento estivo.
Langue per vezzo; e 'l suo infiammato viso
Fan biancheggiando i bei sudor più vivo.
Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo, e lascivo.
Sovra lui pende, et ei nel grembo molle
Le posa il capo, e 'l volto al volto attolle.

19.

E i famelici sguardi avidamente
In lei pascendo, si consuma, e strugge.
S' inchina, e i dolci baci ella sovente
Liba or dagli occhi, e dalle labbra or sugge:
Ed in quel punto ei sospirar si sente
Profondo sì, che pensi; or l' alma fugge,
E 'n lei trapassa peregrina: ascosi
Mirano i duo guerrier gli atti amorosi.

20.

Dal fianco dell' amante (estranio arnese),
Un cristallo pendea lucido, e netto.
Sorse, e quel fra le mani a lui sospese,
Ai misteri d' Amor ministro eletto.
Con luci ella ridenti, ei con accese
Mirano in vari oggetti un solo oggetto:
Ella del vetro a se fa specchio; ed egli
Gli occhi di lei sereni a se fa spegli.

21.

L' uno di servitù, l' altra d' impero
Si gloria: ella in se stessa, ed egli in lei.
Volgi (dicea) deh volgi il Cavaliero
A me quegli occhi, onde beata bei:
Che son, se tu no 'l sai, ritratto vero
Delle bellezze tue gli incendii miei.
La forma lor, le meraviglie a pieno,
Più che 'l cristallo tuo, mostra il mio seno.

22.

Deh, poi che sdegni me, com' egli è vago
Mirar tu almen potessi il proprio volto:
Che 'l guardo tuo, ch' altrove non è pago,
Gioirebbe felice in se rivolto.
Non può specchio ritrar sì dolce imago,
Nè in picciol vetro è un paradiso accolto.
Specchio t' è degno il cielo, e nelle stelle
Puoi riguardar le tue sembianze belle.

23.
Ride Armida a quel dir: ma non che cesse
Dal vagheggiarsi, o da' suoi bei lavori.
Poi che intrecciò le chiome, e che ripresse
Con ordin vago i lor lascivi errori,
Torse in anella i crin minuti, e in esse
Quasi smalto sull'or, cosparse i fiori;
E nel bel sen le peregrine rose
Giunse a i nativi gigli e 'l vel compose.

24.
Nè 'l superbo pavon sì vago in mostra
Spiega la pompa dell'occhiute piume:
Nè l'Iride sì bella indora, e inostra
Il curvo grembo, e rugiadoso al lume.
Ma bel sovra ogni fregio il cinto mostra,
Che nè pur nuda ha di lasciar costume.
Diè corpo a chi non l'ebbe, e quando il fece
Tempre mischiò, ch'altri mescer non lece.

25.
Teneri sdegni, e placide, e tranquille
Repulse, cari vezzi, e liete paci,
Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille
Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci;
Fuse tai cose tutte, e poscia unille,
Ed al foco temprò di lente faci:
E ne formò quel sì mirabil cinto,
Di ch'ella aveva il bel fianco succinto.

26.
Fine alfin posto al vagheggiar, richiede
A lui commiato, e 'l bacia, e si diparte.
Ella per uso il dì n'esce, e rivede
Gli affari suoi, le sue magiche carte.
Egli riman: ch'a lui non si concede
Por orma, o trar momento in altra parte;
E tra le fere spazia e tra le piante,
Se non quanto è con lei romito amante.

27.
Ma quando l'ombra co' silenzi amici
Rappella ai furti lor gli amanti accorti;
Traggono le notturne ore felici
Sotto un tetto medesmo entro a quegli orti.
Or poi che volta a più severi uffici
Lasciò Armida il giardino, e i suoi diporti;
I duo, che tra i cespugli eran celati,
Scoprirsi a lui pomposamente armati.

28.
Qual feroce destrier, che al faticoso
Onor dell'arme vincitor sia tolto;
E lascivo marito in vil riposo
Fra gli armenti e ne' paschi erri disciolto;
Se 'l desta o suon di tromba, o luminoso
Acciar, colà tosto annitrendo è volto;
Già già brama l'arringo, e l'uom su 'l dorso
Portando urtato riurtar nel corso.

29.
Tal si fece il garzon, quando repente
Dell'arme il lampo gli occhi suoi percosse.
Quel sì guerrier, quel sì feroce ardente
Suo spirto a quel fulgor tutto si scosse:
Ben che tra gli agi morbidi languente,
E tra i piaceri ebro e sopito ei fosse.
Intanto Ubaldo oltra ne viene, e 'l terso
Adamantino scudo ha in lui converso.

30.
Egli al lucido scudo il guardo gira;
Onde si specchia in lui, qual siasi, e quanto
Con delicato culto adorno, spira
Tutto odori, e lascivie il crine, e 'l manto:
E 'l ferro (il ferro aver, non ch'altro, mira
Dal troppo lusso effeminato accanto),
Guernito è sì, ch'inutile ornamento
Sembra, non militar fero instrumento.

31.
Qual'uom da cupo, e grave sonno oppresso
Dopo vaneggiar lungo in sè riviene;
Tale ei tornò nel rimirar se stesso;
Ma se stesso mirar già non sostiene.
Giù cade il guardo: e timido, e dimesso
Guardando a terra la vergogna il tiene:
Si chiuderebbe e sotto il mare e dentro
Il foco, per celarsi, e giù nel centro.

32.
Ubaldo incominciò parlando allora.
Va l'Asia tutta, e va l'Europa in guerra,
Chiunque, pregio brama, e Cristo adora
Travaglia in arme or nella siria terra.
Te solo, o figlio di Bertoldo, fuora
Del mondo in ozio un breve angolo serra;
Te sol dell'universo il moto nulla
Move, egregio campion d'una fanciulla.

33.
Qual sonno o qual letargo hà sì sopita
La tua virtute? o qual viltà l'alletta?
Su, su, te il campo, e te Goffredo invita;
Te la fortuna, e la vittoria aspetta.
Vieni, o fatal guerriero, e sia fornita
La ben comincia impresa: e l'empia setta,
Che già crollasti, a terra estinta cada
Sotto l'inevitabile tua spada.

34.
Tacque: e 'l nobil garzon restò per poco
Spazio confuso, e senza moto, e voce.
Ma poi che diè vergogna a sdegno loco;
Sdegno guerrier della ragion feroce;
E ch'al rossor del volto un novo foco
Successe che più avvampa, e che più coce;
Squarciossi i vani fregi, e quelle indegne
Pompe, di servitù misere insegne.

35.
Ed affrettò il partire, e della torta
Confusione uscì del labirinto.
Intanto Armida della regal porta
Mirò giacere il fier custode estinto.
Sospettò prima, e si fu poscia accorta,
Ch'era il suo caro al dipartirsi accinto,
E 'l vide (ahi fera vista)! al dolce albergo
Dar frettoloso fuggitivo il tergo.

Aminta.

Atto I. Sc. I.

Dafne. Silvia.

Vorrai dunque pur, Silvia,
Dai piaceri di Venere lontana
Menarne tu questa tua giovanezza?
Ne 'l dolce nome di madre udirai?
Ne intorno ti vedrai vezzosamente
Scherzar i figli pargoletti? ah, cangia,
Cangia, prego, consiglio,
Pazzarella che sei.

Silvia.

Altri segua i diletti dell' amore,
Se pur v' e nell' amor alcun diletto.
Me questa vita giova: e 'l mio trastullo
E' la cura dell' arco, e degli strali;
Seguir le fere fugaci, e le forti
Atterrar combattendo: e, se non mancano
Saette alla faretra, o fere al bosco,
Non tem' io, che a me manchino diporti.

Dafne.

Insipidi diporti veramente,
Ed insipida vita: e, s' a te piace,
E sol, perche non hai provata l' altra.
Cosi la gente prima, che gia visse
Nel mondo ancora semplice, ed infante,
Stimo dolce bevanda, e dolce cibo,
L' acqua e le ghiande: ed or l' acqua, e le ghiande
Sono cibo, e bevanda d' animali,
Poiche s' e posto in uso il grano, e l' uva.
Forse, se tu gustassi anco una volta
La millesima parte delle gioje,
Che gusta un cor amato riamando,
Diresti, ripentita, sospirando,
Perduto e tutto il tempo,
Che in amar non si spende:
O mia fuggita etate,
Quante vedove notti,
Quanti di solitari
Ho consumati indarno,
Che si poteano impiegar in quest' uso,
Il qual piu replicato, e piu soave.
Cangia, cangia consiglio,
Pazzarella che sei:
Che 'l pentirsi da sezzo nulla giova.

Silvia.

Quando io diro pentita, sospirando,
Queste parole, che tu fingi ed orni,
Come a te piace, torneranno i fiumi
Alle lor fonti, e i lupi fuggiranno
Dagli agni, e 'l veltro le timide lepri;
Amera l' orso il mare, e 'l delfin l' alpi.

Dafne.

Conosco la ritrosa fanciullezza:
Qual tu sei, tal io fui: cosi portava
La vita e 'l volto, e cosi biondo il crine;
E' cosi vermiglietta avea la bocca
E cosi mista col candor la rosa
Nelle guancie pienotte, e delicate.
Era il mio sommo gusto (or me n' avveggio,
Gusto di sciocca) sol tender le reti,
Ed invescar le panie, ed aguzzare
Il dardo ad una cote, e spiar l' orme
E 'l covil delle fere: e se talora
Vedea guatarmi da cupido amante,
Chinava gli occhi, rustica, e selvaggia,
Piena di sdegno, e di vergogna; e m' era
Mal grata la mia grazia, e dispiacente,
Quanto di me piaceva altrui; pur come
Fosse mia colpa, e mia onta, e mio scorno,
L' esser guardata, amata, e desiata.
Ma, che non puote il tempo? e che non puote,
Servendo, meritando, supplicando,
Fare un fedele ed importuno amante?
Fui vinta, io te 'l confesso, e furon l' armi
Del vincitore, umilta, sofferenza,
Pianti, sospiri, e dimandar mercede.
Mostrommi l' ombra d' una breve notte
All' ora quel, che 'l lungo corso, e 'l lume
Di mille giorni non m' avea mostro:
Ripresi allor me stessa e la mia cieca
Semplicitate, e dissi sospirando
Eccoti, Cinthia, il corno, eccoti l' arco
Ch' io rinunzio i tuoi strali, e la tua vita.
Cosi spero veder, ch' anco il tuo Aminta
Pur un giorno domestichi la tua
Rozza salvatichezza, ed ammollisca
Questo tuo cor di ferro, e di macigno.
Forse ch' ei non e bello? o ch' ei non t' ama?
O ch' altri lui non ama? o ch' ei si cambia
Per l' amor d' altri, ovver per l' odio tuo?
Forse ch' in gentilezza egli ti cede?
Se tu sei figlia di Cidippe, a cui
Fu padre il Dio di questo nobil fiume;
Ed egli e figlio di Silvano, a cui
Pane fu padre, il gran Dio de' Pastori.
Non e men di te bella, se ti guardi
Dentro lo specchio mai d' alcuna fonte,
La candida Amarilli; e pur ei sprezza
Le sue dolci lusinghe, e segue i tuoi
Dispettosi fastidi. Or fingi (e voglia
Pur Dio, che questo fingere sia vano)
Ch' egli teco sdegnato, al fin procuri,
Ch' a lui piaccia colei, cui tanto ei piace,
Qual animo sia il tuo? o con quali occhi
Il vedrai fatto altrui? fatto felice
Nell' altrui braccia, e te schernir ridendo.

Silvia.

Faccia Aminta di se e de' suoi amori,
Quel ch' a lui piace, a me nulla ne cale;
E purche non sia mio, sia di chi vuole:
Ma esser non puo mio, s' io lui non voglio;
Ne s' anco egli mio fosse, io sarei sua.

Dafne.

Onde nasce il tuo odio?

Silvia.

Dal suo amore.

Dafne.

Pietoso padre di figlio crudele.
Ma, quando mai da' mansueti agnelli
Nacquer le tigri, o da' bei cigni i corvi?
O me inganni, o te stessa.

Silvia.

Odio il suo amore,
Ch'odia la mia onestate, ed amai lui
Mentr'ei volse di me quel, ch'io voleva.

Dafne.

Tu volevi il tuo peggio: egli a te brama,
Quel, ch'a se brama.

Silvia.

Dafne, o taci, o parla
D'altro, se vuoi risposta.

Dafne.

Or guata modi?
Guata che dispettosa giovinetta?
Or, rispondimi almen; s'altri t'amasse
Gradiresti il suo amore in questa guisa?

Silvia.

In questa guisa gradirei ciascuno
Insidiator di mia virginitate,
Che tu dimandi amante, ed io nemico.

Dafne.

Stimi dunque nemico
Il monton dell'agnella?
Della giovenca il toro?
Stimi dunque nemico
Il tortore a la fida tortorella?
Stimi dunque stagione
Di nimicizia, e d'ira
La dolce primavera?
Ch'or allegra, e ridente
Riconsiglia ad amare
Il mondo, e gli animali
E gli uomini, e le donne? e non t'accorgi,
Come tutte le cose
Or sono innamorate
D'un amor pien di gioja, e di salute?
Mira là quel colombo
Con che dolce susurro lusingando,
Bacia la sua compagna;
Odi quell'usignuolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando: Io amo, io amo; e, se no'l sai,
La biscia lascia il suo veleno, e corre
Cupida al suo amatore;
Van le tigri in amore!
Ama il leon superbo; e tu sol, fiera,
Più che tutte le fere,
Albergo gli dineghi nel tuo petto.
Ma, che dico, leoni, e tigri, e serpi,
Che pur han sentimento? amano ancora
Gli alberi, veder puoi, con quanto affetto,
E con quanti iterati abbracciamenti
La vite s'avviticchia al suo marito
L'abete ama l'abete; il pino il pino;
L'orno per l'orno, ed per la falce il falce,
E l'un per l'altro faggio arde, e sospira.
Quella quercia, che pare
Sì ruvida, e selvaggia,
Sente anch'ella il potere
Dell'amoroso foco; e se tu avessi
Spirto, e senso d'amore, intenderesti
I suoi muti sospiri, or tu da meno
Esser vuoi delle piante,
Per non esser amante?
Cangia, cangia consiglio
Pazzarella che sei.

Silvia.

Or sù, quando i sospiri
Udirò delle piante,
Io son contenta allor d'esser amante.

Dafne.

Tu prendi a gabbo i miei fidi consigli
E burli mie ragioni? o in amore
Sorda non men, che sciocca! Ma va pure,
Che verrà tempo che ti pentirai
Non averli seguiti. E già non dico
Allor che fuggirai le fonti ov'ora
Spesso ti specchi, e forse ti vagheggi;
Allorchè fuggirai, le fonti, solo
Per tema di vederti crespa, e brutta
Questo avverratti ben: ma non t'annunzio
Già questo solo, che bench'è gran male,
È però mal commune; or non rammenti
Ciò che l'altr'ieri Elpino raccontava,
Il saggio Elpino, alla bella Licori,
Licori, ch'ei potere in lei dovria col canto,
Se 'l dovere in amor si ritrovasse;
E 'l raccontava udendo Batto, e Tirsi
Gran maestri d'amore, e 'l raccontava,
Nell'antro dell'aurora, ove sull'uscio
È scritto: Lungi, ah lungi ite, Profani!
Diceva egli, e diceva, che gliel disse
Quel grande, che cantò l'armi, e gli amori,
Ch'a lui lasciò la fistola morendo,
Che laggiù nell'inferno è un nero speco
La dove esala un fumo pien di puzza.
Dalle triste fornaci, di Acheronte;
E che quivi punite eternamente
In tormenti di tenebre e di pianto
Son le femine ingrate, e sconoscenti
Quivi aspetta, ch'albergo s'apparecchi
Alla tua feritate
E dritto è ben che il fumo
Tragga mai sempre il pianto da quegli occhi,
Onde trarlo giammai
Non potè la pietate,
Segui, segui tuo stile
Ostinata che sei.

Silvia.

Ma, che fe' allor Licori, e come rispose,
A queste cose?

Dafne.

Tu de' fatti propri
Nulla ten curi, e vuoi saper gli altrui.
Con gli occhi gli rispose.

Silvia.

Come risponder sol potè con gli occhi?

Dafne.

Risposer questi con dolce sorriso,
Volti ad Elpino: Il core, e noi siam tuoi:
Tu bramar più non dei. Costei non puote
Più darti. Tanto solo basterebbe
Per intiera mercede al casto amante,
Se stimasse veraci, come belli
Quegli occhi e lor prestasse intera fede.

Silvia.

E perchè lor non crede?

Dafne.

Or tu non sai,
Ciò che Tirsi ne scrisse? allor, ch' ardendo
Forsennato egli errò per le foreste,
Sì ch' insieme movea pietate, e riso
Nelle vezzose Ninfe, e ne' pastori?
Nè già cose scrivea degne di riso;
Se ben cose facea degne di riso;
Lo scrisse in mille piante, e con le piante
Crebbero i versi e così lessi in una:
Specchi del cor fallaci, infidi lumi
Ben riconosco in voi gl' inganni vostri:
Ma, che pro, se schivarli amor mi toglie?

Silvia.

Io qui trapasso il tempo ragionando
Nè mi sovviene ch' oggi è 'l dì prescritto
Ch' andar si deve alla caccia ordinata
Nell' Eliceto; or, se ti pare, aspetta,
Ch' io pria deponga nel solito fonte
Il sudore, e la polve, ond' ier mi sparsi
Seguendo in caccia una damma veloce,
Ch' al fin giunsi, ed uccisi.

Dafne.

Aspetterotti,
E forse anch' io mi bagnerò nel fonte.
Ma sino alle mie case ir prima voglio
Che l' ora non è tarda come pare
Tu nelle tue m' aspetta, ch' a te venga;
E pensa in tanto pur quel che più importa
Della caccia, e del fonte; e se non sai,
Credi di non sapere, e credi a' savi.

Canzone in Dialogo.

Donna, Cavaliere.

Donna.

Se con l' età fiorita
S' è dileguato il fiore
De la vaga beltà ch' alletta amore;
In voi canuto amante
Amar che debbo?

Cavaliere.

Fe salda e costante,
Che immortal fia, s' è ben mortal la vita.

Donna.

Com' esser può fedele
Quegli, cui dubbio avanza
E timor l' incertissima speranza?

Cavaliere.

Non teme la mia fede,
E certo è il dubbio mio che di mercede
Degni fiano i miei preghi e le querele.

Donna.

Che pregate? ch' io v' ami?

Cavaliere.

Che m' amiate vi prego.

Donna.

S' amor premio è d' amore, amor vi sorge;
Che tra le nevi e 'l gelo
Di che la bianca età vi sparge il pelo,
Non vive amor che desioso brami.

Cavaliere.

Amor vive ne l' alma,
Che tragge da le stelle
Il suo principio ond' è immortal con elle:
E perchè pur le brine
Mi spargono de gli anni il mento 'l crine,
Non gela la mia fiamma interna ed alma:
Anzi siccome il foco
Talor ne l' aria bruna
Si raccoglie in se stesso e si raguna
Tanto più fortemente,
Quando è più intorno il verno orrido algente;
Così il mio ardor più forte è in freddo loco.

Donna.

Ma se quel ch' è nascoso
Si conosce da quel che fuor si mostra,
A qual segno veggio io la fiamma vostra?
Ghiaccio è ciò che n' appare.

Cavaliere.

La fiamma mia per gli occhj miei traspare,
Ed esce ne' sospir' foco amoroso.

Donna.

Sono gli occhj fallaci,
E fallaci i sospiri;
Ed io, perchè gli uni oda, e gli altri miri,
Non son certa del vero
Che nel profondo suo volge il pensiero;
Nè riconosco ancor l' interne faci.

Cavaliere.

La mia fè si promette,
Che i sospiri e gli sguardi
Troveranno in voi fede o tosto o tardi.

Donna.

Ma se l' amor si pasce
Di quel che piace, o se ne more in fasce,
Che trovar puote in voi che lo dilette?

Cavaliere.

De la vostra bellezza

Avverrà che mi allumi,
Ripercosso il bel raggio ne' miei lumi;
E come in specchio o 'n fonte
Rimirando allor voi ne la mia fronte,
Avrete di voi stessa in me vaghezza.

Donna.

Pur le fonti turbate
Non rendon vera imago,
E 'ndarno in lor si mira amante vago.

Cavaliere.

Passerete più a dentro
In mezzo a l' alma ov' è d' amor il centro.
Ivi son certo che mia fe veggiate
Bella sì, che sia degna
Ch' a voi piaccia cotanto,
Quanto a me gli occhi vostri e 'l vostro canto.
Questa è mia propria; questa
Amando voi, sarete amante onesta
Ch' anima bella in vil corpo non sdegna.

Donna.

Se il mio canto v' è grato,
Canterò lieta allora:
Felicissimo amor che m' innamora:
E tu, compagna mia,
Fa de gli accenti tuoi meco armonia,
Qual Progne canta a Filomena allato.
Santo Amor, solo è bello
Quel che 'l tuo raggio rende
Chiaro ed illustre, e 'l tuo bel foco ardente;
Vero ardor, vera luce
Non è, dove non arde e non riluce
Ne gli aspetti e ne l' alme e questo e quello.

Canzone.

O bel colle, onde lite
Ne la stagione acerba
Tra l' arte e la natura incerta pende;
Che dimostri vestite
Di vaghi fiori e d' erba
Le spalle al sol ch' in te riluce e splende;
Non così tosto ascende
Egli su l' orizzonte,
Che tu nel tuo bel lago
Di vagheggiar sei vago
Il tuo bel seno e la frondosa fronte,
Qual giovinetta donna
Che s' adorni allo specchio or velo or gonna.
Come predando i fiori
Sen van l' api ingegnose,
Ed addolciscon poi le ricche celle;
Così ne' primi albori
Vedi schiere amorose
Errare in te di donne e di donzelle:
Queste ligustri, e quelle
Coglier vedi amaranti,
Ed altri insieme avvinte
Per Narciso e Giacinto,
Tra vergognose e pallidette amanti,
Rose, dico, e viole,
A cui madre è la terra, e padre il sole.
Tal, se l' antico grido
È di fama non vana,
Vedea gelido monte, e monte acceso,
La bella Dea di Gnido,
E Minerva e Diana
Con Proserpina a cui l' inganno è teso;
Nè l' arco avea sospeso,
Nè l' eburnea faretra
Cinta, nè l' elmo o l' asta
L' altra più saggia e casta,
Nè 'l volto di Medusa ond' uom s' impetra;
Ma con gentile oltraggio
Spogliavano il fiorito e nuovo maggio.
Cinte altre intorno e cento
Ninfe vedeansi a prova
Tesser ghirlande a' crini, e fiori al seno;
E 'l ciel parea contento
Stare a vista sì nova,
Sparso d' un chiaro e lucido sereno;
E 'n guisa d' un baleno
Fra nuvolette aurate
Vedeasi Amor con l' arco
Portare il grave incarco
De la faretra sua con l' armi usate;
E saettava a dentro
Il gran Dio de l' inferno infin al centro.
Plutone apria la terra
Per sì bella rapina,
Fiero movendo e spaventoso amante,
E quasi a giusta guerra
Coppia del ciel divina
Correva a lei che la chiamò tremante.
Prime quasi a le piante
Poneau già prese l' arme:
Ma nel carro veloce
Si dilegua il feroce
Pria che l' una saetti, o l' altra s' arme
E del sì tardo avviso
Mostrò Ciprigna lampeggiando un riso.
Ma dove mi trasporta,
O montagnetta ombrosa,
Così lunge da te memoria antica?
Pur l' alto esempio accorta
Ti facea, e poi nascosa
Nel ricoprire in te schiera pudica.
Oh, se fortuna amica
Mi facesse custode
De' tuoi secreti adorni;
Che dolci e lieti giorni
Vi spenderei con tuo diletto e lode!
Che vaghe notti e quete,
Mille amori pensier' tuffando in Lete!
Ogni tua scorza molle
Avrebbe inciso il nome

De le nuore d'Alcide, e de le figlie,
Rinnoverebbe il colle
Del canto de le chiome,
E de le guance candide e vermiglie.
Le tue dolci famiglie,
Dove i fior', che di regi
Portano i nomi impressi,
Edificheno in se stessi
Altri titoli e nomi ancor più egregi:
E da frondose cime
Rispondevian gli augelli a le mie rime.
Cerca, rozza canzone, antro o spelonca
Fra questi verdi chiostri;
Non appressar dove sian gemme ed ostri.

O t t a v e.

Io son la Gelosia, ch' or mi rivelo
D' Amor ministra in dar tormento a' cori:
Ma non discendo già dal terzo cielo
Ove Amor regna: anzi due son gli Amori:
Nè là su mai s' indura il nostro gelo
Fra le divine fiamme e i puri ardori:
Non però da l' inferno a voi ne vegno,
Ch' ivi amor no, ma sol vi ave lo sdegno.
Forma invisibil sono, e mio ricetto
È non chiuso antro od orrida caverna,
Ma loco ombroso e verde, e real tetto,
E spesso stanza de' cuor' vostri interna:
E formate ho le membra e questo aspetto
D' aria ben densa; e la sembianza esterna
Di color' varj ho così adorna e mista,
Che di Giunon l' ancella appajo in vista.
Questo che mi ricopre, onde traluce
Parte però del petto ignudo e terso,
D' aria è bel velo, e posto in chiara luce
Rende sembiante ad or ad or diverso;
Or qual pavon al sol fiammeggia e luce,
Or nero il vedi, or giallo or verde or perso,
Nè puoi certo affermar ch' egli sia tale;
E di color' sì varj anco son l' ale.
Gli omeri alati, alati ho ancora i piedi
Sì, che Mercurio e insieme Amor somiglio:
E ciascuna mia penna occhiuta vedi
D' aureo color, di nero e di vermiglio.
Pronta e veloce son più che non credi.
[illegible], che nutri: il sa Venere e 'l figlio,
Lieve fanciul, che fora un tardo veglio:
Ma se posa o se dorme, io 'l movo e sveglio.
Questa ch' ho ne la destra è di pungenti
Spine, onde sferzo de gli amanti il seno:
Ben ho la sferza ancor d' empj serpenti
Fatta, e 'ntesta di gelido veneno;
Ma ne le disleali alme nocenti
L' adopro, qual fur già Teseo e Bireno.
E invidia la mia dea, compagna fera
Mia, non d' Amor: la diede a lei Megera.
Non son l' Invidia io no, benchè simile
Le sia, com' ha creduto il volgo errante.
Fredde ambe siamo; ma con diverso stile:
Pigra ella move, io con veloci piante,
E mi scaldo nel volo: ella in uom vile,
Io spesso albergo in cor d' illustre amante:
Ella fel tutta, e mista io di dolciore:
Ella figlia de l' odio, io de l' amore.
Me produsse la tema, amore il seme
Vi sparse, e mi nudrì cura infelice;
Fu latte il pianto che da gli occhi or preme
Timido disdegno, or van sospetto elice:
Così il padre e la madre assembro insieme,
E 'n parte m' assomiglio a la nutrice:
E 'l cibo ancor che [illegible] in fame,
È quel che mi diletta e che mi pasce.
Di pianto ancor mi cibo e di pensiero,
E per dubbio m' avanzo e per disdegno;
E mi sugo egualmente il falso e 'l vero,
E quel che apprendo, in me fassi ritegno,
Nè si ne va nel cuor mai [illegible],
E varie larve a me fingo e disegno:
Disegnate le guancie e le forme,
E 'n tal lavoro io non riposo o dormo.
Sempre erro, e ovunque vado i dubbj sono
Sempre al mio fianco, e le speranze allato;
Ad ogni cenno adombro, ad ogni suono,
A un batter di palpebre, a un trar di fiato:
Tal' è mia qualità qual' io ragiono,
Principi, e voi cui di vedermi è dato:
Ed ora Amor fra mille lampi e fochi
Vuol ch' io v' appaja ne' notturni giochi;
Perchè s' avvien ch' al sonno i lumi stanchi
La notte inchini, e la quiete alletti,
Io vi stia sempre stimolando a' fianchi,
E col timore vi desti e co' sospetti,
Perchè gioco al teatro vostro non manchi,
Nè sieno gli altri suoi giochi in lui negletti.
Ma viva chi mi [illegible]; ond' io gli cedo,
Ed invisibil qui tra voi mi siedo.

S o n e t t o.

Se mi doglio talor ch' invan si tenta
D' alzar verso le stelle un bel desio;
Forse piace a madonna il dolor mio,
Però d' ogni mia doglia io son contenta;
E se l' acerba morte altrui paventa,
Dirsi non è, se vuole, il fin sì rio;
Talchè del suo voler non vago anch' io,
E chiamo il mio destino e tardo e lento.
Non cresce il male, anzi il contrario avviene,
S' ella raddoppia l' amorosa piaga,
E sana l' alma con soavi pene.
Maraviglia è maggior, che d' arte maga,
Trasformar duolo e tema in gioja e spene,
E dar salute, ove più forte impiaga.

S o n e t t o.

Se d' Amor queste son reti e legami,
Oh com' è dolce l' amoroso impaccio!

Se questo è il cibo ov' io son preso al laccio,
Come son dolci l'esche e dolci gli ami!
Quanta dolcezza a gl' invischiati rami
Il visco aggiunge, ed a l'ardore il ghiaccio!
Quanto è dolce il soffrir, s' io penso e taccio,
E dolce il lamentar ch' altri non ami!
Quanto avean meno le piaghe interne,
E lagrimar stillar per gli occhi rei,
E d' un colpo mortal querele eterne!
Se questa è vita; io mille al cor vorrei
Ferite e mille, e tante piaghe eterne;
Se morte, vorrei a morte i giorni miei.

Sonetto.

Io veggio in cielo scintillar le stelle
Oltre l'usato, e lampeggiar tonanti;
Come se gli occhi de' turbati amanti
Non conoscesse l'alme vive facelle.
Amor teme lo mare, e par ch' elle
Pietose a' vostri affanni, a' nostri pianti,
Mostrar vorrebbon l'infido e i passi erranti,
Là dove altri d'amor goda e favelle.
Cortese Ero, se Leandro in mare,
O travïato peregrin son' io,
Non mi nascondi di sereno arme.
Così ti faccia il ciel più belle e chiare,
Notte nel dubbio amore al desir mio
L'ore men dure, e molte amate e care.

Sonetto.

Mentre la mia virtù vinta e smarrita
Nel cuor, ch' è sempre in sua ragion più forte,
Mirando paventa di sì dura sorte
Teme in seguir madonna a darle aita;
E raccoglie gli spirti, e 'n me sopita
La doglia, a nuova speme apre le porte;
E così se l'immagine di morte
Torna l'alma mia con salute e vita.
Ella volgendo gli occhi ai dolci giri,
Forse che mi dicesse, e che per tanto,
O mio fedel, t' affliggi e ti consumi?
E perchè non fai tregua a' tuoi sospiri,
E 'n questo amaro fiero asciughi il pianto?
Speri forse d' aver più bei lumi?

Sonetto.

Amor, se fia già mai che dolce i' tocchi
Il tempo avaro de la lunga mena;
E 'l lampeggiar del riso umile e pieno
Veggia da presso, e 'l folgorar de gli occhi;
F' uscir posso come quando scocchi
Lo strali tuo dolce, e mai non porta inverno;
E come al cor dal bel sembiante umano
D' amorose dolcezze un nembo fiocchi;
Fia tuo questo lacciuol, ch' annodo al braccio
Non pur, ma vie più stretto il cor ne involgo,
Caro furto ond' il crin madonna avvolse.
Gradirai il voto, che più forte laccio
Di man più dotta ordito altri non tolse:
Nè perchè a te lo doni, indi mi sciolgo.

Sonetto.

Come la ninfa sua fugace e schiva,
Che si converte in fonte, e pur s' asconde,
L' innamorato Alfeo per vie profonde
Segue, e trapassa occulto ad altra riva;
Ed irrigando pallidetta oliva,
Co' bei doni sen va di fiori e fronde;
E non meschia le salse a le dolci onde,
E dal mar non sentito in seno le arriva;
Così l' anima mia che si disface,
Cerca pur di madonna: e lode e canto
Le porti in dono, ed amorosa pace,
Ma le dolcezze sue non turba intanto
Fra mille pene il mio pensier seguace,
Passando un mar di tempestoso pianto.

Sonetto.

Ben veggio avvinta al lido ornata nave,
E 'l nocchier che m' affretta, e 'l mar che giace
Senz' onda, e 'l freddo Borea, ed Austro tace,
E sol dolce l' increspa aura soave.
Ma l' aria e 'l vento e 'l mar fede non have
Altri seguendo il lusingar fallace,
Per solcarne sereno già sciolse audace,
Ch' ora è sommerso, o va perduto, e pave,
Veggio, trofei del mar, rotte le vele,
Tronche le sarte, e biancheggiar l' arene
D' ossa insepolte, e 'ntorno errar gli spirti.
Pur, se conviene che questo Egeo crudele
Per donna solchi, almeno fra le sirene
Trovi la morte, e non fra scogli e sirti.

Sonetto.

Palustri valli, ed arenosi lidi,
Aure serene, acque tranquille e quete,
Marini armenti, e voi che fatti avete
A verno più soave i cari nidi;
Elci frondose, ameni porti e fidi,
Chi fra le pescatrici accorte e liete,
Dove ancor tesa con Amor la rete,
Sarà che i passi erranti or drizzi e guidi?
Veggio la donna, anzi la vita mia,
E 'l lume avvolto a la sua bianca mano,
Che trae l' alme co' pesci amor potria:
E 'l dolce riso lampeggiar lontano,

Mentre il candido piè lavar desia,
E bagna il mar ceruleo lembo invano.

Sonetto.

Come il nocchier da gl' infiammati lampi,
Dal sol cadente, o da la vaga luna,
Da nube che la cinga oscura e bruna,
O che d' intorno a lei sanguigna avvampi,
Conosce il tempo in cui si fugga e scampi
Vento e procella torbida importuna;
O si creda a l' incerta aspra fortuna,
Il caro legno per gli ondosi campi;
Così nel variar del vostro ciglio
Or nubilo or sereno, avvien ch' io miri
Or segno di salute or di periglio.
Ma stabile aura non mi par che spiri;
Ond' io sovente prendo altro consiglio,
E raccolgo le vele a' miei desiri.

Sonetto.

Eran velati i crespi e biondi crini,
E 'l bel vermiglio, e 'l candido colore,
E la bocca che spira un dolce odore
Fra perle orientali e fra rubini:
E breve spazio dentro a' suoi confini
Racchiudea morte, grazia ed amore;
E solo in voi si discopriva Amore,
E da voi saettava, occhj divini.
E tutta m' abbagliò la vista ardita,
Che piena di maraviglia e pena d' obblio,
Non conobbi le stelle ne la [illegible].
Lasso! deh chi m' ingombra? allor diss' io:
Forma serena de l' eterna vita,
S' erro, vostra è la colpa, e 'l danno è mio.

Sonetto in Dialogo.

Che rete è questa ov' io son colto, Amore?
De la tua donna il crespo aurato crine,
E le grate accoglienze e pellegrine
Son l' esca e l' amo onde fu preso il core.
Che cosa è che mi tiene dal senno fuore?
Il riso e le sembianze alme e divine,
Gigli, ligustri, e rose senza fine,
Ch' han tolto a primavera il primo onore.
E questi strai che al petto ho sì pungenti?
Gli atti leggiadri. E 'l fuoco ov' io con pena
Sì dolce avvampo? I suoi begli occhj ardenti.
E 'l laccio che mi stringe e la catena?
Son le note leggiadre, e quegli accenti,
Ond' ella i più selvaggi e crudi affrena.

Ecco.

Porrà fin presta morte al mio dolore,
O lungo corso di molti anni, Amore? ore.
Odo una voce, Amore, del mio suono;
O tu sei qui, mentr' il mio duol ragiono? sono.
Invisibil tu dunque, Amor, sei meco,
Ch' io non ti veggio, e 'n lagrime m' acceco? cieco.
Deggio sperar di mai vederti in lei,
Che ne' boschi dal ciel traggi gli Dei? Dei.
Fia dunque breve il duol che 'l pianto elice,
E mi lice sperar d' esser felice? lice.
Ma quando, Amor? che 'l viver m' è molesto,
E, come posso, di morir m' appresto. presto.
Qual fia presto soccorso al mio tormento,
Se mill' anni agli amanti è un sol momento? mento.
Bugiardo Amor, il mio duol prendi a gioco,
Nè t' incresce di lui nè pur un poco? poco.
Dunque è pur ver ch' ascoltando io t' incresca,
O pur mostri pietà perch' io l' accresca? cresca.
Morrò, se cresce; e fia rimedio al duolo
Sol morte, al duol cui' io me ne consolo? solo.
Cresci tanto, mio duol, ch' io, lasso! pera,
Poiche d' altra speranza il cor dispera. spera.
Sprezza dunque un mentitor fallace,
Che 'l falso, e 'l mentir dice, e 'l pro si tace? tace.
Tace or' se taccio, ed or' s' io grido grida,
Ed ora mi spaventa, ora mi affida. fida.
Vaneggio certo; Amor non mi risponde;
Ma venne pur questa risposta altronde? onde.
Questa è la voce mia che da me spira,
Ed Eco la rimanda e la raggira. gira.
Eco, di selve abitatrice errante,
Prima di me fu fida al mondo amante. ante.
Or pietosa tu sei de l' altrui male,
Vaga voce ne' boschi ed immortale. tale.

Eco.

O verdi selve, o dolci fonti, o rivi,
O luoghi ermi e selvaggi,
Pini, abeti, ginepri, allori e faggi:
O vaghi augelli semplici e lascivi:
Eco, e tu, che rispondi al mio lamento,
Chi può dar fine a sì crudel tormento?
Uno: dunque sol uno
È che fa sì lagrimevol concento?
Cento: non son già tante, e pur son molte
In bella lode accolte.
Come non potrò dunque il mal fornire?
Ire: però mai nè per dispetto
Non avrà fine amor nel nostro petto.

Eco.

O tu, che fra le selve occulta vivi,
Gli è de la vita mia, ch' è del mio amore?
more.
Dunque, ninfa gentil, se lei non miro,
Non potrò le sue luci affissar mai? mai.
Che farò dunque in sì noiosa vita,
Chi mi consolerà nel stato rio? io.
O tu, come ti chiami, o miserella,
Che consolar mi vuoi in questo speco?
Eco.
Eco gentil, che ne gli ultimi accenti
Mi rispondi, non son d' amanti esempio?
empio.
Adunque mi rispondi ch' io son empio?
Non avrai pietà de' miei lamenti? menti.
Mentir non posso, che il ciel e le stelle
Possan far fede se le ho dato guai. guai.
Or sia come si voglia, addio, ti lascio,
Spirto, che in voce fra bei boschi e rivi
Quanto ti ho detto in questi tronchi scrivi.

Madrigale.

Non è questa la mano
Che tante e sì mortali
Avventa nel mio cor fiammelle e strali?
Ecco, che pur si trova
Fra le mie man' ristretta,
Nè forza od arte per fuggir le giova;
Nè teme face o saetta,
Che da me la difenda.
Giusto è ben ch' io ne prenda,
Amor, qualche vendetta,
E se piaghe mi die', baci le renda.

Madrigale.

Tirsi morir volea
Gli occhj mirando di colei che adora;
Quando ella, che di lui non meno ardea
Gli disse: oimè! ben mio,
Deh non morir ancora,
Che teco bramo di morir anch' io.
Frenò Tirsi il desio
Ch' ebbe di pur sua vita allor finire;
Ma sentia morte in non poter morire,
E mentre il guardo pur fiso tenea
Ne' begli occhj divini,
E 'l nettare amoroso indi bevea;
La bella ninfa sua che già vicini
Sentia i messi d' amore,
Disse con occhj languidi e tremanti:
Mori, ben mio, ch' io moro.
Cui rispose il pastore:
Ed io, mia vita, moro.
Così moriro i fortunati amanti
Di morte sì soave e sì gradita,
Che per anco morir tornaro in vita.

Madrigale.

Arsi, mentre a voi piacque,
Ed al cortese affetto
Pagò tributo di sospiri il petto.
Ma poichè il vostro amore
Volgeste in altra parte,
Donna, s' estinse anco il mio foco in parte.
Sorse poi novo ardore;
Ma fiamma fu di sdegno,
Che il mio dono di voi stimaste indegno.
Questo seccò le chiome
Del lauro ond' onorava il vostro nome.

Madrigale.

In un fonte tranquillo
Si specchiava Neera,
E Tirsi le dicea piangendo intanto:
Mentr' io così mi stillo,
Ninfa selvaggia e fera,
Spero fontana divenir di pianto;
Allora in me vedrete,
Quanto voi bella, e quanto cruda sete.

Madrigale.

Arrossir la mia donna
Nel ragionar vedea
Lieta de le sue lodi e vergognosa,
E sorgea bella di vermiglia rosa,
E parte sorridea;
E quel rossore e 'l riso
Ne l' angelico viso,
D' un bel lampo credea purpurea luce,
Quando l' alba riluce,
Cui null' altra somiglia;
Così, come beltà, virtute ancora
Cresce, s' altri l' onora.

Madrigale.

Vide sua chioma d' oro, e disse Amore;
Questa è somma beltate;
Poi la vostra mirò, luci beate,
Onde pentissi, e tacque,
Nè più la può lodar, ma più gli piacque.

48.

Angelo di Costanzo.

Er ward um 1507 geboren, stammte aus adeligem Geschlechte, und erbte, als der älteste Sohn, von seinem Vater die Herrschaft Cantalupo im Neapolitanischen. Den größten Theil seines Lebens brachte er in Neapel zu; Sannazaro war sein vertrauter Freund, und veranlaßte ihn die Geschichte seines Vaterlandes zu schreiben. Sein Tod erfolgte nach 1590. Mit Recht wird er als einer der glücklichsten lyrischen Dichter des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts geschätzt, wenn gleich seine Versuche sich, vorzüglich in der Ode, antiker Form zu nähern, keine Nachahmer fanden.

Canzone.

Poi che di sì profonda aspra ferita
Il duol mortale
M'ave offesa la mente e l'intelletto;
E più non so nè spero in questa vita,
Con quel mio stile usato
Esprimer del cor lasso alcun concetto;
Se mai vi punse il petto
Cura di me; nè al dipartir di quella
Alma leggiadra e bella
Voi, muse, abbandonato ancor m'avete:
Quanto dirò piangendo oggi scrivete.
E tu che non nei sette instabil giri,
Ove la fama antica
Mise dei tempi suoi le più belle alme;
Ma nel supremo cerchio or vivi e spiri,
Ove a la schiera amica
Dispensa il Re del ciel corone e palme:
Se qualche cosa valme
Teco, ch'io ti produssi e generai,
Da quelli eterni rai
Ove or ti specchj gira i lumi ardenti,
E me risguarda, ed odi i miei lamenti.
Figlio, io per me non so che pianger pria;
La bellezza alta e rara
Ch'ha teco estinta invidiosa morte;
O la fe, la bontà, la cortesia
Sì nota al mondo e chiara,
Che nacquer teco, poi teco son morte
In sì brevi ore e corte;
Che se il vederti il cor m'empia di gioja,
Scacciando ogni mia noja,
Non men giocondi frutti io raccoglieva
Da le tante virtù che in te vedeva:
Che non finito il sesto decim'anno,
Di prudenza atto alcuno
Non fu già mai che in te non risplendesse.
Tu desprezzando ogni mondano affanno,
Dimostravi a ciascuno
Quanto valor natura allor t'impresse.
Nè fu mai che s'udesse
De la modestia tua lagnare unquanco;
Nè dir che fosti manco
Di veritade e di giustizia amico,
Che d'ogni vizio sempre aspro nemico.
Taccio, misero me, quell'altra parte
In cui tanto vincesti
Ogni altro, che la palma a te conviensi:
Ch'io non fui mai sì pronto ad esortarte,
Che non fosser più presti
I tuoi pensieri ad ubbidirmi intensi;
Così tenevi i sensi
Svegliati a prevenire i desir miei:
Onde in ver non potrei
Dir ch'abbi mai per studio o per obblio
Fatto un sol atto contra il voler mio.
Dunque qual antro oscuro o qual caverna
Fia conforme soggiorno
A me, di tanto ben spogliato e privo,
Finch'io non chiuda gli occhj a morte eterna,
Poi ch'ho vergogna e scorno
Di lasciarmi veder senza te vivo?
O quando il fuggitivo
Tempo, che l'ale al volo ha sì gagliarde,
Non parrà a me che tarde
A consumar questa caduca scorza,
S'un tal dolor non è di tanta forza?
Se voi, sacre sorelle,
Vedete ben come la pena atroce
M'ha già tolta la voce,
Nè più dar posso fede in terra fede
Com'uom di me più afflitto il sol non vede.

Canzone.

Tante bellezze il cielo ha in te cosparte
Che non è al mondo mente sì maligna,
Che non conosca che tu dei chiamarte
Nova Ciprigna.
Tale è l'ingegno, il tuo valore e il senno,
Ch'alma non è tant' invida e proterva,
Che non consenta che chiamar ti denno
Nova Minerva.
La maestà del tuo bel corpo avanza
Ogni altra al mondo, e par che t'incorone
Di gloria tal, che sei ne la sembianza
Nova Giunone.
E di cor sei sì casta e sì pudica
Oltre la frail condizione umana
Che par ch'errar non possa uom che ti dica
Nova Diana.
Per questo dunque, o mio nume beato,
I chiari spirti veggio in dubbio starsi
Come il bel tempio al nome tuo sacrato
Debba chiamarsi.
Squarciate il velo, o nobil compagnia
D'anime elette, che il veder v'appanna,
E di tal tempio il vero nome sia
La gran Giovanna.
Tanto maggior di quelle Dive, quanto
Pel gran valor di questa oggi si vede,
E di color non senza dolor alquanto
Si legge e crede.
Qui non s'avrà da pinger per le mura
Il vano amor d'Adone e Citerea,
Nè come a Aracne fe' mutar figura
L'irata Dea.
Nè quel che fece di Callisto e d'Io
Giunon gelosa, e che Atteon protervo,
Che la Dea nuda vide in mezzo il rio,
Divenne cervo.
Ma come questa qui dal ciel discese,
E nascer volle per ornar la terra

Del sangue illustre di quel gran monarca,
Folgor di guerra.
E come poi ne gli anni puerili
Con sommo studio fu sempre nodrita
Di bei costumi e d'arti alte e gentili
In real vita.
Ed a l'entrar de la seconda etate
Cominciato a spirar divini odori
Di quella cara angelica beltate
I primi fiori.
Poi ne la terza, quando il mondo ardea
De' suoi begli occhj al gran lume fulgente,
Come in tal gloria se stessa vincea,
Casta e prudente.
E come incontro a Amor, ch'ai più begli anni
Guerra suol far sì forte e perigliosa,
Sempre restò de' suoi fallaci inganni
Vittoriosa.
E come giunta a questa età perfetta,
Ove con chiara fama oggi risplende,
Il mondo vede, e di vedere aspetta
Cose stupende.
Questo or si pinga, e quel che d'anno in anno
Farà di poi: ben sono al secol nostro
Pittori illustri che il dipingeranno
Nel sacro chiostro.

Stanze.

Alma ben nata, a cui le stelle amiche
Dieder quanto pon dar grazia e beltade,
Perchè non abbia a invidiar l'antiche
Donne la nostra e la passata etade;
Mentre ch'io narro l'aspre mie fatiche,
Se non è spenta in te quella pietade
Ch'aver di me solevi alcuna volta,
Volgi a me gli occhj, e i miei sospiri ascolta.
E se lo sdegno d'un sì breve error,
Non per malignità da me commesso,
Ma sol per forza di soverchio amore,
E per non poter por freno a me stesso,
Può più nel tuo superbo e duro core,
Che tanti atti amorosi ch'io non cesso
Con una affezion pura ed interna
Far del tuo nome qui memoria eterna;
Movati almen la propria cortesia,
Che 'l dì del nascer tuo nacque nel mondo;
E ti faccia esser tanto spazio mia,
Quando a dir basti il mio dolor profondo;
Ed a mostrarti in che miseria sia
Rivolto il viver mio lieto e giocondo
Poi dì che l'ardir mio tanto ti spiacque,
Onde il principio di mia morte nacque.
Però che da quel punto ch'adirarsi
Vidi d'ira il tuo vago e divin volto,
Sentii dentro il mio cor tosto sgombrarsi
Quant'avea speme in tanti mesi accolto;
E da l'alma confusa dileguarsi
Ogni piacere; onde a me stesso volto
Dissi: ahi perduti mal graditi affanni,
Quest'è l'ultimo dì dei miei dolci anni.
Ed indi in qua di me medesmo in ira,
Quanto 'l ciel potria farmi istimo poco;
Nè la mente conosce, o l'occhio mira
Cosa che legna non m'aggiunga al foco;
E solo ove si piange e si sospira
Pare a lo stato mio conforme loco;
E gli stridi ch'uscir' del cor mio lasso,
Dovriano per pietà romper un sasso.
E ripensando come esser dovea
Sol de la vista tua pago e contento,
Che così lieto in pace mi godea,
Senza spiegar la vela a maggior vento,
Nè voler più da te, dolce mia Dea;
Ogni piacer mi sembra aspro tormento;
E 'l cibo par d'atro veleno infetto,
E duro campo di battaglia il letto.
Il sol, che chiaro a tutti gli altri splende,
A me d'oscurità velato appare;
E s'alcun canto o suon l'orecchia intende,
Altro udir non mi par che lamentare;
S'io parlo, accenti luttuosi rende
Eco ch'ode pietosa il mio penare,
E par che dica: omai che speri, o credi?
Caduta è la tua gloria, e tu nol vedi?
Questa man che solea ritrarre in carte
Gli alti pensier che mi dettava Amore,
E che solea notare in ogni parte
Il tuo nome felice e 'l tuo valore,
E' tutta ignuda, e priva di quell'arte
Ch'a' suoi scritti porgea grazia e favore;
Nè più sa figurar le note prime,
Che solea risonar in versi e 'n rime.
Spesso a consiglio i miei pensier convoco,
Per dimandargli omai di noi che fia;
E s'avrà qualche fine il nostro foco,
O se fortuna avrem sempre più ria;
E così stando veggio in spazio poco
Venirne mille a la memoria mia;
Ma al fine ognun di lor m'è duro e forte,
Che non sanno trattare altro che morte.
E s'alcun cominciasse a consolarme
Con dir che forse avrai di me pietate,
E se ben mostri fuor tanto odiarme,
Pur ti sovvien di me qualche fiate;
Subito tutti gli altri prendon l'arme,
E gli fan confessar tua crudeltate,
E che sarai per mia malvagia stella

Più feroce ver me sempre, e più bella.

Ma perchè a più d'un segno io sono accorto
Quanto il vedermi vivo a te dispiaccia;
Benchè direstì ch'io son più che morto,
Se pur degnassi di mirarmi in faccia;
Lasciando con la patria ogni conforto,
Ove più l'Appennin la neve agghiaccia
Carco n'andrò di così gravi some,
Chiamando morte e te sola per nome.

E in questo mio partire, ogni altra doglia
Che in simil caso è di sentirsi usanza,
Ed ogni altro martir ch'aver si soglia,
L'aspra mia passion vince ed avanza;
Che quando fia quel dì ch'io mi ti toglia
E da gli occhj e dal cor, non ho speranza
Che dichi entro 'l tuo cor bello e pudico:
Chi m'allontana il mio fedele amico?

Nè già mai da signore avaro e scarso
Servo fedel con minor premio uscìo
Di me, ch'avendo inchiostro e pianto sparso
Tanto per te, che potrei farne un rio,
Fatto col cor già consumato ed arso:
Indegna ricompensa al servir mio;
Onde conosco ch'al girarsi in fasce,
Sua ventura ha ciascun dal dì che nasce;

E che sol da fortuna il mio mal viene,
Che già nè a l'amor mio nè a tanta fede,
Nè a l'alta tua condizion conviene
Ricever e dover simil mercede;
Ma poi che 'l mal che s'ha nel mondo e 'l bene
Dal voler di là su tutto procede;
Facciasi pur di me, ch'altro non chieggio,
Quel ch'ordinato è già nel sommo seggio.

E tu ministra di mia cruda morte,
Segui il voler del cielo e la fortuna:
E tien del fiero cor chiuse le porte,
Che non v'entri di me pietade alcuna;
Che a far che vero amor pur non ti porte,
Cosa non basterà sotto la luna;
E saglia in cielo, o scenda al cieco abisso,
Sarò qual fui, vivrò come son visso.

Quel desir ch'ebbi in su la vista prima,
Quando ne' tuoi begli occhj Amor m'apparse,
Sempre starà de la mia mente in cima,
Finchè 'l mio corpo venga a cener farse;
Che nulla al mondo prezza, e nulla stima
Quando ben senza te potria trovarse.
Tua fu d'allora, e tua sarà mia vita
Infin al dì de l'ultima partita.

E tutto quel che in amar te sopporto,
Non sarà mai che di soffrir mi penta;
Anzi per te morir mi fia conforto,
Più che per altra aver l'alma contenta;
Nè già di te (benchè abbi in parte il torto)
Ma sol d'Amor la lingua si lamenta
Dicendo avermi tolto il suo furore
Il frutto di molt'anni in sì poch'ore.

E perchè al mondo mai persona viva
Non sappia un atto tuo tanto inumano
D'avermi spinto ne la stigia riva
Al mezzo spazio del mio corso umano;
Sovra il sepolcro mio vo' che si scriva
Da qualche dotta ed amorosa mano,
Quando varcato avrò l'ultimo passo:
Medusa, e l'error mio m'an fatto un sasso.

Sonetto.

Se non sete empia tigre in volto umano,
Spero, dolce mio mal, ch'umido avrete
Le guancie per pietà, quando vedrete
Come m'ha concio Amor da voi lontano.
Pur temo, oimè, che tal sperar sia vano;
Che sol ch'io giunga vivo ove voi sete,
Quella virtù che ne' bei lumi avete,
Mi farà a voi parer libero e sano.
Nè varrà che piangendo io vi dimostri
Che tutto quel di ben che in me risplende,
È del raggio divin de gli occhj vostri.
Bella crudel, che in duo modi m'offende:
Pria col ferir, poi col vietar ch'io mostri
L'alte piaghe onde il cor mercede attende.

Sonetto.

Penna infelice, o mal gradito ingegno,
Cessate omai dal lavor vostro antico;
Poichè quel vago volto al ciel sì amico
Ha le vostre fatiche in odio e a sdegno.
Ma se come tiranno entro al suo regno
Vi sforza Amor nostro mortal nemico,
Tacendo gli occhj belli e 'l cor pudico,
Scrivete sol del mio supplicio indegno.
E perchè ancor di ciò non si lamenti
E ver noi più s'inaspri, abbiate cura
Che fuor non esca il suon dei nostri accenti.
Sì che queste al mio mal pietose mura
Ai pianti vostri e a' miei sospiri ardenti
Sieno in un tempo culla e sepoltura.

Sonetto.

L'eccelse imprese, e gl'immortal trofei
Di tanti illustri eroi donde nascete,
Donna fiera e crudel, vincer credete
Trionfando de' pianti e dolor' miei.
Ma se morta è pietà, spero in colei

Che sola mi può dar pace e quiete,
Che fatta breve il gran poter ch'avete
Troncando i giorni miei negri e rei.
E voi col cener mio muto e sepolto
Sfogar potrete il gran vostr' odio interno
Che per amarvi troppo avete accolto,
Ch' io con lo spirto fuor di questo inferno
Sol goderò del bel del vostro volto
Dipinto in quel del gran Motore eterno.

Sonetto.

Quella cetra gentil che 'n su la riva
Cantò di Mincio Dafni e Melibeo
Sì, che non so se in Menalo o 'n Liceo
In quella o in altra età simil s' udiva;
Poiche con voce più sonora e viva
Celebrato ebbe Pale ed Aristeo,
E le grandi opre che in esilio feo
Il gran figliuol d' Anchise e de la Diva;
Dal suo pastore in una quercia ombrosa
Sacrata pende, e se la move il vento,
Par che dica superba e disdegnosa:
Non sia chi di toccar mi abbia ardimento;
Che se non spero aver man sì famosa,
Del gran Titiro mio sol mi contento.

Sonetto.

Del foco che dal ciel Prometeo tolse
Per dar lo spirto a l' uom caduco e frale,
Però che impresa fu più che mortale,
Irato Giove far vendetta volse.
E 'n Scitia di catene empie l'avvolse,
Ove pascendo il fiero augel fatale
Del suo cor rinascente, ancor immortale,
Premio conforme a la su' audacia tolse.
Simile avvenne a me, che troppo ardita
Mente furai dal vostro divin volto
La fiamma onde i miei scritti an fama e vita.
Ed or in stretti e duri nodi involto,
Pasce de la mia pena aspra infinita
Il pensier vostro a vendicarsi volto.

Sonetto.

Ricca nave dal porto appena uscita
Carca non pur di perle e d' oro e d' ostro,
Ma di tutto il tesor del secol nostro
A solcar l' aspro mar di questa vita;
D' Orion la rea stella incrudelita
Con la forza di Borea e d' Euro e d' Ostro
T' avria sommersa; se dal sommo chiostro
Non ti porgea l' alta potenza aita,
La qual de l' universo udito il pianto,
E conoscendo poco abile il fato
A sostener del mondo un odio tanto,
Rese a l' onde il primier tranquillo stato;
E con la scorta del suo lume santo
Ti mostra il corso omai lieto e beato.

49.
Cesare Caporali.

Er ward 1530 zu Perugia geboren, war wiederholt Gouverneur von Atri, und starb 1601 in Castiglione bey dem Marchese Ascanio della Corgna. Seine Lustspiele in Prosa erwarben ihm nicht so vielen Ruhm wie seine burlesken Terzinen, die sich den besten Leistungen in dieser Gattung würdig anreihen.

Capitolo.

Messer Matteo, ho da gli amici udito
Che voi bramate di vedermi ognora,
Come chi pate in mar, e brama il lito,
Io sto di voi a quel medesmo ancora,
E n' ho un' ardente e strabocchevol voglia,
Com' uom che per martello amando mora,
E ben che cerimonie far non soglia,
Nè proferte maggior di quel ch' io vaglio,
Come chi questo e quel di frappe invoglia;
Pur se mi viene un galantuomo in taglio,
Gli fo da gli altri sempre differenza,
Come si fa dal cinnamomo a l' aglio.
Però se avvien ch' io vi veggia in presenza,
Vi farò di berretta e di ginocchio,
Come si fa a' prelati riverenza.
Che se le vostre qualitadi adocchio,
Conosco chiaro che valete in Roma,
Come in terra di ciechi vale un occhio.
Questo mi move a scaricar la soma
Del debito con voi, che m' urta e spinge
Come cozzone talor bestia non doma,
E quello ch' or per me vi si dipinge,
Toglietelo per me, ch' io non farei
Come chi poetando adula e finge.
Quel ch' io fo, mio il fo, che non vorrei
Che voi patiste di vedermi affanno,
Come patiscon pel Messia gli Ebrei,
Benchè voi fate a voi medesmo inganno,
E resterete a conoscermi poi,
Come chi l' util cerca e trova il danno.
Parmi non già, ch' io dimandassi a voi
In presto cosa per non render mai,
Come da molti s' usa oggi fra noi.
Che ben ch' io sia in pover stato assai,
Dove oggi vengo, vo' poter tornare,
Come biscanta la cornacchia crai.
Voglio inferir che potrete imparare
Poco da me, che nel sapere io sono
Com' è senza lucerna un boccaiare.
Potreste dirmi: egli è pur sparso un suono
Del tuo comporre; è ver, ma quest' adopra,
Come a l' orecchie de' fanciulli il tuono;
Di cui non rispondendo al rumor l' opra,

Lo stupor cessa; e vo tra buoni ingegni,
  Come uccel ch'abbia più falconi sopra.
Or perchè il vostro orecchio non si sdegni
  Col mio lungo proemio, io vengo al fatto,
  Com'uom che adombra e incarta i suoi disegni.
In questa carta vi mando un ritratto
  Di me medesmo, e vo' che mi veggiate,
  Come chi in vece d'occhio usa del tatto.
Qui del volto, del corpo e de l'etate,
  Senza vedermi, intenderete il vero,
  Come si dice in confessione al frate.
Poi gli affetti de l'animo, e 'l pensiero
  Vi scoprirò, che li vedrete a punto
  Come per bianca neve un bufal nero.
Ne gli anni a mezzo del cammin son giunto
  Di nostra vita, e vo correndo a gli anta,
  Come corre per mar legno ben unto.
Questo è quanto a l'età: quanto a la pianta
  Del corpo poi, io son grande e cresciuto,
  Come in magro terren mal culta pianta.
Son nel composto mio scarno e membruto;
  Ho le gambe sgarbate, e 'l ventre piano,
  Com'ha ne l'esser suo proprio un leuto.
Le membra tutte poi di mano in mano
  Corrispondono al tronco, e fan concerto,
  Come il parlar di Bergamo e 'l toscano.
Se mi vedeste un tratto discoperto,
  Vo' dir nudo, io pajo più nè meno
  Come a veder Macario nel deserto.
E perch'abbiate informazione a pieno,
  Volge il capriccio a darvi de la faccia,
  Come si volge ogni caval per freno.
Ma la rima vuol dirvi de le braccia,
  Ch'io ho sottili, e non ruvide e grosse,
  Come chi il pan con la zappa procaccia.
La qual tornando onde prima si mosse,
  Desta 'l cervello a ciò che dirvi intendo,
  Come la tromba il barbar su le mosse.
Copre la barba dal mento cadendo
  Quel groppo ch'è il boccon d'Adam chiamato,
  Come il grembial da cintola pendendo.
Questo ho io ne la gola rilevato,
  E la barba l'asconde, come ho detto,
  Come la buffa in giostra a l'uomo armato.
Non la porto però lunga giù al petto,
  Ma tonda in quadro, e quasi è il suo modello
  Come siepe cimata per diletto.
La bocca non mi fa brutto nè bello;
  Ma ho straziato per disgrazia il naso,
  Come Esopo tratto di pennello.
Questo per accidente m'è rimaso;
  Nel resto è la figura del mio viso,
  Com'un di quegli mostacci fatti a caso.
La fronte ho crespa, il ciglio aspro e diviso,
  Orecchio, collo, con grosse mascelle,
  Com'ha il proprio riverso di Narciso.
Ho gli occhi negri, e pallida la pelle,
  Aspetto fosco, e porto il capo chino
  Come chi attende ed ha triste novelle.
Con tutto questo ho per mio buon destino
  San per natura e schietto il corpo tutto,
  Come un ducato veneziano zecchino.
E ben ch'io paja contraffatto e brutto
  Com'io vi scrivo, e che in effetto sia
  Come l'autunno ogni arbor senza frutto;
Pur perch'io so che cosa è leggiadria,
  Mi diletto d'andare affettatuzzo,
  Come il Zima vestito a smanceria.
Ne l'andar fo de l'alto e de l'aguzzo;
  Mi pavoneggio e contrappeso i passi
  Come cornacchia o aguassarola o struzzo.
E se per me farsetto o calze fassi,
  Fo empir di borra petto fianco ed anca,
  Come s'empion di lana i materassi.
Ma voi dovete aver l'orecchia stanca,
  O dovete esser dal cianciume stracco
  Come corrier tra via se il cibo manca.
Per tutto ciò la penna non distacco;
  Ch'a forza n'esce la seconda parte,
  Com'esce il gran quand'è sdrucito il sacco.
Io v'ho detto del corpo a parte a parte,
  E ch'io mi fo con pompa la persona,
  Come chi ajuta natura con arte.
Com'al di dentro l'alma affrena o sprona
  Gli affetti miei, ho da narrarvi appresso,
  Come chi a doppio le campane suona.
Io prima in vero conoscer me stesso,
  E l'esser mio fra gli uomini figuro,
  Com'è proprio tra gli alberi il cipresso.
Sto paziente al pover stato e duro,
  E sto con la fortuna e con la sorte
  Come colui che sta tra' calci e 'l muro.
Vivo de l'arte mia; e soldo e corte
  Fuggo, come cagion di molti danni,
  Come si fugge l'arme de la morte.
Non ho sete di roba che m'affanni,
  Perch'io so che difendon l'acque e 'l vento,
  Come le sete e gli ostri, i grossi panni.
La libertà mi fa viver contento;
  La qual cara mi fu fin da fanciullo,
  Com'è caro a l'avar l'oro e l'argento.
Il mangiar bene e ber non stimo un frullo,
  Perchè Fabrizio con le rape valse,
  Come co' suoi fagian valse Lucullo.
Di vani amor mondan mai non mi calse;
  Ed ambizion si spende tra miei gesti
  Come tra banchi le monete false.
Non ho invidia che 'l cor mi roda o infesti;
  Non ira onde a vendetta il desir s'erga,
  Com'han gli orsi caldani e i can modesti.
Sonno o pigrizia mai non m'alberga;
  Anzi sto desto nel mondan viaggio,
  Come suol star pigro ronzin per verga.
Tra spirto e carne pace in me non regge;

Onde al piacer d' amor mi porgo e movo,
  Come le biscie al sentolin di maggio.
Converso solamente e cerco e provo
  D' aver sotto conforme ne gli umori,
  Com' acqua ad acqua, e come 'l novo al novo.
Io fui nimico sempre de' frappatori,
  E fuggo gli alchimisti e i negromanti,
  Come fugge un fallito i creditori.
E credo in Dio, ne la Madre, e nei Santi;
  Ne so' sperarmi da la destra sponda,
  Come Martin, Filippo, e gli altri erranti.
Nel resto vo pel mezzo ed a seconda;
  Ne mi fido in parabole o 'n chimere,
  Come chi in aria i suoi castelli fonda.
Mi piace assai più l' esser, che 'l parere;
  E de l' ipocrisia fuggo l' errore,
  Come soglion dal can fuggir le fiere.
Nuove del turco o de l' imperadore
  Altrui tengo, e capital ne faccio,
  Come una meretrice de l' onore.
Nel conversar io solo vedo e taccio,
  Travaglio a tempo, e fommi il fatto mio,
  Come formica il vitto mi procaccio.
Sbirchi, bravi, bestemmia, e giuoco rio
  Mi spiacquer sempre, e le brutte parole,
  Come a' furfanti il dir: vatti con Dio.
Con l' amico fo sempre quel che vuole;
  E 'l suo poter mi strugge sì, ch' io vegno
  Come neve o pruina incontro 'l sole.
Spendo liberalmente quanto tegno;
  E vanno le mie robbe e i miei guadagni
  Com' acqua schiusa che non ha ritegno.
Sto sempre allegro e lieto fra compagni;
  Ma solo in braccio de gli umori casco
  Come cascan le mosche in man de' ragni.
La spene di promesse mai non pasco;
  Che di cascarvi stan sempre in periglio,
  Come l' amor di donna e 'l vin di fiasco.
A [illegible] o cavillo non m' appiglio;
  Fuggo le gare i garbugli e le liti,
  Come gru fugge di falcon l' artiglio.
Or tutti i miei progressi avete uditi,
  E quasi stato vi son forse molesto
  Come chi va a le nozze senza inviti.
Fo fine, ed al servigio vostro resto
  Pront' a le squille a vespro a nona e terza,
  Com' al fischio in galea schiavo ben presto,
O come al suo signor paggio per sferza.

58.

Giovanni Battista Guarini.

Aus angesehenem adeligem Geschlechte zu Ferrara stammend, ward Guarini daselbst 1537 geboren, und trat, nachdem er sich einer sorgfältigen Erziehung erfreute, schon früh in die Dienste Alphons II., der ihn vielfältig als seinen Gesandten in Staatsgeschäften benutzte, und dem derselbe 1582 eine vierjährige Muße vergönnte, während welcher er seinen Pastor fido dichtete. 1586 ging er als Staatssecretär zu seinem Fürsten zurück, begab sich aber nach dessen Tode zuerst zu dem Großherzoge von Toscana, dann zu dem Herzoge von Urbino. Gegen das Ende seines Lebens entsagte er jedoch den Staatsgeschäften gänzlich, und hielt sich nun abwechselnd in Ferrara und Rom, so wie zuletzt in Venedig auf, wo er am 7. Oktober 1612 starb. Außer dem oben erwähnten Gedichte, einst weit über Verdienst gefeierten Gedichte, hinterließ er noch lyrische Poesien, in denen seine Madrigale besonders einen vorzüglichen Rang einnehmen.

Il pastor fido.

Atto I, Sc. V.

Satiro.

Come il gelo a le piante, a i fior l' arsura,
La grandine a le spiche, a i semi il verme,
Le reti a i cervi, ed a gli augelli il visco,
Così nemico a l' uom fu sempre Amore.
„E chi foco chiamollo intese molto
„La sua natura perfida, e malvagia.
Che se 'l foco si mira, o come è vago
Ma se si tocca, o come è crudo: il mondo
Non ha di lui più spaventevol mostro.
Come fera divora, e come ferro
Pugne, e trapassa, e come vento vola,
E dove il piede imperioso ferma
Cede ogni forza, ogni poter dà loco.
Non altrimenti Amor, che se tu 'l miri
In duo begli occhi, in una treccia bionda,
O come alletta, e piace, o come pare
Che gioia spiri, e pace altrui prometta.
Ma se troppo t' accosti, e troppo il tenti
Sì, che serper cominci, e forza acquisti,
Non ha Tigre l' Ircania, et non ha Libia
Leon sì fero, e sì pestifero angue,
Che la sua ferita avanzi, o pareggi,
Crudo più che l' Inferno, e che la Morte
Nemico di pietà, ministro d' ira,
E finalmente Amor privo d' amore.
Ma che parlo di lui? perchè l' incolpo?
È forse egli cagion di ciò, che 'l mondo
Amando no, ma vaneggiando pecca?
O femminil perfidia, a te si rechi
La cagion pur d' ogni amorosa infamia;
Da te sola deriva, e non da lui
Quanto ha di crudo, e di malvagio Amore,
Che 'n sua natura placido, e benigno
Teco ogni sua bontà subito perde.
Tutte le vie di penetrar nel seno,
E di passar al cor tosto li chiudi,
Sol di fuor il lusinghi, e fai suo nido,
È tua cura, e tua pompa, e tuo diletto
La scorza sol d' un miniato volto.
Nè già son l' opre tue, gradir con fede
La fede di chi t' ama, e con chi t' ama
Contender ne l' amor, ed in duo petti

Stringer un core, e 'n due voleri un' alma.
Ma tinger d'oro un' inornata chioma,
E d'una parte in mille nodi attorta,
Infrascarne la fronte, indi con l'altra
Tessuta in rete, e 'n quelle frasche involta
Prender' il cor di mille incauti amanti,
O come è indegna, e stomachevol cosa
Il vederti tal hor con un pennello
Pigner le guance, ed occultar le mende
Di natura, e del tempo, e veder come
Il livido pallor fai parer d'ostro,
Le rughe appiani, e 'l bruno imbianchi, e togli
Col difetto il difetto, anzi l'accresci.
Spreme un filo [illegible], e l'un de' capi
Co' denti afferri, e con la man sinistra
L'altro sostieni, e del corrente nodo
Con la destra fai giro, e l'apri, e stringi
Quasi radente forbice, e l'adatti
Su l'inegual lanuginosa fronte;
Indi radi ogni piuma, e svelli insieme
Il mal crescente, e temerario pelo
Con tal dolor, ch'è penitenza il fallo:
Ma questo è nulla, avvien che tanto, a l'opre
Sono i costumi somiglianti, e i vezzi.
Qual cosa hai tu, che non sia tutta finta?
S'apri la bocca, menti; se sospiri,
Son mentiti i sospiri; se muovi gli occhi,
È simulato il guardo: in somma ogn' atto
Ogni sembiante, e ciò che 'n te si vede,
E ciò, che non si vede, o parli, o pensi,
O vada, o miri, o pianga, o rida, o canti
Tutto è menzogna; e questo ancora è poco.
Ingannar più, chi più si fida, e meno
Amar chi più n'è degno, odiar la fede
Più che la morte stessa; queste son l'arti,
Che fan sì crudo, e sì perverso Amore.
Dunque d'ogni suo fallo è tua la colpa.
Anzi pur ella è sol di chi ti crede;
Dunque la colpa è mia, che ti credei
Malvagia, e perfidissima Corisca,
Che per mio danno sol, cred'io venuta
Da le contrade scelerate d'Argo,
Ove lussuria fa l'ultima prova.
Ma sì ben fingi, e sì sagace, e scaltra
Se' nel celar altrui l'opre, e i pensieri,
Che tra le più pudiche oggi t'en vai
Del nome indegno d'onestate altera.
O quanti affanni ho sostenuti, o quante
Per questa cruda indegnità sofferte.
Ben me ne pento, anzi vergogno. Impara
Da le mie pene, o malaccorto amante;
„Non far idolo un volto, ed a me credi;
„Donna adornata un nume è de l'Inferno,
„Di se tutto presume; e del suo volto
„Serva te, che l'adori, e quasi Dea;
„Come cosa mortal ti sdegna e schiva.
„Che d'esser tal per suo valor si vanta,
„Quel ch'è per tua viltà la fugge, ed ama.
Che tanta servitù? che tanti preghi,
Tanti pianti, e sospiri? usin quest' armi
Le femmine, e i fanciulli, e i nostri petti
Sien' anche ne l'amar virili, e forti.
Un tempo anch' io credei, che sospirando,
E piangendo, e pregando in cor di donna
Si potesse destar fiamma d'amore;
Hor me n'avveggio, errai; che s'ella il core
Ha di duro macigno; indarno tenti,
Che per lagrima molle, o lieve fiato
Di sospir, che 'l lusinghe, arda o sfaville,
Se rigido focil no 'l batte, o sferza.
Lascia, lascia le lagrime, e i sospiri,
S'acquisto far de la tua donna vuoi:
E s'ardi pur d'inestinguibil foco
Nel centro del tuo cor quanto più sai
Chiudi l'affetto, e poi secondo 'l tempo
Fa quel ch' Amore, e la Natura insegna.
„Però che la modestia è nel sembiante
„Sol virtù de la donna; e però [illegible]
„Il trattar con modestia è gran difetto;
„Ed ella che sì ben con altrui l'usa,
„Senza averla l'ha in odio; e vuol che 'n lei
„La usi sì, ma non l'adopri il vago."
Con questa legge naturale, e dritta,
Se farai per mio senno amerai sempre,
Ma non vedrà ne perseguita Corisca
Mai più tenero amante; mai più fido
Farò sentire, e sentirà con arme
Non di lusinghe pur, ma d'huomo virile
Vendicarsi, e trafiggersi. Due volte
L'ho presa già questa malvagia, e sempre
M'è fuggita [illegible] da le mani svella:
Ma s'ella giunge ancor la trova al varco,
Ho ben pensato d'affrontarla in guisa
Che non potrà fuggirsi. A goder suole
Tra queste selve capitar sovente;
Ed io vo' pur come sagace veltro
Fiutandola per tutto: e quai vendetta
Ne vo' far se la prendo, e quale strazio,
Ben le farò veder, che tal hor anco
Ha lo sdegno aperti gli occhi; e che alcun tempo
De le perfidie sue non si dà vanto
Femmina ingannatrice, e senza fede.

Coro.

  O nel seno di Giove alta, e possente
Legge scritta, anzi nata;
La cui soave, ed amorosa forza,
Verso quel ben, che non inteso sente
Ogni cosa creata,
Gli animi inclina e la natura sforza:
Né pur la frale scorza,
Che 'l senso a pena vede, e nasce, e more
Al variar de l'ore;
Ma i semi occulti, e la cagione interna,
Ch'è d'eterno valor, move, e governa.
  E se gravida è 'l mondo, e tante belle

Sue maraviglie forma,
E se per entro a quanto scalda il sole,
A l'ampia Luna, a le Titanie stelle,
Vive spirto che 'n forma
Col suo moverlo valor l'immensa mole;
S'indi l'humana prole
Sorge, e le piante, e gli animali han vita;
Se la terra è fiorita,
Et se rinnova lei la rugosa fronte,
Vien dal tuo vivo e sempiterno fonte.
Ne questo pur, ma ciò che vago opera
Versan sopra i mortali,
Onde qua giù si sia ventura, o lieta
Stella s'addita, hor mansueta, hor fera,
Ond' han le vite frali
Del nascer l'hora, e del morir la meta;
Ciò che fa vaga, o queta
Ne' suoi turbati affetti humana voglia,
E par che doni, e toglia
Fortuna; e 'l mondo vuol ch'a lei s'ascriva,
Da l'alto tuo valor tutto deriva.
O detta inevitabile, e severa;
Se pur è tuo consiglio,
Che dopo tanti affanni un dì riposi
L'Arcadia Terra, ed habbia vita, e pace;
Se quel, che n'hai predetto
Per bocca de gli oracoli famosi
De' due fatali sposi,
Pur da te viene, e 'n quello eterno abisso
L'hai stabilito, e fisso;
E se la voce lor non è bugiarda,
Deh chi l'effetto al voler tuo ritarda?
Ecco d'Amore, e di pietà nemica
Nutrice aspra, e crudele,
Che nata dal cielo, e pur col ciel contende;
Ecco poi chi combatte un cor pudico,
Amante sì, ma fedele,
Che 'l tuo voler con le sue fiamme offende;
E questo meno attende
Frutto del pianto, e del servir mercede,
Tanto ha più fede, e lode;
Ed è pur quella a lui fatal bellezza,
Ch'è destinata a chi la fugge e sprezza.
Così dunque in se stessa è pur divisa
Quell' eterna possanza?
E così l'un destin con l'altro giostra?
Oh non fia forse intero danno, e conquisa
Delle humane speranza
Se pugna anch'ei a la superna chiostra?
Rubella al ciel si mostra,
Ed arma quasi nemici campi pugnanti,
Amanti, e non Amanti?
Ove si puote tanto? e di diletto Regno
Travolvan due cieche, Amore, e sdegno.
Ma tu che stai sovra le stelle, e 'l fato,
E con saver divino
Deh tu reggi alto Motor del cielo,
Mira, ti prego il nostro dubbio stato;
Accorda co 'l destino
Amor, e sdegno; e con paterno zelo
Tempra la fiamma e 'l gelo;
Chi de' goder non fugga, e non disami;
Chi de' fuggir non ami.
Deh fa che l'empia, e cieca voglia altrui
La promessa pietà non tolga a noi.
Ma chi sa? forse quella,
Che pare inevitabile sciagura
Sarà lieta ventura.
„O quanto poco humano senso vale!
„Che non s'affisa al sol vista mortale."

Madrigali.

Sede d'Amore.

Dov'hai tu nido, Amore?
Nel viso di Madonna o nel mio core?
S'in esso come splendi,
Ne' tutto in quel bel volto;
Ma se poi come impiaghi e come accendi,
Ne' tutto in me raccolto,
Deh, se mostrar le meraviglie vuoi
Del tuo poter in noi,
Talor cangia ricetto;
Ed entra a me nel viso, a lei nel petto.

Amante infermo.

E così pur languendo
Men' vo fra queste piume, e 'n doppio ardore
Quasi morte m'accide, e quindi amore.
Ne voi, crudele, il sentite;
Et è pur vostra colpa e vostra cura,
Via più che di natura.
Che aggravando l'un mal, l'altro malfate.
Legge perversa e ria!
Se vostro è il cor, perchè la pena è mia?

Mordente amorosetta.

Un cibo di fuor dolce e dentro amaro,
Donna, voi mi porgeste;
Quasi dir mi voleste;
Gusta e impara a saper che tale i' sono,
Ma se la dimostrate
Si de gustar, come si gusta il dono;
Deh perchè non mi fate
Prima assaggiar quel ch'è di dolce in voi?
Che dolce mi farìa l'amaro poi.

Donna dura poco dura.

Ite amari sospiri
A la bella cagion del morir mio,
E dite: o troppo di pietate ignuda,
S'avete pur desio
Di lungamente conservarvi cruda,
Affrettate il rigore;
Che quel meschin si muore;
E dura tanto fin col suo morire
A la durezza vostra, il suo languire.

[illegible]

Se vostro cor, Madonna,
Altrui pietoso tanto
Da quel suo degno al mio non degno pianto

Talor si rivolgesse,
Ed una stilla al mio languir ne desse;
Forse nel mio dolore
Vedria l'altrui perfidia e 'l proprio errore;
E voi seco direste: ah, sapess' io
Usar pietà, come pietà desio.

Canta! dicea Madonna.

Come cantar poss' io,
S' amor e sdegno ne' begli occhi avete?
Deh, se del canto mio sì vaga sete,
Mentre accordo la voce e lo 'ntelletto
Al suono del vostro detto,
Il vostro detto voi, Donna, accordate
Con la vostra beltate;
Ch' io non posso cantar, crudele, se 'l canto
Mi commanda la lingua, e gli occhi il pianto.

Madonna inferma.

Langue al vostro languir l' anima mia;
E dico: ah forse a sì cocente pena
Sua ferita la mena.
O anima d' Amor troppo rubella,
Quanto meglio vi fora
Provar quel caro ardor, che vi fa bella,
Che quel che vi scolora!
Perchè non piace a la mia stella, ch' io
Arda del vostro foco, e voi del mio.

Bacio rubato.

Non fu senza vendetta
Il mio furto soave;
Però non vi sia grave,
Dolci labbra amorose,
Ch' a le vostre vermiglie e fresche rose,
Caro cibo involassi ai desir miei;
Se per pena del furto il cor perdei.

Baciate labbra.

Punto da un' ape, a cui
Rubava il mele, il pargoletto Amore
Quel rubato licore
Tutto pien d' ira e di vendetta pose
Su le labbra di rose
A la mia Donna e disse: in voi si serbe
Memoria non mai spenta
De le soavi mie rapine acerbe;
E chi vi bacia, senta
De l' ape, ch' io provai dolce e crudele
L' ago nel core, e ne la bocca il mele.

Parole e baci.

Con che soavità, labbra odorate,
E vi bacio, e v' ascolto!
Ma se godo un piacer, l' altro m' è tolto.
Come i vostri diletti
S' ancidono fra lor, se dolcemente
Vive per ambedue l' anima mia?
Che soave armonia
Fareste, o dolci baci, o cari detti,
Se foste unitamente
D' ambedue le dolcezze ambo capaci:
Baciando, i detti; e ragionando i baci.

Rosa donna.

Donò Licori a Batto
Una rosa, cred' io, di paradiso
E sì vermiglia in viso
Donandola si fece e sì vezzosa,
Che parea rosa, che donasse rosa.
Allor disse il pastore
Con un sospir dolcissimo d' amore:
Perchè degno non sono
D' aver la rosa donatrice in dono?

Bellezza ambiziosa.

A che tanto prezzar porpora ed oro,
Ch' è dono di ventura;
Se l' un nel crin, l' altro nel volto avete,
Ch' è dono di natura?
Deh, se pur vaga sete
D' amar cosa mirabile in altrui,
Amate amor in me, che non è in voi.

Fuga vietata.

Troppo ben può questo tiranno amore;
Poichè non val fuggire
A chi nol può soffrire.
Quando i' penso talor com' arde e punge,
I' dico: ah core stolto,
Non l' aspettar, che fai?
Fuggilo sì, che non ti prenda mai.
Ma poi sì dolce il lusinghier mi giunge,
Ch' io dico: ah core sciolto,
Perchè fuggito l' hai?
Prendilo sì, che non ti fugga mai.

L' uomo è piccol mondo.

E' l' uomo un piccol mondo,
Ma grande allor ch' è con la Donna unito;
Che l' un per l' altro ha la natura ordito.
Ha l' uom del mondo frale
Quanto è 'n lui di caduco e di mortale;
Ma ne la Donna si contien l' eterno:
Il volto è 'l paradiso, e 'l cor l' inferno.

51.

Bernardo Baldi.

Er ward 1553 zu Urbino geboren, trat in den geistlichen Stand, und zeichnete sich als Mathematiker wie als Staatsmann aus, so daß er sich der besondern Gunst des Herzogs von Guastalla Ferrante II. Gonzaga zu erfreuen hatte. Nach einem langen, nützlichen Leben starb er 1617 in seiner Vaterstadt. Außer einem großen didaktischen Gedichte: La Nautica, [illegible], hinterließ er noch Eklogen, Idyllen und Sonnette, von denen vorzüglich die beiden ersteren wegen ihrer Correctheit sehr geschätzt werden. In einer Uebersetzung der Klagelieder Jeremiae versuchte er einen [illegible] Versbau einzuführen, was ihm aber durchaus mißlang. Die hier mitgetheilte Idylle wird als seine gelungenste Production betrachtet, doch ist sie noch nicht frei von Härte und breiter Umständlichkeit.

Idillio.

Celeo e l' Orto.

Sparir vedeasi già per l' oriente
Qualche piccola stella, e spuntar l' alba;
Già salutar il giorno omai vicino
S' udia col canto il coronato augello,
Quando pian pian del letticciuolo umile
Celeo vecchio cultor di pover orto
Alzò desto dal sonno il pigro fianco,
E d' ogn' intorno biancheggiar vedendo
De l' uscio a gli spiragli il dubbio lume,
Cinto la vile e rozza gonna ond' egli
Solea coprirsi, indi calzato il piede
Col duro cuojo rappezzato ed aspro,
Bramoso di saper se fosse il cielo
Ver l' oriente o torbido o sereno,
Mirollo, e poi che senza nubi il vide,
Prendendo augurio di felice giorno,
Tornò là ve ad un chiodo arida scorza
Pendea di vota zucca, il cui capace
Ventre fatta s' avea di molti semi
Separati fra lor fida conserva,
E di lor quegli eletti onde volea
L' orticel fecondar, postosi sopra
La manca spalla il zappuncello e 'l rastro,
Ne l' orto entrò, cui diligente intorno
Di pruni contesta avea spinosa siepe,
Ove parte spargendo i semi, parte
Svellendo dal terren l' erbe nocive
Parte i solchi nettando, e parte d' acque
Empiendo largo vaso onde la sera
Inaffiar ne potesse i fiori e l' erbe,
Tanta dimora fe', che non s' avvide
Che il sol già di que' spazj avea trascorso,
Onde i giorni e le notti egli misura.
E tal de l' opra sua prendea diletto,
Che tempo assai più lungo ivi vi fora,
Se 'l natural desio, che mai non dorme
In uom che neghittoso il dì non mena,
Desto in lui non avesse altro pensiero.
Per pagar dunque il solito tributo
Al famelico ventre ed importuno
Entrato nel tugurio, e giù deposte
Le rural' arme sue, tutto si diede
A prepararsi il consueto cibo.
E prima col focil la dura selce
Spesso ripercotendo, il seme ardente
De la fiamma ne trasse, e lo raccolse
In arido fomento; e perchè pigro
Gli parea e languente, il proprio fiato
Oprò per eccitarlo, e di frondosi
Nutrillo aridi rami; e quando vide
Che in tutto appreso avvalorossi ed arse,
Cinto d' un bianco lino, ambe le braccia
Spogliossi fino al cubito, e lavate
Che dal sudore ei s' ebbe e da la polve
Le dure mani entro stagnato vaso
Che terso di splendor vincea l' argento,
Alquanto d' onda infuse, ed a la fiamma
Sovra un ponte locollo, ove tre piedi
Di ferro sostenean di ferro un cerchio;
Gittovvi poi, quando l' umor gli parve
Tepido, tanto sal, quanto a condirlo
Fosse bastante, e per non stare indarno,
Mentre l' onda bollia, per fina tela
Fece passar di setole contesta
Di Cerere il tesor, che in bianca polve
Ridotto avea sotto il pesante giro
De la volubil pietra; indi partendo
Con tagliente coltel rotonda forma
Di grasso cacio, che da' topi ingordi
Ei difendea dentro fiscella appesa
Al negro colmo, col forato ed aspro
Ferro tritollo, e cominciando omai
L' acqua d' intorno e l' infiammato fianco
Del vaso a gorgogliare, a poco a poco
S' adattò con la destra a spargervi entro
La purgata farina, non cessando
Con la sinistra intanto a mescer sempre
La farina e l' umor con saldo legno.
Quando poi tutta di sudor la fronte
Aspersa egli ebbe, e 'l bianco e molle corpo
Cominciò a diventar pallido e duro;
Aggiunse forza a l' opra, e con la destra
A la sinistra man porgendo aita,
Per lo fondo del vaso il legno intorno
Fece volar con più veloci giri,
Fin che vedendo omai quella mistura
Nulla bisogno aver più di Vulcano,
Preso un bianco taglier di bianco faggio,
Fecene sovra quel rotonda massa:
E ratto corse là dov' egli avea
Molti vasi disposti in lunghe schiere,
Un piatto sovra tutti ampio e capace
Indi tolse ed il terse, e con un filo
Ritroncando la massa in molte parti,
Il piatto ne colmò, di trito cacio
Aspergendolo sempre a suolo a suolo.
E per non tralasciar cosa che d' uopo
Fosse per farla delicata e cara;
Mentre fumava ancor, sovra v' infuse
Di butirro gran copia, che dal caldo
Liquefatto stillante a poco a poco
Penetrò tutto il penetrabil corpo.
Condotta al fin quest' opra, e posto il vase
Così caldo com' era appresso al foco,
Provido ad altro attese; e volto il piede
Là v' egli larga pietra eretta avea
Sotto una grande e tortuosa vite,
Che copria con le fronde un vicin fonte,
D' un panno la coperse in guisa bianco,
Che l' odor del bucato ancor serbava.
Quinci il picciol vasel sovra vi pose
Ove il sal si conserva, e 'l pan che dolce
Gli era e soave, ancor che negro e vile.
Di molte erbe odorate e molti frutti
Carcolla al fin, che l' orticel cortese

Ognor dispensa; e da l'armario tolse
La ciotola capace, e 'l vaso antico
Del vin, cui logro avea l'uso frequente
Il manico ritondo, e tolto in parte
Le somme labra onde il liquor si versa.
Preparato già il tutto, ed omai stanco
Del lungo faticar, poi che le mani
Tornato fu di novo a rilavarsi;
Accostossi a la mensa, e tutto lieto
Cominciò con gran gusto a scacciar lunge
Da se l'urgente fame, e l'importuna
Sete, e spesso temprando il vin con l'onda
Che dal fonte sorgea gelida e pura;
E già sazio era il ventre, e già il palato
Da lui più non chiedea bevanda od esca;
Quando dietro la fame in lui serpendo
Quella stanchezza entrò, che dolce suole
Gli occhi gravar, mentre vapore il caldo
Vital sen corre al cibo, e lascia pigre
Le ristorate membra; ond'egli, a cui
Il dì passar dormendo unqua non piacque,
Per non dar loco al sonno, in queste voci
[illegible] fra se ruppe il silenzio.
  O beato colui, che in pace vive
Questa vita mortal misera e breve;
La qual benchè sì bella appaja in vista,
Tosto langue però qual fiore in prato
O da falce o da piè pesto reciso.
Ma infelice colui, che sempre in guerra
Seco col suo pensier non mai s'affronta;
Quel che da cure ambiziose avare
Tormentato mai sempre, un'ora, un punto
Di tranquillo non prova, e non sa quanto
Di gran lunga trapassi ogni tesoro
La cara povertà giusta innocente.
Abbiansi le cittadi, abbiansi pure
L'arti onde nascon gli agi e 'l viver molle;
Ch'a me sommo piacer, sommo diletto
Fia 'l contemplar or verdi or biancheggianti
Le seminate biade, or rimirando
L'antiche selve, le sassose grotte,
L'opache valli, i monti, i vivi laghi,
L'acque stagnanti, e i mobili cristalli,
Il sentir lieti a l'ora mattutina
Dinanzi al canto ir gorgheggiando a gara
Le vaghe lodolette e gli usignuoli;
De le tortore udir, de le colombe
I gemiti e i susurri, e de gli arbusti
Di rugiada pascente le cicale
Roco doppiar nel mezzo giorno il canto.
Pochi san quanto giovi i membri lassi
Gittar talor dormendo in qualche piaggia
Fresca erbosa fiorita appresso un rivo,
Che mormorando col garrir s'accordi
De gli augelli de l'aure e de le frondi.
Ma qual piacer s'agguaglia a quel ch'io prendo
Solamente da te, mio picciol orto,
Da te, ch'a me città, palagio e loggia,
A me sei vigna e campo e selva e prato!
Tu di salubri erbette ognor fecondo
Porgi a la mensa mia non compro cibo.
Tu l'ozio da me scacci, e da te viene,
Che benchè già canute aggia le tempie,
Di robustezza a giovane non ceda.
Tu dal mio petto le noiose cure
Lunge sbandisci, e 'n vece lor v'induci
Piacer letizia e pace, e sei cagione
Ch'io non invidj l'aurea verga e 'l manto,
E le ricchezze che dal mondo avaro
Fanno ammirar gl'imperadori e i regi.
Qual si trova piacer, che tu non abbia?
Qual hai piacer, che d'util non sia misto?
O qual utile è 'l tuo, che da l'onesto
Si veggia, come molti, esser discorde?
Tu l'occhio pasci, se de l'erbe mira
I nativi smeraldi e i vaghi fiori.
Godon per te gli orecchi in ascoltando
Il grato susurrar de l'api industri,
Mentre predando vanno ai primi albori
Da' fior le dolci rugiadose stille.
Senso non ha chi l'odor tuoi non sente,
Odor che la viola il croco e 'l giglio
Il narciso e la rosa intorno sparge.
Piacciono le gemme a gli occhi, e piace l'oro
Ma non ne gode il gusto; il gusto poi
D'altre cose piacer talora sente,
Di cui nulla il veder diletto prende.
E così avviene a te, poi che non meno
L'occhio mi pasci tu di quel che faccia
Il gusto ed ogni senso: io se desio
L'oro veder, del già maturo cedro
La spoglia miro, che s'assembra a l'oro;
Se l'oro poi, che di rubin sia carco,
A la siepe mi volgo ove il granato
Maturo e mezzo aperto i suoi tesori
Mi scuopre: se veder gli altri lapilli
Chieggio, ecco l'uve di color mature
Pendenti giù da pampinosi rami.
Ma qual altro diletto a quel s'agguaglia,
Che dà il veder sovra un medesmo tronco,
Sovra un medesmo ramo il pero il pomo
E la mandola e 'l pesco e 'l fico e 'l pruno;
Ed una sola pianta a sì diversi
Figli somministrar madre cortese
Con nuovo modo il nutrimento e 'l latte.
Taccio tante altre gioje, e tanti beni,
Che mi vengon da te, caro orticello;
Ed a voi mi rivolgo, o Dei, ch'avete
De gli orti cura, e di chi a gli orti attende.
Tu dunque, Clori, tu, che mai non manchi
Al mio verde terren copia di fiori,
Tu sì, Pomona, che de' frutti buoni
Non sian de gli arbor mai vedovi i rami.
E tu che tante e sì diverse forme
Prendi, Vertunno, il culto mio difendi
Or con la spada, se soldato sei,

Or col pungente stimolo, se i buoi
Giunger li puoi al giogo; e tu, Priapo,
S'unqua gli altari tuoi di fiori ornai,
Con la gran falce e con l'altre arme orrende
Spaventa i ladri che notturni vanno
Predando ingiusti le fatiche altrui.
Crescete, erbette e fior, crescete lieti,
Se 'l ciel benigno a voi giammai non neghi
Tepidi soli, e temperata pioggia.
Si dicea sero il povero Celeo
Ne la sua povertà felice a pieno,
Quand'io, cui men di lui l'ozio non spiace,
Per non perdere il tempo a dir m'accinsi
Come industre nocchier quel legno formi
Ch'e' dee guidar per non segnate vie.

32.

Ottavio Rinuccini.

Sein Geburtsjahr und seine Lebensverhältnisse sind nicht genau ermittelt. Er stammte aus Florenz, und erwarb sich dadurch einen Namen in der Literatur seines Vaterlandes, dass er sich eigends mit bedeutenden Tonkünstlern dazu verband, die erste regelmässige Oper, Dafne (1594), zu liefern. Dieser folgte seine Euridice, Tragedia per Musica, componirt von Peri, Jacopo Corsi und Caccini, welche bei der Vermählung Heinrichs IV. mit Maria von Medicis aufgeführt wurde und außerordentlichen Beifall fand. Nicht minderes Glück machte seine dritte Oper l'Arianna, wie überhaupt seine Leistungen auf diesem Gebiete bis zu Apostolo Zeno als Muster galten. Rinuccini starb 1621, und hinterließ ausser jenen Werken noch lyrische Gedichte, die sich durch Leichtigkeit und Eleganz auszeichnen.

Canzone.

O voi che in pianto,
Alme d'amor ferite,
Traete i dì nojosamente, udite
L'alto mio vanto,
E fra l'acerbe pene
Armate il cor di speme.
Quell'alma dura
Ch'a' miei sospiri ardenti
Rassembrò già ch'in rigid'alpe a' venti
S'inaspra e indura;
Stillò in pianto d'amore
A l'amoroso ardore.
Quel crudo ciglio
Che con faville e dardi
Sfidommi un tempo, e torbido e vermiglio
Volse gli sguardi;
Non più m'assale e fiede,
Ma domanda mercede.
Deh chi d'alloro
Mi fa ghirlanda al crine?
Pur mi god'io vittorioso alfine
Il mio tesoro
La mia nemica altera
È pur mia prigioniera.
Già non l'allaccia
D'aspra catena il ferro:
Cortese vincitor tra le mie braccia
La guardo e serro,
Nè voglio altro tributo,
Che 'l core a me dovuto.
Ben duro scoglio
Invan l'onda percote;
Ma in cor di donna un ostinato orgoglio
Durar non puote.
Troppo dei veri amanti
Ponno i sospiri e i pianti.

Canzone.

Occhi immortali,
D'Amor gloria e splendore,
Armatevi di fiamme e d'aurei strali,
Ecco il mio core.
Ecco il mio core,
Che scorre il campo ardito:
All'arme, occhi guerrieri, all'arme, Amore;
Su, ch'io v'invito.
Su, ch'io v'invito;
Sonan sospiri ardenti;
Speme il cor guida, e l'ha pietà fornito
D'arme possenti.
D'arme possenti
Armato e' vuol morire,
O scacciar vuol da voi, stelle lucenti,
Gli sdegni e l'ire.
Gli sdegni e l'ire
Omai prendano esiglio:
Più non poss'io, nè più li vuo' soffrire
In quel bel ciglio.
In quel bel ciglio
Faccia pietà ritorno;
O che a stancarvi combattendo piglio
La notte e 'l giorno.
La notte e 'l giorno
Sempre udirete pianti,
Sempre di foco e fiamma avrete intorno
Sospiri erranti.
Sospiri erranti,
Arme d'amor non frali,
Ben avran forza un dì di farvi amanti,
Occhi immortali.

Canzone.

Dolci sospiri,
Dolci martiri,
Dolce gridate:
Mercè, portate;
Ohimè, gridate forte,

Ch' io son ferito a morte.
Due vaghe stelle
Del sol più belle
Scoccan mortali
Saette e strali;
E per gioco e diletto
Fatto han segno il mio petto.
Deh luci vaghe
De le mie piaghe,
S' è 'l mio tormento
Vostro contento,
Ferite ch' io non mora,
Per poi ferirmi ognora.
Ferite, e insieme
Con dolce speme
Tenete in [illegible]
L' alma [illegible]
Ben p[illegible] [illegible]ritate
Recar [illegible] [illegible]alute.
E tu, mio core,
Specchio d' amore,
Attendi ardito
Guerriero invito;
Nè fuggir colpo mai,
Ch' esca da' dolci rai.

Canzonetta in Dialogo.

Pastorel, qual duol t' accora,
Che piangendo ti consumi?
Lieta invero non vidi un' ora
Poi ch' io vidi i tuoi bei lumi.
Dunque son quest' occhi miei
Tuo tormento e tuo martire?
Del mio mal sì che non sei,
E sarai del mio morire.
Già non son quel serpe rio,
C' han nel guardo empio veleno.
Tu sei quella, e ben sollo io,
Ond' ho piaghe e fiamme in seno.
Io t' ho dunque arso e trafitto?
Pastorel, tu 'l di per gioco.
Non motteggia amante afflitto,
Ch' arde vivo in vivo foco.
S' io t' ho pur ferito ed arso,
Con quai fiamme, e con quai dardi?
Col bel crine al vento sparso,
Col arco dei dolci sguardi.
Fu desir, fu tuo volere
Che d' amor per me t' accese?
Fu vaghezza, fu piacere,
Che in mirarti il mio cor prese.
Non fu dunque quell' arciero
Che va nudo, e l' arco ha d' oro?
Fu quel viso lusinghiero;
Fur quegli occhi ond' io mi moro.
Ma qual cosa, dimmi, qual brami
Al tuo amor degna mercede?
Non sdegnar, soffri ch' io t' ami;
Altra grazia il cor non chiede.
Di costanza e di fermezza
Hai tu l' alma armata e 'l core?
Nol vo' dir; la tua bellezza
Per me parli, e parli Amore.
Odi ben le mie parole;
Se vedessi altra più vaga?
Se nascesse al mondo un sole,
Non ho cor per altra piaga.
Per pietà de' miei verd' anni
Dimmi, è ver quant' oggi ascolto?
Ch' io lusinghi, ch' io t' inganni?
Ah non vedi il cor nel volto?
Corri, Amor, corrimi in braccio;
Per non fingo, o caro amante:
Stringi l' alme, Amor, ma 'l laccio
Sia di ferro e di diamante.

51.

Giovanni Battista Marino.

Der Verderber des neuern Geschmacks in Italien, obschon ein Dichter von großem Talent. Er ward 1569 in Neapel geboren, und wurde von seinem Vater verstoßen, weil er sich nicht dem Studium der Rechte widmen wollte. Angesehene Männer nahmen sich seiner an, aber eine jugendliche Verirrung trieb ihn fort und nach Rom, wo er in dem Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini einen Gönner fand. Dieser nahm ihn mit sich nach Turin, und der Herzog Carl Emanuel ertheilte ihm das Ritterkreuz des heiligen Mauritius, und machte ihn zu seinem Secretär. Der Neid seines Collegen Murtola, der auch Verse machte, verwickelte ihn in literarische Händel, bei denen er zwar den Sieg davon trug, aber leicht hätte das Leben verlieren können, da Murtola aus dem Hinterhalte auf ihn schoß, und statt seiner einen neben ihm stehenden Günstling des Herzogs tödtete. Großmüthig wirkte Marino bei dem Herzoge für seinen Feind, der schon zum Tode verurtheilt war, Gnade aus. Murtola lohnte es ihm aber mit dem schwärzesten Undank, und verläumdete ihn bei dem Herzoge, als habe er denselben in einem Gedichte verspottet. Marino wurde in den Kerker geworfen; die Untersuchung ergab jedoch seine Unschuld, und man ließ ihn wieder frei, worauf er nach Paris ging. Hier erhielt er eine Pension und lebte angesehen, literarische Streitigkeiten abgerechnet, aus denen er jedoch ebenfalls siegreich hervorging. Auf einer Reise nach Rom und Neapel, die für ihn ein Triumphzug war, starb er plötzlich in seiner Vaterstadt 1625. Er hinterließ außer seinem großen Gedichte Adonis und dem Bethlehemitischen Kindermord: La Strage degli Innocenti, sehr viele lyrische Gedichte in allen Gattungen; doch muss man bei der Lectüre derselben sehr behutsam sein, da sie zwar nicht allein glänzende, sondern auch raffinirte Geschmacklosigkeiten enthalten. Marino fand sehr viele Nachahmer, er führte das Gesuchte, Ueberladene, Gezierte in die italienische Poesie ein, und verdrängte die einfache Natürlichkeit und Innigkeit; er selbst aber war ein glänzend begabter, kühner und gewandter Geist, der, wenn er sich nicht zu falschem Prunke und Seltsamkeiten verleiten ließ, gewiß Ausgezeichnetes geleistet haben würde.

L'Adone.

Canto XVIII. Stanze 62 — 69 — 72.

Tra due colli, ch'al sol volgon le spalle
Dense di pruni e di fioretti ignude,
Nel cupo sen d'una profonda valle
Giace un vallon, che forma ha di palude.
E se non quanto ha solo un piccol calle
Scoscesa selce in ogni parte il chiude.
Quel macigno, che 'l cerchia, alpestro e erto
Lascia sol (benchè angusto) un varco aperto.
Non torce mai l'abominabil riva
(Benchè affannato e sitibondo) armento,
Che l'herba e l'acqua fetida e nociva
D'assaggiar, di gustar prende spavento.
Non sol la Ninfa e 'l Fauno ognor la schiva,
Non sol l'aborre il Sole e l'odia il vento,
Ma da la spiaggia immonda ed interdetta
Fuggon lontano il Lupo e la Civetta.
Questo è l'albergo, del Cinghial non dico,
Ma de l'ira del Ciel, che lo produsse,
Taccia pur Calidonia il grido antico
Del flagello crudel, che la distrusse.
L'Arabo adusto o il Garamanto aprico
Mostro non vide mai, ch'egual gli fusse.
Qui s'accovaccia, e dentro l'acqua nera
Stassi attuffata la solinga fera.
Nel pantan, che circonda un mezzo miglio
Tra scaglie palustri il ventre adagia,
Spira dal fosco e minaccioso ciglio
D'un orribile ardor luce malvagia.
Fiamma accesa par l'occhio vermiglio
Spruzzato tutto a sfavillata bragia.
Calloso ha il corpo; il fianco e 'l rozzo tergo
Arma di dure sete ispido usbergo.
Ossa sporge ben lunghe e di sanguigna
Schiuma bavose il grugno, aguzze e torte,
La cui materia rigida e ferrigna
È vie più che l'acciar tagliente e forte.
Onde qualor le batte e le digrigna
Pria che faccia morir, mostra la morte.
Tal che 'n dubbio è chi muor, nè s'assicura
Se la piaga l'uccida o la paura.
Da fiato allor subitamente al corno
Stupido Adon d'un animal sì grosso,
Onde di Ninfe e di sergenti intorno
Con cani e dardi un folto stuol s'è mosso,
Che tentan fuor de l'umido soggiorno
Farlo sbucar del paludoso fosso.
D'urli confusi e di latrati insieme
Che danno suono a gli antri, il bosco freme.
L'orgoglioso cinghial, che di duo Numi
Cova in seno il furor, si leva e vanne,
E stralunando gl'infocati lumi,
Ed arrotando le rabbiose zanne,
Fiacca intorno le spine e spezza i dumi,
Fa le frasche striscar, sonar le canne,
E de le voci infuriato al grido
Per cacciarsi nel bosco, esce del nido.
Come quando Aquilon rapido e stolto
Rompe le sbarre e le catene scioglie,
E sorgendo di Scithia, in nembo folto
L'orride nubi e tempestose accoglie;
Mentre gonfia soffiando il nero volto,
Fa le piante tremar, cader le foglie,
E sferza i lidi orribilmente, e spazza
Tutta del mar la spaziosa piazza.
Così saltata alfin la bestia brutta
Del fangoso canneto oltre i confini
Fa stracciata stormir la selva tutta,
Scote le querce, e schioma i faggi e i pini,
Onde par che percossa e che distrutta
Da procelloso turbine ruini.
Le pietre schianta, e de gli antichi arbusti
Sbarba i bronchi più saldi e più robusti.
Torce obliqua la testa, e con più stizza
Ch'infestato torel grugnisce e mugge,
E mentre in ver la selva il corso drizza,
Ciò che s'oppon tra via, sbaraglia e strugge.
Vendicarsi però di chi l'attizza
Ancor non vuole, ognun s'arretra e fugge;
Senza pur adoprar le zanne orrende
Sol col terror degli occhi ei si difende.
Le macchie attraversando e le boscaglie
Altrui malgrado, in superbia passa
Le doppie reti e le ben grosse maglie
Squarciate a terra e dissipate lassa.
Corre e con l'urto abbatte aste e zagaglie
Spiedi e spuntoni con impeto fracassa.
Se guata o morde, orribile e pungente
Par lo sguardo baleno, fulmine il dente.

St. 94 — 96.

Fugge, ma 'l mostro innamorato ancora
Per l'istesso sentier dietro gli tiene;
Et intento a seguir chi l'innamora
Per abbracciarlo impetuoso viene.
Ed ecco un vento a l'improviso allora
(Se Marte o Cinthia fu, non so dir bene)
Che per recargli alfin l'ultima angoscia
Gli alzò la vesta e gli scoprì la coscia.
Tutta calda d'Amor la bestia folle
Senza punto saper ciò che facesse,
Col mostaccio crudel baciar gli volle
Il fianco, che vincea le nevi istesse
E credendo lambir l'avorio molle,
Del fier dente la stampa entro v'impresse.
Vezzi fur gli urti, atti amorosi e gesti
Non le 'nsegnò Natura altri che questi.
Vibra quei lo spuntone e gli contrasta
Ma l'altro incontr' a lui s'avventa e serra,
Rota le zanne infellonito e l'asta
Che l'ha percosso e che 'l disturba, afferra;
E di man gliela svelle e far non basta
Adone alfin, che non sia spinto in terra.
L'atterra, e poi con le ferine braccia

Il Cinghial sovra lui tutto si caccia.
Tornando a sollevar la sabbia in alto
Squarcia la spoglia e da la banda manca
Con amoroso e rabbioso assalto
Sotto il vago galon gli morde l'anca.
Onde si vede di purpureo smalto
Tosto rubineggiar la neve bianca. — —
O come dolce spira, e dolce langue
O qual dolce pallor gl'imbianca il volto!
Orribil no; che ne l'orror, nel sangue
Il riso col piacer stassi raccolto.
Regna nel ciglio ancor voto ed esangue
E trionfa negli occhi Amor sepolto.
E chiusa e spenta l'una e l'altra stella,
Lampeggia, e morte in sì bel viso è bella.

St. 132 — 138.

L'Aurora intanto, che dal suo balcone
Gli umidi lumi abbassa a la campagna,
Vede anelante e moribondo Adone
Ch'ancor con fievol gemito si lagna.
Vede che 'l duro fin del bel garzone
Ogni Ninfa con lagrime accompagna,
E che tutte iterando il dolce nome
Battonsi a palme e squarciansi le chiome.
Piangean. È morto Adone. Amor dolente
Perchè non piangi? Il bel Adone è morto,
Empia fera e crudel col duro dente
Col dente empio e crudel l'uccise a torto.
Ninfe, e voi non piangete? Ecco repente
Adon vostro piacer, vostro conforto
Lava del proprio sangue immondi i fiori,
Piangete, Grazie, e voi piangete Amori.
Giace Adon il leggiadro, Adone è vinto
Di queste valli in grembo a l'erba giace
Pallidetto e vermiglio. Il riso, il canto
Lasciate, o Muse! Amor, spegni la face.
Piangete Adone, Adon degno e di pianto
Sbranato da Cinghial crudo e vorace.
Adone, il nostro Adone or più non vive,
Piangete o fonti, e lagrimate, o rive.
Piange la bella Dea l'amante amato
Se pur giunger da la sua sfera il mira,
Non più la bocca no, non più l'usato
Sguardo soave in lei pietoso gira.
Più del mostro omicida ha il cor spietato,
Se 'l caro Adon non piange e non sospira.
Stilli in lagrime gli occhi afflitti e molli
Piangete, o selve, e rispondete o colli!
Morto Adon, fu pien di morte il viso
Versa l'anima fuor languido e stanco,
Il fianco [illegible] del bell'Adone reciso
Fu dal dente, che 'l morse, e bello e bianco.
Raddoppiate co' pianti alti i lamenti,
Piangete o fiumi, e sospirate o venti!
Così infelici, il vostro Duce caro
Freddo su l'erba e lacerato stassi,
Piangete Adone e di lutto amaro
Empiete i muti boschi, i cavi sassi.
Boschi un tempo felici, or per avaro
Destin rigido e rio dolenti e lassi.
Già lieti e chiari, or dolorosi e foschi,
Piangete o sassi e risonate o boschi.
Così piangean le sconsolate, e fora
Uscia d'alti sospir misto il lamento,
A sì tristo spettacolo l'Aurora
Stille versò di rugiadoso argento.
Com'ella per pietà volesse ancora
Piangendo accompagnar l'altrui tormento;
E stupida d'un mal tanto improvviso
Subito a Citerea ne diede avviso.

St. 146

Non così d'Euro a le gagliarde scosse
Trema in alto Appenin pianta novella,
Come a l'annunzio orribile si mosse
D'accidente sì rio la Dea più bella.
Fermò vinta dal duol, che la percosse,
Il suo corso, il suo cerchio e la sua stella,
Stupì, smorì, fu dal mortal dolore
Suppresso il pianto, e s'ingorgò nel core.

St. 147 — 148

Per le piagge del ciel fresche e rosate
Portata da la gemina Colomba
Velocissimamente a terra piomba.
Ecuba con tal rabbia in Troja forse
N'andò latrando infuriata e folle,
Quando lasciar la bella figlia scorse
Il greco altar del proprio sangue molle.
E tal, mi credo, in Babilonia corse
La Donna, che regnar per frode volle,
Con una treccia sciolta e l'altra avvinta,
Con una poppa avvolta e l'altra scinta.

St. 152 — 154

Tosto si gitta in su 'l bel corpo, e come
Forsennata e baccante il grido scioglie,
Gli disfascia la veste, il chiama a nome,
Gli ricerca la piaga, e 'n braccio il toglie;
Poi le sanguigne e polverose chiome
Con gli occhi lava, e con le man raccoglie.
E del costato i tepidi rubini
Terge con l'or de' disciolti crini.
La bella man, che dissipata e stanca
Rade il suol con le dita e i nodi allenta,
Dentro la neve tepidetta e bianca
De l'una e l'altra sua stringe e fomenta.
E 'n lei quel moto e quel calor che manca,
Di svegliar, d'aitar s'ingegna e tenta.
Su le smorte guance s'inchina e piega,
Lo scuote, il preme, e di parole il prega.
L'un con muto parlar par che chiedea
Profondissimamente sospirando,
L'altra con gli occhi pur gli rispondea,
Amarissimamente lagrimando.
Oimè che veggio? o quello Adon (dicea)?
Chi ti ferì? come t'avvenne? e quando?

Chi fu Nettare mio? chi fu il crudele?
Che le dolcezze tue sparse di fiele.

St. 161 — 162.

Adone, Adone, o bell Adon, tu giaci,
Nè senti i miei sospir, nè miri il pianto,
O bell' Adone, o caro Adon, tu taci,
Nè rispondi a colei, ch' amasti tanto.
Lasciami, lascia incorporare i baci
Anima cara, in questo sangue alquanto.
Arresta il volo, aspetta tanto almeno,
Che 'l mio spirto immortal ti mora in seno.
Accosta accosta al contrafatto volto
Misera Dea, la faccia, e geme e plora,
E s' alcun peregrin spirito accolto
Tra quell' arsicce labra ancor dimora;
S' alcun tepido bacio a morte tolto
Ne la bocca gentil palpita ancora,
Coglilo, e finchè 'n petto il cor si stempre,
L' imagin del tuo ben bacia per sempre.

St. 171 — 172.

Su la guancia di fior, di fiamme priva
Tepida vena e lagrimosa versa,
E 'l colore e 'l calor desta e ravviva
Ch' involando ne va morte perversa.
Non sai dir s' egli estinto o s' ella è viva,
Sì poco hanno fra lor forma diversa,
Nè discerner si può qual viva o spiri,
Se non solo ne' pianti, e ne' sospiri.
Chi vide mai di nube in spesse stille
La pioggia, che col lampo a un tempo cade,
Tal temprata d' umori e di faville
Insieme tra se quella beltade,
E mentre sparsa tra mille fiamme e mille
Ruscelletti di perle e di rugiade,
In atti mesti e gravi si dolea,
Qual deve amante e qual conviensi a Dea.

St. 215.

Volea fuggir Amor; tanta pietate
De l' angoscie materne al cor gli venne,
Ma da le lagrimette inargentate
La bella pioggia gli spruzzò le penne.
Nè potendo trattar l' ali bagnate
Il volo a forza entro 'l bel sen ritenne.
E tentò con dolcissimi argomenti
D' acquetar quelle doglie e que' lamenti.

St. 238.

Poi che mai tardi di profondi abissi
La notte di quel dì ne l' aria nacque,
Nè tanto mai dapoi che 'l sol partissi
Le sue tenebre oscure il mondo attese,
Nè mai velata di pietosi eclissi
Si pinta Espero in Ciel le faci accese,
E quando aperse lo stellato velo
Tutt' altro illuminò, che Cipro solo.

31.

Alessandro Tassoni.

Der Vater der komischen Epopöe ward Tassoni 1565 zu Modena geboren, studierte in Bologna die Rechte, und trat dann in die Dienste des Cardinals Colonna, mit dem er nach Spanien ging. Nach seiner Rückkehr und dem darauf erfolgten Tode des Cardinals erhielt er eine Anstellung am Hofe des Herzogs von Savoyen, Karl Emanuel. Später wurde er dienstthuender Cavalier des Großherzogs von Toscana Franz I., starb jedoch bald darauf zu Modena im Jahre 1635. Sein vorzüglichstes Werk ist das komische Heldengedicht: La secchia rapita, außerdem hinterließ er auch noch mehrere prosaische Schriften u. d. m.

La secchia rapita.

Canto XI., St. 1 — 20.

1.

Poichè la fama fu con mille prove
Mostrò l' infamie sue scoperte al Conte,
Egli fece veder come si trove
Con la Corona d' Atteone in fronte;
Contra la moglie irato in forme nuove
Si volse a vendicar l' ingiurie, e l' onte,
E per farla morir con vituperio,
L' accusò di veleno, e d' adulterio.

2.

Per tutto il campo alto si fe palese
Quel, ch' era prima occulto, o almeno inforse.
La donna francamente si difese,
E le querele in lui tutte ritorse,
E fe rider ogn' un quando s' intese
Com' ella seppe al suo periglio opporse;
E d' inganno pagar l' ingannatore,
C' hebbe poscia a cavar l' anima, e 'l core.

3.

Il Conte, che si vede andar fallato
Contra la moglie il suo primier disegno,
Pensa di vendicarsi in altro lato,
E volge contra Titta ogni suo sdegno;
Sa che per ritrovarsi imprigionato,
Per forza ha da tener le mani a segno;
Lo chiama traditor solennemente,
E aggiunge, che se 'l nega ei se ne mente.

4.

E che gliel proverà con lancia, e spada
In chiuso campo a publico duello;
E perchè la disfida attorno vada
La fè stampar distinta in un Cartello,
E vantasi d' haver trovata strada
Da non poter in qual si voglia appello
D' abbattimento, o giusto, o temerario
Sottopporsi al mentir de l' aversario.

5.

Ma gli amici di Titta havendo intesa
La disfida s' usar in suo favore,
E feron sì, che la sua causa presa,
E terminata fu senza rigore:

Anzi perch'ei serviva in quella impresa
Contra Bologna, e 'l Papa suo Signore,
Fu scancerato come Ghibellino
Senza farghi pagar pur un quattrino.

6.

Sentito, ch'ei fu, rivolse ogni pensiero
A la battaglia pronto, e risoluto;
Preparò l'armi, e preparò il destriero,
Nè consiglio aspettò, nè chiese ajuto.
Poco avanti da Roma un Cavaliero
Nel campo Modanese era venuto,
Di casa Toscanella, Attilio detto,
E fu da lui per suo Padrino eletto.

7.

Questo era un tal Piccin pronto, ed accorto,
Inventor di facetie, e astuto tanto,
Che non fu mai Giudeo sì scaltro, e scorto,
Che non perdesse in paragone il vanto;
Uccellava i Poeti, e per diporto
Spesso n'havea qualche adunata a canto;
Ma con modi sì lesti, e sì faceti,
Che tutti si partian contenti, e lieti.

8.

In armi non havea fatto gran cose
Però ch'in Roma allor si costumava
Poco a le pugna, e certe bellicose
Genti il Governator le castigava:
Ma egli hebbe un cor d'Orlando, e si dispose
D'ire a la guerra, perchè dubitava
De' birri havendo in certo suo accidente
Scardassata la tigna a un insolente.

9.

Il Conte allor, che vide al vento sparsi
Tutti i disegni, e 'l suo pensier fallace,
Cominciò con gl'amici a consigliarsi
Se v'era modo alcun di far la pace:
Vorrebbe haver taciuto, e ritrovarsi
Fuor de la perigliosa impresa audace,
Che sente il cor, che teme, e si ritira,
E manca l'ardimento in mezzo a l'ira.

10.

Ma 'l Conte di Miceno, e il Potta stesso,
E Gherardo, e Manfredi, e 'l buon Roldano
Gli furo intorno, e 'l vilupperio espresso
Dov'ei cadea, gli fer distinto, e piano;
Indi promesser tutti essergli appresso,
E la pugna spartir di propria mano,
Ond'ei riprese core, e per Padrino
S'elesse il Conte di San Valentino.

11.

Questi che ne la scherma havea grand'arte;
Subito gl'insegnò colpi maestri
Da tenere il nemico in ogni parte,
E modi da parar sicuri, e destri:
Indi cercò l'armi a parte, a parte
Del Cavaliero, e i guarnimenti equestri:
Ma un petto senza cor, che l'aria teme,
Non l'armerian cento arsenali insieme.

12.

La notte a la battaglia precedente,
Che fra i due Cavalier seguir dovea,
Volgendo il Conte l'affannata mente
Al periglio mortal, ch'egli correa,
Ricominciò a pensar tutto dolente
Di non veder tentar s'egli potea;
E innanzi l'alba i suoi chiama fremendo,
Un gran dolor di ventre haver fingendo.

13.

Il Padrin, che dormia poco lontano,
Tutto confuso si destò a quell'atto;
Con panni caldi, e una lucerna in mano
Beccalin suo scudier v'accorse ratto;
E 'l Barbier de la villa, e il Sagrestano
Di Sant'Ambrosio v'arrivaro a un tratto,
E 'l provvido Barbier, ch'intese il male
Gli fè subitamente un serviziale.

14.

Ed egli per non dar di se sospetto,
Cheto sel prese, e si mostrò contento;
Ma fingendo, che poi non fosse effetto,
Nè prendesse il dolore alleggiamento,
Chiamò gl'amici, e i servidori al letto,
E disse, che volea far testamento:
Onde mandò per Mortalin Notaro,
Che venne con la carta, e 'l calamaro.

15.

La prima cosa lasciò l'alma a Dio,
E lasciò il corpo a quell'oscura terra
Dov'era nato, e per legato pio
Danari in bianco, e quantità di terra;
Indi tratto da zelo, e van desio
A dispensar gli arnesi suoi da guerra:
Lasciò la borsa al Re di Tartaria,
E le scarpe al Soldan de la Soria.

16.

La spada a Federico Imperatore,
Ed al popol Romano il corsaletto;
A la Reina del mar d'Adria l'onore
Del secol nostro, un guanto, e un braccialetto,
L'altro lasciollo a la Città del fiore,
E al turco Imperator lasciò l'elmetto:
Ma il cimiero, che portar solea in battaglia
Rendeva al Signor di Cornovaglia.

17.

Lasciò l'honore a la Città del Potta,
Poi fè del resto il suo Padrino erede;
D'intorno al letto non s'era ridotta
Gran turba in tanto, chi a seder, chi in piede,
Tra quali stando il buon Roldano allotta,
Che non prestava a le sue ciance fede,
Gli diceva a l'orecchia tratto, tratto,
Come hai nel vilupperio a fatto.

18.

Non vedi, che costui l'han conosciuto,
Che per tema tu fai de l'ammalato?

Salta su presto, e non far più rifiutto,
Che tu svergogni tutto il parentato:
Noi spartiremo, e ti daremo aiuto
Subito, che l'assalto è incominciato,
Il Conte si ristringe, e si lamenta,
E si vorria levar, ma non s'attenta.

19.

Di tenda in tenda in tanto era voltata
La fama di quell'atto, e ogn'un ridea
Renoppia (*), che non era ancor levata,
Un paggio gli mandò, che gli dicea,
Che stava per servirlo apparecchiata,
E accompagnarlo in campo, e ben credea,
Ch'egli si porterebbe in tal maniera,
Ch'ella si haverebbe gloria à gire altiera.

20.

Questa ambasciata gli trafisse il core,
E destò la vergogna addormentata,
E cominciaro in lui viltà, ed onore
A combatter la mente innamorata:
S'alza a sedere, e dice, che 'l dolore
Mitigato ha il favor de la sua amata,
E s'affretta a vestir, ma la viltade
Finge, che 'l dolor torni, e giù ricade.

21.

E la Pittrice già de l'Oriente
Pennelleggiando il Ciel de' suoi colori,
Abbelliva le strade al dì nascente,
E Flora le spargea di vaghi fiori.
Quindi moveva del Sole il carro ardente,
E di raggi di luce, e di splendori
Vestiva l'aria, il mar, la piaggia, e il monte,
E la notte cadea da l'Orizonte.

22.

Quando comparve il Conte di Miceno
Col Medico cavalca in compagnia,
Il Medico a l'orina in un baleno
Conobbe il mal che l'infelice havia,
E fattosi recare un bicchier pieno
Di trebbiano, e delicata malvagia,
Gli ne fece assaggiar tre gran bicchieri,
Ed ei pronto gli bebbe, e volontieri.

23.

Cominciò il vino à lavorar pian piano,
E a riscaldar il cor timido, e vile,
E mandar al cervel più di lontano
Stupido, e mezzo il suo vapor sottile:
Onde il Conte gridò, ch'era già sano,
Che 'l dolor gli havea tolto il vin gentile,
E balzando del letto i panni chiese,
E tosto si vestì l'usato arnese.

24.

Indi tratto fremendo il brando fuora,
Taglia Zeffiro in pezzi e l'aura estiva,
E se non era il suo Padrino allora
A la battaglia senz'altr'armi ei giva,
E' altro liquor, che i timidi rincora
Puote assai più, che la virtù nativa:
Ben predetto di lui l'antica gente,
Ch'era sovra ogni Re forte, e possente.

25.

Hor mentre s'arma, ecco Renoppia viene,
E 'l coraggio gl'adoppia, e la baldanza,
Che con dolci parole, e luci piene
D'amor gli fa d'accompagnarlo instanza:
Egli, che 'l foco acceso ha nelle vene,
Commosso da desio fuor di speranza,
E da furor di vino, ambo i ginocchi
A terra china, e dice a que' begl'occhi,

26.

O del Cielo d'Amor fulgenti stelle
Onde de la mia vita il corso pende,
D'amorosa fortuna ardenti, e belle
Ruote, dove mia sorte hor sale, hor scende:
Imagini del Sol vive facelle
Di quel foco gentil, che l'alme incende,
Il cui raggio, il cui lampo, il cui splendore
Ogn'intelletto abbaglia, arde ogni core.

27.

Occhi de l'alma mia, pupille amate,
Lucidi specchi, ove beltà vagheggia
Se stessa, archi celesti, ond'infuocate
Quadrella aventa Amor, ch'in voi guerreggia,
De le vostre sembianze, onde si fregiate,
Così splende 'l mio cor, così lampeggia,
Ch'ei non invida al Ciel le stelle sue,
Benche son tante, e voi non più che due.

28.

Come i raggi del Sol arde d'amore
La terra, e spiega la purpurea veste,
Così a i vostri bei raggi arde il mio core,
E di vaghi pensier tutto si veste:
Quest'alma si solleva al suo fattore,
E ammira in voi di quella man celeste
Le maraviglie del mortal si svelle,
O de gli occhi del Ciel luci più belle.

29.

Rinovatevi voi con lieto ciglio
Del caro viver mio lumi fidati,
Siate voi testimoni al mio periglio,
E scorgetemi voi co' guardi amati:
Che sia vana ogni forza, ogni consiglio,
Cadrà l'empio, e fellon ne' propri aguati,
E non che di pugnar con lui mi caglia,
Ma sfiderò l'infermo ancor à battaglia.

30.

Così detto risorge, e 'l destrier chiede
Tutto foco ne gli atti, e ne' sembianti,
E fa stupir ogn'un, che l'ode, e vede,
Sì diverso da quel, ch'egli era innanti,
Ma Titta armato già dal capo al piede
Con armi, e piume nere, e neri ammanti
In campo era comparso accompagnato
Dal solo suo Padrin, senz'altri à lato.

(*) Moglie del Conte.

31.

Gabriello Chiabrera.

Gabriel Chiabrera, ein Sohn wohlhabender Eltern, ward 1552 zu Savona geboren, und erhielt, da sein Vater früh gestorben war, eine vortreffliche Erziehung in Rom. Er widmete sich nun ganz literarischen Bestrebungen, und zog sich in Folge der Rache, die er an einem Edelmanne nahm, der ihn beleidigt hatte, nach Savona zurück. In seinem fünfzigsten Jahre erst vermählte er sich, und hatte das Unglück zu gleicher Zeit sein ganzes Vermögen zu verlieren; sein poetischer Ruf stand aber so fest, daß er ihn nicht sehr kümmerte, zumal da die Fürsten von Toscana, Mantua und Savoyen, so wie der Pabst Urban VIII. und die Republik Genua ihn mit Geschenken, Privilegien und Ehrenbezeugungen überhäuften. Er starb glücklich und geehrt, ein sehr hohes Alter erreichend, 1637 in seiner Vaterstadt. An poetischen Werken hinterließ er sehr viel, nämlich fünf epische Gedichte: l'Italia liberata, Firenze, la Gotiade, l'Amadeide und il Ruggiero, die, einzelne Schönheiten abgerechnet, doch nur Nachahmungen sind, zwei Schäferdramen, zwei Singspiele und sehr viele lyrische Gedichte, in welchen letzteren er vorzüglich seine Meisterschaft zeigte, und als der Wiederhersteller des guten Geschmacks in Italien zu betrachten ist, vorzüglich als der Erfinder der neueren italienischen Ode und als überaus glücklich in Canzonetten.

Canzone Sacra.

Per S. Stefano.

Se degli avi il tesor, che siccome ombra
Se ne sparì veloce,
Or con felici esempi
La mano empiesse a' fervidi nipoti;
Io sul monte, che a l'ombra
Di Vai l'antica foce,
Certo ch' ergerei Tempi
A te, sacrato Stefano, devoti;
E da' remoti monti, ove natura
Fra vaghi marmi indura,
Torrei colonne, e mille fregi illustri,
E dotti ferri dalle scuole industri.
Quanti per lo Tirren forti nocchieri,
O che vaghi d' onore,
O che di merce avari,
Arando van gli occidental confini;
Quanti da' regni Iberi
Fuggon l' onde prave
Negl' Italici mari,
Da lunge i tetti mirerian divini!
E sparsi inchini al tuo favor celeste
Per le oscure tempeste
Pregherian a' lor corsi aure serene
Sacrando voti in sulle patrie arene.
Ed allor forse in rammentar tuo nome
Sorgeria fuori il suono
De' tuoi martir recenti,
Che sacra musa a favellar m' invita;
E si direbbe, come
Simile nel perdono,
E pronto ne i tormenti,
Sparsti in terra, al tuo Signor, la vita;
O tu rapita da furore inferno
Stirpe Giudea, che scherno,
Che strage festi obbrobriosa oscura
Dell' Alma Santa, immacolata e pura?
Qual per degli occhi altrui strano diletto
Se in teatro si chiude
Tra' rei veltri superbi
Cervo innocente e miserabil fera,
Or al fianco, or al petto
Sent' ei le labbia crude,
Nè quei cessano acerbi:
Finchè s' atterri lacerato, e pera;
Tal dall' altera Solima sospinto
Tra mille piaghe estinto
Stefano cadde in sul terren sanguigno,
Spirto sacratissimo benigno,
Che tra il furor delle percosse amare
Alzò gli occhi cortese,
E con alma tranquilla
Sovra i duri uccisor pregò clemente.
Veracemente un mare
D' ingiuriose offese
Spegner non può scintilla
In alma pia di caritate ardente;
E veramente da i superni giri
Entro gl' incendi martiri
Non lascia anima Dio senza mercede;
E qui raggiri il cor, s' altri nol crede.
Ecco i macigni onde s' apriro in fiumi
Le vene elette e belle,
Che del bel sangue aspersi
Or fansi cari in sua memoria e santi;
Ecco che incensi e fumi
Sen volano alle stelle,
E suoni almi diversi,
E versi n' alza il Vaticano e canti;
Dori, Legnandi a venerarne il giorno
Guidano pompe intorno,
E seco il Mondo riverente adora
Gli Altari e 'l Tempio, che di lui s' onora.
Ed ei del Ciel fra fiammeggianti lampi
Trascorre almo le cime,
Fulgidissimo in fregi
D' ammirabile porpora contesti;
Là per Elisei campi
Trionfator sublime
Guida eserciti egregi,
Invitti al Mondo entro martir funesti.
Gaudi celesti, che ne sorte assale,
Nè spegne ora mortale,
Lunge divisi dal piacer terreno,
Di dolce nulla, e d' amarezza pieno.

O d a.

Per Cristoforo Colombo.

Non perchè umile in solitario lido
Ti cingano, Savona, anguste mura,

Fia però, che di te memoria oscura
Fama divulghi, o se ne spenga il grido;
Che pur di fiamme celebrate e nude
Picciola stella in Ciel splende Ronto.
Armata incontro al Tempo, aspro Tiranno,
Fulgida sprezzi di Cocito il lume.
Su quai rote di gloria? o su quai piume
I tuoi Pastor del Vatican non vanno?
Coppia di stabilir sempre pensosa
La sacra dote alla diletta Sposa.
E qual sentier su per l'Olimpo ardente
Al tuo Colombo mai fama rinchiude?
Che sopra i lampi dell'altrui virtude
Apparve quasi un Sol per l'Oriente,
Ogni pregio mortal cacciando in fondo:
E lunga quanto ei vuol l'antico Mondo.
Certo da cor, ch'alto destin non scelse,
Son l'imprese magnanime neglette;
Ma le bell'alme alle bell'opre elette
Sanno gioir nelle fatiche eccelse;
Nè biasmo popolar, frale catena,
Spirto d'onore, il suo cammin raffrena.
Così lunga stagion per modi indegni
Europa disprezzò l'inclita speme,
Schernendo il volgo, e seco i Regni insieme,
Nudo nocchier, promettitor di Regni;
Ma per le sconosciute onde marine
L'invitta prora ei pur sospinse al fine.
Qual uom, che torni alla gentil consorte,
Tal ei da sua magion spiegò l'antenne;
L'Ocean corse, e i turbini sostenne,
Vinse le crude immagini di morte;
Poscia dell'ampio mar spenta la guerra,
Scorse la dianzi favolosa terra.
Allor dal cavo Pin scende veloce,
E di grand'orma il nuovo Mondo imprime;
Nè men ratto per l'aria erge sublime,
Segno del Ciel, l'insuperabil Croce;
E porge umile esempio, onde adorarla
Debba sua gente; indi divoto ei parla:
Eccovi quel che fra cotanti scherni
Già mi fingesti nel Mar chiuso terreno;
Ma delle genti or più non sente il freno
Altri del mio sudor lieto governi;
Senza Regno non son, se stabil sede
Per me s'appresta alla Cristiana Fede.
E dicea ver, che più che argento ed oro
Vatti suoi possessor ne manda altero;
E quanti, o Salomon, chiaro imperi,
Che densa nube o la memoria loro?
Ma pure illustre per le vie supreme
Vola Colombo, e dell'oblio non teme.

Oda.

A Giovanni Medici.

Se de l'indegno acquisto
Sorrise d'Oriente il popol crudo,
E 'l buon gregge di Cristo
Giacque di speme e di valore ignudo,
Ecco che pur l'empia superbia doma
Rasserena la fronte Italia, e Roma.
Se alzar gli empj Giganti
Un tempo al Ciel l'altere corna, al fine
Di folgori consunti
Giacquer trofeo tra incendj, e tra ruine;
E cadde fulminata empia Babelle,
Allor che più vicin mirò le stelle.
Sembrava al vasto regno
Termine angusto omai l'Istro, e l'arene;
Novo Titano a sdegno
Già recarsi parea palme terrene:
Posto in obblio, qual disdegnoso il Cielo
Serbi a l'alte vendette orribil telo.
Spiega di penna d'oro,
Melpomene cortese, ala veloce,
E 'n suono lieto e canoro
Per l'Italiche valle alza la voce;
Risvegli omai ne gli agghiacciati cori
Il nobil canto tuoi guerrieri ardori.
Alza l'umido ciglio,
Alma Esperia, d'Eroi madre feconda
Di Cosmo ammira il figlio,
Mira de l'Istro in su la gelid'onda,
Qual ne' regni de l'acque immenso scoglio
Farsi scudo al furor del Tracio orgoglio.
Per suo successo avverso
In magnanimo cor virtù non langue
Ma qual di sangue asperso
Doppia lento e fiero terribil angue;
O qual de la gran madre il figlio altero,
Sorge cadendo ognor più invitto e fiero;
D'immortal fiamma ardente
Fucina è là su luminosi campi
Ch'alto senso ne sente
Con paventoso suon fra tuoni e lampi,
Qualor di bassi regni ira s'accende
Di mortal fallo, e l'ire e i fuochi accende.
Su l'incudi immortali
Tempran l'armi al gran Dio Steropi, e Bronti;
Ivi gli accesi strali
Fende, e fulmina poi giganti, e monti;
Ivi ne l'ire ancor, nè certo in vano
S'arma del mio Signor l'invitta mano.
Quinci per terra sparse
Vide Strigonia le superbe mura;
Quinci ei ne l'armi apparse
Qual funesto balen fra nube oscura,
Ch'alluma il mondo, indi saetta, e solve
Ogni pianta, ogni torre in fumo e 'n polve.
O qual ne' cori uditi
Sorse terror, quel fortunato giorno!
I paventosi stridi

Risonar udì, non pur le valli intorno;
E fin ne l'alta Reggia al suo gran nome
Del gran Tiranno inorridir le chiome.
Seguì, a mortal spavento
Lunge non fu giammai ruina, e danno;
Io di nobil contento
Addolcirò de' bei sudor l'affanno:
Io de la palma tua con le sacr'onde
Cultor canoro eternerò le fronde.

Canzonetta.

Del mio Sol son ricciutegli
I capegli,
Non biondetti, ma brunetti;
Son due rose vermigliuzze
Le gotuzze,
Le due labbra rubinetti.
Ma dal dì, ch'io la mirai,
Fin qui, mai
Non mi vidi *ora* tranquilla,
Che d'amor non mise Amore
In quel core
Nè pur picciola favilla.
Lasso me quando m'accesi,
Dir intesi
Ch'egli altrui non affligea,
E che tutto era suo foco,
Riso, e gioco,
E ch'ei nacque d'una Dea.
Non fu Dea sua genitrice,
Come l'om dice
Nacque in mar di qualche scoglio,
Ed apprese in quelle spume
Il costume
Di donar pena, e cordoglio.
Ben è ver, ch'ei pargoleggia,
Ch'ei vezzeggia
Grazioso fanciulletto;
Ma così pargoleggiando,
Vezzeggiando
Non ci lascia core in petto.
Oh qual ira, oh quale sdegno!
Mi fa segno
Ch'io non dica, e mi minaccia,
Viperetta, serpentello,
Dragoncello,
Qual ragion vuol, ch'io mi taccia?
Non sai tu, che gravi affanni
Per tant'anni
Ho sofferti in seguitarti?
E che? dunque lagrimoso,
Doloroso
Angoscioso ho da lodarti?

36.

Isabella Andreini.

Eben durch ihre körperliche Schönheit wie durch ihr großes Talent, und eben so durch die Reinheit ihrer Sitten ausgezeichnete Schauspielerin. Sie ward 1562 in Padua geboren, und schrieb schon in ihrer Jugend ein Schäferspiel: La Mirtilla. Von ihren Landsleuten wie von den Franzosen bewundert und verehrt starb sie 1604 in Lyon. Außer ihrer Pastorale hat sie noch vortreffliche lyrische Poesieen hinterlassen.

Canzonetta.

La Difesa Contro Amore.

Questo fermo pensiero
Che partir non si sa da la mia mente,
Per cui altr'io non chero
Che vagheggiar presente
Un solo a gli occhi miei gradito oggetto,
D'amor è certo un non inteso affetto.
Il divenir vermiglia
E lieta in un del suo venir sorpresa,
Ed abbassar le ciglia
Qualor più l'alma è intesa
A specchiarsi nel bello ond'ella è vaga,
Mi fa di nuovo amor, lassa! presaga.
Questo tremar parlando
E cangiarsi la lingua in freddo smalto
Tronche voci formando;
Il non soffrir l'assalto
Di lusinghiero e desiato sguardo,
Presagio è ben ch'in nova fiamma io ardo.
Propor di dir gran cose,
Poi non saper da qual principio farse,
Sfavillar per l'accese
Fiamme, quindi gelarse
Al divin foco d'un celeste raggio,
Questo è certo d'amor novo servaggio.
Questo grato gioire
A lui vicino, e questo venir meno
Per soverchio languire
Lunge dal bel sereno
Che dolce bea ne' suoi tormenti il core,
Segno è, cred'io, d'altro novello amore.
Questa mestizia nova,
Questo viso pallor, son argomenti
Che 'l mio mal si rinnova:
Lo sprezzar gli ornamenti
Lunge da lui, con lui bramarli, è segno
Ch'a poco a poco esca d'amor divegno.
Esser fatta gelosa
Di chiunque il bel volto intento mira,
Pender dall'amorosa
Bocca, onde s'ei respira,
Agli sguardi non men pronta che a' detti,
Son di verace amor veraci effetti.
Ah! che pugnar bisogna
Con questa a danno mio nascente fiamma,
Pria che l'alma che agogna
Il bel male s'infiamma
Tutta incendio divenir, e 'n van poi l'acque
Brami contro l'ardor che già le piacque.

Sospir, gemiti e pianti,
Guerra, sospetto, timor, pace e desio
Cibo son degli amanti.
Esca sia del cor mio
Quella che amor più libertà fruisce.
Incauto augel corre alle reti, al visco.
Questi avvisi primieri
A prender l'armi omai pronta mi fanno.
Le false gioje, e i veri
Dolor d'empio tiranno
Segua chi vuol, ch' io troppo, ohimè! conosco
L'amarissimo a l'alma assenzio e tosco.
Combatti, anima ardita,
Or che ragion non cede al senso frale
A guerreggiar ne invita
Rimembranza del male.
Se ti difendi nel principio, e mostra
La gloria poi de l'amorosa giostra.
Invano, o canzonetta,
Chiama a lusinga Amor, che troppo acerba
L'alma del suo poder memoria serba.

Canzone.

L'Accusa d'Amore.

Amor, empio tiranno,
Che in tanto affanno m'hai tenuta avvolta,
Dalla ragion guerriera
Dopo lungo contrasto in fuga spinto
Alfin sei stato e vinto;
Son dai lacci disciolta
Che mi tenesti un tempo prigioniera;
La spietata mano e fiera
Di te non regge di mia vita il freno;
L'amaro tuo veleno
Ond' ebbi il core infetto,
Sgombrai ben dal petto: or in altr' alma tenta
Nuovi trofei, che in me tua fiamma è spenta.
Monarca de' martiri,
Che de' sospiri altrui sempre ti pasci,
E vivi all'altrui pianto,
E tal fai guerra all'agitato core
Che nell'aspro dolore
Mai respirar nol lasci,
Pur or malgrado tuo gioisco e canto,
E pur mi pregio e vanto
Della mia dolce libertà gradita;
Quella mortal ferita
Cagion d'ogni mio male,
Che col tuo strale aurato mi facesti,
Cangiata in cicatrice già vedesti.
Cammin pieno d'errori,
Mostro d'errori, padre di bugia,
Nemico di pietate,
Sol cagion d'ogni tormento nostro,
Di natura empio mostro,
Spietata fierezza,
Tempio di falsità, di crudeltate,
Ricetto di empietate,
Mar procelloso ch' entro fragil barca
Misero amante varca,
Mentitore inumano,
Fanciullo insano d'ogni mal radice
Furor che rende l'uom sempre infelice;
Chi comincia a seguirti
Gli egri suoi spirti in cruda guerra mette,
Perde sua libertade,
In chiuso laberinto il cuore intrica,
Ad inutil fatica
Il collo sottomette,
Negli ampj abissi di miseria cade,
Per mendace beltade
Ai singulti, ai lamenti apre la strada,
Niente più gli aggrada,
Se stesso in bando pone,
Odia ragione e stolto il ben disprezza,
Cotanto è l'alma al suo contrario avvezza.
Nel seguirti imparai
A traggere guai dolenti, anzi a morire;
Per monti, selve e piaggie
Andai, misera me, sempre piangendo,
L'orme di lui seguendo
Che già mi fe' languire,
E nudrendo nel cor voglie non sagge.
Delle fere selvagge
Divenni, ahi crudo Amor, fida compagna;
All'aperta campagna
Errai la notte e il giorno,
Ogni mio scorno e doglia ai sassi io dissi,
E in mille piante la mia pena scrissi.
Così sperai dolente
Spegner l'ardente fiamma, indi sottrarmi
A morte in simil guisa.
Nè fu perciò ch' io respirassi unquanco,
Che non ti vidi stanco
Giammai dal saettarmi;
Anzi dall'alma mia sempre divisa,
Fui schernita e derisa.
Il male ebbi sicuro, il bene incerto,
E di mia pena il merto,
Spietato Arcier, fur solo
Tormento e duolo e morte; e ch' altro puoi
Donar, fabbro d'insidie, ai servi tuoi?
Il premio, ch' uom riceve
Della sua greve doglia nel tuo regno,
Regno solo d'inganni,
È di saper che la sua pura fede
Non abbia mai mercede
Sotto il tuo giogo indegno;
Traggonsi inutilmente i mesi e gli anni
In così gravi affanni,
Che impossibil sarà ch' io gli descriva;
L'uom va di riva in riva
Accusando le stelle
Empie e rubelle, e intanto i sordi venti
Se ne portan per l'aria i mesti accenti.

Amor, chiunque disse,
Chiunque scrisse che dal grembo uscisti
Della confusa mole
Fu saggio in tutto e disse appieno il vero;
Poscia che nel tuo impero
Tener confusa e trista
Reggon l' amante; ond' ei s' affligge e duole:
Altro nelle tuo impero
Che una confusion d' amare doglie
Non s' impara o raccoglie
Nelle confuse pene
Confusa viene ogni idea, e dove sei
Ugualmente confondi uomini e Dei.
Taci, canzon, che ognun per se conosce
Che agli affanni e all' angosce,
Ad ogni estrema sorte,
Anzi a morte sen corre lagrimando
Chiunque vive mortal cosa amando.

O d a.

Ecco l' alba rugiadosa,
Come rosa,
Sen di neve e piè d' argento,
Che la chioma inanellata,
D' or fregiata,
Vezzosetta sparge al vento;
I ligustri e i gelsomini,
Dai bei crini
E dal petto alabastrino
Van cadendo, e la dolce aura
Ne ristaura
Coll' odor grato e divino.
Ecco anch' ei la chioma bionda
Fuor dell' onda
A gran passi ne discopre,
E sferzando i suoi destrieri,
I pensieri
Desta in noi delle usate opre.
Parte il sonno, fugge l' ombra,
Che disgombra
Febo già col chiaro lume
La caligine d' intorno:
Ecco il giorno,
Onde anch' io lascio le piume.
E infiammar mi sento il petto
Dal diletto
Che in me spiran le tue Muse
Cui seguir bramo, e s' io caggio
Nel viaggio,
Bel desir teco mi scuse.
Ma se avvien ch' opra gentile
Dal mio stile
L' alma Clio già mai risuone,
Si dica, si udirà vanto
Deesi al canto
Del ligustico Anfione.

O t t a v a,

nel mandare un Regalo di poche noci ad un Padre Abate.

Questo nome di noce, o padre Abate,
Par che dal verbo nuocere derive;
Però di molte forse che aspettate
Poche ne mando, acciò sien men nocive;
Nè voi di parsimonia mi accusate,
Perchè sia parca di cose cattive,
Nè che poco vi dia da imputar sono,
Perchè per nuocer men, manco vi dono.

S o n e t t o.

Qual ruscello veggiam d' acque sorgente
Povero scaturir d' alpestre vena,
Sicchè temprar pon le sue stille appena
Di stanco pellegrin la sete ardente,
Ricco di pioggia poi farsi repente
Superbo sì, che nulla il corso affrena
Di lui che impetuoso il tutto mena
Ampio tributo all' Ocean possente,
Tal da principio avea debil possanza
A danni miei questo tiranno Amore,
E chiese invan de' miei pensier la palma;
Ora sovra il mio cor tanto s' avanza,
Che rapido ne porta il suo furore
A morte il senso e la ragione e l' alma.

57.

Fulvio Testi.

Er stammte aus gräflichem Geschlechte, ward 1593 in Ferrara geboren, erhielt seine Erziehung in Modena, wo er auch in die Dienste des Hofes trat, und sich anfangs vieler Ehre zu erfreuen hatte, später aber in Ungnade fiel, und in den Kerker auf Befehl des Herzogs Franz I. von Modena geworfen wurde; hier starb er noch in demselben Jahre 1646. Er hinterliess Trauerspiele, Opern und lyrische Poesieen, unter denen sich vorzüglich seine Oden, in welchen er sich Horaz zum Vorbilde nahm, auszeichnen.

O d a.

Al Conte Camillo Molza.

Spesso in cangiando cielo si cangia sorte,
Camillo, e più cortese
Trovasi lo straniero che 'l natio clima;
D' alto valor sovente leggiadro impresse
Alma, cui sempre accese
Nobil desio di soggiogar la morte,
Gloria mai non avrà nel patrio lido.
Han poca fama e grido
I balsami in Arabia, in India gli ori;
Ma, se passano il mar, son gran tesori.
Chiaro è fra noi dell' immortal fenice
Il mirabil costume,
Che di se stessa è genitrice e prole;

Allor che volontaria a' rai del sole
Arde le vecchie piume,
E dal morir novella vita elice;
E pur là nelle selve orientali,
Ove ella ha i bei natali,
Quasi augel del volgar pennuto stuolo,
Ignota spiega e consacrata il volo.
O sia d'invidia un pertinace affetto,
O sia legge del fato
Nessun profeta alla sua patria è caro.
D'Ilio predisse il duro caso amaro
Cassandra, e 'l vulgo ingrato
Suoi divini furori ebbe in despetto:
Fugga il tetto natio chi gloria brama
Alata [illegible] è la fama;
Nè giunge a lei chi dal paterno albergo
Non volge il passo, e non s'impenna il tergo.
Del Ligustico eroe derise i vanti
Italia, allor ch'ei disse
Trovarsi ignoto un nuovo mondo al mondo,
E intrepido affermò, che nel profondo
Vast' ocean prefisse
Troppo vil meta Alcide a i pini erranti;
Ma non sì tosto al regnatore Ibero
Aprì l'alto pensiero
Ch'egli ebbe, a scorno altrui, d'armati legni
Opportuno soccorso a i gran disegni.
Già d'invitti guerrier cariche le navi,
Quasi sdegnando il porto,
Pronte attendean del capitan gl'imperi:
Spiravano dal ciel venti leggieri
E sol con dente torto
Mordean l'arene ancor l'ancore gravi,
Quando il gran duce in sulla poppa assiso
Tutto di fiamma il viso
Alla raccolta gioventù feroce
Sciolse in tal guisa a favellar la voce:
Compagni, ecco è giunto omai quel die,
Che varcando quest'onde
Farciam di regni e più di gloria acquisto:
Non sia, per dio, chi sospiroso e tristo
Lasci le patrie sponde,
E paventi solcar l'umide vie:
Fin che a sì bello ardir fortuna arrida:
Scorta io vi sono e guida:
Novella patria vi prometto, e giuro
Sotto più ricco ciel porto sicuro.
Colà volgono i fiumi arene d'oro,
D'adamanti e rubini
Mostran gravido il sen caverne e rupi:
Germogliano del mar ne i fondi cupi
Coralli assai più fini
Di quei, che usan pescar l'Arabo e 'l Moro,
Son le piagge più inospite e remote
Sparse di margherite;
E, si rivolga in quella parte o in questa,
Se non or se non gemme il piè calpesta.
Vostre saran sì preziose prede,
Voi primi il vanto avrete
D'acquistar novi regni al mondo a Dio;
E forse anche avverrà che il nome mio,
Trionfando di Lete,
Sia di fama immortal non vile erede;
E Italia a i voti miei poco benigna,
Quasi invida matrigna,
Vedrò, benchè da sezzo, un dì pentita
D'aver negata al mio grand' uopo aita.
Qualche senso, Camillo, hanno i miei versi,
E non prendo senz' arte
Del gran Colombo a rammentar le glorie
Tesserei de i miei mal veraci istorie;
Ma contro alle mie carte
Non vo' che 'l suo velen l'invidia versi,
A te, che del mio cor gran parte sei,
Son noti i pensier miei:
A ciascun il suo fin destina il cielo,
Nè lunga etate ancora m'imbianca il pelo.

O d a.

Al Sig. Conte Raimondo Montecuccoli.

Ruscelletto orgoglioso,
Ch'ignobil figlio di non chiara fonte
Un natal tenebroso
Avesti intra gli orror d'ispido monte,
E già con lenti passi
Povero d'acque isti lambendo i sassi;
Non strepitar cotanto,
Non gir sì torvo a flagellar la sponda;
Che, benchè Maggio alquanto
Di liquefatto giel t'accresca l'onda;
Sopraverrà ben tosto
Essiccator di tue gonfiezze Agosto.
Placido in seno a Teti
Gran Re de' fiumi il Po discioglie il corso;
Ma di velati abeti
Macchine eccelse ognor sostien su 'l dorso,
Nè per arsura estiva
In più breve confin stringe sua riva.
Tu le greggie e i pastori
Minacciando per via spumi e ribolli;
E di non propri umori
Possessor momentaneo il corno estolli
Torbido, obliquo; e questo
Del tuo sol hai; tutto alieno è il resto.
Ma fermezza non tiene
Riso di Cielo, e sue vicende ha l'anno,
In sulle aride arene
A terminare i tuoi diluvj andranno;
E con asciutto piede
Un giorno ancor di calpestarti ha fede.
Sò, che l'acque son sorde,
Raimondo, e ch'è follia garrir col Rio;
Ma sovra Aonie corde
Di sì cantar talor diletto ha Clio,

E in mistiche parole
Alto senso al vil volgo ascondor suole.
Sotto ciel non lontano
Fur dianzi orgoglioso torrente io vidi,
Che di tropp' acque insano
Rapiva i boschi e divorava i lidi;
E gir credea del pari
Per non durabil piena, a i più gran mari.
Io dal fragore orrendo
Lungi m' assisi a un' alpe in cima,
In mio cuor rivolgendo
Qual era il fiume allora, e qual fu prima;
Qual fece nel passaggio
Con non legittim' onde a i campi oltraggio.
Ed ecco il crin vagante
Coronato di lauro e più di lume,
Apparirmi davante
Di Cinto il biondo Re, Febo, il mio Nume;
E dir: Mortale orgoglio
Lubrico ha il regno, e ruinoso il soglio.
Mutar vicende e voglie
D' instabile Fortuna è stabil' arte;
Presto dà, presto toglie;
Viene, t' abbraccia; indi t' abborre e parte.
Ma, quando sa, si cangia:
Savio cuor poco ride e poco piange.
Umile è il ruscello, che il legno
Solca fra l'erbe aquilonar temperato;
Ma d' egual lode è degno
Quel che al placido mar fede non presta,
E dell' aura infedele
Sprezza la torgolezza in scarse vele.
Mentre l' orecchio io porgo
Ebbro di meraviglia al Dio facondo;
Ecco lo sguardo e scorgo
Del fier superbo inaridito il fondo;
E conculcar per ischerno
Ogni armento più vil la secca sabbia.

36.

Lorenzo Lippi.

Ein florentinischer Maler, geboren 1606, gestorben in seiner Vaterstadt 1664, welcher unter dem anagrammatischen Namen Perlone Zipoli ein komisches Heldengedicht: Il Malmantile racquistato schrieb, das zu seiner Zeit außerordentlichen Beifall fand, und auch noch jetzt sehr gern gelesen wird, indeß schwer verständlich ist, weil es von florentinischen Redensarten und Sprichwörtern wimmelt. 1750 erschien daher eine Ausgabe mit reichem Commentar, trotz welchem aber doch noch Manches dunkel bleibt.

Il Malmantile racquistato.

Quarto Cantare. St. 1 — 26.

(Ritratto dell' Autore.)

1.

Omnia vincit Amor, dice un testo:
E un altro disse, e diede più nel segno:
Famem Amorem superat: e questo
È certo, e approva ognun ch' ha un po' d' ingegno;
Perchè quantunque Amor sia sì molesto,
Che tutti i martorelli del suo regno
Dicano ognora: ahi lasso! io muoro, io peno;
E' non si trova mai che ciò sia vero.

2.

Non ha che far niente con la fame,
Che fa da vero, poi ch' ella vi arriva.
Possono gli amanti star senza le dame
I mesi e gli anni, e mantenersi vivi;
Ma se due dì del companatico strame
I poveretti mai rimangon privi;
E' basta: che di fatto andar gli vedi
A porre il capo dove il mondo ha i piedi.

3.

Tal che si vien da questi effetti in chiaro,
Che d' Amore la fame è più potente;
Ond' è che ognun di lui più questa ha caro;
E quando a le sue ore ei non la sente,
Lamentasi, e gli pare ostico e amaro:
Perciò ricerca tutto da la gente;
Mentre ciascun la cerca e la desia,
E s' ella viene, vuol mandarla via.

4.

Anzi la scaccia come un animale
Sul buon del desinare e de la cena.
Per questo ella tien, che l' ha per male,
Fin non gli torna: esser per maggior pena
In corpo gli entra in modo e nel canale,
Che non l' empierebbe Arno con la piena;
Come vedremo che a Perlone *) ha fatto,
Che a questo conto gnola come un matto.

5.

Desta l' aurora, ancor dal letto scappa,
E cava fuor le pezze di bucato:
Poi butta il fuoco, e cuoce là la pappa
Pel suo giorno bambino ch' affama e nato:
E Febo ch' è il compar, già con la cappa
E con un bel vestito di broccato
Che a nolo egli ha pigliato da l' Ebreo,
Tutto splendente viennesi al corteo.

6.

Nè per ancora le Cerrinesi genti
Avean veduto comparire in scena
La materia che dà il portante a' denti,
E rende al corpo nutrimento e lena;
Perciò molti ne stanno malcontenti,
Che son usi a tener la pancia piena;
E ben si scorge a una mestizia tale,
Che la mandian tutti per che male.

---

*) L' autore: Perlone Zipoli è un' anagramma di Lorenzo Lippi.

7.

È fra costoro un certo gavillajo,
Che per l'asciutto va co i fiorellini
Male in arnese, e indosso porta un sajo,
Che fu già del Romito de' Pulcini.
Ci è chi vuol dir ch'ei dorma 'n un granajo,
Perch' ha il mazzocchio pien di farfallini;
È matto in somma; pur potrebbe ancora
Un dì guarirne, perchè il mal dà in fuora.

8.

E perch'ei non avea tutti i suoi mesi,
Fu il primo ad esclamare e far moresca,
Forte gridando: ohimè, ch'io vado a Siena
Pel mal che viene in bocca a la gallina.
Onde Eravano *), e Don Andrea Fendesi;
Che abburattavano insieme una lasagna,
E per cibare i lor ventri di struzzoli
Cercavan per le tasche de' minuzzoli;

9.

Mentre di gridar giammai non resta
Costui, ch'è senza numero ne' rulli;
Anzi rinforza col gridare a testa;
Lasciano il fuoco e i vani lor trastulli;
E per vedere il fin di questa festa,
Se ne van discorrendo grulli grulli;
Poi bisognan ch'essi in che 'l vitto giunga,
Perchè sentivan omai sonar la lunga.

10.

Così domandan chi sia quei ch'esclama,
E mette strida ed urli sì bestiali.
Gli è detto: questo è un tale, che si chiama
Perlone, dipintor de' miei stivali:
Un uom, che al mondo acquistossi gran fama
Nel far de' cellanti pe' boccali:
E con gl'avanzi e dotti suoi pennelli
Sua mano eterna la ne gli scodelli.

11.

Si trova in buono stato, anzi meschino;
Ma benchè il farlo ne maneggi pochi,
Giuocherebbe in su i pettini da lino,
Che mi era non può viver, ch'ei non giuochi.
Ma s'ei vincesse un dì pur un quattrino,
In vero si potrebbon fare i fuochi;
Perchè, giuocando sempre giorno e notte,
Farebbe a perder con le tasche rotte.

12.

Giuocossi un suo fratel già la sua parte;
Suo padre fu del giuoco anch'egli amico;
Però natura qui n'incarnò l'arte,
Avendo ereditato il genio antico.
Costui trovò in man prima le carte
Che legato gli fosse ancor il bellico;
E pria che mamma, babbo, pappa e poppe,
Chiamò spade, baston, danari, e coppe.

13.

Ma perchè voi sappiate il personaggio
Che ciò racconta, è il Franco Vinerosa *):
Cavaliero, del qual non è il più saggio,
Scrittor sublime in verso, quanto in prosa:
Dipinge, nè può farsi da vantaggio,
Generalmente in qualsivoglia cosa:
Vince nel canto i musici più rari:
E nel portare occhiali non ha pari.

14.

È suo amico, ed è pur seco adesso
Salvo Rosata *), un uom de la sua tacca;
Perocchè anch'ei s'abbevera in Permesso,
E pittor, passa chiunque tele imbiacca:
Tratta d'ogni scienza, ut ex professo;
E in palco fa sì ben Coviel Patacca,
Che sempre ch'ei si muove o ch'ei favella,
Fa proprio sgangherarti le mascella.

15.

Or per che Franco ed egli ogni maniera
Procuran sempre di piacere altrui;
Di Perlone dan conto: e dove egli era,
Di conserva n' andar con gli altri dui:
Là dove smascherando un po' la fiera,
Il Franco disse lor: questo è colui,
Che in zucca non ha punto, anzi ragionasi
D'appiccargli a la testa un appigionasi.

16.

Spiacque il suo male ad ambo tanto tanto:
E mentre ei piange ch'e' si getta via,
Il pietoso Eravan pianse al suo pianto,
Verbigrazia per fargli compagnia:
Poi tutto lieto posto segli accanto,
Per cavarlo di quella frenesia,
Di quelle strida e pianto a dirotto,
Che fa per nulla il bietolon nel rotto;

17.

Se forse, dice, tu se' stato offeso
Che hai tu da la spada, il mio piloto?
A che tenere al fianco questo peso,
Per startene a man giunte come un boto?
Se al corpo alcun dolor t'avesse preso,
Gli è qua chi vende l'olio de lo Scoto;
Se t'hai bisogno d'oro, io ti fo fede,
Che qualsivoglia banco te lo crede.

18.

Dopo Eravano poi nessun fu muto;
Che ognun gli volle fare il suo discorso,
Offerendo di dargli ancora ajuto,
Mentre dicesse quanto gli era occorso;
Ond'ei, che avrebbe caro esser tenuto
D'aver perduto col cervello scorso,

---

*) Eravano (Nomacetti).

*) Francesco Rosai; *) Salvatore Rosa.

Alzando il viso, in loro gli occhj affisa,
E sospirando parla in questa guisa:
19.
Non v'è rimedio, amici, a la mia sorte
Il tutto è vano, giacchè la sentenza
È stabilita in ciel de la mia morte,
Che vuol ch'io muoja in mia presenza.
Già l'alma stivalata in su le porte
Or mi dimostra d'esser di partenza:
E già col corpo tutti i sentimenti
Le ceremonie fanno e i complimenti.
20.
Mutar devo mestier, se avvien ch'io muoja,
Di soldato cioè nel ciabattino;
Perocchè mi convien tirar le cuoja,
Per gir con esse a rincalzare il pino.
Un'altra cosa ancor mi dà gran noja,
Ed è, che sudicio son come un cammino;
E che innanzi a Minos e a gli altri giudici
Rappresentar mi debba co' piè sudici.
21.
Ma ecco omai l'ora fatale è giunta
Ch'io lasci il mio terrestre cortigiano;
Già già la morte corre, che par unta,
Verso di me con la gran falce in mano;
Spinge ella il ferro nel bel sen di punta,
Ond'io mancar mi sento a mano a mano:
Ecco lo spirto e il corpo in un fardello
Tiro fuor de la vita, e vo a l'avello.
22.
Or mai di vita son uscito, e pure
Non trovo al mio penar quiete e conforto.
O cieli, o mondo, o Giove, o creature,
Dite se udiste mai così gran torto?
Se morte è fin di tutte le sciagure,
Come allupar mi sento, ancorchè morto?
E come, dove ognuno esce di guai,
Mi s'aguzza il mulino più che mai?
23.
Va a dir che qua si trovi pane o vino,
O altro da insegnar ballare al mento:
Se non si fa la cena di Salvino,
Quanto a mangiare, e' non c'è assegnamento.
O ser Lear, o Morano, o Jacolino,
Quando v'avete a ire al monumento,
Voi l'intendete, che nel cataletto
Con voi portate il pane ed il fiaschetto.
24.
Orsù, compagni; olà dal cimitero,
Se 'l ciel danari e sanità vi dia,
Empiete il buzzo a un morto forestiero,
O insegnatemi almeno un'osteria.
Sebben voi fate qui sempre di nero,
Perchè di carne avete carestia;
È tale l'appetito che mi scanna,
Che un Diavol cotto ancor mi parrà manna.
25.
Sebben non c'è da far cantare un cieco,
Di questa spada a l'oste fo un presente;
Che ad ogni mo', da poi ch'ella sta meco,
Mai battè colpo, e volle far niente,
Per una zuppa della ancor di greco.
Ma che gracch' io? qui nessun mi sente.
Che fo? se i morti son di pietà privi,
Meglio sarà ch'io torni a star tra i vivi.
26.
Qui tacque, e per fuggir la via si prese,
Facendo sempre il Nanni ed il corrivo;
Perch'egli è un di quei matti a la Sanese,
Ch'un sempre mescolato del cattivo,
Per aver campo a scorrere il paese,
Ne fece poi di quelle con l'olivo,
Mostrando ognor più dar ne le girelle;
E tutto fece per salvar la pelle.

29.

Salvator Rosa.

Dieser große Maler wurde 1615 zu Arenella im Neapolitanischen geboren, und starb nach einem vielfach bewegten Leben 1673. Er hinterließ sechs Satiren in Terzinen, betitelt: über Musik, Poesie, Malerei, Krieg, Neid und Babylon, in denen er mit eben so großem Geist als gewandter Schärfe die Geißel gegen die Thorheiten und Gebrechen seiner Zeitgenossen schwingt.

Terzine tratte dalla Satira:

La Pittura.

Tutto il mondo è Pittore. Onde il Toscano
Paolo *) a sè disse a certi Ambasciatori,
Che chiedevan d'entrar non so che grano;
Ch'ei non volea che il grano uscisse fuori,
Ma che in quel Condoro avria lor con-
cessa
Di Prelati una tratta, o di Pittori.
L'arena dell'Egeo tanta non è spessa,
Nell'Egitto non fur tanti Ranocchi
Le Formiche in Tessaglia, i Mori in Fessa **).
Il grand'Argo del Ciel non ha tant'occhi;
Sono meno le Spie, meno i Poltroni;
Nè vidde Creso mai tanti finocchi.
Tutto Pittori è il Mondo. E pur di tanti
Non saran due nell'infinito Coro,
Che non sian delle Lettere ignoranti.
Filosofo e Pittor fu Metrodoro,
E i costumi e i color seppe correggere;
E scrisse l'Arte in versi Apollodoro.
Questo mestiero ogn'un crede ad eleggere;
Ma di costor, che a lavorar s'accingono,
Quattro quinti, per Dio, non sanno leggere.

---

*) Il Papa Paolo V. **) Fessa, o Fez, o pure Fes, fu la più bella Città di Barbaria.

Stupir gli Antichi, se però non fingono,
Perchè scriveva un Elefante in Greco;
Ma che direbbero or, che i Buoi dipingono?
Arte alcuna non v'è, che porti seco
Delle Scienze maggior necessità;
Che dir color non può trattare il Cieco.
Che tutto quel, che la natura fa,
O sia soggetto al senso, o intelligibile
Per soggetto al Pittor propone, e dà.
Che non dipinge sol quel, ch' è visibile;
Ma necessario è, che talvolta additi
Tutto quel ch' è incorporeo, e ch' è possibile
Bisogna che i Pittor' sian eruditi,
Nelle Scienze introdotti, e sappian bene
Le Favole, l'Istorie, i Tempi, e i Riti.
Nè fare come un tal Pittor dabbene,
Che fece un Eva, e poi vi pose un bosso
Per non far apparir le parti oscene.
E un Castrone assai più di quel di Frisso [1])
Un Annunziata fece, ond' io n'esclamo,
Che diceva l'Offizio a un Crocefisso.
E come compatir, senza richiamo
Un Raffael Pittor raro, ed esatto
Far di ferro una Zappa in man d'Adamo?
E cento, e mille Ignorantoni affatto,
Con barba vecchia, e con vista fanciulla,
I Panfili [2]) sfidar prendono a patto.
E come la Pittura entro la Culla
D'ogni memoria sua gli avesse istrutti,
Credon d'esser maestri, e non san nulla.
Dipinger tutto il dì Zucche, e Presciutti,
Rami, Padelle, Pentole, e Tappeti,
Uccelli, Pesci, Erbaggi, e Fiori, e Frutti.
E presumon poi questi indiscreti
D'esser Pittori, e non vedon che adopra
La sferza de' Satirici Poeti,
Che se hanno a mettere alte cose in opra,
Non si vede mai far nulla a proposito,
E il costume, e l'idea va sottosopra.
Gli Sciti nel vestir fanno all'opposito;
E perchè l'ignoranza hanno per sposa
Non danno colpo, che non sia sproposito.
Perchè il Ciel al Cigno di Venosa [3])
Che ai Poeti e ai Pittori aprì la strada
Di fare a modo lor quasi ogni cosa.
Con questa autorità par non si bada,
Che con il vero il simulato intrichi,
E che dall'esser suo l'arte decada.
Più Tele [1]) ha il Tebro, che non ha lombrichi:
E fan più quadri certi capi insani,
Che non fece Agatarco ai tempi antichi:
Onde dissero alcuni Oltramontani,
Che di tre cose è l'abbondanza in Roma:
Di quadri, di speranze e baciamani.
Escon dal Lazio le Pitture a soma:
E tanta de' Pittori è la semenza,
Che infettato ne resta ogni idioma.
Non conoscono studio, o diligenza,
E in Roma nondimeno questi Cotali
Sono i Pittori della Sapienza [2]).
Altri studiano a far solo Animali,
E senza rimirarsi entro agli specchi,
Si ritraggono giusti, e naturali.
Par che dietro al Bassan [3]) ciascuno invecchi,
Rozzo pittor di Pecore, e Cavalle,
E Pireico [4]), e Alberto [5]) han negli orecchi.
E son le Scuole loro mandre, e stalle,
E consumano in far, l'etadi intere,
Biscie, Rospi, Lucertole, e Farfalle.
E quelle bestie fan sì vive e fiere,
Che fra i Quadri e i Pittor si resta in forse,
Quai sien le bestie finte, e quai le vere.
Vi è poi talun, che col pennel trascorse
A dipinger Baldoni e Guitterie [6]),
E Facchini, e Monelli, e Tagliaborse,
Vignate, Carri, Calcate, Osterie,
Stuolo d'imbriaconi, e Genti ghiotte,
Tignosi, Tabaccari, e Barberie:
[illegible], Bracon, Trentapagnotte:
Chi si cerca i Pidocchi, e chi si gratta,
E chi vende ai Baron le Pere cotte.
Un che piscia, un che caca, un che alla Gatta
Vende la Trippa; Giuocan, che suona;
Chi rattoppa un boccal, chi la ciabatta.
Nè crede oggi il Pittor far cosa buona,
Se non dipinge un groppo di sfacciati,
Se la Pittura sua non è barona.
E questi Quadri son tanto apprezzati,
Che si vedon de' Grandi entro gli studi
Di superbi ornamenti incorniciati.
Così vivi, mendichi afflitti e nudi
Non trovan da costoro un sol danaro,
Che ne' dipinti poi spendon gli scudi.
Così ancor io da questi stracci imparo
Che dei moderni Principi l'istinto
Prodigo è ai lussi, alla pietade avaro.
Quel che aborriscon vivo, aman dipinto:
Perchè omai nelle corti è vecchia usanza
Di avere in prezzo solamente il finto.

---

[1] Frisso, figlio d'Atamante, Re di Tebe, il quale con Helle sua sorella fuggirono le insidie d'Ino, sopra un montone, che aveva le lane d'oro. Hygin. Fab. 3. [2] Panfilo maestro d'Apelle, famoso pittore Greco. [3] Orazio, in quei versi:

Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.

[1] Cioè, pitture. [2] Collegio di Roma. [3] Famoso pittore. [4] Pittore greco. [5] Alberto Durer, pitt. tedesco. [6] Luoghi dove si radunano i [illegible] etc.

60.

Francesco Redi.

Er ward am 18. Februar 1626 zu Arezzo geboren, studirte die Arzneiwissenschaft in Florenz und Pisa, und ward später Leibarzt der Großherzoge Ferdinand II. und Cosmus III. Gleich ausgezeichnet als Arzt, Naturforscher, Sprachforscher und Dichter starb er nach einem langen ehrenvollen und nützlichen Leben am 1. März 1697 in Pisa. Außer wissenschaftlichen Werken, trefflichen Briefen und geistreichen Sonnetten, hinterließ er einen größeren Dithyrambus, Bacchus in Toscana, welcher noch immer als ein Meisterwerk mit Recht betrachtet wird, und sehr viele Ausgaben erlebte.

Frammenti del Ditirambo:

Bacco in Toscana.

Dell' Indico Oriente
Domator glorioso il Dio del vino
Fermato avea l' allegro suo soggiorno
Ai Colli Etruschi intorno;
E colà dove Imperial Palagio
L' augusta fronte inver le nubi innalza,
Su verdeggiante Prato
Con la vaga Arianna un dì sedea,
E bevendo, e cantando
Al bell' Idolo suo così dicea.
Se dell' uve il sangue amabile
Non rinfranca ognor le vene,
Questa vita è troppo labile,
Troppo breve e sempre in pene.
Si bel sangue è un raggio acceso
Di quel sol che in ciel vedete
E rimase avvinto e preso
Di più grappoli alla rete.
Su su dunque in questo sangue
Rinnoviam l' arterie e i muscoli;
E per chi s' invecchia e langue
Prepariam vetri majuscoli.
Ed in festa baldanzosa
Tra gli *scherzi e tra le risa*
Lasciam pur, lasciam passare
Lui che in numeri e in misure
Si ravvolge e si consuma
E quaggiù Tempo si chiama,
E bevendo e ribevendo
I pensier mandiamo in bando. — —
Che vino è quel colà
Ch' ha quel color dorè?
La Malvagia sarà
Ch' al Trebbian onor già diè,
Ell' è davvero, ell' è
Accostala un po' in quà,
E colmane per me
Quella gran coppa là,
E' buona per mia fè,
E molto a grè mi va,
Io bevo in sanità
Toscano Re, di te,
Pria ch' io parli di te, Re saggio e forte
Lavo la bocca mia con quest' umore,
Umor, che dato ai sensi nostri in sorte
Spira gentil soavità d' odore.
Gran Cosmo ascolta. A tue virtudi il
cielo
Quaggiù promette eternità di gloria,
E gli Oracoli suoi, senz' alcun velo
Scritti già son nella immortale Istoria.
Sazio poi d' anni e di grandi opre onusto,
Volgendo il tergo a questa bassa mole
Per tornar colassù, donde scendesti,
Splenderai luminoso intorno a Giove
Tra le Medicee stelle astro novello
E Giove stesso del tuo lume adorno
Girerà più lucente all' Etra intorno. —
Questo nappo, che sembra una pozzanghera,
Colmo è d' un Vin sì forte e sì possente,
Che per ischerzo baldanzosamente
Sbarbica i denti, e le mascelle sganghera,
Quasi ben gonfio e rapido torrente
Urta il palato e il gorgozzule inonda;
E precipita in giù tanto fremente,
Ch' appena il cape l' una e l' altra sponda.
Madre gli fu quella scoscesa balza,
Dove l' annoso Fiesolano Atlante
Nel più fitto meriggio e più brillante
Verso l' occhio del sole il fianco innalza.
Fiesole viva, e seco viva il nome
Del buon Salviati ed il suo bel Majano,
Egli sovente con devota mano
Offre diademi alle mie sacre chiome:
Ed io lui sano preservo
Da ogni mal crudo e protervo;
Ed intanto
Per mia gioja tengo serrato
Quel grand' onor di sua real Cantina,
Vin di Val di Marina.
Ma del Vin di Val di Botte
Voglio bere giorno e notte;
Perche so che in pregio l' hanno
Anco i maestri di color, che sanno.
Ei da un colmo bicchiere e traboccante
In sì dolce contegno il cuor mi tocca
Che per ridirlo non saria bastante
Il mio Salvin, ch' ha tante lingue in
bocca.
Se per sorte avverrà, che un dì lo assaggi
Dentro a' lombardi suoi grassi Cenacoli
Colla Gioconda in man farà miracoli,
Lo splendor di Milano, il savio Maggi.
Il savio Maggi d' Ippocrene al fonte
Menzognero liquore unqua non bebbe,
Nè sul Parnaso lusinghiero egli ebbe
Serti profani all' onorata fronte.
Altre strade egli corse; e un bel sentiero
Rado o non mai battuto aprì ver l' Etra,
Solo a i Numi e agli Eroi nell' aurea Cetra
Offrir gli piacque il suo gran canto altero.

Del buon Chianti il vin decrepito
Maestoso
Imperioso
Mi passeggia dentro il core,
E ne scaccia senza strepito
Ogni affanno e ogni dolore.
Ma se giara io prendo in mano
Di brillante Carmignano,
Così grato in sen mi piove
Ch' Ambrosia e Nettar non invidio a Giove.
Or questo che stillò dall' uve brune
Di vigne sassosissime Toscane
Bevi, Arianna, e tien da lui lontane
Le chiomazzurre Najadi importune;
Che saria
Gran follia
E bruttissimo peccato
Bevere il Carmignan, quando è inacquato.
Chi l' Acqua beve
Mai non riceve
Grazie da me;
Sia pur l' acqua o bianca, o fresca
O ne' Tonfani sia bruna;
Nel suo amor me non invesca,
Questa sciocca ed importuna
Questa sciocca, che sovente
Fatta altera e capricciosa
Riottosa ed insolente
Con furor perfido e ladro
Terra e Ciel mette a soqquadro.
Ella rompe i ponti e gli argini
E con sue nembose aspergini,
Sui fioriti e verdi margini
Porta oltraggio à i fior più vergini;
E l' ondose scaturigini
Alle moli stabilissime
Che sarian perpetuissime
Di ruvina son origini.
Lodi pur l' acque del Nilo
Il soldan de' Mammalucchi
Nè l' Ispano mai si stucchi
D' innalzar quelle del Tago;
Ch' io per me non ne son vago.
E se a sorte alcun de' miei
Fosse mai cotanto ardito,
Che bevessene un sol dito,
Di mia man lo strozzerei.
Vadan pur vadano a svellere
La Cicoria e i Raperonzoli
Certi magri Mediconzoli,
Che coll' acqua ogni mal pensan di espellere.
Io di lor non mi fido
Nè con essi mi affanno,
Anzi di lor mi rido,
Che con tanta lor acqua io so ch' egli hanno
Un cervel così duro e così tondo
Che quadrar nol potria nè meno in pratica
Del Viviani il gran saper profondo
Con tutta quanta la sua matematica.
Quali strani capogiri
D' improviso mi fan guerra?
Parmi proprio, che la terra
Sotto i piè mi si raggiri.
Ma se la terra comincia à tremare,
E traballando minaccia disastri,
Lascio la terra, mi salvo nel mare.
Vara vara quella Gondola
Più capace e ben fornita,
Ch' è la nostra favorita,
Su questa Nave
Che tempre ha di cristallo
E pur non pave
Del mar cruccioso il ballo,
Io gir men voglio
Per mio gentil di porto,
Conforme io soglio
Di Brindisi nel porto;
Purchè sia carca
Di brindisevol merce
Questa mia Barca.
Su voghiamo
Navighiamo
Navighiamo infino a Brindisi,
Arianna, Brindis, Brindisi!
Oh bell' andare
Per barca in mare
Verso la sera
Di primavera!
Venticelli e fresche aurette
Dispiegando ali d' argento
Sull' azzurro pavimento
Tesson danze amorosette,
E al mormorio de' tremuli cristalli
Sfidano ognora i Naviganti a i balli.
Su voghiamo,
Navighiamo,
Navighiamo infino a Brindisi:
Arianna, Brindis, Brindisi.
E se à te Brindisi io fo,
Perchè a me faccia il buon prò,
Ariannuccia, vaghuccia, belluccia,
Cantami un poco e ricantami tu
Sulla Mandola la cuccurucù,
La cuccurucù
La cuccurucù
Sulla Mandola la cuccurucù,
Passa vo
Passa vo
Passa voga arranca, arranca,
Che la Ciurma non si stanca
Anzi lieta si rinfranca
Quando arranca
Quando arranca inverso Brindisi,
Arianna, Brindis, Brindisi.
E se a te
E se a te Brindisi io fo

Perchè a me
Perchè a me
Perchè a me faccia il buon pro.
Il buon pro.
Accompagnata leggiadri bellurcia,
Cantami un po
Cantami un po
Cantami un poco e ricantami tu
Sulla Vio
Sulla Viola la cuccurucù
La cuccurucù
Sulla Viola la cuccurucù.
In quel vetro, che chiamasi il Tonfano
Scherzan le Grazie e vi trionfano.
Ognuna colmilo, ognuna votilo!
Ma di che si colmerà?
Bella Arianna, con bianca mano
Versa la Manna di Montepulciano,
Colmane il Tonfano e porgilo a me!
Questo liquore, che sdrucciola al core,
O come l'ugola e baciami e mordemi!
O come in lacrime gli occhi disciogliemi!
Me ne strasecolo, me ne strabilio,
E fatto estatico vo in visibilio.
Onde ognun, che di Lieo
Riverente il nome adora
Ascolti questo altissimo decreto,
Che Bassareo pronunzia, e gli dia fe:
Montepulciano d'ogni Vino è
il Re!
A così lieti accenti
D'edere e di corimbi il crine adorne
Alternavano i canti
Le festose Baccanti
Ma i Satiri, che avean bevuto a isonne
Si sdrajaron sull'erbetta,
Tutti cotte come Monne.

Sonetto.

Donne gentili, devote d'Amore
Che per la via della pietà passate,
Soffermate vi un poco, e poi guardate,
Se v'è dolor, che agguagli il mio dolore?
Della mia Donna risedea nel core
Come in trono di gloria, alta umiltate,
Nelle membra leggiadre ogni beltate,
E ne' begli occhi angelico splendore.
Santi costumi, e per virtù baldanza,
Baldanza umile, ed innocenza accorta,
E fuor che in ben oprar, nulla fidanza;
Candida Fè, che a ben amar conforta,
Vera nel senno, e nella Fè costanza;
Donne gentili, questa Donna è morta.

Sonetto.

Lunga è l'arte d'Amor, la Vita è breve,
Pericolosa la prova, aspro il cimento,
Difficile il giudizio, e a par del vento
Precipitosa l'occasione e lieve.
Siede in scuola il fero Mastro, e greve
Flagello impugna al crudo uffizio intento;
Non per via del piacer, ma del tormento
Ogni discepol suo vuol che s'alleve.
Mesce i premj al castigo, e sempre amari
I premj sono, e fra le pene accolti,
E fra gli stenti, e sempre scarsi e rari.
E pur fiorita è l'empia scuola, e molti
Già vi son vecchi; e pur non v'è chi impari;
Anzi imparano tutti a farsi stolti.

Sonetto.

Chi è costei, che tanto orgoglio mena,
Tinta di rabbia, di dispetto e d'ira,
Che la speme in Amor dietro si tira,
E la bella pietà stretta in catena?
Chi è costei, che di furor sì piena
Fulmini avventa, quando gli occhi gira,
E al mio petto, che per lei sospira,
Il sangue fa fermar dentro ogni vena?
Chi è costei, che più crudel che morte
Disprezzando ugualmente uomini e Dei,
Muove guerra del Ciel fin sulle porte?
Risponde il crudo Amor: Questa è colei,
Che per tua dura inevitabil sorte
Eternamente idolatrar tu dei.

61.

Carlo Maria Maggi.

Er ward 1630 zu Mailand geboren, lebte daselbst als Mitglied der Akademie della Crusca und Professor der griechischen Literatur, und starb 1699. Seine lyrischen Gedichte, im Genre des Petrarca nachahmender, zeichnen sich durch Anmuth, Feuer, Kraft und Gewandtheit aus. Folgendes Sonett namentlich wird als ein Meisterwerk betrachtet.

Sonetto.

Scioglie Eurilla dal lido. Io corro e stolto
Grido alle onde: che fate? una risponde:
Io che la prima ho il tuo bel nome accolto,
Grata di sì bel don, bacio le sponde.
Dimando all'altra: Allor che 'l piè fa sciolto
Mostra le luci al dipartir gioconde?
E l'altra dice: Anzi serena il volto
Ecco tacere il vento, e ridere l'onde.
Viene un'altra, e mi afferma: or la vid' io
Empiere di gelosia le Ninfe algose,
Mentre nel mare i suoi begli occhi aprio.
Dico a questa: e per me nulla t'impose?
Disse almen la crudel di darmi addio?
Passa l'onda villana, e non rispose.

62.

Francesco de Lemene.

Graf F. de L. ward 1634 zu Lodi geboren, erhielt eine sorgfältige Erziehung, und lebte [illegible] als Privatmann und [illegible] bis zu seinem 1704 erfolgten Tode. Er erwarb sich [illegible] als [illegible] lyrischer Dichter, seine Madrigale, Sonette, Schäferspiele und Cantaten, die er mit besonderer Rücksicht auf den Gesang verfasste, sind [illegible] gelungen; weniger lässt sich [illegible] seinen religiösen Gedichten sagen, da er sich hier nur zu oft in Schwulst und Uebertreibung gefällt.

Sonetto.

Stravaganza d'un sogno: a me parea
La mia Donna a lo 'nferno, e seco anch'io,
Ove [illegible] ambo condotti avea
Per giustizia il suo peccato e 'l mio.
Temeva io in pensar, che a la mia Dea
D'alzarsi intendo il mio pensiere ardio;
Ella cruda pena, che non dovea
Chiuder in sen si bella un cor si rio.
Ma nell'inferno appena esser m'avviso,
Che mi parve cangiarsi in un momento,
O beltà, il nostro Inferno in Paradiso.
Tu bella mi paresti ed io contento:
Io perché rimirava il tuo bel viso;
Tu perché rimiravi il mio tormento.

Sonetto.

Io ricorro a la vostra intercessione
Glorioso San Rocco, Avvocato,
Tengo una moglie senza discrezione,
La qual è pur la maledetta peste.
Per guarirmi da cura si molesta,
Senza la vostra gran benedizione
Tutto che meglio son la guarirete
Con quel che avete in man, santo bordone.
Se tai prodigj [illegible] a fare,
Veggo di già fallito Sant'Antonio,
Che tutti correranno al vostro Altare,
Ed io farò fra gli altri testimonio,
Che voi con doppio vanto e singolare
Guarite della peste e del Demonio.

Madrigale.

Ombrosa Verginella
Piangendo il suo destino
Tutta dolente e bella
Fu cangiata da Giove in augellino
Che canta dolcemente, e sprezza il volo;
E questo è l'Usignuolo.
In verde colle [illegible] con suo diletto
Cantar un giorno Amor quell'augelletto,
E del canto invaghito,
Con amorosi gesti, prese di Giove
Ad emular le prove,
Onde, poi ch'ebbe udito
Quel musico Usignuol, che si soave
Canta, gorgheggia e trilla,
Cangiollo in Verginella: e questa è Lilla.

Filli, Amore e Venere.

F. Oh che bel Pomo mi mostri, Amore!
Chi tel diede?
A. Mia Madre. Ed un Pastore
Il diede a lei nelle foreste Idee,
Perchè vinse altre Dee
In lite di beltà.
F. È pur bello! è pur bello!
A. Io te lo dono.
F. Ma se avvien il bel dono,
Venere che dirà?
Ecco appunto ella vien. A. Deh il pomo ascondi.
F. L'asconde in sen per appressarlo al core.
V. Pur ti ritrovo, Amor. Or mi rispondi:
Dov'è il mio Pomo d'oro?
A. Io non lo so.
V. No, eh? non mel negar, so che tu l'hai.
A. Possa morir, s'io l'ho.
V. Prendi questa guanciata.
F. Oimè, che fai?
V. Prendi quest'altra.
A. Ahi, ahi!
F. Deh Ciprigna, non più.
Prendi il tuo Pomo.
V. Onde l'avesti tu?
F. Pur or (deh mel perdona) Amor mel diè.
V. Gran temerario, che sei!
Ma rispondi: perchè,
Perchè per darlo a lei
L'hai tu furato a me?
Di su. Cessa dal pianto. Omai favella.
A. Perchè Filli di te mi par più bella.

Venere ed Amore.

V. Dunque dovrò sentire,
Che di me sia più bella altra beltate?
Filli di me più bella? or di perchè
Sia più bella di me?
A. Nol vorrei dire.
V. Dillo, che temi tu?
A. Temo guanciate.
V. Dillo senza temere. Perchè di lei
Men bella ti sembr'io?
A. Dir nol vorrei.
V. Finiscila, che si . . .
A. Non men di quella
Bella sei; ma gran tempo è che sei bella.

Tirsi e Lilla.

T. Ciò che pensando vai
Ninfa pensosa, io so.

L. Questa bella sarìa. T. Che sì? L. Che nò!
  Or dillo se lo sai.
T. Pensi, crudel, di non amarmi mai.
L. Ciò che pensi, o Pastore, anch' io vorrei
  Di voglie indovinar. T. Che nò! L.
  Che sì!
T. Indovinalo un poco.
L. Pensi, sempre di me prenderti gioco.
T. Tu menti.
L. Menti tu.
T. Tal non è.
L. Tal non fu.
a 2. $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text{O Lilla}\\ \text{O Tirsi}\end{array}\right\}$ il mio pensiero.
T. Io t' amo daddovero.
L. Ardo anch' io, se tu ardi.
a 2. Oh felici siam noi, se siam bugiardi.

Canzonetta.

Deh mirate, o Verginelle,
  Come pura se innamora
  Fresca Rosa in su l' Aurora,
  E imparate ad esser belle.
Vedi di spine come armata
  La Beltà, ch' è don del Cielo;
  È modesta nel suo stelo
  Men veduta e più pregiata.
Di qual pompa empie le spiagge
  Del giardin tutte fiorite!
  Fa che parli; se voi l' udite,
  E imparate ad esser saggie.
Quanto gode [illegible]
  Nel veder, ch' ognun m' inchina,
  E per farmi lor Regina
  Tutti i fior mi fan corona!
A me cede i primi onori
  Dolcemente pallidetta
  Benchè sia la Violetta
  Primogenita de' Fiori.
Gelsomin, Ligustro e Giglio
  Gareggiar con me non vanno,
  Fra dell' alba e bello il sole,
  Fra del bianco il mio vermiglio.
Al vermiglio mio guardando,
  Che 'l credea del sole un raggio,
  Un mattin del primo Maggio
  Volse Clori il guardo amante.
Tutti i Fior del regno mio
  Osservar l' amante Fiore;
  E scoprendo il vago errore
  Risér tutti, e riso anch' io.
Allor fu, che fatta altera
  S' adornò del nostro riso,
  E mostrò più lieto il viso
  La ridente Primavera.
Sul mattin dolce cantando
  Mi salutan gli Augelletti;
  E si sentono i Ruscelletti,
  Che mi vanno mormorando:
Venticelli innamorati
  De' lor fiati fan sospiri;
  E tra i grati miei respiri
  Fan più dolci i lor fiati.
Ma che parlo, ahi folle, ahi Rosa,
  D' un gioir, ch' è sì fugace?
  Il mio bel, che tanto piace
  E' fiorir, che splende e passa.
Tramontar col sole il miro,
  Se col sol novello ei sorge;
  E sparire il Ciel lo scorge
  Del grand' occhio ad un sol giro.
Sai dirmi tu, quanto sia frale
  La bellezza, onde mi fregio:
  Ma qual io d' un più bel pregio
  Gloriosa ed immortale.
Qual gioir più grande, o come
  Sperare sorte più cara?
  A Maria son tanto cara,
  Che Maria prende il mio nome.
E se 'l Mondo, allor che la noma
  Da Maria pietosa aita,
  Con più nome a se l' invita,
  Col mio nome ancor la chiama.
Ella poi, che così degna
  Lassù regna in tanta gloria,
  Di esser Rosa in Ciel si gloria,
  E il mio nome non isdegna.
Or [illegible] se in terra io [illegible]
  Tutto il fral delle mie foglie
  Per Maria, che in se le toglie,
  E il mio nome in Cielo eterno.
Verginelle, il [illegible]
  Dei pensieri il fior vermiglio,
  Ch' a voi, se a voi somiglia,
  Sia la Rosa immago, e specchio.
E tu Vergine pietosa,
  A' Mortali il guardo porgi;
  E consola chi ti porge
  Col bel nome della Rosa.

Canzonetta.

La Rosa ed il Giacinto.

In giardino, ch' avea dipinto
  La Natura in vago aspetto,
  [illegible] della lor pena,
  Una Rosa ed un Giacinto.
In quell' Anno [illegible]
  Mi dicea una sua Sorella,
  Che in tal guisa e [illegible] a Quelli
  [illegible]
Piangi, o Rosa? E tu sospiri,
  O Giacinto? Ma donde? ahi morte!
  Qual destin? qual dura sorte?
  Onde il pianto? onde i sospiri?
Ti dirà la doglia acerba,

Onde, o Rosa, io sto languendo;
Che dal seno al labbro ascendo
Spesso il duol si discorda.
Spendimi le foglie anch' io,
Che t'affligge il mio pensiero;
Perchè dove il passaggiero,
Se v' ha duol simile al mio.
Dunque, o Rosa, in dolci metri
La stagion spezza del pianto,
Parla tu, tacendo intanto
Tu, ch' io ti pregai al pianto impetri.
Se, Signor, e l'un diletto,
Rinnovar il duol mi piace,
Odi me. Del sol seguace
Tua fia luce il più diletto.
Se sorta pur il dì con sole,
O se il giorno al monte indora,
O se l'aria cogli sdegni,
Pur coraggioso vigore mi rende.
Che più mai? de' raggi amati
Mi rallumi la cieca mente;
Perchè fiamme spirante
Nel mare con vostri lieti.
Perchè dolce tale prova angosciata
Perchè a lui la morte diede,
Or morir per me si vede
Di me il sole ammorzato.
Quando io aprire in queste foglie
Con suo' ami, che io rari lumi,
Il dolce de' suoi dolori,
E le ciò nelle mie doglie.
O Giacinto, io con lettera
Pien il duol, che me tormenta,
Ho l'ami, che lo senta,
Ve non langue, che lo dice.
Tu lo puoi. Ho molle il ciglio
Di rugiada lacrimosa,
Come quella dolorosa,
Che piangeva il suo Figlio.
Vedo il pianto, ahi per pietade
A mesta Vergine afflitta:
Veda poi, che m' han trafitta,
Non so dir, se spine o spade.
Come lei, da macchia oscura
Io non ho le foglie impresse;
Perchè il sol per me m' elesse,
E mi volle tutta pura.
Ma quel Sol, che mi dà vita,
E lo chiamo, che m' uccide;
Che da me l'alma divide,
Se da me vuol far partita.
Quand' ei nasce, oh me felice!
Son tra i Fior la fortunata,
E mi dice ognuna beata;
Ma se muore, oh me infelice!
Ei nell' orto, ed io nell' orto
Quando spunta, allora io spunto;
Ma, l'occaso nel modo giunto,
Muoro anch' io, quand' egli è morto.
Qual con nuovo oscuro velo
Atra notte il mondo serra?
Qual tremor scuote la terra?
Qual orror ingombra il Cielo?
Ah! Tramonta il Sol, che adoro,
Or contempla il mio martoro;
Anch' io accosto al suo morire,
Muoro, ahi lassa! ahi lassa, muoro.
Qui gelò la Rosa, e morse,
E cadea già sul terreno;
Ma, qual Figlio, entro il suo seno
Il Giacinto la sostenne.
Or se fola si funesta
Di pietà, d'orror v' ingombra
Che fia poi, se tolta ogni ombra
Un bel ver si manifesta?
Fingere volli, e finsi solo
Per parte de' vostri affetti;
E 'l coprii con due Fioretti,
Per mostrar non loro il duolo.
Quindi or sian le cetra mia
[illegible] pietosi ragioni:
Il Giacinto era Gaetano,
E la Rosa, era Maria.

61.

Benedetto Menzini.

Er ward von armen Eltern am 29. März 1646 zu Florenz geboren, und zeichnete sich schon früh durch seine Fähigkeiten wie durch seinen Hang zur Satyre so vortheilhaft aus, daß ihn ein vornehmer Gönner, Vincenzio Salviati, zu sich in das Haus nahm, um ihm die Studien zu erleichtern. Es gelang ihm, Professor der Beredsamkeit in seiner Vaterstadt zu werden, dagegen entging ihm aber der Lehrstuhl der schönen Wissenschaften zu Pisa, um den er sich beworben hatte. Dieses veranlaßte seine beißenden Satyren. Da rief ihn, der mit Mangel zu kämpfen hatte, Christina von Schweden zu sich nach Rom, ernannte ihn zum Mitglied ihrer Akademie, und ertheilte ihm einen Jahrgehalt. Nach dem 1689 erfolgten Tode seiner Gönnerin würde er aber wieder in Armuth gerathen seyn, hätte ihn der Cardinal Albani, nachheriger Pabst Clemens XI, einen Mann lieb, der ihm ein Kanonicat verschaft, und welches er bis an seinen Tod behielt. Er starb am 7. September 1704 zu Rom, einer der fruchtbarsten, vielseitigsten und bedeutendsten Dichter seiner Zeit.

Sonetto.

[illegible] io piantai un ramoscel d'alloro
E mentre io porsi al Ciel preghiera umile
Che si crescesse l'arbore gentile,
Che poi fosse a i Cantor fregio e decoro,
E Zefiro pregai, che l'ali d'oro
Stendesse su' bei rami a mezzo Aprile;
E che Borea crudel stretto in servile
Catena, impero non avesse in loro,
Io so, che questa pianta a Febo amica
Tardi, ahi ben tardi, ella s'innalza al segno

D' ogni altro, che qui stassi in piaggia aprica.
Ma il suo lungo tardar non [illegible] à sdegno;
[illegible], che tardi nasce e a gran fatica
Sorge fra noi chi di Corona è degno.

Sonetto.

Quel Capro maledetto ha preso un uso
Già fra le viti e sempre in lor s'impaccia,
Deh per farlo scordar di simil traccia,
Dagli d'un sasso fra le corna e 'l muso.
Se Bacco il guata, ei [illegible] ben [illegible]
Da quel suo Carro, a cui le Tigri allaccia,
[illegible] le selvagge altre si caccia,
Quand' è con quel suo [illegible] mesto e confuso.
Ei di [illegible], Elpin, fa che non abbia
Maligno il dente, e poi non roda in vetta
L' uve nascenti, che il lor Nume affida;
Di lui ne [illegible], che [illegible] l' Altar l' aspetta;
Ma Bacco e da Venere, che [illegible] non perdona
Del Capro insieme e del Pastor vendetta.

Sonetto.

Senti in quel fondo gracidar la rana,
Indizio certo di futura pioggia;
Canta il corvo importuno, e si [illegible]
La foglia [illegible] alla fontana.
La [illegible] in quella [illegible] piana
[illegible] di [illegible] dell' [illegible];
Le [illegible] allunga in alto, e [illegible]
Aspettar l' acqua, che non par lontana.
Veggon le [illegible] [illegible] volando,
E veggio come [illegible] il [illegible],
E va la polve, qual palco, rotando;
Leva le reti, o Boattarone, ritira
Il [illegible] agli [illegible]; or sai che quando
Manda [illegible] segno il Ciel, torna e s' [illegible].

Canzone.

O voi, che Amor schernite
Donzelle, udite, udite
Quel che l' altr' ieri avvenne:
Amor carco di penne
Fu fatto prigioniero
Da belle Donne altiere,
Che con due ritorte
Le braccia al tergo attorte
A quel meschin legaro.
Amor, qual pianto amaro
Scendea dal volto, il petto
Di [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible] in [illegible],
Come del duolo [illegible]
[illegible], e [illegible]
Perchè vilmente offeso
Ad or ad or fra via
Il [illegible] languia.
E quelle [illegible]
Gli [illegible] l' ali,
E del crin che splendea
Così [illegible], e che scendea
Sovra le spalle ignude,
Quelle superbe, e crude
Fero un [illegible] indegno.
Allor [illegible] di sdegno
A [illegible] che [illegible],
E [illegible]
Le due braccia al Cielo,
Poi senza alcun velo
L' [illegible] [illegible],
E [illegible] pendente.
Ah non sarà d' errore
Morte, un [illegible] Amore,
Amor alma del mondo,
Amor, che fa giocondo
Il Ciel, la terra, e 'l mare
Languire in [illegible] amare?
Ma una virtù [illegible]
A la [illegible] vita
Ritorna, e [illegible],
E [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] che [illegible] [illegible],
E l' altre [illegible],
Con quelle [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] a le [illegible]
[illegible] che amasser sempre;
Ma con diverse tempre
[illegible] 'l cuore a gli amanti,
[illegible] che per l' avanti
Fur in diverse tempre
[illegible] le [illegible] sempre.
Or voi, che Amor schernite,
Belle Donzelle udite:
[illegible] [illegible]
E [illegible] a le [illegible].

Dell' Arte poetica.

Frammento.

L. I. v. 1. 6.

Erto è il giogo di Pindo. Invano tenta
A [illegible] la perigliosa cima
Chi [illegible] Apollo [illegible].
Che la parte [illegible], ed una
Sol [illegible], che per Natura ed Arte
Senta degli altri il suo pensier sublime.
Oh tu, che pensi ad illustrar le carte,
Deh guarda [illegible]
Di quel [illegible], che [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible].
Pria che [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Chi di grand' ali ha disarmato il fianco,
Nè, qual' Aquila altera, al Cielo ascende.
Di polveroso fumo pallido, e bianco
Gridò Dedalo al Figlio, allor che il vide
Per l' eccelso sentiero venir manco,
E quei del folle ardir tardo si avvide
Garzonetto infelice, allor che in pena
Preda e bersaglio fu d' onde omicide.
La favola è per te, che adegui appena
L' umil Colomba, e credi aver le penne
Onde d' uscir [illegible]
Come se la Barchetta, che sostenne
Un piccol flutto, andar voglia del pari
Con l' altre Navi, e l' Oceano Antenne.
Oh quanti vedonsi d' Intelletti cari
Sudare il petto, e poscia in lor paragone
Son Colombi, e Chiarezza avean pur chiari!
Meglio saria, se luminoso raggio
Non avesti in te di più propizia Stella,
Lasciar le Muse, e cangiar calle, e viaggio.
Ma forse barbara lampada è bella
Aver la mente? Ah questo sol non basta
Senz' arte, che le forme in lei suggella.
Sappi, che la Natura alla sovrasta
Quasi nobile Ingegno; e l' Arte aggiunge
Un tal contegno, che bella non guasta.
Anzi l' accresce, e 'l suo valor congiunge
All' Alma generosa, e rappresenta
A lei tutto ver, che suoni da lunge.
Pria con le scarse forze al Mar si tenta,
Poi la vita commette a un vasto legno
L' audace grande al tutto d' Onda avventa.
Mostra dunque Natura al vago ingegno
Come un tronco sull' onda si sostiene,
Poi l' Arte apprestò il suo lavoro ordegno.
Poi dimmi: Andiamo alle Tirrene arene,
Cerchiamo la più remota ultima terra,
Ricca di preziose argentee vene.
Oh vedi come l' Arte è, che disserra
Le dubbie strade, e come dal periglio
Ritoglie navicella, il porto al fin si afferra.
Apollo invocando, Apollo il consiglio,
Se dir bastasse, ogni poeta il dice,
E nel suo dir pargoli trovaro il famiglio.
Oh da nuova e da rara furia felice!
Ogni scrittor, che a Febo il cuor commenda,
Appena fassi per suo Dodone altrice.
Pur, se le prose di solcar quest' onda,
Osserva bene, se le sorti, e i flutti
Schiviamo per arte a i dèssi fonti seconda.
Siccome sono degli edificj costrutti
Prima le fondamenta, il gradar bene
Fa sull' altre lor parti in sen ridutti.
Ergi il Sublime, e 'l Sovrumano se tiene,
E piedestallo il primiero; e che dal monte
Nevoso, per prima il suo fondamento tene.
Come vuoi, che diletti, e che s' impronte
In delicata coscienza un, che sprovvido
Molle alle Muse, e s' avvalora al fonte?

Pria conoscer bisogna il puro argento
Del Toscano Parnaso; e 'l pronto acume
Fissar più, che al di fuori, al bel, ch' è dentro.
Dolce d' Ambrosia e d' Eloquenza un fiume
Scorrer vedrai dell' umil Sorga in riva
Per quei, ch' è de' Poeti onore e lume.
Nè chieder devi ond' egli eterno viva;
Perchè 'l viver eterno a quel si debbe
Stil puro e terso, che per lui fioriva.
E se per grotti e scogli ir gli rincrebbe,
Pensi, che non avesse il piè gagliardo
Di montar dove ogni altro Ingegno andrebbe.
Oh se l' intendo; orgoglioso e tardo
Stimi, chi, come te, non istrabalza
Senz' aver del costume altro riguardo.
E non pensi s' è proprio, e se si calza
Un detto più, che l' altro; e sforzi, e sproni
Il poledro mal domo in ogni balza.
Perchè per poetar non ti proponi
L' esempio di coloro, ond' è, che in pregio
Italia vince l' Europee Nazioni?
E tu segui color, che son di sfregio
Alle nobili Muse; e orpello e frasche
Credi, che sien paludamento regio.
Con che manda il Perù, con che si pesche
Nei mar d' Arabia, in un deforme oggetto
Nè fora mai, che gli altrui sguardi adesche.
Anzi quel, che di ricco, nè pur d' eletto
Gli metti in torno, sappi al vivo scuopre
Della bruttezza il repugnante effetto.
Qui un saggio Spirto la prudenza adopre;
Che modesta beltà talvolta appare,
Meglio qualor fugge se stessa, e cuopre.
Vedi, che la Pittura illustri, e chiare
Fa risaltar le parti allor, che sprezza
O abbandona quel, che si potea mostrare.
Tronca ciò, che t' adombra: e la Chiarezza
Sia compagna a' tuoi scritti; oscuro carme
Talor si aborre, e poco amor si apprezza.
Combatte con la polve, e con le tarme
Libro, che non s' intende; e da sì acerbo
Fato sol può perspicuitade aitarme.
Ben vedi, come in un congiungo e serbo
Nobiltade e Chiarezza: ambo son poli
D' un scritto illustre: or fa di ciò riserbo,
Purchè all' Oscurità mentre t' involi,
Non dia nello smaccato, che dimostra
Cervel, che non si scaldi, e che non voli.
E con l' oscurità ben spesso giostra
Chi vuol esser conciso: ed il diffuso
Nel contrario talor troppo si prostra.
Altri sortiro un natural confuso,
E vorrebbon dir tutto. Un buono stile
In mezzo di due estremi sia racchiuso.

Satira.

Quanto ne' voti suoi delira il mondo!
  Ben vi ha più d'un, che su dal cielo impetra
  Ciò, che negato il renderia giocondo.
E taluno muove una montana pietra
  Per discoprir l'acciajo, e incauto appresta
  Contro se i dardi nell' altrui faretra.
Rodrigo mio caro, è gran follia pur questa,
  Che nel cervello umano pullula, e sorge,
  Di bramar quel, ch' altrui turba e molesta.
Ecco Frontone al ciel suoi voti porge,
  Per avere un figliuol di sua consorte,
  Che poi cresciuto contro il Padre insorge.
Quindi si vede per sua mala sorte
  Caduto dei Breschi all' orrido zimbello,
  E poscia riportarne infamia, e morte.
E colle sceppe dietro, e col cartello
  Andarsene mitrato a porte in gogna,
  E condotto suo fasci il bargello.
Un altro avere una zitella agogna
  In moglie, e 'l ciel ne prega, e poi ne muore,
  Ch' infatti è sollennissima carogna.
Che le poppacce sue pendenti, e flosce
  Mostran, che questa nuova Polissena
  Sa d' undici anni ella allarga le cosce.
Io le per questo io non avrò mai pena
  La man d' accennar, e voi starete, o nanni,
  Quasi sommersi in solitaria arena.
Oh mal spesi per me Fiorini profumi!
  S' altro chieder non so, meglio sarebbe,
  Che in qualche legno, o s' io gettassi a' fiumi.
So, che qualche baron forse direbbe,
  Che sacrilegio è questi, che gl' incensi
  Maltratta, un ateista esser ei debbe.
Dica ciò, ch' egli vuol, dicalo, e pensi,
  Che chiunque non dà dell' incensate
  In dio non possa aver gli affetti intensi.
Se camicia ho l' inverno, e se la state
  Un sorso d' acqua; l' indica miniera
  Non chieggio ad arricchir la povertate.
Non son Quintilian, che si dispera,
  S' egli non entra in corte; entravi, e accetta
  Sorte fa sì, che poi di valdar e pera.
Che ad abbracciar la cupida e superba
  Mente di noi mortali, il Vizio stesso
  Sempre per noi qualche galuppo serba.
E taluno brama esser tenuto appresso
  Le genti un qualche savio, e al fin s' avvede,
  Che dal mostro d' invidia ei resta oppresso.
Odi Eunomo, che ad Apollo chiede
  Ardir ei d' esser poeta, e meglio fora
  Gettar 'n un cesso le l'orrie schede.
Che della patria mendicando fuora
  Non si vedrebbe andar cencioso, e scalzo,
  Ne come uom tratto d' una morta gora.
Com giuoca fortuna, e alterale al balzo
  Le voglie de' mortali, e loro intorno
  Leva poscia da senno ogni rincalzo.
Chi l' umil stato suo si prende a scorno,
  E dolor sente al cuor di non potere
  La cresta alzar sopra degli altri, e 'l corno,
Costui potrebbe aver bisogno avere
  D' elleboro assai più, che un tal girullo,
  Che beve, e insieme inghiotte ancor il bicchiere.
E ben starebbe spennacchiato, e grullo
  Entro un gabbione a canto della Meta,
  Dov' ebbe il buon Fondolfo altro trastullo.
Ciò che voglia il destino, a noi si cela,
  E non sappiam di questa bestial onda,
  S' ella rinfresca, o poi s' ella dipela.
E talvolta si mostra altrui seconda
  La sorte, perchè poi più d' alto caggia,
  Chi ne' ben di quaggiù sua speme fonda.
E la cena uom, che altrui lusinga, e piaggia,
  Poi te l' azzecca, e non è lucid' oro
  Ciò, che risplende, e al nostro sguardo raggia.
Anime grandi, il vostro nome adoro
  Se alcun pur v' è, che tal prenda consiglio
  Di far della virtude almo tesoro.
Non chiamo io qui virtù, cui sopracciglio
  Saper con Cosmalion lodar la fava,
  O fare un sonettin sopra un coniglio.
Ne saper come Don Priapo stava
  Esposto a l' esser donne Romane,
  Quando d' esse qualcuna a sposo andava.
Lascio di questo dalla sera a mane
  Pensare a Don Tiglione, e le Penelle,
  O se Clelie, o Clodie a dir rimane.
Virtù quella chiam' io, che mille e mille
  Spade non teme, e che di se fa scudo,
  [illegible] alma ragione il passo aprille.
Virtù chiam' io, che 'l petto amor che nudo
  Offre agli affanni, e a cui cela non basta
  [illegible], o Nerone spietato, e crudo.
Ma a me la pare il tuo desio contrasta,
  E mesce in coppa d' oro altro veleno
  D' esser più [illegible] cuopra [illegible]
E vogliam poi, che sono in ciel non stiano
  A consigliar di noi? Eh chieggiam quello,
  Senza di cui sarem felici appieno.
Perchè non chiedi, che valente e bello,
  E sia ben saldo del tuo cuor lo specchio,
  E monetta ne se della bontà suggello?
Tu chiedi di poter aver col secchio

Bere il vin di tre vigne, ed il frumento
 Del nuovo Giugno accumular al vecchio;
Questo a sedare il natural talento
 Non basti un sol fiaschetto, una pagnotta,
 E di Pontormo a mensa il frale argento.
E tu vorresti, alla Fortuna flotta
 Ti spianasse il Colombo, ed America
 La dubbia strada, che già parve rotta.
Che se tu chiedi d'esser ricco, io dico,
 Che 'l facci, ad esser poi cortese, e umano
 A più d'un Iro, che ne va mendico.
Ma veggio, che non preme a ser Vorano,
 Che 'l popolo lo chiami un rangeo,
 Un vil taccagno, un Aretin marrano.
Che importa avere un nome infame e reo?
 Pur ch'abbia traboccata la bigoncia,
 Chiaminlo Ginevrin, chiaminlo Ebreo.
Almen di lui si sa l'usanza sconcia
 D'aver dipinta la giustizia in feccia,
 E poi sognar lo stajo, e infarinar l'oncia.
Ma Lombardo la cui salta barbaria
 Ha intimato alle stalle eterna fera,
 E di che pensi, che egli vada in traccia?
E dice genuflesso: O santa Feria,
 Io non pur il tuo Numa: Oh d'esser Vesco
 Sfuggimmi la mordace dissenteria.
Perchè ho un polmone, che tal sente il fresco
 D'un'aura vana, ch'io diventa pazzo,
 Se un paggio mi saluta, o un Tedesco,
Che gusto! allor che con il pallio spazzo
 Le scale, udir: Quest'è di quei, che sanno;
 Par che gran consiglier venne a palazzo!
Già Mazzarino, e Richelieu si stanno
 Alla sua staffa, ed ha gualdrappe, e mule
 Che già vedea in vil fardone scanno.
E forse gli staria meglio un grembiale
 D'un macellaro insanguinato, e lordo,
 Che 'l rocchetto, la mitra, e la cande.
Or non si debbe gir dunque all'abbordo
 Di queste navicelle? ecco, ch'a' miei
 Voti il benigno ciel sembra d'accordo.
Quanti vedranno, ohimè, de' lor trofei
 Oggidì disprezzo, e quanti in scherno
 Vedran gli assalti ritornar Flegrei.
Che a sacro eletti pastoral governo
 Stroppian per le corti la mozzetta,
 E 'l temporal prepongono all'eterno.
Non è però, che alcun in cuor non metta
 Il veder, che per mezzo Aron s'avvoglia,
 Chi l'arca atterra, e 'l santuario getta.
Ed all'ipocrisia loro s'ammoglia.
 Perchè 'ntendi, che 'l guado de' mortali,
 Non è luce, che passi oltre la spoglia.
Dammi, dice costui, che i miei brutali
 Vizj io nasconda, e lor d'intorno sparga
 Tenebre dense, ed all'Egizie eguali.
Dammi, ch'io faccia col disprezzo legge,
 Sicch'io non tema, ed al specchion stia saldo,
 Se alcun talvolta i falli miei dispiega.
Dammi, ch'io possa temerario, e baldo
 Salir non visto a' Pitti, e far la spia,
 Dove più d'un la fava metta in caldo.
Dammi, ch'io possa aver la sagrestia
 Del Vescovo di Mira, e ch'io vi seggia
 O per favore, o pur per simonia.
Così l'empio favella, e 'l ciel dileggia;
 Ma un uom dabben ripiglia: Anzi ch'io moja
 Fa, signor, che squartati i furbi io veggia,
E mi contento d'essere il loro boja.

64.

Vincenzio di Filicaja.

Er ward am 3. December 1642 zu Florenz geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte in Piſa, und lebte dann längere Zeit als Privatmann auf ſeiner Villa, bis ihn ſpäter der Großherzog von Toſcana zum Senator ernannte, und ihm zuerſt die Pflege von Volterra, dann die von Piſa übertrug. 1702 erhielt er ein noch höheres Amt in Florenz. Allgemein als unbeſtechlicher Richter und wahrer Vater der Armen und Bedrängten geehrt und geliebt, ſtarb er von Allen betrauert am 25. September 1707 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Außer lateiniſchen Gedichten hinterließ er in ſeiner Mutterſprache lyriſche Poeſieen und Sonetten, die ihm großen Ruhm erwarben. Er wird als einer der vorzüglichſten italieniſchen Dichter des ſiebenzehnten Jahrhunderts betrachtet.

O d e.

Sopra l' assedio di Vienna.

1.
E fino a quando inulti
 Fian, Signore, i tuoi servi? e fino a quando
 De i barbarici insulti
 Orgogliosa n'andrà l'empia baldanza?
 Dov'è, dov'è, gran Dio, l'antico vanto
 Di tua alta possanza?
 Su' campi tuoi, su' campi tuoi più culti
 Semina stragi e morti
 Barbaro ferro; e te destar non ponno
 Da sì profondo sonno
 Le gravi antiche offese, e i nuovi torti?
 E tu 'l vedi, e comporti,
 E la destra di folgori non armi,
 O pur gli avventi agl'insensati marmi?

2.
Mira, oimè, qual crudele
 Nembo d'armi e d'armati, e qual torrente
 D'esercito infedele
 Corre d'Austria a inondar! mira che il loco
 A tant'empito manca, e a tanta gente

Par che l'Istro sia poco
E di tant'aste a l'ombra il dì si *cele*!
Tutte son qui le spade
De l'ultimo Oriente, e a la gran lutta
L'Asia s'unio qui tutta;
E quei, che 'l Tanai solca, e quei che rade
Le Sarmatiche biade,
E quei che calca la Bistonia neve,
E quei, che 'l Nilo, e che l'Oronte beve.

3.

Di Cristian sangue tinta
Mira de l'Austria la Città Reina,
Quasi abbattuta e vinta,
Mille, e mille cacciar nel fianco infermo
Fulmini temprati a l'infernal fucina;
Mira, che frale schermo
Son per lei l'alte mura, ond'ella è cinta;
Mira le palpitanti
Sue Rocche: odi, odi il suon, che a morte sfida:
Le disperate strida
Odi, e i singulti e le querele e i pianti
De le donne tremanti
Che al fiero aspetto de i comun perigli
Stringonsi al seno i vecchi padri e i figli.

4.

L'onnipotente braccio,
Signor, deh stendi, e sappian gli empj omai,
Sappian che vetro, e ghiaccio
Son lor armi a' tuoi colpi, e che sei Dio.
Di tue giuste vendette a i caldi rai
Struggasi 'l popol rio.
Qual porga il collo al ferro, e quale al laccio,
E come fuggitiva
Polve avvien, che rabbioso Austro disperga,
Così persegua, e sperga
Tuo sdegno i Traci, e su l'augusta riva
Del Danubio si scriva:
Al vero Giove l'ottoman Tifeo
Qui tentò di far guerra, e qui cadeo.

5.

Del Re superbo Assiro
Già aspri [illegible] da Sion le mura
So pur, che in van [illegible];
E tal poi monte d'insepolti estinti
Alzasti tu, che inorridì Natura.
Guerrier dispersi e vinti
So, che vide Betulia; e 'l Duce Siro
Con memorando esempio
Trofeo pur fu di femminetta imbelle
Sulle teste rubelle.
Deh rinnovella or tu l'antico scempio:
Non è di lor men empio
Quei, che servaggio or ne minaccia e morte;
Se non più di lor rei, nè fu men forte.

6.

Che s'egli è pur destino
E ne' volumi eterni ha scritto il Fato,
Che deggia un dì a l'Eusino
Servir l'Ibero, e l'Alemanno Teti,
E 'l suol, cui parte l'Appennin gelato;
A' tuoi santi decreti
Pien di timore e d'umiltà m'inchino.
Vinca, se così vuoi,
Vinca la Scita, e 'l glorioso sangue
Versi l'Europa esangue
Da ben mille ferite. I voler tuoi
Legge son ferma a noi;
Tu sol se' buono e giusto, e giusta e buona
Quell'opra è sol, che al tuo voler consuona.

7.

Ma sarà mai, ch'io veggia
Fender barbaro aratro a l'Austria il seno
E pascolar la greggia,
Ove or sorgon Cittadi, e senza tema
Starsi gli Arabi armenti in riva al Reno?
Ne la ruina estrema
Fia, che de l'Istro la famosa Reggia
D'ostile incendio avvampi,
E dove siede or Vienna, abiti l'Eco
In solitario speco
Le cui deserte arene orma non stampi?
Ah no, Signor, troppo ampi
Son di tue grazie i fonti; e tal flagello
Se in Cielo è scritto, a tua pietà m'appello.

8.

Ecco d'inni devoti
Risonar gli alti Templi; ecco sorge
Tra le preghiere e i voti
Salire a te d'arabi fumi un nembo.
Già i tesor sacri, ond'ei sol tien la chiave,
Da l'adorato grembo
Versa il grande Innocenzo, e i non mai visti
Erarj apre e comparte;
Già i cristiani Regnanti a la gran lega
Non pur commove e piega,
Ma in un raccoglie le milizie sparte
Del teutonico Marte;
E se tremendo è lor poter, che non fosse
Senza il fulmin Polono, ei fu, che 'l mosse.

9.

Ei da l'Esquilio colle
Ambo in ruina de l'orribil Geta,
Mosè novello, estolle
A te le braccia, che da un lato regge
Speme e fede da l'altro. Or chi ti vieta
Il ritrattar tua legge,
E spegner l'ira, che nel sen ti bolle?
Pianse, e pregò l'afflitto
Buon Re di Giuda, e gli crescesti etate;
Lagrime d'umiltà

Ninive sparse; e si cangiò 'l prescritto
Fatale infausto editto.
Ed esser può, che 'l tuo Pastor divoto
Non ti sforzi, pregando, a cangiar voto?
10.
Ma sento, o sentir parmi
Sacro furor, che di se m'empie. Udite,
Udite, o voi, che l'armi
Per Dio cingete: Al tribunal di Cristo
Già decisa in pro vostro è la gran lite.
Al glorioso acquisto
Su su prodi movete; in lieto carme
Tra voi canta ogni tromba,
E 'l trionfo predice. Ite, abbattete,
Dissipate, struggete
Quegli empj, e l'Istro al vinto stuol sia tomba.
D'alti applausi rimbomba
La terra omai: che più tardate? aperta
È già la strada, e la vittoria è certa.

O d e.

Alla Sacra Real Maestà di Cristina, Regina di Svezia.

1.
Alta Reina, a cui gran fatti egregi
Tacer fia colpa, e raccontar periglio:
Se ne' tuoi illustri pregi
Che mi scorgono al Ciel di lume in lume,
Per dar lena a' miei spirti, affiso il ciglio,
Dell'egra vista il non ben forte acume
Vinto s'arretra; e s'io
Contento il bel desio
Di ritrarne su i fogli un raggio almeno,
Mi trema il cuor nel seno,
E in man lo stile, e nel pensier l'ardire,
Che la lucca del dire
È sì chiara e sì grande e sì suprema
L'arte pareggiando impoverisce e scema.
2.
Quindi meco m'adiro, e più consiglio
Quei, che abbozzano 'l dorso, alti disegni,
Con incauto pennello,
E quale allor, che al secolo malvagio
Di sdegno i Cieli e di tempesta pregni
Piovver l'orrendo universal naufragio,
Vide colomba, e vide
Cavalcar l'acque infide
Su i poggi, e i monti, onde con duolo e scorno
Fe' a sua magion ritorno;
Tal io sperando di solcar tant'onda,
Che d'ampie glorie inonda
L'un Polo e l'altro, lusinghiero invito
Credei de' venti, e mi scostai dal lito.
3.
Ma non pria corse al mio pensier dinanzi
Quell'Oceano profondo, in cui fin'ora
Per tant'ingegni e tanti
Fortunato naufragio, e da cui spunta
Un raggio sol, che 'l secol nostro indora,
Che rintuzzata del desio la punta,
La mia di speme priva
Nave si trasse a riva.
Dunque io, gran Donna, di tua fama l'onde
Presso l'amiche sponde
Rado e fo come chi da basso loco
Il mar discopre un poco;
Ma l'ampie sue profonde acque remote
Fondo non vede, e sa ben, ch'ei non puote.
4.
L'ancore qui dell'abbattuto ingegno
Gitto, e stommi a mirar pallida e muta,
Or questo ed or quel legno
Venirne a terra disarmato, e appena
Fatto scherno dell'onde, anzi rifiuto,
La fuggente afferrar sponda terrena.
Arte vegg'io senz'arte,
E rotte antenne e sarte,
E vele e remi in mar d'obblio dispersi,
Veggio i naufraghi versi
Romper di scoglio in scoglio, e i sempre vani
Folli ardimenti umani,
Di vigor voti e di baldanza scemi,
Dar sull'arida sabbia i tratti estremi.
5.
Qui mille cetre, che già un tempo argute
Lingue sonâron di tua fama, or sono
Stanche, confuse e mute;
E dicon sol, che delle gesta a paro
Di te, gran Donna, in maestevol tuono
Nostre italiche trombe alto cantaro,
Dicon, che ad uno ad uno
Volle affinar ciascuno
Arcier di Pindo dell'ingegno i dardi,
E i più acuti e gagliardi
Scegliere a sì grand'uopo e farne pruova;
Per acquistar di nuova
Impresa il vanto, e a gli animati strali
Ver sì eccelso bersaglio imprimer l'ali.
6.
Altri, dicon, cantò, che quando apristi
Le luci al sol, tutti del Cielo i rai
Veglian lassù fur visti
A sì bell'alma intenti; e di quest'una,
Cui le Grazie lattar più ch'altra mai,
A pascer la famelica digiuna
Vista e 'l cupido sguardo,
Il passo assai più tardo
Mosse Arturo; e giurò, che in mar tuffato
Non avria il carro aurato.
Nè in van giurollo; indi fermossi e tacque,
Sì lo splendor gli piacque
Di quel poc'anzi di lassù disceso
Sol di virtute in duo begli occhi acceso.

7.

Altri canta, che come spunta e corre
L'alba in fasce di rose e d'oro avvolta,
E l'ampio aer trascorre;
Sì la tua mente pargoletta i vanni
Tantosto aperse, e da i lacci suoi sciolta,
Fin del pensier veloce, e più che gli anni,
L'arte e l'Età prevenne;
E sì battèo le penne
Per lo Ciel della Fama arduo ed immenso,
Che anticipato senno
Ebbe alle glorie, e 'l senno e l'intelletto
Anzi stagion perfetto;
E del sole a varcar gli erti viaggi,
Mostrò tant'ali aver, quant'egli ha raggi.

8.

Qual è, che come avvien, qualor novella,
Estrania luce in nel Cielo appare,
Che a riguardar sol quella
Tragge il più della gente, e l'altre obblia;
Così di tante tue sì nuove e rare
Alle virtù l'attonito non pria
Mondo amante s'accorse,
Che a vagheggiarle accorse,
E tutto intento con gentil lavoro
A farne in se tesoro,
Parte in bronzi gittonne, e parte in marmi
Ne sculse; in vari Carmi
D'altre i Poemi ordì, d'altre compose
Storica tela, e n'adornò le Prose.

9.

E mostra poi, che tutte l'arti, e tutti
Gli studj, e l'opre di Natura, e quanto
Il Ciel, la Terra, e i flutti
Chiudono in se, nell'ampio sen chiudesti,
Mostra, che appieno (e a lui fu sola il vanto)
Sai, perchè il mar s'adiri, e quale il desti
Spirto cruccioso e muova,
Sai, come in gelo e in piova
L'aer s'annodi e sciolga; e come tiri
Luce d'all'ombra l'Iri;
Chi accende i lampi, e chi dà voce ai tuoni;
Qual empito sprigioni
La folgor chiusa, e qual con forza ignota
Segreta furia il suol dibatta e scuota.

10.

E sai, dal lito Esperio il lito Eoo
Quanto spazio disgiunga, e per quai strade
Corran Eto e Piroo
E con quai leggi, e qual compassa il Polo
Da Borea ad Austro, e quai d'età in etade
Mosse il tempo, da che il tempo ha volo.
Sai delle antiche e nuove
Memorie il quando e il dove;
Imprese, leggi, costumi, abiti e riti
Di Popoli infiniti
E del reggere altrui l'alte maniere,
E le fondate e vere
Note a pochi, di Pace arti e di Guerra,
Cose rade o non mai sapute in Terra.

11.

Ma poco è ciò. La Sapienza eterna
A te i più chiusi suoi tesori aperse;
E quella che governa,
E mantien l'Universo, arte e Ragione
Svelò a te l'ampia tela, e le diverse
Fila, onde 'l vario alto lavor compone.
In sì bell'alma pria
Dio fisse gli occhi suoi,
E se dappresso per mirar Fetonte
Spogliò di rai la fronte
Il fecondo meriggio, a te in diversa guisa
Rivolse intenta e fisa
Tutta sua luce il divin sole, e mille
Sparse in te di valor lampi e faville.

12.

Ma quando a gloria del gran Dio s'intese,
Che bella in te, d'infedeltà fra l'ombre
Ivi di Fe s'accese;
Quando s'udì, che in van l'Inferno e in vano
Ti s'opposero i sensi; e quando sgombra
L'udì pur dall'error natio insano:
Quando esultonne il mondo!
Dell'alto suo profondo
Fuor la piena ove non giunse? E quanti
Fra mille applausi e canti
T'alzaro allor le Muse archi e trofei!
Chi è, diceano, Costei
Che calca Imperj e Regni, e della Reggia
Grandezza il fasto e lo splendor dispregia?

13.

Chi è Costei, che a se la guerra e invade
I propri affetti, e li debbellar, se cosa
Sia terrena o celeste?
Costei di se gentil sembianza e amante
Che 'l Trono rifiuta, e col gran Dio si sposa?
Costei, che al Mondo, al cieco Mondo errante
Mostra del Cielo i veri
Eterni sentieri?
Qual alta penna, che di là dall'Alpe
Oltre ad Abila e Calpe
La porti a volo? E qual di lei fia degno
Stile, che poi sostegna
Il glorioso fortunato incarco
Ond'or la Terra e 'l Ciel di par fia carco?

14.

Tai cose in tempo assai minor del vero
Canto di te l'Europa, e già non ebbe
Da spargere ben l'inchiostro
Tuo pregio in carte. Ma poi tanto ne suon,

Alzò sua Fama i vanni, e tanto crebbe,
Ch' in l' arte [illegible] e gl' Intelletti scosse.
Poi di tentar sue lodi
Mi sforzo in varj modi,
E penso, e scrivo; ma se 'l canto io scioglio
Non son qual esser soglio.
Manca lo spirto; e in guisa d' uom, che sogna,
E di parlare agogna,
Bramo aver voce, e pur che mai dubbioso
Tacer non posso, e favellar non oso.

15.

Ma sarà mai, ch' io de' Toscani inchiostri
Veggia spenta la gloria, e che dipinta
Ad ogni età non mostri
Lo splendor, ch' a noi vivo il Ciel diè in sorte?
E bevo l' onda d' Ippocrene, e cinto
Ho il crin d' allori, e tolgo i nomi a Morte?
La Cetra omai si rende
Misero dono, e appendo
O Muse, il plettro a queste mura, e dico:
Dov' è il mio spirto antico?
Ma tu, egregio Cantor, che la sagrata
Nobil' arpa dorata
Sospendi al regio [illegible], e con superni
Cantici l' opre e le memorie eterni:

16.

Tu ascolta le mie voci. Alza tu grande
Inni di laudi all' etra, e canta, e scrivi,
Scrivi l' opre ammirande
Di sì gran Donna; e di', che in questa vedi
Tutti adunarsi di virtude i rivi.
Di', che a gran Padre assai maggior figliuola
Nel regio trono successe;
E si l' impero resse,
Che avanzò il grido, e superò la lode,
Di che fu grande, e prode;
E come in guerra [illegible];
E come braccio e mente
Fu de gli invitti suoi Campioni; e come
Vinser questi con l' armi, ella col Nome.

17.

Scrivi, che poi per superar se stessa
E gli esempli oscurar vecchi e novelli,
Fe' il gran rifiuto, ond' essa
Il divin culto, e 'l Vaticano adorna,
Scrivi, che sol per lei più illustri e belli
Splendono i sette Colli ov' or soggiorna,
E per lei gentile ed altero
Va d' alta gloria il Tebro.
Scrivi, che se 'l piè move, o 'l guardo gira,
Della virtute e spira
Maestosa sembianza; e poi, che Roma
Dal fero popol doma
Coll' acquisto di lei gli antichi insulti
Vendichi appieno, e in vendicargli esulti.

18.

Non vedi tu, com' ella i sacri allori
Di sua man pianta, e alleva; e come dona
A i cigni più canori
Voce, e spirto à gl' Ingegni? Odi la Fama,
Odi la Fama, che di lei ragiona,
E 'l più ne tace, e te in soccorso chiama.
Scrivi tu dunque, e svela
Quel vivo sol, cui cela
Soverchio lume, e ponlo in alto, e 'l mostra
A i Re dell' età nostra.
Ma le mie luci di tal vista vaghe
Quando fia 'l dì che appaghe?
Io di Febo i destrier già sprono, e pungo
Con mille voti, e penne al tempo aggiungo.

Canzone.

Il Testamento ai Figliuoli.

1.

Figli, se di mia Mente
Figli non siete, udir di Padre il nome
Sdegno, e dal dritto degli affetti esente
Rendo a Natura i doni suoi. Ma pria,
Ch' io 'l faccia, e imbianchi le attempate chiome
Stagion più fredda, e ria,
E pria, che in voi la giovenile ardente
Baldanza il freno ricuse,
In semplice parlar liberi sensi
Conviene che a voi dispensi.
E se fian disadorne, aspre, e confuse
Mie voci, amor mi scuse,
Amor, che nel pensiero a me ragiona,
E in rozzi accenti a favellar mi sprona.

2.

Teneri, e in tutto furo
Vostr' ingegni fin qui: nè ancor l' inculta
Vergine terra della mente il duro
Vomer sentio di verità Maestra;
Ma il sentirà, se 'l mio parlar s' ascolta.
Saggio, chi a far s' addestra
Contra se di se stesso acquisto, e nuovo
Signor di se. Voi siete
A voi nemici, o Figli, e a voi nemica
È questa Madre antica,
Terra Madre; e quel suol, ch' ora premete,
E l' aere che bevete,
Sono aperte officine, ove in più modi
Mille l' Uom contro l' Uom fabbrica frodi.

3.

Nè soffrirò, che deggia
Tener voi sempre alla ignoranza involti;
Che ignoranza è rea cosa, e più danneggia

E l'Uom gentil, che in un del volgo, in questo
Fa rider pochi, e in quei fa pianger molti.
E' giura il Mondo, e presto
Rompe fe; ma chi 'l crede meno che 'l vegga?
Cercata l'Empio in Natura
Del tradir l'empio trionfa, e fama, e onori,
E pompe, ed ostri, ed ori,
Mostra da lunge in bel color figura,
Con infedel pittura
Un bel manto di frodi tesse, e compone,
E perchè inganni, al vero non lascia il posto.

4.

E dirai: io son che in parola
Offro me stesso a chi mi adora; io sono,
Che far posso, e quanto posso il vedia
Per d'un, del cui gran fasto fedel già fui
Così favella; e de' suoi detti al suono
Chi mai sarà, che lui
Non qual egli è, ma qual si fa non creda?
Al Ligure Nocchiero
Non credendo, contra 'l ver, più parve
Quella, che poi gli apparve
Isola sognamatrice; e contro 'l vero
Che l'uman pensiero,
Ch' ampio, e infinito il fin sia della Terra,
Un breve spazio, e circoscrive, e serra.

5.

Ed oh voi vecchi omai
Per solita etate in voi prudenza, e senno
E senza velo della mente i rai
Risplendon sì, che ne gli altrui perigli
Tal or v' appaia un dì, qual io l'accenno,
E come intorno, e pigli
Veggiate, e quindi di superbia, e quasi
Vapor, che un vento stacca,
Alzi; veggiate, com' ei fugge, e passa,
E tal vestigio lassa,
Qual nell' alto Ocean prora fugace;
E com' è poi fallace,
E scarso, e vano, e quanti affanni, e quanti
Costi ogni suo favor delitti, e pianti.

6.

Vedeste allor, vedeste
Perpetue speranze a lui d'intorno,
E i giorni infermi, ed allegrie non liete,
Scheletri di potenza, e sonni inquieti;
In gran fortune, e pentimento, e scorno,
E danni, e insidie, e torti,
E splendidi naufragi; e poi direte:
Chi è costui, che tutto
Offre, e nulla poi dà? Chi è costui,
Che d'ombra i servi suoi
Pasce, e di fronde un suol lusinghe, e asciutto
Abbonda, e scarso ha il frutto,
Che solo può chiapar l'alma, e nel soggetto,
Stanco uom ed degli sdegni suoi l'affetto?

7.

Costui chi è, che conta
Fra tutti suoi, che doni, e di cui onore
Più 'l dice, che 'l furto, e più 'l favor, che l'onta?
Costui, che regna, e nel cui regno è morta
L'ignoranza, e 'l ben pigro, e 'l mal valore,
E 'l saler dubbio, e certo
Il pervigato? La perfidia impronta
Dov'è, dov'è, che su vano
Stampo 'l gran Fabro? Oh perfido, e deforme
Genere dell' uomo difforme
Tu il Mondo feri, ond' ei non par più desso,
Gran dono il Fabro istesso
Gli pone, e diede il pregio se più perfondo
D'aver l'Uom fatto, che ha disfatto il Mondo.

8.

Così direte allora,
Figli, e in passando per le umane ambasce,
Tra sconforti, e pianti, vedrete ognora,
Che come fugace sì, ma non diserta
Salire amore; così 'l Mondo empar, e non piace,
Nè, se quel Pianeta
Non mai v' apparisti riposata sul' orti;
Nè, se implacabil sorte
Faccia da voi quel, che di me fe sempre,
Vil doglia il cor vi distempre.
Rende il Verno le piante egre, e sì smorta
Di fuor, che sembran morte;
Ma il gelo istesso, che le uccide, in loro
Forma novella di vita alle fronde.

9.

E sì di pomi han grave
Poi ciascun ramo, che del caro peso
Pajon quasi pregar, che altri le sgravi,
Così, se ingiusta d'indiscreto Verno
Quello, onde 'l verde Tronco era difeso,
De' vostri rami a scherno,
Foglie fa foglia, e 'l suo fiore può aggravare,
Forse avverrà, che nuova
Mostrai brama in voi di frondi, e fiori
L'aspro Destin lavori,
Che quel se stesso il suol varrà, e rinnova
Con portentosa prova
Tal come 'l Male, il Ben nasce, e rinasce
Che altro il Mal poi non è, che un Bene in fasce.

10.

Pur se è Destin, che ignuda
Vostra madre Pianta le fallite rame
Mostri, e l'è sempre il passeggier deluda;
Sparsi, se in il Destino. Se voi fugace

Le glorie del soffrir vie più sublime
La dignità del danno
E della sorte più rubesta, e cruda
Tra le più rie tempeste
Vera invitta umiltà de' suoi dispregi
Fa, che s'adorni, e fregi;
Onde affetti non frali hanno celeste
In voi trapianti, e desto,
E quello fa perdono, e quel desio,
Che in Dio si ferma, e Dio sol chiede a Dio.

II.

Figli, all'estremo passo
Son già io arrivato; e non lagrime mi punge
Cura di voi, di me; di me, che passo,
Di voi, ch'io lascio. Un amoroso [illegible]
Or altro, e quando il [illegible] ancor più lungo.
Udite, udite, io grido:
Gran Patrimonio alla mia Prole io lasso;
Odio, dispregio, e obblio
De i beni caduchi, e de gli eterni zelo.
Questo, che a voi dispiego,
Ultimo testamento è del cor mio.
Se prezzo in voi si pone
Ricchezza; di chi parte, e di chi resta
Ben degna, o Figli, eredità fia questa.

65.

Eustachio Manfredi.

Er ward 1674 zu Bologna geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung, und [illegible] als Mathematiker und Astronom. Er starb 1739 [illegible] Sammlung [illegible] die 1748 zu Venedig im Druck erschien, und in welcher sich [illegible]

C a n z o n e.

Per monaca.

O Verginella umile,
Cara un tempo, ed onore
Del paterno Reno, ed or memoria acerba;
Qual colto a sacra Aprile
Vago purpureo fiore
Vedova lascia la campagna, e l'erba,
Ma intatto ancor il serba
In mano, almo terreno,
Dove le tepide frondi
Tra l'onde amiche, e l'onde
Ricrede, e d'odor molle ha l'aer ripieno,
Tal da questa pendice
Parti, e fai di tua vista altri felice.
Deh quai dolci pensieri,
Che da te furon e quali,
Dolci speranze col partire hai sparte!
Costei degli avi alteri,
Diceam, l'opre immortali
Fia ne la prole a superar possente;
E rivolgendo in mente
Del *Zio* l'opre famose,
Veder credeam maturi
I dì de i lieti augurî:
E te mirar fra le Latine spose,
Quale, e quanta sen giva
L'inclita Madre del Tamigi in riva.
E del tuo sen parea
Già sorger uscir feroce
I chiari esempli a rinnovare accinta
Di lui, che pena avea
D'un grido alto veloce
Europa, ed Asia di pallor dipinta.
Deh perchè giunge estinta
Sul fior de' suoi verd'anni
Tanta, e sì certa speme
Per trarre Italia de' suoi lunghi affanni,
O perchè ad alma forte
Mai non perdona l'implacabil morte?
Sopra focoso allora!
O di gran spada armato
Per la polve affrettasse il piè non stanco,
O innanzi a stuol guerriero
Gisse di pochi a lato
A spumante destrier pungendo il fianco;
Non era cor sì franco,
Non alma atroce e dura,
Cui non tingesse il viso,
Terror sorto improvviso
Mentr'ardeano intorno le minacciate mura,
E le torri arse, e guaste,
E volte in fuga le bandiere, e l'aste.
E l'ora sconfitte, e scempj,
Ben pesanti catene
Ordiva al Trace, e dura aspra vendetta;
Se non che i più bei tempi
Forse destin previene,
Nè il dì prefisso a le grand'opre aspetta.
Qual su la verde erbetta
Giglio reciso langue,
Tal cadde il Garzoncello,
Dal bel candido petto
Versa spargendo di purpureo sangue,
E stese in su l'arena
Osa il nemico di guardarlo appena.
Ohimè, quai chiudo in versi
Di dolci lor argomenti,
E con quai rimembranze il cor t'impiago!
Ma spesso i casi avversi
Furo stimoli ardenti
A nobil spirto, che di gloria è vago.
Forse l'altera immago,
Ch'oggi mia mente adombra
Teco pria rivolgendo
E chiaro in lui saprai
Sorger come sian vil polvere, ed ombra

E quinci in cor ti venne
D'alzarti al Cielo con più salde penne.

Ecloga.

Melibeo: Pier-Jacopo Martelli,
Titiro: Eustachio Manfredi.

Mel. Titiro, tu di largo faggio al rezzo
  Nomi di verginelle a i boschi insegni
  Sonar, lento giacendo a l'herba in mezzo
Allor, che noi da sconosciuti regni
  Scender vediam ne' dolci campi, e ne le
  Sudate messi, ahi, che feroci ingegni!
Che crudi, d'armi il ciglio atro, e crudele,
  Stringer fan de le madri al seno i figli
  Ululan feri de l'altrui querele.
Miseri noi! quai timide conigli
  In van fuggiamo a gli umili tuguri
  Colle tremule man coprendo i cigli.
Ma ne rupe scoscesa, od antri oscuri,
  O solitaria selva a noi ricetto
  E' sì, che da tal vista ne assecuri.
E i cari buoi col mansueto aspetto,
  Usi a mostrar l'obbedienza al solo
  Cultor de' campi, a noi cura, e diletto
  Or tratti a forza, e fuor del patrio suolo
  Guidano ignoti, e bellicosi arnesi,
  E co' muggiti lor ne mostran duolo.
  Questi sacri a la pace, almi paesi
  Per qual colpa sì il ciel vennero in ira
  Che siamo, oimè, da fera gente offesi?
Ah ben vid' io, che torbido ne gira
  Lo ciel ver noi con nova luce, e stella
  Che chioma ignea dietro a se tira,
Funesta apparve agli occhi miei la stella
  Su quel nero cipresso, e dissi allora
Ma tu su la zampogna alma, e sonora
  Le gori il labbro, e a vergini sorelle
  Da le cantate aggiungi Irama ancora?
Tit. O Melibeo, posciam le pecorelle
  Guidando a l'ombra, a la fontana, al fiume
  E di buon latte empiam ceste, e fiscelle;
Senza cercar qual astro in ciel s'allume,
  O che dimostri con le chiome sparse,
  Quel, che novo ora splende oltre il costume
Se pur mai novo astro lassuso apparse,
  E non come Ligurio afferma, e crede,
  Girando venne in suo tempo a mostrarse
Ma poco a me ne cal, che nulla fede
  Ho in chi de l'avvenir si sa presago
  Dicon, con sì gran turba andar si vede
Io non ho, che due capre, e quel sì vago
  Mio buon giovenco, e quando altri mel toglia
  Più povero sarò, ma non men pago.
Faccia fortuna poi di me sua voglia;
  Ella il favor nostro contempra, e il danno
  Poco mi dìe, di poco avere mi spoglia.
O seconda il Franco, o l'Ungaro, o il Britanno
  (E chi sa dir quei nomi?) io siedo, e canto
  Sedo a cercar quel, che i gran Regi fanno
  Ed oggi, e chi potria tacere il vanto
  D'Irama, e non per lei gonfiar l'avena
  D'Irama in questo suol lodato tanto?
Che di celeste spirto ripiena.
  Corre a sacrarsi al Tempio, e a noi s'asconde
  E pur toccava il terzo lustro appena!
Lei del Reno natio lungo le sponde
  Chiaman le Ninfe a nome, e in queste rive
  Irama ogni antro, ed ogni eco risponde
Ohimè, che fia di noi, che sole, e prive
  Di tua sì cara, e dolce compagnia
  Lasci piangenti, e senza te mal vive?
  Ella le Ninfe, ella i suoi boschi obblia,
  Obblia la madre sua dolce, diletta,
  Nè pur s'arresta a riguardar la via
Nè così tutta mai damma, o cervetta,
  Che il crudo arciero tra le frondi ha scorto
  Com'ella fugge, e il piè tenero affretta.
Ma resta fia, che da l'occaso a l'orto
  Per voi corra suo nome, e il ciel cortese
  Piova sopra di lei grazia, e conforto.
Mel. Mentre la gioja tua sì fa palese
  Seconda il ciel ciò, che il tuo carme adombra
  Ma quinci caccian le greggie, or che discese
Da gli altissimi monti maggior l'ombra.

46.

Alessandro Guidi.

Er ward 1650 in Pavia geboren, zeigte ſchon früh glückliche Anlagen für die Dichtkunſt, und fand freundliche Aufnahme am Hofe Ranuccio's Farneſe, Herzogs von Parma. Die Königin Chriſtine von Schweden zog ihn nach Rom, und ſchenkte ihm ihre Gunſt in ſo hohem Grade, daß ſie den Plan zu einem Schäferdrama entwarf, welches er ausarbeitete; und in dem einige Verſe von ihrer eigenen Hand ſind. 1710 kehrte er nach Pavia zurück, und führte eine Unterhandlung in Staatsangelegenheiten ſo glücklich, daß er zu dem Range eines Patriziers ſeiner Vaterſtadt erhoben wurde. Von da begab er ſich wieder nach Rom, und beſchäftigte ſich mit einer poetiſchen Paraphraſe der Homilien ſeines großen Gönners, Clemens XI., welche 1717 im Drucke erſchienen. Gleich darauf, am 12. Juni deſſelben Jahres, machte aber ein Schlagfluß ſeinem Leben ein Ende. Außer den bereits erwähnten Werken hinterließ er noch mehrere Dramen und lyriſche Poeſieen, unter denen vorzüglich ſeine Oden von den Italienern als Meiſterſtücke gepriesen werden.

La Fortuna.

Una Donna superba al par di Giuno
  Con le treccie dorate all' aura sparse,

E co' begli occhi di cerulea luce,
Nella capanna mia pur' anzi apparse;
E come suole ornarse
In su l'Eufrate barbara Reina,
Di lusso e d'ostro si copria le membra;
Nè verde lauro o fiori,
Ma d'indico smeraldo alti splendori
Le fean ghirlanda al crine.
In sì regale fasto, ed uso altero
Di bellezza e d'impero
Dolci lusinghe scintillaro allor,
E dall' interno seno
Uscìro allor maravigliosi accenti,
Che tutti erano intenti
A torsi in mano di mia mente il freno.
Porgimi, disse, la destra entro la chioma,
E vedrai d'ogni intorno
Liete e belle venture
Venir con aureo piede al tuo soggiorno;
Allor vedrai, ch'io sono
Figlia di Giove, e che germana al Fato
Sovra il trono immortale
A lui mi siedo a lato.
Alle mie voglie l'ocean commise
Il gran Nettuno, e indarno
Tentan l'Indo, e il Britanno
Di doppie ancore e vele armar le navi,
S'io non governo le volanti antenne,
Sedendo in su le penne
De' miei spirti soavi.
Io muovo a la lor sede
Le sonanti procelle,
E lor sto sopra col sereno piede;
Entro l'Eolie rupi
Lego l'ali de' venti,
E soglio di mia mano
De' turbini spezzar le rote ardenti,
E dentro i proprj fonti
Spegno le fiamme orribili, inquiete,
Avvezze in Cielo a colorir comete.
Questa è la man, che fabbricò sul Gange
I regni agl' Indi, e su l'Oronte avvolse
Le regie bende dell'Assiria ai crini;
Pose le gemme a Babilonia in fronte,
Resse sul Tigri le corone al Perso
Espose al piè di Macedonia i troni.
Del mio poter fur doni
I trionfali gradi,
Che al giovine Pelleo s'alzaro intorno,
Quando dell' Asia ei corse
Qual fiero turbo, i lidi,
E corse meco vincitor fin dove
Stende gli sguardi il Sole.
Allor dinanzi a lui tacque la Terra,
E fe l'alto Monarca
Fede agli uomini allor d'esser celeste,
E con eccelse ed ammirabil prove
S'aggiunse ai Numi, e si fe' gloria a Giove.
Careggiai più volte
I miei genj reali
Di Roma i gran natali;
E l'aquile superbe
Sola in prima avvezzai di Marte al lume,
Ond' alto in su le piume,
Cominciaro a sprezzar l'aure vicine,
E le palme Sabine.
Io senato di Regi
Su i sette colli apersi;
Me negli alti perigli
Ebbero scorta, e duce
I Romani consigli;
Io coronai d'allori
Di Fabio le dimore
E di Marcello i violenti ardori.
Africa trassi in sul Tarpeo cattiva,
E per me corse il Nil sotto le leggi
Del gran fiume Latino:
Nè si schermiro i Parti
Di fabbricar trofei
Di lor faretre ed archi:
Io su le ferree Porte infransi i Dari
Al Caucaso ed al Tauro il giogo imposi.
Alfin tutte de' venti
Le patrie vinsi, e quando
Ebbi sotto a' miei piedi
Tutta la terra doma,
Del vinto mondo fei gran dono a Roma.
So, che ne' tuoi pensieri
Altre figlie di Giove
Ragionano d'imperi,
E delle voglie tue fansi Reine:
Da lor speri venture alte e divine;
Speran per loro i tuoi superbi carmi
Arbitri eterni in su l'età lontane,
E già del loro ardore
Infiammata tua mente
Si crede esser possente
Di destrieri e di vele
Sovra la terra e l'onde,
Quando tu giaci in pastorale albergo
Dentro l'inopia, e sotto pelli irsute;
Nè v'è chi a tua salute
Porga soccorso. Io sola
Te chiamo a novo e glorioso stato;
Seguimi dunque, e l'alma
Col pensier non contrasti a tanto invito;
Che neghittoso e lento
Già non può star su l'ale il gran momento.
Una felice donna ed immortale,
Che da la mente è nata degli Dei,
Allor risposi a lei,
Il sommo impero del mio cor si tiene,
E questa i miei pensieri alto sostiene,
E gli avvolge per entro il suo gran lume,
Che tutti i tuoi splendori adombra e preme:
E se ben non presume
Meritare il mio crin le tue corone,
Pur su l'alma i' mi sento

Per lei doni maggiori
Di tutti i regni tuoi,
Nè tu recargli, nè rapirgli puoi.
E come non comprende il mio pensiero
Le splendide venture,
Così il pallido aspetto ancor non scorge
Delle misere cure;
L'orror di queste spoglie,
E di questa capanna ancor non vede;
Vive fra l'auree Muse,
E i favoriti tuoi figli superbi
Allor saran felici,
Se avesser merto d'ascoltarsi un giorno
L'eterno suono de' miei versi intorno.
Arse a miei detti, e fiammeggiò, siccome
Suole stella crudel, che abbia disciolte
Le sanguinose chiome;
Indi proruppe in minaccevol suono:
Me teme il Daco, e me l'errante Scita,
Me de' barbari Regi
Paventan l'aspre madri,
E stanno in mezzo all'aste
Per me in timidi affanni
I purpurei Tiranni;
E negletto pastor d'Arcadia lenta
Fece oggi de' miei doni aver rifiuto?
Il mio furor non è da lui temuto?
Son forse l'opre de' miei sdegni ignote?
Nè ancor si sa, che l'Oriente corsi
Co' piedi irati, e a le provincie impressi
Il petto di profonde orme di morte?
Squarciai le bende imperiali e il crine
A tre gran Donne in fronte,
E le commisi a le stagion funeste.
Ben mi sovvien, che il temerario Serse
Cercò dell'Asia con la destra armata
Sul formidabil ponte
Dell'Europa afferrar la non tremante;
Ma sul gran dì de le battaglie il giunsi,
E con la strage de le turbe Perse
Tingendo al mar di Salamina il volto,
Che ancor s'ammira sanguinoso e bruno,
Io vendicai l'insulto
Fatto sull'Ellesponto al gran Nettuno.
Corsi sul Nilo, e dell'Egizia Donna
Al bel collo apprestai l'aspre ritorte,
E gemino veleno
Implacabile porsi
Al bel candido seno;
E pria nell'antro avea
Combattuta e confusa
L'Affricana virtute,
E al Punico feroce
Recate di mia man l'atre cicute.
Per me Roma avvolse le fiamme in grembo
All'emula Cartago,
Ch'andò errando per Libia ombra sdegnata,
Sicchè per me poi vide
Trasformata l'immago
De la sua gran nemica;
E allor placò i desiri
De la feroce sua vendetta antica;
E trasse anco i sospiri
Sovra l'ampia ruina
Dell'odiata Maestà latina.
Rammentar non vogl'io l'orrida spada,
Con cui fui sopra al Cavalier tradito
Sul Menfitico lido;
Nè la crudel, che il duro Cato ancise,
Nè il ferro, che di Cesare le membra
Cominciò a violar per man di Bruto.
Teco non trarrò l'alto furore,
Sterminator de' regni,
Che capace non sei de' miei gran sdegni,
Come non fosti de le gran venture;
Avrai dell'ira mia piccioli segni;
Farò, che il suono altero
De' tuoi fervidi carmi
Lento e roco rimbombe,
E che l'umil siringhe
Ti sembrino sfrondare anco le fronde.
Indi si mosse furiosa a volo,
E chiamati da lei
Su la capanna mia vennero i nembi;
Vennero turbini e tuoni,
E con ciglio sereno
Da le grandini irate allora i' vidi
Intra baleni e lampi
Divorarsi la speme
De' miei poveri campi.

O d e.

Pel Baron d'Asti morto all'assedio di Buda.

Vider Marte, e Quirino
Aspro fanciullo altero
Per entro il suo pensiero
Tener consiglio col valor latino:
Poi vider le faville
Del suo primiero ardire
Su l'Istro alzarsi, e far men belle l'ire
Del procelloso Achille.
Come nube, che splenda
Infra baleni, e lampi,
E poscia avvien, che avvampi,
E tutta in ira giù dal Ciel discenda;
Tale il Romano invitto
Venne a tonar sul Trace,
E nel vibrar sdegnoso asta pugnace
Fe' il grande Impero afflitto.
Alto piacendo errore
Avea Roma sul ciglio
In ascoltar del figlio
L'aspre battaglie, e il coraggioso ardore:
Su la terribil arte

Ammiravan gli Dei
Lui, che ingombrar solea d'ampj trofei
Cotanta via di Marte.
Or, se per lui men pronte
Giungean l'ore crudeli?
Sotto a' fragili veli
L'ardir de l'Asia celeria la fronte;
Soffrirebbe dolente
L'alte leggi di Roma,
E di lauri ornerìa l'eccelsa chioma
A l'Italica gente.
Oggi a ragion sen vanno
Su i Germanici lidi
I trionfali gridi
Tutti conversi in voci alte d'affanno.
Fur le vittorie ingrate
Di sì bel sangue asperse,
Qual ria ventura mai, cotanta offerse
Al cor doglia, e pietate!
Ebbe pompa a mirarsi
I vincitor famosi
Gli Svedi, e pensosi,
E co' proprj trofei talor sdegnarsi?
Ah non per certo invano
D'alta mestizia è pieno
Il Bavarico Duce, e il fier Loreno,
Sul buon sangue Romano!
E sì bel lume è spento
De la stagion guerriera;
A la milizia altera
È tolto il suo fervore alto talento!
Sperava esser soggiorno
Roma a l'antica gloria,
E funesta di pianto aspra memoria
Le siede ora d'intorno.
O quante volte corse
Inver le palme prime
Il cavalier sublime,
E i più bei rami a la Germania porse?
Ma a le grand' opre ardite
Qual corona si diede?
Non mai si vide dispensar mercede
A sue belle ferite.
Sol del valore amica
L'immortale Cristina
Al chiaro Eroe destina
Schermo fatal contro a l'età nemica.
Vuole degli anni a scherno,
Che de le belle lodi
I potenti di Febo eterni modi
Prendan cura, e governo.
Non mentirà mia voce;
Vedrete Augusti, e Regi,
Cercar de' suoi gran pregi
Mie vele uscite fuor de l'Aonia foce;
E mentre voi sarete
Di meraviglie gravi,
Col Romano Guerriero andran le navi
Oltre ai gorghi di Lete.

O d a.

A Christina, Reina di Suezia.

1.

Benchè tu spazj nel gran giorno eterno,
E la tua mente entro i piacer del Cielo
A tuo senno conduci, alta Reina;
Pur talor della luce apri il bel velo,
E non ti rechi à scherno
Volger lo sguardo alla Città Latina,
Il tuo pensiero volentieri inchina
Di veder Lei, che ti compose l'ali,
Onde lieta salisti à i sommi giri;
E se fra noi qui miri
Chiuse in nudo terren l'ossa reali,
Non disdegnosa il tuo sereno offendi,
Contenta di veder l'estinte spoglie
Entro l'Auguste soglie
Ch'ancora in Ciel di venerare intendi,
Però che la grand'Ombra ivi s'accoglie
De' Campioni di Dio, che tu seguisti,
E che splender fur visti,
Sovra strade di sangue e di martiro,
Allor che 'l varco à nostra Fede apriro.

2.

Quando giungesse in Ciel cura mortale,
Io temerei, non ti destasse à sdegno
L'Urna, che al cener tuo Roma prepara,
Se già schernisti la Fortuna e 'l Regno,
E l'aura trionfale;
Come pompa di marmi or ti fia cara?
E se tua vista à misurare impara
Con altri sguardi oggi il cammin del sole,
Ed ombra il Suolo e l'Ocean ti sembra;
Con quai sembianti e membra
T'apparirà questa novella mole?
E poiche 'l Mondo e sua figura parte;
E sai, che Morte estinguerà l'Aurora;
E 'l Tempo stesso ancora
Vedrà sue prove incenerite e sparte;
E tu presso il gran Dio farai dimora
Entro gli abissi d'immortal sereno;
Come di gloria pieno
Non mirerai con gioco e con sorriso
Ne' nostri bronzi il tuo gran Nome inciso?

3.

Pur, se appressarsi al tuo stellante Trono
Fosse concesso alle innocenti Muse,
Che un tempo fur tra tue delizie in terra;
Nè temesser cader vinte e confuse
Dell'alte sfere al suono,
Ed al folgor, che 'l volto tuo diserra;
Forse diran, che inaspettata guerra
Muovi al Tempio di Pier, che tanto onori;
E che schiere di gloriosi fasti
Il Vatican fregiasti,
Ora in parte gli adombri i suoi splendori;
Che mentre in Ciel ripugni al bel pensiero,

Ch' egli ha d' ornar l' incenerito mondo,
A Lui si toglie il vanto
D' aggiunger luce al suo felice impero;
Che Roma carca di sospiri intanto
La nobil guancia di rossor si tinge,
E in suo cor si dipinge
Le querele d' Europa, e già si sente
Sonar fama d' ingiusta entro la mente.
4.
Ma tu, Reina, soffrir non devi,
Che sorga insin dalle remote arene
Voce, che porti alla tua Roma oltraggio,
Toccar gli estremi uficj a Lei convienne.
Or tu l' Urna ricevi,
E tu l' accogli con sereno raggio,
E giacchè dal mortale aspro viaggio
Sei giunta in porto, ove col Ver tu siedi,
E puoi fissare e sostenere il ciglio
Entro il divin consiglio
In cui l' ordin del mondo impresso vedi;
Tu segui il corso del celeste Lume,
Che dal suo grembo al Tebro ormai discende,
E vedrai, come accende
Nel sovrano Pastor voglie e costume,
E cura de' marmi, che innalzar l' intende
Oggi Innocenzo concepir le stelle;
E son tutte le belle
Opre di cui Roma s' adorna e veste,
Figlie di lui, d' origine celeste.
5.
Ora sente a tergo i corridor veloci
Della novella Etate il secol nostro;
E già pensa deporre il fren dell' oro,
E già di gigli inghirlandata e d' ostro
Prende l' Italiche foci;
Attende la bell' alba il nuovo onore,
E spiegh, incontro al suo fatale errore,
Intrepido sostiene il grande Editto,
Che ancor cadendo eternerà se stesso;
Però ch' ei porta impresso
Nella sua fronte il tuo gran Nome invitto.
E quella, che sul Tamige al corso è desta,
Sorgerà lieta al grande ufizio intenta,
Sol di mutar contenta
L' urna real, che al cener tuo s' appresta.
Non è, non è tua bella luce spenta;
Che i tuoi gran figli e i sacri marmi intorno
Faranno aureo soggiorno,
Ed oh quante faville ancor feconde
D' alta porta la bella polve asconde!
6.
Verran sul Tebro gli Etiopi e gl' Indi
E di barbare bende avvolti i crini
I Re dell' Asia alla bell' Urna innanzi,
Da lei spirar vedran lampi divini
E nuove cure, e quindi
Sorgere il Vero da' tuoi sacri avanzi,
Il Mondo vecchio, che sospirò poc' anzi,
[illegible] dall' ombra tua nuovo intelletto;
E quel, che soggiogasti, orrido inganno,
Avrà il serraglio affanno,
O la tua luce accoglierà nel petto.
Deporran l' aste e i sanguinosi acciari
A piè della grand' Urna i fier guerrieri,
E i feroci pensieri
Di dar freno alle terre e legge a i Mari.
Non mancan ne' sospirati Imperj
Fra l' antiche Famiglie e 'l primo volto;
Che da' tuoi raggi accolto
Il lor desio prenderà a sdegno il suolo
E spiegherà sol per le stelle il volo.

67.

Francesco Baldovini.

Ueber die Lebensverhältnisse dieses witzigen Dichters ist nicht viel mehr bekannt, als daß er zu Florenz [illegible], Pfarrer von S. Felicita daselbst und ein Freund Redi's war, und 1716 starb. Sein Idyllion des Cecco von Varlungo ist in der [illegible] Bauernsprache geschrieben, [illegible] Meisterwerk natürlicher [illegible] Darstellung, und hat, obgleich es [illegible], seinen Namen unsterblich gemacht.

Eroico Idillio di Fiesolano Branducci.

Il Lamento di Cecco da Varlungo.

1.
Mentre Maggio fioria le bell' arene
Campagne del Varlungo all' Arno in riva,
E spogliate d' orror l' alpestri arene
Tutte d' erbe novelle il suol vestiva;
Cecco il Pastor, che in amorose pene
Per la bella sua Sandra egro languiva,
Alla crudel, che del suo duol godea,
Con rozze note in guisa tal dicea:
2.
Com' è possibil mai, Sandra crudele
Che tu sia tanto a me nemica, e 'ngrata?
Che Diascol t' ho fatt' io, fiaschin di mele,
Che tu sia sì capricciosa e arrapinata?
E quanto sempre più ti so fedele,
Sempre ti veggio più meco ingrugnata;
Anzi mentre il mio cuor consumi e struggi,
I' ti vengo dirieto, e tu mi fuggi.
3.
Ma fuggi pure, e fuggi quanto il vento,
Ch' i' vo' seguirti infin drento all' Inferno;
Che di star [illegible] i' son contento,
Pur ch' i' stia teco in mezzo al fuoco eterno.
E s' ei credessi d' andar 'l di stento,
Non ti lascerei mai state nè verno;
Sia pur brutto o sereno, sia notte o giorno,
Vo' sempre esserti presso, e starti attorno.

---

*) [illegible]. **) [illegible]

4.

Sia dolce il temporale [1]) o sia giolato,
Fuori non c'ee, ch' i' mi discosti un passo;
Al Ballo, al Campo, in Chiesa, e 'n ogni lato
Mai non ti sto di lungi un trar di sasso,
Come i' ti veggo i' sono allegro e beato,
Comunche i' non ti veggo, i' vo 'n fracasso [2]);
E ch' e' si trovi al mondo un, che del bene
Ti voglia piue, non è mai ver, non ene.

5.

E pur tu mi dileggi, e non mi guati,
Se non con gli occhi biecchi, e 'l viso arcigno,
Poffar l'Antea! non te gli ho già cavati,
Che tu meco l'abbia tanto al maligno,
Voggiali in verso me manco 'n bruscati;
Che se tu non fai meco atto benigno,
I' mi morrone, appoiche tu lo brami,
E tu non sai piue chi tanto t'ami.

6.

Piu non sarai, tu ne puoi star sicura,
Che le Fede l'arrechi il mezzolino,
E che tu soli sorso, quando l'aria è scura,
Ti venga a trampellare il cittarrino;
E quando il tempo gli ve di mietitura,
Ch' ognun badi al lagoro [3]) a capo chino,
Non stai chi le pecore ti pasca,
E per tene al tu lume lascia la frasca.

7.

Dacche al me' tribolio [4]) presto soccorri,
Prima ch' i' sia dentro alla bara affatto;
Ma propio gli rovi mi' piedicare a perra,
Che tu non vuoi voltarmi a verun patto.
Altro, Sandra, ci vuol, che far lagnoso [5]),
Tu fai vista, ch' i' canti, e i' me la batto [6]);
Guida il mio [illegible] in polvere e pruffe [7]),
E vedrai, ch' i' mammoni, e non mi irullo [8]).

8.

Dico ch' i' sonno, e s' i' non dico il vero,
Ch' i' possa sopra smollar con da un dirupo,
Non sempre in su' mia campi il tempo nero,
E le pecore non mancò il lupo.
Guatami ben, che da ogni banda i' spero,
Tanto son, grazia tua, mencio e scuzpo [9]),
Guatami un poco, e s' i' ho a trar le cuoia [10]),
Fa che con questo gusto almanco i' muoia.

9.

Formavon gli anni all' Assensione appunto,
S' i' tene piglio vero [11]), e mal non mi ricordo,
Sandra, ch' i' fui dal tu bel viso giunto,
Come giunto dal falco è giunto il tordo;
E si da un ago il cuor mi sentii punto,
Che 'n vederti restai mogio e balordo [12]);
E da quel tempo, insino a questo, nimene,
I' non ho avuto mai briciol [13]) di bene.

10.

I' non fo cosa piue, che vadia a verso [14]),
Comincio un opra, e non la so fornire [15]);
S' i' aro, i' do col bombere [16]) a traverso,
S' i' fo una fossa, i' non ne so uscire [17]),
In somma, il me' cervel tutto l'ho perso
Dreto a te, Sandra; che mi fai morire;
I' piango tutt' il dine [18]), e tu lo sai,
E la notte per te non dormo mai.

11.

Io, che già manicavo [19]) un pan si presto,
Del manicare ho ogni pensier smarrito;
Piu non scudvo, o merendo, e non m' è resto [20]);
Fuor che di gralimare [21]) altro appipito [22]),
Solo ho disio di gavegnar [23]) cotesto
Bel viso tuo si gaio e si pulito;
Che tutto d' allegrezza allor mi pasciolo,
E vadia pure il manicare al Diascolo [24]).

12.

Mai fu per me quel die, quand' unguanno [25])
Tu vienisti a' miei campi a lagorare,
E' mi false intra l'ossa un fuoco e un diaccio [26]),
Ch' i' veddi mille lucciole golare [27]);
E sentia farmi il cuor, come lo starcio,
Quando me' mao [28]) si mette a baruffare [29]),
Tutto tremai da' piè sino a' capegli,
E ne fanno cagion gli occhi tuoi begli.

13.

Attronito rimasi, e fuor di mene [30])
Ne seppi formar verbo, o di parola;
Mi corse un brigidio giu per le rene,
Come s' i' fussi tuffo [31]) in qualche gora [32]),
E quando i' voltai gli occhi intorno tene [33]),
Guatando quel musino, che m' innamora,
Mi parve 'ntra la pena e 'ntra 'l dolore,
Che un coltelaccio mi straforassi 'l core.

14.

E tanto forte i' mi rimescolai [34])
Ch' i' mi credetti aver qualche gran male,
Mi si cansò il vedere [35]), e propio mai
Non mi so trovo [36]) al Mondo a cosa tale,
E mi diveni si, ch' i' mi pensai
D' avere addosso una freddo cassale [37]).

---

[1]) la stagione; [2]) [illegible]; [3]) lavoro; [4]) tribolazione; [5]) [illegible]; [6]) [illegible]; [7]) [illegible]; [8]) [illegible]; [9]) [illegible]; [10]) morire; [11]) [illegible].

[12]) Stupefatto e balordo; [13]) la minima parte; [14]) bene; [15]) finire; [16]) vomere; [17]) uscire; [18]) giorno; [19]) mangiavo; [20]) restato; [21]) lagrimare; [22]) appetito; [23]) vagheggiare; [24]) diavolo; [25]) ora è un anno; [26]) ghiaccio; [27]) volare; [28]) mio madre; [29]) abbaruffarsi; [30]) me; [31]) tuffato; [32]) fossa; [33]) te; [34]) commossi; [35]) perdei la vista; [36]) trovato; [37]) mortale.

E del certo la fue, ma di tal sorte,
Ch' i' cre' [1], che minor mal sare' [2] la morte.

15.

Basta, non accad' altro, il caso è quine,
Che tu m' ài per le feste accomodato,
E s' al tu Cecco non soccorri, infine
Tu lo ferai uscir del seminato,
Le te lo posson dir le tu vicine,
La Tonina, e la Tea di Mon dal Prato,
Che mi veggon checchene [3] in su per l' aia
Gettar gratime [4] e strida a centinaia.

16.

Prima ero fresco e verde come un aglio,
Or so' diventato [5] nero, come un corbo,
Ridotto propio, come un spavaglio,
Ho il viso segaligno, e l' occhio torbo;
E dico, ch' i' muoio di tal travaglio,
E tu fai, Sandra, il formicon di sorbo [6].
Ma quando i' sono poi sul cimitero,
Tu dirai: guata, egli ha pur ditto il vero.

17.

Da qualche capitozza [7], o qualche preta [8]
In quanto a mene i' cre', che tu sia nata;
E in qualche macchia, o 'n qualche ginestreta
Trall' ortica, e le lappole allevata.
Perchè meco tu sei tanto 'ndiscreta,
Che la poppa tu mae non l' ha già data,
Ma una lupera [9] certo, e tu di lei
Più sempre inverso me lupera sei.

18.

Di qualche pezzo 'n qua mi sono accorto,
Che t' ami Nencio, e ch' e' ti par più bello,
Perchè povero i' so, perch' i' non porto
Le frale, come lui, nero il cappello.
Ma se t' ami per que' [10], tu mi fai torto,
Che l' amor sta nel cuor, non nel borsello.
E 'n me non troverai frode, nè 'nganni,
Ch' i' so, ch' i' ho bello il cuore, s' i' ho brutti i panni.

19.

Basta, me ne so visto, e stommi chiotto,
Ch' i' vo' vedere un po', come la vane,
Perch' i' sto cheto cheto, e fo il mesciotto;
E sotto acqua i' so meglio del pane.
Ma se verun vuol metterma al disotto,
Diventerò arrapinato [11], come un cane;
Che quel vederti fer di mano il suo
Farebbe dar la balta al Regnontuo.

20.

E non occorre [12] dir, ch' i' so bugiardo,
E che non sai da donde i' me lo cavi,
Che l' altro dine in su quel Sel gagliardo
Veddi, che dal verun tu lo guatavi;
Ch' e' si struggeva propio, come il lardo,
Quando tal volta tu lo gaveggiavi;
E se con meco il tu fratel non era,
Per dinci gli facea qualche bollera [1].

21.

E Cimmoli! sa' tue, se la mi vienne?
I' schizzavo dagli occhi il fuoco vivo;
Basta, ringrazii lui, perch' e' si tienne,
Ch' i' l' are' anche mangiato vivo.
E' potea per volar mettersi le penne,
O arrampicarsi in vetta a qualch' ulivo;
Che dal rovello ero sì forte punto,
Che s' e' foss' ito 'n Ciel, l' are' anche giunto.

22.

Eh Sandra, Sandra, scolta (e piaccia al Cielo
Ch' i' riàmi al vento) e' vuol seguir del male,
Perchè s' i' e piglio un altro pò di pelo [2];
Un di noi due gli a ire allo spedale.
Trovilo o lungo il Rodo, o 'n orto al Melo,
Non vo' metterci acqua, olio, nè sale.
E' s' ha a vedere a chi più buona la dica,
Se l' andrà male, il Ciel la benedica.

23.

So ben, del certo i' so deliberato,
Che costui non me l' abbia a far vedere,
E s' e' capita pure presso al tu [3] prato,
Vo' ch' e' faccia la zuppa nel pianere.
Tanto in qualche macchion starò piattato,
Che l' orso torni a tagnar le pere;
E aspetti pur, s' e' viene attorno al fregale,
Sul grugno uno sbercieffe con un segolo [4].

24.

Egl' è ben ver, ch' e' non ha il torto affatto,
Ch' i' veggo anch' io donde la vaggia casca;
Dove il topo non è non corre il gatto,
Chi non vuol l' osteria levi la frasca.
Ma tocca se non si può nè pan, nè cotto,
Che de' danni tu ve' quattro per tasca.
E' è giusto in quanto a mene, e mi sconfondo,
Che tu daresti retta a tutto il Mondo.

25.

Sandra, laggiù andare, e tenti i mene,
Che gli è per riuscirti un scaracchiane [5];
E benchè e' mostri di volerti bene,
E cerca di fare l' acqua al suo mulino,
Forse può stare a toccarti [6] le rene,
Perch' ogni botte rende da del suo vino;
Certe smorfie le sue, come le dame;
Se tu gli credi, e' sarà poi tu danno.

---

[1] Credo. [2] sarebbe. [3] sempre; [4] lagrime; [5] diventato; [6] [illegible]; [7] [illegible]; [8] [illegible]; [9] [illegible]; [10] [illegible]; [11] [illegible]; [12] [illegible].

[1] Busse. [2] [illegible]; [3] [illegible]; [4] [illegible]; [5] [illegible]; [6] [illegible].

26.

Tienti a me, Sandra mia, ch' i' ti vo' fare,
Questo ceppo ¹), che vien, per to presente
Una gammurra del color del mare,
Ch' e' se n' ha a strabilir tutta la gente.
E a poi del taffià mai ciò che ti pare,
Che dinegarti i' non vo' mai niente;
Purchè Nencio tu lasci andar da banda,
Guata quel che tu vuoi, chiedi e domanda.

27.

I' ho trall' altre a casa un ghiandajotto,
Che gode in tutti i lati a mano a mano,
E ha lo scilinguagnolo sì rotto,
Ch' e' chiede il manicar, come un Cristiano.
Presi a questi dì arrieto anche un leprotto,
Laggiù nel me' burron presso al pantano
E s' è di modo tal dimesticato
Ch' e' dorme sempre al me' giordano allato.

28.

Domenedio queste cose i' vo' mandarti,
Visin me' dolce, candido e fiorito,
E un dono anche del cuore i' vorrei farti,
Ma i' non l' ho pur, che tu me l' hai carpito.
So ben, che gli è diviso in cento parti,
E ch' in gnun tempo e' non sarà guarito,
Sanche tu non gli fai, Sandra assassina
Con le to' proprie man la medicina.

29.

Ma di me tu non fai conto veruno,
Nè de' miei doni; in fatti i' so sgraziato;
E so, che tu non hai piacer nissuno,
Fuor che vedermi in chiesa dilungato.
Vo' levarti dagli occhi questo pruno,
Acciocchè 'l to Nencin sì ben creato
Possa venirti attorno alla sicura,
Quando tu m' arai fitto in sepoltura.

30.

E certo i' so per valicarvi presto
Se cert' urie ²), ch' i' ho, avranno vero,
I' ho 'ngrossato di ciliegio un nesto
Ch' i' le vedea far gromme, come pere;
E quando i' penso averlo messo in sesto,
'N un tratto dal vedere al non vedere,
Dalla brinata, oppur dal temporale,
Gli s' è seccato il capo principale.

31.

Mentre per opra a lagorar son' ito
In qua e 'n là sin pe' poder vicini,
E' nibbio, che me' mae non l' ha sentito,
Ha fatto un mal lagoro a' miei pulcini;
E 'nfino hanno la chioccia anche grancito
Con quell' ugnacce, che son fatte a uncini;
E le mie pecchie son tutte scoppate,
Su' quei di Nencin, e' son su' poppi andate.

32.

Parecchie teglie e padelle a più non posso,
Di raccattarle e' non c' è verso stato,
Ma le mi s' erano dirizzate addosso,
E m' han con gli aghi lor tutto forato;
E s' i' non mi piattavo in quel me' fosso,
Che sparte i campi, i' vi perdevo il fiato;
Perch' i' n' ebbi dattorno un tal barbaglio ³),
Che in quanto a bachi i' ne dingrado un vaglio.

33.

Di piue il me' basel; con riverenza,
Quel ch' uguanno i' comprai sul pel mercato,
Che lagorava sì per eccellenza,
Giù per un rovinio s' è pricolato.
E del me' ciuco ⁴) anche so' resto senza,
Perch' e' mi s' è 'n un fosso rimergato.
Non manc' altro, se non ch' il monimento
S' apra da sene e ch' i' vi salti drento.

34.

A tal disgrazie i' non percurerei,
S' i' fussi in grazia tua, Sandra me' cara,
E 'n pace tutte i' me le 'ngozzerei,
Che gnuna cosa mi parebbe amara.
Ma perchè 'ngrata a me tanto tu sei,
Par che le dichin tutte a voce chiara:
Cecco, che 'ndugi tu? che sta' tu a fare?
Non camper più, se più non vuoi stentare.

35.

No ch' i' non vo' camper sì tribolato,
Ch' il mondo è per me fatto una segrete ⁵),
E a darmi addosso il Fagiuol s' è accordato
Colle stelle contradie ⁶) e le pianete.
Nel so galappio ⁷) Amor m' ha 'nviluppato
Ma i' saprò ben uscirgli dalla rete;
E ogni scompiglio mi sarà fornito
Quando morto i' sarone, e seppellito.

36.

E perch' i' so, che dal venirti attorno
Tu m' hai già stracca ⁸) e ch' i' ti so di noia,
Nè penso, o Sandra, in tutto quanto il giorno,
Se non di fare in mo', che 'nfine i' muoia,
Vogl' ire a abbiosciolarmi in qualche forno,
O di me' propia man vo' farmi il boia;
O vo', ch' il corpo mio vadia 'n fracasso,
Capolievando giue da qualche masso.

37.

E non vo' mica esser sotterra messo,
Sul Cimitero o 'n chiesa in carche ⁹) avello,
Ma nel viale alla to casa presso
Per me' la siepe accanto al fossatello,
E perchè sappia ugnuno il me' successo,
Sur una pietra a forza di scalpello

---

¹) Natale. ²) augurj.

³) Moltitudine; ⁴) asino; ⁵) prigione; ⁶) contrarie. ⁷) trappola; ⁸) stancata; ⁹) qualche.

I' vo' che scritto sia da capo a piede
Come qualmente i' dilefini per bene.

38.

Vien dunche, o morte, e drento a un cataletto
Disteso apprienuto fammi portare,
Se Amor ha tuovi arrovo *) in tra 'l me' petto
Fallo a dispetto suo di lì sgualiare;
E perch' i' so dal so bruciore infetto,
Fermami il freddo tuo tutto aggrezzare *);
Vien, Morte, vieni, e per fornir la festa
Dammi della to falce in sulla testa.

39.

Addio, campi miei begli, addio terreno,
Che dato m' hai da recuocer tant' mani;
Appoich' e' pare al Ciel, ch' i' vieng[h]iamo meno,
Per terminar le gramme, e gli affanni.
Te di quest' ossa mie tien conto almeno,
E dammi li friggere a tanti danni.
Perchè al mondo di lor m' avvia,
E per non più tornar li dico addio.

40.

Così Cecco si dolse, e da quel loco
Partì con un deso sol di morire;
Ma perchè il sole ancora era di poco
Vi volle prima sopra un po' dormire.
Risvegliato ch' ei fu, visto un tal giuoco
Di gran danno poterglie causare,
Scelse scaparsi e rimetterlo poi,
Visse per non guardare i fatti suoi.

68.

Giovanni Battista Felice Zappi e Faustina Maratti Zappi.

G. B. Zappi ward 1667 zu Imola geboren, studirte die Rechte, und lebte dann als Advocat und Magistratsperson in Rom, wo er am 30 Juli 1719 starb. Er war ein talentvoller lyrischer Dichter und einer der Ersten, welche die Natürlichkeit wieder in die Poesie der Italiener zurückführten. — Seine Gattin Faustina, eine Tochter des berühmten Malers Maratti, zeichnete sich ebenfalls im Dichterfache durch Anmuth und Grazie aus. Sie starb 1728.

Il Museo d' Amore.

Vieni: mi disse Amore,
Io m' accostai tremando,
Perchè vai sospirando?
Di che paventa il core?
Vieni: mi disse Amore.
Lieto per man mi prese,
E 'l ragionar riprese:
Da che in mia corte stai,
Tu non vedesti mai
Il Museo di Cupido
Io lo sogguardo e rido:
Credea, che il vezzosetto
Scherzoso fanciulletto
Tutte sue brame avesse
Di gioventute amiche;
Non che a serbar tenesse
Amor le cose antiche.
Dentro una ricca stanza,
Che di tempio ha sembianza,
Guidommi il mio bel duce;
L' oro, che intorno luce,
Mi raddoppiava il gusto.
Or guarda ei disse, ed ecco
Guarda, o servo fedele.
Di sculti marmi, e di dipinte tele
Ricco è il bel loco dove Amor passeggia;
E quinci ei m' addita, e l' arsa reggia
Con la greca beltà sposa infedele;
E quindi il mare e le leggiadre vele
Di Teseo ingrato; e vedi che sculta si veggia
Ninfa che piange, e ninfa che arboreggia,
Imprese tutte di quel Dio crudele.
V' è Amor dipinto in vecchia età d' amore,
Con mille uomini e donne in ceppi e in funi
Dannati al carcere; ed ei gli urta e confonde,
Perchè, che i nomi e 'l luogo ove ad Amore,
Non v' è dipinta. Ognuno la pompa e gode
Dell' altrui scorno; il suo vergogna e nasconde.
Ma più lieto e giocondo
Cose e più rare io vedo,
Posso il garzon superbo:
Ciò, che pennel dipinse,
Ciò, che scalpello finse,
Il tutto par non curi;
Rivolgi al ver gli sguardi.
Vedi queste due spade
Opra di prisca etade?
Furon, dicea Cupido,
Di Piramo e d' Enea:
Su queste, ei soggiungea,
Caddero Tisbe, e Dido:
Del sangue sparso allora
Ecco le stille ancora,
E mentre ciò dicea
Quel barbaro, ridea.
Stavano in un de' lati
Cinque bei pomi aurati,
De' quai molto si canta
In Asia e in Aganippe:
Tre son quei d' Atalanta,
Il quarto è di Cidippe.
Ma non è chi pareggi
L' altro, su cui si legge
In greca favella:
Abbiasi la più bella,
Pomo famoso tanto

---

*) [illegible]. *) [illegible].

Per la man, che vi scrisse,
Posso ragion sul Xanto
Di tante pugne e morti,
Volger lo sguardo, e appresso
Di verde bronzo antico
Veggo Leandro, e dico:
Oh chi lo vide avvezzo?
Allora il Nume infido,
Che 'l tutto prende a giuoco:
Lo vide, ma per poco
Il notator d' Abido.
Ah sventurato notator d' Abido,
Dessi, ah misera lei! chi la conforta?
Ch' estinto il vide comparir sul lido....
Qui m' interruppe Amore: A te che importa?
Mira quest' arco; il miro.
Non è un bell' arco? ammiro,
Ch' è di alloro contesto,
Tutto d' avorio e il resto;
Or sai tu chi portollo?
Credo il giovane Appollo
Quando . . . . . No, disse Amore;
Sappi che questo e quello
Verginal arco e bello,
Di cui col suo pastore
Mando ad una fontana,
Scordossi un dì Diana.
La sorella del Sole,
Quella, che star non suole
Se non tra cani e reti;
Quella fra voi poeti
Bella del Sol germana,
Costà appo d' ogni monte,
Cortesana Diana.
Indi seguo a mostrarmi
De' vinti Dei le spoglie,
V' eran di Marte l' armi;
E 'l tirso colle foglie
Del Nume Dioneo;
E l' ali, e 'l caduceo
Del messaggier celeste;
E l' umido tridente
Di chi nel mar fremente
Comanda alle tempeste;
E 'l rugginoso e nero
Scettro di chi l' impero
Tien sul pallido fiume
Dell' Erebo fumante;
Tutti trofei d' un Nume
Trofei d' un Nume infante.
Nel gran Museo del Signor nostro o quante
Cose mirai, ch' entro mia mente ho scritto!
L' asta, il brando, il cimier di Bradamante
Vidi, e la rocca e 'l fil d' Ercole invitto.
Vidi la tazza, ove il Romano Amante
Bevve gran parte del valor d' Egitto;
E le monete, in cui Giove tonante
Cangiossi, e prezzo ei fu del suo delitto.
Vidi rete d' acciajo industre e bella;
E dissi: È quella, che 'l Fabro di Lenno
Fe' per tua madre? Amor rispose; è quella.
Poi mostrommi una lucida ampolletta:
E qui? diss' io. Qui fu d' Orlando il senno
(Rispose Amore) e 'l tuo pur qui s' aspetta.
Disse, e vibrò saetta,
Che rapida mi giunse;
Ed ahi! da che mi punse,
Pace non trovo e loco,
Qual s' io mi stessi in foco.
Dicol, ne men vergogno;
Non so, s' io veglio o sogno;
S' io sogno o se vaneggio;
S' io vidi o se ancor veggio.
Quel che veder mi parve,
Fur vision o larve?
Nol so, so ben, che Amore
Con barbaro furore
Della mente il bel raggio
Ne toglie, e guida a morte.
Fugga da Amor chi è saggio:
Fugga da Amor chi è forte.
Ch' ei d' ogni cuor fa scempio,
E poi sen vanta l' empio.
Non fa che tradimenti,
Poi ride il traditore.
Fuggite Amore, o Genti:
Genti, fuggite Amore.

G. B. F. Zappi.

Sonetto.

Vetturia.

Preso per vendicar l' onta e l' esiglio
Marzio de' vinti Volsci il sommo impero,
L' impaziente, inesorabil, fero
Cinse la patria di fatal periglio.
E ben potea sotto l' irato ciglio
Servo mirar lo stuol de' padri altero;
Ma ei oppose Vetturia al rio pensiero,
E andò sola ed inerme incontro al figlio.
Quando a baciarla ei corse, allor costei:
Ferma, che figlio tu di rupi alpine,
E non di Roma e di Vetturia, sei.
Egli allor rese pace al Campidoglio,
E quel che non potean l' armi latine
Fe' d' una donna il glorioso orgoglio.

Faust. Zappi.

Sonetto.

Lucrezia.

Poichè narrò la mal sofferta offesa
Lucrezia al fido stuol ch' avea d' intorno,
E col suo sangue di bell' ira accesa,
Lavò la non sua colpa e il proprio scorno;
Sorse vendetta, e nella gran contesa

Fugò i superbi dal regal soggiorno,
E il giorno, o Roma, di sì bell'impresa
Fu di tua servitù l'ultimo giorno.
Bruto ebbe allora eccelse lodi e grate;
Ma poi si dienno alla femminea gonna
Per la grand'opra insolita e nuova,
Che il ferro acquistator di libertate
Fu la prima a snudar l'inclita donna
Col farne in sè la memorabil prova.
Faust. Zappi.

Sonetto.

Porzia.

Per non veder del vincitor la sorte
Caton squarciossi il già tradito lato;
Gli piacque di morir libero e forte
Della romana libertà col fato.
E Porzia, allor che Bruto il fier consorte
Il fio pagò del suo misfatto ingrato,
Inghiottì 'l fuoco e rimassi in morte
Col cener freddo del consorte amato.
Or chi dovrà destar più meraviglia
Col suo crudel, ma glorioso scempio,
L'altero padre, o l'animosa figlia?
La figlia più. Prese Catone allora
Da molti e a molti diede il forte esempio;
Ma la morte di Porzia è sola ancora.
Faust. Zappi.

Sonetto.

Ombrose valli e solitari orrori,
Vaghe pianure e rilevati monti,
Voi da ninfe abitati, e fiumi e fonti,
Che pur sentite gli amorosi ardori;
Verdi arboscelli e variati fiori,
Che al ciel volgete l'odorate fronti,
Vi sieno i zeffiretti e lieti e pronti,
Cortese l'alba, e april v'imperli e infiori.
Felici voi che dal bel piè sovente
Calcati siete, o dalla bella mano
Tocchi, e dal guardo del suo sol lucente.
Voi che già spirto un tempo aveste umano,
Voi dite a lui qual pena il mio cor sente,
Il cor che vive, ahimè, da lui lontano.
Faust. Zappi.

69.

Nicolo Forteguerra.

Der letzte glückliche romantische Epiker der Italiener. Er ward 1674 zu Rom geboren und starb daselbst 1735. Sein Ricciardetto ist zwar eine Nachahmung Ariosto's, aber im besten Sinne des Wortes ausgezeichnet durch Feinheit, Reichthum der Phantasie, treffenden Witz und lebendige anmuthige Schilderung.

Frammento del Ricciardetto.

Canto V. St. 1 — 50.

1.
Non si può ritrovar al mio parere
Cosa nel mondo, che più bella sia,
E che ci apporti più dolce piacere,
E sia cagion di pace e di allegria;
Quanto è l'udire e il dir parole vere,
Senza sospetto d'inganno e bugia;
E la data parola e stabilita
Mantener anche a prezzo della vita.
2.
Come al contrario la pace rovina
E del vivere ogni ordine confonde
La lingua, che col cuore non combina;
Ed una cosa mostra, una ne asconde.
La veritade ell'è cosa divina,
E in noi dal primo vero si diffonde;
La menzogna del diavolo è figliuola,
E con esso va sempre, ovunque vola.
3.
Felici queste selve, e questi boschi,
E' peste sì crudel non giunse ancora!
Qui non si veggon lagrimosi e foschi
Occhi, che il nostro mal piangan di fuora;
E il piangon solo, perchè tu il conoschi,
E poi dentro del cor festa e baldora
Facean de' mali tuoi, conforme fanno
Quelli, che in mezzo alle gran corti stanno;
4.
Qui non sono nè sbirri, nè notai,
Nè carceri, nè funi, nè berline,
Nè Fiorentoli, che co' negri sai
Menano i malfattori a trista fine;
Ma la fè, ch'è di lor più forte assai;
Fa che uom dal giusto mai decline;
E la data fra noi parola basta,
Più che di protocolli una catasta.
5.
Ma più d'ogni altro più prezzar si suole
La fè, che tra di lor danno gli amanti,
Che pria vedransi senza luce il Sole,
Che pastorelle e pastori incostanti.
Non di tradimento qui si suole
Dal dì, dall'ora, da que' primi istanti
Che d'amarsi l'un l'altra afferma e giura,
Quel solo amor sino alla morte dura.
6.
Nè a quel ch'io veggio, cosa bella usanza
Solamente è nelle Arcade contrade:
La fedeltade ancora in Persia ha stanza,
Come udirete, quando che vi aggrade,
Se di narrarlo avrò tanta possanza.
Le dolorose flebili rugiade
Asciugate s'avea la giovin bella,
Quando che prese a dire in tal favella:
7.
In Barbia un tempo, città ricca e vaga

Che del Mar nero in su la riva siede;
Gente di mercantar cupida e vaga
La drizza le vele, e pone il piede.
La casa mia era contenta e paga
De' beni, che fortuna ci concede;
Perchè di Persia, toltine ben rari,
Niuno ha più di noi terre e danari.

8.

Me sola il genitore ebbe, e sol' io
De' giovani Persiani era la brama;
E la bellezza mera del volto mio,
Che del vero maggior dicea la fama.
Accresceva in ciascun voglia e desio
D'avermi in moglie; e ciascheduno mi chiama
Sua vita, e suo conforto: e mille e mille,
Nol sapendo, d'amor spargo faville.

9.

Ma non comprende giovanetta acerba
Sì facilmente i segnali d'amore;
Onde detta sprezzante era e superba,
E che di vivo sasso aveva il core.
Ma come angue talor fra i fiori e l'erba
Si cela, e morde poi chi coglie il fiore;
Così cupido si nascose un giorno
Negli occhi d'un garzon vago ed adorno.

10.

E mentre seco parlo, a poco a poco
Nascer mi sento un non so che nel seno,
Ch'ora mi pare, ed or non mi par foco.
La solita allegrezza in me vien meno,
Nè mi diletta più festa nè gioco;
E di desio mi sento il cor ripieno
Di riveder quel giovane, e con esso
Ragionar sempre, e sempre averlo appresso.

11.

Se quando andava per diporto in mare,
Io nol vedeva con la sua barchetta;
Il cor nel petto mi sentia scoppiare,
E ritornava al lido in fretta in fretta
Di pensieri ricolma, e voglie amare.
Se in questo mentre poi la benedetta
Fortuna lo portava al mi cospetto;
Tutto, il dolor volgevasi in diletto.

12.

Del Signor di Darete un figlio egli era,
Ricca provincia della Persia, e grande;
Una pupilla avea sì vaga e nera,
Che più Regine fecero dimande
D'averlo in sposo, e aggiunsero preghiera;
Fra l'altre la Regina di Derlande,
Che alla Servonia impera, ardeva in guisa
Per lui, che alfin d'amor rimase uccisa.

13.

Tangile era il suo nome, e d'egual fiamma
Ardeva anch'esso e non dicevan nulla.
Ma come in legno verde a dramma a dramma
Entra il foco, ed in fin l'umore annulla,
Onde improvviso e subito s'infiamma;
Così sendo ei garzone, ed io fanciulla,
Stentammo aprender foco, e per me' dire,
Non lo potemmo che tardi scoprire.

14.

Un dì (non m'uscirà mai del pensiero
Giorno sì dolce, diletto e grato)
In un bel bosco per grand'ombra nero
Io mi sedeva nel calor più ingrato;
Quando viene l'amato cavaliero,
E senza nulla dir mi siede a lato,
Ci guardammo, e tacendo, mille cose,
Si dissero tra lor l'ale amorose.

15.

Tutto tremante poi la man mi prese
E sospirando disse: Io te sola amo.
Di vivo foco il volto mio si accese,
Poi soggiunsi ancor' io: Te solo io bramo!
Ma non sperar, che mai ti sia cortese,
(E Giove a' detti miei presente io chiamo)
Se non mi giuri d'essermi consorte;
Altrimenti son pronta a darmi morte.

16.

Tangile allora invocò tutti i numi
Del cielo, dell'inferno, e della terra,
E quei de' mari, e quelli ancor de' fiumi;
Perchè dice sposarmi, e vuol, s'egli erra,
Che co' fulmini il cielo lo consumi,
E Nettuno e Pluton gli movan guerra.
Ei mentre così parla, dalla gioia
Io vengo meno, ed egli par che muoia;

17.

Il dì seguente il padre mio ritrova,
E senza altro indugiar mi chiede in moglie;
Ciò molto in suo segreto il padre approva;
Ma son sospette giovinette voglie,
E chi lor crede, ingannato si trova.
Però ne' suoi pensieri si raccoglie,
E dopo assai pensar gli dice: O figlio,
Per risponderti io vo' tempo e consiglio.

18.

Tu sei signor di ricco e bel paese,
E merti moglie a tua grandezza eguale,
Da regie vene anche il mio sangue scese,
Ma senza stati signoria che vale?
Onde non posso convenenti spese
Far per l'allegro giorno maritale
Nè le fortune mie giungono a segno
Di darti quella dote, onde se' degno.

19.

Soggiunse allor Tangile: Io voglio solo
La mia soave e dolce Filomena,
(Che tal m'appello; e or l'assomiglio al duolo;
Allora no: ma s'è cangiata scena)
Ella val più, che l'uno e l'altro polo

Aver soggetto, e l'Affricana arena,
Non che il mar Caspio; e senza lei, mi pare
Che fora nulla aver la terra e il mare.

20.

Ma il padre tuo (riprese il genitore)
Che dirà egli, e popol di Darete?
Senza i figli appo il padre un forte amore;
(Disse Tangile) e forse voi 'l sapete.
Opra non fu, che arrechi disonore
Ne a me, ne a lui; e l'anime discrete
Mi daran lode, e chiameran beato
Che m'abbia Amor tanta beltà donato.

21.

Silvano allor (che tale egli si noma
Il padre mio) disse: Figliuolo, io voglio
Che tu riguardi pria questa mia chioma,
Che già biancheggia, e pensi al gran cordoglio
Che arreca questa mia cadente soma
Quel più presto, se mai per te mi toglio
La dolce figlia, ed ei: Tu sempre appresso
A lei sarai, e le sarai lo stesso.

22.

Tu non comprendi ciò ch'io ti vo' dire
(Riprese il vecchio padre) non si puote
Far questa cosa, se non col fuggire;
Fuggi con Filomena in parti ignote.
Io mostrerommi dolore, e martire,
E bagnerò di lagrime le gote;
Poi là verrommi, dove voi sarete,
Arrecator di nuove, o triste, o liete.

23.

Dunque a Tangil la solita proposta,
E la notte seguente una peotta
Arma di gente sua forte, e disposta
A gir, ove da lui ne sia condotta.
Poscia soletto a casa mia s'accosta,
Mi chiama; io scendo, e per obbliqua e rotta
Strada mi guida al mare, e c'imbarchiamo;
Sciogliam le vele, e il lido abbandoniamo.

24.

Verso Biserta volgemmo la prora;
E già tre notti, e già tre giorni interi
Erano corsi, quando su l'aurora
Ecco due fuste di ladroni neri
Che ci son sopra; ed all'usanza Mora
Ruotan le sciable, e dan colpi sì fieri,
Che ognun de' nostri egli piagato o morto,
E ancor Tangile è nel suo sangue assorto.

25.

Qual io restassi allor, senza che il dica
Voi vel pensate. Io presi in man la spada
Del mio Tangile per morir pudica;
E già mi apriva in mezzo al cor la strada,
Quando un Moro mi afferra, ed a fatica
Mi viene che sul ferro infin non cada.
Poi lieti dan per la vittoria un grido,
E smontan tutti sul vicino lido.

26.

I morti affatto li gettan nel mare,
E prenne qualche cura de' feriti,
Per vedere, se li possono sanare,
E venderli a gli Arlotti, ed a' Negriti:
Poi la preda si mettono a guardare,
Ma di me sono tutti invaghiti;
E mentre ognun mi chiede, ognun mi vuole,
Vengon tra loro ad acerbe parole.

27.

Dalle parole poi vengono a' fatti,
E si danno le sciable per la testa,
Sicchè si sono ormai quasi disfatti.
Un drappello di pochi ancor ne resta;
Ma questi pur si batton come matti.
Che più? con sommo mio piacere e festa
Veggo i nemici miei condotti a morte,
E il ciel ringrazio di sì bella sorte.

28.

Poi chiamo il mio Tangile ad alta voce,
E lo cerco piangendo in mezzo al sangue;
E temo di trovarlo, e al par mi nuoce
Il non trovarlo. Talor freddo esangue
Un cadavere smovo, indi feroce
Il guardo, che fortezza in me non langue;
In questo mentre sospirar lo sento,
E chiamarmi con roco, e basso accento.

29.

Corro a quel suono, e lui veggo coperto
Di sangue, parte suo, parte d'altrui,
Che il suo languido ciglio in me converso
Mi disse: O cara, che sarà di noi?
Speriam (gli dissi) in ogni caso avverso
Manda Giove benigno i doni suoi.
Quindi gli asterso le ferite, e il lego,
Ed a sperar sorte migliore il prego.

30.

Su la nostra peotta io molte cose
Torno a ripor, che stavano sul lido;
E di balsami e d'erbe prodigiose
Prendo un involto, in cui molto mi fido,
E bagno le ferite sanguinose
Dell'adorato mio marito fido;
E ne riceve in breve tal conforto
Che s'alza, e move il passo in verso il porto.

31.

Entriamo in barca, ed egli: O Filomena,
Sciogli (mi disse) pur tutte le vele,
Lasciamo al ciel di noi la cura piena;
Egli ci faccia il mar mite, o crudele:
Egli il premio ci dia, o pur la pena;
Se merta pena il nostro amor fedele.
Io fo, come egli dice; e in alto mare
Ci vediam tosto da' venti portare.

32.
Finoro, Re di Algeri, uomo già fatto,
Di nove lustri in circa, era a ventura
Venuto in mare da vaghezza tratto
Di predar pesci, e alleggerir sua cura.
Una sorella sua di gentil atto
Era con esso e di bella figura.
Da questi fummo noi veduti appena,
Che vennero a incontrarci a vela piena.
33.
Or qui comincia il mio sommo dolore,
E che per morte solo avrà fine.
Finoro nel vedermi arde d'amore,
Ed arde per Tangile anche Lucrina
La sua sorella: ci fan festa e onore;
S'appresentan chirurghi e medicine
Pel mio Tangile; e la real Donzella
Vuole alla cura sua assister ella.
34.
Finoro assegnò una stanza vicina
A quella, ove egli dorme, al mio marito;
Dove poi quando viene entrar Lucrina,
Che fammi a sera star gentile invito.
In fine riposati la mattina,
Finoro da' più nobili assistito
Va da Tangile, e là mi fa chiamare;
Che i nostri casi ha gusto d'ascoltare.
35.
Tangile francamente espose loro,
Come era figlio del Re di Dareto;
E come Amor con la saetta d'oro
Ferì noi due, e prese alla sua rete.
A questo dire impallidì Finoro,
E si offuscaro le sue luci liete;
Lucrina ancora scolorissi, e poi
All'improvviso fuggì via da noi.
36.
Le navi mie nell mar di Salomina
Arse, grazie non è li tuoi naviglj;
Disse Finoro, e con forza commina
Tangil mi guarda, e dice: Quai consigli
Prendiam, mia vita? Ed io: Amor si
affina,
Siccome ogni virtù, ne' gran perigli;
Che alla per fine è facile ogni uscita
A chi uscir vuol dall'odiosa vita.
37.
Nè temer (e non ti dolga, se ti taccio
Di poco amore, o di sospetta fede)
Temo Lucrina, che non sciolga il laccio
Che poi ti stringe, e non ti faccia erede
Dell'amor mio, ed io le sia d'impaccio.
La lunga età fa più ch'uomo non crede;
Non piglia il primo assalto una cittade,
Nè a un colpo sol di scure il pino cade!
38.
Ma in fine ora con forza, or con penuria
Fa tanto l'uomo, che si arrende;
E tanti colpi mena e con tal furia
Il villano, che il più cade e si rende.
Tempo verrà, che non paratti ingiuria
Di fare all'amor mio, e meno orrende.
Ti saran l'ombre de' traditi numi,
Perdute nel fulgor di que' bei lumi.
39.
Ma pria che ciò il destin veder mi faccia,
Vo' che la terra, ovvero il mar m'ingoi.
Qui taccio, e il pianto a gli occhi mi ci
s'affaccia.
Queta (grida Tangil) gli sdegni tuoi,
E me' che può m'accarezza ed abbraccia,
E dice: A che temer, cara, tu vuoi
Di quel che certo non sarà già mai?
E s'io parlo di cor, sola tu il sai.
40.
Mentre stiam noi così fedeli amanti,
E fra noi ci giuriam perpetuo amore;
Ecco due fieri ed orridi Giganti,
Che prendono un Tangile con furore,
L'altro me prende, che mi sfaccio in
pianti;
E in un carcer profondo e pien d'orrore
Messo è Tangile, e in una rocca forte
Posta son io, e serrano le porte.
41.
Quel che avvenisse poi al mio marito,
Nol so di certo, ma me lo figuro;
Che un stesso inganno fu ad entrambi
ordito:
Udite quale. Al chiaro ed all'oscuro
Finoro a me venia d'amor ferito;
E non lasciava voci sacre e giuro,
Per indurmi a volerlo per isposo,
Ora in atto crudele, ora pietoso.
42.
Ma quando egli s'accorse, che rendea
Le reti a' venti, e seminava il lido,
E che nel mare i solchi suoi traea;
Muto pensiero, e con parlare infido
Mi disse un dì, che già ch'egli vedea
Ch'io aveva il cor troppo amoroso e fido,
Volea lasciarmi, e in fin restituire
Al mio consorte, e poi di duol morire.
43.
E in fatti il giorno appresso a me portosse,
E disse: Filomena, ho stabilito,
Che doman tu ti abbelli in vesti rosse,
O celesti, o in quai più n'hai l'appetito;
Che queste che tu hai, son troppo grosse,
Nè si confanno a chi vanne a marito,
Verrai su cocchio d'oro alla mia corte,
Ove sarà Tangile il tuo consorte.
44.
Tutta mi rallegrai a questi accenti;
E senza sospettare alcuna frode,
Mi abbellisco con tutti gli ornamenti
Che posson a donzella recar lode.
Viene il giorno prescritto, e di concenti

Una dolce armonia per l'aer s'ode,
Monto sul carro, e il popolo s'affolla,
E di guardarmi non si satolla.

45.

Giunge a Palazzo, e m'incontra Pinoro
Vestito anch'egli a gala ed allegrezza;
Di nobili fanciulle un gentil coro
Mi pone in mezzo, e lieto m'accarezza.
Vanno esse avanti, ed io dopo di loro,
E ad un balcon di mediocre altezza
Guidata son, di dove il popol tutto
Vedea, che nella piazza era ridutto.

46.

Ponendo di Tangile, e mi vien detto
Che già veniva, e il rio Pinoro intanto
Mi viene al lato pieno di diletto;
Ed ecco odo da lungi un suono e canto
Ed il marito mio veggo in effetto;
Ma veggo gli occhi suoi pieni di pianto,
Affilato lo veggio, e mezzo morto.
Mi guarda, e grida: M'offendesti a torto.

47.

E pieno d'aspra voglia di morire
Toglie l'arco di mano ad un soldato;
E trae, pensando Pinoro colpire,
E legger mi piaga nel manco lato,
Poi disperato mettesi a fuggire,
E ancora non si sa, dov'egli è andato.
Manda Pinoro tutti i suoi famigli,
E vuol ch'ove si trova, ivi si pigli.

48.

Come augellino che per l'aria vola;
Se de' compagni suoi il canto ascolta;
Si rivolta in tutto, e si consola,
E drizza le sue penne a quella volta:
Ma non sì tosto il misero trasvola
Ne' verdi rami, che con furia molta
S'alza una rete che lo fa morire,
E il cacciator riempie di gioire.

49.

Così si volge in pianto il mio piacere,
E il barbaro rideva sul mio affanno,
E dicea: Non udrai mai più preghiere
Dalla mia bocca; chiamami tiranno,
Chiamami uom nudrito tra le fiere;
Celar di donna non fe mai gran danno.
Tre giorni soli io ti concedo, e questi
A te sia, che ti sien lieti o funesti.

50.

Quindi si parte, ed io fra mille e mille
Uomini armati e con quelle donzelle
Vo fuor della città per queste ville,
Pensando all'opre ingiuriose e felle
Di Pinoro, e struggendo le pupille
In pianto tal da impietosir le stelle.
Col canto e il suon le giovani amorose
Cercan le pene mie far men dogliose.

70.

Apostolo Zeno.

Er ward im Jahre 1669 zu Venedig von griechischen Eltern, die sich dorthin geflüchtet hatten, geboren, und widmete sich historischen Studien, die ihn, eigenthümlich genug, darauf führten, der italienischen Oper eine neue Gestaltung zu geben. Seine musikalischen Dramen, die er auf Geschichte gründete, und denen er bei großer Einfachheit gleiche Würde zu geben wußte, erwarben sich allgemein solchen Beifall, daß Kaiser Karl VI. ihn nach Wien berief, und ihn zugleich zum kaiserlichen Historiographen und Hoftheaterdichter ernannte. Er lebte dann, unabhängig thätig, geachtet und geehrt bis zu seinem im Jahre 1750 erfolgten Tode. Außer anderen Schriften hinterließ er sechzig dramatische Werke, unter denen siebzehn Oratorien.

Giuseppe;

Azione sacra.

Interlocutori.

Sofonea, cioè Giuseppe, figliuolo di Giacobbe e di Rachele.
Azanet, sua moglie.
Rubèn, Simeone, Giuda, e Beniamino, } fratelli di Giuseppe.
Ramse, uno de' ministri di Giuseppe.
Coro de' fratelli di Giuseppe.
Coro di Egiziani.

L'Azione è in Menfi nella Reggia di Faraone Re di Egitto.

Parte prima.

Coro di Egiziani.

Tu di Egitto Re secondo,
Salvator tu sei del mondo,
Sofonea, diletto al Cielo;
L'avvenir tu chiaro intendi;
Tu da morte ne difendi;
Tuo sapere, e tuo potere
Tutto è lume, e tutto è zelo.

Ramse.

Sopra quante ha l'Egitto,
Dirti, Azanet, ben puoi sposa felice.
Vedi 'l tuo Sofonea su l'aureo cocchio,
Cui quel di Faraon solo precede
Qual per Menfi egli passa,
Da folte turbe circondato intorno,
Che cantan le sue lodi, e i lunghi onori;
E non già quell' onor, con cui si suole
Adular la fortuna;
Ma quel, ch'esige di sincero core
Beneficenza e amore.
Egli è padre comune. Quant'è l'Egitto,
Dir si può sua famiglia. Egli ne pasce;
Egli è nostra salvezza, e nostra speme;
È sua vita, e sua cura è il nostro bene.
Muore nel fiore il frutto;
Pere nel seme il grano;
E il mesto agricoltor

Geme sul solco invano
E il bagna di sudor.
Ma della terra avara,
Del sordo Nilo i danni,
Di Sofonea ripara
La provvidenza, e amor.

Asenet.

Ramse, è ver; ma tu taci
Il più della sua gloria.
Vedi quanto egli è umile in sua grandezza.
Da quel cocchio sublime
Ei si mostra di tutti
Maggior, col farsi eguale.
Bella, e santa umiltà, che in lui discende
Dal gran Dio, ch'esso adora;
Da quel, di cui tuttora
Meraviglie mi conta e tali, e tante,
Che ne resta in udirlo,
Stupido il senso, innamorato il core.

Ramse.

Dicesi, che da strana
E di leggi, e di riti
Terra a noi venne.

Asenet.

Ei la rammenta, e spesso
Tacito ne sospira; e a consolarlo
Non vale in tanta gloria,
Nè la grandezza sua, nè l'amor mio.
Trova sol qualche pace, allor che al petto
Stringe i due pargoletti
Suoi figli, e miei. L'uno ora bacia, or l'altro;
E in loro il guardo fiso,
Non senza qualche lagrima, e sospiro,
Sfoga così l'interno suo martiro.
Crescete, o miei innocenti. In nodo eterno
Stringavi amor fraterno:
Livor non vi avveleni: odio non v'armi.
Tace, e poi soggiunge: Oh figli,
Oh barbari fratelli!
Oh sventurato padre,
Quante angustie ti costa il troppo amarmi!
Così lor va dicendo;
E del suo dir però gli arcani intendo.
Con acque assai più chiare
Andria quel fiume al mare;
Ma l'onda in lui si mesce
Di torbido ruscel con piè fangoso.
Sarei più lieta anch'io;
Ma turba il gaudio mio
Quel duol, che inonda, ed esce
In lagrime, e sospiri al caro sposo.

Giuseppe.

Quell'Ebreo prigioniero, Ramse, a me venga.
Quanto Egitto circonda,
E quanto giace dal suo Nilo al mare
Regger m'è dato: onor non già, ma peso;
Non piacer, ma travaglio.
Giorni, oh quanto più lieti, io vissi un tempo,
Ebron, fra le tue valli! Oh rivederle,
E trarvi al pasco l'innocente gregge
Potessi ancor! Potessi
Del padre mio baciar la destra ancora;
E i santi udirne insegnamenti, e il mondo
Creato, e l'uom caduto, e l'acque, e l'arca,
Ed Abramo, ed Isacco, e le divine
Promesse, e d'Israel l'alte speranze!
Oh caro padre! oh mio Giacobbe! oh troppo
Disumani fratei! Taci, o Giuseppe;
Vien Simeon, che già ti volle estinto.
Crudel!.. Ma forse, oh Dio, morte funesta
Gli altri m'ha tolti, e forse
Ora a Giuseppe altro fratel non resta.
So, che quell'alma è perfida;
Ma veggo in quel sembiante
Ancor la viva immagine
Del caro genitor.
Non dee perfidia, ed odio,
In cor fraterno amante,
I sacri nodi sciogliere
Del sangue, e dell'amor.

Simeone.

Ei mi guarda, e si turba.

Giuseppe.

Nol diss'io, che imposture eran le vostre?
Pretesto di soccorso, esploratori
Qui già vi trasse a macchinar congiure.
Nol diss'io? Nol previdi? Eran 'nimici
Que' supposti fratelli. Un anno è corso;
Nè tornan anco? Ov'è la fede? Iniquo,
Del loro error tu pagherai la pena.

Simeone.

Testimon sia del vero
Signor, ridirti il detto. Il menzognero
Mal sostien sue menzogne,
E vacillando in falsità si turba.
Fame crudel dalle natie contrade
Di Canaan a questa
Reggia ne spinse, onde ristoro averne.
Dodici figli siam di un solo padre.
Dieci tu ne vedesti;
L'un morte ne rapì, l'altro, il minore,
Alla cura è rimasto
Del vecchio genitor.

Giuseppe.

L'ombre ei potea
Dissipar de' miei dubbi.
Vel chiesi: il promettiste. A che sì lungo
Indugio? Egli non vien. Siete impostori.

Simeone.

Ah, non altro il ritien, che amor di padre.
Al buon vecchio qual pena
Staccarselo dal seno! A rischi esporlo
Di cammin disastroso! Egli è l'oggetto
Dell'amor suo, dell'età sua cadente
Il sostegno, e il conforto.

Giuseppe.

(Alma resista.)

Simeone.

Troppo fitto nel seno
Gli sta il dolor del suo Giuseppe estinto,
D'allor mai dì non sorse, e mai non cadde,
Che nol trovasse, e nol lasciasse in pianto.

Giuseppe.

(Dio, sostien mia fortezza.) E quel Giuseppe
Come ebbe morte?

Simeone.

In folti boschi errando,
Giovine incauto, il divorar le fiere.

Giuseppe.

Le fiere il divorar? Tu ne vedesti
Gli artigli insanguinati
I brani lacerati? Eh, che vi sono,
Vi sono uomini in terra, io ne conosco,
Crudi più delle fiere.

Simeone.

(Qual favellar!)

Giuseppe.

(Trema da capo a piede.)

Simeone.

Del tuo sospetto . . .

Giuseppe.

Il mio sospetto è giusto.
Sappi, ch'io nel più chiuso entro de' cori
Mal mi si asconde il ver. Siete impostori.

Simeone.

Impostori? ah, sì: nel volto
Mi sta scritto
Il mio delitto.
Nego invano. Io l'ho commesso.
Empio core,
Traditore,
Puoi celarti all'altrui guardo,
Non a Dio, non a te stesso.

Giuseppe.

Partito è Simeon. Mi tolsi a lui
Sdegnoso in vista, e mi tradiva il pianto.

Asenet.

Mio Sofonea, ti vedrò sempre in doglia?

Giuseppe.

Chi del pubblico ben sostien il peso,
Sotto assiduo travaglio uopo è, che gema.

Asenet.

Gode l'Egizio impero
Piena felicità. Tu la facesti.

Giuseppe.

Ah! fuor di Egitto ancora
Quanti uomini vi son! quanti infelici!

Asenet.

Tu il popolo salvasti a te commesso.

Giuseppe.

Salvarne altro potessi a me pur caro.

Asenet.

Sta nell'arbitrio tuo far grazie, e doni.

Giuseppe.

Il Re de' suoi tesori
Arbitro non mi fe': mi fe' custode;
E per chi tien sue veci,
Conti ha la terra, e cittadini Egitto.

Asenet.

Eh, sposo, di altra fonte
Vien il tuo duol. Non mel celar, ten prego.
Diffidenza fa torto a vero amore.
Arcani di governo io non ti chieggo:
Chieggo, sposo fedel, quei del tuo core.
Tu mi guardi, e tu sospiri.
Non tacermi i tuoi martiri.
Io son l'alma del tuo cor.
Quella son. Tu mel giurasti;
Io credei. Se m'ingannasti,
Empia è fede, e falso amor.

Giuseppe.

Consorte. . .

Ramse.

Gli stranier, da te sì attesi,
Giunti sono alla Reggia, e vien con essi
Vago donzel, cui più non vidi ancora.

Giuseppe.

(Beniamin! oh Dio!) Fa ch'entrin tosto.
Consorte, alla tua fede
S'apra tutto il mio cor. Donami solo
Ancor pochi momenti.

Asenet.

Il tuo voler fu sempre il mio volere.

Giuseppe.

Quanti, e quai vari affetti
Mettono l'alma in tumulto! A ricomporla
Per poco andiam. Deh, che far posso in tanto,
Perchè dirotto il cor non stilli in pianto?
Col grado, e col decoro
Dal duolo, e dalle lagrime
Il cor difenderò.
E se fia d'uopo afflitta,
E spoglie, e pene,
Catene, e colpe,
E la cisterna ancora
A lui ricorderò.

Giuda.

Tu il sai. Pria di partir sborsammo il prezzo
Del grano a' regj servi:
Poi nell'aperto lume il ritrovammo.
Da chi non so, nè come chiuso. Ah, Ramse,
Il giusto Sofonea più non ti creda
Siamo ingannati. Eccone il prezzo, ed oltre,
Onde a nostra innocenza ei sia mercede.

Asenet.

Lungi il timor. Datevi pace. Il vostro,
E di Giacobbe Dio fu, che ripose
Ne' vostri sacchi il numerato argento.
Io di vostra innocenza
Ragione vi fo; nè già Sofonea se temo
Sì ingiusto mai, che vi condanni a torto,
Nè sì crudel, che vi punisca rei.

Giuda.

Per te ne torna in sen l'alma smarrita.

Star lungi da colpa
Non basta a discolpa
D'un alma innocente.
Un lieve sospetto
Di error non commesso
Può farla altrui spesso
Parer delinquente.

Ruben.

Eccoci ancor tutti a' tuoi piedi, o grande,
O Sovrano pietoso.
Abbracciam tue ginocchia;
Tuo soccorso imploriam. Ricevi questi,
Che il riverendo genitor t'invia,
Doni graditi.

Giuseppe.

Di quelle
Dolcezze al Ciel contrade,
Che mi recaste?

Ruben.

Balsami vitali,
Succhi odorosi, e terebinto, e mele:
Poca offerta, e non quale
Converria a tua grandezza:
Ma qual può nostra sorte. Oh, pari fosse
Il potere al desio. Ma desolati
Son ora i nostri campi,
Nè gli empie che orror, miseria, e lutto.
A gli arbitri abitator serbata
Inopia del morte,
Che già spiega in lor volto orride immagini.
Pietà, Signor, pietà! Ten prega il nostro
Buon genitor. Noi ten preghiamo, e questo
Innocente fanciul, che in atto umile
Tua man benefattrice ora ti bacia.

Beniamino.

E questo bacio a te ne vien col pianto.
Deh, salva il popol mio, salva il mio padre;
E di Abramo il gran Dio salvi te ancora.

Giuseppe.

(Per troppa angoscia il favellar m'è chiuso.)
Sospetto. Il vostro (oh, quanto dolce è 'l nome!)
Vecchio padre ancor vive?

Giuda.

Ei vive, e forte,
Ma nella vecchiaja; ed è prodigio,
Ch'ei regga, e duri a' gravi mali, e tanti,
Ond'è sua terra, e sua famiglia afflitta.

Giuseppe.

Questi è il minor nato a Giacobbe?

Beniamino.

Io il sono,
Beniamino son appello.

Giuseppe.

Al sen ti stringo;
E il Dio, che già invocasti, o figlio mio,
Te benedica, e di ogni ben ricolmi.

Beniamino.

Mi chiami tuo figlio
Tu, grande, e in quel ciglio
Mi sembra del padre
Veder non so che.
E padre, e Signore
Chiamarti vo' anch' io.
Ma il volto non basta;
Convien, ch'io quel core
Ritrovi anche in te.

Giuseppe.

(Cara semplicità! Bella innocenza!
Cedo, se più mi arresto). Olà: imbandite
Sien ricche mense. Ivi a' disagi andati
Merce avrete ristoro. A Simeone
Sciolgansi i ceppi, e libertà si renda.

Beniamino.

Tua pietà non sia tarda.
Fame, ed angoscia preme
L'amato padre. Ogni dimora intanto
Esser gli può funesta.
Desolato il lasciai.

Giuseppe.

(Già m'esce il pianto.)

Ruben.

Qual ei partì. Giuda, osservasti?

Giuda.

Il vidi.
Ruben, quel turbamento
Puoi tu capir?

Ruben.

Profondi, inaccessibili
Son gli affetti de' Grandi;
E mai si lascian ravvisar dal volto.

Giuda.

Sia Dio, che in nostro pro tocchi quel core.

Giuda, Ruben e Beniamino.

A Dio porgiamo
Preghi dolenti:
A lui narriamo
Nostri tormenti.
Che udirne ei gli fa, udirne gli vede,
Voci che gridan pietà, speranza e fede.

Coro de' fratelli di Giuseppe.

Dio, che tieni in tua mano il cor de' Regi;
Dio, che le nostre sai miserie estreme;
Tu fa, che Sofonea, di tua maestra
Provvidenza infinita,
Sani i nostri languori, e ne dia vita.
Salgono al trono tuo le nostre grida:
Nè lasciar mai perir chi in te confida.

Il fine della Parte Prima.

Giuseppe.

Parte seconda.

Asenet.

Che miri? E tal ei rese al mio consorte,
Ed da gli ospiti suoi grazia, e mercede?

Ramse.

L'argentea tazza, ond'ei si serve a mensa.
E ne' suoi sacri augurj, e lor risposta.

Ma poco ne godran: che armata turba
Ricondurralli in breve
Alla Reggia, e al castigo.

Asenet.

Iniqui! Egli poc'anzi
Di quai non ricolmò doni, e favori
Que' famelici Ebrei!

Ramse.

Seder gli vidi alla real sua mensa,
Da gli Egizj in disparte; e lui pur vidi
Porger lor di sua mano i cibi eletti.

Asenet.

Quanto è ver, che sovente
Dalle man de' Grandi escono a caso
Gli onori, e i benefizj!
E cadendo così sovra i men degni;
Che poi stupir, se gli ritrovin vili,
Se gli rendano ingrati?

Ramse.

Del favor, qual del grano,
Se sparso in buon terren, frutto si coglie;
Se in arene, o fra sterpi, onta, o puntura;
Pur chi regna non dee por freno al corso
Di sue beneficenze,
Per timor di gettarle inutilmente;
Che in pro de' buoni è meglio
Far bene anche a' malvagi,
Che a quei mancar, per non giovar a questi.
Così i provvidi Dei comune a tutti
Lasciano un ben, che separar non ponno.
Al perverso, e all'innocente
Compartir egualmente
Il Sole i suoi raggi,
La terra i suoi frutti,
La Natura, in dar suoi beni,
Non esclude, e non elegge;
Ma giusta in sua legge
E' provvida a tutti.

Asenet.

(Mai sì turbato Sofonea non vidi.)
Se la perfidia altrui, sposo, ti affligge...

Giuseppe.

Asenet, il mio duolo
Radice ha più profonde. Ecco il momento,
In cui del chiuso arcano io t'abbia a parte.

Asenet.

Momento a' voti miei non fu più caro.

Giuseppe.

Questi onor, questi applausi, il crederesti?
Fanno le pene mie. Fra tanti viva
La mia terra natia più mi sovviene.
Il mio amabile padre ancor là vive;
Ma vive inconsolabile, e dolente.

Asenet.

Onde la sua miseria?

Giuseppe.

Dalla fame crudel, che i suoi distrugge
Già sì fertili campi, e i grassi armenti,
E la lieta famiglia, e i dolci figli.
Oimè! lo preme angustia, e nol soccorro,
E per lui solo spargo inutil pianto.

Asenet.

Che nol chiami in Egitto? E chi tel vieta?

Giuseppe.

Oh Dio! Può questa terra essergli infausta.
Temo il Re; temo Egitto; e temo il padre.

Asenet.

Perdonami. Egli è ingiusto un tal timore.
E' tuo del Re, tuo de gli Egizj il core.

Giuseppe.

Tu non intendi, o sposa,
Qual io sia mortal cosa
Di un popolo l'affetto
Ed il favor di un Re.
Invidia, arrabbia, e freme;
Calunnia, mente, e preme;
Si stanca amor; ricopre
Obblio le più bell'opre.
E a sì grand'urti invitto
Merito ugual non v'è.

Asenet.

Offendi Faraon, se il temi ingrato.
Non sei tu Sofonea? S'Egitto è salvo,
Non è tutto opra tua? Con qual piacere
Non verranno incontro
A lui che ti diè vita? Anch'ei pur venga
Di que' beni a goder, che tu ne serbi.

Giuseppe.

Grave d'anni, e cadente, ei come esporsi
Al cammin lungo, e disastroso? E come
Soffrir potrà suo zelo il culto infame,
Che qui a tanti si porge idoli, e mostri?
Quant'ampio è l'universo,
Non ha che un sol Motore, un solo Dio,
Di verità, e di vita eterna fonte,
Degno solo che s'ami, e che s'adori...

Asenet.

E questo adoro anch'io, di cui sovente
Risonar nel tuo labbro udìa le lodi.
Tu qui a lui rendi onor. [illegible]
Sicuro, e lieto il genitor qui renda.
Parlane al Re. Che tardi? Io ti precedo.
La preghiera, e la grazia andran del pari.
Rasserena il sembiante. A te sconviene,
Innalzato al favor del regio affetto
Mostrar alma turbata, e fosco aspetto.
Quando in noi
Il Re spande i doni suoi,
Vuol mirar nel grato servo
Del favor la stima, e il pregio.
Che se mesti andar ne vede;
Allor crede,
Che quel duol sia de' suoi doni
Sconoscenza, o pur dispregio.

Giuseppe.

Funesta invidia! detestabil mostro!
Chi da tuoi morsi il mio
Beniamin mi custodisce, e guarda?

Tu, che in mio danno armasti
Gl' innocenti fratelli,
Armar contro lor potresti ancora
L' ire malvagie. Io non vi credo. Io voglio
Farne prova, e severa;
Prova, sì, che a' vostri occhi
Costi gran pianto, e poi da' miei ne sprema.
Vengasi. Ho sdegno in volto, e il cor mi trema.

Giuda.

Come? Per qual delitto
Siam tratti a guisa di ladroni e d' empi?

Ramse.

Iniqui! Voi rubaste
A Sofonea la sacra argentea tazza.
Ei vi toglie a miseria: egli vi onora:
Voi mal per ben perchè rendeste a lui?

Ruben.

Oh impostura! Oh furor! Come in sua Reggia
Osar mai tanto eccesso?
Quei non siam, che poc' anzi
Da Canaan già riportammo il prezzo? . . .

Ramse.

A perfidia non vale una baldanza.
Qui 'l Signor vostro e mio giudice avete.

Simeone.

Sofonea, quanto grande,
Tanto anche giusto, ah, che di troppo amore
N' hai colmati poc' anzi.
Questo è il nostro delitto. Invidia, o rabbia
Ci vorrian rei. C' involano ad un tratto
E roba, e fama, e libertade, e vita.
La calunnia pensata
Le tue glorie qui accresca. Il sacro vaso
Non è nostra rapina; e se in noi trovi
Il vil ladron, senza altra prova, ed arde.
Ecco, qui tutti offriamo
Il collo al ferro, il braccio alla catena.

Giuseppe.

Chi fallì, del suo fallo avrà la pena.

Ruben.

No; di noi nessun si esenti
Da' più barbari tormenti.
Rei siam tutti in un solo,
Se col reo comune avemmo
Il dover, la patria, il sangue,
Seco ancor divideremo
Vergogna, lutto, infamia, e duolo.

Giuseppe.

Il giudizio sospendo,
Sin che il furto convince. Ah, se del santo
Giacobbe ognun l' orme seguite avete,
Non avete che temer. Ma se fra di voi
Serpe un occulto delitto, e mal tacendo;
Un misero vendeste;
Un tradito innocente;
E invidia il consiglio . . . Basta. Il ciel tarda
I misfatti a punir, ma non gli oblia.

Ruben, Giuda e Simeone.

(Par ch' egli sappia la perfidia mia.)

Ramse.

La tazza alfin pur si rinvenne.

Giuseppe.

E dove?

Ramse.

Fra tanti, Signor, più ricchi doni ascosa
Beniamin l' avea.

Giuseppe.

Beniamin!

Ramse.

Quello è il suo sacco. Il furto
Vedi, e l' autor. Malizia avanza gli anni.

Beniamino.

Io rubator?

Giuseppe.

S' arresti.
Non vel diss' io, che a quel saper con cui
Leggo ne' cori i più riposti arcani,
Vano è il mentir, e mai s' adombra il vero?

Beniamino.

Oh cieli! chi di me fu più innocente?

Giuseppe.

Non più. Resti egli solo alla sua pena.
A voi tutti perdono. Itene al padre.

Beniamino.

E senza me, voi far ritorno a lui?
Che dirà? Qual conforto
Darete all' infelice? Oh Dio! Nascendo,
Diedi morte alla madre,
Torrò, morendo, anche di vita il padre.
Deh, pietà . . . (Ma non m' ascolta.)
Non di me . . . (Nè pur mi mira.)
Ma del caro . . . (Egli sospira.)
Me tuo figlio allor dicesti,
Che mi desti il primo amplesso.
Mira . . . Ascolta . . . Io son lo stesso . . .
Tu sol più non hai quel cor.

Giuseppe.

Seguilo, o Ramse, e il custodisci. Andate.

Simeone.

Dona loco a pietà, Principe eccelso.
Tu, che i popoli affreni,
A tua gloria maggior, l' ire anche doma.
Non voler quanto puoi. Salva in tuo dono
La nostra vita; e rendi
O quel misero al padre, o a noi la morte.

Giuseppe.

Finchè da Sofonea l' Egitto ha leggi,
Non si stenda il castigo
Fuori del delinquente. A sè ciascuno
Qui sol pecca, e la pena
Rei cerca, e non eredi.
Su chi trovossi il furto,
Ragione io tengo. Ei sia mio servo, e voi
Qui sparagnate invan preghi, e querele.
(Parto: a me, più che a loro, io son crudele.)

Simeone.

Ma dove, qual sen va per non udirne?

Ruben.

Indizj di pietà gli scorsi in fronte.

Simeone.

Di pietade; e ne fugge?
Quel cor, che fugge i miseri
Per non udirne i gemiti,
E per timor di vedere,
Spietata rende, e barbara
Fino la sua pietà.
Sparger con mano provvida
Grazie fallaci, e perfide,
Per farne morte più orribile,
Quando men visto il folgore,
Atto è di crudeltà.

Giuda.

Tacete; e vi sovvenga
Dotain, la cisterna, i venti sicli,
E il venduto Giuseppe. In lui peccammo.
Pianse, pregò. Sordi gli fummo; e i preghi,
Che non giunsero a noi, saliro al cielo.

Ruben.

Forse a voi non diss'io: Lungi da tanta
Malvagità? Nol dissi, e nol curaste.
Fu tradito il meschino: io non mi opposi,
O debole mi opposi.
Anche a me ne rimorde; e il sangue, e il pianto
Dell'innocente grida in noi vendetta.

Simeone.

Or qual consiglio? Partiremo? Il padre
Muore di affanno. Resteremo? Di fame.
Tutto è colpa per noi; tutto a lui morte.

Giuda.

Dio d'Israel, ben meritammo il grave
Flagel, che ne percote.
Tu vedi 'l nostro error; ma vedi ancora
Il nostro pentimento.
Pietà di noi, pietà. Tu di clemenza
Fonte inesausta sei. Tu buono. Tu pio.
Tu padre a noi. Tu creator. Tu Dio.

Ruben.

Ma vedo Sofonea. Gettiamci a terra.

Giuda.

Alle lagrime uniam singulti, e strida.

Simeone.

E dall'udito il suon gli passi al core.

Coro de' fratelli di Giuseppe.

Il petto laceri,
La chioma squallida,
Dal ciglio lagrime,
Dal petto gemiti
Mandiamo a te.
Al padre misero
Recar la flebile
Novella barbara,
No, che possibile
A noi non è.
Ma intanto a struggerlo
Va fame orribile;
E morte scorgesi,
E figli teneri
Languir al piè.

Giuseppe.

Che! Non partiste? Qual ardir? Qual speme?

Giuda.

Signor, benchè la voce
A noi strozzin sul labbro angoscia, e tema;
Pure al mio dir sospendi
Tuo grave sdegno, e mie preghiere intendi.
Quando da dura astretto
Necessità, sveller lasciossi il padre
Dalle braccia amorose, ahi, con qual forza!
Ma tale era tua legge, il caro figlio,
Sua pupilla, e suo spirto, e del secondo
Suo letto unico pegno; Bene, o figli,
Lagrimoso egli disse; e vi sovvenga,
Che della mia Rachel non m'è rimasto
Altro frutto, che questo. Il mio Giuseppe
Partì da me; poi nol rividi; e solo
Voi mel diceste, come' di belve in preda.
Ma se questo, ch'io stringo, or mi togliete
E gli avvenga per via caso funesto;
Di me che fia? L'alma angosciosa, e trista,
Del carcer frale uscirà gemendo.
Signor, tu padre avesti, o l'hai fors'ancor.
Deh, per quanto ami il tuo, pietà del nostro.
Beniamin gli rendi,
Alma dell'alma sua. Che se pur vuoi
Punire il non suo fallo, in me il punisci.
Io teco qui sarò servo. A reggere ceppi
Tenero ancora è l'altro. Anzi, e Iddio
Me fe' robusto. In pesi, in ferri, in pene,
Posso tutto soffrir; ma il padre mio
Esser cagion di morte, ah, non poss'io.
Di Giuseppe al crudo fato
Trasserti lo sventurato:
Morìa ancor; se il tenne in vita,
Che l'amor del picciol figlio.
Or se questo a lui vien meno,
Per dolor mancando in seno
Vedrem l'alma, e in un sospiro
Da noi farsi eterno esiglio.

Giuseppe.

Più non resisto. A me il garzone, o Ramne;
Lungi, o custodi, o servi.
Omai credo sinceri i vostri pianti.
Sorgete. E tu poi vieni, o mio diletto.
Come qui ancor tremando? Io son il vostro
Già perduto fratello. Io son Giuseppe.

Beniamino.

Giuseppe!

Ruben.

Oh ciel!

Simeone.

Giuseppe!

Giuda.

Miseri noi!

Giuseppe.

Giuda al timor. Fratelli,
Datemi, e ricevete amici amplessi.

Beniamino.

Perchè tanto infingerti con si gran bene?
A me perchè tacerlo? Io non t'offesi.

Giuseppe.

Del mio inganno innocente a te perdono
Chieggo, ed a voi. Già vi rendeva il mio
Beniamin: quindi a me finte, i miei
Provai la vostra fe. Varie vi regge.
Fratelli amati vi amo; e in Giuseppe
La vostra antica colpa
Oblio, e dimando amor. Nol credete?
V'amo, e Giuseppe io son. Che più temete?

Simeone.

Pietoso Sofonea!
Per Giuseppe, e fratel conoscer ne vieta.
Qual bontà! Tu ne sei Signore, e padre.

Giuda.

Oh celeste giustizia! o santi arcani!
Per non vederti, onor sen ti vendemmo;
Ed or siamo tuoi servi
Per averti venduto . . .

Giuseppe.

E Dio dispone
Col vostro stesso error la mia grandezza,
E la commun salvezza. Omai del padre
Si sovvenga. A lui tosto . . .

Aseneth.

Il Nilo, e Menfi
A lui sia patria, e a sua famiglia. I tuoi
Voti son consolati. Il Re vi assente.
Io l'annunzio tra voi.

Giuseppe.

E teco insieme
Il colmo a' miei contenti.
Son questi i miei fratelli;
E questa è la mia sposa. Andiamo, andiamo
Tutti al nostro buon Re. Ma pria qui tutti
Grazie diamo all'Eterno, onde ne viene
Ogni gioja, ogni pace, ed ogni bene.

Tutti.

Grazie diamo all'Eterno, onde ne viene
Ogni gioja, ogni pace, ed ogni bene.

Coro.

Dio salva l'innocenza. Egli l'esalta,
E l'empietà confonde; e fa vedere,
Che il furor della colpa
Sia salute, e sia gloria all'innocente.
O bella, o grata a Dio santa innocenza!
Tu resta un giorno di goder sicura;
Ma colpa in suo piacer non gode mai.

71.

Paolo Rolli.

Im Jahre 1687 in Rom geboren, wurde Rolli ein Schüler des berühmten Gravina, der ihn bei dem Prälaten Ciampini einführte. Hier machte er die Bekanntschaft eines vornehmen Engländers, der ihn lieb gewann, und ihn mit sich nach England nahm, wo er italiänischer Sprachlehrer bei den königlichen Kindern wurde. Nachdem er länger als dreißig Jahre dort gelebt, kehrte er in sein Vaterland zurück, und ließ sich zu Todi nieder, wo er 1764 starb. Er erwarb sich grosse Verdienste durch treffliche Uebersetzungen von Milton's verlornem Paradiese, Anakreon's Gedichten, Virgils Eklogen und einigen kleineren englischen Poesien; noch größern aber durch seine eigenen lyrischen Dichtungen und seine kleinen Opern, die sich durch Anmuth, Natürlichkeit und unbeschreiblichen Wohlklang höchst vortheilhaft auszeichnen.

Canzonetta.

Dorilla e che sarà
Di questa tua beltà
Che tanti alletta?
Senza goderne un dì,
No, non si può così
Restar soletta.
I tempi giovanil
D'una Beltà gentil
Somiglia un Fiore;
Campestr' e vil sarà,
Se non 'l coltiverà
La man d'Amore.
Lenta a' bei pensier,
Fuggendo dal piacer,
Fuggir l'affanno;
Se poi stagion passò,
Conosce ma non può
Lasciar l'inganno.
L'Amante suol talor
Seguir qual cacciator
La preda viva;
E in tanti affanni suoi
Ne pur la guarda poi
Quando l'arriva.
Gli è vero; ma pur v'à
Chi presa l'amerà
Com un tesoro;
Fatalle vezzi ognor,
Serralla con amor
In gabbia d'oro.
No Bella non voler
Combatter co' pensier
Sol per tuo danno:
I giorni del gioir . .
Per mai più non venir
Fuggendo vanno.
Celesta libertà
D'un cor che amor non à,
Ogg' io pur sento:

Un'Oro vil si fa
Che se Marte non dà,
Non dà Contento.
Brama di Gemm' e d'Or
Brame di van' Onor
Non l'acquieta:
Mancando, fan penar,
Nè le ne puoi saziar
Quando gli ottieni.
Un generoso Ardor
D'amore per amor
Pace è dell' Alma;
Che gli altri scorge andar
In procelloso Mar
Quand' ella è in calma.

Canzonetta.

Si beviam, vezzosa Dori
Il buon vino amar ben fa.
Freddo è Amore quand' un poco
Del suo fuoco
Bacco e Cerer' non gli dà.
Due rubatti labbra care
Dolci sono, son belle ognor;
Ma bagnate di buon vino,
Ha divino
Il color ed il sapor.
Tal' è pur chi amar ben crede
Con tutt' altro alimentar.
Quando gode lor bellezza
Vaga Figlia,
Si può bever' ed amar.

72.

Scipione Maffei.

Der Marchese S. M. ward 1675 zu Verona geboren, erhielt seine Bildung im Collegium zu Parma, und ging dann nach Rom. Von Jugend an der Poesie ergeben, suchte er einsichtsvoll gegen den Verfall der dramatischen Kunst in Italien zu wirken, und schrieb, nachdem er bereits auf theoretischem Wege gewirkt, [illegible] sein Trauerspiel Merope, welches zu seiner Zeit außerordentliches Aufsehen machte, und nach dem [illegible] Auflagen erlebte, [illegible] von jedem fremden Lande [illegible] Werk. Später machte er größere Reisen, besuchte Paris und London, wo ihm große Ehre widerfuhr, ging dann über Holland nach Wien, und kehrte darauf nach vierjähriger Abwesenheit in seine Vaterstadt zurück, wo er 1755 starb, und ihm ein prächtiges Denkmal nebst einer Statue errichtet wurden. Er erwarb sich auch als Alterthumsforscher, Geschichtschreiber, Philosoph und Theolog [illegible], und schrieb viele treffliche Schriften aus dem Gebiete dieser Wissenschaften. An poetischen Werken hinterließ er außer der bereits erwähnten Merope — [illegible] Lustspiele und einige lyrische Poesien.

Scene della Merope.

Atto IV.

Ismene; poi Merope con una Scure.

Ismene.

Or se ti piace,
Qui dunque attendi. A te ch'io più nol veggo.
Ben' in vano sperai, che fuor fede
Ei mi dovesse; e bene ancor più in vano
Mi prometteva, che in tenera et lunge
Di loggia condur lo entro. Or dove
Credi si posa, t'non sapevi: mai fuci
Lontane, ecco sepolto in alto sonno.
Ecco Regina, ecco senz' altro; ei dorme
Profondamente.

Merope.

Ed in qual parte?

Ismene.

Mira,
Vedi, se in miglior guisa, e più a suo senno
Ei ti poteva presentar fortuna.

Merope.

È vero; i giusti Dei l'han tratto al varco.
Ombra cara, inulta, e sino ad ora
Invendicata del mio figlio ucciso,
Quest' olocausto accetta, e questo sangue
Prendi, che per placarti a terra si spanga.

Polidoro. Detti.

Polidoro.

Ferma, Regina; oimè, ferma ti dico.

Merope.

Qual temerario!

Egisto.

O Dei, o Dei, soccorso!
Pur' ancor questa turba.

Merope.

Sì, sì, fuggi.

Polidoro.

T'arresta, oimè, l'arresta.

Merope.

Fuggi pure.
Per questa volta ancor da questa mano
Non sempre fuggirai, non se credessi
Di trucidarti a [illegible] al braccio.

Polidoro.

O Dei, che non m'uccidi?

Merope.

Ma tu pazzo,
Tu pagherai . . . la fuga contro il colpo
M'arresta; e qual delirio? e quale ardire?

Polidoro.

Dunque più non conosci Polidoro?

Merope.

Che?

Polidoro.

Sì, l'ascolta; sono il tuo servo antico;

Quegli son'io; e quei, ch'uccider vuoi,
Quegli è Cresfonte, e 'l figlio tuo.

Merope.

Che? vive?

Polidoro.

Se vive? non vedesti? non vorrebbe
Ei più, s'io qui non era.

Merope.

Oimè!

Polidoro.

Sostienla,
Sostienila, o figlia. L'allegrezza estrema
E l'improvviso cangiamento al core
Gli spirti invola: tosto ora, se l'hai,
Alcun sugo vital, or ben l'adopri.
Quanto ringrazio i Dei, che a sì grand'uopo
Trasserme, e lor ch'io differir non volli
Per un momento a entrar qui dentro: oh quale,
S'io qui non era, empio, inaudito, atroce
Spettacolo!

Ismene.

Son' io tutta confusa
Fra l'allegrezza, e lo stupor, che quasi
Non so quel ch'io mi faccia. O mia Regina,
Torna, fa core, ora è di viver tempo.

Polidoro.

Vedi, che già si muove, or si risente.

Merope.

Dove? dove son io? sogno? vaneggio?

Ismene.

Nè sogni, nè vaneggi. Eccoti innanzi
Il buon Polidor, che t'assicura
Del figlio tuo, non vivo sol, ma sano,
Leggiadro, forte, e presso di presente.

Merope.

Mi deludete voi? sei veramente
Tu Polidoro?

Polidoro.

Guarda pur, rimira;
Possibile, che ancor non mi ravvisi,
Se ben di questa face al dubbio lume?
A te venn'or io, perchè in più parti
A cercar di Cresfonte, e perchè ancora.

Merope.

Sì che se' desso; sì ch'io ti ravviso,
Benchè invecchiato di molto.

Polidoro.

Ma, il tempo
Non perdiam.

Merope.

E m'accerti, ch'è il mio figlio
Quel giovinetto? e non t'inganni?

Polidoro.

Come
Ingannarmi? pur or là addietro stando,
Del suo accidente, che da quella parte
Tutto m'è scoperto, ansanti ho gli occhi. Di quale
Impeto sbalordito, e qual destino
T'accecava la mente?

Merope.

O caro servo,
Empia favvami la pietà: del figlio
Il figlio stesso io l'uccisor credea.
S'accoppiar tante cose ad ingannarmi;
E l'anel, ch'io ti diedi, ad un garzone
Da lui trafitto attribuii per certo,
Ch'ei rapito l'avesse.

Polidoro.

Ei da me l'ebbe,
Benchè con ordin d'occultarlo.

Merope.

O stelle!
E sarà ver, che il sospirato tanto,
Che il sì bramato mio Cresfonte al fine
Sia in Messene? e ch'io sia la più felice
Donna del mondo?

Polidoro.

Tu di tenerezza
Fai lagrimar me ancora. O sacri nodi
Del sangue, e di natura! quanto forti
Voi siete, e quanto il nostro cor è frale!

Merope.

O Cielo! ed io alzai due volte il ferro,
Ed il colpo librai! viscere mie!
Due volte, Polidor, son'oggi stata
In questo rischio: nel pensarlo tutta
Mi raccapriccio, e mi si strugge il core.

Ismene.

Con così strani avvenimenti forse
Non vide mai favoleggiar le scene.

Merope.

Lode a i pietosi eterni Dei, che tanta
Atrocità non consentiro! e lode,
Casta Latona, a te, che tutto or miri
Dal bel carro spargendo argentino lume.
Ma dov'è il figlio mio? da questa parte
Fuggendo corse; ov'e' si sia, trovarlo
Saprai ben tu. Ma cara Ismene, io credo,
Che morrò di dolcezza in abbracciarlo,
In stringerlo, in baciarlo.

71.

Carlo Innocenzio Frugoni.

Er stammte aus einem alten Familiengeschlecht zu Genua, ward am 21 November 1692 geboren, und wurde nach vollendeten Studien Professor der Beredsamkeit zuerst in Brescia, dann in Rom. Späterhin lebte er vorzüglich in Parma, am Hofe der Herzoge Franciscus und Antonius, die seine besondern Gönner waren. 1751 wurde er Lehrer des Infanten Ferdinand, des Sohnes vom Infanten Philipp, der durch den Frieden von Aachen in den Besitz von Parma, Piacenza und Guastalla gekommen war. Im Jahre 1766 zog er sich nach seiner Vaterstadt zurück, wo er am 20 December 1768 starb. Er hinterließ sehr viele Poesien, welche später Rezzoni in einer prachtvollen Ausgabe (Parma 1779. 9 Bde in 8) sammelte, unter denen indessen viele Gelegenheitsgedichte sind; doch zeichnen sich unter den übrigen seine Oden, Canzonetten und vorzüglich seine poetischen Episteln durch Grazie, Correctheit und Geist, so wie seine [illegible] Sonette durch körnigen Witz sehr vortheilhaft aus.

Canzone.

Voi, credetelo,
Ninfe e Pastori,
Voi le Driadi
Su i primi albori
Del vostro dì,
Quando al suono rustico
Della mia canna
Belando ai pascoli
Dalla capanna
Il gregge uscì;
Voi le querce,
Che il duro aprivano
Antico cortice,
E che ne uscivano
Le Dive fuor,
Quai vaghe e semplici,
Quai boschereccie
Sembianze avevano?
Che crin! Che treccie
Sparse di fior!
Liete si presero
Le Dee per mano
E in danza mossero
Sul verde piano
L'argenteo piè;
E poscia dissero:
Il nuovo canto
Dov'è d'Arcadia?
Dov' è il [illegible]
Gentil, dov'è?
Quel cui Messenia
Die campi e greggi,
Quel, che all'Arcadiche
Vetuste leggi
Fede giurò?
Selve Ligustiche
Perchè sì presto
A noi ritoglierlo?
Molto amor questo
Bosco l'ama,
Molto le [illegible]
Mosse l'amaro,
Cui quest'armento
Di Parma caro
Bosco signor fu;
Molto pur ebbelo
Qua [illegible] in pregio;
Tanto il rendevano
Fra gli altri egregio
Grazia e Virtù.
Chi non rammentalo
Nel fiero giorno,
In cui terribile
A noi d'intorno
Marte tonò;
Allorchè intrepido
Garzon guerriero
Fra i fier pericoli
Qui il suo primiero
Valor mostrò?
Perchè a noi rendere
D'altri le chiome
Allori [illegible],
E maggior nome
Qui riportar?
E tante amabili
Ai [illegible] [illegible]
Facendo accoglienze,
Poi queste arene
Abbandonar?
Fra noi dicevasi:
Al prode [illegible]
Gentil Ingegno
Di [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] s'aggira,
Dove il Parnaso
Bosco [illegible]
Fior di [illegible]
Ombroso e lieto
Per noi si fa.
Vedremo gl'incogniti
Di Senna accenti
L'onde sospendere,
Fermare i venti
Col nuovo suon;
E i Toschi numeri
Ovunque [illegible]
[illegible] dall' [illegible]
Silvestre avena
Al [illegible].
Se fia, che ai boschi
Carmi ei volga,
E d'Amarillide,
Oppur si dolga
D'Egle crudel,
Versi [illegible]
Ai pastorali
Suoni [illegible], e [illegible]
Amor su l'ali
Vedremo in Ciel.
Ma dicevasi
Di suo bell'armi,
Non senza [illegible]
D'illustri carmi
Un tenero ardor,
E l'elmo affiggervi,
E il brando lucido,
Che le battaglie
Di sangue, e morte
Fe rosseggiar
Speravamo [illegible]
Fama alle [illegible]

Foreste Liguri
E lui vedere
Nostro Pastor.
Guidar le candide
Lanose agnelle,
E belle accendere
Le Pastorelle
Di un Candor;
Ma vano e credulo
Fu nostro speme:
Lasciò, e il Genio
Dell' Arti insieme
Seco portò.
Ah! se l'apprendo
Così dicea,
Perchè non l'invida
Volubil Dea
Lel consentì!
Alla memoria
Pur qui ne resti
Di lui l'immagine
Nascosa tra questi
Boschi ombrosi,
Con spesso spargere
Noi mirti e rose,
E i Fauni deliziosi
Le rispettose
Fronti curvar.
E scritto incidasi;
Questa scolpita
Sotto durevole
Al grande Esito
Si consacri;
Dove inchinandola
Pastor, ed Erba
Delle sue Pianti
Del primo Albero
La corona.

Al Sig. Co. Aurelio Bernieri.

Bernier, su quest' Arcano, i' non so, come
Dirlo me stesso, che il Cacciator non lungi
Rammemorando per le antiche steppe
Scrive sonnacchioso, e su le lor reti
Cercando le pendici, intento spoglio
Rammentar de l'ali, e de la fuga:
Se ne pende di buon mattino un sir
Di ciò, oltre l'uso. Su le sue palpebre
Vapor leggero di sonno scorre
Più poggi nessuno Morfeo diffonde,
E vede, ami non mai ancora veggio
La natura de i Lidi, e degli Amanti
Ridenti Sposa, che de i lieti vedrà
Del rugoso Titon lasciar s'affretta
I caldi amplessi, e le odorate piume
Por non goduto le vegghianti cure
Pur rompente su placida quiete

Presi a pensar sotto le molli coltri
A me sì care, or che sentir si fanno
A i delicati ed a i Poeti infeste
Le fresche mattutine aure d'Autunno,
Presi, dico, a pensar, per quanto vie
Dessosa d'onor schiera d'ingegni
Poggiar s'affanni sul famoso Monte
Per aver colassù, se pure a Febo
Sarà in grado e a le Dee dotte ghirlanda
Di sacro Lauro, e d'amoroso Mirto.
Questi tentando su le dubbie scene
Di mutate fortune illustri esempli
Grave si calza il Sofocleo Coturno,
E quando estima in Teatrale Arena
Del taciturno Popolo, che ascolta
Di secreto terror compungere l'Alme,
E di pietade, che furtiva i volti
D'inaspettate lagrime cosperga.
Vede negletta, e come suonar fredda
L'annoiata turba, che su i folti scanni
Si torce sbadigliando, e bassa chiede
Che d'alto in giù la mal sospesa tela
Caggia, e l'augusto scenico lucerna.
Quegli in cor volge, e ne le lunghe notti,
E su le chete, e limpide mattine
Va meditando, se pur possa a i fonti
Ber del molle Petrarca, e graziosamente
Com'egli fece, sfavillar d'amore.
Altri poi schivo di servil catena
Prova, se col favor de l'alma Euterpe
Possa emulando il Savonese ardito
Nove tentar vie, nove colori;
Orme cantando, e su le proprie penne
Libero, e nuovi Cigni, a i Numi alzarsi;
Ma chi da Sorga a i porti mai attinga
Raro è assai più, che mai d'intatto giunga
L'angel che ardendo in adorno segno
Incontro al Sol del cener suo risorgi;
So ben, che sostener immensa furia
Del maggior Tosco poche sanno, e poche
Riverche pianette, e molto meno
Mai mi sono visti difendendosi, e d'arte
Volti, e di genio a gran fatica adorno,
E povera del suo, mal fra suoi versi,
Senza rossor del dissimulato furto,
Par s'argomenta, e d'ostentar non pave
Splendenti strascie di purpureo panno.
Chi poi vago di gir per nuove intatte
Da' poetici piè strade, che prima
Pindaro impresse, e con felice ardire
Flacco poi corse, e rinalzò di poi
Il Savonese mio, che primier seppe
Farsi d'immagini vive, e caldo il cuore
Armar di favelle, e di Latine corde
L'Itala cetra, oh come a i passi incerti
In mal sicuro cammin sente, che in breve
Manca lena, e consiglio, e come tardi
Scorge, che a pochi da le Muse è dato

Stampar potesse, e memorabil orma
Su quei sentier ricchi di luce, e sparsi
Di velato saper, che de l' ignaro
Volgo lunge gli sguardi, e i Sacri fonti
[illegible] di maraviglia e di diletto!
Io più ch' altri, mel so, che mal soffrendo
Soverchie leggi al poetar prescritte
Sulle feconde d' [illegible] strade,
Non senza studio, di natura tolsi,
Come de la Miglior Maestra prima
Ir secondando i buon principj, e i modi;
E quei mostrati, che mostro, ed altro
Senza contezza a confrontar con l' onda
Fra 'l nostro favor si lascia addietro
Le sue segnate, e l' ascosa riva,
Ne le [illegible] grande, e ne l' esperto
Brama affidato, e ne l' audace petto,
Senza sostegno, e guida anch' io credei
Trarre potei per l' Apollineo Regno
Prender, qual mi piacea lunge da gli altri
Nuovo viaggio, e forse il presi, e forse,
Quando, ma fatte poi maggior' vedea,
Vien di mio nome [illegible] a schermo
Le grida sacre, e le cagioni di morte,
Ne fora fede negli lontani tempi
Render pur saprei, e ne' miei carmi
Non sola certa [illegible] vaghezza
Di forme, e di fantasmi, e certo dono
Facile di cantar, ma pur fra i lumi
Del difficile stil, come fra belle
Alcune tinte [illegible] Madonna
Trovata in volte quell' egregie cose,
Che avventuramente trar Poeti accetto
Da le scene, e dir s' udrà: Costui
Vale, e conchiuse ancor le illustri scole,
Come per mezzo suo, che dopo Plauto,
L' altro del mar, e de i giorni suoi,
E il candido Terenzio segnogli il primo
Menandro, e a i teatri di pregio à le Tosche
Forbite leggiadre nuove Commedie accrescer,
Tornare, bel vedi. A fatica fosti sembra
Compresa l' umil scene, e sul Teatro
Condur molti gran savj, e troppo dolce
[illegible] Madre, e semplicetta Figlia,
Che di servito Amor pompa più vede,
O indocile garzon, che al ben [illegible],
E rigido braccio del Padre avaro
Tenda [illegible] avanzi, e a goder data
E' suo possente, l' avarizia non cura;
Ma quando ne questa fatica grande
Fra molte i pensi [illegible], ch quando [illegible]
Non prevedute, [illegible]
Il [illegible], dove [illegible] rompe,
Che [illegible], senza danno
Tempesti [illegible], che non desti,
Ed [illegible] con piacer [illegible]
Il grande, e vario popolar costume.
Italia pensai, ch' altri salire in grido
Potria per la sublime Epica tromba,
Che un nuovo Achille, o un redivivo Ulisse,
O l' insigne parte d' un' altro Enea,
E d' un' altro Goffredo al Cielo ergesse;
Ma, se il Meonio, e se il Cantor di Manto,
O se non alza da l' estremo Avello
Il gran Torquato l' onorata fronde,
Prendera [illegible] da quel sasso alloro,
Dove da tai Maestri [illegible] contenta
Di propria mano la scrisse Apollo.
Questi, ed altri pensier, che per la mente
Come di Maggio ad Alveare intorno
Ronzanti pecchie, a me giravan in frotta
L' un dopo l' altro si movevano a guerra,
Troppo, e [illegible] altri [illegible], che [illegible]
D' Italiche [illegible], e d' [illegible] sponda
Lungo [illegible] mi [illegible] un Sogno
Di Cinese lavoro. Io la mia perdi
Al Nettuno [illegible], e [illegible] a nuoto
A nuovo l' alto [illegible], se s' addita,
Dove fra me, quando col [illegible] aperse
Il prezioso [illegible] acque in Parnaso.
E [illegible] ed questa Oriental bevanda
Ma l' Aganippe, e l' Ippocrene ancor
[illegible] di dirsi per l' universo, e [illegible]
Chiama di Febo, per cui dir non può,
[illegible] Aurelio mio, se pur nei studi,
[illegible], e il letto abbandonai d' un salto.

74.

Pietro Metastasio.

Pietro Trapassi, genannt Metastasio, ward am 3. Januar 1698 [illegible] geboren, und [illegible] schon sehr früh [illegible] Talent, [illegible]. Der [illegible] Gravina [illegible] gab ihm eine [illegible] Erziehung, und [illegible], als er ihn [illegible] 1718 in seinem Testamente [illegible]. Metastasio gab nun das Studium der Rechte auf, und widmete sich ganz poetischen Beschäftigungen. Sein Ruf verbreitete sich bald durch ganz Europa, und Apostolo Zeno [illegible] den Kaiser Karl VI. ihn zu seinem Nachfolger [illegible]. [illegible] ging er 1730 als Hofdichter nach Wien, wo er, allgemein verehrt, [illegible] am 12. April 1782 starb. Als lyrisch dramatischer Dichter steht er noch immer unübertroffen da, und [illegible] Sprache zu behandeln verstanden, [illegible]. Er hinterließ eine Anzahl von Opern, Melodramen, Oratorien, Cantaten, Canzonetten, Sonetten, eine Uebersetzung der Poetik des Horaz und einige kritische Schriften in Prosa.

La Passione di Gesù Cristo.

Interlocutori.

Pietro. Maddalena. Giovanni. Giuseppe d'Arimatea. Coro de' Seguaci di Gesù.

Parte prima.

Pietro.

Dove son? Dove corro?
Chi regge i passi miei? Dopo il mio fallo
Non ritrovo più pace,
Fuggo gli sguardi altrui, vorrei celarmi
Fino a me stesso. In mille affetti ondeggia
La confusa alma mia. Sento i rimorsi;
Accuso la viltade, il mio desire
Sprona e la speme, e la dubbiezza interrompe;
Di tema agghiaccio, e di vergogna avvampo.
Ogni augello, che ascolto,
Accusator dell'incostanza mia
L'augel nunzio del dì parmi, che sia.
Ingratissimo Pietro!
Chi sa, se vive il tuo Signore? A caso
Gli ordini suoi non sentirti ancora.
Perchè langue, e si oscura
Fra le tenebre il Sole? A che la terra
Scossa in parte altrui trema, e vien meno,
E le rupi spezzando aprono il seno?
Ah che gelar mi sento?
Nulla so, temo assai, tutto pavento.
Giacchè mi turba in seno,
Esci dagli occhi almeno
Tutto disciolto in lagrime,
Dolente, ingrato cor.
Piangi, ma piangi tanto,
Che possa il pianto
Del vero tuo dolor.
Ma qual dolente stuolo
S'appressa a me? Si chieda
Del mio Signor novella. Oh Dio! Che in volto
Di sciagura ritratto,
Tremo ascoltar, chi mi risponda, è morto.

Coro de' Seguaci di Gesù.

Quanto costa il tuo delitto,
Sconsigliata umanità!

Pietro.

All'idea di quelle pene,
Che il tuo Dio per te sostiene,
Tutto geme il Mondo afflitto,
Sola tu non hai pietà.

Coro.

Quanto costa il tuo delitto,
Sconsigliata umanità.

Pietro, e detti.

Pietro.

Maddalena, Giovanni,
Giuseppe, amici, il mio Gesù respira?
O pur fra i suoi tiranni... Ah voi piangete!
In quel pallore, in quelle,
Che dalle stanche ciglia
Tarde lagrime esprime il lungo affanno,
Veggo tutto il mio danno,
Leggo l'orror di questo dì tremendo.
Ah tacete, tacete; intendo, intendo.

Maddalena.

Vorrei dirti il mio dolore
Ma dal labbro i mesti accenti
Mi ritornano sul core
Più dolenti a risonar.
Ed appena al seno oppresso
È permesso
L'interrotto sospirar.
Oh più di noi felice,
Pietro, che non mirasti
L'adorato maestro in mezzo agli empj,
Tratto al Preside ingiusto, ignudo a i colpi
De' flagelli inumani
Vivo sangue grondar; trafitto il capo
Da spinoso diadema, avvolto il seno
Di porpora ingiuriosa, esposto in faccia
All'ingrata Sionne, udir le strida,
Soffrir la vista, e tollerar lo scorno
Del popol reo, che gli fremea d'intorno.

Giuseppe.

Chi può ridirti, oh Dio!
Qual divenne il mio cor, quando inviato
Sul Calvario a morire io lo mirai
Gemer sotto l'incarco
Del grave tronco, e per lo sparso sangue,
Quasi tremula canna,
Vacillare, e cader? Corsi, gridai;
Ma da' fieri custodi
Respinto indietro, al mio Signor caduto
Appressar non potei; piangendo aiuto
Torbido mar, che freme,
Alle querele, a i voti
Del passeggier, che teme,
Sordo così non è;
Fiera così spietata
Non han le selve Ircane,
Gerusalemme ingrata,
Che rassomigli a te.

Pietro.

Oh barbari! Oh crudeli!

Maddalena.

Ah Pietro, è poco,
A paragon del resto,
Quanto ascoltasti.

Giovanni.

Oh se veduto avessi,
Come vid'io, sul doloroso monte
Del mio Signor lo scempio! Altri gli svelle
Le congiunte alle piaghe
Tenaci spoglie; altri lo preme, e spinge,

E col tronco disteso
Lo riduce a cader; questi s'affretta
Nel porlo in croce, e gl'incurvati chiodi
Va congiungendo talor; quegli le membra
Tirando a forza al lungo tronco adatta.
Chi stromenti ministra;
Chi s'affolla a mirarlo, e chi sudando
Freme nell'opra indebolito, e stolto
Dell'infame sudor gli bagna il volto.
  Come a vista di pene sì fiere
    Non v'armaste di fulmini, o sfere,
    In difesa del vostro Fattor!
  Ah v'intendo. La mente infinita
    La grand'opra non volle impedita,
    Che dell'uomo compensa l'error.

Pietro.

  E la madre frattanto
In mezzo all'empie squadre,
Giovanni, che facea?

Giovanni.

  Misera madre!

Maddalena.

  Fra i perversi ministri
Penetrar non potea. Ma quando vide
Già sollevato in croce
L'unico figlio, e di sue membra il peso
Su le trafitte mani
Tutto aggravarsi, impaziente accorre:
Di sostenerlo in atto, il tronco abbraccia,
Piange, lo bacia; e fra i dolenti baci
Scorre confuso intanto
Del figlio il sangue, e della madre il pianto.
  Potea quel pianto,
    Potea quel sangue
    Nel cor più barbaro
    Destar pietà.
  Pure a que' perfidi
    Maria, che langue,
    È nuovo stimolo
    Di crudeltà.

Pietro.

  Come inventar potea
Pena maggior la crudeltade Ebrea?

Giuseppe.

  Sì, l'inventò. Del moribondo figlio
Sotto i languidi sguardi
Dal tronco, a cui si stringe,
L'addolorata madre è svelta a forza.
A forza s'allontana,
Geme, si volge, ascolta
La voce di Gesù, che langue in Croce;
E s'incontran gli sguardi. Oh sguardi! oh voce!

Pietro.

  Che disse mai?

Giovanni.

  Dall'empie turbe oppressi
Me vide, e lei. Fra i suoi tormenti intese
Forse de' nostri, e alternamente allora
L'uno all'altro accennando
Con la voce, e coi cigli,
Me provvide di madre, e lei di figlio.

Pietro.

  Tu nel duol felice sei,
    Che di figlio il nome avrai
    Su le labbra di colei,
    Che nel seno un Dio portò.
  Non invidio il tuo contento;
    Piango sol, che il fallo mio,
    Lo conosco, lo rammento,
    Tanto ben non meritò.

Giovanni.

  Dopo un pegno sì grande
D'amore, e di pietà, pensa, qual fosse,
Pietro, la pena mia. Veder l'amara
Bevanda offerta alla sua sete; udirlo
Nell'estreme agonie, Tutto è compito,
Esclamare altamente; e verso il petto
Inclinando la fronte,
Vederlo in faccia alle perverse squadre
Esalar la grand'alma in seno al Padre.

Pietro.

  Vi sento, oh Dio, vi sento
    Rimproveri pesanti
    Del mio passato error!

Maddalena.

  V'ascolto, oh Dio, v'ascolto,
    Rimorsi tormentosi,
    Tutti d'intorno al cor.

Pietro.

  Fu la mia colpa atroce
    Fu de' miei falli il peso,
    Che lo ridusse in croce,
    Offeso mio Signor,
  A tanti tuoi martirj
    Ogni astro si scolora.

Pietro.

  E soffri, ch'io respiri,

Maddalena.

  E non m'uccidi ancora,
    Debole mio dolor?

Coro.

  Di qual sangue, o mortale, oggi fu d'uopo
Quella macchia a lavar, che dall'impuro
Contaminato fonte in te deriva!
Ma grato, e non superbo
Ti renda il benefizio. Eguale a questo
L'obbligo è in te. Quant'è più grande il dono,
Chi n'abusa, è più reo. Pensaci, e trema.
Del Redentor lo scempio
Porta salute al giusto, e morte all'empio.

Parte seconda.

Pietro.

  Ed insepolto ancora
È l'estinto Signor?

Giuseppe.

Per opra mia
Già lo racchiude un fortunato marmo.

Pietro.

A lui dunque si vada;
S' adori almen la preziosa spoglia.

Maddalena.

Fermati. Il Sol già cade. Il nuovo giorno
Destinato è al riposo. A noi conviene
Cessar da ogni opra.

Giovanni.

E forse
Inutile sarebbe il nostro zelo.

Pietro.

Perchè?

Giovanni.

Già di custodi
Cinto il marmo sarà. Temon gli Ebrei,
Che il sepolto maestro
Da noi s' involi, e la di lui promessa
Di risorger s' avveri. Empj! Saranno
Veraci i detti suoi per vostro danno:
Ritornerà fra voi
Non fra le palme accolto,
Non mansueto in volto
Al plauso popolar;
Ma di flagelli armato,
Come il vedeste poi
Del tempio profanato
L' oltraggio vendicar.

Giuseppe.

Qual terribil vendetta
Sovrasta a te, Gerusalemme infida!
Il divino presagio
Fallir non può. Già di veder mi sembra
Le tue mura distrutte; a terra sparsi
Gli archi, le torri; incenerito il tempio;
Dispersi i sacerdoti, in lacci avvolte
Le vergini, le spose; il sangue, il pianto,
Inondar le tue strade; il ferro, il fuoco
Assorbire in un giorno
De' secoli il sudor. Farà la tema
Gli amici abbandonar; farà l' orrore
Bramar la morte; e l' ostinata fame,
Pervertendo umanità severa,
Farà cibo alle madri i figli istessi.
All' idea de' tuoi perigli,
All' orror de' mali immensi
Io m' agghiaccio, e tu non pensi
Le tue colpe a detestar.
Ma te stessa alla ruina
Forsennata incalzi, e premi;
E quel fulmine non temi,
Che vedesti lampeggiar.

Pietro.

Le minacce non teme
Il popolo infedel, perchè di Dio
L' onnipotente prole
Non conosce in Gesù. Stupido! E pure
In Betania l' intese
Dalla gelida tomba
Lazzaro richiamar. Vide a un suo cenno
Su le mense di Cana
Il cangiato licor. Con picciol' esca
Vide saziar la numerosa fame,
Delle turbe digiune. Ah di lui parli
Di Tiberiade il mare
Stabile ai passi suoi. Parli di lui,
Chi libera agli accenti
Sciolse per lui la lingua,
Non uso a favellar; chi aprì le ciglia
Inesperte alla luce. E se non basta
La serie de' portenti
A convincervi ancora, anime stolte,
È la mancanza in voi, che in faccia al lume
Fra l' ombre delirate,
E per non dirvi cieche, empie vi fate.
Se la pupilla inferma
Non può fissarsi al Sole,
Colpa del Sol non è,
Colpa è di chi non vede,
Ma crede in ogni oggetto
Quell' ombra, quel difetto
Che non conosce in se.

Maddalena.

Pur dovrebbe in tal giorno
Ogn' incredulo cor farsi fedele.

Giovanni.

Quanto d' arcano, e di presagio avvolse
Di più secoli il corso, oggi si svela.
Non serra alto mistero
Il sacro vel, che il Santuario ascose,
Si squarciò, si divise
Al morir di Gesù. Questo è la luce,
Che al popolo smarrito
Le notti rischiarò. Questo è la verga,
Che in fonti di salute
Apre i macigni. Il Sacerdote è questo
Fra la vita, e la morte
Pietoso mediator, l' arca, la tromba
Che Gerico distrusse, il figurato
Verace Giosuè, ch' oltre il Giordano
Da tanti affanni alla promessa terra,
Padre in un punto, e duce;
La combattuta umanità conduce.
Dovunque il guardo giro,
Immenso Dio, ti vedo;
Nell' opre tue t' ammiro,
Ti riconosco in me.
La terra, il mar, le sfere
Parlan del tuo potere;
Tu sei per tutto, e noi
Tutti viviamo in te.

Maddalena.

Giovanni, anch' io lo so, per tutto è Dio;
Ma intanto ai nostri sguardi
Più visibil non è. Dov' è quel volto
Consolator de' nostri affanni? Il labbro,

Che in fonte di sapienza
Per noi s'aprì? La generosa mano
Prodiga di portenti? Il ciglio avvezzo
A destarci nel seno
Fiamme di carità? Tutto perdemmo,
Miseri, al suo morire. Ei n'ha lasciati
Dispersi, abbandonati,
In mezzo a gente infida,
Soli, senza consiglio, e senza guida.
  Ai passi erranti
    Dubbio è il sentiero;
    Non han le stelle
    Per noi splendor.
  Siamo naviganti
    Senza nocchiero,
    E siamo agnelle
    Senza pastor.

Pietro.

  Non senza guida, o Maddalena, e soli
N'abbandonò Gesù. Nella sua vita
Mille, e mille ci lascia
Esempj ad imitar. Nella sua morte
Ci lascia mille, e mille
Simboli di virtù. Le sacre tempie
Coronate di spine i rei pensieri
Insegnano a fugar. Dalle sue mani
Crudelmente trafitte
L'avare voglie ad abborrir s'impara.
E la bevanda amara
Rimprovero al piacer. Norma è la croce
Di tolleranza infra i disastri umani.
Che da lui non s'apprende? In ogni accento,
In ogni atto ammaestra. In lui diviene
L'incredulo fedele,
L'invido generoso, ardito il vile,
Cauto l'audace, ed il superbo umile.
Or di sua scuola il frutto
Vuol rimirare in noi. Da noi s'asconde,
Per vederne la prova. E se vacilla
La nostra speme, e la virtù smarrita,
Tornerà, non temete, a darne aita.
  Se a librarsi in mezzo all'onde
    Incomincia il fanciulletto
    Con la man gli regge il petto
    Il canuto nuotator.
  Poi si scosta, e attento il mira;
    Ma se teme in lui comprende
    Lo sostiene, e lo riprende
    Del suo facile timor.

Maddalena.

  Ah dal felice marmo
Presto risorga.

Giovanni.

  Ei sorgerà. Saranno
Questi oggetti d'affanno
Oggetti di contento.

Giuseppe.

  Al suo sepolcro
Verranno un dì, verranno
Supplici i duci, e pellegrini i Regi.

Pietro.

  Sarà l'eccelso legno
Ai fedeli difesa,
All'inferno terror, trionfo al Cielo.

Maddalena.

  Da quest'arbore ogni alma
Raccoglierà salute.

Giuseppe.

  In questo segno
Vinceranno i Monarchi.

Giovanni.

  Appresso a questo
Trionfante vessillo
All'acquisto del Ciel volgere i passi
La ricomprata umanità vedrassi.

Coro.

  Santa speme, tu sei
Mostra all'alme nostre
Del divino favor. L'amore accendi,
La fede accresci, ogni timor disciogli.
Tu pietosa germogli
Fra le lagrime nostre, e tu c'insegni
Ne' dubbj passi dell'umana vita
A confidar nella celeste aita.

La Libertà.

Grazie agl'inganni tuoi,
  Al fin respiro, o Nice,
  Al fin d'un infelice
  Ebber gli Dei pietà.
    Sento da' lacci suoi,
  Sento che l'alma è sciolta;
  Non sogno questa volta,
  Non sogno libertà.
Mancò l'antico ardore,
  E son tranquillo a segno,
  Che in me non trova sdegno
  Per mascherarsi amor.
    Non cangio più colore,
  Quando il tuo nome ascolto;
  Quando ti miro in volto,
  Più non mi batte il cor.
Sogno, ma te non miro
  Sempre ne' sogni miei;
  Mi desto, e tu non sei
  Il primo mio pensier.
    Lungi da te m'aggiro,
  Senza bramarti mai;
  Son teco e non mi fai
  Nè pena, nè piacer.
Di tua beltà ragiono,
  Nè intenerir mi sento;
  I torti miei rammento,
  E non mi so sdegnar.
    Confuso più non sono,
  Quando mi vieni appresso;

Col mio rivale istesso
Posso di te parlar.
Volgimi il guardo altero,
Parlami in volto umano;
Il tuo disprezzo è vano,
E vano il tuo favor.
Che più l' usato impero
Quei labbri in me non hanno;
Quegli occhi più non sanno
La via di questo cor.
Quel, che or m' alletta, o spiace,
Se lieto, o mesto or sono,
Già non è più tuo dono,
Già colpa tua non è.
Che senza te mi piace
La selva, il colle, il prato;
Ogni soggiorno ingrato
M' annoia ancor con te.
Odi, s' io son sincero;
Ancor mi sembri bella,
Ma non mi sembri quella,
Che paragon non ha.
E (non t' offenda il vero)
Nel tuo leggiadro aspetto
Or vedo alcun difetto,
Che mi parea beltà.
Quando lo stral spezzai,
Confesso il mio rossore,
Spezzar m' intesi il core,
Mi parve di morir.
Ma per uscir di guai,
Per non vedersi oppresso,
Per racquistar se stesso,
Tutto si può soffrir.
Nel visco, in cui s' avvenne
Quell' augellin talora
Lascia le penne ancora,
Ma torna in libertà.
Poi le perdute penne
In pochi dì rinnova,
Cauto divien per prova,
Nè più tradir si fa.
So, che non credi estinto
In me l' incendio antico,
Perchè sì spesso il dico,
Perchè tacer non so.
Quel naturale istinto,
Nice, a parlar mi sprona,
Per cui ciascun ragiona
De' rischi, che passò.
Dopo il crudel cimento
Narra i passati sdegni
Di sue ferite i segni
Mostra il guerrier così.
Mostra così contento
Schiavo, che uscì di pena,
La barbara catena,
Che strascinava un dì.
Parlo, ma sol parlando
Me sodisfar procuro;
Parlo, ma nulla io curo
Che tu mi presti fè.
Parlo, ma non dimando,
Se approvi i detti miei,
Nè se tranquilla sei
Nel ragionar di me.
Io lascio un' incostante;
Tu perdi un cor sincero;
Non so di noi primiero,
Chi s' abbia a consolar.
So, che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice,
Che un altra ingannatrice
È facile a trovar.

Il Ciclope.

Polifemo e Galatea.

Polifemo.

Deh tacete una volta,
Garrule Ninfe. A che narrarmi ogn' ora,
Barbare, i torti miei? Qual inumano
Diletto mai nel tormentarmi avete?
Galatea d' Aci è amante, il so; tacete.
Ma l' empia del mio duolo
Non riderà gran tempo. Eccola. Oh Dei!
Qual volto sì mi alletta,
Ch' io mi scordo l' offesa, e la vendetta.
Mio cor, tu prendi a scherno
E folgori, e procelle;
E poi due luci belle
Ti fanno palpitar.
Qual nuovo moto interno
Prendi da quei sembianti?
Quai non usati incanti
T' insegnano a tremar?
Galatea, dove fuggi? Ah senti, ah lascia
Quell' onde amare. E qual piacer ritrovi
Fra' procellosi flutti
Sempre a guizzar? La tua beltà non merta
Di nascondersi al sol. Ne temi forse
Gli ardenti raggi? All' ombra mia potrai
Posar sicura, io lusingar col canto
Voglio i tuoi sonni; e se d' amor non soffre,
Ch' io ti parli, o tiranna, il tuo rigore,
Il giuro a te, non parlerò d' amore.

Galatea.

Ma qual beltà pretendi,
Ch' ami in te Galatea? Quel vasto ciglio,
Che t' ingombra la fronte?
Quelle rivali al monte
Selvose spalle? Il rabbuffato crine,
L' ispido mento, o la terribil voce,
Ch' io distinguer non so, se mugge, o tuona
Che fa tremar, quando d' amor ragiona?

Polifemo.

Ah ingrata! agli occhi tuoi

Meno rival sarei, se nel pensiero
Aci ogn' or non avessi.

Galatea.

E' vero, è vero.
E' ver, mi piace
Quel volto amato,
E ad altra face
Non arderò
Finchè il mio bene
Non trovi ingrato,
Ma di catene
Non cangerò.

Polifemo.

A Polifemo in faccia
Parli, o stolta, così? Vantarmi ardisce
Dunque il rival? Sai, che un offeso amore
Furor si fa? Che qual sicuro asilo
È il mar per te? Che svella
Dalle radici sue l' Etna fumante
Basterebbe? Che opprimerò, s' io voglia
Fra quelle vie profonde
E Teti, e Dori, e quanti numi han l' onde
Tremi per Aci, ingrata,
Trema, ingrata, per te. S' ei più ritorna
Teco a scherzar sul lido,
Del mio furor . . .

Galatea.

Del tuo furor mi rido.

Polifemo.

Del mio sdegno il tuo diletto
Dove mai fuggir potrà?

Galatea.

Nel mio seno avrà ricetto;
Ed Amor l' assisterà.

Polifemo.

E il mio duol? Le mie querele?

Galatea.

Non mi muovono a pietà

Polifemo.

Con mostrarti a me crudele,

Galatea.

Con mostrarti a lui crudele.
A 2 Tu m' insegni crudeltà,
A 2 Credi a me, cangia consiglio;

Polifemo.

Morirà, nel suo periglio.

Galatea.

Crescerà nel suo periglio.

Polifemo.

La tua stolta fedeltà.

Galatea.

La mia bella fedeltà.

La Strada della Gloria.

Già l' ombrosa del giorno atra nemica
Di silenzio coperta, e di timore
L' immenso volto alla gran madre antica
Tolto agli oggetti il solito colore
Più non prestava, ed all' aratro appresso
Riposava lo stanco agricoltore.
Movean i sogni il vol tacito, e spesso,
Destando de' mortali entro il pensiero
L' immagini dell' alta quiete oppresso.
Sol io vegliava fra cure aspre, e severe,
Com' egro suol, che trae l' ore importune,
Ne discerne ei medesmo il suo volere.
Al fin con l' ali placide, e secrete
Sen venne il sonno, e le mie luci asperse
Dello squallido acquoso umor di Lete.
Tosto l' occulto gelo al cor discese,
E quel poter, per cui si vede, e sente,
Dall' uffizio del dì l' alma sospese.
Tacquero intorno all' agitata mente
L' acerbe cure, e inaspettato oggetto
Al sopito pensier si fe presente.
Parmi in un verde prato esser ristretto,
Cui difendon le piante in largo giro
Dall' ingiuria del Sol l' erboso letto.
Picciol ruscel con torto piè rimira,
Che desta nel cammin gigli, e viole
Pingendo il margo d' Oriental zaffiro;
Chiaro così, che se fortuna vuole
E cui Febo irraggiar su l' onde molle,
Tornan dal fondo illesi i rai del Sole.
Dall' un de' lati al pian accostato un colle
Tutto sassoso, e ruvido al basso,
Ascende poi là, dove il giogo estolle.
Di lucido piropo in cima al sasso
Scorgesi un tempio, ch' a mirarlo intento,
Lo sguardo se ritorna debile e lasso.
Veggonsi in varie parti a cento a cento
Quei, che per alta disastrosa strada
Salir l' eccelso colle hanno talento.
La difficile impresa altri non bada,
Ma tratto dal desio s' inoltra, e sale,
Onde avvien poi, che vergognoso cada.
Altri con forza al desiderio eguale
Supera l' erta; e l' empia turba imbelle
Gravchia; e si gode di favor mortale.
In me, che l' alme fortunate, e belle
Tant' oltre miro, la via scabra, e strana
Desio s' accende a camminar con quelle.
Qual lioncin, che vede dalla tana
Fremer il fiero padre al suo furore
Nel fianco aperto d' empia fiera insana,
Anch' ei dimostra il generoso core
Fere ruggendo, e va le sparse sangue
Su le fauci a lambir del genitore.
Tal io, addetto a tanta impresa langue
L' infermo passo, per voler non tardo,
Chi cada, o nel cader rimanga esangue.
E 'l giovanil ardor, che mi fa presso,
Oltre mi spinge, e a scegliere non discerno,
Se sia miglior cammino quello di questo.
Ma chi darà l' ingegno di ridire,
Ch' comporre il lume puro? Ahimè meschino!
Oh al bene egual tenacemente tiranno caro!

In van speri quel premio, che ripose
Alle fatiche il Ciel, s' altro non sei,
Che impercio alle grand' alme, e generose.
Muovo per l' erta costa i passi miei;
Ma le turbe crudeli mi fa d' intorno,
Tal che restarne oppresso io mi credei.
Altri ride sbeffando, e mi fa scorno,
Altri mi spinge acerbamente indietro,
E vuol, ch' al basso suol faccia ritorno.
Altri con urli in spaventoso metro
L' orecchio offende, e fa incurvar le ciglia,
O m' appesta col fiato infausto, e tetro.
Co' denti altri, e coll' unghie a me s' appiglia,
Nè pria rimuove la livida faccia,
Che la bocca, e la man non sia vermiglia.
Altri, ch' altro non puote, i piè m' abbraccia,
E se non giunge a darmi maggior duolo,
Il lembo almen delle mie vesti straccia.
Io fra la rabbia del maligno stuolo,
Confuso di mia scarsa ragione irato,
Che far poteva abbandonato, e solo?
Già sono di sudor molle, e bagnato,
Già mi palpita il core, anela il petto,
Lacerti ho i panni, e sanguinoso il lato.
Già l' ardente desio cede al difetto
Del mio poter; ma venne a darmi aita
Del buon maestro il venerato aspetto
R[illegible] la gioconda [illegible]
Dal lungo studio, e 'l magistrale impero,
Che l' ampia fronte gli adornava in vita.
A me rivolto il ciglio non severo,
Da cui [illegible] sbanir [illegible] solea
Delle mie labbra i moti, e del pensiero
E [illegible] a quella turba [illegible], e [illegible]
[illegible], e la cui mano mi prese;
Deh sorgi, o figlio, e non temer [illegible].
Alla voce, alla vista un gel mi scosse
Dal capo al piè le più segrete vene,
[illegible] del mio timor s' arresta;
E [illegible] soggiunse; ah non [illegible]
Così di tema [illegible]
Se la mia man ti guida, e ti sostiene,
Quel [illegible], ch' intorno al [illegible] raccolto,
Fra che [illegible] i nostri mali,
[illegible] in lacrime disciolto
E dissi; oh padre, che fra noi sei,
Se, poi che mi lasciasti in abbandono,
[illegible] e guida, che locai in te perdei;
E se qualche [illegible], e quando io sono,
Fuor che la prima [illegible] spoglia,
Di tua voce, di tua mano è tutto dono;
Ah [illegible], che in pianto si discioglie
L' [illegible], e in [illegible]
[illegible] a tue [illegible] dell' interna doglia.

Ed ei; teneri sensi io non ricuso
Del grato cor, ma quest' imbelle pianto
Deh serba, o figlio, pur, serba ad altri uso.
E se degno esser vuoi di starmi accanto,
Giustamente adornar tue membra cerca
Di quel, ch' io cingo, luminoso ammanto.
Quello è il tempio di gloria, che ricerca
Ogni alma, e non rinviene; e a quella sede
Col sangue solo, e col sudor si merca.
Tu porta colassù l' accorto piede;
Ma sappi pria, che 'l senno, ed il valore
Della soglia felice in guardia siede.
E che quegli il bel tempio entra d' onore,
Che col senno, e coll' opre un dì potea
Render d' invidia il nome suo maggiore.
Ivi è il buon Greco, che sì chiari feo
I nomi di color, per cui si rese
Superbo del Frigio incendio il flutto Egeo.
Ivi è colui, ch' alto cantò l' imprese
Del Trojano, e da cui sua nobil arte
Il fortunato agricoltore apprese.
V' è Demostene, Tullio, e a parte a parte
Qualunque lunga età da voi divide,
Che Latine vergasse, o Greche carte.
Ivi è colui, che vincitor si vide
Scorrer la Grecia prima, e giunger poi
Per invidia sul cener del Pelide.
Tomiri v' è fra' bellicosi Eroi,
Che fece il tronco capo al Re Persiano
Saziar nel sangue de' seguaci suoi.
Ivi è il feroce combattitor Tebano,
Che ruppe nella Leuttrica campagna
L' audace corso del furor Spartano.
V' è Scipion, che [illegible] Africa, e Spagna
Vinse Annibal, per cui paventò ancora
Roma il terror di Canne, e se ne lagna.
Cesar, Marcello, Fabio ivi dimora,
E mille, e mille, che narrare appieno
Di lingua umana opra non fora.
Tu intanto, s' entro le tue vene [illegible]
Il bel desio d' onor, questa fedele
Scorta, ch' io ti preservo, accogli in seno.
Guarda, che per fuggir l' esilio crudele
Non urti i scogli, ed al propizio vento
Libero non lasciar tutte le vele.
Ma la tema in tuo core, e l' ardimento
Componi in modo, che prudenza sia,
E senno li consiglia ogni momento.
Dell' orecchio, e del tuo spirto, ch' io pria
Seme in te sparsi, serba, e [illegible],
Quei frutti [illegible] un giorno [illegible].
Di tutto quello, che comprendi, e sai,
Pompa non far, che un bel tacer talvolta
Ogni dotto parlar vince d' assai.
Molto de' saggi il ragionare ascolta.
Nè [illegible] ti [illegible], e sempre la fama
Devoto [illegible] questa turba, e stolta.

Solo prima a te stesso esser procura.
  Prenda ogni opra tua saggio consiglio,
  E poi lascia del resto al Ciel la cura.
Disse egli; e mentre a replicare io piglio,
  Sen fugge il sogno, e nel medesmo istante
  Umido apersi, e sbigottito il ciglio.
E dalle piume al suol poste le piante,
  Vidi del dì la luce omai vicina,
  Che la compagna del canuto amante
Rosseggiava su l'Indica Marina.

T e m i s t o c l e.

ATTO TERZO.

Scena I.

(Carcere, in cui Temistocle è custodito.)

Temistocle, Sebaste.

Temistocle.

Oh patria, oh Atene, oh sventurata, oh sempre
Per me fatal! Dolce fin or mi parve
Impiegar le mie cure,
Il mio sangue per te; soffersi in pace
Gli sdegni tuoi; peregrinai tranquillo
Fra le miserie mie di lido in lido;
Ma, per esserti fido,
Vedermi astretto a comparire ingrato,
Ed a re sì clemente,
Che abbracciato e protetto
Le offese obliò, mi strinse al sen, mi onora,
Mi fida il suo poter; perdona, Atene,
Soffrir nol so. De' miei pensieri il Nume
Sempre sarai, come sin or lo fosti;
Ma comincio a sentir quanto mi costi.

Sebaste.

A te Serse m'invia: come sceglieste,
Senz' altra indugio, ei vuol saper. Ti brama
Pentito dell' error; lo spera; e dice,
Che non può figurarsi a questo segno
Un Temistocle ingrato.

Temistocle.

Ah no, tal non son io; lo sanno i Numi,
Che mi veggono il cor; così potesse
Vederlo anche il mio re! Andiamo, amico,
Guidami a lui.

Sebaste.

Non è permesso. Ei vuole
Pronto a giurar su l'ara
Odio eterno alla Grecia; o a Serse innanzi
Non sperar più di comparir.

Temistocle.

Nè ad altro
Prezzo ottener si può che mi riveggia
Il mio benefattor?

Sebaste.

No. Giura; e sei
Del re l'amor. Ma se ricusi, in braccio
Pensando alla tua sorte. In questo, il sai,
Implacabile è Serse.

Temistocle.

(Ah dunque io deggio
Farmi ribelle, o tollerar l'infame
Taccia d'ingrato! E non potrò scoprirmi
In faccia al mondo, e confessar mancando
Gli obblighi miei?)

Sebaste.

Risolvi.

Temistocle.

(Eh usciam di questo
Laberinto funesto; e degno il modo
Di Temistocle sia.) Va: si prepari
L'ara, il bove, la sacra tazza, e quanto
È necessario al giuramento: lo accetto;
Verrò.

Sebaste.

Contento io volo a Serse.

Temistocle.

Amico:
Lisimaco partì?

Sebaste.

Sciolse or dal porto
L'ancore appunto.

Temistocle.

Ah si trattenga: il bramo
Presente a sì grand' atto. Al re ne porta,
Sebaste, i prieghi miei.

Sebaste.

Vi sarà: tu di Serse arbitro or sei.

Scena II.

Temistocle.

Sia lontano il fine
Del viver mio: quel moribonda face,
Scintillando s'estingue. Olà, custodi;
A me Neocle ed Aspasia. Al fin, che mai
Esser può questa morte? Un ben? s'affretti.
Un mal? Fuggasi presto
Dal timor d'aspettarlo,
Che è mal peggiore. E della vita indegno
Chi a lei pospone la gloria. A ciò che nasce,
Quella è comune; dell' alme grandi è questa
Propria e privato ben. Tema il suo fato
Quei sol che agli altri oscuro,
Che ignoto a se, morì vivendo, e porta
Tutto se nella tomba. Ardito spiri
Chi può senza rossore
Rammentar come visse allor che muore.

Scena III.

Neocle, Aspasia, Temistocle.

Neocle.

Oh caro padre!

Aspasia.

Oh amato
Mio genitore!

Neocle.
È dunque ver che a Serse
Viver giusto eleggesti?
Aspasia.
È dunque vero
Che sentirò una volta
Parla di noi, parla di te?
Temistocle.
Tacete,
E ascoltatemi entrambi. È noto a voi
A qual cieca ubbidienza impegni
Un comando paterno?
Neocle.
È sacro nodo.
Aspasia.
È inviolabil legge.
Temistocle.
E ben, v' impongo
Celar quanto io dirò, finchè l'impresa
Eseguita da me non sia matura.
Neocle.
Pronto Neocle il promette.
Aspasia.
Aspasia il giura.
Temistocle.
Dunque udite, e di coraggio estremo
Fate prova in udirmi.
Neocle.
(Io gelo.)
Aspasia.
(Io tremo.)
Temistocle.
L'ultima volta è questa,
Figli miei, ch' io vi parlo. Io fin ad ora
Vissi alla gloria; or, se più resto in vita,
Tutto di tanto prezzo
Il frutto perderei: morir conviene.
Aspasia.
Ah che dici?
Neocle.
Ah che pena!
Temistocle.
È Serse il mio
Benefattor; patria la Grecia. A quello
Gratitudine io deggio;
A questa, fedeltà. Si oppone all' uno
L'altro dovere, e ne sia loro un solo
E da me tradito,
O ribelle divengo, o sono ingrato.
Estinguendo questi opposti nomi io posso
Fuggir morendo. Un tacito ben pronto
Opportuno veleno . . .
Aspasia.
Come? ed a Serse
Andar non promettesti?
Temistocle.
E in faccia a lui
L' opra compier si vuol.

Neocle.
Sebbene afferma
Che a giurar tu verrai . . .
Temistocle.
So ch' ei lo crede,
E mi giova l' error. Con questa speme
Serse m' accoglierà. La Persia io bramo
Spettatrice al grand' atto; e di que' sensi
Che per Serse ed Atene in petto ascondo,
Giudice io voglio e testimonio il mondo.
Neocle *).
(Oh noi perduti!)
Aspasia **).
(Oh me dolente!)
Temistocle.
Ah figli,
Qual debolezza è questa! A me celate
Questo imbelle dolor. D' esservi padre
Non mi fate arrossir. Pianger dovreste,
S' io morir non sapessi.
Aspasia.
Ah, se tu mori,
Noi che farem?
Neocle.
Che resta a noi?
Temistocle.
Vi resta
Della virtù l' amore,
Della gloria il desio,
L' assistenza del ciel, l' esempio mio.
Aspasia.
Ah padre . . .
Temistocle.
Udite. Abbandonarvi io deggio
Soli, in mezzo a' nemici,
In terreno stranier, senza i sostegni
Necessari alla vita, e delle umane
Instabili vicende
Non esperti abbastanza; onde, il preveggo,
Molto avrete a soffrir. Siete miei figli;
Rammentatelo, e basta. In ogni incontro
Mostratevi con l' opre
Degni di questo nome. I primi oggetti
Sian de' vostri pensieri
L' onor, la patria e quel dovere a cui
Vi chiameran gli Dei. Qualunque sorte
Può farvi illustri; e può far uso ogn' alma
D' ogni nobil sua dote
Fra le selve così, come sul trono.
Del avverso destino
Non cedete agl' insulti: ogni sventura
Insoffribil non dura,
Soffribile si rende. Alle bell' opre
Vi stimoli la gloria,
Non la mercè. Vi faccia orror la colpa,
Non il castigo. E se giammai costretti

---

*) Piangendo. **) Piangendo.

Vi trovaste dal fato a un atto indegno,
V'è il cammin d'evitarlo; io ve l'insegno.

Neocle.

Deh non lasciarne ancora.

Aspasia.

Ah padre amato,
Dunque mai più non ti vedrò?

Temistocle.

Tronchiamo
Questi congedi estremi. È troppo, o figli
Troppo è tenero il passo: i nostri affetti
Potrebbe indebolir. Son padre anch'io,
E sento al fin . . . Miei cari figli, addio.
Ah frenate il pianto imbelle;
Non è ver, non vado a morte:
Vo del fato, delle stelle,
Della sorte a trionfar.
Vado alfin de' giorni miei
Ad ornar gli ultimi allori;
Vo de' lunghi miei sudori
Tutto il frutto a conservar.

Scena IV.

Aspasia, Neocle.

Aspasia.

Neocle!

Neocle.

Aspasia!

Aspasia.

Ove siamo?

Neocle.

Quale improvviso
Fulmine ci colpì!

Aspasia.

Miseri! e noi
Ora che far dobbiamo?

Neocle.

Mostrarci degni
Di sì gran genitore. Andiam, germana,
Intrepidi a mirarlo
Trionfar di se stesso. Il nostro ardire
Gli addolcirà la morte.

Aspasia.

Andiam; ti sieguo. . .
Oh Dio, non posso; il piè mi trema.

Neocle.

E vuoi
Tanto dunque avvilirti?

Aspasia.

E han tanto ancora
Valor gli affetti tui?

Neocle.

Se manca a me, l'apprenderò da lui.
Di quella fronte un raggio,
Tinto di morte ancor,
M'inspirerà coraggio,
M'insegnerà virtù.
A dimostrarmi ardito
M'invita il genitor:
Sieguo il paterno invito
Senza cercar di più.

Scena V.

Aspasia.

Dunque di me più forte
Il germano sarà? Forse non scorre
L'istesso sangue in queste vene? Anch'io
Da Temistocle nacqui. Ah sì, rendiamo
Gli ultimi a lui pietosi uffizi. In queste
Braccia riposi allor che spira; imprima
Su la gelida destra i baci estremi
L'orfana figlia; e di sua man chiudendo
Que' moribondi lumi. . . Ah qual funesta
Fiera imagine è questa! Ahimè, qual gelo
Mi ricerca ogni fibra! Andar vorrei,
E vorrei rimaner. D'orrore agghiaccio,
Avvampo di rossor. Sento in un punto
E lo sprone ed il fren. Mi struggo in pianto!
Nulla risolvo, e perdo il padre intanto.
Ah si resti. . . Onor mi sgrida.
Ah si vada. . . Il piè non osa.
Che vicenda tormentosa
Di coraggio e di viltà!
Fate, o Dei, che si divida
L'alma mia da questo petto;
Abbastanza io fui l'oggetto
Della vostra crudeltà.

Scena VI.

Serse, Rossane con un foglio.

Serse.

Dove il mio Duce, il mio
Temistocle dov'è? Il suo re che l'ama,
Non si neghi agli amplessi.

Rossane.

Io vengo, o Serse,
Su l'orme tue.

Serse.

(Che incontro!)

Rossane.

Odimi, e questa
Sia pur l'ultima volta.

Serse.

Io so, Rossane,
So che hai sdegno con me; so che vendetta
Minacciarmi vorrai. . .

Rossane.

Sì, vendicarmi
Io voglio, è ver; son troppo offesa. Ascolta
La vendetta qual sia. Serse, è in periglio
La tua vita, il tuo scettro. In questo foglio
Un disegno sì rio.
Leggi, previeni e ti conserva. Addio.

Serse.

Sentimi, principessa;
Lascia che almen del generoso dono. . .

Rossane.

Basta così: già vendicata io sono.
È dolce vendetta
D'un' anima offesa
Il farsi difesa
Di chi l'oltraggiò.
È gioja perfetta
Che il cor mi ristora
Di quanti fin ora
Tormenti provò.

Scena VII.

Serse, Sebaste.

Serse.

Viene il foglio a Sebaste;
Occulto lo vergò; leggasi . . . Oh stelle,
Che nera infedeltà! Sebaste è dunque
De' tumulti d'Egitto
L'autore ascoso! ed al mio fianco intanto
Sì gran zelo fingendo . . . Eccolo. E come
Osa il fellon venirmi innanzi!

Sebaste.

Io vengo
Della mia fè, de' miei sudori, o Serse,
Un premio al fine ad implorar.

Serse.

Son grandi
Sebaste, i merti tuoi,
E puoi tutto sperar. Parla; che vuoi?

Sebaste.

Va l'impresa d'Atene
Trionfante a compir; l'altra d'Egitto
Fin or duce non ha. Di quelle schiere
Che all'ultima destini,
Chiedo il comando.

Serse.

Altro non vuoi?

Sebaste.

Mi basta
Poter del zelo mio
Darti prove, o signor.

Serse.

Ne hai molte; e questa
È ben degna di te. Ma tu d'Egitto
Hai contezza bastante?

Sebaste.

I monti, i fiumi,
Le foreste, le vie, quasi potrei
I sassi annoverar.

Serse.

Non basta: è d'uopo
Conoscer del tumulto
Tutti gli autori.

Sebaste.

Occulto è il solo.

Serse.

Io credo
Ch'altri ve n'abbia. Ha questo foglio i
nomi;
Vedi se a te son noti.

Sebaste.

E donde avesti . . .
(Misero me!)

Serse.

Che fu? tu sei smarrito!
Ti scolori! ammutisci!

Sebaste.

(Ah son tradito!)

Serse.

Non tremar, vassallo indegno:
È già tardo il tuo timore:
Quando ordisti il reo disegno,
Era tempo di tremar.
Ma giustissimo consiglio
È dei cieli, che un traditore
Mai non vegga il suo periglio
Che vicino a naufragar.

Scena VIII.

Sebaste.

Così dunque tradisci,
Disleal principessa . . . Ah folle! ed io
Son d'accusarla ardito!
Si lagna un traditor d'esser tradito!
Ti meritai. Fuggi, Sebaste . . . Ah dove
Fuggirò da me stesso! ah porto in seno
Il carnefice mio: dovunque io vada,
Il terror, lo spavento
Seguiran la mia traccia;
La colpa mia mi starà sempre in faccia.
Aspri rimorsi atroci,
Figli del fallo mio,
Perchè, sì tardi, oh Dio,
Mi lacerate il cor!
Perchè, funeste voci
Ch'or mi sgridate appresso,
Perchè v'ascolto adesso,
Nè v'ascoltai fin or!

Scena IX.

(Reggia, ara accesa nel mezzo, e sopra essa la tazza preparata pel giuramento.)

Serse, Aspasia, Neocle, Satrapi, Guardie, Popolo.

Serse.

Neocle, perchè sì mesto? Onde deriva,
Bella Aspasia, quel pianto? Allor che il
padre
Mi giura fè, gemono i figli! È forse
L'amistà, l'amor mio
Un disastro per voi? Parlate.

Neocle.

Oh Dio!

Aspasia.

Oh Dio!

Scena X.

Rossane, Lisimaco con seguito di Greci, Serse, Aspasia, Neocle, Satrapi, Guardie, Popolo.

Rossane.

A che, signor, mi chiedi?

Lisimaco.

Serse, da me che vuoi?

Serse.

Voglio presenti
Lisimaco e Rossane...

Lisimaco.

I nuovi oltraggi
Ad ascoltar d'Atene?

Rossane.

I torti miei
Di nuovo a tollerar?

Lisimaco.

D'Aspasia infida
A veder l'incostanza?

Aspasia.

Ah non è vero;
Non affliggermi a torto,
Lisimaco crudele: io son l'istessa.
Perchè opprimer tu ancora un'alma oppressa?

Serse.

Come! voi siete amanti?

Aspasia.

Ormai sarebbe
Vano il negar, troppo già dissi.

Serse.

E m'offri
Tu la tua man?

Aspasia.

D'un genitor la vita
Chiedea quel sacrifizio.

Serse.

E del tuo bene
Tu perseguiti il padre?

Lisimaco.

Il volle Atene.

Serse.

(Oh virtù che innamora!)

Rossane.

Il greco Duce
Ecco s'appressa.

Neocle.

(Aver potessi anch'io
Quell'intrepido aspetto!)

Aspasia.

(Ah infelice cor, come mi tremi in petto!)

Scena XI.

Temistocle, Rossane, Lisimaco, Serse, Aspasia, Neocle, Satrapi, Guardie, Greci, Popolo, Sebaste in fine.

Serse.

Pur, Temistocle, al fine
Risolvesti esser mio. Torna agli amplessi
D'un re che tanto onora...

Temistocle 1).

Ferma.

Serse.

E perchè?

Temistocle.

Non ne son degno ancora.
Degno pria me ne renda
Il grand'atto a cui vengo.

Serse.

È già su l'ara
La necessaria al rito
Ricolma tazza; il domandato adempi
Giuramento solenne; e in lui comincì
Della Grecia il castigo.

Temistocle.

Esci, o signore,
Esci d'inganno. Io di venir promisi
Non di giurar.

Serse.

Ma tu...

Temistocle.

Sentimi, o Serse;
Lisimaco, m'ascolta; udite, o voi
Popoli spettatori,
Di Temistocle i sensi; e ognun ne sia
Testimonio e custode. Il fato avverso
Mi vuole ingrato o traditor. Non resta
Fuor di queste due colpe
Arbitrio alla mia scelta,
Se non quel della vita,
Del ciel libero dono. A conservarmi
Senza delitto altro cammin non veggo
Che il cammin della tomba, e quello eleggo.

Lisimaco.

(Che ascolto!)

Serse.

(Eterni Dei!)

Temistocle 2)

Questo, che meco
Trassi compagno al doloroso esiglio,
Pronto velen l'opra compisca. Il sacro
Licor, la sacra tazza
Ne sian ministri; ed all'offrir di questa
Vittima volontaria

---

1) Ritirandosi con rispetto. 2) Traendo e preparando il veleno.

Di fe, di gratitudine e d' amore,
Tutti assistan gli Dei

Aspasia.
(Morir mi sento.)

Serse.
(M' occupa lo stupor.)

Temistocle.
Della mia fede
Tu, Lisimaco amico,
Rassicura la patria; e grazia implora
Alle ceneri mie. Tutte perdono
Le ingiurie alla fortuna,
Se avrà la tomba ove sortii la cuna.
Tu, eccelso re, de' benefizj tuoi
Non ti pentir: ne ritrarrai mercede
Dal mondo ammirator: quella che intanto
Renderti io posso (oh dura sorte!) è solo
Confessarli, e morir. Numi clementi,
Se dell' alme innocenti
Gli ultimi voti han qualche dritto in cielo,
Voi della vostra Atene
Proteggete il destin; prendete in cura
Questo re, questo regno; al cor di Serse
Per la Grecia inspirate
Sensi di pace. Ah sì, mio re, finisca
Il tuo sdegno in un punto e il viver mio.
Figli, amico, signor, popoli, addio.

Serse.
Ferma; che fai? Non appressar le labbra
Alla tazza letal.

Temistocle.
Perchè?

Serse.
Soffrirlo
Serse non debbe.

Temistocle.
E la cagion?

Serse [1].
Son tante,
Che spiegarle non so.

Temistocle.
Serse, la morte
Tormi non puoi: l' unico arbitrio è questo
Non concesso a' monarchi.

Serse [2].
Ah vivi, o grande
Onor del secol nostro. Ama, il consento,
Ama la patria tua; ne se' degno: io stesso
Ad amarla incomincio. E chi potrebbe
Odiar la produttrice
D' un eroe qual tu sei, terra felice!

Temistocle.
Numi, ed è ver! tant' oltre
Può andar la mia speranza?

Serse.
Odi, ed ammira
Gl' inaspettati effetti
D' un' emula virtù. Su l' ara istessa,
Dove giurar dovevi
Tu l' odio eterno, eterna pace io giuro
Oggi alla Grecia. Ormai riposi, e debba,
Esule generoso,
A sì gran cittadino il suo riposo.

Temistocle.
Oh magnanimo re, qual nuova è questa
Arte di trionfar! D' esser sì grandi
È permesso a' mortali? Oh Grecia! oh Atene!
Oh esiglio avventuroso!

Aspasia.
O dolce istante!

Neocle.
Oh lieto dì!

Lisimaco.
Le vostre gare illustri,
Anime eccelse, a pubblicar lasciate
Ch' io vada in Grecia. Io la promessa grata
A donator sì grande,
A tanto intercessor.

Sebaste.
De' falli miei,
Signor, chiedo il castigo. Odio una vita,
Che a te . . .

Serse.
Sorgi, Sebaste: oggi non voglio
Respirar che contenti. A te perdono;
In libertà gli affetti
Lascio d' Aspasia; e la real mia fede
Di Rossane all' amor dono in mercede.

Aspasia.
Ah Lisimaco!

Rossane.
Ah Serse!

Temistocle.
Amici Numi,
Deh fate voi ch' io possa
Esser grato al mio re.

Serse.
Da' Numi implora
Che ti serbino in vita,
E grato mi sarai. Se con l' esempio
Di tua virtù la mia virtude accendi,
Più di quel ch' io ti do sempre mi rendi.

Coro.
Quando un' emula l' invita,
La virtù si fa maggior;
Qual di face a face unita
Si raddoppia lo splendor.

---

[1] Levandogli la tazza. [2] Gettando la tazza.

75.

Gasparo Gozzi.

Graf Gasparo Gozzi ward am 14. December 1713 in Venedig geboren, lebte daselbst als Privatmann, und starb, nachdem er den Rest seines Vermögens bei der Direction eines komischen Theaters eingebüsst hatte, am 25. December 1786. Als Prosaist zeichnete er sich vorzüglich durch seine eben so elegant als correct geschriebenen periodischen Wochenschriften, so wie durch seine Briefe und Uebersetzungen aus, als Dichter durch seine Satyren und launichten Poesien.

Sermone.

Al Signore Nello Mostrara.

Gli rende conto del passeggiare la sera in piazza.

Mentre che nel Friuli in mezzo a' monti
Fuor d'opra e di pensier tu passi i giorni,
Lungi da faccende, in molli vita, in barca
Consumo il tempo, o per le vie passeggio.
Or puoi tu fra tanti gravi alti consigli
Entrar con le tue ciance? Oh, di che tempo?
Talor per puro volontier s'ascolta
Il garrulo augellin che dalle travi
Pende nella sua gabbia, e chi non vuole
Far a lungo udir, volge le spalle e parte.
Dalle l'ardente luglio, e delle case
Donne, donzelle fuor discaccia, come
Fuori dell'arnie, dove son ristrette,
Fa sboccar l'api il villanel con fumo,
Sonsi l'un' ora e basta poscia io vado
Ogni sera in piazza, ed invan l'aura al tondo
Che col suo ventilar mi dia conforto,
Soffia sereno che m'asciuga i lombi,
Sì che mi accoro. Or che farò? Notiamo.
Come dal fosso l'acqua sbocca, quando
È la chiavica aperta, ecco ch'io veggo
A torme a torme fuor d'ogni callaia
Sboccar le donne. Non come uom del volgo
Studio però nome e casati. Ardisco
Di più: gli animi leggo, intendo, e rido.
Due file io veggo: le più belle vanno
Dove la luna co' suoi rai percuote;
Stan l'altre all'ombra, e la patente luce
Odian per onestà. Santa onestade!
Dicon le prime: esse chi teme il lume,
Son da pipistrelli? Dicon l'altre:
Oh che baldanza! ecco le merci a mostra.
Io passo, ed odo. Indi rimiro agli atti
Vari di ciascheduna. Or veggo lievi
E presti piedi; ora, incordati i nervi,
Va lenta e sopra sè; danzar l'altra
Come mettono gli ondeggianti lombi;
Qual alza ardita il collo; un'altra un poco
Da un lato il torce; e v'ha chi appoggia i polsi
Sul fianco, e sporge i gomiti all'indietro,
E il ventaglio apre e chiude. Oh quai diversi
Casi uterini! Ippocrate direbbe:
Qual clima è questo che donzelle e donne
Convulse rende? O Ippocrate, non vezzi.
Lunga è l'arte, ben sai, la vita è breve.
E nove cose a noi scoperte ha il tempo.
Come la nostra hanno le donne un'alma
Che dà lor vita, e ne' polmoni forza
Di trar l'aria, e fuor mandar il fiato;
Ma brama d'esser belle, alma seconda,
Gli atti loro governa. Essa nel capo
Suole condursi, e in mano i nervi
Tiene e torce a suo senno, i gesti avvezza
In forza altrui, qual cerretan perito,
Fil di ferro tirando o bacchette,
Figurette maneggia. I movimenti
Ch'essa produce, han le moderne scuole
Chiamati leggiadria, vaghezza e garbo.
Gran commedia! Ah, qual commedia e farsa
E spettacol sublime io veggo insieme
Ne' diversi vestiti! e grado; e questa
Scena in Francia o in Lamagna? e sono donne
Qui nostrali, chinesi o di Mombazza?
Al veder tutte d'ogni lingua foggie
E d'ogni regione abbigliamenti,
Siam da per tutto, e non nel gran Vite,
Ma pitture, sculture, arazzi e carte
Con l'alme in capo al forestiero vanno
Bradamante e Marfisa; un'altra tolto
Dal scudiero ridotto nuovo ornamento,
Del cavol crespo ecco la testa ornata;
O dalla sporta onde tratto l'esempio,
Cappellini si forma. Una è in capelli;
E delle cuffie sulle tempie all'altra
Svolazzan l'ale. Tentennando e morta
Questa cammina; e l'indefessa tela
Ne segue a pena ove si muove il fianco;
Quella procede, anzi veleggia altrove
Qual caravella, con maniche pendenti
Di guardinfante; pettorale e gonnella
Ha ciascheduna passeggiando addietro
Due manichi a lato, e una lunga coda
Che addietro segue. La beata coppia
Condotta a mano, ad ogni muover d'anca
Della signora sua, misura i passi.
Ella fa lieta indietro guarda, e suda
S'ha la sua scherza; e la signora gode
D'esser seco s'applaude e mai ritorna.
Molte ancor veggo delle figlie accanto
Vecchierelle custodi. È gentilezza
Che la fanciulla col garzon passeggi,
Ch'ei le ciance all'orecchio, essa risponda:
E la madre e la zia, nuove maestre
Di gentilezza, stan da lungo e lasciano
Di tentoggiar i passi, e intanto insieme
Parlan di guardia, di prudenza e d'onestà,
Ricordi antichi tempi e genti semplici?
Sempl nostro tempo! appena allora
Eran bastanti chiavistelli e stanghe

A guardar le fanciulle in una stanza;
Or nelle piazze a custodirle caute
Bastan le vecchie con la coppa agli occhi.
So dico, e rido. Oh quai valenti mogli,
E da faccende e massaie, e quali
Attente madri a' novellini sposi
Questo beato secolo apparecchia!
Ma già men vado; che si cambia il foglio
In sermon sacro, e a te non vo' che sembri
Che al Vivilaschi le parole io rubi.

Sermone.

A certuni che picchiano all' uscio.

Dimostra in che consista l' amicizia di alcuni.

Oh Diogene saggio, a cui di casa
Servia la botte, e d' uno in altro borgo
Potei cambiarla e voltolarla sempre!
Che facciam, folli! ogni dì ferma? Ognuno
Sa dove io albergo, e dalle prime strida
Del gallo insino all' imbrunir del giorno
L' uscio martella. Chi è là? dall' alto
Sbraccio: — eh, son io di buoni; — ed or la fune,
Ora il serrame e i gangheri e le porte
Per aprir, per serrar fanno rimbombo.
Dunque faccende così gravi, e tanta
Fretta han le genti? Oh misero, s' apprese
Alle case la fiamma? o di soccorso
Altro v' è duopo? In umano petto, e sente
Pietà d' umani casi. Uno o due inchini
Son le faccende; le ottuse favole
Ripregar su i sedili, e trar voce
Fuor de' polmoni, e non dir nulla, e dire:
Che abbiamo di nuovo? Oh soffion modesto!
O bollor di stagione! A te che sembra?
Quando con larga mano amico cielo
Inaffierà gli aridi campi, e quando
Cesserà caldo e tornerà frescura?
Stringomi allora nelle spalle e taccio,
Sbadiglio indotto. Oh com' è caro il cibo!
Ah fortunati nostri antichi! allora
Meglio era comperar beccacce o starne,
Che galline vecchie. Le sporte vote
Vagliono un soldo, e noi peggior ventura
Non abbiam ragion de' nostri denti.
Tu che ne dici? Io compero non molto,
Quando molto non posso, e il cieco piatto
Volentier cambio nel più sano lume.
Che detti? Nulla. Io non lo credo, amico
Delle Muse; tu detti! Io giuro allora
Che non detto, e sbadiglio, e fra me dico:
Chi ti tenta, delle Frenesie, a farne
Forza di cuore? Io mi rallegro quando
So che sull' alta rupe il padre Teucro
Manda l' uccel che il fegato ti rode,
Ma i perditi mortali che ogni cosa
Lasciar co' nomi, hanno sì fatta cosa
Ovunque chiamata, ufficio e norma
D' amicizia, d' amor, di cortesia,
Delicate stoltezze. A che, se io dormo,
Co' saluti mi svegli? a che, s' io scrivo,
Nella mia stanza il Galateo ti manda,
Perchè m' empia il cervel di frasche e vento?
Io son tuo amico; — anzi tuo amaro sei,
Che quando non curanza ed ozio grave
Sull' anima ti pesa ed a te incresci,
Vieni al mio albergo, e ricrear te stesso
Cerchi, non l' util mio. Siedi: parliamo:
Come va, poetino? Ah, gli aspri nembi
Nel paterno terren grandine dura
Han riversata; furioso vento
Mi guastò le campagne; enfiato il fiume,
L' erbe, gli alberi e i buoi seco mi tragge!
Oh! la tua risposta: umani casi!
Temporali correnti! Or son due lustri,
Che lo stesso m' avvenne; e mi dipinga
Il passato tuo mal con tanta forza,
Che movermi a pietà d' antichi danni
E rifatte rovine oggi presumi.
Quando presente mal dentro mi cuoce,
Non lamentanza di dolente amico,
Ma fatti ascolti; e se de' figli il peso
Io ti narro, o le febbri, o de' litigi
L' eterna rete, hai somiglianti casi
Da narrar dei vicini, e mi conforti
Con aghetti, con chiacchiere, con fumo.
Quando Oreste trascorre per la scena,
Dalle Furie cacciato ed urla e fugge
Dall' orribile immagine materna,
Che diresti, se Pilade pietoso
De' mali suoi, per confortarlo allora
Gli presentasse o passera o civetta
Per passar tempo ed uccellare al bosco?
Tu rideresti; ed io rido, che molto
Quando ad ognun son le sentenze in bocca
Dell' amicizia. — Chi trova l' amico,
Trova il tesoro; e se in bilancia metti
L' oro o l' argento, più l' amico pesa.
Ben è ver; ma noi trovi. Odo parole
Gravi, ma il cuor è voto. Commedianti
Facciam la parte, e monumenti ed archi,
Mostriam belli epitaffi, e nulla è dentro.

Sermone.

Al Signor Pietro Fabri.

Parla del villeggiare.

Se nobil donna che d' antica stirpe
Ha preminenza, e buona e ricca dote,
Lontanamente villeggia, onor ne acquista,
Splendida è detta: se lo stesso fanno
La Giannetta, la Cecca o la Mattea,
Spose a banchieri o a bottegai, son pazze.
Non è tutto per tutti: uomo destro e lieve
Sia di danza maestro; il zoppo, sarto,
Industria da sedili: ogni uom che vive,
Se medesimo misuri e si conosca.

Ma dir che giova? a concorrenza vanno
Degli uccelli del ciel minute mosche.
Somigliar vuol la sciocca rana al bue;
Si gonfia, e scoppia. O gentil Fabri, io scrivo
Di cui fra' salci sulle ricche sponde
Della Brenta felice; e mentre ognuno
Corre ad uscio o a finestra a veder carri,
Cavalli e barche, qui celato io detto,
Notomista di teste: or mano a' ferri.
Dalle faccende e da' lavori cessa
Qui la gente e trionfa. Oh miglior aria,
Quanti ne ingrassi e ne dimagri! A molti
Fia più facile un diroccato albergo
Delle antiche cuspide in Mazzorbo
Fra le murene, i cefali e le triglie.
Se punto di cervello avete ancora,
Mezzane genti, io vi ricordo, è bello
Commendare alle mogli il bosco e l'ombra
Ed il canto de' grilli. Ivi migliore
È il villeggiar, dove s'appiatta il bruco,
E dove scorda la villana e scalza,
Mostri chioccia, pulcini, anitra e porco.
Ouvi nell'alma delle mogli dorme
L'accesa invidia; ove non vede, poco
Bramar le vedi; confrontate molto
Da natura con nasce; appena forni
Col fren la debil rozza, che sdegnosa
L'ammusa correr andarsi avanti
Vede, ne sbuffa, e trottar vuole anch'essa
Spallata e bolsa; e tu che la cavalchi,
Ti rompi intanto il codrione e il dosso.
Venne il giugno o il settembre. Olà, che
pensi?
Dice la sposa: ognun la città lascia;
Tempo è da villa. Bene sta, risponde
Il compiacente: or n'andiamo. A che si dorme,
Cara, dunque? ripiglia: andrem fra tante
Splendide genti, quai Zingani ed Usei
Donati razza e prette Bulgarune?
Noi pur siam vivi, e di grandezza e d'agi
Siamo intendenti; e questi corpi sono
Fatti come altri; nè virtù celate
A noi coltura e pulitezza sono.
La sibilla ha parlato. Ecco si vede
Nelle scale una fiera: espediti
Intagliati e dipinti, di cornici
E doraiche illustri; sedie, ove poltrona
Sbadiglio il corpo; e alla parete l'albergo
Di notti ancor e bacimenti e fregi.
Ecco l'imbarca, o capitano accorto;
Ecco il provvedimento e l'abbondanza.
Ah, se il sonerò alcuno fuor mettesse
Di qualche arca comune il capo industre,
Ammonendo, seppilo: oh! che? direbbe,
Dove ne va tal barca? alla campagna
Si sgombra e si trova? Il bastoncello,
Lo zimbello era il suo arredo, e trenta
Soldi, mia al mercato, o mezzo talvolta,
E invenati compagni, allegra cosina.

Se la moglie era meco, io dal piloto
Comperava un cantuccio, ove la culla
Stava e il pitale, ed uova sode e pane,
Parea prebenda nell'umil canestro.
Donde usci tanta boria? e quale ha grado
La mia famiglia, che la Brenta solchi
Con tal trionfo, e si vuoti lo scrigno?
Ma parli a' morti. Va scorrendo intanto
Il burchiello per l'acque, e il lungo corso
La sposa annoia. L'ultima fiata
Questa fia ch'io mi imbarchi: in poste, in
poste
Un'altra volta. O pigro timoniere,
Perchè ti taci? e perchè i due cavalli,
Che pur due sono, quel villan non batte?
Avanti, grida il timoniere; avanti,
Ella con sottil voce anco risponde,
Se vuoi la mancia; e se non vuoi, va lento;
Ostinata plebaglia! Or alle carte
Mano, ch'io più non posso. Ah! s'ha chi guardi,
Qua l'osiamo? e chi più saggio il guarda,
Perchè molesta o polvere non chieggia,
Con le parole fa più breve il tempo.
La beata regina alfine è giunta
Fra gli aranci e i limoni: oh! bertuccia
Ch'uomo umane imita. O tu, castaldo,
Dove se', pigro? a che ne' tempi lieti
Non aprir le finestre? Ecco di muffa
Le pareti grommose. A che nel verno
Col tepor del carbone non riscaldi
L'aria agli agrumi? Giova il sereno: aperto,
Riscaldato, non c'è muffa; ecco le piante
Verdi e carche di frutte. Indocil capo,
Tutto è muffato; io non son cieca; ed ogni
Parete gocciolar vegg'io; odore
Di muffa sento in ogni luogo, e duolo
In ogni luogo delle amate piante.
A' suoi molle risposi, amare odiose,
Il massaro li vende. Essa rimprovera
Quel che udì altrove, e se gentile e grande
Stimar non puoi, se non questi loco
Per traverso e per diritto. Or lieti, e mura
Per suo conforto; col marito alcuno
Per ammalia parerne: oh poco conto
Nelle scoglienze! la bruciata venne,
E la ricca era al verde. Ah tardo giunse
Il freddo il ravveduto! Occhio infingardo,
Nulla vidi e non andi; e ne faticosi
O benigna Signora di poesie
Mi lasciasse veder quel che si cela,
Per lui madarle in volto forse il gonfio
Di sua pace preziosa, e che rimorda
Al desio marital garrendo schernia.
Ma tu frattanto, o vetturali, frallenta
L'orzo e la vena, perchè sotto al cocchio
Sbuffi Rosaldo e Brigliadoro, quando
Solennemente vassi al Dolo ancora,
O della Mira al popolar luogo.
Nodo da fibbia gli sottarane gioiello.

Già nel suo cocchio pettoruta e salda
La signora s'adagia; e a vocal cenni,
Lo scalpitar de' due ronzoni, il corno,
E della frusta il ripetuto scoppio
Chiama le genti. L'uno all'altro chiede:
Chi va? Se ignoto è il nome, ed il cognome
Noto in quel punto, la risata s'ode,
E il salutar motteggiando intuona.
Beata se, che onor sel crede, e intanto
Gonfia pel suon delle correnti ruote,
Chiama in suo cuore il vettural poltrone,
Che la cavalla per tornar non rompe.
Giunge, smonta, e a sedere; o bottegaio,
Caffè; ma, vedi, in porcellana: lava,
Frega, risciacqua: il dilicato labbro,
Morbida pellicina, invitta tosto,
Non custodita. La feconda lingua
Comincia intanto: e che d'udir s'aspetta?
Gravezza o parto, la dorata culla,
La miglior levatrice, il ricco letto,
E il vietato contatto alla nutrita
Balia di polli, e sue feconde poppe.
Se più s'inoltra, de' maligni servi,
Delle fanti si lagna, e i liberali
Salari e i doni lor ricorda e il vitto.
Nè si diparte, che, se in pace accolti,
Sai quanto ha di ricchezza entro all'albergo,
Di cucchiai, di forchette, e vasi e coppe.
Ma già l'aria notturna umida e grave
I capelli minaccia e la ricciuta
Chioma, se più dimora, oh Dio! si stende.
Cocchiere, avanti. Sta sul grande e parte.
Udrai, che vuoi ch'io ti ridica come
La brigata che resta, addenta e morde?
Fatti mio prende, e sol fra noi ser dirai:
Di sua salita femmina guida
La mena ad alto, e le più salde piante
Imita come pur; ma lentando,
Fuor alle sue radici, e tenta il verme.

Sermone.

Al Conte Abate Zaccheria Serimani,

Lo prega a difenderlo da' censori.

Quando sapran lingue, o Serimani, accolti
Nelle mie scritte e [illegible]
Le favolette che ne' libri io spargo,
Tu, caro amico, quel per me rispondi,
Ch'altri a me di presso i miei gravi censori
Risposer un tempo. Se nel dì ch'io nacqui,
Tutto il mel della lingua a me donato
Delle nove Sorelle il coro avesse,
In che meglio adoprar tanta ricchezza
Potrei, che dietro alle menzogne vaghe
E alle orme sacre del buon padre Esopo?
O rigido censor, fur sempre amici
La menzogna e il poeta, e ciò ti basti,
Che sotto al vel della bugiarda scena
Donano il vero altrui le grazie e l'ombre.
Poi qual vita più grata? ora mi guida
Il veloce intelletto in verde selva
Fra semplici augellini in prato aperto
Con l'agnello innocente, o senza tema
Fra lioni e fra lupi, e a me davanti
Hanno lingua e pensier le pioppe e gli olmi.
Oh nel ver degna lode! oh in vero grande
Senno! grida il censor fra il riso e l'ira.
Che son le favolette altro che scherzi
Da intrattenere i fanciulletti a veglia?
Rispondi a lui: vuoi favole più gravi,
Più magnifico stile? ascolta; ascolta.
Poscia che per dieci anni ebbero i Greci
Troia oppugnata, e cento assalti, e cento
Date battaglie alle superbe mura,
Ma l'alta rocca non mai vinta o doma;
D'assi e di travi per divina cura
Di Pallade, un cavallo edificaro,
Mirabil opra, che ne' larghi fianchi
Il saggio Ulisse, il forte Diomede
E il furioso Aiace insieme ascose;
E orribilmente riversare in Troia
Poscia dovea d'armi e d'armati un nembo,
Per depredarne i sacri templi e l'are.
Ah, zitto, basta; ecco il censor ti dice:
Qual lungo esordio! omai ripiglia il fiato.
Oltre che questo tuo caval di legno,
Questi tuoi gravi eroi, queste falangi,
Son vieppiù strane fanciullesche ciance,
Che udir volpe ladar voce di corbo:
Poi miglior bocca vuol l'epica tromba.
Prendero la campagna. Al caro Aleippo
Avea volto Amarilli il suo pensiero
Fatta gelosa, e delle sue parole
Non credea ch'altri testimonio fosse,
Fuor che la turma de' montoni e il cane.
Vedela Tirsi, e pian piano fra salci
Entra e s'appiatta, ed ode lei, che volta
Il suo parlare a un zeffiretto dolce,
Prega che all'amor suo porti tai detti.
Sta, taci, grida il mio censor, qual verso
I zeffiretti oggi non ave? o almeno
Cambia gli ultimi versi. E tu deh, quando,
Ostinato Censor, la lingua arresti,
Sicchè della canzone io giunga al fine?
O Serimani, quanto è grave impresa
Comporre un libro! a fastidiosi ingegni
Procacciar non potrà cosa sì buona
Lo scrittor, che gli piaccia o che gli appaghi.

Sermone.

Contro il gusto d'oggidì in poesia.

Perchè più taceresti? dicea Marzino
Spolpato e giallo pe' sofferti stenti
Fra libri, calamai, fogli e lucerne:
Ho lingua, ho penna, ed han ancora i nostri
Anche i miei versi. Oh! non di tale volto
Uomo di spugna e d'annacquato sangue?

A te l'attesto, di Latona figlio,
Musagete Apollo: tu sai pur che un tempo,
Alle pendici di tua sacra rupe,
Qual di tuo lume seguace e di poeta
È l'[illegible], la chiara. Il cielo, e il mare
Mi mostravi e la terra; e degli [illegible]
[illegible] le sacre ombre ed i più cupi [illegible]
E dall' alto [illegible]; [illegible],
Imitatore. Agl' infiniti aspetti
[illegible] in mezzo, temei, come la prima
Volta uscita del nido rondinella
L' ampio corso dell' Olimpo intorno teme;
Ma che veder potea che lume [illegible]
[illegible] Apollo? [illegible],
[illegible] imitator, [illegible],
[illegible] di verde erbe [illegible],
Me medesmo obliai. Colla man volsi
La notte e il dì di [illegible] quaderni
De' gran maestri, e di defunti corpi
[illegible] chiari nomi e vive [illegible].
Qual d'edificio [illegible] sbocca
Fuor di [illegible] e [illegible] il grido,
[illegible]: poche parole, e agli usi
Mio [illegible] del mondo in nulla lingua,
Mi consumai in prima. Omero e Pindaro,
Della chiusa de' dotti [illegible]
[illegible] con [illegible]. Oh di qual tomba antica
[illegible] queste di morti e [illegible]
[illegible] Imitatore? [illegible]
[illegible], ed il [illegible] di [illegible]
[illegible], e vidi atti di belle.
[illegible]; e di saper qual fosse
[illegible] di [illegible] la poetic' arte,
Di cui mal [illegible] ad Apollo.
Seppolo alfine. Poesia novella
[illegible] di bronzo alta e gagliarda
[illegible] in un polmon pieno di vento,
Che [illegible], articoli parole
E rotti versi. Se aver dèsi potesse
Di favella un modo, una [illegible],
Chi vincerebbe in poesia le ruote
Volte dall' acqua che per doccia corre?
Tutto solo il [illegible] e il [illegible].
Su la [illegible]; un lago [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible], [illegible],
Di poesia. Del Veronese si [illegible],
Di [illegible] e di [illegible],
Che a [illegible] s'oppone,
Ogni cosa sia bella. Il [illegible]
[illegible] e il sacro da [illegible]: se la zampogna
Di Teocrito [illegible]: se alla tromba
[illegible]: se dalle mura [illegible]
Di Pindaro la cetra, o il [illegible]
D' Anacreonte fra le tazze [illegible];
[illegible] pur [illegible] in [illegible] bocca
Quel che la magica [illegible],
[illegible] che [illegible] di Medea si [illegible],
E [illegible]. E [illegible]
Quel che [illegible]. Altr', poeta

Questa libera età non vuol pastor;
Tutto [illegible]. Oggi [illegible] si puote
Lo scarlatto al velluto, angelli e serpi,
Polli e volpi accoppiar, pecore e lupi.
[illegible] d'[illegible]: lega
Per la coda e pe' piedi; io non mi curo.
D' entusiasmo sempre ardente fiamma
[illegible] un tempo; e senza pena un' alma
Star [illegible], e [illegible]
Or quinci, or quindi [illegible] e desta.
Era [illegible]. Ah, non può sempre
L' [illegible], e [illegible]!
Or [illegible], ch' empia all' [illegible] gli orecchi
Sol [illegible] e pompa;
Poi [illegible], poeta, e donna.
Tal nella [illegible] prima [illegible]
[illegible] il [illegible], e con [illegible] di ruote
E ferrate [illegible], qual di [illegible], la [illegible]
[illegible] sul legno o sull' arena.
E [illegible] e [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible]; favellava in versi,
Quale in selva Amarilli: e nella scena,
Qual nel [illegible], parlava Achille.
Or [illegible] le [illegible],
La [illegible], e Nestore e Tersite;
E [illegible]
Da [illegible], da [illegible],
Da [illegible]
Di se stesso [illegible], ed aver campo
Di meditare e [illegible],
[illegible], in tal periglio
Trovar [illegible] la [illegible] sposa
In preda al [illegible], all' empio servo in braccio,
Egli [illegible] il servo,
[illegible]? e di che [illegible]? [illegible] il sale
A correr dalle [illegible], ove [illegible]
[illegible] gradi?
Non la Musa che con la zampogna in capo,
[illegible] va di casa in casa,
N' a gran [illegible], e chi [illegible], e a [illegible]
Fa [illegible] e [illegible]
Quivi e la [illegible], e la [illegible] e quivi
De' [illegible] detti,
Onde tanto si gode e si [illegible]
[illegible], ove s'accenna
Sol la [illegible] delle cose.
Si [illegible], e favellar [illegible]
Volea Marco; ma gli [illegible] l'orecchio
[illegible] il longe [illegible] Apollo.
Che fai? gli disse; e perchè più [illegible]?
[illegible] il [illegible]. Allor [illegible] gli [illegible],
E [illegible]
Prende a fuggirsi, e all' [illegible] Parnaso
[illegible] alpe [illegible],
[illegible].
[illegible] il [illegible] al petto.
[illegible], e [illegible] che il [illegible]
La prima volta già [illegible] Apollo.

Sermone.

Contro alla mollezza del vivere moderno.

Quando leggiam che l'inclito ventraje
Degli Atridi e del figlio di Peleo
Pascevan di buoi larghi arrostiti,
Oh antica rozzezza! esclamiam tosto
Saporiti beccafichi e [illegible]
Di molli [illegible] e di ben unta carta.
Ma perchè sappiam poi, che il seno opponga
Dello Scamandro burrascoso a' flutti
L'insuperabile Achille, e portin aste
Sì smisurate i capitani greci?
Non consumati avean muscoli e nervi
L'uso di morbidezze; erano in pregio,
Non [illegible] di molluti inetti,
Ma polpe immense, muscolose e salde
Petto di bronzo, e formidabil lombo.
A' gran mariti s'offrivan le nozze,
Non di [illegible] cresciute a stento
In grembo d'indolenza; era bel corpo
L'intatto corpo, ed Imeneo guidava
Ai forti sposi, non balene o stringhe
Ma sostanza di vita, e i bene armati
Congiungimenti avean prole robusta;
Nascevano Achilli; ed i fanciulli primi
Delle mani sfasciate eran le folte
De' Chironi maestri ispide barbe,
Crescevan sudando, e l'anime di petti
Abitavan stagionati ed ampli,
Erano anch'esse magnanime e grandi.
Barbari tempi! un zazzerin risponde
Medoro, che intestine ha di bambagia,
Vivo non vivo, e d'un bel ghigno adorna
La pallidezza delle argute labbra.
Chi negherebbe in questo secol saggio
Beatitadi di [illegible] vita?
Scese dal cielo a rischiarar gl'ingegni
Blanda Voluttade, e dall'Olimpo
D'Epicuro negli orti i grati lochi
Pende di nuovi fortunati fiori.
Per lei siam salvi. Abbiansi lode e nome
D'asta e di lotta i secoli remoti;
Io del far buona pelle, e del riposo.
Così detto, s'ammorbia. Odi, Medoro,
Tendilo dappresso: questa tua sì bella
È dunque dal cielo Voluttade,
Non la conosci; non è dea che voglia
Molli effeminatezze ed ozio eterno.
Come più giova cristallina tazza
Piena del sacro dono di Lieo,
Che brilla e spuma, se il palato in prima
Punse l'arida sete, e vie più grata
Io [illegible] affannato entra vivanda:
Così maggior diletto a' pensieri e all'opre
Vien Voluttade. A noi l'olimpo [illegible]
Manda prima Fatica, e dietro a lei
L'altra poscia ne vien, ma zoppa e tarda,
A terger fronti, a confortare ambasce.
Nè vien, nè dura, se non dove il sodo
Zappator volta la difficil terra
E messi coglie; ove l'immenso mare,
Senza soffio temer di borea o d'austro,
Solca il nocchiero, e mercatante industre
Con util lucro nazioni annoda;
E infin dove ogni stirpe alta ed umile
L'ingegno adopri e le robuste braccia.
Pensier comune, universal fatica
Vuole, ed invito, per venir fra noi,
Da tutte l'alme; ed al romor dell'Arti
Scende la Diva, ed il suo carro arresta,
Di popoli ristoro. Essa le ciglia
Però sdegnosa e dispettosa aggrotta
Contro a chi fatto è sol peso di letti
O di sedili, e fra gli altrui lavori
Usa faccia di ciance o di quiete.
Nè solo ha cruccio; ma li gastiga. Come!
Vuoi tu saperlo? Di suo bel sembiante
Veste la Noia. Una donzella è questa
Che chimerizza e immagina diletti,
Nè mai li trova: un'invisibil peste
Che là dov'entra, fa protender braccia,
Sbadigliar bocche, ed a volere a un tempo
Cupidamente e a disvoler sospinge.
Questa or vien teco, e Voluttà ti sembra,
Che in tue brame soffiando, le travolve,
Qual di state talora in mezzo all'aia
Vento fa pula circuire e foglie.
Dimmi, se fai sì dilettosa vita,
Perchè rizzi gli orecchi, e mille volte
Dello scorrer dell'ore al servo chiedi,
Infastidito, e di tardanza incolpi
Or il carro del Sole, or della Notte?
E perchè spesso, oh voi beate, esclami,
Teste di plebe! se s'aggira Cecco
Citarizzando, e va cantando Bimbo
In zucca per le vie cencioso e scalzo?
A te stesso noioso, in te non trovi
Di che appagarti. T'accompagnan sempre
Torpor, languore, e là dove apparisci,
Sei tedio, hai tedio: Voluttà ne ride.

76.

Tommaso Crudeli.

Er ward 1703 zu Poppi im Casentinischen geboren, wo er bereits 1744 starb. Unter seinen hinterlassenen Schriften befinden sich Oden, vortreffliche Fabeln, eine in Prosa geschriebene Cicalata, und: die Kunst den Frauen zu gefallen. Seine Fabeln sind um so bemerkenswerther, als sie, obwohl in einem höheren Tone gehalten, sich gerade durch Anmuth und Grazie auszeichnen.

Il Contadino ed il Signore.

Un uom già fu della campagna amante,
Che possedeva alla città vicino

Fiorito, verdeggiante,
E da lui coltivato ampio giardino:
Siepe folta e spinosa
Cingealo intorno intorno;
Colà dentro crescea tutta odorosa,
D'acque la sera aspersa,
E di rugiada allo spuntar del giorno,
Menta, dittamo e persa.
Di quest' erbe ei faceva i dì di festa
Da portarselo in petto
Alla sua Margherita un bel mazzetto.
Questa felicità
Da una lepre turbata
Fece sì che al signor della città
Il nostro galantuom portò querela.
Questa bestia malnata
Entra, disse, signor, mattina e sera
Nel mio giardino, e lì senza rispetto
Calpesta i fiori e mangia l'insalata.
Io tesi, per finir questa bollera,
All' ingordo animal più d'un archetto;
Ma delle trappole
Che io tendo ridesi;
Bastoni e ciottoli
Seco ci perdono
Tutto il lor credito.
Per me lo credo un mago. — Un mago,
oibò,
Rispose il sire; e quando fosse un diavolo,
V'assicuro che Fo, Tigre e Giordano
Faranno in modo che del vostro cavolo
Più non godrà quest' animal villano.
Noi ci verrem dimani
Con armi, con lacchè, cavalli e cani. —
Fatto così l'accordo, ecco ch' ei viene,
Cani sciolti e in catene,
Cacciatori e bracchieri,
Can da fermo e levrieri,
E cavalli e lacchè
Tutti conduce il buon signor con se.
E ben, disse al padrone:
Facciam pria colazione.
Veduto ho i vostri polli, e son ben teneri.
Vostra figliuola è questa? Al primo aspetto
Vi dico, o galantuom, che è tempo omai
Che vostra figlia armi a un marito il letto.
Accostatevi a me, bella fanciulla,
Entriam in confidenza.
Non vi parrebbe molto saporito
Un pezzo di marito?
E dicendo così fa conoscenza
Con quella giovinetta:
Se la fa sedere a lato,
Poi la piglia per la mano,
Sale al braccio, e poi pian piano
Al fazzoletto,
Che copre il petto,
Stende le dita.
La giovinetta allor tutta arrossita
Si difende con rispetto;
L'accorto padre n'ha gran dispiacere;
Ma bisogna tacere.
Qui rizzandosi: Oh via
Vediam, diss' egli, pria
Tutta la vostra casa. — Eccoli in sala,
Scendon le scale, giungono in cantina,
Contan le botti piene, indi rimontano,
E finalmente arrivano in cucina. —
Questi vostri prosciutti
Son eglino vecchi tutti?
Hanno una cera d'essere squisiti. —
Sono al vostro comando. — Ed io, rispose
Il nobile signore,
Li prendo di buon cuore. —
Fa colazione intanto,
E seco mangia tutta la famiglia,
I cani, i cacciatori,
Cavalli e servitori,
Tutta gente di buona dentatura.
Comanda a dirittura
In casa di quell'uom, beve il suo vino,
Ed accarezza la sua bella figlia.
Succede al mangiamento
Dei cacciator l'orribil imbarazzo;
Fan trombe e corni un orrendo schiamazzo,
Che d'ogni intorno ne rimbomba il lito:
Onde il buon uom solo alla quiete av-
vezzo
Attonito rimane e sbalordito.
Il peggio fu che misero a soqquadro
Erbe da far minestre, erbe odorose.
Addio ogni più bel fiorito quadro,
Addio lattughe tenere e gustose.
Scovan la lepre che si stava ascosa
Tra verde e folta malva;
Volan frecce per l'aria; ella paurosa
Schiva fuggendo i colpi, e alfin si salva.
Qui tutto ardente il sire
Volto a' suoi, disse: Oh, mie genti, aprite
Questa siepe, che io voglio
Uscir di questo imbroglio
Senza tornar indietro, e senza scendere
Dal mio cavallo. — Allor tutti coloro
Fecero così ben questo lavoro,
Che il pover uom dicea, ma sospirando:
Questi sono i favori
Che fanno i gran signori. —
Essi però, tagliando
Alla peggio la siepe, il lasciar dire;
E in men d'un' ora fèr sì gravi danni,
Che le lepri d'un regno insieme unite
Non avrebbero al certo
Così gran guasto mai fatto in cent' anni. —
Principi, se tra voi sorge mai lite,
Non chiamate in ajuto un re possente.
State all'erta, avvertite
Ch' ei non s'impegni nelle vostre guerre,
E che non entri nelle vostre terre.

La Reggia Leonina.

Volle un giorno il leone
Tutta quanta conoscer quella gente
Di cui il Ciel l'avea fatto padrone.
Non fu selva orrida e oscura,
Che non fossene avvisata;
Circolava una scrittura
Da Sua Leonina Maestà firmata;
E lo scritto diceva,
Che per un mese intero il re teneva
Corte plenaria, e principiar doveasi
Da un lauto e gran festino,
Dove un certo perito bertuccione
Dovea ballar vestito da Arlecchino.
In tal maniera il principe spiegava
La sua potenza al popolo soggetto;
Ma ecco omai che la gran sala è piena;
Che sala! oh Dio! che sala!
Ella era anzi un orribile macello
Sanguinoso e fetente
A tal segno, che l'orso
Non potendo soffrir quel tetro avello,
Il naso si turò, poco prudente.
Spiacque il rimedio: il re forte irritato
Mandò da ser Plutone
Il signor orso a far il disgustato.
Lo scimiotto approvò
Questa severità,
E di Sua Maestà
La collera lodò,
Lodò la regia branca, e della sala
Disse cose di fuoco, e quell'odore
Sovra l'ambra esaltò, sovra ogni fiore.
Ma questa adulazion troppo scempiata
Fu dal principe accorto
Ben presto gastigata;
Già lo sfacciato adulatore è morto.
La volpe eragli accanto;
Or ben, le disse il sire,
Dimmi che ne di' tu? parlami chiaro;
Tu vedi, io non voglio essere adulato. —
La volpe allor: Sua Maestà mi scusi,
Io son molto infreddata, e l'odorato
Ho perso affatto;
Ond'io a giudicar atta non sono,
Se questo odore sia cattivo o buono. —
Di tal risposta il re fu soddisfatto. —
Voi che in corte vivete,
Apprendete, apprendete,
Non siate troppo aperti adulatori,
Nemmen troppo sinceri parlatori;
E se volete [illegible] netta,
Una scusa, o 'l silenzio
Sarà sempre per voi buona ricetta.

Il Lupo pien d'umanità.

Un lupo tutto pien d'umanità
(Se pur di tali se ne trova al mondo)
Sulla sua crudeltà,
Ch'esercitava per necessità,
Fece un pensier di riflession profondo.
Son odiato, dicea: da chi? da ognuno.
Comun nemico è 'l lupo,
E cacciatori e cani
E pastori e villani
S'adunan tutti per la sua rovina;
Odiano tutti a morte
La sua voracità, la sua rapina.
Per questo l'Inghilterra
Fu di lupi spogliata,
E per tutta la terra
Questa misera razza è taglieggiata;
E tutto ciò per un asin rognoso,
Per un putrido castrato,
Per un can magro e pulcioso,
Senza i quali potea
Leggiermente passarla il mio palato.
E ben, non mangiam più di queste cose,
Paschiam più tosto per le piagge erbose,
Rompiamci i denti,
Foriamci i labbri,
Forte rodendo
Spine pungenti,
E, se bisogna ancor, moriam di fame:
La morte è minor male
Dell'odio universale. —
E dicendo così, quattro pastori
Vide al lor gregge accosto,
Che tra l'erbette e i fiori
Si divoravan un agnello arrosto.
Oh, disse tutto allegro, io mi rinfaccio
Degli agnelli la carne:
Ecco che i lor guardiani
Se mangian essi, e poi ne danno a' cani;
Ed io lupo sarò sì scrupoloso,
Che non vorrò mangiarne?
No per Dio, no: sarei troppo pietoso.
Passerà l'agnellino,
Ed io lo sgozzerò;
Non solamente lui,
Ma la madre ch'ei poppa,
E 'l padre insieme che lo generò.
Il lupo avea ragione,
Perchè l'uomo a lui parve un animale
Di tutti il più crudele,
Che le bestie più quiete ed innocenti
Si fa passar fra' denti
Senza rispetto e senza compassione.

La Donnola ed il Coniglio.

Verso Oriente il cielo era vermiglio,
E già spuntava il dì,
Quando madama
La donnoletta
Del palazzo d'un giovine coniglio
Tutta lieta s'impadronì.

Nell' acquistato suo nuovo soggiorno
Tutti i suoi Dei Penati trasporta
Giusto nel tempo che il coniglio stava
Tra valli amene e rugiadosi prati
A corteggiare il rinascente giorno.
Dopo molto aver cercato
Colle e prato,
Tutto fresco e a suo bell' agio
Sen va verso il suo palagio.
Avea la donnoletta agile e destra
Messo il muso alla finestra.
Numi ospitali, e che vegg' io là dentro?
Disse tutto accorato
Lo scacciato animal dal patrio tetto:
Olà, madama, che si sloggi fuore
Senza rissa e rumore. —
L'accorta Dama dal naso appuntato
Con maniera obbligante
Risponde che la terra
È del primo occupante. —
Bel soggetto di guerra
Questo sarebbe stato
Tra la Francia e l'Impero
Da far versare il sangue a un mondo intero;
Ma perchè ognun di loro era privato,
Ed ambedue ben povere persone,
Fu la bella quistione,
Lasciato il guerreggiar, messa in trattato.
Vorrei sapere adesso,
Dicea l'usurpatrice,
Qual legge, qual statuto
N'ha per sempre il possesso
A Gianni, a Pietro, a Paol conceduto,
E finalmente a te,
E non più tosto a me? —
Quivi Giovan coniglio
Allega l'uso e la consuetudine:
Questa, risponde, me ne fa padrone,
Questa di padre in figlio,
E di Luca in Simone,
E finalmente in me trasmesso l'ha;
Onde la legge del primo occupante
Nel nostro caso alcun luogo non ha. —
E ben, e ben, nemico,
Che importa adesso a stare a tu per tu,
Rimettiamla in un terzo, e questo sia
Il dottor Mordigraffiante. —
Questo era un gatto di legal semenza,
Che menava una vita
Come un savio eremita;
Un buon uomo tra' gatti e di coscienza,
Di sguardo malinconico e coperto,
Nero di pelo, agile, membruto,
Giudice a fondo, e nel mestier esperto:
Ogni coniglio per arbitro l'approva.
Ecco che ognun di lor già si ritrova
Davanti al tribunale
Dell' unghiuto animale.
Mordigraffiante dice: Vi consoli
Il ciel, o miei figliuoli,
Come io vi metterò presto d'accordo:
Accostatevi a me, perchè io son sordo;
Le gran fatiche e gli anni
Sogliono seco portar simili affanni. —
S'accosta l'uno e l'altro litigante;
Ma non sì tosto esso li vide a tiro,
Che il dottorale artiglio
Da due parti gittando in un istante,
Scanna la donnoletta ed il coniglio,
Indi se li mangiò.
E in tal maniera la lite aggiustò. —
Lettor, tieni la favola a memoria,
Che se praticherai pe' tribunali,
Ti parrà la favola un' istoria.

77.

Luigi Grillo.

Ueber das Leben dieses talentvollen Fabeldichters ist nichts Näheres bekannt, als dass er aus Villa d'[illegible], Lehrer der italienischen Sprache in Pavia war, und daselbst 1787 [illegible] Alters starb.

I due Compagni e l'Orso.

Due compagni nel vedere
Un bell' orso, di pensaro
Far di vender la sua pelle;
E fornirsi le scarselle,
Ch' eran piene sol di vento,
Si credevano d'argento.
Senza chieder permissione
A lui ch' erane il padrone,
A lui ch' era vivo, sano,
Nè cortese e non umano
Trovan prima il compratore,
E, cantatogli il valore
Della pelle, e seco fatti
Per il prezzo buoni patti,
Vanno lieti alla foresta
A quell' orso a far la festa.
Giunti appena in un sentiero
Vien trottando l'orso fiero,
E colpito da paura,
Di salvarsi ognuno procura.
Sopra un olmo un d'essi ascende;
Prono l'altro al suol si stende,
Resta immoto e tien il fiato,
Quasi se morto fosse stato;
Chè sapea, che l'animale
Corpo morto non assale.
L'orso viene, e gli s'aggira
Per spiar se sente o spira;
Or al capo il muso porta,
All' orecchie or l'avvicina,
Or l'annasa, ora gli frega
Colla zampa spalle e nuca,

E fiutando finalmente,
Un odor ingrato sente,
Un odor senza rumore
Ch'era effetto di timore,
E col muso arcigno e storto:
Costui, disse, è corpo morto;
Come puzza! come impesta!
Per voi, lupi e corvi, resta
Quest' a voi piacevol esca,
Che per me vo' carne fresca,
Sì dicendo, s'allontana,
E ritorna alla sua tana.
L'altro scende, vien, e dice,
Al compagno: sei felice,
E ben teco mi consolo,
Che paura e 'l danno solo;
Ma che disse l'orso, quando
Ti veniva bisbigliando
Nelle orecchie? Quasi niente,
Quel rispose; solamente
L'orso pria da voi si prenda,
E la pelle poi si venda.

Il Lupo e la Cicogna.

I Lupi son voraci
Non meno che rapaci:
Un d'essi ingordamente
Esercitando il dente,
Dov'era gran carname
Pasceva la sua fame,
E gli s'affisse in gola
Un osso; nè parola
Articolar poteva:
Pure gridar voleva
Per domandare aita,
E a perdere la vita
Presso era; per ventura
A prender di lui cura
Una cicogna venne.
Il lupo allora tenne
La sua golaccia aperta;
Col becco ella dal male
Che diveniva mortale
Lo salva, e poi mercede
Dell'opra sua gli chiede.
Che sento! il lupo dice,
Tu sei troppo felice
D'aver il collo tratto
Dalla mia gola intatto.
Mercede! ah! sconoscente,
Se presto non vai via,
Temi la zampa mia.
Così al malvagio pare,
Se mal non fa, ben fare.

Il Leone ammalato.

Il leone un dì languia
D'una grave malattia,
E voleva che ogni classe
De' suoi sudditi mandasse
Deputati a visitarlo,
Che potrebbe almen distrarlo
Dalla sua malinconia
L'aver seco compagnia.
Passaporti fur spediti
Da per tutto, ben muniti
Del sigillo e fè reale,
Che venir ogni animale
E tornar potrebbe esente
Dalla zampa e dal suo dente.
Si vedevan comparire
Alla corte di quel sire
Con gran fretta gl'inviati,
Che ben tosto fur guidati
All'oscura stanza interna
Della regia sua caverna.
Venne alfin la volpe accorta:
Ella guarda; ver la porta
Vede l'orme varie e molte
Tutte quante esser rivolte,
Nè sol una che indicasse
Fuori uscì che ritornasse:
A tal vista ella s'arresta,
Pensa, dice: cos'è questa?
Entri pur chi vuol l'onore
D'inchinarsi al gran signore;
Io per me non me ne curo:
Questo è luogo mal sicuro
Ove vedesi l'entrare,
Ma l'uscirne non appare.

L'Avaro.

Se potesse i giorni miei
L'oro accrescere, vorrei
Ammontar l'oro sull'oro;
E col darle il mio tesoro,
Rimandar vorrei la morte,
Se venisse alle mie porte:
Ma se l'oro nulla vale
A tardar l'ora fatale,
A me par di sè nemico
Chi fra l'or vive mendico.
Un avaro possessore
D'un tesoro, per timore
Che gli fosse in casa tolto,
Lo tenea sempre sepolto
In un campo, e a tutte l'ore,
In quel campo era col cuore.
Come spesso volle il giorno
A vederlo fea ritorno,
Un villan che il vide, cosa
Sospettò che avesse ascosa;
Onde, accorto, il tempo attende:
Va, lo cerca, il trova, il prende;
E non fa come l'avaro,
Ma profonde quel denaro.

Mentre l'uno tresca e ride,
Venne l'altro; e quando vide
Che mancava il suo denaro
Della luce a lui più caro,
Qual da fulmine colpito
Cadde in terra tramortito;
Poi piange, geme, grida.
Un viandante alle sue strida
Corre e dicegli: Qual danno
Ti dà mai sì grave affanno?
Un tesoro mi han rapito. —
Un tesor! dove? — In quel sito. —
In quel sito? — Siamo in guerra,
Per nasconderlo sotterra?
E perchè non ritenerlo
Teco in casa, per averlo
Nei bisogni a te vicino
Senza far tanto cammino?
Meco in casa? qui lontano
Men temeva la mia mano,
Che il denar qual va non viene,
E chi ne ha, fa ben, se il tiene.
Allor l'altro: Ma che importa
Disperarti, s'era morta
Quella somma? un sasso messo
Da te in vece, fia l'istesso.

Il Lupo e i Pastori.

Un lupo penitente
Avendo fisso in mente
Di riformar la rea
Sua vita, un dì dicea:
Io son, ahi! che dolore!
Io son l'odio, l'orrore,
Di chi? di tutto il mondo.
E qui un sospir profondo,
E un urlo fece udire;
Indi riprese a dire:
È pur crudel la sorte
D'un lupo! alla sua morte
I cani, e cacciatori,
E rustici, e pastori,
Intenti sempre sono
Senza pietà o perdono;
E sol perchè talora,
Che fame lo divora,
Fame che non ha legge,
Ei scema il loro gregge
D'un can magro e stizzoso,
O d'un agnel scabbioso.
Or ogni mio potere
Per farmi ben volere
Farò; prometto e giuro
Che fia sempre sicuro
E illeso dal mio dente
Ogni animal vivente;
E tutta la mia vita
Vivrò, qual eremita,
Sol d'erbe e di radici,
Per non aver nemici;
E se ne manca, allora
Di fame pur si mora.
Che morte è minor male
Dell'odio universale.
Così dicendo, ei crede
Veder, anzi pur vede
Sette pastori, i quali
Pranzavan commensali,
Spolpando un pingue agnello
Ben cotto e tenerello;
Oh! oh! disse, gli umani,
Qual son, sono inumani,
E fanno quello ch'essi
Vorrian ch'io non facessi!
Orsù, scrupoli, uscite
Dal cor, e via fuggite,
E vadan pur a' venti
Promesse e giuramenti.
O sorte, in questo istante
Fa ch'io ritrovi errante
Qualche animal lanuto;
Io, col mio dente acuto,
Protesto a Giove e a Bacco,
Di porlo nel mio sacco.
Voi che precetti date,
Che gli altri consigliate,
Il vostro dir non giova,
Se il far lo disapprova.

Il Gallo, il Cane e la Volpe.

Un tempo il gallo e il cane
Voller, da amici veri,
Per lunghi aspri sentieri
Veder terre lontane.
Partiron in quell'ora
Che con ridente aspetto
Dall'immobil letto
Fuggia la bell'Aurora.
In una selva antica
Fur giunti, quando in cielo
Stendeva il fosco velo
La notte a' ladri amica;
Ad una quercia allora
I nostri viaggiatori
Innanzi a' nuovi albori
S'avvisan far dimora.
Il cane sott'a quella
Riposo e sonno prende;
Il gallo in cima ascende
A star in sentinella.
Tutto tacea; soltanto
Quel vigile cantore
In quel notturno orrore
Apriva il becco al canto.
L'ode una volpe, e pensa:
La sorte, se non erro,

Intende il mio bisogno,
Provvede alla mia mensa.
Già corre al gallo in fretta;
Ma che farà? salire
Non può; sa ben mentire;
Onde così l'alletta:
Tu come un cigno canti;
Che voce! pare un rio;
Deh! scendi, e vieni meco
A star alcuni istanti.
Sol una canzonetta
Da te sentir vorrei,
E, se cortese sei,
Larga mercede aspetta.
Alla volpina lode
Il gallo non si fida,
E con tal dir confida
Punir frode con frode:
Al tuo desir mi rendo;
Ma un mio compagno desta,
Che lì dormendo resta,
Mentre che a terra scendo.
Egli è cantor perfetto,
Non gallo, ma cappone;
E non una canzone
Udrai, ma un bel duetto.
La volpe presta fede
A quel ch'ai denti giova,
E cerca e presto trova
Tal altro che non crede.
Ben tosto alla sua tana
Colei fuggir volea;
Ma il can, che desto avea,
La segue, prende e sbrana.
Per breve ha lieta sorte
Chi viver suol d'inganni;
Ne vengon poi gli affanni
E vergognosa morte.

I due Ladri e l'Asino.

Un'orribile contesa
Per un asino rubato
Fra due ladri s'era accesa;
L'uno e l'altro era ostinato;
L'un dicea: Lo venderemo.
Dicea l'altro: Lo terremo.
Dal gridar vengon all'onte,
E da queste a crudel guerra;
E con mani audaci e pronte
Afferrati vanno a terra,
Dove dansi pugni, schiaffi,
Urti, calci, morsi e graffi.
Mentre stanno entrambi attenti
A dar colpi, a far difese,
Qual due cani d'ira ardenti,
Venne un terzo ladro, e prese
Il somaro, e sopra quello
Monta e trotta via bel bello.
Finalmente quei cessaro
Stanchi e fiacchi dalle risse,
E vedendo il lor somaro
Via sparito, un di lor disse:
Mentre noi stiamo in contese,
Ride un terzo a nostre spese.

Il Topo nella dispensa.

Un topo scarno e snello,
Il qual nel suo cervello
Gran scienza aver credea,
Perchè sempre vivea
Fra' libri, un giorno volle
Cercar vita più molle,
E tacito e soletto,
Passando un buco stretto,
Pervien a una dispensa
Ove fermarsi pensa,
Per ivi far soggiorno
Fino all'estremo giorno.
Che vede pe' suoi denti
Salami alto pendenti,
E lardo ed altre cose
Squisite e appetitose.
In pochi dì grassetto
Divenne e rotondetto,
Mostrando in apparenza
Ch'ei non vivea di scienza.
Ma come spesso avviene
Che il mal succeda al bene,
Un dì che dopo cena
Avea la pancia piena,
Sentendo un gran rumore,
Sorpreso da terrore,
Al buco s'appresenta
E indarno passar tenta:
Crede ingannarsi, e spia
Se v'è qualch'altra via,
E gira intorno intorno,
E al buco fa ritorno.
Per questo foro un dì,
Dice egli, io venni qui,
E mentre si lamenta
Che invano uscirne tenta,
Da un ragno ivi presente
Così parlar si sente:
Convien, per quindi uscire,
Qual fosti divenire.
Chi sol pensa al presente,
Nell'avvenir si pente.

Il Leone e la Mosca.

Via di qua, mosca insolente,
Mi frastorna quel ronzio;
Non sai forse che il potente,
Re de' bruti sol son io?
Del tuo titolo reale,
Ella a lui, mi burlo e rido:

Tu non sei che un animale,
E a pugnar meco ti sfido.
Si la mosca disse appena,
Che all' eccelso spazio pensile,
Vola in alto; e nella schiena
Del nemico poi discende,
E lo punge e lo molesta
Dove meno egli se attende,
Or nel fianco or nella testa,
Nè mai tregua gli concede.
Il leon s' accende d' ira,
Freme, ed agita la zampa:
Tutto è vano: si ritira
Ella a tempo, e i colpi scampa;
E con nuovo ardire ognora
Rivolando al suo rivale,
Nelle orecchie gli si fora,
Nelle nari ancor l' assale.
Rugge, freme il leone stanco
Della lunga pugna atroce:
Va sferzando il debil fianco
Colla coda, e l' ira vana
Già sfumata in sull' arena
Dando indietro scuote fonda,
E mancando di ogni lena,
Per furor se stesso addenta.
Ella dice: sei perdente,
E perchè tu conosca,
O leon fiero e potente,
Che ti vinse, io son la mosca.
Nella forza por la speme
Non è sempre buon consiglio,
E con chi meno si teme
Spesso v' è maggior periglio.

Il Rusignuolo e 'l Cardellino.

Una fanciullina udiva
Del rusignuolo il canto;
E al bosco, donde usciva
La voce, gli occhi intanto
Volgeva, desiosa
Di scoprire dov' era
Quel dolce melodioso
Cantor di primavera.
Lo vede fra le fronde;
E vede a lui vicino
Che ancora si nasconde
Un vispo cardellino,
E questo egli credea
L' augel cantor che fosse,
Che vaghe piume avea
E bianche e gialle e rosse,
E disse: L' augelletto
Che va col canto al cuore
È questo; l' altro inetto
Mi par di brun colore;
Ma questo ha penne belle,
E belle a meraviglia,
E 'l dolce canto a quelle
Appunto s' assomiglia.
A questo dir, a volo
Vede l' augel ch' ei vanta
Fuggir, e 'l rusignuolo
Ode, che dolce canta.
Allor egli si trova
Confuso nel vedere,
Che l' abito non prova
Nè 'l merito nè 'l sapere.

La Volpe, e 'l Gatto.

Una volpe con un gatto,
Per un voto ch' aveano fatto,
Se ne gìano senza conforti,
Vivendo a lunghe usati,
E parlavan nel fra via
Di morali filosofia;
E colei che ne sapea
Più del gatto, sì dicea:
Se facesse ogni animale
Solo il ben e non il male,
Oh che vivere giocondo!
Quanto bel sarebbe il mondo!
Ma l' opposto spesso avviene;
Fassi il mal e non il bene,
E poi troppo, ahimè! si vede
Che ragion a forza cede.
Con l' altro: Quanto dici
Tutt' è vero; ma meschini
Noi viviamo sempre inquieti
Non possiamo esser mai lieti.
Ma che fare? gente onesta
Siamo noi, che non molesta
Colla lingua nè col dente
Nessun' anima vivente.
Mentre dice, ecco un feroce
Lupo correre veloce
Verso un povero agnellino:
Indi veggon l' assassino
Che l' assale, che lo atterra,
Che lo spolpa, e che l' inserra:
Ah ribaldo! ah malfattore!
Presso questi, ah traditore!
Come mai sì grande e forte
Dar al debole la morte?
Colui pare un infingardo,
Che a rubare non è tardo,
Che sprezzando onore e fama
Di rapire sol si sfama.
Gli erranti pellegrini
Vanno, e vedono vicini
D' un casale i molti tetti;
Qui fermarsi, e ne' lor detti,
Abbisognando il proposito,
Comprendevan l' imminente
Ma la volpe una gallina
Nel vedere le s' avvicina.

La sorprende, addenta, e sbrana,
E nel ventre se la intana:
E quel ghiotto in quell'istante,
Come a un lupo che tremante
Al suo buco si rifugia,
E l'adocchia, e lo trangugia.
 Sopra un albero vicino
V'era un ragno: [illegible]
Fa lacci per sulla quercia
Due devoti [illegible];
Ma sorprendean le azioni,
Si proruppe: oh che briccone!
Quanto sono scellerati!
Ah! que' birbanti impiccati,
E squartati quasi adesso
Senza forma di processo.
Poco appresso, e mentre stende
La sua tela; immantinente
E la mosca prende in fretta,
E la succhia, mentre stretta
Fra le zampe se la tiene,
Sangue e vita dalle vene.
 Tale un uom condanna spesso
Fuor di se quel ch'ha in se stesso.

La Mosca e la Farfalla

Volò la mosca appena
Tutta di miel ripiena,
Che volò tosto a quella
Sull'ale agile e snella,
Con bibite di liquore,
Che si le tocca il cuore,
Che per tuffarvi il naso,
Ingorda entra nel vaso:
Uscir indi voleva,
E tal si dibatteva
Colle sue forze frali,
Che alfin s'invesca l'ali.
 La mosca mal accorta
Si teme allor per morta,
S'affligge, si dispera:
Vedeo l'ultima sera,
Dicea: Sorte crudele,
Mi fai morir nel miele!
 Una farfalla udiva
Giunta tra morta e viva
Dolersi amaramente,
E disse: l'accidente
T'avviene pur fatale;
Ma che? tu del tuo male
Sei sola la cagione:
Chi fugge la ragione,
E segue il suo desio
Alfin ne paga il fio:
Alla ragione sorda
Tu fosti, e sempre ingorda.
Volea più dir, ma mira
Un lume: a quel s'aggira
Volando intorno intorno;
Si scosta e fa ritorno,
E tanto s'avvicina,
Che alfine la meschina
S'abbrucia, e smarrita
Esce di questa vita.
 La mosca prigioniera
Che morta ancor non era,
S'udì con questi detti
Parlar: I suoi difetti
Doveva pur colui
Correggere pria che i suoi.
 Or alla mosca mia
Il dir permesso sia,
Che in seno del piacere
Sperando molti avere
Felice e lieta sorte,
Vi trovano la morte.

I Venti.

 In un antro radunati
Tutti i venti, ch'eran stati
Chi sul mar, chi sulla terra
A far aspra e cruda guerra,
Baldanzosi e trionfanti
Raccontavano i lor vanti:
 Chi nel mar avea sommerse
Molte navi, altre disperse:
Chi alle messi, chi alle ville
Fatto avea danni infiniti;
Altri a terra le colonne
Mura, torri e case intere;
Altri le' svellar un monte,
E affondar nel fiume un ponte;
Ma fra questi il vento Moro
Si vantava con dir loro:
 Vidi un uomo gravemente
Camminar qual presidente;
Gli soffiai nella parrucca,
E 'l suo capo resta in zucca;
Quella volò e da lui scappa;
Ei la segue e non la chiappa,
E intoppando nella strada,
Stramazzone avvien che cada.
 Mentre il vento cavernoso
A quel dire strepitoso
Rimbomba in ogni parte,
Stava zefiro in disparte:
Questi amico sol di pace,
Lor non loda e sempre tace;
Pur chiamato a dir le cose
Da lui fatte, si rispose:
 Fu mia sola dolce cura
Or crespar l'onda pura
De ruscelli e valli erbose,
Colli ameni e selve ombrose;
Or temprar gli estivi ardori
Alle mandre ed ai pastori,

Or sul fiume, ora sul prato
Col suo lieve dolce fiato
Increspar faceva l'onde,
Tremolar le verdi fronde,
E l'erbette e i vaghi fiori;
E rapiva i vari odori
Per portarli seco a volo,
E di tanti farne un solo.
A tal dire quei perversi
Con dispetto a lui conversi
Gli sboffaron tutti in volto:
Dal furor insano e stolto
Bisognò ch'egli fuggisse,
E dall'antro uscendo, disse:
Ah malnata gente avvezza
A mal far, che i buoni sprezza!

Il Leone vecchio.

Un leon vecchio cadente,
Da gran tempo macilente,
Del suo mal volea guarire,
Ed ancor ringiovanire,
Crede un re quel che desia
Che possibil tutto sia;
Onde tosto ei fe' sapere
Da per tutto il suo volere;
E venivan d'ogni parte
Quei che uccidon più che Marte;
Vale a dir, gravi dottori,
Alchimisti, e ciurmatori.
Sol la volpe quota e quatta
Volle star nella sua fratta,
Nè a trovar venne il leone.
Colse il lupo l'occasione,
Com'è l'uso di tal gente,
D'accusar la volpe assente.
A cercar il re la manda,
E che venga le comanda.
Ella viene; dell'accusa
Consapevole, si scusa
Con tal dir: Sire, perdono
Se a venire tarda sono:
Volli prima tutti quanti
Visitar i luoghi santi,
E pregar Giove che in voi
Un buon re conservi a noi.
Io consultai ne' miei viaggi
Gran dottori, esperti e saggi:
Lor dicevan, tal e quale
Sia l'autore, il vostro male;
E son tutti d'un parere,
Che conviene, per riavere
Il calore primitivo,
Scorticar un lupo vivo,
E ravvolgervi nell'istante
Nella pelle ancor fumante.
Sol il lupo il grande onore
Di guarire il suo signore
Si riserbi, e l'opra è tale,
Che può renderlo immortale.
Il rimedio fu approvato;
Preso il lupo e scorticato,
E il leon ravvolto allora
Nella pelle, almen un'ora
Vi rimase, e delle polpe
Cenar volle colla volpe.
Voi cui diè la cieca sorte
Alti gradi nella corte,
Sempre, in vece d'accusarvi,
Procurate di giovarvi:
Se nol fate, la vendetta
Tende l'arco, e il tempo aspetta.

L'Asino e 'l Cavallo.

Chi beve al castalio fonte,
La caduta di Fetonte
Canti pure; a me fia caro
Narrar quella d'un somaro.
Quando torna il verde aprile,
Quando ai campi dall'ovile
Liete van le pastorelle
A condur le pecorelle,
Quando cantan gli augelletti
Nelle selve amorosetti,
Un destriero in sua balia
Giva errando in sua via,
Or da questo or da quel lato,
E si vide a fronte un prato
D'erbe verdi e fiori adorno,
Ma da un fosso cinto intorno.
A tal vista egli si sente
Stimolar da fame il dente,
E sperando un salto snello
Si ritrova in sul pratello,
Dove pascer le odorose
Molli erbette rugiadose.
Un somaro che lo vede
Poter far l'istesso crede:
Ancor ei non saltatore,
Fiero alzando la sua testa:
A quel giuoco già s'appresta;
Corre, salta, e grande e grosso
Fa un bel tonfo in mezzo al fosso.
Pria l'impresa ognun misuri,
E le forze sue misuri.

Il Leoncino.

La regina leonessa
Partorì, nell'ora stessa
Che spuntava un bel mattino,
Il suo primo leoncino;
E s'udivan d'ogni sorte
Complimenti nella corte;
Si dicea, ch'era nato
Ben formato e spiritoso,

Che in bellezza era la madre,
Che in valor sarebbe il padre,
Che per suo piacer Natura
Di formarlo prese cura.
  Il leon, lieto e giocondo
Quanto padre fosse al mondo,
Festeggiar volle il natale
Di quel suo bambin reale
Con banchetti, suoni e canti;
E venir fe' commedianti,
Saltatori e ballerini,
Nè mancaron i tamburini.
  Quando giunse il principino
All' etade omai vicino
Ch' educare si doveva,
Il leone che voleva
Far ch' ei fosse uno stupore
Di saper e di valore,
Molti chiese letterati
E maestri rinomati;
Fûro molti; nè so come
Ricordarmi del lor nome;
Posso sol dir che l'elefante
Era l'ajo dell' infante;
Che di scherma era maestra
Una scimmia snella e destra;
Che la volpe malandrina
La politica dottrina
Gl' insegnava, e l'orso il ballo,
E le lingue il pappagallo.
Crebbe e, morto il genitore,
Gli divenne successore;
Ma l'impero mentre resse,
Io non so se mai facesse
Opre degne di memoria,
Che non parlane l'istoria;
Nè si legge nelle stampe
Ch' egli avria grosse zampe;
Denti acuti e gran mascelle
Per mangiar le pecorelle,
E secondo quel ghiottone
D'una lepre un sol boccone.
  La mia musa non vaneggia,
Se scherzando favoleggia:
Ella intende dir che ancora
Del sapere la fatica;
E che niente, benchè rara,
Se non studia non impara.

La Ghianda e la Zucca.

  Iddio tutto ha ben fatto,
E chi lo nega è matto.
Io nelle zucche vedo
Tal verità, e la credo,
Senza cercare altrove
Altri argomenti e prove.
  Matteo era un villano
Che quanto il suo piovano
Di lettere sapeva,
Che libri ognor leggeva,
E di filosofia
E di teologia,
E gli altri contadini
Lontani oppur vicini
Facevangli tutti onore,
Qual fosse un gran dottore.
Costui vide una zucca
E pensa e si spilucca
Il dotto suo cervello:
Che frutto grosso e bello!
Egli fra se diceva;
Ma qual fu mai l'idea
Del creator del tutto
Nel fare questo frutto
Sì grande a terra steso?
Ah! s'ei l'avesse appeso
A quella querce annosa,
Saria mirabil cosa;
Che un arbor tanto grande
Le zucche e non le ghiande,
Secondo il mio parere
Dovea per certo avere.
Sì dicendo e per pensare
Meglio sì grave affare,
Sull' erba si riposa
Sotto la querce ombrosa,
E mentre egli argomenta,
Pian piano s' addormenta.
Dormiva egli supino,
E venne un uccellino,
Il quale il vol raccoglie
Tra quelle verdi foglie;
In quel medesmo istante
Da un ramoscel tremante
Versò una ghianda grossa,
E dagli una percossa,
Appunto, oh strano caso!
Sopra il russante naso.
Matteo allor si desta,
E pon la mano presta
In sulla parte offesa,
E quella poi distesa
Sul petto irsuto e folto,
Vi trova il frutto avvolto.
Allor pien di stupore,
Di tema e di dolore;
Che mai di te saria,
Ei dice, o testa mia;
O testa mammalucca,
Se ghianda fosse zucca?
Allor umile e pio,
Ei grazie rende a Dio;
E in tutto, da quell' ora,
L' ammira, loda e adora.

78.

Giambattista Roberti.

Er ward 1719 in Bassano geboren, und starb daselbst 1786. Seine Schriften, in denen er das Nützliche mit dem Angenehmen zu vereinen strebte, bezeugen die Gewandtheit seines Geistes und die Güte seines Herzens. Vorzüglich gelungen erscheinen besonders seine Fabeln.

Il Rosignuolo in America.

Un rosignuolo italico,
Cantor leggiadro e fino,
Nella remota America
Andossi pellegrino.
D' augelli schiera incognita
Trovò di là del mare
Entro un bosco di zucchero
Bella e gaia scherzare.
Di azzurro e giallo e rosso
Le penne avean dipinte,
Ed eran tutte vivide
Quelle lor varie tinte.
Il Rosignuol, che un abito
Veste in tuono modesto,
Su fronda solitaria
Stavasi umile e mesto.
Ma intanto gli eccentrici
Erano al canto inetti;
Però si stavan queti
Intesi solo a' giochi.
Dunque con gorgia nobile
Tra il sommo acuto e il grave
Facile arietta trova
Tentar s' udì soave.
Allora tutti attoniti
Presso di lui si fanno,
E di encomi prodighi
Plauso al suo canto danno.
Fra i ricci, i fior, le polveri,
Fra i morbidi velluti,
E fra i broccati lucidi
D' argento e d' or tessuti,
Chi veste assai povera
Talora si dispregia;
Ma poi se parla e disputa,
Da ognuno si ascolta e pregia.

La Gallina e lo Sparviere.

Siate buoni figliuoli, o giovinetti,
De' genitori docili alla voce;
E se qualcun de' lor molli precetti
Talora un pocolin vi noia e cuoce,
Pensate che amor regna entro a' lor petti,
Amor che sa ciò che vi giova o nuoce,
Udite un poco quel che vidi un giorno
Sedendo solitario appiè d' un orno.
Mentre nel pollaio dove più brama
Più libero [illegible] e la tenera ed erba,
[illegible] tutti col [illegible] e [illegible]
Il milvo rio che le fa sempre guerra,
Tosto rauca gridìa e i figli chiama,
E sotto all' ale sue gli accoglie e serra.
Disubbidì un pulcin, e il meschinello
Divenne preda all' uccellaccio fello.

L'Asino e il Cavallo.

Era in certe contrade
Per amor di beltade
L' asin tenuto in pregio,
Qual animale egregio,
L' asin in quella terra
Se ne andava alla guerra.
Esso bardato e bello,
A canto a un suo fratello,
Sotto a cocchiere dotto
Senza servile frotto,
Per mezzo alla cittade
Spirando dignitade,
Mordendo ricco morso
Traeva le dame al corso.
Ognuno lo palpava,
E il pelo gli lisciava,
E gli porgea di avena
La mangiatoia piena.
Frattanto a quei paesi
Giunsero i caval danesi
(V' ha ch' il dice andaluso,
Chi [illegible])
E de' cavalli allora
Tosto ognun s' innamora,
Ognun sopra un destriere
Vuol esser cavaliere.
L' asino alla pastura
Si manda in vita dura,
Ed al mulin si caccia,
E col baston si scaccia;
Felice se il groppone
Non rompegli il bastone. —
L' asino è disgraziato,
Perchè il cavallo è nato,
Talun è in poco onore
Solo perchè ha un maggiore.

Il Gatto e il Formaggio.

Col tuo soverchio il timido gastaldo
Nell' antica sua dispensa un rumor sale,
E s' accorge che un [illegible] e baldo,
Da un buco uscito [illegible],
Per esercizio del suo dente saldo,
Un marzolin piacentino si rodea;
Giunse entro il gatto, e il gatto prende alloggio
Fuggì il topo, e più mangiò il formaggio. —
Un [illegible] allevato talor nuoce
Più che il comune [illegible] e [illegible]

La Rosa.

In angolo romito
Di bel giardin fiorito
Spuntava verginella
Una Rosa novella;
In se stessa raccolta,
Tra verdi stami avvolta,
Timidetta non era
Fuor della boccia intera:
Si mostra, e si nasconde,
E appena entro dell' onde
Di un ruscello argentino
Specchiasi a lei vicino:
Poca, ma più promette
Di sue fragranze. [illegible]
E bel quel che dispiega,
Più bello è quel che nega.
Ben celato ed [illegible]
[illegible] e morte;
Nè la sua [illegible] bruna
Nullo fiore importuna.
Così vivea sola
Nella muscosa sponda,
Così vivea negletta
La Rosa verginetta.
Cento Rose diverse
Godean qua e là disperse
Per le tenere sponde
Un [illegible] per amore.
Ognuna era pomposa
[illegible] fogliosa,
E pareva superba
Non che dispregiasse l'erba
Col seno, che aperto mostra
Ed [illegible] e [illegible],
Ma i vezzosetti amori,
Benchè leggiadri [illegible];
E a lei giravan intorno
Dal principio del giorno
Fin che [illegible] mostra [illegible],
E [illegible] farfalle.
Infedele il sole arriva
Al suo meriggio, e poste
Sui [illegible] rami
Vivi [illegible] rai
Ecco! ogni Rosa altera
Languidetta [illegible],
[illegible], e le foglie [illegible],
Dell' ape e della vespa
Non più delizia e amore,
Non più del campo onore.
La [illegible] pudica
Dell' altra Rosa [illegible]
Con un [illegible]
Va al [illegible],
E la [illegible] posta,
E tutta la [illegible];
Quell' era dal suo stelo
Sale poi cara al cielo.
O donzelletta saggia,
Chiusa in solinga piaggia,
Tu sei quell' odorata
Fresca Rosa beata.

La Rana viaggiatrice.

Prese una volta a sdegno
Del suo stagno nativo il patrio regno,
Per schifar le offese
Del pescator rapace,
E per mirar qualch' altro bel paese,
Terra da voglia insana
Partì raminga un' animosa rana.
Appena balza sull' erbosa sponda,
Che quasi [illegible] bella immonda
Perchè villanamente incontro fassi,
E la persegue co' sassi:
Già è nel costui sentiero,
E vien quasi schiacciata
Di un ponderoso carro [illegible]
Da una ruota ferrata.
Avanza per la via,
E di pecore, e agnelli
Confuso un gregge immenso,
Che erano presso a mille
Alza un polvere denso,
Che accieca le pupille.
Entra a un solcato campo,
Ma, se non voglia cauta e non si adopra,
Ha la [illegible] sopra
Ora di un capro il fesso piede lordo,
Ed ora di un porchetto il muso ingordo.
Libera al fin [illegible]
Entro a un [illegible] pratello,
E allora appunto un avoltoio fello
L' adocchia, e a farle guerra
La rapid' ala serra:
E se il villanello colpo non falliva,
Coll' [illegible]
Dunque già fatta dai perigli accorta,
Per la passata [illegible],
Prende al ritorno in fretta;
E come vide la palude antica
[illegible],
E con allegro tonfo
Entro al [illegible] dall' alto
Per un [illegible] salto.
Anch' io più d' uno vidi
Del suol patrio scontento
Altre terre tentare ed altri lidi:
Poi ritornare a stento
Non diversi, ma di affanni pieno
Alla sua patria in seno.

Il Rosignuolo e il Verme lucido.

Ad un verme pomposo
Splendeva il [illegible] il ventre,

Onde poi orgoglioso,
Del giorno odiato il lume,
Quando sul vasto [illegible]
Si rodean gli altri vermi le fogliuzze,
E dormivan tranquilli entro l'erbuzze,
Tutt' i vermi sprezzava,
E se stesso esaltava.
Un vigile usignuolo,
Che adocchiollo da un frassino
Qual lucciola sul suolo,
Interruppe sua tenera canzone,
E scese curioso,
E a scender pensoso;
Ma da poi che un uccello
Vide a difesa inetto
(Essendo anch' egli uccello di rapina)
Contro sua ingorda fame,
Stimò la tenera cena,
E alla prima beccata
[illegible] la povera [illegible].
Splender per gloria vana
È una superbia insana:
Modesta vita oscura
È sempre più sicura.

Cani piccoli e Lupo piccolo.

Ergasto buon pastore
Educò per amore
Insieme al cagnuol suoi
Un lupacin, che al muso,
Al pelo, al passo, al fiutto
Parea un cagnolino.
Visse un pezzo quieto,
Qual cane mansueto;
Ma come adulto crebbe,
E preso vigor ebbe,
L'istinto suo maligno,
Lasciò d'esser benigno
E fu tristo e rapace,
E di rubar bramoso.
[illegible] Ergasto accorto
Uccisolo a forza morto.
Ma che? Quegli altri cani,
Ch' esser doveano guardiani
Della mandria e del gregge,
Più non serbavan legge:
E da principio tutti
A fare il mal istrutti
Anch' essi eran mordaci,
Anch' essi eran rapaci,
Anch' essi andavan [illegible]
In render altrui molti:
Nè la pelle [illegible]
La vittima e il [illegible],
Nè le [illegible] [illegible],
Nè l'empio [illegible].
I buoni spesso fan tristi
[illegible] [illegible] tristi.

79.

Carlo Castone Rezzonico.

Carlo Castone Conte della Torre di Rezzonico ward am 11. August 1742 zu Como geboren, erhielt seine Bildung zu Parma, zeichnete sich schon in seinen Studienjahren aus, lebte zu Rom als Dichter, und wurde Mitglied der Arkadier unter dem Namen Dorillo Dafnejo. Nachdem er zu einer Zeit lang Page des Königs von Neapel gewesen, kehrte er nach Parma zurück, wo er Ingenieur des Hofes und bald darauf Major wurde. Dies hielt ihn aber nicht ab, sich eifrig den wissenschaftlichen Studien zu ergeben, und sich so auszuzeichnen, daß er 1768 auch beständiger Secretär der Akademie von Parma ward. Er starb 1796 zu Neapel. Seine Schriften, welche gesammelt zu Como (1815 – 1830, 8 Bde.) erschienen, enthalten außer trefflichen Erörterungen, Abhandlungen und Reden in Prosa, ein Poem: Alessandro e Timoteo, und viele lyrische und elegische Gedichte, welche sich durch große Würde, Kraft und Gedankenreichthum, so wie durch Eleganz und Reinheit auszeichnen.

Sonetto.

Al sepolcro di Virgilio.

Questo chiamato di perpetue fronde
Lauro, che fastoso ampia [illegible]
Mise [illegible] sul [illegible] [illegible],
Che si [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
Deh! lascia che il suo [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible]
rende,
Se tanto osar, Vate immortal, mi lice,
E Tasso [illegible], ed il Cantor di Bice
Di sue [illegible] per l'amor sponde.
Taccio, e il bel fuoco le mie vene [illegible],
Ma [illegible] sul [illegible] il [illegible] [illegible]
Le fronde, e sol un [illegible] di frutto
amaro;
E [illegible] [illegible] dell' uno [illegible], e [illegible];
[illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
L' [illegible] Achille, e l'[illegible] [illegible].

Sonetto.

A [illegible], che si vende al [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Qui pur, [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] di [illegible],
Del [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible],
E [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] la [illegible] [illegible] dell' [illegible]
E fu qui Roma [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Che sol [illegible] [illegible] il mondo [illegible],
Ma poi di libertade a lei [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Ah! [illegible] qui [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
E [illegible] [illegible] della [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] dal [illegible] per [illegible] di [illegible],
Che [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] di [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] del [illegible] di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Sonetto.

A Whitehall, dove fu decapitato Carlo I.

Se non cadeste al suol colonne e marmi,
Certo del gran delitto orror vi scosse,
Quando l'empia bipenne [illegible] fra l'armi
La [illegible], che il vostro Re percosse.
Chiuse il rimorso le porte ampie, e parmi
Vederle ancor del regal sangue rosse;
Pur a lui che l'atto atroce osa vantarmi;
Questo sepolcro de' tiranni ei fosse.
O cieche menti! se col [illegible] bendo
Vittima del buon Carlo qui giacque,
L'Angelo con lui fu crudelmente [illegible].
Perdè l'ultimo Arturo, e quel gli piacque
Lo scettro, e l'are in bando pose e il
[illegible];
E l'Angiol allor? soffrì vilmente, e tacque.

Sonetto.

Al sepolcro di Virgilio.

Al monte, al monte, che di [illegible] abbonda
Il curvo lido, e l'ombrosa valle.
Titiro, ove giaci? I dubbj miei [illegible],
Ond' ei la pietra nel [illegible] non falle.
Vaneggio, ahi! lo veggo senza corpo ombra
Scendere al mar pel solitario calle,
[illegible] l'ombre m'ingombra!)
[illegible] dei vapori [illegible] le spalle.
La [illegible] in me [illegible] tempia e [illegible],
Ch' [illegible] a [illegible], a [illegible]
E [illegible] le [illegible].
O [illegible] del dio, [illegible], e t'ascondi?
[illegible], e [illegible]
[illegible]
Di [illegible] s' [illegible].

[illegible]

Aurelio de' Giorgi Bertola.

Er ward 1753 zu Rimini geboren, trat früh in den geistlichen Stand, und erhielt nach seiner Rückkehr [illegible] 1798. [illegible]

Il Zefiro e il Fiore.

Un delicato fiore
Stava l'aure pensoso,
E un zefir che parea buono
A corteggiar sen venne.
Piegossi mollemente
La foglia compiacente,
E poi nel ripiegarsi
Par che goda incontrarsi
Nel furto dolce dolce
Del vento che la molce.
Intanto a poco a poco
Crebbe l'amabil gioco.
Il zefiro s'avanza
Con forza, con baldanza,
Sì che fur distaccate
Dal gambo ad una ad una
Le foglie delicate.
E il vento intanto? il vento,
Cercando altra fortuna,
L'ali spiega pei prati:
Che zefiro sguaiato! —
Somiglia al zefiretto
Il piacer seduttore;
E un innocente petto
L'immagine è del fiore.

Il Poeta e il Filosofo.

Il Poeta.

Di saper perchè mi vieti
Ogni strana voglia mia?
Non diedero a noi poeti
Qualche dose di pazzia.

Il Filosofo.

Sì lo so che a voi concessa
Fu di perder la ragione;
Ma brillante e il permessa
Solo allor che si compone. —
Non cercar [illegible] ai [illegible];
Che puoi spesso trovar quel che non
vuoi.

Le Ginestre e le Giunchiglie.

Le ginestre alle giunchiglie:
Eh! signore, siam parenti;
Son diverse le famiglie,
Ma non son già differenti:
E non siamo entrambe gialle?
Voi più piccole e [illegible]
Noi più grandi e nella valle.
Se di noi vario è il destino,
Non però natura è varia:
Eh! signore, non fate aria. —
Le giunchiglie alle ginestre:
Mai non [illegible] alpestre;
[illegible]
Se bastasse il color solo
A formar le parentele:
Di [illegible] quando [illegible]
[illegible] siam ragione:
Il [illegible] e il [illegible]!
Noi come voi non si [illegible]

Con qualche somiglianza,
Ma v'è poi, v'è buona fede
A [illegible] della fratellanza? —
Non so come altri l'abbigli,
Nei costumi altri somigli.

Gli Augelli e i Pesci.

Gli Uccelli.

Pesci, o pesci, felici
Più di noi quanto siete!
Se vengono nemici
O con amo o con rete,
Tosto giù nel profondo
Correte: v'è dato un fondo
Del mar, ch'uomo e che
Mai d'assalirvi ardì?

I Pesci.

Augelli, o augelli, voi
Felici più di noi!
Che a schivar le sciagure
Libere avete di campo;
E già v'è dato lungo,
Ove lacci non giungono;
Presso alle nubi a chi
Mai d'assalirvi ardì?

Gli Uccelli.

Ma quale avete parte,
O quale [illegible] compagna
Dal rischio ci disparte
Dell'aquila grifagna?

I Pesci.

E voi che sulle terre
Dalle [illegible] badate,
E dagli altri pesci
Pesci divoratori?
Non ti lagnar de' mali,
Non vedere soli i tuoi;
Ognuno de' mortali
Ha da soffrire i suoi.

Il Rusignuolo e il Gufo.

In cima [illegible] solo
Di canto un rusignuolo
Empieva l'aer bruno,
Non udito da nessuno;
Se non che i vicini boschi
Mosse per quel [illegible]
Gufo, che disse voi [illegible]
Al [illegible] de' boschi;
Perchè cantar così
E notte notte e di dì,
Quando per chiaro lido
Nessuno più passa e l'udì? —
[illegible] non più [illegible];
[illegible]
Non che [illegible]
[illegible]

Questa sentenza espressa:
Virtù premio è a se stessa.

Il Cocchio.

Senti che strepito di ferree ruote!
Quel cocchio l'aria percuote,
Che fia? disperdesi la via dicendo
Al [illegible]
[illegible] mille [illegible] pe' capi accesi
Nomi di principi, duchi e marchesi,
Quand'ecco [illegible] in un modo?
Gli è un cocchio a dodici posti, ma vuoto.
Molti fra gli uomini poi chiari se vidi
Di cocchio simile [illegible].

Il Ruscello e l'Armento.

Un ruscel limpido disse all'armento:
Perchè mi intorbidi l'onda d'argento?
Se qui [illegible] bevere [illegible];
Ma [illegible]
Di non intorbidar [illegible]
E di [illegible] —
Certo; ma [illegible]
Bevano gli uomini [illegible]

Il Leone e il Coniglio.

Venne un Coniglio [illegible]
Al [illegible] Leone,
Ove che il [illegible]
[illegible]
Nell'andare [illegible]
La [illegible]
Che della [illegible]
Quando le [illegible]
[illegible]
La Volpe v'è che [illegible]
[illegible]
E a [illegible]
Nel tempo del [illegible]
E i [illegible]
[illegible]
Il Coniglio si [illegible]
Due volte, e poi non più.
Ma [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

E poi: se la vista
[illegible] smarrita,
Non vi fa torto intendo
A vostra maestà:
Ben al [illegible] destano
Rispondo vostro merto;
Quai beni non disprezza?
Ma quel raggio che fuia
Per [illegible] più bello,
Quello occhiuto infiammato,
Quell' [illegible] di vello,
Quell' [illegible] gli orgogli . . .
Son . . . con permissione,
Produce ne' Consigli
[illegible] dignitose.
Sprezza compagna è al danno
L'onor che i grandi fanno;
Ov' pari te contenta,
E il [illegible] rammenta.

Il Canarino e il Gallo.

Il Canarino.

Che non mi dire, che non mi dona?
Quanto [illegible] dalla padrona!
Io non, sì bello gli è il suo dudono;
Ne degli augelli, non [illegible].

Il Gallo.

Tenti ben scelte; ma è differente
Della [illegible] le mie [illegible]:
[illegible] i [illegible] ha [illegible],
Che [illegible] a quello che ne don [illegible].
Sprezza talune lode e pregio
Per [illegible] le mille meglio.

Il Continente e l'Isola.

[illegible] il continente
All' isola [illegible]:
[illegible] la sei [illegible]
[illegible] tutte e [illegible];
E [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] fai tu [illegible]. —
L'isola gli risponde:
E vero; ma che non mai
Le [illegible] [illegible],
Onde [illegible] a [illegible] fai?
Quella [illegible] [illegible]
Fra che nel mare, nel ben [illegible] e [illegible]-
pressa.
[illegible] se [illegible] del [illegible] l'[illegible],
E più [illegible] [illegible] in le [illegible] [illegible].

La Lucerna.

[illegible] [illegible] lucerna
[illegible] ad ogni [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] il più bello;
Venitela a vedere,
Che vi darà piacere.
Non sono è ben primavera,
Ma è lontana, e [illegible],
Bocca, [illegible] ed ha
La grazia e la beltà;
Venitela a vedere,
Che vi darà piacere. —
Dormite ai buoni ognora,
Ed ai malvagi ancora,
[illegible] d'un angelo simile,
E il vero [illegible].
Tornando una mattina
L'ingrata lucerna
Da un [illegible] [illegible]
Del favorito [illegible],
Nel [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] non [illegible] il [illegible]. —
V'è raro il ben che godi?
[illegible] non [illegible] le lodi.

Il Merlo fra gli Usignuoli.

Vissse già un merlo gran cercatore,
[illegible] e negro come un [illegible],
Che [illegible] nel [illegible] [illegible]
Fra gli usignuoli, ancorchè pover,
In mezzo a quelli l'ale [illegible],
E la lor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Con certe [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Da [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ne' [illegible].
Un [illegible] [illegible] la [illegible];
Eh, [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], un [illegible]:
Il [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] si [illegible],
Il [illegible] non s'ode la [illegible] [illegible]. —
Ma [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] tali [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] non si [illegible], che [illegible]
Della [illegible] [illegible] più che non pensa:
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Meglio [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

La Fortuna e il Poeta.

Poeta.

La Fortuna all' uscio mio
Venne a battere una sera.

Fortuna.

Apri, amico, apri, son io;
La Fortuna, e la sua schiera.

Poeta.

Vostra [illegible]? [illegible] per [illegible];
Io [illegible] [illegible], [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible],
Io [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Fortuna.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]:
Che [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] la [illegible],
La [illegible] e l'[illegible]?

Poeta.
Ma non posso.
[illegible]
Almeno non dir
Della gloria esser [illegible],
Poeta.
Tanto peggio? io perderei
Pel suo fumo il mio riposo.

Il Fanciullo e la Creta.

Che sei tu? disse un fanciullo
A un pezzuol di creta, [illegible]
A [illegible] [illegible];
Che sei tu, che piena in [illegible]
Di fragranza mi [illegible]? —
E la creta gli rispose:
Creta io son della più vile;
Ma vissuto ho fra le rose. —
[illegible] [illegible], e il [illegible] d'oro?
Cerca i buoni, e vivi fra loro.

Le due Pecorelle.

Sotto del pingue pascolo
Di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
A [illegible] [illegible]
Due buone pecorelle.
Sorelle, i lupi [illegible];
Spesso, io non comprendo
Perchè ad offender ne' [illegible],
Color ch'io non offendo,
Si disse la più giovane;
Cui l'altra: Oh! a' [illegible] ragioni?
Sempre gli [illegible] [illegible]
Troppo [illegible] i buoni.

La Nuvola e il Sole.

Sorse [illegible] la sera
Nuvola [illegible] nera.
Già del Sol l'[illegible] raggio
Pel suo [illegible] viaggio.
La nuvola, che [illegible]?
Disse del giorno al re:
Che sì, che questa volta
Non hai timor di te?
Il [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Se l'[illegible] ti basta;
Ti offusco, ti [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] il [illegible]. —
E il Sol: Vanti a tuo grado
Allor che [illegible] in cielo. —
Quando che il volgo [illegible]
Con baie da parole,
Non [illegible] che [illegible],
Quando [illegible], il sole.

Gli azzurri e gli Occhi neri.

E [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Gli occhi azzurri e gli occhi neri.
Occhi neri fieri e [illegible], —
Occhi azzurri, [illegible] [illegible],
Color bruno, color [illegible]. —
A [illegible] l'[illegible] e [illegible], —
[illegible] [illegible] del cielo. —
[illegible] fatti sotto a un velo. —
Occhi azzurri [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible], —
E [illegible] e d'[illegible] [illegible]. —
S'[illegible] delle anche altre cose,
Ma fra loro [illegible] si pose,
Decidendo [illegible] lite
In tal [illegible], che [illegible]
Per [illegible] un [illegible] [illegible].
Sopra un [illegible] di [illegible];
Il [illegible] in questo e in quello
Non dipende dal colore:
Ma quegli occhi son più belli,
Che rispondono più al cuore.

La Toletta e il Libro.

Toletta.
Che sei tu che il mio [illegible]
A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Libro.
Un filosofo moderno
Che [illegible] la [illegible].
Toletta.
Oh mi di', cosa le insegni?
Libro.
Ogni affetto e ogni [illegible]
A [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible],
A [illegible] la sua ragione.
Toletta.
Strane cose! [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
E le [illegible] e le [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Libro.
Altri tempi ed altre [illegible],
Altri studj, altri [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] il [illegible] d'ignoranza,
[illegible] e il [illegible] del [illegible].
Toletta.
E il [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible]
Dal [illegible] all' alta [illegible]?
Libro.
Sol [illegible] un [illegible] . . .
Toletta.
Ah! [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Ch'è più [illegible] che non [illegible].

La Mosca e l'Ape.

Una mosca [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] e [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] d' orgoglio e vanto
La regina e la sua corte,
E' [illegible] far [illegible]
Di lor vena e di lor [illegible].
Sclamo allor mossa da sdegno:
A che dunque opra ed ingegno
Consumar, se la felice
[illegible] a voi somiglia?
Il favor che [illegible] avanza,
Col [illegible] s' [illegible],
E dell' api l' abbondanza
Che le [illegible], la [illegible]. —
La vespa a lei si arresta,
E in tai detti la risponde:
Non mai l' ape diligente
I [illegible] inutilmente ha sparsi. —
[illegible] che non sente
Il bisogno d' occuparsi?

Il Fanciullo e l' Augellino.

Cadde un tenero augellino
Nelle man di un fanciullino,
Che gli avvolge un filo al piede,
E nel reggere i brevi voli,
[illegible] ne accorda
Lunga [illegible] di [illegible].
Schiavitù [illegible] leggera;
Ma l' augello ha [illegible] vera,
Che il [illegible] sen [illegible];
Perchè ingrato, [illegible] gli dice,
[illegible] di [illegible] l' [illegible]?
[illegible]
L' augellino è [illegible];
E a [illegible] gli [illegible],
[illegible]
Ma l' augel [illegible]
[illegible] alfin l' augello [illegible]
Di [illegible];
E [illegible] tal [illegible]
Non [illegible] più la pena.
Gli risponde l' augellino:
O mortale, o [illegible], o [illegible]
Ai [illegible] più d' [illegible] vien,
Io non sempre in prigione.
V' ha [illegible], [illegible] l' [illegible],
Che [illegible];
Sempre [illegible] d' oro,
Di [illegible] di quella terra.

I due Augelletti.

[illegible] l' [illegible], o Silvia
[illegible]
[illegible] nell' alta [illegible],
[illegible] la [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] i [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]

Un dì, poichè s' attesero
Presso lung' ora invano,
Alfin due augelli apparvero
Dal poggio più lontano.
Venian lievi posandosi
Su gli alberi per via;
E un d' essi empiva l' aere
Di dolce melodia.
Presso già son, già adocchiano
I bei rami fronzuti;
Già s' accostano; eccoli
Nella rete caduti.
La prima accorrer videsi
Dell' armonico incanto
Silvia invaghita, e prendersi
L' augel dal dolce canto.
Eh no che non ingannasi;
Sceglie de' due quel c' ha
D' azzurre piume e cerule
Insolita beltà.
L' altro, che scuro e squallido
Ha il manto, appena guarda:
Aver de' sì [illegible]
Dura gola e codarda.
Il vago augello in piccola
Vien chiuso aurata stanza,
E di [illegible] e miglio
Nuota nell' abbondanza.
Tre giorni intanto passano,
L' augel saltella e gode;
Ma Silvia impazientasi,
Che il canto ancor non ode.
Silvia delusa! attendere
Poichè a sua posta il canto;
Era l' amabil musico
L' augel dal brutto manto.
Come Silvia deridere
Sol dal color si vede,
Sempre così degli uomini
Il volgo [illegible] decide.

81.

Giuseppe Parini.

Dieser als Satyriker und lyrischer Dichter gleich ausgezeichnete Mann ward am 22 Mai 1729 zu Bosisio im Mailändischen geboren, studirte zwar auf Befehl seines Vaters Theologie, fühlte sich aber mehr zu den schönen Wissenschaften hingezogen, und erwarb sich schon früh als Dichter großen Ruhm. 1769 wurde er zum Professor der schönen Wissenschaften zu Mailand, die er später mit einem Professor der Beredsamkeit vertauschte. Nach vielen körperlichen Leiden, doch geistig so frisch, daß er unmittelbar vor seinem Tode noch einem Freunde ein Sonett in die Feder dictirte, starb er am 15 August 1799 in Mailand. Seiner [illegible] trefflichen poetischen [illegible] ist sein [illegible] Il Giorno, das ein Meisterwerk [illegible] ist, und [illegible] die Schilderung [illegible], so wie viele andere Freunde, unter [illegible] wesentlich seine Ideen mit Recht sehr [illegible] werden.

Il Giorno.

Parte IV. La Notte.

Nè tu contenderai, benigna Notte,
Che il mio Giovane illustre io cerchi e guidi
Con gli estremi precetti entro al tuo regno.
Già di tenebre involta e di perigli
Sola, squallida, mesta alto sedevi
Su la timida terra. Il debil raggio
De le stelle remote e de' pianeti
Che nel silenzio camminando vanno,
Rompea gli orrori tuoi sol quanto è d'uopo
A sentirli vie più. Terribil ombra
Giganteggiando si vedea salire
Su per le case e su per l'alte torri
Di teschi antichi seminate al piede;
E upupe e gufi e mostri avversi al Sole
Svolazzavan per essa, e con ferali
Stridi portavan miserandi augurj;
E lievi dal terreno e smorte fiamme
Di su di giù vagavano per l'aere
Orribilmente tacito ed opaco;
E al sospettoso adultero che lento
Col cappel sulle ciglia e tutto avvolto
Nel mantel se ne gia con l'armi ascose,
Colpieno il core e lo strignean d'affanno.
E fama è ancor che pallide fantasime
Lungo le mura de i deserti tetti
Spargean lungo acutissimo lamento,
Cui di lontan per entro al vasto buio
I cani rispondevano ululando.
Tal fosti, o Notte, allor che gl' incliti avi
Onde pur sempre il mio Garzon si vanta
Eran duri ed alpestri; e con l'oscuro
Coltrici dopo lor cene al sonno in preda,
Fin che l'aurora sbadigliante ancora
Li richiamasse a vigilar su l'opra
De i per novo cammin guidati rivi,
E su i campi nascenti, onde poi grandi
Furo i nepoti e le cittadi e i regni.
Ma ecco Amore, ecco la madre Venere,
Ecco del gioco, ecco del fasto i Genj
Che trionfanti per la notte scorrono,
Per la notte che sacra è al mio Signore.
Tutto davanti a lor, tutto s'irradia
Di nova luce. Le inimiche tenebre
Fuggono riversate; e l'ali spiegano
Sopra i covili ove le fiere e gli uomini
Da la fatica condannati dormono.
Stupefatta la notte intorno vedesi
Riverberar più che dinanzi al Sole
Auree cornici, e di cristalli e specchi
Pareti adorne e vestimenti vari
E bianche braccia e pupillette mobili,
E tabacchiere preziose, e fulgide
Fibbie ed anella, e mille cose e mille.
Così l'eterno caos, allor che Amore
Sopra posovvi, e il fomentò con l'ale,
Sentì il generator moto crearse,
Sentì schiuder la luce; e se medesmo
Vide meravigliando, e tanti [illegible]
Tesori di natura entro il suo grembo.
O de' miei studi generoso Alunno,
Tu seconda me dunque, or ch'io t'invito
Glorie novelle ad acquistar, là dove
O la veglia frequente o l'ampia scena
I grandi eguali tuoi degna de gli avi
E de i titoli loro e di tua sorte
E de i pubblici voti ultima cura,
Dopo le tavolette e dopo i pranzi
E dopo i corsi clamorosi occupa.
Ma dove, ahi dove senza me t'aggiri,
Lasso! da poi che in compagnia del Sole
T'involasti pur dianzi agli occhi miei?
Qual palagio ti accoglie, o qual ti copre
De i notturni vapor ch'Espero mena
Tetto arcano e solingo? o di qual via
L'ombre amiche ti ascondono, ove la plebe
Affollando lentissima s'urta e confonde?
Ahimè! Volgiti al ciel; [illegible] il tuo cocchio,
Ove il vario e più augusto, il cocchio altrui
Incontra stridente; e qual de i due
Retrocedere convenga, e qual star forte
Disputano gli aurighi; alto gridando,
Sdegna, egregio Garzone, ad guisa d'altero
Fra il [illegible] suon di Scudieri plebei
Tu' amabil voce, e facilmente soffrila.
Sia che all'un piacesse scendere dal cocchio
[illegible]
[illegible]
De lo splendido cristal mostrar superbo.
Ma l'avverso cocchier il suo piccol [illegible]
[illegible]
Al fin libero andrai. Tu non per tanto
Doman chiedi vendetta; alta sonare
Fa di sacrilegio fatto, urli, gastighi,
E i tribunali muovi e i supremi
Scotendo, nulla, scendi: il mondo s'empia
Del grave caso, e più cui amor dimora
Parli di te, de' tuoi passi, del cocchio
E del cocchier. Di sì bello esempio
Voi, garzoni d'amor, fiamme cerchiate
Ne la bocche di gli uomini gran tempo.
Forse indovinarlo potrebbe l'Albione
Te con la donna tua nel vasto circo,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Io [illegible]

A lei te stesso arconsigliata incolpi:
Ella niega placarse; il cocchio freme
Dell'alterno clamore: il cocchio intanto
Geme immobil fra l'ombre; e voi, sue care
Gemme, il bel mondo impaziente aspetta.
Ode il cocchiere al fin d'ambe le voci
Un comando indistinto, e bestemmiando
Sferza i corsieri e via precipitando
Andar si porta, e mal sa dove ancora.
Folle! Di che temea? Sperdano i venti
Ogni augurio infelice. Ora il mio eroe
Fra l'ameno furor del vasto corso
Lieto si sta la breve ora godendo
Che dal mondo lontan spira e ricrea.
Siede al fianco di lui bella non meno
L'altrui cara consorte. Amor nasconde
La cornuta face; e il fiero dardo alzando,
Allontana i maligni. O Nume antico,
Non sospettar di me; ch'io già non vengo
Iscaltro esploratore, ma fido amico
De la coppia beata, a cui tu vegli.
E tu, Signor, tieni gl'indizi. Avrai
Pur giornale quell'ombre, allor che prima
Sorge il vago desio che te congiunse
All'altrui cara sposa, or son due lune
Ecco il trilas a la fin sorge tra i vostri
Così lunghi ritiri; e tempo è omai
Che su più degne di te pubbliche sponde
Solennizzi i primi fumi. Mira la Notte
Che col carro stellato alta sen vola
Per l'eterea campagna; e a te col dito
Mostra Teseo nel cielo, mostra Polluce;
Mostra Bacco ed Alcide e gli altri egregi
Che per molte d'amore ardenti prove
Furo fra gli astri ad abitar saliro.
Seguili a i grandi esempi; e nuovo affretti.
Loco v'è, ben sai, ne la città famosa
Che splendida matrona apre al notturno
Concilio de' suoi pari, a cui la sola
Fora ancora di ciò mal giunta e vile
Tra le belle e di Romulla prole
Inclite madri ad eddine non teme.
Ivi la sera dei giorni i taciti crucci
De la notte d'amore, onde fu il giorno
[illegible] e compagna. Ivi le grandi
Avide augunte e i grandi [illegible]
De' più celebri amor il senso e l'onda
Volgon de gli anni a vantaggio fra l'are
Maggiormente a i giorni. Ivi la turba
De le figure giovanili drusa
Siede e [illegible] con le [illegible] amor
De [illegible] [illegible], d'atti [illegible],
De [illegible] [illegible] del sue [illegible] [illegible];
Mentre la [illegible] fra il [illegible] [illegible]
Nobil furor ne' dotti petti [illegible];
E [illegible] [illegible] destar dando e [illegible]
Le [illegible] palme, [illegible]
I [illegible] [illegible] all'[illegible] [illegible] preda.
[illegible] [illegible] di [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible]
Gran palazzo rifulge. Multiforme
Popol di servi baldanzosamente
Sale, scende, s'aggira. Urlo e fragore
Di rote, di flagelli e di cavalli
Che vengono, che vanno, e stridio fiero
Di gente che domandan, che rispondono,
Assordan l'aria all'alte mura intorno.
Tutto è strepito e luce. O tu, che porti
La dama e il cavalier, dolci mie cure,
Primo di carri guidator, qua volgi;
E fra il denso di rote arduo cammino
Con olimpica meta spìnati; e d'un corso
Subentrando i grand'atrii, a dietro lascia
Quel pria le porte ad occupar tendea.
Quasi a propria virtù plaude al grand fatto
Il generoso eroe, plaude la bella
Che con l'util pensier aveva gli aurighi
De le dive rivali: e novi al petto
Sente nascer per te teneri orgogli.
Ma il bel carro s'arresta; e a te la Dama
A lei, prima di lei scesa d'un salto,
Affidata, o Signor, lieve baciando
Col sommo calcagno il suol pertante.
Lascia dinanzi a voi fiammeggiar e grande,
Sopra l'ara de' numi ad arder nata,
Il lavoro dell'api; e a lei da tergo
Pronta di servi mano, a terra pronti,
Le [illegible] [illegible] alto sospenda.
Somma felicità [illegible] a lei sepura
Da le [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] per [illegible]
Mirate! ma la via l'estrema veste
Per la polvere sibila strascicando.
Ah! se servi adegnasero i vostri petti
Donne, forse agile, fu chiuso e grave
A lei porgi la destra, e senza ciondira
Quale libero [illegible] quando, raccolta
Dall'uno lato la cappa [illegible]
Scorge l'occasion a diportarsi al [illegible],
Dove il [illegible], [illegible] i [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] gli [illegible] in alto: e [illegible] s'[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] per [illegible] al [illegible].
Ma [illegible] che l'[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Ogni [illegible] per [illegible] e [illegible] e d'[illegible]
A [illegible] il [illegible], solo la [illegible]
Una [illegible] [illegible] aura [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] e [illegible] offri a la bella,
[illegible] [illegible], il destro braccio:
Ella la mano v'[illegible]; premi
Tu col gomito un poco; un poco anch'ella
Ti risponda premendo, e a la tua lena
Dolce peso a portar, tutta si doni,
Mentre lieve [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]
Va per l'[illegible] scale ambo affrettate.
Oh come al tuo venir gli archi e le volte
De' gran tetti fuor [illegible] [illegible]!
Come a quel suon [illegible] le porte
[illegible] [illegible], ed a quel nome
Degno [illegible] in cui le [illegible] e [illegible]
L'anima [illegible] [illegible] più vasta!

Entra in tal forma: e del tuo grande ingombra
Gli spazii fortunati. Ecco di stanze
Ordin lungo a voi s'apre. Altra di servi
Infimo gregge alberga, ove tra' lampi
Di moltiplice lume or vivo, or spento,
E fra sempre incostanti ombre schiamazza
Il sermon patrio e la favella e il riso
Dell'energica plebe. Altra di vaghi
Zazzeruti donzelli è certa sede,
Ove accento straniero molto al naso
Molle susurra: e s'apparecchia in tanto
Copia di carte e moltiforme avorio;
Arme l'uno a la pugna, indice l'altro
D'alti comenti e di vittorie illustri.
Al fin più interna, e di gran luce e d'oro
E di ricchi tappeti aula superba,
Sta serbata per voi, prole de' numi.
Io di razza mortale ignoto vate
Come ardirò di penetrar fra i cori
De' Semidei, ne la cui sangue in vano
Goccia impura cercheria con vetro
Indagator colui che vide a nuoto
Per l'onda genitale il picciol uomo?
Qui fra i servi m'arresto, e qui da loro
Nuove del mio Signor [illegible] ascoso
Tacito apprenderò. Ma tu, sorridi,
Invisibil Camena, e tu m'ispira
Invisibil con te fra le segrete
Ad ogn'altro profano adite sacre.
Già il mobile de' seggi ordine augusto
Sovra i tappeti stesi in cerchio volge;
E fra quelli eminente i fianchi estende
Il grave Canape. Sola da un lato
La matrona del loco ivi s'appoggia;
E con la man che lungo il grembo cade
Lentamente il ventaglio apre e socchiude.
Or di giugner è tempo. Ecco le molle
E le gravi per molto adipe dame,
Che a passi velocissimi s'affrettano
Nel gran consesso. I cavalieri egregi
Le comunicano a lato: ed elle, intorno
A la sedia maggiore cerchio fatto
Di se medesme, con sommessa voce
Brevi note bisbigliano, e dileguansi,
Riconsolando, fra le sedie amiche.
Un tempo il Canape [illegible]
Fu da [illegible], alma che l'ombre
Abitar più le grotte ed i tranquilli
Del palagio recessi. Amor primiero
Trovò l'opra ingegnosa. — Io voglio, ei disse,
Porger a le amiche mie fin d'un bel seggio
Che lor ad un tempo nel mio grembo accoglia.
Così qualche de gli [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Aprì, volando impaziente all'opra.
Ecco il bel fabbro lungo piano dispone
Di tavole contesto e molli cigne.
A reggerlo vi dà vaghe colonne
Che del silvestre Pane i piè leggeri
Imitano scendendo; al dorso poi
V'alza pabulo appoggio; e il volge ai lati
Come far soglion flessuosi acanti,
O tenere corna d'Arcade montone.
Indi predando a le vaganti anitre
L'ali e le piume, le condensa e chiude
In tumido cuscin che tutta ingombri
La macchina elegante; e alfin l'adorna
Di molli sete e di vernici e d'oro.
Quanto il dono d'Amor piacque a le belle!
Quanti pensier lor balenaro in mente!
Tutte il chiesero a gara: ognuna il volle
Ne le stanze più interne: appiena ognuna
A la tornata energia del vago arnese,
Ma ripugnante e mal credente insieme
Sotto ai morbidi fianchi. Ivi sedendo
Si ritraean le amiche; e da lo sguardo
De' maligni lontane, in fidi orecchi
Si mormoraro i delicati arcani.
Ivi la coppia degli amanti a lato,
[illegible]
O calmar l'ira, e nuove leggi apprese.
Ivi sedente l'amabil [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Il fortunato seggio [illegible] nome
De le sedie maggiori al popol vasto;
E fama è che talora invidia mosse
Anco a i Talami stessi. Ah! perchè non
[illegible]
Fra le immense tempeste e fra il clamore
De le voglie [illegible]? Avvi due forme
[illegible] e tredi, a cui diè vita
L'Ozio e la Vanità; che sott'al nome
Di [illegible] e di Noia, errar [illegible]
Gli alti palagi e le vigilie illustri
De la stirpe de' Numi. Fu fra le sozze
[illegible] fatale, onde sospende
Ne' minori pensier ogni lor voglia;
E di [illegible] al par che l'arte inventò
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Questa del Canape coppia [illegible]
Allor prese l'impresa, e il Riso e i Giochi
Ed Amor ne sospirano, e [illegible]
Che le madri [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Sbadigliano distratte. Ah! fuggi, ah! fuggi
Signor, dal tetro influsso; e là fra i seggi
De le più miti Dee quindi [illegible]
Con l'ilare giocondo [illegible] e l'allegra.
Quanta folla d'eroi! Tu, che modello
D'ogni social virtù, d'ogn' atto egregio
Esser dèi fra' tuoi pari, i pari tuoi
A conoscere apprendi; e in lor raccogli
Quanto di bello e glorioso e grande
Sparse [illegible] di loro arte o natura.
Altri di lor ne la carriera illustre
Stampa i primi vestigi; altri gran parte
Di via già corse; altri a la meta è giunto.
Di cui il volgo temerario a gli anni
Di fanciulli da nome; e quelli adulti,
Questi omai vegli di chiamare ardisce;
Tutti son pari. Ognun folleggia e scherza;
Ognun giudica e libra; ognun del pari
L'altro abbraccia e vezzeggia; in essi nel
tanto
Non simili tra lor, che ognun sua cura
Ha fra l'altre diletta onde più brilli.
Quegli or ecco di là dove ne' [illegible]
Si [illegible] bevendo, vino e novelle.
Là v'andò mattutino, partinne al pranzo,
Vi tornò dopo a notte; e per sei lustri
Vedran da poi che il bel tesor di vita
[illegible] interrompe. Ah! che di lui
Più sedendo trovar più grati amici,
O più [illegible], o più finite
D'altre coppe sollecitar le sorti,
O a voce popolare orecchio e fede
Prestar più vago e diffamar più forte?
Quegli è l'almo garzon che con maestra
[illegible] a suoi modi di lavoro
[illegible] egregi; e l'[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] pendono a gli avi.
L'altro è l'eroe che da la guancia enfiata
E dal [illegible] a i lievi [illegible]
Sono infonde immortal, qualor dall'alto
De' [illegible] palagi [illegible] il corso
Di messaggier che [illegible]
Quanto è vago a mirarlo allor che in volta
[illegible], e con le grandi [illegible]
In [illegible], raccogliendo, a i campi
Ragiona, e [illegible] con la dama e accenna
E il maschio e l'ancella e il figlio e il toro?
[illegible]
[illegible] al [illegible]? Ecco quell'eroe,
Che al lavor [illegible]. E lepre e pelle
[illegible]
A lui son nulli; e per l'Ausonia tutta
È nato ei pure. Il [illegible]
E d'ordine superbo, i duchi e i principi,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Accoglier lui, la fortunata mole,
Poi, di tele rivesta, e contro all'onde
De la procella e del Sol ben forte armata,
Mille e più passi l'accompagna ei stesso
Fuor delle mura, e con soave sguardo
La segue ancor sin che la via declini.
Or non conosci del figliuol di Maia
Il più celebre alunno, al cui consiglio
Nel gran dubbio de' casi ogn' altro cede,
Sia che dadi versati, o pezzi eretti,
O giocanti pedine, o brevi o grandi
Carte mescan la pugna? Ei sul mattino
Le stupide emicranie e l'aspre tossi
Molce, giocando, a le canute dame;
Ei, già tolte le mense, i nati or ora
Giochi a le belle declinando insegna.
Ei, la notte, raccoglie a sè d'intorno
Schiera d'eroi che nobil estro infiamma
D'apprender l'arte, onde l'altrui fortuna
Vincasi e domi; e del soave amaro
Nobil parte de' campi all'altro ceda.
Vedi giovane colui che, di cavalli
Invitto domator, divide il giorno
Fra i cavalli e la dama? Or de la dama
La man tepida preme; or de' cavalli
Liscia i dorsi politi; o pur col dito
Tenta a terra prostrato i ferri e l'unghia.
Ahimè! meschina lei, quando s'induce
Fora altrove frequente! Ei l'abbandona
E per monti inaccessi e valli orrende
Trova i [illegible] romiti, e cambia e merca.
Ma la beata poi, quand' ei sen torna
Sparso di limo, e novo fasto adduce
Di formosi corsieri, e gli avi loro
E i costumi e le patrie a lei novella.
Molti baci ripete! Or mira un altro,
Di cui più diligente o più costante
Non fu mai damigella o a trarre nodi,
O gli aurei drappi a separar lo stame,
A lui [illegible]
[illegible]. Ecco già sparte,
Preziose tappezze, in cui, divisi
D'oro e [illegible], i casi appariscon
D'Ilio infelice; e il cavaliere, sedendo
Nel gabinetto de la dama, omai
Con [illegible] tutte divise
In fila minutissime le genti
D'Argo e di Frigia. Un lavoro sol resta
De la tenera tappezzeria; e poi l'eroe
Pur giunto al fin di sua dimora impresa
Andrà superbo al par d'ambo gli Atridi.
Ve' che sa ben come si [illegible]
[illegible] o pur d'estremi fili
[illegible] in carta esporre.
[illegible] la sorte
Per la [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Questi avvisi si vendon, i quali un giorno
Per gran pubblico ben serbati fieno.
Ma chi l'opre diverse e i vari ingegni
Tutti esprimer potria, poi che le stanze
Tutte già son di cavalieri e dame?
Tu per quelle t'avvolgi, ardito e baldo
Vagheggia, torna, t'assidi, [illegible], [illegible],
Premi, chiedi perdono, odi, domanda,
Sbadiglia, accenna, schiamazza, entra e ti mesci
A i festivi drappelli, e a un punto empiendo
Ogni cosa di te, mira ed apprendi.
Là i seguaci d'Amor servi seguaci
Con sommessi bisbigli ed alla voce
Confidenti all'orecchio, e poscia forte,
E sollecitando batton palme a palme;
Sì che a leggiadre imprese Amor li guidi
Fra le cure mortali, e che gli assolva
De le dive lor pari entro a la luce:
Qui gli antiqui d'Amor noti compagni
Con voci rudi e dall'ansante petto,
Fuor tratte a stento, commentando tornan
Le già scorse in amor liete vicende,
[illegible] gl'andati tempi, cui diede il padre
La prima coppia di [illegible] pur già,
Con [illegible] [illegible] richiamo al tenore
Di piccoletta bella, che a i [illegible] [illegible]
Alta coppia di eroi, e il nodo spande
Che, di voti mal chiari, i grandi [illegible],
Che il [illegible] un tempo. Ecco gli adulti
A le cui fronti il primo crine appena
[illegible] [illegible] adornano [illegible]
A la sposa novella; e di lor molli
Tendenti occhiate, ove da lei s'[illegible]
La chioma scoperta e il tenero pudore.
Folli! che a i detti loro ella [illegible]
[illegible] così, come una madre
De' [illegible] [illegible]. V'ha in altra parte ancor
Che di lieti [illegible] si pur da lato,
Non ventilate mai, [illegible] promette
A le dame tradurle, e ride, e corre,
E ride ancor, benchè a le dame in tondo
Sul bell'arco de' labbri sbadigli e penda
Non veduto sbadiglio: e v'ha chi attende
Con lodevole studio ai servi scaltri
Le grande commedie; e in somma cerca
Tenta a volger [illegible] scherno.
Altri al genio da cui [illegible] il ventaglio
De le giugne matrone, a cui la voce
De [illegible] accento suo risponde,
Ma le giovani madri al lieto intorno
De' più gravi destrier, il vostro nome
Aggirano fanciullo; e pur così guardo
[illegible] chiedere parlar a i belli spirti
Che sul cadono a lato, e a cui gran copia
[illegible] [illegible] effeminato ciuffetto
Vengono [illegible] entro a la mente:
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] munita
[illegible] il [illegible] il [illegible] ch'è su [illegible].

O il poeta o il cantor, che lieti ei rende
De le sue mense. Altri dà vanto all'alto
Lucido e bello de la spada, ond'egli
Solo, e per cui non poi vidi, al fine
Fu dal più dotto Anglico artier lodato.
Altri grave nel volto ad altri espone
Qual per l'appunto a gran convito apparve
Ordin di cibi; ed altri stupefatto
Con profondo pensier, con alte dita
Conta di quanti cavalieri a pondo
Grande [illegible] soglia antico superbo.
Un fra l'ambre e il [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Molle [illegible], al suo scrin la gola
Preme [illegible]; e l'un da lungo all'altro
Il pendente cappel dal braccio scuote;
E del [illegible] colpe a sè da piano.
Ma d'ogni lato i preziosi servi intanto
E luci e tavolieri e scrigni e carte,
Soppellettile augusta, entran portando.
Un sordo strepitio di mossi scanni,
Un rumor di tavole spiegate
Odo sorgo fra le sonanti vesti
Di pregiati drappi, e fra le molle
Voci di dame, [illegible] [illegible] ad un tempo.
Qual [illegible] e [illegible], mentre [illegible],
Sull'imbrunir del dì, [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Sola in fondo [illegible] tutte siede
La matrona del loco: e china il fronte
E [illegible] le ciglia, i sommi labbri
Appoggia in sul ventaglio, [illegible] pensiero
Macchinando tra sè. Medita certo
Come al candor, come al pudor si deggia
La cena lieta prescrivere che [illegible]
Donna da i [illegible], [illegible] il senno d'Italia
Per piover ad [illegible], meglio [illegible]
De le galliche [illegible]: che quel [illegible]
[illegible] grazie, [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible],
Bella, fra i suoi lari, [illegible] [illegible]!
Fermi. Nel suo pensier volge da prima
L'alta madre d'ogni male più grande;
E nel dubbio qual [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
De le amiche l'altri; e a sè non [illegible]
Il fido cavalier chiede a consiglio.
Qual mai del gioco a i tavolier diversi
Ordin porrà, che de le dive accolte
Nulla oltraggiata si dispetti, e tocchi
Fin qui [illegible] ad [illegible] [illegible] ed [illegible]?
Come, con [illegible] [illegible], del gioco
Il [illegible] [illegible] a i [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Non [illegible] [illegible], e [illegible]
Le [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], e [illegible]
De la [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?
Qual pena e quale il cavalier [illegible]
E di [illegible] i di [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
Sì che già mai [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

La vetusta patrizia, essa e lo sposo,
Ambo di regi favolosa stirpe;
Con lei non scenda al paragon, che al grado,
Per lunga serie di servigi, or ora
Fu de' nobili assunta: e il cui marito
Gli atti e gli avvenuti ancor serba del mondo?
Ma che non può sagace ingegno e molta
D' anni e di casi esperienza? Or ecco
Ella compone i fidi amanti, e lungi,
De la stanza nell' angol più remoto
Il marito protegge, a cui si lascia
Sognando ancor d' esser geloso. Altrove
Le occhiate altrui, ma non fuggite all' occhio
Dotto di lei, ben che nascosti a prova,
Dolci cenni d' amor, fra i nessi intenti
Ed i mezzo acuti a penetrar nell' alte
Dell' anime latebre, su pensier di giuoco
Pone a trovar felici; e già ne dice cose
[illegible] e narra de la bell' opra ottenne.
Qui gl' illustri e le illustri; e là gli estremi
Ben seppe unir de' mercatanti compri
Feudi, e de' prische gloriose insegne
Con misera la fortuna. Ancor le principe
Accoppiar le civili onde spiome
I suoi chiusi dispetti. Ancor per ordin
Fra scelti adunò; grato aspettando
E per gli altri e per se non dall' in-
Settagesime, che nel giorno accenne
Ei a così molta consolare e con molta
Testimoniar di parrucche e cuffie alate.
Qui per l' aula lenta a ruoto intorno
Sospesa familiar seggon le dive,
Seggon gli eroi, che dell' Esperia sono
Gloria somma e speranza. Ove di quattro
Un drappel si raccoglie, e dove sei, altrove
Di tre nel tondo. Ivi di molti e grandi
Fogli dipinti il tavolier si sparge;
Qui di pochi e di lucci. Altri combatte;
Altri sta sopra a contemplar gli eventi
De la mutabil fortuna, e i frutti estremi
Del sapere e dell' arte. In fronte a tutti
Siede pugna di consiglio; e la secondi
Nell' alma silenzio. Ecco nel campo
Agitati i tributi, onde le dame
Cercan ristoro all' agitato spirto
Dopo i mossi cuori. Ecco nel campo
Lucide tabacchiere. Indi seconde
Ch' ad consolidarne, un pronto avviene
Con le dita si attinge: e spesso volge
I destini del giuoco e de la veglia
Un atomo di polve. Ecco se n' torna
La ponderata medicina esce al labbro
La malignità adulto: ecco si si sparse
Da mani delicate e un po' di cinabro
La sposa giovinetta. In lieto il guardo
L' esperto cavalier che già su lei
Medita nel suo cuor futuro impero,
Ei dominio dell' alte e porge aurora;
E su vivo il sol altro, tremolante ancora,
Il pertinace poi l' estrema punta
Del bel par le sospinge. Ella non sente
O non vede o non cura. Entro a que' fogli,
Ch' ella con man sì lieve ordina e torla,
De le pompe muliebri a lei concesse
Or s' agita la sorte. Ivi è raccolto
Il suo cor, la sua mente. Amor sorride;
E luogo e tempo a vendicarsi aspetta.
Chi la vasta quiete osa da un lato
Rompere con voci sorrenenti, or acute,
Or medie, or alte, ora profonde, sempre
Con tenore ostinato, al par di ruote
Che stridano e ritornino pungenti
Del cupo alveo dell' onde; o al par di ruote
Che sotto al carro pesante, per lunga
Odiosa strada scricchiolar lontano?
L' ampia tavola è questa, a cui s' aduna
Quanto mai per aspetto e per maturo
Senno il nobil consiglio ha di più grave
O tra le dive severe, e tra i canuti,
O tra i calvi, già da molti lustri
Memorati nel mondo. In vol l' aspetto
Sorge grand' urna che per acqua in molta
La diversa de' numeri compatta
Tra i giocator, cui meraviglia e lunga
D' immagini diverse alma vaghezza.
Qual lungo il vecchio che con man la negra
Sopra le grandi porporine brache
Veste raccoglie, e rabbassando il naso
Di grave studio, alto minaccia, e guida
L' aguzza barba dimenando. Quale
Fugge colui che con la gelida mano
E il naso rossetto e la forchetta stringe
Le cadenti lasagne avido ingoja.
Quale il moltiforme Eiunai leggiadro,
Che col pugno posato al fianco legno,
Serra la punta dell' un piè s' ostina
E la sorrisa natura ridondo
Altro volante fanciu il sacro colle.
Ne il succoli ancor rispon vi muovo;
E al par d' umana creatura l' orso
Ritto su due piedi, e il marito, e la ridente
Scimia, e il caro animale, onde a se grazia
E giocatori e giocator fan spoglio.
Signor, che fai? Così, dell' opre altrui
Scioperato spettator, non vedi
Che la sacra del giorno ora discende
A te pur anco? E nell' augusto lavoro,
Che d' illustre sudore il grande impulso,
I lumi sfavillando a mai nel mezzo,
Raccogliendo gli occhi, sorge di ripido
Elegante compone intatta mensa?
Ecco s' accede la tua dama, e forse
Omai di tua dimora i sdegni ha' altra,
Ecco l' ultimo cavalier con lei
Che sulle lu piè del tavoliere al labbro
Fin non chiede che tu; e lo vai guardi.
Tu con le palme destinato affetto.
Quindi, or volgono tra lustri, a le sande

Lieto di gloria il generoso stuolo
De la sua donna al fianco. A lei l'intero
Giorno il vide vicino, e lei la notte
[illegible] di canti. Viveа fra loro
Era la sorte d'amore, mille le guerre,
Mille le paci, mille i [illegible]
Scambievoli congedi, e mille i dolci
Ripetuti ritorni, al caro sposo
Non sol nel, ma nel teatro e al corso
Stava a lato sovente. Al fine Amore,
Dopo tanti travagli, a lei nel grembo
Molle sonno chiedea; quand'ecco il Tempo
Fra la coppia felice osa indiscreto
Entrar volando; e de la donna un poco
[illegible] la guancia
Con la cima dell'ale, all'altra sciolse
Parte del crin, che nel liquid'oro
Si risolvea da poi l'aure seguendo.
Al fischiar del gran volo, a i dolci lai
De gli amanti sdegnati, Amor si scosse;
E [illegible], l'anima crucciosa,
A fuggir cominciò. Tutto da voi
Tutto, gridan gli amanti: ove, ne parti,
Come senza la cara vita, vuoi
[illegible] i giorni e i sensi?
Ne più ne i suoi si prende. La gentil mano
Scosse l'omero sinistro Amor levando,
Ecco un vago sorriso, onde nel bel sembiante
De le carte che [illegible] colora
Tolse dalla faretra: e queste, ei disse,
A voi rendo in mia vece. Oh meraviglia!
Ecco quei fogli con divina mano
E sollazzo trattati, arte d'amore
[illegible] e morte. Ma se un destro
Fra compagni giocondo, e fra compagne
Il cavalier, qual che la donna il terzo
Tenera credenza che nel cor discende;
E quale a lei voluttuosa in bocca
Fa una breve [illegible] come il [illegible]!
Ma se i vaghi premesse vita diversa
Solo un momento, e il giocatore attorno
A lui ne fugge, ah! il cavaliere allora
Torna geloso, si confonde tutto . . . .
La sospettosa accerchiata la sedia;
E [illegible] e violente [illegible], e molle
Move i discordi de le carte [illegible];
Onde poi l'altro giocatore a manca
Ne manda il [illegible]; e la scaltrita donna,
I due labbri [illegible], il pugno e [illegible]
Con eterno [illegible],
Così a le belle meditazioni. Or ecco
Sorger fra i dispetti, [illegible] voglie,
Lungo sospetto di [illegible], e per più giorni
A la soglia, al [illegible], al cerchio, in cerchio
[illegible] silenzio. Al fin, chiamando
[illegible]
[illegible], fra gli sposi [illegible]
Rompe il [illegible] de le [illegible]
[illegible]

Così al carro del Tempo or lieta or mesta
L'alma coppia d'amorosi mesi si lega,
Così guida la vita. Egual ventura
T'è serbata, o Signore, se ardisci unqua
Ch'io non credo però l'alato veglio
Sospetto alcun de' preziosi avori
Ove de' [illegible], si che le labbra
Si spieghino a [illegible], e il gentil mondo
[illegible] della bellezza [illegible].
Ma di sudanti e di nettare gelato
Ancor si vendon piatti, dame contente,
[illegible] Beltadi, [illegible]
E [illegible], in vaga pompa
E di [illegible] e di crin, [illegible]
Ne cercan [illegible], e con leggiadra
E sospettose parlan, tutte spargendo
Dell'omero [illegible]
Le [illegible]
De le Grazie [illegible]
Mira, o Signore, che a la tua dama un d'essi
Lieve s'accosta, e con sommessa voce,
E [illegible] le parole [illegible],
Onde pur sempre di [illegible] Signor [illegible],
A lei di gel voluttuoso ammanna
Copia diversa. Ivi a [illegible] in seno
La brigata gentil, che di [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Volgi tu dunque, e a la tua donna [illegible]
A [illegible] di tua man, [illegible]
Il [illegible]. I [illegible]
Ella sempre a le [illegible], e [illegible]
[illegible]
Quando al senso di lei per le sue [illegible]
Ma [illegible]
[illegible]
De lei [illegible], onde di [illegible]
[illegible]
E la lunga [illegible]
De [illegible]. [illegible]
E di [illegible]
Questo loco perciò, che a le [illegible]
Con si [illegible]
De' vaghi fiori de la [illegible]
Ne' [illegible] di [illegible], e che [illegible]
De [illegible]
Ma [illegible]
[illegible]
Signor, che [illegible]
De' [illegible] la vita, e [illegible]

La gloria e lo splendor di tanti eroi,
Che poi [illegible] il cieco volgo adora.

Ode.

La Educazione.

Tenera e bella la rosa,
Che pur dianzi languia;
E [illegible] si riposa
Sopra i gigli di pria,
Brillano le pupille
Di vivaci scintille.
La giovinetta [illegible]
[illegible] sul bel viso:
E questa [illegible]
Va sollevando il viso
Tra i ramoscelli del faggio,
[illegible] il candore.
I rosai, che in erto [illegible]
[illegible], ahi! lieve,
Sull' [illegible],
Qual ruscelletto d'oro,
[illegible] scintille
D' [illegible].
Vigor novo [illegible]
L' [illegible] pende;
Nessun cura sente il poeta,
Se che [illegible] non vede,
Fra gli [illegible]
De' [illegible].
Il mio [illegible],
Di che portando [illegible],
Che [illegible] più bene
E [illegible] che mai?
[illegible]
Ma [illegible] e mai diletto?
[illegible]
Del [illegible]
Oggi l' [illegible]
[illegible] il bel, senza
[illegible]
I [illegible] di Leda.
Sante [illegible] dunque a Dio
[illegible]
Che [illegible] i petti sordi,
[illegible], o cieca mano,
Sopra l'ali [illegible]
Del [illegible] al vano.
Oh quanto di [illegible],
Al [illegible], al cielo [illegible],
Che a [illegible] le spine
[illegible] di suoi baci,
Salve in su [illegible]
Di [illegible].
[illegible] di [illegible]
[illegible]
Ma chi [illegible]
[illegible] a' sacri spirti?
[illegible] la cetra, a [illegible]
Non [illegible] altra [illegible].
Deh! perchè non somiglio
Al Tessalo maestro,
Che di Tetide il figlio
Guidò sul cammin destro?
Ben io la forte doma
Fra che d'oro e [illegible],
Nè con [illegible] mano
Quel Centauro ingegnoso
Erudiva [illegible] e sano
Il suo alunno famoso;
Ma, non men che a la salma,
Porgea vigore all'alma.
A lui, che gli sedea
Sopra la [illegible],
Chiron si rivolgea
Con la fronte serena,
Tentando in su la lira
Suon, che virtude inspira.
Scorrea con giovanile
Man poi [illegible]
Del [illegible] gentile;
E con l' [illegible]
D' [illegible] la prole
[illegible] queste parole:
[illegible], nato al [illegible]
Di [illegible], or ti [illegible],
Perchè a la lotta e al corso
Io t'educai le membra,
Che non può un'alma nobile,
Se in frali membri ha vita?
Ben sul robusto fianco
Mai; ben [illegible] dell'arco
Il nervo al [illegible];
Onde al nemico, ch' [illegible],
Va stridendo lo strale
Per la [illegible] fatale.
Ma la voce, se il [illegible],
Ti [illegible]
Non [illegible] a Dio
[illegible]
Con [illegible]
Che [illegible] a [illegible]?
Di Teti solo, o figliuolo,
Il [illegible], che a lui si scopre;
Dell'alma [illegible]
Son le [illegible] opre.
Nel [illegible] sempre
Ad [illegible].
D' [illegible] e di [illegible]
Col senno in [illegible]
Il valor, che Teucro,
[illegible] e Troiani [illegible];
Nel [illegible] si guadagna,
E con [illegible] accompagna.
Ecco prole [illegible]
Il [illegible] feudale;
Ma quando [illegible],
E [illegible].

Onde s' innalzi poi
Al seggio de gli eroi?

Altri le altere cune
Lascia, o garzon, che pregi:
Le superbe fortune
Del vile anco son fregi.
Chi de la gloria è vago,
Sol di virtù sia pago.

Onora, o figlio, il Nume
Che dall' alto ti guarda;
Ma solo a lui non fume
Incenso, e vittima arda.
È d' uopo, Achille, alzare
Nell' alma il primo altare.

Giustizia entro al tuo seno
Sieda, e sul labbro il vero;
E le tue mani sieno
Qual albero straniero,
Onde soavi unguenti
Stillan sopra le genti.

Perchè sì pronti affetti
Nel core il ciel ti pose?
Questi a Ragion commetti
E tu vedrai gran cose,
Quando l' alta vittrice
Somma virtude elice.

Sì bei doni del cielo
No, non celar, garzone,
Con ipocrito velo,
Che a la virtù si oppone.
Il mostrarsi, qual è il cor, ardito,
Lascia apparir nel volto.

Da la lor meta [illegible],
Figlio, gli affetti umani,
Tu per lo freno, prendi
[illegible] le mani:
Quei volgi, quei l' ardire
De le magnanime ire.

Ma quel più dolce senso,
Onde ad amar ti pieghi,
Tra lo stuol d' amici denso
Versa, e parte non nieghi
Al debole, che cade,
E a te grida pietade.

Te questo [illegible]
Schermo renda al mendico,
Fido ti faccia amante,
E [illegible]
Così con leggi alterna
L' animo si governa.

Tal cantava il Centauro.
Baci il garzone gli offrìa
Con ghirlande di lauro.
E Tetide, che udìa,
A la fera divina
Plaudia da la marina.

O d e.

La Caduta.

Quando Orion dal cielo
  Declinando imperversa,
  E pioggia e nevi e gelo
  Sopra la terra ottenebrata versa,
Me, spinto ne la iniqua
  Stagione, infermo il piede,
  Tra il fango, e tra l' obbliqua
  Furia de' carri la città gir vede;
E per avverso sasso,
  Mal fra gli altri sorgente,
  O per lubrico passo
  Lungo il cammino stramazzar ruente.
Ride il fanciullo; e gli occhi
  Tosto gira commosso;
  Che il cubito o i ginocchi
  Me scorge o il mento dal cader percosso.
Altri accorre; e: Oh infelice,
  E di men crudo fato
  Degno vate! mi dice;
  E seguendo il parlar, cinge il mio lato
Con la pietosa mano,
  E di terra mi toglie;
  E il cappel lordo, e il vano
  Baston, dispersi ne la via, raccoglie:
Te, ricca di comune
  Censo, la patria loda;
  Te sublime, te immune
  Cigno da tempo che il tuo nome roda,
Chiama, gridando intorno;
  E te molesta incita
  Di poner fine al GIORNO,
  Per cui cercato a lo stranier ti addita.
Ed ecco il debil fianco
  Per anni e per natura
  Vai nel suolo pur anco
  Fra il danno strascinando e la paura.
Nè il sì lodato verso
  Vile cocchio ti appresta,
  Che te salvi a traverso
  De' trivj dal furor de la tempesta.
Sdegnosa anima! prendi,
  Prendi novo consiglio,
  Se il già canuto intendi
  Capo sottrarre a più fatal periglio.
Congiunti tu non hai,
  Non amiche, non ville,
  Che te far possan mai
  Nell' urna del favor preporre a mille.
Dunque per l' erte scale
  Arrampica qual puoi;
  E fa gli atrj e le sale
  Ogni giorno ulular de' pianti tuoi;
O non cessar di porte
  Fra lo stuol de' clienti,
  Abbracciando le porte
  De gl' imi, che comandano a i potenti;

E, lor mercè, penetra
Ne' recessi de' grandi;
E sopra la lor tetra
Noia le facezie e le novelle spandi.
O, se tu sai, più astuto
I cupi sentier trova
Colà, dove nel muto
Aere il destin de' popoli si cova;
E fingendo nova esca
Al pubblico guadagno,
L'onda sommovi, e pesca
Insidioso nel turbato stagno.
Ma chi giammai potria
Guarir tua mente illusa;
O trar per altra via
Te, ostinato amator de la tua Musa?
Lasciala; o, pari a vile
Mima, il pudore insulti,
Dilettando scurrile
I bassi genj, dietro al fasto occulti.
Mia bile al fin, costretta
Già troppo, dal profondo
Petto rompendo, getta
Impetuosa gli argini; e rispondo:
Chi sei tu, che sostenti
A me questo vetusto
Pondo, e l'animo tenti
Prostrarmi a terra? Umano sei; non giusto.
Buon cittadino, al segno
Dove natura e i primi
Casi ordinâr, lo ingegno
Guida così, che lui la patria estimi.
Quando poi d'età carco
Il bisogno lo stringe,
Chiede opportuno e parco
Con fronte liberal, che l'alma pinge.
E se i duri mortali
A lui voltano il tergo,
Ei si fa, contro a i mali,
De la costanza sua scudo ed usbergo.
Nè si abbassa per duolo,
Nè s'alza per orgoglio.
E così dicendo, solo
Lascio il mio appoggio; e bieco indi mi toglio.
Così, grato a i soccorsi,
Ho il consiglio a dispetto;
E privo di rimorsi,
Col dubitante piè torno al mio tetto.

O d e.

A Silvia.

Perchè al bel petto e all'omero
Con subita vicenda,
Perchè, mia Silvia ingenua,
Togli l'indica benda,
Che intorno al petto e all'omero,
Ieri alle gote e al mento,
Sorgea pur or, qual tumida
Vela nel mare, al vento?
Forse spirar di zefiro
Senti la tepid'ora?
Ma nel giocondo ariete
Non venne il Sole ancora.
Ecco, di neve insolita
Bianco l'ispido verno,
Par che, sebben decrepito,
Voglia serbarsi eterno.
M'inganno? O il docil animo
Tra de' femminei riti
Cede al potente imperio;
E l'altre belle imiti?
Qual nome e il caso e il genio
Al nuovo culto impose
Che sì dannosa copia
Svela di gigli e rose?
Che fia? Tu arrossi? E dubbia,
Col guardo al suol dimesso,
Non so qual detto mormori,
Mal da le labbra espresso?
Parla. Ma invan. Oh barbaro!
Oh sozzo da le dure
Selve chiunque togliere
Da scellerata scure
Osò quel nome, infamia
Del secolo spietato;
E die funesti augurii
Al femminile ornato;
E con le truci Eumenidi
Le care Grazie avvinse;
E di crudele imagine
La tua bellezza tinse!
Lascia, mia Silvia ingenua,
Lascia cotanto errore
All'altre belle, stupide
E di mente e di core.
Ahi! Da lontana origine,
Che inosservata move,
Anco la molle giovane
Può divenir feroce.
Sai de le donne romane,
Onde sì chiara ottenne
Gloria l'antico Tevere,
Silvia, sai tu che avvenne;
Poi che la spola, e il Frigio
Ago, e gli studi cari
Mal si recaro a tedio,
E i pudibondi Lari,
E con baldanza improvvida,
Contro a gli esempi primi,
Ad ammirar concorsero
I saltatori e i mimi?
Fra bellicose furie
I [illegible] di Erinni
E de la maga Colchica
E del nefario Atreo,
Godette poi spettacolo

A i loro immondi vigili
Per me le orrende fiaccole
E [illegible] figli.
Quando, perversa l'indole,
E fatto il cor più fiero,
Dal fasto duol, già sazio,
Corser sfrenate al vero.
E là, dove di Libia
Le belve in guerra oscena
Empieano d'urla e di fremito
E di sangue l'arena,
Fèo all'alte patrizie,
Come a la plebe oscura,
Giocoso dar solletico
La soffrente natura.
Che più? Baccanti e cupide
D'abbominando aspetto,
Sol dall'umana perdita
Acuto ebber diletto;
E da i gradi e da i circoli,
Co' moti e con le voci
Di già maschili, applausero
A i gladiator feroci;
Cercando a sè delizia
E de le membra sparte,
E de gli estremi aneliti,
E del morir con arte.
Copri, mia Silvia ingenua,
Copri le braccia; ed odi,
Come tutti passarono
Licenziosi i modi.
Il gladiator, terribile
Nel guardo e nel sembiante,
Spesso fra i chiusi talami
Fu ricercato amante.
Così, poi che da gli animi
Ogni pudor disciolse,
Vigor de la libidine
La crudeltà raccolse.
Indi a i veleni taciti
Si preparò la mano;
Indi le madri appresero
Di concepire in vano.
Tal da lieve principio
In fatali rovine
Cadde il valor, la gloria
De le donne Latine.
Fuggi, mia Silvia ingenua,
Quel nome e quelle forme,
Che petulante audacia
Son di misfatto enorme.
Non obliar le vergini
De la Sabina antica,
Imitale; e merta il titolo
D'umana e di pudica.

Alla Musa.

Te il mercadante, che con ciglio asciutto
Fugge i figli e la moglie ovunque il chiama
Dura avarizia nel remoto flutto,
Musa, non ama.
Nè quei, cui l'alma ambiziosa rode
Fulgida cura, onde salir più agogna;
E la molto fra il dì temuta frode
Torbido sogna.
Nè giovane, che pari a tauro irrompa
Ove a la cieca più Venere piace;
Nè donna, che d'amanti osi gran pompa
Spiegar procace.
Sai tu, vergine dea, chi la parola,
Modulata da te, gusta ed imita;
Onde ingenuo piacer sgorga, e consola
L'umana vita?
Colui, cui diede il ciel placido senso
E puri affetti e semplice costume;
Che di sè pago e dell'avito censo
Più non presume;
Che spesso al faticoso ozio de' Grandi,
E all'urbano clamor s'invola, e vive
Ove spande Natura influssi blandi
O in colli o in rive;
E in stuol d'amici numerato e casto,
Tra parco e delicato al desco asside;
E la splendida turba e il vano fasto
Lieto deride;
Che a i buoni, ovunque sia, dona favore;
E cerca il vero; e il bello ama innocente;
E passa l'età sua tranquilla, il core
Sano e la mente.
Dunque perchè quella sì grata un giorno
Del giovine, cui diè nome il dio di Delo
Cetra si tace; e le sì lieta intorno
Volar solea?
Ben mi sovvien quando, modesto il ciglio,
Ei già scendendo a me, giudice fea
Me de' suoi carmi; e a me chiedea consiglio;
E lode avea.
Ma or non più. Chi sa? Simile a rosa
Tutta fresca e vermiglia al Sol, che nasce,
Tutto forse di lei l'eletta Sposa
L'animo pasce;
E di bellezza, di virtù, di raro
Amor, di grazie, di pudor natio
L'occupa sì, ch'ei volge omai già caro
Studio all'oblio.
Musa, mentr'ella il vago crine annoda,
A lei t'appressa; e con sommessa voce
A lei premi l'orecchio; e dille; e l'oda
Amor da un lato;
Giovinetta crudel, perchè mi togli
Tutto il mio d'Adda, e da mie rime il pregio,
E la speme comune, e i dolci orgogli
D'amore spogli?

Costui di me, de' [illegible] mari si [illegible],
  Pria che di te [illegible] [illegible] infanti
  Erano ancor, quando vaghezza il prese
      De' nostri canti.
Ei l'era [illegible] ancor, quando a me piacque
  Ir di tua man per l'ombra, e per la lieve
  Aura de' lauri l'avviai ver l'acque,
      Che al par di neve
[illegible] le spume, [illegible] dall'alto
  [illegible] Aganippe il bel destrier, che ha l'ale;
  Onde chi beve io tra i Celesti esalto,
      E fo immortale.
Io con le nostre al volto arti divine
  Al decoro, al gentile, al raro, al bello;
  Fin che fu [illegible] gli appresi al fine
      [illegible] modello.
E se nobil per lui fiamma fu desta
  Nel tuo petto non [illegible]; e s'ei nudria
  Nobil fiamma per te; sol opra è questa
      Del cielo e mia.
Ecco già l'ale al [illegible] [illegible] or sciogli
  Di che sua lodi; e già, deh! ti sia salvo,
  Te [illegible] indica le madri [illegible]
      Il giovin alvo.
Lascia, che a me solo un momento ei torni;
  E [illegible] entro al suo cuor sorgere affetto,
  E [illegible] [illegible] de i versi adorni
      [illegible] diletto;
Poca ch' io [illegible], il [illegible] [illegible]
  Di [illegible] [illegible] al [illegible], a lui col senno
  De la [illegible] [illegible] Clio [illegible]
      [illegible] [illegible];
Onde rapido, ei [illegible], che [illegible]
  [illegible] felice il [illegible], e amante amato;
  E [illegible] il [illegible] dal [illegible] [illegible]
      [illegible] beato.
Scenderà intanto dall'eterna mole
  [illegible], che i pregi de le [illegible] [illegible]
  E [illegible] [illegible], de la Memoria prole,
      Nel velo avvolta,
Farini su' bei carmi; e [illegible] gentile
  Pensa a farne al Parini, Italo cigno,
  Che a i [illegible] amaro, alto disdegna il vile
      Volgo maligno.

82.

Teresa Bandettini.

Diese [illegible] Frau wurde 1763 zu Lucca geboren, und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], Florenz [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nach [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] namentlich von den Arkadiern in Rom und den [illegible] in Florenz zum Mitgliede erwählt. Gegen das Ende ihres Lebens zog sie sich nach Lucca zurück, wo sie 1837 in hohem Alter, aber [illegible] in Armuth starb. Außer [illegible] [illegible] Improvisationen, hat man von ihr mehrere andere treffliche Gedichte und Uebersetzungen aus dem Griechischen und Lateinischen in italienische Verse, welche sich ebenfalls großes und wohlverdientes Lob erwarben.

Poesie estemporanee.

L' Istinto de' Bruti.

A Dio.

  O del tutto eccelso Sire,
Dio possente, Dio beato!
La ragione all' uomo hai data,
Perchè sol si affissi in te.
  E agli augelli, a' pesci, a' bruti
Dessi pur pietoso [illegible],
Quando lor l' istinto desti,
I perigli ad iscampar.
  Per le nevose [illegible]
[illegible] paurosi;
Ma i cervi i più [illegible]
L' agil veltro va a fiutar,
  E il delfino, il dorso in arco
Sollevando dal mar fiero,
Non predice al pescatore
Che tempesta dee scoppiar?
  E chi il [illegible] destriero,
Del deserto abitatore
Frenar può? Sol tu, o Signore,
Ne a te innanzi fuggirà.
  Per te suole fulva chioma
Lionessa [illegible],
Cui sanguigno furor posa
Tra il lor' occhio e il folto crin.
  Rugge, e l' Eco impaurita
De' ruggiti addoppia il suono,
Che tra' colli par di tuono
Rimbombando alto fragor.
  Per te all' Austro incontro batte
Generosa aquila l' ali;
Nelle rocce inospitali
Va il suo nido a fabbricar.
  Di cola l' imbelle preda
Mira e insulta tra gli artigli,
Gradit' esca a' suoi figli,
Che crescendo al sangue va.
  Quando il fior della montagna
[illegible] al fiato d' ogni vento,
E di luna il raggio lento
Passa sotto [illegible];
  Per te lucciola [illegible]
Su del colle [illegible] e brilla,
E [illegible] [illegible]
Lascia dopo il lieve vol.
  Se la [illegible] [illegible]
Odor, fiamme e [illegible]

Là dal [illegible] ramo [illegible],
Là gli augelli [illegible] [illegible];
Così pur, se luna [illegible],
A lor [illegible] [illegible] il gelo,
Volan lungi dal [illegible] [illegible]
Nuove [illegible] a [illegible].
Tu dai l'ali alle farfalle,
Cui negli occhi, in modo vago,
Si riflessa [illegible] un' imago,
Delle [illegible] [illegible].
Diletti di ogni fiore,
De' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Farfallette [illegible] [illegible]
Passan liete i brevi dì.
De' [illegible] giorni il sonno
S'abbandonano dà poi,
Quando il Verno porta a noi
L' [illegible] tardo piè;
Finchè desto al primo raggio
Della mite Primavera,
Fatte bruche, in lunga schiera
Van le frondi a [illegible].
V'è chi [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] in modo vario;
V'è chi vive solitario,
E chi posa in società;
V'è chi arde impaziente
Il [illegible], e s' [illegible];
Chi nel [illegible] [illegible] dimora
Sul [illegible] la rete fa.
Voi pur siete, Lenti, voi,
Ch' oppo l'uomo [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Di diletto e di dolor.
Di [illegible] il dolce palpito,
Or di [illegible] e tu [illegible],
E il [illegible] tenero [illegible]
Di tristezza e di pietà.
Della morte il tetro aspetto
Vi spaventa, vi [illegible],
Ed a gemere vi [illegible]
Ne' chi a voi già fu [illegible].
Tutto, in [illegible], che [illegible] [illegible]
Per l' [illegible] ognor [illegible];
Nella mente sol vi [illegible]
La [illegible] ragion.
O gran Dio che in [illegible] [illegible]
Sei principio al tutto e vita,
Tua bontà [illegible], infinita
Quando mai [illegible] [illegible]!
Tu provvedi, tu [illegible]
Con l' [illegible] il [illegible], il [illegible],
Ed alli [illegible] tu dai [illegible]
La ragion, [illegible] [illegible];
Tu, [illegible] [illegible],
Che l' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] il [illegible], oltre alle [illegible],
Ed il tutto [illegible] [illegible].

La Maga d' Endor.

D'orrore è il loco, ed una fioca luce,
Le tenebre squarciando, ai guardi schiude
Ossa insepolte, scarni teschi e [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] ch' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Colà l'iniqua maga il re conduce,
Che, trepidando, la [illegible] [illegible].
Il rimorso gli addenta il cor che langue;
Stilla freddo sudor, gelato ha il sangue.
In que' recessi tenebrosi e bui,
Ove l'orror s'aggira e tace il sole,
[illegible] [illegible] e [illegible] i passi sui
L'infame donna, dell' [illegible] prole.
Pallida ell' è, qual già [illegible] altrui,
Ed ha [illegible] in voce di parole;
Ne' torvi sguardi e sopra il labbro [illegible]
Corrono i fati a domandar la voce;
Alla regal sua [illegible] [illegible]
S'aggira, e lungo [illegible] il canto,
L' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] di [illegible] [illegible],
Scuote il crin, [illegible] il piè, [illegible] il mondo;
L'Averno invoca, e [illegible] la regal onda
[illegible] [illegible] Dei, [illegible] al pianto;
E di [illegible] e [illegible] i [illegible]
Arde [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ai [illegible] [illegible].
Quando dal suol, che degli estinti è tomba,
[illegible] spettro d' [illegible] [illegible];
Come [illegible] alle [illegible] di tromba
[illegible] [illegible] i figli del peccato
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Torna l' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Ed volgendo a Saulle [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Ma il [illegible] di Dio già [illegible], e tuona:
Chi il mio silenzio, [illegible], rompe?
Ne' [illegible], ne' [illegible] che a lui ne [illegible]?
[illegible], [illegible] [illegible] le [illegible] [illegible],
Che non per [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ed [illegible].
Quel Dio che [illegible] [illegible] il [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] rompe;
Or che tu sei del [illegible] [illegible] col [illegible],
[illegible] di [illegible] ai [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
E [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] la tua corona.
La morte [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
E [illegible] del Signor l'alta vendetta;
A [illegible] la [illegible] [illegible] il [illegible]
[illegible] di [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] di [illegible] la [illegible],
E [illegible] quel [illegible] [illegible];
Poi la [illegible] ov'è quel grande in terra,
Che [illegible] al suo Fattor [illegible] far guerra?
Così detto sparì; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] di [illegible] ai [illegible] [illegible],
Alla [illegible] [illegible], al [illegible] che [illegible]
Per [illegible] al [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Ai [illegible] del [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Al [illegible], che [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

La sparsa d'or sacerdotal sua vesta.
Allo [illegible] spettacolo più salda
Sua smarrita virtù non serba in faccia
La pitonessa, ma la testa balda
Al suolo inchina e per le membra agghiac-
cia;
La grand' ira di Dio fumante e calda,
Saulle ode ruggir con la minaccia,
Ed al terror, che lo circonda e invade,
Ei cade come corpo morto cade.

Visione di Ezechiele.

Vide un carro di fuoco, ed ivi assiso
L'Eterno, cinto di sua gloria; vide
Il Profeta di Dio, squallido in viso
Immensa area la Morte, che conquide
Qualunque nasce [illegible] all' aria,
E in man la falce che, segando, uccide.
Guida Ezechiel, come nel sonno [illegible],
E gelido sudor gli [illegible]
Le membra, che [illegible] di [illegible]
A' quattro venti gli Angeli di Dio
[illegible] due [illegible] alle squillanti tube,
Ed a quel suono ogni tomba s'aprio.
Languiva il sole di sanguigne [illegible]
Tutto velato, e la terra commossa
[illegible], come fera che [illegible]
Di mortali [illegible], un [illegible] d'ossa,
[illegible] indistinti,
E [illegible] gli spettri dalla fossa,
Visti di nervi, d' [illegible] e [illegible],
[illegible] ed [illegible] e forma,
[illegible] al [illegible] [illegible].
Come l' [illegible] che [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] e [illegible] del peccato,
[illegible] il [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] nelle valli [illegible]
[illegible] il [illegible] de' [illegible] ed ivi [illegible]
[illegible] i [illegible] il [illegible].
[illegible] del [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] che intorno si [illegible] e [illegible]
[illegible] a' [illegible] del [illegible].
[illegible] da' [illegible] le [illegible],
I [illegible] dagl' [illegible] [illegible],
Alle squille delle [illegible] [illegible].
Quelli, poichè degli Angeli [illegible],
[illegible] della [illegible] il [illegible] e [illegible];
Altri [illegible] al [illegible] e [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] per l' [illegible] [illegible],
E [illegible] in [illegible], [illegible] i [illegible] [illegible],
Onde [illegible] quel [illegible] [illegible] come paglia.

Il Giudizio di Salomone.

L'arpa che un giorno il pastorel [illegible]
[illegible]
E' [illegible] in riva al bel Giordano
Per gaudio, per [illegible], e in te [illegible],
Per breve istante accorda a muover mano
Lo [illegible] con spirito infiammato
In Salomone il tuo potere arcano;
E il suo giudizio, oltre ogni creder saggio,
Fia di tua luce portatore un raggio.
Veggo due madri farsi onta ed oltraggio,
In torvo aspetto e minaccevol ciglio,
E tra le schiere schiudersi un passaggio,
A gara contendendo un piccol figlio,
E giunger là dove si asside il saggio
Re, in che senno abbonda, alto consiglio;
Ed odo già che una a sì dire imprende,
Mentre supplice a lui le braccia stende:
Costei, Monarca sovrano, a me contende
Il fanciullin che miri, e suo lo vuole;
Ma arrogarsi i miei dritti invan pretende,
Da che non sua pargoletta prole
Se poi madre non è, perchè ogni benda
Con [illegible] impugno e perfide parole
Togliere a me di madre il nome augusto?
Chieggio ragion da te, re saggio e giusto.
Siccome al [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
S'accende, così avvampa nel sembiante
L'altra donna piangente, e il petto angusto
All' [illegible] dei duol suoi e [illegible]
Par fra' singulti esclami: il reo che è giusto
E' [illegible] l'innocente, quell' infante
Rende suo debito, il reo che l'alme [illegible],
Parte di questo [illegible] [illegible]:
In questa notte, dalle cure interne
[illegible], posava a dolce sonno in braccio,
Allor che tratta dalle pene inferne
Venne costei col figlio suo di ghiaccio.
E mio rapito, e il suo, che nell' eterne
[illegible] [illegible] dal fatale impaccio,
[illegible] qual è, pose l' [illegible]
Al mio fianco, poi cauta si allontana.
Mi desto, e non per [illegible] [illegible]
Credendo il mio figliuol preda di morte;
Poi sollevata il [illegible], e vedo, ahi vista strana!
Che [illegible] non era quello [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] l'empia con [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] a me la mia prole, e [illegible] e [illegible]
Le luci [illegible], ma [illegible], e chiede
[illegible] [illegible] al regio piede.
[illegible] il Re sulla donzella [illegible]
[illegible], che Sol ne chiama la [illegible];
Nè sa di loro a chi prestar dee fede;
E fra mille pensier dubbioso ondeggia.
Alla [illegible]: la via l'affanno [illegible],
Donne, [illegible], e ognuna par che chieg-
gia
Suo figlio nel fanciul che qui si mostra
[illegible] di materna giostra.
Onde fia paga appieno la [illegible] vostra;
[illegible] il bambino si divida.
Donne: e alla sorte [illegible] [illegible]
La [illegible] il [illegible] che nell' alma annida.
L'altra [illegible] una [illegible] e [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] breve sembianze d'una omicida.
[illegible] la armata e vedi breve
Che si compiesse la sentenza atroce.
Il mandato di morte, senza temere,
Alza senza il fanciullo il ferro crudo;
Ma la più madre con tremante voce
Oppone tra il figlio e il brando il petto ignudo.
Proferito dolor, tormento atroce,
[illegible] alla forza di se stessa scudo
Con preghi e pianti al minacciato infante,
[illegible], [illegible] e [illegible].
Come quercia, il parto non lattando
Se divelle da lei destra rubella,
Maggior un senso di pietà, ne più bastando
A contenere il duol che la flagella;
Implora il suo maggior i Re sovrano
Ed, ingannata, a lei risponde anch'ella,
E, ovunque il passo mosse a l'orribile morte,
Null' altro, oltre il suo figlio, ella non trova.
Ma Salomone che alla difficil prova
[illegible] a scernere del germe diritto il figlio,
Fe' alla madre [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Che strana il campo d'erbe e fronde spo-
glia;
A lei consegna il figlio, e a vita serba
[illegible] quell' infelice. [illegible] dal soglio
Di un torvo sguardo fulmina l'altera
Ingannatrice donna e menzognera.
Così il Signor che sulle cose impera
[illegible] verta ne' Pensieri della terra,
E [illegible] le vinti e la possente [illegible]
[illegible] guida in [illegible] dopo lunga guerra.
Sapienza nel Re di Solima era
Che gli arcani [illegible] discerne,
Ed oggi pur che v'è fra noi che ignora,
Che [illegible] un Salomone in Parma ancora?

Porsenna, e l'Araldo di Roma.

Torva guata, fremi, le man si morse,
Quando Porsenna in [illegible] [illegible]
Nel [illegible] ponte [illegible] opporse
[illegible] nel nostro [illegible] [illegible];
Tosto dall' alte mura il più non torse;
Ne la viltade ad ogni [illegible] rubella
[illegible] d'assedio, e [illegible] [illegible]
Alla [illegible] libertà latina.
Allor se fu che [illegible] [illegible]
Fu' sotto [illegible] [illegible] all' [illegible]
Della tremenda [illegible] vittoria,
Scalza il pie, rosa il crin, livido il petto;
E le Nude dell' onda [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] di [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] Numa e Quirino, e Roma e [illegible]
[illegible] la Romana sull' altar di Vesta.
Come [illegible] per [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nell' [illegible] [illegible].
Che per lunga [illegible] l'Albero [illegible]
[illegible] d' [illegible] [illegible] le spoglie,
Roma [illegible], se fa [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
L'oste tornava; e dell' infamia il colle
[illegible] dovea, [illegible] di [illegible],
E [illegible] servitù peggiore che morte.
Chi se' tu, ardito giovane? Che porte?
Che [illegible] [illegible] nelle [illegible] [illegible]?
Libertà a Roma, e [illegible] [illegible] morte,
Ed altri par, che [illegible] [illegible] e splende.
Va, [illegible] tua [illegible] [illegible] sorte,
Se libertà, se patria [illegible] l'[illegible];
Va, [illegible], [illegible]; e, se [illegible] [illegible],
Tu [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] alla tomba.
Qual [illegible], [illegible] il [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
piomba?
Ah che il colpo fallì! Porsenna è in vita;
E Muzio ha che al [illegible] [illegible],
Che ai [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] addita?
Come [illegible] di [illegible], allor che [illegible]
Delle [illegible] [illegible] nell' [illegible],
E [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] il [illegible] a [illegible],
Tal su Muzio [illegible] l' [illegible] [illegible].
Ma l'intrepido la destra dal [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] la mano che per [illegible] errore e sola
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible]:
[illegible] la [illegible] s'[illegible] a [illegible],
[illegible] le [illegible] quel [illegible] che [illegible],
E pe' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible]
[illegible] di [illegible], e la mano non ha più moto.
Meraviglia Porsenna, e [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] che [illegible] [illegible];
Quindi, all' esempio di [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] un [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], che [illegible] [illegible];
Ode ch'ei dice: [illegible] il [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible], altro [illegible] [illegible] il [illegible] [illegible]:
[illegible], [illegible] la [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] di [illegible];
E il [illegible] [illegible] di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Il [illegible] il [illegible] [illegible] e [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] di [illegible]; e [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], ed il [illegible]
[illegible] di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] un [illegible] [illegible] di donne afflitta,
Non [illegible] di [illegible] l'[illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] [illegible] splende, [illegible], [illegible] [illegible],
Fra le Vergini [illegible] in [illegible].
La [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] nel [illegible]
[illegible] le [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] il campo [illegible], ma [illegible] il [illegible]
La Vergine [illegible] [illegible]
Il [illegible] [illegible] che le [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] in lei [illegible] la [illegible] [illegible]
Di [illegible] libertade; ed [illegible] [illegible],
Con l' altre [illegible] de' [illegible] [illegible],
Al Tebro [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] il [illegible], il [illegible] [illegible] il [illegible],
E alla [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Che dopo [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] il [illegible]?
[illegible] di [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Porsenna [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] al [illegible], che [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Si volge all' onda perigliosa, e guata.
Ma la Vergine omai l' onda invocata
Romper già fa, colda di pietoso affetto;
Nuot' ei con l' unghia solida, ferrata,
Il fiume piede con l' equino petto,
Dall' intrepida Vergine secondata;
[illegible] al monte e tocca il letto;
Ecco, a mi' inganno? Ecco all' opposto lido
Giunger costor salvo dal varco infido.
Torreggia il vinto; omai tardo è nel grido
Della virtù de' figli di Quirino;
Scioglie l' incendio, e nell' etrusco lido
Rifugge, e ne pure lascia il suol latino,
Oh! patrio amor, presidio all' alme fido!
Se' tu maggior di Marte e del Destino;
Roma si salda e il Lazio suo governo,
A cui vada, soggiacque il mondo intero.

All' Armonia.

O delle sfere
Regolatrice,
Prima motrice
Di quanto si vuol,
Dolce Armonia
De' cieli raggiante,
L' uomo volante
Converse a te.
Per te le cose
Furono prodotte;
Tenebre e notte
Si dileguar,
Quando emergenti
Dal caos informe,
E leggi e forme
Tutto pigliar.
Mentre si scontrano
La luna e il sole,
Fra lor parole
Tennero di te.
Di te ragionano
Gli astri e le sfere,
Che il tuo potere
Armonizzò.
Se la fremente
Calca la tempesta,
Le [illegible] ritempri
Del sordo mar.
E il tuo sorriso
Rende [illegible]
Del [illegible]
Calma il furor.
Tu il Nome orrendo
Dei malvagi;
Quando sospirano
Loro favilla;
E l' alba tinta,
Di luce sorgendo,
L' [illegible] e l' ombra
Ch' ha finita.

Quando si scontrano
Nelle carole,
La luna e il sole,
Parlan di te.
Di te ragionano
Gli astri e le sfere;
Tu alle bufere
Rendi il sol.
A questa vive
Vita tu sei,
Bella tra' Dei,
Bella nei mond.
Diva Armonia
De' cieli raggiante,
L' uomo volante
Converte a te.
Senza il tuo Nome
L' antiche forme
Al caos informe
Dovrian tornar;
E dall' arcana
Legge disciolte
Andrìan travolte
Con gli astri il sol.
Per te s' imporpora
Il ciel ridente,
E al verno algente
Succede April.
Per te settemplice
Color rinasce
L' Iri ridente
Dal curvo piè.
Per te non gli uomini
Duri e selvaggi
Fur senza i raggi
Di tua beltà.
Se tu comandi,
E in vari modi
Fan [illegible] e nodi
Di novella.
O bella Diva
Dal Nome gentile,
La luna e il sole
Parlan di te.
Raggio di vista
Ti folgo in viso,
Ed hai il sorriso
Di gioventù.
Ove tu movi
Tutto si abbella;
Tu alla procella
Rendi il sol.
Tue belle mosse,
Mentre s' aggira,
La sacra lira
Che spicale tu stai.
O pura, o candida
Celeste idea
Di Dio che bea

[illegible]
Sorta Armonia
Di cui [illegible],
L' [illegible]
[illegible] a te.

Poesie elaborate.

La Donna [illegible].

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]

La Fanciulla.

Semplicetta
Fanciulletta,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Se la Donna
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ah! di te che mai sarà?
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

E con grazia di costume;
La l'adula come il lume,
E l'Aurora, o Clori, a te.

Il Grillo cantatore.

Favola.

Un arrogante Grillo,
[illegible], all'Aquila altera
In basso luogo venne,
Che di prima [illegible] ne' consigli [illegible], —
Ella, benchè lo sguardo,
Al Ciel [illegible] su volanti penne,
[illegible] al solar lume,
[illegible] l'ardir del Grillo il fumo,
Che di [illegible] a lei [illegible] furia per lume,
E perchè s'accompagna
Sempre [illegible] malizia a cor rubello,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Dell' [illegible] i [illegible] occhi,
Che alla [illegible] degli [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
E [illegible] nell' alta selva,
[illegible]
[illegible] l'augel diletto a Giove
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
E [illegible] e i venti,
[illegible] Pel molle [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] sento ne sorse?
[illegible]
Alla [illegible], e l' [illegible]
[illegible]
All' Aquila [illegible]
[illegible] dolce e [illegible],
[illegible] le penne
[illegible]; e quando
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], e [illegible]
E la [illegible]
[illegible] l'altra
[illegible] degnato a quegli
[illegible] del regno
[illegible]
[illegible] e [illegible]?
[illegible]
[illegible] . . . [illegible] e [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] . . . ah! se [illegible],
[illegible] di Carlo
[illegible] . . . ma il primo orbo,

Il mio dover . . . E qui, atteggiato in atto
D'ipocrita modestia,
Fra il vostro mormorio: che mala bestia!...
Impaziente la [illegible] volle
Il senso [illegible] e schietto
Delle tronche parole;
Ed ei, fra l'altre fole,
Narrò che l'Usignuolo
Del Falco a lei nemico era seguace,
Del Falco perfidissimo e rapace.
Come in furia salisse
A dir non basto l'Aquila oltraggiata.
Fu, nel suo sdegno fiero,
Tre volte e quattro per lordar nel sangue
Dell' innocente augel l'adunco artiglio;
Ma [illegible] nell' odio suo fatale
[illegible] regale,
Dal regno suo gli diè perpetuo esiglio.
O tu che la tua sorte
Interrogando vai,
Misero, ah tu non sai
Quanti son Grilli in corte!
Vedesti mai giocolatore ardito
Saltare in su e in giù su tesa corda?
[illegible] d'un attimo, d'un dito!
Fra gli astanti cadrà di morte ingorda.
Se non trema al suo rischio [illegible],
Ei pure in corte ad [illegible] il ballo;
Ma guai per te, se posi un piede in fallo!

81.

Vittorio Alfieri.

Graf V. A. ward am 17. Januar 1749 zu Asti im [illegible] geboren, und [illegible] im adeligen Collegium zu Turin, wo er [illegible] geringe Fortschritte machte. [illegible] Jahr alt [illegible] diese Anstalt, und trat dann große Reisen durch fast ganz Europa an, [illegible] 1772 auf längere Zeit in sein Vaterland zurückkehrte. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], so ward er [illegible] [illegible] Bildung. [illegible] 1775 bis 1782, [illegible] Tragödien, [illegible] auf die amerikanische Revolution, und [illegible] Werke in Prosa. [illegible] während [illegible] Leben [illegible] war, und zwar [illegible] Zeit, [illegible] Er verweilte [illegible] Zeit lang in [illegible], und dann in Paris, wo er seine dramatischen Werke drucken ließ, [illegible] Revolution [illegible] Florenz [illegible], wo ihn der Tod am 8. October 1803 ereilte. Er hinterließ [illegible] Tragödien, [illegible], Epigramme, Satyren, [illegible], Oden, [illegible] und [illegible] in Versen und Prosa, [illegible] eine Autobiographie u. s. w. [illegible] ihn als den [illegible] Tragiker [illegible] und als den Wiederhersteller der [illegible] Tragödie betrachtet.

Oreste.

ATTO QUARTO.

Scena I.

Oreste, Pilade.

Pilade.

Eccoci al punto: or d'arretrarci è tempo,
No; più non è: davanti a sè ne vuole
Egisto, il sai; qui d'aspettarlo imposto
Ne viene; e qui, se tu non cangi il modo,
A uccider no, ma a morir noi, veniamo.
Altro non dico. A tuo piacer vaneggia;
Come al ferir, presto al morir mi vegno.

Oreste.

Misero me! Cotal rampogna è morte,
Il so; troppo tu m'ami; io... non son degno
Di te finor; deh! scusa. Io frenerommi
Al cospetto d'Egisto; e s'ei pur lieve
Sarammi, spero, che il frenarmi innanzi
A lui, che il manto, il soglio, onde le mani
Fumanti aver tinte di sangue mirar.
Meglio assai l'odio, che a tenermi io porto,
Nasconderò, che non quell' orror muto
D' ira e pietade, onde mi tutto ingombra
Di mia madre la vista.

Pilade.

Ed essa incontro
Chi ti spinge? non io.

Oreste.

Più di me forte,
Non so qual moto. Il crederesti? in mente
Da pria mi entrava di vederla; e tosto
Mi assalse nuova brama, d'abbracciarla;
Quindi entrando a vederla. Oh vista! oh stato
Terribil, quanto inesplicabil!...

Pilade.

Taci.
Ecco Egisto.

Oreste.

Che veggo? e non ha insieme
Seco la madre?...

Pilade.

Oh! se la vedi, o taci.

Scena II.

Egisto, Clitennestra, Oreste, Pilade, Soldati.

Egisto.

Vieni, consorte, vieni; udir ben puoi
Ora, con fede ancor non piena udita

Clitennestra.

Egisto, a che mi adduci?

Egisto.

Udrai. Stranieri,
Voi di Focida il re veraci messi
Dunque a me manda?

Pilade.

Sì.

Egisto.

Certa novella
Recate voi?

Pilade.

Signore, un re c' invia;
A un re parliam: loco può aver menzogna?

Egisto.

Ma, Strofio vostro a me non diè mai pegno
Finora d' amistà.

Pilade.

Fu questo il primo.
Non niegherò, ch'ei, già molti anni addietro,
Altra età in corso; la straniera pietade
Dell' infelice Oreste; ma se un tempo
Gli diè ricetto, ei gli negò pur sempre
Ajuto ed armi; e a te giammai non volle
Strofio far guerra.

Egisto.

Apertamente ei farla
Non ardì forse. Ma, di' ciò non celar,
Dove perìa costui?

Oreste.

Colui!

Pilade.

In Creta
Gli è tomba il suolo.

Egisto.

E come ed onde il seppe
Strofio anzi me?

Pilade.

Pilade tosto al padre
Portò tal nuova: al duro caso egli era
Presente.

Egisto.

E quivi ad immatura morte
Chi il trasse?

Pilade.

Il troppo giovenil suo ardore.
Ardea mirar ogni quinto anno in Creta
Giuochi famosi, e ospitali a Greci,
Brame di gloria, e natural vaghezza
Traggo a quel lido il giovinetto; al fianco
Pilade egli ha non disgiunto mai.
Calda brama d' onor nell' ampio aringo
Sul lieve carro a contrastar lo spinge
De' veloci corsier la nobil palma;
Troppo a vincere intento, ivi la vita
Per la vittoria ei diè.

Egisto.

Ma come? Narra.

Pilade.

Veloce troppo, oltrepassando, incauto,
Ei della meta ammonitrice sordo,
Ei coi destrier, che [illegible]
[illegible]

Ch' oltre la meta volano; più ardenti,
Quanto sciolti più van. Già sordi al freno,
Già sordi al grido, ch'ora invan gli acqueta;
Fuor spiran le nari; all' aura i crini
Svolazzan irti; e in denso nembo avvolti
D' ignea polve, quanto è vasto il circo
Corron ricorron come folgor ratti.
Spavento, orrore, alto scompiglio e morte
Per tutto arreca in torti giri il carro;
Finchè percosso con orribil urto
A marmorea colonna il fervid' asse,
Riverso Oreste cade . . .

Clitennestra.

Ah! non più; taci:
Una madre ti ascolta.

Pilade.

È ver: perdona.
Io non dirò, come ei di sangue il piano
Rigasse, crudelmente strascinato . . .
Pilade intorno; . . . invano; . . . fra le mie
braccia
Spirò l' amato.

Clitennestra.

Oh morte rie!

Pilade.

Ne pianse
In Creta ogni uom; tanta nel giovin era
Beltade, grazia, ardire.

Clitennestra.

E chi nol piange,
Fuorchè solo quest' empio? . . . O figlio
amato,
Più non dovrò io, mai più (lassa!) vederti?
Ma, ahimè! pur troppo ti veggo di Stige
L' onde varcar, del padre abbominevol l' ombra;
E fiero fitto a me lo sguardo rivolgendo,
E d' ira orribile ardere . . . Non io,
No, non io, che ti uccisi . . . Oh madre
misera!
Oh rea consorte! Or, sei tu pago, Egisto?

Egisto.

Il tuo morir, certo, ha di ver sembianza;
Chiaro il vero fia in breve. Entro mia reggia
Statevi intanto; e godendo quei doni,
Pria del partir s' aspetti.

Pilade.

S' ormai fossi
Stanchi. Vieni.

Oreste.

Andiamo, andiam; che omai
Più non poss' io frenarmi.

Clitennestra.

O tu, che narri
Senza pietà di sangue il fero caso,
Deh! dimmi il padre; e dimmi! alla infelice
Madre, perchè deh! non fu dato almeno
Non stringer il cener del suo amato figlio?
Cenere, oggimai gradito dono ei spetta,
Più che a null' altri, a me.

Pilade.

Pilade gli arse
Il rogo; escluso dai funebri onori
Ogni altro, ei sol raccolse il cener suo;
Ei di pianto il bagnava; ultimo, infausto
Pegno della più nobile, verace,
Forte e santa amistà che al mondo fosse,
Ei sel serba; e a lui chi fia che il tolga?

Egisto.

E a lui chi fia che il chiegga? Ei l' abbia:
un tanto
Amico suo da lui più assai meritava.
Maraviglia ben ho, com' ei mal vivo
Sul rogo stesso generosamente
Se coll' estinto non ardesse; e ch' una,
Sola non tomba, di tal coppia eletta
Non rinchiudesse le reliquie estreme.

Oreste.

Oh rabbia! e tacer deggio?

Pilade.

È ver, di duolo
Pilade non morì; ma in vita forse
L' alto amor del genitore antico
Mal suo grado il serbò. Spesso è da forte,
Più che il morire, il vivere.

Egisto.

Mi abborre
Pilade al par che m' abborriva Oreste.

Pilade.

Noi siam del padre messaggeri: ei brama
Ferma amistade or rinnovar con Argo.

Egisto.

Ma di Pilade è Padre: egli ravvolse
Qual proprio figlio Oreste; ei dal mio sdegno
Il difese, il sottrasse.

Pilade.

Oreste spento,
Non avrai in te lo sdegno?

Clitennestra.

E qual d' Oreste
Era il delitto?

Oreste.

Esser figliuol d' Atride.

Egisto.

Che ardisci tu? . . .

Pilade.

Signor, . . . Dove non suona
Fama del ver? Sa tutta Grecia, quanto
T' onorasse Atride; e sa, che i giorni
T' accolse, che perseguirne il figlio
Dovevi . . .

Oreste.

E sa, che molte volte e molte
Tentato hai tu, con tradimenti, trarlo
A morte infame; e sa, che al sol suo aspetto
Tremato avresti . . .

Egisto.

Oh! che di' tu? Chi sei?
Parla.

Oreste.

Son tale....

Pilade.

Egli è.... Deh! non sdegnarti,
Egisto;... egli è...

Egisto.

Chi?

Oreste.

Tal...

Pilade.

Di Strofio il figlio,
Pilade egli è: null'altro in Argo il mena,
Che brama di vedere il loco, ov'ebbe
Oreste suo la tomba. A pianger venne
Con la madre l'amico. Il ver [illegible]
Ch'ei fu di [illegible] ignoto; ogni regale
Pompa lasciando, in umil nave ei giunge,
Per non sospetto darti; a me la cura
Ne affida il padre ei, nell'udir d'Oreste,
Tacer non seppe [illegible] il tutto
Deh! tu nol [illegible] detti
Ebro il vedi; nè stimo, ch'altro qui 'l tragge.

Clitennestra.

Oh ciel! Pilade questi? Oh! [illegible] dimmi,
[illegible] il mio figlio,... ahimè ch'io seppi...

Egisto.

È vero,
Donna, il tuo dir. Quel ch'egli sia, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] non son. Ma che? lo sguardo
[illegible] su me d'ira e furor tu [illegible]?
E [illegible] a terra?
[illegible] Strofio a me non manda;
Voi mentitori, traditor voi sete.
Soldati, or tosto in ceppi...

Pilade.

Deh! m'ascolta;
E fia pur ver, che un sol sospetto vano
Romper la fede or delle genti il dritto?

Egisto.

Sospetto? In volto la menzogna [illegible],
Ed il timor scolpito.

Oreste.

In cor scolpito
Il [illegible] timor ti sia.

Clitennestra.

Deh!... non sarà
[illegible] forse la [illegible]?

Pilade.

Oh! cessi...

Oreste.

Trema,
Trema tu pur, che il figlio tuo [illegible],
[illegible] madre?

Egisto.

Oh qual parlar! Si asconde
Sotto quei detti alcun feroce arcano.
[illegible] ti stai presso...

Pilade.

Oh ciel! deh! m'odi.

Egisto.

Il ver saprò. Traggansi intanto in duro
Carcere orrendo.... Ah! non v'ha dubbio
più omai
Son ministri d'Oreste. Aspri tormenti
Si apprestin loro: se alcun indizio ne
[illegible]
Vo' saper lor disegni. Bene. In breve
Certo esser vo', se è vivo o morto Oreste.

Scena III.

Elettra, Clitennestra, Egisto.

Elettra.

Oreste a morte? oh ciel, che veggo? Oh
madre,
A morte trar lasci il tuo figlio?

Clitennestra.

Il figlio...

Egisto.

Oreste? in Argo? in mio potere? tra questi?
Oreste? Oh gioja! Ascolto...

Clitennestra.

Il figlio?

Elettra.

Ahi lassa!
Ah! che diss' io?

Egisto.

Costoro, al mio cospetto
Ritornin tosto; ite; affrettate il passo.
Vedete. Oh gioja!

Io l'ho tradito? io stessa?

Clitennestra.

Il figlio mio! Crudel, [illegible]
[illegible] trema...

Egisto.

In Argo, entro mia reggia,
Perfida donna, il mio mortal nemico
Introducevi, [illegible]?

Elettra.

Tutto ignora
[illegible] l'inganno,

Egisto.

E d'ambo
Sarà la pena.

Clitennestra.

Ah! no; [illegible]
[illegible]

Egisto.

D' Atride
Gl'iniqui avanzi? ah! [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] il mio [illegible],
Spenti fien tutti.... [illegible]
I tradimenti [illegible]

Scena IV.

Oreste, Pilade incatenati, Elettra, Clitennestra, Egisto, Soldati.

Egisto.

Su dunque; qual di voi sia Oreste,
Dite....

Pilade.

Son io.

Oreste.

Menzogna: Oreste io sono.

Clitennestra.

Qual m' è figlio di voi? ditelo: [illegible]
A lui non io.

Egisto.

Tu parla, Elettra; e bada
A non mentir; qual è il fratello?

Elettra (1).

È questi;
Questi è; pur troppo!

Pilade.

Io, sì.

Oreste.

Nol credere.

Pilade.

Cessa.
Poichè scoperta è l' alta trama, omai
Del mio furor non sei altro vestigio.

Oreste.

Mira, Egisto, se ardisci, il furor mira
Ch' arde negli occhi miei; mira, e d' Atride
Di' s' io figlio non sono: al terror vedi
Ch' entro il codardo tuo petto ti desta
Nel [illegible] [illegible].

Egisto.

Traditor, codardo,
Tu il sei, morrai tu di mia mano.

Clitennestra.

[illegible]
Trattienti, Egisto, o in me le [illegible] a
[illegible]
Fia ultra via mio giorno. Arresta.... oh
cielo!...
Deh! mi ti svela, Oreste. Ah sì; tu il sei.

Oreste.

Sì; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] porta
[illegible] di voce, se mesta donna, e Oreste;
[illegible] te e figlio, se abbi [illegible] tal madre
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Clitennestra.

Oh [illegible] [illegible]! Eppure,....
No, io non [illegible].

Egisto.

Ecco quel premio aveste
L' amor tuo immenso. Io lo riconosco, Oreste,
Alle tue [illegible] parole. Non degna
Di te è fare detti, e di tua stirpe infame,

Pilade.

Da parricida madre udir nomarsi
Figlio, e tacer, può chi di lei non nacque?

Oreste.

Crudele....

Elettra.

Egisto, or non t' avvedi? è quegli
Pilade; e mente, per salvar l' amico....

Egisto.

Salvar l' amico? E qual di voi fia salvo?

Oreste.

Ah! se di ferro non avessi in carche
Le mani, a certa prova, or visto avresti
Se Oreste io son; ma, poichè il cor strap-
parti
Per con man non ti posso, aldati quest'
[illegible] dell' esser mio.

Pilade.

Deh! cela
Quel ferro. Oh cielo!

Oreste.

Egisto, il pugnal vedi,
Ch' io, per svenarti, nascoso portava:
E tu il ravvisi, o donna? È questo il ferro,
Che tu con mano empia fremente in petto
Piantasti al padre mio.

Clitennestra.

La voce, gli atti,
L' ira d' Atride è questa. Ah! tu sei desso.
Se non vuoi ch' io ti abbracci, in cor mi
vibra
Quel ferro tu; del padre in me vendetta
Miglior farai. Sì, finchè io vivo, fuora
Non è che mai dal fianco tuo me sciolga
O in tua difesa, o per tua mano io voglia
Morire. Oh figlio!... Amor non madre, e
l' amor....
Deh! fra mie braccia....

Egisto.

Scostati. Che fai?...
A un figlio parricida?... Olà: di mano,
Toglietegli il ferro....

Oreste.

Il mio ferro a te, con possa
Nemmen madre, cedo; serralo; il prendi;
Trattar tu il sai; d' Egisto in cor lo im-
mergi.
Lascia ch' io mora; a me non cal, poi
ch' abbia
Vendetta il padre; di materno amore
Non' altra prova io da te voglio; or via,
Stringilo tosto. Oh! che vegg' io? tu tremi?
Tu impallidisci? tu piangi? ti cade
Di mano il ferro? Ami tu Egisto? l' ami;
E sei madre d' Oreste? Oh soldati! Vieni,
Ch' io mai più non ti vegga.

Clitennestra.

Ohimè!... mi sento...
Muojo....

---

(1) [illegible] [illegible] Pilade.

Egisto *).

È questo, è questo (e a me nol spetta!)
Lo stil, che il padre trucidava; e il figlio
Trucidera. Ben lo ravviso; io l'ebbi
Tinto già d'altro sangue; e a lui lo diedi
Io stesso già. Ma forse appieno tutte,
Tu giovinetto eroe, non sai le morti
Di questo acciaro. Atreo, l'avo tuo infame,
Vibrollo in sen de' miei fratelli, figli
Del mio tradito Tieste. Io del paterno —
Retaggio altro non m'ebbi; ogni mia speme,
In lui riposi: e non invan sperai.
Questo comun di abbominevol stirpe,
Tolto al fin, tutto il brago. Io te rimeddi
Al desir, che d'ucciderti ardia.
Ma, qual fia morte, che la cruda ammenda,
Che al tuo padre mandando l'avo tuo crudo,
Porgessi mai?

Clitennestra.

Morte al mio figlio? morte
Avrai tu prima.

Egisto.

A me sei nota: trema
Sorti per te, donna, se uscirai... Dal fianco
Mai non scostarti.

Clitennestra.

Iniquo.

Egisto.

Trema.

Elettra.

Deh! almeno
In me tua sete, Egisto; io pur son figlia
D'Atride, io pur. Mora, s' fuor perda...

Oreste.

Elettra,
Che fai?

Pilade.

Fu mia la trama; io non avea,
Com' essi, un padre a vendicar; pur venni,
A trucidarti io venni; io me nessun
Immolar tu puoi. D'Oreste il sangue
Versar non puoi senza tuo rischio in Argo...

Egisto.

Pilade, Elettra, Oreste; a morte tutti;
E tu pur, donna, ove il furor non tempri.

Oreste.

Me solo, me. Pensarli mandar a morte
Tutti, che ti giova? E di signor possente
Pilade figlio; assai tremendo danno
Fora di lui: me sol, me solo svena.
Ei era, miglior parte di me, per cui
L'alma di duol sento capace il mio
Troppo ardor vi uccide: oh ciel! null'altro
Possimi. Ma pur, vedere, udir vorrai;
E raffrenarmi, era impossibil cosa...
Tanto a salvarmi festi; ed io vi uccido!

Egisto.

Oh gioja! più grave pena che la morte
Dar ti poss' io? Vedrali innanzi dunque
Cadergli, Elettra pria, Pilade poscia;
Quindi ei morrà con Oreste.

Clitennestra.

Scorgo...

Elettra.

O madre,
Così soccorri tu lasci?

Pilade.

Oreste?

Oreste.

Oh cielo!...
Io piangeva? Ah! sì, piango di te. Tu,
donna,
Ciò si ardita al delitto, or dubbi tanto
All' ammenda sei tu?

Clitennestra.

Sol ch' io potessi
Trarmi dall' empie mani; oh figlio!...

Egisto.

Infida;
Di man non m'esci. Omai del giorno questo
Stanco non è; tramontano i detti. A morte
Che più s' indugia a trarli? Ma: Pensaci,
Del lor morir mi è la tua vita pegno.

Scena V.

Egisto, Clitennestra.

Egisto.

Donna, vien meco, vieni. Al fin vendetta
Piena, o Tieste, abbenchè tarda, avremo.

ATTO QUINTO.

Scena I.

Egisto, Soldati.

Egisto.

Oh inaspettato tradimento! oh rabbia!
Oreste sciolto? Ei si uccida.

Scena II.

Clitennestra, Egisto.

Clitennestra.

Deh! volgi
Addietro i passi.

Egisto.

Ah scellerata! all' armi
Corri tu pure?

Clitennestra.

Io vo' salvarti; ah! m'odi;
Non son più quella...

Egisto.

Perfida

---

*) Riconoscendo il pugnale caduto appiè di Clitennestra.

Clitennestra.

T' arresta.

Egisto.

Forse, perfida, vero, promettesti
A quel fellon tu fede?

Clitennestra.

A lui sottrarti,
Vuoi davvero, io giuro. Ah! qui rimani;
Io sciorrò ti celo; al furor suo
Argine non ne faltando.

Egisto.

Al furor suo
Argine miglior fian l'armi. Or va; mi lascia,
Io torno...

Clitennestra.

Ah! dove?

Egisto.

A trucidarlo.

Clitennestra.

A morte
Tu corri. Oimè! che fai? del popol tutto
Non odi gli urli, il minacciar? T' arresta;
Io non ti lascio.

Egisto.

Ambo l'empio tuo figlio
Spenti a morte vorria. Scostati, lascia,
Lasciami, o ch' io...

Clitennestra.

Tu sì, veramente, Egisto,
Se a me non credi. „Oreste,„ odi tu?
„Oreste,„
Quel d' ogni intorno quel terribil nome
Alto rimbomba? ah! più non sono io madre,
Se tu in periglio stai; rendo il mio sangue
[illegible] ne grida.

Egisto.

Il sai, gli Argivi
Odian l' aspetto mio; nel loro petto,
Or col mostrarti, addoppieresti l' ira.
Ma il tempo cresce. Ah! tu ne fosti, insegna,
Tu la cagione; per le malvagie vendetta,
Ch' or torna in me.

Clitennestra.

Me dunque uccidi.

Egisto.

Sempre
Io tornerò per altra via.

Clitennestra.

Ti seguo.

Egisto.

Nol ti fo scudo a me; lasciami; vanne:
A non poter al mio furore io non voglio.

Scena III.

Clitennestra.

Mi scaccian tutti!... Oh doloroso stato!
Io non trovo più per madre il figlio;
Nè per moglie il marito; e moglie, e madre
Io non pur sono. Ahi misera! da lungi
Pur vo' seguirlo, e non ne perder l' orme.

Scena IV.

Elettra, Clitennestra.

Elettra.

Madre, ove vai? deh! nella reggia il piede
Ritorci; alto periglio.

Clitennestra.

Oreste, narra,
Dov' è? che fa?

Elettra.

Pilade, Oreste, ed io,
Salvi siam tutti. Ebbre parti gli stessi
Satelliti d' Egisto. „Oreste è questi"
Grida primier Demandro; il popol quindi:
„Oreste viva; Egisto, Egisto muoja."

Clitennestra.

Che sento!

Elettra.

Ah madre! acquetati; il tuo figlio
Riconosci tosto; e delle spoglie infami
Del tiranno...

Clitennestra.

Ahi crudel! Lasciami, io volo...

Elettra.

No, no. Rimanti: il popol freme; e ad alta
Voce ti appella parricida moglie.
Non ti mostrar per or; inutil potresti
Periglio correr: a noi vien' tu. Di madre
In te il dolor, nel veder tratto a morte,
Tutto appariva: del tuo fallo omai
L' ammenda fatti. A te il fratel mi manda,
A consolarti, e rassicurarti, e sottrarti
Da vista atroce. A rinvenir d' Egisto
Trascorron tutti in ogni parte intanto
Pilade ed egli, in armi. Ov' è l' iniquo?

Clitennestra.

L' iniquo è Oreste.

Elettra.

Oh ciel! che ascolto?

Clitennestra.

Io corro
A salvarlo, o a morir con esso io corro.

Elettra.

No, madre, non v' andrai. Fremon gli spirti...

Clitennestra.

Mi è dovuta la pena; andarvi...

Elettra.

O madre,
Quel tal, che i figli tuoi per' anni a morte
Trarre, tu vuoi?...

Clitennestra.

Sì, io vo' salvo, io stessa.
Sgombrarmi il passo: il mio terribil fato
Seguirmi è forza. Ei mi è consorte; ei troppo
Mi costa: perder nol vogl' io, nè posso.
Voi traditori a me non figli abborro;

A lui n' andrò; lasciami, insegui ad ogni
Costo n' andrò: deh! pur ch' io giunga in tempo!

Scena V.

Elettra.

Va, corri dunque al tuo destino, se il vuoi...
Ma bada ben, spesso, i suoi passi. Armarmi
Che non poss' io la destra man d' un ferro,
Per trapassar di mille colpi il petto
Di Egisto infame? Oh! cieca madre! oh! come
Affascinata da quel vil tu sei!
Ma, pure..., io tremo;... se ne l' arma pietà
Fora su lui del suo re vendetta?... oh cielo!
Seguasi. Ma chi vien? Pilade! e seco
Il drappello non v' è?

Scena VI.

Pilade, Elettra, Seguaci di Pilade.

Elettra.
Deh! dimmi; Oreste?...
Pilade.
D' armi ei cinge la reggia: e tutta omai
La guarda nostra. Ove si appiatta Egisto?
Vedestil tu?
Elettra.
Vidi, il vilissimo infame
Ei [illegible] con [illegible],
Per questa porta, [illegible] e disse,
Che [illegible] Egisto [illegible].
Ito era dunque ei pria fuor della reggia.
Pilade.
Che agli Argivi mostrar [illegible] egli abbia?
Dunque a quest' ora [illegible]
Che [illegible] il ferro? Ma, pur doppiamo,
Mostrami [illegible]...
Elettra.
„Oreste?” Ah forse!...
Pilade.
Eccolo, ei vien nel furor suo.

Scena VII.

Oreste, Pilade, Elettra, Seguaci d' Oreste e di Pilade.

Oreste.
Nell' umano
[illegible] Egisto.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Egisto

Elettra.
Ei... qui non è,
Oreste.
Perfidi, voi, voi forse
Sottratto me l' avete?
Pilade.
Ei della reggia
Fuggia, pria ch' io venissi.
Oreste.
Ei nella reggia
Si nascondea in sul [illegible]. Ove per le mille
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Elettra.
Oreste, a me non credi? a me?...
Oreste.
Che sei?
Egisto io voglio.
Pilade.
Ei fugge,
Oreste.
Ei fugge? e voi?
Voi, qui state? il lasciate fuor ir.

Scena VIII.

Clitennestra, Elettra, Oreste, Pilade, Seguaci d' Oreste e Pilade.

Clitennestra.
Figlio, pietà.
Oreste.
Pietà?... Di chi son figlio?
Io son d' Atride figlio.
Clitennestra.
E chi salvar
[illegible] Egisto.
Oreste.
Ancor respira? oh gioia!
A trucidarlo vo.
Clitennestra.
T' arresta... [illegible]
Il tuo padre uccisi; [illegible];... Egisto
Non [illegible].
Oreste.
Che, chi mi sforza il braccio?
Chi mi trattiene? oh rabbia! Egisto... [illegible]
[illegible]
Qui [illegible]... [illegible]...
Clitennestra.
Oreste...
Non conosci la madre?
Oreste.
Egisto pera.
Muoia Egisto, [illegible]

Scena IX.

Clitennestra, Elettra, Pilade, Seguaci di Pilade.

Clitennestra.

Oh! chi mi arresta?... [illegible]

Scena X.

Elettra, Pilade, Seguaci di Pilade.

Elettra.

Pilade, va; corri, trattienlo, vola;
Ove lo rattenga.

Scena XI.

Elettra.

Io tremo.... Ella è pur sempre
Madre; parlarle ancor non dee... Ma i falli
Vedea pur ella [illegible]
Di [illegible], e il [illegible] in lei, l'[illegible]
Fra [illegible] quando è pur [illegible]? Ma giunta
È il giorno al fin [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] di lei, [illegible]. [illegible]
La reggia tutta [illegible]
Del grande re [illegible]
In quella notte [illegible]
Che fu l'estrema al padre mio, [illegible]
[illegible] Egisto cadde;
[illegible] il proprio [illegible];
[illegible]
Di [illegible] il loco.

Scena XII.

Elettra, Oreste.

Elettra.

O fidi amici, deh! venite;
Vendicator del re sei tu, del padre;
L'ora di sua [illegible]....

Oreste.

Sorella,....
Mi vedi figlio al fin d'Atride [illegible].
Mira, è sangue d'Egisto. Io l'uccisi io
prima.
Corsi a [illegible] ne vendicai
Di [illegible] alla tomba del padre.
[illegible] e nella [illegible]
[illegible] e [illegible] il brando;
Per [illegible] la mia lunga sete.

Elettra.

Il tempo dunque [illegible] il braccio
Non [illegible] Clitennestra.

Oreste.

È [illegible] da [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] Egisto? [illegible]
[illegible] ma se [illegible] il tempo
[illegible] e [illegible] un [illegible] di
[illegible]

Quel grande infame. Ah! perchè? non che
[illegible]
Mora, lo uccise?

Elettra.

Or vendicato è il padre;
Tuoi spirti acqueta; e dimmi: nella reggia
[illegible]
Pilade non vedesti?

Oreste.

Egisto io vidi,
Nell'atrio. Ov'è Pilade amato? e come
A tanta impresa non l'ebbi io accanto?

Elettra.

A lui la disperata madre [illegible]
[illegible] affidai.

Oreste.

Nulla di lei io seppi.

Elettra.

Ecco, Pilade torna;... oh ciel! che [illegible]?
Solo ei ritorna?

Oreste.

È mesto?

Scena XIII.

Oreste, Pilade, Elettra.

Oreste.

Oh! perchè mesto,
Pilade, a me, nol sai? non sai che ho spento
Io quel fellone? vedi; asperso di sangue
È [illegible] il mio brando. Ah, tu dicevi
Meco; e volgi non hai? [illegible] dunque
Di questa spada gli occhi.

Pilade.

Oh vista! Oreste
Dammi quel brando.

Oreste.

A che?

Pilade.

Dammelo.

Oreste.

Il prendi.

Pilade.

Odimi. A noi non lice or questa terra:
Fia [illegible]; vieni....

Oreste.

Ma qual?....

Elettra.

Deh! parla.
Clitennestra dov'è?

Oreste.

Lasciala; ov'ella
[illegible] ella sola il [illegible].

Pilade.

Fin che compiuta hai la vendetta, or
vieni;
Non cercar oltre....

Oreste.

Oh! che di' tu?...

Elettra.

La madre
Ti raccomando, Pilade. Oh, qual m'entra
Gel nelle vene!

Pilade.

Il cielo...

Elettra.

Ah! spenta forse...

Oreste.

Volse in se stessa infuriata ha l'armi?...

Elettra.

Pilade; oime! tu non rispondi?

Oreste.

Narra;
Che fu?

Pilade.

Trafitta...

Oreste.

E da qual mano?

Pilade.

Ah vieni...

Elettra.

Tu la uccidesti.

Oreste.

Io parricida?...

Pilade.

Il ferro
Vibrasti in lei, senza avvedertene, cieco
D'ira, correndo a Egisto incontro...

Oreste.

Oh quale
Orror mi prende! Io parricida? Il brando,
Pilade, dammi; io 'l vo'...

Pilade.

Non fia.

Elettra.

Fratello...

Pilade.

Misero Oreste!

Oreste.

Or, chi fratel mi noma?
Empia, tu forse, che serbato a vita,
E al matricidio m'hai? Rendimi il brando,
Il brando;... oh rabbia! Ove son io? che feci?...
Chi mi trattien?... Chi mi persegue?... Ahi! dove,
Dove men fuggo?... ove mi ascondo? O padre,
Torvo mi guardi? a me chiedesti sangue;
E questo e sangue,... e sol per te il versai.

Elettra.

Oreste, Oreste... Ahi misero fratello!...
Gia piu non ci ode;... e fuor di se... Noi sempre,
Pilade, al fianco a lui staremo...

Pilade.

Oh dura
D'orrendo fato inevitabil legge!

Canzone.

La dichiarazione.

Le gravi e dolci cure
Che fra timore e speme
A vicenda han diviso il viver mio,
Perche provare, e non narrar poss'io?
Pur le amorose pene
Sono a soffrir men dure,
Se in qualche modo di sfogarle avviene.
Ne a cio bastante e il pianto, ancor che un rio
N'esca tuttora dagli occhi dogliosi.
Portar piu a lungo ascosi
I miei martir quindi non vo... Ma in voce
Come li narro a lei, se a lei dappresso,
Vien meno il dire?... Or se il tacer mi nuoce
Parli dunque la penna,
Che s'ella il duol non spiega, almen lo accenna.
Luce degli occhi miei,
Oh quanto breve e il lampo,
Onde il cor tenebroso a me rischiari!
Oh come fuggon ratti, e tornan rari
Quegli istanti, onde scampo
Trovo ai tormenti rei
Del vivo fuoco di cui tutto avvampo!
Pochi dolci momenti, oh quanto amari
Parer mi fate e lunghi i giorni interi,
Che i funesti pensieri
Da lei lontan poi trapassare io deggio!
Tornare, e ver, ma oh come tarde e lente
Tornar le veglie sospirate io veggio!
Fossi almen d'ogni angoscia allora esente,
Che l'ombre assai men greve
Mi porria l'aspettare, e il di piu breve!
Ma (oh debile conforto
Al mio desire immenso!)
Che ottengo allor, se non di furto un guardo?
Che posso io dir, se non di furto, Io ardo?
Forse puoi cio ch'io penso
Legger nel viso smorto,
Nel cupid'occhio rimirarti intenso.
Ma un cor piagato d'amoroso dardo
Non si appaga di poco; e un nulla io chiamo,
A lato a quel ch'io bramo;
Il poter dirti mille volte il giorno,
Ch'io sol per te l'aura vital respiro.
Qual fia dunque il mio stato, or che dintorno
Cinti da tanti esplorator ti miro?
Or, che non pure i detti,
Ma deggio anco i sospir tener ristretti.
E' ver, poco mi par.

Quand' io ti siedo allato,
Il sogguardarti coll' occhio tremante;
Quando, benchè nel cuor fervido amante,
Sotto aspetto gelato
Mi ti debbo mostrare;
Ma da te sono appena allontanato,
Che dolce io chiamo, e benedetto istante,
E sol felice, e sol cagion di vita,
Quello in cui la gradita
Vista di quanto bene al mondo io m'abbia;
Non vien ridotta ai languidi miei lumi.
Oh quant' ore di duolo in pianto, in rabbia
Trapasso io poi! fin che non piace ai Numi
Di ricondur quell' ora
Ch' io non so ben se m' ange o mi ristora.
Se vita è un breve sogno,
Quella menoma parte,
Ch' io ne traggo al tuo fianco sospirando,
Come appellarla io deggio, or vo pensando.
Tempo, che or l'ali ad arte
Raccogli oltre il bisogno,
Or le hai rapide troppo ad involarte,
Per poi lasciarmi di me stesso in bando,
Men che un sogno or mi sembri, or più ch' eterno.
Più in tal pensier m'interno,
Più vaneggiar pel rio dolor mi sento;
Nè il duol però mi grava... Ohimè! che voglio?
Del cor la pace oh! no: sarà tormento
Maggiore assai di quello ond' io mi doglio.
Non rifiuto l' amaro;
Sol vorrei fosse il dolce un po men raro.
Canzone, un sol pensiero in troppe rime
Tuo dire esprime; … io 'l veggo;
Ma, se a lei tu non spiaci, altro non chieggo.

81.

Giovanni Carlo Passeroni.

Im Jahre 1713 zu Lantosca in der Gegend von Nizza geboren, kam er schon früh nach Mailand, wo er sein ganzes übriges Leben zubrachte und als Mitglied des Instituto del Regno d' Italia 1803 in hohem Alter starb. Er hinterließ ein grösseres Gedicht in 101 Gesängen, Il Cicerone, viele lyrische Poesieen, und sechs Bändchen Fabeln, in denen sein leichtes und gefälliges Talent sich am Glücklichsten beurkundet.

L'Asino infermo.

Nella stalla egro giacea
Un Somaro; e sparso il grido
S'era già di lido in lido,
Che soccombere ei dovea:
Che ricetta pel suo male
Non avea lo Speziale.
Cotal nuova a' Lupi e a' Cani
Fe' grandissimo piacere,
Perchè speran di potere,
Quando l' Asin non risani,
Quanto prima far su lui
Più d' un pasto e più di dui.
Pieni dunque d'allegria
Due di lor, fingendo amore
Per quell' Asino che muore,
Si portaro in compagnia,
Per cammin selvaggio ed ermo,
A far visita all' infermo.
Giunti essendo al noto albergo
Ritrovar la stalla chiusa;
E bussando, come s' usa,
Alla porta, in loro gergo
Nuove chieser dello stato
Di quel povero malato.
Si sforzavan di coprire
Colla faccia afflitta e mesta
L'allegrezza manifesta;
E parea, che intenerire
Si sentissero davvero
Per lo scorcio del Somiero.
Lo Infermiere, ch' era il figlio
Del malato, senza indugio
Aguzzando pel pertugio
Della toppa il mesto ciglio,
Scorger volle chi venia
A far opera sì pia;
E vedendo un Cane smunto,
E con esso un Lupo infame,
Amendue morti di fame,
Il motivo per lo appunto
Figurossi, ond' era mosso
Il rio Lupo e quel Molosso.
Le parole, che in risposta
Loro disse, furon queste:
Meglio assai che non vorreste
Sta lo infermo; e a vostra posta
D'altro cibo, o canagliaccia,
Voi potete andar in traccia.
Tal risposta potria darsi
A più d' un, che dello stato
Oggidì d' un ammalato
Manda, e viene ad informarsi:
L' amor proprio, se m' è lecito
Pur di dirlo, il fa sollecito.
Chi de' beni che possiede
Quello infermo, chi del posto
Onorifico ben tosto
Si lusinga essere erede;
V' ha perfin chi essere spera
Possessor della mogliera.

Il Leone e il Topo.

A non fare a chicchessia
Danno mai, nè villania
Questa Favola ci esorta,
E c'insegna, ancorchè corta,
Che talun, che atto non pare
A poterci mai giovare,
Stando al pubblico giudizio,
Ci può fare un gran servizio.
Sendo stanco, affaticato
Un Leone, addormentato
Sotto un'elce erasi un giorno;
E ruzzava a lui d'intorno
Stuol di Topi allegri e matti,
Perchè lungi eran dai gatti.
Un di lor, perchè non bada
Spensierato, ove si vada,
Mentre gli altri sfida al corso,
Al Leon passa sul dorso;
Il qual subito si desta,
E in quell'impeto lo arresta.
Perdon supplice ed afflitto
Chiede il Topo al suo delitto,
Che peccato è d'imprudenza;
E vuol farne penitenza,
Se gli dà la vita in dono.
Da magnanimo il perdono
Il Leon, che non si lorda
Di vil sangue, al Topo accorda;
Che baciandogli la mano,
Tosto andò da lui lontano:
Non par vero al poverino
Di tornare al bucolino.
Mentre dorme, ode un ruggito,
Cui l'egual mai non ha udito;
Ne rimbomba il vicin monte.
Corre allor con gambe pronte;
Preso al laccio il Leon trova,
Cui lo scuotersi non giova.
Non temere, o generoso
Re, gli dice, chè pietoso
In buon punto io son venuto,
Come amico, a darti aiuto,
Non si perde in complimenti,
Ma aguzzando gli occhi, e i denti,
Va cercando con bel modo
Ogni cappio ed ogni nodo;
E in brev'ora ogni legame
Rosicchiò del laccio infame;
E 'l Leon, che già cortese
Fu col Topo, il Topo rese,
Con piacer dell'altre belve,
Salvo e libero alle selve.
Cerchi ognuno d'imparare
Dal Leone a perdonare
A colui che l'ha oltraggiato;
E dal Topo ad esser grato;
Ed impari finalmente,
Che talun, che dalla gente
In dispregio è a vil si tiene,
Farci spesso può un gran bene.

Il Medico e lo Infermo.

Ammalato gravemente
Personaggio d'alto affare
Mandò un Medico a chiamare,
Che acquistato appo la gente
Colla ciarla, ancorchè inetto,
S'era pur qualche concetto.
Dite su, che vi sentite?
Dice il Medico al malato;
Io mi sento scalmanato;
Ho le fauci inaridite;
Dolor sentomi le reni:
Dice il Medico: va bene.
Torna il Medico; e lo infermo:
Io mi sento intirizzito;
Ho perduto l'appetito,
Al dolor non trovo schermo;
Sento al petto un forte impegno.
Dice il Medico: buon segno.
Torna il Medico il dì terzo;
Cui lo infermo: io più non posso
Respirare; ho rotto ogni osso;
Il mio mal non è da scherzo.
Tosto il Medico ripiglia:
Van le cose a maraviglia.
Vien di nuovo il dì seguente. —
Questa notte non ho chiuso
Occhio mai; fuori dell'uso
Mi s'intorbida la mente;
Il pensier mi si confonde.
Buono, il Medico risponde.
Mi tormenta un gran catarro;
Corre il polso a precipizio;
Non ho forze. Buon indizio,
Dice il Fisico bizzarro:
Quando il mal si fa sentire,
È più facile a guarire.
Un amico a visitare
Vien lo infermo, ch'è ridotto
A mal termine; e di botto
La domanda assai volgare
Con parole accomodate
A lui fa del come state?
Cui l'infermo: in mezzo a cento
Favorevoli giudici,
E pronostici felici,
Ch'ogni dì dal Dottor sento,
Me ne vado all'altro mondo,
Gli rispose gemebondo.
Di quel bergolo Dottore
Il carattere e lo stile
D'un meccanico, d'un vile
Sciagurato adulatore
Ravvisar ciascheduno puote

Indicato a chiare note.
Nel malato un di que' sciocchi,
Che piangenti da bugiardi
Finti amici, troppo tardi,
Miserabili! aprono gli occhi,
Ci descrisse il Frigio Esopo:
Si erudisca chi ne ha d'uopo.

Il Villano che trova un tesoro.

Un villano, che vivea
Col lavoro giornaliero,
Altro al mondo non avea
Che una casa, o a dir più vero,
Che un ben misero tugurio,
Detto ostel del mal augurio.
Questo nome gli era dato,
Perch' esso era mal sicuro,
Era tutto scassinato;
Screpolato era ogni muro;
E la bocca non di rado
Esso apria per dire: io cado.
Il padron di ristorarlo
Non avea modo, o disegno,
E credea col puntellarlo
Or con questo, or con quel legno,
Di poter tenerlo in piede,
Finchè andasse ad altro erede.
Ma successegli, che un giorno,
Che affannato dal lavoro
All' ostello ei fè ritorno,
Per conforto e per ristoro,
Lo trovò bello e seduto;
Trovò, id est, ch' era caduto.
Diede allora nelle smanie
Nel veder casa e pentolin
In un fascio; cose strane,
Disse, e svelsesi i capelli;
E tenendo gli occhi bassi,
Pensò un pezzo su que' sassi.
Mentre estatico egli tiene
Fisse e immobili le ciglia
In que' sassi, a scorger viene
Con sorpresa e meraviglia
In quell' orrido rottame
Una pentola di rame.
La scoperchia pien di speme,
E in veder quel che contiene,
Più non mormora e non geme,
E felice egli si tiene.
Nell' ostello, ch' è caduto,
Ha trovato il proprio aiuto.
Di monete tutte d'oro
Quella pentola era piena;
E il Villan senza lavoro
Vita placida e serena
Menò poi con largo vitto,
Che per anzi era sì afflitto.
Quante volte quel che pare
Un flagello, una disgrazia,
È un favor particolare,
Un gran bene, ed una grazia:
Per qualunque mal gli avvenga,
A smarrirsi alcun non venga.

Cerere e il Villano.

Pregò Cerere celeste
Un villan, perch' ella fesse
Che a lui crescere dovesse
Il frumento senza reste,
Le quali ei credeva affatto
Vane e inutili: oh! che matto!
Non son buone, egli diceva,
Colle loro spine acute,
Fuorchè a pungermi la cute,
Benchè dura: eccelsa Dea,
Fa che sia di reste privo
Il mio gran, se mi vuoi vivo. —
Lo esaudì Cerere amica.
Fu grandissimo il piacere
Del villano nel vedere
Priva affatto ogni sua spica
Delle spine prelibate
Onde le altre erano armate.
Ma fu breve l' allegria;
Che gli augei di quei contorni
In veder quel campo adorno
Di bel grano in lor balìa,
Privo affatto di difesa,
Vi volaro alla distesa;
E gli diedero tal guasto,
Che il mal pratico villano,
Che raccor credea di grano
Molte moggi da quel vasto
Fertil campo, un non ne colse;
Pensi ognun se se ne dolse.
Lasso me! mentre voluto
Ho schivar, pur troppo è vero,
Un incomodo leggiero,
Un gran comodo ho perduto;
Ho perduto anzi un gran bene,
Per cui pianger mi conviene. —
Così dic[illegible] e chiaro appare
Che o[illegible] cosa con misura
F[illegible]tor della natura;
E [illegible] d'uopo è sopportare
Qualche breve scomodo in pace,
Per avere un ben verace.

81.

Saverio Bettinelli.

Er ward am 18 Juli 1718 in Mantua geboren, machte hier und in Bologna seine Studien, und trat 1738 in die Gesellschaft Jesu. Nachdem er sein Noviziat vollendet, lehrte er in mehreren Städten Italiens die Wissenschaften, bereiste dann Deutschland und Frankreich, und ließ sich nach seiner Rückkehr in Verona nieder. Nach der Aufhebung seines Ordens zog er sich in seine Vaterstadt zurück, wo er fortwährend wissenschaftlich thätig, allgemein verehrt, am 13. September 1808 sein langes, nützliches Leben beschloß. Er hinterließ viele wissenschaftliche Schriften in Prosa, mehrere Tragödien, lyrische und didactische Poesieen u. s. w. Als Dichter zeichnet er sich durch Correctheit und Würde aus, doch ist er mehr ein gebildeter als ein geborner Poet. Eine Sammlung seiner Werke erschien 1799 zu Venedig, 24 Bde. in 8.

Il Tasso e l'Ariosto.

Ogni vate e pittor pinge se stesso.
Quale il Goffredo suo, tal vedi il Tasso,
Che pien di studio, e pien di cura tutto
Pensa, provvede e sa. Mai non trascorre
Fra l'audacia dell' animo, fra il sangue
Delle stragi non turbasi, e trionfa
Di se, come d'altrui. Sempre a se stesso
Eguale in senno, ed in consiglio, a l'opra
Move con legge, e con misura, e quando
Pien di Dio lo consulta, o quando l'armi
Per la causa più giusta impugna, o quando
Vittorioso il gran Sepolcro adora,
E a' suoi partendo la sacrata terra
In Oriente fonda un nuovo Impero.
Ad Orlando così l'altro è simile.
Non sempre saggio e ver; amore insano
Pur lo soggetta, e gli travolve il senno;
Allor va errando a caso, allora ei segue,
Come lo porta il folle ardor, non degni
Della grand' alma obbietti, e ignudo e lordo
Non par più desso; ma sana la mente
Qual più saggio di lui? Chi non ammira
L'alma sublime, e in se secura, quando
Di valor, vincitor d'ogni contrasto
Non soffre inciampo, e ne' perigli cresce?
A cui non arde il cor, se quel fedele
E passionato core amor compunga;
O se fra l'armi, e tra il tumulto esulta
L'alto di se maggior, chi nol paventa?
Senti dal suo parlar l'anima tutta
Sovra se stessa alto levarsi, e senti
Che un nume in lui favella, un nume spira,
E che il divino in lui valor mai sempre
Le volgar leggi, e la fatica ignora.
Fortunato colui, che in se d'entrambi
I diversi raccor pregi potesse,
E al disegno, e allo studio unir del Tasso,
Il crear pronto, il colorire audace
Di lui, che ancora delirando alletta!

86.

Carlo Gozzi.

Ein jüngerer Bruder von Gasparo Gozzi, ward 1718 zu Venedig geboren, widmete sich schon früh den Wissenschaften, und zeichnete sich durch seine poetischen Anlagen aus. Seine schlechten Vermögensumstände zwangen ihn jedoch Kriegsdienste zu nehmen. Nach Venedig zurückgekehrt, wurde er Mitglied der Akademie der Granelleschi, und gehörte zu den entschiedensten Gegnern von Goldoni und Chiari, die alten italienischen Klassiker gegen die Angriffe und Bestrebungen dieser Neuerer vertheidigend. Um diese noch thatsächlicher zu bekriegen, nahm er sich einer trefflichen Schauspielergesellschaft an, welche durch die Vorliebe des Publikums für Goldoni's Stücke sehr gelitten hatte, und schrieb für dieselbe seine dramatischen Mährchen (Fiabe teatrali), die sich eines ganz außerordentlichen Beifalles zu erfreuen hatten. Später ging er indessen von seiner eben so kühnen als poetischen und neuen Weise ab, und bearbeitete, um der Schauspielerin Ricci zu gefallen, mehrere französische Dramen für die italienische Bühne. 1772 besorgte er selbst eine elegante Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke, in denen sich außer jenen erwähnten Uebersetzungen und den 21 dramatischen Mährchen, noch ein komisches Heldengedicht, Marfisa Bizzarra, kleinere Gedichte und eine Art von Autobiographie befinden. — Sein Todesjahr ist nicht bekannt, doch lebte er noch zu Ende des vorigen Jahrhunderts, und starb wahrscheinlich gleich nach dem Schlusse desselben.

Scena

tratta dai Pitocchi Fortunati.

Usbec.

Angela, io son tuo Sposo. Tu sei Sposa
Del Sultan di Carizmo. Il Ciel può solo
Dal canto mio questo seguito nodo
Con la morte disciôr. La bella faccia,
Il vago portamento, i spiritosi
Detti tuoi mi son lacci. Io voglio dirti
Però, che la virtù, per cui famosa
Sei per questa Città, laccio è più forte
A me di tue bellezze. Ah, s'io scoprissi
Mal forte la virtù, che in te risplende,
Doglia intensa n'avrei. Dimmi, fanciulla,
Sincera parla; in questi pochi istanti,
Che fummo insiem, fino a qual grado giunse
L'affetto tuo verso di me? Ragiona
Col core aperto, e di: trovi in me nulla,
Che ti dispiaccia? libera favella.

Angela.

Signor, son donna, e perchè, come donna,
Ebbi la sorte di piacervi, il Cielo
Ringrazio d'esser donna. Ah, ben vorrei,
Che 'l sesso nostro in questo punto avesse
Maggior credito al mondo, e che non fosse
Per troppo menzognero, bugiardo, e finto,
Per poter trovar fede. Amo l'aspetto,
Quel dolce favellar, le belle forme;
Tutto mi piace; e perchè i giuramenti
Son degli empj il linguaggio, io non vel giuro.

Usbec.

No, bilancia il tuo cor. Tu in mille affanni
Avvezza di miseria, in un tugurio
Chiusa, ed oppressa, dove tutto spira

Inedia, e povertà, nata di sangue
Umile, a petto a un Re, ti raffiguri
In me un Monarca, e in questo aspetto mio
Scorgi tronchi i tuoi casi; di salire
Ad annose ricchezze, a un seggio altero,
Vana gloria ti prende, e un trono amando,
Pompe, agi, e fasti, a te sembra d'amare
Chi te li reca, e pur forse non l'ami.
Bilancia il cor, fanciulla, e 'l ver ragiona.

Angela.

V'ingannate, Signor. Del Cielo agli occhi
Noto è, se questo spirto in calma seppe
Tor le calamità; s'io riconosco
Nelle ricchezze, negli altieri alberghi,
E più ne' Seggi, ombre fallaci, e stolte
Dell'umana ingordigia, e venen crudo
Per l'alme nostre. Poca terra basta
A sostenerci, pochi panni bastano
A coprir queste membra, e poco cibo
Basta a nudrirle, infin che 'l punto giunga
Del scioglimento loro. In voi solo amo
Un uom, che 'l Ciel m'ha destinato in Sposo,
Di forme elette. Io ragiono sincero.

Isber.

Dunque gli affetti tuoi non han sorgente
Da simpatia; son d'un' interno ligio
Avvezzo a rassegnarsi. Ah, poco m'ami.

Angela.

Oh, d'ogni Sposa tal fosse l'amore
Per il compagno, e meno simpatia,
Anzi pur capriccioso umano istinto,
Variabile spesso, avesse parte
Delle Spose nel cor. Quanta quiete
Maggior nelle famiglie, e quanta pace
Saria fra conjugati, e quanto amore!

Isber (a parte).

Ah, quanta doglia avrà scoprendo falsi
I virtuosi detti! Angela, troppo
T'impegni di virtù. Pensa, che 'l Cielo
Suol con gli arcani suoi dar prove all'alme
Non pensate afflittive. Io son sicuro,
Che tu non m'ami, e che fra poco i Numi
Palese lo faran per mio dolore.

87.

Lorenzo Mascheroni.

Er ward 1750 zu Bergamo geboren, zeichnete sich schon früh durch seine Fähigkeiten aus, und wurde bereits in seinem achtzehnten Jahre Professor am Gymnasium seiner Vaterstadt. Später ward er Professor der griechischen Sprache in Pavia, und widmete sich dann aus besonderer Vorliebe ganz der Mathematik, in der er sich schnell bedeutenden Ruf erwarb, und nach Bergamo als Lehrer derselben am Collegio Mariano zurückkehrte. Ein eifriger Anhänger der französischen Revolution, ward er zum Deputirten der cisalpinischen Republik erwählt, und in Staatsgeschäften nach Paris gesandt. Sein rastloses Arbeiten hatte aber seine Gesundheit untergraben, und der Tod ereilte ihn, als er eben zum Mitgliede der Consulta von Mailand ernannt worden, im Juli 1800. Außer vielen werthvollen wissenschaftlichen Schriften hinterließ er ein meisterhaftes didaktisches Gedicht, das wir hier mittheilen.

L'Invito.

a Lesbia Cidonia[*]

Perchè con voce di soavi carmi
Ti chiama a l'alta Roma inclito Cigno,
Spargerai tu d'oblio dolce promessa,
Onde allegrossi la minor Pavia?
Pur lambe sponda memore d'impero,
Benchè del fasto de' trionfi ignuda,
Di Longobardo onor pago il Tesino:
E le sue verdi, o Lesbia, amene rive
Non piacquer poi quant' altre al tuo Petrarca?
Qui l'accoglica gentil l'alto Visconte
Nel turrito palagio, e qui perenne
Stà la memoria d'un suo caro pegno.
Te qui Pallade chiama, e te le Muse,
E l'eco che ripete il tuo bell'inno
Per la rapita a noi, data alla Dora,
Come poi volle Amor, bionda donzella.
Troppo altra volta rapida seguendo
Il tuo gran cor, che l'opere de l'arte
A contemplar ne la città di Cosmo,
E a Firenze bellissima ti trasse,
Di leggier orma questo suol segnasti.
Ma fra queste cadenti antiche torri
Guidate, il sai, da la Cesarea mano
L'attiche discipline, e di molt'oro
Sparse, ed altere di famosi nomi
Parlano un suon, che attenta Europa ascolta.
Se di tua vista consolar le tante
Brame ti piaccia, intorno a te verranno
De la risorta Atene i chiari ingegni;
E quei che a te sul margine del Brembo
Trasse tua fama, e le comuni Muse,
E quei che pieni del tuo nome al cielo
Chieggon pur di vederti. Chi le sfere
A vol trascorre, e su britanna lance
L'universo equilibra; e chi la prisca
Fè degli avi a le tarde età tramanda;
E chi de la natura alma reina
Spiega la pompa triplice; e chi segna
L'origin vera del conoscer nostro;
Chi ne' gorghi del cor mette lo sguardo;
E qual la sorte delle varie genti
Colora, e gli agghiacciati e gli arsi climi
Di fior cosparge; qual per leggi frena
Il secolo ritroso; altri per mano
Volge a suo senno gli elementi e muta
Le facce a i corpi; altri sugli egri suda

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[*] La Contessa Paolina Secco Suardo Grismondi di Bergamo, il cui nome arcadico era Lesbia Cidonia.

Con argomenti che non seppe Coo.
Tu, qual gemma che brilla in cerchio d'oro,
Segno di mille sguardi andrai fra quelli,
Pascendo il pellegrino animo intanto
E i sensi de' lor detti; essi de' tuoi
Dolce faranno entro il pensier raccolta.
Molti di lor potrian teco le corde
Trattar di Febo con maestre dita;
Non però il suon n'udrai; ch'essi di Palla
Gelosi d'altre Dee qui temon l'ire.
Quanto ne l'Alpe e ne le aerie rupi
Natura metallifera nasconde;
Quanto respira in aria, e quanto in terra,
E quanto guizza ne gli acquosi regni
Ti fia schierato a l'occhio: in ricchi scrigni
Con avveduta man l'ordin dispose
Di tre regni le spoglie. Imita il ferro
Crisolito e rubin; sprizza dal sasso
Il liquido mercurio; arde funesto
L'arsenico; traluce a i sguardi avari
Da la sabbia nativa il pallid'oro.
Che se ami poi dell'eritrea marina
Le tornite conchiglie, inclita Ninfa,
Di che vivi color, di quante forme
Trassele il bruno pescator da l'onda!
L'Aurora forse le spruzzò de' misti
Raggi, e gode talora andar torcendo
Con la rosata man lor cave spire.
Una del collo tuo le perle in seno
Educò verginella; a l'altra il labbro
De la sanguigna porpora inostro
Splende; di questa la rugosa scorza
Stette con l'or su la bilancia e vinse;
Altre si fèro, in van dimandi come,
Carcere e nido in grembo al sasso; a quelle
Qual Dea del mar d'incognite parole
Scrisse l'eburneo dorso? e chi di righe
E d'intervalli sul forbito scudo
Sparse l'arcana musica? da un lato
Aspre e ferrigne giaccion molte; e grave
D'immane peso assai rosa da l'onde
La conca di Triton buccina tace.
Questo ad un tempo è pesce ed è macigno,
Questa è qual par la vaga chiocciola in selce.
Tempo già fu che le profonde valli,
E 'l nubifero dorso d'Appennino
Copriano i salsi flutti; pria che il cervo
La foresta scorresse, e pria che l'uomo
Da la gran madre antica alzasse il capo.
L'ostrica allor su le pendici alpine
La marmorea locò famiglia immensa;
Il nautilo condotto a l'aure amiche
Aprì la vela, equilibrò la conca;
D'Africa poscia al monarcial raccolti
Gl'inutil remi e chiusi al nicchio in grembo,
Deluse il mar; senza al nocchier futuro,
Crescea intanto di sue vote spoglie,
Avanzi de la morte, il limo al monte,
Quando da lunga preparato e ascosto
A mortal sguardo da l'eterne stelle
Sopravvenne destin; lasciò d'Atlante
E di Tauro le spalle, e in minor segno
Contrasse il mar le sue procelle e l'ire;
Col verde piano l'altrice terra apparve.
Cambiò Abido il Bosforo; ebbe nome
Adria ed Eusin; da l'elemento usato
Deluso il pesce, e sotto l'alta arena
Sepolto in pietra rigida si strinse:
Vedi che la sua preda ancora addenta.
Queste scaglie incontrolle, e queste forme
Ignote al nuovo mar manda dal Bolca
L'alma del tuo Pompei patria Verona.
Son queste l'ossa che lasciar sul margo
Del palustre Tesin da l'Alpe intatte
Dietro alla sabbia poscia disperse
Le immani afriche belve? o da quest'ossa
Già rivestite del rigor di sasso
Ebbe lor piè non aspettato inciampo?
Che qui già forse italici elefanti
Pascea la pioggia, e Roma ancor non era;
Nè lido a lido avea imprecato ed armi
Contrarie ad armi la deserta Dido.
Non lungi accolse la Vulcania fornace
Pomici scabre e scolorati marmi.
Bello è il veder, lungi dal giogo ardente,
Le liquefatte viscere de l'Etna,
Lanciati sassi al ciel. Altro fu svelto
Dal sempre acceso Stromboli; altro corse
Sul fianco del Vesevo onda rovente,
O di Pompei, o d'Ercole già celle
Colla scomparse ed obbliate, alfine
Dopo sì lunga età rendute al giorno!
Presso i modelli d'Italo e le danze,
Dal negro ciel venuto a larghi rivi
Voi questo cener sovraggiunse; in voi
Gli aurei lavor di pennel greco offese.
Dove voi lascio, innamorati augelli,
Sotto altro Cielo ed altro Sol volanti?
Te risplendente del color del foco;
Te ricco di corona; te di gemme
Dipinto il tergo; e te maravel nuovo,
D'informe rostro e di pennuta lingua?
Tu col gran tratto d'ala il mar traversi;
Tu pur, esile colibrì, vestito
D'instabil color, de l'etra ai campi
Con brevissime penne usi librarti.
Or gli sguardi a sè col fulgid'ostro
Chiaman de l'ali, e con le macchie d'oro
Le occhiute leggerissime farfalle,
Fior d'effimera vita; ai caldi Soli
Uscir dal carcer trasformate, e breve
Ebbero il dono della terza vita.
Questa suggeva il timo, e questa il croco,
Non altrimente che da l'auree carte
De' tesori dircei tu cogli il fiore.
Questa col capo folgorante l'ombre
Ruppe a l'ignudo Americano che in traccia
Notturno va de l'appiattata fera.

E voi non taccio, voi di dolci acque
Celeri figli, e di salati stagni;
Te, delfin vispo, cui del vivo membro
Fama non dubbia accorgimento diede,
E pietà quasi umana e senso al canto;
Te che di lunga spada armato il muso
Guizzi qual dardo, e le balene assalti;
Te che al sol tocco di tue membra inermi
Di subita mirabile percossa
L'avido pescator stendi sul lido.
Ardirò ancor tinta d'orrore esporre
A' cupidi occhi tuoi diversa scena,
Lesbia gentil: turpi sembianze e crude,
Che disdegnò nel partorir la terra.
Nè strane fiano a te, nè men gioconde,
A te che già tratta per man dal nostro
Flamin tuo dolce amico, a Senna in riva
Per li negati al volgo aditi entrasti.
Prole fra maschi incognita; rifiuto
Del delicato sesso; erran d'entrambi
Nacque costui. Qual colpa sua, qual ira
De l'avaro destino a lui fu madre?
Qual infelice amore o fiera pugna
Strinse così l'un contro l'altro questi
Teneri ancor nel carcere natale,
Che appena giunti al dì, dal comun seno
Con due respir che s'incontraro uscendo,
L'alma indistinta resero a le stelle?
Costui, se lunga età veder potea,
Era Ciclope: mira il torvo ciglio
Unico in mezzo al volto. Tu altro volto
Questi porta sul tergo, ed era Giano.
Or ve' mirabil mostro! senza capo,
Non per le fune, e senza pelle nudo
Al Sol, del viver suo per pochi istanti
Fece tremando e palpitando fede.
Folle chi altier sen va di forti membra,
Ebbro di gioventù! Perchè nel corso
Preceda il cervo, e 'l lupo al bosco sfidi,
E l'orrido cinghial vinca a la pugna,
Già l'ergi re de gli animali. Intanto
Famiglia di viventi entro tue carni
Te non veggente, e sotto la robusta
Pelle, di te lieta si pasce, e beve
Serena il sangue tuo fra fibra e fibra.
Questo di vermi popolo infinito
Ospite rose un dì viscere vive.
E tal di lor cui non appar di capo
Certo vestigio, qual lo vedi, lungo
Ben trenta spanne, intier si trasse a stento
Dai moltiplici error labirintei.
Qual ne le coste si forò l'albergo
Col sordo dente, e quale al cor si pose.
Nè sol de l'uom, ma de gli armenti al campo
Altri segnon le torme, e mentre l'erba
Tonde la molle agnella, alcun di loro
Limando entro il cervel, da l'alta rupe
Vertiginosa in rio furor la trasse.
Tal qua giù de l'altrui vita si nutre,
Altre a nutrirsi condannata, l'egra
Vita mortal, che il ciel parco dispensa.
Ecco il lento bradipo, il simo urango,
Il ricciuto armadillo, l'istrice irto,
Il castoro architetto, il muschio alpestre,
La crudel tigre, l'armellin di neve.
Ecco il lurido pipa, a cui dal tergo
Cadder maturi al sol tepido i figli:
L'ingordo can, che triplicati arrota
I denti e 'l navigante inghiotte intero.
Torvo così dal Senegallo sbuca
L'ippopotamo, e con l'informe zampa
De l'estuosa zona occupa il lido.
Guarda vertebre immani! e sono avanzi:
Sì smisurata la balena rompe
Ne la polar contrada i ghiacci irsuti!
E spoglia, non temer se la trisulca
Lingua dardeggia, e se minaccia il salto
La maculata vipera, e i colubri,
Che accesi solcan infocate arene.
Qui minor di sua fama il vol raccoglie
Il drago; qui il terror del Nilo stende
Per sette e sette braccia il sozzo corpo;
Qui dal sonante strascico tradito
Il crotalo implacabile, qui l'aspe;
E tutti i mostri suoi l'Africa manda.
Chi è costui che d'alti pensier pieno
Tanta filosofia porta nel volto?
È il divin Galileo, che primo infranse
L'idolo antico, e con periglio trasse
A la nativa libertà le menti:
Nuovi occhi pose in fronte a l'uomo, Giove
Cinse di stelle; e fatta accusa al Sole
Di corruttibil tempra, il locò poi,
Alto compenso, sopra immobil trono.
L'altro, che sorge a lui rimpetto, in vesta
Umil ravvolto, e con dimessa fronte,
È Cavalier, che d'infiniti campi
Fece a la taciturna Algebra dono.
O sommi lumi de l'Italia! il culto
Gentile de l'Orobia pastorella
Ch'entra fra voi, che le vivaci fronde
Spicca dal crine, e al vostro piè le sparge.
In questa a miglior genj aperta luce
Il linguaggio del ver Fisica parla.
A le dimande sue confessa il peso
Il molle cedente aëre; ma stretto
Scoppia sdegnoso dal forato ferro,
Avventando mortifera ferita.
Figlio del sole il raggio settiforme
A l'ombre in sen tolto per vetro obbliquo
Splende distinto ne i color de l'Iri,
Per mille vie torna non vario in volto;
Nè la Dolomia man docil depone
La dipinta corona; in breve lume
Stringersi, ed arma innumerabil punte
A vincer la durezza adamantina.
Qui il simulato ciel sue rote marca,

L'anno divide, l'incostante Luna
In giro mena, e seco lei la Terra.
Suo circolante anello or mostra or cela
Il non più lontanissimo Saturno.
Adombra Giove i suoi seguaci, e segna
Oltre Pirene e l'Alpe al vigil sguardo
Il confin d'oriente: in altra parte
Virtù lavendo di scoprir nel bujo
Flutto a l'errante marinar la stella,
Da l'amata marigna il ferro pende.
Ora declinando per accesa canna
O tocca dall'elettrica favilla
Vedrai l'acqua sparir, nascer da quella
Gemmea prole di mirabil aere:
L'onda dar fiamma, e la fiamma dar onda.
Benchè, qualor ti piaccia in nuovi aspetti
Veder per arte trasformarsi i corpi,
O sia che in essi ripercosso e spinto
Per calli angusti, o dall'accesa chioma
Tratto del Sol per lucido cristallo
Gli elementi distempri ardor di fiamma;
O sia ch'umide vie tenti, e mordendo
Con salino licor masse petrose
Spinga, e divelle le nascoste terre
D'acidi umori arrendevol preda
Le doni, e quanto in sen la terra chiude
A suo piacer rigeneri, e distrugga
Chimica forza: a le tue dotte brame
Affrettan già più nove le belle prove.
Tu vedrai liquida vena in pura
Liquida vena, e del confuso umore
Ti vedrai tra man massa concreta,
Qual zolla donde il Sole il vapor bebbe.
Tu mescerai purissim'onda a chiara
Purissim'onda: e di color cilestro
L'umor commisto apparirallti, quale
Appare il ciel dopo il soffiar di Coro.
Tingerai, Lesbia, in acqua il bruno acciaro,
E a l'oscur splenderà candido argento.
Soffri per poco, se dal torno desta
Con innocente strepito su gli occhi
La simulata folgore ti guizza.
Quinci osò l'uom condurre il fulmin vero
In terra seppe, e disarmò le nubi.
Ve' che ogni corpo liquido, ogni duro
Nasconde il pascol del balen; lo tragge
Da le cieche latebre accorta mano,
E l'addensa premendo, e lo tragitta,
L'arcana fiamma a suo voler trattiene.
E se per entro a gli Epidaurii regni
Fama già fu che di Prometeo il foco
Che scorre a l'uom le membra, e tutte scote
A un tocco del pensier come le vene,
Sia dal ciel tratta elettrica scintilla;
Non tu per sogno Ascreo l'abbi sì tosto.
Suscita or dubbio non leggier sul vero
Felsina antica di saper maestra
Con sottil argomento di metalli
Le ricercate rane interrogando.
Tu le vedesti su l'Orobia sponda
Le garrule presaghe de la pioggia
Tolte a i guadi del Brembo altro presagio
Aprir di luce al secolo vicino.
Stavano tronche il collo: con sagace
Man le immolava vittime a Minerva
Cinte d'argentea benda i nudi fianchi
Su l'ara del saper giovin ministro.
Non esse a colpo di coltel crudele
Torcean le membra, non a molle punte,
Già preda abbandonata da la morte
Parea giacer: ma se l'argentea benda
Altra di mal distinto ignobil stagno
Da le vicine carni al lembo estremo
Venne a toccar, la misera vedesti
Quasi risorta ad improvvisa vita
Rattrarre i nervi e con tremor frequente
Per incognito duol divincolarsi.
Tu fessa allor nel tuo chinar del ciglio,
Che ten gravò: ma quella non intese
Di qual potea pietade andar superba.
E quindi in preda allo stupor ti parve
Chiaro veder quella virtù che vieta
Passa per interposti umidi tratti
Dal vile stagno al ricco argento, e torna
Da questo a quello con perenne giro.
Tu poi al labbro le congiunte lame,
Come ti prescrivea de' saggi il rito,
Lesbia, appressasti, e con sapore acuto
D'alti misteri t'avvisò la lingua.
E ancor mi suona nel pensier tua voce
Quando al veder che per ondose vie
L'elemento mutava, e del convulso
Animal galleggiante i dilicati
Stami del senso circolando punse;
Chiedesti al ciel che da l'industri prove
Venisse a l'egra umanità soccorso.
Ah se così dopo il sottil lavoro
Di vigilati carmi, orror talvolta
Vano di membra, il gel misto col fuoco,
Ti va le vene ricercando e abbatte
La gentil da le Grazie ordita salma:
Quanto d'Italia onor, Lesbia, sarìa,
Con l'arte nova rallegrarti il giorno?
Da questa parte conquistata al lampo
Dei vincitor del tempo eterni libri
Fugge ignoranza, e dietro lei le larve
D'error pascente, e timide del Sole.
Opra e minuta i lenti secoli e i nomi
Ad uno ad uno annovera. Tu questo,
Lesbia, non isdegnar, gentil volume
Che s'offre a te: da l'onorata sede
Volar vorrebbe a l'alma autrice incontro.
D'ambe le parti immobili si stanno,
Sedendo al lato a lor, Colonna e Stampa.
Quei poi ti porga che non più consenta
A l'alme come lor, vaghe sorelle,
Andar divise, onde odesti fra 'l pianto
Talor sonar dolce lamento al metro

Vedremo allor volume aureo cresciuto
Ceder loro maggior Stampa e Colonna.
Or degli estinti ne le mute case
Non ti parrà questo calor non viva
Su l'esempio di lui, da la cui cetra
Tanta in te d'armonia parte discese?
Scarnata ed ossea su l'entrar s'avventa
Del can la forma: ah non è questo il crudo
Cerber trifauce cui placar tu deggia
Con medicata cialda: invano mostra
Gli acuti denti: ei dorme un sonno eterno.
Ossee d'intorno a lui con cento aspetti
Stanno silvestri e mansuete fere:
Sta senza chioma il fier leon, sta l'orma
Immota e il damo; e senza polpe il bieco
Cinghial feroce; senza voce il lupo,
Senza ululato, e non lo punge fame
De le bianche ossa de l'agnel vicino.
Piaccia ora a te quest'anglico cristallo
A' leggiadri occhi sottoporre; ed ecco
Di verme vil gigandeggiar le membra.
Come in antico bosco d'alte querce
Dense e di pini le cognate piante
I rami intreccian, la confusa massa
Irta di ramoscei fende le nubi:
Così, ma con più bello ordin tu vedi
Quale pel lungo de l'aperto dorso
Va di tremoli muscoli la selva.
Riconosci il gentil candido baco
Cura de' ricchi Seriani: forse
Di tua mano talor tu lo pascesti
De le di Tisbe e d'infelice amore
Memori foglie, oggi ti mostra quanti
Nervi affatichi allor che a te sottili
E del seno e del crin prepara i veli.
Ve' la cornuta chiocciola ritorta
Cui di gemino sesso amor fa dono;
Mira sotto qual parte, ove si senta
Troncar dal ferro inaspettato il capo,
Ritorni i modi de la cara vita:
Perchè qualor l'inargentate corna
Ripiglia in ciel la Luna, anch'ella possa
Uscir col novo capo a la campagna.
Altri a destra muniti, altri a sinistra
Ch'ebbero vita un dì, sospesi il ventre
Mostrano aperto: e tanti e sì stranieri
Tanto diversi li fe' nascer Giove
De' sapienti a tormentar l'ingegno.
Nel più interno de' regni de la morte
Scende da l'alto la luce smorta
Esangui i nervi; e l'ossa ond'uom si forma,
E le tenere viscere non puoi
Sostener ferma la sparuta scena?
Nomerà Anatomia: del cor con queste
Le regioni, che esperto ferro schiuse,
Non ti dispor se l'usbergo del petto
E l'ossa dove il muscolo carnoso
Fato compie correndo; se lo sprona,
Con tal forza l'allarga amor tiranno.
Osserva gl'intricati laberinti,
Dove nasce il pensier; mira le celle
De' taciti sospir: nude le fibre
Appajon qui del moto, e là de' sensi
Fide ministre, e in lungo giro erranti
Le delicate origin de la vita;
Serpeggia nelle vene il falso sangue.
L'arte ammirasti: ora men tristi oggetti,
Intendo il tuo guardar, l'animo cerca.
Andiamo, Lesbia; pullular vedrai
Entro tepide celle erbe salubri,
Dono di navi peregrine: stanno
Le prede di più climi in pochi solchi.
Aspettan te, chiara bellezza, i fiori
De l'Indo: avide al sen tuo voleranno
Le morbide fragranze americane,
Argomento di studio e di diletto.
Come verdeggia il zucchero tu vedi
A canna arcade simile: qual pende
Il legume d'Aleppo dal suo ramo
A coronar le mense util bevanda.
Qual sorga l'ananas, come la palma
Incurvi, premio al vincitor, la fronda.
Ah non sia chi la man ponga alla scorza
De l'albero fallace avvelenato,
Se non vuol ch'aspre doglie a lui prepari
Rossa di larghi margini la pelle.
Questa pudica da le dita fugge;
La solcata mammella arma di spine
Il barbarico cacto: al Sol si gira
Clizia amorosa: sopra lor trasvola
L'ape ministra de l'aëreo mele.
Dal calice succhiato in ceppo stretta
La mosca in seno al fior trova la tomba.
Qui pure il sonno con pigre ali, molle
De l'erbe lasse conosciuto dio
S'aggira, e al giunger d'Espero rinchiude
Con la man fresca le stillanti bocce,
Che aprirà ristorate il bel mattino.
E chi potesse udir de' verdi rami
Le segrete parole allor che i furti
Dolce fa il vento su gli aperti fiori
De gli odorati semi, e in giro porta
La speme de la prole a cento fronde:
Come al marito suo parria gemente
L'avida pianta susurrar! che nozze
Han pur le piante; e zefiro leggiero
Discorritor de l'indiche pendici
A quei fecondi amor plaude aleggiando.
Erba gentil (nè v'è sospir di vento)
Vedi inquieta tremolar sul gambo;
Non vive? e non dirai ch'ella pur senta?
Ricerca forse il patrio margo, e 'l rio,
E duolsi d'abbracciar con le radici
L'estranea terra sotto stelle ignote,
E in europea prigion bevere a stento
Brevi del Sol per lo spiraglio i rai.
E amor chi sa che in suo linguaggio i germi

Compagno, di quell'ora non avvisi
Che il Sol da noi fuggendo, a la lor patria,
A la Spagna novella il giorno porta?
Noi pur, noi, Lesbia, a la magione invita....
Ma che non puoi su gl'ingannati sensi
Desio che seggia de la mente in cima!
Non era io teco? a te fean pur corona
Gl'illustri amici. A le salubri piante
E selve e pesci e augei, marmi, metalli
Ne' palladi ricinti iva io mostrando,
Certo guidar tuoi passi a me parea,
Certo udia le parole; e tu di Brembo
Ohimè! lungo la riva ora ti stai.

88.

Melchiorre Cesarotti.

Er ward am 15. Mai 1730 in Padua geboren, ging, nachdem er seine Studien in der Vaterstadt vollendet hatte, 1762 als Hauslehrer nach Venedig, und ward dann 1768 Professor der griechischen und hebräischen Literatur, und bald darauf Secretär der Akademie zu Padua. Einige Reisen abgerechnet, brachte er seine übrige Lebenszeit in unablässiger Thätigkeit dort zu, und starb, nachdem er 1807 sein Amt niedergelegt, und eine Pension erhalten hatte, als Commandeur des Ordens der eisernen Krone am 4. November 1808. Außer vielen prosaischen wissenschaftlichen Schriften hat er sich vorzüglich durch seine poetischen Uebersetzungen, namentlich des Ossian, so wie durch eigene Poesien einen sehr geachteten Namen als Dichter erworben.

Poesie d'Ossian.

La Notte descritta da cinque Bardi.

I. Cantore.

Trista è la notte; tenebria s'aduna
Tingesi il Cielo di color di morte:
Qui non si vede nè stella, nè luna,
Che metta il capo fuor delle sue porte.
Torbido è 'l lago, e minaccia fortuna;
Odo il vento nel bosco a ruggir forte.
Giù dalla balza va scorrendo il rio
Con roco lamentevol mormorio.
Su quell'alber colà, sopra quel tufo,
Che copre quella pietra sepolcrale,
Il lungo-urlante ed inamabil gufo
L'aer funesta col canto ferale.
Ve', ve':
Fosca forma la piaggia adombra:
Quella è un'ombra:
Striscia, sibila, vola via
Per questa via
Tosto passar dovrà persona morta;
Quella meteora de' suoi passi è scorta.
Il can della capanna ulula e freme;
Il cervo geme — sul musco del monte;
L'arborea fronte — il vento gli percuote;
Spesso ei si scuote — e si ricorca spesso.
Entro d'un fesso — il cavriol s'acquata,
Tra l'ale appiatta — il francolin la testa.
Teme tempesta — ogni uccello, ogni belva;
Ciascun s'inselva — e sbucar non ardisce;
Sotto stridisce — entro una nube ascoso
Gufo odioso;
E la volpe colà da quella pianta
Brulla di fronde,
Con orrid'urli a' suoi strilli risponde.
Palpitante, ansante, tremante
Il peregrin
Va per sterpi, per bronchi, per spine,
Per rovine,
Che ha smarrito il suo cammin.
Palude di qua,
Di rupi di là;
Teme i sassi, teme le grotte,
Teme l'ombre della notte.
Lungo il ruscello incespicando,
Brancolando,
Ei strascina l'incerto suo piè.
Fracassi or questa, or quella pianta;
Il sasso rotola, il ramo si schianta;
L'aride lappole strascina il vento;
Ecco un'ombra, la veggo, la sento:
Trema di tutto, nè sa di che.
Notte pregna di nembi, e di venti;
Notte gravida d'urli e spaventi:
L'ombre mi volano a fronte, e a tergo:
A pronto, amico, il tuo notturno albergo.

II. Cantore.

Sbuffa 'l vento, la pioggia precipitasi
Altri spirti già strillano ed ululano;
Svelti i boschi dall' alto si rotolano;
Le finestre pei colpi si stritolano;
Rugghia il fiume, che torbido ingrossa:
Vuol varcarlo, e non ha possa
L'affannato viator.
Udiste quello strido lamentevole?
Egli è travolto, ei muor.
La ventosa orrenda procella
Schianta i boschi, i sassi stracella:
Già l'acqua straripa,
Si stacca la ripa:
Tutto in un fascio la capra belante,
La vacca mugghiante,
La mansueta, e la vorace fera
Porta la rapidissima bufera.
Nella capanna il cacciator si desta,
Solleva la testa,
Stordito avviva il foco spento: intorno
Fumanti
Stillanti
Stanchi i suoi veltri: colà di scope i spessi
Fessi riempie; e con terrore ascolta
Due gonfi rivi minacciar vicina
Alla capanna sua strage e rovina.
Là sul fianco di rupida rupe

Sta tremante l'errante pastor.
Una pianta sul capo risuona,
E l'orecchio gli assorda, e rintrona
Il torrente col roco fragor.
Egli attende la luna,
La luna che risorga,
E alla capanna co' suoi rai lo scorga.
In tal notte atra e funesta,
Sopra il turbo e la tempesta,
Sopra neri nugoloni
Vanno l'ombre a cavalcioni.
Pur è giocondo
Il lor canto sul vento,
Che d'altro mondo
Vien quel novo concento!
Ma già cessa la pioggia; odi che soffia
L'asciutto vento; l'onde
Si diguazzano ancora, ancor le porte
Stillano: a mille a mille
Cadon gelate stille
Da quel tetto e da questo. Oh! oh! pur veggo
Stellato il cielo: ah! che di nuovo intorno
Si raccoglie la pioggia: ah! che di nuovo
L'occidente s'abbuja.
Tetra è la notte e buja,
L'aer di nembi è pregno:
Ricevetemi amici, a voi ne vegno.

III. Cantore.

Pur il vento imperversa, e pur ci strepita,
Tra l'erbe della rupe: abeti svelgonsi
Dalle radici, e la capanna schiantasi.
Volan per l'aria le spezzate nuvole;
Le rosse stelle ad or ad or traspajono;
Nunzia di morte l'orrida meteora
Fende co' raggi l'addensate tenebre.
Ecco posa sul monte: io veggo l'ispida
Vetta del giogo dirupata, e l'arida
Felce ravviso, e l'atterrata quercia.
Ma chi è quello colà sotto quell'albero,
Proteso in riva al lago
Colle vesti di morte?
L'onda si sbatte forte
Sulla scogliosa ripa, e d'acqua carca
La picciolletta barca;
Vanno e vengono i remi
Trasportati dall'onda,
Ch'erra di scoglio in scoglio: oh! su quel sasso
Non siede una donzella?
Che fia? l'onda rotante
Rimira,
Sospira
Morto è l'amor suo? misero amante!
Ei di venir promise;
Ella adocchia la barca,
Mentre il lago era chiaro; oh me dolente!
Oimè, questo è 'l suo legno!
Oimè, questi i suoi remi!
Questi sul vento i suoi sospiri estremi!
Ma già s'appresta
Nuova tempesta;
Neve in fiocca
Fiocca, fiocca;
Biancheggiano dei monti e cime e fianchi;
Sono i venti già stanchi,
Ma punge l'aria, ed è rigido il cielo:
Accoglietemi, amici, io son di gelo.

IV. Cantore.

Vedi notte serena, lucente,
Pura, azzurra, stellata, ridente:
I venti fuggiro,
Le nubi svaniro,
Si fan gli arboscelli
Più verdi, e più belli,
Gorgogliano i rivi
Più freschi, e più vivi;
Scintilla alla luna
La tersa laguna.
Vedi notte serena, lucente,
Pura, azzurra, stellata, ridente.
Veggo le piante rovesciate, veggo
I covoni, che il vento aggira, e scioglie,
Ed il cultor, che intento
Si curva, e li raccoglie.
Chi vien dalle porte
Oscure di morte
Con piè pellegrin?
Chi vien così lieve
Con vesta di neve,
Con candide braccia,
Vermiglia la faccia,
Brunetta il bel crin?
Questa è la figlia del Signor, sì bella,
Che poc'anzi cadeo nel suo bel fiore;
Deh, t'accosta, t'accosta, o verginella,
Lasciati vagheggiar, viso d'amore.
Ma già si move il vento, e la dilegua;
E vano è, che cogli occhj altri la segua.
I venticelli spingono
Per la valle ristretta
La vaga nuvoletta;
Ella poggiando va,
Finchè ricopre il cielo
D'un candidetto velo,
Che più leggiadro il fa.
Vedi notte serena, lucente,
Pura, azzurra, stellata, ridente.
Bella notte, più gaja del giorno;
Addio, statevi amici, io non ritorno.

V. Cantore.

La notte è cheta, ma spira spavento;
La luna è mezzo tra le nubi ascosa:
Movesi il raggio pallido, e va lento

S'ode da lungi l'onda romorosa.
Mezza notte varcò, che 'l gallo io sento:
La buona moglie s'alza frettolosa,
E brancolando pel bujo s'apprende
Alla parete, e 'l suo foco raccende.
  Il cacciator, che già crede il mattino,
Chiama i suoi fidi cani, e più non bada;
Poggia sul colle, e fischia per cammino:
Colpo di vento la nube dirada;
Ei lo stellato aratro a se vicino
Vede, che fende la cerulea strada:
Oh, dice, egli è per tempo, ancora annotta,
E s'addormenta sull'erbosa grotta.
  Odi, odi;
  Corre pel bosco il turbine
  E nella valle mormora
  Un suon lugubre, e stridulo:
  Quest'è la formidabile
  Armata degli Spiriti,
  Che tornano dall'aria.
  Dietro il monte si cela la luna
Mezzo pallida, e mezzo bruna:
Scappa un raggio, e luccica ancora,
E un po' più la vetta colora
Lunga dagli alberi scende l'ombra,
Tutto abbuja, tutto s'adombra,
Tutto è orrido, e pien di morte:
Amico, ah non tardar, schiudi le porte.

Il Signore.

  Sia pur tetra la notte, ululi o strida,
Per pioggia, o per procella,
Senza luna, nè stella
Velino l'ombre, e 'l peregrin ne tremi:
Imperversino i venti,
Rovinino i torrenti, errino intorno
Verdi alate meteore; oppur la notte
Esca dalle sue grotte
Coronata di stelle, e senza velo
Rida limpido il cielo;
È lo stesso per me: l'ombra sen fugge
Dinanzi al vivo mattutino raggio,
Quando sgorga dal monte,
E fuor dalle sue nubi
Ride pomposo il giovinetto giorno:
Sol l'uom, come passò, non fa ritorno.
  Ove son ora, o vati,
O duci antichi? ove i famosi regi?
Già della gloria lor passaro i lampi.
Sconosciuti, obbliati
Giaccion coi nomi lor, coi fatti egregi.
E muti son delle loro pugne i campi.
Rado avvien, ch'orma stampi
Il cacciator sulle muscose tombe,
Mal noti avanzi degli eccelsi eroi.
Sì passerem pur noi; profondo obblio
C'involerà: cadrà prostesa alfine
Questa magion superba,
E i figli nostri fra l'arena e l'erba
Più non ravviseran le sue rovine,
E domandando andranno
A quei d'etade e di saper più gravi:
Dove sorgean le mura alte degli avi?
  Sciolgansi i cantici,
L'arpa ritocchisi,
Le conche girino;
Alto sospendansi
Ben cento faccole;
Donzelle e giovani
La danza intreccino
Al lieto suon.
  Cantore accostisi
Il qual raccontimi
Le imprese celebri
Dei re magnanimi,
Dei duci nobili,
Che più non son.
  Così passi la notte,
Finchè il mattin le nostre sale irraggi
Allor sien pronti i destri
Giovani della caccia, e i cani, e gli archi.
Noi salirem sul colle, e per le selve
Andrem col corno a risvegliar le belve.

81.

Lorenzo Pignotti.

Er ward zu Figline am 9 August 1739 geboren, studirte in Pisa und wurde hier später Professor der Physik. Nach einem langen thätigen Leben starb er, allgemein verehrt, daselbst am 5 August 1812. Außer wissenschaftlichen Schriften in Prosa, hinterließ er drei Novellen, geringere Gedichte in versi sciolti, Episteln, Oden, Sonette, und namentlich eine Sammlung vortrefflicher Fabeln.

La Rosa finta e la Vera.

Bella cosa è celeste, e in chi la mira
  Un non so che di tenero e di dolce,
  Che serpe al cor, tacitamente spira,
  E gli egri spirti avviva e i sensi molce;
  Ma presto langue in soave modo,
  Se il bello è muto e freddo, e d'alma voto.
Quando formar volle di se cosa degna
  Natura, il volto della Donna Argiva,
  Il collo, il sen, le braccia ella disegna,
  D'azzurra luce i teneri occhi avviva,
  La bocca al riso atteggia, quale avea
  A Pari innanzi la Ciprigna Dea:
Veste di sì bel velo un'alma, dove
  Vibra qual gemma il suo fervidi raggi,
  Brio che il modesto senno e tempra, e move,
  E fuor n'esce vestito in detti saggi,
  Tutto nasce a un bel cor: chi non ravvisa
  In questo quadro Te, gentil Luisa?

Onde a Te vien la favoletta mia,
E dell'amabil Rosa il peregrino
Modello ai spettator mostra qual sia,
Che del mondo galante entro il giardino
In te vediamo l'odoroso fiore,
In mezzo a tanti che non hanno odore.
Sopra la sponda ondosa
Di tazza colorata
Una vermiglia rosa
Stavasene affacciata,
Rosa spuntata fuora,
E colta allora allora.
Di molle seta intesta
Spiegava a lei vicina
La verdeggiante vesta,
La chioma porporina,
Rosa che sua sorella
Parea, tant'era bella.
Volgeva il vol la pinta
D'insetti alata schiera
Tanto alla rosa finta,
Come alla rosa vera,
Per fare a lor la corte,
Ma con diversa sorte.
Ecco al serico fiore
La farfalletta scende
Tratta dal bel colore;
Librasi, e dubbia pende,
Poi torce il volo, e presta
Sul vero fior s'arresta.
Ronzando la saluta
L'ape, e le gira intorno;
Ma quando poi la fiuta,
Tosto con onta e scorno
Sen fugge, e l'agil ala
Sul vero fior poi cala.
Donzelletta gentile
Cui dell'età sorgea
Appunto il fresco aprile,
Poichè due lustri avea
Compiti omai di poco,
Stava a mirar quel gioco
Indi in semplici detti,
Madre, per quale incanto
Esclama, degl'insetti
L'agile stuol soltanto
A questa rosa vola,
E l'altra resta sola?
Son tutte due vezzose,
Hanno il color istesso;
È vero, le rispose
La madre, ma se appresso
Ad ambe tu ti fai,
La causa ne saprai.
Senti qual dolce esali
Odor da queste foglie?
Le pinte e tremol'ali
Ogn'insetto discioglie,
Tratto dall'odorosa
Traccia, e sol qui si posa.
Prendi or l'altra a odorare;
Non dà segno di vita,
Un cadavere pare
Ornato di fiorita
Spoglia, e che non ha drento
Anima e sentimento.
Da questo esempio impara,
Che l'esterior bellezza
Senza lo spirto, o cara,
Il saggio tanto apprezza,
Che lo stuol volatore
La rosa senza odore.

Il Topo Romito.

Quando l'inverno nel canton del foco
La Nonna mia ponevasi a filare,
Per trattenermi seco in festa e in gioco,
Mi soleva la sera raccontare
Cento e cento novelle graziose,
Piene di strane e di bizzarre cose.
Or le Ranocchie contro i Topi armate,
Del Lupo, della Volpe i fatti, i detti,
Le avventure dell'Orco e delle Fate,
E le burle de' spiriti folletti
Narrar sapea con sì dolci maniere
Ch'io non capiva in me dal gran piacere.
Or mia Nonna, sovviemmi, che una volta,
Dopo averla pregata e ripregata
Con mille dolci nomi, a me rivolta
Alfine aprì la bocca sua sdentata,
Prima sputò tre volte e poi tossì,
Indi a parlare incominciò così.
C'era una volta un Topo, il qual bramoso
Di ritrarsi dal mondo tristo e rio,
Cercò d'un santo e placido riposo,
E alle cose terrene disse addio,
E per trarsi da loro assai lontano,
Entrò dentro d'un cacio parmigiano;
E sapendo, che al Ciel poco è gradito
L'uom che si vive colle mani al fianco,
Non stava punto in ozio il buon Romito,
E di lavorar mai non era stanco,
Ed andava ogni giorno santamente
Intorno intorno esercitando il dente.
In pochi giorni egli distese il pelo
E grasso divenìo quanto un Guardiano.
Ah! son felici i giusti, e amico il Cielo
Dispensa i suoi favori a larga mano
Sopra tutto quel popolo devoto,
Che d'esser suo fedele ha fatto voto.
Nacque intanto fra' topi in quella etade
Una fiera e terribil carestia,
Chiuse eran tutte ne' granai le biade,
Nè di sussister si trovava via,
Che il crudel Rodilardo d'ogn'intorno
Minaccioso scorreva e notte e giorno.
Onde furon dal pubblico mandati

Cercando aita in questa parte e in quella
Col sacco sulle spalle i deputati,
Che giunser del Romito anco alla cella;
Gli fecero un patetico discorso,
E gli chiesero un poco di soccorso.
O cari figli miei, disse il Romito,
Alle mortali o buone o ree venture
Io più non penso, ed ho dal cor bandito
Tutti gli affetti e le mondane cure;
Nel mio ritiro sol vivo giocondo,
Onde non mi parlate più del mondo.
Povero e nudo, cosa mai può fare
Un solitario chiuso in queste mura,
Se non in favor vostro il Ciel pregare
Ch' abbia pietà della comun sventura?
Sperate in lui ch' ei sol salvar vi può:
Ciò detto, l' uscio in faccia a lor serrò.
O cara Nonna mia, le dissi allora,
Il vostro Topo è tutto Fra Pasquale,
Che nella cella tacito dimora,
Che ha una pancia sì grossa e sì badiale,
Che mangia tanto, e predica il digiuno,
Che chiede sempre, e nulla dà a nessuno.
Taci, la buona vecchia allor gridò,
O tristarello; e chi a pensare a male
Contro d' un Religioso t' insegnò
Ed a sparlar così di Fra Pasquale?
O mondo tristo! o mondo pien d' inganni!
Ah! la malizia viene avanti gli anni!
Se ti sento parlar più in tal maniera,
Vo' che tu vegga se sarà bel gioco;
Così parlò la vecchia, e la sua cera,
Che a dirla schietta la mi piacque poco;
Ond' io credei che fosse prudenziale
Lasciar vivere in pace Fra Pasquale.

La Mosca e il Moscerino.

Dall' infiammata rote
Febo scotea sul suol l' estivo ardore,
E il robusto aratore
Stava all' arso terreno
Col vomere tagliente aprendo il seno;
Acceso in volto, di sudor bagnato,
Col crine scompigliato,
Curvo le spalle, il cigolante aratro
Con una man premea,
Che col chino ginocchio accompagnava
E coll' altra stringea
Pungolo acuto, e colla rozza voce,
E con colpi frequenti
Affrettava de' bovi i passi lenti.
Stava sopra l' aratro in grave volto,
Ed in aria importante
Una Mosca arrogante,
Ch' or sull' irsuto tergo
De' stanchi buoi volava,
Ed ora al tardo aratro
In fretta ritornava,
E quasi in alto affar tutta occupata,
Smaniante ed affannosa
Corre, ronza, s' adira, e mai non posa.
Un Moscerino intanto
Passando ad essa accanto
Le disse: e perchè mai
Tanto sudi, e t' affanni? e cosa fai?
Rispose con dispetto
Quell' arrogante insetto:
Nol vedi? è necessario il domandare
Qual importante affare
Ci occupa tutti adesso? ad ignorarlo
Veramente sei solo;
Non lo vedi, balordo? Ariamo il suolo.
A tal proposizion rise perfino
Il picciol Moscerino,
„È assai comune usanza
„Il credersi persona d' importanza."

Il Pastore ed il Lupo.

Era la notte, e un nubiloso e bruno
Vel dall' umida terra uscito fuore
Il Ciel copriva sì che raggio alcuno
Il denso non rompea notturno orrore.
Per l' aer cieco intanto iva digiuno
Cercando il cibo un Lupo predatore;
Ristretta al ventre avea la coda, e tesa
L' orecchio, e il piè movea lento e sospeso.
Or mentre del sanguigno occhio bieco
L' atra luce le negre ombre scotea,
Giunse dove il Pastore un laccio ascoso
Con ferrei nodi in sen dell' erbe avea,
E tratto dall' odore insidioso,
Che l' esca fraudolenta diffondea,
Urta nel laccio, il laccio allor si serra,
E nelle zampe il reo ladrone afferra.
Invan si scuote, e freme, e il piè legato
Per disbrigare invano usa ogni prova;
Urla, copre di bava il labbro irato;
Il ferreo laccio azzanna, e nulla giova;
Ma in oriente il candido e rosato
Raggio apparia già della luce nuova,
Che appoco appoco, vinto il fosco orrore,
Rende agli oggetti il solito colore.
La prima luce il cor d' alto spavento
Al prigioniero predatore agghiaccia:
Ma già sorge il Pastore, e il chiuso armento
Dalle fumanti stalle a' paschi caccia:
Scuote la fida verga, e a passo lento
Sen vien cantando per l' usata traccia,
E giunge alfine dove anelante mira
Il preso ladro infra la tema e l' ira.
Cadesti alfin, esclama, empio, cadesti,
Ove la pena avrai del tuo peccato;
Vittima al gregge mio, di cui spargesti
Sì spesso il sangue, cadrai svenato:
E vo' che a un alto tronco appesa resti

L' irsuta pelle e il teschio insanguinato;
Onde il tuo fato, e il memorando scempio
Agli assassini sia funesto esempio.
Se il mangiarci l' un l' altro è un gran delitto,
Son reo di morte, disse il Lupo allora;
Ma se tal pena al fallo non prescritto
Ha il Ciel, chi più di te convien che mora?
Fra mille rischj io dalla fame afflitto
Il gregge a divorar vengo talora;
E tu quasi ogni dì, come ti piace,
Della carne di lui ti cibi in pace.
Invano a te la pecora innocente
Del seno il dolce umor porge in tributo;
Invan per te scampar dal verno algente
Si spoglia, e t' offre il vello suo lanuto;
I figli tu le uccidi crudelmente,
E lei, che t' ha vestito, e insiem pasciuto,
Inutile ridotta alfin dagli anni,
Senza pietade a morte ancor condanni.
E il paziente bue, che così spesso
Per te sul duro campo ha travagliato,
Dalle fatiche e dall' etade oppresso
Non soffre alfin da te lo stesso fato?
Or non sei degno del gastigo istesso,
Se questo, onde m' accusi, è un gran peccato?
S' è tal, perchè non hai la stessa sorte?
E se non è, perchè mi danni a morte?
Chi mai, disse il Pastor, brutto animale,
T' ha reso tanto temerario e vano,
Che all' uomo istesso tu ti creda eguale?
Non sai, che di voi tutti egli è Sovrano?
Che di voi può disporre o bene o male,
E se dura o soave egli la mano
Sopra voi stende, e se s' abbassa ancora
A cibarsi di voi, troppo v' onora?
Mostra, rispose il Lupo allor, sul nostro
Sangue chi mai questo decreto ha scritto:
Che ne dubiti, o vile infame mostro?
Disse il Pastor, sol questo è un gran delitto.
Ma coll' esperienza ecco ti mostro,
S' è ver che ho sopra te questo diritto:
Ciò detto, il grave suo bastone afferra,
E con più colpi morto il caccia in terra.
„Morir denno i plebei furfanti oscuri,
„Perchè furfanti illustri sono sicuri.

La Rosa e lo Spino

Cinta di spine ruvide
In denso cespo ascosa,
Qual verginella timida,
Fioria purpurea Rosa.
Sì folta ricoprivala
La siepe d' ogni intorno,
Che appena un raggio languido
Vi trasparia del giorno.
Già dai sottili screpoli
Del verde estremo ammanto
L' ascoso sen purpureo
Si discopriva alquanto.
Del bel cespuglio ombrifero
Entro la stanza oscura
Crescea quasi invisibile,
Ma più crescea sicura.
L' impaziente vergine
Della sua forma altera
Brillar volea tra i lucidi
Figli di primavera:
E incominciò la semplice
Del suo crudel confino
Con detti acerbi e queruli
Ad accusar lo Spino.
Crudel chiamollo e barbaro,
Perchè la libertade
Toglieva alla sua giovane
Ed innocente etade;
E ingloriosa e inutile
Così senza ragione
Perder l' età facevale
In orrida prigione.
Taci, con tuono rigido
Gridò lo Spino, e pesa
Meglio le voci frivole,
Ch' io son la tua difesa:
Se del meriggio fervido
La rabbia non t' offende;
Col verde manto provido
Chi mai, che ti difende?
Chi dagl' insulti copreti
Del gregge e dell' armento,
Della rabbiosa grandine,
Del ruinoso vento?
Taci, ed ama la rustica,
Benigna tua dimora,
Che il tempo di tua gloria
Non è venuto ancora;
Nè sai quanti pericoli
In mezzo all' aria aperta
Circondin la tua tenera
Etade, ed inesperta.
Tace; ma freme tacita,
Fra se si lagna e rode,
E invoca il tuono e il turbine
Sul suo crudel custode.
Ma intanto ecco il sollecito
Villan col ferro in mano,
Che monda dagl' inutili
Germogli il verde piano;
E già la falce rigida
Stende la man crudele
Della vermiglia vergine
Sul guardian fedele:
Invece allor di piangere,
Gioisce il fiore ingrato,

E può mirar con giubilo
Del suo custode il fato.
Già cade in tronche lacero
Lo Spino in sul terreno,
Già il pieno giorno penetra
Nel verde ombroso seno.
Dai duri impacci libera,
Allor su' fiori e l'erba
Erge la Rosa incauta
La fronte alta e superba.
A lei d'intorno scherzano
L'Aurette mattutine,
Gli augelli la salutano,
L'alba le imperla il crine.
Ma, oh Dio, l'ore piacevoli
Quanto son lievi e corte!
Oh quanto incerta e instabile
È del piacer la sorte!
Da lungi ecco che ondula
Il bruco, ed insolente
Sul verde stel s'arrampica,
V'arruota avido il dente.
Ratto lo segue l'avida
Sozza lumaca ancora,
Che d'atra bava sordida
L'intride, e la divora.
Arsa dal Sol scolorasi
Pria d'esser ben fiorita;
Invano allor la misera
Chiede allo Spino aita.
Già secca, esangue e pallida
Perde il natio vigore,
L'aride foglie cadono,
E avanti tempo muore.
„O donzellette semplici,
„Voi che sicure e liete
„Di saggia madre provida
„Sotto del fren vivete;“
„Se il giogo necessario
„Mai vi sembrasse grave,
„Nella Rosa specchiatevi,
„E vi parrà soave.“

La Lucciola.

Già sulle penne tacite
La notte apriva il volo,
E il manto oscuro ed umido
Disteso avea sul suolo.
La vaga scena e varia
D'ogni terrestre oggetto
Confusa era in un torbido
Ed uniforme aspetto.
Scotean l'aurette tremole
Le molli ed umid'ali
A lusingar la placida
Quiete de' mortali;
E a ristorar le tenere
Erbette, uscia dal grembo
Delle notturne nuvole
Un rugiadoso nembo.
Sotto l'amiche tenebre
Per l'aer queto e ombroso
Movea dorata Lucciola
Il volo luminoso.
Sull'ali aperte librasi,
Or s'erge, ed or s'abbassa,
E il negro orror di lucida
Traccia segnando, passa.
Il lume incerto e instabile,
Che intorno ella diffonde,
Con moto alterno e rapido
Or mostrasi, or s'asconde.
Tal se di selce rigida
Batte l'acciaro il seno,
Breve scintilla accendesi,
E subito vien meno.
Intorno a lei di semplici
Fanciulli uno stuol s'aduna,
E stupido ne seguita
Il vol per l'aria bruna.
E insiem concordi giurano,
Che in paragon di quello,
Più vago mai non videsi
Nè meglio ornato augello.
Invan di piuma candida
Il canarino è cinto,
Invan d'oro e di porpora
Il cardellino è pinto.
Or più nel lago all'aureo
Fagian non si dà lode,
Nè del pavon rammentasi
La varia occhiuta coda.
L'occhio sprezzante all'umile
Turba segnare volse
L'alato insetto, e tumidi
Detti così disciolse:
Io da mortale origine
Non sono già discesa;
La luce che circondami,
Fu sol nel Cielo accesa.
Vedete là quei lucidi
Punti, che chiaman stelle?
Sol perchè me somigliano,
Risplendon così belle.
Del Ciel queste che formano
Il più grato ornamento,
Altro non son che Lucciole
Del vago firmamento.
E quei che tanto brillano
Sul capo de' Regnanti,
Dalla mia luce appresero
A splendere i diamanti.
Così vaneggia; e stupidi
I semplicetti seco
Tutta la notte traggesi
Dietro per l'aer cieco.
Ma già s'imbianca, e indorasi

Il balzo d'oriente,
Già l'umid' ombre fuggono
Innanzi al Sol nascente.
Le stelle già si celano
In faccia al nuovo albore,
Già Febo il capo fulgido
Erge dall' onde fuore.
Della superba Lucciola
Allor che fu? Disparve
Ogni bellezza equivoca,
E sol qual era apparve:
Piccolo insetto sordido
Allora fu veduto,
Che d'uopo ha delle tenebre
Per esser conosciuto.
„Voi, che d'un falso merito
„Fabri, vili impostori,
„Brillate in faccia a' semplici
„Ignari ammiratori:"
„Voi, che fra gente stupida
„Nel bujo risplendete,
„Che il Sole alfin discoprasi
„Sopra di voi, temete."

Il Cardellino.

Benchè un mantello bigio, o bruno, o bianco
Dal collo fin sul piede a me non scenda,
Nè mi stringa una fune il duro fianco,
E un cappuccio sul tergo a me non penda;
Nè, d'umiltade e di pietade in segno,
Abbia la zucca rasa, e il piè di legno:
Pur oso delle semplici e innocenti
Donzelle far talora il direttore,
Ed espiare quei desir nascenti
Che ancor mal noti occultansi nel core
Vergognosetti; che bene i segreti
Della coscienza affidansi a' poeti.
Voi che il mondo ignorate e i suoi piaceri,
Nè cosa il chiostro sia ben conoscete;
E che di fraudolenti consiglieri,
O d'un padre crudel vittime siete,
Donzelle udite, e dentro i vostri petti
Tessete stabilmente i miei precetti.
Fra quelle sacre solitarie mura,
Del sesso femminile atra prigione,
Ove si crede che illibata e pura
Alle figlie si dia l'educazione,
Vivea un'innocente fanciullina
Tenera d'anni ancor, detta Agatina.
Benchè immatura ancor per comparire
Vedeasi di beltà la prima traccia,
Già cominciava il seno a inturgidire,
Già spuntava il vermiglio in sulla faccia;
Gli occhi pieni di brio girando intorno,
Già li dicean quel che sarebbe un giorno.
Come rosa che spunta in siepe amena,
Rotti gl' impacci delle verdi fronde,
Un solco porporino aprendo appena,
Mezza si mostra, e mezza si nasconde,
E fa sperar, che al nuovo dì compita
Disvelerà la sua bella fiorita.
Era negli anni teneri e innocenti,
Ne' quali la ragion non è matura,
Nè desti ancora i dolci sentimenti
Nel palpitante sen le avea Natura;
Quando colà fu chiusa in compagnia
D'una bigotta e scrupolosa zia.
Mille carezze a lei facean le suore
Co' più soavi e più melati detti,
Or ciambelline, ora di pasta un fiore
Le davano, or manciate di confetti,
Ora trapunto d'oro un libriccino,
Or di talco un quadretto, ora un santino.
Il padre Fra Fulgenzio, il confidente
Della Badessa, uom veramente umano,
Chiamava la ragazza a sè sovente,
E davale a baciar la santa mano,
E che obbedisse le inculcava ognora
E la madre Badessa e la Priora.
Poi le dicea, che sorte mai più bella
Non v'era al mondo fuor di quel soggiorno;
Che se vi si chiudea, forse ancor ella
Saria Priora, ovver Badessa un giorno,
E che senza vestire il sacro velo,
Niuna donna potea entrare in Cielo.
La semplicetta non vedeva l'ora
Di potersi vestir le spoglie sante,
I mesi, i giorni, ed i momenti ognora
Contava impaziente, e ad ogn'istante
Andava immaginando entro se stessa
D'esser fatta Priora, ovver Badessa.
Or sul collo un soggolo si provava,
Ora una benda, ed ora il fazzoletto
Sul capo come un velo s'adattava,
E di mirarsi poi prendea diletto
Dentro lo specchio, e dolce sorridea,
E del futuro onor si compiacea.
Mentre un giorno racchiuse erano in coro
Le suore a recitare il mattutino,
Agatina, lasciato il suo lavoro,
Portossi a passeggiar dentro il giardino,
E si pose a sedere in sull'erbetta
A respirar la mattutina auretta:
Era quella stagione in cui s'ammanta
La terra di novelle ombrose spoglie,
Di molli erbette il prato, ed ogni pianta
Si riveste di verdeggianti foglie.
Zeffiro dispiegando intorno il volo
Di nuovi fiori colorisce il suolo.
L'ombre solinghe, il solitario aspetto
Dei suoi viali, il muover d'ogni fronda
Dolci moti destava in ogni petto;
Parea, che insiem l'aria, la terra e l'onda
Con voci allettatrici e lusinghiere
Invitassero gli uomini al piacere.
Mentre Agatina al dolce aer sereno

Sedendo in grembo ai molli fior si stava,
E al dolce lume della stagione in seno
Non bene intesi sensi a lei destava,
Un Cardellin sulle librate penne
A riposarsi in faccia a lei sen venne.
Scuote le pinte piume il vago augello
Fra gl' intricati rami e tra le fronde,
Or spiega il volo in cima all' arboscello,
E scherzando or si mostra ed or si asconde;
Vola di ramo in ramo, e scioglie intanto
In faccia ad essa armonioso il canto.
A' bei colori, al canto pellegrino
La fanciulletta semplice s' invoglia
Saziato di pigliar quell' augellino,
E a lui stende la man tra foglia e foglia;
Ei s' alza a volo, e in sulla siepe ombrosa
Nuovamente vicino a lei si posa.
Ella dietro la siepe allor s' asconde,
S' incurva, e muove lentamente il piede,
Ed allunga i passi, schiva e sterpi e fronde,
Tien fiso l' occhio, e quando ella s' avvede
D' esser gli appresso, a lui ratta la mano
Scaglia ad un tratto, ma la scaglia invano.
Fugge, e s' innalza a volo il vago augello
E quasi per schernir a lei d' intorno
Gira tre volte, e in cima all' arboscello
Riposa alfin sciogliendo il canto adorno.
Agatina sen venne a lui vicino;
E parlò in questa guisa all' augellino:
Perchè mi fuggi? e timido cotanto,
Come io mi accosto a te, tu batti l' ale?
Arresta il volo, o semplicetto, alquanto,
Ch' io non voglio già farti verun male,
Sol condurti vogl' io dentro al convento;
E, credi a me, tu ne sarai contento.
In vece del panico, dei confetti
Ti daremo, or ciambelle inzuccherate,
Or di pasta real dolci pezzetti,
Or mandorle, or pistacchi, or pinocchiate;
In gabbia ti porrem d' alto lavoro
Tinta di verde, e tutta sparsa d' oro.
Del verno algente il rigido furore,
Le grandini, le nevi, il diaccio, il vento,
Dell' estivo Leon l' acceso ardore
Tu fuggirai dentro del mio convento;
Di reti e cacciatori ogni periglio,
E del falco nemico il crudo artiglio:
Dal secolo e dal mondo che cotanto
È cattivo, e così ripien di guai,
Come ci dice il nostro padre santo
Fra Fulgenzio, tu ancor qui fuggirai,
E dagli uomini ancora, il cui sol nome
Ci fa raccapricciar e alzar le chiome.
Agatina finì, ma l' augelletto
Ch' era al par d' un filosofo sapiente,
Nè di questi piacer prendea diletto,
E il nome della gabbia specialmente,
Perchè dorata, non piacevagli nulla,
Rispose in questa guisa alla fanciulla:
Quella dottrina, o semplice donzella,
Che a te fatta finora hanno le Suore,
Quanto diversa mai, quant' è da quella,
Che ha la Natura impressa in ogni core!
Credimi, al mondo prezzo non si dà,
Che pagar possa mai la libertà.
Vedi tu come colla rete e il vischio
Gli uccellatori a noi tendono agguati?
Creduli troppo al lor fallace fischio
Ne' lacci a un tratto ci troviam legati;
E a morte, od in perpetua prigione
Ciascheduno di noi tosto si pone.
Vi sono ancora i vostri uccellatori,
Che vi fanno cadere in dolci nodi,
Con accenti fallaci e traditori,
Quasi fischiando, nelle tese frodi,
Velando dolcemente il tradimento,
Per gabbia vi destinano il convento.
Odimi attenta, e sappi ch' evvi al mondo
Un certo dolce stato, o mia donzella,
Ignoto a te finor, ma assai giocondo,
Che matrimonio fra di voi s' appella:
Che effetto faccia or non ti vo' narrare;
Da Fra Fulgenzio fattelo spiegare.
In conclusione, o figlia, io ti dirò,
Che il convento per noi buon non è,
E in tali accenti i detti chiuderò:
Chi v' è vi stia, non v' entri chi non v' è;
Qual dura cosa sia pensaci tu
Entrar là dentro, e non uscir mai più.
Finito l' augellino il suo sermone
Spiegò le piume in aria, e qui si tacque;
E la sua filosofica lezione
Ad Agatina punto non dispiacque.
Ma Fra Fulgenzio a lei sen venne intanto
Col collo torto, e la corona accanto.
Ella gli domandò tosto cos' era,
E ch' effetto facea il matrimonio.
Rispose il Frate con turbata cera:
È questa un' invenzion del demonio,
Fatti il segno di croce, e bada, o stolta,
Ch' io non tel senta dire un' altra volta.
Tacque Agatina allor, ma alfin scoprì
Dell' ignota parola ogni mistero;
E quando il Frate a dir le venne un dì,
Se chiuder si volea nel monastero,
Rispose allor che l' isperava il Cielo
A prender un marito, e non un velo.

Il Processo d' Esopo.

Tutto il mondo è un teatro; or la commedia
Si rappresenta in esso, or la tragedia;
Or si piange, or si ride
Sull' umane follie, sulle miserie,
E degli uomini sono
Le pazze parte buffe, e parte serie
Tutti gli uomini son folli al parer mio.

Tutti.... fuori, o Lettor, che voi ed io.
Ciascuno accusa l'altro, e i vizi altrui
Tutti discuopre, e mai non vede i suoi.
Un giorno pensieroso e taciturno
De' frati in un' antica libreria
Tranquillamente un Topo se ne gia,
Sicuro di non esser disturbato,
Perchè in tutto il convento
Non v'era luogo il meno frequentato.
Gira mirando e rigira a suo bell'agio,
Sopra un libro ed un altro il dente mena,
E va facendo un' erudita cena.
Dopo aver molti e molti
Libri straziati, e sottosopra volti;
Venne a imbattersi alfine il nostro Topo
Nel libro delle favole d'Esopo;
E curioso di saper, che mai
Di lor pensasser gli uomini nel mondo,
Legger lo volle allor da capo a fondo.
Ora in faccia di un leggio seder lo vedi
Su i deretani piedi,
Una zampa distesa
Ha sopra il libro, e i fogli aperti tiene;
Coll'altra si sostiene,
E si liscia talor la gota e il mento,
Tacito, immoto, e alla lettura intento;
E siccome era Topo, e i suoi costumi
Obliar non potea
Leggeva un foglio, e poi se lo rodea.
Rise più volte ancor degli altri bruti
Nel legger le follie; veder gli parve
Che l'uomo il ver dicesse
E i lor pensieri assai ben comprendesse.
Ma quando giunse più dove avviliti
Erano i topi, e inetti e scioperati
E ladri pusillanimi chiamati,
Per la patria e l'onor della sua gente
Arse di nobil ira immantinente;
E tosto fe' saper a ogni animale,
Che fra gli uomini v'era un certo tale,
Esopo al mondo detto,
Uom che a nessuna bestia avea rispetto;
E andava divulgando in qua e in là
De' libelli famosi, de' racconti
Che a loro in verità
Non facean molto onore.
Ecco messa a romore
Tosto de' bruti la tranquilla schiera;
Tutta concorde freme,
E risolvono insieme,
Per gastigar d'Esopo la malizia,
Di ricorrer di Giove alla giustizia.
Il Padre degli Dei,
Che il regio tetto, e la capanna umile
E l'animal più nobile e più vile
Guarda con occhio egual, tratta egualmente
Con i decreti suoi
Gli uomini, i bruti, gli asini, e gli eroi,
Cortese a lor si volse,
E i preghi lor benignamente accolse.
Esopo fu citato
Di Giove al tribunale, e là di botto
Da Mercurio condotto;
Su via, disse ciascuno
I suoi torti racconti, e quali offese
Da Esopo riceve faccia palese.
Alzano tutti insieme impazienti
Allor le grida in fremito confuso,
Che nulla si comprende. Olà tacete,
Grida tosto Mercurio; e se volete
Che i vostri torti intenda chi v'ascolta,
Parlate, ma parlate ad un per volta.
Allor scotendo l'arruffata chioma,
Ed i velli di sangue ancor stillanti,
Si fece a Giove avanti
Il superbo Leon; pria colla coda
Tre volte si sferzò,
Volse ad Esopo il guardo oscuro e bieco;
Indi così parlò:
Giove, tu mi creasti
Il Re degli animali, onde pareva
Ch'i' avessi dritto d'esser rispettato;
O Giove, odi di grazia
Com'ha di me sì tristo uomo parlato.
Ingiusto ei m'ha chiamato
Crudel, tiranno, e ha detto mille volte,
Che perdonando i falli
Agli animali i più tristi e nocenti,
Senza veruna offesa
Fatta ho strage de' greggi e degli armenti.
Io me n'appello, o Giove, a testimoni
Superiori a tutte l'eccezioni,
Al Lupo, all'Orso.... voi su su parlate:
Non sono io stato giusto? Il grido alzaro
Le Bestie cortigiane, e in buon concorde,
Giustissimo, giustissimo, gridaro.
Indi con serio portamento e grave,
E con aria soave,
Gli occhi modesti al suol tenendo fissi,
Si presentò la Volpe; e prima udissi
Trarre un sospir profondo,
Indi esclamare: oh quanto è tristo il mondo!
Io di mia vita l'ore
Tutte ho spese nel far dell'opre sante,
Nel dare all'ignorante
Cauti e saggi consigli,
Nel difender col senno e colla mano
Gli animali più deboli ed inermi,
Quietar le liti, e visitar gl'infermi;
Ed ei m'ha fatto rea di mille frodi,
E con malizia ria
Ei m'ha tacciata fin d'ipocrisia,
Oh mentitor.... basta, tacere io voglio,

Ch' io so che deve ogni buono animale
Rendere ben per male.
Ed io che mai da lui non ho sofferto?
Il Lupo allor grido; non v' e delitto,
Che apposto egli non m' abbia; ah se si trova
Chi di me narrar possa alcuna frode,
Su su s' alzi, e la nomini....
Credete, io sono il re de' galantuomini;
E d' erbe, di radici aspre e silvestri
Con stretta e pittagorica dieta
Vissuto ho sempre come Anacoreta.
Saltellando, e scotendo
La tremolante coda, ed il vivace
Mobil occhio volgendo,
E la girevol testa
Senza aver posa in quella parte e in questa,
Innanzi a Giove sulle agili penne
Una vivace passerina venne;
E cinguettando disse: io sono, o Giove,
Una fanciulla onesta, — son vissuta
Sempre seria e pudica, ma che giova?
Se inventato ha di me quel mentitore
Cose . . . . non posso dirle, io n' ho rossore;
L' Asino ch' era impaziente, anch' esso
Fattosi a Giove appresso,
O padre degli Dei, grido ragliando,
Chi ha più di me ragione
Di lagnarsi di questo mascalzone?
Mi diceva l' amico, ed io più volte
Caricato sul tergo l' ho portato,
Ed ei neppur l' amico ha risparmiato;
E m' ha ognor vilipeso, e m' ha dipinto
Per la più stolta e sciocca creatura
Ch' abbia fatto Natura.
Esopo allor mirando,
Che troppo in lungo andava la faccenda,
Disse: Giove perch' io buon conto renda
Dell' opre mie, fa che Mercurio scacci
Questo stuol che divien troppo importuno,
E fa ch' entrino a udienza ad uno, ad uno.
Si faccia, disse Giove: allor scotendo
La verga sua fatal di Maja il figlio,
Dalla celeste sala
Scaccio le bestie in un girar di ciglio;
E di tutto lo stuolo
A udienza fe' restar l' asino solo.
A lui con viso umile
Esopo si rivolse, e disse: amico
Se di te parlai male, io mi disdico,
E qui dell' almo Giove innanzi al trono
A te mi prostro a domandar perdono.
Chi vuoi, che metta in dubbio
Le doti tue? Tu colla bella voce
Il cigno, e il rosignolo
Superi in armonia, docile sei,
Ubbidiente al morso,
E del destriero più veloce al corso,
a di', confessa a Giove qui presente,
la candidamente,
ndo ho chiamato barbaro il Leone
aveva ragione?
L' Asino allor: Giacchè dinanzi a Giove,
È forza esser sincero,
Pur troppo del Leon hai detto il vero.
Tutta la selva afflitta,
Squallida, derelitta
Attesta i detti tuoi; non son tre giorni
Che senza causa alcuna,
Ma sol per non tenere in ozio il dente,
Sbranato ha un Asin ch' era mio parente.
Or su vattene in pace, amico caro,
Che in isconto de' torti che t' ho fatto,
A scriverti un elogio mi preparo.
Parti l' Asin contento, e appresso a lui
Venne la Volpe, a cui
Con volto mesto Esopo sospirando,
Disse: ahime conosciuto ha il sommo Giove
Le mie calunnie alfin, la tua innocenza,
E m' ha imposto una grave penitenza;
E per la tua saviezza
Giove, che il vero merto onora e apprezza,
Oggi crearti ha in mente
Custode de' polli e presidente;
Ma per pietà fammi giustizia, e dimmi
Quando ho dell' Asin scritto
Ch' era sciocco e poltrone ed ostinato,
Dimmi, ti par ch' io l' abbia calunniato?
In quanto all' Asin poi,
Disse la Volpe, avete ragion voi.
E di quella galante Passerina,
Riprese Esopo, che davanti a Giove
Tanto di me si dolse, ho troppo detto?
Troppo portato avete a lei rispetto,
Gli replicò la Volpe; alcun non v' è
Che i di lei fatti sappia al par di me;
Sopra della mia tana,
Per mia disgrazia, aveva preso albergo;
Chi può lo strepitoso cinguettio
Narrar di tanti e tanti
Suoi favoriti amanti?
Basta, se un gatto non mi dava ajuto,
Che da' miei prieghi indotto
Sull' albero alla fin s' arrampico,
E tosto discaccio
Degl' importuni quello stuol loquace,
Perduta aveva affatto la mia pace.
Dopo la Volpe tutti ad uno ad uno
Gli altri animali interrogati furo,
E ciascuno di loro
Il sommo Giove assicuro, ch' Esopo
Nel descrivere i vizi e le follie
Di ciascun altro (eccetto
Le lor persone) il vero aveva detto.
Giove crollando il capo, con un viso
Fra lo sdegno ed il riso,

Tutti li fece entrare, e a lor rivolto
Gridò con fiero e minaccioso volto:
Voi siete divenuti
Quasi quanto gli stessi uomini inquieti,
E sì per di lor querule indiscreti;
Che mai volete, se de' vostri eccessi
Più che non fece Esopo
Vi accusate voi stessi?
Di lui non vi lagnate;
Ma piuttosto a correggervi imparate.
Disse, e uno sguardo severo e fulminante
Verso di lor lanciò,
Nella destra inalzata il fiammeggiante
Fulgore balenò,
E l' importuno stuol pien di spavento
In fuga si disperse in un momento.
„O voi che con sì bieca e torva fronte
„Riguardate le mie
„Poetiche follie,
„Perchè mai m' accusate
„Di lingua menzognera e maliziosa
„S' io dico in versi quel che dite in prosa?

90.

Ippolito Pindemonte.

Er ward 1753 in Verona geboren, erhielt seine Bildung im adeligen Collegio zu Modena, und bereiste dann Italien, Frankreich und England. Nach seiner Rückkehr widmete er sich ganz poetischen Beschäftigungen, und lebte auch in Venedig wieder. Als Mitglied des italienischen Instituts und vieler literarischen Gesellschaften, starb er am 18. November 1828 zu Verona. Außer mehreren prosaischen Schriften und poetischen Uebersetzungen hat er viele treffliche Poesien hinterlassen, namentlich Epistole e Sermoni in versi, I Sepolcri, Il colpo di martello, eine Tragödie Arminio u. s. m. Mit Recht wird er den besseren Dichtern des vorigen Jahrhunderts zugezählt, obwohl eine einseitige geistige Richtung seinen späteren Werken Abbruch that.

I sepolcri.

A Ugo Foscolo.

Qual voce è questa, che dal biondo Mela
Muove canora, e ch' io nell' alma sento?
È questa, Ugo, la tua, che a te mi chiama
Fra tombe, avelli, arche, sepolcri, e gli estri
Melanconici e cari in me raccende.
Del Meonio cantor su le immortali
Carte io vegghiava, e dalla lor favella
Traeva io nella nostra i lunghi affanni
Di quell' illustre pellegrin, che tanto
Pugnò pria co' Troiani, e poi col mare.
Ma tu d' Omero più possente ancora,
Tu mi stacchi da Omero. Ecco già vedo
La terra, e il cielo, e monte e piaggia, dove
Non invermigli April vergini rose.
E tu vuoi ch' io mi cinga il crine incolto
Di cipresso feral: di quel cipresso,
Che or di verde sì mesto invan si tinge,
Poscia che da' sepolcri è anch' esso in bando.
Perchè i rami cortesi incurvi, e piagni
O della gente che sotterra dorme,
Salice amico? Nè garzon sepolto,
Che nel giorno primier della sua fama
Le man sentì dell' importuna Parca,
Nè del tuo duolo onorerai fanciulla,
Cui preparava d' Imeneo la veste
L' inorgoglita madre, e il dì che ornarle
Dovea le membra d' Imenèo la veste,
Bruno la circondò drappo funèbre.
Della fanciulla, e del garzon sul capo
Cresce il cardo e l' ortica, e il mattutino
Vento, che fischia tra l' ortica e il cardo,
O l' interrotto gemito lugubre
Cui dall' erma sua casa innalza il gufo
Lungo ululante della Luna al raggio,
La sola è che risuoni in quel deserto
Voce del Mondo. Ahi sciagurata etade,
Che il viver rendi ed il morir più amaro!
Ma delle piante all' ombra, e dentro l' urne
Confortate di pianto è forse il sonno
Della morte men duro? Un mucchio d' ossa
Sente l' onor degli accerchianti marmi,
O de' custodi delle sue catene
Cale a un libero spirto? Ah non è solo
Per gli estinti la tomba! Innamorata
Donna, che a brun vestita il volto inchina
Sovra la pietra, che il suo sposo serra,
Vedelo ancora, gli favella, l' ode,
Trova ciò, ch' è il maggior ne' più crudeli
Mali ristoro: un lagrimar dirotto.
Soverchio alla mia Patria un tal conforto
Sembrò novellamente: immota e sorda
Del Cimitero suo la porta è ai vivi.
Pure qual pro, se all' amoroso piede
Si schiudesse arrendevole? Indistinte
Son le fosse tra loro, e un' erba muta
Tutto ricopre: di cadere incerto
Sovra un diletto corpo, o un corpo ignoto,
Nel core il pianto stagneria respinto.
Quell' urna d' oro, che il tuo cener chiude,
Chiuderà il mio, Patroclo amato: in vita
Non fummo due, due non saremo in morte.
Così Achille ingannava il suo cordoglio,
Ed utile a lui vivo era quell' urna.
Il divin figlio, se talor col falso,
Che Grecia immaginò, dir lice il vero,
Il divin figlio di Giapeto volle
L' uman seme formar d' inganni dolci,
D' illusioni amabili, di sogni
Dorati amici, e di dorate larve.
Questa, io sento gridar, fu la sua colpa,

Cui pungere l'augel, che il cor gli rode
Su la rupe Caucasea, e non le tolte
Dalla lampa del ciel sacre faville.
Quindi l'uomo a rifar Prometei nuovi
Si volgono, e dell'uom, non che il pensiero,
S'interno senso ad emendar si danno.
Perdono appena da costoro impetra
Quel popol rozzo, che le sue capanne
Niega d'abbandonar, perchè de' padri
Levarsi e andar con lui non ponno l'ossa.
Perdono appena la selvaggia donna,
Che del bambin, cui dalle poppe Morte
Lo distaccò, va su la tomba, e spreme,
Come di se nutrirlo ancor potesse,
Latte dal seno, e lagrime dagli occhi;
O il pargoletto feretro all'arbor noto
Sospende e il vede, mentre spira il vento,
Ondeggiar mollemente, e agli occhi illusi,
Più che di bara, offrir di culla aspetto.
Ma questi grati ed innocenti errori
Non furo ancor ne' popoli più dotti?
Ma non amò senza rossor le tombe
Roma, Grecia ed Egitto? A te sia lieve
La terra, o figlio, e i bassi tuoi riposi
Nulla turbi giammai, dice una madre,
Quasi alcun senso, una favilla quasi
Di vita pur nel caro corpo creda.
Memorie alzando, e ricordanze in marmo,
Tu vai pascendo, satollando vai
L'acre dolor, che men ti morde allora.
Men da te lungi a te paion quell'alme,
Di cui le spoglie, ond'eran cinte, hai presso.
Che dirò delle tue, Sicilia cara,
Delle tue sale sepolcrali, dove
Co' morti a dimorar scendono i vivi?
Foscolo, è vero, il regno ampio de' venti
Ho corso a' miei verdi anni, e il mar Sicano
Solcai non una volta, e a quando a quando
Con piè leggier dalla mia fida barca
Mi lanciava in quell'isola, ove Ulisse
Trovò i Ciclopi, io donne oneste e belle,
Cose ammirande in colà vidi; un monte,
Che fuma ognor, talora arde e i macigni
Tra i globi delle fiamme al cielo avventa.
Templi, che vider cento volte e cento
Riarder l'Etna spaventoso, e ancora
Pugnan con gli anni, e tra l'arena e l'erba
Sorgon maestri ancor dell'arte antica.
Quell'Aretusa, che di Grecia volve
Per occulto cammin l'onda d'argento,
Com'è l'antico grido, e il Greco Alfeo,
Che dal fondo del mar non lungi s'alza,
E costanti gli affetti, e dolci l'acque
Serba tra quelle dell'amara Teti.
Ma cosa forse più ammiranda e forte
Colà mi apparve: spaziose, oscure
Stanze sotterra, ove in lor nicchie, come
Simulacri diritti, intorno vanno
Corpi d'anima voti, e con que' panni
Tuttora, in cui l'aura spirar fur visti.
Sovra i muscoli aridi e su la pelle
Così l'arte sudò, così cacciònne
Fuori ogni umor, che le sembianze antiche,
Non che le carni lor, serbano i volti
Dopo cent'anni e più: Morte li guarda,
E in tema par d'aver fallito i colpi.
Quando il cader dell'autunnali foglie
Ci avvisa ogni anno, che non meno spesso
Le umane vite cadono, e ci manda
Su gli estinti a versar lagrime pie,
Discende allor ne' sotterranei chiostri
Lo stuol devoto: pendono dall'alto
Lampade con più faci; al corpo amato
Ciascun si volge, e su gli aspetti smunti
Cerca, e trova ciascun le note forme:
Figlio, amico, fratel trova il fratello,
L'amico, il padre: delle faci il lume
Così que' volti tremolo percuote
Che della Parca immemori agitarsi
Sembran talor le irrigidite fibre.
Quante memorie di dolor comuni,
Di comuni piacer! Quanto negli anni,
Che si ratti passar, viver novello!
Intanto un sospirar s'alza, un confuso
Singhiozzar lungo, un lamentar non basso,
Che per le arcate, ed echeggianti sale
Si sparge, e a cui par che que' corpi freddi
Rispondano: i due Mondi un picciol varco
Divide, e unite, e in amplo congiunte
Non fur la vita mai tanto e la morte.
Ma stringer troppo e scompigliar qualche alma
Questa scena potria. Ne' campi aviti
Sorge, e biancheggia a te natal palagio
D'erbe, d'acque, di fior cinto, e di molta
Che i tuoi padri educaro, antica selva;
Riposi là, se più non feo quest'aure,
L'adorata tua sposa. Un bianco marmo,
Simbol del suo candor, chiudala e l'offra
Le sue caste sembianze un lucido marmo
Ma il solitario luco ornì e consacri
Religion, senza la cui presenza
Troppo è a mirarsi orribile una tomba.
Scorra ivi, e gema il rio; s'imbruni il bosco
E s'incolori non lontan la rosa,
Che tu al marmo darai spiccata appena.
Non odi tu per simil colpo il fido
Pianger vedovo tortore dall'olmo?
Quando più ferve il dì, quando più i campi
Tacciono, il verde orror della foresta,
Che il Sole indora qua e là, la avvolga.
Nel cor, che si rinnovella, e in ogni fronda,
Che il vento scuota, sentirai la voce
Della tua sposa; con le amiche note,
Sotto il suo busto nella patria notte,
Ti parlerà: Pon, ti dirà, pon freno,

caro, a tanto dolor: felice io vivo.
E quando il piu vicino astro su i campi
La smorta sua luce notturna piove,
Par l' abiti il bosco; candida le vesti,
E delle rose, che di propria mano
Per lei spargesti, incoronata il capo,
La tua sposa vedrai tra pianta e pianta;
Ambo le guance sentirai bagnarti
Soavissime lagrime, e per tutta
Scorrerti l' alma del dolor la gioia.
Cosi eletta dimora e si pietosa
L' Anglo talvolta, che profondi e forti,
Non meno che i pensier, vanta gli affetti,
Alle piu amate ceneri destina
Nelle sue tanto celebrate ville,
Ove per gli occhi in seno, e per gli orecchi
Tanta m' entrava, e si innocente ebbrezza.
Oh chi mi leva in alto, e chi mi porta
Tra que' ameni, dilettosi, immensi
Boschereccì teatri! Oh chi mi posa
Su quei verdi tappeti, entro que' foschi
Solitari ricoveri, nel grembo
Di quelle valli, ed a que' colli in vetta!
Non recise cola bellica scure
Le gioconde ombre, i consueti asili
La non cercaro invan gli ospiti augelli;
Ne primavera s' ingannò, veggendo
Sparito dalla terra il noto bosco,
Che a rivestir venia delle sue frondi.
Sol nella man del giardinier solerte
Mando lampi cola l' acuto ferro,
Che rase il prato, ed agguagliollo, e i rami,
Che tra lo sguardo e le lontane scene
Si ardivano frappor, dotto recise.
Prospetti vaghi, inaspettati incontri,
Bei sentieri, antri freschi, opachi seggi,
Lente acque, e mute all' erba, e ai fiori in mezzo
Precipitanti d' alto acque tonanti,
Dirupi di sublime orror dipinti:
Campo, e giardin, lusso erudito, e agreste
Semplicita; quinci ondeggiar la messe,
Pender le capre da un' aerea balza,
La valle mugolar, belare il colle,
Quinci marmoreo sovra l' onde un ponte
Curvarsi, e un tempio biancheggiar tra il verde,
Straniere piante frondeggiar, che d' ombre
Spargono Americane il suol Britanno,
E su rami, che avea per altri augelli
Natura ordito, augei cantar d' Europa:
Mentre superbo dell' arboree corna
Va per la selva il cervo, e spesso il capo
Volge, e ti guarda; e in mezzo all' onde il cigno
Del pie fa remo, il collo inarca, e fende
L' argenteo lago: cosi bel soggiorno
Sentono i bruti stessi, e delle selve
Scuoton con istupor la cima i venti.
Deh perche non poss' io tranquilli passi
Muovere ancor per quelle vie, celarmi
Sotto l' intreccio ancor di que' frondosi
Rami ospitali, e udir da lunge appena
Mugghiar del Mondo la tempesta, urtarsi
L' un contra l' altro popolo, corone
Spezzarsi, e scettri? Oh quanta strage! Oh quanto
Scavar di fosse, e traboccar di corpi,
E ai condottier trafitti alzar di tombe.
Ne gia conforto sol, ma scuola ancora
Sono a chi vive i monumenti tristi
Di chi disparve. Il cittadin, che passa
Gira lo sguardo, il piede arresta, e legge
Le scritte pietre de' sepolcri, legge:
Poi, suo cammin seguendo, in mente volge
Della vita il brev' anno, e i di perduti,
E dice: Da qual ciglio il pianto io tersi?
Non giovan punto, io sollo, i carraresi
Politi sassi a una grand' alma in cielo,
Dove altro ha guiderdon, che gl' intagliati
Del Lazio arguti accenti, o le scolpite
Virtu curve su l' urna, e lagrimose.
Ma il giovinetto, che que' sassi guarda,
Venir da loro al cor sentesi un foco,
Che ad imprese magnanime lo spinge.
Figli mirar, di cui risplenda il nome
Ne' secoli futuri, o mia Verona,
Non curi forse? Or via, que' simulacri,
Che nel tuo Foro in miglior tempi ergesti,
Gettali dunque al suol: cada dall' alto
Il tuo divino Fracastor, dall' alto
Precipiti, e spezzato in cento parti
Su l' ingrato terren Maffei rimbombi.
Bello io vorrei nelle citta piu illustri
Recinto sacro, ove color, che in grande
Stato, o in umil, cose piu grandi opraro,
Potesser con onor pari in superbo
Letto giacer sul lor guancial di polve.
Quell' umano signor, per la cui morte
Piangenti sol non si vedran que' volti,
Che del cenere regio adulatrice
L' arte di Fidia su la tomba sculse;
Quel servo, che reco la patria in corte,
E fu ministro, e cittadino a un tempo;
Quel duce, che col nudo acciaro in pugno
L' uomo amar seppe, e che i nemici tutti
Se stesso, ed anco la vittoria vinse;
Quel saggio, che trovo gli utili veri,
O di trovarli merito; quel vate,
Che ditto ebbe di por nel suo poema
La virtu, che nel petto avea gia posta.
Scarpello industre i veri lor sembianti
Ci mostreria: nella sua sculta immago
Questi, mirate, ha la bonta, che impressa
Nel cor porto; quegli la fronte increspa,
E al comun bene ancor pensa nel marmo.
Qui nelle vene d' un Eroe, che trasse
Dagli occhi sol de' suoi nemici il pianto.

Scorre il bellico ardir: là un Oratore
Così stende la man, così le labbra
Già muover par, che tu l'orecchio tendi;
E in quella faccia, che gli è presso, il sacro
Poetico furor vedi scolpito.
La pietra gode, e si rallegra il bronzo
Di ritrar quei che là scettri clementi,
E giusti brandi, e inviolati allori,
Cetre soavi, e non servili, o impure.
Quando la scena del corrotto Mondo
Più i sensi attrista, ed il cor prostra, io entro
Nel cimitero augusto, e con gli sguardi
Vado di volto in volto: a poco a poco
Sento una vena penetrar di dolce
Nell'amaro che inondami, e riprende
Le forze prime, e si rialza l'alma.
Ma in quel vôto colà, 've monumento
Non s'erge alcun, quali parole nere
Correr vegg'io su la parete ignuda?
Colui che primo di que' Grandi ad uno,
Che nel bel chiostro dormono, con l'opre
Somiglierà, deporrà in questo loco
La testa, e in marmi non minori chiuso
Sonni anch'ei dormirà non meno illustri.
Così le non mai nate alme dai lacci
D'un vile ozio sciorransi; e di novelli
O in guerra, o in pace salutari Eroi
Feconda tornerà la morta polve.

Bella fu dunque, e generosa, e santa
La fiamma, che t'accese, Ugo, e gli estremi
Dell'uom soggiorni a vendicar ti mosse.
Perchè talor con la Febea favella
Sì ti nascondi, ch'io ti cerco indarno?
È vero ch'indi a poco innanzi agli occhi
Più lucente mi torni; e mi consoli:
Così quel fiume, che dal puro laco,
Onde lieta è Ginevra, esce cilestro,
Poscia che alquanto viaggio, sotto aspri
Sassi enormi si cela, e su la sponda
Dolente lascia il pellegrin, che il passo
Movea con lui; ma dopo via non molta
Sbucare il vede dalla terra, il vede
Rotolar con le chiare onde sonanti
Di nuovo i campi, e rallegrar le selve.
Perchè tra l'ombre della vecchia etade
Stendi lunge da noi voli sì lunghi?
Chi d'Ettor non cantò? Venero anch'io
Ilio raso due volte, e due risorto,
L'erba ov'era Micene, e i sassi ov'Argo.
Ma non potrà da men lontani oggetti
Trar forse ancor poetiche scintille?
Scuoti al mio detto il core; antica l'arte
Onde vibri il tuo stral, ma non antico
Sia l'oggetto, in cui miri; e al suo poeta,
Non a quel di Cassandra, Ilo, ed Elettra,
Dall'Alpi al mare farà plauso Italia.

Così delle ristrette, e non percosse
Giammai dal Sole sotterranee case,
Io parlava con te, quando una tomba
Sotto allo sguardo mi s'aperse, e ahi quale!
Vidi io stesso fuggir rapidamente
Dalle guance d'Elisa il solit'ostro,
E languir gli occhi, ed un mortale affanno
Senza posa insultar quel sen, che mai
Sovra le ambasce altrui non fu tranquillo.
Pur del reo morbo l'inclemenza lunga
Rallentar parve; e già le vesti allegre
Chiedeva Elisa, col pensiero ardito
Del bel Novare suo l'aure campestri
Già respirava; ed io credulo troppo
Sperai, che seco ancor non pochi Soli
Dietro il vago suo colle avrei sepolti.
Oh speranze fallaci! Oh mesti Soli!
Che ora per tutta la celeste volta
Io con sospiri inutili accompagno!
Foscolo, vieni, e di giacinti un nembo
Meco spargi su lei: ravvisti a tempo
I miei concittadin, miglior riposo
Già concedono ai morti; un proprio albergo
Quindi aver lice anco sotterra, e a lei
Dato è giacer sovra il suo cener solo.
Ecco la pietra del suo nome impressa,
Che delle madri all'ultima la grata
Delle figlie pietà gemendo pose.
Rendi, rendi, o mia cetra, il più soave
Suono, che in te s'asconda, e che a traverso
Di questo marmo al freddo orecchio forse
Giungerà. Che diss'io? Sparì per sempre
Quel dolce tempo, che solea cortese
L'orecchio ella inchinare ai versi miei.
Suon di strumento uman non v'ha che possa
Sovra gli estinti, cui sol fia che svegli
De' volanti del ciel divini Araldi
Nel giorno estremo la gran tromba d'oro.
Che sarà Elisa allor, parte d'Elisa
Un'erba, un fiore sarà forse, un fiore,
Che dell'Aurora a spegnersi vicina
L'ultime bagneran rorali stille.
Ma sotto a qual sembianza, e in quai contrade
Dell'universo andranno disgiunti
Quegli atomi, ond'Elisa era composta,
Riuniransi, e torneranno Elisa.
Chi seppe tesser pria dell'uom la tela,
Ritesserla saprà; l'eterno Mastro
Fece assai più, quando le rozze fila
Dal suo nobil lavor dal nulla trasse;
E allor non fia per crollar di tanti
Secoli e tanti indebolita punto,
Nè invecchiata la man del Mastro eterno.
Lode a lui, lode a lui sino a quel giorno.

O d e.

Alla Luna.

Grato al piacer, che move
Da te, vergine Diva, e in sen mi piove,
Te cantero: m' insegna
Deh tu quell' armonia,
Che del pudore indegna
Orecchio tuo non sia,
Che parte stillar possa in cor del Saggio
Di quel dolce, ond' e pieno il tuo bel raggio.
Oh quante volte il giorno
Insultai col desio del tuo ritorno!
L' Ore in oscuro ammanto,
E con viole ai crini,
T' imbrigliavano intanto
I destrieri divini,
E sull' apparecchiata argentea biga
Il Silenzio salia, tuo fido auriga.
Perche sola ti vede,
Sola l' ignaro volgo in Ciel ti crede:
Ma il riposo, la calma,
Del meditar vaghezza,
Ogni piacer dell' alma,
La gioconda tristezza,
E la pieta, con dolce stilla all' occhio,
Ti stanno taciturne intorno al cocchio.
Cieco io divenga, s' io
Di levare a te lascio il guardo mio;
O che in cammin notturno
Per fosca ombrata sponda
Veggo il tuo viso eburno
Splender fra fronda e fronda,
O siedo in riva di tranquillo fiume,
Che l' onde sue rinfreschi entro il tuo lume.
Meglio, se in riva a un lago
Custode piu fedel della tua imago.
Talor quell' onda bionda,
Tuo specchio ti consiglia,
Quando la tua ghirlanda
Di ligustro, e giunchiglia,
Se turbolla per via rabido vento,
Tu ricomponi con la man d' argento.
Steso sul verde margo
D' obblio soave ogni altro loco io spargo.
Quai care ivi memorie
Trovo de' miei prim' anni,
Quai trovo antiche storie
De' miei giocondi affanni!
Ah no, che Amor d' ogni dolcezza avaro
Sempre non mesce i nappi suoi d' amaro.
L' amor che a quella unita
Di Zelinda or non piu sia la mia vita,
Con bel piacer ritorna
Spesso a quel giorno il core,
Che pria la vide, adorna
Di grazia e di pudore,
Cortese, e grave il guardo e la favella,
Luna, quale sei tu modesta, e bella.
Ma se la faccia pura
Talora involvi d' una nube oscura,
E ripercuoton l' onde
Luce lor scarsa, e mesta,
E annerasi ogni fronde
Della muta foresta,
Fin l' alma e trista, e sotto nube anch' essa
D' atri pensier si riconcentra oppressa.
Allor, come dubbiosa,
Ed instabile qui giri ogni cosa;
Come, Dea sorda e forte,
Necessita qui regni,
E sieno alfin di morte
Preda i piu bei disegni,
L' alma volgendo va gelida e bruna.
Esci, ah tosto esci di tua nube, o Luna.
Te ricomparsa appena;
Torna teco a brillar l' alma serena.
Qual d' Oriente vaga
Sposa, che il vel rimova,
Onde ogni volta piaga
Nel suo Signor fa nova:
Tal esci dalla tua veste superba
Per quelle tue lucenti orme, che serba.
Mutasi allor la negra
Scena in un punto, e terra, e ciel s' allegra:
E con piacer l' erbette,
Pria tutte a brun dipinte
Mirano le caprette
In pallidor ritinte;
Gli occhi sovra le cose errar gia ponno,
Ed e piu bello di natura il sonno.
Volge stagion talora
Che in ciel t' incontri con l' altera Aurora.
Placida Dea, tu poco
A pugnar seco aspiri,
Ma cedi pronta il loco,
E il raggio tuo ritiri,
Paga che tanto a lei dell' emisfero
Men lungo sia, che non a te l' impero.
Pero che alquanto albeggia
Pria quella Diva, e alquanto indi rosseggia:
Ma tosto il Sol l' ha colta,
Tosto per lui dell' aria
La signoria l' e tolta.
Trapassa solitaria,
Sconosciuta trapassa entro il suo velo
Nel color tinto in cui si tinge il cielo.
O al lume tuo sereno
Sieda l' Estate, discoperta il seno,
O il Verno assiderato
Vada i tuoi rai cercando,
Alcun tepor bramato
Quasi trovar sognando,

Così fia ne sua destra, inno canoro
Batterà sino a te le penne d'oro.
E allor che infermo e stanco
Trarrò nelle giornate ultime il fianco,
Che al bujo silenzio opaco
Mi fia l'errar fatica
Mi fia la selva, e il lago
Sola delizia antica,
Nel mio ritiro un de' tuoi rai discenda,
E sul bianco mio crin dolce risplenda.

91.

Gaetano Pérego.

Sein Geburtsjahr ist nicht genau ermittelt, 1747 oder 1748. Er lebte in Mailand, und bewarb sich 1785 um einen für Jugendschriften ausgesetzten Preis, durch eine Sammlung von trefflichen Fabeln, erhielt denselben jedoch nicht, da die Aufgabe ausdrücklich Novellen für die Jugend verlangte. Er starb 1814, und wird mit Recht als einer der besten italienischen Fabeldichter neuerer Zeit betrachtet.

I due Ragni.

Spossato, egro ed afflitto
Un vecchio ragno geme
Privo di stanza e vitto,
E fra miserie estreme.
Ah! da crudel procella
La rete a lui fu guasta;
E a farne una novella
L'etade ahi! gli contrasta:
Che in lui già venne meno
L'antica sua virtude,
Nè più materia in seno
Per trar le fila ei chiude.
Lasso! e d'insetti erranti
Ei più non può far prede,
E presso ai neri istanti
Del suo morir si vede;
Nè resta altro al meschino
Fra sì spietati affanni,
Che girne a un suo vicino
Di vigor fresco e d'anni.
Squallido dunque e tristo
Ver d'esso i passi move,
E appena quei l'ha visto,
Che a pietà si commove.
La cagion di sue doglie,
E perchè vien, comprende;
Ed il rossor gli toglie
D'espor le sue vicende.
So, dice, la tempesta
Qual ti fe' danno; or vieni:
Qui vieni, e compi in questa
Mia casa i dì sereni.
Folle! che dico mai,
S'io te la dono e cedo?
Sì, tua vo' ch'ella sia,
Io più non la possedo
Per me già n'apparecchio
Un'altra. Or qui son tese
Le fila; e ancor che vecchio
Molte potrai far prese. —
Dice, e a partir s'affretta.
E il vecchio in tronchi accenti
Ah! grida, aspetta, aspetta
Almen per poco, e senti. —
Ma l'altro via sen fugge;
Ed ei cogli occhi immoti
L'accompagna, e si strugge,
Ebbro di gioja, in voti. —
L'egro vecchio impotente,
Giovani, a voi ricorre;
Ma chi pietà ne sente?
Chi pronto lo soccorre?
Ah! scritto ancor ne' vostri
Fasti del ragno mio
Fia mai che in si mostri
L'atto sì grande e pio?

L'Orsacchino e l'Augello.

Della tana petrosa
Su la soglia muscosa
Gemeva un orsacchino
Con un suon sì dolente,
Che dal bosco vicino
Pietà un augel ne sente.
Qual sia stato l'augello,
Incerta n'è la fama;
Chi lo dice un fanello,
Chi un cardellino il chiama.
Basta; qualunque ei fosse,
Ver l'orsacchin si mosse,
Dicendo: Qual è che piagni?
Forse da fame oppresso
De' genitor ti lagni,
Ch'io vada adesso adesso
A penetrar nel fosco
Di quel solingo bosco? —
Quei, ch'ode il caro nome,
S'allegra e dice: Ah! come
Dolermi io mai potrei
De' genitori miei?
Se di me curan' essi
Vie più che di se stessi.
Augello.
Dunque a che turbi i venti
Con sì lunghi lamenti?
Orsacchino.
Quando lungi sen vanno
Sempre così m'affanno;
E infin che fan ritorno
Qui sto guardando intorno,
E coi gridi li chiamo;
Nè ti stupire: io gli amo. —

Plauso fe' colle penne
L'augel, che si sovvenne
De' primi giorni suoi,
E così disse a lui:
Ah! lo stesso io facea
Allor ch'io pure avea
E l'amoroso padre
E la tenera madre:
Che, se restava solo,
Del nido in su l'usciuolo
Con lungo pigolio
Così gemeva anch'io. —
Il filiale affetto
Tal dunque ha forza fin de' bruti in petto!
Figli, e voi che sì bello avete il core,
Ai genitor qual non dovete amore?

Il Rivo e il Pastore.

Con roco mormorio,
Quasi oppresso da' guai,
Ognor doleasi un rio.
All'udir tanti lai,
Un pastor del contorno
N'ebbe pietade; e un giorno
Dimando quale il prema
Sciagura, onde cotanto
Egli s'affanni e gema.
E il rio versando pianto:
Ohimè, disse, tu vedi
Che il tuo malnato armento
Turba co' sozzi piedi
Il mio sì puro argento;
E tu del mio dolore
La ragion tu mi chiedi? —
Confortollo il pastore;
E ad altro fonte poi
Guida gli agnelli suoi.
Ma, come pria solea,
Il rio pur si dolea.
Cela il pastor sen riede,
E di nuovo il richiede,
Qual mai novello danno
Cotal gli reca affanno.
Io son pur l'infelice!
Lagrimando egli dice:
Io così pure ho l'onde,
Sì fiorite ho le sponde,
Che vinco ogni ruscello;
E pur non evvi agnello
Che in questi estivi ardori
Gusti i miei freschi umori.
Ah così dunque io sono
Lasciato in abbandono!
Che fa il pastor? rimena
Gli agnelli alla sua sponda;
Ma cauto sì gli affrena,
Che alcun non è che tenti
Col piè turbargli l'onda.
E il rio nuovi lamenti
Mette; ed ahi! gli dan pena
Degli agnelli i belati,
E de' cani i latrati.
Ben il pastor s'accorge
Ch'egli a quel piangoloso
Invan soccorso porge.
Lo compiange pietoso;
E la sua folle ambascia
Sfogar piangendo il lascia. —
Molti v'ha di natura
Sì misera e scontenta,
Che alleviar si tenta
Invan la lor sciagura.
Tu fa quello che puoi;
E dir lasciali poi.

Il Ragno e il Grillo.

Un ragno in modo strano
Librava a un filo appeso
Del proprio corpo il peso;
E, per serbarsi sano
Di cibarsi avea cura
Sempre in ugual misura.
Ed è in ciò tanto esatto,
Che con occhio tranquillo
Non può mirare un grillo
Che mangia ad ogni tratto;
E il riprende e lo sgrida,
E il chiama un suicida.
Scrupolosaggin tanta
Il grillo udir non vuole;
Anzi pur, come suole,
E mangia e salta e canta
Con mai non interrotte
Vicende e giorno e notte.
Il ragno a lui dicea:
Durarla tu non puoi. —
E tu? impazzir tu vuoi;
Il grillo rispondea. —
Troppo sei spensierato. —
Troppo sei dilicato. —
La state ad ambo amica
Senza sentirne offesa
Passaro in tal contesa.
Ma la stagion nemica,
L'autunno, ecco in mal punto
Con piogge e venti è giunto.
Sen risente, e vien manco
Librato il ragno in alto.
Balza l'ultimo salto
Spossato il grillo, e stanco.
Così con ugual sorte
Ambo colpì la morte. —
Per altrui documento,
E non per vano orgoglio
A questi insetti io voglio

Ergere un monumento;
E incidervi ecco quale
Io vo' detto morale:
„Un ragno e un grillo in questa
Giacciono tomba oscura.
L'un s'ebbe troppa cura;
E l'altro sempre in festa:
Ma nell'opposto eccesso
Li colse un fato istesso.
Passeggier, che ciò leggi,
Per te il di mezzo eleggi."

La Lodola, il Fanello e il Somaro.

Contendea con un fanello
Una lodola nel canto:
Un somar pascendo intanto
L'erbe già d'un praticello:
Essa il vide; e un personaggio
Lo stimò discreto e saggio;
E al fanel, Ve' quel cotale,
Disse, a cui nella misura
Degli orecchi fu natura
Più che agli altri liberale;
Se accettar vuoi la disfida,
Là si canti, ed ei decida. —
Di venire, a lei risponde
Il fanello, io non rifiuto;
Che, se come egli è orecchiuto,
Ugual senno in capo asconde,
Ritrovar non possiam poi
Miglior giudice di lui. —
Ecco quindi sciolto il volo,
Ambedue si presentaro
Al cospetto del somaro,
Ei la testa alza dal suolo;
E da lor ben tosto ha intesa
Qual nel canto hanno contesa.
Alla prova, or su, ch'io v'odo,
Con un fare il più imponente
Disse il giudice valente;
Di bel canto anch'io mi lodo; —
E d'un raglio acuto e strano
Echeggiar fe' il colle e il piano.
D'una quercia entro le chiome
Sen volar, di là fuggiti,
I due augelli sbalorditi;
Disser poi ridendo: E come,
S'e' non sa di metri e note,
Giudicar del canto ei puote? —
Move a riso, se del canto,
Di così bell'arte ignaro,
Si fa giudice il somaro;
Ma ridicolo è altrettanto
Chi di ciò che male intende,
Farsi giudice pretende.
D'uopo è dunque, che chi vuole
Giudicar dell'altrui merito,
Appien sia dotto ed esperto.
Ahi però ch'oggi si suole
Dar sentenza su di tutto
Da chi appunto è meno istrutto.

Gli Animali in disputa su la felicità.

Un can magro, villan, burbero, irsuto,
Ch'era di setta Cinico mordace,
Viveasi in un villaggio;
E se chiamando sol beato e saggio,
Con superbo disprezzo,
D'aspri insulti ad ognun recava oltraggio:
Quando nel porco essendosi avvenuto,
Che fido d'Epicuro era seguace,
Oh! qual puzzo or ne vien? disse abbajando,
Sucido animalaccio:
Ma dimmi, e infino a quando
Avvolto ti starai così nel lezzo
Senza cangiar mai vezzo? —
Guardollo il porco; e, suso
Dal fango alzato un cotal poco il muso,
Rispose sbadigliando:
Misero è bene chi si prende impaccio
De' fatti altrui; ma per esser felice
Io vo seguendo ognor ciò che mi piace;
E ciò che piace, lice. —
Stava non lungi agli empj detti intento
Un irco d'età e di consiglio,
Il quale, perchè avea gran barba al mento,
Ed irto sopracciglio,
D'esser credeva Stoico perfetto:
Quindi con bieco ciglio,
Olà! che ascolto? ei disse, e quale insano
Parlar? se voi felici esser sperate,
Credete a me, voi lo sperate in vano.
Del tutto in pria spegner si vuole in petto
Ogni moto, ogni senso ed ogni affetto.
Da me senno imparate.
Voglie mai per vicende io non alterno:
Chiara sia l'aria o bruna,
Sia state o ver sia verno,
Senza curar di tempo o di fortuna,
Sempre lo stesso io sono,
Nè a duol nè a gioja in braccio io m'abbandono. —
Folle chi presta fede ai detti tuoi!
Sì, la chioma scotendo e il capo altero,
Gridò nobil destriero:
Chi non sa ch'altro dici, ed altro vuoi?
Ben dentro a regie stalle
Viver felice io spero:
A me si mieterà l'erbosa valle;
Io poi n'andrò di ricchi fregi adorno;
E le cupide ciglia

In me volgendo pien di meraviglia
Quai fora plausi il volgo a me d'intor-
no? —
Ma cotesti tuoi fregi,
Che tu cotanto or pregi,
A dirgli prese un semplicetto agnello,
Servo all'altrui voler non ti faranno?
Oh falso onor tiranno,
Come ancora a chi sa togli il cervello!
Benchè povera e romita,
Più felice è la mia vita.
Or di sotto agli arboscelli
Io m'assido, e godo intanto
De' pastori e degli augelli
Ascoltare il dolce canto;
Or del monte in sul pendio
Vo pascendo erbette e fiori;
Or di schietto argenteo rio
Vo gustando i freschi umori . . .
Qui ti voleva, e sì di te mi rido;
L'interruppe il destrier; che ancor s'ad-
dita
Il noto fonte, ove da un lupo infido
Sbranato un tuo german perdeo la vita.
Tu pur di sorte uguale ognor paventi,
E tu chiami i tuoi dì lieti e contenti? —
Di questi la contesa
Udiro altri animali, e in pochi istanti
Disputa generale alfin s'è accesa
Del perchè ognun desia d'esser felice:
Quali però non fan sistemi e quanti!
Pur, se dirlo mi lice,
Molto maggiori ancor ne facciam noi:
Ma felici siam poi?

La Volpe saggia.

Già d'Esopo gli eroi
(Voglio dir gli animali)
Parlavan forse ancor meglio di noi
Con sentenze morali:
E appunto di quei dì si ritrovaro
Uniti in concistoro
Il cane, il bue, il cavallo ed il somaro;
E così fermi a ragionar tra loro.
Primiero il can mette un sospiro, e dice:
Son io pur infelice!
Di notte io fo la guardia; e poi (qual
pena!)
Sto il giorno alla catena;
E al fin che mi guadagno?
Pochi ossi e muffo pane. —
Io sì, soggiunse il bue rivolto al cane,
Del mio destin con più ragion mi lagno.
Almen tu non ti stanchi;
Ed io, l'aratro, il solco,
Il carro, e del bifolco
Sempre il pungolo ai fianchi . . .
Oh ciel! che stenti per un po' di fieno! —
Ma tu nel verno almeno
Ti riposi, ripiglia
Tosto a dire il cavallo; ed io la briglia
Ad ognora ho sul collo, e in bocca il
morso,
E il cavalier sul dorso;
E di Marte tra i figli
Mi toccan della guerra anco i perigli. —
Un bel morir tutta la vita onora;
L'asino esclama allora:
Ma come tutti, oimè! gli affanni miei
Descrivere io potrei?
Per dir ch'uno la sorte abbia nemica,
Un somaro si dica. —
Di là una volpe vecchia
Passa in quel mentre; ed, Oh! dissero
a lei:
Per breve tempo a noi porgi l'orecchia,
Noi siam tutti infelici; or tu che sei
Sì accorta, tu ne addita
Il più facil cammino
Per trarre omai felice appien la vita. —
Disse la volpe saggia:
Su via, s'appaghi ognun del suo destino,
Che peggio non gli accaggia.
In mia sì lunga etade
Molto io vidi ed intesi;
Molte ho scorse contrade:
Al fin sol questo appresi,
Che per tutto vi son pene e lamenti,
Per tutto egri e dolenti.
No, però non vi sia chi si prometta
Su questo suol felicità perfetta.

La Rondine e gli Augelletti.

Una rondine avea
Più d'un mar valicato;
E deluder sapea
Quante al popolo alato
In cento e cento modi
Dall'uom si tessan frodi.
Veduto quindi un giorno
D'augellini uno stuolo
Che giva d'ogn'intorno
Spiegando incauto il volo
Senza tema o sospetto,
Pietà le nacque in petto.
Fermatevi: sentite,
Lor disse; ah se sapeste
Quai vi son trame ordite,
Certo voi non andreste
Ad incappar sì lieti
In lacci, in panie, in reti.
Per voi così inesperti
Deh quai son tesi inganni!
Io che gli ho discoperti,
Temo sui vostri danni;
Peggio poi, se v'alletta

O zimbello o civetta. —
Rimasero, a tai detti,
Immobili in su l'ali
Quei vaganti augelletti;
E, come tanti mali
Schivar, con gran bisbiglio
Chiedeano a lei consiglio.
Facil non è l'intento,
Diss'ella, e me ne duole.
Si chiede a ciò talento;
Riflession vi vuole,
E lunga esperienza:
Ma voi ne siete senza.
Dunque fa d'uopo, o cari,
D'alcun che v'ammaestri:
Su, docili scolari,
Lasciate ch'io v'addestri;
E porrò in uso ogni opra,
Fin che tutto io vi scopra. —
E che? su forti penne
Ciascun di noi già vola,
(A lei risposta venne)
E andrem tuttora a scuola?
Ben la stagion fiorita
A tutt'altro or ne invita. —
Dissero; e con un fischio
Via sen fuggiro. Ah stolti!
Che foro o presi al vischio,
O in laccio o in rete avvolti;
E divenner ben tosto
De' ghiottoni l'arrosto.
Ditemi, o giovanetti,
Al natural voi stessi
Negl'incauti augelletti
Non ravvisate espressi?
Ugual certo è il periglio,
E ugual vi do consiglio.
Poco, qual siete, esperti,
Sciogliere non vogliate
Le penne a voli incerti;
Ma pria l'arte imparate
Che scopre ove si cela
L'errore, e il ver disvela.

92.

Clemente Bondi.

Er ward 1742 nach Einigen im Parmesanischen, nach Andern in Mantua geboren, trat in die Gesellschaft Jesu wenige Jahre vor der Aufhebung dieses Ordens, und zeichnete sich schon früh durch sehr gelungene Poesieen aus. An den Hof des Erzherzogs Ferdinand gezogen, folgte er seinem erhabenen Gönner 1796 nach Wien, und ward nach dessen Heimgange, Bibliothekar der erlauchten Wittwe Maria Beatrice von Este. Dieses Amt bekleidete er bis zu seinem im Jahre 1821 erfolgten Tode. Er hinterließ viele lyrische Poesieen, Satyren und Episteln, doch war er in den ersteren glücklicher als in den letzteren. Wir theilen hier drei höchst gelungene Fabeln von ihm mit.

La Tartaruga.

Una terrestre tartaruga un dì
Si alzò di buon mattino
Per finir certi affari d'importanza
A un miglio di distanza;
E postasi in cammino,
Com'è suo stil, sì lentamente andò,
Tante volte per via si soffermò,
Che in quindici ore e più
Avea cinquanta passi appena fatto;
Quando accortasi a un tratto,
Non senza meraviglia,
Che la notte frattanto era già sorta:
Oh come, disse, la giornata è corta!

Ogni debole ha sempre il suo tiranno.

Un agnellin che a stento
Dal lupo era fuggito,
Si ricovrò tremante di paura
Dietro una macchia oscura,
Dove sopra di un ramo
Stava tranquillo e solo
Cantando un usignuolo.
Oh quanto sei felice!
L'agnellino a lui dice;
Tu con le penne in alto
Puoi levarti, e dei lupi
Deludere l'assalto:
Come sarei contento
D'essere augello anch'io! —
Piangi il tuo stato, e non invidia il mio,
Rispose l'usignuolo;
Per te, che agnello sei,
Sai quanto il lupo è fiero;
Se fossi augel, sapresti
Che cosa è lo sparviero.

L'Istrice e la Volpe.

Dal cammin son così lasso,
Disse l'istrice, che appena
Posso più movere il passo. —
Credo ben, disse la volpe,
Che viaggiava in compagnia,
Che l'andar grave a te sia:
Tale hai selva d'armi indosso,
Che a portarle per un'ora
Stancherebbero un colosso.
E perchè tanta fatica?
Qui non v'è gente nemica
Da far guerra, e da me poi
Nulla certo temer puoi.
Bada a me: quando fra poco
Troverem sicuro loco
Dove star potrem la notte,
Là dei porli in libertà,
Di quel peso sollevarti.

E con agio riposarti. —
Crede l' istrice, e all' albergo
Giunse appena, che dal tergo
Gittò i dardi ond' era armato,
E senz' ombra di sospetto,
Sonnacchioso, affaticato
Si sdrajò sopra di un letto.
Lesta allor la volpe ria
Accostossegli pian piano,
E veggendo che dormia,
Lo sbranò senza contrasto,
E ne fece un lauto pasto. —
Chi pentirsi non vorrà
Di seguir l' altrui consiglio,
Guardi ben chi glielo dà.

93.

Luigi Fiacchi - Clasio.

Er ward 1754 zu Scarperia geboren, wurde Mitglied der Akademie della Crusca, und starb 1825. Sein eigentlicher Name war L. Fiacchi, seine Fabeln erschienen aber unter dem Namen L. Clasio; sie sind vortrefflich.

L'Ortica e la Rosa.

A una Rosa verginella
Così disse un dì l' Ortica:
Onde vien che sì nemica
Ogni mano è sempre a me?
Onde vien che mi flagella
Ogni mano, e al suol mi toglie?
Sì che omai dov' io germoglie
Su la terra or or non v' è.
Pungo, è ver, con la mia spina
Chi mi tocca ardito, e preme,
Ma se questa è colpa, insieme
Io con molti errando vo.
E tu Rosa porporina,
Non hai tu le spine ancora?
Tu pungesti pur talora
Chi la mano avvicinò.
Eppur vivi, altrui diletta,
Nè vi è mai chi ti tormenti;
Te dal morso degli armenti
Anzi guarda ogni pastor;
Anzi a te la forosetta
Porge il limo e i succhi amici,
E ti versa alle radici
Sitibonde il fresco umor.
Or se in questo campo aprico,
Com' io son, tu sei pungente,
Se men cruda e men nocente
La puntura tua non è;
Ben è questa, io sì lo dico
Inclemente, ingiusta legge,
Che la man che te protegge
Sia poi barbara per me.
E la Rosa disse a lei:
Pungo, è ver, sì pungo anch' io;
Ma perdona, il viver mio
Ha uno stil che il tuo non ha.
Tu sol pronta a punger sei;
Questa sola è la tua cura:
Io soffrir fo la puntura
Con l' odor, con la beltà.
Della Rosa è vero il detto
Sempre in odio il vizio fu:
Sol si soffre alcun difetto,
Se ha compagna una virtù.

Il Ragno e la Rondine.

D' ampio tetto alla vasta cornice
Pose un Ragno una tela assai bella;
Ma una certa crudel Rondinella
Lì volando la tela sfondò.
Doloroso quel Ragno infelice
Racconciò la perduta fatica:
E di nuovo la Rondin nemica
A disfar la sua tela tornò:
E perchè questa offesa mi fai?
A lei disse l' insetto meschino;
Sono, è vero, al tuo nido vicino;
Questo tetto ho comune con te;
Ma, ti giuro, un pensiero giammai
Contro te non formò la mia mente:
E appo te s' io non sono innocente,
Innocente nessuno non è:
E, rispose la Rondine al Ragno,
Dunque tu l' ira mia non intendi?
Sciaurato le mosche tu prendi,
E le mosche son pasto per me.
Su le mosche ogni picciol guadagno,
Che tu faccia mio danno diviene:
Sul mio male tu fondi il tuo bene,
E s' io t' odio mi chiedi il perchè?
Alla Rondine un torbido ingegno
Spesse volte si trova simile;
Ei s' adira con animo ostile,
E ragion d' adirarsi non ha.
Mio Lettor, voi movete il suo sdegno,
Se aspirate ad un util ch' ei spera;
Se correte l' istessa carriera
A voi tosto nemico si fa.

Il Gufo e le due Colombe.

Un certo squallido, triste, accigliato
Gufo, carnefice del vicinato
Mirò due tenere Colombe amiche,
Che sollazzandosi come le antiche
Dell' aureo secolo lodate genti,
Del dì traevano l' ore innocenti.
Ad esse accostasi, e dice: o belle
Amorosissime mie Colombelle,
Oh quale accendemi dolce desio
In amicizia d' unirmi anch' io!

Almen celandomi là nel mio nido,
Potrò in commerzio d'amico fido
Passar con cari discorsi alterni
Della canicola i giorni eterni.
La coppia amabile gli disse allora:
Andiam, mostrateci vostra dimora.
Vanno; e di scheletri veggiono oppresso
Della funerea grotta l'ingresso;
Veggiono i laceri sanguigni avanzi
D'augei che furongli pasto pur dianzi.
Oh cielo! esclamano, la vostra vita
Qual fa di miseri schiera infinita!
Forse che opprimono i vostri artigli
La madre, e muoiono di fame i figli?
Vedova tortora piange il consorte
Cui forse, o barbaro, voi deste morte;
Nè mai quest' orrida funesta scena
Vi scuote l'anima? mai vi dà pena?
E fia che nascano in cuor sì fiero
I sensi teneri d'amico vero?
No: l'amicizia sol ben s'adatta
In alma a crescere che sia ben fatta.
Addio: celatevi: credete a noi:
Passion sì tenera non è per voi.
Ciò detto, volsero altrove il volo,
E il tristo barbaro fu sempre solo.

Le Capre selvagge e il Leone.

Nell'Africane spiagge
Certe Capre selvagge
Traean vita dolente
Perchè un Leon sovente
Dall' appetito spinto
Venia nel lor recinto
E, attendendole al varco
Partia di preda carco.
Un dì fecer consiglio
Come a sì reo periglio
Por si potea riparo;
E una fra lor di raro
Intelletto propose
Tra l'altre belle cose,
Che senza altro intervallo
Si ritrovasse un gallo,
Ed a pubbliche spese
Si tenesse in paese:
Perchè dicea d'avere
Udito sostenere
Da molti un detto antico,
Che, se il Leon nemico
Canto di gallo sente,
Fugge rapidamente,
E colmo di paura
Più di cacciar non cura.
Così fu fatto: e già
Piena d'avidità
L'orribil fiera viene, —
E il gallo canta. Or bene
Teme, fugge il Leone?
Ohimè! no: ma si pone
Più feroce di pria
A far macelleria;
E la strage è più trista
Quanto è meno prevista.
O Capre sconsigliate,
Ah! più non affidate
Sì facili la vita
A una storia mentita.
La natura vi diede
Pronto e veloce il piede
Affidatevi a quello,
Ed avrete cervello

La Gazzera, la Capra e il Ghiro.

Stava d'un pioppo in vetta
Una Gazzera assai cicalatrice,
Di cui la storia dice
Che avea 'l cervello sopra la berretta.
Una bella Capretta
Di quell'albero stesso al piè giacea,
La quale presumea
Conoscer bene il mondo,
Ed esser d'ogni cosa intelligente;
Ma a pesarla po' in fondo
La sua scienza svania sì fattamente
Ch'io volentier direi
Che un'oca avea giudizio più di lei.
Or tra queste due belle scimunite
Nacque una vaga lite.
La Gazzera dicea che a verde pieno
Del pioppo colorite eran le fronde;
L'altra volea che fosser bianche, o al meno
Fosser tra bianche e bionde.
Dall'una e l'altra parte
Si disputò con arte
Su questo importantissimo soggetto;
E sovente il calor che si commove
Nel disputar, fece abbellir le prove
Con qualche amaro, ingiurioso detto.
Ma dopo aver divisa e suddivisa
La question sì ch'io sfido un baccelliere,
Era per rimanere
La gran lite indecisa,
Quando da un foro angusto,
Ch'era al mezzo dell'albero, improvvisa
Cacciò fuori la testa infino al busto
Un Ghiro, che crepava dalle risa,
E disse: o zucche vuote,
Che mai giovar vi puote
Il prolungar con tanta feroria
Sì pazza diceria,
Dalla quale non cavasi costrutto?
È un garrir senza frutto
Il fare una disputa

Sopra cosa a metà sol conosciuta
Eh guardate per tutto
Le foglie, e allor vi si fara palese,
Senza far tante spese
Di cesoie, e por tanti argomenti in opra,
Che ognuna e bianca sotto, e verde sopra.
La Favola c' insegna,
Che invano alcun s' ingegna
Farsi una piena idea di qualche oggetto,
Se osservar non lo sa per ogni aspetto.

Il Topo ragionatore.

Soleva un giovin Topo, allor che l' ombra
Orrida e piu nel colmo della notte,
Una cucina visitar, che ingombra
Era sempre di carni e crude e cotte:
Quivi la piu soave e piu gradita
Esca prendea per sostentar la vita.
Mentre vivea cosi, quella stagione
Venne, che al pazzo carneval succede,
E in cui per sapientissima ragione
Il carneo vitto usar non si concede;
Ma solo i cibi a una ben parca mensa
O il mare, o il fiume, o l' orticel dispensa.
In questi magri di fece piu volte
Alla cucina il venturier ritorno;
Ma in luogo delle tante ivi raccolte
Care vivande ch' ei trovava un giorno,
Sol quel pesce trovo, ch' e alla ganascia
Duro, e che il sale imputridir non lascia.
Pur ne mangio, che suole esser la fame
De' cibi anco piu rozzi il condimento;
Ma gli nacquero in cor curiose brame
Di saper chi facea quel cangiamento;
Onde su questo a immaginar si pose
Mille argomenti e mille belle cose.
Era il giovine Topo un di quei tali,
Che si stiman filosofi profondi,
Che d' intelletto sorreggendo sull' ali
Volan di la dall' orbite dei mondi,
Che sopra tutto ragionando vanno,
E decidon di tutto, e nulla sanno.
Percio mentr' egli andava concludendo
Con sillogismi in barbara e in baroco,
Ad un tratto grido: gia intendo, intendo:
Ecco l' arcan si svela a poco a poco;
E intanto dalla gioja sopraffatto,
Di qua e di la correva come un matto.
Quando sopra il comignolo d' un tetto
Un vecchio Topo ei ritrovo sedente,
Che nel suo grave ed accigliato aspetto
Mostrava scritto il titol di sapiente.
Avea la barba veneranda e bianca,
Ed era addottorato in Salamanca.
A lui si volse e disse: hai tu notizia,
Fratello, d' una nuova strepitosa?
Sappi che andata in fumo e la dovizia,
E la cucina e tutt' un' altra cosa.
Quella che una magona erane in pria *)
Ora e l' albergo della carestia.
Io pero, meditando, ho la cagione
Trovato dell' insolito difetto:
E fondata in saldissima ragione,
Concludo, affermo, e il capo mio scommetto
Che il padrone e fallito, o almeno in queste
Contrade gli animali hanno la peste.
Sorrise, e a lui rispose il vecchio Topo:
O sciocchereIlo, ragionar presumi;
Ma piu che ragionare a te fa d' uopo
Saper gli usi de' popoli e i costumi.
In cio che il mondo agli occhi altrui propone
Esperienza val piu che ragione.
Ma voi, giovani Topi saputelli,
Che far tre lune avete visto appena,
Gia vi credete d' esser gran cervelli,
E di filosofia l' alma aver piena:
E al vostro filosofico pensiero
Sottoponete il gemino emisfero.
E non sai tu che senza esperienza
Il ragionar su i trampoli si posa?
E non sai tu che nella effervescenza
Dell' eta giovanile e vigorosa,
Se il sangue bolle, ed il cervello sguazza,
Quanto piu si ragiona, piu s' impazza?
Cio per tuo bene il dico: or sappi adesso
Che in cucina la carne non si trova;
Perche mangiarla non e piu permesso,
E il saperne il motivo a te non giova.
Sol ti diro che stabile decreto
A quarantasei di porta il divieto.
Giudica or tu se tal cagione ignota
Indagar puossi a forza d' argomenti.
Vuoi tu cavar dalla tua testa vuota
Quel che provien dall' uso delle genti?
Orsu vattene in pace, e d' ora in poi
Fidati men de' sillogismi tuoi.
Si, disse il vecchio Topo; e l' altro allora
Lieto resto d' aver tutto saputo:
E poiche l' appetito insiem con l' ora
Della notte piu tarda era venuto,
Gia move il passo, e per la nota via
Alla cucina solita s' invia.
Ma nel cammin volgendo entro la mente
Quel ch' egli avea dal vecchio Topo udito,
Cosi dice fra se: dunque alla gente
Il cibarsi di carne e proibito:
Dunque ancor io, che son di carne e d' osso,
Esser mangiato in questo di non posso.
Dunque s' io trovo il gatto, il qual si pone

---

*) Magona, copia grande.

Spesso in cucina a far l' ammazzasette,
Posso accomodarmi, e senza suggezione
Dargli la baja, e far le mie vendette;
Ed in segno di smacco e disistima
Posso fargli sul muso lima lima *).
Così filosofando in quella stanza
Entra alla fine, a cui diresse il piede,
Ove, se non lautezza ed abbondanza,
Trovare almen qualche boccon si crede.
Ivi franco e sicuro, e quella e questa
Madia o credenza a visitar s' appresta.
Stavasi appunto un gatto spensierato
Sonnecchiando al focolar vicino,
Che su i piedi raccolto e rannicchiato
Giusto parea la gatta di Masino
Lo vede il Topo, e in aria di gradasso
Ver lui rivolge arditamente il passo;
E con sibili e strida intorno gira,
Quasi il derida, o voglia a lui far guerra;
Ma il gatto che svegliato alfin lo mira,
S' alza, e d' un salto il derisore afferra.
Ah, grida il Topo, ah traditor, che fai?
Che c' è il feriato in questi dì non sai?
Non sai che in questi dì non puote alcuno
Carne mangiar? che a te la legge il vieta?
Così dunque conservi il tuo digiuno?
Così la Pittagorica dieta?
Oh costumi perversi! oh reo misfatto!
Contro la legge ha tanto ardire un gatto?
Mentre in tal guisa ei grida e si lamenta,
L' altro risponde: a dirtela sincera,
Ho un reumatismo fier che mi tormenta,
E duolmi un fianco in orrida maniera;
Ond' io mangio la carne a tutte l' ore,
Ed ho la mia licenza dal Dottore:
E senza più, col dente avido e fiero
Prima il trafigge, e lo divora poi.
Così 'l Topo meschin, che sempre il vero
Trovar crede nei pensamenti suoi,
S' avvide alfin che col suo corto ingegno
E' non avea giammai dato nel segno.
È la ragione un luminoso raggio
Che l' Artefice eterno all' uom concede,
Perchè tra l' ombre dell' umano viaggio
Più franco ei muova, e più sicuro il piede:
È un don celeste, ond' ei quant' altri mai
Son viventi quaggiù vince d' assai.
Ma l' uom spesso ne abusa, e troppo fida
Nel vigor tenue di sua mente altera;
Ogni falso baglior si fa sua guida,
Che lo conduce a notte innanzi sera;
E il don del ciel, che prezioso bene
Esser per lui dovea, danno diviene.

94.

Ugo Foscolo.

Er ward 1778 auf der Insel Zante geboren, kam früh nach Venedig, studirte darauf zu Padua die Wissenschaften, und zeichnete sich dann rühmlich sowohl durch poetische Leistungen wie durch seinen Eifer für sein Vaterland aus. Nach seiner Rückkehr von Lyon, wohin er als Deputirter zur Consulta gegangen, bekleidete er die Professur der schönen Wissenschaften in Pavia, und trat dann in französische Kriegsdienste, jedoch nur auf kurze Zeit. Später, wiederum die Waffen ergreifend, verliefs er jedoch bald nachher auf immer sein Vaterland, und begab sich nach England, wo er 1827 starb. Außer wissenschaftlichen prosaischen Werken und einem mit glühender Beredsamkeit geschriebenen Romane, hinterliefs er einige Tragödien, ein didactisches Gedicht, lyrische Poesieen u. A. m. Seine Werke sind meist Erzeugnisse augenblicklicher Stimmungen und Verhältnisse, aber sie beurkunden reiche Bildung, einen starken Geist und großes Talent.

Versi sciolti

tratti dal carme de' sepolcri a Ippolito Pindemonte.

Felice te che il regno ampio de' venti,
Ippolito, a' tuoi verd' anni correvi!
E se il piloto ti drizzò l' antenna
Oltre l' isole Egee, d' antichi fatti
Certo udisti suonar dell' Ellesponto
I liti, e la marea mugghiar portando
Alle prode Retee l' armi d' Achille
Sovra l' ossa d' Ajace: a' generosi
Giusta di glorie dispensiera è morte;
Nè senno astuto, nè favor di regi
All' Itaco le spoglie ardue serbava,
Chè alla poppa raminga le ritolse
L' onda incitata dagl' inferni Dei.
E me che i tempi ed il desio d' onore
Fan per diversa gente ir fuggitivo,
Me ad evocar gli eroi chiamin le Muse
Del mortale pensiero animatrici.
Siedon custodi de' sepolcri, e quando
Il tempo con sue fredde ale vi spazza
Fin le rovine, le Pimplee fan lieti
Di lor canto i deserti, e l' armonia
Vince di mille secoli il silenzio.
Ed oggi nella Troade inseminata
Eterno splende a' peregrini un loco,
Eterno per la Ninfa a cui fu sposo
Giove, ed a Giove diè Dardano figlio,
Onde fur Troja e Assaraco e i cinquanta
Talami e il regno della Giulia gente.
Però che quando Elettra udì la Parca
Che lei dalle vitali aure del giorno
Chiamava a' cori dell' Eliso, a Giove
Mandò il voto supremo: E se, diceva,
A te fur care le mie chiome e il viso
E le dolci vigilie, e non mi assente
Premio miglior la volontà de' fati,
La morte amica almen guarda dal cielo

---

*) Far lima lima, modo di dire proverbiale, che significa dileggiare, uccellare.

Onde d' Elettra tua resti la fama.
Così orando moriva. E ne gemea
L' Olimpo, e l' immortal capo accennando
Piovea dai crini ambrosia su la Ninfa
E fe' sacro quel corpo, e la sua tomba.
Ivi posò Erittonio, e dorme il giusto
Cenere d' Ilo; ivi l' Iliache donne
Sciogliean le chiome, indarno ahi! deprecando
Da' lor mariti l' imminente fato;
Ivi Cassandra, allor che il Nume in petto
Le fea parlar di Troia il dì mortale,
Venne; e all' ombre cantò carme amoroso
E guidava i nepoti, e l' amoroso
Apprendeva lamento a' giovinetti.
E dicea sospirando: Oh se mai d' Argo,
Ove al Tidide e di Laerte al figlio
Pascerete i cavalli, a voi permetta
Ritorno il cielo, invan la patria vostra
Cercherete! Le mura, opra di Febo,
Sotto le lor reliquie fumeranno,
Ma i Penati di Troia avranno stanza
In queste tombe; chè de' Numi è dono
Servar nelle miserie altero nome.
E voi, palme e cipressi, che le nuore
Piantan di Priamo, e crescerete ahi! presto
Di vedovili lagrime innaffiati,
Proteggete i miei padri; e chi la scure
Asterrà pio dalle devote frondi
Men si dorrà di consanguinei lutti
E santamente toccherà l' altare.
Proteggete i miei padri. Un dì vedrete
Mendico un cieco errar sotto le vostre
Antichissime ombre, e brancolando
Penetrar negli avelli, e abbracciar l' urne,
E interrogarle. Gemeranno gli antri
Secreti, e tutta narrerà la tomba
Ilio raso due volte e due risorto
Splendidamente su le mute vie
Per far più bello l' ultimo trofeo
Ai fatati Pelidi. Il sacro vate,
Placando quelle afflitte alme col canto
I prenci Argivi eternerà per quante
Abbraccia terre il gran padre Oceano.
E tu onore di pianti, Ettore, avrai
Ove fia santo e lagrimato il sangue
Per la patria versato, e finchè il Sole
Risplenderà su le sciagure umane.

Ode.

A Luigia Pallavicini.

I balsami beati
  Per te le Grazie apprestino,
  Per te i lini odorati
  Che a Citerea porgeano
  Quando profano spino
  Le punse il piè divino,
Quel dì che insana empiea
Il sacro Ida di gemiti,
  E col crine tergea,
  E bagnava di lagrime
  Il sanguinoso petto
  Al Ciprio giovinetto.
Or te piangon gli amori,
  Te fra le dive Liguri
  Regina e diva! e fiori
  Votivi all' ara portano
  D' onde il grand' arco suona
  Del figlio di Latona.
E te chiama la danza
  Ove l' aure portavano
  Insolita fragranza,
  Allor che a' nodi indocile
  La chioma al roseo braccio
  Ti fu gentile impaccio.
Tal nel lavacro immersa,
  Che fior, dall' eliconio
  Clivo cadendo, versa;
  Palla i dall' elmo liberi
  Crin su la man che gronda
  Contien fuori dell' onda.
Armoniosi accenti
  Dalla bocca volavano,
  E dagli occhi ridenti
  Traluceano di Venere
  I disdegni e le paci,
  La speme, il pianto, e i baci.
Deh! perchè hai le gentili
  Forme e l' ingegno docile
  Volto a studj virili?
  Perchè non dell' Aonie
  Seguivi, incauta, l' arte,
  Ma i ludi aspri di Marte?
Invan presaghi i venti
  Il polveroso agghiacciano
  Petto e le reni ardenti
  Dell' inquieto alipede,
  Ed irritante il morso
  Accresce impeto al corso.
Ardon gli sguardi, fuma
  La bocca, agita l' ardua
  Testa; vola la spuma;
  Ed i manti volubili
  Lorda e l' incerto freno,
  Ed il candido seno,
E il sudor piove, e i crini
  Sul collo irti svolazzano.
  Suonan gli antri marini
  Allo incalzato scalpito
  Della zampa che caccia
  Polve e sassi in sua traccia.
Già dal lito si slancia
  Sordo ai clamori e al fremito
  Già già fino alla pancia
  Nuota . . . . e ingorde si gonfiano
  Non più memori l' acque
  Che una Dea da lor nacque.

Se non che il re dell' onde
Dolente ancor d' Ippolito
Sorse per le profonde
Vie dal Tirreno talamo;
E respinse il furente
Col cenno onnipotente.

Quei dal flutto arretrosse
Ricalcitrando, e orribile!
Sovra l' anche rizzosse;
Scuote l' arcion, le misera
Su la petrosa riva
Strascinando mal viva.

Pera chi osò primiero
Discortese commettere
A infedele corsiero
L' agil fianco femmineo
E aprì con rio consiglio
Nuovo a beltà periglio!

Che or non vedrei le rose
Del tuo volto sì languide,
Non le luci amorose
Spiar ne' guardi medici
Speranza lusinghiera
Della beltà primiera.

Di Cinzia il cocchio aurato
Le cerve un dì traeano
Ma al ferino ululato
Per terrore insanirono,
E dalla rupe Etnea
Precipitar la Dea.

Gioìan d' invido riso
Le abitatrici Olimpie
Perchè l' eterno viso
Silenzioso e pallido
Cinto apparia d' un velo
Ai conviti del cielo;

Ma ben piansero il giorno
Che dalle danze Efesie
Lieta facea ritorno
Fra le devote vergini
E al ciel salia più bella
Di Febo la sorella.

95.

Gherardo de' Rossi.

Er ward am 12 März 1754 in Rom geboren, zeichnete sich durch große Kenntniß in den schönen Künsten und der Archäologie aus, und starb am 28 März 1827 in seiner Vaterstadt als Director der Akademie der Künste von Portugal und von Neapel, Ritter des portugiesischen Schwertordens und Mitglied der Akademieen von St. Lukas, der Crusca und vieler anderer gelehrten Gesellschaften. Außer mehreren Komödien und prosaischen Schriften hinterließ er eine reiche Sammlung Fabeln, anakreontischer Lieder, Epigramme, Scherzi poetici e pittoreschi u. A. m.

Le Scimie.

Sul balcone di nobile palagio
Viveva a suo bell' agio
Una Scimia padrona d' un tesoro,
Non già di gemme e d' oro,
Ma di noci ancor fresche e delicate,
Ch' essa unite e serrate
In un sacco tenea gelosamente.
La gran dovizia della lor parente
Molte Scimie risanno,
E nel cortil sotto al balcon sen vanno,
Adoperando ogni arte
Per ottenerne parte:
Ma invan ciascuna espone
O pretesto, o ragione;
Invan minaccia, o prega,
Che l' altra sempre nega;
Ella per sè vuol tutti
I saporiti frutti,
Nè darne pur la scorza
Alle Scimie affollate,
Ch' ebre di sdegno vengono alla forza,
Per tentare un assalto.
Però colei dall' alto
S' arma in difesa; e per tener lontane
Le sue nemiche insane,
Scioglie il sacco, e incomincia colle noci
A lanciar colpi atroci.
Dopo lunga battaglia, vincitrice
Fu l' assalita Scimia, e in fuga pose
La turba assalitrice;
Ma quando in voci di piacer festose
Ringraziava dell' armi la Fortuna,
Che propizia le fu nel fiero attacco,
Rivolti gli occhi delle noci al sacco
Non ne trovò pur una;
E s' avvide, che spesa
La sua ricchezza avea nella difesa.
Raro non è che, trattane la gloria,
Alla perdita egual sia la vittoria.

Il Cavallo e la Volpe.

Il Toro al corso disfidò il Destriero,
E questi vincitor fu nella sfida;
Gli altri animali mentre gli si fero
Con plausi di trionfo, e liete grida,
Sol taceva la Volpe; a lei l' altero,
Dammi ragion del tuo silenzio, grida;
Essa risponde: i plausi miei conservo
Pel dì, che vincitor sarai del Cervo.
Chi su debil nemico ebbe vittoria,
È ben folle, se affetta
Vane pompe di gloria.

Il Filosofo ed il Principe.

Un misero Filosofo
Tratto da irata sorte

Amaro vitto a mendicare in corte,
Di eccelso Prence, per più rea sventura,
Aveva il figlio giovinetto in cura.
Dicevasi, che l' uom saggio in lui dovea
Sparger di senno e di scienza i semi,
Ma s' ei talor volea
Agli studi chiamarlo,
E dai giuochi distrarlo,
Correa questi alla madre,
O sen fuggiva al padre,
E allora il genitore
Accusando il Filosofo
Di soverchio rigore;
Tu, gli dicea, vuoi del mio caro figlio
Con tanta folla di studi e precetti
Por la vita in periglio.
Si acchetava il Filosofo a quei detti;
Ma vide un giorno a sorte nel giardino,
Che il suo Signor tenea le luci intente
In un allor nascente
Mentre il cingea di spine il Contadino;
E avvicinossi a quello,
Gridando: o Giardiniere,
Mal conosci il mestiere;
Presto quell' arboscello —
Tu vedrai soffocato, e a morte spinto
Dalle importune spine onde l' hai cinto.
Il Prence che l' udio,
Di tacer fatto cenno al Giardiniero,
Che già volea rispondere,
Così a dir prese: Filosofo mio,
In ben vano pensiero
Tu sei caduto adesso;
L' arboscello difeso e non oppresso
Fia dalle spine, che costui vi pose.
Il Saggio allor rispose:
Perdona idea sì stolta;
Anch' io pensai, qual tu dici, una volta:
Ma d' ingannarmi poi, Signor, credei,
Quando udii dal tuo labbro,
Che dagli studi, e da' precetti miei
Era posta in periglio
La vita di tuo figlio.

L'Agnello.

Un agnel, che la madre e il genitore
Dal Lupo rio sbranati avea perduto,
Spargendo per la selva alto clamore,
Domandava difesa ad ogni bruto.
Ebber tutti pietà del suo dolore;
Ma niuno offerse al suo dolore aiuto.
Dell' innocente oppresso dal più forte
Fuor della selva ancor questa è la sorte.

Il Cardo.

Allor che il vivo sangue
Della Diva di Amor
Fe' vermiglio quel fior
Che l' avea punta;
Provonne invido duolo
Delle piante lo stuolo
Che sorgeva nei prati di Amatonta.
E ciascuna dicea:
Ah! perchè, perchè, avaro ciel,
Non mi desti uno stel
Di spine cinto?
Che di color novello
Più ridente e più bello
Forse il mio fior vedrei vestito e pinto.
L' aspro pungente Cardo
Quei lamenti ascoltò,
E di sue spine andò
Superbo tanto,
Che già con folle idea
Acquistar si credea
Al negletto suo fior nobile ammanto.
E mirando in quel punto
Venire un Amorin
A corre un gelsomin
Che gli era allato;
Spinse le punte ardite,
E da crude ferite
Il tenero fanciul restò piagato.
Domandando vendetta
Contro chi lo ferì,
Alla Madre fuggì
Piangendo il Figlio;
E la Madre sdegnata
La rea pianta malnata
Fuori del prato allor mandò in esiglio.
Poichè veder le piante,
Che in pena del ferir
Ebbe il Cardo a soffrir
L' ire divine;
Del primiero desio
Ognuna si pentio,
E al ciel non più ridomandò le spine.
Quando cieca Fortuna
Assegna al mal oprar larga mercede;
Misero chi cedendo al folle esempio,
Dal sentier di onestà ritratto il piede,
L' orme segue dell' empio!

96.

Vincenzo Monti.

Der bedeutendste italienische Dichter neuester Zeit. Er ward 1753 zu Fusignano im Ferraresischen geboren, machte seine Studien zu Faenza und Ferrara, und folgte dann dem Cardinal Borghese nach Rom, worauf er Secretär des Herzogs Braschi wurde, der ihm reiche Muße gewährte, sich dichterischen Bestrebungen hinzugeben. Durch seine Tragödien **Aristodemo** und **Galeotto Manfredi**, so wie durch seine Trauergesänge auf Bassville's Tod erwarb er sich großen Ruhm. Von dem Sturme fortgerissen, der um diese Zeit Italien ergriff, ward sein Leben ein bewegtes. Er verweilte eine Zeitlang in Paris, ward dann Professor der schönen Wissenschaften in Pavia, und darauf von Napoleon zum Historiographen des Königreiches und zum Hofdichter ernannt, so wie mit mehreren Orden geschmückt. Später zog er sich in das Privatleben zurück. Man hat ihm mit Recht vorgeworfen, daß seine Muse jedes Mal dem herrschenden Sieger gehuldigt sey. Dennoch verdankt ihm die neuere italienische Poesie sehr viel. Glühende Phantasie, Gedankenreichthum und Kraft und eine seltene Meisterschaft der Sprache sind seinen Dichtungen eigen, die als große Vorbilder glänzen. Er war es, der Dante's Andenken neu belebte, den Homer, dessen würdig in die italienische Literatur einführte, und die Autorität Florenz in Angelegenheiten der Sprache zertrümmerte. Außer mehreren wissenschaftlichen Schriften hinterließ er meisterhafte Tragödien, die bereits erwähnten Trauergesänge auf Bassville's und ähnliche auf Mascheroni's Tod, eine Uebersetzung der Ilias, lyrische Poesien u. A. m.

In morte di Ugo Bass-Ville,

seguita in Roma il dì 15 Gennaio 1793

C a n t i c a.

Canto primo.

Già vinta dell'inferno era la pugna,
E lo spirto d'Abisso si partia,
Vota stringendo la terribil ugna.
Come lion per fame egli ruggia
Bestemmiando l'Eterno, e le commosse
Idre del capo sibilar per via.
Allor timide l'ali aperse e scosse
L'anima d'Ugo alla seconda vita
Fuor delle membra del suo sangue rosse.
E la mortal prigione ond'era uscita,
Subito indietro a riguardar si volse
Tutta ancor sospettosa e sbigottita.
Ma dolce con un riso la raccolse
E confortolla l'Angelo beato,
Che contro Dite a conquistarla tolse.
E, Salve, disse, o spirto fortunato,
Salve, sorella del bel numer una,
Cui rimesso è dal cielo ogni peccato.
Non paventar; tu non berai la bruna
Onda d'Averno, da cui volta è in fuga
Tutta speranza di miglior fortuna.
Ma la Giustizia di lassù che fruga,
Severa e in un pietosa in suo diritto,
Ogni labe dell'alma ed ogni ruga,
Nel suo registro adamantino ha scritto,
Che all'amplesso di Dio non salirai,
Finchè non sia di Francia ulto il delitto.
Le piaghe intanto e gl'infiniti guai,
Di che fosti gran parte, or per emenda
Piangendo in terra e contemplando andrai.
E supplicio ti fia la vista orrenda
Dell'empia patria tua, la cui lordura
Par che del pozzo i firmamenti offenda;
Sì che l'alta vendetta è già matura,
Che fa dolce di Dio nel suo segreto
L'ira ond'è colma la fatal misura.
Così parlava; e riverente e cheto
Abbassò l'altro le pupille, e disse:
Giusto e mite, o Signor, è il tuo decreto.
Poscia l'ultimo sguardo al corpo affisse
Già suo consorte in vita, a cui le vene
Sdegno di zelo e di ragion trafisse;
Dormi in pace, dicendo, o di mie pene
Caro compagno, infin che del gran die
L'orrido squillo a risvegliar ti viene.
Lieve intanto la terra, e dolci e pie
Ti sian l'aure e le piogge, e a te non dica
Parole il passeggier scortesi e rie.
Oltre il rogo non vive ira nemica,
E nell'ospite suolo ov'io ti lasso,
Giuste son l'alme, e la pietade è antica.
Torse, ciò detto, sospirando il passo
Quella mest'ombra, e alla sua scorta dietro
Con volto s'avviò pensoso e basso;
Di ritroso fanciul tenendo il metro,
Quando la madre a' suoi trastulli il fura,
Che il piè va lento innanzi, e l'occhio indietro.
Già di sua veste rugiadosa e scura
Copria la notte il mondo, allor che diero
Quei duo le spalle alle Romulee mura.
E nel levarsi a volo, ecco di Piero
Sull'altissimo tempio alla lor vista
Un Cherubino minaccioso e fiero;
Un di quei sette che in argentea lista
Mirò fra i sette candelabri ardenti
Il rapito di Patmo Evangelista.
Rote di fiamme gli occhi rilucenti,
E cometa che morbo e sangue adduce
Parean le chiome abbandonate ai venti.
Di lugubre vermiglia orrida luce
Una spada brandia, che da lontano
Rompea la notte, e la rendea più truce;
E scudo sostenea la manca mano
Grande così, che da nemica offesa
Tutto copria coll'ombra il Vaticano.
Com'aquila che sotto alla difesa
Di sue grand'ali rassecura i figli,
Che non han l'arte delle penne appresa;
E mentre la bufera entro i covigli
Tremar fa gli altri augei, questi a riposo
Stansi allo schermo de' materni artigli.
Chinarsi in gentil atto ossequioso
Oltre volando i due minori Spirti
Dell'alme chiavi al difensor sdegnoso.
Indi, veloci in men che nol so dirti,

Giunsero dove gemebondo e roco
Il mar si frange tra le Sarde sirti,
Ed al raggio di luna incerto e fioco
Vider spezzate antenne, infrante vele
Del regnator Libecchio orrendo gioco;
E sbattuti dall' aspra onda crudele
Cadaveri e bandiere; e disperdea
L' ira del vento i gridi e le querele.
Sul lido intanto il dito si mordea
La temeraria Libertà di Francia,
Che il cielo e l' acque disfidar parea.
Poi del suo ardire si battea la guancia
Venir mirando la rival Bretagna
A ferirla nel fianco e nella pancia:
E dal silenzio suo scossa la Spagna
Trar la spada anch' essa e la vendetta
Accelerar d' Italia e di Lamagna.
Mentre il Tirren, che la gran preda aspetta,
Già mormora e si duol che la sua sponda
Ancor non va di Franco sangue infetta;
E l' ira nelle sponde invan consuma,
Di Nizza molto rimirando il lutto,
Ed Oneglia che ancor combatte e fuma
Allor che vide la ruina e il brutto
Oltraggio la Francese anima schiva,
Non tenne il ciglio per pietade asciutto.
Ed il suo lido condottier seguiva
Vergognando e tacendo, infin che sopra
Fur di Marsiglia alla spietata riva,
Di lordo, di rabbia orribil opra
Le vider quivi, e libertà che stolta
In Dio medesmo l' empie mani adopra.
Videro, ahi vista! in mezzo della folta
Starsi una croce col divin suo peso
Bestemmiata e derisa un' altra volta;
E a piè del legno redentor disteso
Uom coperto di sangue tutto quanto,
Da cento punte in cento parti offeso.
Ruppe a tal vista in un più largo pianto
L' eterea Pellegrina; ed una vaga
Ombra cortese le si trasse accanto.
Oh! tu, cui sì gran doglia il ciglio allaga,
Pietosa anima, disse, che qui giunta
Se' dove di virtude il fio si paga;
Sostati e m' odi. In questa spoglia, emunta
D' alma e di sangue (e l' accennò), per cui
Sì dolce in petto la pietà ti spunta,
Albergo io m' ebbi: manigoldo fui
E peccator; ma l' infinito amore
Di Quei mi valse che morì per nui.
Perocchè dal costoro empio furore
A gittar strascinato (ahi! parlo o taccio?)
De' ribaldi il capestro al mio Signore;
Di man mi cadde l' esecrato laccio,
E rizzarsi le chiome, e via per l' ossa
Correr mi intesi e per le gote il ghiaccio.
Di crudi colpi allor rotta e percossa
Mi sentii la persona, e quella croce
Fei del mio sangue anch' io fumante e rossa;
Mentre a Lui, che quaggiù manda veloce
Al par de' sospir nostri il suo perdono,
Il mio cor si volgea, più che la voce.
Quind' ei m' accolse Iddio clemente e buono,
Quindi un desir mi valse il Paradiso,
Quindi beata eternamente io sono.
Mentre l' un sì parlò, l' altro in lui fiso
Tenea lo sguardo, e sì piangea che un velo
Le lagrime gli fean per tutto il viso;
Somigliante ad un fior che in su lo stelo
Di rugiada si copre in pria che il sole
Co' raggi il venga a colorar dal cielo.
Poi gli amplessi mescendo e le parole,
De' propri casi il satisfece anch' esso,
Siccome fra cortesi alme si suole.
E questi, e l' altro, e il Cherubino appresso
Adorando la croce, e nella polve
In devoto cadendo atto sommesso,
Di Dio cantaro la bontà, che solve
Le rupi in fonte, ed ha sì larghe braccia,
Che tutto prende ciò che a lei si volve.
Sollecitando poscia la sua traccia
L' alato duca, l' Ombre benedette
Si disser vale, e si baciaro in faccia.
Ed una si rimase alle vedette,
Ad aspettar che su la rea Marsiglia
Sfreni l' arco di Dio le sue saette.
Sovra il Rodano l' altra il vol ripiglia,
E via trapassa d' Avignon la valle
Già di sangue civil fatta vermiglia.
D' Avignon che, smarrito il miglior calle,
Alla pastura intemerata e fresca
Dell' Ovile Roman volse le spalle,
Per gir co' ciacchi di Parigi in tresca
A cibarsi di ghiande, onde la Senna,
Novella Circe, gli amatori adesca.
Lascia Garonna addietro e di Gebenna
Le cave rupi e la pianura immonda,
Che ancor la strage Camisarda accenna.
Resta l' irresoluta, e stupid' onda
D' Arari a dritta, e Ligeri a mancina
Disdegnoso del ponte e della sponda.
Indi varca la falda Tigurina,
A cui le' tinulio dell' augel di Giove
Sentir la prima il morso e la rapina.
Poi Niverno trascorre, ed oltre move
Fin alla riva, u' d' arco la donzella
Fe' contra gli Angli le famose prove.
Di là ripiega inverso la Roccella
Il remeggio dell' ali, e tutto mira
Il suol che l' Aquitana onda flagella.
Quindi ai Celtici boschi si rigira
Pieni del canto che il chiomato bardo
Sposava al suon di bellicosa lira.
Traversa Normandia, traversa il tardo
Sbocco di Senna, e il lido che si fiede

Dal mar Britanno infino al mar Picardo,
Poi si converte ai gioghi, onde procede
La Mosa, e al piano che la Marna lava,
E orror per tutto e sangue e pianto vede.
Libera vede andar la colpa, e schiava
La virtù, la giustizia, e sue bilance
In man del ladro e di vil ciurma prava,
A cui le membra grave olenti e rance
Traspajono da' sai sdrusciti e sozzi,
Nè fur mai tinte per pudor le guance.
Vede lorde forche e capi mozzi,
Vede piene le piazze e le contrade
Di fiamme, d'ululati e di singhiozzi.
Vede in preda al furor d'ingorde spade
Le caste Chiese, e Cristo in Sacramento
Fuggir ramingo per deserte strade;
E i sacri bronzi in flebile lamento
Giù calar dalle torri e liquefarsi
In rie bocche di morte e di spavento.
Squallide vede le campagne, ed arsi
I pingui colti; e le falci e le stive
In duri stocchi e in lance trasmutarsi.
Odi frattanto risonar le rive,
Non di giocondi pastorali accenti,
Non d'avene, di zufoli e di pive;
Ma di tamburi e trombe e di tormenti:
E il barbaro soldato al villanello
Le messi invola, e i lagrimati armenti.
E invan si batte l'anca il meschinello,
Invan si straccia il crin disperso e bianco
In su la soglia del deserto ostello;
Che non pago d'avergli il ladron Franco
Rotta del caro peculio la sbarra,
I figli, i figli strappagli dal fianco;
E del pungolo invece e della marra,
D'armi li cinge dispietate e strane,
E la rocca converte in scimitarra.
All'orbo padre intanto ahi! non rimane
Chi la cadente vita gli sostegna,
Chi sovra il desco gli divida il pane.
Quindi lasso la luce egli disdegna,
E brancolando per dolor già cieco
Si querela che morte ancor non vegna.
Nè pietà di lui sente altri che l'Eco,
Che cupa ne ripete e lamentosa
Le querimonie dall'opposto speco.
Freme d'orror, di doglia generosa
Allo spettacol fero e miserando
La conversa d'Ugon alma sdegnosa;
E si fe' del color ch'il cielo è, quando
Le nubi immote e rubiconde a sera
Par che piangano il dì che va mancando.
E tutta pinta di rossor com'era,
Urlar, dolersi, dimandar volea,
Ma non usciva la parola intera;
Chè la piena del cor lo contendea:
E tuttavolta il suo diverso affetto
Palesemente col tacer dicea.
Ma la scorta fedel, che dall'aspetto
Del pensier s'avvisò, dolce alla sua
Dolorosa seguace ebbe sì detto:
Sospendi il tuo terror, frena la tua
Indignata pietà, che ancor non hai
Nell'immenso suo mar volta la prua.
S'or sì forte ti duoli, oh! che farai,
Quando l'orrido palco e la bipenne...
Quando il colpo fatal... quando vedrai?...
E non finì, che tal gli sopravvenne
Per le membra immortali un brivido,
Che a quel truce pensier troncò le penne;
Sì che la voce in un sospir morìo.

Canto secondo.

Alle tronche parole, all'improvviso
Dolor che di pietà l'Angel dipinse,
Tremò quell'Ombra e si fe' smorta in viso;
E sull'orme così si risospinse
Del suo buon duca che davanti andava
Pien del crudo pensier che tutto il vinse.
Senza far motto il passo accelerava,
E l'aria intorno tenebrosa e mesta
Del suo volto la doglia accompagnava.
Non stormiva una fronda alla foresta,
E sol s'udia tra' sassi il rio lagnarsi,
Siccome all'appressar della tempesta:
Ed eran manifeste al guardo farsi
Da lontano le torri, ecco l'orrenda
Babilonia Francese approssimarsi.
Or qui vigor la fantasia riprenda,
E l'Ira e la Pietà mi sien la Musa
Che all'alto e fiero mio concetto ascenda.
Curva la fronte, e tutta in sè racchiusa
La taciturna coppia oltre cammina,
E giunge alfine alla città confusa,
Alla colma di vizi atra sentina,
A Parigi, che tardi e mal si pente
Della sovrana plebe cittadina.
Sul primo entrar della città dolente
Stanno il Pianto, le Cure e la Follia,
Che salta e nulla vede e nulla sente.
Evvi il turpe Bisogno, e la restia
Inerzia colle man sotto le ascelle,
L'uno all'altra appoggiati in sulla via.
Evvi l'arbitra Fame, a cui la pelle
Informasi dall'ossa, e i ferri denti
Fanno orribile siepe alle mascelle.
Vi son le rubiconde Ire furenti,
E la Discordia pazza il capo avvolta
Di lacerate bende e di serpenti.
Vi son gli orbi Desiri, e della stolta
Ciurmaglia i Sogni, e le Paure smorte
Sempre il crin rabbuffate e sempre in volta.
Veglia custode delle meste porte,
E le chiude a suo senno, e le disserra
L'ancella e insieme la rival di Morte;
La cruda, io dico, furibonda Guerra,

Che nel sangue s' abbevera e gavazza,
E sol del nome fa tremar la terra.
Stanle intorno l' Erinni, e le fan piazza,
E affibbiandole van l' elmo e la maglia
Della gorgiera e della gran corazza;
Mentre un pugnal battuto alla tanaglia
De' fabbri di Cocito in man le caccia,
E la sprona e l' accende alla battaglia
Un' altra Furia di più acerba faccia
Che in Flegra già del cielo assalse il muro
E armò di Briareo le cento braccia;
Di Diagora poscia e d' Epicuro
Dettò le carte, ed or le Franche scuole
Empie di nebbia e di blasfema impuro;
E con sistemi e con orrende fole
Sfida l' Eterno, e il tuono e le saette
Tenta rapirgli, e il padiglion del Sole.
Come vide le torre maledette
Arretrossi d' Ugon l' ombra turbata,
Che in Inferno arrivar là si credette.
E in quel sospetto sospettò cangiata
La sua sentenza, e dimandar volea
Se fra l' alme perdute iva dannata.
Quindi tutta per tema si stringea
Al suo conduttor, che pensieroso
Le triste soglie già varcato avea.
Era il tempo, che sotto al procelloso
Aquario il Sol corregge ad Eto il morso,
Scarso il viaggio volando e neghittoso.
E dieci gradi e dieci avea trascorso
Già di quel segno, e via correndo in quella
Carriera, all' altro già voltava il dorso;
E compito del dì la nona ancella
L' officio suo, il governo abbandonava
Del timon luminoso alla sorella;
Quando chiuso da nube oscura e cava
L' Angel coll' Ombra inosservato e queto
Nella città di tutti i mali entrava.
Ei procedea depresso ed inquieto
Nel portamento, i rai celesti empiendo
Di largo ad or ad or pianto segreto.
E l' Ombra si stupia quinci vedendo
Lagrimoso il suo duca, e possedute
Quindi le strade da silenzio orrendo.
Muto de' bronzi il sacro squillo, e mute
L' opre del giorno, e muto lo stridore
Dell' aspre incudi e delle seghe argute;
Sol per tutto un bisbiglio ed un terrore,
Un domandare, un sogguardar sospetto,
Una mestizia che ti piomba al core.
E cupe voci di confuso affetto,
Voci di madri pie, che gl' innocenti
Figli si serran trepidando al petto;
Voci di spose, che ai mariti ardenti
Contrastano l' uscita, e sulle soglie
Fan di lagrime intoppo e di lamenti.
Ma tenerezza e carità di moglie
Vinta è da furia di maggior possanza,
Che dall' amplesso conjugal gli scioglie.
Poichè fera menando oscena danza
Scorrean di porta in porta affaccendati
Fantasmi di terribile sembianza;
De' Druidi i fantasmi insanguinati,
Che fieramente dalla sete antiqua
Di vittime nefande stimolati,
A sbramarsi venian la vista obliqua
Del maggior de' misfatti, onde mai possa
La loro superbir semenza iniqua.
Erano in veste d' uman sangue rossa;
Sangue e tabe grondava ogni capello
E ne cadea una pioggia ad ogni scossa.
Squassan altri un tizzone, altri un flagello
Di cicindri e di verdi anfesibene,
Altri un nappo di tosco, altri un coltello.
E con quei serpi percotean le schiene
E le fronti mortali, e fean, toccando
Con gli arsi tizzi, ribollir le vene.
Allora dalle case infuriando
Uscian le genti, e si fuggia smarrita
Da tutti i petti la pietade in bando.
Allor trema la terra oppressa e trita
Da cavalli, da rote e da pedoni;
E ne mormora l' aria sbigottita;
Simile al mugghio di remoti tuoni,
Al notturno del mar roco lamento,
Al lontano ruggir degli aquiloni.
Che cor, misero Ugon, che sentimento
Fu allora il tuo, che di morte vedesti
L' atro vessillo volteggiarsi al vento?
E il terribile palco erto scorgesti,
Ed alzata la scure, e al gran misfatto
Salir bramosi i manigoldi e presti;
E il tuo buon Rege, il Re più grande, in atto
D' agno innocente fra digiuni lupi,
Sul letto de' ladroni a morir tratto;
E fra i silenzi delle turbe cupe
Lui sereno avanzar la fronte e il passo,
In vista che spetrar potea le rupi?
Spetrar le rupi, e sciorre in pianto un sasso,
Non le galliche tigri. Ahi! dove spinto
L' avete, o crude? Ed ei v' amava? Oh lasso!
Ma piangea il Sole di gramaglia cinto,
E stava in forse di voltar le rote
Da questa Tebe che l' antica ha vinto.
Piangevan l' aure per terrore immote,
E l' anime del cielo cittadine
Scendean col pianto anch' esse in su le gote
L' anime che costanti e pellegrine
Per la causa di Cristo e di Luigi
Lassù per sangue diventàr divine.
Il duol di Francia intanto e i gran litigi
Mirava Iddio dall' alto, e giusto e buono
Pesava il fato della rea Parigi.
Sedea sublime sul tremendo trono,
E sulla lance d' or quinci ponea

L'alta sua pazienza e il suo perdono;
Dell'empia città quindi mettea
Le scelleranze tutte; e nullo ancora
Piegar de' due gran carchi si vedea.
Quando il mortal giudizio, e l'ultim'ora
Dell'augusto Infelice alfin v'impose
L'Onnipotente. Cigolando allora
Traboccar le bilance ponderose:
Grave in terra cozzò la mortal sorte,
Balzò l'altra alle sfere, e si nascose.
In quel punto al feral palco di morte
Giunge Luigi. Ei v'alza il guardo, e viene
Fermo alla scala, imperturbato e forte.
Già vi monta, già il sommo egli ne tiene,
E va sì pien di maestà l'aspetto,
Ch'ai manigoldi fa tremar le vene,
E già battea furtiva ad ogni petto
La pietà rinascente, ed anco parve
Che del furor sviato avria l'effetto.
Ma fier portento in questo mezzo apparve:
Sul patibolo infame all'improvviso
Asceser quattro smisurate larve.
Stringe ognuna un pugnal di sangue intriso;
Alla strozza un capestro le molesta,
Torvo il cipiglio, dispietato il viso,
E scomposte le chiome in sulla testa,
Come campo di biada già matura,
Nel cui mezzo passata è la tempesta;
E sulla fronte arroncigliata e scura
Scritto in sangue ciascuna il nome avea;
Nome terror de' regi e di natura.
Damiens l'uno, Ankastrom l'altro dicea,
E l'altro Ravagliacco; ed il suo scritto
La quarta colla man si nascondea.
Da queste Dire avvinto il derelitto
Sire Capeto dal maggior de' troni
Alla mannaia già facea tragitto,
E a quel Giusto simil; che fra ladroni
Perdonando spirava, ed esclamando:
Padre, Padre, perchè tu m'abbandoni?
Per chi a morte lo tragge anch'ei pregando,
Il popol mio, dicea, che si delira,
E il mio spirto, Signor, ti raccomando.
In questo dir con impeto e con ira
Un degli spettri sospingendo il venne
Sotto il taglio fatal; l'altro vel tira.
Per le sacrate auguste chiome il tenne
La terza Furia, e la sottil rudente
Quella quarta recise alla bipenne.
Alla caduta dell'acciar tagliente
S'aprì tonando il cielo, e la vermiglia
Terra si scosse, e il mare orribilmente.
Tremonne il mondo, e per la maraviglia,
E pel terror dal freddo al caldo polo
Palpitando i potenti alzar le ciglia.
Tremò Levante ed Occidente. Il solo
Barbaro Celta in suo furor più saldo
Del ciel derise e della terra il duolo;
E di sua libertà spietato e baldo
Tuffò le stolte insegne e le man ladre
Nel sangue del suo Re fumante e caldo.
E si dolse che misto a quel del Padre
Quello pur anco non scorreva, ahi rabbia!
Del regal Figlio e dell'augusta Madre!
Tal di lioni un branco, a cui non abbia
L'acciso tauro appien sazie le canne,
Anche il sangue ne lambe in sulla sabbia.
Poi per la selva seguitando vanne
La vedova giovenca ed il torello,
E rugghia, e arrota tuttavia le zanne;
Ed ella, che i ruggiti ode al cancello,
Di doppio timor trema, e di quell'ugne
Si crede ad ogni scroscio esser macello.
Tolta al dolor delle terrene pugne
Apriva intanto la grand'Alma il volo,
Che alla prima Cagion la ricongiunge.
E ratto intorno le si fea lo stuolo
Di quell'Ombre beate, onde la Fede
Stette, e di Francia sanguinossi il suolo.
E qual le corre al collo, e qual si vede
Stender le braccia, e chi l'amato volto,
E chi la destra, e chi le bacia il piede.
Quando repente della calca il folto
Ruppe un'Ombra sdegnosa, e con un rio
Di largo pianto sulle guance sciolto,
Me, gridava, me me lasciate al mio
Signor prostrarmi, oh date il passo. E presta
Al piè regale il varco ella s'aprio.
Dolce un guardo abbassò su quella mesta
Luigi: e chi sei? disse; e qual ti tocca
Rimorso il core? e che ferita è questa?
Alzati e schiudi al tuo dolor la bocca.

Canto terzo.

La fronte sollevò, rizzossi in piedi
L'addolorato spirto, e le pupille
Tergendo, a dire incominciò: Tu vedi,
Signor, nel tuo cospetto Ugo Bassville,
Della Francese libertà mandato
Sul Tebro a suscitar le ree scintille.
Stolto, che volli coll'immobil fato
Cozzar della gran Roma, onde ne porto
Rotta la tempia, e il fianco insanguinato.
Che di Giuda il Leon non anco è morto;
Ma vive e rugge e il pelo arruffa e gli occhi,
Terror d'Egitto, e d'Israel conforto.
E se monta in furor, l'aste e gli stocchi
Sa spezzar de' nemici, e par che gridi:
Son la forza di Dio, nessun mi tocchi.
Questo Leone in Vaticano io vidi
Far coll'antico e venerato artiglio
Securi e sgombri di Quirino i lidi.
E a me, che nullo mi temea periglio,
Fe' con un crollo della sacra chioma
Tremanti i polsi, e riverente il ciglio.

Allor conobbi che fatale è Roma,
  Che la tremenda venuta di Francia
  Sul Tebro è nebbia che dal Sol si doma;
E le minaccie una sonora ciancia,
  Un breve insulto di villana auretta
  D'addormentato guerriero in sulla guancia.
Spumava la Tirrena onda soggetta
  Sotto le Franche prore, e la premea
  Il timor della Gallica vendetta;
E tutta per terror dalla Sicilia
  Latrante rupe la selvosa schiena
  Infino all'Alpe l'Appennin scotea.
Taciturno ed umil volgea l'arena
  L'Arno frattanto, e paurosa e mesta
  Chinava il volto la regal Sirena.
Solo il Tebro levava alto la testa,
  E all'elmo polveroso la sua donna
  In Campidoglio rimettea la cresta.
E divina guerriera in corta gonna
  Il cor più che la spada all'ire e all'onte
  Di Rodano opponeva e di Garonna;
In Dio fidando, che i [illegible] al fonte
  D'Arad prostese, e al Maometta altero
  Fe le spalle voltar, rotta la fronte;
In Dio fidando, io dico, e nel severo
  Petto del santo suo Pastor, che solo
  In saldo pose la ragion di Piero.
Dal suo pregar, che dritto spiega il volo
  Dell'Eterno all'orecchio, e sulle stelle
  Porta i sospiri della terra e il duolo,
I turbini fur mossi e le procelle,
  Che del Varo sommerser l'antenne
  Per le Sarde e le Corse onde sorelle,
E sul tergo del Franco andar le penne;
  L'onor d'Italia vilipeso e quello
  Del Borbonico nome Egli sostenne.
E cento volte sul destin tuo fello
  Bagnò di pianto i rai. Per lo dolore
  La tua Roma fedel pianse con ello.
Poi cangiate le lagrime in furore
  Corse urlando col ferro, ed il suo petto
  Cerco d'orrende faci allo splendore;
E spense il suo magnanimo dispetto
  Sì nel mio sangue, ch'io fui pria di rabbia,
  Poi di pietade miserando obbietto.
Eran sangue i capei, sangue le labbia,
  E sangue il seno; fe' del resto un lago
  La ferita, che morì, in sulla sabbia.
E me, cui fama e amor rendean presago
  Di maggior danno e non avea consiglio,
  Più che la morte, combattea l'immago
Dell'innocente mio tenero figlio,
  E della sposa, ahi lasso! quale paura
  Del cor mi strinse, non del mio periglio.
Ma come seppi che paterna cura
  Di Pio salvi gli avea, balzommi il core,
  E il suo sospese palpitar natura.
Lagrimai di rimorso, e sull'errore
  Che già lunga stagion l'alma travolse
  La carità potea più che il terrore.
Luce dal ciel vibrata allor mi sciolse
  Dell'intelletto il buio, e il cor pentito
  Al mar di tutta la pietà si volse.
L'ali apersi a un sospiro, e l'infinito
  Amor nel libro, dove tutto è scritto,
  Il mio peccato cancellò col dito;
Ma giustizia mi niega al ciel tragitto
  E vagante Ombra qui mi danna, intanto
  Che di Francia non veggo ulto il delitto.
Questi mel disse, che mi viene accanto
  (Ed accennò 'l suo duca), e che m'ha tolto
  Alla fiumana dell'eterno pianto.
Tutte drizzaro allor quell'alme il volto
  Al celeste campion, che in un sorriso
  Dolcissimo le labbra avea disciolto.
Or tu per l'alto Sir del Paradiso,
  Che al suo grembo t'aspetta, e il ciel disserra
  (Prosegue l'Ombra più infiammata in viso);
Per le pene tue tante in sulla terra,
  Alla mia stolta fellonia perdona,
  Nè raccontar lasso che ti fei guerra.
Tacque, e tacendo ancor dicea: Perdona;
  E l'affollate intorno Ombre pietose
  Concordemente replicar: Perdona.
Allor l'Alma regal con dignitose
  Braccia si strinse l'avversaria al seno;
  E dolce in caro favellar rispose:
Questo amplesso ti parli; e solo appieno
  Del Re, del padre il core e dell'amore
  Ti faccia e sgombri il tuo timor terreno.
Amai, potendo odiarlo, anco il nemico:
  Or m'è tolto il poterlo, e l'alma spiega
  Più larghi i voli dell'amore antico.
Quindi là dove meglio a Dio si prega,
  Io pregherò, che presto ti discioglia
  Dal divieto fatal che qui ti lega.
Se i tuoi destini intanto, o la tua voglia
  Alla sponda giammai ti torneranno,
  Ove lasciasti la trafitta spoglia;
Per me trova le due, che là si stanno
  Mie regali Congiunte, e che gli orrendi
  Piangon miei mali ed il pur lor non sanno.
Lieve sul capo ad ambedue discendi
  Pietosa vision (se la tua scorta
  Lo ti concede!), e il pianto ne sospendi.
Di tutto che vedesti annunzio apporta
  Alle dolenti: ma del mio morire
  Deh! sia l'immago fuggitiva e corta.
Pinga loro piuttosto il mio gioire,
  Pinga il mio capo di corona adorno
  Che non si frange, nè si può rapire;
Di' lor, che feci in sen di Dio ritorno,
  Ch'ivi le aspetto, e là regnando in pace
  Le nostre pene narreremci un giorno.
Vanne poscia a quel grande, a quel verace

Nume del Tebro, in cui la riverente
   Europa affissa le pupille, e tace;
Al sommo Dittator della vincente
   Repubblica di Cristo; a Lui, che il regno
   Sortì minor del core e della mente:
Digli, che tutta a sua pietà consegno
   La Franca Fede combattuta: ed Egli
   Ne sia campione e tutelar sostegno.
Digli, che tuoni dal suo monte, e svegli
   L'addormentata Italia, e alla ritrosa
   Le man sacrate avvolga entro i capegli;
Sì che dal fango ove la neghittosa
   Alzi la fronte, e sia delle sue tresche
   Contristata una volta e vergognosa.
Digli che invan l'Ibere e le Tedesche
   E l'armi Alpine e l'Angliche e le Prusse
   Usciranno a cozzar colle Francesche;
Se non v'ha quella onde Mosè percusse
   Amalecco quel dì, che i lunghi prieghi
   Sul monte infino al tramontar produsse.
Sorga egli dunque sull'Oreb, e spieghi
   Alte le palme; e s'avverrà che stanco
   Talvolta il polso al pio voler si nieghi,
Gli sosterranno il destro braccio e il manco
   Gl'imporporati Aronni e i Calebbi,
   De' quai soffolto e ravvivato ha il fianco.
Forse de' nuovi Amaleciti i gridi
   Dall'Olimpo sento, parmi che Pio
   Di Francia, orando, ei sol li cacci e snidi.
Quindi ver Lui di tutto il dover mio
   Sdebiterommi in cielo, e finch'Ei regna,
   Di sua virtù ragionerò con Dio.
Detto, ciò detto, e sparve; e non è degna
   Ritrar terrena fantasia gli ardori,
   Di ch'ella il cielo balenando segna.
Qual si solleva il Sol fra le minori
   Fragranti sostanze, allor che spinge
   Sulla fervida curva i corridori,
Che d'un solo color tutta dipinge
   L'eterea volta, e ogni altra stella un velo
   Ponsi alla fronte, e di pallor si tinge;
Tal fiammeggiava di sidereo zelo,
   E fra mille seguaci ombre festose
   Tale ascendeva la bell'Alma al cielo.
Ridean al suo passar le maestose
   Tremule figlie della luce, e in giro
   Scotean le chiome ardenti e rugiadose.
Ella tra lor d'amore e di desiro
   Sfavillando s'estolle, in fin che giunta
   Dinanzi al Trono ed increato Spiro,
Ivi queta il suo volo, ivi s'appunta
   In tre sguardi beata, ivi il cor tace,
   E tutta perde del desio la punta.
Poscia al crin la corona del vivace
   Amaranto immortale, e sulle gote
   Il bacio ottenne dell'eterna pace.
E allor s'udiro consonanze e note
   D'ineffabil dolcezza, e a tondi balli
   Ricominciar delle stellate rote.

Più veloci esultaron i cavalli
   Portatori del giorno, e di grand'orme
   Stampar l'arringo degli eterei calli.
Gioiva intanto del misfatto enorme
   L'avvocata Parigi, e sull'arena
   Giacea la regal testa e il tronco informe.
E il caldo rivo della sacra vena
   La ria terra bagnava, ancor più ria
   Di quella che mirò d'Atreo la cena.
Nuda e squallida intorno vi venia
   Turba di larve di quel sangue ghiotte,
   E tutta di lor bruna era la via.
Qual da fesse muraglie e cave grotte
   Sbucano di Minerva l'atre figliuole,
   Quando ai fiori il color toglie la notte,
Ch'ir le vedi, e redire, e far carole
   Sul capo al viandante, e sovra il lago,
   Finchè non esce a saettarle il Sole;
Non altrimenti a volo strano e vago
   D'ogni parte erompea l'oscura schiera,
   Ed ulular s'udiva, a quell'immago
Che fan sul margo d'una fonte nera
   I lupi sospettosi e vagabondi
   A lor venuti a truppa in sulla sera.
Correan quei vani simulacri immondi
   Al sanguigno ruscel sporgendo il muso
   L'un dall'altro incalzati e sitibondi.
Ma in guardia vi sedea nell'arme chiuso
   Un fiero Cherubino che, stretto il brando,
   Quel barbaro sitir rendea deluso.
E le larve a dar volta, e mugolando
   A stiparsi, e parea vento che rotto
   Fra due scogli si vada lamentando.
Prime le quattro comparian che sotto
   Posaro al taglio dell'infame scure
   L'infelice Capeto avean tradotto.
Di quei feroci seguian l'altre figure,
   Che d'uman sangue un dì macchiar le glebe
   Là di Marsiglia nelle selve impure.
Indi a guisa di pecore e di zebe
   Venia lorda di piaghe il corpo tutto
   D'ombre una vile miserabil plebe.
Ed eran quelli, che fecondo e brutto
   Del proprio sangue fecero il mal tronco,
   Che die di libertà sì amaro il frutto.
Altri forato il ventre, ed altri ha tronco
   Di capo il busto, e chi trafitto il lombo,
   E chi del braccio, e chi del naso è monco.
E tutti intorno al regio sangue un rombo,
   Un mormorar facean, che cupo il suono
   Dai cavi gorghi ne rendea rimbombo;
Ma lungi li tenea la punta e il lume
   Della celeste spada, che mandava
   Su i foschi volti un pallido barlume.
Scendi, Pietà Dea, di questa prava
   Masnada i più famosi a commendarne,
   Se l'orror la memoria non ti grava.

Dimmi tu, che li sai, gli assalti e l'arme
  Onde il soglio percossero e la Fede,
  E di mutate fole empi il mio carme.
Capitano di mille altri si vede
  Uno spettro passar lungo ed arcigno,
  Superbamente [illegible] il piede.
E costui di Ferney l'empio e maligno
  Filosofante, ch' or tra' morti è corbo,
  E fu tra' vivi portando un cigno.
Gli vien seguace il furibondo e torbo
  Diderotto, e colui che dello Spirito
  Svolse il lavoro e degli affetti il morbo.
Vassene solo l'eloquente ed irto
  Orator del Contratto, e al par del manto
  Di Sofo ha caro l'[illegible];
Disdegnoso d'aver compagni accanto
  Fra coloro empietà, che al trono e all'ara
  Fe' guerra ei sì, ma non de' Santi al Santo.
Segue una coppia nequitosa e cara
  Di due tali accigliate anime rie,
  Che il diadema ne svelle e la tiara.
L'una raccolse dell'anime altre
  L'infinito tesoro, e l'arcano
  Ove stillato ogni veleno si bee.
Fuor l'altra del bosco Americano
  Tornar la causa: e regi e sacerdoti
  Col fulmine ferì del labbro insano.
Dove le lascio, che per l'alta rota
  Si strana ed empie le comete, e il varco
  D'ogni delirio sprofsi a' tuoi nipoti?
E te, che contra a Luca e contra a Marco
  E contro agli altri due cosa librata
  Scocchi lo stral dal sillogistico arco?
Questa d'insania tutta e di peccato
  Turba falange al fronte avea
  Dal fulmine celeste abbarbicato.
E della punta il solco si vedea
  Mandar fumo e faville, e forte ognuno
  Di quel tormento doloroso parea.
Curvo il capo, ed in lunghe stole bruno
  Senza posarsi non stavi quasi di schelitro,
  Dalle vigilie afflitti e dal digiuno.
Sul ciglio rabbassati ha i lunghi feltri,
  Impomiciate le cappe, e il piè sì lento,
  Che le lumache al paragon son veltri.
Ma sotto il fariseo vestimento
  Celan ferri e veleni; e qual fra' vivi,
  Tal vanno ancor tra' morti al tradimento.
Dell'Ipocrito d'Ipri ei son gli schiavi
  Settator tristi, per via lurca e torta
  Con Cesare e del par con Dio cattivi.
Sì crudo è il Nome di costor, sì morta,
  Se ripensa d'orror del vivi la strada,
  Che a creder nullo, e a disperar ne porta.
Per lor sovrasta al pastoral la spada,
  Per lor tant' alto il soglio si sublima,
  Ch' allor è forza che nel fango cada.
Di lor empia forma uscì la prima
  Favilla, che segreta il casto seno
  Della Donna di Ferro incende e lima.
Nè di tal peste sol va caldo e pieno
  Borgofontana, ma d'Italia mia
  Ne bolica e ne pute anche il terreno.
Ultimo al fier concilio comparia,
  E su tutti gigante sollevarse
  Coll'omero sovran si discopria,
E colle chiome rabbuffate e sparse
  Colui che al discoperto e senza tema
  Venne contra l'Eterno ad accamparse;
E ne sfidò la folgore suprema,
  Secondo Capaneo, sotto lo scudo
  D'un gran delirio che chiamò Sistema.
Dinanzi gli foggia sprezzato e nudo
  De' minor spettri il vulgo; anche Cocito
  N'avea ribrezzo, ed abborria quel crudo.
Poich' ebber densi e torvi circuito
  Il cadavere sacro, ed in lui sazio
  Lo sguardo, e steso sorridendo il dito;
Con fiera dilettanza in poco spazio
  Strinsersi tutti, e diersi a far parole,
  Quasi sospeso il sempiterno strazio.
A me (dicea l'un d'essi), a me si vuole
  Dar dell'opra l'onor, che primo osai
  Spezzar lo scettro e lacerar le stole.
A me piuttosto, a me, che disvelai
  De' Potenti le frodi (un altro grida),
  E all'uom dischiusi sul suo dritto i rai.
Perchè l'uom surga e il suo tiranno uccida
  Uop'è (ripiglia un altro) in pria dal fianco
  Dell'eterno timor torgli la guida.
Questo fe' lo mio stil leggiadro e franco
  E il sol Samosatense, onde condita
  L'empietà piacque, e l'uom di Dio fu stanco.
Allor fu questa orribil voce udita:
  I' fei di più, che Dio distrussi: e tacque;
  Ed ogni fronte apparve sbigottita.
Primamente un silenzio cupo nacque:
  Poi tal s'intese un mormorio profondo,
  Che lo spesso cader parea dell'acque,
Allor che tutto addormentato è il mondo.

Canto quarto.

Batte a vol più sublime aura più pura
  La farfalletta dell'ingegno mio,
  Lasciando la Città della sozzura.
E dirò come congiurato uscìo
  A dannaggio di Francia il Mondo tutto:
  Tale il cenno supremo era di Dio.
Canterò l'ira dell'Europa e il lutto,
  Canterò le battaglie, ed in vermiglio
  Tinto de' fiumi e di due mari il flutto
E d'altro pianto andar bagnata il ciglio
  La bell'Alma vedrem, di che la Diva
  Mi va cantando l'affannoso esiglio.
Il bestemmiar di quei superbi udiva
  La dolorosa, ed accennando al duce

La fiera di Renaldo ombra cattiva.
Come, disse, fra' morti si conduce
Costui? Di polpe non si veste e d'ossa?
Non bee per gli occhi tuttavia la luce?
E l'altro: La sua salma ancor la scossa
Di morte non sentì, ma la governa
Dentro Marsiglia d'un demon la possa;
E l'alma geme fra i perduti eterna.
Mente perduta; nè a tal fatto è sola,
Ma molte, che distingue ira superna.
E in Erebo di queste assai ne vola
Dall'infame Congrega in cui s'affida
Cotanto Francia, ahi stolta! e si consola.
Quindi un demone spesso ivi s'annida
In uman corpo, e scaldane le vene,
E siede e scrive nel Senato e grida;
Mentre lo spirto alle cocenti pene
D'Averno si martira. Or leva il viso,
E vedi all'uopo chi dal ciel ne viene.
Levò lo sguardo; ed ecco all'improvviso
Laddove il Cancro il piè d'Alcide abbranca
E discende la via del Paradiso;
Ecco aprirsi del ciel le porte a manca
Su i cardini di bronzo, e una virtude
Intrinseca le gira e le spalanca.
Risonò d'un fragor profondo e rude
Dell'Olimpo la volta, e tre guerrieri
Calar fur visti di sembianze crude.
Nere sul petto le corazze, e neri
Nella manca gli scudi, e nereggianti
Sul capo tremolavano i cimieri.
E furtive dall'elmo e folgoranti
Scorrean le chiome della bionda testa
Per lo collo e per l'omero ondeggianti.
La volubile bruna sopravvesta
Da brune penne ventilata addietro
Rendea romor di pioggia e di tempesta.
Del sopracciglio sotto l'arco tetro
Uscian lampi dagli occhi, uscia paura,
E la faccia parea bollente vetro.
Questi, e l'altro campion seduto a cura
Dell'estinto Luigi, Angeli sono
Di terrore, di morte e di sventura.
Venir son usi dell'Eterno al trono
Quando ei cruda al mortal volge la sorte,
E rompe la ragion del suo perdono.
D'Egitto il primo l'uccidente porte
Nell'arcana percosse orribil notte,
Che fur de' padri le speranze morte.
L'altro è quel che sul campo estinte e rotte
Lasciò le forze che il superbo Assuro
Contro l'umile Giuda avea condotte.
Dalla spada del terzo i colpi usciro,
Che di pianto sonanti e di ruina
Turbar per l'aure di Sion s'udiro;
Quando la provocata ira divina
Al mite genitor fe' d'Absalone
Caro il censo costar di Palestina.
L'ultimo fiero volator garzone
Uno è de' sei, cui vide l'accigliato
Ezechiello arrivar dall'Aquilone,
In mano avendo uno stocco affilato,
E percotendo ognun che per la via
Del T a u la fronte non vedean segnato.
Tale e tanta dal ciel se ne venìa
Dei procellosi Arcangeli possenti
La terribile e nera compagnia;
Come gruppo di folgori cadenti
Sotto povero ciel, quando sparute
Taccion le stelle, e fremon l'onde e i venti.
Il sibilo sentì delle battute
Ale Parigi; ed arretrò la Senna
Le sue correnti stupefatte e mute.
Vogeso ne tremò, tremò Gebenna,
E il Bebricio Pirene, e lungo e roco
Corse un lamento per la mesta Ardenna.
Al lor primo apparir dier tutto il loco
Le assetate del Tartaro caterve,
Un grido alzando doloroso e fioco.
Come fugge talor delle proterve
Mosche uno stuolo che alla beva intento
Sul vaso pastoral bronza e ferve;
Che al toccar della conca in un momento
Levansi tutte, e quale alla muraglia,
Qual si lancia alla mano, e quale al mento:
Tal si dilegua l'infernal ciurmaglia;
Ed altri una pendente nuvoletta,
D'ira sbuffando, a lacerar si scaglia;
Sovra il mar tremolante altri si getta,
E sveglia le procelle; altri s'avvolve
Nel turbine genitor della saetta.
Si turbina talun entro la polve,
E tal altro col guizzo del baleno
Fende la terra, e in fumo si dissolve.
Dal sacro intanto orror del tempio usciro
Di mezzo all'atterrate are deserte
Due donne in atto d'amarezza pieno.
L'una velata, e l'altra discoperte
Le dive luci avea, ma di gran pianto
D'ambo le gote si parean coperte.
Era un vel bianco della prima il manto,
Che parte cela, e parte all'intelletto
Rivela il corpo immacolato e santo.
Una veste incombustibil di schietto
Color di fiamma l'altra si cingea,
Siccome il pellican piagata il petto;
E nella manca l'una e l'altra Dea,
E nella dritta in mesto portamento
Una lucida coppa sostenea;
E sculto ciascheduna un argomento
Avea di duolo, in lei rilevi espresso
Di fulgid' oro e di forbito argento.
In una sculto si vedea con esso
Il figlio e la consorte un Re fuggire
Temendo più di lui che di sè stesso.
E un dar subito all'arme, ed un fremire

Di cruda plebe, e dietro al fuggitivo,
Siccome veltri dal guinzaglio, uscire
Poi tra le spade ricondur cattivo,
E tra l'onte quel misero innocente
Morto al gioire, ed al patir sol vivo.
Mirasi dopo una perversa gente
Cercar furendo a morte una Regina,
Che non so se più bella o più dolente;
Ed uccisi i custodi alla meschina,
E per rabbia delusa (orrendo a dirsi!)
Trafitto il letto e la regal cortina.
V'era l'urto in un'altra, ed il ferirsi
Di cento e cento incontro a mille e mille;
E dell'armi il fragor parea sentirsi.
Formidabile il volto e le pupille
La Discordia scorrea tra l'aste lance,
Tra la polve, tra 'l fumo e le faville,
E i tronchi capi e le squarciate pance,
Agitando la face che sanguigna
De' combattenti scolora le guance.
Vedi appresso la Morte che digrigna
I bianchi denti, ed i feriti artiglia
Con la grand' unghia antica e ferrugigna.
E pria l'anime felle ne ronciglia
Fuor delle membra, e le rassegna in fretta
Fumanti e nude all'infernal famiglia.
Poi, ghermite le gambe, se si getta
I pesanti cadaveri alle spalle,
Nè più vi bada, e innanzi il campo netta.
Dietro è tutto di morti ingombro il calle;
Il sangue a fiumi il rio terreno ingrassa;
E lubrico s'avvia verso la valle.
Scorre intorno il Furor coll'asta bassa,
Scorre il Tumulto temerario, e il Fato
Ch'un ne percuote, ed un ne salva, e passa:
Scorre il lacero Sdegno insanguinato,
E l'Orror co' capelli in fronte ritti,
Come l'istrice pronto e rabbuffato.
Al fine in compagnia de' suoi delitti
Vien la proterva Libertà Francese,
Ch'ebra il sangue si bee di quei trafitti.
E son sì vivi i volti e le contese
Che non tacenti, ma parlanti e vere
Quelle immagini credi e quell'offese.
Altra scena di pianto, onde il pensiere
Rifugge, e in capo arricciasi ogni pelo
Nella terza scultura il guardo fere.
Sacro all'inclita Donna del Carmelo
Apriasi un tempio, e distendea la notte
Sul primo sonno de' mortali il velo
Se non che dell'oscure Artiche grotte
Languian le turbe abitatrici al cheto
Raggio di luna indebolite e rotte.
Stracciavasi quivi un mansueto
Di ministri di Dio sacro drappello
Cui empio dannava popolar decreto.
Un barbaro di lor si fea macello;
Ed ei, che schermo non avean di scudo
Al calar del sacrilego coltello,
Pietà, Signor, porgendo il collo ignudo,
Signor, pietà, gridavano: e venia
In quella il colpo inesorato e crudo.
Cadean le teste, e dalle gole uscia
Parole e sangue; per la polve il nome
Di Gesù gorgogliando e di Maria.
E l'un su l'altro si giacean, siccome
Scannate pecorelle, e fean ribrezzo
L'aperte bocche e le riverse chiome.
La luna il raggio ai visi esangui in mezzo
Pauroso mandava e verecondo,
A tanta colpa non ben anco avvezzo;
Ed implorar parea d'un vagabondo
Nugolo il velo, ed affrettar raminga
Gli atterriti cavalli ad altro mondo.
Chi mi darà le voci, ond'io dipinga
Il subbietto feral, che quarto avanza
Sì ch'ogni ciglio a lagrimar costringa?
Uom d'affannosa, ma regal sembianza,
A cui, rapita la corona e il regno,
Sol del petto rimasta è la costanza,
Venia di morte a vil supplizio indegno
Chiamato, ahi lasso! e vel traevan quelli
Che fur dell'amor suo poc'anzi il segno.
Quinci e quindi accorrean sciolte i capelli
Consorte e suora ad abbracciarlo, e gli occhi
Ognuna avea conversi in due ruscelli.
Stretto al seno egli tiensi in su i ginocchi
Un dolente fanciullo, e par che tutto
Negli amplessi e ne' baci il cor trabocchi;
E sì gli dica: Da' miei mali istrutto,
Apprendi, o figlio, la virtude, e cogli
Di mie fortune dolorose il frutto.
Stabile e santo nel tuo cuor germogli
Il timor del tuo Dio, nè mai d'un trono
Mai lo stolto desir l'alma t'invogli.
E se l'ira del Ciel sì tristo dono
Faratti, il padre ti rammenta, o figlio:
Ma serba a chi l'uccide il tuo perdono.
Questi accenti parea, questo consiglio
Proferir l'infelice, e chete intanto
Gli discorrean le lagrime dal ciglio.
Piangean tutti d'intorno, e dall'un canto
Le fiere guardie impietosite anch'esse
Scioglìean, poggiate sulle lance, il pianto.
Cotai sul vaso acerbi fatti impresse
L'artefice divino; e se vietato,
Se contesa il dolor non gliel avesse,
Il resto de' tuoi casi effigiato
V'avria pur anco, o Re tradito, e degno
Di miglior scettro e di più giusto fato.
E ben lo cominciò, ma l'alto sdegno
Quel lavoro interruppe, e alla pietade
Cesse alfin l'arte, ed all'orror l'ingegno.
Poiche di doglia piene e d'onestade
Si fur l'alme due Dive a quel feroce
Spettacolo di sangue approssimate,

Sul petto delle man fêro una croce.
E sull'illustre estinto il guardo fise
Senza moto restarsi e senza voce;
Pallide e smorte, come due recise
Caste viole, o due ligustri occulti,
Cui nè l'aura nè l'alba ancor sorrise.
Poi con lagrime tutte da singulti
Baciar l'augusta fronte, e ne serraro
Gli occhi nel sonno del Signor sepulti.
Ed il corpo composto amato e caro,
Vi pregar sopra l'eterno riposo,
Disser l'ultimo vale, e sospiraro,
E quindi in riverente atto pietoso
Il sacro sangue, di che tutto orrendo
Era intorno il terreno abbondoso,
Nell'auree tazze accolsero piangendo,
Ed ai quattro guerrier vestiti a bruno
Le presentàr spumanti, una dicendo:
Sorga da questo sangue un qualcheduno
Vendicator, che col ferro e col foco
Insegua chi lo sparse; nè veruno
Del delitto si goda, nè sia loco
Che lo ricovri: i flutti avversi ai flutti,
I monti ai monti, e l'arme all'armi invoca.
Il tradimento tradimento frutti,
L'esiglio, il laccio, la prigion, la spada
Tutte le prenda e li disperda tutti.
E chi sitia più sangue per man cada
D'una strage, ed anima funebre
A dissetarsi in Acheronte vada.
E chi carco di superba febre
Del capo altrui si fa sgabello al soglio,
Sul petfido chiuda le palpebre,
E gli consuma il [illegible] l'orgoglio;
Ne veglia il punga; nè cessi, che, fuora
Del suo tardi morir, senta cordoglio.
La veneranda Dea parlava ancora;
E già fuman le coppe, e a quei campioni
Il cherubico volto si scolora;
Pari a quel della luna, allor che proni
Bianchi e pallidi raggi, e in giù la tira
Il poter delle tessale canzoni;
E l'occhio sotto l'elmo un terror spira,
Che bruna e muta l'aria ne diventa,
E trema di quei sguardi e di quell'ira.
Dei quattro opposti venti in su le penne
Tutti a un tempo fer vela i Cherubini,
Ed ogni vento un Cherubin sostenne.
Già il Sol lavava lagrimoso i crini
Nell'onde Maure, e dal timon scioglieva
Impauriti i corridor divini;
Che la memoria ancor ritorcedea
Dal veduto delitto, e chini e mesti
L'aspetto all'auree stalle 'l riconduceva,
Mentre la notte di pensier funesti,
E di colpe madrice e di rimorsi
Le mute ripetea danze celesti;
Quando per l'aria cheta vide scorsi
Le quattro oscure visïon tremende,
E l'una all'altra torcer volti e dorsi
Girando là dove la folgore prende
L'acuto volo, e fiammeggiando il seno
Della materna nuvola scoscende;
Inversero le coppe, e in un baleno
Imporporossi il cielo, e delle stelle
Livido fessi il virginal sereno.
Inversero le coppe, e piobber quelle
Il fatal sangue, che tempesta roggia
Par di vivi carboni e di fiammelle;
Sotto la strana rubiconda pioggia
Ferve irato il terren, che la riceve
E rompe in fumo; e il fumo in alto poggia;
E i petti invade penetrante e lieve
E le menti mortali, e la rea d'ira
Alto incendio da tutte si solleve;
Arme fremon le genti, arme sospira
L'Orto e l'Occaso, l'Austro e l'Aquilone,
E tutta quanta Europa arme delira.
Quindi escono dal fier Settentrione
L'Aquile bicorone, e coll'artiglio
Sfrondano il Franco tricolor bastone.
Quinci move dall'Anglico consiglio
Il biondo Imperator della foresta
Il fronte erto a vendicar del Giglio.
Al paterno ruggito alza la testa
L'Anversese impavido cavallo,
E il campo della sesta miglia calpesta.
D'altra parte sdegnosa esce dal vallo
E maestosa la gran Donna fiera
Al crudele di Marte orrido ballo;
E scossa la cattolica bandiera
In su la rupe Pirenea s'allaccia,
Tratto il brando e calata la visiera;
E la Celtica gotta alto minaccia,
E l'esercito lorello alla ribalda
Scompiglia in capo, e per lo fango il caccia.
Ma del prisco valor ripiena e calda
La sovrana dell'Alpi in sull'entrata
Posa d'Italia, e ferma tiensi e salda.
E alla memoria la fatal giornata
Di Guastalla e d'Assietta ella rammenda
E l'ombra di Bellisle invendicata,
Che sdegnosa s'aggira, e si lamenda
In val di Susa, e arretra per paura
Qualunque la vendetta ancor ritenda,
Mugge frattanto tempestosa e scura
Da lontan l'onda della Sarda Teti
Scoglio del Franco ardire e sepoltura.
Mugge l'onda Tirrena, irrequieti
Levando i flutti, e non aver si pente
Da pria sommersa i mal raccolti abeti.
Mugge l'onda d'Atlante orridamente,
Mugge l'onda Britanna, e al suo muggito
Rimormorar la Baltica si sente.
Fin dall'estremo Americano lito
Il mar s'adira, e il [illegible] n'ascolta

Nel buio della notte il gran ruggito.
Sgomentossi, ristette, e a quella volta
Drizzò l'orecchio di Bassville anch'essa
L'attonit' Ombra in suo dolor sepolta.
Palpitando ristette, e alla conversa
Region sollevando la pupilla
Traversa all'ombra sanguinosa e spessa,
Vide in cui per la truce aria tranquilla
Correr spade infocate; ed aspri e cupi
N'intese i cozzi, ed un clangor di squilla.
Quindi gemere i boschi, urlar le rupi,
E muovere le fonti, e le notturne
Strigi solinghe, e ulular cagne e lupi.
E la quiete abbandonar dell'urne
Pallid' ombre fur viste, e per le vie
Vagolar sospirose e taciturne:
Starsi i lumi, sudar sangue le pie
Immagini de' templi, ed invelato
Tremar le grati eternamente il die.
O potessi una guida, che campato
M'hai dal lago d'Averno, e che mi porti
A scontare per gli occhi il mio peccato;
Grida di stragi, di sangue e di morti
Segni orrendi vegg'io: ma come? e donde,
E a chi propizie volgeran le sorti?
Al suo duca si disse; e avea feconde
Di pianto la Francese Ombra le ciglia.
Vienne meco, e il saprai: l'altro risponde;
Ed amoroso per la man la piglia.

Il Cespuglio delle quattro rose.

Dimmi, Amore: In questo eletto
Giardin sacro alla pudica
Dea del senno e tua nemica,
Temerario fanciulletto,
A che vieni? O fuggi, o l'ali
Tu vi perdi, ed arco e strali.
Al tiranno iddio de' cuori
Ogni passo qui si chiude:
Qui Minerva alla Virtude,
A lei sola educa i fiori.
Fuggi, incauto; o presso al varco
Perderai gli strali e l'arco.
Ride Amore, e in error vai
Mi risponde. Amico io sono
A Minerva, e ti perdono
Se m'oltraggi, e ancor non sai
Che a Virtude io serbo fede
Più che il volgo non si crede.
E per lei qui appunto vegno
A spiar dal cespo un raro
Fior gentile, un fior che caro
A lei crebbe, e di me degno.
Così parla; e con baldanza
Nella chiostra il passo avanza
E di quattro intatte rose
Al bel cespo s'avvicina:
Tre che aperte in su la spina,
Ma guardate e mezzo ascose
Riempion quel chiuso rezzo
D'un divino e dolce olezzo.
E la quarta il bel tesoro
Di sue foglie amorosette
All'aperto ancor non mette,
Ma la prima in suo decoro
Dir parea: Nessun m'adocchi,
Ch'io son d'altri, e non mi tocchi.
Allor dissi: Ingiusto Cielo!
Perche tarda il tuo desire?
Perche farla oh Dio! languire?
E si vaga in su lo stelo
Risplendea che m'era avviso
Fosse nata in Paradiso.
Con sguardo che dicea,
Non temer, le porse Amore,
E baciolla. Un bel rossore
A quel bacio io la vedea
Infiammarsi, e poi modesta
Inchinar la rosea testa.
Lieto intanto il Dio gentile
Con un dardo aperse il folto
Delle spine, ond'era involto,
Del cespuglio il verde aprile,
E la man fra fronda e fronda
Ratto stese alla seconda.
Quella rosa che in Citera
Fu dal sangue colorita
Di Ciprigna il piè ferita,
Si vezzosa ah no non era.
Questa il giuro (e sia con pace
Della Diva), e più vivace.
Dolce l'aura l'accarezza,
Schietto il Sol di rai l'indora,
Fresca piove a lei l'aurora
Le sue perle; e una vaghezza,
Uno spirto intorno gira
Che ti grida al cor: sospira.
Tale e tanta in sua beltade
Dallo stelo ancor crescente
La divise quel potente
Re dell'alme innamorate.
L'agita, le luci affisse
Nel bel fiore, e così disse:
Desio d'alma generosa,
Di Minerva dolce cura,
Dolce riso di Natura,
Cara al Ciel Trivulzia Rosa,
Il tesor che in te si schiude
Io consacro alla Virtude.
E Virtù, che sola al Mondo
Fa l'uom caro, e lo sublima,
La virtù che sola è cima
Di Grandezza, e il resto è fondo,
Farà lieta in suo giardino
La tua vita, o fior divino.
Or tu, vale (se felice

Ma ti fere o mio cantore!
Serva il fatto che d' Amore
Qui vedesti: e l' alma luce
Di che saggio ognor sarà,
Di che al cespo tornerà,
E così . . . Ma posto il dito
Su le labbra a dir sostenne,
E disparve. Allor mi venne
Nella mente appien chiarito
Che a Virtude Amor tien fede
Più che il volgo non si crede.

ARISTODEMO.

ATTO PRIMO.

Scena I.

Sala regia, nel cui fondo si vede una tomba.

Lisandro, Palamede.

Lisandro.

Sì, Palamede; alla regal Messene
Di pace apportator Sparta m' invia,
Sparta di guerre e stanca, e i nostri allori,
Di tanto sangue cittadin bagnati,
Son di peso alla fronte e di vergogna.
Ira fu vinta da pietà. Prevalse
Ragione, e parve omai esser follia
Per un' avara gelosia di Stato
Sbranarsi a brani, e desolar la terra.
Poiché dunque a bramar pace il primiero
Fu l' inimico, la prudente Sparta
Volentier la concede, ed io la reco.
Nè questo sol, ma libertade ancora
A qualunque de' nostri è qui tenuto
In servitude; e a te, diletto amico,
Principalmente, che bramato e pianto,
Compie il terz' anno, senza onor languisci
Illustre prigioniero in queste mura.

Palamede.

Ben ti riveggo con piacer, Lisandro;
E giocondo mi fia per la tua mano
Racquistar libertade, e fra gli amplessi
Ritornar de' congiunti, e un' altra volta
Goder la luce delle patrie rive.
Sebben serbarmi non potea fortuna
Più dolce schiavitù. Sai che Cesira,
Leggiadra figlia di Taltibio, anch' essa
Prigioniera qui vive. Or sappi ancora
Che fassi tanto nel real cospetto
Di Cesira trovar l' alme sembianze,
E i dolci modi e le parole oneste,
Che Aristodemo di servil catena
Non la volle mai carca; anzi colmolla
Di benefici, e a me permise ir sciolto
Per la reggia, qual vedi, a mio talento,
Partecipando della sua ventura.

Lisandro.

Dunque il re l' ama, o Palamede.

Palamede.

Ei l' ama
Con cuor di padre; e sol dappresso a lei
Quel misero talor sente nel petto
Qualche stilla di gioja insinuarsi
E l' affanno ammollir che sempre il grava.
Senza Cesira un lampo di sorriso
Su quell' afflitto e lacrimoso volto
Non si vedrebbe scintillar giammai.

Lisandro.

Di sua mortal malinconia per tutta
Grecia si parla, e la cagion sen tace:
Ma sarà, mi cred' io, qui manifesto
Quel che altrove s' ignora. Han sempre i regi
Mille d' intorno osservatori attenti
Ch' ogni detto ne sanno, ogni sospiro,
Anche i pensieri. Or qui fra tanti sguardi
Quale di sua tristezza si scoperse
Vera sorgente?

Palamede.

Narrerò sincero,
Qual mi fu detta, la pietosa istoria
Di questo sventurato. Era Messene
Da crudo morbo desolata; e Delfo
Della stirpe d' Epito una donzella
Avea richiesta in sagrificio a Pluto.
Poste furo le sorti, e di Licisco
Nomar la figlia. Scellerato il padre
E in un pietoso, con segreta fuga
La sottrasse alla morte, e un' altra vittima
Il popolo chiedea. Comparve allora
Aristodemo, e la sua propria figlia,
La bellissima Dirce, al sacerdote
Volontario offerì. Dirce fu dunque
Dell' altra invece su l' altar svenata;
E col virgineo sangue l' infelice
Sbramò la sete dell' ingordo Averno,
Per salvezza de' suoi dando la vita.

Lisandro.

Io già questo sapea, che grande intorno
Fama ne corse, e della madre insieme
Dirce caso nefando.

Palamede.

Ella di Dirce
Mal soffrendo la morte, e stimolata
Da dolor, da furor, squarciossi il petto
Spietatamente, ed ingombrò la stanza
Cadavere deforme e sanguinoso,
Raggiungendo così nel morto regno,
Forsennata e ruggente ombra, la figlia.
Ed ecco dell' afflitto Aristodemo
La seconda sventura, a cui successe
Poscia la terza, e fu d' Argia la tratta
Dolorosa [illegible]. Era del padre
Questa l' ultima speme, una vezzosa
Fanciulletta gentil che, mai [illegible]

Col par tenero amor l' orme segnando,
Toccava appena il mezzo lustro. Ei dunque,
Stretta al seno tenendola sovente,
Sentia destarsi in petto a poco a poco
La rimembranza de' sofferti affanni,
E sonar dolce al cuore un' altra volta
Di padre il nome, e rallegrargli il ciglio.
Ma fu breve il contento, e questo pure
Gli fu tolto di bene avanzo estremo;
Che l' esercito nostro allor repente
D' Anfea vincendo la fatal giornata,
E stretta avendo di feroce assedio
La discoscesa Itome, Aristodemo,
Che ne temea la presa e la ruina,
Dalle braccia diveltasi la figlia
Al fido Eumeo la consegnò che seco
Occultamente la recasse in Argo,
Molto pria dubitando, e mille volte
Raccomandando una sì cara vita.
Vani pensier! Là dove nell' Alfeo
Si confonde il Ladon, stuolo de' nostri,
Della lor via avvertiti, e da fortuna
Spinti colà, tagliar le scorte a pezzi,
Nè risparmiar persona; e nella strage
Spenta rimase la real bambina.

Lisandro.

E di questa avventura, o Palamede,
Altro ne sai?

Palamede.

Null' altro.

Lisandro.

Or sappi adunque
Che duce di quell' armi era Lisandro,
Ch' io fui d' Eumeo l' assalitor.

Palamede.

Che ascolto?
Tu l' uccisor d' Argia? Ma se qui giunge
A penetrarsi . . .

Lisandro.

Il tuo racconto segui:
Parleremo del resto a miglior tempo.

Palamede.

Dopo il fato d' Argia tutto lasciossi
A sua tristezza in preda Aristodemo;
Nè più diletto gli brillò sul core,
O, se brillovvi, fu di lampo in guisa,
Che fa un solco nell' ombra, e si dilegua.
Ed or lo vedi errar mesto e pensoso
Per solitari luoghi, e verso il cielo
Dal profondo del cor geme e sospira;
Or vassene dolente e furibondo,
E furioso ululando, e sempre a nome
La sua Dirce chiamando, a' piè si getta
Della tomba che il cenere ne chiude;
Singhiozzando l' abbraccia, e resta immoto,
Immoto sì, che lo diresti un sasso,
Se non che vivo lo palesa il pianto
Che tacito gli scorre per le gote,
Ed inonda il sepolcro. Ecco, o Lisandro,
Dell' infelice il doloroso stato.

Lisandro.

Misero stato! Ma, sia pur qual vuolsi,
Di ciò non calmi. A servir Sparta io venni,
Non a compianger l' inimico. Ho cose
Su questo a dirti d' importanza estrema;
Ma più libero tempo alle parole
Sceglier fa duopo. Già qualcun s' appressa,
Che ascoltarne potria.

Palamede.

Guarda; è Cesira

Scena II.

Cesira e Detti.

Palamede.

Vieni, bella Cesira. Ecco Lisandro
Dell' inclito tuo padre illustre amico.

Cesira.

Da Gonippo, che al re poc' anzi il disse,
Seppi, signor, la tua venuta, e tosto
Ad incontrarti io mossa. Or ben, quai nuove
Del mio diletto genitor mi rechi?
Il buon vecchio che fa?

Lisandro.

La sola speme
Di rivederti gli mantien la vita
Da quel momento che da man nemica
Ne' campi Tegeatei tolta ne fosti,
Grave affanno, mortal sempre l' oppresse,
E tutti in danno tuo temendo i mali
Di dura schiavitù, ragion non havvi
Che lo conforti, e gli è rimasto il solo
Tristo piacer degl' infelici, il pianto.

Cesira.

Egli non sa di quanto amor, di quante
Beneficenze liberal fu meco
Il generoso Aristodemo, e come
Tenerezza, pietà, riconoscenza
M' hanno a lui stretta di possente nodo;
Possente sì, che nel lasciarlo, il core
Parrà sentirmi distaccar dal petto.

Lisandro.

E per lui ti rattristi a questo segno?

Cesira.

Parlano ad ogni cuor le sue sventure,
E più d' ogni altro al mio; nè dirti io so
Che mi darei per addolcirle, e tutta
Penetrar la cagion di sua tristezza.

Palamede.

A giudicarne dagli esterni segni
Ella è tremenda. Il sol Gonippo, a cui
Liberamente egli apre il suo pensiero,
Sol Gonippo potria dal cor strappargli
L' orribile segreto.

Cesira.

Eccolo. Oh quanto
Vien turbato ed afflitto!

Scena III.

Gonippo e Detti.

Cesira.

Ah! perchè mai
Così mesto, o Gonippo? E perchè piangi?

Gonippo.

E chi non piange? Aristodemo è giunto
A tal tristezza, che furor diventa.
Smania, geme, sospira, e come fronda
Gli tremano le membra: spaventato
Gira lo sguardo, e su le guance stanno
Le lagrime per solchi inaridite.
Dopo lung' ora di delirio, alfine
Le sue stanze abbandona, e in questo luogo
Desia del giorno ricercar la luce.
Quindi vi prego allontanarvi tutti,
Libero sfogo il suo dolor chiedendo.

Lisandro.

Quando opportuno il crederai, Gonippo,
Al tuo signor ricorda che Lisandro
Per favellargli il suo comando attende.

Gonippo.

A suo tempo n' avrà pronto l' avviso.

Scena IV.

Gonippo, indi Aristodemo.

Gonippo.

Ch' è mai la pompa e lo splendor del trono!
Quanta miseria, se dappresso il miri,
La ricuopre sovente! — Ecco il più grande,
Il più temuto regnator di Grecia,
Or tutto si discioglie in martire,
Che crudo è ben chi nol compiange! — Vieni,
Signor. Nessuno qui t' ascolta, e puoi
L' acerba doglia disfogar sicuro.
Siam soli.

Aristodemo.

O mio Gonippo, ad ogni sguardo
Vorrei starmi celato, e, se il potessi,
A me medesmo ancor. Tutto m' attrista
E m' importuna; e questo sole istesso
Che dianzi pur amai, or lo detesto
E sopportar nol posso.

Gonippo.

Eh, via, fa core;
Non t' avvilir così. Dove n' andaro
Aristodemo, i generosi spirti,
La costanza, il coraggio?

Aristodemo.

Il mio coraggio?
La mia costanza? Io l' ho perduta. Io l' odio
Sono del cielo; e quando il ciel gli abborre,
Anche i regnanti son codardi e vili.
Io fui felice, io fui possente; or sono
L' ultimo de' mortali.

Gonippo.

E che ti manca
Ond' essere il primiero? Io ben lo veggo,
Che un orrendo pensier che mi nascondi,
T' attraversa la mente.

Aristodemo.

Sì, Gonippo,
Un orrendo pensiero, e quanto è truce
Tu non lo sai. Lo sguardo tuo non passa
Dentro il mio cor, nè mira la tempesta
Che lo sconvolge tutto. Ah, mio fedele,
Credimi, io sono sventurato assai,
Senza misura sventurato; un empio,
Un maledetto nel furor del cielo,
E l' orror di natura e di me stesso.

Gonippo.

Deh, qual strano disordine di mente!
Certo il dolore la ragion t' offusca,
E la tristezza tua da falso e guasto
Immaginar si crea.

Aristodemo.

Così pur fosse.
Ma mi conosci tu? Sai tu qual sangue
Dalle mani mi gronda? Hai tu veduto
Spalancarsi i sepolcri, e dal profondo
Mandar gli spettri a percuotermi il trono?
A cacciarmi le mani entro le chiome,
E strappar la corona? Hai tu sentito
Tonar sinistra una tremenda voce
Che grida: Muori, scellerato, muori:
Sì moriro; son pronto; eccoti il petto,
Eccoti il sangue mio; versalo tutto,
Vendica la natura, e alfin mi salva
Dall' orror di vederti, ombra crudele.

Gonippo.

Il tuo parlar mi raccapriccia, e troppo
Palesi tu perch' io t' intenda, e vegga
Che da rimorso hai l' anima trafitta.
In che peccasti? Qual tua colpa accese
Contro te degli Dei tanto disdegno?
Aprimi i sensi tuoi. Del tuo Gonippo
La fedeltà t' è nota, e tu più volte
De' tuoi segreti l' onorasti. Or questo
Pur mi confida. Scemasi de' mali
Sovente il peso col narrarli altrui.

Aristodemo.

I miei, parlando, si faran più gravi.
Non ti curar di penetrarne il fondo,
Non tentarmi di rompere il silenzio:
Lasciami per pietà.

Gonippo.

No, non ti lascio
Se tu segui a tacer. Non merta il mio
Lungo servire e questo bianco crine
La diffidenza tua.

Aristodemo.

Ma che potresti
Col tuo pregar? Tu fremeresti d' orrore
Se il sol cenno del fatal segreto

Gonippo.

E che puoi dirmi, che all'orror non ceda
Di vederti spirar su gli occhi miei?
Signor, per queste lagrime ch'io verso,
Per l'auguste ginocchia che ti stringo,
Non straziarmi di più... parla.

Aristodemo.

Lo brami?
Alzati... (Oh ciel! che gli rivelo io mai?)

Gonippo.

Parla, prosegui... Oimè! che ferro è quello?

Aristodemo.

Ferro di morte. Guardalo. Vi scorgi
Questo sangue rappreso?

Gonippo.

Oh Dio! qual sangue?
Chi lo versò?

Aristodemo.

Mia figlia. E sai qual mano
Glielo trasse dal sen?

Gonippo.

Taci, non dirlo,
Che già l'intesi.

Aristodemo.

E la cagion, la sai?

Gonippo.

Io mi confondo.

Aristodemo.

Ascolta dunque. In petto
Ti sentirai d'orror freddar le vene;
Ma tu mi costringesti. Odimi, e tutto
L'atroce arcano e il mio delitto impara.
Di quel tempo sovvienti, che Delfo
Vittime umane comandato avendo,
All'Erebo mandar dovea Messene
Una vergin d'Epito. In sorte venne
Che, dall'urna fatal solennemente
Tratta la figlia di Licisco, il padre
La salvò colla fuga: e un altro capo
Dovea perire; e palpitanti i padri
Stavano tutti la seconda volta
Sul destin delle figlie. Era in quei giorni
Vedovo appunto di Messenia il trono;
Questo pur ti rammenta.

Gonippo.

Io l'ho presente;
E mi rammento che il real diadema
Fra te, Dami e Cleon pendea sospeso,
E il popolo in tre parti era diviso.

Aristodemo.

Or ben, Gonippo. A guadagnar la plebe
E il trono assicurar, sentii pensarmi
Che di spettabil ambizione un velo
Fa uopo, dissi tra me, trarne profitto
Dell'altrui debolezze. Il volgo è sempre
Per chi l'abbaglia, e spesse volte il regno
È del più scaltro. Deludiamo adunque
Questa plebe insensata; e di Licisco
Si corregga l'error: ne sia l'emenda
Il sangue di mia figlia, e col suo sangue
Il popolo si compri e la corona.

Gonippo.

Ah, signor, che di' mai? come potesti
Sì reo disegno concepir?

Aristodemo.

Comprendi
Che l'uomo ambizioso è uom crudele.
Tra le sue mire di grandezza e lui
Metti il capo del padre e del fratello:
Calcherà l'uno e l'altro, e farà d'ambo
Sgabello ai piedi per salir sublime.
Questo appunto fec'io della mia figlia;
Così de' sacerdoti alla bipenne
La mia Dirce profferse. Al mio disegno
S'oppose Telamon di Dirce amante.
Supplicò, minacciò, ma non mi svelse
Dal mio proposto. Desolato allora
Mi si gittò, perdon chiedendo, ai piedi,
E palesommi non potersi Dirce
Sagrificar: dal Nume esser richiesto
D'una vergine il sangue, e Dirce in grembo
Portar già carco di crescente prole,
Ed esso averne di marito i dritti.
Sopravvenne in soccorso anche la madre,
E confermò di Telamone il detto,
Onde parea acquistar credenza e fede.

Gonippo.

E che facesti allora?

Aristodemo.

Arsi di rabbia;
E pungendomi quindi la vergogna
Del tradito onor mio, quindi più forte
La mia delusa ambizione, che tutto
Così di pugno mi rapia l'impero,
Guardai nel viso a Telamon, nè fora
Motto; ma calma simulando, e preso
Da profondo furor, venni alla figlia.
Abbandonata la trovai sul letto,
Che pallida, scomposta ed abbattuta,
In languido letargo avea sopiti
Gli occhi, dal lungo lagrimar già stanchi.
Ah, Gonippo! qual furia non avria
Quella vista commosso? Ma la rabbia
M'avea posta la benda, e mi bollìa
Nelle vene il dispetto; onde, impugnato
L'esecrando coltello, e spento in tutto
Di natura il ribrezzo, alzai la punta,
E dritta al core gliel' immersi in petto.
Gli occhi aprì l'infelice, e mi conobbe,
E coprendosi il volto: Oh padre mio,
Oh padre mio, mi disse, e più non disse.

Gonippo.

Gelo d'orrore.

Aristodemo.

L'orror tuo sospendi,
Che non è tempo ancor che tutto il senta.

Sull' anima aggroppar. — Poi non movea
Nè mai ne labbro la tradita; ed io,
Tutto asperso di sangue e senza mente,
Che stupido m' avea reso il delitto,
Della stanza n' uscia. Quando al pensiero
Mi ricorse l' idea del suo peccato,
E quindi l' ira risorgendo, e spinto
Da ubbriachezza, da furor, tornai
Sul cadavere caldo e palpitante;
Ed il fianco n' apersi, empio, e col ferro
Sollecitamente a ricercar mi diedi
Nelle innocenti viscere la colpa.
Ahi! che innocente ell' era. — Allor mi cadde
Giù dagli occhi la benda; allor la frode
Manifesta m' apparve, e la pietade
Mi scese nel cuore. Corsemi per l' ossa
Il raccapriccio, e m' impietrò sul ciglio
Le lagrime sgorganti; e così stetti
Finchè sopravvenia entro la madre, e visto
Lo spettacolo atroce, s' arresta
Pallida, fredda, muta. Indi qual lampo
Disperata spiccossi, e stretto il ferro
Ch' era poc' anzi di mia man caduto,
Se lo fisse nel petto, e su la figlia
Cascò caduta e le spirò sul viso.
Ecco d' ambo la fine: ecco l' arcano
Che mi sta da tre lustri in cor sepolto,
E tutt' or ti staria se tu non eri.

Gonippo.

Parea istoria narrarti, e il tuo racconto
Tutte di gelo stringermi le membra,
E nel pensarlo ancor l' alma rifugge.
Ma, dimmi; e come ad ogni sguardo occulte
Restar potero sì tremende cose?

Aristodemo.

Non ti prenda stupor. Temuto e grande
Era il mio nome, e mi chiamava al trono
Il voto universal. Facil fu dunque
Oprar l' inganno; e tu ben sai che l' ombra
D' un trono è grande per coprir delitti.
I sacerdoti, che del ciel la voce
Son costretti a tacer quando i potenti
Fan la forza parlar, taciti e soli
Col favor delle tenebre nel tempio
La morta Dirce trasportaro, e quindi
Sparser fama che Dirce in quella notte
Segretamente su l' altar svenata
Placato avesse col suo sangue i Numi;
E che di questo [illegible] afflitta
Se medesma uccidesse anche la madre.
Ma veglian su i rei gli occhi del cielo,
E un Dio v' è certo che dal lungo sonno
Va nelle tombe a risvegliar le colpe,
E degli empi sul cor ne manda il grido.
Rivelarlo dovrò? — Da qualche tempo
Un orribile spettro...

Gonippo.

E lascia al volgo
Degli spettri la tema, e dai sepolcri
Non suscitar gli estinti. Or ti conforta;
Che a' tuoi falli funesti esser non puote
Che non perdoni il cielo il tuo delitto,
Fu grande, è vero, ma più grande è pure
Degli Dei la pietà. Calmati, e loro
Datti a pensier più necessari. È giunto
Di Sparta l' orator, tel dissi, e reca
Le proposte di pace. Odilo, e pensa
Che la patria ten prega, e questa pure
Ti raccomanda, e le sue mura e i pochi
Laceri avanzi del suo guasto impero.

Aristodemo.

Dunque alla patria s' obbedisca. Andiamo.

97.

Giovanni Battista Niccolini.

Ein noch lebender Dichter. Mütterlicher Seits stammt er von Filicaja, wurde um 1782 geboren, und lebt als Secretär der Akademie della Crusca zu Florenz. Seine Tragödien werden sehr geschätzt. Wir geben hier den letzten Akt seines Giovanni da Procida als eine Probe.

Giovanni da Procida.

ATTO QUINTO.

Scena I.

Palmiero, Corrado e gli altri congiurati, tranne Gualtiero e Alaimo, cautamente ragionano in disparte fra loro, mentre la gente passeggia, come in occasione di festa popolare, sopra un prato pieno d' aranci e di mirti, sul quale sorge una Chiesa con un campanile separato. Questa Chiesa era dedicata allo Spirito Santo; e siccome non è lontana che 800 passi da Palermo, la Scena deve rappresentare questa Città e il mare. Si scorgono in qualche distanza dei colli e sopra uno di essi sorge il Castello di [illegible].

Palmiero.

Udite; io corsi in ogni loco, e diedi
Alimento al furor; contava offese,
Libidini, rapine ed ogni lutto
Delle vedove case; era nel volgo
Mestissimo silenzio: or gli succede
Un' ira piena di speranze, uguale
Al cupo, al sordo mormorio dell' onde
Foriero della procella. E qui si cerchi
Un principio alla strage; or lieto io veggo
Che i Franchi in volto rimirar s' ardisce,
Che d' ogni labbro il tremulo rivela
I tumulti del core; e la mestizia
Ove fu la preghiera.

Corrado.

È fermo, amici,
Che Procida s'aspetti: in queste imprese,
Credilo a me, la più difficil cosa
È la voce primiera.

Palmiero.

Anime ardenti
Chiede una patria oppressa: allor si puote
Quello che s'osa.

Corrado.

Se palese ai Franchi . . .

Palmiero.

Levando in vanità la fronte altera
Ognor procede lo stranier tiranno
Su i popoli calcati, e non gli mira
Che quando ei cade.

Corrado.

Ma non veggo Alimo,
Fare l'uom promesso.

Palmiero.

Il sai, Drovetto
All'armi franche è duce; egli qui suole
Le stuol disperse che del volgo i moti
Veglia nei dì solenni, e poi lo chiama
Cura più grande altrove: il canto udrai
Allor ch'ei fia lontano: ad esso è nota
La sicula favella, e gli altri ignari
Son del nostro idioma.

Corrado.

A lor mercede
Fummo costretti a domandar col pianto.

Palmiero.

Si parlerà col ferro . . . I passi affretta
Turbato in vista Alimo.

Scena II.

Alimo e Detti.

Palmiero.

Or di' che avvenne?

Alimo.

Tumulto e sangue.

Palmiero.

Corrasi . . .

Alimo.

T'arresta.
Scoprir volea da questi lidi Ubaldo
Che da Pisa recò l'armi nascose
Che qui daranno libertade ai forti:
Scorta a una donna egli era, a cui le bende,
E più che l'uso vuol, velano il volto,
Partir gli vieta il Franco.

Palmiero.

Al suo divieto
Qual causa addusse?

Alimo.

Nuova legge impone
Di non lasciar Sicilia, ora che Carlo
L'armi adunate contro i Greci affretta:
Invan resiste Ubaldo, invan la plebe
Rara nel porto insorge: e tosto oppressa
Dal numero dei Franchi, e nella pugna
Cade trafitto Ubaldo: i suoi fedeli
Su picciol legno ch'è vicino al lido
Con quella ignota fuggono: ma il Franco
La insegue sì colle veloci antenne
Che raggiunta sarà.

Palmiero.

Procida ignora
La breve rissa?

Alimo.

Uopo maggior lo trasse
In altra parte: ei di Gualtiero affretta
La necessaria aita. Ecco Drovetto:
Da noi confusi nel frequente volgo
Tutto s'osservi.

(Si allontanano.)

Scena III.

Drovetto, Sigiero e Detti.

Sigiero.

Omai, Signor, diviene
Temerario il disprezzo.

Drovetto.

E ti sgomenta
Rissa plebea? solo il pisano Ubaldo
Pugnar seppe e morire. In Benevento
I Siculi mirai precipitarsi
Nella via dei codardi, e gli percossi
Sulle tremanti spalle.

Sigiero.

Eppur gli teme
Carlo, e gli vuole inermi.

Drovetto.

Io sol pavento
L'arme d'Italia, il traditor pugnale
Che ci ferisce a tergo.

Sigiero.

Ai detti miei
Perchè fede non dai? Vedi in quel colle
Di Procida il castello? ivi s'udia
D'armi, di gridi e di lamenti un suono
Nella trascorsa notte, e ne discese
Con una donna Ubaldo. Ah! vive ancora
Il nemico di Carlo.

Drovetto.

E ti riduci
A delirar col volgo? Io so che Imelda
Piangea sul padre estinto. Esule illustre
Erra di gente in gente: alfin riposa
In pellegrina terra.

Sigiero.

Almen concedi
Che il suo castello esplori.

Drovetto.

Or via, s'appaghi
Il tuo desio: già ricondotta al porto

Sarà la fuggitiva, e assai rileva
Scoprir chi sia: delle raccolte genti
Altri qui resti a guardia; e non la turbi
Licenza popolar: scema i perigli
Che la paura asconde; il molle canto
Di cui lauda vaghezza ebbe Manfredi
Qui suoni pur, siccome è d'uso; in sprezzo
Gente loquace: ha pochi detti il forte,
Molti il codardo. Udisti, amico? io vado.

Scena IV.

Alimo, Palmiero e gli altri congiurati misti alla plebe, sono rimasti sulla Scena. Alimo fa un passo dentro ad essa, e dice ai Poeti Siculi le seguenti parole.

Alimo.

Siculi vati, abbia principio il canto.

Coro di Poeti Siciliani.

Non più il vento le selve affatica,
Ed al sole già s'apre ogni fronda;
Oh non fosse la terra feconda
Se di schiavi la bagna il sudor!
E già sorge la messe nei campi,
Che fe' il sangue in Augusta vermigli,
E cresciuta sull'ossa dei figli
Sarà cibo del nostro oppressor!

Palmiero.

Ricordatevi Augusta: ivi non ebbe
Pietà di debil sesso, e d'anni imbelli
Il Franco inesorabile: s'alzava
La mano aspersa del materno pianto,
E al suo cenno era morte; e allora usava
Di scherzar fra i delitti, e avea favella
Fu la parola che comanda il sangue.

Coro di Poeti Siciliani.

Io vorrei che stendesser le nubi
Sull'Italia un mestissimo velo;
Perchè tanto sorriso di Cielo
Sulla terra del vile dolor?
La natura si desta repente,
Lunghi sonni il mortale vi dorme,
E quel fango notato dall'orme
Sempre nuove d'un piè vincitor.

Alimo.

Vorrei che agli oppressor fosse veleno
Quell'aer dolce che fra voi gli chiama.

Coro di Poeti Siciliani.

Come l'Etna talvolta prepara
Nel silenzio d'un orrido velo
Non la fiamma che spunta nel Cielo
Tosto ad essa nel seno ricade,
Ma la lava che s'apre le strade
Depredando un incognito calle,
Onde muta ruina alla valle
E sorprende l'incauto cultor.
Tal nel volto una pace s'ostenti
Che ai tiranni stranieri addormenti
Il sospetto che veglia nel cor.

Coro di Donzelle.

Le siciliane vergini
Serbate ai vincitori,
La fronte non adornino
Degl' usati fiori,
Ora che i Franchi spirano
Quell'aura che gli desta,
E sulla terra nascono
Che il loro piè calpesta;
Delle viole adorno
Il nero crin sarà,
Che spunteranno il giorno
Di sangue e libertà.

Alimo.

L'ira non sorge [1]; e di superba oltranza
Prodigo indarno il vantator francese.

Palmiero.

Tu credi, Alimo, che il lion sia morto
Perchè non rugge: ma dimanda il volgo
Opportune parole, e verso il tempio
Il Francese movea. Popolo ascolta. —
Vidi un cammello dal Soldan d'Egitto
Mandato in dono a Federigo [2]...

Popolo.

Illustre
Padre del buon Manfredi.

Palmiero.

Amici, è colpa
Il ricordar Manfredi; aver l'imagine
Di Corradino: ora le mie parole
Non son degne di pena. — Io già credea
Che il più vile animal fosse il cammello;
Ei volontario schiavo al suolo inchina
Le deboli ginocchia, e lo diresti
Nato alla servitù.

Popolo.

Ma l'uomo avanza
In forza ed in grandezza: a lui nemmeno
Si fa quando s'atterra.

Alimo.

E sono i Franchi
Di noi più grandi, perchè siam prostrati;
Alziamoci.

Palmiero.

Silenzio. E quel cammello

---

[1] Additando i soldati che nell'[illegible] la Chiesa [illegible] il popolo [illegible], che poi [illegible] da Francesi [illegible].

[2] A Federigo [illegible] che si trovano in Levante, [illegible] tutte le specie d'animali che infino al tempo degli Imperatori romani [illegible] (Cronica di Napoli, lib. II). [illegible] la Dona d'Egitto.

Venuto anch'esso in signoria di Carlo:
Oltre l'usato un condottier francese
Aggravarlo tentava . . .

Popolo.

E allor che fece?

Palmiero.

Non giacque a terra, com'è suo costume [1],
Ma, oh meraviglia! si levava, e parve
„Basta" esclamar sdegnato: a un tempo ei scosse
La sua vile natura, e il peso ingiusto.

Popolo.

Generoso!

Palmiero.

Codardi! un dì morrete
Sotto incarco più vil: non plora il Franco
Un docile obbedir: chi serve è vile,
Chi si oppone è ribelle, e vi punisce
Col ferro e col disprezzo. Udite i suoi
Insolenti tripudi, e come insulti
Al pubblico dolor. Su questi colli
Sol pei tiranni crescono le viti
Sotto l'occhio del Sol: voi non allegra
Il suo vivace umor, che solo ai Franchi [2]
S'apron quei vasi in cui l'han chiuso, e cresce
La licenza dei barbari conviti,
Ove a dispregio dell'Italia serva
Suonan l'ebre parole, e di mendaci
Vanti crudeli un mormorio superbo.

Popolo.

Sicilia è sempre a mutar giogo avvezza
Coll'eterna viltà della speranza
In un brando non suo . . . ma se vivesse
Procida.

Alaimo.

Or via, m'udite. — Alcun sovente
Si disse estinto, e più temuto e grande
Ritornò nella patria, e ai fidi amici
Al par d'un astro balenò, che sorga
In procellosa notte.

Popolo.

Oh vana speme!
Ah! Procida morì.

Scena V.

Procida e Detti.

Procida.

Procida vive,
Son io.

Popolo.

La strage dei tiranni è certa.

Procida.

Silenzio ed ira: qui da noi s'aspetti
Dei sacri bronzi il cenno: allor Gualtiero
Unito i prodi avrà.

Popolo.

Venga, s'affretti,
E teco, o grande, ai servi i ceppi infranga.
Servi! all'infamia è poco: i servi almeno
Nutre il signor; ma la Sicilia vile
I suoi tiranni pasce; e son stranieri.
Contro i Greci innocenti all'aure ondeggia
Di Carlo, avvezzo a profanar la croce,
Il vessillo crudele, e l'empia guerra
Chiede aita di gente e di tesoro.
Vi saran tolti i figli, ed altri schiavi
Darà il lor sangue a Carlo. E niun di voi
Sa morir per la patria?

Palmiero.

E che si tarda?
Ognun qui freme, e contro i Franchi anela
Sollevarsi nell'ira, e sterminargli . . .

Procida.

Fermatevi, aspettate.

Palmiero.

È giunto il tempo
Che dà valore ad ogni sesso, e l'armi
Ad ogni età: cadde per man dei Franchi
Il tuo diletto Ubaldo.

Procida.

Oh Ciel, che ascolto!

Palmiero.

Nè ancor sai tutto: alla sua fè commessa
Era una donna ignota: invan sull'onde
Tentò sottrarsi agli empi. Or qui Drovetto
Tragge costei.

Procida.

Che veggo! oh Dio, la figlia...
(Moto nel popolo)
Ma tacete . . . l'impongo.

Scena VI.

Imelda, Drovetto e Detti.

Drovetto.

Alfin mi svela
Qual porta, qual consiglio, o qual paura
Ti fea lasciar Palermo. Io più non credo
Procida estinto: e quel ribelle ascoso
In isola vicina, e là cospira
Col vile Aragonese, e invan l'aspetta.
Pegno mi sei del suo terror.

---

[1] Chacun de ces animaux est chargé selon sa force; il ne veut point lever quand on lui donne une charge trop forte; il crie continuellement jusqu'à ce qu'on l'ait allégé. — Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Histoire naturelle, T. IV. Paris 1816.

[2] Lettera dei Palermitani al Pontefice Martino nel 1282. Dalla Cron. MS. della Chiesa d'Agrigento. Vol. Ducange alla parola Vegna, e Mugnos che la riporta per intero nel suo Ragguaglio del Vespro Siciliano.

Imelda.

Drovetto,
Offeso io son pur troppo, e nulla omai
Qui resta a un' infelice.

Scena VII.

Segiero, poi Tancredi e Detti.

Segiero.

Il mio sospetto
Non fu vana paura: io vidi giunto
Di Procida al castello: ai nostri invano
Si contrasta l'ingresso, e scosso cede
Delle ferrate porte ogni ritegno
All'impeto francese: io del castello
Scendo nel tempio, e fra i sepolcri io trovo
Prigioniero Tancredi.

Imelda.

Oh Dio, che ascolto!

Procida.

(Il giuramento!)
(Accostandosi a Imelda.)

Segiero.

E poi mirai sul colle
Dalle soggette valli alzarsi al cielo
Nube di polve che guerrieri asconde,
Se Franchi sono: ad incontrargli è corso
Stuol fuggitivo dal castello.

Procida.

Amici,
(A parte ai congiurati.)
Ite a Gualtier: l'ora del sangue è giunta.

Drovetto.

Corri, vola, disperdigli: qui devi
Sollecito tornar: dissipa i vili
Il lampo solo dell'acciar francese.
Tu dell'ordita trama omai sapesti
Scomporre le fila: questo volgo è muto,
Che l'antica paura al cor gli torna,
Basto a frenarlo io sol (1). Figlio d'un prode,
Guerrier di Francia, in forza altrui venisti?
Come, perchè fra quelle mura?

Tancredi.

Io sono
Ad Imelda consorte.

Popolo.

Oh Ciel, fia vero!

Drovetto.

Perchè trema costei?... Sdegno, minacce
Il pallor sul tuo volto?... io non m'inganno,
Procida è qui: della tua sposa al padre
Tenta perdono, e vuoi sottrarlo a morte
Certa, crudele.

Tancredi.

(Ho mille affetti in guerra.)

Imelda.

Procida invan qui cerchi. Ah, s'ei vi fosse,
Io non tacerei: la pietà, l'amore
Lui non stringe al silenzio: ei mio consorte
Esser non può.

Tancredi.

Dopo sì lunghi affetti
Puoi lasciarmi, o crudele? eppur sei madre.

Palmiero.

Calunnia! ella arrossisce: a tutti è noto
Che d'Eriberto ei nacque, e come offeso
Fu Procida dall'empio: or può sua figlia
Esser moglie a un Francese?

Drovetto.

A me rivela
Chi Procida è di loro, e a te la schiava
O rendo, o dono.

Imelda.

Oh generoso! ei tace.
(A parte.)

Drovetto.

Meco verrà...

Tancredi.

Che tenti?...

Procida.

A questo colpo
Procida riconosci.
(Drovetto cade trafitto da Procida.)

Palmiero.

E teco pera
Il mentitor, l'iniquo. (Ferisce Tancredi.)

Imelda.

Oh Dio! t'arresta:
È mio pur troppo.

Tancredi.

O disumana Imelda...
Muoro per te... Donami almeno... l'estremo
Bacio d'amor...

Imelda.

Non deggio... a me fratello
Ti fa la madre.

Tancredi.

Oh Ciel!... che svela?... io spiro...

Imelda.

Oh Dio! l'uccisi, e mi accusava: io manco...
(Cade svenuta fra le braccia delle donne.)

Procida.

Popolo, amici: A che vi rende immoti
L'orror del fatto? Opra è d'un Franco, e nacque
Dal talamo oltraggiato: or sulla figlia
Pianger non deggio, e questo ferro inalzo;
I sacri bronzi udite, io grido il primo:
Mora il Francese, mora.

Scena VIII.

Gualtiero, uomini d'arme e Detti.

Gualtiero.

All'armi, all'armi!

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(1) Esce Segiero con soldati e comparisce Tancredi.

98.

Alessandro Manzoni.

Ebenfalls ein noch lebender Dichter. Mütterlicher Seite von dem berühmten Beccaria abstammend, ward er 1784 zu Mailand geboren, und machte sich schon früh durch gelungene Poesien bekannt. Goethe schätzte ihn bekanntlich so hoch, daß er einen Abdruck seiner Tragödien und lyrischen Poesien in Deutschland veranstaltete. Er hat zwei Tragödien: Il Conte di Carmagnola (wovon wir hier einen Act mittheilen) und Adelchi, einen historischen Roman: I promessi sposi und mehrere lyrische Poesien herausgegeben, welche neben bedeutendem Talente eine tiefe religiöse Empfindung offenbaren.

ATTO QUINTO.

Scena I.

Notte. Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci illuminata.

Il Doge, i Dieci e il Conte, seduti.

Doge. (Al conte.)

A questi patti offre la pace il duca:
Su ciò chiede il consiglio il parer vostro.

Conte.

Signori, un altro io ve ne diedi; e molto
Pronto allor vi parve. Io attenni in
parte
Quel che promesso avea: ma lunge ancora
Dalle parole è il fatto; ed or non voglio
Farle obliar però: sul labbro mio
Imprudente militar baldanza
Non le ponea. Di nuovo avviso or chiesto,
Altro non posso che ridirvi il primo.
Se intera e salda e risoluta guerra
Far disponete, ah! siete in tempo: e questa
La miglior scelta ancora. Ei vi abbandona
Bergamo e Brescia; — e non son vostre?
L'armi
Le han fatte vostre. Ei non può tanto
offrirvi,
Quanto sperar di torgli v'è concesso.
Sì, — da un guerrier che vi giura sua fede
Voi non volete altro che il ver — se il modo
Mutar di questa guerra a voi non piace,
Accettate gli accordi.

Doge.

Il parlar vostro
Accenna assai, ma poco spiega: un chiaro
Parer vi si domanda.

Conte.

Uditel dunque.
Sceglietevi un duce, o confidate in lui:
Tutto ei possa tentar; nulla si tenti
Senza di lui: largo poter gli date;
Stretto conto ei ne renda. Io non vi chieggo
Ch'io sia l'eletto; io dico sol che molto
Sperar non lice da chi tal non sia.

Mari.

Non l'eravate voi, quando i prigioni
Sciolti voleste, e il furo? Eppur la guerra
Più risoluta non si fea per questo,
Nè certa più. Duce e signor nel campo,
Forse concesso non l'avreste.

Conte.

Avrei.
Fatto di più: sotto alle mie bandiere
Venian quei prodi; e di Filippo il soglio
Vuoto or sarebbe, o sederiavi un altro.

Doge.

Vasti disegni avete.

Conte.

E l'adempirli
Sta in voi: se ancor nol son, n'è ragion sola
Che la man che il dovea sciolta non era.

Mari.

A noi si disse altra cagion: che il duca
Vi commosse a pietà, che l'odio atroce
Che già portaste al signor vostro antico
Sovra i presenti il rovesciaste intero.

Conte.

Questo vi fu riferto? Ella è sventura
Di chi regge gli stati udir con pace
La impudente menzogna, i turpi sogni
D'un vil di cui non degneria privato
Le parole ascoltar.

Mari.

Sventura è vostra
Che a tai riferto il vostro oprar s'accordi,
Che il rio linguaggio lo confermi, e il vero.

Conte.

Il vostro grado io riverisco in voi,
E questi generosi in mezzo a cui
V'ha posto il caso: e mi conforta almeno
Che il non mertato onor di che lor piacque
Cingere il loro capitan, lo stesso
Udirvi io qui, mostra ch'essi han di lui
Altro pensiero.

Doge.

Uno è il pensier di tutti.

Conte.

E qual?

Doge.

L'udiste.

Conte.

È del consiglio il voto
Quello che udii?

Doge.

Sì, il crederete al doge.

Conte.

Questo dubbio di me?...

Doge.

Già da gran tempo
Non è più dubbio.

Conte.

E m'invitaste a questo!
E taceste finor?

Doge.

Sì, per punirvi

Del tradimento, e non vi dar pretesti
Per consumarlo.

Conte.

Io traditor! Comincio
A comprendervi alfin: pur troppo altrui
Creder non volli. — Io traditor! Ma questo
Titolo infame infino a me non giunge:
Ei non è mio; chi l'ha meritato il tenga.
Ditemi stolto, il soffrirò, che il merto:
Tale è il mio posto qui, ma con null'altro
Il cangerei, ch'egli è il più degno ancora. —
Io guardo, io torno col pensier sul tempo
Ch'io fui vostro soldato: ella è una via
Sparsa di fior. Segnate il giorno in cui
Vi parvi un traditor! Ditemi un giorno
Che di grazie e di lodi e di promesse
Colmo non sia! Che più? Qui siedo; e quando
Io venni a questo che alto onor parea,
Quando più forte nel mio cor parlava
Fiducia, amor, riconoscenza, e zelo...
Fiducia no: pensa a fidarsi forse
Quei che invitato in fra gli amici arriva? —
Io veniva all'inganno! Ebben, ci caddi;
Ella è così. — Ma via — poichè gettato
È il finto volto del sorriso ormai,
Sia lode al ciel; siamo in un campo almeno
Che anch'io conosco. — A voi parlare or tocca,
E difendermi a me: dite, quai son
I tradimenti miei?

Doge.

Gli udrete or ora
Dal collegio segreto.

Conte.

Io lo ricuso.
Quel ch'io feci per voi, tutto lo feci
Alla luce del sol; renderne conto
Fra insidiose tenebre non voglio.
Giudice del guerrier, solo è il guerriero.
Voglio scolparmi a chi m'intenda; voglio
Che il mondo ascolti le difese, e veggia...

Doge.

Passato è il tempo di voler.

Conte.

Qui dunque
Mi si fa forza? Le mie guardie!
(Alzando la voce, va per uscire.)

Doge.

Sono
Lunge di qui. — Soldati! —
(Entrano genti armate.) Eccovi ormai
Le vostre guardie.

Conte.

Io son tradito!

Doge.

Un saggio
Pensier fu dunque il rimandarle: a torto
Non si stimò che, in suo tramar sorpreso,
Farsi ribelle un traditor potria.

Conte.

Anche un ribelle, sì, come v'aggrada
Omai potete favellar.

Doge.

Sia tratto
Al tribunal segreto.

Conte.

Un breve istante
Udite in pria. Voi risolveste, il veggio,
La morte mia; ma risolvete insieme
La vostra infamia eterna. Oltre l'antico
Confin l'insegna del leon si spiega
Su quelle torri, ove all'Europa è noto
Ch'io la piantai. Qui favelliamo, è vero;
Ma intorno a voi, dove non giunge il muto
Terror del vostro impero, ivi librato,
Ivi in note indelebili fia scritto
Il beneficio e la mercè. Pensate
Ai vostri annali, all'avvenir. Fra poco
Il dì verrà che d'un guerriero ancora
Uopo vi sia: — chi vorrà farsi il vostro?
Voi provocate la milizia. Or sono
In vostra forza, è ver; ma vi sovvenga
Ch'io non vi nacqui, che fra gente io nacqui
Bellicosa, concorde, usa gran tempo
A guardar come sua questa qualunque
Gloria d'un suo concittadin: non fia
Che straniera all'oltraggio ella si tenga.
Qui v'è un inganno: a ciò vi trasse un qualche
Vostro nemico e mio: voi non credete
Ch'io vi tradissi. È tempo ancora.

Doge.

È tardi.
Quando il delitto meditaste, e baldo
Affrontavate chi dovea punirlo,
Tempo era allor d'antiveggenza.

Conte.

Indegno!
Tu forse osasti di pensar che un prode
Pei giorni suoi tremava. Ah! tu vedrai
Come si muor. Va; quando l'ultim'ora
Ti coglierà sul vil tuo letto, incontro
Non le starai con quella fronte al certo,
Che a questa infame, a cui mi traggi, io porto.
(Parte il conte tra le genti armate.)

Scena II.

Casa del Conte.

Antonietta e Matilde.

Matilde.

Ecco l'aurora; e il padre ancor non giunge.

Antonietta.

Ah! tu nol sai per prova: lieti eventi

Tardi aspettati giungono, e non sempre.
Presta soltanto è la sventura, o figlia:
Intravveduta appena ella ci è sopra.
Ma la notte passò: le ore penose
Del dubbio più non son: fra pochi istanti
Quella del gaudio suonerà. Non puote
Ei più tardar; — da questo indugio io prendo
Un fausto augurio: il consultar sì a lungo
Tratto non han, che per fermar la pace. —
Ei sarà nostro; e per gran tempo.

Matilde.

O madre,
Anch'io lo spero. Assai di notti in pianto,
E di giorni in sospetto abbiam passati.
È tempo ormai che ad ogni istante, ad ogni
Novella, ad ogni susurrar del volgo
Più non si tremi, e all'alma combattuta
Quell'orrendo pensier più non ritorni,
Forse colui che sospirate or muore.

Antonietta.

Oh rio pensier! ma almen per ora è lunge.
Figlia, ogni gioia col dolor si compra.
Non ti sovvien quel dì che il tuo gran padre
Tornò in trionfo, infra i più grandi accolto,
Portò le insegne dei nemici al tempio?

Matilde.

Oh giorno!

Antonietta.

Ognun parea minor di lui.
L'aria sonava del suo nome, e noi
Scevre dal volgo, in alto loco intanto
Contemplavam quell'uno in cui rivolti
Eran tutti gli sguardi: inebriato
Il cor tremava, e ripetea: Siam sue.

Matilde.

Felici istanti!

Antonietta.

Che avevam noi fatto
Per meritarli? A questa gioia il cielo
Ci trascelse fra mille. — Il ciel ti scelse,
E ciel ti scrisse un sì gran nome in fronte...
Tal don ti fece, che a chiunque il rechi
Ne andria superbo. A quanta invidia è segno
La nostra sorte! E noi dobbiam scontarla
Con queste angosce.

Matilde.

Ah! son finite... ascolta;
Odo un batter di remi... ei cresce... ei cessa...
Si spalancan le porte... Ah! certo ei giunge;
O madre, io veggo un'armatura, e desso.

Antonietta.

Chi mai sarà, s'egli non fosse?... O sposo...

Scena III.

Gonzaga e Dette.

Antonietta.

Gonzaga!... ov'è il mio sposo? ov'è?...
Ma voi
Non rispondete? Oh cielo! il vostro aspetto
Annunzia una sventura.

Gonzaga.

A che pur troppo
Annunzia il vero!

Matilde.

A che sventura?

Gonzaga.

O donne!
Perchè un incarco sì crudel m'è imposto?

Antonietta.

Ah! voi volete esser pietoso, e siete
Crudel: tremar più non ci fate. In nome
Di Dio, parlate: ov'è il mio sposo?

Gonzaga.

Il cielo
Vi dia la forza d'ascoltarmi. Il conte...

Matilde.

Forse è tornato al campo?

Gonzaga.

A più non torna!
Egli è in disgrazia dei signori, è preso.

Antonietta.

Egli è preso! perchè?

Gonzaga.

Gli danno accusa
Di tradimento.

Antonietta.

Ei traditore!

Matilde.

Oh padre!

Antonietta.

Or via; seguite: preparate al tutto
Siam noi; che gli faran?

Gonzaga.

Dal labbro mio
Voi non l'udrete.

Antonietta.

Ahi! l'hanno ucciso.

Gonzaga.

Ei vive;
Ma la sentenza è proferita.

Antonietta.

Ei vive?
Non pianger, figlia, or che d'oprare è il tempo.
Gonzaga, per pietà, non vi stancate
Della nostra sventura: il ciel vi affida
Due derelitte. — Ei v'era amico: — andiamo;
Siateci scorta ai giudici. Vien meco,
Poverella innocente: oh! vieni — in terra
V'è ancor pietà — son sposi e padri anch'essi.
Mentre scrivean l'empia sentenza, in mente
Non venne lor ch'egli era sposo e padre. —
Quando vedran di che dolor cagione
È una parola di lor bocca uscita,
Ne fremeranno anch'essi; ah! non potranno

Non ricordarla — del dolor l'aspetto
È terribile all'uom. — Forse sprezzarne
Quei prodi non degnar, rammentar loro
Quel che per esso oprò; noi rammentarlo
Sapremo. — Ah! certo ei non pregò; ma noi,
Noi pregheremo.

Gonzaga.

Oh ciel! perchè non posso
Lasciarvi almeno questa speranza! A preghi
Loco non v'è: qui i giudici son sordi,
Implacabili — ignoti: il fulmin piomba,
La man che il vibra è nelle nubi ascosa.
Solo un conforto v'è concesso, il tristo
Conforto di vederlo, ed io vel reco.
Ma il tempo incalza. — Fate cor; tremenda
È la prova; ma il Dio degl'infelici
Sarà con voi.

Matilde.

Non v'è speranza?

Antonietta.

Oh figlia!

Scena IV.

Prigione.

Il Conte.

Conte.

A quest'ora il sapranno. — Oh perchè almeno
Lungi da lor non muoio! Orrendo, è vero,
Lor giungeria l'annunzio; ma varcata
L'ora solenne del dolor saria; —
E adesso innanzi ella ci sta: bisogna
Gustarla a sorsa, e insieme. — O campi aperti!
O sol diffuso! O strepito dell'armi!
O gioia dei perigli! O trombe! O grida
Dei combattenti! O mio destrier! Tra voi
Era bello il morir. — Ma — ripugnante
Vo dunque incontro al mio destin, forzato,
Siccome un reo, spargendo in sulla via
Voti impotenti e misere querele? —
E Marco, anch'ei m'avria tradito? O vile
Sospetto! ah dubbio! oh potess'io deporlo
Pria di morir! — Ma no — che val di nuovo
Affacciarsi alla vita, e indietro ancora
Volgere il guardo ove non lice il passo? —
E tu, Filippo, ne godrai? — Che importa?
Io le provai quest'empie gioie anch'io:
Quel che vagliono or so. — Ma rivederle!
Ma i lor gemiti udir! L'ultimo addio
Da quelle voci udir! Fra quelle braccia
Ritrovarmi, e — staccarmene per sempre!
Eccole! O Dio, manda, dal ciel sovr'esse
Un guardo di pietà.

Scena V.

Antonietta, Matilde, Gonzaga e il Conte.

Antonietta.

Mio sposo!...

Matilde.

Oh padre!

Antonietta.

Così ritorni a noi? Questo è il momento
Bramato tanto?...

Conte.

O misere! sa il cielo
Che per voi sole ei m'è tremendo. Avvezzo
Io son da lungo a contemplar la morte,
E ad aspettarla. Ah! sol per voi bisogno
Ho di coraggio; e voi — voi non vorrete
Tormelo, è vero? Allor che Iddio sui buoni
Fa cader la sciagura, ei dona ancora
Il cor di sostenerla. Ah! pari il vostro
Alla sciagura or sia. — Godiam di questo
Abbracciamento: è un don del cielo anch'esso.
Figlia, tu piangi? e tu consorte?... Ah! quando
Ti feci mia, sereni i giorni tuoi
Scorreano in pace; — io ti chiamai compagna
Del mio tristo destin: questo pensiero
Mi avvelena il morir. Deh ch'io non veggia
Quanto per me sei sventurata!

Antonietta.

O sposo,
De' miei bei dì, tu che la festa, il core
Vedesti; io muoio di dolor: ma pure
Bramar non posso di non esser tua.

Conte.

Sposa, il sapea quel che in te perdo — ed ora
Non far che troppo il senta.

Matilde.

O gli omicidi!

Conte.

No, mia dolce Matilde; il tristo grido
Della vendetta e del rancor non sorga
Dall'innocente animo tuo, non turbi
Questi istanti: — son sacri. È grande il torto;
Ma perdona, e vedrai che in mezzo ai mali
Un'alta gioia ancor rimane. — La morte!
Il più crudel nemico altro non puote
Che accelerarla. — Oh! gli uomini non hanno
Inventata la morte: ella saria
Rabbiosa, insopportabile: — dal cielo
Ella ne viene, e l'accompagna il cielo
Con tal conforto, che nè dar nè torre
Gli uomini ponno. — O sposa, o figlia! — udite
Le mie parole estreme: amare, il veggio,
Vi piombano sul cor; un giorno avrete
Qualche dolcezza a rammentarle insieme.
Tu, sposa vivi — il dolor vinci, e vivi;

Questa infelice orba non sia del tutto;
Fuggi da questa terra, e tosto ai suoi
La riconduci — ella è lor sangue — ad essi
Tosto si cara un dì; — consorte poscia
Del lor nemico, il fosti men; le crude
Ire di stato avversi fean gran tempo
De' Carmagnola e de' Visconti il nome. —
Ma tu riedi infelice; il tristo oggetto
Dell' odio è tolto: — è un gran pacier la morte.
E tu, tenero fior, tu che fra l'armi
A rallegrare il mio pensier venivi, —
Tu chini il capo; — ah! la tempesta rugge
Sopra di te — tu tremi, ed al singulto
Più non reggi il tuo sen — sento sul petto
Le tue infocate lagrime cadermi;
E tergerle non posso; a me tu sembri
Chieder pietà, Matilde; ah! nulla il padre
Può far per te; — ma pei deserti in cielo
V'è un padre, il sai. — Confida in esso, e vivi
Ai dì tranquilli se non lieti: ei certo
Te li destina. Ah! perchè mai versato
Tutto il torrente dell' angoscia avria
Sul tuo mattin, se non serbasse il resto
Tutta la sua pietà? — Vivi, e consola
Questa dolente madre. — Oh ch' ella un giorno
A un degno sposo ti conduca in braccio! —
Gonzaga, io t'offro questa man che spesso
Stringesti il dì della battaglia, e quando
Dubbi eravam di rivederci a sera.
Vuoi tu stringerla ancora, e la tua fede
Darmi, che scorta e difensor sarai
Di queste donne, infin che sien rendute
Ai lor congiunti?

Gonzaga.
Io tel prometto.

Conte.
Or sono
Contento. E quindi, se tu riedi al campo,
Saluta i miei fratelli, e di' lor ch' io
Moro innocente; testimon tu fosti
Dell' opre mie, de' miei pensieri, — e il sai.
Di' lor che il brando io non macchiai coll' onta
D' un tradimento — io nol macchiai: — son io
Tradito — E quando squilleran le trombe,
Quando le insegne agiteranse al vento
Dona un pensiero al tuo compagno antico,
E il dì che segue alla battaglia, quando
Sul campo della strage il sacerdote
Fra il suon lugubre, alzi le palme offrendo
Il sacrificio per gli estinti al cielo,
Ricordati di me, che anch' io credea
Morir sul campo.

Antonietta.
Oh Dio, pietà di noi!

Conte.
Sposa, Matilde, omai vicina è l'ora;
Convien lasciarvi — addio.

Matilde.
No, padre...

Conte.
Ancora
Una volta venite a questo seno,
E per pietà partite.

Antonietta.
Ah no! dovranno
Staccarci a forza.

(Si ode uno strepito di armati)

Matilde.
Oh qual fragor!

Antonietta.
Gran Dio!

(Si apre la porta di mezzo, e si affacciano genti armate, il capo di essi avanza verso il conte; le due donne cadono svenute.)

Conte.
O Dio pietoso, tu le involi a questo
Crudel momento; io ti ringrazio. — Amico,
Tu le soccorri, a questo infausto loco
Le togli; e quando rivedran la luce,
Di' lor — che nulla da temer più resta.

Inni Sacri.

La Risurrezione.

È risorto: or come a morte
La sua preda fu ritolta?
Come ha vinte le atre porte,
Come è salvo un' altra volta
Quei che giacque in forza altrui?
Io lo giuro per Colui
Che da' morti il suscitò,
È risorto: il capo santo
Più non posa nel sudario:
È risorto: da l'un canto
De l'avello solitario
Sta il coperchio rovesciato:
Come un forte inebriato
Il Signor si risvegliò.
Come a mezzo del cammino,
Riposata a la foresta
Si risente il pellegrino,
E si scote da la testa
Una foglia inaridita,
Che dal ramo dipartita,
Lenta lenta vi restò;
Tale il marmo inoperoso,
Che premea l'arca scavata,
Gittò via quel Vigoroso,
Quando l'anima tornata
Dalla squallida vallea
Al divino che tacea:
Sorgi, disse, io son con te.

Che parola si diffuse
Fra i sepolti d'Israele!
Il Signor le porte ha schiuse!
Il Signor, l'Emmanuele!
O sepolti in aspettando
È finito il nostro bando:
Egli è desso, il Redentor.
Pria di Lui nel regno eterno
Che mortal sarebbe asceso?
A rapirvi al muto inferno,
Vecchi padri, Egli è disceso:
Il sospir del tempo antico,
Il terror de l'inimico,
Il promesso Vincitor.
Ai mirabili Veggenti,
Che narrarono il futuro,
Come il padre ai figli intenti
Narra i casi che già furo,
Si mostrò quel sommo Sole,
Che parlando in lor parole,
Alla terra Iddio giurò:
Quando Aggeo, quando Isaia
Mallevaro al mondo intero
Che il Bramato un dì verria,
Quando assorto in suo pensiero
Lesse i giorni numerati,
E de gli anni ancor non nati
Daniel si ricordò.
Era l'alba, e molli il viso
Maddalena e l'altre donne
Fean lamento in su l'Ucciso;
Ecco tutta di Sionne
Si commosse la pendice;
E la scolta insultatrice
Di spavento tramortì.
Un estranio giovinetto
Si posò sul monumento:
Era folgore l'aspetto,
Era neve il vestimento:
A la mesta che 'l richiese
Diè risposta quel cortese:
È risorto: non è qui.
Via coi palli disadorni
Lo squallor de la viola:
L'oro usato a splender torni:
Sacerdote, in bianca stola,
Esca ai grandi ministeri,
Tra la luce dei doppieri
Il Risorto ad annunziar.
Da l'altar si mosse un grido:
Godi, o Donna alma del cielo,
Godi, il Dio cui festi nido
A vestirsi il nostro velo,
È risorto, come il disse:
Per noi prega: Egli prescrisse,
Che sia legge il tuo pregar.
O fratelli, il santo rito
Sol di gaudio oggi ragiona,
Oggi è giorno di convito;
Oggi esulta ogni persona:
Non è madre che sia schiva
De la spoglia più festiva
I suoi bamboli vestir.
Sia frugal del ricco il pasto;
Ogni mensa abbia i suoi doni;
E il tesor, negato al fasto
Di superbe imbandigioni,
Scorra amico a l'umil tetto;
Faccia il desco poverello
Più ridente oggi apparir.
Lunge il grido e la tempesta
De' tripudii inverecondi:
L'allegrezza non è questa
Di che i giusti son giocondi;
Ma pacata in suo contegno,
Ma celeste, come segno
De la gioia che verrà.
Oh beati! a lor più bello
Spunta il sol de' giorni sacri:
Ma che fia di chi rubello
Torse, ahi stolto! i passi alacri
Ne la strada de l'errore?
Chi s'affida nel Signore
Col Signor risorgerà.

Il nome di Maria.

Tacita un giorno a non so qual pendice
Salia d'un fabbro nazareno la sposa;
Salia non vista a la magion felice
D'una pregnante annosa;
E detto salve a lei, che in riverenti
Accoglienze onorò l'inaspettata,
Dio lodando sclamò: tutte le genti
Mi chiameran beata.
Deh! con che scherno udito avria i lontani
Presagi allor l'età superba! Oh tardo
Nostro consiglio! oh degl'intenti umani
Antiveder bugiardo!
Noi testimoni che a la tua parola
Obbediente l'avvenir rispose,
Noi serbati a l'amor, nati a la scola
De le celesti cose,
Noi sappiamo, o Maria, ch'Ei solo attenne
L'alta promessa che da Te s'udia,
Ei che in cor la ti pose: a noi solenne
È il nome tuo, Maria.
A noi Madre di Dio quel nome suona,
Salve beata; che s'agguagli ad esso
Qual fu mai nome di mortal persona,
O che gli vegna appresso?
Salve beata: in quale età scortese
Quel sì caro a ridir nome si tacque?
E qual dal padre il figlio non l'apprese?
Quai monti mai, quali acque
Non l'udiro invocar? La terra antica
Non porta sola i templi tuoi, ma quella
Che il Genovese divinò, nutrica
I tuoi cultori anch'ella.

In che lande selvagge, oltre quai mari
Di sì barbaro nome fior si coglie,
Che non conosca de' tuoi miti altari
Le benedette soglie?
O Vergine, o Signora, o Tuttasanta,
Che bei nomi ti serba ogni loquela!
Più d'un popol superbo esser si vanta
In tua gentil tutela.
Te quando sorge, e quando cade il die,
E quando il Sole a mezzo corso il parte,
Saluta il bronzo, che le turbe pie
Invita ad onorarte.
Ne le paure de la veglia bruna
Te noma il fanciulletto; a Te tremante
Quando ingrossa ruggendo la fortuna,
Ricorre il navigante.
La femminetta nel tuo sen regale
La sua spregiata lagrima depone,
E a te, beata, de la sua immortale
Alma gli affanni espone;
A Te, che i preghi ascolti e le querele,
Non come suole il mondo; nè de gl'imi
E dei grandi il dolor col suo crudele
Discernimento estimi.
Tu pur, beata, un dì provasti il pianto;
Nè il dì verrà che d'obblianza il copra:
Anco ogni giorno se ne parla; e tanto
Secol vi corse sopra!
Anco ogni giorno se ne parla e plora
In mille parti: d'ogni tuo contento
Teco la terra si rallegra ancora,
Come di fresco evento.
Tanto d'ogni laudata esser la prima
Di Dio la Madre ancor quaggiù dovea;
Tanto piacque al Signor di porre in cima
Questa fanciulla ebrea!
O prole d'Israello, o ne l'estremo
Caduta, e da sì lunga ira contrita,
Non è Costei che in onor tanto avemo
Di vostra gente uscita?
Non è Davidde il ceppo suo? con Lei
Era il pensier de' vostri antiqui Vati,
Quando annunziaro, verginal trofei
Sovra l'inferno alzati.
Deh! alfin nosco invocate il suo gran nome,
Salve, dicendo, o de gli afflitti scampo,
Inclita come il Sol, terribil come
Oste schierata in campo.

Il Natale

Qual masso, che dal vertice
Di lunga erta montana,
Abbandonato a l'impeto
Di romorosa frana,
Per lo scheggiato calle,
Precipitando a valle,
Batte sul fondo e sta;
Là dove cadde, immobile
Giace in sua lenta mole;
Nè per mutar di secoli
Fia che rivegga il Sole
De la sua cima antica,
Se una virtude amica
In alto nol trarrà:
Tal si giaceva il misero
Figliuol del fallo primo,
Dal dì che una ineffabile
Ira promessa a l'imo
D'ogni malor gravollo,
Onde il superbo collo
Più non potea levar.
Qual mai fra i nati a l'odio,
Quale era mai persona,
Che al Santo inaccessibile
Potesse dir: perdona?
Far novo patto eterno?
Al vincitore inferno
La preda sua strappar?
Ecco ci è nato un Parvolo,
Ci fu largito un Figlio:
Le avverse forze tremano,
Al mover del suo ciglio:
A l'uom la mano Ei porge,
Che si ravviva, e sorge
Oltre l'antico onor.
Da le magioni eterie
Sgorga una fonte, e scende;
E nel borron dei triboli
Vivida si distende:
Stillano mele i tronchi:
Ove copriano i bronchi,
Ivi germoglia il fior.
O Figlio, o Tu cui genera
L'Eterno eterno seco,
Qual ti può dir dei secoli:
Tu cominciasti meco?
Tu sei: del vasto empiro
Non ti comprende il giro:
La tua parola il fe'.
E Tu degnasti assumere
Questa creata argilla?
Qual merto suo, qual grazia
A tanto onor sortilla?
Se in suo consiglio ascoso
Vince il perdon, pietoso
Immensamente Egli è.
Oggi Egli è nato; ad Efrata,
Vaticinato ostello,
Ascese un'alma Vergine,
La gloria d'Israello,
Grave di tal portato:
Da chi 'l promise è nato;
Dond'era atteso uscì.
La mira Madre in poveri
Panni il Figliuol compose,
E ne l'umil presepio
Soavemente il pose;
E l'adorò; beata!

Innanzi al Dio prostrata,
Che il puro sen le aprì.
L'Angiol del cielo a gli uomini,
Nunzio di tanta sorte,
Non dei potenti volgesi
A le vegliate porte;
Ma fra i pastor devoti,
Al duro mondo ignoti,
Subito in luce appar.
E intorno a lui, per l'ampia
Notte calati a stuolo,
Mille celesti strinsero
Il fiammeggiante velo,
E accesi in dolce zelo,
Come si canta in cielo,
A Dio gloria cantar.
L'allegro inno seguirono,
Tornando al firmamento;
Fra le varcate nuvole
Allontanossi, e lento
Il suon sacrato ascese,
Fin che più nulla intese
La compagnia fedel.
Senza indugiar, cercarono
L'albergo poveretto
Quei fortunati, e videro,
Siccome a lor fu detto,
Videro in panni avvolto,
In un presepe accolto
Vagire il Re del Ciel.
Dormi, o Fanciul, non piangere;
Dormi, o Fanciul Celeste;
Sovra il tuo capo stridere
Non osin le tempeste,
Use su l'empia terra,
Come cavalli in guerra,
Correr dinanzi a Te.
Dormi, o Celeste: i popoli
Chi nato sia non sanno;
Ma il dì verrà che nobile
Retaggio Tuo saranno;
Che in quell'umil riposo,
Che ne la polve ascoso
Conosceranno il Re.

La Passione.

O tementi de l'ira ventura,
Cheti e gravi oggi al tempio moviamo,
Come gente che pensi a sventura,
Che improvviso s'intese annunziar.
Non s'aspetti di squilla il richiamo;
Nol concede il mestissimo rito;
Qual di donna che piange il marito,
È la vesta del vedovo altar.
Cessan gl'inni e i misteri beati,
Fra cui scende, per mistica via,
Sotto l'ombra dei panni mutati,
L'Ostia viva di pace e d'amor.
S'ode un carme; l'antico Isaia
Profferì questo sacro lamento,
In quel dì che un divino spavento
Gli affannava il fatidico cor.
Di chi parli, o Veggente di Giuda?
Chi è costui, che dinanzi a l'Eterno,
Spunterà come tallo da nuda
Terra, lunge da fonte vital?
Questo fiacco pasciuto di scherno,
Che la faccia si copre d'un velo,
Come fosse un percosso dal cielo,
Il novissimo d'ogni mortal?
Egli è il Giusto che i vili han tradito,
Ma tacente, ma senza tenzone;
Egli è il Giusto; e di tutti il delitto
Il Signor sul suo capo versò.
Egli è il Santo, il predetto Sansone,
Che morendo francheggia Israele,
Che, volente, alla sposa infedele
La fortissima chioma lasciò.
Quei che siede sui cerchi divini,
E d'Adamo si fece figliuolo;
Nè sdegnò coi fratelli tapini
Il funesto retaggio partir;
Volle l'onte, e ne l'anima il duolo,
E le angosce di morte sentire,
E il terror che seconda il fallire,
Ei che mai non conobbe il fallir.
La repulsa al suo prego sommesso,
L'abbandono del Padre sostenne;
Oh spavento! l'orribile amplesso
D'un amico spergiuro soffrì.
Ma simile quell'alma divenne
A la notte de l'uomo omicida:
Di quel sangue sol ode le grida;
E s'accorge che sangue tradì.
Oh spavento! lo stuol dei beffardi
Baldo insulta a quel volto divino,
Ove intender non osan gli sguardi
Gl'irreprensibili figli del ciel.
Come l'ebbro desidera il vino,
Ne l'offese quell'odio s'irrita;
E al maggior dei delitti gl'invita
Del delitto la gioia crudel.
Ma chi fosse quel tacito reo,
Che dinanzi al suo seggio profano
Strascinava il protervo Giudeo,
Come vittima innanzi a l'altar,
Non lo seppe il superbo Romano;
Ma fe' stima il debile potente
Che giovasse col sangue innocente
La sua vil sicurtade comprar.
Su nel cielo in sua doglia raccolto
Giunse il suono d'un prego esecrando:
I celesti copersero il volto:
Disse Iddio: qual chiedete sarà.
E quel Sangue dai padri imprecato
Su la misera prole ancor cade,
Che mutata d'etade in etade
Scosso ancor dal suo capo non l'ha.

Ecco appena sul letto nefando
Quell'Afflitto depose la fronte,
E un altissimo grido levando,
Il supremo sospiro mandò;
Gli uccisori esultanti in sul monte
Di Dio l'ira già grande minaccia;
Già da l'ardue vedette s'affaccia,
Quasi accenni, fra poco verrò.
O gran Padre! per Lui che s'immola,
Taccia alfine quell'ira tremenda;
E dei ciechi l'insana parola
Volgi in meglio, pietoso Signor,
Sì, quel Sangue sovr'essi discenda,
Ma sia pioggia di mite lavacro;
Tutti errammo: di tutti quel sacro
Santo Sangue cancelli l'error.
E tu, Madre, che immota vedesti
Un tal figlio morir su la croce,
Per noi prega, o regina dei mesti,
Che il possiam in sua gloria veder;
Che i dolori, onde il secolo atroce
Fa dei buoni più tristo l'esiglio,
Misti al santo patir del tuo figlio,
Ci sien pegno d'eterno goder.

La Pentecoste.

Madre dei Santi, immagine
Della città superna;
Del Sangue incorruttibile
Conservatrice eterna;
Tu, che da tanti secoli
Soffri, combatti e preghi,
Che le tue tende spieghi
Dall'uno all'altro mar;
Campo di quei che sperano,
Chiesa del Dio vivente;
Dov'eri mai? qual angolo
Ti raccoglea nascente,
Quando il tuo re, dai perfidi
Tratto a morir sul colle,
Imporporò le zolle
Del suo sublime altar?
E allor che dalle tenebre
La diva salma uscita,
Mise il potente anelito
Della seconda vita;
E quando, in man recandosi
Il prezzo del perdono,
Da questa polve al trono
Del Genitor salì;
Compagna del suo gemito,
Conscia de' suoi misteri,
Tu, della sua vittoria
Figlia immortal, dov'eri?
In tuo terror sol vigile,
Sol nell'obblio secura,
Stavi in riposte mura,
Fino a quel sacro dì,
Quando su te lo Spirito
Rinnovator discese,
E l'inconsunta fiaccola
Nella tua destra accese;
Quando, segnal de' popoli,
Ti collocò sul monte;
E ne' tuoi labbri il fonte
Della parola aprì.
Come la luce rapida
Piove di cosa in cosa,
E i color varii suscita,
Ovunque si riposa;
Tal risonò moltiplice
La voce dello Spiro:
L'Arabo, il Parto, il Siro
In suo sermon l'udì.
Adorator degl'idoli,
Sparso per ogni lido;
Volgi lo sguardo a Solima,
Odi quel santo grido:
Stanca del vile ossequio,
La terra a Lui ritorni:
E voi che aprite i giorni
Di più felice età.
Spose, cui desta il subito
Balzar del pondo ascoso,
Voi già vicine a sciogliere
Il grembo doloroso;
Alla bugiarda pronuba
Non sollevate il canto;
Cresce serbato al Santo
Quel che nel sen vi sta.
Perchè, baciando i pargoli,
La schiava ancor sospira?
E il sen che nutre i liberi
Invidiando mira?
Non sa che al regno i miseri
Seco il Signor solleva?
Che a tutti i figli d'Eva
Nel suo dolor pensò?
Nova franchigia annunziano
I cieli, e genti nove;
Nove conquiste e glorie
Vinte in più belle prove;
Nova, ai terrori immobile
E alle lusinghe infide,
Pace, che il mondo irride,
Ma che rapir non può.
O Spirto! supplichevoli
Ai tuoi solenni altari;
Soli per selve inospite;
Vaghi in deserti mari;
Dall'Ande algenti al Libano,
Da Iberna all'irta Haiti,
Sparsi per tutti i liti,
Ma d'un cor solo in Te,
Noi t'imploriam! Placabile
Spirto discendi ancora,
Ai tuoi cultor propizio,
Propizio a chi t'ignora;

Scendi e ricrea: rianima
I cor nel dubbio estinti;
E sia divino ai vinti
Il Vincitor mercè.
Discendi, Amor; negli animi
L'ire superbe attuta;
Dona i pensier, che il memore
Uomo di sè non muta:
I doni tuoi benefica
Nutra la tua virtude;
Siccome il Sol che schiude
Dal pigro germe il fior;
Che lento poi su le umide
Erbe morrà non colto,
Nè sorgerà con fulgido
Color del lembo sciolto,
Se fisso a lui nell'etere
Non tornerà quel mite
Lume, dator di vite,
E infaticato altor.
Noi t'imploriam! Nei languidi
Pensier dell'infelice,
Scendi pietoso alito,
Aura consolatrice;
Scendi lenta ai tumidi
Pensier del violento;
Vi spira uno sgomento
Che insegna la pietà.
Ver Te sollevi il povero
Al ciel, ch'è suo, le ciglia;
Volga i lamenti in giubilo,
Pensando a Cui somiglia;
Cui fu donato in copia
Doni con volto amico,
Con quel tacer pudico,
Che accetto il don ti fa.
Spira dei nostri bamboli
Nell'ineffabil riso;
Spargi la casta porpora
Alle donzelle in viso;
Manda alle ascose vergini
Le pure gioie ascose;
Consacra delle spose
Il verecondo amor.
Tempra dei baldi giovani
Il confidente ingegno;
Reggi il viril proposito
Ad infallibil segno;
Adorna la canizie
Di liete voglie sante;
Brilla nel guardo errante
Di chi sperando muor.

99.

Gaetano Polidori.

Ein noch lebender Dichter. Er stammte aus Bientina im Toscanischen, war in seiner Jugend Secretär Alfieri's, den er auf Reisen begleitete, und begab sich dann nach London als Lehrer der italienischen Sprache und Literatur, wo er noch verweilt. Von ihm erschienen außer sprachwissenschaftlichen Arbeiten, Novellen, einem Romane und einer Uebersetzung der kleineren Gedichte Miltons, zwei Trauerspiele und sehr gelungene Fabeln.

La Farfalla.

Egli è ver ch'io v'ho promesso,
O gentil Mariannuccia,
Raccontar l'aspro successo
D'una vaga Farfalluccia;
Ma d'inverno la mia Musa
Nel canton del focolare
Sen sta sempre a bocca chiusa
Senza mai voler parlare.
Ed io scrivere non oso
S'ella a me non detta i carmi,
Onde tardo e pensoso
Ho finor dovuto starmi.
Alla fin verde e fiorita
Primavera è ritornata,
E la Musa mia gradita
Di parlarmi s'è degnata.
Dunque, amabil donzelletta,
La mia favola ascoltate,
E se poco vi diletta,
La mia Musa ne incolpate.
Azzurrina, bruna e gialla,
Pazzarella, vanarella,
Una semplice Farfalla
Lusingavasi esser bella.
E se 'l suo dorato fiore
L'Elitropio a lei girava,
Che per lei languia d'amore
Colle amiche si vantava.
Quando i fiori ella vedeva
Pel calore ai suol curvati;
Mira, mira, ella diceva;
Di me sono innamorati.
E credea che gli augelletti
In sua lode gorgheggiassero;
Che ruscelli e zeffiretti
Per piacerle mormorassero;
Ma una sera, una facella
Non lontan vedendo accesa,
Corse e disse: Ecco una stella
Che per me dal cielo è scesa.
V'ha per caso accanto a lei
La sua mamma, e sì le dice:
Pazzarella che tu sei!
Se ti accosti, oh te infelice!
Varie ho visto a splendor tale
Svolazzar Farfalle attorno,
Ch'alla fin bruciarsi le ale,
E perdere i rai del giorno.
Ma la figlia, inebriata
Di se stessa, corre ardita:

Crede rendersi beata,
E vi resta incenerita.
„Non fidarti, Marinaro,
Di fantasma lusinghiero,
Perchè il falso spesso inganna
Coll' immagine del vero."

La Lodola e il Pavone.

D' un contadin presso alla casa un giorno
La Lodola era scesa, e passeggiava.
Ivi un Pavon di vaghe penne adorno
Superbo dispiegava
La coda che si apprezza
Da ciascheduno per la sua bellezza.
Ei presso a sè la Lodola vedendo
Disse: Come osi tu, vile augelletto,
Mostrarti qui dove le penne io stendo?
Lungi dal mio cospetto
Se tosto non ten vai,
Il rigor del mio becco proverai.
Nobile e vago augello di Giunone,
Gli rispose la Lodola: tu sei
Oggetto agli occhi altrui d' ammirazione;
Ma son giusti gli Dei,
Perch' essi hanno a me dato
Dei pregi ch' al Pavone hanno negato.
Io son vile augelletto, eppure ho il vanto
D' innalzarmi nell' aria col mio volo,
E di piacere altrui col dolce canto.
Tu non sorgi dal suolo,
E con quel tuo lucente
Manto, il tuo grido fa fuggir la gente.
„Rappresenta il Pavon l' uomo ignorante
Che solo vanta ricchi abbigli ed oro;
Il modesto augelletto è l' uom prestante,
Il cui solo decoro
È il saper e dottrina
Che niun può torgli, e sempre si raffina."

La Capra ed il Leone.

Un Leone affamato
S' era molto aggirato
In cerca di bestiame
Per satollar sua fame,
E molto si dolea
Della sua sorte rea,
Perchè in vano cercava,
E nulla mai trovava.
Al fin sotto un dirupo,
In luogo basso e cupo
Ei giunse, e in alto starsi
Ei vide a pascolarsi
Di rami tenerelli
Tra piccioli arboscelli
Una Capra; ma tale
È il loco, che senz' ale
Degli animali il re
Possibile non è
D' ascendere colà
Dove la Capra sta.
Per brama di chiapparla,
Ucciderla e mangiarla,
E pensa con ingegno
Por fine al suo disegno.
A lei dunque rivolto
Con amichevol volto,
Prima la salutò,
E poi così parlò:
Amica, io son sicuro
Che hai cibo amaro e duro
Costà dove tu stai,
Ma se scender vorrai,
Di salci e d' erbe tenere
E di timo odorifero
Avrai qui miglior pascolo,
Ed in grande abbondanza
In fresca ombrosa stanza.
Ed anche è qui un ruscello
Limpido, fresco e bello,
Che par che mormorando,
Egli vada invitando
A bever di sue linfe
Uomini, belve e Ninfe.
La Capra l' intenzione
Scorgendo del Leone,
Con sardonico riso
Ad esso volge il viso,
E dice: Grand' onore
È certo quel favore
Il qual dei bruti il re
Si degna fare a me
Con quel suo dolce invito
Che molto m' è gradito;
Ma zoppa io sono, e scendere
Non posso d' esto masso
Per qui venire a basso.
Oltre di ciò non fia
Che vana tanto io sia
Da creder mi convegna
Compagnia tanto degna.
Di fresca stanza ombrosa
Non son desiderosa,
E a me porge diletto
Del sole il vago aspetto.
Tu i salci e l' erbe tenere,
Ed il timo odorifero,
Ed il fresco ruscello
Così limpido e bello
Godili pur sicuro:
Io qui mi voglio pascere
Di cibo amaro e duro.
Il Leone affamato
Vedendosi burlato,
Si mosse a capo basso,
Volgendo altrove il passo.
„Insegna questa Favola
A non esser sì facile

Ad accettar gl' inviti
Degli uomini scaltriti;
Che amici sol si mostrano
Per lor seconde mire,
O per altrui tradire."

100.

Poetesse viventi.

Wir schliessen die Reihenfolge italienischer Dichter mit den Poesien einiger noch lebenden Dichterinnen, die sich durch Anmuth, Grazie und Gefühl auszeichnen, über deren Lebensumstände wir jedoch nicht im Stande sind nähere Angaben, als die ihrer Wohnorte mitzutheilen. — Nur bei Rosa Taddei bemerken wir, dass sie auch als Improvisatrice sich grossen Ruhm erworben hat.

C. de Luna Folliero,

da Napoli.

Cantilena.

Per la mia Giulietta in Culla.

Alta è la notte; in questo muto loco
Solo dell' aura il querelar si sente,
E cupo va malinconioso e roco
La valle ammantando il rio cadente.
Dagli archi immensi del nubilo cielo
Mezzo velata la bicorne luna,
Con gl' infecondi suoi raggi di gelo
Tinge in mesto pallor la terra bruna.
Chiudi, deh, chiudi in dolce oblio que' rai,
Che nel mio duol beata amor mi fanno,
Chi sa se un dì, bell' amor mio, saprai
Quante cure mi costi e quanto affanno?
D' allor che il caro tuo vagito intesi,
E amor languente il primo mio tesoro
Mi strinsi in te, quando a soffrire appresi,
Tanto viscere mie d' allor t' adoro.
Tu riposavi placida giacente
Fra le materne mie braccia amorose,
E un lieve riso angelico, innocente
D' Ebe sul volto ti spargea le rose.
Chiudi, deh, chiudi in dolce oblio que' rai,
Che nel mio duol beata amor mi fanno;
Chi sa se un dì, bell' amor mio, saprai
Quante cure mi costi e quanto affanno!
Talor se penso ai miei martiri e fremo
Si dolce idea! che per me vivi e spiri,
Quasi un altr' alma io ti trasfondo in seno,
Ricerco fra le tue labbra i miei sospiri.
E i biondi, olenti, anellati crini,
I vezzosetti tuoi lumi vivaci,
Le vaghe membra rosee ed alabastrine
Copro ebbra di carezze e baci.
Chiudi, deh, chiudi in dolce oblio que' rai
Che nel mio duol beata amor mi fanno;
Chi sa se un dì, bell' amor mio, saprai
Quante cure mi costi e quanto affanno?
Ebbra di gioja in quel divino istante,
In te rapir, vivere in te mi sento;
Tu cara parte di quest' alma amante
Rivesti di delizie ogni tormento.
Tu .... ma che vuoi? le tenerelle braccia
Mi allunghi al collo vezzeggiando, e ridi?
Deh, sorgi e vieni, e la tua madre abbraccia,
E le dolcezze sue seco dividi!
Non chiuder, no, fissa ne' miei que' rai,
Che nel mio duol beata amor mi fanno;
Chi sa se un dì, bell' amor mio, saprai
Quante cure mi costi e quanto affanno?

C. Franceschi Ferrucci,

Da Narni.

Inno al Sole.

Oh quanto il ciel di bel sereno adorno
Dal balzo oriental brilla ridente!
Fuggite, o stelle; il sol ne rende il giorno.
Già il canoro usignuol innamorato
A disfogar comincia il suo dolore;
Già i fiori e l' erbe risveglia nel prato
L' auretta annunziatrice dell' albore;
Apre natura al nuovo lume un riso;
Tutto prende nel suol luce e colore.
Salve, o grande astro, che fiammeggi assiso
Sovra igneo soglio nell' eterea volta,
E se' raggio fra noi del paradiso!
Tu nel posto non muti, e stando immoto
Rege degli astri, liberal dispensi
Ai minori pianeti e luce e moto.
Per te rotando negli spazi immensi
Dolce risplende la giovial favilla;
Con raggi di sangue orridamente accensi
Marte rosseggia; ma serena e bella
Fai che baleni di luce tranquilla,
Quasi giglio nel prato, Espero stella.
E a gente che serena e tranquilla
Entro il suo circuito, ed ama e sente e spira,
La fiamma tua, siccome a noi, sfavilla.
Perchè la man ch' ogni temprata fea
Rende l' ampio universo, e come vuole,
Della terra e del cielo il freno aggira,
Negli astri, al par che in questa opaca mole,
Sparse il seme di belle creature,
Cui feron gli occhi i dolci rai del sole;
Ivi d' acque, di fronde, e di verdure
Sono liete le terre, ivi la gente
Per erme selve o per montane alture
Al tuo lume s' allegra, o vita e mente
Di mille mondi, e dispiega un desio
Al primo amor, siccome lume ardente
Perocchè l' alto Sire in te scolpio

Del suo poter la viva imago: Ah! pera
Chi le guardando non si volge a Dio.
Quando al dolce tepor di primavera
Spuntan fioretti, quando Espero accende
Raggianti occhi allor che vien la sera,
Per tutti ove da te si distende
Luce, che ad alto meditar consiglia
Qual di natura le bellezze intende.
O Amor, che ascoso in due tranquille ciglia
L'alme saetti di punte mortali,
E spiri al cor talento e maraviglia,
Perchè se' tanto grande, e tanto vali
Quando s'infiora ogni terrestre riva?
Ed in qual loco accendi allor gli strali?
Nella fiamma del sol, poichè più viva
La tua face risplende al nuovo ardore,
Che l'universo rintegrando avviva.
Allor penetra e intenerisce il core
Languir secreto, allor si sveglia in petto
Tutta soave la virtù d'amore.
O diva luce, che mortal concetto
Tanto trascendi, alle create cose
Tu di vita e d'amor porgi intelletto.
Tu di candidi gigli e fresche rose
L'aurora inostri, allor che uscendo fuori
Del suo Titon dalle braccia amorose,
Sparge, sorgendo in ciel, mille colori
All'iride sembianti, e appar levata
Entro una vaga nuvola di fiori.
Tu sveri ogni altra bellezza creata
Ne allegri, e acceso d'un candor benigno
La terra fai del tuo volto beata.
Ma se corrusco tutto di sanguigno,
Oh tristi colli, oh misere contrade!
Non accendon'ivi dall'aere maligno
L'eclettie a rinforzar piogge e rugiade,
Ma sorta vampa, o grandine nemica
Guasta per tutto armenti, arbori e biade,
Onde lamenta la vana fatica
Il villanel, che lappole mede,
Ove credeva di raccor la spica.
Ivi la Parca in sul fiore precide
Le tenerelle vite; in bruna vesta
La vedovella al tumulo s'asside
Del suo diletto; quell'urna funesta
Bacia tutta tremante, e ne' sospiri
L'antico affetto a rimembrar s'arresta.
Nadir, tu sai come infocato spiri
Il sol ferale e morti, allor che ardenti
Saetta i raggi dai superni giri.
Ahi! con qual cor, con quali occhi dolenti
Cascar vedesti in terra ad uno ad uno
„I sette e sette tuoi figliuoli spenti!"
Lo pianeta maggior sopra ciascuno
Gli fulgorando venenoso telo;
Quella languiva tutta di sangue bruno,
L'altro piegato le pupille al cielo,
Quasi a chieder pietà, fioco volgea;
Un delle man facendo agli occhi velo
Flebilemente in sul morir dicea:
Io manco; o madre mia, che non m'aiuti?
Quel presso al corpo del fratel giacea.
Misera madre! innanzi ai piè caduti
Vedi i tuoi nati, li contempli, e a tanto
Spettacol diro disperata ammuti.
Poi ti rivolti, e celi entro del manto
Un pargoletto che solo ti avanza;
Lo stringi al petto, e sì gridi nel pianto:
Questi è del viver mio sola speranza:
Salvami, o Febo, salva questo almeno;
Gran tormento punì la mia baldanza.
Abbi di lui pietà; me, me nel seno
Folgora, fiedi! Ma indarno sospira:
Il meschinello in grembo a lei vien meno.
O decoro del ciel, salve! ritira,
Deh! ritira da noi le tue vendette,
Ad altre sedi balena in foco d'ira.
A noi d'Italo prole, a queste elette
Vaghissime contrade, in cui natura
Tutte bellezze ha di sua man ristrette,
Rendi una luce ognor temprata e pura;
Ma fero scocca dall'eterea chiostra
In chi non pone al male oprar misura.
Spegni i superbi, i vili ammorba e prostra;
Sperdi il seme fra noi d'ogni tristizia;
Serba gli avanzi della gloria nostra.
Deh! avviva Italia di cara letizia,
Onde rifulga il suo nome, che giace
Ancor pe' colpa dell'altrui nequizia.
Qui dolce fior di cortesia, di pace,
Qui di virtude il regno, e qui beata
Rende la gente del saver la face.
E poichè tutta di bellezza ornata
Questa contrada rendesti gentile,
„Felice l'alma che in lei fu creata?"
Che grande allor quest'aspro tempo vile,
Fra chiara Italia di luce novella,
E a te, grand'astro, raggerà simile
D'ogni altra terra più leggiadra e bella.

Inno alla Morte.

O voi che senza speme ognor nel pianto
Movete i passi in questa valle oscura,
A me intorno venite: io per voi canto.
E canterò di lei, che d'ogni cura
L'anima solve quando la francheggia
Il sentirsi di colpe intatta e pura.
Perocchè Morte dall'umana greggia
Lei ritraendo le dischiude il varco
Dell'alto Olimpo alla stellata reggia.
Sì che disciolta del terreno incarco
Vola per l'aere come dardo suole,
Che si dilegua rapido dall'arco,
E passati quei cieli, ove carole
Muovon le stelle, e in cui suona l'alterna
Armonia delle sfere entra nel sole.

In esso l'occhio desïoso interna,
Mira quel mar di luce, e di colori,
Vede svelata ogni bellezza eterna.
E' accolta poscia in fra i perpetui fiori
Di quel giardin, che tutto ride intorno
Al dolce canto de' beati cori,
Gioisce, e chiama benedetto il giorno,
Che dal suol la ritrasse, e benedetta
Morte, ond'ha fatto in grembo a Dio ritorno.
E certo solo alla turba dispetta,
Che nulla intende, altissima paura
Pure al nome di Morte in cor s'alletta.
Ma quei che dietro al Ver drizzò sua cura
Non si turba per lei, mente non muta,
Perocchè sa che questa di natura
Le leggi eterne eternamente ajuta,
Sa, che le cose in che stende sua possa
Non distrugge giammai, sol le trasmuta.
Onde se giunge estinto in poca fossa
Robusto tauro, onor del bianco armento,
Esce poi da quel sangue e da quelle ossa
Un nuvol d'api, ch'or con muover lento
Desta lene susurro; or nelle sponde
D'un fiumicel simile a puro argento
Liba l'appio e la persa, o sulle fronde
Nel rio cadute mentre il vento tace
Sta posato nuotando in mezzo all'onde.
E dalla terra, ove sepolta giace
La spoglia di pudica verginella,
Tu vedi l'erba germogliar vivace.
Crescer vi miri alla stagion novella
Rose, gigli, viole, ed ogni fiore
Di che Zefiro lieve i campi abbella.
Onde il garzon, che nel soave amore
Di quella onesta si tenea beato,
Meraviglia a' fior nuovi, al grato odore,
E per un dolce error del volto amato
Ivi crede mirar le fresche rose,
E lo spiro sentir del molle fiato.
O sacra Morte, poichè Dio ti pose
A tramutar quant'è sotto la luna,
Tu volgi a posta tua le umane cose!
Colui d'innanzi a te tempo e fortuna,
Quel che nel mondo a meraviglia invita
Tutto nel regno tuo ratto s'aduna.
E pria che fosse fuor del nulla uscita
Codesta opaca mole ad altre genti
Tu furasti le dolci aure di vita.
Che allor del cielo pe' campi lucenti
Rotavano altri soli, ed altre stelle
Fra che le nostre di bel fuoco ardenti.
Ivi eran terre più felici, e in quelle
Senza il crudo mutar di state o verno,
Sempre fiori mettean l'erbe novelle.
Nè l'uom dell'uomo vi fea mal governo,
Non s'eran tristi al bene oprare avversi,
Che pace vi regnava, e amore eterno.
Pur tutti, o Morte, in caos conversi
Di te furon que' mondi, altri col fuoco
Consunti, ed altri nell'acqua sommersi.
Onde se alcun poggiar potesse al loco
Ov'eran tante terre in fra gl'immensi
Spazj dell'aere sol vi udrebbe il roco
Muggihar dell'onde, sol vedria condensi
Globi di nubi, e masse di faville,
Monti di fiamme orribilmente accesi.
Indi poi sorger mille soli e mille
Stelle che mentre compion lor viaggio
Fanno meravigliar nostre pupille.
Risorsero altre terre, e al nuovo raggio
Stupir del sole, si diffuse il mare,
Desto a fiori la madre aura di maggio.
Lieti volaron gli augelletti, e rare
Pe' monti ignudi eran le belve errando,
Ed i pesci guizzar tra l'acque chiare.
Poscia le piante e gli animali amando
Come l'istinto natural gl'invita
Multiplicarsi, e in ordine ammirando
Tutto empirono il mondo, ed ebber vita
Ancor ne' lidi più dal sol remoti,
Fin nella terra più da noi partita.
Ma pur non fia ch'eternamente roti
Ogni pianeta al maggiore astro intorno,
Ch'anco i novelli mondi a te devoti
Saranno, o Morte, e in quel tremendo giorno
Quanto per mente, o per occhio si mira,
Al gran vuoto onde uscì farà ritorno.
Ahi! già nell'intelletto mi si gira
Tutto l'orror della ruina estrema,
Veggo quel giorno di spavento e d'ira!
Di giù parmi sentir che l'aura trema,
Treman le terre abbandonate e sole,
E rovinando giù dalla suprema
Volta cadon le stelle, e svelto il sole
Dall'igneo trono negli abissi piomba,
Ed arde e strugge la terrestre mole.
Destati al suon dell'angelica tromba
Surgon gli estinti, e paurosi, e lenti
Lascian la pace dell'antica tomba.
Poi va ciascuno ove su nubi ardenti
Posa l'Eterno, e giudica, e discerne
Tutte le colpe delle morte genti.
Onde giù caccia nelle bolge inferne
Gli spirti maledetti, e chiama il santo
Coro de' giusti alle dolcezze eterne.
Allor fanno i beati un lieto canto,
Ma l'aere assorda quello stuol dannato
Con orribili voci, e strida, e pianto.
O pietoso Signor, tu che campato
N'hai da ruina, e del primo parente
Col tuo sangue lavasti il gran peccato,
Nel dì dell'ira tua volgi clemente
A me misera il guardo, e da martiri
Deh! mi salva del secolo dolente.
Teco mi traggi ne' superni giri
Alla letizia di tua santa corte,
Ond'io quetando in te tutti i desiri,
M'allegri, e possa benedir la Morte.

M. Fantastici Rosellini,

da Firenze.

Racconto d'Eduardo*),

Frammento dell' Amerigo,

Poema inedito.

. . . . Alla corte
M'appella col german novella sorte.

12.

„A tale annunzio, chi ridir l'affanno
Può della madre? Ambo ne stringe al seno
Sclamando, ah qui si cela atroce inganno
Che m'è Riccardo omai palese appieno.
Da me strapparvi tenta il fier tiranno;
Ma nol potrà: voi salvi i' voglio almeno;
E detti d'onestà più non ascolto
Da chi già un figlio ed un fratel m'ha tolto."

13.

„Tutto quel giorno sopra il nostro fato
Trepida, ansante, ognor seco ci tenne,
Ed amorosa a noi corcossi allato
Quando la buja notte in ciel sovvenne.
Ma appena il dì fea l'oriente aurato,
Che in sacra pompa alla badia sen venne
De' fedeli il pastor, di fasce cinto,
Da zelo forse, ovver da frode spinto."

14.

„Ei favellando alla regina, indegno
Di lei disse il sospetto; e come i figli
Di regia stirpe, sacri al ben del regno,
Temer non denno, e non fuggir perigli.
D'intera fè mostrar poi volle degno
Di Glocester il duca; a' suoi consigli
Cedere alfin dovè la madre, e (oh Dio!)
Come tenero fu l'estremo addio! . ."

15.

„Ambo teneaci fra le braccia stretti,
E all'uno e all'altro a mille i baci dava,
E i nostri volti intanto, i nostri petti
Di calde amare lacrime bagnava.
Parlar volea, ma tronchi erano i detti
Pel duol che la sua voce soffocava;
Incolte e sparse avea le chiome bionde,
Smorto il viso, e le luci moribonde."

16.

„Al suo collo abbracciato io fortemente
Stavami, per non esserle rapito,
Ed il german si nascondea piangente
Fra gli ampj seni del regal vestito,
Quando, intrepido a scena sì dolente,
Osava dirle il sacerdote ardito:
O donna, lascia alfine i figli tuoi,
Che non più a te, debbonsi al regno, a noi."

17.

„Ella al ciel si rivolse, e, sebben muta,
Parve che a quello i nostri giorni offrisse;
Poscia da noi staccandosi, svenuta
Cadde, e parea che pel dolor morisse!...
Ah così ti lasciai, nè più veduta
T'ho, madre mia!... Chi sa come t'afflisse
Poi la perdita nostra, e quali e quanti
Patir dovesti oltraggi e versar pianti!...

18.

„Dal tempio usciti, ogni crudel presagio
Ben tosto il fatto a confermar seguia,
Che il rio ministro di Signor malvagio
Fidandoci il pastor, da noi partia.
Nè guidavaci quegli al bel palagio,
E all'aule regie, ov'ebbi albergo in pria;
Ma del Tamigi in riva, ad ampio tetto
Altero e formidabile d'aspetto."

19.

„Quel guerriero castel quadra ha figura,
E gli sovrastan quattro eccelse rocche;
Due volte è cinto di merlate mura
Su cui frequenti stan fulminee bocche.
L'accerchia fossa gorgogliante, oscura,
E par che il fiume l'onde sue trabocche;
Angusto ponte adduce a ferrea porta
Di cui la vista l'anima sconforta."

20.

„Varcai tremando la temuta soglia
Me restringendo al piccolo germano;
E anelando svelar l'interna doglia
Figgeva io gli occhi in ciascun volto umano,
Ma in mezzo a gente di pietade spoglia
Sguardo consolator cercava invano,
Sicchè la tema e l'ansia del dolore
Venner più gravi a ripiombarmi in core."

21.

„Molte salimmo scale anguste ed erte,
E molti femmo tortuosi giri
Per sale melanconiche e deserte,
Piene d'armi, di ceppi e di martiri.
Alfin due celle a noi furono aperte
Ove esalar potero i miei sospiri,
E un fido servo, che seguir ci volse
Ivi pietosamente ne raccolse."

22.

„Da questo indi apprendea come la Torre
Di Londra è la magion che noi racchiude;
A tal nome ogni vittima ricorre
Al pensier sì, che veggo l'ombre ignude!...
Poi come nulli i nostri dritti esporre
Poteo Riccardo iniquo, alla virtude
Della madre oltraggiando; ei mi dicea,
E più che 'l duolo, l'onta m'opprimea."

23.

„Ma il crudel duca, non satollo ancora,
Quantunque e grado, e onore, e libertade

---

*) Si pretese da alcuni, che Eduardo V., più fortunato del fratello Riccardo, duca di York, scampasse dalle mani de' sicarj, cui era stata commessa la loro morte dallo snaturato zio, duca di Glocester, poi Riccardo III.

Tutto n' avesse; la nostr' ultim' ora
Segno, se il mosse l' infantile etade.
Le vene e i polsi tremanmi tuttora,
Un gelido sudor tutto m' invade,
Pur ch' io rammentar la morente voce
Del mio germano e l' empio caso atroce!"

24.

„Era nel colmo della notte, e immerso
In sonno placidissimo i' giacea;
E la medesma stanza, ma un diverso
Strato, il fanciullo misero accogliea.
Quando, un romor mi scuote, ed attraverso
Alla cortina miro uom che tenea
Accesa face e nudo ferro in mano,
E incerto il piè ver noi movea pian piano."

25.

„Irte le chiome avea, torvo lo sguardo,
E intriso di delitti il volto truce;
E insiem della persona alto e gagliardo
Mel dimostrava quella fosca luce.
Per la paura a un tempo in gelo ed ardo;
Preveggo il fin che a noi quel tristo adduce;
Il cor mi balza in petto, e senza lena
Immoto stommi e spirar oso appena."

26.

„Del fratel mio va l' assassino al letto
E tutto in pria lo scuopre: egli sopito
Stavasi, e il vago ed innocente aspetto
Avrebbe anche una belva intenerito.
Pur spiega il brando iniquo, e il bianco petto
In men che il dico (oh ciel!), mira ferito!..
Geme il fanciullo, io pur gemo con lui,
Ma l' inuman raddoppia i colpi sui."

27.

„Fuor delle coltri balzo, in strida, in pianto:
Mosso quel crudo da spietata voglia
Incontra viemmi coll' acciar... ma intanto
L' uscio si schiude, e gente è sulla soglia.
D' Elisabetta il genitor (che tanto
Ci amò) guidava disperata doglia;
Che discoperta la sentenza ria
Quivi accorse... Ah perchè non giunse pria!..."

28.

„Al carnefice iniquo, offerte e preghi
Rivolge il veglio, e i giorni miei gli chiede,
Indi il crudel dapprima avvien ch' ei nieghi
E necessario lo ammazzarmi crede.
Ma l' avo mio pietoso, onde si pieghi,
Promette (oltre ad amplissima mercede),
Ch' io tosto lascerò l' anglica riva,
Nè ad alcun mai noto sarà ch' io viva."

29.

„Quei cede alfine, e per occulte strade
Fuor della Torre veggomi portato,
E un estinto garzon pari d' etade
Seppi che fu dov' io giacea posato.
Ma appien securo da nemiche spade
Vuolmi l' avo amoroso, onde affidato
A servo antico, la medesma aurora
Con quello ascendo una veloce prora."

30.

„Ah quante pene m' agitaro... e quanti
Tristi pensier, varcando il flutto infido!...
Ora il german trafitto agli occhi innanti
Aver parermi, e udirne il mesto grido;
Or della madre le carezze e i pianti
Rimembrando piangea; del patrio lido
Or le memorie e della regia cuna,
Nota mi fean l' instabile fortuna."

31.

„Alfin de' Lusitani alle ridenti
Spiagge giungemmo; oscuro nome ascose
Colà mia guida, e fra l' estranie genti
Padre il servo s' infinse, e il dir compose.
Ma, poichè Diaz allor le vele a' venti
Dava, seguendo il suo fedel dispose,
Che più sicuro mi rendea lontano
Da' miei nemici, il gir sull' Oceano."

32.

„Il gran navigator già discoperto
Il Capo avea che di Speranza è detto;
Perchè appien nella marina esperto
A nuove imprese era dal rege eletto.
Lungo narrar saria, ciò che sofferto
Fu da noi nel viaggio, or per difetto
Di cibo, or per le sirti; e sol di quella
Dirò funesta ed ultima procella."

33.

„Già ver l' occaso il sol calava, in seno
D' oscure nubi, e mentre fea passaggio
Fra que' vapor la luce, or viva, or meno,
Or n' uscia sfolgorante il croceo raggio.
Del cielo il resto azzurro era e sereno,
E della sera il lucido messaggio
Brillava, e già dall' orlo a noi ritorno
Facea la luna coll' argenteo corno."

34.

„Quando una nuvoletta a fior dell' onda
Veggiam che più s' addensa e più s' accresce,
E rapida aggirandosi, rotonda
Fassi, ed in sè dell' iri i color mesce.
La cima par che nelle sfere ascenda
E posi a un tempo sopra 'l flutto ond' esce;
Tal che colonna di cristallo appare
Che il cielo a sostener sorga dal mare."

35.

„Grata vista agl' ignari, alto cagiona
Cordoglio al duce; ei fa raccor le sparte
Vele e con l' arme ver la nube tuona,
Siccome insegna a lui la nautic' arte.
Al colpo che dal bronzo si sprigiona
La prisca forma dal nembo si parte,
E dispaion dell' iride i colori
Van per l' aere dispersi i rei vapori."

36.

"Intanto il dì vien meno, e da ponente
Salgono oscuri nugoli che il cielo
Ingombran tutto, e giunti ad oriente
Avvolgon Cintia in tenebroso velo.
Tutte le faci sue la notte ha spente;
Soffian Euro e Aquilon fiati di gelo;
Al contrasto terribile ed all'ira
De' venti il legno or qua or là s'aggira."

37.

"A un tratto al sommo ci troviam de' flutti
Che quasi di montagne hanno sembianza,
Or nell'ime voragini ridutti
Cader ci sembra, e fugge ogni speranza.
Poscia un'altr'onda ne solleva, e addutti
Siam dall'irresistibile possanza
Della morte, senza saper se s'abbia
D'appresso, o lido alpestro, o scoglio, o
sabbia."

38.

„Dell'irato Oceano al fiotto orrendo,
Al muggir degli Euri sibilanti,
Del fragil legno al crollar tremendo,
Agli urli de' paurosi naviganti,
Gelavasi il mio cor; quando piangendo
Al sen mi strinse il mio fedele, e a tanti
Perigli io sol t'esposi (proruppe)
Mentre farti securo appien credea!"

39.

„Deh, mel perdona, ei seguitava, e intanto
Fra singhiozzi eran tronchi i detti suoi,
Io l'abbracciava e rispondea col pianto,
Quando un grand'urto mi partì da lui.
Sdrucito il legno, e s'apre squassato, infranto;
Col lungo ohime, del mar ne' gorghi bui
Tutti inabissati fummo, e sol rammento
Il gelo che mi vinse in quel momento."

40.

„Facea fresca e rosata in ciel ritorno
L'Aurora, e piana era e tranquilla l'onda,
Allor che aprendo le pupille al giorno
Steso mi vidi sopra ignuda sponda.
Invoco, mi sollevo, e guato intorno,
E silenzio profondo mi circonda;
Ad uno ad un chiamo i compagni, e l'Eco
Sol mi risponde dal lontano speco!..."

Elvira Giampieri,

da Firenze.

Anacreontica.

All' Aura.

Vanne, gentile auretta,
Ove il mio cuor t'invia,
Caro sospiro aspetta,
Recalo tosto a me.
Odor di fresca rosa
Avrà quel dolce fiato,
Sul labbro mio lo posa,
E vita avrò da te;
Vita che sol mi alletta,
Finchè il sospiro amato,
Gentil, pietosa auretta,
Sull'ali tue verrà.
Ma se tu riedi un giorno
Priva di quel sospiro,
L'ora del tuo ritorno
L'ultima mia sarà.

L. B. Mancini Oliva,

da Napoli.

Ode.

La Violetta.

Sovra un ruscel che limpido
Geme fra sponda e sponda,
All'ombra d'un bel salice
Che si specchia sull'onda
E trar parea delizia
Da quel vivace umor,
Io mi posava, e l'alito
D'auretta rugiadosa
Libava il casto anemone
La verginella rosa,
E la viola mammola
Bella nel suo pudor.
La tortorella semplice,
L'amabile usignuolo,
All'aleggiar de' zeffiri
Tutti traeano a volo
Dove tra foglie ascondesi
Quel pallidetto fior.
Perchè, perchè non corrono
Sul vago fioraliso,
Sul fior gradito a Cipria,
Sul tenero narciso,
Lievi augelletti? io tacita
Così dicea nel cor:
Riposta in verde calice
Sul verecondo stelo,
Ella non anco i petali
Svolse ridenti al cielo;
Il sole ancor non fecela
Specchio del suo splendor.
O violetta ingenua,
Quel tuo pallor, se m'odi,
Che ti fa mesta e languida,
Tragge il favor che godi;
Anch'io per te nell'anima
Sento il più caro amor.
Vieni; te bramo; e simile
Troppo al mio cor tua spoglia,

Venni, di schietta lagrima
Ti aspergerò la foglia;
Ne splenderai men rorida
Che al mattutino albor.
Ma no . . . Già presso a svellerla
Ristetti, e si dicea:
O vaga, io troppo amandoti,
Del tuo morir son rea;
Non ti corro; l' immagine
Serba del mio dolor!

O d e.

La Preghiera.

Tace il Vesevo, ed al notturno cielo
Fa specchio il mar di lucide faville,
Siede la notte dal ceruleo velo
Vivide stille.
Quasi alato un pensier che m' assecura
Scorgemi all' alta region celeste,
Di là nell' alma una improvvisa e pura
Gioia m' investe.
Qui del vago usignuol misto alle note,
Accolga quell' auretta che sospira
L' umile accordo in cui tremar sol puote
Questa mia lira.
Di battaglia il frastuono, il gran muggito
Del tuon che rompe la scilca tempesta,
E la insultante sovra l' uom tradito
Gloria funesta;
Lungi da lei, lungi da me. — Tu sola
Sorgi al mio labbro, fedele Preghiera,
Sorgi dal cor, cui dolce idea consola
Di calma vera.
Tranquilla omai, nè più qual pria smarrita,
Con un sospir te, cara diva, invio
Ne' campi eterni, onde provien la vita,
Che riede a Dio.
Ed ecco in me dal placido zeffiro
Scende armonia d' insolito incanto;
Scevra nel cor d' affanno e di martiro,
Tergo il mio pianto!
Fra l' egra tenebra che mi circonda
Non più compunta dal crudel tormento,
Io di nocchier ch' è presso alla sua sponda
Terra l' accento.
E qual chi giunse a gloriosa meta,
Se or te, gran Dio, l' umil mio labbro implora,
Sol per lodarti rivedrò più lieta
Brillar l' aurora.

Luisa Amalia Paladini,

da Lucca.

Barcaruola.

1.

Sgombro di nuvole
Il sol spuntò,
De' venti l' impeto
Mortal cessò,
Il mare è placido,
La barca è qua.
Più non si tardi,
Lasciam la riva:
Ai nostri sguardi
Qual nebbia estiva
Che al sol dileguasi
S' involerà.

2.

Lievi s' increspano
L' onde del mar
Di un molle zeffiro
Al ventilar,
E in esse specchiasi
L' azzurro ciel.
Così pel prato
Di primavera
Al mite fiato
D' aura leggera
Dei fiori s' agita
Lieve lo stel.

3.

Oh come l' agile
Legno volò!
Dal lido rapido
Si allontanò,
Ora non vedesi
Che cielo, e mar:
Su su vogate
Su su ed intanto,
Compagne amate,
L' usato canto
Farem per l' etere
Alto echeggiar.

4.

Cantiam d' Erminia
L' infausto ardor,
Come accoglievala
Il buon pastor,
E quante lagrime
Poscia versò.
Arse altro amore
Del suo diletto
Guerriero il core,
E a tanto affetto
Mercè la misera
Mai non trovò.

5.

No no; sì flebile
Canto lasciam:
Gli affanni, i palpiti
Non rammentiam:
Qui tutto esprimere
Il piacer de',
Di bel contento
Lampo son l' ore,
Che un sol momento

Brilla, e poi muore;
Or triste renderle
Saggio non è.

6.

Lungi una candida
Vela appar,
Dove una misera
Nave perì:
Tal fato orribile
Possa evitar;
Ai desiati
Paterni lidi
Dai venti avidi
Salva la guidi
Il cielo, e placido
Si serbi il mar.

7.

Il sole innalzasi,
Cresce il calor,
Le fiamme esalano
Dal salso umor,
A terra arranchisi,
A terra, andiam.
Presto voliamo,
Arranca arranca;
Al remo diamo
Destra non stanca;
A terra, arranchisi,
A terra andiam.

8.

Ferma, avvicinati,
O pescator,
Vuoi con noi tendere
Le reti ancor?
Sì? Vieni, insegnaci
Che si ha da far.
Entro alla maglia
Stiamo a vedere
Se il pesce incaglia:
Che bel piacere!
E triglie e totani
Vedo guizzar.

9.

Ma le cerule
Onde lasciam,
Che presso a giungere
Al lido siam;
Dolce memoria
Ne resti almen.
A voi bell' onde
Ritorneremo,
L'ore gioconde
Rimembreremo
Che ci beâro
Nel vostro sen.

Inno.

L'Assunzione.

Ecco l'alba portentosa,
Com'è bello il suo sorriso!
Oggi il talamo alla sposa
Si prepara in paradiso;
Tratta in ciel da' spirti alati
La Reina dei beati
Oggi il trono ascenderà.
Ella vien! Dal basso suolo
Con le spoglie sue immortali
Vien sospesa in aere a volo
Degli arcangeli sull'ali.
Dalle nubi vien soffolta,
Vien del sol nei raggi avvolta,
Viene, e inonda il tutto sia.
Ove passa rispettosi
Piegan l'ali i quattro venti,
Cessan gli urti impetuosi
Degl' indocili elementi;
Passa, e ovunque ad ora, ad ora
Ogni stella si scolora
Di sua luce al balenar.
Giugne; oh! esclama il Trino Iddio,
Vieni, o sposa innamorata,
Vieni, o eletta del cor mio,
O colomba intemerata;
Vieni, o fonte suggellato,
Orto chiuso, del creato
Vieni il soglio ad occupar.
Sfolgorante il trono ascende,
Ed il Nume il regio manto
Sovra gli omeri le stende;
Poscia intorno al capo santo,
Igneo serto, gli astri adorna,
Ubbidente vien la luna
Il suo piede a sostener.
Ed intanto delle sfere
L'ineffabile armonia,
E degli angeli le schiere
Van cantando di Maria
I sofferti aspri tormenti,
I brevissimi contenti,
Quanto in cielo è il suo poter.
Vergin Madre, alma Reina,
Dall'eterno tuo splendore
Deh! pietosa il guardo inchina
Nella valle del dolore;
Ve' i perigli onde siam cinti,
Ve' l'averno che ci ha vinti,
Vedi il nostro rio martir.
Tu del drago vincitrice,
Tu ci togli al fero artiglio,
E se dato esser felice
Della terra non è al figlio,
Deh! tu almen che a prova tanto
Conoscesti il duolo e il pianto,
Deh! tu insegnaci a soffrir.

Giuseppina Poggiolini,

da Milano

Ode.

Le Memorie dell' Infanzia.

Qual se fra dense tenebre
Di procellosa notte
Spunta una stella fulgida
Fra le nubi interrotte,
Al navigante trepido
È dolce il suo splendor;
Tal mi sei scorta, o amabile
Compagna, infra le oscure
Nebbie dei dì che scorsero,
Ne le gioconde cure,
Se le fuggenti imagini
Richiamo intorno al cor.
E spesso amo di riedere,
Amica, ai dì beati,
Come colui che volgesi
Ai lidi abbandonati,
E ne sospira, e tacito
Solca l' immenso mar.
Oh bella età, del candido
Riso, del cor perenne!
Sola fonte di palpito
Erane il dì solenne
Che in aerea luminaria
Sollevavasi a brillar.
Oh come scorrean rapide
L' ore dell' ozio, quando
Era nostra delizia
Il conversare errando
Per vie lunghissime
Erbe cogliendo e fior!
Ovvero a gara correre
Nella pianura erbosa,
Poi stanche al rezzo assidersi
E con lena affannosa
Dell' ambita vittoria
Contendersi l' onor.
Indi con orme tacite
Spiar ove s' annidi
Il grillo solitario,
Seguendone gli stridi,
E dopo un lungo avvolgersi
Farlo prigione alfin.
E quando imbruna l' aere
Seguir con passo errante
L' amica delle tenebre,
La lucciola brillante,
Che nuota fra fiori azzurri,
E farne gemma al crin.
O la luce patetica
Contemplar della luna,
Se nivea e candida
Fende una nube bruna,
E stavasi immote e tacite
Col guardo volto al ciel.
Poi rapite dall' estasi
E dal celeste incanto,
La voce avea disciogliere
Quasi inspirate al canto,
Celebrando di placida
Notte il tranquillo vel.
Rammento quelle pergole
E' sovra seggi erbosi
Raccolti in piccol numero
Fingeansi spaventosi
Spettri apparsi nell' aere
E alati cavalier.
O lucide meteore
A cui nel seno apparve
Un drago, o intorno ai tumuli
Delle evocate larve,
L' errar con passo aereo
Come nebbia leggier.
Quindi le veglie e i tremiti,
La notte e le sembianze
Vedeansi di fantasime
Che movean fiere danze,
O udirsi il lungo gemito
D' un' ombra che si duol.
Oh fortunati i palpiti
D' immaginato affanno!
Felici le vigilie
Di puerile inganno
Figlie or di belle imagini
Fuggenti al primo sol.

Irene Ricciardi Capecelatro,

da Napoli.

Conforti all' Anima.

Mortale, a che tu gemi?
Solleva a Dio lo spirto;
Conforti avrà supremi
Il tuo martiro.
Sono i terreni infidi;
Ed avrai pace intera
Solo se in lui t' affidi;
Amalo e spera.
Soffri gli strali umani,
Godi nel tuo sudore,
Non è qual credi vile
A te il dolore.
A la superna idea
Chiudi la fronte e taci:
Chi l' ombre in ciel spargea
Dio al ciel sia face.
Di eletta onda ti pasci,
Sorridi a mar fremente,
Quell' ire, quelle paci
Iddio consente.
Ama le belle alpestri,

E le fiorite valli,
E le città frequenti,
E gli ermi calli,
Ama il [illegible]:
Fra il tuono ed il baleno
Il cor fidente a Dio
Alza sereno,
In una queta aurora
Sua bontà manifesta;
Di Dio lo sdegno adora
Ne la tempesta.
Perchè da Dio venute
Ama tutte le cose;
Di lui se paion mute,
Ei vi si ascose.
Tra il suo splendore immenso
E nostra vista oscura
Velame troppo denso
È la natura.
Ogni terreno obietto
Parli d' amore eterno:
Schiva d' un solo affetto
Aspro il governo;
Ma in lui che d' ogni amore
È perenne sorgente
S' acqueti l' ansio core
E l' ansia mente.

Serenata Spagnuola.

Imitaz.

1.

Nell' ora pietosa
Che assonna ogni cura,
L' affanno sol dura
Che amore destò.
Solingo, sveniato,
Dinanzi al verone
D' Imelda si pone
Sprezzato amator,
Mentr' ella tornata
Nell' erma stanzetta
Le vesti s' affretta
Del ballo a spogliar
E a lei che disdegna
D' amor la parola
Al suon di mandola
Ei dice così:

2.

Nell' ora pietosa
Che addorme ogni cura,
La pace sol dura
Che amore destò.
La notte serena
Che al sonno ti chiama,
Del giovin che t' ama
Raddoppia il soffrir.
Ah! solo un istante
M' ascolta, ben mio,
Alonzo son io
Che il core perdè.
E tu che il rapivi,
O Imelda crudele,
D' Alonzo fedele
Non senti pietà?

3.

Col guardo dell' alma
Là dentro ti veggio,
Qual sei ti vagheggio
Nell' ansia primier.
Per forza d' amore
Vederti mi sembra
Le angeliche membra
Intorno a snodar.
In nera mantiglia
Avvolta, o mia bella,
Somigli una stella
Che nube velò.
Ricorgli il bel seno
De' candidi lini
E i morbidi crini
De' nastri e de' fior.
Poi languida posa
La chioma dorata,
La guancia rosata
Sul molle origlier.
De' sogni beati
La innumere schiera
Festosa, leggiera
Intorno ti sta.
O Imelda, e non odi
Mie lunghe querele;
D' Alonzo fedele
Tu sprezzi l' amor!

4.

Un anno già compie,
Rammentalo ingrata,
Te vidi prostrata
A piè d' un altar.
Baciavi devota
L' imagin divina
Di lei ch' è regina
Del mondo e del ciel.
Sorgesti, ed io ratto
All' ara m' inviai;
Ardea di desìo
Tuo volto mirar.
Là dove posati
Tua bocca ridente
Un bacio cocente
Io corsi a stampar.
Tuoi cari piedini
Poi vidi leggieri
Tra' folti palieri
Del tempio affrettar.
Io trepido, amante
Ognor ti seguia;
Sparisti in balìa
Di ratti corsier.

Ahimè da quell' ora
Non ebbi più pace,
Quell' ora fugace
Eterna è per me.
  Tra fiamme cocenti,
Tra dure catene,
Due luci serene
Martirano il cor!...
  Mi dicono e non m' odi,
O bambola crudele,
D' Amore fedele
Tu spregi l' amor.

Canzonetta per Musica.

La Zingara.

  Qua la mano, [illegible] bella,
E ti dirò la ventura...
Del tuo nascere la stella
Lieti giorni t' assicura;
Non ti preme del presente
Se t' arride l' avvenir...
Ma non odi, e all' oriente
Volgi il guardo con desir?
  Nella palma oh! quanti io miro
Portentosi e strani eventi!
Tu sarai d' un re sospiro
Al compir degli anni venti...
Ma che pensi? E mesto e fosco
Non lusingano il tuo cor...
O [illegible] pur non sono,
O ha [illegible] amoroso amor.
  Un guerrier di Palestina
Si travaglia il tuo diletto,
Fin dell' [illegible]
Corse a te quel giovinetto;
Ma da te non fu diviso
Lunga pezza il cavalier...
Or mi guardi con un riso?
L' indovina ha colto al ver.
  Si dicea la vecchiarella
Per carpir poche monete;
Le credea la verginella:
Furo entrambe un giorno liete.
Scorso un lustro, l' indovina
Vedea un pianto attorno,
Perchè mai da Palestina
Il guerrier non ritornò.

Canzonetta popolare Napoletana.

La Sorrentina.

  Io ti vidi a Piedigrotta
Tutta gioia, tutta festa,
Da la mamma eri condotta,
Oro e perle avevi in testa,
Un corpetto gallonato,
La pettiglia di broccato,
Una gonna cremisina,
Un sorriso da incantar,
E la bella Sorrentina
Ti sentiva domandar.
  Da quel giorno non ho pace,
Notte e dì sospiro e peno,
Fin la pesca non mi piace,
In [illegible] ho perso il remar...
La mia povera barchetta
A Sorrento affretta affretta,
Ogni sera, ogni mattina
Io qui vengo a lamentar;
Ma tu, ingrata, o Sorrentina,
Non ascolti il mio penar.
  Mi [illegible] la lusinga,
Mi spaventa la procella,
Se non muovi la tua faccia,
Sola mia fatata stella.
L' altro giorno in gran periglio
Vidi il legno mio naviglio,
Sulle arene di Mesina
Stette lì per sfasciar...
Ma, crudele Sorrentina,
Tu non badi al mio penar!
  Se dai fine al mio tormento,
Cuor di tigre e non di donna,
D' una lampada d' argento
Fo dono a la Madonna...
Ma che miro?... Il ciel s' annera,
Più non veggo la riviera...
Cresce il vento, il sol declina,
Son respinto in alto mar...
O spietata Sorrentina,
Per te vado a naufragar!...

Preghiera.

  Signore, alla tua sfera [illegible]
Giunga alfin la mia prece:
Non chiedo a te dal mondo invidiata
Gioia terrena;
  Ma quella che tu infondi alma allegrezza
Discenda nel mio core:
Che in me non fia letizia, amara ebbrezza
Vinta ha il dolore.
  [illegible] per me non v' ha giorno sereno,
Ogni pace perdei,
Per la vita che sento venir meno
Io [illegible] vorrei.
  Non per goder, per non fallir sol quando
È concesso al uom fedel:
Te bramo ancor quando ancora ho penato,
Padre immortale!
  Reggi, o Signor, nel suo mortal cammino
L' afflitta salma,
Finchè ritorni a te donde divina
Piegata l' alma.
  Oh! da quest' ansia [illegible] in sen un
amore

Erra il pensiero?
Tu [illegible] quest' ombra, o Re dell' universo,
[illegible] il vero?
Tu circondasti alla nativa stella
Per [illegible] [illegible]
L' alma, [illegible] dal dolor fatta più bella
A te [illegible].
Io non chiedo il riposo alle mie pene,
Tranquilla è la vita,
Ma quella che dài con gl' [illegible] [illegible]
Celeste aita.
Santa fidanza, carità e speme
Son difesa e conforto;
Nella tempesta che mi incalza e preme
[illegible] porto.
[illegible] conosco che lava il fallo mio
[illegible] abbondevol pianto,
Ma in mezzo del dolor s' innalza a Dio
[illegible] il canto.
D' ogni profano [illegible] contento
Che il [illegible] mondo apprezza,
La lacrima del vero pentimento
Ha più dolcezza!
Nel nome tuo, Signor, [illegible] a me guerra!...
E tu sì grande sei,
Che quando ancor di ben per me la terra
In te [illegible]!...

Isabella Rossi,

da Livorno.

La Nanna.

Nel seno materno
Riposa, mio amor!
Te salvi di Dio
La somma pietà!

La Vergine ti guarda
Membrandosi il figlio,
E prova dal ciglio
[illegible] fulgor? —

Ti cuoprin con l' ali
Gli spirti celesti,
Di cui tu rivesti
L' imago [illegible]?

Nel grembo materno,
Dell' angel, riposa,
Qual boccia di rosa
Con l' aura [illegible]!...

Oh dormi leggiadro,
Bambino diletto!
Vicina al tuo letto
Vegliando starò.

Poi, quando ti desti,
[illegible] [illegible],
E porgerti il petto
[illegible] d' amor.

L'Amicizia.

È più puro della brina
Che lucente irrora i fior,
Più soave del sorriso
Che fa bello un primo amor; —
È più dolce del sospiro
Che una madre esalerà,
Nell' istante benedetto
Che il suo nato bacerà,
Quell' affetto che si spande
Dall' essenze più gentil,
Dello spirito che anela
Farsi agli angeli simil. —
Ah! di lui ripieno, o cara,
Il mio cor per te sarà!
Prendi un bacio; — egli suggella
Santo patto d' amistà.

Cantica.

Cinzica de' Sismondi.

> ... Tutti fuggivano, in tanta trepidazione sola una donna della famiglia Sismondi chiamata Cinzica, invece di seguire i fuggiaschi, passò sola fra i musulmani, destò i consoli nel loro palazzo, fece suonare la campana d' allarme....
> (Sismondi, *Rep. it.*, cap. v.)

1.

Una brezza leggera increspa l' onda
Del limpid' Arno, ed i Pisani ostelli
Chiudon gente tranquilla. — Alta è la notte:
Non risplende la luna, ed il riposo
Dell' intera natura invita al sonno
Fuor il superbo che l' altera mente
Pasce nei sogni della gloria, e il mesto
Che perde le speranze, e l' amoroso
Che palpita ad un nome, ed il ribaldo
Che versa nel pensier sangue e rapina.
Erra di remi un agitar lontano?...
Si rompe il lido. — Un murmure sommesso,
Indistinto s' appressa, e le galere
Cariche d' armati rimontando il fiume
Portan gli audaci Mori a Pisa in seno. —
Musa ritto alla prua stringe l' acciaro
Con altero cipiglio, e d' un sorriso
Che la strage promette incuora i suoi.
Lunge è la forte gioventù Pisana
Ita a salvar dagli infedeli artigli
L' avvilita Calabria, a cui la tema
Toglie il valor per liberar se stessa. —
De' mesti abbattuti il pianto invano
Non sofferso i prodi, ed alle spose,
Alle case paterne un santo addio
Dier, volgendo le antenne al lido estremo,
Ove d' Italia il suol diletto ha fine.
Così, deserta dei suoi figli, stava
Quasi inerme al periglio ed all' offesa,
La città valorosa, e Musa astuto

Libra le proprie forze e l' altrui scerne: —
Romba inatteso, ed un tremendo grido
Di minaccia e di morte alza la turba
Degli Arabi seguaci. — Il fuoco avvolge
Già con torbide spire i primi tetti
Che si specchian nell' Arno, e sopra il ponte
Si lanciano i feroci. — Allor si sente
Un ululo, un compianto, un lamento
Di persone fuggenti: il fero evento
Si dipinge più tetro entro la mente
Degli atterriti cittadini: si crede
Un flagello di Dio: non si domanda
Chi reca il lutto e la ruina; in fronte
Porta ognun lo spavento. „È di sotterra
La falange dei demoni venuta."
Grida un vecchio tremante, e si ripete
Il folle detto fra gl' imbelli, a cui
Sprona il piede il timor, manca l' ardire. —
Non invocan soccorso, e niuno il senno
Implora de' più saggi, e niun rammenta
Il valor de' più forti, e sol lo scampo
Ripongon nella fuga... Ecco fra tanti
Cerchi sparti smarriti, ecco una donna,
Cinzica de' Sismondi, appar sublime
Quasi celeste vision! — lampeggia
L' ispirato suo sguardo; accesa il volto
Di vivido color mostra qual arda
Alma virile in delicato petto.
Impavida si avanza: oppon la destra
Agli urti di chi fugge, e di chi preme;
Rompe la calca, e la leggiadra testa
Non piega in faccia agli assalenti. Un forte
Assoluto voler par che la spinga,
Par che miri una meta, e non vacilla
Nel desio di toccarla. Il labbro ha chiuso,
Ma sembra che favelli. — Al sen raccoglie
Con moto di pudor la sciolta veste
Che indosso nel tumulto, e franco il piede
Pon su lubrica via molle di sangue.
Secura di se stessa impone un misto
Di rispetto e stupore, e va fra i mille
Quasi regina che comanda e passa.
Parte della città non ode ancora
Il romor della zuffa. — Ancora i Mori
Non varcarono il ponte, e nel palagio
Dormon securi i consoli. — Lo scampo
Della patria e de' suoi vede la donna
Starsi fra quelle mura, e là si è volta.

2.

„Cittadini, lasciate le piume,
„Accorrete: la patria vi appella!
„Sulla riva sinistra del fiume
„Stan la morte, l' incendio, il terror. —
„Maledetto chi sorge più tardo,
„Chi non vola e non rompe l' indugio,
„Chi da vile cercando un rifugio
„Non affronta il comune destin!
„Che diranno i fratelli lontani
„Quando sappian che Pisa è caduta
„Facil preda alle barbare mani,
„Da cui vanno altre terre a salvar?
„Su, magnati!... Spiegate le insegne! —
„Il periglio si accresce... si avanza...
„De' ladroni all' infame baldanza
„Opponete co' petti un confin!
„Una donna vi desta, v' incita,
„E null' altro v' imploran col pianto!...
„Se tardate, la schiatta abborrita
„Nel servaggio l' afflitta trarrà."
Così parla la forte Sismondi. —
Una voce, poi dieci, poi cento,
Dan risposta al magnanimo accento,
„Pisa, Pisa! salvarla, o morir!"
Come romba di scosso terreno,
Come cupo muggir d'uragano,
Come tuono che segue il baleno
Scoppia l' ira d' un santo furor. —
Son discesi dagli alti palagi,
Sono usciti dai bassi abituri,
E di brandi, di lance e di scuri
Splende il taglio già pronto a ferir.
Lento tocco di mesta campana,
Ripetuto dall' eco dei colli,
Chiama i figli che in parte lontana
Non udivan dell' armi il fragor. —
Niuno è sordo all' appello de' duci,
E nell' ora di tanto periglio
Solo un voto, ed un solo consiglio
Spinge tutti allo stesso sentier. —
Per la patria che il braccio gli chiede,
Benchè nuovo allo scontro dell' armi,
Or guerriero ciascuno si crede,
E maggior di se stesso si fa. —
Ah! di patria col nome possente
Trasmutati si sono in eroi!...
Fuggi, Musa, t' invola co' tuoi! —
Senti l' urlo di morte feroce!...

3.

Son rotte le schiere, battuti i nemici. —
Venite, Pisani, le spade vittrici
Posate in omaggio di Cinzica al piè!
Fu tromba di guerra ch'esalta ed accende,
Fu scudo, fu torre che copre e difende,
La donna che a scampo l'Eterno ci diè.
Giuditta novella, sfidando la morte
Ci tolse all' obbrobrio d' infame ritorte,
Sottrasse all' eccidio la cara città. —
Votiva una pietra l' Eccelsa rammenti
Che in petto a futuri, se fiacchi, se spenti,
Riaccenda quel fuoco che pari non ha!

4.

Donne, cantiam di Cinzica
Che nel notturno orrore
Surse qual stella fulgida
Guida a smarrite prore,
E con sua luce vivida
Le nubi in ciel fugò! —
Non come rosa, o mammola,

Ma come querce annosa
Stette di fronte al turbine,
Nè si mostrò pietosa,
Quando per terra ai barbari
Vita ed onor rischiò. —
  Madri! donzelle! un palpito
D'alto sentir vi scuota!
Sol per l'amore, e timide
Nate non siete . . . e vuota
Fia la missione altissima
Se vi avvilite il cuor. —
  Come un profumo emanasi
Dal fior che i sensi avviva,
Tal nella donna un mistico
Poter s'asconde; e viva
Prova onorata e Cinzica,
Del femminil valor!

Rosa Taddei,

da Napoli.

Alla Contessa Farini,

Dolente per la Morte del Padre.

  Versi tu vuoi pel padre
Che ti rapì la morte
Da me, che un egual sorte
Fa degna di pietà.
  Non ha parole un core
Straziato dai martiri,
Ed altro che sospiri
E lagrime non ha.
  Per noi non ha natura
Più immagini giulive;
Che per metà sol vive
Chi perde il genitor.
  Ma almen tu baciar puoi
La terra ov'è sepolto;
E a me, infelice! è tolto
Questo conforto ancor.
  Io che i miei giorni erranti
Trar deggio ognor nel duolo,
Più non vedrò quel suolo
Ch'ultimo asil gli diè.
  Nè posarmi morendo
In tomba a lui daccanto,
Più degna assai di pianto,
Più misera di te.

Epistola.

A Novello Parroco.

  Dalle sponde del Mela, ov'io m'assido,
A te per sangue ed amistà congiunto *),
Spesso torna il pensiero, e al patrio nido.
  E nel mirar la cima a che sei giunto
Inno di laude intuono al Re del cielo,
Che t'ha benigno alla grand'opra assunto.
  Oh te beato! in misterioso velo
Nel vigneto d'Engaddi il piè riponi,
Ove acceder non può caldo nè gelo.
  E lì ricolmo degli eletti doni,
Che non han pregio che adeguar li possa,
A Dio t'innalzi, e col tuo Dio ragioni.
  Con quel Dio che vestì di carne e d'ossa
L'increato suo spirto, e amante volle
Solima far del proprio sangue rossa,
  Con quel Dio che i redenti a gloria estolle,
E sugli altari vi fa dir con Lui:
Ecco l'agnel che le peccata tolle.
  Parmi udirlo con te parlar di nui,
E confortarti a quella cura istessa
Che fu la meta degli affetti sui.
  Oh in qual atto d'amore ei ti s'appressa!
Oh di qual viva luce ti riveste!
Oh qual parte di grazia è a te concessa!
  Per man ti prende, ed in sentiero agreste
T'addita pascolanti pecorelle
Sparse per le colline e le foreste.
  Di fango maculata avean la pelle;
Ma guidandole al fonte cristallino
Tornar le fe' qual pria candide e belle.
  Per indirizzarle tutte ad un cammino
Uopo ei non ha d'adoperar vincastro;
Basta la voce del labbro divino.
  Ma vespertino appare il lucid'astro
Che richiama all'ovil le sparse armenta,
E fa noto al pastore il suo disastro.
  Ahi le contò sull'alba, ed eran cento;
Una fra quella greggia, una ne manca,
Nè al suo presepe può tornar contento.
  Si guarda addietro, innanzi, a destra, a manca,
Col noto suono a ritornar la esorta;
Ma invan la voce, invan le ciglia stanca.
  Dolente ai procoi la greggia scorta,
E chiusa appena n'ha la sbarra, ei riede
Ove lo zel di carità lo porta.
  Di qua, di là volge e rivolge il piede,
La richiama più volte, e via si caccia
Su per balze e dirupi, infin che vede
  Sparsi fiocchi di lana, orrida traccia
Che fra i dumi lasciò quella smarrita,
Cui corre incontro con aperte braccia.
  Teme la pecorella sbigottita
Meritato castigo al proprio errore,
Sotto i colpi di lui lasciar la vita;
  Ma quel pastor tutto dolcezza e amore
Pietosamente la raccoglie in seno,
E d'ogni tema le conforta il core:
  Che se accorto a vederla era egli meno,
Dalle sue tane il lupo ingordo uscia,
E di lei facea pasto al ventre osceno.

---

*) L'epistola è scritta a nome di un congiunto del novo sacerdote.

Così tu pur dovrai veloce e pia
Stender la mano alle accecate genti
Che avran perduta di virtù la via,
E col suon di soavi e miti accenti
Umile e fido imitator di Cristo
Pungere i cori, e illuminar le menti.
Non atterrir colla minaccia il tristo,
Non disperarlo di perdon, se vuoi
Far di quell'alma il prezioso acquisto,
Segui l'esempio di chi offre per noi
Al lupo, invece dell'agnella, il petto
Onde ridurla negli ovili suoi;
Sarai d'amor, di riverenza obbietto
All'uom che t'ode e volge in te le ciglia;
Del popolo l'amor, di Dio lo eletto,
Presidio e gioja della tua famiglia.

G. Turrisi Colonna,

da Palermo.

Giuditta.

Va, Giuditta: sul letto nefando,
Nell'ebbrezza è sopito quell'empio;
De' tuoi cari già vede lo scempio,
Già si esulta nel sangue crudel.
Va, Giuditta: nel divo comando
Vinci, riedi, conforta Israel.
Veglian sopra la scossa muraglia
Assetati, derisi, languenti,
Per la notte levando lamenti,
I guerrier dell'oppressa città;
E paventan che nova battaglia
Degli Assirj tremenda sarà.
Al chiaror delle fioche lucerne,
Scarmigliate ne' crudi perigli,
Pe' mariti pregando, pe' figli,
Stan le donne dinanzi all'altar.
Altre all'orlo dell'arse cisterne
Forsennate sen vanno a spirar.
Della luna par sangue la faccia;
Piangon gli astri coperti d'un velo;
Da lontano rimbomban pel cielo
Cupi tuoni che han l'eco ne' cor:
De' celesti a chi va la minaccia,
La mercè alta a chi reca dolor?
S'ode un grido che appella: accorrete,
Dischiudete, varcate le porte;
Non servaggio v'attende, non morte,
De' prodigi vedrete il maggior;
Per le tende, pei valli vedrete
Negli Assirj diffuso il terror.
Chi è costei che solleva cruenta,
Sorridente, sul pugno una testa?
Ogni turba a lei vola, s'arresta,
Tace, indietreggia alla vista fatal:
È caduto: che più vi sgomenta?
Nel cimento qual ferro preval?
Chi è costei? del deserto Israello
È salvezza: inchinate Giuditta:
Fra' nemici, fra l'armi l'invitta,
Sola, inerme, sollecita uscì.
Ferve il popol; del canto novello
Al trionfo ella il guida così: —
Lode al Nome che veglia, che regge
La sua plebe, e gli estrani confonde;
Dalla terra profana, dall'onde
Guidò salve le prime tribù;
Tutti un segno ne strinse, una legge,
Arse tutti l'istessa virtù.
Cinque forti al novel condottiero,
Minacciando, giuraron battaglia;
Ei non teme, discende, si scaglia,
De' fuggenti persegue il vol:
Parla al sole l'eletto guerriero
E la luce prolunga del sol!
Fulminato il crudel Madianita
Che non osa le laure di Giuda?
E tuonò la guerra più cruda;
De' trionfi s'accresce la fè.
Chi dell'armi alla prova t'irrita,
Israel, chi presume con te?
Smisurato l'orribil gigante
Ogni ardire sgomenta, ogni possa;
Ma già scaglia l'ardita percossa,
Già lo svelle l'ignudo pastor:
Son più duri nel duro sembiante
Gli atti estremi, l'estremo furor. —
Di Betulia chi regge la figlia
Sola, intatta nel campo deliro?
Trovò immune l'indomito Assiro
Senza moto, senz'ira restò,
De' nemici la fronte, le ciglia
Già l'eterna vendetta segnò.
Allungata una mano di foco,
Nel profano vegliar delle notti,
Ecco annunzia a' potenti corrotti
La ruina ch'estrema sarà:
Ne' covili d'inospito loco
Altri bruto co' bruti vivrà.
Ma pietoso, ma provido a' figli
Carezzosi, d'Abramo alla terra,
Ogni rischio trionfa, ogni guerra,
Della pace prolunghane i dì:
Nella gioja, gran Dio, ne' perigli
Il tuo popol t'adori così.

Alla mia diletta Madre.

Sì, di mia vita il più beato giorno,
Il più ridente è questo, il più felice,
Questo che sorge del tuo nome adorno,
De' miei voti, diletta genitrice:
Amor mi guida, Amor festeggia intorno,
Mille cari pensieri Amor mi dice,
Mentre ravvolta nelle fide braccia
T'empio di dolci lagrime la faccia.
Lascia ch'io pianga: questa gioja vera
Non ha segni, lo sai, non ha parola;

Ma tu leggi ogni senso, ogni preghiera
Nel cor, negli occhi della tua figliuola;
Oh se splende giammai letizia intera
In questa vita che sì ratto vola
È ne' baci, nel riso, e nelle ciglia,
Ne' trasporti d' unanime famiglia.
  Oh benedetta questa soglia! È spesso,
Allor che mesta e tacita son' io,
Riviver seduta nel materno amplesso
Ogni speme più cara, ogni desìo;
Ne' segreti silenzj, nell' istesso
Meditar, nelle veglie, il pensier mio
Toglie dai gaudj del materno amore
Più baldanza, più lena, e più valore.
  Se della patria il nome e i campi e l' onda
Sien conforto a' magnanimi perigli,
Deh, sulle chiome l' onorata fronda
Ti rida un giorno per le man de' figli;
Deh, ciascun d' essi a' bei voti risponda
Negli affetti, negli atti, e ne' consigli;
Nè travolga, nè doma, e lasci a' folli
Le menzogne del mondo e l' opre molli.
  Gli fia maestro ed esempio e guida e sprone
Ne regga l' astro del maggior fratello:
In lui di tante cure il guiderdone,
In lui l' orgoglio del paterno ostello,
Ogni speme nell' arte, ogni amor pone,
Ogn' ingegno la mano, e del pennello
Pugne, mura e trionfi e selve e monti
E sorrise bellezze e ardite fronti.
  Dolce sorella! E sempre insieme, e sempre
Unanimi eravam dagli anni primi;
Che son pari dell' anima le tempre,
Pari in ambo il desio d' opre sublimi!
Dicalo, qual non fia ch' unqua si stempre,
Tu spirto e moto nelle tele imprimi;
Io le bell' acque anche e i verdi allori
Del divin che cantò l' armi e gli amori. —
  Sai perchè bene, o cara, e il volto mesto
Con che pietate mi volgevi mai
Quando, mal certa dell' estremo innesto,
Dolorando le piume travagliai;
Muta, supina, immota, nel funesto
Errar degli egri, di morir sognai,
Morir tranquilla; e tu in quel punto ancora
Mi sognavi, lo membri? — all' ultim' ora.
  Dolce morte! . . . che dissi? Ah no! commossa,
Lieta ai tuoi viva l' amorosa madre;
In tuoi [illegible] di pianto, in cui si posa
Il caro sguardo riposar del padre!
Oggi adulto l' ardir sciolto e la possa
Ne' cimenti e nell' opere leggiadre,
Oggi che amor mi suona ed armonia
Tutta nel nome della madre mia.

Alle Donne Siciliane.

  No, benchè il tempo muti
La fortuna de' regni e delle genti,
Non han foglia perduta
Le tue belle corone, o patria mia!
I sensi e le parole
Vivon di quanti meditar nascosa
Negli ozj generosi;
Vivono ancor gli altissimi portenti
De' gagliardi vetusti,
Vincitor ne' cimenti,
Fra palme, e spade, e riversati busti.
Deh! sì lieto per noi rifulga il sole,
Deh! come il cor desia,
In noi l' ardire de' Sicani eroi,
L' antica tempra si rifonda in noi.
  Se l' infingarda etade
I petti nostri al paragon non chiama
Dell' ira e delle spade,
Oh ne' caldi pensier, nell' opre oneste
Si riconforti l' alma!
Assai più giova di tenzoni e d' armi
La bell' arte de' carmi,
Che il sorriso di pace e gli ozj brama,
E ne lusinga e regge
A magnanima fama,
D' ogni affetto maestra e d' ogni legge.
Vile chi sdegna degli eroi la palma:
Saprà, nelle funeste
Cure invilito e ne' piacer bugiardi,
Come il rossor, se pur l' infiamma, è tardi.
  E da quest' almo suolo
Arditamente d' animosa donna
Aprivan gl' inni il volo.
Oh quel vanto perchè più non s' agogna
Nel libero pensiero?
Perchè l' umili cure e l' ozio indegno
Tolgon forza all' ingegno,
Se qui di senno e di virtù colonna,
Qui preparava Nina,
Disdegnando la gonna,
Al divino Alighier l' arpa divina?
Deh, mel credete, ch' io favello il vero;
Il celarsi è vergogna.
Sorgete, o care, e della patria stanza
Con voi sorga l' ardire e la speranza.
  Giovinezza non dura
Sulle gote vermiglie e sul bel crine
Per letizie o per cura,
E tutti spegne dell' etade il gelo
Quanti ferian diletti,
Sin che si scavi all' ultima percossa
Un' obliata fossa.
Deh men crudeli di quaggiù le spine
Il bell' oprar ne renda,
Ben nate cittadine,
E del loro natio l' amor v' accenda!
Più sicure dovizie agl' intelletti
Non possono dal cielo,
Nè soave lusinga o dolce incanto
E qui versare, ove sol dura il pianto.
  Sicilia in sua corona

Reintegrerà l' indomito ardimento,
Le leggi sue, la possa. —
Ahi smisurato divampava intorno
Il morbo furibondo,
E le rapia l' alme più calde, i primi
Esemplari sublimi!
Senz' ira, senza onor, senza cimento
Un popol si moria
Derelitto, sgomento,
Per le case dolenti e per la via.
Quanti del sogno che più ride al mondo
Eran sul primo giorno,
Quando s' affanna irrequieto il core,
Ne' dolci voti e nel desio d' amore!
O sfortunati nostri,
Su voi, pietoso qual fratel più sente,
Deplorando si prostri:
Tocchi la croce e le glebe e le pietre
Su pel funereo loco,
E di pari virtù, di pari affetto
Arda il commosso petto. —
Pel suol che vi nutria sì dolcemente,
E in che durano pure,
Drizzando a voi la mente,
Quanti amati lasciaste alle sventure,
Voi lassù redivivi Angeli invoco:
Le divine faretre
Scuotan sugli empj, e alle patrie contrade
Torni de' prischi eroi torni l' etade.

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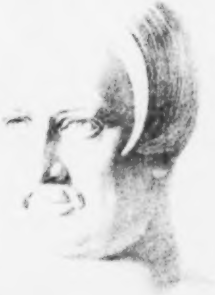

Conscience

Griffier der koninglyke Akademie
te Antwerpen,

Hendrik Conſcience.

Jakob von Artevelde.

Hiſtoriſcher Roman

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Hendrik Conſcience.

Gegen das Jahr 1811 verließ ein junger Aſpirant in der damals kaiſerlichen franzöſiſchen Marine den Seedienſt, und erhielt eine Anſtellung bei den Schiffswerften zu Antwerpen. Bald darauf vermählte er ſich mit einer Bürgerstochter in ſeinem Wohnorte, und als die Franzoſen 1815 Antwerpen auf immer verließen und Alles wieder auf den Friedensfuß geſetzt wurde, kam er auf den Gedanken, ſein beſcheidenes Einkommen durch einen, zu jener Zeit noch ganz unbekannten Erwerbszweig zu vergrößern; er kaufte nämlich abgetakelte und außer Gebrauch geſetzte Schiffe, zerlegte ſie und verkaufte die einzelnen noch brauchbaren Theile wieder an Schiffsbauer. Dies Unternehmen war von glücklichem Erfolge begleitet und ſetzte ihn in den Stand, ſeine Speculationen auch auf andere Gegenſtände auszudehnen, was ihm um ſo lieber ſein mußte, als ſeine Ehe war mit Nachkommenſchaft geſegnet worden. Bereits am 3. December 1812 hatte ihm ſeine Gattin einen Knaben geſchenkt, der ſich im Laufe der nächſten Jahre als ein zartes, kränkliches, ſinniges, zum Nachdenken geneigtes, mitunter auch wohl etwas mürriſches Kind ſtill entwickelte und in der Taufe den Namen Hendrik (Heinrich) erhalten hatte. Leider ſtarb die Mutter ſchon, als derſelbe eben ſein ſiebentes Jahr erreicht. Ein mutterloſes Kind fühlt ſich nur zu leicht auf ſich ſelbſt verwieſen, dies mochte wohl mit dem kleinen Hendrik der Fall ſein; ein neuer Erwerbszweig jedoch, dem ſich der Vater zwei Jahre ſpäter hingab, fing indeſſen an ihn dermaßen zu beſchäftigen, daß ſeine jugendliche Seele bald die Kinderſpiele, wie die Kinderleiden darüber vergaß. — Statt mit Schiffstrümmern ferner zu handeln, war der ehemalige Marine-Aſpirant nämlich auf den Gedanken gekommen, Trümmer geiſtigen Lebens im Handel umzuſetzen, und hatte ſeine Magazine mit altem Papiere und namentlich mit alten Büchern, die er gleichfalls als Maculatur erſtand, bis in die oberſten Räume hinauf gefüllt. Dem Knaben bot ſich nun eine überaus reiche Gelegenheit dar, ſeinen Hang zum Leſen zu befriedigen; Berge von Büchern lagen vor ihm aufgehäuft da. Er verſäumte Nichts, ſondern las unaufhörlich; jedes Buch, deſſen Aeußeres oder deſſen Titel ihn reizte, wurde nicht eher wieder hingeworfen, als bis es gleichſam ein alter Bekannter war. Mit derſelben unermüdlichen Begierde wurde

Alles von ihm verſchlungen; Gedichte, Romane, kurz Werke des Gefühls und der Einbildungskraft zogen ihn jedoch bei Weitem nicht ſo an, wie naturgeſchichtliche, phyſikaliſche, geographiſche und andere ſtreng wiſſenſchaftliche Schriften. Das Gefährliche, das in einer ſo unbewachten und ungeregelten Lectüre verborgen lag, übte aber keinen nachtheiligen Einfluß auf ihn; theils der reiche Wechſel, theils ſeine zarte Jugend ſchützten ſeine Seele vor dem verderblichen Hauche verbotenen Wiſſens.

So verfloſſen einige Jahre; da faßte der Vater plötzlich einen Widerwillen gegen das Stadtleben, kaufte ein Stück Land in der Nähe von Antwerpen, baute dort mit eigenen Händen eine Art von Einſiedelei und bezog dieſelbe mit ſeinen beiden Söhnen. Das Gebäude war von einem großen Garten umgeben. Mit der Außenwelt kamen die Bewohner deſſelben gar nicht in Berührung, denn die nöthigen Lebensbedürfniſſe wurden ihnen in das Haus gebracht, und die zwei Knaben waren ganz auf ſich ſelbſt verwieſen, wenn ihr Erzeuger, wie das häufig geſchah, ſie auf Wochen, ja auf Monate lang verließ, um in belgiſchen oder franzöſiſchen Häfen abgetakelte Schiffe aufzukaufen. Während ſolcher Perioden mußten die beiden Söhne für Haus und Heerd ſorgen und ſich in die Arbeiten für den Garten, wie für die Küche, theilen.

Dieſe Einſamkeit wirkte, wie das nicht anders ſein konnte, ganz eigenthümlich auf den jungen Conſcience; wie früher einer Menge von Büchern, ſo wandte ſich ſein ſtrebender Geiſt jetzt nur einem Buche zu, aber einem erhabenen, das noch kein Menſch auf Erden ſich rühmen kann, bis zu Ende geleſen zu haben, dem der Natur. Der mächtige Einfluß, den ſie auf ihn ausübte, war ungeheuer und tritt uns aus allen ſeinen Schriften fortwährend entgegen. Aus ihr ſchöpfte er jene warme Liebe für alles Erſchaffene, jene innige und tiefe Gottesfurcht, jene reine Freude am wirklich Schönen und Erhabenen, die Allem, was ſeine Seele hervorbringt, den Stempel echter Liebenswürdigkeit und Humanität aufprägt.

Drei Jahre waren ihm in dieſer Einſamkeit vorbeigezogen, da verheirathete ſich ſein Vater wieder. Die beiden, in faſt gänzlicher Freiheit des eigenen Willens herangewachſenen Brüder widerſetzten ſich den Befehlen der ſtrengen, auf ein geregeltes Leben dringenden Stiefmutter, und es blieb am Ende nichts übrig, um den ſteten Zwiſtigkeiten und Klagen ein Ende zu machen, als ſie in eine Erziehungsanſtalt nach Antwerpen zu ſenden. Hier wachte in Hendrik die Liebe zu wiſſenſchaftlichen Beſtrebungen wieder auf und er beſchloß, ſich dem Lehrerfache zu widmen. Die belgiſche Revolution von 1830 unterbrach ihn jedoch in ſeinen Studien; ihre Ereigniſſe übten einen mächtigen Zauber auf ſeine jugendliche, von vaterländiſcher Begeiſterung überwallende Seele; er verließ die Schule und das elterliche Haus, und nahm als Freiwilliger Dienſte in der Brigade des Generals Niellon. Nachdem er mehrern Treffen und auch der unglücklichen Schlacht von Löwen beigewohnt, brachte er es binnen ſechs Dienſtjahren nur bis zum Sergeant-Major, aber er war zugleich der Dichter des Regiments, und in den franzöſiſchen Liedern, die er für daſſelbe verfaßte, mochte wohl Manches vorkommen, das ihn bei ſeinen Kameraden, aber nicht bei ſeinen Oberen beliebt machte, welche der damals in belgiſchen Heere nur zu oft ſich offenbarende Geiſt der Inſubordination ſtören mußte. Das Vlämiſche war zu jener Zeit zum verachteten Volksdialecte herabgeſunken, und Conſcience hatte damals nur geringe Ahnung davon, daß er einſt dazu berufen ſein würde, der Bedeutendſten Einer zu werden, die dieſem edlen, altgermaniſchen Idiom Rang und Würde einer Schriftſprache wiedergeben ſollten. Ganz unbewußt war er deſſen jedoch nicht, denn in einem Briefe vom 1. März 1830 ſchrieb er ſeinem Freunde J. A. de Laet, demſelben, der ſich ſpäter ebenfalls als ein Führer der vlämiſchen Partei auszeichnete: „Ich ſende Dir hier einen proſaiſchen Aufſatz.... ich hatte ihn zuerſt für mich in der

Sprache unſeres Landes verfaßt. — Ich weiß nicht, wie es kommt, aber ich finde in dieſer Sprache etwas wahrhaft Romantiſches, Geheimnißvolles, Tiefes, Energiſches, ja ſogar Wildes. Gewinne ich je einige Kraft, ſo werfe ich mich kopfüber in die vlämiſche Literatur. Es iſt das ein Traum, der mich bezaubert und ſobald nicht ſchwinden wird; mein vaterländiſches Gefühl nährt dieſen Willen.“ — Wie trefflich hat er Wort gehalten!

Die ſtrenge Reform, welche in der belgiſchen Armee ſtattfand, veranlaßte ihn, ſeinen Abſchied zu fordern. Das väterliche Haus, in das er nun zurückkehrte, bot ihm jedoch keine unabhängige Stellung dar, und er ging nach Antwerpen, um ſich dort ein Unterkommen zu ſuchen. Seine Bemühungen blieben aber ohne Erfolg. Entmuthigt durch unfruchtbare Anſtrengungen und finſter in die Zukunft blickend, die ihm nichts Erfreuliches darzubieten ſchien, fühlte er ſich eines Tages auf das Höchſte aufgeregt, und ſein Geiſt beſchloß in ſtraffer Spannung den Kampf gegen die Ungunſt der Verhältniſſe. Er nahm ſich vor, ein Buch in vlämiſcher Sprache zu ſchreiben. Eine Stelle in Guicciardini's Beſchreibung der Niederlande gab ihm die Idee, eine Reihe von Scenen aus der Zeit der ſpaniſchen Oberherrſchaft zu entwerfen. So entſtand ſein Wonderjaar. Dieſer Verſuch fand eine günſtige Aufnahme in Belgien, trug aber dem Dichter nur geiſtige Früchte, denn als er ſpäter mit dem Drucker abrechnete, war er dieſem nach Abzug aller Koſten, ſtatt des Gewinnes, noch eine, für ſeine Verhältniſſe unerſchwingliche Summe ſchuldig. — Jetzt drangen noch dazu ſeine Eltern in ihn, welche nur die ſchlimme Seite dieſes unglücklichen Ausganges ſeiner Speculation ſahen, ſich ernſtlich um eine Verſorgung zu bemühen. Sein Vater fühlte ſich um ſo mehr dazu veranlaßt, als ſich die Familie ſeit der zweiten Heirath bedeutend vergrößert hatte und er ſich außer Stand geſetzt ſah, noch länger für den bereits erwachſenen Sohn zu ſorgen.

Mit ſchwerem Herzen verließ nun eines Abends, nach einem Geſpräche mit den Seinigen, in welchem er viel Bitteres hatte hören müſſen, der talentvolle Jüngling auf immer das väterliche Haus. Seine ganze Habe beſtand in zwei Francs und einigen Kleidern, die er, in ein Tuch geſchlagen, unter dem Arme trug. Von trüben Gedanken gequält, richtete er ſeine Schritte nach Antwerpen, nicht wiſſend, was er beginnen ſolle. Da begegnete ihm in der Nähe der Stadt ein alter Schulcamerad, der, als er ſeine Geſchichte erfahren, ihm Troſt zuſprach und ihn in das Haus ſeiner Eltern führte. Dieſe nahmen ſich, auf des Sohnes Zureden, ſeiner thätig an und ſagten für ihn auf unbeſtimmte Zeit in einem Wirthshauſe der Vorſtadt gut, ſodaß für ſeine nothwendigſten

Lebensbedürfniſſe geſorgt war. Von nun an ſchienen ihm hellere Sterne zu leuchten. Der berühmte Maler Wappers intereſſirte ſich für ihn und wirkte ihm eine Audienz bei dem Könige aus, damit er dieſem ſein Buch überreiche. Faſt wäre auch hier wieder die Hoffnung des jungen Conſcience an einem geringfügigen Umſtande geſcheitert; er beſaß nämlich keinen Anzug, in welchem er vor dem König erſcheinen konnte; allein ſein Gönner Wappers, der nichts halb thun wollte, half ihm hier mit ſeinen eigenen Kleidern aus. Obriſt Joly — jetzt General — führte ihn nun zu dem Könige, der ihn huldreich aufnahm und ihm eine Unterſtützung bewilligte. Dadurch ermuthigt, ergriff Conſcience von Neuem die Feder und veröffentlichte bald darauf ſein zweites Buch, Phantasia, welches jedoch ganz das Schickſal der erſten Arbeit theilte, und zwar literariſchen Erfolg, aber zugleich einen nicht geringen Saldo, den der Verfaſſer dem Buchdrucker nach der Abrechnung zu leiſten hatte, mit ſich führte. Eine magere Anſtellung bei dem Provinzialarchiv, mit einem Gehalte von 500 Francs, welche ihm zu Theil ward, gab ihm jedoch die Kraft, auf der einmal betretenen Bahn zu verharren. Er nahm ſeine Nächte zu Hülfe und ſchrieb einen hiſtoriſchen Roman in drei Bänden: De Leeuw van Vlaenderen. — Dieſes Werk fand eine überaus günſtige

Aufnahme in Belgien, und machte ſeinen Verfaſſer beliebt im ganzen Lande; aber trotzdem war der materielle Gewinn, den er von dieſer vierzehnmonatlichen Arbeit zog, nach Abzug aller Koſten, die Summe von — — ſechs Francs (1 Thlr. 18 Ngr.). — Conſcience's Talent, Geiſt, Fleiß, Vaterlandsliebe und Begeiſterung für die Freiheit, wie er ſie in demſelben offenbarte, fanden allerdings die rühmlichſte Anerkennung, erweckten ihm aber zugleich Haß und Verfolgung von Seiten der franzöſiſchen Partei in Belgien, die in ihm einen der bedeutendſten Vorkämpfer des Vlämiſchen erblickte, dieſes Element um jeden Preis niedergedrückt wiſſen wollte, und ihr Streben durch die damaligen ſtaatlichen Verhältniſſe Belgiens unterſtützt und befördert ſah.

Von Neuem trübte ſich nun der Horizont des Armen. Der ſchlechte materielle Erfolg ſeiner Unternehmungen hatte ihn in Geldverlegenheiten geſtürzt, und er mußte ſich voll Schmerz geſtehen, daß die Feder nicht das Mittel ſei, ihm eine ſorgenfreie Lage zu bereiten. Er litt im Stillen und faßte plötzlich den Entſchluß, die Schriftſteller-Laufbahn aufzugeben und ſich von ſeiner Hände Arbeit zu ernähren. Mit bewunderungswürdiger Charakterſtärke verwirklichte er dieſen Plan, verdingte ſich bei einem Gärtner als Gehülfe und führte dieſes Leben ſtandhaft dreizehn Monate lang durch. Die Natur, der er nun wieder näher getreten, war ſein einziger, aber auch ſein kräftigſter Troſt. — Indeſſen ſein Gönner und Freund Wappers verließ ihn nicht, ſondern lenkte von Neuem die Aufmerkſamkeit des kunſtſinnigen Königs Leopold auf ihn. Conſcience erhielt das Amt eines Greffier bei der Academie der ſchönen Künſte zu Antwerpen und ſah ſich nun vor jedem Mangel geſchützt. Von Neuem ergriff er jetzt die Feder, und es folgten nun raſch auf einander Hugo van Craenhove, eine Geſchichte aus dem Mittelalter (deutſch von dem Verfaſſer dieſer Skizze), ſeine Avondstonden, Het Boek der Natuer, — ſeine Geſchichte Belgiens, Lambrecht Hensmans u. ſ. w. — Alle dieſe Leiſtungen erfreueten ſich des verdienteſten Beifalls, wurden in mehre fremde Sprachen überſetzt und erwarben ihrem Verfaſſer einen europäiſchen Ruf; natürlich war auch ihr materieller Ertrag günſtiger, als dies bei ſeinen früheren Arbeiten der Fall geweſen.

Hendrik Conſcience ward aggregirter Profeſſor an der Univerſität Gent, Profeſſor und Lehrer der vlämiſchen Sprache und Literatur bei den königlichen Kindern, Ritter des belgiſchen Leopolds, des preußiſchen rothen Adler und des bayeriſchen St. Michaelsordens, ſowie Mitglied des königlichen Inſtituts zu Leyden.

Jakob von Artevelde.

I.

Der Freitagsmarkt in Gent iſt einer derjenigen Plätze, deren Anblick allein den Dichter in vergangene Zeiten des Ruhms und der Volksgröße zurückverſetzt. Dieſe Ebene liegt da wie ein unermeßliches Blatt, auf welchem die ganze Geſchichte der vlämiſchen Gemeinen geſchrieben ſteht. Auf dieſer Bühne von Flanderns Glück und Unglück, von Flanderns Macht und Erniedrigung hat der Grund hundert Mal gebebt unter den Tritten der wühlenden Menge; ſein Boden hat das Blut unſerer Väter in wüthenden Bürgerkriegen getrunken, die Luft hallte dort wieder von jauchzenden Siegesrufen, von raſendem Rachegeſchrei, von Liebesgeſängen für den Fürſten, Verfluchungen der Tyrannen und glühenden Wünſchen für Vaterland und Freiheit.

Was auch immer das Gemüth der trotzigen Genter bewegen mochte — ſei es Freude, Leid oder Zorn — das Volk ſtrömte ſtets aus allen Straßen nach dem Freitagsmarkt, als nach dem Platze, der Jedem zugehörte, und wo ſelbſt der Bettler, wenn er Bürger von Gent war, ſagen konnte: dies iſt mein Eigenthum.

Durch lange Gewohnheit hatte das Volk ſich eingebildet, daß auf dem Freitagsmarkte jeder Bürger, gleich viel ob arm oder reich, über die Angelegenheiten der Gemeine und des Landes ſagen könne, was er wolle, ohne daß es der Obrigkeit geſtattet ſei, den Genuß dieſer Freiheit zu beſchränken oder Jemanden beſonders zu beſtrafen für Etwas, das ſich auf dem Freitagsmarkte ereignet hatte. In der Meinung der Menge galt dieſer Platz daher als ein freier Boden, auf dem Niemand zu gebieten habe denn das Volk allein; was man in keiner andern Straße oder auf keinem andern Markte thun und ausſprechen durfte, das ſagte man laut und that es öffentlich auf dem Freitagsmarkte.

Bei Aufſtänden oder zur geſetzlichen Vertheidigung von des Volkes beeinträchtigtem Rechte verſammelten ſich hier die bewaffneten Mitglieder der Neeringen oder Gilden, bereit als eine eiferſüchtige und mannhafte Gemeine die Freiheit zu rächen, und wenn ſie auch nur dem Scheine nach angegriffen worden war. Hier auch, vor dem Giebel des Hochhauſes, ſchwor Gent ſeinen Fürſten Treue und legten dieſe den Eid ab, Flanderns Rechte nicht zu ſchänden.

Im vierzehnten Jahrhundert hatte der Freitagsmarkt ein ganz anderes Ausſehen als jetzt; die St. Jakobskirche, von allen andern Gebäuden abgeſondert, beherrſchte den ganzen Plan, ohne daß ein einziges Haus ihre Ausſicht bis an die Leije verhinderte. Dieſer Tempel war von einer runden Mauer umſchloſſen, innerhalb welcher ſich der Kirchhof mit ſeinen einſamen Gräbern ausbreitete; vier Fußpfade durchkreuzten den Gottesacker, über die man bei Tage wie bei Nacht gehen durfte, ſei es um vor dem Beinhauſe zu beten, ſei es um ſeinen Weg abzukürzen. Vor dem Giebel der Kirche, in einiger Entfernung, doch gleichfalls in der Mitte des Marktes, ſtand der Collatiezolder, ein altes Gebäude mit rundem Thurm, wo die Dechanten der Gilden zu allgemeinem Rathe, Collatie genannt, ſich verſammelten, um über alle Zunftangelegenheiten zu beſchließen. Eine eiſerne Gallerie, der Ring geheißen, umſchloß das Thürmchen wie ein Gürtel auf der Hälfte ſeiner Höhe. Jedes Stück Tuch, Leinwand oder Barchent, welches Freitags zu Markt gebracht wurde, und von dem die Finder oder Geſchwornen der Gilden urtheilten, daß der Stoff verfälſcht oder ſchlecht genug gearbeitet ſei, um dem Ruhme des Genter Gewerbfleißes Abbruch zu thun, ward zur Schande für ſeinen Verfertiger öffentlich auf den Ring gehängt. Die Häuſer rings um den Freitagsmarkt ſowohl wie in den andern Stadtvierteln waren meiſt von Holz aufgeführt und mit Stroh gedeckt; einige derſelben, die Wohnungen bemittelterer Bürger, hatten ein Ziegeldach und einen Giebel von Backſteinen, zwiſchen welchen hölzerne Bindebalken in großen Quadraten hindurchliefen. Die Fenſter waren in Spitzbögen oder ſonſt vielgeſtaltig, alle jedoch durch einen aufſteigenden Pfeiler in zwei Hälften geſchieden und durch geſchickt eingefügte Glasſcheiben verſchloſſen. — Es wäre thöricht zu glauben, daß das für dieſe Wohnungen verwandte Baumaterial ihnen ein geringes Anſehen hätte geben müſſen; dies mochte allerdings der Fall ſein bei den niedrigen Häuſern, welche Arbeitern oder armen Bürgern als Wohnung dienten; aber die immer ſehr hohen Bürgerhäuſer entfalteten genugſam Pracht und Kunſt, zum Beweiſe, daß Reichthum und Geſchmack ihren Bau geleitet hatten. Dieſe Pracht beſtand in erhabenem Bild- und Laubwerk, mit welchem alles ſichtbare Holz des Giebels gleichſam überdeckt war, und in den ausgeſuchten Formen der verzierten Fenſterbögen, unter welchen allerlei geſchnitztes Laub- und Blätterwerk ſich zu ringeln ſchien. Trotz dieſer reichen Bauart und dem künſtlichen Schmuck boten die Häuſer von Gent dem Blicke des Beſchauers nichts Gefälliges dar; über die ganze Stadt herrſchte der braungraue Ton des verwitterten Eichenholzes und die fahle Aſchfarbe des halb vermoderten Strohes.

In einem Winkel des Freitagsmarktes, nach dem Waeiſtege zu, ſtand eine Art von Schloß, aus ſchwerem ſchlechtem blauem Schieferſtein aufgebaut. In dem Vordergiebel deſſelben, der auf ſeiner ganzen Breite mit Eckſteinen gekrönt war, prangten ſchöne ſpitzbögige Fenſter; an jeder Ecke des Giebels hing ein Thurm, Drommer oder Keſſel genannt, der mit Schießlöchern verſehen war. In dieſem Schloſſe wohnte das edle Geſchlecht von Utenhove.

Solcher befeſtigter Häuſer, die man Steine nannte, gab es viele in Gent; ſie gehörten faſt alle Edelleuten zu und waren dem Stadtrecht nicht unterworfen, indem ſie als fürſtliche Lehen unmittelbar von dem Grafen abhingen.

Es läßt ſich denken, daß ſolche Steine, mitten in den Gemeinen aufgeführt, nichts Anderes waren als Feſtungen, aus denen die Lehnsherren das Volk beherrſchten und unaufhörlich deſſen Freiheit und Entwickelung bedrohten oder es niederhielten, wo es noch nicht aus ſeiner urſprünglichen Unmündigkeit ſich erhoben hatte. Bei den eigentlichen alten Herrenlehen auf dem platten Lande war dies auch wirklich der Fall; aber in der Stadt Gent hatte der Geiſt des Gewerbfleißes und der Volksmacht ſchon lange Alles durchdrungen, ſogar die felſenähnlichen Mauern der Steine. Die edeln Geſchlechter waren dort in die Bürgerſchaft getreten und redliche Glieder der Gemeine geworden, dem Volke rathend und helfend bei der Entwickelung der Arbeit und der Freiheit. So war es gekommen, daß die Genter Edelleute — obwohl hinſichtlich ihrer Schlöſſer, als ihres unbeweglichen Eigenthums, unabhängig von der Schöffenbank — ſich ſelbſt hinſichtlich ihrer Perſonen unter das allgemeine Recht der Stadt Gent geſtellt hatten. Sie nahmen in völligſter Gleichheit an den Laſten und Pflichten Theil und genoſſen gleich Jedem die Vorrechte und den Schutz der mächtigen Gemeine.

Wohl gab es einige Edelleute, ja ſogar ganze Geſchlechter, welche dieſem Vorbilde nicht gefolgt waren. Dieſe beklagten es ſehr, daß das Volk ſo drohend ſein Haupt gegen die Macht der Lehensherren erhob, und da Frankreich damals noch das Land war, wo die Ritterſchaft in ihrem vollen Glanze prangte und das Volk unwiderſtehlich unterdrückte, ſo hatten ſie ihre Hoffnung und ihre Neigung auf Frankreich gewandt, wähnend, daß von dort eine Macht ausgehen werde, die dem Hochmuth des Volkes Gränzen ſetzte. In Flandern nannte man dieſe Edelleute, ſowie überhaupt Alles, was franzöſiſch geſinnt war, ſpottweiſe die Leliaerds (die Anhänger der Lilien, des franzöſiſchen Wappens).

Urſprünglich war es jedem Bürger verboten, in einem Stein zu wohnen; Ritter allein durften in einem befeſtigten Hauſe ihren Aufenthalt nehmen; aber im vierzehnten Jahrhundert war der Reichthum der Genter Bürger ſchon ſo hoch geſtiegen, daß einige ſich auch Steine gebaut oder von herabgekommenen adeligen Familien gekauft hatten.

Der Freitagsmarkt war nicht immer der Schauplatz der Freude und des feſtlichen Gewühls; es giebt auch in Flanderns Geſchichte trübe Blätter, die von des Volkes Elend und Erniedrigung erzählen.

Der 25. December im Jahre unſers Herrn 1337 war ein kalter widerlicher Tag; ſeit vierzehn Monaten wüthete eine gräßliche Hungersnoth im reichen Flandern. Dieſe Plage, hundert Mal ſchlimmer als Peſt und Krieg, hatte die Lebensſäfte des Volkes aufgetrocknet und ſelbſt die früher niemals entmuthigten Genter ſo ihrer geiſtigen wie ihrer körperlichen Kraft beraubt, daß ihnen keine Stärke mehr zu bleiben ſchien, um ſich ein beſſeres Loos zu wünſchen. Der Tod nahte ſich ihnen wie ein Schlaf der Ermattung; er raffte täglich wie ein ſchleichendes Geſpenſt Hunderte von Schlachtopfern hinweg, und dennoch betrachteten ihn die unglücklichen Vläminger mit jenem ſtumpfen zweifelhaften Blicke, welcher verkündet, daß ſelbſt die Liebe zum Leben in uns erſtorben iſt.

War es ſchon in Gent gräßlich, die verhungerten Arbeiter mit eingeſunkenen Augen und verwildertem Antlitz wie ſtumme Schatten durch die Straßen ſchwanken zu ſehen, ſo zeigte ſich dies noch entſetzlicher in dem Schickſal der armen Dorfbewohner, die bis dahin ihren Wohlſtand und ſelbſt Ueberfluß im Spinnen und Weben von Wolle oder Flachs gefunden hatten. Dort eilte der furchtbare Hungertod von Wohnung zu Wohnung, um den Arbeiter auf ſeinem ruhenden Webſtuhl zu treffen, während derſelbe Frau und Kinder vor ſeinen brechenden Blicken mit mörderiſchen Schmerzen kämpfen ſah; dort folgten Krankheit und Peſt der Hungersnoth auf dem Fuße nach, um noch die zu rauben, welche jene am Rande des Grabes gelaſſen hatte. Es gab Gemeinen, in denen die entſetzlichſte Stille herrſchte, als ob der Tod keinen einzigen Bewohner verſchont habe, und wo in der That die Leichen ganzer Familien wie vergeſſen liegen geblieben waren. Man ſah auf den Feldern Frauen und Kinder wie raſende Thiere die Kräuter aus dem gefrornen Boden reißen und tödtlich getroffen hinſinken, die trügeriſche Nahrung im krampfhaft verzerrten Munde. Ach! nichts war ſchrecklicher als der Anblick dieſes hoffnungsloſen Kampfes einer fleißigen und zahlreichen Bevölkerung gegen Seuche, Peſt, Kälte und Hungersnoth.

An jenem Tage zeigte der Freitagsmarkt auch in ſeiner ganzen Gräßlichkeit das Elend des Volkes. Auf demſelben Platze, wo die Bürger von Gent ſo manches Mal in jauchzendem Gewühl ihren Wohlſtand und ihre Freiheit gefreiert hatten, lagen ſie jetzt erſchöpft, gelähmt und abgezehrt, den bewußtloſen Blick auf den Boden gerichtet.

Am Fuße von St. Jakobs Kirchhofsmauer ſaßen viele Frauen und Kinder zuſammengekauert, um ſich vor dem ſchneidenden Winde zu ſchützen; ſprachlos lagen ſie da wie ein Haufen verſteinerter Leichen, vor den Mauern, hinter denen ihr Grab vielleicht ſchon gähnte; keine Klage, keine Bewegung als allein der laute Kuß, den eine Mutter auf die Lippen ihres erſtarrenden Kindes drückte, oder die Stimme eines Knaben, der mit dem Geſichte im Schooß verſteckt die Worte Brod, Brod! ausſprach, als ob der Boden ihn hätte erhören können. Bei dem Gotteshauſe zu St.-Jan-in-de-Olie (St. Johannes im Oelberge) trauerten ſolche Haufen leidender Frauen und längs allen Häuſern, die ſich von St. Jakobs nach der Leije hinzogen, konnte man die verhungerten Bürger ſitzen ſehen, ebenſo niedergedrückt wie die Frauen und das Antlitz ganz in ihr Regentuch verſteckt.

Warum kamen ſie denn auf einen Markt, um dort mit der bitteren Kälte zu kämpfen, während ihre Wohnungen ihnen zum Mindeſten Schutz, wenn auch nicht vor dem wüthenden Hunger, doch vor dem ſchneidenden Nordwinde darboten? Der Freitagsmarkt? Dort lebte das Volk von Gent ganz und gar, dorthin hatte es ſtets ſeine Freude gebracht, es brachte jetzt auch ſein Elend und ſein Leid dahin.

Unter dem Thürmchen vor dem Hochhauſe und weiter den Markt hinauf nach der Seite der Leije zu änderte ſich dieſes gräßliche Schauſpiel der Hoffnungsloſigkeit und des tödtlichen Schmerzes; hier waren in zahlreichen Hauſen die Bürger verſammelt, in deren Herzen noch Feuer genug lebte, um Zorn zu nähren oder Rettung zu ſuchen. Hier ſchoſſen noch aus manchem Auge drohende Strahlen der Rachſucht gegen die Urſache von des Volkes Elend; hier ſah man Fäuſte ſich krampfhaft ballen; hier hörte man blutige Drohungen und bittere Spottreden auf die Feigheit der Vläminger.

„Sind wir Genter?“ rief ein trotziger Blaufärber in dumpfer Wuth. „Wir Genter? Ach, wir vergehen vor Hunger, unſere Kinder ſterben wie junge Hunde, unſere Frauen liegen da am Kirchhofe wie das Schlachtvieh, das ſeinen Tod erwartet, und wir, wir ſtehen hier machtlos und fluchend.“

„Aber, Lieven Gomme, was können wir thun?“ bemerkte ein Anderer mit muthloſem Ton. „Es iſt keine Nahrung im Lande, wer ſoll uns denn Arbeit geben?“

„Was Ihr da ſagt, Simon, iſt eine Feigheit; die Gemeine darf ihre Bürger nicht Hungers ſterben laſſen!“ murrte ein Dritter.

„Ach!“ ſeufzte Simon, „die Gemeine hat viel gethan in dieſer elenden Zeit; vor vierzehn Tagen hat ſie noch eine Anleihe aufgenommen und tauſend Pfund an die Gilden ausgetheilt. Unſere Färbergilde hat hundert ſiebenunddreißig Pfund davon bekommen, und Ihr wißt es, Lieven, denn das Stadtviertel zum Oudenbergh hat auch hundert Pfund erhalten.“

„Dort, dort iſt Geld genug!“ rief ein Walkmüller, indem er drohend auf den Utenhoveſtein wies, „aber es gehört Muth dazu, um es herauszuholen, Muth! und wir ſind feigherzige Schufte.“

Dieſe Worte überraſchten die Zuhörer auf eine ſonderbare Weiſe, und ſie betrachteten den Walkmüller mit ſchmerzlichem Unwillen.

„Schweigt!“ rief Lieven Comyne. „Ihr und Simon, Ihr wißt nicht, was Ihr ſagt. Betteln, Plündern, was iſt das für eine Sprache? — Ja, ich ſegne auch die Hand, die durch eine milde Gabe dieſen armen Frauen und Kindern zu Hülfe kommt und ſie labt; aber was wir Männer, wir Genter haben müſſen, iſt das ein Almoſen? Iſt es Geld, das wir mit Gewalt rauben ſollen? Sind wir denn Bettler oder Diebe? Nein, nein! Arbeit muß es ſein, Arbeit und Nahrung. Ich will kein anderes Brod eſſen, als das ich im Schweiße meines Angeſichts verdienen kann. So ſpricht ein Mann.“

„Ja, ja! ſo ſpricht ein Mann, der gegeſſen hat!“ antwortete der Walkmüller; „aber ein leerer Magen iſt taub. Darum, das Schönreden kann wenig helfen. Keine vierzehn Tage mehr und es wird ſich anders gemacht haben in Gent; — und dann wollen wir einmal ſehen, wie viel Stücke und wie viele Maß Wein in den Steinen verſteckt liegen.“

„Ein ſchlechtes Mittel!“ ſeufzte Simon, „das ſtößt uns nur vom Rande in den Graben.“

„Als ob es möglich wäre tiefer zu fallen!“ antwortete der Walkmüller lachend.

„Ha!“ rief Lieven zornig dieſem zu; „ſeid Ihr es nicht, der geſtern im Löwen-zum-Brunnen mit dem franzöſiſchen Kaufmann getrunken und geplaudert hat?“

„Ja, wohl bekam es mir; dergleichen findet man jetzt nicht alle Tage.“

„Ah! dann begreif' ich, wo Ihr das tolle Geſchwätz gelernt habt; — und nun erinnere ich mich, Ihr habt fünf Jahre in Frankreich gewohnt mit denjenigen, die ſich erkaufen ließen, die vlämiſche Weberei nach Amiens zu bringen. Ihr dürft nach Eurer Stadt Yperen nicht zurückkehren und Ihr ſeid ſelbſt kein Bürger von Gent, Ihr ſteht unter Ribaudenrecht!“

Der Walkmüller entbrannte bei dieſem Vorwurf in heftigem Zorn; dies ſah man deutlich an der Röthe, die ſeine Wangen färbte. Da aber Lieven ein ſehr ſtarker Mann war, der mit einem einzigen Fauſtſchlag ſeinen ſchwächeren Gegner zu Boden ſtrecken konnte, ſo ſchluckte dieſer ſeinen Aerger hinunter und antwortete ſpöttiſch:

„Backt ſie mit Schmalz, Eure gnädigen Herren, die Euer Schweiß und Blut in Turnieren und Gaſtmählern verpraſſen und vergeuden; kriecht zu ihren Füßen und laßt Euch treten, bis alles Volk ausgeſtorben iſt; dann habt Ihr nicht mehr, als Ihr verdient.“

„Er ſpricht von den Leliaerds,“ bemerkte ein Zimmermann, „und er hat Recht; wir wollen denen ſchon ihre Rechnung machen!"

„Warum zeigt er denn auf Utenhoveſtein?" verſetzte Lieven Gomyne. „Wißt Ihr denn, Ihr weggelaufener Yperling, wer Ser Jan von Utenhove iſt?"

„Er iſt ein Ritter und Bedrücker des Volkes," murrte der Walkmüller.

„Bedrücker des Volks?" wiederholte Lieven mit ſteigender Erbitterung. „Er iſt Dechant der St. Georgengilde; er iſt mein Mitgeſelle in der Färberei und Finder unſerer Gilde; er hat eine Schule geſtiftet für die Kinder unſerer armen Geſellen; er hat ein Gotteshaus für unſere armen Färber gebaut; er hat ſchon beinahe die Hälfte ſeiner Güter verpfändet, um für unſere Zunft die Hungersnoth zu mildern; er hat vielleicht fünfhundert armen Bürgern das Leben gerettet, und gegen ſolchen Mann wollt Ihr zur Rache rufen?"

„Seht," ſagte der Zimmermann, „dort ſteht er vor ſeinem Stein und ſchwatzt mit Tiſte, dem Spinner."

„Ja wohl, ſeht doch!" rief Lieven, „er reicht dem armen Geſellen freundſchaftlich die Hand."

„Ja, das iſt Einer unter Tauſenden," ſpottete der Walkmüller.

„Man ſieht deutlich," entgegnete Lieven, „daß Ihr kein Genter ſeid und weit her kommt. Weil Ihr in Frankreich das Volk ohne Freiheit von den Lehnsherren und Rittern unterdrückt ſaht, niedergebeugt unter der Laſt der Willkür und verarmt durch die Verfälſchung des Geldes, wollt Ihr uns hier vorſingen, was Ihr dort gehört habt. Aber nennt mir einen einzigen Genter Ritter, der ſich nicht geehrt fühlt, ein Mitglied einer Gilde zu ſein, oder der ſich weigerte, einem Zunftgenoſſen die Hand zu drücken, wenn ſie ihm angeboten wird!"

„Ja," antwortete darauf ein Strohdecker, „das iſt wahr, ſo weit es die Vaernewycks, die Goethals, die Verlegheins und Andere betrifft, welche von Vater zu Sohn Bürger von Gent geweſen ſind. Aber wie iſt es mit den Leliaerds?"

„Die Leliaerds, die ſind weder Genter noch Vläminger."

„Und was ſind ſie denn?"

„Nun, Jan, ſie ſind Franzoſen," antwortete Lieven. „Sieht man ſie je in Gent? Sie laufen nach Paris, um dem franzöſiſchen Könige zu folgen und zu dienen. Ja, die helfen das Böſe ſchmieden, durch das Flandern jetzt ausgeſogen und verarmt wird. Aber komme nur der Tag der Erlöſung, und ſie werden erfahren, was es heißt, ſein Vaterland an den Fremdling zu verkaufen."

„Der Tag der Erlöſung wird eben ſo gewiß kommen, wie gebratene Schweine vom Himmel fallen", ſcherzte der Walkmüller; „ich weiß aber doch nicht, wenn ich Euch ſo reden höre, gegen wen oder gegen was Ihr zu Felde ziehen wollt."

„Gegen wen?" rief Lieven Comyne. „Wer hat die engliſchen Kaufleute in Flandern feſtgehalten, und wer iſt Schuld, daß König Eduard die Einführung der engliſchen Wolle in Flandern verboten hat? Wer hat ſo unſere Tauſende von Webſtühlen zum Stillſtehen und das nahrungsloſe Volk an den Bettelſtab und zum Verhungern gebracht? — Das hat der König von Frankreich gethan, und der ſoll binnen Kurzem erfahren, was der vlämiſche Löwe vermag, wenn er aufſteht.“

„Ach! alſo gegen Frankreich?“ ſagte der Walkmüller lachend. „Dann beklage ich Euch. Vergeßt die Geſchichte von Niclas Janneken nicht. Ihr habt vielleicht Luſt, im Hemde, barfuß und mit dem Stricke um dem Hals in's Feld zu ziehen.“

Er mußte wiſſen, daß dieſe Worte die Genter höchlichſt erzürnen würden, denn er hatte ſie noch nicht halb ausgeſprochen, als er ſich ſchon eilig entfernte, bereit zu laufen, ſobald ihn Jemand verfolgte. Wirklich wollte ihm auch der Strohdecker nach, um ihm Hals und Beine auf dem Freitagsmarkte zu zerbrechen. Aber Lieven hielt denſelben zurück und ſagte: „Laß ihn gehen, Jan, er iſt nicht der Mühe werth; ich werde ihm ſchon heute Abends im Löwen zum Brunnen ſeine Rechnung ſchreiben. Ich weiß es nicht, aber es ſollte mich nicht wundern, wenn dieſer fortgelaufene Sperling ein bezahlter Spion der Franzoſen wäre.“

„Ich ſehe in Allem nur noch keine Hülfe,“ ſeufzte Simon. „Der Streit zwiſchen Frankreich und England kann noch Jahre lang währen. Bis es entſchieden ſein wird, ob Philipp oder Eduard die franzöſiſche Krone trägt, können alle Weber, und was von der Weberei in Flandern leben muß, vor Hunger und Elend geſtorben ſein.“

„Ich ſage Euch, daß das nicht geſchehen wird,“ rief Lieven Compne heftig. „Die Rolandsglocke wird ſtürmen, noch ehe die Woche zu Ende iſt. Wir werden zeigen, daß das Genter Blut nicht lügt, wenn man es auch jetzt glaubt. Wir werden mit dem Könige von England anfangen, dann wird bald Nahrung genug im Lande ſein. Daß nur Einer komme, Einer, der Muth und Verſtand hat, zu rufen Flandern den Löwen: Nahrung, Nahrung! und Ihr ſollt ſehen, wie der Freitagsmarkt bewaffnete Genter ausſpeit. Hier ſtehen wir wohl ſechshundert auf dem Markte; wir ſind bereit zu den Waffen zu greifen; Flandern iſt bereit ſich aus ſeinem ſchmachvollen Schlafe zu erheben. Nur ein einziges Wort, nicht wahr? Nun denn, dieſes Wort [illegible]"

„Seht," ſagte Simon, indem er mit dem Finger vorwärts zeigte, „dort an der Serbodinsbrücke kommt der weiſe Mann; o, daß er dieſes Wort ſprechen möchte!"

Derjenige, welcher mit dem Namen des weiſen Mannes bezeichnet wurde, kam von fern auf den Freitagsmarkt zugeſchritten. Er war ein Bürger von mehr als mittlerer Geſtalt, aus deſſen Geſichtszügen ſchon bei dem erſten Anblick hervorleuchtete, daß Vernunft und Weisheit ihm in der That reichlich von Gott beſcheert waren. Unter ſeiner breiten, mit Runzeln durchzogenen Stirn, beſchattet von dichten Augenbrauen, glänzten ſeine braunen Augen, welche voll Ruhe nichts andeuteten als Ueberlegung und Frieden des Gemüthes, deren Blick aber bei der geringſten Anregung gleichſam Feuer ſtrahlte. Seine Naſe, mit großen beweglichen Naſenlöchern, verkündete Kraft und Muth, während ſeine minder ſcharf geſchnittenen Lippen Güte und inniges Mitgefühl verriethen.

Nach der Kleidung zu urtheilen, mußte dieſer Bürger reich ſein; denn er trug einen Mantel und ein Wamms von ſchwarzem Sammet mit rother Seide gefüttert. Die Kappe, welche ſeinen Kopf bedeckte, war von dunkelbraunem Tuch, ſeine Beinkleider vom ſchönſten rothen Genter Tuch, und ſeine Schuhe von gelbem Corduan. Da ſein Mantel ſich auf der rechten Seite öffnete, ſo konnte man ſehen, daß er am Gürtelriemen eine lederne Taſche trug und auf dieſer ein Dolchmeſſer.

Sobald dieſer Mann aus dem Zuivelſtege auf den Freitagsmarkt trat und ſein Auge von dem Anblick des ſchrecklichen Volkselendes getroffen wurde, ſchien ein plötzliches Zittern ihn zu ergreifen und Bitterkeit lagerte ſich auf ſeinem Antlitz. Dennoch ging er, aber langſam, vorwärts, den jetzt flammenden Blick auf den Boden gerichtet.

Um dieſelbe Zeit kam ein Stadtribaud aus dem Wolveſteg auf den Markt. Er hielt eine arme Frau, die ein Kind auf dem Arme trug, an der Schulter und riß ſie mit Gewalt fort. Die unglückliche Mutter weinte heftig, während ſie wie wahnſinnig ihren Mund und ihre Wangen auf das Antlitz des Kindes drückte und deſſen Füße in ihren Buſen barg. Es war ein ſchrecklicher Anblick, dieſe halb wahnſinnige Frau ſo gewaltſam gegen die Kälte und die Hungersnoth kämpfen zu ſehen, welche das Kind ſelbſt in ihren Armen zu tödten drohten. Der Ribaud achtete nicht auf dieſen verzweiflungsvollen Streit; die Mutter ſchien auch nicht zu wiſſen, daß man ihr Gewalt anthat. Sie ließ ſich ruhig fortſchieben und ging mit ſchwankenden Schritten neben ihrem Führer her. Zu der Mitte des Marktes ward der Ribaud von dem weiſen Manne aufgehalten mit den Worten: „Ribaud, zerrt die arme Frau nicht ſo! Was hat ſie denn Böſes gethan?“

„Ja, ich kann nicht dafür, Meiſter,“ ſagte der Ribaud ehrfurchtsvoll. „Es iſt eine Frau aus Beſtrem, die in Gent bettelte. Ich muß ſie, ich mag wollen oder nicht, aus der Stadt ſchaffen, und Ihr ſeht, Meiſter, daß ſie nicht gehen will.“

Eine mitleidige Stimme hatte das Ohr der Mutter berührt. Jetzt hob ſie das Haupt empor und zeigte ein abgemagertes Antlitz, das trotz der fahlen Farbe des Hungers noch Spuren früherer Schönheit offenbarte.

„Ach! Meiſter,“ rief ſie dem weiſen Manne zu, „ich bin eine arme Strumpfſtrickersfrau aus Beſtrem. Mein Mann und mein kleines Resken ſind geſtern Nacht vor Hunger geſtorben; ihre Leichen liegen noch unbegraben in unſerer Wohnung. Ich floh, um mein liebes Agneeteken vor dem Hungertode zu retten. Seht, da iſt es; aber es muß auch ſterben; denn man jagt uns fort. Gott, Gott! ach! läge ich doch ſchon erfroren, dann fühlte ich die Schmerzen in meinen Eingeweiden nicht. Aber mein Agneeteken, mein Kind ....“

Sie unterbrach ihre Klage, um die Füßchen des ſchon gefühlloſen Kindes noch tiefer in den Buſen zu ſtecken. Plötzlich aber, als ob Etwas ſie überraſcht habe, hielt ſie inne und zeigte dem weiſen Manne das arme Geſchöpf, während heiße Thränen ihr aus den Augen ſtrömten.

„Seht, ſeht, Meiſter!“ rief ſie mit einem gellenden Schrei; „mein Kind, mein Agneeteken iſt todt!“

Dann wandte ſie ſich mit einem wahnſinnigen bitteren Lachen zu dem Ribaud und ſagte: „Nun kommt, nun führt mich aus dem Thor, damit ich Agneete zu ihrem Brüderchen lege. Morgen wird doch Alles mit uns vorbei ſein.“

„Ribaud!“ ſprach der weiſe Mann, „Ihr könnt Eures Weges gehen; ich will für die Frau ſorgen; Eure Pflicht iſt gethan.“

Während der Ribaud, damit wohl zufrieden, nach dem Wolveſteg zurückkehrte, nahm der weiſe Mann das arme Weib bei der Hand und führte ſie nach der Ecke des Hochhauſes.

„Mutter!“ ſagte er mit einer Stimme, die vor Mitleid zitterte, „weint nicht ſo bitterlich und beruhigt Euch: Euer Kind iſt nicht todt. Kommt nur mit mir; wir wollen Euer Agneeteken heilen und die Pein in Euren Eingeweiden ſtillen. Ich werde Euch Beide vor Hunger und Kälte ſchützen. Ihr habt doch ſchon zu viel ausgehalten, nicht wahr?“

Die halb wahnſinnige Mutter ſchien dieſe Worte nicht ganz zu begreifen, betrachtete aber dennoch den weiſen Mann mit funkelnden Augen und mit einem ehrfurchtsvollen Lächeln der Dankbarkeit, als ob Gott ſelbſt ihr Führer geweſen wäre. So ließ ſie ſich ſprachlos in ein Tuchlager neben dem Hochhauſe bringen. Auf die Bitte des weiſen Mannes eilte hier Alles zu ſeinem Dienſte herbei. Er ließ die Frau in einiger Entfernung von dem Feuer ſich niederſetzen und ſie mit Brod und Wein erquicken. Mittlerweile hatte er das erſtarrte Kind in die Arme genommen und ließ es jetzt von der Frau des Hauſes mit warmen wollenen Decken über den ganzen Leib reiben. Die arme Mutter war aufgeſtanden und ſah mit ängſtlicher Erwartung dieſen Bemühungen zu. Sie war jedoch körperlich ſo angegriffen, daß ihr Mund nur unverſtändliche Töne hervorbrachte.

Plötzlich entfuhr ihr ein Schrei; ſie riß das Kind aus den Armen ihres Retters und ſtürzte vor ihm auf die Kniee nieder, mit ſo unſinniger Freude ihm Dank zujauchzend, daß ſich ſelbſt auf der Wange des weiſen Mannes eine Thräne des Mitleids zeigte. — Agneeteken hatte die Augen aufgeſchlagen und ihr erſter Blick war wie ein beſeligender Strahl in das Herz der Mutter gedrungen. — Der Tod hatte ſich wieder von dem Kinde entfernt. An der Eile, mit welcher der weiſe Mann dieſe Rettung hatte bewerkſtelligen laſſen, wie an ſeinen ungeduldigen Bewegungen merkte man leicht, daß er Eile hatte, um ſeinen Weg fortzuſetzen. Nachdem das gute Werk vollbracht war, ſprach er leiſe einige Worte mit dem Herrn des Hauſes und ſagte dann zu der armen Frau, welche wie bewußtlos ihr Kind fortwährend küßte und ſtreichelte: „Gute Frau, Ihr könnt hier bleiben mit Eurem Kinde, und wenn Ihr nach Veſtrem gehen wollt, ſo ſoll Euch Reiſegeld und was Ihr ſonſt braucht, gegeben werden. Habt nur guten Muth, liebe Frau.“

Die arme Mutter ſprang auf und küßte ſprachlos die Hand des weiſen Mannes, bis dieſer nach einem allgemeinen Gruße das Haus verließ und wieder auf den Freitagsmarkt ging.

Hier ſah er ſich von Neuem aufgehalten durch die Handwerker, welche bisher bei dem Hochhauſe geſtanden und ſich jetzt mit vielen Anderen vor dem Tuchlager verſammelt hatten.

„Nun, Mher Jakob,“ rief Lieven Comvne, „hat das feige Spiel noch nicht lange genug gewährt? Soll der letzte Vläminger auf der Straße ſterben wie ein Hund? Wird Niemand kommen, der Verſtand und Muth genug hat, um das Land zu retten? Und Ihr ſelbſt, Mher Jakob von Artevelde, Ihr, der weiſe Mann von Gent, könnt Ihr die Frauen dort am Kirchhof liegen ſehen, ohne daß Ihr ſaget: Es iſt Zeit, es muß Blut oder Arbeit geben!“

„Blut, Blut!“ murrte Artevelde in ſich ſelbſt hinein, indem er den Blick zum Boden ſchlug. Dann das Haupt wieder emporrichtend ſprach er: „Fordert nicht Blut, Ihr Genoſſen; es iſt früh genug, wenn die unerbittliche Nothwendigkeit uns zwingt, es zu vergießen.“

„Es muß doch einmal ein Ende nehmen,“ ſagte ein Weber; „es muß Arbeit and Nahrung geben, oder die Rolandsglocke ſoll Sturm läuten, daß der Thurm davon bebt.“

„Nein, nein,“ ſagte Artevelde, „es ſoll beſſer gehen. Ich weiß das Mittel, um Flandern ſeine alte Freiheit und Nahrung wiederzugeben; aber vorher müſſen wir erſt wieder Genter und Vläminger ſein dürfen, einträchtig und überzeugt von dem Rechte unſerer Sache, mit männlichem Muthe und vlämiſcher Geduld das geſchändete Recht rächend, ohne ſelbſt Gewaltthätigkeit oder Unrecht zu üben.“

Die ganze Schaar Handwerker hatte ſich rings um Jakob von Artevelde zuſammengedrängt, um ſeine Worte zu vernehmen. Was er ſagte, ſchwellte ihnen die Bruſt an und machte ihnen die Augen von Hoffnung und Begeiſterung funkelnd; Niemand entgegnete jedoch Etwas auf ſeine Rede und man ſah ihn fragend an, als ob man weitere Aufklärung erwarte. Er ſetzte nun ſeiner erſten Rede hinzu: „Iſt wirklich noch reines Gentiſches Blut in Euren Adern? Würdet Ihr es wagen, den Schwur zu thun, hier am Orte zu ſterben oder frei zu werden, wie es unſere Väter waren?“

Ein verwirrtes Gemurmel von zornigen Reden und Betheuerungen, nebſt einem ungeſtümen Emporſtrecken der Hände oder Ballen der Fäuſte, beantwortete ſeine Frage.

„Wohl denn, Genoſſen!“ entgegnete Artevelde gelaſſen, „wenn Ihr es wollt, ſo wird Flandern Freiheit und Nahrung haben. Es wird an unſerer Erlöſung gearbeitet. Seid inzwiſchen getroſt und habt vlämiſchen Muth.“

Nach dieſem Gruße ſchritt Artevelde zwiſchen den Handwerkern hin, die ihn ehrerbietig durchließen und ihm nachſahen, bis er hinter der Ecke der Wandelſtege verſchwand.

Er war ihnen jedoch kaum aus den Augen, als ein verwirrtes Gewühl unter ihnen Statt fand. Alle bewegten ſich mit Ungeſtüm und ſchienen einen wichtigen Plan zu faſſen, bis daß Lieven Gomyne plötzlich die Worte: „Freiheit und Nahrung!“ mit mächtiger Stimme wie einen Aufruf über den Markt ſandte und jauchzend nach der Lange Munte lief. Dies war wie ein Zeichen, das Jeder verſtand. Andere begaben ſich über die Serbodinsbrücke entweder nach dem Steendamm oder nach Overſchelde. Viele begaben ſich zu den ſitzenden Frauen und Kindern und riefen ihnen von ferne mit freudigem Tone zu: „Freiheit und Nahrung! Freiheit und Nahrung!“

Plötzlich erblickte man, wie wenn die Poſaune des Erzengels dieſe Todten aus ewigem Schlafe erweckt hätte, die zuſammengekauerten Frauen und Kinder ihre Glieder ausſtrecken, aufſtehen und ſich unter die wimmelnden Haufen der Handwerker miſchen.

Bald nachher fand ein ungewöhnliches Wogen von Menſchenköpfen auf dem Freitagsmarkte ſtatt; man ging von einem Haufen zum andern, erzählte ſich überall, was der weiſe Mann geſagt habe, und rief: „Freiheit und Nahrung!“ Andere liefen in die angrenzenden Straßen, um die Neuigkeit nach allen Vierteln der Stadt zu tragen, und binnen Kurzem ſtrömte das Volk, gleich einer eindringenden Fluth, aus allen Gaſſen nach dem Freitagsmarkte. Sie hatten keinen Hunger mehr, dieſe Vlämingег; ſie fühlten ſich durch die Worte: Freiheit und Nahrung! geſättigt. Ein Stern der Hoffnung war vor ihren Augen aufgegangen, Muth und Kraft erfüllten ihre Herzen, und aus denſelben Augen, welche Stunden lang leblos auf den Boden gerichtet waren, zuckten nun mächtige löwenmuthige Blitze.

Trotzdem ließ ſich indeſſen nicht bemerken, daß dieſes zuſammenſtrömende Volk die Abſicht habe, ſich Gewaltthätigkeiten zu überlaſſen. Im Gegentheil, die wildeſten Gemüther ſelbſt ſprachen hier von Geduld und von Ehrfurcht vor eines Jeden Recht. Gewiß, ſie mußten etwas Beſonderes im Sinne führen; denn nachdem ſie einige Zeit verwirrt und mit brauſendem Lärme ſich unter einander bewegt hatten, begannen ſie, Jeder nach der Gilde, zu der er gehörte, ſich in große abgeſonderte Schaaren zu ordnen. Man ſah Lieven Comyne mit begeiſtertem Anblick noch immer hin und wieder laufen und wie ausgelaſſen Jeden ermuthigen zu dem Unternehmen, das man erproben wollte.

Artevelde ſchritt unterdeſſen eilig durch die Magdalenenſtraße bis nach dem Calanderberge, wo ſeine Wohnung lag. Dieſe beſtand aus zwei hohen Häuſern aus Backſteinen, mit ſchönen ſpitzbögigen Fenſtern, deren hölzerne Träger überall mit ſchönem Schnitzwerk geſchmückt waren. Zu der Eingangsthür führte eine kleine ſteinerne Treppe. Durch dieſe Eigenthümlichkeit ſowohl wie durch den Reichthum der Zierrathen unterſchied ſich dies Haus von allen benachbarten Wohnungen. Es mußte auch in die Tiefe einen bedeutenden Raum einnehmen; denn hinten führte eine kleine Thür ziemlich weit in den Paddenhoek hinaus. Mitten auf dem Markte, den man den

Calanderberg nannte, und der damals wohl dreimal größer war, als er jetzt iſt, ſtand eine hohe Linde, und Artevelde's Wohnung gegenüber erhob ſich eine berühmte Herberge, der Fuchs genannt.

Sobald Artevelde an ſeine Thür geklopft hatte, öffnete ihm eine Dienſtmagd. Er ging quer durch ein großes Vorzimmer, welches früher als Tuchlager gedient zu haben ſchien, und begab ſich dann in ein hinteres Gemach, in welchem vier Perſonen bei ſeiner Ankunft von ihren Stühlen aufſtanden und ihn freudig und ehrerbietig begrüßten. In Ueberlegungen vertieft ſagte er jedoch nur leichthin einige Worte, und ſich dann ausſchließlich an einen kräftigen Jüngling wendend, der nicht fern vom Kamine ſaß, ſagte er: „Mher Ghelnoot van Lens, beliebe es Euch, mit mir zu gehen; während ich Mantel und Kappe ablege, werde ich Euch etwas Wichtiges ſagen.“

„Ah! iſt es ſo!“ rief Ghelnoot eifrig; „hat der vlämiſche Leu endlich den Staub von ſeinen Mähnen geſchüttelt? Wird er die Zähne weiſen?“

„Kommt, kommt,“ ſagte Artevelde ihm winkend, „Ihr werdet es erfahren.“

Ghelnoot konnte ungefähr ſechsundzwanzig Jahre alt ſein. Er war ein Mann mit großen blauen Augen und dunkelblondem Haar, von langer und ungemein kräftiger Geſtalt, aber mit offenem Geſicht, auf dem herzliche Fröhlichkeit beſtändig glänzte. Bei dem erſten Anblicke ſchon konnte man das Bild des ächten Vlämingers und vor Allem des Genters in ihm erkennen: mächtig von Gliedmaßen, ſtolz in der Haltung, doch immer bereit, zu lachen, zu ſcherzen und zu jubeln; ſo lange keine außerordentliche Rührung ſich ſeiner bemächtigte und Ernſt oder Gram in ihm hervorrief, arglos und ſanft, wie ein Kind, im gewöhnlichen Leben, aber wüthend und unverzagt, wie ein Löwe, ſobald Unrecht, Hohn oder Unterdrückung ſein trotziges Gemüth verwundete.

Die im Gemache zurückgebliebenen Perſonen waren zwei Frauen und ein Jüngling von ungefähr zwanzig Jahren. Die eine Frau war die Gemahlin Jakob von Artevelde's. Ihre Geſichtszüge, ihr Benehmen und ihre Sprache, kurz Alles in ihr verkündete ihre edle Herkunft. Sie gehörte in der That zu dem ritterlichen Geſchlechte von Trongene und war eine Tochter Seghers von Cortrazyn, Marſchalls von Flandern, welcher früher die Gefangenſchaft des Grafen Guido theilte und jetzt wieder auf Antrieb des Königs von Frankreich in einen Kerker des Kaſtells zu Rupelmonde geworfen worden war. Neben ihr ſaß ihre Tochter, ein junges, kaum der Kindheit entwachſenes Mädchen, mit feurigem Blick, ſchwarzen Augen, ſchlanker Geſtalt und ſehr zarten Geſichtszügen. In ihr ſchienen ſich Einfachheit und Kraft des Gemüthes vereinigt zu haben; denn in ihrer Sprache und ihren Geberden offenbarte ſich eine ſtolze, doch anmuthige Freiheit, welche bewies, daß ſie eine ſehr ſorgfältige Erziehung genoſſen und wenigſtens geiſtig kein Kind mehr ſei. Ihre ganze Kleidung beſtand in einem Samar von hellblauer Seide, welcher vom Hals bis an die Füße ging. Eine Haube von weißem Linnen umſchloß ihr Haupt, Wangen und Kinn, ſo daß nur das zierliche Oval ihres Geſichtes unbedeckt blieb. Sie trug Schuhe von ſchwärzem Leder, welche von ſtählernen Schnallen über den Fuß feſtgehalten wurden.

Ihre Mutter hatte dieſelbe Kleidung, nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß ihr Samar dunkelfarbiger und aus reichgeblümtem Damaſt geſchnitten war.

Dieſe ſchöne Jungfrau, das einzige Kind Jakob's von Artevelde, hieß Veerle, nach der heiligen Pharaildis, deren Reliquien damals in der Kapelle unter den Mauern des Gravenſteins verehrt wurden.

Der Jüngling, der nicht fern von ihr ſaß, war Lieven Denys, Sohn des verbannten Gherbaert Denys, Dechanten der Weberzunft, der zu gleicher Zeit als Oberdechant an der Spitze aller Genter Zünfte ſtand. Der junge Lieven, deſſen einziger Sohn, konnte ſich rühmen, der reichſte Erbe von Gent zu ſein; denn ſein Vater hatte ſich ungemeine Schätze mit dem Tuchhandel erworben. Es ſchien, als ob die Natur und das Schickſal den Jüngling mit allen ihren Gaben überſchüttet hätten. Seine ſchönen, vielleicht etwas zu weichen Züge waren der Spiegel einer reinen liebevollen Seele; etwas Poetiſches und Sehnſüchtiges lag in ſeinem langſamen Augenaufſchlagen, aber ſeine breite Stirn und ſeine ſtark gewölbte Bruſt bezeugten auch zur ſelben Zeit männlichen Muth und geiſtige Kraft.

Veerle von Artevelde war ſeine Spielgenoſſin geweſen. Jetzt liebten ſie einander unter den Augen ihrer Eltern mit inniger Neigung, in der Erwartung, daß

Lievens Vater binnen kurzer Zeit ſeine Einwilligung geben werde.

Als Jakob von Artevelde in das Gemach trat, war Lieven damit beſchäftigt geweſen, Veerle das ſchöne Gedicht von dem Ritter mit dem Schwane zu erzählen, und die Mutter hatte ſich zu ihnen neben der Eſſe bei dem Feuer hingeſetzt, um zuzuhören. Die Jungfrau bat ihn jetzt, in ſeiner Erzählung fortzufahren; aber Lieven war zu ſehr geſtört worden durch Artevelde's eigenthümlichen Ausdruck und deſſen geheimnißvolles Thun. Er vermuthete, daß ſich Wichtiges zugetragen habe, und lehnte die an ihn gerichtete Bitte freundlich ab, um in tiefes Nachdenken zu verſinken. Die Rückkehr ſeines Vaters, die Befreiung Flanderns, ja ſelbſt ſeine Liebe konnten hier in die Wage gelegt werden; denn er vermuthete mit Recht, daß bei dem geringſten Funken, der unter das aufgeregte Volk geworfen würde, eine verheerende Flamme in allen vier Ecken von Flandern aufſchlagen möchte. Vielleicht würde er jetzt Etwas von ſeiner Hoffnung und ſeiner Angſt der verwunderten Veerle mitgetheilt haben; aber ihm wurde keine Zeit dazu gelaſſen, da Artevelde und Ghelnoot von Lens ſogleich wieder in das Gemach zurückkamen.

Jakob näherte ſich ſeiner Gattin und ſagte zu ihr: „Cathelyne, habe die Güte, Jacquemyne zu befehlen, daß ſie ein großes Feuer im oberen Gemache nach der Straße zu anzünde und die Thür nach dem Paddenhoek verſchließe; ich erwarte viele Freunde, die binnen einer Stunde hier ſein werden. Jacquemyne muß mich benachrichtigen, wenn Jemand kommt.“

Während Artevelde mit ſeiner Frau nach der Thür des Gemaches ging und dort noch eine Weile leiſe mit ihr ſprach, ſtand Ghelnoot bei der Eſſe und rieb ſich lächelnd die Hände, wie Jemand, der ſich ſehr über eine gute Nachricht freut. Lieven und Veerle ſahen ihn fragend an, erhielten jedoch keine Antwort.

„Aber, Myher Ghelnoot,“ rief Lieven, „wenn man Euch ſieht, ſollte man meinen, Ihr wolltet uns verbergen, was vorgeht. Als ob ich nicht wüßte, daß man damit beſchäftigt iſt, den Klöppel der Rolandsglocke loszumachen.“

Veerle erſchrack ſichtbar bei dieſen Worten. „Roland! Roland!“ rief ſie; „davor bewahre uns Sanct Lieven! Ha, darum hat Sanct Bertulf auf ſeinem Söller heute Nacht geklopft.“

„Sanct Bertulf hat Recht,“ ſagte Ghelnoot, „obwohl es ſcheint, daß Roland nicht mit dabei ſein wird. Man hofft es mindeſtens; aber Ihr kennt den Burſchen; er iſt ſehr hochfahrend und ſchweigt nicht, wenn man will. Deſto beſſer, denn er iſt ein Meiſterſänger, deſſen Lieder Euch das Blut durch die Adern jagen und die Bruſt ſchwellen, ſo daß Ihr wähnt, Ihr könntet ſeinen Thurm auf dem Arme tragen. Das thut dem Herzen gut, und man fühlt, daß man ein Vläminger iſt.“

„Ach!“ ſeufzte Veerle ängſtlich, „iſt es wirklich wahr, daß man wieder kämpfen wird? Die Männer! Man möchte ſagen, ſie dürſten Einer nach des Andern Blut. Ich begreife es nicht, Myher Ghelnoot, daß Ihr, der Ihr ſtets ſo gut und ſo fröhlich ſeid, nun plötzlich ſo bitter und böſe reden könnt, daß Eure Worte mir tödtliche Furcht einjagen."

„Ihr ſeid mit Unrecht ſo ängſtlich, Beerle!" ſagte Ghelnoot lachend; „in Gent iſt noch nicht ein ſo großer Mangel an Männern, daß Euer Freund Lieven Euch verlaſſen müßte, um jetzt ſchon mit der Sanct Jorisgilde ſeinen erſten Schuß thun zu müſſen."

Die Jungfrau fühlte ſich durch dieſe letzten Worte gekränkt; ſie warf einen flüchtigen Blick auf Lieven, als ob ſie ſagen wollte: „Duldet Ihr den Hohn?" Aber der Jüngling ſtand plötzlich auf und ſprach mit dumpfer Stimme, roth vor Aerger: „Mher Ghelnoot, wenn der Stadttrompeter Berſemier vom Thurm herab Sturm bläſt, ſo werde ich mit meinem Bogen bereit ſtehen und beweiſen, daß ich auch mit dem Tode zu ſcherzen weiß. Aber ich freue mich nicht im Voraus auf Blutvergießen; denn die ich treffen kann, oder die mich tödten können, ſind Menſchen . . . ."

„Nun, nun, ereifert Euch nicht," fiel ihm Ghelnoot lachend in die Rede; „ich weiß, daß das vlämiſche Herz in Eurer Bruſt mannhaft ſchlägt; doch Jeder verſteht es auf ſeine Weiſe. Ich ſehe nun ſchon ſeit einem Jahre die bitterſte Hungersnoth in Flandern wüthen; man hat unſere alten Freiheiten beinahe ganz vernichtet, hat Bürger von Gent gegen Recht und Geſetz eingekerkert, hat Euren Vater verbannt, weil er freimüthig ſprach; wir werden zum Beſten Frankreichs aufgeopfert und erniedrigt wie ein feiger Sklavenhauſe, und da meint Ihr, daß ich mich hinſtellen werde und weinen, jetzt, wo der

Genter Löwe ſeine Tatzen aufhebt und ſich anſchickt, ſeine Ketten zu zerbrechen? Ha, ha, das wäre doch wunderlich!“

Artevelde nahte ſich in dieſem Augenblicke dem Feuer und ſetzte ſich in den Seſſel, den ſeine Frau ſo eben verlaſſen hatte. Er ſchien noch ganz in Gedanken vertieft und ſagte freundlich: „Es iſt draußen erſchrecklich kalt, Kinder; möge Gott die Leidenden in Flandern behüten!“

Beerle ſchlug ihren Arm um ſeinen Hals und fragte ſchmeichelnd: „Sag' einmal, Vater! Mher Ghelnoot hat uns ſo ängſtlich gemacht, das heißt, mich allein, den Lieven nicht — ach! ſo ängſtlich! Er ſpricht von der Rolandsglocke und von Krieg und Blut. Das iſt doch wohl nicht wahr, daß man in Gent ſtürmen wird?“

„Mher Ghelnoot hat nicht wohl daran gethan,“ antwortete Artevelde; „ängſtige Dich nicht, Beerle; der alte Roland wird ſchweigen.“

„So, Beerle,“ lachte Ghelnoot; „es iſt nicht chriſtlich von Euch, daß Ihr mir zur Laſt legt, was Lieven geſagt hat. Ich bin es nicht, der vom Roland ſprach.“

Artevelde wandte ſich nun zu dem jungen Denys und ſagte: „Lieven, Euer Vater kehrt aus ſeiner Verbannung zurück.“

„Mein Vater!“ rief der Jüngling mit frohem Erſtaunen.

„Ja, aber dies Wort ſei Euch genug; Ihr werdet bald die Erklärung deſſelben bekommen.“

„Wann werde ich ihn ſehen?“

„Das hängt von gewiſſen Umſtänden ab. Jedenfalls früher, als Ihr ſelbſt zu hoffen wagt.“

„Wie das möglich iſt? Mein Vater iſt wohl unrechtmäßig, aber doch geſetzlich durch den Grafen und die Wedde von Gent vor fünf Jahren aus Flandern verbannt worden.“

„Er wird dennoch zurückkehren, ſage ich Euch.“

„Und kommt mein lieber Großvater Segher denn nicht auch wieder?“ fragte Veerle betrübt. „Gott, wie wird er von der Kälte leiden in den gräßlichen Kerkern des Rupelmondeſteins!“

„Ich hoffe, daß der alte Marſchall die Männer von Gent noch zum Siege führen wird,“ antwortete Artevelde; „doch für jetzt genug von Dingen, die nicht lange geheim bleiben werden. Laßt uns von anderen reden. Wie war es mit der Einkleidung der Nonne zu Veteghen? War Deine Muhme Amelberga wohlgemuth, als ſie der Welt für immer Lebewohl ſagen mußte?“

„Es war ſo ſchön und ſo prächtig,“ antwortete die Jungfrau; „aber Amelberga hat vor dem Altare ſo bitterlich geweint, daß man ſie unterſtützen mußte, als man ihr die Nonnenkleider anlegte. Die Aebtiſſin ſagte nachher, es ſei freudige Rührung geweſen, und das ſcheint auch wahr zu ſein; denn ich habe Amelberga ſpäter geſehen, und ſie war ganz vergnügt. Aber horcht einmal .... im Schornſtein! was mag das ſein?“

Alle horchten zugleich aufmerkſam auf ein Geräuſch, das man deutlich durch die Eſſe vernehmen konnte. Es war wie das Brauſen eines fernen Meeres; etwas Unbegreifliches, aber Gewaltiges; denn Artevelde ward bleich, warf einen beſorgten Blick auf Ghelnoot und ſeufzte: „Gott! vielleicht zu ſpät!“

„Sanct Lieven ſtehe uns bei!“ rief Beerle mit einem Schrei der Angſt, als ſie ihren Vater ſo erſchrocken ſah; „was iſt's, was iſt's?“

„Nichts, nichts!“ ſagte Artevelde bitter; „es iſt ein Wagen, der ohne Kutſcher fährt und vielleicht zertrümmert werden wird.“

Kaum hatte er dies geäußert, ſo kam ſeine Gattin hereingeeilt und rief: „Raſch, Jakob, raſch! Im Gange bei der Hinterthür erwartet Dich Jemand, der Dich augenblicklich ſprechen muß. Er ſagt, Flanderns Glück hänge davon ab.“

Artevelde ſtand auf und eilte dorthin. Er fand dort den Oberſchöffen der Keure, Ser Maes Van Vaernewyck, der ganz erſchrocken vor ihm ſtand.

„Aber Jakob!“ ſagte dieſer eilig, „keinen Aufſchub mehr, oder der Plan misglückt unfehlbar. Der Freitagsmarkt wimmelt von Volk, das die Luft erfüllt mit dem Rufe: «Freiheit und Nahrung!» Sie haben ihre Dechanten aufgeſucht und ſchreien, daß ſie mit dem weiſen Manne berathſchlagen wollen. Horcht! es iſt als ob der Lärm ſich näherte. Es iſt die höchſte Zeit; denn bleibt das Volk ſich ſelbſt überlaſſen, ſo fließt Blut in Gent.“

„Wohl denn, ſo laßt uns dem Volke auf dem Freitagsmarkte erklären, was geſchehen muß, dann wird es wieder ruhig werden.“

„Nein, nein! Um Alles in der Welt nicht auf dem Freitagsmarkt! Außerhalb des Weichbildes von Gent muß es geſchehen. Denn ſeht, wenn der Verſuch misglückte, ſo würde Gent wieder mit unerträglichen Strafen heimgeſucht werden und ich, der Oberſchöffe, ſowie alle meine Amtsbrüder, den Kopf dadurch verlieren. Es iſt nutzlos, die Stadt ohne Grund in ſolche Gefahr zu bringen.“

„Ihr habt Recht, indeſſen laßt mich machen; ich nehme alle Verantwortlichkeit auf mich allein. Aber habt Ihr mit Euren Amtsgenoſſen geſprochen und ſie über ihre Meinung ausgeforſcht, beſonders diejenigen, die wegen ihres Ritterthums vor ſolcher kühnen That zurückſchrecken möchten?“

„Ja, Alles iſt wohl auf unſerer Seite; die Mehrzahl iſt für uns; nur Vier oder Fünf ſcheinen unzufrieden mit dem Plane. Thut, was Ihr wollt; wir werden Euch im Stillen behülflich ſein. Ich eilte hierher; denn ſie ſind vielleicht ſchon in der Mageleinſtraße. Raſch dann zur Zuſammenkunft. Macht jedoch, daß das Volk ruhig und ohne Gewaltthaten wieder auseinander geht.“

Während Artevelde mit dem Oberſchöffen von Gent ſich unterredete, verließ eine große Menſchenmaſſe den Freitagsmarkt unter dem donnernden Rufe: „Freiheit und Nahrung!“, der wie die Stimme des Sturmwindes der wogenden Menge vorauseilte. Die Walker zogen mit ihren Dechanten durch die Lange Munte, die kleinen Gilden längs dem Wandelſtege, und die Weber durch die Koningſtraße über den Zandberg. Sie hatten ſich ſo vertheilen müſſen, weil eine einzige Straße unmöglich ſo viele Menſchen aufnehmen konnte. Je weiter ſie kamen, deſto ſchrecklicher hallte der Ruf: „Freiheit und Nahrung!“ über die Stadt hin; denn die Zünfte antworteten ſich jetzt aus drei entfernten Straßen zugleich.

Auf ihrem Wege ſchloß hier und dort ein erſchreckter Bürger eilig Thüren und Fenſter. Die Meiſten ſtanden jedoch auf ihren Thürſchwellen mit weit geöffneten Augen und blickten erſtaunt die vorüberſtrömende Menge an. Sie konnten nicht begreifen, was alle die Zunftmänner ſo unbewaffnet im Sinne hatten, und erkundigten ſich bald bei dem Einen, bald bei dem Andern, wohin ſie gingen. Die Antwort: „Zur Berathung mit dem weiſen Manne“, befriedigte ihre Neugier nicht; ſobald alſo der Zug an ihnen vorüber war, eilten die Nachbarn überall ängſtlich zuſammen und befragten ſich über die Urſache des Auflaufes, wie ſie es nannten.

Die Erſten, die auf dem Calanderberge anlangten, waren die Weber, deren Weg der kürzeſte geweſen war. Kaum hatten ſie ſich jedoch vor der Herberge zum Fuchs theilweiſe aufgeſtellt, als die Walkmüller, denen die kleinen Gilden folgten, ſich in der Mageleinſtraße zeigten. Sobald der Calanderberg mit ſo vielen Menſchen bedeckt war, als er irgend aufnehmen konnte, rief man mit verdoppeltem Geſchrei den weiſen Mann. Ein Trompeter, der bei dem Dechant der Weber ſtand, ſetzte jedoch ſein kupfernes Horn an den Mund und ſandte einige weitſchallende Töne über den Markt. Bei dieſem Zeichen hörte das Rufen plötzlich auf und die größte Stille herrſchte augenblicklich. Mittlerweile ſammelten ſich die Dechanten und Geſchwornen der Gilden und begaben ſich nach dem Hauſe Jakob's von Artevelde. Einer derſelben ſchritt voraus, um die Treppe hinaufzuſteigen und an die Thür zu pochen; aber er hatte nicht Zeit dazu; denn Artevelde öffnete in dieſem Augenblicke ſelbſt und kam zu ihnen herunter. Bei ſeinem Erſcheinen erhob ſich ein freudiges Murmeln in der Verſammlung; kein Einziger ſprach jedoch ein lautes Wort. Nur in der Tiefe der angrenzenden Straßen hörte man noch einzelne Stimmen: „Freiheit und Nahrung!“ rufen.

Als Jakob zu den Dechanten gekommen war, grüßte er ſie freundlich und fragte: „Was wünſcht Ihr von mir, lieben Freunde?“

„Mher von Artevelde,“ antwortete der Dechant der Schiffer, der den Auftrag hatte ihn anzureden, „wir kommen zu Euch, um uns Rathes zu erholen. Man hat uns geſagt, daß Ihr durch Eure Weisheit und Eure großen Reichthümer im Stande wäret, Flandern Wohlfahrt und Freiheit zurückzugeben. Hier ſind wir, bereit, Euch zu folgen und zu gehorchen; ſagt uns, was wir thun ſollen.“

„Freunde!“ ſprach Artevelde, „ich bin ein geborner Genter. Das iſt genug geſagt, um Euch zu beweiſen, daß es mir nicht an Muth fehlt, unſerer Stadt und dem Lande zu nützen. Ich bin bereit, mein Leben und mein Vermögen zum Opfer zu bringen, um diejenigen zu unterſtützen, die ſich an die Spitze der Genter ſtellen wollen, damit Flandern von der Hungersnoth erlöſt und aus ſeiner Erniedrigung gerettet werde.“

„Niemand iſt geeigneter, als der weiſe Mann von Gent, ein ſo mühſeliges Werk zu unternehmen,“ erwiederte der Dechant der Schiffer, während ſeine Genoſſen durch Worte und Geberden ihre volle Zuſtimmung zu erkennen gaben.

Artevelde blickte einen Augenblick auf den Boden; dann das Haupt wieder erhebend, fragte er: „Wollt Ihr mir treue Freunde und Genoſſen ſein in allen Dingen und mich nicht verlaſſen am Tage der Gefahr?“

„Im Namen Aller, die hier verſammelt ſind,“ antwortete der Dechant der Schiffer, „geloben wir redlich, Euch in Allem zu unterſtützen und Leben und Gut daran zu wagen. Wo Ihr es befehlt, werden wir unſer Blut vergießen für das Vaterland, und Euer weiſer Rath ſoll unſer einziges Geſetz ſein; darauf gebe ich Euch die Hand.“

Alle Dechanten legten nach einander ihre Hand in Artevelde's Hand, als einen Eid unverbrüchlicher Brudertreue.

„Wohl denn!“ hub Jakob an, „es iſt geſagt. Nahrung und Freiheit ſollen wieder in Flandern aufblühen. Beruft alle Eure Genoſſen und überhaupt Jeden, der Bürger von Gent iſt, übermorgen nach der Ebene der Byloke um drei Uhr Nachmittags. Dort wollen wir öffentlich berathen, was geſchehen muß, und ich werde Euch erklären, wie mir dünkt, daß Flandern unmittelbar ſich erheben könne aus ſeinem Elend und ſeiner Erniedrigung, vielleicht ohne daß ein einziger Tropfen Blutes vergoſſen wird. Geht nun zu Euren Genoſſen und empfehlt ihnen Friede und Ruhe. Eine einzige Gewaltthat würde hinreichen, uns Alle zu verderben. Das Glück oder das Elend des Vaterlandes liegt alſo in Euren Händen.“

Die Dechanten gaben ihm die Verſicherung, daß bis zum nächſtfolgenden Tage Alles ſtill bleiben ſolle, und grüßten ihn mit freudigem Danke, bis er in ſeiner Thür verſchwunden war. Dann ging Jeder zu den Genoſſen ſeiner Zunft und theilte ihnen die Verſprechungen und den Rath Artevelde's mit, ausdrücklich befehlend, daß man ſich ſtill und ruhig halte bis zum Tage der allgemeinen Verſammlung in der Byloke.

Die Zunftgenoſſen empfingen die Nachricht mit großer Freude und ſprachen feurig mit einander darüber. Ein ungeſtümes Wogen entſtand in der Menge, weil Jeder ſeine Freunde aufſuchte, um über die Angelegenheit zu reden; aber nicht ein einziger Schrei wurde aus ihrer Mitte gehört, und bald nachher ſah man Alle, auf Anrathen der Dechanten, fröhlich, aber friedlich längs den verſchiedenen Straßen nach ihren Stadtvierteln heimkehren.

Eine Viertelſtunde ſpäter befand ſich Niemand mehr auf dem Calanderberge, als einige Bürger, welche ſich vor der Thür der Herberge zum Fuchs mit einander unterhielten und aufmerkſam Artevelde's Wohnung betrachteten. Nacheinander ſahen ſie viele vornehme Perſonen der Stadt, Bürger, Schöffen und Edelleute, längs dem Paddenhoek nach der Wohnung des weiſen Mannes gehen und fragten einander, was das zu bedeuten habe. Bald darauf hörte jedoch die Urſache ihrer Neugier auf, indem Niemand mehr kam, worauf ſie nun auch ihres Weges gingen.

Der Calanderberg blieb nun ſtill, als ob dort ſich Nichts zugetragen habe.

II.

Der für die Verſammlung in der Byloke beſtimmte Tag war gekommen. Eine Stunde vor der feſtgeſetzten Zeit ſah man bereits aus allen Vierteln der Stadt die Bürger von Gent ſich in Menge nach dem Ufer der Leije begeben, um von dort den Weg einzuſchlagen, der nach dem Sammelort führte. Um ſich eine Idee von dem großen Zuſammenfluß des Volkes bilden zu können, hätte man an einem der Thore ſtehen müſſen, durch welches die Einwohner von Buitenkuipe in großen Haufen nach der Stadt zogen. So konnte z. B. das Thor unter dem rothen Thurme eine halbe Stunde lang die Menge nicht faſſen, welche Sanct Baefsſtede verließ, um in der Byloke gegenwärtig zu ſein. Daſſelbe trug ſich an dem Wallthore zu, durch welches ein Theil der Einwohner von Sanct Pieters kam, während ein anderer Theil unter dem Keteltbore durchging.

Der Grund, weshalb alle Einwohner von Gent, und ſelbſt der Herrſchaft Buitenkuipe, gezwungen waren, durch die Stadt zu ziehen, lag darin, daß es damals nur eine Brücke gab, um über die Byloke Leije und die Houtlei zu kommen. Alle mußten nothwendig durch das Kuipgat und über die Oordeelbrücke.

Um dieſelbe Stunde verließ Ser Jan Van Steenbeke, Schöff der Keure, ſeinen Stein in der Opperſcheldeſtraße. Er richtete ſeine Schritte nach der Predikersbrücke, wo er einem Schöffen von dieſem Stadttheile begegnete.

„Seid gegrüßt, Mher Zoetaerde,“ ſagte er, neben ſeinem Amtsgenoſſen herſchreitend; „wollt Ihr auch ſehen, was man dort ausmachen wird?“

„Ja wohl, Ser Van Steenbeke,“ antwortete der Andere; „Gott weiß es; aber es iſt möglich, daß es der Gemeine viel Gutes bringt. In jedem Falle muß man es hören und ſehen, um darüber urtheilen zu können.“

„Ha, Ihr glaubt, daß die Gemeine durch Aufruhr und Volksſturm zu retten ſei!“

„Mit größerem Rechte könnte ich Euch fragen, warum Ihr von Aufruhr ſprecht, da es doch nicht den mindeſten Anſchein davon hat. Betrachtet dieß Volk; dort geht es lachend und fröhlich, ohne Waffen. Es giebt ſogar Einige darunter, die Frau und Kinder mitnehmen. Ich habe meine eigenen bereits mit Verwunderung gefragt, ob wir nicht vielleicht alle zuſammen hingehen, um Sanct Lieven's Umgang zu ſehen.“

„Das iſt Alles nichts, Mher Zoetaerde, „das Volk trägt nicht ſelten ein Schaafsfell, aber der Löwe ſteckt darunter, und wenn der Löwe ſein Schaafsfell abwirft, dann beißt er Freund und Feind, und zerreißt ſelbſt ſeine eigenen Eingeweide.“

„Euer Gleichniß, Ser Van Steenbeke, iſt in der That artig,“ ſagte Zoetaerde lachend; „das Volk wäre wirklich unglücklich, wenn es ſtets das Schaafsfell tragen müßte; man würde ihm nicht die Zeit laſſen, viel Wolle zu bekommen.“

„Sagt, was Ihr wollt, Mher Zoetaerde; es iſt äußerſt unvorſichtig, die Menge zuſammenzurufen, damit ſie über ihre eigenen Angelegenheiten berathe. Sie verſteht nichts davon und kennt nur eine Sprache — Gewalt.“

„Ich glaube doch, daß Ihr Euch diesmal täuſcht; der weiſe Mann wird dafür ſorgen.“

„Ich verſtehe, er will die Bundesgenoſſenſchaft mit England vorſchlagen, gegen den Willen ſeines geſetzlichen Fürſten. Glaubt Ihr, daß der König von Frankreich das dulden werde?“

„Nun, wenn er es nicht dulden will, ſo kann er es doch nicht hindern. Er braucht ſich um unſere Angelegenheiten gar nicht zu bemühen; ſie gehen ihn gar nichts an; Jeder in ſeinem Lande!“

„Ihr macht die Rechnung ohne den Wirth, Mher Zoetaerde; hier läßt ſich leicht von dem Könige von Frankreich und dem Grafen ſorglos ſprechen; aber wenn ein Heer von ſechzigtauſend Mann in Flandern eingerückt kommt, was werdet Ihr dann thun?“

„Nun, was hat man zu Kortryk gethan in der Schlacht der goldenen Sporen? Dort waren noch mehr. Glaubt nicht, daß ich Luſt am Kriege habe, bei Leibe nicht! Wenn meine Arbeit verrichtet iſt, ſo ſitze ich gerne behaglich vor einem guten Feuer und ſchwatze; aber das giebt's nicht her. Ich bin ſchon ſechzig Jahre alt, Ser Van Steenbeke, ſechzig am Sanct Lieven's Abend geworden, und doch würde ich meinen Guten tag*) noch ergreifen, um mit unſeren jungen Geſellen dem Feinde entgegen zu ziehen."

Ser Van Steenbeke lächelte ſpöttiſch und ſagte: „Es würde Euch wenig nützen; Frankreich iſt gegenwärtig mächtig genug, um Flandern mit einem Streiche zu zerſchmettern."

„Möglich," antwortete Zoetaerde ärgerlich; „das iſt jedoch Etwas, das man erſt abwarten muß. Aber beantwortet mir eine Frage, Ser Van Steenbeke. Wenn man Euch ſagte: Ihr müßt ſterben! und Ihr Euch ſelbſt überzeugtet, daß es unmöglich ſei, dem Tode zu entgehen, und man ließe Euch alsdann die Wahl, vor Hunger in gräßlichen Krämpfen zu verſcheiden, oder auf dem Schlachtfelde mit dem Schwerte in der Fauſt den Tod zu finden; was würdet Ihr wählen?"

Bei dieſer Frage wurde Ser Van Steenbeke ſichtlich verlegen. Er wußte nicht recht, was er darauf antworten ſollte. Deshalb nahm er die Gelegenheit wahr, um ſich von ſeinem Gefährten zu entfernen, gerade als dieſer von dem herbeiſtrömenden Volke durch das Kuipgat gedrängt wurde.

Als ſie an der Oordeelbrücke vorüber waren, erwiederte Steenbeke, als ob er die an ihn gerichtete Frage vergeſſen habe: „Wer ſagt Euch, daß Mher Jakob von Artevelde, den Ihr, Gott weiß warum, den weiſen Mann genannt habt, nicht aus Herrſchſucht handelt, und das

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*) Eine bekannte Waffe der alten Vläminger, eine Art Pike, unſerem Morgenſtern ähnlich.

Volk gegen ſeinen geſetzlichen Fürſten aufhetzt, um ſelbſt eine Zeit lang die Herrſchaft in die Hände zu bekommen, ich ſage, eine Zeit lang; denn das Volk zerſchmettert gewöhnlich ſeine Abgötter, ſobald es dieſelben ſo hoch gehoben hat, als es ihm möglich iſt.“

„In dem, was Ihr ſagt, Ser Van Steenbeke, liegt eine betrübte Wahrheit; aber man muß von zwei Leiden das kleinſte wählen. Laßt uns erſt Flandern von der Hungersnoth erlöſen, nachher wollen wir es überlegen und beſprechen. Ihr könnt mir einwenden, daß nicht blos ein Mann, ein Abgott des Volkes, wie Ihr ihn nennt, das Leben dabei verlieren werde, ſondern daß ſelbſt dreißigtauſend durch dieſen Verſuch aus der Welt geſchafft werden. Nun denn, lieber dreißigtauſend Menſchen verloren, als daß das ganze vlämiſche Volk durch Hungersnoth in das Grab ſteige oder erſchöpft und mit verdorbenem Blute als eine für immer entartete Nation hinſchmachten ſolle.“

„Ach, Ihr glaubt, er werde mit Euch von Mitteln ſprechen, um die Hungersnoth zu vertreiben; nein, er will Euch aufbringen und aufhetzen gegen unſern Fürſten. Er wird viel von Freiheit ſchwatzen; denn Freiheit iſt der Honigſeim, womit er das arme Volk als eine leichtſinnige Fliege in ſeinen Netzen fängt.“

„Wir werden es hören. Was mich betrifft, ſo habe ich Erfahrung genug in der Welt, um zu wiſſen, daß Freiheit eine ſehr ſchöne Sache iſt für Menſchen, die gegeſſen haben; aber in dieſem Augenblicke ſind Nahrung und Arbeit nothwendiger. Wo das Volk im Schweiße ſeines Angeſichts ein behagliches Auskommen findet, da läßt die Freiheit nicht lange auf ſich warten. Wenn der weiſe Mann uns mit Worten allein abſpeiſen wollte, ſo würde ich, Pieter Zoetaerde, Goldſchmiedemeiſter und Schöffe dieſes Theils der Stadt Gent, mich auch wohl unter die Linde ſtellen und beweiſen, daß Freiheit allein den Bauch nicht füllt .... Aber ſeht, die Byloke iſt gedrängt voll und kaum anzukommen; indeſſen man wird uns wohl einen Durchgang eröffnen."

Die Byloke, nach welcher Artevelde die Volksverſammlung zuſammenberufen hatte, war eine große viereckige, ringsum mit Mauern beſchloſſene Ebene. An ihrer öſtlichen Seite erhob ſich die Abtei der Byloke mit ihrer ſchönen und prächtig gebauten Kapelle, und neben derſelben das Hospital der Brüder und Schweſtern vom gemeinen Leben, in welchem ein Theil der Stadtkranken verpflegt wurde.

Mitten auf der Ebene ſtand eine hohe Linde, und am Fuße derſelben war ein Damm mit Erde aufgeworfen und mit Bretern eingezäunt.

Ein eigenthümliches Schauſpiel entfaltete ſich auf dieſer ausgedehnten Ebene. Sie war ganz mit Menſchen bedeckt, ſo daß man nur mit Mühe hier und da zwiſchen der wimmelnden Menge den Boden erblicken konnte. Dennoch gewahrte man unter der Menge keine Verwirrung. Jeder ſchien ſeines Gleichen aufgeſucht zu haben; denn ſelbſt an der Kleidung konnte man bemerken, daß eine gewiſſe Ordnung dem Volke als Regel gedient hatte, um auf der Byloke ſeinen Stand einzunehmen.

In der Nähe der Abtei befand ſich ein zahlreicher Haufen Bürger, mit langen Kollern von Sammet oder feinem Genter Tuch, bei denen Schwarz oder Dunkelblau die herrſchenden Farben waren. Um die Lenden trugen ſie einen Riemen oder Gürtel mit einer Taſche von Corduan und einem Dolche oder Meſſer an derſelben. Einige hatten auch Mäntel umgeſchlagen, die auf einer Seite ganz offen waren. Hier ſtand der weiſe Mann, umgeben von der Mehrzahl der Schöffen von Gent und den Kaufleuten und vornehmen Bürgern. Sie unterhielten ſich ruhig mit einander, die feſtgeſetzte Stunde erwartend. Weiter hin im Winkel des Hoſpitals und längs der Südmauer hatten ſich alle Gilden aufgeſtellt, welche zur Weberei gehörten. Vor dem Hauſe von Sanct Agneete befanden ſich die Walkmüller, während der Reſt der Ebene von den Genoſſen der zweiundfunfzig kleinen Gilden eingenommen worden war.

So ſehr hatten ſie ſich jedoch nicht nach Rang und Stand abgeſchieden, daß die Grenzen der verſchiedenen Zünfte und der vornehmen Bürger ſich deutlich abgeſteckt zeigten; im Gegentheil, es war ein fortwährendes Wogen, welches die ganze Maſſe zu einem gleichartigen Haufen zu machen ſchien, trotz dem daß jede Gilde ihren Mittelpunkt an einem beſtimmten Platze gewählt hatte.

Es hatte dies Niemand gerathen oder befohlen, aber die Zünfte waren ſo gewohnt, ſich immer zuſammenzuhalten, daß ſie es ſelbſt auch da thaten, wo Nichts darauf ankam.

Eine Anzahl Frauen und Kinder hatte ſich auch er kühnt, aus Neugier dieſer Verſammlung beizuwohnen. Sie ſaßen oder ſtanden in den Ecken, welche die vorſpringenden Pfeiler der Mauer bildeten, deren Rücken ganz belaſtet war mit Knaben des verſchiedenſten Alters.

Man konnte an dem frohen und aufgeregten Volke nicht bemerken, daß eine bittere Kälte herrſchte. Nur ſeine Winterkleidung und die entblätterte Linde deuteten die rauhe Jahreszeit an.

Die Kleidung aller Derjenigen, welche durch ein Handwerk ihr Brod verdienen mußten, war beinahe dieſelbe. Ein kurzer Koller oder geſchloſſenes Oberkleid fiel ihnen bis an die Kniee herab. Der Gürtelriemen war von rauhem ausgezacktem Leder, ohne Taſche, jedoch bei Vielen mit Meſſer, bei noch Mehreren mit Handwerksgeräth, wie zum Beiſpiel Hämmern, Kellen, Handbeilen oder Schiffshaken, verſehen. Wie alle anderen Bürger trugen ſie eine Kappe von Tuch auf dem Kopfe und Strümpfe von Tuch, die von den Schuhen bis an die Lenden reichten. Die Männer von Ackerghem, Boerhem und anderen Kirchſpielen der Buiten-Kuipe konnte man faſt alle erkennen an ſchwarzen und weißen Vierecken, die bis an die Hälfte des Beines in ihre Strümpfe gewebt waren. Hellgrün, Hellroth und Hellbraun bildeten die vorherrſchenden Farben in der Tracht der Männer.

Die Frauen der Zunftgenoſſen — andere befanden ſich nicht auf der Byloke — trugen ein langes Gewand von dunkelrothem oder dunkelblauem Tuch, das bis auf die Füße herabhing, eine Schürze von grober Leinwand und ein Regentuch von reinem weißem Linnen, das auf verſchiedenartige Weiſe rings um den Kopf in Falten befeſtigt war.

Die dritte Stunde klang von dem Thurme der Abtei herab. Artevelde wollte ſich eben der Linde nähern und die Erhöhung beſteigen, um zu dem Volke zu reden, als ſich plötzlich am Eingang der Byloke ein größeres Wogen in der Menge zeigte und ein verwirrtes Geräuſch von Stimmen ſich von dorther vernehmen ließ. Es war der Oberdechant der Gilden, Geeraert Denys, der mit ſeinem Sohne Lieven die Ebene betrat und von den Zunftgenoſſen mit Freude begrüßt wurde. — Daß dieſer Bürger, der um ſeines ſteten freimüthigen Redens willen verbannt worden, jetzt zurückkehren durfte und vor den Augen der Schöffen von Gent ſelbſt ſich auf der Byloke zeigte, war ihnen bereits ein Zeichen der Volksmacht und Befreiung. Obwohl Geeraert Denys früher nicht ſehr beliebt geweſen, ja ſich ſogar wegen ſeines ſchroffen Hochmuthes den Haß Vieler zugezogen hatte, ſo gab dieſer Umſtand ihm doch ein großes Gewicht in der Meinung der Menge, und ſie jauchzte, als er hindurchging, wie über einen Sieg.

Die Empfindungen und Gefühle, welche in Geeraert Denys' Herzen vorwalten mochten, konnte ein ſinniger Mann deutlich in ſeinen Geſichtszügen leſen. Seine Stirn war hoch und ſchmal, jedoch weit genug, um, wenn auch nicht Größe und Weisheit, doch Ueberlegung und Schlauheit zu umfaſſen; ſeine kleinen ſchwarzen Augen, faſt immer halb geſchloſſen, um den feurigen, aber falſchen

Blick zu verhüllen, verkündeten Verſtellung und Egoismus, während ſeine ſchmalen Lippen, durch ein beſtändiges bitteres Lächeln zuſammengezogen, Haß und Verwegenheit andeuteten. Uebrigens war er von mittlerer Geſtalt, ſtolzer Haltung und gewandt in Rede und Benehmen.

Anſtatt nach der Stelle zu gehen, wo ſich Artevelde mit den vornehmſten Bürgern befand, drang Geeraert überall durch die Schaaren der Zunftgenoſſen, Jedem freundlich die Hand drückend und Jedem insbeſondere etwas Angenehmes ſagend. Diejenigen, die ihn und ſeinen früheren Hochmuth kannten, erſtaunten über die große Leutſeligkeit des Oberdechanten. Es gab ſelbſt Einige, die ſich ſpöttiſch zuflüſterten, daß die Verbannung ihm gut gethan habe.

Als er ſich den Webern näherte, erhob ſich ein neuer Jubel. Man grüßte den Dechanten laut auf allen Seiten und empfing freudig ſeinen Händedruck. Nachdem Geeraert Denys alle dieſe Beweiſe der Volksgunſt mit einem gewiſſen Stolze eingeſammelt hatte, ging er zu Artevelde, wie Jemand, der da ſagen will: Nun könnt Ihr anfangen.

Artevelde's Gruß war freundlich, aber kurz; er hatte den Oberdechanten bereits am Mittag geſprochen; jetzt begnügte er ſich damit, ihm lächelnd einige Worte zu ſagen, und ging dann unmittelbar auf die Linde zu.

Als das geſammte Volk ihn den kleinen Hügel erſteigen ſah, und ſein ehrfurchtgebietender Blick die Ebene zu meſſen ſchien, ſtieg ein langer Ruf: „Heil, heil dem weiſen Manne!“ gen Himmel, und es währte geraume Zeit, ehe die jauchzende Menge wieder ſtill ward. Wer in dieſem Augenblicke das Geſicht von Geeraert Denys geſehen hätte, würde ein bitteres Lächeln auf demſelben bemerkt haben. Im Inneren dieſes Mannes kämpften Haß und Mißgunſt, und um dieſen Kampf zu verbergen, lachte er, wenigſtens glaubte er, er lache, während ſein Antlitz doch nichts zeigte als Bitterkeit.

Sobald gänzliche Stille auf der Ebene herrſchte, erhob Artevelde ſeine klare, mächtige Stimme und ſprach zu dem Volke mit wenigen, aber ausdrucksvollen Geberden

„Genoſſen und Freunde!“

„Viele von Euch glauben, daß wir uns hier allein deshalb verſammelt haben, um auf Mittel zu ſinnen gegen die Hungersnoth, welche unſerm unglücklichen Vaterlande ſeine letzten Kräfte zu rauben droht. Gewiß iſt dies das erſte Ziel, das wir erreichen müſſen; aber ich bitte Euch, Freunde, habt eine höhere Anſicht von dem Rieſenwerk, welches wir unternehmen. Flandern muß nicht allein Nahrung haben, ſondern zu gleicher Zeit Macht und Freiheit, um ſeine Arbeit und ſeine Rechte gegen die Willkür vertheidigen zu können.

„Um Euch die Kraft der Mittel begreiflich zu machen, welche ich Euch darſtellen werde, als fähig Flandern ſeine vorige Größe und ſeinen Ruhm zurückzugeben, iſt es nöthig, daß ich die Urſachen unſerer Erniedrigung mit Euch unterſuche. Schenkt mir Eure ganze Aufmerkſamkeit, Genoſſen!“

Tiefe Stille herrſchte in der zahlloſen Menge; Alle richteten ihre Augen unbeweglich auf den Redner; die Fülle und Biegſamkeit ſeiner Stimme hatte bereits eine Art von Zauber auf die Zuhörer ausgeübt.

Artevelde fuhr folgendermaßen fort:

„Unſere Väter beſaßen große und zahlreiche Freiheiten; ſie hatten ſie mit ihrem Blute und ihrem Gelde bezahlt oder ſie von guten Fürſten als Belohnung für ihre Treue und Anhänglichkeit erhalten. Der Gewerbfleiß des Volkes iſt ein Kind der Freiheit, ein Kind, das da ſtirbt, wenn ſeine Mutter es verläßt. Wenn daher aller Erwerb in Flandern darniederliegt und vernichtet wird, wenn Tauſende ſeiner Kinder des gräßlichen Hungertodes ſterben, ſo iſt meiner Meinung nach nicht der Mangel an engliſcher Wolle Schuld daran, ſondern daß in Flandern die Freiheit ihr Kind verlaſſen hat, daß das Volk die Macht nicht mehr beſitzt, ſeine Arbeit zu beſchützen und zu vertheidigen.

„Erinnert Euch, wie es früher war. Jede vlämiſche Gemeine hatte ihr geſchriebenes Recht, in welchem ihre Pflichten gegen den Fürſten und die Pflicht des Fürſten gegen die Bürger klar und redlich ausgeſprochen waren. Graf und Volk, beide riefen unter dem blauen Himmel Gott zum Zeugen, daß dieſes Recht nie geſchändet werden ſolle. Jetzt aber iſt das Recht der Gemeinen eine Lüge geworden, während im Gegentheil das Recht des Fürſten in den Händen der franzöſiſchen Könige ſich verſtärkt hat durch alle uns entriſſenen Freiheiten.

„Wie kommt es, daß wir, die Nachkommen derjenigen, welche im Weſten zuerſt die Verkündiger der Freiheit waren, uns ſo feigherzig in neue Feſſeln haben ſchlagen laſſen? Iſt das vlämiſche Blut vielleicht ausgeartet in unſern Adern? Wären wir ein geſunkenes Volk, das der Freiheit unwürdig geworden iſt? Nein, nein, Freunde! Die Söhne des alten Flanderns ſind keine Baſtarde, ſie ſind die Schlachtopfer einer hölliſchen Verſchwörung, die ich vor Euren Augen enthüllen will; — aber heute, ich hoffe es, Brüder, heute werden ſie ſich erheben, ihre Ketten zerbrechen, den Löwen von Gent als das Zeichen der Erlöſung begrüßen und mit dem einzigen Worte: Wir wollen! das Gebäude zertrümmern, unter welchem die Tyrannei unſere Freiheiten in das Grab gelegt zu haben glaubt ....“

Artevelde hatte dieſe letzten Worte mit ſichtbarer Begeiſterung geſprochen; auch ward er plötzlich durch ſchallenden Jubel und den Ruf: „Flandern den Löwen! Freiheit und Nahrung!“ der aus allen Winkeln der Byloke donnernd gen Himmel ſtieg, unterbrochen.

Gleich darauf ward es wieder ſtill, und Artevelde fuhr fort:

„Wer hat uns unſerer Freiheiten beraubt, und durch welche Mittel hat man in uns die wachſame Aufmerkſamkeit getödtet? Ach, es iſt ein Jahrhunderte langer Betrug, ein feiler Verrath von dreihundert Jahren. Der franzöſiſche Hof hat die vlämiſchen Gemeinen zuerſt mit Schrecken entſtehen ſehen, weil er fürchtete, daß wir den anderen Völkern das Streben nach Freiheit mittheilen würden. Später hat er obendrein uns wegen unſeres Reichthums und unſerer Wohlfahrt beneidet. Er glaubte eine Zeit lang, uns durch Uebermacht erdrücken zu können, aber er erfuhr zu ſeinem Schaden, was ein Bürger vermag, der ſein Vaterland, ſeine Habe und ſeine Freiheit vertheidigt. So lange unſere Fürſten uns erkannten und uns anhingen, wie wir ihnen, ſo lange ſich die vlämiſchen Grafen unabhängig erhielten von fremdem Einfluß und fremder Thorheit, war Flandern unüberwindlich; nichts konnte uns zurückhalten auf der Bahn des Wohlſtandes und der freien Entwickelung, die wir uns eröffnet hatten. Aber wo es der Tyrannei an Macht und Muth fehlt, da bedient ſie ſich des Verrathes und der Falſchheit. So ging es auch hier. Frankreichs Könige haben mit teufliſcher Berechnung, kein Mittel verſchmähend, die Kinder unſerer Grafen nach Paris kommen laſſen und ſie nach ihrem Willen erzogen in Unkenntniß von Flanderns Sprache und Sitten. Sie vergifteten das vlämiſche Blut in den Adern derſelben und machten ſie zu franzöſiſchen Höflingen, bereit für Frankreichs Größe zu wirken, ſelbſt auf Koſten des Glückes ihrer Unterthanen, welche Gott ihrem Schutze anvertraut hatte. Wie war es doch leicht, uns unſere Freiheiten zu entreißen, da man es im Namen von Fürſten that, die wir ehrten um ihrer Väter willen ..... Aber dies ging noch nicht raſch genug. Die Wunden der Gemeinen verharſchten zu bald wieder, weil zu viel Lebenskraft in ihren Körpern war. Fürſt und Volk waren noch, wenn auch nicht durch gegenſeitige Liebe, doch durch gemeinſchaftliche Intereſſen mit einander verbunden. Dieſes Band mußte zerriſſen werden. Man ſäete Zwiſt und Aufruhr; man ſtand wechſelsweiſe dem Volke gegen den Grafen und dem Grafen gegen das Volk bei. Es erzeugte ſich Haß und mit dem Haſſe Zwietracht und Schwäche.

„Damals war es, wo die Könige von Frankreich, unter dem Scheine der Freundſchaft, unſere Grafen nach Paris lockten und ſie dort verrätheriſch zwangen, gewaltſam unſere Sklaverei zu beſiegeln. Wißt Ihr, Brüder, wo das Grab unſerer Freiheit ſein würde, wenn ſie ſterben könnte? Zu Paris in den Kerkern des Louvre. Dort hat Graf Ferrand die Abtretung des walloniſchen Flanderns unterzeichnet; dort Graf Gwyde den ſchändlichen Vertrag von Melun beſtätigt; dort Graf Ruprecht von Bethune das feige Bündniß der Ungerechtigkeit unterzeichnet; dort unſer gegenwärtiger Graf Ludwig die unmittelbare Oberherrſchaft Frankreichs über Flandern anerkannt; dort hat derſelbe von Neuem unſere Städte Ryſſel (Lille), Douay und Orchies an Frankreich abgetreten; dort mit einem Worte hat er die Vernichtung unſerer Freiheiten beſchworen.

„Seit dieſem letzten Ereigniſſe hat man nicht allein unſere Vorrechte mit Füßen getreten, man hat uns auch die Kraft geraubt, Etwas zu unternehmen, um das väterliche Erbe wieder zu gewinnen. In der Schlacht der goldenen Sporen entdeckte Frankreich, worin unſere Macht beſtand: die vlämiſche Bürgerſchaft hatte die franzöſiſche Ritterſchaft vernichtet. Demzufolge mußten die Gemeinen entwaffnet werden, nicht durch Gewalt, ſondern durch Liſt. So geſchah es; wehrlos wurden wir zu den Füßen der Könige von Frankreich hingeworfen; ſie konnten mit uns nach ihrem Willen thun und ärnteten nun die Früchte hundertvierzigjähriger Verführung unſerer Fürſten und abſcheulichen Meineids.

„Wir mußten bald erkennen, daß ſelbſt die wenigen Scheinfreiheiten, die man uns gelaſſen hatte, weiter nichts als Lügen für unſere Herren waren. König Eduard von England begann Philipp von Valois die Rechte auf die Erbſchaft der franzöſiſchen Krone ſtreitig zu machen. Uns ging dieſer Zwiſt nichts an, und doch zwang der König von Frankreich unſern Grafen, die engliſchen Kaufleute gegen Geſetz und Recht in Flandern feſtzuhalten und ſie nach Frankreich in den Kerker zu führen. Ach! Flandern ward das unſchuldige Opfer dieſer Gewaltthat. König Eduard verbot zur Vergeltung die Ausfuhr engliſcher Wolle nach Flandern. Er ließ unſere Küſten durch bewaffnete Schiffe bewachen, verhinderte die Einfuhr unſerer Tücher in ſein Land, brachte den Wollſtapel nach Holland und ermuthigte die angränzenden Nationen, uns, wenn es möglich wäre, unſern Gewerbfleiß zu rauben. Ein Jahr verging, ſeit dieſer Schlag uns getroffen hat, und ſiehe da, in Flandern herrſcht die gräßlichſte Hungersnoth!

„Was that unſer Graf, durch deſſen Schuld das Unglück Flandern getroffen hat? Auf den Rath Frankreichs berief er eine Tagefahrt der Gemeinen zu Brügge, und es hatte den Anſchein, als wolle man dort Mittel aufſuchen, um die vlämiſchen Gilden wieder zu beleben. Verrath! Man bemühte ſich, unſere Abgeſandten zu überreden, Frankreich noch mehr zuzugeſtehen. Ein einziger Bürger, — da, es war ein Bürger von Gent! — wagte dort die Stimme zu erheben, um zu beweiſen, daß man die großen Beziehungen zwiſchen Flandern und England wieder herſtellen müſſe. Der dies ſagte, war ein berühmter Ritter, welcher vierzig Jahre lang ſeinem Fürſten treu gedient hatte; er war ſogar der Buſenfreund des Grafen Ruprecht von Bethune geweſen. Dies Alles konnte ihn doch nicht vor Verrath und Unrecht behüten. Ein Befehl des franzöſiſchen Fürſten warf den Marſchall von Flandern, den alten greiſen Segher de Gertrazyn, in einen Kerker von Rupelmondeſtein. Ihr wißt, was Gent gethan hat, um die Befreiung ſeines edlen Mitbürgers zu erlangen. Der Graf verwarf lange Zeit das Flehen unſerer Abgeſandten. Endlich, als unſere Bitten, als vielleicht das Gefühl ſeiner Ungerechtigkeit ihn rührten, ſagte er, als wäre es eine gnädige Antwort geweſen: Geht nach Paris und fragt den König, ob er es erlaubt.

„Feigheit, Erniedrigung! Eine vlämiſche Gemeine muß in Paris das Recht ihres Mitbürgers vertheidigen, vor dem Fremdling knieen und das Recht erbitten als eine Gnade! So tief ſind wir geſunken, Freunde, Mitbürger! Aus dieſer Tiefe ſollen wir uns heute ruhmwürdig erheben, wenn noch das Blut unſerer Väter durch unſere Herzen ſtrömt und wir uns erinnern dürfen, was wir ſind, Vläminger und Genter!"

Ein donnerndes Rufen ſchlug bei dieſen Worten gen Himmel. Man konnte in dieſem verwirrten Schreien und Jauchzen nicht deutlich verſtehen, was die Menge rief. Nur hier und da hörte man die Looſung: „Flandern den Löwen! Freiheit und Nahrung!“ ſich über allen Lärm erheben.

Gheraert Denys ſagte unterdeſſen mit falſchem Lächeln zu denen, die rings um ihn ſtanden:

„Das ſind wohl ſchöne Worte, aber es ſind nur Worte. Wenn man Flandern ſo retten will, ſo wird nicht viel herauskommen.“

Wenige hatten dieſen Spott des Oberdechanten gehört, indem ſich Jeder jetzt mit voller Aufmerkſamkeit wieder Artevelde zuwandte, welcher fortfuhr:

„Genoſſen! Ich habe ausführlich von den Urſachen unſerer Erniedrigung zu Euch geredet. Ich hatte einen beſonderen Grund dazu. Es giebt in Gent viele, ſehr viele Bürger, welche glauben, daß wir kein Recht haben, gegen den Inhalt der Verträge zu handeln, welche unſere Grafen beſiegelten . . . .“

„Es ſind Leliaerds, wir wollen ſie ermorden!“ rief eine rohe Stimme.

Dieſe Worte übten ſichtbar einen peinlichen Eindruck auf Artevelde aus; denn er beugte das Haupt betrübt auf die Bruſt. Gleich nachher warf er aber wieder ſeinen ruhigen Blick über die Ebene und fuhr fort:

„Woraus dieſes Gefühl auch entſpringen möge, ich ehre es. Aber ſind wir es, Bürger, die den Eid gebrochen haben, um des Fürſten Recht zu kränken? Wie kommt es denn, daß wir alle unſere Rechte verloren? Nein, nein! Jedes Mal, wo in den Kerkern des Louvre ein Vertrag unterzeichnet wurde, brachen unſere Grafen, und nicht wir, den feierlich geſchworenen Eid. Ach! ich klage unſere unglücklichen Fürſten nicht an. Erſt ward ihnen das Blut verfälſcht; dann wurden ſie mit Gewalt gezwungen, und waren eben ſowohl wie wir die Opfer der Gewalt und des Verrathes.

„Man ſpricht von Bündniſſen, welche unſere Grafen in unſerem Namen eingingen. Aber dieſe Bündniſſe haben keinen Werth. Sie wurden im Kerker erpreßt; ihr Beſtehen bezeugt Frankreichs ſchnöde Herrſchſucht, nicht unſere Pflicht. Ihr, die Ihr unſer Recht bezweifelt, gebt Ihr zu, daß ein freies und mannhaftes Volk ſich zu ewiger Sklaverei verdammen laſſe, aus Ehrfurcht vor Bündniſſen, welche der Kerkermeiſter und der Büttel ſchließen? So gebt denn auch zu, daß ein Mörder, welcher einem Reiſenden ſein Geld abnimmt, indem er ihm das Meſſer an die Kehle ſetzt, dieſes Geld mit vollem Rechte beſitze! .... Und reichte dies Alles noch nicht hin, um die Furchtſamſten von unſerem Rechte zu überzeugen; ſo giebt es ein Geſetz, dem weder Fürſten noch Völker entgehen können, eine Macht, ſo groß, daß die heidniſchen Griechen ſie zu einer Gottheit machten, die alle anderen Götter beherrſchte: — es iſt die Nothwendigkeit! die Nothwendigkeit, Flandern zu retten, ehe die Hungersnoth es in eine Wüſte verwandelt.

„Nun, Genoſſen, habe ich Euch unſer Recht dargeſtellt, jetzt will ich zu Euch von den Mitteln reden, um es geltend zu machen. Fürwahr, Ihr werdet Euch wundern über deren Einfachheit; aber ich hoffe, daß Ihr zu derſelben Zeit ihre wunderbare Macht begreifen werdet. Auf folgende Weiſe, meine ich, wird Flandern wieder zu Freiheit und Nahrung gelangen.

„Vor unſerer Erniedrigung beruhte alle Macht der Gemeinen auf unſerer unübertrefflichen Kriegseinrichtung; man wußte in Flandern, daß ein Herz, um die Freiheit zu lieben, nicht hinreicht, daß man auch eine Waffe haben muß, um ſie zu vertheidigen. Wohl denn, Genoſſen! Morgen früh bringe jeder Bürger von Gent ſeinen Gutentag, ſeinen Kreuzbogen oder ſein Schwert wieder an das Licht der Sonne; er mache wieder Bekanntſchaft mit den alten Freunden unſerer Väter und ſetze ſie in guten Stand. Die Gemeine wird ihren armen Bürgern auf ihre Koſten Waffen ſchenken. Jedes Stadtviertel wird wie ehemals eingetheilt in Hunderte und Zehnten unter Centeniers und Conſtabler; über die ganze Macht der Gemeine von Gent ſtellt man vier Hauptleute und einen Oberhauptmann vom Volke erwählt. So haben wir mit einem Male die Macht wieder, auf welche ſich unſere Väter ſtützten. Auf den erſten Ruf werden wir wie eine eherne Mauer zwiſchen den Tyrannen und unſeren Rechten uns erheben; man ſoll im Louvre unſere Knechtſchaft nicht mehr unterzeichnen; nein, nein! allein auf unſeren Leichen mit dem Blute des letzten Vlämingers ſoll die Freiheit erliegen können ..... Aber auch das wird ſie nicht; denn ſie iſt wie der Vogel Phönix, welcher ſich ſtets aus ſeinem Grabe mit neuen Kräften wieder erhebt!

„Als erſte That der freien Gemeine von Gent erklären wir feierlich unter Gottes Himmel, daß wir alle die im Louvre von unſeren Grafen erpreßten Verbindlichkeiten nicht anerkennen als Früchte der Falſchheit und des Meineides. Wir ſenden aus Gent den Ruf der Freiheit und Erlöſung über ganz Flandern, und ich ſage es Euch, denn ich weiß es nur zu gewiß, aus allen Gegenden wird der Ruf: „Flandern den Löwen! Freiheit und Nahrung!“ Euch antworten als ein Zeichen des Erwachens. Brügge und Ypern ſind bereit; ſie erwarten nur unſeren brüderlichen Ruf.

„Ach, Genoſſen! wenn Flandern auf dieſe Weiſe ſechzigtauſend Mann an ſeine Grenzen ſenden kann, dann wird man zwei Mal hinſehen, ehe man dem ſtolzen Löwen einen Maulkorb zu zeigen wagt.

„Sobald wir dieſe Macht beſitzen, wird an uns die Reihe ſein, Forderungen zu machen und ihnen Geltung zu verſchaffen bei Allen, welche unſere Rechte verletzt haben. Nicht allein unſere Freiheiten müſſen wir alle zurückerhalten, ſondern auch das walloniſche Flandern muß wieder mit dem gemeinſamen Vaterlande vereinigt werden. Ja, Genoſſen, mit Gottes Hülfe werden wir Ryſſel, Douay und Orchies befreien aus den Händen der Fremden — Dies war es, was ich Euch über Freiheit und Macht zu ſagen hatte. Jetzt höret, was Arbeit und Nahrung betrifft . . . . .

„Die Könige von Frankreich und England rüſten ſich, einen blutigen Krieg gegen einander zu führen; das Schwert Flanderns wird unendlich ſchwer wiegen in dieſer Waage; ſelbſt unbewaffnet und ausgehungert flößt das vlämiſche Volk noch Schrecken ein. Ihr wißt, welche ungewöhnliche Mühe ſich die beiden Fürſten gegeben haben, um unſere Hülfe zu behalten oder zu gewinnen. Nun denn, wir wollen Flandern für einen freien, neutralen Boden erklären, deſſen Bewohner weder für noch gegen Frankreich, weder für noch wider England ſich entſcheiden.

„Niemanden von uns iſt unbekannt, daß der Graf von Geldern im Namen des Königs Eduard zwanzigmal erklärt hat, das Verbot auf die Wolle ſolle augenblicklich aufgehoben werden, ſobald die Vläminger ſich verbindlich machten, nicht im franzöſiſchen Heere gegen England zu kämpfen. Hat man dieſen Vorſchlag dem ſchlafenden Flandern gemacht, wie wird man ſich nicht beeilen, daſſelbe Anerbieten dem erwachten Flandern mit Freude zu wiederholen? Dann wird es Arbeit und Nahrung im Ueberfluß geben; denn während die anderen Völker in einem langen Kriege ſich erſchöpfen, werden wir friedlich und eifrig arbeiten an der Entwickelung unſeres Gewerbfleißes. Demgemäß wollen wir mächtig ſein und uns des Wohlſtandes erfreuen, ſo müſſen wir muthig und ſtandhaft unſere Neutralität behaupten. Wir fordern Niemanden heraus, wir greifen Niemanden an; aber jedes Volk, jeder fremde Fürſt, der den Fuß auf unſeren Boden ſetzt, ſehe in uns einen Feind und fühle, was der vlämiſche Löwe vermag!

„Dies iſt, Genoſſen, der Rath, den Ihr von mir verlangt habt. Weiß Jemand von Euch etwas Beſſeres zu Flanderns Heil, der ſage es.“

Kaum hatte Artevelde die Linde verlaſſen, ſo ſtieg der Ruf: „Heil, Heil dem weiſen Manne! Freiheit und Nahrung! Flandern den Löwen!“ mit unendlichem Jubel gen Himmel; das frohe Geſchrei wurde mehrere Male wiederholt und währte noch lange, obwohl bereits ein anderer Redner unter der Linde ſtand und mit der Hand Stille winkte.

Unterdeſſen war Artevelde nach ſeinem erſten Platze zurückgekehrt und empfing die Dankſagungen der Schöffen und anderer vornehmer Bürger. Ghelnoot von Lens fiel ihm um den Hals und lachte unter heißen Thränen; Lieven Denys hatte Artevelde's Hand ergriffen und ſtand mit geſenktem Haupte neben ihm, zitternd vor Eifer und Bewunderung.

Der Sprecher, der den Hügel unter der Linde nach Artevelde beſtiegen hatte, war Gheraert Denys. Es währte ziemlich lange, ehe das Volk ſich wieder ſo weit beruhigt hatte, daß er von demſelben verſtanden werden konnte. Endlich richtete jedoch Jeder ſeine Blicke auf den wartenden Oberdechanten, und mit einer Stimme, welche, obwohl klar, doch nichts von dem beſaß, was die Herzen rührt; im Gegentheil, der Eifer gab ihr etwas Hartes, und nicht ſelten ſchlug ſie über, begann er:

„Genoſſen! was man Euch da geſagt hat, kann im Grunde ſchön ſein; aber nach meiner Meinung hat es einen Fehler; unter dem Scheine von großer Macht birgt es Schwäche und Furcht. Die Gemeine von Gent, das Land Flandern müſſen auf andere Weiſe zeigen, daß ſie die Unterdrückung des Volkes zu beſtrafen wiſſen. Was ſollen wir zum Beiſpiel thun, wenn unſer Graf zurückkehren will? Sollen wir dann wieder dem Tyrannen ſchmeicheln und uns durch Liſten feſſeln laſſen? Sollen wir wieder kriechen unter der Hand, die uns gegeißelt hat? Laßt uns Flandern mit einem Schlage von ſeinen Unterdrückern erlöſen; man erkläre den Grafen der Krone für unwürdig; wir wollen einen Fürſten nach unſerem Sinne wählen. Ferner giebt es in Gent viele Bürger, die als Feinde des Volkes bekannt ſind und es ſtets mit dem Grafen und mit Frankreich gehalten haben; dieſes Unkraut muß ausgerottet werden; es ſind Schlangen, die unſere Freiheit bald vergiften würden. Das Volk leidet Hunger; wohlan, man taxire und verkaufe die Güter der Leliaerds und theile den Ertrag unter das bedürftige Volk aus; dann kann es wenigſtens warten, bis die verſprochene Wolle nach Gent kommt.“

Dieſe Worte erweckten unter einigen kleinen Gilden und unter den Walkmüllern ein Jauchzen, welches ſich endlich auch auf die anderen Zünfte ausdehnte.

Ermuthigt durch ſolchen Beweis des Beifalls fuhr Gheraert mit erhobener Stimme fort:

„Und ich höre hier nicht ſprechen von der Obrigkeit von Gent, die ſich zur Mitſchuldigen der Tyrannen gemacht hat, um einen Bürger zu verbannen, welcher freimüthig ſprach. Ich ſage das nicht um meinetwillen; denn ich bin ſtolz darauf, das Opfer meiner Liebe zum Volke geworden zu ſein. Aber ſollen wir uns führen und regieren laſſen von Männern, die ſo feigherzig in der Perſon Eures Oberdechanten das Bürgerrecht von

Gent geſchändet haben? Fort mit allen dieſen Elenden! Das Volk muß ſich Schöffen wählen, die Muth haben und Leben und Habe wagen für die Gemeine. — Ihr wollt die alte Kriegseinrichtung wieder einführen; das iſt gut; aber ſoll nicht Alles auf eine machtloſe Prahlerei hinauslaufen, ſo wählt einen Oberhauptmann, der würdig ſei, Euch zu befehlen, einen Mann mit ſtählernem Gemüth und eiſernem Arm, der vorwärts zu gehen wagt, ohne ſich umzuſehen. Wenn Ihr leichtſinnig genug wäret, ſolchen die Macht in die Hände zu geben, welche die Furcht unter dem Namen der Vorſicht verbergen, dann würdet Ihr wahrſcheinlich bald unter Euerer eignen Schwachheit erliegen. Nein, nein! Das Haupt der ganzen Gemeine muß ein Mann ſein, der nicht erſchrickt, wo es nöthig iſt, ſein eignes Blut und das Blut Anderer für die Freiheit des Vaterlandes zu vergießen. Dies iſt der Rath, den ich Euch gebe."

Das Volk jauchzte von Neuem lebhaft dem abtretenden Redner zu, wahrſcheinlich nicht, weil es ſeine Reden ganz gut hieß; aber er ſprach von Freiheit, und das war genug. Außerdem war die Menge ſo aufgeregt, daß ſie wohl jedem anderen Redner ebenſo zugejauchzt haben würde. Nichtsdeſtoweniger iſt es wahr, daß unter den kleinen Gilden von Gent viele einzelne Männer waren, die durch langes Leiden erbittert ganz die Rachſucht des Oberdechanten theilten.

Der Abend begann ſchon ſichtlich einzubrechen, und unter den Verſammelten fing eine Bewegung ſich zu geſtalten an, als ob Viele die Byloke verlaſſen wollten.

in der Meinung, es ſei nun Alles abgemacht. Plötzlich aber entſtand wieder eine große Stille auf der Ebene. Artevelde ſtand von Neuem unter der Linde und ſprach:

„Freunde! ſchenkt mir noch einen Augenblick Gehör; die Verſammlung gehe noch nicht auseinander. Ich habe mit Freuden gehört, daß Meiſter Gheraert Denys in der Hauptſache mit mir übereinſtimmt; hinſichtlich der Mittel, um Flandern Nahrung und Freiheit zu ſchenken. Aber obwohl ich ſeinen ſtolzen Muth und ſeine innige Volksliebe verehre, ſo kann ich doch nach meinem Gefühl und zum Beſten des Vaterlandes nicht Alles gut heißen, was er geſagt hat.

„Ich nehme als einen ewigen und unwiderlegbaren Grundſatz an, daß derjenige, welcher die Rechte Anderer gewaltſam verletzt, ſelbſt die Freiheit nicht verdiene, ja ihr größter Feind ſei. Fern ſei von mir der Gedanke, dies auf meinen muthigen Freund, Mher Geeraert Denys, anzuwenden; aber ich hörte, wenn auch, Gott ſei Dank! nur aus einem einzigen Munde, Worte, welche mich mit Schrecken erfüllten. Ich glaubte ein blutiges Schwert zu ſehen, das die Freiheit bedrohe. — Wie! der erſte Gebrauch, den wir von unſeren wiedergewonnenen Kräften machen, ſollte Tyrannei und Mord ſein, als Mittel, unſeren Anſichten mit Gewalt Geltung zu verſchaffen und die unſerer Mitbürger zu verdrängen? Wenn unſere Feinde uns einen Rath geben könnten, ſo würden ſie uns unfehlbar zu ſolcher Gewaltthat antreiben. Sie würden ſagen: Vergießet Einer des Anderen Blut;

ſchwächt Euch heimlich durch Haß, durch Unverträglichkeit und Zwang — und wenn Ihr nach langen Zwiſtigkeiten, nach ermattendem Bürgerkriege erſchöpft niederſinkt, dann werden wir Euch den Fuß auf die keuchende Bruſt ſetzen können und ſpottend herabſchauen auf die ſinnloſe Menge, welche nicht weiß, daß Eintracht die Feſtung der Freiheit iſt. — Genug von dieſem Irrthum; ich weiß, daß die ganze Gemeine darüber denkt, wie es Bürgern ziemt, die von ihrer Macht und ihrem Rechte überzeugt ſind.

„Man hat gefragt, was wir thun ſollten, wenn unſer geſetzlicher Fürſt nach Gent käme? Wenn er als Graf von Flandern kommt und nicht als Frankreichs Feldherr; wenn er mit uns die freie Neutralität des Vaterlandes vertheidigen will, nun, dann empfangen wir ihn mit Ehrfurcht und Freude, dann werden wir ihn mit Liebe und Anhänglichkeit umgeben; wir würden ihm Vlämiſch lehren und ihn zum Vläminger machen, ihm durch ſechzigtauſend zu ſeinem Dienſte bewaffnete Unterthanen eine Krone anbieten, die wohl die Krone von Frankreich demjenigen aufwiegt, der ſie mit Muth zu tragen weiß. Vergeßt nicht, meine Freunde, daß Graf Ludwig gegen den Willen ſeines Vaters mit Gewalt nach Frankreich gebracht und dort erzogen worden iſt, damit er uns nicht kennen lerne, wie wir wirklich ſind. Vergeßt auch nicht, daß das Heldenblut unſerer Fürſten durch ſeine Adern ſtrömt. Will er ſich losreißen von Frankreich und Flanderns Graf ſein, zu Flanderns Ruhm, zu Flanderns Größe, ſo komme er . . . . .“

Eine Stimme erhob ſich nicht weit von Artevelde und rief ihm zu:

„Aber wenn der Graf zurückkommt an der Spitze eines feindlichen Heeres?“

„Dann werden wir das feindliche Heer in unſerem freien Boden begraben,“ antwortete Artevelde mit Nachdruck, „und ſelbſt dann noch wollen wir unſern Grafen fragen, ob er ein Vläminger ſein will. Bildet Euch doch nicht ein, daß die Rechte des Fürſten nothwendig verletzt werden müſſen, um das Recht der Gemeine handhaben zu können. Wenn ſie mit Redlichkeit auf beiden Seiten geehrt werden, ſo ſtehen ſie einander nicht feindlich entgegen. Beachtet es wohl, Genoſſen! Mit dem Könige von Frankreich allein haben wir zu thun; unſer unglücklicher Graf ſteht zwiſchen dem Fremdling und uns, damit wir auf ihn unſeren Haß laden und gegen ihn unſere Kräfte vergeuden. Laßt Euch nicht betrügen; Ihr müßt tiefer ſehen, wer heimlich dahinter ſteht und zu weſſen Vortheil alle dieſe Anſchläge gegen uns berechnet ſind. Einige meinen, man müſſe die Obrigkeit von Gent erneuern. Warum dieſen Schimpf gegen ſechsundzwanzig der mächtigſten Bürger von Gent, die Ihr geſtern noch ſegnetet wegen der großen Opfer, die ſie Euch in dieſer ſchrecklichen Hungersnoth brachten? Warum ungerecht handeln gegen die Nachkommen derjenigen, die zuerſt in Flandern das Ritterthum mit dem Bürgerthum vereinigten und dadurch unſer Vaterland zu einem bewundernswürdigen Vorbilde für freie und gerechte Nationen gemacht haben? Wollet Ihr jetzt ſo undankbar ſein, zu vergeſſen, daß Diejenigen, die man als unwürdig verbannen will, ſtets an Eurer Spitze ſtanden, wenn für Freiheit und Volksrecht gekämpft werden mußte? Nein, das könnt Ihr nicht!

„Die Schöffen haben einen Bürger von Gent verbannt; ſie haben es gethan in Folge der beſtehenden Geſetze. Dieſe Geſetze waren ungerecht, die Richter waren es nicht. Uns kommt es zu, dieſe willkürlichen Geſetze zu verändern und zu verbeſſern.

„Uebrigens weiß ich nicht, wie jeder unſerer Schöffen denkt über das, was wir thun wollen; aber ich bin Bürge für die ächte Freiheitsliebe der Mehrzahl der Mitglieder unſerer Obrigkeit.

„Alle nutzloſe Ausübung der Macht iſt ſchädlich; ſie erbittert die Gemüther und bringt die beſte Sache zum Fall. Mein Gefühl widerſetzt ſich daher gegen alle Gewalt . . . .“

„Und die Leliaerds, dieſe feigen Knechte Frankreichs!“ rief dieſelbe Stimme, die den Redner bereits unterbrochen hatte. „Sollen wir jetzt die Gelegenheit vorübergehen laſſen, ſie zu richten wegen ihres Verrathes?“

Artevelde ſchien ſich nicht ſehr durch dieſe heftigen Fragen ſtören zu laſſen; er richtete nicht einmal den Blick nach der Gegend, aus welcher ſie zu ihm drangen, und beantwortete ſie mit ſolcher Ruhe, daß es ſchien, ſie wären in ſeinem eigenen Geiſte entſprungen.

„Und was die Leliaerds betrifft, ſo ſage ich: die Gemeine hat keine Macht über die Gedanken ihrer Bürger; ſie darf allein die Thaten beſtrafen, wenn ſie dem allgemeinen Beſten ſchädlich ſind. Wir haben Geſetze; ſind dieſe nicht ſtreng genug, ſo müſſen wir ſie ſtrenger machen. Es iſt Sache der Schöffen dieſer Abtheilung, über Anſchläge gegen das Land und die Freiheit zu Gericht zu ſitzen, wie über jedes andere Verbrechen.

„Verſteht mich wohl, meine Freunde! Wenn Ihr meinen Rath befolgt, ſo wird das alte Gent ein Beiſpiel geben, welches ſpätere Jahrhunderte noch bewundern müſſen. Wir werden alle unſere Bande zerreißen, die Freiheit auf einen unerſchütterlichen Altar ſetzen, die Hungersnoth vertreiben und hunderttauſend Gutentags zum Schutze in unſerem Lande aufpflanzen. Andere Völker, minder als wir an Freiheit und Recht gewöhnt, würden, um ſolches Werk zu verrichten, Ströme Blutes vergießen und wie losgelaſſene Tiger wüthen, bis daß die Freiheit, mishandelt und befleckt, ihnen ſelber Ekel einflößt. Wir dagegen, wir ſtürzen die Knechtſchaft mit dem einfachen Worte: Wir wollen! Als niedergedrückte Sklaven legen wir uns zur Ruhe, als mächtige freie Bürger ſtehen wir auf; — und um das Rieſenwerk zu vollführen, ſoll kein Stoß gethan, kein Scheltwort ausgeſprochen werden. So müſſen wir, in dem Vaterlande der Volksmacht und der Freiheit, die Erlöſung verkündigen.

„Noch ein Wort! Myher Geeraert Denys hat Euch in ſeiner kräftigen Anrede geſagt, daß der Oberhauptmann, den Ihr wählen ſollt, ein Mann ſein muß mit ſtählernem Gemüth und eiſernem Arm, ein Mann, der, wo es die Noth fordert, ſein Blut und das Blut Anderer zu vergießen wagt .... Ja, Genoſſen, wo es die Noth fordert, aber ſonſt nicht. So meint es Myer Denys gewißlich auch; ſein Rath iſt daher ein weiſer und guter Rath, den ich Euch zu befolgen bitte. Wählt Euch ſolchen Mann zum Führer Eurer Schaaren, Ihr werdet wohl daran thun. Ich halte es auch noch für nöthig, Euch zu erinnern, was Euer Oberhauptmann als Obrigkeit ſein muß. Er ſitzt nach allem Rechte mit den Schöffen der Keure im Rath; aber täuſcht Euch nicht über ſeine Macht; er iſt in Allem, was er thut oder befehlen will, den Beſchlüſſen dieſer Schöffenbank unterworfen; er iſt Euer Feldherr, nicht das Haupt der Gemeine; gleich dem geringſten Bürger muß er den Ausſprüchen der Obrigkeit von Gent gehorchen.

„Man hat auch geſagt, daß die armen Mitglieder der Gilden noch viel leiden werden, bevor die verſprochene Wolle nach Flandern kommt. Freunde! ich bringe Euch eine gute Nachricht. Eine Anzahl reicher Bürger, von denen viele hier unter Euch gegenwärtig ſind, werden morgen anſehnliche Summen in die Kaſſe der Gemeine als Darlehen einſchießen. Der Betrag dieſer kräftigen Hülfe iſt größer als irgend Jemand hoffen durfte. Von morgen früh an ſollen die Vorſteher der Zünfte zu jedem Zunftgenoſſen in das Haus gehen und ihm geben, was er braucht, um mit Weib und Kindern fröhlich Arbeit und Nahrung abwarten zu können. Morgen früh ſoll auch eine Geſandtſchaft nach Antwerpen zu dem Grafen von Geldern gehen, und von da nach Dortrecht, um dort auf Koſten der Gemeine von Gent alle Wolle aufzukaufen, die daſelbſt lagert. Dieſe Wolle ſoll an die Bürger als Darlehen ausgetheilt werden; ſie können ſie in beſſeren Zeiten zurückzahlen.

„Und nun, Freunde und Genoſſen! ſeid Ihr bereit, Eurer Obrigkeit und den Hauptleuten, die Ihr erwählen werdet, in jeder Gefahr mit Gut und Blut Beiſtand zu leiſten? Willigt Ihr ein in das, was man unternehmen will zu Eurer Befreiung? Wohl denn, ſo erhebt gleich mir die Hand zu Gott, als Zeichen des Eides der Brudertreue und der Eintracht zwiſchen uns."

Es wäre unmöglich zu ſchildern, was ſich unter dem Volke begab, als Artevelde dort mit gen Himmel gehobener Hand die Befreiung Flanderns zu beſchwören ſchien. Unter dem Einfluſſe ſeiner Stimme hatte die Verſammlung mit beengter Bruſt zugehört und ſtille Thränen der Rührung vergoſſen; als aber jetzt der Redner ſelbſt ſie aus ihrer tiefen Bewunderung weckte, hoben ſich Tauſende von Händen gen Himmel, und ein raſendes Jauchzen ſtieg über der Menge empor, welche, wie die Wogen eines aufgeſtürmten Meeres, durcheinander wühlte und wimmelte. Es war ein wildes Stampfen mit den Füßen, ein unaufhörliches Geſchrei von: „Heil dem weiſen Manne! Freiheit und Nahrung! Flandern den Löwen! Bewahret vlämiſchen Muth!" daß man weder hören noch ſehen konnte.

Um ſich den Beweiſen der Neigung ſeiner Mitbürger zu entziehen, hatte ſich Artevelde in die Abtei der Byloke begeben.

Da es jetzt beinahe dunkel geworden war, verließen gleich darauf ganze Haufen Volkes die Ebene, um über die Oerdeelbrücke nach der Stadt zu ziehen. Man konnte an dem aufſteigenden „Freiheit und Nahrung!“ hören, wie weit die Menge auf ihrem Wege vorgeſchritten war, und es währte nicht lange, ſo ſchwebte derſelbe Ruf wie Sturmwolken über der ganzen Stadt.

Unmittelbar nachdem Artevelde unter dem allgemeinen Zujauchzen ſich von der Linde entfernt, hatte ſich Geeraert Denys durch das Volk gedrängt und die Byloke verlaſſen, ohne ſelbſt ſeinen Sohn Lieven davon zu benachrichtigen. Der Oberdechant war alſo der zurückkehrenden Menge voraus und konnte ohne Hinderniß ſich nach der Fremineurenbrücke begeben, wo er über die Leije ging. Er ſchritt dann über den Kouter, eine Art von Weidenplatz, welchen viele Fußwege durchkreuzten; dann wandte er ſich um die Ecke der Dagſtege und erblickte darauf in halber Finſterniß das Walthor, welches ſich mit ſeinen ſchwarzen Mauern und hohen Gebäuden von dem halb dunklen Himmel abhob.

Das Walthor war eins der befeſtigten Stadtthore von Gent; an den beiden Ecken längs der Außenſeite erhoben ſich zwei hohe Thürme, mit einander verbunden durch die Mauern eines großen und plumpen Gebäudes, unter welchem die Oeffnung des Thores angebracht war. Hier bewahrte man die Maſchinen und Kriegswerkzeuge der Stadt, wie z. B. den großen Bogen von Gent, die

Sturmböcke, die Wurfmaſchinen u. ſ. w. Die Stadtribauden mit ihrem Könige oder Hauptmann wohnten dort, um die Maſchinen zu bewachen. Dieſe Ribauden, nur vierundzwanzig an der Zahl, waren die einzigen bezahlten Soldaten, welche die Stadt Gent bei Friedenszeiten in ihrem Dienſte hielt. Zog das Heer aus, ſo mußten die Ribauden die Wagen mit Proviant und Kriegswerkzeugen begleiten. Nach Gent zurückgekehrt änderten ſich aber ihre Pflichten. Dann mußten ſie daſelbſt die ſchlechten Herbergen, Badſtuben und Häuſer der Unzucht bewachen und ihre Aufmerkſamkeit auf Bettler, Landſtreicher, Diebe und Mörder richten, kurz auf Alle, die das Bürgerrecht nicht genoſſen und daher unter Ribaudenrecht ſtanden. Durch ihr Amt veranlaßt waren die Ribauden von Morgens bis Abends und oft auch während der Nacht in allen Tabernen und Bierhäuſern zu finden; man kannte ſie als die größten Trinker von Gent, zugleich aber auch als die fröhlichſten Geſellen, immer bereit zu lachen, zu ſingen und zu ſchlemmen. Ihr Hauptmann führte den Titel König, der wahrſcheinlich in früheren Zeiten dieſem Amte aus Spott gegeben worden war, doch jetzt ſelbſt in Schöffenbriefen und anderen Urkunden anerkannt und gebraucht wurde.

Geeraert Denys trat nun in das Gewölbe des Walthores und klopfte dort linker Hand an eine dicke kleine Thür. Ein Ribaud öffnete ihm und er fragte:

„Iſt Myer Muggelyn, Euer König, hier?“

Auf die bejahende Antwort des Ribauds ſagte der Oberdechant:

„Führt mich zu Eurem Könige, ich muß ihn ſprechen.“

Zu gleicher Zeit ließ er ein Geldſtück in die Hand des Ribauden gleiten, der ihn raſch auf einer dunklen ſteinernen Treppe hinauf brachte. Hier eine Thür öffnend, ſagte derſelbe:

„Tretet hinein, Meiſter, Ihr werdet den König dort finden.“

Der Ribaudenkönig ſaß hinten in der Kammer bei einer großen eiſernen Lampe, auf einem ſchlechten Stuhle, und war damit beſchäftigt, ein Paar alte Beinkleider zu flicken. Eine ſchwere Kanne ſtand vor ihm auf einem Tiſche, und dabei ein leerer gläſerner Becher. Dieſer wunderliche König trug auf ſeinem Angeſicht die unverkennbaren Beweiſe eines wüſten und ſchwelgeriſchen Lebens. Naſe und Wangen waren glänzend roth und hin und wieder mit Purpurflecken beſprenkelt; ein thieriſches Lachen, ohne Gefühl und Feinheit, gab ſeinem Geſichte etwas Abſtoßendes, während ſeine niedrige und überhängende Stirn, die ſeine Augen faſt ganz verbarg, eine unedle, habſüchtige Schlauheit zu verrathen ſchien. Uebrigens war er lang von Geſtalt und ſtark von Gliedern.

Sobald er den Oberdechanten erkannte, rief er, ohne ſeine Arbeit fahren zu laſſen:

„Sieh da, Mher Geeraert Denys! Was hat ſich zugetragen, daß Ihr den Ribaudenkönig in ſeinem Hofe zum Walthor beſucht? Nehmt einen Stuhl und ſetzt Euch.“

„Nun, Muggelyn!“ ſprach der Oberdechant, „es hat ſich zugetragen, was Ihr mir heute Mittag bei dem Ketelthore geſagt habt.“

„O, ich wußte es wohl, nicht wahr? daß man Hauptleute wählen will?“

„In der That. — Es würde noch ſo ſchlimm nicht ſein, wenn nicht einige unverſtändige Bürger in Gent Jakob von Artevelde zum Oberhauptmann ernennen wollten. Was meint Ihr von ſolcher unbegreiflichen Dummheit?“

„Ha, ha! Mher Denys! Es iſt mir ganz gleichgültig, wer Oberhauptmann wird, und ich glaube, der weiſe Mann wird dies Amt vielleicht beſſer verwalten, als irgend ein Anderer.“

„Aber, Muggelyn! er iſt feigherzig und furchtſam, und wird ſich davonmachen bei der erſten Gefahr.“

„So! glaubt Ihr das wirklich?“

„Gewiß! er hat da in der Byloke eine Rede gehalten, aus der man deutlich ſieht, daß er nicht tapfer genug iſt, um an der Spitze einer Gemeine, wie die von Gent, zu ſtehen.“

„Das muß man erſt abwarten, Mher Denys! und auf jeden Fall, was kümmert das mich?“

„Wie, Muggelyn! was das Euch kümmert? Wenn Ihr überzeugt wäret, daß man das Gedeihen und die Freiheit der Gemeine verſpielt; wenn Ihr überzeugt wäret, daß ein herrſchſüchtiger Betrüger das Volk irre führt, um ſich über ſeine Mitbürger zu erheben: würdet

Ihr dann nicht erzürnt aufſtehen und ſtreben, das Vaterland zu retten?“

„Ja, Mher Denys!“ ſcherzte der Ribaudenkönig; „ich würde doch nicht eher aufſtehen, als bis meine Hoſen geflickt wären.“

„Nein, nein!“ entgegnete Denys, „Ihr redet nicht, wie Ihr es meint, Muggelyn. Das Vaterland verlangt, daß alle guten Bürger wachen und wirken, um einen verderblichen Anſchlag zu verhindern, und Ihr dürft auch Eure Hülfe nicht verweigern bei der Ausführung dieſer heiligen Pflicht.“

Der Ribaudenkönig betrachtete den Oberdechanten mit halb ſpöttiſchem Lächeln, und antwortete:

„Ach, Mher Denys! was redet Ihr mit dem armen König Muggelyn von Freiheit und Ehre der Stadt Gent, während er damit beſchäftigt iſt, ſeine Hoſen zu flicken, und ſchon anderthalb Stunden vor einer leeren Kanne trauernd ſitzt! Der Wirth zum Hirſch unter dem Glockenthurm hat wohl noch ein halbes Jahr bei mir gut. Ich verſuchte bereits, ihn mit Freiheit und Ruhm und Vaterland zu bezahlen; aber der habgierige Schelm will von dieſer Münze nichts wiſſen.“

Der Scherz und die unverſchämte Habſucht, mit welcher der Ribaudenkönig ihm antwortete, erregten großen Aerger bei Denys. Er hatte mehr Verſtand und Schlauheit bei Muggelyn erwartet, und war nun verdrießlich, daß er kein Mittel ſah, um dieſes Geſpräch nach ſeinem Wunſche zu leiten.

„Alſo, Muggelyn!“ ſprach er, „iſt es nutzlos, im

Namen des Vaterlandes und der Freiheit Euch um Beiſtand zu bitten? Es ſcheint, daß dieſe edlen Worte keine Kraft äußern auf Euer Gemüth.“

„Von allen den Worten, die man ſpricht, giebt es nur vier, die ich gut verſtehe,“ antwortete der Ribaudenkönig, „nämlich: Geld, Würfel, Weiber und Wein. Für das erſte will ich die drei andern noch vergeſſen, denn man kann ſie doch nicht ſtets zuſammen haben..... Aber, Mher Denys, warum ſo viele Umwege brauchen bei dem, was Ihr mir ſagen wollt? Kommt, ſagt es gerade heraus! Ihr ſeid doch nicht zu mir nach dem Walthore gekommen, um Euch mit mir über ſolche unbedeutende Dinge zu unterhalten?“

„Nun denn!“ entgegnete der Oberdechant verdrießlich; „Ihr ſeid kein Genter, Muggelyn! daher rührt Euch der Ruhm und das Gedeihen unſerer Stadt nicht eben ſehr. Mit mir iſt das anders; mir pocht das Herz vor Zorn, wenn ich ſehe, daß man das Glück ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſeiner Herrſchſucht opfern will, und ich bin bereit, weder Geld noch Mühe zu ſparen, um die gute Sache zu retten.“

„Ich beginne zu verſtehen,“ ſagte Muggelyn grinſend.

„Und da Ihr wenig von ſchönen Redensarten haltet, ſo werdet Ihr wahrſcheinlich Eure Hülfe nicht verweigern, wenn dreißig Pfund dabei zu verdienen ſind.“

Als Muggelyn dieſe Worte vernahm, ließ er vor Ueberraſchung die Hoſen von ſeinen Knieen gleiten, und ſeine Augen begannen ungemein zu funkeln.

„Ich habe es nicht recht verſtanden,“ ſagte er.

„Dreißig Pfund!“ wiederholte Denys, „aber unter der Bedingung, daß die Gemeine gerettet werde.“

„Dreißig Pfund!“ murmelte der Ribaudenkönig.

„Verdoppeltes Jahrgeld und vierundzwanzig Unterthanen mehr!“ ſetzte der Oberdechant ſeinem erſten Verſprechen hinzu, während er wirklich eine Hand voll Geld auf den Tiſch legte.

„Das heißt reden!“ rief der Ribaudenkönig, fröhlich aufſtehend und Denys die Hand drückend. „Es iſt wunderbar, wie ſich mein Verſtand auf einmal öffnet; jetzt begreiſe ich ganz gut, was Ihr wollt. — Laßt ſehen, man wird Hauptleute wählen, wie ich Euch ſchon heute Morgen geſagt habe. Der Hauptmann, der im St. Janskirchſpiele gewählt wird, iſt Oberhauptmann. So iſt es ſtets geweſen und ſo wird es noch ſein. — Ihr, Mher Denys, Ihr wohnt im St. Janskirchſpiel; Ihr ſeid dort der reichſte Bürger, Oberdechant der Zünfte von Gent, mächtig durch Einfluß, Verwandte und Freunde; Eure Vaterlandsliebe iſt bekannt, Eure Verbannung bezeugt dieſelbe. Demgemäß werdet Ihr nach Recht und Vernunft Oberhauptmann werden müſſen. Unglücklicherweiſe wohnt im St. Janskirchſpiel auch ein Mann, den Ihr nicht leiden könnt, ein Schelm, ein Scheinheiliger, ein herrſchſüchtiger Betrüger, ein Volksverführer, ein Verräther, ein Geizhals, der Artevelde heißt und nahe daran iſt, zum Oberhauptmann gewählt zu werden. Das iſt es, nicht wahr, Mher Denys? O, ich begreiſe die Sache ganz gut!“

Der Ribaudenkönig lachte vergnüglich, wie Jemand, der von der Schlauheit ſeiner Rede überzeugt iſt und zeigen will, daß er ſich ſelbſt nicht im Mindeſten täuſcht. Dieſes Lachen machte die Schamröthe in des Oberdechanten Geſicht aufſteigen; doch bezwang er ſich und antwortete mit erkünſteltem Lächeln:

„Ja, ſo iſt es beinahe!“

„Wann wählt man die Hauptleute?“ fragte der Ribaudenkönig.

„Auf St. Pharaildisabend, zufolge den Schöffen, welche in der Byloke waren.“

„Alſo binnen ſechs Tagen; die Zeit iſt kurz, Mher Denys!“

„Der Lohn aber um deſto ſchöner, Muggelyn!“

„In der That, Ihr ſeid ein edelmüthiger Mann, und für ſolche Belohnung würde ich durch das Feuer gehen, um Euch einen Dienſt zu leiſten; denn ſeht Ihr, Mher Denys, die Gemeine giebt mir einen Jahrgehalt, der wohl ausreichte, um mich hier in meiner Wohnung im Walther mit Bohnen und Rüben fett zu machen; aber ſie hat vergeſſen, daß trinken ſehen von früh Morgens bis ſpät Abends ein gefährliches Beiſpiel iſt. Darum muß ich ſelbſt meine Hoſen flicken und vor Durſt faſt ſterben bei der Arbeit.“

„Helft mir die Stadt vor den Anſchlägen eines Herrſchſüchtigen behüten, und wenn es uns glückt, ſo ſoll es Euch nie fehlen, um ſtets fröhlich ſein zu können. Ihr habt viel Einfluß auf das Volk; Ihr kennt die Geſinnung der meiſten Zunftgeſellen, ſogar die Geheimniſſe der Hausgeſinde . . . Nun denn! Ihr müßt dies Alles benutzen, um die Wahl des ehrgeizigen Betrügers ſcheitern zu machen.“

„Und Euch wählen zu laſſen?“

„Wenn Artevelde mir durch ſeine Liſt nicht mein Recht ſtiehlt, ſo kann es Niemand anders werden als ich.“

„Und Ser Van Steenbeke?“

„Laßt den in Ruhe, Muggelyn! er iſt ein bekannter Leliaerd.“

„Er hat aber viele und mächtige Freunde!“

„Das giebt es nicht her; von der Seite haben wir nichts zu befürchten.“

„Gut! aber laßt ſehen, was wir thun können!“

„Ich wundere mich, Muggelyn, daß Ihr ſo fragt; Ihr müßt ſogleich von Schenke zu Schenke gehen und Euch überall bemühen, die irregeführten Bürger über ihre wahren Intereſſen aufzuklären; Ihr müßt Eure Bekannten aufſuchen und Euch aller Derjenigen bedienen, auf die Ihr Einfluß habt, Jedem ſagen, was mit ſeinen Gedanken übereinſtimmt, und machen, daß ſich alle Bürger überzeugen, die Wahl des herrſchſüchtigen Jakob bringe ſowohl der ganzen Gemeine, wie jedem Einzelnen Schaden. Schmeichelt dem Einen, droht dem Andern mit ſeinen Intereſſen . . . .“

Hier hielt Geeraert Denys plötzlich inne und betrachtete mistrauiſch und verdrießlich den Ribaudenkönig, über deſſen Antlitz ſich ein ſonderbares Lächeln zog.

„Nun, Muggelyn!“ rief Denys, „meint Ihr Euer Geld zu verdienen, indem Ihr Spott mit dem Oberdechanten der Gilden treibt? Oder habe ich mich betrogen, und ſeid Ihr ein erbärmlicher Schwätzer, der ſich mächtig glaubt und nicht einmal Verſtand genug hat, zu begreifen, was man thun muß, um dem Volke die Augen zu öffnen?"

„Welche Bremſe ſticht Euch denn ſo plötzlich, Myher Denys?" ſagte der Ribaudenkönig, ohne zu erſchrecken. „Euch verſpotten? Bei Sanct Lieven! ich bewundere Euch im Gegentheil. Ihr ſeid ein erfahrener Meiſter in dem Fach, das Volk über ſein Beſtes aufzuklären. Begreife ich Euch nicht? Ich muß überall ſagen und beweiſen, daß Jakob von Artevelde ein herrſchſüchtiger Betrüger ſei, daß er das Volk aus Eigennutz aufwiegelt und daß man dumm und thöricht handeln würde, wenn man ſich durch einen ſolchen Großprahler verleiten ließe."

„Daß er keinen Muth hat, Muggelyn, und bei der erſten Gefahr die Gemeine im Stiche läßt."

„Daß er es insgeheim mit den Leliaerds hält und ſich mit ihnen verbündet hat, um die kleinen Zunftleute noch mehr zu drücken, als dies ſchon geſchehen iſt."

„Ach, Muggelyn! man muß mit Vorſicht zu Werke gehen. Euch, der Ihr Verſtand genug habt, brauche ich wahrlich nicht zu lehren, wie man, um ſein Vaterland und die Freiheit zu retten, nicht kindiſch ſein darf, um zu ängſtlich auf die Mittel zu ſehen, die man anzuwenden hat, um ein gutes Werk zu thun."

„Verſtanden, Meiſter! Den Leliaerds werde ich ſagen, daß er insgeheim den Plan hat, den Grafen um ſein Erbe zu bringen und die Güter der Ritter zu confisciren."

„Ja, Muggelyn! Und den engliſch Geſinnten, daß er dem Könige angeboten hat, ihm Flandern auszuliefern, wenn man ihn zum Marſchall von Flandern machen wollte."

„Recht! Den franzöſiſch Geſinnten, daß er Flandern an England verkaufen will. Es iſt überflüſſig, Meſſer Denys, daß Ihr noch länger davon mit mir redet. Das Mittel, deſſen wir uns bedienen wollen, iſt ſo alt, wie die Welt, und man müßte erſt geſtern geboren worden ſein, um es nicht zu kennen. Wer das Opfer deſſelben wird, nennt es eine Ehrenſchändung; aber bei Licht betrachtet iſt es doch nur eine Waffe, die man gebraucht, wenn der Feind zu groß und zu mächtig iſt .... Es verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, nicht wahr? daß ich von Euch alles mögliche Gute ſagen und beweiſen muß, daß Ihr allein in Gent den nöthigen Muth und Reichthum und die Liebe des Volkes beſitzt, um mit Ehre und Nutzen Oberhauptmann zu ſein. Dies wird mir nicht ſchwer fallen; denn ohne Euch zu ſchmeicheln, Meſſer Denys, es fehlt Euch nichts, um ein würdiger und vor allen Dingen ein ſchlauer Feldherr zu ſein; aber es iſt noch Eins, was mir im Kopfe herumgeht. Meint Ihr, daß man mir und meinen Helfershelfern Glauben ſchenken werde, wenn wir ſolche Dinge von dem weiſen Manne erzählen?"

„Laßt Euch das nicht abhalten, Muggelyn. Man glaubt den Worten nicht, aber ſie geben zu denken; ſie machen die Leute irre, flößen Mißtrauen ein und vernichten jedenfalls die Neigung, die man ihm ſchenkte. — Sechs Tage ſind wenig, in der That! Aber für einen

Mann, wie Ihr, Muggelyn, reicht dieſe Zeit hin, um einen Betrüger zu entlarven und ihn Jedem in ſeinem wahren Lichte zu zeigen.“

„Es iſt gut, Meiſter; ich will thun, was ich kann; aber Ihr ſelbſt werdet unterdeſſen nicht ſchlafen, hoffe ich. Ihr habt ſo viele Freunde und Bekannte, denen an Eurer Erhebung gelegen ſein muß.“

„Sorgt nicht deshalb; Muth und Thätigkeit ſind Eigenſchaften, die mir nicht ſo fremd ſind, wie dem Ehrſüchtigen, den wir bekämpfen wollen ..... Nun, Muggelyn, hängt eilig Euren Mantel um und verliert keinen Augenblick. Morgen gegen Abend werde ich wiederkommen, und wenn ich ſehe, daß wir ſchon einiges Feld gewonnen, werde ich Euch neuen Muth mitbringen.“

„Das iſt auch die Hauptſache, Myher Denys!“ ſagte der Ribaudenkönig mit Nachdruck. „Man hat ſo viel Einfluß, als man Wein hat, ſeine Worte damit zu unterſtützen.“

„Alſo bis morgen thut Euer Beſtes, Muggelyn, und behüte Euch Gott!“

Der Ribaudenkönig nahm die Lampe und leuchtete dem Oberdechanten die Treppe hinab. Als er in ſeine Kammer zurückkehrte, murmelte er lachend:

„Das iſt kein kleiner Scheinheiliger. Es fehlt wenig und der Teufel ſelbſt iſt nicht ſchlimmer. Das iſt eine fette Kuh, die ſich da auf meiner Weide eingefunden hat und gemolken zu werden verlangt. Wohl! wohl! damit wiſſen wir umzugehen. Dreißig Pfund! Ah, Muggelyn, das wäre ein Leben! Aber, Freund! es iſt dies Mal kein Speck für deinen Schnabel; es würde leichter ſein, die Leiſe auszutrinken, als zu machen, daß der Oberdechant zum Oberhauptmann gewählt werde .... Hält er denn den Ribaudenkönig für dumm genug, um offen zu Werke zu gehen gegen Jemanden, der ihn binnen ſechs Tagen machen und zerbrechen kann und ihn höchſt wahrſcheinlich aus dem Lande jagen würde? Nein, nein! Ich werde den Vogel ohnedies ſchon rupfen. Er ſcheint mir blind genug, um Alles zu glauben, was ich ihm ſage. Auf jeden Fall will ich aber gehen und mich erkundigen, was das Volk ſpricht und denkt über dieſe Sache ....“

Bei dieſen Worten gürtete der Ribaudenkönig ſein Schwert um, warf die Regenkappe über den Kopf, wickelte ſich in einen alten Mantel von braunem Tuch und ſtieg die dunkle Treppe hinab, um ſich nach dem St. Janskirchſpiele zu begeben.

III.

In der Kerkſtraet neben der St. Janskirche ſtand ein neugebautes Haus, welches vielleicht das einzige in Gent war, das ſo deutlich den Hochmuth offenbarte, den einige reich gewordene Bürger damals zu zeigen begannen. Man konnte es nicht einen Stein nennen, und doch würde ein Fremder es niemals für die Wohnung eines Bürgers gehalten haben. In der That, es hatte einen zwiefachen Charakter; denn obwohl aus ſchweren Stücken Schiefer aufgemauert und von anſehnlicher Größe, hatte man ihm die Form der gewöhnlichen Häuſer in Gent gelaſſen, mit niedrigen Fenſtern, die auf die Straße gingen, um die Vorkammern als Magazine gebrauchen zu können, und den Giebel ſchmückten zahlreiche Verzierungen, welche die ächten Steine nicht zu haben pflegten. An beiden Ecken des Gebäudes dagegen waren mit ausgehauenen Steinen zwei Thürme oder Keſſel aufgeführt, wie die Ritterwohnungen ſie zeigten, allein mit dem Unterſchiede, daß ſie ſich hier aus dem Giebel erhoben und keine Schießlöcher hatten.

Es war nicht zu verkennen, daß dies Haus einem Bürger zugehören mußte, der aus Eitelkeit ſich eine ritterliche Wohnung hatte bauen wollen, den jedoch die Scham zurückgehalten, ſich ganz und gar über ſeinen Stand zu erheben. Dadurch war dieſes Haus ein Gemiſch von adeligem und bürgerlichem Bauſtyl, auf jeden

Fall gewann es dadurch nichts an Schönheit; denn die Ueberladung deſſelben mit geſchmackloſen Verzierungen bewies noch mehr als alles Uebrige, daß es des Eigenthümers Abſicht geweſen, Andere an Pracht zu übertreffen und einen ungewöhnlichen Reichthum zu entfalten. Ueber der Hausthür prangte das Wappen der Webergilde, ein rothes Schild mit ſilbernem Löwen zwiſchen zwei goldenen Weberſpulen, und darunter mit großen Buchſtaben die Aufſchrift: „Geeraert Denys, Wollenwebermeiſter.“

Neben dieſem ſonderbaren Hauſe erhob ſich die ſchöne St. Janskirche mit ihren ſtattlichen Thürmen. Der Kirchhof zog ſich daneben hin, und aus den Fenſtern konnte man beinahe ſenkrecht auf die Gräber ſehen, ſo wie auf das Beinhaus, in deſſen Mauer einige hundert Todtenköpfe ausgehauen waren.

Das Innere des Hauſes machte denſelben Eindruck, wie das Aeußere. Die Vorkammern waren mit Stücken Tuch von verſchiedener Farbe und verſchiedenem Werthe angefüllt; im Hinterzimmer ſtrahlte aus Allem der Reichthum entgegen. Die Seſſel waren daſelbſt mit Corduan oder mit Sammet überzogen und mit goldenen Nägeln beſchlagen; die Tiſche und der übrige Hausrath zeigten überall ſehr ſchönes Schnitzwerk.

Wenige Tage nach der Zuſammenkunft in der Byleke, ſpät am Nachmittage, befand ſich Lieven Denys mit ſeiner Mutter in dem Hinterzimmer ihrer prächtigen Wohnung. Alles, was dieſe einfache Frau umgab, ſtach ſeltſam von ihrem bürgerlichen Weſen und ihrer geringen Kleidung ab. Obwohl ſie hier als Herrin gebot, ſo würde man ſie doch eher für eine Dienſtmagd gehalten haben. Sie ſaß auf einem jener koſtbaren Stühle unter dem Schornſtein und ſpann Flachs an einem ſchnurrenden Rade, während ihr Sohn neben ihr an einem Tiſche damit beſchäftigt war, einige Rechnungen durchzugehen.

„Wie glücklich iſt es, Lieven!“ ſprach die Mutter, „daß Du in St. Baefsſtede in die Mägiſterſchule gegangen biſt. Es giebt Klerken, die nicht ſo gut ſchreiben und rechnen können wie Du. Wir können dem Himmel dafür danken; denn wenn Du die Geſchäfte nicht beſorgteſt, ſo würden ſie bald in einer ſchönen Verwirrung ſein. Dein Vater, der hochmüthige Thor, kümmert ſich um nichts mehr.“

„Wozu ſollte er es auch, Mutter?“ antwortete Lieven. „Er hat ſein ganzen Leben geſorgt und gearbeitet, da iſt es recht, daß er nun auch ausruhe, um ſo mehr, da ich recht gut dazu paſſe.“

„Habe ich dergleichen in meinem Leben geſehen!“ entgegnete die Mutter; „das geht nach der Byloke, und ſpricht und raſt über Sachen, wovon er eben ſo wenig verſteht, wie mein unſchuldiges Spinnrad da! Er hat das Geld mit ſaurer Arbeit gewonnen, und es wäre beſſer, daß er es nun genöſſe, ohne ſich viel Leid und Kopfbrechen zu ſuchen. Das läßt ſich verbannen wie ein Schelm, um ſeinen freien Schwatz zu haben über Dinge, die uns nichts angehen!“

„Ach, Mutter! Ihr redet immer ſo; aber das geſchieht nur zum Spaß, nicht wahr?“ antwortete Lieven.

„Es iſt doch die Pflicht jedes guten Bürgers, der Gemeine ſo nützlich wie möglich zu ſein. Der Vater hat jetzt Mittel und Zeit im Ueberfluß; was kann er alſo Beſſeres thun, als für das allgemeine Wohl mitwirken?“

„Ich weiß wohl, Lieven, daß man bei Dir ſchlecht ankommt, wenn man nicht immer vom Vater ſchön redet; das macht Dir Ehre, Kind; aber ich kenne ihn ſchon ſo lange; ich weiß zu gut, was ihm im Kopfe ſteckt und was nicht drin ſteckt. Es wäre beſſer, Du ſtändeſt mir bei, ihn von ſeinen Grillen zu heilen; denn verlaß Dich darauf, womit er ſich jetzt abgiebt, das wird noch ärgere Folgen haben, als ihn aus dem Lande zu verbannen.“

„Nein, nein, Mutter! Eure Furcht iſt ungegründet; der Vater iſt wohl auffahrend und haſtig, aber es gebricht ihm auch nicht an Vorſicht und Klugheit. — Und wenn er ſich auch wirklich in Gefahr bringt, ſo geſchieht es doch nur aus Vaterlandsliebe und aus Liebe zur Freiheit, und das iſt doch wahrhaftig löblich.“

„Ja, ja!“ ſagte Frau Denys, die Achſeln zuckend, „ich weiß nicht, wo Ihr Leute die Worte hernehmt, um dies thörichte Treiben herauszuputzen. Sage mir nur zum Beiſpiel, warum Dein Vater jetzt ſchon ſeit ſechs Tagen vom Morgen bis zum Abend auf den Beinen iſt und nach dem Abendeſſen wie ein verfolgter Dieb aus dem Hauſe läuft, um ganze Nächte wegzubleiben. Seine Augen ſtehen ihm ganz verwildert im Kopfe, und er ſchläft vor Müdigkeit ein, wo er ſich hinſetzt. Glaubſt Du nun, daß er ſich blos aus Vaterlandsliebe ſo abmatte und ſeine Geſundheit zerſtöre?“

„Aber, Mutter, Ihr wißt es ja ſelbſt, daß große Dinge im Werke ſind; Alle in der ganzen Stadt laufen ſo hartnäckig herum; es muß dafür geſorgt werden, daß das Volk in ſeiner Wahl ſich nicht betrüge und daß die Hauptleute tüchtige und muthige Bürger ſeien. Noch eine Stunde, und Jeder weiß, wie die Wahlen ausgefallen ſind; dann wird Alles wieder friedlich und ſtill werden; es iſt eben eine Zeit der Gährung und der Leidenſchaften.“

„Aber, Lieven!“ rief die Mutter verwundert, „wie biſt Du noch einfältig, Junge! Weißt Du, warum Dein Vater ſich die Beine abläuft und in fünf Nächten kein Auge zugethan hat? Er bildet ſich ein, man werde ihn zum Hauptmann des St. Janskirchſpiels wählen!“

„Zum Oberhauptmann?“ fragte Lieven ungläubig.

„Ja, zum Oberhauptmann,“ antwortete Frau Denys; „und nun frage ich Dich, ob das nicht ein thörichter Wahn iſt, da es doch Niemand anders werden kann als Mher Jakob von Artevelde; das hört man ja überall im ganzen Kirchſpiel ausſprechen.“

„Was Ihr da vom Vater ſagt, iſt unmöglich, Mutter! Nicht, als ob er dies Amt nicht eben ſo gut wie jeder Andere bekleiden könnte und nicht das Recht hätte, ein ſolches Zeichen des allgemeinen Vertrauens zu erhalten; aber er weiß für gewiß, daß kein Anderer, als der weiſe Mann, ernannt werden wird. Was ſich in der Byloke zugetragen hat, läßt Niemanden daran zweifeln. Wohnten wir in einem der vier andern Kirchſpiele, ſo würde ich ſelbſt glauben, daß man den Vater zum Hauptmann wählte, aber zum Oberhauptmann? Gewiß, Mutter, daran denkt er gar nicht.“

„Und ich ſage Dir, Lieven, er brennt darauf; mit Dir ſpricht er nicht darüber, denn er liebt Dich ſehr und weiß, daß es Dich betrüben würde. Vielleicht meint er auch, daß Du die Dinge bereits zu gut durchſchaueſt; mich im Gegentheil betrachtet er als eine gutmüthige, einfältige Perſon, und läßt hier und da ein Wort gegen mich fallen, aus dem ich recht wohl merken kann, wo ihn der Schuh drückt. Wenn er nur jetzt in ſeinem Hochmuthe nichts ſagt oder thut, was Veerle's Vater mit Recht erzürnen kann.“

„Ach nein, Mutter!“ ſeufzte Lieven betrübt, „das wird nicht geſchehen.“

„Wer weiß, Lieven! Wenn er aber durch ſeinen thörichten Leichtſinn die Sache hier in Verwirrung bringt, ſo ſoll er ſehen, mit wem er zu thun bekommt. Ich werde dieſer Grillen müde, Kind; das muß ein Ende nehmen. Seit wir unſer altes Haus in der Lange Munte verlaſſen haben, um, gegen meinen Willen, in dieſen Stein zu ziehen, iſt unſere Wohnung eine Hölle von Unzufriedenheit und Verdruß geworden. Dein Vater iſt krank, Lieven, er iſt wirr im Kopfe, und kann ich ihn heilen, ſei es ihm lieb oder leid, ſo werde ich es nicht unterlaſſen.“

Plötzlich ſtand Lieven überraſcht von ſeinem Stuhle auf, um auf eine Stimme zu horchen, die im Vorgemach unverſchämte Worte zu der Dienſtmagd ſprach. Ehe er jedoch noch einen Schritt thun konnte, um die

Urſache des Lärms zu erfahren, erſchien im Hinterzimmer Jemand, der keck vorging, während er ſehr ſchnell mit ſich ſelbſt redete:

„Na, es ſcheint, als ob mein Freund Geeraert ſeinen Dienſtboten nicht gelehrt habe, was ſie einem Könige ſchuldig ſind; mich warten zu laſſen zwiſchen den einfältigen Haufen Tuch! Wäre es noch bei einer Kanne Wein! Ach, von Wein zu reden, ich glaube, der Oberdechant muß in dieſer Stunde ſchrecklichen Durſt haben. Wenn ihm jetzt die Kehle nicht brennt, da kann er es ſein ganzes Leben lang aushalten, ohne zu trinken.“

Mit einer Art von trauriger Neugier betrachteten Lieven und ſeine Mutter den Mann, der dies murmelnd, die Hand in die Seite geſtemmt, ſich ihnen taumelnd näherte.

„Was wollt Ihr von uns?“ fragte Lieven in einem Ton, der deutlich zeigte, dieſer Beſuch ſei ihm nicht angenehm.

„Ha, ha!“ lachte der Andere, „hätte man mir denn ohne mein Wiſſen meine Geſtalt verwechſelt, daß man den fröhlichen Ribaudenkönig nicht mehr kennt?“

„Nun denn, was verlangt Ihr?“ wiederholte Lieven.

„Wenn ich mich nicht täuſche, ſeid Ihr der Sohn meines würdigen Freundes Denys,“ ſprach der Ribaudenkönig mit ſeinem beſtändigen Lachen; „Euer Vater iſt alſo nicht hier?“

„Nein, nein!“ rief die Mutter, „er iſt nicht hier; wollt Ihr ihn ſprechen, ſo kommt in ein paar Stunden wieder.“

„Ach! Ihr meint, daß ich ihn nöthig habe!“ entgegnete der halbbetrunkene Muggelyn. „Er iſt es, der mich nöthig hat! Ich nehme mir hier einen Stuhl, Frau, und während ich ſeine Rückkehr erwarte, möchte ich wohl Etwas trinken; denn ich habe ſchrecklichen Durſt von all' dem Laufen und Rennen für unſeren Freund. Füllt die Kanne nur voll, ich thue Euch ſchon zweimal Beſcheid.

Ich ſah nie ſo rothen Mund,
Noch auch ſo liebliche Augen,
Als ſie hat, die mich hat verwund't.

Kommt, bringt die Kanne, ich ſinge Euch das ganze Lied; es wird Euch die Zeit verkürzen.“

Frau Denys ſtemmte die Arme in die Seite und glaubte den Ribaudenkönig mit Scheltworten aus dem Hauſe treiben zu können; aber jetzt ſah ſie ihren Sohn plötzlich erbleichen und vor Zorn zittern wie ein Schilfrohr; ſie ſchwieg daher und näherte ſich Lieven, um ihn zu beruhigen, allein der Jüngling rief mit unterdrückter Wuth dem verwunderten Muggelyn zu:

„Ribaud, Ihr ſeid hierher gekommen ohne Urlaub und bleibt hier gegen unſern Willen? Wißt Ihr, welche Strafe darauf ſteht, ſo die Wohnung eines freien Bürgers von Gent zu ſchänden?“

„Iſt das der Wein, oder mindeſtens das Bier, mit dem Ihr mich tractiren wolltet?“ ſcherzte Muggelyn.

„Es ziemt ſich nicht zu ſpotten,“ fuhr Lieven fort; „ich ſage es Euch nicht zum zweiten Male. Entfernt Euch ſchnell, oder ich hole Zeugen herbei. Wenn Ihr alſo nicht wollt, Meiſter Muggelyn, daß die Obrigkeit ſich damit bemühe, ſo gebt Eures Weges und laßt uns in Frieden!"

„Nun, ſo behaltet Euren Wein, und möge er ſich in Eſſig verwandeln; aber erlaubt doch, daß ich mich etwas ausruhe; ich habe Schmerz in den Beinen, junger Herr. Das kommt davon, weil ich wegen der verfluchten Wahlen für Euren Vater herumlaufen muß. Au weh! Euer Vater müßte mir einen ſolchen Stuhl zum Geſchenk machen."

Der erzürnte Jüngling konnte ſich nicht länger halten und mühte ſich ab, ſich aus den Armen ſeiner Mutter, die ihn feſthielt, loszureißen.

„Ihr gemeiner Ribaud!" rief er, „wir wollen doch ſehen, ob Ihr einen Genter Bürger ungeſtraft in ſeiner Wohnung verhöhnen dürft! Verweilt noch einen Augenblick, und ich werfe Euch aus der Thür! . . . . Fort! ſage ich."

„Nun, bei Sanct Lieven!" antwortete der Ribaudenkönig, indem er aufſtand; „Ihr ſeid noch barſcher, als der Wirth im Hirſch unter dem Glockenthurm. Ich wollte mich ja nur erholen, indem ich die Rückkehr meines Freundes Denys erwartete. Es ſcheint, daß Ihr keinen Spaß verſteht, junger Herr. Schon gut! Jeder iſt Herr in ſeinem Hauſe. Ihr brauchtet nicht ſo große Augen zu machen, um mich daran zu erinnern. Sagt alſo nur Eurem würdigen Vater, daß der Ribaudenkönig Muggelyn ihn heute Abends um ſieben Uhr in ſeiner Wohnung zum Walthore erwarten wird. Ich werde ihm den Wein wiedergeben, den Ihr mir ſo gütig eingeſchenkt habt. Seid gegrüßt, und bleibt in Frieden!"

Bei dieſen letzten Worten war der Ribaudenkönig bereits aus der Thür und ging mit wankenden Tritten die Treppe hinunter.

So wie er fort war, brach Frau Denys in einen Strom von Schimpfworten gegen den unverſchämten Ribaud aus. Lieven ſagte nichts, ſondern bedeckte ſein Geſicht mit den Händen und legte es, in peinliche Betrachtungen verſunken, auf das Rechnungsbuch vor ihm.

Als die Mutter durch eine Fluth von Klagen und Drohungen ihr Herz etwas erleichtert hatte von dem Zorn, der es bedrückte, ſagte ſie mit ſcharfem Ton zu ihrem Sohne:

„Nun, Lieven! was meinſt Du zu dieſem Beſuch? Iſt es nicht ſehr ehrenhaft für uns, daß ein Ribaud hier her kommt, ſich den Freund Deines Vaters nennt und unſer Haus zu einer Taberne macht? Als ich Dir ſagte, daß er ſich durch ſeinen dummen Hochmuth immer tiefer hineinbringen würde, da hatte ich Unrecht, nicht wahr? Da läuft nun der Oberdechant der Gilden von Gent mit Ribauden herum; man möchte in den Erdboden ſinken vor Schaam!"

„Mutter, was der Trunkenbold geſagt hat, iſt falſch!" rief Lieven, das Haupt emporhebend. „Der Vater mag den Ribaudenkönig kennen, daran iſt nichts Wunderbares; aber daß er Etwas gemein mit ihm habe, das leugne ich, das iſt unmöglich."

„Gut, ich wünſche, daß Du Dich nicht täuſcheſt;

aber was bedeutet dann ſeine Rede, daß er wegen der Wahlen für Deinen Vater herumgelaufen ſei?“

„Es ſteht ihm frei, wegen der Wahlen herumzulaufen, für wen er will; dazu braucht er des Vaters Erlaubniß nicht.“

„Und dann, daß er Deinen Vater um ſieben Uhr am Walthore erwarten will? Dein Vater geht alſo mitunter in das ſchmuzige Ribaudenneſt. Das iſt etwas Schönes für einen Bürger, den Sohn ehrlicher Eltern! Aber laß ihn nur zu Hauſe kommen, ich will's ihm ſchon ſagen, daß ihm die Augen übergehen ſollen. Und ſollte Alles kopfüber kopfunter gehen, ich will ihn ſchon lehren oberhauptmannen und ribauden.“

„Erzürnet Euch nicht vorher, liebe Mutter!“ bat Lieven wehmüthig; „wir wollen den Vater ſelbſt darum befragen, und dann werdet Ihr hören, daß der unverſchämte Muggelyn nicht wußte, was er ſchwatzte. Warum denn den Vater auf das bloße Wort eines Trunkenboldes hin verdächtigen? Wir werden nicht lange mehr zu warten haben; denn die Wahlen müſſen bereits vorbei ſein . . . . Hört! da geht die Thür! das iſt der Vater.“

Die Dienſtmagd trat ein und ſagte:

„Frau, da iſt Mher Jan Calevoet, der Dechant der Zwillichweber.“

„Bitte ihn, hereinzukommen!“ antwortete Frau Denys mit ſichtbarem Mißvergnügen.

Als die Magd wieder fort war, ſagte ſie zu ihrem Sohne:

„Der Calevoet iſt auch Einer von denen, die in

Sanct Jans Tollhauſe ſitzen müßten. Er und Dein Vater ſind zwei Narren unter einer Kappe. Er kommt auch nur, um Deinen Vater aufzuhetzen.“

Jan Calevoet trat mit einer allgemeinen, doch kalten Verbeugung herein, warf ſeine Kopfbedeckung ab, nahm einen Stuhl und ſetzte ſich unter den Schornſtein, während er einen Gruß murmelte.

Der Dechant der Zwillichweber war kurz von Geſtalt und hatte in ſeinem ganzen Weſen nichts, das die Aufmerkſamkeit erregen konnte, als ungemein kleine Augen, eine platte Stirn und große dünne Ohren, die am Kopfe angeklebt zu ſein ſchienen. Man würde dieſes Geſicht für den äußeren Abdruck der Unbedeutendheit und des Stumpfſinns angeſehen haben, hätten ſeine gekniffenen Lippen, ſein ſpitzer Blick und ſein geziertes Benehmen nicht eine Miſchung von Einbildung und Dummheit errathen laſſen.

Nachdem er ſich behaglich bei dem Feuer hingeſetzt, rief er erzürnt:

„Ach, Ver[*]) Denys! ſo kann es nicht bleiben!“

„Was kann nicht ſo bleiben?“ fragte ſie.

„Ich ſage Euch, es darf nicht ſo bleiben!“ wiederholte der Dechant der Zwillichweber, indem er mit dem Fuße in die Aſche ſtieß.

„Sachte, Mher Calevoet!“ lachte Frau Denys; „gegen wen oder gegen was zieht Ihr denn zu Felde? Eure Rede würde für uns verſtändlicher ſein, wenn es

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[*]) Altvlämiſch für Frau.

Euch beliebte, uns zu ſagen, in welchen Dorn Ihr tratet?“

„In welchen Dorn? In einen großen Dorn! Aber ſeid verſichert, Ver Denys! es kann nicht ſo bleiben! — Wird Herr Denys nicht bald nach Hauſe kommen?“

„Das müßt Ihr beſſer wiſſen als ich, denn Ihr kommt ja von den Wahlen!“

„Wahlen! Wahlen!“ rief Calevoet, von Neuem in die Aſche tretend; „ſind das Wahlen, Ver Denys? Verführungen und Beſtechungen von herrſchſüchtigen Betrügern! Das iſt's, nichts anders!“

„Aber erklärt Euch doch, Mher Calevoet!“ fiel Lieven ihm in die Rede; „wir verſtehen Euch nicht.“

„Was! Ihr verſteht mich nicht? Ich ſpreche doch gutes Vlämiſch!“

„Es iſt in St. Michielskirchſpiel wohl nicht nach Eurem Sinn gegangen?“ ſagte Frau Denys ungeduldig. „Das begreife ich wohl; es kann nicht nach Jedes Wunſche ausfallen, und diejenigen, denen es mislingt, die müſſen ſich darüber nicht ſo ärgern; es iſt nicht der Mühe werth.“

„Nicht der Mühe werth? Das werden wir hören, ſobald Herr Denys nach Hauſe kommt. Man ſcheint ihn durch ſchändliche Liſt im St. Janskirchſpiel unterdrückt zu haben. Die Walkmüller haben dort, wie überall, wieder ihren alten Haß gegen die Weber ausgelaſſen; aber ſo darf es nicht bleiben, und ſollte Roland in das Spiel kommen. Was! ſoll der Dechant der Weber, der Oberdechant der Zünfte von Gent, zurückgeſetzt werden um eines Schwätzers willen, der nichts kann als ſchönreden? Im St. Janskirchſpiel ſoll man einen andern Hauptmann als Mher Denys wählen dürfen?"

„Nun denn! was habe ich Dir geſagt?" fragte Frau Denys ihren Sohn; „da haſt Du's ja! Mher Denys muß Oberhauptmann werden: haſt Du in Deinem Leben je Etwas gehört?"

Da ſie ſah, daß Lieven beſiegt und gleichſam beſchämt die Augen niederſchlug, wandte ſie ſich zu Galevoet und ſagte ſpöttiſch:

„Es wäre beſſer, Mher Galevoet, man ließe meinen Mann zufrieden, und ſetzte ihm nicht dergleichen Poſſen in den Kopf. Vielleicht wolltet Ihr zum Hauptmann in St. Michiels erwählt werden, und da mögt Ihr Euch ſelbſt darum bekümmern, ohne hier Herrn Denys aufzuhetzen und ihn noch dümmer zu machen, als er ſchon iſt."

„Ja, Ver Denys! wenn Artevelde gewählt wird, da werdet Ihr ſehen, wen das am meiſten verdrießt; dann werde ich noch wie ein Schaf neben Mher Denys ausſehen. Macht Euch nur auf ein ſchreckliches Unwetter gefaßt; er iſt im Stande, vor Wuth ein Unglück anzurichten, und er hat Recht: ſolchen Hohn erträgt man nicht, ohne daß das Blut vor Zorn aufflammt."

„Ha, ha!" lachte Frau Denys, „wenn das wahr iſt, ſo ſieht man Euch Beide heute noch Hand in Hand nach Sanct Jans Tollhauſe wandeln; denn, bei meinem ehrlichen Wort! Ihr ſeid alle Beide verrückt."

„Ich weiß wohl, Ver Denys!" ſagte Galevoet erzürnt, „daß die Frauen von Gemeindeſachen nichts begreifen; ich thue auch beſſer, über ſo wichtige Dinge zu ſchweigen, bis der Oberdechant zurückkommt. Euer Spott wird weder ihn noch mich zurückhalten, für Freiheit und Vaterland zu thun, was Noth iſt, und müßten wir Leben und Gut daran ſetzen. Es geht doch zu weit; man möchte ſein Herz freſſen, wenn man es anſieht! Einen Großprahler zum Oberhauptmann machen, einen Herrſchſüchtigen, der nichts will, als die Gemeine in den Abgrund ſtürzen und ſich ſelbſt über Andere erheben!“

Lieven's Stirn röthete ſich vor Zorn; bitteres Lächeln ſpielte um ſeine Lippen, während er fragte:

„Von wem ſprecht Ihr denn ſo heimlich, Mher Galevoet? Wer iſt denn der Herrſchſüchtige, auf den Ihr ſo unbarmherzig ſchimpft?“

„Wer?“ rief der Dechant der Zwillichweber; „fallt Ihr denn aus der Luft, Lieven? Auf wen ſollte ich denn mit Recht ſchimpfen, wenn es nicht auf Jakob von Artevelde wäre?“

„Und Mher von Artevelde iſt nichts als ein Großprahler?“

„Und ein Betrüger, der das Volk irre führt!“

„Und ein Habſüchtiger?“

„Und ein unvernünftiger Wütherich, der uns in die Hände der Leliaerds liefern wird!“

Das Uebermaß des Zorns, welches den Jüngling bei dieſen Worten ergriff, beruhigte ihn plötzlich; die Röthe verſchwand von ſeinem Antlitz und machte einem Ausdruck des Mitleids, vielleicht der Verachtung, Platz. Er ſagte mit Nachdruck:

„Es thut mir weh, Mher Calevoet! einen Freund meines Vaters ſo reden zu hören. Es iſt jetzt bereits ein Jahr, daß Flandern mit der ſchrecklichſten Hungersnoth zu kämpfen hat. Seit einem Jahre ſchon ſchreit das Volk nach Erlöſung und Nahrung; Niemand fühlte während der ganzen Zeit in ſich Verſtand und Muth genug, um das Vaterland zu retten. Nun kommt ein Mann, der es wagen durfte, Leben und Gut zu verpfänden für das allgemeine Beſte. Er ruft das Volk aus ſeiner Muthloſigkeit empor; er entwirft einen rieſenhaften Plan, um Flandern durch eine einzige That Gedeihen und Nahrung zu geben, und beweiſt mit wunderbarer Beredſamkeit, daß Gott ihn mit Geiſteskräften begabt habe, die nöthig ſind, um das edle Werk zu vollbringen. Das Volk jauchzt ihm zu als dem Retter ſeines Vaterlandes und freut ſich über ſeine ſichere Erlöſung .... Und in ſolchem Augenblick wagen es einige Bürger in unglaublicher Verblendung, gegen ihn Rache zu rufen und von Betrügerei zu ſprechen. Daß man von dem weiſen Manne zu ſagen wagt, er ſei ein unvernünftiger Wütherich! Unvernünftig? Er, der ſeine Beleidiger zerſchmettern kann mit der Macht ſeines Geiſtes! Wütherich? Mher Jakob von Artevelde, der den Muth hat, die Rache und den Haß aller Feinde der Freiheit und des Vaterlandes auf ſich zu laden, und der ſein Haupt auf den Richtblock legt, zum Pfande für Flanderns Freiheit! Ach! wenn Frankreich mächtig genug wäre, um die Gemeine wegen ihres Aufſtandes zu beſtrafen, wer würde das erſte Schlachtopfer ſein? Ihr doch wohl nicht, Mher Calevoet! Nein, es iſt der weiſe Mann, deſſen Blut ſtrömen würde, um für Flandern zu büßen!"

„Wohl geſprochen, Lieven!" rief die Mutter triumphirend; „Mher Calevoet mag das in die Taſche ſtecken; das wird ihm lehren, Deinem Vater den Kopf mit Thorheiten und Grillen vollzuſtopfen."

Der Dechant der Zwillichweber hatte lachend die Worte des Jünglings angehört, obwohl ſie ihn innerlich verdroſſen.

„Oho, Lieven!" antwortete er; „Ihr behaltet die Lehren Mher Jakob's ſehr gut. Es ſcheint, daß Ihr auch ziemlich viel ſchöne Worte kennt; aber das macht es Alles nicht aus. Ihr ſprecht etwas kühn, Jüngling, und ich könnte mich beleidigt fühlen durch Eure höhniſchen Reden; aber ich will es gern vergeſſen, indem ich bedenke, daß Ihr von öffentlichen Angelegenheiten wenig verſteht. Ihr werdet ſpäter noch lernen, daß der Schein trügt und Worte nichts als Worte ſind; zum Beiſpiel, man hat Mher Jakob gerathen, mit einem ganzen Heer Ruvelmondeſtein zu belagern, um Segher de Cortrazyn mit Gewalt aus dem Kerker zu befreien; er will es aber nicht, und ſagt, daß dieſer Zug Alles in Gefahr bringen würde. Segher de Cortrazyn iſt ſein eigener Schwiegervater, und doch wagt Mher Jakob nicht, deſſen Befreiung zu verſuchen. Iſt das nicht eine unerhörte Feigheit?"

„Daran erkenne ich das edle Gemüth des weiſen Mannes," rief Lieven, wie von Bewunderung ergriffen; „Ihr glaubt alſo, daß er das Volk aus dem Schlafe wach gerufen, um ſeinen Schwiegervater aus dem Kerker zu holen? Ihr kennt ihn nicht. Flandern will er retten, die Hungersnoth aus unſerm Lande treiben. Ach, wenn er die Befreiung Flanderns auf das Spiel zu ſetzen wagte um ſeines Schwiegervaters willen, das wäre eine Feigheit! Es giebt enge Seelen, die ein ſolches Opfer nicht begreifen und Myher Jakob haſſen, weil er an Geiſt und Herz zu groß iſt für das Maaß ihrer kleinen Leidenſchaften. Sie mögen tadeln und ſchelten; er wird nicht auf das achten, was tief unter ihm wühlt — ſondern Flandern retten, wie er es geſagt hat."

Der Dechant der Zwillichweber ſtand erzürnt von ſeinem Stuhle auf und ſprach mit heftigem Tone:

„Das geht zu weit! Wie könnt Ihr Euch erlauben, mir ſo Hohn zu bieten! Junger Mann, Ihr vergeßt, was Ihr mir ſchuldig ſeid; denn wenn Ihr ſo auffahrt gegen einen Freund Eures Vaters, und ihn eine enge Seele und was ſonſt noch zu nennen wagt, dann ſagt Ihr daſſelbe von Eurem Vater; er denkt darüber noch ſchlimmer als ich. Hätte ich nicht Mitleid mit Eurer Unbeſonnenheit, ich verließe dieſes Haus augenblicklich und würde keinen Fuß mehr über deſſen Schwelle ſetzen!"

Lieven erſchrak über die Wirkung ſeiner Worte, und fühlte, daß er in der That zu weit gegangen ſei.

„Verzeiht, Myher Calevoet!" ſagte er, „ich habe mich vielleicht zu heftig ausgedrückt; aber es geſchah blos, weil Ihr von dem Vater ſagtet, er nähme Theil an dem Haſſe gegen den weiſen Mann. Es ſcheinen da allerlei Zuträgereien gemacht zu werden. Mein Vater iſt ein Freund von Mher Jakob!“

„Ein Freund von Mher Jakob?“ lachte Calevoet; „ich glaube wahrhaftig, Lieven, Ihr verliert den Verſtand. Ihr werdet es hören, wenn Euer Vater nach Hauſe kommt, wie er nach Rache ſchreit gegen den Herrſchſüchtigen, der ihn ſeines Rechtes beraubt, um uns Allen den Fuß auf den Nacken zu ſetzen. Aber wartet....“

Der Dechant der Zwillichweber wollte in ſeinen Beſchuldigungen gegen Artevelde fortfahren, hörte jedoch die Vorderthür öffnen und ſagte:

„Ach, da iſt er! Jetzt werdet Ihr ſchon andere Dinge hören.“

Es war in der That Geeraert Denys, der in das Vorgemach trat und dort bei dem erſten Schritte das Dienſtmädchen rauh aus dem Wege ſtieß. Auf ſeinem Antlitz hatte ſich ein tiefer Verdruß gelagert, und ſeine Augen ſchienen vor Wuth zu glühen. Sobald er ſich jedoch der Thür des Hinterzimmers näherte, verſchwand plötzlich der zornige Ausdruck von ſeinem Geſicht; ein gemachtes Lächeln nahm deſſen Stelle ein, das, wenn es auch nicht minder bitter war, doch natürlich genug ſchien, um ſeinen Hausgenoſſen zu verbergen, welche Leidenſchaften in ſeinem Buſen wühlten. In das Zimmer tretend, grüßte er Jeden leichthin, indem er Kappe und Mantel abwarf.

„Nun, Mher Geeraert!“ fragte Calevoet aufſtehend, „wie iſt es gegangen im St. Janskirchſpiele? Da ich Euch lächeln ſehe, fange ich an zu zweifeln....“

„Mher Jakob von Artevelde iſt faſt einſtimmig zum Oberhauptmann erwählt worden,“ antwortete Geeraert kalt.

„Habe ich es nicht vorausgeſagt? In St. Michiels iſt es Pieter van den Hovene, ein Ritter!“

„In St. Jakobs Willem van Vaernewyck, der Bruder des Oberſchöffen.“

„Wiederum ein Ritter, Oberdechant! Das heißt Volksmacht!“

„In St. Nicolaes hat man Ghelnoot van Lens gewählt; in St. Maertens-Ackerghem Willem van Huſe.“

„So!“ rief Calevoet wüthend, „Ghelnoot van Lens, der ganze Tage bei Artevelde im Hauſe ſteckt, Willem van Huſe, den Vorſteher der Walkmüllergilde! Mich dünkt, daß man der Weberei etwas zu vermeſſen in's Angeſicht ſchlägt. Es iſt eine abſcheuliche Verſchwörung, aber es ſoll nicht dabei bleiben! Nein, und müßte die halbe Stadt in Flammen aufgehen, es ſoll nicht ſo bleiben, ſage ich!“

„Es iſt nun einmal ſo,“ bemerkte der Oberdechant; „man muß abwarten, was daraus wird, Mher Calevoet! Obendrein gehört ja doch Mher Artevelde immer zu den Webern.“

Denys' kühles Benehmen überraſchte den Dechanten der Zwillichweber, und er fühlte ſich um ſo mehr verletzt, als ihn Lieven und deſſen Mutter triumphirend anblickten.

„Wie!“ rief er dem Oberdechanten zu; „man hat Euch eines Rechtes beraubt, das Euch zukam; man hat

Euch einen blutigen Schimpf zugefügt, und Ihr ſeid nicht wüthend? Oder habt Ihr mich zum Beſten?"

„Ich bin durchaus nicht erzürnt, Freund Calevoet!" ſagte Denys mit noch größerer Ruhe; „hätte man mich zum Oberhauptmann gewählt, ſo würde ich allerdings den Weg eingeſchlagen haben, auf welchem die Gemeine Freiheit und Macht finden kann; aber das Volk hat zu entſcheiden und hat nach ſeinem Willen gehandelt."

„Und das könnt Ihr ertragen?" fragte Calevoet erſtaunt und verletzt; „Ihr laſſet Euer Vaterland durch Betrüger erniedrigen, den Webern durch die Walkmüller auf den Kopf treten, und Euch ſelbſt ſo verkennen! Ach, Denys! Denys! ich habe beſſer von Euch gedacht. Jetzt, da er mächtig wird, zieht Ihr Euch zurück und laßt Eure Freunde ſitzen? Das iſt doch auch kein Beweis des ſtählernen Herzens und des eiſernen Arms, von dem Ihr gewohnt ſeid zu reden?"

„Sobald das Volk ſeinen Irrthum einſieht, werdet Ihr Denys erkennen, Mher Calevoet. Er wird ſich opfern für das Glück Derjenigen, die jetzt ihr Vertrauen einem Andern geſchenkt haben, und auf dieſe Weiſe zeigen, daß Großmuth ihn beſeelt."

„Und jetzt! jetzt!"

„Jetzt will er ſich die Dinge anſehen."

Der Dechant der Zwillichweber trat wüthend auf den Heerd, daß die Aſche wie Rauch zwiſchen ſeinen Füßen emporflog. Er konnte nicht begreifen, was im Herzen des Oberdechanten vorgegangen ſei, da er ihn noch am Morgen ſo harte Drohungen gegen Artevelde hatte ausſtoßen hören und ihn jetzt gefühllos gegen den ihm zugefügten Hohn ſand. — Er vermuthete hier Heuchelei oder Spott und ſagte, indem er die Kappe aufſetzte und nach der Thür ging:

„Schon gut, Mher Geeraert Denys! Wenn Ihr auch die gute Sache verleugnet und verlaßt, es giebt in Gent, Gottlob! noch genug Männer, welche die Macht haben, ihr Vaterland zu retten und die Betrüger zu entlarven. Seid verſichert, man wird Euch nicht um Erlaubniß bitten. Wenn Ihr das Herz verloren habt, ſo mögt Ihr Euch auch zu den Feigen geſellen; Ihr ſeid um kein Haar breit von Eurem Wege abgewichen. Es wird lange währen, ehe Ihr mich hier wiederſehet ....“

Bei dieſen Worten öffnete er die Thür und verließ das Gemach. Geeraert Denys ſtand eilig von ſeinem Stuhle auf und folgte ihm in das Vorzimmer, wo ſie von Neuem in einen langen Wortwechſel geriethen.

Anfangs konnten Frau Denys und ihr Sohn noch ſehr wohl die Vorwürfe hören, welche Calevoet dem Oberdechanten machte; aber was dieſer mit minder lautem Tone ihm antwortete, verſtanden ſie nicht. Endlich flüſterten Beide nur, ſo daß man im Zimmer nichts mehr hören konnte als ein anhaltendes Gemurmel. Nachdem Lieven eine geraume Zeit gelauſcht hatte, aus Furcht, daß der Streit im Vorzimmer ärger würde, wandte er ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit wieder ab und ſagte freudig zu ſeiner Mutter:

„Seht Ihr nun wohl, daß Alles unwahr iſt, und daß der Vater die Leidenſchaft des heftigen Calevoet nicht theilt? Ich wußte wohl, daß ich mich nicht täuſchte. Um das unverſchämte Geſchwätz des betrunkenen Muggelyn will ich mich gar nicht kümmern; denn das hat ſicherlich weder Grund noch Wahrſcheinlichkeit.“

Frau Denys zuckte lächelnd die Achſeln.

„Ach, Mutter!“ ſprach Lieven, „das iſt nicht recht, daß Ihr jetzt noch zweifelt.“

„Ich bewundere Dich, Lieven! Du biſt ein guter Sohn, und ich will Dich nicht noch mehr kränken; aber warte nur ein Bischen; der Tag iſt noch nicht zu Ende, obwohl der Abend dämmert; es wird gleich ein Ungewitter aufſteigen, das ſobald nicht vorüberzieht, ſondern Donner und Blitz mit ſich führt. Glaube mir!“

„Ja, wenn Ihr den Vater wieder erzürnt, indem Ihr ihm Vorwürfe macht und ihn um Dinge fragt, auf die er nicht antworten will. Ihr wißt, wie müde er ſein muß; laßt ihn heute Abend in Ruhe; ich bitte Euch darum, Mutter!“

„Du brauchſt mir den Rath nicht zu geben, Lieven! Als ich bei ſeinem Eintreten das freundliche Lächeln auf ſeinem Antlitz merkte, wußte ich ſchon, was die Glocke geſchlagen hatte. Ich werde mich ſobald wie möglich aus dem Staube machen. Suche Du ihn zu beruhigen, wenn er ausbrauſt; gegen Dich iſt er doch nicht ſo barſch, wie gegen mich. Morgen wird ſich ſchon ein Wort mit ihm reden laſſen. — Und daß dieſer dumme Calevoet ....“

Gerade als ihr dieſer Name entſchlüpfte, trat Geeraert Denys wieder in das Gemach. Das Lachen war jetzt von ſeinem Antlitz verſchwunden, und man konnte nichts als Verdruß und Zorn auf demſelben bemerken.

„Frau!“ rief er, wüthend die Hand erhebend, „Du ſollſt dies Bellen gegen Mher Calevoet laſſen, oder es wird Dich gereuen! Wenn man nicht weiß, wie man Leute in ſeinem Hauſe empfangen muß, ſo lernt man es. Es iſt keck und unfreundlich von Dir, Frau, daß Du meine Freunde ſo plump ausſchiltſt; aber ich weiß es ja, von Dir läßt ſich nichts Beſſeres erwarten!“

„Es beginnt ſchon zu ſtürmen,“ murmelte Frau Denys zwiſchen den Zähnen; „wer das Unwetter fürchtet, der mache ſich aus dem Staube!“

„Was murmelſt Du da, böſes Weib?“ fiel ihr der Oberdechant in die Rede, in der deutlichen Abſicht, einen heftigen Wortzwiſt zu beginnen. Aber die Frau ſchien ganz und gar keine Neigung dazu zu fühlen; ſie nahm ihr Spinnrad vom Boden auf, als wolle ſie das Zimmer verlaſſen, und ſagte:

„Siehſt Du, Geeraert, wenn Du wieder den Teufel jagſt und mich als eine Dienſtmagd behandeln willſt, ſo laufe ich aus dem Hauſe zu meiner Schweſter, und dann verſuche, ob Du mich bereden kannſt, wiederzukommen.“

„Setzt Euch, Vater!“ ſagte Lieven bittend, „und ruht Euch aus; denn Ihr ſeid ſchrecklich ermüdet. Vielleicht haben ſich die Dinge nicht ganz ſo gemacht, wie Ihr es wünſchtet; aber wenn man aus voller Ueberzeugung ſeine Pflicht als ein guter Bürger that, ſo darf man ſich nicht zu ſehr darüber ärgern.“

Geeraert Denys antwortete nicht, obwohl er Lieven's Rath befolgte und einen Armſtuhl zum Feuer hinrückte. Dann ließ er ſich in dem bequemen Seſſel nieder und ſchwieg, bis die Dienſtmagd mit einer angezündeten Lampe kam und dieſelbe auf den Tiſch ſetzte. Mit gebieteriſchem Tone ſagte er nun, während er dieſelbe von ſich entfernte:

„Was hat die ſchlechte Dirne hier zu thun? Ich will allein ſein, Frau! und laß mir Niemanden in das Zimmer kommen, oder ich werfe ihn aus der Thür. Auch laß mich das nicht zweimal ſagen!“

Frau Denys beeilte ſich, mit der Magd das Zimmer zu verlaſſen. Lieven packte ſeine Schreibereien zuſammen, legte ſie ſammt dem Rechnungsbuche auf ein Schreibpult am andern Ende des Zimmers und wollte dann ebenfalls fortgehen; aber ſein Vater hielt ihn zurück mit den Worten:

„Dir gilt es nicht, was ich geſagt habe, Lieven! Nimm das Licht vom Tiſche und arbeite nur an Deinem Pulte weiter. Ich will verſuchen ein Bischen zu ſchlafen; ſorge unterdeſſen für das Feuer, daß es weder zu kalt noch zu warm hier werde.“

„Ich will ſchon darauf achten,“ antwortete Lieven, vergnügt über den ruhigeren Ton von ſeines Vaters Stimme. Dieſe günſtige Aenderung ermuthigte ihn, ſein Herz von einem Gedanken, der ihn bedrückte, zu entlaſten. Er fragte daher:

„Vater, darf ich Euch Etwas ſagen, ehe Ihr ſchlaft?“

„Gewiß, Lieven! Was iſt's?“

„Vor einer Stunde iſt Muggelyn, der Ribaudenkönig, hier geweſen, um Euch zu ſprechen.“

„Nun, iſt das ſo wunderbar?“

„O nein, Vater! aber er nannte Euch ſeinen Freund, und machte gar keine Umſtände, als ob er ſehr vertraut mit Euch wäre.“

„Er war betrunken, ſicherlich! Das geſchieht ihm nur einmal in der Woche; aber es dauert von Montag bis zum Sonntag. Haſt Du denn geglaubt, was Dir der dumme Ribaud ſagte?“

„Nein, gewiß nicht, Vater! Ich habe ihm die Thür gezeigt und ihm gedroht, ihn bei der Schöffenbank zu verklagen.“

„Das hätteſt Du nicht thun ſollen, Lieven! Der Ribaudenkönig gehört zu Denjenigen, welche denken, ich ſei mehr als irgend ein Anderer dazu geeignet, der Gemeine als Oberhauptmann zu nützen, und hat ſich wahrſcheinlich Mühe gegeben, auch Andere von ſeinen Gedanken zu überzeugen. Mag er ſich nun täuſchen oder nicht, Zuneigung, möge ſie kommen, woher ſie wolle, darf man nicht rauh zurückweiſen.“

„Es iſt wahr, Vater! ich bin vielleicht zu heftig geweſen. Seine rohen Redensarten machten mich böſe. Er hat auch noch geſagt, daß er Euch heute Abend um ſieben Uhr im Walthore erwartet; Ihr geht aber nicht hin, nicht wahr, Vater?“

„Was ſollte ich dort, Lieven? Der Trunkenbold hat das geſagt, gleich allem andern Unſinn, den er auskramt. Iſt das Alles, was Du zu ſagen hatteſt?“

„Ja, Vater! Ich freue mich, daß es nicht wahr iſt. Schlaft nur ruhig; ich werde gut auf das Feuer Acht geben.“

„Recht! Halte Dich ſtill und mache kein Geräuſch. Ich werde raſch einſchlafen; denn die Augen fallen mir wider Willen zu.“

Lieven begab ſich leiſe zu ſeinem Pult und ſetzte ſeine Arbeit fort. Von Zeit zu Zeit wandte er die Blicke nach ſeinem Vater und bemerkte betrübt, daß derſelbe nicht einſchlafen könne, indem er ſich fortwährend im Stuhl hin und her drehte und dann und wann die Augen öffnete, um ſie eben ſo vergeblich wieder zu ſchließen.

Endlich nach einer halben Stunde bewies das hörbare Athmen ſeines Vaters, daß derſelbe Ruhe genoß und feſt eingeſchlafen war. Jetzt erſt ging Lieven auf den Fußſpitzen zum Feuer und legte Holz hinzu, worauf er ſich wieder zu ſeinem Pulte begab und fortarbeitete.

Wohl eine gute Stunde lang herrſchte die vollkommenſte Stille im Zimmer, und Lieven, in eine lange Rechnung vertieft, hatte ſeit geraumer Zeit ſich nicht um das Feuer bekümmert, als ihn plötzlich ein dumpfer Laut ſtörte und ihn die Blicke auf ſeinen Vater richten ließ. Was der Jüngling ſah, mußte entſetzlich ſein; denn er wurde bleich und ſtarrte, wie von einer ſchrecklichen Erſcheinung gefeſſelt, nach dem Kamin hin.

Das Antlitz ſeines Vaters war in der That abſcheulich anzuſehen. Die weit geöffneten Augen ſtanden ihm unbeweglich und verwildert im Kopfe; die krampfhaft geöffneten Lippen zeigten ſeine feſt zuſammengebiſſenen Zähne; über ſeine Stirn und ſeine Wangen liefen zitternde Falten, und ſeine Haare ſträubten ſich empor. Auf dies Alles warf die flackernde Flamme einen rothen

Blutſchein, der alle Schattenlinien noch ſtärker hervorhob und dem Geſicht des Oberdechanten etwas Teufliſches und Entſetzliches verlieh.

Erſchreckt war Lieven von ſeinem Stuhle aufgeſprungen; aber dieſer Anblick hatte ihn ſelbſt ſo überraſcht, daß er keinen Schritt vorwärts zu thun wagte und unbeweglich ſtehen blieb. Ein heftiges Zittern ergriff ihn, als er die folgenden Worte aus ſeines Vaters Munde fallen hörte:

„Hier Roland! Roland!.... Ermordet ihn!.... Ah! ha! Rache!... Kennt Ihr den Dechanten der Weber? Ihr ſpottet ſeiner? Blut! Blut!.... Er ſterbe!.... Schleppt ſeine Leiche durch die Straßen!.... Tretet ihn mit Füßen!.... So, ſo!.... Ha, das iſt gut! Ribaud! Ribaud! hierher! Dort läuft noch Einer!.... Den auch! Fahrt fort! fahrt fort!....“

Sowie der Oberdechant dieſe Worte ſprach, wurde ſein Geſicht noch gräßlicher, und er bewegte Hände und Füße mit außerordentlicher Kraft. Der zitternde Lieven hatte nicht die Macht, ſich zu rühren, bis ſein Vater bei den Worten: „Dort läuft noch Einer!“ aufſtand und die Hand aufhob, als zeige er dorthin. Die Furcht, er könne in das Feuer fallen, riß den Jüngling aus ſeinem Schrecken empor. Er lief zu dem Kamin, faßte ſeinem Vater bei dem Arme, um ihn zu wecken, und ſagte:

„Vater! Vater! Ihr träumt.“

Geeraert Denys öffnete die Augen und betrachtete eine Zeit lang ſeinen Sohn verſtört und ängſtlich, indem er ſich ſchmerzlich die Stirn rieb.

„Was iſt mir geſchehen? Ich bin wie gelähmt in allen meinen Gliedern; der Schweiß tropft mir von der Stirn."

„Ihr habt geträumt, Vater!" antwortete Lieven; „o, ſo häßlich geträumt."

„Habe ich denn geſprochen?" fragte Denys erſchreckt. „Was habe ich geſagt?"

„Ich weiß es nicht, Vater! Es war von Blut und von Jemand, den man ermordete, — von einer Leiche, die man durch die Straße ſchleifte."

Der Oberdechant verſtummte eine Zeit lang, wie Jemand, der Etwas näher zu bezeichnen ſucht. Endlich ſagte er:

„Ach, jetzt weiß ich, woher es kommt. Mher Joos Apare hat mich heute Morgen in der Meerminne bei Ser Geeraert's Teufelsſtein wohl eine Stunde lang unterhalten von einem Kornhändler, den man vor Zeiten zu Brügge ermordet hat. Dieſer Joos Apare kann Einem erzählen, daß man glaubt, es zu ſehen. Wenn er Einem ſchildert, wie die blutige Leiche des Kaufmanns durch die Straßen geſchleppt wurde, dann ſteigen Einem die Haare zu Berge."

„Das wird es ſein, Vater!" ſagte Lieven beruhigt; „Ihr rieft auch einen Ribaud."

„Natürlich, weil Du mir, ehe ich einſchlief, von ihm geſprochen hatteſt."

„In der That! ich dachte nicht mehr daran. Setzt Euch nur wieder in Euren Stuhl, Vater, und ſchlaft von Neuem; Ihr habt ſo wenig Ruhe gehabt."

Geeraert Denys beſann ſich einen Augenblick und fragte dann wie zerſtreut:

„Was iſt die Uhr, Lieven?"

„Nach der Uhr von Sanct Jan muß es jetzt etwas mehr als halb ſieben ſein."

„Ich muß ausgehen, Lieven."

„Jetzt noch, Vater?"

„Ja, ich habe Mher Joos Apare mein Wort gegeben; binnen weniger als einer Stunde bin ich wieder zurück. Sage Deiner Mutter, daß ſie Eſſen für mich bereit halte."

Während Geeraert Denys dieſe Worte ſprach, bekleidete er ſich mit Mantel und Kappe und verließ das Gemach. Lieven begleitete ihn bis auf die Straße mit tiefer Betrübniß, und kehrte dann in das Haus zurück, um ſeine Mutter aufzuſuchen. Wohl fuhr es ihm durch den Kopf, daß ſein Vater vielleicht zu dem Ribaud gehe; aber ſein zartes, liebendes Herz verwarf dieſen Gedanken mit Kraft, und als er in die Küche zu ſeiner Mutter trat, hatte er den Zweifel bereits ganz beſiegt und verbannt.

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IV.

An einem Sonntagsmorgen war die berühmte Taverne, der goldene Schwan neben Serbraemsſtein in der Onderſtraet, voll Handwerker und Bürger, welche unter fröhlichem und lautem Geſpräch an langen Tiſchen ſaßen und tranken, oder den ſteinernen Krug in der Hand von einer Seite des Zimmers nach der andern gingen, um ihren Freunden den heilſamen Trank zuzutragen. Man hörte dort mit bewundernswürdiger Freiheit über die wichtigſten Dinge reden und ſtreiten. Jeder ſprach, ohne die mindeſte Rückſicht zu nehmen, ſeine Gedanken aus, mochten ſie den Grafen, den König von Frankreich oder den Magiſtrat von Gent ſchmähen oder nicht.

In dieſem Geräuſch und Gewühl lief die dicke Wirthin lachend hin und her, um ihre Gäſte zu bedienen, während ihr Mann bei der Kellertreppe ſich bereit hielt, um auf das geringſte Zeichen Wein oder Bier in großen zinnernen Gefäßen heraufzuholen.

Im goldenen Schwan befanden ſich auch einige Perſonen, welche man an ihrer abweichenden Kleidung und ihrem Stillſchweigen augenblicklich als Fremde erkannte.

Im hinterſten Winkel ſaß ſogar ein junger Mohr, mit pechſchwarzem Angeſicht, dickem und krauſem Kopfhaar und einem goldenen Ring in der Naſe.

In der Nähe des Einganges verweilten ungefähr zehn Zunftgeſellen, welche ungemein luſtig ausſahen und für ſich allein mehr Lärm machten, als alle Uebrigen zuſammen. Sie ließen ihre Becher wiederholt mit Wein füllen und ſangen hin und wieder ein fröhliches Lied, deſſen mächtiger Schall bis auf die Straße drang.

Einer von ihnen endete das Volkslied:

„Nach Oſterland wollen wir fahren,
Nach Oſterland wollen wir ziehn,“

als ein kräftiger Geſelle, den man an ſeinen blauen Händen als einen Färber erkennen konnte, jauchzend in die Schenke trat und rief:

„Friſch, Wirthin! auf! vom beſten Wein!“

„Lieven, Lieven Comyne!“ riefen die Anderen, ihre Becher zu ihm emporhebend, „hier, Beſcheid gethan!“

Die Wirthin reichte dem Eintretenden den verlangten Wein, und ſich zu ſeinen Freunden begebend, rief er mit ausgelaſſener Freude:

„Heil, Heil dem freien Gent! Heil dem weiſen Manne! Flandern den Löwen!“

Alle Gäſte in der Schenke, ſelbſt die Fremden, wiederholten begeiſtert dieſen Ruf.

Lieven's Antlitz offenbarte alle Kennzeichen tiefgefühlter Freude. Ein heiteres Lachen glänzte fortwährend auf demſelben, während ſeine Augen wie helle Kryſtalle funkelten.

„Wir glaubten, wir wären ſchon ganz fröhlich,“ ſagte einer der Sänger; „aber es ſcheint, Lieven, als verſtändet Ihr es noch beſſer, als wir.“

„Das glaube ich wohl,“ rief der junge Blaufärber; „ſchon daß ich den Mohren ſehe, macht mich Freudenthränen weinen. Ach! der Afrikaner muß aus meinem Becher trinken.“

Indem er dies ſagte, lief er wirklich auf den Mohren zu und bot ihm ſein irdenes Trinkgefäß an, mit raſchen Worten zu ihm redend:

„Seht Ihr wohl, Mher der Mohr? Im freien Gent ſind alle Menſchen Brüder, weiß oder ſchwarz, das iſt ganz gleich. Trinkt mit Eurem Freunde Lieven, und erzählt in Eurem Vaterlande, was für gute Jungen die Genter ſind! Kommt Ihr nicht aus dem Morgenlande mit den beiden Kameelen, die auf dem Freitagsmarkte ſtehen?“

Obwohl der Afrikaner nicht verſtand, was jener ihm ſagte, ſo las er doch auf dem Geſichte des jungen Mannes, der ihn anredete, daß dieſen ein wohlwollendes Gefühl und keineswegs Spottſucht dazu trieb. Mit freundlichem Lächeln zeigte der Schwarze ſeine glänzend weißen Zähne und nahm den Becher aus der Hand des Genters; doch gab er ihn eben ſo raſch wieder zurück und ſchüttelte den Kopf, zum Zeichen, daß er nicht trinken wolle.

„Wein iſt ihm verboten,“ bemerkte ein alter Bürger; „ſo will es Mahomed's Geſetz.“

„Nun, ſo laßt Bier bringen!“ rief Lieven dem Wirthe zu.

„Das mag er auch nicht trinken,“ ſagte der alte Bürger.

„Da müſſen die Schenken in Afrika wenig Nahrung haben,“ ſcherzte Lieven; „aber das ſchadet nichts, der Mohr ſoll wiſſen, daß ich ſein Bruder bin.“

Er ſchlug den Arm um den Nacken des erſtaunten Afrikaners und küßte ihn auf die Wange, unter dem lauten Händeklatſchen und Jauchzen Aller, die es ſahen.

„Wohl gethan! wohl gethan, Lieven!“ riefen ſeine Freunde, als ſie ihn den Mohr verlaſſen und zu ihnen zurückkommen ſahen; ſie waren jedoch erſtaunt, nachdem er ſich ihnen genähert hatte; denn obwohl er noch lachte, blinkten dennoch Thränen in ſeinen Augen.

„Was iſt das?“ ſagte Einer; „Du thateſt es doch von ganzem Herzen. Nimm Dich nur in Acht, daß Du heute nicht noch verrückt wirſt, Lieven!“

„Das wäre nicht unmöglich,“ antwortete der junge Blaufärber, ſich hinſetzend; „ich werde wirklich noch verrückt vor Freude; ich kann Euch gar nicht ſagen, was ich fühle; ein König kann nicht ſo hochmüthig ſein, wie ich es jetzt bin. Ich ging über den Freitagsmarkt; wenn ich da ſo ſehe, wie viele fremde Kaufleute jetzt in Gent ſind und welche unbegreiflichen Reichthümer unſer Jahrmarkt ausbreitet; wenn ich das Genter Volk in allen Straßen jauchzen und ſingen höre, dann pocht mir das Herz und ich möchte vor Freude tanzen.“

„Er hat Recht,“ rief ein Strohdeckergeſelle von einem andern Tiſche herüber; „wir haben Elend und Hunger genug gelitten. Jetzt iſt Freiheit und Nahrung in

Gent. Fröhlich müſſen wir ſein und Gott freudig danken.“

„Nun wißt Ihr, warum ich ſo aufgeräumt bin,“ entgegnete Lieven Compne, mit Stolz auf den Strohdecker zeigend: „Jan, Ihr wart dabei, als es geſchah; Ihr wißt wohl noch, in der Hungersnoth. — Wir ſtanden an einem kalten Morgen bei dem Hochhauſe und klagten über das Loos der armen Frauen und Kinder, die erſtarrt auf dem Freitagsmarkte lagen.“

„Ob ich es weiß?“ antwortete der Strohdecker. „Ja wohl weiß ich, wovon Ihr reden wollt, und werde es mein Lebtage nicht vergeſſen.“

„Wer hat es geſagt,“ verſetzte Lieven, „daß ein Genter Zunftgenoſſe vom Schweiß ſeines Angeſichts, und nicht von Almoſen oder geraubtem Gut leben müſſe? Wer hat den weiſen Mann angeredet und geſagt: «Es iſt Zeit, Mher Jakob; es muß Blut oder Arbeit geben!» Wer hat zuerſt in Gent «Freiheit und Nahrung» geſchrieen, als das Zeichen der Befreiung? Das hat Lieven, der Blaufärber, gethan!“

„Es iſt wahr,“ ſagte der Strohdecker, „ich habe es geſehen und gehört; denn ich war dabei, als Mher Jakob zu uns ſagte: «Es wird Freiheit und Nahrung in Flandern wiederkehren!»“

„Nun denn!“ fuhr Lieven fort, „als der erſte Karren mit Wolle von Dortrecht gekommen war, iſt ihm das Volk von Gent ſingend und tanzend auf der Straße von Antwerpen entgegengezogen. Ich, ich habe damals Thränen vergoſſen vor übermäßiger Freude. Das iſt noch gar nicht lange her, und es herrſcht bereits Ueberfluß in Gent; die Hungersnoth iſt vergeſſen, und der Jahrmarkt, den man jetzt eröffnet, wird einer der ſchönſten und reichſten ſein, die wir je geſehen."

„Das Tuch iſt geſtern um drei Grote geſtiegen," bemerkte ein Weber. „Man ſagt, daß nicht weniger als dreitauſend Stück feines Genter Roth für Deutſchland und Frankreich verlangt werden; aber wir haben es nicht, wir haben nichts mehr; die Kaufleute, die zu dem Jahrmarkt gekommen ſind, beſtellten faſt alles feine Roth."

Lieven gab nicht Acht auf dieſe Unterbrechung, ſondern ſetzte ſeine Rede fort:

„Es iſt wahr, der weiſe Mann hat unſere Erlöſung bewirkt und uns Freiheit und Nahrung geſchenkt; aber der arme Blaufärbergeſelle Lieven Gomyne wird ſich noch auf ſeinem Sterbebette freuen, daß er Theil gehabt an dem großen Werke; dieſer Gedanke wird ihn tröſten und aufrichten bis an das Grab."

Lieven hatte eine ergreifende Stimme und eine Beredſamkeit, die aus ſeinem tiefen Gefühle entſproß. Was er jetzt mit ſtolzer Begeiſterung ſagte, bewegte die Zuhörer tief, und es herrſchte nach ſeinen Worten eine ernſte Stille. Dieſe Stimmung war an ſolchem frohen Tage nicht natürlich; auch änderte ſie ſich bald, als ein Meiſter Zimmermann aufſtand und die Anderen, den Becher in der Hand, zum Trinken aufforderte, mit den Worten:

„Heil Mher Jakob von Artevelde! Heil dem tapfern Geſellen Lieven Gomyne!"

Alle thaten Beſcheid und ſetzten ſich dann wieder hin.

„Aber,“ bemerkte ein Böttcher, „wenn das ſchöne Wetter in Gent nur dauerhaft iſt! Es ſcheint, daß der franzöſiſche König ſich anſchickt, um mit einem furchtbaren Heere gegen Flandern zu ziehen, und es muß wohl Etwas daran ſein, da die Leliaerds und die Franzoſen von Viervliet ſich gerühmt haben, ſie werden dieſer Tage mit ihren Schwertern an die Thore von Gent ſchreiben, daß wir Bauern und Feiglinge ſeien.“

„Mögen ſie nur bald kommen!“ lachte Lieven; „ſie ſollen ſchon ſchmecken, welcher Unterſchied zwiſchen dem Waſſer der Leye und dem der Schelde iſt. Unſere Gutentags ſtehen ſchon lange hinter unſeren Thüren und roſten .... Und was bedeutet die Beſetzung von Viervliet? Einige hundert Reiter! Bei dem erſten Stoße wirft Gent zehn Mal ſo viel um.“

„Man ſagt, es ſeien vor drei Tagen dreitauſend franzöſiſche Soldaten hineingezogen.“

Lieven wollte Etwas antworten; da ſah er aber den Strohdecker aufſtehen und das Zimmer verlaſſen. Er rief ihn zurück und ſagte:

„Warte noch, Jan, ich gehe mit; bleibe noch einen Augenblick!“

„Nein, nein!“ antwortete der Strohdecker; „es iſt Zeit; man wird gleich den freien Jahrmarkt ausrufen, und ich will dabei ſein. Das ſieht man nicht alle Tage.“

„In der That! ich hätte faſt die Stunde vorbeigehen laſſen,“ ſagte Lieven, und näherte ſich der Wirthin, um zu bezahlen.

Die anderen Gäſte ſtanden gleichfalls auf, und nachdem Jeder ſeine Zeche bezahlt hatte, gingen ſie Alle zuſammen aus dem Hauſe, wandten ſich um die Ecke der Wandelſtege nach dem Freitagsmarkte und drängten ſich durch das Volk durch, um die Mitte deſſelben zu erreichen.

Der Anblick, welchen der Freitagsmarkt jetzt in ſeiner weiten Fläche dem Beſchauer darbot, war heiter und ſchön und machte das Herz vor Freude klopfen. Die ganze Ebene war von dem umherziehenden Volke bedeckt, das in Familien getheilt, Vater, Mutter und Kinder, von der einen Seite nach der andern zog und wartete, bis von dem Hochhauſe herab der freie Jahrmarkt ausgerufen wurde. Junge Zunftgeſellen liefen ſingend haufenweiſe über den Markt und begrüßten ſich von ferne mit dem Ruf: „Freiheit und Nahrung! Haltet vlämiſchen Muth!“ Aus allen Winkeln erhob ſich Geſang und Jauchzen, während unter den minder ausgelaſſenen Bürgern ein heiteres Gemurmel und Geſchwätz herrſchte.

Alle Bürger und Zunftgenoſſen hatten ihre Sonntagskleider angelegt und ſchritten nicht ohne Stolz neben ihren geſchmückten Frauen und Kindern einher. Auf dem Antlitz eines Jeden glänzte Freude und Zufriedenheit; Heiterkeit und Muth klangen in jeder Stimme. Auf dieſes Bild des beglückten Volksgewimmels ſandte eine helle Sonne heiteren Glanz und beleuchtete mit ihren Strahlen dieſes bunte und farbenſatte Schauſpiel.

In der Mitte des Marktes und rund um den Sanct Jakobskirchhof bis ans Sanct Jan-ten-dulle ſtanden lange Reihen von Buden, Zelten und hölzernen Läden, zum Theil noch geſchloſſen und jedenfalls ohne ausgelegte Waaren. Man ſah hier Käufleute aus allen Ländern, ja ſelbſt aus dem Orient, wie man das merken konnte an zwei Kameelen, welche neben dem Thürmchen des Collatieſöllers knieten und von ihren Herren abgeladen wurden. Da waren Oſterlinge von der Oſtſee, Deutſche aus Köln, Florentiner aus Florenz, und Männer vieler anderen Nationen mehr, ſo daß man bei den Läden und Buden die verſchiedenſten Sprachen hören konnte.

Die raſche Wiederkehr des Handels und Gewerbfleißes erfreute die Genter auf das Höchſte. In ihrem Entzücken über den unverhofften Reichthum des Jahrmarktes brachten ſie den fremden Kaufleuten und deren Dienern ganze Kannen Weins aus den umliegenden Tavernen: vorzüglich umringten ſie die Engländer und Franzoſen mit den Beweiſen ihrer Freundſchaft; die Erſteren aus Dankbarkeit, weil die Einfuhr engliſcher Wolle wieder freigegeben war; die Anderen, um ihnen begreiflich zu machen, daß Flandern keinen Haß gegen das franzöſiſche Volk hege, obwohl es jetzt um der Freiheit und der Nahrung willen ſich gegen den franzöſiſchen König gewaffnet habe. Nichts war ergötzlicher zu hören und zu ſehen, als die Genter Bürger, wie ſie in gebrochener Rede und mit vielfältigen Geberden dies Alles den Fremden begreiflich zu machen ſuchten. Dieſe verſprachen ſich bei dem Anblick einer ſolchen Menge und bei der Freundlichkeit, welche ihnen Jeder erwies, einen guten Markt, und nahmen herzlich an der allgemeinen Heiterkeit Theil.

Man konnte keine andern Bewaffneten in der Menge erblicken, als die ſechzehn Reiſigen des Sanct Jakobskirchſpiels, welche mit ihrem Hauptmann, Ser Willem van Vaernewyck, ruhig über den Markt wandelten, und die Ribauden mit Muggelyn, ihrem Könige, denen die Aufſicht über die Seiltänzer und Gaukler, welche ihre Zelte und Gerüſte in der Nähe der Baudeloobrücke aufgeſchlagen hatten, übergeben worden war.

Vor dem Thore des Hochhauſes ſtanden zweiundzwanzig Reiſige; es war die Wache des Sanct Janskirchſpiels. Sie war mit Jakob von Artevelde, dem Oberhauptmann, gekommen, der ſich nun mit den Schöffen der Stadt Gent und den Hauptdechanten der Zünfte auf dem Oberſaale des Hochhauſes befand, um, ſowie die Stunde käme, den freien Jahrmarkt auszurufen.

Während Alles auf dem Markte jauchzte, ſang und ſich herumtrieb, ſtand Artevelde, der große Bürger von Gent, mit über die Bruſt geſchlagenen Armen und betrachtete dieſes Schauſpiel aus einem Fenſter. Das Antlitz des weiſen Mannes war in dieſem Augenblicke wie von einem unbekannten Lichte beglänzt. Seine Augen funkelten von edlem Stolz; ſeine Bruſt hob ſich in tiefer Rührung, und es ſchien ſelbſt, als ob ein leichtes Zittern ſeine Glieder durchſchauerte.

Was Jakob von Artevelde das Herz bewegte, kann nur der empfinden, der im Stande iſt zu begreifen, welchen ſeligen Genuß ein Held genießen muß, der ſein Vaterland frei und glücklich ſieht und ſich ſagen darf: „Es iſt mein Werk! . . . . .“ Hier war es ſo. Dieſes Volk, das ſingend über den Markt zog, das den Wein der Freude vor allen Tavernen trinkt, das die Luſt mit Jubel erfüllt; dieſe Frauen, die mit ihren Kindern jetzt ſo geſchmückt und froh umherwandeln; die Zunftgenoſſen, ſo geſund, ſo glücklich: Artevelde hatte ſie gefunden, ringend mit Sklaverei und Hungersnoth, erſchöpft und muthlos in einen Abgrund von Elend verſunken. Jetzt feierten ſie ihre Erlöſung und ihre Freiheit; jetzt ſtiegen ihre Freuden- und Danklieder gegen Gott in die Höhe; jetzt umarmten ſie einander vor Entzücken, und dies Alles geſchah vor den gerührten Blicken desjenigen, der durch die Macht ſeines Geiſtes das Wunder ihrer Erlöſung bewirkt . . . . . Bebend vor Seligkeit ſtarrte er in Selbſtvergeſſenheit auf ſein edles Werk und wiſchte eine glänzende Thräne von ſeiner Wange, während ſein klopfendes Herz ihm noch mehr Größe und Ruhm für das geliebte Vaterland prophezeite.

Alle, welche ihn umgaben, beſonders aber ſein Freund Ser Thomas van Vaernewyck, ſahen und begriffen, was in dieſem feierlichen Augenblicke in der Bruſt des weiſen Mannes vorging. Sie fühlten es ebenfalls tief; denn ſie hatten ihm mit ganzer Liebe geholfen bei der Befreiung des Volkes und des Vaterlandes, und je mehr ihre Bewunderung für dieſen heldenmüthigen Bürger erregt wurde, deſto mehr fühlten ſie ſich ſelbſt erfreut über ihren Antheil an dem großen Werke. Dennoch aber ſprach Keiner ſeine Rührung in Worten aus. Den ehrerbietigen Blick auf Jakob von Artevelde gerichtet, betrachteten ſie ſtumm ſein edles, von Rührung bewegtes Antlitz, als den Spiegel der Weisheit und des Heldenmuthes.

Vielleicht wäre der weiſe Mann noch ſehr lange einſam vor dem Fenſter ſtehen geblieben, und hätte dort mit gerührtem Gemüthe den ſchönſten Lohn empfangen, der je einem Menſchen auf Erden zu genießen vergönnt iſt; aber jetzt ſtrömte eine neue Fluth aus der Sanct Jakobskirche auf den Markt. Die zweite Meſſe war zu Ende und die Thurmglocke tönte ſchallend über das Kirchſpiel, die Stunde der Verkündigung war erſchienen.

Man öffnete das große Fenſter des Hochhauſes, und zwei Trompeter zogen dort mit ſchmetternden Klängen die Aufmerkſamkeit der Menge auf ſich. Dann trat Ser van Baernewyck mit dem Oberhauptmann und den Schöffen vor, und Jan van Loven, erſter Schreiber der Keure, las den gräflichen Freibrief des Jahrmarktes mit lauter Stimme dem Volke vor.

Dieſe Verleſung dauerte ziemlich lange; die Menge achtete beinahe nicht auf die helle Stimme Jan van Loven's, indem ſie denſelben Freibrief vielleicht ſchon zwanzig Mal unter gleichen Umſtänden hatte verleſen hören.

Sobald der oberſte Schreiber geendet hatte, trat er zurück und verſchwand im Saal. Dann traten die Schöffen bis an die Lehne des Fenſters, und der Oberſchöffe rief nun feierlich zu dem Volke, während die tiefſte Stille herrſchte:

„Im Namen des Grafen von Flandern und der Stadt Gent verkündige ich zu dieſer Stunde den freien Jahrmarkt. Es ſoll ein Jeder während dieſer Marktfreiheit, zufolge der Geſetze von Gent, frei gehen, fahren, kommen, wiederkehren und handeln dürfen mit jeder Art von Gütern, aus welchen Landen oder von welchen Völkern ſie auch ſein mögen, ausgenommen die Verbannten des Grafen und der freien Lande von Flandern.“

Von Neuem ließen hierauf die Trompeter ihre Inſtrumente ſchmettern.

Kaum war dieſes Zeichen gegeben, als auch das Volk ſich mit lärmendem Jauchzen nach der Mitte des Marktes drängte, wo jetzt ein lautes Geräuſch entſtand. Vom Hochhauſe herab ſah man überall die Läden ſich öffnen und alle Kaufleute eilig ihre Waaren zur Schau legen: ſeidene Stoffe von jeglicher Farbe, Tuch aller Art, Sammet, Damaſt, Gewürze aus dem Morgenlande, in Gold und Silber gefaßte Juwelen, Zinn- und Glasgeſchirr, Schnitzwerk, Waffen, kurz Alles, was Kunſt und Gewerbfleiß Auserleſenes hervorbringen konnten, wurde den Gentern und Fremden hier zum Kauf angeboten. Etwas ferner hinter St. Jakob lockte man die Kinder an durch Leckerbiſſen und Spielwaaren, und nach der Baudeloobrücke zu hörte man bereits die Trommeln und Pfeifen der Gaukler und Springer.

Die meiſten Schöffen und Dechanten hatten das Hochhaus verlaſſen, um ſich auf den Markt zu begeben.

Artevelde wollte auch die Treppe hinabſteigen, da hielt ihn aber der Oberſchöffe zurück und führte ihn in den fernſten Winkel des Gemaches.

„Mher Jakob!“ ſagte derſelbe, nicht ohne eine gewiſſe Traurigkeit; „ich habe geſehen, wie Ihr am Fenſter von edler Freude ganz hingeriſſen waret; mein Herz pochte auch ſehr bei dem Anblick des Volksglückes; aber, theurer Freund, es war mir nicht vergönnt, dieſe Freude ganz ungetrübt zu empfinden ....“

Artevelde kannte den feſten Muth des Oberſchöffen, und es überraſchte ihn alſo ſehr, ſeinen Freund einen ſolchen Umweg einſchlagen zu ſehen, um ihm Etwas mitzutheilen. Er fürchtete daher, daß es eine ſchlechte Nachricht ſein müſſe.

„Sprecht doch raſcher, Ser van Vaernewyck!“ fiel er ihm in die Rede. „Ihr erſchreckt mich.“

„Ein furchtbares Ungewitter zieht ſich über unſeren Häuptern zuſammen,“ entgegnete der Oberſchöffe; „während wir uns hier an der Freude des Volkes ergötzen und alle Gefahr vergeſſen, wird vielleicht in dem Augenblicke, wo ich dieſes ſage, der Untergang Flanderns beſchloſſen und in's Werk geſetzt.“

Artevelde betrachtete ſeinen Freund mit fragender Miene; dieſer fuhr fort:

„Es kam ſo eben ein geheimer Bote von Ryſſel nach meinem Stein; ihn hat Ser Sander, unſer treuer Freund in Frankreich, geſchickt. Hört, Mher Jakob, was dort vorgeht, und Ihr werdet einſehen, daß wir am Rande eines Abgrundes ſtehen, ohne es zu wiſſen. Ein mächtiges franzöſiſches Heer iſt an unſeren Gränzen verſammelt; man hat die Feſtungen im wäliſchen Flandern beſetzt; fünfhundert franzöſiſche Reiter ſind unter dem Schein, als wären ſie vlämiſche Parteigänger, in Biervliet eingerückt.“

„Ich ſehe noch nicht, was wir zu fürchten haben,“ bemerkte Artevelde; „ich wünſche und erwarte ſchon lange einen Angriff, die Freiheit von ganz Flandern muß daraus hervorgehen, und obendrein dürfen wir nicht, ohne das Recht zu verletzen, gewaffnet im Felde erſcheinen, wenn man uns nicht erſt feindlich angegriffen hat. Man verſuche das Mindeſte gegen Gent oder gegen Flandern, und wir rücken eben ſo raſch mit einem Heere nach Rupelmonde, um den alten Segher de Cortrazyn' zu befreien. Laßt die Franzoſen uns nur anfallen; ſie können uns keinen beſſeren Dienſt erweiſen!“

„Das iſt es auch nicht, was mich bekümmert macht, Mher Jakob! Aber laßt mich Euch weiter mittheilen, welchen mächtigen Plan Frankreich gegen uns entworfen hat. An einem der nächſten Tage ſoll das große Heer in Flandern einfallen und die Beſatzung von Biervliet das Grundgebiet von Gent verwüſten; in demſelben Augenblicke aber, wo wir das Volk zu den Waffen rufen, wird die Nachricht eintreffen, daß die Vläminger wegen Ungehorſams gegen den König von Frankreich in den Bann der heiligen Kirche gethan ſeien. Wird das Volk die Waffen nicht demüthig niederlegen vor dem furchtbaren Gebot im Namen des Papſtes? Wird es nicht aus Ehrerbietung und Gottesfurcht den Nacken beugen unter Frankreichs Willen? Geſetzt auch, wir wenden den erſten Angriff des Feindes ab. Wir ſind nicht weit von der heiligen Woche; es wird keine Meſſe in Flandern geleſen werden; Niemand wird zur Beichte oder Communion gehen dürfen. Glaubt Ihr, daß Flandern Widerſtand bis nach Oſtern leiſten kann? O, der franzöſiſche König iſt argliſtig und böſe; er fürchtet unſere Waffen und bekämpft uns durch die Religion!“

Artevelde hatte mit tiefem Nachdenken den Worten des Oberſchöffen zugehört. Vielleicht ergriff auch ihn ein Gefühl von Angſt, obwohl man auf ſeinem ruhigen und ſinnigen Antlitz nichts davon merken konnte.

„Sollte der heilige Vater zu dieſem Verdammungsurtheil beſonderen Befehl gegeben haben?“ fragte er. „Das ſcheint mir unmöglich.“

„Das iſt auch nicht nöthig,“ antwortete Ser van Vaernewyck. „Als der franzöſiſche König von dem Papſt erſucht wurde, einen Kreuzzug gegen die Heiden zu unternehmen, verſprach er es unter der Bedingung, daß die Vläminger ihm Treue ſchwören ſollten. Die Gemeinen von Flandern, welche damals keine Macht hatten und dieſes Opfer für das Heil des Chriſtenthums bringen wollten, haben den Eid in die Hände des Papſtes abgelegt, und der heilige Vater verlieh den Königen von Frankreich eine Bulle, kraft welcher ſie Flandern bei dem mindeſten Ungehorſam durch die franzöſiſchen Biſchöfe in den Bann thun können. Die franzöſiſchen Könige haben den Kreuzzug nicht unternommen, dagegen aber ſeit 1309 die Bulle des Papſtes heimlich behalten. Dieſe heimliche Waffe bringt man jetzt an den Tag, und Gott weiß, wie ſie uns treffen wird.“

Ser van Vaernewyck betrachtete den weiſen Mann, der mit gebeugtem Haupte den Boden anſtarrte. Er ließ ihm noch einen Augenblick Zeit zur Ueberlegung, und fragte dann:

„Nun, Mher Jakob, habe ich nicht Urſache, bekümmert zu ſein über das Unglück, das von allen Seiten gegen uns losbricht?“

Artevelde richtete das Haupt empor und antwortete:

„Philipp von Valois wagt vielleicht ſeine Krone bei dieſem Spiel; vielleicht bahnt er Eduard von England den Weg, auf welchem dieſer den franzöſiſchen Thron beſteigen wird .... Was Ihr mir da mitgetheilt habt, iſt gewiß wichtig, Ser van Vaernewyck; aber mit Gottes Hülfe wird Flandern ſich durcharbeiten und ſeine Freiheit behalten.“

„Und unſer Eid, Mher Jakob, ſollen wir den brechen? Soll Flandern uns folgen auf dieſer gefährlichen Bahn?“

„Unſer Eid? Im Gegentheil, wir müſſen ihn ſelbſt mit den Waffen aufrecht erhalten,“ ſprach Artevelde. „Die vlämiſchen Gemeinen haben in Zeiten des Unglücks aus Gottesfurcht den Königen von Frankreich Treue geſchworen, bedingungsweiſe eigentlich nur der Krone Frankreich für einen beſtimmten Zeitraum, und keineswegs Perſonen, die durch eine falſche Auslegung des ſaliſchen Erbgeſetzes den Thron beſtiegen. Der Bann iſt unrechtmäßig; wir berufen uns deswegen auf den Pabſt ſelbſt, und der heilige Vater wird uns Recht geben; denn wir ſind ſelbſt gegen unſere Pflicht unſerem Eide treu. Philipp von Valois iſt nicht König von Frankreich; Eduard von England allein kommt die franzöſiſche Krone zu. Begreift Ihr, was das heißt, Ser van Vaernewyck?"

Der Oberſchöffe ergriff gerührt Artevelde's Hand und blickte ihm ſtumm in die Augen.

„Was wir hier zu fürchten haben," fuhr der weiſe Mann fort, „iſt der nachtheilige Eindruck, den das Ausrufen des Bannes auf die Bürger von Gent ausüben kann. Nun denn, ich werde morgen früh zu dem Volke reden, und deſſen Gemüth waffnen gegen eine Nachricht, die es aus meinem Munde ſelbſt vernehmen ſoll. Verſammelt Ihr unterdeſſen heute gegen Abend die Schöffen auf dem Schöffenhauſe. Wir wollen ſogleich Mher Jan van den Booſche nach Luik (Lüttich) ſenden zu dem großen Gottesgelehrten daſelbſt, um uns Rathes zu erholen über die Berufung an den Papſt. Die Geiſtlichkeit iſt mit uns; wir wollen daher den Dechanten der Chriſtenheit erſuchen, zu dem Biſchof von Doornik (Tournai) zu gehen, um Aufſchub des Urthels zu erlangen, bis der Beſchluß über unſere Berufung da iſt. Was auch geſchehe, der Zweifel über das Fortbeſtehen des Bannes wird Flandern retten. Morgen ſchon befehle ich eine Waffenſchau des ganzen Heeres auf dem Kouter. Wir werden bereit ſein, Freund Maes; aber wir haben Zeit genug; man kommt nicht in einem Tage von Ryſſel nach Gent, namentlich wenn es unterwegs noch Vlaminger giebt."

„Ich bewundere Eure Weisheit,“ ſagte der Oberſchöffe. „In der That, auf dieſe Weiſe verliert Frankreichs ſchreckliche Waffe alle ihre Kraft. Doch weiß ich nicht, ob wir auch auf die anderen Städte Flanderns rechnen können. Durch die Ertheilung von verderblichen Privilegien an Brügge und Ypern ſcheint der Graf die meiſten Vläminger von uns abgezogen zu haben; vielleicht wird Gent dem Unwetter allein Trotz bieten müſſen.“

„Möglich!“ antwortete Artevelde; „obwohl ich überzeugt bin, daß Flandern wie ein Mann aufſtehen wird bei der Annäherung des franzöſiſchen Heeres. Auf jeden Fall werde ich an der Spitze meiner heldenmüthigen Genter nicht zaudern, dem franzöſiſchen Heere entgegenzuziehen, mit der Hoffnung auf einen ruhmvollen Sieg; und ſollte hier der Erfolg das gute Recht Lügen ſtrafen, ſo rufen wir Eduard von England zu Hülfe, um uns den Ueberfall des flandriſchen Bodens rächen zu helfen. Er verlangt es nicht beſſer! O, Philipp von Valois weiß nicht, welches gefährliche Spiel er wagt; er weiß nicht, daß Flandern vielleicht den ächten König von Frankreich nach Paris führen wird!“

„Hab' Dank, Myer Jakob!“ ſprach der Oberſchöffe, von Neuem ſeinem Freunde die Hand drückend; „Ihr habt mir Ruhe und Muth wiedergegeben. Eine düſtere Zukunft hatte ſich vor meinem Geiſte ausgebreitet; Euer mächtiges Wort hat ein hoffnungsvolles Licht vor meinen Augen entſtehen laſſen. Wohl denn! Vorwärts für Freiheit und Vaterland! Ich gehe, um Alles für die

Verſammlung der Schöffen zu beſorgen und Myer van den Boſſche von ſeiner Sendung zu benachrichtigen.“

Bei dieſen Worten wollte der Oberſchöffe den weiſen Mann raſch verlaſſen, aber der Letztere faßte ihn bei der Hand, führte ihn an das Fenſter und ſagte:

„Seht, Ser van Vaernewyck, wie vergnügt und heiter das Genter Volk ſich auf dem Markte dort ergeht. Vielleicht wird es binnen einigen Tagen ſchon ſein Blut für die Freiheit vergießen müſſen und manche dieſer Frauen ihren Gatten, viele dieſer Kinder ihren Vater zu beweinen haben. Es wäre ein Unrecht, nicht wahr? dieſe innige Freude zu zerſtören, da man nicht weiß, ob nicht gar ſchon morgen Schrecken und Betrübniß an ihre Stelle treten. Laßt die muthigen Bürger wenigſtens eine Stunde reiner Freude genießen, Freund! Stören wir jetzt mindeſtens die allgemeine Heiterkeit noch nicht!“

„Was wollt Ihr damit ſagen, Myer Jakob?“

„Daß Ihr Niemanden auf der Welt Etwas mittheilt von dem, was Ihr wißt, als erſt am ſpäten Nachmittage. Denn wie geheim es auch bleibe, es verbreitet ſich doch wie der Wind unter dem Volke.“

„In der That, dieſer Tag iſt der ſchönſte, den wir ſeit unſerer Ermannung erlebt haben; ich will ihn auch nicht ſtören.“

„Habt Ihr vor Mittag noch dringende Sachen zu beſorgen, Ser van Vaernewyck?“ fragte Artevelde.

„Nein!“ war die Antwort. „Ich hatte mir vorgenommen, einmal über den Jahrmarkt zu gehen; aber die wichtige Botſchaft hat mir die Luſt daran vertrieben.“

„Kommt, kommt,“ rief Artevelde, mit freundlichem Lachen ſeinen Freund nach der Treppe führend; „Alles hat ſeine Zeit, Ser Maes! Vielleicht bekommen wir noch Arbeit genug; heute ſei ein Ruhetag; geht mit mir; meine Frau und Tochter erwarten mich dort unten mit Myher Ghelnoot und dem Sohne des Oberdechanten; wir wollen zuſammen plaudernd den Jahrmarkt ſehen; die Freude erhellt den Geiſt; vielleicht bekommen wir noch beſſere Gedanken!“

Während dieſer Worte waren ſie die Treppe hinuntergeſtiegen und hatten die Thür des Hochhauſes erreicht.

„Wohl!“ ſagte der Oberſchöffe; „ich nehme Euern Vorſchlag mit Vergnügen an; aber wie wollen wir mit der Wache von Sanct Jan durch das Volk kommen?“

„Meine Wache bleibt hier ſtehen,“ antwortete Jakob. „Ihr findet es unvorſichtig, nicht wahr? Die bezahlten Mörder, die man gegen mich ausſendet? O, die Genter ſind meine beſte Wache, und ich ſage mit tiefgefühltem Stolze: die Zeit, um Jakob von Artevelde zu treffen, wäre wirklich ſchlecht gewählt, wenn er mitten unter dem Genter Volk ſich befindet. Kommt! Keine Furcht! Gott beſchützt uns Alle!“

Nicht weit von dem Hochhauſe, bei der Ecke der Langen Munte, fanden ſie Frau Cathelyne van Drongene, Jakob's Gattin, mit ihrer Tochter und ihrer Dienerin ſtehen. Ghelnoot van Lens ſchwatzte und lachte mit einem Fleiſchermeiſter aus ſeiner Nachbarſchaft.

Lieven Denys gab der ſchönen Beerle die Hand und ſein Herz klopfte vor Stolz und Freude, wenn er die

Vorübergehenden bewundernde Blicke auf die ſchöne Jungfrau werfen ſah. Und in der That, etwas Zauberhaftes, gleich einem Nebelkreiſe von Glück und Liebe, umgab die junge Veerle in dieſem Augenblicke; ihr Antlitz glänzte mit dem hellen Lächeln, welches einer Freude vorausgeht; ihre dunkeln, ſchwarzen Augen ſtreiften funkelnd über den Markt; ſtolz richtete ſie den ſchlanken Hals empor, als ob ſie fühle, daß Artevelde's Blut durch ſeinen Patriotismus auch in den Adern ſeiner Tochter veredelt ſei. Gewiß, ſie bedurfte, um ſchön und reizend zu ſein, weder prächtiger Kleider, noch reicher Juwelen, obgleich ſie dieſelben jetzt trug. Ein Gewand von himmelblauer Seide umwallte faltenreich ihre ſchlanken Glieder; eine künſtlich gearbeitete goldene Kette glänzte auf ihrer Bruſt; ihre Kopfbedeckung von feinem weißen durchſichtigen Zeuge zierte ihr Haupt und ihren Hals, während ſie die holde Röthe ihrer Wangen erhob.

Lieven Denys ſtand neben ihr mit einer ganz anderen Haltung; ihm pochte das Herz und Stolz erfüllte daſſelbe; dennoch wagte er nur dann und wann die Augen zu Veerle zu erheben, und blickte meiſtens träumend vor ſich nieder. Es war, als ob er ſich gefürchtet hätte, irgend Jemanden in der Welt merken zu laſſen, was in ſeinem Herzen vorgehe, und als ob er beſorge, durch die Augen einen Theil der ſeligen Rührung zu verlieren, welche ihn jetzt mit ſüßer Gewalt gefangen hatte. Nicht ſelten ſtieg ein dunkles Roth in ſeinem Antlitz auf, wenn ein Vorübergehender durch langes Anſchauen in ſeine Seele dringen zu wollen ſchien, um dort die Tiefe ſeines

Entzückens zu meſſen. Dann und wann, wenn irgend ein Lied zu Ehren ihres Vaters aus der Nähe emporſtieg, drückte Veerle unbewußt Lieven's Hand, ſo daß dieſer vor ſüßem Schreck zuſammenbebte. Der tieffühlende Jüngling würde ſeine Veerle gern auf Koſten ſeines Lebens aus dem Gedränge fortgeführt haben; es ſchmerzte ihn tief, ſein Gefühl unterdrücken zu müſſen, um die Gluth, die ihn beſeelte, vor Spott und Entheiligung zu bewahren, und dennoch, hätte man ihm Schätze geboten für dieſen Tag, er würde ſie ausgeſchlagen haben. Wandelte er nicht Hand in Hand mit der ſchönen Veerle, der Tochter des weiſen Mannes, vor Aller Augen dort? Und war ihm dies nicht ein Pfand, daß ſie ihm allein, und keinem andern Manne auf Erden zur Gattin beſtimmt ſei? . . . .

Nachdem ſie den gewohnten Gruß und einige freundliche Worte mit dem Oberſchöffen gewechſelt hatte, rief Frau von Artevelde ihre Dienerin zu ſich und ging zwiſchen ihrem Manne und Ser van Vaernewyck den Markt hinauf, während Veerle mit Lieven ihr folgte. An der andern Seite der Dienerin ſchritt Ghelnoot van Lens, der Hauptmann von Sanct Nikolas, der nichts that als lachen und ſcherzen mit Allem, was er ſah.

Ueberall, wo der weiſe Mann mit ſeinen Hausgenoſſen ſich zeigte, öffnete das Volk ehrfurchtsvoll ſeine Reihen und ſprach frohe Grüße aus, während die Jungfrauen und Jünglinge einander die ſchöne Veerle zeigten. Sie näherten ſich gleich darauf den Buden und blieben einige Zeit vor einer ſchönen Handlung von allen Sorten golddurchwirkter Tücher ſtehen. Frau Artevelde hatte bereits mehr als einmal ein Stück mit Gold und Silber durchmengt, beſehen und angefaßt. Artevelde, der unterdeſſen mit dem Kaufmanne ſprach, hörte plötzlich hinter ſeinem Rücken eine Stimme ſagen:

„Was? Er würde mich nicht erkennen? Ich wette, was Ihr wollt, und ich werde ihn anreden, daß Ihr es Alle ſeht und hört; wartet nur, bis er ſich umdreht.“

Dieſe Stimme mußte Artevelde aufgefallen ſein; denn er wandte ſich mit freundlichem Lächeln zu den Handwerkern, die hinter ihm ſtanden, ging dann gerades Weges auf Einen von ihnen zu, reichte ihm die Hand und ſagte:

„Ah, guten Tag, kühner Freund! Ich freue mich, Euch zu treffen. Erinnert Ihr Euch noch, daß Ihr mir ſagtet, es müſſe Blut oder Arbeit geben?“

Lieven Comyne's Hand zitterte vor Rührung in der des weiſen Mannes und er blickte ihm ſprachlos in die Augen, während ein Ausdruck des Glückes ſein Antlitz gleichſam erleuchtete.

„Arbeit iſt da,“ fuhr Artevelde fort, „Blut noch nicht! Aber wenn Flandern es verlangt, wird das gute Genter Blut ihm nicht fehlen, nicht wahr, Genoſſen?“

„Blut fehlen für das Vaterland?“ murrte der junge Blaufärber in höchſter Aufregung; „in Gent? Das wollen wir ſehen! Laß Verſemier vom Glockenthurm herab nur rufen: Feind! Feind! und Ihr werdet die Genter Löwen brüllen hören vor Freude!“

„Bis Flandern uns ruft, müſſen wir ruhig und fröhlich den Wohlſtand genießen, den Gott uns geſchenkt hat,“ ſagte Artevelde; „aber das Herz muß wacker bleiben, wie es das Eure iſt, kühner Geſelle!“

„Ihr habt geſagt: Haltet vlämiſchen Muth!“ antwortete Jan, der Strohdecker, der hinter den Anderen ſtand und kräftig auf ſeine Bruſt ſchlug; „dies Wort iſt hier eingeſchrieben.“

Artevelde ließ Lieven's Hand los, um die des Strohdeckers zu ergreifen.

„Noch Einer von meinen Freunden!“ ſagte er lachend.

„Ihr erkennt mich alſo auch noch?“ rief Jan voll Freude und Stolz.

„Sind wir nicht alleſammt Söhne von Gent, die geſchworen haben, einander beizuſtehen mit Gut und Blut für Flanderns Befreiung?“ antwortete Artevelde. „Brüder in Freuden! Brüder in Leiden! Brüder ſelbſt bis in den Heldentod!“

Lieven Comyne hatte ſich umgewandt, um ſein Angeſicht zu verbergen; ſchon lange kämpfte er gegen das mächtige Gefühl, das ihn ergriffen; aber jetzt fühlte er ſich überwunden, und die Thränen ſtürzten ihm plötzlich aus den Augen.

Der weiſe Mann betrachtete den muthigen, gefühlvollen Mann mit Bewunderung; er ſchlug ihm auf die Schulter und ſprach:

„Freund! Ihr heißt Lieven Comyne, glaube ich, und Ihr wohnt bei der St. Veerlekapelle. Wenn Flandern das Leben eines Helden zu ſeiner Erhaltung fordert, werde ich mich Eurer erinnern.“

„Dank! Dank, Mher Jakob!“ antwortete Lieven mit erſtickter Stimme; „ich werde warten, aber ich rechne auf Euer Wort! ....“

Veerle zupfte in dieſem Augenblicke ihren Vater bei dem Arme und ſagte:

„Aber, Herr Vater! Ihr laßt uns ſo allein; das iſt nicht wohlgethan; ſeht einmal, welch ein ſchönes Stück goldenes Laken die Mutter da hat!“

Artevelde drückte nochmals die Hand von Lieven Compne und deſſen Genoſſen, und wandte ſich dann zu der Bude.

Der entzückte Blaufärber Lieven wiſchte ſich plötzlich die Thränen aus den Augen und rief wie verrückt:

„Kommt, kommt, Geſellen! Ich gebe vier Stübchen Wein im goldenen Schwan; trinken, trinken, denn es brennt mir das Herz! Wir wollen noch einmal tüchtig den frohen Tag feiern. Haltet vlämiſchen Muth! Haltet vlämiſchen Muth!“

Mit dieſen Worten ſprang er voraus nach der Wandelſteege und machte ſeinen Freunden jauchzend Bahn durch das Volk.

Als Artevelde ſich umwandte, verließ ſeine Geſellſchaft gerade die Bude; er ſah, daß ſeine Frau ein Stück golddurchwirktes Tuch ihrer Dienſtmagd Jacquemyne zu tragen gab, und ſagte freundlich ſcherzend:

„So, ſo, Cathelyne! Das Angeld mag nicht gering ſein! Was zahlſt Du dafür?“

„Nichts!“ antwortete Frau Artevelde, „es iſt ein Marktgeſchenk von Ser van Vaernewyck.“

„In der Thal, Ser Maes!“ ſagte Jakob, „Ihr erinnert mich daran, daß alle Freunde heute Geſchenke machen.“

„Aber ich bin Wittwer!“ lachte der Oberſchöffe; „da ſeid Ihr des Gegengeſchenkes quitt.“

„Das wollen wir doch ſehen,“ antwortete Artevelde, während er ſeine Tochter zur Bude führte; „Veerle, Du haſt Geſchmack! Wähle mir einmal ein Stück golddurchwirktes Tuch für Jungfrau Chriſtina van Vaernewyck.“

Die Wahl ward raſch getroffen und der Handel abgeſchloſſen. Artevelde öffnete ſeine Geldtaſche und bezahlte, worauf er das Geſchenk gleichfalls Jacquemyne auf den Arm legte, und dann plaudernd mit ſeiner Geſellſchaft längs den Buden fortwandelte. Bei dem Thürmchen, wo die Kameele mit ihren langen Hälſen über die Zelte hinausragten und die Neugier des jauchzenden Volkes anregten, blieb Veerle vor einem Laden ſtehen, auf welchem alle köſtlichen Juwelen des Orients zur Schau lagen. Ein Türke mit ſeinem afrikaniſchen Sklaven ſaß ruhig daneben und ſchlürfte ein warmes Getränk aus einer ſilbernen Schaale ein; an ſeiner anderen Seite ſtand ein Dolmetſcher.

Veerle hatte bereits mehrere reiche Stücke nach einander aufgenommen und aufmerkſam betrachtet, bis ſie endlich unſchlüſſig zu ſein ſchien, welchen von zwei Perlenkränzen ſie wählen ſolle; der eine war ſchwer und ohne Zweifel ſehr koſtbar, der andere dagegen kleiner und leichter. Da ſie den Dolmetſcher fragte, was dieſe Juwelen koſteten, erhielt ſie zur Antwort:

„Der größere koſtet zehn Pfund Groot, den kleineren wird man für drei Pfund laſſen.“

„Nun denn!“ ſprach Veerle, ſich zu Lieven wendend und ihm den größeren Kranz zeigend; „Ihr ſucht ſchon ſo lange nach einem Marktgeſchenk für mich; hier iſt eins, das mir gefällt! Seht zu, ob der Kaufmann ſich nichts von ſeinem Preiſe will abdingen laſſen.“

Lieven Denys ließ Veerle's Hand fahren und ſenkte das Haupt, um die Röthe zu verbergen, welche ihm Stirn und Antlitz bedeckte.

„Es iſt zu theuer, Veerle!“ ſeufzte er betrübt, „ſo viel Geld habe ich nicht in meiner Taſche.“

„O!“ rief Ghelnoot van Lens, „ſoll der Wunſch der ſchönen Veerle um ſolcher Urſache willen unerfüllt bleiben? Ich muß ihr auch ein Marktgeſchenk machen; ſo will ich denn das Halsband kaufen; Lieven findet ſchon etwas Anderes.“

Ein krampfhaftes Zittern ergriff Lieven; er warf einen blitzenden Blick auf Ghelnoot, der ihn erſtaunt anſah und die Urſache dieſes plötzlichen Zorns nicht begreifen konnte.

Mittlerweile hatte Veerle wieder Lieven's Hand angefaßt, und fühlend, wie der Jüngling zitterte, begriff ſie auch, was in ſeinem Gemüthe vorging. Sie ſprach daher, wie verwundert:

„Ei! Ihr verſteht mich nicht, oder ich habe Euch das Unrechte gezeigt. Meint Ihr, daß ich die ſchweren Perlen um den Hals ſchlingen wolle? Das iſt ein Kranz für eine alte Matrone! Die lieben kleinen Perlen will ich haben .... Und Myher Ghelnoot! ich würde doch auf keinen Fall ein erſtes Marktgeſchenk von Jemanden anders als von Lieven allein annehmen. Hört Ihr? Kauft es nur, Lieven! Ich hänge es gleich um den Hals.“

Der getröſtete Jüngling drückte ihr die Hand und hob muthig den Kopf auf; während Ghelnoot freundlich lachte, bezahlte Lieven das Juwel und gab es Beerle, die es auch ſogleich um den Hals ſchlang. Dieſer Beweis der Auszeichnung und Liebe rührte den Jüngling tief, und verbannte gänzlich die Eiferſucht, welche ſich ſeiner eben ſo gewaltig bemeiſtert hatte. Er ging zu Ghelnoot, nahm ihn bei der Hand und ſagte:

„Myher von Lens! Ihr müßt mir verzeihen; es giebt ein Gefühl, das ſich meiner wider Willen bemeiſtert; aber ich meine es nicht ſo; alſo denkt nicht mehr daran und laßt uns gute Freunde ſein!“

„Was das Letztere betrifft, auf immer und ewig, Lieven! Denn trotz allen Euren unbegreiflichen Grillen ſeid Ihr doch ein kühner und braver Burſche. Habt Ihr aber wieder Luſt aufzubrauſen, ſo müßt Ihr ſo gut ſein und mir das etwas früher ſagen! Nun, nun, das ſchadet aber nichts; ich weiß es ſchon nicht mehr, bis Ihr wieder einmal böſe geworden ſeid wegen eines unſchuldigen Wortes. Kommt jetzt aber raſch; denn ſeht, dort ſteht Myher Jakob.“

Lieven und Beerle folgten Ghelnoot zu den Uebrigen, die vor einem Waffenladen ihrer warteten. Nachdem ſie einige Worte über Lievens Geſchenk mit einander gewechſelt hatten, wollten ſie raſch weiter gehen, um die Springer und Gaukler zu ſehen. Plötzlich hörte man aber von Weitem, in der Richtung des Steendamms, das Getrappel eines trabenden Pferdes, und unmittelbar darauf ſtrömte das Volk nach jener Seite, als ob es ahne, daß ſich dort etwas Wichtiges begeben müſſe.

Der Reiter, der mit verhängtem Zügel über die Kerlbrücke ſprengte, traf mit dem dichtgedrängten Volke zuſammen, und ſah ſich genöthigt, ſein Roß anzuhalten. Sein Antlitz glühte vor Ermüdung; der Schweiß ſtrömte von dem rauchenden Leibe ſeines Pferdes herab. Mann und Thier waren mit Staub bedeckt und keuchten athemlos.

Das Erſte, was der Reiter that, als er wieder etwas Athem geſchöpft hatte, war, daß er ſich in den Steigbügeln aufrichtete und mit erhobenen Armen ausrief:

„Wehe! Wehe über Gent!“

„Woher kommt Ihr?“ rief man von allen Seiten.

„Von Rupelmonde!“ war die Antwort; „ich muß den Oberhauptmann ſprechen; wo finde ich ihn?“

„Er iſt auf dem Markte!“ rief man ihm zu.

Ein Zunftgeſelle ergriff den Zügel des Pferdes und ſagte, ihm durch das Volk Bahn machend:

„Kommt! Ich will Euch zu dem Oberhauptmann führen.“

Tiefe Trauer zeigte ſich auf dem Antlitz aller umherſtehenden Bürger; leiſe fragten ſie einander:

„Sollte Segher de Cortrazyn getödtet ſein?“

Die Zunftgenoſſen liefen dagegen mit ſteigender

Wuth dem Boten nach, und begleiteten ihn, wie eine Wolke, bis in die Nähe des Oberhauptmanns.

Jakob von Artevelde ging mit Ser van Vaernewyck ihm entgegen und erhielt von ihm ein verſiegeltes Pergament. Ehrfurchtsvoll zog ſich das Volk zurück und bildete rund um den Oberhauptmann einen weiten Kreis; Aller Augen blieben jedoch feſt auf ihn gerichtet.

Der weiſe Mann öffnete das Schreiben, ohne daß ſein Antlitz die mindeſte Bewegung verrieth. Kaum hatte er jedoch das unglückliche Blatt entfaltet und geſehen, was es enthielt, als er todtenbleich wurde, tief den Kopf ſenkte, und krampfhaft die Hand des Oberſchöffen ergreifend, zu dieſem mit dumpfer Stimme ſagte:

„Der Marſchall von Gent enthauptet! Die Leiche Segher's de Cortrazyn in einem bleiernen Sarge aus Rupelmondeſtein gebracht!“

In dieſem Augenblicke hörte Artevelde einen peinlichen Schrei aus einer Frauenbruſt aufſteigen und über den Markt dringen.

„Um Gottes willen, Ser van Vaernewyck!“ ſeufzte er, „bringt meine Frau nach Hauſe; es iſt ihr Vater!“

Der Oberſchöffe begriff, daß der Freitagsmarkt der Ort nicht ſei, wo Frau Artevelde die Beſtätigung ihrer ſchrecklichen Vermuthung erhalten dürfe; er ließ den niedergedrückten Artevelde mit der Hand vor den Augen ſtehen und gab Ghelnoot und Lieven deſſen Verlangen zu erkennen.

Während man die beiden Frauen fort und durch die Menge über den Markt führte, ſtand das Volk, mit

Thränen in den Augen und ſprachlos, um Artevelde geſchaart. Es fühlte, welcher Schmerz die Bruſt des weiſen Mannes zerreißen mußte, und ehrte ſeine Pein, um dieſe ſelbſt nicht durch einen einzigen Racheſchrei zu ſtören. Plötzlich erhob Artevelde das Haupt und horchte lächelnd auf ein fernes Geräuſch. Die Menge blickte gleichfalls erſtaunt nach oben. Da hörte man Perſemier auf dem Glockenthume: „Feind! Feind!“ blaſen, und unmittelbar darauf die eherne Stimme des Roland Sturm läuten, daß ihre Klänge über die ganze Stadt hinſchallten.

Es war ein ſchrecklicher, aber erhebender Augenblick, als die Frauen und Kinder weinend und wehklagend ſich nach allen Seiten hin vom Markte entfernten, während die Männer mit aufgehobenen Armen: „Heil! Heil!“ riefen und ſich jubelnd um ihren Oberhauptmann ſchaarten, als habe der alte Roland ihnen ein Feſt verkündigt.

Plötzlich, indem noch Jeder zweifelhaft die Urſache des Sturms zu errathen ſuchte, kam ein Stadtbote von dem Glockenthurme zu Artevelde geeilt, und ſagte haſtig:

„Oberhauptmann! Perſemier ſieht eine Wolke Reiter auf der Straße von Biervliet nach der Stadt heranſprengen; ſie ſind jetzt in der Gegend von Everghem!“

„Ha, Freunde!“ rief Artevelde mit mächtiger Stimme; „das ſind die Leliaerds von Biervliet! Jetzt wollen wir den ermordeten Segher rächen! Auf, Genter! zu den Waffen, zu den Waffen!“

Dieſer Ruf war noch nicht einmal ganz ſeinem Munde entflogen, als auch ſchon alle Männer durch die angränzenden Straßen den Markt verließen, um ihre Waffen zu holen.

Einige Augenblicke nachher ſah man aus denſelben Straßen die Geſellen mit Gutentags, Kreuzbögen oder Schwertern herbeieilen. Der Zufluß wurde binnen Kurzem ſo groß, daß der Freitagsmarkt gleich darauf von Fahnen und Pongoenen (Fähnlein) von verſchiedener Farbe und Geſtalt bedeckt zu ſein ſchien. Jeder geſellte ſich zu dem Fähnlein ſeiner Gilde, und je nachdem neue Genoſſen hinzukamen, bildete man regelmäßige Glieder, wie man es ſtets unter ſolchen Umſtänden zu thun gewohnt war.

Mittlerweile ſprengte in jedem Stadtviertel ein Reiter durch die Straßen, das Blutbanner in der Hand, und ſchrie: „zu den Waffen! zu den Waffen!“ um die Bürger, welche zu dem Heere der Zünfte gehörten, nach dem Freitagsmarkte zu rufen.

Während nun die Zünfte ſich zum Kampfe rüſteten, ſtand Artevelde mit den Hauptleuten der Kirchſpiele, den Schöffen und Dechanten neben dem Hochhauſe. Zu langen Berathungen fehlte es an Zeit; auch war der Plan des Oberhauptmanns bald gebildet. Obwohl er vorausſah, daß die Reiter von Biervliet aus die Stadt bei dem Muidethore angreifen würden, indem ſie auf den anderen Seiten durch die Arme der Schelde und Leije daran verhindert waren, ſo ertheilte er deſſenungeachtet den Befehl, eine ſtarke Wache nach jenem Thore zu ſenden.

Er ſelbſt ſtellte ſich an die Spitze des größten Heerestheils und zog über die Ser Bodinsbrücke durch das

Grauwidor, und ſo zum Muidethor hinaus, bis er ſich mit ſeiner Schaar auf der Straße von Biervliet befand. Dort ließ er queer über den Weg die Weber ihre Gutentags mit dem unterſten Ende in die Erde pflanzen und in dichten Gliedern gleichſam eine eiſerne Mauer bilden, welche keine Reiterei zu durchbrechen vermochte.

Dann rief er dem Heere zu:

„Genoſſen, habt guten Muth! Sie, die uns anfallen werden, haben ſich berühmt, ſie würden an die Thore von Gent ſchreiben, wir ſeien Feiglinge. Wir wollen ihnen nun zeigen, wie man in Gent ſolches Geſchwätz beantwortet .... Haltet Euch alle ſtill, und ſchweigt!“

Nachdem er dieſe wenigen Worte geſagt hatte, führte Artevelde die eine Hälfte ſeiner Streiter höher hinauf neben der Straße in ein Gebüſch, und gab Ghelnoot von Lens den Befehl, ſich mit der anderen Hälfte jenſeits des Weges ebenfalls in einen Hinterhalt zu legen.

Kaum war dieſe Anordnung ausgeführt, als ſich auch ſchon die Reiter in der Ferne zeigten. Da ſie nur einen kleinen Haufen Bürger auf der Straße halten ſahen, ſo ſprengten ſie deſto kühner vorwärts und glaubten die Weber mit ihren Gutentags durch einen einzigen Anfall über den Haufen zu werfen. Als ſie daher bis auf einige Bogenſchüſſe wirklich genaht waren, gaben ſie ihren Pferden die Sporen und jagten ungeſtüm auf die Spitzen der Gutentags zu. Durch dieſes heftige Anprallen kam allerdings einige Unordnung unter die Weber, und ſchon jubelten die Reiter, wie über einen Sieg

Da brachen aber die übrigen Geſellen mit Jakob von Artevelde und Ghelnoot von Lens aus ihren Hinterhalten hervor, griffen den Feind auf beiden Seiten an, und warfen in wenigen Augenblicken Alles zu Boden, was ſie erreichen konnten.

Als die hinterſten Reiter das ſahen, riefen ſie: „Verrath! Verrath!“ und flohen, ſo ſchnell ſie nur konnten, vom Schlachtfelde auf der Straße nach Viervliet fort. Sie ließen ungefähr zweihundert ihrer Genoſſen zurück, von wohl tauſend Vlämingern umzingelt, welche kurzes Spiel mit ihnen machten und ſie haufenweiſe zu Boden ſtreckten.

Die Reiter wehrten ſich wüthend, bis ihre Zahl faſt gänzlich geſchmolzen war, und ſie ſich zwiſchen den Pferden und Leichen nicht mehr vertheidigen konnten. Nun kehrten ſie ihre Schwerter um, den Griff in die Höhe gehoben, und baten um Gnade.

Der Kampf hörte auf; man entwaffnete die Reiter, und ſtellte ſie, nebſt den noch übrigen Pferden, unter die Obhut einer ſtarken Wache.

Nach kurzer Raſt, und nachdem die Stadt-Wundärzte, Meiſter Spelliaerde und Arnold von Leene, mit ihren Gehülfen, die Verwundeten verbunden hatten, ließ Artevelde zum Abzug blaſen.

Sobald das Heer ſich wieder in Gliedern auf der Straße geordnet hatte, rief Artevelde ſeinen Leuten zu:

„Genoſſen! was wir ſo eben gethan haben, verlohnt ſich nicht der Mühe, um davon zu reden; jetzt aber haben wir freie Hand; man hat uns zuerſt angegriffen, und uns bleibt das Recht, uns zu rächen. Bereitet Euch nun zu einem ernſten Kriege vor; wir wollen jetzt ſelbſt das Reſt Biervliet heimſuchen."

Er gab darauf den Befehl zum Abzuge, und das Genter Heer zog nun ſingend mit der Beute und den Kriegsgefangenen durch das Muidethor in die Stadt

V.

Sechs Stunden Weges von Gent, im zeeländiſchen Flandern, lag das Städtchen Biervliet, welches die Ebene ringsherum mit ſeinen feſten Wallthürmen und hohen Mauern beherrſchte. Obwohl von geringem Umfange, war es jedoch ſehr ſtark, und man rühmte es als eine faſt unbezwingliche Feſte. Dieſen Platz hatte der König von Frankreich auf den Rath des Grafen erwählt, um von hier aus die Genter zu beläſtigen, und ſie zu zwingen, einen Theil ihrer Macht nach dieſer Seite zu wenden, während er längs der hennegauiſchen Grenze mit dem großen franzöſiſchen Heere in Flandern einfallen würde.

Anfangs war Biervliet der Zufluchtsort geweſen für alle Verbannten, Leliaerds und franzöſiſchen Landläufer, welche unter dem geheimen Schutze Frankreichs ſich dort verſammelten und dem Anſcheine nach als unabhängige Parteigänger handelten.

Man konnte alſo nicht ſagen, daß Philipp von Valois oder der Graf die Vläminger angreife, und die Genter, durch dieſe Liſt gehindert, konnten in dem Entſtehen dieſer feindlichen Macht keinen Grund zum rechtmäßigen Kriege finden, ſo lange dieſelbe das Grundgebiet ihrer Stadt nicht anfiel.

Während der letzten Tage waren plötzlich fünfhundert Reiter in Biervliet eingezogen, offenbar um mit den

Leliaerds vereinigt den König von Frankreich bei dem Angriffe auf Gent, welchen er unternehmen wollte, zu unterſtützen. Dieſe fremden Söldner und Ritter gaben ſich gleichfalls für eine freie Schaar aus; doch konnte man an ihrer Zahl und ihrer Ausrüſtung unfehlbar wahrnehmen, daß ſie noch kürzlich im franzöſiſchen Heere geſtanden hatten.

An und für ſich ſelbſt konnte Biervliet, ſo ſtark ſeine Beſatzung auch ſein mochte, den Gentern nicht die mindeſte Furcht für ihre Freiheit einflößen. Aber das Vorhandenſein eines ſolchen Mittelpunktes lockte alle Leliaerds und Unzufriedenen der vlämiſchen Städte an, und erweckte bei den Gentern die Beſorgniß, daß ſich rings um denſelben eine mächtige Partei gegen ihre wiedergewonnene Freiheit bilden werde. Dies um ſo mehr, als durch Frankreichs Geld unter den Parteigängern großer Ueberfluß herrſchte, und Viele, in Hoffnung auf ein luſtiges Leben und großen Gewinnſt, angezogen wurden, ſich zu den Leliaerds zu geſellen.

Artevelde hatte bereits die Zunahme der Beſatzung von Biervliet mit Kummer und Verdruß beobachtet; aber da er es ſich zur feſten Regel gemacht, das Geſetz und Recht der Gemeine nicht zu überſchreiten, blieb er unthätig gegen die feindliche Macht, überzeugt, daß die Leliaerds ihm dereinſt ſelbſt Veranlaſſung geben würden, ſie zu vernichten.

Dies war jetzt durch den Anfall auf Gent ganz nach ſeinen Wünſchen geſchehen. Die Gemeine konnte ſich nun gegen ihre eigenen Feinde vertheidigen, und da dieſe als

Freigänger unter Niemandes offenem Befehle und Schutze ſtanden, durfte man ſie bekämpfen, ohne den Rechten des Grafen Abbruch dadurch zu thun. Der König von Frankreich hatte ſich alſo in ſeinen eigenen Netzen gefangen und der Genter Gemeine das unbeſtreitbare Recht verſchafft, ſelbſt außerhalb ihres Grundgebietes Krieg zu führen.

Der weiſe Mann ließ ſich dieſe Gelegenheit nicht entſchlüpfen, um, wie er geſagt hatte, das Reſt der Leliaerds zu überfallen. Sechs Tage waren kaum verſtrichen, als er bereits mit viertauſend unverzagten Gentern vor Viervliet erſchien, und nach einem hartnäckigen Gefecht mit der feindlichen Reiterei ſeine Zelte im Angeſicht, doch außerhalb des Bereiches der Feſtung aufſchlug.

Er wollte zuerſt die Beſatzung durch Hungersnoth zur Uebergabe zwingen, und ließ in dieſer Abſicht die Stadt umzingeln und auf allen Wegen ſtreng bewachen. Sehr bald ſah er jedoch ein, daß dieſes Mittel ihm nicht glücken würde, indem die Reiterei der Leliaerds faſt täglich Ausfälle machte und das Genter Fußvolk mit Leichtigkeit durchbrach, um Lebensmittel und ſelbſt Hülfsſchaaren in die Stadt zu bringen. Zwar fielen dabei allerdings blutige Scharmützel vor, und die Leliaerds verloren viele Reiter; die Belagerung ſelbſt ward aber nicht merklich dadurch gefördert.

Artevelde ſchien ſein Verweilen vor Viervliet abſichtlich zu verlängern und ſich keinesweges zu beeilen, um die Feſte entſcheidend anzugreifen. Er befand ſich nämlich hier in der Nähe von Weſtflandern, und benutzte die Gelegenheit, um die anderen Städte zum Widerſtande und zum Bündniß mit den Gentern zu vereinigen. Dieſer Verſuch glückte ihm auch vollkommen. Täglich trafen Abgeordnete von Brügge, Ypern, Thourout, Dixmude, Veurne und anderen Gemeinen in ſeinem Lager ein, um ſich mit ihm heimlich über die Bedingungen des Bündniſſes zu verſtändigen. Außer Artevelde befanden ſich vor Viervliet noch ſieben der gewandteſten Schöffen von Gent, und dieſe reiſten nach allen Richtungen, um den vaterländiſchen Muth überall anzufeuern, wo die Anhänger Frankreichs denſelben noch unterdrückt hielten. Binnen Kurzem beſtand zwiſchen allen Städten Flanderns ein mächtiges Bündniß, bei welchem jede geſchworen hatte, ſich zu erheben und die Waffen zu ergreifen, ſobald der Fremdling es wagte, ſeinen Fuß auf vlämiſchen Boden zu ſetzen. Die Stadt Gent wurde als der Mittelpunkt der Vereinigung anerkannt, deren Anordnungen man bis auf Weiteres Folge leiſten würde.

Sobald Artevelde ſeinen geheimen Entwurf ausgeführt ſah, begann er ernſtlich auf die Mittel zu denken, um ſich Viervliet's zu bemächtigen. Seine Streiter murrten täglich über ihre Unthätigkeit, und er fürchtete mit Recht, daß ihr Vertrauen und ihr Muth geſchwächt werden würden, wenn man ihnen noch länger den ſo feurig gewünſchten Kampf verweigerte.

Er beſchloß alſo zur großen Freude der Genter, einen allgemeinen Sturm zu unternehmen, mit ſeinen Kriegern die Feſtungsmauern zu erſteigen und ſich durch einen entſcheidenden Verſuch zum Herrn der Stadt zu machen

Am Morgen des Tages, an welchem der Sturm gegen die Feſtung beſtimmt war, herrſchte eine ungewöhnliche Thätigkeit in der einen Hälfte des vlämiſchen Lagers. Hier waren die Ribauden hinter den Zelten beſchäftigt, den großen Bogen und die anderen Belagerungswerkzeuge fertig zu machen, während einige Knappen die Pferde fütterten, welche vor dieſelben geſpannt werden ſollten. Nicht weit davon ſetzten die Zimmerleute ſchwere Sturmleitern zuſammen, und von allen Seiten trug man Stücke Holz, Stricke und lange Haken herbei, nach dem Platze, wo die Werkzeugmeiſter mit ihren Knappen ſich befanden.

In verſchiedenen Winkeln des Lagers ſtanden zahlreiche Karren mit Reisholz und Buſchwerk, welche man in den Maldeghem'ſchen und Eecloo'ſchen Wäldern gefällt hatte, da man auf der polderartigen Ebene von Biervliet wenig Gehölz antraf. Die Zunft der Walkmüller, welche bei dem Angriffe den Vortrab bilden ſollte, beſchäftigte ſich mit dem Abladen der Karren; jedem Geſellen wurde ein ſtarker Aſt gegeben, mit dem Befehl, dieſen bei dem Sturme vor ſich her zu tragen und auf der bezeichneten Stelle in den Stadtgraben zu werfen.

Unter dieſer durcheinander wühlenden Menge liefen viele Händler umher mit Wein und allerlei gedörrtem Fleiſch und Fiſch, welche ſie den Gentern zum Kauf anboten. In Erwartung des Kampfes wurde fröhlich auf den Sieg gezecht und manches Muth weckende Kriegslied geſungen.

Dieſer Theil des Heeres ſollte den Angriff machen, und ſtand unter dem unmittelbaren Befehl Jakob's von Artevelde und Ghelnoot's von Lens. Er war meiſt aus Walkmüllern und Mitgliedern der kleinen Zünfte zuſammengeſetzt *).

Die andere Hälfte beſtand aus den Mitgliedern der Weberzunft, nebſt den berühmten Schützen der St. Joris gilde, und war dem Befehle des Oberdechanten Geeraert Denys anvertraut. Sie ſollte keinen Antheil am Sturmlaufen nehmen. Da die Vläminger keine Pferde vor Biervliet hatten, ſo ließ ſich vorausſehen, daß die Reiterei der Leliaerds während des Sturms einen mächtigen Ausfall wagen und verſuchen würde, die Stürmenden von hinten anzugreifen. In dieſem Falle konnte es der Beſatzung nicht ſchwer werden, die Genter in Verwirrung zu bringen und vielleicht zu einem ſchimpflichen Abzuge zu zwingen. Artevelde traf daher Maßregeln gegen ein derartiges Ereigniß und beſtimmte, daß nur die Hälfte ſeiner Kriegsmacht die Mauern erklettern ſolle. Die andere Hälfte unter Geeraert Denys ſtellte er dem großen Thore von Biervliet gegenüber auf, um die Stürmenden vor jedem Ausfall zu beſchützen und, wenn es ſich nöthig machte, ein Treffen im offenen Felde zu liefern. Ihr wurde zugleich befohlen, aus ihrem Lager

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*) Die Zünfte von Gent waren in drei Hauptgilden eingetheilt, die der Weber, die der Walkmüller und die der kleinen Zünfte. In dieſer letzteren waren alle diejenigen einbegriffen, welche weder zu den Webern, noch zu den Walkmüllern gehörten, wie z. B. Metzger, Bäcker, Schmiede, Zimmerleute, Kupferſchmiede, Krämer u. ſ. w.

ein wachſames Auge auf den Sturm ſelbſt zu haben und, wo es ſich nöthig machte, hülfreich bei der Hand zu ſein.

In dieſem Theile des Lagers ſah man wenig Bewegung. Die Schützen der St. Jorisgilde probirten die Kraniche an ihren Bogen; die Targenträger ſtanden neben ihnen in Bereitſchaft mit dem Buckelſchilde, welches jedem Schützen vor den Leib gehalten werden mußte, oder halfen ihnen ihre Rüſtung anlegen, während man vor den übrigen Zelten hin und wieder einzelne Haufen zum Zeitvertreib mit Gutentags und Schwertern fechten ſah.

Geeraert Denys hatte die Dechanten, die Centeniers und die Conſtabel *), die unter ſeinem Befehle ſtanden, vor ſeinem Zelte verſammelt und ihnen Artevelde's Befehl mitgetheilt. In dieſem Augenblicke ſandte er ſie zu ihren Leuten zurück und ſagte ihnen noch:

„Alſo, Geſellen, ich kann es Euch nicht genug einprägen, was Ihr auch ſehen mögt, folgt ſtets dem Banner von St. Joris. Ich werde ſtets neben demſelben verweilen und Euch führen, wohin es ſich gehört. Laßt Euch durch keine Reiterei aus Euren Gliedern locken .... und daß mir Niemand in dieſer Hinſicht meine Befehle vergeſſe! Geht jetzt zu Euren Genoſſen und wahret vlämiſchen Muth!"

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*) **Kraniche**, ein eiſernes Inſtrument, mit welchem die ſtählernen Kreuzbogen geſpannt wurden. **Targe** (Tartſche), Schild, welchen ein Knappe vor einem Schützen hertrug. **Centenier**, Anführer über hundert Mann. **Conſtabel**, Oberſter von zehn Mann, [illegible] der Stadt Waffenmeiſter.

Sobald die Anführer ſich entfernt hatten, ſagte der Oberdechant Etwas zu einem Webergeſellen, der fünf oder ſechs Schritte von ihm Wache ſtand, und ging dann in ſein Zelt. Hier ſetzte er ſich auf eine Bank und heftete die Augen in tiefem Nachdenken auf den Boden. Wahrlich, Freude mußte Geeraert Denys' Seele erfüllen; denn auf ſeinem Antlitz ſchwebte ein Lächeln .... ein Lächeln voll Gift und hölliſcher Luſt, ſo bitter und hämiſch, daß man ſchon bei dem bloßen Anblick ſeiner boshaften und gehäſſigen Züge aus Angſt vor Verrath und Meuchelmord gebebt haben würde.

Er war kaum einen Augenblick allein geblieben, als der Vorhang ſeines Zeltes zur Seite gezogen wurde; Jan Calevoet, der Dechant der Zwillichweber, trat geheimnißvoll herein und ſagte zu dem Oberdechanten:

„Ihr habt mir ſo eben in das Ohr geflüſtert, ich ſolle raſch zu Euch kommen. Habt Ihr gute Nachrichten?“

„Außerordentlich gute,“ antwortete Geeraert, ſich entzückt die Hände reibend. „Setzt Euch, Calevoet, und ſprecht leiſe, man möchte uns hören; auf jeden Fall habe ich befohlen, daß man Niemanden meinem Zelte ſich nahen laſſe. Ach! Mher Jan, heute noch wird Flandern von ſeinem Verführer und Tyrannen befreit werden. Ich hätte das große Werk allein ausführen können, um dies Verdienſt mit Niemandem zu theilen; aber Ihr ſeid mein Freund, und wir haben bis jetzt gemeinſchaftlich für das Vaterland gewirkt.“

„Das iſt wahr; ich bin Euch dankbar für Euer Wohlwollen, aber ich glaube, Ihr ſchmeichelt Euch mit einer falſchen Hoffnung, Mher Geeraert; es ſcheint mir unmöglich, im Augenblick eines Sturmlaufens an Flanderns Rettung zu denken. Was ſeid Ihr denn Willens zu thun?“

„Kommt näher, Calevoet, und bewundert das Glück dieſes Gedankens. Der herrſchſüchtige Tyrann führt die Stürmer an; Ihr wißt, was ein Sturm ſagen will; durch die Schnelligkeit und die Kraft ſelbſt, die dazu nöthig ſind, entſteht eine allgemeine Verwirrung, in welcher ſich weder Befehle mehr geben, noch empfangen laſſen. Glaubt Ihr, Calevoet, daß, wenn die Reiterei von Viervliet die Stürmer ungehindert überfallen kann, viele ihr entwiſchen werden?“

„Aber wir ſind hier, um das zu verhindern,“ bemerkte Calevoet.

„Und wenn wir es nun geſchehen ließen?“ fragte Denys.

„O, es wäre ein ſchnöder Verrath, ſo viele Genter in's Verderben zu ſtürzen,“ ſeufzte der Dechant der Zwillichweber.

„Artevelde würde aber auch von der Welt verſchwinden!“ entgegnete der Dechant mit ſiegreichem Lächeln.

Calevoet kämpfte in ſeinem Innern mit einem Gefühle des Abſcheues; er ſchwieg einen Augenblick und antwortete dann:

„Es iſt aber ein abſcheulicher Mord, Mher Geeraert!“

Um die Lippen des Oberdechanten zeigte ſich ein Ausdruck des Mitleids oder der Verachtung, und er ſagte mit Ungeduld:

„Ihr habt alſo nicht mehr Muth noch Verſtand, Calevoet, als jeder unſerer Geſellen? Ihr würdet für das Glück unſeres Vaterlandes nichts unternehmen wollen, als was der gemeine Mann löblich nennt? Ihr fühlt Euch nicht ſtark genug, um für die Freiheit Alles zu opfern, Leben, Anſehen und Ehre? Ihr würdet zurückweichen vor dem, was man in den gewöhnlichen Verhältniſſen eine Miſſethat nennt? Ihr wißt nicht, daß die Liebe zum Vaterlande Alles rechtfertigt, ſelbſt den Mord?“

Bei dieſen Worten hatte Geeraert's Antlitz einen ſolchen fremdartigen und abſcheulichen Ausdruck angenommen, daß Calevoet erſchrocken zurückfuhr und verwirrt antwortete:

„Nein, nein! Solche Grundſätze heiße ich nicht gut! Was mich vor mir ſelbſt beſchämen kann, das thue ich nicht.“

„Kindergeſchwätz!“ ſagte Denys ſpottend. „Oho, Freund Jan, Ihr wißt es noch nicht recht. Ihr wollt einen Grund haben, um Euch vor Euch ſelbſt zu entſchuldigen; jetzt, wo die Leidenſchaft Euch nicht blendet, verlangt Ihr ein Mittel, um Euer furchſames Gewiſſen zu befriedigen! Wohl denn! das will ich Euch geben.“

„Furchtſam?“ murrte der Dechant der Zwillichweber zornig. „Wenn mir ein Anderer das ſagte, ſo würde er es gleich zu bereuen haben. Der Feind ſoll es bald merken, ob Jan Calevoet dem Tode in die Augen zu ſehen wagt oder nicht!“

„Ja, ja! das weiß ich lange!“ fiel ihm der Oberdechant in die Rede. „Wen giebt es in Flandern, der nicht ſolchen Muth hätte? Aber ich ſehe, weshalb Ihr mich nicht begreiſt. Laßt mich Euch meinen wunderbar klugen Plan enthüllen, und Ihr werdet nicht mehr mit Eurem tugendhaften Gewiſſen in Zwieſpalt ſein.“

Bei dieſen Worten ſchob er mit dem Finger hinter ſeinem Rücken den zuſammengebundenen Vorhang des Zeltes etwas zurück und ſagte:

„Seht, bemerkt Ihr dort den Weinhändler, der mit ſeinem Schubkarren neben meinem Sohne Lieven ſteht? Er iſt ein Sendling des Ser Raneel, des Befehlshabers der Leliaerds von Biervliet. Nun horcht! Sobald Ihr Alles wißt, werde ich nach Abrede den Mann in mein Zelt rufen und ihm ſagen, was er Ser Raneel überbringen müſſe, damit unſer entſcheidendes Unternehmen gegen den Tyrannen glücke. Es beſteht in Folgendem: Der Oberhauptmann beginnt die Wälle zu erſtürmen; da man drinnen ſeinen ganzen Plan kennt, ſo leiſtet man ihm an dieſer Stelle unbezwinglichen Widerſtand. Hierdurch bis zur Raſerei aufgebracht, laufen ſeine Krieger mit Wuth gegen die Feſtung an und verſuchen es, ihre Leitern aufzurichten. Nun ſprengen einige Reiter aus dem großen Eingangsthore in das Feld; ich greife dieſe Feinde nach Artevelde's Befehl an; ſie weichen; wir verfolgen ſie und kommen auf dieſe Weiſe den Stürmern aus dem Geſicht. Mittlerweile macht der ächte Kern der Reiterei einen Ausfall aus dem Thore, und ſprengt in vollem Rennen nach der Stelle, wo der Oberhauptmann mit ſeinen Banden die Wälle zu erklettern ſucht.

Jeder von ihnen hat Befehl, dem Tyrannen nach dem Leben zu zielen, und ſelbſt die Anderen zu ſchonen, um ihn allein zu treffen. Man hofft, daß mit Artevelde's Tode der Sieg unfehlbar erfochten iſt. Er ſoll demgemäß heute noch fallen . . . . ."

„Aber was Ihr da vorhabt, iſt verderblich und unbeſonnen," rief Calevoet; „daß man den herrſchſüchtigen Volksverführer in Stücke hacke, daß man deswegen ſelbſt einige Genter aufopfere, dagegen würde ich nichts haben; ja, ich würde ſogar, aus Liebe zu meinem betrogenen Vaterlande, unbedingt die Hand dazu reichen; aber den Sieg den Leliaerds in die Hände ſpielen und vielleicht den feigen Ludwig von Nevers als Sieger in Gent einziehen ſehen, nein, niemals! Lieber ſterbe ich auf der Stelle!"

„Gut geſprochen, Freund Calevoet!" antwortete Denys mit ſeinem falſchen Lachen. „Ich bewundere Eure Vaterlandsliebe; aber ich bitte Euch, glaubt nicht, daß dieſes edle Gefühl minder feurig in meinem Buſen weile. Doch, laßt mich fortfahren: Sobald Artevelde tödtlich getroffen iſt, giebt Muggelyn mit ſeinem Fähnlein ein Zeichen nach unſerem Zelte zu; ich laſſe hier unſern treuen Geſellen Boudin Stichel zurück, der in einem Athemzuge zu mir gelaufen kommt, um mir die glückliche Nachricht zu bringen . . . . Wißt Ihr, was wir dann thun? Wir laſſen den kleinen Haufen Reiterei in die Hölle fahren, wenn er will, und wenden uns plötzlich mit jauchzendem Kriegsgeſchrei nach der Feſtung; wir ſtürzen raſend auf Ser Raneel und auf ſeine Banden, Alles niederwerfend, was ſich uns entgegenſtellt, befreien die Walkmüller und die kleinen Zünfte und vernichten die Leliaerds im offenen Felde bis auf den letzten Mann. Der Tyrann iſt getödtet, die Schlacht gewonnen und man rühmt uns als Befreier des Vaterlandes!“

„Ha, ha!“ lachte Calevoet mit froher Bewunderung; „wie man ſich täuſchen kann! Zuerſt ſchien es mir ein ſchändlicher Verrath, und es iſt die geſcheidteſte Kriegsliſt!“

„Allerdings! Wir opfern einige Leute, um den Feind ganz und gar in das Netz zu locken und des Sieges ſicher zu ſein. Bei dieſer Gelegenheit befreien wir die Genter Gemeine von dem Unterdrücker, der ihre Kräfte in leerer Prahlerei vergeudet.“

„Und Ihr ſeid ſicher, daß es glücken werde, wie Ihr es beabſichtigt?“

„Unfehlbar! Was Euch betrifft, Mher Calevoet, ich habe Euch mit Euren hundert Mann ganz hinten aufgeſtellt; Ihr waret damit unzufrieden, weil Ihr meine Abſicht nicht kanntet. Nun ſeht, was Ihr zu thun habt! Sobald wir gegen den verſtellten Angriff ausziehen, müßt Ihr Sorge tragen, Euch ſtets kraftvoll anzuſchließen und die Glieder, die vor Euch ziehen, zu verhindern, den Sturm beobachten zu können. Sollte nun das Gerücht aus dem Streite zu Euch dringen und einige Eurer Leute veranlaſſen wollen, weil der Oberhauptmann in Gefahr ſei, ſich nach jener Seite zu begeben, ſo müßt Ihr Euch mit aller Gewalt dagegen ſtemmen. Das iſt das Einzige, was ich von Euch verlange. Es iſt nicht viel; Ihr thut nicht mehr, als was ich jedem Anderen dort befohlen habe."

„Ich bedaure, Mher Denys, daß mir nicht verſtattet iſt, mehr zu dieſem wackeren Unternehmen beizutragen. Jedenfalls danke ich Euch, daß Ihr an mich gedacht habt."

Der Oberdechant ergriff eifrig Calevoet's Hand und ſagte zu ihm, während ſeine Augen ſiegreich ſtrahlten:

„Morgen ſind wir Herren in Gent, Freund Jan! und dann wollen wir zeigen, was wir unter Freiheit und Volksmacht verſtehen. Wir verjagen alle unſere feigherzigen Schöffen; wir verbannen die Leliaerds und die Freunde des Tyrannen aus dem Lande, und ziehen ihre Güter ein zum Beſten der Gemeine. Dann bewaffnen wir alle Genter, mögen ſie wollen oder nicht, und zwingen ganz Flandern, unſerem Vorbilde zu folgen. Darauf ziehen wir gegen Frankreich, und thut es Noth, ſo rufen wir England zu Hülfe .... Binnen acht Tagen ſeid Ihr vielleicht ſchon Hauptmann von St. Michiels, Mher Calevoet."

„Wie! vielleicht?"

„Ich meine, daß es auch wohl einige Tage länger währen kann, da eine ſo gründliche Umwälzung Zeit fordert, Hauptmann von St. Michiels und Stadtſeckelmeiſter, Freund Calevoet!"

„Wohl zu verſtehen, daß ich es nicht annehme, wenn Mher Geeraert Denys nicht zum Oberhauptmann gewählt wird."

„Ich danke Euch für Eure Anhänglichkeit, Mher

Galevoet; ich hoffe, daß Gent mich nicht zweimal verkennt, und ich werde zeigen, daß ein Mann mit ſtählernem Gemüth und eiſernem Arm beſſer geeignet iſt, einer freien Gemeine zu befehlen, als ein furchtſamer Wortbrüchiger, deſſen einziges Verdienſt nur in ſeiner unerſättlichen Herrſchſucht beſteht."

Der Dechant der Zwillichweber fuhr mit der Hand an die Stirn, wie Jemand, dem ein Gedanke aufſteigt.

„Es iſt gut, daß ich mit Euch davon rede," ſagte er; „wir wollen die Schöffen abſetzen und die Leliaerds verjagen; aber was fangen wir mit Ser van Steenbeeke an? Ich ſehe Euch faſt täglich mit ihm ſprechen; er ſcheint Euer guter Freund geworden zu ſein. Wie das möglich iſt, begreife ich nicht. Er iſt doch wohl der feurigſte Leliaerd und der wärmſte Anhänger Frankreichs, den ich in ganz Flandern kenne. Sollen wir ihn verſchonen?"

„Er iſt es, der mir die Mittel verſchafft hat, mich mit dem Befehlshaber von Biervliet zu verſtändigen — und trotz dem wird der Erſte, den wir verbannen, Ser van Steenbeeke ſein."

„Ach!" ſagte Galevoet verwundert, „warum bezeugt Ihr ihm dann ſo große Freundſchaft?"

„Weil ich die Kraft beſitze, meine eigenen Gefühle des Haſſes und des Abſcheues zum Beſten des Vaterlandes zu bezwingen und zu vergeſſen, Mher Jan. Ser van Steenbeeke iſt ein Leliaerd; ich verabſcheue ihn aus Herzensgrund; aber er haßt Artevelde eben ſo feurig, wie wir. Ich ſchmeichle ihm, um ihn auf der rechten Bahn zu erhalten und ihn unterdeſſen ſelbſt zu bewachen.

Wenn ich ihn ſehe, kocht mir das Blut; aber doch bezwinge ich mich und bin freundlich gegen ihn, weil das Beſte der Gemeine es verlangt."

„Alſo keine Gnade für Ser van Steenbeeke?"

„Nein! Alle Schöffen müſſen fort, ſage ich Euch. Wir wollen Männer wählen, welche gleich uns muthig und wahrhaft vaterländiſch geſinnt ſind."

„Ich muß Euch doch noch Eins fragen, ehe ich zu meinen Mannen zurückgehe. Euer Sohn ſtand dort oben bei dem Weinſchenken. Weiß Lieven Etwas von unſerem Plane?"

„Kein Wort!"

„Ich meine aber, daß Euer Sohn ſchrecklich arteveldiſch geſinnt ausſieht und überall das Lob des Betrügers verkündet. Ich traue ihm nicht ſehr; Ihr müßt ihn anders belehren und ihn zwingen, dem Volke die Augen über ſeinen wahren Vortheil zu öffnen, ſtatt daß er zum Beſten unſeres Unterdrückers zu wirken ſucht."

Sowie Calevoet den Namen Lieven's ausgeſprochen hatte, zeigte ſich auf dem Antlitz des Oberdechanten ein Ausdruck der Ungeduld und Trauer. Seine Stimme nahm ebenfalls einen anderen Ton an; er antwortete:

„Laßt mir meinen Sohn in Frieden, Freund Jan! Er weiß noch nicht, was er thut; ſeine Neigung für den Tyrannen hat eine Euch bekannte Urſache, die man entſchuldigen muß. Darum mag er denken, was er will. Ich wünſche ihm Zeit zu laſſen, um durch Erfahrung ſich ſelbſt zu bilden. — Uebrigens, wüßte er auch etwas von unſerem Plane, ſo würde er ihn doch nicht hindern können. Er ſteht in der St. Jorisgilde und wird alſo nie weit von mir entfernt ſein..... Geht nun zu Euren Zelten und trefft Eure Anſtalten wohl, damit Niemand ſein Glied verlaſſe."

„Wir haben noch Zeit. Man kann doch nicht Sturm laufen, ehe die anderen Karren mit Reisholz von Eecloo angekommen ſind. Ich wollte noch mit Euch ſprechen von dem Ribaudenkönige; es ſcheint mir...."

„Nein, nein, Freund Calevoet! Der iſt durch feſte Bande an mich geknüpft. Nun geht in Frieden, Hauptmann von St. Michiels."

„Und ſeid Gott befohlen, Oberhauptmann von Gent."

Beide Freunde drückten einander entzückt die Hand und jubelten bereits im Voraus über die Früchte ihres böſen Anſchlages.

Kaum war der Dechant der Zwillichweber fort, ſo trat Geeraert Denys einen Augenblick vor ſein Zelt. Der Weinhändler, der es raſch bemerkte, nahte ſich ihm und that, als ob er ihm das Eine und das Andere zum Kauf anbiete. Der Oberdechant rief ihn hinein, und beide verſchwanden im Zelte.

Während man ſo in dem anderen Theile des Lagers auf ſeinen Tod ſann, ſtand Artevelde ruhig vor ſeinem Zelte und betrachtete die Feſtung. Sein Antlitz war ſtill und gelaſſen; allein ſein männlicher Blick zeigte einige Ungeduld, während er über das lange Ausbleiben der Karren unzufrieden war.

Nicht weit von ihm befand ſich ein Trompeter, der ihn nie verlaſſen durfte, ſelbſt nicht mitten im ſchrecklichſten Gefecht.

Schon lange hatte Artevelde dort geſtanden und war viele Mal auf- und abgeſchritten, als Ghelnoot von Lens zu ihm kam und ſagte:

„Oberhauptmann! die Karren mit Reisholz ſind keine zehn Bogenſchüſſe mehr von hier.“

„Endlich!“ ſagte Jakob, mit einem Ausdruck des Vergnügens. — „Wie ſind unſere Leute, Myher von Lens?“

„Wie wahre Genter!“ lachte Ghelnoot. „Ihr werdet ſie klettern ſehen wie die Katzen und fechten wie die Löwen. Es wird einen ſchönen Staub aufwirbeln, Oberhauptmann; ich wollte, wir wären ſchon dabei!“

Artevelde drückte ſeinem Freunde die Hand und ſagte:

„Immer guten Muthes, Ghelnoot, ſelbſt vor einem Sturme! Es iſt wahrlich keine geringe Sache, Biervliet mit Leitern anzugreifen, ohne Sturmböcke und Fallthürme. Wir brauchen Gottes Hülfe und ächt vlämiſchen Muth; aber weder das Eine noch das Andere ſoll uns fehlen. Heute Nachmittag muß das Neſt erobert ſein; denn der König von Frankreich iſt mit ſeinem Heere bereits in Doornick eingezogen. Wir müſſen die Hände frei haben, um den Franzoſen einmal eine tüchtige Lection geben zu können, wenn ſie wirklich die Abſicht haben, Gent anzugreifen.“

„Zweifelt Ihr denn an ihrem Kommen?“ fragte Ghelnoot gleichſam verächtlich.

„Gewiß zweifele ich daran,“ antwortete Artevelde. „Ich möchte ſelbſt wetten, daß der König von Frankreich keinen Fuß auf vlämiſchen Boden ſetzen wird. Er hätte es gethan, wäre ihm ſeine Liſt mit dem Banne geglückt, weil er hoffte, uns dadurch zu entwaffnen und unſere volle Unterwerfung binnen einigen Tagen zu erreichen. Jetzt aber, da unſere Berufung an den Papſt ſeinem hinterliſtigen Verſuche alle Kraft geraubt hat, weiß er nicht mehr, was er thun ſoll, und fürchtet nicht ohne Grund, König Eduard werde die Gelegenheit wahrnehmen, um in Frankreich einzufallen.“

„Aber,“ bemerkte Ghelnoot, „der Schöffe Ser van Steenbecke ſagte eben noch in meinem Beiſein, er wiſſe es ganz gewiß, daß der König ſeit geſtern gegen Gent in Anmarſch ſei.“

„Ser van Steenbecke geht nicht in ehrlichen Schuhen, Myher von Lens; ich weiß mehr davon. Die Nachricht, welche er verbreitet, iſt ungegründet; er ſpricht nur ſeine eigenen Wünſche darin aus. Einen Ueberfall haben wir obendrein nicht zu fürchten; die Brücken über die Leije und Schelde ſind überall abgebrochen; bei dem Paſſe von Deynze befindet ſich der Hauptmann van Vaernewyck; auf der Straße von Audenaerde iſt der Dechant Willem Yoens gelagert; alle Durchzüge ſind beſetzt, und Gent ſelbſt iſt ſicher genug bewahrt durch unſere muthigen Genoſſen van Huſe und van den Hovene. Laßt den König von Frankreich nur kommen! So bequem gelangt er nicht nach Gent.“

„Aber ſeht, Myher Jakob,“ ſprach Ghelnoot plötzlich, dorthin zeigend, „wie man dort oben auf der Mauer der Feſtung Alles zuſammenbringt an der Stelle, wo wir ſtürmen müſſen! Sollten die Schelme riechen, wo wir hinaufklettern wollen? oder iſt Verrath mit im Spiele?“

Artevelde richtete nachdenklich ſeinen Blick auf die Feſtung und ſchien nochmals die Erſtürmung in allen ihren möglichen Wechſelfällen zu überrechnen. Nachdem er dies gethan, klopfte er Ghelnoot auf die Schulter und ſagte:

„Es iſt Zeit, daß wir beginnen, Freund! Geht zu den Karren, und wenn ſie noch nicht ganz abgeladen ſind, ſo beſchleunigt die Arbeit. Sendet mir einen Boten, wenn ſie gethan iſt.“

Ghelnoot von Lens lief vergnügt und lachend nach dem Lager und verſchwand hinter den Zelten. Er war kaum einige Augenblicke fort, ſo meldete auch ſchon ein Geſelle dem Oberhauptmanne, Alles ſei fertig.

„Zu den Waffen!“ rief Artevelde dem Trompeter zu, der in ſeiner Nähe auf ſeine Befehle wartete.

Dieſer ſetzte ſein Inſtrument an den Mund und ließ einige lang ausgehaltene Töne über die Ebene hallen. Aus allen Ecken des Lagers, auch in der anderen Abtheilung, wurde auf dieſelbe Weiſe geantwortet.

Unmittelbar darauf ſah man die Kämpfer in Menge vor den Zelten erſcheinen und ſich, ſo viel wie jetzt thunlich war, in Gliedern oder wenigſtens in Reihen um ihre Standarten ſchaaren. Sie nahmen ungewöhnlich viel Platz ein wegen des Sturmwerkzeuges, mit dem faſt Jeder beladen war.

Voran und am Nächſten nach der Feſtung zu ſtand das zahlreiche Corps der Walkmüller, von denen Jeder ſo viel Reisholz trug, als es ſeine Kraft erlaubte. Das große Banner ihrer Gilde, zwei gekrönte goldene Karden auf rothem Felde, erhob ſich mitten aus ihren Schaaren. Dieſe Geſellen hatten ihre Gutentags bei den Zelten ſtehen laſſen, und mußten, nachdem ſie die Büſche in den Graben geworfen hatten, zurücklaufen, um ihre Waffen zu holen, und von der Seite wieder zum Sturme kommen. Hinter ihnen befanden ſich die Strohdecker, Ziegeldecker und Zimmerleute mit Leitern, Sturmhaken, Stricken und Allem, was weiter nöthig war, um die Erſteigung auszuführen. Dieſen folgten die übrigen Gilden und Zünfte, in geſchloſſenen Gliedern aufgeſtellt und nicht durch Sturmwerkzeug gehindert: die ſchöne Gilde von Sanct Sebaſtian mit ihren langen Schwertern, die Metzger mit ihren glänzenden Beilen, die Fiſchhändler mit ihren geſtreiften Kollern und langen Lanzen, die Bäcker, ganz in Weiß gekleidet und den ſchweren Gutentag kraftvoll führend, die Brauer, ebenſo bewaffnet, aber mit halb weißen, halb rothen Kollern, und ſo ferner in der Tiefe des Lagers der größte Theil der kleinen Zünfte von Gent.

Die Ausrüſtung aller Geſellen ohne Unterſchied war ziemlich dieſelbe. Sie trugen ein Panzerhemd, aus eiſernen Ringen gebildet, die mit Riemchen auf ein ledernes Kleid genäht waren, und darüber ein Koller von Tuch, welches bei jeder Gilde in Farbe und Schnitt anders war. Ihr Kopf war gegen die Schwerter der Reiterei durch einen eiſernen Sturmhut geſchützt, ſowie ihr rechter Ellenbogen durch einen kleinen runden oder dreieckigen Schild, auf welchem zwei kleinere Schilde mit den Farben von Flandern und von Gent glänzten.

Ueber dieſer dicht zuſammengedrängten Heeresmacht flatterten die zahlreichen Standarten der Gilden von Gent, und noch mannichfaltiger waren die rothen Pongoenen oder Fähnlein, von denen je hundert Mann eines führten.

An dem rechten Flügel des Lagers hatte man die Sturmwerkzeuge hervorgeführt. Es waren Springböcke und Wurfmaſchinen, aus ſchweren Balken gezimmert und gebraucht, um große Steine über die Mauern zu ſchleudern. Das wunderlichſte Werkzeug, das man hier bemerken konnte, war jedoch der berühmte Stadtbogen von Gent. Vier Pferde zogen mit Mühe dieſes ſchreckliche Werkzeug. Man konnte jedes Mal, wenn man den Rieſenbogen abſchoß, zwanzig Pfeile ſo ſchwer wie Lanzen mit einem Schuß über die Mauern einer Feſtung ſenden. Die anderen Werkzeuge, ſämmtlich auf Rädern, waren gleichfalls mit Pferden beſpannt, und ihnen folgten Wagen, mit Steinen und Pfeilen beladen.

Bei den Sturmwerkzeugen befanden ſich die weißen Kaproenen, eine Bande muthiger Geſellen, welche freiwillig im Heere dienten und ihm ſtets folgten, ſelbſt wenn ihre Pflicht als Mitglieder der Gilden ſie nicht zu den Waffen rief. Als Kennzeichen trugen ſie eine Art von faltiger Filzmütze, die man eine Kaproene nannte.

Neben ihnen, und ganz beſonders bei dem Sturmzeug thätig, ſah man die luſtigen Ribauden mit ihrem

Könige Muggelyn, ganz in Weiß gekleidet. Ihr Banner war, ſicherlich aus Scherz, von grober Sackleinwand. — Sie hielten jetzt mit Ungeduld die Pferde am Zügel, um auf das erſte Zeichen, nach des Oberhauptmanns Befehl, neben den Stürmenden vorwärts zu eilen und einen Hagel von Pfeilen und Steinen auf die Mauer der Feſtung zu ſenden.

Sobald Artevelde mit mächtigem Blicke die Schaaren überſehen und Alles in Bereitſchaft gefunden hatte, begab er ſich mit ſeinem Trompeter an die Spitze der St. Sebaſtiansgilde und ließ zum Sturme blaſen.

Das ganze Heer bewegte ſich nun in tiefſtem Schweigen. Obwohl faſt erliegend unter dem Gewicht ihrer Laſt, liefen die Walkmüller doch in einem Zuge nach dem Graben und warfen das Buſchwerk hinein, ſo daß derſelbe an der angewieſenen Stelle ganz gefüllt wurde und man in ziemlicher Ausdehnung trockenen Fußes hinübergehen konnte.

Kaum hatten die Walkmüller den Graben verlaſſen, um ihre Gutentags zu holen, als die Ziegeldecker und Zimmerleute ſich dem Fuße der Mauer näherten und ihre Leitern an dieſelbe legten.

Einige Mitglieder der St. Sebaſtiansgilde verſuchten zuerſt die Mauern zu erſteigen, ehe noch die Hälfte der Leitern angelegt ſein mochte; die Belagerten ſtürzten jedoch dieſe tapferen Genter unter einer Wolke von Steinen wieder von den Leitern hinunter, ſo daß die Letzteren ſich mit großem Verluſte gezwungen ſahen, davon abzulaſſen, bis der allgemeine Sturm beginnen würde.

Nicht weit von dem Graben ließ Artevelde einen Karren umwerfen, erſtieg denſelben, um Alles überſehen zu können, und gab alsbald den Befehl, die Feſte in ihrer ganzen Breite zu berennen. Auf dieſes Zeichen ließen die Ribauden die Springböcke und den großen Stadtbogen ſpielen, ſo daß die Pfeile und Steine mit Blitzesſchnelle durch die Luft fuhren und ſie mit einem ſchneidenden Pfeifen erfüllten. Alle Gilden eilten jetzt vorwärts und warfen ſich mit Wuth auf die Leitern, bei dem Erſteigen derſelben einander ſo dicht folgend, daß der Körper des Erſten allen Uebrigen als Bruſtwehr diente. Bei heftigem Lärm und wüthendem Kriegsgeheul ſah man die verwundeten oder erſchlagenen Geſellen von den Leitern herabfallen und die Mauer entlang verſtümmelt oder todt auf den Boden ſtürzen. Bereits hatten Einige den Oberwall der Feſtung erreicht; doch waren ſie eben ſo raſch von dem Feinde wieder hinabgeſchleudert worden. Wie blutig und mörderiſch die Beſtürmung auch ſein mochte, dennoch deutete Alles darauf hin, daß die Genter binnen Kurzem in ziemlicher Anzahl die Mauer erſtiegen haben würden, um den Feind dort hinreichend zu beſchäftigen, ſo daß das ganze Heer ungehindert ihnen nachfolgen und die Feſtung erklettern könnte.

In dieſem Augenblicke öffnete ſich das Thor von Biervliet und die Zugbrücke wurde niedergelaſſen. Ein kleiner Haufen Reiterei ſprengte in das offene Feld und rückte gegen das Corps an, welches Geeraert Denys befehligte. Der Oberdechant zog ihm mit ſeinen Mannen entgegen; die Reiter wichen jedoch, obwohl fechtend, Schritt für Schritt zurück und lockten durch dieſes Mittel die Weber ziemlich weit von dem Sturmplatze fort.

Durch ſein tolles Geſchrei regte Geeraert Denys ſeine Mannen zu raſendem Jauchzen an und entzündete dadurch eine ſolche Kampfluſt in ihnen, daß ſie den ſchwachen Feind beinahe blindlings verfolgten.

Mittlerweile öffnete ſich das Thor von Biervliet zum zweiten Male; die ganze Reiterei der Leliaerds erſchien im Felde und ſprengte mit gefälltem Speer und gehobenem Schwerte auf die ſtürmenden Genter ein.

Auf dem Karren, auf welchem er ſtand, ſah Artevelde mit Beſtürzung dieſe unerwartete Wolke von Feinden ſich nähern. Er ließ raſch zum Abzug blaſen und ſo viel wie möglich ein ſtarkes Carré bilden; aber noch ehe dieſe Bewegung nach ſeinem Willen ausgeführt war, ſtürzte ſich die ganze Macht der Leliaerds zerſchmetternd auf ſeine Banden.

Der erſte Stoß war ſchrecklich; mehr als hundert Vläminger fielen ſterbend nieder, und man mußte fürchten, daß es ſehr bald um die Stürmenden geſchehen ſein würde. In dieſem entſcheidenden Augenblicke hob Artevelde ſein Schwert empor, ſprang von dem Karren herab, ſtürzte ſich den Leliaerds entgegen und rief kraftvoll ſeinen zurückweichenden Mannen zu:

„Gent! Gent! Haltet vlämiſchen Muth! Wer ein Vläminger iſt, folge mir! Vorwärts! vorwärts!“

Dieſes rufend, hieb er drei oder vier Reiter nieder, und drang dann mitten in den Feind. Durch ſein Vorbild ermuthigt, machten die Genter einen neuen Verſuch, und einem Theile derſelben glückte es, mit dem Oberhauptmanne den Feind zu durchbrechen. Die Stellung dieſer unverzagten Kämpfer wurde jedoch bald höchſt bedenklich. Es ſchien, als ob die Reiter es hauptſächlich auf Artevelde abgeſehen hatten; denn die anderen Banden verlaſſend, umzingelten ſie plötzlich den Oberhauptmann und hieben unter lautem Jubelgeſchrei die Männer, welche ihn umgaben, nieder.

Artevelde hatte bereits eine leichte Wunde am Kopfe erhalten, und das Blut lief ihm die Wangen hinunter. Sicherlich würde er bald der Uebermacht des Feindes erlegen ſein, denn alle Speere und Schwerter waren auf ihn gerichtet; aber der mächtige Ghelnoot von Lens ſtand dort neben ihm, wie ein unbezwinglicher Rieſe, gleichſam im Blute watend und mit ſeinem Schwerte, das er im Kreiſe ſchwang, Alles niederſchlagend, was er erreichte. Unter ſeinem kräftigen Arme flogen die Speere entzwei, wie trockene Zweige, und er zermalmte die Körper der Reiter ſelbſt unter ihren eiſernen Harniſchen. Der heldenmüthige Genter verſpottete mitten in dieſem wilden Kampfe noch die Feinde, und rief ihnen mit höhniſchen Worten zu, daß ſie ſich des Oberhauptmannes nicht bemächtigen würden. Er war ganz mit Blut bedeckt und ſchnaubte wie ein wüthender Löwe.

Allein, wie wunderbar tapfer ſich auch der mannhafte Ghelnoot zeigte, er täuſchte ſich doch über den wahrſcheinlichen Ausgang dieſes ſchrecklichen Kampfes. In der That, wie der Streit ſich jetzt zeigte, konnte nichts weder den Oberhauptmann noch ihn vom gewiſſen Tode erretten. Sie waren auf allen Seiten eingeſchloſſen durch eine undurchdringliche Schaar von Feinden, während die überraſchten Genter auf anderen Stellen ebenfalls gedrängt wurden und Mühe genug hatten, ſich ſelbſt in der Verwirrung zu vertheidigen.

Mittlerweile hielt Geeraert Denys ſeinen Trupp noch immer damit beſchäftigt, ein Scheingefecht gegen den kleinen Haufen Reiter zu führen. Seine Krieger hatten den großen Ausfall der Leliaerds wohl bemerkt und hörten jetzt das entſetzliche Kriegsgeſchrei gleich fernem Donner durch die Luft zu ihnen dringen. Viele Centeniere und Conſtabel begannen Argwohn zu hegen und vermutheten mit Recht, daß der Angriff, den ſie zurückwieſen, nur eine Kriegsliſt ſei, um die Stürmenden ihres Schutzes zu berauben. Ein gleiches Gefühl herrſchte unter den Geſellen; doch wagten ſie, da beſchimpfende Strafe darauf ſtand, nicht ihre Glieder zu verlaſſen. Obendrein trieb der Dechant der Zwillichweber, der den Nachtrab führte, die Streitenden immer vorwärts, während Geeraert Denys durch ſein unaufhörliches Geſchrei jeden Rath und jede Bemerkung unmöglich machte.

Lieven Denys befand ſich am Ende der dritten Schaar der St. Jorisgilde. Seine Haltung war ſeltſam unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen; er war bleich und zitterte ſichtbar, während er fortwährend die Augen nach der Seite des Sturmplatzes gerichtet hielt, obwohl er dieſen nicht ſehen konnte; nicht für ſich hegte er ſolche Furcht; in ſeinem liebenden Herzen ſprach eine geheime Stimme, welche ihm ſagte, daß Artevelde in Lebensgefahr ſchwebe und vielleicht ſchon zerſchmettert unter den Hufen der Pferde liege. Dieſer Gedanke bereitete ihm furchtbare Qualen. Das Bild ſeiner angebeteten Beerle und die blutige Leiche ihres Vaters zeigten ſich wechſelsweiſe vor ſeinen inneren Blicken, und von dieſen gräßlichen Erſcheinungen erfüllt ſchritt er in dumpfer Selbſtvergeſſenheit vorwärts, ohne auf das zu achten, was ſich rings um ihn her ereignete.

In dieſem Augenblicke nahte ſich der Trupp einer Art von aufgeworfenem Deich, vor welchem ſich ein ſchmaler Graben hinzog. Der junge Lieven, deſſen Höhe gewahrend, ließ ſich plötzlich von ſeiner Angſt fortreißen und lief bis an die Hüften in das Waſſer, um den Deich zu erſteigen. Als er ihn erklommen hatte, warf er einen Blick auf den Sturmplatz und ſah die Reiterei in vollem Gefecht mit Artevelde's Truppen. Der Anblick der flüchtenden Vläminger bewies ihm, daß der Feind die Oberhand hatte.

Allein ſeiner grenzenloſen Liebe für den weiſen Mann Gehör gebend, ſtieß er einen ſchneidenden Schrei aus und rannte dann in vollem Laufe durch das Waſſer zu der Standarte von St. Joris zurück. Haſtig ſah er ſich nach ſeinem Vater um; da er aber dieſen nicht raſch genug gewahrte, ſo riß er dem Bannerträger die Standarte aus den Händen, eilte mit derſelben vorwärts und rief nun mit voller Kraft:

„Mannen, Mannen! vorwärts! Folgt mir! Man ermordet den Oberhauptmann! Unſere Brüder! unſere Brüder! raſch! raſch!“

Alle Schaaren und ſelbſt die Anführer jauchzten Lieven's That vollen Beifall zu; Jeder wandte ſich um, und Alle folgten ihm in vollem Laufe.

Als Geeraert Denys bemerkte, daß man ſeinen Befehlen nicht gehorche, und es ihm unmöglich geworden ſei, ſein Heer zurückzuhalten, ſtrengte er ſelbſt alle ſeine Kräfte an, um der St. Jorisgilde zuvorzukommen. Dies gelang ihm auch. Er nahm ſeinem Sohne die Standarte aus der Hand und lief mit derſelben nach dem Sturmplatze, als ob er ſich beeile, Artevelde Beiſtand zu leiſten.

Die Genter bedurften übrigens der Ermuthigung des Oberdechanten nicht, um ihren Brüdern hülfreich beizuſpringen. — Wie ein losbrechendes Ungewitter ſtürzten ſie zu gleicher Zeit mit raſendem Rachegeheul unverſehens auf die feindliche Reiterei, und da ſie dieſelbe von hinten anfielen, und nach ihrer Gewohnheit mit den Gutentags oder den Schwertern den Pferden die Beine zerſchlugen, ſo fiel von jedem ihrer Hiebe ein Reiter zu Boden. In weniger als einem Augenblicke änderte ſich das Gefecht in ein gräßliches Schlachten um; die Sturmlaufenden, jetzt durch ihre Brüder befreit, griffen den Feind mit erneuter Wuth an, und dieſer, in einen ſich immer enger ziehenden Kreis eingeſchloſſen, ward erſt zuſammengedrängt und dann von allen Seiten unwiderſtehlich bekämpft. Während derſelben Zeit hatten noch zwei vlämiſche Helden, queer durch die Pferde hindurch, ſich einen Weg zu Artevelde gebahnt, und ſtanden dort fechtend vor ihm. Dies waren Lieven Denys und der Blaufärber Lieven Comyne, welche ihn vorn beſchützten, während Ghelnoot und ſeine Genoſſen von der Seite und hinten, die letzten Anſtrengungen des verzweifelten Feindes vereitelten. Gleich darauf bohrten ſich Lieven Comyne und der junge Denys mit anderen tapferen Geſellen durch die Reiterſchaar, welche Artevelde noch umzingelt hielt, befreiten den Oberhauptmann und führten ihn mitten in das vlämiſche Heer.

Artevelde erkletterte raſch einen Haufen todter Pferde, hielt das Schwert in die Höhe, ſo daß das ganze Heer ihn ſah, und rief mit begeiſterter Stimme:

„Heil Gent! Heil Gent! Unſer iſt der Sieg! Haltet vlämiſchen Muth!“

Eben ſo raſch ſprang er wieder von den Pferden hinunter; während ein unbeſchreiblicher Jubel ſeinen Worten folgte, ſagte er etwas zu Ghelnoot und zog ſich dann einige Schritte hinter den Kampfplatz zurück. Hier ſammelte er ſchnell eine ſtarke Schaar und eilte mit derſelben von dem Schlachtfelde fort.

Die Reiter, welche dieſe Bewegung merkten, glaubten, es ſeien Flüchtlinge, und ſchöpften neuen Muth. Als ſie aber ſahen, daß der Oberhauptmann mit ſeiner Schaar nicht weit von dem Stadtthore Halt machte und dort ein Viereck bildete, bemächtigte ſich ihrer große Furcht. Für ſie gab es jetzt keine Rettung mehr; Flucht war eben ſo unmöglich, wie der Sieg, ſeit ihnen der Zugang zu der Brücke von Biervliet abgeſchnitten war.

Dieſes glückliche Manöver von Seiten Artevelde's beſchleunigte ſichtbar die Entſcheidung der Schlacht. Die Griffe der Schwerter wurden allmählig hier und dort in die Höhe gehoben, und die Leliaerds begannen um Gnade zu flehen. Bald nachher gaben ſich auch die Uebrigen gefangen, und auf das donnernde Kampfgeſchrei folgte jetzt der ungemiſchte Siegesruf der frohen Vläminger.

Artevelde verließ die Brücke und näherte ſich dem jubelnden Heere. Der erſte, der ihm hier entgegenkam, war Geeraert Denys; der Oberdechant drückte Artevelde freundlich die Hand und ſprach mit erheuchelter Freude:

„Ich wünſche Euch Glück zu dem Siege, Oberhauptmann!"

„O, Mher Denys!" ſagte der weiſe Mann, „es war Zeit, daß Ihr zu unſerer Befreiung kamt; wo bliebt Ihr denn ſo lange?"

„Man hatte mich getäuſcht, ich bekenne es!" antwortete Geeraert demüthig; „man hatte ein Corps Reiterei gegen mich abgeſandt, und während ich dies verfolgte, überfiel man Euch. Glücklicher Weiſe entdeckte mein Sohn Lieven die Kriegsliſt; außer Athem eilten wir hieher und vernichteten raſch den Feind."

„Dieſer Misgriff darf Euch nicht betrüben, Mher Denys!" ſagte Artevelde, nach dem Schlachtfelde gehend; „der beſte Feldherr iſt der Täuſchung ausgeſetzt."

Der Oberdechant ſah dem Oberhauptmann mit falſchem Blicke nach, und ein Lächeln mordſüchtiger Bosheit umſpielte ſeine Lippen.

„Du ſollſt meiner Rache doch nicht entgehen!" murmelte er heimlich.

In dieſem Augenblicke kam ſein Sohn Lieven zu ihm geeilt und umarmte ihn feurig. Der Oberdechant gab ihm ſeinen Kuß zurück und ſagte:

„Lieven! Lieven! Du haſt Dich eines ſchweren Vergehens ſchuldig gemacht, und ich ſollte Dich wenigſtens acht Tage mit den Schandeiſen an den Händen vor meinem Zelte ſtehen laſſen; dennoch vergebe ich Dir wegen des guten Erfolges Deiner Vermeſſenheit; laß es aber nicht wieder geſchehen, denn ſonſt ſehe ich mich genöthigt, Dich auf immer aus der St. Jorisgilde zu verbannen.“

„Ach, Vater!“ rief Lieven Denys, mit vor Trotz funkelnden Blicken; „ich habe den Oberhauptmann und vielleicht das Vaterland gerettet. Schandeiſen an den Händen! Aber ich würde heute lachend ſterbend; ich bin jung, Vater, und kann noch nicht viel leiſten; allein den Befreier von Gent, den weiſen Mann, gerettet zu haben, iſt eine That, welche in meinem Leben Epoche macht!“

„So, ſo!“ ſagte Geeraert, mit unterdrückter Wuth, „es ſcheint, daß der Uebermuth Dich berauſcht hat. Wer Dich ſo ſähe, ſollte wahrlich glauben, Du hätteſt die Welt umgekehrt.“

Er bemerkte nun, daß dieſer Scherz ſeinen Sohn tief ſchmerzte, gab ihm daher die Hand, und fuhr fort:

„Du haſt Dich jedenfalls heldenmüthig betragen, das geſtehe ich Dir gern zu. Begieb Dich nur nach Deinem Zelte und reinige Dich von dem Blute. Ich muß jetzt für die Verwundeten ſorgen. Halte Dich ruhig, Lieven, und rühme Deine That nicht zu ſehr; es würde Dir nachtheilig ſein.“

Bei dieſen Worten ließ er ſeinen Sohn ſtehen und begab ſich auf das Schlachtfeld, wo die meiſten Genter damit beſchäftigt waren, die Verwundeten, ſowohl Freunde wie Feinde, unter den Pferden hervorzuziehen und ſie nach dem Orte zu bringen, wo die Wundärzte mit ihren Gehülfen ſich befanden.

Ungefähr hundert Schritte weit davon ſtanden die Fleiſcher und Bäcker in einem großen Viereck aufgeſtellt, und innerhalb deſſelben befanden ſich die gefangenen Leliaerds, deren Pferde, von den Sattlern bewacht, an die Pfähle der Zelte gebunden waren.

Artevelde, obwohl auf das Aeußerſte ermüdet von dem heftigen Kampfe, und aus einer Wunde am Kopfe blutend, ging von einem Orte zum andern, um durch ſeine Gegenwart Jeden zu ermuthigen und die Verwundeten zu tröſten. Zu gleicher Zeit hatte er ein wachſames Auge auf die Feſtung und das Thor, vor das er die Gilde der Küfer und Weinmeſſer als Wache geſandt hatte. Erſt nachdem alles dies beſorgt war, begab er ſich zu Meiſter Spelliaerde, dem Stadtchirurgus, und ließ ſich das Haupt unterſuchen und verbinden. Der Arzt hielt die Wunde nicht für gefährlich und meinte, ſie würde binnen wenigen Tagen von ſelbſt heilen.

Der Chirurgus hatte kaum einen kleinen Verband um Artevelde's Kopf befeſtigt, ſo kehrte derſelbe auch ſchon erſtaunt nach dem Schlachtfelde zurück, wo ſich eine ganz beſondere Bewegung bemerken ließ. Alle Genter ſtanden auf oder ſtiegen auf die gefallenen Pferde, um beſſer unterſcheiden zu können, wer dort in der Ferne auf der Straße nach Gent in vollem Rennen herankam.

Ehe noch Jemand dem Oberhauptmann melden konnte, was ſo die allgemeine Neugier wecke, erſchienen zwei Reiter auf dem Schlachtfelde. Es waren dies Meiſter Auguſtyn, der Stadtſchreiber von Gent, begleitet von einem königlichen Boten, den man augenblicklich als ſolchen an ſeinem Wappenzeichen und ſeinem Stabe erkannte. Meiſter Auguſtyn ſprengte mit frohem Antlitz voraus und rief den Gentern zu:

„Der Oberhauptmann! der Oberhauptmann!"

Man wies ihn nach dem Zelte, wo Artevelde bei dem Meiſter Spelliaerde ſtand; aber eben ſo raſch umringte man den Stadtſchreiber von allen Seiten und fragte ihn, was er Neues bringe?

„Friede! Friede! Geſellen!" ſchrie er eifrig; „Gent hat geſiegt! Heil, Heil dem freien Gent!"

Als man nun ſein Pferd bei dem Zügel faßte, um mehr zu erfahren, ſagte er:

„Laßt los! der Oberhauptmann wird es Euch gleich ſelbſt verkündigen. Seid indeſſen froh und heiter, denn es iſt eine gute Nachricht."

Man machte ihm nun Platz, und er ritt mit dem Herolde zu Artevelde, der ihm bereits einige Schritte weit entgegengekommen war. Meiſter Auguſtyn konnte noch nicht zehn Worte zu dem Oberhauptmann geſagt haben, als dieſer ſchon ſeinem Trompeter ein Zeichen gab, den Kriegsrath und die Dechanten zuſammenzurufen, und mit den beiden Reitern ſich nach ſeinem Zelte begab, wohin ſich die Schöffen und die Dechanten der Gilden auf die erſten Klänge der Trompeten ebenfalls augenblicklich verfügten.

Mittlerweile lieſen die Genter hauſenweiſe auf dem Schlachtfelde zuſammen und unterhielten ſich mit ungeheurer Neugier über die Ankunft des Meiſter Auguſtyn und des Heroldes. Jeder wollte rathen, welcher Art die Nachricht ſein möchte; aber ſo viel ſie auch ſuchten und ſich einbildeten, es lief immer auf den Gedanken hinaus, der König von England müſſe Frieden mit dem Könige von Frankreich geſchloſſen haben. Dieſes ſicherte wohl die Arbeit und die Nahrung in Flandern; aber was wurde dann aus der Freiheit? Sollten die Genter ſich entwaffnen laſſen und ſich wieder, wie früher, vor Frankreichs Willkür beugen? Dieſe und mehrere andere Fragen legten ſie einander vor, während ſie warteten, bis ihnen der eigentliche Stand der Dinge bekannt gemacht würde.

Endlich nach einer langen Viertelſtunde ſahen ſie den Oberhauptmann mit den Schöffen und den Dechanten aus dem Zelte treten. Das große Banner von Gent wurde auf dem Schlachtfelde aufgepflanzt und ein Belagerungswerkzeug daneben aufgeſtellt. Artevelde's Trompeter blies zur Verſammlung. Die Standarten und Banner der Gilden ſtellten ſich in Schlachtordnung auf, und alle Geſellen bildeten, nach Anweiſung ihrer Dechanten und Hundertmänner, geſchloſſene Glieder ringsum Artevelde. Den Küfern ward der Befehl zugefertigt, ihre Wache vor dem Thore nicht zu verlaſſen.

Sobald Stille herrſchte, beſtieg Artevelde das Belagerungswerkzeug; er hielt ein Pergament mit großen Siegeln in der Hand und gab dem Heere ein Zeichen, daß er reden wolle. Während Freude und Stolz aus ſeinen Blicken ſtrahlten, wies er mit dem Finger auf das Pergament und ſagte:

„O, Geſellen! Ehre ſei dem tapferen Gent! Seht, was ich hier in der Hand halte, iſt nicht allein der Friede; es iſt die Anerkennung des unabhängigen Flanderns, der Sieg der Volksfreiheit über Unterdrückung und ſchnöde Liſt, die Niederlage des Fremdlings, der ruhmvolle Triumph unſerer Vaterſtadt! — Hört, unter welchen Bedingungen der König von Frankreich uns Frieden anbietet! Jubelt in Eurem Herzen, denn unſere Feinde weichen vor Eurem Heldenmuthe! Hört, es iſt ein Friedensantrag, den Frankreich ſelbſt Euch macht!

„Erſtens, die Vlääminger ſollen Handel treiben dürfen mit Kaufleuten jeder Nation; die fremden Kaufleute dürfen in Flandern mit ihren Familien ungeſtört und frei wohnen.

„Zweitens, die Vlääminger dürfen Handelsverträge abſchließen mit England und allen anderen Völkern, wie es ihnen gut dünkt.

„Drittens, der König von Frankreich ſoll nie geſtatten, daß ſein Heer den fremden Boden betrete, noch ſollen die Vlääminger des Königs bewaffnete Feinde in großer Anzahl in ihrem Lande empfangen.

„Viertens, die Vlääminger ſollen nie gezwungen werden können, die Waffen zu ergreifen, als nur, um ihr eigenes Grundgebiet zu vertheidigen und deſſen Neutralität aufrecht zu erhalten.

„Fünftens, wenn der König von England dieſen Frieden annimmt, ſoll er ſich verbindlich machen, nie Krieg in Flandern zu führen und ſeine Länder dem vlämiſchen Handel öffnen.

„Dies ſind, Genoſſen! die Grundbedingungen von Frankreichs Vorſchlage; der Graf von Flandern hat ſie bereits angenommen und wird kommen und Hof halten in Gent, wenn wir ebenfalls damit übereinſtimmen. Wer hat aber dieſe Bedingungen gemacht? Iſt es Philipp von Valois, oder das freie Gent, das geſagt hat: So ſoll es ſein, und anders nicht! Hier bleibt kein Zweifel über unſern Beſchluß; wir können nicht verwerfen, was wir ſelbſt aufgeſtellt haben. Wir werden alſo, Freunde! von unſerem Feinde ſelbſt anerkannt als ein unabhängiges Volk, das ohne irgend eine Vermittelung mit allen Nationen Bündniſſe ſchließen darf. Wir behalten unſere Waffen, um unſeren Boden zu beſchützen, und auch die geringſte Verletzung dieſes Friedens, an wem es immer ſein möge, zu rächen. Unſer Fürſt Ludwig zeigt ſich bereit, die Liebe der freien Vlämingen zu gewinnen, und wird binnen wenigen Tagen ſeinen Wohnſitz unter den Gentern nehmen. Gott ſei innig dafür gedankt, daß er uns dieſen ſchönen Sieg geſchenkt hat! Wir haben unſere alte Freiheit wieder gewonnen; wir werden ſie zu bewahren und zu vertheidigen wiſſen. Uns naht jetzt, Genoſſen, die Arbeit, der Handel, der Reichthum, der Friede! Gent wird unter den Städten ſtrahlen, wie eine prächtige Sonne; und wenn man von Freiheit und von Volksmacht ſpricht, wird man ehrfurchtsvoll auf unſere Vaterſtadt zeigen, als auf den Ort, wo vlämiſcher Löwenmuth und ächte Volksmacht weilt ..... Heil Gent! Freiheit und Nahrung! Flandern den Löwen!“

Mit dieſem Rufe endete Artevelde ſeine Rede. Ein verwirrtes Jauchzen, ein ungeheures Siegsgeſchrei ſtieg aus dem Lager gen Himmel empor. Man ſprang vor Freude; man umarmte ſich einander; man vergoß Thränen der Rührung; denn jeder begriff die Bedeutung dieſes Friedens, durch welchen Frankreich ſeine übermüthigen Forderungen fahren ließ, und der Graf von Flandern zu Allem, was die Genter gethan hatten, ſeine volle Zuſtimmung gab. Sie waren alſo mehr als je frei, und obendrein durch die Macht, Bündniſſe zu ſchließen, ganz von Frankreichs nachtheiligem Einfluſſe erlöſt.

Das Jubeln würde noch lange kein Ende gefunden haben, hätte der Trompeter nicht wieder geblaſen, um die Aufmerkſamkeit des Heeres zu wecken. Sobald die Stille wieder hergeſtellt war, erſchien Auguſtyn auf dem Sturmbocke, und rief dem Lager zu:

„Von wegen der Obrigkeit der Stadt Gent! Geſellen, es muß heute ein fröhlicher Tag ſein, um unſeren Sieg und die Rückkehr unſeres Grafen zu feiern. Die Hundertmänner ſollen ſogleich zu den Wagen gerufen werden, um Wein zu empfangen. Jeder Geſelle erhält eine doppelte Maaß nebſt zwei Tagen Sold als Friedensgeſchenk. Des Königs Bote begiebt ſich nach der

Feſtung, um dort den Waffenſtillſtand auszurufen und das Thor öffnen zu laſſen. Die unbewaffneten Bürger von Biervliet dürfen ungehindert nach unſerem Lager kommen und daſſelbe verlaſſen, dort kaufen und verkaufen. Wir inzwiſchen ſetzen keinen Fuß über die Brücke, und was auch geſchehen möge, der Oberhauptmann befiehlt, daß derjenige, welcher bei dem erſten Trompetenſtoß ſich nicht dort ſtellt, wohin er gerufen wird, aus dem Lager entfernt werden ſoll. Jeder kehre nun nach den Zelten ſeiner Gilde zurück, und trinke zufolge des Wunſches der Obrigkeit von Gent, dem ſiegreichen Vaterlande zu Ehren!"

Mit noch gewaltigerem und lauterem Jubelgeſchrei lief das Heer wie ein verwirrter Schwarm auseinander, und Jeder begab ſich jauchzend nach dem Platze, wo ſeine Gilde gelagert war.

VI.

Einige Tage nach dem Treffen von Viervliet begab ſich der Oberſchöffe, Maes van Vaernewyck, nach Brügge, von wo er den Grafen in das Gentiſche Lager brachte. Unter dem Klang der Trompeten und dem Singen von Freudenliedern zogen die vlämiſchen Schaaren, mit dem Grafen von Flandern an der Spitze, in Gent ein, deſſen Bewohner ihren Fürſten voll Eifer und mit ungewöhnlicher Pracht empfingen. Vor dem Hochhauſe auf dem Freitagsmarkte ſchwur Ludwig von Neuem, die Freiheiten des Genter Volkes zu ehren, und die Gemeine legte gleichfalls in ſeine Hände den Eid der Treue und des Gehorſams ab.

Der Graf, mit ſeinem Gefolge von Rittern und Rathsherren, ſchlug ſeinen Hof im Gravenſteen auf.

Während der erſten Tage war die Freude der Genter über den glücklichen Ausgang ihrer Beſtrebungen ſehr groß. Sie hatten ſich jetzt mit ihrem Fürſten verſöhnt; Friede, Handel, Gewerbsfleiß und Gedeihen verbreiteten Leben und Wohlſtand in ihrer Stadt; die Gemeine hatte ihre frühere Macht wieder gewonnen; ſie blieb gewaffnet gegen jeden Angriff, und die Zukunft verſprach dem Vaterlande Ruhm und Größe.

Dem weiſen Rathe, dem Heldenmuthe Artevelde's verdankte man dies Alles; auch kannte jetzt die Dankbarkeit der Genter für ihren Oberhauptmann keine Gränzen mehr; wo er ſich nur zeigte, ſtieg ein lauter Jubel in die Höhe, und man verbeugte ſich bei ſeinem Vorübergehen mit tiefgefühlter Ehrfurcht vor dem Manne, deſſen Scharfſinn wie durch einen Zauberſchlag Reichthum, Macht und Freiheit dort hervorgerufen hatte, wo einige Monate früher Hungersnoth, Sklaverei und Verzweiflung herrſchten.

Mittlerweile war jedoch der misgünſtige Geeraert Denys wachſam geblieben und hatte im Dunkeln gewirkt, um durch allerlei Mittel viele Perſonen gegen Artevelde aufzureizen, oder ſie zur Widerſetzlichkeit gegen ihn zu beſtimmen. Haß und Neid ſchärften ſeinen Verſtand und begabten ihn mit einer raſtloſen Thätigkeit. Wo irgend ein Genter ein einziges Wort der Unzufriedenheit über den Gang der Sachen fallen ließ, da war augenblicklich Denys ſelbſt oder einer ſeiner Helfershelfer bei der Hand, um mit hölliſcher Liſt das Feuer anzuſchüren, Leidenſchaften zu erregen, ehrgeizige Hoffnungen zu nähren, und Artevelde durch ſchändliche Erfindungen alles deſſen zu bezüchtigen, was als ſchlecht irgend Jemandes Mißvergnügen erregt hatte.

So bildete ſich im tiefſten Dunkel heimlicher Bosheit eine Partei gegen den großen Bürger von Gent, eine Partei, zuſammengeſetzt aus Menſchen, welche die widerſtrebendſten Leidenſchaften und die feindſeligſten Gedanken beſeelten, die aber in dieſem Augenblicke übereinſtimmten, einander den Judaskuß zu geben, um gemeinſchaftlich Artevelde's Sturz herbeizuführen.

Dieſe Neider und Feinde des weiſen Mannes begriffen wohl, daß ihre feigen Anſchläge ihnen für's erſte in Gent nicht glücken würden; eine einzige Hoffnung blieb ihnen übrig, die Ausführung ſeiner großen Pläne zu hindern und vielleicht noch alle Früchte ſeines Sieges zu vernichten; ſie wußten nämlich, daß einige Städte von Weſtflandern auf den Grafen erbittert waren, ſowohl wegen des Friedens ſelbſt, als wegen der Aufrechthaltung gewiſſer Vorrechte, die er aus den böſen Freiheiten (kwade vryheden) für ſich behalten hatte. Dieſes Mißvergnügen benutzend, ſandten ſie Leute aus, um das Volk der Städte von Weſtflandern zum Widerſtande zu reizen, und verbreiteten dabei allerlei ſchändliche Gerüchte über die angebliche Falſchheit und die meineidigen Abſichten des Grafen. Zu gleicher Zeit verſäumten ſie nicht, durch heimliche Mittel den Fürſten glauben zu machen, Artevelde ſei an Allem Schuld, ſo daß ſie mit dieſer doppelten Waffe ſicher wähnten ihr Ziel zu erreichen und dem Einfluſſe des weiſen Mannes merklichen Abbruch zu thun.

Wirklich erfuhr man auch bald darauf, daß viele Städte Weſtflanderns es verweigerten, ſich mit dem Grafen zu verſöhnen und den Frieden anzunehmen. In einigen Gemeinen war ſogar die Widerſetzlichkeit ſo hoch geſtiegen, daß man einen verderblichen Bürgerkrieg zu fürchten begann, um ſo mehr, als ein Theil von Weſtflandern drohte, ſich auf Gent zu werfen.

Artevelde täuſchte ſich nicht über die echte Quelle, aus der dieſes Uebel entſprang; er ſah deutlich, daß die Feinde ſeiner Politik ſich der Sendlinge des Königs von

Frankreich bedienten, welche ſeit dem Frieden in großer Zahl Flandern durchzogen, um Uneinigkeit zu ſäen und Zwiſtigkeiten anzuregen. Er hatte jedoch genug Vertrauen auf ſeine Macht, um nicht zu früh über dieſe geringen Umtriebe Beſorgniß zu hegen, und wartete, bis der Graf ſelbſt die Hülfe der Genter Gemeine forderte, damit alle Theile Flanderns der fürſtlichen Oberherrſchaft wieder unterworfen würden.

Als dies geſchah, zog Artevelde mit einigen Schöffen und Dechanten der Stadt Gent durch ganz Flandern und erreichte durch ſeine unwiderſtehliche Beredſamkeit, daß binnen Kurzem alle Gemeinen nicht allein den Frieden annahmen und dem Grafen Treue ſchwuren, ſondern ſich auch innig mit Gent verbündeten, um des Landes unabhängige Neutralität zu vertheidigen.

Der große Bürger mußte mit außerordentlichem Scharfſinne begabt ſein; denn was er auch unternahm, nie vergaß er dabei, die anderen Vortheile im Auge zu behalten, die es ſeinem Vaterlande noch bringen könnte. Während er nun alle vlämiſchen Städte bereiſte, um dem Grafen den rechtmäßigen Beſitz ſeiner geſetzlichen Oberherrſchaft zu verſchaffen, benutzte er die Gelegenheit, überall eine bewaffnete Bürgerwehr einzurichten und feſtzuſtellen, wie viele Mannen eine jede Gemeine auf den erſten Ruf zum großen vlämiſchen Heere ſenden ſolle, wenn die Vertheidigung des Landes die Bildung eines ſolchen Heeres nöthig mache. Die Heeresmacht, die ſich die Gemeinden verpflichteten im Fall der Noth zuſammenzubringen, belief ſich auf die anſehnliche Zahl von ſechzigtauſend Kriegern. Zugleich veranlaßte Artevelde, daß die Stadt Gent von Neuem als Mittelpunkt der vaterländiſchen Bewegung und als Wahrerin des gemeinen Rechtes anerkannt wurde.

Kaum hatte der weiſe Mann dieſe wichtige Sendung ausgeführt, als ein Bote die Nachricht nach Gent brachte, daß König Eduard von England mit einer anſehnlichen Flotte vor Sluis erſchienen ſei, und ſich anſchicke, an der vlämiſchen Küſte zu landen. Dieſe Nachricht brachte den Grafen in große Verlegenheit; zwar glaubte er nicht, daß Eduard mit Flandern Krieg führen wolle; denn man wußte wohl, daß die Engländer nur den Durchzug verlangten, um das franzöſiſche Heer im walloniſchen Flandern anzufallen; aber, ein Freund Frankreichs, und ein heftiger Feind der Engländer, zitterte er vor Wuth und Betrübniß bei dem Gedanken, daß Flandern, den Friedensbedingungen zuwider, dem Feinde geſtatten würde, ſeinen Boden zu betreten, um Philipp von Valois dadurch zu ſchaden. Er hatte um ſo mehr Urſache, dies zu fürchten, als ſich in Gent ſelbſt eine ſtarke engliſch geſinnte Partei befand und über die Ankunft des Königs jubelte. Selbſt im Rathe der Schöffen befanden ſich Mitglieder, die den Wunſch äußerten, Eduard ungehindert durch Flandern ziehen zu laſſen, und wie gewöhnlich, verſäumten Artevelde's Feinde dieſe Gelegenheit nicht, ihm Verdruß zu bereiten. Sie wußten, wie viel ihm daran lag, daß Flandern eine unerſchütterliche Neutralität behaupte, und bemühten ſich daher, den Rath zu überreden, den Durchzug zu geſtatten. Der Oberhauptmann widerlegte jedoch ihre Gründe ſo ſiegreich, daß die Schöffen ihm den Befehl gaben, ſich im Falle der Noth gewaltſam der Landung der Engländer zu widerſetzen.

Noch an demſelben Abende zog Artevelde aus Gent mit dem größten Theile der bewaffneten Zunftgenoſſen. Früh am anderen Tage, vor Sonnenaufgang, ſtellte er ſein Heer längs der Küſte auf und ließ durch einen Herold König Eduard daran erinnern, daß in Folge des von ihm ſelbſt angenommenen Vertrages Flandern ein freier neutraler Boden bleiben müſſe. Zugleich erklärte er ihm, daß die Genter Willens ſeien, ſelbſt auf Koſten ihres Blutes dieſer Neutralität Achtung zu verſchaffen.

Der König kam darauf in einem Boote an das Land und gab ſich Mühe, Artevelde auf andere Gedanken zu bringen. Er ſah jedoch bald ein, daß dies eine Unmöglichkeit ſei. Voll Bewunderung von Artevelde's Verſtand und Weisheit kehrte er nach ſeiner Flotte zurück, ließ die Segel aufziehen und ging nach Antwerpen, den unbefleckten Boden Flanderns mit Ehrfurcht verlaſſend.

Das Glück, das die Unternehmungen des Oberhauptmanns beſtändig krönte, und die raſche Zunahme ſeines Anſehens in allen Städten Flanderns, wo man die Anhänger ſeiner Politik zu Tauſenden zählte, vermehrten ſeinen unbegränzten Einfluß auf die Genter Gemeine. Zwar hatte er nicht das Recht, daſelbſt etwas ohne vorhergehenden Befehl des Rathes der Schöffen zu gebieten; auch überging er nie ſeine geſetzliche Obrigkeit; aber die meiſten erkannten ſo ſehr die Macht ſeines Geiſtes und die Tiefe ſeiner weiſen Vorſicht an, daß ein Rath, ein Wort von ihm ſelten anders betrachtet wurde, denn als ein Urtheil, worauf wenig oder gar nichts zu antworten war. Dieſe Unterordnung unter den großen Bürger entſproß jedoch nicht aus dem Mangel an Gewandtheit derjenigen, welche als Geſetzgeber über die Angelegenheiten der Gemeine zu entſcheiden hatten; im Gegentheil, noch nie hatte Gent eine Schöffenverſammlung geſehen, in welcher ſo viele ausgezeichnete Männer und erfahrene Politiker ſaßen. Dies erkannten auch die Fürſten, welche mit der Stadt Gent wie mit einem mächtigen Reiche über die wichtigſten Intereſſen zu verhandeln hatten, bei jeder Gelegenheit an.

Der große Einfluß Artevelde's und ganz beſonders die vollſtändige Unabhängigkeit der Genter Gemeine ſchienen dem Grafen auf das Höchſte zu mißfallen, nicht deswegen, daß er perſönlich nach Oberherrſchaft geſtrebt hätte, ſondern weil der König von Frankreich, als deſſen Lehensmann und Unterthan er ſich betrachtete, ihm täglich Ritter zuſandte, um ihn zu allerlei zu veranlaſſen, dem ſich Gent ſtets auf das Entſchiedenſte widerſetzte. Der Graf, in ritterlichen Anſichten aufgewachſen, konnte es nicht ertragen, daß ſein Anſehen in Flandern ſo beſchränkt ward. Mehr als einmal hatte Philipp von Valois ihm gerathen und ihn gebeten, die Gemeine durch Liſt für ſeine Pläne zu gewinnen, das heißt mit anderen Worten, ſie zu betrügen; aber der Graf war im Grunde ſeines Herzens ein rechtlicher Mann und konnte ſich damals nicht dazu entſchließen, obwohl ihn der Hochmuth der Bürger von Gent auf das Tiefſte kränkte und verletzte

Seine franzöſiſchen Höflinge gaben ſich dagegen alle Mühe, ihn für den König zu gewinnen, und da ſie, die Einrichtungen des Landes nicht kennend, Artevelde alle Schuld beimaßen, ſo ſtrengten ſie alle ihre Kräfte an, ihn bei der Obrigkeit und dem Volke verdächtig zu machen, um ſeinen Einfluß zu vernichten oder zu vermindern.

Dies gab plötzlich ſeinen Feinden neuen Muth, und Läſterung und Ehrenſchändung, unter der Leitung heimlicher Aufhetzer, begannen jetzt das Haupt zu erheben. Die widerſprechendſten Gerüchte wurden nun täglich gegen ihn in Umlauf gebracht. Bald hatte er heimlich mit dem Könige von Frankreich unterhandelt; dann wieder ſich von dem Könige von England beſtechen laſſen; endlich ſollte er die Abſicht haben, den rechtmäßigen Fürſten vom Throne zu ſtoßen, um den letzteren ſelbſt zu beſteigen; ſein häusliches Leben ward auf das Schändlichſte dargeſtellt, ſeine Verwandten und Freunde um ſeinetwillen eben ſo abſcheulich verleumdet, und man ging ſogar ſo weit, daß man ihn der verächtlichſten Laſter, ja ſelbſt der lächerlichſten Fehler bezüchtigte.

So begannen zu den Füßen des großen Mannes der feigſte Neid und die gemeinſte Misgunſt den Boden aufzuwühlen. Ohne indeſſen die Angriffe der Eiferſucht und der Erbärmlichkeit nur eines Blickes zu würdigen, ließ er ſeine Neider im Schmutze ihrer Ohnmacht fortwühlen und bekümmerte ſich nur um die Mittel, Flanderns Gedeihen und Größe zu befördern.

Mittlerweile war König Eduard nach Deutſchland gereiſt, wo er eine große Anzahl von Bundesgenoſſen gegen Frankreich gewonnen hatte und ſelbſt von dem Kaiſer mit dem Titel: „Vicarius des deutſchen Reiches“ geſchmückt worden war. Dieſes Ehrenamt ſtellte einen Theil von Flandern, welchen man das kaiſerliche Flandern nannte, unter ſeinen Befehl, und gab ihm zugleich einen großen und geſetzlichen Einfluß auf die anderen Provinzen der Niederlande. Da er nun auf dieſe Weiſe ſeine Macht vergrößert ſah, ſo rüſtete er ſich öffentlich, um einen entſcheidenden Krieg mit Frankreich zu beginnen, bis nach Paris vorzudringen und Philipp von Valois der Krone zu berauben.

Der franzöſiſche König begann jetzt ernſtlich Furcht zu hegen und unterließ ſeinerſeits nichts, um Bundesgenoſſen zu gewinnen. Es ſchmerzte ihn ſehr, ſich der Hülfe Flanderns beraubt zu ſehen; denn dieſes Land war damals mächtig genug, um allein die Wagſchale zum Vortheil des einen der beiden Könige ſinken zu machen. Deshalb hielt ſich Philipp von Valois, der im Grunde ſeines Herzens wohl fühlte, welches geringe Recht Frankreich auf Flanderns Freundſchaft habe, nicht für ſicher, daß die Vläminger ihren thatſächlichen Beiſtand Eduard verweigern würden.

Er ſparte demgemäß keine Bemühungen irgend einer Art, um zu ſeinem Vortheile in Flandern eine Aenderung der öffentlichen Meinung hervorzubringen, und weder Geld noch Liſt, um ſeinen Zweck zu erreichen. Die vlämiſchen Städte wimmelten von franzöſiſchen Sendlingen, welche manchen Bürger durch Geſchenke und Verſprechungen wankend machten.

So wuchs die Partei der Leliaerds und der franzöſiſch Geſinnten in kurzer Zeit merklich unter der geheimen Leitung des Ser van Steenbeke, und zu ihr geſellten ſich natürlich die Neider Artevelde's, Denys an der Spitze, obwohl dieſe beiden Parteien im Grunde einander tödtlich haßten.

Während der König von Frankreich über die Berichte aus Flandern ſich freuete und, obwohl mit Unrecht, zu hoffen begann, daß die Gemeinen ſich bald für ihn und gegen Eduard erklären würden, entwarf Artevelde mit tiefer Berechnung einen Plan, welcher Frankreich viel zu ſchaffen machen mußte.

In dem Augenblicke nämlich, wo Philipp von Valois ſich eines baldigen Sieges ſicher glaubte, ſchlug Artevelde plötzlich im Rathe der Schöffen vor, daß die Gemeinen von Flandern eine Geſandtſchaft zu dem Könige von Frankreich ſchicken ſollten, um die Städte Ryſſel, Douai und Orchies zurückzufordern; er bewies unwiderleglich, daß Wälſch-Flandern durch Betrug und unrechtmäßige Gewalt von dem Grundgebiete des Vaterlandes losgeriſſen worden und daß Frankreich nur durch Meineid und Verrath ſo lange im Beſitze dieſes anſehnlichen vlämiſchen Gebietes geblieben. Zugleich wies er nach, welche ſchändliche Feigheit es ſei, ſo viele Brüder, durch Mutterſprache und gleiche Abſtammung, unter der Herrſchaft des Fremdlings zu laſſen, da man jetzt die Macht beſitze, das verletzte Recht geltend zu machen und alle Vläminger von ausländiſcher Herrſchaft zu befreien. Was auch einige Mitglieder des Rathes der Schöffen dagegen vorzubringen verſuchten, Artevelde's Vorſchlag ward mit Eifer angenommen, und wenige Tage nachher erklärten die bedeutendſten Städte Flanderns, daß ſie bereit ſeien, durch Geſandte und im Fall der Noth durch Waffenmacht Gent's patriotiſches Verlangen zu unterſtützen.

Dieſer Beſchluß, durch ein Heer von ſechzigtauſend Mann befeſtigt, wirkte wie ein zermalmender Donnerſchlag ſowohl auf den Grafen, wie auf den König von Frankreich. Wälſch-Flandern abtreten? Die Frucht hundertjähriger Liſt und politiſcher Berechnung verlieren? Das drohende Flandern noch mächtiger machen? — Dazu konnte Philipp von Valois ſich nicht entſchließen.

Was den Grafen betrifft, ſo war dieſer im vollen Sinne des Worts ein Franzoſe. Er betrachtete ſich ſelbſt auch nicht anders. Flandern war für ihn nur ein Lehen, das ihm nicht mehr am Herzen lag als die Grafſchaften Rethel und Nevers, die er gleichfalls in Frankreich beſaß. Kein Wunder alſo, daß er das Gedeihen und die Macht Flanderns als ein beklagenswerthes Uebel betrachtete, ſobald dadurch der Größe ſeines vermeintlichen Vaterlandes Frankreich Abbruch geſchehen konnte.

Die Geſandtſchaft der vlämiſchen Städte begab ſich nach Paris, um dort in kräftiger Sprache die Zurückforderung von Waelſch-Flandern geltend zu machen. Der franzöſiſche Hof durfte es nicht wagen, die Geſandten abzuweiſen. Er zog daher vorſichtig die Verhandlungen eine Zeit lang in die Länge, ohne dieſelben zur Entſcheidung zu bringen. Dies konnte jedoch nicht lange währen; die Abgeordneten wurden ungeduldig und begannen bereits von Waffen und von Krieg zu reden und eine drohende Haltung anzunehmen. Der König wußte nicht mehr, durch welches Mittel er dieſem nachtheiligen Verlangen entgehen ſolle; denn weigerte er ſich, es zu erfüllen, ſo ſtellte er ſich ein Heer von ſechzigtauſend Vlämingern feindlich gegenüber, gerade in demſelben Augenblicke, wo er alle ſeine verfügbare Macht gebrauchte, um den Engländern und ihren Bundesgenoſſen Widerſtand zu leiſten.

Endlich beſchloß man, zu einer Miſſethat ſeine Zuflucht zu nehmen. Flanderns Macht beruhte auf Artevelde's Weisheit und auf der Liebe und Eintracht, mit welcher die große Mehrzahl des Volkes ſeinem Rathe folgte. Konnte man nun dieſe Stütze der vlämiſchen Volksgröße umreißen, ſo würde auch wohl der Tempel ſelbſt in Trümmer ſtürzen, man hoffte es wenigſtens. Ein ſchändlicher Anſchlag wurde entworfen; der franzöſiſche König rief den Meuchelmord zu Hülfe; der Dolch bezahlter Meuchelmörder ſollte das edle Blut Artevelde's vergießen.

Wirklich ward er in kurzer Zeit mehrere Male von unbekannten Menſchen mit dem Mordſtahle bedroht, und ſein Leben war mehr als einmal in Gefahr. Die Gemeine von Gent vergrößerte ſeine Leibwache, und auf den Wunſch ſeiner Freunde zeigte er ſich nur mit großen Vorſichtsmaßregeln öffentlich. Dieſe Anſchläge auf Artevelde's Leben erbitterten übrigens das Volk in Gent dermaßen, daß ſtets einige hundert bewaffnete Zunftgenoſſen vor ſeiner Thür ſtanden, um ihn überallhin zu begleiten. Weder Rathſchläge noch Bitten konnten dieſe Leute davon abbringen; ſie hatten geſchworen, den Oberhauptmann zu bewachen, und würden Jeden, der ihm etwas Böſes hätte zufügen wollen, augenblicklich vernichtet haben.

Obwohl Ludwig von Nevers nur als ein unterthäniger Diener Frankreichs betrachtet werden kann, ſo läßt ſich doch nicht annehmen, daß er an den Mordplänen irgend Antheil gehabt habe. Wahrſcheinlich war dies nur das Werk ſeiner franzöſiſchen Höflinge, oder der Sendlinge Philipp's, oder auch derer, die Artevelde's Größe beneideten, vielleicht auch aller dieſer Feinde zuſammen. Nichts deſtoweniger wuchs im Herzen der Bürger ein tiefes Mistrauen gegen den Grafen, welchem man, wegen ſeiner bekannten Anhänglichkeit an Frankreich und an die Politik dieſes Reiches, die Verantwortlichkeit dieſer Anſchläge zum größten Theile zuſchob.

Wie dem auch ſei, die Haltung der Genter Bürgerſchaft und die Maßregeln, welche Artevelde ſelbſt traf, ließen Frankreich nicht die mindeſte Hoffnung, ſich auf eine ſo ſchändliche Weiſe von dem Oberhauptmanne befreien zu können.

Auf Philipps von Valois Verlangen, der nicht mehr wußte, wie er der Forderung der Gemeinen ausweichen ſolle, beſchloß Graf Ludwig, ſeine Zuflucht zu ſanfteren Mitteln zu nehmen. Um dies auszuführen, ließ er an einem beſtimmten Tage den Oberhauptmann von Gent heimlich erſuchen, zu ihm nach dem Gravenſteen zu kommen

Artevelde zeigte ſich bereit, den Wunſch ſeines Fürſten zu erfüllen; aber er ſetzte die Schöffen der Stadt davon in Kenntniß, damit man dieſem Beſuche keine andere als die wahre Urſache zuſchreibe. Auf dieſe Weiſe wurde die Einladung des Grafen auch dem Gentiſchen Volke bekannt, und alle Gemüther entſetzten ſich, aus Furcht, daß ein Anſchlag gegen Artevelde dahinter verborgen ſei.

Der Gravenſteen lag über der Leije, in einem Theile der Stadt, welchen man die Alte-Burg nannte und welcher als fürſtliches Lehensgut unmittelbar von der gräflichen Gerichtsbarkeit abhing, ohne der Schöffenbank von Gent unterworfen zu ſein. Dieſer Steen war eine bedeutende Feſte, welche Baudewyn mit dem eiſernen Arme im Jahre 868 erbaut hatte, als einen Schutzort gegen die Einfälle der Normannen. Er hatte eine runde Geſtalt und war von außerordentlich hohen Mauern umgeben, die zwiſchen den vorſpringenden Thürmen überall von Schießlöchern durchbohrt waren. Die Lieve beſpülte ihm auf der einen Seite und umgab ihn auf der anderen mit ihrem abgeleiteten Waſſer, ſo daß man nur über die ſteinerne Brücke und durch ein einziges enges Thor in die Feſte gelangen konnte.

Der finſtere und trübe Ton, mit welchem die Zeit dieſen Aufenthaltsort der Lehensherren überzogen hatte, ſowie die Rauhheit und Schwere ſeines Bauſtyls machten einen eigenthümlichen Eindruck auf den Beſchauer, welcher, aus dem lebendigen Gent heraustretend, einen ſchüchternen Blick auf dieſes anſehnliche ſteinerne Gebäude warf; ein Gefühl der Kälte und Angſt beklemmte ſein Herz, und es war ihm, als habe ihn ein Zauber zurückverſetzt in die Zeiten der Knechtſchaft und Unterdrückung des Volkes, deren Erinnerung in den gewerbfleißigen vlämiſchen Gemeinen ſchon ſeit Jahrhunderten erloſchen war.

Die niedrigen und elenden Häuſer rings um das gräfliche Schloß, die Armuth und der Schmutz der dort wohnenden Unterthänigen, die tödtliche Stille, die hier herrſchte, vermehrten noch den peinlichen Eindruck, und wenn man ſich endlich von dieſem letzten Aufenthalte der lehensherrlichen Macht entfernte, fühlte man die Bruſt ſo beengt, als hätte man Stickluft eingeathmet.

Oben auf der Feſtungsmauer wandelten die Schildwachen wie ſtumme Schatten hin und wieder. Selbſt am hellen Tage ſtörte hier nichts die Stille, welche den gefürchteten Lehensherrn umgab; nur dann und wann ward dieſelbe unterbrochen durch das eintönige und wiederhallende Gebell der Jagdhunde innerhalb des Steens.

An dem Tage, an welchem Artevelde dort erſcheinen ſollte, boten die Straßen rings um die gräfliche Wohnung einen ganz anderen Anblick dar. Eine Menge Genter Bürger und Zunftgenoſſen ſtanden dort in Haufen verſammelt, ſich laut mit einander unterhaltend. Andere, welche bewaffnet waren, wandelten in kleinen Gruppen die Straßen ein und aus; denn da ſie ſich nicht auf dem Grundgebiete der Stadt befanden, ſo war es ihnen nicht erlaubt, hier mit Waffen zu verweilen. Um jedoch ihre

Abſicht ausführen zu können, thaten ſie, als zögen ſie nur vorbei, entfernten ſich indeſſen nicht weit von dem Veerleplatz, auf den das Thor des Steens hinausging. Innerhalb der Feſtung mußte man nicht ohne Argwohn ſein; denn man hatte das Fallgatter vor dem Thore niedergelaſſen und die Wachen auf den Mauern verdoppelt.

In dem Winkel des Platzes, gegen Wenemaers neue Kirche zu, ſtritt man ſich beſonders lebhaft über die Urſache, welche die Genter Bürger nach dieſer Seite der Stadt gelockt hatte.

„Ja!" rief ein Fleiſchergeſelle, „Ihr mögt ſagen, was Ihr wollt, aber laß ſie nur Mher Jakob ein einziges Haar auf ſeinem Haupte krümmen, und Ihr findet morgen in der Alten-Burg nicht zwei Steine mehr auf einander."

„Wir wollen die franzöſiſchen Herren lehren in der Lieve ſchwimmen!" murrte ein Anderer.

„Aber," antwortete mit erheuchelter Kälte der Oberdechant Denys, der ſich bei dem Haufen befand, „ich möchte doch wiſſen, Geſellen, wer Euch das nur wieder in den Kopf geſetzt hat! Unſer gnädiger Fürſt hat Mher Artevelde zu ſich entboten; das iſt ja ein Beweis der Verehrung und der Neigung, und Ihr ſteht hier und droht und flucht, als ob unſer Graf der Mann wäre, einen ſeiner Unterthanen betrügeriſch in eine Falle zu locken und ihn dann vor ſeinen Augen ermorden zu laſſen! Wer von Euch wagt zu ſagen, daß er das in der That denkt?"

Niemand antwortete auf dieſe Frage, wie ſich das

Denys wohl denken konnte, anders, als mit größeren oder geringeren Zeichen der Ungeduld; zum Theil aus Ehrfurcht, welche man ſeinem hohen Amte ſchuldig zu ſein glaubte, theils weil keiner der Zuhörer ſolche ausdrückliche Beſchuldigung gegen den Grafen vorbringen wollte.

Ein einzelner Geſelle nur ſchien erzürnt und murmelte mit dumpfer Stimme ſeinem Nachbar zu:

„Nun, bei Sanct Lieven! Seit wann iſt denn der Oberdechant ein Freund des Grafen oder ein Leliaerd geworden? Da ſteckt etwas dahinter, das wahrlich nicht ſauber iſt!“

„Es wäre beſſer,“ hub Denys wieder an, „Ihr ginget Alle zuſammen nach Hauſe; denn durch dieſes unruhige Gewühl thut Ihr unſerm Oberhauptmanne großen Schaden. Wißt Ihr, was man dort, bei Sanct Veerle, ſagt? Man beſchuldigt Myher Artevelde, daß er ſelbſt durch ſeine Anhänger die Nachricht von der gräflichen Einladung und die Furcht vor Verrath unter der Gemeine hat ausſtreuen laſſen. Ich glaube es nicht; allein man ſetzt hinzu, daß er ſchon lange den Fürſten bei den Gentern verhaßt zu machen ſucht, damit der Graf fortziehen ſolle und er allein den Herrn über uns ſpielen könne.“

In dieſem Augenblicke geſellte ſich ein junger Blaufärber zu dem Haufen und hörte die letzten Worte des Oberdechanten. Man ſah deutlich auf ſeinem Geſichte, daß ein tiefer Unwille ſich ſeiner bemächtigte; doch unterdrückte er denſelben und ſchien nur aus bloßer Neugier zuhören zu wollen.

„Deshalb, Geſellen!“ fuhr Denys fort, „werdet Ihr mit allen dieſen Beweiſen eurer Neigung unſern Oberhauptmann ſo verwöhnen, daß er das Volk am Ende höchſt geringſchätzt. Man ſagt ſchon, daß er die Bürgerſchaft verläßt und ſeine Tochter einem franzöſiſchen Ritter zur Gattin angeboten habe. Es iſt wahrſcheinlich nur ein Gerücht; aber achtet doch darauf, daß Mher Jakob Könige und Grafen als ſeines Gleichen behandelt und ſich nichts Geringeres wähnt, als ob er eine Krone auf ſeinem Haupte trüge. Das iſt auch für Mher Artevelde ſelbſt gefährlich, und ſollen wir einmal geleitet oder unterdrückt werden, ſo iſt es doch beſſer, daß dies durch unſern geſetzlichen Fürſten geſchieht, als durch Jemanden, den wir zu dem gemacht haben, was er iſt, bloß um uns einen hochmüthigen Tyrannen auf den Nacken zu ſetzen.“

„Das iſt wahr,“ fiel ihm ein Weber in die Rede; „zum Beiſpiel, wer giebt dem Oberhauptmanne von Gent das Recht, ganz Flandern Befehle zu ertheilen, als wäre er der Graf ſelbſt, und die Gemeinen zu bewaffnen? Wer giebt ihm das Recht, geheime Beziehungen mit dem Herzoge von Brabant und dem Grafen von Hennegau zu unterhalten, ohne die Obrigkeit von Gent darum zu befragen? Wer gab ihm endlich das Recht, den guten König von England zu Sluis ſo barſch zu behandeln und ihn durch ſeinen Trotz vielleicht für immer zum Feinde Flanderns zu machen?“

Als er dieſe Worte hörte, erblaßte der junge Blaufärber, und ein flammender Blick ſchoß aus ſeinen Augen; dennoch aber beugte er das Haupt und ſagte nichts.

„Und jetzt," ſprach Denys weiter, „was geht nun jetzt wieder vor? Ihr ſteht hier vor dem Gravenſteen, dem Fürſten mit einem Auflauf oder einer Belagerung zu drohen? Das muß ihn ſtark gegen uns erbittern; ſo lautete doch der Friede nicht. Daraus kann eine große Uneinigkeit zwiſchen dem Fürſten und der Gemeine von Gent ſich entwickeln. Sieht es nicht aus, als hätte man Recht, zu ſagen, Myher Artevelde habe dieſen Zwiſt allein angefacht, in der Abſicht, den Grafen aus dem Wege zu ſchaffen und ihn zu zwingen, wieder nach Frankreich zu fliehen? Und wenn Ihr ſo Myher Artevelde Veranlaſſung gebt, zu wähnen, daß er mehr ſei, als der Graf, wer könnte ſich dann wundern, wenn er einmal Luſt bekäme, ſelbſt Graf von Flandern zu werden?"

Der Weber, der mit dem Oberdechanten gekommen war, ſteckte nun ſeinen Kopf mitten in den Kreis, als wolle er Jeden zur Verſchwiegenheit ermahnen.

„Wißt Ihr, was ich habe erzählen hören von Jemanden, der behauptet, dabei geweſen zu ſein?" flüſterte er. „Es ſcheint, daß Myher Jakob zwiſchen vier Mauern ein ſehr fröhlicher Mann iſt und mehr Wein trinkt, als er vertragen kann. So ſoll er auch kürzlich bei einem Bürger es ſo weit getrieben haben, daß er ſich um den Verſtand getrunken, und dabei ſoll auch ausdrücklich von ihm erklärt worden ſein, er wolle Graf von Flandern werden und uns Alle . . . ."

Zitternd, wie ein Schilfrohr, und weiß, wie Leinwand vor Zorn, ſprang nun der Blaufärber herbei und rief dem Weber zu:

„Macht, daß Ihr fortkommt, oder ich zertrete Euch unter meinen Füßen, Ihr niederträchtiger Verleumder!“

Seine brennenden Blicke auch auf die Uebrigen werfend, fuhr er außer ſich vor Wuth fort:

„Wißt Ihr, was Ihr alle zuſammen ſeid, die Ihr ſo ſchändlich den Oberhauptmann begeifert? Feige Hunde, welche die Sonne anbellen, weil ihr Licht ſie blendet! Ohnmächtiges Ungeziefer, das ſich an den Leib eines Rieſen hängt, in der Hoffnung, ihn durch tauſend giftige Biſſe zu tödten! Ihr habt alſo ſchon ganz vergeſſen, wer Flandern vor Hungersnoth und Unterdrückung rettete, wer das Gold durch die Straßen von Gent ſtrömen ließ, wer unſerem erniedrigten Vaterlande Freiheit und Anſehen gab? Der Held, der Befreier iſt ein Herrſchſüchtiger, ein Tyrann, ein Trunkenbold, nicht wahr? Weil ſeine Größe Euch erdrückt, beſchmuzt Ihr ſeinen Namen; weil Ihr weder ſein Haupt noch ſein Herz erreichen könnt, nagt Ihr, wie neidiſches Gewürm, an ſeinen Füßen. Undankbare Natterbrut, die Ihr ſeid! — Mögen auch Dechanten dabei ſtehen, es iſt Lieven Comyne, der das ſagt.“

Der Oberdechant ward ganz verlegen über dieſen Ausfall, und wußte nicht, was er darauf antworten ſollte, da er es nicht für räthlich hielt, ſeine ſcheinheiligen Läſterungen öffentlich zu bekennen. Er murmelte einige Worte, aus denen man nur entnehmen konnte, daß er ſich mit einem ſolchen verrückten Menſchen nicht in einen Streit einlaſſen wolle, wandte ſich um und verließ den Platz längs der Hoofbrücke.

Lieven Comyne, noch bebend vor Wuth, ſah dem Oberdechanten nach, bis dieſer verſchwunden war. Dann ſich wieder zu dem erſchreckten Weber wendend, rief er aus:

„Jetzt kommen wir Beide dran! Wißt Ihr, was man mit einer Schlange thut, welche Gift auf ihre Wohlthäter ſpeit? Man dreht ihr den Hals um und zertritt ſie!“

Bei dieſen Worten faßte er in der That den Weber mit beiden Händen am Halſe, wie mit einer Kneipzange, warf ihn halb erwürgt zu Boden und gab ihm noch einen Tritt in die Seite. Er ließ ihn jedoch wieder aufſtehen und verſpottete lachend die Reden, welche dieſer zu ſeiner Vertheidigung vorbrachte.

„Geht!“ ſprach Lieven Comyne verächtlich, „Eure Feigheit bezeugt, daß Ihr ein Elender ſeid.“

„Wollen wir den Schelm in der Lieve ertränken?“ fragten die Umſtehenden, die der That des Blaufärbers Beifall zujauchzten.

Sie hatten den Weber bereits angepackt und zogen ihn mit Gewalt nach dem Rande der Lieve fort, um ihn ohne Gnade hineinzuwerfen; aber jetzt ſtieg von der Grafenbrücke aus der Ruf: „Heil! Heil dem Oberhauptmann!“ in die Luft, und jeder begab ſich nach jener Seite des Platzes, ohne ſich um den Weber weiter zu bekümmern.

Jakob von Artevelde kam allein durch das Volk hergeſchritten.

Seine Wache, von acht und zwanzig Mann, hatte er auf dem Fiſchmarkte zurückgelaſſen, um ſich ſeinem Fürſten nur zu nähern, wie es ſich für einen Unterthan geziemte. Groß war jedoch ſeine Verwunderung, ja ſelbſt ſeine Betrübniß, als er auf dem Veerleplatze all dieſes jauchzende Volk auf ihn zuſtrömen ſah, und aus den Worten und Ausrufungen der Menge merkte, daß ſie ſich dort verſammelt habe, weil ſie der Rechtlichkeit des Grafen mistraue. Er blieb einen Augenblick ſtehen und ſagte zu dem Volke, welches ehrfurchtsvoll und ſtill zuhorchte, ſobald es merkte, daß er reden wolle:

„Lieben Freunde! Was giebt es denn, das Euch wieder ſo aufregt? Warum verſammelt Ihr Euch ſo unehrerbietig vor dem Grafenhofe? Das iſt nicht recht gehandelt von Euch!“

Ein Schmied, der mit nackten Armen und den Hammer in der Fauſt vor ihm ſtand, antwortete darauf mit rauhen Worten:

„Recht gehandelt oder nicht! Wenn unſer Oberhauptmann nicht binnen zwei Stunden aus der Höhle der Leliaerds und Franzoſen zurück iſt, ſo machen wir das ſteinerne Neſt dem Erdboden gleich, mit Allem, was darin ſein mag! Es währt ſchon lange genug, Mher Jakob, und wenn ſie Euch auch einmal wirklich an den Leib könnten, wie ſie es möchten, ſie ſollen es doch nicht ſein, die dem Könige von Frankreich die frohe Mähr von Jakob's Tode bringen.“

„Ihr beleidigt unſeren edlen Fürſten mit Unrecht durch dieſes Mistrauen, Geſellen!“ antwortete Artevelde. „Dürfen wir unſeren Grafen verantwortlich machen für die Miſſethaten von Fremdlingen, die aus anderen Landen hieher geſandt ſind? Nein, das wäre ein großes Unrecht von unſerer Seite. Wir ſind unſerem rechtmäßigen Fürſten mehr Ehrfurcht ſchuldig. Ihr ſeid Alle meine guten Freunde, nicht wahr? Nun denn, ſo hört auf meine Stimme! Verlaßt dieſen Platz und geht mit vollem Vertrauen nach Hauſe; Eure Furcht iſt ungegründet; geht, ich werde Euch dankbar ſein für dieſen Beweis Eurer Neigung!"

„Oberhauptmann! werdet Ihr über den Freitagsmarkt gehen, wenn Ihr nach Hauſe kehrt?" fragte der Schmied. „Verſprecht Ihr uns das, ſo wollen wir fortgehen."

„Das will ich thun," antwortete Artevelde.

„Gut!" ſagte der Schmied, „wir werden dort bis zum Abend warten. — Nach dem Freitagsmarkt! nach dem Freitagsmarkt!"

Dieſer Ruf, welchen die Umſtehenden wiederholten, lief wie ein Signal über den ganzen Platz, während die Menge über die Grafenbrücke und längs dem Kraenlei nach dem Freitagsmarkte ſich begab. Einige Augenblicke nachher befand ſich in der Nähe der gräflichen Reſidenz Niemand mehr, als einige friedliche Bürger, die aus Neugier ſtehen geblieben waren.

Der Wächter über dem Thore des Gravenſteens hatte ſchon das Zeichen gegeben; das Fallgatter ward aufgezogen, und Artevelde von zwei Dienern empfangen und nach einem Saale geführt, in welchem ſich der Graf nebſt verſchiedenen anderen Perſonen befand.

Ludwig von Nevers war ein Mann von mittlerem Alter, wohlgebaut und von angenehmen Geſichtszügen; etwas Feines und Edles lag in ſeinen Geberden und ſeiner Sprache. Man konnte ſehen, daß fürſtliches Geblüt und fürſtliche Erziehung ihm Leib und Geiſt geſchmückt hatten mit ritterlicher Bildung und würdevoller Haltung. Seine verwiſchten Geſichtszüge jedoch, der träge Aufſchlag ſeiner Augen und die Magerkeit ſeiner Glieder ließen vermuthen, daß es ihm, wenn er auch alle anderen Gaben beſaß, doch wahrſcheinlich an männlichem Willen und Kraft des Gemüthes fehle.

Bei Artevelde's Eintritt warfen die Höflinge und Rathsherren, ſämmtlich Fremdlinge, höhniſche und forſchende Blicke auf den berühmten Bürger von Gent; aber der Graf ſtand von ſeinem Seſſel auf und erſuchte Alle, den Saal zu verlaſſen. Sobald ſie in Folge dieſes Befehles durch die Seitenthüren verſchwunden waren, ging der Fürſt auf Artevelde zu, faßte ihn freundlich bei der Hand, führte ihn zu den Seſſeln, und ſagte ihm auf Franzöſiſch, das, wie er wußte, der Genter Bürger vortrefflich ſprach:

„Willkommen, Oberhauptmann meiner guten Stadt Gent! Es iſt ſchon lange, daß ich über verſchiedene Dinge mit Euch Rath pflegen wollte; denn man erzählt ſich Wunder von Eurer großen Weisheit; einige Hinderniſſe haben mich aber bisher davon zurückgehalten. Jetzt iſt es mir indeſſen vergönnt, mit Euch allein zu ſein; Ihr ſeht es, mein Vertrauen iſt groß; ich hoffe, daß Ihr eben ſo redlich ſein werdet; ſetzt Euch in dieſen Seſſel, ich will als Freund mit Euch reden.“

Artevelde leiſtete der Einladung des Grafen einige Zeit lang Widerſtand; endlich ſetzte er ſich vor dem Fürſten nieder und ſagte:

„Mein gnädiger Herr will es ſo; wohlan denn! redlich werde ich ſein, und möge mein Wunſch ſich erfüllen, daß dieſe feierliche Zuſammenkunft den Ruhm meines Fürſten und die ewige Größe meines Vaterlandes zur Folge habe!“

„Ich hoffe es gleichfalls,“ entgegnete Ludwig. „Hört nun, was ich Euch ſage, Oberhauptmann; der Ruhm Eurer Weisheit iſt in ferne Lande gedrungen; der König von Frankreich hat ſelbſt mehr als ein Mal in meiner Gegenwart geſagt, daß er die größten Opfer bringen würde, um einen ſolchen Mann in ſeinem Rathe zu haben, obwohl Ihr ein Bürgerlicher ſeid, wenn ich mich nicht irre.“

Auf dem Antlitz des weiſen Mannes zeigte ſich ein ſchwer zu deutendes Lächeln.

„Ich habe weiter keine Abſichten dabei, wenn ich Euch dies ſage,“ fuhr der Graf fort; „ich wollte Euch nur beweiſen, daß der mächtigſte Fürſt Europa's ſelbſt Eure Verdienſte zu ſchätzen weiß. Was mich betrifft, ſo bedaure ich, daß ein Mann, wie Ihr, vom Schickſale an die Spitze einer unruhigen und aufrühreriſchen Menge geſtellt wurde, und ſich gezwungen ſieht, ſeine Fähigkeiten gegen die geſetzliche Obrigkeit ſeiner Fürſten anzuwenden ..... bis daſſelbe veränderliche Volk ihn in den Koth zieht und wie tolle Hunde zerreißt; denn iſt dies nicht ſtets das Loos der Abgötter der thörichten Menge? Jetzt haltet Ihr Euch ſchon für ſehr geehrt mit dem Amte des Oberhauptmanns einer Stadt, die Euch den lächerlichen Gehalt von drei Stüber Groten wöchentlich giebt; würdet Ihr Eurem Vaterlande, Eurem Fürſten und Euch ſelbſt nicht weit größeren Vortheil bringen, wenn Ihr ein Amt bekleidetet, das Eurer würdig iſt, zum Beiſpiel das eines Marſchalls von Flandern?“

Der Graf betrachtete den weiſen Mann, als wollte er eine Antwort aus ihm herauslocken: — ein Ausdruck der tiefſten Betrübniß hatte ſich auf Artevelde's Geſicht gelagert, und er blickte, wie niedergeſchmettert, auf den Boden.

„Meint Ihr nicht, Mher von Artevelde,“ fragte der Graf, „daß Flandern Eure Ernennung zum Marſchall mit Freude vernehmen würde? Woher kommt es, daß dieſer Gedanke Euch zu verdrießen und zu ſchmerzen ſcheint?“

„Um Gottes Willen, redet nicht mehr davon, Herr Graf; Ihr verwundet mich bis in das tiefſte Herz!“

„Warum?“

„O, möge Gott den ſtrafen, der dem Grafen von Flandern ſolche Worte in den Mund gelegt hat! Ich bin Vläminger und Bürger von Gent, um alles Gold Frankreichs und die franzöſiſche Krone ſelbſt würde ich das nicht vergeſſen.“

Es iſt möglich, daß Ludwig es wirklich rechtlich meinte, da des Oberhauptmanns feurige Worte ihn mehr verwunderten, als erzürnten; deshalb erwiederte er mit großer Ruhe:

„Ihr verſteht mich nicht, Mher von Artevelde; oder zweifelt Ihr vielleicht an meiner Aufrichtigkeit?“

„Keinesweges,“ antwortete Jakob gefaßter; „ich begreiſe, daß mein gnädigſter Herr, als Ritter und nach den Anſichten, die man in Frankreich darüber hegt, es für einen Bürgerlichen als ein großes Glück betrachten muß, wenn dieſer ſeinen niedrigen Stand verlaſſen und im öffentlichen Leben höher ſteigen kann; aber man hat Euch getäuſcht, Herr Graf; in Flandern iſt das nicht der Fall, man braucht hier weder Ritter noch Lehensherr zu ſein, um ſeinem Vaterlande mit Ehren dienen zu können und von der Gemeine geliebt und geachtet zu werden, im Verhältniß zu dem Guten, das man für des Landes Ruhm oder Wohlfahrt ſtiftet. — Ich bin bereit, zu Euren Dienſten zu thun, was ſich mit Flanderns Wohl, und alſo mit meinem Gewiſſen verträgt; weder Verſprechungen noch Ehrenämter können mich aber auch nur einen Schritt von der Bahn verlocken, die ich zu wandeln habe. Alſo, wenn Eure Verſuche kein anderes Ziel haben, als mich zu etwas Anderem zu machen als einem Bürger von Gent und einem Vertheidiger der Freiheit der Gemeinen, o dann gebt Euch keine Mühe, gnädiger Herr! ſie iſt unnütz.“

„Ich weiß nicht, zu welcher Art von Volk Ihr Leute gehört,“ verſetzte der Graf ungeduldig „Man will

Euch Gutes thun, Euch mit Ehre und Reichthum überladen, und Ihr erzürnt Euch darüber. Verſucht man mich denn zu täuſchen, um in mir den Wunſch zu erwecken, Eure hohen Verdienſte zu erkennen und zu belohnen?"

„Mit Eurer Erlaubniß, Herr Graf!" ſagte Artevelde; „ich werde nie etwas Anderes ſein, als ein treuer Diener der Stadt Gent und des Landes Flandern; aber könnte ich Euch den Beweis liefern, wie ſehr ich bereit bin, Euch zu dienen, ſo würde ich es als ein wahres Glück betrachten. Sagt mir daher, Herr Graf, was ich thun kann, um mir Eure Gunſt zu erwerben."

Ludwig von Nevers betrachtete dieſe Frage als einen halben Sieg und antwortete mit freundlichem Tone:

„Ich will nichts, als was redlich iſt, Oberhauptmann. Erſtens, Ihr ſollt die vlämiſchen Gemeinden anregen, unſerem natürlichen und verehrten Oberherren, dem Könige von Frankreich, Beiſtand zu leiſten gegen ſeinen ungeſitteten Feind, Eduard von England. — Und um dem Könige jetzt nicht mit ungegründeten Forderungen läſtig zu fallen, ſollt Ihr die vlämiſchen Städte bewegen, ihre Forderung von Waelſch-Flandern, das doch durch ehrliche und rechtliche Verträge abgetreten worden iſt, zurückzunehmen; es iſt nicht mehr als billig, daß treue Vaſallen ihren Oberherrn vertheidigen gegen einen herrſchſüchtigen Fremdling, der nichts Geringeres will, als ihn ſeiner Krone berauben; obendrein verlangt Flanderns Beſtes, daß es ſich auf die Seite des Stärkſten ſtelle; Ihr ſeht doch wohl, daß Eduard dem Philipp von

Valois nicht Krieg erklären kann, ohne ſich überall in Europa nach Bundesgenoſſen umzuſehen; und iſt Flandern nicht Frankreich ewige Dankbarkeit ſchuldig für den Schutz, welchen dieſes mächtige Land ihm immer verliehen hat? Verdient Frankreich wohl den feurigen Haß, den Flandern ſo unrechtmäßig gegen daſſelbe hegt und der in Eurem Hauſe, Oberhauptmann, erblich zu ſein ſcheint?“

„Und iſt dies Alles, was man von mir verlangt?“ fragte Artevelde, in tiefes Nachdenken verſunken.

„Dies iſt für den Augenblick wohl das Wichtigſte, doch iſt es noch nicht Alles,“ fuhr der Graf fort. „Erkennt mit mir an, Oberhauptmann, daß Flandern durch Aufruhr und Gewalt ſich in den Beſitz von Freiheiten geſetzt hat, die ſchädlich für ſein Gedeihen ſind und hier zu Lande die misbräuchliche Einrichtung eingeführt haben, daß die unedle und dumme Menge allein gebietet zur Erniedrigung alles ritterlichen Blutes; — Freiheiten, die hier einen Fürſten zum demüthigen Unterthan ſeiner Unterthanen machen würden, wenn ein Fürſt ein ſo ſchändliches Joch ſich auferlegen könnte. Ein ſolcher Zuſtand iſt gegen alles natürliche Recht und ruft zu Gott um Rache, zu Gott, welcher ſeinen Zorn ſichtbar genug zeigt in der Unruhe, dem Aufruhr und dem Blutvergießen, die nicht aufhören, Flandern heimzuſuchen. Seht, wie es in dem ſchönen Frankreich iſt; dort wenigſtens iſt der Fürſt Herr und Gebieter, wie es dem geſetzlichen Regenten eines ſolchen Reiches geziemt; dort darf es ein unedler Bürger nicht wagen, ſich einem Ritter gleich zu wähnen; es iſt das Land der Höflichkeit, der glänzenden Waffenthaten und der ſchönen Minnelieder. In dem Gehorſam gegen den König und Landesherrn findet das Volk dort ſeinen Frieden und ſein Glück. Hier im Gegentheil iſt jeder Bürger ein Feind des Fürſten, und man möchte ſagen, daß jeder Vlämin-ger die Widerſetzlichkeit mit der Muttermilch eingeſogen habe. In dieſem Zuſtande verächtlichen Bürgerhochmuthes kann Flandern nicht länger beharren; des Fürſten Anſehen muß wieder hergeſtellt werden, dadurch, daß ſolche Gemeinderechte, welche ſowohl der Wohlfahrt des Landes, als der Obrigkeit des geſetzlichen Herrn Abbruch thun, theils beſchränkt, theils abgeſchafft werden. — Ihr, Oberhauptmann, könnt viel dazu beitragen, dieſes nützliche Ziel zu erreichen; Euer Einfluß iſt groß; das Volk liebt Euch und wird in Folge Eures Rathes leicht einſehen, was billig und recht iſt, und ſollte es Euch anfangs an der nöthigen Macht fehlen, ſo würde meine Hülfe und der Beiſtand des Königs von Frankreich Euch ſtark genug machen, um die Widerſpenſtigen in Reſpect zu erhalten. — Bedenkt doch nur, wie viel ſchöner und edler Eure Sendung alsdann ſein wird, da ſie in der ganzen weiten Welt Euch die Gunſt und Achtung vor Königen und Rittern erwerben muß.“

Artevelde ſaß noch fortwährend mit geſenktem Haupte vor dem Grafen und hielt ſein Geſicht abgewendet, um den Ausdruck des Unwillens zu verbergen, welcher, ohne daß er es wollte, auf ſeinem Antlitz zu leſen war. Selbſt als der Fürſt ſchwieg, blieb er in derſelben Haltung ſitzen, wie wenn er des Grafen Rede nicht für geendet halte. Ludwig fragte ihn nun:

„Was ich da ſage, Oberhauptmann, iſt das nicht wahr und gegründet? Habe ich zu viel von Eurer Ergebenheit erwartet, wenn ich hoffe, daß Ihr mir Eure Hülfe und Euer Anſehen leihen werdet, um das Anſehen, das mir zukommt, wieder zu erhalten?“

Entſchloſſen hob Artevelde plötzlich den Kopf empor, und während ſein Auge von unterdrücktem Eifer und Zorn flammte, ſprach er:

„Herr Graf! was ich zu antworten habe, kann ich ohne Eure gnädige Erlaubniß nicht ſagen. Wahrſcheinlich wird es mir nie wieder vergönnt werden, ſo allein mit meinem Fürſten zu ſein. Mein Herz iſt voll: voll Zorn, voll Unwillen, voll Betrübniß; aber die Ehrfurcht, die ich meinem Landesherrn zolle, geſtattet mir nicht, freimüthig meine Meinung auszuſprechen über Euer Geſuch und die Gründe, auf welche ſich daſſelbe ſtützt.“

„Redet ohne Furcht,“ ſagte der Graf lächelnd.

„Und wenn Euch etwas darin verletzend ſchiene für Euch ſelbſt oder für den König von Frankreich, würdet Ihr mir demungeachtet Erlaubniß geben, bis zu Ende zu reden, aus Rückſicht auf meine perſönliche Ehrfurcht?“

„Ich gebe Euch volle Freiheit, Mher von Artevelde; ſprecht nach Eurem Gutdünken und ſagt, was Ihr wollt. Es wird mir angenehm ſein, ſelbſt über die politiſchen Anſichten eines Mannes, deſſen Weisheit man überall rühmt, ein Urtheil fällen zu können.“

Jakob von Artevelde betrachtete den Fürſten mit freiem Blicke und ſprach nun folgendermaßen zu ihm:

„Gnädiger Herr! Irrthum iſt der Menſchheit Theil; Fürſten und Völker ſind Misgriffen über die höchſten Intereſſen gleich ſehr preisgegeben. Es beleidige Euch alſo nicht, wenn ich beweiſe, wie abſcheulich man Euch über uns Vläminger und über Euch ſelbſt getäuſcht und hintergangen hat. Herr Graf! Ihr habt gewiß oft Chroniken leſen gehört, welche Flanderns Geſchichte erzählen und berichten, wie wir, unedle Bürger und halsſtarrige Leibeigene, mit ſchmachvoller Hoffahrt unſeren Fürſten den Gehorſam verweigert und die Ritterſchaft erniedrigt haben. Ich weiß, daß man Euch in Eurer Jugend am franzöſiſchen Hofe viele Schriften und Chroniken vorlas — Chroniken, die in franzöſiſcher Sprache abgefaßt waren und falſch ſind, geſchrieben auf Befehl der Könige von Frankreich, um die Söhne der vlämiſchen Grafen zu verderben und Franzoſen daraus zu machen ..... Erzürnt Euch nicht, gnädiger Herr! der Beweis wird mit Eurer Erlaubniß folgen ..... Statt aller Antwort will ich Euch ſagen, was die Chroniken unſeres Vaterlandes Euch erzählt haben würden, hätte man den Grafen von Flandern nicht verhindert, die Sprache ſeiner Vorfahren zu lernen. Man hat Euch vorgelogen und fälſchlich bewieſen, daß Flandern ſeine Vorrechte und Volksfreiheiten gewaltſam ſeinen Fürſten entriſſen habe; Täuſchung und Betrug! In früheren Zeiten waren die Grafen von Flandern Vläminger mit Herz und Seele, die hier mit uns von Kindesbeinen an die vaterländiſche

Luft einathmeten, die unſere Sprache ſprachen, die uns kannten, wie wir waren, und uns liebten, weil wir ſo waren, wie wir waren, und nicht anders. Sie ſahen, daß Flandern dazu beſtimmt ſei, ein Land der Arbeit und des Handels zu ſein; ſie fühlten, daß die Freiheit hier Wunder des Volksfleißes, der Macht und des Reichthums erzeugen konnte, und gaben, zu ihrer eigenen Größe und zur Wohlfahrt ihrer Unterthanen, Vorrechte und Freiheiten, welche den arbeitenden Gemeinen die Früchte ihrer gewiſſenhaften Thätigkeit ſichern mußten. Euer ſeliger Vorfahr, Baudewyn der Junge war es, der die Wollenweberei hier in Gent ſtiftete und ihr die Vorrechte gab, durch welche ſie zu einer Quelle der Volksmacht, des Reichthums und des Ruhmes für ganz Flandern wurde. Dies iſt beinahe dreihundert und achtzig Jahre her! — Ihr ſeht es, gnädiger Herr, der Gewerbfleiß und die Freiheit ſind nicht mehr jung in Flandern. Was man uns in Frankreich mit bitteren Worten als eine grobe Miſſethat andichtet, iſt, daß wir unedlen Bürger es wagen, Waffen zu führen, nicht mehr und nicht minder, als die Ritter allein in Frankreich es thun dürfen. Aber wer hat uns dieſe Waffen in die Hand gegeben? Dieſelben Waffen, welche man uns jetzt vorwirft ergriffen zu haben, um dem Willen unſerer Fürſten Widerſtand zu leiſten? Vor dreihundert Jahren ſtanden die Edlen und Ritter von Flandern gegen ihren geſetzlichen Grafen Baudewyn mit dem Barte auf, und wollten ihn ſeiner Krone berauben, um ſie einem herrſüchtigen Lehensherrn auf das Haupt zu ſetzen. Der

Graf rief ſein Volk zu Hülfe; das Volk verlangte und erhielt Waffen, ... und mit unbezwinglichem Heldenmuthe zerſchmetterte es die Feinde ſeines guten Fürſten. Alſo durch einen Beweis ihrer Liebe zu ihren Grafen erhielten die Vläminger das Recht, Waffen zu führen, und ſie wußten dieſelben ſo mannhaft und ſo treu zu tragen, daß der ſelige Baudewyn van Ryſſel im Jahre 1063 Flandern als eine Belohnung für ſeine Liebe und Anhänglichkeit den herrlichen Frieden ſchenkte. Ihr kennt ſicherlich dieſen herrlichen Frieden, gnädiger Herr! Er iſt das Grundgeſetz, welches mit wenigen Veränderungen alle unſere Freiheiten enthält. Ach, Herr Graf! in den glücklichen Zeiten der Eintracht und Neigung zwiſchen Fürſt und Volk ſegneten die Vläminger täglich den Namen ihres Grafen; ſie liebten ihn als den gemeinſamen Vater des Landes, und wo er erſchien, da eilte Alles mit liebreicher Verehrung auf ſeinen Wink herbei, und man ſandte bei ſeinem Durchzuge Lob- und Danklieder gen Himmel."

„Das muß lange her ſein, wie Ihr ſagt," fiel der Graf halb lächelnd Artevelde in die Rede. „Wenn es wahr iſt, daß die Vläminger ehemals ihren Fürſten liebten und ihm unterthänig waren, wie kömmt es denn, Oberhauptmann, daß ſie jetzt nichts als Haß gegen ihn nähren und ihn als einen geborenen Feind des Volkes betrachten? Ich möchte dieſe ſchwierige Erklärung wohl aus Eurem Munde hören."

„Ich werde ſie Euch mit Eurer Erlaubniß geben, Herr Graf! Flandern drohte bei ſeiner gewerbfleißigen

Bevölkerung und dem Schutze, den es durch die Fürſorge ſeiner Fürſten fand, ein mächtiges Land zu werden, und zwar nicht allein durch ſeine muſterhafte Thätigkeit und ſeinen blühenden Handel, ſondern auch durch den Heldenmuth des deutſchen Stammes, der es bewohnte. Freiheit hat etwas Anziehendes und in Frankreich ſelbſt begannen die Leibeigenen und Vaſallen die Blicke hoffnungsvoll nach Flandern zu richten und das Haupt emporzuheben. Die Eiferſucht und der Argwohn der franzöſiſchen Könige wurden dadurch geweckt. Von dieſem Augenblicke an beſchloſſen ſie, dieſe drohende Grafſchaft zu vernichten, ſie zu beherrſchen oder Frankreich einzuverleiben, um dort nach Wohlgefallen die Freiheit und die Bürgermacht unterdrücken und zerſtören zu können. Es ward mehrere Male Gewalt verſucht; aber dieſes Mittel glückte nicht. Darauf beſchloß man, die vlämiſchen Grafen ihren Unterthanen zu entfremden, Edelleute und Bürger unter einander zu Blutfeinden zu machen, Haß zu erregen und Uneinigkeit zu ſäen, um durch ſchlauen Betrug und ſchnöde Liſt das beneidete Flandern zu erſchöpfen und zu lähmen. Dieſe Politik des Verraths und Betrugs beginnt bereits mit dem Jahre 1200. Um dieſe Zeit ließ Frankreich durch Beſtechung die Erbin der gräflichen Krone, die junge Johanna, heimlich aus demſelben Steene, wo ich jetzt die Ehre habe zu meinem gnädigen Herrn zu reden, entführen. Sie ward am franzöſiſchen Hofe erzogen, in franzöſiſcher Sprache und Sitte unterrichtet, mit freiheithaſſenden Gedanken genährt, damit ſie, wenn ſie ſpäter nach

Flandern als Gräſin zurückkehrte, dort als ein Werkzeug Frankreichs und als eine Fremde gehaßt würde. Sie erhielt einen Gemahl von der Hand des Königs von Frankreich. Dieſer Gemahl, ein Sohn des Königs von Portugal, ſollte gleichfalls der Helfershelfer der franzöſiſchen Fürſten ſein; es ſcheint jedoch, als ob er dies ſpäter als eine ſeiner Ritterlichkeit unwürdige Rolle betrachtete; denn er weigerte ſich, länger als ein Werkzeug zu Flanderns Untergange zu dienen. Er ward in den Kerkern des Louvre eingeſperrt, und nach zwölf Jahren der ſchmachvollſten Gefangenſchaft verkaufte man ihm ſeine Freiheit gegen den abſcheulichen Vertrag von Melûn, in Folge deſſen der gequälte und halb wahnſinnige Graf unſere Städte Ryſſel und Douai als Unterpfand den Franzoſen ausliefern mußte. — Iſt dies vielleicht der redliche Vertrag, von welchem die franzöſiſchen Chroniken reden? — Ich fahre fort. Gräſin Johanna hatte eine Schweſter, Margaretha genannt, welche auch aus dem Gravenſteen entführt und mit ihr in Frankreich erzogen wurde. Da Johanna kinderlos blieb, ſo mußte Margaretha die Krone Flanderns erben. Die franzöſiſchen Könige, deren wachſamer Schlauheit nichts entging, vermählten Margaretha mit einem franzöſiſchen Edelmanne, Guy de Dampierre. Jetzt hatte der franzöſiſche Hof freie Hand und nahm die unnütze Maske ab. Auf Befehl des Königs — der König von Frankreich gab damals Befehle in Flandern — legte der Graf, als gehorſames Werkzeug des Fremden, Hand an die Landrechte; daraus entſtand Auflauf, Aufruhr, Haß und

Bürgerkrieg. Das wachſame Frankreich unterſtüzte bald die Gemeinen, bald den Grafen, und hetzte ſie unaufhörlich gegen einander an. Auch dieſer Graf ward des erniedrigenden Spieles müde; er wagte zu klagen und Widerſtand zu leiſten; man lockte ihn verrätheriſch mit ſeinem Erben Robrecht nach Paris und ſperrte ihn dort im Louvre ein. Der Tod befreite ihn aus ſeiner Gefangenſchaft; aber ſein Nachfolger und Sohn Robrecht bezahlte für ihn und für ſich ſelbſt in den Kerkern des Louvre. Vielleicht im Angeſicht eines Giftkelches wurde das ſchnöde Bündniß der Ungerechtigkeit unterzeichnet, durch welches man zu erklären und zu verlangen wagte, daß Flandern Frankreich für jährlich 22,000 Pfund Pariſis zinspflichtig bleibe. Iſt das vielleicht der ehrliche Vertrag?"

Der Graf betrachtete den redenden Artevelde mit Verwunderung und ſchien durch deſſen mächtiges Wort und volle eindringliche Stimme unwiderſtehlich beherrſcht zu ſein. In tiefes Nachdenken verſunken ſchüttelte er das Haupt, wie Jemand, der ſich Gewalt anthut, um nicht zu glauben, was er hört. Artevelde wartete vergebens auf eine Bemerkung des Fürſten und fuhr dann fort:

„Gnädiger Herr Graf! es bleibt mir noch der ſchmerzlichſte Theil meiner Erklärung übrig; aus Ehrfurcht vor Euch würde ich ihn wohl verſchweigen . . ."

„Fahrt fort," antwortete der Graf; „ich kann mir denken, wovon Ihr reden wollt; aber ich wünſche Eure Gedanken ganz zu kennen. Fürchtet nichts; heute vergeſſe ich meinen Namen und Rang, um Euch zu hören

Wenn auch nicht Alles wahr ſein mag, was aus Eurem Munde fließt, ſo iſt es doch eigenthümlich und bedeutend.“

Artevelde fuhr nun fort, wie er begonnen hatte:

„Und Ihr, mein gnädiger Herr! wißt Ihr, daß Euer ſeliger Vater bis auf ſein Todesbette darüber klagte, daß Ihr gegen ſeinen Willen und trotz ſeinen unaufhörlichen Vorſtellungen außerhalb Flanderns erzogen wurdet? Ihr wißt es vielleicht nicht; man hat es Euch verborgen, und doch iſt es wahr. Auch Ihr mußtet ein Franzoſe ſein und die Vläminger nicht kennen; auch Ihr mußtet ein Werkzeug in den Händen der franzöſiſchen Könige werden, die Freiheit des Volkes haſſen und die Liebe Eurer Unterthanen entbehren, damit Volk und Fürſt, einander entfremdet, beide ohnmächtig ſeien ausländiſcher Liſt und ſchnödem Betruge gegenüber. Auch Ihr habt in Eurem edlen Herzen Unmuth empfunden über dieſe moraliſche Sklaverei; aber die Kerker des Louvre haben Euer redliches Gemüth unterdrückt; auch Ihr ſeid verrätheriſch eingeſperrt worden und habt im Gefängniß geſeufzt; auch Ihr habt Eure Freiheit erkauft durch ein Bündniß, in welchem Ihr einwilligtet, Flandern unter die Herrſchaft franzöſiſcher Bevollmächtigter zu ſtellen, ſo oft es der König für gut fände; ein Bündniß, durch welches Ihr Frankreich die Städte Ryſſel, Douai und Orchies abtratet als Kaufpreis Eurer Freiheit. Iſt das vielleicht der ehrliche Vertrag, welchen der König von Frankreich gegen uns anführt?“

Bei dieſen letzten Worten Artevelde's wurde der Graf plötzlich roth vor Zorn; er ſprang auf, betrachtete den Sprecher mit ſcharfem Blicke und ſchien in deſſen Zügen zu forſchen, ob er ihn habe verhöhnen wollen oder nicht. Das ruhige und unveränderte Antlitz des weiſen Mannes flößte ihm jedoch eher Achtung als Unwillen ein. Da er ſich indeſſen durch den Sinn von Artevelde's Worten tief verletzt fühlte, ſo konnte er ſich nicht raſch bezwingen und ſchritt daher mehrere Male heftig im Saale auf und ab. Jakob war aus Ehrerbietung aufgeſtanden, rührte ſich indeſſen nicht, ſondern wartete, bis der Graf ſelbſt wieder das Wort an ihn richten würde.

Ludwig von Nevers beruhigte ſich langſam, näherte ſich endlich wieder Artevelde und gab ihm ein Zeichen, ſich von Neuem zu ſetzen.

„Die Wahrheit, Herr Graf, iſt eine rauhe Jungfrau, nicht wahr?“ ſagte Artevelde. „Es ſieht aus, als wolle ſie höhnen und die Ehrfurcht verletzen, und ſie reißt oftmals alte Wunden auf, die von Neuem wieder bluten. Verzeiht mir, gnädiger Herr! ich habe ſie nicht zu dem gemacht, was ſie iſt.“

„Ach, ja wohl!“ ſeufzte der Graf und warf ſich in ſeinen Seſſel. „Nochmals, Oberhauptmann! ich will Euch bis zu Ende anhören. Was auch die Folgen ſein mögen, ich vergeſſe dieſen Tag nie. Wunderbarer Bürger, der Ihr ſeid! was gab Euch die Macht, ſo unwiderſtehlich Jeden zu beherrſchen? Wer lehrte Euch ſo gewaltig den Schleier von vergangenen Zeiten abreißen und Dinge erklären, die mich verſtummen machen?“

„Ruhiger Eifer nach Wahrheit und warme Liebe für mein Vaterland, Herr Graf!“ antwortete Artevelde.

„Aber,“ fuhr Ludwig fort, „was iſt denn nach Eurem Urtheil Frankreichs Wille? Was wird denn nach Euren Gedanken die Folge dieſer liſtigen Anſchläge ſein, wenn ſie glücken?“

„Gnädiger Herr!“ ſagte Artevelde, „Ihr befehlt mir, Wunden noch ſchmerzlicher zu berühren. Darf ich es thun? Gebt Ihr mir die Erlaubniß, Euch redlich zu antworten auf Eure Frage?“

Auf ein bejahendes Zeichen des Grafen fuhr er nun alſo fort:

„Was Frankreich will? Es will Flandern beſitzen, um dort den Gewerbsfleiß und vor Allem die Volksrechte zu vernichten, um dort nach Wohlgefallen Brandſchatzungen zu erheben, um unſern heimathlichen Boden als ein beſiegtes Land mit ſeinem Lande zu verbinden, und den deutſchen Stamm, der es bewohnt, langſam zu unterdrücken. Das will es. Wünſcht Ihr auch die Mittel zu kennen, die es dazu anwendet? Nun, Herr Graf, ſucht die Löſung dieſer Frage nicht weiter, als in der Geſchichte Eures eigenen Lebens. — Der vorige König von Frankreich, Philipp der Lange, gab Euch ſeine Tochter zur Gemahlin. Warum aber, meint Ihr wohl, hat man Euch zehn Jahre lang unter allerhand ſchlauen Vorwänden gehindert, Euch unſerer gnädigen Gräfin, Eurer Gattin, zu nähern? Darf ich es Euch ſagen, Herr Graf? Es geſchah in der Hoffnung, Ihr würdet kinderlos ſterben; alsdann würde man unſere Gräfin mit einem mächtigen und treuen franzöſiſchen Vaſallen vermählen, und Flandern gehörte mit vollem Rechte der Krone Frankreich, da es dann durch Erbſchaft einer Tochter der franzöſiſchen Könige anheimfiele und durch Heirath unter die Herrſchaft eines franzöſiſchen Fürſten geſtellt würde. Auf dieſe Weiſe, gnädiger Herr! ſtürbe der letzte Tropfen vlämiſchen gräflichen Blutes mit Euch aus; Euer Grab würde den letzten Zweig unſerer alten Fürſten in ſich aufnehmen und wir Kraft eines ſogenannten geſetzlichen Rechtes auf ewige Zeiten fremder Zwingherrſchaft anheimfallen.“

„Abſcheulich!“ rief der Graf; „es iſt nicht möglich! Ihr umgaukelt meine Sinne!“

„Es iſt abſcheulich und wahr!“ wiederholte Artevelde. „Enguerrand de Marigny iſt der Rathgeber, der dieſen hölliſchen Plan ausgeſonnen hat. Wenn mein gnädiger Herr ſich erinnern will, wie genau meine Worte zuſammenpaſſen mit demjenigen, was er ſelbſt weiß, ſo wird er gewiß ſich nicht weigern, zu glauben, daß ich nicht ohne Grund ſo rede. — Und was wird nun das Ende von dem Allem ſein, wenn es Frankreich glückt? — Ihr hofft, Herr Graf, daß Eure Kinder nach Eurem Tode über uns herrſchen werden? Das Gegentheil hofft der franzöſiſche Hof. Flandern muß nach ſeinem ſchnöden Plane durch Heirath oder Tod einem anderen mächtigen franzöſiſchen Vaſallen anheimfallen. Man ſtreitet ſich bereits insgeheim, wer es ſein ſoll .... Wahrſcheinlich der Herzog von Burgund.“

Artevelde ſchwieg, um zu ſehen, welchen Eindruck ſeine Worte auf das Gemüth des Grafen ausübten; aber Ludwig ſaß, mit geſenktem Haupte, wie zerſchmettert durch dieſe wichtige Eröffnung, da, und blickte ſelbſt den Redner nicht mehr an. Jakob fuhr nun fort:

„Ihr klagt über den Haß, den wir gegen Frankreich hegen? Ihr ſeid im Irrthum. Die Vläminger haſſen das franzöſiſche Volk nicht. Im Gegentheil, das franzöſiſche Volk ſetzt ſeine Hoffnung in die Vläminger, um dereinſt ſeine Freiheit zu erhalten, und auf das franzöſiſche Volk hofft Flandern, um das Recht ſeiner Freiheit gegen ſpätere Bedrückung beſchützt zu ſehen. Warum wollen die Könige von Frankreich uns vernichten? Geſchieht es nicht aus Furcht, daß das Beiſpiel unſerer Macht und unſeres Gedeihens die franzöſiſchen Bürger veranlaſſe, ſich zu empören gegen das eiſerne Scepter der Lehensherrſchaft? Wenn wir etwas in Frankreich haſſen, ſo ſind es die Feinde der Freiheit, diejenigen, welche ſeit dreihundert Jahren Flandern verderben wollen, um der Macht der Gemeinen den Todesſtoß zu geben, nicht das franzöſiſche Volk; denn das ſehnt ſich nach dem Augenblicke, wo es mit uns ſich erheben kann, um die Ketten zu zerbrechen, mit denen man die Völker in ewiger Kindheit gefeſſelt zu halten hofft. — Ihr fragt mich, gnädiger Herr, wie es kommt, daß die Vläminger ihre Fürſten zu haſſen ſcheinen. Ach! ſeit mehr als hundert Jahren ſind unſere Grafen nur Abgeordnete Frankreichs, deren Auftrag iſt, uns unſerer Freiheiten zu berauben, uns heimlich zum Bürgerkriege anzuhetzen, unſern Gewerbfleiß zu tödten und unſer Vaterland, erniedrigt, gelähmt, zerſtückelt und ausgeſogen, der Habſucht der franzöſiſchen Politik zu überliefern. Wenn hier Haß und Entfremdung herrſchen, wo Liebe und Vertrauen ſein müßten, wer trägt die Schuld? Ich berufe mich auf Euer ritterliches Gemüth, auf die Stimme Eures Gewiſſens, Herr Graf! Erkennt mit mir an, daß, wenn in dieſer Sache Miſſethäter und Betrüger ſich finden, ſie nicht auf Flanderns Boden wohnen. Ihr habt mich gefragt, ob ich nicht Frankreich dienen wolle, um die Freiheiten Flanderns beſchränken zu helfen. Eure Güte hat mir erlaubt, darauf eine klare und deutliche Antwort zu geben. Ich habe vielleicht zu kühn geſprochen; aber mein gnädiger Fürſt hat es ſo gewollt.“

Der Graf faßte ſchmerzlich ſein Haupt mit beiden Händen und ſeufzte:

„Wenn Ihr Wahrheit ſprächet, o, wehe mir! dann wäre ich umringt von Hinterliſt, Falſchheit und Betrug! Ein Spielball in der Hand des Königs! Seid Ihr deſſen ſicher, was Ihr ſagt? O, erklärt mir, daß Ihr zweifelt, daß Ihr das Alles nur aus dem Munde von Perſonen vernommen habt, die dem Könige und mir feindlich ſind ..... Ihr ſchweigt, Oberhauptmann? Ihr ſeid alſo überzeugt, daß es ſo iſt und nicht anders?“

„Es iſt ſo,“ antwortete Artevelde mit unerſchütterlicher Ruhe.

„Gott, Gott!“ rief der Graf; „es iſt ſchrecklich! Aber Ihr, tapferer Bürger, Ihr, der mich im Tiefſten meiner Seele erſchreckt hat und mir einen gähnenden Abgrund vor meinen Füßen zeigte, gleichviel, ob wahr oder unwahr, was würdet Ihr thun, um dieſem Abgrunde zu entrinnen, wenn Ihr an meiner Stelle wäret? Laßt ſehen, ob Ihr eben ſo wohlberedt im Rathen, wie im Anklagen ſeid!“

„Was ich thun würde, Herr Graf? Ich würde mich zum Beſchützer der öffentlichen Freiheiten in Flandern erklären; ich würde mich an die Spitze des Volkes ſtellen, nicht um deſſen Fortſchritt zu hemmen, ſondern um ihn zu leiten; ich würde meine Intereſſen als Fürſt vereinen mit denen der Gemeinen, den Gewerbfleiß zur Blüthe bringen, den Handel durch alle Mittel nach meiner Grafſchaft ziehen und ſo als Vater und Wohlthäter des Landes die Liebe meiner Unterthanen gewinnen; ich würde ein Bündniß ſchließen mit Brabant, Hennegau, Limburg und Lüttich, um gleiches Gewicht und gleiche Münze einzuführen, um Handelsfreiheit und gemeinſchaftliche Vertheidigung zu befeſtigen; ich würde die Niederlande zu einer allgemeinen Bundesgenoſſenſchaft überreden, und dann, wenn in dieſer mächtigen Verbindung die alte Gallia Belgica Cäſar's wieder auflebte mit einer Macht von hunderttauſend heldenmüthigen Kriegern, dann würde ich ruhig herabblicken von dem gräflichen Stuhle von Flandern auf den königlichen Thron von Frankreich ..... Als wichtigſter und mächtigſter Theil dieſer Bundesgenoſſenſchaft würde Flandern immer deren Haupt bleiben; meine Krone ſollte über ganz Europa ihre Strahlen ſenden; das Gold ſollte aus allen Winkeln der Welt nach meiner Grafſchaft ſtrömen, und hier, auf dem Boden der Freiheit und der Volksgröße, ſollte ein Fürſt herrſchen, den die Könige mit Achtung und Ehrfurcht zu begrüßen ſich gezwungen ſehen ſollten ..... Was ich Euch vorſchlage, iſt kein Rieſenwerk, Herr Graf! Es bedarf zu deſſen Ausführung nur eines guten Theils männlichen Willens und fürſtlichen Muthes ..... Ha! Herr Graf! wenn Gott Euch das große Vorhaben einflößte, ſo Euren eigenen Ruhm mit der Größe unſeres ſchönen Vaterlandes zu verbinden, dann würde ich meine Gedanken, mein Gut und mein Blut Eurem Dienſte widmen; alle Vläminger ſollten freudig ſterben zu Eurer Vertheidigung und, ich ſchwöre es Euch, Ihr binnen Kurzem einer der mächtigſten Fürſten Europa's werden. Nun denn, gnädiger Herr! jetzt kennt Ihr meinen Rath. Wollt Ihr das leitende Haupt werden des fleißigſten und freieſten Stammes der abendländiſchen Völkerſchaften? Soll Flandern unter Eurem väterlichen Geſetze und Eurer Leitung dieſe glänzende Laufbahn durchwandeln? Oder ſoll es ſeine Erhebung allein in dem Bürgermuthe ſeiner Bewohner ſuchen müſſen? Redet, Herr Graf! Das Urtheil, das Ihr fällen werdet, iſt wichtig, und wird über Flanderns Schickſal, vielleicht über das Eure entſcheiden.''

Während Artevelde dieſes Gemälde von Flanderns möglicher Größe in raſchen Zügen entworfen hatte, trug ſich plötzlich eine eigenthümliche Veränderung in Ludwigs Haltung und Antlitz zu. Er hatte das Haupt ſtolz emporgehoben und ſeine Augen funkelten von edlem Feuer. Aber als ihm Artevelde nun ſo unerwartet eine Zuſtim mung oder eine Weigerung abforderte, fiel der Zauberſchleier von ſeinen Augen und es breitete ſich plötzlich ein eigenthümlicher Ausdruck der Muthloſigkeit oder der Verzweiflung über ſein Geſicht. Er blieb lange Zeit in Gedanken verſunken und ſagte dann mit dumpfem Tone, wie Jemand, der zerſtreut iſt und mit ſich ſelbſt ſpricht:

„Es kann nicht ſein; es wäre ein Verbrechen, das der König blutig rächen würde; mein Eid bindet mich — und meine Grafſchaften Rethel und Nevers! — Und meine Gattin! Mich mit Bürgern gegen die Ritterſchaft verbinden? Vielleicht Schuld ſein an dem Untergange des ganzen Adels? Den Fluch von ganz Frankreich, von allem edlen Blute auf mich laden? Nein, nein! das kann nicht ſein!“

Sich dann emporrichtend, mit der deutlichen Abſicht, dieſe Unterredung zu enden, faßte er Artevelde bei der Hand und ſagte wohlwollend:

„Oberhauptmann! ich glaube an Eure Redlichkeit; habt Ihr auch allzu kühn geſprochen in Gegenwart Eures Fürſten, ich verzeihe es Euch gern; aber was Ihr mir gerathen habt, muß ich verwerfen. Ich bin ein treuer Ritter und will es bleiben; der König von Frankreich iſt mein geſetzlicher Oberherr und hat meinen feierlichen Eid zum Pfande. Was auch mit mir geſchehe, ich werde in ſeinem Dienſte ſterben. — Ich hatte gehofft, Euren Bürgerſtolz beſiegen zu können durch freundliche Worte und durch das Verſprechen eines höheren Amtes. Ich begreife jetzt erſt, daß dies nutzlos war und daß Ihr unvermeidlich ganz anders als ein Ritter über die Dinge urtheilen müßt, indem Eure Anſichten unendlich von den unſrigen abweichen. — Ich habe mich geirrt; es thut mir ſehr leid. — Oberhauptmann! Ihr ſeid auf mein Ritterwort gekommen, geht eben ſo ungehindert wieder fort, und gebe der Himmel Euch beſſere Gedanken!"

Artevelde verbeugte ſich ehrfurchtsvoll und antwortete:

„Ich danke Euch, gnädiger Herr, für Eure Güte. Auch mir hatte dieſe feierliche Audienz eine lockende Hoffnung eingeflößt. Ach! ich muß dieſes wohlthätige Gefühl für immer aufgeben. Es ſei! Was mich betrifft, ſo werde ich ohne Furcht noch Rückſicht mein Leben der Größe meines Vaterlandes widmen, und mit Gottes Hülfe vollbringen, was ich der Gemeine gelobt habe Glück und Friede, Herr Graf!"

Nach dieſen Worten folgte der Oberhauptmann dem Höfling, welcher auf den Ruf des Grafen in den Saal trat, und befand ſich gleich darauf wieder außerhalb des Steens auf dem Veerleplatze. Er ward auf dem Freitagsmarkte von den dort wartenden Zunftgenoſſen mit anhaltendem Jubel begrüßt; allein er dankte der Menge nur durch ein Zeichen mit der Hand und begab ſich, von ſeiner Wache begleitet, mit raſchen Schritten nach ſeiner Wohnung.

Ende des zweiten Bandes.

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VII.

Am Sanct Martinstage des Jahres 1339 war zu Brüſſel auf dem Coudenberge vor der Altenburg eine große Bewegung von Rittern, Bürgern und bewaffneten Gildebrüdern, welche auf- und abgingen, als ob ſie etwas Außergewöhnliches vorhätten. Selbſt in der Warande, die ſich hinter dem Hertogenhofe und über einen Theil des Borgendal hinzog, konnte man viele Fremde, von fürſtlichen Dienern geleitet, haufenweiſe umherwandeln ſehen. Entfernte man ſich von der Altenburg, um nach dem Canterſteen hinabzugehen, ſo bemerkte man hier und da vor den zahlreichen Herbergen Pferde, welche abgewartet wurden, oder Wagen und Sänften, welche man von dem Schmutze, der daran klebte, reinigte. Dazwiſchen liefen Knechte und Mägde umher, welche den neugierigen Nachbarn, die gaffend umherſtanden und das Reiſegeräthe anſtarrten, auf ihre vielen Fragen kaum Antwort gaben. Von allen Seiten hörte man:

„Nun, Goeleken Lieb, wie heißt der Ritter, der heute im rothen Drachen übernachtet? Aus welchem Orte kommt der alte Klerikus her, deſſen Roßſänfte dies iſt? Spricht er Niederländiſch? Iſt er ein Wallone? — Wie viele Gäſte beherbergt Ihr heute, Goeleken?“

„Vierzehn, die Diener abgerechnet.“

„Ich würde ſchon einen florentiniſchen Gulden für Eurer Trinkgeld geben, Wouter, wenn ich einen hätte. Sind auch viele Ritter und gute Leute im Kaiſer eingeritten? und im Schild von Ungarn? — Wouter, Junge, habt Ihr den König von England ſchon geſehen? Nein! Nun, dann lauft raſch die Cantſchiede hinauf. Die Herzoglichen fiſchen im Clutine. Der König ſteht dabei und ſieht zu. Die Warande und der Herrenweinberg ſind voll Fremde.“

Wouter, der Stallknecht aus dem rothen Drachen, ſetzte ſeinen Waſſereimer nieder, und ſich den fragenden Nachbarn nähernd, ſagte er hochmüthig:

„Die Leute aus dem rothen Drachen brauchen dem Könige von England nicht nachzulaufen, um etwas Rares zu ſehen. Verſteht Ihr mich, Jan Meſſerſchmied? Wir erwarten hier einen Mann, der weder vor Herzogen noch vor Königen zu weichen braucht, obgleich er weder Edelmann noch Ritter iſt.“

Die Nachbarn ſteckten raſch die Köpfe zuſammen und fragten mit geſteigerter Neugier:

„Wie? Iſt es doch wahr? Wer ſollte das ſein? Wer iſt es denn?“

„Wer es iſt?“ ſagte Wouter; „wer? Jakob von Artevelde iſt es!“

„Artevelde?“ rief man verwundert, „Artevelde? Der Capitain von Gent?“

„Der blutdürſtige Tyrann?“ ſetzte der Meſſerſchmied hinzu.

„Was ſchwatzt Ihr da von Tyrannen?“ fragte der Stallknecht.

„Ja!“ antwortete Jan der Meſſerſchmied hierauf; „Ihr könnt Euch nur hüten, daß Ihr ihm nicht unter die Füße kommt, Wouter, und daß Ihr fliegt, wenn er etwas befiehlt; denn er würde Euch mit ſeinem Dolche niederſtoßen, als ob Ihr ein Hund wäret, weder mehr noch weniger.“

„Iſt er ein ſolcher Mann?“ ſeufzte Wouter erſchreckt.

„Na! Ihr müßt nur einmal erzählen hören, was er ſchon für unſchuldige Menſchen, Ritter und Bürger, zu Gent und in Flandern, hat umbringen laſſen, weil ſie bei ſeinem erſten Wink nicht zu ſeinem Dienſte herbeiliefen. Ja! Ja! Wouter, betrachtet ihn lieber nicht; denn wenn er es übel nähme, ſo würdet Ihr es wahrſcheinlich Niemanden mehr klagen können.“

„Er will Euch bange machen, Wouter!“ ſagte ein Fuhrmann; „das iſt Alles erlogen, was er da erzählt.“

„Erlogen?“ rief der Meſſerſchmied. „Erlogen? Ich weiß es von Jan Meliſoen, dem Knappen, der mir ſeinen Dolch zu ſchleifen brachte, und der hat es aus dem Munde eines franzöſiſchen Ritters gehört.“

„Und dennoch ſind es Lügen,“ antwortete der Fuhrmann. „Bin ich nicht vor vierzehn Tagen mit dem Dechanten Arnoud Boc nach Gent gefahren, um Tuch für die Stadtdienerſchaft zu holen? und blieb ich nicht eine ganze Woche in Gent? Nun, dort weiß man nichts von Allem, was Ihr geſagt habt, und dort hätte es doch geſchehen ſein müſſen!"

„Das iſt doch wunderbar," fiel ihm der Stallknecht in die Rede. „Seit geſtern ſind hier zwei Genter Bürger, die mit den Anderen zu Hofe gehen ſollen, und was die ſo ganz ſtill im Winkel ſich einander von Capitain Artevelde erzählen und ſchwatzen, das iſt auch nicht freundlich. Ich ſtand zwiſchen meinen Pferden und hörte es. Wenn es wahr iſt, was dieſe Bürger ſagen, ſo muß der Artevelde ein Erzſchelm ſein."

„Solche Läſtermäuler und Neider giebt es auch in Gent," bemerkte der Fuhrmann; „aber ſie werden ſich wohl hüten, Meiſter Artevelde offen anzugreifen; man würde ihnen auf der Stelle den Hals brechen."

„Mag es ſein, wie es wolle!" ſagte der Stallknecht; „wenn er mich nicht zwiſchen meinen Pferden herausholt . . . . ."

In dieſem Augenblicke erſchien die Wirthin auf der Schwelle des rothen Drachens und rief mit ſcharfer und zorniger Stimme:

„Wouter! Wouter! Was ſteht Ihr da wieder und ſchwatzt mit den Nachbarn, während wir bis an den Hals in Arbeit ſtecken! Will der Faulpelz gleich einmal fortfahren, die Roßſänfte zu reinigen?"

Der Stallknecht ließ die Nachbarn ſtehen und kehrte beſchämt zu ſeiner Arbeit zurück.

„Goedele!" rief die Wirthin der Magd zu, „geh' nach der Küche und hilf Godelieve die Hühner rupfen und das Kraut ſchneiden; aber ſpute Dich, Kind!"

Das Mädchen wies mit dem Finger nach Coudenberg zu und ſagte:

„Seht, Ver Walgaerde! dort kommen unſere beiden Gäſte die Cantſchiede herunter.“

„So gehe raſch in die Speiſekammer und decke den Tiſch, Goedele!“ ſprach die Wirthin. „Unſere Gäſte werden frühſtücken wollen. Spute Dich!“

Während die Magd hineingegangen war, um den Befehl auszuführen, erwartete die Wirthin ihre Gäſte, empfing ſie mit lachendem Geſicht und freundlichen Worten und führte ſie in ein Nebengemach, wo der Imbiß, beſtehend aus kaltem Fleiſch, Eiern, Wein und Bier, bereits aufgetragen war. Nachdem ſie einen Blick auf den Tiſch geworfen hatte, um ſich zu verſichern, daß es dort an nichts fehle, ging ſie nach der Thür, mit dem gewöhnlichen Wunſche: „Wohl bekomme es Euch, meine Herren!“ und wollte das Gemach verlaſſen; plötzlich jedoch, als ob ihr etwas einfalle, wandte ſie ſich wieder zu den Gäſten und ſagte, auf einen Steinkrug zeigend:

„Mit Eurer Erlaubniß, meine Herren! Ich empfehle dieſen Wein Eurer beſonderen Aufmerkſamkeit. Als Fremde wird es Euch vielleicht angenehm ſein, ſagen zu können, daß Ihr Wein aus des Herzogs Weinberge getrunken habt.“

Die Gäſte wunderten ſich darüber, und Einer von ihnen ſagte:

„Das ſoll alſo Wein ſein von den Reben, die wir heute Morgen in der Warande ſahen? In der That, ich bin neugierig, zu wiſſen, wie der Brüſſeler Wein ſchmecken mag. Wir danken Euch herzlich, Wirthin! Aber wie kommt Ihr zu dieſem Tranke?“

„Ach!“ antwortete die Wirthin, „mein Mann hat vor vier Jahren einen hübſchen Theil Pfennige vorgeſchoſſen, um des Herzogs Schulden bezahlen zu helfen, und man hat ihm dafür von dieſem Weine auf Abſchlag gegeben. Er iſt gut, meine Herren! Wenn man es nicht ſchmeckte, würde man es nicht glauben, daß ſich hinter Goudenberg auf Borgendal ſo edler Wein bauen läßt.“

Bei dieſen Worten verneigte ſie ſich und ging aus dem Gemach.

Sobald die beiden Gäſte allein waren, begannen ſie ſtillſchweigend zu frühſtücken. Es war ſichtlich, daß ernſte oder trübe Gedanken ſie zerſtreut machten; denn es verfloß eine geraume Zeit, ehe Einer von beiden Folgendes zu ſeinem Gefährten ſagte:

„Alſo glaubt Ihr, Mher Denys! daß ihm auch dieſes Unternehmen wieder glücken werde?“

„Ich zweifele durchaus nicht daran, Ser van Steenbeeke!“ antwortete der Andere.

„Und die Geſandten von Brugge und Ypern? Hat er ſie auch ſchon verführt, daß ſie nicht ſehen wollen, wo er hinaus ſoll mit dieſer teufliſchen Neuigkeit?“

„Man möchte verzweifeln, Ser van Steenbeeke! Sie ſind rein verblendet über den herrſchſüchtigen Artevelde. Er hat ihnen ſchon wieder mit ſeinem loſen Geſchwätz den Kopf ſo angefüllt, daß ſie auf nichts hören und böſe werden, wenn man ihnen das Rechte zeigen will. Sie ſcheinen ſelbſt mit Gleichgültigkeit, ich könnte faſt ſagen, mit Verachtung meine Worte anzuhören, als ob es in Gent keinen einzigen Mann von Anſehen mehr gäbe, ſeitdem dieſer Volksbetrüger aufgeſtanden iſt! — Ich habe alſo nicht viel ſagen können; es iſt gefährlich, ſolchen Leuten mit Gewalt die Augen zu öffnen; das könnte unſern Plan für immer misglücken machen. Aber Ihr, Ser van Steenbecke! Ihr habt wahrſcheinlich beſſer Euern Zweck erreicht bei den Rittern von Brabant und Flandern!“

„Ach! dort war nichts zu machen, Mher Denys! Der Oberhauptmann hat ſein Spiel zu gut angelegt. Ich weiß nicht, wie er es anfängt; aber alle Ritter, die zu der Tagfahrt gekommen ſind, rühmen ihn als ein Wunder von Weisheit. Ich begreife es nicht; es iſt, als hätte er Jeden bezaubert. Wißt Ihr, was ich anfange zu denken, Mher Denys? — Ich fange an zu denken, daß wir in der That zu Wenige, zu ſchwach und zu ungewandt ſind, um gegen einen Mann zu kämpfen, deſſen Argliſt und wachſame Thätigkeit uns vernichten wird. Sollten wir nicht in der That zu klein und er zu groß ſein?“

Bei dieſen Worten flammte Denys' Antlitz vor Wuth auf, und er knirſchte ſichtlich mit den Zähnen, während um ſeinen Mund der Haß krampfhaft zuckte.

„Ha!“ rief er, „ſeid Ihr aus ſolchem Stoff? Ich nicht, Ser van Steenbecke! Mögt Ihr vor der ſchweren Arbeit zurückweichen; was mich betrifft, ſo werde ich mein Ziel verfolgen und es erreichen, das ſchwöre ich Euch! Er zu groß für mich ſein? Habt Ihr noch nie geſehen, daß das ſchwache Geisblatt endlich doch die junge Eiche erſtickt, an die es ſich mit unüberwindlicher Geduld hängt?“

„Ich bewundere Euren Muth, Mher Denys! Aber trotz dem werden wir ihn heute doch nicht hindern, ein Bündniß gegen Frankreich zwiſchen Flandern und Brabant zu ſchließen. Was ſollen wir dann hier thun?“

„Mag er das Bündniß ſchließen!“ rief Denys; „darum wird er doch meiner Rache nicht entgehen; ich kann warten, lange warten, bei der Gewißheit, daß ich ihn doch einmal treffen werde.“

„Und unſer unglücklicher Graf, Mher Denys, wird alſo die Demüthigung erleiden müſſen, wider ſeinen Willen ein Bündniß ſchließen zu ſehen zwiſchen ſeinen Unterthanen und Fürſten, welche feindlich geſinnt ſind gegen unſern natürlichen Oberherrn und König von Frankreich.“

„Was? Oberherrn? Der König von Frankreich unſer Oberherr?“ rief Denys. „Wo nehmt Ihr ſolche Gedanken her? und was kümmert mich Euer gnädiger Graf und ſein ganzes Geſpann von Höflingen und Schmeichlern? — Was ich will? Ich will allein den Tyrannen, den herrſchſüchtigen Prahler Artevelde ſtürzen und vernichten, um unſere Stadt Gent und das Vaterland aus der Erniedrigung zu retten. Aber um Gottes willen, redet mir weder von dem Grafen noch von dem Könige, die nicht den Muth, nicht die Macht beſitzen, einen ehrloſen Emporkömmling aus dem Wege zu ſchaffen.“

„Die Worte giebt Euch der Zorn ein, Mher Denys!“

„Der Zorn? Nein, die kalte Vernunft und das Gefühl gekränkten Rechtes.“

„Wäre ich deſſen gewiß, Oberdechant, ſo würde ich mich nicht länger mit Euch gegen den Oberhauptmann verbinden. Wüßte ich, daß Ihr ein ſo heißer Feind unſeres gnädigen Grafen ſeid, als Ihr es jetzt in Eurem Verdruſſe zeigen zu wollen ſcheint, ſo bräche ich alle Beziehung zwiſchen uns ab.“

Ungeduldig rückte der Oberdechant auf ſeinem Stuhle hin und her und ſagte mit verbiſſener Wuth:

„Heißer Feind! Wer ſpricht davon, Ser van Steenbeeke? Ich ſage Euch, daß es mich ſchmerzt, unſern Graf ſich ſo feige unter der Gewalt eines ehrſüchtigen Schwätzers beugen zu ſehen, und wäre ich auch ein Feind des Grafen, während Ihr eine unbegränzte Liebe für ihn hegt, wie ſollte das unſer Zuſammenwirken hindern?“

„Es würde daſſelbe unmöglich machen und abbrechen.“

„Ganz und gar nicht! Was iſt Euer Zweck? Ihr wollt Artevelde's Einfluß vernichten, um die Oberherrſchaft des Grafen wieder hergeſtellt zu ſehen, wollt möglicher Weiſe der Ritterſchaft den Sieg über das Volk verſchaffen, oder uns mit Frankreich gegen England vereinigen. Es iſt mir ganz gleichgültig, aus welchem Grunde Ihr gegen Artevelde kämpft, und ſo müſſen die Beweggründe meines Haſſes gegen ihn Euch auch gleichgültig ſein. Laßt uns für's Erſte unſeren ganzen Verſtand und unſere ganze Kraft gemeinſchaftlich verwenden, um unſern beiderſeitigen Feind zu vernichten. Nachher wollen wir uns um die Beute ſtreiten, wenn es Euch gefällt; und misfällt Euch dieſe Erklärung, ſo ſagt es. Ich werde ſchon allein die Mittel finden, auszuführen, was ich mir vorgenommen habe."

„Schon gut!" antwortete Ser van Steenbeeke misvergnügt. „Reden wir nicht länger darüber. Ich werde ebenfalls thun, was mir beliebt, und für meine Ueberzeugung wirken, aber nicht mehr gemeinſchaftlich mit Euch, Oberdechant."

Denys hatte ſich durch ſeinen unbezwinglichen Haß fortreißen laſſen, und ſah wohl ein, daß er Gefahr lief, einen bedeutenden Bundesgenoſſen zu verlieren. Er änderte daher plötzlich ſeinen Ton und ſagte:

„Aber, Freund van Steenbeeke, Ihr ſucht mehr in meinen Worten, als darin ſteckt; der Aerger über das Misglücken unſeres Verſuches ließ mich auch Dinge ſagen, die ich eigentlich nicht ſo denke. Verzeiht mir die kleine Aufwallung; wir müſſen gemeinſchaftlich wirken, bis wir unſer Ziel erreicht haben. Ihr ſeid Ritter, ich bin Bürger; aber haben wir nicht dieſelben Urſachen, alle unſere Kräfte daran zu ſetzen, um den Tyrannen zu ſtürzen? Liegt die Bürgerſchaft, liegt das Volk nicht unter ihm eben ſo erniedrigt da, wie die Ritterſchaft? Müſſen wir nicht Alle ſeinen Befehlen nachgeben und uns vor ihm beugen? Sind nicht Graf und Unterthanen, Beide, ſeine demüthigen Diener?"

„Ach! das iſt leider nur zu wahr," ſeufzte van Steenbeeke

„Nun denn! Wer abwartet, der trägt den Sieg davon. Seine Angelegenheiten ſtehen nicht ſo gut, wie Ihr wähnt, und wir werden vielleicht ſchon binnen Kurzem ſeinen Fall ſehen.“

„Hofft Ihr das in der That?“

„Ob ich es hoffe? Ihr wißt doch, daß der König von Frankreich erklärt hat, er werde Flandern durch die Biſchöfe in den Bann thun laſſen, wenn es ſich mit England gegen ihn verbündete. Das vorige Mal hat der Oberhauptmann den Blitz der Kirche abgewendet, indem er allerlei Entſchuldigungen bei dem Papſte geltend machte. Diesmal wird es ihm nicht gelingen; man weiß in Frankreich gewiß, daß der Bann unter keinem Vorwande aufgehoben werden wird; dann kommt unſere Zeit, Freund van Steenbeeke. Wenn Niemand in Flandern mehr in die Kirche gehen darf, Niemand mehr Meſſe leſen und Beichte hören wird, dann werden wir ſchon zu verſtehen geben, daß Artevelde die Schuld an dem Untergange ſo vieler Chriſtenſeelen hat; und folgt darauf Krieg, ſo werden wir dem Volke ſchon deutlich machen, wer die eigentliche Urſache der Brandſchatzungen, Plünderungen und anderer unvermeidlicher Unglücksfälle ſei. Leidende und Unzufriedene ſchenken nur zu leicht Gehör; das Volk wird des Oberhauptmanns müde werden; je höher er geſtiegen iſt, deſto tiefer wird er fallen, und wir werden uns überzeugen, daß, ſo gering wir auch ſind, wir den Tyrannen endlich doch in den Sumpf der öffentlichen Verachtung geſtürzt und dort erſtickt haben.“

„So weit werden wir nie kommen, Freund Denys.“

„Fürchtet Ihr das?“

„Ach! ich wage es nicht, ſolchen Sieg zu hoffen, wenn ich überlege, wie lange wir ſchon thätig ſind, ohne daß wir ſeinen mächtigen Lauf haben hemmen oder nur in Etwas hindern können.“

„Ihr wollt, die Frucht ſoll reifen, ehe der Sommer da iſt.“

„Nein, aber ich gebe den Muth auf, weil ich die Frucht noch nicht einmal angeſetzt ſehe.“

„O, Ihr täuſcht Euch, Ser van Steenbeeke; die Frucht hat nicht allein ſchon angeſetzt, ſondern ſie iſt bereits auch ziemlich groß und kann bei der erſten günſtigen Gelegenheit zur Reife kommen. Hört Ihr denn nicht in Gent und anderswo unter den Rittern wie unter dem Volke Stimmen gegen Artevelde ſich erheben und ihn anklagen und die Rache gegen ihn aufrufen?“

„Ja wohl! Doch was vermögen die wenigen Stimmen gegen die große Menge, welche Artevelde in den Himmel heben würde, wenn ſie ſo hoch reichen könnte?“

„Es iſt ein Anfang, nur ein Anfang, Ser van Steenbeeke! Laßt mich nur gewähren; ich werde ihm ſchon Hinderniſſe in den Weg werfen, eine Grube nach der andern zu ſeinen Füßen graben, und ihm ſo viele Feindſeligkeit zuſammenbrauen, daß er den Verſtand darüber verlieren ſoll. Wenn Ihr mir dabei helfen wollt, ſo würde das deſto beſſer ſein.“

„Und worin ſollte dieſe Hülfe beſtehen? Ich begreife Euch nicht.“

„Ich will es Euch erklären; aber ich ſage Euch vorher, Eure ritterlichen Gedanken müßt Ihr bei Seite laſſen. Vergeßt nicht, daß wir unſer Ziel erreichen müſſen und daß es auf die Mittel nicht ankommt.“

„Ich höre,“ ſagte van Steenbecke.

Denys beugte den Kopf über den Tiſch und wollte nun die ganze Falſchheit ſeines Herzens ſeinem Gefährten entwickeln; allein er hatte keine Zeit dazu, indem die Wirthin in das Zimmer trat und zu ihren Gäſten ſagte:

„Meine Herren! unſer Knecht, den ich nach dem vlämiſchen Thore geſandt hatte, kommt eben zurückgelaufen und meldet, daß die Genter Geſellſchaft bereits mit dem Wagen bei der Sanct Nikolauskirche iſt; Eure Freunde werden alſo binnen wenigen Augenblicken im rothen Drachen abſteigen.“

Als ſie dies geſagt hatte, ging ſie wieder fort und machte die Thüre zu.

Der Oberdechant ſtand eilig auf und wollte hinaus.

„Wo wollt Ihr hin?“ fragte van Steenbecke.

„Ich gehe dem Oberhauptmann entgegen, um ihm die Hand zu drücken,“ antwortete Denys mit einem ſelbſtzufriedenen falſchen Lächeln.

„Solche Scheinfreundſchaft iſt doch nicht ehrlich,“ murrte ſein Gefährte.

„Wollt Ihr denn, daß ich ihm Tag für Tag ins Geſicht ſchreie: Ich bin Euer Feind, damit er mir mißtraut und ſich vor mir in Acht nimmt? Nein, nein! Ihr handelt anders, das weiß ich; Ihr greift ihn offen an; aber was nützt das? Wenn Ihr im Schöffenrathe oder ſonſt irgendwo eine Beſchuldigung gegen Artevelde vorbringt, ſo ſagt man: Ja, wir wiſſen es wohl, er iſt ſein geſchworener Feind, der wird nichts Gutes von ihm ſagen — und man glaubt Euch nicht. Ich dagegen, Ser van Steenbecke, ich bin, wenn auch nicht in den Augen des Oberhauptmanns, doch in denen des Volkes Artevelde's guter Freund, und wenn ich etwas gegen ihn ſage, ſo glaubt man es mir leicht. Wißt Ihr denn nicht, daß die Stimme von Jemanden, der ſeinen Freund bei Anderen anklagt, unheilbarere Wunden ſchlägt, als ein in Gift getauchter Dolch? Ihr lacht über ſolche ernſte Wahrheit?“

„Zu guter Stunde, ich hätte es beinahe vergeſſen; aber Ihr erinnert mich daran, und Ihr gebt mir wohl auch den Schlüſſel dazu, glaube ich. Euer Sohn und Eure Frau kommen heute mit der Frau und Tochter des Oberhauptmanns, um eine Vergnügungsreiſe nach Brüſſel zu machen. Ich habe vernommen, daß Ihr ſelber Myer Ghelnoot von Lens erſuchtet, als Schützer der Frauen mitzukommen und ſie in Büſſel herumzuführen. Ich begreife die innige Freundſchaft wohl, die zwiſchen den Eurigen und Artevelde's Familie beſteht; aber was bedeutet die Gegenwart von Myer Ghelnoot?“

Ein ſchlaues Lächeln war die Antwort des Oberdechanten.

„Ihr wißt doch wohl,“ fuhr van Steenbecke fort, „daß ſonderbare Gerüchte über Myer Ghelnoot und Jungfrau von Artevelde in Brüſſel umlaufen? Ich weiß, daß dieſe Gerüchte falſch ſind; aber . . .“

„Kommt, kommt!“ rief Denys, mit triumphirendem Blicke. „Das wußte ich nicht, als ich Ihrer Ghelnoot bat, meine Frau zu begleiten; aber Ihr zeigt mir da Etwas, das wirklich nicht zu verſäumen iſt; ich danke Euch ..... Ihr geht alſo dem Oberhauptmann nicht entgegen?“

„Um Alles in der Welt nicht!“

„Alſo auf Wiederſehen!“

Als Denys aus dem rothen Drachen kam und mit einigen Schritten die Ecke des Canterſteens erreicht hatte, ſah er die Genter Geſandtſchaft von fern mit drei großen Wagen bei der Kapelle von Sancta Magdalena zu den Socken heranrollen. Zwei dieſer Wagen waren unbedeckt, der dritte allein bedeckt. In dem erſten Fuhrwerke auf der vorderſten Bank ſaß Galevoet, der Dechant der Zwillichweber, und Pieter Zoetaerde, Schöffe des Gedeele von Gent; hinter ihnen Jakob Maſch mit Claes van Belleghem, Schöffen der Keure. In dem zweiten Wagen befanden ſich Jakob von Artevelde, Maes van Baernewyck, der Oberſchöffe, Ghelnoot von Lens, Hauptmann des Sanct Nikolauskirchſpiels, und Meiſter Auguſtyn, der Stadtſchreiber von Gent.

Der dritte Wagen, welcher bedeckt war, gehörte eigentlich nicht zu der Geſandtſchaft. Er führte frohe Hoffnung und ſüße Liebe. Auf ſeiner vorderſten Bank ſaß Lieven Denys zwiſchen ſeiner Mutter und Frau Catheline von Artevelde, während in der Tiefe des Wagens Chriſtine van Baernewyck, mit der ſchönen Beerle Hand in Hand, entzückt über dieſe fröhliche Reiſe ſprachen.

Zu jenen Zeiten waren die Wege ſehr unſicher gemacht durch Landſtreicher und Räuber. Niemand konnte ohne große Gefahr eine Reiſe unternehmen, wenn er nicht eine ſtarke Begleitung mit ſich führte. Kein Wunder daher, daß einige Gattinnen und Töchter der Geſandten dieſe Gelegenheit benutzt hatten, um in ihrer Geſellſchaft einen Ausflug nach Brüſſel zu machen.

Die Nachricht, daß der berühmte Capitain von Gent im rothen Drachen herbergen würde, hatte eine große Menge Volks auf den Weg, den die Geſandtſchaft nehmen mußte, gelockt. Jetzt liefen die neugierigen Brüſſeler neben den Wagen her und bemühten ſich, zu entdecken, wer von dieſen Männern wohl Artevelde ſein möchte. Nach ſeiner hochmüthigen Haltung würde man Calevoet, der auf der vorderſten Bank des erſten Wagens ſaß, leicht als das Haupt der Geſandtſchaft angeſehen können; aber ſeine breiten platten Ohren und ſein dummes Aeußere ſagten dem Volke deutlich genug, daß hinter ſolchem zurückſtoßendem Antlitz kein großes Gehirn zu finden ſei.

An der Ecke des Ganterſteens ſtand die Menge ſo dicht gedrängt, daß man beinahe nicht hindurch konnte, und nur mit Mühe erreichten die Wagen die Thür des rothen Drachen, wo die Wirthin die Umſtehenden als grobe und ungeſchliffene Leute ausſchalt, und drohte, ihnen einige Eimer Waſſer auf den Kopf gießen zu laſſen, wenn ſie nicht von ihrem Hauſe weggingen.

Die Geſandten ſtiegen eilig aus dem Wagen und ſchritten quer durch das Volk in die Herberge hinein. Als aber der dritte Wagen der Thür des rothen Drachen ſich näherte, zeigte ſich plötzlich der junge Herr van Gaesbeke, der Lieblingsknappe des Herzogs Johann von Brabant, um den Frauen aus dem Wagen zu helfen. Auf ſeinen Befehl machten die Brüſſeler ehrfurchtsvoll Platz, und nachdem er den Frauen geſagt hatte, daß er damit beauftragt ſei, ihnen in der herzoglichen Stadt als Führer zu dienen, gab er ihnen, Einer nach der Andern, die Hand und führte ſie in die Herberge. Nachdem jede von ihnen einige Worte mit ihrem Gatten oder Vater gewechſelt, und in ſieben Worten ihnen ausgedrückt hatte, wie ſchön ſie das bergige Brabant ſänden, wurden ſie mit Lieven Denys und dem jungen Hofjunker in ein Nebengemach geführt. Die Männer blieben in dem gemeinſamen Saale und ordneten ihre Kleidung, während ſie ſich eine Kanne Brüſſeler Bier vorſetzen ließen.

Der van Steenbeeke hielt ſich von dem Oberhauptmanne entfernt, ohne daß ſich Jemand darüber wunderte, da ſie Alle wußten, daß ſie feindlich gegen einander geſinnt ſeien. Denys hatte dagegen Artevelde die Hand gereicht und ſchien mehr als Andere mit ihm in freundſchaftlichem Tone zu ſprechen. Er bemerkte zwar wohl, wie kühl und gleichgültig der Oberhauptmann ihm antwortete; er fühlte ſich durch dieſe ſtille Verachtung tief verwundet, unterdrückte jedoch ſeinen Aerger und ſpielte ſeine falſche Rolle fort.

Ghelnoot van Lens plauderte und ſcherzte mit einem verkrüppelten Manne, der am Heerde ſaß. Gleich darauf hob er ſeine Kanne in die Höhe und rief:

„Auf, Genoſſen! ich trinke zur Ehre unſeres Wirthes! Wißt Ihr, wer es iſt, der dort ſo ſchweigſam bei dem Feuer ſitzt? Es iſt Robrecht Walgaerde, der Bannerträger des Ser van Grimberge, welcher in der Schlacht zum Hellekine Wunder der Tapferkeit verrichtete. Gebt mir die Hand, Robrecht; Ihr habt vielen Vlämingern die Knochen gegerbt, nicht wahr? Aber Ihr ſeid ein kühner Mann!“

Die Geſandten tranken mit frohem Eifer zur Ehre des Wirthes. Jakob Maſch allein blieb unbeweglich ſitzen und betrachtete den Verſtümmelten mit dem Ausdruck der Betrübniß.

„Mher Maſch!“ rief Ghelnoot, „nach dem Kriege ſind alle tapferen Männer ſtets gute Freunde.“

„Er iſt es, der meinem Bruder den Todesſtreich gab,“ antwortete der Schöffe.

„Eurem Bruder?“ fragte der Wirth. „Mit Verlaub, wie hieß er?“

„Steven Maſch war ſein Name.“

„Zürnt mir nicht,“ ſagte der Wirth; „Euer Bruder hat mich in der Schlacht ſo verſtümmelt, wie Ihr mich ſeht; ich verwundete ihn am Kopfe. Wir lagen Beide Wochen lang in demſelben Bette im Sanct Johannis-Gotteshauſe. Er iſt als mein beſter Freund geſtorben; ich war es, der ihm weinend die Augen ſchloß. Und wie konnte es anders ſein? Wir blieben einander ja nichts ſchuldig! . . . . Nun ſeht, mein Herr! ich hebe meinen Becher auf zum theuren Andenken meines ſeligen Freundes, Eures Bruders.“

Betrübt ergriff Jakob Maſch ſeine Kanne und ſprach

„Zu Eurer Ehre, tapferer Robrecht Walgaerde!“

In dieſem Augenblicke kamen die Frauen in vollem Putz aus dem Nebengemach. Der junge Hofknappe hielt Jungfrau Chriſtine van Vaernewyck bei der Hand, während Lieven Denys aus Verſchämtheit über ſein Glück erröthete, als er mit ſeiner geliebten Veerle vor den Geſandten erſchien. Frau Artevelde folgte mit Lieven's Mutter.

„Herr van Gaesbeke,“ ſagte der Oberhauptmann, „ich empfehle die Frauen Eurer Fürſorge. Ihr wißt, was Euer Herr Vater mir verſprochen hat; ich bin ſicher, daß Brabants ſchönſter Junker weiß, wie man auf Reiſen die Zeit am Angenehmſten verbringen ſoll.“

„Laßt Euch das nicht kümmern, Mher Artevelde!“ antwortete der Knappe; „ich bin auf Befehl des Herzogs ſtets der Führer aller Frauen. Während Ihr Herren Euch an den Hof begebt, werde ich mit meiner Geſellſchaft ganz Brüſſel durchkreuzen und ihnen alles Sehenswerthe zeigen: Warande, Oudenburg, Kirchen, Steene, Hospitäler und Thore, und wenn noch Zeit bleibt, ſo wollen wir in einem der herzoglichen Wagen nach dem Nieuwen-Boſch fahren; laßt mich nur gewähren!“

Er grüßte die Geſandten höflich und wollte mit ſeiner Geſellſchaft den rothen Drachen verlaſſen; aber Veerle, ihn zurückhaltend, eilte auf Ghelnoot von Lens zu, faßte dieſen freundlich bei der Hand und ſagte zu ihm:

„Nein, nein, Mher Ghelnoot! Ihr gehört nicht zur Geſandtſchaft; Ihr müßt mit uns gehen. Wir ſind gekommen, um uns zu vergnügen, und da darf uns doch der fröhlichſte Mann in ganz Gent nicht entwiſchen? Nein, nein! ich laſſe Euch nicht los; Ihr müßt mit!“

Aber von Lens wollte ſich entſchuldigen, um bei den Geſandten bleiben zu können. Man ſah deutlich, daß er nicht große Luſt hatte, mit den Frauen umherzuwandeln. Als ihn jedoch Geeraert Denys auch an ſein Verſprechen erinnerte, leiſtete er nicht länger Widerſtand und folgte dem Hofjunker und Lieven, der ſie bei dem Hinausgehen darauf aufmerkſam machte, daß ſie verſprochen hätten, ſeinen Vetter, Jakob Denys van Geeraertsberge, und deſſen junge Frau aus dem gekrönten Schwerte abzuholen und ſie mitzunehmen.

Kaum hatten die Genter einige fröhliche Bemerkungen gemacht über den Ausdruck der Freude, der die Geſichter der Frauen belebte, als bereits in der Herberge ein herzoglicher Wappenbote erſchien, der ſie erſuchte, ihm an den Hof zu folgen. Sie warfen ihre Mäntel um, wünſchten ihrem Wirthe Lebewohl bis auf Weiteres und verließen mit dem Wappenboten das Haus.

Die Oudeborg, der Palaſt der Herzöge von Brabant, ſtand oben auf dem Coudenberge gegen das Borgenthal zu. Sie war urſprünglich nur ein ſtarker Steen mit hohen Thürmen und feſten Mauern; in den letzten Zeiten hatten jedoch die Herzöge ſie ſehr vergrößert und neue geſchmackvolle Gebäude daran aufführen laſſen. Was indeß auf den erſten Anblick das Merkwürdigſte ſchien, war der weite Turnierhof, in welchem Stechſpiele und Ritterkämpfe gehalten wurden. Dieſe Ebene, die ſich vor dem Giebel des Palaſtes erſtreckte, war von einer Einfaſſung von behauenen Steinen, aus welcher viele ſchlanke Säulen in die Höhe ſtiegen, umgeben.

Innerhalb des Palaſtes zählte man einige zwanzig prächtige Gemächer, welche des Herzogs Hausgeſinde und Gefolge bewohnte. Der große Staatsſaal lag im Erdgeſchoſſe, nicht weit von der Hauptthür. Sein Schmuck beſtand hauptſächlich in einem ſehr kunſtreichen Kamin und in Wänden von geſchnitztem Eichenholze, in welchen der brabantiſche Löwe zwiſchen allerlei anderem Bildwerke wohl hundertmal gezählt werden konnte.

In dieſem Saale wurde die Tagfahrt gehalten.

Der Herzog von Brabant, Johann der Dritte, ſaß an dem oberen Ende mit dem Könige von England, auf etwas höheren Stühlen. Neben ihnen ſtanden zahlreiche Ritter, unter welchen ſich die Herren van Leefdale, van Grimberge und van Gaesbeke durch die ungemeine Pracht ihrer Kleidung auszeichneten. Längs den Seiten des Saales im Kreiſe hatten die Abgeordneten der Städte von Brabant: Brüſſel, Antwerpen, Leuven, Leeuw's, Hertogenboſch, Nyvele und Thienen; ſowie die der Städte von Flandern: Gent, Brügge, Yperen, Kortryk, Audenaerde, Aelſt und Geertsberge, ihre Sitze eingenommen. Vor dem Herzoge ſtand eine Tafel, an der zwei Schreiber, deren Hände auf aufgerollten Pergamenten ruhten, ſich bereit hielten, die Vorgänge und Reden aufzuzeichnen. Eine eben ſolche Tafel für die Abgeordneten oder deren Schreiber befand ſich unten im Kreiſe.

Dieſe feierliche Verſammlung ward durch eine Rede des Herzogs Johann eröffnet, in welcher dieſer Fürſt den Abgeordneten klar zu machen ſuchte, daß Brabant und Flandern gleiches Intereſſe hätten, die Freundſchaft Englands zu erhalten. Er wies nach, daß die meiſten Stoffe, welche der Gewerbfleiß in den Niederlanden verbrauche, aus England eingeführt werden müßten, und daß daher eine Feindſchaft mit dieſem Lande nothwendig Armuth und vielleicht Hungersnoth zur Folge haben würde, wie Flandern dies leider ſchon erfahren habe. Darauf bewies er, daß der Krieg zwiſchen England und Frankreich unvermeidlich ſei, und ſetzte auseinander, wie weder Flandern noch Brabant dem Kriege fern bleiben könnten, und daß ſie ſelbſt gegen ihren feſten Willen hineingezogen werden würden. Denn, was Flandern beträfe, ſo könne der Krieg wohl nicht anders geführt werden, als zum Theil auf deſſen Boden, und da der König von England nun wohl unwiderruflich beſchloſſen habe, ſobald wie möglich die Waffen gegen Frankreich zu erheben, ſo möchten die vlämiſchen Städte wohl erwägen, wen ſie zum Freunde und wen ſie zum Feinde haben wollten. Was Brabant beträfe, ſagte der Herzog, ſo ſei dieſes Willens, da es doch von der Neutralität abſehen müſſe, ſich mit dem Könige von England zu verbinden.

König Eduard nahm hierauf das Wort und erklärte, wie er ſich zu dieſem Kriege gezwungen ſähe durch das ihm zugefügte Unrecht. Er bewies, daß er allein ein Recht habe auf die Erbſchaft der Krone von Frankreich, durch ſeine Mutter, welche die Tochter des verſtorbenen Königs, Philipps des Schönen, und Schweſter der drei letzten Könige, die ſämmtlich ohne männliche Erben geſtorben ſeien, geweſen ſei; daß aber Philipp von Valois durch Beſtechung das ſaliſche Geſetz habe anders auslegen laſſen und eine Verſchwörung zu Stande gebracht habe, um ihm ſein Recht zu rauben, was ihm auch bisher geglückt ſei. Ferner bemerkte er, gleich dem Herzoge, ſo ſehr es ihn auch ſchmerze, ſo könne er ſich doch nicht enthalten, den vlämiſchen Boden mit ſeinem Heere zu betreten, da der Krieg natürlicher Weiſe an den Grenzen von Flandern beginnen müſſe. Demgemäß ſehe er ſich verpflichtet, Flandern zu nöthigen, zwiſchen ſeiner Freundſchaft und der Philipp's von Valois eine entſcheidende Wahl zu treffen, indem er hoffe, daß die Vläminger ſich aller Dienſte, welche er ihrem Lande erwieſen, erinnern, und ihm mit bewaffneter Hand beiſtehen würden, als ihrem natürlichen Bundesgenoſſen und demjenigen, deſſen Recht gekränkt worden ſei.

Ein Abgeordneter von Antwerpen unterſtützte die Worte der beiden Fürſten, ſchloß jedoch mit der Erklärung, daß ſeine Gemeine ihrem Geſandten nicht die Macht gegeben habe, ſie zu irgend etwas verbindlich zu machen, weil die Schöffenbank von Antwerpen ihren Beſchluß dem zu unterwerfen gedenke, was Flandern thun werde, da bei den gegenwärtigen Verhältniſſen dieſe Grafſchaft durch ihre Lage und Macht über das Schickſal des bevorſtehenden Krieges entſcheiden könne.

Die meiſten Abgeſandten der brabantiſchen Städte ſprachen in dieſem Sinne. Der Herzog wandte ſich nun zu den Geſandten von Flandern und fragte ſie:

„Nun denn, meine Herren und guten Männer von Flandern! was iſt die Anſicht der Gemeinen, die Euch zu unſerer Tagfahrt ſandten? Ich frage zuerſt die Genter Abgeordneten.“

Maes van Vaernewyck ſtand von ſeinem Seſſel auf und antwortete:

„Gnädige Fürſten, Ritter und guten Männer! Die Gemeine von Gent, durch ihre Obrigkeit vertreten, hat mit größerer Mehrzahl beſchloſſen, daß man ſich bemühen ſolle, mit England ein Bündniß gegen Frankreich zu ſchließen. Am liebſten hätte ſie alle Opfer gebracht, um die Neutralität Flanderns aufrecht zu erhalten; da dies jedoch unmöglich geworden iſt, ſo weicht ſie der Nothwendigkeit und wird, wenn keine unbezwinglichen Hinderniſſe ſich in den Weg ſtellen, in dieſem Kriege auf Englands Seite treten. Dieſer Beſchluß iſt nicht durch Einheit der Stimmen gefaßt worden; es waren auch einige Schöffen der Meinung, daß wir durch frühere Verträge verhindert ſeien, uns gegen Frankreich zu erklären, und da die Gemeine von Gent zum Grundſatze hat, daß alle Anſichten bei den Berathſchlagungen über ihre Intereſſen vertreten ſein müſſen, ſo hat ſie ihre Geſandtſchaft in dieſem Sinne erwählt. Es befinden ſich hier bei der Tagfahrt auch Abgeordnete von Gent, deren Gedanken nicht mit den Gedanken der Mehrzahl übereinſtimmen. Ich meine — mit Eurer Genehmigung, gnädiger Herr! — daß man Diejenigen zuerſt reden laſſe, welche ſich gegen den Plan der Bundesgenoſſenſchaft mit England ausſprechen wollen. Dann können wir vor den Abgeordneten der anderen Städte ihre Gründe unterſuchen und die wichtige Frage, die uns hier vereinigt, prüfen und beleuchten.“

Kaum hatte ſich der Oberſchöffe wieder geſetzt, ſo ſtand Ser van Steenbeeke auf und ſprach:

„Gnädige Herren und gute Männer! Ich erkenne, daß Flandern als das Land des Handels und Gewerbfleißes mehr Intereſſe hat an einem Bunde mit England, als mit Frankreich. Aber für weit wichtiger halte ich die Treue eines geſchworenen Eides. Wer wird hier zu behaupten wagen, daß die Völker ihr Wort eher brechen dürfen, als einzelne Leute? Und würde man nicht an uns denſelben Meineid üben, den wir jetzt gegen Frankreich begehen zu wollen ſcheinen? Seit drei Jahren beſteht ein Vertrag, durch unſere Fürſten zwiſchen Brabant, Hennegau und Flandern geſchloſſen, durch welchen dieſe Länder ſich verpflichten, einander gegen alle Feinde, ausgenommen gegen Frankreich, beizuſtehen. Demzufolge können wir nicht gegen Philipp von Valois Krieg führen, ohne das Bündniß unrechtmäßig zu brechen. Erinnert Euch, gnädige Herren und gute Männer! daß alle Städte und Gemeinen von Brabant, Flandern und Hennegau dieſes Bündniß unter einander beſchworen haben. Ich weiß nicht, was in Folge dieſer Tagfahrt beſchloſſen werden wird; aber ich bin verſichert, daß das Volk von Flandern ſich gegen einen ſolchen Meineid erheben würde, wenn man ſein Gewiſſen und ſeine Seele damit belaſten wollte. Ich meine gleicher Weiſe, daß die guten Männer von Brabant ebenſo wenig, wie die Vläminger, einen Eid werden brechen wollen, ſie, welche berühmt ſind wegen ihrer Treue und Redlichkeit! — Auf der anderen Seite wundert es mich ſehr, daß wir hier als Vertreter von Flandern betrachtet werden, auf einer Tagfahrt, bei der unſer Fürſt nicht zugegen iſt. Er weiſt dieſelbe demgemäß ab und wir begehen eine That der Unehrerbietigkeit und des Aufruhrs durch unſere Anweſenheit.“

Ser van Steenbeeke's Worte übten einen tiefen Eindruck auf die Gemüther der meiſten brabanter und vlämiſchen Abgeordneten aus, und viele nickten mit dem Kopfe zum Zeichen der Beſtätigung oder wenigſtens des Zweifels.

Denys ſuchte Artevelde's Antlitz zu erforſchen, um nachzuſpüren, welchen Eindruck dieſes Widerſtreben auf ſein Gemüth machte. Er fand jedoch nichts auf demſelben, als vollkommene Ruhe, welche zu Zeiten durch ein leiſes Lächeln unterbrochen wurde.

Der Oberſchöffe van Vaernewyck ſtand auf und bemerkte:

„Unſer gnädiger Herr, der Graf von Flandern, iſt von dem Herzoge von Brabant freundlich eingeladen und von der Gemeine von Gent ehrfurchtsvoll gebeten worden, ſich zur Tagfahrt zu begeben. Er hat geantwortet, Kränklichkeit verhindere ihn und er würde ſpäter ſehen, ob er das, was man hier beſchlöſſe, genehmigen könne. Wir haben alſo unſerem Herrn Grafen gegenüber unſere Pflicht erfüllt und Niemand darf uns der Unehrerbietigkeit oder des Aufruhrs beſchuldigen.“

„Ich glaube es wohl,“ fiel Jan Calevoet dem Oberſchöffen in die Rede; „unſer Herr Graf hat dieſe Ausflucht nur geſucht, weil er nicht wußte, wie er anders dem Verlangen der Gemeine entgehen ſollte; aber ſeid verſichert, daß er nur mit Schmerz das, was hier vorgeht, betrachtet.“

„Ich meine,“ antwortete der Oberſchöffe würdevoll, „daß Niemand von uns das Recht habe, die Worte unſeres Fürſten öffentlich anders auszulegen, als ſie lauten. Die Pflicht zwingt uns, ohne das mindeſte Bedenken, die Antwort unſeres gnädigen Herren anzunehmen, und es wundert mich ſehr, uns hier der Unehrerbietigkeit beſchuldigen zu hören von Männern, welche die Redlichkeit unſeres Grafen auf dieſer Tagfahrt ſelbſt in Zweifel zu ziehen wagen.“

Calevoet erröthete vor Schaam und Aerger; er murrte noch einige Worte und wandte dann unwillig ſein Antlitz von dem Oberſchöffen ab.

Nun ſtand Geeraert Denys auf und ſagte mit ſcheinbar kaltem Tone, jedoch mit zornigem Antlitz, das wenig mit ſeinen gezwungenen Worten übereinſtimmte:

„Gnädige Herren und gute Männer! Ich bin wahrlich kein Freund des Königs von Frankreich; jeder, der mich kennt, weiß das hinreichend. Nichtsdeſtoweniger, wie ſehr es mich auch betrübe, muß ich hier erklären, daß ich ein Bündniß zwiſchen England und Flandern für unmöglich halte. Die Gründe, welche mein Genoſſe, Ser van Steenbeeke, vor Euch geltend gemacht hat, ſind in der That gewichtig genug, um Jeden zu bewegen, zweimal hinzuſehen, bevor man ſich zu der angedeuteten Eidbrüchigkeit entſchließt. Auch giebt es noch ein bedeutendes Hinderniß zwiſchen England und Flandern. Ihr wißt, daß der Papſt im Jahre 1309 den König von Frankreich hat, einen Kreuzzug gegen die drohenden Türken zu unternehmen. Der König verſprach es zu thun, wenn die Vläminger feierlich ſchwören wollten, daß ſie ihm in den Krieg folgen und ihm treu bleiben würden. Die vlämiſchen Gemeinen haben dieſen Eid freiwillig abgelegt und der Papſt hat hierauf dem Könige von Frankreich eine Bulle ertheilt, durch welche den franzöſiſchen Biſchöfen die Macht zuerkannt wurde, Flandern in den Bann zu thun, ſobald deſſen Bewohner dieſen Eid brächen. Es iſt wahr, der König von Frankreich hat den Papſt betrogen und den Kreuzzug nicht unternommen; es iſt wahr, daß die Bulle vor den Vlämingern geheim gehalten worden iſt, ſo daß man ſich derſelben als Ueberraſchung in wichtigen Verhältniſſen bedienen konnte. Trotz dem Allem aber beſteht die Bulle, und die Macht, welche ſie Frankreich zuerkennt, iſt durch den Papſt nicht aufgehoben worden. Demzufolge wird Flandern in den Bann gethan werden, ſobald es ſich mit England verbündet. Der Krieg wird gewiß lange währen, das ſieht Jeder ein. Nun frage ich Euch, vlämiſche Genoſſen! habt Ihr wohl erwogen, welche Folgen aus einem auch nur einjährigen Banne entſpringen können? Keine Meſſe, keine Beichte, keine Taufe! Alle

Kirchen geſchloſſen! Niemand in geweiheter Erde begraben! Unſere Frauen, unſere Kinder, unſere Eltern, unſere Brüder, welche Gott während dieſes Zeitraums zu ſich rufen kann, unfehlbar den hölliſchen Flammen überwieſen! Dürfen wir das Unrecht begehen, um politiſcher Vortheile willen ſo viele Seelen den Klauen des Teufels zu überliefern und Gott zu entziehen? Und wären wir auch gefühllos genug, das zu beſchließen, meint Ihr, daß das vlämiſche Volk bereit ſein werde, ſein Gewiſſen ſo zu belaſten und ein Jahr lang in der Gefahr ewiger Verdammniß zu leben? Nein, nein! hofft das nicht! Nach einem Monate ſchon würde ſich in allen Städten und Gemeinen Empörung zeigen und das Volk ſich von ſelbſt in die Arme des franzöſiſchen Königs werfen, um von dem Banne erlöſt zu werden. Dieſer Bürgerkrieg kann mein Vaterland in den tiefſten Abgrund des Elends ſtürzen. Ich will nicht die Hand zu ſolchem unermeßlichen Jammer leihen, und ich hoffe, daß ſich unter den Abgeſandten der vlämiſchen Städte noch vorſichtige Männer befinden, die mit mir zurückſchrecken vor dem drohenden Unglück."

„Was der Abgeordnete von Gent da geſagt hat, iſt wohl wahr," bemerkte ein Abgeordneter aus Ypern.

Unter den Abgeordneten der vlämiſchen Städte zeigte ſich eine unruhige Bewegung, aus der man deutlich entnehmen konnte, daß die Worte des Oberdechanten viele überraſcht und in ihrer Anſicht ſchwankend gemacht hatten.

Die Berathung fiel im Ganzen nicht zum Vortheile des Königs Eduard aus. Auch ſah man tiefe Niederſchlagenheit auf ſeinem Geſichte, während Herzog Johann ungeduldig die Hände ballte. Die Genter Geſandten, welche für den Entwurf geſtimmt hatten, ſchienen indeſſen über den Ausgang wenig bekümmert; ſie wußten zu gewiß, daß die Sache am Schluſſe doch eine ganz andere Wendung nehmen würde.

Unter den Abgeordneten der anderen Städte ſahen alle, die einem Bunde mit England günſtig waren, auf Artevelde, als denjenigen Mann, deſſen Beredſamkeit und erfinderiſcher Geiſt noch Alles retten könne. Wahrſcheinlich war der Oberhauptmann auch ſelbſt der Meinung, daß es jetzt Zeit ſei, der Verſammlung die Ueberzeugung zu geben, ein Bündniß mit England ſei nicht allein möglich, ſondern ſogar nothwendig und vortheilhaft. Er ſtand auf und ſprach:

„Gnädige Herren und gute Männer! Ehe ich mir die Freiheit nehme, Euch meine Anſichten über den wichtigen Plan, der uns bei dieſer Tagfahrt beſchäftigt, zu entwickeln, erſuche ich den Herrn Herzog von Brabant um die Erlaubniß, an meine Genoſſen, die das Wort vor mir geführt haben, eine Frage zu richten. — Ich frage alſo Mher Denys, ob er einwilligen würde, daß Flandern die Waffen gegen England und für Frankreich ergriffe?“

Der Oberdechant fühlte, daß Artevelde ihm eine Falle legte und ſeine Falſchheit vielleicht vor Aller Augen offenbaren würde. Dieſe Furcht trieb ſchon im Voraus die Röthe des Zorns auf ſeine Stirn, und er antwortete, beinahe bebend vor Aerger:

„Es wundert mich, daß Ihr eine ſolche Frage an mich zu richten wagt!“

„Habt die Güte, mir gefälligſt zu antworten,“ entgegnete der Oberhauptmann gelaſſen.

„Nein! niemals würde ich zugeben, daß Flandern im Dienſte Frankreichs die Waffen ergriffe,“ rief Denys erbittert.

„Wißt Ihr denn ein Mittel, Mher Denys, um dem Kriege zu entgehen?“ fragte Artevelde nochmals.

Durch dieſe Frage überraſcht, ſuchte der Oberdechant eine Antwort; aber ſeine Einbildungskraft ließ ihn im Stiche und er blieb ſprachlos ſitzen.

„Alſo,“ fuhr Artevelde fort, „Mher Denys will nicht, daß Flandern mit Frankreich gehe, und giebt doch nichts deſtoweniger zu, daß wir gezwungen ſeien, uns für einen der beiden Könige zu erklären, weil wir den Krieg nicht vermeiden können. Kennt Mher Denys vielleicht ein Mittel, um Flandern aus der Verlegenheit zu retten, worin es ſich befindet, ſo rede er. Ich werde der Erſte ſein, um ihm im Namen des Vaterlandes für dieſe Wohlthat zu danken.“

Voll Schaam und verbiſſener Wuth ſaß Denys auf ſeinem Stuhle, ohne eine Antwort finden zu können. Glücklicher Weiſe rettete Ser van Steenbecke ihn aus der Verlegenheit, indem er ſelbſt das Wort nahm.

„Dieſes Mittel,“ ſagte dieſer mit Nachdruck, „iſt ſo weit nicht zu ſuchen. Flandern braucht nur zu erklären, daß es keinen Theil an dem Kriege nehmen und ſeine Neutralität behalten wolle. So kann es wenigſtens ſeinen Eiden getreu bleiben und dem Unglücke entgehen, von welchem es bedroht wird.“

„Dieſes Mittel würde in der That vortrefflich ſein,“ antwortete der Oberhauptmann, „wenn es nur überhaupt möglich wäre. Vergeßt nicht, was dieſer Krieg ſein wird. Er kann nur mit der Belagerung der franzöſiſchen Städte an unſeren Gränzen begonnen werden. Zwei bedeutende Heere werden alſo wechſelsweiſe unſern Boden betreten und daſelbſt rauben und brennen zum Verderben der Einwohner von Weſtflandern und zur großen Erniedrigung des ganzen Landes. Das können wir nicht geſchehen laſſen; wir würden alſo demgemäß unſere Grenzen zu bewachen haben; aber wie? Senden wir ein kleines Heer, ſo wird keiner von beiden Königen ſich durch daſſelbe in der Entwickelung ſeiner Kriegsplane hindern laſſen und ſich dem Verluſte oder der Niederlage bloßſtellen wollen; unſere Truppen würden aber bald vernichtet ſein. Senden wir aber ein größeres Heer hin, ſo vergeht keine Woche, und wir ſind bereits mit der einen oder der anderen der kämpfenden Mächte handgemein geworden. So alſo, unvorbereitet und ohne ſelbſt unſeren Bundesgenoſſen gewählt zu haben, würden wir in den Krieg verwickelt werden. Ich frage hier alle Gegenwärtigen, Ritter wie guten Männer, und bitte ſie, zu erklären, ob es nach ihrer Meinung möglich ſei, daß Flandern dieſem Kriege entgehe, ſobald ſich der König von England unwiderruflich zu dem Kampfe mit Frankreich entſchloſſen hat.“

Ein allgemeines Schütteln mit dem Kopfe beſtätigte

Artevelde's Worte. Er ſchwieg eine Weile, als wolle er die Gegner des Bündniſſes ſprechen laſſen. Da er jedoch keine Antwort von ihnen erhielt, ſo fuhr er fort:

„Gnädige Herren und gute Männer! Man hat hier geſagt, daß Brabant und Flandern ihren feierlich geſchworenen Eid brechen würden, wenn ſie Jemanden Hülfe gegen Frankreich liehen. Man hat gezeigt, welch ein ſchreckliches Unglück für Seele und Leib der Bann der heiligen Kirche über Flandern bringen könne, wenn dieſes Todesurtheil eine Zeit lang uns drücken müßte. Ich bekenne, daß dieſe Hinderniſſe äußerſt wichtig und vielleicht unüberwindlich ſein würden, wenn ſie beſtänden; aber ſie beſtehen nicht.“

Dieſe Worte überraſchten die Mitglieder der Verſammlung ſehr. Sie blickten ſtarr und verwundert auf den Oberhauptmann, und ſchienen eine nähere Erklärung zu verlangen. Artevelde befriedigte jedoch ihre Neugier nicht, ſondern ſich zu dem Könige von England wendend, ſagte er:

„Edler Herr König! Ich bitte um Verzeihung, wenn ich im Namen meines Vaterlandes einige gewichtige Fragen an Euch richte ..... Wenn es mir geſtattet wird, frage ich Euch, Eduard, König von England: Im Fall Ihr durch den Beiſtand der vlämiſchen Städte Euer gekränktes Recht wieder hergeſtellt ſehet und König von Frankreich werdet, wollt Ihr Flandern alle ſeine Freiheiten unvermindert und unbeſtritten laſſen?“

„Das werde ich thun und gebe darauf mein Ritterwort!“ antwortete Eduard.

„Würdet Ihr Flandern alle Provinzen und Städte, die man ihm fälſchlich geraubt hat, Ryſſel, Douai und Orchies, zurückgeben?“

„Ich habe es bereits viele Male feierlich verſprochen!“ ſagte der König.

„Und Terowaen und Doornik?“ ſetzte Artevelde ſeiner vorigen Frage hinzu.

Dieſes neue Verlangen ſetzte Eduard in äußerſte Verwunderung. Er hatte mit Artevelde bereits ſo viele Verhandlungen gehabt, daß er im Voraus Alles wiſſen zu können glaubte, was die vlämiſchen Gemeinen von ihm fordern würden. Die Lage, in der er ſich befand, geſtattete ihm indeſſen nicht, lange zu zögern, und er antwortete daher mit leichter Unzufriedenheit:

„Und auch Terowaen und Doornik!“

Der Oberhauptmann warf einen raſchen Blick auf Meiſter Auguſtyn, den Stadtſchreiber von Gent, der an der Tafel ſaß und ſchrieb.

„Würdet Ihr die päpſtliche Bulle von 1309 der Gemeine von Gent überliefern, nebſt allen Briefen, Schuldbekenntniſſen, Bußurtheilen und Verbindlichkeiten jeder Art, welche Frankreich gegen uns geltend macht und von denen die Obrigkeit jeder Stadt Euch ihre Liſte überreichen würde?“

„Das ſcheint mir recht und billig, und ich werde es thun,“ ſagte Eduard.

Sich dann zu den Geſandten der Städte wendend, ſprach Artevelde alſo:

„Gute Männer von Brabant und Genoſſen von Flandern! Erinnert Euch in dieſem feierlichen Augenblicke, was die Geſchichte dieſer letzten Jahrhunderte uns lehrt. Frankreich iſt ein mächtiges Land, deſſen zahlreiche Ritterſchaft genährt wurde mit dem Gedanken, daß auf dem Schlachtfelde allein Ruhm und Ehre zu holen ſei. Durch dieſe Kampfluſt in den Sitten ſeiner Einwohner wird dieſes Land beſtändig zum Kriege angetrieben; ſeine herrſchſüchtigen Könige ſtreben ſeit Jahrhunderten darnach, alle angränzenden Nationen ihrem Scepter oder ihrem Einfluſſe zu unterwerfen. Die Natur hat Frankreich längs den Niederlanden keine Gränzen gegeben, darum will es ſich raſtlos nach dem Norden ausbreiten; es hat bereits einen guten Theil von Flandern durch Betrug und Liſt bewältigt und glaubt auch Gent ſelbſt dereinſt noch in ſeine Macht zu bekommen. Natürlich, dort hat ja auch die Natur weder hohe Berge noch breite Ströme der franzöſiſchen Gewinnſucht als Schranken hingeſtellt . . . . Demzufolge, auf Flandern folgt Brabant, und ſo immer weiter ſeinen Rieſenarm ausſtreckend, würde Frankreich vielleicht in Zukunft alle niederländiſchen Stämme unter ſeine Herrſchaft bringen, wenn wir jetzt nicht eine unerſchütterliche Mauer aufrichten zwiſchen unſerem Vaterlande und deſſen ſüdlichen Nachbarn. Erwägt gleichfalls, daß wir, vom Norden abſtammend, eine andere Sprache reden und andere Sitten haben, als die Franzoſen, daß wir durch Handel und Gewerbfleiß unſer Gedeihen finden, während unſere ſtreitſüchtigen Nachbarn ihren Ruhm allein in Krieg und Ritterkämpfen ſuchen. Jeder von uns fühlt, daß wir, deutſche Stämme, nur verlieren können bei einer Bundesgenoſſenſchaft mit Völkern, welche aus ganz anderem Blute ſtammen und andere Nothwendigkeiten, als wir, zu erfüllen haben. Wir kämpfen auch ſeit Jahrhunderten gegen den verderblichen Einfluß, der von dort wie ein bleiernes Gewand auf uns drückt. Wohl denn, die Stunde iſt gekommen, um uns auf ewig von dieſer Sklaverei zu erlöſen und unſere Unabhängigkeit zu gewinnen. Ich bin überzeugt, daß es weder in Brabant noch in Flandern an Helden fehlen werde, dieſes patriotiſche Werk auszuführen. Wir brauchen deshalb nicht meineidig zu werden, noch haben wir den Bann der Kirche zu fürchten: — denn was ſagt unſer Eid? Daß wir dem Könige von Frankreich treu ſein ſollen? . . . . Aber ich bitte Euch Alle, wie Ihr hier ſeid, antwortet mir auf die Frage: Wer iſt denn der rechtmäßige König von Frankreich?“

Die Blicke Aller wandten ſich dem Könige von England zu.

„Wahrlich, Genoſſen!“ fuhr Artevelde fort, „Philipp von Valois iſt der geſetzliche Erbe der Krone von Frankreich nicht! Kein Anderer, als der edle König Eduard, hat das Recht, Anſprüche auf das Scepter des heiligen Ludwigs zu machen. Ihr erkennt das Alle an; ganz Flandern, ganz Brabant ruft es laut. Ich frage Euch demgemäß: Wenn wir dem Eide treu bleiben wollen, der uns verpflichtet, dem Könige von Frankreich Beiſtand zu leiſten, mit wem müſſen wir uns verbünden, um nicht meineidig zu werden? Mit Philipp von Valois oder mit König Eduard?"

„Mit König Eduard! mit König Eduard!" rief die ganze Verſammlung, während der engliſche Fürſt den Abgeordneten mit einem Zeichen der Hand dankte.

„Was den Bann betrifft," fuhr der Oberhauptmann fort, „dieſer ſchnöden Waffe der franzöſiſchen Könige entgehen wir durch dieſelbe geſetzliche Erklärung. Die Aebte von Flandern und der Biſchof von Lüttich haben beſchloſſen, Abgeordnete zu dem heiligen Vater zu ſenden, um ihm im Namen der niederländiſchen Geiſtlichkeit zu beweiſen, daß nach allem göttlichen und menſchlichen Rechte die verliehene Bulle gemisbraucht wird, und ihn anzuflehen, dieſelbe zu vernichten. Bis die Antwort des Papſtes eingetroffen iſt, wird man keine Kirche in Flandern ſchließen und nirgends den Gottesdienſt unterbrechen .... Eure Pflicht iſt es, edler König Eduard, vor Fürſten und Völkern zu zeigen, daß Ihr wirklich König von Frankreich ſeid. Keine Urkunde empfange fortan Euer Siegel, wenn Ihr nicht in derſelben als König von Frankreich genannt ſeid. Von morgen an glänze auf Eurem Schilde die franzöſiſche Lilie neben dem engliſchen Leoparden, und einſtimmig werden alle Niederlande Euch begrüßen als Frankreichs einzigen und rechtmäßigen Fürſten!"

Dieſe letzten Worte hatte Artevelde mit noch mehr Kraft und Eifer geſprochen; kaum ſchloß er daher ſeine Rede, ſo erhob ſich alsbald die ganze Verſammlung, mit Ausnahme Der van Steenbeeke's und Galevoet's, und rief jubelnd aus:

„Heil! Heil Eduard, König von England und Frankreich!“

Man konnte Geeraert Denys' Stimme vor allen anderen deutlich heraushören. Da er die Unmöglichkeit ſah, Artevelde an der Ausführung ſeines Plans zu hindern, heuchelte er nun in ſeiner Hinterliſt, daß er durch deſſen Gründe überzeugt ſei, und jubelte lauter, als die Anderen.

Van Steenbeeke und Calevoet drückten dagegen ihr Misvergnügen durch ungeſtüme Worte und Geberden aus; doch gab Niemand darauf Acht.

Nachdem der König und der Herzog nebſt zwei brabantiſchen Rittern noch das Wort genommen hatten, um den Geſandten zu danken oder das Vorgetragene zu beſtätigen, begannen die Abgeordneten der Städte mehr im Beſonderen über die Bedingungen des Bündniſſes und die Mittel, daſſelbe ſobald wie möglich bei ihren Städten zur Annahme zu bringen, zu berathen. Man ſchloß endlich mit der Uebereinkunft, daß binnen zwanzig Tagen, und zwar am nächſten 3. December, eine neue Tagfahrt zu Gent berufen werden ſolle, um den Vertrag der Bundesgenoſſenſchaft zu unterzeichnen.

In dem Augenblicke, in welchem viele Geſandte erwarteten, daß die Verſammlung aufgehoben werden würde, ſtand Artevelde nochmals auf und verkündete, daß er im Namen der Stadt Gent noch einen ſehr wichtigen Vortrag zu halten habe. Sobald Jeder ihm ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit zuwandte, ſprach er, wie folgt:

„Gnädiger Herzog, und Ihr guten Männer der Städte von Brabant und Flandern! Wir hegen ſeit vielen Jahren gemeinſam das Gefühl, daß eine feſte Verbindung zwiſchen den Niederlanden zu Stande gebracht werden müſſe. Wollen wir, kleine, zerbröckelte Staaten, anders einige Macht beſitzen gegen die größeren Reiche, die uns auf allen Seiten umgeben, ſo müſſen wir keinen Verſuch zur Einträchtigkeit und Verſchmelzung ſcheuen. Die Stadt Gent iſt der Meinung, daß die Zeit gekommen ſei, um zwiſchen allen Niederlanden, und ſelbſt zwiſchen den Gebieten, die diesſeits der franzöſiſchen Gränzen gelegen ſind, ein unzerſtörbares Bündniß zu ſchließen. Sie zweifelt nicht an der Zuſtimmung von Brabant und dem Hennegau; aber ſie will, daß mehr Grafſchaften und Völker gezwungen werden, dieſer Verbindung beizutreten. Gewalt zu dieſem Zwecke zu gebrauchen wäre unrecht und unklug. Nur durch Intereſſen des Handels und Gewerbfleißes glaubt ſie alle niederländiſchen Völker dahin zu bringen, es als eine Gunſt zu betrachten, wenn man ſie auffordert, in unſern Bund zu treten. Am Schluſſe dieſer Verſammlung wird der Oberſchreiber von Gent jeder Geſandtſchaft eine Abſchrift von dem Vertrage für die gemeinſchaftliche Vertheidigung und den freien Handel überreichen, und wir erſuchen Euch, ihn Euren Gemeinen zur Berathung und Genehmigung vorzulegen. Damit Ihr jedoch ſogleich einen Begriff von den Gründen bekommt, auf denen er ruht, bitte ich Euch um die Erlaubniß, Euch dieſelben kurz vorzutragen ..... Dieſes neue Bündniß ſoll zuerſt geſchloſſen werden zwiſchen Flandern und Brabant, jedoch in der Art, daß ſpäter auch jedes andere Herzogthum oder jede Grafſchaft beitreten kann, wenn es die Bedingungen beſchwören will. Dieſe Bedingungen, die Ihr in der geſchriebenen Mittheilung weitläuftiger entwickelt findet, ſind folgende:

„Die verbündeten Lande ſollen weder Krieg führen noch Frieden ſchließen ohne gegenſeitige Zuſtimmung.

„Dasjenige verbündete Land, welches vom Feinde angegriffen wird, ſoll von den anderen als eigener vaterländiſcher Boden betrachtet und von allen gemeinſchaftlich vertheidigt werden.

„Zwiſchen allen verbündeten Landen ſoll Handelsfreiheit beſtehen, und jeder der Bundesgenoſſen durch die ganze Bundesgenoſſenſchaft kommen und gehen, kaufen und verkaufen können, ohne irgend einen anderen Zoll zu bezahlen als denjenigen, welchem die Eingeborenen ſelbſt unterworfen ſind.

„In der ganzen Bundesgenoſſenſchaft ſoll eine und dieſelbe unveränderliche Münze gangbar ſein. Dieſe Münzen ſollen auf der einen Seite das Wappen von Brabant, auf der andern das Wappen von Flandern führen; ſie ſollen in beiden Landen, zu Löwen und zu Gent, wo die Münzwerkſtätten ſind, geſchlagen werden; zu Löwen ſollen drei vlämiſche Bevollmächtigte und zu Gent drei brabantiſche Bevollmächtigte die Arbeit der Münzer bewachen.

„Aus allen guten Städten der Bundesgenoſſenſchaft ſoll ein Bundesrath zuſammengeſtellt werden, welcher ſich jährlich dreimal abwechſelnd in verſchiedenen Landen und Städten, je nach Uebereinkunft, verſammelt.

„Dieſer Bundesrath ſoll in letzter Inſtanz entſchei den über alle Meinungsverſchiedenheiten und Zwiſtigkeiten, welche ſich hinſichtlich der Ausführung des Vertrages bilden können.

„Dieſer Vertrag ſoll gegenſeitig beſchworen werden von den Fürſten, den Rittern und den Gemeinen, das heißt, Brabant ſoll den vlämiſchen Gemeinen den Eid abnehmen und unſere Abgeordneten ſollen in Brabant von Stadt zu Stadt daſſelbe thun. Mit den anderen Bundesgenoſſen ſoll es ebenſo geſchehen in dieſer Weiſe.

„Dies ſind, gnädige Herren und gute Männer! die Grundlagen, auf denen der Vorſchlag Gents beruht. Ihr werdet einſehen, hoffen wir, daß Handel und Gewerbfleiß durch eine ſolche Bundesgenoſſenſchaft eine außerordentlich hohe Stufe der Blüthe und des Lebens augenblicklich erreichen müſſen; — daß die Niederlande in ſolcher engen Verbindung eine ſehr bedeutende Macht bilden werden; — und daß dieſes Bündniß dazu beſtimmt iſt, alle benachbarten Grafſchaften wie ein Mittelpunkt unwiderſtehlich in ſeinen Schooß zu ziehen, da keins der Gebiete, welche diesſeits Frankreich liegen, mit der Handelsmacht der Bundesgenoſſen wird wetteifern können, ohne binnen Kurzem in die äußerſte Armuth und Schwäche zu verfallen. Die Gemeine von Gent hofft daher, daß durch dieſes Mittel ſich eine Bundesgenoſſenſchaft bilden werde zwiſchen allen Landen, in welchen das Niederländiſche geſprochen wird. Sie bittet Euch, die Abſchrift, die Euch ſogleich wird übergeben werden, Euren Gemeinen zur Berathung vorzulegen, und erwartet Euch auf der bevorſtehenden Tagefahrt mit der gewiſſen Hoffnung, daß Ihr ihr ſämmtlich Eure Zuſtimmung mitbringen werdet zu der Errichtung eines Rieſenbaues, welcher allein uns gegen die franzöſiſche Habſucht beſchützen kann.“

Während Artevelde's Vortrag hatten die Geſandten mit ſteigender Bewunderung zugehört. Je mehr er vor ihren inneren Blicken ſeine großen Pläne entwickelte, deſto mehr verſtummten ſie über das Bedeutende ſeiner Rede und über die unbegreiflich ſchöne Zukunft, welche dieſer Plan unfehlbar den Niederlanden bereitete. Kaum hatte er daher ſeine Rede geendet, ſo ſtanden die Abgeordneten und die Ritter, welche ihre Begeiſterung nicht länger zurückdrängen konnten, auf, hoben als Zeichen der Zuſtimmung ihre Hände hoch empor und riefen jubend:

„Heil Gent! Heil Gent! Heil dem weiſen Manne!“

Der König von England und der Herzog von Brabant ſtiegen, nebſt vielen Rittern, von ihren erhöhten Sitzen herab, um dem Oberhauptmanne zu danken und ihm Glück zu wünſchen. Eduard drückte ihm freundlich die Hand und ſprach mit lauter Stimme ſeine Bewunderung des berühmten Genter Bürgers aus. Nachdem ſie einander nochmals auf die Tagefahrt zu Gent verwieſen hatten, verließen die Fürſten den Saal durch die innere Thür, während die Abgeordneten durch die äußere Thür aus dem Pallaſte zogen. An der Balley auf Coudenberg unterhielten ſich dieſe Letzteren noch lange über die verhandelten Angelegenheiten, bis endlich jeder die Straße einſchlug, die ihn zu ſeiner Herberge führen mußte.

Van Steenbeeke und Galevoet unterdrückten ihren Aerger in der Stille, ohne ihn jedoch ganz zu verbergen. Ihr Antlitz zeigte deutlich, daß ſie wüthend waren über das, was ſich zugetragen hatte.

Denys jedoch lachte mit den Anderen und behauptete, Artevelde's Gründe hätten ihn eine ganz andere Anſicht gewinnen laſſen, und er freue ſich über den Ausgang dieſer Tagefahrt. Hätte indeſſen Jemand auf die zornigen Blitze geachtet, welche mitunter aus ſeinen Augen ſchoſſen, ſo würde derſelbe gewiß bemerkt haben, daß das Herz des Dechanten voll von Haß und Rachſucht ſei, und daß er Artevelde gern mit dem Blicke getödtet hätte, wenn das möglich geweſen wäre.

Als die Gentiſchen Geſandten in den rothen Drachen zurückkehrten, fanden ſie Lieven Denys mit glühendem Blicke und zuſammengepreßten Zähnen am Fenſter im Vorſaale ſitzen. Sichtlich beunruhigte ihn ein heftiger Verdruß und Jeder wunderte ſich über den ungewohnten Ausdruck, der ſich auf dem jugendlichen Antlitz des Jünglings zeigte. Beerle von Artevelde befand ſich mit den anderen Frauen im Nebengemache und hatte ſo geweint, daß ihre Augen noch roth davon waren. — Ghelnoot von Lens hatte die Geſellſchaft unterwegs verlaſſen, um, wie er vorgab, einen alten Freund zu beſuchen, und war noch nicht wieder da.

Bei ſeinem Eintritt warf Geeraert Denys einen flüchtigen Blick auf ſeinen Sohn und zog ihn auf die Seite, um von ihm die Urſache ſeines Zorns zu vernehmen. So ſehr er ſich jedoch auch bemühte, er konnte demſelben kein einziges verſtändliches Wort entlocken. Die Frauen wußten gleichfalls nicht, was ſich zugetragen habe, und drangen ebenſo vergeblich in Beerle, es ihnen mitzutheilen.

Das Geheimniß von Lieven's Zorn, Beerle's Thränen und der Abweſenheit Ghelnoot's beſchäftigte die ganze Geſellſchaft eine Weile, bis die Wirthin ſie einlud, ſich zur Tafel zu ſetzen.

Artevelde allein lächelte über die Verſtimmung zwiſchen den beiden jungen Leuten, und glaubte, es ſei nur eins jener Wölkchen, welche ſo oft den Himmel von Liebenden verdunkeln, aber noch raſcher wieder verſchwinden, als ſie entſtehen.

VIII.

In Folge des zu Brüſſel gegebenen Wortes befanden ſich die Abgeſandten der vlämiſchen und brabantiſchen Städte ohne Ausnahme am 3. December 1339 in Gent zur Tagefahrt. Dort ward mit bewunderswürdiger Uebereinſtimmung das zwiefache Bündniß der gemeinſamen Vertheidigung und der Handelsfreiheit zwiſchen Brabant und Flandern im Namen der Fürſten und der Gemeinen abgeſchloſſen und beſiegelt. Eduard ward als rechtmäßiger König von Frankreich zum Schutzherrn der verbündeten Lande ausgerufen. Kurze Zeit nachher trat die Grafſchaft Hennegau ebenfalls dem Bunde bei. Man ſandte zu allen Gemeinen der verbündeten Lande Bevollmächtigte, ſich gegenſeitig den Eid der Treue abzunehmen. Es gingen ſogar einige Schöffen von Gent nach England, um dort das Bündniß zu beſchwören. Auch begann man zu Löwen und zu Gent die Bundesmünze zu prägen.

Auf dieſe Weiſe ſah Artevelde ſeine großartigen Pläne bereits zum größten Theile verwirklicht, und zweifelte nicht daran, daß dieſes vaterländiſche Bündniß mit der Zeit alle niederdeutſchen Volksſtämme zu einer einzigen mächtigen Nation verknüpfen würde. Ganz in ſeine mächtigen Entwürfe vertieft, ſchenkte er der niedrigen Mißgunſt, welche Alles, was er that, zu ſeinem Nachtheile auszulegen ſuchte und bereits viele beſchränkte

Menſchen zu ſeinen Feinden gemacht hatte, nur geringe Aufmerkſamkeit. Wohl betrübten ihn mitunter dieſe Anfechtungen, namentlich dann, wenn man verſuchte, ihm ſeine eigenen Hausgenoſſen abwendig zu machen; doch tröſtete er ſich mit ſeinem ruhigen Gewiſſen und begnügte ſich damit, ſeine Neider oder die Feinde von Flanderns Größe gleichgültig zu behandeln oder zu verachten.

Hätte ſein edles Herz ihn nicht gehindert, ſich ſorgfältig um Dinge zu bekümmern, die ihn perſönlich angingen, ſo würde er ohne große Mühe wohl die Quelle haben entdecken können, aus welcher die niedrigen Verleumdungen floſſen, die man heimlich gegen ihn verbreitete. Aber gerade um dieſe Zeit fehlte ihm die Muße ſich um ſeine eigenen Intereſſen zu kümmern. — Ein langer und entſcheidender Krieg, an welchem Flandern den größten Antheil nehmen mußte, ſtand bevor, und war unvermeidlich, indem die beiden Könige ſich beeilten, noch fortwährend neue Bundesgenoſſen zu gewinnen und ſich mit allen Kräften auf den Feldzug vorbereiteten.

Endlich erſchien der König von Frankreich mit einem mächtigen Heere an den vlämiſchen Gränzen und wüthete ringsum mit Mord und Brand, während ſeine Flotte vor Sluis zu landen drohte.

In aller Eile verſammelte Artevelde die bewaffneten Bürger der großen vlämiſchen Städte und trieb das franzöſiſche Heer zurück. Die engliſchen und vlämiſchen Schiffe vernichteten mittlerweile die franzöſiſche Flotte.

Flandern verlaſſend, fiel der König von Frankreich in den Hennegau ein, wo ſein Heer dieſelben Verwüſtungen anrichtete. Hier war er ſo leicht nicht zu vertreiben, da die ſtarke Stadt Doornik eine anſehnliche franzöſiſche Beſatzung hatte und den Franzoſen einen feſten, faſt unbezwinglichen Stützpunkt für ihre Unternehmungen darbot.

Der Graf von Hennegau, ſich auf das Bündniß berufend, verlangte die Hülfe Flanderns, Brabants und Englands; aber die beiden letzteren Bundesgenoſſen ſchienen der Kriegführung im Hennegau nicht ſonderlich geneigt, weil dadurch ihr ganzer Plan zu ihrem Nachtheile verändert werden mußte. Es ward eine Tagefahrt zu Valenciennes berufen. Fürchtend, daß eine Weigerung, dem Grafen von Hennegau Beiſtand zu leiſten, dem ganzen Bunde den Todesſtoß verſetzen könnte, bewies Artevelde auf derſelben mit ſolcher Beredſamkeit, kein Grund ſei mächtig genug, um die Bundesgenoſſen an der Erfüllung ihres Eides zu hindern, daß man einſtimmig beſchloß, den König von Frankreich anzugreifen und den Feldzug mit der Belagerung von Doornik zu beginnen.

Unmittelbar nach dieſem Beſchluſſe wurden Befehle an alle Städte geſandt, die Bewaffneten an den Gränzen zu verſammeln. — Der Herzog von Brabant erſchien mit ſeinen Rittern und bewaffneten Bürgern. Der Graf von Hennegau kam ebenfalls dorthin an der Spitze ſeiner Mannen. Die engliſchen Hülfstruppen waren ſchon ſeit Wochen dort und ſtanden unter dem Befehle eines franzöſiſchen Ueberläufers, Namens Robert d'Artois. Was die vlämiſchen Gemeinen betrifft, ſo ſandten ſie die größte Macht in das Bundeslager. Artevelde ließ ſich mit vierzigtauſend Mann aus Gent, Waesland, Aelſt, Kortryk und Audenaerde vor den Mauern von Doornik nieder, während die übrigen Vläminger, zwanzigtauſend an der Zahl, unter anderen Hauptleuten ſich vor der Stadt Atrecht lagerten, um Flandern auf dieſer Seite vor einem Ueberfalle zu ſchützen.

Sobald Alles zur Belagerung bereit war und die Bundesgenoſſen die Stadt Doornik ganz eingeſchloſſen hatten, begannen die Vläminger, unter Anführung Artevelde's, die Feſtung zu beſtürmen. Jedoch, wie oft ſie auch Tage und Wochen hintereinander mit demſelben Muthe die Mauern zu erſteigen ſuchten, es glückte ihnen nicht, ſich der beinahe unüberwindlichen Stadt zu bemeiſtern. Die Urſache des ſchlechten Erfolgs ihrer Bemühungen war größtentheils in der Anweſenheit eines anſehnlichen franzöſiſchen Heeres zu ſuchen, welches ſich in der Nähe der belagerten Feſtung befand. Da Philipp von Valois fortwährend eine Schlacht im offenen Felde verweigerte, und ſich damit begnügte, die Bundesgenoſſen durch unaufhörliche Scharmützel zu beunruhigen, ſo ſahen ſich dieſe ſtets genöthigt, einen anſehnlichen Theil ihrer Macht für ſolche Fälle in Reſerve zu halten. Den König von Frankreich anzugreifen und ihn zu einem entſcheidenden Kampfe zu bringen, daran durfte man gleichfalls nicht denken, weil man dadurch die Beſatzung von Doornik im Rücken behalten hätte und ſtets von einem Angriffe derſelben bedroht blieb.

So währte dieſe Belagerung zehn lange Wochen.

ohne irgend einen anderen Erfolg zu haben, als das Aushungern der Beſatzung von Doornik und die Erſchöpfung des vlämiſchen Heeres. Da der König von England kein Geld mehr hatte, um ſeine Truppen zu bezahlen, ſo ward er endlich des Krieges müde, ebenſowohl wie der König von Frankreich, deſſen Heere es zuletzt nicht bloß an Gelde fehlte, ſondern der auch obendrein in der Umgegend keine Mundvorräthe mehr, weder für Menſchen, noch für Pferde, aufzutreiben vermochte.

Doornik, auf die höchſte Noth getrieben, verjagte zuerſt die Frauen, Kinder und Greiſe aus der Stadt. Da dieſes Mittel aber noch nicht hinreichte, ſo ſandte die Beſatzung endlich einen Boten an den König, um ihm ihre Noth zu klagen, ihn um Hülfe anzugehen und die Furcht auszuſprechen, daß ſie ſich binnen Kurzem gezwungen ſehen würde, die Stadt zu übergeben. Da der König keine Schlacht wagen durfte, ſo gerieth er in große Verlegenheit und wußte nicht, was er beſchließen ſolle, bis endlich ſeine Schweſter Johanna, Altgräfin von Henegau und Aebtiſſin von Fontanelle, ihre Hülfe anbot. Dieſe Dame reiſte nach Gent zu der Königin Philippine von England, ihrer Tochter, und es glückte ihr, derſelben Friedensgedanken einzuflößen. Philippine ſandte einen Boten an ihren Gemahl Eduard, um ihm den Abſchluß eines Waffenſtillſtandes zu rathen. Mittlerweile kehrte die Aebtiſſin Johanna wieder zu dem Heere zurück und wußte die verbündeten Könige und Grafen mit ſo vieler Beredſamkeit zu überzeugen, daß ſie endlich bereit waren, alle Feindſeligkeiten einzuſtellen, und eine Zuſammenkunft beſchloſſen, um einen einjährigen Waffenſtillſtand zu verabreden.

Alle dieſe Verhandlungen hatten ohne Theilnahme der vlämiſchen Gemeinen ſtattgefunden. Artevelde war von denſelben fern gehalten worden, unter dem Vorwande, daß auf einer Fürſtenverſammlung, wie dieſe ſein müſſe, Graf Ludwig im Namen ſeiner Grafſchaft handeln ſolle. Dies war jedoch die wahre Urſache nicht. Der franzöſiſche König ſowohl wie ſeine Bundesgenoſſen und Ritter fühlten einen unbezwinglichen Widerwillen, auf gleichem Fuße mit einem Bürger zu unterhandeln und vielleicht die Uebermacht ſeiner Beredſamkeit und ſeines Geiſtes an ſich erfahren zu müſſen. Der König von England dagegen fürchtete nicht ohne Grund, Artevelde würde zu keinem Waffenſtillſtande zu bereden ſein, wenn man ihm nicht ſehr viele Punkte zum Vortheile Flanderns zugeſtehe. Da er nun vorausſah, daß Philipp von Valois wahrſcheinlich nicht in die Forderungen des Oberhauptmanns willigen würde, ſo bot er, obwohl wider ſeinen Willen, die Hand zu den Intriguen der franzöſiſchen Räthe, um die Vlaminger und Artevelde zu überliſten.

Artevelde hatte bereits mehrere Male den König von England an ſeine Verſprechungen erinnert, und ihn aufmerkſam gemacht, daß er für die Zukunft ſeine Sache in große Gefahr bringen würde, wenn er bei dem Abſchluſſe des Waffenſtillſtandes die Intereſſen der Vlaminger verwahrloſte. Er bewies ihm, daß die Gegen wart des Grafen in der Verſammlung, als Wortführer für Flandern, nur eine Liſt Frankreichs ſei, um den gerechten Forderungen der Gemeinen aus dem Wege zu gehen, und zeigte ihm, welche Verantwortlichkeit er auf ſich lade, wenn durch ſeine Mitwirkung das Recht ſeiner Bundesgenoſſen auf eine kränkende Weiſe nicht beachtet würde. Wie groß jedoch immer der Eindruck von Artevelde's Worten auf Eduard's Gemüth ſein mochte, noch größer war auf ihn der Einfluß der Aebtiſſin von Fontanelle, welche unermüdlich ſtrebte, die Könige und Grafen zum Frieden zu bewegen, und bereits in jedem fürſtlichen Heere die meiſten Ritter für ihre Anſichten gewonnen hatte. Obendrein war es dem Könige von England durchaus unmöglich, dieſen Kriegszug noch länger fortzuſetzen. Er ſah ſich demzufolge gezwungen, um jeden Preis einen Waffenſtillſtand anzunehmen, damit er Zeit gewinnen und in England neue Streitkräfte ſammeln könne. Uebrigens verſprach er, Flanderns Forderungen vor den Fürſten zu vertheidigen und ſo gut wie möglich die Verbindlichkeiten zu erfüllen, welche er zu Brüſſel und zu Gent gegen die Gemeinen übernommen hatte. Er rühmte ſich ſogar, nicht damit gewartet zu haben, um ſein Wort zu halten, indem von ihm bereits Unterhandlungen mit dem Könige von Frankreich über die Klagen der Vlaminger angeknüpft worden ſeien; daß aber in dieſer Angelegenheit noch nichts beſchloſſen worden, weil Philipp von Valois raſch alle Schuldbriefe und Urkunden, welche der franzöſiſche Hof gegen Flandern beſaß, von Paris wolle kommen laſſen, um ihre Richtigkeit und Rechtmäßigkeit in der Verſammlung der Räthe zu vertheidigen und zu beweiſen.

Der Oberhauptmann ſah wohl aus den ſchwachen Verſicherungen, die ihm Eduard gab, daß derſelbe nicht mit der nöthigen Kraft Flanderns Beſtes verfechten würde und daß die Vläminger ſich demgemäß bereit halten müßten, um im Falle der Noth das gekränkte Recht ihres Landes geltend zu machen oder zu rächen.

Seitdem Artevelde aus dem Munde des Königs von England vernommen hatte, daß alle zum Nachtheile Flanderns beſtehenden Urkunden aus Paris nach Doornik gebracht werden ſollten, klagte er nicht mehr über ſeine Ausſchließung von der bevorſtehenden Verſammlung, ſondern that, als ob er den Ausgang der Berathungen vertrauensvoll und gleichgültig abwarte.

Ein einziger Gedanke beſchäftigte ſeinen Geiſt: die Verpflichtungen, welche nach einander den vlämiſchen Grafen in den Kerkern des Louvre durch die ſchnöde Liſt dreihundert Jahre lang auferlegt worden waren, — die Jahrhunderte alten Ketten, mit denen Frankreich die Grafſchaft Flandern gefeſſelt hielt und deren freie Entwickelung verhinderte, — die verderblichen Früchte einer teufliſchen Politik ſollten dort, einige Bogenſchüſſe weit von dem vlämiſchen Heere, geſammelt werden. Man wollte ſie nochmals gebrauchen, um Flanderns Recht zu zertreten.

Es waren eigenthümliche Betrachtungen, welche Tag und Nacht im Kopfe des weiſen Mannes entſprangen; mitunter erſchien in der Einſamkeit ein ſiegreiches Lächeln auf ſeinem Angeſichte, während er das Haupt mit Stolz emporhob. Kämpfte er dann im Geiſte gegen den Feind ſeines Vaterlandes? Bildete er ſich vielleicht in ſeinen heldenmüthigen Träumen ein, daß er in Gegenwart des Königs von Frankreich ſiegreich die Hand an die ſchnöden Urkunden lege und ſie zerreiße? Wie dem auch ſei, ſobald er von einem brabantiſchen Rathsherrn vernahm, daß die Urkunden in der That während der Nacht aus Paris angekommen ſeien, berief er die vier Schöffen von Gent, die mit ihm im Lager waren und ſeinen Kriegsrath bildeten, in ſein Zelt, und verbrachte mehr als drei Stunden hinter einander mit ihnen in Berathungen über geheime Pläne. Was in dieſer Sitzung verhandelt oder beſchloſſen wurde, erfuhren weder die Hauptleute, noch die Dechanten, und wie groß auch die Mühe war, welche ſich Einige gaben, etwas davon zu entdecken, ihre Beſtrebungen blieben fruchtlos.

Die Geheimhaltung einer ſo wichtigen Angelegenheit weckte die Aufmerkſamkeit von Artevelde's Feinden. In der Erwartung, daß Flanderns Rechte hier nicht anerkannt werden würden, begannen ſie Artevelde zuerſt der Unvorſichtigkeit und Schwäche zu beſchuldigen; dann ſtreuten ſie im Heere den Verdacht aus, daß der Oberhauptmann ſich durch die Schmeicheleien Eduard's, vielleicht durch das Geld Philipp's von Valois könne haben verleiten laſſen, in die Verletzung der Rechte Flanderns einzuwilligen. Es gab ſogar Einige, welche behaupteten, von engliſchen Rittern gehört zu haben, daß Artevelde zur Pflichtvergeſſenheit ſich habe beſtimmen laſſen durch das Verſprechen, die Königin von England werde das

Kind, das ihm geboren werden ſollte, in Gent aus der Taufe heben. Obwohl man nun ſchon ſeit drei Monaten wußte, daß die engliſche Königin die Pathe von Artevelde's Kinde ſein ſolle, ſo ließen ſich die Läſterer dennoch durch die offenbare Grundloſigkeit dieſer Beſchuldigung nicht abhalten. Da ſie überzeugt waren, den Fall des großen Bürgers ſobald noch nicht hoffen zu können, genügte es ihnen, allerlei falſche Gerüchte über ihn zu verbreiten, um ihn allmählig in ſchlechten Ruf zu bringen und ihm wo möglich ſein Leben zu verbittern. Sie miſchten heimlich die Karten, um ihm die nachtheilige Wendung der Unterhandlungen über den Waffenſtillſtand als ein Verbrechen aufzubürden und ihn durch eine unerträgliche Verantwortlichkeit niederzudrücken, wenn es ſich in der That zutragen ſollte, daß die Vläminger von Doornik mit Schaden und Schande heimkehren müßten.

Trotz dem, daß das Heer ein wildes Vertrauen auf den Oberhauptmann ſetzte und man nicht im Voraus wiſſen konnte, welchen Ausgang die Verſammlung in Hinſicht auf Flandern haben würde, ſo erweckte doch die trotzige Haltung und das falſche Benehmen der Fürſten und Ritter Argwohn unter den Vlämingern, und jeder erwartete mit mißtrauiſchem und verſtörtem Gemüthe den Tag, an welchem der Waffenſtillſtand abgeſchloſſen werden ſollte.

Am 25. September 1340 verſammelten ſich die Bevollmächtigten der Könige von Frankreich und England, nebſt einer anſehnlichen Zahl Herzoge, Grafen und Ritter, in der Kapelle von Eplechin bei Door nik und eröffneten die Berathungen über den Waffenſtillſtand.

Es waren bereits zwei Tage verſtrichen, und man noch immer nicht einig geworden über die Bedingungen des Vertrags. Die Hoffnung auf einen erwünſchten Ausgang ſchien ſelbſt unter den Fürſten bedeutend abzunehmen. Dies kam vorzüglich daher, daß der König von England in Folge ſeiner Verſprechungen die Vläminger befreit ſehen wollte von dem größten Theile der Verpflichtungen, welche Frankreich gegen dieſes Land geltend zu machen gewohnt war; aber die Rathsherren Philipp's von Valois hatten die Schuldbriefe und Bullen, welche Flandern belaſteten, neben ſich in einer eiſernen Kiſte liegen, und zeigten bald die eine, bald die andere Urkunde, mit dem Siegel der Grafen bekräftigt, ſo daß in Gegenwart der ſchon vorher gewonnenen Ritter ſich wenig gegen die Gültigkeit der beſprochenen Verpflichtungen ſagen ließ, um ſo weniger, als es ſich hier für Eduard von England nicht ſchickte, die franzöſiſchen Könige des Betruges oder der Täuſchung zu beſchuldigen. Hierdurch ward Eduard ſehr unzufrieden geſtimmt; da dieſer Fürſt die Unmöglichkeit ſah, irgend einigen Vortheil für die Vläminger zu erlangen, ſo ſtritt er mit unbezwinglicher Standhaftigkeit über Forderungen, welche ihn mehr perſönlich betrafen, und verlangte, daß Philipp von Valois ihm die Lande Gascogne und Aquitaine in Frankreich abtreten ſolle, bis ein entſcheidender Friede die ſchwebenden Streitfragen ordnete. So verſtrich der zweite Tag, ohne daß man nur einen Schritt weiter gekommen wäre, und die Verſammlung trennte ſich mit ungünſtigem Vorgefühle über den Ausgang dieſer Verhandlungen.

Am Morgen des dritten Tages, kurz ehe man ſich auf's Neue in der Kapelle von Eplechin verſammeln ſollte, begab ſich die Aebtiſſin Johanna mit zwei anderen Edelfrauen und einigen franzöſiſchen Rittern nach dem Zelte des Königs Eduard. Obwohl der Fürſt in dieſem Augenblicke ſich über den Vertrag mit dem Könige von Böhmen, dem Coadjutor von Lüttich und dem Grafen von Savoyen unterhielt, ſo empfing er doch die Edelfrauen mit großer Höflichkeit, und ſagte, freundlich lachend, zu ihnen:

„Gott ſei Dank! dieſer Tag verſpricht Glück! Was verſchafft mir die angenehme Ueberraſchung Eures Beſuchs, edle Frau? Gefalle es Euch, neben mir Plaz zu nehmen, damit ich die wohlredende Aebtiſſin von Fontanelle, die ſüße Vermittlerin, gut hören könne. Wahrſcheinlich ſchon wieder über den Waffenſtillſtand! Bringt Ihr mir endlich die Nachricht, daß Philipp von Valois, Euer Bruder, etwas nachgiebiger geworden iſt?“

„Herr König!“ antwortete die Aebtiſſin mit halb traurigem Tone, „ich wage bei Euch einen lezten Verſuch, um großes Unheil zu verhindern, wenn es möglich iſt. Ich frage Euch, Sire, wohin kann dieſer koſtſpielige Krieg führen? Wahrlich, ob auch auf beiden Seiten einige Grenzſtädte genommen oder wiedergewonnen werden, vermag das zwiſchen Euch und meinem edlen Bruder zu entſcheiden? Durchaus nicht! Es wäre auf ſolchem Fuße ein Streit ohne Ende. Das ſieht ein jeder ein; ſelbſt der Herzog von Brabant und der Graf von Hennegau, Eure Bundesgenoſſen, haben mir verſichert, daß ſie mit ihren Truppen heimzukehren wünſchen. Warum denn, o König, dem die ganze Ritterſchaft den Ehrennamen des edlen Eduard giebt, wollt Ihr um geringer Urſachen willen das nutzloſe Blutvergießen fortdauern laſſen? Ich beſchwöre Euch, laßt ein Gefühl der Milde Euer Herz erfüllen .... nehmt den Waffenſtillſtand an!“

„Ach, Sire!“ fügte die Gräfin von Blois dieſer Bitte hinzu, „denkt an die Königin Philippine, Eure durchlauchtige Gemahlin, welche ihre geliebte Stimme der unſeren hinzufügt und Euch zum Frieden räth. Sie ſieht Eurer Rückkehr mit froher Hoffnung entgegen; vielleicht ſitzt ſie in dieſem Augenblicke in ihrem Betgemach mit ihren fürſtlichen Kindern, und flehet Gott an, dieſem unglückſeligen Kriege ein Ende zu machen.“

„Ich danke Euch, edle Frauen!“ ſagte Eduard mit freundlichem Tone, „daß Ihr Euch meiner Gattin und meiner Kinder ſo theilnehmend erinnert, und ich ehre die vortrefflichen Geſinnungen der Frau Aebtiſſin; aber es ſcheint mir, daß es viel beſſer wäre, Euer Geſuch vielmehr an Euren Bruder Philipp zu richten. Während der ganzen Unterhandlung habe ich immer eingewilligt, über die größten Intereſſen hinwegzuſehen, während er auch nicht eine einzige meiner Forderungen bewilligte.“

„Er tritt Euch Gaſcogne und Aquitaine ab, edler König!“ fiel ihm Johanna in die Rede.

„Ich rede hier nicht von den Forderungen, die mich als geſetzlichen Erben der Krone Frankreichs betreffen,“ erwiederte Eduard. „Ich verlangte dringend, daß man die Vlaminger in den Waffenſtillſtand einſchlöſſe und ihnen einige Vortheile zugeſtände. Nichts war doch rechtmäßiger. Da jeder Fürſt für ſeine Intereſſen kämpft und aus dem Waffenſtillſtande für ſich Nutzen zu ziehen ſucht, begreife ich nicht, warum man dieſe guten Leute allein ausſchließen ſoll. Euer Bruder handelt fürwahr nicht recht, daß er einen ſolchen unbezwinglichen Haß gegen die Vlaminger zeigt. Selbſt die unbedeutendſten Forderungen weigert er ſich zu erfüllen; es ſcheint bei ihm ein unabänderlicher Entſchluß, meine Bundesgenoſſen zu ärgern und zu erniedrigen. Wie ſehr ich auch den Waffenſtillſtand wünſche, mein ritterliches Gemüth erhebt ſich kräftig gegen ſolche Ungerechtigkeit. Wenn Euer Bruder den Vlamingern nicht genügenden Erſatz leiſtet, ſo muß ich, zu meiner größten Betrübniß, die Unterhandlungen abbrechen und den Krieg fortſetzen.“

„O, Herr König!“ antwortete die Aebtiſſin, „beſchuldigt weder meinen Bruder des Haſſes, noch des Eigennutzes in dieſer Sache. Ohne Zweifel iſt es am franzöſiſchen Hofe ſchon ſeit lange ein feſter Entſchluß, allen Forderungen der Vlaminger Widerſtand zu leiſten; aber als Ritter müßt Ihr meinem Bruder Philipp dafür danken und dies Benehmen an ihm loben, als ein Beweis, daß königliches Blut in voller Reinheit durch ſeine Adern ſtrömt.“

„Alſo, Frau Aebtiſſin, muß man ſolche gute Leute, wie die Vläminger es doch ſind, erniedrigen und verfolgen, damit man als von adeligem Gemüthe geachtet werde? Es iſt das erſte Mal, daß ich ſolches höre; doch, bei meinem Worte! die Gründe davon begreife ich durchaus nicht.“

„Aber, Herr König,“ ſagte die Aebtiſſin, „iſt es Eurer Bemerkung denn entgangen, daß alles adelige Blut im weſtlichen Europa mit einem unvermeidlichen Untergange bedroht wird, wenn man die rohen Männer der Gemeinen nicht niederhält?“

„Man konnte das fürchten, in der That, als vor zwanzig Jahren das Volk hier gegen den Adel ſich mit gewaffneter Hand erhob; aber es war nur ein Fieber, Frau Aebtiſſin; jetzt iſt man davon zurückgekommen, und thut beſſer, nicht mehr daran zu denken. Obendrein iſt es mir noch nicht erwieſen, daß die Bürger allein die Schuld des blutigen Zwiſtes tragen müſſen. In England giebt es gleichfalls mächtige und freie Gemeinen. Nun denn, meine Ritter beſchützen ſie, anſtatt ſie zu behandeln, wie es die franzöſiſchen Edelleute thun, die in jedem Bürger einen geborenen Feind zu ſehen glauben. Hier in Flandern handeln die meiſten edeln Geſchlechter ebenſo; ſie ſtehen an der Spitze der Gemeinen und fahren geduldig mit dem Strom der Zeiten, wie es ſich für weiſe Männer geziemt.“

Die Aebtiſſin faltete die Hände mit tiefer Niedergeſchlagenheit und ſeufzte:

„Ach! bis in das Herz der Könige iſt die Saat der verderblichen Denkart gedrungen! Welche Verblendung, edler Fürſt, läßt Euch in dieſem Kampfe der Unterthanen gegen ihre rechtmäßigen Herren einen natürlichen Kampf der Zeiten ſehen? Nein! es iſt ein Streit, der nur mit der Vernichtung eines der beiden Streiter aufhören wird. Ruft Euer Gedächtniß zu Hülfe! Seht, was das Volk ehemals war und was es jetzt iſt, und Ihr werdet Euch leicht vorherſagen können, was es durch dieſe unbeſonnene Nachgiebigkeit werden muß. Als die erſten Gemeinen in Flandern durch die Schwäche der Grafen entſtanden, waren ſie nur demüthige Verbindungen, welche ſich ſtets bereit zeigten, dem Willen der Fürſten und Lehensherren zu gehorchen. Allmählig erhielten ſie Freiheiten, Rechte und Reichthümer; ſie bauten drohende Wachtthürme, umgaben ihre Städte mit Wällen, weigerten ihren Fürſten den Gehorſam, erniedrigten alles adelige Blut, machten ſich unabhängig und empörten ſich dann endlich mit gewaffneter Hand gegen diejenigen, welche durch Gottes Fügung dazu geboren wurden, der rohen Menge zu gebieten. Zählen wir nicht ſelbſt hier in dieſem Feldzuge ſechszigtauſend Bürger, welche Krieg führen gegen den Willen ihres Fürſten? Sind wir nicht in Flandern, wo Schuhmacher und Tuchweber im Rathe der Städte ſitzen, neben den Nachkommen der edelſten Geſchlechter? Ertheilt nicht ein unedler Kaufmann hier Rittern und Knappen ſeine Befehle? Ihr meint, der Kampf ſei geendet, Herr König? Arg genug würde es ſein, wenn das adelige Blut auf ewig zu ſolcher Erniedrigung verurtheilt wäre; aber ſelbſt dabei kann es nicht bleiben. Wenn ein Felsſtück gewaltſam von einer Höhe herabgeſtürzt kommt, wer kann dann mit Recht ſagen, daß es mitten auf ſeiner Bahn liegen bleiben werde, wenn nicht ein genügendes Hinderniß es auf ſeinem Laufe hemmt? Ach! Herr König, ich wiederhole es Euch mit unerſchütterlicher Ueberzeugung, der Kampf zwiſchen Edel und Unedel iſt ein Kampf auf Leben und Tod. Wenn wir nicht alle zuſammen unſere Kräfte vereinigen, um dieſem wachſenden Ungethüm Flügel und Klauen zu ſtutzen, ehe es ſeine volle Macht bekommen hat, ſo werden wir noch die Zeit erleben, in welcher der Bürgerhochmuth wie ein freſſendes Feuer ſich aus Flandern über ganz Europa verbreitet, und wo bleiben dann das fürſtliche Anſehen und die ritterliche Würde? Weder Heldenthaten noch feines Benehmen werden mehr etwas gelten, ſondern die Welt eine Stätte der Rohheit, des Eigennutzes und der Dummheit ſein. Statt des heldenmüthigen Ritterthums, welches jetzt der Ruhm der Chriſtenheit iſt, wird man dann nichts mehr finden, als Baſtarte, verderbt an Leib und Geiſt, welche ihren befleckten Schild mit Füßen treten und rufen: »Materieller Gewinn, Wucher und Betrug ſind unſere Tugenden! Geld, Geld allein adelt!« — Die Könige von Frankreich und mein Bruder, ihr würdiger Sprößling, betrachten ſich als von Gott ſelbſt zu Schutzherren des Ritterthums beſtimmt. Darum haben ſie immer, wenn die Umſtände es zuließen, den Adel und die Fürſten von Flandern gegen den Hochmuth der Gemeinen vertheidigt; darum weigert ſich mein Bruder, die Vläminger zu befreien von den Verpflichtungen, die ſie an die franzöſiſche Krone binden; und Ihr, Herr König! Ihr verlangt, daß dieſe Verpflichtungen aufgehoben werden? Aber es ſind die letzten Zügel, mit denen man die vlämiſchen Gemeinen noch zwingen kann. Sie fahren laſſen, hieße dem Ungethüme ſeine Freiheit geben, ungehindert ſein Gift unter den Völkern zu verbreiten, und vielleicht die Ritterſchaft in Frankreich ſelbſt und ſomit in der ganzen weſtlichen Welt auf immer zu erniedrigen. Hört ſie ſprechen, dieſe Trotzigen und die von ihnen Verführten; ſie wähnen ſich des Sieges gewiß, und verlangen mit ſpottendem Hochmuth, daß die Ritterſchaft feig und ohne Kampf ihre angeborenen Rechte aufgebe. Kann Euer edles Herz ſolchen Hohn erdulden, ohne von Unwillen erfüllt zu werden? O, ich beſchwöre Euch bei dem Andenken an Eure durchlauchtigen Vorfahren! Ehret und erhaltet ihren Namen und das Anſehen, das ſie auf Euch vererbten, unbefleckt! Leihet Eure Hülfe, um den Adel vor Schmach und Erniedrigung zu ſchützen! Denn iſt die Ritterſchaft nicht der Fürſten Ruhm und Macht? O, duldet nicht, Sire, daß das edelſte Ritterblut noch länger in einem nutzloſen Kriege vergoſſen werde, weil einige ſchlechte Leute das verlangen! Seid großmüthig und nehmt den Waffenſtillſtand an, wie er Euch angeboten wird!“

Eduard ſchien von den Worten der Aebtiſſin tief getroffen. Es lag in dem bittenden Tone ihrer Stimme und in dem Ausdrucke ihres ſchönen Antlitzes etwas Mächtiges, dem der König nicht widerſtehen konnte. Halb gewonnen und in ſeinem Entſchluſſe ſchwankend, antwortete er

„Alſo will Euer Bruder in Allem nur ſeinen Vortheil finden und mir nichts zugeſtehen?“

„Im Gegentheil, edler Fürſt!“ antwortete Johanna; „er befiehlt mir, Euch zu ſagen, daß er zu Eurem Vortheile nicht allein Gascogne und Aequitaine abtreten, ſondern Euch auch noch Poitiers und Ponthieu ausliefern will, falls Ihr davon ablaßt, die Gemeinen Flanderns in ihren Forderungen zu unterſtützen.“

„Und was wird aus meinen Verſprechungen, edle Frau?“

„Ich weiß, Herr König,“ ſagte die Aebtiſſin, „Ihr habt zu Brüſſel und zu Gent den Vlämingern gelobt, Ihr würdet ſie aller ihrer Verbindlichkeiten entheben, ſobald Ihr den franzöſiſchen Thron beſtieget. Erfüllt dieſes Verſprechen, ſobald die Zeit gekommen ſein wird, falls Euch Gott dazu beſtimmt hat, den franzöſiſchen Thron zu beſteigen. Man täuſcht Euch, wenn man jetzt ſchon von Euch verlangt, was Ihr nur auf eine noch unerfüllte Bedingung hin verſprochen habt. Die Streitfragen zwiſchen Euch und meinem Bruder bleiben durch den Waffenſtillſtand ungelöſt. Der Krieg iſt ja nur unternommen worden, um Eure gegenſeitigen Anſprüche geltend zu machen. Nach welchem Rechte verlangen denn die Vläminger, daß alle ihre Forderungen zu ihrem Vortheile entſchieden werden, ehe der Krieg zu Ende iſt? Jetzt habt Ihr keine Verſprechungen zu erfüllen, Herr König.“

„In der That!“ ſagte Eduard zu ſich ſelbſt ..... „Und Ihr erklärt mir, daß Philipp von Valois mir gleichfalls Poitiers und Ponthieu abtreten wird?“

Er blieb nach dieſen Worten einige Augenblicke mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen in ſtilles Sinnen verſunken. Unterdeſſen hörte man plötzlich in der Ferne eine Glocke läuten. Der König hob den Kopf empor und ſagte mit freundlichem Lächeln zur Aebtiſſin:

„Man ruft uns bereits nach der Kapelle. Geht, edle Frau, und meldet Eurem Herrn Bruder von mir, daß Eure Beredſamkeit nicht ohne Einfluß auf meine Anſichten geblieben ſei. Ich werde mich binnen wenigen Augenblicken zur Verſammlung begeben, mit der Hoffnung, daß heute noch der Vertrag des Waffenſtillſtandes von uns werde unterſiegelt werden.“

Die Aebtiſſin erhob ſich mit freudigem Geſichte von ihrem Seſſel, dankte dem Könige für ſeinen freundlichen Empfang und verließ das Zelt mit ihren Edelfrauen und Rittern.

Der Coadjutor von Lüttich folgte ihr einige Schritte weit in das Lager. Dann wandte er ſich plötzlich ſeitwärts und verſchwand in einem Zelte, über welchem der Schild eines hennegauiſchen Ritters aufgehängt war. Kurz nachher erſchien er mit einem Knappen im Felde und ſagte zu demſelben, nach der Gegend des vlämiſchen Lagers hinzeigend, mit leiſer Stimme:

„Dorthin müßt Ihr gehen! Sobald Ihr Euch der vlämiſchen Wache nähert, haltet Euch, als ob Ihr ein neugieriger Wanderer wäret; bleibt hier und dort ſtehen und ſchreitet wieder langſam weiter, bis Ihr zu ſeinem Zelte gekommen ſeid. Gebt ihm dann heimlich dieſen Brief, und wenn Jemand bei ihm iſt, ſo verlangt ihn allein zu ſprechen. Er wird Euch ſogleich Gehör ſchenken; denn er erwartet Euch . . . . ."

Der Knappe machte ſich mit gewöhnlichen Schritten nach der angewieſenen Richtung auf. Als er ſich dem vlämiſchen Lager näherte, hörte er bereits in einiger Entfernung ein ſtarkes Geräuſch von verwirrten Stimmen. Gleich darauf befand er ſich mitten unter Volkshauſen, welche überall zwiſchen den Zelten ſich mit großem Lärme über eine wichtige Angelegenheit ſtritten. Er blieb bei dem erſten beſten Hauſen ſtehen, wie es ihm befohlen war, und vernahm, daß man ſich über eine Nachricht unterhielt, von der er vermuthete, daß ſie ebenfalls der Inhalt ſeiner Sendung ſei. Einer rief, König Eduard ſei ein Meineidiger und wolle ſich mit Philipp von Valois verbinden, um die Vlämінger zu betrügen und nach dem Verlangen der Ritterſchaft zu unterdrücken; ein Zweiter wüthete gegen den Herzog von Brabant, der ſich von der Aebtiſſin Johanna habe verführen laſſen; ein Dritter ſtieß unziemliche Schimpfreden gegen den Grafen Ludwig aus, als habe er in dieſer Sache nach ſeiner beklagenswerthen Gewohnheit die Partei Frankreichs gegen Flandern ergriffen. Hier und dort hörte man ſelbſt eine Stimme Artevelde der Schwäche beſchuldigen und durch Andeutungen zu verſtehen geben, daß ihn vielleicht auch die Schmeichelreden der Aebtiſſin oder irgend ein anderes Verführungsmittel von der Bahn der Pflicht abgelockt hätten.

Die Beſchuldigungen gegen den Oberhauptmann fanden eben nicht viel Anklang. Obwohl Einige die

Möglichkeit dieſes Verdachtes nicht beſtritten, ſo bewieſen doch die Meiſten, und namentlich die Ruhigſten, kaltblütig, daß man nicht eben gar zu leichtes Spiel mit den Vlämingern haben werde, und daß der Oberhauptmann, wie Jeder wiſſe, nicht zwei Nächte hintereinander geſchlafen, über ein Geheimniß brütend, das Jedem unbekannt ſei, ſo daß man alſo vollkommen Urſache habe, vertrauensvoll den Ausgang abzuwarten, ehe man, wie unbeſonnene Leute, undankbar und unvorſichtig über das Benehmen des Oberhauptmanns rede.

Nachdem der Knappe auf dieſe Weiſe bei verſchiedenen Haufen verweilt hatte, ſagte er voll Verwunderung zu ſich ſelbſt:

„Das war wohl nöthig, daß man mich mit dieſer Botſchaft beauftragte. Jetzt weiß hier das ganze Lager wahrſcheinlich ſo gut, wie mein Herr, welche Nachricht ich überbringe. Die Vlämінger ſind doch ein ſonderbares Volk; Jeder darf Alles wiſſen, ſich um Alles bekümmern und mit voller Freiheit gut oder ſchlecht über Alles urtheilen. Sie tadeln und beſchuldigen ihre Feldherren, ohne daß man das unrecht findet. Wenn man ſie ſieht, ſo möchte man ſagen, daß es lauter kleine Könige ſind ..... Und ſie ſprechen wahrlich, als ob ſie auf der ganzen Welt keine andere Obrigkeit kennten, als ſich ſelbſt. Es wäre ſchon gut, aber die plumpe Sprache und die rauhen Worte gefallen mir nicht. Das Leben kann nicht angenehm ſein unter ſolchen wüſten Männern, die weder von Höflichkeit, noch von ſchönen Reden etwas wiſſen ..... Ich will mit dem Briefe eilen; jetzt iſt es doch ſo nothwendig nicht mehr, meine Sendung geheim zu halten!"

Er beſchleunigte wirklich ſeine Schritte und ging bei den verſammelten Vlämingern vorbei, ohne ihren Ausrufungen noch irgend einige Aufmerkſamkeit zuzuwenden.

Als er endlich mitten im Lager Artevelde's Zelt erreicht hatte, fand er rings um daſſelbe viele Hauptleute verſammelt, und hörte, daß einige von ihnen nicht minder heftig als ärgerlich über den Waffenſtillſtand ſprachen. Derjenige, der mit der meiſten Unzufriedenheit ſeinen Zuhörern gegenüber ſeine Meinung entwickelte, ſprang plötzlich vor, als er den hennegauiſchen Knappen bemerkte, faßte ihn gebieteriſch bei der Hand und fragte ihn:

„Laßt hören! was bringt Ihr für eine Nachricht?"

Aber der Knappe ließ ſich nicht einſchüchtern und ſagte mit lauter Stimme, daß die Umſtehenden es hörten:

„Ich komme, um Mher Artevelde, dem Oberhauptmann der Männer von Flandern, eine Botſchaft zu bringen."

„So laßt ihn ſeinen Auftrag ausrichten, Mher Denys!" rief der Dechant der Schiffer.

Denys hatte gehofft, durch ſeinen befehlenden Ton dem jungen Manne zu imponiren, und vielleicht dadurch von ihm Etwas zu hören, was ihn auf die Spur von Artevelde's Geheimniß bringen könnte. Sein Anſchlag misglückte ihm jedoch und zog ihm ſogar eine Demüthigung zu; denn der Knappe betrachtete ihn mit ſchlauem Lächeln, als habe er ſeine Abſicht errathen.

Sobald der Knappe ſich bei der Wache des Zeltes meldete, ging Jemand zu dem Oberhauptmann, um ihm die Ankunft des Boten anzuzeigen. Augenblicklich ward der Befehl gegeben, ihn in das Zelt zu führen.

Hier ſaßen rings um eine Tafel bei dem Oberhauptmann: Maes van Vaernewyck, der Oberſchöffe, Jakob Maſch, Peter Zoetaerde und Simon van Merlebeke, Schöffen von Gent, und an dem unteren Ende Meiſter Auguſton, der Stadtſchreiber, welcher auf eine große Pergamenthaut Alles zu ſchreiben ſchien, was der Kriegsrath ihm vorſagte.

Der Oberhauptmann erbrach das Siegel des Briefes, welchen ihm der Knappe übergeben hatte. Nachdem er denſelben flüchtig durchleſen hatte, fragte er den Boten, ob ſein Herr ihm befohlen habe, noch etwas mündlich hinzuzuſetzen, und auf deſſen Verneinung gab er ihm die Erlaubniß, wieder fortzugehen. Der Knappe verließ das Zelt mit ehrerbietigem Gruß.

„Nun denn, meine Herrn!“ ſagte Artevelde, mit dem Briefe in der Hand, „habe ich mich in meinen Vorausſetzungen getäuſcht? Alle unſere Mühe iſt nutzlos geweſen. Philipp von Valois will den Vlämingern nichts zugeſtehen. Der Brief kommt von dem Coadjutor von Lüttich, der uns bereits ſchon ſo viele Dienſte erwieſen hat bei unſerer Berufung an den Papſt, und jetzt wiederum, da er mit dem Könige von Böhmen noch einen Verſuch zu unſeren Gunſten bei Philipp von Valois und König Eduard gewagt hat. Seht hier, was er meldet:

„Heute Morgen ſoll der Waffenſtillſtand beſtimmt unterſiegelt werden. Der König von England läßt Eure

Forderungen bis auf eine ſpätere Zeit fahren. Wenn Ihr eilig noch Jemanden ſenden könntet, der dem Könige von England entſchieden zuſpräche, vielleicht änderte er noch ſeinen Entſchluß. Die Zeit iſt kurz; berathet es in Eile.“

„Der Rath iſt gut,“ ſagte Simon van Merlebeke. „Laßt Myer van Vaernewyck zu dem Könige gehen und verſuchen, ihn dahin zu beſtimmen, daß er ſeinen Entſchluß ändert.“

„Aber wozu noch einmal verſuchen,“ ſagte Artevelde, „was bereits zehnmal vergeblich verſucht worden iſt? König Eduard kann unſere Forderungen nicht bewilligen; er iſt gezwungen, unwiderſtehlich gezwungen durch das Verſchieben des Krieges; Brabant und Hennegau gleichfalls; ſie haben weder Geld noch Vorräthe mehr. Gent hat bereits dem Könige von England zu viel geliehen; unſere Hülfe kann er nicht mehr anrufen. Wir müſſen uns ſelbſt rathen; unſere eigene Kraft allein kann uns retten. Was mich betrifft, meine Herren, ſo würde ich vor Betrübniß Thränen vergießen, wenn Philipp von Valois argliſtig genug wäre, um uns durch einige wichtige Bewilligungen das Recht zu entſchiedener Wiederforderung zu rauben. Um Gottes willen vergeßt nicht, daß Flanderns Ketten, die man ſeit Jahrhunderten im Louvre ſorgfältig aufbewahrt hat, jetzt nicht ferne von hier niedergelegt ſind! Ich ſehe ſie ſeit zwei Tagen, wachend wie im Schlafe, vor meinen Augen glühen und mich quälen; ich zittere vor Stolz und Freude, wenn ich denke, daß dieſe ſchnöden Verträge, Bullen und Schuldbriefe — Früchte dreihundertjährigen Meineides und dreihundertjähriger Unterdrückung — vielleicht noch vor Mittag in unſerer Macht ſein werden, daß wir ſie zerreißen und von den Flammen verzehren laſſen, damit ſelbſt die Erinnerung an Flanderns Leid und Sklaverei vernichtet ſei. Was ich Euch vorſchlage, iſt ohne Zweifel nicht ohne Gefahr, das weiß ich ſehr wohl; aber bedenkt, daß hundert Siege uns zuſammen nicht ſo viel Vortheil bringen können, wie dieſer einzige, wenn Gott zugiebt, daß wir ihn erringen. Und wer ſagt Euch, daß wir deshalb einen einzigen Tropfen Blut zu vergießen nöthig haben? Die Fürſten werden in dieſem Augenblicke vor einem Kriege mit uns zurückweichen; ſie ſind gezwungen, die Waffen niederzulegen, ſage ich Euch!“

„Es iſt wahr, was der Oberhauptmann ſpricht,“ bemerkte Maes van Vaernewyck. „Hier muß von unſerer Seite entſchieden gehandelt werden. Man hat uns mit Stricken gebunden; es fehlt uns die Zeit, dieſe Bande zu löſen. Nun denn! laßt uns ſie zerreißen durch eine heldenmüthige Anwendung unſerer Kräfte; durch Unterhandlungen iſt doch nichts zu gewinnen!“

„Ich beharre gleichfalls bei unſerm erſten Vorhaben,“ ſagte Peter Zoetaerde. „Es mag nicht ohne Gefahr ſein, aber es iſt doch groß und vlämiſcher Männer würdig.“

„Warum kommen wir denn zurück auf unſern erſten Beſchluß?“ fragte Jakob Maſch mit Ungeduld. „Zum erſten Male ſeit drei Jahrhunderten iſt Flanderns Arm lang genug, um das Schloß ſeiner Ketten erreichen zu können, und es ſollte die Hand nicht ausſtrecken dürfen um daſſelbe zu zerbrechen, jetzt, da ſich die Gelegenheit darbietet?“

„Da Ihr Alle zum Aeußerſten feſt entſchloſſen ſeid,“ antwortete Simon van Merlebeke, „ſo gebe ich ebenfalls meine volle Zuſtimmung. Es war nur eine Bemerkung, die ich machte; ich glaube ſelbſt, daß ich Unrecht habe und daß es beſſer iſt, Alles zu wagen.“

Nachdem man dieſe Berathung noch eine Weile fortgeſetzt hatte, ward ein zweiter Bote angemeldet, der Artevelde gleichfalls ein verſiegeltes Pergament überreichte. Er entließ den Boten, las es, warf es auf den Tiſch und ſagte:

„Der Waffenſtillſtand iſt unterzeichnet; die Vlämingen ſind davon ausgeſchloſſen; um eilf Uhr wird man den Vertrag vor der Kapelle von Gylechin feierlich verkündigen. Alſo noch eine Stunde; die Zeit iſt kurz .... Der Vertrag, den wir unſererſeits eben aufſetzten, bleibt von uns genehmigt, nicht wahr? Kein Frieden, kein Waffenſtillſtand, wenn nicht Philipp von Valois denſelben noch heute unterzeichnet. Meiſter Auguſtyn, leſ't uns raſch den letzten Punkt noch einmal vor!“

Der Stadtſchreiber las mit lauter Stimme:

„Item ſoll den Vlämingern von Seiten der Krone Frankreichs Quittung gegeben werden von allen Schulden, Verbindlichkeiten, Bannſtrafen, von welcher Art ſie auch ſein mögen, keine ausgenommen, noch zurückbehalten, mit der ausdrücklichen Bedingung, daß dergleichen Mittel nimmer wieder von Frankreich gegen Flandern angewandt werden ſollen. Ferner ſollen zu den Händen der Bevollmächtigten von Gent als Repräſentanten des Landes Flandern alle Urkunden und Bullen, in welchen obengemeldete Schulden, Verbindlichkeiten und Bannſtrafen enthalten ſind, übergeben werden.“

„Es iſt gut!“ ſagte Artevelde freudig. „Jetzt, Ihr Herren, gefalle es Euch, mir zu folgen; ich will nun unſern Beſchluß raſch zur Ausführung bringen, und glückt unſer Verſuch, ſo wird Jubel im freien Flandern herrſchen; laßt uns gehen!“

Als ſie aus dem Zelte hinaustraten, gab er ſeinem Trompeter Befehl, die Hauptleute zuſammenzurufen. Kaum ertönten die erſten Trompetenklänge, ſo hörte man dieſelben auch ſchon auf gleiche Weiſe im ganzen Lager wiederholen, oder die Trommeln ein ähnliches Zeichen geben, und die Hauptleute und Dechanten kamen von allen Seiten herbeigeeilt.

Artevelde ertheilte ihnen den Befehl, ihre Schaaren unmittelbar und ſo raſch wie möglich vor den Zelten in Schlachtordnung aufzuſtellen, diejenigen ausgenommen, welche als Brandwache vor dem Ausgange der Feſtung lagen. Er erſuchte ſie, wohl dafür zu ſorgen, daß Niemand Reihe und Glied verlaſſe, oder ſich erkühne, irgend etwas Anderes zu thun, ohne ausdrücklichen Befehl von ihm oder von Myer Jakob Maſch, welcher an dieſem Tage ſein Statthalter ſein ſolle. Obendrein verlangte er, daß von jedem Fähnlein der erſte und zehnte Centenier augenblicklich zu ihm geſandt würde, um ſeine Befehle deſto ſchneller dem ganzen Heere überbringen zu können wenn es nöthig ſei.

Die Hauptleute und Dechanten begaben ſich eilig Jeder nach ſeinem Lagerplatze, um die Befehle des Oberhauptmanns zu vollziehen. Geeraert Denys blieb allein mit zwei oder drei Anderen ſtehen, als ob ſie den Worten des Oberhauptmanns gar keine Aufmerkſamkeit geſchenkt hätten. Wirklich war der erbitterte Oberdechant ſo ſehr in einen Streit über das Geheimniß des Kriegsrathes verwickelt, daß er ſelbſt Artevelde's Gegenwart nicht bemerkte und mit lauter Stimme rief:

„Ich ſage Euch, daß man freie Männer nicht ſo behandelt! Es iſt ärger, als es unter dem hochmüthigſten Tyrannen ſein könnte. Glaubt man denn, daß wir nichts als dumme Werkzeuge ſind? Da könnte ja der Erſte Beſte uns verrathen und verkaufen, ohne daß man dahinter käme, ehe man uns ausgeliefert hat!"

Artevelde's Angeſicht drückte Verachtung aus. Er ſagte gelaſſen, aber mit Nachdruck:

„Oberdechant! habt Ihr meine Befehle nicht verſtanden?"

Als Geeraert Denys ſich ſo plötzlich überraſcht ſah, wurde er roth vor Schaam und Wuth und murrte einige unverſtändliche Worte.

„Mher Denys!" ſagte der Oberhauptmann, „ich habe befohlen, daß man das Heer unmittelbar in Schlachtordnung aufſtelle. Wenn Eure Schaaren nicht zur rechten Zeit fertig ſind, werde ich mich verpflichtet ſehen, Euch zu ſtrafen nach den Geſetzen, unter denen wir Alle ſtehen. Erſpart mir doch dieſe unangenehme Pflicht!"

Mit unterdrückter Wuth und das Herz voll Galle entfernte ſich der Oberdechant, um wider ſeinen Willen dieſe Befehle auszurichten. Es marterte ihn auf eine unerträgliche Weiſe, ſich unter dem Zwange der Kriegszucht beugen und in Gegenwart von Amtsgenoſſen und Freunden ſtumm und ergeben die Demüthigung einer ſtrengen Ermahnung hinnehmen zu müſſen. Doch hob er bald wieder das Haupt trotzig empor und wilde Freude glänzte in ſeinen Augen; die Hoffnung, ſich zu rächen, erfüllte wieder ſein Herz.

Die zuſammengerufenen Centeniers, achtzig an der Zahl, hatten ſich vor Artevelde's Zelte eingefunden und erhielten von ihm den Befehl, ſich in verſchiedenen Richtungen wie neugierige Spaziergänger nach der Kapelle von Gylechin zu begeben und ſich dort ſo viel wie möglich unter die Ritter und anderen Zuhörer zu miſchen, jedoch nichts zu thun oder zu ſagen, was eine beſondere Abſicht oder Unzufriedenheit verrathe, ſondern nur auf den Oberhauptmann und auf den Schöffen Simon van Merlebeke zu achten.

Kaum hatten ſich die Centeniere nach allen Seiten hin zerſtreut, um ſich, dem Anſcheine nach ohne irgend eine beſondere Abſicht, nach der Kapelle von Gylechin zu begeben, ſo beſtieg Artevelde eine kleine Erhöhung, von welcher aus er das ganze Lager überſehen konnte. Alle Fähnlein ohne Ausnahme ſtanden bereits vor den Zelten ſchlachtfertig in einer unüberſehbaren Reihe, mit einer Tiefe von acht Gliedern, welche ſich bis an die Mauern von Doornik ausdehnte, ungefähr vierzigtauſend Mann ſtark. Ueber dieſer anſehnlichen Kriegsmacht flatterten die Banner der Gilden und Zünfte als Fahnen vor jedem Chor von tauſend Mann, nebſt den vierhundert Fähnlein der Centeniere. In ziemlicher Entfernung hinter der Schlachtordnung befand ſich Muggeſon mit ſeinen Ribauden und den weißen Caproenen, als Führer der Pferde, welche vor den Wurfgeſchoſſen angeſpannt waren.

Nachdem er ſich durch einen raſchen Blick überzeugt hatte, man habe ſeine Befehle pünktlich ausgeführt, rief Artevelde ſeinem Trompeter zu:

„Schlachtordnung! vorwärts!“

Der Befehl wurde augenblicklich im ganzen Heere wiederholt; die Banner und Fähnlein bewegten ſich langſam vorwärts, bis der Oberhauptmann ſeinem Trompeter zurief:

„Schlachtordnung! Halt! . . . . Ruhe!“

Offenbar hatte Artevelde einen beſonderen Grund, daß er das Heer ſo von ſeinen Zelten entfernte; vielleicht wollte er dadurch ſeine Krieger hindern, ihre Glieder unvermerkt zu verlaſſen. Wahrſcheinlicher jedoch hatte er wohl die Abſicht, das Heer in der Nähe der Kapelle von Eylechin aufzuſtellen; denn kaum erblickte er dieſe ſelbſt, als er auch ſchon Halt machen ließ und Ruhe gebot: ein ſicheres Zeichen, daß man weiter keine Bewegungen unternehmen ſollte.

Jetzt begab ſich der Oberhauptmann raſch zu den Schöffen, machte Jakob Maſch, der als ſein Statthalter bei dem Heere bleiben ſollte, noch einige Mittheilungen, rief Ghelnoot van Lens und fünf oder ſechs Dechanten zu ſich und begab ſich nun mit einem Gefolge von zehn oder zwölf Mann nach der Kapelle von Gylechin.

An dem Orte der Zuſammenkunft der unterhandelnden Fürſten und ihrer Räthe ſtand bereits eine große Zahl Ritter in verſchiedenen Haufen, welche die Verkündigung des Waffenſtillſtandes erwarteten. Die von dem Oberhauptmann ausgeſandten Centeniers ſah man hier ebenfalls gleichgültig auf- und abgehen. Artevelde's Ankunft ſchien die Ritter zuerſt zu überraſchen. Als ſie jedoch ſahen, daß er heiter und mit fröhlichem Geſichte zu ſeinen Begleitern redete, vermutheten ſie, daß er keine andere Abſicht habe als ſie ſelbſt, den Ausgang der Verhandlungen zu vernehmen.

Um die feſtgeſetzte Stunde traten die Fürſten mit ihren Räthen und den übrigen Perſonen, welche bei der Unterſiegelung des Waffenſtillſtandes gegenwärtig geweſen, aus der Kapelle und ſtellten ſich nach ihrem Range und ihrer Würde auf, um die Verkündigung vorzunehmen. In der Mitte ſtanden die Könige von Frankreich, von England und von Böhmen; neben ihnen die Aebtiſſin Johanna, Altgräfin von Hennegau, mit der Gräfin von Blois und fünf oder ſechs anderen Edelfrauen; ferner der Herzog von Brabant, die Grafen von Flandern, von Hennegau, von Savoyen, von Alençon und von Blois, und die Biſchöfe von Lincoln und von Beauvais, nebſt dem Coadjutor von Lüttich und einer großen Zahl anderer Fürſten und vornehmer Lehnsherren.

Nachdem einige Trompeter die feierliche Verkündi gung des Waffenſtillſtandes angezeigt hatten, trat ein franzöſiſcher Rathsherr vor und las mit lauter Stimme den Vertrag, welcher, wie man es vorhergeſehen hatte, auch nicht ein Wort über die Forderungen Flanderns enthielt.

Sobald der Vertrag geendet war, blieſen die Trompeter einen Siegesmarſch, und alle umherſtehenden Ritter jubelten vor Freude über die Beendigung des Krieges. Die Könige von England und von Frankreich reichten einander zum Zeichen der Verſöhnung die Hand. Jeder wollte ſich nun nach ſeinem Lagerplatze begeben, um die frohe Nachricht ſeinen Freunden mitzutheilen. Da erſchien plötzlich Artevelde, mit einem Pergamente in der Hand, vor den erſtaunten Fürſten, und ſprach, nach einer kurzen Verbeugung, mit lauter Stimme:

„Herren und Könige, und Ihr, fürſtliche Männer und Frauen, wie Ihr hier gegenwärtig ſeid! Wir Männer von Flandern erheben uns gegen die Ungerechtigkeit, die unſerem Vaterlande durch dieſen Waffenſtillſtand widerfährt, und erklären Alles, was hier geſchehen iſt, für nichtig und ungültig. Wir erklären daher, daß wir die Belagerung von Doornik nicht aufheben und den Krieg mit Gewalt fortſetzen werden, ſo lange unſere Forderungen nicht erfüllt ſind, wie es uns der König von England eidlich gelobt hat. Wir erklären ferner, daß, wenn binnen vier Stunden nach dieſer unſerer Anzeige kein beſonderer Vertrag mit uns geſchloſſen iſt und die Schuldbriefe und Bullen, die dort aufbewahrt werden, uns nicht übergeben worden ſind, wir uns als frei von aller Bundesgenoſſenſchaft mit England betrachten und unmittelbar den Krieg gegen Frankreich fortſetzen werden, uns auf das Recht unſerer Sache verlaſſend. Ihr Herren, Fürſten und Ritter! Sehet nun, was Ihr zu thun habt. Wir bringen Euch keine Herausforderung, noch wollen wir die Ehrerbietung verletzen, die wir Euch ſchulden. Aber man ſoll uns rechtlich behandeln, oder die Waffen mögen es entſcheiden! Dort ſteht das vlämiſche Heer, bereit und kampfluſtig. Es fehlt uns weder an Geld, noch an Vorräthen. Es iſt möglich, daß der Sieg ſich nicht für das gute Recht erklärt; aber, was auch das Schickſal entſcheiden möge, Ströme Blutes ſollen vergoſſen werden, Feuer und Vertilgung dieſe Grenzen verheeren! Denn wir Männer von Flandern haben beſchloſſen, eher bis auf den letzten Mann zu ſterben, als unſere rechtmäßigen Forderungen aufzugeben.... Ihr Herren und Könige! das vlämiſche Heer erwartet Eure Antwort."

„Gott! Gott!" rief die Aebtiſſin Johanna erſchreckt; „ſoll denn um ſolcher gemeinen Menſchen willen das Blut der edelſten Ritterſchaft der Welt vergoſſen werden?"

Artevelde hielt ſich ruhig und unbeweglich bei den beleidigenden Worten der Aebtiſſin und betrachtete den König von England mit einem durchdringenden Blicke. Dieſer Fürſt, welcher wahrſcheinlich Reue fühlte über das, was er gethan, ſuchte Philipp von Valois zu überreden, einen beſonderen Vertrag mit den Vlämingern zu ſchließen; aber der König von Frankreich, der ſich ſo zu ſeinem Schaden und zu ſeiner Schande in denſelben Fallſtricken verwickelt ſah, in welchen er Flandern zu fangen gedacht hatte, war faſt wahnſinnig vor Aerger und Wuth, und rief, während er die Abſicht zeigte, ſich nach ſeinem Lager zu begeben:

„Nun denn! das Schickſal entſcheide! Muß es ſein, ſo ſtröme Blut! Ich nehme die Herausforderung an!“

Als die Aebtiſſin Johanna dieſe Worte hörte und ihr Werk plötzlich zuſammenſtürzen ſah, warf ſie ſich vor ihrem Bruder auf die Kniee, und bat ihn, die emporgehobenen Hände zuſammenfaltend, doch ſich zu beruhigen und die Vläminger durch Nachgiebigkeit zu befriedigen. Auf der anderen Seite erklärte der König von England, daß er den Waffenſtillſtand als gebrochen betrachte und ſeine Bundesgenoſſen, die Vläminger, nicht verlaſſen wolle, wenn ihre Forderungen nicht durch einen beſonderen Vertrag bewilligt würden. Der König von Böhmen, der Graf von Savoyen und der Coadjutor von Lüttich, nebſt dem Grafen Ludwig, unterſtützten die Aebtiſſin und ſuchten den König zu erweichen, ſo daß dieſer endlich durch die Bitten ſeiner Schweſter und durch die Ueberzeugung, daß ihm eine große Gefahr drohe, bezwungen, ſich bereit erklärte, mit den Fürſten und Rathsherren in die Kapelle zurückzugehen und die Sache zu überlegen. Einige Augenblicke ſpäter ward Artevelde durch einen Herold gerufen und begab ſich mit zwei Schöffen und Meiſter Auguſtyn zu der Verſammlung der Fürſten.

Kaum war der Oberhauptmann in die Kapelle getreten, ſo liefen auch ſchon die umherſtehenden Ritter ungeſtüm durcheinander und ſprachen ihren Aerger und Verdruß aus. Auf dem Antlitz der Vläminger zeigte ſich dagegen Hochmuth und Freude. Sie hatten ſich meiſt um Ghelnoot van Lens geſchaart, der vor Freude außer ſich war und mit thränenden Augen wiederholt ausrief:

„Das war nun das Geheimniß, Geſellen! Das war nun das Geheimniß des weiſen Mannes. Und ſagen, daß Läſtermäuler ihn beſchuldigen durften! Gott! Gott! möge es ihm glücken! Es wird ein ſchöner Tag für Flandern ſein!“

Eine halbe Stunde lang kam Niemand aus der Kapelle; allmählig kühlte der Eifer ab, welcher ſich der Umſtehenden zuerſt bemächtigt hatte. Die Vläminger begannen an dem Erfolg der Unterhandlung zu zweifeln und ihre Heiterkeit verminderte ſich ſichtlich, während dagegen der Muth der Ritter ſtieg. In Folge der langen Erwartung einer feierlichen Entſcheidung hatten die Geſpräche aufgehört und eine eigenthümliche Stille herrſchte vor der Kapelle. Da trat der Oberſchöffe, Maes van Vaernewyck, mit freudigem Antlitze aus der Verſammlung und rief ungefähr zehn Vläminger zu ſich auf die Seite, mit denen er eine Weile heimlich ſprach, worauf ſie dann im raſchen Laufe nach dem Lager eilten. Maes van Vaernewyck gab nun Ghelnoot van Lens und fünf oder ſechs von deſſen Gefährten ein Zeichen, ihn zu begleiten, und ging dann wieder in die Kapelle.

Bald darauf hörte man aus dem vlämiſchen Lager ein Jauchzen aufſteigen, das ſich immer weiter ausbreitete und zuletzt als ein ungeheurer Jubelruf an die Mauern der Kapelle ſchlug.

Endlich, das große Werk war vollbracht! Vier Geſellen kamen mit einer eiſernen Kiſte aus der Kapelle. Ghelnoot van Lens hob die Hände empor und wußte vor Freude nicht, was er Alles rief und ſagte. Ihm folgten die Schöffen mit ſiegreichen freudeſtrahlenden Blicken. Artevelde dagegen ſchritt ſchweigend und mit geſenktem Haupte neben der Kiſte her. Er ſchwankte auf den Füßen; ſeine Bruſt keuchte ſichtbar; Thränen rollten über ſeine Wangen . . . . . Er hatte ſie alſo zerriſſen, die Bande ſeines theuren Flandern, und dreihundertjährige Liſt und Meineid beſiegt und vernichtet!

Als der feierliche Zug ſich dem jauchzenden Heere nahte, lief Ghelnoot van Lens raſch mit vier Begleitern voraus und kehrte gleich mit einer brennenden Fackel und vielen Strohbündeln zurück, die er vor der Schlachtordnung als einen Scheiterhaufen aufthürmte.

Hier wurde die Kiſte niedergeſetzt und geöffnet, während Ghelnoot das Stroh anzündete, deſſen Flamme flackernd in die Höhe ſtieg.

Artevelde nahm hierauf alle Urkunden, eine nach der andern, aus der Kiſte, ließ durch Meiſter Auguſtyn ausrufen, welche Verpflichtung, Verbindlichkeit oder Schuld dieſelbe enthielt, zerriß ſie dann und warf ſie in das Feuer.

Freudengeſchrei erhob ſich während dieſer Zeit aus dem Heere und ſtieg gen Himmel empor. Der Jubel ward ganz ungeheuer, als der Rauch des verbrannten Pergamentes ſich über den ganzen Lagerplatz verbreitete und gleich einem Boten Jedem die Erlöſung Flanderns verkündigte.

Ghelnoot van Lens hatte die letzte Urkunde, in welcher das waeliſche Flandern an Frankreich abgetreten war, dem Oberhauptmann aus der Hand genommen, und ſie wie ein Raſender mit den Zähnen in die kleinſten Stücke zerriſſen.

Und damit war das Opfer vollbracht; ſelbſt die eiſerne Kiſte hatte man in das Feuer gelegt.

Im Angeſicht des Heeres bezwang Artevelde ſeine Thränen und verbarg ſoviel wie möglich ſeine tiefe Rührung.

Nachdem Alles geſchehen war, winkte er einem Trompeter und gab Befehl zum Rückzuge, worauf er ſelbſt ſchweigend und mit langſamen Schritten in Begleitung der Schöffen nach ſeinem Zelte ging.

IX.

Es war zu Gent bei der Brabantbrücke, einem Platze, an welchem der denkende oder gefühlvolle Spaziergänger ſelten vorüberkommen wird, ohne ſich angezogen zu fühlen, einige Augenblicke ſtill zu ſtehen und ſich in unbeſtimmte Träume zu verlieren. Dort hörte man unaufhörlich das laute Geräuſch der ſtädtiſchen Waſſermühlen, welches mit unwiderſtehlicher Gewalt den Geiſt des Hörers zu ruhen zwang. Die geſtaute Niederſchelde ſtürzte ſich hier mit entſetzlichem Wogen und Brauſen von der Höhe herab und rollte eine Zeit lang ihre Wellen in wilden Wirbeln fort, bis ſie dann mit Blitzesſchnelle ihren Lauf bis nach Sanct Baeſſtede fortſetzte.

Auf der anderen Seite hob Ser Geeraert's Teufelsſteen ſeine ſchweren Thürme und hohen Mauern empor. Wie der Palaſt eines Rieſen ſchien dieſes geheimnißvolle Gebäude über dem ewigen Brauſen und der ſteten Bewegung der Fluth zu herrſchen, welche wie ein niedriger Diener plötzlich bei den Grundfeſten des Steens ihren Lauf hemmte und den Fuß ihres Herren im Vorüberfließen ſchmeichelnd zu beſpülen ſchien.

Seit Monaten hatte Lieven Denys dieſen Ort vor allen andern zum Ziel ſeiner einſamen Wanderungen gemacht. Anfangs brachte er hier nur einige Augenblicke in trübem Sinnen zu, allmählig hatte ſich jedoch ſo viel Uebereinſtimmung zwiſchen ihm und der Fluth gebildet, daß er nirgends mehr Freude und Genuß finden konnte, als unter dem Eindrucke der brauſenden Wogen und der klappernden Mühle.

Für ihn hatte dieſes Brauſen und Rauſchen nur den Ton des Schmerzes und der Verzweiflung, ſobald eine Welle von oben herabgeſtürzt ſich wieder mit Gewalt emporwarf und unter dieſem ſchweren Beſtreben aufſeufzte, zeigte ſich ein bitteres Lächeln auf dem Antlitz des Jünglings. Denn ſeine poetiſche Einbildungskraft ließ ihn glauben, er habe in der Natur ein Weſen gefunden, welches wie er zu ewigen Leiden verdammt ſei, ohne daß Jemand ſeine Klagen verſtehe. Dieſe mächtigen Stimmen, das Toben der Wogen, das ſchnelle Rauſchen des Waſſers, bemächtigten ſich obendrein ſeines Geiſtes und ſchafften ihm Ruhe vor den folternden Gedanken, welche wie verſteckte Schlangen ſchon ſo lange an ſeinem Herzen nagten. Hier am Rande des Waſſers löſte ſich ſein ſchmerzliches Sinnen in Träumen, in einem Schlummer des Gefühls auf, der ihm wenigſtens noch einige Ruhe und noch einigen Frieden gewährte. Was konnte nur die Urſache ſein von des Jünglings Leiden? Er, ſo voll Lebensfreuden, ſo mild beſchenkt mit allen Gaben des Gefühls, mit aller Zärtlichkeit einer zum Lieben geſchaffenen Seele? Er, dem die Saiten des Herzens wiedertönten bei der mindeſten Berührung, dem Alles in der Natur zulachte?

Ach! die Verleumdung hatte auch ſein Leben vergiftet; ſeit ſeiner unglücklichen Reiſe nach Brüſſel hatte er keinen Schritt mehr thun können, ohne daß ſich in ihm ein Verdacht bildete gegen Alles, was ihm theuer war auf Erden. Seine geliebte Veerle, der Engel ſeiner Träume, erſchien ihm jetzt nur hinter einem Schleier, auf welchen die Ehrenſchändung ihr Gift mit großen Flecken geſpritzt hatte. Er beſuchte ſie noch, drückte noch bisweilen ihre zitternden Hände in den ſeinen, aber etwas Falſches, das er in ihren Blicken zu entdecken wähnte, erfüllte ſein Herz mit Eiskälte, und nur mit Furcht hörte er ihre ſchöne, verführeriſche Stimme reden, gleichſam als vermuthe er, ſie wolle ihn betrügen. Zu anderen Zeiten beſchuldigte er ſich ſelbſt der Schwäche und des böſen Argwohns; in ſolchen Stunden erſchien ihm der Engel wieder, wie er war, umgeben von dem ſtrahlenden Kranze jungfräulicher Reinheit und redlichſter Liebe. Dann ſtarrte er wieder ganz bewußtlos, je einen Schmerz empfunden zu haben, in den reinen Spiegel ihrer Augen, er fühlte, wie ſein Blut wieder wärmer und freier durch ſeine Adern ſtrömte, und dankte Gott für die Befreiung aus dem Abgrunde ſeiner heimlichen Leiden. Kaum hatte er jedoch von Neuem die Geliebte verlaſſen, ſo trat ihm auch ſchon die wachſame Verleumdung entgegen, riß von Neuem das Vertrauen aus ſeinem Herzen und erfüllte es wieder mit der Galle des Argwohns.

Nichts von Allem, was er früher geliebt hatte, entging den Schlägen einer verborgenen, aber mit hölliſcher Liſt berechneten Verleumdung. Sein Glaube an Artevelde's Edelmuth und Vaterlandsliebe ſchwankte, es gab Augenblicke, in welchen er ſich ſelbſt fragte, ob der weiſe Mann nicht wirklich ein eigennütziger Tyrann ſei; Ghelnoot erſchien ihm in ſeinen nächtlichen Träumen als ein Geiſt des Böſen, der ihm das Leben in ewigen Schmerz umgewandelt hatte; ſeinen Vater ſelbſt, dem er früher unbegrenzte Ehrfurcht gezollt, fürchtete er mitunter, wie einen Feind ſeiner Ruhe, wie Jemanden, aus deſſen Munde Worte ſtrömten, welche wie eine Saat des Unheils und Verdachtes in ſeine geängſtete Bruſt fiel.

So führte der arme Jüngling ein doppeltes Leben, in ihm kämpften zwei Geiſter um die Herrſchaft über ſein Herz, der Geiſt des Vertrauens, welcher ihm ſagte, ſein Ohr vor der Verleumdung zu ſchließen, und der Geiſt des heftigen Argwohns, der ihm das Blut bei dem geringſten Worte kochen machte und ihn glauben ließ, was ſo viele gleichgültige Stimmen ihm täglich offenbarten, könne doch wohl wahr ſein.

Das unerbittliche Schickſal hatte ihm noch eine andere tiefe Wunde geſchlagen. Seine gute Mutter war geſtorben; ſie war die einzige geweſen, die auf Erden noch die Macht beſaß, ihm durch freundliche Worte und durch Beweiſe unverdächtiger Liebe einigen Troſt einzuflößen; ſie aber war gen Himmel gezogen und hatte ihm nichts zurückgelaſſen, als das Andenken an ihre Güte und den Stein auf ihrem Grabe, um dort in den ſchwerſten Stunden ſeines Lebens noch eine letzte Erquickung zu finden.

An einem Abende, als die Sonne noch nicht unter dem weſtlichen Horizonte hinabgeſunken war, ſtand Lieven

Denys wieder dort, ſtützte die Arme auf den ſteinernen Rand an der Niederſchelde und hielt den Blick bewegungslos auf die arbeitende Fluth gerichtet. Sein abgemagertes und bleiches Antlitz verrieth in dieſem Augenblicke kein beſonderes Gefühl; er ſchien dort gedankenlos in tiefſtem Selbſtvergeſſen zu ruhen. Nichts ließ in ihm Leben vermuthen, als der träge Aufſchlag ſeiner Augen, welche jeder entſtehenden Welle gleichſam mit Liebe in ihren Wendungen folgten, bis dieſelbe von dem freien Laufe der Fluth aufgenommen und in derſelben verſchwunden war. Mitunter ſah er plötzlich eine mächtigere Woge ſich erheben und ſich wüthend auf eine andere Welle ſtürzen; er hörte das Brauſen des Streites, ſah die Woge wiederkehren und mit klagendem Seufzen ſich wie raſend in wilden Kreiſen drehen, bis der immer hinabſtürzende Strom dieſe Erſcheinung wieder in das Bett der Fluth riß und die kämpfenden Wellen vor dem Fuße des Ser Geeraertsteufelſteen zurückwichen.

War dieſes Schauſpiel nicht ein Bild von des Jünglings Seele? Ward er nicht auch hin und wieder geſchleudert zwiſchen Hoffnung und Verzweiflung, Liebe und Haß, Vertrauen und Verdacht? Wirbelten die widerſtreitendſten Gedanken nicht auch durch ſeinen Kopf? War ſein Leben nicht auch ein ewiges Kämpfen, ein ruheloſes Leiden geworden?

Als Lieven, nach ſeiner Gewohnheit, dort länger denn eine Stunde unbeweglich geſtanden hatte, kam ein anderer Jüngling von der Brabantpforte her und legte ſich neben ihm auf den ſteinernen Rand. Ihn eine Weile lächelnd betrachtend, klopfte er ihm endlich ſanft auf die Schulter und ſagte mit freundlichem Scherz:

„Aber, Lieven, Ihr müßt wunderſchöne Dinge in dem plätſchernden Waſſer ſehen, daß Ihr Eueren Sonntag Nachmittag hier ſo einſam zubringt. Man möchte faſt glauben, Ihr wartet hier auf den Teufel, der Ser Geeraerts Seele kaufte.“

Lieven warf einen traurigen Blick auf den Jüngling, und als ob er ihn nun erſt bemerke und ſeinen Scherz gar nicht gehört habe, antwortete er gleichgültig: „Guten Tag, Freund Jan“, worauf er die Augen wieder dem Fluſſe zuwandte.

„Wie kommt es denn,“ fuhr Jan fort, „daß Ihr heute nicht mit Euerem Bogen vor der Byſwindgatenpforte wart, um in St. Jorishof dem fröhlichen Schießen beizuwohnen? — Ich komme daher; es iſt vorbei; die ſchöne ſilberne Kanne, welche Ser van Raſſeghem als Preis geſchenkt hat, iſt nach einem ſtarken Kampfe gewonnen ..... Schlaft Ihr denn, Lieven, daß Ihr mich nicht anhört? Was ſich dort zutrug, geht Euch doch mehr an als mich. Kommt, ich gebe Euch auf zu rathen, wer die ſilberne Kanne gewonnen hat.“

„Was kümmert es mich?“ ſeufzte Lieven, ſich aus Höflichkeit ihm halb zuwendend, „ich mißgönne dem Gewinner ſeine Freude nicht.“

„Vielleicht doch. Aber Ghelnoot van Lens iſt in dem Schießen der Sieger geblieben.“

Dieſer Name übte einen gewaltigen Eindruck auf das Gefühl des Jünglings. Er ſchien heftig ergriffen zu werden; denn ſeine Glieder ſpannten ſich plötzlich, wie von einer mächtigen Kraft berührt, und ein Ausdruck des Schmerzes zeigte ſich auf ſeinem Antlitz.

Jan ergriff ſeine Hand und fuhr mit dem Tone des Mitleids fort:

„Was ich Euch noch ſagen will, muß Euch tief betrüben, ich weiß es wohl, Lieven; aber man ſieht ſich oft gezwungen, einem Freunde wider Willen die Wahrheit zu erklären, und thäte man es in einigen Fällen nicht, ſo würde man des Namens «Freund» unwürdig ſein. Im Sanct Jorishofe befanden ſich noch andere von Euren Bekannten: die Familie der Vaernewyck's war dort, und bei ihnen Ver Artevelde mit ihrer Tochter Beerle ..... Erſchreckt nicht ſo ſehr! Ach! wenn Ihr geſehen hättet, welche ungeheure Neigung Ghelnoot und Beerle ſich vor der ganzen Freundſchaft bezeigten, und wie außerordentlich glücklich Jungfrau Beerle zu ſein ſchien, als Ghelnoot jauchzend mit der gewonnenen Silberkanne zu ihr kam! ..... Die Zuſchauer ſchmähten ſie, Lieven, und namentlich Eure Freunde zürnten über die Untreue, welche ſie ſo offenbar gegen Euch übte, und über den Hohn, der während Eurer Abweſenheit Euch angethan wurde.“

Von jedem Worte mehr und mehr ergriffen, hatte Lieven mit geſenktem Haupte und niedergeſchlagenem Blicke ſich eine Stütze an der Mauer geſucht und ſtand nun dort, ſichtlich zitternd, aber ſprachlos.

„Wißt Ihr, Lieven, was Einige ſagten, um Mher Ghelnoot zu entſchuldigen?“ ſprach Jan weiter. „Sie ſagten, Jungfrau Beerle würde ſich binnen Kurzem mit dem Hauptmanne von St. Nikolaus vermählen. Ihr müßt das beſſer wiſſen, als irgend Jemand ſonſt. Iſt dieſe Heirath wirklich beſchloſſen? Dann thäte man doch Unrecht, die beiden Verlobten zu tadeln, weil ſie ſich lieb haben!“

Bei dieſen Worten hob Lieven plötzlich den Kopf empor; ein dunkles Feuer glühte in ſeinen Augen und ſeine Züge ſchienen ſich, wie von einem Fieberanfalle, zu verzerren. Indem er einen zornigen Blick unter ſeinen geſenkten Augenwimpern hervor auf den Jüngling ſchoß, rief er:

„Und Ihr auch? — Welcher böſe Geiſt hat Euch hierher geſandt, um das Feuer der Hölle in meiner Bruſt anzufachen? Wer hat Euch bezahlt, um mein Herz zu zerreißen, daß es blutet? Was Ihr ſagt, iſt falſch; tauſendfach lügen die, ſo da reden, wie Ihr! Geht, geht, und nennt Euch nicht mehr meinen Freund!“

Anſtatt ſich über dieſe beleidigenden Worte zu erzürnen, zuckte Jan die Achſeln und ſchüttelte muthlos den Kopf, während der Ausdruck des tiefſten Mitleidens ſich auf ſeinem Antlitz zeigte.

„Armer Lieven!“ ſeufzte er, „ich ſollte mich über Euren beleidigenden Ausfall erzürnen; aber ſo ſehr ich mich auch verletzt fühle, ich kann es wahrlich nicht. Ihr ſeid krank, unglücklicher Freund! Ihr leidet ſchrecklich, ich ſehe es wohl, der Schmerz hat Eure Vernunft befangen. Was ich Euch ſagte, war keine Verleumdung, ich habe es ſelbſt gehört und geſehen. Ich vertrete meine

Worte vor der ganzen Welt, und findet Ihr je, daß eine Unwahrheit dem Munde Jan Sporrelinck's entſchlüpfte, ſo wißt Ihr ſein Haus in der Lange Meere. Er wird ſeine Rede mit Mund und That behaupten, wann und wo Ihr es verlangt."

Jan's ruhige, aber ſtolze Sprache beſänftigte plötzlich den Zorn in Lieven's Gemüth. Er begann einzuſehen, daß ſein Freund doch rechtlich mit ihm geredet habe und es gut mit ihm meine. Er ſagte daher mit leiſerer Stimme und gleichſam bittend:

„Nein, nein! ich will keine Feindſchaft mit Euch haben; Ihr täuſcht Euch, wie die Anderen. Ihr ſeid auch von einer unſichtbaren Macht getrieben. Ich vergebe Euch den Schmerz, den ich jetzt leide; aber um Gottes willen, Jan! wenn Ihr wirklich mein Freund ſeid, ſo laßt mich allein!"

„Gut!" antwortete der Andere; „ich habe meine Pflicht gethan und verlaſſe Euch ..... Aber wenn ich an Eurer Stelle wäre, ſo wüßte ich wohl, was ich zu thun hätte, um mich von dieſem bitteren Leide zu befreien."

Lieven's Augen blitzten von einem hellen Strahl der Hoffnung. Er fragte haſtig:

„Nun denn, nun! was würdet Ihr thun?"

„Ich würde thun, was ſich für einen Mann geziemt; ich würde muthig reden, und wiſſen wollen, was an allen dieſen Gerüchten wahr oder unwahr ſei. Wenn ich Spott oder Betrug entdeckte, würde ich ſtrenge Rechenſchaft fordern, — gleichviel, ob mein Beleidiger Hauptmann von Sanct Nikolaus wäre, oder nicht —

und ich würde die untreue Jungfrau verachten und vergeſſen.“

„Und wenn Ihr fändet, daß alle dieſe Gerüchte falſch ſeien?“ fiel Lieven ihm in die Rede.

„Nun! dann würde ich auf nichts hören, und dem erſten beſten Verleumder den Mund ſchließen, und wenn ich zehnmal am Tage Blut ſehen müßte. Dann würde ich es aber auch nicht machen, wie Ihr, Lieven. Ich würde nicht die Geſellſchaft fliehen; ich würde nicht vor Aller Augen trauern und jammern, daß Jeder auf meinem entſtellten Antlitz leſen könne, ich ſchenke der Verleumdung Glauben. Nein, nein! ich würde das Haupt trotzig emporheben, und Wehe dem, der mich zu höhnen oder zu beklagen wagte!“ ..... Das würde ich thun; und nun lebt wohl! Ueberlegt dieſen Rath; es iſt wahrlich ein Freund, der ihn giebt! .... Seht! dort bei der Brabantpforte gehen die Vaernewyck's; Ghelnoot und Veerle geben einander die Hand; der Diener der Sanct Jorisgilde trägt die ſilberne Kanne vor ihm her. — Auf Wiederſehen!“

Lieven hatte die Blicke nach der angegebenen Richtung gewandt; kaum erreichten ſie jedoch die junge Veerle und ihren Begleiter, ſo kehrte er das Geſicht bebend ab und ging mit ſchwankenden Schritten nach der Seite der Wynaerdsbrücke.

Unterwegs überlegte er, was Jan Sporrelinck ihm geſagt hatte, und kam endlich zu dem Reſultat, daß deſſen Rath allerdings gut ſei und er ſeinen unerträglichen Leiden ein Ende machen müſſe. Dennoch entſank ihm mitunter der Muth, wenn er daran dachte, Weerle Rechenſchaft von ihrem Betragen abzufordern. Sein Geiſt brachte ihm jedoch wieder Ghelnoot vor die Sinne, und dies machte, daß ſein Blut ungeſtüm durch ſeine Adern ſtrömte und ſein Herz von heimlicher Rachſucht ſchwoll.

Als er die Wynaerdsbrücke erreicht hatte, wollte er die Kerkſtraße hinaufgehen, um ſich nach ſeiner Wohnung zu begeben. Doch ſah er von Weitem ſeinen Vater mit dem Könige der Ribauden ſprechend ſtehen. Obwohl Muggelyn jetzt nicht ſelten im Hauſe des Oberdechanten erſchien, hatte Lieven doch ſtets ſeinen Abſcheu gegen ihn bewahrt, und er vermied denſelben mit einer Sorgfalt, die keinem anderen Gefühle, als einem tiefen Haſſe zugeſchrieben werden konnte. Er wandte ſich daher nach der St. Janskirche und ging auf den Kirchhof, wo er hinter der Mauer bei einem Leichenſteine niederkniete. Nachdem er lange mit geſenktem Haupte dort gebetet hatte, richtete er ſich auf und kehrte mit erheitertem Antlitz und getröſtetem Gemüth langſam nach ſeiner Wohnung zurück, die nur einige Schritte von dem Kirchhofe entfernt lag.

Kaum hatte er daſelbſt ſeinen Mantel abgelegt und auf einen Stuhl gehängt, als ſein Vater ebenfalls in das Gemach trat und zu ihm mit einem Tone, der einen wichtigen Beſchluß zu verkünden ſchien, ſagte:

„Lieven, geh' mit mir hinauf; ich habe Dir Etwas zu ſagen!“

Der Jüngling gehorchte und folgte ſeinem Vater in ein oberes Zimmer, wo der Oberdechant ihre Unterredung folgendermaßen begann, nachdem er ſeinem Sohne befohlen hatte, ſich zu ihm zu ſetzen:

„Lieven, ich bitte Dich, höre aufmerkſam auf das, was ich Dir ſage! Wappne Dich mit Muth, mein Sohn, und entſetze Dich nicht, ſelbſt wenn auch etwas in meinen Worten vorkommt, das Dein Herz betrüben kann. Glaube mir, mich ſchmerzt Dein unglückliches Schickſal und Leiden tief, bei dem Anblick Deiner Niedergeſchlagenheit. Es muß ein Ende nehmen, Lieven! Lange genug habe ich Dein blindes Vertrauen geſchont, lange genug Dein heimliches Weh geehrt; aber es wäre von meiner Seite ein grobes Verbrechen, wenn ich mein einziges Kind auch noch einen Tag länger, unter der offenbaren Verſpottung gebückt, dahinſchleichen und daſſelbe, ein ſchuldloſes Schlachtopfer der Scheinfreundſchaft, dem Grabe zuwandeln ließe, ohne es zurückzuhalten auf der Bahn der Erniedrigung und des Verderbens. Schon ſeit einem Monate hatte ich mir vorgenommen, dieſe heilige Vaterpflicht zu erfüllen; aber die Furcht, Dich zu betrügen, hielt mich Tag für Tag zurück. Jedoch was ich heute im St. Jorishof geſehen und gehört habe, ließ mich unwiderruflich den Entſchluß faſſen, auch nicht eine Stunde länger zu warten, und ich verließ das Schießen in aller Eile, bloß um Dir meinen freundlichen Rath und im Nothfalle meine unwiderrufliche Entſcheidung mitzutheilen. — Lieven! im St. Jorishof war Beerle, und mit ihr Ghelnoot van Lens. Keins von Beiden hielt es diesmal noch für nöthig, die Flamme zu verbergen, die in ihren Herzen brennt. Sicher gemacht durch Deine

Abweſenheit, verhöhnten ſie Dich ſchamlos vor Deinen Genoſſen und Freunden, ſo daß Jeder ſich darüber ärgerte und unwillig fragte, wie Du ſo lange einwilligen konnteſt, der Spielball dieſer hochmüthigen Menſchen zu ſein.“

Der erſchreckte Lieven hörte mit dem Ausdrucke zurückgedrängter Wuth und bitteren Leidens auf ſeinem Antlitz zu. Er hatte ein Gefühl, als ob man ihn wiederum mitleidlos auf die Folter ſtrecken wolle, um ſein Herz aus hundert Wunden ſich verbluten zu laſſen.

Obwohl Vernunft und Pflichtgefühl ihn antrieben, auch nicht einen Gedanken des Argwohns oder des Mangels an Ehrerbietung in ſeinem Geiſte aufkommen zu laſſen, ſo zitterte er doch am ganzen Körper, und ein eiskalter Schauer überlief ihn ſchon bei dem Klange von ſeines Vaters Stimme. Seine Seele war vielleicht gewöhnt, durch dieſen Klang zu leiden.

„Aber, Vater!“ bemerkte er ſeufzend, „Veerle hat mich geſtern eine ganze Stunde lang gebeten und gefleht, ich möchte mit ihr und ihrer Mutter zu dem Schießen gehen.“

„Und mit Ghelnoot! nicht wahr?“ ſetzte der Vater hohnlächelnd hinzu. „Sie wiſſen beſſer als Du, welches Gefühl Dein Herz zernagt, und ſtatt Deinen Aerger zu ehren und zu lindern, thun ſie, was in ihren Kräften ſteht, um Dir den Todesſtoß zu geben. Glücklicherweiſe bin ich noch da, um das Schickſal meines einzigen Kindes zu überwachen und daſſelbe, ſo lange es noch Zeit iſt, zu retten. Wenn Du bei Veerle biſt, iſt Ghelnoot auch dort, und er iſt auch noch da, wenn Du nicht da biſt. Ghelnoot! immer Ghelnoot! Schändlicher Spott! Abſcheuliche Schlechtigkeit!“

Die Worte ſeines Vaters ſchienen bereits Einfluß auf Lieven zu üben. Er fühlte, wie ſein Herz raſcher klopfte und eine Art von Fieber in ſeinem Innerſten die Eiferſucht zu heller Flamme anſchürte. Er bezwang jedoch ſeine Heftigkeit und antwortete ärgerlich:

„Da Mher von Artevelde wegen ſeiner Reiſe durch Weſtflandern ſo lange abweſend bleiben muß, ſo iſt es doch wohl kein Wunder, daß Ghelnoot die Familie des Oberhauptmanns beſchützt. Iſt Mher van Lens ſeit ſeiner Kindheit nicht täglich in Artevelde's Hauſe? Und warum ſollte er jetzt ſein Betragen ändern? Weil eine geheime Macht, welche aus der Hölle zu ſtammen ſcheint, mich verfolgt und mir Leiden bereitet?“

Der Oberdechant ſchien durch die Worte ſeines Sohnes überraſcht und ſah ihm tief in die Augen. Er beruhigte ſich jedoch gleich wieder und fuhr fort:

„Armer Lieven! Deine Großmuth blendet Dich; Du kämpfſt wie ein Verzweifelter gegen die wohlbekannte Wahrheit an, weil dieſe Wahrheit, wenn Du ſie endlich einſaheſt, Dir den ſchönſten Traum Deines Lebens rauben würde. Ach, mein Sohn! was nährſt Du Dich noch mit dieſem falſchen Scheine, der Dir endlich doch ſchwinden muß? Warum trauerſt Du? Warum wirſt Du bleich und mager? Warum fliehſt Du die Geſellſchaft Deiner Freunde und Genoſſen? Geſchieht es, weil Du der redlichen Liebe der Jungfrau Beerle volles Zutrauen ſchenkſt? Geſchieht es, weil Du, wie früher, Dich glücklich fühlſt durch die Ueberzeugung, ſie liebe Dich allein auf Erden? Du ſcheinſt ſagen zu wollen, daß man die Tochter des Oberhauptmanns und ihren Freund Ghelnoot verleumde? Es iſt möglich; aber klage Dich dann ſelbſt zuerſt an; denn in Deinem eigenen Herzen würde die ſchändlichſte Verleumdung weilen, wenn Dein langer Schmerz Dir nicht bezeugte, daß eine tödtliche Wahrheit Dich martert. — Ich begreife Deine Leichtgläubigkeit nicht, Lieven! Für ein klarſehendes Auge war nichts Anderes nöthig, als das Ereigniß im Nieuwen Boſch zu Brüſſel, um ſich zu überzeugen, daß man Dich verſpottet und betrügt. Wie! Ghelnoot und Veerle laufen aus der Geſellſchaft fort? Laſſen ſich eine halbe Stunde vergebens ſuchen? Und als man ſie findet, überraſcht man die tugendhafte Veerle, die an ſeinem Halſe hängt? Man macht Dir weiß, daß Dein Vetter Jakob ſie aus Scherz irre geführt und Veerle in jenem Augenblicke durch das plötzliche Aufſpringen eines Rehes erſchreckt worden ſei; und da Du nun mit Recht zornig gegen Ghelnoot auffährſt, lacht er Dich aus mit Deinem Aerger und läßt Dich bei Deiner Ehre geloben, keinem Menſchen zu ſagen, was Du geſehen haſt! Schändlicher Spott, mit dem man Dich behandelt, wie ein argloſes Kind!“

„Vater! Vater!“ rief Lieven zornig; „ich habe gegen mein feierliches Gelübde Dir dieſes Geheimniß anvertraut; Du haſt es mir verſprochen!“

„Nun denn! ich will von etwas Anderem reden.

Im St. Jorishof verſicherte Jeder, ſogar die Freunde des Oberhauptmanns, daß Ghelnoot ſich mit Beerle vermählen würde. Ich glaube es nicht; einen Jüngling faſt täglich empfangen, ihm Liebe beweiſen, und in der Zwiſchenzeit die Heirath mit einem Anderen vorbereiten? Ach! ſo weit dürfen ſie doch die Unverſchämtheit nicht treiben! — Eine andere Neuigkeit hat mich tiefer verwundet, obwohl ich nicht weiß, was man davon glauben darf. Im St. Jorishof war eine junge Frau aus Marienland; die hatte den geſtrigen Nachmittag im Beggynhof zugebracht, als Jungfrau von Artevelde auch da war; und dieſe erzählte, daß Beerle lachend in ihrer Gegenwart geſagt habe: Du, Lieven, dienteſt ihr nur zum Zeitvertreibe; ſie finde Vergnügen an Deinen unſchuldigen Liebesbezeigungen, liebe Dich aber nicht, und ſei Deiner müde . . . . .“

Wie ein verwundeter Löwe ſprang Lieven plötzlich von ſeinem Stuhle auf und trat einige Schritt zurück. Er betrachtete ſeinen Vater mit brennendem Blicke, und rief:

„Es iſt falſch, falſch, was Du ſagſt!“

„Was ich ſage?“ wiederholte Geeraert Denys gelaſſen. „Du meinſt, was die junge Frau von Marienland geſagt hat! Vielleicht iſt es wirklich nur eine Unwahrheit; ich will nicht dafür ſtehen.“

„Warum, Vater! warum mir denn mit dieſer Verleumdung das Herz aus dem Buſen reißen? O, Gnade! Gnade! Laßt mich gehen! ich leide entſetzlich; mir wirbelt Alles vor den Augen . . . . es iſt, als ob mir der Kopf zerſpränge . . .“

Während Lieven, die Hand vor die Augen haltend, zitternd da ſtand, warf der Oberdechant einen forſchenden Blick auf ihn. Dann ſtand er auf, faßte ſeinen Sohn bei der Hand und führte ihn zu dem Stuhle zurück, indem er mit leiſer und tröſtender Stimme ſagte:

„Die ſchwere Vaterpflicht, die ich zu erfüllen habe, iſt ſchmerzlich; aber es muß ſein. Setze Dich, Lieven! ich will mich kurz faſſen. Siehſt Du, mein Sohn, ich will nicht länger dulden, daß Du der Gegenſtand dieſer offenbaren Verſpottung biſt, und daß man Dir, wäre es auch nur aus tadelnswerthem Leichtſinne, ſolche Schmerzen bereitet. Ich rathe Dir, daß Du heute noch mit der Tochter des Oberhauptmanns brecheſt.... Du antworteſt nicht! Ich befehle es Dir! Mein Befehl iſt unwiderruflich! Was ſagſt Du?“

„Nun denn! Da mein ſchweres Schickſal es alſo will, ſo werde ich es thun,“ antwortete Lieven faſt tonlos.

„Ich danke Dir, mein Sohn!“ ſagte Geeraert. „Segne Du auch Gottes Güte, die Dich heute von dieſem ſchweren Leiden erlöſt! Hebe Dein Haupt muthig empor; Deine Bande ſind zerriſſen; Du wirſt wieder frei und fröhlich leben! Und iſt Dein Herz nach Liebe begierig, ſo werden ſich hundert Jungfrauen für glücklich ſchätzen, dem Sohne des Oberdechanten der Gilden von Gent ihre beſcheidene Liebe darzubieten. Du kannſt ſelbſt Deine Blicke zu Jungfrauen aus den edelſten Geſchlechtern erheben, Lieven!“

Ganz niedergedrückt von dem Beſchluſſe ſeines Vaters, ſaß der Jüngling mit gebeugtem Haupte vor dieſem da, und hörte vielleicht nicht einmal, was derſelbe ſprach.

Geeraert Denys ſchien dieſen Zuſtand ſeines Sohnes nicht zu beachten und fuhr fort:

„Die Liebe iſt eine blinde Leidenſchaft; ſie hindert uns, in die Zukunft zu ſehen, und läßt uns mitunter Unvorſichtigkeiten begehen, die wir unſer ganzes Leben hindurch beklagen müſſen. Es iſt ein Glück, daß die Untreue Deiner Geliebten Dich von einer Familie entfernt, welche bald der allgemeinen Verachtung unterliegen wird. Beachte nur, was in Flandern vorgeht. In allen Städten und Provinzen erhebt man ſich zornig gegen Artevelde's Herrſchaft. Der Oberhauptmann hat weder Ruhe noch Raſt, er reiſt von einer Gemeine zur andern, um den drohenden Aufruhr zu ſtillen. Kaum iſt er jedoch wieder fort, ſo entbrennt hinter ihm von Neuem das Feuer der Volkswuth. Ob der Haß, den man in ganz Flandern gegen den Oberhauptmann hegt, rechtmäßig ſei oder nicht, darauf kommt es nicht an. Es leidet keinen Zweifel, daß ein Abgrund vor ſeinen Füßen ſich öffnet, und daß er mit den Seinigen hineinſtürzen wird. Selbſt in Gent, wo man ſeine Macht am meiſten fürchtet und fürchten muß, wird wahrſcheinlich binnen Kurzem gegen ihn ein ſchrecklicher Sturm ſich erheben, ein Sturm, der ſich bereits in der Luft ankündigt für Jeden, der ſcharfſichtig genug iſt, ſich aus der Meeresſtille ſelbſt den künftigen Sturm vorzuſtellen. — Nun denn, mein Sohn! hätte das tadelnswerthe Betragen Beerle's und Ghelnoot's gegen Dich das Band nicht zerriſſen, welches Dich unzertrennlich an den Oberhauptmann bindet, ſo wärſt Du mit ihm gefallen und Deine Laufbahn für immer geſchloſſen worden. Jetzt gehört Dir die Zukunft. Noch einige Jahre, und Du wirſt das Alter haben, das Dir das Recht giebt, Dich um die höchſten Aemter der Gemeine zu bewerben ..... Dein Vater ſelbſt, dann vielleicht Oberhauptmann von Gent, wird Deine Erhebung bewirken, und Gott weiß es, Lieven, welchen Ruhm, welche Macht das Geſchick unſerem Hauſe noch aufbewahrt! .... Aber, um dies hoffen zu dürfen, iſt es nöthig, daß Du entſcheidend mit Artevelde brecheſt, ſowie mit Allen, welche von nahe oder von ferne zu den Seinen gehören. Ich vertraue Deinem erwachten männlichen Muthe, und fürchte nicht, daß Du mich zwingen werdeſt, mein väterliches Anſehen zu gebrauchen, um Dich wider Deinen Willen vor unfehlbarem Verderben zu retten ..... Der Abend iſt bereits ziemlich weit vorgerückt; Du bedarfſt der Ruhe nach einem ſo wichtigen Entſchluſſe. Nun denn! ich verlaſſe Dich, um unſern Freund Galevoet in der Meerminne aufzuſuchen. Reiße den Verdruß aus Deinem Herzen und gehe Du, Lieven, nach dem Leeuw-ten-Putte, um mit Deinen Genoſſen fröhlich zu ſein. Friede ſei mit Dir! Auf Wiederſehen!“

Bei dieſen Worten ſchlug er ſeinen Sohn ermuthigend auf die Schulter und ging die Treppe hinunter.

Lieven blieb unbeweglich und in Verzweiflung verſunken ſitzen. Nach einer langen Weile, und als die nächtliche Dunkelheit ſchon Alles in dem Zimmer unſichtbar gemacht hatte, ſtand er von ſeinem Stuhle auf und murmelte mit dumpfer Stimme in ſich hinein:

„Ich diene ihr nur zum Zeitvertreib! Sie liebt mich nicht und ſpottet über meine unſchuldigen Liebkoſungen! Gott! Gott! das iſt nicht wahr .....! Aber welche Gründe kann die Frau von Marienland haben, zu lügen? Sie hat es [illegible] ſelbſt gehört!..... Veerle war doch geſtern M[illegible]ag im Beggynhofe, und darin lag ja der Grund, daß ich ſie nicht beſuchte! Wehe! wehe! ſo große Falſchheit! und Brüſſel! Brüſſel! Ach! es iſt geſchehen! Der Stein ſoll von meinem Herzen herunter! Ich werde ſterben vor Schmerz; aber mein Schickſal iſt entſchieden!“

Bei dieſen Worten lief er mit raſchen Schritten die Treppe hinab, warf ſeinen Mantel um und ging aus dem Hauſe, ohne Jemanden zu grüßen. Von Zorn fortgeriſſen und beinahe berauſcht vor Schmerz, eilte er raſch wie ein Blinder durch die dunkeln Straßen, bis er, ohne es ſelbſt zu wiſſen, vor der Thür von Artevelde's Wohnung ſtand. Dort entſank ihm plötzlich der Muth; er zitterte wie ein Espenlaub, und als er den eiſernen Klopfer erfaſſen wollte, hatte er nicht die Kraft, die Hand aufzuheben. Halb zuſammengeſunken an den Thürpfoſten lehnend, ſah er jetzt erſt mit völliger Klarheit ein, was er hier thun wolle.

Er ſollte mit Veerle brechen, ihr Lebewohl ſagen auf immer, ſie verwerfen wie eine Schuldige! Vielleicht einer unſchuldigen Freundin das Herz zerbrechen durch dieſe grauſame Trennung! Er ſollte das ſüße Lächeln des Engels nicht mehr ſehen, ihre Stimme nicht mehr hören! der Feind werden von derjenigen, die ſeine Kindheit, ſeine Jugend wie ein holder Schutzgeiſt mit Glück und Seligkeit überſchüttet hatte! Veerle ſollte ihn haſſen? Sterben vielleicht als eine Blume, deren Wurzel von Würmern zernagt iſt?.... Welches Leben für den armen Lieven! Ein unermeßlicher Abgrund, in den nie das Licht der Freude auch nur einen Strahl ſenden würde.... Denn die Liebe zu Veerle iſt mit ſeinem Geiſte, mit ſeinem Herzen verwachſen! Seine Gedanken, ſeine Gefühle haben von dieſer Neigung ihre Geſtalt und ihr Weſen geborgt! Sie iſt die Seele aller ſeiner Empfindungen, die Triebfeder, welche ſein Leben erhält und lenkt. Dies Gefühl unterdrücken heißt ſterben. In ſeinem Geiſte, in ſeinem Inneren wird Alles todt ſein..... Er fühlt es nur zu tief, der unglückliche Jüngling, daß, wenn er es thut, er ſein Todesurtheil unterzeichnet, vielleicht zwei Gräber öffnet! Und weshalb? Ach! jetzt wird er noch mehr gefoltert; dieſe Frage führt ihm das Bild ſeines Vaters vor die Sinne; ſein gemarterter Geiſt ſtößt es zurück und fleht um Gnade.... Unſchlüſſig, bewußtlos ſinkt er neben den Thürpfoſten nieder und vergißt ſeinen Zuſtand in der Ohnmacht, die ihn ergriffen hat.

Wahrſcheinlich würde Lieven, nachdem er wieder zu ſich gekommen, von dieſem Orte mit Abſcheu geflohen ſein, um ſich von der gewaltigen Eiferſucht zu befreien, die ihn noch immer anſpornte, ſeines Vaters Befehl auszuführen. Da fühlte er aber plötzlich, wie ihm zwei kräftige Hände unter die Arme griffen und ihn aufhoben, während eine ſpottende Stimme zu ihm ſagte:

„Nun, nun, Kamerad! wenn man da drüben im Bos eine zu ſchwere Ladung eingenommen hat, ſo kann man doch wohl anderswo ausſchlafen, als vor der Thüre des Oberhauptmanns!“

Als Lieven dieſe Stimme erkannte, ſprang er plötzlich raſch in die Höhe, griff nach ſeinem Meſſer und ſchrie, als ob ihn eine Natter geſtochen habe:

„Muggelyn! fort! fort von hier! Rührt mich nicht an, oder mein Meſſer . . . . .“

„Seht! ſeht!“ rief der König der Ribauden lachend; „es iſt unſer Freund Lieven! Wüßte Euer Vater das? — Er meint, daß Ihr weder Bier noch Wein liebt. Das wird Euch lehren, wie gefährlich es iſt, viel zu trinken, wenn man auf Freiersfüßen geht!“

Der Jüngling ſtand zähneknirſchend vor Wuth und Scham, die Hand am Meſſer, da und fühlte ſich wie von innerer Raſerei angetrieben, dem König der Ribauden ſeine Waffe in die Bruſt zu ſtoßen; der Gedanke jedoch, daß er einen Mord begehen würde, durchzuckte ihn. Plötzlich ſtieß er einen unverſtändlichen Laut aus, ergriff den eiſernen Klopfer und ſchlug mit demſelben zu wiederholten Malen an die Thür.

Der Ribaudenkönig, welcher wahrſcheinlich nichts mit dem Hausgeſinde des Oberhauptmannes zu thun haben wollte, entfernte ſich eilig und ſagte noch im Fortgehn:

„Viel Glück bei Eurer Schönen; ſie wird Euch tüchtig den Kopf waſchen, weil Ihr bei Bacchus geweſen ſeid.“

Eine Dienerin öffnete Lieven die Thür und dieſer eilte wie wahnſinnig nach dem Gemach, in welchem ſich Veerle mit ihrer Mutter befand.

Frau Artevelde erſchrak, als der Jüngling ſo unerwartet vor ihr erſchien. Sein Aeußeres war in der That ſeltſam und ſchrecklich; Todesbläſſe lag auf ſeinen Wangen, Schweißtropfen perlten von ſeiner Stirne herab; er zitterte ſichtbar an allen Gliedern, während ſeine Augen ſich mit eigenthümlichem Ausdruck und wie verſengend auf Veerle richteten, die neben dem Kamine ſaß, ihr Antlitz mit beiden Händen bedeckte und bitterlich weinte.

Die Jungfrau hatte den Kopf aufgehoben, als die Thür geöffnet wurde, und Lieven mit verſtörtem Blicke erſchaut, jedoch die Hände wieder vor die Augen gelegt, ohne ſelbſt ihren Geliebten grüßen zu wollen, gleichſam als ob ſeine Gegenwart ſie mehr erzürne denn erfreue.

Als der Jüngling näher kam, ſtand Frau Artevelde von ihrem Sitze auf, ging zu ihm, legte ihm mitleidig den Arm um den Leib, als wolle ſie ihn ſtützen, ergriff ſeine Hand und fragte ihn ängſtlich:

„Armer Lieven! was fehlt Dir? Was entſtellt Dich ſo furchtbar?“

Allein wie verrückt drückte der Jüngling ihre Hand und ſtarrte bewegungslos Veerle mit flammendem Auge an.

„O Gott!“ rief Frau Artevelde mit ſchneidender Stimme. „Welches Unglück! welches Unglück! Wehe! wehe! Veerle, er iſt wahnſinnig!“

Bei dieſem Angſtruf ihrer Mutter ſprang Veerle in die Höhe und betrachtete zitternd das bleiche Antlitz ihres

Geliebten. Ein unverſtändlicher Schrei entrang ſich ihrer Bruſt; weinend legte ſie die beiden Hände an die kalten Wangen des Jünglings und ſah ihm ſtarr in die Augen, als ſuche ſie in ſeine Seele zu dringen und zu wiſſen, was ihn ſo erſchüttert habe.

„Nein! nein!“ rief ſie halb lachend, halb weinend; „es iſt nicht wahr, Mutter! Ach nein! nein! Armer Freund! was haſt Du? O, ſprich um Gottes willen, daß ich Deine Stimme höre!“

Als ſie dennoch von Lieven keine Antwort erhielt, drückte ſie bebend ihre Lippen auf ſeine Stirn, wie wenn ſie in ihrer Beſtürzung kein anderes Mittel mehr kennte, als dieſen höchſten Beweis ihrer Neigung, um ihren unglücklichen Freund wieder in das Bewußtſein zurückzurufen.

Wirklich beſtrahlte nun auch ein wunderbar ſüßes Lächeln wie ein helles Licht das Antlitz des Jünglings. Mit wehmüthigem Blicke richtete er nun ſein Auge flehend auf den Engel, der ihn gerettet hatte, und ſagte ſtatt aller Antwort:

„Beerle! Liebe Beerle! ich danke Dir, daß Du Dich meiner erbarmt haſt.“

„Dafür ſei Gott in Ewigkeit geſegnet!“ rief Beerle jauchzend und das Lächeln auf Lievens Geſicht erwiedernd. Sie nahm nun raſch eine gläſerne Kanne von der Tafel, goß Waſſer aus derſelben in eine ſilberne Schaale, brachte dieſe mit zärtlicher Beſorgtheit an Lievens Lippen und ſagte mit dem ſüßeſten Tone ihrer Stimme:

„Trinke, mein armer Freund! ſetze Dich zu mir!

Du haſt wohlgethan, hierher zu kommen, um Troſt zu ſuchen; ich will die Verzweiflung ſchon aus Deiner Bruſt vertreiben.“

Sie bewog Lieven, ſich neben ſie zu ſetzen, ohne ſeine Hand loszulaſſen, und ſuchte durch ein beſtändiges Lächeln, aus welchem die innigſte Liebe hervorblickte, den Verdruß gänzlich aus des Jünglings Herzen zu verbannen.

Lieven betrachtete Veerle erſtaunt und ſagte mit vor Glück zitternder Stimme:

„O, Veerle! ich habe unſägliche Schmerzen gelitten; wohl zehnmal fühlte ich mir heute das Herz brechen, und Feuer verzehrte mein Gehirn: ich war eine verdammte Seele in der Hölle des Zweifels; ich weiß nicht, was mit mir vorgeht; jetzt erblicke ich den Himmel auf Deinem Angeſichte; ich bin eine Seele geworden, die der höchſten Seligkeit genießt, die vor Glück ſchmilzt..... Vielleicht bin ich wahnſinnig! — Ach! nein, nein, Veerle! ich muß Dir danken, Dir, die ſtets meine liebe treue Freundin iſt; Dein Lächeln allein iſt Wahrheit, alles Uebrige Lüge und Verleumdung. Möge die ganze Welt mich verſpotten, möge ein gräßlicher Fluch auf mir laſten; ich bleibe der Deine, immer, immer, bis in das Grab!....“

„Aber, Lieven!“ ſagte Frau Artevelde; „Du warſt bei Deinem Kommen ſo entſtellt, daß Dir etwas Schreckliches widerfahren ſein muß. Aus Deinen Worten glaube ich abnehmen zu können, daß die Verleumdung, die uns verfolgt, auch Dich zu ihrem Opfer erkoren hat. Redlichkeit allein kann Dich ſchützen gegen das Gift, mit dem man Dein Leben zerſtören will. Sage uns gerade heraus, was Dich quält; nur in der größten Offenherzigkeit allein könnt ihr Beide Troſt und Rettung finden.“

Es währte eine Weile, ehe ſich Lieven entſchließen konnte, dieſe Frage zu beantworten. Ein mächtiger Grund ſchien ihn davon abzuhalten, und beſchämt ſenkte er den Kopf.

Frau Artevelde fragte ihn mit ſtrengem Blicke:

„Lieven! fühlſt Du Dich denn ſchuldig, daß Du nicht zu reden wagſt?“

Aengſtlich verfolgte Beerle jede Miene, welche ſich auf dem Angeſicht des Jünglings zeigte. Plötzlich aber bedeckte ihr eigenes Antlitz ein Ausdruck des Zorns und der Betrübniß, wie ein dunkler Schleier, und faſt unmerklich zog ſie ihre Hand aus Lievens Hand zurück.

„Ach!“ rief dieſer endlich, „es giebt Dinge, die ich nicht offenbaren kann; aber Ihr werdet begreifen, wie tödtlich ich leiden muß, wenn ich Euch ſage, daß ich hierher gekommen bin, um von Beerle auf immer Abſchied zu nehmen.“

Dieſe Erklärung überraſchte Frau Artevelde, als ob ſie ſie an etwas Anderes erinnere; ſie ließ deutlich Zorn und Unwillen blicken.

Beerle ſtieß einen ſchmerzlichen Schrei aus, ſchob ihren Stuhl zurück, bedeckte ihre Augen wieder und weinte laut ſchluchzend.

„Wehe! wehe! es iſt alſo wahr, was man Jacquemyne geſagt hat!“ rief ſie.

Lieven ſtand wie zerſchmettert da durch die unerwartete Wirkung ſeiner Worte, und täuſchte ſich gewiß über den Sinn der Klagen ſeiner Geliebten. Er näherte ſich ihr nun bittend, und ſagte:

„Ach, Veerle! entſetze Dich nicht deshalb, theure Freundin! Wenn ich Dir in Gottes Gegenwart erkläre, daß ich Dich allein auf Erden lieben werde, bis das Grab ſich mir öffnet: iſt das ein Abſchied? ein Lebewohl? O, ſei ruhig! O, lächele mir zu, Beſte! Iſt dieſer Tag nicht der ſchönſte meines Lebens? Willſt Du mich wieder in den Abgrund zurückſchleudern, aus dem Du mich gerettet haſt? Du ſtößeſt mich von Dir? Du antworteſt mir nicht? Ach! täuſchen mich denn meine Sinne? War mein Glück ein Traum, der jetzt ein Ende nimmt und mich wieder meinen gräßlichen Leiden hingiebt? Gnade, Gnade, Veerle! Was habe ich denn gethan, daß Du unerbittlich biſt?“

Veerle richtete das Haupt empor und ſagte, unter einem Strom von Thränen, zu dem beſtürzten Jünglinge:

„Lieven, Lieven! habe ich dieſes Leid verdient? Ach! jetzt iſt Alles vorbei zwiſchen uns. Sucht es nicht zu beſchönigen: ich bin die Tochter Artevelde's, Herr! Dies kann ich nicht vergeſſen, und ſollte ich vor Schmerz darüber ſterben! Ich werde leiden, trauern, vergehen, das weiß ich wohl, ſchlechter Menſch! Ja, ich habe Dich ſeit meiner früheſten Kindheit geliebt; in dieſem entſcheidenden Augenblicke darf ich es wohl ſagen, daß meine Mutter es hört. Ich ſchäme mich deſſen nicht; denn bei mir war es wenigſtens ein edles Gefühl — bei Dir? — Ach, ach! ich ſterbe gewiß davon, ehe der Winter noch kommt — bei Dir war es Spott, Heuchelei, Falſchheit!“

Verzweifelnd ſchlug Lieven die Hände zuſammen und entgegnete:

„Veerle, Veerle! was ſagſt Du da? Ich Spott treiben mit Dir? Gott, Gott nehme mein Leben als einen Beweis meiner Ehrfurcht! Ach! habt doch Mitleid mit einem armen verirrten Freunde! Ich beſchwöre Dich, Veerle, bei dem Gedanken an unſere ſüße Kindheit, ſage mir, was Dich quält! Es muß, es muß Verleumdung ſein!“

„Verleumdung?“ rief die Jungfrau. „O, möchte der gütige Gott geben, daß es Verleumdung wäre! Aber nein, es iſt Wahrheit, ſchreckliche Wahrheit!“

„Du beſchuldigſt mich einer feigen Miſſethat,“ ſeufzte der Jüngling. „Sprich, was habe ich gethan? Bin ich ſchuldig, ſo will ich fortgehen und, ohne zu klagen, den bitterſten Tod als eine verdiente Strafe erleiden!“

Von Neuem brach ein Thränenſtrom gewaltſam aus Veerle’s Augen, während ſie zornig ſagte:

„Du ſollſt unter ſpöttiſchen Worten, die mein Mund nicht wiederholen darf, öffentlich geſagt haben, daß Du mich verachteſt, daß Du zu gut ſeieſt für Artevelde’s Tochter, und daß Du ihr, als einer Deiner unwürdigen Jungfrau, noch dieſe Woche ein ewiges Lebewohl ſagen würdeſt. Du haſt hinzugefügt, daß der Buſenfreund meines Vaters, Mher Ghelnoot von Lens, ein ſchlechter Menſch ſei, — er, der edelmüthigſte Freund, den Du ſelbſt haſt. Es genügte Dir alſo nicht, böſe und ſchlecht zu ſein; undankbar mußteſt Du werden, verleumden mußte Dein Mund! Ach! wie war es möglich? Lieven, Lieven! mußte Deine Hand mir den Todesſtoß geben?“

Ein Gefühl des Unwillens bemächtigte ſich plötzlich Lieven's. Er ſtand auf und ſagte mit Stolz zu der Jungfrau:

„Was ſoll ich auf ſo offenbare Unwahrheit antworten? Ich verzeihe Dir, Veerle; was Du leideſt, habe ich gelitten. Was man mir jetzt zur Laſt legt, das glaubte ich Dir zum Vorwurfe machen zu können. Aber unſer Schickſal iſt unbegreiflich; Verleumdung umringt uns auf allen Wegen, wie ein unzerreißbares Gewebe.“

„Ach! lüge nicht!“ ſagte Veerle. „Haſt Du nicht geſtern im Leeuw-ten-Putte an Jakob Hoyvant, den Holzhauer aus dem Wolveſtege, dies Alles geſagt in Gegenwart von Joos Herwege und Boudin Stichel? Jakob Hoyvant hat es ſelbſt unſerer Magd Jacquemyne erzählt, während Du noch geſtern im Leeuw-ten-Putte ſaßeſt und ſpotteteſt.“

Lieven ſetzte ſich wieder zu Veerle, faßte ihre Hand und erwiderte lächelnd:

„Veerle, meine theure Freundin! es iſt unſere Schuld allein, wenn wir leiden. Zum erſten Male ſeit einem Jahre bemerke ich das mit einer wunderbaren Klarheit des Geiſtes. Warum ſchenken wir dem Gehör, was man ſagt, da wir es doch beſſer wiſſen, als die Verleumder? Seit ſechs Wochen habe ich keinen Fuß in eine Herberge geſetzt, und im Leeuw-ten-Putte bin ich in drei Monaten nicht geweſen. Es iſt wahr, ich habe mein

Herz der Eiferſucht und dem Argwohn geöffnet. Aber wenn auch vielleicht mein bleiches Antlitz den Verdruß, der an mir nagte, verrieth, mein Mund hat nie das Geheimniß meines Herzens bekannt. War es nicht ganz daſſelbe mit Dir? Selbſt wenn Du unerbittlich bliebeſt, Veerle, und mich opferteſt, obgleich ich unſchuldig bin, ſelbſt wenn Du mich zum Tode verurtheilteſt, ja, wenn Du ſogar Deine Liebe einem anderen Manne ſchenkteſt, würde ich doch das Bild meiner Jugendfreundin in meinem Herzen bewahren, es hegen und liebkoſen in der Einſamkeit, und es mit mir nehmen in meine letzte Ruheſtätte . . . . ."

Der ſanfte und ruhige Ton dieſer Worte bewegte die Jungfrau im innerſten Gemüth. Allmählig ſchlug ſie die Augen wieder zu Liedern auf und ſchien ſeinen Worten zu lauſchen. Ein Lächeln der Hoffnung blinkte durch ihre Thränen, und bewies, daß die innige Ueberzeugung von des Jünglings Unſchuld langſam in ihr Herz zurückkehrte.

Als er zu reden aufhörte, ging ſie zu ihrer Mutter, umarmte dieſelbe und rief mit bewegter Stimme:

„Mutter, Mutter! er hat es nicht geſagt, es war auch eine Lüge!"

Frau Artevelde nahm ihre Tochter froh in die Arme, küßte die glückſelige Jungfrau mehrere Male und ſprach dann zu den Liebenden:

„Kinder! was hier vorgefallen iſt, betrachte ich als eine Wohlthat Gottes, trotz all dem Verdruß, den die Welt uns zugefügt hat. Schon ſeit Monaten hat geheime

Verleumdung Euer Leben vergiftet und Euch Leiden bereitet; keines von Euch Beiden hat dem Andern etwas vorzuwerfen; daſſelbe Weh, derſelbe Argwohn hat Euch gefoltert. Nun denn! ſeid von jetzt an ſtark gegen die Bosheit der Welt; leiht den ſchändlichen Gerüchten, welche unbekannte Feinde bereiten gegen Alles, was Artevelde theuer und lieb iſt, kein Gehör mehr; nimm Dir ein Vorbild an Deinem Vater, Veerle; er bleibt ſich unerſchütterlich treu, trotz allem Gifte, das auf ihn geſpritzt wird; nur in ſeinem eigenen Gewiſſen ſucht er den Richter ſeiner Thaten. Macht es auch ſo! Und duldet nicht länger, daß unbekannte Ehrenräuber Euch zum Spielball ihrer Bosheit machen. Ihr habt heute die Auflöſung des Räthſels von Jahre langem Argwohn und Verdacht gefunden. Ich danke dem gütigen Gott für dieſe Lehre. Sie möge Eurem Geiſte eingeprägt bleiben bis an das Ende Eurer Tage. Jetzt genießt getroſt und fröhlich das Glück der Verſöhnung. Keinen Argwohn mehr, meine Kinder!"

„Veerle!" ſagte Lieven, „Offenherzigkeit ſei künftig unſere Schutzwehr gegen geheime Verfolgung. Obwohl in meinem Herzen nicht der mindeſte Schatten von Zweifel mehr bleibt, ſo will ich auch ſelbſt die nachgelaſſenen Spuren eines früheren Verdachtes herausreißen. Darum laß mich Dich etwas fragen: — Biſt Du geſtern im Beggynhofe geweſen?"

„Ich ſollte hingehen," antwortete die Jungfrau; „aber meine Baſe von Peteghem war gekommen, und ſo konnte ich das Haus nicht verlaſſen."

„Gott, Gott! es iſt unbegreiflich!“ murmelte der Jüngling mit dem Tone der Verzweiflung. „Welche düſtere Verſchwörung umgiebt uns, daß man unſere geheimſten Abſichten ausſpäht und daraus Gift für uns bereitet, ſelbſt noch ehe ſie ausgeführt ſind!“

Er wollte eben der Geliebten darüber Aufklärung geben, wie man auch ſie bei ihm verdächtigt habe, als ſie plötzlich durch einen lauten Schlag an die Hausthür überraſcht wurden.

„Wer kann das ſein? ſo ſpät? Es iſt bereits zehn Uhr!“ rief Beerle verwundert.

„Dein Vater iſt es nicht!“ antwortete Frau Artevelde; „dann hätten wir weit mehr Perſonen an der Thüre gehört. Es iſt wahrſcheinlich Myher Ghelnoot, der ſich erkundigt, ob der Oberhauptmann noch nicht von ſeiner Reiſe zurückgekehrt iſt.“

Ghelnoot van Lens trat in der That gleich darauf lachend in das Gemach und grüßte Frau Artevelde mit einigen heiteren und freundlichen Worten. Kaum erblickte er jedoch Lieven Denys, ſo ward er roth vor Zorn, und den Jüngling mit einer gewiſſen Verachtung betrachtend, rief er:

„Haha! da ſeid Ihr! deſto beſſer! Das ſpart mir die Mühe, Euch aufzuſuchen. Wißt Ihr wohl, Lieven, daß ich große Luſt fühle, Euch auf der Stelle den Hals zu brechen, obwohl ich ſo lange Euer Freund geweſen bin; aber dies Gemach iſt nicht paſſend dazu. Darum folgt mir; wir haben eine ernſthafte Sache zuſammen abzumachen.“

Statt aller Antwort hob Lieven verzweifelt die Arme in die Höhe und ſchrie:

„Schon wieder, ſchon wieder!“

„Was ſchon wieder!“ erwiederte Ghelnoot ſpöttiſch, indem er Lieven beim Arme faßte und ihn zwingen wollte, das Zimmer mit ihm zu verlaſſen. „Kommt, kommt! wir wollen auf der Straße ſehen, was Ihr vorzubringen wißt.“

„Gut!“ antwortete der Jüngling, entſchloſſen aufſtehend.

Beerle warf ſich zwiſchen Lieven und Ghelnoot, und den Letzteren mit Gewalt zurückdrängend, rief ſie:

„Nein, nein, Mher van Lens! Lieven geht nicht mit! Ich begreiſe nicht, warum Ihr uns mit ſolchem böſen Scherz erſchrecken wollt. Ihr ſeid nicht mehr kenntlich, ſo häßlich iſt Euer Geſicht. Setzt Euch nieder und laßt doch das thörichte Spiel ſein.“

„Es iſt kein Spiel, Jungfrau!“ antwortete Ghelnoot. „Laßt ihn nur mit mir gehen; er iſt ein falſcher Menſch, der Eure Neigung nicht mehr verdient. Ich werde es Euch gleich vollſtändig beweiſen. Es giebt Schlangen, die eine ſchöne Haut haben, Beerle! aber ihr Gift iſt darum nicht minder tödtlich.“

„Kommt!“ rief Lieven wüthend, nach der Thür eilend. „Man hat Euch auch betrogen; aber ich muß meinem unglücklichen Geſchick gehorchen.“

Die Jungfrau, welche jetzt merkte, daß eine ernſte Gefahr ihren Geliebten bedrohte, ſtellte ſich, mit Thränen in den Augen, vor Ghelnoot hin, ſah ihn traurig an und ſagte mit ſanftem Tone:

„Mher van Lens! wollt Ihr Eure treue Schweſter tödten? Bleibt hier, um Gottes willen; Ihr wißt nicht, was Ihr thut. Er iſt unſchuldig, ſage ich Euch. Ihr, ſtets ſo großmüthig und ſo fröhlich, wollt Ihr eine Schlechtigkeit begehen und mich zum Tode betrüben? Ach! das werdet Ihr nicht thun."

„Frau Artevelde fügte ihre Bitten zu denen ihrer Tochter, bis Ghelnoot ſich auf einen Stuhl warf und ausrief:

„Gut, gut! er kann mir doch dieſe Nacht nicht fortfliegen; ich werde ihn morgen ſchon finden. Alſo, Lieven, wir bleiben gute Geſellen bis morgen!"

„Um welche Stunde?" fragte Lieven.

„Um acht Uhr!"

„Ich werde Euch erwarten!" antwortete der Jüngling, mit zorniger Haſt ſeinen Mantel umwerfend, um das Haus zu verlaſſen.

„Nehmt es mir nicht übel, Frau Artevelde, und Ihr, Beerle, daß ich fortgehe!" ſagte er. „Ich kann hier nicht mit Mher Ghelnoot zuſammen ſein, bis das Räthſel gelöſt iſt."

Frau Artevelde hielt den Jüngling lächelnd zurück und ſagte:

„Ich ſehe wohl, was wieder vor iſt, und wir müſſen wahrlich große Kinder ſein, um ſo unbeſonnenen Gerüchten Glauben zu ſchenken, welche, wie wir wiſſen, alle aus derſelben Quelle fließen."

„Ihr irrt Euch, Ver Artevelde!" erwiederte Ghelnoot. „Es iſt eine ganz beſondere Angelegenheit zwiſchen Lieven und mir. Da iſt kein Gedanke von Verleumdung. Aber reden wir nicht mehr darüber; es iſt bis auf morgen verſchoben."

„Habt Ihr einige Achtung und Neigung zu mir, Mher Ghelnoot?" entgegnete Frau Artevelde.

„Ehrerbietung, Achtung, Neigung, in demſelben Maaße, wie ich es für meine ſelige Mutter hatte, Ver Artevelde," verſetzte Ghelnoot mit einer freundlichen Verbeugung.

„Nun denn! Ich bitte Euch, Mher Ghelnoot, ich flehe Euch an, daß Ihr augenblicklich ſagt, was Ihr gegen Lieven habt."

„Nun, es ſind Dinge, die ſich ſchwer in Eurer Gegenwart ausſprechen laſſen," antwortete Ghelnoot. „Bah! man weiß es jetzt doch. Kommt, Lieven, antwortet mir! Als Ihr im Nieuwen-Boſch zu Brüſſel Eurer Eiferſucht gehorchtet und wie ein Narr in Feuer und Flamme geriethet über eine ganz einfältige Sache, die aus einem ſchlechten Spaße Eures Vetters Jakob entſprungen war, da machte ich Euch klar, daß das Veröffentlichen deſſen, was Ihr ſahet, durch die Verleumdung würde benutzt werden, daß es dem guten Rufe der Jungfrau Beerle ſchaden würde, und daß Ihr wie ein unbeſonnener oder rachſüchtiger Träumer handeltet, wenn Ihr je den Mund darüber öffnen würdet. Ihr habt mir damals feierlich verſprochen, daß Ihr Eure Thorheit vergeſſen wolltet. Niemand auf Erden kannte das Geheimniß, als Ihr, Beerle und ich. Nun denn, unvorſichtiger Schwätzer! falſcher, vielleicht meineidiger Menſch! — In der ganzen Stadt erzählt man ſeit heute Morgen dieſen Vorfall, mit Umſtänden, die ich ſelbſt bereits vergeſſen hatte. Man fügt noch viele ſchöne Dinge hinzu, zu der Jungfrau Artevelde und meiner Ehre. Ihr ſeid es alſo, der das Geheimniß verrathen hat.“

Lieven erröthete und ſchlug die Augen zu Boden, wie ein überführter Miſſethäter, ſagte jedoch nichts.

Die beiden Frauen betrachteten Lieven mit Beſtürzung und Angſt, während Ghelnoot fortfuhr:

„Ihr ſeid es alſo, der der Verleumdung ſolche Nahrung gegeben hat! Wie meint Ihr denn, Lieven, daß der Fleck, der dadurch auf die unſchuldige Beerle geworfen iſt, abgewaſchen werden könne? Würde Blut nicht das beſte Mittel dazu ſein?“

„Aber rede doch, Lieven!“ rief die Jungfrau; „antworte doch auf dieſe neue Verleumdung!“

„Ach! habt Mitleiden mit mir!“ ſeufzte Lieven. „Es iſt wahr, ich habe es geſagt; aber es iſt ſchon ſo lange her. Der Schmerz hatte mich ganz niedergedrückt, und ich ſchüttete, ohne es zu wiſſen, meinen Schmerz in

Jemandes Buſen aus, an deſſen Treue ich nicht zweifeln durfte. Hat er mein Geheimniß veröffentlicht, ſo hat er es gewiß nicht aus Böſem gethan; um Gottes willen, glaubt mir das ..... Um Gottes willen, könntet Ihr Alle in meinem Herzen leſen. Ghelnoot, Freund! könntet Ihr die gräßlichen Gedanken durchſchauen, welche mein Inneres zerwühlen, Ihr würdet mir verzeihen, Ihr würdet einen Unglücklichen, einen Sinnloſen, wie ich es bin, nicht länger zu Boden ſchmettern unter der Laſt einer gegründeten Beſchuldigung. Ach! laßt mich aufathmen, verſtoßt mich nicht!"

Der Zorn war ganz aus Ghelnoot's Antlitz verſchwunden; er betrachtete nun im Gegentheil den jungen Lieven mit einer Art ſtiller Bewunderung, jedoch mit ungewiſſem Blicke, wie Jemand, der nachſinnt und überlegt, um die Löſung eines Räthſels zu finden.

„Lieven!" bat die Jungfrau, „warum ſagſt Du nicht, wem Du den Vorfall anvertraut haſt? Dann würde Mher Ghelnoot wohl hören, daß es Deine Schuld nicht iſt."

Der Jüngling ſenkte den Kopf; zwei ſtille Thränen rollten aus ſeinen Augen, und er ſeufzte:

„O Beerle! ich muß ſchweigen; Gottes heiliges Gebot befiehlt es mir."

„Rede nicht, rede nicht, Lieven!" rief Frau Artevelde, Ghelnoot einen verſtändlichen Blick zuwerfend.

Dieſer ſtand jauchzend auf, als ob ihm plötzlich ein Glück widerfahren ſei; er ging auf Lieven zu, zog ihn vom Stuhle empor, drückte ihn an die Bruſt, küßte ihn zum Zeichen der Verſöhnung, und ſagte:

„Genug, genug! wir wollen wieder Freunde ſein. Ach! es thut mir wohl, zu wiſſen, daß Euer Herz noch ebenſo brav, Eure Seele ſo rein, ſo liebevoll iſt. Man hat Euch täuſchen können, Lieven; man hat Euch vielleicht Euer Geheimniß mit Liſt entlockt; aber nie fand ein böſer Gedanke Zugang zu Eurem Geiſte. Das habe ich eben geſehen. Schweigt über dieſe Sache. Ich ehre Euren Schmerz; er muß in der That unſäglich groß ſein, armer Freund!“

Dann ſich zu Veerle wendend, fuhr er fort:

„Jungfrau! der Glockenthurm würde eher einſtürzen, als daß der Hauptmann von Sanct Nikolaus eine Unwahrheit ſagte. Die Hand auf's Herz, ich erkläre Lieven Eurer vollen Neigung für würdig, und ich breche dem Erſten, der mir noch ein böſes Wort von ihm zu ſagen wagt, den Hals. — Ich bin doch auch ein dummer Kerl, daß ich mich ſo geärgert habe! Ich hatte Unrecht, Lieven, verzeiht es mir!“

Der Jüngling begriff Ghelnoot's Edelmuth wohl und wollte ihm laut dafür danken; aber ſchon hing Veerle jubelnd an ſeinem Halſe und zwang ihn, ſich neben ihrer Mutter hinzuſetzen.

Freude und ſüße Freundſchaft glänzten jetzt in Aller Augen. Nur auf Lieven's Antlitz zeigte ſich dann und wann ein bitterer Ausdruck, als ob ein peinlicher Gedanke ſein Inneres durchkreuze. Veerle's ſüße Worte und troſtreiches Lächeln trieben endlich allen Verdruß aus ſeinem Herzen, und er gab ſich ganz dem ſüßen Gefühl der Freundſchaft und der Liebe hin, bis ihn endlich Ghelneot darauf aufmerkſam machte, daß es Zeit ſei aufzubrechen.

Sie verließen nun Beide Artevelde's Haus und gingen noch freundlich plaudernd eine Strecke Wegs mit einander.

Ende des dritten Bandes.

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X.

In Folge des entſcheidenden Sieges, welchen Artevelde's weiſe Standhaftigkeit über die franzöſiſche Politik bei der Belagerung von Doornik davongetragen, waren alle Bande gelöſt, welche Flandern Jahrhunderte lang an die Willkür Frankreichs gefeſſelt hatten. Da der Waffenſtillſtand mehrere Male erneut wurde, ſo genoß man einen ziemlich langen Frieden; der Handel mit England und den verbündeten Landen erhielt eine erſtaunliche Ausdehnung, und es bildete ſich raſch ein öffentlicher Wohlſtand, wie man ihn noch nie vorher gekannt hatte. Flandern hatte Unabhängigkeit, Macht, Reichthum, kurz alle Wohlthaten, die ein fleißiges und freiheitliebendes Volk wünſchen kann, erlangt.

Es ließ ſich vermuthen, daß man dem Helden, dem man alles dieſes verdankte, unbegrenzte Liebe und unvergängliche Erkenntlichkeit zollte, denn hatte man ihn ſchon geliebt, als er ſein Leben unaufhörlich für Flandern wagte, hatte man ihn bewundert, während ſein mächtiger Geiſt alle argliſtigen Beſtrebungen des Feindes vereitelte, um wie viel mehr mußte man ihn jetzt lieben und bewundern, wo der Erfolg bewies, daß er ſich in ſeinen großen Entwürfen nicht getäuſcht habe!

Aber freie Völker ſind wankelmüthiger Art. Wenn man auch oft erſtaunt über die heldenmüthigen Kraftanſtrengungen, deren ſie ſich fähig zeigen, ſo möchte man noch öfter mitleidig lächeln über die kindiſche Grillenhaftigkeit und weibiſche Schwäche, in die ſie verfallen. So lange die Zuchtruthe der Furcht vor ihren Augen erhoben bleibt, laſſen ſie ihre inneren Streitigkeiten fahren, um die allgemeine Gefahr zu bekämpfen; jeder ſcheint zu fühlen, was er kann und was er nicht kann; die Herrſchaft ſchlummert in den kleinen Seelen, und wer nicht geſchaffen iſt zu befehlen, bietet ſich ſelbſt an, um ſich befehlen zu laſſen. Dann ſchreit das Volk nach Häuptern und Führern, und gewöhnlich wählt man mit wunderbarem Scharfſinne die Muthigſten und Geſchickteſten dazu . . . . Sobald aber der Friede eintritt, ſobald die Gefahr verſchwindet und mit ihr die Zuchtruthe — augenblicklich richten die Gemüther alle ihre Kräfte nach Innen, um ſich Beſchäftigung in den unbedeutendſten Zwiſtigkeiten zu ſuchen: Parteiſucht, Neid, Haß und Verleumdung entbrennen plötzlich; man ſteht auf gegen eine Obrigkeit, der man ſich bloß aus Nothwendigkeit unterworfen zu haben ſcheint und die man vernichten will, weil man ſie für unnütz hält; man verkennt die erwieſenen Dienſte und ſcheint die Dankbarkeit ſelbſt als eine neue Sklaverei zu betrachten. In ſolchen Zeiten gewinnt die kleinlichſte Herrſchſucht wieder Raum; die dümmſte Unzufriedenheit, die ungeſetzlichſte Ehrſucht finden plötzlich zahlreiche Anhänger; man fragt nicht mehr nach Fähigkeit, nach Verſtand oder Muth. Was man verlangt, iſt Beſchäftigung für den ungeduldigen Geiſt, der ſich gegen die Ruhe des Friedens wie gegen eine Feindin auflehnt. Wer dem Volke ſolche Beſchäftigung anbietet, und wäre ſein Zweck auch eine Thorheit, ja ſogar eine Schlechtigkeit, findet Gehör bei der Menge, und derjenige, der in Zeiten der Gefahr nicht fähig war, das mindeſte Gute zu ſtiften, erhält durch den allgemeinen Leichtſinn die Macht, das Aergſte auszuführen.

Artevelde hatte mit Glück gegen Flanderns Feinde gekämpft und ſie endlich ganz beſiegt. Dieſer Streit, in dem Alles groß und rieſenhaft war, fand ihn mächtig an Geiſt und Herz; — jetzt ſtand er aber vor einem neuen Kampfe, in welchem Alles gemein, kleinlich und feig war, und doch fühlte er ſich minder ſtark gegen dieſen Angriff der verächtlichſten Leidenſchaften, als gegen die ſchrecklichen Stürme, welche Frankreich über ſein Vaterland heraufbeſchworen hatte.

Obſchon der Waffenſtillſtand lange fortwährte, war doch der Zwiſt zwiſchen Frankreich und England hinſichtlich des Beſitzes der franzöſiſchen Krone nicht entſchieden worden. Die beiden Fürſten thaten im Gegentheil alles Mögliche, um neue Bundesgenoſſen zu gewinnen, und waren Willens, den Krieg fortzuſetzen, ſobald ſie eine günſtige Gelegenheit dazu finden würden. Philipp von Valois ſparte mittlerweile weder Geld noch Beſtechungen, um Flandern von dem Bündniſſe mit England abzuziehen und es für ſich zu gewinnen. Durch den Grafen Ludwig von Nevers unterſtützt, hatte er die meiſten Edelleute des platten Landes in Flandern dahin gebracht, ſich zu ſeinen Gunſten gegen die Gemeinen zu erklären und ihm in ſeinen geheimen Unternehmungen behülflich zu ſein.

Der große Bürger von Gent durchſchaute alle dieſe liſtigen Handlungen wohl, und fürchtete mit Recht, daß ihre Anſchläge den Feinden ſeines Vaterlandes glücken würden, während das Volk, jetzt gänzlich beruhigt über die Gefahr, ſich mit unbegreiflicher Blindheit aufregen und irre leiten ließ. Er gebrauchte täglich ſeine ganze Beredtſamkeit, um den Behörden und ſelbſt der Menge begreiflich zu machen, daß der Kampf gegen Frankreichs Liſt nicht aufgehört habe und daß der herrſchende Leichtſinn Flanderns Fall vorbereiten könne. Man erkannte, daß er die Wahrheit ſpreche; man ſchenkte ſeinen Worten Glauben; aber da das allgemeine Band der Furcht zerriſſen war und die Bürger ihre beſonderen Anſichten nicht mehr auf dem Altare des Vaterlandes opfern wollten, ſo blieben die Parteien, wie ſie waren.

Da Artevelde den Wohlſtand, deſſen ſich Flandern erfreute, geſchaffen, und das Bündniß mit England als das einzige Mittel des Gedeihens des Handels und der Macht gegen Frankreich geſchloſſen hatte, ſo war er noch immer der Grundſtein, auf welchem Flanderns Fortbeſtehen ruhte. Daher richteten ſich auch alle Leidenſchaften und alle Beſtrebungen nach Veränderungen gegen ihn;

jeder Unzufriedene, wie klein auch die Urſache ſeiner Unzufriedenheit ſein mochte, ſchrieb ihm die Urſache zu von dem, worüber er Grund zur Klage zu haben glaubte. Dadurch wurde es Artevelde's Feinden äußerſt leicht, die ſchändlichſten Anſchuldigungen und die abſcheulichſten Verdächtigungen gegen ihn auszuſtreuen. Seine außerordentliche Thätigkeit, ſein unerſchütterliche Muth, die Erinnerung an ſeine großen Thaten, welche noch in dem Andenken der größeren Menge fortlebte, vereitelten die Anſchläge ſeiner feigen Verleumder, und er blieb wenigſtens noch immer der mächtige Bürger, deſſen Wink allein hinreichte, das Ungethüm zum Schweigen zu bringen. Sie gaben es daher auf, ihn auf dem Wege des Rechts zu bekämpfen, und verbanden ſich mit den Emiſſären Frankreichs, dieſen Feinden ihrer eigenen Gedanken, und halfen ihnen das Feuer des Aufruhrs ſchüren über Fragpunkte inländiſcher Regierung und Urſachen des Zwiſtes und der Eiferſucht zwiſchen den verſchiedenen Theilen Flanderns.

Zufolge des Angriffsplanes gegen den weiſen Mann, den ſie von den Anhängern Frankreichs angenommen hatten, mußte man das reiche Flandern durch Aufruhr, Empörungen, Zwiſt und Parteien erſchöpfen und ermüden, indem man die Schuld des Blutvergießens und des Verfalls des Handels und Gewerbfleißes Artevelde's Herrſchaft zur Laſt legen ſollte. Allmählig, hofften ſie, würde dann das Volk durch zweckmäßige Aufhetzungen dazu gebracht, ſich gegen den Oberhauptmann zu erklären und eine Veränderung der Regierung zu verlangen.

Dieſe Regierungsveränderung beſtand für die Leliaerds oder Franzöſiſchgeſinnten in einer Unterwerfung Flanderns unter Frankreichs Willen, für die Neider von Artevelde's Größe dagegen in dem Sturze des Helden. Dieſe wollten dann ſich ſeines Einfluſſes und ſeiner Herrſchaft bemächtigen, ohne jedoch etwas an ſeinen Plänen oder an ſeiner Politik zu ändern.

Man glaube jedoch nicht, daß ganz Flandern ſo raſch die großen Verdienſte vergeſſen hatte, die der weiſe Mann ſeinem Vaterlande geleiſtet; im Gegentheil, drei Viertel der Bevölkerung betrachteten ihn fortwährend als den Erlöſer und den einzigen fähigen Beſchützer der Freiheit und der Wohlfahrt Flanderns, und bewieſen ihm die innigſte Anhänglichkeit; aber das letzte Viertel, aus Unruhigen und Ehrgeizigen beſtehend, borgte von der Bosheit ſeiner Abſichten ein Feuer und eine Stärke, die den friedlichen Freunden Artevelde's zu mangeln ſchien. So geht es gewöhnlich; man möchte ſagen, daß das Gute, wenn man es einmal errungen hat, Einem keine Kräfte zur Vertheidigung übrig läßt, und daß die Macht allein denen gehört, die nach Veränderung ſtreben, müßte ſelbſt ſolche Veränderung das Volk offenbar in Elend und Erniedrigung zurückſtürzen.

Die Gemüther waren in dieſer beklagenswerthen Stimmung; täglich entſtanden Empörungen und Aufruhr, welche durch Gewalt unterdrückt werden mußten. Flandern glich einem Vulkane, der über kurz oder lang ausbrechen mußte, ohne daß man vorherſagen konnte, was das Ende ſein würde, als Graf Ludwig, auf den

Rath Philipp's von Valois, den Gemeinen den Vorſchlag machen ließ, unter gewiſſen Bedingungen wieder nach Flandern zurückzukehren und ſeine Herrſchaft wieder hergeſtellt zu ſehen. Der Graf verlangte, daß zu gleicher Zeit mit ihm alle Verbannten wiederkehren möchten; aber da dieſer letzte Punkt den Geſetzen und Vorrechten der Gemeinen zuwider lief, ſo ward die Bedingung verworfen. Des Grafen einziger Zweck war jedoch, das Bündniß mit England zu löſen; er gab daher dieſe Forderung auf und verſöhnte ſich zum Schein mit den Gemeinen. Demgemäß kam er nach Flandern und ward überall mit Pracht und Freude empfangen, worauf er die feſte Stadt Damme zu ſeinem Aufenthalt wählte.

Die Anhänglichkeit und Liebe, welche man ihm bei ſeiner Reiſe durch Flandern überall ſo laut und redlich bezeigt hatte, täuſchten ihn über die Größe ſeines Einfluſſes auf das vlämiſche Volk. Er glaubte, die Zeit ſei jetzt gekommen, unverhüllt ſeine Wünſche auszuſprechen und Flandern unter den Druck von Frankreichs Oberherrſchaft zurückzuführen.

Er berief einen Landtag der Gemeinen nach Damme und machte dort Vorſtellungen gegen das Bündniß mit England, welche die Abgeordneten erſchreckten und Jeden fürchten ließen, daß man ſich über die Abſichten des Grafen getäuſcht habe und er, trotz ſeinen Verſprechungen, ein Werkzeug Philipp's von Valois geblieben ſei. Die Verſammlung ging misvergnügt auseinander und der Graf ſah ſich auf's Neue allen Einfluſſes beraubt und von ſeinen Unterthanen mit Mistrauen betrachtet.

Die Anhänger Frankreichs beſchworen indeſſen ein anderes Ungewitter herauf. Seit Jahrhunderten waren die großen Städte Flanderns im Beſitze des Alleinhandels mit wollenen Tuchen; nach den beſtehenden Privilegien durften die Gemeinen auf dem platten Lande und die kleinen Städte kein Tuch weben, oder höchſtens nur ſchmale und grobe Sorten bereiten. Da nun aber die Ausbreitung des Außenhandels mehr Arbeit forderte, als man in den großen Städten liefern konnte, ſo hatte man dieſe Vorrechte eine Zeit lang nicht beachtet und es gab faſt keine Gemeine in Flandern mehr, wo man nicht unaufhörlich das Klappern der Webeſtühle hörte und ſich nicht erkühnte, jede Art von Tuch nachzumachen.

Obwohl die Vernichtung der Lakenwebereien in kleinen Gemeinen damals keine Nothwendigkeit war, ſo wußte man doch durch heimliches Hetzen die Eiferſucht der Gilden in den großen Städten ſo aufzuregen, daß ſie in ganz Flandern das Geſchrei erhoben, ihr verletztes Recht müßte wieder hergeſtellt und die Tuchweberei auf dem platten Lande aufgehoben werden. Die That zu den Worten fügend, ſandten ſie bewaffnete Schaaren aus und ließen die Webeſtühle der kleinen Gemeinen mit Gewalt zerſtören oder verbrennen, ſich auf ihre Privilegien berufend, welche ihnen allerdings dazu die Macht und das Recht verliehen. In vielen Gemeinen vertheidigten die Angeſeſſenen ihr Eigenthum, und nicht ſelten floß auf beiden Seiten Blut.

Was auch Artevelde thun mochte, um durch ſeine Vermittelung dieſen allgemeinen Kampf des Volkes friedlich beizulegen und die Städte zu bewegen, ihre Privilegien nicht ſo ſtreng auszuüben, es glückte ihm nicht; ſeine Feinde ſchürten den Haß ſo ſehr, daß die Vläminger im Begriff ſchienen, ſich in langem Kampfe unter einander zu ermorden.

Da der Oberhauptmann in Allem dem Willen der Schöffen von Gent unterworfen war und er ſich in keinem Falle der Ausführung eines geſetzlichen Rechtes widerſetzen konnte, ſo ſah er ſich genöthigt, den Forderungen der großen Städte nachzugeben, und fühlte ſich um ſo mehr dazu angetrieben, weil die Franzöſiſchgeſinnten ſich mit den Unzufriedenen der kleinen Gemeinen verbunden hatten und ſich anſchickten, unter dem Vorwande dieſes gewerblichen Streites einen allgemeinen Aufſtand zum Vortheile der franzöſiſchen Politik herbeizuführen. Da die höchſte Gefahr drohte und deren Abwehrung einen ſtarken Willen forderte, ſo ſandte er ſeinen Hauptleuten in Weſtflandern, wo die Unruhen ihren Mittelpunkt hatten, die ſtrengſten Befehle, jeden Aufruhr unmittelbar zu unterdrücken und ohne Anſehen der Perſon diejenigen zu beſtrafen, welche man mit den Waffen in der Hand antreffen würde. Binnen Kurzem wurden viele Unzufriedene und Aufhetzer erſchlagen oder gefangen geſetzt und durch die gewöhnlichen Gerichtshöfe zur Verbannung verurtheilt; die Hauptleute in den weſtlichen Provinzen vollzogen Artevelde's Gebot mit einem Eifer, der vielleicht noch über ſeine Wünſche hinausging; denn man beſchuldigte ihn öffentlich der Grauſamkeit. Wahrſcheinlich war dieſer Vorwurf eine neue Liſt der Feinde des Oberhauptmanns. Wie dem auch ſein mochte, ein Theil des Volkes ſchenkte demſelben Glauben und beklagte ſehr das Schickſal der Empörer, die man als die Schlachtopfer von Artevelde's Strenge betrachtete.

Um dieſe Zeit erhielt der Schöffenrath von Gent einen geheimen Bericht, in welchem demſelben gemeldet wurde, daß ſich in Weſtflandern eine große Verſchwörung gebildet habe zwiſchen den Leliaerds und den Unzufriedenen der Gemeinen, um ſich gemeinſchaftlich gegen die drei Hauptſtädte Flanderns zu erheben, die Vorrechte der Wollenweberei zu vernichten, dem Grafen eine unbeſchränkte Herrſchaft zu ſichern, die Oberhoheit Frankreichs anzuerkennen und das Bündniß mit England zu löſen. Dieſe Verſchwörung, welche innerhalb acht Tagen ausbrechen ſollte, hatte bereits vierzehn Fähnlein Bewaffneter heimlich organiſirt. Ein vornehmer Ritter von Ardenburg, Ser Pieter Lammens, war der Führer und das anerkannte Oberhaupt derſelben.

Sobald der Schöffenrath dieſe wichtige Nachricht erhalten, wurde Artevelde der Befehl, mit einigen Banden Genter Bürger nach Ardenburg zu ziehen, um die Verſchworenen anzugreifen und zu vernichten.

Als ſie in Ardenburg anlangten, zogen die Genter gerades Weges nach Pieter Lammens' Wohnung und erſchlugen ihn vor derſelben. Seine Freunde entflohen und verbreiteten in der ganzen Stadt die traurige Kunde, Pieter Lammens ſei grauſam vor ſeiner Thüre ermordet worden. Das Volk rottete ſich bei der Leiche zuſammen und ſtieß Drohungen gegen die Genter aus, ſie ſämmtlich ermorden zu wollen, weil ſie einen unſchuldigen Bürger von Ardenburg auf eine unmenſchliche Weiſe getödtet hätten. Die Genter ließen es auch nicht an Drohungen fehlen, und das zuſammenſtrömende Volk ward ſo zahlreich und ſo wüthend, daß dieſe, die ſich bedrängt ſahen, bereits einen Angriff zu ihrer Vertheidigung unternehmen wollten. Da trat aber Artevelde mit einigen ſeiner Begleiter aus Ser Lammens' Hauſe und zeigte dem Volke die Banne des Aufſtandes, welche man nebſt einer großen Menge Kriegswaffen dort gefunden hatte.

Auf dieſen Fähnlein war das gräfliche Wappen Ludwigs und die franzöſiſchen Lilien eingewirkt, und ſie ließen daher nicht den mindeſten Zweifel übrig über die Gründe, weshalb man die Wohnung von Ser Lammens mit Gewalt durchſucht habe. Die Verſchwörung war nur Wenigen im Volke bekannt; deshalb billigte die Mehrzahl die Strafe, und obwohl noch viele Stimmen Rache ſchrieen und die Menge gegen Artevelde und deſſen Schaaren aufzuhetzen ſuchten, ließ man doch die Genter ungehindert fortziehen, um auch in anderen Gemeinen die Verſuche zum Aufruhr zu unterdrücken.

Sei es nun, daß Graf Ludwig von Nevers die Hand geliehen hatte zu dieſer Verſchwörung, oder daß er fürchtete, in dieſelbe verwickelt zu werden; er verließ ohne Aufſchub Flandern und zog nach Frankreich, als Grund angebend, daß man ihm Gewalt anthue und es hinreiche, ihm geneigt zu ſein, um von den Gemeinen als ein Miſſethäter behandelt zu werden. Die Leliaerds verſäumten dabei nicht, über Artevelde's Herrſchſucht zu klagen, und die Neider des Oberhauptmanns hörten ebenfalls nicht auf, Betrübniß über den Abzug des geſetzlichen Fürſten zu heucheln und ſelbſt die ruhigen Bürger gegen Artevelde aufzureizen.

Da nun auf der andern Seite der Oberhauptmann bei den Regierungen der Städte darauf antrug, ſie möchten wenigſtens in dieſer Zeit etwas von der ganzen ſtrengen Ausübung ihrer Privilegien hinſichtlich des Monopols der Weberei ablaſſen, ſo wurden ihm auch viele reiche Bürger feindlich geſinnt und es bildete ſich ſelbſt im Schöffenrath zu Gent eine Partei gegen ihn.

Kaum hatte er daher den drohenden Aufruhr im weſtlichen Flandern unterdrückt, als auch ſchon ſeine Feinde und Neider die Zeit für günſtig hielten, einen Verſuch gegen ihn zu machen. Die Erfahrung hatte ihnen gezeigt, daß Artevelde unbeſiegbar bliebe, ſo lange er von dem Schöffenrathe der mächtigen Stadt Gent unterſtützt würde. Deshalb wollten ſie ihn jetzt im Schooß deſſelben angreifen und den Schöffenrath ſelbſt gegen ihn aufwiegeln. Dies war kein leichtes Unternehmen, weil die Schöffen faſt ſämmtlich an den großen Thaten des Oberhauptmanns Theil genommen hatten. Bei Einigen jedoch wirkte bereits der Neid im Herzen über ſeinen unbegrenzten Einfluß; Andere hatte man durch Verſprechungen höherer Aemter und fürſtlicher Gunſt verleitet; wieder Andere, die zur Weberei gehörten, begannen zu fürchten, daß er den kleinen Gemeinen gegen die Städte Vorſchub leiſten und daher ihnen einen bedeutenden Schaden zufügen würde.

Diejenigen, welche daher eine Urſache zu haben glaubten, mit dem Oberhauptmanne unzufrieden zu ſein, bildeten indeſſen die Minderzahl und konnten allein den Schlag nicht mit Sicherheit wagen; aber ſie hofften, daß Viele, die jetzt noch zweifelten, ſich zu ihnen ſchlagen würden, ſobald man ſie durch einen kräftigen Streich überzeugte, daß Artevelde's Einfluß wankte, und daß er bald, ſo wie das Volk gegen ihn aufſtehe, ſtürzen würde.

Geeraert Denys behauptete, die Zeit ſei noch nicht gekommen, um dieſen entſcheidenden Streich zu wagen; Ser van Steenbecke dagegen, der muthigſte und redlichſte Feind Artevelde's, wollte von keinem Aufſchube mehr wiſſen, und erklärte, daß er allein den Kampf gegen den Oberhauptmann beginnen würde, wenn die anderen Verſchworenen ihm ihre Hülfe verweigerten.

Seine Stellung als Schöffe und Ritter und ſein Einfluß bei dem Grafen, deſſen Günſtling er war, gaben ihm Macht genug über die Anhänger des Fürſten, um ſie dahin zu bringen, daß ſie ſeinem Rathe Folge leiſteten. Geeraert Denys ſah ſich demgemäß gezwungen, wider ſeinen Willen an dem gefährlichen Verſuche, den man vorhatte, Theil zu nehmen; denn glückte derſelbe ohne ſeine Mitwirkung, ſo blieb ſein glühender Ehrgeiz auf immer unbefriedigt, da ein Anderer in dieſem Falle die Macht des Oberhauptmanns erben würde. Obendrein ſchienen ſeit einigen Tagen die Angelegenheiten für Artevelde's Feinde eine günſtigere Wendung zu nehmen. Man hatte noch drei Schöffen gewonnen, welche im Fall er Noth ſich gegen die Herrſchaft des Oberhauptmanns erklären würden, und der Hauptmann von St. Jakobs, Willem van Vaernewyck, ſchwankte und würde gewiß, ſobald ſich die mindeſte Hoffnung eines günſtigen Erfolges zeigte, zu den Verſchworenen übergehen. Außerdem deuteten die Nachrichten, welche die ausgeſandten Spione über den in den verſchiedenen Vierteln der Stadt vorherrſchenden Geiſt brachten, auf ſo außerordentlich viele Anhänger, daß man faſt des Sieges ſicher ſein konnte.

So gern auch der herrſchſüchtige Geeraert Denys ſich öffentlich an die Spitze der Verſchwörung geſtellt hätte, um ſich alle Früchte derſelben zueignen zu können, ſo hielt ihn doch ſeine ſchlaue Vorſicht zurück, da er nicht gewiß wußte, welchen Ausgang die Sache nehmen könnte. Er bediente ſich alſo wieder ſeiner gewöhnlichen Verſtellung, um Freund und Feind zu täuſchen und zu machen, daß im Fall eines guten Erfolges Vortheil und Ehre ihm allein zukämen, während alle Verantwortlichkeit auf ſeine Verbündeten fiel, wenn Artevelde den Aufſtand unterdrückte. Durch die Vermittelung des Königs der Ribauden wollte er der Verſchwörung beträchtlichen Beiſtand verſchaffen, um ſich nach gewonnener Sache den größten Antheil am Siege zueignen zu können.

Alles war bereit, um am andern Tage den Schlag zu wagen; die Häupter der Verſchwörung ſollten an dieſem Abende noch eine geheime Zuſammenkunft haben.

Eine Stunde vor der beſtimmten Zeit hüllte Geeraert Denys ſich in einen dicken Mantel, zog die Kappe tief in's Geſicht und verließ ſeine Wohnung, um den König der Ribauden nochmals aufzuſuchen, ehe er ſich zur Verſammlung begab. Mit ſchnellen Schritten eilte er über den Kirchhof von Sanct Jan, durch die Oberſcheldeſtraße, und ſtand bald darauf unter dem dunklen Gewölbe des Wallthores, wo ihm ſogleich geöffnet und er mit einer gewiſſen Ehrfurcht empfangen wurde. In Muggelyn's Gemach tretend, fand er dieſen mit zweien ſeiner Ribauden bei dem Würfelſpiele; Jeder von ihnen hatte eine ziemliche Anzahl ſilberne Geldſtücke vor ſich liegen, und ſie waren ſo in das Spiel vertieft, daß ſie den Oberdechant nicht eher bemerkten, als bis dieſer ſeinen Gruß ſehr laut wiederholte.

Die Ribauden ſtrichen raſch ihr Geld ein und verbeugten ſich tief und erſchrocken vor dem Kommenden, als ob dieſer ihr Herr ſei und ſie auf einem Diebſtahle ertappt habe.

Geeraert Denys blieb verwundert ſtehen, als er die ehrfurchtsvolle Haltung der Ribauden ſah, und warf einen fragenden Blick auf Muggelyn; aber dieſer rief ſchlau:

„Was, Burſchen? Ihr wollt gehen, weil unſer Freund Myher Denys uns mit einem Beſuche beehrt? Ihr ſeid verteufelt pfiffig! Weil ich bei dem erſten Wurfe ſechzehn Augen hatte, wollt Ihr das Spiel unterbrechen! Kommt, noch einen Wurf!“

„Ich verlange Euch allein zu ſprechen, Muggelyn!“ ſagte der Oberdechant, mit einem Tone, welcher unterdrückten Zorn vermuthen ließ.

„Aber Ihr täuſcht Euch, Mher Denys!“ antwortete der Ribaud. „Es ſind ſehr wackere Geſellen, die auch zu den Unſrigen gehören und auf Euren Befehl durch's Feuer gehen würden, wenn es nöthig wäre. Nicht wahr, Jan? Nicht wahr, Steven? Leben und Blut ſtellt Ihr unſerem edelmüthigen Freunde und Herrn Mher Denys zur Verfügung!“

Die beiden Ribauden bezeugten dem Oberdechanten ihre Ergebenheit mit mehr als gewöhnlichem Eifer, und ſagten Worte, welche, obſchon äußerſt ſchmeichelhaft und demüthig, Mher Denys plötzlich erbleichen und vor Angſt und Zorn zittern machten. In der größten Unruhe wiederholte er als einen entſchiedenen Befehl, daß er mit dem Ribaudenkönige allein ſein wolle.

Muggelyn gab ſeinen Leuten ein Zeichen fortzugehen. Denys folgte ihnen bis zu der Thür, die er hinter ihnen zuſchloß, worauf er wüthend zu dem Könige der Ribauden zurückkehrte und ihm mit erſtickter Stimme zurief:

„Elender! Ihr habt alſo meinen Namen verrathen; Ihr habt zu Euren Ribauden geſagt, daß ich, der Oberdechant der Gilden von Gent, das Haupt des Aufſtandes ſei. Habt Ihr denn vergeſſen, Unglücklicher! daß ſeit Monaten ein muthiger Dolch bezahlt iſt, um Euch heimlich zu ermorden bei dem mindeſten Verrath?“

„Ha, ha!“ ſpottete der Ribaud, aufſtehend. „Muggelyn lacht über Euren Dolch ebenſo, wie über Euer thörichtes Aufbrauſen. Euch iſt auch nicht unbewußt, Mher Denys, daß man dem Ribaudenkönige ſo leicht nicht an den Leib kann, und daß, wenn Euer bezahlter Dolch dieſem nur eine Schramme in's Geſicht machte, er am andern Tage in die Hölle fahren würde, wohin Ihr um Eurer großen Tugend willen gehört."

Der Oberdechant zitterte bei dieſen Worten ſo ſehr vor Zorn und Angſt, daß er ſich mit der Hand an einen Stuhl lehnen mußte.

„Verräther!" rief er, „Eure falſche Zunge hat alſo mein Haupt auf die Wagſchale gelegt! Ihr habt Euren feierlichen Eid gebrochen. Was wird die Folge ſein, wenn unſer Anſchlag nicht glückt? Ich werde durch Henkershand vielleicht enthauptet, oder mit den Meinigen verbannt, entehrt, für immer vernichtet. Euch trifft unfehlbar daſſelbe Schickſal. Ach! hättet Ihr dieſe Untreue nicht an mir verübt, ſo könnten wir noch oft ohne Gefahr den Kampf wagen, mit der Gewißheit, doch am Ende den Sieg zu gewinnen. Jetzt iſt meine Macht vernichtet. Wenn der Anſchlag morgen nicht vollkommen glückt, wird der Oberhauptmann Hand an uns legen, und das Geheimniß, das Ihr ſo ſchändlich ausgeplaudert habt, erfahren und alle ſeine Feinde treffen. Dann wird ſich ihm kein Hinderniß mehr auf ſeiner Bahn entgegenſtellen und er ruhig den Fuß auf den Nacken des Volks ſetzen; denn die Vertheidiger der Freiheit werden zerſchmettert ſein. Gott, Gott! vielleicht wird er dann in der That Graf von Flandern."

Bei dieſen Worten ließ der Oberdechant das Haupt langſam auf die Bruſt ſinken, und obwohl der bitterſte Neid und der feurigſte Zorn ſein Antlitz noch entſtellten, ſo ſah man doch deutlich, daß Betrübniß und Verzweiflung ſtrebten, ſich ſeiner zu bemeiſtern.

Der König der Ribauden hatte halb lächelnd und mit einer Art ſcherzhafter Verwunderung die Klagen des Oberdechanten angehört. Er ſchien ſich ſogar an deſſen Entſetzen zu erluſtigen und fiel ihm nun in die Rede:

„Nun, Meiſter! flößt der morgende Verſuch Euch ſo viel Schrecken ein, um Eure Sinne zu verwirren? Oder iſt die Sache bereits misglückt? Um deſto beſſer; denn mir gefiel ſie doch nicht ganz. Wißt Ihr wohl, Mher Denys, daß ſehr viele Ameiſen dazu gehören, um einen Löwen aufzufreſſen?“

„Mich verrathen! Mein Leben Männern anvertrauen, die man mit einem Kruge Wein erkaufen kann!“ ſeufzte der Oberdechant. „Ach, Muggelyn! ſoll das der Lohn für meine Güte ſein?“

„Der Teufel mag wiſſen, auf welche Schlange Ihr tratet, Mher Denys! Ihr haltet mir da einen Sermon über Schaffot und Galgen, weil ich Euren Namen verrathen haben ſoll! Aber ich möchte doch wiſſen, welche Läſterzunge Euch das geſagt hat. Sie ſollte nicht lange in dem lügenhaften Munde bleiben.“

„Höre ich nicht aus Eurem eigenen Munde und dem Eurer Leute, daß Ihr ihnen geſagt habt, was wir morgen vornehmen wolltet? Und habt Ihr mich nicht genannt als Theilnehmer an der Verſchwörung?“

„Iſt das die Urſache Eurer Betrübniß, Meiſter?“ fragte Muggelyn mit erheuchelter Verwunderung. „Ich habe einigen meiner muthigſten Leute, und vorzüglich

Jan und Steven, geſagt, daß Ihr einer der reichſten und edelmüthigſten Bürger von Gent wäret, daß Ihr viel Einfluß hättet und die geringſten Dienſte reichlich belohnt, daß ſchnöde Feinde Euch um Eurer Tugenden willen beneiden, und noch andere Gründe, welche dahin zielten, Euren guten Namen zu vergrößern und Euch treue Anhänger zu gewinnen, wenn man ſie braucht. Anders wiſſen ſie nichts. So lautet doch die Lection, welche Ihr mir täglich aufgebt, nicht wahr?“

Während die Furcht aus des Oberdechanten Bruſt ſchwand, erfüllte bitterer Zorn ihn gänzlich. Jetzt, da ſein Schrecken ſich verminderte, ſah er klar ein, daß er ſich wieder durch den loſen Spott des Ribauden hatte täuſchen laſſen und dieſer ihn abſichtlich erſchreckt habe, um ſich an ſeiner Angſt zu weiden. Er fragte mit ſtrengem Tone:

„Als ich in dies Gemach trat, wart Ihr mit Würfelſpiel beſchäftigt, Muggelyn; woher kommt das Geld, das ich in den Händen Eurer Geſellen ſah?“

„Ich dachte es wohl,“ lachte Muggelyn. „Wahrlich, Ihr kennt Euer Geld am Geruch. In der That, dieſe lieben Scheibchen kommen aus Eurer Taſche, wenn Ihr ſie nicht von einem Andern empfangen habt, um ſie uns zu geben.“

„Unverſchämter!“ murrte der Oberdechant, mit den Zähnen knirſchend.

„Nun, nun! werdet nur nicht wieder böſe, Meiſter!“ ſagte Muggelyn. „Ich weiß, was Euch ärgert. Ihr glaubt, daß ich Eure Befehle nicht vollzoen und Euer Geld zum größten Theil verſpielt habe."

„Ich bin davon überzeugt," fuhr ihn der Oberdechant an; „es würde ja das nicht das erſte Mal ſein. Aber dieſes Mal . . . . .!"

„Ho, ho! nur keine ungerechten Drohungen, Myer Denys!" fiel ihm Muggelyn in die Rede. „Ich habe mehr gethan, als Eure Befehle vollbracht. Statt fünf und zwanzig Mann werden wohl zweihundert unerſchrockene Geſellen gegenwärtig ſein."

„Zweihundert? Betrügt Ihr mich nicht?" fragte Denys mit froher Verwunderung.

„Das heißt, zweihundert, wenn ich ihnen die verſprochene Belohnung geben kann; ſonſt noch nicht funfzig."

„Aber ich gab Euch geſtern zehn Pfund; wo iſt die beträchtliche Summe geblieben?"

„Die Rechnung iſt leicht, Myer Denys! Ich habe mir überlegt, daß ich meinen Kopf bei dieſem gefährlichen Spiele wagen würde, und da es zu ſpät wäre, eine Belohnung zu fordern, wenn ich es verloren, ſo habe ich von den zehn Pfund fünf für mich genommen. Muggelyn's Haupt iſt doch fünf Pfund werth? oder ich müßte mich ſehr täuſchen. Fünf von zehn bleibt fünf. Iſt es ſo oder nicht?"

„Und wem habt Ihr denn die übrigen fünf Pfund gegeben?" fragte der Oberdechant, vor Ungeduld aufſtehend.

„Einen Augenblick! Bleibt doch ſitzen, Meiſter!" antwortete der unerſchütterliche Muggelyn. „Ich habe ſie Niemanden gegeben. Ihr glaubt doch nicht, hoffe ich, daß ich mit fünf Pfund zweihundert Mann erkaufen könne? Nun denn! um Niemanden neidiſch zu machen, habe ich warten wollen, bis Ihr mich in den Stand ſetztet, alle unſere Leute zu gleicher Zeit zu befriedigen."

„Mag es ſein!" ſeufzte Denys mismuthig. „Ihr habt alſo noch fünf Pfund!"

„Drei Pfund, Meiſter! drei Pfund! Ich habe außer den fünf Pfund, die mir zukamen, noch zwei Pfund von Euch geliehen; aber fürchtet nichts, ich werde ſie Euch zurückgeben, ſobald Ihr Oberhauptmann von Gent ſeid und ich meine große Belohnung erhalte. Ihr könnt ſie dann ſelbſt davon abziehen."

Der Oberdechant ſah ein, daß der König der Ribauden nicht ablaſſen würde, bis er ihm noch einen Haufen Goldes aus der Taſche gelockt habe. Da er jedoch Muggelyn's Hülfe nicht entbehren konnte und aus Erfahrung wußte, daß er trotz allen dieſen Schalksſtreichen am Ende doch thue, was man von ihm verlange, ſo bezwang er ſich und ſagte mit ſcheinbar ruhigem Tone:

„Eure Dienſte koſten mir ſchon den Preis eines ſchönen Hauſes, Muggelyn! In Betracht jedoch der Gefahr, welcher wir entgegengehen, will ich nicht länger über Eure Vergeudung Worte verlieren. Laßt hören, wie viel verlangt Ihr noch, um die zweihundert Mann zu befriedigen?"

„Nun, mich dünkt, daß, wenn Ihr mir noch zwanzig Pfund gebt, ich mit großer Sparſamkeit Jeden werde zufrieden ſtellen können."

„Aber kann ich mich darauf verlaſſen, daß Ihr wirklich zweihundert Mann anführen werdet?“

„Das heißt, Pieter Taggelinck von dem Waterwyck wird ſie anführen. Ihr begreift wohl, daß ich nicht gleich anfangs mich an die Spitze ſtellen kann; man würde augenblicklich merken, daß der Wagen verkehrt läuft.“

„Ihr antwortet mir nicht,“ entgegnete der Oberdechant. „Es würde mir angenehm ſein, zu wiſſen, wo Ihr dieſe zweihundert Mann gefunden habt.“

Der Ribaudenkönig ließ ſich durch dieſe überraſchende Frage nicht ſtören und ſagte raſch, während er an den Fingern zu zählen ſchien:

„Jan de Bruyne, hinter der Magiſterſchule, auf Sanct Baeſſtede, hat mir vierzig Mann verſprochen, die auf das erſte Wort mit verborgenen Waffen bereit ſtehen ſollen, wo ich es haben will; Joris Barinckx von Oberſchelde dreißig; Sies Wittebroot von Royghen und Karel Overmeire von Sanct Pieters, jeder zwanzig; Lieven de Snagger von Anderbergen funfzehn; Pieter Taggelinck vierzig, und Maes de Gorte von op't Meirhem zwanzig; — das macht zuſammen …… Wie viel ſind das, Oberdechant?“

„Zuſammen einhundert fünf und achtzig,“ antwortete Denys, der aufmerkſam der Angabe des Ribauden gefolgt war.

„Ach! es iſt wahr, ich vergaß noch Marten de Pynder von auf dem Poortacker, der mit zwanzig Mann kommen wird.“

„Und was wiſſen dieſe Leute über mich?“

„Daß Ihr ein muthiger Mann ſeid, ungemein mit Vernunft und Verſtand begabt; daß Niemand in Gent mehr dazu geeignet iſt, das Glück der Gemeinde zu ſichern, als Ihr. Weiter nichts. Pieter Taggelinck allein weiß Alles über Euch und mich. — Das war nicht anders möglich und geſchah ja mit Eurer Zuſtimmung.“

„Es iſt gut, Muggelyn!“ ſprach Denys, dem Ribauden vergnügt die Hand drückend. „Heute Abend noch ſollt Ihr die zwanzig Pfund haben. Jetzt von etwas Anderem! Was ich Euch nun ſagen werde, iſt ſehr ernſthaft; ich erſuche Euch alſo, mir Eure ganze Aufmerkſamkeit zu ſchenken und nicht zu ſpaßen; es iſt zu wichtig!“

„Ich höre,“ ſagte der Ribaudenkönig, ſich in den Seſſel zurücklehnend; „und wenn ich lache, zieht mir heute Abend zwei Schellinge an den zwanzig Pfund ab.“

Der Oberdechant ſchob ſeinen Seſſel näher und ſprach:

„Es reicht nicht hin, Muggelyn, daß wir eine Umwälzung machen; es muß auch dafür geſorgt werden, daß dieſe zu unſerem Vortheile ſei. Ser van Steenbeeke iſt der Führer und das Haupt der Verſchwörung; ich ſelbſt thue, als erkennte ich ihn dafür an, weil wir durch dieſes Mittel alle Anhänger des Königs von Frankreich zu Hülfsgenoſſen bekommen und ohne ſie nicht mächtig genug ſein würden, einen gewaltigen Anſchlag zu wagen. Wenn wir nun unvorſichtig der Sache ihren natürlichen Lauf ließen, ſo würde die Umwälzung ganz andere Folgen haben, als wir wünſchen. Man würde den Grafen zurückrufen, das Bündniß mit England brechen und unter Frankreichs Herrſchaft ſtellen, die Bürgerſchaft entwaffnen und die Hauptleute der Städte vernichten. Ser van Steenbecke, der ſeit einigen Tagen zum Rath des Grafen ernannt iſt, wird in alle dieſe Bedingungen einwilligen, weil ſein Ehrgeiz auf keine andere Weiſe befriedigt werden kann; aber wir dürfen nicht leiden, daß das Vaterland von Neuem in Bande geſchlagen werde, und müſſen Mittel finden, um Ser van Steenbecke und ſeine Leliaerds zu täuſchen. Ich könnte mich wohl durch einen kühnen Streich gleich zu Anfange an die Spitze der Aufrührer ſtellen; doch darf ich nicht ſo unbeſonnen Alles mit einem Wurf auf das Spiel ſetzen. Obwohl wir des Sieges beinahe gewiß ſind, ſo iſt es doch auf die eine oder andere Weiſe möglich, daß wir eine Niederlage erleiden. Wirft ſich nun Ser van Steenbecke mit den Leliaerds vor und beginnt den Kampf, ſo können wir ihn ſtecken laſſen, ſobald derſelbe ein böſes Ende nimmt; er mag ſich dann allein die Hände verbrennen. — Erfahrt nun, was Ihr zu thun habt. Ihr laſſet Pieter Taggelinck, der ein treuer und zuverläſſiger Mann iſt, mit ſeinen Geſellen Ser van Steenbecke behülflich ſein. Da ſie von mir nichts wiſſen, ſo werden ſie ſchreien, was man will. Im Anfange kommt nichts darauf an. Sobald Ihr aber mit ſcharfſehendem Blicke bemerkt, daß der Aufſtand die Oberhand gewinnt, ſo ſtellt Euch an die Spitze von Taggelinck's Leuten und ruft mit aller Macht: Heil Denys! Heil dem Oberdechanten! Ihr müßt alle unſere Leute dies und andere ähnliche Dinge rufen laſſen; das Volk wird bald einſtimmen; denn es will von den Leliaerds nichts hören, und wie Ser van Steenbecke geſinnt iſt, das weiß es ſchon lange durch uns. In dem Augenblicke alſo, wo die Menge mit wiederholtem Rufe mich verlangt, werde ich erſcheinen. Wir laufen in den Glockenthurm und lauten Sturm mit der Rolandsglocke. Während man durch dieſes Mittel die ganze Stadt in Aufruhr bringt, begeben wir uns nach dem Schöffenhauſe und nehmen dort Artevelde mit ſeinen Anhängern gefangen. Augenblicklich erklären wir den Magiſtrat für abgeſetzt und ſtellen Männer an, auf deren Treue wir rechnen können...... Und iſt es Euch möglich, den Oberhauptmann in der Verwirrung zu treffen oder durch Einen Eurer Leute niederhauen zu laſſen, ſo wäre das noch beſſer. Dann brauchen wir ihn nicht auf dem Schaffot ſterben zu laſſen .... ein Schauſpiel, das in Flandern die Gemüther zu ſehr erſchrecken würde .... Nun, Muggelyn! habt Ihr Alles wohl begriffen?“

„Wunderbar!“ rief der Ribaud, wie aus einem Traume auffahrend. „Wenn der Teufel nicht Euer Pathe geweſen iſt, ſo war er doch nicht weit davon, als Ihr geboren wurdet.“

„Ihr habt mir verſprochen, keinen Spaß zu machen, Muggelyn!“

„Ich meine, Mher Denys, daß Ihr nöthigenfalls dem Teufel ſelbſt Unterricht geben könnt. Es iſt nur eine Redensart, um Euch das Lob zu ertheilen, das Euch gebührt.“

„Nun, Muggelon, ich will Euch in Euren Späßen nicht mehr ſtören. Im Ernſt geſprochen: was iſt Eure Anſicht über meinen Plan?“

„Der Oberhauptmann wird diesmal gewiß nicht ſeinem Schickſale entgehen; das Netz iſt zu ſicher um ihn her ausgeſpannt. Was Ser van Steenbecke betrifft, ſo iſt er viel zu redlich, um ſich nicht blindlings durch Euch täuſchen zu laſſen. Alſo werde ich bald meinen Hof zum Wallthore verlaſſen, um mit meinen Ribauden in einem Steen zu wohnen? Ihr habt es mir verſprochen — ein doppeltes Jahrgeld und vier und zwanzig Mann mehr.“

„Das Alles ſollt Ihr haben, vielleicht ſchon übermorgen. Aber um es zu erlangen, bedarf es des Muthes und beſonders der Vorſicht. Ihr werdet meinen Plan ganz genau ausführen, nicht wahr, ich kann auf Euch bauen?“

„Wie auf Euch ſelbſt, Mher Denys! Seid ruhig; ich werde Euch zeigen, was Muggelyn kann, beſonders wenn es ihm ſo großen Nutzen bringt.“

„Ich habe noch eine Bitte an Euch, und ich hätte ſie beinahe vergeſſen. — Mein Sohn Lieven iſt durch die Artevelde's verführt worden und wir müſſen dafür ſorgen, daß er nach dem Falle des Oberhauptmanns nicht verdächtig bleibe.“

„Das wird ſchwer werden,“ antwortete der Ribaudenkönig. „Jedermann weiß nur zu gut, daß er Mher Artevelde unauflöslich zugethan iſt und ſeine Bewunderung für denſelben keine Grenzen hat. Er verbirgt es auch nirgends und vertheidigt den Oberhauptmann wie ein Raſender überall, wo ſich irgend Jemand auch nur ein Wort gegen denſelben erlaubt.“

„Er wird von ſeiner Verirrung zurückkommen, ſobald Artevelde nicht mehr iſt. Ich bin Willens, ihn zum Stadtſchreiber von Gent zu machen, Muggelyn.“

„Und das Mittel dazu?“

„Das Mittel iſt, daß Ihr und Eure Vertrauten noch am Tage des Sieges viel Aufhebens davon machen, welche unendlichen Verdienſte mein Sohn Lieven bei dem Aufſtande geleiſtet habe. Sonſt verlange ich nichts von Euch; das Uebrige will ich ſchon ſelbſt beſorgen.“

„Ich werde es thun, Oberdechant; Ihr wißt, daß ich, ſeit ich Euch kenne, Meiſter geworden bin im Verbreiten von Gerüchten und Nachrichten.“

„Muggelyn, Freund, gute Hoffnung für morgen!“ ſprach Denys, der ſich anſchickte fortzugehen. „Ich muß um neun Uhr noch der letzten Verſammlung beiwohnen.“

„Um neun Uhr? Es iſt bereits halb zehn.“

„Ich weiß es wohl und hoffe, daß bei meiner Ankunft ſchon Alles abgemacht ſein wird. So entgehe ich den Erklärungen, zu denen die Worte Ser van Steenbeeke's mich zwingen könnten.“

„Aber dann wißt Ihr auch nicht, was man verhandelt hat.“

„Aber Galevoet iſt da, um mir Alles mitzutheilen .... Nun, Muggelyn, findet Euch um eilf Uhr zwiſchen den Waſſermühlen und der Nieuwbrugge ein; Ihr werdet mich dort auf und abgehen finden. Dort werde ich Euch Näheres über Zeit und Ort angeben und Euch ſagen, ob man etwas an dem Plane verändert hat. Das Geld werde ich Euch auch einhändigen. Verweilt in Frieden!“

Der **Oberdechant** verließ das Wallthor und ging den **Kauter** hinauf. Trotzdem, daß es ein ſehr düſterer Abend war und Niemand ihn erkennen konnte, verbarg er doch ſein Geſicht in der Kappe und ging mit raſchem Schritt über die Fremineurenbrücke bis in die Wagenaersſtraße, wo ein dunkler Menſchenſchatten unbeweglich vor einer Thür ſtand. Der Oberdechant ging gerade auf den Schatten zu und ſagte mit leiſer Stimme:

„Erlöſung mit Gottes Hülfe!“

Bei dieſem Worten ſteckte der ſtumme Wächter einen Schlüſſel in die Thür und ließ den Oberdechanten eintreten.

Dieſes Haus ſchien Geeraert Denys nicht unbekannt zu ſein; denn er ſchritt ohne Zögerung durch einen dunkeln Gang, bis in einen kleinen Hof. Dort änderte er ſeine Richtung und klopfte etwas weiter zur Linken an eine Art von Hinterhaus, deſſen Thür ihm ſogleich geöffnet wurde.

Ungefähr zwanzig Männer ſaßen hier in einem ziemlich geräumigen Gemach um einen Tiſch. Eine einzige Lampe hing von der Decke herunter, bei deren Scheine man die Anweſenden nicht würde haben erkennen können, hätte nicht das Feuer, das in dem weiten Kamine flammte, das Zimmer und Alles, was ſich darin befand, mit einer eigenthümlichen rothen Gluth erleuchtet.

In dem Augenblicke, als der Oberdechant eintrat, ſchien die Berathung bereits geſchloſſen zu ſein; denn Viele gaben ihren Unwillen zu erkennen, als ſie Myer Denys erſcheinen ſahen. Seine Freunde ſtanden auf und drückten ihm die Hand, während Ser van Steenbeeke und ſeine Anhänger ihm wie zornig einen kurzen Gruß zunickten.

„Was iſt das, meine Herren?“ rief der Oberdechant mit erheuchelter Verwunderung. „Ihr ſeid ſchon Alle hier, und ich hatte geglaubt der Erſte zu ſein?“

„Es iſt beinahe zehn Uhr!“ bemerkte Ser van Steenbeeke halb ſcherzend.

„Sollte das wahr ſein?“ ſagte Denys. „Ich habe mich in der Stunde getäuſcht. Nun denn! bleibt die Sache auf morgen beſchloſſen? Wird Jeder auf ſeinem Platze ſtehen und ſein Leben muthig wagen für Freiheit und Vaterland?“

„Es iſt uns unmöglich, Alles zu wiederholen, was hier geſagt iſt,“ bemerkte Ser van Steenbeeke. „Jeder von uns hat ſich auf morgen vorzubereiten und heute noch einige treue Freunde zu benachrichtigen. Erlaubt alſo, meine Herren, daß ich mit kurzen Worten dem Oberdechanten mittheile, was hier beſchloſſen wurde. Morgen um zehn Uhr wird die große Schöffenverſammlung auf dem Stadthauſe eröffnet. Nach dem Berichte muß Artevelde ein äußerſt ſtrenges Geſetz über Aufruhr, Streitigkeiten, Verwundungen und Ermordungen vortragen. Ich werde dieſe Gelegenheit wahrnehmen, um ihn vor dem Schöffenrathe der angemaßten Gewalt, Rechtsverdrehung und der Tyrannei zu beſchuldigen, und werde das mit Worten thun, die ihn wohl in Wuth bringen ſollen, wie vorſichtig er auch ſein möge. Ohne Zweifel wird er nun gegen mich ausfallen und mich ſelbſt anklagen, da er weiß, daß ich ſeiner verderblichen Politik entgegenarbeite und unſerem geſetzlichen Fürſten wieder zu ſeinem alten Anſehen verholfen wiſſen will. In dem Augenblicke nun, in welchem er mir Dinge zur Laſt legt, welche er nicht das Recht hat einem Schöffen der Gemeine zu ſagen, werde ich aufſtehen, das Stadthaus verlaſſen und laut rufen: man entkräfte das Anſehen der Schöffen und thue der Obrigkeit Gewalt an. Unſere Leute, die unten ſtehen, in Folge des Planes, den wir ſo eben entworfen haben, ſchreien dann mit aller Macht nach Rache. Der größte Theil unſerer Mannen, die unterdeſſen auf dem Freitagsmarkte das Volk aufzuhetzen ſuchen, eilt bei dem Lärm herbei; wir überwältigen das Stadthaus, nehmen den Oberhauptmann und die bösgeſinnten Schöffen gefangen und halten auf der Stelle in Gegenwart des Volks ein peinliches Gericht, und verurtheilen alle Landesverräther und Tyrannen zum Tode. Der Graf kehrt unmittelbar darauf zurück, und mit ſeiner Genehmigung geben wir der Gemeinde ihre rechtmäßige Einrichtung. Dies iſt in der Kürze der ganze Entwurf, den Ihr übrigens, wenige Aenderungen abgerechnet, bereits ſeit drei Tagen kennt.“

„Und wie groß iſt die Macht, über die wir mit Sicherheit verfügen können, Ser van Steenbecke, wenn ich es wiſſen darf?“ fragte Denys.

„Sie beträgt zuſammen an vierhundert Mann, nach der Angabe jedes dieſer Herren. Es iſt nicht viel; aber wir rechnen auf das Volk, das uns Beiſtand leiſten wird, ſobald die Bewegung durch uns in Gang gebracht iſt.

Ah! ich vergaß, daß dieſer kühne Geſelle uns die Hülfe von dreißig Mitgliedern der Sanct Jorisgilde angeboten hat.“

Dies ſagend, wies Ser van Steenbecke auf einen jungen Mann, der neben ihm ſtand und dem Oberdechanten nicht weiter bekannt war, ausgenommen daß er ihn einige Male im St. Jorishofe unter den Schützen geſehen hatte. Es mißfiel ihm, daß man in dieſer geheimen Verſammlung ſo leichtſinnig einen Neuling zugelaſſen habe. Ser van Steenbecke, der es auf ſeinem Antlitz las, zuckte die Achſeln und ſagte:

„Mher Calevoet hat ihn eingeführt und ſteht uns für ſeine Treue. Er hat übrigens den Eid mit muthiger Kühnheit abgelegt.“

„O, ich bin ganz beruhigt über den jungen Mann,“ antwortete Denys. „Das Wort meines Freundes Calevoet war nicht nöthig, um allen Argwohn in mir zu erſticken. Ich leſe in ſeinen feurigen Augen, daß er ein Vertheidiger der wahren Freiheit ſein wird.“

Dieſe Worte ſchienen Ser van Steenbecke nicht zu gefallen; ſie hatten für ihn einen drohenden Sinn; doch that er, als ob er ſie nicht verſtanden habe, und fragte:

„Aber Ihr, Mher Denys, der Ihr uns ſo gewichtigen Beiſtand verſprochen habt, wie viele Leute beſorgt Ihr für die gute Sache?“

„Ich bringe hundert und fünfzig Mann, meine Herren, ohne diejenigen, welche meine Sendlinge noch heute Nachmittag gefunden haben mögen.“

Dieſe Zahl mußte den Verſchworenen bedeutend erſcheinen; denn ein Ausdruck froher Ueberraſchung zeigte ſich auf ihren Geſichtern. Einige drückten ſogar dem Oberdechanten die Hand. Dieſer fuhr fort:

„Meine Herren! das iſt Alles noch nichts; mein Sohn Lieven wird funfzig muthige Männer aus dem Nieuwland anführen."

„Euer Sohn! Sein Sohn!" rief Jeder ungläubig und erſtaunt. — Der junge Mann von St. Joris lachte mit frohem Ausdruck, als ob dieſe Mittheilung für ihn noch eine beſondere Bedeutung habe.

„Ich weiß, warum Euch dieſe Nachricht in Verwunderung ſetzt, meine Herren!" entgegnete Geeraert Denys mit erheuchelter Rechtlichkeit. „Aber wäre es nicht möglich, daß mein Sohn nie aufgehört hätte, der Sache ſeines Vaterlandes unbekannt und unbelohnt zu dienen? Es giebt Opfer, die ſo weit über das gewöhnliche Maaß menſchlicher Kräfte hinausgehen, daß man nicht leicht daran glaubt. Zweifelt an der Wahrheit meiner Worte, wenn Ihr wollt; aber ich hoffe, Ihr werdet morgen von den Thaten der Hülfsbande von Nieuwland hören."

„Wir wollen uns jetzt von einander trennen," ſagte Sey van Steenbeeke. „Ich erinnere Euch, meine Herren, daß wir uns feierlich geſchworen haben, Gut und Blut für unſer Vaterland zu wagen, um uns von dem Drucke zu befreien. Was uns auch geſchehen möge, ſollte ſelbſt unſer Haupt auf dem Schaffotte fallen, nie wird Einer von uns den Namen unſerer Mitverbündeten offenbaren. Wer das thäte, der würde dadurch Jedem der Uebrigen das geſetzliche Recht geben, ihn durch Gewalt oder Liſt des Lebens zu berauben. Kommt! zögern wir nicht länger! Es wird zu ſpät! ich gehe zuerſt."

Zufolge ihrer Abrede verließen die Verſchworenen das Haus nicht zu gleicher Zeit, ſondern immer nur Einer nach dem Andern oder höchſtens zwei zuſammen.

Geeraert Denys fliſterte einigen ſeiner Anhänger mit leiſer Stimme etwas in das Ohr, worauf er mit Galevoet im Hofe verſchwand. — So folgten ſie einander, bis endlich der junge Geſelle, der aus Ehrfurcht bis zuletzt geblieben war, gleichfalls Kappe und Mantel umwarf und durch die einſamen Straßen in tiefem Nachdenken nach ſeiner Wohnung ging, die jenſeits der Schelde lag. Als er vom Galanderberge aus ſich der Opperſcheldeſtraße näherte, holte er durch ſeinen ſchnellen Gang Jemanden ein, der vor ihm her ſchritt. Er glaubte dieſen Nachtwandler trotz der Dunkelheit an der Figur zu erkennen und ſagte geheimnißvoll zu ihm:

„Seid Ihr es, Lieven?"

Der Angeredete blieb ſtehen, wandte ſich um, und fragte mißtrauiſch:

„Wer ſeid Ihr, der mich ruft?"

„Kennt Ihr denn Jan Sporrelinck nicht mehr, Euren Genoſſen von Sanct Joris?"

„Ach, gewiß! Wie geht es, Freund Jan?"

Der junge Mann führte ihn an die Mauer von Raſſeghem'ſteen und ſagte mit unterdrückter Stimme zu ihm:

„Ihr kommt gewiß vom Oberhauptmann? Er vermuthet doch nichts von unſerer Sache morgen?“

„Ich weiß es nicht,“ antwortete Lieven gleichgültig, und ohne irgend etwas Böſes zu argwöhnen.

„Wo müßt Ihr mit Euren Mannen ſtehen, Lieven? Begebt Euch auf die Hoogpoort; ich werde mich in der Saciſtege halten. So können wir einander helfen, wenn der Kampf zu heiß wird, und auch am beſten ſehen, wenn Her van Steenbeeke das Zeichen giebt, um den Aufſtand zu beginnen. Kommt etwas früher als um zehn Uhr; wir ſind die Jüngſten und müſſen uns daher als die erſten zeigen! Vor elf Uhr wird indeſſen das Spiel nicht in Gang kommen; denn die Beſchuldigung kann wohl eine Weile dauern.“

Lieven wußte nicht, was er aus Jan Sporrelinck's Worten machen ſollte, und horchte ihm wie verwirrt zu, ohne zu antworten.

„Hat man Euch vielleicht einen andern Platz angewieſen?“ fragte dieſer.

„Ich weiß gar nicht, was Ihr ſagen wollt,“ ſprach Lieven verwundert. „Ein Kampf? ein Aufſtand? morgen? um zehn Uhr? bei der Hoogpoort?“

„Aber, Lieven, gegen mich braucht Ihr Euch ja nicht zu verſtellen?“

„Ich weiß von nichts,“ wiederholte der junge Deyns.

„Nun, nun! Es iſt bekannt genug, daß Ihr aus einer verſchwiegenen und ſchlauen Familie ſtammt, Lieven. Uebrigens ſcheint es mir unnütz, daß Ihr Euch weigert, mit mir, als Eurem Genoſſen, ein Wort über die Sache zu wechſeln; Niemand kann uns hier hören, und wir ſprechen ja ganz leiſe."

„Was ſoll ich Euch ſagen, Jan? Ich begreife Euch nicht."

„Seht! als ob nicht Euer Vater ſelbſt mir geſagt hätte, daß Ihr funfzig tapfere Geſellen anführen werdet aus dem Nieuwland!"

„Ihr macht mich verſtummen; bei meinem Worte! ich weiß von der ganzen Sache nichts. Legt mir doch deutlicher aus, wovon Ihr redet; vielleicht erinnere ich mich daran!"

„Nun, bei Sanct Makarius!" murrte Jan, mit unterdrücktem Aerger; „wollt Ihr mich zum Beſten haben? Dazu iſt es zu ſpät; Ihr habt vielleicht Grund zu ſchweigen; Ihr traut mir nicht. Nun, es iſt gut! wir wollen morgen ſehen, wer ſich am tapferſten zeigen wird .... Gute Nacht!"

Lieven blieb wohl noch eine Viertelſtunde verſtummt und bewegungslos an die Mauer des Raſſeghem'ſteen gelehnt ſtehen, nachdenkend über das, was Jan Sporrelinck ihm geſagt hatte. Je mehr er deſſen Worte ergründete, um deſto mehr breitete ſich in der Dunkelheit eine außerordentliche Bläſſe über ſein Antlitz, und Schweißtropfen rollten von ſeiner Stirn herunter.

Man wollte einen blutigen Aufſtand wagen! Gegen wen? Gegen Artevelde? Sein Vater hatte geſagt, daß er, Lieven, funfzig Mann anführen ſolle, um den weiſen Mann verjagen, vielleicht ermorden zu helfen! Es konnte auch wohl Lüge oder Spott von Jan Sporrelinck ſein.

Einige Worte, welche Lieven ſich erinnerte aus ſeines Vaters Munde gehört zu haben, füllten plötzlich ſeinen Geiſt mit Schreck und Abſcheu, und während dieſer Gedanke einen Schrei des Schmerzes aus ſeiner Bruſt lockte, lief er über den Calanderberg, durch die Volderyſtraße, in die Feldſtraße, wo er an einem ziemlich großen Hauſe anklopfte.

Nach einiger Zeit fragte ihn Jemand oben aus dem Fenſter, was er wolle.

„Iſt der Hauptmann von St. Nikolaes zu Hauſe?“ war Lieven's Antwort.

Ein anderer Kopf erſchien am Fenſter.

„Nun, Freund Lieven!“ rief man von oben herab, „hat ſich ein Unglück zugetragen, daß Ihr ſo ſpät noch bei mir anpocht?“

„Myer Ghelnoot! Myer Ghelnoot!“ ſprach Lieven mit ängſtlich dumpfer Stimme. „Raſch! öffnet Eure Thür; ich muß Euch etwas Wichtiges melden.“

Die Thür ward geöffnet und Lieven verſchwand in der Wohnung Myer Ghelnoot's van Lens.

XI.

Das alte Stadthaus, das man damals das Schöffenhaus der Keure und des Gedeele nannte, ſtand mit ſeinem Giebel auf der Hoogpoort. Es war ein ungemein großer Steen, mit einem vorſpringenden Thurme an jeder Seite, und man ging durch eine ziemlich niedrige Pforte hinein, deren Flur nicht höher als die Straße war. Uebrigens unterſchied ſich das Schöffenhaus von den gewöhnlichen Steenen der edlen Geſchlechter nur durch ſeine Größe. Einige Schritte davon ſtreckte der weitberühmte Belfroot (Glockenthurm) von Gent ſeinen ſchweren Rumpf himmelwärts und beherrſchte wie ein ewig wachender Rieſe die ganze Stadt. Eigenthümlich waren die rohen Formen dieſes Ehrfurcht gebietenden Baues, deſſen Beſtimmung die Einwohner freier Gemeinen allein begreifen konnten. Ein breiter viereckiger Thurm, ohne irgend ein dazu gehöriges Nebengebäude, erhob ſich pfeilrecht aus dem Boden. In den felſenartigen Mauern hatte man nur hier und da einige kleine Fenſter oder ein Guckloch aufgeſpart, während die ſehr kleine Eingangsthür vermuthen ließ, daß dieſes ſteinerne Haus nicht zu einem gewöhnlichen Wohnplatz der Menſchen diene. In ſeinem Innerſten war ein ſtarkes überwölbtes Gemach, welches man das Geheim nannte, und wo die Urkunden der Stadtfreiheiten und Vorrechte in einer eiſernen Kiſte bewahrt wurden. Die Thür dieſes

Gewölbes ebenſo wie die Kiſte ward mit drei Schlüſſeln verſchloſſen, von denen die Dechanten der Weberei, der Walkerei und der kleinen Zünfte jeder einen hatte, ſo daß man niemals die Privilegien der Stadt ſehen konnte, ohne daß dieſe Drei gleichzeitig dabei geweſen wären. Wer in dieſes Heiligthum der Gentiſchen Freiheit ohne Erlaubniß der Gemeinde zu treten wagte, oder welcher Dechant Jemanden ungeſetzlich hineinließ, der ward ohne Gnade und Aufſchub mit dem Tode beſtraft.

Unter dem Dache des Thurmes hing der gefürchtete Roland oder die Sturmglocke, bei welcher Tag und Nacht gewacht wurde. Ihre mächtigen Klänge, durch welche ſie ankündigte, daß die Freiheit oder die Unabhängigkeit bedroht werde, ließen alle Bürger raſch zu den Waffen greifen und nach dem Freitagsmarkte eilen, um ſich zu dem Fähnlein ihrer Gilde zu geſellen.

Oben auf dem Thurme wachten die Stadttrompeter, die nach allen Seiten hinausblickten, um auf den Feldern zu entdecken, ob ſich nicht gewaffnete Banden der Stadt näherten.

Jede freie Gemeinde beſaß ſolchen Wachtthurm, nicht allein als Bewahrungsort für ihre Privilegien, ſondern auch als ein Denkmal ihrer Befreiung und einen Beweis ihrer Unabhängigkeit. Gab es gleich wenige Städte, die einen Belfroot aufzeigen konnten, ſo groß und ſo trotzig wie der Belfroot von Gent, ſo gab es auch keine, die ſich neben ihr ſolcher Freiheiten, ſolcher Macht und ſolches Reichthums rühmen durften.

Am Tage nach der letzten Zuſammenkunft der Verſchworenen, lange vor der beſtimmten Stunde, ſtanden bereits kleine Haufen Zunftgenoſſen bei dem Belfroot und weiter den Votermarkt hinauf, in der Richtung des Schöffenhauſes. Je näher die Stunde heranrückte, deſto größer ward der Zufluß des Volkes. Ungefähr um halb zehn Uhr füllten ſich die Hoogpoort, die Sanct Jansſtraße und die Stege-ten-Putte mit Bürgern jedes Standes und Alters.

Der Ribaudenkönig ging hin und wieder, mit ungefähr zehn ſeiner Mannen, und hielt ſich vorzugsweiſe an der Seite des Nedervolders, wo Pieter Taggelinck, ſcheinbar gleichgültig, an die Ecke des Zandberges gelehnt ſtand.

Man konnte auf allen Geſichtern leſen, daß Jeder ein wichtiges Ereigniß vorher ſah, obwohl ſehr Wenige die wahre Urſache von dieſem Zuſammenlauf des Volkes vermuthen konnten. Allerdings hatte die Ankündigung von Artevelde's Vortrage über Zuſammenrottungen, Aufruhr, Zwiſtigkeit und Mord eine gewiſſe Aufregung im Volke hervorgebracht, erſtlich, weil die Zunftgenoſſen, welche ganze Tage in den Tabernen zubrachten, die Furcht hegten, bei dem mindeſten Zanke ſtreng beſtraft zu werden, und zweitens, weil man durch Aufhetzung einen großen Theil der Einwohner hatte glauben machen wollen, daß dieſes neue und ſehr harte Geſetz der Freiheit der Bürger Abbruch thäte und keinen anderen Zweck habe, als Artevelde eine unbeſchränkte Macht zu verleihen, um Jeden, der nicht in Gunſt bei ihm ſtand, ſicher treffen zu können. Doch waren dieſe Gründe an ſich ſelbſt noch nicht wichtig genug, um glauben zu laſſen, daß das Volk hier mit der Abſicht zum Aufruhr verſammelt ſei. Etwas Anderes ließ einen Theil der Bürger Unheil und Gewalt fürchten.

Die eigenthümliche Haltung vieler der verſammelten Zunftgenoſſen — welche ſtillſchweigend in kleinen Haufen ſtanden und geheimnißvoll nach den angrenzenden Straßen blickten, und ſich ſtumm von einander entfernten, ſobald ſich Jemand unerwartet zu ihnen geſellte; der Anblick von dem Griffe eines Dolches oder von dem Kreuze eines Meſſers, welche zufällig dann und wann unter einem Mantel hervorblickten; die ſchlauen Blicke, welche die Vorübergehenden einander zuwarfen — dies Alles ließ viele Zuſchauer ſich mit Kummer und Angſt fragen, was es doch geben möge, und mancher friedliebende Mann verließ den Platz, um nach ſeiner Wohnung zurückzukehren. Die Anderen gingen von einem Haufen zum andern, um eine Erklärung zu erhalten oder zu erlauſchen; doch konnten ſie nichts vernehmen, einige Beſchuldigungen gegen Artevelde abgerechnet.

Mittlerweile nahte ſich die Stunde der Verſammlung; mehr als die Hälfte der Schöffen war ſchon in das Stadthaus gegangen, und unaufhaltſam kamen die Uebrigen aus allen Straßen herbeigeſchritten, ohne bei ihrem Durchgange durch das Volk etwas Anderes als eine gewöhnliche Verwunderung zu zeigen.

Die Verſchworenen freuten ſich innerlich an der Gewißheit, daß ihr Plan nicht verrathen worden ſei, indem außer den Ribauden und den ſechszehn Knappen des Hauptmanns von Sanct Jakob ſich keine gewaffnete Macht zeigte.

Man hatte wohl vernommen, daß Myer Ghelnoot van Lens einige Mannen ſeines Kirchſpiels für dieſen Tag zuſammengerufen; doch ſah man darin keine andere Abſicht, als eine kleine Schutzwehr zu bilden, was man bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten immer zu thun pflegte. Obendrein war die Reihe an den Männern von Sanct Nikolaes, und nichts natürlicher, als daß ſie in geringer Zahl hier erſchienen, um für die öffentliche Ruhe zu ſorgen.

Geeraert Denys hatte bereits ſchon mit ſchnellem Schritte alle umliegenden Straßen durchſchritten, um zu ermeſſen, wie weit man auf die verſprochene Hülfe der Eidgenoſſen bauen könne. Da er überall eine anſehnliche Menge fand und nicht ſelten eine laute Beſchuldigung gegen Artevelde ſein Ohr traf, ſo hielt er den Sieg faſt für gewiß und begann ſeinen Gang von Neuem, diesmal mit offenem Antlitz und freundlichem Lachen Jedem die Hand drückend und doppelſinnige Worte gegen den Oberhauptmann ausſtreuend.

Nachdem er ſich ſo jedem Volkshaufen gezeigt hatte, ging er den Nederpolder hinunter, um in geringer Entfernung von dem Stadthauſe in der einſamen Vertiefung unbemerkt auf- und abzuſchreiten, bis der Augenblick ſeines Erſcheinens nahe.

Seit einer Viertelſtunde waren Aller Augen mit einer ängſtlichen Neugier nach dem Belfroot gerichtet, von wo der Oberhauptmann herkommen mußte. Während noch die Verſchworenen ſich über ſein langes Ausbleiben wunderten und zu fürchten begannen, daß ihre Beute ihnen entſchlüpfen möge, erſchien Artevelde mit den zwei und zwanzig Knappen des Sanct Janskirchſpiels, welche ihn als Hauptmann bei öffentlichen Angelegenheiten ſtets begleiteten. Bei ſeiner Ankunft hörte man in einigen Volkshaufen ein dumpfes Murren des Haſſes; wo jedoch der Oberhauptmann vorüberſchritt, da traten ſeine grimmigſten Feinde ſchüchtern und ſtillſchweigend zurück, um den Helden nicht grüßen zu müſſen, deſſen Ruhm und rechtmäßige Herrſchaft ſie noch zur Verehrung zwang. Die anderen Bürger verbeugten ſich ehrerbietig vor ihm und ließen ihm einen breiten Raum zum Durchgehen frei.

Der Oberhauptmann war kaum durch die Pforte des Schöffenhauſes verſchwunden, als die Verſchworenen, wie von einer furchtbaren Erſcheinung befreit, weiter auf den Markt traten, und lauter und mit verſtändlicheren Worten zeigten, daß ſie Willens ſeien, ſich gewaltſam Artevelde's Vorſchlage zu widerſetzen. Im vollen Vertrauen auf den guten Ausgang ihres Unternehmens waren ſie damit beſchäftigt, das Volk aufzuhetzen, als plötzlich Mher Ghelnoot van Lens, der Hauptmann von St. Nikolaes, mit mehr als zweihundert gewaffneten Zunftgenoſſen ſich unter dem Belfroot zeigte, über den Votermarkt ſchritt und das Stadthaus beſetzte, ſo daß Niemand weder hinein noch hinzu konnte.

Dieſe Macht wäre gewißlich nicht hinreichend geweſen, um einen Aufſtand zu verhindern, wenn derſelbe wirklich in den Abſichten des Volkes gelegen hätte. Dennoch ſchien die Ankunft der Männer von St. Nikolaes die Verſchworenen ſo ſehr zu überraſchen, daß ſie ſich gewiſſermaßen einander furchtſam anſahen, und einige auch allmählig den Muth verloren und ſich aus der Nähe des Schöffenhauſes entfernten. Die zweihundert Mann waren es eigentlich nicht, welche ſie um den guten Erfolg ihres Unternehmens beſorgt machten; aber Ghelnoot van Lens, der unerſchrockene Hauptmann, der jetzt ſpöttiſch lächelnd einen Blick auf die Unzufriedenen warf, als wiſſe er um ihr Vorhaben; Ghelnoot, der um ſeines Heldenmuthes willen von ſeinen Leuten mit blinder Liebe verehrt ward und wahrſcheinlich die Unverzagteſten ausgeſucht hatte — Ghelnoot war es, der ſie jetzt zwang, vor ihm die Augen niederzuſchlagen, und ihnen Zweifel einflößte, ob man die Ausführung wagen ſolle, oder nicht.

Es war die höchſte Zeit, daß Jemand durch den Beweis einer großen Kühnheit ihren Muth auf's Neue belebte, ſonſt wäre der ganze Aufſtand ſicher unterblieben. Jetzt aber erſchien Ser van Steenbeeke mit ſiegreicher Miene auf dem Votermarkte. Ehe er in das Schöffenhaus eintrat, ging er zu den Haufen der Verſchworenen und klagte überall mit hörbarer Stimme und zornigen Worten über die Gewalt, welche man der Obrigkeit und dem Volke anthue, indem man den Rath zwinge, unter dem Drucke einer gewaffneten Macht ſich zu verſammeln. Er gab deutlich genug zu verſtehen, daß er in der Schöffenverſammlung deshalb Rechenſchaft verlangen, und kündigte ſelbſt an, daß er binnen einer Stunde das Zeichen geben werde zur Befreiung des Volkes.

Als er auf dieſe Weiſe zu einem der größten Haufen auf dem Botermarkte geredet hatte, näherte ſich ein Blaufärbergeſelle mit eiligen Schritten Ghelnoot van Lens, und ſagte dieſem, was er aus dem Munde Ser van Steenbeeke's vernommen, zugleich bemerkend, er verlaſſe den Platz, um ſeine Waffen zu holen und ſeine Freunde zur Vertheidigung des Oberhauptmanns zu verſammeln. Ghelnoot ſandte einen ſeiner Zehntner nach dem Schöffenhauſe zu Artevelde, um dieſem zu melden, was der Geſelle Lieven Comyne ihm berichtet habe.

Ser van Steenbeeke begab ſich nun, in der Meinung, die Gemüther hinreichend zum Aufſtand angefeuert zu haben, gleichfalls nach dem Schöffenhauſe, und trat in die Verſammlung zu derſelben Zeit, als der Oberſchöffe, Maes van Vaernewyck, die Leſung von des Oberhauptmanns Vortrage endete.

Die dreizehn Schöffen der Keure und die dreizehn Schöffen des Gedeele waren ſämmtlich gegenwärtig und ſaßen rund um eine lange Tafel. Zwei Stadtſchreiber, Meiſter Auguſtyn und Jan van Loven, hatten ihre Plätze zu beiden Seiten des Oberſchöffen und führten das Protokoll.

Nach der Leſung des Vortrages entſtand eine gewiſſe Unordnung unter den Mitgliedern der Verſammlung. Während Viele ſich bereit zeigten, das Geſetz zu genehmigen, riefen Andere zornig, daß man dadurch die allgemeine Freiheit vernichten und das Land unter den Zwang eines Alleinherrſchers ſtellen wolle. Für das Erſte beſchränkte ſich jedoch dieſer Streit auf einzelne Ausrufungen und heftige Zankreden.

Nach einigen Augenblicken ſtand Artevelde von ſeinem Seſſel auf. Die Verſammlung wandte in tiefer Stille die Augen auf ihn. Er ſprach mit ruhigem Tone:

„Meine Herren Schöffen! Nur ungern ſehe ich mich gezwungen, Euch heute ein Geſetz vorzulegen, das, wenigſtens dem Scheine nach, die unbeſchränkte Freiheit verkürzt, welche wir auf Koſten unſeres Blutes gewonnen haben. Vielleicht werden Einige unter Euch mit mir die Nothwendigkeit dieſes Geſetzes bedauern; aber ich bitte ſie zu bedenken, daß man in Zeiten der Gefahr die Erhaltung des Vaterlandes über Alles ſtellen muß und ſich nicht zurückhalten laſſen darf durch den Gedanken, daß jeder einzelne Bürger für dieſe Erhaltung etwas von ſeinem perſönlichen Rechte aufzugeben habe.“

„Von welcher Gefahr redet Ihr denn?“ rief Willem Dejonckere, ein Leliaerd, abſichtlich um den Oberhauptmann zu unterbrechen.

Dieſer fuhr fort, ohne ſich um die Unterbrechung zu kümmern:

„Nichts, meine Herren, iſt gefährlicher für die Freiheit, als die Ausübung der Freiheit ſelbſt, wenn dieſe nicht durch Geſetze geregelt wird, die ihren Misbrauch verhindern können. Ich verlange nicht die Macht, um jedem Bürger zu wehren, für ſein eigenes Intereſſe und nach ſeinem eigenen Gutdünken zu thun, was er wolle und wie er es wolle, ſo lange ſeine Handlungen nicht der Gemeine oder dem Vaterlande Schaden bringen; was ich Euch vorſchlage, iſt nicht die Verkürzung der vollen Freiheit, zu thun, was gut und vortheilhaft iſt, es iſt nur die Beſchränkung der Freiheit, Böſes zu thun und durch ſchlechte Anſchläge die Gemeine und Flandern in das Verderben zu ſtürzen. — Man fragt mich, von welcher Gefahr ich rede? Hat Myer Deionckere die Abſicht, mich zu erſuchen, ich ſolle klarer ausdrücken, was Jeder weiß und vor Augen ſieht, ſo bin ich bereit, ihm zu genügen. — Wir haben mit Heldenmuth gekämpft und keine Opfer geſcheut, um uns von dem Drucke der Herrſchaft Frankreichs zu befreien. So lange dieſer ruhmreiche Streit dauerte, waren wir Alle von demſelben Verlangen beſeelt: Befreiung des Landes, Wiedererweckung des Gewerbfleißes und des Handels, Freiheit für jeden Bürger nach den Rechten und dem Herkommen ſeiner Gemeine. Allein es ſcheint, als ob die Völker nach einer großen Anſtrengung ihrer Kräfte, die durch einen vollen Sieg gekrönt wird, Eile hätten, ihr eigenes Werk zu verderben oder mindeſtens durch Unſchlüſſigkeit verderben zu laſſen. Die Zeit des Ueberganges, meine Herren, iſt gefährlicher, als der Kampf ſelbſt, da er die Muthigſten unvorbereitet findet gegen die Anſchläge des Feindes. Dann müſſen aber diejenigen, deren Vorſorge die Erhaltung der Früchte des Sieges anvertraut iſt, zeigen, daß ſie mindeſtens wachſam bleiben und daß ihre Kraft hinreicht, das Böſe zu treffen, ſelbſt wenn es ſich mit dem Schilde der Geſetzlichkeit deckt."

„Das ſind Gründe eines Tyrannen!" rief Willem Dejonckere von Neuem. „Es war wohl der Mühe werth, ſo viel Blut zu vergießen, um minder frei zu ſein, als wir es unter Frankreichs Einfluß waren?"

„Ich widerſetze mich einer ſolchen Art der Berathſchlagung, wie gegen eine ungeſetzliche Gewalt!“ fiel der alte Pieter Zoetaerde dem wüthenden Dejonckere in die Rede. „Der Oberhauptmann, von uns ſelbſt zum Rathsherrn der Schöffenbank ernannt, hat das Recht, hier ungeſtört zu ſprechen; man iſt verpflichtet, ihn bis zum Schluſſe anzuhören.“

„Es iſt wahr,“ bemerkte der Oberſchöffe; „ich erſuche Myer Dejonckere, ſeine Unterbrechungen einzuſtellen. Verlangt er zu reden, ſo geſchehe es nicht eher, als bis der Oberhauptmann ſeinen Vorſchlag ganz erklärt und ausgelegt hat.“

„Seht, meine Herren!“ fuhr Artevelde in eben ſo ruhigem Tone fort, „was in Flandern geſchieht. Die Anhänger Frankreichs ſtreuen das Geld mit vollen Händen in den Gemeinen aus, um das Volk gegen das Bündniß mit England aufzuwiegeln — gegen das Bündniß mit England, dem wir den Reichthum und die Macht Flanderns verdanken! — Und weil dieſe Anhänger Bürger einer vlämiſchen Gemeine ſind, ſollen wir unthätig die öffentliche Verführung dulden und, die Arme über die Bruſt gekreuzt, eine Umwälzung zum Vortheile des Fremden vorbereiten ſehen! Wir ſollen geduldig das Verderben und die Sklaverei unſeres Vaterlandes abwarten, weil die Geſetze jedem Bürger die Freiheit geben, zu thun und zu ſagen, was er will, ſo lange er nicht mit gewaffneter Hand und offenbar gegen die Gemeine aufſteht! In gewöhnlichen Zeiten, meine Herren, mag der volle Gebrauch dieſer Freiheit, wenn gleich nicht ohne Gefahr, doch mindeſtens neben der Erhaltung des allgemeinen Friedens und der Wohlfahrt des Landes beſtehen können. Aber in Zeiten der Verführung, wo, wie es jetzt geſchieht, die Volksrechte eine gefährliche Waffe werden in den Händen der Feinde der Volksrechte ſelbſt, wo es ſich für das Vaterland darum handelt, ob es erhalten werden oder zu Grunde gehen ſoll, dann müſſen die Geſetzgeber Kraft genug beſitzen, um Jeden auf ſeine Pflicht aufmerkſam zu machen und die Bosheit zu zügeln, ſelbſt auf die Gefahr hin, ſich dadurch den Haß von einem Theile des Volkes zuzuziehen. — Ich begreife wohl, daß Einige von Euch vor einer Handlung ſich zurückziehen, welche ſie als gewaltſam betrachten, weil ſie nicht von der Wahrheit durchdrungen ſind, daß die Nothwendigkeit ein eiſernes Geſetz iſt, welches alle anderen Geſetze aufhebt. Dieſen ſage ich: Seht, im ganzen Flandern reizt man zum Aufruhr; man bereitet einen allgemeinen Aufſtand gegen die großen Städte vor, ſcheinbar um die Vorrechte der Weberei zu vernichten, wirklich aber um uns geſchwächt und machtlos Frankreichs Herrſchſucht preiszugeben; überall wird Haß und Zwiſt geſäet; keine Woche vergeht, in der nicht funfzig Mordthaten auf Flanderns Boden begangen werden, in Folge von Streitigkeiten über die Verhältniſſe des Landes; ganze Gemeinen ergreifen die Waffen und führen blutige Fehden mit einander; überall verachtet man die Obrigkeit und die Geſetze; ganz Flandern ſcheint ſich aufzulöſen, um die Ankunft eines Zwingherrn, um eine neue Unterjochung des Vaterlandes vorzubereiten und unvermeidlich zu machen. Nichts kann nach meiner Meinung Flandern noch retten, als die Annahme des von mir Euch vorgeſchlagenen Geſetzes. Es giebt mir, als Ausführer Eurer Befehle, die Macht, diejenigen feſtzunehmen, welche offen zu einer Umwälzung in Flandern rathen, oder Geld ausſtreuen, um die niedrigſte Klaſſe des Volkes zur Empörung zu beſtechen. Obendrein verhängt es ſchwere Strafen über Aufruhr, Empörung, Streit und Mord. Fern ſei von mir der Gedanke, Euch dieſes Geſetz aufzudringen; ich erſuche Euch im Gegentheil, es ſehr reiflich zu erwägen, und beſchwöre Euch, im Fall Ihr glaubt, es verwerfen zu müſſen, ſuchet andere Mittel zu finden, um die offenbare Geſetzloſigkeit zu zügeln und den Anhängern Frankreichs zu wehren, ungehindert in ihren Anſchlägen fortzufahren. Ich ſage es Euch mit voller Ueberzeugung, meine Herren, wenn Euer Geiſt ſich in dieſem Augenblicke nicht über die gewöhnliche Denkungsart der Menge erheben kann, iſt Flandern verloren; Frankreich gewinnt ſeine tödtende Macht über uns; die Induſtrie geht von Neuem zu Grunde, und die Hungersnoth folgt unfehlbar; denn die erſte Folge unſerer Unterwerfung unter Frankreich wird das Verbot der engliſchen Wolle ſein. Mein Herz ſagt mir, daß Ihr Flandern retten werdet durch die Annahme eines Geſetzes, welches man nur als vorübergehend betrachten muß, da es dem Schöffenrathe frei ſteht, es aufzuheben, ſobald die Gefahr beſiegt iſt, und müßte es auch nur vierzehn Tage in Kraft bleiben. Es iſt eine Prüfung, eine gewaltige, in der That! Aber Ihr, die Ihr ſo mannhaft den Feind bekämpft habt, als ſeine Macht uns zerſchmettern zu wollen ſchien, werdet Ihr jetzt zurückweichen vor einem nothwendigen Unternehmen, weil Ihr fürchtet, daß ein Theil des Volkes anderer Meinung ſein wird? Ach, meine Herren! der Held iſt groß, der einen Kampf wagt, in welchem kein anderer Ruhm zu gewinnen iſt, als die Ueberzeugung, ſeine Pflicht gethan zu haben, und in welchem er um der Erhaltung des Vaterlandes willen ſelbſt den Haß ſeiner Brüder als einzigen Lohn davonträgt; ja, er iſt größer, als der Krieger, der, bei der Niederlage wie bei dem Siege, doch auf das Lob und die Liebe ſeiner Brüder rechnen darf. — Ihr waret meine Kampfgenoſſen und Freunde gegen die äußeren Feinde; ich bin überzeugt, meine Herren! daß Ihr eben ſo muthig mir beiſtehen werdet in dem Kampfe gegen die gefährlicheren inneren Feinde, für die Vertheidigung und Erhaltung unſeres theuren Flanderns. Ich bitte Gott, daß er in dieſem wichtigen Augenblicke Euren Geiſt erleuchte!“

Kaum hatte Artevelde ſeine Rede geendet, ſo ſprang Ser van Steenbecke auf und ſprach mit beißendem Tone:

„Meine Herren! es wundert mich, es foltert mein Gemüth, zu ſehen, daß die Geſetzgeber Gents ſolchen Vorſchlag anhören können, ohne ihn augenblicklich mit allgemeinem Unwillen, was ſage ich? mit endloſer Verachtung zu verwerfen! Wie? iſt es nicht genug, daß das vlämiſche Volk ſeit acht Monaten gebeugt geht unter der Willkür des Oberhauptmanns? Nicht genug, daß ein Tyrann alle Geſetze mit Füßen tritt, um ſeine Günſtlinge zu befördern und diejenigen zu treffen, welche es wagen, gegen dieſe Bedrückung ihre Klage zu erheben? Nein! wir ſollen ſeine Mitſchuldigen werden! Die Freiheit des Volkes, unſere eigene Freiheit ſollen wir ihm preisgeben, damit er das ganze Land nach ſeinem Willen behandeln könne und ungehindert Jeden vernichten, der noch Vaterlandsliebe und Bürgerſtolz genug beſitzt, um ſich gegen ſo ſchändliche Gewalt aufzulehnen! Welche Blindheit hat uns geſchlagen, meine Herren, daß wir den Abgrund nicht ſehen, zu welchem ſolche Politik uns führen muß? Alles Gefühl des eigenen Werthes iſt uns fremd geworden, und wir laſſen uns von der Furcht leiten, wie unwiſſende Kinder! Seht Ihr denn nicht, daß alle dieſe Gewalt nur angewandt wird, um einen Einfluß zu erhalten, den das Volk haßt und verachtet, um eine ungeſetzliche Obrigkeit zu erhalten? Seht Ihr nicht, daß das Vaterland geopfert wird, um einem ſchmählichen Ehrgeize zu fröhnen?"

Schon von Anfang an hatte ein ſteigendes Murren die einzelnen Worte des Ser van Steenbeeke begleitet; jetzt ward er plötzlich in ſeiner Rede unterbrochen von einem Theile der Schöffen, welche erzürnt riefen, daß ſolche Sprache eine Schmach ſei für die Verſammlung, und nicht geduldet werden dürfe. Ein anderer Theil ſchrie dagegen, daß jeder Schöffe die Freiheit genieße, zu ſagen, was und wie er es wolle, und daß die Anfänger des vorgeſchlagenen Geſetzes ihren Gegnern ſichtbar Gewalt anthäten. Ser van Steenbeeke konnte ſich vor Wuth beinahe nicht mehr bezwingen und verſuchte mehrere Male das Wort zu ergreifen. Seine Stimme ward jedoch immer durch das anhaltende Geſchrei übertäubt, bis endlich Artevelde aufſtand und ſagte:

„Meine Herren, ich bitte Euch, laßt Ser van Steenbeeke in ſeinen Beſchuldigungen gegen mich fortfahren. Er hat dazu ein geſetzliches Recht, das ihm nicht genommen werden darf. Obendrein nähre ich die Hoffnung, daß aus ſeinen Worten ſelbſt die Nothwendigkeit eines ſchleunigen Rettungsmittels für Flandern ſich unwiderleglich erweiſen werde.“

„Aus meinen Worten wird ſich erweiſen,“ rief Ser van Steenbeeke, „daß Ihr ein herrſchſüchtiger, ein unrechtlicher Tyrann ſeid! O, Ihr heuchelt kalt zu bleiben bei meinen Beſchuldigungen; Ihr hofft, daß das Volk, durch Euer voriges Glück geblendet, ſeine Ketten noch nicht zu zerbrechen wagen wird, daß Ihr ihm noch lange Euren Fuß auf den Nacken ſetzen werdet. Thorheit! Man nehme nur Euer Sklavengeſetz an, und morgen ſchon werdet Ihr das Feuer des Aufſtandes in ganz Flandern entbrennen ſehen; morgen bereits wird das Volk Rechenſchaft von Euch verlangen für ſeine vernichtete Freiheit .....“

„Das ſind ja aber lauter leere Worte!“ rief ein Schöffe ungeduldig. „Wenn Ser van Steenbeeke den Oberhauptmann beſchuldigen will, ſo thue er es mit Thatſachen!“

„Man verlangt Thatſachen?“ fuhr Ser van Steenbeeke fort. „Als ob jeder Vlāminger ſie nicht kennte und nicht ſchon ſeit langer Zeit deswegen nach Rache ſchriee! Wohl denn! ich ſage, wenn Flandern verzehrt ſcheint durch den Haß, wenn Jeder unzufrieden iſt, wenn Geſetzloſigkeit und Aufruhr herrſchen, ſo trägt der Oberhauptmann allein die Schuld, daß das Vaterland dem Verderben zueilt. Dadurch, daß er ſich über das Geſetz ſtellt und ſeine Hauptleute in Weſtflandern ungeſtraft jede Willkür ausüben läßt, hat er die Gemüther erbittert; dadurch, daß er den Gemeinen auf dem platten Lande verſprach, er wolle ihnen gegen die großen Städte Vorſchub leiſten, hat er ihnen den Muth gegeben, einen blutigen Aufſtand zu wagen; dadurch, daß er das Volk aufhetzte gegen unſern geſetzlichen Fürſten und dieſen verhaßt machte, hat er Flandern in einen immerwährenden Zuſtand der Umwälzung gebracht und es niedergeworfen unter ſeinen hochmüthigen Willen. Er iſt es alſo, der ſelbſt all das Böſe gebraut hat, welches uns dieſe Leiden verurſacht und uns mit dem Untergange Flanderns bedroht. Wunderlicher Wahn! Er ſtürzt das Land in Geſetzloſigkeit, ruft ein allgemeines Verlangen nach Veränderung hervor, zieht ſich den Haß und die Verachtung des Volkes zu — und nun, da er ſieht, daß der eiſerne Scepter ihm entſchlüpfen will und daß er das Feuer, welches er ſelbſt entzündet hat, nicht länger bezwingen kann, wagt er es in der Verſammlung der Schöffen von Gent, das Opfer des einzigen Gutes, das uns noch bleibt, zu verlangen, das Opfer des letzten Scheines unſerer Freiheit! Wozu? Um den vlämiſchen Bürger ſo tief in den Staub zu treten, daß deſſen Klagen unhörbar werden? — Ja, meine Herren! es iſt wahr, Flandern kann nur durch ein gewaltiges Mittel gerettet werden; aber man täuſcht Euch, wenn man Euch als ſolches ein Geſetz vorſchlägt, das nichts iſt als eine Vermehrung des allgemeinen Elendes. Das Volk verlangt erlöſt zu werden von dem tyranniſchen Arme, der erdrückend auf Flandern laſtet. Wollt Ihr das Vaterland retten? Wohlan, ſo brecht ſeine Sklavenfeſſeln! Nehmt dem Oberhauptmanne ſeine Herrſchaft durch einen raſchen Entſchluß! Dieſer Vorſchlag ſcheint Euch zu erſchrecken. Ihr fürchtet Euch, ich weiß es wohl, Ihr beugt auch das Haupt unter ſeiner Macht .... Ihr habt den Muth nicht mehr, um dem Tyrannen die Herrſchaft ſtreitig zu machen; Ihr kriecht vor ....."

Ein Sturm des Unwillens brach bei dieſen Worten aus; alle Schöffen ſtanden zugleich auf; ein Theil derſelben that es, um ſeinen Zorn über van Steenbeeke's höhnende Worte auszuſprechen, der andere, um durch den Ruf: „Er hat Recht! es iſt wahr, wir werden unterdrückt, wir kriechen!" die Beſchuldigung gegen Artevelde zu unterſtützen.

„Es iſt eine Schande!" rief ein Schöffe plötzlich dem Oberhauptmanne zu. „Ihr ſprecht immer von Liebe zum Vaterlande, und jetzt, da Euer Abtreten allein es retten kann, opfert Ihr es, um Euch Eure Macht zu erhalten. Wenn die Herrſchſucht Euch nicht verblendete, ſo würdet Ihr freiwillig ein Amt niederlegen, das Ihr doch verlieren müßt. Reicht Eure Entlaſſung ein, wenn noch ein Funke Edelmuth unverlöſcht in Eurem Herzen ſich findet!"

Ein ſtilles Lächeln war die Antwort des Oberhauptmanns; aber in dieſem Lächeln zeigte ſich ſo viel Ruhe des Geiſtes, ſo viel Stolz und ſo viel Verachtung, daß es wie ein Dolch das Herz des Schmähenden durchbohrte und ſeine Augen vor Wuth glühten.

Welche Mühe der Oberſchöffe ſich auch gab, die Verſammlung zu der geziemenden Gelaſſenheit zurückzuführen, es glückte ihm nicht, dieſen Zweck zu erreichen, bis er endlich drohte, die Sitzung augenblicklich ſchließen zu wollen. Es ſchien, als ob dies weder van Steenbeeke noch ſeinen Anhängern gefalle; denn ſie beklagten ſich heftig über die Ungeſetzlichkeit dieſer Weiſe, welche darauf hinausgebe, den Oberhauptmann und ſeine Anhänger ihrer Beſchuldigung zu entziehen. Endlich aber willigten ſie ein, ihre Plätze wieder einzunehmen, obwohl die Ruhe noch bei Weitem nicht hergeſtellt war.

„Aber, Oberhauptmann!“ rief ein Schöffe, „wie könnt Ihr nur ſo gelaſſen bleiben bei der blutigen Schmach, die Euch und uns Allen zugefügt wird? Sollte Euer Wort die Macht nicht mehr haben, um die ſchändliche Verleumdung zu erſticken unter dem Gewichte Eures Unwillens?“

Artevelde trat vor und ſprach mit der größten Ruhe:

„Meine Herren! die Sprache, die Ser van Steenbeeke gegen mich führt, wundert mich durchaus nicht. Ehe ich in dieſe Verſammlung kam, wußte ich, was er heute ſagen und thun würde .....“

Ser van Steenbeeke erbleichte ſichtbar bei dieſen Worten und ſeine Freunde ſahen einander beſtürzt an. Der Oberhauptmann fuhr fort:

„Wozu würde es dienen, daß ich mich gegen ungegründete Beſchuldigungen vertheidigte vor Euch, Schöffen von Gent, deren Befehle die ſtete Richtſchnur meiner Thaten geweſen ſind? Man ſagt, ich habe die Gemüther verbittert, den Fürſten verhaßt gemacht, die Gemeinen zum offenen Aufſtande gegen die Städte angefeuert, das allgemeine Beſte geopfert, um mir meine Macht zu erhalten! Euch, meine Herren, frage ich, wann ich etwas gethan habe, das mehr geweſen ſei, als die Ausführung Eurer Beſchlüſſe. Und wenn auch mitunter der erſte Gedanke eines Unternehmens oder eines Beſchluſſes von mir ausging, nie folgte die That, ehe ſie Eure freiwillige Genehmigung erhalten hatte. Man ſagt, ich hätte die Gemüther erbittert, weil ich auf Euren Befehl die Anſchläge der Leliaerds vereitelte und Gewalt anwendete, wo das Geſetz und die Gefahr des Vaterlandes es mir zur Pflicht machte? — Ich ſoll Schuld ſein, daß das Volk unſern geſetzlichen Fürſten haßt? Wer, meine Herren, hat mehr als ich ſich Mühe gegeben und ſich Gefahren ausgeſetzt, um unſern gnädigen Herrn Ludwig mit ſeinen Unterthanen zu verſöhnen? Wer hat mehr als ich, ihn mit Ehrerbietung und Liebe umgeben, ſo lange er ein Vläminger ſchien und aufhörte Franzoſe zu ſein? Wer verlangt, daß ihan noch täglich Verſuche mache, dem Fürſten ſeine geſetzliche Herrſchaft wieder zu verſchaffen, wenn dies nicht unſere Unterwerfung unter Frankreich mit ſich führt?“

„Scheinheiliger!“ ſchrie van Steenbeeke, „der Graf hat mir ſelbſt zehnmal bekannt, daß Ihr das einzige Hinderniß ſeiner Rückkehr ſeid.“

„Seiner Rückkehr als Sendling Frankreichs, das iſt wahr,“ ſagte Artevelde. „Ich habe mich dagegen geſtemmt, und ſo lange ich lebe, werde ich ein Hinderniß ſolcher Erniedrigung ſein. — Ich hätte die kleinen Gemeinen gegen die Städte aufgewiegelt? Und weshalb ſollte ich das gethan haben? Meine Miſſethat beſteht darin, daß ich die kleinen Gemeinen mit geſetzlicher Gewalt gezwungen habe, die Vorrechte der Städte zu ehren; aber daß ich zugleich auch die Städte zur Nachgiebigkeit, zur Eintracht und zum Edelmuthe zu bewegen ſuchte. — Ich ſoll ein Tyrann, ein Zwingherr ſein? Und ein einfacher Beſchluß der Schöffenbank von Gent kann mich aller Macht, alles Einfluſſes berauben und mich in die Einſamkeit des häuslichen Lebens zurückverſetzen. Ein ſolcher Beſchluß würde mich gehorſam finden. Meine Feinde ſelbſt wiſſen es wohl, ſobald ſie meine Abſetzung verlangen, mit der vollen Ueberzeugung, daß ich mein Urtheil mit Ehrfurcht und ohne Murren entgegennehmen werde. Meine Macht hängt von einem einzigen Worte ab, das zu jeder Stunde ausgeſprochen werden kann. Und man nennt mich einen Tyrannen, einen Zwingherrn!“

„Ein Tyrann, ein Zwingherr ſeid Ihr!“ fiel Mher Dejonckere ihm in die Rede. „Ja, wir können Euch abſetzen; aber Eure Gewaltthaten haben den Meiſten unter uns Furcht vor Eurer Macht eingejagt; Ihr habt Euch durch Begünſtigungen und Schmeicheleien in ganz Flandern ſo viele Tauſende Anhänger erworben, daß uns nur ein Schein von Herrſchaft bleibt. Wäre das nicht der Fall, ſo würdet Ihr heute noch Eures Amtes beraubt werden; aber Ihr wollt Flandern in Feuer und Flammen ſetzen, nicht wahr? Ihr werdet die Schöffen von Gent ſtrafen für ihre Kühnheit!“

„Wie?“ rief van Steenbeeke, „Ihr wagt es, Euch hinter den Schöffenrath von Gent zu verſtecken, uns verantwortlich zu machen für den Druck, den Ihr dem Volke auferlegt? Habt Ihr nicht alle Macht an Euch geriſſen und in Eure Hände genommen? Ihr ſeid Alles, Land, Fürſt, Feldherr, Herr, Beſchließer und Ausführer. Wird das geringſte Wort, das Euren Hochmuth höhnt, nicht beſtraft, wie ein Anſchlag gegen Flanderns Beſtehen ſelbſt? Tretet Ihr nicht alle Geſetze mit Füßen? Und wer ſoll das Vaterland rächen für ſolche Ueberwältigung? Niemand kann es thun, Niemand, als das Volk ſelbſt! Bald, bald werdet Ihr es erfahren, Tyrann!“

„Es ekelt mich,“ fuhr Artevelde immer mit gleicher Ruhe fort, „auf Beſchuldigungen zu antworten, die ich ſelbſt zu gering achte, um ihnen irgend Werth beizulegen. Ich laſſe die Verleumdung auf die zurückfallen, welche wiſſentlich die Wahrheit entſtellen, um ein Ziel zu erreichen, das ſie ſich ſelbſt zu bekennen ſchämen. — Was Flandern beunruhigt hat, iſt wahrlich nicht offenbares Unglück; denn nie herrſchte daſelbſt mehr Reichthum und Gewerbfleiß, als jetzt. Es iſt auch nicht Sklaverei oder Bedrückung; denn Jeder genießt einer ſo unbegrenzten, unumſchränkten Freiheit, daß ſie ſelbſt geſtattet, Böſes zu thun und dem Lande offen zu ſchaden. Woraus entſpringt denn das drohende Fieber, die Sucht nach Aufruhr und nach Veränderung, welche einen Theil der Bevölkerung ergriffen zu haben ſcheint? Ach, meine Herren! der franzöſiſche Hof hat ſich beugen müſſen vor unſerem Löwenmuthe, er ſah ſich die Früchte dreihundertjähriger ſchnöder Liſt entreißen; er ſah das freie Flandern ſich auf einen feſten Boden ſtellen, gleich einem Felſen, der fortan unerſchütterlich gegen alle Gewalt daſtehen wird. Glaubt Ihr, daß Philipp von Valois dieſe Erniedrigung erduldet habe ohne Hoffnung auf Rache? Glaubt Ihr, daß die franzöſiſche Ritterſchaft den Streit aufgiebt und unthätig leidet, daß Flandern durch ſein glänzendes Vorbild alle Völker Europa's zur Freiheit aufruft?"

„Aber es iſt eine abſcheuliche Politik," rief ein Schöffe; „ſo beſtändig den Haß anzufachen gegen ein Land, welches aufgehört hat, ſich um unſere Angelegenheiten zu bekümmern, und unſere Freundſchaft ſucht! Dieſes Mittel war begreiflich, als die Waffen über die Intereſſen Frankreichs und Flanderns entſcheiden mußten — aber jetzt? Es iſt eine ſchändliche Liſt, um glauben zu machen, daß man ohne gewiſſe ehrſüchtige Männer nicht vorwärts könne. Meint man uns noch länger durch dieſes Schreckbild zu täuſchen, ſo irrt man ſich wahrlich!"

„Wähnt Myher de Witte in der That, daß Frankreich es für immer aufgegeben habe, ſeine Anſchläge auf Flanderns Unabhängigkeit auszuführen?" entgegnete Artevelde. „Nein, nein! bloß die Angriffsweiſe hat es geändert. Die franzöſiſche Politik lehrt, daß man unterminiren müſſe, wo man nicht mit Gewalt umwerfen kann, und Philipp's Räthe wiſſen es nur zu wohl, daß der Friede die Eintracht der Völker löſt und den Grund legt zur Verführung und Parteiung. Ferner, was hat der franzöſiſche Hof gethan, um uns den theuer erkauften Sieg zu rauben, um uns zu ſchwächen und durch Haß und Aufruhr zu erſchöpfen, damit es ihm dann möglich würde, uns zu zwingen, daß wir das ſchändliche Joch wieder aufnehmen, welches wir ſo mannhaft abgeſchüttelt haben? Frankreich hat ſeine Schätze geöffnet und ein unſichtbares Heer von Verführern in unſer Land geſandt; es hat ganz Flandern durchwühlt, um zu erfahren, wo Haß, Neid oder Parteiungen ſich bilden können, und hat dort dieſe Leidenſchaften angefacht. Es hat die öffentlichſte Verleumdung eingeführt und täglich die ſchändlichſten Gerüchte verbreiten laſſen, um die Gemüther aufzuregen und einen Aufſtand zu ſeinem Vortheile zu veranlaſſen. Philipp von Valois, ich ſage es mit Beſchämung, hat in Flandern Männer gefunden, die für die Verſprechungen großer Gunſtbezeigung oder aus Neid gegen einige ihrer Brüder die Hand leihen, das Vaterland zu verkaufen. Dieſe Männer tragen alle Schuld, wenn Flandern unter dem Sturme, welcher es bedroht, erliegen muß; dann wird der rechte Fluch der kommenden Geſchlechter ihre Namen treffen; jede Thräne, welche das verarmte, unterdrückte Volk vergießt, wird eine Verwünſchung ihres Gedächtniſſes ſein ...."

„Unverſchämter!" ſchrie Ser van Steenbeeke wüthend, „Ihr wagt es, den Schöffen in voller Rathsverſammlung den Hohn in's Angeſicht zu ſpeien?"

Wie ſehr man es auch verſuchte, den Oberhauptmann durch ſolche Unterbrechungen zur Ungeduld oder zum Zorne zu reizen, er that, als ob er ſie nicht höre, und ſetzte ſeine Rede fort, ohne die mindeſte Unruhe zu zeigen. Dieſe unerſchütterliche Kälte quälte van Steenbeeke und ſeine Anhänger ſehr, da die Haltung des Oberhauptmanns ihnen nicht geſtattete, ihren Plan mit jener Eile, die in ihren Wünſchen lag, auszuführen. Wie ſollte man über Gewalt klagen, ſo lange Artevelde Herr ſeiner ſelbſt blieb! Wie ſollte man die anderen Schöffen zum Wanken bringen, ſo lange man den Oberhauptmann nicht tief genug beleidigen konnte, um ihn zu blindem Zorne zu reizen! Obendrein beherrſchte das Wort des unbeſieglichen Redners ſie gleichfalls, und ſie ſahen ſich wider Willen zur Aufmerkſamkeit gezwungen.

Artevelde hatte, ohne eine Pauſe zu machen, alſo fortgefahren:

„Dieſe Baſtarde haben jetzt unſer theures Flandern an den Rand eines bodenloſen Abgrundes geführt. Unter dem Schutze unſerer freiſinnigen Geſetze iſt die Obrigkeit nicht mächtig genug, das Böſe zu verhüten. Und ferner, meine Herren, ich beſchwöre Euch, antwortet mir aus vollem Gemüthe: Wollt Ihr zurückkehren unter Frankreichs erdrückende Macht? Wollt Ihr das Bündniß mit England gebrochen ſehen und die ſchreckliche Hungersnoth wieder über Flandern hereinrufen? Wollt Ihr Eure Freiheit aufgeben und Euch in den Staub beugen vor dem Fremdling? Willigt Ihr ein im Angeſicht der Völker die Hand zu küſſen, die Euch Ketten anbietet? Nein! nicht wahr? Solche Schande muß von Flandern abgewehrt werden. — Aus Gent, aus dieſer Verſammlung ſoll zum zweiten Male das Licht der Befreiung, das Wort der Erlöſung hervorgehen, und nochmals ſoll das Vaterland unſere ruhmreiche Stadt ſegnen als die Wiege der vlämiſchen Größe! Ich habe Wochen lang auf ein Mittel geſonnen, um dem drohenden Unheile einer Umwälzung vorzubeugen. Die Nothwendigkeit zwang mich, einzuſehen, daß uns nichts retten kann, als die Annahme eines Geſetzes, welches der öffentlichen Macht das Recht zuerkennt, Jeden feſtzunehmen, der das Volk zur Empörung aufwiegelt, oder offenbar zu Frankreichs Vortheile heimliche Pläne ſchmiedet .... Selbſt, meine Herren, wenn es auch Schöffen oder andere Magiſtratsperſonen gilt, ſobald dieſe augenſcheinlich ihr Anſehen misbrauchen, um den Fremdling in ſeinen Anſchlägen zu unterſtützen ....."

„Ha! ich verſtehe Eure Drohung!" ſchrie Ser van Steenbeeke, während ſeine Anhänger die Fäuſte gegen Artevelde ballten und ihn zähneknirſchend betrachteten. „Ihr habt dieſe Verſammlung mit Bewaffneten umringt, damit die Furcht uns hindere, uns Euren böſen Anſchlägen entgegenzuſtellen, damit die Angſt vor dem Gefängniſſe oder dem Tode den Muth in unſerer Bruſt erſticke. Und Ihr wagt zu ſagen, daß Ihr kein Tyrann ſeid? Ihr, der Ihr auf bloßen Verdacht hin verlangt, Schöffen von Gent feſtnehmen zu dürfen? Was mich betrifft, ſo kann mich nichts Eurer verhaßten Gewalt unterwerfen, und ich erkläre Euch hier, daß, wenn Ihr, der

Ihr allein der Grund aller Streitigkeiten ſeid, nicht augenblicklich Euren Antrag zurücknehmt und Euer Amt niederlegt, ich das Volk aufrufen werde, um ſeine Obrigkeit gegen Euch zu vertheidigen. Müſſen Ströme Blutes vergoſſen werden, um das Recht und die Freiheit zu rächen, nun denn, ſo fallen ſie auf Euer ſchuldiges Haupt.“

„Mein Amt niederlegen?“ ſagte Artevelde mit einem Ausdrucke des Stolzes. „In dieſem Augenblicke, wo das Vaterland nahe daran iſt, in einen Abgrund zu ſtürzen, um wieder die Kniee vor Frankreich beugen zu müſſen? Nein, nein! ich werde meine von mir eingeſchlagene Bahn wandeln bis an das Ende, meine Pflicht thun bis an den Rand des Grabes. Iſt es meine Beſtimmung, zu ſterben, ehe Flandern auf immer gerettet wurde, ſo ſoll mindeſtens keine Feigheit meinen Namen entehren, kein Gewiſſensbiß die ewige Ruhe meiner Seele ſtören. Euch aber, Ser van Steenbecke, ſage ich, daß, wenn ich auch mein Amt niederlegte, ich bis morgen warten würde; denn heute werde ich vielleicht gerufen werden, um der ſchnödeſten Miſſethat ihr Recht anzuthun. Ich erwarte Euer Unternehmen, damit Ihr der wohlverdienten Strafe Eurer Schlechtigkeit nicht entgehet. Geht, geht denen, die unten warten, das Zeichen, um einen blutigen Aufſtand gegen die Obrigkeit von Gent zu beginnen und den Bürgerkrieg über Flandern zu verbreiten. Geht, bereitet Euch auch außerdem vor, Rechenſchaft über Euren ſchändlichen Anſchlag abzulegen. Ich beſchuldige Euch des Hochverraths; ich verlange, daß das Geſetz Euch für Eure Schändlichkeit beſtrafe —

Ihr ſeid es, der das franzöſiſche Geld ausſtreut; Ihr ſeid es, der, um Gunſtbezeugung und Ehrenämter zu erlangen, ſich an den Fremdling verkauft hat; Ihr ſeid es, der es unternommen hat, heute, ja noch dieſen Morgen, das Land Philipp von Valois auszuliefern!"

Während ein ungeſtümes Gewühl auf dieſe Beſchuldigung folgte, rief Ser van Steenbecke:

„Es iſt Lüge, Falſchheit, was Ihr da ausbrütet, Unverſchämter! Ihr ſchleudert mir eine Herausforderung zu? Ihr vernichtet das Schöffenrecht? Die Schwäche dieſer Verſammlung iſt Eure einzige Macht, nicht wahr? Nun denn, das Volk ſoll entſcheiden zwiſchen uns! Euer Reich iſt zu Ende; der Aufſtand wird Euch vernichten!"

Bei dieſen Worten lief Ser van Steenbecke die Treppe hinunter. — Artevelde folgte ihm, während der Oberſchöffe die Thüren ſchließen ließ und die Schöffen beſchwor, den Saal in einem ſo wichtigen Augenblicke nicht zu verlaſſen.

Unten angelangt, begab ſich Ser van Steenbecke mitten unter das Volk und begann laut um Rache zu rufen. Als ob die Menge durch eine Zauberruthe berührt worden wäre, ſo wogten die Haufen Volkes plötzlich furchtbar unter einander, und hier und da ſtieg ei raſendes Rachegeſchrei gen Himmel. Mittlerweile ſtrömten aber große Schaaren von Männern aus den nahliegenden Straßen nach dem Botermarkte, wo van Steenbecke ſich befand. Man ſah deutlich, daß ſich die Verſchworenen über den Geiſt der Genter Bürger getäuſch hatten, denn die Mehrzahl zeigte Erſtaunen über da

Vorgefallene und nicht die geringſte Luſt, den Aufrührern zu helfen. In der Nähe der Hoogpoort ſtand ſelbſt ein Haufen Zunftgeſellen, welche bei Artevelde's Erſcheinen die Straße von dem Rufe wiederhallen ließen:

„Heil, Heil dem Oberhauptmanne! Fort mit den Leliaerds! Fort mit den Leliaerds!“

Die Verbündeten waren durch die dicht zuſammengedrängten Bürger ſo ſehr von einander entfernt, daß ihr Kriegsgeſchrei und ihr Rufen nach Rache ſich beinahe in dem allgemeinen Lärme verlor, und ſie kein Mittel ſahen, das Volk zu der beabſichtigten Bewegung zu bringen. Diejenigen, welche mit Ser van Steenbeeke auf dem Votermarkte ſtanden, begannen wie raſend ihre Anhänger auf allen Seiten zu ſich zu rufen; ihre Zahl vermehrte ſich raſch, und bereits zogen Einige ihre Waffen unter dem Mantel hervor und ſchwenkten ſie wie ein Blutzeichen über ihren Häuptern.

Artevelde war während eines Augenblicks bei dem Schöffenhauſe ſtehen geblieben und hatte nach allen Richtungen hin einen flüchtigen Blick geſandt. Er bemerkte nun, daß die Verſchworenen ſich rings um Ser van Steenbeeke zu verſammeln ſuchten. Es ſchien ihm eine unmittelbare Dazwiſchenkunſt nothwendig, um den Aufrührern die Zeit zu rauben, mehr Kräfte an ſich zu ziehen. Daher befahl er Ghelnoot van Lens, die Pforte des Schöffenhauſes beſetzt zu halten, ſtellte ſich ſelbſt an die Spitze der halben Wache von St. Nikolaes und ſchritt mit hundert Mann queer durch die erſtaunte Menge, bis zu der Stelle, wo Ser van Steenbeeke beſchäftigt war, die

Verſchworenen zum Angriff aufzuwiegeln. Der Schöffe, welcher ſich überraſcht ſah, ehe ſeine Anhänger in hinreichender Zahl verſammelt waren, um einen Kampf gegen die Wache von St. Nikolaes wagen zu dürfen, konnte ſich wohl denken, daß der Oberhauptmann ihn feſtnehmen würde. Er wartete daher nicht ab, bis Artevelde ihn erreichte, und drang am Belfroot vorüber durch das Volk, um ſich ſeine Freiheit zu ſichern. Seine Abſicht war höchſt wahrſcheinlich, ſich durch andere Straßen nach dem Freitagsmarkte zu begeben, wo eine anſehnliche Zahl ſeiner Anhänger auf den Befehl warteten, am Gefecht Theil zu nehmen. Da er ſich jedoch dicht auf den Ferſen von Artevelde und einem großen Haufen Zunftgeſellen verfolgt ſah, welche nicht aufhörten zu rufen: „Fort mit dem Leliaerd! Schlagt den Verräther todt!“ befiel ihn Furcht, und er eilte, ſo viel er konnte, dem Oberhauptmann zuvorzukommen und ſich in ſeinen ſtarken Steen in der Oberſcheldeſtraße zu retten, bis er von ſeinen Anhängern befreit werden würde.

Mittlerweile währte die gefährliche Verwirrung auf dem Votermarkte fort. Ser van Steenbecke's Flucht hatte jedoch den Muth ſeiner Anhänger beträchtlich vermindert. Die Waffen waren wieder unter den Mänteln verſchwunden und man bemühte ſich unter einander durch Ausrufungen nach Rache bis zur Raſerei aufzuregen. Die Einheit der Bewegung hatte unter den Verſchworenen aufgehört. Umringt von einer Menge von Bürgern, deren Gedanken und Abſichten ſie nicht kannten, und von dem Volke ſelbſt fortwährend bedroht, wußten ſie nicht, was ſie beginnen ſollten, und blickten hoffnungslos umher, ob Niemand komme, ſich an ihre Spitze zu ſtellen und den Befehl zu führen.

Sobald der König der Ribauden bemerkte, wie ſchlecht es mit dem Aufſtande ausſah, und als er das Unternehmen für verunglückt hielt, verließ er ſeine Leute beim Sandberge und ging weiter hinunter nach der Tiefe des Nedervolders, wo er Geeraert Denys todtenbleich bei der Niederſchelde fand.

„Feiglinge! niederträchtige Feiglinge!“ ſeufzte Denys, während er vor Wuth mit den Füßen ſtampfte.

„Nun, Meiſter!“ ſagte Muggelyn, „ich finde die Zeit ſchlecht gewählt, um zu ſchelten. Von wem ſprecht Ihr denn? Oder macht Ihr Euch vielleicht ſelbſt Vorwürfe?“

„Wo ſind nun die zweihundert Mann, die Ihr verſprochen habt?“

„Sie ſtehen dort fern!“ antwortete der Ribaudenkönig mit einer fröhlichen Gleichgültigkeit, welche Myher Denys zum höchſten Zorne reizte.

„Sie ſtehen dort fern!“ wiederholte der Oberdechant. „Haben ſie deshalb ſo viel Geld bekommen, um zitternd ſtehen zu bleiben im Augenblicke der Gefahr?“

„Sie machen es wie Ihr, Meiſter: ſie warten mit unerſchrockenem Löwenmuthe. Aber ich glaube, unter uns geſagt, daß ſie noch lange warten müſſen, — und wir auch!“

„Iſt die Sache denn ganz verloren? keine Hoffnung mehr auf Sieg? Schon wieder Artevelde! Verdammt! verdammt!“

„Es iſt lächerlich!“ ſagte Muggelyn; „wenn man weder Muth noch Vorſicht hat, um ein ſolches Schiff zu führen, ſo läßt man ſeine Hände vom Steuer. Man verſteht einander nicht. Die Einen rufen: Es lebe der Graf! fort mit dem Engländer! Die Anderen ſchreien: Fort mit dem Oberhauptmanne! fort mit den Leliaerds! fort mit dem Grafen! fort mit den Franzoſen! Glaubt Ihr, Mher Denys, daß ein Wagen, vor welchen man ein Pferd und einen Eſel neben einander geſpannt hat, ſchnell und richtig fahren kann? Das Geheimniß iſt auch gut bewahrt, bei meinem Worte! Ihr verbergt Euch im dunkelſten Dunkel, um den Plan zu dem Aufſtande zu entwerfen, und nach Eurer Ausſage ſollte man glauben, Alles ſei ſo ſicher und ſo wohl verwahrt, wie im Grabe. Und nun, wo der Augenblick da iſt, ſcheint der Oberhauptmann beſſer zu wiſſen, als Ihr Leute, was Ihr thun wollt und was Ihr beſchloſſen habt. Der van Steenbecke läuft wie eine blinde Katze mit dem Kopfe voraus in den Sack und will den Aufruhr anfangen laſſen in Gegenwart des Oberhauptmanns, des Mher Ghelnoot, und von zweihundert und fünfzig Mann von St. Nikolaes!“

„Man hat uns verrathen; wer konnte das denken!“

„Nun, Meiſter! glaubt Ihr denn, daß wir allein betrügen können?“

„O! ich werde den Schuft ſchon erfahren und ihn ſtrafen mit einem gräßlichen Martertod ..... Warum bleibt Ihr hier, Muggelyn? Kehrt zurück! Flößt Euren Leuten Muth ein! Seht, ob nichts unternommen werden kann, um den Aufſtand doch ausbrechen zu laſſen! Vielleicht iſt noch nicht Alles verloren."

„Es wäre beſſer," lachte der Ribaud, „daß Ihr dies todte Kalb los zu werden ſuchtet; ſonſt ſteckt uns der Oberhauptmann ganz gewiß noch in den Ser Geeraertsteufelsſteen. Ein gefangener Vogel lernt raſch plappern, Aber Denys. Ich fürchte, unſere Freunde ſagen mehr aus, als uns Vergnügen machen wird. Was mich betrifft, ſo finde ich, daß man im Leeuw-ten-Putte beſſer ſitzt, als im Teufelsſteen, beſonders wenn man Gefahr läuft, ohne Kopf wieder herauszukommen ....."

Geeraert Denys ſah dem Ribaudenkönige tief in die Augen und ſchien plötzlich von einer großen Furcht ergriffen.

„Glaubt Ihr wirklich, Muggelyn," ſprach er, „daß ſolche Gefahr uns bedroht?"

Der Ribaudenkönig hob ſeinen Mantel auf und zeigte dem Oberdechanten ein Brod und einen Weinkrug, die an ſeinem Gürtel hingen, während er zu gleicher Zeit ein Würfelſpiel aus der Taſche nahm.

„Was ſoll die Thorheit?" fragte Denys verwundert.

„Seht Ihr, Meiſter!" ſpottete Muggelyn, „ich bin doch ſicher, daß ich im Teufelsſteen weder vor Hunger noch vor Durſt ſterben werde; und geſchieht es, daß wir zuſammen da ſitzen, ſo verſpiele ich fünf Pfund gegen Euch."

„Aber was thun, um der Gefahr zu entgehen?"

„Was thun? Ihr habt es ſelbſt geſagt. Den von Steenbecke mit ſeinen Beliaerds im Koth ſtecken laſſen, nach dem Votermarkte gehen und dort mit doppelſinnigen Worten gegen den Aufruhr zu wirken ſcheinen, im Beiſein von Perſonen, die wir als Freunde des Oberhauptmanns kennen. Ihr Zeugniß ſoll uns retten, wenn Jemand uns verräth, oder man uns für verdächtig hält. Das iſt es, was ich thun werde. Gehen wir aber vor Allem vorſichtig zu Werke. . . ."

Plötzlich hörte man in der Richtung des Schöffenhauſes ein anhaltendes Geſchrei, einen verwirrten Lärm, welcher das Beginnen des Aufſtandes oder mindeſtens ein Gefecht anzukündigen ſchien. Geeraert Denys' Augen funkelten vor Hoffnung; ein heiteres Lächeln überzog ſein Geſicht, und er ſagte eilig:

„Kommt, kommt, Muggelyn! die Sache iſt im Gange; Ihr habt Euch getäuſcht; der Sieg iſt unſer."

„Beachtet wohl, was Ihr thun wollt!" lachte der Ribaud, ihm folgend. „Unſere Hunde bellen wohl, aber ſie wagen nicht zu beißen. Mir beweiſt der Lärm, daß Alles auf Schreien hinausläuft, bis Mher Ghelnoot van Lens es müde wird und die Schreier beim Kopfe nimmt."

„Kommt, kommt!" wiederholte der Oberdechant.

Die Leliaerds, welche auf dem Freitagsmarkte in großer Zahl verſammelt waren, hatten unterdeſſen die Nachricht bekommen, daß Artevelde ihren Anführer, Ser van Steenbeeke, in deſſen eigenem Hauſe gefangen halte. Da ſie nicht hofften, den Oberhauptmann mit Gewalt von dort vertreiben zu können, ſo waren ſie, von Ser Gilliſe van Gavere geleitet, nach dem Schöffenhauſe gezogen und ſtanden nun dort vor der Wache von Sanct Nikolaes, den Schöffen zurufend, daß ſie den Oberhauptmann abſetzen ſollten, und aus allen Kräften über das Unrecht klagend, welches einer obrigkeitlichen Perſon von Gent zugefügt würde.

Der van Gavere ließ unterdeſſen durch einen Stadtboten um Einlaß in den Schöffenrath bitten, um, wie er ſagte, dieſen mit den Wünſchen des Volkes bekannt zu machen. Als ihm dies verweigert wurde, ſprang er wie ein Raſender zurück, ſchwang ſeinen Dolch, und ſchrie laut:

„Es iſt Zeit; wer mich liebt, folge mir!“

Die erſte Reihe der Wache von St. Nikolaes ſpannte nun ihre Kreuzbogen und legte die eiſernen Bolzen auf, während die Leliaerds ihre Waffen ergriffen und ſich zuſammendrängten, um ſich der Wache zu nähern.

Ein Angriff ſchien unvermeidlich. Schon war ein Mann der Wache durch einen heimlichen Dolchſtich verwundet und zwei Leliaerds durch Bolzen getroffen, als plötzlich der ganze Schöffenrath in der Pforte des Stadthauſes erſchien und ein lauter Trompetenſchall die Maſſe zur Aufmerkſamkeit aufforderte.

Von allen Seiten kam man nun raſch herbeigelaufen, um zu vernehmen, was der Schöffenrath dem Volke mitzutheilen habe. Der Zudrang ward plötzlich ſo groß, daß an keinen Kampf mehr zu denken war, ſelbſt wenn auch die Neugier der Aufrührer den Angriff nicht unterbrochen hätte.

Der Oberſchöffe, Maes van Vaernewyck, näherte ſich dem Hauptmann van Lens und ſagte ihm mit thränenden Augen einige Worte, über die derſelbe zuerſt vor Wuth mit den Füßen ſtampfte, dann aber mit dem Kopfe nickte, zum Zeichen, daß er zufrieden ſei, und Ser Maes mit trauriger Dankbarkeit die Hand drückte.

Eine gewiſſe Stille herrſchte vor dem Schöffenhauſe, als der Stadtſchreiber, Meiſter Jan van Loven, ein Pergament mit dem Schöffenſiegel entfaltete und folgenden Beſchluß ablas:

„Es wird hiedurch männiglich bekannt gemacht, daß der Schöffenrath von Gent, in Erwägung der großen Unruhe, welche entſprungen iſt aus einem Streite zwiſchen Mher Jakob von Artevelde, Oberhauptmann, und Ser van Steenbeeke, Ritter und Schöffen dieſer Stadt;

„Wollend männiglich Recht thun nach Verlangen und Geſetz, und diejenigen ſtrafen, welche Urſache zu dieſem Auflauf gegeben haben mögen; beſchloſſen hat: Mher Jakob von Artevelde und Ser van Steenbeeke, vorbenannt, vor die Schöffenbank zu fordern, um ein Urtheil zu fällen über den obſchwebenden Streit.

„Befiehlt, daß der Oberhauptmann ſeines Amtes enthoben werde, bis die Sache unterſucht und geſetzlich über dieſelbe entſchieden worden iſt.

„Befiehlt, daß Mher Jakob von Artevelde feſtgenommen und in Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen in Gefängniß geſetzt, und daß Ser van Steenbeeke gleichfalls gefangen genommen und in den Gravenſteen geſetzt werde, bis die Schöffenbank ihren Ausſpruch gefällt hat.

Trägt Mher Maes van Vaernewyck, Oberſchöffen der Keure, die Ausführung dieſes Beſchluſſes auf und gebietet allen Hauptleuten und Obriſten der Zünfte und Gilden, ihm dabei behülflich zu ſein.“

Lauter Jubel erhob ſich aus den Reihen der Feinde des Oberhauptmanns, die freudig mit den Händen winkten. Die große Mehrzahl des Volkes ſenkte indeſſen murrend das Haupt, als ob ein ſchwerer Schlag jeden patriotiſchen Bürger getroffen habe.

Wie tief betrübt auch die meiſten Bürger waren, als ſie einen Beſchluß verkündigen hörten, durch welchen der Oberhauptmann wie ein ſchuldiger Verbrecher vor die Schöffenbank gefordert wurde, ſo zeigten ſie doch nicht die geringſte Abſicht, Widerſtand zu leiſten. Alle diejenigen, welche der Politik des Oberhauptmanns anhingen, gehörten zu jenem Theile des Volkes, welcher aus uneigennütziger Liebe zum Vaterlande und zu friedlicher Thätigkeit große Ehrfurcht vor Geſetz und Recht nährt. Solche Menſchen ſind erſt dann zu einem Aufſtande gegen die angeſtellte Obrigkeit geeignet, wenn ſie nach langem Drucke alle Hoffnung auf rechtliche Genugthuung verloren haben. Jetzt auch ließen ſie in ſtiller Muthloſigkeit, und gleichſam zerſchmettert von der unerwarteten Nachricht, die Verſchworenen ungehindert jubeln über den Fall des Oberhauptmanns.

Gleich nach der Leſung des wichtigen Beſchluſſes wandte ſich Maes van Vaernewyck mit den anderen Schöffen um die Ecke des Votermarkts und gebot Ghelnoot van Lens, die Wache von Sanct Nikolaes folgen zu laſſen.

Myer Ghelnoot war bleich vor Schrecken und gewiß ganz entmuthigt; denn er ſchritt mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen, wie beſchämt, vor ſeinen Leuten her.

Eine Wolke Menſchen folgte den Schöffen, welche ſich augenſcheinlich nach der Oberſcheldeſtraße begeben, um den Beſchluß vor ihren Augen ausführen zu laſſen. Man ſtritt unterweges heftig über die Frage, ob Artevelde ſich gefangen nehmen laſſen würde oder nicht. Viele behaupteten, er würde Widerſtand leiſten und die Schöffen ſelbſt in Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen ſperren; Andere wollten viel Geld wetten, daß er ohne Widerſpruch ſich dem Befehle der Schöffenbank unterwürfe.

Geeraert Denys lief raſch dem Haufen nach, um das Schauſpiel von Artevelde's Erniedrigung ungeſtört genießen zu können. Seine Augen glänzten vor Freude, ſein Herz klopfte vor Entzücken, und ein Gefühl von Glück hatte ſich ſo ſehr ſeiner bemächtigt, daß er in dieſem Augenblicke ſich ſelbſt und ſeine Herrſchaft vergaß und an nichts dachte, als an den Zorn und die Schmach des Oberhauptmanns.

Gleich darauf erreichten die Schöffen die Oberſcheldeſtraße, wo Artevelde mit ſeinen Mannen die Wohnung des Ser van Steenbecke eng eingeſchloſſen hielt. Der Oberſchöffe ging zu dem Oberhauptmanne und zeigte ihm mit ſichtbarer Betrübniß das Pergament, welches den Befehl der Schöffenbank enthielt. Er erklärte ihm zugleich, daß er ſelbſt dieſe Maßregel erſonnen und vorgeſchlagen habe, als ein letztes Mittel, um einen blutigen Aufſtand zu vermeiden und den Anhängern Frankreichs einen ſicheren Sieg zu entreißen, ſowie ferner, daß er der Nothwendigkeit gehorcht habe, um ſich ſelbſt und den Oberhauptmann mit allen ſeinen Freunden vor Mord zu retten.

Artevelde, der zuerſt ein wenig verwundert war über dieſen unerwarteten Befehl, zog ſein Schwert aus dem Gürtel und überreichte es dem Oberſchöffen. Da er Mher van Lens bebend vor ſich ſtehen ſah, ſagte er zu ihm:

„Alſo Ihr ſeid es, lieber Freund, der mich nach dem Ser Geeraertsſteen führen wird? Habt Dank für Euren Muth, dieſe trübe Bruderpflicht zu erfüllen!“

Ghelnoot warf einen flammenden Blick in Artevelde's Augen und ſchien mit unterdrückter Wuth eine Frage an ihn zu richten.

„Nein, nein!“ antwortete der Oberhauptmann, ſeine Hand faſſend. „Man hat mich der Tyrannei beſchuldigt; ruhig, mein Freund! gebt meinen Feinden auch nicht einen Schein des Rechts. Das Geſetz befiehlt; ich bin deſſen erſter Diener; ich muß und will gehorchen!“

Verzweifelnd bedeckte der Hauptmann von St. Nikolaes ſein Geſicht mit den Händen.

Ohne eine fernere Aufforderung abzuwarten, ſtellte ſich Artevelde zwiſchen die bewaffneten Zunftgenoſſen, um ſich nach Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen führen zu laſſen.

In dieſem Augenblicke kam der junge Denys eilig herbeigelaufen. Er hatte eben erſt in ſeiner Wohnung die Nachricht von dem Befehle der Schöffenbank erhalten, und erſchien nun, bleich vor Betrübniß und mit ſchweißbedeckter Stirn, in der Oberſcheldeſtraße. Als er ſtehen blieb und ſeine gerührten Blicke von dem gefangenen Oberhauptmann auf die Menge fallen ließ, ſah er plötzlich einen Mann, deſſen Antlitz eine teufliſche Freude offenbarte und der im Innern über Artevelde's Unglück zu jubeln ſchien, indem er ihn von Zeit zu Zeit mit einem höhnenden Lächeln betrachtete. Tief verwundet und wie zerſchmettert wandte ſich der arme Lieven nach der anderen Seite der Straße, um dieſer abſcheulichen Erſcheinung zu entfliehen. Er wagte nicht einmal mehr nach Artevelde zu ſehen, aus Furcht, das gräßliche Antlitz ſeines Vaters nochmals zu erblicken. Indem er das Haupt an die Mauer eines Hauſes lehnte, blieb er dort wie bewußtlos ſtehen.

Unterdeſſen war Meiſter Jan van Loven damit beſchäftigt, im Namen der Stadt Ser van Steenbeeke aufzufordern, ſeine Wohnung zu verlaſſen. Da dieſer von einem Thurme herab geſehen hatte, was vergangen war, ſo machte er keine Schwierigkeit, zu gehorchen, und ließ ſogleich die Pforte ſeines Steens öffnen. Auf der Straße erſcheinend, ward er von dem Oberſchöffen angehalten und einem Theile der Wache überliefert.

Ser van Vaernewyck gab Befehl, die zwei Gefangenen fortzuführen. Mher Ghelnoot entfernte ſich mit dem Oberhauptmann nach der Richtung der Niederſchelde, während Ser van Steenbeeke die Sanct Jansſtraße hinaufgeleitet wurde.

Das Volk theilte ſich in zwei große Schaaren; jeder Theil folgte einem Gefangenen, bis die Thür des Kerkers ſich hinter Beiden geſchloſſen hatte.

XII.

Einige Tage ſpäter am frühen Morgen kniete Lieven Denys hinter der Kirchhofsmauer vor dem Grabe ſeiner ſeligen Mutter.

Einſam und ſchauerlich war der heilige Ruheort, beherrſcht von dem Bilde des Gekreuzigten, überſchaut durch die hohlen Blicke der Schädel, welche aus dem Beinhauſe den betenden Jüngling trübe und peinlich anzuſtarren ſchienen. Kein Lüftchen beugte die Grashalme; die Bienen ſummten friedlich auf den Blumen, deren Kelche über den Gebeinen vergeſſener Todter blühten. Die tiefſte Stille herrſchte zwiſchen den Gräbern, obwohl die Krähen oben rund um den Thurm einander ihr klagendes Geſchrei zuſandten und über der ganzen Stadt ein lärmendes Brauſen hing, wie von einem wühlenden Volksſchwarme.

Mit geſenktem Haupte, die Augen ſtarr auf den Grabſtein gerichtet, kniete Lieven dort, in einen düſteren Traum der Verzweiflung verſenkt. Sein gequälter Geiſt hatte ihn an dieſen Ort geführt, um zu beten und Erleichterung zu ſuchen für das Leid, das ihn verzehrte; aber, unter der Laſt des Schmerzes faſt erliegend, hatte er ſich hinreißen laſſen durch ein peinliches Nachſinnen, durch das er gänzlich vergaß, wo er ſich befand.

Es waren zwölf Tage vergangen, ſeit man Artevelde in Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen eingeſperrt hatte. Während dieſer ganzen Zeit war das Leben des Jünglings eine unerträgliche Folterqual geweſen. Saß er bei Beerle, ſo mußte er ihre Thränen wie einen Brunnen fließen ſehen, ihre herzzerreißenden Klagen anhören, ohne daß er ihre Leiden nur einigermaßen zu mildern vermochte. Er mußte ſie anſchauen, während ſie mit einem gräßlichen Fieber kämpfte, und indem er verzweifelnd ihr bleiches Antlitz, ihre rothgeweinten Augen betrachtete, raubte ihm der eigene Schmerz die Kraft, ihr anderen Troſt zu ſpenden, als daß er mit ihr über dieſen ſchrecklichen Schlag des Schickſals trauerte.

Abgemattet und in der Seele weinend kehrte er dann nach Hauſe, ängſtlich und beklommen über die Qualen, die ihn dort ſtets erwarteten. Sein Vater jubelte in ſeiner Gegenwart über den Fall des Oberhauptmanns, ſchüttete Verleumdung und Gift auf den Namen des Helden, prophezeihte ihm Verfolgung, Tod und Schande, und öffnete dem erſchreckten Lieven ein Inneres, welches von der Galle der Misgunſt und des Haſſes angefüllt war. Wie ſehr der liebende Sohn auch mit ſeinem Gewiſſen kämpfte, um eine Entſchuldigung für ſolche Bosheit zu finden, welche Gewalt er auch anwendete, um das Gefühl der Liebe für ſeinen Vater zu vertheidigen und unverletzt zu erhalten: es half ihm nichts; die Ueberzeugung einer unbeſtreitbaren Wahrheit ſank wie ein tödtendes Gift in ſein Herz. Ach! ſein Vater, der Mann, den ſeine Seele ihm befahl, nächſt Gott auf dieſer Erde zu ehren und zu lieben, dieſer Mann ward verzehrt von den ſchändlichſten Leidenſchaften. Haß, Misgunſt und Rachſucht ſchienen die einzigen Triebfedern ſeiner Thaten zu ſein. Jetzt, wo der Oberhauptmann gefangen war und ſeine meiſten Freunde denſelben verließen, hatte Lievens Vater die Maske abgeworfen, und rühmte ſich, Falſchheit, Verleumdung und Ehrenſchändung angewandt zu haben, um Artevelde in den Abgrund zu ſtürzen, um deſſen Platz einzunehmen! Und er wollte, daß ſein Sohn an dieſer ſchnöden Undankbarkeit, an dieſer ſchändlichen Verrätherei gegen den großen Bürger Theil nehme! Er hatte ihm ſelbſt gerathen, Beerle's Liebe zu misbrauchen, um ihren Vater verderben zu helfen. Wie würde der unglückliche Lieven Gott gedankt haben, wäre es ihm verſtattet geweſen, für das Betragen ſeines Vaters auch nur einen Schein der Entſchuldigung zu finden! Aber er hörte und ſah jetzt täglich, daß alle Hoffnung ihm verſagt war und ſein blutendes Herz vielleicht auf immer das heilige Gefühl der kindlichen Liebe verlieren würde.

Es war dieſes ſchreckliche Unglück, über welches er ſeit einer Stunde nachſann, während ſeine Augen bewußtlos die Buchſtaben auf dem Grabſteine ſeiner Mutter anſtarrten. Allmählig führte ihm ſein Geiſt noch andere Urſachen zur Verzweiflung vorüber. Er erinnerte ſich der ſeligen Tage ſeiner erſten Jugend, als Beerle's ſüße Liebe ſeinen Lebenspfad mit Blumen des Entzückens und der Freude beſtreute, als die Liebe ſeiner guten Mutter wie ein immer blauer Himmel ihn ſchützte gegen Ungewitter und Schmerzen, als ihm noch nichts verkündet hatte, daß ſein Vater abſichtlich ſchlecht zu handeln vermöchte, als der Engel der Poeſie und der Begeiſterung ihn an der Hand führte, um Allem auf Erden zauberiſche Farben und tröſtende Stimmen zu verleihen. Dann, dieſe peinliche Erinnerung verſcheuchend, erwog er, was die bittere Wirklichkeit ihm gelaſſen hatte. Beerle ſchmachtete dahin an einem unbeſieglichen Leiden des Herzens. Verleumdung und Verfolgung hatten ſie wie eine arme Blume auf ihrem Stengel geknickt. Sie war bleich, mager und hinſterbend. Seine Liebe hatte ihr nur Jammer gebracht. Was auch Artevelde's Schickſal ſein möchte, ihr Leben mußte fortan ohne Zweck und Beſtimmung bleiben. Sie war zu einer ewigen Jungfrauſchaft verdammt; denn niemals würde ihr Vater in ihre Vermählung willigen. Schon waren für beide Liebende die ſchönſten Jahre ihres Lebens vorüber — das Alter mußte ſie unvermählt finden; der Tod konnte vielleicht ſeine Senſe zwiſchen ſie legen, ehe der Segen eines Prieſters ihre Belohnung ward für ſo viele Standhaftigkeit, für ſo unausſprechliches Leiden.

Endlich war nun der Tag erſchienen, an welchem die Schöffenbank ihre Entſcheidung zwiſchen dem Oberhauptmanne und deſſen Feinden abgeben ſollte. Lieven hatte auf dem Grabe ſeiner Muttdr gebetet, um Gott ſeine Angſt zu klagen und ihn um Hülfe für den unſchuldigen Helden anzuflehen. Aber was auch der Beſchluß der höchſten Weisheit ſein mochte, für den unglücklichen Jüngling blieb doch nichts übrig, als Schmerz und Leid. Sein Vater hatte ſich offen gegen den Oberhauptmann erklärt, und wie er ſich gegen ſeinen Sohn rühmte, war er das

Haupt und die Seele des Aufſtandes, und Ser van Steenbeeke nur ein unwiſſendes Werkzeug in ſeiner Hand. Siegte alſo Artevelde, und wurde Veerle von der Angſt befreit, welche ſie zu tödten drohte, ſo wurde ſein Vater als des Hochverraths ſchuldig gefangen genommen und mußte vielleicht das Schaffot betreten. Glückte dagegen ſeines Vaters Anſchlag, ſo wurde Artevelde verbannt oder ermordet und Veerle mußte ſterben.

Der arme Lieven! Solche Gedanken zogen durch ſeinen Geiſt während der ganzen Zeit, wo er auf dem Raſen des einſamen Kirchhofes kniete. Dann und wann lief ein Haufen Volkes an der Kirchhofsmauer vorüber und machte die Luft wiederhallen von lautem Rufen. Mitunter zog eine andere jauchzende Bande mit flatternder Fahne vorbei, oder die Kerkſtraße hallte unter dem regelmäßigen Schritte gewaffneter Zunftgenoſſen. Nichts von dem Allen aber vermochte Lieven aus ſeinem düſteren Nachſinnen zu wecken.

Erſt als einige ſchwatzende Frauen in den Kirchhof traten und auf der Bank vor dem Beinhauſe niederknieten, ward er durch ihre Gegenwart in das Bewußtſein zurückgerufen und erinnerte ſich, daß Veerle ihn erwartete, damit ſie zuſammen eine traurige Pflicht erfüllten.

Er ſchlug die Augen gen Himmel, ſtieß einige leiſe Seufzer aus, zwiſchen denen das Wort „Mutter! Mutter!“ ſich hörbarer unterſcheiden ließ, ſtand auf und verließ den Kirchhof.

Kaum war er an dem Vordergiebel der Kirche vorüber, als er bei dem Eingange in die Kruisſtraße ſich aufgehalten ſah von einer Schaar junger Männer, welche unter dem lauten Ruſe: „Heil Mher Jakob! Heil dem Oberhauptmanne!“ daherkamen, den jungen Denys umringten und ihn baten, mit ihnen zu gehen.

„Kommt, kommt!“ ſprach Lieven Comyne, der vorauslief. „Ihr müßt mit uns. Wir gehen nach dem Waelthore, um die Leute von Brügge zu empfangen; die Klauwaerds von Yperen, von Dendermonde und von Cortryk langten ſchon an; die von Audenaerde und von Dirmude ſind ſeit geſtern in der Stadt. Binnen einer halben Stunde werden die Aelſtenaers und die Männer vom Waeslande auch hier ſein, und noch alle Anderen. Man hat die Thore ſchließen wollen, als ob die Vlaminger aus anderen Provinzen des Landes Feinde von Gent wären; aber wir haben die Stadt weit geöffnet; ſie ſollen nur wagen, Mher Jakob ein Haar auf ſeinem Haupte zu krümmen, und fünfhundert von ihnen ſpazieren in die andere Welt. Die verfluchten Leliaerds! Sie haben uns da unverſehens einen Kuchen gebacken; aber ſie ſollen ihn ſelbſt eſſen, er möge ihnen ſchmecken oder nicht!“

„Wenn es nach dem Rechte ginge, müßte ſein Vater wohl das größte Stück bekommen,“ bemerkte ein Geſelle ſpitzig.

„Was hat ſein Vater mit den Leliaerds gemein?“ fragte Lieven Comyne, welcher ſah, daß dieſe Worte einen ſchmerzlichen Eindruck auf den jungen Denys machten. „Es iſt Ser van Steenbecke, mit ſeinen franzöſiſch tollen Anhängern, welche ſchuldig ſind. Sie haben die

Grube gegraben; ſie müſſen hineingeſtürzt werden. Nun, kommt, Lieven! geht mit uns ....“

Der junge Denys ſprach einige vertrauliche Worte zu dem Blaufärbergeſellen und bedeutete ihn, daß er ihm nicht folgen könne, weil er den Oberhauptmann beſuchen müſſe. Lieven Gomyne drückte ihm freundlich die Hand, wandte ſich zu ſeinen Genoſſen und rief:

„Vorwärts! nach dem Waelthore! Es lebe Mher Jakob, unſer Oberhauptmann!“

Die Schaar verſchwand in der Sanct Jansſtraße, und Lieven Denys beeilte ſich, den Calanderberg zu erreichen. Kaum zwanzig Schritte weiter ſah er neben den Häuſern einen Haufen Bürger ſtehen, welche ſich heftig und mit ausdrucksvollen Geberden über die Angelegenheiten der Gemeine zu ſtreiten ſchienen. Er erkannte mehrere der umherſtehenden Perſonen, und unter Anderen den Dechanten der Zwillichweber, Mher Galevoet.

Die Worte Lieven Gomyne's und die Ankunft der Freunde Artevelde's aus allen Provinzen hatten einen Strahl der Hoffnung in ſeine Bruſt geſandt und ihn begierig gemacht, die Beſtätigung der guten Nachricht auch von anderen Bürgern zu erhalten. Er näherte ſich langſam dieſer Geſellſchaft, blieb ſtehen und horchte.

Ein wohlbeleibter Bürger, den man an ſeiner Sprache augenblicklich als einen Brügger erkannte, antwortete eifrig auf Etwas, was eben ein Genter geſagt hatte:

„Ja, ja! ich wiederhole es, ich ſchäme mich über die Stadt Gent. Solche Undankbarkeit! Es iſt unerhört! Ein Bürger wagt es, ſein Leben in die Wagſchale zu legen, da ganz Flandern, von Hungersnoth erſchöpft, hoffnungslos vor den Fremden im Staube liegt; er bricht durch Muth und Weisheit die Ketten ſeines Vaterlandes und ruft einen unbekannten Reichthum hervor; er opfert ſein Leben in Arbeit und Verdruß, um uns die Wohlthaten zu erhalten, die er uns ſchenkte ..... und in dem Augenblicke, wo ſein Werk vollendet ſcheint, leiht die Stadt Gent ſeinen ſchändlichen Feinden die Hand, leiht ſie den Leliaerds! Unter dem Scheine des Rechts erniedrigt ſie den Mann, der ihr Macht verlieh vor allen anderen Städten Flanderns, und wagt es, ſein Leben, ſeine Freiheit auf das Spiel zu ſetzen gegen einen van Steenbeeke, der niemals etwas für das Land gethan hat. Es iſt eine Schande, ſage ich, eine verächtliche Schlechtigkeit!"

„Er hat Recht!" bemerkte ein Schmied. „Mir däucht, daß unſer Schöffenrath ein gefährliches Spiel ſpielt. Laßt die Franzoſen nur kommen, wie man ſagt, daß ſie Willens ſeien, es zu thun, dann werden ſie noch oft genug nach Myer Jakob rufen; aber dann wird es zu ſpät ſein. Und bekommen wir dann die Ruthe, und ſchlägt ſie uns ſelbſt blutig, ſo werde ich doch ſtets ſagen: wir haben es verdient."

„Was?" rief Calevoet dem Brügger zu, „Artevelde ſoll die Urſache ſein, daß Gent ſich über alle anderen vlämiſchen Städte erhoben hat?"

„Und wer ſonſt?" antwortete der Brügger. „Bildet Euch doch nicht ein, daß die Stadt Gent das Recht habe, ſich höher zu achten als Brügge und Yperen, welche eben ſowohl Glieder von Flandern ſind. Haben wir eingewilligt, Gent eine Zeit lang als eine Art von Hauptſtadt anzuerkennen, ſo geſchah es nur, weil in ihren Mauern der Befreier des Vaterlandes wohnte, ein Mann, welcher würdig war, durch ſeinen hervorragenden Muth und ſeine Weisheit ganz Flandern den Weg zu zeigen auf der Bahn der Freiheit und der Größe. Aber das geht zu Ende, Freunde! Es gefalle Gott nicht, daß wir länger unſere Rechte abtreten ſollen zum Vortheile einer Stadt, deren Einwohner ſich blindlings zu der ſchändlichſten Feigheit verführen laſſen und bereit zu ſein ſcheinen, denjenigen zu ermorden, der ſich für ihr Glück opferte."

„Fahrt nur fort zu ſchelten!" ſagte Calevoet. „Die Genter lachen Euch doch aus und werden ruhig über die Sache entſcheiden, ohne zu fragen, was Brügge oder Yperen dazu meinen. Ihr ſeid es, die man der Undankbarkeit beſchuldigen kann. Ihr müßt uns ſagen, daß wir Euch befreien von einem Tyrannen, der uns ſchon ſo lange mit ſeinem Hochmuthe bedrückt und in ſeiner abſcheulichen Herrſchſucht unſere letzte Freiheit vernichten will. Deshalb ſollen Eure ganze Beredtſamkeit und das Geſchrei der Anhänger des Oberhauptmanns uns doch nicht hindern, ihn binnen wenigen Stunden aus dem Lande zu verbannen — und wer weiß, ob der Schöffenrath ihn nicht auf das Schaffot ſenden wird für ſeine ſchändliche Tyrannei!"

„Das verhüte Gott, oder es wird noch mehr Blut ſtrömen!" ſeufzte der Brügger. „Ich weiß, daß Euer Schöffenrath beabſichtigt, den Oberhauptmann zu verurtheilen; aber glaubt mir, damit iſt nichts abgethan; es wird hier wiſſentlich und willentlich mit Feuer geſpielt."

„Ha, ha!" lachte Galevoet; „darum wimmelt wohl die ganze Stadt von Brüggelingen, Dendermondenern, Yperlingen und Anderen. Sie kommen, um den Oberhauptmann gegen den Schöffenrath zu vertheidigen und ihn zu befreien; aber es iſt eben ſo möglich, hier Etwas auszurichten, wie den Glockenthurm auf Eurem Rücken davonzutragen. Seht nur die Gilden nach dem Schöffenhauſe ziehen; wenn dort einige tauſend Geſellen unter den Waffen ſtehen, ſo werdet Ihr ſtillſchweigend Alles geſchehen laſſen, oder Wenige von Euch Leuten werden zurückkehren, wie Ihr gekommen ſeid."

„Ich weiß nicht," fiel der Schmied ihm in die Rede; „aber Ihr ſprecht, als ob das Urtheil ſchon gefällt wäre. Mir hat eben ein Schöffe geſagt, daß viele ſeiner Amtsgenoſſen anderen Sinnes geworden ſind."

„Und warum?" fragte Galevoet ſcherzend. „Nein, nein! das Gegentheil iſt geſchehen. Jetzt, da Myer Artevelde gefangen ſitzt, ſind ſie meiſt Alle von ihm abgefallen."

„Die Feigheit macht ihnen große Ehre!" murrte der Brüggeling.

„Warum?" entgegnete der Schmied. „Weil die Unterſuchung bewieſen hat, daß Ser van Steenbeeke falſches Spiel ſpielt und Myer Jakob unſchuldig befunden iſt."

„Das macht Anderen weiß!" antwortete Galevoet. „Ich weiß wohl, daß man Liſt genug angewandt hat, um die Schöffen zu betrügen und zu erſchrecken; darüber wird Mher Maes van Vaernewyck auch Rechenſchaft zu geben haben, wenn er heute nicht denſelben Weg mit dem Oberhauptmanne geht. Man hat das Urtheil ſo lange aufgeſchoben, in der Abſicht, den Anhängern des Tyrannen Zeit zu geben, um nach Gent zu kommen, und dort durch großes Bellen und Schreien Eindruck auf das Gemüth der Schöffen auszuüben. Wenn man aber glaubt, daß die Genter ein ſolches bischen Geräuſch erſchrickt, ſo irrt man ſich. Gerade weil man der Gemeine Gewalt anthun will, werden die Schöffen durch ein ſtrengeres Urtheil zeigen, was ſie ſind und was ſie thun dürfen."

„Wir werden ſehen, welches Ende dieſes abſcheuliche Kinderſpiel nehmen wird. Soll ganz Flandern in Feuer und Flammen ſtehen, um das Recht an einigen ſchändlichen Verleumdern zu rächen, nun denn ...."

„Einige Verleumder!" rief Calevoet. „Nein, das ganze Gentiſche Volk! Und ſind die Schöffen feige genug, um den Oberhauptmann nicht nach dem Maaße ſeiner Miſſethaten zu ſtrafen, ſo werden die Genter ſelbſt aufſtehen und Mher Artevelde den Lohn geben, den er verdient."

„Hat das nun lange genug gedauert?" ſchrie ein Metzger, der ſich mit geballten Fäuſten und wüthend vor Calevoet ſtellt. „Das Gentiſche Volk ſollte denken wie Ihr? Nein! das Gentiſche Volk iſt für Mher Jakob. Er weiß, was er gethan hat für unſere Wohlfahrt und für die Freiheit des Vaterlandes. Ihr läſtert die Genter, Ihr! und wenn es darauf ankommt, werdet Ihr ſehen, daß ſie nicht undankbar ſind. Wer iſt hier gegen Aber Jakob? Leliaerds und Läſtermäuler, welche den Oberhauptmann beneiden, weil ſie in ihrer Nichtigkeit noch nicht bis an ſeine Knie reichen können und er ihnen die Augen ausſticht durch ſeine Tugend und Größe. Ihr ſolltet Euch lieber verbergen und vor Schaam verſtecken. Ihr wagt es, mit Verachtung von Aber Jakob zu ſprechen? Wer ſeid Ihr denn? Was habt Ihr denn je in Eurem Leben ausgeführt? Geläſtert und Euer Herz aufgefreſſen aus Misgunſt, nicht wahr? Ach! es iſt das erſte Mal nicht, daß ich Euch ſprechen höre, Dechant der Zwillichweber! Wir kennen Euch; an Euch wird auch die Reihe kommen.“

Galevoet wollte im Zorne den Metzger angreifen; aber plötzlich kam ein Mann in voller Haſt herbeigelaufen, und in den Haufen fallend ſagte derſelbe ganz außer Athem:

„Geſellen, wißt Ihr die Neuigkeit? Es iſt ein Bote von Doornik auf das Schöffenhaus gekommen. Man ſagt, daß die Franzoſen mit einem mächtigen Heere an unſeren Grenzen erſchienen ſind und unſer Land angreifen wollen. Ha, ha! jetzt wird man ſicher den Oberhauptmann loslaſſen; denn wer ſoll uns zum Kampfe führen und den Franzoſen mit Glück Widerſtand leiſten, wenn Aber Jakob im Gefängniſſe bliebe! Es iſt, wie ich Euch ſage; geht nur nach dem Votermarkte . . . . .“

Mit dieſen Worten verließ er den Haufen und lief in der Richtung der Sanct Jamskirche, gewiß um die Nachricht weiter zu tragen

„Kindiſche Liſt!“ rief Galevoet. „Sie meinen, die Schöffen werden ſich in ſolchen dummen Stricken fangen laſſen, und geſetzt auch, dem wäre ſo, haben wir in Gent nicht muthige Männer genug, um uns anzuführen? Man ſtelle nur einmal den Oberdechanten an unſere Spitze, und wir werden die Abweſenheit von Artevelde gar nicht bemerken!“

„Mher Denys!“ ſpottete der Fleiſcher. „Noch ſchöner! Seit wann iſt er denn ein Kriegsheld geworden?“

Sobald Lieven den Namen ſeines Vaters hörte und bemerkte, daß Viele die Augen auf ihn richteten, verließ er den Haufen und ſetzte ſeinen Weg fort, das Gehörte überdenkend. Wie ſehr er auch wünſchte, ſich ſelbſt einige Hoffnung hinſichtlich Artevelde's Befreiung machen zu können, ſo mußte er ſich doch im Herzen bekennen, daß ſich nichts verändert habe. Wohl bemerkte er an den Ausrufungen der Zunftgenoſſen, daß der größte Theil des Volkes dem Oberhauptmanne zugethan ſei und ſeinen Fall beklage; wohl ſah er mit Freuden, daß aus allen anderen Städten Flanderns große Schaaren von Männern gekommen waren, um ihre Anhänglichkeit an Mher Jakob zu bezeigen; aber er wußte gleichfalls, daß im Schooße des Schöffenrathes viele Stimmen ſich gegen den Oberhauptmann erklärt hatten, und daß ſeine Verurtheilung unfehlbar ſei, wenn man dem allgemeinen Gerüchte Glauben ſchenken dürfe. Die Nachricht von der Ankunft der Franzoſen allein war im Stande, ihm einige Zuverſicht zu geben, da er aus gegründeten Urſachen erwarten konnte, daß man Artevelde bitten würde, ſeimächtiges Schwert noch einmal zur Vertheidigung des Vaterlandes zu erheben. Es liefen jedoch ſeit einigen Tagen ſo viele falſche Gerüchte umher, bald für, bald gegen Artevelde, daß er es auch nicht wagte, dieſer Nachricht Glauben zu ſchenken.

Mit ſolchen Gedanken kam er auf dem Calanderberge an und trat in die Wohnung des Oberhauptmanns.

Er fand Frau Artevelde und Veerle bereit auszugehen. Jaquemyne, die Magd, hatte den kleinen Philipp ſchon auf dem Arme. Das Kind ſchlief und war mit einem Tuche zugedeckt.

Als Denys im Zimmer erſchien, ſagte Veerle mit klagender Stimme:

„Ach! Du thuſt nicht wohl daran, Lieven, daß Du ſo lange wegbleibſt! Wärſt Du nicht unſer guter Freund, ſo glaubte ich beinahe, Du hätteſt den armen Gefangenen vergeſſen.“

„Aber die Stunde iſt noch nicht da, Veerle; Deine Ungeduld hat Dich betrogen,“ antwortete der Jüngling.

„Ach!“ ſeufzte Veerle, „Du haſt uns nun acht Tage lang nach dem Gefängniſſe begleitet; warum zählſt Du denn die Stunden jetzt, da die Entſcheidung ſeines Schickſals da iſt?“

Lieven ergriff die Hand der Jungfrau und ſagte freundlich zu ihr:

„Nun, Veerle, ſei in Deiner bitteren Betrübniß nicht ungerecht gegen mich. Ich bin unterweges ſtehen geblieben, um zu horchen, ob ich nichts vernähme, das Dich tröſten könnte.“

„Du ſcheinſt guten Muthes, Lieven,“ ſagte Veerle mit froher Haſt. „Gott ſei Dank! Du weißt gute Neuigkeiten?“

„Gute Neuigkeiten?“ wiederholte der Jüngling ganz beſtürzt über die plötzliche Freude ſeiner Geliebten. „Ich weiß, daß die Stadt voll von Freunden Deines Vaters iſt, die aus allen Provinzen Flanderns gekommen ſind; ich weiß, daß die Kunde umläuft, ein franzöſiſches Heer ſei an unſeren Grenzen erſchienen und man werde den Oberhauptmann freilaſſen, um Flandern zu vertheidigen; aber es iſt nur ein Gerücht .....“

„Und was ſagt man über die Stimmung der Schöffen?“ fragte Frau Artevelde.

Lieven, durch dieſe Frage überraſcht, wußte zuerſt nicht, was er antworten ſollte, und ſagte endlich:

„Ueber die Stimmung der Schöffen habe ich nichts gehört, das der Aufmerkſamkeit werth ſei .... Einige ſagen, die Mehrzahl werde ſich für den Oberhauptmann erklären; Andere behaupten das Gegentheil.“

Zwei Thränen rollten aus den Augen der Jungfrau und ſie wendete ihr Haupt, um ihren Schmerz zu verbergen.

Lieven wollte ihr einige troſtreiche Worte ſagen; aber Frau Artevelde ſprach:

„Veerle, mein Kind, ſammle allen Muth, der Dir noch bleibt; leiſte noch einige Stunden Deinem Schmerze Widerſtand; gieb den Feinden Deines Vaters nicht das Schauſpiel Deiner Verzweiflung. Komm! der Gefangene wartet ſchon zu lange auf uns; die Stunde der Schöffenverſammlung iſt nicht fern.“

Beerle trocknete ihre Thränen und ſtellte ſich gelaſſen wie ein geduldiges Schlachtopfer neben Lieven, deſſen Arm ſie zur Stütze nahm. So folgte ſie ihrer Mutter, welche mit der Magd bereits das Haus verlaſſen hatte.

Beide Frauen waren zum Zeichen der Trauer in Sammt und Seide von düſteren Farben gekleidet. Beerle's Antlitz, noch weißer als ihre Haube, ſtach eigenthümlich gegen ihren ſchwarzen Samaer ab, und obwohl ſie den Kopf ſenkte und ihr Antlitz faſt gänzlich verbarg, ſo blieb doch noch genug von ihren bleichen Wangen ſichtbar, um die Augen aller Vorübergehenden mit Neugier und Mitleid zu feſſeln. Jedermann, wenigſtens diejenigen, die der Haß gegen ihren Vater nicht verblendete, beklagten das Schickſal der verwelkten Blume, die noch kürzlich unter den Genter Jungfrauen wie eine prachtvolle Roſe ſtrahlte und von den Schönſten beneidet wurde. Jetzt ſchritt ſie ſchwankend einher, von geiſtigem Schmerze verzehrt, von der Verleumdung befleckt, von Angſt niedergedrückt, und ſchamvoll wie eine Schuldige, welche nicht wagt, von ihrem Wege aufzublicken.

Wohl konnte man auf dem Geſicht der Frau Artevelde leſen, daß ein tiefer Schmerz ihren Buſen durchwühlte; aber dennoch ſenkte ſie nicht das Haupt. Ohne den Blicken der Vorübergehenden ſich trotzig entgegenzuſtellen, wich ſie ihnen doch nicht aus und wandelte mit ſtolzer Geduld und ungeſtört zwiſchen den Bürgern hindurch, wie Jemand, der in dem vollen Gefühle ſeiner Würde die Quelle eines unbeugſamen Muthes findet. Mochte das, was ſie hörte und ſah, ſie verwunden oder tröſten, ihr ruhiges Antlitz ließ nicht die geringſte Erſchütterung blicken, und ſie benahm ſich, als ob Alles, was da geſchah, ſie allein nichts angehe. Nur von Zeit zu Zeit warf ſie einen kummervollen Blick auf Jaquemyne, die ihr mit dem Kinde folgte.

Lieven ſprach unterwegs Veerlen ſtille tröſtende Worte zu und ſuchte ihr die Hoffnung auf einen unerwarteten Ausgang einzuflößen. Mittlerweile achtete er genau darauf, diejenigen Volkshauſen zu vermeiden, in welchen er an einigen Zeichen Feinde des Oberhauptmanns vermuthete, und ſo die Frauen davor zu ſchützen, beleidigende oder entmuthigende Worte hören zu müſſen.

Er gab ſich ſchon der Hoffnung hin, daß ſeine Furcht ungegründet ſei, obwohl hier und da ein boshaftes Lächeln der Gattin des Oberhauptmanns von fern zugeſandt wurde. Die meiſten Bürger öffneten jedoch ihre Reihen vor ihr und verbeugten ſich mit Beweiſen der Ehrerbietung bei ihrem Durchgange.

In der Nähe der Wohnung des Ser van Steenbeeke in der Oberſcheldeſtraße ſtand ein Hauſen Zunftgenoſſen, welche ohne Zweifel zu denjenigen gehörten, die durch das Geld der Leliaerds erkauft waren; denn kaum hatten ſie Artevelde's Familie bemerkt, ſo ſchrieen ſie mit aller Macht:

„Fort mit dem Oberhauptmanne! Fort mit dem Tyrannen! Er muß verbannt werden, der Landesverräther!“

Sich damit nicht begnügend, ſtellten ſie ſich vor Frau Artevelde, als ob ſie ihr den Weg abſchneiden wollten.

Ein Trunkenbold trat aus dem Haufen hervor und ſagte ſpottend zu ihr:

„Nun, Frau! das kommt davon, die Königin zu ſpielen und ſo hoch auf die Genter herabzuſehen! Das ſchöne Wetter iſt vorüber. An Jeden kommt die Reihe. Habt Ihr Eure Kiſte ſchon gepackt, um mit Mher Jakob eine fünfzigjährige Vergnügungsreiſe außerhalb Flanderns anzutreten? Die Luftveränderung wird Eure bleiche Tochter erquicken. Ich wünſche Euch Lebewohl und viel Vergnügen.“

Vor Wuth zitternd, hatte Lieven ſeinen Dolch ergriffen und würde ſicher den Spötter niedergeſtoßen haben; Frau Artevelde faßte ihn aber bei dem Arme und ſagte ihm ſo kräftige Worte in das Ohr, daß er die Waffe losließ und bittend zu den umherſtehenden Zunftgenoſſen ſagte:

„Um Gottes willen, Geſellen! ehrt doch dieſe Frauen. Welche Verblendung hat Euch ergriffen, daß Ihr auf eine ſo grauſame Weiſe Euch ergötzt an dem Schmerze von Leuten, die ſich gegen Eure Beleidigung nicht vertheidigen können! O, es iſt eine Schande, welche mich erröthen macht, daß ich auch den Namen eines Genters führe.“

Frau Artevelde hatte unterdeſſen ihr ſchlafendes Kind der Magd aus den Armen genommen. Sei es nun, daß der Anblick dieſer Handlung oder ein Gefühl der Schaam einige der Zunftgenoſſen zur Erkenntniß brachte, wie feig es ſei, wehrloſe Frauen zu verfolgen, ſie gaben Lieven Recht und wollten die Anderen aus dem Wege ſchieben.

Aber der Trunkenbold fuhr fort zu ſpotten und brachte die Meiſten durch ſeine Reden zum Lachen. Es wäre Lieven unmöglich geweſen, länger ſeiner glühenden Rachſucht Widerſtand zu leiſten, hätte ihm nicht Frau Artevelde bemerklich gemacht, daß er ſie unter dieſen Spöttern mit ihrem Kinde und der kranken Beerle nicht verlaſſen dürfe, um einen Streit zu beginnen, bei dem er doch den Kürzeren ziehen würde. Die flehende Bitte ſeiner Geliebten, welche ihn weinend ermahnte, ruhig zu bleiben, hielt ihn ebenfalls zurück und ließ ihn endlich, zähneknirſchend und im Innerſten auf das Heftigſte empört, das Haupt beugen, wie Jemand, der ſich durch eine unüberwindliche Nothwendigkeit zerſchmettert fühlt.

Die unangenehme Lage, in welcher ſich Artevelde's unglückliche Familie befand, währte bereits einige Augenblicke, als plötzlich ein anderer Haufen Zunftgenoſſen aus der St. Jansſtraße kam und ſich neugierig den Leliaerds näherte. Kaum hatten ſie vernommen, was ſich hier zutrug, ſo ſprang auch ſchon ein kräftiger Geſelle vor und fragte Lieven, während er wie raſend ſeine Blicke auf den Zuſchauern umherirren ließ:

„Was? Was iſt das? Wagt der verlaufene Walkmüller Frau Artevelde zu höhnen?“

„Ach! Freund Comyne!“ ſeufzte Lieven, „erlöſt uns doch von dieſen böſen Spöttern; ſie fügen der Familie des Oberhauptmanns blutige Schmach zu.“

„Nun, geht nur fort von hier!“ antwortete Comyne eilig. „Ich will einigen dieſer Schelme den Hals brechen, und das iſt Einer davon.“

Bei dieſen Worten ſchlug er dem Walkmüller ſo gewaltig mit der Fauſt in das Angeſicht, daß dieſem das Blut aus der Naſe ſprang und er rücklings auf ſeine Genoſſen ſtürzte. Dieſe griffen dagegen mit dem Geſchrei nach Rache Lieven Gomyne wieder an. Er wehrte ſich jedoch wie ein Löwe, bis ſeine Freunde ebenfalls an dem Streite Theil nahmen. Es ward nun ein allgemeines Gefecht daraus, in welchem man jedoch keine Dolche blinken ſah, da ſie ſich damit begnügten, einander gräßlich mit den Fäuſten zu zerbläuen.

Lieven Denys hatte unterdeſſen raſch die Frauen fortgeführt; voll Schrecken eilten ſie ſprachlos nach dem Gefängniſſe und erreichten daſſelbe in wenigen Augenblicken, da es nicht fern lag.

Der kleine Philipp war jetzt erſt aufgewacht und lachte lallend über die bunten Kleider der bewaffneten Zunftgenoſſen, welche er in der Ferne einherſchreiten ſah.

Ehe ſie ſich der Wache näherten, die vor Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen unter den Waffen ſtand, ſagte Frau Artevelde:

„Beerle, mein Kind, verbirg Deine Angſt, ich bitte Dich; ſage von dieſem Hohne Deinem Vater nichts; es würde ihn mehr betrüben, als Alles, was er bis jetzt gelitten hat. Und Du auch, Lieven, laß nicht merken, daß verirrte Menſchen uns ſolche Schmach zugefügt haben.“

Sie näherte ſich darauf Pieter van den Hovene, dem Hauptmanne der Wache, und zeigte ihm ein Stück Pergament mit dem Stadtſiegel. Er führte ſie in den Steen und ließ alle Pforten vor ihr öffnen, bis ſie mit Beerle und Lieven in Artevelde's Kerker getreten war, wo er ſich mit beſcheidener Ehrfurcht von ihr beurlaubte, die Thüren draußen ſchloß und zu ſeiner Wache zurückkehrte.

Das Gemach, in welchem der Oberhauptmann gefangen ſaß, ging mit zwei Fenſtern auf die Niederſchelde hinaus und erhielt Licht genug, um nicht als ein Kerker betrachtet zu werden. Auf dem großen Heerdſteine brannte Feuer; Tiſche und Stühle ſtanden überall vertheilt, und alle Bequemlichkeiten, welche man einem Gefangenen gewähren kann, waren hier durch die Fürſorge des Oberſchöffen zu Artevelde's Verfügung geſtellt. Es war ihm gleichfalls verſtattet worden, täglich ſeine Familie und einige vertraute Freunde zu empfangen, dieſe Letzteren unter dem Vorwande, daß er ſeine Vertheidigung mit denjenigen Mitgliedern bereden ſolle, welche ſich angeboten hatten, für ihn das Wort zu führen. Auf die Bitte des Oberſchöffen hatte er den alten Pieter Zoetaerde gewählt, um gegen ſeine Ankläger aufzutreten, und dieſem demgemäß alle Aufzeichnungen und Erläuterungen mitgetheilt, aus welchen ſeine Unſchuld hervorging. Seine Vertheidigung ſollte ſich aber nicht darauf beſchränken; der vornehmſte Redner zu Gunſten des Oberhauptmanns ſollte ſein treuer Freund, Maes van Vaernewyck ſelber ſein, und um deſſen Beredſamkeit deſto mehr Kraft zu geben, derſelbe als Vorſitzender erſt nach allen anderen Rednern auftreten. So hatte der Oberſchöffe den Plan der Vertheidigung des Oberhauptmanns entworfen.

Als ſeine Familie in ſein Gefängniß trat, war Artevelde damit beſchäftigt, an einer Tafel etwas auf ein Pergamentblatt zu ſchreiben. Er ſchien ganz in ſeine Arbeit verſunken zu ſein; denn er hörte die Thüre nicht öffnen und ſprang erſt auf, als Beerle ihm das ſüße Wort „Vater“ von fern zurief.

Ein heller Ausdruck der Freude überſtrahlte das Geſicht des Oberhauptmanns. Er drückte ſeine Tochter an die Bruſt und ihr einen langen väterlichen Kuß auf beide Wangen. Dann küßte er ſeine Gemahlin auf die Stirn, ergriff Lievens Hand mit dankbarer Rührung und ſchob eilig einige Stühle ſo zuſammen, daß er vor dem Feuer zwiſchen ſeiner Frau und ſeiner Tochter ſitzen konnte. Lieven ſetzte ſich neben Beerle, etwas dem Oberhauptmann zugewandt.

Artevelde hatte ſein Söhnchen aus den Armen der Magd genommen und auf ſeine Kniee geſetzt, wo er es küßte und ſtreichelte.

Schon bei ihrem Eintritte hatte Beerle begonnen, ſtille Thränen zu weinen, und jetzt rollten dieſe fortwährend in glänzenden Tropfen von ihren Wangen herab, obwohl ſie ihre Augen mit ſichtbarer Freude auf das Antlitz ihres Vaters gerichtet hielt.

An ſie wandte Artevelde zuerſt ſein troſtreiches Wort, während der kleine Philipp ihm mit den Händchen im Geſicht ſpielte:

„Stets ſo betrübt, meine arme Beerle! Ich begreife es: Du vergießeſt Thränen, weil Du mich ſo zärtlich liebſt, nicht wahr? Du beklagſt das Geſchick Deines

Vaters? Habe Dank, liebes Kind! aber um Gottes willen, verſcheuche dieſes Bangen aus Deiner Bruſt. Glaube mir, wir haben keine Urſache, ſo verzweiflungsvoll zu trauern über das, was geſchehen iſt und geſchehen kann.“

Veerle lachte plötzlich in ihren Thränen und fragte mit froher Ueberraſchung:

„Wirſt Du denn über Deine böſen Feinde ſiegen, Vater? Wirſt Du wieder Oberhauptmann werden? O, dann würde ich gewiß zu Unſerer Lieben Frau zur Linde wallfahrten und ihrem gnadenvollen Kindlein meine goldenen Ketten um den Hals hängen.“

„Ich will Dich nicht hintergehen, liebes Kind,“ antwortete Artevelde. „Es iſt mir unmöglich, mit einiger Sicherheit zu errathen, was der Beſchluß der Schöffen ſein wird; aber wie der Ausſpruch auch ſich geſtalte, befreit werden wir jedenfalls und uns erwarten noch frohe Tage.“

„Ich begreife Dich nicht, Vater!“ ſagte Veerle.

„Denke Dir,“ war die Antwort, „daß man mich aus meinem Vaterlande verbanne. Gott kann das zulaſſen, mein Kind.“

„Wehe! Wehe!“ ſeufzte die Jungfrau.

„Ach, nein!“ fuhr Artevelde fort, „Du irrſt Dich, Veerle; es würde eine Wohlthat ſein, die man uns erwieſe. Was für ein Leben führen wir hier in Gent! Dein Vater iſt oft Wochen lang auf Reiſen, und ihm nicht die Zeit vergönnt, einige Stunden jeden Monat die Sorgen der Regierung in der ſüßen Geſellſchaft ſeiner Familie zu vergeſſen. Er kämpft gegen Aufruhr und

Intriguen; er arbeitet raſtlos, wie ein Sklave, der zu ewiger Thätigkeit verdammt iſt; niemals iſt es ihm vergönnt, einen Augenblick für ſich ſelbſt oder die Seinigen zu leben; und zum Lohne ſchändet man ſeinen Namen und verleumdet Alles, was ihm theuer iſt — ſelbſt Dich, meine gute, unſchuldige Beerle! Iſt dieſes Loos denn ſo ſchön, daß man klagen ſollte, wenn man hoffen kann, es werde ſich ändern?“

„Aber die Schande, Vater!“ rief Beerle ſchmerzlich; „die Schande der Verbannung!“

„Schande, mein Kind?“ ſagte Artevelde lächelnd. „Was iſt Schande oder Beſchämung? Es iſt das Gefühl, daß man ſchuldig iſt; das Gefühl, daß man den Haß oder die Verachtung ſeiner Brüder verdient. Kann ſolches Gefühl uns treffen? Wir, die wir wiſſen, daß Liebe, Recht und Pflicht die einzigen Sterne ſind, welche uns auf unſerer Bahn vorleuchteten! Ach! wenn Du nichts Anderes fürchteſt, Kind, ſo laß alle Betrübniß fahren. Schande und Beſchämung werden nie das Herz Deines Vaters erſchrecken.“

„Gent verlaſſen! auf fremder Erde leben! Das iſt doch ein zu grauſamer Lohn für ſolche Arbeit und Aufopferung!“ ſeufzte Frau Artevelde bitterlich.

„In Wahrheit!“ ſagte Artevelde, „es iſt ſchmerzlich, ſeinem Vaterlande Lebewohl ſagen zu müſſen, wenn man es liebt, wie wir es lieben. Aber man kann das Lebensglück aus mehr als einem Brunnen ſchöpfen, wenn man ſich geduldig beugt vor Gottes Willen. In dieſem Augenblicke iſt man damit beſchäftigt, über mein Schickſal zu entſcheiden. Seht Ihr Betrübniß oder Furcht an mir? Nein, es iſt eher Freude in meinem Buſen! Ich habe ſeit geſtern für uns Alle ein Glück geträumt, das eine Verurtheilung allein uns gewähren kann. Höre, Veerle, und Du, meine gute Katelyne! wir wollen bei Brüſſel auf einem ſchönen Gute wohnen; erlöſt von allen Regierungsſorgen, werde ich den ganzen Tag bei den Meinen ſein; wir werden unſern kleinen Philipp unter unſeren Augen ſpielen und heranwachſen ſehen; wir werden friedlich in ungeſtörter Liebe leben, unter der heiteren Sonne zwiſchen Blumen und Vögeln; wir werden ſpielen, jagen, luſtwandeln, Sprüche leſen, Lieder ſingen, und Gott danken, daß er ſeine milde Natur wenigſtens nicht undankbar gemacht hat. Dort wird die Verleumdung uns nicht mehr ſuchen können; denn man wird uns um nichts mehr zu beneiden haben; unſere Tage werden vorüberziehen in ſpiegelklarem Genuſſe; unſere Welt wird ſich nicht weiter erſtrecken, als in dem Kreiſe, der unſer Theuerſtes umfaßt; und müſſen wir mitunter den ſtillen Himmel unſeres Familienlebens verlaſſen, um auf Erden doch eine Pflicht zu erfüllen, ſo geſchehe es nur, o Veerle, mein Kind! o Katelyne, meine treue Freundin! um durch Eure Hände einen Theil unſerer Habe rings in den Hütten auszuſtreuen, um die Leiden unſerer Nächſten zu lindern. So wird doch unſer Name geſegnet werden vor Gott; dies iſt der einzige Ruhm, den ich noch beachten will; dies iſt das Paradies, das ich für uns Alle geträumt habe!“

Artevelde hatte dieſes Bild mit Begeiſterung vor ſeiner Familie entrollt, und ſeine ſchöne, eindringliche Stimme dazu ihren ſüßeſten Laut angenommen, ſo daß ſie den Ohren ſeiner Frau und ſeiner Tochter wie Harfentöne klang. Beide ſchienen an ſeinen Lippen zu hängen, während ſie mit ſtrahlenden Augen ihn anſahen und ihre Herzen bei ſeinen Worten von ſüßer Hoffnung klopften. Namentlich war die gefühlvolle und leicht erregbare Veerle ganz hingeriſſen von der Betrachtung des verſprochenen Lebens.

„Gott, Gott!“ rief ſie, „wie iſt das ſchön, was Du da ſagſt, Vater! Und ich ſoll Blumen pflegen und Turteltauben aufziehen! die Mutter Gottes kleiden, die Kranken beſuchen! — und die armen Kinder beten lehren! und Mutter ſein von Allem, was rings um uns leidet! Wann denn, Vater?“

Bei dieſer Frage fiel ihr Blick plötzlich auf den jungen Denys, der ganz verwundert zuhorchte.

„Wehe mir!“ ſeufzte ſie. „Und was wird aus Lieven?“

„Ich folge Euch, wohin Ihr geht, wenn es mir erlaubt wird,“ ſprach der Jüngling.

Veerle ergriff gerührt ſeine Hand und ſagte:

„Ah! ſo iſt es gut! Dann werden wir Alle zuſammen glücklich ſein.“

Gleich darauf ſenkte ſie verſchämt das Haupt, da die Röthe, welche Lievens Stirn bei ihren Worten bedeckte, ſie daran erinnerte, daß er das ſchöne Gut nicht mit ihr bewohnen könne.

Artevelde bemerkte ihre Verlegenheit und ſagte lächelnd:

„Fürchtet Euch nicht! Nach meiner Verurtheilung, wenn es wahr iſt, daß das Schickſal mich in die Verbannung verweiſt, wird Mher Denys geringere Schwierigkeiten machen, in Eure Ehe zu willigen, meine Kinder. Viele Wünſche, die bis jetzt unerfüllt bleiben mußten und die Urſache waren von großem Aerger, vielleicht von Haß, müſſen nun durch meinen Wegzug befriedigt werden. Ich weiß auf jeden Fall ein Mittel, durch Dazwiſchenkunft des Herzogs von Brabant alle Schwierigkeiten aus dem Wege zu räumen. Es iſt mein Geheimniß; doch bitte ich Euch, habt guten Muth. Es wird ſein, wie Du ſagſt, Beerle; wir werden allzumal glücklich ſein und auf dem Gute leben."

Die beiden Liebenden ſahen einander eine Zeit lang ſchweigend in die Augen und begannen dann mit faſt unhörbarer Stimme über das verſprochene Glück zu reden.

Mittlerweile war Frau Artevelde in tiefes Nachdenken verſunken; ſie ſchien mit Freuden ihrem Söhnchen zuzuſehen, das die Wangen und das Haar ſeines Vaters ſtreichelte und einige Worte lallte, welche nur ſie allein verſtand. Aber ihre Aufmerkſamkeit war abgelenkt durch eine ernſthafte Ueberlegung, aus der ſie erſt erwachte, als ihr Gatte ſie fragte:

„Und Du, Katelyne, ſagſt Du nichts über meinen goldenen Traum?"

„Ich habe reiflich darüber nachgedacht, Jakob," antwortete Frau Artevelde mit ernſthaftem Antlitz; „aber mir däucht, daß wir wohl thun würden, von nun an unwiderruflich zu beſchließen, daß wir Deinen glückſeligen Plan ausführen, ſelbſt wenn die Schöffenbank durch ein gerechtes Urtheil Dich in Deine ganze vorige Macht wieder einſetzte. — Wie ſchön würde es dann nicht ſein! Wir würden in Flandern wohnen bleiben.“

„Unmöglich!“ ſeufzte Artevelde mit einem Gefühle der Trauer.

„Aber was bindet Dich denn ſo feſt an das allgemeine Weſen? Wenn man Dir Dein Amt ſtreitig macht und Dich verleumdet, ſo überlaſſe es einem Anderen, zu ſchmecken, was es heißt, aus dem Kelche der Volksliebe zu trinken. Lebe nun auch ein wenig für uns, für Dich ſelbſt.“

Artevelde ſtand auf, wie wenn er ſich durch die Worte ſeiner Frau verletzt fühlte, drückte noch einen Kuß auf die Lippen ſeines Kindes, übergab es Jaquemyne und ſagte dann mit Lebhaftigkeit:

„Was mich bindet, Katelyne? Pflicht und Ehrgefühl! Liebe zu meinem Vaterlande! Ach! an dem Himmel des häuslichen Lebens würde doch eine ſchwarze Wolke mich immer verfolgen. Ich würde unſer theures Flandern Frankreich überliefert und erniedrigt ſehen; ſehen, wie die Hungersnoth von Neuem meine Brüder wegrafft und der ewige Feind der deutſchen Völker die Klaue öffnet, um endlich nach dreihundert Jahren der Liſt und des Betruges ſeine Beute zu packen und zu zerreißen! — Verdammt die Schöffenbank mich zur Unthätigkeit, verbannt man mich an andere Orte, ſo werde ich fortziehen und in der Seele trauern über das Schickſal unſerer Heimath; doch zugleich auch Troſt finden in dem Gedanken, daß ich bis zum letzten Augenblicke gethan habe, was Flandern von einem Vläminger fordern kann: leben in der Ueberzeugung, daß ich keine Schuld habe an dem Falle meines Geſchlechtes, und handelte, wie ich konnte und mußte. Aber wenn mir die Schöffenbank mein Schwert zurückgiebt und auf'ſ Neue meine Hülfe verlangt, um die Gefahr abzuwenden, die uns bedroht ....? Ich werde das Kreuz auf mich nehmen, ſtreben und leiden; aber auch die ſchnöden Bemühungen des Feindes vereiteln, Flandern retten und meine Brüder vor Hungersnoth und Sklaverei ſchützen. Die Verleumdung möge mich verfolgen, das Volk möge mich haſſen ..... das macht nichts; über dem Volke, welches entſteht, ſich ändert, aufſteigt und vergeht, erhebt ſich der Boden des Vaterlandes — der Grund, der die Gebeine unſerer Väter neben den Gebeinen unſerer Söhne umfaſſen ſoll, — das Vaterland, das allein ewig bleibt. Nein, nein, Katelyne! gehört Muth dazu, Anſehen und Macht niederzulegen, ſo iſt es auch Feigheit, ſeiner Beſtimmung zu entfliehen, wenn dieſe uns ſchwere Pflichten auferlegt. Niemals, niemals ſoll man ſagen, daß Jakob von Artevelde zurückſchritt auf ſeiner Bahn, daß er ſich weigerte, das Schwert zu führen gegen Flanderns Feinde, weil Schmach und Verleumdung ſein Lohn wurden. — Mein Lohn! er iſt hier in meinem Herzen, in meinem Gewiſſen, — die Stimme Gottes, die allein auf Erden mich richten und verurtheilen kann."

Bei dieſen letzten Worten ſchlug Artevelde kräftig an ſeine Bruſt; ſeine Augen glühten von edlem Stolze; es war in ſeiner ganzen Haltung etwas Großes, etwas Ehrfurchtgebietendes, in ſeinen Worten etwas Mächtiges, das ſeine Gattin in Erſtaunen ſetzte und ihr Herz mit Freude füllte; denn ſie war eine Frau, geſchaffen, eine ſolche Heldenſeele zu begreifen. Sie antwortete nicht, aber ſie faltete die Hände und richtete die Augen gen Himmel, als wollte ſie Gott für eine Wohlthat danken.

Artevelde näherte ſich ihr, und ihre Hände löſend, ergriff er eine derſelben und ſagte:

„Und Du auch, Katelyne, Du, die wahre Hälfte meines Seins, Du, die ſtets das Feuer der Vaterlandsliebe in meiner Bruſt anfachte ....“

Ein Geräuſch an der Thüre des Kerkers unterbrach ſeine Rede. Seine Gattin, Veerle und Lieven ſprangen mit einem Schrei der Ueberraſchung auf und ſtarrten zitternd auf den Eingang, in der Meinung, daß ſie den Erfolg der Schöffenverſammlung vernehmen würden.

Ghelnoot van Lens kam in den Kerker geeilt, und nachdem er ſich verſichert hatte, daß die Thür hinter ihm geſchloſſen ſei, ſagte er entſetzt und haſtig zu Artevelde:

„Was ich Euch zu ſagen habe, Oberhauptmann, ſoll kurz ſein. Mher Zoetaerds hat mich eben auf der Hoogpoort aufgeſucht. Er hatte bereits eine Stunde plaidirt; aber es hat nichts geholfen. Mher van Vaernewyck hatte begonnen; doch ſcheint es, als ob man von dieſem Verſuche auch nichts erwarten darf. Eure Feinde ſind zahlreich und werden wahrſcheinlich die Mehrzahl haben; Ihr werdet verurtheilt werden .....“

„Nun denn, ſei dem ſo, guter Freund!“ fiel ihm Artevelde in die Rede.

„Was!“ rief Ghelnoot, „ſei dem ſo! Bei Sanct Lieven's Gebeinen, dem ſoll nicht ſo ſein! Wie! die feigen Leliaerds, die niederträchtige Brut ſoll ſiegen über die Unſchuld! über Mher Jakob, den Befreier meines Vaterlandes! Nein, nein! es ſind mehr als dreitauſend Mann aus allen Provinzen Flanderns in der Stadt; die Genter ſelbſt ſchäumen vor Wuth. — Ich durfte es nicht wagen, ohne Eure Erlaubniß; aber ſagt ein Wort, ein einziges Wort, und die Mauern von Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen ſollen ſich öffnen, um Euch die Freiheit zu geben! Das Volk wird Eure ſchnöden Feinde zerſchmettern unter ſeinem Zorne..... Sprecht! raſch! Vielleicht iſt das Urtheil ſchon gefällt.“

Artevelde ergriff Ghelnoot's Hand und antwortete mit gelaſſenem Lächeln:

„Ich danke Euch, Ghelnoot! Aber ich bitte Euch, ich beſchwöre Euch, beweiſt mir noch dieſen Freundſchaftsdienſt: laßt mich das Geſetz ehren bis an's Ende! Machte Euch Eure grenzenloſe Neigung zu mir nicht blind, ſo würdet Ihr nicht wähnen, Jakob von Artevelde ſei geneigt, einzuwilligen, daß Ströme Blutes um ſeinetwillen vergoſſen werden. Das Wort, das Ihr verlangt, werde ich nicht geben; im Gegentheil, wenn Ihr Euer Vorhaben ausführt, werde ich ſagen, daß Ihr meinen Namen entehrt habt.“

„Es muß, es muß ſein!“ rief Ghelnoot ganz außer ſich.

„Niemals!“ wiederholte Artevelde, als ein ſtilles, doch unwiderrufliches Urtheil.

Ghelnoot rannte wie verzweifelt umher und wand krampfhaft die Arme.

„Gott, Gott!“ ſchrie er, ging dann plötzlich bleich und zitternd auf den Oberhauptmann zu, zog ihn in einen fernen Winkel des Kerkers und ſprach dann mit gedämpfter Stimme:

„Ach! Ihr wollt das Wort nicht geben, und wenn Eure Gattin, Eure Tochter, Euer Sohn Philipp allein auf Erden zurückbleiben ſollten? Wenn heute noch ein Grab ſich öffnen müßte zwiſchen Euch und Eurer unglücklichen Familie? Wenn Euer Blut noch heute auf die Straße ſpritzen müßte?“

Der Oberhauptmann legte die Hand auf Ghelnoot's Mund und flüſterte ihm erſchreckt in das Ohr:

„Schweigt, ſchweigt, daß man Euch nicht hört! Ach! was habt Ihr geſagt!“

„Man will Euer Haupt! Ein Schaffot! Der Henker! .... Nun denn, man muß wählen zwiſchen ſchlechtem Blute und edlem Blute! ....“

„Ich kann es nicht glauben.“

„Es iſt ſo, ſage ich Euch.“

„Gottes Wille geſchehe! Mein Blut ſoll fließen, wenn es verlangt wird.“

„Unerbittlich! Wehe, wehe!“ ſchrie Ghelnoot, während er in eine Ecke lief und dort ſich wie raſend die Haare ausraufte.

Frau Artevelde, Veerle und Lieven zitterten vor

Angſt und Schrecken, und ſtanden mit pochendem Herzen da. Obwohl ſie nicht verſtehen konnten, was Ghelnoot zu dem Oberhauptmann ſagte, ſo ſahen ſie doch ein, daß er eine ſchlimme Nachricht gebracht haben müſſe. Sobald Artevelde daher auf ſie zuſchritt, fielen ſeine Gattin und ſeine Tochter ihm weinend und klagend um den Hals und fragten ihn, was Ghelnoot geſagt habe. Aber ganz verwirrt, antwortete er ihnen nicht und winkte der Magd, ihm ſeinen Sohn zu reichen. Er betrachtete eine Weile nachdenklich das Kind. Zwei Thränen rollten ihm aus den Augen und fielen glänzend auf die Stirn des jungen Philipp, als ob mit denſelben die Seele des Vaters ausgezogen ſei, um unter dem Schädel des Kindes fortan zu wohnen. Dann ſchloß er die Tochter, die Gattin und den Freund in die Arme und blieb ſo ſprachlos ſitzen.

Plötzlich ſprang Ghelnoot van Lens wieder in die Höhe und rief mit ſchneidender Stimme, während er mit dem Finger nach oben zeigte:

„Horcht, da ſind ſie ſchon, Oberhauptmann! Mher Jakob, Mher Jakob! um Gottes willen!“

Artevelde richtete das Haupt empor und hörte in der That ein fernes Geräuſch, wie von einer wüthenden See von Menſchen, deren hohle Wogen nach ſeinem Kerker herabbrauſten. Er warf nochmals die betrübten Blicke auf ſeine jammernde Familie und auf ſein Kind; dann ſagte er:

„Ach! die Verſuchung iſt groß; aber doch, Artevelde ſoll bleiben, was er iſt!“

„Was ſoll er ſein?“ fiel ihm Ghelnoot in die Rede „Held oder Märtyrer?“

„Nun, Märtyrer!“ antwortete Artevelde gelaſſen

Ghelnoot warf ſich jetzt wie ſinnlos auf einen Stuhl und begann bitterlich zu weinen. Doch faßte er noch einmal alle ſeine Kraft zuſammen und murmelte:

„Ach, ach! das Opfer iſt gebracht!“

Kaum ſaß Ghelnoot da, ſo hörte man das Geſchrei und Geheul des Volkes vor Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen mit entſetzlichem Lärm aufſteigen. Die Thür des Kerkers ward aufgeriſſen. Maes van Vaernewyck, Pieter Zoetaerde und ungefähr zehn andere Schöffen kamen jauchzend auf den Oberhauptmann zugelaufen, riſſen ihn aus ſeiner Familie heraus und fielen ihm unter allerlei Glückwünſchen um den Hals.

„Aber, lieben Freunde!“ fragte Artevelde, „was bringt Ihr mir denn?“

Der alte Pieter Zoetaerde wollte reden; aber eine Thränenfluth ſtürzte ihm aus den Augen und er konnte kein Wort vorbringen.

„Heil, Heil!“ rief Maes van Vaernewyck mit lauter Stimme. „Van Steenbeeke und achtzig andere Leliaerds ſind aus dem Lande verbannt! Aber Jakob, unſer Oberhauptmann, iſt unſchuldig, frei, verehrt!“

Bis jetzt waren Frau Artevelde, Lieven und Ghelnoot wie verſteinert vor Erſtaunen mit vorgeſtrecktem Halſe und weit aufgeriſſenen Augen ſtehen geblieben. Als ſie aber jetzt die Verkündigung von des Oberhauptmanns Unſchuld aus dem Munde des Oberſchöffen ge hört hatten, war es, als ob ſie von einem gewaltigen Schlage erwachten. Beerle und ihre Mutter ſtießen die Schöffen von Artevelde weg, fielen ihm um den Hals und blieben dort hängen, wie von Freude gelähmt und vor Rührung ohnmächtig. Lieven ſtand neben dem Oberhauptmanne und weinte in der Stille Thränen der Liebe und des Glückes. Ghelnoot ward faſt wahnſinnig vor Freude; er lief jubelnd im Gemache umher und übertäubte jedes andere Geräuſch durch ſein gewaltiges Jubelgeſchrei.

Während die Schöffen die Blicke von Artevelde und ſeiner Familie abwendeten, um ihre Rührung zu verbergen, hörte man plötzlich Hunderte von Stimmen vor der Thür des Kerkers ſchreien. Das Volk hatte die Wache von dem Steen weggedrängt und war wie eine gewaltige Fluth in das Gefängniß hineingeſtrömt, unaufhörlich rufend:

„Mher Jakob, unſern Oberhauptmann, müſſen wir haben! Heil, Heil Artevelde! Mher Jakob! Mher Jakob!“

Endlich zwang ein Haufen Zunftgenoſſen den Kerkermeiſter, ihnen die Thür des Gefängniſſes zu öffnen, und eine Wolke von Männern, Lieven Comyne an der Spitze, drang wie wahnſinnig hinein und kam jauchzend in das Gemach. Weder Befehlen noch Bitten half bei dieſen Geſellen; ſie ſollten und müßten den Oberhauptmann haben, ſagten ſie; ſie hätten auf der Straße geſchworen, daß ſie ihn mitbringen wollten. Wie Artevelde ſich auch entſchuldigte und bat, er mußte zuletzt dem frohen Andringen des Volkes nachgeben und ward mit allen Schöffen feierlich aus dem Kerker heraus geführt.

Ghelnoot und Lieven hatten es übernommen, die Frauen augenblicklich nach Hauſe zu bringen.

Vor Ser Geeraerts Teufelsſteen und in allen angrenzenden Straßen, ſo weit das Auge nur reichen konnte, ſtand die Menge dicht gedrängt und ſchrie und jauchzte, daß die Häuſer bebten. Hunderte von Bannern und Standarten entfalteten ihre Gildezeichen über dieſem Meere von Menſchenköpfen; Dächer, Fenſter und Brunnen, Alles war bedeckt und voll von jubelndem Volke.

Artevelde ſchritt mit ruhigem Antlitz am Arme des Oberſchöffen durch den Strom hindurch, der ihm in den Straßen vorausrollte und die ganze Stadt mit ſeiner brauſenden Freude überdeckte.

Bald darauf erreichte der Oberhauptmann ſeine Wohnung und trat mit einigen Freunden in dieſelbe.

Das Volksgewühl, das Jauchzen, die Geſänge und die Glückwünſche dauerten fort bis tief in die Nacht.

Nicht ein einziges Wort wurde an dieſem Tage mehr gegen Artevelde geſprochen. — Wo waren die Verleumder und Neider denn geblieben? Wo bleibt die feige Misgunſt, wenn ſie ihre Ohnmacht erkennt? Macht ſie es nicht wie ihr Ebenbild, die Schlange, welche ſich in das Dunkel verkriecht, bis neues Gift ihre Zähne gefüllt hat?

Ende des vierten Bandes.

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Hendrik Conſcience.

Jakob von Artevelde.

Hiſtoriſcher Roman
aus dem
Vlämiſchen unter Mitwirkung des Verfaſſers
von

O. L. B. Wolff.

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XIII.

Der Schöffenſpruch, durch welchen Ser van Steenbeeke nebſt achtzig der vornehmſten Leliaerds auf funfzig Jahre aus dem Lande Flandern verbannt worden, wurde augenblicklich ausgeführt, und Artevelde als Oberhauptmann wieder in ſeine vorige Macht und Würde eingeſetzt. Da ganz Flandern ihm zujauchzte, ſo ſah er ſich bei dieſer Wendung ſeines Schickſals plötzlich im Beſitze eines Einfluſſes und Anſehens, deſſen Grenzen nicht mehr zu unterſcheiden waren. Es wäre ihm in dieſem Augenblicke ein Leichtes geworden, ſeine ſchändlichen Neider und Verleumder zu ſtrafen und das Land von der abſcheulichen Brut zu ſäubern, welche alle ſeine Schritte hinderte, die er zu Flanderns Größe und gänzlicher Befreiung unternahm. Aber es lag nicht in ſeinem Charakter, Gewalt zu gebrauchen, ſo lange noch irgend ein ſanfteres Mittel ihm die Hoffnung gab, ſeinen edlen Zweck auf eine andere Weiſe zu erreichen. Obſchon er wohl wußte, welchen Antheil mehrere ſeiner Neider an dem Aufſtande der Leliaerds genommen hatten, ſo ließ er doch dem Schöffenrathe nichts davon merken, in der

Erwartung, daß van Steenbecke's Tücke ihnen genug Furcht einflößen würde, um ſie auf beſſere Gedanken zu bringen. Seine Herzensgüte blendete ihn ſo ſehr, daß ſie ihn glauben machte, der Neid ſei eine Leidenſchaft, welche aus dem Herzen, in dem ſie einmal Wurzel geſchlagen, ausgerottet werden könne; daß die Verleumdung durch Edelmuth oder durch Tugend ſich beſiegen laſſe, da es doch Tugend, Edelmuth und Größe allein ſind, welche Neid und Verleumdung erzeugen.

Sich ſelbſt nochmals vergeſſend, um ausſchließlich für das Heil ſeines Vaterlandes zu wirken, begann er ſich nach Mitteln umzuſehen, die ſeine eigene Macht verringerten und Flandern eine Einrichtung gaben, welche endlich deſſen Fortbeſtehen eine feſte Grundlage zu verleihen im Stande waren.

Er ſchlug nämlich vor, das Land in drei unzertrennliche Gebiete zu theilen und für jedes einen Oberhauptmann zu wählen, bekleidet mit derſelben Macht, wie ſie ihm über Gent eingeräumt war. Brügge ſollte über die Striche gebieten, welche man Het Brye, Ooſt, Weſt und Noord mit deren dazu gehörigen Gemeinen nannte. Das ganze Weſtviertel mit dem Leikant ſollte unter Ypern ſtehen, während die vier Ambachten, das Land von Waes, Audenaerde und Kortryk zu dem Grundgebiete der Stadt Gent gezogen wurden. Nichts Wichtiges, die gemeinen Dinge des Landes betreffend, ſollte künftig unternommen werden ohne die Zuſtimmung der drei Hauptgebiete von Flandern, ſo daß, wenn zwei Glieder beſchlöſſen, das dritte Glied ſich dieſem Beſchluſſe unterwerfen müßte, ſelbſt wenn es auch ganz entgegengeſetzt geſtimmt hätte. Im Kriege ſollte jede Gemeine der Fahne ihres Hauptgebietes folgen, deren Regierung übrigens verantwortlich blieb für die Ausführung der öffentlichen Geſetze, die Aufbringung der beſtimmten Zahl Krieger und den Kriegsvorrath. In Folge dieſer Einrichtung ſollte den Gemeinen und Gebieten außerdem die volle Freiheit bleiben, ſich nach ihren Privilegien und eigenen Gebräuchen zu regieren, ohne daß die drei Hauptgebiete dieſe Freiheit je beſchränken durften, ausgenommen in Zeiten großer Gefahr.

Dieſer Vorſchlag ward durchgängig mit großer Freude angenommen und Flandern erhielt dadurch eine Bundesgenoſſenſchaft. Brügge und Ypern erkannten Artevelde als allgemeinen Oberhauptmann an und trugen ihm auf, ſelbſt die beiden Oberhauptleute der anderen Provinzen zu ernennen. Er erwählte für Brügge Gillis van Coudenbrouck, einen verſtändigen und wohlhabenden Bürger, und für Ypern den tapferen Edelmann und Ritter Ser Jan van Houtkercke.

Der Magiſtrat von Gent erlitt keine Veränderung weiter, ausgenommen daß die beiden Hauptleute, Pieter van den Hovene und Willem van Huſe, zu Schöffen gewählt wurden, und man ſtatt ihrer Joos Apare und Pieter van Caudenhove zu Hauptleuten von St. Michiels und von St. Maertens-Ackerghen ernannte.

Mittlerweile kam Graf Ludwig von Nevers wieder nach Flandern und ſah ſich wie gewöhnlich ehrfurchtsvoll und mit Jubel empfangen. Auf allen Seiten machte man bei dieſem Fürſten den Verſuch, um ihn von der Seite des Königs von Frankreich abzuziehen und ihm dadurch zum ruhigen Genuſſe ſeiner Herrſchaft zu verhelfen. Wie ſehr man ſich indeſſen auch bemühte, Alles blieb vergeblich. Was konnte man denn auch von dem verirrten Ludwig hoffen? Hatte er nicht ſeine eigene Schweſter, Margaretha von Bretagne, von dem franzöſiſchen Könige angreifen, verfolgen und in gräßliches Unglück ſtürzen laſſen, ohne Muth noch Willen, ihr zu Hülfe zu kommen? Hatte er nicht die Stimme des Blutes verläugnet zum Vortheile Frankreichs? Es ließ ſich denken, daß dieſer Fürſt ſo blind Philipp von Valois ergeben blieb, aus Furcht, ſeine Grafſchaften Rethel und Nevers, die in Frankreich lagen, zu verlieren. Aber Ludwig's Gemüth war zu edel, um ſich bloß von dem eigenen Intereſſe leiten zu laſſen. Die wahre Urſache lag darin, daß er, ſeit ſeiner Kindheit am franzöſiſchen Hofe erzogen, in der Anſicht herangewachſen war, die Volksfreiheit ſei etwas Unrechtmäßiges, und jeder Ritter vor Gott verpflichtet, aus allen Kräften die Erhebung der Gemeinen zu bekämpfen, als einen Aufſtand gegen die Cultur und gegen alles geſetzliche Recht. Er war mit der Tochter eines franzöſiſchen Königs vermählt, und dies trug wahrſcheinlich nicht wenig dazu bei, ihn in ſeiner antivlämiſchen Denkart unwandelbar zu beſtärken.

Während der Oberhauptmannſchaft Artevelde's war Graf Ludwig manches Mal nach Flandern gekommen, ohne daß je die Einwohner noch die Obrigkeit ihm die ſchuldige Ehrerbietung verweigert hätten. Nie jedoch wollten ihm ſeine Forderungen zum Beſten Frankreichs glücken; hinſichtlich dieſes Punktes fand er die Gemeinen ſo ſtandhaft, und ſie wieſen ſein Verlangen ſo kühl zurück, daß er jedes Mal nach kurzem Aufenthalte unverrichteter Sache wieder nach Frankreich zurückkehrte. Mehr als ein Mal hatte ſich Artevelde zu ihm begeben und ſeine ganze Beredſamkeit angewandt, um dem Fürſten begreiflich zu machen, wie mächtig und geliebt er in Flandern ſein könne, wenn er redlich das Bündniß mit England auch für ſich ſelbſt annehmen wolle. Wiederholt bat er ihn, Flandern ſeinen geſetzlichen Grafen zurückzugeben, und verſprach ihm in dieſem Falle, Alles ſeinem Dienſte zu weihen. Ludwig blieb jedoch unbezwinglich in ſeiner Anhänglichkeit an Philipp von Valois. Er erkannte zwar oft an, daß Artevelde mit außerordentlicher geiſtiger Kraft begabt ſei und für einen Bürger eine faſt wunderbare Kenntniß von politiſchen Dingen beſitze; er ſah wohl ein, daß die Politik des weiſen Mannes Flandern auf den Gipfel der Macht und des Reichthums gehoben habe; aber dies Alles reichte nicht hin, um ihn den franzöſiſchen Intereſſen abwendig zu machen; er blieb dem Fremdling ergeben und erklärte endlich, daß er eher auf immer ſeinem väterlichen Erbe entſagen, als ſich mit den Feinden des Königs von Frankreich verbünden würde.

Die Leliaerds und anderen Unzufriedenen ſahen nach der glänzenden Wiederherſtellung von Artevelde's Ehre und Einfluß kein Mittel mehr, um den Oberhauptmann zu bekämpfen. Viele gaben den Streit ganz auf und geſellten ſich allmählig den Freunden von Flanderns Gedeihen und Unabhängigkeit zu; die Uebrigen warteten mit erbittertem Gemüthe, bis neue Begebenheiten ihnen die Gelegenheit an die Hand geben würden, den Oberhauptmann mit einiger Hoffnung auf guten Erfolg öffentlich angreifen zu können. Die Verleumdung hörte jedoch mittlerweile nicht auf, Alles anzuwenden, um Artevelde als Menſch wie als Staatsmann wenigſtens in einem zweifelhaften Lichte erſcheinen zu laſſen. Dieſe Bemühungen trugen indeß ſo ſehr den Stempel der Furcht und Schüchternheit, daß ſie damals den Einfluß des Oberhauptmanns durchaus nicht ſchwächten.

Die Entmuthigung dieſer böſen Beſtrebungen ſchenkte Flandern eine lange Ruhe, während welcher die Entwickelung der Gewerbe und des Handels faſt die Grenzen des Möglichen überſchritt und der höchſte Wohlſtand ſich bis in die geringſte Hütte des Landmanns verbreitete.

Ohne daß man vermuthen konnte, welche verborgene Hand die vergeſſene Brandfackel des Gewerbſtreites von Neuem unter das Volk geſchleudert hatte, entſtand plötzlich in verſchiedenen Provinzen des Landes eine furchtbare Gährung der Gemüther über die unentſchieden gebliebenen Streitpunkte hinſichtlich der Wollenweberei, deren Alleinhandel die großen Städte behalten wollten.

Die Einwohner von Poperinghe hatten eine große Anzahl Webeſtühle eingerichtet, um das berühmte Ypern'ſche feine Tuch nachzumachen, und dies war ihnen ſo ſehr geglückt, daß ſie vielleicht binnen Kurzem die Ypern'ſchen Arbeiter übertroffen haben würden. Die Schöffenbank der Stadt Ypern befahl nun den Poperinghern, ihre Privilegien zu ehren und die neuen Webeſtühle zu vernichten. Aber dieſen Befehl nicht achtend, ergriffen die Bürger von Poperinghe die Waffen und zeigten ſich bereit, ihre Induſtrie gegen jegliche Gewalt zu vertheidigen. Hierauf befahl die Schöffenbank von Ypern dem Oberhauptmanne, Ser Jan van Houtkercke, mit einem kleinen Corps nach Poperinghe zu ziehen. Nach einigen blutigen Scharmützeln wurden die Männer der eiferſüchtigen Städte in einem ſchrecklichen Gefechte mit einander handgemein. Der Hauptmann der Poperingher wurde mit einer anſehnlichen Zahl der Seinigen erſchlagen und ganze Banden Gefangener nach Ypern gebracht. Darauf wurden Langemark und Rennighelſt nebſt dem Schloſſe zu Rennighe von den Yperlingen verwüſtet und in Aſche gelegt.

In anderen Städten entſprangen gleichfalls beklagenswerthe Blutvergießen aus dieſem Zwiſte, welcher über ganz Flandern zwiſchen den großen und kleinen Gemeinen fortherrſchte. Die Feinde des Oberhauptmanns ſahen in dieſem Streite ein Mittel, ihn von dieſer Seite anzugreifen, und fachten das Feuer, wo ſie konnten, an, indem ſie hofften, daß es zuletzt in einen entſcheidenden Bürgerkrieg ausbrechen würde.

Es glückte jedoch Artevelde, einige Städte zu einer freieren Auffaſſung ihrer Privilegien und viele der kleineren Gemeinen zur Anerkennung der beſtehenden Vorrechte zu überreden, ſo daß das drohende Ungewitter für damals, wenn auch nicht ganz abgewehrt, doch größtentheils beruhigt wurde. Dies ließ die Leliaerds und die Feinde des weiſen Mannes wieder auf eine Zeit lang im Dunkeln verſchwinden.

Geeraert Denys, durch das Urtheil der Schöffenbank machtlos gegen Artevelde geworden, der im Herzen einräumen mußte, daß ſeine Rachſucht, wie jetzt die Sachen ſtanden, lange nicht befriedigt werden würde, war mit ſeiner dunkeln Seele in den Abgrund eines grenzenloſen Leides verſunken. Das Feuer der Misgunſt brannte in ſeinem Herzen und verzehrte ſein Fleiſch; er ward mager; ſeine Augen ſanken in ihren Höhlen ein; eine gelbe Farbe breitete ſich über ſein Antlitz und ein beſtändiges Lächeln voll Gift zuckte krampfhaft um ſeine Lippen, während ſeine Stimme einen ſchrillen Ton bekam, welcher den Zuhörer ſchaudern machte, gleichſam als ob dieſer errathen könne, daß ſie aus einer zerriſſenen Bruſt aufſteige.

Sehr ſelten verließ der Oberdechant ſeine Wohnung; ganze Tage ſaß er, das Haupt auf die Hand geſtützt, neben dem Kamine, ſtumm in die Aſche blickend und einigen Troſt in den wildeſten Träumen der Rache und der Bosheit ſuchend. Begab er ſich mitunter auf die Straße, ſo geſchah dies meiſt des Abends, um mit Muggelen und anderen verborgenen Werkzeugen ſeines Haſſes ſich in Schmähungen gegen den Oberhauptmann zu ergehen und ſchändliche Verleumdungen gegen denſelben zu brauen.

Mit ſeinem Sohne Lieven war Denys über die Maßen rauh, wenn dieſer ihn anſprach; etwas, das jetzt ſehr ſelten geſchah. Da er den armen Jüngling grauſam zurückſtieß, ſo oft derſelbe ihn zu tröſten ſuchte, ſo ward dieſer endlich von Furcht erfüllt und trauerte im Stillen über das Leiden ſeines Vaters, deſſen wahre Urſache er nicht verkennen konnte. Zwiſchen Vater und Sohn trat nun eine ſprachloſe Entfernung ein, und ſie lebten in derſelben Wohnung mit einander, als ob ſie einander fremd geworden wären.

Noch eine andere Urſache des Schmerzes drückte das Haupt des guten Lieven nieder: Beerle hatte während der Gefangenſchaft ihres Vaters die beſtändige Angſt und Sorge um denſelben mit ſcheinbarer Kraft ertragen; nach ſeiner Befreiung war ſie jedoch ſo ſehr in Erſchöpfung verſunken, daß ſie auf die anhaltende Bitte ihrer Muhme und mit Lieven's Zuſtimmung auf einige Monate in den großen Beggynhof gezogen war, um dort als Beggyne fern von der Welt und im Dienſte Gottes zu verſuchen, ob die Ruhe und Stille ihr die verlorene Geſundheit zurückgeben würden.

Jetzt konnte Lieven ſeine geliebte Beerle wöchentlich nur einmal am Sonntage beſuchen, wenn er mit Frau Artevelde oder mit dem Oberhauptmanne ſelbſt den Nachmittag im Beggynhofe zubrachte. Mitunter, wenn er ſeiner Sehnſucht nach der Nähe der Geliebten nicht länger Widerſtand leiſten konnte, begab er ſich nach dem Beggynhofe, um dort die Meſſe zu hören. Dann konnte er zu Zeiten einen flüchtigen Blick auf Beerle werfen, welche mit gebeugtem Haupte in der Tiefe der Kirche zwiſchen den anderen Beggynen ſaß und betete; oder es gelang ihm, am Ende der Meſſe bei dem Herausgehen ein ſüßes Lächeln auf ihren Lippen zu überraſchen.

An einem Nachmittage, als Lieven gerade im Begriff war, das Haus zu verlaſſen und nach ſeiner Gewohnheit längs der Niederſchelde ſpazieren zu gehen und zu träumen, ward die Vorderthür gewaltſam aufgeriſſen, und ſein Vater erſchien in dem Gemache mit dem Ausdrucke äußerſter Wuth auf ſeinem Antlitz. Er ſchloß beide Thüren, ging mit glühenden Augen auf Lieven zu, drohte ihm mit der Fauſt und ſagte:

„So iſt es alſo wahr, daß ich eine Schlange in meinem Buſen erwärmt habe! Von meinem eigenen Sohne muß ich den Todesſtoß bekommen! Vertrocknet das Feuer des Aergers mein Blut, öffnet ſich ein Grab zu meinen Füßen, Du, Du mußt es ſein, der dieſe Flamme in meinem Buſen anzündete, der dies Grab öffnete. Aber Dich kann meine Rache wenigſtens zerſchmetternd treffen...... Auf dem Sterbebette ſelbſt ſoll mein Mund noch Kraft genug behalten, um einen entarteten Sohn zu verfluchen.....“

Lieven ſprang erſchreckt vom Stuhle auf und trat zitternd zurück. Das verzerrte Antlitz ſeines Vaters erfüllte ihn mit nicht geringerem Schauder, als die ſchreckliche Drohung, die wie ein Donnerſchlag ihm in das Ohr drang. Flehend hob er die Hände auf und ſprach:

„O, Vater! man hat Dich betrogen! Wahrlich, ich that nie Etwas, das Deinen Zorn rechtfertigt. Gnade, Gnade! höre mich, ehe Du fortfährſt!“

„Scheinheilige Natter!“ entgegnete der Oberdechant, „geeignet, um in der Stille das Haupt Deines Vaters an den Tyrannen zu verkaufen, geeignet, um ihn ſelbſt auf das Schaffot zu führen und ſein Blut ſeinen Feinden Preis zu geben!“

„Höre auf, höre auf!“ rief Lieven, „was Du ſagſt, iſt ſchändlich ..... Selbſt mein Vater hat nicht das Recht, mich ſo blutig zu höhnen! Wer Dir ſolche Dinge geſagt hat, iſt ein verächtlicher Verleumder!“

Bei dieſen Worten hatte Lieven den Kopf emporgehoben. Das Uebermaaß von ſeines Vaters Unwillen riß ihn aus ſeiner Angſt empor; er nahm eine ſtolzere Haltung an, trat entſchloſſen auf ſeinen Vater zu und ſagte:

„Nun denn! wenn ich ſchuldig bin, ſo verurtheile mich! Aber erſt ſollſt Du mir doch deutlich ſagen, was ich verbrochen habe, und wenn ich Dir beweiſen kann, daß man Dich betrogen hat, ſo hoffe ich, wirſt Du gerecht genug ſein, mein Haupt von den ſchrecklichen Vorwürfen zu entlaſten, mit denen Du es beladen haſt.“

„Ha!“ rief Denys, „weil Dein Vater unglücklich iſt und leidet, darum wagſt Du es, ſo unerſchrocken mit ihm zu reden und ihm Lehren zu geben! Aber wir wollen ſehen, Ausgearteter, was Du vorbringen kannſt, um Dich wegen des allerſchnödeſten Verrathes zu entſchuldigen! Kennſt Du Jan Sporrelynck?“

„Ich kenne ihn! Er war mein Freund, ehe er ſich zu Schlechtigkeiten verleiten ließ.“

„Mich lieben iſt Schlechtigkeit, nicht wahr?“ fiel ihm der Oberdechant mit neuem Zorne in die Rede.

„Mich bekämpfen und dem Tyrannen anhängen, das allein iſt Tugend; mich verrathen und verkaufen, wie Du es gethan haſt, das iſt Heldenmuth und Vaterlandsliebe! Es iſt ſchon lange her, und Du haſt bis jetzt darüber ſchweigen und heucheln können! Ein abſonderlicher Zufall mußte mir Deine Falſchheit offenbaren! — Du biſt es alſo, der dem Oberhauptmanne Kenntniß von unſerem Plane gegeben hat, in dem Augenblicke, wo wir das Volk befreien wollten von der ſchändlichen Sklaverei! Wahrſcheinlich haſt Du da auch geſagt, daß Dein Vater der vornehmſte Anführer des Aufſtandes war! Du haſt ihn verrathen und ihn den Händen ſeines Erzfeindes überliefert. — Und er, er hat mir Gnade bewieſen .... bis es ihm gefällt, mein Haupt auf das Schaffot rollen zu laſſen ..... Ach! dieſer Gedanke frißt mir das Herz ab und jagt mir das Blut flammend durch die Adern! Welche Strafe würde groß genug ſein, um Dich für Deinen Vatermord büßen zu laſſen? Der Tod? Nein, der Tod allein wäre zu ſüß; meinen Fluch haſt Du verdient!"

„Ach, um Gottes willen, Vater, höre mich," fiel Lieven ihm in die Rede, „und urtheile dann! Es iſt wahr, ich habe das Geheimniß der Verſchwörung durch Zufall im Munde von Jan Sporrelynck überraſcht und es Myher Ghelnoot van Lens mitgetheilt, damit er Maßregeln träfe, um den Anſchlag gegen Myher Artevelde und gegen das Heil Flanderns zu vereiteln. Aber niemals iſt der Name meines Vaters über meine Lippen gekommen, um Etwas zu ſagen, das ihm hätte Nach theil bringen können. Ich habe viel gehört und geſehen, viel gelitten und ausgeſtanden, und doch niemals über meinen Vater geklagt, weder gegen Mher Artevelde, noch gegen Beerle, noch gegen irgend Jemand ſonſt. Wie ſehr ich mich auch bemühe, alle Erinnerung davon aus meinem Geiſte zu verbannen, ich bin überzeugt, daß Du irrſt. Mir kommt es jedoch nicht zu, meinen Vater zu beurtheilen; ich ehre ſeinen Irrthum. Aber daß ich die Hände leihen ſollte zum Falle meines Vaterlandes, daß ich den Helden nicht beſchütze, deſſen Größe Jeden in Erſtaunen ſetzt, deſſen edelmüthige Güte mich mit Bewunderung erfüllt, — ſo ſehr kann ich die Seele, die Gott mir ſchenkte, nicht verläugnen. Ich habe den Anſchlag dem Hauptmanne von Sanct Nikolaes entdeckt; indem ich dies that, glaubte ich eine heilige Pflicht zu erfüllen. Dich aber, mein Vater, habe ich ſtets entſchuldigt, wenn der Verdacht ſich gegen Dich erhob. Um ſolcher Handlungen willen, obgleich ſie vielleicht Deinen Gedanken entgegengeſetzt ſind, kannſt Du mich doch nicht beladen mit der ſchrecklichen Strafe, mit der Du mir drohſt. Der oberſte Richter iſt Gott; er würde Dein ungerechtes Urtheil aufheben.“

Während Lieven mit würdiger, doch ehrfurchtsvoller Gelaſſenheit und mit freundlicher Stimme dieſe Worte ſprach, lief der Oberdechant murrend im Zimmer auf und ab, wie Jemand, der einer läſtigen Ueberzeugung entgehen will. Er fühlte ſich tief verwundet durch die ſanfte Rede ſeines Sohnes, welche ihm nicht die Mittel darbot, wie er es gewünſcht hatte, in heftige Vorwürfe und Verfluchungen auszubrechen, und durch welche ſich Lieven wahrlich über ſeinen Vater erhob, ſo hoch nämlich die gelaſſene Rede über der blinden Leidenſchaft ſteht.

Nachdem er eine Zeit lang ſtumm im Gemache auf und abgewandelt war, blieb Geeraert Denys vor ſeinem Sohne ſtehen und ſagte mit ganz anderem Tone:

„Nun denn! der Verrath iſt einmal geſchehen, und im Nothfall könnte ich dieſe Handlung vergeſſen; aber unſer gegenſeitiges Verhältniß kann nicht ſo bleiben. Meine Freunde fliehen und fürchten mich; ich verliere alle Achtung und Einfluß, weil man mich im Verdacht hat, ich wolle mich durch Dich mit Artevelde verſöhnen...“

„Ach! wie würde ich Gott danken, wenn dieſer Verdacht gegründet wäre,“ rief Lieven eifrig.

„Mich mit Artevelde verſöhnen!“ ſpottete der Oberdechant bitter; „mit ihm, der mich meines Rechtes beraubt hat, mit ihm, der mich unter ſeinem Hochmuth gebeugt hält! Eher riſſe ich mir das eigene Herz aus der Bruſt, um es zwiſchen zwei Steinen zu zerſchmettern. Nein, nein! Der Streit zwiſchen mir und dem Tyrannen iſt nicht zu Ende; ſo lange mir noch ein Tropfen warmes Blut durch die Adern fließt, ſoll er wiſſen und fühlen, daß ich lebe. Fortuna's Rad hat mich niedergeworfen; aber dieſes Rad dreht ſich immer und bringt ſelbſt die Schwächſten wieder empor. Er fürchte die Wendung; er ſoll erkennen, wie ſie ſchmeckt, die Galle, die jetzt Jahre lang ſich in meiner zuſammengepreßten Bruſt geſammelt hat; er ſoll zu meinen Füßen kriechen, vergeblich um Gnade flehen für ſich ſelbſt, für Alles, was ihm theuer iſt, für Alle, die ihn zu achten und zu lieben wagten. Ich werde ſein Geſchlecht vernichten, ſeinen Namen verſchwinden laſſen aus der Welt, oder ihn der Geſchichte überliefern, beladen mit ewiger Verachtung und Schande. Und muß meine Rache in einem Blutbade gekühlt werden, ſo werde ich unerbittlich ſein und das Schwert wie eine Senſe über Flandern fahren laſſen ....“

Lieven legte zitternd die Hand auf ſeines Vaters Mund und unterbrach ſo deſſen abſcheuliche racheathmende Rede.

„Ach! habe Mitleid mit mir!“ bat er flehend; „Deine Worte durchbohren meine Seele und erſchrecken mich zum Tode. Biſt Du es nur, Vater, der ſo ſpricht? Iſt nicht ein böſer Geiſt zwiſchen uns Beide getreten, um dies Gemach durch unerhörte Verwünſchungen zu beflecken? Siehe, ich zittere und bebe, wie wenn Deine Stimme einen Teufel aus der Hölle vor meinen Augen heraufbeſchworen hätte. Erbarme Dich meiner, Vater! Laß mich glauben, daß der Zorn allein Dir dieſe Worte eingab! Reiße nicht ſo grauſam das letzte Gefühl der Liebe aus meinem bekümmerten Herzen! Ich bitte Dich, befreie mich von dem ſchrecklichen Gedanken, der mich quält; widerrufe, was Du geſagt haſt!“

„Widerrufen?“ wiederholte Denys mit dumpfer Stimme. „Nein, für uns Beide iſt auf Erden nicht Platz; er oder ich muß verſchwinden. Du ſcheinſt erſtaunt über meine gerechte Racheluſt! Wüßteſt Du, was ich ſeit Jahren leide, fühlteſt Du das tödtliche Nagen des Wurmes, der in meinem Herzen wühlt, verzehrte das

Feuer der Hölle auch Dein Gehirn, o grauſamer Sohn, ſo würdeſt Du den feigen Tyrannen verfluchen, der Deinen unglücklichen Vater unterdrückt und tödtet; Du würdeſt gleichfalls von dem Himmel verlangen, ſein verhaßtes Blut fließen zu ſehen, als Racheopfer für das Böſe, das er mir, ſeinen Brüdern, dem Vaterlande zugefügt hat. — Aber Du biſt blind, Du beteſt meinen ſchändlichen Mörder an.... Ha! Du weinſt, Lieven, Du fühlſt Reue über Deine abſcheuliche Neigung zu dem ſchnödeſten aller Menſchen...."

„Ach, ach! wohin bin ich gekommen!" ſeufzte Lieven mit Thränen in den Augen. „O, Vater, warum zwingſt Du mich mit Gewalt, Dich zu beurtheilen? Warum haſt Du Dein Inneres vor mir bloßgelegt? Selbſt wenn ich mich auch freiwillig täuſchen wollte, ſo kann ich doch keine Entſchuldigung für Dich mehr finden. Muß ich denn die ſchrecklichſte aller Pflichten erfüllen? Soll ich Dir in dieſer feierlichen Stunde die Wahrheit ſagen?"

„Wahrheit oder Lügen! ſprich, ich gebiete es Dir!" rief Denys mit drohender Stimme.

„O, möge Gott einen Lichtſtrahl in Deinen Geiſt ſenden, Vater!" entgegnete Lieven. „Mögeſt Du mein kühnes, doch ehrerbietiges Wort geduldig anhören! Vielleicht kehrt dann noch die Ruhe in Dein gefoltertes Gemüth, und das wohlthätige Gefühl der kindlichen Liebe in mein blutendes Herz zurück. Du nährſt gegen Mher Artevelde einen glühenden Haß, Du rühmſt Dich deſſen ſogar. Dieſe ſtets verwerfliche Leidenſchaft kann einigermaßen Entſchuldigung finden vor Gott und vor Menſchen, wenn eine große Schlechtigkeit ſie hervorrief und ſie nährt; aber ſage mir doch, was hat Dir der Oberhauptmann je Böſes gethan? War ſeine erſte That nicht, Dich aus der Verbannung zurückzurufen? Er weiß, daß Du ſeitdem ihm feindſelig geſinnt biſt. Wahrſcheinlich iſt es ihm nicht unbewußt, daß Du ſeinen Fall als die Aufgabe Deines Lebens betrachteſt. Und dennoch, Du kannſt es nicht läugnen, Vater! wenn geſtraft werden mußte, hat er Dich jederzeit verſchont, obwohl er wußte, daß Du doch nicht aufhörteſt, zu ſeinem Nachtheile wirkſam zu ſein. Und während Du ihn tadelteſt, während Du ſeinen Namen verwünſchteſt, kam niemals ein Wort gegen Dich über ſeine Lippen, nicht einmal eine Klage über Dein Unrecht. Du ſagſt, Du haſſeſt ihn aus Liebe zum Vaterlande? Was war Flandern, als ſeine Hand es emporhob aus der Gruft der Erniedrigung und des Elends? Die Hungersnoth mähete unſere abgezehrten Brüder von der Erde weg; wir waren die muthloſen Sklaven des Fremden; Handel, Gewerbe, Wohlfahrt, Gedeihen, alle Gaben, welche Gott unſerer milden Heimath geſchenkt, waren dahingeſchmachtet unter dem Unrechte und der Unterdrückung ..... Und jetzt, jetzt hat ſich Flandern über alle umliegenden Lande in Macht, Freiheit und Reichthum erhoben; jetzt iſt die bleierne Sargdecke von Frankreichs Einfluß auf immer weggenommen und vernichtet; Ueberfluß ſtrömt über unſern Boden, und die Nationen der Erde rühmen unſer Vaterland als den Brennpunkt der Volksbildung und Volksgröße. Das iſt das glanzreiche Werk des weiſen Mannes. Und Du willſt ihn haſſen im Namen des Vaterlandes ſelbſt? Fürchteſt Du denn nicht, o Vater, daß minder edle Leidenſchaften ohne Dein Wiſſen Beſitz von Deinem Herzen genommen haben? ..... Ich mag nicht fortfahren; die Ehrfurcht verbietet es mir; aber glaube mir, Vater, Du haſſeſt ohne Urſache; es giebt Etwas, das Dich verblendet, vielleicht ein Gefühl, deſſen Namen Du ſelbſt nicht ohne Erröthen ausſprechen würdeſt. — Du leideſt, ſagſt Du? Ach! Du leideſt nicht allein. Könnteſt Du in meinem Buſen leſen, welche Schmerzen mein Innerſtes ſchon ſo lange durchwühlen; könnteſt Du meſſen die Tiefe der Pein, die ich über Deinen Irrthum empfinde! ....." Soll unſer Leben denn bis an ſein Ende getränkt bleiben mit Galle und Bitterkeit, während ein einziges Wort von Dir Freundſchaft, Genuß und Friede über uns ausſchütten kann? Höre meine Stimme, o Vater! Heilige Dein Gemüth durch die reine Flamme der Bruderliebe! Wirf die unnennbaren Leidenſchaften aus Deinem Herzen! Laß die Hand Deines Sohnes das feierliche Band der Verſöhnung werden zwiſchen Dir und dem weiſen Manne! Gehe zu Mher Artevelde; fordere ſeine Freundſchaft! Er wird Dich mit offenen Armen empfangen, wie einen Bruder, der zu ihm zurückkehrt ..."

Geeraert Denys hatte mit abſcheulichem Grinſen und mit ſpöttiſcher Geduld die Rede ſeines Sohnes angehört. Gegen das Ende hatte er jedoch ſeinem Antlitz eine gemachte Ruhe gegeben und that nun, als ob er ſich zu gemäßigteren Gefühlen habe überreden laſſen. Dennoch hatten aber vielleicht niemals Haß und Zorn mit größerer Gewalt in ſeinem Buſen gelodert. An dem entſetzlichen Lächeln, welches jetzt ſeine Lippen überzog, konnte man den Vorboten einer größeren Bosheit erkennen. Ohne Zweifel hatte er das Mittel gefunden, ſeinen Sohn grauſam zu beſtrafen. Er ging auf ihn zu, nahm ihn mit falſcher Freundlichkeit bei der Hand und ſagte mit eindringlichem Tone zu ihm:

„Wahrlich, Lieven! was die Leidenſchaft mich eben ausſtoßen ließ, liegt nicht ſo in meinem Herzen. Deine Worte, wenn auch ungegründet oder übertrieben, haben mich gerührt. Du kennſt Deinen Vater nicht recht. Ich laſſe mich zwar leicht fortreißen; aber ich treibe meine rechtmäßige Rache nicht ſo weit, und ſiegle ich wirklich über meine Feinde, ſo würde ich großmüthig genug ſein, um das Böſe, das ſie mir gethan, zu vergeben und zu vergeſſen. Was mich mitunter in Worten über die Grenzen der Mäßigung hinaustreibt, iſt kein Gefühl des Eigennutzes, ſondern der Unwille über den Hohn, den man Dir zufügt gerade in dem Hauſe desjenigen, für deſſen Wohlſein Du Alles opferſt, auch die Ehre und das Leben Deines Vaters. Du haſt mir nicht Glauben geſchenkt, als ich Dir ſagte, daß Mher Ghelnoot van Lens und Jungfrau Veerle übereinſtimmen, um Dich zum Deckmantel ihrer ſchändlichen Buhlſchaft zu machen .....“

„Vater, Vater! Gnade!“ ſchrie Lieven voll Pein und Schrecken. „Zerreiße die letzte Ader nicht in meinem Herzen; laß mich fliehen! ..... Rede nicht mehr! Du würdeſt mich zur größten Miſſethat verdammen; ich würde meinen Vater haſſen und von Gott ſelbſt als ein unmenſchliches Geſchöpf verflucht werden! ....“

„Nun!“ ſagte Denys mit ſiegreicher Kälte; „gehe aus dem Hauſe und beruhige Deine Sinne. Ich will Dich nicht daran hindern, da ich ſehr wohl weiß, daß Du binnen weniger Zeit ſelbſt bekennen wirſt, Mher Ghelnoot und Beerle betrügen Dich ſchändlich ....“

Ehe dieſe Worte geſprochen waren, hatte Lieven bereits das Haus verlaſſen.

Er irrte eine Zeit lang wie ein Verzagter durch die Straßen, bis er endlich, ohne es zu wiſſen, bei den Waſſermühlen ſtand, und dort, mit den Armen auf den Steinen ruhend, bewußtlos in die brauſende Fluth hinabſtarrte.

Gleichſam von einem geiſtigen Schlafe befangen, blieb er hier ungefähr eine halbe Stunde in die Betrachtung ſeines traurigen Schickſals verſunken, bis ſeine geiſtige Abſpannung ihn wieder in die trübe Wirklichkeit zurückführte. Er verließ nun die Niederſchelde und ging die Brabantſtraße hinauf.

Bei dem Steen von Papeghem begegnete er Mher Ghelnoot van Lens, der auf ihn zuging und ihn geheimnißvoll bei Seite führte. Er ſteckte die Hand in die Taſche, zog ein Pergament aus derſelben, zeigte es dem Jünglinge und fragte ihn:

„Beſieh' Dir dieſe Schrift einmal genau! Erkennſt Du ſie?“

„Es ſcheint mir die Hand des Oberhauptmanns!“ entgegnete Lieven; „doch iſt etwas Fremdes darin, das ich nicht gut angeben kann. Vielleicht iſt ſie nachgemacht?“

„Vielleicht? Betrachte doch einmal genau dieſe Buchſtaben! So ſchreibt der Oberhauptmann doch nicht!“

„In der That!“ ſagte Lieven; „die Schrift iſt falſch; jetzt bin ich ganz davon überzeugt. Das Siegel ſelbſt iſt nicht geſtempelt; es iſt mit der Hand nachgemacht.“

„Lies doch einmal den Inhalt, Lieven!“

Der junge Denys las die Schrift durch und ſagte dann verwundert:

„Ein Befehl von Myher Artevelde, der Dich augenblicklich nach Veurne ruft, und Dich erſucht, Deine Abreiſe durchaus geheim zu halten. Was mag darunter verborgen liegen?“

„Ach! immer daſſelbe, Lieven: Hinterliſt und Bosheit. Ich bilde mir ein, daß man mir unterwegs irgendwo einen Hinterhalt gelegt hat, um mich zu überfallen und zu ermorden, wenn es möglich iſt. Es iſt die Rechnung von dem misglückten Aufruhr, die man mir auf ſolche Weiſe ausgleichen will. Siehſt Du! heute Nachmittag läßt man mir dieſen Befehl zukommen, damit ich in der Nacht reiſen muß, und man verlangt, daß ich die Reiſe geheim halte, damit Niemand vermuthe, daß mich Genter überfallen.“

„Du wirſt doch nicht nach Veurne gehen?“ fragte Lieven.

„Das heißt,“ lachte Ghelnoot, „ich bin ſeit einer halben Stunde damit beſchäftigt, ein Mittel auszudenken, um ſelbſt die Wölfe zu fangen. Es iſt indeſſen ein Bischen weit. Ich bin jetzt auf dem Wege, um mit Myher

Maes van Vaernewyck die Sache zu bereden. Er wird mir rathen, was ich thun ſoll. Sprich unterdeſſen nicht davon, und findeſt Du mich heute Abend um acht Uhr nicht zu Hauſe, ſo denke, ich ſei nach Veurne auf die Jagd gegangen. Auf Wiederſehen! Ich will die Zeit nicht verlieren; es wird ſonſt zu ſpät.“

Lieven blieb noch einen Augenblick an dem Orte ſtehen. Er vergaß bald, was Ghelnoot ihm geſagt hatte, und gab ſich ganz dem größeren Verdruſſe und dem tieferen Schrecken hin, die ihn ſeit den Verwünſchungen ſeines Vaters ergriffen hatten. Von den peinlichſten Gedanken verfolgt, durchſchritt er langſamen Ganges die ganze Stadt, blieb hier und dort auf den Brücken ſtehen, um in das fließende Waſſer zu blicken, und befand ſich gegen Abend vor der Pforte des großen Beggynenhofes, ohne zu wiſſen, wie er dorthin gekommen war. Die Thurmglocke läutete zur Veſper, und viele Bürger und Frauen aus der Nachbarſchaft traten in den Hof, um dem Gottesdienſte beizuwohnen. Drinnen auf dem Plane ſah man in der halben Dunkelheit die Beggynen aus ihren Wohnungen treten und nach der Kirche eilen.

Lieven ſtand dort eine Zeit lang regungslos vor der Pforte, jeder Beggyne mit den Blicken folgend, während das Herz ihm in der beunruhigten Bruſt heftig pochte. Fortgezogen von einer unwiderſtehlichen Begierde, Beerle zu ſehen und in ihrem Anblicke Troſt und Erleuchtung zu finden, trat er endlich mit ſchüchternem Schritte in die Kirche und kam dort an, als der Abendgeſang bereits begonnen war.

Das Innere des Gotteshauſes hatte um dieſe Stunde etwas Heimliches, ja ſelbſt Schauerliches. Nur der Altar war von einigen Wachskerzen erhellt; in den Stühlen herrſchte dagegen eine Dunkelheit, in welcher man nichts als zweifelhafte Formen unterſcheiden konnte. Längs der Mauer zu beiden Seiten ſaßen die Beggynen wie Steinbilder, regungslos und ſtumm, in Reihen geordnet. Ihre ſchwarzen Gewänder verſchwammen in der Dunkelheit und konnten nicht von dem Auge gefaßt werden, während ihre weiße Kopfbedeckung allein ſichtbar blieb und ohne Stütze in der Luft zu ſchweben ſchien. Dieſe Kopfbedeckung bildete durch ihre weit vorſpringenden Falten eine undurchdringliche Tiefe für das Antlitz, welche kaum vermuthen ließ, daß ein menſchliches Haupt hinter dieſer undurchdringlichen Finſterniß verborgen liegen könne. Eine ehrfurchterregende Stille füllte die Kirche. Nur von Zeit zu Zeit hörte man die murmelnde Stimme des Prieſters vor dem Altare oder ein fernes Huſten, das wie das Gekrächze eines Nachtraben aus der Dunkelheit aufſtieg.

Lieven, der wohl am Tage, doch nie am Abende in der Kirche des Beggynenhofes dem Gottesdienſte beigewohnt hatte, war nicht im Stande, ohne innere Angſt den Blick auf dieſe geiſterhafte Verſammlung zu richten. Und doch ward durch dieſe Rührung ſelbſt ſein Auge unaufhaltſam vom Altare weggezogen, um in die dunkeln Kopfbedeckungen einzudringen und, wenn es möglich ſei, das bleiche, aber ſüße Antlitz Beerle's zu erkennen. Jedes Mal wandte er jedoch entſetzt den Blick wieder ab, und es faßte ihn eine unbegreifliche Angſt. Von ſeiner aufgeregten Phantaſie fortgeriſſen, gab ſein Auge dem, was er nicht ſah, Geſtalten; er wähnte unter den Kopfhüllen grinſende Schädel zu unterſcheiden, und dieſen einen Körper hinzufügend, entdeckte er in der Dunkelheit eine Anzahl entfleiſchter Gerippe. Sich allmählig ganz dieſem tollen Traume hingebend, wähnte er ſich in das Reich der Todten verſetzt und fühlte, wie es ihm die Bruſt zuſammenzog und das Herz beengte. Hörte er nun hier oder da das Knarren eines Stuhles, oder unterſchied er ein ſchwereres Athmen, ſo erzitterte er, wie wenn das Klappern eines Gerippes oder das Wehklagen einer leidenden Seele ſein Ohr getroffen habe.

Plötzlich ſtieg von der Höhe ein himmliſcher Geſang herab und verbreitete ſich in langſam wallenden Tönen durch das Gotteshaus. Es waren Stimmen von Engeln oder von Frauen, deren hinreißender Klang in einem vielſtimmigen Chor ſtieg und ſank, wie die ſüßen ſtillen Rührungen des jungfräulichen Gemüthes.

Entzückt hob Lieven das Haupt empor und begrüßte lächelnd die ſchmeichelnden Töne. Aber die Sängerinnen blieben ſeinen begierigen Blicken unſichtbar. Nur ein einziges Wachslicht, hinter einem wiederſtrahlenden Leuchter, ließ vermuthen, daß der Geſang aus der Tiefe des Chores aufſtieg und ſich von dort wie in Weihrauchswölkchen bis nach dem Altare verbreitete.

Hatte Lieven bei der Todesſtille ſich in einen unterirdiſchen Aufenthalt geträumt, ſo hatte ſeine reizbare Einbildungskraft gewiß jetzt Grund, zu wähnen, daß der

Himmel ſich über den harrenden Geiſtern öffne und ihnen den Willkommengruß der Erlöſung zuſende. Hier miſchte ſich jedoch eine ſelige Wirklichkeit zu dem Gaukelſpiele. Die ſüßeſte Stimme, diejenige, welche ihre Töne am klangreichſten und kräftigſten zu Gott ſandte, ſo daß es mitunter ſchien, als ob ſie zitternd wie glänzende Thautropfen niederſänken, — dieſe Stimme rührte ſein Herz auf das Tiefſte und goß mit vollen Zügen den Balſam des Troſtes in daſſelbe. Er konnte ſie nicht verkennen: die Vorſängerin des heiligen Lobliedes war ſeine geliebte Veerle.

Lange blickte er ſo mit dem heiteren Lächeln des Entzückens in die Tiefe der Kirche, um jeden Klang des Geſanges bei ſeinem Entſtehen aufzufaſſen und ihm zu folgen, bis derſelbe verhallte oder von einem anderen Tone abgelöſt wurde; lange lauſchte er ſo bewußtlos und träumte von einer Himmelsſeligkeit, in welcher er vor Gottes Throne ſeine Stimme mit der Stimme Veerle's vereinigte, in welcher dieſelbe Flamme ewiger Liebe ſeine Seele mit der Seele der theuren Schweſter vermiſchte.... bis der Geſang plötzlich in einem langen Tone erſtarb und aufhörte.

Der entzückte Jüngling rührte ſich zuerſt nicht und hoffte noch immer neue Klänge vom Chore zu vernehmen. Die Töne zitterten noch ſo in ihm nach, daß ſie das Lied in ſeinem Innerſten eine Weile fortſetzten.

Als er jedoch gleich darauf an den Bewegungen des Prieſters merkte, daß der Gottesdienſt zu Ende gehe, kniete er vor dem Altare nieder und ſandte ein feuriges

Gebet zu Gott, dem er dankte, daß er ihn an dieſen Ort geführt habe, um ihn aus dem Abgrunde tödtender Verzweiflung zu retten. Er fühlte jetzt ſein Gemüth erleichtert; ihm waren Kräfte geſchenkt worden, um ſein endloſes Weh geduldig zu tragen; es war ihm vergönnt worden, Troſt und Labſal zu finden in der Aufwallung der Seele ſeiner Geliebten zu dem Herrn.

Kaum hatte er einige Augenblicke dort geſeſſen, ſo benachrichtigte ihn ein allgemeines Geräuſch mit den Stühlen und das Aufſtehen der Beggynen, daß der Abendgottesdienſt zu Ende ſei. Er ſtand ebenfalls vom Betſchemel auf und blickte eine Zeit lang auf die Beggynen, welche ſämmtlich ihre Kopfbedeckung abnahmen, ſie in eine neue Form legten und wie ein langes herabhängendes Tuch um den Kopf befeſtigten, ohne diesmal ihr Antlitz zu verbergen. Als ſie dies gethan hatten, näherten ſie ſich, eine nach der anderen, dem Weihkeſſel, wo Lieven ſtand, und verließen dann die Kirche.

Zuletzt ſtrahlte auch Beerle's liebreicher Blick aus der Ferne dem Jünglinge entgegen. Sie näherte ſich mit der Röthe der Schaam auf der Stirn und ſah ihn heiter und durchdringend an, während ſie Weihwaſſer nahm.

„Ach, Beerle! wie ſingſt Du ſchön!“ ſeufzte Lieven. „Mein Herz zittert noch vor Bewunderung.“

Die Jungfrau beugte das Haupt und ſagte, beinahe unhörbar:

„Sonntag, Lieven, komme recht früh!“

Sie ging nun raſch aus der Kirche, gleichſam als fühle ſie Reue, die Regel der Beggynen verletzt und in dem Gotteshauſe ſelbſt mit einem Manne geſprochen zu haben.

Der Jüngling folgte ihr nach dem Plane, um ſie wenigſtens, ſo lange er konnte, mit den Augen zu begleiten. In der Dunkelheit, welche ringsum herrſchte, konnte er aber nichts mehr gewahren, als einige ſchwarze Schatten, welche in verſchiedenen Richtungen nach einander in den Winkeln der kleinen Wohnhäuſer verſchwanden.

Gleich nach Lieven's Ausgange hatte die Küſterin die Kirche geſchloſſen und wollte ebenfalls die Vorderpforte des Hofes verrammeln. Sie benachrichtigte den Jüngling, daß er das Stift verlaſſen müßte, und begleitete ihn bis an die Pforte. Da erhob ſich plötzlich an dem anderen Ende des Planes ein furchtbares Geſchrei, und fünf oder ſechs Beggynen kamen nach Hülfe rufend auf die Kirche zu. Die Küſterin gab ihnen mit lautem Wehklagen Antwort; denn ſie zweifelte nicht daran, daß ſich ein großes Unglück zugetragen haben müſſe, weil die beſtändige Nachtruhe des Hofes auf eine ſo furchtbare Weiſe geſtört wurde. Ohne zu wiſſen, wem es gelte, lief ſie, von Lieven begleitet, ihren Genoſſinnen entgegen. Die Erſte, welche ſie erkannte, rief mit über dem Haupte zuſammengeſchlagenen Händen:

„Gott bewahre uns Alle, Schweſter Begga! Welche Kirchenſchändung! Welches Unglück!“

„Himmel! Ihr tödtet mich vor Angſt! Was iſt denn?“ fragte die Küſterin mit ſteigender Furcht.

„Ach!“ rief die Erſte, „wir kamen mit unſerer alten Schweſter von Artevelde zu unſerer Wohnung und wollten die Thür aufſchließen, als plötzlich Schweſter Veerle von uns fortgeriſſen und auf einer Leiter über die Mauern entführt wurde. Sie wehrte ſich und ſchrie, daß es uns das Herz zerriß; aber es waren zu viele Männer; die Leiter verſchwand hinter der Mauer .... Wir ſind gelaufen .... Ach! die Arme! die Arme! die Unglückliche! .... in Händen von Räubern! .... Was wird mit ihr geſchehen! ....“

Lieven wartete das Ende dieſer Ausrufungen nicht ab. Ein gellender Schrei entfuhr ſeiner Bruſt; er zog ſeinen Dolch, und mit der anderen Hand den Arm der Begynnen ergreifend, ſagte er haſtig:

„Kommt, kommt! zeigt mir den Platz, daß ich ſie befreie! Ihr wagt es nicht? Gott! was iſt zu thun?“

„Ich will mit Euch gehen!“ ſprach eine Andere, während ſie vorauslief und ihn nach der Mauer brachte, wo die Entführung ſtattgefunden hatte.

Hier fand Lieven eine Anzahl Begynnen, die mit unaufhörlichem Geſchrei das Schickſal ihrer unglücklichen Schweſter beklagten, von den Räubern und von Veerle jedoch nicht die geringſte Spur mehr. Es war hinter der Mauer ſo ſtumm und ſo dunkel, wie im Grabe.

Wie vom Fieberwahnſinn gejagt und mit der äußerſten Verzweiflung eilte der junge Denys zum Begynnenhofe hinaus, wandte ſich um die Mauer und lauſchte mit geſpannter Aufmerkſamkeit, ob er nichts vernehme. Er ſuchte mit den Blicken die Dunkelheit zu durchdringen aber alle ſeine Mühe war vergeblich. Mit zerſchmettertem Herzen und die Augen voll Thränen kehrte er nach dem Beggynenhofe zurück, wo er viel Volks fand, das aus der Nachbarſchaft bei der Kunde herbeigeſtrömt war.

Bald darauf kam auch Ghelnoot van Lens mit anderen Freunden Artevelde's herbei. Sie vertheilten ſich, um das Rabot, die Stadtwallthürme, und ſelbſt die Außenfelder zu durchſuchen; aber ſie fanden nichts, das ſie vermuthen ließ, wohin man die arme Beerle entführt haben könne.

Die aufſteigende Sonne fand Lieven unter heißen Thränen vor dem Wallthore. Er erlag faſt der Ermüdung und Verzweiflung

XIV.

In dem Winkel der Waiſtege an der Leije ſtand ein altes Haus, welches Geeraert Denys zugehörte und ſchon ſeit einiger Zeit unbewohnt geblieben war, wahrſcheinlich wegen ſeiner einſamen Lage. Es lag auf allen Seiten von den anderen Häuſern abgeſondert und war nur mit ſeinem Hofe durch hohe Ringmauern verbunden; ſein Fuß badete ſich in der Leije, und während der Regenzeit, wo der Strom mit raſcherem Laufe vorbeifloß, konnte man in den inneren Gemächern das Brauſen des Waſſers hören, welches durch einen überwölbten Gang ſelbſt zum Theil unter der abgelegenen Wohnung dahinfloß.

Drei oder vier Tage nach der Entführung der unglücklichen Beerle befand ſich der Ribaudenkönig zu nächtlicher Zeit in einem ziemlich großen Gemache im erſten Stock dieſes Hauſes. Eine tragbare Lampe brannte mit zweifelhaftem Scheine auf dem Tiſche, neben welchem Muggelyn ſaß. Um deſto ſicherer zu verhindern, daß weder Neugierige noch Späher bemerkten, es halte ſich Jemand in der leeren Wohnung auf, hatte man die Fenſter, außer ihren hölzernen Schirmen, mit langen Lappen zerriſſener Teppiche behängt, und obwohl es einigermaßen rauhes Wetter war, ſo brannte doch kein Holzfeuer in dem Gemache, ſondern ein breiter Ziegelſtein mit glimmenden Kohlen ſtand unter der Eſſe und rauchte.

In einem Winkel auf der nackten Erde lagen gleichfalls mehrere Stücke Teppich auf einander und bildeten eine ſchlechte Lagerſtätte.

Auf der Tafel, neben einem Weinkruge mit dem Becher und vielen ſilbernen Münzen, lag eine große ſchwarze Maske und neben dieſer ein Dolch.

Der Ribaudenkönig trug ſeine gewohnte Kleidung nicht. Wie er ſich jetzt zeigte, würde man ihn ſchwerlich beim erſten Blicke erkannt haben. Es war auch wohl nicht ohne Abſicht geſchehen, daß er ſich auf ſo ungewöhnliche Weiſe angekleidet hatte.

In dieſer nächtlichen Einſamkeit, während eine ängſtliche Stille ringsum und über der ganzen Stadt zu herrſchen ſchien, hielt ſich Muggelyn auf eine ſonderbare Weiſe beſchäftigt. Er warf unaufhörlich mit Würfeln und ſprach und zankte dabei mit eben ſolchem Eifer, als ob ein unſichtbarer Spielgenoſſe neben ihm geſeſſen hätte. Auch hierin brauchte man nichts Unnatürliches zu ſuchen. Um ſeiner Leidenſchaft für das Spiel wenigſtens einigermaßen zu fröhnen, hatte der Ribaudenkönig ſeine linke Hand herausgefordert, gegen ſeine rechte zu würfeln. Jeder hatte er die Hälfte ſeines Geldes gegeben, und jetzt die rechte Hand als ſich ſelbſt anſehend, ſpielte er in tiefer Vergeſſenheit und mit Zorn gegen ſeine Linke, die ihm beinahe Alles abgewonnen hatte.

„Man hat wohl Recht,“ rief er, „zu ſagen, daß der Teufel an der linken Seite ſteht; denn wenn Du nicht mit dem Teufel umgehſt, da weiß ich nicht, wie es iſt!“

Plötzlich hörte Muggelyn ein fremdartiges Geräuſch in der Kammer, wie wenn ein ſchwerer Seufzer aus einer beklemmten Bruſt emporſtiege. Wahrſcheinlich war es nichts Anderes, als ein Windſtoß in der Eſſe oder ein unverſchloſſener Fenſterrahmen, welcher knarrte. Doch erbleichte er und ſah ängſtlich umher. Nachdem er eine Weile mit geſpannter Aufmerkſamkeit gehorcht hatte, ſagte er murrend:

„Es iſt wunderbar! Seit ich träumte, daß ich meine Mutter vor dem Bette ſtehen ſah, bin ich wie von Spuk und Geiſtern heimgeſucht. Es iſt etwas in meinem Leibe, das von ſelbſt zu beben anfängt, wenn ich um Mitternacht allein in einer dunklen Kammer bin. Ich muß da auch noch vom Teufel reden! Aber nur gerade herausgeſagt, was ſoll der Böſe mit mir anfangen? Ich bin doch wahrlich der Mühe nicht werth, daß er um meinetwegen einen Umweg macht .... Es war auch nichts! Eine Eule oder ein Kater, die Geſellſchaft ſuchen! .... Nun denn! ich ſpiele quitt oder doppelt in drei Würfen! Warſt Du es? Ja! Nun denn! paß auf! es geht! — Vierzehn! zehn! Sollte man das Spiel nicht verwünſchen? Wie wird der Wirth aus dem Hirſch unter dem Belfroot zanken und raſen, wenn ich verliere und ihn wieder mit krummen Sprüngen bezahlen muß! Nun, nun! ſei nur nicht ſo eilig! wir haben ja noch Zeit! Da! nun der letzte Wurf! Ha, ha! drei Sechſer! das macht zuſammen zwei und vierzig! Wirf einmal dagegen! Was! Du wagſt zu ſagen, daß ich die Würfel naß mache? daß ich Dich betrüge? Was hindert mich, daß ich Dir nicht ſtehenden Fußes den Hals breche! Das wäre Dir aber wohl recht? Da ginge das Spiel nicht fort! Denn Du haſt verloren. Ha! Du bekennſt, daß es ehrlich zugeht? Na, wirf! Wie! achtzehn! Der Teufel! Ach! nur ſieben und neun! Mir gehört der ganze Gewinnſt! Du haſt verloren, Kamerad!“

Er ſcharrte mit großer Freude die beiden Haufen Geld in die Taſche und ſprach, während er die Kanne über den Becher hob:

„Komm', ich will Dich mit einem guten Schluck beſchenken!“

Eine Art von verdrießlichem Erſtaunen überzog jedoch Muggelyn's Geſicht, als er bemerkte, daß kaum noch Wein genug übrig ſei, um den Becher halb zu füllen. Er trank dies Wenige langſam aus, warf einen traurigen Blick auf die Kanne und ſagte zu ſich ſelbſt:

„Leer ..... Es wird mir hier ſchrecklich verdrießlich! Schon drei Nächte! Und wo jetzt geblieben mit dieſem betrunkenen Kalbe? Das Spiel war doch dumm angefangen, obwohl man die Seele des Oberdechanten haben muß, um ſolche Dinge auszufinden. Wäre es geglückt, ſo hätte es dem Oberhauptmanne einen harten Stoß verſetzt. Die Jungfrau aufzuheben war ſo mühſelig nicht. Sie wiegt nicht ſchwerer als eine Flaumfeder und wurde zu rechter Zeit ohnmächtig. Aber da lag der Knopf nicht! Aber Ghelnoot van Lens mußten wir gleichfalls haben, um glauben zu machen, daß er ſie mit ihrer Zuſtimmung entführt habe. Unterdeſſen wäre die Verleumdung ihren Weg gegangen, und nachdem man ſie einige Wochen in Weſtflandern zurückgehalten, hätte man ſie Beide an einem abgelegenen Orte verlaſſen. Dann wären ſie gewiß zuſammen nach Hauſe zurückgekehrt. Fürwahr! ſie möchten Himmel und Erde als Zeugen ihrer Unſchuld aufgerufen haben, ſie hätten doch die Flecken der Verleumdung nicht abgewiſcht, ſobald dieſe erſt einige Tage an ihnen feſtklebten. — Sollte es wahr ſein, daß die Zunge einer Natter das ſtärkſte Gift enthält? Mir dünkt, die Zunge der Menſchen tödtet mit weit größerer Sicherheit..... Der Oberhauptmann, der die Ehre über Alles ſchätzt und ſeine Tochter mit unendlicher Neigung liebt, würde an der Tugend ſeines Kindes und ſeines Buſenfreundes gezweifelt haben. Dies mußte man erreichen! Ich begreife, welche Verzweiflung, welches ſchreckliche Leid ihm dies verurſacht hätte; aber ich begreife noch beſſer, daß ich, der Schelm, Trunkenbold und Spieler, doch noch nicht ſchlecht genug bin, um ſolche Pläne auszuſinnen. Wirklich, wenn ich darüber nachdenke, ſo fange ich an zu glauben, daß ich noch ein gutes Herz habe; denn ich ſage es gerade heraus, ich möchte nicht in Myher Denys' Haut ſtecken! Wenn der nicht einmal in der tiefſten Tiefe der Hölle braten muß, ſo habe ich auch noch einmal Hoffnung, in den Himmel zu kommen, obwohl es mir ſcheint, als ob dies für jetzt noch ſehr zweifelhaft wäre. Wer weiß? Uebrigens bin ich doch neugierig, zu wiſſen, wo man mit der Jungfrau bleiben ſoll, und es wundert mich, daß der Oberdechant noch keine neue Bosheit ausgefunden hat, um ſich von dieſer Laſt zu befreien. Wäre es eine Andere, ſo hätte ich ihr ſchon längſt einen Gnadenſtoß gegeben und ſie in irgend einer Straße ausgelegt; aber ich weiß nicht, welches ſonderbare Gefühl der Schwäche mich ergreift, jedesmal wann ich ſie ſehe. Ihre Stimme iſt ſo ſüß, ſo ſchmeichelnd; ſie ſpricht ſo ganz ohne Zorn und ſo ſchöne Worte, daß ich wahrlich die Kraft nicht in mir fühle, dem Lamme etwas Böſes zuzufügen. Es muß irgend etwas Geheimes ſie beſchützen, da ich, der ich gar keinen Begriff habe, daß ein Mann Ehrfurcht vor einer Frau hegen könne, mich dieſem wehrloſen Geſchöpfe nie nähere, als mit Furcht und Reſpect .... Warum muß auch der Oberdechant ſeine Rache an einer Frau ausüben? .... an der Verlobten ſeines eigenen Sohnes? Weil er kein Oberhauptmann iſt und es nie werden wird? Es würde ſonderbar zugehen in Gent, wenn dieſer eingefleiſchte Teufel Herr davon würde! Ich begreife nicht, wie Myer Artevelde, der doch wohl Etwas weiß von dem Haſſe des Oberdechanten und vielleicht von deſſen Anſchlägen, dieſer Schlange nicht ſchon den Kopf zerſchmettert hat. Es koſtet ihm ja nur ein Zeichen mit der Hand! .... Ja, aber Muggelyn, wo bleiben dann die Pfunde Grote und die Weinkannen, und das luſtige Würfelſpiel? Das verfluchte Geld! — Was ſage ich da? Na! ich falle noch in Schlaf von dem ernſthaften Denken ..... Es muß lange Mitternacht ſein; ich werde mich bis Morgen auf mein Neſt legen; die Jungfrau iſt ja doch mit Allem verſorgt. Wenn ich nur werde ſchlafen können! ich habe ſchrecklich wenig getrunken. Oder thut der Betrüger Waſſer in den Wein, aus Furcht, daß ich mich vielleicht vergäße und ſeine Miſſethaten an den Tag brächte?"

Während er dieſe letzten Worte ſprach, ſtand Muggelyn vom Tiſche auf und warf ſich ganz angekleidet auf das Lager hin. Eben verſuchte er, die Augen zu ſchließen und einzuſchlafen, als plötzlich ein Geräuſch im unteren Gange des Hauſes wiederhallte.

„Was mag das ſein?" murrte der Ribaudenkönig aufſpringend. „Sollte man entdeckt haben, wohin die Wölfe das Schaf brachten? Da kann ich nichts Beſſeres thun, als raſch unter das Gewölbe in die Leije zu ſteigen und nach der Sluyzekenbrücke zu ſchwimmen."

Er lauſchte unterdeſſen aufmerkſam und hörte diesmal deutlich, daß man dreimal leiſe an die Außenthür pochte.

„Der Oberdechant!" rief er erſtaunt, „der um Mitternacht zurückkehrt! Das hat nichts Gutes zu bedeuten! Nun, ich will ihm öffnen; er bringt vielleicht eine neue Kanne."

Er ergriff die Lampe, ging die Treppe hinab, öffnete die Thüre und ſagte leiſe zu Geeraert Denys:

„Nun, Meiſter! es iſt nicht Recht von Euch, daß Ihr mich ſo ſpät weckt; ich träumte gerade, daß wir zuſammen zur Hölle führen. Es war eine wunderbare Reiſe, das verſichere ich Euch!"

Der Oberdechant ſchloß die Thür mit unvorſichtiger Eile und ohne zu antworten, während Muggelyn ihm das Licht vor die Augen hielt und verwundert rief:

„Ihr zittert, Meiſter? Der Schweiß tropft Euch von der Stirn herab? Iſt Euch vielleicht unterweges der Geiſt Eurer ſeligen Frau begegnet? Es geht Euch am

Ende gleich mir: ich habe den Teufel nicht geſehen, aber jetzt ſehe ich ihn doch."

„Schweig'! bei Deinem Leben, ſchweig'!" polterte Denys, vor Wuth oder Angſt zitternd.

Er packte dem Ribaudenkönig bei dem Arme und zwang ihn, trotz ſeinem Spotte, mit ihm die Treppe hinauf zu ſteigen. Oben angekommen, warf er ſich in einen Seſſel und ſprach mit der größten Angſt:

„Muggelyn! wir ſind verloren, wenn die Jungfrau bis morgen noch hier bleibt! Ein Einwohner von Marienland hat dem Oberſchöffen erklärt, daß er am Abende der Entführung ein Boot, in welchem einige ſchweigende Männer ſaßen, die Lieve habe hinabfahren ſehen, und daß in der Dunkelheit etwas ſehr Weißes mitten auf dem Boote gelegen habe. Man hat daraus geſchloſſen, daß dies Weiße die Kappe der Beggyne geweſen ſein müſſe. Man giebt nun den dienſthabenden Zehntnern den Befehl, mit Tagesanbruch alle Häuſer längs der Lieve und Leije von unten bis oben zu durchſuchen, und Ihr könnt wohl denken, daß man dieſes Haus nicht überſchlagen wird. Entdeckt man die Jungfrau, ſo harrt unſerer das Schaffot; auf Frauenraub ſteht Enthauptung, Ihr wißt es wohl!"

„Ja? Ich habe keine Luſt, ſo hoch zu ſterben; Ihr könnt ſehen, daß Ihr Euch ſelbſt rettet. Was mich betrifft, ſo ziehe ich hier aus, nach meinem Hofe im Wallthore. Findet man die Jungfrau, ſo iſt es deſto beſſer!"

„Was? deſto beſſer?" rief Denys raſend; „in einem Hauſe, das mir zugehört? wo ich nun ſeit drei Tagen ſo oft ein- und ausgehe? Ihr wollt mich ohne Hülfe dem Büttel überliefern, Undankbarer?"

„Undankbarer?" murrte Muggelyn. „Als ob ein kleiner Schelm einem großen Schelme Dankbarkeit ſchuldig ſein könne! Aber laßt ſehen! Ihr wäret im Stande, mich zu verrathen, wenn man Euch bekäme. Ihr wollt nicht, daß man die Jungfrau hier finde? Nun denn! ſetzt ſie auf die Straße und laßt ſie laufen!"

„Um Gottes willen, Muggelyn! Hört auf zu ſpotten; die Gefahr iſt größer, als Ihr denkt."

„Ich ſpotte nicht."

„Und wird die Jungfrau nicht erkennen, welchen Weg ſie genommen hat, und das Haus zeigen, wo man ſie eingeſchloſſen hielt?"

„So meine ich es nicht, Oberdechant! Ich meine, daß man ihr die Augen verbindet und ſie hindert, zu ſchreien. Man kann ſie ja in ein anderes Stadtviertel tragen und dort liegen laſſen."

„Aber, Unbeſonnener! wenn der Nachtwächter, oder nur ein einzelner Bürger ſie antrifft, ſo ſind wir ja verrathen!"

„Ja, wirklich! Nun, dann ſagt Ihr, was geſchehen ſoll."

Der Oberdechant näherte ſich dem Ribaudenkönige, der nicht fern von ihm ſaß, faßte ihn bei der Hand und ſagte:

„Ach, Muggelyn! ſeid Ihr denn ſo alt geworden, ohne zu wiſſen, daß ein vorſichtiger Arzt den Stahl gebraucht, wo die gewöhnlichen Mittel nicht hinreichen, eine Wunde zu heilen? Findet Ihr in Eurem muthigen Herzen nicht Kraft genug, um die einzige That zu beſchließen, die uns retten kann? Wäre es denn das erſte Mal, daß Euer Dolch Euch von einem läſtigen Zeugen befreit?"

Muggelyn ſah dem Oberdechanten erſtaunt in die Augen und ſagte mit halbem Grinſen:

„Ihr meint wohl, ich habe Latein gelernt, um dies dunkle Geplapper zu verſtehen? Ihr wollt wieder auf krummen Wegen Euer Ziel erreichen, Meiſter! Wenn Ihr es aber nicht beſſer anlegt, ſo könnt Ihr fortfahren bis morgen, und ich begreife Euch doch nicht."

Geeraert Denys zitterte vor Ungeduld und Aerger; ſich jedoch bezwingend, fuhr er fort:

„Ein Geheimniß iſt nie beſſer verwahrt, Muggelyn, als wenn es unter einem Grabdeckel verſchloſſen liegt; die Todten allein bleiben auf immer ſtumm."

„Aber, Meiſter! was hat denn unſer Zuſtand mit den Todten zu thun? Wähnt Ihr Euch bereits ohne Kopf? Ich bin ſo weit noch nicht. So lange man lebt, hat man auch Ausſicht, leben zu bleiben."

„Falſcher Heuchler!" murrte der Oberdechant. „Ihr wollt mich nicht verſtehen; ſelbſt in dieſem entſcheidenden Augenblicke könnt Ihr Euer Spotten nicht laſſen. — Nun denn! ich ſpreche klar genug: Ihr müßt die Jungfrau ermorden!"

„Wie? was ſagt Ihr da?" rief der Ribaudenkönig. „Die Jungfrau ermorden?"

Er wollte aufſpringen; Denys hielt ihn aber mit Gewalt auf ſeinem Stuhle feſt und fuhr fort:

„Sie ermorden, ſage ich! Ihre Leiche bis an die Minnemeerſchbrücke führen! ſie mit einem Steine beſchweren und in die Leije verſenken?“

Diesmal entriß Muggelyn ſeinen Arm der geſchloſſenen Hand des Oberdechanten, ſprang mit wahrem Abſcheu empor und rief:

„Nimmermehr!“

„Ha, ha!“ lachte Denys mit bitterem Scherze; „das wollen wir ſehen! Euer kindiſches Auffahren würde mich wundern, wenn ich nicht wüßte, wie viele Mordthaten Ihr ſchon auf der Seele liegen habt. Geld iſt's, viel Geld, das Ihr haben müßt, nicht wahr? Ihr fühlt, daß die Gelegenheit günſtig ſei, mir wieder einen kleinen Schatz zu entreißen. Fürchtet doch nichts! Einen großen Schatz werde ich Euch geben.“

Dieſe letzten Worte ſchienen einen tiefen Eindruck auf Muggelyn's Gemüth zu machen. Es war, als ob ſie ihm einen plötzlichen Schrecken einjagten und ihm gänzlich den Muth nähmen. Er ſetzte ſich wieder hin und ſagte mit ernſthaftem Tone:

„Meiſter, Meiſter! Ihr wißt ſehr gut, von wo die Verſuchung kommen muß. Aber ehrlich heraus: ich bitte Euch, behaltet diesmal Euer Geld und zwingt mich nicht zu einer That, bei der ich zum erſten Male in meinem Leben Abſcheu vor dem Blutvergießen fühle und die mich daran erinnert, daß wir droben doch einſt Rechenſchaft ablegen müſſen.“

Denys warf einen verächtlichen Blick auf Muggelyn und ſagte:

„Feigling! hätte ich früher gewußt, daß Ihr ſo zaghaft ſeid, ſo wäre ich mit Verachtung an Euch vorbeigegangen und hätte meine Rache einem kühneren Manne anvertraut.“

„Wenn Ihr ſo muthig ſeid, warum ermordet Ihr ſie denn nicht ſelbſt?“ rief der Ribaudenkönig zornig. „Ihr, der Ihr ſolchen Durſt habt nach dem Blute des Oberhauptmanns und der Seinen, vergießt es ſelbſt, oder ſchweigt von Feigheit und von Blut! Der Feigling ſeid Ihr.“

„Jedem ſein Beruf, Muggelyn! Der Meine iſt, Euch mit Schätzen und mit Genuß zu überladen; der Eurige aber, was ich verlange, auszuführen. Das iſt doch unſere Uebereinkunft. — Und ich begreife nicht, wie Ihr Euch einbilden könnt, ſie leben zu laſſen. Ihr meint, daß dieſe Maske Euch unkenntlich genug mache? Und Eure Stimme, wird ſie die nicht wieder erkennen?“

„Sie hat mich in ihrem ganzen Leben nicht reden hören, als allein in dieſer verfluchten Mörderhöhle,“ entgegnete der Ribaud. „Wie will ſie denn rathen, wer ich bin?“

„Und ſpäter, wenn ſie Euch einmal begegnet, und Eure Sprache ihr Ohr trifft? Das kann ſich zutragen… Jedenfalls dauert der Streit ſchon zu lange, und mir fehlt die Zeit, um das Lob Eurer Tugend zu vernehmen. Ihr vergeßt, daß wir hier mit unſerem Leben ſpielen. Nun denn! Ihr mögt wählen: zwanzig Pfund Belohnung, oder das Schwert des Henkers! Denn wenn Ihr dieſe Nacht meinen Willen nicht erfüllt, ſo laſſe ich Euch ſelbſt verklagen durch die Männer, die Euch geholfen haben. Sie kennen mich nicht, aber ich kenne ſie wohl. Ihr wißt aus eigener Erfahrung, was man mit Geld erlangen kann. Ich habe meine Maßregeln getroffen, um dem Gerichte zu entgehen und Alles auf Euch zu laden; und müßte ich einen muthigeren Kerl bezahlen, als Ihr ſeid, um Euch mit einem Dolchſtoße den Mund zu ſtopfen, ſo würde ich nicht zurückweichen, das wißt Ihr.“

„Die Hölle hat Euch ausgebrütet!“ rief Muggelyn betrübt. „An mir iſt gewiß nicht viel gelegen; aber Wehe dem, der mit Euch in Berührung kommt! Seine arme Seele möge wohl fahren! Wäret Ihr ein Sendling Lucifers ſelbſt, Ihr könntet Eure Pflicht nicht beſſer erfüllen.“

„Ich rathe Euch ſehr, mir einen Sermon zu halten,“ ſpottete Denys mit verächtlichem Lachen. „Die Zeit iſt ſehr günſtig dazu, und Ihr könnt ihn nachher deſto beſſer auf dem Schaffot wiederholen! Ich ſchäme mich über Eure Schwäche; wahrlich, Muggelyn, ich erkenne Euch nicht mehr in dem ohnmächtigen Kinde, das ich vor mir ſehe. Seid Ihr denn ſo ſehr verändert, daß ein Hauſen Silber, daß zwanzig Pfund nichts mehr auf Euer Gemüth vermögen? Wandelt Euch ein Lüſtchen an, Euch zu beſſern? Da könnte man ja ſagen, der Teufel wäre Mönch geworden! Armer Muggelyn! ich habe wahrlich Mitleid mit Euch!“

„Zwanzig Pfund! Es iſt außerordentlich viel!“

ſeufzte Muggelyn. „Und wann ſoll ich den Schatz bekommen?"

„Morgen ſchon!" antwortete der Oberdechant mit ſichtbarer Freude. „Ja, noch dieſe Nacht, wenn Ihr Euch beeilt und die Sache muthig und vorſichtig abmacht!"

„Ich weiß nicht, was mich befängt; glaubt mir, Meiſter, ich zittere, wenn ich an dieſen Mord denke."

„Nun hört! ich ſchenke Euch nicht allein zwanzig Pfund, ſondern ich verſpreche Euch auch noch einen Jahrgehalt von eben ſo viel, und verbinde mich, Euch auf immer ein beneidenswerthes Leben zu ſichern. Thorheit allein iſt Eure Furcht; Ihr werdet dieſelbe leicht überwinden, Muggelyn! Wenn nicht, das Schaffot, den Tod durch das Schwert des Henkers oder durch einen bezahlten Dolch!..... Ihr könnt nun frei wählen. Nun! was ſagt Ihr? Beſinnt Euch nicht zu lange! Dieſes kindiſche Schwanken vergrößert nutzlos die Gefahr und ärgert mich über die Maßen. Noch einen Augenblick, und ich gehe fort, Euch Eurem Schickſale überlaſſend."

„Es ſtand in der Hölle geſchrieben," murrte Muggelyn, „daß Ihr mich ſo tief in die Bosheit hinein ſtürzen ſolltet. Sei es! ich werde ſie ermorden und ihre Leiche bei der Minnemeersbrücke in die Leije werfen, wie Ihr es geſagt habt."

„So kann ich mich alſo darauf verlaſſen, daß binnen einer halben Stunde keine Spur von ihrer Gegenwart mehr in dieſem Hauſe ſein wird? Daß der Tod das Geheimniß ihrer Bewahrung empfangen haben werde?"

„Ich thue es mit Widerwillen und mit Abſcheu; ich erkläre es nochmals,“ antwortete Muggelyn; „aber kehrt ruhig nach Eurer Wohnung zurück; ich verſpreche Euch, daß die Leiche der Jungfrau bald im Schooß der Leije begraben liegen ſoll. Mein Wort werde ich halten, Ihr kennt mich.“

„O, ich wußte es wohl!“ entgegnete der Oberdechant, vor Freude lachend. „Es ſind Grillen, die Euch mitunter durch den Kopf fahren; im Grunde ſeid Ihr aber der muthigſte Mann, den ich kenne. Alſo, Muggelyn: Eile und Vorſicht! Beſchwert die Leiche mit einem guten Steine; ſchafft die Blutſpuren ſorgfältig wieder fort, ehe Ihr von hinnen geht, und legt Alles wieder ſo hin, wie es ſich vor der Entführung befand. Ich brauche Euch das nicht zu ſagen; Euer eigenes Leben hängt davon ab. Beeilet Euch! ich werde Euch in meiner Wohnung erwarten. Bleibt mit dem Lichte da; ich will die Thür ſchon ſchließen.“

Indem er dies ſagte, drückte er dem Ribaudenkönige die Hand und verließ das Gemach, mit raſchen Schritten in dem dunklen Gange verſchwindend.

Der Ribaudenkönig blieb eine Weile ſprachlos ſitzen, und blickte ſtarr vor ſich hin. Allmählig zeigte ſich ein wildes Lächeln auf ſeinem Antlitze, und er ſagte zu ſich ſelbſt:

„Wahrlich! der Oberdechant hat Recht, es iſt eine Dummheit. Da es ſein muß, kann ich es nicht ändern. Sie oder wir müſſen ſterben. Es iſt ja alſo nur eine geſetzliche Vertheidigung meines Lebens — und dann, iſt denn das Blut einer Frau köſtlicher, als das Blut eines Mannes? Nun denn! je raſcher abgethan, deſto raſcher vergeſſen!"

Indem er dies ſagte, nahm er ſeinen Dolch von dem Tiſche und ſchliff ihn knieend an den Backſteinen des Kamines, in ſeinen Betrachtungen fortfahrend.

„Es iſt wohl überflüſſig," murrte er, „den Dolch ſo ſehr zu ſchleifen...... Ein einziger Stoß, und ſie rührt ſich nicht mehr! Nun denn! ein ſcharfer Dolch aber thut nicht ſehr weh. Warum ſie noch nutzlos quälen?"

Gleich darauf verſuchte er die Spitze des Mordwerkzeuges an der Hand und ſagte, während er ſich dem Tiſche nahte:

„Eine wahre Nadel! Soll ich die läſtige Maske noch anlegen? Warum nicht? Ich will doch nicht, daß ſie mich vor ihrem Tode erkenne; es würde mir vielleicht alle Kraft nehmen. Nun vorwärts! mit leiſem Tritte! Sie ſchläft wahrſcheinlich. Es iſt beſſer, daß ich ihr den Stoß gebe, ohne ſie zu wecken. Dann fühlt ſie nichts.... Ein Schlaf ohne Ende? Das iſt der ſüßeſte Tod...."

Mittlerweile hatte er die Maske vor das Geſicht gebunden und ſchritt nun, mit dem Dolche in der einen Hand und der Lampe in der andern, faſt unhörbar aus dem Gemache. Als er unten angelangt war, ging er durch zwei oder drei Kammern, bis er endlich eine heimliche Thür aufſchloß und auf einer ſteinernen Treppe ziemlich tief hinunterſtieg. Mit der größten Vorſicht öffnete er nun gleichfalls die Thür eines Kellers und trat auf den Fußſpitzen hinein, den Schein der Lampe auf die Gefangene fallen laſſend, und ſeinen Dolch bereit haltend, um ihr den Todesſtoß zu geben. Was er jedoch ſah, hielt ihn plötzlich zurück und ließ ihn den Stahl hinter dem Rücken verbergen.

Beerle kniete auf dem Stroh ihres Lagers mit gefalteten Händen. Ein Ausdruck des Troſtes, wenn nicht gar der Freude, belebte ihr bleiches Antlitz, welches ihre Kopfbedeckung noch an Weiße übertraf. Als der Ribaudenkönig eintrat, ließ ſie die Arme ſinken und lächelte ihn freundlich an, wie wenn ſie ſich über ſein Kommen freue.

„Ach, Freund!“ ſprach ſie, „ich habe für Euch gebetet.“

„Für mich?“ rief der Ribaud verwundert; „für mich? und warum?“

„Ich dankte Gott, daß er in meinem Elende mir einen guten Menſchen zum Wächter gegeben hat,“ antwortete ſie mit ſüßem Tone. „Ich ſehe wohl, wer Ihr auch ſein mögt, daß Bosheit nicht in Eurem Herzen wohnt. Habt Ihr mich nicht mitleidig behandelt? Habt Ihr mein Unglück nicht geehrt? Ach, ja! ich fühle es, Ihr ſeid ein Werkzeug in den Händen meiner Verfolger; aber ich bin Euch dankbar für den Schutz, den Ihr einer unglücklichen Magd geſchenkt habt. Es iſt eine Wohlthat, für die ich den Segen des Himmels auf Euch herabgefleht habe.“

Muggelyn erſchrak bei dieſen Worten; er ſenkte den Kopf und blieb ſprachlos in tiefem Nachſinnen ſtehen.

„Ihr ſeid betrübt?“ fuhr Beerle theilnehmend fort. „Iſt Euch etwas widerfahren, das Euch Schmerz macht, Freund?“

Der Ribaud antwortete ihr nicht; er ſuchte ſich ſelbſt den nöthigen Muth zur Ausführung ſeiner Miſſethat einzuſprechen und ſich die Ueberzeugung zu geben, daß der einmal gefaßte Entſchluß unabänderlich ſein müſſe, wie ſehr auch die liebevolle Rede der Jungfrau ihn erſchütterte und mit nie gekannten Rührungen durchbebte. Nach einem ziemlich langen Kampfe beſiegte er jedoch alle Furcht und alles Mitleid, und ſagte mit einem Tone, vor dem die Jungfrau erzitterte, während er ihr den blanken Dolch zeigte:

„Jungfrau! ich bin gekommen, um Euch zu ermorden; Ihr mögt ſagen, was Ihr wollt, und noch ſo ſchön reden, es wird Euch doch nichts helfen. Wenn Ihr mir alſo wirklich dankbar ſeid, ſo unterwerft Euch ohne Weigerung. Bietet mir Eure Bruſt; ich werde Euch wenig Schmerz machen.“

„Mich tödten?“ rief Beerle, in die fernſte Ecke des Kerkers flüchtend. „Ach! das iſt nicht möglich.“

„Es muß ſein!“ murrte der Ribaud mit dumpfer Stimme. „Habt Ihr dem Himmel noch etwas zu ſagen, ſo thut es raſch; denn ich will nicht viel Zeit vergeuden.“

„Ach, ach!“ jammerte Beerle, während ſie knieend dem Mörder entgegenkroch. „Ihr habt alſo nie Eure Mutter gekannt, daß Ihr eine unſchuldige Frau mit kaltem Blute tödten könnt?“

„Meine Mutter? ſie iſt lange todt!“ ſeufzte der Ribaud, ſeinen Dolch zurückziehend. „Nun fängt ſie von meiner Mutter zu reden an! Es iſt, als ob es ihr eingegeben würde, mich zu quälen! Aber es iſt zu ſpät, um es ungeſchehen zu machen.“

„Ach! der Name Eurer Mutter hält Eure Hand zurück!“ ſprach Veerle voll Hoffnung. „Ihr liebt ihr Andenken; Ihr könnt kein Böſewicht, kein Mörder ſein!“

„Ihr müßt ſterben, ſogleich!“ ſprach der Ribaud, als ein kaltes, aber unumſtößliches Urtheil.

„Nein, nein!“ rief die Jungfrau; „der Geiſt Eurer Mutter beſchützt mich. Ach! ich beſchwöre Euch bei ihrer ſüßen Liebe, bei ihrem Andenken! Erbarmt Euch meiner! . . . . .“

Der Ribaud antwortete nicht, ſondern ſtand unbeweglich, aber ſichtbar zitternd da.

Veerle hob flehend die Hände zu ihm empor und jammerte mit ſchneidender Stimme:

„Gnade! Gnade! O, Freund, laßt mich leben! Ihr tödtet auch meine Mutter, meinen Vater! Warum mein Blut vergießen? Ich habe nie Jemanden auf der Welt etwas gethan . . . . . Gott ſieht uns in dieſem Kerker; . . . er iſt der Rächer der Unſchuld . . . . Seht, ich umfaſſe Eure Kniee, ich krieche zu Euren Füßen . . . . . Nein, nein! Ihr werdet es nicht thun . . . . .“

Muggelyn fühlte, daß ihm aller Muth entſank; es ſchien ihm wirklich, als ob derſelbe unfaßbare Schatten ſeiner Mutter vor der Jungfrau ſchwebe, der ihm einſt im Traume erſchienen war. Während Veerle mit ſprachloſer Angſt ſeine Kniee umſchlungen hielt und ſeine Füße mit ihren Thränen benetzte, war der Ribaud einem heftigen Streite des Geiſtes und des Herzens preisgegeben.

Endlich entbrannte er in einer Art von Wuth, und ſich ermannend gegen die unbekannten Rührungen, die ihn beherrſchten, beſchloß er, dieſem Zuſtande raſch ein Ende zu machen. Heiſer murmelnd packte er die Jungfrau bei dem Haupte und wollte ſie rückwärts niederziehen, um ſie durch einen einzigen Stoß in die Bruſt zu ermorden. Sie aber, ſeine Abſicht durchfühlend, entſprang ihm und lief nach ihrem Lager, ihm von dort als eine Hoffnung auf Rettung das Kreuz, das an ihrem Gürtel hing, entgegenhaltend. Als ſie nun den Ribauden mit aufgehobenem Dolche und glühenden Augen auf ſich zukommen ſah, ſtieß ſie einen letzten Schrei der Verzweiflung aus:

„Vater! Mutter! Lieven! ach, lebt wohl!“

Dann fiel ſie unbeweglich, wie ein ſteinernes Bild, rücklings auf das Stroh.

Der Ribaud beleuchtete ſie mit der Lampe und murmelte:

„Wenn ſie todt wäre! Es iſt wohl möglich; ſie ſieht aus, als ob ſie mir hätte einen Mord ſparen wollen.“

Er hob nun die Leiche vom Boden auf und ließ ſie geradezu wieder niederfallen. Da er keine Bewegung in derſelben verſpürte, ſo ſagte er freudig:

„Sie hat in der That die Güte gehabt, zu ſterben! Oder ſchläft ſie, dann ſcheint ſie doch keine Luſt zu haben, für lange Zeit wieder aufzuwachen. Und nun raſch! die Leiche in die Leije verſenkt! Das iſt eine abgemachte Sache, und es werden zwanzig Pfund dabei gewonnen!“

Während dieſer Worte hatte er die Jungfrau auf die Schulter gelegt und war in der tiefen Dunkelheit die ſteinerne Treppe mit ihr hinaufgeſtiegen, bis nach dem Gange, den er durch eine Hinterthür verließ und dann wieder einige Treppen hinabſtieg, die ihn unter das Gewölbe und zu dem langſam fließenden Waſſer führten. Er legte ſeine Laſt auf die Stufen, und nachdem er unter dem Gewölbe einen großen Stein gefunden hatte, zog er mit der Hand ein Boot herbei und legte die Jungfrau hinein, in der Abſicht, ſelbſt mit ihr hinauszufahren.

Plötzlich hörte er in einem Hauſe, das gerade gegenüber am Fluſſe lag, einiges Geräuſch von Menſchenſtimmen, und ihm ſchien, als ob er in der Dunkelheit einen Kopf entdeckte, der ſich aus einem Fenſter über das Waſſer bog.

Der Ribaud bebte vor Angſt und wartete rathlos, bis das Geräuſch vorüber ſein möchte. Er wußte nicht, was er thun ſollte. Fuhr er mit der Jungfrau die Leiſe hinab, ſo konnte man ihn leicht ertappen; daran hatte er zuvor nicht einmal gedacht. Jetzt aber, da Geeraert Denys ihm ſo viele Angſt vor dem Schaffot eingeflößt hatte, fühlte er durchaus nicht die Luſt, ſich unvorſichtig bloßzuſtellen, noch dazu in einem Augenblicke, wo man die Nachtwachen merklich vermehrt hatte.

Endlich wähnte er ſich aus der Verlegenheit gerettet und ſagte mit dumpfer Stimme zu ſich ſelbſt:

„Ich glaube, die Jungfrau hat mich bezaubert. Wahrhaftig, Muggelyn! Du verlierſt Deine Sinne! Giebt es wohl etwas Einfältigeres? Ich ſtoße das Boot in die Mitte des Stroms; dann wird es ſchon allein die Leije hinabfahren. Ich warte auf daſſelbe bei der Minnemeerſchbrücke und laſſe mich an den Pfählen in daſſelbe hinunter. Dort, unter der Brücke verborgen, binde ich ihr den Stein um die Lenden, und entdeckt man mich, ſo habe ich noch das Verdienſt eines Mannes, der ſein Leben wagt, um Jemanden zu retten. Der Zufall hat ja mich eben ſowohl an dieſen Ort führen können, wie jeden anderen Bürger. Aha! das iſt das Rechte! Auf Wiederſehen denn, Jungfrau!“

Er ſtieß das Boot mit dem Fuße in den Strom, und ohne demſelben mit den Blicken zu folgen, lief er nun ſogleich nach dem Keller, wo er die Lampe ergriff und dann nach ſeiner Kammer hinaufſtieg. Hier warf er die Maske ab, zog in großer Eile ſeine Ribaudentracht an und verließ das Haus.

Mit raſchen Schritten ging er über den Garenmarkt und längs der Goudſtraße, um das Boot zu erwarten. Als er ſich der Leije näherte, ſah er in der Ferne gegen den minder düſteren Himmel ſich eine ſchwarze Geſtalt ablöſen, wie von Jemanden, der ſich auf der Minnemeerſchbrücke ſelbſt befand. Der Ribaud bückte ſich dicht an den Häuſern und ſchlich nun, wie ein lauernder Fuchs, nach dem Minnemeerſch, wo ein abgelegenes Gebäude faſt dicht an der Brücke ſtand, und beobachtete von dort den unbekannten Nachtwandler.

Derjenige, der in dieſer einſamen Stunde von der Brücke herab in das Waſſer blickte, obwohl in der Dunkelheit ſich kaum einige trübe glänzende Furchen auf der

Fluth zeigten, war Niemand anders, als Lieven Denys, welcher, von unſäglichem Schmerze verfolgt, ſeinem Lager entflohen war, um in der kühlen Nacht einige Linderung für ſein brennendes Gehirn zu finden. Was er dort that, wußte er ſelbſt nicht; denn ihm fehlte das Bewußtſein ſeiner Handlungen. Unter dem dunklen Himmel ſowohl, wie in ſeiner Wohnung blieb er ſtets in ſchreckliche Träume verſunken, welche ihm ſeine arme Beerle darſtellten, wie ſie gegen Entehrung und Mord kämpfte und in ihrem letzten Athemzuge noch ſeinen Namen rief. Er ſah ihre Leiche, blutig und verſtümmelt, dort in der Dunkelheit vor ſich liegen und weinte in tiefſter Seele Thränen der Verzweiflung. Seit der Entführung hatte er mit Ghelnoot van Lens und von Lieven Gomyne begleitet Tag und Nacht die Straßen der Stadt durchkreuzt und die umliegenden Felder und Gemeinden durchſucht. Aber es war ihnen auch nicht geglückt, die geringſte Spur der betrauerten Freundin zu entdecken. Die Stille des Grabes hing über dieſer entſetzlichen That, als ob das Schlachtopfer die Erde ohne Lebewohl auf ewig verlaſſen habe.

Der unglückliche Lieven hatte nun wieder einen Theil der Stadt durchwandelt und befand ſich ſeit einer halben Stunde auf der Minnemeerſchbrücke, unbeweglich und ohne Zweck dortſtehend, das Antlitz dem Sanct Joriſthore zugewandt. Plötzlich ward er aus ſeinem düſteren Sinnen aufgeweckt durch die Erſchütterung, mit welcher Etwas an die Pfähle der Brücke ſtieß. Mit größerer Aufmerkſamkeit in das Waſſer blickend, ſah er gleich darauf ein Boot vor ſeinen Augen langſam den Strom hinabgleiten. Kaum hatte er an der weißen Kopfbedeckung die Form eines Beggynengewandes erkannt, ſo entflog ein Schrei ſeiner Bruſt, und vor Schreck zitternd, lief er an dem Ribauden vorüber nach dem Minnemeerſch. Hier, an dem niedrigen Rande der Leije, ſtarrte er einen Augenblick mit ausgeſtreckten Armen nach dem Boote und ging mit verzweifelnder Ungeduld einige Male auf und ab, als ob er ſich nach einem Werkzeuge umſähe. Gleich darauf glitt er in das Waſſer hinab und ſchwamm mit aller Kraft durch den Strom, ſo daß er das Boot erreichte. In ſeiner Haſt zog er daſſelbe ſchwimmend bis an den Rand, ſtieg aus dem Waſſer und ſchleuderte die lebloſe Leiche in das Gras auf der Weide. Das Waſſer, das ihm vom Antlitz niedertroff, hinderte zuerſt ſeine Blicke. Kaum hatte er aber, trotz der nächtlichen Dunkelheit, durch Hand und Auge die Geliebte erkannt, ſo warf er ſich in äußerſter Verzweiflung neben ihr hin und ſeufzte unter heißen Thränen, während er dann und wann die eiskalte Stirn der Jungfrau mit ſeinen brennenden Lippen berührte:

„Beerle! Beerle! gute Schweſter! höre mich! Ich bin es, Dein Freund, Dein Verlobter! Erwache, Geliebte! Ach! noch einen einzigen Blick Deiner Augen, noch einen Klang Deiner Stimme ..... und wir gehen zuſammen zu Gott! — Ach, ach! todt! ſie iſt todt!“

Verzweifelnd raufte er ſich die Haare aus und zerfleiſchte ſich die Bruſt mit den Nägeln, als ob er ſich den Buſen aufreißen wollte. Gleich darauf rief er von

Neuem, wie Jemand, der einen äußerſten Entſchluß gefaßt hat:

„Beerle! Beerle! leben ohne Dich? Nein, nein! der Schlag, der Dich getroffen hat, muß auch mein Herz zerſchmettern. Welt! ſchnöde, böſe Welt! leb' wohl!“

Bei dieſen Worten drückte er ſeine Lippen auf den Mund der Jungfrau und gab ihr einen langen Abſchiedskuß. Ein fühlbares Zittern durchlief bei dem glühenden Kuſſe die Glieder der Jungfrau.

„Sie lebt! ſie lebt!“ rief Lieven, freudig die Hände emporhebend. „Sei geſegnet, o Gott!“

Mit kräftigem Eifer nahm er die Jungfrau auf die Schulter und lief jauchzend den Minnemeerſch hinunter, als habe er dem böſen Feinde eine unſchätzbare Beute entführt.

Sobald der ſiegreiche Jüngling mit ſeiner theuren Laſt über dem Struivelbrückchen in der Dunkelheit verſchwunden war, verließ der Ribaudenkönig ſein Verſteck und ſchlich neben dem Rande der Leije fort, bis er das Boot an einem vorſpringenden Weidenpfahle liegend fand. Er zog es langſam am Stricke längs den Minnemeerſch fort, bis nach der Brücke hin, wo er hineintrat und vorſichtig ſtromauf fuhr. Dazwiſchen murmelte er bei ſich ſelbſt:

„Na, Muggelyn! Freund! träumſt Du? oder bemüht ſich der Teufel in der That mit Dir? Du haſt Dich da ſchön anführen laſſen! Ein anderes Mal wirſt Du der Ohnmacht der Frauen nicht ſo viel Glauben mehr ſchenken! Sie ſpielen die Todten, als ob ſie es gelernt hätten.

Die Jungfrau hat auch Sorge dafür getragen, wieder lebendig zu werden, gerade als es Zeit war! .... Aber wer hatte denn den Sohn des Oberdechanten nach der Minnemeerſchbrücke geſandt? Man möchte faſt ſagen, ſie hätten es abgeredet, um mich in dem Stricke zu fangen! Alles iſt jedoch zum Beſten abgelaufen, und da die Jungfrau lebt, ſo wünſche ich, ſie möge lange leben; mir kann es gleich ſein, und ich freue mich, daß ich ihr Blut nicht vergeſſen habe! Ich würde auf meinem Sterbebette daran gedacht haben. — Wenn ich nun das Boot wieder an ſeinen Platz gebracht und dort in der Mordhöhle von Myer Denys Alles wieder geordnet habe, ſo bin ich doch neugierig, zu wiſſen, wie man irgend Etwas entdecken ſoll! Der Oberdechant muß ſich ja über den Ausgang freuen und wird mir gleich die zwanzig Pfund geben! Aber wenn der Schelm mir die Belohnung verweigerte? O, dann käme die Reihe an mich, ihn zu bedrohen und ihn zittern zu machen. Nein, nein! er wird ſich beeilen, mich zufrieden zu ſtellen; denn er hat eben ſo wenig, wie Muggelyn, Luſt, den Henker in der Nähe kennen zu lernen .... Und bei meinem Worte! ich habe Luſt, den Böſewicht zu verrathen und auf das Schaffot zu bringen, und müßte ich ihm ſelbſt Geſellſchaft leiſten!...“

Bei dieſen Worten hatte ſich der Ribaudenkönig dem einſamen Hauſe genähert und verſchwand in dem dunklen Gewölbe.

XV.

Einige Tage ſpäter befand ſich Artevelde neben dem Bette ſeiner kranken Tochter. Er ſtarrte mit traurigem Blicke auf das bleiche und magere Antlitz der ſchlafenden Jungfrau und hielt eine ihrer Hände mit unfühlbarem Drucke in der ſeinigen. Unbeweglich und ſtill ſaß er da, aus Furcht, daß das mindeſte Geräuſch die leidende Perle wecken könne; in dieſer Unbeweglichkeit des Körpers verdoppelte ſich jedoch das Leben ſeines Geiſtes, und er verſank mit ſeinen Gedanken in die Betrachtung ſeines trüben, aber wunderlichen Schickſals.

Es waren nun einige Jahre verſchwunden, ſeit er, vom Volke darum erſucht, das häusliche Leben verlaſſen und ſeinen Frieden aufgeopfert hatte, um die Befreiung und die Größe des Vaterlandes zu unternehmen. Gott hatte ſeine Beſtrebungen geſegnet. Er hatte Flandern eine mächtige Einheit geſchenkt, ein Handelsbündniß und ein Bündniß gemeinſchaftlicher Vertheidigung mit Brabant und dem Hennegau geſchloſſen, die Hungersnoth vertrieben, die Induſtrie bis zur höchſten Blüthe geführt, das Land von Frankreichs Obrigkeit und erdrückendem Einfluſſe auf immer befreit, Flanderns Feinde erniedrigt und mit Achtung vor dem dietſchen Stamme erfüllt. Unermüdlich ſtrebte er darnach, die Städte Ryſſel, Douai und Orchies wieder zu gewinnen und eine allgemeine

Bundesgenoſſenſchaft aller niederdeutſchen Stämme zu bilden, wobei er den Traum liebkoſte, daß ſeine Geburtsſtadt, das theure Gent, die Hauptſtadt dieſes mächtigen deutſchen Reiches werden ſolle. Der Ausführung dieſer großen Entwürfe hatte er ſein ganzes Leben gewidmet; für dieſelben hatte er ſeine Familie vergeſſen und verlaſſen, ſeine Habe vermindert und den bittern Kelch des Leidens angenommen ..... Und nun fand er als Belohnung für ſo viele Opfer, für ſo viele Gefahren, für ſo vielen Verdruß, nichts als Verfolgung, Verleumdung und Haß. Sogar den Mord ſeines unglücklichen Kindes hatte man beſchließen können, in der Hoffnung ſelbſt durch dieſe ſchnöde Rache ſein Leben zu vergiften. Alles, was ihm theuer war, hatte man beſudelt, Gemahlin, Tochter, Freunde, die Verleumdung hatte ihr Gift auf Alle geſpritzt. Seine eigene Ehre und ſeinen Namen ſchleifte man durch den Koth der Verdächtigung und des Zweifels.

Was konnte nun die Frucht ſeiner mühſeligen und arbeitſamen Laufbahn ſein? Eine entehrte Gattin, eine ermordete Tochter, verfolgte Freunde, und er ſelbſt beladen mit dem unredlichſten Haſſe, vielleicht einem ſchmachvollen Tode geweiht. — In dieſem Augenblicke trüben Nachſinnens ſchwirrten die ſchrecklichen Worte Ludwigs von Nevers wie eine Prophezeihung an ſein Ohr. Der Fürſt hatte zu ihm im Anfange ſeiner vaterländiſchen Beſtrebungen geſagt: „Das Schickſal ſtellt Euch an die Spitze der aufrühreriſchen und unruhigen Menge, bis daſſelbe veränderliche Volk Euch durch den Koth ſchleift und wie einen tollen Hund erſchlägt. Denn iſt dies nicht ſtets das Loos der Abgötter des Volkes?“

Das Haupt tiefer beugend, verſank Artevelde in eine finſtere Muthloſigkeit und blieb wie in Verzweiflung verſunken, bis ihm ſein Geiſt als eine unfehlbare Befreiung die Aufgabe ſeiner Aemter und ſeiner Macht anrieth. Bei dieſem Gedanken hob jedoch der weiſe Mann raſch das Haupt wieder empor. Aus ſeinem Auge ſchoß ein Blitzſtrahl des Unwillens; ſein Mund verzog ſich verächtlich und ſein ganzer Körper rückte ſich ſtolz im Seſſel zurecht, wie wenn er ſeinen Feinden eine Herausforderung zuwürfe. Dies geſchah, weil er im dunklen Hintergrunde ſein Vaterland wieder zu Frankreichs Füßen niedergeworfen ſah, die Freiheit vernichtet, den Gewerbfleiß gelähmt, die Armuth herrſchend, den Bürgerkrieg lodernd, und Flandern von allen ſeinen Bundesgenoſſen getrennt, erniedrigt und unterdrückt kämpfend gegen ſeine gänzliche Einverleibung in das Land, das ſchon ſeit Jahrhunderten auf die verlangte Beute gelauert. Bei dieſer quälenden Betrachtung begann das Herz des weiſen Mannes mächtig zu pochen; ſeine Stirn färbte ſich mit dem Roth des Zornes; ſeine Augen glühten von edlem Stolze und ſeine Lippen bewegten ſich, um das muthige: „Es ſoll nicht ſein!“ zu ſprechen, während er dieſe Worte mit einer kräftigen Bewegung der Hand begleitete.

Sich gleich darauf ganz dem Schickſale hingebend, das ihn beherrſchte, verjagte er alle Verzweiflung aus der vollen Bruſt und ſtählte ſeinen männlichen Muth mit der Ueberzeugung, daß nichts ihn ſeiner Beſtimmung untreu machen dürfe, und er dieſelbe erfüllen müſſe bis an das Ende, — was auch daraus komme, — und müßte auch die Ehre und der Ruhm ſeines Geſchlechtes der Kaufpreis werden von Flanderns Unabhängigkeit, und müßte auch ſein und ſeiner Familie Blut das Siegel werden von Flanderns Macht und Größe ..... ſein Werk ſollte er vollführen! Gott und die Nachwelt ſollten ſeine Richter ſein!

Nachdem Artevelde einige Zeit lang ſeinen Blick mit ſanftem Mitleid auf Beerle gerichtet hatte, trat ſeine Gattin in das Gemach und ſagte ihm leiſe, der Oberſchöffe ſei gekommen, um mit ihm zu ſprechen. Der Oberhauptmann ſtand auf und ging mit leiſen Schritten nach dem hinteren Zimmer, wo Ser Maes van Vaernewyck ihn erwartete.

„Nun?" fragte er, dem Freunde die Hand drückend, „iſt man den Mördern auf die Spur?"

„Nicht im Mindeſten, Oberhauptmann!" antwortete der Oberſchöffe muthlos. „Vielleicht wird man nie wiſſen, wer die feige Miſſethat beging. Bis jetzt hat man nichts entdeckt, das uns die Auflöſung dieſes ſchrecklichen Räthſels hoffen läßt."

„Und Ihr glaubt in der That, daß man dabei keinen anderen Zweck hatte, als mir das Herz mit endloſem Weh zu füllen?"

„Ich glaube es; und was mich um ſo mehr in dieſer Vermuthung beſtärkt, iſt, daß man ſchon am Morgen nach der Entführung unter dem Volke das Gerücht fand, Myer Ghelnoot van Lens ſei der Miſſethat nicht fremd geblieben. Immer dieſelbe Politik, Oberhauptmann! Euch anzugreifen durch alle niedrigen Mittel, und Jeden, welchen Bande des Bluts oder der Freundſchaft an Euch knüpfen, zu verleumden und zu beflecken! — Aber geſtattet mir, in dieſem Augenblicke von ſehr ernſten Dingen mit Euch zu reden, die ſelbſt trotz Eurer Betrübniß Eure unmittelbare Aufmerkſamkeit verdienen. Unſere Leute kommen ſo eben von Audenaerde zurück und bringen Perſemier und ſeine Eidgenoſſen gefangen nach Gent. Die anderen Leliaerds ſind von den Bürgern von Audenaerde im Gefecht erſchlagen. Nach den Ausſagen Einiger der Gefangenen ſoll dieſer nächtliche Anfall zum Zweck gehabt haben, ſich durch Verrath zum Herrn einer Feſtung zu machen, um einen Mittelpunkt für Aufruhr und Bürgerkrieg zu gewinnen. Es ſcheint nach ihren Reden, daß man in Frankreich einen neuen Entwurf gemacht hat, um Flandern ſeine Freiheit zu rauben und es unter fremden Einfluß zu bringen. Der Graf ſelbſt ſoll dies Mal alle ſeine Kräfte anwenden, um ſelbſt mit gewaffneter Hand die Vläminger zu einer Bundesgenoſſenſchaft mit Frankreich gegen England zu zwingen. Etwas Wahres muß an dieſen trüben Reden wohl ſein, denn man hat mir unter der Hand mitgetheilt, daß ſich in Dendermonde eine Partei bildet, welche die Abſicht hat, die Stadt durch Verrath den Leliaerds in die Hände zu liefern, den Grafen in ihre Mauern zu rufen und unter ſeinem Befehle einen Krieg gegen Gent zu beginnen. Wenn die Feinde von Flanderns Unabhängigkeit es ſo weit bringen könnten, daß ſie die ſtarke Stadt Dendermonde in ihre Hände bekämen, ſo würde die Gefahr groß werden, Oberhauptmann!“

Artevelde antwortete nach kurzer Ueberlegung:

„Die größte Gefahr droht uns nicht von Seiten der Leliaerds, Oberſchöffe! Alle unſere Sorgfalt muß angewandt werden, um die Streitigkeiten über den Alleinhandel der Weberei zu ſtillen. Muß Flandern unterliegen, ſo geſchieht es durch dieſen unauflösbaren Fragepunkt. Ich habe die Hoffnung, daß wir mit Gottes Hülfe auch dieſes Uebel beſiegen werden, wie ſehr auch die Leliaerds den Zwieſpalt ſchüren. Daß unſer Graf ſich offenbar und mit gewaffneter Hand gegen die Gemeinen von Flandern erklären werde, glaube ich nicht. Als ich das letzte Mal in Kortryk bei ihm vorgelaſſen wurde, ſagte er mir wohl, daß er lieber die gräfliche Krone von Flandern aufgeben, als ſich je mit den Feinden Frankreichs verbinden würde. Aber ſein Zorn ſchien nicht ſo groß, und ich glaubte zu verſtehen, daß er bis zum Ende des Krieges zwiſchen Philipp von Valois und Eduard von England unthätig bleiben werde.“

„Eitle Hoffnung, Oberhauptmann!“ fiel ihm der Oberſchöffe in die Rede. „Bei dem letzten Vertrage zwiſchen Frankreich und England haben wir verlangt und erhalten, daß unſer Graf als unabhängiger Fürſt anerkannt würde, mit königlicher Macht bekleidet und fortan nicht verpflichtet, irgend Jemanden auf Erden für ſeine Krone zu huldigen. Wie hat er dieſen Beweis unſerer Fürſorge für den Ruhm und die Größe unſeres Fürſten belohnt? Damit, daß er die Hand lieh, uns zu Sklaven zu machen und zu erniedrigen! Vergeßt doch nicht, Freund Jakob, daß er ſeine eigene Schweſter, die heldenmüthige Margaretha, hülflos durch den König von Frankreich hat verfolgen und unterdrücken laſſen! Könnt Ihr bei ſolcher unbegreiflichen Schwäche ſicher annehmen, daß der Graf den Rath Philipps von Valois nicht bis auf das Aeußerſte befolgen werde? Nein, nein! ich fürchte dies Mal ſein Kommen ſehr, und habe ein geheimes Vorgefühl, daß uns eine große Gefahr drohe. Und was mir dieſes Gefühl unwiderſtehlich einprägt, iſt die Keckheit, mit der alle böſen Leidenſchaften das Haupt wieder emporheben. Sie bereiten ſich zu einem entſcheidenden Kampfe vor, das läßt ſich gar nicht verkennen. Es müſſen Mittel gefunden werden, um dies Uebel ohnmächtig zu machen; denn bei meinem Worte, es geht zu weit! Wißt Ihr, wie man in Gent die Gemüther gegen Euch aufhetzt durch die ſchnödeſten Beſchuldigungen?"

„Was kann man gegen geheime Verleumder thun, Oberſchöffe?" fragte Artevelde. „Die Ehrenſchändung iſt wie ein Schatten, den man wohl ſieht und deſſen Gegenwart man wohl fühlt, den man aber nicht faſſen kann. Geraden Weges auf ſeiner Bahn fortwandeln und geſchehen laſſen . . . . ."

„Geſchehen laſſen?" wiederholte Ser van Vaernewyck. „Nein, nein! es muß dieſer Bosheit, koſte es, was es wolle, ein Ende gemacht werden, nicht allein um Eurer Ruhe willen, Oberhauptmann, ſondern auch um der Erhaltung Flanderns willen, deſſen ſtärkſte Bruſtwehr Ihr ſeid. — Ich begreiſe Eure Kälte. Ihr wißt nicht, wie weit die Verleumdung in Gent ſchon Euren Namen des Glanzes beraubt hat, der ihn umgab, des Vertrauens, das Euch nöthig iſt, um das Vaterland gegen ſeine mannichfachen Feinde zu ſchützen. Eure redlichſten Freunde ſelbſt beginnen zu zweifeln, ob Ihr wohl verdient, an der Spitze Flanderns zu ſtehen, ob Ihr auch der allgemeinen Achtung werth ſeid. Es ſchmerzt mich, Euch dies erklären zu müſſen; die Ueberzeugung von Eurer Redlichkeit und Eure grenzenloſe Ergebenheit für das allgemeine Beſte ſind gleich einer Binde vor Euren Augen; ich fühle mich verpflichtet, ſie abzureißen, ehe es zu ſpät wird.“

„Meine Freunde?“ ſagte Artevelde mit Verwunderung. „Kennen ſie mich denn nicht genug; daß ſie von meinen Feinden vernehmen müſſen, wer ich bin?“

„Ach! es iſt eine Schande für die Menſchheit!“ ſeufzte der Oberſchöſſe. „Aber das Böſe ſcheint ſo verwandt mit unſerer ſchwachen Natur, daß der lächerlichſten Erdichtung gegen den würdigſten Bürger unmittelbar Glauben geſchenkt und ſie verbreitet wird, während man verdientes Lob mit Widerwillen aufnimmt und es eben ſo raſch wieder vergißt. Was mich erſchreckt hat, Oberhauptmann, iſt, daß mein eigener Neffe, Jan van den Hovene, der an allen Euren Beſtrebungen als ein redlicher Freund Theil genommen hat, ſich jetzt gegen mich beklagt über Euer Betragen, über Euren grenzenloſen Hochmuth, wie er es nennt.“

„Hochmuth? Hochmuth?“ rief Artevelde mit zorniger Ungeduld. „Was wollen ſie denn? Daß der Oberhauptmann der Stadt Gent in den Tavernen lebe? daß er trinke, ſinge und ſpiele, wie Jemand, der die Zeit nicht anders hinzubringen weiß?“

„Nein, das iſt es nicht!“ fuhr der Oberſchöffe fort. „Man hat Jan van den Hovene erzählt, — und er behauptet, es von Perſonen zu wiſſen, an deren Redlichkeit er nicht zweifeln darf, — Ihr hättet zu Kortryk den Grafen blutig gehöhnt, und ihm geſchworen, ſo lange Ihr lebtet, ſolle er nie über Flandern gebieten.“

„Wie? Was iſt das für eine Niederträchtigkeit? Der Graf hat mir bei dem Abſchiede die Hand gedrückt, und mir gedankt für die Beweiſe guten Willens, die ich ihm gegeben.“

„Mir braucht Ihr das nicht zu ſagen, Mher Jakob; unſere Beſtrebungen bei dem Fürſten ſind ja die Folge eines Beſchluſſes der Schöffenbank, und thun wir nicht alles Mögliche, um den Grafen als Freund des Volkes nach Flandern zurückkehren zu laſſen? Aber es reicht hin, dieſe Verleumdung unter dem Volke zu verbreiten, um ihr alle Macht einer Wahrheit zu geben. Wie ſoll man es nun anfangen, den Zweifel oder den Verdacht aus tauſend Gemüthern herauszureißen, während man nicht weiß, worauf ſie beruhen, und gewöhnlich dieſelben nicht entdeckt, als bei Perſonen, die uns feindlich ſind und ſelbſt ihren Vortheil darin finden, die ſchnödeſten Beſchuldigungen zu glauben? — Das iſt jedoch noch das Aergſte nicht. Diejenigen, die den Grafen haſſen, behaupten, daß Ihr das Amt eines Marſchalls von Flandern heimlich angenommen habt und Willens ſeid, das

Land Frankreich zu überliefern, aus Rache über den Trotz des Volkes, das Euch nicht blindlings gehorchen will. Die eine Erdichtung iſt gerade das Gegentheil der andern, und doch finden ſie beide Glauben, jede bei einem anderen Theile der Bürgerſchaft. Unter dem kleinen Volke verbreitet man allmählich den Verdacht, daß Ihr große Schätze nach England geſandt habt. Dieſes Geld ſoll aus den Einkünften des Grafen herrühren, die Ihr zurückhaltet. Es iſt bekannt genug, daß die Gemeinen die Einkünfte des Fürſten mit deſſen ſchriftlicher Einwilligung Ser Simon van Hale aushändigen; aber dieſe augenſcheinliche Falſchheit hindert nicht, daß eine ſo abſcheuliche Erdichtung doch Glauben findet bei der niedrigſten Klaſſe der Bürger. Andere ſagen noch, daß Ihr die Gemeine beſtehlt; ja, ſo weit treibt die Verleumdung ihre unbegreifliche Keckheit, daß man Euch für einen Trunkenbold ausgiebt, der ſich beinahe täglich im Weine übernimmt und ein ſchändliches Leben führt. Ich verſchweige dabei, was man wagt, von Eurer Familie zu ſagen; mein Freundesherz weigert ſich deſſen."

„Es iſt abſcheulich!" rief der Oberhauptmann, zornig aufſtehend. „Und es iſt Jakob von Artevelde, den man ſo zu höhnen wagt? Von mir glaubt man ſolche kindiſche Schlechtigkeiten? Hab' ich denn nichts ausgeführt in meinem Leben, daß ſelbſt der unbedeutendſte, der niedrigſte Menſch meinen Namen beflecken darf, ohne Achtung, ohne Ehrfurcht, wenn auch nicht vor mir, doch wenigſtens vor meinen Handlungen?"

„Eure großen Thaten, Eure Vernunft, Eure Weisheit ſind die einzigen Urſachen der Verfolgung Eurer Neider, Oberhauptmann! Werdet klein; verliert, was Gott Euch ſo mild vor Anderen gab; ſteigt hernieder und werdet gleich Euren Verleumdern, und ſie werden Euch liebkoſen und vertheidigen!“

Artevelde war einige Male ungeduldig im Zimmer auf- und abgeſchritten, wie Jemand, den peinliche Gedanken verfolgen. Gleich darauf ſetzte er ſich jedoch wieder und ſagte mit bitterem Lächeln:

„Ein ehrlicher Mann hat nur eine einzige Waffe gegen die Verleumdung: die Verachtung! Ich fühle mich ohnmächtig, auf eine andere Weiſe gegen dieſes Ungethüm zu kämpfen. In ſolchem Streite iſt Alles niedrig, klein und elend. Gott hat mich geſchaffen, um mit dem Schwerte oder mit dem Geiſte größere Siege zu erringen; aber, um gegen Nadelſtiche oder giftige Beſprützungen zu fechten, hat er mich zu einem ohnmächtigen Zwerge gemacht, und wäre ich auch geneigt, die Vernichtung dieſer Schlangenbrut zu verſuchen, ich würde es doch nicht können. Hier iſt der Mund die Waffe, welche Pfeile ſchießt, die ſich im Fliegen vervielfältigen. Sprechen meine Feinde viel, warum vertheidigen meine Freunde da meinen Namen nicht mit derſelben Thätigkeit?“

„Freunde?“ antwortete Ser van Vaernewyck mit einem trüben Lächeln. „Freunde ſind ſtets ſchwach und träge. Macht Feinde daraus, und Ihr ſollt ſehen, welche Kraft, welche Gluth der Thätigkeit dies Gefühl in ihnen entwickelt!“

„Die menſchliche Natur iſt ein ſchreckliches Räthſel!“ murmelte Artevelde.

„Ein Freund, der uns im Unglücke treu bleibt, iſt ſicher ein köſtlicher Schatz; aber ein Freund, der die Prüfung auf dem Probirſteine der Verleumdung aufhält, iſt köſtlicher, als das feinſte Gold!" entgegnete der Oberſchöffe. „Täuſcht Euch nicht, Mher Jakob! ſie ſind ſelten; und wären ſie ſelbſt zahlreich, ſie würden doch nicht mächtig gegen Eure Verfolger ſein. Die Freundſchaft vertheidigt nie ſo laut, noch ſo kräftig, wie die Verleumdung beſchuldigt!"

„Laßt uns dieſe trübe Betrachtung endigen!" fiel Artevelde ihm in die Rede. „Ich ſehe voraus, daß Ihr mir etwas Anderes zu ſagen habt. Wäre das nicht, ſo würdet Ihr, der Ihr mein treueſter Freund ſeid, doch nicht ſo mild die Bosheiten meiner Feinde vor meinen Blicken entrollt haben. Eure Sendung oder Euer Vorhaben muß wichtig und mühſam ſein, Ser Maes; Eure Sorgfalt läßt mich das wenigſtens vermuthen."

„In der That, Ihr habt es gerathen!" ſeufzte Ser van Vaernewyck mit Rührung. „Ich erfülle eine peinliche Pflicht. Vielleicht verletze ich Euer edles Herz; aber, Jakob, Freund! wir dürfen es ſagen in Gottes Gegenwart, niemals wandten wir uns ab von einem Opfer, das dem Vaterlande Nutzen bringen konnte; heute auch, und müßten wir uns erniedrigen, und müßten wir unſeren eigenen Werth ſelbſt opfern: wenn das allgemeine Beſte es verlangt, werden wir es thun; wir werden es thun, nicht wahr?"

„Erklärt Euch deutlicher, Oberſchöffe!" ſagte Artevelde. „Sich erniedrigen? ſich herabwürdigen? Welche nothwendige That wollt Ihr denn von meiner Vaterlandsliebe fordern?“

„Nun denn! hört mich mit Ruhe an, Oberhauptmann! Während Eurer Abweſenheit hat ſich zwiſchen den Webern und den Walkmüllern ein Streit entſponnen, deſſen ganze Gefährlichkeit Ihr nicht kennt. Die Walkmüller werden aufgehetzt und verlangen vier Grote Erhöhung des Werklohnes für jedes gewalkte Stück Tuch. Man hetzt die Leidenſchaft der Zunftgenoſſen auf und bildet ihnen ein, ſie müßten die genannte Erhöhung bekommen, wäre es auch durch Gewalt. Auf der anderen Seite hält Geeraert Denys in den Verſammlungen der Weber Reden, in welchen er die Walkmüller abſichtlich höhnt und herausfordert. Es ſcheint ein verabredetes Spiel zu ſein, um die Einwohner von Gent in zwei wüthende Parteien zu zerſpalten und einen blutigen Zuſammenſtoß zwiſchen beiden zu veranlaſſen. Dies iſt unfehlbar die Abſicht dieſer Umtriebe; denn meine freundliche Vermittelung ward zornig abgelehnt. Sich auf ihre geſetzlichen Privilegien ſtützend, weigern ſich die Weber, die Collatie der Dechanten über das Verlangen der Walkmüller berathſchlagen zu laſſen, und beſtreiten der Schöffenbank das Recht, ſich um ihren Zwiſt zu bekümmern. Die Walkmüller, ebenfalls unbeugſam, verwerfen allen guten Rath und raſen von Gewalt und Rache. Bis jetzt iſt weiter nichts daraus entſprungen, als einige Schlägereien in den Tavernen. Aber glaubt mir, wie gering auch dieſe Frage an und für ſich ſelbſt ſcheine, für Gent iſt ſie ein ſchwangerer Vulkan, der binnen Kurzem losbrechen wird, wenn nicht ein großes Opfer von unſerer Seite die Gefahr beſchwört.“

„Ich habe die Sache unterſucht,“ bemerkte Artevelde. „Ich erkenne, daß ſie wichtig iſt und ſchwerlich zur Zufriedenheit jeder Partei ſich löſen läßt. Von morgen an will ich mich damit bemühen. Ich werde die beiden Zünfte leicht überreden, daß jede Etwas nachgiebt und wir den Zwiſt in Liebe beilegen. Die Weber und Walkmüller ſind mir von alten Zeiten her zugethan und werden wohlwollend auf meinen Rath hören.“

„Ach! es thut mir Leid, Freund Jakob, Euch ſagen zu müſſen, daß Ihr Euch täuſcht. Die Verleumdung iſt Euch auch dort vorangeeilt. Die Weber glauben, daß Ihr die Walkmüller in ihren Forderungen unterſtützen werdet; die Walkmüller dagegen ſind überzeugt, daß Ihr den Webern helft, um, wie ſie ſagen, das arme Volk der Walkmüller zu unterdrücken. Vergeßt nicht, daß ſeit Jahrhunderten der glühendſte Haß zwiſchen den beiden Zünften vorherrſcht, und daß, wo es den Vortheil oder die Eiferſucht von Genoſſenſchaften gilt, die Leidenſchaften deſto blinder und unbeſieglicher ſind, wo ſie die Vertheidigung eines Grundſatzes oder einer Gemeineangelegenheit zur Entſchuldigung oder zur Urſache nehmen. Nein, Freund! verkennt Euren Zuſtand nicht länger. Euer Einfluß iſt grenzenlos in ganz Flandern, eben ſo wie das Vertrauen, welches das Volk in Euren Heldenmuth und Eure hohe Weisheit ſetzt. Aber in Gent iſt Eure Macht gebrochen und hat Euer Name ſeine Zauberkraft verloren. Bedenkt, wenn eine große Gefahr das

Vaterland bedrohte, und Gent ließe Euch im Stiche oder wendete ſich gegen Euch: was würdet Ihr thun können? Flandern würde unterliegen!"

„Wie?" rief Artevelde mit Entrüſtung aus. „Wollt Ihr mich glauben machen, Freund Maes, daß das Genter Volk mich haſſe? Ich weiß, daß einige böſe Menſchen mich verleumden; aber ich will meinen Mitbürgern die Schmach nicht anthun, zu denken, daß ſie mir ungerecht ihr Vertrauen entziehen!"

„Es iſt wahr, Oberhauptmann! Wenn Ihr die Genter Bürgerſchaft in ſechs Theile zerfallen ließet, ſo würdet Ihr fünf finden, die Euch im Grunde des Herzens geneigt ſind; aber der ſechste haßt Euch und verlangt Euren Fall. Diejenigen, die Euch lieben, ſind friedliche Leute, welche ruhig und arglos die Früchte Eurer Beſtrebungen genießen. Der andere Theil, der Euch feindlich iſt, umfaßt alle Herrſchſüchtigen, Neidiſchen, Ungeduldigen oder Böſen und hat zu Springfedern ſeiner unwiderſtehlichen Kraft die glühendſten Leidenſchaften, die in den Herzen der Menſchen lodern. Die guten Leute ſchlafen auf dem Bette der Zufriedenheit; die Böſen wachen und werden aufgeſtachelt von unbefriedigten Begierden und ruheloſer Mißgunſt ..... Und nun das Mittel, um dieſes Alles zu ändern und zu beſſern, nicht wahr? — Eure Feinde erkennen als Haupt und Führer Mher Geeraert Denys an. In allen ihren Reden deuten ſie auf den Oberdechanten als den Mann, der am beſten die Intereſſen der Gemeine begreift. Ich bin überzeugt, daß Denys viel zu der Verleumdung gegen Euch beiträgt, obwohl ich nicht weiß, wie groß ſein Antheil an den Anſchlägen unſerer Feinde iſt. Er verbirgt vor Niemanden den Haß, den er ſeit Jahren gegen Euch nährt. Jeder, ſelbſt ſeine Anhänger erkennen, daß Neid und Herrſchſucht ihn verzehren. — Nun denn, Oberhauptmann! wir müſſen dieſe Herrſchſucht ſättigen, den Oberdechanten mit Macht bekleiden, ihm einen Antheil geben an der Regierung der Gemeine, und ſomit auch an der Verantwortlichkeit für die Erhaltung deſſen, das ſeiner Sorge anvertraut iſt! Dadurch ziehen wir auch ſeine Freunde an uns und lähmen in jedem Falle die Wähler auf lange Zeit.“

Der Oberhauptmann betrachtete Ser van Vaernewyck mit Verwunderung und Betrübniß, und ſagte:

„Habt Ihr dieſen Plan reiflich überlegt, Freund Maes? Weil der Wolf Euch von Außen droht, wollt Ihr ihn in den Schafſtall laſſen? Ich zweifele, daß das vorſichtig ſei. Wenn der Oberdechant ſeinen Haß in die Regierung der Gemeine mitbringt, wird er dann nicht durch unſere furchtſame Nachgiebigkeit die Macht erhalten, ſeine ſchändlichen Pläne auszuführen?“

„Ich weiß es, Oberhauptmann! auch dort droht Gefahr; aber es iſt von zwei Uebeln das geringſte. Die größere Gefahr muß durch die kleinere beſchworen werden. Die Nothwendigkeit beherrſcht uns; wir können ihrem unerbittlichen Geſetze nicht entgehen.“

„So ſei es!“ ſprach Artevelde. „Es betrübt mich tief; doch widerſetze ich mich demſelben nicht, wenn es Flandern Nutzen bringen kann. Aber wie wollt Ihr ihm ſeinen Antheil an der Regierung der Gemeine geben? Schöffe kann er nun doch nicht werden?“

„Nein! — und das Amt eines Schöffen würde ihm auch nicht genügen; ſeine Ehrſucht verlangt mehr. Mein Plan iſt, ihn zu Eurem Amtsgenoſſen zu machen und ihm zu gleicher Zeit mit Euch die Leitung der Stadt zu übergeben.“

Ein eigenthümliches Lächeln bitterer Muthloſigkeit umzog das Antlitz des Oberhauptmanns. Er ſchüttelte den Kopf und ſagte:

„Ich ſollte täglich mit Mher Denys in Beziehung und in Streit ſein? meine Zeit in unbedeutenden Zwiſtigkeiten verlieren? O, Gott! Es iſt alſo beſchloſſen! Ich muß klein werden, meinen Geiſt an Nichtigkeiten abſtumpfen, zur Belohnung und als Frucht meiner Arbeit verpflichtet ſein, zu lernen, wie man mit Gewürmen kämpft! — Nun, nun! ich werde dieſe Erniedrigung erdulden, da es ſein muß. Aber wird die Schöffenbank auch einſtimmen in eine ſo ſchreiende Amtsgenoſſenſchaft?“

„Ohne Zweifel, Oberhauptmann! Diejenigen Mitglieder, welche uns zugethan ſind, werden unſerem Rathe folgen, und die anderen werden mit Freuden ihre Stimme vergeben zur Erhebung des Oberdechanten. Nur muß man in dieſer Sache vermeiden, unſeren Feinden das Mittel zu laſſen, Mher Denys' Ernennung durchzuſetzen, als ein Zeichen des Widerſtandes gegen Euch. Leicht könnte man aus dieſem außergewöhnlichen und unerwarteten Beſchluſſe ableiten, daß die Schöffenbank kein Vertrauen mehr zu Euch hegt, weil ſie Euch Euren Feind an die Seite ſtellt. Um dem zuvorzukommen, muß der Gedanke von Euch ausgehen, damit Jeder in dieſer ſcheinbaren Verſöhnung einen Beweis Eurer Nachgiebigkeit und Eures Edelmuthes ſehe. Wer weiß, ob Ihr in dieſer Handlung nicht das Mittel findet, um den Oberdechanten zu Eurem redlichen Freunde zu machen! Auf jeden Fall darf er nicht denken, daß ſeine Erhebung eine andere Urſache habe, als Euren Willen. — Deshalb, Oberhauptmann, wie tief mein Vorſchlag Euch auch verwunden möge, ich bleibe dabei, Ihr allein müßt mit Mher Denys von dieſer Angelegenheit reden; Ihr müßt zu ihm gehen und ihn zu einer Verſöhnung überreden, mit der das Heil Flanderns unabweislich verknüpft iſt.“

Statt in Unwillen oder in Wuth auszubrechen, ſah Artevelde dem Oberſchöffen tief in die Augen, während eine peinliche Erſchütterung ſeine Lippen krampfhaft umzuckte.

Ser van Vaernewyck ergriff ſeine Hand und ſagte:

„Habt Muth in dieſem elenden Streite, armer Freund! Es liegt auch etwas Heldenhaftes darin, den Kelch der Erniedrigung anzunehmen; und wenn Euch gleich das Opfer ſchwer wird, vergeßt nicht, daß Ihr es auf den Altar des Vaterlandes legt. Gebt Eurem Vaterlande, gebt der Unabhängigkeit Flanderns noch dieſen höchſten Beweis Eurer Liebe!“

„Unmöglich! niemals!“ rief Artevelde erzürnt aufſpringend. „Was? ich ſollte mich herabwürdigen zum Schmeichler des Oberdechanten? ihn bitten? ihn anflehen?“

„Ihr müßt es thun, Mher Jakob!“ ſagte Ser van Vaernewyck betrübt, aber mit feſter Ruhe. „Euer Herz empört ſich mit Abſcheu gegen dieſe Handlung, aber Euer Edelmuth wird Euch an dieſer Verſöhnung eine andere Seite zeigen und Euch ſagen, daß es ſchön iſt, das erlittene Unrecht zu vergeſſen und zu vergeben.“

Artevelde hob die Hand und wies mit bitterem Lachen auf das Gemach, wo ſeine kranke Tochter ſchlief.

„Ich verſtehe Euch,“ antwortete der Oberſchöffe, das Haupt wie beſiegt ſenkend.

„Nun denn!“ ſagte Artevelde, „ich werde thun, was Ihr von mir verlangt; ich werde es thun, wenn Ihr vor Gott erklären könnt, daß er keinen Antheil hatte an der greulichen Miſſethat.“

„Ich will mein Geſuch fahren laſſen, wenn Ihr vor Gott zu erklären wagt, daß er Theil daran genommen habe,“ antwortete Ser van Vaernewyck.

„In der That, ich weiß nichts!“ rief Artevelde verzweifelt. „Aber das Gefühl, das mein Vaterherz erfüllt, die Flamme des Haſſes, die zum erſten Male in meinem Leben in meiner Bruſt entbrennt, ſollte das kein Lichtſtrahl von oben, keine Wahrheit ſein?“

„Es iſt möglich,“ ſagte der Oberſchöffe, „daß Mher Denys durch ſeine Aufhetzungen die Haupturſache der Anſchläge iſt, welche gegen Euch gerichtet werden; doch glaube ich nicht, daß er geradezu Theil an ſolcher ſchnöden Miſſethat habe nehmen können. Deshalb, Freund Jakob, wie wir uns auch gegen die Nothwendigkeit ſtemmen, es giebt kein Mittel, ihr zu entgehen. Wenn Ihr nicht in das einwilligt, was ich Euch vorſchlage, ſo wird es ſich von ſelbſt verwirklichen: Eure langen Reiſen durch Flandern haben Euch nicht geſtattet, der Aenderung der Gemüther in Gent zu folgen. Ich wiederhole es Euch: es muß geſchehen!“

Artevelde ging einige Male ſprachlos im Zimmer auf und nieder; dann ſetzte er ſich mit ruhigerer Miene zu dem Oberſchöffen und ſagte ernſt zu ihm:

„Aber, Ser Maes, Ihr habt vergeſſen, daß es noch ein Mittel giebt, dieſer Erniedrigung zu entgehen und vielleicht allem Zwiſte mit einem Male ein Ende zu machen. Ich ſcheine ein Hinderniß des Friedens geworden zu ſein; meine Feinde gewinnen an Kraft und Stärke; ich dagegen fühle mich niedergedrückt, zerſchmettert von der Laſt der Regierung; meine Seele dürſtet nach Ruhe und Einſamkeit: nun denn! als Freund, als Bruder bitte ich Euch, helft mir, mich von der Oeffentlichkeit zurückzuziehen; laßt mich die Aemter niederlegen, die das Volk mir anvertraute, gönnt mir und meiner Familie zum mindeſten einen geringen Theil meines Lebens.“

„Ihr heißt Jakob von Artevelde!“ antwortete der Oberſchöffe, den Kopf ſchüttelnd. „Die Unabhängigkeit, der Gewerbfleiß und die Volksfreiheit Flanderns liegen in dieſem Namen enthalten. Als Gott in ſeinem heiligen Willen unſere Befreiung ausſprach, nahm er Euer Leben, um die Säule von Flanderns Größe darauf zu bauen. Verlangt Ihr einen Theil Eures Lebens für Euch, fordert es zurück von Gott, der Euch die Beſtimmung eines Erlöſers und Märtyrers gab!“

Bei dieſen feierlichen Worten des Oberſchöffen ſenkte Artevelde das Haupt tief auf die Bruſt, wie Jemand, der ſich in ein unumſtößliches Urtheil ergiebt.

Ser van Vaernewyck fuhr mit ſteigender Kraft und in rührendem Tone fort:

„Jakob von Artevelde hat das Kreuz von ſeinen Schultern geworfen! Geeraert Denys iſt der Oberhauptmann von Flandern! Von dieſem Augenblicke an wenden ſich die eigenen Freunde des Oberdechanten gegen ihn; denn der Neid verfolgt immer den Hochſtehenden. Die friedlichen Leute, welche jetzt Kraft gefunden haben, weil es zu bekämpfen und nicht zu vertheidigen gilt, erheben ſich gegen dieſen neuen Führer; dieſer ſieht ſich verlaſſen und ſucht in Gewalt und Rache, was ihm an Vernunft mangelt. Der Bürgerkrieg entzündet ſich wie ein verheerendes Feuer in allen Provinzen Flanderns; kein Wille leitet, kein Befehl zwingt, kein Heldenmuth rettet; Alles geräth in Verwirrung, die Gemüther wie die Dinge. Dann kommt Frankreich! Es ſendet unſern Grafen als Werkzeug ſeiner Abſichten; Dendermonde empfängt die Leliaerds; die allgemeine Unzufriedenheit vermehrt das Heer der Freiheitsfeinde. In jeder Stadt bilden ſich zwei Parteien, die einander blutig gegenüber ſtehen, und den Fremden vergeſſen, um in thörichten Streitigkeiten Zeit und Muth zu zerſplittern. Man wird ermüdet, gelähmt, erſchöpft, und wenn der Ruf: Flandern den Löwen! ſich wie ein Schrei der Todesgefahr über das kraftloſe Flandern erſtreckt, ſo antwortet auch nicht eine einzige Stimme auf den Nothſchrei des Vaterlandes. Frankreichs Feſſeln werden von Neuem uns angelegt. Flanderns Größe iſt ein Traum geworden, ein Traum, der wohl Spuren im Geiſte zurückläßt, aber deſſen Andenken wie ein Gaukelſpiel langſam vergeht.... Ach! dort weilt ein Mann mit geſenktem Haupte in dem einſamen Gehölz! Er ſchlägt verzweifelnd an die Bruſt und ſäet Thränen auf ſeiner Bahn! Warum die Betrübniß, die Verzweiflung? Ach! er ſieht von Ferne ſein theures Flandern erniedrigt vor Frankreich knien, die Freiheit ſeiner Brüder in Sklaverei verwandelt, die Armuth wie ein Krebsgeſchwür an den vlämiſchen Geſchlechtern nagen, das niederländiſche Bündniß gebrochen; Arbeit, Vernunft, Heldenmuth, Leiden, Alles iſt nutzlos geworden, Alles, Alles verloren! Und von ſeinem Rieſenwerke nichts, nichts mehr, als Staub, der, ohne ein Andenken zu hinterlaſſen, durch die Hand der Zeit in den Wind der Vergeſſenheit geworfen wird. Dieſer Mann iſt Jakob von Artevelde! Gott rief ihm zu: Vorwärts! vorwärts! aber er entlief ſeiner Beſtimmung und gab den Bau der Größe ſeines Vaterlandes auf, ehe der Schlußſtein des Gewölbes gelegt war . . . . .“

Artevelde hatte die Augen mit der Hand bedeckt und ſaß ſtumm da, ſelbſt als Ser van Vaernewyck ſeine Rede geendet hatte. Stille Thränen rollten von den Wangen des Oberhauptmanns herab, und ſeine Glieder zitterten ſichtlich. Der Oberſchöffe ehrte eine Weile ſeinen Schmerz. Dann ergriff er ſeine Hand und fragte ihn:

„Jakob, erinnert Ihr Euch wohl noch, daß wir in den Tagen der Hungersnoth und der Sklaverei, die Hand auf dem Kreuze, geſchworen haben, nicht zu ruhen, ehe Flandern im vollen Beſitze ſeines Rechtes und ſeiner Unabhängigkeit ſei? Erinnert Ihr Euch, daß wir in Gottes Gegenwart gelobten, Alles für das Vaterland zu opfern ..... Alles, Alles?"

„Nein, nein!" rief Artevelde, raſch aufſtehend und die Augen trocknend; „das Schreckliche, das Ihr mir da geſchildert habt, ſoll ſich nicht verwirklichen! Ich ſollte gleichgültig die Sklaverei meines Vaterlandes anſehen, und leben? Nun denn! es iſt beſchloſſen: was Ihr verlangt, will ich thun. Ich muß meine Würde als Menſch, mein Gefühl als Vater opfern, meinem Feinde die Waffe in die Hand geben, die mich vielleicht tödtet. — Für Flandern! für Flandern! Dieſer Gedanke heiligt auch die Erniedrigung."

Der Oberſchöffe umarmte gerührt den Oberhauptmann und ſeufzte bei dem Bruderkuſſe.

Während Artevelde, von tiefer Rührung ergriffen, ſprachlos ſtehen blieb, ſagte Ser van Vaernewyck:

„Nun, Mher Jakob, vergebt mir die Mittel, die ich anwandte, um über den Stolz Eures edlen Gemüthes den Sieg davonzutragen. Ich gehorche dem unwiderſtehlichen Drange der Ereigniſſe und leide ſelbſt bei der Erfüllung meiner Pflichten. Kaum iſt hier meine trübe Sendung geendet, ſo muß ich nach dem Schöffenrathe eilen, um dort abſcheuliche Beſtrebungen zu bekämpfen. Muth und Vertrauen, Freund! Dereinſt wollen wir freudig auf unſere Laufbahn zurückſehen und uns mit Stolz deſſen erinnern, was wir für unſer theures Vater land gethan, was wir für deſſen Ruhm und Größe geopfert haben.“

Artevelde ſprach noch einige freundliche Worte, um dem Oberſchöffen zu verſichern, daß er ſeinen Entſchluß in dieſer Sache gefaßt und denſelben auf das Schleunigſte ausführen wolle. Ser van Vaernewyck verließ ihn gleich darauf, um ſich nach dem Schöffenrathe zu begeben.

Der weiſe Mann ſtand lange mit über die Bruſt geſchlagenen Armen in tiefem Nachdenken und ſchaute auf den Boden. Endlich ſich aus dieſem finſteren Nachſinnen aufreißend, ging er mit langſamen Schritten wie bewußtlos nach dem Zimmer, in welchem ſeine Tochter ruhte, und ſetzte ſich ſtill zu Häupten ihres Lagers nieder, ſeine Hand leiſe auf die ihre legend und ihr bleiches Antlitz kummervoll betrachtend. Allmählig zeigte ſich ein ſüßes Lächeln der Hoffnung auf ſeinem Geſichte, und ſeine Augen ſchienen von froher Rührung zu funkeln. In der That, ſein Vaterherz war ergriffen worden von einem plötzlichen Gedanken, und vielleicht betrauerte er nun nicht mehr, daß das Schickſal ihm eine ſolche Erniedrigung auferlegte. Wenn es ihm glückte, den Oberdechanten zu überreden, daß er ſeinem Haſſe und ſeiner Feindſchaft entſagte, dann wurde die Vermählung von Lieven und Beerle der Preis dieſer Verſöhnung. Sein Kind, durch dieſes unerwartete Glück geſtärkt, genas und konnte noch glückliche Tage erleben; ſeine Gemahlin jubelte und freute ſich an der Freude ihrer Tochter, und Lieven, der gute Lieven empfing die Belohnung ſeiner erprobten Treue.

Dieſer tröſtende Traum bemächtigte ſich gewaltſam ſeines Geiſtes und beherrſchte ihn, bis er aufſtehend das Gemach wieder verließ und nach dem Hinterſaale ging. Hier warf er den Mantel um und ſetzte die Kappe auf; dann wechſelte er einige Worte mit ſeiner Gattin und ging darauf langſam über den Calanderberg nach der St. Janskirche zu.

Seine neuen Hoffnungen hatten ſeine Gedanken ſchon ſehr gemildert, und es ſchmerzte ihn faſt nicht mehr, daß er Geeraert Denys aufſuchen mußte. Unterweges vergrößerten ſich dieſe Hoffnungen noch, und er fühlte gleich darauf keinen Haß mehr gegen ſeinen Neider. Der Wunſch nach Freundſchaft mit ihm blieb in ſeiner Bruſt zurück. Als er jedoch die Wohnung des Oberdechanten erblickte, warnte ihn eine innere Stimme und ermahnte ihn zur Vorſicht, indem ſie ihn daran erinnerte, welche Geſinnung der Mann hatte, den er beſuchen wollte. Der Oberhauptmann faßte die Verhältniſſe genau in's Auge. Sein Antlitz nahm einen würdigen Ausdruck an, ſeine Blicke etwas Kühnes, und er trat ſtolz in das Haus des Oberdechanten, dem Diener ſagend, daß er Myer Denys zu ſprechen verlange.

Dieſer, vor Verwunderung faſt verſtummend, verbeugte ſich und öffnete eine Thür, welche nach dem Zimmer führte, wo ſein Herr ſich befand.

Bei Artevelde's Eintreten ſaß Geeraert Denys bei dem Kamin, den Rücken nach der Thür gekehrt. Sein Sohn Lieven ſtand in einem anderen Winkel bei einem Leſepulte und bemerkte jetzt erſt Myer Jakob's Ankunft.

Erſtaunt ließ er das Pergament, das er in der Hand hielt, zu Boden fallen, und rief unwillig:

„Gott! der Oberhauptmann hier!“

Bei dieſem Rufe ſprang Geeraert Denys plötzlich in die Höhe und ſah den Eintretenden wüthend an; aber der ruhige Blick, welchen Artevelde auf ihn richtete, und das edle, würdige Lächeln, mit dem er ihn begrüßte, übten einen unwiderſtehlichen Eindruck auf ihn. Nach der plötzlichen Veränderung ſeiner Geſichtszüge zu urtheilen, hätte man glauben können, daß Ehrerbietung und Beſchämung ihn mit Schüchternheit erfüllten. Der Oberdechant wurde jedoch raſch wieder Herr ſeiner ſelbſt und gab ebenfalls ſeinem Geſichte einen gleichgültigen Ausdruck, obwohl ſein Herz von der flammenden Leidenſchaft des Haſſes heftig klopfte.

„Es wundert Euch ſicher, mich hier zu ſehen, Mher Denys!“ ſprach Artevelde. „Was ich Euch zu ſagen habe, muß wichtig ſein, fürwahr! Ich wünſche, mit Euch allein zu ſein. Gönnt mir einige Augenblicke ungeſtörter Unterhaltung mit Euch.“

Der Oberdechant gab ſeinem Sohne ein Zeichen. Dieſer ſtand auf, um das Zimmer zu verlaſſen, richtete jedoch im Vorübergehen an Artevelde die Frage:

„Und Veerle?“

„Es geht ihr beſſer,“ antwortete Artevelde, ihm freundlich die Hand drückend.

Nachdem Lieven hinausgegangen war, ſagte der Oberhauptmann zu Mher Denys, während er ſich in einiger Entfernung von ihm niederſetzte:

„Oberdechant, ich komme, Euch zu bitten, mir mit Geduld zuzuhören. Ihr könnt nachher frei urtheilen über das, was ich Euch vortragen will.“

„Nun, dieſe Umſchweife ſind überflüſſig,“ antwortete Denys barſch. „Laßt hören, was Ihr mir zu ſagen habt!“

Artevelde fühlte, daß die Röthe des Zornes ſeine Stirn bedeckte; doch unterdrückte er ſeinen Aerger und ſagte zu Denys, der ihn gleichſam mit einem Ausdrucke des Scherzes betrachtete:

„Oberdechant, wir kennen einander ſchon ſehr lange. Es gab ſelbſt eine Zeit, wo unſere Sehnſucht nach Flanderns Freiheit uns, wo nicht zu wahren Freunden, doch zu Kampfgenoſſen gemacht hat. Seitdem ſind Gefühle und Leidenſchaften zwiſchen uns getreten, die ich hier nicht unterſuchen will.“

„Ihr thut wohl daran,“ fiel ihm der Oberdechant in die Rede; „denn Ihr ſeid gewiß nicht gekommen, um mir Beichte abzulegen.“

Ein Schauer überlief Artevelde's Glieder. Er ſchwieg einen Augenblick und fuhr dann in einem Tone fort, in welchem ſich ſeine Ungeduld zeigte:

„Mher Denys, die Leliaerds heben überall das Haupt empor; ſie vervielfältigen ihre Anſchläge; ſie fachen in allen Gemeinen das verzehrende Feuer des Bürgerzwiſtes an. Frankreich bereitet ſich, um, durch unſern Zwieſpalt unterſtützt, ſich unwiderſtehlich auf Flandern zu ſtürzen. Wenn diejenigen, die Einfluß auf das Volk haben, wenn diejenigen, die das Vaterland lieben, in dieſem äußerſten Augenblicke ſich nicht die Hand reichen, ſo ſind die Unabhängigkeit und die Freiheit Flanderns unrettbar verloren. Es iſt ein trauriges Schauſpiel, das wir unſerer Vaterſtadt geben. Verlangt Ihr, daß Frankreich uns wieder erdrücke durch ſeinen Einfluß? Nein! — Fordert Ihr, daß wir das Bündniß mit England aufgeben und dem Gewerbfleiß auf unſerem Boden den Todesſtoß verſetzen? Nein! — Wünſcht Ihr, daß unſer Graf zurückkehre als Werkzeug des Fremdlings, als Feldherr unſerer Feinde, als Sendling gegen unſere Freiheit und Rechte?"

„Der Graf? Was redet Ihr mir von dem Grafen?" rief Denys ſpottend. „Wenn der jemals zurückkehrt, ſo geſchieht es gewiß nicht mit meinem Willen."

„Unſere Anſichten mögen etwas von einander abweichen," fuhr Artevelde fort; „in der Hauptſache will ich indeſſen, was Ihr wollt: Freiheit, Unabhängigkeit, Macht und Wohlfahrt für Flandern. Iſt es daher nicht durchaus thöricht, daß wir einander durch heimlichen Haß zu ſchwächen ſuchen und dem Volke das Vorbild des Zwieſpaltes geben? daß wir, zur großen Freude der Feinde unſeres Vaterlandes, Zeit und Kraft verſplittern mit nichtigen Zwiſtigkeiten, während das Ungewitter ſich über unſerem Haupte zuſammenzieht, ein Ungewitter, das uns eben ſowohl, wie die Urſache unſeres Streites vernichten muß?"

„Aha!" rief Denys mit ſiegreichem Lachen, „das erwartete ich. So lange man glaubte, mich ungehindert verachten zu können, ließ man mich ſeitwärts; jetzt aber, da man ſieht, daß Vielen die Augen aufgehen und das

Volk ſich zu mir wendet, will man mich verlocken, meinen Einfluß aufzugeben, um ihn zur Erhaltung derjenigen zu benutzen, die mich verachtet haben. Aber Geeraert Denys iſt kein Kind, Oberhauptmann! Was er ſich vorgenommen hat, wird er ausführen, mögen diejenigen, die ſich groß achteten vor allen Anderen, und wähnten, ſie könnten die Welt allein auf ihren Schultern tragen, dagegen ſein oder nicht. Und kommt Flandern in Gefahr, Gott Lob! ſo werden noch Männer gefunden werden, um es zu vertheidigen und zu rächen, vielleicht mit noch größerem Muthe. Haha! Oberhauptmann! Endlich erkennt man doch auch an, daß Geeraert Denys noch etwas in Gent gilt."

Mit würdiger Ruhe antwortete Artevelde:

„Oberdechant, ich bin nicht hierher gekommen, um zu ſtreiten, oder anzuklagen, oder zu verlocken. Ich will nicht beachten, was in Euren Worten Höhnendes für mich liegen möge. Ich muß bekennen, daß Euer Einfluß in Gent bedeutend genug iſt, um es mir zur Pflicht zu machen, Eure Mitwirkung für das gemeine Beſte zu verlangen. Was auch die Urſachen dieſes Einfluſſes ſein mögen, welche Gefühle uns auch von einander entfernen: ich bin gezwungen, bei Euch eine Sendung auszuführen, welche die Gefahr des Vaterlandes-mir auferlegt. Es wird Euch wahrſcheinlich wundern; denn ich komme, Euch vorzuſchlagen, mein Amtsgenoſſe zu werden, die Regierung der Stadt mit mir zu theilen und als Rathsherr neben mir im Schöffenrathe zu ſitzen. Da ich wegen meiner Oberhauptmannſchaft faſt immer auf Reiſen bin, ſo begreift Ihr wohl, daß die Regierung von Gent Euch beinahe ausſchließlich anvertraut werden wird.“

Geeraert Denys betrachtete Artevelde einen Augenblick mit Erſtaunen und Unglauben. Darauf wandte er, ohne zu antworten, das Haupt ab und verſank in Nachdenken. Bald darauf erſchien jedoch ein Lächeln auf ſeinem Antlitze, ein finſterer Ausdruck giftiger Freude, gleich dem eines Tigers, der ſeine Beute angrinſt.

Der Oberhauptmann bemerkte es nicht und fuhr fort:

„Wenn wir in der Ausführung unſerer gemeinſchaftlichen Pflichten Beweggründe finden könnten, um allmählig ein Gefühl gegenſeitiger Achtung oder Freundſchaft für einander in unſeren Herzen zuzulaſſen, ſo wäre es ein großes Glück für Gent und für Flandern. Ich zweifele jedoch, daß eine aufrichtige Verſöhnung für's Erſte zwiſchen uns möglich ſei, und es ſcheint mir unnöthig, dies zu leugnen. Laßt uns wenigſtens vor den Augen des Volkes Freunde ſein, damit unſer Vorbild den öffentlichen Frieden wieder herſtellen möge, und die Gemüther antreibe, ihren Haß und Zwiſt fahren zu laſſen. Was uns betrifft, wir werden in der Größe unſerer Sendung die Macht finden, um die Leidenſchaften, die uns von einander entfernt halten, zu bezwingen, wenn überhaupt dergleichen noch unter uns vorherrſchen wird. — Nun denn, Oberdechant! ſagt mir, ob Ihr unter ſolchen Bedingungen Theil nehmen wollt an Flanderns Erhebung. Urtheilt in voller Freiheit; beſchließt aus Eurem eigenen freien Willen: denn wenn dieſe Amtsgenoſſenſchaft eine Quelle von größerem Haſſe und größerer Trennung werden ſollte, ſo wäre es beſſer, ſie als die größte Gefahr, die unſere Freiheit bedrohen kann, zu verwerfen.“

Noch ehe der Oberdechant ſein Antlitz Artevelde wieder zuwandte, war das falſche Lächeln daraus verſchwunden, und er fragte in minder gehäſſigem Tone:

„Macht Ihr mir dieſes Anerbieten in redlicher Abſicht?“

„Ich habe nie geheuchelt,“ war die Antwort.

„Aber die Schöffenbank, wird ſie einwilligen?“

„Sie beſteht aus meinen und Euren Freunden. Die meinigen werden es nicht abſchlagen, um des Friedens im Lande willen; die Euren werden ſich freuen, Euch als Haupt der Gemeine zu ſehen.“

„Nun denn, Oberhauptmann! ich nehme Euren Vorſchlag an,“ ſagte Denys.

„Und nun frage ich Euch auch, Oberdechant, in redlicher Abſicht?“

„In redlichſter Abſicht.“

„Darf ich hoffen, daß Ihr Euch bemühen wollt, zu vergeſſen, daß Ihr mich gehaßt und unaufhörlich angefehdet habt?“

„Es ſoll von Euch abhängen, Mher Jakob! Wenn ich in Euch einen Mann finde, der wirklich geneigt iſt, Jedem zu laſſen, was ihm gebührt, ſo ſoll die Feindſchaft gewiß nicht durch mich verurſacht oder genährt werden. Selbſt von jetzt an biete ich Euch als Amtsgenoſſen meine volle Freundſchaft an. Ihr ſeht, daß ich nicht zögere, den erſten Schritt zur Verſöhnung zu thun.“

Bei dieſen Worten reichte er mit freundlichem Lächeln dem Oberhauptmanne die Hand, der ſie annahm und herzlich drückte.

„Alſo wir ſind Freunde,“ ſagte Denys.

„Ich bitte Gott, daß wir es ewig bleiben mögen,“ antwortete Artevelde. — Nach einem Augenblicke ſprach er mit größerer Offenheit:

„Ich habe noch ein beſonderes Geſuch an Euch, Myer Denys!“

„Ich ſehe voraus, wovon Ihr ſprechen wollt,“ bemerkte Denys lachend.

„Wahrſcheinlich!“ entgegnete der Oberhauptmann. „Unſere Kinder lieben einander ſchon ſeit vielen Jahren, Oberdechant. Sie haben von der Feindſchaft, die unter uns herrſchte, außerordentlich gelitten. Es iſt Zeit, daß wir ihrem Schmerze ein Ende machen und ſie belohnen für ihre Standhaftigkeit, die nichts in der Welt ſchwächen könnte, weder Rath noch Befehl, weder Verleumdung noch Unglück. Wenn wir wirklich Freunde ſind, ſo fällt die Scheidewand, die zwiſchen unſeren Kindern aufgerichtet war, von ſelbſt fort. Ich wünſche feurig, daß unſere Verſöhnung durch ein Band des Blutes beſiegelt werde. Willigt Ihr ein, daß die Hochzeit zwiſchen Euerem Sohne und meiner Tochter ſobald wie möglich gefeiert werde? Die Genter werden darin ein glänzendes Zeichen unſerer Freundſchaft ſehen.“

„Ich weiß nicht,“ antwortete Geeraert Denys; „aber ich hätte gewünſcht, daß Ihr mich jetzt noch nicht darum befragtet. Ich bin Vater, Oberhauptmann, und ich muß die Ehre meines Sohnes bewahren ſelbſt vor dem Scheine einer Schändung.“

„Was wollt Ihr damit ſagen?“ fragte Artevelde mit flammendem Blicke.

„Erzürnt Euch nicht, Oberhauptmann!“ antwortete Denys lächelnd. „Meine Abſicht war nicht, Euch zu beleidigen; aber Ihr wißt, was die Welt ſtets redet über eine Tochter, welche entführt worden iſt. Lieven hat mir die Begebenheit erzählt, und es iſt zwar ein Unglück für die arme Beerle; wer kann aber ſtraflos gegen den Strom der öffentlichen Meinung anſchwimmen?“

„Ihr weigert Euch alſo, unſere Kinder mit einander zu vermählen? Und iſt das der Grund, den Ihr angebt? Wo bleibt denn die Freundſchaft, die Ihr mir anbotet?“

Der Oberdechant that, als ob er ſich einen Augenblick bedächte, und antwortete dann:

„Nun denn! ich will mich über Alles wegſetzen, obwohl es ein großes Opfer iſt. Nun wohl! Ich gebe meine Einwilligung zu der Heirath.“

„Iſt das ein feſtes Wort, Mher Denys?“

„Die Welt mag ſagen und denken, was ſie willſt! Mein Entſchluß iſt gefaßt, und Ihr könnt mit vollem Vertrauen annehmen, daß ich mein Wort halte.“

„Wann ſoll die Hochzeit ſtattfinden?“

„Ach! das müßt Ihr ſelbſt am beſten wiſſen. Jungfrau Beerle iſt gefährlich krank; das würde ich vollkommen an Lieven's Betrübniß merken, wenn er auch nicht unaufhörlich es Himmel und Erde klagte.“

„Die gute Nachricht wird ihr raſch die Geſundheit wiedergeben, Mher Denys. Es bleibt alſo dabei, ſobald Beerle hergeſtellt iſt, haben wir Hochzeit.“

„Gewiß werdet Ihr dann Zeit genug haben, Oberhauptmann, um die Schöffenbank zu veranlaſſen, daß ſie zuvor einen Beſchluß über Euren Vorſchlag faßt.“

„Ehe acht Tage vorüber ſind, werdet Ihr mein Amtsgenoſſe ſein. — Und nun, da von dieſem Augenblicke an unſere gemeinſchaftlichen Bemühungen dahin gehen müſſen, die Gemüther zu beruhigen und allem Zwieſpalte ein Ende zu machen, ſo bitte ich Euch, ſobald wie möglich thätig zu ſein und den Streit zwiſchen den Webern und den Walkmüllern in Liebe beizulegen.“

„In Liebe? Wie verſteht Ihr das? Wollt Ihr denn, daß die Weber ſich den ungegründeten Forderungen der Walkmüller unterwerfen?“

„Nein, Oberdechant! Ich gebe zu, daß die Walkmüller kein Recht haben, durch Gewalt und Drohung einen höheren Tägelohn zu fordern, als ihnen nach den Beſchlüſſen der Schiedsmänner von Alters her zugeſtanden iſt; aber ich glaube auch nicht, daß der Tagelohn eine ſolche unveränderliche Sache ſei und man in guten Zeiten, wie die jetzigen, den Handwerkern einen rechtmäßigen Antheil an dem Gewinnſte weigern könne.“

„Und wer hat denn während des Stillſtandes von Handel und Gewerbe den Verluſt erlitten? Sind es die Walkmüller geweſen? Nein! es waren die Weber, die ihre Tücher nicht verkaufen konnten, während die Walkmüller nichts dabei verloren.“

„Und verlieren ſie nicht ihr einziges Eigenthum, die Arbeit? Hat die Hungersnoth ſie nicht bei Hunderten weggerafft, Oberdechant? Ich meine nicht, daß die Weberzunft ihre übertriebenen Forderuhgen ganz befriedigen ſolle; das wäre eben ſo gefährlich, wie eine entſchiedene Weigerung. In dieſer Streitfrage liegt eine große Gefahr für Gent und für Flandern. Man muß auf beiden Seiten etwas opfern, um die Verſöhnung herbeizuführen. So ſehe ich es an, und ich rathe Euch, wenn Ihr Eurem Vaterlande einen großen Dienſt erweiſen wollt, ſo bringt Eure Zunft dahin, nachzugeben. Dann wird es ein Leichtes ſein, dieſen drohenden Zwiſt in Freundſchaft zu verwandeln."

„Nun denn! ich will es verſuchen," ſagte Denys. „Glücklicher Weiſe iſt mein Einfluß auf die Weber groß; ſonſt wäre es unnütz, dieſe Saite zu berühren; ſie ſind zu ſehr gegen die Walkmüller aufgebracht."

„Ein wackerer Verſuch, Oberdechant! und Ihr werdet einen ſchönen Sieg davon tragen. Ich meinerſeits will die Schiedsmänner und Dechanten der Walkmüller zu mäßigeren Forderungen anregen. — Ehe ich Euch verlaſſe, wünſche ich jedoch Eurem Sohne die frohe Nachricht mitzutheilen, und wenn Ihr nichts dagegen habt, mit ihm nach meiner Wohnung zurückzukehren."

Der Oberdechant ging hinaus und rief ſeinen Sohn. Er kam dann zu Artevelde zurück, faßte ihn bei der Hand und ſagte:

„Alſo, in Freundſchaft! was geſagt iſt, bleibt geſagt, in vollſter Redlichkeit!"

Lieven trat in dieſem Augenblicke in das Gemach; als er jedoch ſeinen Vater und den Oberhauptmann Hand in Hand überraſchte, und ein Lächeln auf beider Antlitz glänzen ſah, blieb er, wie von einem unerwarteten Schlage getroffen, plötzlich ſtehen.

„Nun, nun!“ ſprach ſein Vater mit freundlichem Scherze; „was überraſcht Dich ſo ſehr, Lieven? Der Oberhauptmann iſt mein Freund geworden, Du ſiehſt es ja!“

„Iſt es wahr? o Gott!“ rief Lieven, die Hände zuſammenſchlagend. „Und Du, Vater? Du?“

„Ich bin ihm eben ſo befreundet,“ antwortete Denys.

„Dank! Dank!“ rief der Jüngling freudig, während er dem Oberdechanten um den Hals fiel. „Dank! Du giebſt mir einen Vater zurück! Der ſchönſte, der heiligſte Trieb meines Herzens entzündet ſich von Neuem mit heiliger Gluth. Geſegnet ſei dieſer Tag in meinem Leben!“

Seinen Vater verlaſſend, richtete er ſeinen feuchten Blick auf den Oberhauptmann und faßte zitternd deſſen Hand. Artevelde ſagte gerührt zu ihm:

„Lieven, Du gehſt mit mir, um der kranken Beerle eine tröſtende Nachricht zu bringen. Dein Vater willigt in Eure Vermählung und verlangt, daß ſie ſobald wie möglich vollzogen werde. Es iſt ein feſtes Wort.“

Der Jüngling betrachtete ungläubig ſeinen Vater.

„Es iſt wahr,“ ſagte der Oberdechant. „Du ſiehſt ja, daß wir gute Freunde geworden ſind.“

Eine heftige Erſchütterung ergriff Lieven. Er fand nicht die Kraft zu reden, ſondern lehnte ſich mit dem Haupte an die Bruſt ſeines Vaters, während Thränen der Dankbarkeit und der Freude aus ſeinen Augen rollten.

Nach einer kurzen Pauſe ſagte Artevelde:

„Lieven! wollen wir die arme Beerle länger auf die gute Nachricht warten laſſen?“

„O, nein! nein!“ rief der Jüngling gerührt. „Kommt, kommt!“ — Sich dann wieder zu ſeinem Vater wendend, ſagte er mit liebevollem Blicke:

„Vater, ich kehre gleich wieder, um Dir, wie es ſich gebührt, für dieſe unerwartete Wohlthat zu danken. Aber Beerle, Beerle muß erſt getröſtet und erfreut werden.“

Mit dieſen Worten zog er den Oberhauptmann nach der Thür.

Nachdem Artevelde noch einen freundlichen Gruß mit dem Oberdechanten gewechſelt hatte, folgte er dem ungeduldigen Lieven und verließ das Haus.

Geeraert Denys ſah ihnen eine Zeit lang nach und kehrte dann in ſein Zimmer zurück, wo er mit ſpöttiſchem Lächeln auf und ab wandelte und endlich zu ſich ſelbſt ſagte:

„Ha, ha! man meint mich in ſolchen dummen Stricken zu fangen. Als man mich ſchwach wähnte, blickte man hochmüthig auf mich herab. Jetzt, da man meine Macht nicht mehr leugnen kann, ſucht man mich durch

Falſchheit irre zu führen. Man bietet mir Freundſchaft an, um mich von denen abzuziehen, die mir anhängen.... Und man glaubt, daß ich unbeſonnen genug ſein werde, um mir auf dieſe Weiſe die Vernichtung meines Einfluſſes gefallen zu laſſen? daß ich einwilligen werde, mich um die Uebermacht zu bringen, jetzt, da ſie mir winkt? daß ich meine Rache aufgebe, jetzt, da ich ſtark genug bin, um Furcht einzujagen und zu ſtrafen? Nein, nein! keine Schwäche! Ich muß ihn unterdrücken, ihn zertreten und allein gebieten. Ha, Jakob von Artevelde! Du haſt gemeint, es ſei genug, Verſtand zu beſitzen und große Thaten gethan zu haben, um ewig von dem Volke auf dem Schilde getragen zu werden! Thorheit! Jetzt kommt die Reihe an mich. Schon verblendet Dich das Vorgefühl Deines Falles. — Wo iſt nun Deine Weisheit, Dein Verſtand? Wie ein unvorſichtiges Kind lieferſt Du Dich mir in die Hände. Du willſt Deine Macht mit mir theilen? und wähnſt, daß auf dem Schöffenhauſe von Gent Platz genug für uns Beide ſei? Das wollen wir ſehen! Ich ſoll die Weber zur Nachgiebigkeit ermahnen! Thorheit! Dieſer Zwiſt macht Dich zittern. Du ſiehſt voraus, daß es ein Feuer iſt, welches Dich verzehren muß. Und ich ſollte Waſſer gießen in die Flamme, die meinen Feinde zu verderben droht? Wer glaubſt Du denn, daß ich ſei? Nein, nein! Du ſollſt zu Boden ſtürzen und zerſchmettert werden, und zu mir noch die Hände ausſtrecken und um Gnade flehen! Dann ſollſt Du Geeraert Denys kennen lernen; dann wird er Tropfen für Tropfen Dir die Galle einflößen, die Du in ſeinem Innern geſammelt haſt.

Ha, Jakob! kein Mittel mehr, um mir zu entfliehen. Du haſt Dein eigenes Todesurtheil unterzeichnet. Und nun keine Zeit verloren! Es giebt Männer, die ſich mit mir theilen müſſen in das Werk der Rache.“

Nach dieſen Worten warf er raſch den Mantel um, ſetzte die Kappe auf und verließ mit giftigem Lachen das Haus.

XVI.

Die Mehrzahl der Schöffenbank hatte Artevelde's Vorſchlag, Denys' Ernennung zum Mitregenten von Gent betreffend, mit Freude angenommen. Obwohl Jeder fühlte, daß in dieſer Ernennung eine große Gefahr liege, ſo war man doch über alle Bedenklichkeiten weggeſchritten, mit der Hoffnung, daß dies Mittel allmählig eine wahre Verſöhnung zwiſchen den beiden Parteien, welche die Stadt ſpalteten, herbeiführen, und der Streit zwiſchen den Webern und Walkmüllern friedlich beigelegt werden könne.

Sehr bald bemerkte jedoch die Schöffenbank, zu welcher beklagenswerthen Unvorſichtigkeit ſie ſich durch den Drang der Zeitumſtände hatte verleiten laſſen. Denn kaum hatte der Oberdechant einigen ihrer Sitzungen beigewohnt, ſo begann er zu zeigen, was man von ſeiner Gegenwart im Rathe zu erwarten habe. Alles an ihm, Thaten, Worte, Geberden war Leidenſchaft, Haß und Gewalt. Um ſeiner ungeduldigen Ehrſucht zu fröhnen, oder von ſich reden zu machen und als ein erfinderiſcher Mann zu erſcheinen, machte er unaufhörlich Vorſchläge, um Alles in der Regierung der Gemeine zu verändern, indem er mit hohltönenden Redensarten gegen Misbräuche zu Felde zog, die er durch Unmöglichkeiten und ungerechten Zwang erſetzt ſehen wollte. Gelang es ihm nicht, die anderen obrigkeitlichen Perſonen zu überzeugen, ſo ſuchte er ſie durch eine Fluth von Worten zu gewinnen, und überſchrie Jeden, indem er Niemanden die Gelegenheit ließ, ſeine Anſichten frei zu äußern. Wenn ein unabhängiger Schöffe ſich erkühnte, ihm in der Verſammlung die Schädlichkeit ſeiner Vorſchläge oder die Grundloſigkeit ſeiner Behauptungen zu beweiſen, ſo machte er perſönliche Ausfälle gegen ihn und beleidigte faſt täglich einige der Beiſitzenden.

So war der Schöffenrath ſelbſt die Bühne ewiger Zwiſtigkeiten und Spaltungen geworden. Wohl verwarf die Mehrzahl faſt immer Denys' Vorſchläge, als verderblich für das Heil und die Eintracht der Gemeine; da er ſich aber durch eine parteiliche Minorität unterſtützt ſah und wohl wußte, daß die Verhältniſſe in der Stadt den Schöffenrath kraftlos machten, fuhr er unverſchämt in ſeinen ſichtbaren Beſtrebungen fort, eine Art von gewaltſamer Alleinherrſchaft zu gewinnen. Dazu verbreiteten ſeine Anhänger allerlei falſche Gerüchte über dasjenige, was ſich im Schöffenrathe zutrug oder dort geſagt wurde, ſo daß ſehr bald einige der friedlichſten Beiſitzer unter dem Vorwande der Krankheit oder aus anderen Urſachen nicht mehr in die Verſammlung kamen.

Nie hatte der Haß gegen Artevelde heftiger in der Bruſt des Oberdechanten gewüthet, als jetzt, wo er faſt unaufhörlich mit ihm zuſammenſtoßen mußte. Sobald nämlich Denys im Rathe einen unbeſonnenen Vorſchlag machte und denſelben mit Eifer und böſen Reden den Schöffen zur Genehmigung aufdringen wollte, bedurfte es nur einiger Worte Artevelde's, um ſeine Bemühungen zu vereiteln und die Majorität dahin zu bringen, den Antrag zu verwerfen. Obwohl der Oberhauptmann ſich ſtets gemäßigt äußerte, und nie etwas ſagte, das den Oberdechanten verletzen konnte, fühlte dieſer ſich doch beſchämt durch den Vergleich, welchen er ſich gezwungen ſah zwiſchen ſeiner Unzulänglichkeit und Artevelde's Alles umfaſſender Klugheit zu ziehen. Die unbezwingliche Ruhe des Oberhauptmanns trieb Denys' Wuth auf den Gipfel. Wie oft er auch in höhnende Anſpielungen oder herausfordernde Verwürfe ausbrach, um Artevelde zu einem ärgerlichen Wortſtreite zu verlocken, es glückte ihm doch niemals. Freundlich rief ihn der weiſe Mann oft zu dem Gefühl der Würde der Verſammlung und zur Ruhe zurück. Der unwiderſtehliche Einfluß des Oberhauptmanns wirkte wie eine bleierne Decke, welche ſich fortwährend auf Denys' glühende Leidenſchaften niederſenkte und ſie hinderte, nach Luſt zu entbrennen. Dieſer Zwang erfüllte den Oberdechanten mit dem tiefſten Neide gegen Artevelde. Er konnte ihn nicht ſehen, ohne daß der Zorn ſein Antlitz röthete, ihn nicht reden hören, ohne daß das Blut in ſeinen Adern aufwallte. Er nannte des Oberhauptmanns Mäßigung Heuchelei und Scheinheiligkeit, den Einfluß ſeines Wortes Gewalt und Tyrannei, die Majorität der Schöffenbank eine Verſchwörung von ehrſüchtigen Leuten, die ihn unterdrückten. — So wußte er durch ſeine Anhänger ſich bei einem Theile des Volkes als ein Schlachtopfer von Artevelde's Herrſchſucht darzuſtellen und beſchuldigte den Oberhauptmann und ſeine

Freunde gerade derſelben Leidenſchaften und Abſichten, von welchen er fühlte, daß man ſie ihm mit Recht vorwerfen könne.

Durch dieſe Parteiungen war mittlerweile alle geſetzliche Macht in Gent vernichtet worden. Obwohl Artevelde, von der Majorität der Schöffenbank unterſtützt, noch das wahre Haupt der Gemeine war, ſo herrſchte doch unter dem Volke eine ſolche Gleichgültigkeit oder ſo ſchlechter Wille, daß es beinahe unmöglich geworden war, irgend eine Maßregel auszuführen. Jeder hatte das Vorgefühl, daß in Gent eine große Umänderung ſtattfinden müſſe. Viele ſahen ſchreckliche Ereigniſſe vorher; Alle aber betrachteten mit Furcht die allgemeine Verwirrung und Anarchie, welche ſich unverkennbar ankündigte.

Artevelde, welcher ohnmächtig geworden war durch die tauſend Hinderniſſe, die ſich ihm überall entgegenſtellten, wußte nicht mehr, was er beſchließen ſolle, um ſeine Vaterſtadt vor einer verderblichen Umwälzung zu bewahren. Er ſah dieſe Umwälzung augenſcheinlich ſich nähern; aber ſo weit war in Gent ſchon alle Leitung und Regierung unmöglich geworden, daß die Obrigkeit ſich darauf beſchränken mußte, von der Zeit eine glückliche Aenderung zu hoffen und mittlerweile Alles, ſelbſt die geſetzlichſten Zwangsmittel, zu vermeiden, um dem Aufſtande keine Urſache zum Ausbruche zu geben.

Hinſichtlich der Heirath Lieven's und Beerle's hatte Denys ſein Wort nicht zurückgezogen, und er ſprach ſelbſt mitunter davon, wie von einer abgemachten Sache, welche unabhängig von ſeinen Streitigkeiten mit dem Ober hauptmanne bleiben ſolle. Beerle kränkelte zwar noch ſehr; doch kehrte ihre Geſundheit raſch genug zurück, um eine baldige Herſtellung hoffen zu laſſen. Die beiden Geliebten lebten daher in ſüßer Erwartung und vergaßen beinahe, was ſich außerhalb des Kreiſes ihrer Neigung zutrug, um ſich ganz ihren heiteren Ausſichten hinzugeben.

Denys' Ernennung zum Mitregenten der Gemeine hatte Anfangs einen gewiſſen Stillſtand in dem Zwiſte zwiſchen den Webern und den Walkmüllern zur Folge gehabt. Nicht als ob die Walkmüller darin einen Vortheil oder eine Genugthuung geſehen; im Gegentheil, die Erhebung des Oberdechanten der Weberzünfte war eine neue Erniedrigung für die anderen Gilden; aber die Weber hatten ſich zum Scheine zu einer Uebereinkunft geneigt erwieſen und in Unterhandlungen über die Vermehrung des Tagelohnes eingewilligt. Beide Verſammlungen blieben jedoch in ihren Zuſammenkünften ſo unbeugſam, daß die Unterſuchung ihrer gegenſeitigen Intereſſen den Riß zwiſchen ihnen noch vergrößerte.

Geeraert Denys, der ſich nach einigen Monaten überzeugte, daß er auf dem geſetzlichen Wege die Alleinherrſchaft in Gent nicht erlangen würde, hatte ſeit geraumer Zeit den Haß zwiſchen den Gilden von Neuem angeſchürt und die Unterhandlungen abbrechen laſſen. Er wußte, daß Artevelde ſich vorgenommen, dieſen drohenden Zwiſt auszugleichen, und ſah darin ein Mittel zur Rache an dem Oberhauptmanne. Dies war jedoch nicht ſein einziger Beweggrund. Er hatte den Plan entworfen, ſich ausſchließlich auf die mächtige Gilde der Weber zu ſtützen und deren zahlreiche Mitglieder, indem er ihrem Hochmuthe ſchmeichelte, ſämmtlich zu ſeinen Anhängern zu machen. Konnte er dieſes Ziel erreichen, ſo durfte er ſich als Herr in Gent betrachten und ſeiner Herrſchſucht und Rachbegierde die Zügel ſchießen laſſen. — Dies glückte ihm vollkommen: denn während Artevelde Niemanden ganz Recht gab und Jeden zur Nachgiebigkeit ermahnte, alſo Alle gegen ſich aufbrachte, ſchrie Denys überall und in allen Tonarten, daß die Walker nicht das mindeſte Recht hätten in ihren Forderungen, und es eine Feigheit ſein würde, ihnen eine Erhöhung des Tagelohnes zuzugeſtehen, wobei er prahleriſch ausposaunte, daß die Weber die erſte Zunft in Gent ſeien und das Recht hätten, über allen anderen zu ſtehen.

Dies Letztere war im Grunde wahr; die Weberzunft umfaßte in ihrem Schooße alle Tuchhändler und außerdem noch ſechsundzwanzig anſehnliche Stielen (Zweige), welche ſich mit dem Bereiten der Wolle oder dem Weben der Tuche beſchäftigten. Seit der Wiederbelebung der Induſtrie waren die Erzeugniſſe der Weber ſehr im Preiſe geſtiegen und dieſe Gilde ungemein reich geworden. Obendrein hatte ſie nach Geſetz und Herkommen den Vorrang vor den beiden anderen Gliedern der Gemeine, namentlich vor den Walkmüllern und den kleinen Zünften, und ihr Dechant war rechtmäßig Oberdechant von Gent.

In ruhigeren Zeiten würde Niemand daran gedacht haben, das moraliſche Uebergewicht der Weber zu beſtreiten, als vielleicht hier und da ein alter Walkmüller, der ſich ärgerlich erinnerte, daß ſeine Zunft ehemals an der Spitze der Gilden geſtanden habe. Da aber jetzt die Geiſter durch lange Aufregung bereit waren, bei der geringſten Reibung Feuer zu fangen, war nichts gefährlicher, als Denys' und ſeiner Anhänger höhnende Spottreden. Die hochmüthigen Herausforderungen der Weber und das Pochen auf ihre Macht und ihren Vorrang hatten endlich die Gemüther der anderen Gilden ſo ſehr erhitzt, daß die achtzig Stielen der kleinen Gilden ſich auf die Seite der Walkmüller ſchlugen und eben ſo laut wie dieſe zu fordern begannen, die verlangte Erhöhung des Tagelohnes müſſe entweder auf friedlichem Wege oder mit Gewalt durchgeſetzt werden.

Dieſe unerwartete Hülfe machte die Walkmüller äußerſt kühn, nicht ſowohl wegen des Beiſtandes der Stielen, ſondern weil ſie dadurch Jan Bake, den Dechanten der kleinen Gilden, und ſeine drei Söhne zu Anführern erhielten. Bis hieher waren die Walkmüller trotz allem Aufhetzen noch nicht zu Gewaltthaten übergegangen, weil ihr Dechant, Seger Boele, ſich vor Blutvergießen ſcheute. Jan Bake dagegen war in der Stadt bekannt als einer der heftigſten und ſtärkſten Männer, und obwohl er Dechant der Schmiede und der kleinen Gilden war, ſo nahm er doch keinen Anſtand, ſeine Löwenkräfte noch oft anzuwenden, um zwiſchen ſich und ſeinem Gegner mit Fauſtſchlägen zu entſcheiden.

Unter der Anführung dieſer Männer und in Folge der unaufhörlichen Herausforderungen der Weber war der Haß zwiſchen beiden Parteien bald ſo unverſöhnlich, daß faſt täglich blutige Kämpfe in den Schenken vorfielen und man einander aus Eiferſucht in buchſtäblichem Sinne todtſchlug.

Dieſer Zuſtand betrübte Artevelde auf das Höchſte. Er vervielfältigte ſich gleichſam und arbeitete Tag und Nacht, ohne Raſt und Ruhe, um ſeine Vaterſtadt zu beſchützen vor dem Unglücke, das ſie bedrohte, und zu gleicher Zeit die Anſchläge der Leliaerds in den anderen Gebieten Flanderns zu vereiteln. So lange die kleinen Gilden ſich von dem Zwiſte fern gehalten hatten, war es ihm gelungen, durch Hülfe der anderen Bürger einen entſcheidenden Zuſammenſtoß zwiſchen den Webern und Walkmüllern zu verhindern; als aber nun das dritte Glied der Gemeine ſich auch mit Wuth gegen die Weber erklärt hatte, ſchwand der letzte Schein von Macht oder Anſehen, welches die Obrigkeit der Gemeine ſich noch erhalten. Alle Bürger von Gent ohne Ausnahme gehörten zu einer der Gilden, mochten ſie ſelbſt Kaufleute oder Handwerker ſein, oder, um die Vorrechte derſelben zu genießen, ſich in die eine oder andere haben aufnehmen laſſen. Demzufolge hatte der herrſchende Haß die Gemüther aller Einwohner angeſteckt. Jeder hielt es für Pflicht, ſeine Zunft eifrig zu vertheidigen, und Niemand wollte mehr auf die Stimme der Regierung horchen.

Endlich war es ſo weit gekommen, daß man öffentlich in der Stadt von einem bevorſtehenden Aufruhre der Walkmüller zu ſprechen begann, welche nichts Geringeres drohten, als die Häuſer der Weber zu plündern und, wer ihnen Widerſtand leiſtete, zu ermorden. Bereits ſah man

Walkmüller und Mitglieder der kleinen Gilden mit Waffen durch die Straßen laufen, und Jan Bake ſelbſt hatte, nach der Ausſage einiger Bürger, angekündigt, daß das blutige Spiel am andern Tage gewagt werden ſolle.

Als letztes Mittel, um das Blutvergießen wenigſtens für dieſen Tag noch zu verhindern und, wenn es möglich wäre, den Streit beizulegen, ließ Artevelde durch den Stadttrompeter ausrufen, daß die Dechanten aller Gilden am andern Morgen um neun Uhr im Hochhauſe am Freitagsmarkte ſich verſammeln und entſcheidend über die Streitfrage der Walkmüller wegen des Tagelohnes berathen ſollten. Dieſe Verkündigung, da ſie etwas erwarten ließ und eine Löſung der Frage verſprach, räumte die Veranlaſſung zu unmittelbarem Streite aus dem Wege; man ſchob alſo alles gewaltſame Unternehmen auf, obwohl jede Zunft ſich bereitete, Rache an ihren Gegnern zu nehmen, im Fall die Entſcheidung nicht nach ihrem Sinne ausfalle.

Der folgende Tag war ein ſchöner Maitag; die ſchwüle Lenzſonne goß ihr glänzendes Licht in Strömen über Häuſer und Straßen aus; die Luft, als ob ſie in den Feldern mit Balſamdüften erfüllt worden, verbreitete reges Lebensgefühl in der Bruſt; Alles ſtrahlte von Gluth und Pracht, ſowohl der blaue Himmel droben, als die lachende Natur hier unten. Man hätte ſagen mögen, daß dieſer friſche Tag nichts beſcheinen könne als Lebensluſt und Freude. Ach! in Gent beſchien das junge Lenz licht jedoch eine gährende Menge, welche, Haß und Eiferſucht im Herzen, Zorn und Rachſucht in der Bruſt, wie ein kochender Vulkan, die ſchrecklichſte Exploſion der Leidenſchaften des Volkes anzukündigen ſchien!

Die ganze Stadt war von einem abſcheulichen Vorgefühl ergriffen. Auf jedem Antlitze konnte man Angſt oder Wuth leſen. Man ſah die Zunftleute, Meiſter wie Geſellen, mit geſenktem Haupte und zu Boden geſchlagenen Blicken nach dem Freitagsmarkte eilen, zuweilen einander von fern die Fauſt zeigend oder ſich gegenſeitig zur Unverſöhnlichkeit ermahnend. Selbſt uralte Greiſe, deren Rücken ſchon über das Grab gebogen ſchien, ſchleppten ihre ſteifen Glieder nach dem Verſammlungsorte, wo man über den Werth oder die Erniedrigung ihrer Zunft entſcheiden ſollte. In ihren trüben Augen glänzte noch ein Funken Feuer; der Haß ſchien ihre letzten Lebenskräfte für dieſen Tag geſammelt zu haben.

Mittlerweile ſtanden die Frauen und Jungfrauen haufenweiſe bleich und bebend vor den Thüren und riefen Ach und Weh zum Himmel über das Unglück, das die Gemeine bedrohte, oder ſie nahmen auch Theil an dem Zwiſte und ſandten ſich mit einer großen Fluth von Worten und Vorwürfen die höhnendſten Herausforderungen zu. Aus den ärmeren Stadtvierteln folgten ſelbſt Frauen ihren Männern auf den Freitagsmarkt und verlangten noch lauter als dieſe ſelbſt, ſie ſollten, um die Ehre der Zunft zu ſchützen, ſogar den Tod nicht ſcheuen.

Der Freitagsmarkt bot einen eigenthümlichen Anblick dar, namentlich kurze Zeit vor der Stunde der Verſammlung. Dieſe ausgedehnte Fläche, ſowohl vor als hinter der Sanct Jakobskirche, war mit großen Haufen Zunftgenoſſen bedeckt, zwiſchen welchen man abſichtlich freie Durchgänge gelaſſen zu haben ſchien. Wie die Menge dort vertheilt ſtand, glich ſie im Ganzen einer unendlichen Zahl kleiner Inſeln, zwiſchen denen ſich ein Fluß in ſpielenden Wendungen hinſchlängelte. Alle Zünfte waren hier durch eine gewiſſe Anzahl Mitglieder vertreten; man konnte aber keine Vermiſchung derſelben ſpüren; denn jede war von den anderen durch einen Zwiſchenraum abgeſondert, groß genug, um jeden Zuſammenſtoß zu vermeiden.

Da die meiſten Geſellen ihre Arbeit verlaſſen hatten, um ſich vor der neunten Stunde auf dem Freitagsmarkte einzufinden, ſo waren ſie alle gekleidet, wie ſie gewöhnlich bei ihrer Arbeit ſtanden, und viele trugen noch ihre Werkzeuge an der Hand oder am Gürtel. Daher konnte man auf den erſten Blick erkennen, zu welcher Zunft Jeder gehörte, und dieſer beſondere Fall hatte wohl etwas beigetragen zu der engeren Abgrenzung der Stielen unter einander.

In jedem dieſer Haufen, in deſſen Mitte der Dechant oder ein Sprecher ſich befand, ſtritt man heftig und mitunter mit häßlichen Verwünſchungen über den obſchwebenden Zwiſt, und handelte im Voraus den Zweck und den möglichen Ausgang der angekündigten Verſammlung ab. All' dieſes Rufen, alle dieſe Stimmen und dies Geräuſch verſchmolzen ſich in ein dumpfen Brauſen, in ein verwirrtes Summen, wie von einem unermeßlichen Bienenkorbe, der ſich bereitet, einen zahlloſen Schwarm auszuſenden.

Von dem Mannekens-Aerd bis an das Toreken hatten die ſiebenundzwanzig Stielen der Weberei ſich ausgebreitet; ſie bedeckten demgemäß beinahe die Hälfte des Marktes bis zur Südſeite. Außer den Tuchhändlern, die ſich in großer Anzahl vor dem Hochhauſe befanden, konnte man in dieſer mächtigen Schaar die Weber, Spinner und Tuchſcheerer erkennen. Unter den verſchiedenen Theilen der Weberei bemerkte man dieſelbe Abgränzung, wie unter den anderen. Dieſe Zunft bildete einen großen Körper, der durch ſeine Zahl in der That bedeutend genug ſchien, um den übrigen Stielen Furcht einzuflößen und ſie nöthigenfalls zu vernichten. Auf dem Antlitze der Weber konnte man leſen, daß ſie ſich ihrer Macht nicht unbewußt waren; ſie zeigten ſich minder wühleriſch und über ihrer Schaar hörte man das verwirrte Geräuſch nicht, das über allen anderen Theilen des Marktes ſo drohend herrſchte; aber ein Lächeln der Verachtung verrieth den Hochmuth, der ihre Herzen füllte, und ihre ſcheinbar gleichgültige Handlung bezeigte, daß ſie ſich wenig um das Geſchrei der anderen Zünfte kümmerten.

Geeraert Denys lief hier hin und wieder, Jedem die Hand drückend und giftige Worte ſäend, um auch den letzten Verſuch Artevelde's ſcheitern zu machen. Es wurde ihm äußerſt leicht, die Mitglieder ſeiner Zunft dahin zu bringen, daß ſie Nichts, nicht einmal zum Scheine, nachgaben. Dies war auch bereits unter den Webern ſowohl wie unter den anderen Zünften beſchloſſen. Die Stien frage um die Erhöhung des Tagelohnes hatte ſich in einen Zwiſt der Eigenliebe und des Hochmuthes verwandelt. Es kam nun nur darauf an, wer ſeine Gegner erniedrigen würde.

Den Webern gegenüber, von dem Utenhoveſteen bis an die Wolveſtege, bildeten die Walkmüller eine ungeſtüme Schaar, welche ſich in verſchiedenen Haufen rund um eine Anzahl wüthender Sprecher zerbröckelt hatte. Was dieſe Zunft vor allen anderen kenntlich machte, war die ſichtliche Armuth der meiſten Mitglieder, deren zerriſſene Kleider und elendes Aeußere bezeugten, daß ſie nicht in gleichem Maße mit den Anderen Theil hatten an der allgemeinen Wohlfahrt. Auch hier brannte auf allen Geſichtern der Zorn. Hier hörte man die ſcheußlichſten Verwünſchungen, die ſchrecklichſten Drohungen gegen die Weber zum Himmel ſteigen. Eine Menge Weiber, die als abſcheuliche Geiſter des Haſſes und der Rache die Männer zur Raſerei aufregten, liefen mit verwirrten Haaren unter dieſer Zunft umher und erfüllten mitunter die Luft mit ſchneidendem Mordgeheul.

In der Ecke, an der Minnemanſtege, ſtanden die Schmiede, mit ihren Schurzfellen vor der Bruſt, mit bloßen Armen, ſchwarzen Geſichtern und glühenden Augen, wie ein Haufen Teufel, der aus der Hölle gekommen war. Jan Bake, der Dechant, beinahe eines Halſes und Kopfes länger, als der größte ſeiner Geſellen, und gebaut wie ein Rieſe, befand ſich in der Mitte ſeiner Zunft und hielt dort eine Rede, über welche ſeine Leute vor Wuth die Fäuſte ballten, und welche ganz geeignet war, um den blutigen Streit unmittelbar beginnen zu laſſen, wenn nicht Jeder verlangt hätte, erſt den Ausgang der Verſammlung im Hochhauſe zu erfahren. Neben Jan Bake ſtanden ſeine drei Söhne, eben ſo mächtig von Gliedern, wie ihr Vater, und nicht minder racheluſtig.

Etwas ferner den Markt hinauf und in allen angrenzenden Straßen bemerkte man die meiſten anderen Zünften, obwohl in kleinerer Zahl: die Fleiſcher, mit ihrem Wetzſtahle am Gürtel, die Bäcker, ganz mit Mehl beſtäubt; die Schiffer, mit ihren ſchweren Regenkleidern; die Ausläder, mit ihren Laſthaken in der Hand; die Brauer, mit rothem, geſchwollenem Geſicht; die Lohgerber, die Corduangerber, die Maurer, die Zimmerleute und mehrere andere.

Unter den kleinen Zünften, die hinter der Sanct Jakobskirche ausgebreitet ſtanden, herrſchte nicht ſolche Heftigkeit, wie auf dem Vormarkte, wo die beiden Feinde ſich einander gegenüber befanden und ihre Wuth ſich dadurch auf das Aeußerſte geſteigert hatte. Bei Sanct Jan-ten-Dulle bemerkte man jedoch eine Gilde, die ſehr zahlreich war und ſich durch beſondere Unruhe auszeichnete. An den blauen Händen der Geſellen, welche ſich hier verſammelt hatten, konnte man leicht die Zunft erkennen, zu welcher der muthige Lieven Comyne gehörte. Der Lärm, der ſich vernehmen ließ, entſprang aus einer Rede, die der Dechant gehalten hatte und die von den Zunftgenoſſen mit langem Zujauchzen und Gelübden der Unbeugſamkeit beantwortet worden war. Der Dechant hatte ſie überzeugt, daß man den Webern nichts zugeſtehen und der Streit ganz zum Vortheile der Walkmüller entſchieden werden müſſe. Geſchehe das nicht, ſo ſei es für jeden Blaufärber eine Pflicht, ſich mit den Walkmüllern zu verbinden, um die hochmüthigen und aufgeblaſenen Weber zu bezwingen und zu demüthigen.

Als das Geſchrei aufhörte, rief Lieven Comyne betrübt und ungeduldig:

„Aber wie iſt das nur möglich? Haben die Genter denn ihren Menſchenverſtand verloren, oder ſind ſie ſämmtlich vom Teufel beſeſſen? Fechten, einander morden! das iſt Alles, was man hört. Das wird großen Vortheil bringen, bei meinem Worte! Und Ihr, Meiſter Ablyn, Ihr, gewöhnlich ſo reif an Urtheil und Rath, Ihr ſeid jetzt ebenfalls der Meinung, daß Blut vergoſſen werden müſſe? Ich verſtehe das wahrlich nicht!“

„Und was iſt denn Eure Meinung?“ fragte ein Geſelle ſpottend.

„Meine Meinung iſt,“ antwortete Lieven Comyne, „daß man nicht Feuer und Flammen über die Stadt bringen müſſe, weil die Walkmüller es ſich in den Kopf geſetzt haben, vier Grote mehr für jedes Stück gewalktes Tuch zu verlangen. Da könnte es ja alle Tage Aufruhr geben, wenn es jeder Zunft frei ſtände, ihren eigenen Tagelohn mit Gewalt zu erhöhen.“

„Aber, Lieven!“ ſagte der Dechant, „Ihr verſteht die Sache nicht recht. Meint Ihr denn, daß das Verlangen der Walkmüller ungegründet ſei?“

„Das ſage ich nicht, Mher Ablyn! Ich bekenne im Gegentheil, daß ſie nicht genug gewinnen; aber vier

Grote iſt viel. Jedenfalls muß man nicht auf dieſe Weiſe über dergleichen Dinge entſcheiden. Die Dechanten und Schiedsmänner ſind da, um ſich in Liebe über die Zwiſtigkeiten zwiſchen den Zünften zu verſtändigen. Was man Jahrhunderte lang gethan hat, kann man noch thun.“

„Ha, ha!“ lachte ein Zunftgenoſſe, „die Dechanten haben nun ſchon ſeit Monaten die Sache in den Händen. Die Weber meinen, daß ſie mit Verachtung auf alle anderen Bürger herabblicken können. Sie ſpeien uns täglich ihren Hohn in's Geſicht, und ſchwören, daß ſie nichts zugeſtehen würden, und wenn auch alle übrigen Zünfte ſie zwingen wollten. Wir wollen doch ſehen, ob die verfluchten Weber uns zu Grunde richten ſollen mit ihrem Hochmuthe!“

„Kurzes Spiel mit ihnen machen!“ ſchrie ein anderer Geſelle. „Sie in die Leije jagen und ertränken!“

„Ich ſehe wohl, daß keine Salbe dagegen hilft,“ antwortete Lieven Comyne entmuthigt. „Fahrt alſo nur fort in Eurer Thorheit; laßt die eine Hälfte der Stadt die andere Hälfte morden; laßt Gent ſein Glück und ſein Gedeihen opfern, ſich erſchöpfen und Flandern das Vorbild des Zwieſpaltes und Bürgerkrieges geben! Aber gebt Acht: der Franzoſe ſteht mit der Ruthe hinter der Thüre. Wenn wir unter fremdem Zwange ſeufzen werden, ohne Handel, ohne Arbeit und ohne Brod, dann werden wir uns die Finger benagen und mit Scham betrauern, was wir gethan haben. Aber dann wird die Klage zu ſpät kommen.“

„Nun, nun! wir wiſſen wohl, wo Ihr die ſchönen

Reden gelernt habt," bemerkte ein Geſelle. „Es iſt, als ob der Oberhauptmann Euch bezahlte, um ihm nachzuſchwatzen; aber das Liedchen dieſes Herrn iſt längſt abgeſungen in Gent."

„Lump!" antwortete Lieven zornig. „Was? Ihr wagt es, unehrerbietig von Mher Jakob zu ſprechen? Ihr, der Ihr kaum Verſtand genug habt, um Eure rechte Hand von Eurer linken zu unterſcheiden? Ich danke Gott, daß Ihr mir vorwerft, der Gedanke des Oberhauptmanns ſei auch der meinige! Ich habe mehr Recht, darauf ſtolz zu ſein, als Ihr Alle, die Ihr wie Kinder raſt und verblendet ſeid durch die Hetzereien der Feinde Eures Vaterlandes und Eures Wohlergehens."

Ein Murren der Wuth ließ ſich unter den Blaufärbern hören und Viele drohten Lieven mit der Fauſt; aber trotzig ſtreifte er die Aermel ſeines Kollers in die Höhe und ſagte mit herausforderndem Tone:

„Ja, droht nur, Geſellen! Ihr kennt Lieven Comyne! Die Arme ſitzen ihm auch nicht verkehrt am Leibe. Verſucht es nur einmal!"

Meiſter Ablyn ſprang dazwiſchen und brachte die Geſellen zur Ruhe. Lieven Comyne war ſchwerer als die Anderen zu beſänftigen und ſagte endlich zu ſeinen Genoſſen:

„Nun, thut was Ihr wollt! Ich kümmere mich nicht darum. Aber wenn ſich noch Einer ein einziges Wort gegen den Oberhauptmann zu ſprechen erlaubt, ſo lege ich ihm meine fünf Finger in's Geſicht, daß er am hellen Tage die Sterne ſehen ſoll."

Wahrſcheinlich würde dieſer Zwiſt doch noch zu einer Schlägerei geführt haben; allein jetzt kam der Ribaudenkönig mit ſeinen Leuten her und rief ſcherzend den Blaufärbern zu:

„Sa, Geſellen! keine Schlägerei, oder wir waſchen unſere Hände im Teufelsſteen!“

„Es wäre beſſer,“ antwortete ein Geſelle, „Ihr führtet Eure Ribauden nach dem goldenen Schwane und gäbt ihnen etwas zu trinken; denn ſie ſcheinen ſchrecklich von der Sonne ausgedörrt und jappen wie Fiſche in einem leeren Weiher.“

„He, Muggelyn!“ rief ein Anderer, „ſagt uns doch, mit wem Ihr es haltet! Für wen ſeid Ihr?“

„Ich? Ich bin für den Baas im Hirſch unter dem Glockenthurme,“ antwortete der Ribaudenkönig mit gemachtem Ernſte, welcher Jeden, ſelbſt Lieven Comyne, zum Lachen reizte.

„Ja, ſo meine ich es nicht!“ entgegnete der Geſelle. „Ich wollte fragen: mit welcher Zunft haltet Ihr es? mit den Webern, oder mit den Walkmüllern?“

„Nun, das wißt Ihr doch ſchon lange,“ rief Muggelyn, mit ſeinen Leuten weiter den Markt hinaufſchreitend. „Ich ändere meine Geſinnung nicht, und halte es, wie früher, mit der Gilde der Weinſchenken.“

Während die Leidenſchaften auf dem Markte durch heimliche Aufregung immer mehr und mehr angefacht wurden, ſtand Artevelde hinter dem Fenſter des Verſammlungsſaales im Hochhauſe und ſchaute mit traurigem Blicke auf die Menge hinab. Seine Bruſt war beengt, ſeine Wangen bleich, ſein Blick ermüdet. Ein tiefer Verdruß, ein inniges Mitleiden mit ſeinen verirrten Brüdern ſprach ſich auf ſeinem Antlitz aus.

Der weiſe Mann erinnerte ſich mit Verzweiflung, daß er in glücklicheren Tagen auch einſt aus dieſen Fenſtern auf das Volk hinabgeſchaut und Thränen der Freude in ſeinen Augen gefühlt habe. Er hörte noch die Siegeslieder der entzückten Menge, welche ſeinen Namen als einen Ruf des Heiles gen Himmel ſandte, und die Eide der Bruderliebe und endloſer Treue gegen das Vaterland, welche mit lautem Jubelrufe aus dem Schooße der Genter zu Gott aufſtiegen. Er ſah noch das bunte Gewimmel der geſchmückten Frauen und Kinder, die Umarmungen der entzückten Zunftgeſellen, das Tanzen, das Trinken, das Singen ...... Verlockendes Schauſpiel früheren Ruhmes und früherer Größe!

Jetzt kochte der Haß in Aller Bruſt; jetzt vergaß daſſelbe Volk die Gefahr des Vaterlandes, um ſich ſelbſt ein Blutbad zu bereiten; jetzt war die Stimme Jakob's von Artevelde machtlos, ſein Name war wie eine Brandfackel zwiſchen Brüdern geworden, und er, in der Fülle ſeiner Kraft und ſeines Heldenmuthes, mußte den Untergang von Gent und vielleicht von ganz Flandern erwarten, die Arme auf der Bruſt zuſammengeſchlagen, wie ein rathloſer Zwerg.

Nicht lange befand er ſich allein im Saale des Hochhauſes; gleich darauf kam der Oberſchöffe, Maes van

Vaernewyck, zu ihm, grüßte ihn mit einem Ausdrucke der Angſt auf dem Geſichte und ſagte:

„Gott behüte das unglückliche Gent! Wißt Ihr, was ſich vorbereitet, Oberhauptmann?“

„Ich ſehe es nur zu wohl, Freund Maes! Wenn uns die Vermittelung nicht alsbald glückt, ſo kann dieſer Tag ein unglückliches Blatt in der Geſchichte der Volksverirrungen werden.“

„Es ſcheint, als ob die Walkmüller Willens ſeien, die Waffen zu ergreifen, wenn ihnen heute nicht vollſtändige Befriedigung wird. Käme es ſo weit, Oberhauptmann, daß die Zünfte handgemein würden, ſo wäre es doch unſere Pflicht, dazwiſchen zu treten und das Blutvergießen zu hindern.“

„Fürwahr, Ser Maes! es iſt eine traurige Pflicht; aber werden wir ſie erfüllen können? Ich habe bereits den Hauptleuten der Kirchſpiele meine Befehle ertheilt, ſo viele bewaffnete Bürger wie möglich gegen jeden Vorfall zu verſammeln. Wißt Ihr, was Euer eigener Bruder Willem, der Hauptmann von Sanct Jakobs, mir geantwortet hat? — Daß er zur Weberei gehört, und lieber ſein Amt niederlegt, als ſich der Gefahr ausſetzt, in dieſer Sache etwas gegen die Weber unternehmen zu müſſen. Er hat ſich geweigert, die Männer ſeines Kirchſpieles zu den Waffen zu rufen, unter dem Vorwande, daß ſie ſämmtlich auf dem Markte ſtänden. Joos Apare, der Hauptmann von Sanct Michiels, iſt dem Vorbilde Mher Willem's gefolgt und hat ſich ebenfalls geweigert, meinen Befehl auszuführen, als Grund angebend, daß er nicht Hauptmann geworden ſei, um ſeine eigenen Brüder ermorden zu helfen.“

„Mein Bruder, mein Bruder!“ ſeufzte der Oberſchöffe. „Ach, Oberhauptmann! es iſt eine anſteckende Seuche, die ſelbſt die Beſten und Redlichſten ergriffen hat. Es iſt Jeder in Gent mit Wahnſinn geſchlagen.“

„Ghelnoot van Lens und Pieter van Caudenhove,“ fuhr Artevelde fort, „werden ihr Beſtes thun, um in ihren Kirchſpielen eine Anzahl Männer zu ſammeln und ſie auf dem Kornmarkte zu unſerer Verfügung bereit zu halten. Wenn es ihnen glückt, eine genügende Macht zuſammenzubringen, ſo wird es jedenfalls möglich ſein, die beiden Parteien bis zum Abende auseinander zu halten. Daß es hier und da in anderen Stadtvierteln Todte geben wird, wenn unſer letzter Verſuch keine Vermittelung zur Folge hat, iſt gewiß. Aber das wäre ein kleines Unglück im Vergleich mit dem Elende, das unſere Stadt treffen kann.“

„Wehe! Wehe!“ rief Ser van Vaernewyck. „Während wir hier mit gehäſſigen Bürgerzwiſten unſere Zeit vergeuden, gehen die Intriguen der Leliaerds ihren Gang. Die anderen Glieder Flanderns bedrohen das aufrühreriſche Gent mit einer Trennung und im Nothfalle mit einem Kriege. Unſer Graf iſt in Brüſſel, um den Herzog von Brabant zu bewegen, das Bündniß zu brechen, und Frankreich bereitet ſich mit Ruhe vor, unſer zerriſſenes Vaterland anzugreifen. Gott! Gott! was wird das Ende von dem Allem ſein! Verzweiflung füllt meine Seele. Ich habe keinen Glauben mehr an Flanderns Zukunft;

wir ſind geboren, um Sklaven zu ſein, Sklaven des Fremden oder Sklaven unſerer eigenen zügelloſen Leidenſchaft. Nun denn! lieber dann noch die freiwillige Unterwerfung; wenn ſie auch weder Ruhm noch Größe verleiht, ſo ſchenkt ſie doch Ruhe und entſchuldigt die Erniedrigung.“

Artevelde lächelte trüb zu den verzweifelten Ausrufungen ſeines Freundes. Er faßte deſſen Hand und ſagte:

„Wir ſind geboren, um frei und unabhängig zu ſein. Flandern kann irren, ſich verlieren, ſeine eigene Bruſt zerreißen; aber ſterben, vergehen niemals! Es iſt zu viel Lebenskraft in dem niederdeutſchen Blute, zu viel Trotz in den Herzen der Vläminger. Ach, Freund Maes! es iſt möglich, daß wir damit beſchäftigt ſind, unſerem Vaterlande eine neue Knechtſchaft zu bereiten; aber laßt im Laufe der Jahrhunderte zwanzig Sklavereien Flandern bedrücken, dennoch wird der Löwe ſeine Ketten zerbrechen, dennoch das vlämiſche Heldengeſchlecht aufſtehen und Europa das Vorbild der Freiheit und Volksmacht geben!“

„Ach!“ ſeufzte Ser van Vaernewyck, „Ihr bekennt alſo, daß Flanderns Ruhm und Größe ſich verdunkeln, daß eine neue Dienſtbarkeit die Frucht unſeres Treibens werden muß, daß uns nichts übrig bleibt, als die Hoffnung, unſer Vaterland werde in der Zukunft einſt ſich erheben gegen die Feinde ſeiner Unabhängigkeit und ſeiner Freiheit. Aber jetzt? Jetzt Sklaverei und Erniedrigung, nicht wahr?“

„Habt Muth, mein Freund!“ ſagte Artevelde.

„Vielleicht glückt unſer Verſuch noch.... Und dann? bleibt uns nicht die Ueberzeugung, daß wir unſere Pflicht gethan haben? Fehlt uns die Macht, unſerem Vaterlande, wie es die Umſtände verlangen, zu dienen, an Willen dazu hat es uns nicht gefehlt. Jetzt, wo das Schickſal uns beherrſcht und auf dem Strome der Ereigniſſe uns fortreißt wie entwurzelte Bäume, müſſen wir uns forttreiben laſſen, bis die Fluth uns irgendwohin führt, wo wir etwas für Flandern thun können. Gott allein weiß, was geſchehen wird; vielleicht rettet uns eine unerwartete Hülfe; die Leidenſchaften des Volkes ſind veränderlich und wetterwendiſch....."

Artevelde ward plötzlich in ſeiner Rede durch die Ankunft von Geeraert Denys unterbrochen, der mit ſehr unfreundlichem Tone zu ihm ſagte:

„Nun, Mher von Artevelde! Vergeßt Ihr denn, weshalb Ihr hierher gekommen ſeid? Zwar werden Euch alle Eure Verſuche nichts nützen, indeſſen wenn man Oberhauptmann iſt, darf man doch die Dechanten der Gilden nicht warten laſſen, ſobald man ſie berufen hat. Der Stadttrompeter ſteht bereits eine Stunde unten mit der Trompete am Munde."

Artevelde antwortete ihm nicht, ſondern ging an die Thür, wo er dem Knappen einen Befehl gab. Unmittelbar darauf hörte man den Stadttrompeter einige ſchallende Töne blaſen, und gleich hernach kamen alle Dechanten der Gilden nach einander in den Saal. Zuerſt die ſiebenundzwanzig Dechanten der Tuchweberei, die ſich längs der rechten Seite einer Tafel auf drei Reihen von

Stühlen niederließen; — darauf die Dechanten der andern Zünfte, Jan Bake und Seger Boele an der Spitze, welche auf der linken Seite Platz nahmen, doch aus Mangel an Stühlen zum Theil ſtehen bleiben mußten.

Beide Parteien, auch hier durch ein Gefühl des Haſſes von einander geſchieden, wechſelten funkelnde herausfordernde Blicke mit einander oder lächelten einander verächtlich an, ſo daß man auf den erſten Blick ſehen konnte, die Hoffnung auf Verſöhnung könne nicht eben groß ſein; dennoch redeten ſie nicht, ſondern zeigten nur in ihren Mienen, daß das Feuer der Rache in ihrem Herzen loderte.

Artevelde bemerkte dieſe ungünſtige Stimmung und erſuchte den Oberſchöffen, die Sitzung unmittelbar zu eröffnen, worauf er aufſtand und zuerſt mit trübem Ton, doch allmählig mit ſteigendem Nachdruck und Eifer folgendermaßen zu den Dechanten ſprach:

„Genoſſen und Freunde! Ich weiß, daß Ihr hier erſcheint mit dem feſten Entſchluſſe, Vorſtellungen zu Vermittelungen und Verträgen kein Gehör zu geben; ich weiß auch, daß mein Wort auf Eure Gemüther keine Macht übt. Hätte ich meine Schwäche allein betrachtet, ſo wäre ich zurückgewichen vor einem nutzloſen Verſuche; aber etwas Anderes hat mir Muth und Hoffnung gegeben, daß in dieſem wichtigen Augenblicke dennoch meine Stimme Eure Herzen erſchüttern werde. Ihr ſeid Genter! Ich habe mich erinnert, daß unſer theures Flandern einſt danieder lag unter dem Drucke fremder Tyrannei, daß Hungersnoth und Sklaverei das Blut in den Adern

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der Vläminger verdarb und verzehrte, daß das kraftloſe Volk auf ewig zur Knechtſchaft verdammt ſchien . . . . . . ich habe mich auch erinnert, daß aus Gent der Ruf der Erlöſung über Flandern dahinhallte, daß Ihr es waret, Brüder, die mit unverzagtem Löwenmuth das Joch von ihren Schultern abwarfen, die das ganze Vaterland auf Koſten ihres Gutes und Blutes retteten, die dem vlämiſchen Namen als dem Zeichen der Befreiung einen guten Klang in der Welt verſchafften — die Fürſten und Völker vor der Macht ihrer Einigkeit verſtummen machten . . . bei dieſem Gedanken füllten Hoffnung und Stolz von Neuem meine Bruſt. Ich habe zu mir ſelbſt geſagt, daß, wenn Jakob von Artevelde's Stimme auch machtlos geworden iſt, Ihr Häupter der tapferen Genter doch das Ohr nicht ſchließen werdet vor dem Nothruf dieſes Vaterlandes, das Eurer Liebe und Eurem Muthe ſeine Freiheit und ſein Gedeihen verdankt . . . . nun denn hört, ich rufe im Namen des Vaterlandes! — Werft mit mir einen Blick auf Flanderns Zuſtand, und Ihr werdet erſchrecken vor der Größe der Gefahr. In Brabant läßt ſich der Herzog von unſern Feinden rathen, das niederdeutſche Bündniß zu brechen und ſeine Waffen gegen uns zu wenden. In Frankreich wartet Philipp von Valois auf die ſich nähernde Gelegenheit, uns zur Strafe unſerer Uneinigkeit die Sklavenketten über den Hals zu werfen; in Dendermonde bricht ein Aufruhr los zum Vortheil unſerer Feinde; in allen Städten herrſchen Haß, Parteiungen und Unruhen über die Vorrechte der Tuchweberei; in ganz Flandern Unzufriedenheit und Drohung mit Krieg gegen das wühlende Gent; in ganz Flandern ferner ungehinderte Intriguen der Leliaerds und furchtbare Fortſchritte der Feinde unſerer Unabhängigkeit! — Ihr ſeht es, Brüder! Gedeihen, Reichthum, Freiheit, Ruhm, Alles liegt in der Wagſchaale. Das Vaterland iſt in Gefahr, es bedarf der vereinigten Kräfte aller ſeiner Söhne, ſeine Erhaltung verlangt, daß ihm die Streitigkeiten zum Opfer gebracht werden, es ſteht am Rande des Abgrundes, wehklagend ruft es uns zu, daß unſer Haß und unſere Zwietracht es vielleicht ſchon morgen gefeſſelt der ſchrecklichſten Sklaverei überliefern .... einer wohlverdienten Sklaverei! O verkennt es nicht, die Wahrheit ſelbſt kann nicht heller ſein! — Wohl wußt' ich's zuvor, daß ſich Verwirrungen bilden würden, ſie ſind unzertrennlich von jeder großen Volksbewegung, und oftmals die Folge der Wohlfahrt ſelbſt; aber in meinem Stolze als Genter wagte ich zu hoffen, daß das Herz Flanderns, daß unſere Vaterſtadt nie ihre Beſtimmung verleugnen würde, daß ſie nie vergäße, Gott habe ſie zwiſchen ihre Schweſterſtädte geſtellt, um wie ein Stern vorzuleuchten, wie eine Löwin zu wachen und zu rächen. Ach, ich habe mich betrogen; die Genter geben Flandern das Beiſpiel des Zwieſpaltes, des Haſſes und der Engherzigkeit; ſie vergeuden den vlämiſchen Heldenmuth in elenden Zwiſtigkeiten; ſie dürſten nach Blut, nach Bruderblut! Und während ſie mit Leib und Seele verſenkt ſind in einen feigen Kampf der Eiferſucht, ſammeln ſich die Wolken über ihren Häuptern und zuckt der warnende Blitz unbemerkt vor ihrem Auge. — Wann werdet Ihr

Euch losreißen aus Eurer unerklärlichen Verblendung? Wenn Frankreich unwiderſtehlich und ſiegreich unſern Heimathsboden überſchreitet? wenn die Fußſchellen der Sklaverei Euere Schritte hemmen? wenn der Gewerbfleiß und der Handel den Todesſtoß empfangen haben? wenn Elend, Hungersnoth, Verderben und Schande hier herrſchen werden? wenn die Völker der Erde in Euch die Freiheit haſſen als einen Brunnen der Zügelloſigkeit, der Thorheit und des Unterganges? Werdet Ihr dann erſt erwachen, wenn Euer Vaterland, befleckt von dem Schmutz der Feigheit, ermordet von dem Schwerte der Zwietracht, unter Euch in den letzten Zügen liegt? Nein, nein, Ihr habt Euch verirrt . . . . .“

Hier ward Artevelde durch einen Ausruf Denys' unterbrochen.

Der Oberhauptmann hatte allmählig mit mehr Feuer und endlich mit hinreißenden Feuer und herrſchender Kraft geredet. Es war noch immer im vollen Glanze, in Tiefe und Kraft das bezaubernde, ſeelenerſchütternde Wort des weiſen Mannes; auch waren viele Dechanten beider Parteien gerührt und erſchüttert. Faſt alle hatten bewundernd dem edlen Aufruf zugehorcht und erkannten im Grunde ihres Herzens, daß die Wahrheit ſelbſt durch den Mund Artevelde's rede.

Geeraert Denys, dem Oberhauptmanne in die Rede fallend, ſagte:

„Nun, nun, es ſei ſo; Ihr ſeht die Sache ſehr ſchwarz an und man könnte viel dagegen ſagen. Aber wir ſind nicht hierher gekommen, weder von Frankreich, noch von

Brabant, noch von den Leliaerds zu ſprechen. Was hier abgehandelt werden muß, iſt der ſchwebende Streit; unſere Gilden ſtehen unten und hören alle die ſchönen Worte nicht; ich bitte den Oberhauptmann, uns ohne ſo viel Umſchweife zu erklären, was er uns vorzulegen hat.“

Während der Oberdechant der Weber dies ſagte, riefen einige Walkmüller wüthend:

„Schweigt, ſchweigt, laßt den Oberhauptmann reden;“ aber Geeraert Denys ſchrie lauter als ſie, bis er mit ſeinen Unterbrechungen nach ſeinem Willen zu Ende war.

Artevelde blieb mit unverändertem Antlitz ſtehen, ließ den Lärm ſich beruhigen und fuhr dann fort:

„Freunde, ich ſah Eure Augen vor Unwillen glühen, als ich ſo eben zu Euch von Sklaverei und Erniedrigung des Vaterlandes redete; dieſer Anblick hat mich erfreut; es giebt noch Saiten in Euren Herzen, die für die Größe beſtimmt ſind. Ihr fühltet, ihr erkanntet, daß Flandern Gefahr läuft und daß es wünſchenswerth ſei, die Eintracht könne wieder hergeſtellt werden, und müßte auch jeder von uns dazu etwas von ſeiner Eigenliebe oder ſeinen Intereſſen zum Opfer bringen; ich wage daher, Euch mit größerem Vertrauen meine Anſichten über den Streit, der Euch trennt, mitzutheilen. — Euch, ihr Walkmüller, ſage ich, Euer Schickſal iſt durch das Zunehmen des allgemeinen Wohlſtandes wenig verbeſſert, Ihr arbeitet vom Morgen bis zum Abend und eßt keinen Biſſen Brodes, ohne zu wiſſen, wie viel Schweiß er Euch gekoſtet hat; Eure Frauen und Kinder finden kaum ſo viel in den Früchten Eurer Arbeit, um nicht Mangel zu leiden, alle

Tage ſind gleich für Euch und die Eurigen, Ihr müßt ſchaffen und arbeiten ohne Ende, Ihr genießt von der Wohlfahrt des Handels nicht jenen Theil, der Euch rechtmäßig zukommt, und ich ſehe es als eine Pflicht für Jeden an, der es zu thun vermag, dieſe Ungleichheit, an welcher allein ein Zuſammenfluß von Umſtänden Schuld iſt, ſo viel wie möglich zu vermindern. Zugleich aber erkläre ich Euch, daß nichts Euch berechtigt, eine Erhöhung des Tagelohns mit Gewalt zu fordern oder zu verſuchen, ſie durch Aufſtand zu erhalten; Ihr könnt leicht begreifen, daß, wenn das als ein Recht betrachtet würde, jede Zunft täglich in Streit gerathen müßte mit denjenigen, von dem ſie ihren Lohn empfängt. Wenn die Arbeit frei wäre und jeder beſonders arbeiten könnte nach dem zwiſchen ihm und dem Kaufmann feſtgeſtellten Preiſe, dann müßte jeder fordern, was er zu verdienen glaubt; da aber die Arbeit in Flandern durch feſte Geſetze geregelt iſt, da der Kaufmann nicht die Freiheit hat, Euern Lohn zu vermindern, ſo könnt Ihr auch nicht die Freiheit haben, ihn nach Willkür zu erhöhen. Die von Euch ſelbſt erwählten Schiedsmänner ſind da, um über ſolche Sachen in Frieden zu vermitteln, und im Falle dieſe es nicht vermöchten, ſo würde die allgemeine Collatie der Dechanten und Aeltermänner in letzter Inſtanz einen Ausſpruch über die Zwiſtigkeiten der Zünfte fällen."

„Es ließ ſich vorausſehen, daß Ihr es mit den Webern halten würdet," rief Jan Bake ärgerlich; „meint man aber uns hier mit ſchönen Worten in den Schlaf zu wiegen, ſo irrt man ſehr."

„Laßt mich fortfahren, Aber Bake,“ ſagte Artevelde, „und erzürnt Euch nicht, eh' Ihr wißt, was ich vorſchlagen werde. Wenn Ihr glaubt, daß ich es mit irgend Jemanden halten wolle oder könne, ſo täuſcht Ihr Euch. Ich gehöre in der That zur Zunft der Weber, aber ich bin Oberhauptmann von Gent, ich kenne daher allein nur das Geſetz und nehme es zur alleinigen Richtſchnur. Brechen die Weber das Geſetz, ſo werde ich ſie bekämpfen und ſtrafen, wie ich kann; nehmen die Wallmüller ihre Zuflucht zu ungeſetzlicher Gewalt, ſo greife ich ſie an und bezwinge ſie, ſo weit es meine Macht geſtattet. Ihr habt mich durch freie Wahl über Eure traurigen Zwieſtigkeiten erhoben; ich blicke mit Trauer, aber mit Unparteilichkeit auf dieſelben herab .... Euch, ihr Mitglieder der Weberei, ſage ich: kein Geſetz zwingt Euch, irgend eine Erhöhung des Tagelohnes zuzugeſtehen, ehe nicht die Collatie der Gilden einen Ausſpruch darüber gefällt hat. Was es auch für Gründe ſein mögen, welche dieſen Ausſpruch unmöglich machen, bis jetzt bleibt Ihr innerhalb der Grenzen des geſchriebenen Rechts; aber meint Ihr denn, daß das Geſetz hinreicht, wo die Bruderliebe fehlt? Meint Ihr, die geſellſchaftlichen Einrichtungen ſeien ſo vollkommen, daß der Geiſt der Nachgiebigkeit und Eintracht auch nur einen einzigen Tag aufhören dürfe, ſie zu durchdringen und zu befruchten, und würdet Ihr in Eurem menſchlichen Gefühl, in den Lehren des heiligen Glaubens keine Beweggründe finden, um zu thun, was gut und recht iſt, ohne daß ein ſchriftliches Geſetz Euch dazu zwingen müſſe? — Der Tuchhandel hat ſich in wenigen Jahren außerordentlich ausgebreitet, ſeine Erzeugniſſe ſind hoch im Preiſe geſtiegen, große Summen Geldes ſtrömen aus allen umliegenden Ländern nach Flandern, der Werth des gemünzten Goldes und Silbers iſt dadurch bei uns merklich geſunken, während die Lebensmittel dadurch immer theurer geworden ſind. Nun weigert Ihr Euch, den Arbeitern der Walkerei einen höhern Lohn für jedes gewalkte Stück Tuch zu geben; ſie können doch täglich nur eine gewiſſe Anzahl Stücke bereiten, demzufolge gewinnen ſie jetzt nicht mehr als in den ſchlimmſten Zeiten und müſſen nun ſo viel darben, als die Lebensmittel im Preiſe geſtiegen ſind; die andern Gilden haben ihren Wohlſtand ſich vergrößern ſehen; die Tuchhändler und Weber gewinnen außerordentlich viel Geld, das könnt Ihr nicht leugnen, iſt das wohl recht? Sind die Walkmüller nicht auch unſere Brüder? Wollt Ihr, da Ihr durch ein kleines Opfer ihr Elend vermindern könnt, taub bleiben für ihre gegründeten Klagen? O, bekennt es, die chriſtliche Bruderliebe muß ſich erweiſen, wo die menſchlichen Einrichtungen mangelhaft ſind, ſie iſt das Geſetz der Geſetze, von Gott ſelbſt als ewige Richtſchnur angedeutet ....."

Geeraert Denys fuhr plötzlich zornig auf und wollte reden, einige Dechanten der Weber hielten ihn aber mit Gewalt zurück und zwangen ihn, ſich niederzuſetzen, während die Walkmüller und die kleinen Gilden laut und wüthend über dieſe Störung zürnten.

„Ihr werdet nun begriffen haben, was meine Gedanken über den Streit ſelbſt ſind," fuhr Artevelde fort.

„Ihr ſeht, daß ich Niemandem, wer es auch ſei, Recht oder Unrecht gebe, weil ich gezwungen bin, als Oberhauptmann zu bekennen, daß das Geſetz für die Weber ſpricht, und weil ich als Menſch und als Chriſt der Ueberzeugung lebe, daß die Walkmüller Recht haben hinſichtlich ihrer Forderung. Mein Vorſchlag fließt daher aus dieſer doppelten Ueberzeugung: vier Grote Erhöhung iſt zu viel; die Erfahrung ſagt mir, daß eine ſo anſehnliche Erhöhung des Arbeitslohnes dem vlämiſchen Handel ſchaden würde, aber wenn Ihr auf meinen Rath hören wollt, ſo theilt den Unterſchied, bewilligt den Walkmüllern zwei Grote, das wird den Handel unmerklich belaſten und für Eure Brüder eine wohlthätige Erleichterung ſein, und Ihr, Walkmüller, begnügt Euch mit dieſer rechtlichen Erhöhung, es iſt auf beiden Seiten ein kleines Opfer, das ich Euch flehe auf dem Altare der Eintracht und Bruderliebe niederzulegen. Glaubt mir, ſpäter werdet Ihr Euch dieſer That mit Stolz und Freude erinnern; ich überlaſſe meinen Vorſchlag Eurer freien Erwägung. Ehe ich ſchließe, beſchwöre ich Euch indeſſen, Freunde und Genoſſen, verbannt allen Haß aus Eurem Herzen und beurtheilt die Sache wie vernünftige Männer. Bedenkt wohl, was Ihr thut; wählt: — Verſöhnung und die Macht, Euer Vaterland und Eure Freiheit zu vertheidigen oder Blutvergießen, Flanderns Fall, den Tod des Handels und der Gewerbfreiheit, Schande und Sklaverei.“

Artevelde's Worte hatten auf die Verſammlung einen tieferen Eindruck gemacht, als er ſelbſt gehofft hatte; es folgten heftige Berathſchlagungen zwiſchen den Dechanten, faſt alle zeigten ſich einer Vermittelung auf dieſe Weiſe geneigt, Geeraert Denys ausgenommen, der ſich in einen heftigen Streit mit den Dechanten der Weberei verwickelte und laut gegen ſie anſchrie, daß ſie feige handelten, wenn ſie ſich durch ſolche ſchöne prahleriſche Redensarten zur Nachgiebigkeit verleiten ließen. Einige ſeiner Genoſſen erhoben ſich gegen ihn und wollten ihn hindern, das Wort zu führen, indem ſie ihm vorwarfen, daß ſeine Halsſtarrigkeit an Allem Schuld ſei. An der anderen Seite der Tafel ſtritt man nicht minder ungeſtüm mit Jan Bake, der ebenfalls von keinem Vertrage etwas wiſſen wollte, jedoch auf den Rath der anderen Dechanten gleich darauf eine beſſere Anſicht zu faſſen ſchien.

Nach einigen Augenblicken riß Geeraert Denys ſich von den Webern los und rief mit ungeduldigem Eifer und wüthenden Mienen:

„O es iſt eine ſchändliche Falle, die man uns hier gelegt hat; die Walker ſollten ſiegen, die Weber erniedrigt werden, das war im Voraus beſchloſſen und abgemacht. Zuerſt erſchreckte man uns, rief unſere Vaterlandsliebe an, ſprach von Geſetz, Recht und Religion, ſuchte uns zu rühren und zu blenden ..... und dann ſagte man zum Schluß: Ergebt Euch, ſchenkt den Walkmüllern zur Belohnung des Hohnes, den ſie Euch ſo lange zugefügt haben, was ſie verlangen, oder wenig minder; beſchmutzt, entehrt Eure Zunft; werdet Feiglinge, unfähig, das Recht zu erhalten und zu rächen. Es iſt möglich, daß Einige durch eine ſchlau berechnete

Rede ſich haben verführen laſſen; aber, und wenn ich auch allein übrig bliebe, um die Würde der Weberei zu vertheidigen, ſo werde ich dieſe Pflicht mit Unerſchrockenheit erfüllen. Was hier vorgeſchlagen wurde, iſt unmöglich. Wir wiſſen, was uns die Meiſter und Geſellen, die dort unten ſtehen, aufgetragen haben. Nichts, nichts dürfen wir zugeben; es würde doch durch die Zunft verworfen werden. Alſo keine Feigheit, Genoſſen! Befleckt Euch nicht dadurch, daß Ihr Euch den thörichten Walkmüllern unterwerft. Komme, was da wolle, die Ehre der Weberei geht über Alles.“

„Alſo Ihr wollt, daß Blut vergoſſen werde?“ fragte Artevelde betrübt.

„Blut! Blut!“ rief Denys mit wildem Tone. „Weicht ein Genter zurück bei dem Anblick von Blut, wenn er ſeine Ehre zu rächen hat? ....“

Er wollte in ſeinen Einwürfen fortfahren; aber jetzt ſprang Jan Bake, der rieſenhafte Dechant der Schmiede, auf und ſprach, faſt wahnſinnig vor Zorn:

„Ha! Ihr glaubt, daß wir das dulden werden? Wenn wir bereit ſind, zu thun, was der Oberhauptmann ſagt, ſo wollt Ihr hier uns ſchimpfen und uns in's Angeſicht ſpeien, daß wir thörichte Leute ſeien? Ihr bietet uns alſo Streit an?“

„Nein, nein!“ riefen die meiſten Dechanten der Weberei; „wir wollen Frieden, Verſöhnung; wir billigen den Vorſchlag.“

„So bringt Euren Oberdechanten zum Schweigen!“ polterte Jan Bake. „Und daß er mit Ehrfurcht von den

Walkmüllern ſpreche, oder Ihr ſollt nicht lange warten, um zu ſehen, mit wem Ihr es zu thun habt.“

Die Mitglieder der Weberzunft bemühten ſich, Geeraert Denys zur Ruhe zu bringen. Dieſer hatte aber den höchſten Punkt der Wuth erreicht durch den Gedanken, daß der Oberhauptmann ſeine eigenen Freunde überzeugt habe und einen ſchönen Sieg davon tragen würde, wenn er dies nicht durch einen entſcheidenden Schlag hinderte.

„Schweigen? ich ſchweigen?“ ſchrie er. „Nein! hofft das nicht! Ich ſpreche hier im Namen der ganzen Weberzunft, deren Ehre ich vertheidige. Eure Drohungen erſchrecken mich nicht. Ich wiederhole es Euch, und wenn auch Einige vor Aerger darüber berſten: unſere Gilde iſt das erſte Glied der Gemeine und kann ſich nicht zu einer abgezwungenen Uebereinkunft mit den Walkmüllern vereinigen. Dieſe Schmach ſoll nie über ſie kommen. Geht hinunter und fragt unſere Geſellen, ob ſie etwas bewilligen wollen. Sie werden, wie aus einem Munde, Euer Verlangen mit Verachtung verwerfen und, gleich mir, rufen: niemals! niemals!“

Artevelde ſtreckte ſeine Hände der Verſammlung entgegen und wollte reden; aber die Dechanten der kleinen Gilden und die Walkmüller ſprangen zugleich auf und drohten Geeraert Denys mit verwirrtem Geſchrei, während Jan Bake auf die Tafel ſchlug, daß ein Stück des Tiſchblattes abbrach und auf die Erde fiel. Dann ſtreckte er Denys beide Fäuſte entgegen und ſchrie ihn an:

„Du forderſt uns heraus, hochmüthiger Weber?

Wohl denn! das Blut falle auf Dein Haupt zurück! Wir wollen ſehen, ob Dein Muth Deinem trotzigen Wahne gleich kommt. Wer mich liebt, folge mir! Zu den Waffen! zu den Waffen!"

Während er dieſe ſchrecklichen Worte ſprach, warf er die Stühle um und eilte nach der Treppe, von allen Dechanten ſeiner Partei begleitet. Bei dem Rufe: „Zu den Waffen!" der eben ſo raſch auf dem Markte wiederhallte, begriffen die Dechanten der Weberei, welche Gefahr ihnen drohe, und eilten ebenfalls aus dem Saale, indem ſie riefen: „Zu den Waffen! zu den Waffen!"

Mit gebeugtem Haupte und ſchweigend die Thränen in ſeinen Augen trocknend, ging Artevelde ſtumm hinunter und betrachtete mit trübem Blicke die Bewegung der Menge.

Die Dechanten konnten noch nicht einmal den Platz erreicht haben, wo ihre Zünfte ſtanden, als auch ſchon ein furchtbares Geheul, gleich einem rollenden Donnerſchlage, aus dem Schooß der Schaaren emporſtieg. „Zu den Waffen! zu den Waffen!" klang es über den Häuſern, wie wenn ein rieſenhafter Wiederhall den blutigen Ruf wiederhole. — Unmittelbar darauf wühlte der Volksſchwarm verwirrt durcheinander; der Freitagsmarkt glich einem überſtrömenden See, und die Menge ſtürzte ſich, wie eben ſo viele Bäche, aus ihm in alle angrenzenden Straßen. Jeder lief in vollſter Eile nach Hauſe, um ſeine Waffen zu holen. Der ſchreckliche Ruf erſtarb in den fernſten Vierteln der Stadt, und gleich darauf war auf der todten Ebene keine lebende Seele mehr ſichtbar, als die ängſtlichen Bürger, die mit zitternder Haſt ihre Waaren hineintrugen und ihre Läden ſchloſſen.

„Gott! was ſoll nun geſchehen?“ ſeufzte der Oberſchöffe, der neben dem Oberhauptmann ſtand und zitternd dieſes trübe Schauſpiel anſah.

„Kommt, kommt!“ ſagte Artevelde, mit raſchen Schritten nach der Lange-Munte zugehend. „Wenn Mher Ghelnoot eine gute Wache zuſammengebracht hat, wollen wir den Freitagsmarkt beſetzen, ehe die Zunftgenoſſen in größerer Zahl bewaffnet herankommen. Kämpfen werden ſie unfehlbar; wenn es aber in den Straßen geſchehen muß, ſo wird es minder blutig ſein. Das Schickſal hat entſchieden; thun wir unſere Pflicht bis zum Schluß!“

„Nein, nein! ich bitte Euch, geht nach Eurer Wohnung, Oberhauptmann!“ ſprach Ser van Vaernewyck flehend. „Ihr wißt, daß viele Leute auf Euch erbittert ſind. Wie leicht könnten Eure Feinde Euch in dieſer Verwirrung treffen und Euch tödten. Euer Leben iſt zu koſtbar. Geſchähe ein ſolches Unglück, ſo wäre Alles verloren. Laßt mich gehen! Ich werde mit Mher van Lens und Mher van Caudenhove die Maßregeln ausführen, die Ihr eben angedeutet habt.“

Statt aller Antwort blickte Artevelde ſeinem Freunde mit einem eigenthümlichen Lächeln in die Augen und ſagte dann zu ihm, als ob er ſeinen Rath nicht verſtanden habe:

„Kommt ſchneller, Oberſchöffe! Jenſeits der Grafenbrücke laufen die Fiſchhändler bereits nach dem Freitagsmarkte. Die Sache verlangt Eile.“

Ende des fünften Bandes.

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XVII.

Auf dem Kornmarkte angelangt, ſahen Ser van Baernewyck und Artevelde von ferne Ghelnoot van Lens von einem verwirrten Hauſen bewaffneter Bürger umringt ſtehen, mit den Füßen ſtampfend und ſich überhaupt wie ein Raſender geberdend. Seine Stimme ſchallte über den ganzen Markt, und er ſchwang wüthend ſein Schwert über dem Kopfe, als wolle er ſeine eigenen Leute niederhauen. Näher kommend, bemerkte Artevelde zu ſeinem großen Schmerze, daß nicht mehr als funfzig Bürger dort verſammelt waren, und daß ſelbſt dieſe, ungeachtet ihrer geringen Anzahl, ſich obendrein im vollen Aufſtande gegen ihren Hauptmann befanden, ihn bedrohten und ihm, wie es ſchien, den Dienſt verweigerten. Sobald ſie jedoch den Oberhauptmann ſahen, ſtellten ſie ſich ſchweigend in Reihe und Glied.

„Ruhig, Freund Ghelnoot!“ ſagte Artevelde. „Was erzürnt Euch denn ſo ſehr?“

„Bei Sanct Lieven!“ rief Mher van Lens; „ich will ihnen lehren, meine Befehle zu verachten und wegzulaufen, wenn ich ihnen gebiete, ſtehen zu bleiben! Habe ich ſie gebeten, mich zu ihrem Hauptmann zu ernennen? Sie haben mich gewählt; — jetzt ſollen ſie mir gehorchen, oder ich haue dem Erſten Beſten den Kopf von den Schultern. Glauben ſie mit Ghelnoot van Lens Spott zu treiben?“

„Ihr habt alſo nur funfzig Männer finden können?“ fragte der Oberhauptmann.

„Funfzig?“ rief Ghelnoot. „Ich hatte hier beinahe vierhundert beiſammen, hundert und funfzig aus dem Sanct Janskirchſpiele und faſt zweihundert aus Sanct Nicolaes. Da kommen plötzlich die Zunftleute mit großem Geſchrei von dem Freitagsmarkte gelaufen und heulen und plärren, es gäbe Kampf. Meine Leute, als ob der Teufel in ſie gefahren wäre, fangen an, auf das Heftigſte zu rufen: Zu den Waffen! zu den Waffen! ich bin Weber! ich bin Walkmüller! ich bin Schmied! und damit laſſen ſie mich ſtehen und laufen weg. Hier dieſe Geſellen muß ich mit Gewalt zuſammenhalten; ſie ſchwören, daß ſie ihrer Zunft helfen wollen; aber es ſoll mir noch ein Einziger den Fuß rühren!“

„Und wo iſt Mher van Caudenhove?“

„Ja, ihm iſt nicht ein Einziger geblieben, und er ſucht Euch auf, um ſich von Euch Raths zu erholen.“

„Laßt ſehen,“ ſagte Artevelde zu den Bürgern, „wer will mir helfen unſere Mitbrüder vor Blutvergießen zu bewahren, wenn es möglich iſt? Die andern können frei gehen, ich gebe ihnen die Erlaubniß.“

Zehn Männer verließen den Haufen und liefen vom Markte fort.

„Wohl,“ ſagte der Oberhauptmann zu den andern, „folgt mir zu dem Sanct Janskirchſpiel, wir wollen uns Beiſtand ſuchen.“

Hierauf wandte er ſich nach der Ecke der Corte Munte und verſchwand mit ſeinen Mannen in der Donkerſtege. — Mittlerweile bot der Freitagsmarkt längſt der Seite der Zuivelſtege ein gräßliches Schauſpiel dar. Viele Zunftgenoſſen hatten ſich hier aufeinander geſtürzt und hieben gegenſeitig ſo raſend ein, daß das Blut ſtromweiſe auf den Boden floß. Die angrenzenden Straßen ſpieen unaufhörlich Hunderte von neuen Kämpfern aus und bald focht man ebenſo wüthend in allen Theilen des Marktes. Ein ſchreckliches Geheul erfüllte die Luft und donnerndes Rachegeſchrei übertönte das Klirren der Waffen und das Rufen der Zünfte. Die Leichen wurden zertreten, die Verwundeten von den Füßen ihrer eigenen Freunde vernichtet, endlich, nachdem einige Augenblicke verfloſſen und faſt alle Zunftgenoſſen herbeigeſtrömt waren, geſtaltete ſich der Kampf zu einem entſetzlichen verwirrten Haufen, in welchem man weder Freund noch Feind erkennen konnte, wenn nicht die wehenden Fahnen der Gilden die Stellung einer jeden angedeutet hätten. Unmöglich war es zu urtheilen, für wen ſich der Sieg entſcheiden würde, denn der Menſchenſchwarm, der hier in ungeheurer Unordnung ſich gegenſeitig mordete, ließ keine andere Bewegung ſpüren, als ein unaufhörliches Wogen wie von einem unermeßlichen Meerbuſen, welcher geht und kommt, ſteigt und ſinkt, ſich wälzt und rollt . . . . .

Die Weber ſchienen jedoch, wenn auch nicht in größerer Zahl, wenigſtens in feſteren und minder verwirrten Schaaren zu kämpfen; ſie gehorchten nur einem einzigen Oberhaupt und fanden in dieſer Uebereinſtimmung eine Macht, welche den anderen Zünften zu fehlen ſchien. Geeraert Denys, ihr Führer, feuerte ſie durch ſein unaufhörliches Rachegeſchrei an und focht ſelbſt mit einem großen Schlachtſchwerte, ihnen ein Vorbild des Muthes und der Unverzagtheit gebend.

Ohne Zweifel würden die Weber ihre vertheilten Feinde unmittelbar vernichtet haben, aber vor ihnen ſtanden die rieſigen Schmiede, Jan Bake und ſeine drei Söhne, welche ſich in ihrem Blute badeten und jeden, der ihnen zu nahe kam, zu Boden ſchlugen. Nachdem er einige Zeit wie ein unbeweglicher Felſen dem Andrange Widerſtand geleiſtet hatte, ſprang Jan Bake vorwärts durch eine Oeffnung, welche ſein Schwert in den Reihen der Feinde gemacht hatte, und trieb die Weber mit Gewalt nach der Seite des Hochhauſes. In ſeinem blinden Eifer vielleicht durch die glückliche Wendung des Streites verführt, drang er ſo weit in die Mitte der Weber ein, daß er plötzlich eingeſchloſſen und von ſeinen Söhnen getrennt wurde. In dieſer gefährlichen Lage ſchwang er ſein Schwert furchtbar in die Runde und ſtand ſehr bald in einem Kreiſe von Leichen und Sterbenden. Die Zahl Derjenigen, die ihn auf allen Seiten mit Wuth angriffen, war jedoch ſo groß, daß er bereits erſchöpft und überall bedrängt unvermeidlich erliegen mußte, wenn ihm keine Hülfe ward. Er fühlte das ſelbſt und wandte das Haupt nach ſeinen Söhnen, dieſe durch einen lauten Nothruf zum Beiſtand auffordernd. — In dieſem Augenblick verſetzte ihm ein Weber einen ſolchen gewaltigen Schwerthieb in den Hals, daß ihm der rechte Arm am Leibe herunterſank; wie ein Strom ſtürzte ſein Blut aus der geöffneten Bruſt und er fiel heulend zu Boden.

Nach Jan Bake's Fall ſtieg ein langer Siegesruf aus den Schaaren der Weber empor; ſie ſtürzten ſich mit ſo unwiderſtehlicher Macht vorwärts, daß Bake's Söhne, ohne verwundet zu ſein, zurückwichen, zu Boden geworfen und von den Webern auf gräßliche Weiſe ermordet wurden. Die kleinen Zünfte, ihrer muthigen Anführer beraubt, zogen ſich nach der Mitte des Marktes zurück, wo die Walkmüller einen andern Theil der Weber faſt vernichtet hatten. Hier ward der Streit mit verdoppelter Wuth fortgeſetzt; die Walkmüller, welche ein Vorgefühl von ihrer Niederlage hatten, entbrannten in einem furchtbaren Zorn, der ſie ſo weit trieb, verwundet und ſterbend aus Mangel an Waffen ihren Feinden mit den Zähnen das Fleiſch von den Beinen zu reißen. Der Markt war bedeckt mit Klumpen geronnenen Blutes, mit zertretenen Leichen, zerriſſenen Fahnen und abgehackten Gliedern, als ob der jüngſte Tag eingebrochen wäre. Das Todesgeſchrei der Verwundeten, der Jubelruf der Sieger, das Klirren der Schwerter, das Heulen der Weiber, dies Alles bildete über dem Markt einen ſo furchtbaren Lärm, daß er alle Viertel der Stadt beherrſchte und die friedlichen Einwohner in ihren Häuſern vor Angſt und Schrecken zitterten .....

In dieſem Augenblicke kam Artevelde mit ungefähr hundert bewaffneten Bürgern aus der Wandelſtege und erſchien auf dem Freitagsmarkte. Er erblaßte bei dem Anblick des Kampfes und ließ ſeine Leute ſtill ſtehen, während er ſprachlos und in äußerſter Verzweiflung dem gräßlichen Morden eine Zeit lang zuſah.

„Umſonſt, umſonſt,“ rief Maes van Vaernewyck, die Hände gen Himmel hebend; „es iſt geſchehen!“ Ghelnoot van Lens ſtemmte die Spitze ſeines Schwertes auf die Erde, ſetzte den Fuß auf die Klinge und brach daſſelbe entzwei, die Stücke verzweifelnd auf den Markt werfend. „Ein Anderer gebiete den Mördern und wilden Raubthieren,“ rief er.

„Aber, Oberhauptmann!“ rief ein Bürger, „ſeid Ihr Willens, uns in dieſes Gefecht zu führen? Was können wir unter dieſen Tauſenden von wüthenden Menſchen ausrichten, als höchſtens vergeblich noch mehr Blut vergießen?“

Artevelde antwortete ihm nur mit einer abwehrenden Bewegung des Kopfes und richtete ſeine Blicke ſuchend auf den Markt, als ob er ſich nach einer Hülfe umſehe. Plötzlich erheiterte ſich ſein Antlitz, wie von einem Strahl von Hoffnung erleuchtet; er wandte ſich zu ſeinen Mannen und ſagte:

„Kommt mit mir, Freunde, der Himmel hat mich erleuchtet, möge es glücken.“

Er ſchritt mit Ser Maes van Vaernewyck und mit der Wache den St. Jakobskirchhof hinauf und klopfte an die Thüre der Pfarrei, wo er augenblicklich eingelaſſen wurde.

Wenige Augenblicke waren verfloſſen, da begann auch ſchon die Thurmglocke wie zu einer Hofmeſſe zu läuten; die Kirchenthür öffnete ſich und zwei Prieſter im feierlichen Gewande traten aus derſelben und wandten eilend ihre Schritte der kämpfenden Menge zu. Der vorderſte Prieſter war jung, auf ſeinem ſchönen und edlen Antlitz zeigten ſich Muth und Kraft; er trug eine ſchwere Handglocke und klingelte ſo eifrig mit derſelben, daß der ſchrille Ton wie ein ſchneidendes Pfeifen das Kampfgeheul vorherrſchend durchbohrte. — Der zweite Prieſter war ein uralter Greis mit ſchneeweißem Haar und gebogenem Rücken; dieſer trug mit ſeinen beiden Händen das Allerheiligſte, das er von dem Altar genommen hatte und wie ein Zeichen des Friedens und der Verſöhnung ſeinen wüthenden Mitbürgern entgegen brachte. Artevelde hatte ihm angeboten, ihn mit ſeinen hundert Mannen zu begleiten, um ihn im Nothfall gegen jedes Ungemach zu beſchützen, aber der Greis hatte die Wache abgelehnt.

Ach, die Aufforderung der Prieſter, die Gemüther zu beruhigen, kam zu ſpät; die Weber hatten die Walkmüller beſiegt und waren jetzt damit beſchäftigt, ihre verzweifelnden, aber unbeugſamen Feinde in die Leiſe zu treiben oder gänzlich zu vernichten. Fünfhundert Leichen lagen zwiſchen mehr als tauſend verwundeten und verſtümmelten Zunftgenoſſen in dem vergoſſenen Blute.

Als der Prieſter ſich dem Platze näherte, wo der Kampf noch in ſeiner ganzen Heftigkeit fortdauerte, zeigte er den Streitern den Leichnam des Herrn und ging ruhig und unerſchrocken unter ſie, indem er ſie bei den bittern Leiden des Heilandes beſchwor, dieſem Morden ein Ende zu machen, und ſie mit Gottes Fluch bedrohte, falls ſie in ihren Miſſethaten fortführen.

Erſchreckt und zitternd ließen die Zunftgenoſſen die Prieſter frei durch und wichen ſeufzend und wie beſchämt mit ihren Waffen auf die Seite oder zogen ſich zurück, um ſich von ihren Feinden zu entfernen. Je weiter die Prieſter vordrangen, deſto mehr ſah man den Streit aufhören und die Handwerker je nach ihrer Partei ſich nach beiden Seiten des Marktes zurückziehen oder ihre verwundeten Freunde unter den Leichen aufſuchen. Einige bedrohten ſich zwar noch mit Geberden und Worten, es wagte aber keiner wieder vorzugehen und ſeine Feinde anzugreifen; ſie gehorchten, als ob die Stimme Gottes ihnen zugerufen habe: Haltet inne oder ſeid verflucht!

Es währte ziemlich lange, ehe die Prieſter den ganzen Markt durchſchritten hatten und das Blinken des letzten Schwertes verſchwunden war.

Sobald der Streit ſichtlich in allen Ecken der Ebene ein Ende genommen hatte, änderte ſich plötzlich das Schauſpiel, um eine vielleicht noch häßlichere Seite zu zeigen. Eine Wolke von armen Frauen, welche aus den angrenzenden Straßen den Kampf mit ihrem Geheul begleitet hatten, verbreiteten ſich nun über den Markt mit jammernden Geberden, riſſen ihre Männer oder Söhne, Leichen oder Verwundete aus dem Blute und ſchrieen mit fliegenden Haaren: Wehe, wehe! über der unermeßlichen Schlachtbank. . . . .

Der Sieg der Weber hatte Geeraert Denys mit einem grenzenloſen Hochmuthe erfüllt. Er war das anerkannte Oberhaupt der ſiegenden Partei und hatte dieſe im Kampfe mit Wort und That angeführt. Jetzt wähnte er, daß ihn Jeder fürchte und bewundere als einen unverzagten und erfahrenen Kriegshelden, daß Niemand mehr wagen würde, ſeinem mächtigen Willen Widerſtand zu leiſten, ja er ſchmeichelte ſich ſogar, daß er jetzt Artevelde nicht mehr um den Ruhm der Tapferkeit und Weisheit zu beneiden brauche, und daß dieſer, die Unmöglichkeit einſehend, mit ihm zu ringen, ſich beeilen würde, ſeine Aemter niederzulegen und das Land zu verlaſſen, um einem noch ſchlimmeren Looſe zu entgehen.

Geeraert Denys täuſchte ſich jedoch, er mußte im Gegentheil ſeinerſeits erfahren, daß der Volksgeiſt ſehr veränderlich iſt und ſich umwendet, noch ehe man ſich deſſen verſieht.

Kaum waren die Schlachtopfer begraben, ſo ſah man die allgemeine Stimme ſich gegen ihn erheben. Da der Haß der Weber ſich in Strömen von Bruderblut abgekühlt hatte, ſo entſank dem Oberdechanten auf dieſer Seite die Stütze, auf welcher ſeine Scheinmacht ruhte. Die meiſten Mitglieder der Weberzunft betrauerten das Gefecht und ſchämten ſich der ſchrecklichen Greuelthat, welche man ſeit dieſer Zeit den böſen Montag nannte. Niemand wollte einen Theil der Verantwortlichkeit auf ſich nehmen und man klagte erſt heimlich und dann öffentlich Denys als die einzige Urſache dieſes unglücklichen Streites an.

So ſah der Oberdechant ſehr bald die Mehrzahl der

Weber ſich mit Abſcheu oder ſchlecht verhehlter Verachtung von ihm abwenden. In ſeiner eigenen Zunft blieb ihm Niemand mehr treu, als eine Anzahl der ärmſten und beſchränkteſten Leute, deren aufgeregte Leidenſchaften auch nach dem Kampfe fortloderten und die den Oberdechanten als Führer betrachteten, weil er ein angeſehener Mann war und ihren Wühlereien Nahrung und Belohnung verſprach.

Die Walkmüller und kleinen Gilden auf der andern Seite dürſteten nach Rache über ihre Erniedrigung, und obwohl ſie jetzt ohnmächtig waren, ſo prophezeiten ſie doch, daß binnen kurzem noch mehr Blut ſtrömen ſolle und Denys früh oder ſpät ſeiner verdienten Strafe nicht entgehen würde. Einige drohten ſogar, ihn zu überfallen und zu tödten, wenn das zweite Gefecht zu lange auf ſich warten laſſe.

Da man jeden Morgen in abgelegenen Gängen und Straßen trotz der ſtrengſten Wache Leichen von ermordeten Webern fand, ſo hatte ſich ein tiefer Schrecken des Oberdechanten bemächtigt und er wagte nicht mehr, des Abends ohne Begleitung auszugehn.

Im Schöffenrathe hatte ebenfalls eine merkwürdige Wendung der Gemüther zu ſeinem Nachtheile ſtattgefunden. Ser Maes van Vaernewyck warf ihm mit den ſtrengſten Worten die Rolle vor, die er in dieſer Angelegenheit geſpielt, und als der Oberdechant trotzig antwortete, ſah er zu ſeinem größten Verdruſſe einen Theil ſeiner Freunde ſich gegen ihn erheben und die Verweiſe gut heißen, die ihm gegeben wurden.

Artevelde hatte dagegen nach dieſem Blutbade der Zünfte plötzlich ſeinen ganzen Muth und ſeinen Stolz wiedergefunden, ohne daß Jemand vermuthen konnte, wodurch ſolche Veränderung entſtanden war. Indem er ſich mehr mit den allgemeinen Angelegenheiten Flanderns und mit dem Kampf gegen die äußern Feinde beſchäftigte, hatte er die Regierung der Stadt Gent auf einige Zeit der Schöffenbank und ſeinen Amtsgenoſſen überlaſſen. Er erſchien jetzt ſehr ſelten im Rathe, ohne Rückhalt als Grund angebend, daß er mit einem Manne, wie Denys, nur dann in Berührung kommen wolle, wenn die höchſten Intereſſen der Gemeinde ihn dazu zwängen. So lange der Oberhauptmann dem Oberdechanten nur Angriffe, die ihn perſönlich angingen, vorzuwerfen hatte, war er leicht darüber weggegangen, jetzt aber, wo Denys' abſcheuliche Leidenſchaften ein ſo entſetzliches Unglück über ſeine Vaterſtadt gebracht, machte Artevelde Niemandem ein Geheimniß daraus, daß er den Oberdechanten als einen ſchlechten und ſchädlichen Menſchen verabſcheue. Geſchah es, daß der Oberhauptmann ſich im Rathe zeigte, um einen Vorſchlag zu unterſtützen oder zu bekämpfen, ſo ſchonte er ſeinen Gegner nicht mehr, wie er früher gethan hatte. Im Gegentheil mit ruhiger Beredſamkeit, aus der jedoch Verachtung und Geringſchätzung leuchteten, drückte er den Oberdechanten zu Boden und machte ihn nicht ſelten vor Scham oder Wuth erröthen.

So ſproß für Geeraert Denys aus dem Gefechte und dem Siege gerade das Gegentheil von dem, das er davon erwartet hatte; die größere Hälfte der Bürger haßte ihn, ſeine vorigen Anhänger begannen ihn zu vermeiden, die Walkmüller warteten drohend auf eine Gelegenheit, um ſich zu rächen, und die Mitglieder der kleinen Gilden zeigten ſich bereit, die Hand zu bieten zu Allem, was ſeinen Fall herbeiführen konnte.

Durch die öffentliche Meinung über ihn plötzlich niedergedrückt, in demſelben Augenblicke, wo er ſich der Alleinherrſchaft zu bemächtigen wähnte, verzehrten Rachſucht und Neid gegen den Oberhauptmann Geeraert Denys' Inneres, und er war zu ſeinen urſprünglichen Plänen, dieſen zu vernichten, zurückgekehrt. So blieb ihm ein Anhang von Leuten, welche nichts mehr verlangten, als Unordnung und Gewaltthätigkeit. Er konnte durch ihre Hülfe noch einen Anſchlag gegen Artevelde wagen und ihn bei einem wohlberechneten Aufſtande ermorden. Dieſer Gedanke zog ihm oft durch die Seele und lächelte ihn an, ſeinen Feind durch einen entſcheidenden Schlag auf immer aus dem Wege zu räumen. Er hielt jedoch dies Mittel nicht für ſicher genug und verhehlte ſich ebenfalls nicht, daß es für ihn äußerſt gefährlich ſei. Wohl kam es ihm mitunter in den Sinn, daß ein bezahlter Dolch ihn bequemer von ſeinem Gegner befreien würde und er nicht offenbar Theil an der Handlung zu nehmen brauche, aber er konnte dies Niemandem vertrauen, als dem Ribaudenkönige, und dieſer hatte ihm bereits mehrere Male ſeinen Abſcheu und Zorn hinſichtlich ſeiner Anſpielungen dieſen Mord betreffend zu erkennen gegeben.

In ſeinem finſteren Haſſe entwarf Denys mehrere Pläne der Rache, deren Ausführung er nur aus Mangel an einem willfährigen Werkzeuge für eine günſtigere Gelegenheit aufſchob.

Es trafen noch mehrere andere Umſtände zuſammen, um ſeine Furcht vor Artevelde's ſteigendem Einfluß und demgemäß auch ſeinen Haß zu vermehren. Der Herzog von Brabant hatte auf Frankreichs Rath den Vlämingern gedroht, das niederdeutſche Bündniß zu brechen, wenn ſie nicht mit ihrem Fürſten Ludwig von Nevers in Unterhandlung träten, um ihn in den vollen Genuß ſeiner Herrſchaft einzuſetzen; er hatte ferner ſeinen Fürſten, den Grafen von Flandern, an ſeinem Hofe empfangen und die vlämiſchen Städte aufgefordert, zu einer feſtgeſetzten Tagefahrt bevollmächtigte Geſandte nach Brüſſel zu ſchicken. Artevelde hatte ſich über dieſen Aufruhr erfreut gezeigt und den Städten angerathen, dem Geſuche des Herzogs zu willfahren. Obendrein hatte er den Geſandten den Auftrag gegeben, ſich hinſichtlich geringerer Punkte nachgiebig zu zeigen, ſobald Fürſt Ludwig ſeine Feindſchaft gegen England fahren laſſe, um die Bundesgenoſſenſchaft anzunehmen, auf welcher Flanderns Unabhängigkeit und Wohlfahrt beruhten.

Denys glaubte bei ſeinem Mistrauen über Artevelde's Abſichten in dieſer Nachgiebigkeit eine Liſt zu entdecken; er meinte nämlich, daß der Oberhauptmann Willens ſei, den Grafen zurückkehren zu laſſen und ſich der Hülfe des Fürſten zu bedienen, um über ſeine Gegner den entſcheidenden Sieg davon zu tragen. Von einer anderen Seite her hatte er vernommen, daß Artevelde in der größten Eile ein Schiff nach England geſandt habe, um dem König Eduard gewiſſe geheime Berichte zu überbringen. Er ſchloß daraus, daß der Oberhauptmann in derſelben Abſicht an den engliſchen Fürſten ſich wenden würde, falls die Unterhandlungen mit dem Grafen mißglückten.

Welchen Ausgang dieſe Beſtrebungen auch nehmen mochten, Denys ſah in ihnen ſeinen Fall und die Erhebung ſeines Feindes. Dieſes Vorgefühl quälte ihn ſchrecklich und ließ ihn weder Tag noch Nacht Ruhe finden. Obendrein nahm der Haß der Bürger gegen ihn täglich einen entſchiedenern Ausdruck an, und man begann ſchon öffentlich in der Stadt davon zu reden, daß man ihm die Regierung von Gent nehmen müſſe. Es hatte ihm ſogar Jemand im Vertrauen geſagt, daß Ser Maes van Vaernewyck nächſter Tage im Schöſſenrathe auf ſeine Abſetzung antragen würde; ob dies auf Wahrheit beruhte oder nicht, ihm galt es gleich; es trieb ſeine Wuth auf das Aeußerſte, und mit fieberhafter Ungeduld ſah er ſich nach Mitteln um, den drohenden Schlag abzuwenden und ſich auf eine entſcheidende Weiſe an ſeinem ſiegreichen Feinde zu rächen.

Sein Sohn Lieven dagegen hatte gewiß den Kampf zwiſchen den Zünften beklagt und heimlich Thränen über das Betragen ſeines Vaters vergoſſen. Da jedoch der Jüngling nach ſolchen unſäglichen Leiden einem glücklicheren Looſe entgegen ſah und ſich binnen kurzem mit ſeiner theuern Beerle vermählen ſollte, ſo trug er einen Schatz von Hoffnungen in ſeiner Bruſt. Die Welt war ihm wieder ſchön und poetiſch geworden, und wenn ſie ihn auch mitunter zwang, einen Blick auf ihre düſtere, abſtoßende Seite zu werfen, ſo hatte doch ſeine Phantaſie jetzt Kraft genug, um auf der Stelle heitere Erſcheinungen vor ſeinen Augen heraufzuzaubern.

Eines Abends war Lieven ſchon ziemlich ſpät aus Artevelde's Wohnung zurückgekehrt, außer ſich vor Freude, weil der Arzt geſagt hatte, Beerle ſei nun ſtark genug, um kurze Spaziergänge in der warmen Lenzſonne zu verſuchen. — Er wollte ſich Anfangs zu Bette legen, fühlte jedoch nicht die mindeſte Luſt zu ſchlafen, weil allerlei zauberhafte Glücksbilder vor ihm aufſtiegen. Demzufolge öffnete er das Fenſter ſeines Gemachs, welches ſich dicht über der Hausthür befand, und athmete mit langen Zügen die friſche Nachtluft ein. Draußen war es ſehr dunkel, dichte Wolken bedeckten ganz den Himmel und feiner, faſt unfühlbarer Regen fiel auf die Erde.

Vor dem Auge des Jünglings erhob ſich die Sanct Janskirche mit ihren ſtattlichen Thürmen wie ein ſchwarzer Klumpen, der ſich allein durch ſeine undurchdringliche Dunkelheit von der Luft ablöſte. Vor ihm und unter ſeinen Augen lag der Kirchhof, wo ſeine ſelige Mutter ruhte. Alles in der Natur war ſtill und ſchweigend, ausgenommen die Eulen, welche in den Thürmen krächzten, und die Hunde, die in den Straßen mitunter ein furchtbares Gebell erhoben.

Trotz der grauenvollen Dunkelheit klopfte das Herz des Jünglings von Liebe und Hoffnung. Er überdachte zum hundertſten Male die verlockenden Pläne, die er täglich mit ſeiner geliebten Beerle entwarf, wie ſie in tiefem Frieden ſich ihrer Häuslichkeit erfreuen und in grenzenloſer Neigung zu einander den Schmerzenskelch vergeſſen wollten, den ſie beide ſo viele Jahre hatten leeren müſſen. Dieſe Pläne liefen immer auf das hinaus, was Artevelde in ſeinem Kerker ihnen mit ſo viel Eifer geſchildert hatte: ſie ſollten die Stadt verlaſſen, auf einem abgelegenen Dorfe ein einſames Haus bewohnen, Blumen ziehen, in den Wäldern luſtwandeln und ferne von dem vergiftenden Pfuhl der menſchlichen Leidenſchaften leben, um auf Erden einen ſtillen Himmel in ſüßer Liebe und verborgener Tugend zu finden.

Noch mehr in der Ferne ſah Lieven eine Frau ihren Säugling an das Herz drücken und mit glänzenden Augen ſich in ſeinem zarten Antlitze baden; es ſchien ihm, als wenn das Kind, obwohl noch ſo jung, ihm bereits ähnlich ſähe, und als ob die Frau es deshalb mit ſo großer Liebe betrachtete. Ein heiteres Lächeln überſtrahlte ſein Antlitz und er zitterte vor Glück, bis ſein Auge in der Dunkelheit die Stelle traf, wo der Grabſtein ſeiner ſeligen Mutter lag. Etwas fehlte ſeinem bezaubernden Traume; er verfiel nun auf eine Weile in trübes Sinnen und Thränen quollen aus ſeinen Augen. Sein beweglicher Geiſt wandte ſich indeß auch von dieſem Schmerzensbilde bald wieder ab, um von Neuem ſich das gelobte Leben als ein lachendes Gemälde vor die Sinne zu zaubern.

So von wechſelnden Rührungen ergriffen blieb der Jüngling lange im Fenſter liegen. — Plötzlich ward er aus ſeinen Träumen geweckt durch das faſt unhörbare Geräuſch von Menſchenſchritten in der Straße. Er bemerkte zwei ſchwache Schatten, welche ſchleichend oder ſehr langſam gehend ſich ſeiner Wohnung näherten und dort einander etwas in die Ohren raunend ſtehen blieben.

Es war Lieven nicht möglich, die Geſtalten dieſer beiden Nachtwandler zu unterſcheiden, aber er hörte gleich darauf, daß die eine dieſer Stimmen etwas lauter wurde. Mit geſpannter Aufmerkſamkeit horchend, verſtand Lieven nun, wie der Eine zum Andern ſagte:

„Seid ruhig, mein Dolch ſoll nicht lügen, um ein Uhr an St. Baefs Leije.“

Als er dieſe Worte vernahm, die ihm ſchon wieder einen Mord anzukündigen ſchienen, überlief den Jüngling ein Schauer der Betrübniß und des Unwillens. Das Glasfenſter, durch eine Bewegung ſeines Ellenbogens getroffen, drehte ſich in ſeinen Angeln und die Scheiben klirrten hörbar im Blei, die beiden Menſchenſchatten verſchwanden eilig hinter dem Giebel der Kirche.

Ein Gefühl der Trauer hatte Lieven's goldenen Traum verſcheucht und die Böſes verheißende Erſcheinung übte lange ihren Eindruck auf ihn; ein Mord war allerdings ſeit einiger Zeit in Gent kein ſo ſeltener Vorfall, daß man ſo ſehr darüber erſchrecken konnte, aber dieſe mitten in der Nacht von Unbekannten gemachte Verkündigung mußte Lieven tief erſchüttern. Er verließ das Fenſter, wandelte noch einige Male in ſeinem Zimmer auf und ab und ging dann hinunter, wo noch Licht brannte, um ſeines Vaters Heimkehr zu erwarten.

Er hatte kaum einige Augenblicke neben dem Kamine Platz genommen, als die Thür ſich öffnete und der Oberdechant in das Gemach trat, wo Lieven ſich befand.

Geeraert Denys lächelte bei ſeinem Eintritt und ſchien ſehr heiter; ſeit langer Zeit hatten ſeine Blicke nicht ſolche Zufriedenheit verrathen, man hätte ſagen können, daß ihm ein großes Glück widerfahren ſein müſſe.

„Noch nicht zu Bett, Lieven?“ fragte er. „Das Träumen von Deiner Heirath hindert Dich zu ſchlafen; wann wird die Trauung ſein?

Der Jüngling erſtaunte über die Aufgeräumtheit ſeines Vaters. Es freute ihn, die Verzweiflung und den Zorn aus deſſen Antlitz verſchwunden zu ſehn; er antwortete ganz vergnügt:

„O, Vater! Jungfrau Beerle iſt beinahe geneſen; ſie kann ſchon morgen ausgehn, wenn die Sonne ſcheint; ich ſoll ſie ſpazieren führen, die Hochzeitsfeierlichkeit wird ſie gewiß ſehr ergreifen, darum darf man jetzt noch nicht daran denken. Da nun Eure freundliche Einwilligung uns vor jedem neuen Hinderniß ſchützt, ſo ſind wir glücklich genug in dieſer Sicherheit, um mit Dankbarkeit gegen Gott und unſere Eltern den erſehnten Augenblick zu erwarten.“

Geeraert Denys ſetzte ſich und ſagte mit ſonderbarem Lächeln:

„Du wirſt doch eilen müſſen, Lieven; denn ich fürchte, daß ſich ſonſt Dinge ereignen könnten, welche die Ausführung Eurer ſchönen Pläne für lange Zeit unmöglich machen würden.“

München

„Du erſchreckſt mich, was willſt Du damit ſagen, Vater?"

„Ich will ſagen, daß mir Artevelde Gefahr läuft, ſeinen Kopf zu verſpielen."

„Schon wieder," rief Lieven. „Hat das noch kein Ende?"

„Ein Ende," murmelte Denys ſcherzend, „ein Ende ſoll es bekommen, aber vielleicht nicht das Ende, was Du wünſcheſt oder vorausſiehſt."

„Das ich wünſche, ach! ich wünſche nichts, als Friede und Freundſchaft."

„Frieden mit ſolchem Tyrannen, der kaum einen Schein von Einfluß wieder bekommen hat, als er auch ſchon wie Herr und Meiſter über Flandern verfügt und das Land ſeiner Herrſchſucht opfert, um unſern Fürſten zu hindern, wieder in ſeine Grafſchaft zurückzukehren; verlangt er doch von ihm eine ganze Reihe erniedrigender Zugeſtändniſſe und verhöhnt ihn durch ſeinen unbeugſamen Trotz. Es giebt doch kein Mittel, um Flandern von einer gänzlichen Auflöſung zu retten, als die Rückkehr des Fürſten."

Auf Lievens Antlitz zeigte ſich eine peinliche Ungeduld.

„Aber, Vater!" ſprach er, „ich begreife Dich nicht. Vor wenigen Tagen warſt Du wüthend auf den Oberhauptmann, weil er, wie Du ſagteſt, den Fürſten wieder in ſeine Herrſchaft einſetzen wollte, und Du fügteſt hinzu, daß Du die Rückkehr des Grafen als den Todesſtreich für unſere Freiheiten anſähſt."

„Seine Rückkehr auf erniedrigende Bedingungen, ja.

Die ſehe ich allerdings als die Aufgabe unſerer Freiheiten und die Annahme einer ſchändlichen Sklaverei an; aber wenn der Fürſt ſich nachgiebig zeigt und uns unſere Freiheiten ſichert, warum ſollten wir denn länger in beſtändigem Aufruhr leben?“

„Alſo würdeſt Du annehmen, was der Oberhauptmann verwirft?“

„Das ſag' ich nicht.“

„Du würdeſt das Bündniß mit England brechen und zum Vortheile Frankreichs gegen König Eduard ſtreiten? In eine neue Knechtſchaft und in die Vernichtung unſerer Induſtrie einwilligen, die Hungersnoth über Flandern hereinrufen?“

„Durchaus nicht.“

„Das iſt ja eben das, was Artevelde ebenfalls verwirft. Du ſtimmſt mit ihm in der Sache ganz überein; ich begreife wirklich nicht, Vater, wie Du ſo zornig gegen ihn ausfallen kannſt, während er Deine eigenen Gedanken vertheidigt und ausführt.“

Schaam und Aerger entſtellten Denys bei dieſem unwiderleglichen Einwurf ſeines Sohnes; da er jedoch in dieſem Geſpräche einen Zweck erreichen wollte, ſo bezwang er ſich und ſagte mit erheuchelter Kälte:

„Ich will nicht behaupten, Lieven, daß ich die Bedingungen, welche der Oberhauptmann verwirft, annehmen würde. Als ich Dir ſagte, daß ſich Artevelde ein ſchlimmes Ende bereite, wollte ich Dich blos auf die Geſinnung aufmerkſam machen, welche im Volke vorherrſcht. Es möge ſein, wie es wolle, Eins iſt gewiß, die Bürger ſchaft iſt ſehr aufgebracht über die Unbeugſamkeit des Oberhauptmanns, und ſchreit, daß ſie ihren Fürſten rächen wolle wegen des Hohnes, den ihm dieſer hochmüthige Tyrann angethan. Glaube mir, Artevelde's Leben iſt in Gefahr, und da ſeine Macht nicht zuläßt, daß man ihn öffentlich bekämpfe, ſo würde es mich nicht wundern, wenn ein geheimer Schlag ihn unerwartet zu Boden ſtreckte."

„Nein, nein Vater!" rief Lieven betrübt, „ſage mir nicht dergleichen. Der Oberhauptmann iſt ſo lange geläſtert und verfolgt worden, zu einer ſo entſetzlichen Miſſethat werden ſeine Feinde ihre Zuflucht nicht nehmen, jetzt, da ihr Haß ſich zu vermindern ſcheint."

Geeraert Denys warf einen forſchenden Blick auf ſeinen Sohn und ſagte:

„Du glaubſt es nicht? Man ſagt, daß ſich heute eine Anzahl Leliaerds aus Dendermonde heimlich in die Stadt geſchlichen haben und daß ſie gekommen ſeien, um Artevelde zu überfallen und zu tödten. Der Graf ſoll Demjenigen eine anſehnliche Belohnung verſprochen haben, der ihn von dem Tyrannen befreit. Was würdeſt Du nun ſagen, wenn Du morgen erführſt, daß Artevelde hier oder dort ermordet gefunden worden ſei?"

Der Jüngling zitterte, als er dieſe ſchreckliche Mittheilung vernahm, während ſein Vater die Augen unbeweglich auf ihn gerichtet hielt.

„Iſt das wahr, was Du da ſagſt?" rief Lieven.

„Ich weiß es nicht, es iſt eine Neuigkeit, die ich ſo eben von einem Bürger gehört habe, und es kam mir unterwegs in der Dunkelheit wirklich vor, als ob ich Männer mit ſchleichendem Gange und heimlichen Abſichten bemerkte. Nicht weit von hier, hinter dem Giebel der Kirche, ſtanden zwei in einer Ecke, gewiß es waren Diebe, Mörder oder Frauenräuber."

„Du haſt ſie auch geſehen?" fragte Lieven verwundert.

„Ich verſtehe Dich nicht," antwortete Denys. „Haſt Du ſie denn geſehen?"

„Ach ja!" ſagte der Jüngling aufſtehend und ſeine Kappe nehmend, als wolle er ſich anſchicken, das Haus zu verlaſſen. „Ich ſah in meinem Schlafzimmer aus dem Fenſter, als dieſe beiden Böſewichter vor der Thüre ſtehen blieben und davon ſprachen, Jemanden um ein Uhr bei St. Baefs-Leije mit einem Dolche niederzuſtoßen; es iſt ſchrecklich, Gent gleicht einer Mörderhöhle, Haß und Neid haben das Blut der Bürger vergiftet."

„Du hätteſt beſſer horchen ſollen, Lieven; vielleicht hätteſt Du die Stimmen der Mörder erkennen oder mindeſtens vernehmen können, gegen wen ihr Anſchlag gerichtet war."

„Sie ſprachen zu leiſe, Vater."

„Wo willſt Du denn hin?" fragte Denys, als er ſah, daß Lieven ſeine Kappe aufſetzte.

„Das kannſt Du wohl rathen," antwortete der Jüngling; „ich laufe zu dem Oberhauptmann, um ihm Kunde zu geben von dem, was Du mir geſagt haſt."

„Und Du glaubſt, daß er es nicht ſo gut wiſſe, wie wir?"

„Das iſt möglich, aber ich könnte nicht ruhen, hätte ich ihn nicht gewarnt. Ich laufe raſch und komme wieder, ehe Du zu Bette biſt, Vater!“

Denys ſtand auf und ging nach der Vorderthür, welche er zuſchloß und den Schlüſſel in die Taſche ſteckte, worauf er zu Lieven, der ihm gefolgt war, mit ſcheinbar gleichgültigem Tone ſagte:

„Nein, nein Lieven, Du ſollſt jetzt nicht mehr ausgehn, es wird viel zu ſpät und es iſt gefährlich auf der Straße, darum weiß ich nicht, weshalb Du Dich nutzlos preisgeben willſt; das darf ich nicht dulden.“

Der Jüngling bat ihn, die Thür zu öffnen, aber ſein Vater blieb unerbittlich und ſagte endlich:

„Ich glaube, Du biſt wahnſinnig, Lieven; von zwei Dingen eins, entweder der Oberhauptmann iſt zu Hauſe und dann hat er nichts zu fürchten, oder er iſt nicht zu Hauſe und dann kannſt Du ihm Nichts melden. Du ſiehſt, daß morgen früh noch Zeit genug iſt, Deine Botſchaft auszurichten. Wie Du es auch betrachteſt, ich gehe zu Bette und Du ebenfalls. Hoffe nicht, daß ich thöricht genug ſein werde, Dich herauszulaſſen.“

Lieven ſah wohl, daß ſein Vater unbeugſam bleiben würde, um ſo mehr, als ſeine Gründe haltbar ſchienen. Er ſagte daher unterwürfig:

„Du haſt ſehr recht, Vater; ich werde morgen ſehr früh ausgehen und den Oberhauptmann warnen.“

Der Oberdechant ſteckte zwei kleine Kerzen an, gab Lieven eine davon und ging vor ihm die Treppe hinauf. Im erſten Stockwerk wünſchten ſie einander gute Nacht. Der Vater begab ſich in einen Gang, welcher nach dem hinterſten Theil des Hauſes führte, während Lieven die Thür ſeines Schlafgemaches öffnete und hineintrat. Lieven ſetzte ſein Licht auf den Tiſch und warf ſich, von einer quälenden Ahnung geplagt, auf einen Stuhl. Er wußte nicht, warum ihm in der Einſamkeit ſein Herz ſo heftig klopfte, und bemühte ſich mit Gewalt, die Schreckbilder, die ihn verfolgten, zu verſcheuchen. Er überdachte ſeines Vaters Worte und die Erſcheinung der beiden Mörder, und wie ſehr er ſich auch bemühte, dieſe beiden Dinge von einander zu trennen, ſeine Phantaſie brachte ſie immer wieder zuſammen. Es ſchien dem zitternden Jüngling, daß er an St. Baefs Leije Artevelde's Leiche liegen ſehe, in ihrem Blute ſchwimmend und noch im letzten Todeskampfe röchelnd ...... Als er ſich eine Zeit lang bewußtlos dieſem ſchrecklichen Geſichte hingegeben, ſuchte er ſich zu überzeugen, daß er ſich vergeblich quäle, da der Oberhauptmann keinen Grund haben könne, in der Nacht auf ſolchen abgelegenen und einſamen Wegen zu gehen. Plötzlich aber ging ihm ein ſchreckliches Licht auf und er ſtieß einen Schrei der Verzweiflung aus.

Der Abt von Sanct Baefs, des Oberhauptmanns Freund, lag täglich krank; Artevelde hatte ihn ſchon zweimal am Tage beſucht, weil er unaufhörlich nach ihm gerufen und ſeine Anweſenheit verlangt hatte. Wenn der Kranke nun einen neuen Anfall bekommen und Jemand abgeſandt worden wäre, um den Oberhauptmann zu holen, oder wenn die Mörder ihn durch einen falſchen Boten hätten rufen laſſen?

Während dieſe Gedanken ihm durch den Kopf fuhren, befeſtigte er raſch einen großen Dolch an ſeinem Gürtel, nahm einen Strick, der in ſeiner Kammer an einem Nagel hing, und knüpfte das eine Ende desſelben an den ſteinernen Fenſterpfoſten. Dann öffnete er mit Vorſicht das Fenſter, ließ ſich an dem Stricke langſam auf die Straße gleiten und lief nun an der St. Janskirche vorbei nach dem Calanderberge.

Er klopfte heftig an Artevelde's Haus an und fragte den ihm öffnenden Diener:

„Iſt der Oberhauptmann zu Hauſe?"

„Nein, er iſt eben mit Mher Ghelnoot van Lens ausgegangen."

„Gott, Gott!" rief Lieven, „und wohin iſt er gegangen?"

„Man hat ihn zu dem Abt von St. Baefs gerufen, der im Sterben liegt."

„Und welchen Weg hat er eingeſchlagen?"

„Ich glaube, daß er in die Kruisſtraße einbog."

Ohne dem Diener noch irgend etwas zu ſagen oder ihn zu befragen, eilte Lieven fort und nahm ebenfalls den Weg durch die Kruisſtraße.

Es freute ihn anfangs, zu wiſſen, daß Ghelnoot van Lens den Oberhauptmann begleitete. Ebenſo raſch erwog er jedoch, daß ein Meuchelmörder den Oberhauptmann gleich bequem unter ſeinen Freunden wie allein treffen könne. Vielleicht waren die Böſewichter zahlreich. Wie konnten in ſolchem Falle zwei Männer in dunkler Nacht die Dolchſtöße ihrer unſichtbaren Feinde abwehren? — Dieſe Gedanken trieben ihn an, ſeinen Lauf noch zu beſchleunigen. Er hoffte, Mher Artevelde einholen und vor der Gefahr, die ihn bedrohte, warnen zu können, oder, wenn er ſich ſchon am unglücklichen Orte befand, ihm beizuſtehen.

Das einzige Stadtthor, durch welches Artevelde ohne großen Umweg ſich nach St. Baeſsſtede begeben konnte, war der rothe Thurm. Dort draußen lag eine breite Bahn, an deren rechter Seite die Leije nach der Schelde zu ſtrömte, während längs der anderen Seite ſich eine hohe Mauer erhob. Hinter dieſer Mauer dehnten ſich einſame Weiden in die Ferne. Am anderen Ufer des Fluſſes, nach dem Waſſer zu, erhoben ſich einige Wohnungen. Außer dieſen konnte man auf tauſend Schritte in der Runde kein einziges Haus mehr finden.

Lieven wunderte ſich nicht, daß die Mörder ſich dieſen abgelegenen Ort für ihren Plan ausgeſucht hatten. Um eine heimliche Miſſethat auszuführen, konnte man rings um die ganze Stadt keinen günſtigeren Platz finden, wo während der Nacht eine ungeſtörte Stille herrſchte und Alles in den Todesſchlaf der Einſamkeit und Dunkelheit verſenkt ſchien.

Sobald der Jüngling ſich außerhalb des rothen Thurmes befand, blieb er ſtehen und bückte ſich tief, um längs dem Boden hinzuſehen, ob er Niemanden auf der Bahn nach St. Baeſsſtede zu höre oder bemerke. Nach dieſer Unterſuchung, während welcher er weder ein Geräuſch noch eine Bewegung merkte, war er überzeugt, daß er Artevelde vorausgeeilt ſei und nichts Beſſeres thun könne, als ihn einige Zeit zu erwarten, da man auf keinen Fall

St. Baefsſtede erreichen konnte, ohne über dieſen Platz zu gehen. Wenn die beſtimmte Stunde verfloſſen war, konnte er ſich nach Sanct Baefs-Abtei begeben, um ſich zu erkundigen, ob der Oberhauptmann wirklich gekommen ſei.

Mittlerweile ſtand einige hundert Schritte weiter hinter einem Vorſprung der Mauer eine dunkle Geſtalt, in deren Händen ein Dolch blinkte und welche mit vorgeſtrecktem Kopfe die Dunkelheit zu durchbohren ſuchte, indem ſie den Weg nach dem rothen Thurme ſpähend überſchaute. Mit dumpfer Stimme murmelte dieſe geheimnißvolle Figur:

„Na! wird er nun kommen? Es fängt mir an langweilig zu werden. Ich gucke mir faſt die Glotzaugen entzwei ..... Der Wein giebt Geduld; noch einen Zug!"

Er ſetzte eine Korbflaſche an den Mund und murmelte dann von Neuem:

„Es wird Zeit, daß er erſcheint, oder ich ſchlafe ein. Noch einen Mund voll, und dann iſt's wieder alle! Mein Mantel iſt glücklicher, als ich. Er trinkt mehr, als mir behagt. Der Regen thut, als fiel er Einem recht ſüß und freundlich auf den Leib; aber am Ende dringt er doch durch und macht Einen klappern vor Kälte ..... Es iſt unmöglich, etwas in der dichten Dunkelheit zu ſehen. Es iſt, als ob der Teufel mir ſelbſt eine Mauer vor die Augen ſchöbe. Wenn ich nur keinen dummen Streich mache und den Knecht ſtatt des Herrn treffe. Vielleicht kommt er allein; er iſt keck genug dazu ....."

Plötzlich erſtarb ihm das Wort im Munde; er bog ſich vorwärts und ſchlich wie ein kriechender Fuchs längs der Mauer hin, zu ſich ſelbſt ſagend:

„Dort iſt er! Allein! Ich täuſche mich nicht!“

Einige Schritte von dort näherte ſich allerdings ein einſamer Wanderer; aber dieſer merkte den Schatten, der längs der Mauer hinglitt, und hielt ſich zur Vertheidigung bereit. Plötzlich warf ſich der Mörder mit gezücktem Dolche auf den Kommenden; dieſer aber, Solches erwartend, ſprang zur Seite und ſtieß ſeine Waffe bis an den Griff dem unbekannten Feinde in die Seite. Mit einem entſetzlichen Schrei ſtürzte der Letztere zu Boden, während er mit der Hand kräftig die Wunde drückte, um das hervorſtrömende Blut zurückzuhalten.

„Wehe mir! Schändlicher Mörder! Ich ſterbe! … Das Blut entfließt mir, wie der Wein einem geborſtenen Faſſe! Muß das meine Belohnung ſein?“

„Seid Ihr es, Muggelyn?“ ſeufzte Lieven erſchreckt. „Belohnung? Himmel! Was thatet Ihr hier?“

„Ach!“ murrte der Ribaudenkönig, während er vor Schmerz zuckte. „Ich kam, um das Leben des Oberhauptmanns zu vertheidigen, und glaubte in Euch einen ſeiner Mörder zu ſehen. Ihr habt mich unrechtmäßig getödtet.“

„Gott, Gott!“ rief der Jüngling verzweifelt. „Es iſt vielleicht noch möglich, Euch zu retten. Laßt ſehen! Ich werde Eure Wunde verſtopfen und Euch nach der Abtei tragen.“

Bei dieſen Worten öffnete Lieven raſch die Kleider des Ribaudenkönigs und ſuchte mit einem leinenen Taſchentuche das Blut zu hemmen. Muggelyn fühlte jedoch ſehr bald an der Ohnmacht, die ihn überfiel, daß er keine Rettung mehr zu hoffen habe. Nun brach er plötzlich in eine finſtere Wuth aus und ſchrie mit einer ſolchen Kraft, daß es durch die Dunkelheit hallte:

„Verdammniß! Gott hat es gewollt! Ihr, Lieven Denys! Ihr mußtet der ſein, der mich ermorden ſollte!“

Er griff darauf mit der Hand in die Taſche, zog ſie wieder heraus, warf dem Jünglinge einige Goldſtücke in's Geſicht, und fuhr fort:

„Möge dieſes Gold Euch die Stirn verſengen! Euer Vater! Euer Vater, Geeraert Denys, gab es mir, um dem Oberhauptmann hier aufzulauern und ihn zu tödten.“

„Schweigt, o Freund! Schweigt!“ bat Lieven zitternd. „Man möchte Euch hören!“

„O, wäre die ganze Welt hier, um zu vernehmen, welcher Böſewicht Euch gezeugt hat!“ rief der Ribaudenkönig mit noch größerer Kraft. „Ihr wenigſtens ſollt es wiſſen. Euer Vater iſt kein Menſch, er iſt ein Teufel! Seit ſechs Jahren iſt jeder Gedanke in ſeinem Kopfe eine Miſſethat ..... jedes Wort in ſeinem Munde ein Dolchſtoß gegen Alles, was edel und groß iſt! Keine Verleumdung wird in Gent ausgebrütet, kein Haß entflammt dort, kein Blut wird dort vergoſſen, Euer ſchändlicher Vater iſt allein Schuld daran. Er iſt ein böſer Geiſt, der aus dem Abgrunde kam, um Gent und Flandern zu verderben. O, Geeraert Denys! Durch Dich verdammt! Durch Deinen Sohn ermordet! Ein würdiges Ende!“

Lieven legte dem raſenden Muggelyn die Hand auf den Mund und wollte ihn hindern, mit den lauten Beſchuldigungen gegen ſeinen Vater fortzufahren. Er bat und flehte ihn an, ſich zu beruhigen, und ſuchte ihm Hoffnung auf Rettung einzuſprechen. Aber der Ribaudenkönig zog den Kopf weg und rief, mit Lieven ringend:

„Er hat Jahre lang Jungfrau Beerle verleumden laſſen und mich bezahlt, um ſie als eine Buhle Myer Ghelnoot's van Lens auszuſchreien; — er hat mich bezahlt, um ſie zu rauben, zu entehren und zu ermorden! Ich habe ſie mit Ehrfurcht behandelt und nicht getödtet! Ich war ein Engel von Güte neben Eurem ſchnöden Vater, der den Lucifer ſelber beſchämen würde! Er hat mich bezahlt, bezahlt, um Artevelde zu erdolchen! Er hat funfzig Andere bezahlt, um den Oberhauptmann und ſeine Freunde bei der erſten Gelegenheit zu überfallen und zu ermorden ...... Das iſt Geeraert Denys! — Euer Dolch würde beſſer in ſeiner Bruſt ſtecken, als in der meinen. Gott möge ihn verfluchen! ..... Bringt ihm von meinem Blute! Spritzt es ihm in's Antlitz, damit es ihm auf ſeiner hölliſchen Seele brenne! Vergiftet ihn, damit er berſte, ehe er ..... Ach! ach! Ich fühle, daß ich ſterbe! — Mich packt der letzte Krampf. Ich verzeihe Euch, Lieven! Ihr habt keine Schuld an meinem Tode. — Seht neben mir .... eine Flaſche .... Sie wird meinen Schmerz lindern. Ach! raſch!“

Beſtürzt und wie von Sinnen begriff der Jüngling kaum, was der Sterbende zu ihm ſagte. Sein Vater ein ſolcher Böſewicht! Dieſer Gedanke zerſchmetterte ihn dermaßen, daß er wie verſteinert neben Muggelyn kniete und ihn wie bewußtlos anhörte.

Mit ſchwacher Stimme ſeufzte der Ribaudenkönig: „Wein! Wein!“

Lieven gab ihm die Flaſche in die Hand; doch ehe Muggelyn ſie an den Mund führen konnte, begann ſeine Kehle heftig zu röcheln; ein Zittern durchlief ſeinen Körper; ſein Arm ſank mit der Flaſche machtlos nieder; ſeine Glieder ſtreckten ſich aus: — es blieb nichts von ihm mehr übrig, als eine ſeelenloſe Leiche.

Einige Augenblicke noch rüttelte der Jüngling an dem Körper, ehe er ſich gänzlich von dem Tode des Ribaudenkönigs überzeugt hatte. Die ſchrecklichen Mittheilungen deſſelben hatten ihn ſo erſchüttert, daß eine Fluth von verzweifelten Gedanken ihm durch den Kopf ſtrömte und ihm alles Bewußtſein raubte. Mit dem Ausdrucke des Entſetzens ſtarrte er die Geldſtücke an, welche als kleine Lichtfunken im Graſe glänzten. Dies Geld, der Blutpreis von Artevelde's Leben, war von ſeinem Vater dem Mörder als Lohn eingehändigt. Sein Vater war es, der die giftigen Verleumdungen gegen Beerle ausgeſtreut hatte. Er hatte Muggelyn bezahlt, um die Braut ſeines Sohnes zu ermorden! zu entehren! Alles in ihm war alſo Bosheit, Falſchheit, Blutgier und Luſt am Böſen. O, dieſe vernichtende Ueberzeugung erfüllte den unglücklichen Lieven mit noch größeren Schmerzen, als die waren, welche Muggelyn's Todeskampf begleitet hatten. Auch er zitterte und rang die Arme in äußerſter Verzweiflung;

auch er fühlte ſein Herz von Ermattung ergriffen, bis plötzlich ein fernes Geräuſch ſein Ohr berührte.

Es ſchien ihm, als ob er in der Ferne, längs der Seite der Abtei, mehrere Perſonen kommen hörte. Gleich darauf erkannte er die Stimme Ghelnoot's van Lens, welcher rief:

„Hieher, hieher, Oberhauptmann! Ihr lauft in die Leiſe!“

Die Annäherung von Menſchen an dem Orte, wo er ſich befand, erſchreckte den Jüngling und weckte ihn gewaltſam aus ſeiner Beſtürzung. — Wenn man ihn bei der Leiche überraſchte, ſo mußte er ohne Zweifel vor den Schöffen des Gedeele erſcheinen, auf ſtrenge Fragen zu antworten haben und Erklärungen ſeiner Handlungsweiſe geben. Dann lief aber das Geheimniß von ſeines Vaters Miſſethaten Gefahr, entdeckt zu werden. Sollte er, Lieven, der Ankläger deſſen werden, deſſen Blut durch ſeine Adern floß?

Mochte ſie nun gegründet ſein oder nicht, ſo wirkte doch dieſe Furcht mächtig genug auf das Gemüth des Jünglings, um ihn mit Angſt zu erfüllen. Er ſprang auf und floh an dem rothen Thurme vorüber, von wo er rechts in der tiefſten Dunkelheit nach den Weiden zulief. Es ſchien ihm, als höre er hinter ſich ein Geräuſch von Schritten, und ſich verfolgt wähnend, beeilte er ſeinen Lauf, ſo weit der Moorgrund es ihm geſtattete. Mitunter ſtürzte er in Pfützen oder Gräben und arbeitete ſich dann mit keuchender Bruſt und auf ungebahnten Wegen durch Schlamm und Waſſer fort, bis er plötzlich mit dem Kopfe an einen Baum prallte und betäubt zu Boden ſank.

Nach einiger Zeit legte ſich das ſchreckliche Pochen ſeines Herzens. Ringsum vernahm er nicht das mindeſte Geräuſch; Alles war ſtill; die Dunkelheit umgab ihn wie ein Grab. Er fühlte, daß ſeine Hand an ſeinen Kleidern kleben blieb und er mit dem Blute des Ribauden bedeckt ſei. Dies rief das volle Bewußtſein des Geſchehenen wieder vor ſeine Sinne und ſpannte ſeinen Geiſt von Neuem auf die Folter der furchtbarſten Ueberzeugung. Verzweifelnd griff er in ſeine Bruſt und ſeufzte keuchend, als wäre ſie mit ſchweren Steinen beladen worden. Endlich ſchien ein raſendes Fieber ihn zu packen. Er brach in ſinnloſe Wuth aus und murmelte dumpf:

„Welche giftige Schlage zernagt mir das Herz? Ja, ich werde den böſen Muth haben und Dir vorwerfen, was Du gethan haſt! Dir ſagen, was ich gelitten, wie Du meine unſchuldige Beerle zu Tode gemartert, wie Du unſer Leben vergiftet haſt! wie der ſchändlichſte Neid und der Haß Dich zum Henker und zum Mörder machten! Ich werde Dir das Blut zeigen, das mich beſchmutzt, Dir zurufen, daß ich den Augenblick meiner Geburt verfluche! Vor Deinen Augen werde ich ſterben aus Schaam, daß ich je den Vaterkuß von Deinen giftigen Lippen empfing! Ach! ach! Du haſt Geld gegeben, damit ein unedler Trunkenbold meine Braut entehren ſollte! O! es iſt nicht möglich! Die Teufel ſelbſt würden erſchrecken vor ſolcher unerhörten Schändlichkeit! Und dennoch iſt es wahr! unglaublich! und doch wahr! Du haſt noch funfzig Mörder im Sold! fünfzig Dolche, welche die Bruſt des großen Bürgers, des Befreiers von Flandern ſuchen! Um Dir den Genuß einer Miſſethat zu geben, damit zwiſchen Deinem Sohne und ſeiner Braut eine Pfütze unſchuldigen Heldenblutes vergoſſen werde! damit er, ſinnlos vernichtet und die Welt haſſend, ſich der Hölle weihe durch einen ſchuldvollen Selbſtmord! Aber nein! nein! Ich werde Dich zur Rechenſchaft ziehen über mein unglückliches Leben, über den Märtyrertod meiner Geliebten, über Deine abſcheulichen Anſchläge gegen den Oberhauptmann, über alles Blut, das Du ſchon vergoſſen haſt oder noch zu vergießen beabſichtigſt! Du ſollſt vor meiner Stimme erzittern, Böſewicht .....“

Bei dieſen Worten ſprang Lieven auf und eilte über die Weiden, ohne zu wiſſen, wohin ſein Weg ging. Die Verzweiflung hatte ihn faſt ſinnlos gemacht. Schreckliche Gedanken und Bilder wälzten ſich in ſeinem Kopfe, ſeine Adern waren geſpannt; ſein Herz pochte hörbar; ſeine Stirne brannte, als ob Feuer unter ſeinem Schädel glühe.

Lange lief er ſo fort, durch Moraſt und Gebüſch, ohne auf etwas zu achten, und ſich an den Dornen oder an einſam ſtehenden Bäumen verwundend, bis ſeine Kräfte allmählig ermatteten und das Fieber ihn verließ. Gleich darauf erinnerte er ſich voll Schrecken, welche entſetzliche Worte er in ſeiner Verirrung ausgeſtoßen habe. Zitternd blieb er ſtehen, bedeckte ſein Antlitz mit den Händen und rief mit ſchneidendem Wehelaut:

„Ach, nein! nein! Er iſt doch mein Vater! Er ſoll mich nie wiederſehen! Sein unglückliches Kind ſoll ſterden mit dem ſchrecklichen Geheimniß im Herzen. O, Beerle! Beerle! Du wirſt auch in das Grab ſinken.... Du wirſt mich rufen ..... und ſterben! O, lebe wohl, ſüße Schweſter! Auf Wiederſehen in einem anderen Daſein! Der Tod, der Engel Gottes, breite ſein Leichentuch über uns ....."

Von einer unbezwinglichen Trauer beſiegt, fühlte der Jüngling, wie das Pochen ſeines Herzens aufhörte, und ſank kraftlos auf die Kniee, während eine Thränenfluth über ſeine Wangen ſtrömte.

Endlich, durch das bittere Leiden ſeiner letzten Kräfte beraubt, ſchien er ſich mit Mühe aufrecht zu erhalten und kämpfte gegen eine wirkliche Ohnmacht, bis er zuletzt bewußtlos auf den naſſen Boden hinſank.

XVIII.

Die Mehrzahl der Bewohner von Gent hatte den gewaltſamen Tod des Ribaudenkönigs ohne Erſtaunen vernommen und als das natürliche Ende ſeines wüſten und zügelloſen Lebens betrachtet. Da er auf St. Baefsſtede nichts zu thun hatte und ſein Dienſt ihn im Gegentheil verpflichtete, innerhalb des Weichbildes der Stadt zu bleiben, ſo war er augenſcheinlich in jener Nacht mit freiem Willen aus dem rothen Thurme hinaus gegangen, und dies konnte nach der allgemeinen Anſicht nur geſchehen ſein, um in Folge einer Herausforderung einen Zweikampf mit dem Dolche zu entſcheiden. In den Schenken trauerte man noch am Längſten über den Verluſt des fröhlichen Muggelyn; die wichtigen Ereigniſſe indeſſen, welche alle Geiſter beſchäftigten, vertilgten ziemlich raſch das Andenken des Ribauden, und binnen Kurzem ſprach Niemand mehr von ihm, als der Wirth im Hirſch unter dem Glockenthurme, wo Muggelyn ein entſetzlich belaſtetes Kerbhölzchen zurückgelaſſen hatte.

Geeraert Denys vermuthete allein mit einiger Gewißheit, wer ſeinen Vertrauten getödtet haben müſſe. Der Strick, den er am andern Tage an dem Fenſter des Zimmers gefunden, und vor Allem die fortwährende Abweſenheit Lieven's, der ſeit dem Morde nicht wieder im Hauſe erſchienen war, ließen ihm keinen Zweifel darüber Für die Flucht ſeines Sohnes konnte er keinen andern

Grund finden, als daß dieſer ſeine Theilnahme an dem Anſchlage gegen Artevelde errathen oder entdeckt haben müſſe; — vielleicht hatte Muggelyn ihm Alles offenbart. Dieſer letztere Gedanke erfüllte den Oberdechanten mit Angſt und Schrecken. Er gab ſich die größte Mühe, um zu erfahren, wo ſein Sohn ſich aufhielt, und war Willens, ihn entweder auf freundliche Weiſe oder durch Zwang zur Rückkehr zu nöthigen, um mindeſtens zu wiſſen, was er von ihm zu fürchten habe, und im Nothfall durch unfehlbare Mittel ſich ſeines Schweigens zu verſichern. Alle ſeine Nachforſchungen blieben jedoch fruchtlos. Mitunter meldete man ihm wohl, daß man Lieven in dem einen oder anderen abgelegenen Viertel zur Nachtzeit wie einen irrenden Schatten neben den Häuſern habe hinſchleichen ſehen; ſobald indeſſen der Oberdechant nach dieſer Seite der Stadt Männer ausſandte, um ſeinen Sohn aufzuſuchen, konnte ihm Niemand Bericht über denſelben geben.

Da er nun nach einiger Zeit bemerkte, daß auch nicht das geringſte Gerücht ihn anklagte, erinnerte er ſich des edlen Charakters und der tiefen Ehrfurcht ſeines Sohnes, beruhigte ſich über die Folgen der gefürchteten Eröffnung und ließ nicht mehr nach Lieven ſuchen.

Mittlerweile gaben die Zeitverhältniſſe ſeiner Herrſchſucht und ſeiner Mißgunſt neue Nahrung. Ueber das Schickſal Flanderns und zwiſchen Artevelde und ſeinen Feinden ſollte ein entſcheidender Beſchluß gefaßt werden. Wenn Denys diesmal nicht den Sieg davontrug, ſo mußte er für immer weichen, ohnmächtig beneiden und im Dunkeln verſchwinden. Er fühlte das wohl, ſtrengte daher auch alle ſeine Argliſt und Thätigkeit an und legte ſeine Schlingen ſo heimlich, daß Niemand ſeine Pläne weder vermuthen noch vereiteln konnte.

Flandern war noch immer im bedenklichſten Zuſtande. Frankreich ſammelte ein Heer an den Grenzen; Dendermonde hatte ſich den Leliaerds übergeben und war der Mittelpunkt des Aufſtandes gegen die drei Glieder des Landes geworden. Täglich empfing dieſe feſte Stadt feindliche Hülfstruppen in ihren Mauern, und Alles deutete an, daß binnen Kurzem von dort eine bedeutende Heeresmacht gegen Gent ausrücken würde, während der franzöſiſche König die ſüdlichen Grenzen angriff. Der Graf von Hennegau zeigte ſich geneigt, von der Bundesgenoſſenſchaft zurückzutreten und den Franzoſen Beiſtand zu leiſten. Der Herzog von Brabant hatte ſich bereits ſchon in der That gegen Flandern erklärt und deſſen entſchiedenſte Feinde an ſeinem Hofe empfangen. Nichts deſtoweniger dauerte unter den meiſten patriotiſchen Vlämingern ſelbſt der Zwiſt über die Weberei unaustilgbar fort, und die Städte und Gemeinen zogen mit den Waffen in der Hand gegen einander zu Felde.

Artevelde begriff die Größe der Gefahr, in der ſein Vaterland ſich befand, und bemühte ſich, Mittel zu finden, um es vor Sklaverei und Armuth zu retten. In ſeiner Unterſuchung über die Urſachen der Zügelloſigkeit Flanderns erkannte er, daß dieſes unbeſiegliche Uebel hauptſächlich aus der Natur der Macht, mit der er ſelbſt bekleidet war, entſprieße. Wirklich maßte ſich auch jetzt, nachdem die langen Anfechtungen ſeiner Feinde dem Volke Zweifel über die Geſetzlichkeit ſeines Anſehens eingeflößt hatten, Jeder das Recht an, ſeine Befehle zu unterſuchen, zu beurtheilen und zu verwerfen, wenn ſie nicht mit der Anſicht deſſen, der ſie ausführen mußte, übereinſtimmte. Sein Anſehen hatte daher die erſte Eigenſchaft verloren, welche eine wirkliche Obrigkeit haben muß, nämlich diejenige, als ein zuſammenfaſſendes geſellſchaftliches Princip betrachtet zu werden, in welchem der Wille Aller ſich zu einer und derſelben Richtung verſchmilzt, und dem ein Jeder ohne perſönliche Unterſuchung gehorchen muß.

Der Oberhauptmann verhehlte ſich die Wahrheit nicht und beſchloß, einer Macht zu entſagen, welche nicht mehr genügte, um die Parteien zu beherrſchen und Flandern gegen ſeine vielen Feinde zu beſchützen.

Er war jedoch zu groß und edel geſinnt, um ſeine Hand vom Steuerruder abzuziehen, ehe er das Schiff des Vaterlandes in einen ſicheren Hafen geführt hatte. Die Rückkehr des geſetzlichen Fürſten ſchien ihm das einzige übrige Mittel, den Parteiungen in Flandern ein Ende zu machen und dem Lande auf's Neue die Einigkeit wiederzugeben, um den heranziehenden Stürmen Widerſtand leiſten zu können. Bis jetzt hatte der Graf ſich geweigert, auf die von den Gemeinen vorgeſchlagenen Bedingungen die Regierung wieder in die Hand zu nehmen; aber Artevelde beſchloß, dieſes Mal die Verſöhnung durch Nachgiebigkeit zu erleichtern, wenn nur die Unabhängigkeit des Vaterlandes und deſſen Gewerbfleiß gerettet und erhalten würden. Um dieſen Zweck zu erreichen, ließ er durch die vlämiſchen Städte auf der Tagefahrt zu Brüſſel vorſtellen, daß man den Fürſten in voller Liebe empfangen und ihm alle mögliche Genugthuung geben werde, wenn er als Graf von Flandern ſich unabhängig von allen anderen Mächten, ſowohl von Frankreich wie von England erklären wolle, in Folge des letzten Waffenſtillſtandes, durch welchen dieſe Unabhängigkeit von Frankreich und England ſelbſt anerkannt worden war.

Da man außer dieſem Hauptpunkte dem Grafen noch viele andere Zugeſtändniſſe anbot und ihm eine glänzende geſetzliche Huldigung verſprach, ſo zweifelte Niemand, daß Ludwig von Nevers ſich beeilen würde, die neuen Vorſchläge der Gemeinen anzunehmen.

Man täuſchte ſich jedoch. Der Graf, von Philipp von Valois berathen, ſtritt ſich mit ihnen über die Bedingungen der Verſöhnung und machte endlich kein Hehl daraus, daß er Flandern Frankreich unterworfen ſehen wolle und nicht eher zurückkehren werde, als bis ihm auch die Macht gegeben ſei, die Vläminger in das franzöſiſche Heer gegen England zu führen. Er zeigte ſich trotzig und unbeugſam und ließ die vlämiſchen Städte Geſandte auf Geſandte an ihn ſchicken, ohne ſie einer freundlichen Antwort zu würdigen.

Früher würden Philipp von Valois und Ludwig von Nevers das freundliche Anerbieten der Vläminger gewiß mit Freude angenommen haben; jetzt aber glaubten ſie gewiß zu ſein, daß Flandern, durch Zwieſpalt, Unordnung und Zügelloſigkeit gelähmt, bald ſich von ſelbſt ihnen überliefern würde, und ſie dann nach Wohlgefallen die Regierung und die politiſche Richtung der Grafſchaft leiten könnten. In ihrer Verblendung hofften ſie, die Vläminger würden endlich einſtimmen, ſich Frankreichs Willen zu unterwerfen, viele ihrer Freiheiten aufzugeben, die Bürgerſchaft zu entwaffnen und ihre Induſtrie zu vernichten. Die ehrerbietigen Vorſtellungen und die mannichfaltigen Bemühungen der Städte, ihren Fürſten wieder in Flandern zu haben, betrachteten ſie als einen Beweis von Schwäche und dringender Noth; anſtatt daher ſeine Unterthanen gütig zu empfangen, wies Graf Ludwig ihre Bitte trotzig zurück und verletzte die Gemüther auf das Tiefſte.

Der ſchlechte Ausgang dieſes entſcheidenden Verſuches betrübte Artevelde über die Maßen. Er ſah ſich jetzt gezwungen, zwiſchen zwei Uebeln zu wählen. Die einzige Hoffnung auf Verſöhnung mit dem Fürſten mußte aufgegeben werden, oder Flandern ſich wieder mit dreihundertjährigen Ketten belaſten und das Haupt unter dem tödtlichen Einfluſſe des franzöſiſchen Hofes beugen. Fürwahr! Artevelde's Heldenſeele würde niemals einer ſolchen Erniedrigung ſeine Zuſtimmung geben, und wenn die Welt gedroht hätte, auf ihn einzuſtürzen. Bis zum letzten Athemzuge wollte er mannhaft kämpfen für die Unabhängigkeit und die Wohlfahrt ſeines Vaterlandes. Ein Meuchelmord konnte ihn treffen, ein Aufſtand ihn vernichten, ein Heer ihn zerſchmettern; aber ſo lange ein Herz in ſeinem Buſen klopfte, ſollte Flandern die ſchändliche Sklaverei nicht erdulden, und ſollte er einſt erliegen, ſo wollte er fallen und ſterben mit der Freiheit des Landes.

Damals faßte Artevelde einen äußerſt wichtigen Entſchluß und legte ſein Haupt mit vollem Bewußtſein für Flanderns Unabhängigkeit in die Wagſchaale.

Der König von England war auf Erſuchen des Oberhauptmanns mit einer mächtigen Flotte vor Sluis erſchienen und hatte nach allen vlämiſchen Städten Boten geſandt, mit der Aufforderung, daß Flandern ihm auf's Neue als König von Frankreich huldige. Der Anerkennungseid ward willig erneuert; aber einer anderen Forderung konnte ſo leicht nicht genügt werden. König Eduard machte auf Artevelde's Rath den Städten begreiflich, der bedenkliche Zuſtand Flanderns werde allein dadurch veranlaßt, daß der Fürſt und ſeine Unterthanen Jedes einer verſchiedenen Richtung folgten und einen andern Oberherrn anerkennten. Als Bedingung ſeiner Freundſchaft drückte er den Willen aus, daß Graf Ludwig gezwungen werde, ihn gleichfalls als König von Frankreich anzuerkennen, oder daß die Vläminger durch eine feierliche Erklärung ſich von ihrem Fürſten trennten.

Artevelde hatte bereits ſchon mehr als ein Mal erfahren, daß Ludwig's ſchwaches Gemüth allein durch Furcht zu rühren und zu leiten ſei. Seit der Ankunft der engliſchen Flotte hatten ſich die Verhältniſſe geändert. Jetzt wenigſtens durfte Philipp von Valois nicht hoffen, Flandern weder durch Macht der Waffen, noch durch Liſt, noch durch Aufſtand in ſeine Macht zu bekommen. Die Gegenwart des Königs von England an der Spitze eines beträchtlichen Heeres reichte hin, alle Anſchläge augenblicklich zu vereiteln.

Der Oberhauptmann hielt die Gelegenheit für günſtig, um den Grafen öffentlich und auf immer von Frankreich loszureißen, und hoffte, daß die Furcht, ſeine Grafſchaft zu verlieren, mächtig genug auf Ludwig's Gemüth wirken würde, um ihn zu einer That zu bewegen, welche ihm allerdings ſchwer fallen mußte, von der jedoch die Erhaltung und Freiheit des Vaterlandes abhing.

Artevelde ſandte plötzlich und mit der größten Oeffentlichkeit an die drei Hauptſtädte Flanderns den Antrag, eine feierliche Botſchaft zu dem Grafen zu ſchicken, um ihm zu ſagen, daß Flandern ihn erſuchen laſſe, dem König von England als König von Frankreich zu huldigen und mit den Gemeinen ein Bündniß gegen Philipp von Valois zu ſchließen. Wolle er das nicht, ſo würde man die gräfliche Krone von Flandern dem Prinzen von Wales, Eduard's Sohne, anbieten.

Dieſer Vorſchlag regte natürlich das Land ſehr auf, und viele Leute, ſo wenig ſie auch ſonſt franzöſiſch geſinnt ſein mochten, erhoben ſich gegen den Gedanken einer Enterbung des geſetzlichen Nachkommen der alten vlämiſchen Fürſten. Artevelde hatte einen ſolchen Widerſtand erwartet. Er verkannte das Gefährliche ſeiner That nicht und bereitete ſich vor, ſeine kühne Vaterlandsliebe mit dem Tode zu büßen, wenn ſein Entwurf misglückte.

Zu Brügge, wo man zuerſt über ſeinen Vorſchlag entſcheiden ſollte, fand er Anfangs großen Widerſtand; in der Verſammlung der Gemeine bewies er jedoch mit ſolcher rührenden und überzeugenden Beredtſamkeit, Flandern könne nur durch das gewaltſame Zerreißen der Bande, die es an Frankreich feſſelten, gerettet werden, und man müſſe in der äußerſten Noth des Vaterlandes auch außerordentliche Heilmittel anwenden, daß die Verſammlung ſich faſt einſtimmig bereit erklärte, ſeinen Vorſchlag auszuführen.

Von dort reiſte er nach Ypern, der dritten Hauptſtadt Flanderns, wo er gleichfalls ſeine Pläne unwiderleglich rechtfertigte und die ganze Bevölkerung überredete, ſeinen Vorſchlag gut zu heißen.

Gent allein mußte noch ſeine Zuſtimmung geben und ſollte binnen wenigen Tagen eine allgemeine Verſammlung der Schöffen, Dechanten und Aelterleute berufen, um über die mögliche Abſetzung Ludwig's von Nevers und die Erhebung des Prinzen von Wales zum Grafen von Flandern einen Beſchluß zu faſſen.

Mittlerweile war Artevelde nach Sluis zurückgekehrt, um ſich dort mit dem Könige von England über die Bedingungen der Annahme der Grafſchaft durch den jungen Fürſten zu verſtändigen, im Falle Ludwig die verlangte Huldigung noch fortwährend verweigerte. Es wurde dem Oberhauptmann ſchwer, ſich mit dem Könige zu einigen über die Freiheiten, in deren Genuß Flandern bleiben ſolle, und vorzüglich über die vollſtändige Unabhängigkeit der Grafſchaft ſelbſt von der Krone England. Er mochte dennoch damals nicht länger in Sluis bleiben und ſah ſich gezwungen, die Unterhandlungen abzubrechen und nach Gent zu reiſen, wo man binnen drei Tagen über ſeinen Vorſchlag entſcheiden ſollte.

Es war Artevelde nicht unbekannt, daß er hier die meiſten Gegner fände, da die Leliaerds von Geeraert Denys' Anhängern und vielleicht von einem großen Theile der Weberzunft unterſtützt würden. Ihm waren ſchlimme Gerüchte über die ungünſtige Stimmung der Gemüther in Gent zugekommen. Darum beſchloß er, noch ehe er die Vorrechte und Freiheiten Flanderns mit dem Könige hatte feſtſtellen können, Abſchied von demſelben zu nehmen, um die Schöffen und Dechanten von Gent aufzuklären über die dringende Nothwendigkeit eines kühnen Entſchluſſes, wie ſehr demſelben auch vlämiſche Gemüther widerſtreben mochten.

Seit er ſeinen Vorſchlag veröffentlicht hatte, waren mehr als jemals Leute ausgeſandt worden, um ihn zu überfallen und zu tödten. Es begannen ſogar ganze Banden von Landſtreichern und Leliaerden die Umgegenden von Sluis und die Städte, in welchen der Oberhauptmann ſich befinden mochte, Zu durchziehen, mit der Hoffnung, ihn irgendwo in einen Hinterhalt zu locken. Artevelde wußte dies Alles ſehr wohl und reiſte daher nie, ohne von einer anſehnlichen Leibwache begleitet zu ſein.

Da dieſe Gefahr allmählig größer und jetzt bereits drohend geworden war, hatte der König dem Obriſten ſeiner Reiterei, Lord William Sturin, befohlen, ihn auf der Straße nach Gent mit einer ſtarken Schaar zu begleiten, ſoweit es der Oberhauptmann für nöthig hielte.

An einem Sonntage Nachmittag hielten Artevelde's Diener ſein Pferd geſattelt und zur Reiſe bereit, und warteten, bis er das Schiff des Königs verlaſſen haben würde. Mehrere Schritte weiter ertheilte der Obriſt der

Reiterei Befehle an diejenigen, welche das Geleit des Oberhauptmanns bilden ſollten. Einige Augenblicke ſpäter ſahen ſie Artevelde mit dem Könige auf dem Verdeck des Schiffes erſcheinen und mit einem freundlichen Händedruck des Fürſten in das Boot treten. Jeder machte ſich nun raſch zur Abreiſe fertig.

Als der Oberhauptmann den Wall erreichte, ſchwang er ſich auf's Pferd und ſchlug mit ſeinem ganzen Gefolge den Weg nach Gent ein. Unterweges verkürzte er ſich die Zeit durch ein Geſpräch mit Lord William Sturin über die Einrichtungen und die ſich bildenden Gemeinen Englands, und da der Obriſt der Reiterei ein verſtändiger Mann und ein tapferer Ritter war, ſo fand derſelbe großes Behagen an den vernünftigen Anſichten des Gentiſchen Bürgers.

So hatten ſie, behaglich plaudernd, geraume Zeit ihren Weg fortgeſetzt, als ſie plötzlich in der Ferne einen Haufen Reiterei in vollem Trabe ankommen ſahen, ohne denſelben näher erkennen zu können.

Lord Sturin ließ ſeine Leute ſich ſchlagfertig halten und langſamer reiten, indem er ſich ihnen mit dem Oberhauptmann näherte.

Gleich darauf bemerkte Artevelde, daß die ankommenden Reiter Genter Bürger ſeien, und erkannte ſelbſt die drei Vorderſten als ſeine Freunde, Maes van Baernewyck, Ghelnoot van Lens und Pieter Zoetaerde. Zwanzig bewaffnete Zunftgenoſſen begleiteten ſie. Ihre Roſſe waren mit Schweiß bedeckt, und ſie ſelbſt ſchienen ſehr ermüdet von dem harten Traben in der brennenden Sonnenhitze

Artevelde ritt ihnen mit freundlichem Lächeln entgegen, ſah aber bei dem erſten Blicke den Ausdruck tiefer Betrübniß auf ihren Geſichtern. Dies ließ ihn ſchlechte Nachrichten ahnen. Er wollte deswegen eine Frage an den Oberſchöffen richten. Dieſer aber, gleichſam verwundert über Artevelde's heiteres Ausſehen, rief ihm zu:

„Oberhauptmann, habt Ihr einen Boten aus Gent empfangen?“

„Wann?“ fragte Artevelde.

„Geſtern Abend! Dieſen Morgen!“

„Mir iſt kein Bote zugekommen, Oberſchöffe!“

„Seht Ihr,“ ſagte Ser van Vaernewyck, ſich zu ſeinen beiden Reiſegefährten wendend. „Die Wegelagerer haben den Boten aufgehoben. Gott ſei gelobt, daß wir ſelbſt auf den Gedanken kamen, die traurige Nachricht zu überbringen!“

„Was für eine ſchreckliche Nachricht bringt Ihr mir denn, Freunde?“ fragte Artevelde. „Laßt hören! Sind die Leliaerds von Dendermonde vielleicht im Anzuge nach Gent? Haben ſie unſere Leute geſchlagen? Darum braucht man noch nicht betrübt zu ſein; man wird ihnen dieſe Keckheit ſchon wieder bezahlen! Hegt nur keine Furcht!“

Die Worte des Oberhauptmanns ſchienen einen ſchmerzlichen Eindruck auf ſeine Freunde zu machen; denn Ghelnoot van Lens und Pieter Zoetaerde ließen den Kopf hängen und hielten, mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen, ſprachlos ſtill. Der Oberſchöffe allein wurde Herr ſeiner Rührung, und bat Artevelde, ihm nach einem Hauſe zu folgen, das einige Bogenſchüſſe weiter an der Straße lag. Nachdem er einige Worte mit Lord Sturin gewechſelt hatte, ritt Artevelde mit ſeinen Freunden nach dem bezeichneten Gebäude. Hier erſuchte der Oberſchöffe die Leute des Hauſes, ſie einige Augenblicke allein zu laſſen. Sobald dieſe eingewilligt hatten, ſagte er mit Nachdruck zu dem Oberhauptmann:

„Freund Jakob! wir bringen Euch eine Nachricht, die Ihr ſicher nicht erwartet. Geſtern Morgen hat man in Gent über Euern Vorſchlag entſchieden. Er iſt verworfen worden.“

Ein düſterer Schatten der Unzufriedenheit bedeckte plötzlich Artevelde's Antlitz.

„Geſtern?“ fragte er. „Hatte nicht die Schöffenbank ſelbſt beſtimmt, daß man übermorgen erſt über die Sache berathſchlagen und entſcheiden ſolle? Ach! ich vermuthe den Grund dieſer Beſchleunigung. Immer ſchwächer gegen Umtriebe! Nun, wie iſt der Beſchluß ausgefallen?“

„Mit großer Stimmenmehrheit hat man erklärt, daß die Gemeine von Gent niemals ihren rechtmäßigen Fürſten verlaſſen werde, gleichviel, unter welchem Vorwande man ſie auch darum erſuchen werde. Euer Vorſchlag, Oberhauptmann, iſt abgewieſen, getadelt und mit heftigem Zorne von der Obrigkeit und dem Volke verworfen worden. Es iſt vielleicht ein großes Unglück für Flandern; aber wir müſſen es ertragen und geduldig das Haupt beugen unter dieſem neuen Schlage.“

„Eine Verſammlung ohne mein Wiſſen, durch Ueberrumpelung berufen!" ſeufzte Artevelde. „Mein Vorſchlag von der Obrigkeit und dem Volke verworfen! Es iſt unbegreiflich! Die Mehrzahl der Schöffenbank theilte doch meine Anſichten und ſah mit mir ein, daß es kein anderes Mittel zur Rettung des Vaterlandes giebt. Gott! Gott! muß ich denn zuletzt noch von meinen beſten Freunden verrathen werden! Unglückliches Flandern!"

Der Oberſchöffe ergriff ſeine Hand und ſagte mit tiefgefühltem Unmuthe:

„Unglückliches Flandern! in der That! Aber, Mher Jakob! ehe Ihr Eure Freunde beſchuldigt, hört und vernehmt die Urſache deſſen, was ſich zugetragen hat. Wir waren mit Euch übereingekommen, daß man am Dienſtag über Euern Vorſchlag berathſchlagen ſolle. Die Verſammlung war ſeit länger als zehn Tagen angekündigt, und die Gilden ſind ſchon von ihren Dechanten und Aelterleuten über ihre Anſichten befragt worden. Jeder erwartete vertrauensvoll den Tag der Verſammlung; die meiſten Zünfte und ihre Dechanten wollten erſt von Euch die Beweggründe für Euern Vorſchlag vernehmen, ehe ſie über die Art ihrer Abſtimmung entſchieden. — Mittlerweile waren Eure Feinde thätig, im tiefſten Geheimniß einen wohlberechneten Plan auszuführen. Wie ſie ihn anlegten, iſt nicht zu ergründen. Freitag Abend, als die Nachricht, daß Ypern Euern Vorſchlag angenommen, ſich in Gent verbreitete, liefen plötzlich viele Zunftgenoſſen durch die Straßen der Stadt und erhoben ein Rachegeſchrei gegen Euch und Euern Vorſchlag. In den Schenken ward Geld in Menge unter das Volk ausgeſtreut.

Man raſte und wüthete über Verrath und Beſtechlichkeit; Euer Name ward verflucht und die ganze Gemeine in Aufruhr gebracht. An dieſem Abende fanden wir die Bürger noch treu genug. Wir ſandten Wachen aus, und es glückte uns, die öffentliche Ruhe herzuſtellen. Aber am andern Morgen, bei Tagesanbruch, liefen mehr als ſechshundert Geſellen bewaffnet auf den Freitagsmarkt, und riefen, es müſſe noch an demſelben Tage eine Entſcheidung über Euern Vorſchlag gefaßt werden, oder ſie würden das Schöffenhaus beſetzen und die Obrigkeit verjagen. Wir wußten wohl, was das bedeutete. Es war eine Verſchwörung der Leliaerds mit Euren Feinden, welche ſich verſtändigt hatten, Euch zu hindern, der Verſammlung beizuwohnen, vorherſehend, daß Ihr durch Euer mächtiges Wort ihre Intriguen vereiteln würdet. Was konnten wir thun? Geeraert Denys hielt es mit den Aufrührern; obwohl er es leugnete, merkte man es doch deutlich an dem Geſchrei der bewaffneten Geſellen, welches ihn eben ſo hoch in den Himmel hob, als es Euren Namen mit Schmach und Verwünſchungen belud. Wir haben alle Mittel erſchöpft; guter Rath, Drohungen, nichts half bei Männern, die ein vorgeſtecktes Ziel erreichen wollten. Gewalt konnten wir nicht anwenden. Der Oberdechant, der den Befehl über die Macht der Gemeine hat, würde ſich unfehlbar zu den Meuterern geſchlagen haben. Eine totale Umwälzung hätte jetzt ſchon in Gent ſtattgefunden, und jedenfalls wäre das Blut in Strömen gefloſſen. Die Erinnerung an den böſen Montag hat die Schöffenbank abgeſchreckt. Sie ließ die Collatie der Dechanten und Aelterleute zuſammenrufen und willigte ein, unmittelbar über Euern Vorſchlag zu berathen. Was ſoll ich Euch ſagen über dieſe Verſammlung? Geeraert Denys hat dort ſeine falſche Rolle geſpielt und die Gemüther gegen Euch aufgehetzt. Seine Anhänger überſchrien einen Jeden, und während dieſe berechnete Gewaltthätigkeit die Mehrheit der Schöffenbank zum Schweigen zwang, ſtand auf der Straße eine Wolke von Zunftgeſellen, welche Drohungen von Mord gegen Euch und Eure Freunde verſtändlich bis in den Rathsſaal hineinſchrieen. Aus Furcht vor größerem Unglücke haben wir den Raſenden die verlangte Befriedigung gegeben und Euern Vorſchlag verworfen. Kein anderes Mittel blieb uns übrig, um ſie dazu zu bringen, die Waffen niederzulegen und die Gemeine vor einem zweiten Blutbade zu beſchützen. Urtheilt jetzt ſelbſt! Konnten wir, umgeben von Verrath und Intriguen, machtlos durch das Benehmen des Oberdechanten, in dieſem gefährlichen Zuſtande etwas Anderes thun, als der Nothwendigkeit weichen? Wenn der böſe Geeraert Denys jetzt in Gent Herr wäre, wenn er die Obrigkeit erneuert und ſeine Anhänger auf das Schöffenhaus gebracht hätte, würde das vortheilhafter für Flandern geweſen ſein? würde das Eure Pläne beſſer unterſtützt haben?“

Der Oberhauptmann ging einige Male tief im Nachdenken auf und ab, ungeduldig den Kopf ſchüttelnd. Dann antwortete er:

„Es konnte nicht anders ſein! Ihr habt Recht gethan; aber damit iſt nichts entſchieden. Ich gehe nach

Gent. Wir wollen doch ſehen, ob eine Verſchwörung von ſchlechten Menſchen und Leliaerds die Mehrzahl der Bürger meiner Vaterſtadt gewaltſam beherrſchen und durch Ueberrumpelung über Flanderns Schickſal entſcheiden ſoll! Laßt uns gehen! Je mehr wir Zeit verlieren, deſto ſchlimmer kann der Stand der Sachen dort werden.“

Mit dieſen Worten wandte er ſich nach der Thüre; aber als er ſah, daß die Anderen keinen Schritt thaten, um ihm zu folgen, fragte er verwundert:

„Was bedrückt Euch denn das Herz, Freunde? Habt Ihr mir noch etwas zu ſagen? Oder dürft Ihr nicht nach Gent zurückkehren? Ihr erſchreckt mich wahrlich; es iſt mehr geſchehen, als Ihr mir mitgetheilt habt. Jetzt begreife ich Mher van Lens' und Mher Zoetaerde's traurigen Schweigen. Sprecht doch offen! Glaubt Ihr, Jakob von Artevelde wiſſe nicht, daß für ihn ſowohl wie für Flandern Alles in der Waagſchaale liegt?“

Der Oberſchöffe führte Artevelde in die Mitte des Zimmers zurück und ſagte:

„Unſere Sendung iſt nicht vollbracht. Wir ſind zu Euch gekommen, Oberhauptmann, um Euch zu beſchwören, Euern Vorſchlag zurückzunehmen und augenblicklich mit uns nach Gent zu gehen, um dort ſelbſt zu verkündigen, daß Ihr nicht mehr Willens ſeid, den rechtmäßigen Grafen mit einer Abſetzung zu bedrohen. Es iſt das einzige Mittel, eine Revolution in Gent zu verhindern.“

Ein Lächeln bitteren Mitleidens zeigte ſich auf Artevelde's Antlitz.

Ghelnoot van Lens faßte ihn bei beiden Händen und ſagte flehend:

„O, Mher Jakob! befolgt doch dieſen guten Rath! Die Gefahr iſt größer, als wir Euch mittheilen dürfen.“

„Ihr habt Euch durch gute Abſichten leiten laſſen,“ fügte der alte Pieter Zoetaerde hinzu; „aber zweifelt nicht daran, Oberhauptmann, Euer Vorſchlag war eine unvorſichtige Handlung. Gebt ihn auf! um Gotteswillen, gebt ihn auf!“

Zweifelhaft betrachtete Artevelde ſeine Freunde und ſuchte ihr Inneres zu durchſchauen, um das Räthſelwort zu ihrem Betragen zu finden.

„Ich begreife Euch nicht, Genoſſen!“ ſagte er. „Habt Ihr denn vergeſſen, daß Flanderns Unabhängigkeit es verlangt? Und glaubt Ihr denn, daß Jakob von Artevelde zurückweichen wird, ſelbſt wenn ihm unfehlbar der Tod droht? Nein, nein! ohne mich zu beugen, will ich kämpfen bis zum Schluß. Beſteht in Gent ein Anhang, welcher boshaft oder unwiſſend das Vaterland an Frankreich auszuliefern ſucht, ſo werde ich mindeſtens meiner Pflicht treu bleiben und Flandern retten, wenn Gott es nicht ſelbſt zur Sklaverei verurtheilt hat ..... Die Zeit iſt zu kurz, Freunde, um über dieſen Punkt hier länger zu ſtreiten. Wir müſſen fort.“

„O nein, nein!“ rief Ghelnoot erſchreckt. „Geht nicht nach Gent in ſolcher Abſicht!“

„Kommt!“ ſagte Artevelde. „Unterweges ſollt Ihr mir erklären, was Euch ſo furchtſam macht, und ich werde Euch beweiſen, daß ich meinen Plan nicht aufgeben kann.

Könnt Ihr mich vom Gegentheil überzeugen, ſo wird es noch immer Zeit ſein, den Entſchluß zu ändern und zu thun, was Ihr verlangt. Das Nothwendigſte iſt, daß ich ſobald wie möglich nach Gent gelange, und wäre es auch, um zu verkündigen, daß Flandern mit meiner Zuſtimmung auf ewig durch dieſelbe Sklavenkette an Frankreich gefeſſelt bleiben ſoll.“

Von ſeinen ſchweigenden Freunden begleitet, hatte er bereits die Thüre erreicht. Alle ſchwangen ſich auf die Pferde und ſprengten den engliſchen Reitern voraus.

Sobald das ganze Geleit aufgeſeſſen war und man die Reiſe fortſetzte, ſagte der Oberſchöffe zu Artevelde:

„Wundert Euch nicht, Oberhauptmann, über unſere Angſt und über die Aenderung, die Ihr in meinen und Wiber van Lens' Anſichten wahrzunehmen ſcheint. Der wahre Stand der Sachen iſt dieſer: Eure Feinde haben Euren nothwendigen Vorſchlag benutzt, um den alten Haß vieler Bürger gegen Euch wieder anzufachen. Ihre Anhänger erkühnten ſich, zwei Tage lang Mord zu rufen gegen denjenigen, der, wie ſie ſagen, den geſetzlichen Fürſten enterben will. Sie ſelbſt ſind die heftigſten Feinde unſeres Grafen und haben Euch verfolgt, weil Ihr Euch ſo lange weigertet, ihn gewaltſam ſeiner Rechte zu berauben. Dies hilft Euch aber nichts; denn wenn die Menge vom Aufruhrfieber gepackt wird, ſo nimmt ſie ohne Unterſchied alle Gründe an, welche ihren Leidenſchaften einen Schein des Rechtes geben können. So kommt es auch, daß man jetzt wieder der Mehrzahl des Genter Volkes weiß gemacht hat, Ihr hättet Flandern für eine Summe Geldes an König Eduard verkauft und die Einkünfte des Grafen an Euch gezogen, um Euer Vermögen zu vergrößern. Ser Simon van Hale, der dieſe Einkünfte regelmäßig empfängt, iſt, als ob er es abſichtlich gethan hätte, ſeit ſechs Wochen verſchwunden, und hat das Gerücht zurückgelaſſen, daß er nicht länger zum Deckmantel Eurer Betrügerei dienen wolle. Es iſt unmöglich, die thörichten Leute darüber zu belehren. Diejenigen, die die Wahrheit ſagen und Euch rechtfertigen, ſind Eure Freunde. Dies reicht hin, um ihre Redlichkeit zu verdächtigen. Während der drei letzten Tage hat ſich daher eine wüthende Partei gegen Euch gebildet. Kommt Ihr nun nach Gent, mit der Erklärung, daß Ihr Euern Antrag zurückgenommen habt, ſo wird wahrſcheinlich nichts Arges geſchehen, da die größte Urſache zur Unzufriedenheit dadurch weggeräumt worden iſt. Wenn Ihr aber die ſiegenden Leliaerds und die Anhänger von Geeraert Denys herausfordert zu einem neuen Streite über dieſe Frage, ſo wird ganz gewiß ein furchtbarer Aufruhr in Gent ausbrechen. Eure Feinde werden thun, was ſie gerufen haben, und ihren Neid und Haß in Eurem Blute kühlen. Das darf nicht geſchehen, und wolltet Ihr es auch ſelbſt, ſo müſſen Eure Freunde Euch daran hindern. Fürwahr! es iſt ein großes Unglück für Flandern, ſeine Unterwerfung an Frankreich mit ſo raſchen Schritten ſich nähern zu ſehen. Wir meinen jedoch, es ſei noch ein weit größeres Unglück für das bedrohte Vaterland, wenn es den einzigen Mann verlieren müßte, der allein Heldenmuth und Geiſt genug beſitzt, um es durch alle Stürme der ungeſtümen See der Freiheit und der Volksmacht hindurchzuführen und zu erhalten. Wir ſind nicht allein dieſer Meinung. Im Auftrage einer großen Zahl Schöffen und getreuer Freunde kamen wir zu Euch. Ehe wir ſie verließen, gaben wir unſer Wort, daß Ihr nicht nach Gent zurückkehren ſollt, als nur mit dem Entſchluſſe, den gefährlichen Antrag zurückzunehmen.“

„Ihr würdet Unrecht thun, Oberhauptmann,“ ſagte Pieter Zoetaerde, „wenn Ihr noch bei Eurem Vorhaben beharrtet. Wenn man es ruhig betrachtet, muß man doch bekennen, daß die Genter wohl Gründe haben, die Abſetzung ihres rechtmäßigen Fürſten abzuſchlagen. Solche Thaten können einem Volke kein Glück bringen, und Gott weiß, welche Folgen es nach ſich ziehen würde. Es iſt ein Antrag, den mein Herz mit ganzer Kraft verwirft; nicht daß ich die Redlichkeit Eurer Abſichten verkennte; Ihr wißt es, Pieter Zoetaerde iſt Euer treuer Freund geblieben im Glück und Unglück; er iſt es noch; glaubt ihm aber auch jetzt und weiſt ſeine Bitte nicht zurück; folgt unſerm Rathe und laßt Euer Vorhaben fahren.“

„Ach, Mher Jakob!“ ſeufzte Ghelnoot; „warum Euer Leben gewagt für Undankbare? Lieben ſie die Sklaverei, ſo mögen ſie die Ketten tragen. Habt Ihr Euch noch nicht genug gequält und gelitten für Leute, die Euch verkennen und Euch haſſen, zum Lohn für Eure großen Thaten? Warum wollt Ihr gegen ihren Willen ihr Wohlthäter bleiben? Gönnt ihnen die Freude nicht, Euch noch mehr Böſes zu thun. Laßt ſie ſich die Speiſen kochen, wie ſie ſie eſſen wollen, und da ſie zu engherzig ſind, um etwas Großes begreifen zu können, gewährt ihnen das Vergnügen, und laßt ſie ſo engherzig bleiben. Was mich betrifft, von Morgen an verlaſſe ich Gent, und wenn ich je wieder ein Amt annehme, ſo möge Gott mich für meine Thorheit ſtrafen!“

Alle betrachteten Artevelde mit geſpannten Mienen und glaubten in ſeinem ruhigen Stillſchweigen zu erkennen, daß das Gefühl der Nothwendigkeit den Sieg bei ihm davongetragen habe und er einwilligen werde. Aber der Oberhauptmann war nicht von ihren Reden erſchüttert und ſagte nach einer Pauſe endlich:

„Ich danke Euch für Eure Zuneigung, meine lieben Genoſſen! Es iſt Eure Freundſchaft für mich, die Euch ſelbſt die Intereſſen des Vaterlandes zur Seite ſchieben läßt, weil Ihr glaubt, daß ein großes Unglück mich unmittelbar treffen könne. Dieſe perſönlichen Beweggründe ſind vielleicht edel und lobenswerth an Euch; an mir würden ſie nichts ſein, als ſelbſtſüchtige Feigheit. Ihr rathet mir, meinen Plan aufzugeben? Unmöglich! Wenn ich es thäte, ſo würde ich zur ſelben Zeit die ewige Unterwerfung meines Vaterlandes unter den freiheitshaſſenden Willen des franzöſiſchen Hofes, die Aufopferung unſerer Unabhängigkeit, den Tod unſerer Induſtrie beſiegeln. — Ich weiß es, Irren iſt dem Menſchen eigenthümlich. Vielleicht täuſche ich mich. Dennoch aber, da meine Seele und mein Gewiſſen mir ſagen, daß mein Gedanke Wahrheit ſei, darf ich mich durch nichts zurückhalten laſſen, und wenn meine Freunde ſelbſt gegen mich aufſtänden.“

„Wenn Ihr Euch nun aber wirklich dennoch getäuſcht hättet,“ ſagte Pieter Zoetaerde, „würdet Ihr da nicht Eure That Euer ganzes Leben lang betrauern? Denn in dieſem Falle wäre das Vaterland nicht gerettet und Ihr hättet Euren rechtmäßigen Fürſten enterbt.“

„Ich bekenne, daß es ein äußerſt wichtiger Beſchluß iſt, ſeinen Fürſten ſeiner Rechte zu berauben,“ antwortete der Oberhauptmann. „Ihr, die Ihr meine Freunde ſeid, und mein Herz bis in ſeine geheimſten Falten kennt, Ihr wißt, welche tiefe Ehrfurcht es vor allem geſetzlichen Rechte hegt und wie mächtig es ſich immer gegen alle Gewalt erhob. Aber Alles hat ſeine Grenzen. Ich, der ich ſo oft mein Leben für das allgemeine Beſte wagte und ihm Alles opferte, Ruhe, Familie, Blut und Ehre, ich habe das Recht, als eine Grundregel meines Betragens anzunehmen, daß, wo ein Volk mit Sklaverei und Untergang bedroht wird, alle perſönlichen Intereſſen, wie heilig und großartig ſie auch ſein mögen, weichen müſſen für die Erhaltung des Vaterlandes in ſeiner Unabhängigkeit. Bedenket Flanderns Schickſal ſeit zweihundert Jahren, und Ihr werdet mit mir überzeugt ſein, daß die Nothwendigkeit ſelbſt uns zu dem äußerſten Schritte, den ich wagen will, unwiderruflich geführt habe. Giebt es wohl auf Erden ein Volk, das ſo unaufhörlich hat kämpfen müſſen, um ſeine Freiheit gegen immer erneute Anſchläge zu vertheidigen? Hunderte von Aufſtänden, Feldſchlachten, Siege, unſchätzbare Geldopfer, Vernunft, Arbeit, nichts hat geholfen. Wenige Jahre nach der glorreichen Schlacht der goldenen Sporen, obgleich wir dort den ſchönſten Sieg davontrugen, waren wir noch tiefer in Sklaverei verſunken als zuvor. Seit Gent den Befreiungsruf über Flandern ausſandte, haben wir rieſenhafte Unternehmungen vollbracht. Das Glück, die Streitigkeiten zwiſchen dem König, die Bundesgenoſſenſchaft mit Brabant, Alles begünſtigte uns. Wir brachten es weiter, als unſere Vorfahren je von der Zukunft hoffen durften: ein regelmäßiges Heer von ſechszigtauſend Mann ſtand wie eine feſte Schutzmauer auf vlämiſchem Boden. Reichthum, Ruhm und Einfluß erhoben uns zu einem wichtigen Volke. Und dennoch, wer von Euch wagt zu ſagen, daß wir jetzt einen Schritt weiter zu unſerer wahren Unabhängigkeit gefördert ſind, als in jener Zeit, wo Frankreich durch unſere Grafen gebieteriſch über uns herrſchte? Wer von Euch wagt zu behaupten, daß wir nicht augenſcheinlich und unvermeidlich in eine neue Knechtſchaft gerathen werden?“

Artevelde ſchwieg einen Augenblick und betrachtete ſeine Freunde mit fragenden Blicken. Sie ſaßen aber mit geſenktem Haupte auf ihren Pferden und antworteten nicht.

„Ich weiß wohl,“ fuhr der Oberhauptmann fort, „daß Euch die Ketten vor Augen ſchweben, die Flandern wieder feſſeln werden. Nun denn! wenn ſo viele erſtaunliche Kraftäußerungen, wenn zweihundert Jahre heldenmüthigen Blutvergießens, wenn Siege, Standhaftigkeit und Macht nicht hinreichen, ein freigeborenes Volk zu erlöſen, ſo muß außerhalb dieſes Volkes eine Urſache vorhanden ſein, welche die Macht hat, ſeine Bemühungen ewig zu vereiteln und nutzlos zu machen. Dieſe Urſache liegt in der Unterwerfung unſerer Fürſten unter Frankreichs Willen. Ihre Unterthänigkeit iſt das Band, das durch unſere Geſchichte hindurch wie eine unzerbrechliche Sklavenkette gewebt iſt; — denn was hilft es uns, zu kämpfen und uns frei zu ringen, wenn unſer eigener Graf als Unterthan und Diener unſerer Feinde ſich immer bemüht, uns zu ihrem Vortheile anzugreifen und uns zu rauben, was wir gewonnen haben? Verkennt doch nicht, was dreihundert Jahre ſchmerzlicher Erfahrung uns lehrten! Wenn unſere Fürſten die Sklaven Frankreichs bleiben, wie ſie es jetzt ſind, ſo möge Flandern in Zukunft verſuchen, was es wolle, möge ſiegen und ſich auf den Gipfel des Ruhmes und der Macht ſchwingen, immer wird es entkräftet wieder zurückfallen in dieſelbe Dienſtbarkeit. Es möge hundert Mal von Neuem wähnen, ſeine Bande zu zerreißen, ein Band bleibt doch außer ſeinem Bereiche, und aus dieſem einzigen müſſen immer alle anderen wieder entſtehen. Iſt das nicht unwiderleglich? Was waren die hennegauiſchen Baudewyns? Was Ferrand, Gwyde, Robrecht? Was iſt unſer gegenwärtiger Graf Ludwig? Was wird ſein Nachfolger ſein? Unterthanen Frankreichs! Lehensleute des Fremdlings! Gehorſame Diener des franzöſiſchen Thrones! Was nützt es uns alſo, unſer Blut, unſern Geiſt, unſer Leben zu vergeuden, um einem unmöglichen Ziele nachzujagen? Nichts! Frankreich hat mit außerordentlich kluger Politik den vlämiſchen Leu an eine Kette gebunden, die außen von Silber zu ſein ſcheint und inwendig von Stahl iſt; eine Kette, die durch des Volkes Beſtrebungen ſo weit ausgedehnt werden kann, daß der Löwe ſich frei und unüberwindlich wähnt, die ſich aber immer wieder zuſammenzieht zu einem Bande der Knechtſchaft und Machtloſigkeit. Glaubt Ihr vielleicht, daß der vlämiſche Heldenſtamm ſich eigne, unaufhörlich gegen den ſüdlichen Rieſen zu kämpfen, und ſtets Kraft genug haben werde, ſiegreich aufzuſtehen, wenn das Halsband ihn zu erwürgen droht? O, Freunde! hofft nicht zu viel von einem Volke! Es kommen Zeiten, gleich denjenigen, die wir erleben, wo der muthigſte Mann, durch Zwieſpalt und Anarchie gelähmt, niederſinkt und jauchzend die Sklaverei als eine Erlöſung annimmt. Dann geſchieht es, daß ſeine Feinde die Schellen ſo feſt an ſeine Füße ſchmieden und ihn ſo ſehr mit den Stricken moraliſcher und wirklicher Knechtſchaft knebeln, daß er die Begier nach Freiheit ſelbſt verliert und die Unterwerfung unter den Fremdling als eine Tugend betrachtet. Dieſes Schickſal wird Flandern unfehlbar erleiden, wenn uns der Muth fehlt, uns durch Kühnheit und männlichen Willen für immer von Frankreich loszureißen. — Betrachtet den Zuſtand und ſeine möglichen Folgen noch von einem anderen Geſichtspunkte aus. Als vor einigen Jahren unſer Fürſt auf Befehl Philipps von Valois die engliſchen Kaufleute in Flandern ohne Recht und Grund angriff, da verſanken unſere Gewerbe in das äußerſte Elend; eine lange Hungersnoth ſchlug die hoffnungsloſen Zunftgenoſſen wie eine Geißel zu Boden; eine anſehnliche Zahl unſerer beſten und muthigſten Arbeiter verließ das Vaterland und kehrte nicht wieder; die Meiſten ſuchten einen Schutzort und Brod in England. Dieſe Auswanderung entging zuerſt unſerer Aufmerkſamkeit, und doch konnte Flandern kein größeres Unglück widerfahren. Unſere vertriebenen Brüder lehrten andern Nationen unſere Art, das Tuch zu bereiten; durch ihr Vorbild weckten ſie die Luſt zur Arbeit in ihnen und theilten ihnen die Früchte der Erfahrung von Jahrhunderten mit. In England wohnt auch ein vernünftiger und fleißiger Volksſtamm; dieſer hat die vlämiſchen Auswanderer jauchzend in ſeinem Schooße aufgenommen und mit Wohlthaten überſchüttet; Webſtühle entſtehen jetzt zu Hunderten in England; binnen wenigen Jahren wird das engliſche Tuch gleichfalls auf dem Feſtlande von Europa erſcheinen, und wer ſagt uns, daß Flandern der ſiegreiche Boden des Gewerbfleißes bleiben wird, wenn wir die Augen vor ſo offenbarem Unrecht ſchließen? In Frankreich bemüht man ſich, unſere Tücher durch eigene Erzeugniſſe zu erſetzen. In ſolchen Verhältniſſen müſſen wir die Volksarbeit Flanderns ſchützen vor der geringſten Schwächung und Verkürzung, oder Alles iſt verloren. Hungersnoth, Peſt und Seuchen würden bald weggerafft haben, was der Gewerbfleiß ſich weigert zu ernähren. — Nun denn! was wird geſchehen, wenn die Vläminger die Gefahr nicht abwenden durch eine äußerſte, aber nothwendige That? Es iſt uns unmöglich, noch länger unſere Freiheit gegen Frankreich, gegen den Grafen, gegen die Leliaerts zu vertheidigen, und vor Allem gegen die inneren Zwiſtigkeiten, die überall das Anſehen der Obrigkeit zerſtören. Jeder fühlt das; Jeder iſt davon überzeugt, unſere Feinde ſowohl, wie wir ſelbſt. Wir müſſen demgemäß nachgeben und unter Frankreichs drückenden Einfluß zurückkehren. Unſer Graf wird das Bündniß mit England zerreißen und uns zwingen, Eduard's Feinden Beiſtand zu leiſten. Das Verbot der Wolleneinfuhr wird uns unmittelbar treffen; alle Webſtühle werden ſtill ſtehen. Die anderen Nationen, die jetzt gelernt haben, daß die Tuchbereitung kein unbewegliches Eigenthum des vlämiſchen Bodens iſt, werden unſere Arbeiter zu ſich rufen; Tauſende ziehen fort und ſagen einem Boden Lebewohl, wo die Arbeit keinen Schutz findet gegen Willkür und fremde Gewalt. Ach! was wird dann aus Flandern geworden ſein! Ein Land ohne Volksfreiheit, ohne Unabhängigkeit, ohne Gewerbfleiß! Ein elender Sklavenſtamm, der mit aufgehobenen Armen fleht, einer andern Nation einverleibt zu werden; der ſeine Mutterſprache, ſeine Sitten, ſeinen Urſprung verleugnet, um ſeine Verſchmelzung mit anderen Völkern zu beeilen.... Und dies ſollte die Zukunft meines Vaterlandes ſein? Ich ſollte dieſe ſchreckliche Nacht ſich nähern ſehen und die Sonne der Freiheit nicht mit Gewalt am Himmel erhalten, ſo lange es in meiner Macht ſteht? Nein, nein! Mögt Ihr ſagen, was Ihr wollt, lieben Freunde! Möge man meinen Namen verfluchen und mir mit einem ſchrecklichen Ende drohen, ich werde unſer theures Flandern zu retten ſuchen, ſo lange noch ein Lebensfunke in meiner Bruſt glimmt. — Ich ziehe meinen Antrag nicht zurück und will nach Gent gehen, um einen entſcheidenden Verſuch zu machen. Mein Gewiſſen ſagt mir, daß ich es thun müſſe, und ich werde es thun .....“

Die mächtigen Gründe des Oberhauptmanns hatten einen tiefen Eindruck auf ſeine Freunde ausgeübt. Eine große Veränderung ſchien in dem Gemüthe Ghelnoot's van Lens vorgegangen zu ſein. Er betrachtete ſeit einiger Zeit den redenden Artevelde mit Augen, die vor Bewunderung ſtrahlten. Ein heiteres Lachen des Muthes und der Freude ſchwebte auf ſeinem Antlitz. Sich auf ſeinem Roſſe dem Oberhauptmann nähernd, ergriff er deſſen Hand gerührt und ſagte:

„Wahrlich, Ihr habt Recht, Mher Jakob! Nicht weichen, nicht zurückgehen! Flandern retten oder ſterben! Das iſt wenigſtens eine Sprache, die unſerer würdig iſt; ſie ſchwellt uns das Herz an und erinnert uns, daß wir Vläminger ſind. Da unſer Blut dem Vaterlande gehört, ſo fließe es im Fall der Noth auch bis auf den letzten Tropfen! Nein! Ihr ſollt Euern Antrag nicht aufgeben.“

Der Oberſchöffe ſchüttelte das Haupt in trüber Verzweiflung und ſagte:

„Ach, Freund Jakob! ich bekenne es Euch, Eure Gründe ſind unwiderleglich. Alles, was Ihr ſagt, iſt die vollſte Wahrheit. Aber ſeid Ihr verpflichtet, Eure eigene Erhaltung ganz aus den Augen zu laſſen, ſo lange es noch andere Mittel giebt, Euer Ziel zu erreichen? Geſtattet Eure unbegreiflich tiefe Vaterlandsliebe Euch nicht, Euer Vorhaben aufzugeben, ſo verſchiebt doch die Ausführung auf eine günſtigere Zeit."

„Warten? Warten? Nein! das darf nicht ſein, Freunde!" antwortete der Oberhauptmann. „Jakob von Artevelde's Zeit geht zu Ende; ſein Name und ſein Einfluß ſind abgenutzt. Er weiß, daß ſeine Laufbahn ſich nothwendig ſchließen muß. Soll er nun der Macht Lebewohl ſagen, wie ein entkräfteter Arbeiter, der ſeiner Laſt erliegt und ſie zerſchmettert von ſeiner Schulter fallen läßt? Soll mein Beſtreben Nichts hervorgebracht haben, als ein vorübergehendes Gedeihen und viel nutzloſes Blutvergießen? Nein! mein letzter Gruß an Flandern ſoll die Zuſicherung von des Landes künftiger Größe, von des Landes unvertilgbarer Unabhängigkeit ſein. Freund Baernewyck! Ihr wißt es, ich habe geſchworen, Flanderns Ruhm und Freiheit Alles, Alles aufzuopfern. Auf Erden kenne ich nur eine Macht, die mich von dieſem heiligen Eide entbinden könne: der Tod!"

„Wir haben es zuſammen geſchworen," ſagte der Oberſchöffe. „Es gefalle Gott nicht, daß ich es je vergeſſe! Aber die Kraft des Gemüthes iſt keine Feindin der Vorſicht. Wer ſagt uns, daß binnen einem Monate die Zuſtände nicht günſtiger für die Ausführung unſerer Pläne geworden ſeien? Straft das Schickſal nicht oft die menſchliche Erwartung Lügen? Nun denn! laßt uns dieſen Monat Zeit zu gewinnen ſuchen. Ich glaube nicht, daß die Abſetzung des Fürſten ſo dringend ſei, daß einige Wochen Aufſchub und Ueberlegung unwiederbringlichen Nachtheil verurſachen könnten."

„Es ſind wenige Gründe nöthig, Freund Baernewyck, um Euch auf andere Anſichten zu bringen,“ antwortete der Oberhauptmann. „Was hindert Philipp von Valois, der in Atrecht (Arras) mit ſeinem Heere liegt, in unſer Land einzufallen? Was hindert ferner das zerſtörende Ungewitter des Aufruhrs, in Flandern loszubrechen? Allein die Gegenwart König Eduard's zu Sluis. Deſſen ſeid Ihr gewiß mit mir überzeugt. Sobald daher das engliſche Heer ſich von unſeren Küſten entfernte, würden unſere äußeren wie unſere inneren Feinde augenblicklich aufſtehen und durch eine einzige Kraftäußerung unſer Vaterland in die Sklaverei zurückſtürzen, aus der wir es gerettet zu haben glauben. Jeder, und Ihr, meine Freunde, ſowohl als ich, hat die Ueberzeugung, daß Flandern ſich ſelbſt nicht mehr retten kann, weil das Volk nicht mehr ſeinen Willen dem Willen ſeiner Regierung unterwirft. Was ich bin, werde ich allein durch die Wahl meiner Landesgenoſſen; meine Macht gehört mir nicht; ſie vergeht, ſobald das öffentliche Vertrauen, aus dem ſie entſproß, angegriffen oder geſchwächt wird. Ich erfahre das Schickſal aller Volksanführer: meine Befehle verwunden und erniedrigen, weil der Menſch nur zu gewiſſen Zeiten, und dann auch nicht lange, ſich von ſeinem eigenen Werke beherrſchen läßt. Was Flandern haben muß, iſt ein Fürſt, deſſen Recht zu gebieten aus einer höheren Quelle entſpringt, und dem man gehorcht, nicht als einem beſonderen Menſchen, ſondern als einem Princip natürlicher Obrigkeit. Die Sklaverei mit Ludwig von Nevers zurückzurufen und uns den Feinden der Volksfreiheit unterwerfen, das iſt unmöglich. Nehmen wir daher mit dem Prinzen von Wales die Unabhängigkeit unſeres Landes und die Freundſchaft einer mächtigen freiheitsliebenden Nation an, die uns ſtammverwandt iſt und dieſelbe Bahn, wie Flandern, durchwandeln muß. Sobald wir den Sohn des Königs von England in allen Städten als Grafen ausgerufen haben, wird er auch bald die nöthige Macht zu herrſchen finden. Eine ſtarke Einigkeit wird ſich bilden. Meine Erhebung, die Urſache des Neides und der Parteiung, verletzt Niemanden mehr, da ich alle Würde und allen Einfluß in die Hände des Fürſten niederlegen werde. Flandern wird ſich mit neuer Kraft erheben und, von England unterſtützt, Allen denen Ehrfurcht und Achtung einflößen, welche im Süden ſeinen Fall abwarten, um es als eine lange belauerte Beute zu zerreißen. Die erſte von König Eduard einzugehende Bedingung iſt, daß er augenblicklich den Waffenſtillſtand mit Frankreich aufhebe und ohne Raſt mit uns unter den Waffen bleibe, bis wir unſere Städte, Ryſſel, Douai und Orchies, dem Fremdling entriſſen haben. Flanderns Heil, ſein Ruhm, ſein Gedeihen gebieten uns, nicht zu zögern; denn nehmen wir zum Aufſchub unſere Zuflucht, ſo kann uns Alles entgehen. Die geringſte Niederlage der Engländer in der Bretagne würde den König Eduard zwingen, augenblicklich mit ſeiner Flotte in See zu ſtechen und uns unſerem Schickſale zu überlaſſen. Am nächſten Tage würden wir erſchreckt in Sklaverei und Dienſtbarkeit erwachen. Jeder Tag kann uns daher die Ketten der Unterwerfung und die Geißel der Volksarmuth bringen. Es wäre nicht allein eine Unvorſichtigkeit, ſondern ſogar eine Miſſethat, wenn man nicht weiß, welcher Tag den Untergang von Flandern beſcheinen kann..... Nun denn, Freunde! ſeid Ihr noch der Meinung, daß ich meinen Anſchlag aufgeben müſſe?"

Anfangs antwortete Niemand auf dieſe Frage. Der Oberſchöffe hielt ſeinen Blick unbeweglich auf die Mähne ſeines Pferdes gerichtet und ſchien in tiefes Nachdenken verſunken.

Nach einem Augenblicke ſeufzte Pieter Zoetaerde:

„Das alte vlämiſche Grafenblut verſtoßen und verlaſſen, um einen fremden Fürſten auf den Thron zu heben? Das iſt ein Gedanke, bei dem ſich mein Gewiſſen wider meinen Willen gegen die trübe Nothwendigkeit empört."

„In der That!" bemerkte Artevelde, „dieſer Gedanke würde veranlaſſen, daß man meinen Vorſchlag einſtimmig abwieſe. Ich weiß, welche Neigung die Vläminger mit den Nachkommen der alten Grafen, den Vätern und Schützern unſerer Freiheit verbindet. Aber fließt nicht eben ſoviel von dieſem edlen Blute durch die Adern des Prinzen von Wales, wie durch die Ludwig's von Nevers? Iſt er nicht der Sohn Philippinens von Hennegau, der Nachkomme unſerer Gräfin Margaretha von Konſtantinopel? Ja, das alte vlämiſche Fürſtenblut füllt auch ſein Herz, und was ihn in meinen Augen erhöht, dieſes Blut iſt nicht durch den verderblichen Einfluß des franzöſiſchen Hofes ausgeartet

Kanntet Ihr ſeine vlämiſche Abkunft nicht, Mher Zoetaerde?"

Pieter Zoetaerde ſchien ganz durch des Oberhauptmanns letzte Worte aus ſeinem Trübſinne herausgeriſſen zu ſein. Er wollte etwas antworten. Aber jetzt erhob der Oberſchöffe plötzlich mit heiterem Antlitz das Haupt und ſagte:

„Ich glaube, daß ich ein Mittel gefunden habe."

Während ſeine Freunde ihn mit Neugier betrachteten, hob er an:

„Wer auf ſeinem Wege ein unüberſteigliches Hinderniß findet, der ſucht ſeitwärts vorbeizukommen und erreicht eben ſo gut ſein Ziel. Was wir zu fürchten haben, iſt, daß man in Gent ausbreiten werde, daß der Oberhauptmann zurückkehrt, um ſeinen Antrag durchzuſetzen, trotz der Abſtimmung von geſtern. Nun denn! wir müſſen dem Feinde zuvorkommen und ihn glauben machen, daß man ſeinen Sieg nicht angreifen wolle. Seht, was wir thun können! Sobald wir in Gent ankommen, laſſe ich unmittelbar die Stadttrompeter ſich nach allen Vierteln begeben, um zu verkünden, daß man ſich Dienſtag um neun Uhr verſammeln ſolle, um den Bericht des Oberhauptmanns über die Verſammlungen zu Brügge und zu Ypern hinſichtlich des zu Gent verworfenen Antrages zu vernehmen. Ich werde dem Berichte eine Form geben, an der man nicht ſoll merken können, daß der Oberhauptmann Willens ſei, die Geſetzlichkeit des geſtern gefaßten Beſchluſſes anzugreifen, und iſt es nöthig, ſo wende ich andere Mittel an, um die Leliaerds und Eure Feinde glauben zu machen, daß man den Vorſchlag der Abſetzung ganz aufgegeben habe. Ueberlaßt mir das und haltet unſere Abſichten geheim. Auf dieſe Weiſe hat Myher Artevelde nichts zu fürchten, ehe er ſich vor der Gemeine erklärt hat. Wir werden inzwiſchen noch andere Maßregeln der Sicherheit treffen. Stimmt Ihr damit überein, Oberhauptmann? Werdet Ihr aller Erklärung aus dem Wege gehen bis zum Tage der Verſammlung?“

„Das Mittel iſt gering,“ antwortete Artevelde; „aber wenn Ihr meint, Freund Maes, daß dadurch der gute Erfolg unſeres Strebens weſentlich erleichtert werde, ſo habe ich nichts dagegen und will Euern Rath befolgen.“

„Das iſt genug! Laßt mich nur gewähren!“ erwiederte der Oberſchöffe. „Heute noch ſoll ſich die Erbitterung gegen den Oberhauptmann in Gent gelegt haben. Wir wollen heute Abend mit unſeren vertrauteſten Freunden in Myher Jakob's Hauſe zuſammenkommen und berathen, was noch geſchehen könne .....

Hier ſind wir bei Wandelghem. Es wäre unvorſichtig, die engliſche Reiterei noch weiter mit uns zu nehmen. Die Genter Bürger könnten aus der Annäherung dieſer fremden Schaar Argwohn ſchöpfen. Oberhauptmann! wollt Ihr ſie nicht verabſchieden?“

„Sie wiſſen, daß ich ſie hier verlaſſen muß,“ antwortete Artevelde. „Ich will dem Obriſten für ſeine gute Begleitung danken. Reitet Ihr nach dem goldenen Löwen! Dort wird Lord Sturin übernachten.“

Artevelde wartete, bis der engliſche Ritter kam, und begleitete ihn bis in das Dorf, wo er ſeine Freunde ſchon vor der Herberge fand. Die Reiter ſtiegen ab und rieſen nach Erfriſchungen für ſich und ihre Pferde, während Artevelde mit herzlichem Händedruck den Obriſten verließ und dann raſch mit ſeinen drei Genoſſen und ihrer Begleitung in Gent einritt.

Als ſie ſich der Stadt näherten, ſtand die Sonne bereits ſehr tief am Horizonte. Der Abend umhüllte die Natur mit dem goldenen Nebelſchleier; die Mauern und Thürme von Gent ſchienen von Weitem ein purpurner Gürtel mit goldenen Edelſteinen zu ſein: Alles funkelte und glänzte in ſtiller prächtiger Ruhe bei dem letzten Gruße des ſinkenden Tageslichts .....

Gleich darauf ritten ſie durch das Muidethor. Das Getrappel der Pferde rief die Bürger aus ihren Häuſern auf die Straße; Jeder ſchien erſtaunt bei dem Anblick des Oberhauptmanns; die Meiſten betrachteten ihn jedoch nur mit Verwunderung oder Neugier. In den volkreicheren Straßen dagegen, im Inneren von Gent, ſtießen ſie auf Zunftgeſellen, welche mit großer Unverſchämtheit Schimpfworte und höhnende Vorwürfe hören ließen. Einige ſteckten ſogar, als Zeichen von blutigem Spott, ihre Köpfe zu Dreien unter eine Kappe und ſchrien in ſolcher Haltung Artevelde Drohungen zu.

Dieſer ſetzte, mit einem merklichen Ausdrucke von Mitleid auf dem Geſichte, ruhig ſeinen Weg fort, bis an ſeine Wohnung, wo Ser Maes van Vaernewyck und Pieter Zoetaerde ihn verließen, um ſich nach dem

Schöffenhauſe zu begeben. Ghelnoot van Lens ſprach noch eine Weile mit ihm, um ihm zu beweiſen, daß die Knappen von Sanct Jan gerufen werden müßten, worauf er ſich ebenfalls entfernte, um den Oberſten der Wache zu benachrichtigen, ſein Pferd fortzubringen und ſeine Reiſekleider abzulegen.

Der Oberhauptmann lenkte in den Paddenhoek ein, wo Frau Artevelde, Beerle und der kleine Philipp ihn an der Hinterthüre erwarteten. Mit ängſtlicher Freude wurde er von ſeiner Gemahlin und ſeiner Tochter empfangen. Er hob ſeinen fünfjährigen Sohn vom Boden auf und trug das jauchzende Kind unter zärtlichen Umarmungen hinein . . . .

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In Sanct Pietersdorf, nach der Klauſe von Sanct Quinten zu, ſtand ein kleines Haus, welches die arme Wittwe eines Walkmüllers bewohnte. Hier ſaß in einem Kämmerchen unter dem Dache ein Jüngling, welcher mit tiefgeſenktem Haupt auf den Boden blickte.

Seine Kleider, obwohl von früherer Pracht zeugend, waren unanſehnlich und verſchoſſen, hier und da ſogar mit einem großen Flecken beſetzt. Sein Geſicht, durch den ſchwachen Schein einer thönernen Lampe erleuchtet, zeigte die äußerſte Magerkeit und trug die unverkennbaren Spuren eines verzehrenden Seelenſchmerzes. Während tiefe Falten ein peinliches Lächeln rings um ſeinen Mund zeichneten, glühten ſeine Augen in ihren tiefen

Höhlen wie von wahnſinnigem Feuer; die Hände ruhten machtlos und ſchlaff auf den Knien; ſie ſchienen einem Gerippe zu gehören, ſo deutlich konnte man jeden Knochen in ihnen ſehen.

Der kranke Jüngling blieb lange in derſelben Haltung ſitzen, ohne daß die mindeſte Bewegung oder der leiſeſte Seufzer Leben an ihm verrieth. Endlich durchlief ein fieberhaftes Zittern ſeine Glieder; er drückte beide Hände an die Stirn, als wolle er ein Feuer erſticken, das unter ſeinem Schädel brannte. Dann ſagte er mit heiſerer Stimme:

„Vater, Vater! könnteſt Du ſehen, was ich leide! könnteſt Du fühlen, was mein Inneres krampfhaft zuſammenſchnürt und wie der Wurm der Verzweiflung mir das Herz Faſer für Faſer zernagt! O, möge Gott meinen Märtyrertod in der Waage des Gerichtes für Deine Miſſethaten aufwiegen laſſen! Ich würde ihn noch ſegnen, daß er mich dieſen ekelhaften vergifteten Kelch leeren ließ ...... Beerle, Beerle! Du gabſt mir Dein jungfräuliches Leben ...... Ich habe es zerſtört, mit Jammer und Unglück durchwebt! Belohnung Deiner Liebe!... Der Traualtar? Man nähert ſich ihm nicht. Blut beſudelt die Flur des Tempels. — Fort! fort! Empfängſt Du den feierlichen Segen, die Füße im rauchenden Blute Deines Vaters? Schenkſt Du Deine Hand dem Sohne des Mörders? Ach! das Grab öffnet ſeinen Schlund! Es wird Henker und Schlachtopfer verſchlingen! Der Tod bereitet das ewige Hochzeitbette ...... Jung ſein! lieben! geliebt werden! den Schandflecken ſeiner Geburt wie ein Brandmal der Hölle auf ſeiner Seele fühlen! ſeinen Vater verdammt wiſſen ..... Ach! ach! wie lebt man lange! ......“

Die Stimme des Jünglings verlor ſich allmählig in ein unverſtändliches Röcheln; ſeine Hände ſanken wieder kraftlos nieder und er kehrte zu ſeiner vorigen Unbeweglichkeit zurück.

Er blieb noch lange ſo in gräßliche Träume verſunken, bis Glockengeläute ſein Ohr berührte. Nun ſtand er langſam auf, ging an das Fenſter und legte das Antlitz an die Scheiben, um hinauszuſehen.

Gleich darauf wandte er ſich um und ſagte, indem er einen Dolch vom Bette nahm und ihn an ſeinen Gürtel befeſtigte:

„Es iſt dunkel, ... die Straßen ſind einſam und ſtill .... Der Nachtrabe kann ſein Verſteck verlaſſen .... herumſtreifen, neues Futter ſuchen für meine bitteren Schmerzen .... Ihren Fußtritten folgen, kämpfen mit ſchmerzlichen Erinnerungen, Thränen vergießen auf einem theuren Grabe, und ohnmächtig werden, den Blick auf das Haus gerichtet, wo meine Wiege ſtand, ... wo mein Vater ...... O, könnte ich dort ſterben, ſo nahe bei meiner Mutter!“

Er ſchwieg eine Weile und ſchien in Bewußtloſigkeit zu verfallen; plötzlich aber, wie Jemand, der aufwacht, den Kopf erhebend, gab er ſeinem Geſichte einen ganz gleichgültigen Ausdruck und verließ die Kammer.

Als er unten angekommen war, grüßte er im Vorbeigehen eine alte Frau, welche in einem Winkel bei dem

Heerde vor einem Spinnrade ſaß. Er wollte die Thür öffnen, ohne ein Wort an ſie zu richten; ſie hielt aber das Rad an und ſagte zu ihm:

„Ihr geht aus, Jan? Wißt Ihr die Neuigkeit? Der Oberhauptmann iſt in der Stadt. An Eurer Stelle würde ich heute Abend zu Hauſe bleiben."

Der Jüngling ließ den Griff der Thüre los und näherte ſich der Frau, ſie fragend anſehend.

„Armer Junge!" antwortete ſie; „Du weißt auch nicht, was geſchieht, und ſagt man Dir auch etwas, ſo vergißt Du es gleich wieder. Du biſt geſtern doch bis tief in die Nacht ausgeblieben; haſt Du denn nicht gehört, wie man dem Oberhauptmann den Tod ſchwur?"

„Ich habe es gehört," ſeufzte er; „aber glaubt Ihr denn, daß die Mörder es wagen würden, den Oberhauptmann anzutaſten?"

„Mörder? Mörder?" rief die Wittwe verwundert. „Ihr wißt alſo nicht, daß der Oberhauptmann den Schatz von Flandern nach England geſandt hat? daß er das Land gegen klingende Münze an König Eduard verkaufte?"

Ein Lachen des Mitleidens und der Verachtung zeigte ſich auf dem mageren Antlitz des Jünglings, während ein Seufzer des Unwillens ſeiner Bruſt entſtieg.

„Ach!" rief er verzweiflungsvoll; „die Verleumdung iſt eine ſchreckliche Macht, ein Gift, das ſich Tropfen für Tropfen ſelbſt in dem reinſten Herzen ſammelt. Es ſind Erfindungen des Teufels, arme Frau!"

„Ihr glaubt es ſchon wieder nicht?" fragte die

Wittwe. „Nun, Gent iſt von einem engliſchen Heere umringt, das der Oberhauptmann mit ſich gebracht hat, um Jeden, der über ſeine Unredlichkeit zu klagen wagt, zu ermorden. Man ſagt, er wolle die Stadt plündern laſſen. Das ſoll unſere Strafe ſein, weil wir das Land, das er ſo treulos verkauft hat, nicht ausliefern wollen. — Aber es ſoll ihm nicht glücken. Aber Geeraert Denys ſoll ihn ſchon daran hindern und uns erlöſen von ſeiner böſen Gewalt! ...... Ja, Ihr mögt wohl zittern, Jan! Gott weiß, was noch dieſe Nacht geſchehen wird! Seht nur durch das Fenſter auf die Ebene! Da ſchleichen im Dunkeln ſo viele Männer heimlich vorüber — hier, wo gewöhnlich um dieſe Stunde keine lebende Seele zu finden iſt! Wer weiß, was da draußen vor Sanct Pieters gebraut wird! Nein, geht nicht aus, lieber Junge! Bei einem Auflauf kennt man weder Freund noch Feind. Euch könnte etwas Schlimmes widerfahren."

Seit die Frau Geeraert Denys' Namen ausgeſprochen hatte, ſtand der Jüngling mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen vor ihr, zitternd wie ein Miſſethäter, der ſeine Anklage aus dem Munde des Richters hört. Sie ſtand vom Stuhle auf, und ihn mitleidig bei der Hand faſſend, ſagte ſie:

„Nun, Jan! erſchreckt doch nicht ſo! Die Hütte einer armen Wittwe iſt der ſicherſte Schutzort, wenn es ſtürmt. Hieher kommen ſie nicht; bleibt zu Hauſe! ſetzt Euch zu mir! Wir wollen mit einander ſchwatzen und uns ruhig auf Gott verlaſſen, ſelbſt wenn in dieſer Nacht das Haupt des Tyrannen fiele."

Dieſe Worte waren nicht geeignet, die Angſt des Jünglings zu ſtillen. Als ob ſie ihn tief getroffen hätten, zog er ſeine Hand zurück und richtete ſich ſtolz empor. Ein drohendes Feuer glänzte in ſeinen Augen und ſeine Zähne ſchloſſen ſich knirſchend. Während die Wittwe über dieſen Ausdruck ſeiner Züge erſtaunte, ſagte er zu ihr:

„Habt Dank! Aber ich muß gehen. Verweilt in Frieden!“

Dieſes ſprechend, ſchritt er raſch auf die Thüre zu und verließ das Haus.

„Armer Wahnſinniger!“ ſeufzte die Frau, mißmuthig den Kopf ſchüttelnd.

Mit raſchen Schritten bog der Jüngling um die Sanct Quintenklauſe und blieb verwundert an der Ecke der Mauer ſtehen. Die tiefſte Stille herrſchte auf der weiten Ebene vor Sanct Pietersabtei, und dennoch zogen Hunderte von Menſchenſchatten langſam durch die Dunkelheit und verſchwanden nach der Richtung des Heuvelthores. Aus den beiden Straßen, welche von der inneren Stadt nach dieſer einſamen Vorſtadt führten, kamen unaufhörlich ſchweigende Männer gelaufen, welche mit leiſem Schritte über die Ebene eilten, um ihre Gegenwart durch kein Geräuſch zu verrathen. Von Zeit zu Zeit gingen auch einige dieſer heimlichen Nachtwandler an dem Orte vorbei, wo der Jüngling halb verborgen ſie belauſchte. Dann bemerkte er mit ſteigender Angſt, daß Viele Beile, Hämmer oder Schwerter trugen. Es ſchien ihm zugleich, als ob er Brandfackeln in den Händen Einiger erkannt habe.

Was mochte dieſer finſtere Zug zu bedeuten haben? Beile! Hämmer! Fackeln! Man wollte alſo Blut vergießen, zerſtören, vertilgen durch Feuer und Schwert! War die Furcht der Wittwe gegründet? Würden Verleumdung, Neid und Rachſucht endlich ihr Opfer vernichten? . . . . . .

Es waren abſcheuliche Gedanken, welche den Jüngling zittern machten wie ein Schilfrohr, und ihn zwangen, die Hand an die Mauer zu legen, um eine Stütze zu finden. Er hielt mittlerweile ſein Auge mit geſpannter Aufmerkſamkeit auf die dunkle Ebene gerichtet, um zu erſpähen, was ſich zutrage, und horchte genau, ob kein Geräuſch, keine Stimme ihm deutlich mache, was der Zweck dieſer ſchleichenden Männer ſein möge.

In dieſem Augenblicke erſchienen vier oder fünf Perſonen am Ende der Frauenſtraße. Die Ebene betretend, näherten ſie ſich allmählig der Mauer der Sanct Quintenklauſe und gingen dort, leiſe ſprechend, langſam vorbei. Der Jüngling zog plötzlich voll Abſcheu den Kopf zurück, bedeckte das Antlitz mit den Händen und ſeufzte mit erſtickter Stimme:

„O, Jammer! Mein Vater! Er dabei? Es ſind Mörder! Ich will es wiſſen . . . . . . es verhindern . . . . . . ihm die ſchnöde Miſſethat noch erſparen! Vielleicht! O, Gott! ſteh' mir bei!“

Mit dieſen Worten verließ er ſeinen Zufluchtsort und wollte ſeinem Vater nacheilen, er ſah jedoch Nichts als viele andere ſchweigende Perſonen, die über die Ebene gingen und unter denen es ihm unmöglich geweſen wäre, Jemanden zu unterſcheiden. Dennoch that er, als habe er gleichfalls Urſache, leiſe zu gehen und ſchritt die Ebene hinauf, in der Richtung, welche ſein Vater genommen zu haben ſchien . . . .

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Artevelde ſaß mit dem Ausdrucke unendlicher Trauer auf dem Antlitze im Hintergemache ſeiner Wohnung. Er hatte ſein fünfjähriges Söhnchen Philipp auf dem Schooße und ſuchte es durch Liebkoſungen zu tröſten. Mit durchdringendem Blicke ſah er ihm in die Augen; ſeine Seele ſchien zu der Seele des bangen Kindes zu ſprechen und es waffnen zu wollen gegen die Undankbarkeit der Menſchen. Das Knäbchen verſtand vielleicht dieſe Sprache . . . . . . Oder war es ein Fünkchen aufflammenden angeborenen Heldenmuthes, welches daſſelbe antrieb, ſeines Vaters Dolch aus der Scheide zu ziehen, um ſich lachend in dem blinkenden Stahle zu ſpiegeln? Wollte es ſagen: Ich werde Dich rächen? Sein Vater, heftig ergriffen, verſtand es ſo und küßte den kleinen Philipp mit ſchmerzlicher Liebe, bei dem Kuſſe murmelnd:

„Armes Kind! armes Kind! Ach, ſtill! ſtill! Gott wende dieſe Gedanken von Deinem Geiſte! Vergiß, was Dein Vater war. Dieſe Bahn führt zu dem bitterſten Märtyrertode . . . . . .“

Das Knäbchen lehnte ſich froh an ſeine Bruſt; doch griff es, als ob es von einem geheimen Triebe fortgezogen würde, gleich wieder nach dem Dolche und fragte, als der Oberhauptmann ſeine Hand abwendete:

„Wann werden die Franzoſen nun kommen, Vater? Kann man ihrer viele mit ſolchem Dolche todtſtechen?“

Artevelde legte die Hand auf den Mund des Kindes und ſagte:

„Sei ſtill, Philipp! Schweſter Beerle iſt ſo krank.“

Nicht weit davon ſaß die Gemahlin des Oberhauptmanns. Ihre Augen waren roth und zeugten von bitterem Schmerze. Sie hielt ihren Blick mit einem unerklärlichen Ausdrucke des Stolzes und der Furcht auf Artevelde gerichtet und ſchien tief zu leiden bei dem Anblicke ſeiner ängſtlichen Liebe zu dem Kinde. Auf ihrem Schooße ruhte Beerle's Kopf, welche mit abgewandtem Angeſichte hörbar ſchluchzte.

Der Oberhauptmann mußte mit ſeiner Gattin ein langes und rührendes Geſpräch gehabt haben. An der tödtlichen Stille, die jetzt im Gemache herrſchte, merkte man deutlich, daß Alle daſelbſt von tiefem Wehe erfüllt waren und den Brunnen des Troſtes bis auf den Grund erſchöpft hatten.

Nach einiger Zeit ward die Frau auf's Neue erſchreckt durch ein Wort des Kindes. Thränen entſtrömten ihren Augen. Zugleich hörte man an der Vorderthüre einige Stimmen, unter denen man die des Oberſchöffen erkennen konnte.

„Jakob, da ſind Deine Freunde!“ ſagte die betrübte Frau.

Artevelde ließ das Knäbchen von ſeinem Knie herabſteigen und ging zu ſeiner Gemahlin. Er ſchlang ſeinen Arm um ihren Hals, küßte ſie auf die Stirn und ſagte:

„Edles Weib! Du leideſt! — Dein Mutterherz wird zerriſſen! . . . . . . Und doch willſt Du Jakob ſeiner Pflicht nicht abwendig machen. Du giebſt ihm den Muth, ſein patriotiſches Werk auszuführen. Wird unſer theures Flandern von Sklaverei und Verderben gerettet, — ſo wird man ſagen, daß ich dieſes Rieſenwerk ausführte . . . . Und doch biſt Du es allein, wunderbare Heldin, der das Vaterland ſeine Freiheit zu verdanken haben wird; denn Du allein, Mutter meiner Kinder, hatteſt das Recht zu ſagen: Halte ein! laß das Vaterland in den Abgrund ſinken! rette ein Leben, das Dir nicht gehört! Du haſt das nicht geſagt, ſei geſegnet! Dank, Dank Dir, Cathelyne!“

Seine Gattin ſah ihn mit ſchmerzlichem Lächeln an, als wollte ſie ihm noch mehr Kraft geben, und drückte ſeine Hand, obwohl ihr Mund ſich weigerte, die nothwendige Zuſtimmung zu beſtätigen.

„Cathelyne!“ ſagte der Oberhauptmann, „vergrößere Deinen Schmerz nicht durch peinliche Betrachtungen. Noch drei Tage trennen uns von dem feierlichen Augenblicke. Gott kann viele Wunder thun in ſo kurzer Zeit. Tröſte Dich mit dieſem Gedanken; mache ihn unſerer armen Beerle klar. Ich verſichere Dir, mir kann vor dem Tage der Verſammlung nichts Böſes geſchehen. Eine unüberwindliche Angſt macht Dich in dieſem Augenblicke zittern. Ich weiß es, aber Du haſt Unrecht, Cathelyne. Alles iſt ruhig und ſtill in der Stadt. Die Ankündigung, daß ich öffentliche Erklärungen geben wolle, hat die Gemüther beſänftigt. Meine Freunde ſind bereits hinaufgegangen; ſie bringen mir gute Nachrichten. Sei wohlgemuth und ohne Angſt, bis ich wiederkomme.“ . . .

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Ein vor Eile keuchender Mann jagte in vollem Laufe den Sanct Pietersberg hinab. Der Schweiß ſtrömte von ſeiner Stirne; er ſtreckte die beiden Hände klagend aus, wie Jemand, der ein großes Unglück zu verkünden hat; von Zeit zu Zeit blieb er jedoch plötzlich ſtehen und wandte das Geſicht dem Berge zu, von wo ihm aus der Ferne eine röthliche Gluth, wie ein ſchrecklicher Brand, entgegenſtrahlte. Dann ſetzte er mit ſeltſamem Heulen ſeinen Lauf nach dem Wallthore fort und fiel plötzlich mitten in die Mannen von Sanct Jan hinein, die vor Artevelde's Hauſe Wache hielten. Ohne ſich um die Gegenwart derſelben zu bekümmern, eilte er nach der Thüre und wollte anpochen. Man riß ihn jedoch gewaltſam von derſelben fort.

„Um Gottes Willen hindert mich nicht! Erkennt mich doch, Freunde! Ich bin es, Lieven, Lieven Denys! Ich muß, ich muß den Oberhauptmann ſehen! Raſch! raſch!“

An dem Klange ſeiner Stimme erkannte man ihn, und beeilte ſich, ihm die Thür zu öffnen. Er drang wie der Blitz in das Gemach, wo Frau Artevelde und ihre Tochter noch wie früher ſaßen.

„O, fliehet, fliehet!“ ſchrie er. „Da ſind ſie! Der Oberhauptmann! Feuer! Schwert! Mörder!“

Frau Artevelde ſprang erſchreckt auf und nahm ihren Knaben in die Arme, den keuchenden Lieven voll Angſt anſchauend, als ob ſie von ſeinem Wahnſinne das angekündigte Unglück erwartete.

Beerle ſtand zitternd da und betrachtete mit ſtarren Augen das fleiſchloſe Gerippe, das ſo plötzlich vor ihr erſchien. Sie konnte nicht glauben, daß dieſes Geſpenſt ihr lebender Geliebter ſei, und floh ihn ſchreiend. Aber er, von Geißeln der Angſt getrieben, lief ihr nach, faßte ſie um den Leib und riß ſie mit eiferſüchtiger Gewalt nach der Thüre, während er Frau Artevelde zurief:

„Raſch den Oberhauptmann! Er fliehe! er fliehe! O, Freundin!“ ſagte er nun zu Beerle, die ihm heftig Widerſtand leiſtete, „komm, folge mir! Ich will Dich retten, Dich erlöſen. O, Gott! Du weigerſt Dich? Du willſt ſterben? im Blute ...... vom Feuer verzehrt werden? Ach! ach!“

Als er dieſen Lärm vernahm, kam der Oberhauptmann mit ungefähr zehn Freunden herab. Ghelnoot van Lens lief mit drohenden Geberden auf Denjenigen zu, welcher Beerle entführen wollte, und ſchlug ihn mit einem Hiebe zu Boden.

„Gott!“ rief er, „es iſt Lieven!“

Der Jüngling mußte ſich ſtark verletzt haben; dennoch ſprang er aber wieder in die Höhe und ſtürzte knieend und mit aufgehobenen Armen vor Artevelde nieder, dieſem zurufend:

„O, Mher Jakob! hört mich an, um Gottes Willen! Auf dem Sanct Pietersberge iſt eine gräßliche Verſchwörung. Vierhundert Mörder! Sie kommen! Fliehet! Ach, rettet Euer theures Leben!“

Dann wieder mit fieberhafter Eile aufſtehend, lief er nach dem Kamine und ſagte:

„Horcht! Hört dort oben in der Luft das Geheul! Es nähert ſich! da ſind ſie!“

Zuerſt hatte die Ueberraſchung faſt Jeden beſtürzt gemacht; jetzt aber, wo die ſchreckliche Wahrheit nicht länger zu verkennen war, begannen ſie mit großer Angſt ſich nach Mitteln umzuſehen, um die Gefahr ſogleich zu beſchwören.

Ghelnoot van Lens verließ mit fünf oder ſechs Anderen das Gemach und rief, daß man die Thüren mit Balken verſperren ſolle.

Ser van Vaernewyck, Jakob Maſch und Willem van Huſe bemühten ſich, mit Thränen in den Augen, den Oberhauptmann zur Flucht zu bewegen; allein ihr Bitten und ihr Flehen waren vergeblich. Artevelde wies ihren Rath mit kühler Dankbarkeit zurück und antwortete ihnen nur mit dem Geſuch, ſie möchten ſeine Gattin und ſeine Kinder in Sicherheit bringen.

Die Freunde des Oberhauptmanns, überzeugt, daß er den Platz nicht verlaſſen werde und unwiderruflich beſchloſſen habe, zu dem wüthenden Volke zu reden, wollten Frau Artevelde und ihre Tochter mit Gewalt aus dem Zimmer führen; aber jetzt geſtaltete ſich ein ſchmerzliches Schauſpiel der Verzweiflung und der Liebe.

Die erſchreckte Frau umfaßte die Kniee ihres Gemahls und rief ihm mit durchdringendem Tone zu, während Beerle in äußerſter Verzweiflung ſchreiend ihn an der Hand riß:

„O, Jakob! Jakob! erbarme Dich meiner! Komm, fliehe! Bedenke Deine Kinder! Ach, Gnade, Gnade für ſie!“

Ein Lärm, wie von hundert wüthenden Menſchenſtimmen, hallte aus der Ferne über die Häuſer hin.

Stumm und unter entſetzlichen Qualen küßte Artevelde ſeine Frau, ſeine Tochter und ſein unſchuldiges Söhnchen.

Ein abſcheulicher Blutſchein ſchlug von Außen in das Gemach und erleuchtete plötzlich dieſes feierliche und gräßliche Lebewohl.

Artevelde warf einen Blick auf das Fenſter, durch welches der Glanz ſich näherunder Fackeln ihm entgegenſchlug.

„O, das Unglück! das Unglück! Da ſind ſie!“ ſchrie Frau Artevelde. „Jakob! Jakob!“

Aber der Oberhauptmann entriß ſich den Bitten und Beſchwörungen der Seinen und ging zitternd, die Augen mit den Händen bedeckt, in die Kammer zurück, während die Frauen und ſein Sohn bereits über den Gang fortgeführt wurden.

„Cathelyne! Beerle! Philipp! mein Kind! Ach! verzeiht mir! verzeiht mir!“

Wie zerſchmettert blieb der Oberhauptmann in der Kammer ſtehen, bis ein furchtbares Mordgeſchrei vor ſeiner Wohnung aufſtieg, bis die Gluth der Fackeln Alles mit blendendem Scheine erleuchtete und das Rachegeheul ihm verſtändlich in die Ohren drang.

„Das Blut des Verräthers! Sein Haupt! Der Schurke, der den Schatz von Flandern ſtahl! Der feige Tyrann! der Landverkäufer! er muß ermordet werden! zerſchmettert! todtgeſchlagen! todtgeſchlagen!“

Jetzt hob Artevelde wieder das Haupt empor, und ein Ausdruck des Trotzes, mit einem tiefen Gefühle von Mitleiden vermiſcht, zeigte ſich auf ſeinem Antlitze. Nach dem Fenſter blickend, ſeufzte er:

„Unglückliches Volk! ewiger Spielball in der Hand der Böſen! Könnte mein Blut das Sühnopfer ſein, um Flandern zu retten! Aber nein! Ihr mordet Euer Vaterland! — Arme Blinde! Gott verzeihe Euch, was Ihr thut!“

In dieſem Augenblicke kam Ghelnoot van Lens mit einigen anderen Freunden in das Gemach und warf mit großer Kraftanſtrengung Kaſten und Tiſche auf den Gang, zu dem Oberhauptmann ſagend:

„Die Wölfe mögen draußen heulen, ſo viel ſie wollen; aber bei Sanct Lieven, ſie ſind noch nicht drinnen! Will man unſer Leben haben, ſo ſoll man es uns ſchrecklich theuer bezahlen! Es muß erſt manche Leiche zertreten werden, bis man zu Euch gelangt, Oberhauptmann! Seid ohne Kummer!“ . . . .
. . . .

Auf dem Galanderberge, vor der Wohnung des Oberhauptmanns, ſtanden ungefähr vierhundert wüthende Zunftgenoſſen, welche wie wahnſinnig ſchrien, daß ſie Artevelde's Kopf haben wollten, und einander durch die ſchrecklichſten Verwünſchungen zu Raſerei und Mord aufhetzten.

Alle waren mit Beilen, Hämmern, Schwertern oder Dolchen bewaffnet. Eine große Anzahl trug brennende Fackeln in der Hand, deren flackerndes Licht Alles in einen Blutſchein hüllte.

Die achtundzwanzig Männer aus St. Janskirchſpiel ſtanden kampffertig vor Artevelde's Hausthür. Da aber die Menge ſich darauf beſchränkte, ein Rachegeſchrei auszuſtoßen und mit den Hämmern und Schwertern auf den Boden zu ſchlagen, ſo ließ die ſchwache Mannſchaft es geſchehen, nur dafür ſorgend, daß Niemand ſich der Thür näherte.

Bei der Linde, mitten auf dem Markte, ſtand Geeraert Denys, Jeden mit heiterem Lachen anſpornend, das beabſichtigte Werk der Rache auszuführen, und angebend, wie man den Sturm beginnen ſolle, damit das Schlachtopfer ſeines ſchändlichen Neides nicht entfliehen könne. Es war etwas ſo abſcheulich Böſes in der Freude, welche er jetzt zu haben ſchien, daß ſein dummer Handlanger, Calevoet, ſelbſt das Geſicht mit Schauder von ihm abwandte. Der Oberdechant hielt ein kurzes Kriegsbeil in der Hand und ſchwenkte daſſelbe jauchzend über dem Haupte, wie ein Zeichen zu wüthenderem Mordgeheule.

Vielleicht hätte man die bedrohte Wohnung augenblicklich erſtürmt; aber ein heftiger Zwiſt, der ſich plötzlich vor der Taberne zum Fuchs erhob, ließ Alle dorthin eilen, um zu ſehen, was da vorginge. Es war der Blaufärber Lieven Gemyne, der mit ungefähr zehn unbewaffneten Geſellen den böswilligen Anhängern Denys' ſchwere Vorwürfe machte und ihnen in's Geſicht ſagte, ſie ſeien feige Mörder, Leliaerds und verächtliche Schelme. Einige wollten ihm an den Leib und würden ihn ohne Zweifel getödtet haben, hätte ſich nicht unerwartet im Schooße der Schaar ein entſetzliches Geſchrei erhoben, ein Ausbruch der abſcheulichſten Verwünſchungen, von denen man allein den Ruf: „der Oberhauptmann! der Oberhauptmann!“ verſtehen konnte.

Ein Fenſter im großen Stocke von Artevelde's Hauſe hatte ſich geöffnet. Dort ſtand der weiſe Mann jetzt ſelbſt, ſich über die eiſerne Brüſtung beugend und mit der Hand das Zeichen gebend, daß er ſprechen wolle. Von dem hellen Fackelſcheine beleuchtet, konnte man den geringſten Zug auf ſeinem Geſichte unterſcheiden. Weder Angſt noch Furcht zeigte ſich auf demſelben, nur ſtille Betrübniß und inniges Mitleid.

Anfangs war es ihm unmöglich, die Stimme verſtändlich zu erheben; denn die Menge ſtrömte von allen Seiten heulend zuſammen und hob drohend Fackeln und Waffen empor.

Endlich legte ſich der Lärm und Artevelde ſagte:

„Männer! was wollt Ihr bei mir? Was erbittert Euch ſo gegen mich? Sagt mir, was ich verbrochen haden könne; ich werde es nach beſten Kräften wieder gut machen."

„Abrechnung über den großen Schatz von Flandern, den Ihr geſtohlen, müſſen wir haben."

„Man betrügt Euch, Geſellen!" antwortete Artevelde. „Aus dem Schatze von Flandern habe ich auch nicht einen einzigen Groot genommen. Geht in Frieden nach Hauſe, ich bitte Euch! Kommt morgen am hellen Tage wieder. Ich werde Euch zu Eurer Zufriedenheit Rechenſchaft über Alles ablegen, was Ihr begehren könnt. Ihr werdet ſehen, daß man Euch irre führte."

„Nein, nein!" rief Geeraert Denys mit ſcheußlichem Lachen, Artevelde drohend. „Augenblicklich müſſen wir Rechenſchaft haben; wir wiſſen, daß Ihr den Schatz geraubt und wie ein ſchnöder Dieb nach England geſandt habt. Ihr ſollt uns ſo nicht entwiſchen; Ihr müßt ſterben, Landesverräther!"

„Er muß ſterben!" heulten ſeine Anhänger ihm nach.

„Kommt herunter von dort oben und ſprecht nicht mehr von ſolcher Höhe zu uns!" ſchrie ein anderer Haufe ihm zu.

Seiner Stimme mehr Kraft und Nachdruck gebend, entgegnete Artevelde:

„O, Geſellen! Ihr verlangt meinen Tod. Erinnert Ihr Euch denn nicht, daß ich meine Ruhe, mein Gut und mein Leben Preis gab für Flanderns Erlöſung und Eure Wohlfahrt, daß Ihr hier an demſelben Orte, wo Ihr jetzt mein Blut vergießen wollt, geſchworen habt, mir beizuſtehen und mich zu vertheidigen bis zum Tode?

Seid Ihr es nicht, die mich mit emporgeſtreckten Händen anflehten, Euch Freiheit und Nahrung zu verſchaffen? Hat Gott meine kühnen Bemühungen nicht geſegnet? O, bekennt es, Geſellen! ich wenigſtens habe mein Wort gehalten; ich habe Flandern von der Hungersnoth gerettet, von dem Drucke befreit und ihm Gedeihen, Ruhm und Größe gegeben...... Und nun wollt Ihr mich ſchändlich ermorden? Eure Hände in meinem unſchuldigen Blute baden? Schlechter Lohn für alles das Gute, das ich zu thun ſtrebte und mit Gottes Hülfe gethan habe! — Mein Leben könnt Ihr nehmen; ich bin nur ein einzelner Menſch gegen Euch Alle; aber ich beſchwöre Euch, Geſellen! ehe Ihr Euch mit dieſer Miſſethat beſudelt, überlegt, wem Ihr unwiſſend als Werkzeug dient! Erkennt, daß die Feinde unſerer Freiheit Euch geblendet haben, um Flanderns eigene Eingeweide zu zerreißen, damit es machtlos niederſinke und geſchwächt den Nacken beuge unter das ſchändlichſte Joch! Seid Ihr denn nicht mehr Flanderns Söhne? Hat Eure Wiege nicht in Gent geſtanden, daß Ihr Vaterland, Freiheit und Ruhm verlaßt, um Euch im Bruderblute zu baden? Nein! nein! Ihr ſollt mich noch anhören; der Nothruf des ſterbenden Flanderns ſoll aus meinem Munde noch in Eurem Herzen wiederhallen, Euch den Schleier von den Augen reißen und Euch zu Eurer heiligſten Pflicht zurückrufen. Wehe! Wehe! über uns, Geſellen, wenn Ihr taub bliebet gegen dieſen feierlichen Ruf.“ ....

Artevelde's mächtiges Wort begann bereits die Aufmerkſamkeit der Menge zu feſſeln und die Leidenſchaften ſiegreich zu beruhigen.

Ein bitterer Aerger überwölkte Geeraert Denys' Geſicht, der in finſterer Wuth bemerkte, daß ſein Opfer nahe daran war, ihm zu entgehen. Er hatte ſich bereits bemüht, durch wüſtes Geſchrei den Oberhauptmann zu hindern, in ſeiner Rede fortzufahren; aber der Ruf: „Laßt ihn reden! laßt ihn reden!“ der ihm aus allen Winkeln des Marktes drohend entgegenſcholl, zwang ihn, dieſes Mittel als vergeblich fahren zu laſſen. — Plötzlich ward ſein Antlitz auf's Neue von einer giftigen Freude erhellt. Er miſchte ſich haſtig unter die horchenden Zunftgeſellen und ſchien geheime Befehle auszutheilen; denn Viele verließen darauf ihren Standplatz und begaben ſich unter die Linde. Nach einigen Augenblicken waren dort ungefähr funfzig Männer verſammelt; ſie ſprachen eifrig, jedoch leiſe mit einander, und ſchienen auf etwas Blutiges zu ſinnen, denn ſie betrachteten ihre Beile und Dolche mit einem gräßlichen Ausdrucke wahnſinniger Freude.

Geeraert Denys geſellte ſich bald darauf zu ihnen und ſagte ihnen einige Worte, worauf er ſie ſtillſchweigend nach dem Paddenhoek führte.

Lieven Compne bemerkte dieſe Böſes bedeutende Bewegung, deren Zweck er leicht errathen konnte. Er begab ſich raſch zur Menge zurück und ſammelte dort in Eile einige ſeiner Freunde.

Bei der Hinterthüre von Artevelde's Wohnung angelangt, erhob Denys mit ſeinen Verbündeten ein wildes

Geſchrei, und ſie beſtürmten mit Hämmern und Beilen die ſchwache Thür.

Der Lärm dieſes Angriffes und die hohlen Schläge der Hämmer hallten wohl an die Häuſer des Marktes; ſie waren aber entfernt genug, um den Oberhauptmann nicht zu hindern, verſtändlich zu ſeinen beherrſchten und bereits beruhigten Zuhörern zu reden . . . .

. . . .

In dem Gemache, deſſen Thür auf den Gang nach dem Pardenbock führte, ſtanden Artevelde's Freunde bereit, mit den Waffen in der Hand für ſeine Vertheidigung zu ſterben.

Gelnoot van Lens hielt ein großes Schwert zum tödtlichen Hiebe emporgehoben. Neben ihm auf der einen Seite befand ſich der alte Pieter Zoetaerde, und auf der anderen Lieven Denys, beide mit einem Dolche bewaffnet. Hinter ihnen, kampffertig der Thüre zugewandt, ſtanden Goſſyn Alyp und Bodyn Wenemaer, die tapferen Häupter der weißen Kaproenen, Pieter van den Hovene, Jan van den Boſche, Pieter van Gaudenhove, Jan Zelle, Willem Yoens und einige Hausdiener des Oberhauptmanns.

Mit geſpannter Aufmerkſamkeit und einander Muth zuſprechend, horchten ſie auf die donnernden Hammerſchläge und das Geheul, das ſo furchtbar von der Außenthüre im Pardenbock zu ihnen drang.

Endlich hatten die Mörder die Thür zerſchmettert und ſtrömten ſiegreich in den Gang. Jetzt begannen ſie mit ihren Hämmern die Thür des Gemaches anzugreifen und aus ihren Angeln zu heben. Es währte nicht lange, ſo ſank dieſer ſchwache Schutz und ſchlug zu Boden, und ließ den wüthenden Stürmern den Eingang frei.

Ghelnoot's Schwert zerſpaltete dem Erſten den Kopf, Lieven's Dolch durchbohrte dem Zweiten die Bruſt; ebenſo ſchnell wählte ſich jeder ihrer Freunde ein Schlachtopfer, und in demſelben Augenblicke ſchwammen fünf oder ſechs Mörder in ihrem Blute.

Bei dieſem Anblicke wichen die Anderen gewaltſam zurück. Da ſie in dem engen Gange nur zu Zweien oder Dreien zugleich vortreten konnten und getroffen wurden, he ſie im Stande waren, von ihren Waffen Gebrauch u machen, ſo ſahen ſie wohl ein, daß nur Wenige von hnen in die Kammer dringen würden und einem geviſſen Tode entgegengingen, ohne zu Artevelde durchringen zu können. Sie wollten daher zurückkehren; ber tiefer im Gange heulte eine vordringende Menge, velche ſich plötzlich in ihrem Laufe gehemmt fühlte und it unbezwinglicher Gewalt die Vorderſten wie ein ſtürender Strom zur Kammer hineintrieb, wodurch ſie, hne es zu wiſſen, ſich dieſes gefährlichen Ganges beächtigten.

In der That, obwohl Ghelnoot und ſeine Genoſſen ie wüthend die erſten Feinde zu Boden ſchlugen, ihnen ie Häupter mit Schwertern ſpalteten oder die Bruſt it Dolchen durchſtießen, war doch die Zahl der Angreiſer zu groß, um dem Andrange derſelben auf die Länge Widerſtand leiſten zu können. Artevelde's Freunde wurden zurückgetrieben und mußten ihren günſtigen Standort verlaſſen.

Gleich darauf war das Gemach mit Mördern angefüllt. Ghelnoot und ſeine Freunde, auf allen Seiten umringt, überrumpelt und an die Mauer gedrängt, vertheidigten ſich wie wüthende Löwen, obwohl das Blut ihnen ſchon aus vielen Wunden floß.

Mher van Lens verſuchte mit ſeinem Schlachtſchwerte ſich einen Weg durch die Feinde zu bahnen und wurde dadurch von ſeinen Freunden entfernt. Sein Schwert zerſprang in dieſem äußerſten Augenblicke und ein Beil ſchwebte über ſeinem Haupte. Lieven bemerkte die Todesgefahr ſeines Freundes und ſprang mit aufgehobenem Dolche auf ihn zu, um den, der das Beil trug, zu erſtechen. Er kam zu ſpät; der tapfere Ghelnoot lag ſterbend in ſeinem Blute. Dennoch zückte der Jüngling ſeinen Dolch auf die Bruſt des Mörders, die durch die Bewegung des Beiles entblößt war und ihm eine unfehlbare Rache darbot. Schon berührte ſein Stahl die Bruſt ...... da erkannte Lieven ſeinen Vater! Ein herzzerreißender Schrei entfuhr ihm, und mit dieſem Schrei das Leben. Er ſtürzte zu den Füßen der Kämpfer nieder, wo ſein Leichnam, zertreten und zerſchmettert, bald unkenntlich wurde.

Entſetzlich, abſcheulich war dies raſende Gefecht. Mehr als dreißig Leichen lagen auf dem Boden, verſtümmelt, zerhackt, mit zerſpaltenem Schädel, mit geöffneter Bruſt...

Stromweiſe floß das Blut zwiſchen den todten Leichnamen nach dem tieferen Ende des Gemaches und bildete dort gleichſam einen rauchenden See, in welchem ſich der Kampf hin- und hertrieb und die Fechtenden auf- und niederwadeten, ſo daß die Mauer mit Blutflecken überſäet wurde.

Die Freunde des Oberhauptmanns waren faſt alle getödtet; nur vier oder fünf wehrten ſich noch vor der Treppe, welche nach dem Zimmer führte, wo Artevelde ſich befand. Dieſe Letzten erlagen ebenfalls; ein Schwertſchlag Jan Galevoet's hatte den alten Pieter Zoetaerde niedergeſtreckt, und mit neuem Geheule ſprangen die Mörder jetzt hinzu, um die Uebrigen ebenfalls zu vernichten.

Plötzlich drangen zwölf andere Zunftgenoſſen mit lautem Geſchrei durch den Gang in das Gemach. Sie ſchienen von einem jungen Manne angeführt, der einen ſchweren Eichenholzbalken als Waffe trug und den man an ſeinen blauen Händen als einen Färber erkannte.

„Lieven Comyne, Ihr müßt ſterben!“ rief Jan Galevoet dem Jünglinge zu, mit ſeinem Schwerte auf ihn eindringend; ehe er ihm jedoch den Hieb verſetzen konnte, fiel der Balken zerſchmetternd auf ſeinen Schädel herab, und ſein Gehirn ſpritzte gegen die Mauer . . . . Während jedoch Lieven Comyne ſelbſt durch das Gewicht ſeiner Waffe ſich vorn überbeugte, durchbohrte ihm ein Dolch die Lende, und er ſtürzte ſeufzend auf Galevoet's Leiche nieder.

Wüthend begann der Streit von Neuem, und man drängte ſich noch mehr in die Ecke, wo das ſtrömende Blut ſich geſammelt hatte.

Die übrigen Freunde und Diener Artevelde's, als ſie ſahen, daß ihnen Hülfe ward, verließen die Treppe und griffen die Mörder von hinten an; allein wie heldenmüthig ſie auch kämpften, ſo durften ſie doch nicht auf den Sieg hoffen; die Zahl der Feinde war zu groß.

Mit ſiegreicher Freude hatte Geeraert Denys bemerkt, daß der Zugang zur Treppe frei geworden ſei. Das Gefecht verlaſſend, wandte er ſich nach dieſer Seite und rief:

„Nach oben! nach oben!“

Dann eilte er vor den Seinigen die Treppe hinauf.

In das Gemach tretend, ſah er Artevelde noch am Fenſter ſtehen und zum Volke reden.

Ein entſetzliches Schnauben, wie von einem Tiger, der die zuckende Beute in ſeinem Krallen hält, raſſelte aus ſeiner Kehle; das wilde Lachen eines Teufels beleuchtete ſein Antlitz wie mit dem Glanze der Hölle .... Jauchzend ſprang er mit dem Beile auf Artevelde zu und verſetzte ihm einen ſolchen wüthenden Hieb, daß dieſer mit geſpaltenem Haupte auf die eiſerne Brüſtung ſtürzte und ſein unſchuldiges Blut aus der weiten Wunde in Strahlen auf die horchende Menge ſpritzte.

„Volk! ..... Gent! ...... Flandern!“ war der letzte Seufzer des weiſen Mannes.

Sein böſer Feind, nicht zufrieden geſtellt mit ſeinem Tode, ſchleppte die Leiche vom Fenſter weg und zertrat ihr den Schädel, mit giftiger Freude ſiegreich murrend:

„Ich habe geſagt, daß ich Dir das Haupt mit den

Füßen zertreten würde; da liegſt Du nun, Hochmüthiger!"

Während er ſo mit Hohn und Schmach ſeinen feigen Neid an der Leiche des Helden ausließ, kühlten andere Mörder ebenfalls ihren Haß an ihr und zerhackten ſie ſo, daß ſie faſt die menſchliche Geſtalt verlor.

Endlich, zum Uebermaß des Greuels, banden ſie dem Leichname einen Strick um den Hals und ſchleppten ihn die Treppe hinunter auf die Straße.

Bei dem Anblicke des blutigen Schlachtopfers erfaßte ein plötzlicher Schrecken die meiſten Zunftgenoſſen; ſie begriffen jetzt erſt, welches unauslöſchliche Brandmal dieſe Miſſethat auf ihre Stirn prägte, und entfernten ſich mit Abſcheu von der Leiche oder drohten, augenblicklich Rache zu nehmen wegen einer That, an der ſie leider Alle gleiche Schuld hatten.

Die Mörder ließen jedoch der Menge nicht die Zeit, um ihre Genehmigung oder ihren Unwillen zu bezeugen; ſie ſchleiften den Todten raſch hinter den Winkel der Lange Meere, zogen ihn eine Weile durch den Koth fort und verſchwanden mit ihm in der undurchdringlichen Dunkelheit . . . .

. . . .

Das war das Ende des weiſen Mannes von Gent! das war der Lohn für ſein ruhmreiches Heldenleben!

Ach! für den niederen Neid, für gemeine Leidenſchaften, für engherzige Herrſchſucht muß es ein ſchöner Sieg geweſen ſein, bei dem Falle Jakob's von Artevelde haben jauchzen zu können. Wie ſchienen ſie groß, dieſe Zwerge, jetzt, da der Rieſe zerſchmettert war! In der That, der Leuchtwurm kann nicht glänzen, ſo lange die herrliche Sonne am Himmel prangt; aber wenn die Dunkelheit kömmt, ſo funkelt ſelbſt faules Holz in unſeren Augen, als wäre es von Sternenlicht beſeelt.

Nachſchrift des Ueberſetzers.

Hier endet der hiſtoriſche Roman „Jakob von Artevelde.“ Der fleißige und gewiſſenhafte Conſcience hat ihn überall mit Anmerkungen begleitet, welche die Richtigkeit ſeiner hiſtoriſchen Darſtellung beurkunden, und das Buch am Schluſſe noch mit einer hiſtoriſchen Ueberſicht deſſen, was ſich bis zum Tode Philipp's von Artevelde, des Sohnes unſeres Helden, geſtaltete, ſowie mit einigen geſchichtlichen Urkunden verſehen. Wir hielten es für gerathen, dieſe wegzulaſſen, da ſie für den deutſchen Leſer nicht das Intereſſe haben können, welches ſie für das vlämiſche Publicum haben müſſen, und wir dieſes Werk nicht unnöthig vertheuern wollten. Es wird genügen, zu bemerken, daß Geeraert Denys und ſeine Freunde allerdings mit den Aemtern von Artevelde's bekleidet wurden, ſie indeſſen kaum ein Jahr behielten. Geeraert Denys kam ſpäter auf ähnliche Weiſe, jedoch durch ſeine Schuld, bei einem durch ihn veranlaßten Aufruhr um das Leben.

Ende.

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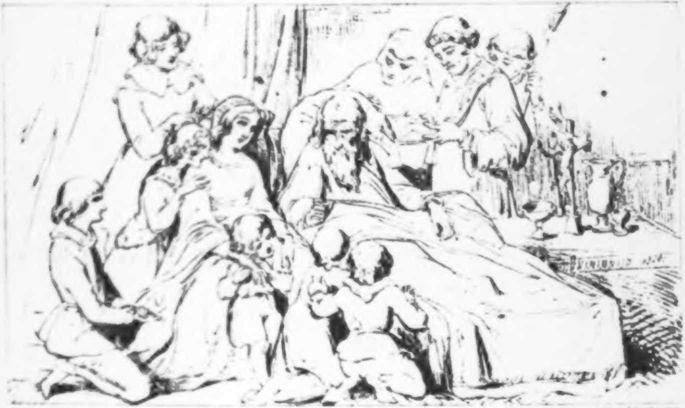

Geſchichte

des

Grafen Hugo von Craenhove

und ſeines Freundes Abulfaragus

von

Hendrik Conscience.

Aus dem Flämiſchen von O. L. B. Wolff.

Neue Ausgabe mit Illuſtrationen von E. Dujardin.

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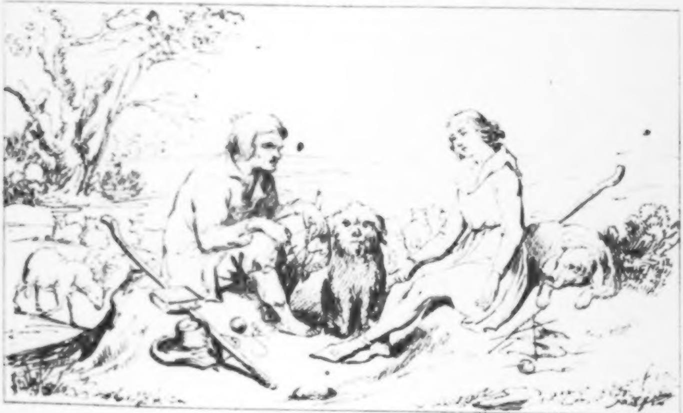

I.

Die beiden Hirten.

Um das Jahr 1360 lag noch zwiſchen den Dörfern Wyneghem und Santhoven, drei Stunden Weges von Antwerpen, ein wüſter und dunkler Wald. Der Eichbaum, der König der nordiſchen Wälder, ſtreckte dort ſeine ſtolze Krone gen Himmel aus; die treue Epheuranke zog ſich in Kränzen um ſeinen rauhen Stamm, während die duftenden Blumenkelche des Geißblattes ſeinen breiten Fuß wie mit goldenem Kleide ſchmückten. Kinder derſelben Mutter grünten dort gleichfalls: die Buche mit ihren glänzenden Blättern, die Birke mit ihrem ſilberweißen Stamm, die zitternde Pappel und die zarte Weide, die ſich mit ihrem hängenden Laube wie eine trauernde Jungfrau über das Waſſer beugte.

An den Säumen des Waldes war Alles lieblich: dort ſchlang der Brombeerſtrauch ſeine purpurrothen Ranken von Stamm zu Stamm und wob einen undurchdringlichen Verhang, an deſſen Fuß die Schlüſſelblumen und Maaßlieben wie verlorene Perlen glänzten.

Aber tiefer in dieſer einſamen und wüſten Schöpfung änderte ſich Alles: — der Boden ſchien die Spuren einer Naturumwälzung zu tragen. Hier und dort erheben ſich dürre Sandhügel; zufällige Moräſte und urſprüngliche brodelnde Sümpfe zerſtörten die halbvermoderten Stämme entwurzelter Weiden, und ſtatt des lieblichen Geißblattes war hier Nichts zu finden als das fahle und niederhängende Moos, welches den umſtehenden Bäumen das Ausſehen einer Verſammlung ſterbender Greiſe gab, mit Pilzen und Schwämmen wie mit Eiterbeulen überdeckt.

Niemals warf die Mittagsſonne durch alle dieſe verwirrten Gewächſe hindurch ihre Strahlen auf den feuchten Boden; halbe Dunkelheit und grauſenhafte Stille herrſchten hier ununterbrochen; nur von Zeit zu Zeit ſandte eine Buſcheule ihren trüben Ruf durch das Laub, oder die Blätter raſchelten unter der Berührung eines fliehenden Fuchſes und unterbrachen das Schweigen, um es noch entſetzlicher zu machen.

Längs dem Walde dehnte ſich eine unermeßliche Haide aus, und weiterhin in der Ferne, da, wo der

Himmel die Erde zu berühren ſchien, hing ein undurchdringlicher Vorhang von Tannen.

Bei Anbruch eines Frühlingsmorgens im Jahr 1366 und noch ehe die Sonne die nächtlichen Nebel zertheilt hatte, befanden ſich zwei Schäfer auf der Haide. Der Eine war ein alter Mann von mehr als ſechszig Jahren, mit weißem Haar und gekrümmtem Rücken, der Andere dagegen faſt noch ein Knabe: ſiebenzehn Jahre glänzten auf ſeinem anmuthigen, roſigen Geſicht; blaue Augen ſtrahlten mit ſanfter Gluth unter ſeiner breiten Stirn, und ſeine Haare, deren Farbe einem Gemiſch von Gold und Silber glich, fielen in langen Locken auf ſeinen Hals hinab. Beide waren in rauhe Stoffe gekleidet und damit beſchäftigt Strümpfe aus ſchwerem Wollentuch zu nähen, während ihre Heerden, beſonders in einiger Entfernung, die ſpärlichen Haideblumen abrupften.

Nach wenigen Augenblicken legte der alte Hirt ſeine Arbeit hin, zog ein Buch aus der Taſche und öffnete es. Kaum hatte der junge Schäfer das Buch bemerkt, als die eiſernen Nadeln ſeiner Hand entfielen und ſein Auge von der Gluth der Neugier funkelte.

Er näherte ſich ſeinem Gefährten, bog ſich über die aufgeſchlagenen Blätter des Buches und betrachtete aufmerkſam die Buchſtaben. Dann ſagte er ſeufzend:

„Du kannſt leſen, Albrecht? Aus dieſem Buche haſt Du gelernt, wie man den Wind ſich drehen macht, wie man gutes und ſchlechtes Wetter ſchafft, wie man das Vieh verhert und entzaubert ..... O, ich gäbe zwanzig ſchöne Jahre meines Lebens darum, die Zeichen ſo wie Du verſtehen zu können!“

Der Alte lächelte über dieſe Aeußerung und entgegnete: „Nun, Bernhard, glaubſt Du auch, was die alten Weiber von Santhoven ſagen? Weil ich leſen kann, ſchreit man mich aus als einen Herenmeiſter, und doch habe ich mein Lebenlang kein anderes Buch in Händen gehabt als das, welches Du hier ſiehſt. Weißt Du, was darin ſteht?“

„Nein; o ſage es mir!“

„Es iſt die Leidensgeſchichte unſeres Heilandes. Als ich noch jung war, wohnte ich bei einem alten Prieſter; der hat das Buch für mich geſchrieben und mir mit großer Mühe gelehrt die Zeichen zu verſtehn. Der gute Clericus, Gott habe ſeine Seele, hat hinten im Buche einige unbekannte Heilmittel für die Krankheiten der Schafe aufgezeichnet. Nun ſieh, Bernhard, in der Kenntniß dieſer Heilmittel beſteht meine ganze Zauberei.“

Dieſe Antwort genügte dem jungen Bernhard nicht. „O, laß mich doch das Buch ſelbſt in die Hände nehmen!“ rief er ungeduldig.

Sobald ihm nun der Alte daſſelbe gegeben, ſetzte er ſich auf der Haide hin, ſchlug es auf ſeinen Knieen auf und wandte mit fieberhafter Aufmerkſamkeit die Blätter eins nach dem anderen um. Es lag etwas Abſonderliches in der Haltung des jungen Schäfers und beſonders in der ſteifen Unbeweglichkeit ſeines Kopfes, von dem die blonden Locken herabhingen. Mit wohlwollendem Lächeln betrachtete der Alte ſeinen jungen Genoſſen und fragte endlich:

„Du haſt, wie es ſcheint, ein gewaltiges Verlangen, die Zauberkunſt zu erlernen, Bernhard?“

Dieſer hob ſeinen glühenden Kopf empor und antwortete: „Zaubern! O nicht doch, nein! aber ich gäbe zwei Finger meiner rechten Hand dem, der mich leſen lehrt.“

„Ich würde es Dir wohl lehren, wenn wir öfter unſere Heerden an demſelben Platze zuſammen weiden könnten; aber das trifft nicht zehn Mal im Jahr. Daher glaube ich nicht, daß Du es je lernen werdeſt.“

Dieſe Worte betrübten den jungen Hirten ſehr; mit tiefem Verdruß gab er das Buch zurück, nahm ſeine Arbeit wieder vor, ließ den Kopf mismüthig ſinken und eine Thräne blinkte in ſeinen Augen.

Eine Zeitlang herrſchte ein peinliches Schweigen unter den beiden Hirten; endlich ſagte der alte Albrecht mitleidig zu ſeinem weinenden Genoſſen: „Bernhard, Dein Verlangen, leſen zu lernen, iſt eine abſonderliche Krankheit. Ich begreife nicht, wie Du Dich ſo betrüben kannſt; durch einen merkwürdigen Zufall habe ich es gelernt; dies Glück kann aber nicht Jedem zu Theil werden. Warum willſt Du Dich nicht darüber tröſten, da Ritter und Edelfrauen, Bürger und Bauern eben ſo unwiſſend ſind wie Du? Könnteſt Du es auch, wo wollteſt Du ein Buch bekommen, da Du nie reich genug ſein wirſt, Dir eins zu kaufen?“

Bernhard machte bei dieſen Worten eine Bewegung der Verzweiflung; ſeine ſchlanken Glieder ſpannten ſich gewaltſam und noch tieferer Gram überzog ſein Antlitz.

„Gewiß, Bernhard,“ fuhr der Alte fort, „Deine Lernbegier iſt nicht natürlich; Du haſt beſtimmt einen verborgenen Grund; Du biſt ein wunderliches Kind. Niemand weiß, woher Du gekommen biſt; Du kennſt weder Vater noch Mutter; Du redeſt und benimmſt Dich nicht wie wir. Noch ſo jung, und ſchon ſo viel Heimlichkeit. Du dauerſt mich, denn ich ſehe wohl, daß Du leideſt und unglücklich biſt.“

Dieſe, mit gerührter Stimme geſprochenen Worte ergriffen den jungen Schäfer. Vielleicht fühlte er das Bedürfniß ſein Herz auszuſchütten. Er ging daher auf ſeinen Gefährten zu, ergriff deſſen Hand und ſagte mit traurigem Ton: „Albrecht, Niemand kennt mich an dieſem Orte. Gelobe mir unverbrüchliches Schweigen und Du wenigſtens ſollſt mich kennen lernen. — Ich bin von edelem Blute, Albrecht; es ſcheint Dir unglaublich, aber Dein Genoſſe, der Schäfer Bernhard, hat das Recht ſich Burggraf von Reedale zu nennen.“

„Du biſt von edelem Blute! Burggraf von Reedale!“ rief der Alte verwundert. — „Rede, ich kann ſchweigen.“

Bernhard trocknete die Thränen in ſeinen Augen ſetzte ſich hin, der alte Schäfer that daſſelbe, und nun begann er folgendermaßen: —

„Ja, ſetze Dich, Albrecht, denn meine Geſchichte iſt lang und traurig; ich bin jung, aber ich habe viel gelitten.

„Höre: — Noch ſind es nicht zehn Jahre, da bewohnte ich mit meinem Vater und meiner Mutter ein adeliges Schloß, nicht weit von Grimberghe in Brabant. Dort verbrachte ich meine Tage mit allen jenen Uebungen, wie ſie einem Edelknaben geziemen; mein Vater, der ein berühmter Kriegsheld war, lehrte mich ein Schwert führen und ein Roß tummeln. Ich war noch ſehr jung und doch ſetzte ich ſchon damals erfahrene Ritter durch meine Gewandtheit in Erſtaunen. Uebrigens waren wir arm, und unſere Tafel würde nicht häufig unſeren adeligen Stand verrathen haben, hätten wir nicht durch ſtete Jagd die Wälder gezwungen uns ihr reichſtes Wild zu liefern. Um ſeinem Fürſten, dem Herzoge von Brabant, Johann dem Siegreichen, mit Ehren in den Feldzug gegen die Fläminger folgen zu können, hatte mein Vater ſein einziges Landgut an Wechsler von Brüſſel verpfändet. Der Herzog hatte ihm viele Verſprechungen gemacht, aber ſie wurden nicht erfüllt. — Du haſt vielleicht davon gehört, Albrecht, wie die Fläminger unter ihrem Grafen Ludwig von Male

1356 Brüſſel eroberten und ganz Brabant in Beſitz nahmen. Mein Vater gehörte zu denen, die es mit Everhart 't Serclaes verſuchten Brüſſel zu befreien. Zur Nachtzeit drangen ſie in die Stadt und vertrieben mit Hülfe des Volkes die Fläminger. Mein Vater war es, der das ſiegreiche Banner von Brabant auf den Wällen aufpflanzte, aber ein feindlicher Pfeil traf ihn und er ſtarb am nächſten Tage an ſeiner Wunde.

„Während dieſer Zeit war ich mit meiner Mutter auf dem Schloß bei Grimberghe; wir hatten bereits die Nachricht von der Befreiung von Brüſſel empfangen und freuten uns über die wahrſcheinliche Erhaltung meines Vaters. Getröſtet und heiter ſprach die Mutter ihre Hoffnung auf beſſere Tage aus; Herzog Wencelyn, dem Brabant jetzt gehörte, würde ohne Zweifel die wenigen Ritter belohnen, deren Tapferkeit er ſeinen Thron verdankte. In dieſer angenehmen Erwartung gingen wir hinauf, um uns zur Ruhe zu begeben; die Mutter küßte mich wiederholt und ſchlug mehrere Mal ein Kreuz über meinem Haupte; Thränen der Hoffnung und Liebe blinkten in ihren Augen. Glücklich und zufrieden mit unſerem Schickſal legten wir uns nieder und ſanken bald in ſüßen Schlaf.

„Mitten in der Nacht schlug plötzlich ein entsetzliches Geschrei an mein Ohr; ich erwachte ...... aber, o Gott! ich sehe Nichts als Flammen, der Rauch erstickt mich, ich höre die Stimme der Mutter, die um Hülfe ruft, und vor dem Schlosse Waffenklirren und Lärm von vielen Menschen. Alles beginnt sich vor meinen Augen zu drehen, ich fühle Leben und Odem mir entweichen. Dann sehe ich plötzlich eine schwarze Gestalt durch die Flammen dringen und sich meinem Lager nahen; ich fühle, daß sie mich mit beiden Armen umschlingt, mich mit Gewalt aufhebt und mit mir sich in das Feuer stürzt ..... Darauf schwanden mir Bewußtsein und Empfindung .....“

Ergriffen von seinen trüben Erinnerungen schwieg Bernhard nach diesen Worten. Thränen rollten von seinen Wangen herab, aber kein Seufzer, kein schweres Athmen begleitete sie. Sein alter Gefährte sprach ebenfalls nicht, so daß eine seltsame Stille ihre wechselseitige Rührung ausdrückte. Endlich fragte Albrecht:

„Nun, Bernhard, und Deine Mutter?“

„Meine Mutter, nicht wahr? Meine arme Mutter! Verbrannt, zu Asche verbrannt. Man hat Nichts von ihr gefunden als ihre verkalkten Gebeine.“

Ein Schrei entwand ſich der Bruſt des alten Hirten und aus ſeinen eingefallenen Augen ſtürzten gleichfalls Thränen; ſein junger Genoſſe drückte ihm ſchweigend die Hand, ſammelte ſich allmählig wieder und fuhr dann fort:

„Die Anführer der Fläminger, die aus Brüſſel vertrieben worden, hatten meinen Vater während des Kampfes erkannt. Auf ihrem Zuge kamen ſie zur Nachtzeit bei unſerem Schloſſe vorüber und erinnerten ſich, daß er ihr Feind ſei; ſie ſchichteten rings um die Mauern große Holzſtöße auf und zündeten dieſelben an, um uns zu vernichten .....

„Jetzt war ich eine arme Waiſe, von Allem entblößt, und noch zu jung, um im Kriege mein Fortkommen zu ſuchen. Das väterliche Schloß lag in Trümmern, und wäre das auch nicht der Fall geweſen, was hätte es mir geholfen, da es ganz und gar den Wechslern angehörte? So ſtand ich da, ohne Erbe, ohne Eltern, ohne Verwandte. Ein einziges Mittel blieb mir noch: ich konnte als Page in die Dienſte des einen oder anderen Landesherrn und ſo in einen Stand treten, der für meine Jahre und meinen Adel paßte.

„Hoffend, daß mir das glücken werde, blieb ich unterdeſſen in einer Bauernwohnung bei dem wackern Manne, der mich mit Lebensgefahr aus den Flammen gerettet hatte. Am zehnten Tage kam ein Ritter, der eine Wallfahrt zu Unſerer lieben Frau von Halle gemacht hatte, bei den noch rauchenden Trümmern des Schloſſes vorüber. Er bedauerte herzlich unſer Unglück und ſagte, daß er einſt ein Freund meines Vaters geweſen. Er ſchien auch wirklich ein Kriegsmann zu ſein, denn über ſeine Stirn zog ſich eine lange, tiefe Narbe wie von einem Schwerthiebe. Ich wurde ihm angetragen als einziges Ueberbleibſel des burggräflichen Hauſes von Reedale. Meine rothgeweinten Augen und mein trübes Antlitz rührten ihn. Er nahm mich mit als Page, den guten Leuten, die mich gerettet und aufgenommen hatten, verſprechend, daß er mich ſein ganzes Leben lang wie ſein eigenes Kind behandeln würde.

„Das Benehmen des Ritters war mir unerklärlich; am erſten Tage verfloſſen zehn Stunden, ehe er auch nur ein Wort redete; achtlos ließ er den Zügel ſeines Pferdes hängen und hielt ſelbſt fortwährend das Haupt geſenkt wie ein Schlafender. Seine Augen, die er ſehr ſelten aufſchlug, waren halb unter ſeinen ſtarken Brauen eingeſunken und ſchienen leblos wie angelauſenes Glas. Zu Zeiten beſchlich Furcht und Angſt mein Herz, und mehr als ein Mal träumte ich von ſchrecklichen Dingen; aber die Stimme des Ritters, wenn ich ſie vernahm, war ſo ſanft und ſo traurig, daß ich zuletzt mehr Mitleid als Angſt empfand.

„Nach zweitägiger Reiſe zogen wir an der Stadt Antwerpen vorüber und hielten eine Stunde ſpäter vor der Brücke eines bedeutenden Schloſſes, das von vier ſtarken Thürmen und hohen Mauern eingeſchloſſen war. Kaum hatte der Wächter über dem Thor uns bemerkt, als auch ſchon der Ruf eines Jagdhorns durch die ringsum wachſenden Bäume drang; das Gatter ging in die Höhe, die Zugbrücke ſank nieder und das Thor kreiſchte in ſeinen Angeln. Diener und Waffenknechte, eben ſo ſchweigſam und vielleicht noch geheimnißvoller als mein Wohlthäter, empfingen meinen Beſchützer mit tiefer Ehrfurcht, und ich bemerkte bald an ſeiner gebietenden Sprache, daß dies Schloß ſeine Wohnung ſei.

„Kaum hatte ich einige Nahrung zu mir genommen, als auch ſchon Graf Arnold von Craenhove, ſ hieß mein Gebieter, einem alten Diener befahl, zwe Pferde zu ſatteln und mit mir nach Antwerpen zu reiten, um mich in ſeine Farben zu kleiden. Wir bliebe fünf Tage in der Stadt, bis ich mein Dienſtgewand bekam. O wie war ich ſchön, Albrecht! Ich ward zweifarbig gekleidet; die rechte Hälfte in himmelblaue Seide, die linke in Roſenfarbe; mein Haupt ſchmückte ein braunſammetnes Baret, von dem eine roſenfarbige Feder herabwallte; um meinen Hals wand ſich eine ſilberne Kette und an dieſer hing ein kleines Jagdhorn von demſelben Metall auf meine Bruſt herab. — O, ich war ſchön und ſo vergnügt, daß man mich mit Gewalt von einem großen ſtählernen Spiegel wegziehen und drehen mußte mir mein Jagdhorn zu nehmen, um mich zu hindern, daß ich nicht unaufhörlich blies. Am ſechſten Tage kehrten wir wieder nach dem Laternenhof zurück; ſo hieß nämlich, wie der alte Diener mir ſagte, das Schloß.

„Bei unſerer Ankunft wurde ich zu dem Grafen Arnold von Craenhove geführt, der mit meinem Anzug und meiner ſtattlichen Haltung ſehr zufrieden zu ſein ſchien. Was ich jedoch ſchon während unſerer Reiſe bemerkt hatte, machte mich auch jetzt wieder bedenklich; ſeine Stimme war dumpf und traurig, ſein Lächeln gezwungen und peinlich; als ich aus Dankbarkeit ſeine magere Hand küßte, ließ er mich gewähren und blieb gefühltes bei den Beweiſen meiner Liebe. Nach kurzem Schweigen ſtand er von ſeinem Seſſel auf, nahm mich, ohne ein Wort zu reden, bei der Hand und führte mich durch zwei oder drei Säle in ein ſchönes Gemach, wo ein kleines Mädchen von ungefähr ſieben Jahren, alſo in meinem Alter, am Fenſter ſaß und verdrießlich hinausblickte. Sobald wir einander erblickten, überzog unſer Antlitz daſſelbe Lächeln der Freude. Graf Arnold aber ſagte mit dumpfer Stimme: „Adelheid, liebe Schweſter, ich bringe Dir einen Spielgenoſſen, einen Bruder. Nun biſt Du nicht mehr betrübt, nicht wahr? Vertragt Euch gut mit einander .....“

„Nachdem er uns dies anempfohlen, ließ er mich ſtehn und ging fort. Beſchämt und nicht wagend einen Schritt zu thun, ſchlug ich die Augen nieder; aber das junge Mädchen lief ungeduldig auf mich zu, faßte meine Hände, zog mich an das Fenſter und fragte mich lebhaft, aber freundlich: „Wie heißeſt Du? Wo kommſt Du her? Bleibſt Du immer hier? Kannſt Du das Horn blaſen?“

„Ich beantwortete ihre Fragen, ſo gut ich es vermochte, obwohl ſie mir dazu nicht Zeit ließ, ſondern einen Stuhl hinſchob, dem ihrigen gegenüber, und zu mir ſagte, wie wenn ſie mir einen ſtrengen Befehl gäbe: „Setze Dich da vor mir hin.“ — Sobald ich mich nun geſetzt hatte, betrachtete ſie mit abſonderlicher Neugier meine Geſichtszüge und meine Kleidung und ſagte dann, nachdem dies eine Zeitlang gewährt, während ſie eine Locke von meinen Haaren über ihren Finger wickelte: „Was Du für ſchöne blonde Haare haſt, Bernhard! ſie ſind wie Silberfäden.“

„Ich, der ich bewußtlos ihr Antlitz betrachtete, gab ihr zur Antwort: „Nicht ſo ſchön wie Deine blonden Haare, Adelheid; die ſind wie das Gold, das in Dein Obergewand gewebt iſt.“

„Sie lachte, wie wenn ſie mit meiner Freundlichkeit zufrieden ſei und erwiederte: „Was Du für ſchöne blaue Augen haſt, Bernhard, ſie ſind wie der Himmel.“

„Nicht ſo ſchön wie Deine ſchmucken Augen, Adelheid; die ſind blauer als der glänzende Taffet meines Kleides.“

„Was Du für ſchöne Lippen und rothe Wangen haſt, Bernhard; ſie ſind wie die roſenfarbige Feder auf Deinem Kopfe.“

„O nicht ſo ſchön wie die Deinen, Adelheid; ſie ſind wie die Korallen um Deinen Hals.“

„Sie ſchien an dieſer Unterhaltung großes Wohlgefallen zu finden; dann ſprang ſie aber raſch auf, zog mich vom Stuhl und rief: „Bernhard, Du mußt immer bei mir bleiben, nicht wahr? Du ſollſt nicht fort, hörſt Du! denn ſonſt bin ich wieder ſo betrübt allein, So verlaſſen! Du bleibſt immer hier, nicht wahr? Du ſollſt mein Bruder ſein und wir wollen immer, immer mit einander ſpielen.“

„Gleich darauf fingen wir an herumzulaufen, zu hüpfen und zu ſpringen, bis die Ermüdung uns zwang auszuruhn; dann blies ich auf meinem ſilbernen Horn, oder erzählte das Unglück, das mein Haus betroffen, ſo daß ich ſie bald lachen, bald weinen machte ..... Kurz, ſie ergetzte ſich ſo, daß ſie Mittags nicht eſſen wollte, bis man mir erlaubte neben ihr zu ſitzen. Am Abend weinte ſie bitterlich, weil ihr der Tag zu kurz ſchien und ſie ſich von ihrem Spielgenoſſen trennen und zur Ruhe gehn mußte.

„Was ſoll ich Dir noch weiter ſagen, Albrecht? Adelheid hatte mir ihre ganze Neigung zugewendet; ich wurde ihr theurer als ihr Augapfel, und hatte nun ſelbſt eine Schweſter, ſo gut, ſo liebreich wie Sonnenſchein, ſo lieblich und anmuthig wie ein Marienblümchen. Von nun an traf man uns immer beiſammen, als ob Eins des Anderen Schatten geweſen wäre; zwei Lämmer derſelben Mutter folgen ihren gegenſeitigen Fußſtapfen nicht treuer, als wir es thaten.

„Ohne Nebengedanken mich meinem Glücke hingebend, bemerkte ich nicht gleich, daß es mir ſchon früh Neid und Mißgunſt zuzog. — Du mußt wiſſen, Albrecht, daß mein Beſchützer, Graf Arnold von Craenhove, nie ſichtbar war; die Gemächer, welche er auf dem Schloſſe bewohnte, blieben ſtets vor uns und den Dienern verſchloſſen, einen Einzigen ausgenommen, der, eben ſo trübſinnig und ſprachlos wie er, ſein unbegränztes Vertrauen zu beſitzen ſchien. — Dieſer war ein ſonderbarer Mann, deſſen Anblick auf mich eine unwiderſtehliche Gewalt ausübte; ſeine Gegenwart allein machte mich zittern, und mit der Zeit fürchtete ich mich vor ihm wie vor einem Teufel. Die Natur hatte ihn nicht mit angenehmen Geſichtszügen begabt; meine Angſt vergrößerte noch den mürriſchen Ausdruck ſeines Antlitzes und gab ihm in meinen Augen die häßlichſte Geſtalt. Haſt Du bemerkt, Albrecht, daß eine Eule gelbe und trübe Augen hat? So waren die ſeinigen. — Auf dem Rücken Deines Hundes ſträuben ſich die rauhen Haare empor, wie die Nadeln einer Tanne. So war ſein Haar. Dein Buch iſt von zwei ſchmutzigen, fahlen Bretchen eingeſchloſſen. So war ſein Geſicht. Haſt Du je geſehn, wie ein Fuchs, der mit einem Stricke gefangen iſt, den Jäger anfletſcht und zu beißen droht? So war ſein freundlichſtes Lächeln. — Falkoniere kommen hier mitunter her; Du haſt vielleicht einen Falken geſehn? Wie die Klauen dieſes Raubvogels waren ſeine Hände, mit magern Fingern und gekrümmten Nägeln. — Drang je eine Gottesläſterung in Dein Ohr, Albrecht? So war ſein Name. Er hieß Abulfaragus.

„Dieſer Mann, der auf dem Schloſſe und in der Umgegend für einen Sterngucker und Wahrſager galt, begegnete mir nie, ohne mir einen forſchenden und mistrauiſchen Blick zuzuwerfen. Oft, wenn ich mit meiner Schweſter Adelheid unter den Bäumen umherlief, ſah ich ſein gelbes, furchtbares Auge hinter einem Stamme hervorblitzen; mehr als ein Mal kroch er wie ein Jagdhund unter dem Geſträuch hindurch, um unſere Worte zu belauſchen. Obwohl ich mich dann nicht darum bekümmerte, ſo wuchs doch in meinem Herzen ein tiefer Haß gegen den feindlichen Auflauerer. Ich fürchtete ihn jedoch nicht allein; ſämmtliche Bewohner des Schloſſes zitterten vor ſeiner Stimme, theils weil man wußte, daß der unſichtbare Graf Arnold durch ſeinen Mund redete, theils weil man fürchtete, er könne ſich durch Zaubermittel für den geringſten Ungehorſam rächen.

„Auf dem Laternenhof war ein geheimes Boskett von Ulmen, unter deren ſchwarzem und undurchdringlichem Laube ein Grabſtein mit eingehauener Schrift lag. Dort hielt Abulfaragus ſich gewöhnlich auf, wenn er nicht bei Arnold von Craenhove ſein mußte. Niemand konnte ſagen, was der Wahrſager unter den Ulmen that, noch warum er ſo lange dort weilte; ängſtlich blieb Jeder dem Grabſtein fern und auch wir durften nicht an jener Seite ſpielen. Adelheid wußte jedoch, daß der Stein das Grab ihrer zu früh geſtorbenen Aeltern bedeckte, war aber ſelbſt noch nie dort geweſen.

„Die Diener hatten von dem Wahrſager ſelbſt Befehl erhalten, ſehr wichtige Dinge ausgenommen, Adelheid nie etwas zu verweigern, und trotz ihrer Jugend ſchien ſie wirklich allein auf dem Schloſſe zu gebieten. Verlangte ſie nur etwas oder wollte einen launiſchen Befehl geben, ſo war es ſtets ihr guter Bruder Bernhard, den ſie als Boten zu den Dienern ſandte. Ich befahl in ihrem Namen wie ein Herr, und ohne daß ich die Urſache muthmaßen konnte, ſah ich bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten oft deutlich die Betrübniß auf den Geſichtern der alten Diener des Hauſes Craenhove. Ein leichtſinniges Kind, wie ich es damals war, achtete ich nicht darauf und beantwortete mit lautem Gelächter ihren Verdruß, während ich, mein Jagdhorn ergreifend, Vergnügen darin fand, diejenigen, die mich beneideten, mit einem Spottſtückchen zu begrüßen. Welchen Eindruck konnte denn die Misgunſt der ganzen Welt auf mich machen, da ein Sprung mich nach meinem Himmel zurückbrachte, wo ein lieblicher Engel mich ſtets erwartete.

„Du weißt es, Albrecht, dem Unglücklichen erſcheint die Zeit lahm und verkrüppelt, aber dem, der ihre Freuden aus vollen Kelchen trinkt, entflieht ſie auf mächtigeren Fittigen, als die des Adlers ſind. So war ich dreizehn Jahr alt geworden, ohne einen Tag gezählt zu haben, denn unſere geſchwiſterliche Liebe hatte ſich ſtets rein erhalten. Während dieſer Zeit erhielt ich ſowohl von Adelheid wie durch die Aeußerungen der Dienerſchaft nähere Auskunft über das ſonderbare Benehmen und die unbegreifliche Gemüthsſtimmung meines Beſchützers. Folgendes erfuhr ich:

„Zwei Jahr vor meiner Ankunft auf dem Laternenhof wohnte dort mit dem gegenwärtigen Herrn Arnold von Craenhove der ältere Bruder deſſelben, Hugo. Obwohl der Letztere der eigentliche Graf und durch ſeine Erſtgeburt Eigenthümer aller Güter von Craenhove war, ſo hielt er doch ſeinen Bruder ſich in Allem gleich; ja, ihre gegenſeitige Zuneigung ging ſo weit, daß ſie, um ſich nie zu trennen und die Erziehung ihrer fünfjährigen Schweſter Adelheid zu ſichern, einander gelobten ſich nie zu vermählen. Während der erſten vier Jahre nach dem Tode ihrer Aeltern blieben ſie dieſem Gelübde treu und lebten, wie ich Dir ſagte, glücklich mit einander bis ungefähr zwei Jahr vor meiner Ankunft auf dem Schloſſe. Dann löſten ſie, jedoch mit gegenſeitiger Zuſtimmung, das Verſprechen auf und begaben ſich faſt täglich nach einem nahe gelegenen Gute, welches eine walloniſche Edelfrau bewohnte. Dieſe nannte ſich Gräfin von Merampré. Niemand wußte, welcher Mittel ſie ſich bediente, um Jeden, der ſich ihr nahte, von Sinnen zu bringen, und viele Leute glaubten, ſie nehme ihre Zuflucht zu ſchwarzen Künſten und Minnetränken. Wie es auch ſei, man ſagt, daß mehr als zwölf Ritter um ihretwillen im Kampfe gefallen ſind, und daß nicht zwei Männer in ihre Nähe kommen könnten, ohne einander nach dem Leben zu trachten. Es ſcheint, als ob ſich die beiden Brüder Craenhove durch ihre Liſt nicht haben fangen laſſen, denn ſie blieben einander wohlgeneigt wie immer; doch ein anderes Unglück traf ſie.

„Eines Tages, gegen Abend, ritt der jüngere Arnold aus dem Schloſſe fort und ſchlug den Weg ein, der nach dem Gute der Gräfin von Merampré führte. Bald nachher nahm ſein Bruder Hugo, von Abulfaragus begleitet, denſelben Weg. In jener Nacht blieben die Herren von Craenhove ſehr lange aus und ſchon begann der Schlaf die Wächter zu überfallen, als plötzlich vor der Zugbrücke ein Ruf erſcholl, gleich dem Schrei eines Raubvogels. Die Wächter erkannten Abulfaragus' Stimme, ließen die Zugbrücke nieder und öffneten das Thor. Ohne Jemanden anzuſehn oder gar anzureden, lief der alte Wahrſager nach jenem Theil des Hofes, wo das Schlafgemach der Herren von Craenhove ſich befand, und kam bald wieder zurück mit einem vollgepackten Reiſeſack. Dann befahl er die Zugbrücke von Neuem niederzulaſſen und verſchwand in der Dunkelheit. Du kannſt Dir denken, wie ängſtlich und neugierig die Wächter auf die Löſung dieſer räthſelhaften Handlungsweiſe harrten. Als ſie nun einander ihre Vermuthungen und Gedanken mittheilten, vernahmen ſie nochmals Abulfaragus' Rufen und ließen ihn ein. Dies Mal ſprach der Wahrſager und erzählte mit wenigen Worten, daß die Herren von Craenhove von Räubern überfallen worden wären und Beide das Leben eingebüßt hätten, daß ihre Leichen noch blutig auf dem Wege lägen und daß er käme Hülfe zu holen, um ſie nach dem Schloſſe zu bringen. Die beſtürzten Diener gehorchten mit thränenden Augen; ſprachlos folgten ſie dem kalten und gefühlloſen Abulfaragus. Nach einer Viertelſtunde Weges kamen ſie an einen Kreuzweg und fanden hier den Ritter Arnold leblos in ſeinem Blute liegen; ſo ſehr ſie jedoch ſuchten, Hugo's Leiche fanden ſie nicht, eben ſo wenig wie die blutige Stelle, wo ſie gelegen haben könnte. Arnold's Pferd weidete ruhig neben ſeinem todten Herrn, doch Hugo's Roß ſah man

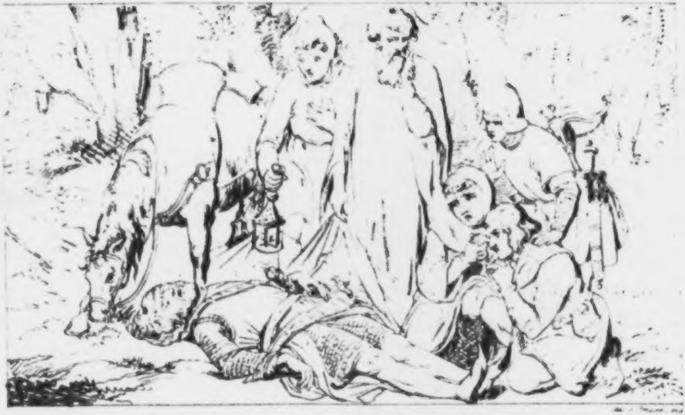

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nicht wieder. Was Abulfaragus mit dem Reiſeſack gemacht, wagte Niemand zu fragen.

„Arnold's Leiche wurde nach dem Hofe gebracht und auf ein Bett gelegt; der Wahrſager befahl gleich darauf Jedem ſich zur Ruhe zu begeben und ſchloß ſich mit dem Verblichenen ein. Am anderen Tage ſagte er, daß Arnold nicht todt ſei und vielleicht wieder geneſen könne. Nachdem er ſein Mittagsmahl eingenommen, verſchloß er wieder die Thür. So benahm er ſich vierzehn Tage lang, worauf er endlich mit Arnold von Craenhove im Vorhof erſchien. Der Ritter war bleich und zuſammengefallen, wie Jemand, der von langer Krankheit erſteht; über ſeine Stirn zog ſich die tiefe Narbe, die er noch trägt.

„Das iſt Alles, was ich über das Haus Craenhove in Erfahrung bringen konnte.“

„Meine Schweſter Adelheid und ich erreichten endlich unſer vierzehntes Jahr. Wir waren nicht mehr ſo wild, noch ſo kindiſch wie früher, aber eben ſo unzertrennlich mit einander verbunden. Da geſchah es, daß Abulfaragus eines Morgens in unſerem Spielgemach erſchien, mit einem großen Buche unter dem Arm. Er ſetzte ſich in einen Seſſel, legte das Buch auf ſeine Knie, öffnete es und ſagte zu Adelheid mit weit ſanfterer Stimme als gewöhnlich:

„Adelheid, Du haſt nun Dein vierzehntes Jahr erreicht. Es iſt Zeit, daß Du zu lernen beginneſt, was eine Edelfrau wiſſen muß. Bernhard kann Dir Nichts lehren, denn er iſt unwiſſend.“

„Zum erſten Mal in meinem Leben trieb mir ein mir bis dahin unbekanntes Gefühl das Blut in das Geſicht. Wüthend ſah ich den Wahrſager an, aber er lächelte ſpöttiſch und fuhr fort: „Es iſt der Wille Deines Bruders, Adelheid, daß Du Dein Gedächtniß ſchmückeſt mit weiſen Sprüchen und ritterlichen Heldenthaten. Die Zeit zu ſpielen iſt vorüber: Du ſollſt dereinſt am Hofe der Herzogin erſcheinen, und was würde man ſagen, wenn Adelheid von Craenhove einer unwiſſenden Bäuerin gliche?“

„Die Jungfrau las in meinen Zügen, daß ungewöhnliche Trauer mein Herz bedrückte; ſie ſtand auf, ergriff meine Hand mit zärtlichem Mitleid und ſagte zu Abulfaragus: „Ich will Nichts lernen. Du denkſt, mich von meinem Bruder Bernhard zu trennen; dies geſchieht nimmermehr!"

„Dein Bruder! Dein Bruder!" murrte Abulfaragus, „weißt Du denn nicht, daß er Dein Diener iſt?"

„Bei dieſem blutigen Hohn, der mir zugefügt wurde, ſtieß ich einen Schrei des Unwillens und Schmerzes aus. „Schändlicher!" rief ich dem Wahrſager zu, „Du haſt die Unverſchämtheit, den Burggrafen von Reedale einen Diener zu nennen? Warum haſt Du kein adelig Blut in Deinem verächtlichen Leibe? Dann würde ich Dir zeigen, wie man das Laſter beſtraft! Aber nein, ich werde Dich behandeln, wie man Knechte behandelt."

„Blind vor Wuth und gereizt durch das ſpöttiſche Lächeln, das ſich in Abulfaragus' Antlitz zeigte, ergriff ich eine Weidenruthe und hob den Arm, um dem Wahrſager in das Geſicht zu ſchlagen, aber in dieſem Augenblicke ſchaute mich ſein gelbes Auge furchtbar an; ein kaltes Zittern überfiel mich und ich ließ den Stock ſinken, ohne zu begreifen, welche geheime Macht mich plötzlich in einen Feigling verwandelt hatte. Zerſchmettert ſank ich in einen Seſſel; Abulfaragus lachte laut, und Adelheid ſeufzte und weinte.

„Nicht unſere unfreundliche Stimmung berückſichtigend, begann der Wahrſager in dem Buche zu leſen. Zuerſt waren wir willens nicht zuzuhören; Adelheid entfernte ſich von Abulfaragus und ſtellte ſich an das Fenſter; ich drehte ihm den Rücken zu. Kaum drangen jedoch einige Töne ſeiner Stimme in das Ohr, ſo fühlten wir uns auch ſchon wie durch geheime magnetiſche Macht zu ihm gezogen; langſam und unwillig wandten wir uns um und bald darauf lauſchten wir mit großer Theilnahme. O welche herrliche Dinge erzählte das Buch! Wie ergreifend und rührend war die Stimme des verhaßten Abulfaragus! Ich ſelbſt fühlte mich gezwungen Geſchmack an ſeinem Leſen zu finden. Adelheid hing an ſeinen Lippen.

„Nach Verlauf von zwei Stunden ſchlug der Wahrſager das Buch zu und verließ das Gemach mit den Worten: „Morgen wollen wir fortfahren.“ Ganz ergriffen von dem Eindruck des Herrlichen, das wir vernommen, blieben wir geraume Zeit ſchweigend ſitzen; endlich ſprachen wir mit einander darüber. Adelheid konnte nicht aufhören, von dem Ritter Walewein und dem Könige Artus zu reden, deren Geſchichte Abulfaragus begonnen hatte uns vorzuleſen. Den ganzen Tag vernahm ich Nichts, das unſeren vorigen Geſprächen glich; ſo ſehr ich mich auch bemühte, Adelheids Aufmerkſamkeit auf andere Dinge zu lenken, es glückte mir nicht. Mitunter ſagte ſie zu mir: „O, warum kannſt Du nicht leſen, Bernhard? Wie ſchön würde das ſein! Deine Stimme iſt ſo ſanft und ſo hell! Und dann brauchten wir auch den häßlichen Abulfaragus nicht.“

„Ich unterdrückte gewaltſam meine Betrübniß, ſo ſehr es mich auch ſchmerzte, daß meine Adelheid ſo außerordentlich erpicht war auf einen Zeitvertreib, den ich ihr nicht verſchaffen konnte.

„Am anderen, ſowie an allen folgenden Tagen kam Abulfaragus zur feſtgeſetzten Zeit, um mit dem Leſen fortzufahren; für Adelheids Wünſche kam er nie früh genug, ging aber ſtets zu früh wieder fort. Obwohl ſie mir immer dieſelbe Zuneigung unverändert bewies, ſo fühlte ich doch von nun an, daß ich nicht mehr Alles für ſie war, und daß Abulfaragus mit ſeinem Leſen zum größten Theil ihre Aufmerkſamkeit und ihre Empfindungen beherrſchte. Die Wißbegier, die Dich ſo ſehr an mir in Erſtaunen geſetzt hat, begann mich fortan wie ein Feuer zu verzehren; Tag und Nacht ſann ich auf Mittel leſen zu lernen. Oft habe ich verſucht mich hinter Abulfaragus zu ſtellen und in das Buch zu ſehen, während er las, doch dann machte der böſe Wahrſager daſſelbe ſo lange zu, bis ich mich wieder hingeſetzt hatte. Mehr als ein Mal faßte ich den Entſchluß, mit Gewalt die Thür eines Gemaches aufzubrechen und ein Buch wegzunehmen; aber es glückte mir nie: jedes Mal, wenn ich es verſuchte, ſtand Abulfaragus hinter mir....

„Eines Morgens fiel mir ein, daß Buchſtaben auf dem Grabſtein unter den Ulmen eingehauen ſeien; von Neugier getrieben überwand ich meine Angſt und ſchlich mich zitternd hin. Verdorrte Blumen bedeckten den Boden rings um das Denkmal, deſſen Inſchrift ich bewußtlos und mit heißer Stirn anſtarrte. Plötzlich hörte ich ein Geräuſch im Laube und erblickte, mich umwendend, Abulfaragus, der ſich dem Grabe näherte. Voll Furcht und beinahe todt vor Schrecken, verbarg ich mich im dichteſten Laube und beobachtete, den Athem anhaltend, meinen Feind. Abulfaragus kam langſam herbei, zog ein Körbchen mit Blumen unter ſeinem Gewande hervor und ſtreute den Inhalt auf das Grab; der Geruch der Blumen war ſo kräftig, daß ihr ſüßer Duft bis in mein Verſteck drang. Dann hörte ich Abulfaragus ſeufzend ſagen: „O Herr Jeſus, durch Dein theueres Blut gieb den Seelen meines Wohlthäters und meiner geliebten Schweſter den ewigen Frieden! Amen!“ Darauf bog er ſich zu dem Grabſtein nieder und weinte ſo innig, daß das Mitleid mir ſelbſt Thränen in die Augen trieb; ich mußte ſie mir mit der Hand abtrocknen. Durch dieſe Bewegung entdeckte Abulfaragus mich; ich ſah ſeine Blicke ſich flammend auf mich richten, ſo daß ich vor Angſt aufſchrie. Der Wahrſager ergriff mich, riß mich hervor und rief mit drohendem Ton: „Vermeſſener! Du haſt es geſehn und gehört, ſo Du aber davon redeſt, ſoll der Tod Deinen Mund auf ewig ſchließen.“

„Während ich auf den Knieen um Vergebung bat, entfernte er ſich, mir noch einen gewaltigen Blick wie eine Drohung zuwerfend. Ich eilte fort, denn die Ulmen waren mir ſchrecklicher als je geworden; lange ging ich noch verſtört umher, bis ich mich endlich geſammelt hatte und zu Adelheid zurückkehrte. Wie ſehr ich mich auch quälte zu begreifen, was Abulfaragus geſagt hatte und wie die Mutter meiner Adelheid die Schweſter des verhaßten Wahrſagers ſein könne, doch wagte ich nicht irgend Jemanden etwas von meinem Beſuch am Grabe zu ſagen und ſchwieg wie ein Stummer darüber. Täglich kam Abulfaragus um zu leſen und ſchien es vergeſſen zu haben, daß ich ihn belauſchte. . . . Ich magerte ab und wurde bleich; ſo ſehr brannte in meinem Herzen der ungeſtillte Drang nach Wiſſen und der Neid auf Abulfaragus, der es beſaß.

„Einſtmals, ich werde den Tag nie vergeſſen, ſaßen wir wieder vor dem Wahrſager; er hatte ein neues Buch auf ſeinem Schooße liegen, da wir Tags zuvor den Schluß von Floris und Blanchefleur gehört hatten. Adelheid ſah ihm eifrig zu und ſchien begierig die Worte aus ſeinem Munde auffangen zu wollen. Plötzlich gab der Wahrſager ſeinem Geſicht unbegreifliche Freundlichkeit, ſeine Augen glänzten ſtrahlender, ſeine Stimme wurde ſanft. Er wandte ſich zu Adelheid und las die folgenden Worte: — ich lernte ſie gleich auswendig, ſo ſehr ergriffen ſie mich.

Schöne Jungfrau in holder Jugend,
Ausgeſchmückt mit jeder Tugend,
Edel mit freundelichen Sitten,
Keuſch und artig und wohlgelitten
Eure Tugend kann ich nicht ganz ſchätzen
Ueber alle Frauen zu ſetzen;
Wohl ſieht man Euch in reicher Blüthe,
Reich an Treue und an Güte;
Holdes Antlitz und huldreich Weſen,
Schöne Sprache und wohlbeleſen,
Einfach, was Euch auch zugemeſſen;
An Euch hat Gott der Herr Nichts vergeſſen.

Ich ſah während des Leſens die innigſte Freude ſich in Adelheids Zügen ſpiegeln; aber je mehr dieſe ſchmeichelhaften Worte ſie vergnügten, deſto mehr wütheten Neid und Schmerz in meiner Bruſt. Thränen floſſen mir fortwährend über die Wangen hinab, bis der Wahrſager aufſtand und uns verließ.

„Ohne Adelheid etwas von meinem Vorhaben zu ſagen, folgte ich ihm auf dem Fuße bis zur Thür ſeines Gemaches. Dort warf ich mich weinend vor ihm nieder und rief ſchluchzend: „O Abulfaragus, gieb mir ein Buch um Gottes Willen! Lehre mich leſen, wenn Du mich nicht zu Deinen Füßen willſt verſchmachten ſehn. Ich will Dich ehren und Dir gehorchen wie ein Knecht. Habe Mitleid mit mir! Siehſt Du nicht, daß die Wißbegier mich tödtet!“

Dies ſagend, umſchlang ich ſeine Kniee und benetzte ſeine Hände mit meinen Thränen. Er ließ mich gewähren ohne mir zu antworten und ſchien Wohlgefallen an meinem Schmerz zu finden. Ich wiederholte meine Bitte noch eindringlicher, aber er, der böſe Peiniger, ſteckte den Schlüſſel in die Thür, öffnete dieſelbe, ſtieß mich unbarmherzig mit dem Fuße fort, trat in ſein Gemach, ſchloß ſich ein und erwiederte von drinnen mein Flehen nur mit einem ſpöttiſchen Gelächter.

„Mit gebrochenem Herzen und niedergeſchlagen von Schaam, kehrte ich langſam zu Adelheid zurück, dort warf ich mich wie ohnmächtig in einen Seſſel und begann wie ein Wahnſinniger zu weinen, zu ſeufzen und zu raſen. Adelheid wollte mich tröſten, aber jetzt ſtieß ich ſie auch mit der Hand fort und weigerte mich mit ihr zu reden. Ihre Thränen ließen mich endlich mein Schweigen brechen und ſtillten meine Wuth. „Adelheid!“ rief ich, „Du haſt mir geſagt, ich ſollte immer Dein Bruder ſein. Dies Gelübde haſt Du gebrochen. Abulfaragus iſt mein Todfeind, er will mich verderben. Eben ſtieß er mich von ſich, wie man einen Hund wegſtößt. Eine Schweſter liebt denjenigen nicht, der ihren Bruder ſo behandelt. Sie verlangt nicht nach ſeiner Gegenwart; ſie findet ſeine verhaßte Stimme nicht ſchön. Ich bin von adeligem Blute und werde es nicht länger ertragen, daß ein unedler Menſch mich verhöhnt und verſpottet; ſelbſt Deine Zuneigung kann mir keinen Erſatz dafür bieten. Morgen verlaſſe ich den Laternenhof; ich überlaſſe mich der Gnade Gottes und Du ſollſt mich nie wieder ſehn! Ich weiß, daß die Trennung von mir Dir nicht lange Schmerz machen wird. Du bleibſt ja bei Abulfaragus; der kann Dir beſſer ſagen als ich:

Schöne Jungfrau in holder Jugend,
Ausgeſchmückt mit jeder Tugend,
An Euch hat Gott Nichts vergeſſen.

O! ich werde leſen lernen; ich werde es lernen; aber dann ſollen es Andere ſein, die mich reden hören ....“

„— Vor meinen zornigen Worten ſenkte Adelheid das Haupt wie unter einer unerträglichen Laſt; dann ſprang ſie plötzlich auf, wahrſcheinlich um mir den Mund zu ſchließen, aber ihre Kräfte verließen ſie und ſie ſank leblos zu Boden.

„Ich wollte um Hülfe rufen, aber bei Abulfaragus'

Erſcheinen blieben mir die Laute in der Kehle ſtecken, er betrachtete mich mit verächtlichem Lächeln, nahm Adelheid in den Arm, brachte ſie durch den Blick ſeiner Augen wieder in das Leben zurück und verließ dann ſogleich das Gemach.

„Jetzt begann Adelheid unter bitteren Thränen mir mein Unrecht zu verweiſen; ſie ſagte mir ſo viel zärtliche Worte und gab mir ſo viele Verſicherungen ihrer Zuneigung, daß ich bald darauf ſie knieend um Verzeihung anflehte. Wir wurden wieder gute Freunde und verſprachen einander, alles Vorgefallene zu vergeſſen.

„Am andern Tage kam Abulfaragus wieder mit einem Buche und ſetzte ſich hin, um uns vorzuleſen. Ich ſah Adelheids Stirn erröthen vor Schmerz; ſie näherte ſich dem Wahrſager, legte die Hand auf das Buch und riß mehrere Blätter heraus, die ſie zerſtückelte und auf die Erde warf. Dann ſagte ſie gelaſſen zu ihm: „Das werde ich jedes Mal thun, wenn Du wieder mit einem Buche mein Gemach betrittſt. — Und jetzt geh' fort, Ungläubiger!“

„Ein dumpfer Schrei war ſeine Antwort; er warf ſich auf den Boden und raffte, ſo raſch er vermochte, die zerriſſenen Blätter auf. Ich ſah zwei Thränen aus ſeinen Augen fallen; ohne Zweifel betrauerte er die Zerſtörung eines ſo koſtbaren Buches. Dann ſtand er auf, eilte aus dem Gemache und rief mit klagender Stimme: „Wehe, wehe!“

„Seit dieſem Tage ließ er uns in Ruhe. Wir lebten fortan vergnügt und glücklich; nur die einmal rege gewordene Wißbegier verließ mich nicht, und ich blieb bei dem Entſchluſſe, um jeden Preis leſen zu lernen.

„Wie ich älter wurde und reifer im Denken, vergaß ich den Vorfall am Grabe, aber aus Haß gegen Abulfaragus gab ich mir Mühe, herauszubringen, was mein unſichtbarer Beſchützer und der Wahrſager ſo ſorgfältig vor mir verborgen hielten. Daß der Letztere dies bemerkte, konnte ich aus ſeinem ſtets wachſenden Widerwillen gegen mich wahrnehmen. Einſtmals war ich früher aufgeſtanden als meine gute Schweſter Adelheid, und ging neugierig vor den Thüren vorbei, die immer ſo genau vor mir verſchloſſen blieben. Eine derſelben hatte eine Spalte; mich auf die Fußſpitzen ſtellend, lugte ich mit pochendem Herzen hindurch. Da ſah ich Graf Arnold wie gelähmt in einem Lehnſeſſel ſitzen; ſein Auge war unbeweglich auf die Wand gerichtet, an der eine ſchwarze, mit goldenen Zeichen bemalte Tafel hing. Neben ihm ſaß Abulfaragus und las in einem großen Buche. Gerade als ich an die Thür trat, hörte ich Graf Arnold ſagen:

„Du meinſt, Abulfaragus, der junge Bernhard müſſe das Schloß verlaſſen. Du denkſt aber nicht an Adelheids Jammer, wenn man ihr den Freund ihrer Jugend raubte.“

„Er iſt eine Schlange, die Du nährſt,“ entgegnete der Wahrſager, „wenn er hier bleibt, entdeckt er das ſchreckliche Geheimniß und fügt dem Hauſe Deiner Väter blutige Schmach zu.“

„Nein, nein! ſage das nicht,“ erwiederte Graf Arnold, „hier im Schloſſe ſind noch zwei Herzen, die die Freude kennen — und Du würdeſt dieſe Herzen brechen.“

„Es muß geſchehn,“ rief Abulfaragus eindringlich. „Höre! ..... In der letzten Mitternacht ſtrahlten die Sterne am Himmel; ich habe deutlich die Planeten von uns Allen geſehn. Dein Stern blinkte ſchwach neben dem Bernhards und glich einem erlöſchenden Lämpchen, das nur mühſam noch mitunter aufflammt. Plötzlich entfernte ſich der Stern Bernhards von dem Deinigen; aber dann wieder ſich aufs Neue Deinem Planeten nähernd, leuchtete dieſer hell auf, mit einem Strahlenkranze von Freude und Troſt. — Darauf zwang ich, durch die Macht meiner Kunſt, das Schickſal ſich zu erklären; ſieh hier, was die Stellung der Sterne mir verkündet hat: Wenn Bernhard nicht fortzieht, wird er der Ehre Deines Hauſes zwei ſchreckliche Schläge verſetzen und den Namen Craenhove mit ewiger Schande beladen. Zieht er aber fort, ſo wird er dereinſt wiederkommen und Dich mit Glück und Seligkeit erfreuen. So lautet das unerbittliche Urtheil des Geſchickes.“

„O, Abulfaragus, wie grauſam biſt Du; wie unbarmherzig gegen meine Schweſter Adelheid! Nein, eher mögen meine Leiden ſich verdoppeln, als daß ſie das geringſte Ungemach erfahre!“

„Arnold, Arnold!“ rief der Wahrſager ungeduldig, während er auf die goldenen Zeichen der Tafel deutete, „wenn Du an meine Weiſſagung glaubteſt, ſo würdeſt Du jetzt nicht leiden, nicht vor Schmerz und Reue dem Grabe zuwanken. Wenn jenes Weib einen Platz zwiſchen Euch Beiden findet, ſo wird das Haus Craenhove mit ſeinem eigenen Blute befleckt. — War es nicht ſo? Jetzt fehlt Deinem Namen Nichts mehr, als die offenbare Schande. Nun dann, wirf Du zuerſt den Koth in Dein eigenes Angeſicht, beſchimpfe den Schatten Deines Vaters, ſchreibe auf ſein Grab, daß ſein Blut ein ſchändliches iſt! habe Muth zu der feigen That! .....“

„Während dieſer Unterredung hatte ich vor Angſt und Schrecken wie ein Espenblatt gezittert; jetzt ſchwand mir faſt alle Lebenskraft, ſo daß ich mit der Hand eine Stütze an der Mauer ſuchen mußte. Ich ſah, daß Graf Arnold tief das Haupt ſinken ließ, als beuge er den Nacken unter den furchtbaren Worten des Wahrſagers. Nach langer Pauſe fragte dieſer mit ſtrenger Stimme: „Nun denn, Graf Arnold von Craenhove, was gebieteſt Du?“

„Er ziehe fort!“ war die verhängnißvolle Antwort.

„Habe Dank,“ ſprach Abulfaragus, ‚aber das Schickſal will, daß er erniedrigt werde; es verlangt, daß er fortziehe, wie er gekommen iſt, arm und verſtoßen.“

Ein banger Seufzer entwand ſich Graf Arnolds Bruſt. Endlich geſtaltete ſich derſelbe zu Worten und das ſchreckliche Urtheil drang in mein Ohr: „Es ſei ſo, thue mit ihm nach Deinem Willen.“

Ohnmächtig ſank ich nun neben der Thür zuſammen und begann darauf heftig zu weinen. Mein Schluchzen drang bis in das Gemach; Abulfaragus öffnete die Thür, trat zu mir und grinſte mich an wie ein Teufel, der ſich über den Fall einer Seele freut. Lachend ſchritt er dann weiter über den Gang und ſtieß einen Schrei aus, der durch das ganze Schloß wiederhallte. Hierauf hörte ich viele Thüren öffnen und ſchließen, Diener liefen hin und her und es entſtand ein Geräuſch, wie von Menſchen, die zu einer Arbeit eilen. Plötzlich ſagte mir eine innere Stimme, daß man damit beſchäftigt ſei, mich auf immer von Adelheid zu trennen. Ich ſprang auf und lief wehklagend nach dem Gemache, wo meine Schweſter noch kurz zuvor geweſen. Ach Albrecht, ich fand die Thür verſchloſſen. Wie laut ich auch ſchrie, wie heftig ich auch an dem Schloß rüttelte, ſo daß mir faſt die Hände bluteten, nur das Echo meines eigenen Jammerns gab mir Antwort. Verzweifelnd und den Tod in der Bruſt lief ich wie ein Raſender durch das ganze Schloß; keinen Thurm ließ ich unbeſucht, vor jeder Thür fragte ich nach meiner Adelheid, aber Alles blieb verſchloſſen und ſtumm. O Albrecht! wie unglücklich war ich. Bald hub ich wieder vor Adelheids Gemach an, bald vergoß ich meine Thränen unter den Bäumen, bald wandelte ich ſchluchzend in den gewölbten

Gängen einher, aber Alles war vergebens, mein Urtheil gefällt und vollzogen, ich hatte meine Schweſter Adelheid verloren.

„Gegen Abend ſaß ich auf dem Raſen, wo ich ſo oft mit ihr geſpielt hatte, und alle meine Erinnerungen zogen in hellen Gemälden vor meiner Seele vorüber. Ich litt tiefe Pein; mir war, als ob jede dieſer Freuden käme, um auf ewig Abſchied von mir zu nehmen, wie man Abſchied nimmt von einem Freunde, den man nimmer wieder ſehen wird. Das Gras welkte von meinen heißen Thränen, ich ſah die Marienblümchen ſich ſchließen und ſterben.

„Endlich verlor ich das Bewußtſein, ſo daß ich Nichts mehr ſah noch dachte; ich hatte Alles vergeſſen und ſchlief mit offenen Augen. In dieſem Zuſtande muß ich lange geblieben ſein, denn als ich erwachte, fühlte ich, daß meine Glieder erſtarrt und ungelenkig waren. Ein alter Diener des Schloſſes ſtand vor mir. Es war ein greiſer Kriegsknecht, Rogiers mit Namen, der mir am Wenigſten feindlich geweſen und mich jetzt mitleidig anzublicken ſchien.

„Steh auf, Bernhard!“ ſprach er, „ich habe Dir etwas zu ſagen!“

„Ich richtete mich auf, näherte mich ihm und lauſchte ängſtlich ſeinen Worten. „Bernhard,“ fuhr er fort, „es iſt etwas Schreckliches gegen Dich im Werke. Es ſcheint, Du habeſt ein Verbrechen begangen; Einige ſagen, Du habeſt unter den Bauern ein Gerücht verbreitet, das Schande über unſer Fräulein bringt. Deiner harrt eine gräßliche Strafe für Deine ehrloſen Reden.“

„Ich, meine Schweſter Adelheid verläſtert! O Albrecht, ich ward zerſchmettert von der Verläumdung! Ein Schrei der Verzweiflung und ohnmächtiger Wuth entfuhr meiner Bruſt; ich riß mir das Haar aus und wüthete wie ein Wahnſinniger. Der alte Kriegsmann ergriff meine Hand, um mich zur Aufmerkſamkeit zu zwingen, und ſagte: „Bernhard, kennſt Du Abulfaragus? Weißt Du, daß er Galle und Gift aus Honig ziehen kann; daß ein Dolch in ſeiner Hand ein Spielzeug iſt und daß holliſche Geiſter ihm dienſtbar ſind? Biſt Du je in den unterirdiſchen Gruben des Schloſſes geweſen? Dies Alles droht Dir! Fliehe, ich habe die Hülfspforte aufgelaſſen; Du kannſt leicht durch den Graben waden. — Fort! Dein Verbrechen iſt groß, aber Du biſt noch zu jung, um eines bitteren .....“

„In dieſem Augenblick funkelte Abulfaragus’ gelbes

Auge in der Ferne hinter einem Baum hervor; die Worte erſtarben dem Kriegsknecht im Munde und er entfernte ſich zitternd.

„Ich begriff nicht, was mir nun geſchah; Alles drehte ſich vor meinen Augen, Bäume und Thürme tanzten im Kreiſe um mich her, und ich war gezwungen, mich hinzuſetzen, denn ich fühlte, daß ich im Begriff war, zuſammenzuſtürzen. Niedergedrückt von meinen Leiden, blieb ich eine Zeitlang in tiefes Sinnen verſunken, bis ich endlich wieder zu mir kam. Dann erinnerte ich mich der Worte des alten Kriegsknechtes; im Geiſte ſah ich den Giftkelch für mich bereitet und Dolche auf meine Bruſt gezückt. O, Albrecht, nun fühlte ich Furcht vor dem Tode; — ich wurde ängſtlich und ergriff, als letzte Hoffnung, das Mittel zur Rettung, das mir Rogiers gewieſen.

„Von der Dämmerung begünſtigt ſchlich ich unter den Bäumen längs der Schloßmauer fort, bis dahin, wo die Hülfspforte ſich befand — nur noch einige Schritte und ich erreichte ſie. Die Sicherheit gab mir Muth und Kraft zurück. Die Hoffnung, den verhaßten Abulfaragus nicht wieder zu ſehn, war ein Troſt in meinen Leiden. Aber der Himmel fügte es anders ....

Vor der Hülfspforte ſaß Abulfaragus. — Während ich, wie vom Blitz getroffen, ſtehen blieb und das Haupt auf die Bruſt ſenkte, erhob ſich der Wahrſager und trat zu mir, noch ehe ich es bemerkt hatte. Ich fühlte, wie ſeine Knochenhand die meinige ergriff; er ſagte mit ungewöhnlich ſanfter Stimme, ganz ſo, wie er zu Adelheid zu reden pflegte:

„Bernhard, mein junger Freund, Du biſt unglücklich? Wen klagſt Du an in Deinem Herzen? Den Abulfaragus, nicht wahr?“

„Ja, ja,“ rief ich, „Dich klage ich an mit Recht, Du haſt mich ſtets wie ein böſer Geiſt verfolgt, und jetzt kocht vielleicht auf Deinem Heerde das Gift, das mich tödten ſoll.“

„Ein bitteres Lächeln war des Wahrſagers Antwort. Eine Weile ſchwieg er und fragte dann: „Bernhard, haſt Du gehört, was ich heute Morgen zu Graf Arnold ſagte?“

„Ich habe es gehört,“ erwiederte ich unter heißen Thränen, „wie Du mich verläumdet und um mein Todesurtheil gebeten haſt.“

„Bernhard! haſt Du Nichts ſonſt gehört?“ fragte der Wahrſager nochmals.“

„In der Abſicht, meinen Feind zu erſchrecken, ſtellte ich mich, als hätte ich ein wichtiges Geheimniß belauſcht, und entgegnete mit Bitterkeit: „Ja, ich habe mehr gehört — doch noch darf ich nicht ſagen, was ich weiß, und noch weniger, was ich vermuthe. Graf Arnold iſt mein Wohlthäter.“

„Die Stille, welche dieſen Worten folgte, befremdete mich außerordentlich. Abulfaragus ſchien plötzlich betrübter zu werden, als ich; er ſchlug die Augen nieder und ſeufzte höchſt ſchmerzlich. Dann hob er den Kopf wieder empor, ſah mich faſt flehend an und ſprach: „Bernhard, mein Kind, Du betrachteſt mich als einen böſen Menſchen, nicht wahr? Wußteſt Du, was ich thue und warum ich es thue? Wüßteſt Du, warum ich mich haſſe, der ich doch noch nie irgend Jemanden etwas Böſes zufügte, o Du würdeſt Mitleiden mit Abulfaragus haben! Du würdeſt ihn gewiß lieben, denn Dein Herz iſt edel und rein.“

„Wie ſoll ich Dir mein Erſtaunen beſchreiben, Albrecht: der Mann, den ich als einen Teufel hatte ſchildern hören, ſtand bittend vor mir; ſeine Stimme drang mir in das Herz; in der That, ich fühlte Mitleid und meine Furcht ſchwand gänzlich.

„Abulfaragus,“ ſeufzte ich, „Du ſetzeſt mich in Erſtaunen. Redet Dein Mund die Wahrheit?“

„Folge mir!“ entgegnete er, mich bei der Hand fortziehend, „folge mir; die Zeit iſt koſtbar.“

„Seiner Stimme vermochte Nichts zu widerſtehen; durch die wenigen Worte hatte er nicht allein meinen Haß und meine Furcht, ſondern auch mein Mistrauen verſcheucht. Ich folgte ihm willig bis zu ſeinem Gemach. Hier begann eine leiſe Furcht ſich meiner wieder zu bemächtigen: ich ſollte alſo den Fuß ſetzen in den geheimnißvollen Raum, der acht Jahre lang meine Neugier gereizt hatte. Als ich die Thüre ſich öffnen hörte und eintrat, zitterte ich. Was ich ſah, erſchreckte mich indeſſen nicht, und ich wunderte mich, nichts Zauberhaftes und Gefährliches dort zu entdecken. Das Gemach war ſchmuzig und in Unordnung; eine eiſerne Lampe erhellte daſſelbe nicht gänzlich; hier und da Gerippe von kleinen Thieren, einige getrocknete Kräuter, einige Bücher; ein großes Marienbild von zwei ſchönen Blumenſcherben umduftet; das war Alles. Abulfaragus befahl mir mich zu ſetzen, nahm gleichfalls auf einem Seſſel neben mir Platz und ſagte, indem er meine Hand ergriff: „Bernhard, Du meinſt, daß ich Dich haſſe und zu verderben ſuche. Du täuſcheſt Dich, mein Freund; diejenigen, die zum Geſchlechte von Craenhove gehören, ausgenommen, liebe ich Niemanden, als Dich allein. Ich habe Dir allerdings Urſache gegeben, mich zu fürchten und zu haſſen; aber dazu zwang mich das unerbittliche Schickſal. Ich ſah Dich nach dem Laternenhof kommen und Deine Ankunft erfreute mich. Ich ließ Dich in Ruhe, bis eine undurchdringliche Neugier Dich trieb, Dinge zu erforſchen, die Du nicht wiſſen darfſt. Da nahm ich die Wagſchale und legte Dich hinein, während in der anderen Schaale das Glück und die Ehre des Hauſes Craenhove lag; Du wogſt am Wenigſten und mußteſt geopfert werden. — Du mußt fort! — Ich verfolgte Dich und ließ Dich leiden, in der Hoffnung, der Aufenthalt auf dem Laternenhofe ſolle Dir unerträglich werden; aber Adelheid heilte alle Deine Schmerzen und Du warſt nicht zu beſiegen. Du haſt ein Recht, mich zu haſſen, Bernhard, denn ich kränkte Dich oft, und um Dich abzuſchrecken, ſchien ich Wohlgefallen an Deiner Pein zu finden. Du biſt zu jung, mein Sohn, um die Beweggründe dieſes Benehmens zu begreifen, wenn ich ſie Dir auch erklären wollte. Abulfaragus iſt wie ein Sklave dem Hauſe Craenhove verpflichtet; er muß deſſen Wohl alle ſeine Gefühle, alle ſeine Neigungen zum Opfer bringen, und während er Dich innig liebte, zwang ihn dieſe Sklaverei zu einer ſcheinbaren Feindſeligkeit gegen Dich. Später ſollſt Du erfahren, Bernhard, warum ich Dich von Adelheid trenne; es giebt Triebe des Herzens, die Ihr glücklicherweiſe noch nicht empfindet, die aber den Geiſt entflammen wie ein zerſtörendes Feuer. In dieſer Nacht hat Gott durch ſeine Sterne über Euere Zukunft entſchieden; Nichts kann Euch dieſer Beſtimmung entziehn. Morgen vor Sonnenaufgang mußt Du das Schloß verlaſſen, gutwillig oder durch Gewalt. Sieh, was ich zu thun gezwungen bin, wenn Du Dich nicht unterwirfſt. Ich muß Waffenknechte rufen, Dich nackt ausziehen laſſen und Dich aus dem Schloſſe ſtoßen, wie einen Hund. Das wäre grauſam, nicht wahr? Auch werde ich es nicht thun, denn Du wirſt Dich unterwerfen, auf meine Bitte hören und Dich in Dein Geſchick ergeben. Sage mir, daß Du gutwillig Dich zu entfernen gedenkſt.“

„Mit geſenktem Haupte vernahm ich die Worte des Wahrſagers. Thränen ſtrömten von meinen Wangen herab, und ich hatte keine andere Antwort, als gebrochene Seufzer.

„Du weinſt, mein Sohn!“ fuhr Abulfaragus fort, „ich ſehe ſich den Schein der Lampe in Deinen Thränen ſpiegeln. Du weinſt um Adelheid, nicht wahr? es wird Dir ſo ſchwer, Deine theuere Schweſter zu verlaſſen?“

„Auf immer! für ewig?“ rief ich betrübt.

„Mein Freund,“ entgegnete Abulfaragus, „das Schickſal hat ausgeſprochen, daß Du den Laternenhof verlaſſen mußt, aber es fügte hinzu, daß Du einſt zurückkehren ſollſt, um für immer hier zu bleiben.“

„Dieſe Worte ſenkten ſüßen Troſt in mein Herz und ich ſah dankbar Abulfaragus an; er ſchien mir nicht mehr häßlich, im Gegentheil, ſein Antlitz hatte etwas Liebreiches, wie das Antlitz eines Vaters, der zu ſeinem Kinde redet.

„Bernhard,“ ſagte er, „verſprich mir, daß Du nach meinem Willen thuſt, und ich werde Dir mit einem Worte erklären, welches unausſprechliche Glück der Himmel Dir beſtimmt.“

„Ich drückte ihm die Hand und erwiederte, daß ich mich ſeinem Willen gänzlich unterwerfen würde.

„Wohl denn,“ verſetzte Abulfaragus mit herzgewinnendem Ton, „wenn Du das Schloß verlaſſen haſt werde ich verhindern, daß ſich ein anderer Jüngling je Adelheid nähere; ich werde für Dich handeln, wie ein Vater für ſeinen Sohn, und ſie Dir als eine reine, liebende Braut bewahren. Das Schickſal hat es geſprochen: Adelheid wird einſt Dein Weib und Du als Herr über den Laternenhof, ja ſelbſt über Abulfaragus gebieten. Genügt das Deiner Liebe und Deinem Stolze, Jüngling?“

„Einen Augenblick verſtummte ich bei dieſer entzückenden Weißagung; dann ſprang ich vom Seſſel auf und fiel dem Greiſe zu Füßen; Thränen der Freude und des Glückes entſtrömten mir, aber Worte fand ich nicht. Endlich rief ich: „Dank, Dank! Abulfaragus! O daß Du mich nicht täuſchteſt!“

„Täuſchen, mein Kind? Ja, ich habe mich ſchon zu Zeiten ſelbſt getäuſcht. Meine Kunſt iſt nicht unfehlbar. Tröſte Dich aber, ich bleibe hier um einen Theil meiner Prophezeihung ſelbſt in Erfüllung zu bringen. Wird Adelheid nicht die Deine, ſo ſoll ſie Niemanden angehören. Uebrigens habe ich nie deutlicher in den Sternen leſen können, als jetzt, und bin der feſten Ueberzeugung, daß das Geſchick mich nicht belog. Höre, Bernhard, was Du thun mußt, um ſo viel

Glück zu verdienen. In Deinem Schlafgemache findeſt Du Bauernkleider; dieſe ziehſt Du an und nimmſt ſonſt Nichts mit, das Dir gehört. Schlafe, wenn Du kannſt. Morgen vor Sonnenaufgang werde ich Dich wecken. Dann mußt Du das Schloß verlaſſen und Dich weit von demſelben entfernen. Es iſt mir verboten, Dir einen Rath zu geben; gehe oder bleibe nach Deinem eigenen Gefühl. Thue keinen Schritt um Adelheid oder den Laternenhof wieder zu ſehn. Ein wichtiges Ereigniß wird Dir ſagen, wenn Du zurückkehren ſollſt; dies geſchieht nicht, ohne daß Du die Verſicherung haſt, Graf Arnold ſeine verlorene Ruhe und ſeine vergeſſene Heiterkeit wieder zu geben. Das iſt Alles was ich Dir ſagen darf; alles Uebrige wird die Folge Dir ſelber zeigen.“

„Er nahm die Lampe, führte mich in mein Schlafgemach und verließ mich mit tröſtenden Worten.

„Es wäre nutzlos, Albrecht, Dir zu erzählen, welche ſonderbare Träume meinen Geiſt, während der Nacht, umgaukelten, ſo viele und ſo verſchiedenartige Gemüthserſchütterungen hatten mich am vorhergehenden Tage ergriffen. Ich darf nicht ſagen, daß ich unglücklich war, da mir die Zukunft ein ſo glückliches Loos aufbewahrte.

Ich war bereit, Alles zu erdulden, um Adelheid zu verdienen. Auch unterwarf ich mich nicht allein dem Willen des Abulfaragus, ſondern ich freute mich an dem Gedanken, daß ich berufen ſei, die Leiden meines Wohlthäters, des Grafen Arnold, zu erleichtern, wenn nicht gänzlich zu heilen. Ich ſollte nun an dem Geheimniß Theil nehmen, das wie ein Zauberſchleier über dem Hauſe Craenhove lag. Dies Alles gab mir Stärke und ließ mich etwas Großes und Erhabenes in meiner Verbannung finden. Als Abulfaragus meine Thür öffnete und mit einer Lampe eintrat, hatte ich mich ſchon in mein niederes Gewand gehüllt. Ich warf noch einen trüben Blick auf mein ſilbernes Jagdhorn und folgte meinem Führer. Das Thor öffnete ſich und die Zugbrücke ſank nieder. Auf dem Felde angekommen, gab Abulfaragus mir ein Stück Brod und Fleiſch. Dann, ſeine Hand drückend, ſagte ich betrübt:

„Abulfaragus, Du weißt es; Adelheid wird mein Fortziehen nicht ohne tiefen Schmerz vernehmen und vielleicht trauern um den Verluſt ihres Bruders.“

„Fürchte Nichts, mein Sohn,“ antwortete er gütig, „ich werde Adelheid tröſten und ſie überzeugen, daß Du wiederkehrſt — ich werde jeden Tag mit ihr von Dir reden — ſie ſoll Dich nicht vergeſſen.“

„Thränen der Dankbarkeit entſtrömten meinen Augen; ich ſchlang die Arme um ſeinen Hals und küßte mit Inbrunſt denſelben Mann, den ich für den böſeſten Menſchen gehalten. Er ſagte mir noch einige ermuthigende Worte und nahm dann Abſchied von mir. Ich ging raſch vorwärts, faſt den ganzen Tag lang. In Santhoven angelangt, trat ich in ein Bauernhaus und erbat mir etwas Milch, meinen Durſt zu löſchen; da erfuhr ich von dem Pächter, daß ſein Schäfer ihn verlaſſen habe um als Waffenknecht bei einem Ritter zu dienen; ich erbot mich nun die Stelle zu erſetzen und ward angenommen. Seit zwei Jahren diene ich dieſen guten Menſchen und bin mit meinem Schickſal zufrieden, weil ich überzeugt bin, Adelheid einſt wiederzuſehn. Aber ich möchte nicht gern nach dem Laternenhof zurückkehren ohne leſen zu können; Adelheid liebt die Erzählungen von ritterlichen Heldenthaten; ſie hat mir dieſes Vergnügen geopfert und ihre Worte haben mir zwei Jahre lang bewieſen, wie ſehr ſie dieſes nothwendige Opfer betrauerte. Obendrein brennt in meinem Herzen ein unbegreiflicher Drang nach Wiſſen; ich glaube ſelbſt, daß Adelheid großen Antheil daran hat; es iſt ein geheimes Gefühl, das mich beherrſcht, ohne daß ich mir den Grund recht erklären kann .....

„Sieh, Albrecht, das iſt meine Geſchichte. Sie iſt traurig und ſeltſam, nicht wahr?“

Der alte Schäfer hatte dieſer Erzählung ſo aufmerkſam und eifrig zugehört, daß er zuerſt nicht antwortete. Er betrachtete ſeinen jungen Gefährten mit Verwunderung und ſagte dann nach einigen Augenblicken: „Traurig, ja: aber noch weit ſeltſamer. Vor dem Abulfaragus habe ich mehrere Mal gezittert. Biſt Du überzeugt, Bernhard, daß er ein Menſch iſt?“

„Was ſollte er Anderes ſein, Albrecht?“

„Du biſt jung, Bernhard, und weißt nicht, was ich weiß. Wenn ich Dir nun ſage, daß es Menſchen giebt, die ſich mit dem Teufel verbünden und von ihm einen böſen Geiſt zum Sklaven oder Diener erhalten? Wenn ich nun hinzufügte, daß dieſe Menſchen das fluchwürdige Bündniß oft zu ſpät bereuen und dann von Gewiſſensbiſſen und der Furcht vor der Hölle gepeinigt ſich einſchließen und das Sonnenlicht fliehen?“

„Nun, Albrecht, was willſt Du damit ſagen?“

„Daß es eben nicht ſchwer iſt, zu begreifen, Graf Arnold von Craenhove habe ſeine Seele dem Teufel verkauft, und daß Abulfaragus ein verdammter Geiſt iſt, den ihm Lucifer zum Sklaven oder Diener gegeben.“

Dieſe mit hohler Stimme geſprochenen Worte übten einen ſtarken Eindruck auf Bernhards Gemüth aus; gleich darauf hob er jedoch, ungläubig lächelnd, den Kopf empor und erwiederte: „Du täuſcheſt Dich, Albrecht; Graf Arnold ging wie ein guter Chriſt zu Deurne in die Kirche und Abulfaragus hatte ja ein Muttergottesbild in ſeinem Gemache, und ſorgte gottesfürchtig dafür, daß friſche Blumen ſeine Andacht bezeugten. Rief er nicht den Herrn Jeſus an, als er auf dem Grabe kniete? Nein, das iſt das unbekannte Geheimniß nicht. Es liegt verborgen in der ſchrecklichen Nacht der Begegnung bei der Gräfin von Merampré. Wer wiſſen könnte, wo die Leiche des Grafen Hugo von Craenhove ſich befindet, der würde wohl im Stande ſein Alles zu erklären.“

„Hat man nie die Gräfin von Merampré gefragt, Bernhard?“

„Wie ſollte man ſie fragen, da ſie ſeit dieſer Nacht ſich nicht mehr in Brabant zeigte.“

„Ich verliere mich in Muthmaßungen. Vielleicht hat die geheimnißvolle Nacht eine nach Rache rufende Miſſethat, einen gräßlichen Mord geſehn; — aber, wie dem auch ſei, wir dürfen unſeren Nächſten nicht durch Vermuthungen beſchuldigen ..... Es wird ſpät, Bernhard, die Sonne ſinkt hinter das Tannengehölz, wir müſſen unſere Schaafe nach Hauſe treiben.“

Bei dieſen Worten entfernten ſich die beiden Hirten von einander, um, jeder auf ſeiner Seite, die Heerde ſeines Herrn zu ſammeln. Während Bernhard noch damit beſchäftigt war, kam der alte Schäfer mit leiſen Schritten zu ihm und flüſterte ihm mit dumpfer Stimme in das Ohr: „Bernhard, haſt Du je den Wehrwolf geſehn?“

Der Jüngling erſchrak, wandte ängſtlich den Kopf nach allen Seiten der Haide und erwiederte: „Nein, warum thuſt Du mir die Frage?“

„Sieh Dich ſtill um; am Saume des Waldes erblickſt Du ihn.“

Bernhard gewahrte wirklich den ſchwarzen Schatten eines Menſchen, der langſam und vorſichtig längs dem Gebüſch hinzugleiten ſchien.

„Ha," ſeufzte er, „das iſt der Wehrwolf, von dem man ſo viel ſpricht. Ich glaubte, es wäre ein reißendes Thier, und es ſieht von Weitem aus wie ein Menſch. Was iſt denn ein Wehrwolf?"

„Weißt Du das nicht? Ein Wehrwolf iſt ein Menſch, den Gott um ſchwerer Sünden willen verurtheilt hat, nächtlich in der Geſtalt eines Wolfes umherſtreifen zu müſſen, unaufhörlich und ruhelos. Solche Wehrwölfe fliehen die Dörfer und die Wohnungen der Menſchen aus Furcht, daß man Thüren und Fenſter zuſperrt; denn geſchähe das und die Zeit käme, wo ſie Wehrwolf ſein müſſen, ſo zerſchmetterten ſie ſich den Kopf an Mauern und Wänden und ſtürben noch in derſelben Nacht."

„Haſt Du jenen Mann in der Geſtalt eines Wolfes geſehn, Albrecht?"

„Ja, öfter. Es ſind nun bereits zehn Jahr, daß er ſich den Wald zum Aufenthaltsort gewählt hat; ſeit dieſer Zeit wagt Niemand hineinzugehn, theils aus Angſt, theils aus Ehrfurcht vor Gottes Strafe. Nachts ſtreift der Wehrwolf umher oder ſitzt auf dem Kirchhof zwiſchen zwei Gräbern; dort ſeufzt und heult er entſetzlich. Niemand hat je ſeine Rede vernommen; er iſt ſtumm und kann nicht ſprechen. Uebrigens ſcheint er ſo ſanft wie ein Lamm; wenn er bei uns vorbeiginge, würde er den Kopf ſenken, die Augen niederſchlagen und ſich wie ein wandelndes Bild entfernen. Niemand erinnert ſich, daß er je Menſchen oder Thieren etwas Böſes zugefügt hätte. Einſt hat er ſelbſt einer armen Frau, die vor dem Walde ſaß und weinte, zwei Geldſtücke angeboten; die Frau iſt erſchreckt fortgelaufen und hat nicht gewagt das Geld anzunehmen. Das beweiſt aber doch, daß er kein böſes Herz hat.“

Während dieſer Erklärung hatte Bernhard neugierig ſeine Blicke nicht von dem Wehrwolf abgewendet, und da dieſer ſich mit jedem Schritte den Hirten näherte, konnten ſie bald ſeine Figur genauer ſehn. Er ſchien ein Mann von hohem Wuchs zu ſein, der von Kopf zu Füßen mit einem härenen Gewande bedeckt war, das ganz wie ein Thierfell ausſah. In der rechten Hand hielt er einen Aſt, auf den er ſich, tief gebückt, ſtützte; der linke Arm lag dagegen dicht am Leibe an, wie wenn er etwas unter demſelben trage. Dies mußte Bernhards Aufmerkſamkeit gefeſſelt haben, denn plötzlich rief derſelbe: „Was hält er denn unter dem Arm? Iſt das nicht ein Buch?“

„Ich kann es nicht recht ſehn,“ erwiederte Albrecht, fügte aber dann gleich hinzu: „Allerdings iſt es ein Buch, vier Mal größer als das meinige.“

Bernhard verſank in tiefes Nachdenken und ſeufzte: „Der Wehrwolf kann leſen!“ Dann wieder aufblickend, ſah er wie derſelbe ſich am Saume des Waldes bückte und unter den Dornbüſchen fortkroch und verſchwand. Zwei Mal hatte nun bereits Albrecht ſeinen Genoſſen vergebens ermahnt, die Haide zu verlaſſen, und ſeine Heerde bereits fortgetrieben, als Bernhard noch unbeweglich daſtand und hinſtarrte, wo der Wehrwolf verſchwunden war. Endlich gab er ſeinem Hunde das Zeichen und verließ träumeriſch und unruhig den Weideplatz, während er von Zeit zu Zeit wiederholte: „Ha! der Wehrwolf kann leſen!“

II

Der Wehrwolf.

Alles ſchläft auf der Haide....

Die Pflanzen halten ihre Blätter noch gefaltet, die Blumen ihre Kelche noch geſchloſſen; ſie gleichen beſeelten Weſen, die mit zugemachten Augen in Vergeſſenheit gehüllt liegen.

Es iſt nicht mehr Nacht, es iſt noch nicht Tag.

Schwarz iſt der weſtliche Horizont und undurchdringlich; der öſtliche Horizont, gleich einer durchſichtigen Waſſerfläche, färbt ſich mit zweifelhaftem Lichte.

Von allen Sternen glänzt nur noch ein einziger; ſein Name iſt Lucifer, er dient der nahenden Sonne als Vorbote.

An den Rändern des Waldes hängt ein Vorhang von Nebel.

Aber er ſteigt in die Höhe und hat jetzt ſchon die Wipfel der Bäume erreicht; bald wird er noch höher ſteigen und in der Luft unſichtbar werden.

Wie eine demüthige Magd, die ſchweigend auf das Erwachen ihrer Gebieterin harrt, umhüllt ſich die Erde mit Stille, bis ihre Herrin kommt.

Röthliche Gluth färbt nun das Thor des Lichts; der Morgenſtern erbleicht.

Dort ſchüttelt ein Goldfink die Thautropfen von ſeinem Gefieder, er verläßt den Zweig, ſchwingt ſich empor und ſetzt ſich auf den höchſten Baum des Waldes. Freudig blickt er nach Oſten und bald ſtrahlt ihm ein Theil der Sonnenſcheibe in die Augen; mit frohem Geſange begrüßt er das Tageslicht.

Glücklicher Vogel, der die Himmelsfackel früher ſieht als wir!

Das Zeichen iſt gegeben.

Tauſend ſingende Vögel erwachen und tauſend Lobgeſänge aus ihren Kehlen verherrlichen die Schöpfung.

Siehe, die Lerchen ſteigen immer höher und höher; ſie wollen ihr Danklied näher an Gottes Thron erklingen laſſen.

Ha! dort erhebt ſich die lachende Sonne über dem Tannenwalde!

Ihre Strahlenbüſchel gleiten wie eine unermeßliche

Zauberruthe über die Haide; Alles, was ſie berühren, empfängt Leben und Glanz.

Horch, wie die Grillen und Heuſchrecken ihr Morgengebet dem Herrn darbringen. Sieh, wie die Blumen ſich entfalten, ihre Kelche und ihre Kronen öffnen, als ob ſie einen Strahl der liebenden Sonne mit dem Herzen auffangen wollten.

Gegrüßt, gegrüßt ſeiſt Du, glänzendes Meiſterwerk des großen Werkmeiſters!

Wenn auch Bernhards Mund dieſen Lobgeſang nicht ſprach, ſo klang doch in ſeiner Seele mit noch reicheren Tönen das Lob des Schöpfers nach, als er ſeit einer halben Stunde auf der Haide knieend mit betendem Gemüthe das Erwachen der Natur betrachtete, während ſeine Schaafe begannen die Kräuter abzuweiden.

Wie groß auch des jungen Hirten Frömmigkeit war, ſo heftete er doch unabläſſig die Blicke auf die Stelle, wo am vorigen Tage der Wehrwolf verſchwand. Plötzlich erzitterte er an allen Gliedern; er ſah den Wehrwolf auf Händen und Füßen unter den Dornbüſchen hervorkriechen, ſich aufrichten und längs dem

Rande des Waldes entfernen. Dieſes Mal trug er jedoch Nichts unter dem Arm.

Das Buch war alſo im Walde zurückgeblieben. Vielleicht lagen noch mehr Bücher in der Höhle des Wehrwolfs. Aber, o Gott, wer durfte es wagen, ſich deſſen Lager zu nahen und ſpürend in ſeine Wohnung einzudringen? Würde nicht ein entſetzlicher Tod ihn beſtrafen? Vielleicht zerriſſe ihn der Wehrwolf und verſtreute ſeine verſtümmelten Glieder in dem ſtummen Walde, den Raben zum Raube!

Armer Bernhard! dort ſteht er auf der Haide, an ſeinen Stab gelehnt, wie verirrt auf den Boden blickend; ſeine Stirne iſt heiß, ſeine Füße tragen ihn kaum, eine unbegreifliche Anziehungskraft zwingt ihn, ſich dem Walde zu nähern. Sieh da, er thut einen Schritt — noch einen — noch mehrere; aber er zittert und iſt furchtſam; denn jetzt ſteht er vor dem Dorngeſträuch, der Grenze von des Wehrwolfs Grundgebiet. Soll er vermeſſen genug ſein, ſich zu bücken, wo der Wehrwolf ſich bückt, und ſo den Pfad zu wandeln, der zu der furchtbaren Höhle führt?

Eine Stunde vor Mittag ſtand Bernhard noch vor dem Geſträuch, mit geſenktem Haupte, mit hartnäckigem Blick und mit fieberhafter Aufregung; Drang nach Wiſſen und Furcht vor dem Tode kämpften in ſeiner Seele mit einander; endlich ſiegte wahrſcheinlich der erſtere, denn er bückte ſich langſam, warf ſich dann plötzlich auf den Boden und kroch wie ein vierfüßiges Thier unter den Dornen durch. Der Wiſſensdurſt hatte die Todesfurcht bezwungen.

Das Geſträuch erſtreckte ſich nicht weit; gleich nachher konnte er ſich aufrichten und umſchauen. Nichts Fremdartiges bot ſich ſeinen Blicken dar; die Natur ringsum war öde und wüſte, von Todtenſtille eingehüllt, von halber Dunkelheit umfangen. Gleich einem Miſſethäter ſchritt er mit klopfendem Herzen und wachſender Angſt vorſichtig und langſam weiter. Von Zeit zu Zeit ſchlug der Schrei eines Raubvogels an ſein Ohr, oder auch er blieb beſtürzt ſtehen vor einem abgeſtorbenen Baum, der ſeine dürren Arme wie ein Menſch auszuſtrecken ſchien, um ihn zurückzuhalten, aber der Drang nach Wiſſen trieb ihn unaufhaltſam der Stätte zu, auf dem Pfade, den des Wehrwolfs Füße längſt gebahnt hatten. Endlich kam er zu einer Vertiefung, wo ſich in einiger Breite keine Bäume zeigten und welche mit Raſen und Blumen bedeckt war. Ein kleiner, beinahe unſichtbarer Bach ſchlängelte ſich durch dieſe natürliche Weide wie eine Schlange, die ſich beeilt, das Gebüſch zu erreichen und den glühenden Strahlen der Sonne zu entfliehen.

Hier war Alles lebendig und erquicklich; das Sonnenlicht ſtrömte gerade auf den Raſen hernieder und brütete liebevoll tauſend glänzende Blumen aus; Vögel ſangen in Menge auf den benachbarten Bäumen; mit einem Worte, dieſer ſchmale Platz glich einem Garten, den die Laune der Natur mitten in der Wüſte angelegt hatte.

Jeder andere Wanderer würde ſich gewiß an dieſem angenehmen Orte erluſtigt, ſeinen Durſt in dem Bächlein geſtillt, mit Vergnügen die Blumen betrachtet und dem Geſange der Vögel gelauſcht haben; — in Bernhards Geiſt drängte ſich allein nur die Frage auf: Wo liegen hier Bücher verborgen?

Nachdem er eine Weile ſich umgeſchaut hatte, bemerkte er auf der anderen Seite des Weidenplatzes einen hohen Sandhügel und in demſelben zwiſchen verworrenem Geſträuch eine Oeffnung, die vielleicht zu der Höhle des Wehrwolfs führte. Er wandte ſich dorthin, doch je näher er kam, deſto langſamer wurde ſein Gang;

ſeine Angſt wuchs übermäßig und er blieb zitternd vor der ſeltſamen Behauſung des Wehrwolfs ſtehen.

Dieſe Höhle ſah aber nicht ſo gar erſchrecklich aus; man bemerkte auf den erſten Blick, daß ſie das Werk einer unbeholfenen Menſchenhand war. Derjenige, der ſie gemacht, hatte zuerſt eine große Grube, wie eine Kammer, in die Tiefe des Sandhügels gegraben, darüber mit ſtarken Aeſten ein Dach gemacht und daſſelbe mit einer dicken Lage von Ginſter und Farrenkraut bedeckt; die eine Seite dieſes Daches war dicht und Regen und Wind konnten nicht hindurch; auf der anderen war ein großes Loch gelaſſen, um wie durch ein Fenſter dem Tageslicht den Zugang zu gewähren. Klein war die Höhle des Wehrwolfs nicht; ein Mann von hoher Geſtalt konnte bequem hinein, ohne ſich bücken zu müſſen.

Obwohl Nichts dort Schrecken einflößte, ſo wagte Bernhard doch nicht, hinein zu gehn. Ungemeine Angſt mußte ſich ſeiner bemächtigt haben, denn er trat zurück und ſah ſich furchtſam um, ob der Wehrwolf ſich nicht nahe. Faſt wäre er wieder nach der Haide zurückgekehrt, als er aber von Neuem vor dem Eingange ſtand, erblickte er das große Buch, das auf einer Art von

Leſepult drinnen lag. Nun ward ihm alles Andere unmöglich, das Buch zog ihn an wie ein Magnet und darauf zuſpringend, wie ein Raubthier auf ſeine Beute, fiel er mit beiden flachen Händen auf die geöffneten Blätter des Buches.

Wie glücklich war nun der arme Bernhard! Ein ſeliges Lächeln erglänzte auf ſeinem Antlitz, ſeine Augen funkelten vor Wißbegier, ſeine Bruſt hob ſich, ſein Herz ſchlug gewaltig und ſeine Finger zitterten vor Eifer und Ungeduld. O, nun beſaß er ein Buch, ſo groß und ſo ſchön!

Wäre er nicht in die Betrachtung der Buchſtaben vertieft geweſen, ſo würde er in der Hütte mehr als einen merkwürdigen Gegenſtand gefunden haben.

Das Leſepult, auf dem das Buch lag, war von Zweigen zuſammengeflochten und am Boden befeſtigt; in einem Winkel ſtand eine auf dieſelbe Weiſe verfertigte Bettſtelle, mit Moos gefüllt und halb zugedeckt mit einer abgenutzten wollenen Decke; mitten im Gemache erhob ſich ein großes Kreuz, von deſſen einem Arm ein Ritterkoller voll ſchwarzer Flecken, die getrocknetem Blute ſehr ähnlich ſahen, herabhing. Neben demſelben befand ſich ein Schwerdt voller Roſtflecken.

als ob es mit einer Flüſſigkeit beſprengt worden. Am Fußende der Bettſtelle lag ein geöffneter Reiſeſack und bei dieſem einige herausgefallene Goldſtücke. Weiterhin an der Wand waren viele getrocknete Wurzeln verſchiedener Art und Geſtalt aufgehängt, ſowie eine Geißel und ein inwendig mit eiſernen Spitzen verſehener Gürtel.

Bernhard bemerkte dies Alles nicht; ganz in die Betrachtung des Buches verloren, ſchlug er von Zeit zu Zeit ein Blatt um, ohne zu wiſſen, was er that. Ohne dieſe kleine Bewegung und das Athemholen ſeiner Bruſt würde man ihn für eine Statue gehalten haben.

O Himmel!.... wer ſteht plötzlich vor dem Eingang der Hütte? Iſt das ein Menſch? Ja, es iſt der Wehrwolf mit ſeinem ſchweren Knotenſtocke und ſeinem braunen Gewande. Sein eingeſunkenes Auge ſchleudert Feuerſtrahlen, ſeine hohlen Wangen werden noch bleicher, ſein Mund zuckt vor Wuth — aber er hält ſich ſtill und ſtarrt den jungen Schäfer, deſſen Antlitz er nicht deutlich ſehen kann, unbeweglich an.

Unglücklicher Bernhard, der du dich ſo freudig und verblendet an der Betrachtung des Buches ergötzeſt! Wüßteſt du, welche blitzenden Augen auf dich geheftet ſind!

Lange Zeit ſchaute der Wehrwolf verächtlich und zornig in die Hütte; allmählig aber beſchwichtigten ſich ſeine Züge und er ſchien beinahe ganz ruhig zu werden. Wahrſcheinlich hatte der alte Hirt die Wahrheit geſagt, als er erzählte, daß der Wehrwolf nicht ſprechen könne; denn ſtatt der Worte entrollte ſeiner Kehle ein hohler Seufzer, der wie ein Donnerſchlag in Bernhards Ohr drang. Kaum hatte derſelbe ihn vernommen, ſo riß er ſich aus ſeiner Betrachtung los, blickte zitternd nach dem Eingange und gewahrte das abgemagerte Antlitz des Wehrwolfes, welches ihm zugewandt war und die funkelnden Augen auf ihn gerichtet hielt. Mit lautem Schrei flüchtete er nach dem andern Ende der Höhle und ſtreckte die Hände flehend dem Wehrwolf entgegen. Der arme Jüngling konnte ſich kaum aufrecht erhalten und ſeine Stirn und ſeine Wangen erbleichten.

Der Wehrwolf that einen Schritt auf ihn zu, aber der erſchreckte Schäfer, ſeinen Tod vor Augen ſehend, warf ſich auf den Boden, kroch auf beiden Knieen zu dem Wehrwolf, faßte ihn bei der Hand und rief, während er dieſelbe mit ſeinen Thränen benetzte:

„O! wer Du auch ſein mögeſt, habe Mitleid mit mir! Gnade! Gnade! Thu' mir nichts Böſes!“

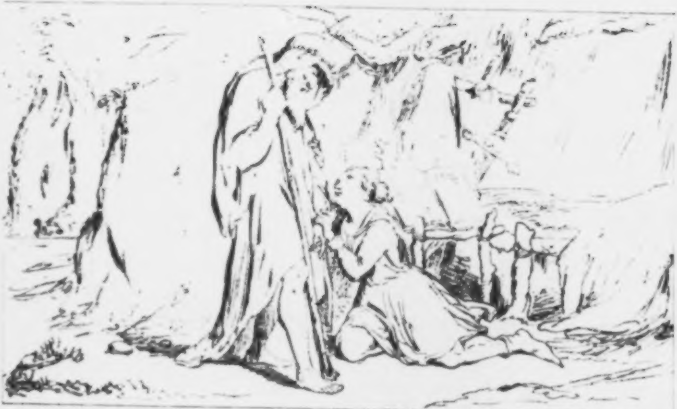

Univ.B.
München

Ein liebevolles, wohlwollendes Lächeln glänzte auf dem Antlitz des Wehrwolfs; er faßte Bernhard bei beiden Händen, hob ihn empor, ſtreichelte ihm das blonde Haar und ſagte, zu deſſen größtem Erſtaunen, mit ſanfter Stimme:

„Armes Kind! warum fürchteſt Du mich? O, ich bin unglücklich und muß meine Sünden ſchwer büßen, aber ich thue Niemanden Böſes. Faſſe Dich, mein Sohn, und habe keine Angſt vor mir!“

Verwundert und dankbar ſah Bernhard dem Wehrwolf in die Augen und küßte ihm entzückt die Hand; er empfand plötzlich in ſeinem Herzen ein Gefühl der Liebe für den Unglücklichen, der ihn ſo mild behandelte, während er den Tod von ihm erwartet hatte. Mit noch flehendem Lächeln erwiederte er:

„Dank, Dank, Herr! Ich werde ewig Deiner Güte gedenken und wie das Grab ſchweigen über meinen vermeſſenen Beſuch. Verzeihe mir, ich verlaſſe ſogleich den Wald.“

Als er dies ſagte, warf er einen betrübten Blick auf das Buch, als ob er auf immer Abſchied nähme von dieſem Gegenſtande ſeines glühenden Verlangens. Sich umkehrend bemerkte er jedoch, daß der Wehrwolf ſich auf das Lager geſetzt hatte und ihn fortwährend betrachtete, während eine Fluth ſtiller Thränen ſein Antlitz überſtrömte.

Bernhard war betroffen; gerührt blickte er den Unglücklichen an und über ſeine eigenen Wangen rollten Thränen des Mitgefühls.

„Herr!“ ſprach er mit ſeiner ſüßen Stimme, „Herr, Dein Leiden zerſchneidet mir das Herz. Du biſt ſo gut gegen mich geweſen, daß ich viel darum gäbe, könnte ich Dich tröſten; aber was vermag ein Kind wie ich? Kann ich Dir jedoch in etwas dienen, ſo befiehl es mir!“

Langſam ſtand der Wehrwolf auf, faßte ihn bei der Hand, führte ihn aus der Hütte und ſagte: „Komm mein Kind, laß mich Dein Antlitz im Sonnenſchein ſehen; es wird mir eine Wohlthat und ein Troſt in meinem Schmerze ſein.“

Er geleitete nun den Schäfer zu dem Bächlein, ſetzte ſich auf den Raſen und ſagte, auf den Boden zeigend:

„Nun ſetze Dich vor mir hin, Jüngling, und wundere Dich nicht über die Freudenthränen, die Deine Erſcheinung mir entlockt. Zehn Jahre ſind verfloſſen, mein Sohn, ſeitdem ein menſchliches Lächeln den unglücklichen Wehrwolf erfreute und ein freundliches Wort ſein Ohr berührte. — Und doch — ſoll ich Dir es ſagen? — Es giebt Jemanden auf der Welt, der mir theurer iſt als das Licht meiner Augen, deſſen Andenken allein mich noch am Leben erhält. Dieſes Weſen hat blaue Augen wie Du, blondes Haar gleich Deinem Haar, rothe Wangen wie die Deinigen, und eine Stimme, die Deiner Stimme ähnlich iſt. — Das iſt die geheime Macht, die Dein Antlitz auf mich ausübt. Verzeih einem Unglücklichen dieſe ſeltſame und vielleicht thörichte Neigung.“

Bernhard ergriff eine der magern Hände des Wehrwolfs und ſtreichelte ſie, um ihm ſeine Liebe zu beweiſen und ihm dadurch, wenn es möglich wäre, einigen Troſt über ſein trauriges Geſchick einzuflößen. So ſaßen ſie kurze Zeit ſtumm neben einander. Endlich fragte der Wehrwolf: „Wie haſt Du es gewagt, in dieſen ſo ſehr gefürchteten Wald einzudringen, mein Sohn? Vielleicht trieb Dich die Neugier, und Du warſt muthig genug ihr Folge zu leiſten?“

Die empfindlichſte Seite in Bernhard's Gemüth wurde durch dieſe Frage berührt, er konnte nun von der verzehrenden Wißbegierde reden, welche ſo lebhaft in ſeinem Herzen loderte! Ein tieferes Gefühl bemächtigte ſich ſeiner; er drückte noch zärtlicher dem Wehrwolf die

Hand und antwortete: „O Herr, ich darf es Dir faſt nicht ſagen; doch Deine Güte veranlaßt mich dazu. Verwirf meine vermeſſene Bitte, wenn Du ſie nicht erhören willſt, aber zürne mir nicht! — In meinem Innern brennt eine unbegreifliche Begierde leſen zu lernen; ich kann und darf nicht ſagen, wodurch ſie entſprang; aber ſie iſt ſo groß, daß der Anblick eines Buches eine unwiderſtehliche Macht auf mich ausübt, mir die Stirn brennen und das Herz vor Verlangen heftig klopfen macht.“

„Ich habe es geſehen,“ entgegnete der Wehrwolf.

„Nun denn,“ fuhr Bernhard fort; „ich bemerkte Dich geſtern, wie Du längs dem Walde hin gingſt, und gewahrte mit Ueberraſchung daß Du ein Buch unter dem Arme trugſt. Das reichte hin. Von dieſem Augenblicke an hatte ich keine Ruhe mehr; der Schlaf floh mich in der Nacht und eine geheime Kraft zog mich zu Dir. Verzweifelnd kämpfte ich gegen dieſelbe, denn Du flößteſt mir Furcht ein; aber es half Nichts. Mein Schickſal war entſchieden, und ich würde das Buch geſucht haben, hätte mich der Weg ſelbſt durch Flammen dahin geführt. Darf ich Dir es geſtehen, Herr, welche ſtolze, welche vermeſſene Hoffnungen in meiner Bruſt aufgeſtiegen ſind? Ich wagte zu hoffen, daß der Wehrwolf mir das Leſen lehren würde."

Ein Augenblick des Schweigens trat ein; während deſſelben ſtarrte Bernhard ängſtlich und zitternd dem Wehrwolf in die hohlen Augen.

Endlich ſagte dieſer: „Nun denn, mein Sohn! Deine Hoffnung hat Dich nicht getäuſcht; der Wehrwolf wird Dich im Leſen unterrichten." —

Ein Schrei der Freude hallte die Weide entlang. Bernhard ſprang auf, warf ſich neben dem Wehrwolf hin, ſchlang die Arme um deſſen Hals und benetzte die Schulter deſſelben mit Freudenthränen, während ihm Worte des Dankes von den Lippen rollten. Gleich nachher ſtand er auf, ſprang wie ein Wahnſinniger umher und rief fortwährend: „Ha, ha! ich lerne leſen! Dank, Dank! Gott ſei Dank! Ich küſſe Dir als meinem Wohlthäter die Hände. Ha! Leſen, — Wiſſen! wie herrlich."

Der Wehrwolf erhob ſich und ſprach ernſt, indem er Bernhard näher trat: „Mein Sohn, ich muß Dir jedoch unverbrüchliche Bedingungen ſtellen, wenn ich mein Verſprechen erfüllen ſoll. Gieb aufmerkſam auf meine Worte Acht und präge ſie Dir wohl ein; denn, wenn

Du ein einziges davon vergiſſeſt, ſo will ich Dich nicht wiederſehn.“

„O rede!“ rief Bernhard, „ich bin zu Allem bereit. Ich werde nie etwas thun, das Dein Misfallen erregen könnte.“

„So höre! Du ſollſt nur Morgens, ehe die Sonne im Süden ſteht, den Wald betreten, auch nie in die Hütte des Wehrwolfs kommen, was ſich auch immer ereignen möge. Nie darfſt Du den Wehrwolf nach ſeiner Lebensweiſe und ſeinen Bußübungen fragen, niemals mit ihm von Deinen Eltern oder Deinen Geſchwiſtern ſprechen, weder von Deiner Schweſter noch von Deinem Bruder; dies letzte Wort namentlich darf nie Deinem Mund entſchlüpfen. Hüte Dich zur Nachtzeit den Wald zu beſuchen. Du kennſt die Plage, die mir Gott geſandt hat; ſie iſt ſchrecklich und gefährlich zu ſehn. Verrathe auch nie die Geheimniſſe des Waldes; ein unvorſichtiges Wort von Dir könnte mir das Leben koſten. Dies iſt Alles, was ich Dir zu ſagen habe. Und nun, mein Sohn! ſieh, die Sonne ſteht beinah im Süden; eine meiner Stunden naht. Verlaß mich jetzt. Wenn Du Morgen kehrſt, ſo geh zu jenem Eichbaum; ahme den Schrei der Eule nach; ich werde ihn in meiner

Hütte vernehmen und zu Dir kommen mit dem Buche. Auf Wiederſehn, mein Kind.“

Bei dieſen Worten drückte er dem jungen Hirten noch einmal die Hand, wandte ſich um und ging dann mit langſamen Schritten nach der Hütte. Bernhard hob ſeinen Stab auf und wandelte den Pfad, den er gekommen war, zurück. Wie ſchön, wie herrlich erſchien ihm nun der Wald, wie ſtrahlte die Sonne, die ihm auf das Haupt brannte, ſobald er wieder aus dem Geſträuch auf die Haide trat! Wie ſüß klang ihm der Geſang der Vögel und das eintönige Zirpen der Grillen!

Mit raſchen Schritten eilte er zu ſeiner Heerde, rief ſeinen treuen Hund und erzählte ihm lachend, daß er nun werde leſen lernen. Dann holte er ſeinen Lieblingswidder unter den Schaafen hervor und begann die frohe Erzählung von Neuem; endlich ſang er alle ſeine Lieder und ſprang vor Freude umher, bis die ſinkende Sonne ihn nach Hauſe rief.

III.

Das Ungewitter.

Sobald Bernhard am anderen Tage ſeine Schaafe nach der Haide geführt hatte, lief er zum Walde, kroch durch das Geſträuch und eilte nach der Weide, in der Nähe von des Wehrwolfs Hütte. Hier trat er unter die Eiche und ſchrie nun wie eine Eule. Auf dieſen Ruf kam der Wehrwolf aus der Hütte und nahte ſich dem jungen Hirten mit freundlicher Miene. Dann befahl er ihm ſich unter dem Baume hinzuſetzen, öffnete das große Buch und zeigte und nannte ihm die Buchſtaben. Nachdem ſie ſich zwei Stunden lang damit beſchäftigt hatten, ſtand der Wehrwolf auf, zog ein anderes Buch unter ſeinem Gewande hervor, gab es dem jungen Hirten und ſagte:

„Mein Sohn, hier haſt Du ein kleineres Buch, das ich Dir ſchenke; es möge Dir dazu dienen, das Gelernte zu wiederholen. Es iſt nicht leicht, leſen zu lernen; Du mußt alle Kräfte Deines Geiſtes anſtrengen, um wohl zu behalten, was ich Dir ſage, und wenn Du allein biſt, Dich bemühen, die Buchſtaben ohne fremde Hülfe wieder zu erkennen. Ich vertraue Dir hinreichend, um zu glauben, daß Du dies Buch Niemanden zeigen werdeſt, und daß Du, wenn man es bei Dir findet, nicht von dem Wehrwolf ſprichſt."

Entzückt küßte der junge Hirt das Buch und entgegnete: „Befürchte Nichts, Herr, ich werde eine Taſche von Schaaffell machen und das Buch darin an einer Schnur auf meiner bloßen Bruſt tragen. Da ſoll man es ſicher nicht finden. Auch werde ich es nur fern von allen Menſchen herausnehmen, um ſtets ungeſtört lernen zu können."

„Auf Wiederſehen Morgen, mein Kind!" verſetzte der Wehrwolf, und ging fort.

Bernhard verließ den Wald und kehrte zu ſeiner Heerde zurück. Mit beglücktem Herzen ſetzte er ſich auf den Raſen, öffnete das Buch auf ſeinen Knieen und wiederholte mit tiefſtem Selbſtvergeſſen, was er gelernt hatte. Ein heiteres Lächeln überflog dann und wann ſein Antlitz: wenn er einen Buchſtaben erkannte, ſo lachte er ihm zu wie einem lieben Freunde; mitunter überzog aber Betrübniß und Aerger ſein Geſicht und er ſchlug an ſeine Stirn; dies geſchah, wenn ſein Gedächtniß ihm untreu war und er den Namen des einen oder anderen Buchſtaben nicht finden konnte.

So verbrachte er den erſten Tag ſeiner Lehrzeit und ſo waren auch alle anderen Tage für ihn.

Nicht immer konnte er ſeine Heerde verlaſſen und in den Wald gehn; denn oft mußte er ſie nach einem anderen, entfernten Weideplatze treiben. Mitunter verfloſſen fünf bis ſechs Tage ehe er den Wehrwolf beſuchte; aber dann lernte er mit deſto regerem Eifer aus dem kleinen Buche, das er ſtets auf dem bloßen Herzen trug.

Seitdem Bernhard den Wehrwolf kennen lernen, war der Pächter, bei dem er Hirtendienſte that, ihm nicht mehr ſo geneigt wie früher. Dies hatte ſeinen Grund in Bernhards Nachläſſigkeit. Anſtatt die Schaafe nach den beſten Weideplätzen zu treiben, war er faſt immer in der Nähe des Waldes zu finden, gleichviel ob es da Futter für ſie gab oder nicht, und oft ſchon hatten die Vorübergehenden ſich vergeblich nach dem Schäfer umgeſehn. Bernhard ward darüber faſt täglich geſcholten; aber wenn er ſich auch beſſerte, ſo verfiel er doch ſehr bald wieder in den alten Fehler.

Man darf ſich nicht darüber wundern, daß Bernhard binnen Kurzem ſo große Fortſchritte machte und nach einem Jahre nicht allein ſein ganzes Buch leſen konnte, ſondern auch die ſchönen Gebete, die in denſelben ſtanden, auswendig gelernt hatte. Von Zeit zu Zeit ließ der Wehrwolf ihn in dem großen Buche leſen; dies freute den Jüngling außerordentlich, da es eine Ueberſetzung von Plinius' Naturgeſchichte war und die ſonderbarſten Thiere beſchrieb.

Bis dahin hatte Bernhard dem Wehrwolf nie eine Frage gethan und dieſer auch nie das Verlangen geäußert, zu wiſſen, wer ſein junger Schüler ſei; ſelbſt deſſen Name war ihm noch unbekannt. Demungeachtet wurzelte das Gefühl der Liebe und Dankbarkeit gegen ſeinen Wohlthäter tief in des Jünglings Herzen. Schon oft hatte er Thränen vergoſſen bei dem Gedanken an die Qualen, die der Wehrwolf erdulden mußte, ohne daß es ihm vergönnt war, Troſt und Erleichterung zu ſuchen. Dies dankbare Mitleid nahm noch zu, als, nach Verlauf des erſten Jahres, der Wehrwolf täglich immer mehr und mehr abzumagern begann und mit ſichtbaren Schritten ſich dem Grabe näherte. Bernhard bemerkte zuletzt, daß derſelbe nur mühſam ſich aus der Hütte nach dem

Baume ſchleppen konnte, ſeine Augen ihren Glanz verloren und ſeine Stimme dumpf und beinahe unverſtändlich wurde.

Eines Tages, als der Wehrwolf etwas aus dem großen Buche erklären wollte, verſagte ihm die Stimme mitten in der Rede, und ein Seufzer bewies, daß ſeine Bruſt nicht mehr Kraft genug hatte, um ſo langes Sprechen auszuhalten. Bernhards Gefühl war ſtärker als ſein Wille; er brach in Thränen aus und rief: „Ach, Herr, Du biſt krank und thuſt Nichts für Deine Geneſung. Du willſt ſterben!“

Statt aller Antwort hob der Wehrwolf das Buch auf, wandte ſich langſam ſeiner Hütte zu und ſagte mit traurigem Ton: „Morgen wollen wir fortfahren, mein Sohn!“

Bernhard ſah ihn fortſchwanken, weinte eine Zeitlang ſtill für ſich hin, ſtand dann auf und kehrte voll Schmerz und Angſt nach der Haide zurück. Den ganzen übrigen Tag dachte er an Nichts als an die Krankheit ſeines Wohlthäters, und vergoß von Zeit zu Zeit Thränen über deſſen trauriges Geſchick. Am Abend trieb er ſeine Heerde zu Hauſe und zählte in Gegenwart des Pächters die Schaafe, während dieſe in den Stall liefen. Es fehlten ein Widder und vier Hammel. Nun brach die lange verhaltene Wuth des Brodherrn los; er warf Bernhard ſeine Nachläſſigkeit vor und überhäufte ihn mit Scheltworten, worauf er ihn endlich als einen ungetreuen Knecht vom Hofe fortjagte.

Später, als die Dunkelheit ſich auf die Erde geſenkt hatte, lag Bernhard auf der Haide und weinte, nicht fern von dem wohlbekannten Gebüſch; der unglückliche Jimalina wußte nicht wohin und hatte ſich dort hingelegt, den Kopf auf ſein Bündel, um den Tag zu erwarten und dann dem Wehrwolf ſein Unglück zu klagen. Trotz ſeiner Betrübniß ſank er endlich in Schlaf. Er hatte jedoch kaum einige Stunden geruht, als ſich eine ſchwere, dicke Luft wie eine bleierne Decke über ihm ausbreitete; er athmete mühſam, aus ſeinem ganzen Körper brach der Schweiß hervor und von Zeit zu Zeit fuhr er, ohne es zu wiſſen, mit der Hand nach der Bruſt, um ſeine Kleider zu lüften und ſich das Athemholen zu erleichtern.

Alles, ſelbſt die lebloſe Natur ſchien erſchreckt und Böſes erwartend; kein Lüftchen bewegte die Blätter und die Haide ſah aus wie ein unermeßliches Grab. Nur in der Ferne hörte man leiſe das Quaken der Fröſche, die aus ihrem Pfuhl den nahenden Regen zu begrüßen ſchienen.

Bald darauf zeigte ſich tief am Horizont ein ſchwarzer Vorhang, der ſich langſam erhob, gleich einem Trauerſchleier, den Gottes Hand über die ängſtliche Erde breitete; von Zeit zu Zeit brach ein Lichtglanz hervor; die Luft wurde noch ſchwerer und die Stille der Nacht noch ſchrecklicher — bis das drohende Wolkengebirge einen Boten ſandte, gleichſam als wollte es ſagen: „Ich komme!“

Ein Lüftchen erhob ſich und ſpielte im Laube, ſanft die Spitzen des Haidekrauts biegend; — dann aber entfaltete ſich das Ungewitter mit furchtbarer Schnelligkeit; ein Feuerpfeil kam einher geſchoſſen und ein praſſelnder Donnerſchlag machte Bernhards Lager unter ihm erzittern. Aufwachend und noch betäubt vom ſchweren Schlaf raffte ſich der junge Hirt empor und blickte gen Himmel. Zwanzig Blitze zuckten zugleich aus den Wolken; unmittelbar darauf fuhr ein wüthender Sturm über die Haide dahin, bog und entwurzelte die Bäume und wirbelte das abgeſtreifte Laub hoch empor; dann ſtürzte ein Regenſchauer nieder, als käme eine zweite Sündfluth, um die Menſchen zu ſtrafen.

Aengſtlich ſank Bernhard auf die Kniee und begann zu beten; ſtromweiſe rauſchte das Waſſer an ihm herunter und Kälte benetzte ſeine Bruſt. Er eilte nun einer großen Buche zu, um ſich hier einen Schutzort zu ſuchen; ehe er jedoch dieſelbe erreichte, lief eine flammende Schlange längs dem Stamm des Baumes hinab, zerbrach ihn wie einen Stecken und ſchmetterte ſeine Krone mit entſetzlichem Krachen zu Boden.

Inmitten dieſes furchtbaren Aufruhrs der Elemente, betäubt vom Rollen des Donners, erſtarrt durch den heftigen Regen, verlor der arme Bernhard faſt ſeine Beſinnung. — Sei es nun, daß er den Wehrwolf wie einen Helfer betrachtete oder ſeinem Schickſal gehorchte, er kroch unter dem Gebüſch durch und floh dann ängſtlich zu deſſen Hütte. Bei der Eiche angelangt, ſtieß er faſt verzweifelnd den Eulenſchrei aus.

Er gewahrte jedoch Nichts: wie hell der Blitz auch den Weideplatz erleuchtete, doch ſah er den Wehrwolf nicht kommen. Jetzt erſt erinnerte er ſich, daß dieſer zur Nachtzeit herumſtreifen müſſe, um Gottes Strafgericht in Erfüllung zu bringen, und vielleicht in der Geſtalt eines Wolfes wiederkehren werde.

Der Hütte wagte er ſich nicht zu nähern, aus Reue darüber, daß er ſein Wort gebrochen. Vom Blitz ward ihm der Weg beleuchtet; er kehrte nun dahin zurück, woher er gekommen, und warf ſich in einiger Entfernung von dem Geſträuch weinend auf den Raſen.

Das Ungewitter zog nach Norden und eine furchtbare Stille ſenkte ſich auf die Erde.

IV.

Löſung.

Glanzvoll ging die Sonne am nächſten Morgen auf, ſandte Bernhard ihre milden Strahlen zu und trocknete raſch ſeine durchnäßten Kleider. Er nahm nun ſein Bündel auf, kroch unter den Dornen hindurch, drang in den Wald, ging nach der Eiche und gab das verabredete Zeichen.

Sein Ruf blieb eben ſo unbeantwortet wie in der verfloſſenen Nacht; es kam Niemand aus der Hütte. Der junge Hirt wiederholte ſein Rufen, aber vergebens. Da überſchlich ihn die Furcht, daß der Wehrwolf geſtorben ſein möchte. Vielleicht war er nur krank; aber dann konnte er ja nicht für ſich ſorgen, vermochte wohl gar ſich nicht zu bewegen. Dieſer Gedanke beſtimmte Bernhard, in die Hütte zu gehn und, wenn es ſein müßte, ſich ſelbſt ſeiner edelmüthigen Geſinnung zum Opfer zu bringen.

Demzufolge näherte er ſich derſelben; kaum hatte er jedoch einen Blick hinein geworfen, als er einen ängſtlichen Schrei ausſtieß und zitternd ſtehn blieb.

Dort lag vor dem Kreuze der Wehrwolf, halbnackt, ausgeſtreckt wie eine Leiche; Blut tröpfelte von ſeinem Rücken und ſeine Hand hielt noch krampfhaft die Geiſſel, mit der er ſich ſo unbarmherzig zerfleiſcht hatte.

Nachdem er verſtummend einen Augenblick dies furchtbare Schauſpiel angeſtarrt hatte, ſprang Bernhard hinzu, umfaßte den Wehrwolf mit ſeinen beiden Armen und rief weinend: „Herr, Herr! erwache! Ich bin es, Dein Schüler! o ſtirb doch nicht!“

Der Wehrwolf ſchlug ſeine ſterbenden Augen auf und ſah traurig lächelnd den jungen Hirten an, der ſich bemühte, ihn aufzurichten.

„Mein Sohn!“ ſagte er, „ich verzeihe Dir Deinen Wortbruch. Du haſt eins von den Geheimniſſen meines bittern Lebens entdeckt. Heute werde ich, ach! noch nicht ſterben, doch hoffe ich, daß Gott mir bald die erſehnte Ruhe gewährt.“

Bei dieſen Worten richtete er ſich gewaltſam empor, zog ſein Gewand an und ſetzte ſich auf ſein Lager; er war ungemein bleich, ſeine Lippen blau, ſeine Augen trübe.

Bernhard konnte dies Leiden nicht länger anſehn. „O Meiſter!“ rief er aus, „warum marterſt Du Dich ſo? das kann Gott nicht wollen. Haſt Du auch eine Sünde begangen, ſie kann doch nicht ſo groß ſein, wie die Strafe, die Du Dir auferlegteſt.“

Ueber das Antlitz des Wehrwolfs zog ſich ein ſpöttiſches Lächeln. „Nicht ſo groß!“ ſprach er, und fuhr fort: „Höre mich an, Jüngling; da mein Ende naht und Du Deinen Freund nicht verrathen wirſt, ſo will ich Dir ſagen, worin meine Sünde beſteht. Du haſt in dem Buche, das ich Dir gab, geleſen, wie Kain ſeinen Bruder Abel ermordete und wie ihn Gott in ſeinen Nachkommen verfluchte. — Nun denn, mein Sohn, der Wehrwolf hat auch ſeinen Bruder ermordet und Gott hat ihn verflucht bis zu ſeinem Tode. Siehſt Du dieſes Schwert? Mit demſelben ſpaltete ich meines Bruders Haupt; an dieſem Koller klebt ſein unſchuldig Blut; dieſe Flecken ſind meines Bruders Blut.“

Eine tiefe Stille folgte dieſen Worten. Bald darauf richtete der Wehrwolf ſeine Blicke von Neuem auf Bernhard und begann von Neuem mit gebrochener Stimme: „Mein Sohn, ich will Dir in wenigen Worten meine Miſſethat erzählen; es iſt vielleicht die letzte

Unterweiſung, die ich Dir geben kann. — Ich hatte einen Bruder; wir liebten einander innig, nach dem Gebote unſerer ſeligen Eltern. Wir beſaßen auch eine Schweſter, deren Züge ſehr den deinigen gleichen; darum erfreute mich Dein Anblick. Lange lebten wir in Frieden und Freude, aber ein Weib flößte uns Eiferſucht ein. Ich liebte dieſe Frau glühend — mein Bruder nicht minder; er war aber ſchöner als ich und ſchien mit Gegenliebe belohnt zu werden. Die Eiferſucht wüthete wie ein Gift in meinem Innern; doch beſiegte ſie die Bruderliebe nicht; ich drängte meinen Schmerz zurück und litt im Stillen. Einſt als ich von dieſer Frau mit meinem Bruder und einem alten Diener zurückkam, fing er an ſeinen Scherz mit meiner unglücklichen Neigung zu treiben. Es flammte in meiner Bruſt; — er neckte mich noch mehr; ich verlor meine Beſinnung, griff bewußtlos nach dem Schwerte, das an meiner Seite hing, zog es und ſpaltete ihm den Kopf: er ſank todt vom Pferde. Da ſprang ich jammernd von dem meinigen herab, warf mich auf ſeine Leiche und rief ihn bei den zärtlichſten Namen; ſein Blut beſpritzte mir den Koller; ich raufte mir das Haar aus, aber die Leiche blieb ſtumm.“

Der Wehrwolf ſchwieg einen Augenblick, um Athem zu ſchöpfen. Bernhard ſtarrte ihn unbeweglich an, er zitterte ſichtlich, und ſeine ganze Haltung verrieth heftige Ungeduld, den weiteren Verlauf der Geſchichte zu vernehmen. Die Rührung, die ſich ſeiner bemächtigt hatte, verrieth auch ein Geheimniß.

Der Wehrwolf fuhr fort: „Lange beweinte ich meine Miſſethat neben der Leiche meines unglücklichen Bruders nicht; bald darauf kam der alte Diener mit einem Mantelſacke, den er meinem Pferde auf den Rücken band; dann riß er mich gewaltſam von dem Todten fort, zwang mich mein Roß zu beſteigen und ermahnte mich zu fliehen, um mein Haus vor ewiger Schande zu bewahren. Blind und bewußtlos gab ich meinem Pferde die Sporen und ritt die ganze Nacht hindurch weiter. — Zwei Jahre verweilte ich in fremden Landen; nach dieſer Zeit beichtete ich einem Prieſter meine Sünde. Dieſer legte mir als Strafe auf, mein ganzes Leben in Einſamkeit mit Bußübungen zu verbringen. Ich wählte dazu dieſen Wald. Ein Wehrwolf bin ich nicht, mein Sohn; aber um mein Geheimniß zu bewahren, habe ich dieſen Namen, den mir die Bauern gaben, angenommen und behalten. Jetzt kennſt Du Deinen Freund.“

Man ſah deutlich, daß Bernhard ſprechen wollte, aber ſeine innere Bewegung war ſo groß, daß er keine Worte zu ſinden vermochte; endlich ward ſeine Bruſt frei und er rief faſt wie von Sinnen: „Abulfaragus, Adelheid, Arnold! O Herr! Du biſt kein Mörder und Du heißeſt Hugo von Craenhove!"

Es wäre eine Unmöglichkeit, Hugo's Ueberraſchung, wie ſie ſich in ſeinen Geſichtszügen offenbarte, zu beſchreiben. Seine Augen funkelten und flehend blickte er Bernhard an, ihm ſeine Worte zu erklären. Der Jüngling rief von Neuem: „Nein, Graf Hugo, Du biſt kein Mörder: Dein Bruder lebt!"

Mit lautem Schrei und einem Strom von Thränen fiel Hugo von ſeinem Sitze herab, kroch zu Bernhard, faßte deſſen Hände und ſeufzte: „Was ſagſt Du? Ich bin kein Mörder! Er lebt? Du haſt ihn am Leben geſehn nach jener ſchrecklichen Nacht? O Gott, darf ich das glauben? Aber Du irrſt, ich habe ihn ermordet; dort klebt ja ſein Blut. Sprich! ſprich, um Gottes Willen!"

„Nein, Herr, nein!" rief Bernhard; „ich irre mich nicht. Ich ſage Dir, Arnold von Craenhove lebt. Er ſelbſt gab mir die ſüße Adelheid zur Schweſter! Acht

Jahre meines Lebens habe ich auf dem Laternenhofe zugebracht und kenne die Ereigniſſe jener ſchrecklichen Nacht. Der Hieb, den Du Deinem Bruder verſetzteſt, brachte ihm nicht den Tod; er hat Nichts davon behalten als eine tiefe Narbe auf der Stirn. Jetzt erſt begreife ich, warum Abulfaragus mich verbannte; es geſchah, um Dich zu Deinem Bruder Arnold zurückzubringen, Herr!"

Hugo zweifelte jetzt nicht länger an der Wahrheit von Bernhards Worten. Er warf ſich vor dem Kreuze nieder und ſprach mit lauter Stimme ein Dankgebet zu Gott. Als er ſich wieder erhob, ſchwebte ein Lächeln der Seligkeit auf ſeinem Antlitz, und er wiederholte mit unbeſchreiblicher Freude: „Ha! ich bin kein Mörder! ich bin kein Mörder!"

Ermattet ſetzte er ſich dann wieder auf ſein Lager, während Thränen des Glückes unter beſtändigem Lächeln von ſeinen Wangen ſtrömten. Bernhard bedeckte lange ſein Geſicht mit den Händen, wie Jemand, der in tiefes Nachdenken verſunken iſt. Bald nachher ging er auf Hugo zu und ſagte ernſt: „Herr! Gott der Allmächtige hat mich eine Zeitlang unglücklich gemacht, um ſeinen Beſchlüſſen als Werkzeug zu dienen; meine Aufgabe iſt beinahe gelöſt. — Jetzt muß ich, zufolge Abulfaragus'

Weiſſagung, eiligſt nach dem Laternenhof zurück, um das Leid Deines Bruders Arnold durch ein einziges Wort in Seligkeit zu verwandeln.“

Ein Gefühl der Betrübniß überſchattete Hugo's Antlitz. „Mein Bruder!“ ſprach er nachdenkend, „mein Bruder! Darf ich vor ihm erſcheinen? Wird er mich nicht mit Vorwürfen überſchütten, wie ſie ein Mörder verdient? Und doch, o Gott! muß ich ihn ſehn, ihn um Vergebung bitten, einen Bruderkuß auf meinen Lippen fühlen, meine Schweſter Adelheid umarmen. — Und dann — dann — ſterben, ſterben im Schatten der Thürme des väterlichen Schloſſes — o Seligkeit!“

„Dein Bruder,“ unterbrach ihn Bernhard, „wird Dich empfangen wie einen Engel, der ihm ſelbſt die Verzeihung vom Herrn bringt. Er hat gelitten wie Du, er iſt eben ſo abgemagert wie Du; er beugt auch das Haupt unter der Reue. Erfahren, daß Du lebſt und daß ſein Spott Dir nicht den Tod gebracht hat, das wird ihm Kraft und Freude wiedergeben; er wird Dich ſegnen wie ſeinen Befreier; glaube mir, Herr!“

Nochmals folgte ein tiefes Schweigen dieſen Worten, worauf endlich Hugo ſich erhob, Bernhard bei der Hand faßte und bittend zu ihm ſagte: „Mein theurer

Sohn. Du wirſt Dich vielleicht wundern über die Bitte, die ich an Dich richte, aber es kann ſein, daß es der letzte Dienſt iſt, welchen Du mir erweiſeſt.“

„Alles, Alles, was Du verlangſt, will ich thun!“ rief Bernhard. „Sprich nur, ich habe ja noch gar Nichts gethan für den Wohlthäter, der mir das Leſen lehrte.“

„Nun denn, mein Kind; ich will ſelbſt nach dem Laternenhof mit Dir gehn. Hätteſt Du Muth und Kraft, meine ermatteten Glieder zu unterſtützen?“

„Du biſt ſo ſchwach, Herr!“ entgegnete Bernhard. „Es ſind zwei ſtarke Stunden von hier. — Würden Deine Kräfte Dich nicht verlaſſen? Wenn Du hier bleibſt, kehre ich noch heute Abend mit einem Wagen, um Dich zu holen.“

„Mein Unglück iſt zu groß,“ antwortete Hugo, „und Du bedenkſt nicht, daß Diener und Waffenknechte den Wagen begleiten würden. So will ich nicht zurückkehren.“

„Verfüge über mich nach Deinem Wohlgefallen,“ entgegnete Bernhard, „ich bin bereit.“

Graf Hugo drückte ihm dankbar die Hand und ſagte dann zu ihm, auf ſeine Hütte zeigend: „Lieber Sohn, dieſer Aufenthalt des Wehrwolfes ſoll nicht wie ein unvorſichtiges Blatt ſeiner trüben Geſchichte übrig bleiben. Nimm Moos und Laub aus dem Lager, reiß' die Pfähle aus dem Boden und lege ſie darauf und wirf auch das Leſepult dazu.“

Nachdem dies geſchehn war, nahm Hugo das blutbefleckte Koller und legte es obendrauf. Bernhard gehorchte ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, obwohl er ſich nicht wenig wunderte. Darauf trug er das Kreuz hinaus und legte es in einiger Entfernung hin. Als er nach der Hütte zurückkehrte, fand er Hugo damit beſchäftigt, vermittelſt ſeines Schwertes Funken aus einem Kieſel über Graswolle zu ſchlagen. Nun begriff Bernhard ſeine Abſicht und lief raſch nach dem großen Buche, das er unter dem Arme trug, wie einen Freund, den man aus einer Feuersbrunſt rettet. Bei dem Reiſeſack vorübergehend fragte er: „Herr, dies Geld?“

„Willſt Du etwas davon nehmen, ſo thue es,“ antwortete Hugo.

Der junge Hirt nahm zwei Goldſtücke und ſteckte ſie in die Ledertaſche, die auf ſeinem Herzen ruhte, zu dem kleinen Buche. Dies geſchah nicht ohne beſondere Abſicht.

Endlich fing die Graswolle Feuer und entflammte ſich unter Hugo's Anblaſen; dieſer faßte Bernhard bei der Hand, führte ihn aus der Hütte, ließ ihn das Kreuz aufheben und ging mit ihm zu der Eiche. Als ſie ſich umwandten, ſahen ſie Rauchwolken aus der Hütte emporſteigen; bald darauf drangen Flammen durch das Dach und umzingelten raſch die Wohnung des Wehrwolfs.

„Nun, mein Kind!“ ſeufzte Hugo, „laß uns noch ein Mal in dieſem Walde beten.“

Bei dieſen Worten kniete er langſam nieder und hob ſeine Hände zum Gebete hoch empor. Bernhard that daſſelbe, und während das Feuer die Hütte verzehrte, ſandten Beide in der Stille der wilden Natur, die ſie umgab, ein inbrünſtiges Gebet zu Gott und ein frohes Lebewohl der einſamen Stätte, die die Thränen des Wehrwolfs ſo lange benetzt hatten. Als die Hütte eingeſtürzt war, ſtanden ſie auf, ſtellten das hölzerne Kreuz als ein Andenken an der Eiche auf und ſchlugen langſamen Schrittes den Fußpfad ein. Etwas ſpäter befanden ſie ſich auf der Haide.

Graf Hugo hatte ſeinen Kräften zuviel zugetraut; er war kaum aus dem Walde, als er auch ſchon eine große Ermattung in allen ſeinen Gliedern verſpürte;

keuchend ſetzte er ſich und ließ betrübt ſein Haupt auf die Bruſt ſinken. Bernhard brach unterdeſſen den Stamm einer jungen Eiche im Gebüſch ab, um ſie als Wanderſtab zu gebrauchen, und kehrte damit zu Hugo zurück.

„Faſſe Muth, Herr!“ ſagte er, „ich werde Dich ſchon ſtützen und, wenn ich kann, tragen. Wir wollen langſam weiter gehn; faſſe nur Muth.“

Er half nun dem ſchwachen Hugo, ſich aufzurichten, ſchob ihm ſeine Schulter unter den Arm und zwang ihn, ſich darauf zu lehnen. So gingen beide Wanderer langſam über die Haide weiter, ihre Schritte oft mit Ausruhen unterbrechend. Lange herrſchte ein peinliches Schweigen unter ihnen; endlich begannen ſie allmählig ſich troſtreich mit einander zu unterhalten. Ohne Zweifel erzählte Bernhard Hugo die Begebenheit ſeines wechſelvollen Lebens; denn indem er ſprach, blitzten ſeine Augen oftmals mit ungemeiner Gluth; der Name Adelheid erklang und die ſtillen Felder vernahmen das furchtſame Bekenntniß der geheimſten Gefühle ſeines Herzens. So ſehr auch Hugo mit Ermattung zu kämpfen hatte, ſo ſchwebte doch ein freundliches Lächeln auf ſeinem Antlitz, als er die adelige Geburt ſeines jungen Begleiters erfuhr, und vermuthen mußte, daß eine gegenſeitige Liebe

Bernhard und Adelheid mit einander verbinde. Die Erzählung des Jünglings gab ihm die Ueberzeugung, daß Arnold den damaligen Spott bereue und trotz der tödtlichen Wunde, die Hugo ihm verſetzt, nicht aufgehört habe, ihn zu lieben. Dieſe troſtreiche Gewißheit erhöhte ſeine Kräfte; muthig ſuchte er die Lähmung ſeiner Glieder zu bekämpfen, und erreichte ſo, gegen zwei Uhr Nachmittags, mit Bernhard ein kleines Gehölz bei Wyneghem. Hier verließen ihn aber ſeine Sinne und er ſank leblos unter einem Baume nieder; — dennoch blieb ein Ausdruck ſeliger Empfindung auf ſeinem Antlitz zurück; ſeine Augen waren lebhaft, ſeine hohlen Wangen von der Ermüdung geröthet. Sein Herz war mächtiger, als ſein zerfleiſchter Leib, und er fühlte den Muth, nach langer Raſt, die Wanderung fortſetzen zu können.

Bernhard dagegen war tief beſorgt und bekümmert, und ſah ſich ängſtlich um, ob er Nichts entdeckte, das als ein Ruhekiſſen für Hugo's Haupt dienen könne. Da er Nichts dergleichen fand, ſo legte er ſich ſelbſt hin und zog Hugo's Kopf leiſe auf ſeine Bruſt, worauf er ſich ganz unbeweglich hielt. Kein Seufzer ſtieg unter dem Baum empor, keine Bewegung verrieth, daß Leben in Beiden ſei, bis endlich nach halbſtündiger

Raſt Graf Hugo zu Bernhard ſagte: „Mein Sohn, mich dürſtet!"

Vorſichtig wand ſich der Jüngling unter ihm fort, richtete ſich auf und entgegnete: „Bleibe ruhig liegen, Herr; ich will mich nach einem Trunk umſehen. Wirſt Du den Durſt bis zu meiner Rückkehr ertragen können?"

„Ich werde noch ſo lange ruhen," entgegnete Hugo.

Als Bernhard dieſe Antwort vernommen hatte, ging er in das Gehölz; ſobald er jedoch ſeinem Lehrer aus dem Geſichte war, lief er mit größter Eile nach dem Dorfe Wenegahem, wechſelte eins ſeiner Goldſtücke und erſtand einen Krug mit Bier, ein Stück gekochtes Fleiſch, Brod und Butter. Mit dieſem Vorrath beladen kehrte er dann zu Hugo zurück. Dieſer ſaß aufgerichtet unter dem Baum und ſchien ſich von ſeiner Ermattung ziemlich erholt zu haben. Er aß und trank von dem, was Bernhard ihm anbot, und erfreute ſeinen jungen Gefährten durch die Beweiſe wiedergewonnener Kraft und neuen Muthes. Bald darauf nahm Bernhard Buch und Wanderſtab wieder auf. Hugo ſtützte ſich wieder auf ſeine Schulter und ſie ſetzten ihre Wanderung fort.

Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenuntergang erblickten ſie plötzlich in der Ferne die Thürme des Laternenhofes.

Daſſelbe Gefühl bemächtigte ſich Beider; ihre Herzen klopften raſcher, ein leichter Schauer überlief ſie und ihre Blicke blieben dahin gerichtet, ohne daß ein einziges Wort ihre Rührung kund that. Man ſollte glauben, daß ſie nun ihre Schritte verdoppelt hätten und mit ungeduldiger Haſt vorwärts geeilt wären; aber gerade das Gegentheil geſchah; ſie warfen ſich Beide auf die Erde und verharrten eine Zeitlang unbeweglich, den Laternenhof anſchauend, während Thränen von ihren Wangen rollten.

Hugo begann zuerſt das Schweigen zu brechen: „o mein Sohn,“ ſagte er, „könnteſt Du ſehn, was in meinem Herzen vorgeht, welche unglaubliche Freude mich erfaßt und bewegt! — Da ſind ſie, die Thürme meines väterlichen Schloſſes! Nach dreizehnjährigen Leiden, nach dreizehnjährigen Gewiſſensbiſſen ſehe ich ſie wieder, ohne ein Mörder zu ſein. Das Laub der Bäume, das die Spiele meiner Kindheit beſchattete, wird noch ein Mal dem alten, leidenden Hugo die Stirn kühlen. Ich werde die Erinnerungen an meine Vorfahren wiederfinden, meinen Bruder Arnold, meine Schweſter Adelheid und meinen Freund Abulfaragus wieder umarmen — o, möge der gütige Gott mir noch einige Tage

Leben ſchenken — dann — dann werde ich freudig und dankbar —"

Ein lauter Schrei Bernhards unterbrach ihn: — „Sieh," rief der Jüngling in die Ferne zeigend, „ſieh dort unter den Bäumen den Greis, der Kräuter pflückt. Er iſt es, ja!"

Ehe Hugo ſehn konnte, was Bernhard andeutete, hatte dieſer ſich eilig erhoben und war ſo ſchnell wie möglich nach den Bäumen zu dem Greiſe gelaufen. Ohne dieſen zu erkennen ſah er, wie derſelbe drei Mal Bernhard umarmte und herzlich küßte. Gleich nachher nahten Beide raſch dem Orte, wo er ſaß, und nun erkannte er ſeinen treuen Abulfaragus. Mit lautem Freudenrufe ſprang er auf und fiel dem Wahrſager in die Arme. Dieſer konnte vor Rührung nicht reden und alle Laute, die ſein Mund ſprach, waren zuerſt unverſtändlich. Von ſeinem Gefühl bezwungen warf er ſich auf den Boden und brach in ein ſtummes aber heftiges Weinen aus. Hugo hatte ſich unterdeſſen zu ihm geſetzt und ihn bei der Hand gefaßt; Bernhard ſaß auf der anderen Seite in derſelben Stellung. Nach einigen Augenblicken trocknete Abulfaragus gewaltſam ſeine Thränen, betrachtete Hugo's Antlitz mit tiefer Liebe und rief den Blick zum Himmel gerichtet: „Dank, Dank, o Gott, daß ich ihn vor meinem Tode wiederſehe!‘ Darauf betrachtete er Hugo von Neuem und fuhr fort: „Du biſt krank und ſchwach, aber fürchte nicht, eine Beute des Todes zu werden; mehr als ein Mal habe ich den Sieg über ihn davon getragen; das Blut der Craenhove fließt durch eiſenfeſte Adern. Muth und Hoffnung, Graf Hugo; Glück und Frieden harren unſer Aller!“ —

„Es iſt alſo wahr, Abulfaragus, daß mein Bruder Arnold mich nicht haßt?“

„Dich haſſen!“ entgegnete Abulfaragus verwundert, „Dich haſſen, Graf Hugo? Dein Antlitz kündet mir, was Du gelitten haſt, aber ich glaube nicht, daß Dein Leben bitterer war, als das Leben Arnolds. Du glaubteſt ihn getödtet zu haben; Arnold glaubte, daß er durch ſeinen Spott nicht allein Schuld an einer Miſſethat, ſondern auch an einem Selbſtmorde ſei. Nachdem er zwei Jahre lang umhergereiſt und vergeblich den geringſten Beweis, daß Du noch auf Erden, geſucht hatte, begrub er ſich wie ein Todter im Laternenhofe, überzeugt, daß Du Dir ſelbſt das Leben genommen hätteſt. Denke Dir, wie die zwiefache Reue ihm am Herzen nagte. Er iſt noch magerer und abgezehrter, als Du.

Wenn es Dich freut, ihn wiederzuſehn, ſo wird er vielleicht bei Deinem erſten Anblick vor Freude ohnmächtig werden!"

„Auf denn, eilen wir zu ihm!" rief Hugo, „damit ich ihn wiederſehe und ſeine Verzeihung erhalte!"

„Noch nicht, Graf Hugo," ſagte Abulfaragus raſch. „Dein plötzliches Erſcheinen vor ihm könnte Deinem Bruder den Tod bringen. Obendrein weißt Du, welchen großen Theil unſeres Lebens wir in Thränen und Jammer verbracht haben, um dies ſchreckliche Geheimniß zu bewahren. Es darf nicht entdeckt werden. Wenn Graf Hugo von Craenhove noch am hellen Tage in dieſem armſeligen Gewande durch das Thor des Laternenhofes ſchreitet, ſo würden die Diener und Waffenknechte dies Räthſel zu löſen ſuchen — und wer weiß, ob ſie nicht die Löſung fänden. Bleibe hier, bis es Abend geworden; ich werde nach dem Schloſſe zurückgehn und den Befehl geben, daß Niemand es verlaſſe. Mittlerweile werde ich Adelheid herſenden und ſelbſt zu rechter Zeit kommen und Dich holen. Bis dahin gedulde Dich; es ſind ja nur einige Augenblicke den dreizehn Jahren hinzugefügt; das letzte Opfer, das Du der Ehre Deines Hauſes bringen ſollſt."

Als er dies geſagt hatte, drückte er dem Grafen die Hand und ſchritt eilig dem Laternenhofe zu. Von Hoffnung und Freude erfüllt begann Hugo mit Bernhard ein heiteres Geſpräch, das ihnen die Zeit verkürzte. Da ſahn ſie plötzlich in der Ferne ein Edelfräulein ſich ihnen nähern. Sie war hoch und ſchlank gewachſen, in ein ſchwarzes Gewand gekleidet und hatte ihr Angeſicht mit einem durchſcheinenden Schleier bedeckt. Obwohl Bernhard ſie nicht erkannte, ſo folgte er doch der Sprache ſeines Herzens, ſprang vom Raſen auf, eilte ihr entgegen und rief entzückt aus: „Schweſter! liebe Schweſter! Adelheid! Adelheid!“

Er nahte ſich ihr mit offenen Armen, blieb aber in geringer Entfernung von derſelben plötzlich ſtehn, wie von einem Schlage getroffen; ſeine Arme ſanken am Leibe herab und Thränen drangen aus ſeinen Augen, während er beſchämt und verlegen die Augen niederſchlug. Armer Bernhard! Er hatte geglaubt, ſeine Schweſter Adelheid wiederzufinden, und ſtatt dieſer ſtand nun eine herrliche Jungfrau von bezaubernder Schönheit vor ihm, die ihn mit Befremden betrachtete, anſtatt ihm mit dem Ausdruck inniger Freundſchaft entgegen zu treten; im Gegentheil, die Röthe der Schaam überzog bei ſeinem Anblick zuerſt ihre hohe Stirn. Jetzt bemerkte

Bernhard erſt, daß grobe und abgetragene Kleider ihn bedeckten und daß ſein Haar verwirrt und ſein Geſicht verbrannt war durch das Schlafen unter freiem Himmel. Verzweiflung ergriff ihn und nun erſt ward er gewahr, daß ein anderes Gefühl als das der Bruderliebe, ihm unbewußt, in ſeinem Herzen Wurzel geſchlagen habe.

Liebe blickt aber tief in das Innerſte des Geliebten; denn Adelheid empfand alsbald das Gefühl des Jünglings. Raſch ſchlug ſie ihren Schleier zurück, betrachtete ihn mit einem langen aber ſüßen Blicke, und ſtatt ihn mit dem brüderlichen Namen Bernhard zu begrüßen, ſagte ſie mit wohlklingender Stimme: „Burggraf von Reedale, macht der Anblick Deiner Schweſter Dir Schmerz?“

Der Jüngling richtete das Haupt empor und lächelte ihr erfreut zu, während ſeine Blicke entzückt auf ihr ruhten; mit leiſer Stimme, als fürchtete ſie ſich, fuhr ſie fort: „Bernhard, ich habe nur an Dich gedacht, während unſerer langen Trennung; und Du, haſt Du Adelheid nicht vergeſſen?“

Bernhard beantwortete dies Geſtändniß mit einem Schrei der Freude und einer Fluth von Thränen. „Vergeſſen!“ rief er, „o mein Gott! Dich vergeſſen, Adelheid? Sprich nicht ſolche Worte jetzt, wo mein Herz ſo ſelig iſt, meine Schweſter, meine Freundin wiederzuſehn." Er ergriff ihre Hände und benetzte ſie mit Thränen der Liebe und Dankbarkeit. Hand in Hand und zitternd vor Rührung näherten ſich jetzt Beide Hugo. Wer beſchreibt die Aeußerungen geſchwiſterlicher Liebe? Endlich ſetzte ſich Adelheid zu ihrem Bruder, ſchlang die Arme um ſeinen Hals und hielt ihre blauen Augen freudeſtrahlend auf ſein Antlitz gerichtet. Bernhard wagte dagegen nur dann und wann einen flüchtigen Blick auf Adelheid zu werfen; ihre wunderbare Schönheit ergriff ihn zu mächtig und entflammte in ſeinem Herzen ein Gefühl, das ihn verwunderte und beſchämte. Noch ſchlimmer wurde es, wenn Adelheids Auge dem ſeinigen begegnete und ihm einen ſüßen Blick zuwarf. Mittlerweile ſank die Sonne am Himmel herab und Dämmerung breitete ſich über das Feld. Bald darauf ſahen ſie Abulfaragus ſich ihnen nähern. Sowie Bernhard den Greis gewahrte, eilte er ihm entgegen und umarmte ihn heftig. Dann, als er wieder Worte fand, ſagte er zu ihm:

„O ich danke Dir, edelmüthiger Abulfaragus. Du haſt an mir gehandelt wie nur ein Vater an ſeinem Sohne handeln kann; Du haſt mir eine holde und liebreiche — Schweſter bewahrt. Der Himmel verlängere Dein Leben und gebe Dir einen ſeligen Tod.“

Lachend ſchlug der Greis Bernhard auf die Schulter und antwortete mit fröhlichem Scherz: „Siehſt Du, Junkherr, was jetzt Dir Freude macht, konnte früher ſich in Unglück für ein edles Haus und in Schande für Dich umwandeln. Abulfaragus hat Dich nicht ohne Grund verfolgt und verbannt. Jetzt iſt keine Gefahr mehr vorhanden, mein überglücklicher Sohn; ich habe Dir nicht allein eine Schweſter bewahrt —“ Er flüſterte nun Bernhard in das Ohr und fuhr geheimnißvoll fort: „ſondern der Sacriſtan von Deurne hat auch Befehl empfangen, die Kirche für eine ſchöne Hochzeit zu ſchmücken. Kennſt Du den Bräutigam?“

Mit dieſen Worten ließ er den erſtaunten Bernhard in Gedanken verſunken ſtehen und ging zu Hugo, dem er Nachricht über ſeines Bruders Zuſtand gab und mittheilte, daß ſie aufbrechen wollten, ſobald gänzliche Dunkelheit ihre Ankunft auf dem Schloſſe verhülle. Dies geſchah bald nachher. Während des kurzen Ganges dahin ſprach Niemand ein Wort: Alle waren in Erwartung der nächſten Augenblicke in tiefes Sinnen verloren. Hugo zitterten die Kniee; er athmete ſchwer

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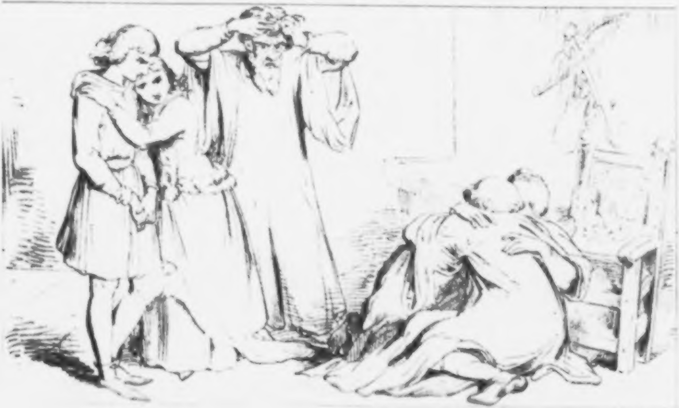

und ſein Herz pochte heftig. Er ſollte nun den Bruder wiederſehn, den er faſt ermordet hatte.

Endlich überſchritten ſie die Zugbrücke und betraten das Schloß; hier konnte ſich Hugo nicht mehr aufrecht erhalten und bat um eine Stütze. Bernhard hielt ihn auf der linken, Adelheid auf der rechten Seite und ſo näherten ſie ſich langſam der Thür von Arnolds Gemach. Kaum ward dieſe geöffnet, als auch ſchon die Stimmen der beiden Brüder ſich begegneten: „Arnold! Hugo! Vergebung! Vergebung!“ Weinend ſanken die beiden Brüder einander in die Arme. Ein langer, langer Kuß — dann einige unverſtändliche Worte — und dann ſtürzten beide Brüder zuſammen entſeelt auf den Boden. Da ſie ſich noch feſt umarmt hielten, ſo glaubten die Umſtehenden, daß das Uebermaaß der Freude und Rührung Beiden eine Ohnmacht zugezogen habe. Abulfaragus allein ſtieß einen Schrei aus, der im ganzen Schloſſe wiederhallte, und warf ſich weinend auf die beiden Leichen.

Ach! dreizehn Jahre voll Leiden und Pein hatten ihr Leben nicht enden können; ein einziger Augenblick der Freude that es! — Sie waren todt — und ihre Seelen traten vereint vor Gottes Gericht. —

* * *

Wenn Jemand zehn Jahr ſpäter das einſame Schloß geſehn hätte, ſo würde er an den Gebäuden Nichts verändert gefunden haben. Wäre es ihm jedoch vergönnt geweſen, zur Abendzeit unter den ſchattenreichen Bäumen innerhalb der Ringmauer zu wandeln, ſo hätte er einen kleinen Kreis von Ulmen gefunden und inmitten derſelben ein Grabmal mit der einfachen Inſchrift:

D. O. M.
Walther von Craenhove
und
seine Gattin
Maria
nebst ihren Söhnen
Hugo und Arnold.

Gott sei ihren Seelen gnädig!

Vor dieſem Denkſtein hätte er fünf Menſchen knieend gefunden: einen Greis, der hundert Jahr alt zu ſein ſchien und vor Alter zitterte wie ein Schilfrohr; einen Mann mit blondem Haar und blauen Augen; eine ſehr ſchöne Frau mit eben ſolchen Locken und Augen, und zwei Kinder, einen Knaben und ein Mädchen, die dieſelben Locken und Augen hatten, wie ihr Vater Bernhard und ihre Mutter Adelheid.

Geſchichte des Abulfaragus.

Univ.-Bibl.
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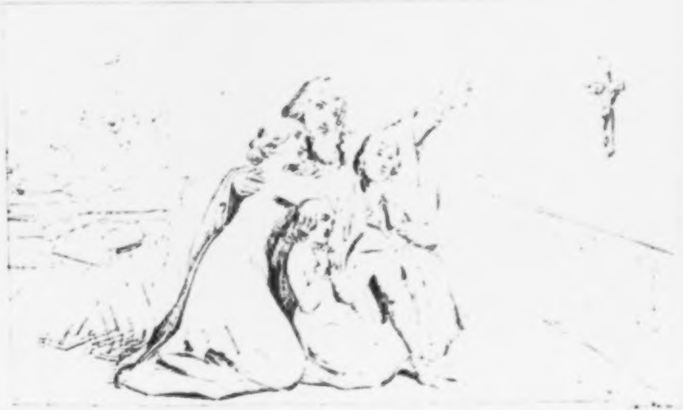

I.

An einem Winterabende des Jahres 1374 waren die vornehmſten Bewohner des Laternenhofes in dem großen Saale des Schloſſes verſammelt. Der achtzigjährige Abulfaragus ſaß in einem bequemen Lehnſeſſel bei dem Feuer und blickte ohne zu reden in die Flamme; neben ihm hatte ein kleiner Knabe von ungefähr fünf Jahren auf einem Bänkchen Platz genommen, ſein Haupt auf das Knie des alten Mannes gelegt, und war eingeſchlafen. Etwas weiterhin an einem ſchweren Tiſche von Eichenholz befand ſich die ſchöne Adelheid von Graenhove, ein Töchterchen auf dem Schooße haltend und mit dem Burggrafen Bernhard von Reedale, ihrem Gatten, ſprechend.

Draußen mußte ein unheimliches Wetter ſein, denn die Fenſterſcheiben klirrten entſetzlich in ihren bleiernen Einfaſſungen und der Sturm ſchlug ſtoßweiſe ſo gewaltig an dieſelben, daß die ängſtliche Adelheid mehr als ein Mal den Kopf mit furchtſamem Blick umgewandt hatte. Noch wüthender tobte jedoch der Orkan in der Eſſe, die Flammen zu Zeiten hinaustreibend und mit den Thurmſpitzen und den knarrenden Wetterhähnen des Schloſſes ſein Spiel treibend.

Ein peinliches Gefühl hatte ſich der Herzen Abulfaragus' und Bernhards bemächtigt; nicht als ob ſie etwas fürchteten oder zu fürchten hatten, ſondern das Unwetter übte ſeinen natürlichen Einfluß auch auf ſie aus. Adelheid dagegen empfand unbeſchreibliche Angſt, das Toben und Heulen des Sturms erſchütterte ihr zarteres Weſen und machte ſie auf ihrem Stuhle beben. Ihr bleiches Antlitz erſchreckte ihren Gatten, der ſich lange bemühte, durch freundliche Worte ihre Aufmerkſamkeit auf etwas Anderes zu lenken, dem es aber nicht gelingen wollte. Er litt ſichtbar durch Adelheids Angſt und ſeine Betrübniß um ihretwillen zeigte ſich in ſeinen Zügen. Plötzlich aber umſchwebte ein Lächeln ſeinen Mund, wie wenn ein glücklicher Gedanke in ihm aufgeſtiegen ſei, und ſich zu Abulfaragus wendend ſagte er: „Mein alter Freund, iſt es recht, daß der Menſch ſich betrübe, wenn das Unglück nicht bei ihm weilt?“

„Nein, Herr,“ erwiederte der Greis ohne aufzublicken, „die Stunden der Pein und des Schmerzes ſind ſo ſchon zahlreich genug im Leben des Menſchen; aber er iſt ein Weſen der erſchaffenen Natur, und es iſt daher nicht wunderbar, daß ſein Geiſt ſich auch verdüſtere, wenn Sturmwolken den Himmel bedecken.“

Abulfaragus' hohle Stimme erſchreckte Bernhard ſehr und vertrieb den Gedanken, der das Lächeln auf ſein Antlitz gerufen, wieder aus ſeiner Seele. Er fragte nun: „Kündet Dir dieſe Stunde etwas Betrübendes, Abulfaragus, daß Deine Worte den Ton des Schmerzes haben?“

Der Greis richtete ſeine Blicke auf Bernhard und ſprach mit noch trüberem Ton: „Das Unwetter, Herr, hat eine unbegreifliche Kraft über den Geiſt der Menſchen; es zwingt die Seele zur Betrachtung ihres eigenen Weſens, friſcht vor Allem die Erinnerung auf, entrollt die Bilder der fernſten Vergangenheit und zeigt dem Menſchen wieder, was das Furchtbarſte in ſeinem Leben war. Darum verdüſtert es den Geiſt.“ —

„Ja, wahrlich,“ rief Bernhard, „dem iſt ſo. Ich auch habe mich ſeit einer halben Stunde der ſchmerzlichſten Ereigniſſe meines Lebens erinnert. Geliebte Adelheid, wer vermöchte Dir zu ſagen, was ich litt, als mich das Schickſal ſo grauſam und plötzlich von Dir riß. Das Unwetter ließ es mich nochmals durchempfinden.“

Sei es nun, daß die Edelfrau ihren Gemahl für ſeine liebreichen Worte belohnen wollte, oder daß das Geſpräch ihre Aufmerkſamkeit von dem Toben des Sturmes ablenkte, genug, ſie lächelte und drückte Bernhard die Hand. Dieſer fragte den Greis: „Aber Du, Abulfaragus, der Du von tiefem Schmerze ergriffen zu ſein ſcheinſt, woran denkſt denn Du?“

„Ich?“ ſeufzte der alte Mann, „ich denke an meinen Vater, meine Mutter und meine Schweſter.“

„An Deinen Vater und Deine Mutter!“ riefen Bernhard und Adelheid verwundert zugleich. „Du haſt uns immer geſagt, daß Du ſie nicht gekannt haſt.“

„Ich hielt es nicht für räthlich, Euch mit der entſetzlichen Geſchichte ihrer Leiden zu betrüben, und ſelbſt jetzt bitte ich Euch, mich nicht danach zu fragen; es würde Euch zu ſehr ſchmerzen und verſtimmen.“

„Warum nicht?“ entgegnete Bernhard; „es würde gerade an dieſem Abende unſere Aufmerkſamkeit feſſeln und uns zu ernſten Betrachtungen führen. Wir werden das Schickſal Deiner Eltern beweinen, aber Thränen des Mitleides ſind ſüß und bringen dem Geiſt Erleichterung. Nicht wahr, Adelheid?“

„Gewiß, Abulfaragus,“ ſagte die Edelfrau, „Du haſt unſere Neugier geweckt, und wie ſchmerzlich und entſetzlich Deine Geſchichte auch ſein möge, ſo bitte ich Dich doch, ſie uns zu erzählen. Es verlangt mich innig, zu erfahren, was das Schickſal der Eltern unſeres Freundes und Führers geweſen ſei.“

„Ihr Schickſal?“ rief Abulfaragus mit bebender Stimme; „das Schickſal meines Vaters! Von Wölfen zerriſſen zu werden! Iſt das entſetzlich genug?“

„O Gott!“ ſeufzte Adelheid, „welches ſchreckliche Geheimniß verſchwiegſt Du uns!“

„Nicht wahr,“ entgegnete Abulfaragus, „ſolche Erinnerungen ſind zu gräßlich für die Mittheilung? Es iſt beſſer, daß ich ſie, wie zuvor, in meiner Bruſt verſchließe.“

„O nicht doch,“ rief Adelheid, „erzähle uns Deine Geſchichte. Du haſt es uns ſchon ſo oft verſprochen und wir haben einen langen Abend zum Zuhören vor uns. Es wird das Unwetter hindern, uns zu erſchrecken.“

Bernhard vereinigte ſeine Bitte mit denen ſeiner Gattin ſo lange, bis Abulfaragus endlich einwilligte und die Geſchichte ſeines Lebens mit folgenden Worten begann:

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„Noch im Jahre 1308 wohnte zu Damascus ein jüdiſcher Arzt, Namens Abul Farach, der von den Arabern viele Wiſſenſchaften erlernt hatte und wegen ſeiner tiefen Kenntniſſe in der Heilkunde berühmt in ganz Syrien war. Man kam zu ihm aus Aleppo, Jeruſalem und Bagdad, ja ſelbſt die Einwohner von Skanderum und Baſſora unternahmen die gefahrvolle Reiſe zu ihm, um ſich bei ihm Rathes zu erholen. Dieſer Abul Farach war mein Vater.

„Ich erinnere mich noch, daß wir ein prächtiges Haus bewohnten, hinter welchem ſich ein breiter Hof befand, in dem ich täglich mit meiner guten Mutter Abigail und meiner jüngeren Schweſter Rebecca ſpielte; wir hatten Sklaven und Diener in Menge und jeder Menſch, gleichviel ob Jude, Chriſt oder Saracen, ehrte uns.

„Um jene Zeit unternahmen die chriſtlichen Edelleute, die man Ritter von St. Johannes zu Jeruſalem nannte, einen Kreuzzug gegen die Saracenen und gingen mit einer Flotte nach der Inſel Rhodus, um dieſe den Mohamedanern wegzunehmen. Die Saracenen erſchraken und fürchteten einen allgemeinen Einfall der Chriſten in Spanien und Paläſtina. Plötzlich verbreitete ſich ſogar, ich weiß nicht wodurch, das Gerücht unter ihnen, daß die Chriſten und die Juden geheime Verbindungen mit dem europäiſchen Heere hätten und bereit ſeien, demſelben durch Verrath die Städte Syriens zu überliefern. Alle Einwohner von Jeruſalem, die nicht an Mahomed glaubten, wurden ermordet; zu Aleppo strömte das Blut der Juden und der Chriſten noch entſetzlicher, und ſchon forderte man in den Straßen von Damascus dazu auf, dem Vorbilde der anderen ſyriſchen Städte Folge zu leiſten.

„Am Abend jenes Tages ſaß ich bei meiner Mutter und Schweſter auf dem platten Dache unſeres Hauſes; ich war ungefähr zehn und meine Schweſter ſieben Jahr alt; deshalb gaben wir nicht Acht auf den ſtillen Kummer der Mutter, deſſen Urſache wir noch nicht begriffen. Wir athmeten ſpielend die Balſamdüfte, die uns der Wind aus der Wüſte zuführte, und zeigten einander die ſchönſten Sterne des Himmels. Da ſahen wir plötzlich unter unſerem Hauſe in unſerem Hofe einen Mann, der heimlich ein Pferd und ein Dromedar fortzog und dieſe

Thiere zu verbergen ſuchte. Darauf wurde die Thür unſerer Wohnung wie gewaltſam geöffnet und wieder geſchloſſen. Ein faſt unmerklicher Schrei entflog der Bruſt unſerer Mutter und wir bemerkten erſt jetzt, wie ſie zitterte.

„Mit ängſtlicher Eile nahm ſie uns an der Hand und führte uns in den unteren Saal, in welchen mein Vater eben getreten war. Sein Antlitz war bleich und ſeine Blicke ſtarr. Ohne der Mutter Zeit zu laſſen, ein Wort zu äußern, verſchloß er vorſichtig die Thür und ſagte dann mit ängſtlicher Stimme: „Abigail, wenn wir hier noch bis Sonnenaufgang verweilen, wird ihr erſter Strahl auf unſere Leichen fallen. Wir müſſen ſo ſchnell wie irgend möglich fort; Togrul-Almahadi hat mir einen Wink gegeben, daß Morgen ein furchtbares Blutbad unter den Chriſten und Juden Statt finden und wir, als die Reichſten, zuerſt unter dem Schwerte fallen ſollen. Frage mich nicht weiter; nehmt die Kleider unſerer Sklaven und zieht ſie an, damit man Euch für Türken halte. Ich werde Geld und Geſchmeide zu mir ſtecken; ein Pferd und ein Dromedar ſtehn ſchon im Hofe bereit. Beeilt Euch und laßt die Diener Nichts merken, ſie könnten uns verrathen.“

„Um Mitternacht zogen wir fort. Unſere Mutter ſaß auf dem Dromedar und wir Kinder, Jedes in einer Art von hölzernem Korbe, ihr zu beiden Seiten; mein Vater, zu Pferde und wohlbewaffnet, ritt voraus, um uns den Weg zu zeigen. Die Angſt der Eltern mußte groß ſein; denn nicht ſelten ſtießen wir auf ſaraceniſche Krieger, doch gelang es uns, ihnen zu entkommen, weil der Vater durch ſeine klugen Reden ihnen allen Argwohn zu benehmen und ſie zu überzeugen wußte, daß wir Saracenen ſeien, die nach Aleppo gingen. Nach einigen Tagen, nur bei Nacht reiſend, erreichten wir glücklich Skanderum und bald darauf Simta, nahe bei Rhodus. Hier glückte es dem Vater Nachts ſicher auf die chriſtliche Flotte zu gelangen; er bot ſeine Dienſte als Arzt an und legte Beweiſe ſeiner Geſchicklichkeit ab, ſo daß die Ritter von St. Johann ſein Anerbieten ſehr gern annahmen. In der folgenden Nacht kreuzte eine kleine Galeere an der Seeküſte; wir hatten bereits eine halbe Stunde in einem Boote auf dieſelbe gewartet, erreichten ſie glücklich in der Dunkelheit, wurden von ihr wohlbehalten nach dem größten Schiffe der Flotte gebracht, dort aufgenommen und bekamen ein eigenes Gemach angewieſen.

„Die Belagerung von Rhodus dauerte länger als ein Jahr; täglich fanden blutige Gefechte Statt und viele Ritter wurden verwundet. Mein Vater rettete ſo Viele von gewiſſem Tode, daß die Chriſten ihn mit Dankbarkeit behandelten und als ihren Wohlthäter betrachteten. Unſer Leben war ganz erträglich, da unſere Galeere als Hoſpital betrachtet wurde und nie in den Kampf kam, wir uns aber bald an das Meer und deſſen Ungeſtüm gewöhnten.

„Auf der Flotte befand ſich ein Ritter aus Brabant, der, ſehr wißbegierig, mit meinem Vater einen innigen Freundſchaftsbund ſchloß. Ihre gegenſeitige Neigung zu einander wurde endlich ſo groß, daß ſie einander faſt gar nicht verließen, und mitunter ganze Nächte zubrachten, die Sterne zu beſchauen und deren Lauf zu unterſuchen. Die Liebe des Ritters dehnte ſich auch auf uns aus; er ſpielte Tage lang mit mir und meiner Schweſter Rebecca auf dem Verdeck, und ward mit uns zum Kinde, um uns den Aufenthalt auf der Flotte angenehm zu machen.

„Unſere Mutter liebte uns außerordentlich und tiefe Dankbarkeit ſtrahlte aus ihren Augen gegen den chriſtlichen Ritter, der ſo freundlich mit uns armen jüdiſchen

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Flüchtlingen war. Von Klein auf hatte man uns die Chriſten als böſe, grauſame Menſchen geſchildert und uns tauſend Mal geſagt, daß ſie die Juden verfolgten und deren Todfeinde ſeien. Das Benehmen des brabantiſchen Ritters flößte uns nun ſolche Erkenntlichkeit ein, daß wir Abends, wenn wir mit dem Vater allein waren, von Nichts ſprachen, als von unſerem Wohlthäter und Beſchützer. Allmählig begannen wir die Religion der Chriſten zu bewundern; wir ſagten uns, welche Tapferkeit und welchen Edelmuth der Glaube an Chriſtus allen dieſen Rittern einflöße und wie erhaben die Menſchenliebe der Chriſten ſein müſſe, da ſie den brabantiſchen Herrn veranlaſſe, uns, die wir ſonſt überall ohne Schutz und wie ausgeſtoßen ſeien, das Leben in ein Paradies der Freundſchaft und Bruderliebe umzuwandeln. Wahrſcheinlich unterhielt ſich mein Vater oft mit ihm über den Glauben, denn nicht ſelten, wenn er zu uns zurückkam, ſagte er uns, es ſei nicht unmöglich, daß der Gekreuzigte der verheißene Meſſias geweſen ſei. Bald darauf bemühte er ſich ſogar, uns begreiflich zu machen, daß kein anderer Meſſias kommen werde, als der Gottmenſch der Chriſten. Dieſe Bemühungen waren eigentlich überflüſſig, denn die Mutter, Rebecca und ich waren ſchon längſt im Herzen Chriſten; ſeit drei Monaten beſaßen wir ein kleines Chriſtusbild und beteten heimlich zu demſelben, daß der gekreuzigte Gott das Leben ſeines Dieners, des brabantiſchen Ritters erhalten möge.

„Eines Morgens, als wir in unſerem Gemache frühſtückten, kam der Vater zu uns und ließ ſich ſchweigend auf einem Seſſel nieder. Sein Geſicht trug den Ausdruck von beſonderem Glück und inniger Freude; ſeine Augen glänzten, Lächeln umſpielte ſeinen Mund und ſein ganzes Antlitz war wie von einem unbekannten Feuer durchglüht, als ob ein Sonnenſtrahl, das Verdeck durchdringend, ſeine Stirn beleuchte. Nach kurzem Schweigen ſtand er auf und ſagte feierlich: „Abigail, treue Genoſſin meines Schickſals, und Ihr, meine Kinder, hört mich aufmerkſam an; doch, was mein Mund auch ſprechen möge, glaubt nicht, daß ich Euch zwingen wolle, meinem Beiſpiel zu folgen. Kommt her, Jeatham mein Sohn und Rebecca meine Tochter, daß ich Euch noch einen Kuß gebe, ehe ich Euch meine Gedanken enthülle.“ — Wie ſehr uns auch ſein heiteres Weſen beruhigen mußte, doch erfüllte Angſt unſer Herz. Faſt bebend empfingen wir ſeinen feurigen Kuß und mit Thränen in den Augen umarmte ihn die Mutter. Wir begriffen nicht, was wir zu fürchten oder zu hoffen hatten.

„Endlich rief er mit ungemeinem Eifer: „O meine Kinder, der Meſſias iſt gekommen; der Meſſias iſt Jeſus und ich bin ſein Diener! Seine Stimme redete zu meinem Herzen, ſeine Gnade erfüllte mich mit Licht und Freude!“ Bei dieſen Worten zog er ein ſilbernes Crucifix hervor, hing es an die Wand und fügte hinzu: „Seht hier meinen Erlöſer, meinen Gott!“

„Sicher glaubte er uns voll Betrübniß über ſeine Glaubensveränderung zu finden, denn dieſe Furcht allein hatte ihn veranlaßt, vorſichtig bei ſeiner Erklärung zu ſein; aber er irrte ſich. Die Augen der Mutter ſtrahlten plötzlich von demſelben Feuer; ſie ſank, gleich einer Chriſtin, vor dem Crucifix auf die Knie, und meine Schweſter und ich thaten daſſelbe. Die Hände gen Himmel erhebend rief ſie zu dem Gekreuzigten: „Jeſus, Sohn Davids, Du biſt es, von dem Jeſaias geſagt hat: Darum wird der Herr Euch ein Zeichen geben: ſiehe, eine Jungfrau ſoll empfangen; ſie wird einen Sohn gebären, deß Name ſoll Immanuel ſein. — Dein Name, o Meſſias, werde verherrlicht durch Alles, was Leben hat

Du biſt der Sohn Gottes, Erlöſer der Welt! der Gott meines Gatten und der meinige.“ — Freudig ſetzten wir hinzu: „Amen! Amen!“

„Thränen der Rührung und Freude entſtrömten den Augen meines Vaters; er kniete neben uns hin, umfaßte uns und betete einige Augenblicke mit leiſer Stimme, als ob er den Erlöſer am Kreuze anflehe, das Gelübde der Seinigen anzunehmen. Dann hob er uns auf, umarmte uns wiederholt und rief begeiſtert aus: „Ja, wir wollen Chriſten ſein!“

„Dieſer Tag war der ſchönſte unſeres Lebens; wir fühlten eine unbegreifliche Freudigkeit in unſerem Inneren und zerfloſſen in Thränen, die uns ein Vorgefühl himmliſcher Seligkeit gewährten. Gegen Mittag kam der brabantiſche Ritter zu uns und theilte unſere Freude; ja, er war noch entzückter als wir, indem er unſere Bekehrung als die größte Wohlthat betrachtete, die uns durch ſeine Freundſchaft zu Theil geworden war.

„Wir bedurften nicht langer Zeit, um die Geheimniſſe der neuen Lehre zu begreifen; unſere Herzen empfingen die Saat, welche Chriſtus geſäet hatte, mit ſolchem Eifer, daß wir bald auch fähig waren, die heilige Taufe zu empfangen. Der brabantiſche Ritter war mein Taufzeuge; andere edle Herren die Taufzeugen meiner Eltern und meiner Schweſter. An dem feſtgeſetzten Tage kam der Biſchof mit einem groſsen Gefolge von Rittern auf unſer Schiff und die heilige Handlung ward feierlich an uns vollzogen; Alle, die gegenwärtig waren, wünſchten uns Glück, überaus-erfreut war jedoch vor Allen der brabantiſche Ritter; er küßte mich wohl hundert Mal und nannte mich ſeinen Sohn Walter, dies war nämlich der neue chriſtliche Name, den ich erhalten hatte. Mein Vater hieß Joſeph, meine Mutter Suſanna und meine Schweſter Maria; aus Abul Farach wurde Abulfaragus.

„Während man uns noch von allen Seiten Glück wünſchte und der frohe Jubel der Ritter unſere Bekehrung feierte, ſahen wir plötzlich unterhalb der Küſte von Rhodus eine Menge türkiſcher Galeeren in See ſtechen und mit lautem Kriegsgeſchrei gegen uns anrücken. Der Ruf: zu den Waffen, zu den Waffen! verbreitete ſich über die ganze chriſtliche Flotte; jeder Ritter begab ſich auf ſeine Galeere und Alles wurde für eine Seeſchlacht in Bewegung geſetzt und die chriſtlichen Schiffe fuhren ihren Feinden entgegen. Ich war nicht Zeuge des Kampfes, denn wir mußten in den Raum hinunter, und da unſere Galeere nicht dazu beſtimmt war, an dem Gefechte Theil zu nehmen, ſo hörten wir ſelbſt nicht den mindeſten Lärm. — Nach einer Stunde ungefähr kam Jemand und ſagte uns, daß die Chriſten den Sieg erfochten und vier türkiſche Galeeren verbrannt hätten; die übrigen waren nach der Küſte zurückgeflohen. Wir freuten uns ſehr über dieſe gute Nachricht und dankten dem Herrn in unſeren Gebeten, als wir plötzlich Tritte über uns auf dem Verdecke hörten; ängſtlich liefen wir hinauf und ſahen, daß man einen ſchwer verwundeten Ritter auf die Galeere brachte. Die heißen Thränen des Vaters ließen uns alsbald errathen, wer der Lebloſe ſei. Wir ſchrieen laut auf vor Schmerz und meine Schweſter fiel weinend der Mutter in die Arme. Ich warf mich jammernd neben dem brabantiſchen Ritter — denn er war es — nieder, rief ihn bei Namen, küßte ſeine bleichen Lippen und benetzte ſeine Stirn mit meinen Thränen. Ach, mein Pathe, unſer großmüthiger Wohlthäter, hatte in der Schlacht eine tödtliche Wunde empfangen; ein Pfeil war ihm queer durch den Hals gedrungen. Man legte ihn auf das Lager meiner Mutter, und mein Vater bat die Umſtehenden, ſich zu entfernen und ihn mit dem Ritter allein zu laſſen. Als dies geſchehen war, ſagte er zu uns: „Laßt Euer Weinen aufhören, damit retten wir ihn nicht. Ihr Frauen knieet nieder und betet, und Du, Walter, hole raſch friſches Waſſer.“ — Meine Mutter und Schweſter warfen ſich nun flehend vor dem Kreuze nieder und ich vollzog wie auf Flügeln des Windes den mir ertheilten Befehl. Schweigend wuſch jetzt der Vater die Wunden und unterſuchte, ob irgend ein bedeutendes Blutgefäß im Halſe verletzt ſei; die Stirn brannte ihm fieberhaft und ich ſah, wie er ſich verzweifelnd die Haare ausriß und zuletzt muthlos neben dem Lager niederſank. Dieſer Anblick machte meine Thränen von Neuem fließen, denn ich zweifelte nun nicht länger an dem Tode unſeres Freundes.

„Einige Augenblicke ſpäter erhob ſich der Vater wieder und begann eine neue Unterſuchung. Bald nachher zeigte ſich ein Strahl der Hoffnung in ſeinen Zügen und er ſagte mit beruhigter Stimme zu meiner Mutter und Schweſter: „O betet! betet inbrünſtig, denn mit Gottes Hülfe kann er geneſen.“ — Ein Freudenſchrei war ihre Antwort und ſie ſenkten ihr Haupt noch tiefer zum Gebet. Während des ganzen Nachmittags half ich meinem Vater die nothwendigen Salben und Tränke zubereiten und die Nacht hindurch wachten wir bei dem

Lebloſen, ängſtlich aufmerkend, ob nicht eine leiſe Bewegung das rückkehrende Leben andeute.

„Der dritte Tag war endlich für uns ein Tag des Glückes und der Freude; wir vernahmen einen leiſen gurgelnden Laut in der Kehle des Verwundeten und der Vater ſagte: Er wird am Leben bleiben. — Von nun an beſſerte ſich der Zuſtand unſeres Wohlthäters auch ſichtlich; am zwölften Tage konnte er ſchon die Augen auf uns gerichtet halten und uns durch ſeine freundlichen Blicke für unſere Sorgfalt belohnen. Vierzig Nächte lang wachten meine Mutter und Schweſter abwechſelnd an ſeinem Lager. Während dieſer Zeit ſchloß ſich ſeine Wunde und einen Monat ſpäter hatte er endlich ſeine frühere Geſundheit und Kraft wieder erlangt. Jetzt kannte ſeine Liebe zu uns keine Grenzen mehr; mein Vater war ihm ein Bruder und mich nannte er nicht anders als ſeinen Sohn Walter.

„Am 16. Mai 1310 eroberten die Chriſten die Inſel Rhodus und vertrieben die Türken von dort. Darauf zogen viele Ritter nach ihrem Vaterlande, und wir beſchloſſen gleichfalls die Flotte zu verlaſſen und uns in Europa einen feſten Wohnplatz zu ſuchen. Unſer Freund bot uns an, mit ihm nach Brabant zu reiſen. Wir beſaßen wenig in der Welt und bedurften eines Beſchützers; daher wäre es uns faſt unmöglich geweſen, unſeren Wohlthäter zu verlaſſen. Dankbar nahmen wir ſeinen Vorſchlag an und machten uns auf unter dem Geleite unſeres Freundes, Walter von Craenhove. —"

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„Himmel, mein Vater!" rief Adelheid verwundert. „Abulfaragus, warum haſt Du mir den Namen ſo lange verſchwiegen."

„Edle Frau," antwortete der Greis lächelnd, „es war Dein Vater, mein Pathe und der Buſenfreund meiner Eltern. Du glaubſt nicht, wie tief ich ihn geliebt habe, den Tapferſten von allen Rittern. Das Blut, das durch Deine Adern fließt, gehört zu dem edelſten, das die Sonne je in den drei Welttheilen erwärmte. Wenn ich Dir nicht früher den theueren Mann nannte, ſo geſchah es, um Dich nicht zu betrüben durch die Schilderung ſeiner tödtlichen Krankheit; Du ſollteſt den Schmerz nicht theilen, der uns neben ſeinem Lager ergriffen hatte."

Adelheid ſchwieg, aber ihre funkelnden Augen und ihr halbgeöffneter Mund zeigten deutlich, wie ſehr die

Erzählung ihre Aufmerkſamkeit geſpannt hatte. Abulfaragus bemerkte es und fuhr augenblicklich alſo fort:

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„Nach einer langen Reiſe erreichten wir die Stadt Lüttich an der Maas; dort fand mein Vater Viele von ſeinen vorigen Glaubensgenoſſen, die unſere Mutterſprache redeten; daher beſchloß er, ſich hier als Arzt niederzulaſſen. Der gute Graf von Craenhove zwang uns, eine beträchtliche Summe Geldes von ihm anzunehmen. Wir kauften ein Haus in der Straße, wo die jüdiſchen Wechsler wohnten, und richteten uns darin ein. Von unſerer Dankbarkeit begleitet reiſte der Graf bald darauf nach ſeinem Schloſſe, dem Laternenhofe ab.

„Zu Lüttich verlebten wir einige friedliche Jahre, während welcher mein Vater mich in den arabiſchen Wiſſenſchaften, deren vorzüglichſte die Heilkunſt und die Aſtrologie waren, unterrichtete. Derſelbe Ruhm, deſſen er ſich in Syrien erfreut hatte, wurde ihm auch hier zu Theil; er ſtellte viele Edelleute und Geiſtliche, die von Krankheit befallen worden, wieder her und ſammelte ſich ein beträchtliches Vermögen. Man nannte ihn den reichen Aſtrologen Abulfaragus. Sein Reichthum erregte ohne Zweifel bei Manchem Neid und Haß, denn mehr als ein Mal erfahren wir, daß man ſich heimlich bemühe, ihn der Zauberei zu verdächtigen. Vorzüglich waren es die auf ſeine Bekehrung erbitterten Juden, die ihn läſterten; wir hatten aber mächtige Freunde, und viele kranke Ritter und Prälaten bedurften ſeines Beiſtandes nur zu ſehr, um uns nicht vor allem Ungemach zu ſchützen.

„Um dieſe Zeit wurden in allen chriſtlichen Landen Sendſchreiben des Papſtes veröffentlicht, welche Ritter und Bürger zum Kriege gegen die Türken riefen. An allen öffentlichen Plätzen, auf Märkten und Straßen predigten die Abgeordneten des heiligen Vaters zu Rom einen allgemeinen Kreuzzug. Mit gewaltigem Eifer und rührender Stimme, Thränen in den Augen ſchilderten ſie, wie das Blut der Chriſten in Paläſtina in Strömen fließe und das Grab des Erlöſers täglich von den Saracenen durch ihre Läſterungen geſchändet werde. Oft ſprachen ſie von den Leiden des Erlöſers und ſagten, daß er von dem böſen, verdammten Volke, ſo nannten ſie die Juden, gemartert und gekreuzigt worden. Es wird Euch nicht wundern, zu vernehmen, daß unſere alten Glaubensgenoſſen, wenn ſie ſolche Predigten hörten, offenkundig darüber murrten. Von dieſer Zeit an entſpann ſich ein tiefer Haß, zwiſchen dem Volk von Lüttich und den zahlreichen Juden, die dort wohnten, der zuletzt furchtbar wurde. Mehr als ein Mal behauptete man, daß die Juden heimlich ſich vieler Miſſethaten ſchuldig machten, und wenn ein Mord geſchehn war, ſo ſchrieb man denſelben ſtets ihnen zu. Wie groß auch das Unrecht iſt, Unſchuldige wie Schuldige zu verfolgen, ſo muß ich doch zugeben, daß einige Juden, aus Haß, Frevel begingen, die den Widerwillen der Menge durchaus rechtfertigten.

„Während deſſen und als man noch den Kreuzzug predigte, zeigte ſich plötzlich eine verderbliche Seuche in Europa: Lüttich war keine von den Städten, wo ſie nur wenige Opfer forderte. Sie glich ſehr dem morgenländiſchen Ausſatz, doch war ſie noch bösartiger. Man nannte ſie zu Lüttich die Leproſie. Wer von ihr ergriffen wurde, fühlte plötzlich ein ungeſtümes Herzpochen; kalter Schweiß brach ihm aus allen Gliedern; ſein Antlitz und ſein ganzer Körper bekamen eine gelbe Hautfarbe und waren zwei Stunden nachher mit blauen Flecken überſäet. Dieſe Flecken wurden am folgenden Tage zu harten Geſchwulſten, aus denen nachher ſich offene und unheilbare Eiterbeulen bildeten. Die meiſten Menſchen, welche dieſes ſchreckliche Uebel heimſuchte, ſtarben binnen einigen Tagen; Andere ertrugen das Leiden länger und lebten Monate lang zu deſto größerem Schrecken ihrer Mitbürger. Das Schlimmſte dabei war, daß ſie eine ſolche Anſteckungskraft beſaß; denn man glaubte ſogar, der bloße Anblick einer Peſtbeule vermöge die Seuche mitzutheilen. Gewiß iſt jedenfalls, daß wer einem Angeſteckten die Hand reichte, von dieſem den Tod empfing; wer in eine Wohnung ging, wo ſich Leproſen befanden, oder Kleidungsſtücke von ſolchen anrührte, war am anderen Tage mit blauen Geſchwüren bedeckt; — ſogar durch das Geld wurde die Seuche verbreitet.

„Die Angſt, welche ſich Aller bei dem erſten Eindringen dieſer Peſt bemächtigte, läßt ſich nicht beſchreiben; alle Thüren und Fenſter wurden geſchloſſen, keine lebende Seele war zuerſt in den Straßen zu ſehn. Lüttich hatte einige Tage lang den Anſchein einer Stadt, in welcher weder Menſchen noch Thiere je gewohnt. Der Vater war den ganzen Tag von uns entfernt; mit Spezereien verſehen, die ihn ſchützten, trug er Rath und Hülfe in die Häuſer von Chriſten und Juden und es glückte ihm von tauſend Siechen ungefähr zehn wieder herzuſtellen. Was er uns erzählte, wenn er tief in der Nacht zurückkam, um auszuruhen, war furchtbar; er ſah Kinder ihren kranken Vater mit Stöcken die Treppe hinab und wie einen Hund auf die Straße ſtoßen; Mütter, die ihren Kindern von fern liſtig einen Strick um den Hals warfen und ſie zum Hauſe hinaus ſchleuderten; Brüder, die mit gehobenem Beil ihre angeſteckten Schweſtern zwangen, ſich von ihnen zu entfernen. — O! es iſt kaum zu glauben; alle Bande des Blutes waren zerriſſen; Jeder mistraute ſeinem Nebenmenſchen; Alle verkrochen ſich in Höhlen und Keller, bereit, den zu tödten, der ſich ihnen zu nähern ſchien, und wäre es Vater, Gatte oder Sohn. Kam ein Angeſteckter auf die Straße, gleichviel, ob er Hülfe ſuchte oder von ſeinen Hausgenoſſen hinausgeſtoßen war, ſo konnte er nur wenige Schritt thun und aus irgend einem Fenſter durchbohrte ihn ein tödtender Pfeil.“

„Nach ſechs oder ſieben Tagen dieſes entſetzlichen Daſeins begann es plötzlich heftig zu frieren und der Winter ſchien außerordentlich ſtreng werden zu wollen. Die Aenderung des Wetters brachte auch eine Aenderung in der Krankheit hervor; man bemerkte, daß es wenig neue Anſteckungen mehr gab und daß ſelbſt die Leproſen nicht mehr ſtarben, ſondern ihre Eiterbeulen gleichſam zu ruhen ſchienen. Die Obrigkeit und das biſchöfliche Capitel verſammelten ſich; hier und dort ward gearbeitet und die Stadt erhielt zuerſt wieder einigen Anſchein von Leben. Strenge aber nothwendige Geſetze hinſichtlich der Seuche wurden verkündigt und Maaßregeln gegen die Anſteckung getroffen. Alle Diejenigen, die mit Leproſie befallen waren, mußten überall einen weißen Stab in der Hand tragen; wer einen Leproſen, der ohne Stab war, tödtete, erhielt eine beſtimmte Belohnung von dem Mambour oder Bürgermeiſter; Jedem ward verboten, ſich einem Leproſen auf mehr als zehn Schritte zu nähern, wer dies Verbot übertrat, konnte ſtraflos erſchlagen werden; die Angeſteckten durften bei Todesſtrafe weder Kirchen noch Häuſer betreten, und Jeder derſelben, der etwas auf die Straße warf, oder einem Hunde oder einer Katze einen Biſſen Brod gab, ward auf der Stelle umgebracht. Mit einem Worte, die unglücklichen Leproſen durften ſich nirgends blicken laſſen, ſonſt machte das Schwert der eigens dazu angeſtellten Todtſchläger ihrem traurigen Leben ſogleich ein blutiges Ende.

„Da die Mehrzahl der Kranken aus Armen und Bedürftigen beſtand, ſo ſtarben Anfangs Viele derſelben vor Hunger und Kälte; Andere, aus Mangel an Lebensmitteln dazu gezwungen, brachen zur Nachtzeit mit Gewalt in die Häuſer der Bäcker und Kornhändler ein und vergifteten ſo den Vorrath der Kaufleute.

„Theils aus Mitleid, theils um der ferneren Verbreitung der Seuche Einhalt zu thun, befahl der Biſchof außerhalb der Stadt einige Häuſer zu kaufen und ſie in Lepreſenhäuſer umzuwandeln. Die Bürger, welche darin ein Mittel ſahen, ſich von der furchtbaren Gegenwart der Miſelſüchtigen zu befreien, brachten große Geldopfer und in kurzer Zeit waren mehrere Häuſer für deren Aufnahme eingerichtet. Man hatte weiter Nichts an denſelben geändert, als alle Fenſter zugenagelt und ringsum einen viereckigen Platz mit einer hohen Mauer umgeben, die Thüren befeſtigt und im Vorgiebel mannshoch eine große Oeffnung angebracht und dieſe mit einem eiſernen Gitter verwahrt.

„Alle Lepreſen, die man nach dem erſten Befehl des Biſchofs in den Straßen fand und welche nicht augenblicklich mit einem der Todſchläger nach einem der Lazarethe gingen, wurden erſchoſſen. Binnen weniger als acht Tagen waren dieſe Peſthäuſer überfüllt mit Unglücklichen, welche, vom Hunger dazu gezwungen, ſich öffentlich gezeigt hatten. Die reichen Leproſen fanden noch für vieles Geld Menſchen, welche ihnen Speiſe holten und ſie ihnen von Weitem zuwarfen.

„Gräßlich und herzzerreißend war das Schickſal der eingeſperrten Kranken; wenn ſich einmal die Thür des Lazareths für ſie geöffnet hatte, ſo geſchah es nie wieder, ſondern nur, um neue Bewohner einzulaſſen. Das Eſſen wurde ihnen auf der Spitze eines langen Stockes vor dem eiſernen Gitter zugereicht; man ſah die Elenden halb nackt und mit abgemagerten Händen ſich wie raſend auf die ſpärliche Nahrung ſtürzen und dazu jammern und weinen, daß einem Geſunden bei dieſem furchtbaren Schauſpiel faſt das Herz brach. Ein ſolches Peſthaus war eine abſcheuliche Gruft, von Lebenden bewohnt. Wie mußten die armen Verurtheilten leiden, wenn Einer von ihnen den Geiſt aufgab, denn dann waren ſie verpflichtet, den Leichnam mit eigenen Händen in dem viereckigen Hofe zu begraben, und ſahen in ihm nur das Bild von dem, was früher oder ſpäter ſie ſelbſt heimſuchen mußte! —“

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Abulfaragus bemerkte, daß ſeine Erzählung einen Eindruck auf Adelheid machte, der ihr ſchädlich ſein konnte. Darum fragte er ſie: „Wäre es nicht beſſer, edle Frau, wenn wir die Fortſetzung meiner Geſchichte bis Morgen verſchöben? — Du weinſt heftig darüber und doch haſt Du das Schlimmſte noch nicht vernommen. Der Abend und die Dunkelheit machen Dein Gemüth zu erregbar; bei Sonnenſchein hört man ſchreckliche Dinge, ohne ſich zu heftig zu entſetzen.“

„Alſo das Schlimmſte habe ich noch nicht gehört?“ ſeufzte die Edelfrau dumpf. — „Was kann es Gräßlicheres geben, als das furchtbare Schickſal dieſer unglücklichen Leproſen?“

„Das Schickſal meines Vaters,“ rief Abulfaragus, und heiße Thränen entſtürzten dabei ſeinen eingefallenen Augen. — „O! dürfte ich es verſchweigen!“

Alle blieben eine Zeitlang in ſtummes, peinliches Nachdenken verſunken; endlich ſagte Bernhard: „Ja! erzähle uns Morgen, bei Tage, den Reſt Deiner herzerſchütternden Geſchichte; Du biſt ſo angegriffen davon und uns würde gleichfalls der Schlaf fliehen, wenn wir ihn vernommen hätten.“ — Bald darauf verließen ſie das Gemach und begaben ſich zur Ruhe.

II.

Am anderen Tage ſtieg die Sonne ſtattlich und ſtrahlend am Himmel empor. Schon ſehr früh befanden ſich Bernhard und Adelheid in dem Gemach, hoffend, daß Abulfaragus ihnen die Fortſetzung mittheilte, aber der Mittag nahte, ohne daß der alte Freund herab kam. Endlich meldete ihnen ein Diener, daß Abulfaragus ſich ſehr unwohl fühle und ſie bitten laſſe, ſeine gezwungene Abweſenheit zu entſchuldigen.

Beunruhigt dadurch eilten Bernhard und ſeine Gattin gleich nach dem Gemache des Greiſes und fanden ihn auf ſeinem Lager. In der Meinung, daß es nur eine vorübergehende Unpäßlichkeit ſei, ermuthigten ſie ihn mit liebevollen Worten.

„Abulfaragus,“ ſagte endlich Adelheid, „ich mache mir Vorwürfe, daß ich Schuld an Deinem Unwohlſein trage. Meine unbeſonnene Neugier trieb mich, Dich um die Erzählung Deiner ſchmerzlichen Erinnerungen zu bitten, und dieſe hat Dich ſo erſchüttert und angegriffen.“

„Ja, edle Frau,“ entgegnete er, „die Erzählung hat mich krank gemacht, aber nicht durch das, was ich mittheilte, ſondern was mir noch mitzutheilen übrig blieb. Indem ich Euch meine Geſchichte verſprach, traute ich meinen Kräften zu Viel zu; ich vermag es jetzt nicht mehr. O, Ihr wißt nicht, was ich noch Gräßliches zu berichten habe!“

„So ſollen wir es nicht kennen lernen? — Meine Neugier iſt nicht befriedigt, Abulfaragus. Der Name meines Vaters iſt mit Deinem Geſchick verflochten; dies muß meinen Wunſch entſchuldigen. Ich bitte Dich nicht jetzt damit fortzufahren, denn ich ſehe wohl ein, daß das nicht geſchehen darf, aber wirſt Du uns nicht dereinſt Deine ganze Lebensgeſchichte mittheilen?“

„Mein Mund, edle Frau, vermochte nicht, Dir das ſchreckliche Ende meiner Eltern zu erzählen; ich fühle, daß mich meine Kräfte dabei verlaſſen würden —“

Bei dieſen Worten griff er unter ſein Kopfkiſſen und zog ein beſchriebenes Büchlein hervor. Er überreichte daſſelbe Adelheid und ſagte: „Hier haſt Du die ganze Geſchichte meines Lebens bis zum Tode Deines Vaters und Wohlthäters. Herr von Reedale kann ſie Dir vorleſen, und Du erfährſt auf dieſe Weiſe mehr daven, als ich Dir erzählen könnte. Was die erſte Abtheilung enthält, erfuhrſt Du Geſtern. Ich hoffe, daß das Mitleid Dir nicht zu gewaltig Thränen entlockt, und daß Ihr es weglegt, wenn es Dich zu ſehr erſchüttert. Beunruhige Dich übrigens nicht meinetwegen ich bin nicht krank und bedarf nur einiger Ruhe, um bald wieder ganz hergeſtellt zu ſein.“

Bernhard und Adelheid begaben ſich mit der Handſchrift in ihr Gemach zurück und die Bitte ſeiner Gattin erfüllend begann der Burggraf von Reedale Folgendes vorzuleſen.

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„Während des harten Froſtes machte die ſchwere Seuche keine Fortſchritte, und man begann bereits in der Strenge der Maßregeln nachzulaſſen; kaum aber war in einer Nacht Thauwetter eingetreten, als das Uebel ſich auch wieder verbreitete, wie ein Feuer, das Alles zu ergreifen droht. Binnen wenigen Tagen zählte man einige hundert neue Fälle von Leproſie; man fing wieder an, ſich gegenſeitig zu fliehn; neue Todtſchläger wurden angeſtellt, und wer auf den erſten Wink dieſer geſetzlichen Mörder ſich nicht nach dem Peſthauſe begab, dem wurde augenblicklich das Garaus gemacht. Die Bürger ſelbſt waren Todtſchläger geworden; wo ſie einen Leproſen fanden, glaubten ſie ein verdienſtliches Werk zu thun, wenn ſie ihn wie einen tollen Hund verfolgten und tödteten.

„Mein Vater verſagte Niemanden ſeine Hülfe und war ganze Tage aus dem Hauſe, um die Kranken zu treſſen und hier und da, wie durch einen Glücksfall, einen Einzelnen zu heilen. Wie ſehr er auch die Seinen liebte, doch vermochten unſere Thränen nicht, ihn abzuhalten, ſich in die Häuſer der Kranken zu begeben; er hielt es für heilige Pflicht, ſeinen Beruf als Arzt zu erfüllen und aller Gefahr Trotz zu bieten, um ſeinen leidenden Mitmenſchen zu helfen. Auch hielt er ſich für geſichert gegen Anſteckung, ſo lange er ſich ſeiner Mittel bediente, und ſetzte ſeine täglichen Beſuche furchtlos fort.

„Eines Abends war die gewöhnliche Stunde ſeiner Heimkehr lange vorüber. Die Mutter harrte mit pochendem Herzen und zitterte vor Angſt, daß ihm etwas Böſes widerfahren ſei. Dennoch ſchwieg ſie, trotz ihrer Furcht, um uns nicht auch in Schreck zu ſetzen. — Ich war damit beſchäftigt, meiner Schweſter, Maria, Unterricht im Leſen zu ertheilen, und dies hinderte uns zu ſehen, wie bleich der Mutter Antlitz ſei und wie aufmerkſam ſie auf jedes Geräuſch horchte, das ein Vorbote von des Vaters Kommen hätte ſein können. Es verfloß jedoch ſo lange Zeit, daß Maria endlich das Buch zuſchlug und befremdet ſich umblickend fragte: „Aber Mutter, wo bleibt der liebe Vater?“

„Die Mutter ſchwieg, doch Thränen floſſen aus ihren Augen; ſie betrachtete meine Schweſter mit trüben Blicken und zog ſie, ohne ein Wort zu reden, an ihr Herz. Ich meinerſeits glaubte, daß der Vater vielleicht die Nacht am Sterbelager eines Vornehmen verbringe, und begriff der Mutter Angſt nicht, obwohl ihre Thränen mich auch zum Weinen brachten. Alle meine Worte machten keinen Eindruck auf ihr Gemüth; eine geheime Ahnung ließ ſie ein entſetzliches Unglück vermuthen und ihre und meiner Schweſter Thränen floſſen unaufhörlich bis zum Morgen. Als aber nun die Sonne aufging, ohne daß wir den Vater wiedergeſehn, drückte mich auch die Angſt danieder.

„Das Jammergeſchrei meiner Mutter und Schweſter erfüllte unſere Wohnung; ſie zerrauften ſich das Haar und zerriſſen ihre Kleider vor Wehmuth und Schmerz; ich aber, der ich muthig zu ſein glaubte, ſtand rathlos dabei und kein Wort des Troſtes kam über meine Lippen. Endlich erwachte ich aus meiner Bewußtloſigkeit und ſagte zur Mutter, daß ich ausgehn wolle, um den Vater aufzuſuchen oder wenigſtens Kunde von ihm einzuziehn. Sie umarmte mich heftig, als fürchte ſie, daß ich ebenfalls nicht wiederkehren würde, und warf ſich mit meiner Schweſter auf die Kniee vor dem Gekreuzigten. Um meiner klagenden Schweſter einigen Troſt einzuſprechen, belog ich mich ſelbſt und verließ das Gemach mit blutendem Herzen.

„Keiner von unſeren Freunden wußte mir zu ſagen, wo der Vater ſei; Niemand hatte ihn am vorigen Tage geſehn. Muthlos durchſtreifte ich, meine Thränen unterdrückend, die Stadt; Alles blieb ſtumm auf meine Fragen. Am Nachmittage ſtand ich auf einer Brücke und blickte verzweifelnd in das vorüberfließende Waſſer, nicht wiſſend, woran ich dachte, ſo ſehr hatte ſich der Schmerz bei meiner Rathloſigkeit meiner bemächtigt. Aus dieſem peinlichen Nachſinnen weckten mich einige rauhe Männerſtimmen; mich umwendend ſah ich einen Leproſen vor mir, den die Todtſchläger mit ihren Lanzenſpitzen vor ſich hin trieben. Die jammervollen Klagen des Unglücklichen fanden einen tiefen Wiederhall in meinem Herzen; ein

Gefühl des Mitleids ließ mich ihm eine Zeit lang folgen, ohne daß ich wußte, wohin er ging noch was ich that. So kam ich aus dem Thor auf das Feld. Dort ſah ich die Thüre des Lazarethes öffnen, den Leproſen hinein ſtoßen und die Thür in grauſenhafter Stille wieder ſchließen. Vom bitterſten Schmerze bezwungen ſetzte ich mich auf dem Raſen nieder und betrachtete in meinem Inneren das gräßliche Schauſpiel der Leproſen in dem Lazareth. Ich ſah die lebenden Leichen dort umherwandeln in der Geſellſchaft des Todes, ſah, wie ſie einander fliehen bei dem Anblick der ekelhafteſten Geſchwüre, in Schmuz und Moder vergingen, verſchmachteten und ſich im gegenſeitigen Haß verzehrten. O! wie ſchrecklich, wie tödtend folterte mich der Gedanke, daß innerhalb dieſer Mauern ſich Menſchen befanden, die mit dem Ausdruck der Raſerei ihre bereits abgeſtorbenen Füße betrachteten, während in ihrem Herzen noch Kraft genug war, die ganze Gräßlichkeit ihres Schickſals zu begreifen! Menſchen, die neben der ſtarren Leiche ihres Unglücksgenoſſen ſchliefen, ohne es für nöthig zu halten, ſich vor dem drohenden Tode zu entfernen.

„In ſo peinliches Sinnen lag ich verſunken, als plötzlich der Klang meines Namens an mein Ohr ſchlug;

ich ſtieß einen Freudenſchrei aus, denn es war des Vaters Stimme. Raſch ſtand ich auf und ſchaute mich um — Aber, o Gott! was mußte ich ſehn! Es war, als ob mich der Blitz erſchlüge; ich lachte laut auf vor Verzweiflung und ſank dann ohnmächtig nieder. — Unmöglich kann ich ſagen, was ich in jenem Augenblicke empfand. Der Anblick war ſo fürchterlich, mein Schmerz ſo unermeßlich, daß er ſich in jenem krampfhaften Lachen äußerte. — Ich hatte meinen Vater hinter dem eiſernen Gitter geſehn. Er, dem ich das Leben verdankte, lag begraben, auf ewig begraben in der verheerenden Peſthöhle. — Gott! Du verließeſt mich nicht in dieſem Moment; wie würde ich ihn ſonſt überlebt haben!

„Sobald ich wieder zu mir gekommen war, ſprang ich ſchreiend auf, um nach dem eiſernen Gitter zu fliegen; aber fünf oder ſechs von den Todtſchlägern hielten mich zurück und drohten mich zu tödten; nochmals warf ich meine verwilderten Blicke auf das ehrwürdige Haupt meines Vaters und brach dann in heftiges Weinen aus. Nur fünf Schritte war ich von ihm entfernt; er ſtützte ſich auf den Schlagbaum, den man dort angebracht. Näher kommen durfte ich nicht; vier Todtſchläger ſtanden mit geſpannten Armbrüſten da, jeden Augenblick bereit, mich zu erſchießen, wenn ich die ſtreng gezogene Grenze überſchritt.

„Der Strom von Thränen hatte mir Erleichterung verſchafft; ich hob den Kopf, faltete die Hände und betrachtete ſtumm und wie verſteinert meinen unglücklichen Vater. Deutlich vernahm ich ſeine geliebte Stimme; er ſagte mit himmliſcher Geduld: „Walter, mein Sohn, faſſe Muth. Der Herr hat ſeinen Diener heimgeſucht; mit Ergebung werde ich den Schlag ertragen, wie ſchwer er mich auch trifft. Weine nicht ſo heftig, Walter; erhalte die Kraft des Gemüthes, um Deine Mutter und Schweſter zu tröſten."

„O mein unglücklicher Vater," rief ich troſtlos, „kann Nichts Dich retten? Wäre unſere Wiſſenſchaft kraftlos gegen die gräßliche Qual?"

„Mein Kind," antwortete er, „was würde es helfen? Und wenn man hier hundert Mal in einer Stunde genäſe, man würde hundert Mal wieder angeſteckt werden. Dir, Walter! muß ich die ganze Wahrheit ſagen, damit Du Deine Mutter und Schweſter vorbereiteſt auf den peinlichen Schlag, der ſie treffen kann. Aber ſei ſtark, mein Sohn! ich beſchwöre Dich bei Deiner Liebe zu mir, daß Du es Deiner Mutter vorſichtig allmählig mittheileſt, wie ich ſchon zu den Todten gehöre und bald —“

„Er ſprach noch länger auf dieſe Weiſe, aber ich war wie taub und blind vor Schmerz; ich verſtand ſeine Worte nicht mehr, Alles drehte ſich vor meinen Augen in die Runde und ein betäubendes Sauſen füllte mein Ohr. Nur dann und wann vernahm ich noch des Vaters Stimme, die mir zurief: „Walter! Walter, mein Sohn!“

„Ich weiß nicht, wie lange ich noch mit dem Kopfe auf dem Schlagbaum liegen blieb; als ich erwachte, ſtanden die Todtſchläger noch mit den geſpannten Armbrüſten da und zielten auf mich und des Vaters ehrwürdiges Antlitz lächelte mir noch freundlich durch das verhängnißvolle Gitter zu. — Mit demſelben Schmerz, aber mit der gezwungenen Ruhe der Ermattung ſeufzte ich: „O mein Vater, welches Unglück brachte Dich in dies unglückliche Gefängniß?“

„Aus ſeinen kurzen Worten entnahm ich, daß er am Morgen des vorigen Tages in einem Kahn über die Maas gefahren ſei, um einige reiche Leproſen zu beſuchen. Er hatte ſich jedoch in dem Glauben an die Unfehlbarkeit ſeiner Heilkräuter geirrt, denn am Nachmittage war ſein Geſicht plötzlich mit blauen Flecken bedeckt. In dieſem Zuſtande trafen ihn die Todtſchläger und brachten ihn mit Gewalt, ohne auf ſeine Vorſtellungen zu hören, nach dem Peſthauſe. Dort war er nun gefangen, bis der furchtbarſte Tod ſeine Bande löſte. —

„So ſchreibe ich es nieder, obwohl ich nur einige abgebrochene Worte von ſeiner Erzählung verſtand. Mir ſchien es gleichgültig, wie er dahin gekommen; ich ſah nur das gräßliche eiſerne Gitter, das ihn auf ewig von den Seinen und von der Welt trennte.

„Schon ſenkte ſich die Sonne, ſchon hatte mich mein Vater mehr denn ein Mal ermahnt, heimzukehren und Mutter und Schweſter zu tröſten; noch immer lag ich mit dem Kopf auf dem Schlagbaum, die Augen ſtarr auf das Gitter gerichtet. Ich würde gewiß auch die Nacht dort zugebracht haben, wenn mich nicht einer von den Todtſchlägern mit Gewalt gezwungen hätte, den Platz zu verlaſſen. Mich auf den Weg nach Lüttich treibend ſagte er, als er mich dort ſtehn ließ, um nach dem Lazareth zurückzukehren: „Junger Menſch, ich will Dir ſagen, was Du thun mußt, anſtatt wie ein Weib über ein unabänderliches Unglück zu weinen.“

„Hoffnungsvoll ſah ich ihn an. Er fuhr fort: ‚Bringe Deinem Vater Morgen Speiſe und Trank, denn das größte Elend der Leproſen in der Lazarei iſt Hunger und Durſt. Aber vergiß den zehn Fuß langen Stock nicht, um es daran zu befeſtigen, ſonſt mußt Du es ſo weit werfen, und das geht nicht gut. Leb' wohl.“

„Dieſe Worte zerſchmetterten mich; ſie brannten mir im Herzen wie glühende Kohlen. — O Gott, ich ſollte dem Vater Eſſen reichen auf der Spitze eines Stockes. Entſetzlicher Gedanke!

„So unglücklich, wie es nur ein Menſch ſein kann, ging ich langſam nach der Stadt zurück. Da fiel mir plötzlich ein Mittel ein, zum Vater zu kommen. Trotz meinem Jammer lachte ich vor Freude über dieſen Gedanken und eilte nach einem Hauſe, wo ein uns befreundeter Leproſe wohnte. Aber eben als ich im Begriff war, einzutreten, dachte ich an meine Mutter und Schweſter. Da blieb ich ſtehn, begann zu weinen und entfernte mich darauf ſchleunigſt wieder, aus Furcht, daß jener Einfall zu große Herrſchaft über mich gewinnen möchte, den ich einen Augenblick mit Luſt in mir genährt hatte, mich nämlich zu dem Leproſen zu begeben, ihn wie um eine Wohlthat zu bitten, daß er mich anſtecke, und mich dann, wenn dies geſchehen wäre, von den Todtſchlägern zu meinem Vater bringen zu laſſen. Glücklicher Weiſe hatten ſich gleichſam die Geſtalten meiner Mutter und Schweſter meinen inneren Augen noch vor der Thür jenes Hauſes gezeigt.

„Was ſollte ich aber den beiden geliebten Frauen ſagen? Ich war ein Bote, den der Tod geſendet, um ſeine Ankunft zu melden, und mußte, gleich einem Mörder, die Herzen meiner Mutter und Schweſter zerſchmettern. Das war jetzt mein entſetzlicher Beruf. Der heftige Schmerz raubte mir gewiſſermaßen das Bewußtſein, ſonſt hätte ich wohl nicht gewagt, mich unſerer Wohnung zu nähern, aber meine Füße trugen mich, als kennten ſie meine Pflicht, nach der Thür unſeres Hauſes. Hier war mir, als ob mein Geiſt plötzlich erleuchtet würde; ich begriff von Neuem und zwar mit folternder Klarheit mein Unglück und das Gefährliche meiner Sendung bis in das Kleinſte. Mich ergriff ein ſolches Zittern, daß mir die Kniee brachen und ich auf der Schwelle zuſammenſank. Trotz dieſer Schwäche bemühte ich mich, meine Kräfte zu ſammeln, um dem Befehl des Vaters gemäß ſein Unglück der Mutter und Schweſter vorſichtig beizubringen. Dieſer Gedanke gab mir endlich etwas geiſtige Stärke; ich öffnete die Thür und ging bebend und mit wankenden Schritten nach dem Gemach, wo ein unbeſchreiblich trauriger Anblick mich erwarten mußte. Dort im Hintergrunde ſaß meine Mutter, ihr Kinn mit den Händen ſtützend; ihre Augen waren roth, als ob Blutadern ſich darin entleert hätten, ihr Mund war krampfhaft geöffnet und zeigte die geſchloſſenen Zähne. Neben ihr befand ſich meine Schweſter in derſelben Stellung. Beide blickten mich ſcharf und gleichgültig an, als ob ich ein gleichgültiger Fremdling für ſie ſei. — Welcher mir unbekannte Jammer, welche gräßliche Verzweiflung hatte ſie in zwei Marmorſtatuen umgewandelt? Ihre rothen angeſchwollenen Augen und ihr ſtarrer Blick übten einen ſolchen Einfluß auf mich aus, daß ich lautlos ſtehn blieb, als ob mich dieſelbe Gefühlloſigkeit ergriffen. Dann aber kniete ich vor der Mutter nieder, ſchlang den Arm um ihren Hals und küßte ſie heftig — jede andere Sprache hatte ich vergeſſen. — Sie antwortete mir nicht, ſondern ließ Alles geſchehn, ohne es im Mindeſten zu erwiedern; eben ſo unbeweglich war auch meine Schweſter, bis ich mit herzzerreißender Stimme ſchrie: „Mir bricht das Herz! Mutter! Schweſter! laßt mich Euere Stimme hören, denn mir iſt, als müßte ich ſterben!"

„O Walter!" ſeufzte die Mutter leiſe. — „Guter Bruder!" lispelte ſchwach meine Schweſter. — Die Raſerei der Verzweiflung in meinem Innern ward etwas geſtillt, gleich als ob mir ihre Worte neue Kräfte verliehen, und ich erinnerte mich nun meines Auftrages. — „Welches neue Unglück hat Euch während meiner Abweſenheit betroffen?" fragte ich ſie, und ſetzte hinzu: „Seid doch nicht ſo ängſtlich, nicht ſo übermächtig betrübt. Ich habe unſeren Vater geſehn; er wird uns wahrſcheinlich bald zurückgegeben werden —"

„Du haſt ihn geſehen?" rief die Mutter wild. — „Gewiß, ich habe ihn geſehn," antwortete ich zitternd. — „So hat Dein Schutzengel Dich bewahrt, daß Dich nicht Wahnſinn ergriff!" — Bei dieſen unverſtändlichen Worten brach meine Schweſter von Neuem in Thränen aus und ſtöhnte: „O Bruder, täuſche uns nicht! der Vater ſitzt im Peſthauſe gefangen; wir wiſſen es, der Jude Borach hat ihn auch geſehn!"

„Ich kniete von Neuem neben der Mutter nieder und ſchloß ſie und meine Schweſter zuſammen in die Arme. Unſere Thränen ſtrömten unaufhaltſam; kein

Seufzer, kein Athemzug unterbrach die tiefe nächtliche Stille, die rings um uns herrſchte; es war wie in einer unterirdiſchen Höhle ohne Eingang. Klagen ſind die Aeußerungen eines gewöhnlichen Schmerzes, aber unſer Kummer verſchmähte die Sprache als zu ſchwach für eine noch nie empfundene Marter der Seele. — Wozu jedoch unſeren Zuſtand in jener Nacht beſchreiben, er änderte ſich in Nichts als nur darin, daß wir die ohnmächtig gewordene Mutter wieder in das Leben zurückzurufen bemüht waren.

„Die aufgehende Sonne fand mich damit beſchäftigt, ein entſetzliches Werkzeug zu verfertigen; ich arbeitete an dem Speiſeſtock, mit dem ich dem Vater die Nahrung zureichen ſollte. Er beſtand aus einem eiſernen Gefäß an der Spitze einer dünnen Lanze. Sobald ich mit demſelben zu Stande war, nahm ich ein gutes Stück Fleiſch, eine Flaſche vom beſten Cyperwein, Brod und Salz und einige linnene Tücher, und wollte mich nun bei den beiden Frauen beurlauben: aber wie ſehr ich ſie auch beſchwor und anflehte, ſie beſtanden darauf, mit mir zu gehn, um unſeren unglücklichen Vater zu ſehn. Feſt überzeugt, daß ſein Anblick ihren ganzen Jammer erneuen würde und wo möglich noch vermehren, bot ich alle meine Einbildungskraft auf, ſie davon abzubringen; aber vergebens, ſie ließen nicht ab und begleiteten mich. Geſenkten Hauptes ſchritten wir nun durch die Straßen, wie Menſchen, die eine Leiche auf ihrem letzten Wege begleiten; unſer Kummer und mein ſchreckliches Inſtrument regten nur inſofern die Aufmerkſamkeit der Vorübergehenden an, daß ſie ſich fern von uns hielten. Ein ſolcher Anblick war nicht neu und wirkte ganz allein dadurch auf den Geiſt derer, denen er wider ihren Willen zu Theil wurde, daß ſie daraus entnahmen, wie wir zu einer Familie gehörten, in deren Kreiſe die Peſt ein Opfer gefunden.

„Als wir das Stadtthor hinter uns hatten, ſah ich mich nach der Mutter um, und war nicht wenig überraſcht, Troſt, ja beinahe Freudigkeit in ihren Zügen zu leſen. Mit dem Gefühl ſüßer Beruhigung ſagte ich zu ihr: „O Mutter, ich ſehe, es iſt größere Ruhe in Deinem Herzen; bleibe doch ſo!“ — Sie hieß uns ſtehn bleiben mitten auf dem Felde und ſagte zu uns mit einem Tone, der etwas Heiliges, ja etwas Himmliſches in ſich hatte: „Meine Kinder! ich habe auf dem Wege ein inniges Gebet an unſeren Heiland gerichtet. Ich fühlte, wie ein Strahl der Erleuchtung meinen Geiſt durchdrang, und empfing von ihm neue Kräfte, unſere trübe Pflicht zu erfüllen. — Warum gehn wir zu Eurem Vater? Doch nicht, um ihm das Herz zu zerreißen durch den Anblick unſerer eigenen Leiden, ſeinen Schmerz durch unſeren Schmerz zu verdoppeln! — O nein, gewiß nicht. Die Unglücklichſten müſſen getröſtet werden von denjenigen, die minder unglücklich ſind. Laßt uns, meine Kinder, unſere bitteren Thränen in die gepreßte Bruſt zurückdrängen. Wir wollen dem geliebten Manne nicht unſeren Schmerz, ſondern unſere Liebe zeigen, und bezwingt uns der Gram und erpreßt uns noch Thränen, ſo winke doch zwiſchen denſelben ein ſanftes Lächeln Eurem unglücklichen Vater einen tröſtenden Gruß zu."

„Dieſe Worte übten eine wunderbare Wirkung auf unſere Gemüther; in demſelben Maaße, in welchem die Mutter ſie ausſprach, ward unſer Herz von Muth erfüllt, und wir gewannen die Kraft, eine Pflicht zu erfüllen, welche uns jetzt als eine heilige Sendung erſchien. — Uns gegenſeitig tröſtend nahten wir uns dem Peſthauſe, und ſahen ſchon in einiger Entfernung die Todtſchläger ihre Armbrüſte ſpannen, indem ſie uns drohend zuriefen: „Nicht über den Schlagbaum, bei Todesſtrafe!"

„Wie ſehr wir uns auch geſtärkt fühlten, doch bebten wir, als wir bei dem Schlagbaum waren; es blieb uns indeſſen Zeit, uns zu ſammeln, da wir Niemand hinter dem eiſernen Gitter gewahrten. Ein Todtſchläger kam und fragte uns, wen wir zu ſehn verlangten, und in Folge unſerer Antwort rief er mit lauter Stimme: „Abulfaragus! Abulfaragus!“

„Da zeigte ſich das Haupt meines Vaters hinter dem eiſernen Gitter; — er lächelte freundlich, der Unglückliche!

„Stille Thränen floſſen aus unſeren Augen; aber wie uns die Mutter geheißen hatte, zeigte ſich der Ausdruck inniger Liebe in unſeren Zügen, und wir bemerkten, wie ſehr unſere Gemüthsruhe den Vater tröſtete und erquickte. Während ich mich anſchickte, ihm mit dem Stocke Speiſe und Trank zuzureichen, begann die Mutter ihn zu tröſten mit Worten, wie ſie nur dem Herzen eines treuen Weibes allein zu Gebote ſtehn. Wunderbare Wirkung der Liebe; wir waren alle zum Tode betrübt, und doch fand in dieſem Augenblick ein Gefühl ſeliger Freude den Weg zu unſeren Gemüthern. Wir ergaben uns gänzlich in den Willen des Herrn und das Geſchick, das er uns beſtimmt. Vielleicht war die Saite der Pein in unſeren Herzen geſprungen. Hatten wir doch in der verfloſſenen Nacht den Schmerzenskelch bis auf den Boden geleert.

„Als ich den Stock ausſtreckte und den Vater das Fleiſch nehmen ſah, überlief mich ein eiskalter Schauer; meine Mutter und Schweſter erbleichten gleichfalls, aber die Worte des Vaters gaben uns bald unſere Ruhe wieder.

„Was ſoll ich noch von dieſem Beſuche ſagen? Wir blieben noch geraume Zeit vor dem Schlagbaum und ſprachen über die Mittel, die dem Vater Geneſung bringen könnten. Es begreift ſich, daß dieſe Unterſuchung erfolglos blieb, da jede Heilung unmöglich war, ſo lange er im Peſthauſe bleiben mußte. — Auf ſeinen Wunſch und in Furcht geſetzt durch die Drohungen der Todtſchläger entfernten wir uns von dem Lepreſenhauſe und kehrten ſtillſchweigend heim. In den drei folgenden Tagen wiederholten wir unſeren Beſuch und verweilten dort ſtets lange Zeit.

„Mittlerweile veranlaßte das anhaltende Thauwetter eine noch größere Verbreitung der Seuche; während der beiden letzten Tage hatte ſie ihre ganze Anſteckungskraft wieder bekommen und man hörte von Nichts als von neuen Krankheits- und Sterbefällen.

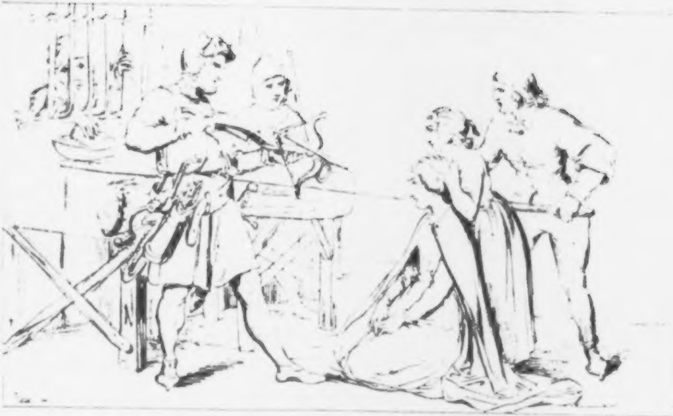

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„In dieſen traurigen Verhältniſſen begann der Pöbel auszuſprengen, daß die Leproſen die Brunnen und Waſſerbehälter vergifteten, indem ſie ihre Tücher und Binden darin wüſchen, und es wurde hinzugefügt, daß die Juden ſie dazu mit Geld beſtochen hätten, um die Chriſten zu tödten und ſie auf dieſe Weiſe zu hindern, dem Aufruf des Pabſtes Folge zu leiſten und nach Jeruſalem zu ziehen gegen die Ungläubigen. In Frankreich zogen bereits Banden von vier- bis fünftauſend Mann herum, die Paſtoureaux genannt, welche alle Juden und Leproſen aufſuchten und ohne Barmherzigkeit ermordeten. Die Beſchuldigung der Juden in Lüttich war ſicherlich dadurch entſtanden. Ob etwas Wahres zu Grunde lag, weiß ich nicht, aber gewiß iſt, daß der wüthende Haß, der zwiſchen Juden und Chriſten herrſchte, ſtark genug war, das unwiſſende Volk auf beiden Seiten zu abſcheulichem Frevel zu verführen.

„Gegen Abend erzählte uns eine Nachbarin, daß zahlreiche Volkshaufen durch die Stadt zögen, ohne daß man wüßte, was ſie vorhätten; ſie fügte hinzu, daß man rings um die Stadtmauern einige Judenwohnungen geplündert habe, auch zeigte ſie uns durch das Fenſter den Schein des Feuers, das man dort angezündet, um ſie dem Erdboden gleich zu machen. — Wir ſprachen lange voll Angſt über das Schickſal unſerer ehemaligen Glaubensgenoſſen und wollten uns eben zur Ruhe legen, als plötzlich ein heimlicher Schlag an unſere Thür gethan ward. Nachdem der erſte Schrecken vorüber, blickte ich oberhalb der Hausthür aus dem Fenſter und bemerkte in der Dunkelheit einen Mann, der ſich dicht an die Thür gedrängt hielt und dadurch beinahe unſichtbar war. Ich begann folgendes Geſpräch mit ihm: „Was verlangt Ihr, Mann?“ — „Wohnt hier der Arzt Abulfaragus?“ — „Ja!“ — „Ich habe Euch Dinge zu ſagen, von denen ſein und der Seinigen Leben abhängt.“ — „Sprecht, Freund, was habt Ihr uns zu melden?“ — „Ich wage nicht, laut zu reden, man könnte mich hören.“ — „Ihr wißt wohl, daß jetzt nicht die Stunde iſt, wo man Unbekannten das Haus öffnet.“ — „Ich weiß es und muß Eure Vorſicht loben. Oeffnet Eure Wohnung nicht, aber kommt herunter und ſtellt Euch hinter die Thür; ich werde durch das Schlüſſelloch mit Euch reden.“

„Eilig ſchloß ich das Fenſter, um ſein Verlangen zu erfüllen; ehe ich jedoch hinunter ging, theilte ich der Mutter den Vorfall mit, dann nahm ich meinen Platz hinter der Thür ein und benachrichtigte den Wartenden, daß ich bereit ſei, ihn anzuhören. Mit kurzen Worten und leiſe ſagte er: „Eine Bande Paſtoralen iſt aus Frankreich hierher gekommen und der Pöbel hat ſich ihr angeſchloſſen; ſie haben heute ſchon einige Judenhäuſer geplündert und wollen Morgen alle Wohnungen der Juden zerſtören und die Leproſen, die in der Stadt ſind, ermorden. Ich komme aus der Verſammlung, die ſie noch auf dem Cornillonsberge halten. Abulfaragus hat mich von der Leproſie geheilt und die Dankbarkeit treibt mich her, Euch zu warnen. Achtet wohl auf meine Rede: Böſe Menſchen haben Abulfaragus angeklagt, als ſei er Chriſt mit dem Munde und Jude im Herzen, und ihn als einen gottvergeſſenen Zauberer ausgeſchrieen, der durch ſeine teufliſche Kunſt ungeheuere Schätze geſammelt habe. Dies genügte, um ſein Urtheil zu fällen. Morgen früh bei Sonnenaufgang wird man ſeine Wohnung angreifen und ihn mit allen ſeinen Hausgenoſſen ermorden, wenn er nicht die Flucht ergreift. Sagt ihm das. — Lebt wohl.“

„Ich hörte den Unbekannten ſich entfernen. Seine Mittheilung hatte mich ſo beſtürzt gemacht, daß ich lange Zeit, unfähig einen Entſchluß zu faſſen, zitternd auf dem Gange ſtehn blieb. Allmählig wappnete ich mich gegen das Unglück; ich ſah ein, welche mühſelige Laſt auf mir ruhte und wie Mutter und Schweſter allein ihre Rettung von meinem Muthe zu erwarten hätten. Zwar zählte ich kaum zwanzig Jahr, doch der letzte Schlag, den mir des Vaters Unglück verſetzt, hatte mein Herz gegen die Angriffe des Schickſals geſtählt. Ich kam daher auf den Gedanken, daß ich nun keine Rückſicht mehr zu nehmen hätte, und verſuchen müſſe, die Befreiung des Vaters zu bewirken, ohne Furcht, daß ſein Entweichen an der Mutter und Schweſter gerächt werden könne. Voll von dieſem Gedanken, der mir die innerſte Seele bewegte, ſtieg ich die Treppe wieder hinauf und erzählte dreiſt Alles, was mir der Unbekannte geſagt hatte.

„Meine Schweſter weinte bitterlich; die Mutter im Gegentheil ſchien dieſes neue Kreuz mit Geduld tragen zu wollen. Uebrigens war es ganz ſo, wie ich es mir gedacht hatte, die böſe Nachricht erſchütterte Beide bei Weitem nicht ſo, wie es die Anſteckung des Vaters gethan.

„Wir mußten entfliehen oder uns eines blutigen Todes gewärtigen. In größter Eile packte ich Alles zuſammen, was ich für nützlich auf der Flucht hielt.

Mutter und Schweſter gehorchten mir wie Kinder; ſie ſahen ein, daß ich ihr alleiniger Führer und Beſchützer ſein würde. Auf mein Geheiß zogen ſie dreifache Kleidung an, nahmen Speiſe, ein Meſſer, ein Feuerzeug, eine Flaſche Wein, ein Crucifix, viel Geld und andere tragbare Dinge mit. Ich belud mich mit Nichts als einem Jagdmeſſer und einem ſcharfen Handbeil. Sobald wir ſämmtlich bereit waren, unſere Wohnung zu verlaſſen, ſchrieb ich Folgendes mit arabiſchen Buchſtaben auf ein Stück Pergament: „Verfolgt von den Paſtoralen ſind wir geflohen und verbergen uns in Höhlen. Morgen um Mitternacht werde ich an der Nordſeite der Mauer mit einer Leiter ſtehn. Komm und rette Dich! Fern von Deinen Unglücksgenoſſen ſchenkt unſere Wiſſenſchaft Dir vielleicht die Geſundheit wieder.“

„Ich band ein Stück Blei an den zuſammengelegten Brief, ſteckte ihn in die Taſche und ſagte nun den beiden Frauen, daß wir aufbrechen wollten. Mit der größten Vorſicht und von undurchdringlicher Dunkelheit begünſtigt eilten wir von dannen, ohne ein Wort zu verlieren. Am Thore von Amercoeur fanden wir Wachen, die ſich weigerten uns durchzulaſſen; ich ſagte ihnen, daß wir ein Gelübde erfüllen und in der Kapelle von

Unſerer-lieben-Frauen auf dem Berge beten wollten; ſie glaubten uns nicht eher, als bis ich ihnen eine Handvoll Geldſtücke angeboten. Dann ließen ſie uns hindurch und wir ſchlugen nun die Straße nach Deutſchland ein. Die umliegenden Berge waren mir genau bekannt, da ich Jahrelang beinahe wöchentlich dieſelben durchſtreift hatte, um Kräuter für den Vater zu ſuchen. In einiger Entfernung von der Stadt an einer einſamen Stelle wußte ich eine verborgene Höhle, mit engem Eingange, drinnen aber von der Natur wie ein Gemach ausgetäfelt und mit vielgeſtaltigen Stalactiten bewachſen. Hierher brachte ich Mutter und Schweſter; wir mußten auf Händen und Füßen hineinkriechen, ſo eng war der Eingang. Nachdem ich ihnen Muth eingeſprochen, theilte ich ihnen meinen Plan mit, unſeren armen Vater zu retten, und machte ihnen begreiflich, daß ich nach dem Peſthauſe müſſe, um ihm mein Briefchen zukommen zu laſſen. Sie hatten nicht allein Nichts dagegen, ſondern baten mich mit gefalteten Händen, mich zu beeilen, damit ich vor Sonnenaufgang zurück ſei. Uebrigens theilte ich ihre anſcheinende Ruhe nicht; in dieſem Winter hatten während des langen Froſtes ganze Schaaren von Wölfen den Ardennerwald verlaſſen und ſich in der

Umgegend von Lüttich verbreitet; mehr als eine Leiche eines in der Einſamkeit geſtorbenen Lepreſen war von dieſen Raubthieren zerriſſen worden.

„Um Mutter und Schweſter zu ſchützen, rollte ich mit ſchwerer Mühe zwei große Steine vor die Höhle, und dann erſt ſchlug ich den Weg nach der Stadt ein. Bei der Vorſtadt angekommen, wandte ich mich rechts und ging weiter, bis ich glaubte, in der Nähe des Peſthauſes zu ſein. Nun kroch ich vorſichtig zwiſchen den Bäumen und Büſchen fort, um nicht von den Todtſchlägern bemerkt zu werden. Endlich kam ich an den Fuß der Mauer und warf das Briefchen hinüber; in der Dunkelheit hatte ich das weiße Pergament leuchten ſehn und war überzeugt, daß es innerhalb der Mauer liege. Daß es der Vater erhalten würde, daran zweifelte ich nicht, da er allein das Arabiſche leſen konnte und die Neugier des Finders es ihm daher ſicher mittheilte. Vergnügt über den guten Erfolg dieſes erſten Verſuches eilte ich nach der Höhle zurück, wo ich die Frauen weinend in der Dunkelheit fand. Die Hoffnung, unſeren Vater gerettet zu ſehn, tröſtete ſie jedoch ſehr.

„Ehe die Sonne aufging, brach ich einige der kleinſten Zweige der Büſche ab und bereitete aus denſelben auf dem Boden der Höhle ein Lager für meine Mutter und Schweſter; ſie breiteten ihre Kleider darüber und verſuchten nun, auf mein Geheiß, zu ſchlafen. Ich ſagte ihnen, daß ich die Höhle wieder verlaſſen müſſe, um mir eine Leiter zu verſchaffen, und wartete dann, bis ſich der Schlummer ihrer bemächtigt habe. Gegen neun Uhr fielen ſie endlich in tiefen Schlaf. Jetzt ſteckte ich Geld zu mir und machte mich auf den Weg, nachdem ich zuvor die Steine wieder vor die Oeffnung gerollt hatte.

„Einen Theil des Tages hatte ich bereits damit verbracht, wie ein Späher um alle Pachthöfe in der Nähe herumzuſchleichen, aber nirgends gefunden, was ich ſuchte. Wohl ſah ich Leitern, allein ſie waren überall mit Ketten an den Mauern befeſtigt, ſo daß mich alle Hoffnung verließ. Ich durfte nicht wagen, den Pächtern Geld anzubieten, um ihnen eine Leiter abzukaufen; ſie würden mich wie einen Dieb voll böſer Abſichten weggejagt haben. Als ich nun höchſt betrübt wieder in die Nähe des Peſthauſes gekommen und im Begriff nach der Höhle zurückzukehren war, ſah ich in der Ferne eine Eſſe rauchen; ich eilte durch das Gebüſch dahin und fand ein einſames nicht abgeſchloſſenes Bauernhaus.

Wie klopfte mein Herz bei dem Anblick einer langen Leiter, die hinter dem Hauſe auf der Erde lag, Jedermann zugänglich. Eilig entfernte ich mich wieder, nachdem ich mir Alles ſo eingeprägt, daß ich es auch in dunkler Nacht finden mußte, und begab mich mit geſtärktem Muthe und dem Lächeln der Hoffnung in meinen Zügen nach der Höhle zurück. Ich tröſtete Mutter und Schweſter mit der frohen Ausſicht auf des Vaters gewiſſe Rettung. Der Schlaf hatte ſie erquickt und die Hoffnung erhellte ihre Herzen; wir nahmen einige Nahrung zu uns und erwarteten ungeduldig die Nacht.

„Gegen Abend überzog ſich der Himmel mit dunkeln Wolken; es begann heftig zu regnen und bald herrſchte die tiefſte Finſterniß auf den Feldern. Dieſe Aenderung des Wetters ſchien mir ein gutes Zeichen, daß der Himmel ſichtbar mein Vorhaben begünſtige. Endlich nahte die langerſehnte Stunde der Mitternacht. Mutter und Schweſter knieeten ſchon lange vor dem Crucifix. Ich umarmte ſie, verrammelte die Höhle und brach auf.

„Ich war ſchon ziemlich weit fortgeſchritten durch die dicke Finſterniß, als ich plötzlich hinter mir im Gebüſch zwei Augen glänzen ſah, die wie Lichter funkelten und ſtarr auf mich gerichtet waren. Dieſe Erſcheinung erſchreckte mich furchtbar, denn im erſten Augenblick konnte ich nicht herausbringen, ob, was mir nachſchliche, ein Menſch oder ein Thier ſei. Ich blieb indeſſen nicht ſtehn, ſondern ſchritt rüſtig weiter. Von Zeit zu Zeit ſah ich mich ängſtlich um, und jedes Mal gewahrte ich zwei funkelnde Augen in gleicher Entfernung von mir. Neben einem kleinen Eichenbuſch entlang gehend, hörte ich auf den dürren kniſternden Blättern die Tritte des Thiers, das mich verfolgte; ein faſt unhörbares Knurren überzeugte mich, daß ein Wolf mein Reiſegefährte ſei. Ich wußte, daß dieſe Raubthiere ſelten einen Menſchen anfallen, wenn er nicht ſtolpert oder eine plötzliche Bewegung macht, deshalb gab ich wohl Acht, nicht fehl zu treten, und nahm mein Jagdmeſſer in die eine Hand und das Beil in die andere. Zitternd und voll Angſt wanderte ich ſo eine Viertelſtunde lang, ohne daß der Wolf meine Fußſtapfen verließ; bereits wagte er ſchon mir näher zu kommen, und ich ſah die Gefahr, die meinem Leben drohte. Da erſcholl plötzlich aus der Ferne, vom Walde her, ein dumpfes Geheul, dem Rufe der Wölfe gleich, wenn ſie, ein Pferd findend, ſich zu ſchwach fühlen daſſelbe anzugreifen und Beiſtand haben wollen. Mein Verfolger wandte ſich um und ich hörte, wie er durch das Gebüſch, gleich einem Pfeil, zu ſeinem heulenden Genoſſen eilte. Da blieb ich einen Augenblick ſtehn, faltete die Hände und dankte Gott für meine Rettung.

„Gleich darauf ſetzte ich meinen Weg mit friſchem Muthe fort. Bei dem einſamen Hauſe angelangt, fand ich zu meiner großen Freude die Leiter noch an derſelben Stelle. Ich legte eine Geldſumme, die den Werth derſelben zehnfach überſtieg, dafür hin, nahm ſie auf die Schulter und machte mich wie ein Dieb davon.

„Gegen Mitternacht kam ich in die Nähe des Peſthauſes und ging nun langſam, um die Leiter, ohne das mindeſte Geräuſch, bis zur Mauer zu bringen. Bald trug ich ſie auf der Schulter, bald wieder kroch ich auf Händen und Füßen fort und zog ſie auf dem Erdboden nach, bis ich endlich die Steine der Mauer fühlte. Höchſt wahrſcheinlich ſchliefen die Todtſchläger, denn ſo nahe ich auch fortkriechend dem Wachhauſe kam, ich hörte Nichts. Nachdem ich die Leiter angelegt hatte, ſtieg ich hinauf und ſetzte mich rittlings auf die Mauer; ich zitterte wie ein Schilfrohr, und die Angſt hatte ſich meiner ſo bemächtigt, daß mein Herz faſt gar nicht mehr klopfte. Mit ſcharfem Blick ſchaute ich in den

Hof hinab, und es war mir in der Dunkelheit, als ſähe ich einen ſchwarzen Schatten ſich bewegen. Mit gedämpfter Stimme fragte ich nun: „Vater, biſt Du es?“ — „Ich bin es, Walter,“ war die leiſe Antwort.

„Warte,“ fuhr ich fort, „ich werde die Leiter herüberziehn und hinabſteigen, um Dir zu helfen.“

„Höre mich wohl an, Walter,“ entgegnete mein Vater, „wenn Du herabkommſt und Dich nicht ſtets fünf Schritt weit von mir hältſt, ſo kehre ich zu meinen Unglücksgenoſſen zurück, und wären wir auch ſchon eine Stunde Weges gegangen. Beachte das wohl, wenn Dir meine Befreiung am Herzen liegt.“

„Während er dies ſagte, zog ich die Leiter über die Mauer und legte ſie an der Binnenſeite des Hofes an. Der Vater ſtieg hinauf, doch als er beinahe den Kamm der Mauer erreicht hatte, zwang er mich, fortzukriechen bis zu einer gewiſſen Entfernung. Dann erſt ſetzte er ſich oben hin, zog ſelbſt die Leiter wieder hinüber, ſtieg hinab und war frei. Ich folgte ihm ſchweigend auf dem Wege nach, den er einſchlug. Bald waren wir dem Peſthauſe fern, und da wir nun Nichts mehr von den Todtſchlägern zu befürchten hatten, ſo wünſchte ich mich ihm zu nähern; aber was ich auch that, er hielt ſich unerbittlich ſeyn. Es iſt mir unmöglich, zu ſagen, welchen Schmerz mir das verurſachte; ich litt unbeſchreiblich, und war im Begriff, mich ihm gegen ſeinen Willen zu nahen und ihn zu berühren. Als er dies bemerkte, redete er mich an, mit einer Stimme, deren Ton mir kalte Schauer durch die Adern jagte; dieſes dumpfe, hohle Murmeln, in welches die Seuche und das Leid ſeine Sprache umgewandelt hatten, war ach! die ſchöne klangvolle Stimme meines Vaters nicht mehr.

„Mein guter Walter," ſagte er, „ich fühle, wie tief es Dich ſchmerzen muß, daß Du mich nicht umarmen kannſt."

„O! ich trinke aus einem bitteren Kelch," antwortete ich weinend.

„Aber mein Kind," verſetzte er, „Du weißt doch, daß die mindeſte Berührung Dir mein Uebel mittheilen würde; Du müßteſt ſterben, mein armer Sohn!"

„O Vater!" rief ich, „laß mich Dich umarmen, um Gottes Willen. — Sterben, ſagſt Du? Aber denkſt Du denn, daß es mich nicht glücklich machen werde, Qual und Tod mit Dir zu theilen? Und es iſt ja auch nicht gewiß, daß ich angeſteckt werde."

„Des Vaters Stimme klang noch ſchmerzlicher, als er die folgenden Worte ſprach: „Mein Kind, könnteſt Du mein Geſicht und meinen Körper ſehen, ſo würdeſt Du vielleicht mich von ſelbſt fliehen. Ich bin mit offenen Wunden bedeckt, welche die Anſteckung ausdünſten. Vielleicht haſt Du ſchon mit Deinem Odem die erſchreckliche Peſt eingeſogen. Auf meinen Knieen bitte ich Dich, halte Dich fern von mir.“

„Erſchüttert ſah ich in der Finſterniß, daß der Vater wirklich niederkniete und mich mit ausgeſtreckten Armen anflehte, ihm zu gehorchen. Während ich bebend und faſt bewußtlos ſtehn blieb, fuhr er fort: „Walter, nähre keine trügeriſche Hoffnung. Ich bin dem Tode verfallen, denn die Seuche hat bereits mein Innerſtes ergriffen. Was würde es nützen, der Peſt ein Opfer mehr zu liefern und Deine Mutter und Schweſter allein und hülflos auf der Welt zurückzulaſſen. Nicht die Hoffnung auf eine unmögliche Geneſung trieb mich an aus dem Peſthauſe zu fliehn; meine Liebe zu Euch und mein Verlangen, Euch noch einmal von Weitem zu ſehn, bewogen mich allein dazu. Soll ich nun vor Gram ſterben, daß ich ſelbſt den Meinigen die Anſteckung und den Tod brachte — und das nur, um das Glück zu haben, ſie nochmals zu ſehn? O

Walter, ich muß ſterben, ohne daß eine Hand die meinige drückt, ohne daß Eure ſüße Umarmung mich tröſtet und es Euch vergönnt wird, Euerem Vater die Augen zuzudrücken. So lautet das Urtheil, das der Herr über das Schickſal ſeines Dieners ausſprach."

„Während dieſer quälenden Worte ſtrömte eine Fluth bitterer Thränen von meinen Wangen herab. Schluchzen und Seufzen war zuerſt meine Antwort. Plötzlich trug ſich etwas Unbegreifliches in meinem Inneren zu; ich fühlte, wie das Blut mir durch die Adern brauſte und mir zu Kopfe ſtieg, und während ich mir wüthend die Hände blutig biß, wälzten ſich mir finſtere Gedanken durch das Gehirn.

„Nicht wahr, Walter," ſagte der Vater bittend, „Du gehorchſt mir und rührſt mich nicht an?"

„Das Fieber meiner Verzweiflung verdoppelte ſich und ich fühlte wie flammendes Feuer in meinem Herzen.

„Vater!" rief ich, „ſo iſt mir das Leben eine Laſt, die ich nicht tragen kann. Wie? ich ſollte Dich befreit haben, um Dich hülflos ſterben zu ſehn; ich ſoll Dich fliehen wie man eine giftige Schlange flieht! Ich darf Dich nicht umarmen und Dir nicht die Augen ſchließen, wenn der Herr Dich zu ſich ruft! Nein, ſo tief beugt

Dein Sohn den Nacken unter dem Joche des Schickſals nicht! Er wird ſeinen Vater umarmen und küſſen, der Seuche zum Trotz. Gieb mir einen Theil Deiner Krankheit — Leben und Tod mit Dir, mein Vater!“

„Und ſchon lag ich an ſeiner Bruſt, mit meinen Lippen auf ſeiner Wange.

„Einen Augenblick rang er gewaltſam mit mir, doch fühlend, daß ich ihn unbezwinglich umarmt hielt, ließ er das Haupt kraftlos ſinken. Heiße Thränen rollten aus ſeinen Augen auf meine Hände und vermiſchten ſich dort mit den meinigen. Dann ſagte er tief gerührt: „Kind, was haſt Du gethan? Ich zürne nicht über Deine heiße Liebe zu mir, ſie iſt mir eine Seligkeit in meinem Unglück; aber weißt Du auch, wie mein Herz zerſchmettert wird von der Ueberzeugung, daß Du jetzt auch den Tod in Dir trägſt? Ich bin alt, Walter; einige läſtige Jahre werden mir genommen; Du, noch ſo jung, büßeſt ein ganzes Leben ein.“

„Meine That hatte mich erhoben und ich fühlte mich groß und ſtark. „Ich werde nicht angeſteckt werden, nicht ſterben!“ rief ich. — „Weißt Du, was der Wind durch die Bäume brauſend zu mir ſpricht: Ehre Vater und Mutter, auf daß Du lange lebeſt auf Erden!“

„Gebe der Allmächtige, daß der Geiſt der Propheten Dich in dieſem Augenblicke beſeele, mein Kind. Aber ſteht nicht auch geſchrieben: Ihr ſollt den Herrn, Euren Gott nicht verſuchen!—?"

„Er thue mit mir nach ſeinem gebenedeiten Willen. Bleibt noch Galle im Becher, hier bin ich, ich werde ſie trinken. Meinen erſten Lohn genieße ich bereits; deine Kunſt hat mir Muth und Kraft gegeben. Komm, eilen wir jetzt zur Mutter hin."

„Dies ſagend faßte ich ſeine Hand und wir ſchlugen den Weg nach der Höhle ein. Als wir bereits ziemlich fortgeſchritten waren, ſagte der Vater mit tiefer Trauer: „Walter, ich beklage meine Befreiung als das größte Unglück von Allem was uns betroffen. Deine Liebe und Deinen Muth bewundere ich, obwohl dieſe Tugenden Dir wahrſcheinlich das Leben koſten werden. Aber was ſoll ich bei Deiner Mutter und Schweſter? Lieben ſie mich minder als Du und werden ſie nicht auch ſich ihrer Liebe zum Opfer darbringen? O, ich bin in einem verzweifelten Zuſtande! Wozu ſoll ich mich entſchließen? Nach dem Peſthauſe zurückkehren? Ich würde es als ein Glück betrachten, aber Du wirſt mir es nicht geſtatten?"

„Nein, gewiß nicht!“ — entgegnete ich mit Kraft — „doch höre, mein Vater: Ich folgte dem Drange meiner Liebe und brachte mich vielleicht der Seuche zum Opfer dar; doch bin ich Deiner Meinung, laß, wenn mir auch vergönnt iſt, über mein eigenes Leben nach Wohlgefallen zu ſchalten, es doch zur heiligen Pflicht für mich wird, Mutter und Schweſter zu hindern, wenn ſie meinem Beiſpiel folgen wollten. Verlaſſe Dich auf mich; das Unglück hat mir binnen wenigen Tagen männliche Reife gegeben; weder Mutter noch Schweſter ſollen Dich anrühren, und ſich meinem Willen beugen, ſelbſt wenn ich Gewalt und Härte anwenden müßte.“

„Ich danke Dir, mein Kind“ — ſeufzte der Vater — „aber wo führſt Du mich hin und wie willſt Du Deine Mutter von mir fern halten?“

„Ich denke ſchon lange darüber nach und glaube bereits ein Mittel gefunden zu haben. Zehn Schritte von der großen Höhle iſt eine kleinere; — erinnerſt Du Dich nicht, daß wir einſt eine unbekannte Pflanze dort fanden?“

„Das Aconitum der Lateiner mit einem blutrothen Blatte?“

„Ja wohl. — In dieſer Höhle ſollſt Du verweilen und ich werde Mutter und Schweſter verhindern ihren Aufenthalt zu verlaſſen. Am Tage werde ich ihnen geſtatten, ſich Dir in einiger Entfernung zu nähern, ſo daß Ihr Euch gefahrlos ſehn und tröſten könnt. Dann wollen wir Eure und unſere Wiſſenſchaft zu Rathe ziehn. Habe nur Muth, Du wirſt geneſen.

„O mein Kind," — rief der Vater erſtaunt aus — „Deine Liebe zu mir hat Dir Weisheit geſchenkt. Thu', wie Du geſagt haſt, ich verlaſſe mich auf Deine Umſicht."

„Unter ſolchen Geſprächen langten wir bei der Höhle an, die ich dazu beſtimmt hatte, den Vater zu verbergen. Mit dünnen Zweigen und mit Blättern ſchüttete ich ihm dort ein Lager auf und legte ihn auf daſſelbe; dann trat ich zu dem Eingang der großen Höhle und rief durch die davor gerollten Steine hindurch: „Mutter, Schweſter, ſeid Ihr da?" — Zwei Stimmen entgegneten zugleich: „Ja, Walter!"

„Mein Unternehmen iſt geglückt," — fuhr ich fort. — „Der Vater iſt befreit, aber er kann nicht hieher kommen, ehe der Tag anbricht. Ich gehe zu ihm zurück. Seid nun getröſtet und ruhig, bis ich ihn herbringe."

„Ich hörte deutlich, wie ſie ſich über dieſe Nachricht freuten, und kehrte nun, nachdem ich meinen Befehl wiederholt hatte, zum Vater zurück. Während des übrigen Theils der Nacht überlegte ich mit ihm, was zu thun ſei, um unſere Geneſung zu bewirken. Zuerſt wollte er gar nicht darauf eingehn, ſo ſehr hatte er alle Hoffnung aufgegeben; endlich als er meinen Bitten nicht länger Widerſtand zu leiſten vermochte, ſagte er zu meiner großen Freude: „Walter, mein arabiſcher Lehrer gab mir, als ich ihn verließ, eine kleine ſilberne Büchſe zum Geſchenk, und ſagte mir, daß in derſelben ein Wenig Salbe ſei, die unfehlbar von der Peſt heilt, ja ſelbſt den nahenden Tod beſiegt. Ein Menſch allein kann ſich derſelben bedienen, denn die Büchſe enthält nur ſoviel als eben hinreicht, um ein einziges Mal gebraucht zu werden.“

„Wo iſt das koſtbare, das herrliche Gefäß?“ — rief ich, von Freude beſeelt.

„Haſt Du nicht bemerkt“ — verſetzte der Vater — „daß in dem Keller unſerer Wohnung viele Kreuze an der Mauer in den Stein gebauen ſind und daß eines dieſer Kreuze größer iſt als die anderen?“

„Ja wohl; ich fragte Dich oft, was das bedeute, aber Du haſt es mir nie geſagt.“

„Nun denn, hinter dem größten Kreuze iſt die Mauer hohl; mit einigen Hammerſchlägen bringt man den Stein fort und findet ein Loch, in welchem ein Klumpen Judenpech liegt. In dieſem Klumpen aber ſteckt die ſilberne Büchſe.“

„Ich eile dahin,“ rief ich feurig. — „Ich komme zurück, und bringe Dir Deine Heilung!“

„Raſch wollte ich die Höhle verlaſſen, aber der Vater hielt mich zurück, und rieth mir, es bis zur folgenden Nacht aufzuſchieben, da ſich ſchon die Morgenröthe im Oſten zeigte und ich unmöglich vor Sonnenaufgang in Lüttich ſein konnte. Ich ſah wohl ein, daß ich jetzt weniger als je mich der Gefahr ausſetzen durfte, angehalten und getödtet zu werden, da des Vaters Leben davon abhing. Ungeduldig unterwarf ich mich daher der Nothwendigkeit.

„Kurz vor Sonnenaufgang führte ich den Vater zu einer Vertiefung, in der ſich Regenwaſſer geſammelt hatte, und wuſch ihm dort den ganzen Körper mit eingetauchter Leinewand, die ich von meinem Unterkleide abgeriſſen hatte. Trotz der ſtarken Kälte linderte dieſe

Abwaſchung ſeine Schmerzen auf wunderbare Weiſe. So wie die Sonne höher ſtieg, bekam ich allmählig ſein Geſicht zu ſehn; es war ein ſchrecklicher Anblick. Freſſende Wunden zerriſſen, blaue und kupferfarbene Flecken entſtellten es furchtbar. Seine Augen lagen tief in ihren Höhlen, ſeine Wangen waren hohl und ſein Mund krampfhaft verzogen. Ich ſchrie laut auf vor Schmerz; der Vater ſprach lange mit mir von meiner Mutter und Schweſter, ehe ich mich wieder etwas geſammelt hatte. Jedes Mal, wenn ich den Blick auf ſein geliebtes Antlitz richtete, überlief mich ein eiſiger Schauer.

„Sobald die Sonne am Himmel ſtand, brachte ich ihn in die Nähe der Höhle und ließ ihn ſich auf dem Raſen hinſetzen; dann rollte ich die Steine vor dem Eingange weg, ſtellte mich dorthin und ſagte zu den Frauen: „Liebe Mutter und Du, Maria, achtet wohl auf meine Worte! Unſer Vater iſt nahe; ich komme Euch zu holen, damit Ihr ihn ſehet; aber rührt ihn nicht an, nähert Euch ihm nur auf fünf Schritte, ſonſt kehrt er nach dem Peſthauſe zurück, und ich ſelbſt werde ihn dahin führen, ohne daß Eure Bitten — und weintet Ihr Blut — mich oder ihn davon abbrächten.

Eben ſo ſtreng iſt es Euch verboten mich anzurühren; denn ich bin auch angeſteckt.“

„Dieſe harte, aber nothwendige Rede erſchütterte beide Frauen auf das heftigſte und ſtatt der Freude, die ſie erwarteten, preßte ich ihnen heiße Thränen aus: — „Ihn nicht berühren, nicht umarmen!“ rief meine Schweſter voll Verzweiflung. — Ich gab meiner Stimme einen ſo ſanften Ton wie möglich und ſagte: — „Maria, ſprich, wünſcheſt Du der Mutter Tod? Du zitterſt bei dem Gedanken. Nun denn, wenn Du Dich nicht wie eine Sklavin meinem Willen unterwirfſt, ſo wird die Mutter Deinem Beiſpiel folgen, angeſteckt werden und ſterben. — Und Du, Mutter, wünſcheſt Du den Tod Deines Kindes?“

„Ich verſtehe Dich, Walter“ — ſeufzte die Mutter — „fürchte Nichts, wir wollen wie Sklavinnen dem unerbittlichen Schickſal gehorchen.“

„Beruhigt durch ihre Fügſamkeit, brachte ich ſie nun aus der Höhle in die Nähe des Vaters. Derſelbe Wehruf entfloh Beider Bruſt und ſie fielen beide ohnmächtig zur Erde. Ich hatte das wohl vorausgeſehn, aber es wäre mir unmöglich geweſen es zu verhindern. Da lagen ſie Beide, Mutter und Schweſter, wie Todte und ich durfte ſie nicht anrühren noch ihnen helfen. Der Vater zerraufte verzweifelnd ſein Haar; ich ſtand zwiſchen ihnen wie ein Wahnſinniger, der ſich unterwürfig und unbeweglich unter den Schlägen des Geſchickes beugt.

„Maria kam zuerſt zu ſich, hob das Haupt ihrer Mutter von der Erde auf, rieb ihr die Stirn und brachte ſie zur Beſinnung, ſo daß ſie endlich Beide unter heftigem Weinen mit dem Vater redeten. — Auch ich ſammelte meine Sinne wieder und ſah ein, welche Gefahr wir liefen, wenn uns Jemand entdeckte. Ich ließ ſie in Geſpräch mit dem Vater zurück und erſtieg einen Hügel, um als Wache mich umzuſchauen. Eine Stunde lang ſtand ich da, ohne etwas zu bemerken; dann ſah ich zwei Männer hinter einer Anhöhe hervorkommen und einen Weg einſchlagen, der ſie unfehlbar in die Nähe der Höhle bringen mußte. Ich erkannte, daß es keine Feinde ſeien, denn ſie waren unbewaffnet und ſchienen mir ärmlich gekleidet: demungeachtet lief ich aber raſch zu den Meinigen und ließ ſie Jedes nach ſeinem Aufenthalte zurückkehren, rollte dann die Steine wieder vor die Höhle und lief nun von der anderen Seite nach dem Wege, auf welchem jene Beiden kamen. Hier blieb ich ſtehn, mich oft bückend, als ob ich Kräuter und Wurzeln ſuchte. Ich bemerkte nun, daß die Fremden raſch vorwärts gingen und oft den Kopf drehten, wie Menſchen, welche fürchten, verfolgt zu werden. Sobald ſie mich erblickten, blieben ſie ſtehn und ſchienen ſich zu berathen, was ſie thun ſollten; ich ſah alſo, daß ſie mich eben ſo wohl fürchteten. Einen Augenblick ſpäter ſchritten ſie jedoch näher und nun ſah ich, daß es zwei Leproſen waren. Nachdem ſie mich miſtrauiſch betrachtet hatten, fragte der Eine mich: — „Junger Menſch, haſt Du keine Kriegsknechte oder Todtſchläger hier in der Gegend geſehn?“

„Nein“ — erwiederte ich — „weswegen ſollten die herkommen?“

„Warſt Du heute nicht in der Stadt?“

„Nein, ich wohne in einem nah gelegenen Dorfe.“

„Giebt es dort auch Leproſen?“

„Ja, einige.“

„So eile ihnen zu ſagen, daß ſie aus dem Bisthume fliehen; denn die Paſtoralen werden ſich heute noch über das Land verbreiten und alle Leproſen ermorden.“

„Und wenn ſie ſich in Kellern oder Höhlen verbergen?“

„Das würde ihnen wenig helfen. Sind nicht die Höhlen und Keller zu finden und weiß man nicht, daß ſie die gewöhnlichen Zufluchtsörter derer ſind, die ſich verbergen? — Wenn Du einiges Geld haſt, ſo thuſt Du ein barmherziges Werk, junger Menſch, falls Du es zwei unglücklichen Leproſen giebſt.“

„Ich wußte noch nicht hinreichend, welche neue Gefahr uns bedrohte, deshalb antwortete ich: „Ich habe zwei Geldſtücke und will ſie Euch ſchenken, wenn Ihr mir genauer ſagt, was die Leproſen in meinem Dorfe zu fürchten haben und woher dieſe Verfolgung kommt.“

„Der Andere, der bisher noch nicht geſprochen hatte, ſagte nun: „O, das iſt nicht ſchwer. Heute Nacht ſind die Leproſen aus dem großen Peſthauſe ausgebrochen und einhundert und achtzig an der Zahl entflohen. Die Paſtoralen und die Todtſchläger verfolgen ſie in den Feldern und morden ſie ohne Erbarmen, wo ſie ſie finden.“

„Ich gab ihnen nun die beiden Goldſtücke, dann wandten ſie ſich nach einem Gehölz und entſchwanden in demſelben meinen Blicken.

„Darauf kehrte ich zu dem Vater zurück und erzählte ihm, was ich gehört. Da wir es nicht wagen durften, bei Tage unſer Verſteck zu verlaſſen, um eine weite Reiſe anzutreten, um ſo mehr als wir ſämmtlich in unſeren Zügen den unverkennbaren Stempel jüdiſcher Abkunft trugen, ſo ließ ich die Frauen ſich in der großen Höhle verbergen und kroch dann zum Vater in die andere. Wir brachten den ganzen Tag in der größten Stille zu, jeden Augenblick die Ankunft der mordſüchtigen Paſtoralen erwartend, doch ſahen und hörten wir keinen Menſchen. Am Nachmittage begann es heftig zu ſchneien bis tief in die Nacht; vielleicht daß das ſchlechte Wetter die Paſtoralen abgehalten hatte, an ſo einſamer Stelle, zwiſchen den Bergen, nachzuſpüren.

„Als ſich tiefe Dunkelheit auf die Gegend geſenkt hatte, krochen wir aus unſerer Höhle und ich ging nach der großen, um Mutter und Schweſter zu holen. Arme Frauen! Sie waren ganz niedergedrückt, verweint und ſchwach und an Körper und Geiſt wie gelähmt; mit Mühe brachte ich ein Wort aus ihnen heraus und ſelbſt dann war ihre Stimme ſo hoffnungslos und betrübt, daß ſie mir das Herz wie mit einem Meſſer zerſchnitt.

„Wohin ſollten wir nun unſere Schritte richten? Die erſte Nothwendigkeit war, uns ſo weit wie möglich von Lüttich zu entfernen. In den anderen Städten des Bisthums herrſchten nicht ſo ſtrenge Geſetze gegen die Leproſen, weil die Peſt noch nicht ſo ſtark dort wüthete, und wenn wir tiefer von der Maas ab und unterhalb Maſtricht kommen konnten, waren wir gerettet; denn dort kannte man die Seuche faſt noch nicht und es gab dort auch keine Paſtoralen. Dies ließ uns den Entſchluß faſſen, an Maſtricht vorüber zu ziehen und die Nacht durch ſo weit zu gehen als uns unſere Beine trügen. Die Mutter und Schweſter ſagten Nichts, ſie folgten uns durch den Schnee wie gefühlloſe Schatten. So gingen wir ſtets unaufhaltſam fort, ohne etwas Anderem zu begegnen als Wölfen, die, obwohl in großer Anzahl, doch ſtets vor uns flohen. Nach einem zweiſtündigen Marſch antwortete aber der Vater faſt nicht mehr auf meine Fragen und ich bemerkte, daß die Ermattung ihn bezwinge, denn er begann ſchwerer und wie gelähmt ſich auf meine Schulter zu ſtützen.

„Obwohl ich überzeugt war, daß die übermäßige Bewegung ſeine Wunden entzündete und ihm furchtbare Schmerzen bereitete, ſo durfte ich doch nicht davon reden, Halt zu machen. Wir befanden uns in einer

Gegend, die uns nur oberflächlich bekannt war, und würden in der Dunkelheit unmöglich einen ſicheren Zufluchtsort gefunden haben. Deshalb ſtützte ich den Vater ſo ſorgfältig, daß ich ihn mehr als halb trug, und ermuthigte die ſchweigenden Frauen durch liebreiche hoffnungsvolle Worte. So ſchritten wir noch eine Zeitlang fort, zwiſchen hohen Hügeln in einer wüſten und wilden Gegend, als plötzlich die Glieder meines Vaters, wie durch eine ſchwere Lähmung, ſchlaff und ſchwer wie Blei auf mir hingen; ich wollte fortſchreiten, aber ſeine Beine ſchleiften auf dem Schnee nach. Ein gräßlicher Schrei entfuhr mir und ich ließ des Vaters ohnmächtigen Körper ſinken. Mutter und Schweſter knieten in der verlangten Entfernung nieder. Nur mühſam wand ſich dann und wann ein dumpfer Seufzer aus ihrer Bruſt; ſie waren wie verſteinert durch die unermeßliche Tiefe ihres Leides. Der Vater konnte noch ſprechen, denn während ich, bitterlich weinend, ihm die Stirn mit Schnee rieb, flüſterte er mit kraftloſer Stimme: — „Walter, meine Stunde iſt gekommen. Kind! Eine Wunde hat den Weg zu meinem Rückenmark gefunden; der Tod ſteht neben mir, — ich gehe zu Gott! Nun höre: Du mußt das ſilberne Büchschen mit Salbe holen, ſobald Du kannſt. — Biſt Du nicht angeſteckt, ſo bewahre das köſtliche Heilmittel — ſonſt diene es zu Deiner Rettung. — Du wirſt mir die Augen zudrücken, wie ein liebender Sohn und — wenn meine Seele ihre gräßliche Wohnung verlaſſen, mir mit Deinem Beil ein Grab bereiten: nicht wahr? —“

„Dieſe furchtbaren Worte weckten Kräfte in meinem Herzen, die noch nicht ganz gelähmt waren. Ich athmete tief und ſtieß die eingeſogene Luft laut heulend wieder aus; wie wahnſinnig zog ich den Vater über den Schnee nach einem Hügel und rief ihm und den Frauen zu: — „Nein, der Tod ſoll ſich heute noch nicht zwiſchen uns ſtellen, ich eile fort — das ſilberne Büchschen — Lüttich — Geduld — ich kehre — betet, betet!“ — Und bei dieſen Worten flog ich wie ein Pfeil vom Bogen, in der Richtung nach Lüttich fort.

„Es war etwas über Mitternacht; ich lief und lief, bis daß ich fühlte, daß das Herz mir faſt zerſprang; dann mäßigte ich meine Schritte, ohne jedoch langſam zu gehen. Als ich das Thor von Lüttich erreichte, fand ich daſſelbe geöffnet; viele Gewaffnete gingen ein und aus. An ihren Reden merkte ich, daß es Paſtoralen waren; aber ich ließ mich nicht irren und ſchritt keck durch ſie hindurch in die Stadt hinein. Bei unſerer Wohnung angekommen fand ich die Thür auf der Straße liegen, die Fenſter zerſchmettert und den Eingang verſperrt durch zertrümmerten Hausrath. Des Unbekannten Bericht hatte ſich alſo beſtätigt und die Plünderung Statt gefunden. Im Keller ſchlug ich mit einem ſchweren Stein auf das große Kreuz, öffnete die Mauer, ergriff raſch den Klumpen Judenpech, begab mich mit meinem koſtbaren Schatze auf den Weg und erreichte glücklich wieder das offene Feld. So raſch lief ich, daß mir der Schweiß in Strömen von der Stirn rann und die Kleider am Leibe feſtklebten; aber die Freude, die ich im Herzen empfand, gab mir Muth und Kraft. — Hielt ich doch des Vaters Leben in der Hand. Nicht lange mehr ſo erreichte ich den Ort, wo ich ihn verlaſſen, und ſagte zu ihm: „Hier iſt die Geſundheit! Lebe noch lange mit uns! Die Seuche wird weichen. — Und jetzt, umarme jetzt auch die Mutter und Maria!“

„Inmitten dieſer ſeligen Gedanken hielt ich den Klumpen Judenpech an den Mund und küßte ihn voll Entzücken. So näherte ich mich dem Orte, wo der

Vater lag, und war ſchon im Begriff, ihm die frohe Botſchaft aus der Ferne zuzurufen.

„Plötzlich ſah ich vor mir auf dem Schnee und im Wege drei Wölfe, welche damit beſchäftigt waren ihre Beute zu zerreißen. Ich konnte nicht vorbei, ohne ihnen gerade in den Rachen zu laufen, denn ich befand mich auf einem engen Pfade zwiſchen zwei Bergen. Zurückkehren und einen andern Weg einſchlagen wollte ich auch nicht, das würde wenigſtens eine halbe Stunde Zeit gekoſtet haben. Während ich ſtehen blieb, um einen Augenblick zu überlegen, ſah ich ſie ganze Stücke Fleiſch von ihrer Beute reißen und über den mit Blut befleckten Schnee fortſchleppen. Mich erinnernd, daß der Klang des Eiſens dieſen Raubthieren Furcht einjagt, zog ich mein Handbeil hervor, ſchlug mit dem Jagdmeſſer daran und machte gewaltigen Lärm: die Wölfe ſahen auf und liefen in das Gehölz. Erfreut über den raſchen Erfolg eilte ich vorwärts und wollte ohne Zögerung an dem Opfer vorüber; aber das Blut, das wie ein ſchrecklicher Fleck auf dem weißen Schnee ſich ausnahm, zwang mich einen Blick dahin zu werfen. Es war eine Leiche — und ich — o furchtbarer Schmerz! — erkannte ſie und ſtürzte mit gräßlichem Schrei leblos zu Boden in das Blut meines Vaters! — — —

„Was ich nun erzähle, habe ich nicht mehr ſelbſt geſehn; es iſt mir in ſpäteren Jahren von meiner Schweſter mitgetheilt worden.

„Während ich auf dem Wege nach Lüttich war, hörten Mutter und Schweſter den letzten Seufzer des Vaters; ſie näherten ſich ihm mit unbeſchreiblicher Angſt und fanden, daß ſeine Seele zu Gott geflohen ſei. Nun beteten ſie mit zerriſſenem Herzen in einiger Entfernung für den Geſchiedenen und verſanken endlich in eine Bewußtloſigkeit, die dem Schlafe ſehr ähnlich war. Nach langer Pauſe vernahmen ſie plötzlich in ihrer Nähe ein entſetzliches Geheul von wilden Thieren und ſahen drei Wölfe, welche den Leichnam meines Vaters den Berg hinabſchleppten. Die Mutter ſtieß einen lauten, ihren letzten Schrei aus; dieſer grauſenhafte Anblick hatte ſie getödtet; der Schnee empfing ſie und ſie ſtand nicht wieder auf von dieſem Sterbelager. Meiner Schweſter ſchwanden die Sinne und ſie blieb auf der Erde liegen, bis es Tag wurde und die Sonne den Schnee beſtrahlte. Ihr verwirrter Blick ſchaute wie verſteinert umher; ſie hob die eiskalte Hand der

Mutter auf und ließ ſie entſetzt wieder fallen. Ein Schrei entfuhr ihr, als ſie mich unten am Berge zuſammengekauert ſitzen ſah; ſie eilte zu mir und fiel mir um den Hals. Ich gab ihr den Kuß wieder und wollte ſie von mir entfernen, aber ſie hielt mich feſt mit den Armen umſchloſſen, wie ein Ertrinkender, der ſich mit Gewalt an das rettende Holz klammert. Endlich ließ ſie mich doch los und ſagte: „Walter, laß uns nun zu Menſchen gehen, damit unſere Eltern in geweihter Erde begraben werden. Komm, ich ſehe einen Kirchthurm, komm!“

„Ich begann wie ein Narr zu lachen und mit den Aeußerungen größter Freude herumzuhüpfen. — Ha! Ha! — rief ich — mein Vater iſt geneſen; ich habe ihm das Büchschen gebracht; er hat ſich mit der Salbe beſtrichen. — Sieh, dort liegt er. — Nicht wahr, er iſt geneſen! — Wölfe — Schwarzes Blut. — Wie ſchön ſtrahlt die Sonne! — — Und dabei ſpielte ich, wie ein Kind lachend, mit dem Klumpen Judenpech.

„Meine gefolterte Schweſter ſchlug mir den Arm um den Hals, zwang mich, mich hinzuſetzen, ſetzte ſich zu mir und ſeufzte:“ O armer Walter, ſei ſtill — ruhe — denn Deine Sinne ſind verwirrt. Bete zu Gott, wenn

Du kannſt — wir werden hier auch bald ſterben und der Himmel vier Märtyrer in ſeinem Schooße vereinigen.“ —

„Ich murmelte einige unverſtändliche Worte und blieb dann ſchweigend ſitzen. Wir befanden uns in einiger Entfernung von der Leiche unſers Vaters, und auf dem Hügel, an deſſen Fuß wir ſaßen, lag der Leichnam unſerer Mutter; die Straße nach Aachen zog nicht weit von uns vorbei; meine Schweſter hatte ſchon einen Reiter im vollſten Trabe vorüber eilen ſehn.

„Endlich war das Maaß unſerer Leiden voll; etwas ſpäter an demſelben Morgen hielten plötzlich zehn Ritter zu Pferde vor uns ſtill und betrachteten uns mitleidig. Ohne Zweifel hatten ſie von der Heerſtraße aus uns auf dem Schnee ſitzen ſehn und waren neugierig herangeritten.

„Walter, mein Pathe, biſt Du es?“ — fragte Einer von ihnen, während er vom Roſſe ſprang. Seine Stimme traf mich gewaltig; ich lief ihm mit dem Klumpen Judenpech entgegen und rief ihm lachend zu: — „Ha, Ha, Vater! — Hier iſt das ſilberne Büchschen — da beſtreiche Deine Wunden — raſch — ehe die Wölfe kommen!“ —

„Graf Walter von Craenhove, denn er war es, preßte mich weinend in ſeine Arme. Mein Wahnſinn und noch mehr das unbeſchreibliche Schauſpiel, das ſich ſeinen Augen darbot, erfüllten ihn mit Angſt und Kummer. Während ich, des Verſtandes beraubt, ihn für den Vater hielt und fortwährend in ihn drang, den Klumpen Judenpech anzunehmen, konnte er natürlich von mir nicht das Nähere über unſer Schickſal erfahren. Meine Schweſter erzählte ihm das entſetzliche Unglück. Alle Ritter ſtiegen von den Pferden und bezeigten uns ihre mitleidige Theilnahme, aber Graf Walter geſtattete ihnen nicht lange, uns ihr edelmüthiges Mitgefühl zu beweiſen. Er rief ſeine Knechte herbei, ließ Jedes von uns auf ein Pferd heben, das ein Diener führte, und befahl nach dem nächſten Dorfe zu reiten. Nachdem er uns dort untergebracht, ließ er die Leichen unſerer Eltern ebenfalls dorthin bringen und ſie mit der üblichen Feierlichkeit auf geweihtem Boden begraben. Am folgenden Tage nahm er Abſchied von ſeinen Reiſegenoſſen und ging nicht nach Lüttich, wie er zuerſt Willens geweſen, ſondern blieb bei uns im Dorfe, bis beſſere Nahrung und ſeine freundlichen Worte meiner Schweſter einige Kräfte wiedergegeben. Dann kaufte er einen bequemen Wagen und nahm uns mit ſich nach ſeinem Schloſſe, dem Laternenhofe, den wir nun nicht mehr verließen.

„Dort weilten wir in Frieden und Ruhe. Meine Schweſter begleitete mich auf Schritt und Tritt mit ängſtlichem Kummer; ihr armer wahnſinniger Bruder war der Gegenſtand ihrer unermüdlichen Sorgfalt. Sie lebte nur für ihn allein, um ihn von allem Unglück zu befreien. Mein Wahnſinn war übrigens ſanft und gutmüthig; ich lachte ſtets, und obwohl ich meine Schweſter nicht mehr kannte, liebte ich ſie doch wie Jemanden, deſſen Liebe ich begriff. Meine abſonderliche Beſchäftigung beſtand darin, Wölfe zu machen; was ich in die Hände bekommen konnte, wenn es nur Wachs, Lehm oder Teig glich, das geſtaltete ich eben ſo raſch in ein vierfüßiges Thier mit rauhem wolfsähnlichem Aeußeren um; mitunter hatte ich deren mehr als hundert vor mir ſtehen und lachte dann unaufhörlich, mit übermäßiger Freude. Meine Schweſter bemühte ſich oft, mich auf andere Gedanken zu bringen, aber ſo wie ſie bemerkte, daß ich mich darüber betrübte, ließ ſie mir meinen Willen. Graf Walter von Craenhove war mir nicht minder gewogen; was unſer Leben nur erheitern konnte, geſchah, und wenn ich ihm, in meinem

Irſem, den Namen Vater gab, ſo täuſchte ich mich nicht; er war unſer Vater und Wohlthäter. —

„Nachdem wir bereits ſieben Monate auf dem Laternenhofe zugebracht hatten, trat Graf Walter eines Tages in das Gemach, in welchem ich mich mit Maria befand; ich war mit Blumen gekränzt, denn das war jetzt mein Vergnügen, und vor mir auf dem Boden ſtand wieder eine ganze Reihe von Wölfen aus Lehm. Der Graf nahm in einem Seſſel nicht fern von meiner Schweſter Platz und ſagte zu ihr: „Maria! Dein edles und liebevolles Benehmen hat meine höchſte Bewunderung erregt und Deine Tugend ließ ein anderes und innigeres Gefühl in mir entſtehn. Darum, aus Rückſicht auf Deine großartige Aufopferung und nicht aus irdiſchen Trieben, rede ich heute zu Dir. — So kannſt Du nicht länger leben, Maria; ohne Familie, ohne Eltern, ganz abhängig von Deinem Freunde Walter! Oft, wenn der Schlaf mein Lager flieht, denke ich an das Geſchick, das Dich treffen könnte, wenn der Herr durch einen Beſchluß ſeines unergründlichen Willens mich zu ſich riefe. — Dein Vater, Maria, rettete mich vom gewiſſen Tode, ſeine Freundſchaft war mir noch theurer als das Leben, dem er mich wieder gab. —

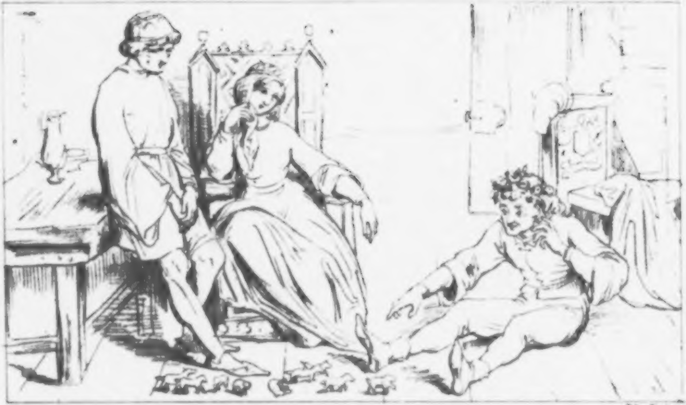

Ich fühle, daß Gott mir die Pflicht auferlegte, ſeine Kinder zu tröſten und zu beſchützen, und ich will, daß die Seele Deines Vaters ſich im Himmel freue über die Weiſe, mit der ich dieſem heiligen Berufe zu genügen ſtrebe. Was ich gethan habe, ſcheint mir aber noch nicht hinreichend; ich fühle, daß ich die Macht beſitze, Dich und Deinen unglücklichen Bruder auf immer vor neuem Unglück zu bewahren. Ein Wink von oben und ein geheimes Gefühl, das ich in meinem Herzen empfinde, ſagen mir, ich müſſe Euch durch die Bande des Blutes an mich feſſeln und Euch eine Familie und eine ſichere Stellung geben. — Willſt Du mein Weib werden, Maria?“

„Meine Schweſter hatte dem Grafen erſtaunt zugehört; ſtatt aller Antwort zeigte ſie auf mich und ſeufzte: — „Und wer wird dann den armen Wahnſinnigen pflegen?“

„Du, Maria!“ entgegnete der Graf. „Mein Vorſchlag iſt uneigennützig: Deine Liebe für Deinen irrſinnigen Bruder hat die Liebe zu Dir in meinem Herzen erweckt. Je mehr Du bei Deiner Aufopferung beharrſt, deſto inniger wird meine Neigung zu Dir werden. Siehſt Du nicht, Maria, daß mein Verlangen, Dich und Deinen armen Bruder auf immer vor Noth zu bewahren, mich den Antrag thun läßt? Redet ein Verliebter wie ich rede? Iſt es nicht ein höherer Gedanke, der mir ſolche Worte in den Mund giebt?“

„Wie herzlich auch der Graf ſprach, meine Schweſter zeigte ſich nicht geneigt, einen andern Namen zu tragen, als den, der ſie an mich knüpfte. Ihre, von edeln und uneigennützigen Gründen unterſtützte Weigerung diente nur dazu, die Liebe des Grafen zu vermehren, und da er von der Redlichkeit ſeiner Abſichten überzeugt war, ſo wiederholte er noch mehrere Mal ſpäter ſeinen Antrag; ſie beharrte aber bei ihrem Entſchluſſe.

„Im folgenden Winter fiel ſehr viel Schnee; die Wölfe verließen den Ardennerwald und verbreiteten ſich im ganzen Lande. Eines Abends, als meine Schweſter mich allein gelaſſen, um ein neues Spielzeug für mich zu holen, lief ich aus dem Schloſſe auf das Feld. Was mir begegnet iſt, weiß ich nicht, vielleicht habe ich einen oder mehrere Wölfe geſehn. Die Männer, die mich auf Befehl meiner wehklagenden Schweſter bei Fackelſchein aufſuchten, fanden mich bewußtlos im Schnee liegen.

„Ich verfiel in eine tödtliche Krankheit; acht Tage lang lag ich ſprachlos in Fiebergluth, ohne daß der Arzt zu ſagen wagte, was zu hoffen oder zu fürchten ſei. Ich wurde ſo mager wie ein Gerippe. Als ich ſo zuſammengeſchrumpft war, daß meine Glieder nicht dürrer werden konnten, kam neues Leben über mich. Ich erhielt allmählig meine erſte Geſtalt wieder und mit derſelben auch alle meine geiſtigen Kräfte. Drei Monate ſpäter war ich geſund und bei vollem Verſtande.

„Meine Schweſter wurde Gräfin von Craenhove und beſchenkte ihren Gatten mit zwei Söhnen, Hugo und Arnold, und einer holden Tochter Adelheid.

„Einige Jahre ſpäter ſtarb ſie gleich einer Heiligen, lächelnd und Gott dankend; der gute Graf Walter folgte ihr bald in das Grab.

„Sie liegen Beide unter den Ulmen begraben, neben ihren Söhnen Hugo und Arnold. Ich, Walter Abulfaragus, ward der Erzieher der Kinder meines Wohlthäters und meiner Schweſter.

„Wenn Gott, dem aller Ruhm gebührt, mir geſtattet hat, dieſen Beruf, wie es ſich gehört, zu erfüllen, ſo werde ich mein Haupt freudig zum Sterben niederlegen und meine Seele wird muthvoll vor ſeinem Richterſtuhl erſcheinen.“

* * *

Hier endete die Handſchrift.

Um Abulfaragus, Geſchichte ganz mitzutheilen, fügen wir noch einige Worte hinzu. Als er das Alter von hundert und zwei Jahren erreicht hatte, gab er in Bernhards und Adelheids Armen den Geiſt auf. Sterben konnte ein ſolcher Tod nicht heißen, denn er war ohne alle Pein und geiſtige Schwäche. — Ehe er die Augen ſchloß, ſegnete er noch Bernhards und Adelheids zahlreiche Kinderſchaar, die ſein Lager umringte, und ſagte zu ihr mit feſter Stimme:

„Kinder! Ehrt Vater und Mutter, damit ihr, wie Euer Freund Abulfaragus, lange leben möget auf dieſer Erde!“

Und dann fügte er leiſe hinzu: „Lebt wohl! lebt wohl!“ worauf ſeine Augen ſich langſam ſchloſſen. — Seine ſchöne Seele entſchwebte gen Himmel. —

Druck von Friedrich Ries in Leipzig.

Encyclopädie
der
# deutſchen Nationalliteratur
oder
biographiſch-kritiſches
LEXICON
der deutſchen
# Dichter und Proſaiſten
ſeit den früheſten Zeiten;
nebſt
Proben aus ihren Werken.

Bearbeitet und herausgegeben
von
Dr. O. L. B. Wolff,
Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Jena.

Erſter Band.
A und **B.**

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Thomas Abbt.

ein um die Ausbildung der deutſchen Proſa höchſt verdienter, geiſtreicher und liebenswürdiger Schriftſteller, der bei längerem Leben und größerer Reife gewiß eine der erſten Zierden unſerer Literatur, vorzüglich im Gebiete der populär dargeſtellten praktiſchen Philoſophie geworden wäre. Er erblickte das Licht der Welt am 25. November 1738 zu Ulm, wo ſein Vater, ein wohlhabender Bürger, ihm eine gute Schulbildung geben ließ. Sobald er ſich die nöthigen Vorkenntniſſe auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt erworben, bezog er im Jahre 1756 die Univerſität Halle, um nach dem Wunſche ſeiner Eltern Theologie zu ſtudiren; doch führte ihn ſeine Neigung mehr der Mathematik, den neueren Sprachen und den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu. Nachdem er 1758 durch öffentliche Disputation die Magiſterwürde und mit ihr die Erlaubniß, Vorleſungen zu halten, erlangt hatte, ward er 1760 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Frankfurt an der Oder, und 1761 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Mathematik an die Univerſität Rinteln berufen. Bevor er jedoch das letztere Amt antrat, verweilte er eine Zeit lang in Berlin, knüpfte hier ein genaueres Verhältniß mit Mendelsſohn, Nicolai und anderen ausgezeichneten Gelehrten und nahm [illegible]gen Antheil an den von ihnen herausgegebenen Briefen über die neueſte Literatur. Während ſeines Aufenthaltes in Rinteln ſchrieb er die Abhandlungen **über den Tod für das Vaterland** und **vom Verdienſte**, welche ihm großen Ruf erwarben. — Das akademiſche Leben ſagte ihm indeſſen nicht ſonderlich zu; und obwohl ihm ſpäter Profeſſuren in Halle und Marburg angetragen wurden, beharrte er doch bei ſeinem Beſchluſſe, eine praktiſche Laufbahn anzutreten. Er ſtudirte demgemäß mit großem Eifer die Rechtsgelehrſamkeit in ihrem ganzen Umfange und machte dann eine größere Reiſe durch Deutſchland, die Schweiz und einen Theil von Frankreich. Im Jahre 1765 lud ihn der regierende Graf Wilhelm von Schaumburg-Lippe zu ſich nach Bückeburg ein, um ihn perſönlich kennen zu lernen. Abbt's liebenswürdiges und geiſtreiches Weſen ſprach den Grafen, einen der ausgezeichnetſten Fürſten ſeiner Zeit, in ſolchem Grade an, daß er dem talentvollen Manne auf das Wohlwollendſte entgegen kam, und Beide bald ſahen, welchen Gewinnſt eine nähere Verbindung ihnen gegenſeitig bringen würde. Abbt ſchlug in Folge deſſen einen Ruf nach Halle aus und trat in die Dienſte des Grafen als Regirungs- und Conſiſtorialrath; erfreute ſich jedoch nur ein Jahr dieſer glücklichen, zu literariſchen Arbeiten volle Muße gewährenden Stellung. Sein unabläſſiges geiſtiges Streben hatte ſeine phyſiſche Geſundheit untergraben. Er ſtarb plötzlich, von einer Hämorrhoidalkolik tödtlich ergriffen, am 3. November 1766 im 28. Jahre ſeines Alters und ward in der Schloßkapelle zu Bückeburg feierlich begraben. — Sein Fürſt ſetzte ihm ſelbſt folgende Grabſchrift, die für Beide gleich ehrenvoll iſt: —

Hier lieget der Leichnam von Thomas Abbt, Gräfl. Schaumb. Lippiſchen Hof-Regierungs-Conſiſtorial-Rath und Patronus Scholar. Geſtorben den 3. November 1766 im achtundzwanzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters. —

Wenn vernünftige Ehrfurcht vor Gott, Weisheit, thätige Tugend, aufrichtige und anmuthige Freundſchaft, tiefe Gelehrſamkeit und glänzende Gaben Verdienſte ſind, ſo beſaß derjenige, deſſen Gebeine hier ruhen, was er der Welt angeprieſen hat.

Wilhelm I, v. G. G., reg. Graf zu Schaumb. u. ſ. w., der an dem Verſtorbenen einen Rathgeber von den vortrefflichſten Eigenſchaften, und was noch edler, einen zärtlichen Freund verloren, hat mehr zum Denkmal ſeines eigenen Schmerzes als zur Ehre eines Mannes, deſſen Name ſchon ein Lobſpruch iſt, die entſeelte Leiche allhier beerdigen laſſen.

Abbt's Werke ſammelte nach deſſen Tode der bekannte Buchhändler Nicolai zu Berlin. Sie erſchienen unter dem Titel:

Thomas Abbt's, weil. Gräfl. Schaumburg-Lippiſchen Hof- und Regierungs-Rathes vermiſchte Werke. 6 Thle. in kl. 8. Berlin, 1768 — 81. Neue Auflage, Berlin, 1790, in 8. Ein Nachdruck erſchien zu Reutlingen, 1782, in 8.

und enthalten:

Erſter Theil: Die Abhandlung vom Verdienſte, welche bereits, Berlin, 1765, beſonders erſchienen war.

Zweiter Theil: a) die Abhandlung vom Tode für das Vaterland (zuerſt gedruckt, Berlin, 1761). b) Fragment der portugieſiſchen Geſchichte.

Dritter Theil: Abbt's Correſpondenz mit Moſes Mendelsſohn und Nicolai. (Die zweite Auflage dieſes Theils, 1782, ward durch Anmerkungen von M. Mendelsſohn bereichert.)

Vierter Theil: Vermiſchte Aufſätze: 1) Ueber die Freundſchaften der Frauenzimmer. 2) [illegible] Einfluſſe des Schönen auf die ſtrengen Wiſſenſchaft[illegible] Von der Gewißheit in ſinnlichen, theoretiſchen und moraliſchen Wahrheiten. 4) Ueber die Vorurtheile. 5) Von der Furcht bei Sonnen- und Mondfinſterniſſen. 6) Leben und Charakter Gottlieb Alexander Baumgarten's.

Fünfter Theil: Vermiſchte Aufſätze und Briefe: 1) Erfreuliche Nachricht von einem hoffentlich bald zu errichtenden proteſtantiſchen Inquiſitionsgerichte und dem inzwiſchen in Effigie zu haltenden erwünſchten evangeliſch-lutheriſchen Auto da Fe (eine bereits 1766 gedruckte Satyre). 2) Geſchichte der Grafen von Schaumburg und von der Lippe. 3) Gedanken von der Einrichtung der erſten Studien eines jungen Herrn von Stande. 4) Briefe an Blum, Bauſe, Gleim, Klotz, Mendelsſohn und Nicolai, nebſt Antworten der beiden Letzteren.

Sechſter Theil: Briefe und Fragmente: 1) Briefe an Möſer, von Segner und Troſt. 2) Fragmente: a) Von der Verſchiedenheit der Sprachen; b) Von dem Wunder der Sprachverwirrung; c) Vom rechten Studium der Philoſophie; d) Vom Vortrage der Geſchichte; e) Unterſchied zwiſchen der alten und neuen Geſchichte; f) Von der körperlichen Beredſamkeit; g) Plan einer allgemeinen Weltgeſchichte; h) Allerhand Muthmaßungen über den älteſten Zuſtand der Menſchen; i) Bemerkungen über den Gottesdienſt der Aſtarte; k) Ueber den jüdiſchen Geſchichtſchreiber Joſephus; l) Ueber die Patriarchen des alten Teſtaments; m) Salluſt über Cato's und Cäſar's Charakter (aus Abbt's Ueberſetzung des catilinariſchen Krieges); n) Verordnungen für Schulen zur Erziehung des Bürgers; o) Sammlung zu einer neuen Auflage des Werks vom Verdienſte.

Außerdem erſchienen noch beſonders:

Fragment der älteſten Begebenheiten des menſchlichen Geſchlechtes mit einer Vorrede v. J. P. Miller. Halle, 1767. 8.

Salluſtius von der Zuſammenrottung des Catilina, überſetzt von weiland Herrn Thomas Abbt. Stadthagen, 1767, gedruckt auf landesherrliche Koſten u. ſ. w. — Zweite Auflage, Lemgo 1800.

In der von J. F. Wagner ihm untergeſchobenen Ueberſetzung des Krieges der Römer gegen Jugurtha von Salluſt rührt durchaus Nichts von Abbt her.

Vgl. Herder: Ueber Thomas Abbt's Schriften; der Torſo von einem Denkmal an ſeinem Grabe errichtet. Erſtes Stück. (Riga.) 1768. 4. Weiter iſt Nichts davon erſchienen.

Nicolai, F. Ehrengedächtniß Herrn Thomas Abbt's, an Herrn D. Joh. Georg Zimmermann. Berlin, 1767, in 4. mit Abbt's Bildniß, welches jedoch nicht ſo ähnlich ſeyn ſoll als das der Ueberſetzung des Salluſt beigegebene.

Abbt nimmt unter den deutſchen Schriftſtellern ſeiner Zeit unſtreitig den erſten Rang nach Leſſing ein, vorzüglich was die Cultur der didaktiſchen Proſa betrifft, die er mit ſeltener Kühnheit und Gewandtheit auszubilden bemüht war. Heller Verſtand, geiſtige Schärfe des Urtheils, Kraft und Beredſamkeit ſind allen ſeinen Schriften eigenthümlich; aber es fehlt ihm oft an geiſtiger Ruhe: er läßt ſich zu ſehr von ſeinem innern Feuer hinreißen, oder verfällt, indem er ſich eifrig beſtrebt, edel und frei von aller Gemeinheit zu ſchreiben, in den entgegengeſetzten Fehler, geſucht und manierirt, oder künſtelnd mit zu großem Wohlgefallen an Witzſpielen und Antitheſen zu ſeyn. Seine Geſinnung iſt im Grunde ſtets geſund, doch nicht immer ſolcher Geſundheit allein angemeſſen, einfach und klar ausgedrückt: es fehlt ihm, was er bei größerer Reife und Ruhe gewiß erreicht haben würde, um Volksſchriftſteller zu ſeyn, wie er es beabſichtigte, die vollkommene Kenntniß des Volkscharakters. Auch hat er ſich nicht ſtets von den Feſſeln fremder Bildung frei zu erhalten gewußt: daher iſt ſein Styl hin und wieder nicht ganz correct. Alle dieſe kleinen Mängel werden indeſſen durch den Reichthum ſeines Geiſtes, ſein tiefes, ächtes und warmes Gefühl für alles Große und Gute, ſeine Phantaſie und ſeinen Witz hinlänglich aufgewogen. Seine gründliche und geſchmackvolle wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung trägt nicht wenig dazu bei, den Werth dieſer ſchönen Eigenſchaften zu erhöhn. Als Hiſtoriker nahm er [illegible] Tacitus zum Vorbilde: ſein Fragment der portugieſiſchen Geſchichte iſt als der erſte Verſuch, den Styl des großen Römers in der deutſchen Literatur einzuführen, bemerkenswerth. Seine beiden Abhandlungen „Ueber den Tod fürs Vaterland“ und „Ueber das Verdienſt“ ſind als ſeine vorzüglichſten Leiſtungen zu betrachten. Wir theilen hier ein Bruchſtück aus der Erſteren mit. Unter ſeinen übrigen kleinen Schriften, ſowie unter ſeinen (ſtets mit B unterzeichneten) Beiträgen zu den Literaturbriefen iſt Manches höchſt verdienſtlich.

Von der Liebe für das Vaterland in Monarchien.[*]

Ich weiß nicht, durch welchen unglücklichen Zufall die Meinung faſt durchgängig angenommen iſt, daß nur ein Republikaner auf ein Vaterland ſtolz thun könne, und daß es in Monarchien nichts weiter als ein bloßer Name, eine leere Einbildung ſei. In denen Zeiten, darin die Worte Monarche und Despote gleich viel bedeuteten, war es in Abſicht der Republikaner wahr, die nothwendig ihr Vaterland verlieren mußten, ſo oft die gewaltſame Geburt vor ſich ging, daß nach den grauſamen Schmerzen eines Bürgerkrieges eine Monarchie zum Vorſcheine kam. Es war ferner in Abſicht der meiſten andern Völker wahr, die nicht in Republiken, ſondern unter despotiſchen Regierungen lebten. Die Stimme des Vaterlands kann nicht mehr erſchallen, wenn einmal die Luft der Freiheit entzogen iſt. Aber wo man dieſe Luft noch athmet, ob ſie gleich nicht heftig, niemals mit Ungeſtüm daher rauſcht, da muß der Fehler am Gehör liegen, wenn des Vaterlands Stimme nicht gehört wird.

Ich erkläre mich. Die Einrichtung der Monarchien ſchließt die Liebe zum Vaterlande eben ſo wenig aus, als ſie in einer Republik beſtändig in gleichem Grade vorhanden iſt. Es giebt zufällige Umſtände, die ſie bald zu einer Wärme treiben, dadurch für den Staat die vortrefflichſten Früchte gezogen werden; bald ſo ſehr erkalten, daß dieſe Früchte gar nicht mehr ihre Reife erhalten. So lange eine Republik, in einem engen Bezirk eingeſchloſſen, denſelben durch ihre eigenen Bürger gegen feindliche Anfälle ſchützen muß; ſo lange ihr kleines Gebiet noch mit dem Blut ihrer Söhne gedüngt wird: ſo lange muß dieſer Boden die Früchte tragen, die ſchon ſo lange Zeit in den Jahrbüchern der Welt aufbewahrt, ihren ſtärkenden Geruch noch über unſere ſpäten Jahrhunderte verbreiten. Wann dieſe Republik anfängt, ſich weiter auszudehnen, eine mächtige Nebenbuhlerin zu bekriegen, und dabei ihr ganzes Wohl zu wagen; wann ſie noch dazu in die äußerſte Bedrängniß kommt; ſich bis an die Thore ihrer Hauptſtadt eingeſchränkt und auch innerhalb derſelben nicht ganz ſicher ſieht: dann wird dieſe Liebe zum Vaterlande Wunder thun und zu einer Höhe ſteigen, die ſie in ruhigen Zeiten niemals würde erreicht haben. So keimt der Saame, nachdem das Erdreich durch den Donner erſchüttert worden, nur mit deſto größerer Pracht hervor, wenn er erſt tief in ihrem Schoos Wurzeln geſchlagen hat. Rom's Geſchichte in den erſten und mittlern Perioden giebt den Beweis zu dieſen Anmerkungen. Wann eben dieſe Republik, zu einer unwiderſtehlichen Macht angewachſen, entfernte Königreiche vor ſich zu Boden wirft; wann ſie ihre Soldaten mit den Hülfstruppen vereiniget, lange außerhalb Landes läßt, und dieſe endlich durch die Entfernung der Orte und Länge der Jahre das Bild des Vaterlands nur noch in ſchwächerem Lichte erblicken, oder wohl gar aus den Augen verlieren: ſo werden die Soldaten nach und nach ſich gewöhnen, ihr eigenes Vaterland als eine Provinz anzuſehen, die ſie erobern könnten, und nicht mehr als die Gebärerin, zu deren Unterhalt ſie andere Provinzen erobern müſſen. Dann werden ſie Neronen, welche erſt ihre Mutter ſchänden, und ſie nachher, weil ſie ihren Abſcheu nicht mehr vor Augen ſehen können, ermorden laſſen. Aus dieſer Blutſchande entſprungen Tyranneien von Republiken. Die Soldaten des Sylla hatten erſt lange mit dem Mithridates Krieg geführt, ehe ſie Rom mit dem Blute ſeiner Bürger beſleckten, und die Armee des Marius beſtand aus einem Haufen von Sklaven und Leuten, die nichts zu verlieren, aber beim Umſturz der Republik alles zu hoffen hatten. Cäſar's Soldaten mußten erſt zehn Jahre in Gallien unter ihm dienen, ehe ſie die Vorſtellung des Vaterlandes ſo ſehr bei ſich vertilgen konnten, daß ſie nachher mit dem mörderiſchen Schwert in dem Eingeweide deſſelben wühlten. — Aber dieſe waren nicht die einzigen Urſachen des Umſturzes der römiſchen Staatsverfaſſung. Freilich nicht, allein ſollten ſie nicht vieles dazu beigetragen haben? Wenn man es nicht läugnen kann; ſo habe ich alles, was zur Erläuterung meines Satzes nöthig iſt.

Ich wende dieſe Anmerkungen auf Monarchien an. So lange ſie ſich noch nicht allzuweit in ihren Eroberungen ausgebreitet, Weichlinge und Schmeichler weder den Prinzen noch die Unterthanen von dem zarten Namen des Vaterlandes verwöhnt haben: ſo lange muß dieſer Name in denenjenigen[*] faſt eben ſo viel, als bei Republikanern wirken, und ſie werden den willigen Gehorſam, den ſie ihrem Könige leiſten, im Herzen zugleich als das Opfer betrachten, das ſie dem Vaterlande darbringen.

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[*] Aus: Thomas Abbt, vom Tode für das Vaterland. Berlin und Stettin, 1770.

[*] Ich wage es nicht, eine gänzliche Gleichheit zu ſetzen. Da die Liebe zum Vaterland, wie unten ſoll gezeigt werden, eine Leidenſchaft iſt, deren Wirkungen deſto heftiger ſind, je mehr Elaſticität man ihr hat ertheilen können: ſo muß ſie in Republiken ſtärker als in Monarchien ſeyn. Jene beſitzen ausgebreitetere und leichtere Mittel, dieſe Leidenſchaft zu einer großen Höhe zu treiben, als die letzteren. Dieſe Mittel aber ſind nichts anders als Belohnungen, die höchſtens zur Nacheiferung, nicht Neid, und Beſtrafungen, die höchſtens Schimpf, nicht Mitleiden erwecken. Der römiſche Conſul Duilius, dem der Rath zur Belohnung ſeiner geleiſteten Dienſte das Vorrecht ertheilt hatte, ſich des Abends mit Fackeln und unter der Muſik von Flöten nach Hauſe bringen zu laſſen, fand ſich durch dieſes Vorrecht ſehr belohnt. Sollte er aber wohl dadurch Neid erweckt haben? Es gab damals in Rom noch keine Hofleute, deren größter Ehrgeiz auf unendliche Kleinigkeiten ging. Wenn Cicero die Strafe des Catilina ſo hätte einrichten können, daß nicht hernach das Mit-

Einige in den Monarchien nöthige Eintheilungen der Stände ſind vielleicht die Urſache geweſen, daß man die Verknüpfung der Bemühungen zum allgemeinen Beſten zu ſehr aufgelöſet hat. Jeder dieſer Stände fing bald an zu glauben, daß er nur auf eine einzige Art das Seinige dazu beitragen dürfte. Allein wenn ein allgemeines Beſtes ſtatt findet (und dieſes findet ſich bei allen Geſellſchaften), ſo muß es auch nur eine einzige politiſche Tugend geben. Aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte betrachtet, verſchwindet der Unterſchied zwiſchen Bauer, Bürger, Soldat und Edelmann. Alles vereinigt ſich und ſtellt ſich unter dem vormals ſo herrlichen Namen eines Bürgers dar. Dann iſt jeder Bürger ein Soldat, jeder Soldat ein Bürger, und jeder Edelmann Soldat und Bürger, wie man will. Wie ſehr weiche ich nicht von den eingeführten Begriffen ab! Ich geſtehe es; aber man muß ſich nur an eben den Standort ſtellen, wo ich ſtehe, und man wird ſich alsdann ſehr leicht mit mir vereinigen. Die Monarchie läßt zuweilen die Bande nach, mit denen ſie jeden beſondern Stand an ſich zieht. Nun ſcheinen die Stände gleichſam getrennt. Ein beſonderer Fall ereignet ſich. Sie zieht die Bande ſtärker an, und alsdann verſchwindet jeder Unterſchied. Man erblickt nicht mehr den Bürger, den Edelmann, den Soldaten beſonders. Alles iſt Bürger. So ſtelle ich mir die Monarchie vor, und habe ich nicht Recht zu ſchließen, daß darin jeder Unterthan Bürger ſey, ſo wie in der freieſten Republik der Bürger Unterthan iſt? Alles iſt den Geſetzen unterworfen. Niemand iſt frei; jeder iſt es nach dem Geiſt der Staatsverfaſſung, darin er lebt. Auch die Sonne eines Planetenſyſtems bewegt ſich nach ihren Geſetzen, nur daß ſie den Kreis nicht beſchreibt, den die Planeten durchzulaufen gezwungen ſind. Was iſt wohl das Vaterland? Man kann nicht immer den Geburtsort darunter verſtehen. Aber wenn mich die Geburt oder meine freie Entſchließung mit einem Staate vereinigen, deſſen heilſamen Geſetzen ich mich unterwerfe; Geſetzen, die mir nicht mehr von meiner Freiheit entziehen, als zum Beſten des ganzen Staats nöthig iſt: alsdann nenne ich dieſen Staat mein Vaterland.*) Wenn dieſe Geſetze ihre Stärke erhalten, wenn ſie mit aller ihrer Kraft wirken: was für einen Unterſchied in Abſicht meines Wohlſtandes merke ich denn wohl, ſie mögen nun von einem einzigen, oder von allen Gliedern des Staats zuſammen genommen gegeben werden; ihre Ausübung mag einer oder mehrern Händen anvertraut ſeyn; die Macht, ſie zu geben und auch in Ausübung zu bringen, mag in einem vereinigt oder bei verſchiedenen zertrennt angetroffen werden: Ich kann mich allezeit eines Vaterlandes erfreuen. Der einzige Unterſchied iſt dieſer: in der einen Staatsverfaſſung hängen die gefährlichſten Veränderungen derſelben nicht von dem Willen eines einzigen ab; aber ſie können manchmal von der Schwachheit mehrerer herrühren. Wenn hingegen dieſer Wille des einzigen durch gute, durch große Einſichten gelenkt wird: was für ein Glück für mich! Die Macht, Gutes zu thun ohne Einſchränkung! Die Macht, Böſes zu thun ohne den Willen!

Es giebt alſo auch in der Monarchie ein Vaterland. Wir können dieſes Vaterland lieben: und wenn wir es lieben können, ſo folgt auch, daß wir es lieben müſſen. Sind wir nicht verbunden, unſere Wohlfart zu befördern, ſie ſicher zu gründen? Und dieſe Wohlfart iſt ſo genau mit der Wohlfart des Vaterlandes, das heißt, mit der Aufrechterhaltung der Geſetze, deren Schutz ich genieße, verbunden!

„Wir verändern den Herrn, aber nicht das Joch." Maxime, welche verdienet, vom Sklaven ihren Urſprung zu haben, aber nicht werth iſt, von den Unterthanen einer wohl eingerichteten Monarchie auf ſich angewandt zu werden. Man liebt freilich das Joch nicht, und es kann uns wenig daran gelegen ſein, wer es auflegt, wenn wir einmal unglücklich genug ſind, darunter zu ſeufzen. Aber können wir wohl Geſetze, die zu unſerm Beſten eingerichtet ſind, ein Joch nennen? Können wir wohl den Mann haſſen, dem die Sorgfalt aufgetragen iſt, dieſe Geſetze aufrecht zu erhalten und in Ausübung zu bringen; ja bei veränderten Umſtänden ihnen eine neue Form zu geben? Und dieſer Mann iſt der Monarche. Was werden wir wohl daraus ſchließen? Was anders, wenn es nicht dieſes iſt, daß wir in den Monarchien zugleich die Geſetze und den Vater verehren, zugleich das Vaterland und den Monarchen lieben müſſen, und wenn wir würdige Bürger ſind, lieben werden*). In den Monarchien iſt eine genaue Verbindung zwiſchen dem Monarchen und dem Vaterland, davon uns ein Theil immer ſichtbar vor Augen ſchwebt; der andere Theil giebt ſich uns bloß durch ſeine Wirkungen zu erkennen. Das Vaterland ſagt gleichſam zum Könige: Setze dich zu meiner Rechten. Es verwirrt unſere Opfer, wenn wir ſie nicht zugleich aus Ergebenheit für ſeinen Vielgeliebten bringen, und es geht nur alsdann eine unſelige Trennung vor, wann der Monarche die Geſetze, darauf er ſonſt unſer Wohl gründete, umſtürzt. In der That, findet man denn nicht Beiſpiele der größten Liebe für das Vaterland auch unter Monarchien? Die Römer fochten unter ihren Königen eben ſo herzhaft als unter ihren Conſuln. Der Macedoniſche Phalanx würde vielleicht Römiſchen Legionen nicht gewichen ſeyn. Warum führt man denn dieſe Beiſpiele nicht ſo häufig an als die Beiſpiele der Patrioten in Republiken? Warum glänzen ſie uns meiſtens nur aus den Jahrbüchern der letztern ſo helle entgegen? — weil die Republiken darauf ſehen mußten, daß ihre braven Männer von der Nachwelt die Belohnung erhalten möchten, die ihnen ganz zu geben ihre Zeitgenoſſen zu arm waren; weil hingegen in Monarchien die Tapferkeit ihre Belohnung (nach den eingeführten Begriffen) ſogleich erhalten, und man alſo zu den Helden der letztern gleichſam ſagen kann: Ihr habt die Vergeltung ſchon in eurer Welt empfangen; die Nachwelt iſt euch ſo viel nicht mehr ſchuldig: weil man ſich gewöhnt hat, die Bemühungen für das Wohl des Vaterlandes als Bemühungen für den Ruhm des Prinzen in Monarchien zu betrachten; und weil es endlich wohl geſchehen kann, daß dieſer letztere mehr als der erſtere, oder oft gar der eigene Vortheil ein Bewegungsgrund zu rühmlichen Handlungen wird. Wenigſtens iſt man ſehr geneigt, dieſes zu vermuthen. Wenn man aber doch glaubt, daß die Erfahrung und die Geſchichte den Unterthanen der Monarchien eine ſtarke Liebe fürs Vaterland abſprechen: ſo wird man ſich gefallen laſſen, mit mir den Grund davon zu unterſuchen. Ich denke wenigſtens dadurch den übereilten Schluß zu verhindern, daß die Liebe fürs Vaterland in Monarchien gar nicht ſtatt finden könne.

Ich habe ſchon oben geſagt, daß in Republiken der Eifer fürs Vaterland ſich in eben dem Verhältniſſe vermindre, wie das Gebiet derſelben anwächſt. Monarchien aber ſind gemeiniglich von großem Umfang. Wegen der größern Macht, die ſie folglich beſitzen, ſind ſie auch ſicherer vor allzuhäufigen Anfällen. Dieſe Sicherheit erzeugt mehrere Stände in der Geſellſchaft, und dieſe Stände bereiten einander mehr Bequemlichkeit. Die Bequemlichkeit macht nach und nach den Eifer, für das Vaterland den Degen zu führen, ſchlaff; ſie verträgt ſich nicht mehr ſo leicht mit den Beſchwerlichkeiten eines Feldzuges. Ein alter Römiſcher Conſul, der mit eigenen Händen den Pflug führte, hatte auf ſeinem Landgute nicht ſo viele Gemächlichkeiten, als einer unſerer geringſten Landedelleute genießt. Es koſtete alſo dem erſtern nicht ſo viel Ueberwindung, ſich zu der

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ſelben für ihn rege geworden wäre: ſo würde er ſelbſt ſicherer geweſen ſeyn. Die Zeiten waren ſchon zu verderbt. Er näherte ſich dadurch einer Monarchie, ohne das Stillſchweigen befehlen, oder auch ohne Gehör erwarten zu dürfen. Kurz, die Republiken ſcheinen auf hohen Felſen angelegt zu ſeyn, wo die Liebe fürs Vaterland, durch ſehr einfache Maſchinen mit Gewalt hinaufgetrieben, ſich alsdenn auch wieder ungeſtüm ergießet. Die Monarchien liegen niedriger und nehmen eine größere Fläche ein; die Leidenſchaft darf nicht ſo hoch getrieben werden. Beſondere Umſtände aber können ihr eine neue Kraft ertheilen, wie ich anzumerken Gelegenheit haben werde.

*) Je ſinnlicher man freilich das Vaterland machen kann, deſto ſtärker wird die Anhänglichkeit daran ſeyn. Daher iſt die Anmerkung des Herrn von Mont. richtig: Le partage egal des terres faisoit aussi une bonne armée, chacun ayant un egal interêt et très-grand à defendre sa patrie; und die folgende widerſpricht jener keinesweges, wenn man das Vaterland in ſo engem Verſtande nimmt; wenn ſie nur nicht ſo viele Beweiſe noch in unſern Zeiten für ſich hätte: ces sortes de gens (les esclaves et les artisans) n'étoient guères propres à la guerre: ils étoient lâches et déja corrompus par le luxe des villes et souvent par leur art même, outre que comme ils n'avoient point proprement de patrie, et qu'ils jouissoient de leur industrie par tout, il trouvoient peu à perdre ou à conserver. v. Montesq. Considerations sur les causes de la Grandeur des R. et de leur Decadence c. 3.

*) Man kann es ſo wenig für eine Sklaverei ausgeben, wenn man neue Geſetze annehmen muß, daß es vielmehr die Republiken in die Sklaverei geſtürzt hat, wenn ſie bei veränderten Umſtänden ihre Geſetze nicht verändert haben. Die vortrefflichſten Geſetzgeber haben dieſes eingeſehen, und Rom hat die traurige Erfahrung davon gemacht. — Aber die Geſetze in der Hand eines einzigen Menſchen zu ſehen, und ſie von ſeiner Willkühr anzunehmen? — Und was war denn Rom, als Gabinius und Piſo das Conſulat in Händen hatten? Was war es unter verſchiedenen Tribunen, als die Geſetze, die zum Wohl der Bürger gereichen ſollten, durch die Ermordung vieler derſelben durchgetrieben wurden, und man nicht mehr ihre Einwilligung durch Beredſamkeit erhielt, ſondern ihren Widerſpruch durch das gezückte Schwert hinderte? — Nennt man aber dieſes die ſchlechten Zeiten der Republik: ſo muß man auch bedenken, daß der Einwurf nur auf ſchlechte Monarchen gehe.

Armee zu begeben, als es dem letztern vielleicht koſten würde. Daher hat man bald die Nothwendigkeit eingeſehen, einen beſondern Stand zu errichten, der durch Belohnungen und den ihm angewieſenen Unterhalt aufgemuntert, beſtändig in den Waffen bleiben und die Vertheidigung des Vaterlandes über ſich nehmen könnte. Indem andere durch ihren Fleiß ſich die Nothwendigkeiten, manchmal auch den Ueberfluß des Lebens verſchafften, ſorgte dieſer Stand, darum unbekümmert, nur für jener Erhaltung. Nach und nach fiengen die übrigen Bürger an, den Schluß zu machen, daß nur gewiſſe Glieder des Staats gezwungen und gleichſam gedungen wären, ſich für denſelben aufzuopfern, und daß bei den übrigen dieſe Verbindlichkeit wegfiele. Noch nicht genug: man hatte es zuweilen der freien Wahl eines jeden überlaſſen, ſich dieſem beſondern, oder einem andern Stande in der Geſellſchaft zu widmen. Was brauchte es weiter, um die Meinung einzuführen, daß dieſe freie Wahl beſtändig ſtatt finden müßte, und niemand eine eigentliche Verbindlichkeit zu dieſem Stande habe! Aus dieſer eingebildeten Freiheit folgte, daß ein Befehl, der dieſe Wahl nothwendig machte, als tyranniſch angeſehen wurde. So hält ein Schwärmer das Verbot, ſeine ungeſunden Einfälle öffentlich auszubreiten, für eine Verfolgung der Wahrheit.

Sieht nicht jeder ſogleich die Uebereilung bei dieſen Schlüſſen? Und doch werden ſie noch täglich gemacht. Man ſcheint, wenn das Vaterland dem Sohn, den wir ihm, und nicht uns allein erzeugt haben, ſchon in der Wiege ſeine Verbindlichkeiten ankündigt. Wie! könnte denn das Vaterland nicht jeden zu ſeiner Vertheidigung herbei rufen, wenn es gleich nicht jeden herbei rufet! Wenn es aber dieſe Rechte über uns bei unſerer Geburt erhält: kann man die Regierung wohl tyranniſch nennen, die uns dieſe Rechte ankündigen läßt? würden denn wohl dieſe Rechte aufhören, wenn die Regierung uns dieſelben verſchwiege? O Sparta, die du mit dem trockenen Auge, nur mit der Rührung, welche Tugend beim Anblicke der Tugend empfindet, deine Bürger zu ihren Grabmälern bei Thermopylä*) gehen ſahſt; zu den Grabmälern, die ſie ſich mit ihren eigenen Schwertern zubereiteten, auf welchen Haufen erſchlagener Perſer als Grabſteine aufgethürmt ſtunden, und der Tod fürs Vaterland die prächtige Aufſchrift war: o Sparta, wünſcheſt du nicht einen Bürger aus deinen Mauern verbannet haben, der ſich geweigert, nicht gezögert, nur einen Augenblick bedacht hätte, den für das Vaterland gebornen Sohn der glänzenden Reihe ſeiner Streiter einzuverleiben? Du, der ihre Söhne nur deswegen lieb waren, weil ſie dich vertheidigten, und die Töchter, weil ſie dir Vertheidiger gebären konnten! — Aber dieſes geſchahe nur in Republiken — ja, und fällt denn in Monarchien dieſe Verbindlichkeit weg, wenn ihre Ausübung gleich nicht immer in ſo ſtrengem Maaße gefordert wird, oder verringert etwa die Gegenwart eines Königs dieſe Pflicht? Laßt uns zufrieden ſeyn, daß wir in Staaten leben, wo nicht jedes Jahr Feinde müſſen zurückgetrieben werden. Dies iſt ein Glück für uns; aber laßt uns deswegen unſere urſprünglichen Verbindlichkeiten nicht leugnen. Nein, dieſe Geſetze ſind für uns noch eben ſo heilige Geſetze, die wir um den Thron eines Monarchen mit ſo tiefer Ehrfurcht [illegible] ſehen, anſtatt daß ſie uns ſonſt gleichſam aus einem Heiligthum dieſe Pflichten entgegen leuchteten. Die Liebe für den Monarchen vermehrte ehender die Liebe für das Vaterland, als daß ſie dieſelbe vermindert hätte. So war den Iſraeliten das Heiligthum, worauf ſie ſchwuren, noch immer die Bundeslade, ob ſie ſich gleich einem Könige unterworfen hatten. Jene nicht zu verlaſſen, erforderte ihre Pflicht, und dieſem zu folgen, ermunterte ſie ihre Liebe. Die erſtere war das Gut, das ſie nicht verlieren durften; der letztere ihr Vergnügen, das ſie zu erhalten wünſchten. Die Anweſenheit des Königs ohne die Bundeslade würde ſie mit Schrecken erfüllt, die Erwartung derſelben mit dem Verluſte des Königs würde ſie faſt unempfindlich gemacht haben.

Ich darf nun, glaube ich, aus dem, was bisher geſagt worden, den Schluß ziehen, daß, wenn in den Monarchien für jeden ein Vaterland zu finden iſt, wenn dieſes Vaterland unſere Liebe fordert; wenn dieſe Liebe durch die Gegenwart des Monarchen nicht geſchwächt, ſondern geſtärkt wird: daß man alsdann eben die Wirkungen der Liebe für den Staat in Monarchien erwarten dürfe, die man in Republiken erfahren hat; daß wir aber auch zu allen Folgen dieſer Liebe, ohne welche ſie nicht beſtehen könnte, verbunden ſeyen. Die Vorausſetzungen ſind alle erwieſen: ich dürfte alſo nur dieſe Wirkungen eine nach der andern durchgehen, ihre Vortrefflichkeit in das nöthige Licht ſetzen und ſogar aus dieſer Vortrefflichkeit zurückſchließen: daß ihr Nutzen auch ohne die erwieſene Verbindlichkeit ſchon hinreichte, uns zur Ausübung der ſo oft genannten Pflicht zu bewegen. Allein ich will erſt noch ein Hinderniß unterſuchen, das der Ausübung dieſer Pflicht unter uns am ſtärkſten im Wege zu ſtehen ſcheint, und das ich bis auf ſeine geheimſten Zuſammenſetzungen aufzuſuchen hoffe. Dieſes Hinderniß iſt eine häufig angenommene Denkungsart, daß es lächerlich ſey, ſich für den Vortheil andrer aufzuopfern, und eine unverzeihliche Thorheit, ſein Leben anders als ſeines eigenen Vortheils wegen in Gefahr zu ſetzen.

Vom Urſprunge der Einwürfe gegen die Liebe fürs Vaterland; — Folgen dieſer Liebe auch in den Monarchien.

Es iſt überhaupt ein faſt unerſetzlicher Schade, wenn man gute Grundſätze, die ein ganzes Volk zu edlen Handlungen begeiſterten, vertilget *). Man kann dieſen Zweck durch zweierlei Mittel erhalten. Entweder dieſe Grundſätze werden durch Gründe beſtritten, oder ſie werden lächerlich gemacht. Das erſte Mittel wird ſeinen Entzweck gar nicht, oder nur ſehr ſelten und langſam erreichen. Das andre wirkt mit der Geſchwindigkeit eines Gifts in den Adern. Es greift das an, was in uns das Zärtlichſte iſt, unſre Eitelkeit. Man urtheilt gemeiniglich, daß derjenige, der etwas verlacht, beſſere Einſichten haben müſſe. Und wer ſchämt ſich nicht, dumm zu ſeyn! In der That, der Pöbel iſt des feinern Gefühls der Schaam über etwas Unanſtändiges nicht beraubt. Man darf ſich nur die Mühe geben, es ihm merklich zu machen. Wie lange hat es wohl gewährt, ehe ein Schuſter zu Paris, nach dem Muſter der Vornehmern, es für eine Schande gehalten hat, zu geſtehen, daß er ſeine Frau liebe! und die Entfernung vom vornehmen bis zum niedern Pöbel iſt nicht ſo groß, als man insgemein glaubt. Ein Mauleſel, der mit Goldblech bedeckt iſt, denkt wie ein anderer, der eine wollene Decke auf ſich liegen hat.

Man hat aber dieſen Weg erwählt, weil es im Gegentheil ſo ſchwer iſt, Grundſätze durch gründliche Widerlegung umzuſtoßen, nach denen man ſeine Handlungen einzurichten gewohnt iſt, und die auch übrigens gute Folgen haben. Wenige Menſchen ſind fähig, wahre Gründe auf eine richtige Art mit ihren Folgen zu verbinden und auch zu überdenken: noch wenigere, falſche Folgerungen, wenn ſie einmal gemacht ſind, zu trennen, ohne die Grundſätze ſelbſt umzuſtoßen; und die wenigſten, neue Gründe anzunehmen und neue Folgerungen daraus zu ziehen. Der Philoſoph iſt glücklich, der unter einer ganzen Nation zwanzig weiſe Männer als überwundene Sklaven des Irrthums im Tempel der Wahrheit triumphirend aufſtellen kann. Und ein witziger Kopf kann [illegible] eingewurzelten Aberglauben mehr durch den Spott, als die ganze Schaar unſerer Gottesgelehrten mit ihrem ſchwerfälligen Ernſt ausrotten.

Man hat bei einer andern Gelegenheit geſagt, „daß die Menſchen ſich nicht ſchämen, laſterhaft, aber wohl, lächerlich zu ſeyn." Dieſe Anmerkung muß vielleicht noch eingeſchränkt werden. Die Schaam ſetzt allezeit eine Bekanntmachung des Laſters oder Fehlers voraus, es mögen nun dabei andre, oder wir ſelbſt unſere Richter ſeyn. Allein das Laſter kann ſich vor andern und vor unſerm eigenen innern Auge verbergen. Zuweilen haben wir das letztere, gleich tapfern Zuſchauern, wohl gar ſelbſt geblendet. Das Lächerliche hingegen bleibt niemals verborgen, ſobald die Mode den Ausſpruch gethan hat: dies iſt lächerlich. Die Larve des Laſters iſt ſo ſcheußlich gemacht, daß es nur ſelten Fälle giebt, wo man eine gänzliche Aehnlichkeit mit derſelben bei Menſchen antrifft; und nur wenige Perſonen ſind im Stande, ein richtiges Urtheil davon zu fällen. Das Lächerliche aber wird von der Mode nach ihrer Phantaſie entworfen; jeder Dummkopf, ſo wie jeder kluge Mann, ſieht es an und erblickt es beinahe an jedem Vorbeigehenden. Man könnte es mit den zerſchnittenen und perſpektiviſch zuſammengeſetzten Gemälden vergleichen, die uns, von den verſchiedenen Seiten betrachtet, verſchiedene Bilder darſtellen.

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*) Laßt uns auf dieſer Erde nochmals das Mittagsmahl einnehmen; auf den Abend werden wir wohl mit den Unterirdiſchen ſpeiſen, ſagte Leonidas zu ſeinen Mitſoldaten. Man redet nicht alſo, wenn man nicht ſeinen Poſten als ſeine Grabſtätte betrachtet.

*) Man darf dieſes noch allgemeiner machen. So oft gewiſſe Dinge, die uns gerührt und unſre Seele ſich mit einem Schauer [illegible] mit einer wehmüthigen Empfindlichkeit [illegible] haben, lächerlich gemacht werden: ſo iſt auch wenigſtens ein Weſen zu unſern Vergnügungen aufgeſucht. Ich rede hier nicht einmal von dem rührenden Fluch ſolche Dinge, welche einem ganzen Volke heilig und wichtig auch deßfalls ſind, beſſend zu verſpotten. Dagegen ſind andere Betrachtungen vorhanden. Aber wozu ſoll z. E. der [illegible] Heldengedichte zu zerſtören? Wegen einiger lächerlichen Gedichte verlieren wir das Vergnügen zu bewundern. Das Polleriſche erſtickt alle erhabene Leidenſchaften. Was iſt wohl rührender, als wenn in der [illegible], welcher einen Staatsverbrecher vertheidigen ſoll, in der Höhe des Affekts deſſen Kinder redend einführt und ſie ſchluchzend ihres Vaters Leben von einem ganzen Volk erflehen läßt? In dem Luſtſpiele des Hrn. Racine, les Plaideurs, wird dieſes parodiert. Ein Advokat läßt junge Hunde für das Leben eines alten Hundes, ihres Vaters, bitten. Man leſe einmal dieſe Stelle: wird man nicht bei der Rückſicht auf die ernſthaften Stellen eine Abnahme der Rührung bei ſich fühlen? So ſchön auch Virgil den Aeneas ſeine Erzählung anfangen läßt: Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem: ſo wird uns doch dieſe Stelle lächerlich, nachdem wir ſie ſo oft aus dem Munde des unſterblichen Barbiers Partridge im Thomas Jones, unrecht angebracht, gehört haben. Ein ſolcher Verfaſſer giebt uns einige ſüße Sachen zu koſten, die in dem Augenblicke, wenn wir ſie genießen, angenehm ſind, aber allen Geſchmack an dem herrlichen Weine, der uns vorgeſetzt iſt, verderben.

Ich komme von dieſer Ausſchweifung zurück, um — vielleicht in einer andern fortzufahren. Wenn eine Nation aus einer alten Verzärtelung, aus tugendhaften Grundſätzen herausgelacht wird: wie theuer erkauft ſie nicht die Behauptung — einiger Narren! Und weil immer gerade das Gegentheil von dem, was verſpottet worden, für ſchön, für ehrwürdig gehalten wird: ſo muß ſie ſich bald gewöhnen, niedrige, ſchlechte Handlungen mit dem Gepräge des Edlen, des Erhabenen zu bezeichnen. Sie verwirft, um ſich anſehnlicher zu machen, das, was ihre Vorfahren geſchmückt, aber mit Zierrathen geſchmückt hatte, die ſie der Nachwelt glänzend und doch ehrwürdig darſtellten; und erſtickt den Samen, aus welchem ſo große Thaten aufgekeimt waren. Wie ſollen wir denn von dieſen Leuten reden, die nach der Verweichlung aller, ſo gar auch der männlichen Tugend, das Erhabene von der Höhe, worauf es ſteht, herunter ſpotten; alles, was über ſie hinaus ragt, für Chimären erklären; und nur ſich, als den Mittelpunkt alles Uebrigen, merklich machen wollen! — „Für das Vaterland „ſterben! Chimäre! Was iſt das Vaterland? Ich werde bezahlt, um mich todtſchießen zu laſſen, und ich nehme dieſe Bezahlung an, weil ich ſonſt kein andres Mittel weiß, anſtändig zu leben. Aber die Chimäre des Vaterlandes macht mich nicht „ſchwärmeriſch. Wann ein glückliches Faro oder eine reiche Heirath mich in den Stand ſetzte, gemächlich von meinem eigenen „Vermögen zu leben: ſo würde ich heute meinen Abſchied nehmen und das Vaterland für ſich ſtreiten laſſen." — O wahrhaftig, ſo dachten die Römer nicht: und waren die Römer etwa verrückte Köpfe! Waren es Schwärmer, die das Vergnügen des Lebens nicht kannten! Sie kannten es; aber ſie kannten auch das Vergnügen — des Todes. Nicht des Todes, der auf dem weichlichen Sopha einen durch Wollüſte ausgemergelten Körper vollends ſtarr macht, der bei jedem nähernden Schritte uns ſtärkere Vorwürfe zuruft, und vor dem man ſich nur aus viehiſcher Dummheit nicht entſetzet: ſondern des Todes, der ſich in der Vertheidigung des Vaterlandes darbietet, der unſre Seele gleich einer Königin aus dem Gefängniſſe ruft und ſie nicht gleich einer Sklavin darin erdroſſelt: der endlich, wenn ich mich ſo kühn ausdrücken dürfte, mit dem Blute, das aus unſern Adern quillt, das lechzende Vaterland tränkt, um es wieder aufleben zu laſſen. Wo iſt denn nun das Lächerliche, das Chimäriſche! Dieſes kann nichts hervorbringen, was einen wirklichen Werth hat; das Ungereimte muß allenthalben durchſchimmern. Wenn wir alſo zeigen können, daß der Tod fürs Vaterland, wenn ihn auch nur wenige Bürger des Staats erlitten haben, in kurzer Zeit den übrigen eine neue und große *) Denkungsart ertheilen könne; daß dieſe Denkungsart ſich nachher in allen ihren übrigen Handlungen äußern und dadurch die Nation zu einem glänzenden Muſter für die ganze Nachwelt machen werde: ſo muß wenigſtens der Zweifel entſtehen: ſollte wohl der Tod fürs Vaterland ein ſo verachtungsvolles Gelächter verdienen? Wenn zu gleicher Zeit der Grad dieſer Wirkungen in den Monarchien gezeigt wird: ſo muß dadurch der Einwurf, daß es wenigſtens in Monarchien lächerlich ſey, für das Vaterland zu ſterben, unterdrückt werden.

Wenn ſich endlich der Gegner von einer andern Seite zeigte und uns entgegenſetzte: daß wir wenigſtens eine Art von Enthuſiasmus zugeben müßten, ohne welchen die Furcht vor dem Tod nicht leicht überwunden werden könne: ſo dürfen wir nur dieſen Enthuſiasmus unterſuchen und den Nutzen ſowohl als die Möglichkeit deſſelben in Monarchien erweiſen.

Dieſes ſind die Materien, die ich noch jede in einem beſondern Stücke ausführen werde.

Andere Hinderniſſe, die nicht ganz von der verkehrten Denkungsart einer Nation oder des größten Theils unter derſelben abhängen, fordern andre Erleichterungen und erhalten ſie doch auch zum Theil von unſerm Hauptgrundſatze — der Liebe fürs Vaterland.

1) Man ſagt: unſre Art, Krieg zu führen, macht es ſchwerer — was denn! zu ſterben! — das ſollte ich eben nicht denken. Aber das Geſchütz, deſſen Gefahren der Tapferſte ſo wie der Feigeſte ausgeſetzt ſind ohne Gegenwehr, ohne daß ſie ſich von einander unterſcheiden können! Wahrhaftig der traurige Rückzug des Antonius, auf dem er ſeine bravſten Soldaten verlor, die ſehr oft keine Parther ſahen und doch immer von Parthiſchen Pfeilen verwundet wurden, beweiſt hinreichend, daß auch unter den Alten nicht immer thätige Tapferkeit ſich den rühmlichen Tod errungen habe, und daß ſchon damals die Ehre ohne Unterſchied ausgetheilt werden. Das innere Bewußtſein der Liebe für ſeine Pflicht machte den tapfern Mann.

2) Man beklagt ſich, daß die größten, die rühmlichſten Thaten unbekannt bleiben und in ewige Nacht für alle eingehüllet werden, wenn ſie nicht vor den Augen des Monarchen geſchehen. Sobald ein Officier bekennen wird, daß er bloß um ſeiner ſelbſt willen tapfer ſtreite: ſobald werden wir ihm zugeſtehen, daß ein ſolcher Zufall für ihn der empfindlichſte unter allen ſeyn müſſe. Das Leben gewagt zu haben, um einen beſſern Poſten zu erhalten, und doch unbemerkt bleiben — unbelohnt! Es iſt freilich traurig genug. Aber ſollte der Lebenslauf eines ſolchen Mannes nicht noch trauriger erſcheinen, der, wenn er der Wahrheit gemäß geſchrieben wird, gemeiniglich ſo lauten muß: „als Fähnrich ſtritt er mit dem Muthe eines Löwen, um General zu werden; als General wich er allen Gefahren aus, um General zu bleiben."

3) Aber welcher grauſame Künſtler hat dort jenes Gemälde zur Beſchämung der menſchlichen Natur aufgeſtellt! — O die Vorwürfe dringen mir durch die Seele! — Eine Menge Verwundeter, die um die aufgerichteten Trophäen von Prag, Leuthen, Zorndorf herumliegen, demüthig für den Reſt ihres Lebens, deſſen größere Hälfte für uns verſchwendet worden, Allmoſen verlangen und doch von den meiſten zurückgewieſen werden! — Jener Mann ſtreckt den noch übrigen Arm, den er nie vergebens für unſere Sicherheit ausgeſtreckt hatte, vergebens nach einer unſrer kleinen Gaben aus — der nächſte an ihm hat ſich müde den Tag über geſtanden; nicht einmal ſeine Krücke war für ihn bereit; nun liegt ſie neben ihm, und er — er wird dieſen Abend hungern. — Und wer ſind jene vergüldete, nervenloſe Figuren dort, die ungerührt vorübergehen und für das verdienſtvolle Elend weder Auge noch Ohr haben? Ekelhaft iſt der Anblick, den die Unempfindlichkeit dem Menſchen giebt. Wer wollte nicht lieber eine Gabe betteln, als mit einem ſolchen Geſichte geben können! — Weg mit dem Sklaven! — Aber auch ſie, die zärtlichere Hälfte des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, deren ſanftere Blicke für jenes Elend ein ſympathetiſches Gefühl verſprechen, — wie! auch ſie rollen zum Theil vorüber in prächtigen Karoſſen, und die Unglücklichen haben ſich zu hüten, daß ſie nicht beſchädigt werden — Sollte nicht eine menſchenfeindliche Phantaſie dem Künſtler dieſes Gemälde eingegeben haben? — O Schande! Es iſt Natur, es iſt Wahrheit! Mit dieſen meinen Augen habe ich ſie geſehen. — — Die Vorwürfe des Künſtlers ſind gerecht, aber ich hoffe, ſie ſollen es nicht lange mehr bleiben. O ihr würdigen Bürger des Staates! nicht lange mehr ſollt ihr das Schickſal eurer Kameraden beneiden, die an eurer Seite das Schlachtfeld mit ihren todten Leichnamen bedeckt haben, deren letztes Röcheln ihr gehöret habt, ſo wie noch euer Geſchrei, das euch der Schmerz abzwang, in der Sterbenden Ohren gedrungen iſt. Er kömmt, der euch angeführt hat, nicht mehr Kriegsgott, ſondern Vater! Sollte er euch verkennen, euch, die ihr das glorwürdige Zeichen an euch traget, das den wahren Sohn des Vaterlandes glänzend macht! und wenn er euch nicht verkennt, ſollte er nicht für euch ſorgen? Stützen des Staats, ſeine Zierde und ſein Ruhm! Sammlet euch in ruhige Wohnungen zuſammen, und wenn unſere Prinzen euch beſuchen (könnten ſie ſich wohl dieſes feierlichen, dieſes rührenden Schauſpiels entziehen?), dann zeiget zugleich, nachdem ihr ſie zu großen Empfindungen werdet gerührt haben, wie ein tapfrer und weiſer und guter Monarch von ſeinem Volke geliebt werde, und was die Liebe fürs Vaterland würke!

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*) Hieher gehöret eine Geſchichte, die im vorigen Kriege im Halberſtädtiſchen geſchehen iſt: Ein ſiebenzigjähriger Schäfer that in ſeiner Gemeine kund, daß er ſechs Söhne im Dienſt des Königs habe. Als in den letzten Jahren des Kriegs auch der ſiebente, die letzte Stütze ſeines Alters, in den Krieg gehen ſollte, ſagte der Alte zum Officier: „Herr Hauptmann! ſag er mir aufrichtig, brennt es den König auf die Nägel? Wenn's ihn brennt, ſo nehme er meinen Sohn und mich auch dazu. Brennt es den König aber noch nicht, ſo laſſe er mir meinen Sohn."

Abraham a Sancta Clara.

Dieſer weit mehr, vorzüglich im nördlichen Deutſchland unrichtig aufgefaßte und falſch verſtandene, als nach ſeinem wahren Werthe anerkannte, talentvolle Mann kann als das beſte Muſter populärer katholiſcher Beredſamkeit ſeiner Zeit mit vollem Rechte betrachtet werden. Er hieß mit ſeinem Familiennamen **Ulrich Megerle**, ſtammte aus einem adeligen Geſchlechte und ward am 4. Juli 1642 armen, aber frommen und redlichen Eltern zu **Krähenheinſtetten**, unweit des Städtchens **Möskirch** (in den mediatiſirten fürſtlich fürſtenbergiſchen Beſitzungen) in Schwaben, geboren. Seine Eltern hießen Jacob und Verona Megerle. Er zeichnete ſich ſchon in früher Jugend durch einen heftigen Drang nach Wiſſen, Fleiß und Talent aus und erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf den lateiniſchen Schulen zu **Möskirch**, **Ingolſtadt** und **Salzburg**. In ſeinem achtzehnten Jahre trat er in den Barfüßer-Auguſtiner Orden zu Mariabrunn, ſtudirte dann in dem zu Wien befindlichen Kloſter ſeines Ordens Philoſophie und Theologie, ward zwei Jahre ſpäter, 1662, zum Prieſter geweiht, promovirte als Doctor der Gottesgelahrtheit und ging dann als Feſttagsprediger nach Kloſter **Taxa** unweit Dachau in Baiern. Von hier begab er ſich als Prediger zurück nach Wien, wo er durch ſeine glänzende Rednergabe ſich bald einen ausgebreiteten Ruf erwarb. In gleicher Eigenſchaft darauf eine Zeitlang in Grätz verweilend, ward er 1669 von Leopold I. als kaiſerlicher Hofprediger nach Wien berufen; ein Amt, dem er zwanzig Jahre lang, mit allgemeiner Verehrung vorſtand, hochgeſchätzt und geliebt von ſeinem Monarchen. — Während dieſer Zeit ſtieg er in ſeinem Orden von Stufe zu Stufe und ward nach einander Provinzial-Prokurator, Lector, Pater ſpiritualis, Prior-Provinzial und Definitor ſeiner Provinz. — Als Prior-Provinzial war er 1689 bei dem General-Ordens-Capitel zu Rom anweſend, predigte daſelbſt zu verſchiedenen Malen mit großem Beifall und ward von Papſt Innocenz XI. mit einem geweihten Kreuze beſchenkt; als Definitor trug er außerordentlich viel zu der Verbeſſerung mehrerer Klöſter ſeines Ordens bei. — Er ſtarb am 1ſten December 1709 im acht und ſechszigſten Jahre ſeines Alters zu Wien.

Pater Abraham a Sancta Clara war ein ſeltener, kühner, redlicher, mit vollſter Ueberzeugung ſeinem Glauben anhängender, ſeinem Orden auf das Treueſte ergebener, wohlwollend geſinnter, wohlthätiger, rechtſchaffener und tugendhafter Mann, wie er das in unzähligen Fällen ſeines langen, wirkungsreichen Lebens vollkommen bewährt hat. Eine fromme Heiterkeit, unverwüſtlicher Muth und kräftige Ausdauer begleiteten ihn bis zu ſeinem letzten Gange. —

Ehe wir zur Betrachtung ſeiner Leiſtungen als Redner übergehn, möge hier ein vollſtändiges Verzeichniß ſeiner ſämmtlichen Schriften, von denen mehrere ſehr ſelten geworden ſind, mit Anführung der Originalausgaben folgen. Wir verdanken daſſelbe dem „Literariſchen Anzeiger," Wien, bei Gerold, Jahrgang 1822. —

I. **Judas der Ertz-Schelm**, für ehrliche Leuth, oder eigentlicher Entwurf und Lebensbeſchreibung des Iſchariotiſchen Böſewichts. Worinnen unterſchiedliche Discurs, ſittliche Lehr-Puncten, Gedicht und Geſchicht, auch ſehr reicher Vorrath Bibliſcher Concepten. Welche nit allein einem Prediger auf der Cantzel ſehr dienlich fallen, der jetzigen, verkehrten, bethörten, verſehrten Welt die Wahrheit unter die Naſen zu reiben: ſondern es kann ſich auch deſſen ein Privat- und einſamber Leſer zur erſprießlichen Zeit-Vertreibung und gewünſchten Seelen-Hail gebrauchen. Zuſammengetragen durch P. **Abraham a St. Clara**, 4 Theile mit Titelkupfern. 4. Bonn, 1687 (nur 1ſter Bd.) **Salzburg**, 1688 — 95. 1710. **Nürnberg**, 1696. 1709. 1718. 1752. 1775.

II. **Reimb dich oder ich liß dich**, das iſt: allerley Materien, Discurs, Concept und Predigten, welche bishero in unterſchiedlichen Tractätlein gedruckt worden; Nunmehr aber in ein Werk zuſammengereimbt, und zuſammen geraumbt, mit einem beygefügten Indice Concionatorio, und neuen Zuſatz mehrerer Concepten; denen Herren Predigern für ein Interim geſchenkt, biß etwas anders bald folgen wird. Durch Pr. Fr. **Abraham a St. Clara**. 4. **Salzburg**, 1687, 1690, 1714. **Cöllen**, 1688. 1702. **Augsburg**, 1714. 1754.

Dieſe Sammlung faßt folgende Aufſätze, die früher und nachher zum Theil einzeln erſchienen ſind. Nicht in jeder Ausgabe ſind alle enthalten, noch in gleicher Folge.

1) **Dominika**, eine Reihe kurzer Predigten für das ganze Kirchenjahr.

2) **Merks Wienn**, das iſt: des wüttenden Tods eine umbſtändige Beſchreibung. In der berühmten Haupt- und Kayſerlichen Reſidenz-Statt **Wienn** in Oeſterreich im 1679ten Jahr; mit Beyfügung ſo wol wiſſen als gewiſſen antreffender Lehr. Zuſammengetragen mitten in der betrangten Statt und Zeit, von Pr. Fr. **Abraham a St. Clara**. (Zuerſt gedruckt. 8. **Wien**, 1680, mit **Vignetten**, und daſ. 1710.)

3) **Löſch Wienn**, das iſt: eine bewegliche Vermahnung an die Kayſerliche Reſidenz-Statt **Wienn** in Oeſterreich, was geſtalten dieſelbige der ſo viel tauſend Verſtorbenen, Bekandten und Verwandten nicht wolle vergeſſen, welche vor einem Jahr zur harten Peſtzeit, ohne gewöhnliche Leich-Beſingnuß, ohne Begleitung der Freundſchaft, elendig unter die Erd gerathen, deren vermuthlich viel in den zeitlichen Flammen des Fegfeuers, ihre gröſte Zuverſicht ſchöpfen zu der gewöhnlichen Acht-Tägigen Andacht in der Todten-Capellen bei denen P. P. Auguſtiner Baarfüſſern. In Kürze zuſammengeſetzt durch P. Fr. **Abraham a St. Clara**. (Einzeln. 8. Wien, 1680. 4. **Salzburg**, 1687. **Wien**, 1690. Daſ. 1712.)

4) **Große Todten-Bruderſchaft**, das iſt: ein kurzer Entwurf des ſterblichen Lebens. Zuſammengeſetzt durch P. Fr. **Abraham a St. Clara**. (Einzeln, 8. Wien, 1681; **Salzburg**, 1710.)

5) **Auff, auff, ihr Chriſten!** das iſt: ein bewegliche Anfriſchung der chriſtlichen Waffen wider den Türkiſchen Bluet-Egel; ſambt beygefügtem Zuſatz vieler herrlichen Victorien und Sieg wider den Ottomanniſchen Erb-Feind; wie auch anderer Sittlicher Lehr- und Lob-Verfaſſung der Martialiſchen Tapfferkeit. In Eil ohne Weil zuſammengetragen durch P. Fr. **Abraham a St. Clara**. (Einzeln. 8. **Wien**, 1683. 1685.)

6) **Danck- und Denckzahl des Achten gegen dem Drey**, das iſt: eine kleine Schluß-Predigt, ſo in der Octav des Solennen Danckfeſts zu der heiligen Dreyfaltigkeit, mitten in der Statt Wienn auf offentlichen Platz bey einer unglaublichen Menge Volks gehalten worden von P. Fr. **Abraham a St. Clara**, da die dreyfältige hierzu verfertigte Laternen auß allen Fenſtern einen wunderſchönen Pracht vorſtellten, und haben ſo viel tauſend angezündete Liechter den entzündeten Eyffer der Hochl. N. Oe. Ständ, ja der geſambten Kayſerl. Reſidenz-Statt zu der allerheiligſten Dreyfaltigkeit ſattſamb beſtättiget. (Früher einzeln gedruckt.)

7) **Neuerwählte Paradeyß-Blum**, von dem Allerdurchleuchtigſten Ertz-Hauß Oeſterreich, und deſſen angehörigen Erb-Cronen und Provintzen, 2c. das iſt: Danckbahre Lob- und Ehr-Verfaſſung von dem glorreichen Heiligen **Joſeph**, welcher hochvermögende [illegible] Ertz- und Nähr-Vatter Chriſti für einen allgemeinen Patronen und Schutz-Herren mit hochfeyerlicher Solennität und großen Eyffer, ſo wohl beyder Kayſerl. Mayeſt. als des häufig verſambleten hohen Adels, wie auch des geiſtreichen Cleri 2c. iſt öffentlich an und aufgenommen worden den 12. May 1675.

8) **Soldaten-Glory**, das iſt: von dem heiligen Ritter und heroiſchen [illegible] **Georgio** ſchuldige Lob-Red, welche an ſeinem Jährlichen Feſt-Tag in dem [illegible]ſinger-Hoff mitten in der Kayſerlichen Reſidenz-Statt Wienn vor einem Volkreichen Auditorio, unter freyem Himmel, hoffentlich aber nicht in Luft geſagt worden, und nunmehr in Truck verfertigt. (Einzeln. Merks wohl Soldat. 8. Wienn, 1680.)

9) **Wohlriechender Spica-Nardi**, das iſt: eine kurze Lob-Verfaſſung des Heiligen Claravalleniſiſchen Abbtens und Honigflieſſenden Lehrers **Bernardi**, welche an dem Jährlichen ſolemnen Feſt-Tag erſtermeldten Heiligen Patriarchen in dem uhralten Ciſtercienſer Stifft Rhein, ohnfern der Steyriſchen Haupt-Statt Grätz, vor einem Volkreichen, wie nicht weniger Adelichem Auditorio auf

der Canzel vorgetragen von P. Fr. Abraham. (Einzeln. 4. Grätz, 1683.)

10) Die Heilige Hof-Art, das iſt: eine ſchuldige Lob-Red, dem groſſen Wunderthätigen Indianer Apoſtel Francisco Xaverio, welche an ſeinem hochfeyerlichen Feſttag in dem herrlichen Tempel deß Profess Hauß der Societet JESU in Wien vorgetragen, und nunmehr in Truck verfertiget worden von Pr. Fr. Abraham a St. Clara.

11) Astriacus Austriacus. Himmelreichiſcher Oeſterreicher, der Hochheilige Marggraff Leopoldus, vor der geſambten Kayſerl. Hofſtatt, in dem von ihme fundirten Hochlöblichen Stifft, und zu Ehr der Allerſeligſten Mutter Gottes erbawten Gotteshauß zu Kloſter-Neuburg: In Gegenwart ſeiner H. Reliquien in einer Lob-Predigt vorgeſtellt. Von P. P. Fr. Abraham ꝛc. (Früher einzeln gedruckt.)

12) Prophetiſcher Willkomb, das iſt: eine Weiſſagung von Glück ohne Tück, der dritten Kayſerlichen Vermählung Leopoldi mit Eleonora Magdalena Theresia Durchl. gebohrnen Hertzogin von Neuburg, ſo in einer Predigt in dem hohen Paſſauer Stifft in Wienn, Maria-Stiegen genannt, zu Ehren deß Oeſterreichiſchen Schutz-Herrn Leopoldi und ſeiner allda aufgerichteten Sodalität gehalten worden, den 14. Decemb. Anno 1677. An welchem Tag obbeſagtes Kayſerliches Beylagers Feſt zu Paſſau Hochfeyerlich vollzogen, nunmehr aber in Truck verfertigt worden von P. Fr. Abraham a St. Clara.

13) Zeugniß und Verzeichniß eines Lobwürdigſten Tugend-Wandels, ſo in der traurigen Leich-Begängnuß deß Weyland verſtorbenen Herrn Abbts Anſelm zu Maria Zell in Oeſterreich unter der Enß in einer ſchuldigſten Lob-Red vorgeſtellt, und bey einer groſſen Anzahl der verſambleten Zuhörer gehalten worden durch P. Fr. Abraham a St. Clara.

14) Der glückliche Fiſchzug in Anzbach, das iſt: ein Troſtreiche Predigt von der überſchwenklichen Barmhertzigkeit der Mutter Gottes, welche den 8ten September an Dero Gnaden-vollen Geburts-Tag in dem uhralten und berühmten Gottes-Hauß zu Anzbach vor einer groſſen Menge eyfferiger Zuhörer gehalten, und nunmehr auf vieles Begehren zu ſonderem Troſt der Marianiſchen Hertzen auch in den Truck überſetzt worden durch P. Fr. Abraham a St. Clara. (Früher einzeln gedruckt.)

15) Oeſterreichiſches DEo gratias, das iſt: eine ausführliche Beſchreibung eines Hochfeyerlichen Danckfeſts, welches zu Ehren der Allerheiligſten Dreyfaltigkeit, wegen gnädiger Abwendung der über uns verhängten ſchwären Straff der Peſt in der Kayſerl. Haupt- und Reſidenz-Stadt Wien, den 17. Junii Anno 1680, durch die löbliche N. Oe. Herren Land-Ständ höchſt aufferbäulich angeſtellt worden. Sambt einer Kurtzen Predigt, ſo vor einer volkreichen Verſamblung in Mitte der Stadt bei der Allerheiligſten Dreyfaltigkeit vorgetragen durch P. Fr. Abraham a St. Clara. (Einzeln. 8. Wien, 1680, 1686.)

16) Der klare Sonnen-Schein in dem heiligen und berühmten Dominicaner Orden, das iſt: eine kurtze Lob-Predigt von dem glorreichen und Engliſchen Doctore Thoma Aquinate, welche in Gegenwart eines hohen Adels, wie auch eines volkreichen Auditorii an deſſen h. Feſt-Tag auf der Canzel in der Herren P. P. Prediger Kirchen zu Grätz in Steyermark hat vorgetragen P. Fr. Abraham a St. Clara. Demüthigſt dedicirt der Hochlöblichen Dominicaneriſchen Provinz in Deutſchland.

In frühern Ausgaben iſt noch angefügt:

17) Epitaphium Georgii Siegfridi eccl. canon in Stainz.

18) Epitaphium Joan. Balthasarii, comitis de Hoyos.

III. Gack, Gack, Gack, Gack a Ga, einer Wunderſeltſamen Hennen in dem Hertzogthume Baiern; das iſt: eine ausführliche und umbſtändliche Beſchreibung der berühmten Wallfahrt Maria-Stern in Taxa bei den W. W. E. E. P. P. Auguſtiner Baarfüſſern, welche ſeinen uhrheblichen Anfang genommen von einem Hennen-Ey, auf deme durch Anordnung des Himmels ein ſtrahlender Stern erhoben ware, in deſſen Mitte ein ſchön-gecröntes Frauen-Haupt. Zuſammengetragen 1687 mit etlichen eingemengten ſittlichen Lehrpunkten allen Predigern nicht undienlich, von P. Abraham a St. Clara. 8. München, 1688. Cölln, 1688. 2te Ausgabe m. Kupf. 8. Wien, 1732. (Einige Titel ſind auch: Gack, Gack, Gack, ein Ey, ſagt, was die Kirchfahrt und Kloſter Taxa ſey.)

IV. *Grammatica religiosa*, quae pie docet declinare a malo, et facere bonum, amplecti Perfectum in Praesenti, et respuere Imperfectum, ad obtinendum Futurum Infinitum, cum Participio Salutis. Opus apprime Religiosorum Tyronum Magistris, et etiam Verbi divini Praeconibus, prout ex indice Concionatorio, S. Scripturae, Sermonum, et Authorum annexo patebit, non inutile. Auctore R. P. *Abrahamo a St. Clara*. Mit Titelkupfer. 4. Salzburg, 1691, 1699. Cölln, 1719. Augsburg, 1721, 1725, 1729. Gramatica religiosa oder geiſtliche Tugendſchul, in welcher ein Jeder, ſowohl Geiſt- als Weltlicher, heilſamb zur geiſtlichen Vollkommenheit unterwieſen wird; von dem Wohl-Ehrwürd. P. Abraham a St. Clara in lateiniſcher Sprach verfertigt; nun aber in Anſehung des groſſen und herrlichen Nutzens, ſo dieſe heilſame Tugendſchul bißhero gewirket, zu ſonderbarem Troſt und Auferbauung der Teutſchen beyder Geſchlechts Nation in dieſe Mütterliche Sprach überſetzt durch einen einſamben Ordens-Geiſtlichen der Stadt Cölln. Mit vielfachem Indice oder Regiſter. Mit Titelkupfer. 4. Cölln, 1693. 1699. 1705. 1730. Augsburg, 1766.

V. Etwas für Alle, das iſt: Eine kurtze Beſchreibung allerley Stands- Ambts- und Gewerbs-Perſohnen mit beygedruckter ſittlichen Lehre und Bibliſchen Concepten, durch welche der Fromme mit gebührendem Lob hervorgeſtrichen, der Tadelhaffte aber mit einer mäſſigen Ermahnung nicht verſchont wird; Allen und Jeden heilſamb und beliebig auch ſogar nicht undienlich denen Predigern verfertigt durch P. Abraham a St. Clara. 3 Bände mit Kupfern vermengt durch Chriſt. Weigeln. 8. Würzburg, 1699, 1711. Salzburg, 1711. Nürnberg, 1733. Aufs neue herausgegeben und mit Anmerkungen vermehrt (von Sam. Heinicke). 8. Halle, 1785. Die Anmerkungen ſind Ausfälle auf katholiſche Theologen in der Bahrdtiſchen Sache, auf die allgem. Literaturzeitung u. a. nebſt Vertheidigungen der Ex-Jeſuiten.

VI. Mercurialis oder Winter-Grün, das iſt: anmuthige und kurzweilige (in einigen Ausgaben: ergetzende und lehrreiche) Geſchichte und Gedichte, worinnen unterſchiedliche ſittliche Lehrpunkte und ſehr reicher Vorrath bibliſcher Concepten zu finden, nicht nur den Pfarrherren, Predigern und geiſtlichen Ordensperſonen ſehr nützlich; ſondern auch allen Gemüthern zu einem heilſamen Unterricht, chriſtlich freudig zu leben und ſelig zu ſterben, ſehr dienlich; von P. Abraham a St. Clara. Mit 23 Kupf. verſehen. 8. Nürnberg, 1700, 1731, 1733. Augsburg, 1766.

VII. Abrahamiſches Gehab dich wohl! oder Urlaube in dieſem End-Werke ſeiner Schrifften. Schau hinein, und liß das, und macht dir einen Knopf auf die Nas. Dann hierin wirſt du finden ein Abſcheu gegen die Sünden, und in Traurigkeit eine Gewiſſens-Freud. Sintemalen in dieſem letzten Werk allerley ſowohl Bibliſche als Lehrreiche Concepten, Geſchichte und Gedichte, wie auch unterſchidliche Discurs und ein reicher Vorrath von ſittlichen Lehr-Punkten enthalten iſt. Denen bethörten, verſehrten und verkehrten Weltkindern zur Beſſerung und zu Gottes Ehr, wie auch Seelenheyl Vergröſſerung beſchrieben von der durch alle Welt beliebten, belobten Ehr- und Lehrreichen Feder Ihro Wohl-Würden P. Abraham a St. Clara. Mit Titelkupfer. 4. Wien, 1700. Nürnberg und Augsburg, 1729. Wien, 1737. Daſelbſt, 1739.

VIII. Sterben und Erben, das iſt: die ſchönſte Vorbereitung zum Tode oder ſicherſte Art zu ſterben und die Seligkeit zu ererben durch Betrachtung des bittern Leidens und Sterbens unſers einzigen und liebſten Heilandes Jeſu Chriſti, mit ſehr ſchönen Kupfern geziert und neulich in franzöſiſcher Sprache vorgeſtellt von Hrn. de Chertablon, Prieſtern und Licentiaten der Theologie, anjetzo aber aus ſolcher getreulich überſetzt durch J. A. F. und nachmals in etwas vermehrt und herausgegeben von Pater Abraham a St. Clara. 4. Amſterdam, 1702. Prag, 1702, 1711. Salzburg, 1710. Nürnberg, 1739. Wien, 1739, 1744.

IX. Drey erbauliche und ſinnreiche Andachten. 1) Du mußt ſterben. 2) Es geſchieht Dir recht. 3) Der Tod iſt gut, aber nicht allezeit. 8. Augsburg, 1702.

X. Neu eröffnete Welt-Galeria, worinnen ſehr curios und begnügt unter die Augen kommen allerlei Aufzüg und Kleidungen unterſchiedlicher Stände und Nationen. Fordriſt aber iſt darinnen in Kupfer entworffen die Kaiſerl. Hofſtatt in Wien, wie denn auch anderer hohen Häupter und Potentaten bis endlich gar auf den mindeſten gemeinen Mann. Mit beſonderen Fleiß zuſammengebracht von P. Abraham a St. Clara und von Chriſt. Weigel in Kupfer geſtochen zu Nürnberg. Folio. 1703. Dieſes Buch hat 100 Kupferſtiche und 4 Blätter Text: Titel — Eingang von Weigel — Verzeichniß der Kupfer — und Abrahams Dedication an Kaiſer Joſeph I.

XI. Heilſames Gemiſch, Gemaſch, das iſt: allerley ſeltſame und wunderliche Geſchichten, mit vielen Concepten und ſittlichen Lehren unterſcheidet, wie auch mit Kupfern vermengt, worinnen einem Jeden nach eigenem Belieben ein Beſcheid-Eſſen vorgeſetzt, meiſtens aber denenjenigen, ſo vorlieb nehmen mit einer Speis, die weder geſotten noch gebraten. Von P. Abraham a St. Clara. Würzburg, Nürnberg, 1704, 1724. Wien, 1737.

XII. Abrahamiſches Beſcheid-Eſſen, Soll man wohl nicht vergeſſen, Er hat es hinterlaſſen, Mir gefällt es über die maſſen, Wer nicht will glauben dies, Steck Brillen auf und leß. So wird er finden, daß es keine gewärmten Speiſen, ſondern recht ſaftige Biſſlein und wohlgeſchmackte Uebermährlein; aus dem Jahr-Gaden des Jenigen, welcher mit ſeinem Tractament einiger hierin begriffenen Concepten vor Kayſerl. Maj. beliebt hat aufziehen dürfen. Aus den hinterlaſſenen Manuſcripten des durch Teutſchland ſehr berühmten Wohl Ehrwürdigen P. Abraham a St. Clara ſtatt einer Merenda oder Alabatritta der beißhungrigen Welt auf die Tafel des Drucks vorgeſetzt und aufgeſetzt von P. Fr. Alexandro a Latere Christi, deſſen Ordens, der Zeit Prior des Convents der wunderthätigen Gnaden-Bildnuß Mariä Stern in Taxa. Mit Titelkupfer. 4. Nürnberg, 1714. Wien, 1717, 1719, 1737.

XIII. Wunderwürdiges ganz neu ausgehecktes Narren-Neſt, oder curieuſe Officin und Werkſtatt mancherley Narren und Närrinnen zur nützlicher und kurzweilicher Zeit-Vertreibung ſittlicher Leſer und Nachricht in drey Theil beſchrieben, von P. Abraham a St. Clara (der dritte Theil iſt von J. N. dem Verfaſſer des Narren-Calenders). 8. Frankf. 1707. Wien, 1737. Daſ. 3te Aufl. 1751, 1753. Ins Holländiſche überſetzt, 2 Thle. 8. Amſterdam, 1737.

XIV. Wohlangefüllter Weinkeller, in welchem manche durſtige Seel ſich mit einem geiſtlichen Geſang Gott erquicken kann: nach dem Exempel der himmliſchen Braut in dem hohen Lied Salomonis, die ſich berühmet, daß ihr Liebſter ſie in den Weinkeller geführt habe, Introduxit me in cellam vinariam, Cant. 2. Ein ſolcher Keller iſt gegenwärtiger Tractat, in welchem ſüße und ſaure Trunk nach Belieben zu finden. Dermalen von P. Abraham a St. Clara, in ſeiner Unpäßlichkeit zuſammen getragen. Hat auch wollen bei Mißrathung des Weins ſeinen Keller eröffnen. Verlegt und mit Kupfer gezieret von Chriſtoph Weigel, Kupferſtecher und Kunſthändler in Nürnberg. 4. Würzburg, 1710. Daſ. 1725, 1739.

XV. Huy! und Pfuy! der Welt. Huy oder Anfriſchung zu allen ſchönen Tugenden, Pfuy oder Abſchreckung von allen ſchändlichen Laſtern, durch unterſchiedliche ſittliche Gemälde, Hiſtorien und Fabeln vorgeſtellt. Worinnen der Poet, Prediger, und mancherlei Standes-Perſonen für ihren Kram etwas finden können, durch P. Abraham a St. Clara. Mit Kupfern geziert und verlegt durch Chr. Weigel, Kupferſtecher in Nürnberg. Folio. Würzburg, gedruckt bei Fr. Hertzen, 1707. 4. Salzburg, 1710. Nürnberg, 1725. Würzburg, 1725.

XVI. Geiſtlicher Kramladen voller Apoſtoliſchen Wahren und Wahrheiten, das iſt: ein reicher und ausbündiger Vorrath mit beſonderm Fleiß ausgearbeiteter Solennen Reden und Predigten, welche an mancherlei Orten (im erſten Theil meiſtens aber zu Wien) von vielen vor andern berühmten, gelehrt — und geiſtreichen Männern gehalten, mit großer Sorgfalt auserleſen, und als ein überaus nützlicher Schatz zuſammengetragen von P. Abraham a St. Clara. Anjetzo aber, nach deſſen Tod in eins zuſammen gedruckt und verlegt durch Chriſtoph Weigel, Kupferſtecher und Kunſthändler in Nürnberg. 3 Theile mit Titelkupfer. 4. Würzburg, 1710, 1714, 1719 und 1725, 1743.

Mehrere dieſer Predigten in dieſer etwas eilfertig (es ſteht z. B. eine und dieſelbe Predigt im 1. und 2. Band) beſorgten Sammlung waren früher einzeln gedruckt, auch befinden ſich alle jene in dieſen drei Bänden, die in Reim dich, oder ich liß dich, ſtehen.

XVII. Rev. P. Abraham a St. Clara. Beſonders meublirt- und gezierte Todten-Kapelle, oder allgemeiner Todten-Spiegel, darinnen alle Menſchen, wes Standes ſie ſind, ſich beſchauen, an denen mannigfaltigen Sinnreichen Gemählden des Memento Mori zu ſtudiren und die Nichtigkeit und Eitelkeit dieſes Lebens Democritice oder Heraclitice, das iſt: mit lachenden Mund, oder weinenden Augen, wie es beliebt, können betrachten und verachten lernen. Mit Kupfern, von Chriſtoph Weigel, Kupferſtecher und Kunſthändler. 8. Nürnberg und Würzburg, 1710, 1711.

XVIII. Abrahamiſche Lauber-Hütt, ein Tiſch mit Speiſen in der Mitt, Welche Hütte nicht leeres Laub und Blatt, ſondern viel herrliche Früchte hat. Denen Juden zum Trutz, denen Chriſten zum Nutz, an- und aufgerichtet, wie auch mit vielen auserleſenen ſowohl bibliſchen als andern ſinnreichen Concepten, Geſchichten und Gedichten geziert und ausſtaffirt von hinterlaſſenen Schriften der durch das deutſche Europam ſehr beliebten und belobten Feder Ihro Wohl-Ehrwürden P. Abraham a St. Clara ſeel. zuſammen getragen. Nunmehro auf den Schau-Platz des öffentlichen Drucks vorgeſtellet von weiland P. Fr. Alexandro a Latere Christi deſſen Ordens, der Zeit Prior des Convents der wunderthätigen Gnaden-Bildnus Mariä-Stern in Taxa. 3 Thle. mit Titelkupfer. 4. Wien, 1721 — 23. und Nürnberg, 1717, 1722, 1738, 1747 — 49.

Schon bei dem kurzen biographiſchen Entwurfe, den wir zu Anfang dieſer Zeilen mittheilten, bemerkten wir, daß wohl ſelten, vorzüglich im nördlichen Deutſchland, ein Redner ſo falſch aufgefaßt und ſo irrthümlich gedeutet ſei, als eben Pater Abraham a Sancta Clara. — Bei den Proteſtanten galt er lange nur als ein geiſtlicher Poſſenreißer; ja Viele unter denſelben halten ihn mit dem größten Unrechte noch heutigen Tages für nichts Beſſeres und bedenken nicht, daß an ſeine rednerischen Leiſtungen ein ganz anderer Maßſtab gelegt werden müſſe, als man es bei den Predigten und Homilien der geiſtlichen Redner aller Confeſſionen in unſeren Tagen zu thun gewohnt iſt. Es ſei daher geſtattet, mit wenigen Zügen eine allgemeine Schilderung ſeiner Vorzüge wie ſeiner Fehler voran zu ſenden, ehe wir ſeine Leiſtungen im Einzelnen näher beleuchten.

Zu ſeinen Vorzügen gehören beſonders eine warme, echte Begeiſterung für Glauben und Tugend, vollkommene Ueberzeugung von der Wahrheit Deſſen, was er lehrt, eine große und tiefe Menſchen- und Weltkenntniß, eine geſunde, praktiſche Moral, ſiegreiche Herrſchaft über die wenn gleich ungebildete Sprache, eine friſche, reiche Phantaſie, ſchlagender Witz, Lebendigkeit des Vortrags, ſchneidende Schärfe des Spottes; zu ſeinen Fehlern dagegen völliger Mangel an Geſchmack, Sucht nach Effect, Gefallen an Wortſpielen und Antitheſen, Haſchen nach dem Bizarren, ein unedler, wohl ſeiner Manier, ſelten aber oder eigentlich nie der Würde ſeines Gegenſtandes angemeſſener Styl.

Eine reiche Beleſenheit und gründliche Gelehrſamkeit ſind daher die Träger ſeiner guten wie ſeiner ſchlechten Eigenſchaften und dienen dazu, den Werth jener zu erhöhen, den Nachtheil dieſer zu vergrößern. — Abraham a Sancta Clara iſt durchaus ein Volksredner im ganzen Sinne des Wortes, der allerdings über ſeiner Zeit ſtand, der aber, wie jeder begabte Menſch und vorzüglich jeder begabte Redner, ſeiner Zeit und dem Geſchmacke derſelben ſeinen Tribut darbringen mußte; denn nur Der beherrſcht ſeine Zeit, der ihr zu gehorchen weiß. — Faßt man dieſen Punkt ſchärfer ins Auge und bedenkt dabei wohl, wo und wie der talentvolle Mann zu wirken hatte; vergißt man ferner nicht Stimmung und Neigung ſeiner Landes- und Lebensgenoſſen: ſo wird man weit geneigter ſeyn, viele ſeiner geiſtigen und rhetoriſchen Verirrungen zu entſchuldigen und zu verzeihen.

Die höchſte Bewunderung verdient vor Allem die Conſequenz in dem einmal von ihm als Recht erkannten Streben, eine Conſequenz, die ſo groß iſt, daß ſie bei ihm zur Manier wird. Er bleibt ſich überall gleich, mag er vor dem kaiſerlichen Hofe oder in einer Vorſtadt Wiens vor dem geringen Volke predigen. Seine Freimüthigkeit, ſein ſchlagender Witz, die Geißel ſeines Spottes verlaſſen ihn eben ſo wenig als die Begeiſterung für die Göttlichkeit ſeines Glaubens und die Pflicht ſeines Berufes. Arm oder reich, vornehm oder gering, das gilt ihm daſſelbe. Doch dürfen wir nie bei ihm vergeſſen, daß er, ſtreng katholiſch geſinnt, nur Zuhörer völlig gleichen Sinnes als einzig würdig der Segnungen ſeines Glaubens betrachten kann, und daß ihm alle Andersdenkenden ein Gräuel ſind.

Abraham a Sancta Clara iſt in ſeinen hinterlaſſenen Schriften jedem jungen Manne, der den Beruf hat, ſich zum Kanzelredner zu bilden, als Studium zu empfehlen. Er wird von ihm gar Vieles lernen, was er ſtreng zu vermeiden ſich befleißigen muß; aber auch Manches, das mit Mäßigung und Verſtand beobachtet, nicht wenig zu ſeiner Bildung nützen kann. Wie er das anzufangen habe, läßt ſich freilich nicht lehren; denn jeder Einzelne muß wiſſen, was ihm als Einzelnen vorzüglich Noth thut oder frommt.

Daß bei einem Manne, bei dem ſo viel auf Phantaſie und Witz ankommt, nicht alle während eines langen Lebens verfaßten Schriften von gleichem Werthe ſeyn können, verſteht ſich wohl von ſelbſt; zumal bei einer ſolchen Reihe von Werken, wie ſie Abraham a St. Clara hinterlaſſen hat. Gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens nahm ſein Feuer und ſeine Kraft merklich ab, und ſeine redneriſche Manier muß jene Mängel erſetzen. Als ſeine ausgezeichnetſten Leiſtungen ſind beſonders die in dem Verzeichniß unter I. (Judas, der Erzſchelm), II., 5) (Auff, auff, ihr Chriſten), V. (Etwas für Alle), IX. (Du mußt ſterben), XV. (Huy und Pfuy der Welt) angeführten vorzüglich hervorzuheben. —

Judae Iſcariothis Zucht-Hauß. Namens-Vrſprung, Jugend und Vntugend *).

Es laſſet ſich doch noch reden, das gemeine Sprich-Wort, wie gröſſer der Schelm, je beſſer das Glück, zumalen diſer Judas von den Meer-Wellen verſchont worden, und ſo unverhofft zu diſer Würde gelanget, daß er als ein Königlicher Prinz iſt aufferzogen worden; den hat man in ein vergulte Wiegen gelegt, da ihme doch der Sau-Trog hätte ſollen die Herberg geben, den hat man in die zartiſte Windlein eingewicklt, da doch dem Unflat die Aggerner-Fetzen zu gut waren; den hat man mit Piscotten-Koch geſpeiſet, da doch eine ſolche Goſchen die ſaure Ruben nit verdient; den hat man auff Königlichen Armben liebkoſet, da ihn doch der Hencker hätt ſollen einwiegen: dem hat manche Adeliche Dama mit ihrer halben Engel-Stimm das nin populo zugeſungen, da doch dem kleinen Galgen-Vogel das Raaben-Geſchrey gebühret hätte: vor dem hat man tieffeſte Reverenz geſchnitten, und ſchier halben Theil mit gebogenen Knyen angebettet, dem man ehender hätte ſollen den Daum zwiſchen den zwei Finger weiſſen; es wurden mittler Zeit wider alles Verhoffen die Königin deſſelbigen Orths in der Warheit groß Leibs, und nachmahlen ein jungſichen ſchönen Printzen auff die Welt gebracht, worauff dann wie billich und natürlich alle ihre Leibs-Neigungen zu diſem holdſeeligen Kind gezihlet, und mittler Weil die Affecten gegen dem Judam, als einem unehrlichen Sohn ſie gantz verlohren, dergeſtalten, daß die Königin ſambt der Hoffſtatt ihren Printzen über alles geliebt, den Judam aber halb und halb veraͤchtet, welches dann ſchon ein Zunder war, ſo einen unlöſchlichen Neyd hat angezündt; es kondte demnach Judas dem Printzen mit keinem guten Aug anſchauen, ſondern kiffete ſtäts die Nägel ſeiner Finger, machte dermaſſen ſauere Geſichter, als wäre Holtz-Apffel-Moſt ſein ordinari Trunck, er wurde gantz bleich vor Neyd, welcher ihm, wie ein Schlangen, das Hertz nagte, und plagte, und ſchlugte und zwagte; die Schwebel-Farb iſt ihm hauffenweiß auff die Wangen gefallen, der Neyd ſparte endlich ſein Gottloſes Gemüth dahin, daß er mit eigenen Händen den Königlichen Printzen ermördt, und ware diß ſchon ein Vortrab, daß er mit der Zeit, GOttes Sohn, werde zum Todt helffen. O Neyd, o Neyd.

Ein wunderlichen Traum hat jener ehrlicher Mann gehabt, welcher vor dem Schlaff Gewohnheit halber pflegte mit abſonderlicher Auffmerckſamkeit zu leſen in einem Buch, und als ihme dazumahlen ohngefehr die Materi vor Augen kommen von jetzigem verruckten Welt-Lauff, und nach langer Ableſung endlich ſanfft eingeſchlaffen, traumete ihm folgender Geſtalt:

Ich nahme meinen Weg durch eine vornehme Stadt, wolte meine vorwitzige Augen auff die Wand führen, und einige ſchöne, wie auch ſeltzame Sachen ſehen, damit ich nachmals in begebender Gelegenheit an gehörigen Orthen auch weiſen kundte, daß ich nit wie ein Bruet-Henn ſtäts zu Hauß gehockt, ſondern mir auch getraut, frembdes Brodt zu eſſen, mein erſter Gang war nach Hof, allda die Beſchaffenheit deß Pallaſts, die Tracht deß Adels, den Pomp deß Fürſtens zu ſehen, da ich mich dann nächſt der Hof-Porten befanden, ſeynd mir zwey groſſe Thier begegnet, dergleichen ich mein Leben Tag nit bin anſichtig worden; Eines war alſo ſpeckfaißt, daß es mit ſeiner Well-Wampen faſt den Erd-Boden kehrte, das andere war dergeſtalten dürr, daß es ohne weitere Mühe dem Bein-Dräxler under ſein Arbeit taugte, und weil ich vermerckt, daß ſolche Thier, wie des Balaams Eſelin reden kondten, war ich ſo kühn oder vilmehr frech, und erſtund mich zu fragen, wie es zu Hof hergehe, weil dann das faißte wegen uberhäuffigen Schmeer-Laſt und ſchnauffen nit kondte reden, alſo gabe mir das Dürre, ob zwar ſelbiges Orth die Teutſche Sprach nit gebräuchlich, folgende Antwort:

Ach! ach! ach was wirſt du für Wunder-Ding zu Hof ſehen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Fechter, aber nur ſolche, die da über die Schnur hauen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Soldaten, aber nur ſolche, die Partheyen, oder ich hab gefehlt, Parthiterey wiſſen zu führen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Meßner, aber nur ſolche, die mit der Sau-Glocken leuten.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Fiſcher, aber nur ſolche, die mit faulen Fiſchen umbgehen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Schneider, aber nur ſolche, die einem ſuchen die Ehr abzuſchneiden, und ein Schand-Flecken anzuhencken.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Kauff-Leuth, aber die nur mit Vernheiter-Zeig handeln.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Dräxler, aber nur ſolche, die einem ſuchen ein Naſen zu drähen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Hueter, aber nur ſolche, die unter dem Huetel wiſſen meiſterlich zu ſpilen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Mahler, aber nur ſolche, die einem was blaues vor die Augen machen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Fuhrleut, aber nur ſolche, die einen hinder das Liecht führen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Bildhauer, aber nur ſolche, die einem das Maul machen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Muſicanten, aber nur ſolche, die das Placebo ſingen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Geiger, aber nur ſolche, die einen zu ſtimmen ſuchen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Köch, aber nur ſolche, die einem die Suppen verſalzen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Schloſſer, aber nur ſolche, die einem wollen ein Rigel ſchieſſen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen lauter Tiſchler, aber nur ſolche, die einem pflegen zu verleumbden.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß alldort die Redlichkeit, wie der Palm-Eſel, welcher das Jahr nur einmal an das Liecht kombt.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß man alldar mit den wol-Meritirten umbgeht, wie mit dem Nußbaum, zum Lohn, daß diſer Nuß tragt, wirfft man mit Prüglen darein.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß alldort ſo vil Treu zu finden, wie vil Speck in den Juden Kuchlen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß man dort mit den Bedienten umbgehet, wie mit den Lemonien, wann kein Safft mehr drin, ſo wirfft man ſie hinder die Thür.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß alldorten die guten Freund ſeynd, wie die Stein auff dem Brett-Spill, welche nur den Namen Stein tragen, und ſeynd benebens von Holtz.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß man allda die Nackende bekleidet, aber nur die Warheit, dann dieſelbe bloſſer nicht darff erſcheinen.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß man die Hungerige ſpeiſet, aber nur mit Worten.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß es mitten im Sommer Eyß gefroren, dann allda das ſchlüpfferen und fallen gar zu gemein.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß allda wenig Metall, aber vil Ertz, vil Ertz-Dieb, Ertz-Schelmen, Ertz-Betrieger, &c.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen, daß allda ſchlechte Suppen, aber vil Löffleren.

Du wirſt zu Hof ſehen wenig Andacht, aber viel Verdacht.

Mit dergleichen langen Klag-Regiſter thäte ſich das dürre Thier alſo abmatten, daß es mit der Sprach nit mehr fort kondte, und hab ich mich abſonderlich ſehr verwundert über die Wolredenheit diſes Thiers, daß es mit ſo annehmlichen Farben die Beſchaffenheit deſſelbigen Hofs entworffen: Weil ich aber auch einmahl auff dem Hof-Pflaſter ein Blatteren gangen, und mir alle Ding ohne das wol bekandt, alſo habe ich fernere Red von diß abgeſchnitten, und Wunder halber hab ich das Thier gefraget, auß was Urſachen es alſo grundürr, entgegen aber das andere ſpeckfaißt ſeye? worauff ich die Antwort erhalten, wie daß ſie beyde die Hof-Tafel haben, und ich ſagte, das Dürre iſt lauter Lieb, finde aber wenig bey Hof, daß ich ſchier Hungers ſtirb; das andere aber frißt lauter Neyd, und findet ſolchen Uberfluß, daß ihm ſchier der Bauch zerſchnellet vor Fuetter: Es ware aber mein Traum noch nit auß; ſondern es hat mich fer-

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*) Aus: Abraham a St. Clara, Judas, der Ertz-Schelm. Aug. 1687. Thl. I. Seite 44 — 75.

ners gedunckt, als begegnen mir zween Männer auff der Gaſſen, und truge einer einen groſſen Sack über die Achſeln, dergeſtalten angefüllt, daß ihme Samſon hätte ſollen hierzu die Achſeln leyhen, wormit er die Statt-Porten hat getragen: der arme Tropff ſchwitzte under ſolchem Laſt, als käme er erſt auß der Bad-Wann, ich forchte augenblicklich, er wurde mit dem Sack zu Boden ſincken, der Meynung war ich, es müſſe Traid darinn ſeyn, wie in den Säcken der Brüder des Josephs, weil ich aber die Gewißheit nicht hätte, fragte ich, mit was dann der Sack ſeye angefüllt, er gab mir die Antwort, mit lauter Neid ſeye er angeſchoppet; Der andere, ſo diſen begleitete, truge auch ein kleines Hebammen-Körbel, mit rothen Leder überzogen, an den Armben, welches zwar dem Schein nach voll angefüllt, aber ſo gering, daß man es leicht mit den Biſcotten oder Hole-Hüppen könte wägen, und war nichts anders darinn, als lauter brüderliche Lieb: ich müßte doch das Orth wiſſen, wo diſe zwey ſo ungleich auffgeladen, da zeigten ſie mir mit den Fingeren auff ein gewiſſes Cloſter: Ich hätte noch ein weiteren Traum, und iſt mir geweſt, als wäre ich auff einem Volckreichen Jahrmarckt, allwo underſchidliche Kauffmanns-Hütten in hölzerne Ordnung gar fein außgetheilter zu ſehen, under andern kam mir under die Augen ein Hütten, in welcher ein bekandter Spital-Maiſter feil hatte, Wunder wegen wolt ich erfahren, was doch diſer für ein Handelſchafft führe, in deme ſeine Waaren, in lauter Spital-Lumpen eingewickt, gar ſchlechte Raritäten verſprochen, ſo berichte er mich, wie daß er lauter Neid und Lieb verkauffe, wie theuer die Lieb? ſo ſagt er, die Ellen umb 30. Reichsthaler, entgegen aber ſeye der Neid umb leichteren Werth, und überſteige deſſen Preiß nit das jenige Tuch oder Loden, auß welchen die Croaten ihre Kepeneck machen, die Ellen umb 8. Groſchen. Gleich darauff begegnete mir der Pedell von der Univerſität, mit zwey Büchern under den Armben, und war eins ſehr groß, alſo daß ich vermuthet, es muſte darin deß groſſen Calepini Allaboteilta von allerley Sprachen verfaßt ſeyn, das kleine Büchel ſcheinte ein Grammatic zu ſeyn, ſo ich vermeynt, daß ers den jungen Knaben und Schülern nach Hauß trage, habe aber mehrmahlen die Warheit nit getroffen, dann in dieſem kleinen Werckl war mit Fractur geſchriben, die Lieb under den Gelehrten, in dem groſſen Buch aber ganz eng ſchrifftlich zuſammen getragen, der Neid under den Gelehrten; hierauff bin ich durch gar zu groſſes Schreyen und Klopffen der Dienſtbotten im Hauß erwacht, mein Mitgeſpann aber mir anſtatt der Morgen-Suppen ein wolgeſchliffenen Verweiß geben, daß ich auff Ratzen-Arth biß umb 9. Uhr den Poſſter trucke, ſetzte auch hinzu, wie daß er kaum 2. Stund habe geſchlaffen, ſeye deßwegen mir neydig umb mein lange Ruhe, auff dieſe [illegible] thät ich meine Glider, bekenne die Schuld, durch ungeberdiges ranggen und ſtrecken in die Ordnung richten, und den Tag mit auffgeſperrtem Maul, als gewöhnlicher Faullentz-Poſaunen bewillkommen: nach dem man ſchon aber gleich mit gebogenen Knyen, nach Gewohnheit, mein Gebett verricht, der erſte Gedancken aber, ſo ſich damahlen hat ein ſchleichender angemeldt, war diſer, daß mir mein Mit-Cammerat neydig war umb den Schlaff, wie auch der verlauf deß lang gehabten Traums nichts anders war, als vom Neid, hebe daran ich die Augen gen Himmel gewendt, und mit zuſammengeſchlagenen Händen in diſe Seufftzen außgebrochen, Allmächtiger Gott! ſo iſt dann kein Orth und Port; ſo iſt dann kein Land noch Stand, ſo iſt dann kein Ort noch Hert, ſo iſt dann kein Zunfft, noch Zuſammenkunfft, ja oben und unden, bey Krancken und Geſunden, unden und oben, bey Arm und Groſſen, [illegible], in Geſellſchafft und Schaar, dar und daraus, in Wercken und Worten, iſt der verruchte Neid.

Ich meines Theils aber, halt dem Traum nicht leichtlich einen Glauben, aber diſer [illegible] Traum, in deſſen Sachen kein einige Falſchheit zu ſehen ſcheint, gibt mit ſeinem Traum-Verſtand die ſcheinbare unlaugbare Warheit an Tag, ja gleich wie das Wort Neid mit vier Buchſtaben geſchriben wird, alſo nit weniger vergifftet diſe hölliſche Schlangen-Brut die vier Theil der Welt:

Ich hab es zwar allezeit gehört:

Wie die Glocken, alſo der Klang,
Wie der Musicus, alſo der Geſang.
Wie der Vogel, alſo das Ay,
Wie der Koch, alſo der Brey.
Wie der Schuſter, alſo der Schuch,
Wie der Scribent, alſo das Buch.
Wie der Artzt, alſo die Salb,
Wie die Kuhe, alſo das Kalb.
Wie der Acker, alſo der Traid,
Wie die Wiſen, alſo die Waid.
Wie der Meiſter, alſo der Jung,
Wie der Tantzer, alſo der Sprung.
Wie der Baum, alſo die Biern,
Wie die Frau, alſo die Diern.
Wie der Herr, alſo der Knecht,
Wie der Soldat, alſo das G'fecht.
Wie der Hirt, alſo die Rinder,
Wie die Eltern, alſo die Kinder.

Ich habe allezeit gehört, habe allezeit geleſen, habe allezeit geſchriben, habe allezeit gemerckt, daß diſem alſo ſeye, aber anjetzo vermercke ich, daß nit allezeit wie die Eltern, alſo die Kinder ſeyn, Adam ein guter Vatter, Cain ſein Sohn ein Ertz-Böſewicht; Noe der Vatter ein Heiliger, Cham ſein Sohn ein Gottloſer, Abraham der Vatter ein Gottſeeliger, Ismael ſein Sohn Gottloſer, Isaac der Vatter ein Engel, Esau ſein Sohn ein Teufel, Iacob der Vatter ein Lambl, Ruben ſein Sohn ein Trampel, David der Vatter ein Freund Gottes, Absolon ſein Sohn ein Feind Gottes ꝛc. Ja ich weiß, und zeig ein Dama vor dero Schönheit die Helena auß Griechenland ſich muß verkriechen; Ein Dama vor dero weiſſen Geſicht die Lilien Schamroth werden; ein Dama gegen dero Wolgeſtalt mit ſeinem Auffbutz der Frühling zu ſpat kombt, ein Dama dero Angeſicht Sonnen-klar ſcheinender als die Sonnen; ein Dama vor dero Annemlichkeit auß Grauen der die Morgenröth erbleichen thut ꝛc. und dannoch diſe ſchöne außerwöhlte Dama hat ein Tochter an dero ein Hauffen Unflat zu ſehen, dann ſie iſt wüſt wie ein Miſt-Hauffen, ſchwartz wie ein Kohl-Hauffen, ungeſchickt wie ein Scheitter-Hauffen, hartnäckig wie ein Stein-Hauffen, unrein wie ein Omaiß-Hauffen, ſchädlich wie ein Scheer-Hauffen, garſtig wie ein Kott-Hauffen, ja wie der Teuffel ſelbſt; diſe ſchönſte Dama iſt die Tugend, die Ehr, die Wiſſenſchafft, ja alles Guets, ihr Tochter aber, die ſie gebähret, iſt der verdambte Neid. In der Inſul Maltha gibt es keine Schlangen, in Sardinia gibt es keine Wölff, in Teutſchland gibt es keine Crocodill, in Tuscia gibt es keine Raben, in Helespondo gibt es keine Hund, in Isiand gibt es nichts Gifftig, aber in der gantzen Welt iſt kein Orth, allwo es keinen Neid gibt. Sim. Majol.

Daniel war bey Hof, und gar ein vornehmer Herr bey Hof, ja er iſt ſo hoch geſtigen, daß er bey dem König Dario alles vermöchte, es hat auch diſer König nie beſſer geſehen, als wie Daniel ſein Aug-Apffel ware, und gehet es bey einem Monarchen allezeit wol her, der eine ſolche rechte Hand hat, wie da war der treue Daniel, nichts deſto weniger hat endlich diſer fromme Minister erfahren, daß der König auß dem beſten Wein der ſchärffiſte Eſſig worden, indem er durch unmenſchliches Decret befohlen, den Daniel in die Löwen-Gruben zu werffen, und mit ſolchen Stattlichen Brocken die freßgierige Thier zu ſättigen, es war aber diſe Speiß zu gut für ſolche Gäſt: Nun ſihe ich dis an der Stirn an, und kützlet mich der Vorwitz, zu wiſſen das Verbrechen, und die Unthat Danielis, etwan iſt er ſeinem König nit Treu geweſt, dann ſeynd die Treu zu Hof gantz [illegible], und faſt noch [illegible], weil mans gar ſelten brauchet! etwan hat er ſich mit Denari beſtechen laſſen, und nachmahls Spaß wider ſeinen eignen König gemacht, und deßwegen das Zeitliche verlohren! etwan hat er deß Königs Anſchlag und ſeine Rathſchläg dem Gegentheil entdeckt, und alſo [illegible] auf der Schal [illegible]? etwan iſt er mit den Königlichen Renten und Gefällen umbgangen, wie der Wolff mit dem Schaaf theilen, diſer theilete das Schaaf mit dem Hirten ſolcher Geſtalt, das erſte gehört mein, das andere gehört ſonſt kein, und nimbts auch zu ſich, das dritte gehört wie der mein, das vierte gehört ſonſt von rechtswegen niemand dein, nimbts aber mehrmahlen zu ſich, ꝛc. iſt demnach dem Hirten nichts überblieben. Es iſt etwan der Daniel in ſeinen Hof-Dienſten ſchläfferig geweſt, und ſich nur laßzumahlen eingefunden, wann einige Charge vacierent worden? es hat etwan der Daniel gegen einer oder der andern Hof-Dames ein freundliche [illegible], oder gar ein grobe Freundſchafft erzeigt? nichts dergleichen, gar nichts, der Daniel ware kein [illegible], ein Geitziger, ein [illegible], ein [illegible], ein [illegible] Minister bey Hof, kein Schmeichler, ſondern ein unſchuldiger, kein [illegible], ſondern ein unſträfflicher Diener, und noch darzu ein Prophet, und noch darzu ein Traum-Außleger, und noch darzu ein [illegible], warumb aber, was hat ihn dann in die grauſame Löwen-Gruben geführet? frag nit lang, ein Hof-Hund hat ihn gebiſſen, ein Hof-Katz hat ihn gekratzt, ein Hof-Pfeil hat ihn getroffen, er hate Staub an einer Hof-Bürſten [illegible], er hat den Kopf an einer Hof-Thür angeſtoſſen! verſtehe es recht, der Neid zu Hof under den Miniſtern und Hof-Herren hat ihn geſtürtzt: ſo iſt es gangen Henrico Grafen von Holſtein, bey dem Hof Eduardi deß dritten König in Engelland, ſo iſt es gangen Bellisario dem groſſen Kriegs-Fürſten bey dem Hof deß Kayſers Iustiniani; ſo iſt es gangen dem Aristidi, dem Scipioni, dem Themistocli, dem Tullio, dem Epaminondae, dem Socrati, dem Pompejo, dem Iphicrati, dem Cononi, dem Chabriae, das ſeynd aber lauter frembde Namen; ſo iſt es gangen vil Ferdinandis, Henricis, Rudolphis, Casimiris, Philippis, Conradis, Wolffgangis etc. welche der verdambte Neid ins Elend geſtürtzet hat. O Neid! O Neid. Den Neid ſihe ich ſchier auff dem Schlag, wie jener Baum: Es iſt einer geweſt, der ihme durch villfältiges Schaben und Graben ein zimblichen Sack voll Ducaten geſambelt, hatte aber deſſentwegen ſtäts unruhige Gedancken, auß Forcht, es möchte ihm einer ſolchen gulbenen Schatz entfraumden, ja er traute in dem Fahl weder dem Weib, vil weniger dem Dienſt-Botten, es gedunckten ihm alle Rigel und Schlöſſer zu ſchwach, ſolche gelbe Batzen zu hütten, abſonderlich, ſo er Geſchäfft halber muſte abraiſen, könte er niemalen rühig ſchlaffen, wegen ſtäter Sorgen, es möchte ihm diſer ſein guldener Jnwohner das Quartier veränderen; erſinnet demnach andere Mittel, und nimbt auf einen gewiſſen Tag ſein mit Geld gefüllten Sack mit ſich, ſteigt in ſeinen groſſen Garten auf einen Baum, und weil ſelbiger zwey groſſen Aeſten etwas hol ware, verbirgt er ſeinen goldfarbigen Schatz darein, voller Freuden, daß er ſelbigen alſo ſicher salvirt, empfande auch in ſeinem Gemüth nunmehr ein bequämen Ruheſtand, was geſchicht aber! ſein Nachbar war ein elender und armer Tropf, der ſo vil Brod-Eſſer und kleine Buben zu Hauß hat, daß ſie ſchier über die Kinder Jſrael wachſten, ja er hörte von diſer lebendigen Orgel kein anders Lied, den gantzen Tag, als Pappen, Pappen, &c. nit möglich war es ihme, das [illegible] länger zu erſchwingen, derweilen, weil die übelſtändige Schalten-Feinderer die Schnallen ſtäts in den Händen hatten, und mit ſo vil Schulden-Scheinen aufgezogen, daß er ſich faſt getraute alle Kauffleut-Läden mit Starnüßen zu verzieren; entlich haben ihn die verzweiffelte Gedancken ſo kleinmüthig gemacht, daß er beſchloſſen, lieber zu ſterben, als ſolches Elend ferners auszuſtehen, nimbt zu diſem Ziel einen ſtarcken Strick, ſteigt in des Nachbarn Garten unwiſſender auff denſelbigen Baum, in welchem der reiche Nachbar das Geld verborgen, ſchlägt bereits den Strick umb den Halß, wolte aber vorhero umbſehen, ob er von jemand wurde wahrgenommen, in weiterem umbſchauen erblicket er den Sack Geld in dem holen Baum, ſchätzt ihm ſolches für ein Göttliche Schickung, erlöſet alſo bald den Halß von dem Strick, ſteigt eilends herab, bald hurtiger als Zachaeus, und vergiſt vor Freuden den Strick auff dem Baum, danckte GOtt umb dieſes unverhoffte Glück, wormit er ſein Hauß-Würthſchafft wider in den beſten Gang gebracht; nit lang nach diſem ſteigt obbenannter Geitzhalß auff den Baum, in willens ſeinem guldenen Schatz ein Visita zu geben, auch zugleich ſich mit deſſen Anblick zu ergötzen, als er aber erſehen, daß die Vögel ausgeflogen, war er dergeſtalten beſtürtzt, daß er ſchier über den Baum herunter gefallen, Ach! lamentirte er, ſo iſt dann hin, ſo iſt dann auß, ſo iſt dann weg das jenige, welches ich vil Jahr am Maul erſpart habe, was fang ich nunmehr an! wann ich nur ein Strick hätte, ſo wolte ich gleich mein unglückſeeliges Leben enden, und wie er ſich umbgeſchaut voll der Verzweifflung, ſiht er gleich neben ſeiner den Strick hangen, welchen der andere vergeſſen, verweilt daher nicht lang, ſondern mit dem Halß geſchwind in die Maſchen, und erhänckt ſich, hangte alſo dieſes ſaubere Obſt an dem Baum, den kein anderer als der Hencker dorffte ſchütlen. Ein wunderſeltzamer Baum iſt diſer geweſt, in deme er einem das Leben gebracht, dem anderen aber das Leben genommen, einem hat er auß der Noth geholffen, den anderen hat er zum Todt gezogen, einem hat er auß dem Elend errettet, den anderen hat er in das Elend geſtürtzt, einem hat er das Hertz erfreuet, dem andern hat er das Hertz abgeſtoſſen.

Auf gleichen Schlag tragt es ſich zu mit dem Neydigen, als welchem deß Nächſten Glück ihme ein Unglück iſt, ja eines anderen ſein Seegen, iſt dem Neydigen ein Degen, der ihn verwundet; eines anderen ſein Heil, iſt dem Neydigen ſein Sail, ſo ihn erdroßlet; eines anderen ſein Gut, iſt dem Neydigen ein Gluth, ſo ihn brennet; eines anderen ſein Würde, iſt dem Neydigen ein Bürde, under dere er ſchwitzet; eines anderen ſein Kunſt, iſt dem Neydigen ein Dunſt, ſo ihm die Augen peiniget; eines anderen ſein Doctrin, iſt dem Neydigen ein Ruin, ſo ihm ſchadet; eines anderen ſein Schatz, iſt dem Neydigen ein Katz, ſo ihn kratzet; eines anderen ſein Freud, iſt dem Neydigen ein Leyd, ſo ihme das Hertz quellet; eines anderen ſein Höhe, iſt dem Neydigen ein Wehe, ſo ihn plaget; eines anderen ſein Gruß, iſt dem Neydigen ein Buß, ſo ihn trucket; eines anderen ſein Schein, iſt dem Neydigen ein Pein, ſo ihn ſchmertzet.

Saubere Brüder hat Joſeph gehabt, Genes. 37. wann das Brüder ſeynd, ſo können die Schlehen-Stauden auch Weinſtöck benamſet werden, wann das Brüder ſeynd, ſo kann man den Wolff auch einen Burgermaiſter der Schaaf nennen, nit Brüder, ſondern Außbrüter alles Ubels ſeynd ſie geweſt, und haben ſie das Sch. ſo wol in ihrem Tittul verdienet, als der Judas Iſcarioth: Wie der ehrliche Jünger Joſeph ihnen auß Brüderlicher Auffrichtigkeit ſeinen Traum erzehlt, auß welchem man wol vermuten hat können, daß er nit lähr ſeye, ſondern ein Prophezeyung ſeines künfftigen Glücks, ſeynd ſie alſobald darüber gantz erbleicht, was! ſagten ſie, du junger Dauben-Schnabel, ſolſt du ein König werden, und ſoll dein Glück ſo hoch ſteigen, daß wir dir ſollen aufwarten, und die Knye biegen, eh bieg dir der Hencker den Halß, du übermüthiger Bub &c. ſie waren über ihn alſo verbitteret, daß ſie ihn nit könnten anſchauen, ja dahin, durch den verdambten Neyd getriben, daß ſie beſchloſſen, diſen ihren Brudern zu erwürgen; aber laſt ein wenig mit euch reden ihr Schaf-Hirten, ob ihr zwar billicher hättet ſollen Sau-Hirten abgeben: hört mich an, entweder iſt es wahr, daß euer Bruder ein König wird oder nit? iſt es nicht wahr, ſo lacht über ſelchen lähren Traum, und foppet ſieber durch brüderlichen Schertz diſen jungen A. B. C. Schmid, gebt ihm einen Hirten-Kolben in die Hand, an ſtatt deß Scepters, und ſagt lachender Weiß, grüß dich GOtt Euer Majeſtät &c. iſt es aber wahr, daß er ſoll König werden, ſo ſolt ihr euch deßhalben nicht zürnen, ſondern vilmehr frolocken, und ſagen, alſo, wird unſer Bruder Joſeph ein König, ſo iſt es uns die gröſte Ehr, und unſerem gantzen Hauß ein ewiger Ruhm, ja da werden wir nit mehr unſere ſchmutzige Hirten-Taſchen mit einem alt-bachenen Kreffel angefüllter tragen, ſondern ein jeder auß uns wird ſeyn ein Galanthomo, wie wird es uns ſo wol ſchmäcken, wann man uns Gnädige Herren wird ſchelten, da wird gar gewiß der Bruder Ruben Obriſter Hoffmeiſter werden; da wird gar gewiß der Bruder Zabulon zu der Cammer-Praesidenten Stell gelangen, da kans dem Bruder Isachar nit fehlen daß er nit Obriſter Kuchel-Maiſter wird, er iſſet ohne das gar gern gute Biſſel, der Bruder Simeon wird ohne zweiffel Oberſter Cammerer werden, dann er kan mit den Complementen umbſpringen, denckt es an mich, der Bruder Aser wird Obriſter Jägermeiſter, der wird ſich derhalben, da wirds unſerſt hergehen, jetzt müſſen wir unſere hungerige Mägen mit ſauren Ruben ausſchoppen, dort wird man uns andere Biſſel aufſetzen, ey GOtt geb daß unſer Joſerl ein König wird! dergleichen Reden hätten ſollen die Brüder Joſephs führen, aber der verdambte Neyd hat ihnen den Verſtand verruckt, die Vernunfft verkehrt, und wolten ſie lieber ſchlimme und arbeitſame Täg leben, als den Joſeph in Königlicher Würde ſehen, O blinder Neyd! Der Neydige iſt ſchon zufriden mit ſeiner Armuth, wann er nur ſihet, daß ſein Nächſter nit reich wird; der Neydige findt ein contento in ſeinem Elend, wann er nur merckt, daß es ſeinem Nächſten auch nit wol gehet; der Neydige beklagt ſich nit ſeines Unverſtands, und Unwiſſenheit, wann er nur ſihet, daß ſein Nächſter auch nit vil kan; der Neydige bleibt gern verworffen, wann er nur ſiht, daß ſein Nächſter nit fortkombt; den Neydigen betrübt nit ſein Ungeſtalt, und Larven-Geſicht, wann er nur weiß, daß ſein Nächſter auch nit ſchön iſt, O verfluchter Neyd! du ſuckeſt und ſaugeſt auß der Gall das Hönig, und auß dem Hönig die Gall, dann deß Nächſten Ubel macht dir gut, und deß Nächſten Gut macht dir übel, O! O! O!

Jener reiche Praſſer, von dem Meldung geſchicht im Evangelio, hatte alle Tag Kirch-Tag, er war alle Tag wol auf, und voll auf, er war zwar kein Soldat, iſt doch allezeit mit Krügen umgangen, er war kein groſſer Doctor, hat ſich doch gern in der Bibliothec aufgehalten, er war kein Fiſcher, thätte doch ſtäts im naſſen arbeiten, er war vormittag nit nüchter, zu Mittag hatte er einen Rauſch, auff dem Abend war er voll, ſein hauſen war ſchmauſen, ſein ſchmauſen war brauſen, ſein brauſen war pfauſen, alles Eſſen und Trincken und anders gut Leben, hat ihm ſein Vatter zum Heyrath-Gut geben, aber auff ein ſolche ſchlemmeriſche dämmeriſche Vigil iſt ein harter Feyrtag kommen, da nemblich diſer reiche Geſell in dem hölliſchen Feur begraben worden; *Lucae* 16. Der arme Bettler aber, ſo nur umb die Broſſl supplicirt, die ſonſt die Diana, der Melampus, der Coridon, der Baſſ, unter den Tiſchen zuſammen klaubten, iſt mit groſſen Freuden und Triumph in die Glory getragen worden. Jetzt ſteht zu fragen, wie der arme Bettler gehaiſſen hat, und der reiche Mann? deß Bettlers ſein Nahm iſt allbekandt, Lazarus, aber deß Reichen Namen weiß weder Evangeliſt, noch Scripturiſt, noch Gloſsiſt, noch Commentariſt, etc. niemand, gleichwol bin ich der Meynung, ich wolt errathen ſeinen Namen, er war ein vornehmer Herr, man hat ihn ihr Gnaden geſcholten, und hat allem Anſehen nach, Herr **Neydhard von Neydlingen** gehaiſſen, auß Urſachen, wie er ſchon bereits in der Höll geſeſſen, hat er faſt mit unſinniger Stimm geſchryen zu dem Abraham, Vatter Abraham ich bitt, ich bitt, ich bitt, ſchicke doch den Lazarum, daß er mit einem Tropffen Waſſer mein feurige Zung erkühle. Diſer reiche Vogel iſt ein Freyherr, oder wenigſt ein Land-Mann geweſt, ſoll er ihm dann nit eingebildet haben, es ſchickte ſich nit, daß der Seelige ſoll den Verdambten nachgehen, es thät ſich ja übel reimen, ſo ich auf der Gaſſen anſichtig wurde eines vornehmen Herrn, da er zum Fenſter hinauß ſchaut, und ich hinauff ſchreye, Gnädiger Herr, ſteigt herunter, und spendiert mir etwas, auff daß ich mir kan etliche Bücher kauffen, ich main die Lacken wurden mich einen groben Münch tauffen, und ſagen, ich ſoll hinauff kommen, und anderthalb ſtund herauſſen warten, dann jetzt ſeye ein Jud beym Gnädigen Herrn &c. Alſo hätt auch der reiche Geſell in der Höll ſollen ſchreyen, O Vatter Abraham mach doch Gelegenheit, und bring es bey Gott auß, daß ich zum Lazarum hinauff darff umb ein einiges Tröpffel Waſſer. Es hat aber der verdambte Praſſer deſſentwegen nit hinauff begehrt zu Lazarum, dann, wann er denſelben in ſo groſſer Glory, Thron und Cron, hätte geſehen, wär er ihme deßhalben neydig geweſt, und wär ihm ſolches härter ankommen, als die Höll ſelbſt. Dann ein Neydiger leydet unausſprechlich, wann er ſihet, daß es ſeinem Nächſten wol gehet. Dahero ſeynd die Neydige, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie Nacht-Eulen, dieſelbigen können kein Liecht ſehen, deßwegen fliegen ſie hin und her, darumb und daran, und wollens außlöſchen, alſo die Neydige mögen und können nicht ſehen, wann jemand erleucht iſt, und glantzet mit Tugenden.

Die Neydige ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie Kott-Käfer, diſe ſaugen auch auß der ſchöneſten Roſen nur das Gifft, nit das Hönig, alſo die Neydige ſuchen an ihrem Gegentheil, nur was Mangelhafft, das Gute verſchweigen ſie, die Neydige ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie die Feillen oder Raſpeln, welche verzehren, blagen, beiſſen und reiſſen andere Sachen, aber verderben ſich ſelbſt darmit, alſo die Neydigen ſehen, wie ſie den Nächſten mögen ſchaden, und verzehren ihr einiges Leibs und Seelen Heyl, die Neydigen ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie die Bron, welche gemeiniglich kalt ſeynd, wann das Wetter warm iſt, und gemeiniglich warm, wann das Wetter ſonderiſt im Winter kalt iſt, alſo dem Neydigen iſt übel, wanns andern wol gehet, und iſt ihme wol, wanns anderen übel gehet. Die Neydigen ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie der Donner, welcher mehriſt Theil nur hohe Gebäu trifft, und nit nidere, alſo die Neydige nur die jenige haſſen, welche von Gott erhöhet; die Neydigen ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie die Wachtlen, diſe ſchlimme Vögel ſeufftzen allezeit, wann die Sonn auffgehet, alſo ſeynd die Neydige beſchaffen, welche alsdann ſeufftzen, und es ſchmertzlich empfinden, wann ſie ſehen den Nächſten in Ehr und Reichthumben auffgehen und wachſen, die Neydige ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie ein Baum, under dem noch junge Bäuml wachſen, diſe aber undertruckt der groſſe Baum mit ſeinen Aeſten, dann er nit leyden will, daß ihm einer ſolle gleich wachſen: alſo auch ein Neydiger befleiſſet ſich, wie ers kan zuwegen bringen, daß einer von nideren zu höheren Stand ſoll gelangen, die Neydige ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie die jenige, ſo am Fieber Krank ligen, denen kommen auch ſüſſe Speiſen bitter vor, alſo kan die Neydige nichts mehrer verbitteren, als wann der Nächſte guts und ſüſſes Glück genieſſet, die Neydige ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie die Fliegen, welche gemeiniglich dem Menſchen nur am dem jenigen plagen, wo er ungeſund oder verwundt iſt, alſo die Neydige nur daſſelbige an ihren Nächſten ſuchen, was tadelhafftig iſt, das Tugendſame und Lobwürdige verſchweigen ſie freymüthig; die Neydige ſeynd, wie ſeynd ſie? ſie ſeynd wie die Amper an einem Brunn, wann einer hinunder fallt, ſo ſteigt der ander in die Höhe, kombt einer herauff, ſo fallt der ander hinunder, alſo iſt dem Neydigen wol, und befindet ſich wol auff, wann er ſihet ſeinen Nächſten fallen, und ſo ſein Nächſter hoch ſteigt, thut ſich der Neydige darüber beſtürtzen.

O du verdambtes Laſter! du biſt ein Maden der Seelen, noch mehr, du biſt ein Apoſtema deß Hertzens, noch mehr, du biſt ein Peſt der fünff Sinnen, noch mehr, du biſt ein Gifft der Glider, noch mehr, du biſt ein gefährliches Fiber deß Geblüts, noch mehr, du biſt ein Schwindel deß Haubts, noch mehr, du biſt ein Finſternuß deß Verſtands, noch mehr, du biſt ein Hencker und Folterer, und Tyrann deß menſchlichen Leibs: andere Laſter haben dannoch ein wenige Freud, und eingebildte Ergötzlichkeit: Die Buelſchafft mit der **Ber-Sabaea** hat gleichwol dem **David** das Hertz ein wenig verzuckert: wie **Herodes** ein Koſtgeher, und Bettgeher geweſt iſt bey ſeines Bruders Frauen, hat er gleichwol darvon ein augenblickliches **Contento** geſchöpfft: Wie **Nabuchodonosor** ſich für einen Gott auffgeworffen, und auß Hochmuth und Ubermuth ſich hat laſſen anbetten, hat den Narren gleichwol ſolche **Reputation** gekitzlet: Wie der reiche Geſell alle Tag geſchlemmt, hat ihm doch ſolches tägliche Gurgel-Waſſer ein Freud gemacht: Wie der **Achan** gar zu lange Finger gehabt, und uber das ſibende Gebott geſtolpert, hat er dannoch ein Freud gehabt, daß er ohne Mühe iſt reich worden: Wie die Philiſtæer dem **Samson** die Augen außgeſtochen, und er nach Verluſt ſeiner Stärcke, er ihnen hat müſſen durch die Finger ſehen, haben ſie eine Ergötzlichkeit gehabt, weil ſie ſich an ihrem Feind gerochen haben. Wie **Zachaeus** Partiten gemacht, und auß frembden Häuten hübſche breite Riemen geſchnitten, hat es ihm ein Freud gebracht, in Summa, alle Laſter haben ein Hönig, obzwar im geringen Gewicht, an ſich, und in ſich, und bey ſich, aber der Neydige findet nichts als Leyden, ja der Neydige empfindet ein ſtäten Dorn, der ihn verwundet, hat ein ſtäten Wurm, der ihme das Gemüth naget, leydet ein ſtättes Schwerdt, ſo ihm das Hertz durchtringet, hat ein ſtätten Hammer, der ihm das Hertz zerſchlaget, leydet ein ſtätte Schlangen, die ihme das Hertz peyniget, hat ein ſtättes Tiger, ſo ihm das Hertz verzehret, leydet ein ſtätten Wolff, der ihm das Hertz triffet, hat ein ſtättes Uhr-Werck, ſo ihm das Hertz beunruhiget.

O Du verdambtes Laſter! Andere Laſter laſſen ſich etwas vertuſchen, verhüllen, verbergen, und zeigt ſich mancher außwendig heilig, und iſt inwendig heyllos. Zeigt ſich offt einer außwendig ein **Simon Petrus**, und iſt inwendig ein **Simon Magus**. Es ſtellt ſich offt einer außwendig ein **Philippus** Apoſtel, und iſt inwendig ein **Philippus Melancthon**, es ſtecket gar offt in einer neu und guten Scheid ein roſtige Paſſauer-Kling; auch trifft man offt ein ſchöne Nuß an, dero wurmſtichige Kern nachmahls dem Außbeiſſer ein Grauſen machet; Aber der Neydige kan ſein Laſter nit verbergen, es iſt ihme das Angeſicht ein Verräther, die eingefallene Wangen, die finſtere Augen, die Berg-grüne Leftzen, die Bückene Stirn, die gifftige Seufftzer, die melancholiſche Gebärden, das Zwitzeren der Zähn, ſein mageres, außgeſelchtes, Schwebelfärbiges Angeſicht, iſt ein ſattſamer Dolmetſcher ſeines inwendigen Neyds: Ein Neydiger mag eſſen, was er will, wie er will, wann er will, wie vil er will, wo er will, ſo wird er doch Hunds-mager bleiben weil alles bey ihme in Gifft verwandlet wird; wie recht hat der Poët den Neydigen entworffen mit folgenden Verſen.

Friß Milch, friß Käß, friß von der Kuh
Was deinem Maul mag ſchmecken.
Schieb ein, ſchop drauff, ſchob immerzu,
Schlick Semmel, Küpfel und wecken.
Brauch Löffel wie ein Waſſer-Schaff,
Auff daß du füllſt dein Wampen.
Friß, daß nit mehr kanſt ſagen Pfaff,
Vor ſchmaken, ſchlinken, ſchlampen.
Friß du dem hungrigen Wolff zu trutz
Den Braten ohne Zwiffel.
Friß, daß dirs Maul ſo voller Schmutz
Wird, wie ein geſchmierter Stiffel.
Mit Panquet und mit lauter ſchmauß
Spann deinen Bauch wie Trummel.
Schleck oben und unden die Pfannen auß
Sauff noch darzu ein Tummel.
Friß Brocken mit halb Zentnergewicht
Verzehr gantz kälberne Bügel.
Friß, daß dir dein ſo ſchmutzigs geſicht
Hürſch glantzet wie ein Spiegel.
Friß Butter, ſchmaltz und ſpeck darzu,
Machs, wie die Gloſter-Katzen.
Die freſſen Brätel ſpath und fruh,
Anſtatt der Mäuß und Ratzen.
Friß Neydhart, friß, friß alls vom tiſch
Bleibſt doch ein dürrer Pogen.
Friß Neydhart, friß, ein gleicher Fiſch
Bleibſt ohne Bauch und Rogen.

Dahero Gott der Herr den **Cain** ſelbſten gefraget, nachdem er ſeine Händ in deß Bruders Blut gewaſchen; **Quare concidit facies tua? Cain**, warum iſt dir das Angeſicht alſo eingefallen? *Genes.* 4. der Geſell war ſo mager wie ein Laſtecken, es war aber deſſen kein andere Urſach, als der verdambte Neyd, als welcher ein Gifft iſt der menſchlichen Geſundheit.

Es iſt zwiſchen dem weiſſen und dem ſchwartzen, zwiſchen dem **Esau** und dem **Jacob**, zwiſchen dem Stättel **Hai** und der groſſen Statt **Jericho**, zwiſchen dem Egyptiſchen Knoblach und dem Himmliſchen **Manna**, zwiſchen dem **David** und dem **Goliath** kein ſo groſſer Unterſchied, als zwiſchen dem Himmel und der Höll, ja ohne alle Gleichnuß. Dann im Himmel iſt lauter Freud, in der Höll lauter Leyd: im Himmel iſt lauter Lachen, in der Höll iſt lauter Krachen, im Himmel iſt lauter Guet, in der Höll lauter Gluet, im Himmel iſt nichts als Süß, in der Höll iſt nichts als Spieß: im Himmel iſt lauter Luſt, in der Höll iſt lauter Unluſt; der Himmel iſt ein Wohnplatz der Außerwählten, iſt ein Hauß der Belohnung, iſt ein Thron der Göttlichen Majeſtät, iſt ein Loſament der Heiligen, iſt ein Tempel deß Liechts, iſt ein Paradeyß der Freuden, iſt ein Herberg der Seeligen, iſt ein Erquickung der Betrübten, ꝛc. Die Höll iſt entgegen ein Folterbanck der Verdambten, iſt ein Kercker der unglückſeligen Ewigkeit, iſt ein Sendgruben deß Unflaths, iſt ein Orth der Finſternuß, iſt ein Quartier der böſen Geiſter, iſt ein Inhalt alles Elends, ꝛc. Im Himmel iſt alles, was ergötzt, erfreuet, erluſtiget, erquicket, erhöhet, ꝛc. In der Höll iſt alles, was peyniget, was ſchmertzet, was brennet, was quället, was martert, ꝛc. Und dannoch iſt der Teuffel theurer mit der Höll, als GOtt mit dem Himmel, dann ein Neydiger ſoll vil leyden umb der Höll willen, wann er nur halben Theil thätte wegen GOtt außſtehen, ſo wurde es ihme der Allerhöchſte mit der ewigen Cron vergelten. **Aemilius, Aemilianus, Basilius, Basilianus, Cassius, Cassianus, Claudius, Claudianus, Donatus, Donatianus, Eutichius, Eutichianus, Flavius, Flavianus, Gordius, Gordianus, Julius, Julianus, Lucius, Lucianus, Marcus, Marcianus, Marius, Marianus, Pontius, Pontianus, Primus, Primianus, etc.** ſeynd Martyrer und Blut-Zeugen Chriſti, haben vil gelitten zu **Caesarea**, zu **Nicomedia**, zu Rom, zu **Alexandria**, zu **Antiochia**, zu **Aquileia**, zu **Laodicea**, etc. vil gelitten umb den Himmel: aber ein Neydiger leydet vil mehr umb die Höll, O verruchtes Laſter!

Ein mancher wird wegen ſeine Wiſſenſchafft zu groſſen Würden erhöhet, wie es dann billich, und iſt nichts ſchädlichers, als wann man unverſtändige Stroh-Hirn hinauff ſetzet: Bekandt iſt es ſattſamb, daß GOtt der Allmächtige gantz umbſtändig das Gebäu der Archen vorgezeichnet, auch beynebens gar genau befohlen, er ſolle Ochſen, Eſel, ſambt denen Thieren in dem underen Stock loſieren, den Menſchen aber in das obere Zimmer, es hätte ſich ja nit gereimt, wann Ochſen- und Eſel-Köpff hätten in dem oberen Gaden reſidieret, und die Menſchen herunden, ob zwar bey der jetzigen verkehrten Welt gar offt die Erfahrnuß bezeuget, daß faſt gleiche Beſchaffenheit ſeye zwiſchen dem Topff und dem Knopff, zumahlen ein voller Topff auff dem Herd herunter ſtehet und leydet, daß ihm die Augen übergehen, ein lährer Topff aber, der ſtehet oben auff der Stell: alſo wird nit ſelten ein lährer Topff in die Höhe zur Officia erhoben, und ein Kopff voller Wiſſenſchafft muß herunten bleiben. Ein manches mahl, ob zwar nit ohne mercklichen Schaden, folget man dem Brunnen nach, all wo der lähre Amper heroben iſt, der angefüllte entgegen undertruckt: Thorrecht haben die Philiſtäer gehandlet, wie ſie den Abgott Dagon verehret, der einen Fiſch-Kopff hatte, noch übler iſt es, wann man der Zeit manchen muß verehren, der ein Stockfiſch-Kopff hat; Die Natur iſt eine witzige Mutter, als welche dem kleinen Fingerl an der Hand das Ambt auffgetragen, daß er ſolle Ohren-Raumer ſeyn, nit aber dem Daum oder Zeig-Finger, weil ſich demnach der kleine beſſer hierzu ſchicket, als die andere: deßgleichen ſoll man kein zu Aembter und Officia erheben die jenige, welche geſchickt ſeynd, und nit ungeſchickt. Die Bäumer, obſchon etliche grobe und ungeſchlachte Kerl under ihnen, ſeynd dannoch ſo beſcheid geweſt, ſagt die H. Schrifft, daß ſie einhellig die Dorn-Stauden zum König erwehlt haben, und glaub ich darumb, weil ſolche ſpitzfindig, uns zu einer Lehr, daß die Spitzfindige und Witzige vor allen Plumpen ſollen den Vorzug haben. Wann zu Ingolſtatt in Bayeren, die Studenten auß unartligen Muthwillen einige Ungelegenheit verurſachen, und etwan auff der Gaſſen die Stein alſo wetzen, daß ihnen das Feur zum Augen außgehet, werden ſie auff der Univerſitet in die Keichen gelegt, beklagen ſich aber dazumahlen nichts mehrers als wegen eines Nacht-Geſpenſts, ſo ſie insgemein den Penzen nennen, welches gantz ohne Kopff iſt, alſo ſoll warhafftig manches Orth, Statt, Gemein nichts mehrers ſchröcken, als wann ſie ein Obrigkeit ohne Kopff haben, verſtehe ohne Verſtand; dann wir Teutſche gemeiniglich die jenige, die von Stroh-Hoſen ſchreiben, ohne Kopff benambſen; die jetzige Welt folget leyder! gar oft den Baumeiſtern nach, welche die Knöpff zu höchſt deß Dachs ſetzen, lamentiren doch, andere zu geſchweigen, auch die Bauren, wann ihre vorgeſetzte Pfleger grobe Knöpff ſeynd. Groſſe Herren, gemeine Republic, geſambte Stätt, ſolten dem H. Geiſt diſer dritten Göttlichen Perſohn nachthun, als welche in Feurs-Geſtalt ſich auff die Köpff der Apoſtlen, und nit anderſtwohin geſetzt, es iſt ſo wol ſchändlich als ſchädlich, wann man nit den Kopff, ſondern die Händ oder das anverwandte Geblüt beobachtet, mit allem Fleiß hat Chriſtus der Herr ſeinen Vetteren Joannem nit zum Pabſtthumb erwehlt, ſondern Petrum, damit wir in Außtheilung der Aembter nit ſollen beobachten die Verwandtſchafft, ſondern die Wiſſenſchafft; Unweißlich hat gehandlet Henricus der Achte in Engelland, der ſeinen Koch zu einem ſtattlichen Ambt erhoben, umb weilen er ihme ein wolgeſchmackte Speiß zugericht. Wann die Vögel kondten reden, ſo man ſie ſolte fragen, wer ſie alſo in die Höhe bringet, wurden ſie ungezweiffelt antworten, nichts anderſt als die Federen, durch ſolch und mit ſolchen kommen ſie alſo empor, dahero thun gar weißlich die jenige groſſe Monarchen und Fürſten, welche dieſelbige zur Hochheit und Würden promoviren, ſo ein gute Feder haben, das iſt Verſtand und Wiſſenſchafft: auff gleiche Weiß ſeynd gar vil zu höchſten Ehren gelanget, und hat Agathoclem König in Sicilien nit gemacht ſein Stammen-Hauß, als der eines Haffners Sohn war: dem Lesco König in Pohlen hat nit die Cron auffgeſetzt ſein uralter Adel, als der eines Bauren Sohn war, *Beierl. lit. M.* und hat Primislaum vil König in Böheim gemacht ſein altes Herkommen, als der erſt vom Pflug war; und hat Tamerlanem den Kayſer nit zu diſer höchſten Würde geholffen ſein adeliches Hauß, als der nur eines Holtz-Hackers Sohn war; und hat Willigisum nit zum Ertz-Biſchoffen gewöhlt ſein uraltes Geſchlecht, als der nur eines Wagners Sohn war; ſondern alle diſe haben die Verdienſten und Wiſſenſchafften erhebet, wie es dann noch auff den heutigen Tag geſchicht, daß ſolcher geſtalten offt auß gemeinen Leuthen vornehme werden. Aber dazumalen erhäbt ſich der Neyd; was Neyder hat nit Daniel gehabt, wie er alſo über ſich kommen: was Neyder hat nit der redliche Mardochaeus gehabt, weil er bey dem Hof Assueri alſo fortkommen, was Neyder haben nicht die drey Knaben gehabt bey den Babyloniſchen Edel-Leuthen, wie ſie alſo hoch kommen: was Neyder hat nit Stephanus gehabt, wie er alſo bey den Leuthen in ſo gutes Concept kommen: was Neyder hat nit JEſus unſer Heyland gehabt, wie er alſo bey dem Volk ſo vil golten, O Neyd! was Neyder hat nit täglich jener, der durch Meriten hoch ſteiget, ſo die Neyder laſſen offt nit nach, bewegen alle Stein, ſchüttlen alle Bäumer, brechen alle Mauren, ſpitzen alle Degen, ſo lang und vil, biß ſie einen ſolchen auß dem Sattel häben, die Federen rupffen, den Stuhl zucken, daß er übern Hauffen fallt, nachmals ſchmutzen ſie vor, aber under deß Teuffels ſeinem Mantel, under deß Sathans ſeiner Spanniſchen Wand, under deß Lucifers ſeinem Vorhang, wie daß ſolcher deßhalben gefallen, vom Ambt und Ehr kommen, weil er ſich übernommen, ſich nit mehr gekennt, und andere nur über die Achſeln geſchaut, O verdambter Neyd! So iſt dann dir deß Nächſten Roſen ein ſtechender Dorn? ja. So iſt dann dir deß Nächſten Hönig ein Gall? ja. So iſt dann dir deß Nächſten Alchermes ein Gifft? ja. So iſt dann dir deß Nächſten Scepter ein Ochſen-Zahn? ja. So iſt dann dir deß Nächſten Freud ein Krieg? ja. O du Teuffels-Marterer.

Ein ander gelanget durch ſeine höchſt rühmliche Tapfferkeit zu einer höheren Charge im Feld, und ſeynd wenig Jahr, da ihn der Gefreuter mit Bernbeuttern geweckt, jetzt heiſt es, Burſch ins Gewöhr, der Obriſt kombt, aber diſen hat ſein Glück geſchmidet die öfftere erzeigte Generoſitet im Feld, alſo iſt es vor diſem geweſt, alſo ſoll es ſeyn, daß man die jenige promoviret, welche da ſeynd wie der Granat-Apffel, diſe Frucht hat ein rechte Cron auff, auß Urſachen, weil die Natur geſehen, daß der Granat-Apffel einwendig lauter rothe Hertzel habe, alſo gedachte ſie, ſeye es billich, wo ſo vil Hertz, ſoll auch Cron und Lohn ſeyn, dann ein wolbehertzter Soldat verdienet, daß man ihn ehret und fort helffet. Soldaten, welche da ſeynd wie der Sallat, wo mehr Oel als ſcharpffer Eſſig, die verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die ins Quartier eylen, wie die Schwalmen ins warme Sommer-Land, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die vor dem Feind zitteren, wie ein eſpenes Laub, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die ein Grauſen haben vor dem Streitt, als hätten ſie einmal ein Haar darinn gefunden, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die da wünſchen ihre Roß hätten 6. Füß, damit ſie deſto hurtiger möchten durchgehen, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die weniger Wundmähl zeigen, als der Raab weiſſe Federen, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die lieber tummeln als Trummeln hören, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die lieber den guldenen Adler am Würts-Hauß, als den ſchwartzen Adler am Kriegs-Fahnen ſehen, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die mehr nach Laschi, als Couraschi trachten, verdienen nichts.

Soldaten, die nur den Bauren zwagen, und mit glühender Schauffel alſo mit ihm Steck ſchlagen, daß den armen Tropffen von Michaeli biß auff Georgi nit mehr Niderſitzen gelüſtet, verdienen nichts. Aber Soldaten, die ſich tapffer und ritterlich halten, verdienen alles, dann ein Feder-Buſch auff dem Hut macht kein Soldaten, ſonſt wär auch der Widhopff ein Kriegs-Officier, ein Scharpen umb die Lenden macht kein Soldaten, ſonſt wären die Engel am Fronleichnambs-Tag Soldaten. Die Beckelhauben auff dem Kopff macht kein Soldaten, ſonſt wären auch die Rott-Lerchen Soldaten. Ein Spieß über die Achſeln macht kein Soldaten, ſonſt wären auch die Landbotten Soldaten, ſondern ein anſehnliche Tapfferkeit, unerſchrockene Generoſitet, und unüberwindlicher Helden-mut macht einen Soldaten.

Jener auß Ober-Sachſen, mit Namen Benedict von Fontana, hat ſich Anno 1499. in dem Schweitzer-Krieg, und einer Schlacht der Graubindter mit den Tyrollern, nahet der Malſer-Hand tapffer gehalten, in dem er deß Feinds Schantz mannlich erſtigen, und da er einwendig verletzt worden, mit einer Hand das verwundte Eingeweyd gehalten, und mit der anderen ſich gewöhret, ein ſolcher verdient ewiges Lob und Lohn, *Zeiler. C. 4. Fol. 39.* wann aber dergleichen einer erhebt wird, was Neyder züglet er ihm augenblicklich, der Neyd wirfft ihm alle Tag ein Brügel under die Füß, der Neyd ſperret ihm alle Tag faſt den Paß zu der Victori, der Neyd verſtopfft ihm faſt alle Tag die Trompeten im Feld: der Neyd verſteuret ihm faſt alle Stund das Schieß-Pulffer, und darff nit ſchieſſen, auß Forcht, er wecke auff das Kind auß dem Schlaff. Der Neyd fallt ihm und ſeinem Pferdt alle Augenblick in Zaum, und diß iſt faſt das jenige, was uns ſo vil Sig und Victori auß den Händen raffet, wir nennen es höflich die Kriegs-Competenzen, aber ſolche Competenz-Waffen hat der Teuffel in der Werckſtatt deß Neyds geſchmiedet, O Neyd! Auff ſolche Weiß iſt dir deß Nächſten Erhöhung deine Erniderung, nicht anderſt; auff ſolchen Schlag iſt dir deß Nächſten Purpur ein ſtechendes Cilicium, nit anderſt; auff ſolche Manier iſt dir deß Nächſten Gelt-Taſchen ein Maul-taſchen, nit anderſt; auff diſe Modi iſt dir deß Nächſten wunderliches Lob ein Wunden, nicht anderſt: dergeſtalt iſt deß Nächſten Gnad, dir Ihr Geſtreng, nit anderſt, O Neyd!

Es kombt gar offt ein Armer zu groſſer Reichthumb, und hat fürwahr der Saul, damalen wenig Sommer angetragen, wie er die Eſel ſeines Vatters Cis geſucht, 1. *Reg.* 9. iſt gleichwol dennach ein reicher König worden; eines armen Holtz-Hackers leinene Strümpff, und andere zerriſſene Betlers-Lumpen verzweiflen nit an ihrem Glück; auch iſt nichts neues, daß offt abgeſchabene Zigeyner Windel durch den Stampff verkehrt werden in das ſchönſte Pappier, worauff man mit Gold und Silber ſchreibet.

Der jenige Kühe-Stall, in welchem die H. Jungfrau Euphemia gedient hat, iſt nunmehr in einen ſchönen koſtbaren Gold- und Silberreichen Tempel verwandlet, *Pagata de admir. n. 92.* alſo geſchicht wol öffter, daß gemeine Stall-Knecht und Stall-

Dirn zu groſſen Ehren und Habſchafften kommen; jene drey Krotten, wol ein garſtiges Thier, in dem uralten Frantzöſiſchen Wappen, ſeynd durch Anleitung des Himmels nun anjetzo in ſchöne Lilien verkehrt, dergleichen hat die Welt öffter geſehen, daß außdenjenigen, ſo arm und verworffen waren, vornehme und reiche Leuth worden: Es ſeynd gewiſſe Würm, welche ſich den gantzen Winter hindurch in ein freywilliges Grab einſperren, und gar todt ligen, bey angehendem warmen Sommer aber werden die ſchönſten Baintalter darauß, welche mit vilfarbigen Flügel als reiche Sonnen-Vögerl prangen, biſt du nun Menſch ein armer Erd-Wurm, und tritt dich faſt jedermann mit Füſſen, auch dein gantze Habſchafft kanſt in einem Bettel-Sack salvieren, ſo hoffe dannoch, dann wol öffter das Glück in der armen Leuten Häuſer hat eingekehrt, es kunnen dir noch wol die Flügl wachſen, wormit du dich weit über deines Nächſten Vermögen erhebeſt; geſchicht es dann, daß ein ſolcher entweder durch eigen Schweiß und Arbeit, oder durch beyfallendes Glück, oder durch unverhoffte Erbſchafft zu Mittel gelanget, wie man dann dergleichen vil zehlet, was Neyder verfolgen ihm nit alſobald! man vergunt ihm das Biſſel nit, ſo er mit gutem Gewiſſen erworben, da heißt es, er hat gut reich zu ſeyn, er hat dem Kayſerlichen Beutel zimblich die Regiſter gezogen, er hat die Pupillen-Gelter nit ein wenig geſchrepfft, er hat die Stieff-Kinder das übrige hübſch ſauber durch die Hächel gezogen, der karge Narr weißt, wie vil man Knödel auß einem Mäßl Meel ſchnitzlet, zügelt er doch auß ſeinen Dienſt-Botten lauter Carthenſer, und haben ſie nur einen Faſt-Tag, der wehret das gantze Jahr, ꝛc. O Neyd! hat er dir dann was laids gethan, daß du ihm alſo die Zähn zaigeſt? er ſchlagt dich nicht, wie der **Cain** ſeinen Bruder, er ſticht dich nicht, wie der **Joab** den **Absolon**, er beißt dich nicht, wie die Bären die Eliſæiſche Knaben, er ſtoſt dich nit, wie der Engel den **Petrum** in der Keichen, er wirfft dich nit, wie der **David** den **Goliath**, er brennt dich nit, wie die Sampſoniſche Füchs die Felder der Philiſtæer, er haut dich nicht, wie **Petrus** den **Malchum**, er nimbt dich nit beym Haar, wie der Engel den **Habacuc**, er thut dir kein einiges Laid an, ja, ja, ja, ſagt der Neydige, ich leyde unbeſchreibliche Pein, wann ich ſihe, daß dem Nächſten wol gehet, das iſt mir über rauffen, ſtoſſen, hauen, brennen, werffen, ſchlagen, beiſſen, ſtechen und würgen; O du Teuffels Martyrer!

Die Welt hat zum öfftern weit berühmte Künſtler gehabt, dero Kunſtreiche Hand ein manches mahl die Natur ſchamroth gemacht haben, und iſt höchſte Verwunderung geweſt, daß ſich der Menſchen Witz ſo weit erſtrecke; Jene Werckmeiſter haben ſchier ſteinene Miracul gemacht, welche die ſtattliche Thürn zu **Cremona**, **Bononien**, Venetia, Straßburg und Wien haben auffgeführt; In **Aethiopia** iſt ein überauß ſchöne Kirch, welche mit allen Säulen und Altären auß einem einigen Stein außgehölt und gebauet. *Alvarez. c. 44.* Der vornehmſte König in **Sina** hat 79. Palläſt, dero einer auß Gold, der ander auß Silber, der dritte auß Marmer, Helffenbein, ꝛc. ja gantze Zimmer aus Edelgeſtein ſeynd. *De rebus Sin. l. 3.* Die jenige Meiſter haben ein ewigen Nahmen erworben, welche die Brucken zu Prag in Böhmen, die Brucken zu Dreßden in Sachſen, die Brucken zu Londen in Engelland, und die Brucken zu Regenſpurg verfertiget; Ein Kunſt-Stuck iſt geweſt jene hültzene Tauben, welche trutz einer lebendigen im Lufft geflogen, durch innerliches Uhrwerck, und von **Archita** gemacht worden. *Gell. l. 10. art. 12.* Ein Kunſt-Stuck iſt jene Uhr zu Prag am Rathhauß, ſo faſt ein ewiger Jahrs-Calender zu nennen, weil nemblich der gantze Himmels-Lauff darinn begriffen, und alle Monath, Wochen, Stund und Augenblick der Planeten-Lauff angedeutet wird. *Bron.* Ein Kunſt-Stuck hat **Myrmecides** gezaigt, wie er auß Helffenbein ein Wagen ſambt Pferdt und Gutſcher alle klein und künſtlich geſchnitten, daß man alles unter dem Flügel einer kleinen Fliegen hat kunnen verhüllen. *Plin. lib 7. c. 21.* Ein Kunſt-Stuck iſt jene Kirch in Engelland zu **Salisbur**, welche ſo vil Fenſter als Tag im Jahr, ſo vil Säulen als Stund im Jahr, ſo vil Porten als Monat im Jahr hat. Ein Kunſt-Stuck iſt die Kirch zu Ulm, an welcher hundert und eilff Jahr gearbeitet worden. Ein Wunderwerck der Welt iſt der Tempel **Dianæ**, deſſen Gebäu zweyhundert und zwaintzig Jahr gewähret. Ein Kunſt-Stuck war jene **Statua** oder Bildnuß **Panormi** in **Sicilia**, welche durch innerliches Uhrwerck die Lauten geſchlagen, und hin und her auf Menſchliche Art ſpatzieren gangen. *Schott.* Ein Kunſt-Stuck war jenes Schlöſſel, welches ein Teutſcher Schloſſer dem Pabſt **Paulo** dem **IV.** überreicht, und darfür auff die ſechshundert Gulden bekommen. Ein Kunſt-Stuck iſt jene Glocken zu Erdfurt, welche **Gerard Wole** gegoſſen, an dero vier und zwaintzig ſtarcke Männer zu leuten haben, und wird ihr Klang bey heitterem Himmel auff vier teutſche Meil gehöret. Lauter Kunſt-Stuck ſeynd, was da ſchier über Menſchen-Verſtand gemahlet haben **Titianus**, **Bassianus**, **Mutianus**, **Bonarota**, **Urbinus**, **Berninus**, **Salviatus**, **Samiratus**, **Blumbinus**, **Dominichinus**, **Donatellus**, **Baudinelius**, **Zucca** und **Zuccarus**, **etc.** Lauter Kunſt-Stuck ſeynd, was da auß Holtz und Stein gebaut haben **Sansovinus**, **Franziosius**, **Vasoldus**, **Marianus**, **Mochus**, **Poggus**, **Lorenzetus**, **etc.** Und dannoch diſe alle obbenannte Meiſter und Künſtler ſeynd dem billigen Neyd nit entgangen, ja vil deren wegen der Neydigen kein ſicheren Fuß auß dem Hauß geſetzt, etliche von denen Neydern grauſamb ermordt worden, etliche durch die Neyder mit tauſenterley Schmachreden an der Ehr verletzt worden; ja es haben ſich einige gefunden, die auß Neyd gegen diſen Künſtleren ſich ſelbſt ermordt, damit ſie nit länger dero Lob möchten anhören, und dero Kunſt anſchauen. O verdambter Neydhart! du wirſt ärger gebrennt, als **Laurentius**, wann man dein Nächſten lobet, du wirſt mehr geſteiniget als **Stephanus**, wann man dein Nächſten ehret; du wirſt grauſamer gequelet als **Sebastianus**, wann man deinen Nächſten herfür ſtreichet; du leydeſt ein gröſſeres Creutz als **Andreas**, wann man deinen Nächſten preiſet; O Teuffels Martyrer!

Es ſeynd nit alle Lämbel des Jacobs weiß geweſt, ſondern ſehr vil auch geſprengt und geſchecket, es ſeynd nicht in allen dero Körben Mund-Semmel geweſt, von denen deß **Pharaonis** Pfiſterer getraumet, ſondern in einem iſt auch ſchwartz Geſindl-Brodt geweſt: Es ſeynd nit lauter Dauben und Paradeys-Vögel in der Arch **Noë** geweſt, ſondern auch Gimpel und Nacht-Eulen. In dem Netz **Petri** ſeynd nit lauter Forellen und Sälbling geweſt, ſondern auch grobe Stockfiſch; Abraham hat ſeine Verlaſſenſchafft nit gleich außgetheilet, ſondern einem mehr geben, dem anderen weniger, alſo hat die Natur kein Gleichheit der Geſichter, ſondern einem ein ſchönere Geſtalt spendieret, als dem andern, und alſo ſeynd nit alle Weibs-Bilder ſchön und wolgeſtalt, ſondern es gibt auch ſchändliche und ungeformbte Geſichter; dahero wie der König **Assuerus** ſeine **Vasthi** abgedancket, und ein andere Frau-Gemahlin zu erkieſen beſchloſſen, hat er in alle Landſchafften außgeſchickt, junge Mädl zu ſuchen, aber ſchöne, keine Breymaul-**Asiatiſche**, keine Langnaß-**Arcadiſche**, keine Gelbfarb-**Hellespontiſche**, keine Grauaug-**Cappadociſche**, keine Buckelhafft-**Atlantiſche**, keine Grobhaut-**Mauritaniſche**, keine Ungeſchickt-**Trapezuntiſche**, keine, ſondern lauter ſchöne, ja die allerſchönſte ſoll man außerleſen, auß denen er nachmals ein beliebige Königin erwehlen könne: Nachdem Ihro Majeſtät dem König **Assuero** die wolgeſtaltigiſte Töchter ſeynd vorgeführt worden, hat vor allen ſeinen Augen wolgefallen ein überauß ſchönes Mädl mit Nahmen **Esther**, welche er dann unverzüglich zu einer Königlichen Frawen-Gemahlin außerwehlt. *Esther.* 15. Aber da hätte jemand ſollen die Gemüther der anderen einſehen, was Neyd-volle Gedancken ſie gegen diſem Juden Töchterl geſchöpfft, ach! dachte eine, das Schelmen-Vich hat ja das Glück, daß ihr der Hencker das Geſicht [illegible]; die *Bestia* ſagt etwan ein andere bey ihr ſelbſt, ich wolt, ſie hätte an ſtatt ihrer ſchwartzen Augen ein par gläſerne Wammes-Knöpff von einem [illegible]; die dritte gedacht, wär ich ein Zeinnerin, ich wolte ihr bey der Nacht das Geſicht zurichten, daß ſie morgens früh ſolte ein Antracht haben, wie ein Schwediſcher Mantel-Kragen; die Dörrin! wünſchte ein andere, wäre ich nur ein gifftiges Thierl, ich wolt ſie im Hof-Garten einmahl anblaſen, daß ſie ſolt Rauden und Kräz bekommen, daß man alle Tag ein Land-Wagen kundte von ihr ſchaben: als wann ich, ſagt ein andere, nit auch ſchön wäre, was wolten endlich ſeyn ihre Reitz im Geſicht, das hat nun ein jede Krebſen-Richter in, das weiſſe Fell, welches ſie hat, hat ein andere auch, und wer weiß, obs nit noch einmal die Blatteren hat, und alsdann ein Geſicht bekombt, wie ein gerupffter Sau-Leder über ein Bauren-Kummet: diſe dergleichen **Competenz**-Fraule ſeynd vor Neyd gegen der **Esther** ſchier geſtorben: Dergleichen Begebenheiten ſeynd faſt noch täglich in diſer verkehrten Welt, und iſt eine der anderen umb ihre ſchöne Geſtalt, ſo ſie von GOttes Händen bekommen, neydig, ja man will Gott in ſeinen Geſchöpffen einreden, und gleichſamb beſſer machen als er, auch die Natur ſchimpfflich **corrigieren**, damit ſie nur auch der anderen nichts nachgebe an der Geſtalt; ſie ſteht vorm Spiegel ſo lang, daß ihr möchten Blatteren an Füſſen auffahren, ſie kraußt und zaußt ihre Haar, und zichts ſtreng, als wären ſie in einem ſtätten **Novitiat**, da muß ein Haarlocken krump ſeyn, der ander noch krumper, der dritte zum krumpeſten, da muß vil Haar ſeyn, dort wenig Haar, da muß gar ſchütter ſeyn, wie das Traid der armen Leuthen, da muß in die Höhe ſtehen, wie ein Reiger-Buſch, da muß hinauß ſtehen, wie ein Buchſtaben-Schwaiff, da muß herunter hencken, wie ein Bier-Zeiger, da muß die Schaittel ſeyn wie ein Lateiniſch **Ypsilon**, da muß rauch ſeyn, dort glat, da gemiſcht, da **plesant**, dort **negligant**, da **galant**: Die Lenden müſſen geſchnieret ſeyn, eng ſeyn, gebunden ſeyn, zwickt ſeyn, zwungen ſeyn, und bald mehrer leyden, als die Iſraeliter in Egypten, und muß der Leib ſo rahn ſeyn, wie ein zugeſpitzter Zucker-Hut, da muß das Geſicht ſich waſchen laſſen, polliren laſſen, färben laſſen, ſiebren laſſen, zähren laſſen, ziehen laſſen, daß es ſich ſchier mit deß **Balaams** Eſlin möchte beklagen, damit aber das Fehl rein bleibe, nimbt ſie bey der Nacht ein Larven über das Geſicht, daß ihr ſchier der Athem verkürtzt wird, da frißt ſie Kreiden, Wachs, Terpenthin, Saltzſtain, Fröſchbainer, Schnecken-Pulver, damit nur die Haut nit Braunaveriſch wird, damit die Wangen zu Weiſſenburg bleiben, damit die Leffzen zu Rottenburg loſſieren, da legt ſie ſo enge Schuh an, daß ſie faſt keine gröſſere Fußtapffen im Sand laſt, als die Rehe-Kendl, es geſchicht aber alles darumb, weil ſie der Nächſtin neydig iſt umb ihr Geſtalt, und nit gern hören wolt, daß ein andere ſchöner ſoll ſeyn als ſie. O ſauberes Muſter! Pachomius hat vil gelitten in der Wüſten; Paphnutius hat vil gelitten in der Einöde. Onuphrius hat vil gelitten in der Wiltnuß, aber du leydeſt mehr, dannoch iſt die Belohnung ungleich, dann jenen hat GOtt umb ihr Leyden die Seeligkeit ertheilet, dir umb dein Leyden wird der Teuffel auf ewig die Höll ſpendieren.

Theagenes war ein ſolcher braver und ritterlicher Held, daß ſeine Victori und Sieg an allen Orten erſchallen, und weil man dazumahlen die Verdienſten mehrer auff die Waag-Schalen gelegt hat, als der Zeit, und vor diſen einen die Fauſt Fauſtum, das iſt, glückſelig genannt, *Plutarch. in Ethic. l. 16. post.* alſo iſt gleichmäſſig nit allein zu Lebzeiten ſeine unüberwindliche Tapfferkeit vergolten worden, ſondern man wolte auch nach dem Todt ſein Lob verewigen, zu ſolchem Ende, iſt ihme ein ſtattliche Säul mit ſeiner Bildnuß auffgerichtet worden, welches aber einem Mißgönner und Neyder dergeſtalten in die Naſen gerochen, daß er alle Nacht dieſelbige Säulen ein halbe Stund nach Wenigen abgeprüglet, weil aber ſolcher neydige Buben-Stuck gar zu lang gewähret, und einem jeden ſein Arbeit ſolle belohnet werden, alſo iſt dieſem Neydhart bezahlt, da er einſt mitten im Prügel und Straffen begriffen, daß die Statua oder Bildnuß herunter gefallen, und dero ſteinene Kopff dem anderen ſein Eſels-Kopff gäntzlich zerſchmettert; O wie recht! dann der Neydige ſchadet niemand mehrer als ihme ſelbſt, er iſt ſein eygener Hencker und Tyrann, er ſchleifft ihm ſelbſten den Degen, mit deme ſein Hertz immer und immer verwundet wird, er iſt dem Tiger ſo gleich, als die Wolffin dem Wolff, dann das Tiger durch die liebliche Muſic alſo ergrimmet, daß es ſein eigen Fleiſch mit Zähnen zerbeißt, alſo der Neydige mit weniger ihme ſelbſt das Hertz zerreißt, wann er ſihet des Nächſten ſein Wolſtand.

Was der verlohrne Sohn für ein Landsmann geweſt, iſt eigentlich nit bekannt, ich glaube aber ein Irrländer: wie er geheiſſen hat, iſt mir bewuſt, ich glaube aber Malefacius, von was vor einem Orth er ſich geſchriben, allweil er ein Edelmann, hat man noch nit erfahren, ich glaub aber wol von Mülberg und Frauenhoffen, ꝛc. was er im Wappen geführet, hat niemand beſchriben, ich glaube aber wol ein Sau-Magen in grünem Feld: Diſer Geſell reiſte mit wol geſpicktem Beutel in die Länder und Provintzen, aber auß denſelben iſt er nit frömmer, ſondern ſchlimmer kommen, und werden noch gar offt manchem adelichen Jüngling die Länder in Elender verwandlet, auch reyſet nicht ſelten ein guter Germanus auß, und kombt ein ſchlechter Hermanus nach Hauß; Was Ehr und Nahm iſt es dann dem anſehnlichen Fluß Donau, daß er in die Länder reyſt, durch Schwaben, Bayern, Oeſterreich, Ungarn, endlich aber in die Sau laufft.*) Der fromme Jacob hat auff ſeiner Reyß ein Leiter gen Himmel geſehen, aber leyder vil auß unſerm Adel finden auff ihrer Reyß ein Leiter in die Höll; Wann der Zeit niemand gereyſt iſt, ſo halt man ihn für einen Stuben-Hocker, der ſein Lager hinder dem Ofen auffgeſchlagen, aber ſagt mir liebe halb Teutſche, dann gantze ſeyd ihr ſchon lang nit mehr geweſt, iſt es nit wahr? Ihr ſchicket euere Söhne auß, damit ſie in fremden Ländern mit groſſen Unkoſten frembde Laſter lehrnen, da ſie doch mit wenigerem Unkoſten zu Hauß die Tugenden erwerben, ſpitzfindiger kommen ſie nit zuruck, außgenommen, daß ſie neue Modi von Spitzen mit ſich bringen, galanter kommen ſie nit zuruck, muß nur ſeyn, daß Galant vom Galaniſiren herrühret, herrlicher in Kleideren kehren ſie zwar offt nach Hauß, es wäre aber beſſer ehrlicher als herrlicher, neue Modi-Hüt, Modi-Parocken, Modi-Krägen, Modi-Röck, Modi-Hoſen, Modi-Strümpff, Modi-Schuech, Modi-Bänder, Modi-Knöpff, auch Modi-Gewiſſen ſchleichen durch euere Reyß in unſer liebes Teutſchland, und verändern ſich euere Narren-Kläyd täglich mit dem Mondſchein, es werden bald müſſen die Schneider ein hohe Schul auffrichten, worauff ſie Doctormäſſig gradieren, und nachmahls den Titul Ihr Geſtreng Herr Modi-Doctor erhalten; wann ich alle Modi-Röck von vier und zwaintzig Jahren beyeinander hätt, ich wolt darmit faſt ein Fürhang vor die Sonnen machen, daß man beym Tag müſte mit der Latern gehen, oder wenigiſt getrauete ich mir gantz Türcken darmit zu verhüllen, daß ihnen die Conſtantinopolitaner möchten einbilden, ihr Mahomet wolt mit ihnen blind Katzen ſpielen, ꝛc. Eine alte Hex hat auff Begehren deß Königs Sauls den Propheten Samuel vom Todten erweckt, damit er durch ihn den Außgang ſeiner Waffen wiſſen möchte; Es wird bald dahin kommen, daß man auch denſelben Schneider und Meiſter wird wünſchen vom Todten zu erwecken, welcher der ſchönen Eva das Kleyd gemacht, als ſie den Augen deß Aſmodi ſo wolgefällig war: Vor Jahren iſt in einer vornehmen Statt ein Kleyder-Policey auffkommen, und durch ſcharpffes Decret einem jeden über Standmäſſig zu halten verbotten worden, es hat aber ſolches ein geringe Zeit gedauret, weßwegen der abgeſtorbenen Policey einer diſe Grabſchrifft auffgericht:

Hier ligt begraben
  Ein Frau gefreſſen von Schaben,
Die pappierene Policey,
  Der Weiber Peyn und Kereyen,
Schneider, Kauffleuth und Krämmer darzue,
  Die wünſchten ihr ein ewige Ruhe.

Nimbt alſo gar zu ſtarck überhand der Kleyder-Pracht, welche mehriſt andere Nationen uns mit höchſtem Schimpff ſpendieren, bringt demnach das Außſchweiffen in frembde Provintzen uns Teutſchen offt mehrer Laſt als Luſt ins Land, ꝛc. Auff gleichen Schlag hat wenig guts erlehrnet der verlohrne Sohn in frembden Länderen, ſondern ſein Studieren war Galaniſieren, ſeine Bücher waren die Becher, ſein Lateiniſch Reden war proſit, ſein Wälſch Reden war Brindiſi, ſein Böhmiſch Reden war ſacdravi, ſein Teutſch Reden war geſegne es GOtt, ꝛc. mit einem Wort, er war ein ſauberer Bruder voller Luder, ein Vagant, ein Bachant, ein Amant, ein Torbant, ein Diſtillant, etc. Nachdem er nun dergeſtalten das ſeinige verſchwendet in frembden Provintzen, und ſambt dem Gewiſſen auch die Kleyder zerriſſen, welcher wol mit Warheit hat können ſagen dem Vatter, was die Brüder Joſeph ohne Warheit dem Jacob vorgetragen, als ſie ihm den blutigen Rock gezeiget, fera pessima, etc. Ein übles Thier hat den Joſeph alſo zugericht; ein übles Thier hat den verlohrnen Sohn alſo zugericht, ein übles Thier der guldene Adler, ein übles Thier der guldene Greiff, ein übles Thier der guldene Hirſch, ein übles Thier der guldene Beer, ꝛc. diſe Thier der Wirtshäuſer haben das Bürſchel alſo zugericht, daß ihme die Hoſen alſo durchſichtig worden wie ein Fiſcher-Netz, daß ihm der Magen zuſammengeſchrumpfft wie ein alter Stiffel-Balg, und der Spiegel ſeines Elends auff dem ſchmutzigen Wammes-Ermel zu ſehen war, ꝛc. Nachdeme endlich dieſem Früchtl das Sau-Convict nit mehr geſchmecket, ſeynd ihm heylſamere Gedancken eingefallen, er ſolle unverzüglich zu ſeinem alten Vatter kehren, und bey deſſen Füſſen ein gnädiges Gehör ſuchen, welches ihme dann nach allem Wunſch von ſtatten gangen, und iſt dem ſchlimmen Vocativo ſein eygener Vatter gantz lieblich umb den Halß gefallen, dem ſonſt ein Strick an Halß gebühret, ja mit abſonderlicher Freuden und Jubeln iſt er in die vätterliche Behauſung eingeführet worden, alle ſchnelle Anſtalt gemacht zur Kuchel und Keller, und müſte gleich das beſte und gemeſte Kalb geſchlacht werden, kocht werden, bratten werden, ꝛc. auff die Seyten mit den zerriſſenen Lumpen, ein ſammeten Rock her, ein Hut mit Plumaſchi her, ein guldenen Ring her, Spilleuth her, allegro: Underdeſſen kombt der andere Bruder nach Hauß, hört aber von fern geigen, pfeiffen, leyren, tantzen, hüpffen, juchtzen, jauchtzen, ꝛc. Holla, ſagt er, was iſt das, pot Ländel, was iſt das? es wird ja mein Schweſter nit Hochzeit haben, daß ich doch heut früh noch umb kein Braut gewuſt; in dem er in diſen Gedancken ſchwebet, ſo bringet ihme einer ein Glaß Wein zum Fenſter herauß, der Hauß-Knecht laufft ihm entgegen mit der Zeitung ſein Bruder ſeye nach Hauß kommen, deme ſo ſchlecht in der Frembde gangen, er ſoll hurtig hinein gehen auff ein Kälbernes Brätl, dieſer wurde alſobald blaß über gantz bleich vor lauter Neyd, umb weilen man ſeinem Bruder alſo auffgewartet, er ſetzte ſich vor der Hauß-Thür nider, er biſſet die Nägel, er knarret mit den Zähnen, er kratzt im Kopff, er rumpfft die Naſen, er ſeufftzet von Hertzen, er foltert und plaget ſich alſo durch den Neyd, daß ihm geduncket, daß er vom Schlag nit getroffen worden, O Narr! Wie diſſer Giſpus lieber hinein gangen, hätte den Bruder willkommen, und ſo er ihm endlich auch ein Kuß hätt geben, der ohne das kein Hut mit ſich gebracht, hätt es wenig Schaden verurſachet, wär er mit ihm zu Tiſch geſeſſen, hätte den kälbernen Bratten mit helffen verzehren, etlich Geſundtrünck fein wacker Beſcheid gethan, auch bey der hell-klingenden Schallmeyen ꝛc. ein etlichen Hupff herabgeſprungen, und anderthalb Schuech-Solen abgetantzt, ſo wär es vil beſſer geweſt, und GOtt nit alſo beleydiget, aber mit ſeinem Faſten, mit ſeinem Neyd, der ihn mehr gequellt, als die feurige Schlangen das Volck Iſrael, hat er die Höll verdient; ſonſt iſt Trübſaal ein Straß zum Himmel-Saal, ſonſt iſt Leyden, ein Weg zun ewigen Freuden, ſonſt ſeynd Schmertzen allezeit ein Vortrab der ewigen Schertzen, aber des neydigen Lappen ſein Marter iſt ein Verkauf der ewigen Verdammnuß.

Chriſtus der HErr nimbt auff ein Zeit drey liebe Apoſtel mit ſich auf den Berg Thabor, Math. 17. und zeigt ihnen allda in ſeiner Erklärung die Glory in Compendio, den Himmel in einem Abriß, die Seeligkeit in einem Modell: zeigt ihnen, daß kein Penſel könne entwerffen, kein Feder beſchreiben, kein Zung außſprechen, und kein Hertz faſſen die Glory ſeiner Herrlichkeit, und die Herrlichkeit ſeiner Glory: Zeiget ihnen, was ein Arbeiß gegen dem Berg Olympum, was ein Sand-Körnlein gegen den Bahne loniſchen Thurn, was ein Tröpflein Morgen-Thau gegen dem groſſen Meer, was ſind die Welt-Freuden, gegen den himmliſchen Freuden; zeiget ihnen das Schlimp, Schlamp, Schlori, ſeye aller Reichthumb **Croesi**; das **Dilli, Dalli** Häuſel bauen, ſeye aller Pracht **Pompei**, das **Lirum Larum**, ſeye aller Wolluſt **Sardanapali** gegen der mindeſten Ergötzlichkeit deß Himmels; zeigt ihnen, wann der gantze Erd-Boden ſoll ein lauteres Pappier, und das groſſe tieffe Meer ein lautere Dinten, und alle geſtutzte Gräſel lautere Federn, und alle lebendige Geſchöpff lauter Schreiber, und wurden mit diſen Federen, aus dieſer Dinten, auff diſes Pappier biß auff den Jüngſten Tag ſchreiben, alles was frölich, freundlich, friedlich ſie möchten erſinnen, ſo könten ſie dannoch nicht ein halbes Loth der ewigen Freuden erreichen; Nachdeme ſolcher geſtalten Chriſtus ihnen ſein Herrlichkeit und Glory in etwas entworffen, hat er nachgehends den Berg herab ihnen den dreyen ernſthafft verbotten, ſie ſollen diß, was ſie geſehen, keinem einigen entdecken, auch den Apoſtlen nit, auch den anderen Jüngeren nit, ſondern alles mit genauiſter Verſchwigenheit verhüllen, auß Urſachen, dafern ſie den anderen hätten offenbaret, daß ſie Chriſti des HErrn Verklärung, Herrlichkeit und Glory geſehen, hätten gleich die andere Apoſtel einen Neyd gefaßt gegen diſen dreyen, in Bedenckung, daß ſie mehrer gelten bey dem Göttlichen Meiſter, aber O gebenedeyteſter GOtt! ſoll dann auch ein Neyd gefunden werden under den Apoſtlen, under den Jüngeren deß HErrn, under denen, die ein vollkommenen Wandel führen! was dann, auch noch heutiges Tags iſt der Neyd in den Cloſteren, es iſt der Neyd offt ſo heimlich in Geiſtlichen Häuſeren, daß er mit manchen Mönchen zu Tiſch ſitzet, mit ihnen offt in die Metten auffſtehet, mit ihnen ins Capitel-Hauß gehet, mit ihnen gleiche Kappen traget ꝛc. Verwundere dich nicht, es iſt auch das **Manna** oder Himmel-Brodt wurmſtichig worden, es iſt der Neyd ein Wurm, der Cloſter-Wandel ein **Manna**; es iſt auch under dem Waitzen im Evangelio ein Unkraut gewachſen, ein Unkraut iſt der Neyd, der Waitzen ſeynd die Ordens-Leuth; es iſt auch unter denen Soldaten Joſue ein Dieb gefunden worden, ein Dieb iſt der Neyd, Soldaten Chriſti ſeynd die Geiſtliche; Es iſt auch in der Archen Noë ein ſchlimmer Böſwicht der **Cham** geweſt, ein ſolcher böſer Geſell iſt der Neyd, das Cloſter iſt die Archen Noë; Dergleichen Exempel ſcheinet unnötig beyzubringen, weil ſolche nur gar zu bekant; iſt demnach kein Stand, wo der Neyd nit hat Beſtand, iſt kein Hauß, wo der Neyd nit hauſet, iſt kein Platz, wo der Neyd nit darein platzt, iſt kein Wohnung, wo der Neyd nit wonhafft, iſt kein Geſellſchafft, wo der Neyd nit ſein Herrſchafft, iſt kein Bank, wo der Neyd nit ſeinen Sitz hat.

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*) Ein groſſer Fluß Sava, die Sau genannt.

Was und wie der Neyd, hat erfahren **Habraym** under dem Türckiſchen Kayſer **Solyman**, diſer **Habraym** war auß einem geringen Dorff gebürtig, von keinem vornehmen Geblüt, wie die Welt gaggetzt; ob zwar deß Bettlers Blut ſo roth iſt als deß Edelmanns, es war ſein Herkommen von Bauren, ſein Einkommen wie deren Bauren, ſein Außkommen wie unteren Bauren, aber ſein Auffkommen blib nit beym Bauren, und wann ſchon ſein Hauß mit Stroh bedeckt war, ſo befande ſich doch kein Stroh in ſeinem Hirn, ſondern ein reiffer Verſtand, und gute Vernunfft zogen ihn vom Bauren-Feld ins Kriegs-Feld, zu verſuchen, ob ihme der Säbel mehrer Glück werde zuſchneiden als das Pflug-Eiſen, wie es dann nit lang angeſtanden, daß er mittelſt ſeiner berühmten Tapfferkeit und Kriegsmuth zu hohen Ehren erhoben worden, und wurde er unter den Waffen mit der geringſte geſchätzt, ja Kayſer **Solyman** ſahe, daß die Verdienſten ſeines getreueſten **Habraym** noch nit nach Gebühr belohnet wären, erhebet demnach ihn zu der höchſten **Dignitet** und Würde nach ſeiner Kayſerlichen Perſohn, und ſtellt ihn als einen groſſen Vezier, **Habraym** aber, ehe und bevor er diſen höchſten Ehren-Gipffel angetretten, da er einſt gantz allein bey dem Kayſer war, hat er ihn gantz demütigiſt gebetten, allergnädigſter und unüberwindlichſter HErr und GOtt auff Erden, ich bitt, ich bitt abermalen Euer Majeſtät, ſie wollen doch meine Perſohn nit mehrer erheben, noch ferners beförderen, dann ſonſt wird mir die groſſe Ehr nichts als Neyd und Mißgunſt außbrütten, daß ich nachmahls wird müſſen das Leben darüber einbüſſen. Darauff ſchwur ihm der Kayſer hoch und theuer, er wolle ihme gewiß bey lebendigem Leib das Leben nit nemmen, was geſchahe! Hohe Gipffel werden mehriſt von den Winden angetaſt, hohe Thürn werden gemainiglich von dem Donner getroffen, hohe Ehren werden gemainiglich von den Neydern verfolgt, wie das Liecht von der Fledermauß, dahero auch die Neyder bei dem **Solymaniſchen** Hof nit gefeyret, biß ſie ein Feur angeblaſen über den **Habraym**, und denſelben bey dem Türckiſchen Kayſer in ſo groſſen und ſchädlichen Verdacht gebracht, daß **Solyman** gäntzlich geſonnen erſtbenannten Groß-Vezier zu tödten, kunte aber nit wegen ſeines abgelegten Ayds, fragt demnach ſeinen Türckiſchen Prieſter, wie doch diſfals der Sach zu rathen wäre, der gabe ihm ohnverweilt diſen Beſcheid, er kunde es nit in den Kopff bringen, oder glauben, daß die Schlaffende under die Lebendige zu zehlen. *Jovius lib. 33. pag. 267.* Derowegen ſoll der Kayſer den **Habraym** im Schlaff laſſen erſtechen, dann auf ſolche Weiß könnte auch der Ayd-Schwur ohnverbrochen bleiben, welcher einig und allein diſes Lauts geweſt, daß dem Vezier bei lebendigem Leibe nichts übels widerfahren ſollte, darauff dann die **Execution** ſchleunig erfolgte, und ein Kämmerling bei nächtlicher Weil den berühmteſten **Habraymum** erſtechen müſſen, alſo bleibt darbey, daß der Neyd ſein Freu-Taffel zu Hof habe, und hat ſolcher Hof-Hund ſchon manchen dergeſtalt gebiſſen, daß ihme die Wunden noch ſchwürig ſeyn, verwundere aber ſich niemand hierüber, dann es beraits der Welt-Lauff, daß der jenige beneydet wird, der wol dienet, deſtwegen liſt man das Wort Dien zuruck Neid.

Was der Neyd, wie der Neyd, hat erfahren **Belisarius**, diſer Welt-kündige Kriegs-Fürſt, nachdeme diſer über drey Theil der Welt triumphirte, nachdem in **Asia** den Perſiſchen König **Cosroen**, in **Affrika** den **Gilimer**, in **Europa** den Gottiſchen Monarchen **Theodatum** obgeſiget; nachdem er bei Rom in einem Tag neun und ſechtzigtauſent der Feind erleget, nachdem das Römiſche Reich vermittelſt ſeines ohnüberwindlichen Heldenmuths in höchſten Glück und Ehrenſtand geſetzt, und alles überwunden, außgenommen die Neyder, welchen das groſſe Lob und Glück **Belisary** alſo mißfallen, daß ſie ſo lang undergraben, wie die Maulwarff, daß ſie ſo lang gegrüblet, wie die Hennen in dem Sand, daß ſie ſo lang alles durchſuchet, wie die Bein in dem Garten, biß ſie endlich das Hertz des Kayſers umbgekehrt, den **Belisarium** in Ungnad gebracht, daß zur Letzt dem mächtigiſten Welt-Helden die Augen ſeynd außgeſtochen worden, damit er den Neyd mit blutigen Zähren möchte beweinen, der arme Tropff nachdem er keine Augen mehr hatte, kunte erſt recht ſehen, was der böſe Neyd für ſcharpffe Zähn habe, ſein Elend wachſte ſo weit, daß er auch das Bettl-Brodt von dem Vorbeygehen ſamblen müſt, und zählte er offt ſeine wenige Pfenning in ſeinem hültzeren Schüſſerl, deme vorhero gantze Königreich zu eng waren; ich glaub gar wol, er ſeye offt auff einem Eckſtain der Gaſſen geſeſſen, ſeinen Hut auff ſeinen Stecken gelegt, ſelben offt umb und umb geträhet, und darbey das wanckelmütige Glück betracht, fürwahr, fürwahr hat **Belisar**, der arme Narr, ſo gantz und gar, ja Zennen-Klar, genommen war, daß Neyds-Gefahr, die Jugent plage immerdar, diſſfolgende Liedel geſungen:

Gebt doch dem **Belisario**
  Ich bitt umb Gottes Willen
Ein Stückl Brodt, er iſt ſo froh,
  Und kan den Hunger ſtillen,
Der blinde Mann, nimbt alles an,
  Daran iſt gar kein Zweiffel,
War vor dem Fall, ein General,
  Jetzunt ein armer Teuffel.

Der Neyd iſt wie ein gewiſſes Glaß, welches die **A B C** Schmid das Mucken-Glaß nennen, denn ſo jemand durch diſes Glaß ein Mucken anſchaut, ſo gedunckt ihm diſe faſt ſo groß zu ſeyn, wie ein ſchwartzer Ketten-Hund, dann ſolches Glaß alles vergröſſert, wann man ein Floh durch diß Glaß beſchauet, ſo ſcheint er ſchier, als wie ein halbgewachſener **Rhinoceros** aus **Armenia, etc.** alſo auch vergröſſert der Neyd den allergeringſten Mangel deß Nechſten, ſchnaidet auß einem jeden ohnbehutſamen Schritt ein **Sacrilegium**, ſchnitzlet auß dem geringſten Wortl ein Gottsläſterung, kocht aus einem jeden ehrlichen Gruß einen Ehebruch, und wanns zum loben kombt, und er zu deß Nechſten Ruhm auch etwas ſolle ſetzen, ſo wäre vonnöthen, man thäte dem Fantaſten die Zung löſen, da man aber den Nechſten außrichtet, und durch die Hächel ziecht, da ſchreibt er gleich mit Fractur-Federen, ꝛc.

Was der Neyd, wie der Neyd, hat erfahren der H. **Gregorius** Biſchoff zu **Agrigent**, wie diſer fromme Mann durch Göttliche Anordnung zu diſer hohen Würde gelanget, ſeynd ihme deſſentwegen zwey ſehr neydig geweſt, allweilen ſie ſelbſt auch ſolche gebuelet, haben auch allerley teufliſche Anſchläg erdicht, wie ſie doch möchten den frommen Mann in offentliche Schand und Unehren ſtürtzen; *Surius in vit. 23. Novembr.* Nachdem er einmal bey nächtlicher Weil dem Gottesdienſt embſigiſt abgewart, haben underdeſſen erſt gedachte zwey Böſwicht **Sabinus** und **Tonsellus** ein allbekannt Statt-Fetzen und beſchreytes Weibs-Bild durch Gelt dahin beredt, daß ſie ſich in deß Biſchoffs Beth gelegt, nachdem er dann von der Kirchen nach Hauß durch die gantze Geiſtlichkeit, dem Gebrauch nach, begleit worden, ſpringt diſer unverſchambte Grind-Schippel in beyſeyn aller auß dem Beth, wordurch das Geſchrey alſobald mit 6. Flüglen gleichſamb hin und her geflogen, die undezämbte Zungen freimüthig darein plapten, **Gregorius** ſeye ein ſauberer Biſchoff, ſchicket ſich zum Biſtumb, wie ein krumpe Sichel in ein Meſſer-Schaid; ja, ja, ſagte mancher, die Geiſtliche ſeynd wie die Glocken, die lauten anderen in die Kirchen, und ſie bleiben ſelbſt drauß, ſie machen uns die Höll ſo haiß, den Teuffel ſo ſchwartz, GOtt ſo ſtreng, und ſie luederen mehr als wir Welt-Zärtling, jetzt ſicht man, wie ein Kutten zuweilen für ein Schelmen-Futterale ſeye, ꝛc. Dergleichen Spottwörter führten die Welt-Mäuler, die alle zu verſtopffen, vil Baumwohl vonnöthen wäre: Es war auch die Geiſtlichkeit über diß nit wenig geärgert, abſonderlich aber diſe zwey Neydhard ſchreyen diſes Geſchicht auß mit ſolcher Ungeſtimme, daß ſie faſt ſo haiſer worden, wie ein abgeſtandener Musicant, ihr Neyd würckte endlich ſo vil, daß man Gregorium in offentlichen Kercker geworffen, und auff alle Weiß das ſaubere paar Ertz-Schelmen dahin getrungen, man ſolte Gregorium aller Würden entſetzen, aber GOtt defendierte ſein Unſchuld, indeme zum öfftern in Gegenwart aller, die eyſene Band wunderbarlich von Füſſen gefallen, die zwey gottloſe Neyder aber in dem Angeſicht gantz kohlſchwartz worden, mit welcher hölliſchen Larven ſie ſattſamb ihre Unthat an Tag gegeben; O allerliebſter GOtt, und gerechtigſter Richter! ſo du öffter dergleichen Farb ſolleſt anſtreichen denjenigen, welche auß Neyd einen verfolgen, und weiß nit was erdichte Schand-Thaten ihme ankleben, wie vil wurden müſſen ihr Vatterland in Mauritania ſuchen, und in dem Angeſicht den ſchwartzen Cordubon tragen, weil ſie einwendig Corda mala verbergen.

Was der Neyd, wie der Neyd, hat erfahren jener Kürſchner zu Wienn, welcher ſich gar wol, obwar arbeitſamb bey dem ſeinigen befunden, auch weil er GOtt forderiſt vor Augen gehabt, die H. Meß an keinem Tag außgelaſſen, ſo ihme nit die Unmöglichkeit des Leibs ein Verhinderung gemacht, iſt er deſtomehr in diſer Hauß-Würthſchafft und Handlſchafft geſegnet worden, welches dann bey ſeinem Nächſten den Neyd deſto mehrer anflammete, als nun gedachter Kürſchner umb etlich hundert Thaller ſchöne Zobel-Bälg waſchen wolte, iſt der andere auß verdamten Neyd, ſo Gewiſſen loß, und wirfft unvermerckter ein ohngelöſchten Kalch ins Waſſer, nachdem dann der gute Kürſchner ſeiner Meinung nach die Zobel genugſamb gewaſchen und nachmals auffgehenckt, ſo ſeynd ihnen die Haar alle außgefallen, als hätten die Häut ein hitziges Fieber gehabt, und hat der arme Mann mit waynenden Augen müſſen ſehen, daß er auß einem Kürſchner ein Barbierer worden. Der Neyd iſt halt alſo geartet, daß ihme nit wol, ſo lang dem anderen wol, es iſt jhme damahlen übel, wann es dem Nechſten nit übel gehet. Die heiligen Lehrer ſeynd mehriſten Theil der einhelligen Außſag, daß ein unzahlbare Menge der böſen Feind imlufft zwiſchen Himmel und Erden ſchwebe, dannoch aber allerſeits ihr Höll leyden, weil nemblich der Neyd, den ſie ſchöpffen, in Anſehung der groſſen Gnaden, welche GOtt den ſündigen Menſchen auch nach vilfältigem Fall ertheilt, ihnen an ſtatt der hölliſchen Peyn iſt.

Was der Neyd, wie der Neyd, erfahren auch die Prediger, und hats erfahren der H. Bernardinus Senensis, *Ribadinera in Flore Sanct.* Welcher bey ſeinen Apoſtoliſchen Predigen ein ſolchen Zulauff hatte, daß man vermeint, die gantze Welt hange an der Zungen Bernardini, aber es hatte diß bey etlichen ſolchen Neyd angezündet, daß ſie ſo gar bey dem Pabſt Martino V. diſen Bernardinum angeklagt, und neben andern vilfältigen Injorien forderiſt angeben, wie daß Bernardinus ein neue Manier im Predigen auffbringe, und auff der Cantzel allezeit ein gewiſſe Tafel, worauff der ſüſſeſte Name JEſus, dem Volck zeige, ſolche Neyder waren ſo embſig in der Verfolgung, daß ſo gar diſer Apoſtoliſche Prediger nach Rom citirt worden; daſelbſt ſich zu verantworten, es iſt aber hierdurch des Gottſeligen Manns Lob nur vergröſſeret worden bey dem Päbſtlichen Stul, und denen Neyderen über Willen die Naſen erlängert worden: es iſt mit einem Wort der Neyd ein ſtätter Begleits-Mann deß Lobs, und der Tugenden. Und gleichwie kein Liecht ohne Schatten, alſo auch kein Ehr und Lob ohne Neyd.

Was der Neyd, wie der Neyd, hat erfahren David von dem Saul, der Adam von dem Lucifer, der Iacob von dem Esau, der Isaac von den Paleſtinern, der Mardochaeus von dem Aman, der Abel von dem Cain: Petrus de Vineis beym Hof Kayſers Friderici II.: Cornelius Gallus beym Hof Kayſers Augusti: Clitus beym Hof deß groſſen Alexandri: Plancianus beym Hof Kayſers Severi: Seianus beym Hof Kayſers Tiberij: Eutropius beym Hof Kayſers Theodosij deß Anderten: Narsetes beym Hof Kayſers Phoccae: Carbulo beym Hof Kayſers Neronis. *Rich. Axiom. Folio 410.*

A Dio ſo beſſeret dann euch ihr Neyder, und Neydhard, ihr Neydhund, ihr Neydfalcken, ihr Neyd-Teuffel, ihr Neyd-Brüder, ihr Neyd-Verwandte deß Iudae Iscarioth, deß Ertzſchelms. Beſſert euch, wofern ihr nit wolt mit diſem ewig, ach! ewig von GOttes Angeſicht verworffen, und an die Ketten der ewigen Verdambnuß angefäſſlet weren, allwo unendliches Heulen und Zähn-Klappern das ſchmertzliche Ewig, Ewig augenblicklich vergröſſert.

Hans Aſsmann von Abſchatz;

ward am 4. Februar 1646 zu Wörditz in Schleſien geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der hohen Schule zu Liegnitz und ſtudirte dann die Rechte und die Staatswiſſenſchaften zu Straßburg und Leyden. Nach vollendeten Studien machte er eine größere Reiſe durch Holland, Frankreich und Italien, kehrte darauf in ſein Vaterland zurück und erhielt das Amt eines liegnitziſchen Landesbeſtallten und Abgeordneten bei den breslauer Fürſtentagen und am wiener Hofe. Er war ein vorzüglicher Staatsmann, den Kaiſer Leopold I. um ſeiner vortrefflichen Eigenſchaften willen beſonders hochſchätzte. Nach einem rühmlich vollbrachten Leben ſtarb er als Landeshauptmann zu Liegnitz im 54. Jahre ſeines Alters am 22. April 1699. Er widmete ſich der Poeſie mehr zur Erheiterung in Mußeſtunden als des Ruhmes wegen. Seine ſämmtlichen Leiſtungen in dieſer Gattung finden ſich in folgender Sammlung:

Hans Aßmann von Abſchatz: Poetiſche Ueberſetzungen und Gedichte. 2 Thle. Leipzig und Breslau, 1704. —

Proben derſelben ſind abgedruckt in:

Matthiſſon's lyriſcher Anthologie. Th. 18. S. 87. (nicht ohne Matthiſſon'ſche Veränderungen); Haug und Weiſſers epigrammatiſcher Anthologie. Th. 8. S. 31.; W. Müllers Bibliothek deutſcher Dichter des 17. Jahrhunderts. Bd. 6.

Als Dichter nahm von A. keinen ſehr hohen Schwung der Phantaſie, aber Einfachheit und Correctheit zu einer Zeit, wo die Sprache noch ſo gemißhandelt wurde, zeichnen ihn rühmlich aus und beweiſen, daß er glücklich die Muſter für ſeine poetiſche Ausbildung zu wählen verſtand. Seine Ueberſetzung des Pastor Fido iſt der Hoffmannswaldau's (S. d.) vorzuziehn; einige von ſeinen Nachbildungen römiſcher und italieniſcher Poeſien ſind mit Rückſicht auf den damaligen Stand der Dinge ebenfalls als gelungen zu betrachten. Von ſeinen geiſtlichen Liedern gingen mehrere, u. A. das bekannte: Nun hab ich überwunden, in die damaligen Kirchengeſangbücher über.

Liebe für Liebe.

Wozu will Silvia, die Werthe, mich verbinden?
Daß ich ſie lieben ſoll! Ich geb es willig ein:
Sie ſoll mich ihren Diener finden.
Doch, wo ihr Hertze will ohn Gegen-Liebe ſeyn,
Wozu will Silvia, die Werthe, mich verbinden?

Liebe und Gegen-Liebe.

Worzu dient ſo ſüſſes Blicken,
Wenn du biſt in nichts verliebt?
Iſts, daß unſer Seufftzer-ſchicken
Cloris dir Vergnügen giebt?

Zwar oft heiſt das Hertze geben
Sich begeben ſeiner Ruh,
Doch wer immer frey will leben,
Bringt ſein Leben übel zu.

Schönheit mit Verſtand vermählet
Trifft offt ſchlechte Gleichheit an:
Manch getreues Hertz erwehlet
Was nicht Farbe halten kan:

Fremde Quaal heiſt Achtung geben
Was für eine Wahl man thu:
Doch, wer unverliebt will leben
Bringt ſein Leben übel zu.

Liebe, Cloris, lieb in Zeiten,
Liebe was dich wieder liebt,
Was dir, ohne Widerſtreiten,
Sein getreues Hertze giebt.

Lieb' und Gegen-Liebe geben
Süſſe Luſt und ſtille Ruh,
Wer von Liebe frey will leben
Bringt ſein Leben übel zu.

Bedörnte Roſen.

Roſen blühn auff deinen Wangen,
Lilien führt die Stirne mit;
Aber den, der nahe tritt,
Stechen Dornen, Bienen, Schlangen.

Die weiße Fillis.

Laſſt die bunten Tulpen weiſen
Ihrer hohen Farbe Zier,
Laſſt die edle Roſe preiſen,
Zeigt Narciß und Nägeln für:
Lilien, die bey Fillis ſtehn,
Sind für allen Blumen ſchön.

Zephyr mit verliebten Küſſen
Spielt um ihren zarten Mund,
Läſſt die ſtolze Flora wiſſen,
Macht mit lindem Rauſchen kund,
Lilien, die bey Fillis ſtehn,
Sind für allen Blumen ſchön.

Milch und Schnee kann nicht erreichen
Ihrer reinen Weiſſe Pracht,
Die Narciſſen ſind ingleichen
Gegen ihrem Tage Nacht;
Lilien, die bey Fillis ſtehn,
Sind für allen Blumen ſchön.

Amor ſelbſt hat, ſie zu pflegen,
Mich zum Gärtner eingeſetzt.
Meine Thränen ſind der Regen
Der ſie nach und nach benetzt,
Biß mir Fillis mit der Zeit
Sie zu brechen Gunſt verleiht.

Der berechtigte Kuß.

Wohnet nicht auff deinen Lippen, meine Freude, mein Vergnügen,
Meine Seele, meine Wonne, ja mein Leben, meine Ruh!
Warum ſoll ich nicht das Meine, wo ichs finde, wieder kriegen!
Alle Recht und Richter ſprechen jedem ja das Seine zu.

Morgen-Andacht.

Der beglänzte Mond erbleichet
Von der nahen Sonne Pracht,
Aller Sternen Heer entweichet
Mit der beygelegten Nacht:
Auff mein Hertz, und laß der Sünden
Finſterniß und Schlaff dahinten.

Den gewölbten Himmels-Bogen,
Den Saffirnen Wunder-Bau,
Hält die dunckle Nacht umzogen,
Die geraume Sternen-Au
Hegte zu des Höchſten Ruhme
Manche Licht- und Feuer-Blume.

Ihre Zier muß nun erblaſſen,
Ihr entlehnter Glantz ſtirbt hin;
So muß auch der Menſch verlaſſen
Ehre, Wolluſt und Gewinn:
Mühe dich das Licht zu finden,
Das zu keiner Zeit kan ſchwinden.

Muß die Welt die Sternen miſſen
Und ohn alle Lichter ſtehn,
Eh ſie kan die Sonne grüſſen,
Alſo pflegt es uns zu gehn,
Daß wir durch des Todes Schatten
Erſt zur Ewigkeit gerathen.

Folgt der ſchnöden Eitelkeiten
Wandelbarer Mond der Nacht,
Weiſt ſich doch zur andern Seiten
Des verjüngten Tages Pracht;
Ach, daß dieſe Morgen-Röthe
Deiner Sünden Nacht ertödte!

Schau das Gold der Sonne glänzen
Und am Himmel ſteigen auff,
Da es in gewiſſen Gräntzen
Muß vollführen ſeinen Lauff;
Laß die Menge ſolcher Wunder
Seyn der todten Andacht Zunder.

Sieh, die Perlen-Thränen thauen,
Zu erquicken Laub und Graß,
Wo du deiner Wangen Auen
Machſt in wahrer Buſſe naß,
Wird ſich Gottes Gnad eräugen,
Himmel-Schlüſſel bey dir zeugen.

Dencke, wie ohn alles Weinen,
Ohne Nacht und Tunckelheit,
Wird die Lebens-Sonne ſcheinen
In der frohen Ewigkeit,
Da du mit verklärtem Hertzen
Gleichen wirſt den Himmels-Kertzen.

Auff! und ſchwinge dich bey Zeiten
Gleich den Vögeln Himmel an,
Eine Stelle zu bereiten,
Die dich ewig bergen kan:
Da du kanſt in Ruhe ſtehen,
Wenn die Welt muß untergehen.

Ueberſteig die Sternen-Bühne,
Suche dir ein heller Licht,
Wünſch, ach, daß der Tag erſchiene,
Der die Welt in Stücke bricht,
Daß mein Licht, mein JEſus käme,
Und mich ewig zu ſich nehme!

Abend-Lied.

Dieſer Tag iſt nun zum Ende,
Braunen Schattens dunckler Flor
Hüllt ſich um des Himmels Wände,
Birgt der muntern Sternen Chor,
Trübe Nacht und düſtres Schrecken
Will den Kreiß der Erde decken.

Dunſt und Thau umzieht die Felder,
Die man itzo ledig ſpürt.
Winde ſpielen durch die Wälder,
Deren Laub ſich zitternd rührt:
Thiere ruhen, Menſchen ſchweigen,
Biß die Sonn ihr Licht wird zeigen.

Schwartz und finſter ſind die Thaten,
Die ich dieſen Tag gehegt,
Ich bin aus der Bahn gerathen,
Welche zu dem Himmel trägt,
Darum fühl ich auch im Hertzen
Reu und Furcht und bange Schmertzen.

Stechen heiſſer Sonnen Blicke,
Gottes Zorn ſticht noch ſo ſehr,
Trauert man, wenn die Himmel dicke,
Wenn Gott wittert, noch vielmehr,
Weher iſts, als im Gewiſſen
Seine Gunſt, den Tag vermiſſen.

Adam muß das Feuer fühlen,
Welches ſeine Blöſſe brennt,
Doch da ſich der Tag will kühlen,
Wird das Hertzeleid gewendt,
Gottes Ruff, ſein Thau der Gütte,
Labt ſein ſchmachtendes Gemütte.

Ruffe mich, O Gott, desgleichen,
Doch in Gnaden, itzt zu dir,
Muß ich ſchon für Furcht erbleichen,
Weil nichts guttes wohnt in mir,
Tilgt doch dieſer mein Verbrechen
Der ſich ließ die Schlange ſtechen.

Ob mich Grab und Hölle ſchrecket
Und die Todes-Nacht mir dräut,
Meine Fehler ſind bedecket
Durch des reinen Lammes Kleid
Unter Nacht und Finſterniſſen
Kan ich Licht im Herzen wiſſen.

Laß die Decke meiner Sünden,
Die mein Herz umnebelt hat,
Mit der finſtern Nacht verſchwinden,
Segne meine Lagerſtatt,
Daß ich mit verneuten Sinnen
Morgen kan dein Lob beginnen.

Johann Christoph Adelung

ward am 8. Auguſt 1734 zu Spantekow, einem Dorfe bei Anklam in Pommern, geboren, wo ſein Vater Pfarrer war. — Er erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der Stadtſchule zu Anklam, beſuchte darauf Kloſterbergen bei Magdeburg und begab ſich dann nach Halle, wo er Theologie ſtudirte. Im Jahre 1759 ward er Profeſſor am evangeliſchen Gymnaſium in Erfurt, hatte aber Verfolgungen wegen ſeines Glaubens auszuſtehn, weßhalb er ſchon zwei Jahre darauf ſein Amt niederlegte. Er ließ ſich nun in Leipzig als Privatgelehrter nieder und ward im Jahre 1787 als kurſächſiſcher Hofrath und Oberbibliothekar nach Dresden berufen, wo er am 10. September 1806 ſtarb. — Seine Schriften ſind:

- Verſuch eines vollſtändigen grammatiſch-kritiſchen Wörterbuchs der hochdeutſchen Mundart u. ſ. w. 5 Thle in gr. 4. Leipzig, 1774—1786. Neue Auflage unter dem Titel: Grammatiſch-kritiſches Wörterbuch der hochdeutſchen Mundart u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1793—1801. 4 Thle in gr. 4.
- Deutſche Sprachlehre für Schulen. Berlin, 1781. in 8. Zweite Aufl. 1794. Dritte A. 1800. 5te Aufl. 1806.
- Auszug aus der deutſchen Sprachlehre für Schulen. Berlin, 1781. 8. 2te Aufl. 1794. 3te A. 1800.
- Umſtändliches Lehrgebäude der deutſchen Sprache u. ſ. w. 2 Bde gr. 8. Leipzig, 1782.
- Ueber die Geſchichte der deutſchen Sprache. Lpz. 1781. in 8.
- Ueber den deutſchen Styl. Berl. 1785—1786. 3 Thle in 8. Neue Aufl. 1801. 2 Th.
- Vollſtändige Anweiſung zur deutſchen Orthographie. Lpz. 1788. 2 Thle in 8. 2te Aufl. Leipz. 1790.
- Mithridates oder allgemeine Sprachenkunde. Berlin, 1806 fgde. (Der erſte Theil iſt nur von A., die drei übrigen ſind von Vater.)
- Magazin für die deutſche Sprache. Lpzg. 1782—84. 2 Thl. in 8.
- Pütterich von Reicherzhauſen. Leipz. 1784 in 4.
- Pragmatiſche Staatsgeſchichte Europens von dem Ableben Kaiſer Karl VI. an. Gotha, 1762 bis 1769. 9 Bde in 4.
- Neue Denkwürdigkeiten der gegenwärtigen Geſchichte Europens. Gotha, 1764—65. 2 Thle.
- Geſchichte der Schifffahrten und Verſuche, welche zur Entdeckung des nordöſtlichen Weges nach Japan und China unternommen worden. Halle, 1768. in 4.
- Geſchichte des Jeſuiterordens. Berl. 1769—70. 2 Thle.
- Verſuch einer Geſchichte der Cultur des menſchlichen Geſchlechtes. Leipzig, 1782. in 8.
- Geſchichte der menſchlichen Narrheit. Leipz. 1785—89. 7 Thle in 8.
- Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Leipz. 1786—87. 3 Bde in 8.
- Aelteſte Geſchichte der Deutſchen. Leipz. 1806. in 8.
- Kurzer Begriff menſchlicher Fertigkeiten und Kenntniſſe u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1778—81. 4 Thle in 8. N. Aufl. Lpzg. 1783.
- Neues grammatiſch-kritiſches Wörterbuch der engliſchen Sprache u. ſ. w. Lpzg. 1783 fgde. 2 Bde in 8. u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Schon zu Anfange des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts hatte Gottſched (S. d.) großen Einfluß in Deutſchland hinſichtlich ſeines Strebens auf Reinheit und Correctheit der deutſchen Sprache gewonnen, jedoch bei ſeiner bekannten Geſchmackloſigkeit und ſeinen beſchränkten Einſichten viele Widerſacher aufgeregt. Die Vorliebe für den Anbau und die Ausbildung der Mutterſprache blieb indeſſen vorherrſchend; und da unter den deutſchen Schriftſtellern ſeit jener Zeit immer mehr ſprachliche Vorbilder, vor Allen Leſſing, hervortraten: ſo fehlte es nur noch an einem Manne, der, das Vorhandene benutzend, die Geſetze der Grammatik und Syntax entwickelte und aufſtellte. Dieſes Amt übernahm Adelung, mit raſtloſem Fleiße, genügenden Kenntniſſen und philoſophiſcher Bildung ausgeſtattet, und erwarb ſich durch ſeine linguiſtiſchen Leiſtungen große Verdienſte, welche die Enkel, trotz dem, daß wir ſeit jener Zeit außerordentliche Fortſchritte in der Cultur unſerer Sprache gemacht haben, ſtets mit dem lebhafteſten Danke anerkennen müſſen. Sein Beruf würde vollkommen geweſen ſeyn, hätte er mehr Geſchmack und Tact gehabt; der Mangel an dieſen beiden nothwendigen Eigenſchaften verführte ihn jedoch zu Verirrungen, die ſein wahres Verdienſt ſchon in den Augen der Mitlebenden ſchmälern mußten. Man darf, um zu einer richtigen Würdigung ſeiner Leiſtungen zu gelangen, ja nicht vergeſſen, daß die Mehrzahl deutſcher Gelehrten ihre Mutterſprache über dem Griechiſchen und Lateiniſchen vernachläſſigte und jedenfalls dieſen den Rang vor jener einräumte. Trotz aller Mängel, welche A's Wörterbuch beſitzt, bleibt es doch ein ſchönes Denkmal deutſchen Fleißes und Eifers und verdient unbedingt den derartigen Leiſtungen anderer Nationen an die Seite geſtellt zu werden. — A's deutſche Grammatik ward ebenfalls lange mit Erfolg als Lehrbuch in unſeren Schulen gebraucht, bis ſie bei den Fortſchritten, welcher ſich die Sprache erfreute, den höheren Anſprüchen nicht mehr genügen konnte. Eben ſo hat ſein Buch über den deutſchen Styl viel dazu beigetragen, klare und richtige Begriffe von den Erforderniſſen einer guten Schreibart nicht allein unter den Gelehrten, ſondern unter dem ganzen Volke zu verbreiten.

Als Hiſtoriker beurkundet er denſelben raſtloſen Fleiß, dieſelbe eifrige Forſchung, welche alle ſeine Schriften auszeichnet; aber es fehlt ihm hier an kritiſchem Scharfblick, freier Weltanſicht und gefälliger Darſtellungsgabe. Die Materialien trägt er überall emſig zuſammen, aber ſie zu einem tüchtigen und erfreulichen Ganzen zu verarbeiten, gelingt ihm nirgends.

Vgl. Schriften der Kurfürſtlichen deutſchen Geſellſchaft zu Mannheim. Bd. 2. S. 293—305.

Adelung's Portrait findet ſich vor dem 30ſten Bande der Neuen Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, von Geyſer nach einem Gemälde Graff's geſtochen.

Große Verdienſte um altdeutſche Geſchichte und Literatur, ſo wie um Sprachkunde überhaupt, erwarb ſich des Vorigen Neffe Friedrich von Adelung, kaiſerlich ruſſiſcher Staatsrath, Präſident der aſiatiſchen Akademie zu St. Petersburg, Ritter mehrerer Orden (geb. zu Stettin am 25. Februar 1768), vorzüglich durch folgende Schriften:

- Nachrichten von altdeutſchen Gedichten u. ſ. w. Königsberg, 1796. 1798. 2 Thle in 8.
- Katharinens Verdienſte um die vergleichende Sprachenkunde. Petersburg, 1815. in 4.
- Ueberſicht aller bekannten Sprachen. St. Petersburg, 1820. in 4. u. ſ. w.
- Aufſätze über ähnliche Gegenſtände in Braga und Hermode, W. G. Beckers Erholungen u. ſ. w.

Aeltere Entdeckungen der Ruſſen bis auf die Regierung Peters groſſen *).

Die Ruſſen haben die entlegenern Provinzen ihres heutigen ungeheuren Reichs erſt ſehr ſpät kennen lernen, und es iſt ſehr glaublich, daß ſie von denen Küſten des Eismeeres, ja von Sibirien ſelbſt vor dem ſechzehenten Jahrhundert vielleicht kaum den Namen gewuſt, ohnerachtet die Handlung mit dem ſibiriſchen Rauchwerke ſehr alt, und bereits vor langen Zeiten im Flor geweſen iſt. Anica, ein wohlhabender Mann zu Solwytſchegodzko, ward, um die Mitte des ſechzehenten Jahrhunderts, auf den anſehnlichen Handel, der damals von den Samojeden, Tunguſen und andern entlegenen Völkern nach Moscau getrieben wurde, am erſten aufmerkſam. Er ließ das Land der erſtern auskundſchaften, den Oby beſuchen, und errichtete eine anſehnliche Handlung in die daſigen Gegenden, welche von ſeinen Söhnen, den ſogenannten Aniceows, mit groſſem Vortheil fortgeſezt wurde. Der groſſe Reichthum, den die leztern bey dieſem Handel erworben, erweckte den Neid wider ſie, daher ſie es für das Beſte hielten, ihr Geheimniß, um welches ſie bisher nur noch allein gewuſt hatten, dem Hofe zu entdecken, und ſich dadurch Sicherheit und Unterſtüzung zu verſchaffen. Sie gaben dem Boris Gudanow, dem Miniſter und Schwager des Czaars Fedor Iwanowitz von ihren gemachten Entdeckungen Nachricht, der es denn gar bald dahin brachte, daß ſich ein Theil der Samojeden der ruſſiſchen Herrſchaft freywillig unterwarf, und die nordöſtlichen Gegenden jenſeit des Oby an die 200 Meilen weit auskundſchaften ließ. Man ließ hierauf verſchiedene Feſtungen in den neuentdeckten Gegenden anlegen, wodurch denn der nordöſtliche Theil von Aſien denen Ruſſen immer bekannter wurde, ſo daß ſich um das Ende des ſechzehenten Jahrhunderts ſchon faſt das ganze Sibirien in ihrer Gewalt befand **). Doch dieſe Entdeckungen ſind von meinem Endzweck zu weit entfernet, daher ich mich bey denenſelben nicht länger aufhalten, ſondern mich ſogleich zu den Seereiſen dieſes Volkes wenden will.

Das Eismeer war von den anwohnenden Völkerſchaften ſchon ſeit langer Zeit befahren worden, allein der ruſſiſche Hof hat von den auf dieſen Reiſen gemachten Entdeckungen erſt ſehr ſpät einige zuverläſſige Nachricht erhalten. Als Hr. Prof. Müller ſich 1736 in Jakuzk befand, entdeckte er in dem daſigen Archive die urkundlichen Nachrichten von verſchiedenen nordoſtwärts von Jakuzk angeſtellten Seefahrten. Dieſe Reiſen hatten bereits 1636 ihren Anfang genommen, und man lernete auf denenſelben nach und nach die Flüſſe Jana, Indigirka, Alaſea und Kolyma kennen. Als man bis an den leztern gekommen war, ſuchte man auch diejenigen zu entdecken, welche man noch weiter oſtwärts vermuthete, um entweder die an ihren Ufern wohnenden Völker zinsbar zu machen, oder auch um aus dem daſelbſt vorhandenen Pelzwerk vermittelſt der Jagd einigen Nuzen zu ziehen. Im Jahr 1646 trat daher ein Hauffe ruſſiſcher Jäger in Siberien oder ſogenannter Promyſchleni, unter der Anführung eines Iſai Ignatiew, die erſte Reiſe von dem Kolyma oſtwärts an. Sie fanden zwiſchen dem feſten Lande und dem Eiſe, mit welchem das Meer bedeckt war, einen freyen Weg, auf welchem ſie acht und vierzig Stunden fortſchifften, bis ſie eine Bucht zwiſchen den Felſen an der Küſte antrafen, in welche ſie einliefen. Hier fanden ſie einige Tſchuktſchis, mit welchen ſie handelten, aber ſo, daß ſie die Waaren nur an das Ufer legten. Die Tſchuktſchi nahmen davon, was ihnen gefiel, und legten dagegen entweder rohe oder bearbeitete Wallroszähne hin. Niemand hatte Muth genug, an Land zu gehen, aus Furcht, denen Tſchuktſchi in die Hände zu fallen, überdies hatten ſie auch keinen Dollmetſcher bey ſich, der die Sprache der leztern verſtanden hätte, daher man mit dieſer erſten Entdeckung zufrieden war, und wieder an den Kolyma zurückkehrete ***).

Die in dieſen Gegenden häufig vorhandene Wallroszähne reizeten im folgenden 1647ten Jahre eine ſtärkere Anzahl Jäger oder Promyſchleni zu einer zweyten Reiſe. Fedot Alexeew, der Bediente eines ruſſiſchen Kaufmans, ſchlug ſich zu ihnen, und ohnerachtet er gleichſam ihr Anführer war, ſo hielt er es dennoch für dienlich, den Befehlshaber zu Kolyma um einen Koſacken zu erſuchen, der das Intereſſe der Krone auf dieſer Reiſe beſorgen möchte. Ein gewiſſer Semeon Iwanow, Sin Deſchnew erbot ſich dazu, und der Befehlshaber gab ihm die nöthigen Verhaltungsbefehle. Sie ſegelten hierauf auf vier Barken oder Kotſches im Junio 1647 von Kolyma ab. Sie hatten von einem Fluſſe Anadir, oder Anandir, wie man ihn damals noch ausſprach, und von einem zahlreichen Volke, welches an demſelben wohnen ſollte, gehöret, ſie bildeten ſich daher ein, daß dieſer Fluß, ſo wie die andern bekannten Flüſſe in das Eismeer fallen würde. Eine der vornehmſten Abſichten dieſer Reiſe war alſo, die Mündung deſſelben zu entdecken. Allein die ganze Reiſe hatte nicht den gewünſchten Erfolg, indem das Meer in dieſem Sommer ſo voller Eis war, daß ſie eine freye Durchfahrt haben konnten *).

Man ließ indeſſen den Muth nicht ſinken, ſondern die Anzahl der Neugierigen ſowol unter den Koſacken, als auch unter den Promyſchleni nahm dergeſtalt zu, daß man bald hernach ſieben Kotſches ausrüſten konte, deren jede ohngefähr 30 Mann an Boord hatte. Deſchnew ſollte die Ehre und Vortheile der zu machenden Entdeckungen mit einem andern Anführer der Koſacken, Namens Geraſim Ankudinow theilen, allein es ereigneten ſich deswegen allerley Streitigkeiten unter ihnen, noch ehe die Reiſe angetreten wurde. Indeſſen ging ſolche den 20. Junii 1648 von Kolyma aus, wirklich vor ſich, allein zum Unglück ſind die Nachrichten von dieſer Reiſe ſehr mager. Die zu Jakuzk befindlichen Originalſchriften melden von dem Schickſale, welches vier dieſer Fahrzeuge gehabt, nichts. Deſchnew berühret in ſeinem Berichte, die auf der See ihm zugeſtoſſenen Begebenheiten nur im Vorbeygehen, ja man weiß nichts von dem, was ſeiner Geſellſchaft bis an dem groſſen Cap Tſchuktſchi begegnet iſt. Seine Nachricht ſagt nichts vom Eiſe, vermuthlich weil ſie damals keines vor ſich gefunden, und Deſchnew bemerket an einem andern Orte, daß dieſes Meer nicht in allen Jahren gleich ſegelbar iſt. Sein Bericht fänget ſich erſt bey dieſem Vorgebirge an. „Dieſe Landſpize, ſagt er, iſt von derjenigen ganz verſchieden, welche ſich bey dem Fluſſe Tſchukotſchia im Weſten des Kolyma befindet **). Sie lieget zwiſchen Norden und Nordoſten, und erſtrecket ſich in einen halben Zirkel nach dem Anadir. Auf der ruſſiſchen oder weſtlichen Seite der Landſpize ſiehet man einen Bach, an deſſen Mündung die Tſchuktſchi von lauter Wallfiſchknochen eine Art eines Thurms errichtet haben. Gegen der Landſpize über (aber auf welcher Seite?) befinden ſich zwo Inſeln, auf denen man Leute von der Nation der Tſchuktſchi geſehen, die an den Wallroszähnen kenntlich ſind, welche ſie ſich durch die Lippen ſtecken. Mit einem recht guten Winde kan man von dieſer Landſpize zur See in dreymal 24 Stunden bis an den Anadir kommen ***). Zu Lande aber kan der Weg auch nicht länger ſeyn, weil der Anadir in einen Meerbuſen fällt.“ Indeſſen litte die Kotſche des Ankudinow Schiffbruch, doch wurde das Volk auf derſelben gerettet, und auf die beiden übrigen vertheilet. Deſchnew und Fedot Alexeew gingen den 20. September an Land, und hatten ein Gefecht mit denen Tſchuktſchis, worin der leztere verwundet wurde. Bald darauf verlohren ſich beide Fahrzeuge aus dem Geſichte, und ſind nie wieder zuſammen gekommen. Deſchnew hatte bis in den October mit Sturm und Wetter zu kämpfen. Endlich litte er ziemlich weit im Süden von dem Anadir, und wie es ſcheinet in der Gegend des Fluſſes Olutora Schiffbruch.

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*) Aus: Johann Chriſtoph Adelung, Geſchichte der Schiffahrten und Verſuche, welche zur Entdeckung des Nordöſtlichen Weges nach Japan und China von verſchiedenen Nationen unternommen worden. Halle, 1768.

**) Recueil de Voyages qui ont servi a l'etablissement et aux Progrés de la Compagnie des Indes orientales Th. 1. S. 215 f. Capels Vorſtellungen des Norden, S. 18 — 40. Histoire genealogique des Tartares, S. 465 f.

***) Müller's Sammlung, Th. 3. S. 6.

*) Müller a. a. O.

**) Dieſes Cap ſiehet auf der ruſſiſchen Charte ſehr klein, und faſt ganz unmerklich aus, und wenn das Tſchukotskoi Noß, von welchem hier die Rede iſt, ſich wirklich ſo weit in Nordoſten erſtrecket, als es auf dieſer Charte abgebildet iſt; ſo muß es von jenem freylich gar ſehr verſchieden ſeyn. Ich weiß daher nicht, wie dem Verfaſſer der Memoires et Observations géographiques et critiques S. 236. die Vergleichung beider Caps ſo verdächtig ſcheinen können, daß er auch daraus ſchlieſſen will, entweder jenes müſſe ſich weiter in das Meer erſtrecken, als auf der Charte gezeiget wird, oder dieſes müſſe bey weitem nicht ſo fürchterlich und weit hervorragend ſeyn, als man behaupten will.

***) Dieſes und was kurz zuvor von dem Cap Tſchuktſchi geſaget worden, daß es ſich nemlich in einem halben Zirkel bis nach dem Anadir erſtrecke, läſſet ſich freilich nicht wohl mit der ruſſiſchen Charte reimen, auf welcher die Küſte von dieſem Vorgebirge bis an den Anadir eine ganz andere Geſtalt hat, es auch nicht abzuſehen iſt, wie ein Fahrzeug dieſe Reiſe mit einem Winde wenn anders dies der Verſtand der oben angeführten Worte iſt, zurücklegen könne. Indeſſen wollte ich aus dieſem ſcheinbaren Widerſpruche mit dem Verfaſſer der vorhin angeführten Memoires S. 236. dennoch noch nicht ſchlieſſen, daß das Cap Tſchuktſchi entweder gar nicht vorhanden ſey, oder ſich bey weitem nicht ſo weit in Norden und Oſten erſtrecke, als vorgegeben wird.

Was mit dem Fedot Alexeew und den Seinigen vorgegangen, werden wir im Folgenden hören *).

Deſchnew machte ſich mit ſeinen noch übrigen 25 Mann auf, den Anadir zu ſuchen. Nachdem ſie aus Mangel eines Wegweiſers zehen Wochen lang herumgeſchweifet waren, kamen ſie an dieſen Fluß, und zwar nicht weit von deſſen Mündung, und in einer Gegend, in welcher ſie weder Holz noch Einwohner fanden. Dieſer Umſtand brachte ſie in Verzweiflung. Die Jagd war ſchlecht, weil es in Ermangelung des Geholzes auch kein Wildpret gab, und zum Fiſchfange fehlten ihnen die nöthigen Werkzeuge. Sie ſchickten zwölf Mann von ihrem Haufen ab, welche das Innere des Landes längſt dem Anadir unterſuchen ſollten; allein dieſe mußten nach einer Reiſe von 20 Tagen, nachdem ſie keine lebendige Seele angetroffen, auch wieder umkehren. Doch kamen nur einige von ihnen wieder zu dem Haufen, indem die andern vor Hunger und Mattigkeit unter Weges ſtarben. Den folgenden Sommer 1649 gingen Deſchnew und ſeine Leute wieder in ihr Fahrzeug, und fuhren den Anadir hinaufwärts, bis ſie Leute antrafen, welche Anaulle hießen, und das erſte Volk am Anadir waren, welches zinsbar gemacht wurde. Weil es nicht zahlreich und dennoch unruhig war, iſt es in kurzer Zeit ausgerottet worden. Deſchnew legte damals den Grund zum Anadirskoi Oſtrog, und ſchlug ſeine Wohnung daſelbſt auf, ob er gleich nicht wußte, wie er einmal wieder nach Kolyma kommen, oder wenigſtens einige Nachricht von ſich dahin bringen ſollte **). Jedoch, als er ſich ſolches am wenigſten vermuthen war, zeigete ihm ein anderer Haufe den Weg, welcher im April 1650 zu Lande zu ihm kam.

Seit des Deſchnews Abreiſe hatte man ſich in Kolyma alle Mühe gegeben, neue Unternehmungen ſowol zu Waſſer als zu Lande zu veranſtalten, um doch wenigſtens auf eine Art zu dem vorgeſetzten Ziele zu gelangen. Unter dieſen iſt beſonders eine, welche angeführet zu werden verdienet. Michel Staduchin, ein Koſacke von Jakuzk hatte im Jahr 1644 mit einigen Gehülfen den letzten Oſtrog an dem Kolyma hinabwärts angelegt. Im folgenden Jahre kam er wieder nach Jakuzk, und hinterbrachte ſeinen Vorgeſetzten eine Nachricht, welche eine weitere Unterſuchung zu verdienen ſchien. Eine Frau aus Kolyma hatte ihm erzählet, daß es eine große Inſel in dem Eismeere gebe, welche ſich von dem Fluſſe Jana an, bis gegen den Kolyma über erſtrecke, und von dem feſten Lande geſehen werden könte. Die Tſchuktſchi an dem Fluſſe Tſchukotſchia, der im Weſten des Kolyma in das Eismeer fällt, fuhren eben dieſer Nachricht zu Folge, zur Winterszeit mit Rennthieren in einem Tage über das Eis nach dieſer Inſel, tödteten daſelbſt Wallroſſe, und nahmen ihre Zähne und den Kopf, welchen ſie anbeteten. Staduchin hatte zwar dieſe Zähne nicht ſelbſt bey ihnen geſehen, allein er hatte doch von den Promoſchleni gehöret, daß es deren bey ihnen gebe, und daß gewiſſe Ringe an ihren Schlitten aus ſolchen Zähnen verfertigt wären. Eben dieſe Promoſchleni hatten ihm das Daſeyn dieſer Inſel beſtätiget und geglaubet, daß ſie mit Nowaia-Semlia, welches von denen von Meſe beſucht würde, zuſammen hinge. Ueberdies hatte er von einem großen Fluſſe Pogitſcha, oder wie ihn andere nannten Kowytſcha gehöret, der ſich, drey oder vier Tagereiſen zur See mit gutem Winde, jenſeits des Kolyma in das das Eismeer ergießen ſollte. Endlich ſtellete er vor, wie vielen Nutzen der Staat aus dieſen Gegenden ziehen könte, wenn man eine größere Anzahl Koſacken dahin ſchicken wollte u. ſ. f. ***)

Man hörete dieſen Bericht des Staduchin an, und ſchickte ihn ſelbſt im Junio 1647 zum zweiten Male nach Kolyma, mit dem Befehle, ſich von da nach dem Pogitſcha zu begeben, daſelbſt eine Simowie oder Winterwohnung anzulegen, die Einwohner des Landes zinsbar zu machen, und von der vorgegebenen Inſel in dem Eismeere ſo viele Nachricht, als er nur könte, einzuziehen. Staduchin brachte den Winter an dem Jana zu, begab ſich gegen den Frühling 1648 in ſieben Wochen auf kleinen Schlitten an den Indigirka, und bauete daſelbſt ein Fahrzeug, welches ihn an den Kolyma brachte. Im folgenden Sommer 1649 ging Staduchin abermals zu Schiffe, den Pogitſcha zu ſuchen. Ein anderes Fahrzeug, welches er bey ſich hatte, gerieth auf den Strand. Er indeſſen ſeegelte ſiebenmal 24 Stunden fort, fand aber keinen Fluß. Endlich hielt er ſtille, und ſetzte einige von ſeinen Leuten an Land, welche ſich bey den Einwohnern nach dieſem Fluſſe erkundigen ſollten, allein, dieſe wußten nichts davon. Die Felſen, welche ſich längſt der Küſte befanden, hinderten den Fiſchfang, die Lebensmittel nahmen ab, und Staduchin mußte wieder nach dem Kolyma zurückkehren. Was die vorhin gedachte Inſel in dem Eismeere betrift, ſo findet man nicht, ob ſie auf dieſem Zuge zugleich mit geſuchet, oder gefunden worden. Der ganze Nutzen deſſelben beſtand in einigen Wallroßzähnen, welche Staduchin nach Jakuzk ſchickte, und zugleich den Vorſchlag that, dieſe Thiere durch erfahrne Leute ausdrücklich fangen zu laſſen *).

Man erfuhr damals, daß der Fluß Pogitſcha kein anderer als der Anandir ſey, und man hielt es nicht für rathſam, deſſen Mündung auf dem Wege zu ſuchen, den Staduchin erwählet hatte. Man erfuhr von den Gefangenen der daſigen Gegend, daß es einen nähern Weg zu Lande dahin gebe. Dies gab zu einer Streiferey der Koſacken von Kolyma aus Anlaß, welche im Jahr 1650 den Fluß Anui hinaufzogen, einige Gefangene von den Chodonzis machten, und unter deren Anführung den Weg zu Lande nach dem Anadir entdeckten, wovon man bisher nur ſehr undeutliche Begriffe gehabt hatte. Es that ſich ſogleich ein Haufe Freywilliger, ſowol von Koſacken, als auch von Promyſchlenis zuſammen, welche den Befehlshaber zu Kowymskoi Oſtrog um Erlaubnis erſuchten, ſich des Anadirs bemächtigen, und denſelben zinsbar machen zu dürfen. Man bewilligte ſolches, und Simeon Motora, der Anführer des Haufens, machte den 23. März einen vornehmen Chodynzi zu einem Gefangenen, und nahm ihn mit. Dieſer Motora war es, welcher im April an dem Anadir auf den Deſchnew ſtieß, wie bereits vorhin bemerket worden. Ihm folgete Michaile Staduchin, welcher ſieben Wochen unterwegens war, und als er an den Anadir kam, des Deſchnews Simowie vorbey ging, und ſeine Sachen für ſich machte. Dies veranlaßte bald Eiferſucht unter ihnen, ſo daß ſie in beſtändigem Streite mit ihm lebten. Deſchnew und Motora entſchloſſen ſich, dem Staduchin aus dem Wege zu gehen, und ſich an den Fluß Penſchina zu machen, allein, weil ſie keinen Wegweiſer hatten, ſo mußten ſie wieder umkehren. Staduchin begab ſich dagegen an den Penſchina, und von dieſer Zeit an hat man nichts weiter von ihm gehört **).

Deſchnew und Motora hatten Fahrzeuge auf dem Anadir erbauet, um vermittelſt derſelben zur See noch andere Flüſſe zu entdecken, allein der letztere wurde gegen das Ende des Jahres 1652 in einem Gefechte mit denen Anaules getödtet. Nichts deſto weniger fuhr Deſchnew den folgenden Sommer 1652 mit dieſen Fahrzeugen bis an die Mündung des Anadir, und bemerkte daſelbſt eine Bank, welche ſich von der nördlichen Seite bis weit in das Meer hinein erſtreckte. Dieſe Arten von Bänken werden in Sibirien Korgi genannt. Die jetztgedachte war ein Sammelplatz einer großen Menge Wallroſſe. Deſchnew bekam einige von ihren Zähnen, und glaubte für ſeine Mühe reichlich bezahlet zu ſeyn. Im folgenden Jahre 1653 ließ er Holz fällen, eine Kotſche zu bauen, auf welcher er den bis dahin eingenommenen Tribut zur See nach Jakuzk ſchicken wollen. Allein, weil er nicht alles, was dazu nöthig war, hatte, ſo mußte er von dieſem Vorhaben abſtehen, zumal da er erfuhr, daß das Meer um das Tſchukotzkoi Noß nicht alle Jahre frey von Eiſe ſey ***).

Im Jahre 1654 that Deſchnew eine neue Reiſe nach der Korga oder Sandbank vor der Mündung des Anadir, um Wallroßzähne zu holen. Es fand ſich ein Koſacke daſelbſt ein, Namens Juſchko Seliwerſtow, welcher erſt neulich von Jakuzk gekommen war. Er hatte den Staduchin auf ſeiner Seereiſe begleitet, und war von ihm nach Jakuzk mit dem Auftrage geſchickt worden, daß man ihn Wallroßzähne auf Rechnung des Staats aufſuchen laſſen ſollte, worauf man ihn denn mit den nöthigen Vollmachten wieder abgefertiget hatte. Es war ihm zugleich befohlen worden, die Einwohner an dem Anadir und dem Tſchendon, einem andern Fluſſe, der in den penſchinskiſchen Meerbuſen fällt, zinsbar zu machen, denn man wußte damals zu Jakuzk noch nicht, daß ſich Deſchnew in dieſen Gegenden niedergelaſſen hatte. Dies gab zu Streitigkeiten Anlaß, Seliwerſtow maßte ſich die Entdeckung der Sandbank an, und behauptete, ſie ſey der Ort, wohin er 1649 mit dem Staduchin zu Waſſer gekommen wäre. Allein Deſchnew bewies ihm, daß er nicht einmal bis an das große Tſchukotzkoi-Noß gekommen ſey, welches lauter Felſen um ſich her habe, und ihm nur allzu wol bekannt ſey, indem des Ankudinow Kotſche daſelbſt zu Grunde gegangen. Er ſetzte hinzu: „Es ſey dies nicht das erſte Cap, dem man den Namen Swätoi-Noß gegeben, das eigentliche und wahre Merkmal dieſes „Vorgebirges wären die zwo Inſeln, welche dem Tſchukotzkoi-Noß gegenüber lägen, und von denen obengedachten mit „Zähnen geſchmückten Menſchen bewohnet würden. Weder „Staduchin noch Seliwerſtow hätten dieſe Leute geſehen, „er aber habe ſie entdecket, und die Sandbank in der Mündung „des Anadir ſey noch ſehr weit von ihnen entfernet.“ Deſchnew ſeegelte indeſſen längſt der Küſte hin, und fand einige Wohnungen der Koräken, und in einer derſelben eine jakutiſche

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*) Müller a. a. O. S. 8 f.

**) Müller a. a. O.

***) Müller a. a. O. S. 12.

*) Müller a. a. O.

**) Müller a. a. O. S. 14.

***) Müller a. a. O.

Frau, welche dem Fedot Ankudinow zugehöret hatte. Von ihr erfuhr er, Fedot und Geraſim Ankudinow wären an dem Scharbock geſtorben, einige von ihrem Haufen wären getödtet worden, ſehr wenige aber hätten ſich in Kähnen gerettet, ohne daß man wiſſe, wo ſie hingekommen wären *). Doch viele Jahre hernach hat man einige Spuren gefunden, woraus ſich ſchließen läſſet, daß ſie wirklich nach Kamtſchatka gekommen ſeyn müſſen.

Denn als die Ruſſen gegen das Ende des vorigen Jahrhunderts Kamtſchatka völlig zu erobern ſuchten, ſo waren ſie denen Einwohnern dieſer Halbinſel bereits bekannt, und erfahren von ihnen, daß lange vorher ein gewiſſer Fedotow, der vermuthlich Fedot Alexeews Sohn war, mit einigen ſeiner Gefährten unter ihnen gewohnet, und ſich mit ihren Töchtern verheurathet hätten. Sie ſollen an der Mündung des kleinen Fluſſes Nikul gewohnet haben, der ſich in den Kamtſchatkafluß ergießet, und daher in der ruſſiſchen Sprache den Namen Fedotiſcha bekommen hat *). Die Einwohner verſicherten, daß ſie dieſe Ruſſen lange Zeit als Götter verehret, und geglaubet hätten, daß ſie nicht verwundet werden könnten. Allein einige Zeit hernach wären ſie uneinig geworden, hätten ſich geſchlagen und zerſtreuet, da denn einige bis an den penſchinskiſchen Meerbuſen gegangen wären. Als die Kamtſchadalen und Koräken bey dieſer Gelegenheit ihr Blut fließen geſehen, hätten ſie ſelbige nicht mehr für unſterblich gehalten, ſondern ſie getödtet. Die Ruſſen fanden an dem Ufer des Fedotiſchafluſſes noch die Ueberbleibſel von zween Winterwohnungen, welche von dem Fedotow und ſeiner Geſellſchaft bewohnt ſeyn ſollten **) ***).

Adolfi S. Neokorus.

D. Johann Valentin Adrian

ward am 17ten September 1794 zu Klingenberg bei Aſchaffenburg geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten Studien eine Lehrerſtelle an einer Erziehungsanſtalt zu Rödelheim im Großherzogthum Heſſen, machte darauf größere Reiſen durch Italien, die Schweiz, Frankreich und England und lebt jetzt zu Gießen als Profeſſor der neueren Sprachen und Literatur an der dortigen Univerſität, ſeit dem Jahre 1823.

Folgende Schriften tragen ſeinen Namen als **Verfaſſer, Ueberſetzer oder Herausgeber.**

Der Maientanz oder die Gründung von Würzburg. Bamberg, 1817. in 8.
Bandello's Novellen. Frankf. 1818—19. 2 Th. N. A. 1826.
Nachtſtimmen. Frankfurt, 1818.
Byron's Erzählungen. Frkft. 1819.
Byron's Braut von Abydos. Frkft. 1819.
Byron's Lara. Frkft. 1819.
Erzählungen. Frkft. 1821.
Scott, Halidon's Höhe. Frkft. 1822.
Die Prieſterinnen der Griechen. Frkft. 1823.
Rheiniſches Taſchenbuch. Frkft. 1823—34.
Bilder aus England. Frkft. 1828. 2 Thle.
Byron's ſämmtliche Werke, überſetzt von Mehreren, herausgegeben von A. Frkft. 1830 fgde. 12 Thle.
Skizzen aus England (Fortſetzung der Bilder a. E.). Frkft. 1830 fgde.
Neueſtes Gemälde von London und ſeinen Umgebungen. Handbuch für Reiſende u. ſ. w. Frkft. 1829 u. ſ. w. —

A. iſt ein geſchmackvoller, geiſtreicher und mit gründlicher Bildung ausgerüſteter Schriftſteller. Sein vorzüglichſtes Werk ſind ſeine Bilder und Skizzen aus England, in welchen er mit großem Talente die Eigenthümlichkeiten der engliſchen Nation in ihren mannichfaltigen Erſcheinungen anſprechend und gewandt darzuſtellen wußte. Unter ſeinen Ueberſetzungen ſind Bandello's Novellen, in welchen er höchſt glücklich den Ton des Originals traf, ſo wie Byron's Braut von Abydos beſonders gelungen. — Seinen Beruf als Gelehrter hat er durch die Schrift über die Prieſterinnen der Griechen und eine provenzaliſche Grammatik beurkundet. Wir theilen folgende Proben ſeiner Darſtellungsweiſe, ſo wie ſeiner Leiſtungen als Ueberſetzer hier mit.

Der St. Valentin's Tag **).

O Heil dir heute, guter Biſchof Valentin!
Deine Diöceſe ſind die Lüfte blau,
Und die Fluren grün;
Die Vöglein all in Wald und Au
Deine Pfarrkinder ſind.
Nie ſah ich den Tag ſo lieblich erblüh'n,
Dich ſelbſt muß er vergnügen, alter Valentin.
Donne.

Obige, dem warmfühlenden und witzigen Donne nachgebildeten Verſe finden ſich in einem Gedicht auf die Heirath eines fürſtlichen Paares, die am St. Valentin's-Tage ſtatt fand. Die fürſtlichen Perſonen ſind jetzt vergeſſen, der Dichter leider faſt auch; aber der alte Valentin, dieſer Machthaber über Vögel und Liebe, hat ſich in England die Unſterblichkeit errungen durch den ſüßen Dienſt, den er jährlich an ſeinem Namenstage übernimmt: er kommt mit dem rollenden Jahre wieder, wie ein kanoniſirter Anakreon, hocherſehnt, hochgefeiert. Kein Heiliger ſteht in London in ſo hohem Anſehen, wie St. Valentin; keiner ward je von Dichtern (guten und ſchlechten) ſo vergöttert, als dieſer Biſchof der Liebe †). Drum ſprachen ihm aber auch die Finſterlinge und Grämler ſein Biſchofamt und die Kanoniſation ab und behaupteten, er ſey ein arger Ketzer geweſen, der, weil man ihn nicht zum Biſchof gemacht, am 14. Februar jedes Jahres die männlichen Proſelyten ſeiner neuen Lehre um ſich verſammelt habe, damit jeder ſich ein Mädchen wähle, das er in der Religion und eben auch in „weltlichen Dingen“ unterrichtete, und der Geſcheute habe den Tod eben ſo gut verdient, wie der Mönch Dolcino und ſeine Geliebte Margarita, die wegen ähnlicher Ketzereien am Anfang des zwölften Jahrhunderts in Italien verbrannt wurden ††).

Wie kam dieſer Tag zu ſolcher Berühmtheit? Woher die ſeltſam liebliche Weiſe, in welcher er gefeiert wird? Der um Shakſpeare ſo ſehr verdiente Drake hat die verſchiedenen Meinungen darüber geſammelt †††), und wir wollen, was er ausgeführt, hier wenigſtens andeuten.

Dichter und die Sage des Landes leiten ſeit langer Zeit den Gebrauch, ſich an dieſem Tage Valentinen zu erwählen, davon ab, daß angenommen ward, die Vögel erwählten ſich an demſelben ihre Weibchen. Darauf ſpielt Shakſpeare an, wenn er Theſeus im Sommernachtstraume ſagen läßt: „Guten Morgen, Freunde! St. Valentin iſt vorbei: fangen dieſe Waldvögel erſt jetzt an, ſich zu paaren!“*) Neben dieſer Sage werden jedoch noch andere Quellen der Feier dieſes Tages genannt. Die Legende des h. Valentin, der unter dem Kaiſer Claudius enthauptet wurde, erklärt in der Sache nichts: es haben aber einige angenommen, die Feier des Tages, der bekanntlich in die Karneval's Zeit fällt, hänge mit den in ſolcher Zeit üblich geweſenen Gebräuchen zuſammen. Es war gewöhnlich, daß dann große Schaaren von Rittern die verſchiedenen Höfe Europa's beſuchten, und die Frauen durch Spiele und Waffenkämpfe unterhielten: jede Dame wählte ſich an dieſen glänzenden Feſten einen Ritter, der ihr ein ganzes Jahr dienen und jegliches vollbringen mußte, was ihr beliebte, ihm aufzuerlegen; dabei durfte nicht fehlen, daß er ſeine Herrin auch durch Lieder zu verherrlichen verbunden war.

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*) Müller a. a. O. S. 17 f.

**) Aus Dr. Adrian's Rheiniſches Taſchenbuch, Jahrgang 1826.

*) Der Fluß Fedotiſcha, der bey dem Kraſcheninnikow Theodotiſchina genannt wird, denn Fedot und Theodot ſind im Ruſſiſchen einerley, fällt unterhalb dem obern Kamtſchatka Oſtrog auf der Südſeite in den Kamtſchatkafluß.

**) Ebendaſ. S. 18. Kraſcheninnikow Beſchreibung des Landes Kamtſchatka S. 287 f.

***) Kraſcheninnikow erzählet dieſe Ueberlieferungen der Kamtſchadalen S. 284 auch; aber mit einigen andern Umſtänden. Fedotow wurde nach dieſer Erzählung durch einen Sturm bis in den Kamtſchatkafluß getrieben, wo er überwinterte, den nächſten Sommer die Halbinſel umfuhr, unten um die Kurilſkaja Lopatka herum in den penſchinskiſchen Meerbuſen kam, und in den Fluß Tigil einlief, wo er nachmals mit allen ſeinen Gefährten von den Koräken ermordet worden. Ich ſehe nicht, wie hier zwo Perſonen verwechſelt werden, wie doch Hr. Prof. Köhler, der das Kraſcheninnikows Werk nach dem engliſchen Auszuge des Jacob Grieve überſetzet, in einer Anmerkung behauptet, noch weniger aber, wie ſolche dem engländiſchen Ueberſetzer zur Laſt gelegt werden können, auf welchen der Hr. Profeſſor ſo zur Ungebühr unwillig iſt. Kraſcheninnikow konte den Grund dieſer Ueberlieferung freylich nicht ſo gut wiſſen als Hr. Müller, weil ihm das jakutskiſche Archiv nicht ſo zu Dienſt geſtanden, als dieſem. Hr. Köhler begehet in dieſer Anmerkung vielmehr ſelbſt einen kleinen Fehler, wenn er den Deſchnew 1654 an der nördlichen Küſte bey den Koräken landen läßt, da es doch die öſtliche, im Süden des Anadir war.

†) Drayton und Chaucer verdienen genannt zu werden.

††) Brady, Clavis calendaria, T. 1. pag. 223.

†††) Shakespeare and his Times, Vol. 1. p. 326 u. ff.

Menage ſagt in ſeinem Wörterbuch, die Tochter Heinrichs IV. von Frankreich habe ſich bei Turin einen Palaſt gebaut, und denſelben nach dem h. Valentin benannt: bei dem erſten Feſte, welches ſie dort gegeben, mußten die Damen ihre Liebhaber für ein Jahr durch das Loos wählen, ſich aber behielt ſie das Vorrecht, ſelbſt wählen zu dürfen, vor; die Erwählten hießen Valentinen.

Alban Butler**) und Douce***) gehen gründlicher zu Werk. Nach ihnen iſt hier Ueberbleibſel aus dem Heidenthume zu ſuchen. Bei den Lupercalien wurden, unter anderen Gebräuchen, die Namen junger Mädchen in eine Büchſe geworfen, und die Männer zogen ſich ihr glückliches Loos: dieſer Gebrauch wurde ſpäter beibehalten, und da er an dem St. Valentin's Tag Statt fand, nannte man die ſo Gewählten Valentinen.

Die Art, ſich Valentinen für das Jahr zu gewinnen, war zu Shakſpeare's Zeiten faſt dieſelbe, wie heut zu Tag. Man zieht entweder am Vorabend des St. Valentin's Tag Looſe, oder man hält die erſte Perſon, welcher man am folgenden Morgen begegnet, für den beſtimmten Gegenſtand. Eine beſtimmte Anzahl von Jünglingen legt die Namen von eben ſo vielen Mädchen in eine Büchſe, dann zieht jeder ſein Loos und erhält ſo ſeine Valentine für das Jahr, oft für das ganze Leben. Beim Begegnen fand und findet gewöhnlich eine Art Liſt Statt; wer bereits gewählt hat, ſucht den geliebten Gegenſtand am Morgen zuerſt zu ſehen. Darauf ſind die Worte der Ophelia zu beziehen, die in ihrem Wahnſinn ſingt:

Guten Morgen! es iſt St. Valentin's Tag.
  Noch früh wohl an der Zeit,
Und ich, 'ne Maid, (bin) an eurem Fenſter
  Eure Valentine zu ſeyn.

Die Gewohnheit, Verſe an die erwählte Perſon zu richten und ihr Geſchenke zu ſchicken, begann in den Zeiten Jakobs I. und dauert bis heute fort. Nach einer alten Ballade muß der Jüngling mit übergeſchlagenen Füßen zu dem h. Valentin beten, daß er ihm ein glückliches Loos erwirke.

In London iſt der Tag ein wahrer Feſt- und Feiertag. Wie der Morgen graut, ſieht man frohglühende Geſichter in Eile durch die Straßen fliegen; in dem einen lieſt man das Entzücken der gelungenen Liſt, in dem andern die frohe Erwartung, daß ſie gelingen werde. Auf jeder Straße, in jedem Gäßchen, an jeder Ecke ſiehſt du die lieblichen, kleinen Sendſchreiben, gleichfalls Valentinen genannt, vorüber tragen und ſich durchkreuzen. Der müde Zwei-Pfennigs-Poſtmann ſinkt unter der Laſt zärtlicher Umarmungen, mit denen er, glücklicherweiſe nur brieflich, beehrt und beſchwert wird. Um die Poſt iſt ein Getümmel, ein Laufen, Rufen, Jubeln, als würde der ewige Frieden oder ein „guter Krieg“ dort proclamirt. Es iſt faſt unglaublich, wie weit dieſe ephemere Artigkeit in dieſer liebenden Stadt, zur großen Bereicherung der Thürſteher und zum Verderben der Schellenzüge und Thürklopfer†) getrieben wird. Auf dem Poſtbureau müſſen an dieſem Tage ſtets eine bedeutende Anzahl von Aushelfern zur Hand ſeyn, da die, ſonſt nicht kleine, Anzahl von Officianten für das Sortiren aller der Liebesbrieflein, welche an dieſem Herzensfeſte eingehen, nicht hinreichend iſt. Auf dieſen kleinen Dolmetſchern zärtlicher Gefühle iſt kein Emblem ſo gewöhnlich, als das Herz, — dieſer winzige, dreieckige Exponent alles unſers Hoffens und Bangens — das mit Pfeilen durchbohrte, blutende Herz; Allegorien und Zierrathen aller Arten umgeben, bedecken es.

Mit ſtillem Erröthen und halb freudiger, halb banger Erwartung ſitzt Eliſa, die ſechszehnjährige Tochter meiner Hausfrau, am Fenſter, abwechſelnd auf die Straße und auf ihre Arbeit blickend. Die Fülle des blonden Haares ſpielt noch in natürlichen Locken um die Schläfen und den Marmorhals; in dem großen, blauen Auge glänzt der Himmel der Unſchuld, unbewußter Sehnſucht, ſtiller Schwärmerei, tiefen Gefühls. Bei jedem Schlag an der Thüre blickt ſie erſchrocken auf, erröthend nieder und lächelt der Neckerei, die ihr der Zufall bereitet. Es klopft wieder, leicht, luſtig, zutrauensvoll, wie jemand klopft, der gute Nachrichten bringt. Eliſa hat ſich vorgenommen, ſich nicht mehr täuſchen zu laſſen: unverwandt ſieht ſie auf ihre Arbeit nieder, aber die Bruſt athmet bewegter, die Roſenkuppen der Finger beben, und die Arbeit fällt auf ihren Schoos, denn das Hausmädchen kommt und bringt zwei Valentinen: auf dem einen halten zwei Engel ein flammendes Herz, auf dem andern ſteht ein Amor mit ausgeſtreckten Händen, in jeder ein halbes Herz haltend.

[illegible] Unfall Ihr ſchon in der Welt anſtiftet, Miß Eliſa!

„Ich bin ganz unſchuldig daran, Doctor!“ verſetzte ſie ſehr ernſthaft, und öffnete die Briefchen mit ſorgfältiger Hand, um das emblematiſche Siegel nicht zu verletzen. Das erſte Billet enthielt eine ſehr zierliche Zeichnung, einen Amor darſtellend, der die Blätter einer ſich öffnenden Roſenknospe mit den Fingern der einen Hand entfaltete, und mit der andern eine Taube liebkoste, die den Roſenzweig gebracht zu haben ſchien. Die Mutter ſchritt zu der Bemerkung, daß auch ſie Theil an dieſer Huldigung habe. Eliſa ſchien ſich nicht um die Deutung der Sinnbilder zu bekümmern. Das zweite Billet aber war ihr lieber [illegible]: ſie erkannte die Hand eines Bekannten, der ihr gewogen war und dem ſie überall ein kindlich-zartes Vertrauen bewies. Er war aus Neu-York, einnehmend von Geſtalt und Sitten, hatte ſich in London niedergelaſſen und ſtand in freundſchaftlichen Verhältniſſen mit der Familie. Eliſa iſt jetzt ſeine Braut. Das Briefchen enthielt folgende Zeilen:

My lips I'll softly lay
  Upon thy heav'nly cheek,
And in thine ear I'll say:
  „O thou bright morning-star,
„'Tis I that come so far
  „My Valentine to seek.“ *)

Eliſa war in Fieberglut, während die Mutter dieſe Zeilen vorlas: es war, als wäre ſie ſich eines Geheimniſſes bewußt, deſſen ſüße Ahnung bis jetzt ſchlummernd, im Traume halb ſprechend, in ihrer Bruſt lag. Sie entſchlüpfte und ließ ſich erſt beim Mittageſſen wieder ſehen, wo die Geſundheit des neuen Paares in einem alten Hock getrunken ward. Der gute Biſchof hatte hier ein ſeiner würdiges Wunder verrichtet und Eliſa wird es ihm ewig Dank wiſſen.

Dergleichen Scenen mochte es nun unzählige in London geben und es müßte ſehr erfreulich ſeyn, alle ſeine Bekanntinnen an dieſem Tage in dem Moment belauſchen zu können, wo ihre ſchönen Finger das Siegel ihrer Valentinen löſen und ſich einer ſchön erdachten Allegorie, einer bedeutungsvollen Chiffer, eines jugendlichen Einfalls erfreuen, nicht ohne Verſe, wie:

„Liebhaber all
Singen ein Madrigal“

und ähnliche Verslein, in denen nicht zu viel Sinn iſt, — die junge Liebe liebt dergleichen nicht — doch auch nicht ganz albern, was man hier „zwiſchen Wind und Waſſer“ nennt.

Noch einer Valentinsgabe will ich gedenken, die das Liebliche dieſer Sitte und den Zartſinn der Engländer gegen das weibliche Geſchlecht in ein gleich ſchönes Licht ſtellt. Eduard M. wohnte einem jungen Mädchen gegenüber, die er von ſeinem Fenſter aus, ungeſehen, oft ſah und beobachtete. Sie war ganz Heiterkeit und Unſchuld, und gerade in einem Alter, in welchem man ſich eines Valentin's erfreut, und gerade von einer Gemüthsart, in welcher man den Schmerz, deſſelben zu entbehren, mit der beſten Laune von der Welt erträgt. Eduard iſt ein Künſtler von ungewöhnlichem Talent; wenn die Phantaſie allein den Zeichner machte, wäre er vielleicht der erſte in ſeinem kunſtwerkreichen, aber freilich kunſttalentarmen Vaterlande. Eduard ſann, wie er dem jungen Mädchen manche glückliche Stunde vergelten ſollte, die er ihr, ohne daß ſie es wußte, zu danken hatte. Er ſetzte ſich daher an die Arbeit, um dem Mädchen eine Freude zu bereiten; denn St. Valentin's Tag rückte heran. Die gute Stunde begünſtigte ihn; nie hatte er mit mehr Leichtigkeit, mit mehr Anmuth, mit mehr Gemüth gezeichnet. Es bedarf der Bemerkung nicht, daß er das feinſte Velinpapier mit Blumenrändern wählte: er zeichnete keine gewöhnlichen Herzen oder herzloſe Allegorien, ſondern die ſchönſten Liebesſcenen aus den Werken ſeines Freundes und ſteten Begleiters, aus Shakſpeare, den man nächſt Homer als die unverſiegbarſte Quelle für Künſtler anſehen kann. Da war Romeo und Julie, wie ſie ſich das erſtemal ſahen; dort der Garten, wo Julie mit Romeo vom Fenſter herab ſprach; da Oberon und Titania, dort Hermia und Demetrius, da Viola und Orſino, dort Phebe und Silvius: Blumen, Mottos, ſinnreiche Deviſen überall — kurz, was der Gabe Anmuth und Bedeutung geben konnte, war erſchöpft: Iris ſchien ihre Farbenzauber über die köſtlichen Bildchen gehaucht zu haben. Das übergab er am St. Valentin's Abend dem, rückſichtslos alles verſchlingenden Kaſten der ordinären Poſt: aber die ungewöhnlichen Mittel ſind nicht immer die beſten; das gemeine that hier ſeine Pflicht und Eduard ſah von ſeinem Obſervatorium aus, wo er ſo zu ſagen mit tauſend Augen ſtand, am nächſten Morgen den freundlichen Briefboten kommen und klopfen, und zu ſeinem Entzücken war die Gabe endlich überliefert. Er ſah, ungeſehn, das glückliche Mädchen die Valentin's-Sendung betrachten, aufbrechen, umher tanzen und in die Hände klatſchen, wie eines der köſtlichen Bildchen nach dem andern aus der entfalteten Hülle hervorkam. Ihr Entzücken ging nicht aus einer flüchtigen Neigung, nicht aus thörichten Erwartungen hervor, denn ſie hatte keinen Liebhaber; oder, wenn ſie einen hatte, ſo wußte ſie, daß er nicht im Stande war, dergleichen glänzende Bilder, die ſie ſo ſehr erfreuten, hervorzubringen: die Gabe ſchien ihr eher eine Feenſpende zu ſeyn, eine Gottesgabe, wie man wohl hie und da bei einfach frommen Menſchen noch eine Gabe nennen hört, deren Geber man nicht kennt.

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*) Act. 4. Sc. 1. und Reed's Shakespeare, Vol. 6. p. 453.

**) Lives of Saints. Febr. XIV.

***) Illustrations of Shakspeare, Vol. 2. p. 252 ff.

†) Gewöhnlich bedient man ſich in London ſtatt der Klingeln an der Thüre des Klopfers; die Zahl und Derbheit der Schläge, mit welchen man an eine Hausthüre klopft, verkünden ſogleich den Rang des Kommenden. Der Bediente darf nur zweimal klopfen, der Gentleman klopft wenigſtens fünfmal und mit Nachdruck.

*) Meine Lippen leg' ich ſanft auf deine himmliſche Wange und flüſtre dir in das Ohr: „O du glänzender Morgenſtern, ich bin es, der aus ſolcher Ferne kommt, meine Valentine zu ſuchen.“

Scene aus Marino Faliero *).

(Des Dogen Zimmer.)

Der Doge als Gefangener und die Herzogin

Doge.

Nun, da der Prieſter fort iſt, wär's ganz nutzlos,
Die elenden Minuten durchzutrauern;
Nur ein Schmerz noch, der Schmerz, von Dir zu ſcheiden,
Und ich geb' die wen'gen, letzten Körner Sand hin,
Die von der zugeſtand'nen Stund' noch bleiben,
Und immer fallen — meine Zeit iſt aus.

Angiolina.

Ach,
Und ich, ich war die unbewußte Urſach',
Und durch den düſtern Bund, die Leidenheirath,
Die Du, nach meines Vaters Wunſch, verſprochen
Bei ſeinem Tod, beſiegelteſt Du Deinen.

Doge.

Du irrſt: ſtets war etwas in meinem Geiſte,
Das ihm mit irgend einem Unglück drohte;
Zu wundern iſt's, daß es erſt jetzt gekommen —
Mir war's vorausgeſagt.

Angiolina.

Vorausgeſagt?

Doge.

Viel Jahre ſind's — ſo viel', daß das Gedächtniß
Sie bezweifelt; doch leben ſie in Annalen: —
Ich war noch jung und diente dem Senat
Und der Signorie als Podeſta und Hauptmann
Der Stadt Treviſo; da reizt eines Feſttags
Der träge Biſchof, der die Hoſtie trug,
Den raſchen jugendlichen Unmuth mir
Durch lange Zögerung und ſchnöde Antwort
Auf meinen Vorwurf; ich erhob die Hand
Und ſchlug ihn, bis zu ſeiner heil'gen Bürde
Er taumelte; und wie er aufſtand, hob er
Die Hand, noch zitternd, frommen Zorns gen Himmel;
Zeigt nach der Hoſtie dann, die ihm entfallen,
Und ſprach, zu mir gewandt: „Die Stunde kömmt, wo
Er, den Du niederwarfſt, Dich niederwirft:
Der Ruhm ſoll ſich von Deinem Hauſe trennen,
Die Weisheit Deiner Seel' entriſſen werden,
Und in der höchſten Reife Deines Geiſtes
Soll Dich des Herzens Wahnſinn wild erfaſſen;
Wenn in Andern jede Leidenſchaft ſtirbt oder
Zu Tugenden ſich mildert, quäle ſie Dich;
Und Majeſtät, die andre Häupter ſchmückt, ſoll
Dich krönen, hauptlos Dich zu machen; Ehren
Verkünden nur Verderben, graues Haar
Nur Schande und den Tod Dir Beide,
Doch nicht den Tod, wie er dem Greiſe ziemt.“
So ſagend, ging er weg. — Die Stund' iſt da.

Angiolina.

Und konnteſt Du, nach ſolcher Warnung, nicht
Den ſchrecklichen Moment abwenden und
Dein Thun durch Bußung ſühnen.

Doge.

Ich geſteh' es,
Die Worte drangen ſo zu meinem Herzen,
Daß ich ſie mitten im Gewühl des Lebens
Noch hört', als töne eine Geiſterſtimme,
In wunderbarem Traume mich durchbebend.
Und ich bereute; doch war's meine Art nicht,
In dem Entſchluß zu wanken; was ſeyn mußte,
Konnt' ich nicht ändern, wollte ich nicht fürchten.
Noch mehr — Du weißt wohl noch, was Allen denkt,
Daß an dem Tag, wo ich von Rom kam und
Als Doge hier landet', ein ſo ungewöhnlich
Dichter Nebel, gleich der Wolkenſäule,
Die Israel aus Egypten führte, vor
Dem Bucentaur herzog, daß der Pilot ſich
Verirrt' und zwiſchen den Sanct Markusſäulen
Uns ausſchiffte, wo man die Staatsverbrecher
Den Tod erleiden läßt, ſtatt, wie man pflegt, an
Der Riva della Paglia anzulegen,
So daß bei dieſem Zeichen ganz Venedig
Erbebte.

Angiolina.

Ach, es frommt nur wenig, jetzt
Sich ſolcher Dinge zu erinnern.

Doge.

Dennoch
Iſt mir's ein Troſt, zu denken, daß dies alles
Das Werk des Schickſals ſey; denn lieber beug' ich
Vor Göttern mich, als Menſchen, halte eher
Den Glauben an Beſtimmung feſt, als ich
Sterbliche, deren Mehrzahl mir ſo werthlos
Wie Staub erſcheint, und ſo ſchwach als werthlos,
Für mehr erachten ſollt' als Werkzeuge
Der höhern Macht; ſie, an ſich, waren alle
Ohnmächtig — nimmer konnten ſie die Sieger
Von ihm ſeyn, der ſo oft für ſie geſiegt.

Angiolina.

Zu einem Eifer beſſrer Art verwende
Die kurze Friſt und nimm in Frieden, ſelbſt
Mit dieſen Schlechten, himmelan den Aufflug.

Doge.

Ich bin im Frieden, — in dem Frieden der
Gewißheit, daß einſt ihrer Enkel Enkel,
Die ſtolze Stadt und dieſe blauen Waſſer,
Und alles, was ſie herrlich macht und glänzend,
Eine Verheerung und ein Fluch ſeyn werden,
Ein Hohn und ein Geſpött der Nationen,
Ein Karthago, Tyrus und des Meeres Babel.

Angiolina.

Sprich jetzt nicht ſo; der Strom der Leidenſchaft rauſcht
Bis zu dem End' in Dir; Du täuſcheſt Dich,
Und kannſt ihnen nicht ſchaden. Werde ruh'ger.

Doge.

Ich ſteh' am Rand der Ewigkeit, und ſehe
In jene ew'gen Räume, und ich ſchaue —
Ja, ſo beſtimmt, wie ich Dein liebes Antlitz
Zum letzten Mal nun ſchaue — jene Tage,
Die ich den thurmumkränzten Wällen drohte,
Und denen, die drinn wohnen.

Wache (tritt hervor).

Edler Doge,
Die Zehn erwarten Eure Hoheit.

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*) Aus Dr. Adrian's Ueberſetzung von Lord Byron's ſämmtlichen Werken, 8. Th. Frankfurt a. M. 1830.

Doge.
Leb' wohl
Denn, Angiolina! — noch eine Umarmung!
Vergieb dem alten Mann, der Dir ein treuer,
Doch unglückſel'ger Gatte war — denk mein
Mit Lieb' — ich würde lebend mir ſo viel
Nicht wünſchen; doch Du denkſt von mir nun milder,
Wenn Du mein bös Gefühl in Ruhe weißt,
Und dann, von allen Früchten langer Jahre,
Von Ruhm, und Macht und Reichthum, Ehr' und Namen,
Die öfter ein'ge Blumen auf dem Grab doch
Erblühen laſſen, bleibt mir nichts, ſelbſt nicht
Ein wenig Liebe, Freundſchaft, oder Achtung,
Nicht ſo viel, eine Grabſchrift alten Vätern
Noch zu entringen; all mein frühres Leben
Hab' ich in einer Stund' entwurzelt und
So manches überlebt, nur nicht Dein Herz,
Das reine, gute, edle, das mich oft noch
Mit ungeſchwächtem, doch nicht lautem Grame —
Du wirſt ſo bleich — o Gott, ſie fällt in Ohnmacht —
Kein Odem mehr, kein Pulsſchlag! Wachen helfet —
Ich kann ſie ſo nicht laſſen; doch wär's beſſer,
Da jeder lebenloſe Augenblick ihr
Ein Weh erſpart. Wenn ſie dem kurzen Tod ſich
Entreißt, ſteh' ich vor Gott. — Ruft ihre Frauen —
Ein Blick — wie kalt die Hand! kalt, wie die meine
Seyn wird, eh ſie erwacht. — Pflegt ihrer ſorgſam,
Und nehmt meinen letzten Dank. — Ich bin bereit nun.
(Angiolina's Frauen ſind hereingetreten und umgeben ihre ohnmächtige Gebieterin. Der Doge, Wachen u. ſ. w. ab.)

Adrianow S. Bouterwek.

Aemilia Juliana,

Gräfin von Schwarzburg-Rudolſtadt,

eine durch ihre Frömmigkeit und Herzensgüte ausgezeichnete Frau, beſchäftigte ſich in den Stunden ihrer Muße mit dem Dichten geiſtlicher Lieder, von denen mehrere in die ſächſiſchen und thüringiſchen Geſangbücher übergegangen ſind. Sie war eine Tochter Albrecht Friedrich's, Grafen von Barby, ward am 19ten Auguſt 1637 geboren, vermählte ſich 1665 mit Albrecht Anton, Grafen von Schwarzburg-Rudolſtadt, und ſtarb am 3ten December 1706.

Ihre geiſtlichen, faſt eine Anzahl von 400, nach Anderen ſogar von 600 erreichenden Lieder finden ſich vorzüglich in:

Geiſtlicher Brautſchmuck der Freundin des Lammes. Rudolſtadt, 1714. —

Tägliche Morgen-, Mittags- und Abendopfer. Rudolſtadt, 1699.

doch nannte ſie ſich bei ihren Lebzeiten durchaus nicht als Verfaſſerin eines dieſer Lieder. — Daher kam es denn auch, daß das bekannte und noch jetzt viel geſungene: „Wer weiß, wie nahe mir mein Ende" bald ihr, bald dem Superintendenten G. M. **Pfefferkorn** in Tonna zugeſchrieben wurde und deßhalb heftige Streitigkeiten veranlaßte, ohne daß jedoch bei dem Mangel hinlänglicher Beweiſe etwas Entſcheidendes ausgemittelt werden konnte.

Reine Frömmigkeit, geſunder Verſtand und ein ganz leidlicher Versbau ſind den Liedern der Gräfin v. S. R. eigen; aber es fehlt ihnen doch an dem höheren Schwunge und der wahren religiöſen Begeiſterung, an deren Stelle in vielen derſelben nur flache Alltäglichkeit und nüchterne gereimte Proſa tritt. Folgende Probe wird das Geſagte beſtätigen.

Reiſelied.

Melod. Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.

Gott Vater, nimm in deine Hände
Hiemit mein Leib, Seel, Gut und Blut;
Die Reiſ' zum Guten glücklich wende,
Und ſchütze mich mit deiner Hut;
O Vaterherz, erbarm dich mein,
Laß deine Gnad' mein Führer ſeyn.

Schau Jeſu, meine Hände falten
Und hilf, daß auf der Reiſ' dein Kind
In deiner liebſten Seiten-Höhlen
Ich ſichern Schutz und Ruhe hab',
Behüt die Meinen, Haab und Haus
Geleit mich freundlich ein und aus.

Gott, heil'ger Geiſt, ach! mit mir reiſe,
Und weiche nimmermehr von mir,
Daß mir zum Nutz und dir zum Preiſe
Ich meine ganze Reiſe führ'.
So will' es Gott, in deß Geleit
Ich fort zu reiſen bin bereit.

Johann Agricola

hieß mit ſeinem Familiennamen eigentlich Schnitter und überſetzte denſelben nach damaliger Sitte ins Lateiniſche. Er ward am 20ſten April 1492 zu Eisleben in der Grafſchaft Mannsfeld geboren, weßhalb er ſich auch Magiſter Eisleben (Magister Isleb.) zu nennen pflegte. Ueber ſeine Jugendjahre iſt weiter Nichts bekannt, als daß ſein Vater ein Schneider war. Zu Wittenberg ſtudirte er Philoſophie und Theologie und ward 1519 in Leipzig Baccalaureus derſelben. Bald darauf wurde er Prediger und Rector in Eisleben; 1525 evangeliſcher Prediger zu Frankfurt am Main; 1526 auf dem Reichstage zu Speier Hofprediger des Kurfürſten Johann von Sachſen und 1530 Hofprediger des Grafen Albrecht von Mannsfeld. Er nahm Theil an der augsburgiſchen Confeſſion und an den ſchmalkaldiſchen Artikeln. 1537 als Prediger und Profeſſor der Theologie nach Wittenberg berufen, ward er der Urheber des ſogenannten antinomiſtiſchen Streites, der ihn in mannigfache Verdrießlichkeiten verwickelte und ihn zwang, nach Berlin zu gehn, wo er jedoch nicht eben aus Ueberzeugung widerrief; der Kurfürſt von Brandenburg ernannte ihn zum Hofprediger, Generalſuperintendenten und Probſt von Berlin. — Er ſtarb am 22ſten September 1566 daſelbſt. —

Sein vorzüglichſtes Werk (denn mehrere theologiſche und polemiſche Schriften gehören nicht hieher) iſt ſeine Sammlung deutſcher Sprüchwörter mit einem Commentar, welche in folgenden Ausgaben erſchien.

Dre hundert Gemener Sprekwörde der wy Dütſchen uns gebruken, unde doch nicht wetten woher ſe kamen, dorch Dr. Johann Agricolam von Isleve. Magdeburg, 1528. in 8.

Daſſelbe Buch hochdeutſch. Eisleben, 1529. 8.

Das ander Teyl gemeiner deutſcher Sprüchwörter. 1529. in 8. (Eisleben, Hagenau, Erfurt.)

Der dritte Theil d. i. 500 gemeiner deutſcher neuen Sprüchwörter. 1548.

Die einzelnen Theile erſchienen an verſchiedenen Orten neu aufgelegt; Hagenau, 1537, Eisleben, 1548, Wittenberg, 1592, Hagenau, 1534. Die correcteſte Ausgabe möchte wohl folgende ſeyn: Siebenhundert und funffzig teutſcher Sprüchwörter, erneuert und gebeſſert durch Johann Agricola. Mit vielen ſchönen luſtigen und nützlichen Hiſtorien und Exempeln erkleret und ausgelegt 1592. Wittenberg, gedruckt bei M. Johan Krafft.

A. iſt der Erſte, welcher deutſche Sprüchwörter ſammelte und mit einem deutſchen Commentar begleitete. Das Verdienſtliche dieſer Bemühung abgerechnet, hat das Werk noch große und gerechte Anſprüche auf unſere Anerkennung. Die Erklärungen ſind verſtändig und geiſtreich, und in einem vortrefflichen, lebhaften, kräftigen und gedrängten Style abgefaßt. — Manche Eigenthümlichkeiten, ſo wie z. B. die vielen und derben Flüche, mit denen A. ſein Buch zu bereichern für gut fand, muß man freilich auf Rechnung der derben Zeit, in welcher er lebte, ſchreiben und ihm zu Gute halten.

Warzu die Sprüchwörter dienſtlich ſeind*).

Von anbegin der Welt haben die Weiſen Leut alle Geſetz vnd Rechte in kurtze wort verfaſſet, auff das man ſie leichtlich behalten künde. Gott gabe den Jüden viel Geſetze, aber er faſſet ſie alle in ein kürtze, nemlich in zehen ſtück, darinn nichts vergeſſen iſt alles des, das ein Menſch Gott vnd den Menſchen ſchuldig iſt zu thun. Die Heiden haben jr Natürlich recht in drey ding gefaſſet, Das erſte, iſt erberlich leben, Das ander, niemant beſchedigen, Das dritt, einem jeden geben vnd thun was jm von recht gebüret. Die Griechen haben gehabt nicht mehr denn zwelff Tafeln, darinnen all jre Recht gefaſt waren. Socrates, Pythagoras, haben wenig wort geredt, aber viel meinung. In verkauffen vnd kauffen, das doch weitleufftig iſt, haben ſie ein Regel gehalten, Inter bonos bene agier oportet, Es ſoll ein from Mann ehrlich mit dem andern handeln. Solon ward gefragt, warumb er kein Geſetz gemacht hette, wie mans halten ſolt mit dem der ſeinen Vater erwürget hatte, ſagt er, Er hette nicht gemeint, das jemant ſo boshafftig ſein würde, vnd ein ſolche vbelthat begehen. Summa, Je mehr Geſetze, je mehr vntugent. Zu dem, Je frömmer die Leute geweſen ſein, je weniger Geſetze ſie bedurfft haben, haben auch gar einfeltig geredt, vnd einfeltige ſchlechte wort gebraucht, Vnd noch heute bey tag findet ſichs alſo, das fromme erbare leute wenig wort machen, Aber finantzer vnnd betrieger machen viel wort vnd meinens nicht. Der alte Cato hat zu Athen Lateiniſch geredt mit guten kurtzen worten vnnd ſchlüſſen. Da aber der Verdolmetſcher Catonis wenig wort mit viel vmbſchweiffen reden muſte, ward ein Sprüchwort zu Athen, das den Römern die wort im hertzen, den Griechen aber allein im mund wüchßen. Alſo haben vnſere alte Deutſchen einfeltig geredt, vnnd wenig wort gebraucht, auch wenig Geſetze gehabt. Aber wie Cornelius Tacitus von jnen ſchreibt, ſo hat bey den Deutſchen trew vnd glauben mehr gollten denn viel Geſetze, denn bey den Römern, die viel Ordnung vnd mancherley Geſetz hatten. Gelt iſt klein, aber es gilt viel, klein geringe müntz iſt viel, aber ſie gilt wenig. Alſo gelten auch wenig vnd kleine vnd viel wort. Ein vols volles Weins klinget nicht ſehr, aber es hat viel in ſich. Herwiderumb ein leer vaß klinget ſchendlich, vnd hat nichts in jm. Derhalben ſeind vnſere alte Deutſchen Geſit geweſen, denn ſie haben ehrlich vnd trewlich gehandelt, mit wenig worten vnd Geberden. Wir ſeind leider jetzt geringe Walhen worden, vnnd halten wenig mit viel worten vnd Geberden. Darumb ſchreibt das vnſere alte Deutſchen nach dem edlen Fürſt Arminio, der Römer Hauptman, welcher ſie hat wollen mit Geſetzen vnd Gerichtszwang halten, mit allen den ſeinen erwürget haben, dem die zungen ausgeſchnitten, vnd geſagt, Sibila nunc vipera, Du ſchlange, ziſche nu mehr, Damit erzeigt würde, das vnſere vorfahren ſchlecht vnd gerecht, vnd aufrichtig mit allen Dingen ſeind vmbgangen. Denn in kurtze Sprüche haben ſie das leben der Menſchen, als in kurtze Regeln verfaſſet. Wider die Bauchſorge haben ſie geſagt, Gott beſcheret vber nacht. Item, Gott hat mehr denn er je vergab. Von der Trew vnd vntrew haben ſie geſagt, Getrewe hand geht durch alle land. Vntrewe hand gehet hin, kompt aber nicht herwider. Von der meſſigkeit in allen Dingen zu halten, ſagen ſie, Schnell rath nie gut ward, Zuviel zerreiſſt den ſack, Mas iſt zu allen dingen gut, Zuviel iſt vngeſund, vnd alſo fort von allen guten vnd böſen dingen. Zum guten werden wir gereitzt, vnd für dem böſen gewarnet, wenn man ſagt, Wer recht thut wirds finden, wer vnrecht thut wirds auch finden, Wie einer thut, ſo ſagt man jm nach, Das werck lobet ſeinen meiſter, Recht findet ſich, Es ward nie ſo klein geſponnen, es kam an die Sonnen, ꝛc.

1.

Gott beſcheret vber nacht.

Wiewol in Deutſcher Sprach nicht viel wörter ſeind, damit man Gott nennet, denn das einig wort, Gott, Gut, daraus denn folget, das die Deutſchen faſt wenig von Gott gewuſt haben, So erweiſet doch die Sprüchwort ſampt andern dergleichen, das auch vnter vnſern vorfahren vnd alten Deutſchen viel frommer Gottsfürchtiger leut etwan geweſen ſind, die Gott alle Ding mit diſen worten haben heimgeſtellet, vnd jm die ſorge jres leibs, lebens vnd narung allenthalben befohlen, Denn mit dem wort, Gott beſcheret vber nacht, iſt die Bauchſorge hin an gelegt, vnd wird Gott lauter vertrawet, er wolle vns das beſcheren, das wir bedürffen zu vnſer vnterhaltung, Nemlich futer vnd mahl, wie man ſagt, Ja was wir nicht haben, das beſcher vns vnſer HErrgott.

Beſcheren aber heiſſet auch aus gnaden, vnd nicht aus pflicht einem etwas geben, oder ſchencken, on alle ſein zuthun vnd verdienſt, Wie denn die Mütter in Deutſchen landen jre Kinder darzu gewehnet haben, wiewol ſie ſelbs nicht gewuſt, was es bedeutet hat, Da ſie in des heiligen Chriſts vnd S. Niclas nacht den Kindern gelt, obs, oder pfefferkuchen, vnd andere kinderſpiel, ins bette oder kelder der kinder geſteckt, vnd des morgens zu den kindern geſagt haben, Der heilige Chriſt, oder S. Niclaus habe es jnen beſcheret, vnd weil ſie geſchlaffen haben, für ſie geſorgt. Auff diſe weiſe ſagt auch Chriſtus Matthei am 6. Jr ſolt nicht ſorgen noch ſagen, Was wöllen wir eſſen, trincken vnd anziehen? Ewer Vater der im Himel iſt, weis das jr das alles bedürffet. Allein heiſt er ſeine Jünger, ſie ſollen jn bitts weiſe derſelbigen erinnern, vnnd ſprechen, Vater, vnſer teglich brot gib vns heut, das iſt, Gib vns Leibs notturfft, hülle vnd fülle, vnnd vns an, ſo viel als wir teglich bedürffen, ꝛc. Vnd Gott beweiſet das auch mit der that, das er allein für vns ſorget, in dem, das wir aller Creaturen, ſie ſey ſo edel als ſie jmmer wolle, müde, ſatt vnd vberdrus werden, ausgeſchloſſen das, das wir als das nötigſt zur vnterhaltung vnſers lebens haben müſſen, nemlich das brots. Dis wort iſt aus der erfarung herkommen, das man ſtets für augen geſehen hat, vnd noch teglich ſihet, wie Gott ſo reichlich alle welt mit gütern, leibsnarung vnd aller notturfft verſorget vnd gleich vberſchüttet, das es auch offt daher kompt, daher es niemant gedacht hette, vnd geſchicht zugleich guten vnd böſen, ja einem ſchalck viel eh denn einem frommen, wie das Sprüchwort lautet, Je erger ſchalck, je beſſer glück. Die Sonne ſcheinet, der Himel regnet, das Korn wechſet, vnnd des nachts wenn wir ſchlaffen, ſo ſchicket Gott das alles vns zu nutz on vnſer zuthun, das iſt denn Gottes beſcheren. Ich will das ein Exempel ſagen, daran man greiffen möge, wie Gott die Welt neeret durch eitel wunder. Ein armer Tagner oder Weinhacker hat vielleicht ein Weib vnd vier Kinder, ſitzt zuhaus inne, verdienet ein woch mit ſeiner ſawren arbeit 12. oder 14. groſchen, helt ſich ſampt mit Weib vnd Kindern, gibt hauszins, vnd wenn der Sontag kompt, ſo verthut er faſt ſo viel bey dem wein, das er vnd teil, als er die gantzen wochen erworben hat, noch wird er ernehret, das, wenn man jn fragte, wie es zugienge, das er alſo kundte auskommen, müſte er ſagen, Ich weis nicht, Gott beſcheret vber nacht. Die Heiden, Griechen vnd Römer ſeind aus diſen täglichen erfarungen bewegt worden, vnd geſchloſſen, es ſey alle wunder vol Gottes, vnd ſein eitel Gottes werck, als das man mit [illegible], gehn, ſehen, leben, ſchlaffen, wachen, werden. Es mögen auch etliche ſagen, vnd ich halt es für war, Es wachſen nicht ſo viel garben getreides auff dem Felde, als Menſchen ſind auff Erden, noch werden wir alle mit Brot alſo verſorget, das wir keins mangel vnd im vorrath behalten. Es iſt auch gewiß, das der hunderte Menſch nicht der Acker bawet, Denn wo tauſent Bawren ſind auff allen Dörffern, ſo ſeind jr wol zehen tauſent in Stetten vnd mehr. Ich hab auch mit etlichen meiner herrn vnnd guten freunden vberſchlagen, wie viel müſſiges volcks ſey in der Geiſtlichkeit, wie mans nennet, Nonnen vnd Münche, in dem vmbkreis den wir kennen, als in Hiſpanien, Franckreich, Welſchland, Deutſchland, Hungern, Denmarck, Polen, Behmen, Merhern, Liffland vnd andern Inſeln, Engern, Reiſſe, ꝛc. vnnd ſeind gefunden vierzehen hundert mal tauſent Münch vnd Nonnen. Denn zu den zeiten Aeneæ Pij des Deutſchen Bapſt, hat der Barfuſſer öberſter Miniſter dem Bapſt wöllen zu dem Türckenzug dreiſſig tauſent Brüder ins Feld rüſten, das doch gleichwol alle Klöſter wol beſtellet ſollen ſein, vnnd der keinen mangeln. Wo ſeind nu die Pfaffen, Thumbherren, Stadtpfarrer, Dorffpfarrer, Studenten in Vniverſiteten, Schüler, Jungvolck, Handtwercksleut allerley art, Kauffleute, Knappen in Silber, Eiſen, Stahel, Zien, Bley vnnd kupffer Bergwerck, Jüden, Straſſreuber, Weinhecker, Schiffleute, Kriegsvolck, Kinder, Weiber, Reuter, vnd die ſo die Fürſten vnd Herren als Hoffgeſind brauchen, welche ſo man ſie ſolt eigentlich rechnen, weit vnd breit, den hunderſten Bawren vnd Acker Bawer in der zal vbertreffen.

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*) Aus: Johann Agricola. Sibenhundert vnd funfftzig Deutſcher Sprüchwörter; Wittenberg, 1582.

Es berichten mich die Landkündigen, das Köln am Rein ober fünff tauſent Geiſtlichen habe, vnd noch mehr. Dieweil denn nun ſo wenig Leute den Acker bawen, vnd für einen Menſchen kaum ein einig garbe wechſt, vnnd ein jglicher doch gleichwol aus zwey ſchock garben Korns friſſt, denn ein ſchock garben geben nach gemeinen jaren gemeiner ſcheffel kaum drey, ſo mus eigentlich die tegliche erfahrung zeugnis geben, vnd ſprechen, Gott beſcheret vber nacht, Wir wiſſen nicht wie vns Gott neeret.

Keyſer Friderich Ertzhertzog zu Oſterreich, Keyſer Maximilianus vater, auff dem Reichstage zu Köln am Rein, hat das gros volck zuſamen zu Köln aus allen Lendern, Inſulen vnd Königreichen verſamlet, [illegible] auch das Brod, damit man gegen abend das volck ſpeiſen wolte. [illegible] heupter der frembden vnd einheimiſchen gegen den [illegible] in der Stadt [illegible] hatte, hat [illegible] auff ein [illegible] brot [illegible]. Des andern tags hat der Keyſer [illegible] durch ſeine verordente fragen laſſen in allen orten, ob des brots [illegible] genug geweſen, [illegible] hat ſich befunden, das [illegible] noch brots genug, [illegible] auch auff den andern tag geweſen iſt. [illegible] Doctor zu Wittemberg, [illegible] Himel vnd Erde, Lufft vnnd Waſſer, [illegible] Gott beſcheret vber nacht, [illegible] ſterben, [illegible] für augen [illegible] Auff erden [illegible] im anfang [illegible] ſpeiſen der Menſchen. Er [illegible] blüte, Er gibt darnach [illegible] art, voll [illegible]. Wenn die [illegible] art. Item, [illegible] art, vnd wenn die auff[illegible], ſo gibt er korn, weiſſen, rocken, habern, gerſten, dinckel mit aller fülle, das man [illegible] füren hat. Nach dem gibt er den Wein, vnd beſchleuſt den Sommer vnd Herbſt. Von dieſem allen füllet man die Küchen, Keller, boden, haus vnd hoff, [illegible] den leib. Darnach [illegible] einen Winter, darinn wir das geniſſen vnd brauchen mögen, auff das wir erkennen ſollen, das er für den Winter, da weder Korn noch wein wechſt, [illegible] hungers ſterben, geſorget hat. Vnd wenn wir nun haben [illegible], vnnd keller vnd boden ſchier leer iſt, ſo bricht er den Winter [illegible], vnd ſchaffet von newes einen andern vorrath, [illegible] wider auff[illegible], vnd die erde, ſo er durch regen, ſchnee vnd [illegible] den Winter lang gefeuchtet hat, widerumb früchte bringen. Das alſo alle Creaturen wider den vngleubigen Menſchen am Jüngſten tage werden zeugnis geben ſeines vnglaubens, das er Gott weder vertrawet noch gegleubt hat. Denn alle Creaturen zeigen an Gottes güte, Ein apffel auff den baum, das Korn auff dem Felde ſagt vnnd erinnert einen jeglichen Menſchen alſo, Sihe du Menſch, die [illegible] aus Gottes geſchöpff, welches er dir zu gut gemachet hat, ich ſol dir dienen, vnd anzeigen, das du nit ſolt [illegible], Gott will dich erneehren, vnd keinen mangel leiden laſſen. Alſo auch das Korn, Sihe zu Menſch, du wirffeſt ein körnlin in den Acker, vnd ich vberkomme von demſelbigen zween oder drey ſtengel, vnd ein jeglicher ſtengel bringt dreiſſig, ſechtzig, ja offt hundert körner aus vnſers [illegible] bereich, dir zur narung. Wo du nun Gott nicht trawest, ſo will ich am eintlichen Gerichts tag vber dich zeugen, ich habe dich [illegible] erinnert, Du aber biſt für vber gangen, vnd Gott weder getrawet noch gleubet, darumb will ich dein Richter ſein, denn Gott beſcheret vber nacht.

2.

Gott hat mehr denn er je vergab.

Dis Sprichwort iſt ein [illegible] erfarung, [illegible] man [illegible] Dieweil Gott [illegible] Alſo gibt die [illegible] Gott gibt alle Jar [illegible] Und [illegible] vnd andere, [illegible] mit [illegible] alſo, das auch die erde [illegible] [illegible] die leute [illegible] mögen. Gott [illegible] korn, weitzen, habern, [illegible] vnd dem [illegible], Wein, Oele, früchte, vnd [illegible], wie der 104. Pſalm ſagt, Du [illegible] in den gründen, das die waſſer [illegible] auff dem [illegible] trincken, vnd die Waldeſel jren durſt leſchen, Du feuchteſt die berge von oben herab, das land wird voll früchte [illegible]. Du leſt graß wachſen für das vihe, vnd ſaat [illegible] der Menſchen, das du brod aus der erden bringeſt, vnd das der Wein erfrewe des Menſchen hertz, vnd ſeine geſtalt gleiſſe von öl, vnnd das brod des Menſchen hertz ſterke, rc.

Das [illegible] gibt Gott ein [illegible] oder die ander [illegible] die erfarung vnd Gottes krafft, alle welt gezwungen wird zu ſagen vnd zu bekennen, das Gott viel mehr hat, denn er je vergabe. D. Martinus Luther ſagte auff eine zeit alſo, Von Adam her haben die Leute Gottes gaben genoſſen, geſſen, getruncken, gekleidet, gebawet, vnſer vorfaren, vnd [illegible] haben auch alle alle getruncken, noch haben ſie es noch nicht alles auffgeeſſen, noch ausgetruncken, [illegible] vnd kleidung, [illegible] Alſo werden wir [illegible] alles auch gebrauchen, Vnd ſelig iſt der dieſes wol gebrauchet, vnd dennoch werden wir vnſern nachkommen alle den auch gnug laſſen, Denn Gott hat mehr, denn er je vergab.

Charlotte von Ahlefeld.

Charlotte Sophie Louiſe Wilhelmine von Ahlefeld, geborene von Seebach, ward am 6ten December 1751 auf dem Rittergute **Stedten** bei Weimar geboren und äußerte ſchon in frühester Jugend eine vorherrſchende Neigung, ſich in der Einſamkeit mit Lectüre zu beſchäftigen. Schon in ihrem zehnten Jahre hatte ſie Mehreres niedergeſchrieben, das, als es Göthen mitgetheilt wurde, dieſen zu der Aeußerung veranlaßte, ſie berechtige zu großen Erwartungen. Um ihre kleine Bibliothek zu vermehren, überließ ſie ihren erſten Roman einem Buchhändler; doch verharrte ſie dabei in ſtrenger Anonymität, welche die eben ſo geiſtreiche als beſcheidene Frau bei der Mehrzahl ihrer Schriften im Allgemeinen zu behaupten ſtrebte, was ihr jedoch bei dem allgemeinen Beifall, den dieſelben, vorzüglich unter dem weiblichen Publicum fanden, nicht gelang. Sie vermählte ſich am 21. Mai 1798 mit dem Herrn von Ahlefeld, einem holſteiniſchen Gutsbeſitzer, und ward in dieſer Ehe Mutter mehrerer Söhne. Seit geraumer Zeit lebt ſie abwechſelnd in Weimar und im Holſteiniſchen, die Sommerzeit gewöhnlich zu Reiſen benutzend.

Bis jetzt iſt Folgendes von ihr, meiſt anonym oder pſeudonym, im Drucke erſchienen:

- **Liebe und Trennung.** 1797.
- **Marie Müller.** 1799. N. A. Schleswig, 1814.
- **Einfache Darſtellungen aus dem menſchlichen Leben.** 1799.
- **Die Bekanntſchaft auf der Reiſe.** 1801. 2 Bde.
- **Liebe und Entſagung.** 1805.
- **Thereſe.** 2 Thle. 1805.
- **Luiſe und Wellfand.** 1807.
- **Gedichte von Natalie.** 1808.
- **Die Stiefſöhne.** 1810.
- **Briefe auf einer Reiſe durch Deutſchland und die Schweiz im Sommer 1808.** 1810.
- **Klosterberuf.** 1812.
- **Roſe.** 1812.
- **Franziska und Rennell.** 1813.
- **Gerthe und Schwert.** 1819.
- **Erna. Kein Roman.** 1820.
- **Der Mohrenknabe.** 1821.
- **Geſammelte Erzählungen.** 2 Bde. 1822.
- **Friedchen.** 1823.
- **Der Bote von Jeruſalem.** 1823.
- **Klara.** 1825.

Felicitas. 1825.
Die Sicilianerin. 1825.
Die Kokette. 1826.
Gedichte. Weimar, 1826.
Amadea. 1827.
Das Römhildsſtift. 1829. u. ſ. w. Außerdem einzelne Erzählungen, Aufſätze und Gedichte, in mehreren Jahrgängen von Becker's Taſchenbuch, dem Taſchenbuch für Liebe und Freundſchaft, der Urania, Penelope, dem Morgenblatt, St. Schütze's Wintergarten, der Zeitung für die elegante Welt, dem Kranze, den Schmetterlingen, der Iduna (in Letzteren gemeinſchaftlich mit Wilhelmine Willmar) u. ſ. w.

Frau von Ahlefeld iſt, wie bereits bemerkt wurde, eine ſehr beliebte deutſche Schriftſtellerin. Ein richtig beobachtender Blick, Kenntniß des Lebens und ſeiner Verhältniſſe, eine angenehme und fließende Erzählungsweiſe, ein reiner, gebildeter Geſchmack und ein correcter, gewandter und gefälliger Styl zeichnen ihre Leiſtungen vortheilhaft aus. Sie kennt genau die ihr zu Gebote ſtehenden Mittel und wagt nie andere Stoffe zu behandeln als ſolche, die ſie vollkommen beherrſcht; deshalb bewegen ſich auch faſt alle ihre Gebilde nur in den Lagen des gewöhnlichen Lebens, und ſie beſchwört vorſichtig nie Geiſter herauf, welche ſie wie Göthe's Zauberlehrling nicht wieder zu bannen vermag. — Ihre Phantaſie dagegen iſt nicht ſehr reich ausgeſtattet und mehr angebildet als angeboren; dies offenbart ſich beſonders in ihren Gedichten, welche zwar in Hinſicht auf die Form größtentheils tadellos, aber ſelten dem Gegenſtande, den ſie behandeln, angemeſſen, tief, warm und begeiſternd ſind. Unter ihren vielen Romanen möchte „die Kokette" als der einzige verfehlte zu betrachten ſeyn, weil ſie ſich ſowohl in der Wahl des Stoffes vergriff, als auch den Unterſchied zwiſchen kokett und intrigant nicht zu erkennen wußte. Alle Uebrigen ſind dagegen, vorzüglich jüngeren Frauen, als eine angenehme und bildende Lectüre ſehr zu empfehlen; denn ein ſtreng ſittliches Streben, geſunde Aufklärung, der es nicht an wahrer Frömmigkeit fehlt, und eine wahre und naturgemäße Auffaſſung des Lebens und der Welt herrſchen in denſelben vor. Leider beſchränkt uns der Raum auf wenige Proben.

Die Erſcheinung *).

Iſt's Dein Schatten, der mit leiſem Wehen
Leiſe oft und flüſternd um mich ſchwebt,
Daß mir ahnungsvoll das Herz erbebt,
Und ich wähne, ſelber Dich zu ſehen?

Deinen Körper birgt das dunkle Grab;
Dort im Licht, der ſel'gen Regionen,
Unter Engeln ſeliglich zu wohnen,
Schwang der Geiſt ſich, welchen Gott Dir gab.

Sollt' er überall Dir wiederkehren,
Weil er weiß, wie lang ich Dich entbehrt?
Weil mein Herz, von Sehnſucht ſtill verzehret,
Sich des ſüßen Traums nicht kann erwehren?

O gieb Antwort mir auf dieſe Frage,
Denn Dein unbegränztes Schattenbild,
Ohne Deine Rede, ſanft und mild,
Weckt nur inniger der Wehmuth Klage.

Sprich, wie ſonſt, mit freundlichem Vertrauen,
Das Dich wiederum mir näher bringt.
Ach! der Schmerz, der bebend mich durchdringt,
Löſ't ſich ſonſt in ſchauerliches Grauen.

„Faſſe Muth, und hebe ohne Thränen
„Deine Blicke liebend zu mir auf!
„Um zu lindern Dein unendlich Sehnen,
„Stieg ich aus der Schattenwelt herauf.

„Ach, ich bin noch — nimmer kann vergehen,
„Was in reiner Unſchuld einſt gelebt,
„Und verklärt im wonnevollen Wehen
„Wird der Schmerz, der irdiſch uns durchbebt.

„Warum klagſt Du, daß ich früh geſunken
„In der Erde kühlen Schattenſchooß?
„Vom Entzücken ſüßer Träume trunken
„Iſt der Himmel Wonne nun mein Loos.

„Denn in Staub zerfallen iſt die Hülle,
„Die ſo ſchmerzvoll meinen Geiſt umwand;
„Doch ihn ſelbſt belohnt des Lebens Fülle
„Jetzt mit ew'ger Ruh' im beſſern Land.

„Daß ich noch Dir tröſtend wiederkehre,
„Iſt der Freundſchaft Werk, die feſt und rein
„Uns vereinigte, und ſieh'! ich ehre
„Ihr Gebot auch noch im beſſern Seyn.

„Scheiden muß ich, aber ſtillen Frieden,
„Statt der bangen Sehnſucht, nimm von mir.
„Wiederſehen iſt uns einſt beſchieden;
„Denn des Lebens Fackel liſcht auch Dir.

„Ruhig ſieh zu meiner Gruft hinab;
„Denn der Menſchheit edelſte Gefühle
„Welken nicht zu Staub im tiefen Grab —
„Feſt beſteh'n ſie noch am letzten Ziele."

Des Schiffers Braut am Meere.

Es brauſt der Sturm — mit ſchaumbedeckten Wellen
Erhebt ſich rauſchend das empörte Meer,
Und nur der Blitze Feuerſtrahlen hellen
Der Dämmerung Nebel grauſend um mich her.

Dort in der Hütte mir ein Obdach wählen
Möcht' ich ſo gern, doch ach, der naſſe Blick
Schaut, um mit Schreckensbildern mich zu quälen,
Nach dem empörten Element zurück;

Und kann die Schauerſcene nicht verlaſſen,
Die das Gemüth mit ſchwerer Ahnung füllt,
Denn des Geliebten kleines Schiff umfaſſen
Die Wogen wüthend, rings von Graus umhüllt.

Und doppeltem Gefahren Preis gegeben,
Dem Drohn des Himmels und der wilden Fluth,
Geht ihm vielleicht ſein ewig theures Leben
Verloren unter in der tiefen Fluth.

Entſetzen faßt mich — ſchaudernd ſchwanken
Die Klippen ſich vor meinem Angeſicht.
Mein Herz ſteht ſtill — es ſchwinden die Gedanken —
Und rings umher verlöſcht der Hoffnung Licht!

Ihr Mächte, hört, in eurem hohen Walten,
Die Ihr den Sturm zu uns herab geſandt,
O laßt das Schiff nicht ſcheiternd untergehen —
Zeigt, Rettung bringend, ihm am ſichern Land!

Und ſendet in die drohenden Gefahren
Des Glaubens hohen morgenrothen Strahl,
Laßt ihn den Muth im Buſen ſich bewahren
Und endet ſchnell der Erwartung Qual.

Doch — iſt des Todes Loos ihm ſchon gefallen,
So ſtirbt auch mir des Daſeins goldnes Licht.
In ihm nur lebt' ich — mit ihm will ich fallen —
Die ganze Welt zeigt ohne ihn mich nicht!

Dora's Abendlied.

Still zieht der Mond in milder Himmelsferne
Aus des Gewölkes nachtumdunkeltem Flor
In goldner Klarheit ſchimmernd jetzt hervor,
Umgeben von dem hellen Chor der Sterne;
Ihn, den ich mir zum Freunde auserkohr,
Ihm, dem ich klage, was ich längſt verlor,
Begrüßt mein Blick in ſtiller Nacht ſo gerne.

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*) Aus: Ch. von Ahlefeld, Gedichte. Weimar. 1826

Er leuchtet freundlich mir ſtatt aller Kerzen,
Strahlt leiſen Troſt in die beklomm'ne Bruſt
Und ſchenkt im Thränen mir der Wehmuth Luſt.
Wer nimmt des Kummers Laſt von meinem Herzen,
Wer hat um ihren Umfang je gewußt! —
Ach — tief verſchloſſen in der wunden Bruſt
Iſt all' mein Weh — ſind alle meine Schmerzen.

Du, den ich [illegible] nicht mehr zu nennen wage,
Und deſſen Bild mich dennoch ſtets umſchwebt,
Du, der im Innern meines Herzens lebt,
Wo ich nur Dich, und Gram und Sehnſucht trage,
O wenn Dein Blick hinauf zum Himmel ſtrebt,
Und holde Träume Dir der [illegible] weiht,
So denk' auch Du an unſres Glückes Tage!

Sie ſind dahin — in weite Ferne bannte
Von Dir getrennt mich grauſam mein Geſchick.
Erloſchen iſt in Thränen nun der Blick,
In dem ſonſt Muth und Hoffnung lodernd brannte.
Der erſten Liebe namenloſes Glück
Rief meines Schickſals Stimme ernſt zurück,
Eh' ich des Lebens vollen Werth erkannte.

Seitdem verhüllt in ihrem finſteren Schleier
Die Schwermuth mir die weite ſchöne Welt;
Des Himmels heitres, ſternbeſä'tes Zelt,
Des Mondes Glanz, der oft in ſtiller Feier
Der Nächte ernſtes Dunkel mir erhellt
Und andachtsvoll die bange Bruſt mir ſchwellt,
Erweckt nur mein Herz zur Wehmuth Feier.

Iſt mir auf ewig jenes Glück verſchwunden?
Iſt ſehnſuchtsvolles Entbehren nun mein Loos!
Und wird allein des Grabes naſſer Schooß
Mich löſen von des Lebens bittern Stunden,
So reiße ſchnell mich von dem Leben los,
Willkomm'ner Tod! denn in der Erde Schooß
Vernarben ſanft des Herzens tiefe Wunden.

Entzauberung.

Es hatten hohe Träume mich begeiſtert
Und meinen Buſen ahnungsvoll geſchwellt?
Vom ſüßen Schein der Täuſchung übermeiſtert,
War trügeriſch das Daſeyn mir erhellt! —

Im Roſenlicht des ſchönſten Wahnes ſtrahlte
Der Frühling mich in hellern Farben an,
Und himmliſch lächelnde Geſtalten malte
Die Phantaſie auf meine Jugendbahn.

Da ſehnt' ich mich der Freiheit weite Räume,
Des eignen Willens ungebeugte Kraft,
Genoß ich ſüße ahnungsvolle Träume,
Noch unbekannt mit mächt'ger Leidenſchaft.

Doch als ich erſt den Glanz der Welt geſehen,
Schien in des Herzens dunklem Chaos mir
Ein heller Lichtſtrahl ſchimmernd aufzugehen,
Und andre Wünſche winkten mir in ihr.

Bedeutend mit geheimnißvollem Weben
Sprach die Natur in ſtiller Regſamkeit
Sich an mein Inn'res, das mit reinem Streben
Zum Eigenthume ſich ihr treu geweiht.

In jedes Stromes ſanft bewegter Welle
Erblickte ich des Himmels Strahlenbild,
Harmoniſch flüſterte die klare Quelle,
Und ruhig ſchien das Daſeyn mir und mild.

Im jungen Grün der Auen und der Haine
Umwehte mich der Hoffnung Zaubergruß,
Und in des Mondes ſanftem Silberſcheine
Berührte Ahnung mich mit Geiſterkuß.

Doch — — ſie ging unter, jene warme Sonne,
Die glänzend einſt die Erde mir verklärt;
Entflohen iſt jedes Vorgefühl der Wonne —
Die Welt iſt nicht mehr meiner Wünſche werth.

Und es erloſch, der ſtets bewahrte Glaube
An Lieb' und Treue und an reines Glück;
Er wurde der Erfahrung bald zum Raube,
Und floh ins Reich der Phantaſie zurück.

Der Schleier ſank — und meine goldnen Träume
Zerfloſſen bleich in trüben Nebelduft —
Die Ahnung ſchwebte auf in höh're Räume,
Ich ſenkte ernſt die Hoffnung in die Gruft.

Der Frohſinn wich — auf ſeinen bunten Schwingen
Nahm er des Muthes reiche Fülle mit,
Der immer träumt von fröhlichem Gelingen,
Wenn auch ſein Fuß in herbe Dornen tritt.

Und unaufhaltſam ſchwanden jene Zeiten,
Als mir die Welt ein holdes Eden ſchien;
Ach! mußten ſie mit ihren Seligkeiten
So unerbittlich mir vorüber zieh'n!

Nichts iſt von jenem Eden mir geblieben
Als des Bewußtſeyns unbefleckter Blick;
Den Traumes Schatten kann ich nicht mehr lieben,
Doch kehr' ich ruhig in mich ſelbſt zurück.

Und darum trage ich die Lebensbürde
Für mich nur der Entſagung höh're Frucht —
Lebt doch ein Troſt mir ſchimmernd im [illegible]
Der nicht verſchwindet mit der Zeiten Flucht.

Schilderung des Kloſters der Eliſabethinerinnen in Prag.

Der Kanzler hatte indeß die Unterhaltung des heutigen Tages geordnet. Sie wollten ihn damit beginnen, das Eliſabethinerinnen-Kloſter zu beſehen, das für Amadeen, welche noch nie eine klöſterliche Schwelle betreten, einen ganz eigenen, ſchauerlichen Reiz der Erwartung erregte, der, indem ſie ihn freimüthig äußerte, den übrigen, weit tiefer gehenden Wallungen ihres Herzens zum verbergenden Schleier diente.

Sie fuhren hin, und während ſie in der Vorhalle des großen, ſtillen Hauſes auf die Erlaubniß der Oberin, einzutreten, warten mußten, belehrte Theobald Amadeen flüchtig, daß dieſer Orden, nach dem Vorbild ſeiner Schutzpatronin, der heiligen Eliſabeth, Landgräfin von Thüringen, ſich der Krankenpflege und der Wohlthätigkeit widme, und es zu dem hauptſächlichſten Zweck ſeines Wirkens mache, das menſchliche Elend, das in ſo vielfachen Geſtalten durch körperliche Leiden den Druck der Armuth und des Mangels hienieden noch erſchwert, bei Hülfloſen und Verlaſſenen aus chriſtlicher Liebe und mit der höchſten Selbſtverläugnung und Barmherzigkeit zu lindern.

Obgleich die Eliſabethinerinnen in Prag nach dem hinterlaſſenen Gebot der Gräfin Caroline von Schönkirch, welche ihr Kloſter ſtiftete, ſtrenge Clauſur haben, und nur innerhalb ihrer Mauern Kranke pflegen, nicht aber außerhalb derſelben, wie ihnen an anderen Orten geſtattet iſt, ſich dieſem ehrwürdigen Geſchäft widmen dürfen, ſo hat doch ihr Leben eine weit weniger beſchränkte Tendenz, als das anderer Schweſterſchaften hier, zum Beiſpiel, die der Carmeliterinnen von der ſtrengen Obſervanz, welche nach der unbeugſamen Härte ihrer Geſetze in ſteten Gebeten und Meditationen von der ganzen Welt abgeſchieden ſind, und Niemand den Zutritt zu ſich geſtatten, ja ſelbſt ihre nächſten Verwandten nur einmal im Jahr hinter einem Gitter, und auch da nicht unbeobachtet und mit unverſchleiertem Angeſicht, ſehen dürfen.

Das ſelbſt von der größten Demuth und Beſcheidenheit bei ihrem Streben unzertrennliche Bewußtſeyn, die Summe der ſchmerzlichſten Noth durch ihren Beiſtand zu mindern, giebt den Eliſabethinerinnen, durch welche herbe Opfer ſie es auch erkaufen, den heiteren Muth, der auch das Schwerſte überwindet, und eine immer wache Thätigkeit, die alles, was ſie leiſtet, im Glauben und Vertrauen auf Gottes Beiſtand vollbringt, entfernt jeden Schein von düſterer Schwermuth oder Schwärmerei, zu dem die ſich ſo leicht hinneigen, die nicht in dem Nutzen, den ſie ſtiften, ſondern nur in müßiger Beſchaulichkeit und Ertödtung ihrer Sinne den einzigen und wichtigſten Zweck ihres klöſterlichen Berufs zu finden meinen.

Die Thür, die nach innen führt, öffnete ſich. Eine Nonne ließ ſie in ein großes Zimmer treten, das zum Empfang der Fremden beſtimmt zu ſeyn ſchien, und das trotz des dunklen Holzwerks, mit dem es zum Theil getäfelt, und der verräucherten Bilder, mit denen es behangen war, von der unübertrefflichſten Reinlichkeit, die ihren Wohnſitz in dieſem Kloſter aufgeſchlagen hat, gleichſam glänzte. Nirgends im weiten Umfang des großen Gebäudes läßt ſich auch nur die leiſeſte Spur

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*) Aus: Ch. von Ahlefeld. Amadea, Weimar, 1827.

von Vernachläſſigung, nirgends der geringſte Staub finden, und ſelbſt in den mit vielen Betten beſetzten Sälen genießen die Kranken einer Luft, die ſo rein iſt, als wehe ſie im Freien.

Jetzt erſchien die Oberin, eine ſanfte, freundliche Frau, die — aus Sachſen gebürtig — einſt Clara hieß, und jetzt Mutter Gabriele genannt wird.

Mit einer die Herzen ihrer Untergebenen feſſelnden Güte, die jedoch nicht ohne jenen würdigen Ernſt iſt, der die ſtrengſte Pflichterfüllung fordert, leitet ſie die Geſchäfte der ſechs und vierzig Nonnen, welche nebſt acht Laienſchweſtern unter ihr ſtehen, und die höchſte Ordnung und Zweckmäßigkeit der Eintheilung macht, daß im Ganzen, ſo wie im Einzelnen, nach dem Maaßſtab gewöhnlicher Kräfte berechnet, faſt Unmögliches geleiſtet wird, ohne daß dabei irgend ein ſtörendes Geräuſch, eine unruhige Haſtigkeit des Ganges und der Bewegungen, oder ſonſt ein ſcheinbares Treiben und Eilen vermuthen läßt, daß der Druck mühevoller Anſtrengungen auf den Schultern der frommen Schweſtern ruhe.

Im Refectorium ſowohl, als im Zimmer der Oberin hängen gedruckte Tafeln, auf welchen die Geſchäfte eines jeden Tages in der Woche ſtündlich ausgetheilt und bezeichnet ſind. Die Namen der Nonnen, welche ſich dieſen Arbeiten unterziehen müſſen, ſind daran befeſtigt, und ſo weiß jede, ohne zu irren, oder durch vielen Wortwechſel die edle Zeit zu vergeuden, auf das beſtimmteſte, was ihr in dieſer Woche zu thun obliegt.

Der Geiſt der Liebe, der Eintracht und der Milde ſcheint auf dieſem Hauſe und ſeinen Anordnungen zu ruhen; nur auf die ſanfteſte Art werden Befehle ertheilt und angenommen, und kein rauhes, ſcheltendes Wort, kein mißvergnügter, zürnender Laut erklingt in dieſen Mauern, und beleidigt das Ohr, es durch den Mißton des Unfriedens und der Zwietracht verletzend.

Nichts aber gleicht der aus der innerſten Anerkennung, aus der herzlichſten Liebe hervorgehenden Ehrerbietung, mit der die Schweſtern ihrer Oberin begegnen. Jede ſcheint von dem Gefühl der wärmſten Ergebenheit durchbebt, wenn ſie ihr naht, und der Handkuß, mit welchem ſie von ihnen begrüßt wird, iſt keine leere Form gehaltloſer Höflichkeit, von der das Herz nichts weiß, ſondern der Ausdruck der wahrſten, innigſten Verehrung, die eines äußeren Zeichens bedarf, um ſich auszuſprechen.

Die Oberin führte ihre Gäſte umher, ihnen die Einrichtungen und Anſtalten des Kloſters zu zeigen, und überall fanden ſie Veranlaſſung, die unbeſchreibliche Sauberkeit, Ordnung und Zweckmäßigkeit derſelben zu bewundern.

Amalea hielt ſich bald ſo nahe wie möglich zu der würdigen Frau, die ſich mit unverkennbarem Wohlwollen ebenfalls zu ihr hingezogen fühlte, und jede ihrer Fragen mit unermüdeter Gefälligkeit beantwortete. Sie ſagte ihr, daß ein vierjähriges Noviciat dazu gehöre, um das feierliche, unwiderrufliche Gelübde ablegen zu dürfen, das alsdann für das ganze übrige Leben ſie verpflichtet.

In dieſem Zeitraum, ſetzte ſie hinzu, iſt jede der Schweſtern im Stande, den Umfang ihrer Verantwortlichkeit kennen zu lernen, um ſich zu prüfen, ob ſie Stärke genug beſitzt, unſeren ernſten, oft ſchweren Beruf zu erfüllen.

Das erſte Jahr erlaubt ihnen noch den Verkehr mit der Welt, damit freie Wahl und ungehinderte Entſcheidung den Entſchluß ihrer Zukunft beſtimme. Wir betrachten die Novizen als unſere Schülerinnen, und theilen ihnen die nöthigen Kenntniſſe mit, deren ſtete Uebung eine Pflicht dieſes Ordens iſt. Wie früh aber auch immer das begehrte Noviciat begonnen hat, ſo dürfen ſie doch erſt nach dem vier und zwanzigſten Jahre den ſchwarzen Schleier empfangen, durch den — wenn er einmal mit dem weißen vertauſcht iſt — die, die ihn trägt, der Welt und ihren Freuden ein ewiges Valet ſagt.

Die Säle, wo ſich die mit ſchweren Krankheiten Behafteten befinden, werden aus Furcht vor Anſteckung den Fremden nicht gezeigt; aber ein anderer, den die Oberin ihnen öffnete, in welchem ungefähr ſechszig Frauen lagen, gab ihnen einen klaren Begriff von der wohlthätigen Sorgfalt und Pflege, welche dieſe Unglücklichen hier genießen.

Es iſt nicht möglich, daß das mitleidige, weibliche Gemüth im ſteten Umgang mit den ſchmerzlichſten Leiden, die oft nicht zu heilen, kaum zu lindern ſind, ſich den Frohſinn erhalten kann, der ihm vielleicht angeboren war; denn er läßt ſich nicht mit dieſem immerwährenden, jammervollen Anblick, und mit der Erfüllung ſo ſchwerer Obliegenheiten vereinigen. Aber ein liebevoller Ernſt, und jene ſtille Heiterkeit, die aus dem Bewußtſeyn treu geübter, obgleich ſaurer Pflicht, wie eine ſchöne Blume aus dunkler Erde ſproßt, macht gleichſam den Grundton im Charakter dieſer ehrwürdigen Nonnen aus. Ihre unerſchöpfliche Geduld und Fürſorge reicht dem Kranken jede Hülfe, jeden Troſt, während ihre ſanften Ermahnungen, verbunden mit der Kraft des Beiſpiels, ſtreben, die Gemüther ihrer oft verwilderten, zum Theil geſunkenen Pfleglinge zu einer edleren Richtung zu bewegen, und ſie zu dem empor zu heben, von dem, wo irdiſcher Beiſtand nicht mehr ausreicht, der ewige kommt, der alle Schmerzen beruhigt.

Die größte Reinlichkeit und Ordnung herrſchte auch hier. Hoch und luftig iſt der Raum, wo die verſchiedenen Grade körperlicher Leiden, die beginnende, ſo wie die fortſchreitende Geneſung, die nur noch durch tiefe, der Stärkung bedürfende Ermattung an die überſtandene Krankheit mahnt, ein rührendes Bild menſchlicher Gebrechlichkeit und Schwäche, zugleich aber auch menſchlicher Kraft und Selbſtüberwindung im Hülfeleiſten vor das Auge des Beſchauers ſtellt.

Liebe, Dankbarkeit und den Segen des Himmels herabflehende Blicke ſtrahlen von jedem Geſicht, wenn eine der Nonnen ſich den Krankenlagern nähert, und mit dem ſanften Ton wahrer Theilnahme nach dem forſcht, was wohl eben für den Augenblick nöthig ſeyn möchte, oder auch, durch inneren Tact geleitet, ohne zu fragen, verrichtet, was zur Erleichterung der Leidenden dienen kann.

Obgleich mit ächt chriſtlicher Toleranz Kranke aller Confeſſionen aufgenommen werden, ſo lange noch eines der im Kloſter befindlichen dazu beſtimmten ſechszig Betten frei iſt, ſo haben doch die, die ſich zur katholiſchen Religion bekennen, den Troſt täglicher Erbauung vor den Anderen voraus, da ſich an dem einen Ende des Saals ein Altar befindet, an welchem täglich Meſſe geleſen wird. Indeß iſt es denen, die zu einer anderen Kirche gehören, unverwehrt, ſich von Geiſtlichen ihres Glaubens beſuchen zu laſſen, und ſich mit ihnen zu unterhalten.

Die Apotheke, ebenfalls weiblichen Händen anvertraut, und muſterhaft von ihnen verwaltet, iſt ein Beweis, daß die Ausübung dieſer ſchweren Kunſt nicht eben bloß ein Eigenthumsrecht des ſtärkeren Geſchlechts zu ſeyn brauchte, um — wie es hier nach dem Urtheil ſachkundiger Männer der Fall iſt — in der höchſten Vortrefflichkeit zu beſtehen, ja, es würde ſogar eine mit mancher parteiiſchen Anordnung des bürgerlichen Lebens verſöhnende Billigkeit ſeyn, wenn auch außerhalb der Kloſtermauern dieß halb und halb in das Fach der veredelten Kochkunſt einſchlagende Geſchäft von Frauen betrieben werden dürfte.

Die Novize, der man die Fähigkeit zutraut, Latein, Kräuterkunde, Chemie u. ſ. w. gründlich wiſſen zu können, muß, wenn ſie in dieſen Wiſſenſchaften auf das ſorgfältigſte unterrichtet iſt, in einer Stadtapotheke einen Curſus durchmachen, und wird dann, wenn ſie gewiſſenhaft geprüft, und für geſchickt genug dazu erklärt worden iſt, als Gehülfin der bereits ins praktiſche Leben eingeweihten Kloſterapothekerin aufgenommen, um unter ihrer Obhut und unter der Aufſicht eines Arztes, der täglich die Kranken beſucht, und die Recepte ſchreibt, dieſe mit der pünktlichſten Genauigkeit zu bereiten, damit, wenn zu dem Erlernen noch Erfahrung und Gewandtheit hinzukommt, ſie dereinſt im Stande iſt, als Nachfolgerin ihrer Vorgeſetzten einem ſo wichtigen Amte vorſtehen zu können.

Obgleich nur Kranke ihres eigenen Geſchlechtes in dieſes Kloſter aufgenommen und verpflegt werden — eine Regel, von der die frommen Schweſtern bloß in den Kriegsjahren 1813 und 1814 ausnahmsweiſe abwichen, indem Mitleid mit den hülfloſen Verwundeten, die das naheliegende Hoſpital nicht alle aufnehmen konnte, ſie bewog, die, welche ſich, um Beiſtand flehend, zu ihnen hintragen ließen, oder ſelbſt noch zu kommen vermochten, wenigſtens zu verbinden, und mit Arzneien und zweckmäßigen Speiſen zu verſehen, ſo iſt es dem ungeachtet Männern, wenn ſie die Oberin um Erlaubniß dazu bitten, eben ſowohl als Frauen, geſtattet, das Kloſter zu betreten, um ſich mit ſeinen Einrichtungen bekannt zu machen. Man verwehrt keineswegs aus unzeitiger Strenge den Kranken die erfreulichen Beſuche ihrer Männer, Brüder oder Freunde, weil die guten Nonnen glauben, eine ſanfte Befriedigung des ſehnenden Gemüths trage eben ſo weſentlich zur Wiederherſtellung bei, als das wirkſamſte Mittel, das die Medizin zu reichen vermag.

Mutter Gabriele zeigte ihnen noch durch das enge Gitter des Chors die von Vielen beſuchte Kirche, die aber die Eliſabethinerinnen ſelbſt, vermöge ihrer Clauſur, nicht während des Gottesdienſtes betreten dürfen. Sogar beim Genuß des Abendmahls reicht ihnen der Prieſter das heilige Sacrament durch die geöffnete Thür, die in ein zu Andachtsübungen beſtimmtes Zimmer führt, wo ſie, ohne geſehen zu werden, es empfangen. Fünfmal täglich, und zwar ſchon von früh vier Uhr an, ſind ſie verpflichtet, ſich zu gemeinſchaftlichem Gebet zu verſammeln — die übrige Zeit wird von der Menge ihrer regelmäßig geordneten Geſchäfte hingenommen, ſo daß, weit entfernt von aller Langenweile, die Tage ihnen wie ein ſtiller Traum verſchwinden, und leiſe und unvermerkt zu Jahren werden, die ſie ſanft zu dem Ziele hinführen, das im Geräuſch des Weltlebens der Menſch nur noch herben Kämpfen, und von Stürmen erſchüttert, erreicht.

Amadea fühlte ſich von allem, was ſie hier ſah und hörte, auf das tiefſte bewegt, und ihre leicht erregte Fantaſie war ergriffen von den Bildern, die ſie auf dieſem ihr ſo romantiſch ſcheinenden Boden hervorrief, und die mit feierlichem Ernſt, mit leiſer Mahnung, mit rührender Wehmuth zu ihrem Innern ſprachen.

Die katholiſche Religion hat durch manche ihrer Lehren und Gebräuche für ein Gemüth, das noch in den erſten Flammen der Jugend und des Gefühls lodert, etwas unbeſchreiblich Anziehendes und Hinreißendes. Kunſt und Poeſie umſtrahlen ſie mit warmem Schimmer, und verleihen ihnen eine Anſchaulichkeit und eine Glorie, die die Sinne anregt, und das Gemüth zu ſchwärmeriſchem Aufſchwung empor trägt, während in der proteſtantiſchen Kirche das Denken das Uebergewicht über die Kindlichkeit der Empfindung errungen zu haben ſcheint, und ihre ſtreng geläuterte Geiſtigkeit das religiöſe Leben oft froſtig erkältet.

Während die Männer einige Gemälde auf den Kreuzgängen betrachteten, welche das Kloſter in Zeiten, wo es noch nicht, wie jetzt, durch ſo manchen Verluſt bedrängt, und in ſeinen Ausgaben auf das Nothwendigſte beſchränkt war, aus dem Nachlaß der Jeſuiten gekauft hat, führte Mutter Gabriele Clementinen und Amadea in ihre Zelle, die groß, hell und freundlich, durch die halb vergitterten Fenſter eine weite Ausſicht auf den [illegible] und die [illegible] gewährte.

Man erblickt, wie in jeder anderen Zelle, nur einfaches Geräth, wie es das dringendſte Bedürfniß erfodert, in dieſem Gemache. Manch Liebeszeichen der Erinnerung an den Wänden, aus kleinen Bildern, Stickereien und ähnlichen [illegible] des Andenkens beſtehend, und vermuthlich von Verwandten und werthen Freunden beim ewigen Scheiden von der Welt ihr mitgegeben, mahnt [illegible] wohl in einſamen Stunden die würdige Frau an die Vergangenheit, die hinter ihr liegt, wie ein dämmerndes Gefilde, auf deſſen verblühtem Boden ſie muthig vorwärts ſtrebt, der aufgehenden Sonne entgegen, die von dem Jenſeits herüberſtrahlt, das vielleicht bald ihre Seele empfangen wird.

Ach! wer einem ſo edlen Zweck ſein Daſeyn widmen dürfte! rief Amadea ſchwärmeriſch ergriffen aus, indem ſie ſich mit Thränen in den Augen in die Arme der Oberin warf. Doch dieſe, die mit dem Taubenſinn der frommen Einfalt auch jene Weltklugheit verband, die der innere Tact für's Schickliche entwickelt, las ſchnell in Clementinens ernſtem, bekümmertem Blick eine leiſe Mißbilligung dieſer Aufwallung, und zu edel, um eine momentane Schwäche zum Proſelytenmachen zu benutzen, ſtrebte ſie das tief erſchütterte Mädchen auch auf die Schattenſeite des Berufs aufmerkſam zu machen, den zu ergreifen, ihr offenbar ſo wünſchenswerth ſchien.

Ich glaube wohl, mein liebes Fräulein, ſagte ſie, daß der Ueberblick unſerer Anſtalt einen wohlgefälligen und anziehenden Eindruck auf den Beſchauer hervorzubringen vermag; denn jeder Beſuch überhäuft uns mit Lobſprüchen, die wir ruhig hinnehmen, da unſer Bewußtſeyn uns ſagt, daß wir ſie theuer erkaufen. Ich erkenne es als einen beſondern Vorzug meiner Religion, daß in ihr die Barmherzigkeit Häuſer, wie dieſes, ſtiftete, wo diejenigen meines Geſchlechts, die ſich zum eheloſen Stande erkohren fühlen, auf eine verdienſtliche Art ihr Scherflein zum allgemeinen Beſten beitragen, und im Geiſte unſeres göttlichen Meiſters handeln dürfen, der ja auch ſich ſelber zum Opfer brachte, um der Menſchheit wohl zu thun. Aber nicht leicht iſt dieſer Beruf; nur Wenige haben von Gott den Muth der Selbſtverläugnung empfangen, der dazu gehört, um unſere Beſtimmung zu erfüllen. Denn das Wort: Krankenpflege umfaßt gar viel, und gar Schweres, wozu unſer Muth und unſere Kraft oft nicht ausreichen würde, wenn nicht von Oben die Gnade des Herrn uns unterſtützte.

Es iſt nicht damit gethan, fuhr ſie fort, den unſerer Sorgfalt Anvertrauten das reinliche Kiſſen aufzuſchütteln und zurecht zu legen, auf das wir ihre Häupter gebettet haben — ihre dürren Lippen mit einem Labetrunk zu erfriſchen, oder in ſauber blinkendem Löffel ihnen die heilſame Medicin zu reichen. Was der Ekel nur immer Schauderhaftes und Abſtoßendes umfaßt, wird uns als tägliche Uebung in der Selbſtüberwindung geboten. Die niedrigſten Dienſte, vor denen oft das Gefühl zurückbebt, und die Hand in unfreiwilliger Weigerung erzittert, müſſen als ſtrenge Foderung der Nothwendigkeit von uns betrachtet und verrichtet werden, und dieſe Reinlichkeit, die Ihnen wohlgefällt, und die wir für das erſte Erforderniß des Gedeihens bei Kranken und bei Geſunden halten — ſie geht nur aus dem unaufhörlichen Kampf mit der häßlichen Unreinlichkeit hervor, und ſo lobend ihr Geſammteindruck auch ſeyn mag, ſo wahrhaft empörend für einen einigermaßen fein organiſirten Sinn ſind oft die Einzelnheiten, die wir überwinden müſſen, um ihn hervorzubringen.

Man ſchickte ſich jetzt zum Fortgehen an; doch ſo genau und aufmerkſam ſie ſich auch allenthalben umgeſehen hatte, ſo konnte doch Amadea den Gedanken nicht ertragen, zum erſten und zugleich zum letztenmal in dieſem Tempel des mildeſten Erbarmens geweſen zu ſeyn. Sie bat daher Mutter Gabriele um die Erlaubniß, wiederkommen zu dürfen, und dieſe ertheilte ſie ihr auf eine Weiſe, die das liebevollſte Wohlwollen ausdrückte.

Heinrich Albert (Alberti)

ward am 28. Juni 1604 zu Lobenſtein im Voigtlande geboren und ſtudirte die Rechte zu Leipzig; beſchäftigte ſich aber vorzugsweiſe mit der Muſik. — Nachdem er eine geraume Zeit in Dresden verlebt, kam er 1626 nach Königsberg, wo er 1631 Organiſt ward. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. October 1668 im 65. Jahre ſeines Alters. Seine eigenen Lieder, ſo wie die ſeiner Freunde, vorzüglich Dach's und Roberthin's, pflegte er in Muſik zu ſetzen und ſo herauszugeben. Sie erſchienen in folgenden Sammlungen:

Arien u. ſ. w. Königsberg, 1638—50. 8 Thle. in Fol.
Neue Auflage. Leipzig, 1657. in 4.
Muſikaliſche Kürbshütte. Königsberg, 1651. Fol.
Poetiſch-muſikaliſch Luſtwäldlein. Königsb. 1652. Fol. N. A. Leipzig, 1657. —

A. war ein von ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen mit Recht ſehr geſchätzter lyriſcher Dichter, von dem ſich Manches bis auf unſere Zeit erhalten hat. — Klarheit, geſunder Verſtand, eine heitere Lebensanſicht, Einfachheit, eine angenehme und wohllautende Sprache und ein fließender und gut geordneter Versbau zeichnen ſeine Leiſtungen höchſt vortheilhaft aus zu einer Zeit, wo Uebertreibung, Manier und Seichtigkeit anfingen, ſich der, eben nach Regeln behandelten, deutſchen Poeſie zu bemächtigen.

Folgende Proben werden unſer Urtheil beſtätigen.

Amor im Tanz

Junges Volk, man rufet Euch
Zu dem Tanz hervor.
Auf, es ſpielet ſchon zugleich
Unſer ganzes Chor.
Wer nur Luſt zu tanzen hat,
Stelle ſich hier ein;
Tanze, bis er Tanzes ſatt
Und begnügt mag ſeyn.

Wiſſet aber, daß ſich hat
Hier auch eingeſtellt
Amor, der berühmte Knab'
Auf der weiten Welt:
Amor, der viel Poſſen macht
Und ſich nur ergetzt,
Wenn er euch in Leid gebracht
Und in Noth geſetzt.

Er wird wanken hin und her,
Nehmet ſeiner wahr!
In den Augen ohngefähr
Wird er offenbar.
Drinnen der geſchwinde Schütz
Seinen Bogen ſpannt,
Und euch, wie der ſchnelle Blitz
Trifft gar unbekannt.

Auf den Lippen wird er oft
Auch zu finden ſeyn
Und ſich bei Euch unverhofft
Heimlich ſchleichen ein.
Durch der Worte Süßigkeit
Hat er ſeine Luſt,
Euch zu ſtürzen nur in Leid
Schlau und unbewußt.

Händedrücken keiner trau!
Er iſt's der es thut:
Er verbirgt ſich ſo genau,
Quälet manches Blut,
Daß in Hoffnung wird geführet
Einer Schönen Gunſt,
Die doch nicht die Hand gerühret —
Es war Amors Kunſt.

So er nun durch ſeine Pfeil'
Euch verliebt gemacht,
Wird er lachen und in Eil
Geben gute Nacht.

Sehet zu, wie, wo und wann
Ihr dann Hülfe kriegt!
Der wird übel ſeyn daran,
Der verwundet liegt.

Morgenlied.

Herr des Himmels und der Erden,
Vater, Sohn, heiliger Geiſt,
Der es Tag und Nacht läßt werden,
Sonn und Mond uns ſcheinen heißt,
Deſſen ſtarke Hand die Welt
Und was drinnen iſt, erhält.

Gott, ich danke Dir von Herzen,
Daß Du mich in dieſer Nacht
Für Gefahr, Angſt, Noth und Schmerzen
Haſt behütet und bewacht,
Daß des böſen Feindes Liſt
Nicht mein mächtig worden iſt.

Laß die Nacht auch meiner Sünden
Jetzt mit dieſer Nacht vergehn;
O Herr Jeſu, laß mich finden
Deine Wunden offen ſtehn,
Da allein Troſt, Hülf' und Rath
Iſt für meine Miſſethat.

Hilf, daß ich mit dieſem Morgen
Geiſtlich auferſtehen mag
Und für meine Seele ſorgen:
Daß, wenn nun Dein großer Tag
Uns erſcheint und Dein Gericht,
Ich dafür erſchrecke nicht.

Führe mich, o Herr, und leite
Meinen Gang nach Deinem Wort;
Sey und bleibe Du auch heute
Mein Beſchützer und mein Hort;
Nirgends als von Dir allein
Kann ich recht bewahret ſeyn.

Meinen Leib und meine Seele
Sammt den Sinnen und Verſtand,
Großer Gott, ich Dir befehle
Unter Deine ſtarke Hand;
Herr, mein Schild, mein Ehr und Ruhm,
Nimm mich auf, Dein Eigenthum.

Deinen Engel zu mir ſende,
Der des böſen Feindes Macht,
Liſt und Anſchlag von mir wende
Und mich hält in guter Acht,
Der auch endlich mich zur Ruh
Trage nach dem Himmel zu.

Höre, Gott, was ich begehre,
Vater, Sohn und heiliger Geiſt:
Meiner Bitt' mich, Herr, gewähre,
Der Du mich ſelbſt bitten heißt;
So will ich Dich hier und dort
Herzlich preiſen fort und fort.

Johann Baptist von Albertini

ward am 17. Februar 1769 zu Neuwied geboren und erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung in den gelehrten Anſtalten der Brüdergemeine zu Niesky und Barby. Er war ein Jugendfreund Schleiermachers, blieb aber der Gemeine treu und ward ſchon in ſeinem zwanzigſten Jahre Lehrer an eben denſelben Inſtituten, in welchen er war erzogen worden. Hier verweilte er bis 1804 und beſchäftigte ſich vorzüglich mit den alten, ſo wie mit den orientaliſchen Sprachen, mit Mathematik und Botanik. Die Frucht der letzteren Studien war ein gemeinſchaftlich mit L. v. Schweinitz herausgegebenes Werk: Conspectus fungorum in Lusatiae superioris agro Niskiensi crescentium etc. Lips. 1805, das ſich einer ſehr günſtigen Aufnahme zu erfreuen hatte. Ferner lieferte er eine lateiniſche Inſchrift für das zur Feier des Weltfriedens 1814 bei Barth in Breslau erſcheinende Monumentum pacis. — Seit dem Jahre 1804 widmete er ſich gänzlich dem Predigerberuf in den Brüdergemeinen zu Niesky, Gnadenberg und Gnadenfrei. 1821 ward er Mitglied der Direktion der Brüderunität, nachdem er 1814 Biſchof geworden. Seit 1824 übernahm er den Vorſitz in der Unitäts-Aelteſten-Conferenz und wirkte ſegensreich und beruhigend in weitem Kreiſe. — Er ſtarb, von Allen, die ihn kannten, tief betrauert am 6. December 1831 zu Berthelsdorf bei Herrnhut, ein wahrer, ächter Diener des göttlichen Wortes, eben ſo [illegible] und wohlwollend als reich an Geiſt und Wiſſenſchaft. —

Außer jenem botaniſchen Werke ſind noch von ihm, jedoch ohne ſeinen Namen, erſchienen:

Dreißig Predigten. Für Mitglieder und Freunde der Brüdergemeine. (Ohne Druckort.) gr. 8. Es erſchienen drei Auflagen davon in den Jahren 1805—1829.

Geiſtl. Lieder. Für Mitglieder und Freunde der Brüdergemeine. 1. Aufl. Bunzlau, 1821; 2. A. Bunzlau, 1827. in 8.

Sechs und dreißig Reden an die Gemeine in Herrnhut, in den Jahren von 1818—1824 gehalten. Gnadau, 1832. 8.

Als geiſtlicher Liederdichter ſteht v. A. ſehr iſolirt da und kann weder mit anderen deutſchen geiſtlichen Lyrikern verglichen, noch allein nach dem Charakter ſeiner Lieder beurtheilt werden, da ihm hier eine zu beſtimmt abgemeſſene Bahn vorgezeichnet war, und es ihm vor allen Dingen darum zu thun ſeyn mußte, indem er zugleich den religiöſen Forderungen ſeiner Glaubensverwandten genügte, ihnen beſſere Geſänge als die bisher in den Brüdergemeinen üblichen zu ſchaffen. Aus den erſten Zeiten ihrer Gründung gab es noch eine Unzahl von Liedern, in welchen den allegoriſchen Spielen mit dem Glauben, den verſinnlichenden Darſtellungen der Lehre zur Ungebühr, oft auf eine höchſt geſchmackloſe und, um nicht zu ſtreng und verletzend Zeitbegriffe zu beurtheilen, denen eine gute Abſicht zu Grunde lag, wenigſtens unſchickliche Weiſe gehuldigt wurde. Vieles von dieſer Neigung hatte ſich bei Geſinnungen, auf welche die Zeit ihren Einfluß nur höchſt langſam und unmerklich äußert, wohl bei der Menge erhalten, manches Andere beruhte auf den religiöſen Anſichten ſelbſt und gehörte durch Form oder Auffaſſung weſentlich zum Ganzen, und es war daher dem Dichter eine ſchwere Feſſel auferlegt, die ihn jedenfalls hinderte, ſich frei zu bewegen, wenn er auch ſchon auf der anderen Seite Vieles fand, was der Poeſie als ſolcher ziemlich entgegenkam. In dieſem beſchränkten Kreiſe nun hat v. A. Meiſterhaftes geleiſtet, und wir dürfen nicht mit ihm rechten, wenn wir auch hin und wieder die Form verletzt oder Ausdrucksweiſen finden, welche uns fremdartig und ſeltſam erſcheinen. Glühende Begeiſterung für den Glauben, tiefes, ächtes Gefühl, eine mitunter hinreißende Bilderſprache, ein wahrhaft frommer Sinn, der nur Liebe und Verſöhnung athmet, ſind ein ſchöner Schmuck dieſer Geſänge und bekunden den glücklichen Beruf ihres Verfaſſers.

Eben ſo hoch, ja vielleicht noch höher ſteht v. A. als geiſtlicher Redner. Seine Predigten zeichnen ſich durch Wahrheit, Einfachheit, Lebendigkeit, Friſche, Wärme und Fülle der Empfindungen, Kenntniß des Lebens und ſeiner Verhältniſſe, Tiefe der Beſchauung, Kraft des Glaubens und eine jederzeit dem Gegenſtande und der Verſammlung höchſt angemeſſene Sprache auf das Vortheilhafteſte aus und verdienen nicht bloß in den Brüdergemeinen geleſen und geliebt zu werden.

Heilslied *).

Wer weckte doch vom Anfang den Gerechten?
wer rief ihm, daß er ging? wer gürtet' ihn,
der Heiden Länder friedlich zu durchziehn?
ihr Inſeln, ſchweigt! ihr Völker, laßt uns rechten!
wer ruft die Menſchen all' vom Anfang her?
„Ich bin's, der Erſt' und Letzte!“ ſpricht der Herr.

Ich klopfe ſacht als Freund an Herzensthüren,
und ruf': „ich komme, ſelig's Herz, zu Dir,
mein Abendmahl zu halten — öffne mir!“ —
„Was ſteht am Markt ihr müßig? kommt euch rühren!“
tönt mein Weingärtnersruf am Mittagszelt
und früh und ſpät: „der Lohn iſt längſt bereit.“

Dem Königsſohn iſt Hochzeit zubereitet:
„kommt, Lahme, Krüppel, Blinde, Groß und Klein —
nehmt's Hochzeitkleid! das Mahl ſoll euer ſeyn!“ —
„Auf, in die Schranken! auf, ihr Männer, ſtreitet!“
ruf' ich vom Königsgericht: „noch iſt es Zeit!
wer faßt die Krone der Gerechtigkeit?“

Die Inſeln ſchweigen Dir, gewalt'ger Rufer!
Dein ſind die Seelen alle: das ſey fern,
mit Dir zu rechten! folgen wir dem Herrn
auf Abrams Pfade glaubensvoll zum Ufer!
uns trägt von da, iſt's Werk in Gott gethan,
die letzte Fahrt in's ew'ge Kanaan.

Heilslied.

Einſam in der Felſenhöhle
wacht Elia der Thisbit:
ſtill, mit ahnungsvoller Seele,
harrt er auf des Herren Tritt.
Es brauſen vorüber gewaltige Winde,
die Felſen zerſpalten in grauſende Schlünde,
und Berge zerreißen: es toben des Herrn
zerſtörende Boten — doch Er iſt noch fern.

Nach dem Sturme heult's in Lüften —
Land und Meer erbebt mit Macht:
furchtbar brechen aus den Klüften
Flammen durch die finſtre Nacht.
Doch ruhig in Feuer und Erdbeben ſtehet
der Fürſt der Propheten, vom Geiſte durchwehet:
Er kennt als Vertrauter den Herrn Jehovah —
noch tobt die Verwüſtung, noch iſt Er nicht da.

Welch ein Wechſel! tiefe Stille
plötzlich rings in der Natur!
Auf, Elia, dich verhülle!
jetzt vernimmſt du Gottes Spur.
Er eilet, das Antlitz im Mantel verborgen,
im ſanften gelinden Geſäuſel zu horchen
der Stimme des Kommenden: „bebend verehrt
Dein Knecht Dich, Allmächtiger! rede, er hört!“

* * *

Schaut umher in die Zerſtörung!
Winde raſen fürchterlich:
Schwerdt und Feuer ſtreut Verheerung,
o Europa! über dich.
Es drehen ſich blutige Kriegslegionen,
es ſtürzen die Hütten, es wanken die Thronen:
das Alte zerſtiebet in flüchtigen Staub,
das Recht iſt zertreten, es herrſchet der Raub.

Kennet ihr des Rächers Finger?
Todesengel ſendet Er
vor ſich her: dem Weltbezwinger
beugt ſich bebend Land und Meer.
Er Selber iſt nimmer im Sturm und im Feuer:
ſie künden nur an den allmächt'gen Befreier.
Durchglühe den Dichter, du heiliger Geiſt
der Weiſſagung! — hört, was ſein Wehen verheißt!

Nach dem Sturme, nach dem Zittern,
nach der Flamme wildem Brand
kommt der Herr: Sein ſanftes Wittern
ſäuſelt über Meer und Land.
Dann bücket euch ein vor des Heiligen Blicken,
und höret, ihr Völker! Er kommt zum Erquicken:
durch Trübſal geläutert bewahrt ihr das Glück —
die eiſerne Zeit kehrt nimmer zurück.

* * *

Düſter herrſcht in deinem Herzen,
Sünder! falſche bange Ruh:
heimlich von Gewiſſensſchmerzen
angenagt, erkrankeſt du.
Doch ſiehe! urplötzlich erheben ſich Stürme:
es ſtürzen zuſammen die lockeren Thürme,
die eignes Wirken ſich mühſam erbaut!
du fühlſt dich entwaffnet, dir ſchaudert die Haut.

Dein felſenhartes Herz zerſpringet —
Angſt durchbebt dir Mark und Bein;
Flamme der Verzweiflung dringet
grauſam zehrend in dich ein.
Getroſt! dieſe Leiden ſind Boten der Gnade!
bald wandelt in Freude ſich Jammer und Schade:
die Seele, gereinigt durch Feuer und Wind,
ergiebt ſich dem Retter als folgſames Kind.

Iſt Er Selbſt gleich in den Flammen
und im Sturme noch nicht da,
ſing doch Seinem heil'gen Namen
ſchon voraus Halleluja!
Er naht ſich, der liebende Tröſter der Müden —
dein Herz wird durchſtrömet von göttlichem Frieden!
im ſtillen Gefühle erſcheinet der Herr:
hör', liebe und harr'! Er iſt es, nur Er!

Gebetslied.

Ich geh' in ſtillen Hütten
dem Herrn mein Herz ausſchütten,
daß durch und durch Er ſehe,
kein Stäublein Ihm entgehe.

Nichts will ich Ihm verhalten:
auch die geheimſten Falten
des Herzens Ihm ausbreiten —
ach das ſind Seligkeiten!

Es mag vor Ihm zerfließen —
ſein Tiefſtes ſoll Er wiſſen!
ſo wird Er's mächtig läutern,
und Muth und Blut mir heitern.

Heimwehlied.

Der Ahnung voll vom Vaterland
durchzogſt du, Seele! Meer und Land:
der Bürgerſchaft auf Erden ſatt,
begehrteſt du der beſſern Stadt:
du wanderteſt durch Zeit und Ewigkeit,
und ſaheſt nicht! dein Heil war längſt bereit.

Längſt ruht auf blut'gem Felſengrund
die Stadt vom ew'gen Friedensbund:
rings um den Hügel Golgatha
ſtand längſt in ſtillem Wohlſeyn da
die Vorſtadt des für ächte Kinder Gottes
erbauten himmliſchen Jeruſalems.

Die Flur durchweht des Frühlings Kraft —
in Aeſt' und Zweige ſteigt der Saft:
das Laub ergrünt, es ſchwillt der Keim —
der Vögel Züge kehren heim:
ſie haben's Haus! ein lautes Freudenfeſt
krönt ihren Flug in's traute Heimathsneſt.

Gleich ihrer Schaar ziehn, Seele! dich
des Heimwehs Kräfte mächtiglich:
heb' auf das Haupt! der Sommer naht,
Erlöſung winkt die Gottes Stadt:
Dein müder Fittig ſinkt auf Golgatha —
Da iſt die Heimath, Seele! da, nur da.

Du fandeſt, Vögelein, dein Haus:
forthan fleug fröhlich ein und aus!

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*) Aus: Geiſtliche Lieder. Für Mitglieder und Freunde der Brüdergemeinde. Bunzlau. 1827.

vergiß der Erde Noth und Streit,
genieß der Wohnung Lieblichkeit!
ruh' am Altar des Herrn der Zebaoth —
o Seele! [illegible] im Gebet zu Gott!

Bereite nun im Vorhof dich,
Geliebte Seele! einſt ſeliglich
ins Allerheiligſte zu gehn,
des Königs Angeſicht zu ſehn!
ſchwing dich voraus zum gold'nen Thron empor —
die Liebe ſchmücke dich für Zions Thor!

Heimwehlied.

Moſeh, langen Wallens müde,
ſtrebt' ins Land der Ruh hinein —
wollte der vollkommnen Hütte
ſchon hienieden theilhaft ſeyn.

Ihm verſagte Gott ſein Flehen:
„Steige das Gebirg' hinan,
überſchau die ſel'gen Höhen —
ſo vollende deine Bahn!"

Seelen, ſehnt ihr euch hienieden
ſchon nach ungetrübter Ruh?
Eilt immerhin dem Frieden
Kanaans verlangend zu:

nur beſcheidet euch, ihr Knechte
Gottes, hier nicht einzugehn!
lernt, wie Moſeh, Seine Rechte —
glaubt euch ſelig, ohne Sehn!

Doch der Sehnſucht Durſt zu ſtillen,
hebt uns doch von Zeit zu Zeit —
löſ', Herr! der Augen Hüllen,
zeig' uns Deine Herrlichkeit!

Führ' uns auf des Berges Gipfel,
wenn wir der Vollendung nahn:
Friede durch der Palmen Wipfel
rauſch' uns dann vom Jenſeits an!

Heimgangslied.

Seit Du, o Heiliger! die Grüfte
uns heiligteſt durch Deine Ruh' im Grab,
umwehn den Pilger Friedenslüfte,
und ſtärken himmliſch ſeinen Wanderſtab.
Im dunkeln Thale bleibt er auf und ab
ein Kind des Lichts, und heilig iſt ſein Grab.

Nach ſeinem Grabe ſtill und ſelig
durchſchauend wandelt er dem Himmel zu:
am Charfreitag und am Morgen fröhlich
wandelt er ſeinen Pfad zur ew'gen Ruh:
vom Charfreitag weht ihm warmer Blumenduft —
vom Morgen tönt ihm Auferſtehungsluſt.

Predigt am zwanzigſten Sonntage nach Trinitatis. 1805 *).

Text: Epheſ. 5, 15—21.

Ach bleib bei uns, Herr Jeſu Chriſt,
weil es nun Abend worden iſt:
Dein göttlich Wort, das helle Licht,
laß unter uns auslöſchen nicht!
In dieſer letzt'n betrübten Zeit
verleih' uns, Herr, Beſtändigkeit!
Bewahr' uns Dir unbefleckt,
in Deiner Wundenburg verſteckt,
von keinem Feinde angerührt,
viel weniger zu was verführt!
Herr! gib uns blöde Augen
für Dinge, die nichts taugen,
und Augen voller Klarheit
in alle Deine Wahrheit! Amen.

Es iſt böſe Zeit — ſchrieb Paulus, der Apoſtel des Herrn, an die Gemeine zu Epheſus. Und die Geſchichte jenes Zeitalters beſtätigt aufs vollkommenſte, was er ſchreibt: es war böſe Zeit — böſe Zeit in gar mancherlei Betracht, von außen und innen, im Staat und in der Kirche. Das ungeheure Römiſche Reich, das den halben Erdkreis umſpannte, lag ſchwer unter ſeiner eigenen Größe und der Schwäche ſeiner Regierung. Bedrückungen, Empörungen, zumal in den entfernten Ländern, Kriege und theure Zeit waren abwechſelnd an der Tagesordnung, und plagten die Völker. Die neugeborne Kirche Jeſu Chriſti, noch jung und zart, war vom blinden wilden Heidenthum rings umgeben: Lockungen heidniſcher Luſtbarkeit und Verfolgungen heidniſcher Unduldſamkeit ängſtigten ſie, daß verführet würden, wo möglich, auch die Auserwählten. Es war böſe Zeit! Wie iſt es denn itzt, meine lieben Zuhörer? Wir können es uns nicht verbergen: es iſt böſe Zeit, ausgezeichnet böſe Zeit — von jener in vielen Punkten verſchieden, aber doch auch in mehr als Einer Rückſicht mit ihr vergleichbar. Kaum iſt jene bösartige anſteckende Seuche, die uns von Süden her bedrohte, durch Gottes unſers Erhalters Barmherzigkeit von unſern Gränzen abgewendet — kaum iſt die Laſt der Brodtheurung, unter der wir ſeufzten, durch Gottes unſers lieben Vaters milden Segen merklich erleichtert — kaum, ſage ich, ſind wir dieſen Drangſalen entronnen, ſo ſehen wir Europa in Kriegesflammen; wildes Kriegsgeſchrei erſchallt von deutſchem Boden immer lauter und drohender zu uns herüber — ob und wie bald es zu uns hereinbrechen wird? das ſteht allein in Gottes des Barmherzigen und Allmächtigen Hand. Die Kirche hat zwar Friede und Ruhe von außen: ſie könnte und ſollte ſich bauen in Eintracht und Liebe: aber im Innern — wie könnte jemals Chriſtus mit Belial ſtimmen! im Innern iſt die Zerrüttung groß. Mit gewaltiger Hand ſucht der Geiſt des Unglaubens die theuerſten Wahrheiten, die ſo vielen Tauſenden ſchon Kraft im Leben und Tode gewährten, zu untergraben: faſt gefährlicher noch beſtürmt der Geiſt des Leichtſinns, der allen Ernſt flieht, der Eitelkeit, die ſich dem Tand der Erde preis gibt, Zions Mauern. Mit Sehnſucht erinnern ſich unſere lieben Alten jener vergangenen beſſeren Zeiten, wo noch wenigſtens äußere gute Zucht und Sitte galt, wo wenigſtens äußere Ehrfurcht dem Heiligen erwieſen wurde, wo man die Sonntage und Feſttage heiligte, und zur Einkehr in ſich ſelbſt und zu ernſthafter Erwägung unſerer ewigen Beſtimmung benutzte: aber jetzt! freche nackte Sittenloſigkeit nimmt überhand, Verachtung Gottes und Seines heiligen Wortes, Entweihung der Feſttage zu üppigen Vergnügungen und Zerſtreuungen aller Art, zu lärmenden Luſtbarkeiten und wilden Trinkgelagen gehört unter die Moden des Zeitalters. Um ſich greift das Verderben: wer vermag einen Damm zu bauen, der ſeinen Verwüſtungen wehre? in menſchlichen Augen iſt alle Ausſicht zur Umkehr verloren. Es iſt böſe Zeit, ausgezeichnet böſe Zeit.

Was nun, meine Geliebten? ſollen wir verzagen, und Herzen und Hände ſinken laſſen? und ſchwach oder leichtſinnig der böſen Zeit hingeben? mitmachen, was ſie Alle thun, und wozu uns der Stolz unſerer Vernunft und die Schwachheit unſers Herzens ohnehin ſo ſtark reizt? ſollen wir mit dem großen breiten Strom leichtſinnig ſchwimmen ins ewige Verderben? das ſey ferne! davor behüte uns Gottes unſers Erbarmers Gnade! Groß iſt zwar das Gedränge von außen und innen: aber je größer es iſt, deſto eifriger wollen wir mit Seiner Hülfe mitten hindurch dringen, das Kleinod zu gewinnen, deſſen Pforte Jeſus heißt. Noch ſteht zwar das ſchöne Ziel, welches uns vorhält unſere himmliſche Berufung in Chriſto Jeſu unſerem Herrn — noch ſteht es, aber nicht unerreichbar. In heller Ferne ſehen wir das Erbe der Heiligen glänzen. Auf! hinauf zu Ihm in Gottes Kraft! hindurch durchs Weltgetümmel in ſeinen Friedenshimmel! Aber wie ſollen wir's anfangen, meine lieben Zuhörer! um den Kampf zu beſtehen? Da greifen wir dankbar nach den Waffen, welche theure Männer Gottes in gleich böſen Zeiten anlegten: wir bewegen willig den guten Rath, den ſie, von Gottes Geiſt erleuchtet, ihren Zeitgenoſſen gaben. Ein ſolcher herrlicher apoſtoliſcher Rath iſt in unſerm heutigen Text enthalten. Es iſt böſe Zeit, ſchreibt der Apoſtel: ſchicket euch in die Zeit! und wandelt vorſichtiglich in dieſer Zeit!

Zuerſt alſo: ſchicket euch in die Zeit! Der Ausdruck iſt einfach und kurz; aber es iſt Vieles und Wichtiges in ihm enthalten. Dreierlei hauptſächlich: nehmt ſie, wie ſie iſt, und betrachtet ſie mit möglichſt unbefangenen Augen und Herzen! [illegible] ſie für eure eigene Perſonen! verkennet nicht die Gnade über eurem Volke! — Verderbt euch nicht euer Leben durch Murren über euren Gott, und Schelten und Zanken mit der Welt: nehmt die Zeit, wie ſie iſt, aus der Hand des Weltregenten voll Weisheit und Liebe, der noch nie etwas verſehen hat in Seinem Regiment! Er weiß es ja aus unzähligen Beiſpielen: was Er thut und läßt geſchehen, das nimmt ein ſeligs End'. Tauſend Erfahrungen lehren, wie Er im Ganzen und Einzelnen, im Reich der Gnade wie im Reich der Na-

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*) Aus: Dreißig Predigten für Mitglieder und Freunde der Brüdergemeine. 1828.

tur, aus Wermuth Honig, aus Gift Arznei zu bereiten weiß. Keine Zeit war jemals ſo böſe, daß Er ſie nicht zum Guten zu kehren verſtanden hätte: ja die Zeiten vorüber gegangener Proben — ſie geben die ſchönſte Materie zum Loben. Merket euch das für Euch perſönlich! forſchet, was Er für Euch aus dem Böſen der Zeit Gutes bereiten, wie Er Euch durch Anfechtungen von innen und außen näher an Sich ziehen, feſter auf Sich gründen, zu höherer Seligkeit bereiten, mit Seinem Blut und Seinem Sinn für die Ewigkeit herrlicher ausſchmücken will! ſo könnt ihr manchen Vortheil und Segen aus der böſen Zeit, noch eh' er ſich fürs Ganze entwickelt, für Euch voraus nehmen. Dabei überſehet über dem Böſen nicht das Gute der Zeit: freuet euch des hellen Lichtes des Evangelii, das durch die dichte Finſterniß mit doppeltem Glanze ſtrahlt — der fortwährenden Arbeit des Geiſtes Gottes unter den Menſchen — des Fortzündens Seines Feuers auf dem Erdboden, trotz allem Widerſtreben der Feinde! freuet euch der weiſen Obrigkeiten, der milden Regierungen, der mancherlei trefflichen Anſtalten, der Verbreitung nützlicher Kenntniſſe, die die fortſchreitende Zeit mitbringt! ſeyd dankbar für dieſes, vorſichtig gegen jenes! Hier treffen wir auf den zweiten Rath des Apoſtels.

Wandelt vorſichtig in böſer Zeit: nicht als die Unweiſen, ſondern als die Weiſen! ihr ſtehet wie die Schafe mitten unter den Wölfen: ſo ſeyd ohne Falſch wie die Tauben, aber zugleich klug wie die Schlangen (Matth. 10, 16). „Wer iſt weiſe und klug unter euch? der erzeige mit ſeinem guten Wandel ſeine Werke, in der Weisheit und Sanftmuth" (Jak. 3, 13). „Ich will, daß ihr einfältig ſeyd aufs Böſe, aber weiſe aufs Gute" (Röm. 16, 19). In allen dieſen Stellen werden wir erinnert, daß der grade und einfältig auf den Heiland gerichtete Sinn, der klare Blick auf das von Ihm erworbene Gute, Vorſicht und Weisheit im Betragen gegen das eindringende Böſe nicht ausſchließt. Ein herzliches offenes aufrichtiges Weſen gegen alle Welt — dabei aber doch Umſicht, Zurückhaltung und ſorgſame Prüfung alles deſſen, was zu den Zeichen der böſen Zeit gehört oder auch nur zu gehören ſcheint, damit es uns nicht, eh' wir's denken, überſchleiche und überwältige und ins Verderben ziehe — das iſt des Heilands Schlangenklugheit neben Taubeneinfalt, das iſt des Apoſtels Rath, vorſichtiglich zu wandeln, nicht als die Unweiſen, ſondern als die Weiſen. Um aber dieſe Anweiſung zu befolgen, müſſen wir vor allen Dingen die von der böſen Zeit her uns drohenden Gefahren kennen. Es ſind theils äußere, theils innere: für heute wollen wir unſere Betrachtung auf die letzteren beſchränken. Ihrer ſind nicht wenige: doch laſſen ſie ſich alle unter zwei Hauptabtheilungen bringen. Es ſind entweder Gefahren für unſere Ueberzeugungen, für unſere Einſicht am Evangelium, für unſern Verſtand am Geheimniß Chriſti; oder es ſind Gefahren für Herz und Sinnlichkeit, welche ohnehin ſchwach und wankelbar, nach dem Böſen der Zeit ſich nur allzu leicht hinneigen. Gegen beiderlei Gefahren in dieſer Verſuchungszeit beten wir: „Herr! laß in dieſem Prüfungsſtand den Dir ergeb'nen Sinn mit nichts für Herz und für Verſtand Vergänglichem oder gar Verderblichem ſich mühn!" Beide ſind höchſt beherzigungswerth: gegen Beide warnt der Apoſtel.

In Beziehung auf die erſte ſagt er: Werdet nicht unverſtändig, ſondern verſtändig, was da ſey des Herrn Wille! laßt euch eure heiligſten Ueberzeugungen, in denen ihr einmal Leben und Seligkeit gefunden habt, durch die immer wechſelnde, immer auf der Oberfläche leicht dahinfahrende Modeweisheit nicht rauben! mißtrauet mit Beſonnenheit und Verſtand jeder leichtfertigen Neuerung, und laſſet euch nicht dahintreiben von jedem Winde der Lehre! liebet alte Wahrheit mehr als neue Lüge! ehret das menſchliche Denkvermögen, ſo lange es in menſchlichen Dingen innerhalb des Kreiſes menſchlicher Erfahrungen ſeine Kräfte übt und vorwärts dringt, ſchädlichen Vorurtheilen und verderblichem Aberglauben ſteuert, Nebel der Unwiſſenheit vertreibt, und Licht der Erkenntniß um ſich her verbreitet! aber weiſet es ſchnell und unerbittlich in ſeine Schranken, ſobald es ſich über ſein Gebiet verſteigen und in göttliche Dinge eingreifen und unbefugte Machtſprüche über das thun will, wovon es nichts vernimmt, weil es des Geiſtes Gottes iſt! da erkennet kein Anſehen, als Gottes Wort — keinen Schulmeiſter, als die Stimme Seines Geiſtes in eurem Gewiſſen! ſeyd verſtändig, gleich jenem klugen Manne in des Heilands Gleichniß zum Schluß der Bergpredigt! gründet das Gebäude eurer Ueberzeugungen auf einen Felſen, damit es nicht falle, wenn Platzregen fallen, wenn Gewäſſer kommen, wenn Winde wehen und ans Haus ſtoßen! ſeyd nicht ſo unverſtändig, das heilige Haus auf Sand zu bauen, damit es nicht in Zeiten der Trübſal falle, und einen großen Fall thue! (Matth. 7, 24—27.) O nein! je böſer die Zeit iſt, je heftiger die Platzregen ſtürzen, je verwüſtender die Gewäſſer ſtrömen, je gewaltiger die Winde wehen, deſto feſter gründet euren Bau auf den ewigen Felſen des Heils Jeſum Chriſtum! Und wie könnet ihr das? dadurch, daß ihr immer verſtändiger werdet, was da ſey des Herrn Wille, daß „ihr immer ernſthafter prüfet, was da ſey wohlgefällig dem Herrn" (Eph. 5, 10). Vor Allem aber dadurch, daß ihr Seine Rede nicht blos höret, ſondern auch thut; denn nur in dieſem Fall vergleicht Er euch jenem klugen Baumeiſter (Matth. 7, 24). Nur „ſo ihr thut den Willen deſſen, der Ihn geſandt hat, ſo werdet ihr's immer beſſer und ſeliger inne werden, daß Seine Lehre von Gott ſey" (Joh. 7, 17). Kümmert euch alſo wenig um den Willen und die Launen eurer in göttlichen Dingen blinden und verkehrten Vernunft, deſto mehr aber um des Herrn Willen! „Prüfet, welches da ſey der gute, der wohlgefällige und der vollkommene Gotteswille! das ſey euer vernünftiger Gottesdienſt!" (Röm. 12, 1. 2.)

Was iſt nun ferner des Apoſtels Rath in Betreff der zweiten Art von Gefahren, die in böſer Zeit unſer Herz und unſere Sinnlichkeit bedrohen? Er ſagt: Werdet (und bleibet) voll heiligen Geiſtes! laßt euch eure innigſten ſeligſten Herzensgefühle nicht rauben! laßt euch das Feuer vom Herrn, das Sein heiliger Geiſt in euren Herzen als Seinen Tempeln entzündete, durch kalte Vernünftelei nicht dämpfen oder gar verlöſchen — oder durch fremdes Feuer verdrängen! fragt euer Herz im Stillen! wacht durch Seine Gnade über eure Sinnlichkeit, daß ſie nicht wieder zurückgeriſſen werde in den Strudel der Welt und ihrer eiteln Lüſte, der Trunkenheit, der Völlerei und alles unordentlichen Weſens! nehmt den Rauſch der falſchen betäubenden Freuden der Sünde nicht für wahre Begeiſterung! Ihr kennet ja beſſere Freuden — die Freuden des Geiſtes — die Seligkeit eines guten Gewiſſens vor Gott, eines durch Jeſu Blut verſöhnten und gereinigten Herzens — das köſtliche Gefühl Seines theuren Friedens! habt ihr's nicht erfahren, was Seine Gnade thut? war euch dieſe Erfahrung nicht lieber als euer Leben, nicht mehr als alle Welt? ſo trinkt denn mit vollen Zügen dieſe euch ſo theuer erworbene überſchwängliche Seligkeit! Ueberlaßt euch den Freuden des heiligen Geiſtes! „Redet unter einander von Pſalmen und Lobgeſängen und geiſtlichen lieblichen Liedern — ſinget und ſpielet dem Herrn in euren Herzen!" Dieſe ächte heilige Begeiſterung wehre jeder fremden unheiligen den Eingang! Die Liebe Gottes, die einmal in euer Innerſtes ausgegoſſen iſt durch den heiligen Geiſt, unterhalte die Flamme des Herzens: die tiefgefühlte Dankbarkeit für Alles, was Er an uns gethan hat, für Seine Menſchwerdung, für Seinen Gang auf Erden voll Mühſeligkeit, für Seine blutigen Todesleiden, laſſe ſie niemals verlöſchen! dieſer Dank verbreite ſich über Alles, was Er noch an euch mit unerſchöpflicher Liebe, mit täglich neuem Erbarmen, im Innern und Aeußern thut! „Saget Dank allezeit für Alles Gott und dem Vater im Namen unſers Herrn Jeſu Chriſti!" und ſo ſtehet vor Ihm als Einer im Bunde — ohne Loben und Danken vergeh' keine Stunde! Gewiß, meine lieben Freunde! es klingt auffallend genug, daß der Apoſtel unmittelbar, nachdem er über die böſe Zeit geklagt hat, zu Pſalmen und Lobgeſängen aufruft, Gefühle ununterbrochenen Dankes fordert: und doch iſt dieſe Forderung höchſt wahr und erfahrungsmäßig. Nichts ſichert ſo zuverläſſig vor den Gefahren der böſen Zeit, als eine ſolche fröhliche Erhebung des Herzen zu dem, durch den wir Alles vermögen: nichts bewahrt ſo ſicher vor all' ihrem Schaden, als wenn dieſer Geiſt der Freude, der Jeſum Chriſtum preiſet, ohn' Ende bei uns waltet, und uns den Muth aufrecht erhält. Das iſt dann die Vorſicht, die Klugheit, die allen Gefahren fürs Herz widerſteht — die köſtliche Weisheit, die ſich das Herz immer feſter machen läßt durch Gnade, die ſich ihre heiligen Herzens-Erfahrungen und Genüſſe als den theuerſten Schatz bewahren läßt! Das iſt die Klugheit der fünf Jungfrauen, die die Lampe ihres Glaubens und ihrer Liebe ſorgſam mit friſchem Oel nährten, auf dem Pilgergange durchs Leben nirgends unnütz verweilten, noch mit dem Tand der Erde ſich verweitläuftigten, nie vergaßen das Ziel, die himmliſche Hochzeit, die Eil' dem Bräutigam entgegen. Laſſet uns, meine Geliebten! ihr Beiſpiel ins Auge faſſen und ihrem Glauben nachfolgen! Laſſet uns halten, was wir haben, auf daß uns Niemand unſere Krone nehme — die Krone unſers allerheiligſten Glaubens an Gott, unſern Heiland und Sein Wort, unſerer flammenden Liebe zu unſerm Erlöſer, dem treuen nahen Freunde, unſerer lebendigen Hoffnung auf Seine ewigen Freuden! „Wer wollte uns ſcheiden von der Liebe Gottes, die in Chriſto Jeſu iſt unſerm Herrn? Trübſal oder Angſt? Verfolgung oder Hunger? Fährlichkeit oder Blöße? oder Schwerdt? gute oder böſe Zeit? in Allem dem überwinden wir weit, um Deſſen willen, der uns geliebet hat!" (Röm. 8, 35. 37.) Amen.

Aegidius Albertinus.

Ein wenig beachteter, faſt verſchollener, aber keineswegs talentloſer Satiriker des ſechszehnten Jahrhunderts, von deſſen Lebensumſtänden jedoch weiter nichts Genaues bekannt iſt, als daß er 1560 zu Deventer geboren wurde, ſpäter die Stelle eines Geheimſchreibers des Kurfürſten Maximilian von Baiern verſah und 1620 zu München ſtarb. Er war zu gleicher Zeit ein fleißiger Ueberſetzer und verdeutſchte u. A. Barter's allgemeine Weltbeſchreibung, Guevara's Briefe u. ſ. w. Unter ſeinen eigenen Leiſtungen ſind außer dem „Landſtörzer Guzmann von Alfarache", einer freien Nachbildung (München, 1616, 1618, 1631, 2 Th. mit einem dritten Theil von Martin Freudenhold, 1632. in 8.), noch beſonders bemerkenswerth:

Lucifers Königreich und Seelengejaide oder Narrenhatz, in 8 Theilen. München, 1617. in 4.

Aegidii Albertini Hirnſchleiffer. Köln, 1645 — 1686. in 12.

A. ein eifriger Katholik, was bei der Beurtheilung ſeiner Arbeiten wohl zu beachten iſt, ſchrieb zu einer Zeit, wo, vorzüglich in Süddeutſchland, durch den überhand nehmenden Gebrauch des Lateiniſchen, vorzüglich bei wiſſenſchaftlichen und geiſtlichen Angelegenheiten, die deutſche Proſa vernachläſſigt wurde, und man durchaus keinen Werth darauf legte, correct und rein zu ſchreiben. Sein Styl leidet daher durchgängig durch einen übel verſtandenen Prunk mit ausländiſchen Worten und Wendungen, ſo wie durch eine unzeitig und unpaſſend zur Schau geſtellte Gelehrſamkeit. Auf der anderen Seite iſt ihm Kraft, guter Wille und ein hervorſpringendes Talent, das Lächerliche an menſchlichen Fehlern und Gebrechen aufzufaſſen und hervorzuheben, und durch moraliſirende Satyre zu beſſern und zu belehren, durchaus nicht abzuſprechen. Seine Art und Weiſe erreichte jedoch ihren Culminationspunkt erſt bei P. Abraham a Sta Clara (S. d. Art.). A. ward ſeiner Zeit in Süddeutſchland viel und gern geleſen, da er auch die Frommen durch Andachtsbücher für ſich zu gewinnen wußte, und ſein Landſtörzer Guzmann, ſo wie ſein Hirnſchleiffer, ein bunt zuſammengewürfeltes Buch, aus den Erklärungen einer Reihe von Bildern beſtehend, fanden viele Freunde und große Verbreitung. Wir theilen aus Letzterem die Erklärung des erſten Bildes, die Statue einer wie eine Nonne gekleideten Frau, die Göttin Angerona, darſtellend, der die Worte „attende tibi", aus dem Munde gehen, mit.

Angerona *).

Under andern heidniſchen Göttern wurden auch zwo Göttinnen verehrt, die eine hieß **Volupia** oder Wolluſtbarkeit: die andere hieß **Angerona** oder Kummernuß, dieſe Bildnuß ſtund mitten im Tempel Volupiae, und deutete mit dem Finger auff den Mund, und ſagte gleichſamb: **Attende tibi**: merck auff dich. Hierdurch werden fürnemlich zwey Ding bedeut: Erſtlich, daß der Mund ein Häuſel iſt, welches einem jeden offen ſteht, und alle Speiſen und Getranck ohne Unterſcheid noch Maß hinein läſt, dardurch aber wird Leib und Seel verderbt, dann vielmehr Menſchen kommen durch den Fraß umb, weder durch das Schwert, dann der Krieg wehret nur ein, zwey oder etlich wenig Jahr, aber der Fraß wehret drey oder viermahl im Tag, biſweilen einen gantzen Tag lang, und die Nacht darzu: Der Sontag erklecket nicht, ſondern man machet auch guten (oder vielmehr böſen) Montag.

Durch den Fraß werden die güter verſchwendet, das Verſtandt verruckt, die Vernunfft verletzt, die Gedächtnuß verſchwächt, die unordentliche **Passiones** erweckt, die Jugend außgetrieben, die Geſundheit verderbt, die Geilheit angezündet, ja mit einem Wort **Gula est radix omnium malorum**. Der Fraß iſt ein Wurtzel alles übels: der Fraß hat die erſte Elter außm Paradeiß getrieben, den Eſau deß Reichs der erſter Geburt beraubt, das Iſraelitiſche Volck zur Abgötterey geführt. Die Philiſter lebten in eſſen, trincken und frewden, ſo iſt der Todt über dieſelbige gefallen. Der Fraß hat ſchier dem **Ionathae** das leben benommen, wann das Volck ſeinen Vatter nit abgehalten hette. Dieweil dem Teuffel, was maſſen auß dem laſter deß Fraß alles übel herrühret, nit unwiſſend: dahero er den Menſchen durch diß mittel zum öfftern verſucht. **Annibal** der groſſer Carthaginenſiſcher Kriegsobriſter, damit er die dem Wein zugethane **Africanos**, welche der Statt **Carthagini** ſtarck zuſetzten, uberwunde; vermiſchte einige Fuder Wein mit ſafft des Schlaffmachenden Krauts **Mandragorae**, dieſe Fuder Wein ſtellte **Annibal** ins Läger, und ſimulierte die Flucht, warauff die **Africaner** daß Läger angefallen, ſich des Weins bemächtiget, damit erluſtiget unnd biß zur trunckenheit dem **Baccho** gedienet. Da die **Africaner** nun im Schlaff darnider lagen, kam **Annibal** uberfiele unnd erſchluge ſie alle. Eben alſo ſtreitet gegen uns die wir Soldaten Chriſti ſind, der Hölliſche **Sathan**, fallet an das Schloß unſers Hertzens, und damit ers uberwinden möge, reitzet er an den Menſchen zum Fraß, wolluſten und materialiſchen Wein; nit unbillich warnet dan **Angerona** ſagend: **Attende tibi**, merck auff dich.

Am andern, deutet **Angerona** oder die **Kummernuß** nicht ſo faſt auff den Mund, als auch auff die Rede, welche auß dem Mund herfür gehet: So ſpricht derwegen **Angerona** zu einem unnützen Schwetzer, Schalcksnarren unnd Afterreder: **Attende tibi**, merck auff dich, und halte dein Maul im Zaum; dann es ſtehet geſchrieben: der Menſch muß Rechenſchafft geben von einem jeglichen unnutzen Wort, welches auß ſeinem Munde gangen. Zu den geitzigen Krämern ſpricht **Angerona**: **Attende tibi**, halt dein Maul, liege nicht, verſchwere dein Seel dem Teuffel nit umb eines ſchlechten Gewinns, oder eines einzigen Hellers wegen. Zu den Geilen und Unkeuſchen ſpricht ſie: rede nicht ſchambare und ärgerliche Wort in beyſeyn ehrbarer Frawen unnd Jungfrawen, damit dein Zung nit ein Schwert ſey, welches viel Menſchen geiſtlicher Weiß tödtet. Zu den Hoffleuten ſpricht **Angerona**: halt dein Maul und rede wenig, und daſſelb bedächtlich, dann du haſt viel **Coriphaeos**, **Protocollisten**, **Glossisten** und Aufmercker. Zu den Gottloſen Fluchern und Schwerern ſpricht ſie: **attende tibi**, hüte dich für fluchen, Schweren unnd Gottslöſtern, dann der Teuffel hat viel auß Gottes Verhängnuß mit Leib und Seel hinweggeführt, und im Lufft zerriſſen. Zu den fürwitzigen Haſen ſpricht ſie: hüte dich, die Ding zu erforſchen und zu reden, welche dir viel zu hoch und unergründtlich ſeynd, dann weil etliche Leut viel von den allerhöchſten Geheimnuſſen von der Dreyfaltigkeit und **praedestination** diſputiren und reden wollen und mit ihrem blödenem Verſtandt alles außzircklen, ergründen, wiſſen und **profitiren** wollen, ſo werden ſie zu Narren, und fallen von einer Ketzerey und Schwermerey in die ander, gerathen auch letzlich in den **Atheismum**, unnd in ſolche Gottloſigkeiten, daß ſie nicht wiſſen, was ſie glauben, oder mit wem ſie es halten ſollen.

Zu den Freunden ſpricht ſie: **Attende tibi**, hüte dich, daß du die Geheimnuß, die dir vertrawet worden, nicht ſchwetzeſt und verratheſt, dann darauß erfolgen groſſe Ungelegenheiten, als Feindſchafften, Mordt und Todtſchläg. Zu den Predigern ſpricht ſie: hüte dich, daß du nicht zu viel und zu wenig redeſt, dann durch zu viel und unbeſcheidentliche Reden verderbeſtu den Magen der zarten und **subtilen** Zuhörer, welche die Warheit nicht leiden mögen: durch zu wenig reden und Stillſchweigen aber erzürneſtu GOTT, welcher nit will, daß die Prediger ſtumme Hund ſeyn, oder nur liebliche angenehme Ding predigen, ſondern die Schwein oder Laſter weidlich ſtraffen ſollen.

Zu den Prieſtern ſagt **Angerona**: **attende tibi**, verwahre deinen Mund fleiſſig, dann Ezech. **44.** ſagt: Daſſelbe Thor ſoll verſchloſſen ſeyn. Weil durch das Thor oder den Mund deß Prieſters, wann er **celebrirt**, GOtt in das Sacrament deß Altars hinein, und wann er prediget, hinauß gehet; ſo hat er gewißlich groſſe Urſach auff ſeinen Mund zu mercken, und ihne dermaſſen zu verwahren, als wäre es Gottes Mund ſelbſt. Dann, wie jener ſpricht: **Consecrasti os tuum Evangelio, augis illud aperire illicitum est, assuescere sacrilegium.** Wie es ſich nicht geziemet, daß des HERRN Grab den Hunden und Schweinen offen ſtehe, ſondern eben deßwegen mit einem Stein bedeckt iſt worden, alſo geziemet ſich nicht weniger, daß nach der Empfahung oder Nieſſung deß Leibs Chriſti, der Mund deß Prieſters leichtlich auffgethan und verunreinigt werde, ſonder er bedarff einen guten Clauſur, Schloſſes oder Steins, der nicht leichtlich hinweg gethan kan werden: es ſey ein Prieſter fromb oder böß, ſo iſt doch ein Notturfft, daß ein groſſer Stein deß Stillſchweigens auff ſeinen Mund gelegt werde: damit, wofern er fromb iſt, die Gnaden nit darauß verſchütt werden: Iſt er aber böß, damit er andere nicht beläſtige, **solvite ergo saxa ingentia ad os speluncae. Ios. 10. v. 18.** Aber leider bey vielen wird anjetzo erfüllt, was Oſeas am 8. c. ſagt: **Iſrael iſt verſchlunden und under den Händen wie ein unrein Geſchierr worden, Ephraim iſt wie ein einſamer Waldeſel.**

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*) Aus: Aegidii Albertini Hirnſchleiffer. Cölln, 1686.

Zu den Religioſen ſpricht Angerona: **attende tibi**: ſchweige nicht, ſonder ſey ſtill, dann es ſagt der H. Jacob: der ſich für einen Religioſen außgibt, und aber ſeine Zung nicht zähmet, ſonder ſein Hertz verführet, deſſen GOttesdienſt ſey umbſonſt. Unter andern Urſachen, warumb die weiſe Männer die Welt geflohen, unnd ſich in die Einöden begeben, war auch dieſe eine, damit nemblich ſie ihr Leben nit beflecken möchten mit vergeblichen Reden. Dieſer Urſachen halben ermahnt der H. Geiſt alle Religioſen, und ſpricht: Rede nichts freventlichs, und laß dein Hertz nicht eilen etwas zu reden vor GOtt, dann GOtt iſt im Himmel, und auff Erden, darumb laß deiner Wort wenig ſeyn: als wolt er ſagen: Die ſchlechte und verächtliche Menſchen dorffen vor den mächtigen Fürſten und Herren nit wol reden, und die jenigen, ſo da wenig wiſſen, pflegen vor den Gelehrten zu erſtummen: Weil aber GOttes Majeſtät unnd Weißheit unendtlich iſt, du aber ein verächtlicher Erdwurm, unnd voller Unwiſſenheit biſt, weiſt auch, daß er alle deine Wort erwögt, ſo ſihe dich wol für, was, und wie du redeſt, ſey nit geſchwind im herauß reden, ſondern ſchweig ſtill, ſo viel dir möglich iſt.

Wir ſehen, daß der Königs oder Fürſten Cammerdiener in ihren Zimmern oder Loſamenten, wenig oder gemach und ſtill reden. Dann die Authorität eines Königs erfordert, daß ſeine Diener ſtill vor ihm ſeyen, aber herauſſer im Saal reden ſie etwas lauters, weil ſie weit vom König ſeynd, ſchreyen und lachen auch bißweilen, als wären ſie unſinnig.

Die Religioſen ſind gleichſam Gottes Cammerherrn oder Cammerdiener, warten dem Gebett allzeit ab, wandlen durch die Betrachtung allezeit vor ſeinem Angeſicht umb, halten ein groſſes **Silentium** oder Stillſchweigen, reden wenig, und führen ein exemplariſches Leben: Andere aber, welche kein ſolches andächtiges Leben führen, noch auch ſtets betten, pflegen das **Silentium** nicht ſo ſtreng zu halten, und nit ſo mäſſiglich zu leben: Andere findt man, die leben, als würden ſie von GOtt niemals geſehen noch gehört, ſelten erheben ſie ihr Hertz unnd Gemüth gen Himmel, ſonder ſchreyen laut, reden unordentlich und mercken nit auff ihr Maul, ꝛc. Beſchließlich, ſpricht **Angerona** zum Weiblichen Geſchlecht: **attende tibi**, merck auff dein Maul, und befleiſſe dich deß Stillſchweigens, dann du biſt von Natur liederlich, unbeſtendig, geſchwetzig, und kanſt nichts geheimes bey dir behalten. Daher ſagt die Schrifft **Num. c. 12.** Maria und Aaron haben wider ihren Bruder Moyſen geredt und gemurret.

Von der Weiber Geſchwätzigkeit erzehlet **Plutarchus** nachfolgendes artlich Exempel, als einsmals im Römiſchen Senat etliche Tage lang etwas wichtiges und geheimes tractiert und berathſchlagt ward, und weil man **interim** in der Statt underſchiedlich davon redete, ſo underſtund ſich eines **Senatoris** oder Rathsherrn Fraw ihren Herren zu fragen, was doch daß für ein wichtiger Handel wäre, von dem man ſo lang rathſchlage? Damit nun dieſer Rathsherr ſeines Weibes Thorheit und Fürwitz ſtillen möchte, ſo gab er ihr zur Antwort und ſprach: mein Fraw, es gebühret mir gleichwol nicht auß dem Rath zu ſchwätzen, aber doch, weil du mich ſo faſt bitteſt, und mir ſtarck vertröſteſt, es keinem einzigen Menſchen zu offenbaren, noch weiter zu ſagen, ſondern bey dir allein in geheimb zu behalten, ſo will ich dirs vertrawen, und iſt diß der Handel: Ein Wachtel hat man fliegen ſehen, die hatte einen güldenen Helm auff dem Kopff, und einen Spieß in den Klawen: derowegen berathſchlagen wir uns, ob dieſes etwas guts oder böß bedeute.

Sobald nun der Rathsherr auß dem Hauß in den Rath gangen war, gieng die Fraw zu ihrer Mägden eine, ſchlug auff die Bruſt, raufte ihr Haar auß, ſchrey, heulte und weinte, und ſprach: O mein Herr, O mein Herr, O du armes Vatterland, wie wirds uns ergehen! was für ein Unheil ſteht uns bevor! die Magd erſchrack und fragte ihre Fraw, was doch geſchehen wäre? da erzehlte und vertrawte die Fraw der Magd alles was ihr Herr ihr geſagt und vertrawt hatte, aber ſie verbotte ihr, ſie ſolte bey leib niemand nichts darvon ſagen: die Magd aber ſchwieg nit lang, ſondern vertrawte es alsbald einer anderen Magd, dieſelbe vertrawte es geſchwind ihrem Liebhaber, der jhr ohngefehr begegnete: dieſer Geſtalt kam dieſe Fabel in kurtzer Zeit von einem zum anderen auff den Marckt oder Platz, und zwar dermaſſen geſchwind, daß der Rathsherr nicht ſo bald das Rathhauß erreicht hatte, ſihe, es begegnet jhm einer und fragte jhne, ob er nichts newes gehört habe? nein, antwortet er: ich weiß nichts, weiſt du aber etwas, ſo ſags mirs. Man ſagt (antwortet der ander) es ſey ein Wachtel über die Statt geflogen, unnd habe einen güldenen Helm auff dem Kopff, und einen Spieß in den Klawen geführt, und deßwegen werde Rath gehalten. Der Rathsherr lachte, und als er in den Rath kam, erzehlte er ſeinen Mit-Rathsfreunden die Fabel, und erlöſte dadurch den Rath und die Statt auß der eitlen gefaßten Forcht. Aber zu ſeiner Heimkunfft ſtellte er ſich gegen ſeiner Frawen ſehr trawrig und betrübt, und ſprach: O Weib, wir ſeynd verlohren, und es wird uns übel ergehen, dann der Rath hat erfahren und innen worden, daß die Geheimnuß von der Wachtel auß unſerem Hauß außkommen iſt, derowegen bin ich auß der Statt geſchafft worden, und muß von deiner Geſchwätzigkeit wegen, im Elend umbziehen. Die Fraw erſchrack, und fieng an zu laugnen, aber er ſtraffte und ermahnte ſie, ſie ſolte hinfüran beſſer auff ihr Maul mercken.

Weislich hat dieſer Rathsherr gehandelt, in deme er die Trew der Weiber ohne ſonderbahre Gefahr bewehrt, unnd dardurch erfahren hat, daß nemblich faſt alle Weiber ins gemein geſchwätzig ſeyen, und nichts verſchweigen können, dann wer hat jemaln ein ſtummes Weib geſehen!

Eraſmus Alberus.

Das Geburtsjahr dieſes talentvollen und geiſtreichen Mannes iſt bisher unermittelt geblieben. Er ward nach Einigen in einem Orte der Wetterau, nach Anderen zu Sprendlingen im Darmſtädtiſchen geboren, erhielt ſeine Schulbildung in Nidda und Mainz und ſtudirte um 1521 Theologie zu Wittenberg, wo er, ein eifriger Anhänger und Verehrer Luther's, von dieſem ſehr begünſtigt wurde. Er bemühte ſich, nachdem er ſeine Studien vollendet hatte, angelegentlich, Luther's Lehre zu verbreiten, und bekleidete nach einander die Stelle eines Schullehrers oder Predigers zu St. Urſel um 1525, Götzenhain (1527), Sprendlingen, Neubrandenburg in der Mittelmark, Staden (1542), Babenhauſen und Magdeburg (um 1548), wurde aber gewöhnlich ſehr bald wieder von ſeinen Vorgeſetzten entlaſſen, da er ſich gegen Mißbräuche oder Verordnungen, die ihm ungerecht ſchienen, ſehr heftig aufzulehnen pflegte. Während des Jahres 1552 und zu Anfang 1553 privatiſirte er in Hamburg, ward darauf Generalſuperintendent zu Neubrandenburg im Mecklenburgiſchen, ſtarb aber, als er kaum ſein Amt angetreten hatte, daſelbſt am 5. Mai 1553. Er war einer der gelehrteſten und witzigſten Männer jener Zeit, ein eifriger, unermüdlicher Kämpfer für die Kirchenverbeſſerung und die neue Lehre. Seine, größtentheils nur für dieſe, verfaßten Schriften ſind meiſt polemiſch. Ihre Titel lauten:

1) **Der Barfüßer Münche Eulenſpiegel und Alcoran. Mit einer ſchönen Vorrede D. Martin Luthers.** — Ohne Angabe des Ortes und der Jahreszahl. in 12. — Fernere Ausgaben, Wittenberg, 1542. in 4. — Ohne Ort, 1573. in 8. — Eine umgearbeitete Ausgabe, 1614. in 8. — Halle, 1615. in 4. Dieſe Letztere beſorgte Matth. Petulejus. — Dieſer Alcoran iſt ein von Alb. beſorgter deutſcher Auszug aus den **Conformitates S. Francisci** des Bartholomäus von Piſa, in welchen die Aehnlichkeiten des heiligen Franciscus mit Chriſtus aufgeführt und durch viele Wundergeſchichten beſtätigt werden. — Jene Geſchichtchen nun gab Alb., wie er ſie fand, aber er verſah ſie zugleich mit höchſt beißenden, zuweilen plumpen, ſatyriſchen Randbemerkungen. — Dadurch verſchaffte er dem Buche bei allen Gleichgeſinnten eine glänzende Aufnahme und die Ehre, in das Lateiniſche, Franzöſiſche und Holländiſche überſetzt zu werden.

2) **Neue Zeitung von Rom, woher das Mordbrennen komme; item Paſquini und Marforii neue Te deum laudamus von Pabſt Paulo III. zu Rom in lateiniſcher Sprache geſungen, verdeutſcht durch Päbſtl. Heiligkeit guten Freund Eraſmum Alberum.** 1541. o. O. in 4. Eine derbe Satyre.

3) Ein Dialogus oder Geſprech etlicher Perſonen vom Interim. Item vom Krieg des Antichriſts zu Rom, Babſt Pauli III. mit Hülff Keiſer Caroli V. wider Hertzog Johann Friderichen Churfürſten zu Sachſen und ſeine Mitverwandten: darinn Urſach angezeiget wird, das es nicht wohl möglich geweſen ſey (menſchlicher Hülff nach davon zu reden) daß der löbliche Churfürſt zu Sachſen dieſen obgemelten ſeinen Feinden habe obſiegen können, von wegen ſo groſſer Verrätherey und Untreu, die ihm von ſeinen eignen Räthen und Hauptleuten begegnet. Item von den Zeichen des Jüngſten Tags. o. O. 1548. in 4. Ebenfalls eine ſcharfe, mitunter ſehr derbe und plumpe Satyre.

4) Eilend aber doch wohlgetroffene Contrafactur, da Jörg Witzel abgemalet iſt, wie er dem Judas Iſcharioth ſo gar ähnlich ſieht. o. O. u. J. in 4. Satyre in deutſchen Verſen gegen Georg Wicelius den Aelteren, der früher Mönch geweſen, dann zur lutheriſchen Kirche übergetreten und darauf zum Katholicismus zurückgekehrt war. (W. ward 1501 zu Fulda geboren und ſtarb 1573 zu Mainz als kaiſerlicher Rath.)

5) Das der Glaub an Chriſtum allein gerecht und ſeligmach, wider Jorg Witzeln, Mammelucken und Iſcharioten. Item von Jörg Witzels Leben und dabei Ludus Sylvani verdeutſcht, ſehr kurtzweilig zu leſen. Eraſmus Alberus. Im Jahr MDXXXIX. in 8. o. O. Ebenfalls gegen Wicelius gerichtet, der wider Luther's Werk de bonis operibus geſchrieben hatte und damals nach Leipzig gezogen war. Der Ludus sylvani iſt ein ſatyriſches Poſſenſpiel, in welchem Witzel, deſſen Frau Anna, Nicolaus Faber, Crotus und Cochläus redend eingeführt werden, und zwar witzig, aber höchſt plump und gemein.

6) De grote Wolthat, ſo unſe Here Godt dorch den truwen unde düren Propheten Doct. Martinum Luther, yn der Graveſchap Mansfelde gebaren, der Werlde ertöget unde den Römiſchen Widderchriſt geapenbaret. Men vindet ock den Namen der Veende wedder, ſo Doct. Martinus mit der hilligen Schrift geſchlagen und averwunnen hefft. Tho Bremen lerlich thoſamen geſatet. 1546. o. O. in 4. Ein erklärendes Gedicht in plattdeutſchen Verſen zu Ehren Luthers.

7) Ehebüchlein. o. O. 1539. 4. Auch unter dem Titel: Luſtiger Dialogus edder Geſpräke twiſchen twee Frauwen Agathe unde Barbara, deren de eene eren Mann ſchelet, de andere lawet. o. O. 1605. 8.

8) Das Buch von der Tugent und Weißheit, nemlich XLIX Fabeln, der mehrere Theil aus Eſopo gezogen und mit guten Reimen verkleret. Frankfurt am Mayn, 1550. in 4. Neue Ausgabe. Frankfurt a. M. 1579.

9) Geiſtliche Lieder, welche in mehrere Kirchengeſangbücher übergingen.

Alberus iſt als Satyriker allerdings kräftig und witzig, aber er verfällt, wie es faſt allen jenen Kämpfern für den Glauben auf beiden Seiten in damaliger Zeit erging, zu leicht in das Plumpe und Grobe, ja er wird ſogar, ohne es zu merken, unſittlich da, wo er gerade beabſichtigt, die Unſittlichkeit zu züchtigen; er trifft ſeine Gegner allerdings, aber er trifft ſie mit Keulen. Sein entſchiedenes Talent für die Erzählung offenbart ſich beſonders in ſeinen Fabeln, doch fehlt es ihm auch hier an jener Leichtigkeit und Gewandtheit, welche ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen Burkard Waldis (S. d. Art.) ſo ſehr auszeichnen. — Am Wenigſten ſind ſeine geiſtlichen Lieder beachtet worden, und doch thut ſich in dieſen gerade ſeine Originalität am Meiſten kund. — Seine Begeiſterung für den echten Glauben und die wahre Frömmigkeit, die ſich echt und warm ausſpricht, geſtattet ihm ſelbſt hier ſeiner polemiſchen Neigung zu folgen, und er theilt, wo ſich die Gelegenheit nur eben darbietet, wie z. B. in dem Geſange: Gott hat das Evangelium u. ſ. w. derbe ſatyriſche Püffe rechts und links aus. —

Vgl. Johann Jakob Körber's Beitrag zu der Lebensbeſchreibung Eraſmi Alberi, eines der erſten Reformatoren in der Wetterau. Hanau, 1751. 4.

Vom jüngſten Gericht *).

Gott hat das Evangelium
Gegeben, daß wir werden fromm;
Die Welt acht ſolchen Schatz nicht hoch,
Der mehrer Theil fragt nicht darnach.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Man fragt nichts nach der guten Lehr:
Der Geiz und Wucher noch vielmehr
Hat überhand genommen gar,
Noch ſprechen ſie: es hat kein Gfahr.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Täglich erdenckt man neue Netz,
Das ſind der Gottloſen Geſetz,
Damit ſie alles Gut zu ſich
Gern wolten reiſſen gwaltiglich.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Man rühmt das Evangelium,
Und will doch niemand werden fromm.
Fürwahr man ſpott den lieben GOtt,
Noch ſprechen ſie: Es hat kein Noth.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Es iſt doch eitel Büberey,
Die Welt treibt groſſe Schinderey,
Als ob kein Gott im Himmel wär,
Das Armuth muß ſich leiden ſehr.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Die Schätz der Kirchen nimmt man hin,
Das wird ihnn bringen kein Gewinn:
Die Armen läßt man leiden Noth,
Und nimmt ihn aus dem Mund das Brod.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Die Schuln der Kirchen ſind ihr Gift,
Sie hat von ihnen nicht geſtift:
Noch nehmen ſie das Kirchen-Gut,
Gleich, was der heilig Geiſt nicht thut.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Man fragt nach GOtt dem HErrn nicht mehr,
Die Welt ſucht ganz nach eitel Ehr,
Die Hoffart nimmt ganz überhand,
Betrügen, Lügen iſt kein Schand.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Wo bleibt die brüderliche Lieb?
Die ganze Welt iſt voller Dieb.
Kein Treu noch Glaub iſt in der Welt,
Ein jeder ſpricht: Gelt iſt nur Gelt.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Die Welt will ſich nicht laſſen wehren,
An GOtts Wort will ſich niemand kehren:
Sie haben nicht gelernet mehr,
Denn nur Freſſen und Sauffen ſehr.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Ihr groſſe Kunſt iſt panquetiren,
Und in der Büberey ſtolziren:
Das kan ſie aus der maſſen wohl,
Die Welt iſt aller Schalckheit voll.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Die liebe Sonne kan nicht mehr
Zuſehen und entſetzt ſich ſehr;
Darum verleurt ſie ihren Schein,
Das mag ein groſſe Trübſal ſeyn.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

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*) Aus: Johann Georg Walch, Geiſtliches Geſangbuch. Jena, 1737. Koburgiſches Geſangbuch. Kob. 1626. Schmalkaldiſches Geſangb. 1766.

Der Mond und Sternen ängſten ſich,
Und ihr Geſtalt ſieht jämmerlich,
Wie gern ſie wolten werden frey,
Von ſolcher groſſen Büberey.
Das iſt ein Zeichen vor dem Jüngſten Tag.

Darum komm, lieber HErre Chriſt,
Das Erdreich überdrüßig iſt,
Zu tragen ſolche Höllen-Bränd,
Drum machs einmahl mit ihr ein End,
Und laß uns ſehn den lieben Jüngſten Tag.

Vom jüngſten Gericht.

Ihr lieben Chriſten freut euch nun,
Bald wird erſcheinen GOttes Sohn,
Der unſer Bruder worden iſt,
Das iſt der lieb HErr JEſus Chriſt.

Der Jüngſte Tag iſt nun nicht fern;
Komm, JEſu Chriſte, lieber HErr,
Kein Tag vergeht, wir warten dein
Und wolten gern bald bey dir ſeyn.

Verrathen iſt der Wider-Chriſt,
Sein Heucheley und arge Liſt
Sind offenbahr und gar am Tag,
Des führt er täglich groſſe Klag.

Du treuer Heyland JEſu Chriſt!
Dieweil die Zeit erfüllet iſt,
Die uns verkündigt Daniel,
Drum komm lieber Immanuel!

Sanct Simeon wart auch auf dich,
Und deiner Zukunft freute ſich,
Er ward auch ſeiner Bitt gewährt,
Da er ſah, was ſein Herz begehrt.

Er ſprach: Nun will ich ſterben gern,
Weil ich geſehn hab meinen HErrn,
Doch ſoll es nicht geſtorben ſeyn,
Sondern im Friede fahr ich fein.

So warten wir nun auch der Stund
Und bitten dich von Herzen-Grund:
Du wolleſt nicht ausbleiben lang,
Und ſtraffn einmahl die alte Schlang,

Die alle Welt ermordet hat,
Und kan nicht Lügens werden ſatt,
Die nimm ſamt ihrer Läſter-Schul,
Und wirf ſie in den feurgen Pfuhl.

Dein lieben Kinder warten all,
Wenn doch einmahl die Welt zerfall,
Und wenn des Teufels Reich zergeh,
Und er in ewgen Schanden ſteh.

Er iſts, der deinen Nahmen ſchändt,
Und der die arme Leute blendt,
Der böſe Geiſt ſucht ſeinen Ruhm,
Und hindert, daß dein Reich nicht komm.

Was du befiehlſt, das läſtert er,
Und tobt darwieder greulich ſehr,
Was uns beſcheert dein milde Hand,
Das nähm uns gern der Höllen-Brand.

Der Satan hört nicht auf zu wehren,
Daß ſich ſo wenig Leut bekehren,
Er wend die Leut von deinem Wort,
Und richtet an Haß, Neid und Mord.

Der Teufel tracht uns gern zu Fall,
Und wolt uns gern verſchlingen all,
Er tracht nach Leib, Seel, Gut und Ehr,
HErr Chriſt, dem rothen Drachen wehr.

Die Welt kan nun nicht länger ſtehn,
Dein Wort iſt da, ſie muß vergehn,
Sie ſeufzt an allen Orten ſehr,
Und kan die Laſt nicht tragen mehr.

Die Creatur nicht länger kan
Der Eitelkeit ſeyn unterthan,
Und wolt gern wieder werden frey
Von Teufels Mord und Heucheley.

Der Pabſt hat ſie ſchon hart beſchweret,
Und alle gut Ordnung verkehret,
Drum wär ſie gern ſamt uns erlöſt,
Wir hoffen all auf deinen Troſt.

Die alten Väter warten all,
Wenn du erſcheinſt mit groſſem Schall,
Mit aller lieben Engel-Schaar,
Drauf warten ſie manch hundert Jahr.

Ey! lieber HErr, eil zum Gericht,
Laß ſehn dein herrlich Angeſicht,
Das Weſen der Dreyfaltigkeit;
Das helf uns GOtt in Ewigkeit.

Am Tage der Erſcheinung Chriſti.

Steht auf, ihr lieben Kinderlein,
Der Morgenſtern mit hellem Schein
Läßt ſich frey ſehn, gleichwie ein Held,
Und leuchtet in der ganzen Welt.

Bis willkommen, du edler Stern,
Du bringſt uns Chriſtum, unſern HErrn,
Der unſer aller Heyland iſt,
Darum du hoch zu loben biſt.

Ihr Kinder ſolt bey dieſem Stern
Erkennen Chriſtum, unſern HErrn,
Marien Sohn, den treuen Hort,
Der uns erleucht mit ſeinem Wort.

GOttes Wort du biſt der Morgen-Stern,
Wir können dein gar nicht entbehrn,
Du muſt uns leuchten immerdar,
Sonſt ſitzen wir im Finſtern gar.

Leucht uns mit deinem Glänzen klar,
Und JEſum Chriſtum offenbahr;
Jag aus der Finſterniß Gewalt,
Daß nicht die Lieb in uns erkalt.

Bis willkommen, du lieber Tag,
Für dir die Nacht nicht bleiben mag,
Leucht uns in unſer Herze fein
Mit deinem himmliſchen Schein.

O JEſu Chriſt, wir warten dein,
Dein heilges Wort leucht uns ſo fein;
Am End der Welt bleib nicht lang aus,
Und führ uns in deins Vaters Haus

Du biſt die liebe Sonne klar,
Wer an dich glaubt, der iſt fürwahr
Ein Kind der ewgen Seligkeit,
Die deinen Chriſten iſt bereit.

Wir danken dir, wir loben dich,
Hie zeitlich und dort ewiglich,
Für deine groß Barmherzigkeit,
Von nun an bis in Ewigkeit.

Von der Himmelfahrt Jeſu Chriſti.

Nun freut euch GOttes Kinder all,
Der HErr fährt auf mit groſſem Schall:
Lobſinget ihm, lobſinget ihm,
Lobſinget ihm mit heller Stimm. Allelujah!

Die Engel und all Himmels-Heer
Erzeigen Chriſto göttlich Ehr,
Und jauchzen in dem Himmels-Saal,
Das thun die lieben Engel all. All.

Daß unſer Heyland JEſus Chriſt,
Wahr GOttes Sohn, Menſch worden iſt
Deß freuen ſich die Engel ſehr,
Und gönnen uns gern ſolche Ehr. All.

Der HErr hat uns die Stätt bereit,
Bey ihm zu ſeyn in Ewigkeit:
Lobſinget ihm, lobſinget ihm,
Lobſinget ihm mit lauter Stimm. All.

Wir ſind Erben im Himmelreich,
Wir ſind den lieben Engeln gleich:
Das ſehn die lieben Engel gern,
Und danken mit uns Gott dem HErrn. All.

Es hat mit uns nun nimmer Noth,
Der Satan, Sünd und ewge Tod
Allſamt zu ſchanden worden ſind
Durch GOttes und Marien Kind. All.

Den heilgen Geiſt ſend er herab,
Auf daß er unſre Herzen lab,
Und tröſt uns durch das göttlich Wort,
Und uns behüt für Teufels Mord. All.

Alſo baut er die Chriſtenheit
Zur ewgen Freud und Seligkeit:
Allein der Glaub an JEſum Chriſt
Das recht Erkänntniß GOttes iſt. All.

Der heilge Geiſt den Glauben ſtärkt,
Geduld und Hoffnung in uns wirkt,
Erleucht und macht die Herzen feſt,
Und uns in Trübſal nicht verläßt. All.

Was uns die göttlich Majeſtät
Am heilgen Creuz erworben hat,
Das theilet aus der heilge Geiſt,
Darum er unſer Tröſter heißt. All.

Der Vater hat den Sohn geſandt,
Der Sohn wird anderſt nicht bekant
Denn durch den heilgen Geiſt allein,
Der muß die Herzen machen rein. All.

So manche ſchöne GOttes Gab
Bringt uns der heilge Geiſt herab,
Und uns vorm Satan wohl bewahret,
Solchs ſchafft des HErren Himmelfahrt. All.

So danket nun dem lieben HErrn,
Und lobet ihn von Herzen gern;
Lobſinget mit der Engel-Chör,
Daß man es in dem Himmel hör. All.

GOtt Vater in der Ewigkeit,
Es ſagt dir deine Chriſtenheit
Groß Ehr und Dank mit höchſtem Fleiß
Zu allen Zeiten Lob und Preis. All.

HErr JEſu Chriſte GOttes Sohn,
Gewaltig, herrlich, prächtig, ſchön,
Es dankt dir deine Chriſtenheit
Von nun an bis in Ewigkeit. All.

O heilger Geiſt, du wahrer GOtt,
Der du uns tröſt in aller Noth,
Wir rühmen dich, wir loben dich,
Und ſagen dir Dank ewiglich. All.

Albrecht von Halberſtadt. S. Minneſinger.

Johann Friedrich Ernſt Albrecht,

geboren 1752 zu Stade, ſtudirte Medizin zu Erfurt, ging darauf als D. M. und Arzt des Grafen Manteufel nach Reval, lebte darauf abwechſelnd in Erfurt, Leipzig und Dresden, ward Buchhändler in Prag, dann Theaterdirector in Altona und ſtarb als praktiſcher Arzt daſelbſt 1816. Er war einer der fruchtbarſten, aber auch zugleich mittelmäßigſten deutſchen Romanſchriftſteller. Von ſeinen ſämmtlichen Schriften hat ihn keine überlebt, da ſie ihr Publikum nur in den Leihbibliotheken zweiten Ranges fanden; obwohl manche aus eben dieſem Grunde zu der zweifelhaften Ehre einer zweiten Auflage gelangte. Wir begnügen uns mit einer Aufzählung der bekannteſten, ohne jedoch aus leicht zu errathenden Gründen Auszüge folgen zu laſſen.

Waller und Natalie. 2. Aufl. Lpz. 1782. 3 Thle.
Liebe iſt ein wunderlich Ding. Hamb. 1787. 2 Thle.
Fauſt der Zweite. Stettin, 1782. 2 Thle.
Sophie Berg. Leipzig, 1782. 2 Thle.
Laura di Sola. Hamb. 1782. 2 Thle.
Thereſe von Edelwald. Frankfurt, 1784. 2 Thle.
Lauretta Piſana. 2. Aufl. Lpz. 1785. 2 Thle.
Dreierlei Wirkungen. Lpz. 1782—90. 8 Thle.
Die Familie Ebeli. Dresden, 1791. 4 Th.
Dramatiſche Werke. Dresden, 1790.
Die Regenten des Thierreichs. Berl. 1790. 4 Th.
Die Familie Nebels. Lpz. 1795. 2 Thle.
Sammlung neuer Schauſpiele. Hamburg, 1804.
Maria de Lucca. Altona, 1801.
Ulrike della Marka. Hamburg, 1802. 2 Th.
Die Kreuzfahrerinnen. Lpz. 1804.
u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Sophie Albrecht,

des Vorigen Gattin, Tochter des Profeſſors der Medicin J. P. Baumer zu Erfurt, heirathete nach deſſen Tode den Obengenannten, der ihr Vormund war, und widmete ſich der theatraliſchen Laufbahn. Seit dem Jahre 1783 zuerſt bei der großmannſchen Geſellſchaft in Mainz, dann bei der bondiniſchen in Dresden, ſpäter bei der ihres Mannes in Altona. Sie iſt 1757 geboren und lebt noch ſehr bejahrt in einer Vorſtadt Hamburgs in gedrückten Verhältniſſen.

Als Schauſpielerin erwarb ſie ſich zu ihrer Zeit einen bedeutenden Ruf, welcher nicht wenig dazu beitrug, ihren Schriften freundliche Aufnahme zu verſchaffen; doch erhebt ſie ſich in dieſen ſelten über das Mittelmäßige. — Herzlichkeit und warmes Gefühl ſind ihr eigenthümlich, jedoch nicht hinreichend, um eine gewiſſe Gedankenarmuth zu verdecken. Sie nahm Theil an den Romanen ihres Mannes und bildete ſich nach dieſem, was ihr keineswegs vortheilhaft war. —

Ihre ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen ſind folgende:

Gedichte und Schauſpiele. Erfurt, 1782—1785. }
Gedichte und proſaiſche Aufſätze. Dresd. 1791. } 3 Th.
Aramena, eine ſyriſche Geſchichte. Berlin, 1782 folgende. 3 Thle.
Das höfliche Geſpenſt. Leipzig, 1797.
Graumännchen oder die Burg Rabenſtein. Hamb. 1791.
Ida von Duba. Altona, 1805.
Legenden u. ſ. w. Hamburg, 1800.
Romantiſche Dichtungen u. ſ. w. Hamb. 1806.

Wir theilen hier einige ihrer gelungenſten Gedichte mit; ihre proſaiſchen Leiſtungen verdienen es eben ſo wenig als die ihres Gatten.

An Ferdinand.*)

Im Mai 1788.

Du liebeſt mich!
Mir blüht die Roſe wieder
In neu erwachter Gluth;
Mir tönen meines Herzens Lieder,
Mir brauſt der Sturm, mir rauſcht der Elbe Fluth
Du liebeſt mich!

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*) Aus: Gedichte und proſaiſche Aufſätze von Sophie Albrecht. Bd. 1. Dresden, 1791.

Ich liebe dich!
Mir liſpelts durch die Bäume,
Mir rufts des Morgens Pracht,
Und in des Lebens kleinſten Keime,
In Dämmerung, in ſchwarzer Mitternacht:
Ich liebe dich!

Du liebeſt mich!
Der ganzen Schöpfung Fülle
Gehört uns beyden nur.
Des Lebens Puls, noch jüngſt ſo ſtille,
Hüpft glühend durch die Adern der Natur:
Du liebeſt mich!

Ich liebe dich!
Von deinem Arm umſchlungen,
Fühl ich unſterblich ſeyn;
Von deiner Liebe Kuß durchdrungen,
Kein Leichentuch hüllt dies Entzücken ein:
Ich liebe dich!

Du liebeſt mich!
Des Todes kalte Stunde
Schmilzt unſers Herzens Gluth!
Die Flammen in der Seelen Bunde
Löſcht nicht der Tod — nicht Lethes ſchwarze Fluth:
Du liebeſt mich!

Lied auf dem Kirchhofe.

Sey leiſer hier, du meines Kummers Klage,
Und ſeufze nur, was mich zu Gräbern beugt;
Verzeiht — verzeiht, ihr Todten, daß ichs wage
Zu jammern, wo des Schmerzes Stimme ſchweigt.

Nichts kann der Gräber ſtolze Ruhe ſtören,
Der Todte wohnt im ſtillen Schattenreich;
Drum will ich heilig eure Thäler ehren,
Ach! er, mein Herzensfreund, wohnt unter euch.

Mein Freund, der wieder all die ſüßen Bande,
Die längſt die Welt von meinem Herzen riß,
Sanft knüpft', und mir im finſtern Wechſellande
Eliſiums ewig dauernd Glück verhieß.

Die heiße Stirn gelehnt am kalten Steine,
Der meiner Trauer ſtummen Hügel deckt:
Rinnt ſanft, ihr Thränen! wie im Frühlingshayne
Des Morgens Thau, der junge Roſen weckt.

Sie fließen nicht, dich Frohen zu beklagen,
Der nicht im Kerker der Verweſung wohnt;
Dir jauchz' ich zu, dem nun nach ſchwülen Tagen
Das kühle Wehn der Dulderpalme lohnt.

Dort ſeh ich dich den großen Morgen feyern,
Der nur an jenem Purpurufer tagt;
Wohin keins von des Lebens Ungeheuern
Durch Gottes Wachen ſich hinüber wagt.

Nur mir, nur mir Geſunknen rinnt die Zähre,
Nur mich Verlaßne klagt dies Thränenlied;
Mir iſt die Welt nur eine öde Leere,
Wo mir allein kein ſtiller Hügel blüht.

Er deckt mit dir auch alle bleiche Schrecken,
Die Gruft und Tod mir einſtens ſchaudernd gab;
So muß die Nacht den jungen Morgen wecken,
Du ſtarbſt — und Heymath wird mir Tod und Grab.

Umſchlungen unſrer ſchönſten Hoffnung Büſte
Späh ich, ob bald der Kahn herüber ſchwimmt,
Der mich von der Verweſung ſchwarzen Küſte
Zu dir — zu dir, mein Freund, hinüber nimmt.

Nachts.

Alles ruht — nur meine Seele
Iſt noch ihrem Kummer wach;
Schmerzlicher, weil ichs verhehle,
Drückt ſie ihr gepreßtes: Ach!

Schwüle liegt auf meinem Herzen,
Schwerer Ahndung bange Laſt —
Nie verſchwinden dieſe Schmerzen,
Nur im Grabe wohnet Raſt —

Gott! mein Gott! o gieb mir Stille,
Sprich zu meinem Geiſte: Ruh!
Bey dir iſt des Friedens Fülle,
Wink mir ſüßen Schlummer zu.

An die Träume.

Bunte Kinder ſchwarzer Nacht,
Die ihr Lebensmüden
Oft das Leben reizend macht,
Und mit ſüßem Frieden

Gern den Trauernden erfreut,
Und dem Hoffnungsloſen
Eure Roſenlauben leiht,
Wo ihm Freuden koſen,

Webt aus ſanfter Phantaſie,
Aus den ſchönſten Bildern,
Hold wie Engel Melodie,
Wenn ſie Himmel ſchildern —

Ruhig wie des Morgens Gruß,
Wie des Abends Wehen —
Leiſe, wie der Weſte Kuß,
Wie der Elbe Blähen —

Reizend, wie ſein eignes Bild —
Träume meinem Helden;
Liebe, die mein Herz erfüllt,
Soll den Traum vergelten.

Lied.

Wenn früh die graue Dämm'rung flieht,
Wenn ſich der Abend ſenkt,
Erwache meines Dankes Lied,
Dem, der dir Frieden ſchenkt.

Schwer lag auf mir der Kummer, — ſchwer,
Ich weinte heiß und viel;
Das Leben war mir wonneleer,
Grab war mein ſchwarzes Ziel.

Da ſchickte Gott mir Frieden her,
Und machte leicht die Bruſt.
Lob ihm! — wo iſt ein Gott wie er?
Uns helfen iſt ihm Luſt.

An Ihn.

Bitte an Winde und Wellen.

Kommt — o kommt ihr lieben Winde,
Nehmt ſein Schiffgen auf die Flügel,
Bringt es über Klippen, über Wellen-Hügel,
Schwellt die Segel — eilt geſchwinde
Her ans Ufer, wo ſein Liebchen weilt.

Wilde Wellen! werdet ſtille,
Rauſchet wie der Liebe Sehnen,
Bringt ihm, krauſe Wellen, bringt ihm dieſe Thränen.
Zittert in der Abendhülle
Lieblich ſeines blaſſen Mädchens Bild.

Schläft er ſchon mit Lerch und Käfer?
Beugt euch flacher, hohe Wogen,
Wiegt ihm Schlummer — Mond! vom hohen Sternenbogen
Blicke ſegnend meinem Schläfer
Träume unſrer goldnen Hoffnung zu.

Wilibald Alexis. S. Georg Wilhelm Heinrich Häring.

Ludwig von Alvensleben,

als Schriftſteller meiſt Guſtav Sellen genannt, ward am 3. Mai 1800 zu Berlin geboren, widmete ſich dem Militärſtande und ſtand in königlich hannöverſchen und k. preußiſchen Dienſten. Aus großer Neigung für die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften nahm er jedoch ſchon früh ſeinen Abſchied und ließ ſich als privatiſirender Gelehrter in Leipzig nieder, wo er mehrere Journale, unter Andern die „Hebe" und die allgemeine Theaterchronik redigirte. Zu Ende des Jahres 1833 verließ er jedoch Leipzig wieder und übernahm die Direction des Theaters zu Meiningen, die er jedoch nach kurzer Führung wieder aufgab.

Von A. iſt vorzüglich als ſchneller und gewandter Ueberſetzer bekannt, und hat in dieſem Fache unglaublich viel in kurzer Zeit geliefert, wie z. B. mehrere Romane von H. Smith, Waſhington Irving's Eroberung von Granada, die Memoiren der Herzogin von Abrantes u. ſ. w.

Zu ſeinen eigenen Leiſtungen gehören:

Die Zwillingsburgen, der Weiberfeind und der Bühnendieb. Leipzig, 1826.
Das Familienvermächtniß. Leipz. 1826.
Mondlichter und Gasbeleuchtungen von Herloßſohn, Sellen und Schäfer. Lpzg. 1828.
Moſaikſammlung von Erzählungen. Gera, 1829.
Erzählungen. Halberſtadt, 1830.
Die Geiſtererbſchaft, und andere Erzählungen. Leipz. 1830.
Der Prophet im Narrenhauſe zu Dömitz. Ilmenau, 1831.
Winterſtunden. Leipzig, 1832.
Novellen und Erzählungen. Nürnberg, 1832.
Der Lügenkaiſer. Meißen, 1833.
Einzelne Erzählungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Durch Tiefe, Phantaſie und Originalität zeichnen ſich v. A's Leiſtungen im Gebiete der kleineren Erzählungen (denn nur in dieſem hat er ſich faſt allein verſucht) eben nicht aus, aber ſie gewähren durch ihre Anſpruchloſigkeit und den gefälligen und gewandten Styl des Verfaſſers eine leichte und angenehme Lectüre. Wir theilen hier den Anfang einer ſeiner gelungenſten Novellen als Beweis und Probe mit.

D'Aubigné.*)

Finſtern Sinnes wandelte ein Jüngling an den reizenden Ufern der Saone entlang. Eine ärmliche Kleidung bedeckte den ſchönen Körper, und die edle Haltung des Fremdlings ſchien zu verkünden, daß er einem höheren Stande angehöre. Noch ſtand er im Lenz des Lebens, und ſchon ſchien Kummer ſein Geſicht gefurcht zu haben. Trübe blickte ſein Auge in den Strom, und bemerkte nicht die Schönheiten der Natur rings um ihn her. Unter ihm rauſchten die Wellen des Fluſſes, und luden ihn, Ruhe verſprechend, ein zum Sprunge in die Tiefe. Schon hatte er den verzweifelten Entſchluß gefaßt, ſchon war der Fuß gehoben, als er ſich plötzlich von hinten an ſeiner Kleidung ergriffen fühlte. —

Er ſah um ſich, und vor ihm ſtand ein kleines, reizendes Mädchen, zehn Jahre etwa alt, und wandte, ängſtlich beſorgt, kein Auge von ihm, während ihre ſchwache Hand ſeine Kleidung noch immer feſt hielt.

„Lieber Herr," ſagte das Mädchen, und der Wohllaut der Stimme des kleinen Weſens erfüllte des Verzweifelten Herz mit ſanfteren Regungen, „lieber Herr, was macht Ihr hier, an der reißendſten Stelle des Stromes. Ihr ſteht an gefährlichem Orte, denn das Ufer iſt unterhöhlt und könnte leicht unter Eurer Laſt brechen." Bei dieſen Worten zerrte ſie den Fremden ängſtlich mit ſich fort, bis er auf feſterm, ſicherem Boden mit ihr ſtand.

„„Kind,"" erwiederte der Jüngling finſter, „„laß das Ufer brechen. Wohler iſt mir im kühlen Bette des Stromes, als hier auf der Erde, wo keine Freude mehr meiner wartet.""

„Ei, wie Ihr da nun ſprecht," entgegnete das Mädchen mit lieblicher Offenheit. „Wißt Ihr denn, was Euch noch für Freuden beſtimmt ſind, oder wozu Gott Euch vielleicht auserſehen?"

Verwundert ſah der Unglückliche herab auf den kleinen Prediger, aber er fühlte ſich durchdrungen von der Wahrheit der Worte. Plötzlich ſtählte der Muth auf's Neue ſein Herz, und er gelobte ſich in dieſem Momente, nie des Lebens Bürde freventlich von ſich zu werfen, ſollte auch die Laſt des irdiſchen Daſeins ihm noch ſo unerträglich ſcheinen. Ohne Zögern folgte er daher ſeiner kleinen Führerin, welche, froh ihrer That, ihn an der Hand mit ſich fortzog, und während des Weges nicht müde ward, ihm von der Herzensgüte, von der Menſchenfreundlichkeit ihres Vaters zu erzählen, zu dem ſie ihren Schützling führen wollte, und der gewiß dem Hülfsbedürftigen, dem Verlaſſenen, mit Rath und That nach allen Kräften beiſtehen würde.

Das Mädchen hatte nicht zu viel verſprochen. Der Herr von Lezei, ihr Vater, empfing den Jüngling anfangs zwar kalt, aber dennoch freundlich. Des Greiſes empfehlende, wohlwollende Züge erwarben ihm auf den erſten Blick des Jünglings ganzes Zutrauen, und als der Herr von Lezei ſich bereit erklärte, ihm zu helfen, ſeine Hülfe jedoch keinem Unbekannten, vielleicht gar Unwürdigen zuwenden wollte, da machte der Jüngling ihn ohne fernern Rückhalt mit allen ſeinen Verhältniſſen, mit den Schickſalen ſeines kurzen Lebens bekannt.

„Mein Name iſt d'Aubigné," ſagte er. „Mein Vater, ein eifriger Hugenott, war unter Saint-Cyr Commandant von Orleans. In der Religion, der er anhing, wurde auch ich unterrichtet, und mein Verſtand ſowohl, als mein Herz fühlten ſich ganz von dieſer reinen Lehre durchdrungen. Dies iſt die Quelle meiner Leiden, denn die Verfolgung, welche die Hugenotten faſt allgemein getroffen, ward auch mir. Zwar war ich während meines Vaters Leben vor allen Angriffen geſichert, denn er erfreute ſich bei Feind und Freund der größten Achtung. Niemand wagte es, des Redlichen Ankläger zu ſein, kaum aber hatte er die Augen geſchloſſen, als habſüchtige Verwandte, denen nach meinem geringen Vermögen gelüſtete, es zu veranlaſſen wußten, daß ich der Ketzerei angeklagt ward. Die Anklage ſelbſt zu übernehmen, ſcheuten ſie ſich, des öffentlichen Urtheils wegen, und des Erfolges ihrer hämiſchen Abſicht waren ſie auch ohnehin gewiß. Ihre Erwartung traf vollkommen ein, denn das Tribunal, aus den eifrigſten Gegnern unſerer Religion beſtehend, verurtheilte mich und meinen edlen Lehrer Beroald zum Tode, falls wir nicht unſere falſche Lehre abſchwören und die Meſſe hören wollten. Mit Verachtung antwortete ich auf dieſen entehrenden Antrag, und das Urtheil des Todes ward nun vollends beſtätigt. Wenige Tage vor der Vollſtreckung deſſelben gelang es mir jedoch, aus meinem Kerker zu entfliehen, und glücklich die Grenze der Schweiz zu erreichen. Dort lebte ich zu Genf mehrere Monate, der Sorge und dem Mangel Preis gegeben, da hörte ich, daß neue Verfolgungen meine Religionsverwandten abermals zu dem verzweifelten Entſchluſſe gebracht, die Waffen gegen ihren Monarchen, gegen ihre Mitbürger zu ergreifen, welche ihnen grauſam das Heiligſte, was der Menſch haben kann, die Gewiſſensfreiheit, rauben wollten. Voll des glühendſten Eifers für die neue Lehre, eilte ich, keine Gefahr beachtend, zurück in mein unglückliches Vaterland, um mich unter die Fahnen der Hugenotten zu ſtellen, um mitzukämpfen, den ritterlichen Kampf, oder fallend auf dem Bette der Ehre, mit meinem Blute die Reinheit meiner Geſinnungen zu beſiegeln."

Mit Verwunderung hatte der Herr von Lezei der feurigen Rede des Jünglings zugehört. Er ſelbſt war im Herzen der neuen Lehre zugethan, wenn auch weltliche Rückſichten ihn für jetzt noch beſtimmten, den Gebräuchen des katholiſchen Gottesdienſtes treu zu bleiben. Innig freute es ihn, hier einen ſo eifrigen Vertheidiger ſeiner eigenen Geſinnungen zu finden, und eine innere Stimme ſchien ihm zuzuflüſtern, daß der Jüngling, der jetzt im Begriffe war, ſeinen ſchwachen Arm der Sache ſeiner Religion zu weihen, einſt eine kräftige Stütze ſeiner bedrängten Glaubensbrüder werden würde. Um ſich noch feſter zu überzeugen, und zugleich in die Tiefe der Seele des Jünglings einen prüfenden Blick zu werfen, hatte er ihn bis jetzt nicht unterbrochen; und das ſteigende Feuer, mit welchem d'Aubigné redete, hatte ihn vollkommen überzeugt, daß er der Hülfe werth ſei, welche er ihm zuzuwenden Willens war.

Als d'Aubigné jetzt ſtockte, fragte ihn der Herr von Lezei: „Weßhalb aber, Herr von d'Aubigné, führten Sie Ihren Entſchluß, den ich nicht anders, als lobenswerth nennen kann, nicht aus, weßhalb ſtarrten Sie hier, noch weit von dem rühmlichen Ziele entfernt, düſtern Blickes hinab in die Wellen der Saone, daß ich nicht anders glauben kann, als, Sie wollten freventlich Ihrem Leben ſelbſt ein Ende machen.“

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*) Aus: Ausgewählte kleine Original-Romane u. ſ. w. Th. 2. Leipzig, 1828

„„Ja! ich will es nicht läugnen,““ erwiederte d'Aubigné, „„ohne Dazwiſchenkunft des zarten Weſens, vom Himmel mir zur Rettung geſandt, würden die Wellen des Fluſſes jetzt wahrſcheinlich mein Grab ſeyn; denn feiger Kleinmuth hatte ſo mich übermannt, daß ich wähnte, ich könne die Bürde des Lebens länger nicht tragen. Von allen Hülfsmitteln zur Fortſetzung meiner Reiſe entblößt, zu ſtolz, vielleicht auch zu verlegen, von Fremden ſie zu erbitten, warf Krankheit mich zu Lyon auf das Siechbett. Kaum wieder geneſen, forderte meine Wirthin mit Ungeſtüm die Bezahlung der Koſten für Wohnung und Pflege. Außer Stande, ihrer gerechten, wenn auch nicht billigen Forderung zu genügen, ſelbſt ohne die Ausſicht, Rath hierzu zu ſchaffen, trieb meine Sorge mich hinaus in die Einſamkeit. Das Uebrige wiſſen Sie.““

Gerührt von des Jünglings Aufrichtigkeit, und von der Hülfloſigkeit ſeiner Lage ergriffen, erfüllte der Herr von Lezai gern und willig die Bitte ſeiner kleinen Suſanne. Mit den nöthigen Erforderniſſen zur Fortſetzung der Reiſe, auch mit baarem Gelde hinlänglich verſehen, verließ d'Aubigné den Ort, an welchem ſeine kleine Retterin lebte, mit den dankbarſten Geſinnungen gegen das holde Kind erfüllt, indem er bei ſich ſelbſt das Gelübde ablegte, ihre Wohlthaten einſt, wenn das Schickſal ihn dazu hinlänglich begünſtigte, durch mehr als bloße Worte zu vergelten. Voll patriotiſchen und religiöſen Eifers ließ er zu Saintonge ſich anwerben, und betrat die Bahn des Ruhms mit dem feſten Vorſatze, Ehre für das Leben, oder im Tode auf ihr zu finden.

Johann Baptist von Alxinger

ward am 24. Januar 1755 zu Wien geboren, wo ſein Vater in glücklichen Verhältniſſen lebte. Der junge A. erhielt ſchon früh eine vortreffliche Erziehung, an der der berühmte Numismatiker Eckhel großen Antheil hatte, ſtudirte dann in ſeiner Vaterſtadt die Rechte, ward darauf Dr. jur. und k. k. Hofagent; lebte jedoch mehr ſeinen Neigungen, da ihn ein bedeutendes von ſeinen Eltern ererbtes Vermögen ſchon früh aller Nahrungsſorgen überhob. Im Jahre 1794 erhielt er die Stelle eines Hoftheaterſecretärs, die er aber nicht lange bekleidete. Er ſtarb am 1. Mai 1797, von ſeinen Freunden tief betrauert. In den Verhältniſſen des Lebens ward er von Allen, die ihn näher kannten, als ein vortrefflicher, redlicher, wohlwollender und immer heiterer Mann, den ſein guter Humor ſelbſt auf dem Sterbelager nicht verließ, geſchildert. Zu ſeiner Zeit galt er als der erſte Dichter Wiens, doch war das freilich eine Zeit, in der Wien eben nichts Bedeutendes aufzuweiſen hatte.

Er hat folgende Schriften hinterlaſſen:

J. B. v. A. ſämmtliche Gedichte. 2 Thle. Klagenfurth und Laybach, 1788. in 8.

A's neueſte Gedichte. Wien, 1794. 8.

Numa Pompilius. 2 Thl. Leipz. und Klagenfurth, 1792. 8; eine verſificirte Bearbeitung des bekannten Florian'ſchen Romans.

Doolin von Mainz. Ein Rittergedicht. Leipzig, 1787. 8. (Nachdruck, Karlsruhe, 1787. 8.) Zweite Aufl. Leipzig, 1797. gr. 8.

Bliomberis. Ein Rittergedicht. Leipz. 1791. — Zweite Aufl. beſorgt von Seume. Leipz. 1802. 8.

Beiträge zur öſterreichiſchen Monatsſchrift, dem deutſchen Merkur, den Horen u. ſ. w.

Alxingers wohlgetroffenes Bildniß findet ſich vor der zweiten Auflage des Doolin von Mainz.

Er war Wieland's Nachahmer und hätte bei ſeinem Fleiße, ſeinen Kenntniſſen und ſeinem Charakter Großes leiſten können, wenn dieſe allein hinreichten, einen Dichter zu machen; aber es fehlte ihm an productiver Phantaſie und Tiefe: ſeine Epopöen bleiben daher immer Nachahmungen, denen man zu deutlich die Mühe anſieht, welche ſie ihrem Verfaſſer koſteten; auch hat die Eleganz der Form und die Herrſchaft über die Sprache, deren ſie ſich erfreuen, ſie nicht vor der Vergeſſenheit erretten können, in welche ſie wenige Zeit nach des Dichters Tode bereits verfallen waren. Einzelnheiten in denſelben ſind allerdings gelungen, jedoch nicht immer glücklich. —

Doolin von Maynz.*)

Wer iſt der Mann, der tief in dieſem finſtern Wald,
Wo Dickicht überall das ſcheue Wild beſchützet,
Und ſelten nur das krumme Jagdhorn ſchallt,
Vor einer Klauſe betend kniet!
Sein himmelwärts gehobener Blick,
Sein härnes Kleid, ſein hänfner Knotenſtrick
Und die Sandal' am nackten Fuße
Zeigt einen Heiligen in überſtrenger Buße.

Doch eingegraben ſteht auf ſeinem Angeſicht,
Daß er den größern Theil des Lebens nicht
In dieſer frommen Ruh' und thatenlos durchlebet.
Kraft ſchwellt ihm jeden Nerv, und jeden Zug erhebet
Ein Selbſtgefühl, das Helden angeſtammt
Und unvertilgbar iſt; ſein tiefes Auge flammt.
Kaum kann des Bethers Stirn den edlen Trotz verhehlen,
Noch immer ſcheinet ſie zu ſchrecken, zu befehlen.

Graf Guido, Frankens Stolz, der erſte Paladin
Am Hof ſeines Freunds, des mächtigen Pipin,
Der Damen Augenmerk, der Held, der Aire's Mauern,
Pavia's Wall erſtürmt, hat ſich hieher verbannt,
Der Tage Reſt als Klausner zu vertrauern.
Kein Eiſenhandſchuh deckt die ſehnenvolle Hand
Des tapfern Mannes mehr, denn mit dem Roſenkranze
Vertauſchte ſie das Schlachtſchwert und die Lanze.

Als Knappe dient' er einſt dem kriegriſchen Martell,
Verbrüderte ſich dann mit deſſen älterm Sohne
Und ebnet ihm den Weg zum Frankenthrone.
In dem Entſchluße klug, in der Vollführung ſchnell,
Erfocht der Held, als Gryphon ſich empörte,
Und als Aiſtulph Italien verheerte,
Der Siege viel; auch war Pipin,
Wiewohl ein Fürſt, doch dankbar gegen ihn.

Er lohnt' ihm mit der Hand der ſchönen Kunigunde.
Die Grafſchaft Maynz und jede Tugend war
Ein Brautſchatz, Guido's werth, und hochbeglückt das Paar.
Nach Jahren liebt' es ſich, wie in der Trauungsſtunde.
Zwar Einen Sohn gab Kunigunde nur
Dem zärtlichen Gemahl; doch ſparte die Natur,
Nur deſto liebender, wie gute Mütter pflegen,
Für dieſen Einzigen all ihren reichen Segen.

Der kleine Doolin, ſo hieß Guido ſeinen Sohn,
Wuchs bald empor zum hoffnungsvollen Knaben.
Da trieben ritterliche Gaben
Und Geiſt und Kraft die erſten Blüthen ſchon.
Der Spielgenoſſen Schaar ſchien nur auf ihn zu achten;
Was Doolin vorſchlug, das gefiel;
Doch meiſtens ſchlug er vor ein kriegeriſches Spiel,
Turniere, Kämpfe, Stürme, Schlachten.

Und wies er ſich in junger Mädchen Kreis,
Dann war ein Blick von ihm der allerhöchſte Preis,
Und jede ſtrebt', ihn zu verdienen.
Man ſah das ganze Weib ſchon in der Kinder Mienen,
Sah, daß ſchon Leidenſchaft im zarten Buſen gohr.
Wie manche bargen ſich, wenn bei dem Pfänderſpiele
Ein Zwiſt entſtand, vor ihm ſcheinzornig hinter Stuhle;
Doch immer ſahen ſie, geſehn zu ſeyn, hervor.

Acht Jahre waren ſo im Kindheitstraum verſchwunden.
Zum Edelknabendienſt rief izt des Vaters Rang
Ihn nach Paris, noch mehr ſein eigner Hang.
Der kluge Guido ſelbſt entdeckt es Kunigunden,
Sie ſeufzt und willigt ein; als von des Königs Tod
Die Nachricht kommt ſammt einem Aufgeboth
Von deſſen Sohne Karl. Er läſſet vor die Stufen
Des neuen Throns die Reichsvaſallen rufen.

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*) Aus: Joh. von Alxinger, Doolin von Maynz, ein Rittergedicht in zehn Geſängen. Leipzig, 1797. Geſang 1.

Graf Guido ſäumet nicht mit Doolin hinzuziehn.
Der weiſe Karl empfängt und unterſcheidet ihn
Als einen alten Freund, der auf den Pfad der Ehre
Ihn früh gelenkt durch Beyſpiel und durch Lehre,
Verleihet ihm zum Lohn für die geprüfte Treu'
Noch neue zu den alten Lehen,
Kann ſich nicht ſatt am kleinen Doolin ſehen,
Und wünſchet, daß er bald ein zweyter Guido ſey.

Einſt ſagt' er ihm, da ſchau', und hebt zugleich den Knaben
Vom Boden auf, da ſchau und wähl' ein Kleinod, Kind!
Dein Vater war ſo treu ſtets gegen uns geſinnt:
Du mußt dafür von Karln ein Angedenken haben.
Der Knabe nickt ihm Dank und ſchaut umher im Saal,
Sieht manchen goldenen Pokal,
Voll köſtlichen Geſteins, manch ſchön getriebnes Becken,
Manch ſeidnes Waffenkleid und manche reiche Decken.

Sein prüfend Auge weilt auf jedem Gegenſtand;
Doch plötzlich ſchreyt er auf, die Hände freudig hebend,
Und ungeduldig niederſtrebend,
Läuft er dem Winkel zu. Hier unter prächtigem Tand
Steht, wie ein grauer Held im goldnen Hofgedränge,
Ein kaum bemerktes Schwert von nicht gemeiner Länge,
Doch alt und prunklos; dieß hat Doolin ſchon gefaßt,
Und mühſam ſchleppt er her die angenehme Laſt.

Herr König, gebt mir das; es iſt zwar nur von Eiſen,
Doch iſt es lang und groß. Karl ſtaunt den Knaben an,
Der Vater weint, die Ritter alle preiſen
Ihn hochbeglückt. Fürwahr, beginnt Turpin, als Mann,
Als Held hat euer Sohn gewählet.
Das hat er, rufet Karl mit der Entzückung Ton,
Und früher Trefflichkeit gebühret früher Lohn;
Weh dem, der Jahre nur und nicht Verdienſte zählet.

Er ſagt's, beſteigt den Thron, ruft Doolin, läßt ihn
Auf die mit rothem Sammt bedeckten Stufen knien,
Giebt ihm den Ritterſchlag mit dem gewählten Schwerte,
Und ſchenkt es ihm und küſſet ihn und ſpricht:
Der neue Ritter weiß es nicht,
Welch großes Kleinod er von ſeinem Freund begehrte.
Nach Durandaln iſt euch, bey meinem Rittereid!
Ein Schwert, wie dieß, nicht in der Chriſtenheit.

Ich ſelbſt erhielt es einſt aus Stephans heilgen Händen.
Vor böſer Zauberey Gewaltſamkeit beſchützt
Des Schwertes Weihe den, in deſſen Fauſt es blitzt.
Ihn kann die Hölle ſelbſt nur täuſchen, nur verblenden.
Ich gönnt' es wenigen, doch dir,
Dir gönn' ich's, Sohn! O Edle, glaubet mir,
Setzt Karl hinzu, im Auge Freudenthränen,
Die Stunde koſtet einſt viel Blut den Saracenen.

Am Hofe Karls entfliehn ſchnell, wie ein Augenblick,
Acht Tage bey Bankett, bey Ritterſpiel und Tanze;
Doch mit des neunten Morgens Glanze
Zieht Guido und ſein Sohn nach Mainz zurück.
Die Gräfinn ſieht mit innigem Vergnügen,
Daß auch ihr Doolin ſchon vom Hofe wiederkehrt;
Er aber eilet, ſich an ihre Bruſt zu ſchmiegen,
Erzählet, was geſchehn, und weiſet ihr ſein Schwert.

Was nebſt dem Kinde noch die Gräfinn immer feſter
An ihren liebenden, geliebten Guido band,
War Gloriande, ſeine Schweſter.
An Schönheit, hohem Geiſt, an Witz und Weisheit fand
Man ihres gleichen nicht. Sie war der Freundſchaft offen,
Gut, liebreich gegen ihr Geſchlecht;
Doch gegen Männer hart, mißtrauiſch, ungerecht;
Der beſte durfte nichts als Kaltſinn von ihr hoffen.

Der beſten einer, Bertrand, warb
Um ihre Gunſt. Umſonſt! wiewohl er faſt vor Schmerzen,
Verſchmäht zu ſeyn, vor Gram und Liebesſehnſucht ſtarb.
Zwar regte Mitgefühl ſich oft in ihrem Herzen,
Doch Argwohn, Stolz und Starrſinn überwog.
Um ihm, was ſie empfand, ſorgfältig zu verhehlen,
Schien ſie nur jeden Tag ſinnreicher ihn zu quälen,
Bis er verzweiflungsvoll aus Guido's Schloſſe zog.

Allein den Edlen iſt die Liebe,
So, wie der Tod, gewiß; und ſäumte ſie und bliebe
Sie Jahre fern, ſie kommt nach Jahren doch.
Je länger man ſich ſträubt, je ſchwerer drückt ihr Joch.
Auch Glorianden's Stolz wird immer mehr gebeuget;
Wenn ſchon ihr Mund von Bertrand ſchweiget,
So wünſcht ihn doch ihr Herz zurück,
Wünſcht, was ſie täglich fühlt, der Liebe ſchönſtes Glück.

Denn Guido lebte ganz der Gattinn, deren Küſſen
Ihn manchmahl nur die Jagd auf kurze Zeit entriſſen.
Einſt, als der Graf allein ſein weit Revier durchſtrich,
Vom frühen Morgen an, der auf den Bergen graute,
In Einem fort durchſtrich, bis ſchon der Abend thaute,
Doch Müh und Zeit verlor; begann er ärgerlich:
Wodurch wohl hab' ich's heut ſo mit dem Glück verdorben?
Kein Wild im ganzen Forſt! es ſcheinet ausgeſtorben.

Voll Unmuth kehrt er um; doch auf dem Wege lauſcht
Und hält er ſtill; aus nahem Buſche rauſcht
Ein Hirſch hervor, ein Hirſch mit vierzehn Enden.
Kaum hat der Jäger Zeit, die Sehne ſtraff zu ziehn;
Der Pfeil durchbohrt dem Wilde nur die Lenden,
Und trotz der Wunde kann es fliehn.
Doch flieht es langſam, mit Beſchwerde,
Und röthet auf der Flucht vom Schweiße Strauch und Erde.

Der Jäger ſpringt durch Dick und Dünn ihm nach;
Auf einmahl ſteigt ein niedres Klausnerdach
Aus dem Gebüſch; hier hält das müde Thier und röthet.
Der Eremit, im Abendlied geſtöret,
Entſtürzt der Klauſe, ſieht und fühlt des Gaſtes Leid.
Er winkt mit aufgehobnem Arme
Hin, wo im fernen Strauch ſich etwas regt, er ſchreyt,
Daß der Gerechte ſich auch eines Viehs erbarme.

Umſonſt! Ihn ſieht, ihn hört der Jäger nicht.
Schon fleugt der zweyte Pfeil; doch in der Jagdgier Hitze
Und bey dem zweifelhaften Licht
Verfehlt der Graf ſein Ziel, und ach! es fährt die Spitze
Dem Klausner in die Bruſt. Ein fürchterlicher Schrey
Tönt in den Buſch und ruft den Jagenden herbey.
Er ſiehet, daß ſein Pfeil den Greis dahin geſtrecket,
Und in dem Buſen tief dem halb Entſeelten ſtecket.

Ohn' Athem, ſtarren Blicks, wie die Verzweiflung ſchaut,
Im Antlitz keine Farb', im Munde keinen Laut,
Und kaum, als wären ihm die Sehnen abgeſchnitten,
Sinkt er an einen Baum; doch als er ſich beſann,
Wankt er mit ungewiſſen Schritten
Zum Sterbenden, und zieht ſo ſchonend, als er kann,
Den Pfeil heraus. Doch wie die Ströme Bluts nun hemmen,
Die lau und dunkelroth den Boden überſchwemmen!

Laut weinend betet er zu Gott im Himmel auf,
Und fleht dem Sterbenden, den Mord ihm zu verzeihen.
Doch dieſer tröſtet ihn. Der Herr ſetzt meinem Lauf
Durch euch ein Ziel, ich habe nichts zu ſcheuen.
Ihm, welcher hohen Lohn dem Redlichen verheißt,
Darf ich getroſt ins Vaterantlitz ſehen;
Euch dank' ich, lebet wohl; und nun, nun iſt's geſchehen!
In deine Hände, Gott, befehl' ich meinen Geiſt.

Er ſagt's und neigt ſein Haupt dem Tode, wie die Aehre
Am Aerntetag ihr Haupt in reifer Schwere
Der Sichel ſelbſt entgegen neigt.
Sein armer Mörder kniet, bang' über ihn gebeugt;
Er will des Blaſſen Haupt aufrichten und beleben
Mit ſeinem Hauch — Vergebliches Beſtreben!
Es ſinkt, bedeckt mit kaltem Schweiß,
Und ſchwer wie Bley zurück; todt iſt der gute Greis.

Der Jäger aber ruft mit aufgehobnen Händen:
Ich bin ein Mörder, Herr! unwiſſend bin ich's zwar,
Doch Mord iſt Mord. Wenn er, der ein Gerechter war,
Als Büßer ſtarb, wie muß der Sünder enden!
Auf ſeine Leiche ſchwör' ich dir:
Daß ich vom Blut mich rein durch fromme Thränen waſche,
Tret' ich an ſeinen Platz, weich' ich nicht mehr von hier;
Bey des Ermordeten ruh' auch des Mörders Aſche.

Er ruft es und vertauſcht das ſchöne Jagdgewand,
Das künſtlich Kunigundens Hand
Aus Gold gewebt und dunkelgrüner Seide,
Mit des Erſchlagnen Büßerkleide.
Jetzt aber nimmt er auch den ſtarren Hirſch in Acht,
Der todt beym Todten liegt. So lieget in der Schlacht
Ein junger beym erhabnen Krieger,
Zu ſchwach von ihm geſchützt vor dem gewaltgen Sieger.

Der Graf, der ſchon kein Jägerherz mehr hat,
Beweinet auch das Thier, und beyder Todten Reſte
Verſcharret er in Eine Ruheſtatt.
Die Nachtigall klagt durch das Laub der Aeſte,
Der Nußbaum ſtreuet in das Grab,
Statt eines Leichentuchs, ſein breites Laub hinab,
Der Wind weht ſchauerig, und auf den glatten Kieſeln
Beginnt der Bach ein Trauerlied zu rieſeln.

Der neue Klausner ſucht, von Schmerz und Arbeit matt,
Als er nach Chriſtenpflicht die Todten eingegraben,
Sein niedres Dach, mit Schlummer ſich zu laben,
Und ſinket auf ein Brett, jetzt ſeine Lagerſtatt.
Sonſt lud ihn weicher Flaum, ſein Haupt darauf zu legen,
Und eine Schneebruſt ſchwoll ihm nachbarlich entgegen.
Jetzt dienet ihm zum Pfühl ein harter, rauher Stein.
Doch Müdigkeit ſchläft ſelbſt auf ſolchen Pfühlen ein.

Die Sonne ſtand ſchon hoch und lachte
Sein Hüttchen an, als er vom Schlaf erwachte.
Mit ihren hellen Strahlen floß
Auch neue Kraft auf ihn: der Heiligen Entzücken,
Des Himmels Wonne ſchwebt ſo lebend vor ſeinen Blicken,
Daß er darüber Harm und Größe ganz vergißt.
Sogar der Seinigen denkt er mit milden Schmerzen.
Verſchleyert ſteht ihr Bild in ſeinem frommen Herzen.

Eilf Jahre bringt er ſo mit brünſtigem Gebeth,
Mit ſtrenger Buße zu: im zwölften erſt entſtehet
Der Wunſch in ihm, der lang entbehrten Augen
Der edlen Liebe Glück aufs neue zu genießen.
Der Schwur, der ihn verbannt in dieſe Wüſteney,
Drückt ſeinen kranken Geiſt als eine ſchwere Bürde.
Sein Wunſch wird Sehnſucht, wird Verlangen, wird Begierde,
Wird Leidenſchaft und endlich Raſerey.

Daß hier kein Klügler widerſpreche
Und wähne, Leidenſchaft ergreife nicht ſo jäh
Der Frommen Herz! Ich weiſ' ihn auf die See.
Beruhigt ſey die ganze Waſſerfläche;
Nur hang' am heitern Firmament
Ein Wölkchen, das zuerſt der Schiffer ſtolz verkennt.
Dieß Wölkchen wird doch bald den Himmel ganz verhüllen,
Wird Blitze niederſpeyn und Donner niederbrüllen.

In Guido's Buſen wohnt der alte Geiſt nicht mehr.
Wild ſpringt er auf und flucht; doch flucht er
Aus Hang zuerſt und dann aus Gründen.
Denn nie mißlang es noch dem Hange, ſie zu finden.
Was, ruft er, will ich hier, ich Vater, ich Gemahl?
Wer hat von theurer Pflicht mich gültig losgezählet
Und mich hierher geſetzt, um durch der Meinen Qual
Zu büßen, was mein Arm, doch nicht mein Herz gefehlet?

Mit welchem Recht ſchwor ich den Trennungseid!
Wie konnt ich Gott dadurch zu ehren wähnen!
Dich, ewige Gerechtigkeit,
Beleidigte der Schwur; der Meineid ſoll dich ſühnen.
Wie oft verklagten nicht in dieſer Zwiſchenzeit
Mich meiner Wittwe Schmerz, mich meiner Waiſe Thränen!
Ich fühl' es, daß ich hier ein Ueberläufer bin;
Fort denn, und wieder treu auf meinen Poſten hin!

O ſeht! wie haſtig er von ſeiner kleinen Habe,
Was nur zur Reiſe taugt, ſo viel ſein Armkorb faßt,
Zuſammenrafft! nun bricht er einen Aſt
Vom nächſten Baum zum Wanderſtabe.
Heut giebt er keinen Abſchiedskuß
Dem Kruzifix, er eilt mit ſchnellem Fuß,
So wie ein Wandrer aus dem Hauſe
Der Unbarmherzigen flieht, aus der verhaßten Klauſe.

Sein ſtarker Wille giebt ihm Kraft
Und macht zum Wettlauf ſeine Reiſe.
Die Schenkel bleiben raſch, die Sehnen unerſchlafft.
Erſt dann erquickt er ſich mit lang' entbehrter Speiſe
Aus ſeinem Korb, als endlich auszuruhn
Die Nacht ihn zwingt; heißhungrig ißt er nun,
Dann ſchläft er ein, das Haupt an einem alten Baume.
Beängſtigt wird ſein Schlaf vom fürchterlichſten Traume.

Er eilet fort, ſo ſcheint es ihm,
Mit immer gleicher Kraft und gleichem Ungeſtüm,
Bis Wald und Nacht vor ſeinem Blick entfliehet,
Und er im Morgenlicht auf einem Blumenfeld
Sein theures Weib und ſeinen Doolin ſiehet.
Die Bruſt von Freud' und Sehnſucht hoch geſchwellt,
Fleugt er dahin, wo ihm die Liebe winket,
Als ſchnell vor ſeinem Tritt der Boden krachend ſinket.

Ein Abgrund, der ſich aufgethan,
Trennt ſie und gähnet ihn mit weitem Rachen an.
Kaum reicht der Blick von dieſen grauſen Höhen
Bis in den Grund hinab, wo Felſenſpitzen ſtehen,
Wie Lanzen ſcharf, wie Aehren dicht.
Sie ſtocket Guido's Blut; doch aber weicht er nicht.
Trotz der Gefahr, ſich zu zerſchmettern,
Will er den ſteilen Fels tollkühn hinunter klettern.

Doch ein Dämon erwacht, ſo fürchterlich und wild,
Als müßt' er eine Welt aus ihren Angeln ſtürmen.
Die Sonn' erliſcht. Gewitterwolken thürmen
Am Horizont ſich auf. Der hohle Donner brüllt.
An ſeinen Stab hält Guido ſich und bebet,
Vom Sturm umſauſt, in Dunkel eingehüllt.
Urplötzlich ſchweigt der Sturm; die ganze Gegend füllt
Ein ſanfter Glanz, der ſich vom Abgrund hebet.

Und ſieh! ein Rieſenengel ſteigt
Mit hohem Glanz empor. Der hohlen Schwärz' umfleugt
Sein furchtbarliches Haupt, ſein Richterblick verdammet
Des Klausners kühne That und flammet
Verderbender, als ſelbſt ſein breites Schwert,
Das er mit hohem Zorn nach Guido's Buſen kehrt.
Zurück, ſo donnert er, zurück! hier iſt die Hölle.
Meineidiger, du ſtehſt an ihrer Schwelle!

Er ſpricht es, ſteigt empor und, ſchwebend ob der Kluft,
Zerfließet er, wie Nebel, in die Luft.
Indeſſen birſt der Grund und praſſelnd Feuer dringet
Aus tauſend Oeffnungen; der Klausner ſteht umringet,
Allein und hülflos; ſchon brennt glühend ſein Gewand,
Sein Haar, ſein Bart: mit banger Hand
Fühlt er darnach, als ſchnell Geſicht und Schlaf verſchwindet,
Und er vom Tag beſtrahlt, an ſeinem Baum ſich findet.

Noch ſchallt in ſeinem Ohr das ſchreckliche Zurück!
Noch ſuchet er mit ſcheuem Blick
Den furchtbarn Geiſt, den Abgrund und das Feuer.
Doch als er ſieht, daß alles mit der Nacht
Entflohen iſt und hell der Morgen lacht,
Hebt er das Haupt empor, und athmet wieder freyer,
Indem er ſich, vom kühlen Wind erfriſcht,
Den Angſtſchweiß von der Stirne wiſcht.

Reu' fühlt ſein Herz, allein noch wagt er keine Bitte
Zum Himmel auf; beſchämet eilt er hin,
Zu ſeiner niedern, ihm nun wieder theuern Hütte,
In der die Segenſpenderin,
Gewiſſensruhe, wohnt; ſein nebeldüſtrer Sinn
Entwölkt ſich mehr mit jedem Schritte.
Ganz heiter findet er ſich Abends an der Thür,
Und bethend ruft er jetzt: So bin ich wieder hier!

Dank dir und Preis, Erbarmer, deſſen Gnade
Mich auf des Heils verlaßne Pfade
Durch einen Traum zurück gebracht!
Du ſorgeſt für mein Weib mit gleicher Gütigkeit,
Auch ohne daß ich mich in deine Plane miſche,
Und fügeſt, wenn es mir und meinem Sohne frommt,
Daß er dereinſt als Gaſt in dieſe Zelle kommt.
Hier ſchwieg er und vernahm ein Rauſchen der Gebüſche.

Mit Müh zertheilte ſie ein hohes, edles Roß,
Weiß, wie der junge Schnee; die dichten Mähnen wehten,
Um die ein Purpurzaum, mit Gold durchwirket, floß.
Es ſchien mit ſtarkem Huf den Boden durchzutreten,
Stolz auf den Reiter, den es trug.
Er ſaß ſo hehr darauf, als hätte ſeine Rechte
Auch mit geſiegt im ſchrecklichen Gefechte,
Als Michael den Feind der Allmacht ſchlug.

Hier ſtutzt der Eremit; die Bilder jener Zeiten,
Als er auch, ſo geſchmückt, nach mancher Streitesfahrt
Ein angenehmer Gaſt in frommen Klauſen war,
Begannen, aufgefriſcht, vor ihm ſich auszubreiten.
Er eilt herbey, dem jungen Ritter nun
Die Ehren, die er einſt empfangen, anzuthun;
Faßt demuthsvoll mit ſeiner Hand den Bügel
Und mit der andern Hand den weiß beſchäumten Zügel.

Der Paladin dankt ſeinem neuen Freund,
Befreyt ſein Roß vom Zaum, eilt freudig nach der Hütte,
Und löſ't im Gehn, erhitzt vom langen Ritte,
Die Zier des Helmes; ein Angeſicht erſcheint,
Auf dem ſich Jugendreiz mit Männerhoheit gattet.
Mein frommer Bruder gönnt mir wohl ein Obdach hier.
Erdrückend lag der Sonne Strahl auf mir
Vom früheſten Morgen an; auch iſt mein Roß ermattet.

So ſagt der Held. In ſein erheitert Geſicht
Schaut ſtarr der Eremit, doch Antwort giebt er nicht.
Es ſcheinet, ſeine Seele wohne
Jetzt in den Augen nur. Mit liebevollem Tone
Fragt abermahl der Paladin:
Was blickt ihr ſo auf mich? Bath ich vielleicht zu kühn?
Und denkt ihr mir die Herberg' abzuſchlagen?
Doch nein! der helle Blick, wie konnte der verſagen?

Der Klausner, der indeß berechnet, ob ſein Sohn
Wohl auch ſchon ſo zu Ritterſpiel und Streite
Durch Hain und Flur in ſchwerer Rüſtung reite,
Entwacht dem Traum und ſpricht: Herr Ritter, jetzt ſchon
Sucht ihr Gefahren auf und voll von Heldenfeuer
Beſtandet ihr vielleicht manch ſchweres Abenteuer!
Und dennoch ſproſſet erſt ſo ſelten, und ſo dünn
Der neue Bart um euer rundes Kinn.

Noch konnt' ich nicht den Durſt nach Abenteuern ſtillen,
Verſetzt der Paladin, noch kann ich nicht mit Fug
Mich eures Lobes freun; es iſt mein erſter Zug,
Drum nehmet ſtatt der That den Willen.
Doch felſenfeſt ſteht dieſer und mein Muth,
Die Unſchuld mag getroſt mich zum Beſchützer wählen.
So lange noch ein Tropfen Blut
In dieſen Adern wallt, ſoll ihr mein Arm nicht fehlen.

So ruft der Jüngling aus; ſein Antlitz ſcheint verklärt,
Sein Auge blitzt. Den Wirth ergetzen
Die Mienen, die er ſieht, die Worte, die er hört.
Als ſie zum Abendbrod an einen Stein ſich ſetzen,
Beginnet er: Mein Mahl iſt ähnlich unſerm Tiſch,
Faſt ganz von der Natur mit milder Hand bereitet.
Hier ſteht kein theures Wild, noch ferner Waſſer Fiſch,
Auf goldnen Schüſſeln ausgebreitet.

Doch lebt ſo froh, wie ich, kein Biſchof, oder Probſt,
Und wenn auch Erde, Luft und Meere Leckerbiſſen
Zur Küche dieſer Herrn frohnpflichtig liefern müſſen.
Ich pflücke mir vom Baume ſelbſt das Obſt,
Im Sommer und im Herbſt; ich dörr' es für den Winter
Auf meinem kleinen Heerd; mein Gärtchen iſt ein Schatz,
Und noch zum Ueberfluß, nur einen Sprung dahinter,
Der wilden Bienen Sammelplatz.

Ich habe ſaftige Melonen,
Wie Honig ſüß; ſie ſelbſt nicht beſſer iſt,
Schmackhaften Rettig, Saubohnen,
Von der Natur nicht karg geküßt.
Die Früchte meiner wohl geſonnten Feigenbäume
Wetteifern mit dem Honigſeime;
Erdbeeren machen dort zum Teppiche den Grund,
Und dieſe Birnen hier zerfließen in dem Mund.

Zwar euch, Herr Ritter, wird die Mahlzeit ärmlich dünken,
Zumahl da wir hier nur aus dem Bache trinken.
Allein die Freundſchaft ſelbſt giebt mehr nicht, als ſie hat.
So ſagt der biedre Wirth; man ißt nun, man wird ſatt.
Schon zeiget ſich am Himmelsbogen
Der volle Mond, der Sterne goldnes Heer.
Doch ſchwatzt man traulich fort, und fühlet immer mehr
Sich gegenſeitig angezogen.

Doolin von Maynz *).

Auf Rheins Geſtaden keimt die Fröhlichkeit in Trauben,
Die gelb und röthlich blühn am hellen Uferrand,
Wo vormals, wenn wir fromm der alten Sage glauben,
In öder Wüſteney ein einſam Hüttchen ſtand.
Ein Greis bewohnte dieß; ſein guter Sohn ernährete
Durch Fiſche, die der Fluß oft kärglich nur gewährete,
Den Vater und ſich ſelbſt; doch blieb dem armen Paar
Noch etwas, wenn der Fluß ganz unerbittlich war.

Es blieb ihm eine kleine Ziege,
Mit deren Milch der Alte ſich erquickt;
Der gern und frohen Muthes die Laſt der Armuth trüge,
Doch eine größre, der Schmerz des Sohnes drückt
Den Unglückſeligen danieder.
Schon lange flieht der Schlaf des Jünglings Augenlieder,
Schon lang' umflort ſein Angeſicht
Geheimer Gram; doch das geſteht er nicht.

Er zwingt ſich bey des Vaters Fragen
Ein läugnend Lächeln ab und weigert ſich zu ſagen,
Was für ein Wurm an ſeinem Herzen nagt.
Ein ſchönes Weib, das einſt, zu eifrig auf die Jagd,
Fern vom Gefolg' im Haine ſich verritten,
Geleitet' er auf ihren Pfad zurück
Und fühlt ſeit dieſem Augenblick,
Was hoffnungsloſe Lieb' und Sehnſucht je gelitten.

Mit jedem Morgen flog er hin
Zum wild verwachſenen Ort, an dem er ſie gefunden.
Vergebne Müh'! die ſchöne Jägerinn
Iſt aus der Gegend weggeſchwunden.
Auch darf er nicht zu weit ſie ſuchen; ach! er weiß,
Daß hülflos, ſchwach und krank der Greis
Mit Sehnſucht ſeiner harrt und jeden Pulsſchlag zählet,
Wann ihm ſein Sohn, ſein Troſt, ſein Glück, ſein Alles fehlet.

Zehn Monden litt er ſo, ſich ſehnend in das Grab.
Einſt, als er, Stunden lang ſein Leiden überdenkend
Und in Melancholie ſtäts tiefer ſich verſenkend,
Am Fluſſe ſaß; da war's, als zög' es ihn hinab.
Schon ſenkt er das Haupt, doch ſeines Vaters Bildniß
Erſcheint ihm auf der Fluth; er nun, voll Bangigkeit,
Sich rettend vor ſich ſelbſt, ſpringt wild empor, ſtürzt weit
Vom Ufer weg und fliehet durch die Wildniß.

Schon ſeiner Hütte nah, ſieht er ein greiſes Weib;
Bleich iſt ſie und entſtellt von Jammer und Beſchwerde.
Am Stabe wankt einher ihr abgezehrter Leib,
Und, welken Pflanzen gleich, ſenkt ſich ihr Haupt zur Erde.
Ach, rufet ſie ihm an, mein Sohn, erbarme dich!
Drey Tag' irr' ich umher, drey Tage labet mich
Kein Biſſen. Sieh! ich kann nicht weiter gehen.
Hilfſt du mir nicht, ſo iſt's um mich geſchehen.

So flehet ſie. Des guten Jünglings Herz
Vergißt die eigne Qual und denkt nur ihren Schmerz.
Er faßt ſie in den Arm, noch eh ſie ihre Bitte
Geendiget, und trägt ſie in die Hütte.
Hier wartet vor der Thür der Greis im Abendroth.
Er höret, was geſchehn, er ſieht der Fremden Noth.
Doch wie ihr helfen? ach! des Jünglings Netz beſchweret
Heut kein gefangner Fiſch, die Milch iſt aufgezehret.

Sie ſehn ſich ſchweigend an, und eine Thräne rinnt
Von beider Angeſicht; doch ernſt und feſt beginnt
Der Alte nun: Nein, ſie ſoll nicht verſchmachten.
Komm, lieber Sohn, laß uns — die Ziege ſchlachten.
Du bebſt zurück, du biſt um mich beſorgt.
Was man dem Armen ſchenkt, das hat man Gott geborgt,
Und er, der den Entſchluß mir in den Sinn gegeben,
Sorgt beſſer noch, als du, für deines Vaters Leben.

Er ſpricht's, und während noch der Sohn
Noch ſchmerzlich zögernd zagt, zückt er das Meſſer ſchon,
Als jetzt die Fremde ſchnell herbeyſtürzt und ihm wehret.
Doch nicht, wie erſt, ſchwach, dürftig, alt;
In ſchimmerndem Gewand, in himmliſcher Geſtalt.
Sie iſt, der Jüngling wähnt, daß ihn ein Traum bethöret,
Sie iſt — die ſchöne Jägerinn
Und reichet ihm die Hand und rufet: Nimm ſie hin!

Dich wählet zum Gemahl die mächtigſte der Feen,
Die eure Tugend ſchwer geprüft,
Und wenn du oft, in ſtillen Gram vertieft,
Den Hain um ſie durchirrt, dir zärtlich nachgeſehen.
Doch weg mit Traurigkeit! Hier, wo mein treuer Freund
Zehn Monden hoffnungslos geweint,
Soll jedem Gram ein Linderungsmittel keimen
Und lieblich weiß und roth die Becher überſchäumen.

Beym letzten Wort ſchwang ſie die Lilienhand
Zum Segen in die Luft, die Hütte nun verſchwand.
Der Grund, nun milde, ward, ſo weit das Auge ſpähet,
Mit Trauben gelb und roth wohlthätig überſäet.
Der Moſt, daraus gepreßt, hat die geheime Kraft,
Daß er im Trinkenden der Freude Taumel ſchafft.
So lange dieſer währt, ſchmerzt keine Seelenwunde,
Und neues Lächeln hängt am längſt entwöhnten Munde.

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*) Geſang 7. V. 9 — 18.

Amaranthes S. Corvinus.

Amaranthes S. Herdegen.

D. Christoph Friedrich von Ammon,

aus altadelichem Geſchlecht, ward am 16. Januar 1766 zu Baireuth geboren, ſtudirte zu Erlangen und ward daſelbſt 1789 Profeſſor der Philoſophie, 1792 Profeſſor der Theologie und Univerſitätsprediger; nahm 1794 einen Ruf als Profeſſor und Conſiſtorialrath in Göttingen an und kehrte von dort im Jahre 1804 als Profeſſor und Superintendent nach Erlangen zurück, wo er bis 1813 verweilte und ſich dann als Oberhofprediger, Oberconſiſtorialaſſeſſor und Kirchenrath nach Dresden begab. 1815 ward er Komthur des Civilverdienſtordens, 1825 Ritter des rothen Adlerordens; 1824 erneuerte der König von Baiern den ſeinen Vorfahren bereits von Rudolph II. beſtätigten Adel.

Sowohl als Kanzelredner wie als gelehrter Theolog hat v. A. eine vielfache Thätigkeit beurkundet und folgende Schriften herausgegeben:

Chriſtliche Religionsvorträge. Erlangen, 1793—95, 5 Bde.
Predigten. Erlangen, 1799—1802. 3 Bde.
Religionsvorträge im Geiſte Jeſu. Göttingen, 1804—9. 3 Thle.
Zeit- und Feſtpredigten. Nürnberg, 1810.
Predigten in der Hof- und Sophienkirche zu Dresden in den Jahren 1813, 14, 15. Nürnberg, 1814—16.
Predigten über Jeſum und ſeine Lehre. Dresden, 1819, 2 Thle.
Predigten an allen Sonn- und Feſttagen des Jahres. Dresden, 1828. 31. 2 Bde.
Anleitung zur Kanzelberedſamkeit. 3. Aufl. Nürnberg, 1826.
Geſchichte der Homiletik. Göttingen, 1804.
Handbuch der chriſtlichen Sittenlehre. Leipzig, 1823—1829. 3 Bde.
Summa theologiae christianae. Ed. N. Lips. 1830.
Die Fortbildung des Chriſtenthums zur Weltreligion. Leipzig, 1833.
Einzelne Predigten, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

v. A. hat vorzüglich als Kanzelredner durch ſeine feine, geiſtreiche und gefühlvolle Behandlung des Stoffes, die Wärme und Anmuth ſeines Vortrages und die mildernde und vermittelnde Weiſe der Belehrung einen glänzenden und dauernden Ruf erworben. — Als Theolog gehört er zu den rationellen Supranaturaliſten, Glauben mit Wiſſenſchaft vereinigend, doch würde eine genauere Darſtellung deſſen, was er auf dieſem Felde leiſtete, die uns gezogenen Schranken jedenfalls überſchreiten; wir begnügen uns daher folgende Abſchnitte aus einem ſeiner neueſten Werke, als eine Probe ſeiner eleganten und harmoniſchen Diction, ſo wie des reichen Geiſtes, welcher ihm die Feder leitet, mitzutheilen. —

Sein älteſter Sohn, **D. Friedrich Wilhelm Philipp von Ammon**, geboren am 7. Februar 1791 zu Erlangen, früher Prediger zu Buttenheim und Merzdorf, ſeit 1821 aber Archidiakonus, Profeſſor der Theologie u. ſ. w. zu Erlangen, hat ſich ebenfalls als Kanzelredner und aſketiſcher Schriftſteller rühmlichſt ausgezeichnet und u. A. folgende Schriften herausgegeben:

Andachtsbuch für Chriſten evangel. Sinnes. Bamberg, 1821.
Chriſtliche Religionsvorträge. Ebendaſ. 1821.
Andachtsbuch für die heranblühende Jugend. Ebdſ. 1822.
Predigten. Ebdſ. 1825.
Geiler von Kaiſersberg's Leben u. ſ. w. Erlangen, 1826.
Rudolph's und Ida's Briefe über die Unterſcheidungslehren der proteſtantiſchen und kathol. Kirche. Dresden, 1827.
Evangeliſches Jubelfeſtbuch u. ſ. w. Erlangen, 1829.
Denkmal der dritten Säcularfeier der Uebergabe der Augsburger Confeſſion u. ſ. w. Erlang. 1831.
Gallerie der denkwürdigſten Perſonen, welche im 16., 17. und 18. Jahrh. von der evang. zur katholiſchen Kirche übergetreten ſind. Erlangen, 1833.
Einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

Die Vernunftreligion *).

Wem hallen die Ohren nicht wieder von dem Lieblingsliede unſerer Zeit! Wer ſollte ſich nicht freuen, in einem Jahrhunderte des Lichtes zu leben, wo Vernunft und Religion, dieſe gleich ebenbürtigen Himmelstöchter, ſich für die Ewigkeit verſchwiſtert zu haben ſcheinen! Fern ſey es von uns, ihre Eintracht zu ſtören, aber eben ſo fern die Verſuchung, die beiden Zwillingsſchweſtern in gemüthlicher Aufwallung des Gefühls mit einander zu verwechſeln!

Wie verſchieden man auch die Vernunft von jeher erklärt hat, ſo iſt man doch darüber einverſtanden, daß ſie das höchſte Geiſtesvermögen iſt, alles Denkbare zu vernehmen und es nach ihren eigenen Geſetzen in freie Kenntniß der Wahrheit zu verwandeln. Dieſe Geſetze ſind Einheit, Cauſalzuſammenhang und Zweckmäßigkeit; der Horizont, in dem ſich unſer Denken bewegt, hat in unſerem Bewußtſeyn eine relative Unendlichkeit, die zwar rückwärts, oder durch den Standpunkt des Urbewußtſeyns in der Zeit fixirt, alſo anfänglich und endlich, vorwärts aber, oder progreſſiv durch nichts beſchränkt, ſondern, wie unſere Freiheit und Selbſtthätigkeit, unendlich iſt. Dieſe Erfaſſung des Einen und Unendlichen in jedem Augenblicke unſeres reinen Bewußtſeyns nennen wir einen Grundgedanken, oder eine Idee, daher man auch die Vernunft nicht mit Unrecht ein Vermögen der Ideen, oder beſſer der Uridee nennt, weil dieſe nicht nur jeder Erfahrung vorangeht, ſondern auch der geſchloſſene Kreis unſerer Gemüthswelt und der klare Horizont unſres geſammten Denkens und Erkennens iſt, jenſeits deſſen für uns nur Nacht und Dunkelheit liegt. Wenn wir nun behaupten, Religion zu haben; ſo erklären wir, uns gedrungen zu fühlen, der Idee des Einen und Unendlichen, in der ſich unſer ganzes Denken und Wollen bewegt, auch außer unſerem Gemüthe eine, wenn ſchon unbegreifliche, Realität zuzuſchreiben und mit dieſem unbekannten Weſen, das wir Gott nennen, in der innigſten Verbindung des Denkens und Wollens zu ſtehn. Dieſe Geneſis aller Religionen iſt ohne Vernunft allerdings unmöglich, weil wir ohne ſie Gott gar nicht zu denken und ihn in ſeiner lebendigen Wirklichkeit außer uns zu erfaſſen vermöchten. Die größten Philoſophen und Theologen aller Zeiten ſind daher bei der Begründung der Religion immer von dem Glauben an Gott, als einer Thatſache des Bewußtſeyns, ausgegangen und haben ihr dieſelbe vernünftige Nothwendigkeit zugeſchrieben, mit der ſie das Eine und Unendliche in einen Gedanken zuſammenfaßten; ſie haben ſogar in dem Gedanken des Urerſten und Urletzten eine abſolute Wahrheit gefunden, da ohne ihn gar keine haltbare Wirklichkeit des Denkens zu begründen iſt. Weil Gott nothwendig als nothwendig von uns gedacht wird, ſo muß er auch nothwendig ſeyn; der Glaube an ihn hat folglich für den reinen und tiefen Denker eine Gewißheit, die uns keine andere Schlußfolge und noch viel weniger irgend eine äußere Wahrnehmung gewähren kann. Es iſt das bekanntlich das alte, viel beſprochene und viel bezweifelte ontologiſche Argument für Gottes Daſeyn, von dem in jedem Falle ſo viel gewiß iſt, daß alle übrigen Beweiſe dafür in ihm, als der Wurzel unſeres religiöſen Denkens aufgehen, und daß der geſunde Menſchenverſtand ihrer gar nicht bedarf, weil er ſich an das erhabene Wort, ich bin, der ich bin [*]), als eine gegebene Idee hält, die ſich an und durch ſich ſelbſt ſchon als lebendig und kräftig beweiſt. Durch dieſe einzige, aber unwiderlegbare Bemerkung iſt der allgemeine, oder ideale Primat der Vernunft in den Angelegenheiten der Religion aus der urſprünglichen Einrichtung unſeres Gemüthes unwiderruflich nachgewieſen: frei und ſelbſtthätig ſoll und muß ſich die Vernunft erſt Gott nach ihrer eigenen Idee denken und ſich von ſeiner lebendigen Wirklichkeit überzeugen, ehe ſie ſich zur Reflexion einer göttlichen Offenbarung erheben und aus dieſer wieder auf ihren heiligen Urheber zurückſchließen kann. Und ob es ſchon kühn und verwegen ſcheinen möchte, dem höchſten Weſen vorſchreiben zu wollen, was und wie es ſich uns offenbaren und ſeine ewigen Rathſchlüſſe zu unſerer Erkenntniß bringen ſoll; ſo iſt das doch nur die Sprache einer falſchen und heuchleriſchen Demuth, weil wir vollkommen gewiß ſind, daß die Vernunftgeſetze jeder Einſicht, alſo auch der Erkenntniß einer höheren Offenbarung [**]) Normen, Regeln und Anordnungen des Schöpfers ſind, die mit dem Unterrichte, den er uns in der inneren, oder äußeren Erfahrung darbietet, in keinem Falle ſtreiten, oder im Widerſpruche ſtehen können. Die Vernunft iſt daher gleich befugt und verpflichtet, zur Prüfung aller ſich im Laufe der Zeit eröffnenden Quellen einer göttlichen Erkenntniß beſtimmte Grundſätze aufzuſtellen; ſie muß die allgemeine Offenbarung Gottes in der Natur immer als Auslegerin jeder beſonderen und einzelnen erheben; ſie muß die wahre Offenbarung von der falſchen, und da ſich Objectives und Subjectives faſt immer in dem menſchlichen Bewußtſeyn durchdringen, beide wieder von den vermiſchten unterſcheiden, in der das rein Göttliche durch die menſchliche Selbſtoffenbarung verdunkelt wird; ſie muß das unmittelbar Göttliche, das nur aus der lebendigen Idee des Höchſten fließen kann, von dem mittelbar Göttlichen trennen, das in jedem einzelnen wahren Begriffe gefunden werden kann und alſo auch nur entfernt auf das religiöſe Bewußtſeyn einwirkt; ſie muß endlich von der höchſten Offenbarung Gottes alles Menſchliche und Wirkliche ausſcheiden und ihre einzelnen Lehren verſtändig unter die Idee der freieſten Nothwendigkeit, oder eines ewig weiſen, heiligen und gerechten Gottesreiches zuſammenfaſſen. Hat man aber auch in heiligen Urkunden religiöſe Belehrungen von göttlichem Inhalte gefunden; ſo ſteht auch dann der Vernunft noch das Recht zu, ſie nach dem Geſetze der Einheit auf einen Grundſatz zurückzuführen und ihnen dadurch die Gewißheit und Ueberzeugungskraft zu ſichern, die, nach der unabänderlichen Ordnung unſerer Gedanken und Erkenntniſſe, nur auf dieſem Wege zu erhalten iſt. Und da ferner in der Idee Gottes, als eines abſoluten Weſens, ſchon Alles liegt, was je von ihm gedacht, geurtheilt und geſprochen werden mag; ſo liegt es der Vernunft, als einem Vermögen, im Zuſammenhange zu denken, nicht minder ob, die Vollkommenheiten Gottes in beſtändiger Beziehung auf das menſchliche Denken und Wollen einzeln zu erwägen, ſie als ein Ganzes in ihrer vollen Klarheit darzuſtellen und in ihrer vereinten Wirkſamkeit die Gründe und Endzwecke aller Weltveränderungen und menſchlichen Schickſale aufzuſuchen. Denn da die Religionslehre in den Augen des Weiſen die Königin aller Wiſſenſchaften iſt und die Kreiſe aller übrigen Weltkenntniſſe mit idealer Gewalt beherrſcht; ſo ſind auch ihre Pfleger vor Allem dazu berufen, ſie aus ihrer rhapſodiſchen Spruchregiſter- und Schatzkäſtlein-Geſtalt zu einem wohlgegliederten Ganzen herauszubilden und dadurch den Spaltungen der Sectirer und Meinungseiferer für immer ein Ende zu machen. Weil überdies Alles, was nicht aus reiner Vernunft von Gott erkannt werden mag, geſchichtlichen Inhalts iſt und ſeyn muß; ſo iſt jene nicht minder berechtigt, jede auf Autorität und Thatſachen beruhende Religionsbelehrung unter die Leitung vernünftiger Ideen und Geſetze zu ſtellen und dadurch die Quelle alles Aberglaubens zu verſchließen. Es läßt ſich aber an der Richtigkeit dieſes Kanons um ſo viel weniger zweifeln, als jede religiöſe Autorität auf der Vorausſetzung der Wahrheit und ſittlichen Heilſamkeit beruht, die ſich ohne Vernunftideen gar nicht denken laſſen, Thatſachen aber, wie wunderbar ſie auch erſcheinen mögen, doch unleugbar eine Urſache und einen Endzweck haben müſſen, welche beide abermals vernünftigen Geſetzen anheimfallen. Dieſer Anſicht gemäß hat unter den chriſtlichen Kirchenlehrern bereits Auguſtin das teleologiſche Geſetz der Gotteswürdigkeit zur höchſten Regel der Auslegung aller Offenbarungsurkunden erhoben und Alles, was in irgend einer Schrift, oder Lehre der Vollkommenheit des höchſten Weſens erweislich widerſtreitet, wie die Vorherbeſtimmung zur ewigen Verdammniß, oder die Seligkeit der Unheiligen, für Wahn und Täuſchung erklärt. In dieſem vollen Sinne und Umfange des Wortes muß jede Religion, welche göttlich ſeyn will, vorher wahr und vernünftig ſeyn. Es wären namentlich die chriſtlichen Theologen die erſten Grundſätze ihres Glaubens verläugnen und an Gott und Menſchen freveln, wenn ſie das bezweifeln wollten; denn da Chriſtus ſelbſt die Verfinſterung der Vernunft, oder des geiſtigen Auges, für die Quelle aller Irrthümer erklärt und die Heilſamkeit ſeiner Lehre unbedingt der Probe des ſittlichen Bewußtſeyns unterwirft; da ferner Paulus und Johannes zur freien Prüfung ihrer Vorträge auffordern und ſich abermals auf das Zeugniß des religiöſen Bewußtſeyns berufen [*]); ſo liegt die Vernunftmäßigkeit des Chriſtenthums klar am Tage, und man iſt vollkommen berechtigt, das erweislich Unvernünftige, was man ihm aufgebürdet hat, ſeinem Schickſale zu überlaſſen.

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*) Aus: Die Fortbildung des Chriſtenthums zur Weltreligion. Eine Anſicht der höheren Dogmatik, von Dr. Chr. Fr. v. Ammon. Leipzig. 1833. B. 1. Cap. 7.

Ganz anders muß hingegen über den Werth der Vernunftreligion geurtheilt werden, wenn ſich der einzelne Menſch anmaßt, die wahre Gottesverehrung aus ſeiner individuellen Vernunft, als der einzig lautern und ſicheren Quelle zu ſchöpfen. Denn hier vergißt er, daß vor ihm ſchon Menſchen lebten, welche vernünftiger, weiſer und frommer waren, als er; er vergißt, daß er bei ſeiner gegenwärtigen Bildung kaum mehr unterſcheiden kann, was in ſeinem Fürwahrhalten chriſtlich, oder ſelbſterdacht iſt; er vergißt, daß der Glaube, auf dem jede Religion beruht, nicht aus der Vernunft, ſondern aus dem Herzen kommt; er vergißt, daß ihm die Vernunft nicht gegeben iſt, eine Religion zu ſchaffen, ſondern ſie zu vernehmen; er vergißt, daß eine Religion, die nicht von Gott ſelbſt kommt, jeder Wahrheit und ſittlichen Kraft ermangelt; er vergißt, daß eine für alle Menſchen verbindliche Religion ſich nothwendig auf eine poſitiv göttliche Anordnung, als gemeinſchaftliches Object beziehen muß; er vergißt, daß eine conſequente Nationalreligion ſich auf den Glauben an eine beſondere Vorоffenbarung Gottes ſtützen muß; er vergißt endlich, daß ein ſubjectiver Rationalismus zuletzt ſtarrer Egoismus wird, welcher der Tod jeder wahren Religioſität iſt. Es iſt der Mühe werth, alle dieſe Punkte einzeln zu erörtern.

Sich aus eigener Vernunft, oder nach bloßem Vernehmen ſeines beſſeren Selbſt eine Religion zu bilden, iſt ſchon darum ein kühnes und gefährliches Beginnen, weil man bei dieſem wichtigen Geſchäft die vielen weiſen und beſſeren Menſchen übergeht, die vor uns gelebt haben. Jede Gottesverehrung beruht ja auf der Reinheit und Heiligkeit des religiöſen Ideals, das wir uns vorhalten, weil wir alle geneigt ſind, mit Terenz zu ſprechen: wenn das Jupiter thut, warum ſollte ich armer Wicht es mir nicht geſtatten! Nun iſt aber die Idee des höchſten Weſens ſo unendlich reich an unbedingter Vollkommenheit, daß ſie nicht einmal von ganzen Völkern, geſchweige denn von einzelnen Individuen in ihrer vollen Würde und Majeſtät erfaßt wird. Die Heiden zerſplitterten nicht nur dieſe Vollkommenheiten, ſondern blieben auch als gemeine Anthropomorphiten bei bedingten Vorzügen der Stärke, Schönheit, Klugheit ſtehen, die ſie in ihren Göttern ſubſtantiirten und durch deren Vervielfältigung ſie jede Einheit der Weisheit, Tugend und Seligkeit zerſtörten, die das Weſen der wahren Frömmigkeit ausmacht. Der Gott der Juden iſt ein rein ontologiſcher Gott, nur ſparſam mit einigen klimatiſchen Gefühlstugenden ausgerüſtet, und von dem Gott des Islam weiß man ſchon viel, wenn man ſich gemerkt hat, daß er groß, einzig und barmherzig iſt. Plato's ewiger Weltvater blieb ihm ſo verborgen, daß er wenig von ihm zu ſagen wußte; der Gott der Stoiker ſteht unter der Leitung des Schickſals und ſeine Tugend hat weniger Werth, als die des ächten Weiſen; der ältere Plinius hält es für eine Beleidigung des höchſten Weſens, es mit der Sorge für die Weltregierung im Kleinen zu behelligen, und Spinoza's nothwendige Subſtanz ſchreitet, wie Saturn ſeine Kinder verſchlingend, in dem Wechſel der Erſcheinungen einher. Wie kannſt du dir nun ſchmeicheln, bei der gläubigen Erfaſſung deines Schöpfers und Vaters, der dich ſtufenweiſe zur Aehnlichkeit mit ihm heranbilden und dich bald in eine höhere Welt aufnehmen will, des Unterrichtes der Weiſen und Edlen zu entbehren, welche die Fehler ihrer Vorgänger vermieden und ſich zu einer reinen Anſicht Gottes erhoben haben! Wie darfſt du das mit einem Bewußtſeyn beginnen, das aus der Dunkelheit ſinnlicher Vorſtellungen erſt ſeit kurzer Zeit an das Licht der Intelligenz hervortrat; mit einer Freiheit, die vielleicht immer noch mehr thieriſche Willkühr, als reine, ſittliche Selbſtthätigkeit iſt; in einem Horizonte von Gedanken, den du zwar ſtolz genug Unendlichkeit nennſt, der aber im glücklichſten Falle nur ein ſich täglich erweiternder, alſo gewiß beſchränkter Kreis von Gefühlen und Ideen iſt; in der kleinen Welt deines Gemüthes endlich, die in der Nähe deines eigenen Selbſt kaum dürftig erleuchtet, weiterhin ſchon vielfach beſchattet und an den Umriſſen und Endpuncten deiner Idealität von Nacht und Finſterniß umhüllt iſt! Beſſer wird das freilich werden, das hoffen wir mit

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[*] 2 Moſ. 3, 14.

[**] Cf. *Summa theologiae christianae* Ed. IV. Lips. 1830. §. 14 ff.

[*] Matth. 6, 22 f. Joh. 7, 17. 2 Kor. 4, 2. 1 Theſſ. 5, 21. 1 Joh. 4, 1. 5. 6.

Zuverſicht; bis jetzt aber haſt du von dem Ewigen nicht den Donner ſeiner Kraft, ſondern nur einen leiſen Hauch vernommen *); du haſt vielleicht noch von Glück zu ſagen, wenn dein Gott eine dunkle Tiefe, wie der Unendliche der Gnoſis, eine hohle Allgemeinheit, wie die trockene Seele Heraklits, eine ſich aus dem alten Bunde in den neuen herauswickelnde Subſtanz, wie das Urweſen der Naturphiloſophen, oder ein thränenfroher Erbarmer, wie der Gott der Frömmler und Myſtiker iſt. Deine Religion alſo kann nur eine flüchtige Weisheit des Augenblickes ſeyn, die dir ſelbſt nach kurzen Zwiſchenräumen ſchon mißfallen wird.

Wäre aber auch die Ausbeute dieſer Selbſterforſchung des Göttlichen noch ſo gelegen; ſo iſt es uns doch auf dem gegenwärtigen Standpunkte unſerer Bildung kaum mehr möglich, unſere eigenen Gedanken von dem Inhalte der chriſtlichen Offenbarung zu unterſcheiden. Von dem Geſchichtlichen und Perſönlichen des Chriſtenthums vermag der trennende und abſondernde Verſtand zwar mit leichter Mühe abzuſehen; aber das, was wir an dem menſchlichen Bilde des ewigen Vaters einmal abgeſehen und auf das Urbild übergetragen haben, die hohen ſittlichen Vollkommenheiten ſeiner Natur, die Weisheit ſeiner väterlichen Liebe, die an allen Berührungen unſeres Bewußtſeyns ein kindliches Verhältniß zu ihm angeknüpft hat, und die hieraus von ſelbſt fließenden Lehren von ſeiner beſondern Vorſehung und der Gewißheit eines ewigen Lebens ſind ſchon von Jugend auf ſo tief in unſere Gedankenreihe eingetragen, daß wir der Verſuchung gar nicht widerſtehen würden, das für unſer Geiſteseigenthum zu halten, was doch unverkennbar nur der Widerſchein eines höheren Lichtes iſt. Aber warum iſt der homeriſche Vater der Götter und Menſchen ganz ein anderer, als der Weltenvater des Johannes; warum philoſophirt Ariſtoteles halb träumend über die Schöpfung aller Dinge, wenn man ſeine Muthmaßungen mit den klaren und beſtimmten Ausſprüchen eines Paulus vergleicht; warum iſt der Bruderbund der Pythagoräer und der heilige Weltbau der Stoiker nur ein myſtiſcher Schattenriß gegen das lebendige Gemälde des Himmelreiches, wie es uns Chriſtus vor Augen ſtellt; warum iſt die höchſte Weihe der griechiſchen Myſterien, wenn ſie der Forſcher mit kaltem Blute durchſchaut **), kaum eine ſchwache Vorbereitung auf die innige ſittliche Gemeinſchaft mit Gott, die uns das Chriſtenthum durch den Geiſt der Wahrheit und der Liebe eröffnet! Gewiß darum, weil die ſich ſelbſt überlaſſene Vernunft, auch wenn ſie alle Flügel ausbreitet, ſich doch aus eigener Kraft nicht zu der Höhe aufſchwingen kann, zu der ſie ihr heiliger Urheber durch ſeine Offenbarung erhebt, die dem dankbaren Gemüthe doppelt ehrwürdig und unſchätzbar ſeyn muß, weil ſie allmählig in die Denkart ganzer Völker und Zeitalter übergeht und ſich aus einem himmliſchen Geſchenk in eine ſcheinbar eigene Geiſtesgabe verwandelt.

Noch wichtiger iſt hiebei die Erinnerung, daß der Glaube an einen ewig freien und heiligen Gott, der jeder Religion vorangeht, gar nicht aus der Vernunft, ſondern aus dem Herzen kommt. Auch die höchſte Idee, mit der unſere Vernunft in Eins zuſammenfällt, iſt nur ein Umriß ***) des Denkens, den unſer Geiſt bei ſeinen Forſchungen nicht mehr überſchreiten kann; aber als bloßes Vorſtellungsvermögen fühlt er ſich doch keineswegs gedrungen, dieſe Grenze über ſein Bewußtſeyn, oder doch über das Univerſum hinauszurücken. Die Reihe ſeiner Forſchungen iſt geſchloſſen, wenn er die erſte Urſache alles beweglichen Seyns gefunden hat: und daß er dieſe in ſich von ſelbſt bewegenden Atomen, in einem ewigen Chaos, in der abſoluten Einheit des Seyns und Denkens, oder in der ſchöpferiſchen Kraft ſeiner Ichheit zu finden vermag, ſagen uns die bekannten Philoſopheme Epikurs, der träumenden Pantheiſten und ſchöpferiſchen Idealiſten, die Alles wiſſen und Nichts glauben, und darum auch das eigentliche Lebenselement der Religion, die moraliſche Gewißheit und Ueberzeugung vernichten. Das ſpeculative Nichts, dieſe ſubjective Null, die für alle endliche Geiſter eine nothwendige Unterlage ihres freien Denkens iſt, kann in dieſen Syſtemen keine Bedeutung haben, weil ſie Eins und Alles, zum Theil auch ohne Gott, in einen Knauel der Entwickelung zuſammenknüpfen, in welchem Freiheit, Pflicht und Tugend nur leere Zeichen organiſcher Lebensbewegungen ſind. Wenn ſich der Menſch nun dennoch einen außerweltlichen Gott denkt, ſo iſt es nicht die Vernunft, die an ihn glaubt, ſondern das Herz; es iſt die Tiefe ſeiner Ehrfurcht, die Sehnſucht ſeiner Liebe, das Streben nach höherer Vollendung, das heiße Verlangen nach Freude und Seligkeit, welche die Wolken des Bewußtſeyns zerſtreuen, die engen Schranken der Weltidee durchbrechen, die innerhalb derſelben zu früh ausruhende Vernunft über Zeit und Raum in die ewigen Wohnungen des Lichtes und der Freiheit emportragen und in der Heiligkeit des Pflichtgebotes die Stimme des Herrn und Richters erkennen. Regt ſich in dem Gemüthe des Menſchen dieſes Gefühl der Pflicht, dieſes Verlangen nach höherer Vollendung und freimachender Wahrheit nicht, ſo wird ſich die Vernunft in öden Speculationen verlieren, die dem Glauben eben ſo gefährlich ſind, als die Betäubungen des Bewußtſeyns durch blinde Begierden. Weit entfernt alſo, daß die Vernunft den Glauben erzeugen ſollte, bedarf ſie vielmehr ſelbſt der Belebung, Erhebung und Reinigung durch ihn, wie es ſich denn gewiß nicht läugnen läßt, daß ihr das Chriſtenthum dieſen wichtigen Dienſt geleiſtet hat *).

Es läßt ſich daher mit voller Zuverläſſigkeit behaupten, daß uns die Vernunft gar nicht dazu gegeben iſt, eine eigene Religion zu ſchaffen, ſondern ſie nur zu vernehmen. Schaffen, im vollen Sinne des Wortes, können wir überhaupt nichts; die höchſte Anſtrengung unſerer Kräfte, der kühnſte Schwung unſerer Phantaſie, die größte Energie unſeres Denkens vermag auch nicht einen Strohhalm, nicht ein Sandkorn in das Daſeyn zu rufen; wir können überall in der Natur, in der Kunſt, auf dem Gebiete der Wiſſenſchaft und des geſelligen Lebens das Vorhandene nur ordnen, bilden, zu einem gewiſſen Zwecke formen; die moraliſch gute That, abgeſehen von ihrer äußern Erſcheinung und den Organen, die ſie hervorrufen, iſt das einzige Werk unſerer freien Selbſtkraft; und ſelbſt hier möchte man die unſichtbare Einwirkung eines guten Genius ahnen, wenn man tiefer in ſein Inneres eingeblickt hat. Wie ſollte es hier nun der Vernunft, als einem bloßen Vermögen allgemeiner Ideen und Geſetze glücken, eine Religion, oder eine vollſtändige Anweiſung zur richtigen Erkenntniß und Verehrung Gottes zu Stande zu bringen, ohne überall die Erfahrung, die Ordnung der Natur, des häuslichen und geſelligen Lebens, ohne namentlich eine Reihe von Beobachtungen aus der Gemüthswelt zu Hülfe zu nehmen, welche ſämmtlich aus der Quelle eines objectiv angeregten Bewußtſeyns fließen! Hat ſich doch ſelbſt die empiriſche und pragmatiſche Vernunft der Einzelnen ſchon unendlich oft als eine grundſchlechte Baumeiſterin dogmatiſcher Lehrſyſteme bewieſen, wenn ihr aus der Mythologie, Tradition, Geſchichte und Dialektik unermeßliche Materialien zu Gebote ſtanden; hat doch die ſcharfſinnigſte Scholaſtik und die begeiſtertſte Myſtik Religionsformen gebildet, die den gemeinſten Sinn für Wahrheit und Tugend beleidigen; hat doch ſogar die Bibliolatrie aus zuſammengewürfelten Stellen heiliger Urkunden Sentenzen und Dogmen zuſammengefügt, die den wahrhaft religiöſen Menſchen mit Wahn, mit Schwärmerei, mit Schrecken und Entſetzen erfüllen. Phantaſie ohne Farbe iſt noch nicht Vernunft, und die ſelbſt erwählte Geiſtlichkeit nur Aufgeblaſenheit des fleiſchlichen Sinnes **); dennoch wird man unvermeidlich von beiden berückt und getäuſcht werden, wenn man es verſucht, eine Religion nur aus den hohlen Tiefen ſeines Inneren zu ſchöpfen.

Eben daher muß auch eine Verehrung Gottes, die nicht von ihm ſelbſt gegeben und verordnet iſt, aller Wahrheit und ſittlichen Kraft ermangeln. Eine Staatsverfaſſung nach Gefallen zu dichten, ſteht zwar Jedem frei; aber es wird ihm nicht beikommen, ſie für allgemein verbindlich zu erklären, wenn ſie nicht von dem Volke, von ſeinen Vertretern und Häuptern ausgegangen iſt. Eine ähnliche Beglaubigung der Erkenntniß und Verehrung Gottes ſteht zwar, der Natur der Sache gemäß, nicht zu erwarten, weil das höchſte Weſen frei geſucht, gefunden, geliebt und angebetet ſeyn will. Aber wenn wir einmal glauben, daß Gott den Menſchen geſchaffen und zur Aehnlichkeit mit ihm beſtimmt hat, läßt es ſich da wohl denken, daß er ihn über dieſe Beſtimmung in Unwiſſenheit laſſen, daß er ihn nicht vielmehr nach dem Maße ſeiner Bildung und Faſſungskraft über den Endzweck ſeines Daſeyns unterrichten, daß er ihm überall reiche Gaben und Wohlthaten darbieten und ihm doch das Höchſte, was ihm Noth iſt, die Erkenntniß des wahren Gutes, und den Unterricht über den Weg, der zu ihm führt, vorenthalten, und wenn ihm der gebahnt iſt, ſich nicht durch Kraft und That zu ihm bekennen ſoll? Gerade darum zieht ſich ja durch alle Religionen der Erde ein reiner Lichtſtrahl der ewigen Wahrheit, weil er von Gott und ſeinem Worte kommt; darum weichen dieſe Religionen wieder unter allen Völkern in das Unendliche ab, weil ihn jedes wieder durch den Schatten ſeiner Bilder, Meinungen, falſcher Schlüſſe und Ueberlieferungen verdunkelt hat. Vor den trägen Göttern Epikurs mag zwar eine Religion gelten, die ſich der Philoſoph der Gärten in ſeiner gemüthlichen Luſt erdichtete; aber dem einzig wahren und lebendigen Gott, der Himmel und Erde erfüllt, kann unmöglich eine andere Verehrung gefallen, als die, welche er ſelbſt verordnet und dem Menſchen in das Herz geſchrieben hat.

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*) Hiob 26, 14.

**) Lobeckii Aglaophamus, Regiomontii, 1829. t. I. p. 98 ff.

***) ὅρος nach Plato.

*) Twesten's Vorleſungen über die Dogmatik. 2. Aufl. Hamburg. 1829. S. 395 f.

**) Coloſſ. 2, 18 f.

Aus dieſen Gründen muß auch die wahre Religion, weil ſie für alle Menſchen verbindlich ſeyn ſoll, ſich auf eine göttliche Ordnung beziehen und ein allen Gottesverehrungen gemeinſchaftliches Object haben. Es dahin geſtellt ſeyn laſſen, ob das höchſte Weſen wirklich außer uns ſey und wirke, oder ſich gar, wie [illegible], einbilden, daß der Menſch ſeinen Gott ſelbſt ſchaffe, iſt eine Verkehrtheit des Denkens, die mit dem Atheism auf gleicher Linie ſteht. Jede würdige Gottesverehrung beruht vielmehr auf dem Glauben an ein Urbild der Weisheit, Heiligkeit und Seligkeit, welcher, menſchlich erfaßt, ein gemeinſchaftliches Vorbild unſeres Strebens, Wirkens und Hoffens iſt, und zwar in einer Ordnung der Dinge, wo dieſes gewiſſenhafte Streben auch Früchte des Heils und der ſittlichen Vollendung bringt, alſo in einem Reiche Gottes, wo das, was er will, den Menſchen weiſer, beſſer und froher, und das, was er nicht will, ihn thörichter, ſchlechter und unzufriedener macht. Und da ſich der gewöhnliche Sinnenmenſch nur wenig über die Ordnung der Natur und der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft in dieſes Reich der Freiheit und des Lichtes erhebt, deſſen Wirklichkeit die ganze Weltgeſchichte bezeugt, ſo bedarf er zur Kenntniß deſſelben noch eines höhern Lehrers und Führers, den man, obſchon uneigentlich, mit dem Namen eines Religionsſtifters zu bezeichnen pflegt. Ohne dieſen kann keine Religion beſtehen, wie das Beiſpiel aller Deiſten und Naturaliſten lehrt; wo hingegen der Glaube an eine höhere Ordnung der Dinge mangelt, zu der Gottes heiliges Walten die veredelte Menſchheit mit immer gleicher Weisheit, Gerechtigkeit und Liebe erhebt, der Glaube an eine göttliche Sanction der Pflicht und eine alle ſittliche Mißverhältniſſe ausgleichende Vergeltung, da iſt die Religion ſelbſt in ihrer Kraft und Wirkſamkeit gelähmt. Ein ſelig machendes Himmelreich aber aus bloßer Vernunft zu bauen iſt noch von keinem Sterblichen verſucht worden.

Folgerechte Vertheidiger der Rationalreligion haben daher ſchon oft die Nothwendigkeit gefühlt, ihr Syſtem auf eine beſondere Vernunftoffenbarung Gottes zu gründen. Eduard Herbert von Cherbury war einer dieſer freien und tiefen Denker, welchen vor länger, als zweihundert Jahren gründliche Forſchungen über die Zwiſte der Katholiken und Proteſtanten zu allgemeinern Anſichten des Chriſtenthums, und dann der Religion überhaupt führten. Er trat daher in ſeinem Buche über die Wahrheit als ein entſchiedener Gegner der übernatürlich ſtatutariſchen Offenbarung und als ein kräftiger Vertheidiger der menſchlichen Vernunft und ihrer Rechte in den Angelegenheiten des Glaubens auf. Die Lehre von einem Gott, von ſeiner würdigen Verehrung durch Beſſerung und Tugend, von der Unſterblichkeit der Seele und einer künftigen Vergeltung hält er für weſentliche Dogmen jeder wahren Gottesverehrung, die in dem Gemüthe des Menſchen gegründet und ihm von dem Schöpfer eingepflanzt ſeyen. Dagegen verwirft er jede äußere, geſchichtliche und traditionelle Offenbarung, und verweiſt dafür den gründlichen Forſcher, wenn er alle Kräfte ſeines Geiſtes angeſtrengt und Gott um ſeinen Unterricht angefleht habe, auf eine perſönliche Offenbarung, wo er eine eigene göttliche Anſchauung empfangen werde, die ſich deutlich von der eigenen Thätigkeit des Gemüthes unterſcheide. Er ſelbſt glaubte eine ſolche Offenbarung empfangen und von Gott, nachdem er ihn demüthig um höhere Aufklärung über ſeine Religionsgrundſätze gebeten hatte, ein beſtätigendes Zeichen durch ein ſanftes ungewöhnliches Weben von oben herab bei heiterem Himmel erhalten zu haben. Dieſe von den weiſen und frommen Menſchen aller Zeiten geahnete Offenbarung Gottes in der Gemüthswelt ruht auch in der That mit der fortgehenden Naturoffenbarung auf einem Grunde; Herbert hätte ihre Spuren nur verfolgen und ſie mit den urſprünglichen Offenbarungen der Schrift vergleichen dürfen, um ſich über die Entſtehung ſeiner, aus der Geſchichte früherer Gottesmänner gebotenen, Geiſtesaffectationen zu orientiren. Aber wenn er ſchon darinnen zu weit ging, daß er ſich ſelbſt für einen Inſpirirten und einen neuen Elias der Heiden hielt; ſo ſchloß er doch ganz richtig, daß es der eigenen Vernunftreligion an innerer Feſtigkeit gebreche, wenn ſie nicht durch eine göttliche Offenbarung beglaubigt werde.

Nach dem Zeugniſſe der Geſchichte artet daher jede rationale Religion, wenn ſie ſich zu einer ſubjectiv-rationaliſirenden geſtaltet, allmählich in jenen ſtarren Egoism aus, welcher der Tod der wahren Gottesverehrung und Frömmigkeit iſt. Die wahre Vernunftreligion läßt über ihre Grundlehren von Gott, Vorſehung und Unſterblichkeit eben ſo wenig einen Zweifel, oder eine Verſchiedenheit der Meinungen aufkommen, als die Mathematik über die Wahrheiten ihrer Anſchauung. Der einzelne Menſch aber verwechſelt ſein noch unausgebildetes Vernunftvermögen *) mit einer ſchwer zu vermeidenden Selbſttäuſchung unmerklich mit der allgemeinen Menſchenvernunft; ſtatt rational zu denken und zu lehren, rationaliſirt und vernünftelt er; daher die ſubjectiven Anſichten von den Grundwahrheiten der Religion in allen Syſtemen des Rationalism und Naturalism: eine Verſchiedenheit, die eben ſo groß iſt, als die Meinungsdifferenz der Myſtiker und geſchichtlichen Dogmatiker. Geſellt ſich hierzu noch der ſtolze Wahn, ſeine individuelle Anſicht der Religion für die einzig wahre und mögliche und für einen unwiderruflich geſchloſſenen Kreis ewiger Wahrheiten zu halten, ſo wird der Rationalism ein ſtarrer, kühner, liebloſer, Alles um ſich her verhöhnender und verdammender Egoism, der ſich von Gott und Menſchen losreißt, der nichts lernen und nichts vergeben, und doch überall lehren, gebieten und herrſchen will. Haben wir doch Alles, was wir wiſſen und glauben, empfangen; was rühmen wir uns, als ob wir es nicht empfangen hätten **)! Dieſe ſtolze, weltbethörende Weisheit zerfällt bald in ſich ſelbſt; nur die reine und lautere Vernunft, die immer bereit iſt, das Göttliche zu vernehmen und zu lernen, iſt des Geiſtes Licht, die uns den dunkeln Pfad dieſes Lebens erhellt.

Chriſtoph Heinrich Amthor

ward 1678 zu Stolberg in Thüringen geboren, von ſeinem Oheim zu Rendsburg erzogen und ſtudirte die Rechte. Nach vollendeten Studien erhielt er eine Profeſſur der Jurisprudenz und Politik zu Kiel, welche er 1704 antrat und bis zum Jahre 1714 bekleidete. Dann wurde er königlich däniſcher Hiſtoriograph, ſchleswig-holſteiniſcher Kanzleirath und Präſident zu Kiel und 1719 Juſtizrath zu Kopenhagen. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 15. Februar 1721.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Poetiſcher Verſuch einiger teutſchen Gedichte und Ueberſetzungen. Flensburg, 1717. in 8.

und nach ſeinem Tode eine neue Auflage deſſelben unter dem Titel

C. H. Amthors u. ſ. w. Teutſche Gedichte und Ueberſetzungen u. ſ. w. Rendsburg, 1734. in 8.

Beide Sammlungen enthalten nur Gelegenheitsgedichte und Ueberſetzungen; die erſteren im Geſchmack Lohenſtein's (S. d.) voll Schwulſt, Zwang und Kälte. Die Ueberſetzungen ſind meiſtens ziemlich genau, aber ohne Wärme und Leben. — Wunderlicher Weiſe hat ſich Amthor's Name erhalten, und man findet ihn faſt in allen Lehr- und Handbüchern der deutſchen Literatur angeführt, da er doch mehr als irgend ein Reimer ſeiner Zeit verdiente, vergeſſen zu werden. Eine kurze Probe möge hier zum Beweiſe des gewiß nicht ungerechten Tadels, den wir über ihn ausgeſprochen, folgen, zumal da eben dieſes Sonnet eine ſeiner beſten Leiſtungen iſt.

Auf den Tod des Herrn Wieſen.

Sonnet.

Der Blumen Pracht verlangt der Froſt von einer Nacht;
Ein ſtrenger Wind zerknickt den Wachsthum vieler Stunden,
Und mancher Tempel iſt in ſchnellem Rauch verſchwunden,
Dem tauſend Jahre noch den Fall nicht zugedacht.

Armſeliger Sterblicher, nimm dieſen Schluß in Acht;
Kein Schäfgen wird ſo leicht vom Tyger überwunden,
Kein Blitz und Donnerſchlag ſind ſo geſchwind verbunden,
Als oft des Todes Keil um deine Schläfe kracht.

Schau dieſen wahren Satz durch Wieſens Fall beſiegeln,
Woran dein Hochmuth ſich zur Lehre kann beſpiegeln.
Ach theurer Muſenſohn! muß denn der Stürme Zug

Dein Lebens-Schiff ſo bald nach Lethens Strudeln treiben!
Doch nein; die Feder irrt. Sie ſollte dieſes ſchreiben:
Du ſtirbſt der Welt zu jung, dem Himmel alt genug.

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*) Nous voilà tous très-sensibles mais très peu raisonnables. Oeuvres de Frédéric II.

**) 1. Kor. 4, 7.

Johann Peter Friedrich Ancillon

ward am 30. April 1766 zu Berlin geboren und ſtammt aus einer franzöſiſchen Refugié-Familie. Nachdem er ſeine Studien vollendet, war er zuerſt Profeſſor bei der Militärakademie und Prediger der franzöſiſchen Gemeine zu Berlin. Im Jahre 1803 wurde er Hiſtoriograph und Mitglied der Akademie daſelbſt, 1810 Staatsrath und Erzieher des Kronprinzen, 1814 wirklicher geheimer Legationsrath und ſeit 1825 Miniſter der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten, ſo wie Großkreuz des baieriſchen Civilverdienſt-, Commandeur des ſchwediſchen Nordſtern-, Ritter des ruſſiſchen St. Annen- I., des polniſchen Stanislaus- I., des preußiſchen rothen Adler-Ordens II. und des eiſernen Kreuzes.

A. hat ſich durch vortreffliche hiſtoriſche, politiſche und philoſophiſche Werke einen bedeutenden Namen erworben. Zu bewundern iſt, daß er mit gleicher Anmuth und Eleganz ſich der Franzöſiſchen wie der Deutſchen bedient; ſeine bedeutendſten Leiſtungen ſind vorzugsweiſe in der erſteren abgefaßt. Zu ſeinen deutſchen Schriften gehören:

Ueber wahre Größe. Berlin, 1814.
Ueber Souveränität und Staatsverfaſſungen. Berlin, 1816.
Ueber die Staatswiſſenſchaften. Berl. 1820.
Ueber Glauben und Wiſſen in der Philoſophie. Berlin, 1824.
Ueber den Geiſt der Staatsverfaſſungen und deſſen Einfluß auf Geſetzgebung. Berlin, 1825.
Zur Vermittelung der Extreme in den Meinungen. 1. Th. Berl. 1828. 2. Theil. Berl. 1831.

A. iſt einer der wenigen Schriftſteller, welche die Welt wie die Wiſſenſchaft gleich harmoniſch ausbilden. Seine Leiſtungen erfreuen ſich daher der glücklichſten Wirkungen, und jeder Staat, wo ſolche Männer an der Spitze ſtehen, mag ſich wahrhaft preiſen. Bewährte Kenntniß, eine feine und geſchmackvolle Behandlung der Gegenſtände, Anmuth und Würde des Styls, Wärme und Reinheit der Empfindung, echte Begeiſterung für das Schöne und Große und in hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Werken gerechte Würdigung des Beſtehenden, Mäßigung und Milde des Urtheils bei ſcharfem Blick und tiefer Lebenserfahrung ſind ihm eigenthümlich. — Unendlich würden Leben und Wiſſenſchaft gewinnen, wenn alle Berufenen ſie ſo zu behandeln wüßten und ſo zu behandeln geneigt wären, wie es Ancillon thut.

Wir theilen hier eine eben ſo allgemein anziehende als allgemein verſtändliche Abhandlung von ihm mit.

Ueber eigennützige und reine Liebe.*)

Satz. Es giebt nur eigennützige Neigungen, und was man Liebe nennt, löſt ſich immer in eine ſolche auf.

Gegenſatz. Es giebt eine reine Liebe, der eigennützigen nicht allein fremd, ſondern ganz entgegengeſetzt.

Der eben abgehandelte Gegenſtand bringt natürlich eine andere Frage in Erinnerung. Giebt es nur eine ſinnliche Liebe, iſt die Liebe immer nur ein eigennütziger Trieb, der auch da, wo ſie einen höhern Charakter anzunehmen ſcheint, ihre Quelle in der Selbſtſucht hat? oder giebt es eine reine Liebe, einen uneigennützigen Trieb, der, mit dem erſten dem Namen nach verwandt, himmelweit von ihm verſchieden iſt!

Dieſe Gegenſätze haben unſtreitig Berührungspunkte und Verwandtſchaften mit den Prinzipien der Ethik und den verſchiedenen Meinungen über ihren Urſprung und ihre Natur. Allein ſo viel Aehnlichkeit und Verbindung zwiſchen ihnen und den verſchiedenen Syſtemen über das höchſte Gut ſein möge, ſo ſind ſie doch von ganz verſchiedener Natur. Die Ethik hat eine reine, allgemeine, nothwendige Objectivität. In der Liebe, wie man ſie auch denken mag, handelt es ſich immer von Gefühlen, und ſie gehört ausſchließlich zur Gemüthswelt.

Viele haben behauptet, die Liebe, wenn man dieſelbe gehörig zerlegt und zergliedert, ſei am Ende und im Grunde immer nur eine ſinnliche Luſt oder mindeſtens ein ſelbſtſüchtiger Trieb, der ſeine Befriedigung immer nur in der äußern Welt ſucht.

Diejenigen, die dieſer entwürdigenden Meinung anhangen, gehen von der Vorausſetzung aus, daß der Menſch, wenn er ſich einem Gegenſtande nähert, welcher Natur dieſer auch ſein mag, immer nur nach Vergnügen trachte und Genuß ſuche.

Den Gegenſtand oder die Perſon, die uns Vergnügen und Genuß verſchafft, beſitzen, iſt in einem ſolchen Fall die erſte Bedingung der Glückſeligkeit für den Menſchen. Der Beſitz allein ſichert uns das Gut, nach welchem wir ſtreben, und ſchließt die andern Menſchen davon aus. Die Liebe hat eine ſolche Tendenz, ſich eines Gegenſtandes auf jede Art zu bemächtigen, immer voraus.

Die perſönliche, ſinnliche Liebe bezieht ſich alſo immer auf uns ſelbſt. Wir lieben uns in den Andern, und lieben die Andern unſertwegen. Das Vergnügen und der Genuß, die wir von den Talenten und von den Vorzügen erwarten, ſind ſinnlich von ſehr verſchiedener Art. Es mögen uns die Eigenſchaften oder der ſchöne edle Charakter oder die Tugenden oder die äußern Vorzüge der Geſtalt, des Ranges, der Macht zu einer Perſon hinziehen und uns für ſie dermaßen einnehmen, daß wir uns nur in ihrem Beſitz und in ihrer Gunſt glücklich fühlen können, ſo ſehen wir doch immer nur in ihr ein Mittel zu irgend einem uns beliebigen Zweck, und bedienen uns ihrer als eines Werkzeuges zu unſeren ſelbſtſüchtigen Abſichten.

Daß die Liebe etwas anderes, ja etwas von dem ganz verſchiedenes ſei, wird ein jeder, der Liebe empfunden oder eingeflößt hat, mit feſter Ueberzeugung behaupten. Die eben aufgeſtellte Lehre wird ihn mit einem tiefen und gerechten Unwillen gegen dieſe erniedrigende und höchſt entwürdigende Lehre erfüllen.

Es iſt ſchon an ſich ein unglückliches und unfruchtbringendes Verfahren, die Liebe mit dem Verſtande zergliedern zu wollen. Das Gefühl läßt ſich nicht in ſeine Elemente auflöſen; es wird durch dergleichen Verſuche in ſeiner Weſenheit zerſtört und vernichtet: ſei es, daß es vermöge ſeiner Einfachheit einer jeden Analyſe widerſtrebe, oder, daß ſeine Natur in der geheimnißvollen Miſchung verſchiedenartiger Elemente beſtehe, die gerade durch eine künſtliche Trennung derſelben verfliegt, verſchwindet und nichts von dem, was ihr eigenthümlich ſchien, behält.

Wäre auch die Zergliederung der Gefühle rathſam, ja möglich, ſo würde doch diejenige, die zum Reſultat nur Selbſtſucht in der Liebe ſucht, ſieht und findet, gewiß nicht die richtige ſein. Daß etwas Egoismus ſich auch in die edelſten uneigennützigſten Gefühle einſchleicht, beweiſet eben ſo wenig, daß ſolche Gefühle nur Egoismus ſind, als der Umſtand, daß es keinen Körper gäbe, in welchem nicht verſchiedene Gasarten eindringen oder ſich erzeugen, beweiſen würde, daß alle Körper nur aus gasartigen Stoffen beſtehen.

Dieſe ſogenannte Theorie widerſpricht den Phänomenen und allen Thatſachen, welche die Liebe, ſie mag nun als eigentliche Liebe oder als Freundſchaft oder als Familienliebe erſcheinen, darbietet. Wie kann man alles auf kalte Berechnung zurückführen, da wo das bewegte Gemüth keine Berechnung zuläßt! wie kann man den ſinnlichen Trieb zum Vergnügen wahrnehmen oder vermuthen, da wo man ſich freiwillig des geliebten Gegenſtandes willen moraliſchen und phyſiſchen Leiden ausſetzt! wie kann man aus dem Eigennutz ein Verhältniß, in welchem man ſich ſelbſt aufopfert, ableiten! Denn wie oft giebt man nicht Geſundheit, Wohlſtand, ja das Leben ſelbſt hin, um den, den man liebt, zu pflegen, zu retten und zu erhalten!

Von der Herabwürdigung der menſchlichen Natur, welche das vermeintliche Syſtem, Alles auf Eigennutz oder ſinnliches Vergnügen zu beziehen, mit Recht empört, in ihrem Innern reinere Gefühle, edlere Bedürfniſſe wahrnehmend, von ihrem eigenen Bewußtſein und herzerhebenden Erfahrungen belehrt, überzeugt, daß um den Menſchen zur wahren Größe anzuſpornen, man ihn alles Großartigen fähig halten muß, und es viel beſſer ſei, ihn um etwas in dieſer Hinſicht zu überſchätzen als ihn zu erniedrigen, — haben andere geglaubt, der Menſch könne eine ſo geläuterte, von allem Irdiſchen befreite, von aller Beziehung auf ſein eigenes Ich ſo unabhängige Liebe empfinden, daß man ſie eine reine Liebe nennen könne, da ſie ohne irgend ein perſönliches Intereſſe von allem Fremdartigen getrennt ſei und auf das Höchſte ſteigen könne.

Das Ideal einer ſolchen Liebe, des vollkommenſten aller Gefühle, kann allein das allervollkommenſte Weſen einflößen. Gott allein verdient ſo geliebt zu werden, und das unendliche

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*) Aus: Friedrich Ancillon, zur Vermittelung der Extreme in den Meinungen. 2. Th. Berlin, 1831.

Weſen kann allein der Gegenſtand einer ſolchen in das Unendliche fortſchreitenden Liebe ſeyn. Nicht weil er uns mit Gaben und Wohlthaten aller Art überhäuft hat, und weil alles was wir beſitzen von ihm erhalten; nicht allein weil es das ſüßeſte Gefühl iſt ſich mit ihm zu verbinden, zu vereinigen und uns in ihm zu verlieren, ſollen wir ihn auf dieſe Art lieben, ſondern die Heroen dieſer Liebe, die heilige Thereſia und der [illegible] Fenelon, erwähnen, daß, wenn wir auch der ewigen Seligkeit verluſtig werden ſollten, ſo müßten wir die Gottheit auf dieſe Art lieben, einzig und allein weil ſie die Gottheit iſt, wegen ihrer unendlichen Vollkommenheit.

Um dies Ideal der reinen Liebe aufzuſtellen, hat man ſich genöthigt geſehen, Unmöglichkeiten zu erdichten und Vorausſetzungen zu machen, die Widerſprüche enthalten, und eigentlich keinen Sinn haben. Ein Weſen, welches Gott uneigennützig und ohne Rückſicht im höchſten Grade lieben könnte, wäre ſchon dadurch der Seligkeit würdig, wenn es nicht ſchon in dem überirdiſchen beſeligenden Gefühle dieſelbe hätte. Gott würde nicht Gott ſeyn, wenn er ein ſolches auserkohrnes Weſen nicht der höchſten Glückſeligkeit theilhaftig machte: aber welcher Menſch gelangt zu dieſer unerreichten Höhe? Um den angedeuteten Widerſpruch ſogar nur denken zu können, müßte man dem unendlichen Weſen eine Unvollkommenheit, ja eine Ungerechtigkeit zuſchreiben. Aber damit wird die reine Liebe ſelbſt unmöglich, denn eine ſolche gebühret nur einem vollkommnen, unendlichen Gegenſtande.

Die reine Liebe kann nur im Gegenſatz zur ſinnlichen oder zur eigennützigen Liebe in ihrem eigenthümlichen Lichte und in ihrer innern Natur aufgefaßt werden, und als ſolche iſt es nur dem Menſchen gegeben, ſie zu empfinden und in dieſem Gefühl ſein höchſtes Glück ſo wie ſeine höchſte Würde zu finden. Die ſinnliche Liebe ſtrebt nur nach ſinnlichem Genuß, nach materieller Vereinigung und Durchdringung zweier Weſen. Reiz gilt hier mehr als Schönheit; die äußere Geſtalt mehr als die innere Harmonie; milde Hingebung mehr als Anmuth und Würde. Anmuth und Schönheit ſind hier höchſtens Mittel zum Genuß. Mit dem Genuß verfliegt das Bedürfniß, mit dem Bedürfniß das Sehnen nach dem ausſchließlichen Beſitz des geliebten Gegenſtandes.

Die wahre Liebe will vor allen Dingen ſich von der Innigkeit der gegenſeitigen Gefühle überzeugen. Auf dieſe allein legt ſie einen wirklichen unbegrenzten Werth. Alles andere, was für die ſinnliche Liebe zur Hauptſache wird, iſt für die wahre Liebe nur Nebenſache und erregt nur ihre Sehnſucht, als Zeichen der innigen lebendigen Empfindungen zweier Seelen. Vollkommene Durchdringung und Verſchmelzung derſelben iſt das höchſte Ziel der wahren Liebe, und kann ihr allein Glückſeligkeit gewähren. Ein jeder Schritt, welcher ſie dieſem Ideale näher bringt, ſei er auch dem Scheine nach noch ſo unbedeutend, giebt den Liebenden mehr Freude als der Beſitz ihres Gegenſtandes der ſinnlichen Liebe geben und verſchaffen kann. Vor allen Dingen wollen ſich die Liebenden wechſelſeitig geiſtig beſitzen und finden ſich beiderſeits nur in einer freiwilligen totalen Hingebung ſelig. Ein jeder liebt in dem andern alles was auch ſchon in der Idee gut, edel, ſchön, der Huldigung der Menſchheit würdig erſcheint. Wer iſt Zweck, wer iſt Mittel in dieſem zarten innigen Verhältniß? Keiner von beiden. Es giebt vielmehr weder Zweck noch Mittel für ſie außerhalb der Liebe, die zugleich Mittel und Zweck an ſich iſt. In dieſer Verläugnung ſeines Ich's, die da macht, daß man ſich ſelbſt vergißt, daß man nichts auf ſich, ſondern alles auf den geliebten Gegenſtand bezieht, liegt freilich die höchſte Glückſeligkeit: allein da ein jeder der Liebenden nur an die Glückſeligkeit des Andern denkt, ſo genießt er die ſeinige abſichtslos, man könnte ſagen ungewollt, aber nicht unbewußt.

Wer einer ſolchen Liebe fähig iſt, wer aus den Händen der Natur dieſe höhere Gewalt, ja dieſe Genialität des Gemüths empfing, der liebt auch in niederer untergeordneter Potenz uneigennützig ſeine Freunde, alle Gegenſtände, welche der Himmel um ihn vereinigt hat, und vor allen ſein Vaterland. Während daß die eigennützige Liebe alles auf ſich ſelbſt bezieht, und in den anderen nur das ſchätzt und ſucht, was ihm nach einer kalten und klugen Berechnung Vortheil oder Genuß verſpricht, bezieht ſich das edlere, reinere liebende Gemüth auf die Anderen und tritt immer aus ſich ſelbſt heraus. Ein ſolcher Menſch liebt zwar in ſeinem Freunde, ſeinen Eltern, ſeiner Gattin, ſeinen Kindern die Eigenſchaften des Geiſtes und des Herzens, die ſie auszeichnen, er liebt die Dienſte die ſie ihm geleiſtet, die Wohlthaten die ſie ihm erzeigt, die ſchönen Tage die er ihnen verdankt, er liebt ihre Liebe zu ihm. Allein er ſcheint dies alles nicht zu wiſſen, außer in den wenigen Augenblicken, wo er ſich Rechenſchaft von ſeinem Thun und Laſſen geben will. Der Menſch überläßt ſich dann der Gewalt der Wahlverwandtſchaften, welche dieſe Gegenſtände ſeiner Liebe mit ihm haben. Er liebt ſie, weil ſie ſind, was ſie ſind, weil er ſelbſt iſt, was er iſt; weil ihr Glück, ihm anvertraut, von ihm abhängt. Für ſie leiden, wäre für ihn eine Art höherer geiſtiger Wo[illegible] und in den Fall zu kommen, ihnen alles, ja das Leben ſelbſt aufzuopfern, würde für ihn die Krone der Liebe und des Lebens ſeyn.

Die reinſte, erhabenſte Liebe iſt unſtreitig die Liebe zu Gott, zu dem erhabenſten aller Weſen. An ihn, den Unſichtbaren, denken, als wenn er ſichtbar, ihn, den Unendlichen, in ſich aufnehmen, in ſo weit die Endlichkeit es geſtattet, oder vielmehr ſelbſt in ihn ſich zu verlieren, ihn, den Allgütigen, auch im Unglück mit inniger Freude anbeten, weil er die ganze empfindende und lebendige Schöpfung und ihre größtmögliche Seligkeit zu ſeinem Zweck macht; ihn, den Allweiſeſten, bewundern wegen der vollkommenen Harmonie der Dinge, die er angeordnet, und nicht allein weil wir ſelbſt ein Glied der großen Kette der Dinge ſind; ihm, dem Gerechten, uns mit Demuth unterwerfen, ob wir gleich wegen unſerer Sünden ſeine Gerechtigkeit zu fürchten haben; — darin beſteht die Liebe Gottes, und nicht in einem erzwungenen Gehorſam, in einer verkappten Furcht, in dem geheimen Wunſch, Gott zu beſtechen, in dem ſtets erneuerten Verſuch, ihn für uns zu gewinnen. Allein ſo uneigennützig dieſe Liebe auch iſt und ſein muß, oder vielmehr weil ſie uneigennützig iſt, verſetzt ſie den Menſchen in den ſeligſten Zuſtand, wird für ihn die Quelle der reinſten Wonne, und giebt ihm Gefühle, die in Hinſicht ihrer Dauer, ſo wie ihrer ſteten Steigerung, ihm ein Vorbote der Unſterblichkeit ſind. Er liebt nicht Gott um glücklich zu ſein, ſondern er iſt glücklich weil er Gott liebt.

Ueber Glauben und Unglauben.

Satz. Der Unglaube allein bewahrt vor Aberglauben und vor Schwärmerei.

Gegenſatz. Der Glaube allein ſichert gegen den Aberglauben, ſo wie gegen die Schwärmerei, indem er die wahre Frömmigkeit erzeugt.

Der Unglaube iſt der Hang oder die Gewohnheit, nichts als wahr anzunehmen, als das, was man ſelbſt ſinnlich wahrgenommen hat oder wahrnehmen kann.

Die den Unglauben am weiteſten treiben, laſſen nur die Wahrnehmungen der äußeren Sinne gelten. Was ihnen nicht äußerlich erſcheint, es ſei als Anſchauung oder als Empfindung, was dem inneren Sinn allein, es ſei als Gefühl oder Anſchauung, ſich offenbart, iſt in ihren Augen eine leere Täuſchung, oder könnte es wenigſtens ſein; welches in Hinſicht der Gewißheit auf eins hinausläuft.

Hat der Unglaube einmal dieſen Schritt gethan, ſo muß er, um conſequent zu ſein, die ganze überſinnliche Welt in Zweifel ziehen, oder vielmehr dieſelbe läugnen. Für ihn hat nur dasjenige Realität, was geſehen, gehört, geſchmeckt und betaſtet werden kann.

Sobald man das Ueberſinnliche als ein reines Phantaſiegebilde verwirft, ſo bleibt nichts anderes als der grobe Materialismus. Der reflectirende Unglaube nimmt nur das an, was verſtanden werden kann, und wähnt, dasjenige vollkommen zu verſtehen und zu erkennen, was wir mit unſeren Sinnen faſſen. Ein doppelter Irrthum, da der Menſch vieles annehmen muß, was über ſeinen Verſtand geht, und er eben ſo wenig die ſinnlichen Anſchauungen und Empfindungen, als das, was ihnen zur Grundlage dient, zu verſtehen vermag.

Der Unglaube geht noch weiter. Die Natur der Vernunft verkennend, ſchiebt er oft dieſelbe vor, um ſein Abläugnen gewiſſer Exiſtenzen zu rechtfertigen. Er ſucht die Vernunft nur in Vernunftſchlüſſen, und verfehlt dadurch ihr wahres eigentliches Weſen; er fordert von ihr, zu beweiſen, was, als eine Urwahrheit, ſich allen Beweiſen entzieht, und behauptet, alles, was ſolche Beweiſe nicht zuläßt, verwerfen zu dürfen und ſogar zu müſſen.

Dieſe drei Stufen oder dieſe drei Quellen des Unglaubens, nämlich: nur den ſinnlichen Wahrnehmungen Realität zuzuſchreiben; nur als wahr anzunehmen, was verſtanden werden kann; und endlich Gewißheit nur in den Vernunftſchlüſſen zu finden, führen nothwendig den conſequenten Unglauben zum Atheismus; denn ſinnlich kann man Gott nicht wahrnehmen, verſtehen kann man ihn eben ſo wenig, und nie hat die Vernunft eine Exiſtenz beweiſen können.

Des Unglaubens Gegenſatz iſt der Aberglaube. Der erſte glaubt nichts Ueberſinnliches, der zweite ſpielt gewiſſermaßen alles in die überſinnliche Welt. Der eine traut zu viel und allein der ſinnlichen Wahrnehmung, dem Verſtand, den Vernunftſchlüſſen, und verſchließt ſich gefliſſentlich die höhere Welt, zu welcher dieſe Flügel nicht erheben können. Der andere befragt die ſinnliche Wahrnehmung, den Verſtand und die Vernunft gar nicht oder wenig; auch in den Dingen, die ihnen zugänglich ſind, und über welche ihnen der Ausſpruch gedünkt, ſpricht er ihnen Hohn und Trotz, und folgt einem unwiderſtehlichen Hang, der ihn beſtändig zum Unverſtändlichen, Unbegreiflichen treibt.

Statt die Erſcheinungen der phyſiſchen und moraliſchen Welt mit unbefangenen Augen zu beobachten, richtig aufzufaſſen, ihre Geſetze zu erforſchen, feſtzuhalten, anzuwenden, und ſie wechſelſeitig als Urſachen und Wirkungen aus einander zu erklären, oder, wenn er ihren wahren Zuſammenhang nicht zu erkennen vermag, der Unwiſſenheit und des Unvermögens des Menſchen ſich bewußt, kein Urtheil zu fällen, erdichtet der Aberglaube lieber allerlei Verhältniſſe zwiſchen den Erſcheinungen der phyſiſchen und moraliſchen Welt um die einen von den andern abzuleiten, verbindet mit einander was in der Wirklichkeit ganz getrennt daſteht, verkennt oder verſchmäht die Naturerklärung, um an ihre Stelle eine phantaſtiſche Welt zu erſchaffen, wo alles abenteuerlich erſcheint, und nichts natürlich geſchieht.

Der Aberglaube kommt theils von Unwiſſenheit her, theils aber auch von einer lebendigen Phantaſie, welche die Welt nach Belieben malt, erdichtet und umſchafft. Bald rührt er von einem furchtſamen Charakter, der alles, was ihn umgiebt, als gefährlich betrachtet, bald von einem ſchwärmeriſch empfindſamen Gemüthe her, welches alles beleben und bedeutend machen möchte.

Da der Aberglaube gern allenthalben unmittelbare Einwirkung höherer Weſen ſieht und annimmt, und allen Gegenſtänden eine wunderbare Bedeutſamkeit zuſchreibt, hat er unſtreitig Stammverwandtſchaft mit der Dichtkunſt und iſt ſelbſt eine Art von Poeſie. Hinwieder kann die Dichtkunſt leicht dem Aberglauben neue Kraft verleihen, wenn man ihr eigentliches Weſen und ihre wahre Beſtimmung verkennt.

Der Unglaube ſchützt nicht vor dem Aberglauben. Man hat Freigeiſter geſehen, die von einer Menge abergläubiſcher Vorſtellungen wie mit Feſſeln gebunden waren. Die Seele des Menſchen kann die Leere der Negativität nicht lange ertragen, und füllt der Menſch dieſe Leere nicht mit poſitiven Wahrheiten aus, ſo muß er es mit Irrthümern thun. Die Vernunft verlangt zu wiſſen oder zu glauben. Da das menſchliche Wiſſen theils beſchränkt, theils ſchwankend iſt, ſo kann der philoſophiſche Glaube allein die Vernunft befriedigen, indem ſie in ihrem Innern und in ihrer Tiefe Wahrheiten auffindet, die ihr zur Beruhigung und zum Stützpunkte dienen. Verliert die Vernunft dieſen Halt, läugnet ſie die Exiſtenz des unendlichen Weſens die ihr durch eine intellectuelle, unmittelbare Anſchauung offenbart wird, ſo hat der Menſch gegen die unbekannten Größen der Natur keine Bürgſchaft mehr. Zwiſchen Furcht und Hoffnung ſchwebend, der erſteren beſonders hingegeben, die unbeſtimmbare Gewalt der im großen Weltall wirkenden geheimen Kräfte ahnend, und vor ihr zurückbebend, bevölkert er öfters die Welt mit Dämonen, die über ſein Schickſal entſcheiden, und jeden Augenblick es ſchrecklich machen können.

Der Glaube allein kann dem Unweſen des Unglaubens und des Aberglaubens ein Ende machen. Er allein vermittelt die beiden Extreme.

Der Glaube iſt eine Ueberzeugung, nicht aus Vernunftſchlüſſen, ſondern aus dem Weſen der Vernunft ſelbſt geſchöpft, und aus ihrer Tiefe hervorgehend; ein unwiderſtehliches Fürwahrhalten gewiſſer Thatſachen des innern Sinnes, die uns als objective Exiſtenzen aufgedrungen werden. Indem ſie uns die Seele, die Freiheit und die Gottheit offenbaren, erheben ſie uns über die ſinnlichen Schranken, und öffnen uns die ewigen Pforten der überſinnlichen Welt. Dieſer Glaube iſt zugleich der Anfangs- und der Endpunkt des menſchlichen Wiſſens. Von ihm geht alles aus, zu ihm kehrt alles zurück. Wer ihn nicht in der Wurzel ſeines Gemüths findet, der findet ihn nirgends, und für den giebt es auch nichts anderes ſichres, unzweifelhaftes und gewiſſes.

Dieſer Glaube, die Vernunft ſelbſt in ihrer Weſenheit aufgefaßt, iſt die Grundlage aller Vernunftſchlüſſe; auf dieſem feſten Punkt müſſen ſie alle beruhen, oder ſie ſchweben in der Leere. Allein, wenn ſie einmal an dieſe goldene und unbezwingliche Kette befeſtigt ſind, der ähnlich, die, nach Homer's Ausſpruch, vom Throne Jupiters ausgeht, ſo kann der Menſch mit voller Zuverſicht die Vernunftſchlüſſe ausdehnen und in ihrer Anwendung ſo weit gehen, wie es ihm die Zeit und die Umſtände erlauben. Er läßt der ſchließenden Vernunft, ſo wie dem Verſtande ihre Rechte, er beweiſ't was bewieſen werden kann, ſucht zu verſtehen was zu verſtehen iſt, erkennt den Gang der Natur, forſcht nach dem Zuſammenhang der Urſachen und der Wirkungen, und ſo lange von Erſcheinungen die Rede iſt, tritt er nie aus dieſer Verkettung heraus. Indem er dieſes thut, ſchlägt er den Aberglauben zu Boden und verſchließt ihm die phantaſtiſche Welt ſeiner eigenen winzigen Schöpfungen, in welcher er ſo gern der Vernunft Hohn ſpricht, und dem Verſtand Stillſchweigen gebietet. Aber zugleich ſteuert und wirkt der Glaube dem Unglauben entgegen, indem er den ſinnlichen Wahrnehmungen reelle Exiſtenzen unterlegt, eine Vernunft annimmt, die höher ſteht als die, welche Vernunftſchlüſſe bauet, und nur das, was zur Verſtandeswelt gehört, zu begreifen ſich bemüht.

Man kann zwar Glauben und Gottloſigkeit, Unglauben und Schwärmerei in ſich verbinden, aber in der Regel bringt Unglauben Gottloſigkeit mit ſich, und die Schwärmerei zeigt ſich nur manchmal im Gefolge des Glaubens, als ein Auswuchs deſſelben.

Die Gottloſigkeit lebt im Sinnlichen, Materiellen, Endlichen befangen; ſie kann allenfalls einen überirdiſchen perſönlichen Gott annehmen, allein dann denkt ſie ſich ihn um die menſchlichen Handlungen und das menſchliche Schickſal unbekümmert und unbeſorgt, oder vielmehr ſie denkt gar nicht an ihn, und dieſe Lehre iſt höchſtens für ſie eine unſtäte, ſchwankende Meinung, die keinen Einfluß auf das Thun und Laſſen hat. Obgleich im Allgemeinen alſo Unglaube und Gottloſigkeit zuſammenhängen und eine ſtete Wechſelwirkung über einander ausüben, ſo giebt es doch einzelne Beiſpiele vom Gegentheil. Ein Mann von hohem Geiſte, von einem leidenſchaftsloſen edlen Charakter, der eine moraliſche Erziehung genoſſen, und welchen die Umſtände vom Laſter entfernt haben, kann auch dann noch in ſeinen Sitten Reinheit, in ſeinen Handlungen Tugend zeigen, wenn durch das Uebergewicht ſeines Verſtandes über ſein Gemüth und die Verirrung ſeiner Vernunft er allen Glauben an Gott verloren hat; ja er kann ſogar, einen innern Hang zum Ueberſinnlichen bewahrend und nährend, oft ſehnlich wünſchen, daß es eine unſichtbare Welt gäbe, in welcher er ſich Gottes und der Unſterblichkeit zu erfreuen hätte. Auch kann ein in gottloſen Neigungen, Begierden, Handlungen verſunkener Menſch doch noch des in der Kindheit eingeſogenen Glaubens an Gott, an Unſterblichkeit, an Vergeltung ſich nicht erwehren. Dieſer Glaube wird ſich zwar nur in augenblicklichen Aufwallungen, in vorübergehender Reue, in unwillkürlichen Eindrücken offenbaren, allein er beurkundet doch auf eine erfreuliche Weiſe, daß die Früchte der erſten Erziehung nicht ganz verſchwunden ſind. Dieſe Beiſpiele ſind in beiden Fällen und Vorausſetzungen Ausnahmen von der Regel, nach welcher der Unglaube und die Gottloſigkeit ſich wechſelſeitig erzeugen und verſtärken.

Das dieſer Krankheit des menſchlichen Gemüths entgegengeſetzte Gebrechen iſt die Schwärmerei. Ihre Kennzeichen ſind leicht aufzufaſſen und aufzuſtellen. Sie entſpringt aus einem irre geleiteten, blinden, der Würde der menſchlichen Natur entgegengeſetzten Glauben. Statt mit dem Verſtande ſo weit zu gehen, als es dem Menſchen gegeben iſt, verſchmäht und verhöhnt die Schwärmerei den Verſtand. Statt der Vernunft einzuräumen, was ihr gebührt, und ſich dann dem Glauben in aller Demuth hinzugeben, verläumdet die Schwärmerei die Vernunft, und ſpricht ihr alles Vermögen, zur Wahrheit zu gelangen, ab. Statt in der Welt der wahrnehmbaren, erklärlichen Dinge mit Vergnügen zu handeln, legt die Schwärmerei keinen großen Werth auf die thätige Tugend, ſondern einzig und allein auf Gefühle, Gebete und geiſtige Verzückungen. Statt überzeugt zu ſein, daß kein Menſch zu übernatürlichen Gaben oder zu einer wirklichen Vereinigung mit Gott und der überſinnlichen Welt gelangen könne, wähnt die Schwärmerei ſolcher Gaben theilhaftig zu ſein, oder werden zu können, und rühmt ſich mit ſtolzer Demuth eines innigeren ausſchließlichen Verkehrs mit Gott. Statt das Geſetz Gottes als den Polarſtern des menſchlichen Lebens zu betrachten, und es immer im Auge zu haben, um ſich durch ihn in den Verwickelungen der Verhältniſſe und in dem Getümmel der Leidenſchaften zu orientiren, ſetzt die Schwärmerei ihre trüben, dunkeln, wilden Gefühle über das Geſetz, ordnet die beſtimmteſten, heiligſten Pflichten ihrem vermeintlichen höhern Beruf unter, und behandelt dieſelben wie bloße Mittel, die ſie dem ſich ſelbſt erſchaffenen Zweck aufopfern kann und muß.

Von der Gottloſigkeit, die nach dem Ueberſinnlichen, Unſichtbaren, Geheimnißvollen der Religion gar nicht trachtet, und außer dem Sinnlichen nichts ahnet, wünſcht und will, und von der Schwärmerei, die durch phantaſtiſche Bilder die Wirklichkeit der ſichtbaren Welt verdrängt und durch erdichtete Mittel ſich der von ihr erträumten Welt zu bemächtigen glaubt, von dieſen beiden Extremen gleich entfernt, tritt die wahre Frömmigkeit einher. Mit demüthigem Vertrauen, mit einfacher, herzlicher Ergebung, mit unbefangener Würde geſchmückt, athmet und lebt ſie gern in der überſinnlichen Welt; allein aus Anſichten und Gefühlen, die dieſer Welt entlehnt ſind, handelt und wirkt ſie wohlwollend und wohlthätig in der ſichtbaren Welt, und bewährt ſich dadurch als ächte Tochter der Religion.

Der Begriff der wahren Frömmigkeit fällt mit dem der Religion zuſammen. Denn das Weſen der Religion beſteht nicht in den rein objectiven Gegenſtänden des Glaubens, der Liebe, der Hoffnung, ſondern in dem ſubjectiven Verſchmelzen dieſer objectiven Gegenſtände mit dem Gemüth des Menſchen. Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung, alle drei ſich auf die überſinnliche Welt beziehend, haben alle drei etwas Unendliches an ſich. Indem der Menſch das Unſichtbare glaubt, liebt und hofft, nimmt leicht ſeine ganze Exiſtenz den Anſtrich eines unſchuldigen Myſticismus an, der nichts anderes iſt, als das Aufnehmen der überſinnlichen Welt in das Gemüth, und das ſehnſuchtsvolle Verſenken des Gemüths in dieſelbe Welt.

Der Menſch hat einen angebornen Hang zum Myſticismus, weil alles in der Natur, und die Natur ſelbſt, jeder Theil des Weltalls und das Weltall in ſeiner Totalität, ihm ein Geheimniß erſcheint und bleibt. Er kann auf der einen Seite weder durch ſeinen Verſtand dieſe ihn umgebenden Myſterien durchdringen und erklären, noch durch ſeine Vernunft alle Exiſtenzen umfaſſen: andererſeits erkennt er genug, um zu wiſſen, daß obgleich alles dem geiſtigen Auge verſchleiert iſt, doch hinter dieſem Schleier die Weſen liegen, wie ſie ſind. Auf dem Schleier ſelbſt erſcheinen ſie nur, indem ſie ihn mit flüchtigen Geſtalten, glänzenden Farben und einem vielfach gebrochenen und zurückgeworfenen Lichte bedecken. Vermöge ſeiner Intelligenz kann der Menſch dieſen Schleier nicht ganz lüften, allein ſein Gemüth, das in ſeinen Ahnungen ſo wie in ſeinen Wünſchen etwas Unendliches verräth, verweilt gern, ſeines unſterblichen Urſprungs ſich bewußt, in dieſer verſchleierten geheimnißvollen Welt. Nicht aus eitler Neugierde, ſondern von einer unwiderſtehlichen Sehnſucht getrieben, verlieren wir uns in den unermeßlichen Ocean der Exiſtenzen, und verſenken uns freiwillig mit einem wollüſtigen Grauen in denſelben. Dieſer Myſticismus findet ſich mehr oder weniger entwickelt. Allen Religionen liegen die großen und ewigen Geheimniſſe des Weltalls und der Menſchen zum Grunde, und die Mythen, die Symbole, die Bilder treiben nur auf der Oberfläche dieſes dunkeln und unerforſchten Grundes ihr buntes und leichtes Spiel. Hinter den perſonificirten Symbolen der ägyptiſchen und indiſchen Religionen, hinter dem Fetiſchismus oder dem Gottesdienſt der Natur unter ſeinen unendlich mannichfaltigen Formen, von der Sternverehrung an bis zur Anbetung der Pflanze: hinter dem heitern glänzenden Olymp der Griechen und den idealiſch menſchlichen Geſtalten die ihn belebten, lag das ewige Chaos, die uralte Nacht, das immer ſich gleiche große All, und die, den Menſchen und Göttern gebietende, alles beherrſchende und zwingende Allmächtigkeit des Schickſals. Alles dieſes war dem menſchlichen Auge zwar unerforſchlich, aber erfüllte das menſchliche Gemüth mit einer geheimen Scheu, einer Art bald erhebender, bald niederſchlagender Furcht, und einer unbeſtimmten aber ſtets wiederkehrenden Sehnſucht.

Keiner Religion iſt dieſer Myſticismus eigenthümlicher und einheimiſcher als der chriſtlichen, deren Heimath, die überſinnliche Welt, ſich in allen Lehren, Vorſchriften, Geſetzen, Hoffnungen, die ſie dem Menſchen darbietet, beurkundet und ausſpricht. Hier findet der Verſtand viel Unbegreifliches, die Vernunft wenig zu folgern und zu forſchen; aber eine unermeßliche, überſinnliche Welt öffnet ſich der Phantaſie und dem Gemüth. Aus dieſen gehen Hoffnung und Liebe hervor, und der Menſch wird von einem unausſprechlichen und unerſättlichen Begehren getrieben, ſich den ewigen, unſichtbaren Gegenſtänden ſeiner Hoffnung und ſeiner Liebe zu nähern. Zu dieſem nie ganz befriedigten Wunſch und immer von neuem verſuchten Fluge leihen ihm die Phantaſie und das Gemüth die ohnmächtigen Flügel, die ihn zwar nie bis in das innere Heiligthum führen, aber bis auf die Schwelle deſſelben erheben. Da verweilt er nun mit herzerhebendem Gefühl, von der Gegenwart unbefriedigt, durch den Gedanken der Zukunft geſtärkt, die undurchdringlichen Geheimniſſe ahnend, anbetend, ohne ihnen näher treten zu können, die Augen auf den Schleier geheftet, ohne ihn heben zu dürfen, ſeine Schwäche und ſein Unvermögen in tiefer Demuth anerkennend, ohne von denſelben entmuthigt oder niedergedrückt zu werden. So betrachtet der Menſch mit Ehrfurcht die Höhen und die Tiefen der Religion. In ſeinem jetzigen Zuſtand wird er von denſelben zugleich angezogen und zurückgeſtoßen: indem er öfters bedauert, daß ſein Vermögen und ſeine Kräfte ſeinen Wünſchen und Bedürfniſſen ſo ſehr nachſtehen, ſo freut er ſich doch, ſolcher Bedürfniſſe und ſolcher Wünſche, die ſeine Kräfte überfliegen, fähig zu ſein.

Johann André

ward am 28. März 1741 zu Offenbach geboren, hatte ſich urſprünglich dem Kaufmannsſtande gewidmet, wandte ſich aber der Tonkunſt zu und wurde 1775 Muſikdirector bei der döbbelin'ſchen Schauſpielergeſellſchaft in Berlin. Er lebte darauf eine Zeitlang zu Frankfurt am Main, erhielt 1784 vom Markgrafen von Schwedt den Titel eines Kapellmeiſters und kehrte dann nach Offenbach zurück, wo er eine große Muſikhandlung gründete. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 18. Juni 1799.

A. war ein zu ſeiner Zeit ſehr beliebter und glücklicher Tonſetzer, deſſen Liedercompoſitionen ihm verdienten Beifall erwarben. Er pflegte den Text zu ſeinen Opern, meiſt nach franzöſiſchen Vorbildern, ſelbſt zu verfaſſen und war nicht ganz unglücklich im Epigramm. Seine ſämmtlichen Arbeiten dieſer Art ſind aber längſt vergeſſen und durchaus nicht werthvoll genug, um Auszüge mitzutheilen, zumal da ſie ihrer leichten und luſtigen Beſchaffenheit zufolge nicht den mindeſten Einfluß auf die Zeitgenoſſen ausübten. Eine Aufzählung der Titel ſeiner Luſtſpiele, Opern u. ſ. w. möge daher genügen.

Der Komödienfeind. Luſtſpiel. Offenbach, 1765.
Komiſche Verſuche von J. A. Hanau, 1766.
Luſtſpiele. Frankfurt a. M. 1772.
Luſtſpiele und Operetten nach franzöſiſchen Muſtern. 3 Thle, Frankfurt a. M. 1772—73.
Der Töpfer, komiſche Oper. Fkft. 1773.
Der alte Freier, kom. Op. Fkft. 1775.
Die undankbaren Söhne oder die Schule der Väter, Luſtſpiel aus dem Franz. Offenbach, 1776.
Die Bezauberten, kom. Op. nach Mad. Favart. Berlin, 1778.
Epigrammatiſche Blumenleſe. 3 Thle, Offenbach, 1776—1778.

A's Portrait findet ſich im gothaiſchen Taſchenkalender von 1778.

Vgl. Göthe's nachgelaſſene Werke. Bd. 8. S. 42 und flgde. —

Christian Karl André

ward am 20. März 1763 zu Hildburghauſen geboren und erhielt nach vollendeten Studien die Stelle eines fürſtlichen Secretärs zu Arolſen, gab dieſelbe jedoch ſchon 1785 wieder auf und widmete ſich dem Erziehungsfache am ſalzmann'ſchen Inſtitute zu Schnepfenthal. Im Jahre 1790 ertheilte ihm der Fürſt von Waldeck den Rathstitel; zu gleicher Zeit wurde er Director einer weiblichen Erziehungsanſtalt in Gotha. 1798 ging er als Director der proteſtantiſchen Schule nach Brünn und wirkte hier höchſt vortheilhaft für die Landescultur durch die Leitung des ihm anvertrauten Inſtitutes, wie durch gemeinnützige Schriften und die Herausgabe mehrerer Journale. — Als jedoch die Vergünſtigungen, welche er hinſichtlich der Cenſur genoſſen, aufhörten, verließ er die öſterreichiſchen Staaten, ward 1812 fürſtl. ſalmiſcher Wirthſchaftsrath und 1821 k. würtembergiſcher Hofrath und Secretär der Centralſtelle des landwirthſchaftlichen Vereins zu Stuttgart, wo er am 19. Juli 1831 ſtarb.

A. iſt ein ſehr verdienter pädagogiſcher Schriftſteller, der in ſpäteren Verhältniſſen eben ſo erfolgreich durch populäre Werke für die Bildung des Volkes wirkte und ſein thätiges Streben allgemein anerkannt ſah.

Zu ſeinen eigenen Schriften gehören:

Marie von Bismark. Leipzig, 1786—88. 2 Th.
Luſtige Kinderbibliothek. Marburg, 1787—89. 2 Th.

Kleine Wanderungen der weiblichen Zöglinge zu Schnepfenthal. Leipzig, 1788.
Felsenburg. Gotha, 1788—89. 3 Thle.
Der Mädchenfreund. Ebend. 1789—91. 2 Thle.
Gemeinnützige Spazirgänge. (Gemeinschaftlich mit Bechstein.) Braunschweig, 1790—97. 10 Thle.
Friedrich's des Einzigen Characteristik. Berl. 1790.
Merkwürdigkeiten der Natur, Kunst, des Menschenlebens. Ebd. 1798—99. 2 Thle.
Die Kinderstube. Königsberg. 1799. 1. Heft.
Geographisch-statistische Beschreibung des Kaiserthums Oestreich. Weimar, 1813.

Unter seiner Leitung wurden herausgegeben:

Patriotisches Tageblatt. Brünn, 1800—1805. 10 Th.
Hesperus. Prag, 1809—21. Stuttgart, 1821—31.
Nationalkalender für die östreichische Monarchie. Prag, 1810—1822.
Oekonomische Neuigkeiten. Prag, 1811 ff.
Vaterländisches Magazin. Prag, 1813—14. 2 Bde.
Korrespondenzblatt des würtembergisch landwirthschaftlichen Vereins. Stuttgart, 1822 fgde.
Nationalkalender für die teutschen Bundesstaaten. Stuttgart, 1823 fgde.

Johann Valentin Andreä,

einer der geistreichsten Männer seiner Zeit, ward am 17. August 1586 zu Herrenberg im Würtembergischen geboren, wo sein Vater, ein Sohn des berühmten Jacob Andreä, Stadtpfarrer war. Schon als Kind entwickelte er bei einem schwächlichen Körper große Anlagen und einen scharfen, durchdringenden Verstand. Er studirte seit dem Jahre 1601 zu Tübingen Theologie, Mathematik und Philologie und machte dann seit 1607 Reisen durch Deutschland, die Schweiz, Frankreich und Italien. Nach seiner Rückkehr in das Vaterland wurde er 1614 Diakonus zu Vaihingen, 1620 Specialsuperintendent und Stadtpfarrer zu Calw, 1639 Consistorialrath und Hofprediger zu Stuttgart, 1641 Doctor der Theologie, 1642 Kirchenrath des Herzogs August zu Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel, 1646 Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Gesellschaft (S. d. A.) unter dem Namen der Mürbe (von deren ganzem Treiben er jedoch, nach einem seiner Briefe zu urtheilen, nicht sonderlich erbaut war), 1650 Abt und Generalsuperintendent zu Bebenhausen und gleich darauf in Adelberg. Er starb am 27. Juni 1654 zu Stuttgart.

Seine meisten Schriften waren lateinisch abgefaßt und sind so wie die beiden deutschen:

1) Christlich Gemäl. Tübingen, 1612. in 4.
2) Geistliche Kurzweil. Straßburg, 1619. in 12.

sehr selten geworden. Thomasius und nach ihm Herder erwarben sich das große Verdienst, wieder auf die Leistungen des eben so geistreichen als redlichen und kräftigen Mannes aufmerksam zu machen und sie der Vergessenheit zu entreißen. Der Letztere urtheilt von A. „Er hat Vieles und dies meist in einer sonderbaren Art geschrieben. Es sind nicht Schriften, sondern Schriftchen: nicht große leere Säle, sondern niedliche Wohnzimmer, zum Theil voll seltner, ungesuchter Merkwürdigkeiten: Aufsätze, die der Pöbel seiner Zeit anstaunte, die auch Vielen unsrer Zeit zuweilen befremdend, hie und da unverständlich und als Spielzeug vorkommen müssen; die aber alle von der feinen Einbildungskraft, vom richtigen Gefühl und scharfen Urtheil, von der ausgebreiteten Kenntniß und dem niewohl unausgebildeten Dichtergeist des Verfassers zeugen. Alles, was er schreibt, wird Fabel, Gespräch, sinnreiche Einkleidung; er sagt in ihnen Wahrheiten, die wir jetzt uns kaum, nachdem wir ein Jahrhundert weiter gerückt sind, zu sagen getrauen; er sagt sie mit so viel Liebe und Redlichkeit als Kürze und Scharfsinn; so daß er in seinem streitenden, verketzernden Jahrhundert wie eine Rose unter Dornen noch jetzt neu und frisch dasteht und in zartem Wohlgeruch blühet. — — Damals schrieb Alles Latein und auch Er schrieb, was er gefeilt schreiben wollte, in dieser Sprache, für's Deutsche blieben, wenn ich so sagen darf, nur die Haus- und Herzensgeschäfte übrig. Das Meiste also, auch in dieser geistlichen Kurzweil, ist für Weib, Kinder, Volk, Freunde, und der Verfasser sagt am Ende:

Ein Kreuz, ein Weib, ein Buch ich hab',
Drum geht nach meinem Kopf nicht viel.
Was ist übrig ist, hab' ich und übrig ist im Sinn,
Daß ich's gehabt und habe haben.
Gefällt dir's nicht, was ich hier thu',
Mach's besser! nimm ein Jahr dazu.*)

Ueberdem lebte Andreä in Zeiten, die vom verderbten Geschmack nicht frei waren, ja in denen sich dieser Geschmack eben auf die verführendste Art zeigte. Die neueren Sprachen, deren Lectüre er vorzüglich liebte, waren die italienische und spanische, gerade aber die berühmtesten Schriftsteller dieser Sprachen flossen damals von dem süßen Schaum über, der der Geschmack des siebenzehnten Jahrhunderts heißen könnte und ihm allein eigen bleiben möge, von dem also auch unser Andreä nicht ganz frei war." **)

Vgl. Vollständiges Verzeichniß aller in Druck gekommenen lateinischen und deutschen Schriften des verdienstvollen Würtembergischen Gottesgelehrten D. Joh. Valentin Andreä, in 100 Nummern nach der Zeitfolge geordnet von B. (M. P. Burk.) Tübingen, 1793. in 8. Nachträge dazu finden sich im Leipziger Allgem. liter. Anzeiger. 1798. N. 67. S. 689—694.
— Gottlieb Andreä Christliche Trauerklag über den seligen Abtritt J. V. Andreä auf 7. Trinit. des 1654. Jahres wehmüthig wiederholt. Lüneburg, 1654. 12.
— J. V. Andreä's Selbstbiographie aus dem (lateinischen) Manuscript übersetzt von D. C. Seybold. Winterthur, 1799.
— Andreä und sein Zeitalter, von Wilh. Hoßbach. Berlin, 1819.

Außer ursprünglich deutschen Gedichten A's theilen wir ihrer Vortrefflichkeit wegen einige von Herder aus dem Lateinischen übersetzte Parabeln desselben mit, verweisen zu weiterer Kenntniß den des lateinischen unkundigen Leser auf den bereits angeführten fünften Band von Herder's zerstreuten Blättern, so wie auf:

J. Val. Andreä's Dichtungen zur Beherzigung unseres Zeitalters (a. d. Lat. 1619), von K. G. Sonntag, mit einer Vorrede von J. G. Herder. Leipzig, 1786. 8.

Das Herz und die Zunge ***).

Zur Zeit des Glückes, wenn holde Gestirne regieren, schwätzet die Zunge gern, erlaubt sich alles, und will den Namen einer beherzten Sprecherin für Freiheit und Rechtschaffenheit davon tragen.

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*) Herder's zerstreute Blätter. Th. 5. S. 250 fgde.

**) Herder's sämmtliche Werke. Zur schönen Literatur und Kunst. Th. 11. S. 270.

***) Aus: Zerstreute Blätter von J. G. Herder. 6. Samml. Gotha. 1797.

Es fehlet ihr auch nicht an Schmeichlern, denen die ſchamloſe Frechheit, über alles und gegen alle zu reden, wohlgefällt.

So ſchwatzte die Zunge einſt in begünſtigten, glücklichen Zeiten; wer aber dieſe Freyheit nicht ertragen konnte, war das Herz.

Das männliche Herz hatte andere, ſchwerere Zeiten erlebt und ſich unter den Schreckniſſen der Tyranney tapfer geübt. Es hatte Zeiten erlebt, da die Religion verachtet, das Verdienſt unter die Füße getreten war. Talente hungerten, die Gerechtigkeit erröthete, die Schaam war Landes verwieſen.

„Vortrefflich! rief es jetzt der Schwätzerin Zunge zu, weil du einmal im Reden biſt, rede! Erinnere dich aber, wie du zu anderer Zeit heucheltest, ſchmeicheltest, logeſt, krocheſt und ſchändlich dienteſt. Da bat ich dich, meine Dolmetſcherin zu ſeyn, und du erſchrakſt. Jetzt biſt du eine herzloſe Weiberzunge, die nicht aus Eifer fürs Gute, ſondern weil dirs ſo wohl behagt, das Ohr der Guten misbraucht. Irre ich nicht, ſo wird bald wieder der Winter da ſeyn, da du mit allen Fröſchen aufs neue verſtummeſt.“

Die Zunge ſchwieg, und vermied fortan, der Sprache des Herzens irgend zu begegnen.

Die Wiſſenſchaft.

Die Grammatiker hatten gehört, daß die Burg der Wiſſenſchaft eben auf dem Gipfel eines Berges ſtehe; wo irgend ſie alſo ein Häusgen auf einem Hügel wahrnahmen, da eilten ſie mit großem Geräuſch hin, und begehrten eingelaſſen zu werden.

Wie ſehr betrogen ſie ſich! Der Weg zur wahren Burg hebet ſich nur allmählich; er führt durch mehrere verſchloſſene Pforten, und hat manche Ruheplätze nöthig.

Unten, kaum über dem Fuß des Berges, iſt die erſte Herberge: da wird den Knaben zuerſt die Zunge gelöſet und ſie etwa zu drey Sprachen gewöhnt. Höher hinauf lernen ſie dieſe Sprachen feiner, artiger reden. Nun kommt man an ein höheres Schloß, wo der ganze Leib gleichſam, mit allen ſeinen Gliedern geübt, anatomirt, behende und ſchlank gemacht wird. Jetzt wandern ſie höher hinauf, um ſich an Maaß, Zahl und Gewicht zu verſuchen und zu jedem Geſchäft tüchtig zu werden. Eine höhere Burg übt in wichtigern Dingen; ſie giebt allen Ständen des Staats ihre Vorſteher, ihre Führer. Endlich und zuletzt erreicht man den wahren Pallaſt der Wiſſenſchaft; er liegt dem Himmel nahe, und ſchaut die weite Erde tief unter ſich. Dieſe betrachten, die nähere Harmonie des Himmels hören, mit reinem Gemüth den Umgang der erhabenſten Geiſter, Gottes ſelbſt, genießen, das iſt der Gipfel der Wiſſenſchaft auf Erden.

Wie entfernt von ihm ſind die, die auf einem kleinen Hügel ſich ein Thürmchen erklimmt haben, von da ſie eben nur auf die Gipfel der Bäume hinabſehn, und ſich im Olympus dünken.

Antipathien.

Der Natur gebühret Lob, nicht nur für das wohlthätige Heilſame, das ſie den Gewächſen einpflanzte, ſondern noch vielmehr vielleicht für das wohlthätige Gift, mit welchem ſie Gifte unſchädlich machte. Der Menſch, ihr erſtes Geſchöpf, der Ausleger ihrer Kräfte, ſoll ihr dies Lob ſagen.

Solch ein Dankfeſt der Natur ward irgendwo jährlich gefeiert und dem Schöpfer Preis dafür gebracht, daß er jedem Gifte ſein Gegengift verordnet.

Den Tyrannen ſetzte er ſchreckliche Unfälle entgegen, die ihnen vor einem höheren Gericht Schauder erwecken ſollten. Den Hinterhaltigen gab er ein Gewiſſen, das ſie inwendig nage. Den Allwiſſern legte er Abgründe der Natur in den Weg, die, ihnen unerforſchlich, ſie wenigſtens zu einer Schaam brächten. Wohllüſtige hielt er mitten im Lauf nach Wohllüſten durch Krankheiten zurück; Geizigen ſtellte er das boshafte Glück entgegen, das ihre ſicherſten Hoffnungen oft ſo unvermuthet vernichtet; Hochmüthigen das Hohngelächter, das ſie unter andere, die ſie verachteten, tief hinabſetzt. Dem anmaaßenden Stolz ſchuf er einen mächtigen Feind, das Gefühl der Freiheit, deſſen unbeſiegter Muth ſich kein ehrloſes Stillſchweigen, keine niedrige Schmeichelei, keine närriſche Leichtgläubigkeit, keine ſchändliche Dienſtbarkeit gebieten läßt. Der größeſten Macht des Böſen endlich ſetzte er das Kreuz, aufopfernde, tapfere Geduld, entgegen, mit dem ein Chriſt, wie ein zweiter Herkules, alle Ungeheuer der Hölle überwindet.

Der Tod.

Der Auszug der Theologie, der Inbegriff der Philoſophie, der Rückhalt der Politik, der Menſchengeſchichte unerſchätzbarer Wohlthäter, der Tod erſchien.

Bleich war ſein Angeſicht, ſeine Beingeſtalt war faſt allen ſchrecklich: aber er umwand ſich mit den Sterbekleidern, die der Auferſtandene im Grabe gelaſſen hatte; und ſo ging er freundlich umher.

Liebreich redete er die Chriſten an, ohne logiſche Fallſtricke: er berief ſich blos auf jedes Menſchen inneres Zeugniß: „wie! iſt nicht Gott euer Vater! ſeyd ihr alſo nicht das edelſte Geſchlecht! unter Gottes Obhut ſicher! durchs Band einer obern Liebe verbunden! Und ihr beflecket euer Geſchlecht! werdet Thiere, und werft Gottes Gebot von euch! Warum gebt ihr eure Freiheit auf und löſet das Band der Bruderliebe! Ihr haltet an dem veſt, was euch nur geliehn iſt, und ſchaudert, Unſterbliche, für dem Sterben!“

Er predigte Tauben; und nachdem jeder ſeinem Körper diente, nachdem vergaß er auch den Tod und ſetzte ſeinen Dienſt fort.

Da Worte nicht halfen, griff der aufgebrachte Warner zu ſeinen Pfeilen. Hie und da lagen Leichen umher; er ſah die traurige Niederlage und ſprach: „Muß ich es ihnen alſo lehren! den Hohen demüthig ſeyn, den Sophiſten ſchweigen, Neugierigen und Geizigen ihre Neugier und Habſucht begrenzen, Zornigen ſich verſöhnen, Wohllüſtigen Schmerz fühlen, Wilden und Hartnäckigen nachlaſſen, nachgeben! Glücklich ſind die Armen, ſie werden reich; die Traurigen, ſie werden getröſtet; die Duldenden, ſie werden gerächet; allen endlich, deren Leben Chriſtus war, wird der Tod Gewinn!“

Die begrabene Wahrheit.

Nur Gott iſts, der die Todten erweckt; es ſey dann, daß er ſeiner Lieblinge Einem dieſe Wundergabe verleihet. Unſre Pflicht iſts, verſtorbene Heilige zu ehren, und ſie als Wohnungen himmliſcher Geſchenke andrer Nachahmung zu empfehlen.

So gaben es einſt viele Anzeigen, daß irgend hier die Wahrheit begraben ſey; man ſcharrte die Erde auf, grub einige Tage, und fand endlich einen unkoſtbaren Sarg, auf dem nichts als die wenigen Worte ſtanden: zu meiner Zeit! —

Man hob den Deckel auf und ſahe einen Leichnam, zerfetzt, verunreinigt, mit Dingen bedeckt, die ich zu nennen mich ſcheue. Offenbar wars, daß man ihn nicht mit Würz' und Balſam, ſondern mit Unrath eingeſargt und verſenkt hatte.

Als man den Körper endlich mit vieler Mühe reinigte, fand man zu Haupt ihm eine ſchöne, eherne Tafel mit dieſer Inſchrift:

Ich die Wahrheit,
Gottes Tochter:
Durch Satans Trügerei,
Der Welt anſteckend Gift,
Durch der Tyrannen Gewaltthätigkeit,
Der Prieſter Trägheit,
Der Staatsmänner Bosheit,
Durch Leichtſinn der Geſchichtenſchreiber,
Durch der Gelehrten Narrheit,
Und durch des Volks Stupidität
Ermordet,
Lieg ich hier
Im Schlamm der Lügen.
Nach hundert Jahren ſiehet mich
Die Sonne wieder.
Sey mir gegrüſſet, Nachwelt!

Als dieſe Grabſchrift bekannt gemacht wurde, miſchte ſich Schmerz mit Freude. Man ſchalt die Vorwelt; man pries die jetzige Zeit. Ein Marmor-Grabmahl ward der Wahrheit errichtet, und ſie darin wiederum prächtig und koſtbar begraben. Aufgehänget ward die gefundene Tafel, und die ſtolzen Worte dazu gefügt:

Wären Wir
Zu unſrer Väter Zeit geweſen;
Wir hätten nicht Theil genommen
Am Morde der Wahrheit.

Aus einem Gedichte Andreä's auf den Tod einer Freundin *).

Wenn wir die Welt mit Fleiß anſehn,
Wie All's thut durch einander gehn,
Wie der Bös' verricht, der Fromme leidt,
Der Narr viel ſchwätzt, der Weiſ' ſchweigt,
Der Dieb wohllebt, der Redlich' faſt't,
Faulheit bringt Lohn, die Arbeit Haß,
Frechheit gewinnt, der Sorgſam' liegt,
Wer viel hat, nimmt; wer nichts hat, giebt:
Und läuft alls, in einer Summ,
Die Weltkugel im Cirkel um —
So wird uns unſre Lebenszeit
Zu lauter Pein und Herzeleid,
Zu Kerker, Ketten, Brand und Strick,
Und ſchrecken uns all' Augenblick,
Bis wir ein' Luſt mögen gewinnen,
Daß wir der Dienſtbarkeit entrinnen,
Daß uns ſo manche Jahr' und Tag'
Nicht werden zu ein'r lautern Klag',
Daß wir in dieſem Jammerthal
Verzagen auch an kein Qual.

Drum mancher ihm ſelbſt nimmt die Flucht,
Und nur Ruh' in der Wildniß ſucht,
Vermeint, was nicht bei Menſchenkindern,
Woll' er bei wilden Thieren finden.
Alda kein Hof, kein Schul, kein Rath,
Kein Schmeichler, Heuchler, Advocat,
Kein Wucherer, Künſtler und Sophiſt,
Kein Wirth, Kriegsgurgel und Maulchriſt
Und was dergleichen Werkzeug' ſeyn,
Dadurch die Welt ihr macht viel Pein;
Zumal der Menſch von hoch Herkunft
Macht ſchnöder denn die Unvernunft:
Denn ja die Thier' in ihrer Art
Mehr Gnüg und minder Widerwart
Haben in dem, was Gott beſchert,
Wo's ihnen nur der Menſch nicht wehrt,
Der ſie mit ſeiner Liſt und Pracht
Auch ſeiner Unruh theilhaft macht,
Daß Unvernunft durch Witz regiert,
Noch mehr ein wildes Leben führt.

Alſo kam mir neulich zu Sinn,
Daß ich von Menſchen lief dahin,
Und ſucht mir einen grünen Wald,
Da ich ſo manch ſcheußlich Geſtalt,
Der Menſchen Werk, ſchlug aus dem Gmüth,
Und ſtillt mein Herz, das in mir wüt',
Erhohlt die Sinn', die gar verwirrt,
Erforſcht mein Seel', die ſehr verirrt,
Fragt die Natur um ihren Willen,
Sprachet mit Gott, der gern bei Stillen
Schauet den Dienſt der Kreatur,
Und beſah mit Fleiß die ganze Uhr
Der großen Welt, wie die regiert,
Mit Weisheit, Lieb' und Macht geziert:
Das macht mich bald ein'n ſolchen Herren,
Daß ich all' Gemeinſchaft wollt verſchwören,
Und deucht mich: ja, hie wär' gut ſeyn,
Da nicht wär'n Löwen, Wölf und Schwein,
Füchſ' und Hund' in der Menſchen Geſtalt,
Sondern ein Jedes ſein' Art behalt.

Indem mein' Seel' ſich ſo ergezt,
Mein Leib ſich auch in Schatten ſezt,
Meine Sinn' ruhten in ſanftem Saus,
Meine Fantaſei wollt fliegen aus;
Allgemach mein Haupt ſich neigt zur Erd,
Vor Sicherheit kein Sinn ſich wehrt,
Die Augen blinzten; Händ' und Füß',
Mein ganzer Leib ſein Nerven ließ.

Ich hört' und hört' nicht, ſah ohn' Geſicht,
Mein Leben war wie ein Gedicht,
Bis daß der ganze Leib da liegt,
Und hat der Schlaf an mir geſiegt,
Und fragt nun nicht, was Ort und Welt
Uns bringen möcht' für fremde Geld,
Oder das fünft' Hauptkönigreich
Glaub' und Zweifel wollt machen gleich,
Oder wer mach' den großen Sturm!
Wenn lauf der ewige Babel Thurm!
Das Alles mich gar nicht verlezt;
Aber ein Traum mich wohl ergezt.

Mich daucht, wie es faſt finſter war,
Viel Nacht und Nebel um mich her,
Auch Schrecken, Furcht und Traurigkeit;
Ein jedes trauert', als wär's ſo Zeit,
Manch Geſpenſt heult', manch Leichnam liegt;
Und ward ein kläglich Leben geführt.
Es ſchien, als wollt die Erd' und Himmel
Einen Bund anheben und Getümmel,
Und jedes Urſach' hab zu klagen, —
Ich kann es doch nicht alles ſagen:
Denn mir im ſolchem Wanderlang'
Die Nacht und Weg war gar zu lang;
Zuletzt hört ich ein' weiblich Stimm':

„Mit Fried und Freud' fahr' ich dahin:
O treuer Gott, nach deinem Wort,
Führ mich hin in der Freuden Ort.“

Die Wort' hatt' ſie kaum ausgeredt,
Alsbald beweget ſich die Stätt',
Und ließ ſich merken ein dunkler Schein,
Gleich wenn die Sonn' ſchier auf will ſeyn,
Und faßt die ganze Natur ein Muth,
Hofft, es ſoll wieder werden gut.
Ach, wie gar mag ich ſprechen nicht,
Wie lieb's läßt, wenn dies Licht anbricht,
Und wird dabei gehört ein Geſang,
Wie aller Freuden ein Anfang —
Der lautet: „Wohl dem Menſchen, wohl!
Der die Welt kann verlaſſen,
Und lebet wie ein Chriſt thun ſoll,
Geht auf der Himmels-Straßen,
Der wird zulezt, des Leids ergezt,
In Freud geſezt,
Da ihn kein Feind nicht mehr verlezt,
Drum komm hieher, du Gottes-Braut,
Dich holet heim, dem du vertraut.“ u. ſ. w.

Einige Sprüche *).

Wer ſich demüthiget vor Gott,
Der Menſch gewiß auch Gaben hat;
Nichts Eitelers als eigen Ehr',
Der Stolze iſt gewiß auch leer.

Wer weiſe zähmet ſeinen Mund,
Dem Menſchen iſt ſein Herz geſund;
Nichts Schnöders als Wort ohne That,
Geſchwätz iſt der Thorheit Verrath.

Wer ſich verlobt zu Gottes Dienſt,
Der Menſch hat immer, was er wünſcht;
Nichts Aermers als der Welt ſeyn hold,
Undank und Schande iſt ihr Sold.

Wer ſich vergnügt mit ſeinen Gaben,
Der Menſch muß viele Gaben haben;
Nichts Schwelenders als leere Köpf,
Suchen ohn Zweck macht Schwindelköpf.

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*) Aus: Herder's zerſtreute Blätter. B. V. S. 254.

*) Ebendaſ. S. 266.

Anna Sophia, Landgräfin zu Heſſen-Darmſtadt,

eine der vorzüglichſten unter den fürſtlichen geiſtlichen Liederdichterinnen ihrer Zeit. Sie ward am 17. December 1638, eine Tochter Georg's II., Landgrafen von Heſſen-Darmſtadt, zu Marburg geboren und ſtarb am 13. December 1683 als Aebtiſſin zu Quedlinburg. Ihre wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung ſoll nicht unbedeutend geweſen ſein. Die Sammlung, welche ihre religiöſen Lieder enthält, führt den Titel:

Der treue Seelenfreund Jeſus Chriſtus. Jena, 1658. 8.

Wärme und Innigkeit der Empfindung, Tiefe und Wahrheit des Glaubens, zarte Demuth und Ergebung verleihen ihren frommen Ergießungen einen dauernden Werth, wie folgende Mittheilung beweiſt.

Aus einem ihrer Lieder:

Vom heiligen Abendmahl.

Ach, Gnad über alle Gnaden!
Welch eine große Gütigkeit!
Jeſus hat uns ſelbſt geladen
Zu dem Tiſch, den er bereit;
Jeſus bittet uns zu Gaſt,
Daß wir aller Sorg und Laſt,
Aller Sünd und Noth entnommen,
Zu dem Himmel möchten kommen.

Jeſus Chriſtus will uns ſpeiſen
Und auch ſelbſt die Koſt ſeyn:
Heißet das nicht Gnad erweiſen?
O mein liebſtes Jeſulein!
Solches iſt an keinem Ort,
O mein liebſter Seelenhort,
Sonſt gehöret noch geſehen,
Solches iſt noch nie geſchehen.

Haſt du dich doch ſchon gegeben
Unſertwegen in den Tod,
Daß wir möchten wieder leben,
Frei von aller Qual und Noth;
Aber deiner Liebe Macht
Hat dich auch dahin gebracht,
Daß du deinen Leib uns ſchenkeſt,
Und mit deinem Blut uns tränkeſt u. ſ. w.

Angelus Sileſius. S. Johann Scheffler.

Herzog (Heinrich?) von Anhalt. S. Minneſänger.

Fürſt Ludwig von Anhalt. S. Fruchtbringende Geſellſchaft.

D. Karl Gottlob von Anton

ward am 23. Juli 1751 zu Lauban geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig die Rechte, erhielt daſelbſt die höchſten akademiſchen Würden in der Philoſophie und Jurisprudenz und wurde darauf Oberamtsadvocat zu Görlitz. Im Jahre 1797 trat er in den Rath dieſer Stadt und bekleidete daſelbſt ſeit 1806 das Amt eines Rathsſcabinus. Seiner vielfachen Verdienſte wegen ward er von dem Könige von Sachſen geadelt. Er ſtarb am 17. November 1818 zu Görlitz.

Durch ſeine gründlichen, gelehrten und ſcharfſinnigen hiſtoriſchen Forſchungen erwarb ſich A. einen ſehr geachteten Namen in der gelehrten Welt. Er hat folgende Schriften hinterlaſſen:

Analogie der Sprachen. Leipzig, 1774.
Diplomatiſche Beiträge zu deutſchen Geſchichten und Rechten. Leipzig, 1777.
Geſchichte des Tempelherrnordens. 2. A. Leipzig, 1781.
Unterſuchung über das Geheimniß der Tempelherrn. Deſſau, 1782.
Ueber den Urſprung u. ſ. w. der alten Slaven. Leipzig, 1783—89. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der deutſchen Nation. Leipzig, 1793. 1. Th. (Noch unvollendet.)
Handbuch der Geſchichte der Deutſchen. Görlitz, 1796.
Ueber Sprache. Görlitz, 1799.
Geſchichte der deutſchen Landwirthſchaft. Görlitz, 1799—1802. 3 Thle.

Anton Ulrich, Herzog von Braunſchweig-Wolfenbüttel,

ein Sohn Herzogs Auguſt des Jüngeren, ward am 4. October 1633 zu Hitzacker im Lüneburgiſchen geboren und erhielt ſchon früh eine gelehrte Bildung durch Friedrich von Kramm, Juſtus Georg Schottelius und Siegmund von Birken, ſeine Erzieher. Darauf machte er eine größere Reiſe durch Deutſchland, Holland, Frankreich und Italien und vermählte ſich nach ſeiner Heimkehr mit der Prinzeſſin Eliſabeth Juliane von Holſtein. Nach ſeines Vaters Tode ernannte ihn ſein älteſter Bruder Rudolph Auguſt zum Statthalter, 1685 aber zum Mitregenten des Landes. Als Rudolph Auguſt 1704 kinderlos ſtarb, ward Anton Ulrich allein regierender Herzog. Er trat 1710 öffentlich in Bamberg zur katholiſchen Religion über, ohne daß jedoch dieſer Wechſel den mindeſten Einfluß auf die kirchlichen Verhältniſſe ſeiner Unterthanen hatte. Nach einer langen und ſegensreichen Regierung ſtarb er am 27. März 1714, geliebt und beklagt von ſeinen Unterthanen.

Anton Ulrich war ein geiſtreicher, thätiger und ſcharfſinniger Mann, ein wahrer Freund der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften, die er nach allen Kräften begünſtigte und förderte, und einer der gelehrteſten Fürſten ſeiner Zeit. Unter dem Namen „der Siegprangende" gehörte er zu den Mitgliedern der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft, deren Oberhaupt er ſpäter wurde.

In ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen, welche zu ihrer Zeit von den Deutſchen mit großer Neigung geleſen wurden, offenbaren ſich als die vorzüglichſten Eigenſchaften derſelben eine reine, edle Neigung für deutſche Sprache, Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt. Er hinterließ:

Chriſtfürſtliches Davids Harpffenſpiel u. ſ. w. Nürnberg, 1667. in 8. Wolfenbüttel, 1670. in 8. Eine Sammlung geiſtlicher Lieder mit ihren Singweiſen, welche letzteren von ſeiner Stiefmutter Sophia Eliſabeth, einer gebornen Herzogin von Mecklenburg, herrühren.
Die durchleuchtige Syrerinn Aramena. Nürnberg, 1669—1673. 5 Thl. in 8. N. A. Nürnberg, 1678. 8.

5 Thle. (Eine Umarbeitung dieſes Romans gab S. Albrecht (S. d.) Berlin, 1782 – 1786, heraus.)

Octavia. Römiſche Geſchichte, der hochlöblichen Nymphen-Geſellſchaft an der Donau gewidmet. Nürnberg, 1685 — 1707. 8. 6 Thle. N. A. Die römiſche Octavia. Braunſchweig, 1712. 6 Thle. in 8.

Gott gewiedmetes Opfer der Heiligen u. ſ. w. Oettingen, 1735 in 8. Gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeiner Gemahlin verfaßt.

Mehrere einzeln gedruckte Sing- und Freudenſpiele: Regierkunſt-Schatten, 1658. Andromeda, 1659. [illegible], 16[illegible] u. ſ. w.

Seine Romane zeichnen ſich durch gewandte Einkleidung, reine Sprache und für ihre Zeit elegante, jedoch weitſchweifige Schreibart aus. Dagegen mangelt es den Charakteren derſelben an Kraft und Beſtimmtheit, den Erzählungen an Wahrſcheinlichkeit und innerem Zuſammenhange. Das Intereſſe ward bei den Zeitgenoſſen dadurch erhöht, daß man vergeblich in der Octavia allegoriſche Darſtellungen lebender Perſonen und Ereigniſſe vermuthete und ſich bemühte, den Schlüſſel zu denſelben zu finden. — Die geiſtlichen Lieder des Fürſten erheben ſich nicht über den damaligen Geſchmack; doch ſind ihnen geſunder Verſtand, Ruhe und Innigkeit der Empfindung eigenthümlich.

Die geſchicht der Coelidiane *).

Damit ich alles, was ich zu berichten habe, deutlich möge fürbringen, muß ich erſtlich ſagen, was ſich vor unſerer zeit begeben, und aus was Urſachen meine ſchweſter und ich allhier erzogen worden. Unſer herr vatter der fürſt Abuſath von Caphtor, des Königs der Philiſter herrbruder, verheuratete ſich mit der Saradine, des Königs von Salem ſchweſter: und zwar eben um die zeit, als die fremden völker, die Scythen, unter dem König Marſius, gleich einer Waſſerflut in Aſien kamen: da, wie aller welt bekant, die Philiſter mit ihnen in einen bund traten, und, durch meinen herr vatter, dem König von Babel ganz Syrien abnamen, und ſeinem rechten herrn, dem unvergleichlichen Aramenes, wieder zuſtelleten. Meine fraumutter hielte ſich, in wärendem dieſem krieg, zu Byblis in Syrien auf: alda ſie bei einem wegen der ſternkunſt berümten Chaldeer, der ſich daſelbſt niedergelaſſen, wohnete, und nach etlicher zeit die unglückliche poſt bekame, wie daß ihr gemal von den Aſſyrern gefangen worden. Hierüber geriete ſie, als billig, in große traurigkeit: allermeiſt, wie ihr das gerüchte offenbarete, wiedaß der Abuſath auf keine andere weiſe ſeine freiheit wieder ſolte erlangen, als wann der König ſein bruder Syrien verlaſſen würde.

Beſagter Chaldeer aber tröſtete ſie zum beſten, und ſagte ihr alles zuvor, wie es ergehen: daß nämlich der Abuſath wieder los kommen, Syrien aber dadurch verloren gehen würde. Er ſezte ferner hinzu, wiedaß Saradine zwei töchter würde gebären, deren unglücklicher lebenslauf erſezen ſollte, was Abuſath jezt Syrien für ſchaden zufügete. Doch, wo ihn ſeine wiſſenſchaft nicht betriege, ſo könte es nicht anderſt ſeyn, als daß eine ſeiner töchter endlich Syriſche Königin werden würde. Dieſe profezeiung beachtete meine fraumutter deſto mehr, weil ſonſt alles eintraffe, was dieſer Chaldeer bis zu unſer beider geburt geweiſſaget. Dann, ihr gemal kame wieder los, Syrien ginge darüber verloren; und wie ſie nachdem in der Philiſter land wieder angekommen, wurde ſie zweimal ſchwanger, und gebare erſtlich mich, und ein jahr hernach die Jacinte. Alſo wurde bei ihr die furcht ſehr groß, dieſe zwei töchtere würden, des Chaldeers ausſage nach, viel unglücks in der welt erleben müſſen. Deswegen, als ſie ſterben wolte, bate ſie ihren gemal, uns beide, nach ihrem tod, zu ihrem bruder dem König Melchiſedech zu ſenden, daß wir bei deme möchten erzogen werden: weil ſie verhoffte, ſeine Gottesfurcht, und gute weiſe, kinder zu erziehen, würde uns in unſerem angedroheten unglücke zum beſten kommen.

Dieſes ihr begehren erfüllte nachmals unſer herr vatter, und kamen wir alſo hieher ins Königreich Salem, wie ich das fünfte, und Jacinde kaum das vierte jahr erreicht hatte. Der König liebte uns, als ſeine eigene kinder, und lieſſe nichts an guter zucht ermangeln. Es ware auch zur ſelbigen zeit, wie jezo zu Kiriath Sepher, eine hohe ſchule in Salem, (welche die hauptſtadt des reiches iſt, vier und zwanzig meilen von hier gelegen, und ob dieſes ſchloß nach jener ſtadt genennet,) alda, faſt von allen orten her, die vorneme herren ihre kinder auferziehen lieſſen. Unter dieſen waren, Hiarbas der Prinz aus Egypten, Bileam der Prinz von Hemath, Aran ein Fürſt von Seir: und dieſe waren die erſten, ſo auch zum längſten in Salem ſich aufhielten. Hiarbas ware, wegen ſeiner ſonderbaren geſchicklichkeit und groſſen tugend, bei jedermann ſehr beliebt: hingegen die beide andere, wegen ihres laſterhaften gemütes, ſehr verhaßt. Woraus kann abzunemen, daß nicht allemal die gute zucht glücklich wirke, wann ihr die natur nicht zu hülf kommet.

Es fügte ſich aber, zu meinem unglück, daß der Prinz von Hemath bald anfangs eine zuneigung gegen mir gefaſſet, gleichwie ich hingegen einen ſonderbaren haß wider ihn bei mir empfande: weil meine [illegible] an beiden [illegible] alſo zu, daß jederman letztlich vermerkte, wie wir gegeneinander geſinnt waren. Der König ſelber mochte leiden, daß dieſem Prinzen, wegen ſeiner übeln natur, gleichwol nicht hold ware: daß alſo, in dieſer liebe, von dem König [illegible] erhielte, indem ich, ſowol als alle die meinigen, [illegible]. Er ließ ſich aber dadurch nicht abſchrecken: wie er dann, in allem ſeinem thun, unverſtändig und frech ware.

Inzwiſchen kame der Prinz Abimelech an unſern hof, den ſein herr vatter von Babel wieder abgefordert hatte: alda er von jugend auf erzogen worden, und [illegible] hatte, daß der Philiſter König ſich nicht wieder in einen krieg wider den Belochus einlaſſen ſolte. Er mußte, auf befehl ſeines herr vatters, eine zeit bei uns verbleiben, um den rechten Gottesdienſt wieder vollkömmlich zu erlernen, deſſen ihn die Babyloniſche gebräuche etwas vergeſſen gemacht. Dieſer nun, machte ſich, durch ſeinen hohen verſtand, gute geſchicklichkeit und ſtilles gemüte, alſobald beliebt, und waren wir allerſeits froh, einen ſo wackern vettern bei uns zu haben. In allen ritterlichen und männlichen übungen, erwieſe er ſich alſo, daß er ſeines gleichen bei uns nicht funde: wiewol der Prinz Hiarbas, in etlichen dingen ihm nicht ungleich ware. Er war daneben eines ſo hohen urteiles, daß ihn der König, wie er recht ſein gemüt erforſchet, in den wichtigſten händeln mit zu rath zoge, und bei erkennung ſeiner ſo vollkommenen natur ihn dermaſſen liebgewann, daß er in allen briefen, die er mit dem König der Philiſter wechſelte, dieſen ſeinen ſohn nicht genug erheben und preiſen konte.

Dem König Abimelech gefiele dieſes lob des Prinzen ſehr wol, und ſchriebe er an den Melchiſedech hinwieder, daß er nichtes beſſers wünſchte, als ſeinen ſohn künftig mit einer von ſeinen des Melchiſedech baſen verheuratet zu ſehen. Weil mein herr vatter ſolches auch ſehr verlangete, als lieſſe er mit freuden zu, daß wir viel miteinander umgingen, und gabe ihm ſelbſt alle gelegenheit an die hand, meine gegenwart zu haben: inſonderheit, da er merkete, daß er mehr bei mir, als bei meiner ſchweſter, kundſchaft ſuchete. Seine angeborne ehrerbietung gegen das frauenzimmer, machte ihn anfangs ganz ſtumm, daß er mir ſeine liebe nicht entdecken dorfte: von der er doch, wie mein herr vatter genug mutmaſſen konte, an den König ſeinen herr vatter bald muße geſchrieben haben, weil derſelbe in allen briefen davon gedachte, und nun auch abſonderlich auf mich weiſete, daß er mich gern einmal zu einer ſchwiegertochter haben wolte, weil ihme mein gemüt wäre gerümet worden: welches rümen wir von niemand anders, als von dem Prinzen Abimelech, geſchehen zu ſeyn, ſchlieſſen kunten.

Auf ſolche weiſe lebten wir ein zeitlang, da uns die geſellſchaft des Prinzen der Philiſter die angenemſte von der welt war. Er hatte ſeiner liebe ſich noch gar nichtes merken laſſen: als ich ihn eines tags im garten gar tiefſinnig allein ſitzen fande. Er hatte einen zedel für ſich ligen, auf welchen er mit dem griffel etwas ſchriebe. Weil ich nun gewohnt war, frei mit ihm umzugehen, als beſchliche ich ihn, und kam von hinten hinzu, ihm den zedel aus der hand nemend. Er erſchrack über alle maſſen, ward auch ganz errötet, wie er ſeine arbeit in meinen händen ſahe, und entſchuldigte ſich, daß dieſe zeilen viel zu unwürdig wären, vor meine augen zu kommen: mich ſehr bittend, ſie ihme ungeleſen wieder zu geben. Ich aber, dadurch noch begieriger gemacht, laſe, und fande dieſe worte:

O himmliſch bild, du zierde dieſer erden!
jezt da ich dich nicht ſeh, kan es mir leichter werden,
ohn deinen hellen glanz, dich beſſer zu betrachten.
Er hat bei dir geblendet mein geſicht,
daß ich, dich ſehend, ſahe nicht,
wie hoch du biſt zu achten.

Die himmels-ſchön, die alle länder ehren:
der ſchwarzen augen licht, die lieb und furcht gebären,
der ſtirne ſchnee-gewölb: die roſen-vollen wangen;
des munds rubin: die [illegible] bruſt;
das ſilber-haar, der winde luſt,
an dir ich ſehe prangen.

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*) Aus: Anton Ulrich, Herzog zu Braunſchweig: die durchleuchtige Syrerinn Aramena. Nürnberg, 1669.

Der hohe geiſt, der dieſen bau regiret,
iſt von der weisheit ſelbſt und tugend ausgezieret:
daß auch der klügſte muß vor ihm verehrend ſchweigen.
Ich ſehe ſchon, wie du dich machſt bekant,
wie ſelig ſich ſchäzt dieſes land,
das ſoll kein Zepter beugen.

Ich weiß, es wird die welt mit mir geſtehen,
wann ſie, was ich von dir jezt ſchreibe, ſolte ſehen,
daß wir — — —

Hier hatte er wollen fortſchreiben, wann er von mir nicht wäre verſtöret worden. Wie ich nun hieraus, wegen der ſchwarzen augen und des weiſſen haares, erſahe, daß er mich gemeinet, ob er wol ſonſt allzuviel zu meinem vorteil geredet hatte, bliebe ich etwas beſchämt, und ſagte: Ich müſte geſtehen, daß er die perſon ſehr erhoben, von der ihme dieſe reimen zu machen beliebet. Nicht ſo hoch, (antwortete er mir,) mag dieſe himliſche perſon von einem ſterblichen erhoben werden, daß es nicht noch viel zu wenig wäre: dann ihre würde erſtrecket ſich ſogar über alle beredſamkeit, daß ſie keine zunge oder feder gnug ausſprechen kan. Mein vetter iſt gar zu gut auf der ſeite, die er anzunemen erwehlet hat, (gab ich zur antwort) und möchte vielleicht nicht alle welt ein ſo vorteilhaftes urteil, als er, davon fällen.

Als er mir hierauf antworten wolte, kam der König darzu, und fragte, was wir miteinander ſprachen? Ich zeigete ihm gleich Abimelechs reimen. Er, als er ſie geleſen, lachete, und ſagte: Abimelech müſte ſeine arbeit zum ende machen. Wie nun der Prinz ſolches noch etwas in bedenken zoge, weil er vielleicht mich mit ſeiner gar zu öffentlichen bekentnüs zu beleidigen fürchtete, name Melchiſedech ihme den griffel aus der hand, und ſezete ſelbſt dieſen vers hinzu:

Daß wir, mit dieſem lob, Coelidiane meinen.

Er machte den Prinzen, als er ihm den reim gezeiget, ganz errötet, alſo daß er faſt keine gebärde zu faſſen wuſte. Diß gefiele dem König nicht übel, und ſagte er zu ihm: Ihr dürfet, mein ſohn! eure gedanken ſo gar nicht verhelen, weil wir ſolche gut heiſſen: und iſt mir von herzen lieb, daß ich euren und eures herr vatters ſinn dem meinigen ſo änlich finde. Und ihr, liebſte tochter! (ſagte er ferner, ſich zu mir wendend,) werdet dieſem Prinzen alſo begegnen, wie ſeine verdienſte und euer glück es begehren.

Ich ward über dieſen worten ja ſo beſchämet, als Abimelech. Weil ſich aber der König ſonderlich mit uns erluſtigen wolte, hieſſe er ihn vollends diſen ſaz aus dichten, das er dann alſo verrichtete:

Dann ſie iſt ja der höchſten ſchönheit preis:
die wahre tugend gleicher weis
aus ihr wir ſehen ſcheinen.

Nach verfärtigung dieſer reimen ſtellte er das gedichte dem König wieder zu: der es mir gabe, und zugleich befahle, mit einem par zeilen darauf zu antworten. Ich, die ich ſeinem befehl jederzeit gehorſamet, verrichtete ſolches in folgendem ſaze:

Ob ſonſt, dein ſcharfer ſinn, kan alles völlig kennen:
ſo ſchleuſt du doch von mir, viel anderſt, als es iſt.
Wie kömt das? ſoll man dich drum unverſtändig nennen?
O nein! die urſach war, daß du ſo höflich biſt.

Diſe kurze antwort gefiel dem König ſehr wol, und Abimelech rümete ſie über die maßen: wiewol er nicht geſtehen wolte, daß er in ſeinen verſen was unrechtes gemeldet. Melchiſedech begehrte hierauf, wir ſolten uns ſtäts alſo zuſammen üben, und ihme alsdann die erfundene gedichte ſehen laſſen: welches wir nach der zeit fleiſſig in acht namen. Unſere freundſchaft wuchſe alſo von tag zu tag, alſo daß wir ſo vertraulich, als ſchweſter und brüder leben mögen, miteinander umgingen. Meiner ſchweſter erzeigte er auch groſſe freundſchaft: dennoch konte ich, vor ihr, in allen dingen bei ihm einen vorzug ſpüren. Wir gewoneten alſo beiſammen zu ſeyn, daß faſt nie eines ohne das andere gefunden wurde.

Weil nun dieſe unſere keuſche liebe nicht mehr heimlich war, ſondern hofskündig wurde, als war der Prinz von Hemath, der eine weile von uns geweſen, und bei ſeinem herr vatter ſich aufgehalten hatte, auch nicht der lezte von denen, die es erfuhren, und geriete deshalben in eine groſſe eiverſucht gegen den Abimelech. Weil bei ihme der hochmut ſo heftig als die liebe war, gedachte er keines wegs dem Prinzen der Philiſter zu weichen. Es konte ihm auch der zutritt bei hof nicht verwehret werden, weil er von einem vornehmen haus war. Alſo hatte er freiheit genug, vielfältig um mich zu ſeyn, und mich mit ſeiner verdrieslichen liebe zu plagen: die mir nun noch viel widriger wurde, als ich den unterſcheid zwiſchen beiden Prinzen ſahe, und wie ſo gar ungleich ſie mit mir lebeten. Dann Abimelech, deſſen liebe von mir und ganz Salem gebilliget wurde, ging ſo ehrerbietig mit mir um, daß ich faſt nie das wort liebe aus ſeinen mund hörete: da er mich doch ſonſt mit den angenemſten geſprächen unterhielte, und in allen ſeinen handlungen ſeine liebe ſehen ließ.

Es rürete zwar dieſes, daß er in ſeinen reden ſo behutſam war, groſſen teils daher, weil ich mich oft gegen ihm über die unbeſcheidenheit Bileams beklagte: das er dann ſo wol zu herzen faſſete, daß er ſich täglich deſſer in acht name, mich nicht auf ſolche weiſe zu beleidigen. Mir gefiele auch ſeine verhältnis, daß er mich alſo fürchtete, ſo überwol, daß ich ihm hierdurch immer gewogener wurde: dann ich dorfte frei mit ihm umgehen, und wuſte alle ſeine gedanken, ob ſie mir gleich ſein mund ſo deutlich nicht ſagete. Ich dorfte alſo nicht hören, was mir der wolſtand zu dulten nicht erlaubete: wiewol es auch mit uns nicht viel zu bedeuten gehabt, indem es unſere eltern und verwandten gut hieſſen. Bileam hingegen war ſo frech, mir ohne unterlas mit ſeinem leiden ein leiden zu machen, daß ich ihm oft ſehr unhöflich begegnete: in der hoffnung, er würde deſto eher von mir ablaſſen. Es ware aber hiemit nichtes geſchafft: er blieb bei ſeiner weiſe, ſich und mich zu quälen. Und hierzu ſuchete er noch mehr gelegenheit, als er meiner gunſt gegen den Abimelech inne werden: dem er auf allerhand weiſe hinterlich war, alleine bei mir zu ſeyn, alſo daß ſie deswegen oft an einander geraten wären, wann ich es nicht immer verhütet hätte.

Sonderlich wäre es einsmals bald übel ausgeſchlagen, als der Prinz der Philiſter im Schloßgarten ſich bei mir befunde. Als wir einer nachtigall mit ſonderbarer vergnügung zuhöreten, kame Bileam dazu, und wolte dem Abimelech, wie er ihn ſo ſtille bei mir ſizen ſahe, einen höniſchen ſtich geben, ihn ſchimpflich fragend: Ob man die gute geſchicklichkeit eines jungen ritters daran erkennen könte, wann man dem frauenzimmer mit ſeinen ſtummen gedanken die zeit vertriebe? Es wäre wol mancher mehr damit gedienet, (antwortete Abimelech,) wann derjenige, ſo ſie mit ungeſchickten geſprächen unterhalten wolte, ſtill ſchwiege, als daß er mit unnüzen geplär ihre zarte ohren beunruhigte. Wie mich dann bedünkt, die Prinzeſſin Coelidiane wäre auch wol zu frieden, wann wir beide ſchwiegen, um ihr die vergnügung nicht zu nemen, der nachtigall geſängen zuzuhören. Eines ſo liederlichen vogels ſtimme, (ſagte Bileam hingegen,) wird mich niemals einige gelegenheit verſäumen machen, meine Prinzeſſin mit geſprächen zu unterhalten. Laſſet mich deswegen eure ſtelle vertreten, und höret ihr anderswo ungehindert eurer nachtigalle zu, ſo lang ihr wollet. Wann ich nicht (antwortete Abimelech, den dieſe reden beleidiget hatten,) der Prinzeſſin Coelidiane aus gebürender ehrerbietung ſchonete, ſo wolte ich weiſen, wie man ſo höfliche reden beantworten müſſe. Wann ihr aber ein ſo erfahrner hofmann ſeit, ſo ſparet ſolche worte, bis wir allein ſind, ſo ſollen ſie nach gebür beantwortet werden. Im übrigen ſeit verſichert, daß ich meinen plaz keinem in der welt, am wenigſten aber dem Bileam von Hemath, überlaſſen werde.

Ich ſahe wol, daß dieſes geſpräch in die länge kein gut thun würde, trate deswegen darzwiſchen, und beſchwerete mich hoch, daß der Bileam meiner gegenwart ſo wenig geſchonet, und name den Abimelech bei der hand, ſagende: Laßt uns von dieſem ungeſtümmen hinweg gehen, und einen anderen ort ſuchen, da wir der nachtigall geſang ungehindert zuhören mögen! Dieſe worte verdroſſen ihn heftig: wir aber lieſſen ihn ſtehen. Doch bekümerte ich mich, ſie möchten hierüber nachgehends an einander kommen, ſagte es demnach gleich dem König: der dann alſofort nach ihnen ſandte, um ihrer perſonen verſichert zu ſeyn. Wir erfuhren aber, daß ſie ſchon aneinander geweſen, und der Bileam etliche wunden empfangen hatte. Melchiſedech verwieſe ihnen beiderſeits dieſen handel gar hoch, ſonderlich dem Bileam, als er Abimelechs entſchuldigung vernommen. Ihn beſucheten nachgehends, weder der König, noch wir andere, als er etliche tage der kammer hüten muſte: um ihme zu zeigen, wie wir uns beleidigt befanden. Dieſes verdroſſe den hoffärtigen Prinzen dermaſſen, daß er, in den Aſſyriſchen krieg, den damals die Könige Bel Ochus und Marſius mit einander fürten, hinweg zu ziehen, ihm vorname: wiewol ſich ſolches von einem monat zum andern verſchobe. Abimelech hätte dieſem krieg auch gern beigewonet, zwar aus anderem antrieb: wann er von ſeinem herrn vatter hätte erlaubnüs bekommen können.

Nach dieſem begabe es ſich, daß Abimelech mit dem Ahuſath, der mit ihme von jugend auf erzogen, und der nach meinem herr vattern genennet worden, auf den berg Morija, allda die opfere zu geſchehen pflägen, ſpaziren ginge, (wie er oft zu thun gewonet war,) zweifelsohn, ſich mit ihme von unſerer liebe zu beſprechen. Sie waren kaum in das dicke gebüſche, das dieſen berg umgibet, gekommen, da traffen ſie etliche perſonen an, die ſich wider eine groſſe anzal rauber wehreten, und ſo dapfer fochten, daß Abimelech ſtrakts eine zuneigung zu dieſen unbekanten frömden in ihm entfunde, und nebſt dem Ahuſath ſich großmütig entſchloſſe, denſelben beizuſpringen. Selbige waren ſolcher hülfe eben zum höchſten benötiget, weil der lange ſtreit wider ſo ungleiche menge ſie ſo abgemattet, daß ſie nicht mehr, ohne Abimelechs hülfe, hätten beſtehen können. Alſo wurden durch dieſe dapfere Prinzen, die rauber teils erleget, teils verjaget, und dadurch die frömden errettet: welche ſie ſehr verwundet mit ſich nach Salem namen.

Selbige wurden von dem König, weil ſie hohe perſonen waren, ſehr wol entfangen: dann es waren darunter zween teutſche Fürſten, deren der fürnemſte ſich Cimber, der andere Jubal nennte, beide dem König von Baſan nahe verwandt: und der dritte ware der Fürſt Eliphas von Theman, der in ſeiner kindheit mit dem Abimelech zu Ur erzogen worden, und alſo die alte kundſchaft hier wieder erneurete. Aller dreier ihre geſchiklichkeit, machte ihnen den ganzen hof zu freunde: und weil ſie ſehr verwundet, muſten ſie eine gute zeit zu ihrer wiedergeneſung hinbringen. Abimelech und Cimber machten eine vertrauliche freundſchaft mit einander: weil der letzte dem erſten, wegen ſeines lebens rettung, ſo hoch verbunden, jener aber dieſen ſeinem ſinne ganz ähnlich befande: daher ſie faſt nie von einander bleiben kunten. Als ſie nun an ihren wunden wieder geneſet waren, hielte ſie der König noch [illegible] geſellung auf, [illegible] Cimber ebenfals [illegible] zu [illegible], und ſich befliſſe, von ihm die Teutſche ſprache [illegible] zu erlernen, in [illegible] König er eine ſonderbare vergnügung funde. Weil nun Cimber ſich entſchloſſe, noch etwas bei uns zu verbleiben, ſchickete er den Jubal hinweg in ſeinen geſchäften.

Unſer hof ware nun, durch die gegenwart dieſer Fürſten, ſehr erfreulich: indem ſie faſt täglich etwas neues anſtelleten, dem König die zeit zu vertreiben, und dem frauenzimmer ſich gefällig zu machen. Unter andern fiengen ſie ein luſtiges wagenrennſpiel an: da ich, auf befehl des Königs, den preis muſte aufſetzen. Abimelech und Cimber, als ſie gegen einander renneten, wolten aus höflichkeit keiner gegen dem andern einen vorteil haben, bleſſeten, lieſſen alſo nur ſtets einander ihre ſchilde. Als aber Cimber merkete, daß Abimelech ſo wol als er keinen ernſt gebrauchte, bemühete er ſich beim dritten rennen, einen vorteil über ſeinen freund im verlieren zu erlangen: machte alſo, durch ſeine geſchiklichkeit, daß, wie Abimelech ſeine pfeile auf des Cimbers ſchild nicht anzubringen ſich hütete, er dennoch etliche pfeile auf ſeinen ſchild aufnahme, und alſo den ſieg dem Abimelech zuweg brachte. Der junge Prinz Hiarbas aus Egypten, rannte hierauf mit dem Eliphas, und Bileam mit dem Aran: da ſie alle es ſehr wol machten, wie auch die edelleute, ſo nach ihnen ranten. Bileam allein, legte groſſen ſchimpf ein: Dann, weil er in ſeinen erſten rennen mit dem Hiarbas ware gleich worden, muſte er mit dieſem Prinzen noch einmal laſſen laufen: da er es dann verſahe, und im werfen nicht allein den ſchild verlore, ſondern auch gar aus dem wagen fiele. Niemand in der ganzen geſellſchaft enthielte ſich hierüber des lachens, weil jederman ihme dieſes unglück gönnete. Er muſte überdas mit neid anſehen, wie ich ſeinem mitbuler den preis gabe: der ihn zwar lang nicht wolte annemen, mit fürwand, der Cimber hätte ſolchen gewonnen, indem er mit ſo groſſer kunſt verloren. Meine ſchweſter, legte dieſen ſtreit bei, indem ſie dem Cimber den zierdank zuerkante.

Ich hätte aber bald vergeſſen, die urſach dieſes luſtſtreites anzufüren. Der Prinz von Egypten hielte ſein abzugs-feſt, welchen der König von Ophir, deſſen ſchweſterſohn er war, abfordern laſſen, um ihn bei ſeiner regirung, weil er keinen ſohn hatte, zu gebrauchen: deme zu ehren Abimelech dieſes rennſpiel angeſtellet. Selbiger Prinz machte, wegen ſeiner annemlichkeit, den König und uns alle klagen, daß wir ſeine geſellſchaft miſſen ſolten; und hinterlieſſe er eine ſo gute nachrede, daß noch dieſen tag, von dem Hiarbas, in Salem viel geredet wird. Weil aber Bileam ſo unglücklich geweſen, als machete der ſcherzhafte Abimelech hierüber dieſe reimen:

Den eine nachtigall nicht bringen kunt zum ſchweigen,
weil bei der ſchönſten er ſein wort viel edler hielt:
hat fug, daß er nit recht im rennen hat gezielt,
weil er ſo höflich iſt, vor ihr ſich tief zu neigen.

Dieſe reimen gefielen der ganzen geſellſchaft, die bei mir im gemach war. Cimber vermehrte unſre hierüber habende kurzweil, indem er meiner ſchweſter, zur dankſagung wegen zuerkennung des zierdankes, dieſe reimen erſonnen und übergabe:

Wie komt ihr doch hierzu, den zierdank mir zu geben!
da ich, nicht luſt noch ziel in dieſes ſpiel gebracht.
Der, der ſo zierlich fiel, hat wol mit recht gedacht,
er dürfte nur allein nach dieſer Ehre ſtreben.

Dieſe reimen kamen gleich überall hin, und als Bileam erfuhre, daß wir alle über ihn unſere poſſen gehabt, verdroſſe es ihm ſo ſehr, daß er, ſich an dem Abimelech und Cimber meuchelmörderiſcher weiſe zu rächen, ihme aus erboſetem gemüte furname. Unter anderen ſeinen helfern, gebrauchete er ſich vornemlich des Arans, der ſtäts ſein guter freund geweſen. Mit dieſem und der übrigen rotte ſtellete er es an, daß ſie einsmals den Abimelech, Cimber und Eliphas, die ſich nichts böſes verſahen, und im feld allein ſpazirten, feindlich überfielen, und, wäre es ohne derſelbigen unbeſchreibliche dapferkeit geweſen, ſie gewiß erleget hätten. Sie beſchützeten aber ihr leben dermaſſen, daß viele des Bileams leute auf dem platz blieben: bis ihnen aus der ſtatt, darinn es rüchtig worden, vom König hülfe zukame. Dieſe funden den Abimelech auf der erden ligen, und den dapfern Cimber über ihm ſtehen, der da verwehrete, daß die feinde dieſes vorteils ſich bedienend ihn nicht tod machen kunten. Wie ſie nun endlich des Bileams hauffen verjaget, wurden dieſe helden, alle drei ſehr verwundet, in Salem gebracht. Bileam aber und Aran machten ſich davon: weil ſie, nach dieſer verübten untat, die ihnen ſo übel geraten, nicht länger beſichert bleiben dorften.

Unſer kummer, den wir hierüber erlitten, iſt nicht zu beſchreiben: welcher auch nicht eher gemindert worden, bis wir eigentlich wuſten, daß ſie auſſer lebensgefahr waren. Die Fürſten alſo wurden des [illegible] in welcher [illegible] meine ſchweſter und ich ſie täglich beſuchten. Ich wurde faſt niemals von Abimelech, [illegible] der ich [illegible] immer [illegible], ſo oft ich einen kame, und mir für die gnade, [illegible] mit meiner beſuchung erteilte, mit den verbindlichſten worten dankete. Sie wurden bald alle, die von dieſem [illegible] ſtreit geheilet, [illegible] wie es ihre hohe tapferkeit verdieneten. Abimelechs und Cimbers freundſchaft ward hierzwiſchen immer gröſſer, alſo daß faſt keiner ohne den andern ſeyn kunte.

Nicht lang hernach, als ſie kaum wieder geſund worden, forderte der König der Philiſter ſeinen ſohn wieder ab: da dann der ganze hof um ſeinen abſchied trauete, und konte der König denjenigen ohne betrübnis nicht hinweg ziehen ſehen, den er als ſich liebete. Cimber und Eliphas namen, nicht gar lang hernach, auch ihren abſchied, und ward alſo unſer hof ganz leer, daß wir von keiner luſt mehr wuſten, die uns vorher ihre gegenwart verurſachet. Weil Abimelech von ſeinem [illegible] mir ſchriftliche nachricht gabe, als erfuhre ich, wie daß er dem krieg unter dem Fürſten von Edom nachzoge, der wider den ſtatthalter in Baſan die völker des Königs der Philiſter fürete: dann die witwe des Marinus, die Königin Salamis, bekriegete den Zaenes, und wolte, als eine geborne Prinzeſſin aus Baſan, die regirung haben. Ob nun zwar dieſer krieg ſich wider ſeines freundes des Cimbers landesleute ergienge, ſo fochte er dennoch dapfer und redlich, und hielte ſich ſo wol, daß ſein gerüchte weit und breit erſchallete: das dann meinem herr vatter und mir auch nicht unannemlich zu hören ware.

Lange zeit hernach kame er wieder zu uns, als er vom König in Aſſyrien, auf ſein inſtändiges anhalten, verheiſſung erlanget hatte, daß er ihn ferner in kriegesdienſten gebrauchen wolte. Wir funden, bei dieſer anderen zuſammenkunft, beiderſeits einander noch unverändert wieder, und ſchöpften eines vom andern groſſe vergnügung. Er hielte ſich aber dießmal nicht lang bei uns auf, und konte ihn der König kaum zu etlichen wochen bereden: die er dann, wie er mir ſagte, dies meine gegenwart zu genieſſen, bei uns zubrachte. Ich fande ihn einsmals auf dem berg Zion, der mit in der ſtadt Salem begriffen iſt, unter einem ſchattichten baum ſchlaffen, und nicht weit von ihm eine ſchrift ligen, die ich dieſes inhalts ablaſe:

Zu vieles glük iſt unbequem zu tragen.
Ich fühle wol, wie ihre huld mich drükt:
ich bin mit der, als einem netz, beſtrikt.
Ich darf mir ſelbſt nicht, was mich quälet, klagen.
Wol dem, der ſich weiß frei von ſolchen plagen!
Wann ſonſt ein leid hat unſer herz gedrückt,
ſo wird die angſt zum himmel hingeſchikt:
Nun aber muß in mir mich alles nagen.
Worüber kan ich billig mich beſchweren?
Daß man mich liebt! Wie? Will ich dann den haß!
Nein! ihre gunſt, doch nicht in übermaß:
Zu viele lieb, möcht meine treu verzehren.
Mein herz iſt hin: drum hab ich nichtes mehr,
Als daß die lieb mit freundſchaft ich verehr.

Dieſe reimen machten mir anfangs allerhand frömde gedanken: da ich vermutete, mein Abimelech hätte ſie auf ſich und eine dame gemachet, die ihm ihre gunſt erzeiget, deren er, um meinetwillen, mit gleicher gegengunſt nicht willfahren können. Wie ich ihn aber, als er erwachet, hierüber zur rede geſtellet, erklärte er ſich dergeſtalt: wie daß er dieſes gedicht nicht ſelber gemachet, ſondern nur am Babyloniſchen hofe abgeſchrieben hatte, da es einer ſeiner guten freunde verfärtiget. Er muſte es mir überlaſſen: da ich es nachgehends auswendig gelernet. Weil aber nun, wie geſagt, der Prinz Abimelech nach Babel eilete, als muſten wir von einander ſcheiden: da ich ihm verſprache, wie daß ich, mit meinen ſeufzern zu Gott für ſein wolergehen, ſtäte bei ihm ſeyn wolte.

Kurz darnach, wie er lebendig war, kamen abgeſandten von Hemath an, die um mich, von des Königs Jobar wegen, für den Prinzen Bileam die werbung ablegten. Wir erfuhren von ihnen, daß dieſer Prinz, wie er uns hat verlaſſen, nach dem Königreich Ammon gezogen wäre: alda er dem König Hanon wider die Jebuſiten, und letzlich wider den jungen König Marhas, zu kriege gedienet hätte, nunmehr aber ſich wieder zu Hemath befände. Der König Chedorlaomor aber, ließe ihnen zur antwort wiſſen: wie daß ich bereits an den Prinzen der Philiſter verlobet wäre, und alſo des Jobars ſeine nicht zu theil werden konte; der ohnedem ſich nicht alſo bei uns verhalten hätte, daß wir belieben tragen konten, ſeine befreundung zu wünſchen. Mit dieſer abſchlägigen antwort, reiſeten ſie wieder nach Hemath ab: und lebete ich nach deme in ziemlicher ruhe und zufriedenheit, an nichts weniger, als an das, ſo mir vorſtunde, gedenkende.

Im vergangenen jahr, begabe ich mich neben meiner ſchweſter hieher, wie wir alle ſommer zu thun pflegten, weil dieſes ſchloß, wegen der nähe des Jordans, gar anmutig und luſtreich iſt: der König aber bliebe diſmal zu Jebus, weil er viele geſchäfte hatte, die ihm nicht zulieſſen, hieher zu kommen. Wir waren aber kaum etliche tage hier geweſen, da begabe es ſich an einem abend, daß wir, als wir nahe hierbei in einem luſtigen thal ſpazieren gingen, einen wagen mit vielen reiſenden erſahen, der nicht weit von uns ſeinen weg fürbei name. Dieſer als er gerad gegen uns über gekommen, brache entzwei, und machte alſo das aufſitzende frauenzimmer heraus ſteigen: da dann eine unter ihnen, welcher alle die anderen groſſe ehre erwieſen, im fallen des wagens ein bein gebrochen, worüber die anderen ſich über die maſſen beängſtigt und betrübt anſtelleten. Ich, aus mitleiden bewogen, ginge neben meiner ſchweſter und meinen leuten zu dieſen fremden, beklagte ihren unfall, und bote ihnen das ſchloß an, daſelbſt einzukehren und nach ihren empfangenen ſchaden ſehen zu laſſen. Die alte Dame, welche dieſes unglück erlitten, kunte mir für ſchmerzen nicht viel antworten: von ihren leuten aber, wurde mein anbot willigſt angenommen. Ich erfuhre von ihnen, daß es die Königin der Bactrianer wäre, welche, wieder von Hemath kommend, in ihr land reiſen wolte. Diſe kentnis von der mumen des Bileams, machte meine fürſorge für ſie nicht verringern: weil ich damals noch nicht wuſte, wie lieb ihr dieſer vetter wäre. Als ſie auf das ſchloß gekommen, und nach ihrem ſchaden geſehen wurde, befunden die wundärzte denn alſo, daß ein monat verlieffe, ehe ſie ihre reiſe fortſetzen kunte. In dieſer zeit machete ſie, wie ich nachgehends gewar wurde, einen anſchlag mit dem Bileam: der heimlich in verſtellter kleidung, weil er, da ſeine geſandten eine ſolche abſchlägige antwort bekommen, ſich von mir nicht wolte ſehen laſſen, zu ihr hieher kame, mich in Bactra zu entfüren. Weil mir dieſes unglück beſtimmet war, als muſte ſich alles darzu ſchicken. Als die Königin in Gilead fortreiſen wolte, und ich ihr bis auf eine kleine Inſel, die im Jordan liget, das geleit gabe: ließe ich mich durch ihr vielfältiges bitten überreden, mit nach Pniel zu gehen, und hinterließe ich alle meine leute auf der Inſel, als geſonnen, in zweien tagen wieder bei ihnen zu ſeyn.

Als wir nach Pniel gekommen, gab ſich Bileam mir zu erkennen, mich ſo ſehr mit ſeiner gegenwart, als durch ſein unvermutetes anbringen, erſchreckend. Es fehlte nicht viel, ich wäre gar vor ſchrecken geſtorben. Wiewol ich mich widerſetzen wolte, ſo muſte ich dennoch mit fortreiſen: und halfen mir meine thränen nirgend zu, als bei dieſem böſewicht freude zu erwecken, daß er mich alſo in ſeine gewalt gebracht hatte. Die Königin wolte zwar, auf dieſer verdruß-reiſe, mich zu frieden ſprechen: Ich aber war ſo ungedultig über dieſem betrug, daß weder ſie noch Bileam ein einiges gutes wort von mir erlangeten. Nach zweien monaten kamen wir in die hauptſtadt Bactra, da Oxyartes der König mich herrlich empfinge. Dieſer wolte, neben den andern, mich zwingen, den Bileam zu heuraten. Mir ward fürgeſchwatzet, wie daß er, nach ſeinem tode, den Bileam zum erben hinterlaſſen wolte, weil er keine kinder hatte. Denn Merotas, der ſohn von ſeiner einigen tochter, die den König von Tyrus gehabt, wäre zu Hebron umgekommen. Und weil der König von Tyrus, nachdem des Oxyartes tochter geſtorben, ſich mit der Königlichen wittib von Elam, die des Bel Ochus ſchweſter war, wieder vermälet: als wäre dieſer König ſeinem ſchwiegerſohn deswegen ſo gehäſſig, daß er von den beiden Prinzeſſinnen, die ſeiner tochter kinder und des Merotas ſchweſtern waren, keine zur erbin machen wolte. Alle diſe betrachtungen nun, die mir die Königin oftmals zu gemüte füren wolte, konten mich nicht bewegen, den laſterhaften Bileam zu lieben, und den tugend-vollkommenen Abimelech zu vergeſſen: ſondern ich widerſetzte mich immerfort, daß ſie wol ſahen, es würde viel zeit dazu gehören, ehe ich mich gewinnen ließe.

Es kame aber bald darauf, von dem alters anhaltenden krieg mit den Aſſyrern, die zeitung nach hof, daß ſie über den fluß Zaranais gegangen, und ein feſtes ſchloß eingenommen hätten. Bileam ward vom König mit friſchen völkern gleich abgefärtiget, und war meine freude unausſprechlich, als ich erfure, daß mein Prinz die Aſſyriſchen völker fürete. Ich pochete öffentlich auf denſelbigen, und hoffete gänzlich, durch ihn wieder erledigt zu werden. Täglich hörete ich von dieſes Prinzen unvergleichlichen thaten, und war ich die einige, die ſich darob freuete, da ſonſt ſein name allen Bactrianern furcht einjagte. Abimelech ſiegete mit ſo geſchwindem fortgang, daß er endlich den Oxyartes in ſeiner eigenen hauptſtadt belagerte. Bileam befande ſich dazumal, von einem teil der Aſſyriſchen völker, die der junge Arſaces fürete, ſo umſchloſſen, daß er dem König keine hülfe ſenden kunte. Der Prinz ängſtigte die ſtatt dermaſſen, daß ſie ſich endlich ergeben und den Abimelech ſieghaft einlaſſen muſte.

Ich ſtunde an einem fenſter, als dieſer vortreffliche held ſeinen einzug hielte. Er kennete mich gleich, und zwar um ſo viel leichter, weil er bereits vorher meine gewaltſame entfürung vernommen. Wie er mich demnach auf das hefftigſte gegrüſſet, kame er, ſobald er nur konte, zu mir in das zimmer. Unſer beiderſeits freude iſt nicht zu beſchreiben: daß nämlich ich wieder frei war, und er mich erlöſet hatte. Er beklagte ſo wol mein ausgeſtandenes ungemach, als er ſich nun hingegen mit mir über meiner freiheit ergetzete: ſeine höchſte vergnügung darneben bezeugend, daß er mir dieſen dienſt thun können, deren ewig-verbundenen diener ſich nennete. Weil aber ſein damaliges amt ihm nicht die zeit vergönte, ein mehrers mit mir zu reden, als brache er bald ab: damit er, nach dieſer groſſen eroberung, alle nötige anſtalt machen möchte. Oxyartes ward zwar gefangen genommen, dennoch königlich gehalten: weil Abimelech eines viel zu edlen gemütes war, als daß er dieſem König ſein unglück ſolte vermehret haben. Derſelbe aber konte diß unglück ſo übel vertragen, daß er, am vierten Tag nach eroberung der ſtatt, den geiſt aufgabe. Der Prinz tröſtete hierauf die alte Königin, ſo gut es ſich wolte thun laſſen, und räumete ihr ein ſchloß ein, da ſie ruhig leben, und vom krieg keine beſchwerung fürchten dorfte. Nun war er ferner auf nichtes mehr bedacht, als wie er mich in ſicherheit brächte. Und ob er wohl nichtes höher wünſchete, als mich meinem betrübten vatter, dem König Melchiſedech, ſelbſt zu überbringen: ſo ware doch ſolches der zeit unmüglich, weil er den krieg weiter verfolgen muſte.

Gleichwol begleitete er mich mit allem ſeinem volke bis an den Fluß Ochus, der ſchon ins Königreich Elam gehöret; alda er einen ganz treuherzigen abſchied von mir name. Als ich ihm nochmals höchlich für meine erlöſung dankete, und ihm darneben bezeugete, daß ſie von keinem menſchen in der welt angenemer, als von ihm, widerfahren können: verſicherte er mich, daß ihme dieſes glück noch viel angenemer begegnet, und wünſchete mir darneben tauſend gutes, mich verſichernd, daß ich in allen begebenheiten von ihm verſpüren ſolte, wie bereitwillig er wäre, auch ſein leben für mich in die ſchanze zu ſchlagen. Damit name er meine hand, die er ganz inbrünſtig küſſete: welches ich dann beim abſchied, und weil ich ihm ſo hoch verbunden, geſchehen ließe; wiewol er ſich ſonſt dergleichen freiheit nicht anmaſſete. Er ſeufzete gar ſehr, als er mich ſahe auf den wagen ſteigen, und hinweg faren. Weil ich ſchon in freundes land war, auch von des reichsſtatthalters in Elam kammerherren begleitet wurde, und weil der König Melchiſedech mir, von des Königs von Canaan völkern, leute entgegen geſendet: als thäte ich dieſe weite reiſe bis ins land Canaan ganz ſicher, da ich von nichtes beſchwerde empfande, als von dem böſen wetter, weil es noch winter ware. Man kan leichtlich ſich einbilden, wie ich den König mit meiner widerkunft erfreuet, den ich hier zu Salem wieder angetroffen: da nun das glück, mit ankunft und kentnüs der ſchönen Aramena, mir die freude verzweifachet.

Johann Auguſt Apel

ward im Jahre 1771 zu Leipzig geboren, wo ſein Vater Bürgermeiſter war. Nachdem er durch Privatlehrer und auf der Thomasſchule vorbereitet worden, ſtudirte er die Rechte zu Leipzig und Wittenberg, ward in Folge deſſen Dr. juris und prakticirte als Hofgerichts- und Conſiſtorialadvocat, wobei er zugleich akademiſche Vorleſungen hielt, in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Im Jahre 1801 ward er daſelbſt Rathsherr. Er ſtarb am 9. Auguſt 1818.

Er hinterließ folgende Schriften:

Polyidos. Tragödie. Leipz. 1805.
Die Aitolier. Tragödie. Leipz. 1806.
Kallirhoe. Tragödie. Leipzig, 1807.
Themiſtokles. Tragödie. Leipzig, 1808.
Kunz von Kauffungen. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1809.
Geſpenſterbuch (in Gemeinſchaft mit Fr. Laun.) Leipz. 1810—1816. 6 Thle.
Cicaden. Berlin, 1810—11. 3 Thle.
Zeitloſen. Berlin, 1817.
Metrik. Leipzig, 1814—1817. 2 Thle.

Apel verband in ſeinen Leiſtungen Feinheit des Geſchmackes, poetiſches Talent und Herrſchaft über Sprache und Vers mit gründlichem und vielſeitigem Wiſſen; aber es fehlte ihm faſt durchgängig an der eigentlichen wahren Begeiſterung, an der Gluth und Echtheit der Gefühle, ohne welche ein Dichter nie nachhaltend wirkt: obwohl ihm auf der anderen Seite Ernſt und Tiefe nicht abzuſprechen ſind, die er jedoch mehr von außen aufgenommen und durch das Leben ſich angeeignet hat, als daß ſie aus ſeinem Gemüthe quöllen. Wie ihn ſeine Neigung zu ſpeculativen Forſchungen zog, ſo liebte er es auch in der Poeſie zu experimentiren, und faſt alle ſeine früheren Leiſtungen ſind in dieſer Abſicht geſchrieben. Durch echt klaſſiſche Bildung beſonders in ſeinen jüngeren Jahren vorzüglich den Alten zugewandt, ſtrebte er ſeine Anſichten über die antike Tragödie praktiſch darzulegen und dichtete zu dieſem Zwecke jene im Verzeichniß ſeiner Werke angeführten Dramen; im Polyides wollte er den Aeſchylus, in der Aitoliern den Euripides nachbilden; und wenn auch immer dieſe Werke nur Paſtellcopien eines Oelgemäldes zu vergleichen ſind, ſo iſt doch die Meiſterhand unverkennbar, wegen der wahrhaft vollendeten techniſchen Ausführung, deren ſich ſeine ſämmtlichen Verſuche in dieſem Genre, vorzüglich aber die Aitolier erfreuen, aus welchen wir eben deßhalb auch den Anfang mittheilen. — Als lyriſcher Dichter iſt A. gewandt und gefällig, weit bedeutender jedoch als Erzähler ſowohl in Hinſicht auf die Erfindung wie auf die Behandlung; ſeine Erzählung im Geſpenſterbuche „der Freiſchütz", welche den Stoff zu der bekannten Oper gleiches Namens lieferte, iſt mit vollem Rechte ein Meiſterwerk zu nennen.

Auf dem Gebiete der Wiſſenſchaft zeichnete ſich A. durch Gründlichkeit, Klarheit und Beſonnenheit aus; die jenaiſche, halleſche und leipziger Literaturzeitung verdankten ihm viele gediegene Recenſionen, von denen manche wohl eine Abhandlung zu nennen iſt. — Als ſein bedeutendſtes Werk auf dieſem Felde iſt ſeine Metrik zu betrachten: er war der Erſte, welcher ſeine Lehre dieſer Wiſſenſchaft auf der Theorie der Muſik begründete und von hier aus entwickelte, durchaus unbekümmert um die gewichtigen Gegner, die ſich ihm entgegen ſtellten.

Vgl. Zeitgenoſſen Nr. 3. Heft 4. S. 171.
Morgenblatt 1816, Nr. 222 und 274.

Die Aitolier. *)

Der Ort der Handlung iſt ein freier Platz vor Kalydon.

Artemis.

Zu euch hernieder, von des hohen Aethers Glanz,
Bin ich geſtiegen, ſchreckliche Erinnyen!
Aus eurer Nacht ruft euch der Götter Ruf herauf,
Herauf von Aides' dunkelm unterirdiſchen Thron,
Wo ihr, umſchauend nach des Menſchen Frevel, ſitzt,
Und Todesſchrecken zu den Schuldigen führt herauf.
Hört meinen Ruf, Erinnyen! Süße Beute harrt
Am Königshauſe. Steigt herauf aus eurer Nacht!

Die Eumeniden

ſchweben herauf.

Wo verweilet das Wild! Zeig' es mir an! Nenne den Schuldigen!
Mit gewaltigem Flug eil' ich ihm nach, greife den Flüchtigen.

Artemis.

In Oineus' Königshauſe harret ſchon das Wild.
Ihr kennet mich, die Tochter Leto's, die dem Zeus
In Einer Nacht zwei Götterkinder einſt gebar,
Den hohen Phoibos, deſſen ſtrahlend Angeſicht
Der Wolkenführer erſt den Sterblichen verhüllt,
Eh er mit ſeiner Blitze Strahlen ſie betrübt,
Und mich, die Jungfrau, die der Wälder Schatten liebt,
Vom goldnen Bogen ſendend den gewiſſen Pfeil.
Wir rächten einſt an Niobe der Mutter Schmach;
Denn ſterben muß, wer gegen Götter ſich vermißt.
Jetzt aber ruf ich euch herauf vom dunkeln Sitz
Zur ernſten Rach' an Oineus' königlichem Stamm.
Denn als der Herrſcher Kalydon's der Früchte Laſt,
Vom Sturm und Hagel nicht zerknickt, vom Eber nicht
Durchwühlt, noch nieder von des ſcheuen Hirſches Fuß
Geſtampfet, prangen ſah in ſchwerer goldner Pracht,
Da dankt' im Uebermuth der Luſt ſein ſtolzer Sinn
Der Göttin nicht, die gnädig ihm das Land beſchützt,
Und einſam öde, ſtand der Altar Artemis'.
Denn frevelnd ehrte Meleagros, Oineus' Sohn,
Des Waldes Jungfrau, von der Bärin einſt geſäugt,
An Statt der Göttin, die auf goldnem Throne ſitzt,
An Zeus des Göttervaters Seite. Jener dankt
Er, von der Liebe Wahn umſtrickt, des Landes Schutz.
Da ſandt' ich zürnend aus von Krommyon's Geſchlecht
Den mächtigſten der Eber in des Königs Reich,
Gleich jenem ſchrecklich, den Herakles einſt beſiegt.
Der wüthet grimmig durch das Land von Kalydon,
Und ſtürzt die Eichen nieder, wie den ſchwachen Halm;
Doch wird er fallen durch der Jungfrau ſtarken Arm,
Und Meleagros ſpotten über Artemis'
Ohnmächtigen Zorn — Drum rief ich euch, ihr Schrecklichen,
Und eurer Rache weih' ich Oineus ganzen Stamm,
Daß nicht der Menſchen übermüthiges Geſchlecht
Straflos der Götter Macht verachte, welche Tod
Und Leben ſenden, wie es ihrem Sinn gefällt.

Eine Eumenide.

Gerecht zu nennen iſt, o Artemis, dein Zorn,
Und ſchuldbeladen Meleagros, Oineus' Sohn;
Doch nur des finſtern Mordes blutbefleckte That
Ruft die Erinnen zu der Oberwelt hinauf,
Daß nicht der Frevler, der des Todes ſtille Hand
Dem Menſchen raubte, ruhig wankt' ins Schattenreich.
Ihn jagen wir mit ſchwarzer Fackeln düſtrer Gluth,
Und mit gehobner blutger Geißeln wildem Schwung,
Daß er ſich angſtvoll rufe ſelbſt den Tod herbei,
Und, ſeine Schrecken fühlend in der tiefſten Bruſt,
Sich raſend ſtürze wieder in des Lebens Qual.
Denn Tod und Leben ſtößt den Mörder gleich zurück,
Der Leben tödtet und dem Tod das Opfer raubt.
Drum faßt ihn lebend tauſendfache Todesqual
Und todt noch lebt er, daß er nicht entflieh' der Pein.

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*) Aus: Apel, die Aitolier. Tragödie. Leipzig. 1806.

Artemis.

Dem Blute bleibt, wer nicht die Götter ehrt, nicht rein.
Nur Götterfurcht hält Menſchen auf der Bahn des Rechts;
Der Uebermüthige frevelt und des Menſchen Blut
Wird fließen ſtrömend, wenn es ſeinem Sinn gefällt.

Die Eumeniden.

Zu dem Blutigen dann fahren wir auf, geißeln den Schuldigen.

Die Eumeniden verſchwinden.

Artemis.

Dort naht das Volk von Kalydon; vergebens fleht
Ihr Mund um Schonung alle Götter ehrend an.
Denn zürnen Oineus' Stamm muß ich, ſo lange noch
Sein Herz die Rettung thöricht hofft vom eignen Arm,
Und Helden waffnet gegen meines Zornes Macht.
Des Ebers Kraft wird weichen ſeiner Helden Arm,
Doch bringt er Unglück über Oineus' Haus im Tod,
Es öffnend furchtbar ſchwarzer Eumeniden Chor.

Der Chor

zu beiden Seiten auftretend.

Neuer Schrecken grauſende Spur
Enthüllſt du dem bangen ſpähenden Blick,
Eos! des trügenden Traums Schreckengebild
Scheuchſt du hinweg; aber die Nacht entflieht,
Und es blicket Entſetzen der Tag, gräßlicher blickt
Nicht des Erebos ſchwarze menſchengeſtaltende Nacht.

Halbchor.

Strofe.

Sahſt du die Saat, Demetra's goldnes Geſchenk,
Wie ſie wogt in dem Wind, gleich dem blonden Gelock
Auf Demeter's ambroſiſchem Haupte,
Wenn das Opfergeduft wallend empor ſich erhebt,
Und die Göttin heran ſchwebet mit ſegnendem Blick!

Zweiter Halbchor.

Gegenſtrofe.

Sahſt du am Berg Bromio's göttliche Frucht,
Wie hinauf an den Ulmbaum die Rebe ſich ſchlang,
Dithyrambos' Geſchenk, und die Traube,
Von dem Safte geſchwellt, nieder ſich ſenkt', und das Blatt,
Um die Zweige gerankt, harrte des bacchiſchen Feſts!

Chor.

Niedergeſtampft, — ach! Deo, warum
Wandeſt du ab den ſegnenden Blick!
Niedergeſtampft iſt der Halm, — unzeitige Frucht
Geſtreut in der Erde klagenden Schoos,
Von dem heiligen Pflug nicht erneuend gefurcht.
Weh! von des Wütenden Zahn durchwühlt!
Niedergeſtürzt, — Dithyrambos, ach!
Wer, am bacchiſchen Feſt, wird dir den Stab
Schwingen, den Weinumrankten!
Niedergeſtürzt an dem Berg lieget der Baum,
Mit der Rebe Geflecht. Ach! von der Traube Saft
Trieft die borſtige Seite des Ungeheurs.

Halbchor.

Strofe.

Und die Heerden im Thal, auf der umwühlten Flur,
Aengſtlich ſuchend des ſchrecklichen Feindes Blick —
Die Verſchmachteten ſchon — ſchreckliche Jammernacht! —
Selbſt zerfleiſcht liegen ſie dort, tränken mit Blut das Land.

Zweiter Halbchor

Gegenſtrofe.

Und die Hirten im Wald, kaum noch dem Tod entflohn,
Suchend hoch in dem Gipfel der Bäume Schutz
Vor des Wütenden Grimm — Bäume zu Boden hin
Warf ſein Zahn, ſtürzte mit Luſt auf die Zerſchmetterten.

Chor.

Welcher der Götter, oder der Sterblichen
Rettet das Volk mit ſiegender Hand
Von der Wut des wilden Verderbers?:
Herakles! jammert dich nicht das Land
Der lieblichen Deianeira!
Dich nicht, Dionyſos, die prangende Flur,
Wo ſegnend dein Fuß gewandelt!

Iſt würdiger deines gewaltigen Arms
Als Leu's Geburt im Nemeaos' Wald.
Herakles, Wütiger, eile herbei,
Hoch ſchwingend der Keule gewaltige Kraft,
Oder zerbrechend mit ſtählendem Arm
Den ehernen Nacken des Feindes!

Meleagros, Althaia, Kleopatra, der Chor.

Meleagros.

Getroſt, o Volk von Kalydon! Verſammelt ſind
Die erſten Helden unter dem Hellenenvolk,
Das Thier zu tödten mit dem Jagdſpieß und Geſchoß.
Echion, ſchnell von Füßen, Hermes' weiſer Sohn,
Und Eurytos, des Helden Bruder, deſſen Arm
Des Bogens Kraft, zum fernſten Ziel Tod ſendend, ſpannt;
Kaſtor und Polydeukes, Leda's Zwillingspaar;
Auch Aiakos' Erzeugter, Peleus, und noch viel
Der tapfern Männer, die nach Kolchis auf dem Meer
Mit Jaſon ſchifften nach des Widders goldnem Vließ.
Mich ſelbſt ſeht ihr gewaffnet mit dem Spieß der Jagd,
Dem ſchweren, ſcharfen, der die Beute nie verfehlt.
Auch Atalanta wird uns, die ferntreffende,
Begleiten. Keinem iſt die Jungfrau unbekannt.
Wer ſie geſehen, meint, die hohe Artemis
Erſchein' ihm ſelbſt in hoher göttlicher Geſtalt.
Geflügelt ſcheint im ſchnellen ſichern Lauf ihr Fuß
Doch wird der zarte, nimmer raſtend nie verletzt,
Der ſilberweiße nie von rothem Blut gefärbt.
Vom ſtarken Bogen nimmer fehlend trifft ihr Pfeil,
Und ſchnell erſpäht in jeder Fern' ihr Aug' das Wild.
Geheim iſt jedem ihr Geſchlecht und wunderbar,
Und Göttin iſt ſie, oder Göttertochter doch;
Und wär ſie's nicht, ſo iſt ſie doch den Göttern gleich.
Im Walde harrt ſie unſer; darum ſeyd getroſt!
Atalanta ſchützt uns gleich der goldnen Artemis.

Chor.

Voll Muth, o Jüngling, ſprichſt du. Mögen deinen Arm
Die Götter leiten, und den Wurfſpieß Artemis,
Die Tochter Leto's und Kronion's, daß uns nicht
Ein großes Leid betreffe, wenn des Königs Sohn
Des Waldes wildem Ungeheur zur Beute wird!

Meleagros.

Den ſichern Ort erwähle du, mich ſchützt mein Arm.

Althaia.

Viel Männer, Sohn, rief uns des Ebers Jagd herbei.
Laß jene ſtreiten, die der Heimath Sitz nicht hält,
Nicht grauer Aeltern Sorge, nicht der Gattin Arm!

Meleagros.

Wie ſchmähſt du, Mutter, mit der Feigheit Wort den Sohn!

Kleopatra.

Nur Sorg' und Ahndung, keine Feigheit ſpricht zu dir.

Meleagros.

Feig iſt, wer furchtſam eitler Ahndung Sorge nährt.

Kleopatra.

Gilt mehr die Jagdluſt, als das Wort der Gattin dir!

Meleagros.

Die Gattin rühm' ich, die des Mannes Ruhm nicht ſtört.

Kleopatra.

Des Ruhmes viel erwarbſt du ſchon, o mein Gemahl!
Zu Kampf und Thaten haſt du nie den Ruf verſchmäht,
Und nie, du weißt es, hielt ich weibiſch dich zurück:
Doch heute hör', ich flehe dich, der Gattin Wort:
Laß andern Männern jenes Raubthiers wilde Jagd.

Althaia.

Hör deine Gattin, hör die Mutter, bleib zurück!

Chor.

Geheime Ahndung, wie mich dünkt, ſpricht aus der Bruſt
Der Königinnen, und erfüllt mein Herz mit Grauen.

Meleagros.

Schlingt eure Arme nicht ſo feſt um meinen Hals!
Der Weiber Spott verdient' ich, wenn mich eure Furcht
Vom Kampf zurückhielt, den ich ſiegreich oft beſtand.
Laßt mich! umarmt den Sieger, wenn er wiederkehrt

Kleopatra.

Du kehrſt nicht wieder, wie du gingſt, o mein Gemal!
Sieh, deine Knie umfangend fleh' ich, bleib zurück!
Unendlich Unglück häufſt du über dein Geſchlecht,
Wenn dich der flehnden Gattin liebend Wort nicht rührt!

Meleagros.

Der Weiber kleine Sorgen ſind mir wol bekannt,
Und wie ſie ſpähend lauſchen auf der Männer Tritt.
Doch, wie das Glück den ängſtlich Suchenden verſchmäht,
Und nur dem freien, raſchen Sinn entgegen kommt,
So auch die Liebe. Glaub' es mir, Kleopatra!

Althaia.

Mit falſchem Vorwurf kränkſt du, Sohn, der Gattin Herz.
Mir ahnet unſers Hauſes ſchwerer, tiefer Fall.
Der Götter Zorn droht unſerm Stamm: du führſt herauf,
O Sohn, aus Ates ſchwarzer furchtbar wilde Schaar,
Selbſt ſchwere Blutſchuld häufend Oineus' altem Haus. —
Hör' denn, Gattin, höre, Sohn, der Mutter Wort!

Meleagros.

Spricht Dithyramben böſe Wahnſinnswort' aus dir?

Chor.

Jüngling, des Gottes heiligen Wahnſinn ſchmähe nicht,
Und nicht den heiligen ſchauenden Geiſterblick der Frauen,
Mit kühnem Sinn verwirf nicht deiner Mutter Wort
Und nicht der Gattin Bitte! denn es bringt dir Fluch.
Der Gattin Klage raubt den Sieg von dir hinweg
Und Götter zürnen, wenn um dich die Mutter weint.

Meleagros.

Dort naht ſich Oineus; ſein Gebot entſcheide ſelbſt!

Oineus. Vorige.

Oineus.

Was ſäumſt du noch, Meleagros! fort zur ernſten Jagd!
Verſammelt ſind die Helden des Hellenenvolks,
Dich nur erwartend. — Eile, ſei nicht länger fern!

Meleagros.

Die Mutter hielt mich ängſtlich ſorgend noch zurück.

Althaia.

Ach, wüßteſt du die ſchwere Sorge, die mich drückt.

Oineus.

Kein Held war jemals, den die Mutter nicht beweint;
Des Feigen Mutter einzig bleibt von Thränen fern.
Dort naht ſich Toxeus; auch Plexippos kommt heran,
Unwillig ſchauend, was den Jüngling noch verweilt.

Toxeus. Plexippos. Vorige.

Toxeus.

Auf! Meleagros, ſchon ertönt aus nahem Wald
Des wilden Ebers lautes, wüthendes Geſchrei.
Die Helden zürnen und ſie ſtürmen ſchon voll Muths
Zum nahen Dickig, wo das Unthier ſich verbirgt.

Meleagros.

Ich folg' Euch.

Althaia.

Brüder, ſchützt, ich fleh' euch, meinen Sohn!
Ihn trifft ein Unglück, Jammer bringt uns dieſe Jagd
Auf unſer Haus, mehr als der Eber auf das Land.

Meleagros, Toxeus und Plexippos gehn.

Oineus, Althaia, Kleopatra, der Chor.

Oineus.

Sag' mir, verhehlend nichts vor mir, geliebtes Weib,
Iſt's mehr als Sorge, was dein mütterliches Herz
Mit Pein der Ahnung ängſtet um des Sohns Geſchick?
Ward dir ein Unglück, das uns droht, vielleicht bekannt
Aus eines Gottes, oder weiſen Sehers Mund?

Althaia.

Nicht bange Sorge quält mich wegen der Gefahr,
Wenn mit dem Waldſchwein Meleagros tapfer kämpft,
Er wird nicht fallen durch das Schwert, nicht durch den Zahn
Des wilden Raubthiers; ſicher ſtieg er ſelbſt hinab
Zur Nacht des Aïdes, wie der Held Herakles that.
Ich weiß es ſicher!

Oineus.

Was beſorgſt du noch für ihn?

Althaia.

Ein ſchrecklich Traumbild hab' ich dieſe Nacht geſehn,
Zur Zeit, wenn finſtre Schatten kämpfen mit dem Licht
Und aller Täuſchungsträume Thor verſchloſſen iſt.
Die Eumeniden ſtiegen auf aus finſterm Grund,
Mit ernſtem Schritt durchwandelnd unſer ganzes Haus.
Schwarz war der Einen weitgefaltetes Gewand,
In blutig rothes war der Andern Leib gehüllt,
Aus Feuergluten ſchien der Dritten Kleid gewebt.
Von ihren Fackeln dampfte ſchwarzer glühender Rauch
Die Höhe umſchwebend, unterirdiſchen Wolken gleich,
Und bald verwallend, zeigend bald das Schreckgebild.
Vor meinem Lager tanzten ſie den ernſten Tanz,
Anſtimmend furchtbar dann des Ates Weihgeſang,
Den keiner noch der Menſchen wahnſinnlos vernahm.
Um Meleagros ſangen ſie — doch frage nicht
Was ich gehört! Die Götter flehe, daß ich nicht
Enthüllen muß die Schrecken dieſes Traumgeſichts,
Das aus dem kurzen Leben mir die Freude ſcheucht,
Und ewig folternd mich zur nahen Gruft verfolgt.

Oineus.

Vergiß das ſchreckliche Geſicht, geliebtes Weib!
Oft deuten böſe Träume uns ein nahes Glück,
Und oft von Unglück ſpricht des frohen Traums Gebild;
Denn gütig ſind die Götter: was der Tag uns raubt,
Gibt bald des Traumbilds ſüße Täuſchung mild zurück,
Und fernen Glückes Uebermuth beſtrafen ſie
Zuvor im Traum, daß uns nicht zürne Nemeſis.

Althaia.

O, daß du Wahrheit ſprächeſt, theuerſter Gemal!
Doch meine Bruſt verläßt die bange Sorge nicht,
Bis Meleagros glücklich heim iſt von der Jagd.
Nicht für ſein Leben fürcht' ich, aber für ſein Heil;
Denn ernſt und furchtbar ſteht das Traumbild noch vor mir.

Kleopatra.

Horch! näher tönt der wilde Lärm, die Jäger nahn.
Laßt uns zurück in des Pallaſtes ſicherm Thor!
Ein Bote bringt uns Kunde, wenn die Jagd vorbei,
Daß wir den Siegern lohnen mit dem Siegeskranz.

Oineus.

Folg' mir, Althaia! bald zurück kehrt dir der Sohn,
In Freude wandelnd deiner Sorgen herbe Pein.

Der Chor.

Strofe.

Unſterblich beherrſcheſt du, Sorge,
Gleich ewig ſeligen Göttern,
Der Erdgebornen Geſchlecht.
Nie fehlt das Opfer dem Altar;
Es bringet dir gleiche Gabe
Des Güterbeglückten gefüllte,
Des Darbenden leere Hand.

Gegenſtrofe.

Das Beſte, was keinem der Götter
Der Menſch zum Opfer bereitet,
Bringt dir des Sterblichen Herz.
Dir weiht er die Ruhe der Seele,
Gibt deinem ewigen Dienſte
Sein ganzes Leben; denn nimmer
Entfliehet er deiner Macht.

Zweite Strofe.

Durch dich ſendet der Götter Hand
Den Menſchen jedes Geſchenk herab.
Unſichtbar umſchwebſt die Gebärerin du;
Die Frucht des Leibes legeſt du ihr
Selbſt in die pflegenden Arme,
Selbſt an die nährende Mutterbruſt.

Zweite Gegenſtrofe.

Den brautführenden Chor umſchwebt
Dein Fittig; um die Verhüllten weht
Dein Athem, aus Hymenaien ſelbſt
Ertönet dein Ruf, du leiteſt die Braut
In des Geliebten Umarmung,
Ihm an die Seite legeſt du ſie!

Dritte Strofe.

Nur Thoren ſchmähen, o Himmliſche,
Den heiligen Dienſt deines Altars;
Denn freundlich den Menſchen biſt du ſtets,
Du weicheſt von ihnen nimmer.
Du lohneſt die Opfer, wie keiner je
Der herrſchenden Götter des Himmels belohnt
Des Weihrauchs duftendes Opfer.

Dritte Gegenſtrofe.

Der Götter Geſchenk, befreundeſt du
Mit ſegnender Hand der Menſchen Bruſt;
Du ſchlingeſt das Band der göttlichen,
Der Menſchen vereinenden Liebe.
Du warneſt die Stolzen, daß nimmer den Zorn
Der Götter ſie wecken, die mächtig das Glück
Ausſenden vom hohen Olympos.

Meſode.

Sorge, mächtige Sühnerin,
Wenn hernieder im Zorne blickt
Adraſteia, die Ernſte!
Göttin, du hebſt zu den Göttern das Herz,
Führſt zu den Menſchen die Götter herab,
Weckend im Herzen die Liebe.

Vierte Strofe.

Horch! es ertönt näher die ſchallende Jagd,
Das Stampfen der Roſſe, der Hunde lautes Gebell;
Von den Wäldern erklingt ſchallendes Getön;
Von den Mauern der Stadt hallet es zurück.

Vierte Gegenſtrofe.

Wirbelnder Staub hebt in die Luft ſich empor.
Es glänzt in dem Licht das Geſchoß! Der leuchtende Speer
Meleagros' entfliegt, mächtig wie der Blitz,
Den Kronion herabſendet vom Olymp.

Fünfte Strofe.

Siegesgöttin! Horch! freudiger Ruf erſchallt.
Es erklingt des gewundenen Horns Siegesgeſang!
Es jauchzt die Luft, die gerettete Dryas jauchzt!
Wiederhallend kehrt die verſcheuchte
Echo zurück, mit lauterem, längerem Ruf
Meleagros zu preiſen, den Mächtigen in dem Wald.

Fünfte Gegenſtrofe.

Hoch in der Hand, ſchau! wie er empor das Haupt
Des gewaltigen Wildes erhebt! Seinem Geſchoß,
Des Helden mächtigem Arm unterlag der Feind.
Sieh, ſchon naht er. Schallet Geſänge!
Siegesgeſang erklinge mit feſtlichem Ton,
Meleagros zu preiſen, den Mächtigen in dem Streit!

Epode.

Meleagros, Heil! Preis dem Gewaltigen!
Dir entgegen ruft lauten Jubel das Volk,
Und die Nymfen des Walds preiſen den Mächtigen,
Der den Feind, den wilden Zerſtörer,
Todt hinſtürzte mit mächtigem Wurf
Des ſchweren glänzenden Eiſens.

Johann Wilhelm von Archenholz

ward am 3. September 1745 zu Langenfurth vor Danzig geboren, erhielt ſeine Erziehung im Cadettenhauſe zu Berlin und trat ſchon ſehr früh (1760) als Offizier in der preußiſchen Armee ein, wo er dem ſiebenjährigen Kriege beiwohnte. Später erhielt er jedoch ſeinen Abſchied als Hauptmann wegen ſeiner Spielſucht und durchreiſte nun faſt ganz Europa, erfreute ſich jedoch nicht des beſten Rufes. Er wußte indeſſen ſeine Reiſen vortrefflich zu benutzen, da es ihm nicht an vielfachen Kenntniſſen fehlte, und trat als gefälliger und gewandter hiſtoriſcher und politiſcher Schriftſteller zu einer Zeit auf, wo ein ſolcher ſehr willkommen ſeyn mußte, da es im Ganzen an Männern fehlte, welche jene Gegenſtände angenehm in deutſcher Sprache zu behandeln wußten. Er lebte nun abwechſelnd in Dresden, Berlin, Leipzig und Hamburg, kaufte ſich ſpäter ein Gut (Oyendorf) in der Nähe der letzteren Stadt und beendete hier ſeine Tage am 28. Februar 1812.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Litteratur und Völkerkunde. Deſſau und Leipzig, 1782–91. 10 Jahrgänge.
England und Italien. — Neue Aufl. Leipzig, 1787. 5 Bde.
Geſchichte des ſiebenjährigen Krieges. N. A. Berlin, 1792. 2 Bde.
Annalen der brittiſchen Geſchichte. Mannheim und Hamburg, 1789–98. 20 Bde.
Kleine hiſtoriſche Schriften. Berl. 1791.
Minerva, ein Journal, 1792–1812. — Seit 1812 fortgeſetzt von D. F. A. Bran, ſeit 1832 von D. F. Bran.
Miscellen zur Geſchichte des Tages. — 2 Bde. Hamburg und Göttingen, 1795.
Geſchichte Guſtav Waſa's. Tübingen, 1801.
Ueberſetzungen, kleinere Aufſätze u. ſ. w.

v. A. erfreute ſich ſeiner Zeit großen Beifalls. Scharfblick, Darſtellungstalent, Lebens- und Menſchenkenntniß, Geſchmack und Reinheit der Sprache ſind ihm eigenthümlich, aber er iſt nicht immer gerecht und unparteiiſch, wodurch er leicht in Einſeitigkeit verfällt und mitunter unzuverläſſig wird. Seine Reiſebeſchreibung (England und Italien) und ſeine Geſchichte des ſiebenjährigen Krieges galten lange als Meiſterwerke, bis ſie durch beſſere und vorzüglich treuere Darſtellungen verdrängt wurden. Vorzüglich wußte A. den Ton des Tages zu treffen. Wir theilen als Probe ſeiner Art und Weiſe eine Skizze la Fayette's mit, welche jetzt ein neues Intereſſe hat, da die Zeit nun ſelbſt den Maßſtab zu einer richtigen Würdigung derſelben darreicht.

Vgl. England und Italien. Th. 5. S. 223.—S. 247.
Merkel. Skizzen aus meinem Erinnerungsbuch. Heft 3. S. 243.
Liter. Converſationsblatt. 1821. Nr. 255. 258. 262.

La Fayette. *)

Die Geſchichte zeigt uns keine Revolution, ohne große Männer. Es iſt nicht genug, daß das Maaß der Unterdrückung eines Volks voll iſt, daß eine Nation bis zu der Geiſtesreife und der Macht gediehen, wo ſie fähig iſt, Vorurtheile zu beſiegen, und ſklaviſche Feſſeln zu zerbrechen. Nein. Wenn die Deſpotie und ein Zuſammenfluß von Umſtänden die Keime einer Revolution auch wirklich entwickelt haben, und alles zu einem glücklichen Erfolg ſich bereit zeigt, ſo kann ſie dennoch ohne außerordentliche, mit ſeltnen Eigenſchaften des Geiſtes und Herzens begabte Männer nicht ausgeführt werden. Fehlen dieſe Männer, ſo wird die verſuchte Anſtrengung des Volks unterdrückt, und man ſpricht von einer gedämpften Rebellion; geleitet aber durch Weisheit und Muth wird dieſe Anſtrengung durch Erfolg gekrönt, und ſo führt ſie zu einer Revolution. Ohne Brutus und Collatinus wären die Tyrannen von den ewig berühmten ſieben Hügeln nicht verjagt worden; eine Vertreibung, die den Grund zu der Größe Roms legte. Ohne einen Cromwell hätten die Engländer noch lange nicht über ihre Freiheit nachgedacht, und hätten höchſt wahrſcheinlich ihre glorreiche Revolution von 1688 nicht vollzogen; ſo wie die Amerikaner uns gewiß nicht das große Schauſpiel einer gewaltſamen Befreiung von dem ſo mächtigen Mutterlande gegeben hätten, wären nicht, ohne die erhabenen Perſonen von minderer Größe zu nennen, Waſhington und Franklin ihre Führer geweſen.

Mit eben ſolchem Rechte kann man behaupten, daß die Revolution in Frankreich ohne Mirabeau nicht vollbracht worden, und ohne la Fayette nur von ſehr kurzer Dauer geweſen wäre. Der erſtere wirkte mächtig, bald durch ſeine Beredſamkeit, bald durch ſein Beyſpiel, und wußte ſeinen Starkmuth auch den neuen Geſetzgebern mitzutheilen; und nichts geringers als la Fayettes Seelengröße, Geiſtesgegenwart,

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*) Aus: J. W. v. Archenholz. Minerva. Ein Journal hiſt. u. polit. Inhalts. B. 5. Febr.-Heft. 1795. Hamburg.

Kaltblütigkeit in Gefahren, Muth, gepaart mit Uneigennützigkeit und allen Tugenden, die die Menſchheit veredeln, waren erforderlich, um in einer ungeheuern Stadt, die das Schickſal des Reichs beſtimmte, wo Ueppigkeit im höchſten Maaße herrſchte, und wo nun auf einmal ein zügellos gewordener zahlloſer Pöbel Titanen ähnlich ſtürmte, den gewaltſamen Durchbruch der Freyheit in gewiſſen Schranken zu halten, und dadurch den Provinzen des Reichs Zutrauen einzuflößen. Ohne la Fayette hätten auch die Greuelſcenen in Verſailles einen andern weit ſchrecklichern Ausgang gehabt. Nur allein ſeine unbegränzte Thätigkeit, ſeine unbeſiegbare Standhaftigkeit, das Beyſpiel ſeiner Tugenden und ſeines Patriotismus, die großmüthige Aufopferung ſeiner Geſundheit und ſeines Vermögens, retteten das Leben vieler Tauſende, ſicherten Paris gegen Plünderung, und ſelbſt das Reich gegen die Greuel einer ſich allmählig nähernden Anarchie. Dieſer Mann, der erſte Bürger Frankreichs, den alle unbefangene und unterrichtete Menſchen in ſeinem Vaterlande und im Auslande verehren, der bey den Griechen und Römern Altäre verdient hätte, und den die ſpäteſte Nachwelt unter der kleinen Anzahl wahrer Helden ſetzen wird, ſchmachtet jetzt wie ein Miſſethäter im Kerker.

Die hier angeführten Tugenden, Talente und Aufopferungen werden ſelbſt von ſeinen grauſamſten Feinden nicht geläugnet; denn ſie gründen ſich auf offenbare, von Tauſenden geſehene, noch in jedermanns Gedächtniß ſchwebenden Thatſachen, die alle Zweifel heben müſſen. Auch ließen ſeine barbariſchen Ankläger, an deren Spitze der größte Böſewicht Frankreichs ſtand, der Beſchützer der entmenſchten Mörder in Avignon, der Stifter ſo vieler Tumulte, Ungerechtigkeiten und Mordſcenen, der Urheber der Cannibal-Scenen am 2. September, das moraliſche Ungeheuer Robespierre, alle obigen Puncte unberührt, und ſchränken ſich allein auf die Beſchuldigung einer ſpätern Verrätherey ein.

La Fayette hatte die überaus ſchwere Kunſt verſtanden, bloß durch ſein Betragen, durch die theoretiſche Aeuſſerung und practiſche Ausübung edler Grundſätze, ohne alle Kunſtgriffe, ſich zu gleicher Zeit die Achtung der National-Verſammlung und der Pariſer Municipalität, die Verehrung der Truppen, das Vertrauen der erleuchteten Patrioten, die Liebe des Volks und der ganzen Nation zu erwerben; ja ſelbſt der König hörte nie auf ihn zu ſchätzen; am wenigſten da er in den Thuillerien im Jahr 1791 als ein Gefangener der Aufſicht dieſes Generals überlaſſen war, und wo der edle Mann auch dieſe ſo ſchwere Pflicht zu jedermanns Zufriedenheit erfüllte. Nur allein die Jacobiner, von denen er ſich entfernt hielt, obwohl es zwiſchen beyden Partheyen noch zu keiner Kriegserklärung gekommen, waren ihm nicht hold, ſo wie ſich auch bey den National-Garden ſchon damals der Brauer Santerre, der ſogenannte Mord-General des 2. Septembers, zum Rival des jungen Helden aufwarf, und, durch die Jacobiner unterſtützt, auch Anhänger fand.

Sobald der König die Conſtitution angenommen hatte, legte la Fayette ſeine Oberbefehlshaberſtelle bey der Pariſer National-Garde nieder, und begab ſich aufs Land. Sein Vermögen, das vor der Revolution in 200,000 Livres Einkünften beſtanden hatte, war durch ſeinen nöthigen Aufwand, als General, da er alle Tage vierzig Officiere, ja manchmal bis auf fünfhundert Perſonen an ſeiner Tafel hatte, und durch ſeine Großmuth, die ſich auf alle Unglücklichen erſtreckte, welche ſich ihm näherten, am Ende des Jahres 1791, als er ſeine Ober-Commandanten-Stelle niederlegte, bis auf 18,000 Livres Einkünfte geſchmolzen. Dieſe ſeine Lage rief die Patrioten zur Dankbarkeit auf. Es ward vorgeſchlagen, ihm den Pallaſt der Militairſchule am Foederationsfelde als ein National-Geſchenk zu übergeben, ſeine Töchter als Kinder des Vaterlandes zu adoptiren, und ſie ſodann auf eine der Großmuth einer mächtigen Nation würdige Art auszuſteuern. La Fayette aber verwarf ſtandhaft alle dieſe Anträge, und alle Beredſamkeit ſeiner Freunde, die ſich auf die Beyſpiele eines Marlborough und Chatham beriefen, groſſe Männer, die nicht die Belohnung ihres Vaterlandes ausgeſchlagen hatten, war vergebens. Der franzöſiſche Patriot wollte allein dem Muſter ſeines erhabenen Lehrers und Freundes, des Americaniſchen Cincinatus, folgen. Man erinnerte ihn, daß dieſer ſein Freund in der Sache der Freyheit ſein Vermögen nicht aufgeopfert, und daß er keine Kinder hätte. La Fayette ſagte, ſein noch übriges Vermögen ſey größer, als ſeine und der Seinigen Bedürfniſſe, und daß er im Grunde reicher wäre, wie jemals, weil er den Luxus beſäße, den er am meiſten gewünſcht hätte, nämlich bürgerliche und Religions-Freyheit. Er verkaufte alle ſeine Güter, und behielt nichts, als einen alten Familienſitz in Auvergne, wo er mit ſeiner Familie hinzog und wo er ſich dem Landbau zu widmen beſchloß. Ja er wollte durch ſein Beyſpiel auch ein Lehrer des franzöſiſchen Volks in dem ſo wenig in Frankreich vervollkommten Ackerbau werden; er verſchrieb deßhalb zwey engliſche zum Landbau und Gartenbau beſtimmte Familien, aus England nach Auvergne; und hier war ſeine Abſicht unter dem Schatten der von ihm ſelbſt gepflanzten Bäume ſein Leben in der Freyheit zu genieſſen, zu deren Gründung er ſo viel beygetragen hatte; ein Ort, den, wie er ſagte, er nicht verlaſſen wollte, es wäre denn, ſein Vaterland gegen feindliche Angriffe zu vertheidigen.

Sein ruhiges Leben aber, das die Schmähungen der Jacobiner nicht zu unterbrechen vermochten, war nur von kurzer Dauer. Der ausbrechende Krieg rief ihn ins Feld an der Spitze eines Heeres. Dies geſchah im März 1792. Noch waren ſeine Tugenden bloß von Böſewichtern und beſoldeten Marktſchreyern angefochten worden. Noch wurde er bey Hofe ſo wie vom Pöbel geehrt. Noch ſtand ſeine Büſte, ein Geſchenk der Americaner, in dem Rathsſaal der Hauptſtadt. Noch arbeiteten die Künſtler an ſo prächtig als ſinnreichen National-Geſchenken, die man ihm beſtimmt hatte. Noch wurde ſein Name mit Verehrung in allen Provinzen des Reichs genannt, wie zahlloſe Adreſſen bezeugten. Noch prieſen ihn mit ſehr geringer Ausnahme faſt alle Journaliſten. Noch beſangen ihn die Dichter. Noch ertönten die Rednerbühnen im Senat ſo wie in den patriotiſchen Clubs von ſeinem Lobe, und alle aufgeklärte ächte Patrioten ſtimmten mit ein. Noch erſchien er in der National-Verſammlung unter lautem Beyfall. Noch legte ihm der Präſident unter andern Lobſprüchen auch den erhabenen Titel bey: Held der beyden Welten. Noch drängte ſich das Volk mit Jubelgeſchrey zu ſeinem Pallaſt, und begleitete ihn zu vielen Tauſenden beym Abſchiede mit Thränen der Liebe und des Kummers bis vor den Barrieren von Paris.

Nur ein unzweydeutiges, offenes, gleichförmiges und durchaus edles Betragen konnte eine ſo allgemeine Volksſtimmung hervorbringen. Kaum reifte la Fayette zum Jüngling heran, ſo ging er heimlich nach Amerika, focht für die dortige Freyheit, ſtudirte die Natur derſelben, erwarb ſich unter den Americanern eine allgemeine Hochachtung, und kam berühmt durch Erfahrung und Einſichten, mit Wunden und Lorbeern nach Frankreich zurück. War es ein Wunder, daß ein ſolcher Mann ein thätiger Theilnehmer an der Revolution in ſeinem Lande war! Aber auch hier blieb er ſeinem Character getreu. Keine Unbeſonnenheiten, keine Schwärmereyen, kein Toben in der National-Verſammlung, keine Cabalen auſſer derſelben, zeichneten ſeine Handlungen aus, deſtomehr aber die zweckmäßigſten Bemühungen, der eintretenden Unordnung und den mannichfaltigen Greueln zu ſteuern. Alle Geſetze, die auf eine ausgedehnte Freyheit ſeiner Mitbürger abzweckten, hatten ſeine herzliche Beyſtimmung; auch war er einer der erſten, der ſeine Geburt, ſeine Ahnenreiche Familie, ſo wie ſeinen Rang vergaß, um für die Abſchaffung des Adels zu ſtimmen.

Obgleich mit jugendlicher Kraft und einem faſt unbezwingbaren Muth ausgerüſtet, war la Fayette doch einigemale in den Jahren 1790 und 1791 auf dem Punct, den Machinationen ſeiner Gegner unterzuliegen; Gegner, die von zwiefacher höchſt verſchiedener Compoſition waren, und hier zwar nicht gemeinſchaftlich, doch auf ein Ziel losarbeiteten: die wüthenden Democraten, die den philoſophiſchen Befehlshaber nicht zu ihrer Fahne bringen konnten, und die wüthenden Ariſtocraten, die ſeine Thätigkeit bey der Revolution verabſcheuten. Beyde Theile hatten ſeinen Untergang geſchworen, und beyde waren unerſchöpflich an Erfindungen, an Kränkungen jeder Art, an Verläumdungen und perſönlichen Beleidigungen, wozu endlich auch gedungene Meuchelmörder kamen, von denen einer am hellen Tage nach ihm ſtieß, ihm das Pferd unterm Leibe verwundete, auch feſtgenommen wurde, dem aber der Edle auf der Stelle verzieh. Durch Ränke aller Art aufs äuſſerſte getrieben, reſignirte er im Jahr 1791 ſeinen Poſten als General-Commandant; allein ſeinem Patriotismus getreu, dem er ſchon ſo viel aufgeopfert, ließ er ſich noch am nämlichen Tage als gemeiner Soldat bey der Nationalgarde einzeichnen. Nur das unabläſſige Bitten der ganzen Pariſer National-Armee überwand ſeinen Entſchluß. Die Ränke gegen ihn wurden nun verdoppelt. So aber wie der Körper des Achill blieb der Character des la Fayette unverwundbar. Alle Pfeile prallten von einem Mann ab, der ſo ſtark wie wenige Menſchen ſeines Jahrhunderts mit Ehre und Tugend gepanzert war.

Dieſer Umſtand und alle mißlungenen Anſchläge ermüdeten die ariſtocratiſchen Gegner, nicht aber die wüthenden Democraten, die endlich einen hölliſchen Plan erdachten. Sie ließen von einem gedungenen Pöbel unter dem Vorwand, den König abzuſetzen, (es war noch vor ſeiner mißlungenen Flucht) einen großen Tumult erregen; der Altar des Vaterlandes wurde gewaltſam in Beſitz genommen; alles Bitten und alle Vorſtellungen wurden verſpottet, die anrückenden National-Garden mit Steinen begrüßt, mehrere Soldaten verwundet, und nun mußte der bedrängte la Fayette, dem die Wehmuth Thränen auspreßte, Feuer geben laſſen, wodurch einige Tumultuanten umſamen. Einige meiner Freunde, die damals nahe um ſeine Perſon waren, haben dieſe Thränen des tiefſten Schmerzes flieſſen, ſehen. Jetzt wurde er von den Jacobinern als ein Mörder ſeiner Mitbürger verſchrien, und da er ein Verwandter des Bouille war, ſo mußte auch dieſer Umſtand dienen, ihn mit jenem wahrhaft verabſcheuungswürdigen Verräther in eine Claſſe zu ſetzen, und ihm ſchwarze Complotte anzudichten. Dennoch wirkten dieſe Beſchuldigungen nur noch ſehr wenig, oder eigentlich gar nicht aufs Volk; deſto tiefern Eindruck aber machten ſie auf das Gemüth des groſſen Mannes. Nur allein das Bewußtſeyn der Reinigkeit ſeiner Abſichten, die groſſe Sache ſeines Vaterlandes, der Beyfall der edelſten Menſchen, und die fortdauernde unbegränzte Verehrung des Volks vermochten ihn, allen angewandten Bemühungen ſeiner Feinde zu trotzen, die ihm ſeine Popularität nicht verzeihen konnten. Ein auffallender Beweis dieſer Popularität war, daß am Ende des Jahres 1791 nur ſehr wenig Stimmen fehlten, ſo hätte der abweſende und damals nichts als Ruhe wünſchende la Fayette bey der Wahl eines Maire von Paris über ſeinen Mitcandidaten, den in der Hauptſtadt anweſenden, raſtlos ſich bewerbenden und von der ganzen Jacobinermacht unterſtützten Petion den Sieg davon getragen; ein Sieg, der das Schickſal Frankreichs entſchied, da ohne denſelben die ſchrecklichen Pariſer Begebenheiten des Jahres 1792 ſo wenig als der Königsmord nicht geſchehn wären, nicht geſchehn konnten; den ſeine Anweſenheit in Paris, oder auch nur die geringſte Bewerbung zu ſeinem Vortheil unfehlbar entſchieden hätte, und der jetzt ſeinem ehrſüchtigen Gegner zum Looſe fiel; ein Sieg, der bloß durch die Nachläſſigkeit mehrerer tauſend an la Fayette hängender Wahlbürger veranlaßt wurde, die, durch ſeine gänzliche Unthätigkeit und Sorgloſigkeit bey der Wahl irre gemacht, ſich nicht zum Stimmen eingeſtellt hatten.

Es ſchien, als ob die Häupter der Jacobiner, als die eigentlichen Gegner des la Fayette, nunmehr verzweifelten, ihn zu Boden reiſſen zu können, da ſie nun aber dieſen mit der Volksliebe zu ſehr begabten Mann zu ihren Abſichten durchaus nöthig glaubten, ſo blieb kein Mittel unverſucht, ihn zu gewinnen; und noch im März 1792, als er auf kurze Zeit nach Paris kam, wurde deshalb ein neuer Verſuch gemacht. Laute Verachtung war die moraliſch preißwürdige, vielleicht aber unpolitiſche Antwort eines Mannes, der, von allen Augen beobachtet, auf einer dornichten Laufbahn nie anders als nach den Grundſätzen der Rechtſchaffenheit und Tugend gehandelt hatte und auch ſo forthandeln wollte; und nun reiſte er nach Metz, um das Commando ſeiner Armee zu übernehmen.

Von dieſem Augenblicke an war ſein Untergang unwiderruflich beſchloſſen. Kein Sitzungstag verging im Jacobinerclub zu Paris, wo nicht von den Demagogen Robespierre, Marat, Carra, Collot, Briſſot, Merlin, Chabot, Duhem, Thuriot und andern verworfenen Menſchen dieſer Race laute Verwünſchungen gegen ihn ausgeſtoſſen, und er, der offene, biedermüthige la Fayette, als der treuloſeſte aller Verräther, und als das gröſte Ungeheuer auf Erden aufgeſtellt wurde. Der Scheingrund dazu war der, daß er bey ſeiner Anweſenheit in Paris aus Wohlſtand mehreremale im Pallaſt der Thuillerien geweſen, und der König, der ihn hochachtete, und hochhalten wußte, ihm eben keine Beweiſe des Haſſes gegeben hatte. Nunmehr fingen auch die Jacobiniſchen Mitglieder in der National-Verſammlung an, la Fayette zu verläumden; ein gleiches geſchah in den Verſammlungen der Municipalität und der Sectionen, ohne jedoch die geringſten Beweiſe anzuführen; auch thaten es die ſchändlichen Zeitungsſchreiber: ſelbſt der Jacobiner Condorcet, der die Societät fürchtete, ſchämte ſich nicht, auch in dieſen Ton mit einzuſtimmen. Hiezu kamen noch die Beredſamkeit der Straſſenredner, die Affichen ans Volk, und die Gaſſenlieder.

La Fayette achtete alles dieſes nicht; allein nun nahmen die Jacobiniſchen Miniſter das Staatsruder in die Hand, und jetzt fing ſein Unglück an. Er erhielt Befehl zum Aufbruch, und ſeiner Armee fehlte alles; ſie hatte kein Brod, keine Fourage, kein Pulver, keine Pferde; weder die Gewehre noch die Kanonen waren in hinreichender Anzahl vorhanden; ja nicht einmal Schuhe hatten die Soldaten, und der Krieg fing erſt an. Der Feldherr überwand jedoch anfangs alle dieſe unüberſteigbar ſcheinenden Schwierigkeiten, ſetzte ſich in Marſch und betrat das feindliche Land. Der Mangel wurde immer gröſſer und immer fühlbarer und die Kriegsminiſter, ſowohl Graves als ſein Nachfolger Servan, beyde eifrige Glieder des boshaften Bundes, hatten nicht den mindeſten Willen, ſeinen Bedürfniſſen abzuhelfen, damit die Jacobiner in der National-Verſammlung deſto leichter ihn einer abſichtsvollen Unthätigkeit und boshaften Verrätherey anklagen konnten. In dieſer ſchrecklichen Lage ſchickte la Fayette ſeinen Adjutanten la Colombe nach Paris, um von den Machthabern das der Armee Nöthige als eine Gunſt zu erflehen; allein dieſer Adjutant erhielt kein Gehör. Ich befand mich mit ihm in Geſellſchaft wo er das grauſame Schickſal ſeines Generals bejammerte, und anführte, daß la Fayette jetzt keinen andern Wunſch hätte, als durch eine feindliche Kugel nur bald ſein Leben zu endigen.

Das Geſchrey über ſeine ſogenannte treuloſe Unthätigkeit wurde immer gröſſer, und doch vermochten ſeine Gegner damals noch nicht durchzudringen, als dieſe, unterſtützt von den beyden verrufenſten Pariſer Magiſtrats-Perſonen, Petion und Manuel, im Monat May, die Büſte des la Fayette aus dem Rathsſaal wegſchaffen wollten. Petion hatte dabey allen ſeinen Credit aufgeboten, und Manuel alle ſeine Intriguen zu Hülfe gerufen, aber zu ihrer Kränkung vergebens. Noch ſiegte die Tugend. Bald nachher ereigneten ſich die Scenen am 20. Juny, die bekanntlich den Feldherrn bewogen, ſeine ohnehin zur Unthätigkeit beſtimmte Armee auf wenige Tage zu verlaſſen, und vor den Schranken der National-Verſammlung über die Jacobiner und ihre böſen Entwürfe laute Klagen zu führen. Wie groß mußte das Bewußtſeyn, tadelfrey gehandelt zu haben, der dieſem Manne ſeyn, der es wagte, mitten unter ſeinen mit aller Macht bewaffneten Feinden zu erſcheinen, und auf ſeine Unſchuld zu trotzen! Er gieng aus der National-Verſammlung ganz allein, ohne alle Begleitung durchs Volk nach den Thuillerien, um den König, als das conſtitutionsmäßige Oberhaupt des Reichs, in ſeinem leidenden Zuſtande zu tröſten. Höchſtwahrſcheinlich hielt er den Monarchen für patriotiſch gutgeſinnt, und glaubte noch nicht an die hernach bekannt gewordenen, und wahrlich übelausgeſonnenen Machinationen des Hofes; wenigſtens konnte er demſelben nicht die Schuld der Unthätigkeit und des bey allen Armeen herrſchenden groſſen Mangels geben, da die volle Macht, dieſe Hinderniſſe zu heben, ganz allein von den Jacobiniſchen Miniſtern abhing.

Man bittet die Leſer, auf dieſen höchſtwichtigen Umſtand wohl zu achten, der, unterſtützt von den bekannteſten Thatſachen, der allgemeinen Behauptung geradezu widerſpricht, als wäre zur beſſern Führung des Kriegs die Regierungsänderung eine abſolute Nothwendigkeit geweſen.

„Warum thaten denn die mit aller Gewalt, ſo wie mit Anweiſungen auf die Schatzkammer reichlich verſehenen, und mit dem Zutrauen der National-Verſammlung begabten Miniſter in Zeit von viertehalb Monaten, von der Mitte des März bis Ende des Juny, nichts, gar nichts?"

„Warum wurde dem Mangel an allen Feldbedürfniſſen weder bey la Fayettes, noch bey Luckners Armee in dieſer langen Zeit nicht abgeholfen?"

Auch die Armee des Rochambeau hatte Mangel an allem, und da dieſer Feldherr vor ſeinen unwürdigen Gegnern nicht kriechen wollte, ſo wurde er mit proſcribirt, und durch die empfindlichſten Kränkungen gezwungen, ſeinen Poſten zu reſigniren. Luckner verſuchte ſich leidend zu verhalten; die Klagen über den Mangel bey ſeiner Armee waren gemäßigt, ſo groß auch ſein Verdruß über den ſchlechten Zuſtand ſeines Heeres und die dadurch erzeugte Unthätigkeit war. Die böſen Abſichten des Hofes hielten doch die Miniſter nicht ab, das Nöthige anzuſchaffen und transportiren zu laſſen! Nichts aber von allen dieſen ſo unumgänglich nöthigen Maasregeln geſchahe; denn es war der tiefgelegte Plan der Republikaniſchen Demagogen, ſelbſt bey dem gefahrdrohenden Anzuge der deutſchen Heere, dieſe Unthätigkeit allenthalben zu unterhalten, um deſto leichter, deſto überzeugender und lauter über die Verrätherey der Feldherrn zu ſchreyen, la Fayette und andere Jacobiniſche Feinde, deren Widerſetzung man fürchten mußte, aufzuopfern, und hernach die Conſtitution vernichten zu können. Hier war der Project der Ausführung von Lieblings-Entwürfen und die Zuflucht der Rache mächtig vereinigt. Dieſer Zweck wurde auch vollkommen erreicht.

La Fayette, mit allem Nöthigen ausgerüſtet, wäre an der Spitze der Freyheits-Soldaten der fürchterlichſte Feind für Deutſchlands Beherrſcher geweſen. Es waren von ihm keine dictatoriſche Freyheits-Vorſchriften in Belgien, keine Stiftungen von ausländiſchen Clubs, keine politiſche Nothzüchtigungen, keine gewaltſame Aufpflanzung von Freyheits-Bäumen, keine beleidigende Großſprechereyen, keine Brandſchatzungen freundſchaftlicher Städte zu erwarten; wohl aber ein Verfahren, das, von anſchaulichen Dingen begleitet, den Verſtand beſiegt, und die Herzen denkender und undenkender Menſchen unwiderſtehlich bezwungen haben würde.

Und dieſer Mann wurde des Hochverraths beſchuldigt! Das heißt: Ein exemplariſch tugendhafter, höchſt uneigennütziger, gnügſamer und bis zum Romanhaften edelmüthiger Mann wäre auf einmal ein Böſewicht geworden; ein nach wahrer Ehre ringender, und ihr allein huldigender Mann hätte alle ſeine Grundſätze verläugnet, alle ſeine in zwey Welttheilen erworbenen Lorbeern befleckt, um ein Verbrecher zu werden: um die ſchwerſte aller nur denkbaren Unternehmungen auszuführen: den Ariſtocratismus in Frankreich wieder herzuſtellen, als worauf es eigentlich angeſehn war. Und ſein groſſes Ziel, wenn das unmöglich ſcheinende wirklich glückte? Ein Hofmann zu werden, oder ein Satrape einer Provinz; vorausgeſetzt, daß man den Hofe ſein erſtes freyheitsathmendes Betragen großmüthig vergeſſen hätte.

Und welche Beweiſe hat man, um dieſe ſo boshafte als unſinnige Beſchuldigung zu belegen? Keine, gar keine! Es wurden weder bey der Plünderung der Thuillerien am 10. Auguſt, wo man ſo viele Papiere fand, noch bey dem ſo ſeltſam zurückgelaſſenen Briefſchatz in Sedan, noch in dem berüchtigten Wandloch des königlichen Schloſſes von la Fayette auch nicht das geringſte Blatt, noch überhaupt irgend ein Brief entdeckt, der auf geheime Abſichten dieſes Feldherrn angeſpielt hätte. Auch nicht die entfernteſte Spur zeigte ſich davon. Zwar ſprachen Chabot, Merlin, Robespierre und andere Böſewichter dieſes Gelichters oft im National-Convent von aufgefundenen Briefen dieſes Generals; nie aber wurde bis zum heutigen Tage (den 24. Januar 1793) kein einziger vorgezeigt, ja nicht einmal der Inhalt eines ſolchen Briefes bekannt, um durch die Entlarvung des ſogenannten Verräthers la Fayette, ſo vielen einſichtsvollen, ehrliebenden Menſchen, die ihn ſeit vier Jahren einſtimmig losgeſprochen hatten, Hohn zu ſprechen und Lügen zu ſtrafen. Es war, ſonderbar genug! ein Verräther da, aber keine Verräthereyen.

Der Untergang dieſes Feldherrn war ganz unvermeidlich, ſobald am 10. Auguſt viele ſeiner angeſehenſten Freunde, worunter ſich die ehrwürdigen Männer la Rochefoucault und du Port du Tertre befanden, gemordet wurden, als ſeine erbitterten Feinde die würdigſten Patrioten, an deren Spitze der edle Vaublanc ſtand, aus der National-Verſammlung gedrängt hatten, und das wahrhaft reſpectable Departement von Paris aufgehoben und an deren Stelle eine Anzahl Lotterbuben, die Commune genannt, gekommen war. Die ſchimpfliche Zurückberufung des la Fayette war eine der erſten Handlungen der neuen Machthaber. Commiſſarien waren unterweges; die benachbarten Departements unſchlüſſig; ſeine Truppen betäubt. Wie konnte ein Mann von dem Charakter des la Fayette bey einer ſolchen Gelegenheit eine niedrige Unterwerfung gegen unwürdige Geſetzgeber zeigen? Er äußerte natürlich eine Art von Widerſtand, die keine Folgen hatte, aber völlig hinreichend ſchien, ihn jetzt als einen unbezweifelten Verräther vogelfrey zu erklären; und nun blieb ihm bei einem längern Verweilen in ſeinem Vaterlande kein andrer Proſpect übrig, als unter den Händen des Scharfrichters, oder von der Fauſt eines Meuchelmörders zu fallen. Alle Beſtandtheile ſeines Charakters geben den großen moraliſchen Beweis, daß er, um die Sache der Freyheit, für die er ſo lange geſtritten hatte, zu befördern, den Tod nicht vermieden haben würde; allein dieſer mit allen nur denkbaren Schandzeichen verbundene Tod konnte ſeinem Vaterlande nichts nützen; im Gegentheil war es Pflicht, zu deſſen Dienſt in künftigen minder unglücklichen Zeiten ſein Leben aufzubehalten. Nur allein durch eine ſchleunige Entfernung konnte er den Triumph ſeiner Feinde vereiteln, und dies beſtimmte ſeinen Entſchluß. Er wollte nach Holland gehn, als er den Oeſterreichiſchen Truppen in die Hände fiel, die ihn den Preußen übergaben; und nun wurde ihm, nicht als ein Kriegsgefangener, denn er hatte den feindlichen Dienſt verlaſſen; nicht als ein Staatsverbrecher, denn die neue franzöſiſche Regierung war nicht anerkannt, aus unbekannten, muthmaßlich ſehr weiſen Abſichten ein Preußiſches Gefängniß zum Looſe; eine Lage, die er wohl nicht ahnete, als er an der Seite des großen Friedrichs, und von ihm vorzüglich begünſtigt, der letzten Muſterung dieſes unſterblichen Monarchen beywohnte.

Johann Christoph Anton Freiherr von Aretin

ward am 12. December 1773 zu München geboren, zeichnete ſich ſchon früh durch Wiſſen und Talent aus und ward bereits 1793 kurfürſtlicher Hofrath daſelbſt, 1799 Generallandesdirectionsrath, 1804 Oberhofbibliothekar und Vicepräſident der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften. Seine heftigen Zänkereien und Händel wurden jedoch die Urſache, daß er 1811 München verlaſſen und ſich als Director des Appellationsgerichts, deſſen Vicepräſident er 1813 wurde, nach Neuburg begeben mußte. 1819 kehrte er als Landtagsdeputirter nach München zurück und ging von hier als Präſident des Appellationsgerichtes nach Amberg im Rezatkreiſe, wo er am 24. December 1824 ſtarb.

Seine eigenen Schriften ſind:

Zwei Kantaten. München, 1795.
Literatur der baieriſchen Geſchichte. München, 1800.
Von den älteſten Denkmälern der Buchdruckerkunſt in Baiern. München, 1801.
Die Ausſprüche der Minnegerichte. München, 1803.
Die älteſte Sage über die Geburt und Jugend Karls des Großen. München, 1803.
Geſchichte der Juden in Baiern. Landshut, 1803.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte und Literatur. München, 1803—1805.
Mnemonik. Zw. A. Sulzbach, 1810.
Baieriſch-tyroliſche Denkwürdigkeiten. 2 Th. Münch. 1807.
Biographie Napoleon's. Wien, 1810.
Literariſches Handbuch für die baieriſche Geſchichte. München, 1810.
Nachrichten zur baieriſchen Geſchichte. München, 1812. 2 Thle.
Sachſen und Preußen. o. O. 1815.
Ludwig der Baier. Schauſpiel. München, 1820.

Herausgegeben wurde von ihm:

Aurora. München, 1804—6.
Literariſcher Anzeiger. 1806 fgde.
Politiſche Miscellen. 1805 fgde.
Allemannia. 1815, 16 u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Als fleißiger Sammler und Forſcher beſonders auf dem Gebiete der Weltgeſchichte und der Geſchichte der Literatur verdient v. A. lebhafte Anerkennung. Seine Intoleranz gegen Andersdenkende und ſein heftiges gehäſſiges Weſen erwarben ihm jedoch viele Feinde und ſchadeten ſeinem Rufe ſehr. — Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen erregten nie große Aufmerkſamkeit.

Bernhard Christoph d'Arien

ward am 20. Juli 1754 zu Hamburg geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem hamburgiſchen Johanneum, ſtudirte dann die Rechte in Leipzig, wo er ſich 1778 die juriſtiſche Doctorwürde erwarb, und brachte ſein übriges Leben in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Rechtsanwald zu. Er ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1794.

Seine ſchriftſtelleriſche Muſe war hauptſächlich dem Theater gewidmet, und er erfreute ſich ſeiner Zeit nicht geringen Beifalls bei der Menge; da er aber zu raſch und flüchtig arbeitete, ſo wurden ſeine Leiſtungen, denen ein höherer poetiſcher Werth gänzlich abging, ſehr bald wieder vergeſſen, und ſein Name lebte nur noch in literärhiſtoriſchen Werken. Zu ſeinen vorzüglichſten dramatiſchen Arbeiten, welche faſt alle einzeln gedruckt erſchienen, gehören:

Claus Storzebecher, ein vaterländiſches Trauerſpiel. Hamburg, 1783.
Schauſpiele von D. B. C. d'Arien. Hamburg, 1783. u. ſ. w.

Ein vollſtändiges Verzeichniß ſeiner Schriften findet ſich in Meuſel's gelehrtem Deutſchland. 5. Ausg. Bd. 1. S. 89. B. 9. S. 33.

Ernſt Moritz Arndt

ward am 26. December 1769 zu Schoritz auf der Inſel Rügen geboren, machte, nachdem er ſeine Studien geendet, eine größere Reiſe durch Deutſchland, Frankreich und Italien und ward darauf im Jahre 1805 Adjunct, 1806 aber außerordentlicher Profeſſor in der philoſophiſchen Facultät an der Univerſität zu Greifswalde. Früher Napoleon's Lobredner, ſah er bald, welche Knechtſchaft durch ihn dem deutſchen Lande drohe, und trat nun ſo entſchieden, kräftig und kühn gegen denſelben auf, daß er ſich 1808 genöthigt ſah, um ſich vor den Verfolgungen zu retten, ſein Heil in einer Flucht nach Schweden zu ſuchen. Zur Zeit des Völkerkrieges kehrte er zurück und trug nicht wenig durch ſeine Schriften wie durch ſein eigenes Beiſpiel dazu bei, die Deutſchen zum Kampfe zu entflammen. 1818 ward er ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte in Bonn, ſah ſich jedoch kurz darauf in demagogiſche Unterſuchungen verwickelt, welche ihm die Lehrfreiheit raubten. — Er ward indeſſen freigeſprochen.

Außer vielen politiſchen und patriotiſchen Flugſchriften, welche A. während des Befreiungskrieges gleichſam als Boten der Freiheit unter das Volk ſendete, lieferte er:

Reiſe durch einen Theil Deutſchlands, Italiens und Frankreichs. Leipzig, 1800 ff. 6 Thle.
Ueber die Freiheit der alten Republiken. Greifswalde, 1800.
Germanien und Europa. Altona, 1803.
Gedichte. Roſtock, 1804. N. A. Frankf. 1818.
Der Storch und ſeine Familie. Trag. Greifswalde, 1804. N. A. 1815.
Fragmente über Menſchenbildung. Alt. 1805—19. 3 Thle.
Ideen über die höchſte hiſtoriſche Anſicht der Sprache. Roſtock, 1805.
Reiſe durch Schweden. Berlin, 1806. 4 Thle.
Geiſt der Zeit. 1806—1818. 4 Thle.
Briefe an Freunde. Alt. 1810.
Einleitung zu hiſtoriſchen Characterſchilderungen. Berlin, 1810.
Glocke der Stunde. Königsberg, 1812.
Hiſtoriſches Taſchenbuch für 1813 und 1814. St. Petersburg und Königsberg.
Ueber die Franzoſen und über uns. 1813. 1814.
Lieder für Deutſche. 1813.
Anſichten und Ausſichten der deutſchen Geſchichte. Leipzig, 1814.
Kriegslieder und Wehrlieder. Frankfurt, 1815.
Der Wächter. Köln, 1815. 3 Thle.
Mährchen und Jugenderinnerungen. Berl. 1818.
Erinnerungen aus Schweden. Berlin, 1819.
Nebenſtunden. Leipzig, 1826.
Chriſtliches und Türkiſches. Stuttgart, 1828.
Die Frage über die Niederlande und die Rheinlande. Leipzig, 1831.
Mehrere Ueberſchriften u. ſ. w. Leipzig 1831 u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Wir wüßten nicht leicht einen Mann zu nennen, der mehr die Achtung und Verehrung ſeiner Landsleute verdiente, als Ernſt Moritz Arndt, obwohl ihm ſeine Gegner vorwerfen, er ſei in den letzten Jahren nicht mit der Zeit fortgeſchritten. In ſeinen Reiſen und wiſſenſchaftlichen Werken zeigt ſich die höchſte Wahrheitsliebe und Treue, verbunden mit Scharfblick, Klarheit, ausgebreiteter Kenntniß, Lebenserfahrung und tiefer Bildung, geſchmückt durch die edelſte und kräftigſte Sprache. Seine Feder war in jenen Zeiten des wogenden Kampfes ein ſcharfes, zweiſchneidiges Schwert; ſeine ſiegverkündenden, glühenden Lieder haben manches deutſche Herz zu freudiger, heldenmüthiger That begeiſtert, und A. iſt einer von den wenigen Schriftſtellern, die ſich ſtets treu geblieben ſind in ihrem ernſten und heiligen Beſtreben für das Gute, Wahre und Große. Sein Geiſt der Zeit, ein Meiſterwerk, erregte bei ſeinem Erſcheinen ungeheures Aufſehn.

In Arndt's dichteriſchen Werken findet ſich die zarteſte Innigkeit mit der reichſten Phantaſie, dem wärmſten und reinſten Gefühle für die edelſten Intereſſen der Menſchen, kindlicher Einfachheit und einer ſchönen und ernſten Sprache verſchwiſtert. — Wenn wir einige ſeiner früheſten Lieder und aus ſeinen proſaiſchen Leiſtungen nur ein niedliches Mährchen mittheilen, ſo geſchieht das, um etwas allgemein Anſprechendes zu geben. — Seine patriotiſchen Dichtungen leben im Munde des Volkes; ſeine wiſſenſchaftlichen und politiſchen Schriften ſind nicht Allen zugänglich und verſtändlich; in die Unſchuld der Kinderjahre wird ſich aber Jeder gern durch dieſen echt deutſchen Mann zurückgeführt ſehn. — Wer mehr von ihm zu leſen wünſcht, wird es auch zu finden wiſſen. —

Lebenslied.

Steh und falle mit eignem Kopfe!
Thu' das Deine und thu' es friſch!
Beſſer ſteckt an dem irdnen Topfe,
Als demüthig am goldnen Tiſch.
Höhe hat Tiefe,
Weltmeer hat Riffe,
Gold hat Kummer und Schlangengeziſch.

Bau Dein Neſt, weil der Frühling währet,
Luſtig bau's in die Welt hinein!
Hell der Himmel ſich droben klären,
Drunten duften die Blümelein.
Wagen gewinnet,
Schwäche zerrinnet,
Wage! dulde! die Welt iſt Dein.

Steh nicht horchend, was Narren ſprechen;
Jedem blüht aus der Bruſt ſein Stern.
Schickſal webet an ſtyg'ſchen Bächen,
Folgen webet es ſchrecklich fern.
Steige hinnieder!
Faſſe die Hyder!
Starken folget das Starke gern.

Wechſelnd geht unter Leid und Freuden
Nicht mitfühlend der ſchnelle Tag.
Jeder ſuche zum Kranz beſcheiden,
Was von Blumen er haben mag.
Jugend verblühet,
Freude entfliehet:
Lebe! halte! doch lauf nicht nach.

Des Knaben Segen.

Wir haben den Knaben ins Gras gelegt
Wie der Schelm ſich luſtig bewegt!
Wie er ſtrebet mit Händen und Füßen
Will mit Gewalt hinein in den ſüßen
Taumel, der um ihn ſummt und ſchwirrt.
Wie ihm das Auge lebendig wird!
Läßt es in der Entzückung ſchweifen
In des Lichts unermeßlichem Blau;
Möchte alles ſo gern genau
Mit den Fingern und Augen greifen,
Möchte in das fröhliche Leben
Mit den Schwalben und Bienen ſchweben,
Möchte ſich ſtürzen nimmerſatt
In der Welten unendliches Bad. —

Kleiner Unſchuldiger, halte ſtill!
Dein Geſchlecht kann nicht, was es will.
Ach! wie ſchimmert Dir, ſüßer Knabe,
In dem Blick die gefährliche Gabe,
Alles zu faſſen mit inniger Luſt,
Alles zu ziehen in die Bruſt!
Wirſt den unendlichen Durſt nicht ſtillen,
Wirſt die unendliche Bruſt nicht füllen.

Spiele denn die fröhliche Zeit,
Ehe der Lenz mit den Blumen verſchneit,
Ehe die ſüße Nachtigall ſchweigt
Und der Sommer mit Wettern zeucht.
O wie wird's dann dem Buſen enge!
Wie iſt auf dem Wege ſo heiß das Gedränge!
Ein ewig Fluchen und Stoßen und Treiben —
Kannſt nicht fliehen und kannſt nicht bleiben,
Darfſt nicht lieben und ſollſt nicht haſſen:
Wo ſoll das geängſtete Herz ſich laſſen?
Flehend ſuchet das Aug' umher,
Wie der Wehrloſe nach dem Speer:
Sehnſt Dich hinaus aus dem wilden Getümmel
Unter der Kindheit freundlichen Himmel,
Zu dem Steckenpferde, zum Ball;
Wünſcheſt, daß in der ſchönen Erde,
Ferne von Sonne und Vogelſchall,
Dir die Ruhe gegraben werde.

Wir haben den Knaben geſetzt auf die Bühne,
Worauf er künftig ſpielen ſoll.
Es gehe dem Unſchuldigen wohl!
Wir vertrauen ihn Dir, Erde, Du grüne!
Dir, leuchtender Himmel! liebevoll.
Wollet ihm kindlich das Herz bewahren
In der Verſchuldung böſen Jahren!
Wollet ihn machen liebereich!
So bleibt das Herz ihm fromm und weich.
Großes Schickſal, das mächtig waltet
Und das Leben verborgen geſtaltet,
Nimm die lächelnde Unſchuld hin!
Geſund iſt ſein Leib, geſund ſein Sinn,
Iſt in ſüßer Liebe gebohren:
Laß ihn freundlich führen die Horen.

Wir haben zu den Göttern gebetet,
Drum leiſe um das Kindlein tretet.
Er iſt von Himmel und Erde geſegnet,
Vom Schickſal, das uns ſtill begegnet.
Drum weicher, als des Kranken Kiſſen,
Sei um die Kindheit das Gewiſſen.
Sie gleichet wohl dem ſüßen Mai,
Liebt ſüße Geſänge, doch kein Geſchrei,
Mag ſtill ſchauend in Blumen liegen
Und läßt ſich ſpielend in Schlummer wiegen.

Der Knabe und die Jungfrau.

Der Knabe ſprach zur Jungfrau ſchön
Nach ſüßem Liebesſcherz:
„Horch! ſchon die Morgenlüfte wehn,
Süß Lieb', ich muß von hinnen gehn;
Leb wohl, Du trautes Herz!“

Die Jungfrau zu dem Knaben ſprach:
„Iſt Dir das Bleiben Müh?
Noch ſtreifet nicht den Oſt der Tag,
Noch rufet nicht der Finkenſchlag;
Was eileſt Du ſo früh?“

Die Jungfrau zu dem Knaben ſprach:
„Wird Dir die Luſt ſchon alt?
Wie oft Dein Herz an meinem lag,
Wann ſchon mit Licht der rothe Tag
Guckt' in den grünen Wald!“

„Ach! Jungfrau! ſüße Jungfrau ſchön!
Die liebe Mutter ſchilt:
Was thuſt Du, Knabe, früh aufſtehn?
Sieh! Deine Wangen Dir vergehn;
Siehſt wie ein Jammerbild.

Ach! Jungfrau! ſüße Jungfrau ſchön!
Der Tag iſt heiß und lang
Und keinen Schlaf die Augen ſehn;
Ich muß des Vaters Schwade mähn,
Er hat mirs keinen Dank.

Zwar ſüß iſt Schlaf im Sternenſchein
Hier in dem grünen Wald,
Wann küſſet mich Dein Mündlein fein,
Wann mir Dein Brüſtlein weiß und rein
Wie Schnee entgegen wallt.

Doch ſüßer wär' es tauſendmal
Im eignen Kämmerlein,
In ſtiller Nacht, bei'm Sonnenſtrahl,
Du meine Braut, ich Dein Gemahl,
Uns ſüßer Luſt zu freu'n.“

„Willſt Du im eignen Kämmerlein
Nun ſchlafen gern bei mir,
So ſoll noch heute Hochzeit ſeyn,
So lieg ich in dem grünen Hain
Das letzte Mal bei Dir.“

„Mein Kind, wie kann die Hochzeit ſeyn?
Wir ſind ja nicht bereit.
Wie laden wir die Gäſte ein?
Wo nehmen wir den Hochzeitwein?
Und wo Dein Ehrenkleid?“

„Die Gäſte längſt geladen ſind
Und zu dem Tanz bereit;
Der Wein in allen Quellen rinnt,
Und was die kluge Spinne ſpinnt,
Das wird mein Ehrenkleid.“

„Mein Kind, wie ſchmückeſt du Dein Haar?
Wo iſt der goldne Ring,
Den mir und Dir am Traualtar
Der Pfarrer ſegnend reichet dar?
Wo iſt er, liebes Ding?“

„Die Perlen blitzend für mein Haar
Auf allen Blumen ſtehn;
Den goldnen Ring zum Traualtar
Ich flicht' aus meinem goldnen Haar —
So macht die Braut ſich ſchön.“

„Mein Kind, wo ſind zum Hochzeitball
Die Spieler mit dem Spiel?“
„Die Spieler ſind die Vögel all,
Die Droſſel und die Nachtigall,
Sie können ſchönes Spiel.“

„Mein Kind, wo nimmſt Du Lampen her,
Zu leuchten in der Nacht?“
„An Lampen fehlt mir's nimmermehr,
Der Mond und aller Sterne Heer,
Sie leuchten in der Nacht.“

„Wo wohnt Dein Vater, Jungfrau ſchön?
Wo iſt der Hochzeitſaal?“
„Tief, tief, wo keine Winde wehn,
Mußt du mit mir hinuntergehn,
Da iſt der Hochzeitſaal.“

„Iſt ſchon geſchmückt Dein Kämmerlein?
Gemacht Dein Hochzeitbett?“
„Geſchmückt iſt ſchon das Kämmerlein
Mit Silber und mit Muſcheln fein,
Gemacht das Hochzeitbett.“

„O Jungfrau! ſüße Jungfrau mein!
So nimm mich hin mit Dir!
Wie ſchön muß da zu wohnen ſeyn!
Wie ſüß in Deinem Aermelein
Zu ſchlafen für und für!“

Und freundlich ſpringt die Jungfrau auf —
„Komm, Knabe! komm zum Glück!“
Sie führt ihn an des Stromes Lauf,
Es thun ſich weit die Wellen auf —
Er kommt nicht mehr zurück.

Dem General Freiherrn Wilhelm von Dörnberg

zu ſeiner Schwerdtjubelfeier den 2. Feb. 1828.

Auf, Freunde, friſch zu Luſt und Wein,
Den blinkenden, den brauſenden!
Denn eine Wonne ſoll es ſeyn
Der klingenden, der ſauſenden:
Der fünfzig Jahr im Dunkeln lag,
Heut tragt den Kellergeiſt ans Licht!
Er war geſpart für ſolchen Tag,
Und beſſre Tage findt er nicht.

Die ſchönſte Hochzeit feiern wir,
Die golden iſt und ſtählern iſt,
Und einen Ruhm begrüßen wir,
Der reich an Ehrenmälern iſt:
Vor fünfzig Jahren hat das Schwerdt
Dem Wilhelm Dörnberg ſich vermält,
In Glück und Unglück treu bewährt,
Hat's nie dem deutſchen Streit gefehlt.

O glücklich Schwerdt! kein Herz voll Tand
Riß dich zum wilden Morden hin,
Dich trieb kein Ekel Zwingeland
Mit feilen wüſten Horden hin;
Du warſt ein Strahl in guter Hand,
Der nur auf ſchuld'ge Köpfe fuhr,
Du blitzteſt nur für's Vaterland,
Und ſchlugſt für deutſche Freiheit nur.

Ha Waterloo und Lüneburg!
Das war ein Sieg, das war ein Glanz.
Wie riß ſich da der Kühne durch
Zum Lorbeerkranz, zum Eichenkranz!
Hie Deutſchland! dieſe Loſung rief
Der edle Zorn von Schaar zu Schaar,
Und Wälſchlands Banner ſanken tief
Und himm'lan flog der deutſche Aar.

O edles Schwerdt! o edler Mann!
Wer wüßte reinern Ehrenſchein
Als Stahl, wovon kein Tropfen rann
Des Blutes grimmer Zährenpein,
Vergoſſen für Tyrannenwuth,
Für Sklaverei, für Meuchelei?
Dafür war dieſer Mann zu gut,
Davon blieb dieſer Degen frei.

Klingt nun den letzten hellſten Klang
Dem grauen Ruhm beim grauen Wein —
So muß der Bräutigamsempfang
In ächten deutſchen Gauen ſeyn —
Klingt: Jeder Dörnbergsenkel ſei
Nie ehrenbleich vor dieſem Schwerdt,
Sey gleich dem Ahn ſtark, fromm und frei,
Und Deutſchlands grünſter Kränze werth!

Rückblick.

Und haben wir das all durchlebt,
Durchwunden und durchrungen,
So dicht verworren und verwebt,
Mit Knoten viel durchſchlungen
Und Dorngeflechten ſcharf und ſpitz?
Sind wir durch Kunſt und Mutterwitz
Durch oder drüber geſprungen?

O nein! feſt ſteht das Weltgeſetz
Der alten ew'gen Dinge:
Wir ſind mit Hand und Fuß im Netz,
Mit Schnabel und mit Schwinge;
Und woll'n wir brechen aus der Pein,
Wir zerren feſter nur uns ein,
Und rollen im engeren Ringe.

Wild wälzt das Schickſalsrad im Saus
Die blutbeſprützten Speichen,
Daß ſtarke Männer drob von Graus
Im tiefſten Muth erbleichen;
Und ſperr'n ſie auch ſich kühn und ſtolz,
Sie ſtürzen hin wie morſches Holz,
Wann Sturmwind ſchüttelt die Eichen.

Und doch über all den Saus und Braus,
Ueber all die grauſen Sätze,
Schwingt oft das Herz ſich hoch hinaus
Und glaubt an keine Netze;
Es wieh'rt, ein edles Schlachtenroß,
Hinan zum goldnen Freiheitsſchloß,
Wie hartes Gebiß auch verletze.

So ſang der alte Lebensfürſt,
Und wie ein Held ſo ſtand er,
Er hatt' die volle Jagd durchbürſcht,
Und fragt ihr ihn: was fand er?
Er ſprach: „Wie blinde Heſſen drauf!
„Das Räthſel löſet keiner auf,
„Haut's durch wie Alexander."

Abentheuer des Johann Dietrich.

In Rambin lebte einſt ein Arbeitsmann, der hieß Jacob Dietrich, ein Mann, ſchlicht und recht und gottesfürchtig, und der auch eine gute und gottesfürchtige Frau hatte. Die beiden Eheleute beſaßen dort ein Häuschen und ein Gärtchen, und nährten ſich redlich von der Arbeit ihrer Hände; denn andere Künſte kannten ſie nicht. Sie hatte viele liebe Kinder, von welchen das jüngſte, Johann Dietrich genannt, ihnen faſt das liebſte war. Denn es war ein ſchöner, munterer Junge, aufgeweckt und quik, fleißig in der Schule und gehorſam zu Hauſe, und behielt alle Lehren und Geſchichten ſehr gut, welche die Aeltern ihm vorſagten. Auch von vielen andern Leuten lernte er, und hielt Jeden feſt, der Geſchichten wußte, und ließ ihn nicht eher los, als bis er ſie erzählt hatte.

Johann war acht Jahre alt geworden, und lebte den Sommer bei ſeines Vaters Bruder, der Bauer in Rodenkirchen war, und mußte, nebſt andern Knaben, Kühe hüten, die ſie in's Feld gegen die neun Berge hinaustrieben, wo damals noch viel mehr Wald war, als jetzt. Da war ein alter Kuhhirt aus Rodenkirchen, Klas Starkwolt genannt, der geſellte ſich oft zu den Knaben, und ſie trieben die Heerden zuſammen und ſetzten ſich hin und erzählten Geſchichten. Der alte Klas wußte viele, und erzählte ſie ſehr lebendig; er war bald Johann Dietrichs liebſter Freund. Beſonders aber wußte er viele Mährchen von den neun Bergen und von den Unterirdiſchen aus der allerfrüheſten Zeit, als die Rieſen im Lande untergegangen und die Kleinen in die Berge gekommen waren; und Johann hörte ſie immer mit dem innigſten Wohlgefallen, und plagte den alten Mann jeden Tag um neue Geſchichten, obgleich ihm dieſer das Herz ſo in Flammen ſetzte, daß er des Abends ſpät und des Morgens früh, wenn er hier zuweilen heraus mußte, mit ſauſendem Haar über das Feld hinſtrich, als hätte er alle Unterirdiſchen als Jäger hinter ſich gehabt, die ihn fangen wollten. Der kleine Johann Dietrich hatte ſich ſo vertieft und verliebt in dieſe Mährchen von den Unterirdiſchen, daß er nichts anderes ſah und hörte, von nichts anderem ſprach und fabelte, als von goldenen Bechern und Kronen, gläſernen Schuhen, Taſchen voll Ducaten, goldenen Ringen, diamantenen Kränzen, ſchneeweißen Bräuten und klingenden Hochzeiten. Wenn er nun ganz darin war, und in kindiſcher Freude aufjauchzte und umherſprang, dann pflegte der alte Starkwolt wohl den Kopf zu ſchütteln und ihm zuzurufen: „Johann! Johann! wo willſt du hin! Spaten und Senſe, — das ſind dein Scepter und deine Krone, und deine Braut wird ein Kränzel von Rosmarin und einen bunten Rock von Drell tragen." Johann ließ ſich das aber nicht anfechten, und träumte immer luſtig fort. Und obwohl er herzlich graulich war, und in der Dunkelheit um alles in der Welt nicht über den Kirchhof gegangen wäre, hatte er ſich das Leben da in dem Berge, und die Schätze und Herrlichkeiten darin doch ſo ausgemalt, daß ihn faſt gelüſtete, einmal hinabzuſteigen; denn der alte Klas hatte geſagt, wie man es anfangen müſſe, damit man da unten Herr werde, und nicht Diener, und daß ſie einen nicht fünfzig Jahre feſthalten und die Becher ſpülen und das Eſtrich kehren laſſen könnten. Wer nämlich ſo klug und ſo glücklich ſey, die Mütze eines Unterirdiſchen zu finden oder zu erhaſchen, der könne ſicher hinabſteigen, dem dürfen ſie nichts thun, noch befehlen, ſondern müſſen ihm dienen, wie er wolle, und derjenige Unterirdiſche, dem die Mütze gehört, müſſe ſein Diener ſeyn und ihm ſchaffen, was er wolle. Das hatte Johann ſich hinter's Ohr geſchrieben und ſeinen Theil dabei gedacht, ja er hatte wohl hinzugeſetzt, ſo etwas unterſtehe er ſich wohl auch zu wagen. Die Leute glaubten ihm das aber nicht, ſondern lachten ihn aus; und doch hat er es gethan, und ſie haben genug geweint, als er nicht wiedergekommen iſt.

Es war nun die Zeit des Johannisfeſtes, wo die Tage am längſten ſind und die Nächte am kürzeſten, und wo die Jahreszeit am ſchönſten iſt. Die Alten und die Kinder hatten die Feſttage fröhlich gelebt und geſpielt und allerlei Geſchichten erzählt; da konnte Johann ſich nicht länger halten, ſondern den Tag nach Johannis ſchlich er ſich heimlich weg, und als es dunkel ward, legte er ſich auf den Gipfel des höchſten der neun Berge hin, wo die Unterirdiſchen, wie Klas ihm erzählte, ihren vornehmſten Tanzplatz hatten. Und wahrlich, er legte ſich nicht ohne Angſt hin, und hätte er nicht einmal da gelegen, vielleicht wäre nimmer etwas daraus geworden; denn ſein Herz ſchlug ihm wie ein Hammer, und ſein Athem ging wie ein friſcher Wind. So lauſchte er in Furcht und Hoffnung von zehn Uhr Abends bis zwölf Uhr Mitternacht. Und als es Zwölf ſchlug, ſieh, da fing es an zu klingen und zu ſingen in den Bergen, und bald wispelte und lispelte und piff und ſäuſelte es um ihn her; denn die kleinen Leute dreheten ſich jetzt im Tanzen rund, und andere ſpielten und tummelten ſich im Mondſchein, und machten tauſend luſtige Schwänke und Poſſen.

Ihn überlief bei dieſem Gewiſpel und Geſäuſel ein geheimer Schauder — denn ſehen konnte er nichts von ihnen, da ihre Mützen, die ſie tragen, ſie unſichtbar machen — er aber lag ganz ſtill, das Geſicht in's Gras gedrückt und die Augen feſt zugeſchloſſen und leiſe ſchnarchend, als ſchlief er. Doch konnte er es nicht laſſen, zuweilen ein wenig umherzublinzeln, damit er etwa ſeinen Vortheil erſähe, einen der kleinen Leute finge und ein Herr würde, denn dazu hatte er ja große Luſt; aber wie ein heller Mondſchein es auch war, er konnte auch nicht das Geringſte von ihnen erblicken.

Und ſiehe, es währte nicht lange, ſo kamen drei der Unterirdiſchen daher geſprungen, wo er lag, gaben aber nicht Acht auf ihn, warfen ihre braunen Mützen in die Luft und fingen ſie einander ab. Da riß der Eine dem Andern in Schalkheit die Mütze aus der Hand und warf ſie weg. Und die Mütze flog dem Johann gerade auf den Kopf, und er fühlte ſie, griff zu, und richtete ſich ſogleich auf, und ließ Schlaf Schlaf ſeyn. Er ſchwang mit Freuden ſeine Mütze, daß das ſilberne Glöcklein daran klingelte, und ſetzte ſie ſich dann auf den Kopf, und — o Wunder! — in demſelben Augenblicke ſah er das zahlloſe und luſtige Gewimmel der kleinen Leute, und ſie waren ihm nicht mehr unſichtbar. Die drei kleinen Männer kamen liſtig herbei, und wollten mit Behendigkeit die Mütze wiedergewinnen, er aber hielt ſeine Beute feſt, und ſie ſahen wohl, daß ſie auf dieſe Weiſe nichts von ihm gewinnen würden; denn Johann war ein Rieſe gegen ſie an Größe und Stärke, und ſie reichten ihm kaum bis an's Knie. Da kam derjenige, dem die Mütze gehörte, und trat ganz demüthig vor den Finder hin, und bat flehentlich, als hänge ſein Leben daran, ihm die Mütze wiederzugeben. Johann aber antwortete ihm: „Nein, du kleiner ſchlauer Schelm, die Mütze bekommſt du nicht wieder, das iſt nichts, was man für ein Butterbrod weggiebt, ich wäre ſchlimm daran mit euch, wenn ich nichts von euch hätte, jetzt aber habt ihr kein Recht an mir, ſondern müßt mir, was ich nur will, zu Gefallen thun. Und ich will mit euch hinabfahren und ſehen, wie ihr es da unten treibt, du aber ſollſt mein Diener ſeyn, denn du mußt wohl. Das weiß ich ſo, als ihr, denn Klas Starkwolt hat mir es alles erzählt." Der kleine Menſch aber geberdete ſich, als ob er dieß alles nicht gehört, noch verſtanden hätte, er fing ſeine Dullerei und Winſelei und Pinſelei wieder von vorn an, klagte und jammerte und heulte erbärmlich um ſein verlornes Mützchen; aber als Johann ihm kurzweg ſagte: „Es bleibt dabei, du biſt der Diener, und will eine Fahrt mit euch machen," da fand er ſich endlich drein, zumal da auch die Andern ihm zuredeten, daß es ſo ſeyn müſſe. Johann aber warf ſeinen ſchlechten Hut nun weg, und ſetzte ſich die Mütze an ſeiner Stelle auf und befeſtigte ſie wohl auf ſeinem Kopfe, damit ſie ihm nicht abgleiten oder abfliegen könnte; denn in ihr trug er die Herrſchaft.

Und er verſuchte es ſogleich und befahl ſeinem neuen Diener, ihm Speiſe und Trank zu bringen; denn ihn hungerte. Und der Diener lief wie der Wind davon, und in einem Hui war er wieder da, und trug Wein in Flaſchen herbei, und Brod und köſtliche Früchte. Und Johann aß und trank, und ſah dem Spiel und den Tänzen der Kleinen zu, und es gefiel ihm ſehr wohl. Und er führte ſich in allen Dingen beherzt und klug auf, als wäre er ein geborner Herr geweſen.

Und als der Hahn ſeinen dritten Schrei gethan hatte, und die kleinen Lerchen in der Luft die erſten Wirbel anſchlugen, und das junge Licht in einzelnen weißen Streifen im Oſten aufdämmerte, da ging es huſch, huſch, huſch, durch die Büſche und Blumen und Halmen fort, und die Berge klangen wieder und thaten ſich auf, und die kleinen Menſchen fuhren hinab, und Johann gab wohl Acht auf Alles, und fand es wirklich ſo, wie ſie ihm erzählt hatten. Siehe, auf den Gipfeln der Berge, wo ſie eben noch getanzt hatten, und wo alles eben voll Gras und Blumen ſtand, wie die Menſchen es bei Tage ſahen, hob ſich, als es zum Abzuge blies, plötzlich eine glänzende, gläſerne Spitze hervor; auf dieſe trat, wer hinein wollte, ſie öffnete ſich, und er glitt ſanft hinab, und ſie that ſich wieder hinter ihm zu; als ſie aber alle hinein waren, verſchwand ſie, und war auch keine Spur mehr von ihr zu ſehen. Die aber durch die gläſerne Spitze fielen, ſanken gar ſanft in eine weite ſilberne Tonne, die ſie Alle aufnahm, und wohl tauſend ſolcher Leutlein beherbergen konnte. In eine ſolche fiel auch Johann mit ſeinem Diener und mit mehreren hinab, und ſie Alle ſchrieen, und baten ihn, daß er ſie nicht treten möge, denn ſie wären des Todes geweſen von ſeiner Laſt. Er aber hütete ſich, und war ſehr freundlich gegen ſie. Es gingen aber mehrere ſolcher Tonnen neben einander hin immer hinauf und hinab, bis alle hinunter waren. Sie hingen an langen ſilbernen Ketten, die unten gezogen und gehalten wurden.

Johann erſtaunte bei'm Hinabfahren über den wunderbaren Glanz der Wände, zwiſchen welchen das Tönnchen fortglitt. Es war Alles wie mit Perlchen und Diamanten beſetzt, ſo blitzte und funkelte es; unter ſich aber hörte er die lieblichſte Muſik aus der Ferne klingen. So ward er auf das anmuthigſte hinabgewiegt, da er nicht wußte, wie ihm geſchah, und vor lauter Luſt in einen tiefen Schlaf fiel.

Er mochte lange geſchlafen haben. Als er erwachte, fand er ſich in dem allerweichſten und netteſten Bette, wie er es in ſeines Vaters Hauſe nimmer geſehen hatte, und dieſes Bette ſtand in dem allerniedlichſten Zimmer; vor ihm aber ſtand ein kleiner Brauner mit dem Fliegenwedel in der Hand, womit er Mücken und Fliegen abwehrte, daß ſie ſeines Herrn Schlummer nicht ſtören konnten. Johann that kaum die Augen auf, ſo brachte der kleine Diener ſchon das Handtuch und das Waſchwaſſer, und hielt ihm ſogleich die netteſten neuen Kleider zum Anziehen hin, aus brauner Seide ſehr niedlich gemacht, und ein Paar neue ſchwarze Schuhe mit rothen Bandſchleifen, wie Johann ſie in Rambin und Rodenkirchen nie geſehen hatte; auch ſtanden dort einige Paare der niedlichſten und glänzenden gläſernen Schuhe, die nur bei großen Feſtlichkeiten gebraucht zu werden pflegen. Es gefiel dem kleinen Knaben ſehr, daß er ſo leichte und ſaubere Kleider tragen ſollte, und er ließ ſich gern anziehen. Und als Johann angekleidet war, flugs flog der Diener fort und war geſchwind, wie der Blitz, wieder da. Er trug auf einer goldenen Schüſſel eine Flaſche ſüßen Wein, und ein Töpfchen Milch und ſchönes Weißbrod und Früchte und andere köſtliche Speiſen, wie kleine Knaben ſie gern eſſen. Und Johann ſah nunmehr, daß Klas Starkwolt, der alte Kuhhirt, es wohl gewußt habe, denn ſo herrlich und prächtig, als er hier alles fand, hatte er es ſich doch nicht geträumt. Auch war ſein Diener der allergehorſamſte, und that alles von ſelbſt, was er ihm nur von den Augen abſehen konnte. Der Worte bedurfte es nicht, ſondern nur leichter Blicke und Winke; denn er war klug, wie ein Bienchen, wie alle dieſe kleinen Leute von Natur ſind.

Und nun muß ich Johann's Zimmer beſchreiben. Sein Bettchen war ſchneeweiß, mit den weichſten Federn, und mit den weichſten Laken überzogen, mit Kiſſen aus Atlas und einer ſeidenen geſtickten Decke. Ein Königsſohn hätte darin ſchlafen können. Neben und vor dieſem Bette ſtanden die niedlichſten Stühle, auf das Netteſte gearbeitet und mit allerlei bunten Vögeln und Thieren geziert, welche kunſtreiche Hände eingeſchnitten hatten. Einige waren auch von edlen Steinen bunt eingelegt. An den Wänden ſtanden weiße Marmortiſche und ein paar kleinere aus grünen Smaragden, und zwei blanke Spiegel glänzten an den beiden Enden des Zimmers, deren Rahmen mit blitzenden Edelſteinen eingefaßt waren. Die Wände des Zimmers waren mit grünen Smaragden getäfelt, und hatte einen ſolchen Glanz wie nie ein Menſch auf Erden geſehen, und wird ihn auch keiner dort ſehen, auch nicht in des größten Kaiſers Haus. Und in ſolchem Zimmer wohnte nun der kleine Johann Dietrich, eines Tagelöhners aus Rambin Sohn. Daß man wohl ſagen mag: das Glück fängt, wem es von Gott beſchert iſt. Hier unter der Erde ſah man nun freilich nie Sonne, Mond und Sterne leuchten, und das ſchien allerdings ein großer Fehler zu ſeyn. Aber ſie brauchten hier ſolche Lichter nicht, auch bedurften ſie weder der Wachslichter, noch der Talglichter, noch der Kerzen und Oellampen und Laternen; ſie hatten andern Lichtes genug. Denn die Unterirdiſchen wohnen recht eigentlich mitten unter den Edelſteinen, und ſind die Meiſter des reinſten Silbers und Goldes, das in der Erde wächſt, und ſie haben die Kunſt wohl gelernt, wie ſie es hell haben können bei ſich, Tag und Nacht. Eigentlich muß man hier von Tag und Nacht nicht reden, denn die unterſcheiden ſie hier unten nicht, weil keine Sonne hier auf- und untergeht, welche die Scheidung macht, ſondern ſie rechnen hier nur nach Wochen. Sie ſetzen aber ihre Wohnungen und die Wege und Gänge, welche ſie unter der Erde durchwandern, und die Orte, wo ſie ihre großen Säle haben und ihre Reihen und Feſte halten, mit den allerkoſtbarſten Edelgeſteinen aus, daß es funkelt, als wäre es der ewige Tag. Einen ſolchen Stein hatte der kleine Johann auch in ſeinem Zimmer. Das war ein auserleſener Diamant, ganz rund, und wohl ſo groß als eine Kugel, womit man Kegel zu werfen pflegt. Dieſer war oben in der Decke des Zimmers befeſtigt und leuchtete ſo hell, daß es keiner andern Lampen und Lichter bedurfte.

Als Johann Frühſtück gegeſſen hatte, öffnete der Diener ein Thürchen in der Wand, und Johann's Augen fielen hinein, und er ſah die zierlichſten goldenen und ſilbernen Becher und Schalen und Gefäße und viele Körbchen voll Ducaten und Käſtchen voll Kleinodien und koſtbarer Steine. Auch waren da viele liebliche Bilder und die allerſauberſten Mährchenbücher mit Bildern, die er in ſeinem Leben geſehen hatte. Und er wollte dieſen Vormittag gar nicht ausgehen, ſondern betaſtete und beſah ſich Alles, und blätterte und las in den ſchönen Bilderbüchern und Mährchenbüchern.

Und als es Mittag geworden, da klang eine helle Glocke, und der Diener rief: „Herr, willſt Du allein eſſen, oder in der großen Geſellſchaft?" und Johann antwortete: „In der großen Geſellſchaft." Und der Diener führte ihn hinaus. Johann ſah aber nichts als einzelne von Edelſteinen erleuchtete Hallen und einzelne kleine Männer und Frauen, die ihm aus Felsritzen und Steinklüften herauszuſchlüpfen ſchienen, und er verwunderte ſich, woher die Glocke klänge, und ſprach zu dem Diener: „aber wo iſt denn die Geſellſchaft?“ Und als er noch fragte, ſo öffnete ſich die Halle, worin ſie gingen, zu einer großen Weite, und ward ein unendlicher Saal, über welchen eine weite gewölbte und mit Edelſteinen und Diamanten geſchmückte Decke gezogen war. Und in demſelben Augenblicke ſah er auch ein unendliches Gewimmel von zierlich gekleideten kleinen Männern und Frauen durch viele geöffnete Thüren hineinſtrömen, und that ſich der Boden an vielen Stellen auf, und die niedlichſten, mit den köſtlichſten Gefäßen und ſchmackhafteſten Speiſen und Früchten und Weinen beſetzten Tiſche ſtellten ſich an einander hin, und die Stühle und Polſter reiheten ſich von ſelbſt um die Tiſche, und die Männer und Frauen nahmen Platz. Und die Vornehmſten des kleinen Völkchens kamen und verneigten ſich vor Johann, und führten ihn mit ſich an ihren Tiſch, und ſetzten ihn zwiſchen ihre ſchönſten Jungfrauen, daß er ſeine Luſt hatte, mit den lieblichen Kindern zu ſeyn, und daß es ihm da über die Maßen wohl gefiel. Es war auch eine ſehr fröhliche Tafel, denn die Unterirdiſchen ſind ein ſehr lebendiges und luſtiges Völkchen, und können nicht lange ſtill ſeyn. Dazu klang die allerlieblichſte Muſik aus den Lüften, und die bunteſten Vögel flogen umher und ſangen in gar anmuthigen Tönen, die einem die Seele aus der Bruſt holen konnten. Es waren aber keine lebendigen Vögel, die da ſangen, ſondern künſtliche Vögel und künſtliche Töne, und von den kleinen Männern ſo ſinnreich gemacht, daß ſie fliegen und ſingen konnten. Und Johann erſtaunte und entſetzte ſich ſehr über alle die Wunder, die er ſah, und freute ſich gewaltig. Die Diener und Dienerinnen aber, welche bei Tiſche aufwarteten und Blumen ſtreuten und die Flur mit Roſenöl und andern Düften beſprengten, und die goldenen Schalen und Becher herumtrugen, und die ſilbernen und cryſtallenen Körbe mit Früchten, waren Kinder der Menſchen da droben, welche aus Neugier oder von Ungefähr unter die Kleinen gerathen und hier hinabgeſtiegen waren, ohne ſich vorher eines Pfandes zu bemeiſtern, und die alſo in die Gewalt der Kleinen gekommen waren, oder die ſich nächtlich und mitternächtlich unter ihre Sternenſpiele auf dem gläſernen Berge verirrt hatten. Dieſe waren anders gekleidet, als ſie. Die Knaben und die Mädchen waren in ſchneeweiße Röckchen und Jäckchen gekleidet und trugen feine gläſerne Schuhe, daß man ihre Tritte immer hören konnte, und blaue Mützchen auf dem Kopfe; ihre Leibchen aber hatten ſie mit ſilbernen Gurten umgürtet. Das war die Tracht der Diener und Dienerinnen. Den kleinen Johann jammerten ſie anfangs wohl, als er ſie ſah, wie ſie ſpringend unter den Unterirdiſchen aufwarten mußten, aber weil ſie munter ausſahen und fein gekleidet waren und roſenrothe Wangen hatten, ſo dachte er: Nun, es geht ihnen doch ſo ſchlimm nicht, und ich habe es noch lange nicht ſo gut gehabt, als ich hinter den Kühen und Ochſen laufen mußte. Ich bin nun freilich ein Herr hier, und ſie müſſen als Diener laufen. Das kann aber nicht anders ſeyn: warum haben ſie ſich auch ſo dumm fangen laſſen und ſie vorher kein Zeichen gewonnen! Es muß doch die Zeit kommen, wo ſie einmal erlöſt werden, und länger als funfzig Jahre werden ſie hier gewiß nicht bleiben. Dabei tröſtete er ſich, und ſpielte und ſcherzte mit ſeiner kleinen Geſellin und aß und trank in Freuden, und ließ ſich von ſeinem Diener und von den Andern allerlei unterirdiſche Geſchichten erzählen; denn er wollte Alles genau wiſſen.

So ſaßen ſie ungefähr zwei Stunden luſtig beiſammen und aßen und tranken, und horchten auf die liebliche Muſik, die aus den Lüften erklang. Da klingelte der Vornehmſte mit einem Glöckchen, und wo eben die Tafeln geſtanden, erhoben ſich grüne Orangen- und Palm- und Lorbeerbäume mit Blüthen und Früchten, und andere luſtigere und klangreichere Vögel, als die vorher durch die Luft geflattert hatten, ſaßen in ihren Zweigen und ſangen. Und ſie ſangen alle wie in einer Weiſe und in einem Maaße, und Johann ſah bald, woher das kam; denn am Ende des Saales, hoch oben an der Decke, ſaß in einer hohlen Wand ein eisgrauer Greis und gab den Ton an, nach welchem ſie ſingen mußten. Sie nannten ihn ihren großen Ballmeiſter. Er war aber ſo ernſt, als er weiſe war, und verſchwiegen, wie die graue Zeit, und ſprach nie ein Sterbenswort, da die andern Alle wohl oft zu viel plapperten und ſchwätzelten.

Der alte Eisgraue droben ſtrich nun die Geige zum Tanze, und alle die bunten Vögel klangen dem Strich nach. Es war aber ein recht fliegender Strich, denn ihr Tanz geht immer äußerſt geſchwind und lebendig. Als nun der Reigen angeklungen war, ſiehe, da bewegten ſich die leichten und fröhlichen Schaaren, und ſprangen und hüpften und drehten ſich, als wenn die Welt im Wirbel auseinander fliegen ſollte. Und die kleinen hübſchen und feinen unterirdiſchen Dirnen, die ſich neben Johann geſetzt hatten, faßten ihn auch, und drehten ihn mit rund. Und er ließ es gern geſchehen, und tanzte mit ihnen rund wohl zwei Stunden lang. Und dieſen luſtigen Tanz hat er jeden Nachmittag mit gehalten, ſo lange er da unten geblieben iſt, und in ſeinem ſpäteſten Alter noch immer mit vielem Vergnügen davon erzählt. Er pflegte dann zu ſagen: die himmliſche Freude und der Geſang und das Saitenſpiel der Engel, welche die Seligen im Himmel einſt zu hoffen hätten, mögen wohl überſchwenglich ſchön ſeyn, er aber könne ſich nichts Schöneres und Lieblicheres denken, als die Muſik dieſes unterirdiſchen Reigens: die ſchönen und beſeelten kleinen Menſchen, die wunderbaren Vögel in den Zweigen mit den allerzauberiſchſten Tönen, und die klingenden Silberglöckchen an den Mützen. Ein Menſch, der das nicht geſehen, könne ſich gar keine Vorſtellung davon machen.

Als die Muſik ſchwieg und der Tanz geendigt war — das mochte wohl die Zeit ſeyn, die wir vier Uhr Nachmittag nennen — verſchwand das kleine luſtige Völkchen, die einen hierhin, die andern dahin, und Jeder ging wieder an ſein Werk und ſeine Luſt. Des Abends ward nach dem Eſſen gewöhnlich eben ſo gejubelt und getanzt. Des Nachts aber ſchlüpften Alle heraus aus den Bergen, beſonders in ſchönen ſternhellen Nächten, und wenn ſie auf Erden etwas Beſonderes zu thun hatten. Da ging aber der kleine Johann immer ruhig ſchlafen, und hielt, wie es einem frommen chriſtlichen Knaben geziemte, andächtig ſein Abendgebet, und auch des Morgens vergaß er nie, zu beten.

Doch nun muß ich noch mehr erzählen von den Unterirdiſchen, ehe ich weiter melde, wie es unſerm kleinen Johann Dietrich da unten die folgenden Wochen und Jahre ergangen iſt.

Daß ſolche kleine Unterirdiſche, die man mit vielen Namen, auch wohl Braunchen, Weißchen, Elfen, Weißelfen, Schwarzelfen, Kobolde, Puke, Heinzlein, Trolle nennt, ſeit uralten Zeiten unter den Bergen und Hügeln wohnen und ihre wunderbaren cryſtallenen und gläſernen Häuſer haben, iſt gewiß. Aber wie ſie dahin gekommen ſind, und was es denn eigentlich für Geiſter ſind, und wozu der liebe Gott ſie eigentlich geſchaffen hat, das hat uns bisher noch Keiner ſagen können. Sie ſind wohl, gleich den Seelen und Herzen der Menſchen, von ſehr verſchiedener Art, Einige bös, Andere gut, Einige freundlich, Andere neidiſch; das wird aber von Allen ohne Unterſchied geſagt, daß ſie ſehr ſinnreich und geſchickt ſind und die künſtlichſten Werke und Geſchmeide machen können, die ihnen kein Menſch nachmachen kann, und die von den Menſchen deswegen oft für Zauberwerk und Hexenwerk gehalten werden. Alles, was ich hier erzähle, hat Johann Dietrich mitgebracht und es ſeinen Freunden erzählt, und ſeinen Kindern ſo hinterlaſſen. Von dieſen haben es wieder Andere gehört, und ſo hat ſich's erzählt bis dieſen Tag.

Die Unterirdiſchen, zu welchen Johann hinabgeſtiegen war, gehörten zu den Braunen. Sie hatten auch keine Schelmſtreiche im Herzen, waren aber im Ganzen doch gutmüthiger und fröhlicher Art. Die Braunen hießen ſie, weil ſie braune Jäckchen und Röckchen trugen und braune Mützen auf dem Kopfe, mit ſilbernen Glöckchen: Einige trugen ſchwarze Schuhe mit rothen Bändern, die Meiſten aber feine gläſerne, und beim Tanze trugen ſie Alle keine andern. Sie hatten ihre Häuschen in den Bergen, aber damit waren ſie ſehr geheim, und Johann Dietrich, ſo lange er bei ihnen geweſen, hat keine ihrer Kammern geſehen. Er und der Diener hatten ihre Kammer hart bei der Stelle, wo der herrliche Speiſe- und Tanzſaal immer kam und verſchwand; er hat auch an vielen andern Stellen ſchöne Hallen und offene Plätze und liebliche Anger und Auen geſehen, aber nirgends Wohnungen: ſondern die Kleinen waren immer nur einzeln oder ſchaarweiſe da, entweder daß ſie tanzten, luſtwandelten oder auch geſchwind vorübergingen. Und wie ſie aus den Steinen, worin ſie wohnen, herauskamen und wieder hineinſchwanden, das hat er mit ſeinen Augen nie geſehen, wie ſehr er auch oft darauf gelauſcht hat; ſondern ſie kamen vor ſeine Augen und verſchwanden wie Blitze und Schatten. Einige kleine Dirnen aber, die ihn lieb hatten, haben ihm zugeflüſtert: Jeder habe ſein eigenes Häuschen tief im Geſtein, ein liebliches, helles, gläſernes Häuschen; auch ſey der ganze Berg durchſichtig, von Anfang bis zu Ende, und eigentlich rings mit Gras umwachſen, das ſey aber ſeinen Augen zu ſehen nicht möglich.

Von dieſen kleinen Unterirdiſchen waren die größten kaum einer Elle lang, und die Knaben und Mädchen alſo ſehr klein, aber ſie waren von Geſtalt und Geberden ſehr ſchön, mit hellen lichten Augen und mit gar feinen und anmuthigen Händchen und Füßchen. Und eben durch dieſe Lieblichkeit und Freundlichkeit haben ſie manches Menſchenkind verführt, daß es zu ihnen heruntergekommen iſt, ohne irgend ein Pfand und Zeichen, und lange Jahre da hat bleiben und dienen müſſen. Denn wenn man ein Pfand von ihnen hat, ſchadet es nichts, daß man mit in den ſilbernen Tönnchen hinabſteigt, und ſie müſſen einen immer wieder herauslaſſen. Sie geben aber nicht gern ein Pfand. Das Klügſte und Richtigſte iſt, daß man mit Liſt ein Pfand von ihnen nimmt; denn dann müſſen ſie einem dienen, da ſie ſonſt gern herrſchen wollen. Denn ſie ſind ſehr herrſchſüchtig, und das iſt eigentlich ihr Hauptfehler; vorzüglich herrſchen ſie gern über die Menſchen, und bilden ſich etwas darauf ein, weil die ſo viel ſtärker und größer ſind, daß ſie ſie mit Liſt zu ihren Dienern und Knechten machen. Das beſte Pfand, das man von ihnen gewinnen kann, und wodurch man am meiſten Macht über ſie bekommt, iſt eine braune Mütze mit dem Glöckchen; ſehr gut iſt auch ein gläſerner Schuh oder eine ſilberne Spange, womit ſie ihren Leibgürtel zu ſchließen pflegen. Wer die hat, der hat aller Freuden Fülle bei ihnen, und iſt ein großer Gebieter.

Ob ſie auch ſterben, das weiß man nicht, oder ob ſie, wie Einige erzählen, wenn ſie alt werden wollen, ſich in Steine und Bäume verkriechen und ſo ſich verwandeln und zu wunderſamen Klingen, Aechzen und Seufzern werden, die ſich zuweilen hören laſſen, ohne daß man weiß, woher ſie kommen, oder zu abentheuerlichen Knorren und verſchobenen Schlingen, wodurch die Hexen ſchlüpfen ſollen, wenn ſie von dem wilden Jäger gejagt werden. Eine Leiche von ihnen hat Keiner geſehen, und wenn man ſie darnach gefragt hat, haben ſie immer ſo geantwortet, als verſtänden ſie das Wort gar nicht. Das iſt gewiß, daß manche von ihnen über zweitauſend Jahre alt ſind. Da iſt es denn kein Wunder, daß man ſo weiſe Leute unter ihnen findet.

Sie haben einen großen Vortheil voraus vor uns Menſchenkindern, daß ſie nicht nöthig haben, für das tägliche Brot zu ſorgen und zu arbeiten, denn Speiſe und Trank kommt ihnen von ſelbſt, oder Gott weiß, durch welche wunderſame Kunſt, und es ſteht da Brot und Wein und Braten auf ihrem Tiſche. Auch ſieht man dort unten, wo ſie wohnen und wo hin und wieder auch weite Fluren und Felder ſind, nirgends Korn wachſen und Vieh weiden oder Wild laufen, ſondern bloß das Allerlieblichſte iſt zum Genuß da, nämlich die ſchönſten Bäume und Reben, die mit den auserleſenſten Früchten und Trauben prangen; auch die lieblichſten Blumen in Menge, worauf ſo bunte Schmetterlinge flattern, als man in dem Lande der Sonne und des Mondes nimmer ſieht, und die allerſchönſten und ſchimmerndſten Vögel, die alle wie Paradiesvögel und wie der Vogel Phönix ausſehen, wiegen ſich in den Zweigen und ſingen ſüße Lieder. Anderes Lebendiges ſieht man dort nicht, wenn man das nicht etwas Lebendiges nennen will, daß hier und da aus den Kryſtallwänden Quellen von Wein und Milch ſich ergießen.

So ſcheint dies Völkchen denn ſehr glücklich zu ſeyn und bloß für die Freude und Luſt geboren, und ſie verſtehen ſich ſehr wohl auf die Kunſt, vergnügt zu ſeyn und ihr Leben luſtig zu gebrauchen. Doch muß man nicht glauben, daß ſie nichts weiter thun, als Tafel, Spiel und Tanz halten, dann in ihre Kammer ſchlüpfen und ſchlafen und etwa die Mitternächte über der Erde verſpielen — nein, ſie ſind wohl die allerregſamſten und allerfleißigſten Weſen, die man je geſehen hat. Niemand verſteht ſo gut, als ſie, das Innere der Erde und die Kräfte der Natur und was in Bergen, Steinen und Metallen wächſt und was in den Farben der Blumen und den Wurzeln der Bäume für Triebe lauſchen. Denn ihre Sinne ſind die allerklarſten und allerfeinſten, viel feiner als die des heiterſten und hellſten Kindes, von Menſchen geboren; denn auch unſere kleinen Kindlein haben wohl recht feine Sinne und Gedanken, welche die Erwachſenen nur nicht immer verſtehen; weil dieſe meiſtens ſchon wieder durch Stein und Erde verhärtet und vergröbert ſind. Die Unterirdiſchen haben viel Freude an Silber und Gold und edeln Steinen, und machen die allerkünſtlichſten Arbeiten daraus, ſo, daß die beſten Meiſter hier oben erſtaunen, wenn ein ſolches unterirdiſches Werk hier einmal geſehen wird. Deswegen nennen Viele ſie auch wohl Hüter des Goldes und des Silbers, und meinen, daß ſie von ſchlimmer Gier beſeſſen und böſe metalliſche Geiſter ſind. Die Meiſten, die das ſagen, thun ihnen aber Unrecht; denn die weißen und braunen Unterirdiſchen ſind wohl nicht ſo gierig. Sie verſchenken ja ſo viel Schönes an die Menſchenkinder; das würden ſie aber nicht thun, wenn ſie das Gold und die Edelſteine zu lieb hätten. Sie haben es nur lieb wegen des Glanzes; denn Glanz und Licht lieben ſie über Alles in der Welt. Die mit den ſchwarzen Jacken und Mützen ſind aber wohl geizig und überhaupt von ſchlimmerer Natur, als dieſe.

Wie die Unterirdiſchen des Nachts aus ihren gläſernen Bergen ſchlüpfen und im Mondſchein und Sternenſchein tanzen und ſich erluſtigen, habe ich ſchon erzählt. Sie können ſich aber auch unſichtbar in die Häuſer der Menſchen ſchleichen; denn wenn ſie ihre Mütze auf haben, kann ſie kein Menſch ſehen, er habe denn ſelbſt eine ſolche Mütze. Da ſagen die Leute denn, daß ſie allerlei Schalkereien treiben, die Kinder in den Wiegen vertauſchen, ja gar wegziehen und mitnehmen. Das iſt aber gewiß nicht wahr von den Weißen und Braunen. Sie kommen wohl in die Häuſer der Menſchen, ſie können ſich auch verwandeln, ſo, daß kein Schlüſſelloch ſo klein iſt, da ſie nicht hindurchſchlüpfen; aber ſie thun den Menſchen nichts Böſes, ſondern wollen nur zuweilen ſehen, was ſie machen. Meiſtens bringen ſie ihnen was Schönes mit, beſonders den Kindern, die ſie ſehr lieb haben. Und wenn die Kinder beim Spielen Ducaten oder goldene Ringe gefunden haben, wie das wohl zuweilen geſchieht, und mit nach Hauſe bringen, oder wenn kleine zierliche Schuhe oder ein neues Kleidchen oder grünes Kränzlein, wann ſie erwachen, auf ihren Wiegen und Bettchen hängen, ſo haben das wohl nicht immer die himmliſchen Engelein gethan, ſondern oft auch die kleinen Unterirdiſchen. Das ſagen aber viele Leute, die es wiſſen, daß ſie oft unſichtbar um die Kinder ſind und ſie behüten, beſonders, daß ſie nicht im Feuer und Waſſer umkommen. Wenn ſie ja Jemand necken und ſchrecken, ſo ſind es faule Knechte und ſchmutzige Mägde, die ſie mit böſen Träumen ängſtigen, als die drücken, als Flöhe ſtechen, als Hunde und Katzen ungeſehen beißen und kratzen, oder es ſind Diebe und Buhler, welchen ſie, wenn ſie des Nachts auf verbotenen Wegen ſchleichen, als Eulen in den Nacken ſitzen, oder ſie als Irrlichter in Sümpfe und Moräſte führen und locken, oder gar ihren Verfolgern entgegenbringen. Aber das, denke ich, iſt keine Sünde. Die Schwarzen aber ſind boshaft und üben gern arge Tücken. Die dürfen aber den Häuſern der Menſchen nicht nahe kommen, und überhaupt wenig auf der Erde ſeyn, es ſey denn in Höhlen und Klüften, wohin ſelten Menſchen kommen. Sie kommen auch nicht zu den Menſchen, außer wenn dieſe ihnen ſelbſt die Gewalt über ſich gegeben oder ſich ihnen verkauft und verſchrieben haben. Denn darauf ſinnen dieſe ſchwermüthigen und gräulichen Geiſter Tag und Nacht, wie ſie arme Narren und luſtige Schelme verführen und ſich endlich an ihrer Noth ergötzen mögen. Und dieſe Schwarzen ſind auch nicht ſchön, wie die andern Unterirdiſchen, ſondern grundhäßlich, haben trübe und triefende Augen, wie die Köhler und Grobſchmiede, ſind ſtumm und heimlich bei ihrer Arbeit, leben einſam und höchſtens zu Zweien und Dreien, und kennen keinen Tanz und Muſik, ſondern nur Geheul und Gewimmer. Und wenn es in Wäldern und Sümpfen ſchreit wie eine Menge ſchreiender Kinder oder wie ein Haufe Katzen miauen und eine Schaar Eulen krächzen und wehklagen würde — das ſind ihre nächtlichen Verſammlungen, das iſt ihre Muſik, das ſind ſie.

Doch haben die Menſchen vor allen Unterirdiſchen ein Grauen, und das iſt wohl natürlich. Denn dem Menſchen iſt das Licht angeboren, und die Liebe zu allem Lichten und Hellen, und es ſchaudert ihm vor dem Dunkeln und Verborgenen und vor allen geheimen Kräften, die unſichtbar umherſchleichen und walten. Auch wiſſen ſie ja, daß die Unterirdiſchen allenthalben ſeyn und ſich verwandeln und zaubern können. Freilich erzählt man viel mehr von ihren Zaubereien, als wahr iſt; das Meiſte machen ſie durch ihre Unſichtbarkeit und Künſtlichkeit, wodurch ſie ſo feine Arbeit, als Spinnen und Weſpen weben und wirken, und den Menſchen allerlei Gaukelei und Einbildung vormachen können. Und wenn ſie ja viel zaubern, thun ſie es mehr zur Freude und zum Spiel, als zum Böſen. Die Schwarzen aber können auch hexen, und ſind ſchlimme Hexenmeiſter, und wenn die ſich verwandeln, ſind ſie ſcheußliche Thiere und Gewürme; Bären, Wölfe, Hyänen, Tiger, Katzen, Schlangen, Kröten, Scorpionen, Krähen und Eulen; und wehe den armen Menſchen, die ſich mit ihnen eingelaſſen haben! Denn von ihnen muß man dreifache Pfänder nehmen, und auch der Klügſte wird von ihnen betrogen, wenn er nicht kurzen Kauf mit ihnen hält. Daß dieſe Hexenkappen oder Nebelkappen weben, womit man ſich unſichtbar machen und in einem Hui über Land und Meer fahren kann, das iſt wahr. Dem Doctor Fauſt haben ſie ſeinen Mantel gemacht, womit er in einer Secunde von Straßburg nach Rom und von Mainz nach Paris gefahren iſt. Aber wie iſt es dieſem armen Doctor Fauſt auch ergangen? Er iſt aus dieſem ſchwarzen Künſtler, weil er zu weiſe werden wollte, ein Schwarzkünſtler geworden und endlich iſt er zu dem Allerſchwärzeſten gefahren. Die Schwarzen machen auch Zauberwaffen, Harniſche, die gegen Stahl und Hieb feſt ſind, Degen, die nie Scharten bekommen und vor welchen kein Panzer und Helm aushält; dünne Kettenhemde, leicht wie Spinnenwebe, wodurch keine Kugel dringt. Der Gebrauch derſelben iſt aber ſehr abgekommen, ſeit die meiſten Menſchen Chriſten ſind, und war mehr in der heidniſchen Zeit. Das iſt einmal wahr, künſtliche Schmiede und Waffenſchmiede ſind ſie, und wiſſen eine Härtung und zugleich Geſchmeidigung des Stahls, die ihnen kein irdiſcher Schmied nachmachen kann; denn ihre Klingen ſind zugleich biegſam wie Rohrhalme und ſcharf wie Diamanten. Auch wirken ſie noch viel anderes Zaubergeſchmeide aus Stahl und Eiſen, das zu mancherlei verborgenen Künſten gebraucht wird und zum Theil die ſeltſamſten und unbegreiflichſten Eigenſchaften hat. Die Braunen ſind aber die Juweliere der Berge, die mehr in Gold und Silber und Edelſteinen arbeiten. Die feinſten und künſtlichſten aller Unterirdiſchen ſind die Weißen; die wirken ihre Arbeit ſo fein und dünn, wie die zarteſten Blumen aus, ſo fein und zart, daß viele Augen ſie gar nicht ſehen können, und ſie können aus Silber und Gold Röckchen weben, von denen man ſchwören ſollte, ſie ſeyen aus Sonnenſtrahlen oder Mondſchein gewebt; denn ſie ſind leichter als die leichteſten Spinneweben.

Johann Dietrich kam die erſten Wochen, die er in den gläſernen Bergen verlebte, nicht weiter, als in ſein Kämmerchen, in den Speiſe- und Tanzſaal und wieder zurück. Er konnte gar kein Ende finden, die ſchönen und köſtlichen Sachen zu betrachten und zu loben, die in ſeinem Zimmer und dem Schränkchen aufgeſtellt waren. Am meiſten aber ergötzte er ſich an den ſchönen Bildern und an ſeinem Bücherſchranke, wo viele hundert der ſauberſt gebundenen Bücher mit goldenem Schnitt neben einander ſtanden, und in welchen er die allerfeinſten und luſtigſten Märchen fand, an welchen er ſich nicht ſatt leſen konnte. Als aber die erſten Wochen vergangen waren, da ſpazierte er oft aus, und ließ ſich von ſeinem Diener Alles zeigen und erzählen. Es gab da unten aber die allerlieblichſten Spaziergänge nach allen Seiten hin, und er konnte viele Meilen weit wandeln, und ſie nahmen kein Ende; und man ſieht daraus, wie unendlich groß der Berg war, worin die Unterirdiſchen wohnen, und doch ſchien die Spitze oben wie ein kleiner Hügel, worauf einige Bäume und Sträuche ſtehen. Und daraus kann man auch wiſſen, wie viele viele Meilen ſeine Tiefe nach unten hinabgehen mußte. Das aber war das Beſondere, daß zwiſchen jeder Au und jedem Anger, die man hier mit Hügeln und Bäumen und Blumen und Inſeln und Seen durchſäet, in der größten Mannigfaltigkeit fand, gleichſam eine ſchmale Gaſſe war, durch welche man wie durch eine cryſtallene Felſenmauer gehen mußte, bis man zu etwas Neuem gelangte. Die einzelnen Anger und Auen waren aber wohl oft eine Meile lang. Von den Bäumen habe ich ſchon erzählt, wie ſie voll köſtlicher Früchte hingen, und von den Quellen, in welchen Milch und Wein aus den Felſen rieſelte. Da konnten die Wanderer ſich nicht ſo weit vergehen, ſie fanden immer, womit ſie ſich erquicken konnten. Aber das Allerluſtigſte waren die bunten Vögel, die immer von Zweig zu Zweig flatterten und wie tauſend himmliſche Nachtigallen ſangen, und die Blumen, ſo wunderſchön von Farben und Düften, daß Johann ihres Gleichen auf Erden nimmer geſehen hatte. Kurz, es war hier Alles zauberiſch luſtig und anmuthig und bei aller der Luſt und dem Jubel ein ſo ſtilles Leben. Es wehete und man fühlte keinen Wind; es ſchien hell und man fühlte keine Hitze; die Wellen brauſeten und man fand keine Gefahr, ſondern die niedlichſten Nachen und Gondeln, als ſchneeweiße Schwäne geſtaltet, kamen, wenn man über einen Strom wollte, von ſelbſt an das Land geſchwommen, und führten an das jenſeitige Ufer, und ebenſo führten ſie über die Seen zu den Inſeln. Woher das Alles kam, wußte Niemand, und der Diener durfte es nicht ſagen; das aber ſah Johann wohl, und konnte es mit Händen greifen, daß die großen Karfunkel und Diamanten, womit die hohe Decke ſtatt des Himmels gewölbt war, und womit alle Wände des Berges geſchmückt ſtanden, für Sonne, Mond und Sterne leuchteten. Dieſe lieblichen Fluren und Auen waren meiſt einſam. Man ſah wenige Unterirdiſche auf ihnen, und die man ſah, ſchienen immer nur ſo vorüber zu ſchlüpfen, als hätten ſie die größte Eile, davon zu kommen. Selten geſchah es, daß Einige hier im Freien einmal einen Reigen aufführten, etwa zu Dreien, höchſtens zu einem halben Dutzend; mehr hat Johann hier nicht beiſammen geſehen. Nur dann ging es luſtig her, wenn die Schaar der Diener und Dienerinnen, die wohl ein paar Hundert ſeyn mochten, ausgelaſſen und ſpazieren geführt wurden. Das geſchah aber alle Wochen nur zweimal; meiſtens waren ſie dann drinnen in dem großen Saal oder in den anſtoßenden Zimmern beſchäftigt, oder mußten auch in der Schule ſeyn.

Das war hier auch noch beſonders, daß, wie die Diamanten und Edelſteine oben die Sonne und den Mond und die Sterne vorſtellen mußten, es hier eigentlich keine Jahreszeiten gab, ſondern die Luft war immer gleich; d. i. es war Jahr aus, Jahr ein eine milde, linde Frühlingsluft, von Blüthenathem durchweht und von Vogelgeſang durchklungen. Doch zwei Tageszeiten gab es, Tag und Nacht, und dieſe theilten ſich wieder in vier Theile, in Morgen, Mittag, Abend und Nacht; doch war der Mittag nicht wärmer, als die andern Tageszeiten. Das aber hatte es hier Beſonderes, daß die Nacht nie ſo dunkel und der Tag nie ſo hell ward, als ſie oben auf der Erde ſind.

Johann hatte viele Monate hier verlebt — ich glaube es waren zehen — und ſie waren ihm hingeſchwunden wie ein Tag. Da begegnete ihm Etwas, das ihn in die Schule brachte. Ich will erzählen, wie das zuging. Er wandelte einſt, nach ſeiner Gewohnheit, mit ſeinem Diener herum. Da ſah er in der Abenddämmerung etwas Schneeweißes in eine cryſtallene Felswand hineinſchlüpfen und dann plötzlich verſchwinden. Und es hatte ihm gedäucht, daß es von den kleinen Leuten war, und daß ihm auch ſchneeweiße Locken von den Schultern herabhingen. Er fragte denn ſeinen Begleiter: „Was war das! giebt es auch unter euch welche, die in weißen Kleidern gehen, wie die Diener und Dienerinnen, die ihr uns abgefangen habt?“ Der Diener antwortete: „Ja, es giebt deren, aber wenige, und ſie erſcheinen nie bei dem Tanze, noch an den großen Tafeln, außer einmal im Jahre, wann des großen Bergkönigs, der viele tauſend Meilen weit unter uns in der innerſten Tiefe wohnt, Geburtstag iſt. Darum haſt Du ſie noch nie geſehen. Das ſind die älteſten Männer unter uns, und Einige von ihnen wohl manches Jahrtauſend alt, und wiſſen vom Anfange der Welt und vom Urſprunge der Dinge zu erzählen, und werden die Weiſen genannt. Sie leben ſehr einſam für ſich und kommen nur aus ihren Kammern, daß ſie unſere Kinder und die Diener und Dienerinnen unterweiſen, für welche hier auch eine große Schule iſt; ſonſt ſind ſie meiſt mit der Betrachtung der innerlichen und himmliſchen Dinge und mit der Sternkunde und Alchymie beſchäftigt.“ „Was? giebt es hier auch Schulen? rief Johann, das iſt nicht recht, Diener, daß Du mir das verſchwiegen haſt; ich habe immer große Luſt gehabt, in die Schule zu gehen und etwas Ordentliches zu lernen.“ „Das kannſt Du haben, wie Du willſt, antwortete der Diener, Du biſt hier der Herr, und was Du haben willſt, müſſen wir Dir ſchon zu Gefallen thun. Du kannſt Dir einen der ſchneeweißen Weiſen in die Kammer kommen laſſen, wenn Dir das gefällt, oder kannſt auch in eine der Schulen gehen.“ „Das will ich gleich morgenden Tages thun, ſprach Johann, und ich will mit in die Schule gehen, wo die Diener und Dienerinnen unterwieſen werden. Denn ich will mit denen lernen, die auf der Erde geboren ſind; Ihr möchtet mir zu fein ſeyn, und ich käme nicht mit, und der Hinterſte zu ſeyn, wäre unluſtig.“

Und gleich den andern Morgen ließ Johann ſich von dem Diener in die Schule führen, und es gefiel ihm da ſo gut, daß er nachher nie einen Tag verſäumt hat. Das iſt nämlich ſehr löblich von den Unterirdiſchen, daß die Kinder, welche zu ihnen herabkommen, immer ſehr gut unterwieſen werden, ſo daß ſehr kluge und geſchickte Leute aus den Bergen gekommen ſind, Männer und Frauen, die ihre Wiſſenſchaft bei den Unterirdiſchen gelernt haben. Hier waren Meiſter in allen Künſten. Die Kinder lernten ſchreiben, leſen, zeichnen, malen, Geſchichten und Märchen aufſchreiben und erzählen, und wurden zugleich in mancherlei feiner und künſtlicher Arbeit unterwieſen. Die Größern und Fähigern erhielten auch Unterricht von der Natur und von den Geſtirnen, und wurden auch in der Dichtkunſt und Räthſelkunſt geübt, welche beiden Künſte die Unterirdiſchen über Alles lieben, und womit ſie ſich bei der Tafel und bei Feſten unter einander viel reizen und ergötzen. Der kleine Johann war ſehr fleißig, und ward bald einer der geſchickteſten Zeichner und Maler, auch arbeitete er ſehr fein in Silber und in Gold und Stein, ja er konnte aus Stein zuletzt ſo feine Früchte und Blumen wirken, daß man glauben ſollte, der liebe Gott, der doch Alles auf das Schönſte und Künſtlichſte geſchaffen hat, könne es kaum beſſer machen; er machte auch hübſche Reimlein, und im Räthſelkampfe war er ſehr gewandt, daß er faſt Allen antworten konnte, und ihm Mancher die Antwort ſchuldig blieb.

Manches liebe Jahr hatte Johann hier verlebt, ohne daß er an ſeine ſchöne Erde gedacht hätte und an diejenigen, welche er dort oben zurückgelaſſen hatte. Auch hatte er hier unter den Kindern manchen lieben Geſpielen und Geſpielin gefunden. Nur war das betrübt, daß dieſe gewiſſe Stunden immer dienen mußten und dann nicht mit ihm ſeyn durften, obgleich ſie keineswegs hart gehalten wurden und einen ſehr leichten und meiſtens nur ſpielenden Dienſt hatten, denn ſchwere und ſchmutzige und mühevolle Arbeit gab es hier unten gar nicht.

Unter allen ſeinen Geſellen und Geſellinnen hatte Johann Niemand lieber als ein kleines blondes Mädchen, welches Elsbeth Krabbin hieß. Dieſe war mit ihm aus demſelben Dorfe, es war die Tochter des Pfarrers Friedrich Krabbe in Rambin. Sie war als ein vierjähriges Kind weggekommen, und Johann erinnerte ſich wohl, wie ſie ihm von ihr erzählt hatten. Sie war aber nicht geſtohlen von den Unterirdiſchen, ſondern einen Sommertag mit den andern Kindern in's Feld gelaufen. Sie waren zu den neun Bergen gegangen, da war die kleine Elsbeth eingeſchlafen und von den Andern vergeſſen, und des Nachts, als ſie erwachte, unter die Unterirdiſchen und mit ihnen unter die Erde gekommen. Johann hatte ſie aber nicht deswegen ſo lieb, weil ſie mit ihm aus einem Dorfe war, ſondern Elsbeth war von Natur ein ausnehmend freundliches und liebes Kind mit hellblauen Aeuglein und blonden Löckchen, und als ſie groß ward, war ſie ausbündig ſchön.

Mit dieſem niedlichen Kinde hatte Johann hier ſeine Kinderjahre recht luſtig verſpielt und gar nicht mehr daran gedacht, daß da oben über den Bergen auch noch Leute wohnten. So war er achtzehn Jahre alt geworden und Elsbeth ſechzehn. Und was bis jetzt ein unſchuldiges Kinderſpiel geweſen war, ward nun eine ſüße Liebe. Sie konnten nicht mehr von einander laſſen und nannten ſich Braut und Bräutigam, und waren lieber allein, als unter den andern Geſpielen. Die Unterirdiſchen ſahen das aber ſehr gern, denn ſie hatten den Johann alle ſehr lieb, und hätten ihn auch ſehr gern als ihren Diener gehabt — denn Herrſchſucht iſt ihr Laſter bei manchen Tugenden. Und ſie dachten: durch dieſe hübſche Dirne werden wir ihn fangen, und er wird ſich um ihretwillen zuletzt wohl gefallen laſſen, bei Tiſche aufzuwarten und Aepfel und Trauben von den Bäumen zu leſen und Blumen zu ſtreuen und das Eſtrich zu kehren. Sie irrten ſich aber ſehr. Der kleine Diener, dem er die Mütze genommen, und den die Langeweile oft bei ihm geplagt, hatte ihm zu viel erzählt: daß er hier nur das Befehlen habe, und daß ſie Alles thun müßten, was er wolle; denn wer Meiſter von einem Unterirdiſchen geworden, ſey dadurch auch ſo weit Meiſter aller übrigen, daß ſie Ihm Alles zu Gefallen thun müſſen, was in ihrer Macht ſtehe.

Johann ging nun viel ſpazieren mit ſeiner kleinen ſüßen Braut, und ließ den Diener oft zu Hauſe; denn jetzt waren dort keine Wege und Stege mehr, die er nicht kannte. Und ſie ſpazierten viel in der Dämmerung und oft bis in die ſinkende Nacht hinein, ohne daß ſie merkten, wo ihnen die Zeit blieb; denn die Liebe iſt eine Zeitdiebin, die ihres Gleichen nicht hat. Der Johann war bei dieſen Spaziergängen immer friſch und munter, aber die Lisbeth war oft ſtumm und traurig, und erinnerte ſich oft des Landes da droben, wo die Menſchen wohnen und Sonne, Mond und Sterne ſcheinen. Weil er das aber immer wegſchob, durch andere Geſpräche, ſo verſtummte ſie wieder und ſeufzte ſtill in ſich, vergaß es auch wohl endlich wieder durch das Glück, daß ſie an ſeinen Armen wandeln durfte. Nun begab es ſich einmal, daß ſie bei einem Spaziergange über ihrer Liebe und dem luſtigen Geköſe und Geſchäker derſelben ganz der Zeit vergeſſen hatten und Gott weiß wie weit geſchlendert waren. Es war ſchon nach Mitternacht, und ſie waren zufällig an die Stelle gekommen, wo die Spitze des gläſernen Berges ſich aufzuthun und wo die Unterirdiſchen hinaus- und hereinzuſchlüpfen pflegten. Als ſie nun da wandelten, hörten ſie mit einem Male mehrere irdiſche Hähne laut krähen. Bei dieſem ſüßen Klange, den ſie nun in zwölf Jahren nicht gehört hatte, ward der kleinen Lisbeth gar wunderſam um das Herz, ſie konnte ſich nicht länger halten, ſie umfaßte ihren Johann, als wollte ſie ihn todt drücken, und netzte ihm mit heißen Thränen die Wangen. So hing ſie lange ſprachlos an ſeiner Bruſt, dann küßte ſie ihn wieder und bat ihn, daß er ihr den unterirdiſchen Kerker doch aufſchließen ſollte. Sie ſprach ungefähr alſo zu ihm:

„Lieber Johann, es iſt hier unten wohl ſchön, und die kleinen Leute ſind auch freundlich und thun einem nichts zu Leide, aber geheimelt hat es mir hier nie, ſondern mir iſt doch immer ſchauerlich zu Muthe geweſen, und eigentlich froh bin ich hier erſt geworden, ſeit ich Dich ſo lieb habe, und doch nicht recht froh, denn es iſt hier doch kein rechtes Leben, wie es für Menſchen ſeyn ſoll. Ich habe hier doch keine Ruhe Tag und Nacht, und ich will Dir es nun ſagen, was ich immer verſchwiegen habe: alle Nacht träumt mir von meinem lieben Vater und von meiner Mutter und von unſerm Kirchhofe, wo die Leute ſo andächtig an den Kirchthüren ſtehen und auf den Pater warten, und mir iſt es dann ſo ſehnſüchtig im Herzen, daß ich Blut weinen möchte, weil ich nicht mit ihnen in die Kirche gehen und beten und Gott loben und preiſen kann, wie Menſchen ſollen. Denn ein chriſtliches Leben iſt hier unten einmal nicht, ſondern nur ſo ein buntes, künſtliches in der Mitte, wobei es einem doch nicht ganz wohl wird, weil es wohl halb heidniſch iſt. Und, lieber Johann, auch das mußt Du bedenken, wir können hier ja nie Mann und Frau werden, denn es iſt hier ja kein Prieſter, der uns trauen kann; und ſo müſſen wir immerfort Brautleute bleiben, und können alt und grau darüber werden. Darum denke darüber und mache Anſtalt, daß wir von hier kommen; mich verlangt unbeſchreiblich, wieder bei meinem Vater und unter frommen Chriſten zu ſeyn."

Auch für Johann hatten die Hähne ganz wunderbar gekräht, und er empfand etwas, was er hier unten noch nie empfunden hatte, nämlich eine tiefe Sehnſucht nach dem ſchönen Sonnenlande, und er antwortete ſeiner Braut:

„Liebe ſüße Lisbeth, Du ermahneſt mich ganz recht. Ich empfinde nun auch, daß es Sünde iſt für Chriſten, hier zu bleiben, und mir iſt im Herzen faſt, als hätte der Herr Chriſtus uns mit dieſem Hahnenkraͤhn als mit ſeiner Liebesſtimme gerufen: „Kommt herauf, ihr Chriſtenkinder, aus der Bezauberung und aus den Wohnungen der Verblendung! kommt herauf an das Sternenlicht und wandelt wie die Kinder des Lichts!" Ja, Lisbeth, mir iſt zum erſten Mal recht weh um das Herz geworden, und ich ſehe wohl, daß es ein großer Fürwitz und eine ſchreckliche Sünde war, daß ich ſo mit den Unterirdiſchen hinabgefahren bin. Das mag Gott meinen jungen Jahren vergeben, weil ich ein Kind war und nicht wußte, was ich that. Und nun will ich auch nicht länger warten, ſondern geſchwinde Anſtalt machen, daß ich fortkomme. Mich dürfen ſie hier nicht halten."

Und er war ſehr bewegt in ſeiner Seele, und führte ſein liebes Kind eilends von dannen. So trieb ihn der Vorſatz fort, der ſchon in ihm lebendig war. Er hatte aber nicht bemerkt, daß Lisbeth bei ſeinen letzten Worten todtenblaß geworden war und wie ſchwer ſie ihr auf's Herz gefallen waren; denn ſie hatte vorher nicht bedacht, daß ſie Dienerin war und ihre funfzig Jahre aushalten mußte und daß ſie mit ihm nicht fort konnte. Und der Schmerz war ſo gewaltig in ihr, daß ſie endlich laut weinen und ſchluchzen mußte und er ſie nun fragte, was ihr ſey, er wolle ja gerne mit ihr fortziehen, ja durch die ganze Welt mit ihr, wohin ſie wolle. Da antwortete ſie ihm: „Ach! Du biſt hier der Herr und kannſt es; aber ich bin die Dienerin, und muß nach dem ſtrengen Geſetze, das hier gilt, aushalten, bis die funfzig Jahre um ſind. Und was ſoll ich dann auf der Erde thun, wann Vater und Mutter todt und die Geſpielen alt und grau ſind! und Du biſt dann auch grau und alt; was kann es mir da helfen, daß ich hier jung bleibe und nicht älter werden kann, als zwanzig Jahre! Ach! ich arme Lisbeth!"

Sie ſprach dieſe Worte ſo kläglich aus, daß ſie einen Stein hätte rühren können, und in Johann's Ohren tönten ſie wie Donnerſchläge, und er ward auch ſo traurig. Denn das fühlte er wohl, ohne ſie konnte er von hier nicht gehen — und er konnte doch in ſeiner Seele nirgends einen Ausweg finden. Sie ſchieden alſo, als ſie heimgekommen waren, ſehr traurig von einander. Johann aber drückte Lisbeth's Hand an ſein Herz und küßte ſie viel tauſendmal und ſagte ihr: „Nein, liebe Lisbeth, ohne Dich gehe ich nimmer von hier, das glaube mir." Und Lisbeth ward ſehr getröſtet durch dieſe Worte.

Johann wälzte ſich die ganze Nacht auf ſeinem Kiſſen hin und her, und konnte kein Auge zuthun, denn die Gedanken ließen ihm keine Ruhe, ſondern flogen, wie aufgeſcheuchte Vögel, hinter welchen der Falke iſt, immer rundum in ſeiner Seele. Endlich, als der Morgen ſchon graute, fuhr er geſchwind aus dem Bette, und ſprang hoch auf vor Freuden, und jauchzte in ſeiner Stube hin und her und ſchrie überlaut: „Nun hab' ich's! nun hab' ich's! Diener! Diener! Du haſt mir zu viel erzählt!" Und er klingelte, und der Diener kam, und er befahl: „Diener, geſchwind! geſchwind! bringe mir Lisbeth!" und in einem Augenblicke war der Diener da und führte die ſchöne Lisbeth an der Hand. Und er hieß den Diener hinausgehen und küßte ſeine Lisbeth und ſprach zu ihr: „Liebe Lisbeth, nun freue dich mit mir. Ich habe es gefunden! ich habe es gefunden! wir werden nun beide bald wieder zu Chriſten kommen, und ſie können uns hier nicht feſthalten. Verlaß Dich nur darauf, ich kann es machen. Und nun gehe, mein Herzchen, und ſey froh." Und er küßte ſein liebes Kind, rief darauf den Diener und hieß ihm die Lisbeth wieder heimführen und auf dem Rückwege die ſechs Vornehmſten zu ihm rufen. Der Diener aber verwunderte ſich über dieſe Sendung, und die Sechs wunderten ſich noch mehr, als er ihnen die Meldung Johann's brachte, und munkelten und flüſterten unter einander, gingen aber mit ihm.

Und als die Sechſe in Johann's Zimmer traten, empfing er ſie ſehr freundlich, denn es waren ja die, mit welchen er alle Tage zu Tiſche zu ſitzen pflegte, und ſprach alſo zu ihnen:

„Liebe Herren und Freunde, Euch iſt wohl bewußt, auf welche Weiſe ich hierher gekommen bin, nicht als ein Gefangener und Ueberliſteter, oder Diener, ſondern als ein Herr und Meiſter über Einen von Euch, und dadurch über Alle; nur daß dieſer Eine immer mein leiblicher und ſtündlicher, ja ſecundlicher Diener ſeyn muß. Ihr habt mich die zehn Jahre, welche ich bei Euch lebe, wie einen Herrn empfangen und gehalten, und dafür bin ich Euch Dank ſchuldig, denn ich hätte Euch mit allerlei Befehlen und Einfällen manche Mühe und Arbeit, Neckerei und Plage anthun, ja, ich hätte ein recht tückiſcher und unfreundlicher Tyrann gegen Euch ſeyn können, und Ihr hättet es alles in Gehorſam leiſten und thun müſſen und nicht mukſen dürfen. Ich habe das aber nicht gethan, ſondern mich wie Eures Gleichen aufgeführt und mehr mit Euch gejubelt und geſpielt, als daß ich unter Euch geherrſcht hätte. Nun bitte ich Euch, ſeyd wieder freundlich gegen mich, wie ich gegen Euch geweſen bin, und gewähret mir eine Bitte. Es iſt hier unter den Dienerinnen eine feine Dirne, die ich lieb habe, Lisbeth Krabbin aus Rambin, wo ich auch geboren bin. Dieſe gebt mir, und laſſet ſie mit mir ziehen. Denn ich will nun wieder hinauf, wo die Sonne ſcheint und der Pflug in's Feld geht. Weiter begehre ich nichts, als dieſes ſchöne Kind und den Geſchmuck und das Geräth meines Zimmers mitzunehmen."

So ſprach er mit ſehr lebendigem und kräftigem Tone, daß ſie den Ernſt wohl fühlten. Sie aber ſchlugen die verlegenen und bedenklichen Blicke zu Boden und ſchwiegen Alle; darauf nahm der Aelteſte unter ihnen das leiſe Wort und liſpelte: „Herr, Du begehreſt, was wir nicht geben können; es thut uns leid, daß Du Unmögliches verlangeſt. Es iſt ein unverbrüchliches Geſetz, daß nie ein Diener oder eine Dienerin entlaſſen werden kann von hier vor der beſtimmten Zeit. Brächen wir das Geſetz, ſo würde unſer ganzes unterirdiſches Reich einen Fall thun. Sonſt Alles, denn Du biſt uns ſehr lieb und ehrenwerth, aber die Lisbeth können wir Dir nicht herausgeben."

„Ihr könnt die Lisbeth herausgeben und ihr ſollt ſie herausgeben, rief Johann im Zorn. Nun geht, und bedenkt Euch bis morgen. Ihr wißt meinen Befehl, es iſt keine Bitte mehr. Morgen kommt zu dieſer Stunde wieder. Ich will Euch zeigen, ob ich über Eure ſchmeichleriſchen und füchſiſchen Liſten herrſchen kann."

Die Sechs verneigten ſich und gingen, den begleitenden Diener aber ſchalten ſie, daß er zu viel erzählt habe. Er aber entſchuldigte ſich und verneinte es und ſagte: „Ihr wißt ja, wie klug er mich überliſtet hat mit der Mütze, und wie er von den Geheimniſſen unſerer Herrſchaft Alles gewußt hat durch den alten Kuhhirten aus Rodenkirchen; der hat ihm dieß auch erzählt." — Und ſie glaubten ihm und ſchalten ihn nicht mehr.

Als die Sechs den andern Morgen zur befohlenen Stunde wiederkamen, empfing Johann ſie doch freundlich und ſprach: „Ich habe Euch geſtern hart angeredet, aber ich habe es ſo ſchlimm nicht gemeint, als ich ausgeſehen habe. Aber die Lisbeth will ich und muß ich haben, dabei bleibt es! Und ich weiß wohl, daß Ihr auch mich nicht gerne miſſet, weil Ihr die Menſchenkinder gern habt, beſonders wenn ſie freundlich und luſtig ſind, wie ich bin. Aber ich kann's nun einmal nicht helfen, ich muß wieder zu Chriſten, und wie ein Chriſt leben und ſterben, und es iſt eine große Sünde, wenn ich hier länger ſäume. Und deswegen verlaſſe ich Euch, und nicht aus Widerwillen und Haß. Und meine liebe Lisbeth will ich auch mitnehmen; dabei bleibt es! Und nun geberdet Euch nicht länger widerwärtig und widerſpänſtig, und thut wie Freunde dem Freunde, was Ihr ſonſt aus Noth thun müßet, und gebet mir die ſchöne Dirne heraus, und laſſet uns freundlich von einander ſcheiden und hier und dort ein freundliches Andenken in den Herzen bewahren."

Und die Sechs thaten ſehr freundlich und redeten nun Einer nach dem Andern, und machten ſehr ſchöne Wendungen und Schlingungen der Worte, womit ſie ihn zu beſtricken hofften, denn darin ſind ſie ſehr geſchickt. Auch hatten ſie ſich heute vorbereitet, daß ſie wußten, was ſie ſprechen wollten. Aber es half ihnen nichts, und ihre Worte verflogen ſich in den Winden und berührten Johann nicht ſtärker, als hätten ſie Spreu aus dem Munde geblaſen. Und das Ende vom Liede war wieder, nachdem er alle die ſchönen künſtlichen Worte angehört hatte: „Gebt die Lisbeth heraus! ich gehe nicht ohne die Lisbeth!" Denn Johann war zu ſterblich verliebt, als daß er die ſchöne Lisbeth gelaſſen hätte. Die Sechs aber weigerten ſich, als hätten ſie Recht und würden es nimmer thun. Johann aber ſagte ihnen lächelnd: „Geht nun! Fahrt wohl bis morgen! Morgen ſeyd Ihr wieder zu dieſer Stunde hier. Ich gebe Euch nun das dritte und letzte Mal. Wollt Ihr meinen Wunſch dann nicht in Güte erfüllen, ſollt Ihr ſehen, ob ich verſtehe, Herr zu ſeyn." — Er hatte aber, da er ſie ſo hartnäckig ſah, in ſich beſchloſſen, ſie durch Plagen zum Gehorſam zu zwingen, falls ſie nicht unterdeſſen auf beſſere Gedanken kämen.

Und ſie kamen den dritten Morgen, und Johann ſah ſie mit ernſtem und ſtrengem Blicke an und erwiederte ihre Verbeugung nicht, ſondern fragte kurz: „Ja oder Nein?" Und ſie antworteten einſtimmig: „Nein!" Darauf befahl er dem Diener, er ſollte noch vierundvierzig der Vornehmſten rufen und ſollte ihre Frauen und Töchter mitkommen heißen, und auch die Frauen und Töchter von dieſen Sechſen, die vor ihm ſtanden. Und der Diener fuhr dahin wie der Wind, und in wenig Minuten ſtanden die Vierundvierzig da, mit ihren Frauen und Töchtern, und auch die Frauen und Töchter der Sechs, und waren in Allem wohl fünfhundert Männer, Frauen und Kinder da. Und Johann hieß ſie hingehen und Hauen, Karſten und Stangen holen und dann flugs wiederkommen. Und ſie thaten, wie er befohlen hatte, und waren bald wieder da. Er aber gedachte ſie nun zu plagen, damit ſie aus Noth thäten, was ſie aus Liebe nicht thun wollten.

Er führte ſie auf einen Felſenberg, der auf einem der Anger lag. Da mußten dieſe feinen zarten Weſen, die für ſchwere Arbeit nicht geſchaffen waren, Steine hauen, ſprengen und ſchleppen. Sie thaten das ganz geduldig und ließen ſich nichts merken, ſondern geberdeten ſich, als ſey es ihnen ein leichtes und gewohntes Spiel. Er aber ließ ſie ſich plagen vom Morgen bis an den Abend, und ſie mußten ſchwitzen und arbeiten, daß ihnen der Athem faſt ausging; denn er ſtand immer dabei und trieb ſie an. Sie aber hofften, er werde die Geduld verlieren und der Jammer werde ihn überwinden, daß er ſie und ihre Frauen und Kinder ſo bleich und welk werden ſah, die ſonſt ſo ſchön und luſtig waren. Und wirklich war Johann zu keinem König Pharao und Nebukadnezar geboren, denn, nachdem er es einige Wochen ſo getrieben, ging ihm die Geduld aus, und der Jammer, daß er die ſchönen kleinen Menſchen ſo mißhandeln mußte, that auch ſein Theil dazu. Sie aber wurden nicht müde, denn es iſt ein gar eigenſinniges Völkchen. Sie brauchten aber immer die Liſt, daß die Schönſten immer zunächſt bei Johann arbeiten mußten, beſonders ſtellten ſie die niedlichen kleinen Dirnen dahin, die ſonſt ſeine Tiſchgeſellinnen waren, und die mußten auf ſeine Mienen und Geberden Acht haben, und hatten bald bemerkt, daß er ſich oft verſtohlen wegwendete und eine Thräne aus den Augen wegwiſchte. Johann dachte nun darauf, wie er eine Plage erſänne, die ihn geſchwinder zum Ziele führte.

Und er machte ſich hart und geberdete ſich noch viel härter und rief ſie einen Abend zuſammen und ſprach: „Ich ſehe, Ihr ſeyd ein hartnäckiges Geſchlecht, ſo will ich denn viel hartnäckiger ſeyn, denn Ihr ſeyd. Morgen, wann Ihr zur Arbeit kommt, bringe ſich Jeder eine neue Geißel mit." Und er hieß ſie ſich Alle entkleiden und einander mit den Geißeln zerhauen, bis das Blut darnach floß; und er ſah grimmig und grauſam dabei aus, als hätte ihn eine Tigerin geſäugt oder ein ſchwarzer Galgenvogel das Futter zugetragen. Aber die kleinen Leute zerbleuten ſich und bluteten und hohnlachten dabei, und thaten ihm doch nicht den Willen. So thaten ſie drei, vier Tage.

Da konnte er es nicht länger aushalten, es jammerte und ekelte ihn, und er hieß ſie ablaſſen und ſchickte ſie nach Hauſe. Und er dachte auf viele andere Plagen und Martern, die er ihnen anthun könne. Da er aber von Natur weich und mitleidig war, und die Wochen wirklich mehr ausgeſtanden hatte, daß er ſie plagen mußte, als ſie, die geplagt wurden, ſo gab er den Gedanken daran ganz auf; für ſich und für ſeine Lisbeth wußte er aber auch gar keinen Rath, und ward ſo traurig, daß ſie ihn oft tröſten und aufrichten mußte, der ſonſt immer ſo fröhlich und beherzt war. So lieb er die kleinen Leute ſonſt hatte, ſo unlieb wurden ſie ihm jetzt. Er ſchied ſich ganz aus ihrer Geſellſchaft und von ihren Feſten und Tänzen, und lebte einſam mit ſeiner Dirne und aß und trank einſam in ſeinem Zimmer; ſo, daß er faſt ein Einſiedler ward und ganz in Trübſinn und Schwermuth verſank.

Als er einmal in dieſer Stimmung in der Dämmerung ſpazierte, warf er in Unmuth, wie man zu thun pflegt, kleine Steine, die ihm vor den Füßen lagen, gegen einander, daß ſie zerſprangen. Vielleicht erquickte es ſeinen ſchweren Muth auch, daß er die Steine ſo an einander zerſchlagen ſah, denn wenn ein Menſch in ſich uneins und zerriſſen iſt, möchte er in Unmuth oft die ganze Welt zerſchlagen. Genug, Johann, der nichts Beſſeres thun mochte, zerwarf die armen Steine, und da geſchah es, daß aus einem ziemlich großen Steine, der aus einander ſprang, ein Vogel ſchlüpfte, der ihn erlöſen ſollte. Es war dieß eine Kröte, deren Haus in den Stein mit ihr gewachſen war und die vielleicht ſeit der Schöpfung der Welt darin geſeſſen hatte. Kaum ſah Johann die Kröte ſpringen, ſo war er ganz freudenvoll und ſprang hinter ſie drein und haſchte ſie und rief einmal über das andere: „Nun hab' ich ſie! nun hab' ich meine Lisbeth! nun will ich euch ſchon kirr machen, nun ſollt ihr's kriegen, ihr tückiſchen kleinen Geſellen. Habt ihr euch mit Ruthen nicht zum Gehorſam geißeln laſſen, ſo will ich euch mit Kröten und Skorpionen geißeln." Und er barg die Kröte wie einen koſtbaren Schatz in ſeiner Taſche und lief eilends zu Hauſe und nahm ein feſtes ſilbernes Gefäß und ſetzte ſie darein, damit ſie ihm nicht entrinnen könnte. Und in ſeiner Freude ſprach er überlaut für ſich viele Worte und geberdete ſich ſo wunderlich, als ſey er närriſch geworden, und ſprang dann in's Freie hinaus. „Komm mit, mein Vögelein, rief er, nun will ich dich verſuchen, ob du ächt biſt." Und er nahm das Gefäß mit der Kröte unter den Arm und lief hin, wo ein paar Unterirdiſche in der Einſamkeit des Weges gingen. Und als er ihnen näher kam, ſtürzten ſie hin auf den Boden und winſelten und heulten jämmerlich. Er aber ließ flugs ab von ihnen und rief: „Lisbeth, Lisbeth, nun hab' ich Dich! nun biſt Du mein!" und ſo ſtürmte er zu Hauſe, ſchellte den Diener herein und ließ ihn Lisbeth holen.

Und als Lisbeth kam, war ſie ganz erſtaunt, daß ſie ihn ſo munter fand, denn ſeit einem halben Jahre hatte ſie ihn nicht mehr froh geſehen. Und er lief auf ſie zu und umhalſete ſie und ſprach: „Lisbeth! ſüße Lisbeth! nun biſt Du mein, nun nehme ich Dich mit; übermorgen ſoll der Auszug ſeyn, und, Juchhe! wie bald die luſtige Hochzeit!" Sie aber ſtaunte noch mehr und ſagte: „Lieber Johann, biſt Du jeck geworden! wie ſoll das möglich ſeyn?" Er aber lächelte und ſprach: „Ich bin nicht jeck geworden, aber die kleinen Schlingel will ich jeck machen, wenn ſie ſich nicht zum Ziele legen wollen. Sieh', hier hier iſt Dein und mein Erlöſer." Und er nahm das ſilbern Geſchirr und öffnete es und zeigte ihr die Kröte, vor deren Garſtigkeit es ihr faſt geſchwunden hätte. Nun erzählte er ihr, wie er zu dem ſeltenen Vogel gekommen war und wie herrlich ihm die Probe geglückt war, die er mit ihm unter den Unterirdiſchen angeſtellt hatte, und wohlgefällig rief er noch einmal: „Sey froh, meine liebe Lisbeth! Du ſollſt es ſehen, wie ich ſie mit dieſer zu Paaren treiben will."

Nun muß ich auch das Geheimniß erzählen, das in der Kröte ſteckte. Klas Starkwolt hatte dem kleinen Johann oft erzählt, daß die Unterirdiſchen keinen Geſtank vertragen könnten, und daß ſie bei dem Anblick, ja bei dem Geruch von Kröten gleich in Ohnmacht fielen und die entſetzlichſten Schmerzen litten; mit Geſtank und mit dieſen garſtigen, ſcheußlichen Thieren könne man ſie zu Allem zwingen. Daher findet ſich auch nicht etwas Stinkendes in dem ganzen gläſernen Reiche, und die Kröten ſind dort etwas Unerhörtes, und man muß daher dieſe Kröte, die ſo wunderbar in einen Stein gehäuſt und faſt eben ſo wunderbar aus dieſem ihrem ſteinernen Hauſe herausgekommen war, faſt anſehen, als von Gott von Ewigkeit her zu ſolcher geheimen Wohnung verdammt, damit Johann und Lisbeth zuſammen aus dem Berge kommen und Mann und Frau werden könnten.

Johann und Lisbeth glaubten auch gern an ein ſolches Wunder, beſonders Lisbeth, die Gottes liebes Kind war. Und als Johann ihr alles erzählt und erklärt hatte, was er ferner thun und wie er die Kleinen ferner zu ſeinem Willen zwingen wollte, da fiel ſie ganz entzückt und gerührt auf ihr Geſichtchen zur Erde und betete und dankte Gott, daß er ſie endlich von den kleinen Heiden erlöſen und wieder zu Chriſtenmenſchen bringen wollte. Und ſie ging ganz fröhlich heim und faltete ihre Händchen im Bette noch mit zum Gebete und hatte die Nacht die allerſüßeſten Träume. Johann legte ſich auch nicht traurig nieder und er überdachte und überlegte ſich Alles, wie er die Kleinen erſchrecken und endlich mit ſeiner geliebten Braut aus dem Berge ziehen wollte.

Und den folgenden Morgen, als es getagt hatte, rief er ſeinen Diener und hieß ihn die funfzig Vornehmſten holen mit ihren Frauen und Töchtern. Und ſie erſchienen alsbald vor Johann, und er ſprach zu ihnen:

„Ihr wiſſet alle, und iſt Euch nicht verborgen, wie ich hierher gekommen bin und wie ich dieſe manchen Jahre mit Euch gelebt habe, nicht als ein Herr und Gebieter, ſondern als ein Freund und Genoſſe. Und ich habe es wohl gewußt, wie ich hätte Herr ſeyn und meiner Herrſchaft gegen Euch gebrauchen können; und das habe ich nicht gethan, ſondern einen Einzigen von Euch hab' ich als Diener gebraucht, und auch nicht als Diener, ſondern mehr als Freund. Und Ihr ſcheinet mit mir zufrieden zu ſeyn und mich lieb zu haben; als es aber dahin gekommen iſt, daß ich endlich eine einzige kleine Freundlichkeit von Euch begehren mußte, habt Ihr Euch geberdet, als forderte ich Leben und Reich von Euch, und mir ſie trotzig abgeſchlagen. Ihr wißt auch, was ich da ergriffen habe, und wie ich angefangen habe, Euch mit Arbeit und Streichen zu plagen, damit Ihr einſähet, daß Ihr Unrecht hättet und mir die Liebe thätet. Aber Ihr ſeyd trotziger und hartnäckiger geweſen, als ich ſtrenge, und aus Barmherzigkeit habe ich ablaſſen müſſen von der Strafe. Ihr habt das aber nicht erkannt, ſondern habt mich ausgelacht als einen Dummen, der keinen Rath wiſſe, Euch zum Gehorſam zu zwingen. Ich aber weiß wohl Rath, und will Euch bald zeigen, wenn Ihr in Eurer Verſtocktheit bleibet und mir die Lisbeth nicht losgeben wollet. Darum zum letzten Male, beſinnet Euch noch eine Minute, und ſagt Ihr dann Nein, ſo ſollt Ihr die Pein fühlen, die Euch und Euern Kindern von allen Peinen die fürchterlichſte iſt.“

Und ſie ſäumten nicht lange, und ſagten mit Einer Stimme „Nein“, und dachten bei ſich: Welche neue Liſt hat der Jüngling erdacht, womit er ſo weiſe Männer einzuſchrecken meint! Und ſie lächelten, als ſie Nein ſagten. Dieß Lächeln ärgerte Johann mehr, als alles Andere, und voll Zorns rief er: „Nun denn! da Ihr nicht hören wollt, ſo ſollt Ihr fühlen!“ und lief geſchwind mit einem Blitz einige hundert Schritte weg, wo er das Gefäß mit der Kröte unter einem Strauch verſteckt hatte.

Und er kam zurück, und als er ſich ihnen auf hundert Schritte genähert hatte, ſtürzten ſie Alle hin, als wären ſie mit Einem Schlage zugleich vom Donner gerührt, und begannen zu heulen und zu winſeln und ſich zu krümmen, als ob ſie von den entſetzlichſten Schmerzen gefoltert würden. Und ſie ſtreckten die Hände aus und ſchrieen Einer um den Andern: „Laß ab, Herr! laß ab! und ſey barmherzig! wir fühlen, daß Du eine Kröte haſt und daß kein Entrinnen iſt. Nimm die gräulichen Plagen weg, wir wollen ja Alles thun, was Du befiehlſt.“ — Und er ließ ſie noch einige Secunden zappeln, dann entfernte er das Gefäß mit der Kröte, und ſie richteten ſich wieder auf und ihre Züge erheiterten ſich wieder, denn die Pein war weg, wie das Thier weggenommen war.

Johann behielt nur die ſechs Vornehmſten bei ſich und ließ die Weiber und Kinder und die übrigen Männer alle gehen, wohin jeder wollte. Zu den Sechſen aber ſprach er ſeinen Willen alſo aus:

„Dieſe Nacht zwiſchen zwölf und ein Uhr ziehe ich mit der Lisbeth von dannen, und Ihr beladet mir drei Wagen mit Silber und Gold und edlen Steinen. Obwohl ich Alles nehmen könnte, was Ihr in den Bergen habt, da ihr ſo widerſpänſtig und ungehorſam gegen mich geweſen ſeyd, will ich Euch doch ſo hart nicht ſtrafen, ſondern barmherziger gegen Euch ſeyn, als Ihr gegen mich und die Lisbeth geweſen ſeyd. Und alle meine Herrlichkeiten und Koſtbarkeiten und Bilder und Bücher und Geräthe, die in meinem Zimmer ſind, werden auf zwei Wagen geladen; alſo, daß in Allem fünf Frachtwagen bereit gemacht werden. Mir ſelbſt aber rüſtet den ſchönſten Reiſewagen, den Ihr in Euren Bergen habt, mit ſechs ſchwarzen Rappen, worauf ich und meine Braut ſitzen und zu den Unſrigen einfahren wollen. Zugleich befehle ich Euch, daß von den Dienern und Dienerinnen alle diejenigen freigelaſſen werden, welche ſo lange hier geweſen ſind, daß ſie droben zwanzig Jahre und drüber alt ſeyn würden; und Ihr ſollt ihnen ſo viel Silber und Gold mitgeben, daß ſie auf der Erde reiche Leute heißen können. Und das ſoll künftig ein ewiges Geſetz ſeyn und Ihr ſollt mir es hier dieſen Augenblick beſchwören, daß nimmer ein Menſchenkind hier länger feſtgehalten werden ſoll, als bis zu ſeinem zwanzigſten Jahre.“

Und die Sechſe leiſteten ihm den Schwur und gingen dann traurig weg; er aber nahm jetzt die Kröte und vergrub ſie tief in die Erde. Und ſie und die übrigen Unterirdiſchen rüſteten Alles zu, und auch Johann und Lisbeth bereiteten ſich zur Reiſe und ſchmückten ſich feſtlich gegen die Nacht, damit ſie als Braut und Bräutigam erſcheinen könnten. Es war aber jetzt beinahe dieſelbe Zeit, in welcher er einſt in den Berg hinabgeſtiegen war, die Zeit der längſten Tage, die Mittſommerszeit, die ſie die Sonnenwende nennen. Und er war etwas über zwölf Jahre in den Bergen geweſen, und Lisbeth etwas über dreizehn, und er ging in ſein einundzwanzigſtes Jahr und Lisbeth in ihr achtzehntes. Die kleinen Leute thaten mit großem Gehorſam, aber ſehr ſtill, Alles, wie er ihnen befohlen hatte; deſto lauter aber war die Schaar der Diener und Dienerinnen, welche ſein neues Geſetz über das zwanzigſte Jahr mit erlöſet hatte. Dieſe jubelten um ihn und um ſeine Lisbeth her, und freuten ſich ſehr, daß ſie mit ihnen auf die Oberwelt ziehen durften.

Und als alle Koſtbarkeiten herausgeſchafft und die erlöſten Diener und Dienerinnen hinausgefahren waren, ſetzte Johann und ſeine Lisbeth ſich zuletzt in die ſilberne Sonne und ließen ſich hinaufziehen. Es mochte wohl eine Stunde nach Mitternacht ſeyn. Und es däuchte ihnen ebenſo, wie ſie hinabgefahren waren. Sie waren vom Jubel umrauſcht und von Muſik umtönt, und endlich klang es über ihren Köpfen und ſie ſahen den gläſernen Berg ſich öffnen, und die erſten Himmelsſtrahlen blickten zu ihnen herab nach ſo manchen Jahren, und bald waren ſie draußen und ſahen das Morgenroth ſchon im Oſten dämmern. Johann ſah eine Menge Unterirdiſcher, die um ihn und Lisbeth und um die Wagen beſchäftigt waren, dort hin und her wallen, und er ſagte ihnen das letzte Lebewohl, dann nahm er ſeine braune Mütze, ſchwang ſie dreimal in der Luft und warf ſie unter ſie. Und in demſelben Augenblicke ſah er nichts mehr von ihnen, ſondern erblickte nichts weiter, als einen grünen Hügel und bekannte Büſche und Felder, und hörte die Glocke vom Rambiner Kirchthurm eben Zwei ſchlagen. Und als es ſtill geworden war und er von dem unterirdiſchen und überirdiſchen Getümmel nichts weiter hörte, als einige Lerchen, die ihre erſten Morgenlieder anſtimmten, da fiel er mit ſeiner Lisbeth im Graſe auf die Kniee, und ſie beteten beide recht andächtig und gelobten Gott ein recht chriſtliches Leben, weil er ſie ſo wunderbar von den Unterirdiſchen errettet hatte. Und alle Diener und Dienerinnen, welche mit ihnen und durch ihn erlöſet waren, thaten desgleichen.

Darauf erhuben ſie ſich Alle, und die Sonne ging eben auf, und Johann ordnete nun den Zug ſeiner Wagen. Voran fuhren zwei Wagen, jeder mit vier Rothfüchſen beſpannt, die waren mit eitel Gold und Ducaten beladen, ſo ſchwer, daß die Pferde von der Laſt ſtöhnten; dieſen folgte ein anderer Wagen mit ſechs ſchneeweißen Pferden, welche alles Silber und Cryſtall zogen: hinter dieſem fuhren zwei letzte Wagen, jeder mit vier Grauſchimmeln beſpannt, und dieſe waren mit den herrlichſten Geräthen und Gefäßen und Edelgeſteinen und mit der Bibliothek Johann's beladen. Er mit ſeiner Braut fuhr zuletzt in einem offenen Wagen, aus lauter grünem Smaragd, deſſen Decke und Vorderſeite mit vielen Diamanten beſetzt waren, und ſechs muthige wiehernde Rappen zogen ihn. Er war aber, nebſt ſeiner Braut, auf das Koſtbarſte geſchmückt, damit ſie den Ihrigen auch durch den Schmuck und die Pracht als ein rechtes Wunder Gottes kämen. Denn beide waren von ihnen lange als todt betrauert, und wer hätte wohl gedacht, daß ſie jemals wiederkommen würden. Die erlöſten Diener und Dienerinnen in gläſernen Schuhen und weißen Kleidern und Jäckchen mit ſilbernen Gürteln gingen vor und hinter und neben den Wagen und geleiteten ſie; Einige führten auch die Pferde, denn ſie wollten ſie Alle bis Rambin begleiten und von da Jeder ſeines Weges weiter ziehen. Es waren ihrer in Allem zwiſchen funfzig und ſechzig. Und ſie jauchzten vor Freuden, und Einige, welche Geigen und Pfeifen und Trompeten mit hatten, ſpielten luſtig auf. So zogen ſie mit Jauchzen und Klingen die Hügel hinab auf die Straße, welche von Rambin nach Garz führt. Es war aber dem **Johann** und der **Lisbeth** gar wunderſam zu Muthe, als ſie den Thurm von Rambin wiederſahen und die Sturmweiden von Drammendorf und Gieſendorf aus der Ferne, wo ſie als Kinder ſo viel geſpielt hatten. Als ſie vor Rodenkirchen hingingen, kam eben die Kühheerde über den Weg, und **Klas Starkwolt** mit ſeinem treuen Hurtig zog ihr langſamen Schrittes nach. **Johann** ſah ihn und erkannte ihn ſtracks und dachte bei ſich: den treuen Alten wirſt du nicht vergeſſen. Und ſo zog er mit ſeiner Begleitung, und alle Leute, die auf der Straße waren, hielten oder ſtanden ſtill, und viele liefen ihnen nach, ja einige liefen voraus und meldeten in Rambin, welche blanke und prächtige Wagen dort auf der Straße führen, und brachten das ganze Dorf auf die Beine. Der Zug ging aber ſehr langſam wegen der ſchwerbeladenen Wagen.

So zogen ſie etwa um vier Uhr Morgens in Rambin ein und hielten ſtill mitten im Dorfe, etwa zwanzig Schritte von dem Hauſe, wo **Johann** geboren war. Und es war alles Volk zuſammengelaufen und aus den Häuſern gegangen, damit ſie die glänzende Herrlichkeit mit eigenen Augen ſähen. **Johann** entdeckte bald ſeinen alten Vater und ſeine Mutter und erkannte unter den Vielen auch ſeinen Bruder **Andres** und ſeine Schweſter **Trine**. Auch der alte Pfarrer **Krabbe** ſtand da, in ſchwarzen Pantoffeln und einer weißen Schlafmütze, wie er eben aus dem Bette gekommen war, und gaffte mit Andern; aber **Lisbeth** erkannte ihn nicht mehr, denn ſie war zu klein geweſen, als ſie in den Berg entführt worden. So hielten ſie etwa zehn Minuten ſtill, ohne ſich etwas merken zu laſſen. Und man kann wohl ſagen, daß in dem Dorfe Rambin nie eine ſolche Herrlichkeit erſchienen war und auch nicht erſcheinen wird bis an der Welt Ende. **Johann** und ſeine Braut funkelten von Diamanten und edlen Steinen; die Wagen, die Pferde, die Geſchirre waren auf das Prächtigſte geziert, die Begleiter und Begleiterinnen, alle in der Blüthe der Jahre, mit den ſchönſten weißen Kleidern angethan und den ſonderbaren Mützen und gläſernen Schuhen. Alles war wie aus einer andern Welt, ſo daß der Küſter, ſeines Handwerks ein Schuhmacher, der in ſeiner Jugendwanderſchaft bis nach Moskau und Conſtantinopel gekommen war, ſagte: „Sind es keine tartariſche und perſiſche und aſiatiſche Prinzen, ſo müſſen ſie vom Mond herunter gekommen ſeyn, denn in dem Lande Europa habe ich dergleichen nie geſehen, und bin doch auch in vielen Städten geweſen, wo Kaiſer und Könige wohnen.“ Der gute Küſter irrte ſich aber, ſie kamen weder aus Perſien, noch aus der Tartarei, ſondern ganz aus der Nähe, aber freilich aus einer ſehr wenig entdeckten Welt.

Als **Johann** nun glaubte, es ſey genug und ſie hätten ihre Augen bis zur Sättigung geweidet, ſprang er raſch vom Wagen und hob ſein ſchönes Kind auch heraus und drang durch die Menge hin, die ihm ehrerbietig Platz machte. Und ohne ſich lange zu beſinnen, eilte er zu dem niedrigen ſtrohernen Häuschen, wo **Jacob Dietrich** mit ſeiner Frau ſtand und umhalſete ſie beide und küßte ſie, die ſich vor ihm auf die Erde warfen und ſeine Kniee küſſen wollten. Er aber wehrte ihnen und ſprach: „Mit nichten! Das darf nicht ſeyn. Kennt Ihr mich denn nicht? Ich bin Euer verlorner Sohn **Johann Dietrich**, und dieſe hier iſt meine Braut.“ Und die beiden Alten erſtaunten und wußten nicht, ob ſie wachten oder träumten, alles Volk aber, das dieß ſah und hörte, verwunderte ſich und rief: „**Johann Dietrich**, der verlorne **Johann Dietrich** iſt von den Unterirdiſchen wiedergekommen, und ſeht, was er mitgebracht hat!“

Johann Dietrich ſtand dort aber nicht lange müßig bei ſeinen Eltern, ſondern als er den alten Pfarrer **Krabbe** in der weißen Schlafmütze erblickte, lief er eilends hin und holte ihn, faſt mit Gewalt, herbei; denn der alte Mann wußte nicht, was der ungeſtüme Jüngling im Sinne hatte. Und er führte den alten ehrwürdigen Herrn zu **Lisbeth** und fragte ihn: „Kennſt Du dieſe?“ Ehe er aber noch antworten konnte, zog er ihm **Lisbeth** in die Arme und ſprach: „Dieß iſt Deine verlorne Tochter und meine Braut, die bringe ich Dir wieder. Und nun ſollſt Du uns ſegnen und chriſtlich zuſammenſprechen, da wir auf eine ſo wunderſame Weiſe wieder zu den Unſrigen gekommen ſind.“ Und der alte Mann war lange ſprachlos und hing an der Bruſt ſeiner **Lisbeth** und weinte vor Freuden; denn ſie war ſein einziges Kind, und er hatte ſie lange als Todte beweint. Und als er ſich beſonnen hatte von dem erſten Erſtaunen, nahm er die Hände ſeines Kindes und legte ſie in die Hände **Johann's** und hieß **Jacob Dietrich** und ſeine Frau auch hinzutreten und ſprach: „So ſegne Euch denn der Gott des Friedens und der Barmherzigkeit, der Euch ſo wunderbar zuſammengebracht hat, und laſſe Euch Kinder und Kindeskinder ſehen und in ſeiner Furcht wandeln bis an's Ende Eures Lebens. Siehe ich preiſe ihn, daß er mich dieſen Tag hat ſehen laſſen.“

Als dies vorbei und noch viel gefragt und erzählt war, und als die Nachbarn und Geſpielen und Geſpielinnen ſich den **Johann** und die **Lisbeth** wieder beſehen und Jeder auf ſeine Weiſe an ſeinen Zeichen wieder erkannt hatten, da gingen die Beiden zu den Eltern in die Häuſer. **Johann** ſäumte nicht mit der Hauptſache, mit der Hochzeit, die binnen acht Tagen ſeyn ſollte. Und er ſchickte viele hundert Wagen aus in den Wald, welche Bäume und Zweige in unendlicher Menge herbeifuhren. Und er ließ viele Zimmerleute und Schreiner und Tapezierer kommen. Und wo jetzt das Kloſter ſteht, einige hundert Schritte vor dem Dorfe, da ließ er einen hohen und weiten Laubſaal bauen und von beiden Seiten Tiſche aufſchlagen und in der Mitte eine Tanzbühne, und der Saal war ſo groß, daß er wohl fünftauſend Menſchen faſſen konnte. Zu gleicher Zeit ſchickte er nach Stralſund und Greifswald, und ließ ganze Böte voll Wein, Zucker und Caffee laden; auch wurden ganze Heerden Ochſen und Schweine zur Hochzeit herbeigetrieben, und wie viele Hirſche, Rehe und Haſen dazu geſchoſſen ſind, das iſt nicht zu ſagen, ſo wenig, als die Fiſche zu zählen ſind, die dazu beſtellt wurden.

In ganz Rügen und Pommern iſt auch kein einziger Muſikant geblieben, der nicht dazu verdungen wurde. Denn **Johann** war ſehr reich und wollte ſeine Pracht ſehen laſſen. Auch hatte er das ganze Kirchſpiel zur Hochzeit geladen und auch alle die ſchönen weißen Jünglinge und Jungfrauen dabehalten, die er erlöſt hatte, und die nun ſeinen Ehrentanz mitfeiern wollten.

Dieß war die Ordnung der Hochzeit. Als der Morgen angebrochen war, gingen alle Gäſte in die Kirche, und der alte **Krabbe** dankte Gott und erzählte die wunderbare Erhaltung und Errettung und Verlobung der Kinder; darauf ſegnete er ſie ein und gab ſie feierlich zuſammen. Nun gingen ſie in zierlicher Reihe alle in den großen Laubſaal, ſo daß **Jacob Dietrich** und ſeine Frau die **Lisbeth** zwiſchen ſich führten, **Johann** aber zwiſchen Vater **Krabbe** und ſeinem alten **Klas Starkwolt** ging. Denn dieſen hatte er ſogleich kommen laſſen und ihn reichlich beſchenkt, ſo daß er für ſeine übrigen Lebenstage geborgen war; auch hatte er ihm die ſchönſten Hochzeitskleider anmeſſen laſſen. Und **Klas** hatte ihm verſprechen müſſen, bei ihm zu bleiben und mit ihm zu leben, ſo oft und viel er wollte, und das hat er redlich gehalten. Nach dieſen Ehrenpaaren folgten die feinen Weißen aus dem Berge Paar um Paar, und darauf die ganze übrige Freundſchaft, Nachbarſchaft und Kirchſpielſchaft nach Stand und Würden und Alter, wie es ſich gebührte. Und ſie hielten eine Hochzeit, wie ſie in Rambin nie wieder gehalten worden, und wovon noch die Urenkel zu erzählen wiſſen. Vierzehn ausgeſchlagene Tage und Nächte iſt getanzt und geſchmauſt worden, und da hat man über vierzig Paare auf gläſernen Schuhen tanzen ſehen, was ſeltſam etwas Unerhörtes geweſen. Und die Leute haben ſich über die Tänzerinnen gewundert, ſo anmuthigen Tanz haben ſie gehalten; denn die Unterirdiſchen ſind die erſten Tanzmeiſter in der Welt, und da hatten ſie ja tanzen gelernt.

Und als die Hochzeit vorbei war, da iſt **Johann** herumgereiſt im Lande mit ſeiner ſchönen **Lisbeth**, und ſie haben ſich viele Städte und Dörfer und Güter gekauft, und er iſt Herr von beinahe ganz Rügen geworden und ein ſehr vornehmer Graf im Lande. Und auch der alte **Jacob**, ſein Vater, iſt ein Edelmann geworden, und **Johann's** Brüder und Schweſtern haben Junker und Fräulein geheißen. Denn was kann man ſich nicht alles für Silber und Gold ſchaffen? Schier Alles, nur nicht die Seligkeit; ſonſt hätte der arme Menſch auf Erden auch gar keinen Troſt. **Johann** hat aber in all' ſeinem Reichthum nie vergeſſen, auf welche wunderbare Weiſe Gott ſeine Jugend geführt hatte, und iſt ein frommer chriſtlicher Mann geweſen. Und ſeine Frau, **Lisbeth**, iſt faſt noch frömmer geweſen, als er. Und Beide haben Kirchen und Armen ſehr viel Gutes gethan, auch ſelbſt viele Kirchen gebaut und ſind endlich, von Allen, die ſie kannten, geſegnet, ſeliglich im Herrn verſchieden. Und dieſe Kirche, die jetzt in Rambin ſteht, hat der Graf **Johann Dietrich** auch erbauen laſſen und hat ſie ſehr reich beſchenkt von ſeinem vielen Gelde. Und ſie iſt zum ewigen Andenken an ſeine Geburt da erbaut, wo **Jacob Dietrich's** Häuschen geſtanden hat. Und er hat viele koſtbare Geräthe dahin geſchenkt, goldene Becher und ſilberne Schaalen von der allerkünſtlichſten Arbeit, wie die Unterirdiſchen ſie in ihren Bergen machen, nebſt ſeinen und der **Lisbeth** gläſernen Schuhen, zum ewigen Andenken, was ihnen in der Jugend geſchehen war. Dieſe ſind aber weggekommen unter dem großen König **Carolus** dem Zwölften von Schweden, als die Ruſſen hier auf die Inſel kamen und ſchlimm hauſeten. Da haben die Koſaken auch die Kirche geplündert und das alles mitgenommen.

Johann Arndt

ward am 27. December 1555 zu Ballenſtedt geboren. Nachdem er ſich die nöthigen Vorkenntniſſe erworben, ſtudirte er anfangs die Arzneiwiſſenſchaft, dann aber, durch eine gefährliche Krankheit veranlaßt, die Theologie zu Helmſtädt, Wittenberg, Straßburg und Baſel. Darauf bekleidete er ſeit 1582 ein Schulamt, das Rectorat zu Badeborn, ward aber 1590 abgeſetzt, nachdem er viele Verfolgungen ausgeſtanden, weil er ſich der Bilderſtürmerei entgegengeſtellt und den Exorcismus vertheidigt hatte. Er verwaltete hierauf mehrere geiſtliche Stellen nach einander, ward Prediger zu Quedlinburg, Braunſchweig und Eisleben und kam endlich im Jahre 1611 als Generalſuperintendent nach Zelle, wo er am 11. Mai 1621 ſtarb.

Er hinterließ:

Vier Bücher vom wahren Chriſtenthum. Magdeburg, 1610. (Das erſte Buch bereits ſchon Braunſchweig, 1605. in 12, das 2., 3., 4. B. Eisleben und Magdeburg, 1607.) — Neueſte Ausgabe von **Stintenis.** Nürnberg, 1826. — Es ward in elf Sprachen überſetzt und erlebte unzählige Auflagen.

Paradiesgärtlein. Leipzig, 1612. (?) in 12. ſpäter öfter und ebenfalls in viele Sprachen überſetzt. Neueſte Ausgabe unter dem Titel: „**Gebetbuch**", von **Stintenis** beſorgt. Nürnberg, 1826. in 8.

Poſtille. Leipzig und Jena, 1616 und öfter.

Der ganze Katechism in 60 Predigten. Leipzig und Jena, 1616 und öfter.

Auslegung des ganzen Pſalter David's. Leipzig und Jena, 1617 und öfter u. ſ. w.

Sämmtliche geiſtreiche Schriften und Werke. Görlitz, 1734 — 36. 5 Thle. in Folio. —

A. war ein während ſeines Lebens ſchwer und viel geprüfter Mann, dem innige, wahre, warme Frömmigkeit zum unentbehrlichen Bedürfniß geworden, und der es ſich daher zum Ziele ſetzte, ſie bei Anderen zu wecken und zu befördern, damit ſie ihnen ebenfalls eine Quelle reichen Troſtes würde, wie ſie ſich ihm als eine ſolche erwieſen hatte. Er ſagte ſich los von dem ſtarren kirchlichen Lehrbegriffe und wandte ſich mit ganzer Seele geiſtiger Thätigkeit, tiefer Naturbetrachtung, beſeligender innerer Gemüthsanſchauung zu. Seine Myſtik iſt eine reine, im Bewußtſeyn ihres Glaubens freudige Lehre. Sein Wort mußte daher unendlich wirken zu einer Zeit, als ſich ein erſtarrendes Formenweſen und kalter Verſtand die Herrſchaft in der proteſtantiſchen Kirche angemaßt hatten. Treffend ſagt ein geiſtreicher Kirchenhiſtoriker von ihm: „Im Sinne der alten volksthümlichen Myſtik hat Arndt ſein Leben geführet und ſeine Bücher vom wahren Chriſtenthum geſchrieben; einſt entſetzt als Märtyrer für den Exorcismus, von den orthodoxen Theologen aller gangbaren Ketzereien beſchuldigt, hat er in der Verwilderung des dreißigjährigen Krieges und bis auf unſere Tage ein mildes, tröſtliches und praktiſches Chriſtenthum im Volke gefördert" *).

Seine Schreibart iſt klar, deutlich, einfach und wohlklingend, ſo wie für jene Zeit ſehr correct, obwohl mitunter etwas weitſchweifig und breit.

Vgl. J. G. Pahl, in Tzſchirner's Memorabilien. B. 3. S. 1 fgde. —

Ein wahrer Chriſt kan niergend anerkandt werden, denn an der Liebe vnd täglichen Beſſerung ſeines Lebens, wie ein Baum an ſeinen Früchten *).

Pſalm. 92. Der Gerechte wird grünen wie ein Palmbaum, Er wird wachſen wie eine Ceder auff dem Libanon: Die gepflantzet ſind in dem Hauſe des HERRN, werden in den Vorhöfen vnſers Gottes grünen. Vnd wenn ſie gleich alt werden, werden ſie dennoch blühen, fruchtbar vnd friſch ſeyn, daß ſie verkündigen, daß der HERR ſo fromm iſt, mein Hort, vnd iſt kein Vnrecht an jhm.

Nicht der Name, ſondern ein Chriſtlich Leben beweiſet einen wahren Chriſten, vnd wer ein rechter Chriſt ſeyn wil, ſol ſich befleiſſigen, daß man Chriſtum ſelbſt in jhme ſehe an ſeiner Liebe, Demuht vnd Freundlichkeit. Denn niemand kan ein Chriſt ſeyn, in welchem Chriſtus nicht lebet. Ein ſolch Leben muß von innen aus dem Hertzen vnd Geiſt gehen, wie ein Apffel aus der innerlichen grünenden Krafft des Baums. Denn der Geiſt Chriſti muß das Leben regieren, vnd Chriſto gleichförmig machen, wie S. Paulus Röm. 8. ſpricht: Welche der Geiſt Gottes treibet, die ſind Gottes Kinder, wer den Geiſt Gottes nicht hat, der iſt nicht ſein. Was nu für ein Geiſt den Menſchen inwendig treibt vnd beweget, ſo lebet er auswendig. Darumb zu einem rechten Chriſtlichen Leben der H. Geiſt hoch von nöten iſt. Denn ein jeglich Leben gehet aus dem Geiſt, es ſey gut oder böſe: Darumb hat uns der HErr befohlen, vmb den H. Geiſt zu bitten, vnd er hat vns denſelbigen verheiſſen, vnd er iſt der Geiſt der newen Geburt, der vns in Chriſto lebendig machet zu einem newen, geiſtlichen, himliſchen Leben. Aus demſelbigen jmmer grünenden lebendigen Geiſt Gottes müſſen herfür blühen die Chriſtlichen Tugenden, daß der Gerechte grünet wie ein Palmbaum, vnd wächſet wie ein Ceder auff dem Libano, die der HERR gepflantzet hat.

Darumb muß der Menſch erſtlich inwendig ernewert werden in dem Geiſt ſeines Gemühts nach Gottes Bilde, vnd ſeine innerliche Begierden vnd Affecten müſſen Chriſto gleichförmig werden, welches S. Paulus nennet, nach Gott gebildet werden, Ephes. 4. auff daß ein euſſerlich Leben aus dem Grunde ſeines Hertzens gehe, vnd er von innen alſo ſey, wie er von auſſen vor den Menſchen iſt. Vnd billich ſol inwendig im Menſchen vielmehr ſeyn, denn auswendig geſpüret wird, denn Gott ſihet ins Verborgene, vnd prüfet Hertzen vnd Nieren, Pſal. 7.

Vnd ob wir wol inwendig nicht ſo rein ſeyn als die Engel, ſollen wir doch darnach ſeufftzen, vnd diß gläubige Seufftzen nimpt Gott an vns zu reinigen, denn der H. Geiſt hilfft vnſerer Schwachheit, vnd vertritt vns bey Gott mit vnausſprechlichen Seufftzen, Röm. 8. Ja, das Blut Chriſti reiniget vns alſo durch den Glauben, daß kein Runtzel oder Flecken an vns iſt, Eph. 5. Vnd das noch mehr iſt, Vnſer Reinigkeit, Heiligkeit, Gerechtigkeit, iſt nicht eines Engels Reinigkeit, ſondern ſie iſt Chriſti Gerechtigkeit, ja Chriſtus ſelbſt, 1. Corinth. 1.

Darumb wir vnſer Heiligkeit weit über alle Engel Reinigkeit vnd Heiligkeit ſetzen ſollen. Denn ſie iſt Chriſtus ſelbſt, Jerem. 33. Vnd dieſe empfangene, vnverdiente, aus Gnaden geſchenckte Gerechtigkeit, Reinigkeit vnd Heiligung, ſol billich Leib, Seele vnd Geiſt ernewern, vnd ein heilig Leben wircken. Darum müſſen wir ſeyn in vnſerm Chriſtenthumb wie ein junges Palmbäumlein, das jmmer grünet, fort wächſet vnd gröſſer wird: Alſo müſſen wir wachſen vnd zunemen in Chriſto. So viel wächſet aber ein Menſch in Chriſto, ſo viel er am Glauben vnd an Tugenden vnd Chriſtlichem Leben zunimpt, vnd ſich täglich beſſert, vnd ſo viel Chriſtus in jhm lebt, vnd das heiſſt grünen wie ein Palmbaum.

Ein Chriſt muß ſich täglich ernewern vnd auffſprieſſen wie ein Palmbaum, vnd jhme vorſetzen, ſeinem Namen gnug zu thun, als ob er heute erſt wäre ein Chriſt worden, vnd ſol täglich darnach ſeufftzen, daß er nit ein falſcher Chriſt ſeyn möge. Wie ein jeglicher, der beruffen iſt zu einem Ampt, ſich befleiſſigen muß, ſeinem Beruff gnug zu thun: Alſo ſind wir beruffen zu Chriſto mit einem heiligen Beruff. Vnd wo ein ſolcher heiliger Vorſatz nicht iſt, da iſt auch keine Beſſerung, vnd grünen vnd zunemen in Chriſto, ja der lebendigmachende Geiſt Chriſti iſt nicht da. Denn ein ſolcher Vorſatz gutes zu thun kompt aus dem H. Geiſte, vnd

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*) Kirchengeſchichte von Dr. **Karl Haſe.** Leipzig, 1834. S. 455.

*) Aus: **Johann Arndt**, vier Bücher vom wahren Chriſtenthumb, Lüneburg, 1649.

iſt die vorlauffende Gnade Gottes, die alle Menſchen locket, reitzet und treibet. Wol dem, der ihr ſtatt und raum gibt, und die Stimme der Weißheit Gottes höret, die auff der Gaſſen ruffet. Alles was ein Menſch anſihet, iſt eine Erinnerung ſeines Schöpffers, dadurch ruffet ihm Gott, und will ihn zu ſich ziehen.

Und ſo offt wir nun das merken, daß wir geruffen und gelocket werden, ſollen wir bald anfahen gutes zu thun, denn das iſt die rechte Zeit, da wir nicht verhindert werden. Es wird bald ein ander Zeit kommen, da wir verhindert werden, gutes zu gedenken, hören, reden und thun. Darumb ſtellet ſich ſtets die ewige Weißheit Gottes zuvor, und ruffet uns an allen Orten, daß wir die Zeit nicht verſäumen.

Sihe einen Baum an, der ſtehet immer und wartet auff den Sonnenſchein und gute Einflüſſe des Himmels, und iſt immer bereit dieſelbe zu empfahen: Alſo ſcheinet die Gnade Gottes und himliſche Einflüſſe auff dich, würdeſtu nur nicht von der Welt verhindert, dieſelbige zu empfahen.

Bedenke die kurze Zeit deines Lebens, wie viel Übungen Chriſtlicher Tugenden du verſäumet haſt. die halbe Zeit deines Lebens haſtu geſchlaffen, die ander helffte haſtu mit Eſſen und Trinken zugebracht, und wenn du nun ſterben ſolt, haſtu kaum angefangen recht zu leben, und gutes zu thun.

Wie ein Menſch zu ſterben begert, ſo ſol er auch leben. Du wolteſt ja nicht gerne ſterben als ein Gottloſer, ey ſo ſolteſt du auch nit leben als ein Gottloſer. Wiltu ſterben als ein Chriſt, ſo mußtu leben als ein Chriſt. Der lebet aber als ein Chriſt, der alſo lebet, als wenn er heute ſterben ſolte. Ein Knecht muß immer bereit ſeyn vor ſeinem Herrn zu erſcheinen, wenn er ihm ruffet: Nun ruffet Gott einem jeglichen durch den Todt.

Selig iſt der Knecht, den der HERR wachend findet, wenn er kompt, Er wird jhn über alle ſeine Güter ſetzen. Wer iſt aber der da wachet? Der ſich die Welt, und die nach der Welt leben, nicht läſt verführen. Die Ergerniſſen ſind die böſe [illegible], die offt einen guten Baum verderben, daß er nicht grünen und blühen kann, ꝛc.

Vertrauen in Gott *).

Wenn Menſchen-Hülf ſcheint aus zu ſeyn,
So ſtellt ſich GOttes Hülfe ein,
Wenn niemand hilft, ſo hilfet er,
Und macht mein Leiden nicht zu ſchwer.

Was tracht ich lang nach Menſchen-Gunſt,
Die doch vergehet, wie ein Dunſt:
Es iſt in dieſer Welt kein Freund,
Der ſtets es gut mit einem meynt.

Nimm deine Zuflucht nur zu GOtt,
Der dir kan nehmen deine Noth,
Such den zum Freund, der dir allein
Mit ſeiner Hülf' kan nützlich ſeyn.

Wenn GOtt dein Freund, alsdenn dein Feind
Iſt ohne Macht, und gantz verkleint,
Und wären noch viel tauſend hier,
So könt doch keiner ſchaden dir.

Es muß doch gehn, wie's GOtt gefällt,
Wenn ſich gleich alles gegen ſtellt,
Laß GOtt nur machen, wie er will,
Und halte ſeinem Willen ſtill.

Ludwig Achim von Arnim

ward am 26. Januar 1781 zu Berlin geboren (nach Anderen ſchon 1775 im Ländchen Bärwalde). Er ſtudirte in Göttingen Medizin und vorzüglich Naturwiſſenſchaften, ward Dr. der Medizin, lebte längere Zeit mit ſeinem Freunde Clemens Brentano (S. d.), deſſen Schweſter er ſpäter heirathete, in Heidelberg und dann abwechſelnd auf ſeinem Gute Wiepersdorf bei Dahme und in Berlin. Ein Nervenſchlag endete unerwartet ſein Leben am 21. Januar 1831.

Außer mehreren phyſikaliſchen Abhandlungen ſchrieb von Arnim:

Hollin's Liebeleben. Göttingen, 1803.
Ariel's Offenbarungen. Göttingen, 1804. 1. Thl.
Tröſt-Einſamkeit. Heidelberg, 1808.
Der Wintergarten. Berlin, 1809.
Nachtfeier. Berlin, 1810.
Armuth, Reichthum, Schuld und Buße der Gräfin Dolores. Berlin, o. J. (1810) 2 Thle.
Halle und Jeruſalem. Heidelberg, 1811.
Iſabella von Aegypten u. ſ. w. Heidelberg, 1812.
Schaubühne. Berlin, 1813. 1. Theil.
Die Kronenwächter. Berlin, 1817. 1. Th.
Die Gleichen. Berlin, 1819.
Landhausleben. Leipz. 1826.
Einzelnes in Journalen, Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit C. Brentano gab er heraus:

Des Knaben Wunderhorn, Altdeutſche Lieder. Heidelberg, 1806–8. 3 Thle. N. A. des 1. Thls. Heidelberg, 1819.

Arnim's Schriften haben während ſeines Lebens ſich nicht der regen Aufmerkſamkeit und Theilnahme zu erfreuen gehabt, auf die ſie mit großem Rechte Anſpruch machen konnten. Er war ein Dichter von Ruf, aber ſein Ruf lebte nicht im Volke; er gehörte zwar der romantiſchen Schule im Allgemeinen an, aber er ſtand doch allein für ſich da, ein genialer Sonderling. So kam es, daß er wenig beachtet wurde, daß die Menge ihn in einer ſtürmiſchen, bedrängten Zeit nicht genauer kennen lernte, denn er ſtieß nie in die Trompete der Menge, und ihn ſpäter im Gewirre des Tages vergaß. Und doch iſt er einer der reichſten deutſchen Dichter, voll gigantiſcher Phantaſie, Kraft, Lieblichkeit, Anmuth und Eigenthümlichkeit, der nur das Eine nicht aufzufaſſen, zu behandeln und zu benutzen verſtand, die Geſtaltung der Zeit. — Er kommt mir immer vor wie Jemand, der ſich in einer Geſellſchaft junger ſpielender Genoſſen bei Seite ſetzt und ſich auf ſeine eigene Hand amüſirt. — Er nimmt nur aus der wirklichen Welt in ſeine herüber, was ihm auffällt und gefällt, und läßt es in ſeiner Phantaſie ein neues Leben beginnen: daher ſagt ſeine Welt nie der wirklichen zu, denn die Letztere verſteht die Erſtere nicht. Hätte er ſich nicht durch die Herausgabe von des Knaben Wunderhorn ein bleibendes Andenken geſtiftet, ſo würde ſein Name noch unbekannter ſeyn, denn, Görres ausgenommen, der ihm ein ehrenwerthes Denkmal ſetzte, in welchem er aber mehr von ſich als von Arnim ſpricht **), und Heine, der den Franzoſen gegenüber ihn etwas wunderlich abhandelt und nicht recht im Klaren zu ſeyn ſcheint ***), hat Niemand verſucht, ihn ausführlich, wie er es verdient, zu würdigen, und man ſucht ſelbſt in allen Hand- und Lehrbüchern der Geſchichte der deutſchen Literatur ſeinen Namen vergebens oder findet ihn höchſtens mit wenigen Worten vornehm abgefertigt.

Sehr geiſtreich ſagt Görres in dem bereits angeführten Aufſatze von ihm und ſeinen Leiſtungen: „Man kann ſeine Poeſie nicht kürzer bezeichnen, als wenn man ſie dem Vogelgeſchlechte angehörig erklärt. Wie die alte [illegible] Zeit, ſo ſitzt ſie wohlgemuth oben auf hohem Zweig im Baumeswipfel, unaufhörlich wiegend und wendend mit Artigkeit den Kopf, ſchlagend ohne Aufhör mit dem [illegible], wie im Pendelſchlag wackelnd mit dem [illegible], bald ſich niedertauchend, dann wieder aufſchwebend, nun zur Rechten, dann wieder zur Linken ſchwimmend, immerfort in allen Gliedern vom munteren Leben durchzuckt. Selbſt ſeine Proſa kann daher, von dieſem innerlichen Zuck und Blitz unaufhörlich bewegt, nur mit Mühe Anſtand und Schritt behaupten und macht ſich oft die Luſt, wo ſie ſich ungeſeben glaubt, in einem halb verſteckten Rythmus aufzuhüpfen und daher zu tanzen. Werden ihr aber die Banden von den Füßen und Flügeln abgenommen, und kann ſie nur dem inneren ſingenden Jauchzen ohne Zwang ſich hingeben, dann ſteigt die Losgekettete im freudigen Jubel zur Höhe auf, wie das geflügelte Jodeln aus der Kehle des Berghirten gerade auf ſich über ihn in die Lüfte ſchwingt und nun hoch über ſeinem Haupte ſich wie der Adler im Kreiſe dreht, nun wallend und ſchlagend ſich auf der Bläue wiegt, dann im ſchnellen Sturze durch die ganze Tonfolge niederſtürzt; eine Zeit lang in der Tiefe ſich wie auf geſpanntem Seil im Takte auf- und niederſchwingt und dann wieder ſteil recht ſchnell ſich zur vorigen Höhe ſchnellt, und ſich hoch oben wirbelnd in der Schwebe hält, ohne durch all das Tönen und Schießen und Wirbeln und Tanzen die innere Luſt aufzuzehren und auszugießen. Wie die Zugſchwalbe, die heut noch in dieſem Welttheil ſchwirrt und, ehe am andern Tage der Abend graut, ſchon die afrikaniſche Wüſte unter ſich erblickt, ſo iſt ſie daher wenig von Raum und Zeit gebunden und gehemmt; aus der Vogelperſpective Land und Meere überblickend, ragen nur die höchſten Gipfel in ihre Regionen hinauf, und indem ſie ſich leicht von Einem zum Andern ſchwingt, verbindet ſie in dem regen Inſtinkte, der innerlich in ihr wie ein verborgener Magnetismus nach den verhüllten Polen der Geiſterwelt deutet und zeigt, leicht das Entfernteſte in Welt und Geſchichte und webt aus dieſen geheimnißvollen Beziehungen ihr goldenes Netz, das ſie ſpielend um ſich breitet.“

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*) Aus: Joh. Georg Walch, Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch. Jena, 1737.

**) Literaturblatt zum Morgenblatt, Jahrg. 1831. Nr. 27–30.

***) Heine, Zur Geſchichte der neueren ſchönen Literatur in Deutſchland. Th. II. S. 167 ſqq.

Arnim's ganze dichteriſche Perſönlichkeit mit allen ihren Eigenthümlichkeiten offenbart ſich vorzüglich in ſeiner Gräfin Dolores, die überhaupt wohl als ſeine bedeutendſte Leiſtung zu betrachten iſt, da er hier mit großer Beſonnenheit verfährt und Dichtung und wirkliches Leben übereinſtimmender als ſonſt irgendwo zu verbinden weiß. Die einzelnen Charaktere treten klar und entſchieden hervor, die Handlung iſt einfach, gut verwickelt und conſequent durchgeführt; das Gemüth des Dichters öffnet ſeinen ganzen Reichthum, und die Phantaſie behält freien Spielraum, luſtig ihre Schwingen zu entfalten, ohne der künſtleriſchen Einheit zu ſchaden. So bizarr auch Manches erſcheint, ſo iſt doch in dem ganzen Buche nichts Falſches und Gemachtes, dagegen aber viel Tiefe echter Empfindung und treffende Wahrheit wirklicher Erfahrung. — Es iſt ein Werk, in dem jeder Stand, jedes Alter, jede Geſinnung Etwas finden wird, das anſpricht, wohlthut, beruhigt, tröſtet und erheitert.

W. Menzel hat als Nachſchrift zu jenem Denkmale von Görres lebhaft und dringend das Verlangen nach einer vollſtändigen Sammlung von v. Arnim's Werken ausgeſprochen. Leider iſt dieſer Wunſch bisher noch nicht von den Erben oder Freunden des genialen Abgeſchiedenen erfüllt worden, und doch ſind ſie es ihm, ſich und dem deutſchen Vaterlande durchaus ſchuldig. Ludwig Achim von Arnim hat als Menſch wie als Dichter ſeiner Nation Ehre gemacht; ſie ſollte dankbarer ſeyn.

Hollin's Liebeleben *).

Hollin und Odoardo kamen denſelben Tag auf eine Schule, gewannen einander ſogleich lieb und veranlaßten dadurch, daß ihnen der Rektor ein gemeinſchaftliches Zimmer anwies, das ſie auch bis zu ihrem Abgange nach der Univerſität mit einander bewohnten. Jener war dem letzteren an Alter, Vermögen und Talent überlegen; dieſe Ueberlegenheit war alte Gewohnheit und machte keinen Riß durch ihre Freundſchaft. Sie verſuchten ſich mit einander in allem, was das Schulleben mit ſich führt; ſie verkneipten ſich mit einander, brateten heimlich einander Kartoffeln, ſchlugen gemeinſchaftlich ihre Feinde auf andern Schulen, hielten ſich zuſammen heimlich einen Renommiſtenanzug, in welchem ſie abwechſelnd Komödie und Caffeehaus beſuchten; ſie waren auf der ganzen Schule unter dem Namen Kaſtor und Pollux bekannt. Odoardo, der früher ſchlimme Jahre bei ſeinem armen Vater zugebracht hatte, welcher Doktor in W. war, hatte mehr Bewußtſein dadurch, mehr Vorſicht und Klugheit gewonnen, war dadurch eine Art wohlthätiger Hofmeiſter Hollin's, der ihn von tauſend Unbeſonnenheiten zurückhielt; in allem übrigen lebten ſie ſo in einander über, daß die Lehrer Mühe hatten, ihre Handſchriften zu unterſcheiden. Die Vormünder ſchickten Hollin nach H., der Vater berief Odoardo nach G.; beides war ihren vereinigten Bemühungen unabänderlich, weil jeder dem andern die Abänderung erwartet hatte; ſie trennten ſich mit tauſend Schmerzen und fühlten doch erſt nachher, was ſie an einander verloren hatten. Als ſie von einander Abſchied nahmen, ſagte Odoardo, dies iſt ein Augenblick, wo wir uns trennen, vielleicht kommt ein Augenblick, wo wir uns wiederſehen, gewiß aber einer, wo wir uns niederlegen und nicht wieder aufſtehen; und erinnerte ſeinen Freund daran in ſeinem erſten Briefe und an manchen andern Trauergedanken, wie ihre kleine Schulwelt hinter ihnen bis auf die Namen, die ſie in ihre Bänke eingeſchnitten, bald vergeſſen ſein werde; dabei erinnerte er ſich, wie er als Kind feſt geglaubt, er werde ewig leben, bis ſein liebſter Spielkammerad, ein Hund, ſich in der Mittagsſonne ausgeſtreckt, ſtill geworden und geſtorben ſei; — von der Univerſität ſchrieb er nichts. Ganz anders beſchrieb Hollin ſeine Gedanken bei dem Anblicke der Univerſität: Himmel, welch ein Gefühl, als ich die erſten Spitzen der Thürme und immer mehr, endlich die ganze herrliche Freiſtatt der Jugend aus der Ebene hervortreten ſah. Noch iſt er nicht verhallt in mir der innere Ruf nach Freiheit, der mich als Kind ſchon zum kühnen Spiele antrieb. Drängt nicht jedes Weſen nach Licht und Freiheit, Keime, Blüthen, Vögelbrut, laſſen die ſtummen Fiſche verlaſſen im Sonnenſchein ihr Element und ſchlagen ſich empor und rauſchen über ſeine Fläche hin. Und wir, frei aufgerichtet zur Mittagsſonne, die wir unſre Erde in Luft und Waſſer umkreiſen und durchſtreifen dürfen, ſollten die Fülle der ſchwellenden Kraft und Freude im feigen Kleinmuthe des Bürgerlebens einklemmen. Der Wagen ſchien mir unerträglich langſam fortzuſchleichen, wie die Zeit auf unſern Schulbänken. Bald kam eine Schaar in ritterlicher Kleidung mit Helm und Schwert, bewillkommte uns zutraulich, ohne uns zu kennen, lud uns gaſtfrei zum Mahle ein und verbrüderte ſich mit uns: verbrüdert uns nicht alle menſchliche Geſtalt, iſt nicht die Liebe frei und iſt es nicht der innerſte Drang des Menſchen, alles liebevoll zu umfaſſen und in ſich aufzunehmen. — Im nächſten Briefe erzählte er ſeinem Freunde, daß er in eine Landsmannſchaft aufgenommen, einer der beſten Fechter geworden ſei; daß er ſich bemühe, ihnen dagegen ſeinen Sinn für alles Tiefe in der Philoſophie mitzutheilen. Warnend ſchrieb Odoardo von ſeiner Univerſität: Mir iſt alles hier unerträglich einförmig bis auf die untergeſchobenen, auswendig gelernten Einfälle. Ein paar lächerliche Namen, ein Dutzend Scherze über Dinge des täglichen Gebrauchs, dieſelbe Manier, arme Leute zu beleidigen, die ſie nicht fürchten, viel Erzählungen ehemaliger Tapferkeit und nachahmenden Muth aus Furcht vor der Schande; das hab ich ſchon entdeckt. Wer nicht platt iſt, wird aberwitzig genannt, wer Poeſie liebt, ein Kraftgenie, wer einen andern als den hergebrachten Spaß treibt, von dem heißt es, er wolle etwas vorſtellen. In den Geſellſchaften iſt ſtummes elendes Hofmachen, alles in ernſthafter Wichtigkeit; haben ſie dann etwas Wein genoſſen, ſo werden ſie grob, nach ihrer Art genialiſch, und ſagen den Frauen Unanſtändigkeiten; dieſe fliegen verſtört auf und werden von ihren Beleidigern nach Hauſe geführt. Dann giebts Schlägereien, ſelbſt zwiſchen Freunden, die einander alles verziehen haben; zum Glück kommt ſelten was dabei heraus. Von dem unſinnigen Lernen ſage ich kein Wort, die meiſten thun nichts als Nachſchreiben.

Hollin hatte ſich mit ſolcher Luſt in die Studentenwirthſchaft geworfen, daß ihm ſehr bald ein Vorſteheramt ſeiner Landsmannſchaft übergeben wurde. Eine große Streitigkeit zwiſchen Landsmannſchaften und Orden entzweite damals die Univerſität; er nahm heftig die Partei der erſtern, weil er darin wenigſtens keinen ſolchen Trennungsgrund wie in den Orden fand, die nothwendig, weil alle daran theilnehmen konnten, im ewigen Kampfe unter einander bleiben mußten. Alles ſollte durch einen Zweikampf zwiſchen beiden Parteien ausgeglichen werden; er wollte für alle fechten, das erfüllte ihn mit Freude; nur das Unbeſtimmte des Kampfes bewegte ihn; hätte er ſich beſtimmt einen Arm, einen Fuß, abhauen laſſen dürfen, es wäre ihm lieber geweſen. Er kam früh auf das Dorf, wo geſchmißt werden ſollte. Freunde und Feinde unterhielten ſich wie gewöhnlich von Nebenſachen ganz frei. Vor allen gewann er einen gewiſſen Lenardo aus B... ganz ungemein lieb, der aus Hang zur Unabhängigkeit von ſeinem Vater, der ihn dort einſchränken wollte, ohne Abſchied nach H. abgereiſt war. Offen ohne Zweck, luſtig aus Bedürfniß und darum dem Weine, dem Spiele, den Mädchen erge-

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*) Nach: Ludwig Achim von Arnim, Armuth, Reichthum, Schuld und Buße der Gräfin Dolores. Band I. Berlin (1810.)

den; fleißig zum Scherz, muthig ohne es zu wiſſen, nie Beleidiger faſt immer Verſöhner beim Weine; mit allen Duzfreund, mit keinem insbeſondere, hatte er ſo viel Bekanntſchaften geſtiftet, ſo viel Brüderſchaften getrunken, ſo viel Trennungen erfahren, daß er in jedem neuen Bekannten zehn alte wieder begrüßte und wiederfand, ohne es zu wiſſen. Er war immer der einzige ohne Stammbuch, der ſich in allen Stammbüchern fand; immer von Memorabilien umgeben, der aber keine einzige behielt, dem die vergangene Zeit ganz vergangen. Witz hörte er gern von andern, um Gelegenheit zum Lachen zu haben, er ſelbſt hatte den Witz nur im Trunke; raſch im Wetten, aber ſelten glücklich, weil er wenig genau hörte; glücklich im Spiele, gewann er doch ſelten, weil er nur im Unglücke wagte; leichten Weibern ſehr willkommen, war er doch ſelten geneigt, den Umſtänden einer etwas vornehmeren Verbindung ſich zu unterziehen; die ſchnellere Entſcheidung bei den unteren Klaſſen machte ihm mehr Genuß; in den Künſten zeigte er ſtets ein vorwiegendes dramatiſches Talent. So iſt er noch jetzt, und ſo war er; denn er gehört zu den unveränderlichſten Menſchen, unverſehrt ob er gleich zehn verſchiedene Weine an einem Abende auf einander ſetzte. Dies wurde ſein Gegner, ſie umarmten ſich erſt, dann ſchlugen ſie ſich; Lenardo wurde ſehr bald ſchwer in den Leib verwundet. Hollin hätte ſich in ſeinen Hieber ſtürzen mögen; doch der Wunſch, ſeinem Freunde zu helfen, trieb ihn zu Pferde nach der Stadt einen Wundarzt zu holen; dem Mediziner, der gegenwärtig, fehlte es an Geſchick, er hatte mit ſeinem Bindezeuge blos figurirt. Als dieſer ankam und den Verwundeten, der an einem Ofen halb gebraten und halb erſtarrt lag, von dem drückenden Verbande der Schnupftücher befreit hatte, und mit der Sonde auf und nieder fuhr in der Wunde, da hing Hollin wie ein loſer Stein über dem Abgrunde; endlich hielt ihn die Hoffnung feſt und die Hoffnung ließ ihn nicht zu Schanden werden; die edlen Theile im Inneren waren unverletzt. Ohne Ermüdung wachte er in den kalten Nächten bei dem Freunde und der Zufall machte ihn bald mit allen Lebensverhältniſſen Lenardo's bekannt. Er mußte an deſſen Schweſter Marie ſchreiben, ſie möchte ſein böſes Verhältniß mit dem Vater ausgleichen; dabei rühmte er ihm die Schweſter als unendlich liebevoll und gut. Hollin hatte einen jugendlichen Hochmuth gegen die Weiber, aus Mangel an Umgang mit ihnen hielt er ſie kaum für Menſchen; insbeſondere hatte er gegen alle moderne Sitten derſelben aus irrigen Darſtellungen in Komödien neuerer Zeit einen beſtimmten Abſcheu; was er von Liebe wußte war nur im Allgemeinen empfunden, nie bei einer einzelnen entdeckt. Lenardo ſprach mit ihm, ob er ein Mädchen heirathen ſollte, die ihm recht gut ſei, und viel Geld habe, er wäre dann auf einmal aus ſeiner Schuldenlaſt. Hollin fand das frevelhaft, behauptete, wenn es überhaupt eine Ehe geben dürfe, ſo müſſe ſie das Band zweier Liebenden ſein; der Liebe gehöre jede Hingebung und alle äußeren Verhältniſſe müßten vor ihr verſchwinden; ein Hingeben ohne Liebe ſei Unzucht; wer mit dem Feuer der Haushaltung die Liebesfackel anzünden wolle, der werde darin wie im hölliſchen Feuer verbrennen und nur aus dieſer Unnatur, die häufig ſogar aus Pflicht getrieben würde, entſtehe alle ſinnloſe Ausſchweifung der Männer und die feile Liebe. —

Da hat er einmal nicht ganz recht! rief die Gräfin eifrig. — Sie haben recht, entgegnete der Prediger; ich leugne, was er von dem Hinausſetzen der Liebe über äußere Verhältniſſe ſagt, inſofern ſie ſich nicht aus der Welt hinaus verſetzen kann. — Das meinte ich nicht, antwortete die Gräfin, aber mir ſind viele Beiſpiele bekannt, daß Ehen bloß der Ausſtattung wegen geſtiftet werden, die ſehr glücklich ausſchlugen; das Entgegengeſetzte ſah ich oft bei Liebenden. — So etwas muß man nicht ſehen! brummte der Graf vor ſich.

.... Lenardo genas, und Hollin zog ſich von dem großen Studentenhaufen zu ſeinen Büchern zurück; der Wunſch andre zu bilden mißlang ihm faſt gänzlich, denn er wollte alles in der Natur übereilen. Einſam durchſtrich er zum erſtenmal die ſchnell aufgrünende Frühlingsbühne, ſchwelgte an jedem neu grünen Blatte und im Laufe der krummen Fußwege kam er über eine Brücke auf eine Inſel; im Gefühle der Einſamkeit ließ er ſich einen kleinen Geiger kommen, ſetzte ſich in eine Laube und knackte Nüſſe, die meiſt hohl waren; ſein Herz war voll. Lenardo ſchreckte ihn heranſpringend mit den Worten auf, er werde gleich ſeine Schweſter zu ihm führen, die heute angekommen; ſein Vater ſey verſöhnt, Hollins Brief habe das ganze Haus entzückt, alle wären begierig ihn kennen zu lernen. Er ſprang fort, ohne Hollins Antwort zu hören, der ihm verſicherte, er könne in dem Augenblicke mit keinem Weibe reden. Hollin warf aus Verdruß Tiſch und Bank um, ließ den Kleinen ein Schandlied muſiciren und lief in das Dickicht. Bald kam Lenardo mit ſeiner Schweſter und noch einem Mädchen. Lenardo erklärte ihnen lachend den wunderlichen Haß ſeines Freundes gegen alle Weiber; beide ſchienen dadurch etwas beleidigt. Alles das ſah Hollin aus dem Dickicht und für ſeinen Haß und für ſeine Ruhe ſah er zu viel; beide verſchwanden im Augenblicke. Was hätte er jetzt darum gegeben mit Marien ſprechen zu dürfen: aber er hatte ſie beleidigt, was hätte er ihr ſagen können: ihr Bild ſchwebte ihm noch deutlich vor, als ſie lange fort war, und am Abend trieb er ſich vor ihrem Fenſter herum und meinte, wo ein Schatten durch die Gardinen der erleuchteten Fenſter dunkelte, da ſtehe ſie, und da meinte er etwas zu ſehen. — Lenardo reiſte den nächſten Tag mit ſeiner Schweſter und ſeinem Vater fort; nach ſeiner Weiſe hatte er vergeſſen, irgend jemand davon zu ſprechen; niemand wußte wohin. Hollin ärgerte dieſe Nachläſſigkeit, denn er konnte nicht Ruhe finden, bis er die Beleidigung gut gemacht, der er ſelbſt dieſe ſtille Abreiſe fälſchlich zuſchrieb; er entſchloß ſich zur Zerſtreuung den Harz zu Fuße zu durchſtreichen und es gelang ihm wenigſtens auf den wilden Höhen, in den großen Anſichten der Natur ſich ſelbſt zu vergeſſen. Eines Tages kehrte er in Goslar ſpät Abends ein; die Alterthümlichkeit der Stadt machte ihn ſelbſt alt; er ging durch die engen Gaſſen, von fließendem Waſſer durchſchnitten, vor dem Rathhauſe voll bunter Schnitzwerke, vor der alten Kirche, mit wunderbaren Bildern geziert, vorbei; ihm ward ein ſo wohlthuendes Gefühl durch alle Adern gegoſſen, als kehre er nach abgebüßten Sünden von einem Kreuzzuge heim, als werde ihm morgen des Glückes Sonne einmal wieder ſcheinen. Im Gaſthofe fand er einen trüben Brief von Odoardo, Werthers Leiden waren dem in die Hände gefallen, und fühlte er auch nicht das zerſtörende, ſich ſelbſt wiederkäuende Ungeheuer in der Welt, ſo fühlte er doch, bedrängt von läſtiger ärztlicher Praxis, die er für ſeinen Vater übernommen hatte, eine ewig leere liebloſe freudeloſe Bewegung, ein thörichtes ermüdendes Spiel aller Naturerſcheinungen, eine ewige Wiederkehr der Jahre, derſelben Blüten, derſelben Menſchen, ihrer Verhältniſſe, [illegible]wegen man in alle Ewigkeit hin in demſelben Sinne, aus derſelben Apokalipſe prophezeien könne. Wir müſſen ſo laufen, ſchrieb er, damit die Schuhe ausgetreten werden, und ſind ſie ausgetreten, ſo ſind ſie zerriſſen und die neuen drücken wieder; die Unendlichkeit ſteht, lacht dazu verzweiflungsvoll aus der Ferne und wir können ihr Angeſicht nicht erblicken. Und denke ich deiner Freundſchaft, ſieh, da füllt ſich meine Seele mit Herrlichkeit wie der gehemmte Strom vor mir, in welchem noch eben ein armer Junge nach Lumpen ſuchte, mit klarem Waſſer, nachdem die Schleuſen erſchloſſen ſind. Wie iſt alles ſo voll und ſo leer, ſo freundlich und traurig zugleich: alles Tag in Nacht. Im Lichte der Freundſchaft glänzt die Spitze unſres Hauptes in Klarheit, aber die Augen trauren ſchon in der dunkelen Nacht. Tauſend Menſchen leben in Feindſchaft eng beiſammen; die wenigen, welche ihr Inneres austauſchen und Freude zeugen, ſie treibt der ſtarke Bogen des Schickſals in alle vier Welttheile. Und wie wenige dieſer verſchoſſenen Pfeile erreichen ein Ziel? Giebt es ein Ziel? Könnte ich dieſe Welt der Bewegung nur aus mir los werden — alle Abende denke ich mit Freude und Sehnſucht an den Tod einer Gräfin, von der erzählt worden, wie ſie ruhig zu Bette gegangen, und in Selbſtverbrennung vernichtet, ohne Verletzung ihres Bettes und ihrer Umgebung, in ein Aſchenhäufchen verwandelt wiedergefunden ſei. — Hollin antwortete gleich ſeinem alten Schulfreunde zur Aufmunterung und Warnung: Dein Brief war Selbſtmord. Glaub mir nur dies, die meiſten Menſchen ſind Selbſtmörder, und du gehörſt zu den vielen, die es verachten ihr Leben durch einen mächtigen Giftbecher zu enden, aber das Gift gierig in tauſend ſchönen Lebensblumen aufſuchen und einſaugen. Und iſt nicht das letzte unwillkürliche Ringen nach Leben, der Todeskampf, das letzte Aufathmen, der Todesſeufzer ein eigentlicher Abſcheu der Natur, das Verdammungsurtheil des Selbſtmörders. Uns lädet das elende Zeitalter zum Selbſtmorde; die meiſten folgen und fallen darin, wenn ſie auch nicht Hand an ſich legen: laß uns muthig und kräftig dem Strome der Zeit entgegen ſchwimmen; wer in dem Kampfe zur Rettung jedes guten Lebens erliegt, der ſtirbt für die Freiheit und lebt in ihr. Biſt du aber wahnſinnig in trüben Stunden und kannſt nicht anders, und mußt ſo denken wie Werther, ſo laß dich anketten in guten Stunden durch eine andere gleiche, weniger anſtrengende, dir mehr angemeſſene Thätigkeit, als jene iſt, zu welcher dich dein Vater beſtimmt, auf daß dir die müßige leere Zeit zum Nachdenken verſchwinde, die dir nicht taugt und nie getaugt hat.

Mitten in dem Schreiben wurde er durch einen Seufzer im Nebenzimmer geſtört; das regte ihn an, allerlei ſanfte Nachtlieder anzuſtimmen; es klingelte im Nebenzimmer, er hörte eine weibliche Stimme; ſeine Luſt an Abentheuern erwachte; er trat an die Thüre und fragte mit einer nachgemachten Kellnerſtimme: Was beliebt! — Eine alte Weiberſtimme antwortete ihm: Bitt' er doch den Herrn im Nebenzimmer, daß er ſeine Nachtmuſik bis morgen verſpart, wenn wir fort ſind. — Dies Abentheuer machte ihm ungemein viel Spaß; aber wie wurde er erſchreckt, als er am Morgen vom echten Kellner die Namen ſeiner Nachbarn hörte; es war Maria Lenardo mit ihrer Wärter geweſen. Beide waren ganz früh mit dem Vater dem Brocken zugewandert. Kaum war der Kellner fort, ſo ſprang er in ſich wüthend und tief gekränkt in das Nebenzimmer, alle verlaſſenen Reſte ihres kurzen Daſeyns zu ſammeln; ſie mußte ganz ihm zunächſt geſchlafen haben, durch ein dünnes Brett geſchieden; denn das andere Bette war nach der Gewohnheit dieſer Leute hoch aufgeſtapelt mit Kiſſen. Er konnte es nicht laſſen, er ſtürzte ſich in das glückliche Bett, das ſie umſchloſſen, es war noch erwärmt, und der Duft der Geſundheit erfüllte es ganz und immer tiefer drängte er ſich in das Federbett, es ſchlägt über ihm zuſammen, er ſinkt in Wohlſeyn unter. Als er ſich zuſammengerafft, ſich angezogen hatte, eilte er der Geſellſchaft mit ſolcher Eile nach, daß er ſie in drei Stunden ſchweißtriefend erreichte; er wollte ſich erſt als Fremdling ihnen vorſtellen, um kein Vorurtheil für ſich und gegen ſich zu erregen. In der ſchönen Gegend ließ er ſich aber ſo frei aus, daß ſein Geheimniß bald ſeinen Lippen entfiel, von Marien recht zart aufgenommen und mit einem Kranze für alles Verdienſt zurückgegeben wurde, was er ſich um ihren Bruder erworben. Die Mutter ſorgte an einem Ruhepunkte für die Haushaltung aller, und Marie ſchenkte mit ſorgſamen, freundlichen, fragenden Blicken den Thee ein; der Vater botaniſirte nachher mit ſeiner Frau, die nichts davon verſtand; Hollin ging mit Marien über Thal und Höhe ſo ſelig, daß er über die ſchöne Gegend kein Wort ſagen konnte. Sie kamen bei ſternklarem Himmel im neuen Brockenhauſe an, das wie der Mond am Berge zu ruhen geſchienen, woraus ihnen aber Lenardo mit vollem Glaſe entgegentrat. Er nannte Schweſter und Freund; der Vater ſtellte ſich auch jung mit ihm, um ſich vor ſeiner Frau auszuzeichnen. Lenardo brachte eine Zahl ſteifer Geſellen herein, die in ihren hohen Stiefeln beinahe Arm und Bein auf den Felſen gebrochen hatten; alle wußte er in Thätigkeit zu bringen, ſie mußten mit ſeiner Schweſter tanzen; auch Hollin legte ſeine Hand zum Walzer auf ihren ſchönen Rücken. Dann forderte Lenardo Hollin auf, ſeine Schweſter zur Ruhe zu magnetiſiren; das war dem Vater ein ſehr willkommenes Experiment, und Hollin mußte ſich anſchicken, mit dem wundervollen Treiben des Bluts in der Nähe der Geliebten, in der ganzen Anſpannung des geheimnißvollen Schwungs der magnetiſchen Bewegung über alle Schönheit zwiſchen Berührung und Nichtberührung hinzuſchweben: der qualvollſte Genuß in der ganzen Welt, faſt wie aller Umgang zwiſchen Braut und Bräutigam, die zu vertraut ſind, um ſich Gewöhnliches zu ſagen und ſich nicht mehr erlauben dürfen. Einer meiner Freunde klagte mir einſt in ſolchem Zuſtande, daß ihm von dem ewigen Lächeln dabei die Lippen wehe thäten. Hollin lief gleich darauf ins Freie, während der Rath das Einſchlafen der Tochter wiſſenſchaftlich erklärte; er ging und ſtolperte über die Hexenaltäre und als er zurückkam, ſtand Maria in Nachtkleidern mit ihrem Munde gegen die Scheiben des Fenſters gelehnt, zu tief in ſich verſenkt, um zu bemerken wie er ſtill einen Kuß auf dieſelbe Scheibe von außen drückte. Nachher ſtieg er zu den Studenten auf den Thurm, und trank der deutſchen Freiheit ein Lebehoch! — Am Morgen früh auf, ſah er Städte, Hügel, Ströme im Frühſcheine durch das Wolkenmeer leiſe vordringen, ſah die Grundſteine vieler Häuſer rings, wo jetzt alles unbewohnt nur ein Schauplatz der Neugierde geworden iſt, und er dachte ſich ein Volk, daß dieſe große Natur und ihre Beſchwerden in täglicher Gewohnheit gebraucht, und fragte ſich, ob wohl alle Künſte zu dieſer Herrſchaft über die Natur wieder hinführen könnten! Ein ſcharfes Wehen am Himmel verkündete ihm die Nähe der Sonne, er nahte ſich dem Hauſe und Maria trat mit einem Brockenſtrauße hinaus. Er glaubte das alles gerade ſo und alles umher aus einem anderen Leben vorausgeſehen zu haben; er ſank in ſtiller Andacht vor ihr nieder und betete unbewußt. Sie berührte ſeine Stirne mit ihrer Hand, er ſprang freudig auf; die Sonne jagte durchbrechend das Wolkenmeer vor ſich fort, daß eine Welt in der Reinheit erſter Schöpfung vor ihnen lag und als ſie ſich vom Glanze abwandten und hinter ſich blickten, da ſahen ſie ſich ſelbſt in ungeheurer Größe auf den Wolken, daß ſie in ſich tief erſchauderten. Der Rath und die Studenten, die beim Kaffe den Sonnenaufgang verſäumt hatten, kamen dazu und freuten ſich über die Lufterſcheinung des ſogenannten Brockengeſpenſtes, wovon ſie alle gehört hatten. Lenardo ſpielte eine lächerliche Tragödienſcene als Schattenſpiel in den Wolken. — Da Hollin bald enger mit Marien verbunden wird, ſo ſcheint es nöthig, ihre frühere Geſchichte zu characteriſiren. Nie gab es ein ergebeneres Mädchen; der Ausdruck läßt ſich durch keinen andern erklären; ſie ſetzte ſich allen nach und wo ſie liebte, wußte ſie nichts Höheres, als ganz demüthig zu dienen, den leiſeſten Wünſchen des Geliebten ohne Ueberlegung und Rückſicht entgegen zu kommen. Schon ihre Kinderfrau ſagte ihr deswegen, ſie werde noch viel Noth erleiden; mit gleicher Ergebenheit liebte ſie Mutter, Bruder und Vater, ſo ſtreitig jene drei unter einander waren; jedem that ſie einzeln wohl, ſchmeichelte und half jedem; waren ſie beiſammen, dann ging ihre Verlegenheit an, die ein ſehr verſchloſſenes Leben in ihr hervorgebracht hatte. Unſerm Hollin fühlte ſie ſich eigen, noch ehe ſie ihn geſehen und ſeit der Zeit war ihr ſtetes Bemühen, ihm das zu beweiſen, doch lange vergeblich, da ſeine Beſcheidenheit ſich ſolch eine Eroberung nicht beizumeſſen wagte. Aber ſie reiſten jetzt weiter mit einander, waren oft allein, durchkrochen die Bielshöhle zuſammen und verſtanden ſich, ohne einander etwas Beſtimmtes geſagt zu haben; alles war abgemacht, doch mußte alles geheim gehalten werden, weil Hollin ohne Amt in den Augen des Vaters für keinen Freier gelten konnte. Bald ſollte auch der ganz offenen Freundſchaft gegen Odoardo ein Geheimniß aus dieſer Liebe werden, denn die Liebe hat höhere Geheimniſſe. Maria verweilte einige Zeit mit ihren Aeltern bei Freunden in der Nähe von Blankenburg; um Marien deſto ungeſtörter allein zu ſehen, nahm er von den Aeltern Abſchied und verſteckte ſich in der Nähe in einer öden Förſterhütte unter dem angenommenen Namen eines bekannten Malers, und als er die erſte Nacht weit entfernt von ihr ſchlief, träumte er die ganze Nacht, er liege verkehrt in ſeinem Bette. Maria ging oft allein aus, dies fiel niemand auf; an einem der ſchönſten Morgen traf ſie mit dem Geliebten zuſammen auf dem Wege nach der Roßtrappe; ſie geſtützt auf ihn, er umſchlungen von ihr, ſo ſtrichen ſie in leiſem Geflüſter durch das dichte Buchengebüſch; es war Sonntag und niemand begegnete ihnen. Auf einmal wurde es hell über ihnen, ſie thaten aufjauchzend noch einige Schritte und ſtanden dann auf der Spitze der Granitwand, die ſchroff aufgerichtet ſteht zwiſchen dem Leben und Blühen freier Natur im eingeſchloſſenen grünen Thale, von Waſſerfällen durchſchnitten und zwiſchen dem geſetzten Wirken der Menſchen, von welchem das dumpfe gleiche Stoßen des Eiſenhammers an der andern Seite entgegenſchallte. Und ſie gedachten mit Rührung der ſchönen Königstochter, die von einem verhaßten Freier verfolgt, ihr Roß muthig über den Abgrund ſpornte und ihm entkam. Noch war der Tritt des Roſſes im Felſen zu ſehen; der Regen hatte den Eindruck erfüllt und Maria ließ eine Thräne dahin fallen; auch ſie erwartete bei ihrer Rückkehr ein verhaßter reicher Freier und ſie fühlte nicht Kraft in ſich, den Bitten von Vater und Mutter zu widerſtehen. Erſt hier erfuhr Hollin dieſen geheimen Kummer, der in den feſten Schranken bürgerlicher Ordnung und Weltſitte ihr ſchönes Leben aufhalten wollte. Zu uns! deutete ihnen das Rauſchen des Baches unter ihnen, die tiefe Klarheit des Thals, das dichte Grün, die Stimmen der Vögel in ihrer Sicherheit: ergebt euch der Natur mit aller ihrer Schönheit in allen ihren Schrecken; hier unten liegt die goldene Krone der ſchönen Königstochter, die ihr im raſchen Sprunge vom Haupte fiel, euch iſts beſtimmt, ſie zu finden, die lange aufgegeben iſt. Ich ſteige hinab, ſagte Hollin, und will da einſam mein Leben beſchließen, wenn du mir nicht folgſt Maria. — Und ſo ſtieg er raſch voran, und bezeichnete ihr die Stufen, und ſie folgte ihm wie eine junge Gemſe der alten, ſo kindlich ergeben und treu in der Gefahr nach. Und wie ſie unten ins Thal kamen, da ſchien ihnen alle Welt anders, ſie glaubten ſich im Paradieſe und die einzigen Menſchen auf Erden; ſie lagerten ſich unter einer Laube, wo ein Reh aufgeſprungen war; die Schranken des Lebens öffneten ſich, er fand und raubte die Mirtenkrone, der ewige Bund wurde geſchloſſen. Sie waren eins, aber dieſes Einsſeyn war ihr Alles; ſie hatten die Welt vergeſſen, auf der ſie ſo ſanft ruhten, den Himmel, der ſie ſo mild gedeckt hatte und der nun furchtbar ſchwarz über ihnen gewitterte und ſeine Regenſchauer ſandte. Mit Anſtrengung aller Kraft brachte Hollin die Halbohnmächtige nach Hauſe; der Liebe Leben währt ewig, rief er ihr ſcheidend; ſie konnte in dieſem Ungewitter leicht einen Grund ihrer verzögerten Rückkehr angeben. Sie kehrte noch mehrmals zu ihm zurück, ſo lange die guten Tage dauern wollten, und doch kam endlich der ſchwere letzte Tag, wo Hollin ihr nochmals unwandelbare Treue gelobte und ernſtes Beſtreben nach einem bürgerlichen Unterkommen. Als Hollin nun nach der Univerſität zurückkehrte, war es Nacht; einzelne Lichtfenſter blickten im Thale, die Thürme ſahen finſter über die dunkle Häuſermaſſe hinaus, das Waſſer unter ihm glänzte und rauſchte über das Wehr, Geſang ſchallte an einer Seite; im Ganzen herrſchte tiefe Ruhe und keiner dachte ſeiner. Und da graute ihm, wie er dachte, daß andre noch Luſt am Leben bewahren könnten, die nicht lebten wie er; er fragte ſich, womit er dies Glück vor allen andern verdiene. Alles ſchwieg umher, auch zwei Nachtigallen, die bis dahin wetteifernd geſchlagen; ihm war, als hätten ſie ſich todt geſungen, weil nichts ihr Glück ganz ſagen und verkünden konnte. — Bald eilte er von der Univerſität nach der Hauptſtadt; die bürgerliche Ordnung, die er erſt kühn gebrochen, ſuchte er jetzt auf, um darin Schutz, Unterhalt und Ruhe für ſein Glück zu finden. Er gefiel allgemein; ſeine Kenntniſſe waren eben ſo gründlich als mittheilbar; der Strom der Geſellſchaft erfaßte ihn von allen Seiten und er ſpielte mit jeder Welle, denn alles war ihm neu und er traute jeder.

Sie erinnern ſich, daß eine Bekannte von Marien ſie damals auf der Inſel begleitete, wo Hollin ſie ſo unhöflich abgewieſen hatte; dieſes Mädchen, deren Namen ich verſchweige, die häßlich und boshaft, dennoch das Vertrauen von Marien gewonnen hatte, hielt ſich in der Hauptſtadt auf, und wurde von Marien erwählt, den geheimen Briefwechſel zu beſtellen. Sie haßte Hollin ſeit jenem Tage, und nun hörte ſie in dem gemeinen Stadtgeſchwätz, wie er verſchiedene ſehr verdächtige Frauen beſuche, wie er mit verſchiedenen Mädchen verſprochen ſei, darum hielt ſie die erſten Briefe Mariens zurück, und berichtete ihr alles ſo bedenklich, daß Maria ſich nicht traute, wieder zu ſchreiben. Hollin ohne allen böſen Willen und Abſicht, in aller ſchlechten Geſellſchaft rein und einzig mit ſeiner Marie beſchäftigt, konnte dieſes Stillſchweigen nicht begreifen. Mariens Freundin läugnete ihm alle Aufträge ab, Briefe an ſie zu beſtellen. Endlich ſchrieb er an Odoardo, er möchte ihm doch von Marien Nachricht geben. Odoardo ſuchte mit großer Feinheit Bekanntſchaft, fand nie eine gute Gelegenheit, mit Vorſicht ſich zu erklären, und konnte ihm weiter nichts ſchreiben, als was die Stadt wußte, daß die Heirath Mariens mit dem reichen Kaufmann rückgängig geworden; dabei warnte er ſeinen Freund, keiner flüchtig feurigen Gewalt eines Frühlingsaugenblicks über ſeine ganze Zukunft die Zügel zu geben; Maria ſei kein Weib für ihn, ſein umfaſſender Geiſt würde ihres kleinen häuslichen Kreiſes bald überdrüſſig ſein; die Schönheit werde bei einer gewiſſen Geiſtesbeſchränkung unbedenklich verhaßt. — Hollin lachte des Briefes; er kannte ſeine Marie beſſer; aber der Brief verſchloß ihn gegen den Freund, ſein Urtheil ſchien ihm hochmüthig: ließ er aber ſeine Empfindlichkeit aus, ſo konnte jener das Geheimniß errathen, das er ihm mit Mühe verbarg. Er ſchob ſeinen Brief auf, bis eine Krankheit, die er rettend bei einer großen Feuersbrunſt ſich zugezogen, ihn längere Zeit dazu unfähig machte. Kaum war er ſo weit geneſen, ſo ſchrieb er in erſter Freude dem Freunde; die Verſündigung an Marien verwies er ihm mit wenigen Worten; dann erzählte er ihm ſeine Krankheit ausführlich, insbeſondere einen ſchweren Traum, der ihn ſehr gequält. Bald ſah ich viele Erſcheinungen umher, ſchreibt er: Maria in einem ſchwarzen Kleide, eine Königskrone auf dem Haupte, trat weinend zu mir und legte eine warme Hand auf meine Stirn; du warfeſt dich ſchmerzlich bei mir nieder, es ſtanden viele alte Krieger umher, man trug mich fort; die Leichenfrau war mit mir beſchäftigt; ich ſah mich ſelbſt, wie ich in dem ſchwarzen Sarge mit zinnernen Griffen lag. Da ſchoß es mir urplötzlich in den Sinn: aber ich ſähe ja das alles, wie könne ich todt ſein, ich ſchauderte vor dem Gedanken, lebend begraben zu werden; ich wollte den Trauernden umher mein Leben kund thun. Aber keinen Arm konnte ich heben, mein Mund war geſchloſſen, nur mit den ſtarren Augen blickte ich, um Schonung von euch zu fordern. Da kam Maria und drückte auch dieſe Augen mir zu und ließ eine Thräne darauf fallen. Ich fühlte ihren Schmerz und den meinen, ſie zu verlaſſen; ich konnte euch und mich nicht mehr retten; der Sargdeckel wurde zugeſchlagen, die Träger hoben mich, die Schüler ſangen: Ach wie herrlich, ach wie labend iſt nach einem heißen Tage, ſolch ein ſchöner kühler Abend; das Geläut der Glocken klang durch und das Weinen der Lieben, die mich begleiteten. Da ſammelte ich meine letzte Kraft, euch ein Zeichen meines Lebens zu geben und erwachte zum Geneſen. — Mariens Freundin war unterdeſſen beſchäftigt geweſen, ihr jede Stunde zu verkümmern, von ihr erfuhr ſie, er ſei durch Ausſchweifungen gefährlich krank, eine ſehr verrufene Frau pflege ſein. Dieſer Pflege, es iſt wahr, dankte er ſein Leben: aber dieſe Pflege war bloß Folge jener Güte, die faſt das Einzige Edelſte iſt, wozu der Sinn durch ein leichtſinniges Hinleben geweckt wird; der herrliche Mann that ihr leid, ob ſie ihn gleich nie näher gekannt hatte. Sie wiſſen noch nicht, in welchem Grade Marie aus dem Himmel ihrer Liebe gefallen, auch in allen andern Verhältniſſen durch die falſchen Nachrichten der Freundin unglücklich wurde; ſie wiſſen nicht, was Marie ſich und der ganzen Welt gern verheimlicht hätte, daß ſie in wenig Monaten von den Folgen jener ſchönen Beſuche im einſamen Gebirge entbunden werden ſollte, die jetzt ihr Inneres doppelt zerriſſen. Lenardo quälte ſie dabei mit einem beſonderen Anſinnen; er hatte die eben erſchienene Maria Stuart Schillers ſo lieb gewonnen und den Vater ganz auf ſeine Seite gebracht, daß dieſes Trauerſpiel zu einem Geburtstage der Mutter in ihrem Hauſe aufgeführt werden ſolle, und daß Maria die Hauptrolle übernehmen müſſe. Er ſchrieb an Hollin, daß er ihm auf dem Krankenlager nach der Verwundung verſprochen, ihm einmal einen Dienſt zu leiſten, inſofern er ſeinen Kräften angemeſſen; nun ſei Niemand in G... der den Mortimer machen könne und niemand in der Welt, der ihn beſſer machen könne, als Hollin, er möchte ſich alſo dazu einfinden. Hollin kam die Einladung ſehr gelegen; er war denſelben Morgen als Bergrath angeſtellt worden; er konnte jetzt, bei dem Beſitze von dem eignen Vermögen, eine Frau ernähren; gleich ſchrieb er an Lenardo, er komme gewiß, aber erſt am Tage der Aufführung; er müſſe ganz geheim halten, wer die Rolle übernommen; er ſelbſt könne ſie leicht in den Proben ſpielen und für die Kleider wolle er ſelbſt ſorgen. — Seinem Odoardo meldete er ſeine Verſorgung und ſeine Ankunft und bat ihn, Marien davon zu benachrichtigen; den letzteren Brief legte er in jenen. — Lenardo war zu entzückt über das Gelingen ſeines Planes, um den Brief an ſeinen Freund richtig zu beſtellen, erſt am Morgen der Aufführung fand er ihn in einer Taſche und gab ihn dem Odoardo, der den Burleigh im Stücke recht brav probirte. Odoardo fand in ſeinem Briefe einen andern an Maria eingeſchloſſen; er fand keine Gelegenheit, ihn während der Probe abzugeben und wollte ihr nachher einen Beſuch machen.

Hollin hatte unterdeſſen die Reiſe mit unglaublicher Ungeduld zurückgelegt; er kam in der Nacht in einem Wirthshauſe zu G... an. Nun am Ziele ſeiner Wünſche ſcheint ihn die erſte Unentſchloſſenheit angewandelt zu haben, die erſte Beſorgniß über Mariens Schweigen, das er bis dahin der ſtrengen Bewachung der Ihren zugeſchrieben hatte, man fand in ſeinem Taſchenbuche aufgeſchrieben: Maria, als mein Arm zuerſt dich umfing, ſpielte die Natur zu unſerm Tanz eine fröhliche Weiſe; Blumen ſproßten unter deinem Tritte, die Vögel liebkoſten dich mit ſüßen Klängen. Die Blumen ſind verblüht, die Vögel hinweggezogen, der kalte Herbſtwind kräuſelt mit dürrem Laube den Staub des Bodens. Noch in eben dem Tanze bebt, pocht mein Herz bei dem leiſeſten Anhauche deiner Erinnerung, ſein Frühling iſt nicht entſchwunden, nicht ſeine Blüthen. Biſt Du es noch Heißgeliebte, die wie ehemals meiner wartet: ſüße Liebe, hätteſt Du nur ein Wort zur Antwort mir geſchrieben, nur ein Angedenken jener Zeit, ein Tannenſträußchen mir geſandt, ich wäre nicht einſam allein ſo nahe dir: doch ich war ja immer dir nahe und ſelbſt dein Schweigen war mir lieb.

Nach Endigung der Probe ging Marie auf ihr Zimmer und fand einen Brief von der boshaften Freundin, die ihr Hollins Anſtellung und ſeine nahe Abreiſe anzeigte; man glaube, er hole ſich eine Frau aus der Gegend, wer aber dieſe Glückliche ſei bei den vielen, denen er Hof gemacht, ſei ſchwer zu beſtimmen. — Mariens erſte Empfindung war, das ſei gelogen: aber dann ergriff ſie eine Angſt, Rache dürſtete ſie, mit aller Heftigkeit der gemißhandelten Liebe wollte ſie ihm ſchreiben, ſie wollte aller Welt ihre Liebe und ihre Schande bekennen. In dem Augenblicke trat Hollin herein, der ſich bei einem Untermiether im Hauſe ein Zimmer ſchon frühmorgens zu verſchaffen gewußt hatte — er ſieht ſie und ſtürzt ſprachlos in ihre Arme. Sie dreht ſich in einem Gemiſche aus Zorn und Liebe von ihm weg; ſie drückt ihn ſanft von ſich. In dieſem Wegwenden fühlt er unſchuldig die Qual der Verdammten, von denen Gott ſein Angeſicht gekehrt; halb erſtickt ruft er: Maria, du wendeſt dich von mir, biſt nicht mehr ganz mein! nur ein Wort, ein Blick bei aller Liebe, die uns einte, bei aller heiligen Treue, du biſt mein! — Treue, Liebe! rief ſie, das iſt vorbei, ganz vorbei; wie haſt du mich ſo berauben können um beide, und ſie nackt der Welt Preis gegeben; fort, deine Nähe quält mich mehr, als ewige Entfernung von dir; wie warſt du anders ſonſt, wie war alles anders! — Was ſollte er ſagen; es giebt Augenblicke, wo man glaubt, die Welt habe eine andere Sprache gelernt, oder man habe die eigne vergeſſen; er ſtammelte unzuſammenhängende Worte von Angedenken und Seligkeit; ſie ſagte mit den erſten Thränen, die ſich in ihren Augen geſammelt hatten: Wohl bleibt mir ein Angedenken unſerer Liebe, der Schmerz! — Jetzt hörte ſie im Gange vor der Thüre einige laute Fußtritte; ſie rief: Um meiner Ruhe willen fort, fort, mein Vater kommt! — Sie drängte Hollin mit Angſt, mehr aus einer unwillkührlichen Scheu, als aus Ueberlegung nach der Thüre. — Gnade! ſagte er leiſe im Abgehen und ging nach dem Zimmer im Unterſtocke in einem wunderbar ſchmerzlich träumenden Zuſtande, wie ein Opferthier, das der Schlag, der es niederſtrecken ſollte, nur betäubt hatte. So ſaß er auf einem Stuhle betäubt und einſam; während Odoardo, denn der war es, ſich vorſichtig dem Zimmer Mariens genähert und im dunklen Gange den, nach der andern Seite eilenden Freund nicht erkannt hatte. Die mitgebrachten Briefe und Nachrichten erweckten in ihr eine Freude, an die ſie nicht glauben wollte. Sie mußte ihm ganz laut den Schluß von Hollins Briefe leſen: dir bringe ich das treue liebende Herz zurück, welches in den herrlichſten Tagen meines Lebens mein ganzes Weſen erfüllte, das deine Liebe nur gewonnen. Maria, die Erinnerung der blitzſchnellen Stunde im Harze erfüllt mich ganz; bald liebes Lebenswunder werde ich dich umfangen, dich küſſen im fremden Namen, aber dich nicht mein nennen. Du mußt mich zurückſtoßen. Sei nur recht hart zurückſtoßend, weiches Herz, verbirg dich im Königsſchmucke, du Schönſte ohne Schmuck und Kleid, damit ich nicht taumle und des ganzen Lebens Wonne in der gedoppelten Liebe der Kunſt und der Natur, allen zur Schau an mich reiße. Du verſtehſt mich noch nicht Herzenskündige; Odoardo wird dir alles, alles erklären; ich kann jetzt nicht, die Hand bebt mir von Luſt. In neun Tagen bin ich bei dir; eine Ringmauer umfaßt uns, aber nicht ein Bett; Fräulein Lenardo biſt du und ich Herr Hollin; die Lichter ſind angezündet, der Vorhang rauſcht auf.

warum trauerſt du Maria Stuart, hat dir die Liebe nichts verrathen, kein Traum, keine Ahndung dich umſtrahlet; der Retter iſt dir nah, wie freudig will er für dich ſterben, wie ſelig mit dir leben! Wie ſoll ich meinen Augen trauen! der harte böſe Neffe Paulets, der Mortimer iſt kein Hollin! Eilende Wolken! Segler der Lüfte, wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch ſchiffte.

Dieſes laute Vorleſen hatte Odoardo ein Vertrauen geſchenkt, wozu er ſonſt nach ſeiner rückhaltenden Art ſchwerlich gelangt wäre. Maria erzählte ihm jetzt, welche Nachrichten ſie von Hollin durch eine Freundin empfangen; erzählte ihm von der Freude der Ankunft. Odoardo freute ſich dieſer Ankunft, ſchwur ihr bei allen Heiligen, die böſen Gerüchte ſeien falſche Verläumdung, alles ſei Mißverſtändniß und laſſe ſich leicht heben; er eile Hollin aufzuſuchen, um ihn zu verſöhnen. Der ungeheure Wechſel von Schmerz in Freude nahm ihr wie dem lange Eingekerkerten bei der Rückkehr an die freie Luft Athem und Beſinnung; ſie fiel ſprachlos und bewußtlos in Odoardos Arme. In dieſem Augenblicke eröffnete Hollin, der ſich noch zu einem Verſuche entſchloſſen, alles Räthſelhafte in der Geſchichte aufzuklären, ganz leiſe die Thüre; Odoardo war ängſtlich beſchäftigt, ſeine ſchöne Bürde zu ermuntern, er achtete nicht des Geräuſches. Hollin ſtarrte, wandte ſich um, eilte fort und ließ die Thüre offen, deren friſcher Luftſtrom die Ohnmächtige erweckte. Odoardo eilte jetzt, Marien alle Briefe Hollins zu bringen, wo er von ſeinem Umgange mit allen den Weibern ſo offen, ſo wahr, ſo unſchuldig ſchrieb, daß ſie innig von ſeiner Treue überzeugt wurde; ihre Freude war das letzte Aufleben, die Gluth eines Todtkranken. Dann eilte Odoardo in alle Wirthshäuſer, ſeinen Freund aufzuſuchen; wo er wohnte, war er unter fremdem Namen aufgeſchrieben, und wie wir wiſſen, hatte er ſchon ſeit dem Morgen das Wirthshaus verlaſſen. Odoardo ahndete ein Unglück, aber er durchſtrich die Stadt vergebens; er begegnete Hollin nirgends.

Hollin ſcheint indeſſen weit umhergeweſen zu ſein, ſich an den verſchiedenſten Orten einen Ruheplatz zu ſuchen, wo er ſich ſchreibend zu ſammeln bemüht war; was ſollte er thun! die überall abgeriſſene Schrift in ſeinem Taſchenbuche zeigte, daß er nirgends mit ſich abſchließen konnte. Wahrſcheinlich nachdem er die Litaney in einer Kirche gehört, ſchrieb er hinein:

Kyrie Eleiſon, Chriſte Eleiſon, ich habe euch vergeben, Hallelujah dem Allerbarmer, er hat die freſſende Wuth eingedämmt. — Buhlerin, wie du ſo leichtſinnig mit mir fromme alte Sitte gebrochen, ſo leicht wurde es dir auch mit andern; wie du deine Aeltern betrogſt, ſo betrogſt du mich.

Mußte ich dich ſo wiederfinden, Odoardo, liebſter Freund, ärgſter Feind in den ſchändlichen Armen. Odoardo du biſt unſchuldig; eine Umarmung von ihr iſt reicher wie der Himmel. Noch einmal will ich ſie ſehen, ſie umarmen, dann fort, fort, über Land und Meer.

Die Zeit der Aufführung kam heran, die Zuhörer ſammelten ſich. Maria ohne Argwohn kleidete ſich fröhlich an; Odoardo vermied es, ihr ſeine Beſorgniſſe mitzutheilen. Es begann eine rührende Symphonie, als Hollin unbemerkt im Dunkel in ſein gemiethetes Zimmer zurückkam und ohne Beihülfe anderer ſeine Theaterkleider anlegte. Wahrſcheinlich während dieſer Muſik ſchrieb er zu ſeiner Beruhigung in die Schreibtafel. ... Was es für Töne ſein mögen, die aus dem Innern hervordringend den Schmerz des unruhigen Lebens übertönen! Nicht von außen kommen ſie mir, es iſt die Trauermuſik vor einem Todten. Zuerſt der Poſaunenklang, in welchem die großen Orgelgeiſter erwachen, wie ſie allmächtig die Kirchenwände erſchüttern, daß die Betglocke leiſe anſchlägt. In dieſen luſtwandeln Oboen und Clarinetten; es ſchallen munter Geigen und Zimbeln dazwiſchen. Da erſchallt die erſte geweckte Menſchenbruſt und ſchwebt im Geſange empor getragen, aber der Athem geht ihr aus. Wie du ſo einſam trauerſt, Maria, Mutter Gottes um den verrathenen Sohn; kann denn dein Sohn nicht mehr trauern, daß du ihn geboren! Warum durchbricht ſo ſelten der Strahl des Auferſtandenen dieſe dunklen Fenſter? — Es iſt tiefe Nacht übers ganze Land ausgegoſſen. — Da muß ich in der Finſterniß an die blöden Augen ſchlagen; ich ſehe dann funkelndes Morgenlicht. — Sieh wie die Mauern erbeben, Straßen auf und nieder ſchweben, Kindlein mit goldnen Flüglein auf der Leiter herniederſteigen, die Himmelsſchaaren ſich freundlich beugen, Luft, Luft, es öffnet ſich jede Gruft, Mariens Auge die Himmelsbläue durchbricht; freudig Erbeben, ſeliges Leben, ewiges Licht.

Lenardo hatte indeſſen mit unglaublicher Ungeduld nach allen Ecken umgeblickt, ob Hollin nicht komme, und als der Vorhang aufging, ſelbſt ein Kleid angelegt, das der Rolle beſtimmt war.

Maria rührte durch ihr Elend als Stuart ungemein; ſie war ſo ruhig, war ſo gewiß, daß Hollin ſeine Rolle ſpielen werde und wirklich trat er unerwartet zu dem Auftritte heraus, wo er ſich ihr als treueſter Freund offenbaren ſollte. Unſer Freund, durch die Schönheit ſeines kräftigen Baues, durch den vortheilhaften alten Anzug gehoben, erregte allgemeines Aufſehen; das Rollen ſeiner Augen wurde als erſte Theaterverwirrung aufgenommen, man machte ihm mit Händeklatſchen Muth, und Lenardo ſprang triumphirend ins Parterre, um den Dank für ſeinen Scherz in Empfang zu nehmen. Auch Maria war bei ſeinem Anblicke ſelig erſtaunt, doch gewannen beide bald genug Geiſtesfreiheit, um ihre Rolle auszuſpielen. Mit übertriebener Heftigkeit ſprach er die Rede von der hohen Wirkung des großen Kirchenfeſtes. Hollin ſchien nur gekommen, Marien noch einmal, zum letztenmal zu ſehen, und nun ſah er ſie in aller Schönheit, in allem Glanze, mit dem ganzen Zauber der Kunſt; er fühlte erſt jetzt alles Treffende ſeiner Rolle auf ſich; er glaubte eine höhere Macht in dieſem wunderbaren Zufalle und überließ ſich ihrer böſen Gewalt. — Am Schluſſe ſeines Auftrittes verſchwand er; Odoardo wollte ihm nach, aber Lenardo ſtellte ſich vor ihn und hinderte es, weil Hollin ihm geſchrieben, er bäte ſich aus, ihn während der Vorſtellung gegen alle Anreden zu ſchützen; er habe die Rolle ſo ſchnell gelernt, daß er die Pauſe zum Wiederholen ſtrenge benutzen müſſe. — In dieſer Zwiſchenpauſe ſcheint er das folgende in ſein Taſchenbuch geſchrieben zu haben: So ruhig, ſelig, traurig konnteſt du vor mir erſcheinen, Maria, meinen Blick ertragen! — Du ſpielſt im Leben auch zur Schau! — Mir ward in deinem Blick ſo wohl und bang; die Engel und die Teufel alle, ſie ſchienen, von dir losgelaſſen, mich zu umringen, mich zu faſſen, die Liebe und die Rache rangen auf, die Allmacht riß mich fort: Soll durch den Tod ſich Liebe lohnen, muß Liebe in dem Tode wohnen! — Die Sterne gehn in ewiger Nacht, ſie drängen unaufhaltſam fort, ſie ſchweben in einem engen Raume; das Leben kämpft und erliegt im Leben; doch iſt die Bühne weit, es freuen alle ſich des vielen Glanzens; die eine Bahn von Oſt nach Weſt ſtrebt jeder zu durchlaufen: ſie wollen alle ſich erhalten — Verzweifelnd bricht dem Helden nun das Herz, der ſeine Bahn an ihre Bahn geknüpft. Wohl dann, bin ich kein Held, ich ſterbe doch als Held! ich rette mich, weil ich nichts anderes zu retten hier vermag. Auf ewig ſoll ich von euch ſcheiden. Noch einmal will ich ihn, den Saum des ſtrahlenden Gewandes, küſſen, das deinen Leib Maria blau umflattert; noch einmal ſtreb ich mich, dem Ring der Kette anzuſchließen, die mich ſo lange hat umſchloſſen. Der Ring zerſpringt; es klingt der laute Beifallsjubel der künſtleriſchen Freunde; Verzweiflung packt mich, Wuth reißt geſchwind mich durch Meeresfluth. Ha Kunſt, du haſt geſiegt! Jetzt wirft mich Nordwind auf die öde Felſenſpitze: geſchellt lieg ich und kann nichts erfaſſen; es ſchwimmen über mir die kalten Morgennebel und die Geſtaltung all iſt fern. Noch liebevoll geb ich den wolkigen Geſtalten Namen; ſchließ Freundſchaftsbündniß mit den dunklen Armen, deren ſchwarzer Ring durch alle Winde ſtandhaft kämpft; da mein ich ſchon, ich find ihn wieder den verlornen Ring; ich faß nach ihm mit beiden Armen, da ſchleudert er des Blitzſtrahls zackig rollende Schlangen auf mich herab. Ich leb nicht mehr, da hallts im Wiederhall der Felſen: Soll durch den Tod die Liebe lohnen, wird Liebe in dem Tode wohnen......

Das verſtehe ich nicht, unterbrach die Gräfin den Erzähler. Den Grafen mußte heut alles ärgern, auch das fühlloſe Unterbrechen der Erzählung. Es iſt ja ſo klar: er zeigt durch den verhängnißvollen ſchwarzen Gewitterring die neue unechte Verbindung an, die zwiſchen ihm und Maria im Schauſpiele dargeſtellt wird.

..... Sie erinnern ſich wohl, daß Mortimer in ſeiner Liebe zu Maria Stuart einen glücklichen aber elenden Nebenbuhler an Leiceſter hat, den Odoardo ſpielte; Leiceſter wünſcht Maria zu retten, doch ohne eigne Aufopferung; er hat den Mortimer in Verdacht, daß er gegen Marien kundſchafte, Mortimer gegen ihn; eine Unterredung voll gegenſeitigen Mißtrauens konnte Hollin nicht ohne Bitterkeit ausführen. Odoardo wurde beklommen und wußte nicht warum; wäre er feſteren Entſchluſſes geweſen, er hätte Hollin aufgeſucht, als er eben in ſeinem Zimmer geſchrieben:

Welt ſonne euch mit allem, was ihr liebt! erleuchte euch nimmer, daß ihr eure Fehler nicht ſeht, behüte euch vor jeder Erinnerung an mich in alle Ewigkeit!

Nun begann der dritte Akt des erregenden Spiels mit aller ſeiner Schönheit. Maria übertraf alle Erwartung. Nach der unſeligen Unterredung mit Eliſabeth trat unſer Mortimer mit aller Heftigkeit auf, er ſchien mit dem Leben zu ringen, als er ausrief:

Was iſt mir alles Leben gegen dich
Und meine Liebe. Eh ich dir entſage,
Eh nahe ſich das Ende aller Tage.

Maria rief wie aus eigner Seele: Gott welche Sprache Herr, und welche Blicke! — Und wie er ſie umarmte und wie ſie ihn zurück ſtieß: es iſt unwiderſtehlich wahr und reizend geweſen. Mit welcher Gewalt warf er einen Seſſel, der ſie beide trennte, in die Kuliſſen. Was iſt alle andere Schauſpielkunſt gegen die ſchreckliche Wahrheit ſolcher Darſtellung. Alle waren beklommen, es ſchien etwas Grauſenvolles ſich zu entwickeln; keiner wagte es, zum Nachbar zu ſprechen; allen klopfte das Herz. Maria fühlte ſich ſo heiter in ihrer Rolle, weil ſie das durch vom erſten liebevollen Kuſſe wieder beſchenkt worden. In der Zwiſchenzeit bis zum letzten Auftritte blieb Hollin ſo weit in der Kuliſſe vorſtehen, daß niemand mit ihm reden konnte. Man kam die Unterredung zwiſchen ihm und Leiceſter: der ſchreckliche Verrath des letzteren; ſein Edelmuth zog unwiderſtehlich aller Menſchen Neigung zu ihm hin. Mit welcher Verachtung wendete ſich Hollin zu der Wache, die ihn feſſeln will. „Was willſt du, feiler Sklav der Tirannei, Ich ſpotte deiner, ich bin frei." Wie geſchickt erwehrte er ſich der Eindringenden und rief dann: Geliebte, nicht erretten kann ich dich, ſo will ich dir ein männlich Beiſpiel geben. Maria, Heilige bitt für mich und nimm mich zu dir in dein himmliſch Leben. — Bei dieſen Worten durchſticht ſich Mortimer mit dem Dolche. — Laut rieſen alle Beifall, riefen Bravo; da ruft einer aus der Wache, der ihn aufheben will: Jeſus, er zuckt fürchterlich und iſt voll Blut. Entſetzen überfällt alle, lähmt alle; nur Maria in dem glücklichen Wahne, alles ſei nur Täuſchung, wagt es hinaus zu blicken. Hollin winkte ihr ſich zu nähern und ſagte feſt: Meiner Augenblicke ſind wenige, täuſchende Kunſt hat mich hingerafft; Odoardo wird für dich ſorgen, bleibe ihm treu! — Odoardo hielt den Dolch feſt, den Hollin bei dieſen Worten aus der Wunde reißen wollte, er ſah als geſchickter Chirurg, daß er dann im Augenblicke ſterbe; wer will ſeinen Schmerz als Freund dabei fühlen, faſt fürchten wir uns vor der Stärke des eignen Mitgefühles. Maria erwachte aus der erſten Betäubung, die ſie neben ihm hingeſtreckt; ſie beſchwor ihn, für ſie, für ſein Kind unter ihrem Herzen zu leben; die Wunde ſchien nicht gefährlich; es entwickelte ſich der ganze ſchreckliche Irrthum, der ihn verwirrt hatte; ſeine Liebe und Freundſchaft kehrten aus der Ewigkeit zurück, wohin er ſie ſchon verbannt hatte. Er ließ den Vorhang niederziehen, ließ alle Fremden entfernen, flehete bei Mariens Vater um Verzeihung, daß er die heiligen Rechte bürgerlicher Ordnung und göttlicher Einſetzung leichtſinnig gebrochen; er wollte ſich ihrer guten Folgen für Maria und ihr Kind nach ſeinem Tode noch erfreuen, ihnen ſein Vermögen ſichern. Ein Geiſtlicher, mit Hintanſetzung einiger Bedenklichkeit, trauete ihn mit der bewußtloſen Maria durch die einfachen Worte: Was Gott zuſammenfügt, ſoll der Menſch nicht trennen. Amen, ſagten alle! Hollin rief aber: Ich habe es doch gethan, Odoardo, edler Freund, ſorge für ſie — der Liebe leben — ewig! Bei dieſen Worten zog er den Dolch aus ſeiner Wunde; das Blut ſtrömte heftig, ſein Kopf ſank nieder, er war todt.

Maria drückte ihm in der ſchrecklichen Fühlloſigkeit des unſäglichen Schmerzes die Augen zu. Odoardo mußte ſie gewaltſam von der Leiche wegreißen. Er grub ſeinem Freunde ein Grab außerhalb der Kirchhofsmauer im Flugſande. Maria ſtarb eine Woche ſpäter in der frühzeitigen Geburt mit dem Kinde zugleich. Auch ſie begrub er außer der Kirchhofsmauer neben ihm, und das Kind zwiſchen ihnen und alle Noten und andere Erinnerungen ihrer Liebe. Nachdem er alles, was er liebte, begraben, ging er in ein Kloſter. Sein böſes Schickſal ging nicht mit ihm ein; er verlor Gedächtniß und Erinnerung, wurde froh wie ein Kind und las oft lächelnd die Briefe ſeines Freundes, als ſei es ihm eine fremde Geſchichte.

Ausgeſtreute Stammbuchsblätter.*)

Melodie.

Auch Melodie iſt irdiſch wandelbar,
Dieſelben Noten bleiben nicht dieſelben,
Aus einer Kehle klingt ſie ernſt und klar
Und kann die Luft zu einer Kirche wölben;
In andrer Kehle ſchwankt ſie wie ein Meer,
Auf dem Syrenen lockend mich umringen.
Aus ganzer Seele ſingt, ſonſt iſt ſie leer,
Ich laſſe mich von beider Art bezwingen.

Der Pokal.

Freunde, weihet den Pokal
Jener fremden Menſchenwelt,
Die an gleichem Sonnenſtrahl
Sich erhellt, geſellt, geſtählt;
Glück den lieben unbekannten
Lichtgeſandten Herzverwandten,
Deren Augen übergehen,
Wenn ſie in die Sonne ſehen!

Laune.

Ein kühner Sinn kann Ströme hemmen
Und bricht durch Felſen ſeine Bahn,
Doch wenn die Nebel ihn beklemmen,
Da fühlt er, ſeine Macht ſei Wahn.
Verhüllt iſt ihm die frohe Ferne,
Das Nächſte ſcheint ihm unbekannt;
Die Sonne gleicht dem ſchwächſten Sterne,
Er irrt, wohin er ſich gewandt! —
Bald wirken dann die Himmelszeichen,
Die rings um unſre Erde ziehn;
Die heitre Thatkraft muß entweichen,
Wenn Skorpionen droben glühn. —
Es reicht kein Arm zum Flammenſterne,
Der unerwartet zu uns dringt,
Es ringt kein Arm zum Erdenkerne,
Der uns der Krankheit Unheil bringt!
Und geht die Welt noch einmal unter,
So iſts in böſer Laune Spiel;
Dem Herrn gefiel ſie, als ſie munter,
Der Traurigen ſind ihm zu viel.

Jung und Alt im Frühling.

1.

Aus der Berge dunklen Klüften
Brauſt nicht mehr die kalte Fluth,
Fenſter öffne ich den Lüften
Und das Thor dem Jugendmuth;
Springend gehts zum Thale nieder,
Leicht beflügelt iſt das Herz,
Frühling breitet das Gefieder,
Luft erklingt wie edles Erz.

Neue Vögel ſind erſchienen,
Fort ins Freie, in die Luft,
Neues Schauſpiel, grüne Bühnen,
Nachtigall ſo ſehnlich ruft:
Seht das Schauſpielhaus geſchmücket
Mit dem Dach aus Himmelblau.
Wolken-Schäflein ſehn entzücket
Nach dem hocherhabnen Bau.

Alle ſchweben im Verlangen
Nach des Tages Neuigkeit:
Iſt der Vorhang aufgegangen?
Welches Schauſpiel giebt man heut?
Soll ein Heldenſpiel beginnen,
Rüſtet ſich die friſche Kraft?
Soll die Lieb in Lieb gerinnen
Daß ſich neues Volk erſchafft?

Alles drängt ſich noch zuſammen,
Herz an Herz und Baum an Baum,
All aus einer Erde ſtammen,
Flammend einer Liebe Traum:
Himmliſch Spiel, die friſchen Kränze
Decken all mit gleichem Grün,
Jenen, daß er ſiegend glänze,
Dieſen, daß ſie drunter blühn.

2.

Eine bange Reiſeluſt
Weht in Frühlingstagen,
Füllt mit Wehmuth unſre Bruſt,
Will zum Himmel tragen,
Wo die ganze Seligkeit
Schimmert in dem Lichte
Und ein Bild der Ewigkeit
Wird des Jahres Geſchichte.

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*) Aus: Veit's Berliner Muſenalmanach für 1831. S. 8 ſqq. —

Erſte Jugend ſtellt ſich dar
Mit verwirrtem Leiden
In den Blättern, die ſo klar
Alles erſt umkleiden,
Wie wir aus erſchloßner Haft
In die Welt gedrungen,
Wie in neuer Schöpfungskraft
Vieles uns gelungen.

Oeffnet dann die Blüthenzeit
Des Triumphes Pforte,
Wird ihr Fall in Luſt geweiht
Durch die ſchönſten Worte:
Jedes Wort, es dringt hinauf,
Eh' wir es noch meinen,
Aufwärts zu dem Sonnenlauf,
Daß wir ſtrahlend ſcheinen.

Ja dies iſt die Himmelfahrt,
Die wir heute feiern,
Bis die Wolken golden zart
Uns die Welt verſchleiern:
Ach dann fraget wohl die Welt,
Wo wir ſind geblieben!
Vieles dann von uns gefällt,
Manches lernt ſie lieben.

Belehrende Entſchuldigung.

Du zürnſt, weil ich dir um den Hals gefallen,
Als heut dein Mund ſo feurig zu mir ſprach,
Daß meine Freude dir im Kuß erſchallen,
Mein Lächeln ſuchte ſich ein freundlich Dach:
Ein ſolcher Kuß, er deutet ſich nicht weiter,
Er löſcht ſich wie ein heilgefallner Stern,
Der Himmel ſchimmt dahinter ewig heiter,
Im tiefen Blau verliert er ſich ſo gern.

Im Blicke iſt ein höheres Berühren,
Wir ſind vereint von ſeiner Wunderkraft,
Was ſollten wir mit Zeichen uns noch zieren,
Wir hatten uns ſo lange angegafft:
Wie wankt die Rebe, will ſie ſich erheben!
Mit ſich allein, ſie hat doch keine Ruh!
O häng dich an die Welt wie liebe Reben,
Und deck ihr dennoch deine Trauben zu!

An eine wandernde Mahlerin.

Da ſingt die junge Pilgerin,
Geſtützt vom Malerſtab,
Sie zieht zum fernen Kloſter hin
Und mahnt um letzte Gab,
Um fromme Bildchen in ihr Buch,
Um ein erbaulich Wort:
„Gewarnt, ermahnt biſt Du genug
„Und dennoch ziehſt Du fort."

Ich ſchenk als Bild den Abſchiedsblick,
Als Wort den Händedruck,
Du ſuchſt zu fern des Himmels Glück
In ſüdlich keuſchem Schmuck:
Des Bildes Kunde Dir verhieß
Der Bilder reiche Wahl,
Ich ſah das ſchönſte Paradies
Bei Dir im nordiſchen Thal.

Was Du Dir ſuchſt, Du ſchönes Kind,
Es iſt ſchon alles Dein,
Dir nach im ſchnellen Wirbelwind
Fliegt mit der goldne Schein,
Dir folgt der Strom wie in das Meer,
Dir folgt, was Du geſandt,
Und hier wird alles öd und leer,
Wenn Du Dich abgewandt.

So wie Magnet mit Eiſen ſpielt,
Es aus dem Auge zieht,
So nimmſt Du mit, was wir gefühlt,
Der ſüße Schmerz uns flieht;
Wir ſehen wieder in die Welt
Wie in den Wintertag,
Das grüne Laub ſchon wieder fällt
Und fliegt Dir rauſchend nach.

Kindergeſchrei.

Ach wär mein Kind, mein liebes einzges Kind
Ein klein geſchwind Waldvögelein,
Es ſänge froh im luſtgen Morgenwind
Und ließ ſein ewges, ewges Schrein!
Und flöge es mir auch davon,
Es flöge doch nicht in die Sonn,
Es flög zum Nachbar auf den Aſt
Und wär des Kirſchbaums lieber Gaſt.
Die ganze Welt wär ſein — allein —
Nun muß es nach den Kirſchen ſchrein!
Ich denke meiner Jugend Pein
Und mein, es wird nicht klüger ſein, —
Es wird dem auch nicht beſſer gehn, —
Was es nur ſieht, das will es haben,
Wie ſchön die Kirſchen überſehn,
Wie wollten uns die Kirſchen laben.
Ach wär mein Kind, mein liebes einzges Kind
Ein klein geſchwind Waldvögelein,
Es brächte mir im luſtgen Morgenwind
Der Kirſchen viel am Stiel im Schnäblein fein.

Heutige Ritterprobe.

Von allen ſchweren Ritterproben,
Die einſt dem Jüngling auferlegt,
Iſt eine noch — und doch zu loben
Iſt jeder, der ſie feſt erträgt.

Zwar heiße That iſts nicht zu nennen,
Doch hat ſich mancher drum verbrannt;
Weil Worte auf der Zunge brennen,
Wird Feuerprobe ſie genannt.

Zur Probe öffnet Nacht die Pforte,
Geheimniß in den Sternen ſtrahlt,
Süß tönen ſchöner Frauen Worte,
Womit ſo gern der Jüngling prahlt.

Doch jede legt auf ihre Lippen
Den Zeigefinger, eh ſie ſpricht,
Es zeiget jede ihm die Klippen,
Woran der Ehre Woge bricht.

Die Liebſte ſchmückt ihm Lieblingsplätze
Mit ihrer Kränze buntem Glanz,
Es reihet ſich zu dem Geſchwätze
Der Händedruck im heitern Tanz.

Zu bald, — als Morgenlicht erſchienen,
Er kehret heim in Seligkeit,
Es ſucht die Welt der frohen Mienen
Und fragt ihn aus, was ihn erfreut.

Daß ihm allein dies Glück ſei eigen,
Es drückt ihm faſt die Seele ab,
Doch wollt er ſich als Ritter zeigen,
Müßt ers verſchweigen bis ins Grab.

Beim erſten Wort, das er geſprochen,
Schlägt zu die Pforte ſeiner Luſt,
Die Sterne haben ſich verkrochen,
Des Ritters Stern fällt von der Bruſt.

Er reitet auf den hölzern Schranken,
Statt auf dem hohen Rittergaul! —
Darum ſei glücklich in Gedanken,
Sei glücklich, Jüngling, halt das Maul! —

Canon

auf einen Lichterputzer.

Gelobt ſei, wer die Lichter putzt,
Er iſt ein Mann, der allen nutzt,
Er brauchet gar nicht viel Verſtand,
Nur eine Lichtſcheer in die Hand,
Vertrauen und Gewandtheit viel,
Sonſt wird er aller Spötter Ziel.

Ein Licht, das er hat ausgeputzt,
Wird ihm von allen aufgemutzt,

Und tritt er wieder an das Licht,
So ſchreien alle: Putze nicht,
Ein gutes Licht ſich ſelber putzt
Und keine Lichtſcheer uns beſchmutzt.

Siegeslied nach Ausſprüchen des Paracelſus.

Uebers Haupt des lieben Todten
Jagen freudge Siegesboten,
Seine Ahnung iſt erfüllt!
Mehr wird noch der Welt enthüllt,
Denn die Welt verlangt noch mehr,
Fragt nach neuer Neuigkeit,
Ihr ſcheint morgen Kleinigkeit
Heutge That und heutge Lehr;
Auf wohlan, die Zeit iſt kommen,
Und ſo kommt nun mit der Zeit
Das, warum die Zeit iſt kommen,
Aus dem Streit die Einigkeit.

Einen ſchlägt des Adlers Flügel,
Der ſich ſelber ſchien ein Siegel,
Und ein Schluß der ganzen Zeit,
Ihn umſchlingt der Zweifel heut,
Ihn erdrückt der Kette Laſt,
Die er mit gewandter Hand
Hat gezogen übers Land,
Frei ſind die, die ihn gehaßt:
Auf wohlan, die Zeit wird kommen,
Und ſo kommt denn mit der Zeit
Das, warum die Zeit will kommen,
Wenn wir alle ſind bereit.

Schlecht Gehorchen, ſchlecht Regieren
Wird zu neuem Streite führen!
Weil ihr euch zu kühn vermeßt,
Weil die Einheit ihr vergeßt,
Sinket vieler Schwerdter Schein,
Eines glänzet himmelan,
Der es führt, ein alter Mann,
Wird des Friedens Herold ſein:
Auf wohlan, die Zeit wird kommen,
Und ſo kommt dann mit der Zeit
Das, warum die Zeit will kommen,
Und aus Drei'n kommt Einigkeit.

Die aus ſich die Welt berathen,
Stört der Held mit ſeinen Thaten,
Zeiget jedem ſeinen Zorn,
Denn nur ihm gebührt das Horn.
Nach dem Tagwerk ſchläft der Held,
Selig, die ſein Schlaf erſchafft,
Seiner Kinder friſche Kraft
Tanzt um ihn auf blutgem Feld:
Auf wohlan, die Zeit wird kommen,
Und ſo kommt dann mit der Zeit
Das, warum die Zeit will kommen,
Das, warum ſie ſich erneut.

Was der alte Mann geträumet,
In dem wilden Meere ſchäumet,
Weht heran in Sturmes Macht,
Er hält ſchlafend gute Wacht.
Wie der Fiſcher aus dem Meer
Fiſche zieht, die niemand ſah,
Alſo iſt Erfüllung nah,
Wenn die Ahnung ſchien ſo leer:
Auf wohlan, die Zeit iſt kommen,
Wo die alte Schlangenhaut
Dieſer Welt iſt abgenommen,
Kniet nieder, ſchaut, vertraut.

Maria Thereſe von Artner,

Tochter des k. k. Generalmajors von Artner, ward am 19. April 1772 zu Schmitau, einem Dorfe in Ungarn, geboren, erhielt ihre Jugendbildung vorzüglich in Oedenburg und zeigte ſchon früh große Neigung und Talent zur Poeſie, die ſie im Umgange mit zwei gleichgeſinnten Freundinnen, Doris von Conrad und Marianne von Tiell, nährte und beförderte. Nachdem ſie das Unglück gehabt, in dem Zeitraum von 1796 — 1799 ihre Eltern zu verlieren, lebte ſie abwechſelnd auf Reiſen oder bei ihren verheiratheten Schweſtern im Oeſterreichiſchen. Nach der Schlacht von Aspern beſchäftigte ſie ſich mit einem epiſchen Gedichte, in welchem ſie dieſe verherrlichen wollte, aber die k. k. Hofcenſur erlaubte den Druck dieſes Werkes nicht wegen einiger bedenklichen Stellen. 1811 traf ſie das harte Schickſal, ihr halbes Vermögen zu verlieren. Seit dem Jahre 1818 nahm ſie ihren bleibenden Aufenthalt bei ihrer Freundin Maria von Zay in Ugrocz. — Sie ſtarb am 25. November 1829. zu Agram.

Th. v. A. hinterließ folgende Schriften:

Feldblumen auf Ungarns Fluren geſammelt von Minna und Amalie. (Th. v. Artner und M. v. Tiell.) Jena, 1800.
Neuere Gedichte von Theone. Tübingen, 1806.
Gedichte gewählt, verbeſſert und vermehrt. 2 Th. Leipz. 1818.
Die That. Trauerſpiel. Erſter Theil zu Müllner's Schuld. 2. A. Peſth und Leipzig, 1820.
Stille Größe. Schauſpiel. Kaſchau, 1824.
Regenda und Wladimir. Kaſchau, 1824.
Briefe über einen Theil von Croatien und Italien. Peſth, 1830.

Th. von Artner iſt durchaus nicht ohne wahre poetiſche Anlagen, vorzüglich auf dem Gebiete der Lyrik, allein da es ihr an der richtigen Leitung fehlte, zu oft auf falſchem Wege. Nur in Momenten wirklicher poetiſcher Begeiſterung hat ſie Lebenswerthes geliefert. Ihr Trauerſpiel „die That" fand zu einer Zeit, als durch Müllner's Schuld die deutſche dramatiſche Poeſie auf große Abwege gerathen war, eine günſtige Aufnahme, iſt jedoch bald der Vergeſſenheit anheim gefallen, obgleich einige Scenen in demſelben durchaus nicht ohne Werth ſind. — In ihren an Karoline Pichler gerichteten Briefen über Kroatien und Italien zeigt ſie eine glückliche Darſtellungsgabe, feine Beobachtung, Geſchmack und einen liebenswürdigen Charakter. — Jedenfalls ſind ihre Schriften der Empfehlung würdiger als die mancher ſchriftſtellernden Damen, welche ſich zu unſerer Zeit in Deutſchland unberufen und talentlos vordrängen.

Die That.*)

Waldgegend mit verſchiedenen zuſammenlaufenden Wegen. Im Vordergrunde links eine Einſiedlerklauſe, wovon Thür und Fenſter gegen die Zuſchauer gehn, rechts das Eingangsthor eines Parks. Im Hintergrund Ausſicht auf einen Hügel mit einem großen Baum.

(Zerga, beſchäftigt, an der Seitenwand der Klauſe, die gegen die Mitte des Theaters geht, ein Zelt anzuheften. Ruffina**) kommt aus dem Walde mit einem Bündel Holz.)

Ruffina

(nachdem ſie Zerga mit ſteigender Aufmerkſamkeit betrachtet, mit zweifelnder Freude).

Schweſter Zerga, biſt Du's! — —

Zerga

(welche gleich Anfangs einen kurzen, aber ſcharfen Blick auf ſie warf).

Bin's.

Ruffina

(das Bündel abwerfend und auf ſie zu eilend).

Ach Willkomm! kaum dünkt mich's wahr!
Wie ſo faltenreich die Stirne,
Wie ergraut das ſchwarze Haar!
Warſt ſo eine ſchmucke Dirne.

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*) Aus: Die That, Trauerſpiel in fünf Acten, von Thereſe von Artner. 2 Aufl. Leipzig. 1820

**) Zerga, eine Zigeunerin; Ruffina, ihre Schweſter.

Gorgo.

Sonderbar!
Auch in mir fühl' ich ein Regen
Ihr entgegen. (Reicht ihr die Hand.)

Ruffina.

Ach wie manches, manches Jahr
Hab' ich fruchtlos Dich geſucht,
Nicht gefunden!

Gorgo.

Seit den unheilvollen Stunden
Unſrer allgemeinen Flucht,
Da die Mutter in die Krallen
Fiel der Inquiſition.

Ruffina (ſich ängſtlich umſehend).

Still davon! —
Mich, noch hülflos, nahm der Haufen
Nach Leon,
Du nur warſt allein entlaufen.

Gorgo.

Ich alleine von Euch allen
Folgt' ihr zu der Richtſtatt nach.
Grauſer Tag!
Noch hör' ich der Glocken Schallen
Schlag um Schlag,
Seh' den Zug der Opfer wallen
Zwiſchen Bütteln,
Bleich, in ſchwefelgelben Kitteln,
Dort bemalt mit Teufelsfratzen,
Die Verzweiflung in den Mienen,
Unſre Mutter unter ihnen!

Ruffina.

O halt ein,
Dieſe Greuel zu erneuen!
Willſt du gar nicht mein dich freuen?

Gorgo.

Ha, für dies, und dies allein,
Hat nur mein Gehirn Gedanken. —
— Und wie ſie nun näher wanken,
Und das Volk von ihnen wich,
Mußte, halb bewußtlos, ich
Vor mich drängen.
Ach, da fiel ihr Blick auf mich,
Und nach lang' verhaltnem Grimme
Schrie ſie auf mit Donnerſtimme:
„Räche, räche, räche mich!
Oder, wie mich Flammen ſengen,
Brenn es Dich
Ewiglich!" —
Schrie's, und ſtarrte wild zur Erde,
Daß ihr letzter Mutterblick
Nicht noch mein Verräther werde.

Ruffina.

Gräuelvolles Mißgeſchick!
Und Du haſt es nicht gehalten,
Der Unſel'gen letzt Gebot!
Zwar noch Kind bei jener Noth
Hab' ich dennoch es behalten:
Donna Lauren und dem Alten
(auf die Klauſe deutend)
Dankte ſie den Feuertod.

Gorgo.

Ja, ſie ſind, die ſie verdarben!
Mit der Kunſt war ſie vertraut,
Zu bereiten helle Farben
Aus den Wurzeln, aus den Rinden.
Laura hatt' es oft erſchaut,
Wenn ſie ging, ſie aufzufinden,
Und ſie dann des Nachts gebraut.
Den benützten Ueberguß
Trug ſie dann hinab zum Fluß;
Roth und grün entrann die Welle.
Einmal trank an dieſer Stelle
Laura's Heerde — und in Schnelle
Kam ein Sterben über's Vieh.
Laura, jedem Wahn ergeben,
Schuldigte des Zaubers ſie,
Ließ den Siedler Klag' erheben,
Angeſteckt von gleicher Wuth —
Und verfallen war ihr Leben,
Sie geſchleppt zum Tod der Glut.

Ruffina.

O, der Mutter ſchuldlos Blut!

Gorgo.

Von der Stund' an überkamen
Schmerz und Grimm mich ohne Namen,
Und beſchloſſen war's in mir,
Das, weshalb ſie mußte ſterben,
Müßt' ich nun aus Rachgier,
Koſt' es auch die Seel', erwerben.
In der Zauberkunſt Revier,
An die Nil- und Mohrenküſte,
Wollt' ich wandern, doch nach hier
Zog mich eher ein Gelüſte,
Die mit Flüchen zu erſchrecken,
Bis ich käme, zu vollſtrecken.
Und ich kam, und wankend fand
Lauren ich, voll Schmuck und Zierde,
Einen Knaben an der Hand
Und im Leibe neue Bürde.
Trotzig droht' ich grauſe Rache,
Und als ſtolz ſie mich verwies,
Donnert' ich ins Ohr ihr dies:

„Tage lang ſollſt du dich quälen,
„Daß du nicht wirſt keiner Raſt,
„Iſt, was du gebierſt, ein Knabe,
„Würgt er den, den du ſchon haſt;
„Iſt's ein Mädel, ſtirbt's durch ihn,
„Und du ſtirbſt in Sünden hin."

Ruffina.

Ach, ohnmächtige, ſchwache
Mutterrettende Rache!
Leere Worte — gegen Flammen.

Gorgo.

Böſes Wort, es iſt ein Pfeil,
Der das Herz unheilbar trifft,
Verdienter Fluch iſt ein Donnerkeil,
Der zermalmend das Inn're durchblitzt,
Verdienten Fluch
Grabt, der über den Wolken thront,
Selbſt der Richter in's Schickſalsbuch.

Ruffina.

Doch der Deine war nur Schatten!
Wiſſe, Laurens zweiter Sohn
Starb — mich dünkt als Säugling ſchon.
(Gorgo lacht laut auf.)
Und ſie ſelber mit dem Gatten,
Hoch vom Könige geſtellt,
Schiffte nach der neuen Welt,
Iſt der Rache ganz entflohn,
Denn — nicht lang — erhielt ihr Sohn,
Carlos, welcher Hof hier hält,
Nachricht ihres ſanften Todes.

Gorgo (höhniſch).

Sanft? So mögen's Zeugen nennen,
Doch das Eingeweid' kann brennen.
Hör' und wiſſe, wiſſ' und ſtaune,
Schaue meiner Fluchesſaat
Ernten, reich an Miſſethat.
Als ich's flucht' in grimmer Laune,
Floh ich fort,
Und aus Carthagena's Port
Trug mich bald des Schiffes Kiel
Hin zum Nil.
Doch allort,
In der Heimath der Magie,
Lebt ein Volk, bedrückt und dumm,
Und die Mumien ſind Leichen,
Und die Hieroglyphen ſtumm,
Denn es fehlt der Deutung Zeichen,
Und die Gabe der Beſchwörung,
Zu geſtalten die Zerſtörung.
Unbefriedigt kehrt' ich heim,
Stieg an's Land zu Barcellona,
Wählte nordwärts nun den Pfad.
Ziehend durch die Pyrenäen
Kam ich in Barège's Thal,
Wo ein Brunnen, reich an Heilkraft,
Gäſte lockt aus allen Ländern;
Da erblickt' ich, verziehn,
Lauren an der Freundin Seite,
Die ſchon hier bei ihr gewohnt,
Gräfin Salm ließ ſie ſich nennen.

Jeder folgten ihre Frauen,
Auf den Armen junge Knaben,
Gleich an Alter, doch an Kraft
Ungleich. Laurens Söhnlein blühte,
Aus den Kindesaugen ſprühte
Zunder künft'ger Leidenſchaft,
Doch der andre, ſchlaff und bleich,
Hing am Halſe ſeiner Amme,
Einer halben Leiche gleich. —
Und nun mied ich Lauren zwar,
Noch zur Rache nicht gerüſtet,
Doch durch Kuppeln, Trödelſtand,
Träume deuten und die Hand,
Hatt' ich bald mich eingeniſtet
Bei dem Weibervolk im Haus,
Das auch Gräfin Salm bewohnte,
Ob mir's nicht gelingen möchte,
Daß ich Unheil wo vollbrächte.
Einmal ſchlich ich ſpät mich ein,
Da drang aus der Gräfin Mauern
Schmerzlich Klaggetön hervor.
Schnell verriegelt ward das Thor,
Doch ich blieb, was zu erlauern,
Stille in dem Winkel kauern.
Dumpfes Klopfen — einen kleinen
Sarg nun trägt ein alter Diener
Von der Gräfin Treppe nieder,
Und darauf, mit lautem Weinen,
Seh' ich ſelbſt die Salm erſcheinen
An dem Fenſter, neben ihr
Donna Laura auch in Thränen,
Tröſtend ſo der Freundin Stöhnen:
„Ob dein Kind im Leichentuch,
„Biſt doch minder zu beklagen,
„Als ich ſelber, die ein Fluch
„Zwingt, dem meinen zu entſagen.
„Nimm es fort an Sohnes Statt,
„Laß es nun und nimmer wiſſen,
„Daß ein Bruder ihm gegeben,
„Wer's erzeugt, geboren hat,
„Denn ſo lang wir beide leben,
„Muß ich ja für beide beben." —
Dies vernahm ich — o der ſüßen
Harmonie!

Ruffina.

Wie! iſt's möglich? Hätte ſie
Selbſt ſich den Sohn entriſſen?

Gorgo.

In Paris nun gab man vor,
Laurens Söhnlein ſey geſtorben.
Eingehüllt in Trauerflor
Stand am Sarg ihr Dienerchor,
Der des Kindes Namen trug,
Und auf ſeinem ſchwarzen Tuch
Glänzten ihre Wappenſchilde.

Ruffina.

Ha, ſo ſchaute ſie im Bilde
Jenes Sohnes Leichenzug!
Das war Rache für Camille.

Gorgo (fröhlich).

Ja, in ihrem Arm den Knaben,
Sah ſie langſam ihn begraben!
Und [illegible] die Schmerzen,
Als ſie Morgens abgereiſt,
Das Verwaiſten in dem Herzen,
Daß ſie den, den ſie geboren,
Sich freiwillig hat verloren!

Ruffina.

Nicht unkräftig war dein Fluch.
Das vergalt!

Gorgo.

O nicht genug.
Als ich nun nach manchen Jahren
Um mich trieb im Norderland,
Viel erforſchet, viel erfahren,
Da, vom Geiſt gezogen, fand
Wieder ich des Wildes Fährte.
Ich kam Nachts an eine Burg,
Wo man Herberg mir gewährte.
Als der Tag ſich kaum verklärte,
Stürmt' ein Jüngling in den Forſt,
Schöners kann kein Auge ſchauen;
Doch beim holden Anblick fällt
Mich ein Ahnen an, ein Grauen;
Nach dem Namen forſch' ich nur,
Aber da verliſcht die Spur,
Denn man nennt ihn Derindur;
Bis ich unter'm Schloßgeſinde
Gräfin Salm's Amme finde.
Mich erkennend, beichtet ſie gleich
Prophezeihung, und bei Seite
Nehm' ich ſie, mein Ahnen deute
Ich als Wiſſen aus der Hand,
Wie ſie ſtaunend mir geſtand,
Ob ein Eid ſie ſonſt auch band,
Namen und Religion
Hab' in Spanien ihre Dame
Falſch genannt:
Laurens Sohn
Zog ſie auf als Proteſtant,
Derindur ſey jetzt ſein Name.

Ruffina.

Proteſtant? Zu viel des Böſen!
O das kann nicht gut ſich löſen.

Gorgo.

Der bigotten Laura Geiſt,
Eingeimpft dem Ketzerſtamme —
Das war Flamme.

Ruffina.

Wohl, daß ſie ihr brennend Blei
Nicht mehr in das Mark kann fallen!

Gorgo.

Wohl — wie ſprichſt du? iſt gefallen
Auf des Rachegott's Geheiß,
That vielleicht ſie heimlich morden —
Als ich kehrte aus dem Norden
Und zu Schiff ſtieg an's Land,
Traf ich — Lauren an dem Strand,
Eben bereit, ſich einzuſchiffen.
Lachend trat ich hin vor ſie,
Und, wie vor der Klapperſchlange
Eingewurzelt, bleich und bange,
Stand ſie da, indem ich ſchrie:
„Jenen alten Fluch von mir,
„Daß ſich deine Söhne morden,
„Wendeſt nimmer du von dir,
„Schickt' Otto gleich nach Norden.
„Fruchtlos, dem Fluch zu entfliehen,
„[illegible] du in [illegible],
„Wo ſich Sünde reiht an Sünde,
„Denn zur Mutter deinem Kinde
„Gabſt du — eine Ketzerin.
„Den abtrünn'gen Stamm verderben
„Sollſt du, Weib, und nur erſterben
„Das Geſchlecht der Derindur.
„Doch du, trügend die Natur,
„Raubſt aus deinem Schooß ihm Erben,
„Und den Sohn, aus dir geboren,
„Iſt ſchon jetzt dir Gott verloren." —

Ruffina.

Wohl ein Donner deinem Sinn!
Glaub' ich, ſie iſt abgebüßt.

Gorgo.

Wie du doch verſtändig biſt!
Ich hab' ew'ge Rach' geſchworen.

Ruffina.

Furchtbar Weib, du wollteſt noch —
Doch da naht der Zug von Rittern,
Und die Küche wartet ſchon
Auf mein Holz. (Ihre Bündel aufnehmend.)
Kommſt du nicht mit
Zu dem Mahl in unſer Lager?

Gorgo.

Nein.

Ruffina.

Ich finde ſpäter doch
Dich noch hier!

Gorgo.

Ja, ſanfte Seele.
(Ruffina ab. Gorgo zieht ſich ſchleichend in's Gebüſch.)

Asmus ſ. Matthias Claudius.

Dietmar von Ast ſ. Minneſänger.

Georg Anton Friedrich Ast,

Dr. phil., k. baier. Hofrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philologie in München, ward am 29. December 1778 zu Gotha geboren und auf der dortigen hohen Schule vorbereitet. Er zeigte ſchon früh eine vorherrſchende Neigung für die philologiſchen Studien und gab bereits als Gymnaſiaſt Anmerkungen über den Properz heraus. Im Jahre 1798 bezog er die Univerſität Jena, um Philologie und Theologie zu ſtudiren, gab aber die Letztere bald auf, um ſich ganz der Erſteren, ſo wie der Philoſophie und Aeſthetik zu widmen. Noch als Student ſchrieb er Mehreres über Gegenſtände ſeines Fachs und verfaßte in Verbindung mit einem Studiengenoſſen Briefe über die Religion, welche im Druck erſchienen. 1802 ward er Doctor der Weltweisheit und Privatdocent zu Jena; 1805 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philologie an der Univerſität zu Landshut, in welcher Eigenſchaft er ſpäter nach München ging. Im Jahre 1827 erhielt er die Ernennung zum ordentlichen Mitgliede der münchener Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften in der philoſophiſch-philologiſchen Klaſſe.

Außer mehreren lateiniſch geſchriebenen Werken und Ausgaben alter Klaſſiker ſind von ihm erſchienen:

- Leukippe aus dem Griechiſchen des Achilles Tatius (gemeinſchaftlich mit Güldenapfel). Leipzig, 1802.
- Briefe über die Religion. Würzburg, 1802.
- Sophokles Trauerſpiele. Leipzig, 1804.
- Syſtem der Kunſtlehre. Leipzig, 1805. N. A. Leipzig, 1807.
- Grundlinien der Aeſthetik. (Auszug aus dem Vorigen.) Leipz. 1813.
- Kröſus. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1805.
- Ueber den Geiſt des Alterthums. Abh. Landshut, 1805.
- Grundlinien der Philoſophie. Landshut, 1807.
- Grundriß einer Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Landshut, 1807. N. Aufl. 1825.
- Zeitſchrift für Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt. 2 Bde. Landshut, 1808.
- Grundriß der Philologie. Landshut, 1808.
- Grundlinien der Grammatik, Hermeneutik und Kritik. Landshut, 1808.
- Entwurf der Univerſalgeſchichte. Landshut, 1808. N. A. Landsh. 1810.
- Platon's Leben und Schriften. Leipzig, 1816.
- Platon's Phädrus und Gaſtmahl, überſetzt u. ſ. w. Jena, 1817.
- Hauptmomente der Geſchichte der Philoſophie. München, 1829.
- Beleuchtung der ariſtoteliſchen Ethik. München, 1831. in 4.

Den Grundſätzen der ſchellingiſchen Philoſophie folgend, bearbeitete Aſt vorzüglich die Theorie der Kunſt und erwarb ſich hier, ſo wie durch ſeine Ausgaben alter Klaſſiker und vorzüglich durch ſeine Schrift über Plato großes und bleibendes Verdienſt um die Wiſſenſchaft. Seine dichteriſchen Leiſtungen ſind dagegen nicht bedeutend.

Hartmann von der Aue (Ouwe) ſ. Minneſänger.

Joſeph Freiherr von Auffenberg,

am 25. Auguſt 1798 zu Freiburg im Breisgau geboren, großherzoglich badenſcher Kammerherr, Officier in der Garde zu Pferde und Mitglied des Hoftheater-Comité in Karlsruhe. Er iſt einer der fruchtbarſten lebenden dramatiſchen Dichter. Bis jetzt erſchienen von ihm:

Dramen:

- Pizarro. Wien, 1817.
- Die Spartaner. Wien, 1818.
- Victoria. Wien, 1818.
- Die Flibuſtier. Bamberg und Würzburg, 1819. 3. Aufl. 1821.
- Die Bartholomäusnacht. Bamberg und Würzb. 1819.
- Gelon und Hiero. Ebend. 1819
- Wallas. Ebend. 1820.
- König Erich. Ebend. 1820.
- Die Verbannten. Ebend. 1821.
- Das Opfer des Themiſtokles. Ebend. 1821.
- Die Syrakuſer. Ebend. 1821.
- Dramatiſche Werke. Ebend. 1822. 2 Thle.
- Viola. Ebend. 1824.
- Fergus MacIvor. Ebend. 1827.
- Der Löwe von Kurdiſtan. Ebend. 1827.
- Ludwig XI. in Peronne. Karlsruhe, 1828.
- Die Schweſtern von Amiens. Ebend. 1828.
- Alhambra (in vier Abtheilungen). Ebend. 1829 — 30.
- Die Eroberung von Granada. 2 Th. Ebendaſ. 1830.
- Die Furie von Toledo. Roman. 2 Th. Karlsruhe, 1832.

Wenn von A. nicht zu raſch arbeitete, ſondern ſeine Kräfte mehr concentrirte und ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen längere Zeit der Reife vergönnte, ſo würde er bei den ſchönen und glücklichen Anlagen, deren er ſich erfreut, gewiß Ausgezeichnetes liefern. Unter den jüngeren Dichtern, welche ſich an Schiller heraufbildeten und die von ihm eingeſchlagene Bahn zu beſchreiten ſtreben, iſt er unbedingt in geiſtiger wie in ſittlicher Hinſicht der Begabteſte, voll jugendlich friſcher Phantaſie, Kraft und Gewandtheit; aber eben, weil er es ſich zu leicht macht, jeden Stoff, der ihm einer dramatiſchen Behandlung fähig ſcheint, ergreift und mehr für die Bühne als für das Leben arbeitet, überläßt er ſich zu ſehr dem, was ihm eine freundliche Stunde bringt, und ſeine gelungenſten Dichtungen ſind oder ſcheinen wenigſtens das Reſultat eines glücklichen Griffes, nicht anhaltender, durch tiefes, ernſtes Sinnen genährter Begeiſterung. Die aus dieſem Uebelſtande entſpringenden Mängel treten daher auch in ſeinen ſämmtlichen Werken ſchroff hervor, und eine ſtörende Ungleichheit herrſcht in allen. — Die erhabenſte, glühendſte dichteriſche Sprache wechſelt oft mit der gewöhnlichſten, mit einer in Jamben abgemeſſenen Proſa; den kühnſten Bildern folgen die alltäglichſten; die wichtigſten Scenen halten ſich durch eigene Kraft, die anderen, nur verbindend oder ausfüllend, erſcheinen neben dieſen öfters wie die Nacht neben dem Tag; die Charaktere ſind häufig nur ſkizzirt, nicht pſychologiſch conſequent durchgeführt, die Begebenheiten unwahrſcheinlich, die Situationen nur des Effectes wegen, nicht aus tiefgefühlter innerer Nothwendigkeit angelegt. — Alle dieſe Fehler kann der talentvolle Dichter aber vermeiden und wird es gewiß, ſobald ſich Ruhe und Beſonnenheit zu ſeinen ſchönen Gaben geſellen, und ihm die Production nicht mehr ſo leicht wird, wie dies nur zu oft bei reichen jugendlichen Gemüthern der Fall zu ſeyn pflegt.

Unter ſeinen vielen dramatiſchen Dichtungen ſind „das Opfer des Themiſtokles“ und „die Verbannten“ in Hinſicht auf Tiefe und großartige Geſinnung, „der Flibuſtier“ und „der Löwe von Kurdiſtan“ in Hinſicht auf techniſche Anordnung und Kunſt wohl die vorzüglichſten.

Die Verbannten.

Das Nachſpiel *).

(An der Grenze von Sibirien.)
(Morgendämmerung.)

Erſte Scene.

(Im Hintergrunde einige ſchlechte Hütten. Daneben Wachfeuer, wobei ſich ein Theil von Menzikof's Begleitung gelagert hat. Rings in der Gegend hört man von Zeit zu Zeit Wachen.)

(Im Vorgrunde ein friſches Grab mit einem Kreuze. Daneben kniet **Menzikof** **) mit **Liſinka** ***). — Beide in dürftigen Kleidern.)

Menzikof.

So endet Ruhm! ſo endet Menſchenmacht! —
Was bin ich nun? verſchwunden iſt der Traum,
Und die zwölf Spannen Erde, die allhier
Der theuren Gattin Leiche decken — ſind
Nicht mein. Sie ſtarb im unwirthbaren Lande
Von allem fern, was dieſes Leben ſchmückt.
Ich wollte Kronen ſetzen auf ihr Haupt,
Und muß nun in der Wüſte ſie begraben.
Ich habe ihr verziehen! was ſie that,
Wird uns dereinſt zum Wiederſehen führen.
Schlaf' wohl da unten, liebende Gefährtin!
Bald folg' ich Dir zur ew'gen Ruhe nach.
Schlaf' wohl! Dein Auge hat nun ausgeweint,
Und an des beſſern Lebens milder Sonne
Iſt Deiner Thränen bitt'rer Quell verſiegt.
Du haſt mit mir geduldet und gelitten,
Für mich verwelkte Deines Glückes Kranz.
Nun ruhſt Du ſanft im kühlen Erdenſchooße,
Und giebſt kein Zeichen Deiner Liebe mehr.
Nicht Blumen werden dieſem Grab entkeimen,
Kalt iſt Dein Lager wie der ſtarre Tod.
Kein Denkmal wird dem Wanderer verkünden:
Daß dieſes Grab ein theures Haupt umſchließt,
Von meinem Ruhme iſt mir nichts geblieben,
Das ich Dir geben konnte — als — dieß Grab.
(Sie ſtehen auf.)
Liſinka! liebe Tochter, höre nun
Des tief gebeugten Vaters letzte Bitte:
Du folgteſt mir bis an die dunkle Grenze,
Die Glück von Unglück, Luſt von Qualen trennt.
Verlaſſe mich! denn endlich naht mein Tod,
Wenn ich im unnennbaren Jammer — Dich
Mein theures Kind erblicke.

Liſinka.

Ford're Alles,
Nur dieſes einz'ge nicht.

Menzikof.

Die Mutter ſtarb,
Ein Opfer ihres Grames, den ich ſchuf.
Willſt Du mit zweitem Worte mich belaſten!
Nur den Verbrecher kann die Strafe treffen,
Des Kaiſers Gnade rufet Dich zurück.
Er wird die Unſchuld ſchützen, und im Glück
Des Kindes mir den letzten Troſt gewähren.
Du weißt! ich wollte Deinen Schlaf nicht ſtören,
Und ohne Abſchied trennen mich von Dir.

Liſinka.

Doch anders will es Gott! ich bleibe hier!

Menzikof (ſchmerzvoll).

Dein Glück hab' ich zerſtört, und freudenlos
Iſt Dir der Jugend Morgentraum entſchwunden.
Ich kann Dir das Geraubte nicht erſetzen,
Und keine Buße tilget dieſe Schuld.

Liſinka.

O glaub' das nicht, mein theurer Vater! froh
Bin ich in Deiner Nähe! für das Glück
Der Liebe ward Liſinka nicht geboren!
Entſagung iſt mein Loos! ich hab' entſagt,
Und all mein Hoffen richtet ſich nach oben,
Wo meine frühverklärte Mutter wohnt.
Es iſt die ſchönſte Pflicht, das Vaterhaupt
Mit jeder Freudenblüthe auszuſchmücken.
Der ſelt'nen Blume hab' ich mich beraubt,
Und durch Entſagung will ich **Dich** beglücken.

Menzikof.

Mein Elend drücket ſchwer.

Liſinka (ſanft).

Was iſt das Leben,
Wenn ihm der Liebe ſüßer Zauber fehlt?
In Deiner Nähe, Vater! muß ich leben,
Der Kindesliebe hohe Pflicht erfüllend.
Was ſonſt noch im verſchwieg'nen Buſen wohnt,
Es wird ſich nie der Erde offenbaren.
Alexis lebt in mir! ſein theures Bild
Will ich für's beſſ're Leben mir bewahren.

Menzikof.

Ich trennte Euch. Dem Ruhm iſt alles feil,
Und Größe kauft er ſich mit Seelenheil.

Liſinka.

Verſtoße nicht Dein Kind.

Menzikof.

Geh! ruh' ein wenig.
Dort kommt ein Fremdling her. Ich glaube ein
Verbannter, dem mein Fall nun Frieden bringt.
Ich geh' hinein, und er heraus. So ſpielt
Der Zufall mit den großen Kinderpuppen,
Und hebt ſie wechſelnd auf der Erdenbühne.
(Liſinka geht ab in eine der Hütten.)

Menzikof (aufmerkſam nach der Seite hinblickend).

Was ſeh' ich! Fürſt Alexis Dolgorucky?! *)
Er ward zurückberufen! großer Gott!
Welch' ſchöner Troſt erfüllet nun mein Herz.
Wenn er ſie liebet noch!! ich muß ihn prüfen,
Der Himmel wolle: daß ich treu ihn finde!
(Er geht in den Hintergrund.)

Zweite Scene.

Der Vorige. Alexis (kommt von der Seite).

Alexis.

Sie rufen mich zurück in's frohe Leben,
Mir aber blüht kein Glück hienieden mehr.
Der Wechſel iſt ſo ſchnell — ich faß' ihn kaum.
Geheimnißvoll ſpricht mir der Vater — gleich
Als dürfte er der Feder nicht vertrauen.
Er rief mit Eile, denn ich würde viel
Verändert finden in der Kaiſerſtadt.
Was kann es ſeyn? Liſinka blieb mir treu;
Sie hat den Thron verſchmäht — das iſt gewiß,
Doch ihres Vaters Stolz wird uns verderben.
Wenn ſie dem Zwang, der Trauung unterlag?
Wenn ich ſie finde, wie ſie mir im Traum
Des Elends oft erſchien? O hättet Ihr
Dem Jammer mich auf immer preis gegeben!
Mehr als Verbannung — mehr als Todesſchrecken
Iſt dieſer Anblick, den ich fürchten muß!!
(Er ſieht den Menzikof von der Ferne.)
Wie weit hab' ich nach Petersburg, mein Freund!

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*) Aus: **Joſeph Freiherr von Auffenberg**: Die Verbannten, ein Drama in 4 Act. Bamberg und Würzburg. 1821.

) **Alexander Menzikof, Herzog von Ingermannland, Fürſt des deutſchen Reiches und Oberfeldherr der Ruſſiſchen Heere. In Folge Hochverraths an Peter II. ins Exil geſchickt.

***) Deſſen Tochter.

*) Oberſt eines Garderegiments, Geliebter der Liſinka, welcher durch Menzikof nach Sibirien verbannt worden war

Menzikof (vortretend).
Sehr weit: d'rum eilet fort, und ſagt dem Kaiſer:
Der Herzog Menzikof ſey Euch begegnet.
Ich führe dieſen Titel in der Wüſte,
Denn er enthält den Nachhall meines Glückes.

Alexis.
Ihr ſeyd es und an dieſem Orte!

Menzikof.
Ja.
Wär't Ihr ſo alt wie ich, Ihr ſtauntet nicht.
Wir leben uns auf einem Felſen ab.
Ich geh' nach — Bereſow.

Alexis.
Ihr ſeyd verbannt

Menzikof.
Den Fürſtenpurpur habe ich zerriſſen,
Und geh' als Bettler in der Weisheit Schule.
Die Lehrerin verlangt das Glück zum Lohn.
Ich geb' es ihr. Man nennet mich gefallen,
Doch in dem Herzen wohnt des Menſchen Größe,
Und in dem Unglück lebt der wahre Stolz.
Ich bin gefallen; doch im Bettlerkleid
Hab' ich die Fürſten-Ehre mir erhalten.
Die Zeichen ſchwinden, nur der Sinn bleibt wahr.
In dieſem Anblick lernet, was Ihr ſeyd:
Der Menſch muß wiſſen, daß er wenig iſt,
Dann wird er viel vor ſeinem Richter gelten.

Alexis (dringend).
Wo iſt Liſinka?

Menzikof.
Laßt ſie ruhig ſchlafen.
Wir brauchen Kraft zur Reiſe!

Alexis.
Gott!

Menzikof.
Sie ward
Verbannt mit mir nach Bereſow.

Alexis (auf das Grab zeigend, welches er ſo eben erblickte).
Und hier!

Menzikof.
Schläft ihre Mutter! wie das Alles kam,
Ihr werdet es in Petersburg erfahren.
(Für ſich.)
Laß ſeh'n, ob er auch die Verbannte liebt?!

Alexis (ſchnell).
In Petersburg?

Menzikof.
D'rum zaudert länger nicht.

Alexis.
Als Feldherr ſtandet Ihr vor mir. Ich zog
Das Schwert auf Eure Bruſt: Ihr werdet ſtaunen,
Wenn ich die Hand Euch zur Verſöhnung reiche.
Liſinka hat den Thron verſchmäht!

Menzikof.
Sie liebt.
Ich kenne nun die Stärke dieſer Worte.

Alexis.
Wohlan! ſo ſegnet uns! Ich folge Euch,
Denn ſelig wird der Jammer durch die Liebe!
(Ihn umarmend.)
Dem Feinde ſink' ich freudig an die Bruſt
Und die Umarmung ſchafft ihn mir zum Freunde!

Menzikof.
Du liebſt Liſinka treu! Ich bin nun Menſch,
Von keinem böſen Geiſte mehr umwunden.
Verzeihe mir, daß ich Dein Herz erprobte!
Liſinka iſt begnadigt von dem Kaiſer,
Du führſt ſie in das Vaterland zurück!
Als meinen Sohn will ich Dich nun umarmen,
Und dieſes Grab — erwähl' ich zum Altar!
(Er geht ſchnell zurück, die Thüre einer Hütte öffnend.)
Liſinka!!

Liſinka (kommt; Alexis ſtürzt in ihre Arme).
Mein Alexis!!

Menzikof (ſie betrachtend).
So verſinkt
Das Unglück, was vom Glücke ward geſchieden.
Nun tretet her, und reicht mir Eure Hände,
Vertilgen will ich jede Lebensſchuld
Und ausgeſöhnt vor meinem Richter ſtehen.
Die Qualen Eurer hoffnungsloſen Liebe,
Die Thränen alle, die Ihr ſchuldlos weintet,
Sie ruhen noch auf meiner bangen Bruſt.
Mein böſer Geiſt allein hat Euch getrennt,
Er iſt verſchwunden mit dem falſchen Glücke,
Ich bin nun Menſch, und darf es froh bekennen,
Was mir die Bruſt ſo wunderſam bewegt:
Der Vaterliebe heiligſtes Gefühl
Entlockt die erſte Thräne meinem Auge.
Ich hab' Euch hart gekränkt! verzeihet mir!

Alexis.
Als Freund will ich an Eurem Herzen ruhen.

Menzikof.
Nun denn! ſo ziehet hin in Frieden.
(Zu Liſinka.)
Nimm
Den letzten Segen Deines Vaters hier,
Wo ſeiner Gattin heil'ge Leiche ruht.

Liſinka (zu Alexis).
Ich ſollte ihn verlaſſen? mein Alexis!
Um dieſen Preis folgt Dir Liſinka nicht.

Menzikof.
Mein Fall befreite ihn, das bringt mir Ruhe.
Mit dem Geliebten zieh' in's Vaterland,
Ich will es ſo, und möchte ruhig enden,
Biſt Du vereint mit ihm, dann ſterb' ich ſanft.

Liſinka.
O Vater!

Menzikof.
Fluchen müßte ich der Tochter,
Die meinem Willen widerſtrebend — mir
Die Seligkeit und Gottes Gnade raubt.
(Zu Alexis.)
Sie folgte mir bisher! nimm ſie zurück,
Die Gottes mächt'ger Wille Dir erhalten.
Sag' Deinem Vater, daß ich ihm verzeihe.
Wir haben Beide einen Traum geträumt,
Ich bin erwacht. Er ſchlummert noch, und feſt
Umſtrickt die Erde ihn mit eitlem Hoffen.
Beſchreibe ihm, wie Du mich hier erblickt.
Geſunk'ne Größe iſt ein mahnend Bild,
D'ran mag ſich ſpiegeln, wer nach Hohem trachtet.
Es giebt kein Ziel für den verwegnen Geiſt,
Zufriedenheit muß vor dem Ruhme fliehen.
(Feierlich.)
Ich hatte einen wunderbaren Traum,
Als ich zum erſtenmal im Bettlerkleid
Das müde Haupt zur Ruhe neigte. Rings
Umher — hört' ich mich Erdenkönig nennen,
Und lüſtern blickt' ich ſchon die Sterne an,
Die unbeſiegt und frei den Himmel zieren.
Da kam ein ſtreifender Komet, und riß
Im Flammenſturm die erſte Schichte weg,
Auf der die lebenden Geſchöpfe wohnen.
Die Erde ihrer bunten Pracht beraubt,
Lag ſchwarz und nackt, wir aber flogen nun
Wie Sonnenſtäubchen in dem ew'gen Raum.
(Zu Beiden.)
Glaubt mir, ich wurde klug durch dieſen Traum.
(In ihre Mitte tretend.)
D'rum denket ſtets an die Vergänglichkeit,
Damit das beſſ're Glück Euch nicht entgehe.
Dem eitlen Stolze ſchließet Eure Bruſt,
Wir leben hier in einer Kinderſchule.
Erkenntniß gleicht der Sonne, die uns wärmt,
Wir fühlen ihre ſegenreiche Strahlen,
Doch immer fern iſt uns des Lichtes Quelle.
In Erdennächten leite Euch ein Stern,
Es iſt die Seele, die von oben ſtammt,
Das beſſ're Ich, der ew'gen Wahrheit Tochter.
Erhaltet rein des Himmels ſchönſte Gabe,

Und wenn Euch jemals eine Schuld befleckt,
So büßet ſtrenge, wie mein Beiſpiel lehrt.
Es muß die Strafe dem Verbrechen folgen,
Ein Richter lebt, der Weltgeſetze ſchrieb.
Ihn habt vor Augen, daß ſein Wort Euch leite,
Dann ſterbt Ihr ruhig — wär's im Bettlerkleide.
(Er umarmt Beide, dann geht er mit ihnen zu Nathaliens Grabe.)
Wenn Ihr des Vaters letztes Wort verehret,
So trauet nie dem Schickſal, das uns täuſcht.
Der Menſch iſt frei! nur ſeine Träume ſind
Die falſchen Prieſter, die Orakel ſprechen.
Der Glaub' an Flüche iſt's, der Flüche zeugt.
Von meinem Weib empfing ich dieſe Lehre,
Amilka's *) Wort betäubte ihren Sinn,
Vernichtet war des Hauſes inn'rer Friede.
Ich hab' ihr gern verziehen. Was ſie that,
War Gottes Wille, nicht des Fluches Kraft!
Sie aber that es, weil der blinde Glaube
An Schickſalsmacht ihr banges Herz erfüllte.
Nun iſt's geſcheh'n! gleichviel aus welchem Grunde,
Denn Ruhe und Verſöhnung bringt die That.
Sie wird nun ſelbſt das Beſſere erkennen,
Da ihre ſtaubgeborne Hülle ſank.

Liſinka (ſich an ihn ſchmiegend).

Wie kann ich, theurer Vater! Dich verlaſſen!

Menzikof.

Liſinka, ſieh! es iſt mein letzter Wille.
Sey meine gute Tochter! ſiehe Segen
Vom Himmel nieder auf das Vaterhaupt.
Du kannſt ja hier nichts nützen, nur die Schuld
Mir neu vor's Auge ſtellen. Ziehe hin,
Geliebtes Kind! Du wirſt mit Gott mich ſühnen,
Denn das Gebet der Unſchuld wird erhört!

Alexis.

Gehorche ſeinem Willen. Hoffnung lebt
Im Vaterlande. Alles will ich wagen,
Begnadigung vom Kaiſer zu erfleh'n.

Menzikof (für ſich).

Ich will die ſüße Hoffnung nicht zerſtören,
Denn mein Entſchluß bleibt feſt — unwandelbar,
Ja! Beresow nenn' ich freiwill'ge Buße.
Im Unglück lernen wir uns ſelbſt verehren,
Und büßen muß ich, weil ich ſtrafbar bin.
(Zu Liſinka.)
Vielleicht iſt's möglich, daß Du Gnade mir
Erwirkſt, d'rum, liebes Kind! gehorch' dem Vater.

Liſinka.

Nur dieſe Hoffnung trennet mich von Dir.

Menzikof.

Der Ort iſt heilig, wo wir jetzo weilen.
Da unten ruht die fromme Dulderin,
Von keinem irdiſchen Fluche mehr belaſtet.
Die Seele ſchwang ſich froh zu Gott empor,
Und fand Verſöhnung in dem ew'gen Lichte.
Ich würd' ihr folgen, doch das Leben muß
Die Schuld mit wohlverdientem Jammer tilgen.
Es kommt ein Tag, wo alle Schmerzen ſchwinden,
Und dann werd' ich die Ruhe wiederfinden.
Alexis her! Reiche mir die Hand.
Gieb meiner Tochter das verdiente Glück,
Und meiner Seele ihren ew'gen Frieden.
Du kannſt es, denn wir ſind nicht Feinde mehr,
An dieſer Grenze ſtirbt der blut'ge Haß,
Und was der Himmel einte — will ſich finden.
Wir ſind verſöhnt, und meiner Gattin Geiſt
Schwebt jetzo hochverklärt ob unſerm Haupte.
Bei dieſem Kreuz, dem Sinnbild ihrer Leiden,
Bei dieſem Kreuz, dem Sinnbild der Verſöhnung,
Will ich vereinen, was ich einſt getrennt.
Nicht am Altare kann der Vater ſegnen,
Doch heilig! dreimal heilig! ſey die Stelle!!
Das Firmament iſt unſer Tempeldach,
Und Gottes Aug' glänzt aus den lichten Sternen.
Nehmt, theure Kinder! Eures Vaters Segen —
In dieſem Bunde ward ihm Glück beſchieden,
Nun ſtehet auf, und ziehet hin — im Frieden.
(Liſinka hält ihn feſt umſchlungen, er drängt ſie von ſich.)
Lebt wohl, der Abſchied ſchmerzt. Entfernet Euch!
(Zu Liſinka, ſie küſſend.)
Und kann Dein Fürwort Gnade mir erringen,
So ſehen wir uns froh im Leben wieder.

Liſinka.

Mit dieſer Hoffnung ſcheide ich von Dir.

Menzikof (umarmt Beide noch einmal, dann winkt er ihnen zum Abgehen).

Laßt mich allein. Ich bitt' Euch — lebet wohl.
(Alexis und Liſinka gehen ab.)

Letzte Scene.

(Ein Hauptmann der Begleitung geht vor.)

Menzikof.

Ich mußte ihr die falſche Hoffnung ſchenken,
Denn ihre Liebe drohte meinem Frieden.
Ich athme leicht, und bin geſtärkt zur Reiſe.
Nun Hauptmann, kommt! der erſte Morgenſtrahl
Umleuchtet trauernd die beeisten Berge,
Aus düſt'rer Wiege ſteigt ein kalter Tag.
So trat ich in das Leben. —
Kommt, mein Freund!
Und wollt Ihr meinen letzten Wunſch erfüllen:
So betet — auf dem Heimweg —
(Auf das Grab zeigend.)
hier im Stillen.

Die Flibuſtier *).

Die Zeit der Handlung iſt das Jahr 1670.

Erſter Act.

Erſte Scene.

Morgen.

Felſengegend auf dem Eilande Gayoba. Im Hintergrunde öffnet ſich die Ausſicht auf das Meer. Einige kleine Schiffe mit engliſcher Flagge kreuzen in der Nähe des Ufers. Taureau **) kommt mit vielen Bukaniern. Alle ſind bewaffnet mit Kugelbüchſen, Säbeln und Piſtolen. Die gemeinen Bukanier ſind blos in Stierhäute gekleidet. Man ſieht einige Zelte.

Taureau.

Für dieſen Morgen iſt's genug. Die Jagd
War ſchlecht — doch beſſer als auf Hispaniola.
Dort hat die Treibjagd der verdammten Spanier
Die letzten Stiere uns hinweggerafft.
Wir wollen's ihnen derb vergelten — Freunde.
Es könnte mich zum Lachen faſt bewegen,
Wie die erbärmlichen, ausgehungerten Zwerge
Die längſt verlorne Kraft an uns verſuchen.
Gält' es nur offnen Kampf! ſie wären längſt
Mit Sack und Pack aus Süd-Amerika
Hinweggejagt. Es muß ſich endlich zeigen,
Was Spaniens Krone hier zu ſuchen hat.
Wie Geier an dem Fleiſch des todten Stiers
So nagen ſie an unſern Goldgebürgen.
Dies Volk will ſeinen nimmerſatten Schlund
Aus unſern ſegenreichen Triften füllen.
Laßt es nur gut ſeyn! wenn die Rieſenſchlange
Mit ihrer Beute ſich hat voll geſtopft,
Dann mögen Kinder ſie bemeiſtern. Seht!
So wird's den Spaniern geh'n in dieſem Lande.

Ein Bukanier.

Es iſt doch ſchad um unſre ſchöne Jagd,
Die wir auf Hispaniola nun verloren.

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*) Menzikof, der Günſtling des Kaiſers und Amilka's Freund, warb um die Tochter des letztern, der ihn dadurch in eine Verſchwörung gegen den Kaiſer lockte. Reuig entdeckte Menzikof dieſelbe und Amilka endete auf dem Schafotte.

*) Aus: Joſeph Freiherr v. Auffenberg, die Flibuſtier oder die Eroberung von Panama, ein romant. Trauerſpiel in 4 Act. Bamberg und Würzburg. 1819.

**) Anführer der Bukanier, oder Stierjäger in den Gebirgen von Südamerika.

Taureau.

Was mahnſt Du mich daran? Bukanier ſind
Auf Süd-Amerika's Gebürgen heimiſch. —
Dort iſt des Waldſtiers moosgedeckte Wiege,
An keinen Platz iſt unſre Jagd gebunden,
Auf den Gebürgen einer neuen Welt
Hauſt ſie — die kühne Tochter der Gefahr.
In keine Marken ſind wir eingezwängt,
Und Eigenthum des Jägers bleibt ſein Wild.
Er wagt das Leben d'ran, und mag genießen
Was er von der Natur ſich abgetrotzt.
So will es unſre angeborne Freiheit
Das alte Machtgeſetz der großen Wälder.

Ein Bukanier.

Den Spaniern können wir das nie vergeben.

Taureau.

Wohl weiß ich — warum ſie die Stiere tödten.
Für's erſte — ſollen wir langſam verhungern.
Für's zweite möchten ſie die eigne Kraft
Damit verſtärken — bei Panama wird
Es nächſtens blutig hergehn: ſie gedenken
Im Kampf die Stiere dann auf uns zu hetzen —
Soviel weiß ich gewiß — Ihr könnt mir's glauben.
(Allgemeines Gelächter.)
Welch raſender Gedanke! Dieſen hat
Ein ſpaniſcher Feldherr, mein' ich, ausgebrütet
Beim ſüßen [illegible]
Wir ſind aus ſeiner Wahl ſicher gegangen,
Und heiße Kämpfe giebt es hier für uns.
Nun horcht Euch Bukanier, denn Ihr ſollt
Aus meinem Munde Wunderdinge hören:
Es naht ſich der Entſcheidung großer Tag —
Die Quelle iſt entdeckt, an der wir ganz
Den Rachedurſt der Seele ſtillen können.
Morgan, der brittiſche Seeräuber-König,
Wird ſich mit uns verbinden, und wir werden
Die Brüder ſeyn der tapfern Flibuſtier!
Dann ſoll es hier ein Schlachtgetümmel geben,
Darob im Königshauſe zu Madrid
Die Fenſterſcheiben zittern werden!
(Alle lagern ſich.)
Es ſind nun zwanzig Jahre ſchon verfloſſen,
Seit ich zum erſtenmal Euch Brüder nannte;
Seit Ihr den Taureau durch der Stärke Vorrecht
Zum Hauptmann der Bukanier erwählet.
An Eurer Seite bin ich grau geworden.
Doch niemals habt Ihr forſchend mich befragt
Um das verworrne Schickſal meines Lebens;
Ihr kennet nichts an mir, als meine That,
Nichts, als den unvertilgbar wilden Haß,
Der gegen Spanien flammt in meinen Adern.
Solch' ein Vertrauen ehrt mich, Bukanier,
Es lehrt mich kennen Euern edlen Sinn.
Der Held ſchätzt nicht nach Namen ſeine Brüder,
Die That allein erprobt das kühne Herz:
Die ſchimmert ihm nicht aus der Vorwelt zu,
Mit eig'nem Blut erkauft er eig'ne Ehre.
Denn, was die großen Väter auch gethan:
Noch beſſres thun iſt ihrer Enkel Stolz.
So kenn' ich Euch, und ſo will ich Euch lohnen:
Ihr ſollt vertraut mit meinem Schickſal ſeyn.

Ein Bukanier.

Erzähle — großer Hauptmann!

Taureau.

Nimmer frommt es,
Wenn, auf des Geiſtes Vorrecht ſtolz, der Mann
Gewaltſam ſich der Menſchenkraft verſichert,
Und ſie mechaniſch lenkt nach ſeinem Willen,
Ein jeder wiſſe, wie er handelt, und
Warum. Die große That, die frei gethan wird,
Nur ſie hat Anſpruch auf Unſterblichkeit.
Was von dem Menſchen ſtreng der Menſch erzwingt:
Es ſchmilzt am Sonnenſtrahl der ew'gen Zeit,
Und ſinket hin im Wechſel der Geſchlechter.
Seht Brüder — ich bin Europäer, und
Als ſolchen werdet Ihr mich achten lernen.
Wohl mehr denn ein Jahrhundert bin ich Euch
Vorangeſchritten auf der Lebens-Bahn,
Und meine Gegenwart iſt Eure Zukunft.
Am Ziele rühm' ich mich zu ſtehen, wenn
Kein Spanier mehr in Süd-Amerika
Des Frevels blut'ge Schreckensfahne ſchwingt.
Wenn die Gefilde dieſer neuen Welt
Vom eig'nen Blute nicht mehr überſtrömen,
Wenn nicht das Henker-Schwert des Fanatismus
Im Herzen der empörten Völker wühlt,
Und auf die blutbefleckten Crucifix
Im Martertod der Neger-Sclave ſchmäht:
Wenn alle Spanier hier ihr Grab gefunden,
Der Rache Schand- und fluchbedecktes Erbtheil:
Dann ſtirbt Euer Hauptmann unter Euch —
Des alten Schwures mächtiger Vollender!
Dann ſinkt er gern in ſeinen tiefen Wäldern,
Er ſinket froh in's Grab mit der Gewißheit:
Es ſey nun ganz das große Ziel erreicht,
Er habe die verweg'ne Tyrannei
Zurück in alte Nacht geworfen;
Und auf den Trümmern einer blut'gen Welt
Den Freiheits-Tempel wieder aufgebaut.
Amerika ſey frei von ihren Henkern —
Sein Jubelton wird Taureau's Todgeſang!

Ein Bukanier.

Fern ſey der Tag, wo Taureau von uns ſcheidet!

Taureau.

Er wird bald kommen, Brüder, dieſes fühl' ich.
Die Begeiſterung des [illegible] ſchwingt
Verſtörend an des Lebens Fundament:
Und in der eig'nen Bruſt wird mir der Tod
Am Feuer des [illegible] angefacht.
Was Taureau hat erlitten, darum iſt
Der Haß zu ſtark, mit dem die Höllengeiſter
Durch irgend eine Kraft der Unterwelt
Des Himmels hohen Friedens-Thron betrachten.

Ein Bukanier.

So ſchwer hat Spanien an Dir gefrevelt!

Taureau.

So ſchwer — ja ſchwerer als Ihr könnt begreifen.
Im Vaterlande Frankreich wuchs ich auf
Aus altem adeligem Blut entſproſſen.
Zu jeder Hoffnung fühlt' ich mich berechtigt
Und Kraft in mir für jede große That.
Mein Unſtern trieb mich hin nach Spanien;
Betrachtet hatte ich auf meinen Reiſen
Der Völker vielfach wandelbare Sitte,
Und ihrer Staaten innere Verfaſſung.
An Spanien ſcheiterte mein tiefes Forſchen
Und bald war ich des Landes ſatt — wo träg
Die beſſ're Kraft der Erdenſöhne ſchlummert,
Um das ein blutbedecktes Blutgericht
Die rieſigen Polypen-Arme ſchlingt:
Wo alles Große ſchon im Keim verdorrt
Und in des Mönchthums altem Eiſenjoche
Daniedergebeugt der Menſch durch's Leben kriecht.
Schon wollt' ich dieſe Feſſeln von mir werfen,
Da erſt bemerkt' ich, daß im Land des Todes
Mein wahres Leben mir entgegen kam.
Die Königs-Stadt Madrid ſchloß meinen Himmel
In ihren alten Jammermauern ein.
Ein Mädchen ſah ich — fürſtlichen Geblütes:
Doch meinem Ringen ſtand kein Ziel zu hoch.
Die Orden, die ich trug auf meiner Bruſt,
Im frühern Kampf für's Vaterland erfochten;
Die Narben auf der ſonn'verbrannten Stirne —
Sie galten mehr, als Spaniens Fürſtenhut;
Das Herz des Vaters wußt' ich zu erweichen,
Und heimwärts führt' ich meine ſchöne Braut.
(Finſter.)
Ein kurzer Traum des Glückes hat mir gelächelt.
So blickt das Tags-Geſtirn mit mattem Schein
Auf des entfernten Nordmeers eiſ'ge Berge.
Mag auch einmal ein kurzer Frühlings-Wahn
Die Nacht der ew'gen Grabesſtätte lichten;
Er geht vorüber, und kein Sommertag
Erwärmet die entſchlummerte Natur!

Ein Bukanier.

Du biſt bewegt .....

Taureau.

Und — ſollt' ich es nicht ſeyn?
„Dem Elend bleibt oft nichts mehr als die Klage:“
Die feindliche Natur verſagt ſie mir.
Kaum wag' ich's, jetzt rückwärts noch zu ſchauen,
Wo in den Tiefen der Vergangenheit
Verborgen liegt die ungeheure That . . .
Mein Weib ward mir geraubt!!

Einige Bukanier.
Ha! Tod und Teufel!

Taureau.
Ein ſpan'ſcher Geck kam in mein Vaterland.
Ich baute thöricht auf des Weibes Treue,
Die mich nie liebte, denn der Völkerhaß …
Er pflanzet auch 'm Einzelnen ſich fort:
Den ſaugen Kinder an der Mutterbruſt
In's tiefe Mark des jungen Lebens ein.
Ich ſelbſt war keiner Liebe fähig, wie
Die Südlands-Tochter von dem Mann ſie fordert:
Nicht tändeln konnte ich — nicht ſchmachten, mir
War jedes Kinderſpiel der Liebe fremd.
Der ſpan'ſche Geck verſtand das alles beſſer,
Und — eines Morgens war mein Weib — entflohn.
Des Spaniers Namen — hab' ich nie erfahren *).
(Steht auf.)
Dieß iſt die erſte Quelle meines Haſſes,
Der mich aus meinem Vaterlande trieb
Nach Süd-Amerika, wo es genug
Zu rächen giebt an Spanien's ſtolzen Söhnen.
Hätt' ich mein Weib auch nie geliebt — es wäre
Der bloße Schimpf ſchon ſolcher Rache werth.
Hier bin ich nun ſeit zwanzig langen Jahren;
Und längſt vertrocknet iſt in meiner Bruſt
Die ſtille Quelle reineren Gefühles.
D'rum weiß ich's, Brüder, daß mein Ende naht!

Ein Bukanier.
Du täuſcheſt Dich durch eine leere Furcht.

Taureau.
O nein, wer ſo gelebt wie ich — der muß
Im Sturme ſeiner eignen Kraft vergehen.
Wohl manches Menſchenleben ſchleicht dahin
In ſtiller Ruhe — wie der klare Bach,
Der ſich durch blumige Gefilde ſchlängelt.
An ſeinem Ufer lächelt die Natur
In ihrer Unſchuld reizendem Gewande,
Und friedlich, unbemerkt birgt ihn dereinſt
Der Strom der Ewigkeit in ſeinen Tiefen.
Mein Leben aber gleicht dem wilden Fluſſe,
Der mächtig ſtürmend durch die Länder tobt,
Der überſchwemmend manche Saat vertilgt,
Und manches Hüttenbewohner's Glück vernichtet!
Kennt ihr ſein Ziel? … er ſtrömt in eine Wüſte —
Er ſtirbt in ihrer brennenden Umarmung
Und ſpurlos muß der Wüthrich untergehn!!
(Schlägt ſich an die Stirn.)
O Gott!!

Ein Bukanier.
Erbarme Dich!

Taureau.
Ja! Du haſt recht!
Ich darf nicht länger mit mir ſelber kämpfen,
Früh ſchon hat mich der wilde Sturm erfaßt,
Und hingeſchleudert auf die öde Bahn.
Mag auch am Ziel der Abgrund mich erwarten:
Ich zitt're nicht — ich gehe ihm entgegen:
Das Schickſal wandelt fluchend neben mir:
Mit ſeinem Fluche — trage es die Schuld!

Zweite Scene.

Vorige. Montbars **) (wie die andern bewaffnet,) kommt.

Montbars.
Schön' guten Tag, Herr Ohm! ſeyd mir gegrüßt,
Bukanier!

Taureau.
Du warſt nicht mit auf der Jagd …
Den Anfang muß es geben, aber wiſſe,
Wer ein Flibuſtier werden will, der ſteht
Zugleich auf mit dem erſten Morgenſtrahl.

Montbars.
Bringt mir nur einen Becher Wein, und Ihr
Sollt Wunderdinge hören!

Taureau.
Wein — Herr Neffe,
Den findeſt Du bei den Bukaniern nicht.
Wir pflanzen keine Reben, und den Wein
Kannſt Du auf Spaniens Galleonen holen.

Montbars.
Was hat man denn zum Frühſtück mir bereitet?

Taureau.
Ha! dieſes ward ſchon auf der Jagd verzehrt:
Da magſt dafür den Morgenſchlaf behalten.

Montbars.
Herr Ohm, Du ſpotteſt! drinnen in dem Zelt
Da liegt ein Frühſtück, das ich mir geholt,
Ich hätte faſt das Leben d'ran geſetzt.

Taureau.
So geh — verzehre Deinen Leckerbiſſen!

Montbars.
Ein ſchöner Leckerbiſſen, Ohm! es iſt
Ein ungeheurer Waldſtier …

Taureau.
Was! …

Montbars.
Ja, ja!
Ihr war't ſchon fort zur Jagd, da wurmte mich's,
Nahm meine Jagdbüchſe auf den Rücken,
Und ging hinaus …

Taureau.
Allein?

Montbars.
Warum denn nicht!
Im tiefen Walde fand' ich einen Stier,
Und jagt' ihm raſch die Kugel durch das Fell:
Er ſank zuſammen, brüllte wie der Donner,
Und goß das ſchwarze Blut in Strömen aus.
Der hat genug gehabt, ſo dacht' ich mir,
Weil auch von keinem Spanier mehr geſchoſſen.
Ich ſchwang mich ſtolz, um ihm nach Jäger-Sitte
Das ſchöne Horn vom dicken Kopf zu trennen;
Kaum iſt mein Meſſer angeſetzt — ſo ſpringt
Die Beſtie auf mit letzter Lebens-Kraft:
Ich ſitz', ein Reiter wider Willen, auf
[illegible], und rennt tobend mit mir fort!
Am Ende doch vergieng mir faſt das Lachen,
Herr Ohm! es war kein Scherz mehr, ſag' ich Dir
Er wollte ſich mit mir im [illegible].
Da nahm ich meine letzte Kraft zuſammen,
[illegible] ihm den kalten Dolch [illegible],
[illegible] des ſchäumenden Rachens [illegible].
[illegible] die Beſtie — trinken [illegible]!
(Man [illegible] hervor auf den Boden, die Bukanier [illegible] ihn freudig, und ſchütteln ihm die Hand.)

Taureau.
Du braver Junge! Biſt Bukanier, der
[illegible] keinen großen Vater uns erſetzen.
Ohm her! vom beſten Spanier-Wein — ſchnell,
Wir feiern heut' ein herrlich Abend-Feſt.
Jetzt ſollſt Du trinken, Montbars! nur wie Du
Durch ſolche That uns ſchnell vertraut geworden,
Der muß auch keine Probe mehr beſtehn.
Ein großer Geiſt bedarf nur Augenblicke,
Um kennbar an dem eignen Licht zu ſeyn.
Ich weiß nun, wer Du biſt.
(Es wird Wein gebracht aus den Zelten. Taureau trinkt dem Montbars zu.)
Dein Vater lebe
In jener beſſern Welt!

Alle (trinken und rufen).
Er lebe hoch!

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*) Es war Don [illegible] Bonifacio, Graf von [illegible], und Gouverneur von Panama; ſeine Gemahlin: Donna Claudia, — ſpäter werden Taureau und Montbars als Geſandte der Flibuſtier in das belagerte Panama während eines kurzen Waffenſtillſtandes geſchickt; Taureau erkennt in Claudia ſeine entflohene Gemahlin und erſticht ſie.

**) Ein junger Franzoſe, ſpäterhin Hauptmann der Flibuſtier, indem er ein von Bonifacio nach Spanien geſchicktes Schiff, das um Hülfe gegen die Flibuſtier bitten ſollte, nimmt. Er findet auf demſelben Maria, des Gouverneurs von Panama Tochter, und Don Gusman, den Schiffscapitän und Gemal derſelben, ſie verlieben ſich und Montbars führt Beide während der Belagerung von Panama ihrem Vater wieder zu. Montbars wird als Gefangener in Folge des gebrochenen Waffenſtillſtandes, den Taureau durch den Mord ſeiner Gemalin brach, in einen Kerker geworfen, auf Anſtiften des Gouverneurs durch Maria jedoch befreit. Maria wird Anführerin der Spanier bei der Einnahme von Panama, wird von Taureau verwundet und ſtirbt in Montbars Armen; letzterer nimmt ihr Schwert und endet damit ſein Leben; Taureau reißt den Verband von ſeinen empfangenen Wunden und ſtirbt ebenfalls.

Laureau.
Der Sohn Montbars ſteht hier in unſrer Mitte,
Er wird des großen Vaters würdig ſeyn,
Es lebe Montbars, der Flibuſtier!

Alle.
Hoch!

Laureau.
Nun lagert euch, Bukanier — Morgen wird
Auf dieſem Eiland ſich mit uns verbinden.
Erwartet ſeine Ankunft! Hier wird uns
Ein neuer Tag der Freude aufgehen.
(Sie lagern ſich.)
(Laureau geht vor mit Montbars.)

Laureau.
Du haſt nun keine Probe zu beſteh'n,
Mein eignes Wort kann ſattſam für Dich bürgen.

Montbars.
Ich fühle mich geehrt durch Dein Vertrauen.

Laureau.
Nun Montbars, ſollſt Du wiſſen, welchem Bund
Dein ganzes Leben jetzt wird [illegible].
Du kommſt aus Frankreich, Deinem Vaterlande.
Zwei Tage ſind's, ſeit ich zum erſtenmal
Den Sohn erblickte des verſtorb'nen Montbars.
Er war mein beſter Freund in dieſen Wäldern,
Wir glühten Beide [illegible]!
Doch mehr noch von dem unbeſchränkten
Gefühl der Freiheit, und des Menſchenrechts.
Ein früher Tod nahm ihm ſein treues Weib
In ihres Lebens ſchönſter Blüthe hin.
In ihr beweint' ich eine gute Schweſter,
Du Montbars biſt das einz'ge Unterpfand,
Das mich noch an mein altes Leben feſſelt.
Ich will Dein zweiter Vater ſeyn.
(Umarmt ihn.)

Montbars.
Du biſt es.

Laureau.
Gleich — nach dem Tode ſeines Weibes, zog
Montbars hierher nach Süd-Amerika!
Er focht die großen Freiheits-Kämpfe mit,
Und war als Sieger rühmlich ſtets bekannt.
Oft hat er mir erzählt — wie ihm ein Sohn
Im weitentfernten Vaterland noch lebe.
Er ließ Dich auferziehen, unbekannt
Mit allen Freuden der Natur — allein
Dem Haß g'en Spanien widmet' er Dein Leben.
Den Männern, die Dich auferzogen, war
Sein Wille eingeſchärft — ſie ſandten Dich
Hierher, des Vaters [illegible] zu rächen.
Die Inquiſition nahm ihn gefangen
Bei einem Streifzug an der Span'ſchen Küſte,
Sie warf ihn in das unerforſchte Grab.
Man nannte ihn den Würger, und Madrid
Mag zittern noch bei ſeiner blut'gen Leiche,
Den Körper haben ſie vertilgt — der Geiſt
Er lebet fort in ſeinem tapfern Sohne.

Montbars.
Erfüllen werd' ich Deine große Hoffnung!
Wir ſind verwandt, Du biſt mein Ohm Laureau,
Im Namen Frankreichs ſtehſt Du vor mir,
Im Namen meines Vaters: enger kann
Uns keine Macht der Erde mehr verbinden.

Laureau.
Dein Vater war franzöſiſcher Flibuſtier
In Süd-Amerika — der erſten einer,
Die zu dem furchtbar'n Rachebund geſchworen.
Flibuſtier waren damals dieſe Horden,
Die regellos, aus England und aus Frankreich
Zu dem Paniere der Corſaren ſtrömten,
Die gleicher Haß g'en Spanien verband,
Die alle fochten für ein gleiches Recht,
Denn — rede ſelbſt — wie konnt' es Spanien wagen,
Der neuentdeckten Welt das Blutgeſetz
Des Fanatismus aufzudringen! wo
Erſtirbt wohl ein Wort für ſolche Greuelthaten!
Wie kann ein Volk die Lehre unſers Gottes
Mit Feu'r und Schwert, mit Raub und Mord beſtät'gen!
Wie können Prieſter die Altäre bau'n
Auf Trümmern halbvertilgter Nationen?
Zur Geißel iſt die Religion geworden.
Hier Montbars handelt ſich's, das ew'ge Recht
Der Menſchheit nun gewaltſam zu behaupten:
Hier Montbars gilt es Gottes Ehre, der
Für uns am blut'gen Kreuzesſtamm' verſchied,
Der dieſer Erde Sündenlaſt vertilgte,
Und Friedens-Worte ſprach zu allen Völkern.
Er wendet ab das Aug' von ſolchen Greueln,
Denn nicht im Blute wird ſein Name groß!
Weſtindiens Klage ſchreit zum Himmel auf,
Der Völkerjammer dringt zu Gottes Ohr:
Die [illegible] des [illegible] halten nicht mehr,
Aus Blutesſtrömen ſteh'n die Völker auf:
Zum großen Bunde haben ſie geſchworen,
Amerika aus langem Schlaf erwacht!
Die neue Welt zerſprenget ihre Ketten,
Ergreift das Schwert der heiligen Vergeltung:
Sie ſchleudert aus dem blutgetränkten Schooße
Den alten Erbfeind in das Meer zurück.
Die Trommeln tönen, Fahnen flattern auf:
Der Siegesdonner des Geſchützes hallt,
Der Himmel ſtimmt darein mit ſeinen Wettern,
Und ewig ſchlingt das tiefe Wellengrab
Die Würger von Amerika hinab!

Montbars.
Allmächtig fühl' ich mich begeiſtert. Ja
Du biſt der Mann, der meine Hoffnung belebt,
Was auch der Haß g'en Spanien kann vollenden,
Doch mehr vermag das heilige Bewußtſein
Zu kämpfen für das Wohl der Menſchheit! Hier,
Ich fühl' es, iſt mein Lebens-Ziel gefunden,
[illegible] leicht mir dieſe Erde machen.

Laureau.
Nun endlich haben die Flibuſtier ſich
Geſammelt unter regelmäß'ge Fahnen.
Zwar ſind's Freibeuter nur, doch iſt ein Geiſt
In dieſer ſonderbaren Heldenſchaar.
Die Freiheit iſt ein belebender Grund,
Auf dem ſich jedes große Werk erhebt.
Auf ſolchem Grund baut nur ein kühner Meiſter,
Doch was er baut, hebt ſich zum Ew'gen auf,
Es trotzt der ird'ſchen Zeit und ihren Stürmen.

Montbars.
Ja! dieſen Glauben will ich mir bewahren!

Laureau.
Der große Morgan — berühmter Seefahrer
Und Krone der Flibuſtier aller Zeit,
Mit uns gemeine Sache zu beginnen.
Auch die Bukanier ſind des Kampfes werth
Für Süd-Amerika's Befreiung.
Heut iſt der Bundestag der beiden Mächte
Und nächſtens, wenn es Gott will, gehen wir
Im wilden Sturme auf Panama los.
Nun Freund — entdecke mir das innerſte
Geheimniß Deines Herzens! rede frei;
(Blickt ihn ſcharf an.)
Wirſt Du aus eigner Wahl Flibuſtier ſeyn?

Montbars.
Wozu die Frage?

Laureau.
Düſtre Schwermuth weilt
Sehr oft auf Deinem Antlitz, dennoch bricht
Siegreich der jugendliche Geiſt hervor.
Du willſt den Kummer überwinden, Freund ...
Vertraue mir Dein ganzes Herz — vielleicht
Zieht es Dich heimwärts in das Vaterland —
Vielleicht — o laß mich dieſes nicht befürchten ...

Montbars.
Was fürchteſt Du?

Laureau.
Der Gram in Deinem Auge
Kann einem Weibe gelten, dann hinweg
Von mir! dann wär' es beſſer, wenn die Wellen
Im Sturme Dich verſchlungen hätten.

Montbars.
Ha!
Was glaubſt Du von dem Sohne Deines Freundes?
Ein Weib! Zum Lachen zwingt mich dieſe Furcht.
Was kann ein Weib dem Sohne Montbars gelten!

Tief unter meinem Ziele ſteht die Liebe,
Und niemals hab' ich ihr die Bruſt eröffnet.
Ein Weib! was könnte ich dem Weibe ſeyn!
Sieh mich nur an, Herr Ohm, und lache doch!
Wie iſt mein ganzes Weſen, wie bin ich,
Und unbeugſam, von Dir allein zu lenken.
Wer ſeine volle Kraft im Buſen fühlt,
Dem wird es ſchwer, den Herren zu erkennen:
Und ich, glaubſt Du — ſollt' an ein Weib mich binden!

Taureau.

Erkläre mir nur Deine Schwermuth . . .

Montbars.

Du
Magſt es ſo nennen, was mein Auge trübt,
Mir bleibt für dieſes Fühlen noch kein Wort . . .
Dem Geiſte iſt die Sprache viel zu arm.

Taureau (für ſich).

Welch ſonderbares Räthſel . . . !

Montbars.

Ja — ich will
Selbſt das Geheimſte Dir entdecken. Du
Allein kannſt treu, und väterlich mir rathen,
Vielleicht gelingt Dir's, dieſen Sturm zu enden,
Der unaufhaltſam meine Bruſt durchwühlt.
Seit ich zum erſtenmal die Welt betrat,
Iſt meines Herzens inn'rer Friede hin.
Oft mit des Abends letztem Strahle war
Mein brennend Auge himmelwärts gerichtet:
Erweitert fühlte ich die bange Bruſt,
Und an den Sternen hingen meine Blicke.
Mir war's ſo heimlich dort in jenen Höhen:
Ach! die Natur ſchien mir ſo mütterlich,
Leis athmend, um das Kind an ihrer Bruſt
In ſeinem ſüßen Traume nicht zu ſtören!
Dann glaubt' ich wieder auf den fernen Wellen
Ein nie betret'nes ſel'ges Land zu ſchauen,
Am blüthenvollen Ufer ſtand ein Bild
Mit [illegible] wallendem Gewande,
Es winkte mir mit heimathlichem Gruße,
Und hob die weiße Friedensfahne auf.
Umwallen von des Meeres Silberarmen
Sank mit der Sonne auch mein Bild dahin:
Mir ſchien, ich müßte ein verlornes Glück
Bei jenem mildern [illegible] finden.
Die Sonne kam, ſie grüßte mich von oben,
Doch nimmer hab' ich noch dieß Glück gefunden,
Und unverkühlt in die ſtarre Bruſt
Die Wildheit meiner rohen Jugend-Kraft.

Taureau.

Sprich — welches Glück hoffſt Du zu finden?

Montbars.

Weiß ich's!
Wenn mich die Freuden der Natur begrüßen,
Dann fühl' ich erſt des Herzens [illegible],
Wenn ich lebe — iſt mein Daſeyn [illegible],
[illegible] bin ich auf der ſchönen Erde.
Wenn meine Träume ſchwinden, kommt' ich ſehnen,
Dem Kinde gleich um das [illegible] Spielwerk:
[illegible] — iſt mein größter Feind,
So ſchwinde ich das Glück von meiner Seite.

Taureau.

Wie ſonderbar! — dem ſchwärmeriſchen Jüngling
Bleibt die Natur der Freuden [illegible],
Was andere beglückt — iſt Dir verhaßt.

Montbars.

Aus einer Quelle ſtrömt das Gute nicht.
Die Sonne, die am Himmel freundlich leuchtet,
Die der Komet, der durch die Schöpfung ſtreifet,
Aus einem Stoffe wurden ſie erſchaffen,
Und dennoch zieht die milde Sonnenwärme
Mit ihrem Strahl der Erde Saaten auf:
Indeß der feindlich wandelbare Stern
Des Himmels hohen Götterſitz erſchüttert,
Und nach ſich zieht die Furchen der Zerſtörung.
So wird in mir, was andere beglückt,
Zur erſten Quelle meines Elends; — oft
Fühl' ich in meiner angebornen Wildheit
Die dumpfen Wehmuthsſchmerzen überladen!
Vergebens! wenn der Abend niederthaut,
Die rollenden Geſtirne mir erſcheinen,
Die Sonne ihren letzten Flammen-Kuß
Auf dieſer Meere weite Flächen brennt,
Dann fühl' ich, wie mein Auge ſich befeuchtet,
Die Wehmuth ſchmilzt in ſanfte Thränen hin,
Der freie Geiſt blickt durch den Schleier auf:
Das [illegible] Ideal der reinen Bruſt
Glänzt er in jenen ew'gen Räumen liegen,
Doch immer unbefriedigt kehrt er wieder!
[illegible] ich fühl's, mein Lebens-Stern —
Und ach! das Auge hat ihn nie erblickt!!

(Es fallen in der Entfernung einige Kanonenſchüſſe. Die Bukaniers ſpringen auf. Man hört von weitem eine wilde kriegeriſche Muſik.)

Taureau.

Auf! Auf! Bukanier! der große Morgan,
Der berühmte Flibuſtier-König kommt.

(Die Bukaniers ſtellen ſich im Hintergrunde in Ordnung. Montbars geſellt ſich zu ihnen.)

Taureau (freudig gen Himmel blickend).

Ich grüße dich, du Sonne dieſes Tages,
Jahrtauſende beſcheint dein Flammenbild
Die Rieſenberge von Amerika!
Doch — heute ſtrahlen ſie im ſchönern Glanze
Des Vaterlandes nahe Freiheit ahnend!
Sey mir gegrüßt — du Wiege meiner Thaten
[illegible]! [illegible] Eiland! du
Stiegſt aus [illegible] Meeren hoch empor,
Ein Bild der Stärke und der Ewigkeit.
Ja — wie die Welle brauſt zu deinen Füßen,
So thürmen ſich die Wogen des Geſchickes
Am Freiheits-Thron der großen Völker auf:
Er aber leuchtet fort im ew'gen Glanze —
Ein zweiter Tabor durch die Wetternacht!
O höre mich mein Gott — in dieſer Stunde,
Und laß mich kämpfen für Dein ewig Wort!
Für's Vaterland laß mich das Schwert erheben,
Dein heiliger Glaube ſtärke mein Beſtreben!

(Es fallen wieder einige Schüſſe. Die Muſik kommt näher.)

Taureau begeiſtert.

Wie dieſes meerumſchlungne Eiland hier —
So laß mich ſtehn im heißen Todes-Kampfe!
Der Wellen Ungeſtüm hab' ich beſiegt,
Am ſchönen Ziel ruft mich Dein ew'ger Name —
Zum [illegible] Kampfe weiht mich Dein Gebot!
Laß mich den Bau der Tyrannei erſchüttern,
Die [illegible] mir [illegible] That:
Ich hör' im [illegible] Donner's Stimme zittern,
Ein Ton der [illegible] Verheißung naht.
Bald wird die große Zukunft ſich enthüllen,
Und was ich hoffe, wird mein Gott erfüllen!!!

Dritte Scene.

(Mehrere Schiffe nähern ſich dem Ufer. Morgan's Corſaren und Flibuſtier ſteigen aus, und gehen ſingend vor.)

Lied der Flibuſtier.

Chor.

Wir Flibuſtier ſind die Herren der Erde,
Wir kämpfen um Freiheit, wir kämpfen um Ruhm.
Wir ſtiegen mit unſerm [illegible] Schwerdt.
[illegible]
Wir [illegible] auf unſerer blutigen Bahn
[illegible] dem heiligen Jahrhundert voran.
Wir ſchwören u. ſ. w.

Eine Stimme.

Es mag ſich die Welt in dem Friedens-Schlaf wiegen,
Wir kämpfen mit ehrner Stimme ſie wach.
[illegible]
Amerika [illegible] den Tugenden nach!
Und fern über'm Meere im heimiſchen Land
Wird unſer Namen mit Staunen genannt!

Chor.

Und fern über'm Meere u. ſ. w.

Eine Stimme.

Im Sonnenſchein — hoch auf den ſteilen Höhen —
Da ſind unſre Tempel der Freiheit erbaut,
Da ſieht man die Fahne Victoria's wehen,
Die heilige Göttin verkündet es laut:
„Hier oben, wo heller das Sonnenlicht ſcheint,
Iſt mit Victoria die Freiheit vereint!"

Chor.

Hier oben, wo heller ic. ic.
(Der ganze Chor wiederholt die erſte Strophe — „wir Flibuſtier“; unterdeſſen ſieht man das Admiralſchiff landen. Morgan ſteigt unter dem Donner der Kanonen aus, er geht vor, begleitet von Van-Horn, vielen See-Offizieren, engliſchen und franzöſiſchen Flibuſtiern, Matroſen ic. Der Geſang hört auf.)

Die Bukanier (rufen).

Es lebe Morgan, der Corſaren-Fürſt!!
(Morgan tritt raſch vor, und ſieht ſich im Kreiſe um.)

Morgan.

Willkommen ihr Bukanier auf [illegible] —
Nehmt Morgan's Gruß mit treuem Sinne an.
Taureau! ich grüße Dich und Deine [illegible] —
Es iſt ſchon lange, daß wir uns geſehen.
Da war mit euch ich [illegible] dem Kanonen-Donner
Hat mir Dein wilder Name [illegible].

Taureau.

Mein Name iſt von meiner Jagd geborgt:
Nur einmal macht' ich einen kühnen Streifzug
Um meine Luſt auf der See zu üben:
Mit [illegible] Barken iſt es mir gelungen,
[illegible] eine Silbergallione
Im wilden Kampfe ſchnell hinwegzukapern:
Auch Deine Schiffe halfen tapfer mit.

Morgan.

Ganz recht — Du führeſt einen guten Hieb;
Ich kenne Dich.

Taureau.

Von früher Zeit an war
Mein Treiben auf die Stierjagd nur beſchränkt.
Zur beſſern Jagd, hoff' ich, wirſt Du uns führen.
Doch wiſſe erſt warum, und wie ich kämpfe —
Mich freut es nicht, die Schiffe wegzukapern,
Die Chilis und Peru ausgeſandt,
Ich dürſte nicht nach Spaniens Gold — ſein Blut —
Sein Herzblut möcht' ich fließen ſehen.

Morgan.

Ja —
Morgan wird Deine Hoffnung ſchnell erfüllen.
Von ſeinem Namen tönet jetzt die Welt,
Von Pol zu Pol verkündet Fama's Ruf
Des Siegers unwiderſtehliche Geſetze!
Morgan, der König in dem Räuberſtaat
Kann jeder Macht der ſchlaffen Erde trotzen;
Denn unermeßlich ſteht ſeine Größe,
Und tief im Staube blickt die ſchöne Welt
Am Rieſenbilde des Jahrhunderts auf.
Das Chaos hab' ich unter mir geſammelt,
Und eine neue Schöpfung tritt hervor:
Sie wird von mir im Gleichgewicht erhalten,
Sie wird von meinem Geiſte überſtrahlt.
Es iſt der große Augenblick gekommen,
Der meine jahrelange Hoffnung krönt!
Dem höchſten Ziel, das ein Menſch erreicht,
Geh' ich auf hoher Laufbahn kühn entgegen!
Was mir die Zukunft herrliches verſchließt,
Es muß ſich bald allmählig offenbaren:
Und einzeln, Stern für Stern, gehn meine Thaten
Aus des Schickſals tiefer Nacht hervor,
Um an dem Horizont der Ewigkeit zu leuchten.
Fortuna beugt ſich unter meinem Druck,
Denn ſeht, ich theile gleiche Ehre mit
Des Schickſals Bändigern der grauen Vorwelt!

Taureau.

Auf Deine Größe — baut ſich unſre Hoffnung!

Morgan.

Wohlan — ſo ſchreiten wir zum großen Werke!
Gewaltſam muß ich von der langen Zeit
Die kleine Gunſt des Augenblicks erzwingen.
Denn wer kein eignes Glück im Buſen trägt,
Hat ewig mit der fremden Macht zu kämpfen,
Die ſeinen Thaten Rieſenſchranken baut.
Die Zeit blickt neidiſch auf den Heldenruhm,
Weil ſie mit ihm die Ewigkeit muß theilen.

Taureau.

Ein Wort noch Herr — vergönne mir. Hier ſteht
Montbars, der Sohn des Würgers.
(Zeigt auf Montbars.)

Morgan (betrachtet ihn).

Dieſer iſt's?
Bei Gott! ein tücht'ger Aſt vom ſtarken Stamme!

Taureau.

Er kommt aus Frankreich, ſeinem Vaterlande,
Will hier mit den Flibuſtiern ſich vereinen:
Und will der Rächer ſeines Vaters ſeyn!

Morgan.

Dir giebt's ein ſchwer Stück Arbeit — junger Mann.
Im Schlachtenfeu'r muß jetzt der Bart Dir wachſen,
Sonſt wirſt Du nie des großen Vaters werth!

Montbars (kalt).

Gieb mir Gelegenheit . . .

Morgan.

Die ſoll Dir werden.
(Zurückrufend.)
Der erſte Spanier, der vorüber kreuzt,
Muß eilends mir gemeldet werden.
(Zu Montbars.)
Du
Magſt ihn beſtürmen, und für Dich behalten.
Dem Sohn des Würgers giemt ein eignes Schiff,
Ich will dann ſehen, wie er es behauptet.
Ein Blick von mir, und ſchnell kann ich entſcheiden,
Von welchem Geiſt ein Schiff beherrſchet wird.
Es iſt ein kleiner Staat, in dem die Kraft
Auf engem Raume ſich erhalten muß;
Ein blinder, eiſerner Gehorſam treibt
Den Doppelſinn aus jedem Herrſcherworte.
Still wirkt des Führers vielgewalt'ger Sinn,
Kalt in Gefahren, ungebeugt im Sturme
Giebt er die Zeichen ſeiner Herrſcherkraft.
Es ſchlägt ein Königsherz in ſeiner Bruſt,
Der Thron, auf welchen ihn das Schickſal ſetzte,
Muß kämpfen mit dem Schrecken der Natur:
Wer ihn behauptet, iſt des Thrones werth.

Montbars.

So Morgan — wünſch' ich einſt vor Dir zu ſtehen.
Die Rache trieb mich aus dem heim'ſchen Lande.
Um meines Vaters Schatten zu verſöhnen,
Muß ich ſo leben, wie er hat gelebt.
Ein Schrecken Spaniens und ſeiner Schaaren:
Dieß ſchwur ich auf mein blankes, treues Schwert,
Auf's Bild des Vaters in dem heim'ſchen Hauſe,
Und auf das Crucifix des Heilands.

Morgan.

Nun,
Die Zeit der Thaten wird Dir bald erſcheinen.
(Er wendet ſich an die Bukanier.)
Bukanier! ihr ſeyd werth mit mir zu fechten,
Auf euern Stirnen thront die Heldenkraft,
In euern Adern glüht der Rache Feuer.
D'rum höret mich! vergeßt die Stunde nie!
(Tritt in ihre Mitte.)
Ich Morgan — brittiſcher Seeräuber-König,
Und Admiral der großen Kaperflotte,
Freund und Beſchützer der Flibuſtier,
Die in ganz Süd-Amerika nun fechten,
Ich reiche hier dem Hauptmann der Bukanier —
Dem vielgewalt'gen Taureau meine Hand,
Ich ford'r' ihn auf zum großen Rachebund,
Er ſey nun eng vereint mit den Flibuſtiern,
Er ſtreite für das allgemeine Recht.

Taureau (giebt ihm die Hand).

Wir fühlen uns geehrt durch Dein Vertrauen.
Wir ſchwören Dir den Eid der ew'gen Treue,
Und fechten an der Seite der Flibuſtier.

Alle Bukanier.

Wir fechten an der Seite der Flibuſtier!!

Morgan.

Vor euch entblöße ich mein altes Schwert,
Und ſende zu dem Himmel meinen Schwur!
(Er zieht den Säbel, und mit ihm alle Anweſenden.)
Hier auf [illegible] ödem Felſenufer
Steh'n wir, die Rächer von Amerika,
Wir Spaniens mächt'ge und gerechte Feinde!
So ſoll in dieſem Augenblick das Meer
Die Morgans-Flotte in den Abgrund ſchlingen,
Ein heulender Orkan erhebe ſich,

Und reiße aus dem Mittelpunkt der Erde
Baruba's tauſendjähr'gen Felſenthron,
Wenn jetzt nicht Wahrheit ſpricht aus meinem Munde!
Eröffne dich, o Himmel! dieſem Schwur,
Und ſchreib ihn an das hohe Firmament,
Damit er flamme unter den Geſtirnen,
Und ſichtbar ſey den Völkern dieſer Welt!!
Ich ſchwöre, alle Spanier zu vertreiben
Aus Süd-Amerika: noch eh' die Zeit
Den vierten Theil des Jahres hat durchwandelt,
Soll mir als Rachefeu'r Panama leuchten!
Dort ſey des Werkes erſte That vollbracht.
In jener Stadt vereinen ſich die Ströme,
Die aus den Goldgebürgen Peru's fließen,
Und aus den Silberminen Mexico's!
Erfechten wollen wir's, und Eigenthum
Sey uns die Krone dieſer neuen Welt.
Kein Säugling wird verſchont am Mutterbuſen,
Wenn ſpan'ſches Blut in ſeinen Adern fließt!
Ein Schlag muß alle Feinde niederſchmettern,
Den Weg uns bahnend zur Unſterblichkeit.
Von Englands König bin ich anerkannt
Als Herr der mächtigen Corſaren-Flotte!
Behaupten will ich dieß gewalt'ge Recht!
Es ſollen meine Sieges-Fahnen wehen
Auf Spaniens zertretenen Trophäen:
Das ſtolze Volk wird ſeinen Frevel büßen,
Als Retter uns Amerika begrüßen!
Die neue Welt hat dieſen Schwur gehört,
Ich leg' ihn nieder auf mein ſiegreich Schwert,
Der Rache ernſter Todesruf erſchalle:
Zu Gott ſchwör' ich es auf: Panama falle!!!

Alle Anweſenden.

Panama falle!

(Sie ſtecken die Säbel ein.)
(Van-Horn geht in den Hintergrund.)

Morgan (zu Montbars).

Montbars! Sohn des Würgers,
Dich weihen wir nun zum Flibuſtier ein,
Ein blutig Feld haſt Du betreten, doch
Auf dieſem Felde keimen Deine Lorbeern.
Zu weichem Fühlen ſey Dein Herz verſchloſſen,
Denn nur der Rache biſt Du [illegible]:
An Sie weiſt Dich Dein großes Schickſal an,
Auf Sie beſchränke Deiner Jugend Hoffnung,
Zum erſten, und zum letzten weiht ſie Dir.
Die Pole Deines Lebens ſind umſchlungen
Von ihres Armes ſchützender Gewalt,
Mit dieſer Freundin darf der Menſch nicht ſcherzen,
Aus ihren Banden windet er ſich nie.
Nun ſchwöre, Deines Vaters Tod zu rächen,
Und treu zu bleiben den Flibuſtiern!

Montbars.

Ich ſchwör' es Dir beim Geiſte meines Vaters.

(Van-Horn kommt eiligſt vor.)

Van-Horn.

Ein Spanier kreuzt im Meere, Admiral!
Verſchlagen durch die Stürme dieſer Nacht
Betrachtet er die unfruchtbare Küſte.

Morgan.

Friſch auf, Montbars! hol' uns den Spanier — ſieh,
Ich ſchenk' ihn Dir mit allem, was er trägt!

Montbars.

Gelobt ſey Gott! mein Tagwerk hat begonnen!

Morgan.

Van-Horn! laß ſchnell die alte Barke lichten,
Sie iſt ſchon halb baufällig — Montbars ſoll
Sie mit dem ſchönen Spanier uns vertauſchen.
Wie viel, glaubſt Du, hat er an Bord?

Van-Horn.

Die Größe
Des Schiffs läßt an zweihundert Mann mich rechnen.

Morgan (zu Montbars).

So nimm Dir fünfzig tapfere Flibuſtier:
Du ſeyſt ihr Chef — Van-Horn wird mit Dir ziehn,
Und Rath ertheilen in dem heißen Kampfe.
Van-Horn! laß ihm das völlige Commando,
Ich will erblicken, ob der junge Löwe
Des Vaters Blut in ſeinen Adern fühlt.
Du wirſt mir dann genau Rapport erſtatten,
Ob Montbars Sohn der Ehre würdig iſt,
Die ihm der Britte Morgan zugedacht.

Montbars (den Taureau umarmend).

Leb' wohl, Herr Ohm! ich will den Spanier bringen,
Und laß ihn ankern in dem [illegible] —
Mein wird er bei dem Geiſt des Vaters!

Taureau.

Ha!
Auf ſolchen Sohn wär' wohl ein Halbgott ſtolz!

Morgan.

Nun — geh Montbars — es iſt dein Probeſtück!

Montbars (den Säbel ziehend).

Auf! Auf! zu Schiffe, tapfere Flibuſtier!
Mit meiner Rache und mit Gottes Segen
Geh' ich der erſten Heldenthat entgegen!!

Grunwart von Augheim H. Minneſänger.

Emil Leopold Auguſt.

Herzog zu Sachſen-Gotha und Altenburg.

ein durch ſeinen Geiſt und ſeine witzigen, aber mitunter höchſt wunderlichen Einfälle berühmter Fürſt, ward am 23. November 1772 zu Gotha geboren, ſtudirte in den Jahren 1788—1791 zu Genf, folgte ſeinem Vater 1804 in der Regierung und ſtarb am 17. Mai 1822.

Gedruckt wurden von ſeinen Schriften:

Kyllenion oder Auch ich war in Arkadien. Gotha, 1805.

Er nahm ferner Theil an der Ueberſetzung der „vierzehn Briefe eines Karthäuſers. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Paris, 1820." Handſchriftlich exiſtirt noch Vieles von ihm. —

Tiefes Gefühl, lebhafte Phantaſie und eine reiche, feine geiſtige Bildung offenbaren ſich in Allem, was er ſchrieb, doch läßt ſich kein entſchiedenes Urtheil fällen, da man es dahingeſtellt laſſen muß, wie viel der geiſtreiche und gelehrte Jacobs zur Veredlung und Correctheit der fürſtlichen Leiſtungen beitrug.

Vgl. Jacobs: vermiſchte Schriften. Th. I.
Eichſtaedt: Memoria Augusti etc. Jenae, 1822. Fol.

Thargelion.*) **)

Das Spiel.

Die Sonne überdeckte mit ihrem Abendgolde die Schneekuppe des Kyllenos und ſeine Pinien, die immer grünen Eichen der Felſen, die Kapern- und blühenden Myrtenbüſche der Steinklüfte, den Schaum der Waſſerfälle, die Halden der Abhänge, die Ulmen und die [illegible] der [illegible], die [illegible] der Bäche, die [illegible] und [illegible] der Seen, die [illegible] und die Farrenkräuter der mageren Triften, die Myrthen und Lorbeerbäume der Haine, die Reben und das Weinblatt der Lauben, den Jasmin und das Rosen, die Feigenbäume und den Oleander der Gärten, die bleichen Zinnen der Dächer und die höchſten Frieſen der Tempel; alles ſchillerte Gold und Grün auf der Erde, und Azur und Gold in dem Himmel; und alles, was in Arkadien lebte, ſchwamm in Wohlgerüchen und Luſt, und ſehnte ſich nach des lauen Abends

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*) Der zweite Frühlingsmonat.

**) Aus: Kyllenion oder Auch ich war in Arkadien. Gotha, 1805.

Stille. Die Vögel zwitſcherten heiſer und buhlend; die Bienen ſummeten, Ambra und Gewürze aus den Frühlingsblüthen ſammelnd. Alle Herzen waren ſatt, oder genieſſend, oder begehrend, und Liebe und Freundſchaft verſchmolzen ſich in der allgegenwärtigen und allmächtigen Gluth, wie Erde und Himmel. Die wollarmen Heerden lagen nach dem Bade in gedrängten Haufen am Abhange des Gebirges. Die Schäfer vertauſchten um Wein und Oel die zarte weiſſe Wolle an die reichen Städter, und die leicht gekleideten Hirtinnen ſpielten lachend und ſchäkernd, neckend und küſſend im Kühlen der Lauben das Spiel der Diota *). Nur die ſpröde Onikleia ſaß einſam am Rande des plätſchernden Borns. Ihrer jüngern Schweſter Meliſſa einen [illegible] flechtend, das mit Zittergras [illegible] gekränzte Haupt gleichgültig ſchüttelnd, daß die beiden [illegible] eingeſchlagenen [illegible] zu dem Rauſchen der Quelle [illegible] fallen; neben ihr lag ihre Chelys. Aber keine Lippe trennte die [illegible], kein Buſen klopfte an dem ihrigen, und kein verliebter Finger zog ihr das kleine Ohr. Onikleia war immer ſpröde; aber zu der gewohnten Sprödigkeit kam heute noch eine ungewöhnliche Zerſtreuung. Der mantinäiſche Schäfer, der alle Jahre an dieſem Tage gekommen war, mit ihren Brüdern zu handeln, war immer noch unſichtbar. Ueber ihre geheimſten Gedanken erröthend, und mit ſich ſelbſt und dem [illegible] zögernden Mantinäer gleich unzufrieden, wollte ſie eben aufſtehen und von neuem mit ihrer kalten Sprödigkeit prahlen, als ihre Schweſter Meliſſa, und Amaryllis, Glyke und [illegible], die muntern Geſpielinnen, zu ihr mit einem bettelnden — bitte, bitte! hüpfend kamen. Meliſſa nahm das Wort und bat auch nicht lange, denn Onikleia ſang, nach kurzem Weigern, das Lied der Bienen, wobei ſie das Summen der Flügel mit den Saiten ihrer Chelys geſchickt nachzuahmen wußte. Hier das Lied, das ſie ſang:

Es bannet uns die Liebe
Zur Strafe [illegible] Thaten,
Weil Nektar wir naſchend geraubet,
Die Pfeile ihr liſtig entwendet;
Drum hat uns gebannet die Liebe.
Ach! Nektar umſonſt wir nun ſuchen
In Roſen und Veilchen, auf Fluren,
Daß niemals die Heimath wir finden.

Schlau ſtrafte uns die Liebe:
Sie ließ uns ihre Waffen,
Daß man uns wie Feinde verfolge,
Und ſtechend wir waffenlos ſterben.
Arg hat uns beſtrafet die Liebe;
Gefeſſelt an weibliche Launen,
Daß traurig die Tage verſchwinden,
Daß niemals die Heimath wir finden.

So ſang ſie, und die Euphonie ihrer Stimme tönte in den wiederhallenden Seufzern des Echo, und es rauſchte durch die Aeſte der wilden blühenden Sträuche, und Onikleia unterbrach durch ein ſchlecht unterdrücktes Ach! der feurigſten Ahndung den lesbiſchen Melos, den ſie eben zu ergreifen begann. — Meliſſa gab ihr einen leichten Schlag, neckend ihr den Namen einer wohlbekannten Stadt ins Ohr raunend. Verwirrt wandte ſich die ſchöne Chelysſpielerinn um, und — erblickte den lang Erſehnten. Unwillkührlich öffnete ſie den kleinen Mund zum Gruß, als der apolliniſche Jüngling die mit dem Korymbos **) geſchmückte Stirne grüßend zu ihr neigte: „Verzeihe dem neugierigen Horcher, verzeihe es, ſchönſte der Jungfrauen aus Arkadien, daß ich dein liebliches Saitenſpiel und den herrlichen Euphon deiner Stimme eher genoß, als das Glück deines Anblicks. Doch du ſchweigſt und zürnſt, theure Onikleia; noch nie empfingſt du mich wie heute; doch zu klagen habe ich kein Recht. Ich gehe mit dem unvergeßlichen Ausdruck deiner himmliſchen Stimme im Herzen. Ich hörte Sappho in Mitylene und Korinna zu Thebe. Beide würden verſtummen, hörten ſie dich, holde Reizende: und Pindaros, der unbeſtechlichſte der Richter und nicht mehr Nebenbuhler, würde dir ſeinen Epheukranz überlaſſen haben." Verſchämt und beſchämt wußte Onikleia nicht, was ſie ſagen ſollte; ſie griff unſichere Töne in die Saiten der Chelys, die ſie in ihrer Verlegenheit hin und her ſchwenkte. Meliſſa nahm das kühne Wort der Munterkeit: „Siehe, wohlredender Mantinäer, die Schweſter iſt gut, aber ſie iſt auch nicht minder ſpröde; da macht ſie es wie die kaſtaliſchen Jungfrauen, ſie ſingt oder ſchweigt, wenn ſie reden ſollte. Bitte ſie um ein Lied; die zierliche Leier hängt dann nicht mehr ſo unthätig zur Erde." Ich bin nicht ſpröde, fiel ſtammelnd Onikleia der vorwitzigen Schweſter in die Rede; aber ihr wißt ſelbſt, ſchmeichelnder Mann, daß es dem Manne der Fremde nicht ziemt, ſich in die Spiele der Jungfrauen zu miſchen, und daher warf ſie einen zürnenden Blick ihrer Schweſter zu. — Ach! das wußte ich nicht, antwortete Meliſſa mit verſtelltem Muthwillen: der Mantinäer hier iſt kein Mann der Fremde, er iſt der Freund unſerer Brüder; wir ſehen ihn nicht zum erſtenmal. Hat er mir nicht dieſes Halsband von Silber und Korallen geſchenkt! Und iſt es meine Schuld, daß du das zumal nichts von ihm annehmen wollteſt! Komm, lang erſehnter Freund, komm mit uns, wenn meine Schweſter mit der Chelys verſtummt iſt; [illegible] mit uns das Spiel der Diota ſpielen; aber iſt man auch ſo [illegible] in der Stadt? Ich kenne nicht dein Spiel, ſchöne Jungfrau; aber wenn die [illegible] Schweſter mit mir ſchmollt, ſo bin ich nicht geneigt zu lachen. [illegible] Geſang der [illegible] und er [illegible] Gewand. — Sie wußte nicht, [illegible] um Vergebung bitten wollte; doch ſie ſammelte ſich und reichte dem [illegible] Schäfer die Hand. Daß ich nicht ſo ſpröde bin, wie es meine Schweſter ſagt, will ich dir zeigen. Der ſchöne Mantinäer drückte die zarten Spitzen ihrer Finger dankbar an ſeine Augen, einmal und [illegible]. — Ihr wißt wie auch, ihr Geſpielinnen, daß ich das Lied wiederhole! Und alle lachten, [illegible] und der verliebte Schäfer warf ſich mit glühendem Anſtand und ſeelig entzückt [illegible], und Meliſſa umarmte [illegible] Schweſter. Onikleia begann nun von neuem den [illegible] Gang der Töne, und ſang beſeelt entzückt das Lied, das [illegible] einmal [illegible], und es entglühte [illegible] das Herz des mantinäiſchen Jünglings. Als ſie geendet, [illegible] Blick auf den [illegible], und mit einem [illegible] Ach! [illegible] das Plektrum *) in den [illegible] Buſen. Nun unterbrach ſchmeichelnd Meliſſa das [illegible] Schweigen der [illegible]. [illegible] aller Gaſtfreund unſerer Brüder, daß du [illegible] meiner Schweſter nachahmeſt. Komm und ſpiele mit uns das Spiel der Diota. Er ließ ſich nicht zweimal bitten, und gab willig Ohren und Lippen den [illegible]. Zum erſtenmal ſpielte es die ſpröde Onikleia; aber ehe die Sonne ihre [illegible] Laufbahn vollendete, eh' ſich die Erde von neuem mit dem jungen Grüne des Lenzes ſchmückte, hatte ihr der gefällige Schäfer ein noch viel ſchöneres Spiel gelehrt, das ſie, aller Mühe ungeachtet, weder ihrer Schweſter noch ihren Geſpielinnen lehren konnte.

Skirophorion.**)

Die Zuſammenkunft.

Der blaſſe Mond ſchimmerte durch die runden Gipfel der Pinien; die Sterne der Mitternacht durchfunkelten die [illegible] fliehenden Gewölke; nur die lauen Winde krümmten die lieblich duftenden Myrthen, die graublätterigen Oelbäume und die mächtigen Ulmen, und der ſchäumende [illegible] ſtürzte ſein [illegible] Naß über ſchwarze Klüfte, durch hohe Farrenbüſchel in das krumme Thal tief hinab. Alles ſchlief, die Hirten und die Heerden, ſelbſt die wachſamen Hunde, die ſeufzenden Turteltauben, die Bienen in den Felſen und die geſchloſſenen Blumen; nur die zagende Liebe und die ſchwelgende Liebe wachten und glühten. —

Ja, ich muß ihn ſehen! Dein Haß, o Mutter, wird uns trennen, doch bleib' ich ihm treu, flüſterte weinend Mimo, und drückte einen leiſen Kuß auf die verſchloſſenen Wimpern der Mutter, und eine Thräne der Angſt fiel auf die betagte Stirne. Mimo ſtieg langſam von dem niedern Lager, und hüllte ſich in den [illegible] Nebenſchleier. Noch einmal blieb ſie, mit ſich ſelbſt kämpfend, vor der [illegible] ſtehen, und ſeufzte ganz leiſe: Ach! Mutter, könnten die Nymphen, die milden [illegible], dein Herz erweichen! — aber ſoll die [illegible], der göttlichen Seherinn, bedeutungsvolle Verheißung in Erfüllung gehn? — O gewiß, ſetzte ſie nach einer kurzen Pauſe hinzu, — gewiß, ſie wird in Erfüllung gehn. — und [illegible] Muthes, mit einem kräftigen Schritte trat ſie über die Schwelle und entſchlüpfte über die feucht bethaute Wieſe durch die [illegible] Hecken längs dem Walde. [illegible] von ihrem [illegible] Wagen herab; [illegible] der göttliche Knabe vor ihr [illegible] mit Schmuck und Wohlgerüchen den kühlen Thalweg übergießend, und Muth erfüllte das bange Gemüth der ſchamhaften Hirtinn, und ſie lächelte unſchuldig und unwiſſend hinauf zu den ſich ehrerbietig bückenden Lorbeern, und wähnte, es gälte ihr und nicht Eros, dem Allmächtigen. — Götter, was hebt mich, was trägt mich, was ſcheucht ſo plötzlich jede Furcht aus meinem Herzen! Und als wenn ſie beflügelt wäre, folgte ſie windesſchnell dem Lichte, dem Wohlgeruch und dem unwiderſtehlichen Götterruf, und ſank in den kühlen Schatten der Granatbäume und der Roſenbüſche, die die heilige Quelle der Nymphe umgürteten, athemlos, aber freudigträumend in das weiche Moos und die Nachtviolen. Aber der erſte Kuß ihres Evparchos weckte ſie ſchnell aus der kurzen Ohnmacht. Erſchreckt glitt ſie aus den Armen des ſchwarzlockigen Jünglings und verbarg ihr glühendes Geſicht in den Schatten des Heiligthums. Aber wer gab dir das Herz, Holde, Theure, der ſchaurigen Nachtzeit hieher zu ſchleichen? Minoe, wer leitete dich durch die leicht täuſchenden Irrwege des Waldes? Ach, ſprich; bringſt du mir vielleicht das letzte ſchmerzliche Lebewohl? Was ſchweigſt Du, reizendes Mädchen! Rede, wenn Du mich liebſt. — Laß mich beſinnen; weiß ich doch ſelbſt nicht, welche Wunderfackel mich hieher leitete. Ich wollte weinen, und kann es nicht; ich wollte Abſchied nehmen, und kann es nicht; ich wollte dir die Flöte meines Vaters bringen, und habe ſie vergeſſen. — Und ich wollte auch weinen, und kann es auch nicht; ich wollte mein letztes Urtheil hören, und zage nicht mehr: ich wagte, dir meine Leyer aus Schildkrötſchale und das Plektrum zu bringen; aber ich weiß ſelbſt nicht, warum ich ſie in der väterlichen Wohnung ließ. Gleich iſt unſere Stimmung, gleich unſer Vergeſſen, und gleich unſere Hoffnung. Aber thöricht wär' es, die ſüße Zeit zu verloſen. — Evparch ſprich nicht ſo, denn du weißt: heilig ſind die Quellen in den Schatten, die uns umgeben, und unbeſtraft bleiben gewiß nie hier zu gewagte Geſpräche. —

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*) Eigentlich ein Gefäß mit zwei Handhaben. Bei dem hier bezeichneten Spiele faßte man die Ohren deſſen, den man küßte.

**) Die Haarlocke an der Stirne, oder auf dem Scheitel.

*) Ein Inſtrument, die Saiten der Laute zu ſchlagen.

**) Der letzte [illegible] Monat.

Aber Minoe, kein Fuß betritt den friedlichen Ort, niemand wagt ſich zu dieſer heiligen Quelle; und ungeſtört —

Evparch, Evparch, laß mich nicht bereuen, was ich that; beleidige nicht meine ſich ſelbſt vergeſſende Treue. Sage dir, daß nur ein unbegreifliches Etwas mich bereden konnte, deinem ewigen Bitten und deinen Thränen nachzugeben. Ich entfliehe, wenn deine Heftigkeit mich länger erſchreckt. —

O! Minoe, winde dich nicht ſo ängſtlich aus meinen Armen. Iſt denn ein Kuß ein ſo großes Verbrechen! Fühle, wie heftig mein Herz pocht, und ſchmiege dich näher an deinen Freund. —

Ach! bey den mächtigen Nymphen! hörſt du nicht das Rauſchen in den Aeſten! —

Beym Eros! Liebchen, es iſt der kühle Hauch der Mitternacht, der durch die Aeſte flüſtert und [illegible] das Murmeln des nahen Baches die Wellen des entfernten Sees kräuſelt. Aber fürchte: der [illegible] kann doch die Gluth meiner Wangen nicht kühlen. —

Höre; ich bringe dir ein ſchweres Opfer. Erwacht meine Mutter, und ſucht ſie mich, und findet ſie mich, ſo bin ich verloren. Ich weiß, daß du mich liebſt. Ich glaube, daß mein Hierherkommen keine unreine Glut mit frecher Hoffnung nährt; aber, was giebt dir ein Recht, mich zu verführen und zu beleidigen! Höre; bewache den Eingang der heiligen Quelle. Ich will zu den heiligen Bildern der Wunderthätigen beten; ich will den Schauder überwinden. Leer ſind meine Hände; aber dort, die Göttinnen werden meine Gebete hören. —

Wohlan denn, einzig Geliebte! erwähle die Beſchützerinnen deiner Gebete; dann laß uns fliehen, denn leiſer athmet [illegible] den Thau der Wälder, wie du den Groll der Aeltern verdienſt. Gehe mit den Nymphen, und noch heute. —

Genug, Unerſättlicher! — Und die tugendhafte Hirtinn verſchwand in der Tiefe des Heiligthums, welches kein Männerfuß berühren darf. Er ſegnete ſie und ſeufzte ſehnend gen Himmel, und legte ſich ſorgend unter den gewölbten Granatbaum und die ſchwanken Platanen des Eingangs:

Furchtbar iſt der Nymphen Rache,
Sterbend ſank der freche Späher
In die reinen keuſchen Wellen,
Und die Wogen tobten lange.

Schnell erfolgt der Nymphen Strafe;
Blutend ſank die blaſſe Hirtinn
An dem Fuß der Wunderbilder,
Und die Stürme klagten lange.

Ehrt das Heiligthum der Nymphen,
Und bekränzt das Mahl, den Altar;
Opfert Milch, und färbt die Wogen
Mit dem Purpur zarter Lämmer.

Selig iſt der Nymphen Schutz;
Segnend iſt ihr mildes Walten.
Jungfrau'n, naht der kühlen Stelle,
Singt zum Murmeln heil'ge Lieder.

Evparch ſang mit milder, aber nicht zu tiefer Stimme; denn zarte Daunen kräuſelten ſich noch auf ſeinen [illegible] Wangen, und der Wiederklang der nahen Hügel wiederholte dreymal in geſchwächter Wiederkehr den klagenden Rhythmus des ländlichen Euphons. Da ſaß er, die Majaiſche*) Geſtalt kaum in den kurzen Mantel gehüllt, das kräftige Haupt ungeduldig und verliebt auf die Hand ſtützend. Plötzlich hörte er nahes Geſpräch, und ſchon wollte er unwillig den frevelhaften Horcher erſpähen, als aus der tiefen Nacht ungeſchleyert die ſchönſte der Arkadierinnen, die goldgelockte Minoe, ſanft lächelnd, aber traurig gefaßt hervortrat. Ehrerbietiger wie vorher blieb der hoffende Schäfer ſtehen. Die Worte fehlten ihm; und faſt nahm er ſie ſelbſt für die jüngſte der Göttinnen; auch hing über die geſcheitelten Stirnwellen ein langblättriger Schilfkranz herab, und in ihren zarten Fingern hielt ſie den dunkeln Saum ihres weichanſchließenden Gewandes. Schäfer, ſprach ſie ſchon aus der Ferne, ich opferte meinen Schleyer den Nymphen, breitete ihn über das Grab der frechen Neugierde, wo izt von braunem Byſſus umflattert, der Mond die Geſtalt des frevelnden Wunderſchäfers und die Roſen und die Granaten erleuchtet, die ich zur Sühne ausſtreuete. Dann betete ich, denn ich durfte jetzt den wunderthätigen Gebilden nahen. Dreymal beugte ich mich, die Stufen mit ſchaudernder Stirne berührend, nachdem ich mir mit der Fingerſpitze die Haare der Stirn und die Zöpfe des Nackens gelüftet. Himmliſche Stimmen tönten zwiſchen den vier Kiefernſäulen, die die Felſengrotte ſchließen und ſie zum Tempel wandeln. Es war keine Täuſchung. — Einer der Kränze, der über dem Eingang die hohe Frieſe zierte, und den die Jungfrauen der Weihe daſelbſt aufgehängt, löſte ſich von den flatternden Bändern und ſenkte ſich, als Zeichen der göttlichen Huld, auf meine tiefgebeugte Stirn. Evparch, ſieh' hier den ſchwarzen Kelch; ich ſchwur, nicht meine Mutter zu laſſen; meine Armuth und meinen Jammer ſtumm zu ertragen; dich ewig treu zu lieben, und mich dann . . . . Aber Minoe konnte den zu gewagten Eid nicht ausſprechen, denn ihre Mutter Lemone, und Evparchs Vater Akeſon, traten eben im Glanz aus dem Schatten der licht verwachſenen Platanen. Mit einem ängſtlichen Schrey barg die Schäferinn ihr reizendes, bleiches Geſicht an dem Buſen ihres verwegnen Geliebten. Doch ſchnell ſammelte ſie ſich, um wieder zu dem Heiligthum ihrer himmliſchen Beſchützerinnen zu fliehen. — Bleibe, bleibe, liebes Kind; die Fackel, die dich hieher geleitet, hat mich erweckt, rief die Mutter, auch ſie hat mich hieher geführt. Die Stimme der nämlichen Macht hat mich hieher gerufen, ſprach am Eingange des Heiligthums der fromme Akeſon. Die Stimme der Weiſſagung hat uns verkündet. Kommt, Kinder, ihr braucht nicht zu fliehen; kommt, Eros ſelbſt hat euch verbunden. Minoe und Evparch küßten die Nymphen und dankten aus frohem Herzen Eros und ihren Aeltern; und jetzt brauchen ſie nicht mehr ihr nächtliches Lager zu verlaſſen, um ſich zu finden.

Hekatombäon.**)

Die Kräuterſammlerinn.

Zaleukos, der reichſte der Hirten Arkadiens, war gegangen, in den wilden [illegible] kräuterreichen Thälern zu jagen, als ſeine Begleiterinn ihre Schuldigkeit thäten; und ſchon fünfmal hatte er vor dem Aufgang der Sonne die ſtillen Wälder durchwandert, und ſchon fünfmal die junge Agathellis Kräuter ſuchend angetroffen. Jetzt aber ſank die Sonne, ſchon hoch über den Glanzreichen Grotten, und die duftigen Ziegen kletterten längs den hohen Felſen des Thals, und noch immer war die holdgeſinnte Kräuterſammlerinn unſichtbar, und Zaleukos harrte noch immer ihres Kommens; denn er wollte die ſtille Jungfrau endlich fragen: warum ſie giftige Wolfsmilch und wunderthätigen Ciſtum und ungewöhnliches Nepenthes und krampfſtillendes Poa wähle, und Fenchel und Thymian, und alle die Wohlgerüche der Gefilde nicht eines Blicks würdige. Myrtas, der liebliche Singende, hatte ihm die Schäferinn genannt. Bey ſeinen Heerden, in ſeiner Nähe hatte ſie ausgeruht. Der Jüngling hatte ihr geholfen, die Pflanzen zu ſäubern und im kühlen Bache zu waſchen. Myrtas mußte Agathellis kennen; er mußte gewiß, was ſie mit den heilſamen Kräutern beginnen wollte. Zu ihm wollte er gehn und ihn wollte er fragen. Die Wieſen längs des Erymanthos, die Geſträuche, die die [illegible] Grotten beſchirmten, hatte er dem ſingenden Hirten angewieſen, um dort ſeine Ziegen zu weiden. Dort ging er alſo hin, gewiß, ihn dort zu finden. Da es ſchon heiß war, wand er ſich durch die engen ſchattigen Wege des Waldes, die zu den kühlen, tiefen Höhlen führten. Er folgte dem Rauſchen des Baches, hörte endlich die weittönende Stimme, und trat unter das [illegible], unter welchem nachläſſig hingegoſſen ſein munterer Ziegenhirt lag. Ehrerbietig ſtand der Knabe auf und [illegible] Erkiekas, der treue Vertheidiger der Ziegen, ſeinem Herrn entgegen. [illegible] Ich komme nicht, [illegible] Milch der eben gemolkenen Ziegen. [illegible] Sommers [illegible] In dieſem [illegible] *) [illegible] **), und hier in dem tiefen roth und ſchwarz bemahlten [illegible] ***) [illegible]. An den Wänden [illegible] Fenchel und [illegible] †) und [illegible] ††); auf den Blättern [illegible] †††) [illegible] *) und [illegible] **) [illegible] †) [illegible] ſeinen treuen Dienſt [illegible] Agathyllis [illegible] Sage, wenn du es weißt, was beginnt ſie hier in dieſem [illegible] ohne Heerde, ohne Begleiterinn? Erröthend antwortete alſo der [illegible] Jüngling: Agathyllis iſt arm, und ſie ſchweigt [illegible] vor dem Aufgang der Sonne [illegible], ſonſt verlieren die [illegible] Kräuter ihre wunderthätige Kraft. Oft bat ich ſie [illegible], zu ſprechen, und glaubte, ſie ſchmolle mit mir; aber immer bleibt ſie treu ihrem Gelübde, und ſelten verweilt ſie bei mir, ihrem Jugendgeſpielen, und das nur, wenn ich ihr Lieblingslied ſinge. Nun ſo ſinge es, guter Myrtas; vielleicht daß die geliebten Töne ſie hierher locken. Sie verließen die kühlen [illegible] Grotten, und der Hirte begann ſein Lied, nachdem ſich ſein Herr im Schatten der Platanen niedergeſetzt hatte.

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*) Majaiſch, dem Hermes ähnlich.

**) Der erſte Sommermonat.

Einſam ſind des Erymanthos Thäler,
Heil'ger Schauer zittert durch die Wipfel,
Gleitet längs der [illegible] ſchlanken Stämmen,
Lagert ſich in langgeſtreckten Schatten
Ueber Büſche, über ſchwanke Gräſer,
Häuft am Felſen längs den Waſſerfällen
Und belebt das Murmeln heil'ger Quellen.

Sanfter Friede herrſcht im Thal und Höhen
In der Kühle [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
„[illegible]
„Kann allein dem Herz den Frieden geben!“

Aber umſonſt hatte Myrtas geſungen, [illegible] — und deine Freundinn, nachdem ſie alles verkauft, weiß nun nicht, wie ſie die letzte [illegible] — [illegible] Agathyllis [illegible] und die alte Mutter erzählte ihnen [illegible]: Agathyllis [illegible] Wär' ich nicht ſo arm, ſo brächte ich Hygiea und dem Genius des Erymanthos ein Opfer. — [illegible] — da ſah ſie, daß ihre Tochter [illegible] in des Fremden Armen lag, der aus Freude den ſchweren Beutel auf die Erde fallen ließ. Sie iſt nicht mehr Arme, nicht mehr [illegible] Ein [illegible] der drei Hütten am See, und Hygiea und die Erymanthiſchen Nymphen, Hymen und Eros blickten ſegnend auf die hingebrachten Opfer.

Kornelius Hermann von Ayrenhoff

ward im Jahre 1733 zu Wien geboren, diente ſeit ſeiner Jugend in der öſterreichiſchen Armee, avancirte bis zum k. k. Feldmarſchall-Lieutenant (1794), ward ſpäter in Ruheſtand verſetzt und ſtarb am 14. Auguſt 1819 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Schon früh beſchäftigte er ſich mit dramatiſchen Arbeiten und verfaßte eine Reihe von Luſt- und Trauerſpielen, welche theils einzeln, theils in folgenden Sammlungen gedruckt wurden:

Dramatiſche Unterhaltungen eines k. k. Officiers. Wien, 1772. (enthält: Aurelius, der Poſtzug, Hermanns Tod, die große Batterie, Antiope und einzelne dramaturgiſche und hiſtoriſche Abhandlungen.)

Sämmtliche Werke. Vier Bände. Wien und Leipzig, 1789. gr. 8.

Sämmtliche Werke. Neue verbeſſerte und vermehrte Auflage in ſechs Bänden. Wien, 1803. Mit dem Bildniß des Verfaſſers. (Dieſe Sammlung umfaßt Aurelius, Hermanns Tod, Tumelikus, Antiope, Kleopatra und Antonius, Virginia, ſämmtlich Trauerſpiele; der Poſtzug, die gelehrte Frau, alte Liebe roſtet wohl, die große Batterie, Erziehung macht den Menſchen, die Freundſchaft der Weiber nach der Mode, Maſkeraden, Alceſte, ſämmtlich Luſtſpiele; kleine Gedichte und Erzählungen, einzelne Abhandlungen; Briefe über Italien u. ſ. w.)

Sämmtliche Werke, herausgegeben von von Meyer. Wien, 1817. 6 Bde. — Hier findet ſich die unten angeführte Autobiographie wieder abgedruckt.

Kleine Gedichte. N. A. Wien, 1816.

Trauerſpiele. N. A. Wien, 1817. 2 Thle.

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*) Gefäße mit doppelter Handhabe.

**) Maulbeeren.

***) Kleinere Schalen.

†) Eine wohlriechende Pflanze.

††) Trauben.

†††) Safran.

*) Hirſe.

**) Eine Grasart, welche mit der Schwade Aehnlichkeit hat und als Nahrungsmittel im Alterthum diente.

†) Bogen.

v. Ayrenhoff war durchaus nicht ohne dramatiſches Talent, aber er beharrte eigenſinnig bei dem Wahn, die Regeln der franzöſiſchen Tragödie ſeyen allein dem deutſchen Trauerſpiele angemeſſen, und behandelte daſſelbe ſtets nur ſo, wie es früher Johann Elias Schlegel, von Cronegk u. A. behandelt hatten, und ſuchte den neuen großartigen Geſchmack, der die Herrſchaft über die deutſche Bühne gewonnen hatte, durch Lehre und Beiſpiel auf das Entſchiedenſte zu bekämpfen: was ihm jedoch ſo wenig gelang, daß er zuletzt ganz allein da ſtand wie ein Licht, das noch am Tage fortbrennt, weil man es auszulöſchen vergeſſen. Ueberwindet man die ſteife veraltete Form ſeiner Tragödien, ſo wird man hinter derſelben noch manches Lobenswerthe und vorzüglich einen ausgezeichneten Dialog, jedoch wenig Ergreifendes finden. In ſeinen Luſtſpielen herrſcht Witz und Munterkeit, wodurch ſie zu ihrer Zeit mehr oder weniger (beſonders der Poſtzug oder die nobeln Leidenſchaften, eine launige und treffende, obwohl etwas derbe Satyre) gefielen; doch ſind ſie bereits gänzlich von der Bühne verſchwunden. —

Vgl. Ayrenhoff's Schreiben an J. F. von Retzer über einige ſeiner militäriſchen und literariſchen Begebenheiten. Wien, 1810.

Berliner Monatsſchrift, 1811. October. S. 241.

Jakob Ayrer.

Ueber Ayrer's Lebensumſtände iſt weiter nichts Gewiſſes bekannt, als daß er Notar und Gerichtsprokurator in Nürnberg war, in der letzten Hälfte des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts blühte und, wie Tieck meint, wahrſcheinlich bis gegen 1618 lebte. Luſt und Neigung führten ihn der dramatiſchen Poeſie zu, welche damals in Deutſchland noch ſehr in den Windeln lag und von ihm einen Schritt weiter gefördert wurde. Seine Komödien und Tragödien erſchienen nach ſeinem Tode geſammelt unter dem Titel:

> **Opus thaeatricum (sic)** dreißig ausbündige ſchöne Comedien und Tragedien von allerhand denkwürdigen Römiſchen Hiſtorien u. ſ. w. Samt noch andern ſechs und dreißig ſchönen luſtigen und kurzweiligen Faſtnacht oder Poſſen Spielen, durch weiland den Erbarn und wolgelährten Herrn Jacobum Ayrer, Notarium publicum u. ſ. w. Nürnberg, 1618. Folio. (1262 Seiten mit geſpaltenen Columnen.)

und ſind außerordentlich ſelten. Außerdem erſchien noch von ihm bei ſeinen Lebzeiten:

> Hiſtoriſcher Proceſſus Juris, in welchem ſich Lucifer über Jeſum u. ſ. w. auf das allerheftigſte beklaget, darinnen ein ganzer ordentlicher Proceß von anfang der Citation bis auff das Endurtheil inclusive in erſter und anderer Inſtanz u. ſ. w. durch Jacob Ayrern beyder Rechten Doctorem und Advocatum in Nürnberg. Frankfurt a. M. 1601. Folio.

ein ebenfalls ſelten gewordenes Buch, welches die rechtlichen Akten eines Proceſſes des Teufels gegen Chriſtus enthält, weil dieſer ihm die Hölle zerſtörte.

Ayrer bildete ſich ohne Zweifel nach Hans Sachs, aber er ging weiter als dieſer und iſt der Erſte, welcher deutſche [illegible] und höchſt wahrſcheinlich auch Luſtſpiele dichtete. Er iſt voll Phantaſie, reich an komiſcher Laune, aber zu ſehr von ſeiner Zeit befangen, mitunter platt und roh und ſelten im Stande, den Stoff zu bewältigen. Seine Luſtſpiele ſind ihm am Meiſten gelungen und zeigen hin und wieder, wenn auch nur flüchtige Charakterzeichnung. Seine Erfindungen ſind zu Zeiten wahrhaft glücklich.

Vgl. Tieck's deutſches Theater. Berlin, 1817. 2 Thle., wo ſich fünf Stücke von Ayrer abgedruckt finden. —

Ein Faßnacht-Spil,
von dem
Engelendiſchen Jann Poſſet,
wie er ſich in dienſten verhalten, mit acht Perſonen, in des Rolandts Thon.*)

Die Perſonen in das Spil.

Jann Poſſet.
Herr Emerich, der alt Mann.
Herr Friderich, der reich [illegible].
Dietrich } zwen Trabanten.
Heinrich }
Ela, deß Jannen Weib.
Rolandt, deß Jannen Vatter.
Willanda, ſein Mutter.

Rolandt geht ein mit Willanda, ſeinem Weib in Bauers Kleidern und ſagt.

1.

Ach ſoll ich mit dir klagen
Von Jannen unſerm Sohn?
Der thut ſich ſo hart klagen,
Der will fürzumb davon;
Er will nicht bey uns bleiben
Sonder verdingen ſich,
Will lernen leſen und ſchreiben
Habe Glück, wie dünckt dich?

2.

Willanda.

Er iſt nun bey ſein Jaren,
Wenn er nicht bleiben will,
So laß den lecker faren,
Er tügt ins haus mit vil,
Dann er arbeit nit gern,
[illegible]
Sein kan ich wol entraten,
Biß er wider heimkumb.

Jann Poſſet geht ein, tregt ſein Bündel an ein [illegible] und ſagt.

3.

Lieber Vatter, ich will wandern,
Mag nicht mehr auf Arbeit [illegible],
[illegible] ſagt auch die andern,
Ich will in die Stadt hnein,
Mir ſuchen einen Herrn
Der mir gibt einen Lohn,
Und mich thut etwas lehren,
Dar bleibe ich gnug bey.

Rolandt.

4.

Du biſt ein fauler Bengel,
Drumb weiß der mir [illegible],
Ich meint du hättſt kein mangel

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*) Aus: Ludwig Tieck, deutſches Theater. Th. 1.

In deines Vatters hauß;
Kanſt du aber nicht bleiben
Solſt du wiſſen von mir,
Ich will dir den Buckl reiben,
Du ſolſts empfinden ſchir.

Jann.

5.

Fürwar, alhie ſo bleib ich nicht,
Ir ſeit ein grober Baur,
Ir habt ein ſtrenges Angeſicht,
Und ſecht ſchellig und ſaur;
So iſt die Mutter ungeſchaffen,
[illegible] gar [illegible] her,
Rumpelt gleich wie die Affen,
Und brummet als wie ein Beer.

Willanda.

6.

Ach du leichtfertiger Buller,
Weiſt mich ſo machen auß!
Du biſt ein fauler Gallen,
Pack dich halt aus mein hauß,
Mit dir mag ich nicht balgen;
Wenn ir nicht bleiben wilt
So troll dich nauß an Galgen,
Demnach es mir gleich gilt.

(Jann will fortgehn, ſein Vater iſt zornig.)

Rolandt.

7.

Wart, Lecker, thu vor hinein;
Ich will dirs trencken ein,
Und dich vor lernen ehren
Vatter und Mutter dein,
Das nimm zu einer letzung mit,
Pack dich zum Teuffel heut,
Dann wenn du ſchon nit bleibeſt nit,
Hab ich dennoch gnug [illegible].

(Er ſchlegt in ab, und gehn alle ab.)

Kummt Herr Emerich.

8.

Ich bin fürwar ein alter Mann
Und gar übel zu fuß,
Ein Knecht den will ich nemen an
Der auff mich warten muß,
Im Hauß und auff der Gaſſen,
Dieweil die Haußfrau mein
Mich nicht allein will laſſen
Alſo gehn auß und ein.

Jann Poſſet geht ein, Herr Emerich.

9.

Schaut dort kummt hergegangen
Ein Knecht, den nimm ich an,
Will in gehn bald empfangen:

(Er geht zu im.)

Was ſeid ir für ein Mann?
Ein Knecht den ſolt ich dingen,
Der thet warten auff mich;
Wilt du dich laſſen zwingen,
Darff ich annemen dich.

Jann.

10.

Ja wiſt, ich kumm geloffen rein,
Von einem Dorff drey Meil,
Von Rolandten dem Vatter mein,
Bey dem ich wart ein weil,
Von dem ich nichts kunt lernen.
Und kumm her in die Stadt
Halt ir mich nun in ehren,
So finden wir hie Rat.

11.

Auch will ich gern ſein ewer Knecht,
Wenn ir mich dingen wolt,
Thue euch auch als verrichten recht,
Jedoch ir mir auch ſolt
Als was ich hab zuſchaffen
Schreiben auff einen Brieff,
Und ſorgt mich auch [illegible] ſtraffen,
Wenn ichs nicht als wol trieff.

Herr Emerich.

12.

Was ſoll ich dir lang ſchreiben?
Thu halt was ich dir heiß,
So kanſt du bey mir bleiben,
Wann du es thuſt mit fleiß,
Du muſt halt auff mich warten
Und all Handreichunck than,
Mich führen in mein Garten,
Und was ich dir zeig an.

Jann.

13.

Weil ich vor nicht bin gweſt alhie
Und gedint in der Stadt,
Den gebrauch auch erfahren nie
Was es für Arbeit hat,
So laſt euch nicht ſchwer fallen für
Zumachen mir ein Brieff,
Das ihs als hab geſchrieben bey mir,
Und mich nicht vbergrieff;

14.

Ich bin gar ein vergeſſner Mann,
Wenn man mir ſagt zuvil
Ich es fürwar nicht mercken kan,
Jedoch ich als thon will,
Was man mir wird auffſchreiben,
Mein Herr verſuchts mit mir.

Herr Emerich.

Nun ſo thu bey mir bleiben,
Ich will dirs ſchreiben für.

15.

So geh halt in die Stuben nein
Und foder ein Schreibzeug,
Denſelben trag zu mir herein
So beſchreib ich dirs gleich,
Waſtu halt zuſchaffen bey mir:
Kummſt du denſelben nach,
So bin ich zufriden mit dir
Izund und mein lebtag.

Jann (neigt ſich und geht ab. Kummt bald wider bringt ein Feurzeug).

16.

Alhie bring ich den Feurzeug euch,
Wie ir den habt begert.

Herr Emerich.

Ey nein, ich mein ein Schreibzeug,
Du haſt nicht recht gehört,
Ein Schreibzeug bring mit Dinten,
Daß ich kan ſchreiben dir,
Geh nein du wirſt in finden,
Und bring denſelben mir.

(Er geht wider ab, zeicht den Hut ab, kummt bald wider, bringt einen Krug.)

17.

Ach mein Herr da habt ir den Krug,
Dieweil ir trincken wölt,
Da trincket euch halt eben gnug,
So vil als euch gefelt.

Emerich.

Wie biſt du ſo unbeſunnen!
Duch haſt nicht gſuchet recht,
Sonſt haſt gnug Dinten gfunnen.

(Jann will gehn.)

Emerich.

Er hör, noch eins, mein Knecht!

18.

Wenn du die Dinten bringen thuſt,
So bring ſie mit herein,
Daben du mir auch bringen muſt
Ein Federn tragen rein.
So will ich dir auffſchreiben
Was ich mit dir hab gredt.

Jann.

Ich will nicht lang außbleiben,
Bald kommen an der ſtet.

(Er geht ab.)

Emerich.

19.

Daß iſt ein rechter Knecht für mich
Vnd für die Frauen mein,
Für gar frumm ich jn zwar anſich:
Dort kummt er gleich herein,
Er thut die Dinten tragen,
Drumb hört mir alle zu
Was der gut geſell wird ſagen
Wenn ich jetzt ſchreiben thu.

Jann (geht ein, tregt ein Schreibzeug in der ein Hand, und in der andern ein lange Hanenfedern).

20.

Seht da, Herr, dieſen Schreibzeug,
Die ſchicket euch die Fraw,
Auch ſchicket ſie die Federn euch.

Emerich.

Du grober Dillderp, ſchau,
Was ſoll doch dieſe Federn mir?
Man kan nit ſchreiben mit;
Der Federn baß geziemet dir!

(Er ſteckt Jannen die Federn auff.)

Jann.

Ach, mein Herr, zürnet nit.

Herr Emerich.

21.

So geh bald wider reinwarts du,
Vnd bring ein Federn mir,
So richt ich dir dein bſtallung zu,
Auch bring mir ein Papir,
So kan ich darauff ſchreiben,
Was du muſt richten auß.

Jann (geht ab und ſingt)

Ich will nicht lang auß bleiben
Sonder bald kommen rauß.

Jann

(geht bald wider ein, bringt ein Spulfedern und ein Glaß mit Bier)

22.

Herr, Herr, jtzt kumm ich wider rein,
Bring ein Feder mit mir,
Eur Fraw hat mir auch erſt geſchenckt ein
Dieſes friſch Glaß mit Bier,
Das ſolt jr von mir haben
Wenn es euch ſchmecken thut,
Eur Hertz damit zu laben
Vnd haben ein guten muth.

Herr Emerich.

23.

Du muſt ein ſeltzamer Vogl ſein,
Ich ſandt dich nach Papir;
So bringſtu mir zu trincken rein,
Geh nein, heiß geben dir
Ein Papir drauff zu ſchreiben,
Vnd thu der Sachen recht,
Sonſt kanſt nicht bey mir bleiben
Du Einfeltigs Knecht.

(Er geht ab.)

Emerich.

24.

Was ſoll ich mit dem Narrn thun?
Ich glaub er hat nicht gehört,
Was ich jm heut befohlen han,
So hat er allzeit
Dafür ein widerwertigs bracht,
Das er mich gleich verdrieſt,
Wenn ers je ja nit anderſt macht
So wird er abgeweiſt.

Jann (geht ein, bringt Papier gibts ſeim Herrn).

25.

Ach Herr, habts nicht für vbel mir,
Ich kan leſen noch nicht,
Von euch will ichs noch lernen ſchir
Wenn jr michs vnterricht,
Darumb ſolt jr auffſchreiben
Was ich bey euch ſoll than,
Bey euch ſo will ich bleiben,
Vnd als thun was ich kan.

Der Herr (ſchüttelt den Kopf, ſchreibt).

26.

Das hab ich all mein lebtag
Keim Diener nie gethan,
So thun und halte dich darnach,
Nimb dich mein Dienſts an,
Wenn Du das nicht verrichten
So ich aufgſchriben dir,
So hilfft es dir mit nichten
Du bleibſt nicht lang bey mir

Herr Emerich (gibt jm den Brief, und ſingt).

27.

Nun ſo kumm mit mir nein ins Hauß,
So red ich mehr mit dir
Was du auch haſt zurichten auß —

(der alt fellt nider)

O mein Knecht, hilff du mir,
Ein ſchwindel iſt mir gangen zu,
Gar hart ich gfallen bin.
Darumb thu mir auffhelffen du
Ich weiß ſonſt nicht wo hin.

Jann.

28.

Ach Herr, ſeit doch gedultig,
Vnd laſts vor ſehen mich
Ob ich es auch ſey ſchuldig,
Das euch auffhebe ich,
Weil ich nicht hab vernommen
Das auch in mein gheding
Das auffheben ſey kommen,
Wenn ich mit euch aufging.

(Der alt ſteht allein auff mit großer mühe. Jann lacht.)

Emerich.

29.

Du biſt zwar ein vertrawter Knecht,
Doch ſtell ich mich mit dir,
Vnd wenn dus mir nicht machſt recht,
Schlag ich dich mit der Thür
Fürs gſiß, und laß dich lauffen,
Darmit ich alle Tag
Deins gleich in gantzen hauffen,
Gar wol bekommen mag.

Jann (ſchlegt die Arm vnder, ſteht traur).

30.

Ach Herr, ich will es nimmer thun,
Habt mir nur das für gut.

Herr Emerich.

Du ſolſt dein weiblich nacher gahn
Vnd abgeben dein hut,
Ein wenig Gſchicht lehren,
Du biſt alt gnug darzu.

Jann.

Ja, ich will mich bekehren
Was jr mir ſchafft ich thu.

(Sie gehn ab.)

Kummen all bed wider, Herr Emerich (tregt ein Schüſſel mit Birn, gits ſeinem Jannen)

31.

Sich in der ſind die Biren
Die jr dem [illegible] ſolt,
Thu nichts darvon verlieren,
[illegible], ich [illegible] ſie im [illegible],
Ob ſie er nicht verſchmehen,
Zu gutem nemen an,
Darmit ſo kan er ſehen
Was newer frucht ich han.

(Der alt geht wider ab.)

Jann (ſingt wider bey ſich ſelber)

32.

O Jann, wenn dich der Biren
Etwan thet glüſten an,
Vnd du liſt dich verfüren, —
O nein! ich wils nicht thun!

(Er beſicht ſie.)

Aber, was könt es ſchaden,
Wenn ichs ſchon heimlig freß!
Wer wolt mir das verrathen!

(Er beißt in eine.)

Sie ſeind dennoch nicht böß

33.
O Jann, du wilt es wagen,
Den Piren ſprechen zu!
Weils doch niemand thůt ſagen
Wie vil ich iſſern thu,
Will ich mich ſchon ergötzen,
Mir freſſen Piren gnug,
Will mich da niderſetzen,
Da hab ich guten fug.

Jann (ſetzt ſich, friſt vil Piren, geht dann ab, kummt bald wider, und bringt nur ein Piren).

34.
Ach ſagt mir, hab ich unrecht thon!
Ein Piren hab ich noch,
Die andern hab ich gfreſſen ſchon,
Ich meint es kent ſich doch
Herr Fridrich wol verſuchen
Wenn er noch eine hat,
Mein Herr wird aber fluchen
Wenn mich einer verrath.

Friderich (geht ein).

35.
Sich, Jann, was wilt du machen hie
So frue vor meinem Hauß?
Da hab ich dich noch gſehen nie;
Wo wilt du erſt hinaus?

Jann (zieht ſein Hütlein ab).
Ach, mein Herr, ſoll ich ſagen,
Mein Herr der ſchicket mich
Zu euch die Piren zu tragen,
Das will außrichten ich.

36.
Mein Herr der laßt euch ſagen
Daß dieſe Piren gleich
Ein junger Baum hat tragen,
Und hat ſie gſchicket euch,
Dieſelben zu verſuchen.

Herr Friderich.
Hat das dein Herr gethan,
So ſoll man in verfluchen
Den ungetreuen Mann,

37.
Drumb geh, ſag deinem alten,
Weil er nichts ſchicken mir
Als die, ſoll ers auch bhalten,
Doch will mich dünken ſchir
Der Piren ſeind mehr geweſen,
Drum zeig die wahrheit an:
Haſt du ſie ſelber gfreſſen?

Jann.
Der groß Luſt hats gethan.

Herr Friderich.

38.
Wie biſt du mit umbgangen,
Daſſelbig zeig du mir!

Jann.
Thut mir die Piren verlangen
So ſolts bald ſehen ir.

(Er friſt die Piren.)

Wie ich jetzt fahr der Piren mit,
Hab ich in allen than.

Herr Friderich.
Du Lecker, ſo ſchend dich der rit,
Ich zeigs deim Herren an.

(Er geht ab.)

Jann.

39.
Wenn das nicht will emperen
So ſey es wenn du wilt,
Hat mich mein Herr nicht geren
Es mir fürwar gleich gilt,
So will ich mich umbſchaun
Ob ich vielleicht bekumm
Ein ſchöne junge Frauen
Und iſt mir nichts darumb.

(Er geht ab.)

Ela (geht ein, tregt ein Korb).

40.
Ach, wie hab ich ſo ubel gethan,
Wo hab ich hingedacht?
Ich hab mir gnommen einen Mann,
Der mich ſchir doricht macht,
Wann er thut ſich ſtets ſtellen
Als ſey er nicht bey ſinn,
Henckt ſich an loß Geſellen
Drob ich gar zornig bin.

41.
Ich thet im ſchon offt ſagen,
Weil er ir nicht abſtaun,
So wolt ich in erſchlagen,
Doch laßt er nicht davon.
Laßt ſich der gſelln verfüren,
Drumb will verſuchen ich,
Und will im jetzt erzürnen,
Ob er thu fürchten mich.

Jann (geht ein mit ſeiner Stangen).

42.
Er grüß dich Gott, mein liebe Frau,
Wo wiltu ſo frü nauß?

Ela.
Ich rath dirs zwar, wir nicht vertrau
Wilt du ſo bleiben auß
Kan ich dirs nicht vertragen,
Ich brock alls mit dir ein,
Ich will dirs Maul zerſchlagen,
Daß du ſolt dencken mein.

Jann (neigt ſich).

43.
Gnad Frau, ich wills es nimmer than,
Sonder euch ghorſam ſein.

Ela (wirft den Korb für im nider).
Sih, Laſt, ſo faß den Korb bald an,
Und was ich kauffe ein
Das muſt du mir heimtragen,
Darumb mir bald nach tritt,
Ich will dirs Maul zerſchlagen.

Jann.
Ir, Frau, umb gnad ich bitt.

Die Frau
(geht vor, ſtützt die Arm unter, ſicht in einmal umb).

44.
Die Arm ſolſt unterſtützen
Und wacker naher gahn,
Werd dich ſunſt ins gſicht ſchmitzen.

(**Ela** ſchlegt in an Hals.)

Jann.
Gnad frau, will ichs doch than,
Denn ich fürcht euer taſchen
Ich ſeim und haipel ab,
Auch will ich geren waſchen,
Daß ich euer huld nur hab.

Ela.

45.
Ich rath dirs auch, du ſolſt es than,
Wilt du ungſchlagen ſein,
Haſt ein Maien die ſchmecken kan,
So gib dich nur darein.

(Sie ſchlegt in wider. Er weind.)

Du biſt im Ehliche Orden
Von dem Knechtſtand
Zu einem Märtrer worden,
Das thut dir etwas ande.

Sie gehn mit einander herumb, wie oben angezeigt, endlich gehn ſie ab.

Kummen Dietrich und Heinrich, zwen Trabanten.

Dietrich.

46.
Ach, ich hab hören ſagen,
Jannen Weib rhüme ſich
Wie ſie ſo offt thu ſchlagen
Iren Mann, der taurt mich,

Wie wenn wir ſie bereden
Deß Königlich Maieſtat
Ir ernſtlich botten hette
Bey hochſter vngenat,

47.

Soll ir Mann ir Herr ſein im Hauß
Vnd ſie jm nichtes thon!

(Jann vnd ſein Weib kommen, er tregt den Korb, geht jr nach.)

Heinrich.

Schau da kummen ſie beede rauß
Den wöll wirs zeigen an.

Ela (ſagt zu Jannen).

Wolſt du den Korb nicht tragen,
Haſt mir die Tauben verlorn,
Wolt ich dir den Korb ſchlagen
Weidlich zwiſchen die ohrn.

(Sie nimmt jhm den Korb von der Stangen, gibt jhn den an Arm, bald ſchlegt ſie jn an den Kopff, die Trabanten lauffen zu, reiſſen ſie von jhm.)

Heinrich.

48.

Ey, mein El, thu ein wenig gmach,
Schlag dein Mann nicht ſo hart,
Ich will dir ſagn ein andere ſach:
Beym König iſt es angebracht,
Daß in der Statt die Frauen
Seind gern Herren im Hauß,
Das will er nicht zuſchauen
Hats verbotten durchauß.

49.

Darumb will ich dir ſagen
Faß du den Korb ſelbſt an,
Vnd thu jn ſelbſt heim tragen,
Laß den Jannen ſein Mann,
Vnd tritt hinder jm here,
Wilt du das haben nicht
So felt es dir gar ſchwere,
Mit dem Schwerdt wirſt du gricht.

Ela (nimmt den Korb).

50.

Hat denn der König ſonſt nichts zu thun,
Als das er denckt an mich!
Das Mandat ich nicht halten kan.

Jann (reiſt jr die Schlüſſel und Beutel von der ſeiten).

So bſcheiß der Teuffel dich!
Gib mir die Schlüſſel vnd Beutel her,
Vnd tritt züchtig nach mir!

(Er ſtürzt die Arm vnder, ſie auch, gehn alſo rumb, die Trabanten lachen, vnd Ela ſingt.)

Ach, wie felt mir die ſach ſo ſchwer.
Der Teuffel bſcheiſt mich mit dir.

Jann.

51.

Ir Königlich Trabanten,
Wie gfall ich euch jetzund!
Ich bin auß forcht vnd ſchanden
Erloſt auff dieſe ſtundt,
Darumb ſo ſeit geladen
Zu einer Collation,
Ohn beeder euren ſchaden;
Jetzund bin ich ein Mann!

(Er ſicht ſich nach der Frawen vmb, gibt jr eins an Kopff.)

52.

Gelt, Frau, du muſt wider büſſen
Was du mir haſt gethan!
Ich habs auch lang leiden müſſen.

Ela.

Du biſt ein loſer Mann,
Laß nur wegk kommen dein gſellen,
Vnd ſich dann was ich thu.

Dietrich.

Darnach wir vns einſtellen,
Wann die Nacht geht herzu.

(Sie gehn ab die Trabanten, Ela würfft im den Korb wider für.)

53.

Das Gebot ich nicht halten kan,
Koſts das leben mir:
Sich da, faß den Korb wider an
Ehe ich dich auch abſchmir,
Daß alle Engel lachen,
Weil dein gſellen wegk ſein!

(Sie reiſt im den Beutel auß den Händen, ſchlegt ihn damit uber die lend.)

Jann.

Ey Frau, was wilt du machen,
Ich bitt ſchon mein vnd dein;

54.

Vnd wirſt du das lang treiben
Will ich dich verklagen
Daß du noch Herr wilſt bleiben.

Ela.

Will dich noch beſſer zwagen,
Dich dein Maul lernen halten
Vnd mir gehorſam ſein.

(Sie ſchlegt jn zu boden, ſitzt ober jm, vnd ſchmirt jn weidlich ab.)

Jann.

Das muß der Teuffel walten!
O helfft, jr Nachbaurn mein!

(Heinrich vnd Dietrich die zwen Trabanten lauffen ein.)

Heinrich.

55.

Ach Jann, ſag mir, was ſoll das ſein,
Was machſt vnder dem Weib?

Jann.

Da wehr ich mich der Frauen mein
Von leben vnd von leib,
Wie mir Einhalb gebüret,
Denn het ich das nit than,
Sie het mich abgeſchmiret.

(Sie reiſſen ſie von einander.)

Dietrich.

Das iſt nicht recht, wolan,

56.

Solts der König erfahren,
Das koſtet dir dein leib,
Weil doch in langen Jaren
Nie war kein böſers Weib,
Das jren Mann thet ſchlagen
Vnd ſo vbel tractiern.

Ela.

Was thu ich darnach fragen!
Ich will euch beed abſchmirn;

(Sie ſpringt auf ſchlegt die beede Trabanten mit jrem Mann ab.)

57.

Also habt jr vernommen,
Wie ein jungs Weib allein
In der ſchlacht vberkommen
Hat ſich gewehret ſein
Dreyer Männer wol einmal;
Darumb wer freyen will
Vnd nicht kommen in pein vnd qual
Der lug auf dem ſeil;

58.

Das er jm nemm ein ſolches Weib,
Die ehr vnd tugent kan,
Das er bey jr zufriden bleib,
Nicht als wie ein Mann,
So beſteht ſein Haußhalten,
Ein frummes Weib iſt ein Ehr,
Bey der man kan wol alten,
Daß dhalt zu einer lehr.

Joſeph Maria Babo,

nach Anderm Franz Maria und Franz Marius von B., ward am 14. Januar 1756 zu Ehrenbreitſtein geboren, widmete ſich den Studien der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, erhielt anfangs das Amt eines Profeſſors der Aeſthetik zu München, wurde dann 1793 Studiendirector der Militärakademie und geheimer Secretär, 1799 Büchercenſurrath, Intendant und Kameralcommiſſär des deutſchen Theaters daſelbſt und in der Folge Ritter des baieriſchen Civilverdienſtordens. — Er ſtarb am 5. Januar 1822 zu München, folgende Schriften hinterlaſſend:

Arno. Ein milit. Drama. Frankfurt und Leipzig (Augsburg), 1777.
Das Winterquartier in Amerika. München, 1778.
Oda oder die Frau von zween Männern. München, 1782.
Die Römer in Deutſchland. Trauerſpiel. München, 1779. Frankenthal, 1780. Coblenz, 1782.
Kora und Alonzo. Ein Melodrama. München, 1780.
Otto von Wittelsbach. Trauerſp. München, 1782, N. A. 85, 1808.
Die Maler, ein Luſtſpiel. München, 1783.
Das Fräulein Wolerzogen, ein Luſtſp. München, 1783.
Dagobert. Trauerſp. München, 1787.
Die Strelitzen. Schauſpiel. Frkft. und Leipz. 1790. N. A. Berl. 1793.
Bürgerglück. Luſtſp. Berlin, 1792.
Der Frühling. Vorſpiel. München, 1799.
Schauſpiele. Berlin, 1793. 1. Bd. (Otto von Wittelsbach, die Strelitzen, Bürgerglück enthaltend.)
Neue Schauſpiele. Berlin, 1804. 1. Bd. (Der Puls, Genua und Rache enthaltend.)
Gemälde aus dem Leben der Menſchen. Erzähl. München, 1784.

Babo widmete ſich vorzüglich der dramatiſchen Poeſie, ohne eigentlichen wahren dichteriſchen Beruf zu haben. Was ſich mit Verſtand, Scharfblick und Gewandtheit allein leiſten läßt, das hat er erreicht, aber er wird nirgends den Zuſchauer ergreifen und fortreißen, da es ihm an wahrer Begeiſterung fehlt, und überall die kühle, nüchterne Berechnung der Mittel, durch welche der theatraliſche Effect hervorgebracht werden ſoll, nur zu deutlich durchblickt. Sein glücklichſtes Werk iſt das Trauerſpiel Otto von Wittelsbach; eine gelungene Nachahmung jener Art und Weiſe, zu welcher Göthe durch ſeinen großartigen Götz von Berlichingen den Ton angegeben und eine Schaar von Nachfolgern erweckt hatte, unter denen Babo allerdings eben durch dieſe Leiſtung den erſten Rang behauptet. Das Anſprechende des vaterländiſchen Stoffes und die geſchickte ſceniſche Behandlung, verbunden mit dem Umſtande, daß die Titelrolle ſelbſt oft und viel eine Glanzparthie bedeutender Schauſpieler (wie z. B. in neueſter Zeit Eßlair's) wurde, erhielten es lange auf der Bühne, auf welcher es noch jetzt dann und wann erſcheint und unter Verhältniſſen, wie die eben angedeuteten, gern geſehen wird. Zur Zeit ſeines erſten Erſcheinens fand es daher großen Beifall, ſo daß ſelbſt der fein blickende Engel ſich deſſelben bediente, wo es ihm darum zu thun war, in ſeiner Mimik praktiſche Nachweiſungen zu geben. — Ueberhaupt fand man in jenen Tagen an B's dramatiſchen Leiſtungen viel Gefallen, doch dauerte dieſes nicht lange, und ſie mußten bald neuen beſſeren Erſcheinungen den Platz räumen. Als die gelungenſten unter denſelben ſind vorzüglich die Strelitzen und das Luſtſpiel, der Puls, zu betrachten. — Als Erzähler iſt B. unbedeutend. —

In des Kaiſers Gemach *).

Philipp, Artenberg.

Philipp (liegt auf einem Ruhebette).

Das iſt recht gut, daß der Arzt eine Aderläſſe nöthig fand; man wird nun gewiß glauben, daß eine plötzliche Unpäßlichkeit mir zugeſtoßen ſey.

Artenberg.

Ein plötzlich's Schrecken macht immer eine Aderläſſe nöthig.

Philipp.

Meynſt du, man hätte bemerkt, daß ich bey ſeinem Anblick erſchrak?

Artenberg.

Man ſah' deutlich, wie Ihr erblaſſet und zu zittern anfinget, als hätte euch ein ſchauerlicher Unhold am Wort gefaßt. Euer Erſchrecken kitzelt ſeinen Stolz mehr, als eine gewonnene Schlacht. Ich bin der Mann, der mit einem Blick den Kaiſer in Ohnmacht ängſtigte! ſo ſagt er nun zu ſich und zu andern.

Philipp.

Ha! verdammt! Ich will deinem Rathe folgen, Artenberg! und dieſem Uebermuth, den meine Nachgiebigkeit mehr und mehr aufblähte, das kaiſerliche Anſehen entgegen ſetzen. Geh', ſuch ihn auf! erforſche die Urſache ſeiner Wiederkunft, und ſey klug und behutſam, wenn du mit ihm redeſt. — Der Truchſeß Waldburg ſoll kommen! (Artenberg ab.) Artenberg hat Recht! Ich will nicht mehr den Trotz mit Sanftmuth und den Stolz mit Herablaſſung beantworten, ſonſt geht der Frevel immer weiter und meine Würde wird ihm zum Scherz.

Truchſeß Waldburg kömmt.

Philipp.

Truchſeß! wir wollen fortſpielen. (ſetzen ſich zum Schachbrett.) Mit mir ſteht's gut. Sieh' zu, Truchſeß!

Truchſeß.

Der Zug macht mir Luſt. — So!

Philipp.

So! du Schalk! — Was ſagt man von dem ſcherzhaften Einfall des Pfalzgrafen und von ihm ſelbſt?

Truchſeß.

Allerley.

Philipp.

Unter anderm?

Truchſeß.

Daß er mit eurer Majeſtät ganz zerfallen ſey.

Philipp.

Und die Urſache?

Truchſeß.

Weiß man nicht. Seht, gnädigſter Herr, wie's ſteht!

Philipp.

Was! mit fünf Zügen ſo weit über mir? — Wer lärmt denn ſo im Vorzimmer?

Truchſeß (ſieht durch die Thür. Otto geht nach ihm herein).

Der Pfalzgraf ſpielt mit den Hellebarden der Leibwächter.

Philipp, Otto, Truchſeß.

Otto.

Meynt ihr etwa, die Hellebarden ſollen mit meinem Eingeweide ſpielen?

Philipp.

Nur zu, Truchſeß, nur zu!

(ſitzt verwirrt.)

Truchſeß.

Nun hab ich gewonnen Spiel. Euer letzter Zug —

Otto (ſteht am Tiſche).

Ja, ja! der Truchſeß zieht ſeinen König daher, und der Kaiſer iſt ſchach und matt.

(er thut den Zug und wirft die Steine untereinander.)

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*) Aus: Babo, Otto von Wittelsbach, 3. Akt.

Philipp.

Was ſoll das?

Otto.

Ihr ſeyd ſchach und matt!

Philipp.

Nein! es war noch zu helfen.

Otto.

Unmöglich! Ihr hättet denn den Truchſeß mit dem Schachbrett müſſen zum Fenſter hinauswerfen, da hättet ihr noch recht kaiſerlich gewonnen.

Philipp.

Kindiſch! Herr Pfalzgraf!

Otto.

Ihr ſeyd ſchachmatt an Leib und Seel!

Philipp.

Wer rufte euch? was wollt ihr?

Otto.

Wie befindet Ihr euch auf die Aderläſſe? Wo iſt euer Blut? will gleich ſehen, was euch fehlt.

Philipp.

Ich hab ſchon einen Arzt.

Otto.

Das iſt ein Narr. Euer Beichtvater ſollt' euch am Gewiſſen aderlaſſen.

Philipp.

Pfalzgraf! beſinnt euch, mit wem Ihr redet!

Otto.

Laßt euch ein paar Worte ins geheim ſagen!

Philipp.

Nein, Truchſeß! es walten keine Geheimniſſe ob zwiſchen dem Pfalzgrafen und mir. Was er zu ſagen hat, mag er in deiner Gegenwart ſagen, und dabei nicht vergeſſen, mit wem er ſpricht.

Otto.

Kennt Ihr mich denn nicht? — Ha! die Majeſtät hat des Wittelsbachers vergeſſen. Ich bin ſo fremd, und mir iſt alles ſo fremd, als ob ich ein Fohle wär!

Philipp.

Warum ſetzt Ihr eure Reiſe nicht fort?

Otto.

Nach Polen geh' ich nicht; das kalte Land behagt meinem warmen Blute nicht. Wo ich jung war, da will ich auch alt werden.

Philipp.

Gebt mir euren Brief zurück!

Otto.

Ha! euren Brief! O laßt mir ihn, den lieben Brief! ich bitte euch. Will in Bayern ihn Kind' daran leſen; da ſoll er am Altar hangen, vor meiner Väter Angeſicht, als ein Heiligthum. Laßt mir ihn!

Philipp.

Gebt ihn her! ich will's.

Otto.

Will's! ha, ha!

(Gibt ihn offen hin.)

Philipp.

Wer zerriß mein Siegel? das iſt argliſtig und bübiſch!

Otto.

Gott that's! Gott, Gott ſelbſt!

Philipp.

Träumer! gebt her! Eure Unbeſonnenheit iſt unerträglich!

Otto.

O Geduld, heilige Geduld! halte die Sehnen meines Herzens zuſammen, daß ſie die Wuth nicht zerreißt!

Philipp.

Pfalzgraf! vergeßt euch nicht!

Otto.

Wohl mir, wenn ich vergeſſen könnt', wer ich bin!

Philipp.

Gebt mir meinen Brief!

Otto.

Nein! nein! Was? Ihr wollt mir den Lohn meines Blutes wiedernehmen! wer ſeyd Ihr? Ihr gebt euch für einen Mann aus; ich bin einer! die Gerechtigkeit ſoll uns auf ihrer Wage prüfen. — Philipp! ſoll der beleidigte Fürſt oder der hintergangene Freund mit euch reden? Doch was iſt euch Freund! der Eigennutz lehrte euch dieſen Schall ausſprechen; euer Herz kannte das Weſen nie. Kein Wort von der Vergangenheit! Beſſer, nichts Edles thun, als mit dem Gethanen prahlen. Wortbrüchiger Herzog! ich fodre keinen Dank von euch, hab nie Dank gefodert; aber Schande lad' ich nicht auf mich. Beweiſet mir einen Aufruhr, einen Zwiſt, den ich anſpann; einen Verrath, eine Untreue, ein Vergehen wider das Reich oder euch, beweiſet! — — beweiſet! ſag ich. — Nun, ſo ſchreibt mir dieſe drey Worte unter dieſen Brief: „Ich hab gelogen.“

Philipp.

Wahnſinniger! ſo zu deinem Kaiſer!

Otto.

Fluch dem teutſchen Manne, der ſeinen Kaiſer nicht verehrt! aber wähnt ihr, Ihr tragt des großen Karls Schwert, um der Fürſten heilige Ehre zu kränken! wähnt Ihr, die Krone bedecke Schandthaten! haltet ihr den Reichsapfel für einen Talisman, der alle Menſchen für eure Thaten blind, ſtumm und lahm zaubert? — Philipp! ſchreibt, ſchreibt! widerruft dieſe Lüge! es iſt beſſer, als wenn ich euch vor dem Reich über eine ſo ſchändliche Sache verklagen muß.

Philipp.

Schweig, Raſender! Ich will ein Gericht beſtellen über den Mörder Wenzels und über den Schänder der Majeſtät! Das letzte Wort meiner Huld zu dir, iſt: Fliehe! nun nimm es mit meinem Zorn auf, Ausgearteter deines Stammes!

(geht mit dem Truchſeß in ein Nebengemach.)

Otto (ſchlägt ſich wüthend auf die Bruſt.)

Herzog Philipp! — Was wollen die Hunde mit ihrem Gebell!

(er blickt mit dem Schwert um ſich, und ſtürzt in die Nebenthür.)

Heinrich von Andechs (kommt aus dem Vorzimmer).

Bruder! Wo iſt er? Ich hörte ihn gewaltig ſchreien! (geht an die Nebenthür.) Großer Gott! Mordgeſchrey! (Otto kommt bleich, zitternd, zurück.) Bruder! Bruder!

Otto.

Kaiſer . . . mörder — —

(zeigt ſein blutiges Schwert.)

Heinrich von Andechs.

O! fort! fort! fort!

(reißt ihn mit ſich.)

Truchſeß (innerhalb).

Hülf! Hülf! Mord!

(Die Wachen ſtürzen herein, die Thür des Vorzimmers bleibt offen. Attenberg kommt.)

Attenberg.

Eilt ihm nach! eilt! eilt!

Truchſeß.

Den Arzt! Hülfe! Hülfe!

Attenberg.

[illegible] dem erſten Boten ſenden! — Verfolgt den Mörder! Eilt! eilt! (geht ab.)

Kunegunde und Beatrix (zugleich).

O Gott! Gott! mein Vater!

(Das Zetergeſchrey nimmt zu. Alle drängen ſich in das Nebengemach.)

Ludwig Adolph Franz Joseph von Baczko.

ein liebenswürdiger, talentvoller Mann, der ſchwere körperliche Leiden nicht allein mit der Gelaſſenheit eines Weiſen zu ertragen, ſondern durch raſtloſe geiſtige Thätigkeit ſtandhaft zu beſiegen wußte, und deſſen Andenken daher in Deutſchland weit mehr verbreitet ſeyn ſollte. Er ward am 8. Juni 1756 zu Lyk in Oſtpreußen geboren und erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Collegium Fridericianum zu Königsberg, das er ſeit ſeinem funfzehnten Jahre beſuchte. Nachwirkungen bösartiger Blattern, welche ſeinen linken Fuß gelähmt und ſeinen rechten Arm geſchwächt hatten, ſo wie die beſchränkten Vermögensumſtände ſeines Vaters, eines preußiſchen Rittmeiſters im activen Dienſt, bereiteten dem jungen aufſtrebenden Geiſt oft ſchwere, drückende Sorgen, die ihm jedoch ſein Eifer für die Wiſſenſchaft glücklich überwinden half. Da traf ihn in ſeinem 21. Jahre das Unglück, völlig und unheilbar zu erblinden, und ohne hinreichende Unterſtützung ſah er ſich jetzt genöthigt, den ſchriftſtelleriſchen Erwerb zum Hauptmittel ſeines Lebensunterhaltes zu machen. Er lebte nun eine Zeit lang als Privatmann, anfangs auf einem Gute in Oſtpreußen, dann zu Königsberg in Preußen und erhielt endlich durch den preußiſchen Miniſter von Wöllner eine jährliche Unterſtützung von 200 Rthlrn. Liebe zu ſeinem Vaterlande und Dankbarkeit trieb ihn jetzt an, den ſeit Jahren gehegten Gedanken einer Geſchichte von Preußen zu verwirklichen. Seine Arbeit erſchien und fand allgemeinen Beifall und lebhafte Anerkennung, welche ihm vielfache Früchte trug. Er verheirathete ſich im Jahre 1792 und ward in glücklicher Ehe Vater mehrerer Kinder. 1799 ward er Profeſſor der Geſchichte an der Artillerieakademie zu Königsberg, verlor jedoch dieſes Amt ſpäter wieder, als die Anſtalt aufgehoben wurde. — Während des Befreiungskrieges zeigte er ſich als ein warmer, wahrer, uneigennütziger Sohn ſeines Vaterlandes, der die glühendſte Liebe zu demſelben mit der anſpruchloſeſten Beſcheidenheit verband. — Er ſandte alle ſeine Söhne in den Kampf, ſcheute trotz ſeiner beſchränkten Verhältniſſe kein Opfer, das er dem Scherflein der Wittwe im Evangelio gleich darzubringen vermochte und lehnte jede öffentliche Anerkennung mit Entſchiedenheit ab. — Als Alles wieder in das alte Gleis zurückkehrte, ward er Profeſſor an der Brigadeſchule und Mitglied der Militärprüfungsbehörde zu Königsberg. Er ſtarb am 27. März 1823 daſelbſt. —

v. B. iſt der Verf. folgender Schriften:

Romane.

Folgen einer akademiſchen Mädchenerziehung. Königsberg, 1786.
Die akademiſchen Freunde. 1788.
Abentheuer eines Maurers. 1788.
Leben und Leiden m. G. Jonathan Eiche. 1790.
Hans von Bayſen. 2 Th. 1795.
Der Ehrentiſch. 1795.
Leben und Abentheuer Wilh. Walters. 1796.
Witold. 1796. 2 Thle.
Das Kloſter zu Vallombroſa. 2 Th. 1805.
Gerhard von Malberg. 1806.
Nachtviolen. Halle, 1811 — 14. 2 Thle.
Galeazzo Visconti. Halle, 1814.
Die Familie Eiſenberg. Halle, 1814.
Legenden, Volksſagen u. ſ. w. Halle, 1815 — 18. 3 Bde.
Geſchichte des Paolo Pennaloſo. Leipzig, 1820.
Hulo und Laura. Halle, 1822.
Erzählungen. 2 Th. Halle, 1823.

Schauſpiele.

Die Reue. Königsb. 1780.
Konrad Leßkau. 1791.
Operetten. 1794.
Die Mennoniten. 1809.

Poetiſche Verſuche. 1824.

Wiſſenſchaftliches.

Geſchichte Preußens. 1792 — 1800. 6 Thle.
Handbuch der Geſchichte u. ſ. w. Preußens. 1802 — 1803. 3 Thle.
Lehrbuch der Welt- und Menſchengeſchichte. 1803. 2 Thle.
Hiſtoriſche Unterhaltungen. 1812. 2. A. 1826.
Geſchichte der Franz. Revolution. 1808. 2. A. 1812. 2 Thle. u. ſ. w.

Ueber mich ſelbſt und meine Unglücksgefährten, die Blinden. Leipz. 1807.
Geſchichte meines Lebens. (Von ſeinem Sohne herausgegeben.) Königsberg, 1824. 3 Thle.

Von Baczko's Romane zeichnen ſich durch Wärme, Kraft, Reichthum der Phantaſie und beredte lebendige Darſtellung aus, ſo daß ſie, beſonders die hiſtoriſchen unter ihnen, großen Beifall fanden. Er iſt in ſeinen übrigen poetiſchen Schriften nicht ſo glücklich, da es ihm doch eigentlich an jener tieferen Bildung fehlt, welche den Dichter als ſolchen vollendet. — Seinen hiſtoriſchen Schriften mangelt es nicht an Lebendigkeit und gutem Willen, aber man vermißt überall zu ſehr gründliche Quellenforſchung, höhere Kritik und die aus dieſer entſpringende geiſtvolle Auffaſſung und Bearbeitung der Begebenheiten. Bedenkt man jedoch, welche ſtörenden Hinderniſſe ſich dem freien, geiſtigen Wirken des vortrefflichen Mannes in den Weg ſtellten, und erwägt man, daß er mit tauſend Schwierigkeiten zu kämpfen hatte, die ein Anderer ſchon deßhalb nicht zu würdigen weiß, weil er ſie gar nicht kennt, ſo muß aller Tadel verſtummen, und ſelbſt ein ſtrenger Richter eingeſtehn, daß unter ſolchen Umſtänden Alles, was v. B. leiſtete, unbedingt auf lobende Anerkennung rechnen dürfe. — Wir theilen hier eine der gelungenſten von v. B's kleineren Erzählungen mit.

Vgl. ſeine oben angeführte Autobiographie; ferner Nationalzeitung der Deutſchen, 1823. Apr. Nro. 16. S. 254. — Neuer Nekrolog der Deutſchen, I. 1. S. 338. —

Die vermauerte Pforte *).

Zum zehnten Mal, ſagte Wilhelm von Dalbeck, indem er das Auge voll Thränen gen Himmel aufſchlug, ſcheint die Frühlingsſonne durch dieſe Gitterſtäbe, und ich, hier auf ewig eingekerkert, bin lebendig todt, von aller Welt vergeſſen. Die Verfertigung dieſer Kleinigkeiten, die man nur aus Mitleid, nicht aus Bedürfniß kauft, — wäre dies der Zweck meines Daſeyns? und könnte dann der Allbarmherzige mich verdammen, wenn ich endlich ermüdet die Laſt von mir werfen ſollte! Er wetzte, ohne dabei etwas Beſtimmtes zu denken, das große Meſſer, welches er zu ſeinen Papparbeiten gebrauchte. Da ſchlug ein Finke auf dem Weidenbaume neben der Mauer, die ſeine Ausſicht beſchränkte. Der Himmel war ſo klar. Vater! rief er, wäre ich denn das einzige deiner Weſen, für welches die Schöpfung freudenlos iſt! Er öffnete das Fenſter, ſanft umwehte ihn die Frühlingsluft. Da erwachte die Erinnerung, daß auch während der zehn Jahre, ſeit welchen er hier eingekerkert war, ihm nie ein Bedürfniß gefehlt hatte, und daß, ſo ſehr ſein Freund Rohde das Gegentheil behauptete, dies unmöglich die Frucht ſeiner Papparbeiten ſeyn könnte. Gute Menſchen, ſagte ihm eine innere Stimme, nehmen an deinem Schickſale Antheil, ein Gott, ein Vater, hat dein nicht vergeſſen. Er griff nach ſeiner Flöte, die Melodie des Kirchengeſanges: Befiehl du deine Wege, entſtrömte ſeinen Lippen und wohlthätige Thränen ſchafften dem gepreßten Herzen Erleichterung. Da wurde die Thür aufgeſchloſſen, der Aufwärter brachte ihm ſein Frühſtück, und die Zeitung, die ihm Magiſter Rohde regelmäßig zuſandte.

Wilhelm wäre ohne dieſen ehrwürdigen Mann längſt ein Opfer der Verzweiflung geweſen. Er war als hoffnungsvoller Knabe der einzige Troſt ſeiner armen, frommen Mutter, die gerade, weil Wilhelm ſo gut, ſo fleißig war, manchen ſeiner Fehler,

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*) Aus: Erzählungen von L. v. Baczko. Halle u. Leipzig. 1827.

hierunter ſeine leidenſchaftliche Heftigkeit überſah, und der Beifall ſeiner Lehrer, der ihm unausgeſetzt zu Theil ward, nährte den Stolz des feurigen Knaben. Er kam in eine militäriſche Bildungsanſtalt, ward auch hier für den erſten unter ſeinen Mitſchülern, wurde aus der Anſtalt als Offizier entlaſſen, und die Mutter weinte bei ſeinem Anblick Freudenthränen. Gott hatte ihre ſehnlichſten Wünſche erfüllt, Wilhelm war auf dem Wege zu Beförderung und Glück; ſie erlebte es nicht, die gute Mutter, wie alle ihre ſchönen Pläne und Hoffnungen dahin welkten, denn nach wenigen Monaten weinte Wilhelm an ihrem Grabe. Er, der ſich damals ſo einſam, ſo verlaſſen fühlte, dankte nach wenigen Jahren Gott dafür, daß ſeine Mutter nicht ſeinen Schmerz, ſeinen Jammer theilte.

Jetzt, nachdem er die Zeitung geleſen hatte, durchlief er noch die darin enthaltenen Bekanntmachungen, ſein Auge fiel auf den Namen Zinkmar, es war die Anzeige vom Tode dieſes Mannes, ein Schauder durchbebte ihn. Barmherziger! rief er, indem er die Hände faltete, vergieb ihm, der mich ſo unausſprechlich elend machte, und ſende mir auch bald den Tod als Tröſter zu! Ueberwältigt von ſeinen Gefühlen, hatte er eine Zeitlang ſchweigend und in ſich gekehrt dageſeſſen, als ihn die Ankunft des Magiſters Rohde erweckte. Ich bringe Ihnen, ſagte der ehrwürdige Greis, eine angenehme Botſchaft: Der Director unſerer Anſtalt hat es mir zugegeben, daß Ihre Thüre nicht mehr verſchloſſen ſeyn darf. Sie ſind jetzt bei Ihren Spaziergängen nicht mehr auf eine Stunde beſchränkt, können mich, ſo oft Sie wollen, beſuchen, ich darf Sie jetzt bei den Meinen, die ſchon lange Ihre Bekanntſchaft wünſchten, einführen, und daher bitte ich Sie, ſchlagen Sie mir nicht ab, heute mein Gaſt zu ſeyn. Dalbeck machte Einwendungen; allein Rohde ließ nicht ab, auf ſeinem Antrage zu beſtehen, und holte ihn zur Mittagszeit zu ſich. Der Tiſch war in einer Laube des Gärtchens gedeckt, welches hinter der Wohnung des guten Rohde lag, der als Diener der Religion, als edler Mann und Menſchenkenner, auch ſchon manchen Unglücklichen in dieſer Anſtalt, durch Zuſpruch, Troſt und Beruhigung des empörten Gewiſſens mit ſich und der Welt verſöhnt und ſo der Menſchheit wieder zurückgegeben hatte. Daher, als Dalbeck in dies Irrenhaus gebracht und dem Director als ein Wahnſinniger angezeigt wurde, der periodiſch von der heftigſten Wuth überfallen und hierdurch äußerſt gefährlich würde, ſo hatte Rohde den jungen Mann, für den ſein Aeußeres ſo vortheilhaft ſprach, dem nur, wenn kein anderer im Garten zugegen war, von zwei Aufwärtern begleitet, in einer beſtimmten Stunde ein Spaziergang geſtattet wurde, zuerſt aus der Ferne betrachtet, und da er durchaus nichts Wildes, nichts Wüthendes bemerkte, ſich ihm freundlich genähert.

Genauere Bekanntſchaft erzeugte höhere Theilnahme und bald erhielt Rohde den Brief eines Ungenannten, der ihn ſich des jungen Dalbecks, dieſes Opfers der ſchändlichſten Ränke, anzunehmen bat, ihm hierzu eine nicht unbeträchtliche Summe ſandte und jährlich damit fortfuhr. Der Unglückliche hatte wenige Bedürfniſſe, dieſe wurden reichlich befriedigt, wie Rohde, um ihn zu ſchonen, jederzeit behauptete, einzig von dem Ertrage ausgezeichnet ſchöner Tuſcharbeiten, mit deren Verfertigung, wie mit Lectüre und Muſik, ſich Dalbeck einzig beſchäftigte. Er fand jetzt in der Laube die Gattin ſeines Freundes, an welcher, ungeachtet des herangerückten Alters, noch alle Spuren vormals ausgezeichneter Schönheit ſichtbar waren, und es war ihm, als ob er dieſe Frau ſchon geſehen, oder gekannt hätte. Allein da ſie und ihre beiden erwachſenen Töchter ihn als einen neuen Bekannten bewillkommten, und die Ausſprache der Mutter eine Ausländerin verrieth, überzeugte er ſich bald, durch ſeine lebhafte Einbildungskraft getäuſcht zu ſeyn.

Schonend wurden die Schickſale des neuen Bekannten von keinem der Anweſenden berührt, er ſelbſt aber hatte das Herz ſo voll von dem Tode Zinkmars, daß er ſich nicht der Aeußerung erwehren konnte, jetzt, wenn nicht alle ſeine ehemaligen Freunde im Grabe ruhten, ſeine Befreiung hoffen zu können. Aber, fügte er traurig hinzu, welche Laufbahn könnte ich alsdann noch wählen! ich ein Mann ohne Vermögen, den wahrſcheinlich Jeder wie einen Wahnſinnigen flieht! Die Frauenzimmer hatten ſich bereits entfernt, als Dalbeck ſich dieſe Aeußerung gegen ſeinen väterlichen Freund geſtattete. Auch dafür, antwortete dieſer, hat Gott geſorgt, denn, warum ſollte ich es Ihnen in dieſem Augenblicke verheimlichen! ſchon iſt der Befehl angelangt, Ihren Geſundheitszuſtand noch einer ärztlichen Prüfung zu unterwerfen, und wenn, wie ich überzeugt bin, der Bericht ganz zu Ihrem Vortheil ausfällt, ſo iſt auch die günſtige Wendung Ihres Geſchicks nicht zu bezweifeln. Ein Strahl von Freude ſchien bei dem Unglücklichen zu erwachen, der aber doch bald wieder düſterm Trübſinne Raum gab. Getroſt! fuhr Rohde fort, der bisher Ihr Schickſal ſo väterlich leitete, hat auch ferner geſorgt. Er erzählte ihm jetzt, was ein Ungenannter für ihn gethan hatte, und daß er den Ueberſchuß des ihm geſandten Geldes zinsbar angelegt, und ſo in den zehn Jahren über 1500 Thaler für ihn geſammelt hätte. Ihre Kenntniſſe in der Mathematik, Ihr herrliches Planzeichnen, fügte er hinzu, müſſen Sie empfehlen, und Ihre Anſtellung im Baufache, wobei Sie die erforderlichen Koſten zu beſtreiten im Stande ſind, kann Ihnen folglich nicht entgehen.

Auf Dalbecks Bitte holte Rohde die Briefe des Ungenannten. Die ihm völlig unbekannten Züge verriethen die Hand eines Kaufmanns. O! rief Dalbeck, der Bankier [illegible], der Freund meines Vaters, iſt im Grabe; nur Dorfer, vielleicht [illegible]. — Er verſank in tiefes Nachſinnen. Sey es, wer da will, antwortete Rohde, es war ein guter Menſch, der Sie ſeiner Liebe, ſeiner Achtung, werth fand und mein Vertrauen auf die Vorſehung, die mich ſo wunderbar durchs Leben leitete, und mir ſo unerwartet meine Mariane, mein höchſtes Glück zuführte, o dieſes Vertrauen ſagt mir auch, daß für Sie noch Glück und Freude blühe.

Jetzt glaubte Dalbeck, wie er vorhin geglaubt hatte, in Marianens Zügen eine alte Bekannte zu entdecken. Schwerlich, ſagte Rohde, haben Sie meine Frau jemals früher erblickt; aber gern erzähle ich, wie uns Gott zuſammenführte und jetzt geſchieht es noch voll der Hoffnung, Ihr Vertrauen auf den zu erheben, der unſer Schickſal mit hoher Weisheit lenkt.

Ich war Feldprediger, als die Armee des Prinzen Heinrich am 15. Oktober 1762 durch feindliche Uebermacht Freiberg zu verlaſſen gezwungen wurde. Wir bezogen enge Quartiere, ſo daß ſelbſt die ſterbenskranke Bewohnerin des Wittwenhauſes nicht verſchont blieb, ob man gleich aus einiger Rückſicht mich, den Feldprediger, zu ihr einwies. Ich trat in das kleine Stübchen, wo meine Mariane am Lager der bleichen Mutter ſaß, welches dieſe ſchon ſeit einigen Monaten nicht mehr verlaſſen hatte. Mariane hörte noch die Erzählung ihres Mannes, als ſie dieſen Augenblick mit dem Kaffee in die Laube trat. Fahre fort, ſagte ſie, indem ſie mit himmliſchem Lächeln auf ihren Gatten blickte, wie kann ich jener glücklichen Tage, worin ſich unſre Herzen fanden, oft genug gedenken. Nun, ſagte Rohde, indem er die kleine Liebkoſung ſeiner Gattin freundlich erwiederte; ſchon der erſte Anblick der ſchönen Jungfrau wirkte auf mich, ich fühlte ihre Verlegenheit und ſuchte ſie nach Möglichkeit zu vermindern. O, laß mich jetzt erzählen! rief Mariane. Nicht allein, daß mein guter Mann darauf drang, ihm blos eine unbedeutende Kammer einzuräumen, worin noch ein Theil unſeres Hausrathes ſtand, nicht genug, daß er die Kranke tröſtete, ihr Muth und Hoffnung einſprach; er bemerkte unſere Armuth, ſah, daß wir in der völlig ausgeſogenen Gegend drückenden Mangel litten, ſorgte für die Erquickung der Kranken und ließ uns am folgenden Morgen einige Lebensmittel zurück. Wir ſchieden von ihm mit dankbarer Rührung. O, ſagte meine Mutter, indeß eine Thräne in ihr Auge trat, ſo ein Mann wäre auch dein Bruder geworden, aber den werde ich nie wiederſehen, nie die ſegnende Hand ſterbend auf ihn legen. Ich hatte Mühe, die arme Kranke zu beruhigen; indeß währte das Getümmel des Krieges um uns fort, die Preußen drangen wieder vor, wir hörten von fern den Donner der Kanonen, als Heinrich am 29. Oktober ſeinen herrlichen Sieg erkämpfte; und wenn gleich an alle Schreckniſſe des Kriegs gewöhnt, ſo waren wir doch noch der bangſten Erwartung, ſo lange der Kampf noch unentſchieden war. Ich mußte meiner Mutter aus einem Erbauungsbuche vorleſen: denn wo hätten wir andere Hülfe ſuchen ſollen, als beim Himmel! Da hörten wir die Ankunft von Reitern, es wurde lebhaft an die verriegelte Thüre gepocht, wir ſahen einander beſtürzt an; aber wie ſchnell ſchwand jede Furcht, da ich die bekannte Stimme meines jetzigen Mannes hörte, der hinter ſeinem Regimente zog: er erſchien als ein hülfreicher Engel, verſorgte uns aufs Neue und blieb bei uns, bis die Schlacht völlig entſchieden war. Aber in dieſen wenigen Tagen hatte ſich die Lage meiner Mutter ſehr verändert, nur mit ſchwacher Stimme vermochte ſie ihm noch ihren Dank zu ſtammeln, ihre Züge verklärten ſich, als er ſie auf die Freuden der Ewigkeit hinwies, er kniete vor ihrem Sterbelager nieder, denn ſie ſah, die Stunde des Scheidens war gekommen. Gott ſegne Sie! er lohne Ihre kindliche Treue, ſagte ſie mit ſchwacher Stimme; mein guter Mann weinte mit mir. Mutter! ſagte er, wenn Marianen mein kleines Amt und ein treues Herz genügen, das ſie liebt und ehrt, dann ſegnen Sie auch mich, Ihren Sohn. Ein ſanftes Lächeln umſchwebte den Mund der Sterbenden, willig bot ich ihr meine Hand, die ſie, indeß mein guter Mann neben mir niederkniete, in die ſeine legte. Ihre letzten Worte, mehr noch ihr zum Himmel gerichteter Blick, ſprachen ihren Segen über uns, und nach wenigen Augenblicken hatte ſie der Todesengel in die Wohnung des ewigen Friedens abgerufen. Nach einigen Wochen ward ich die Seine, und es ſind uns nun bald dreißig Jahre dahin geſchwunden, als wären es eben ſo viel ſchöne Frühlingstage.

Die herzliche Anhänglichkeit der beiden Eheleute wirkte wohlthätig auf Dalbeck. Sie ſind aus der Gegend von Freiberg! Wäre es möglich, daß Ihre Züge mich nicht täuſchten! Wäre es möglich, daß der erſte Lehrer meiner Jugend, der Mann, der zuerſt bei mir den Sinn für alles Schöne und Gute weckte, Ferdinand Hobald — Ferdinand Hobald! o das iſt mein Bruder! Wo lebt mein Ferdinand? oder — er hat, antwortete Dalbeck ſeufzend, die Ruhe im Grabe gefunden. Mariane weihte dem Andenken des Entſchlummerten, den ſie ſchon wieder gefunden zu haben hoffte, ihre Thränen, auch Dalbecks Auge ward feucht. Erzählen Sie, ſagte Mariane, was Sie von dem Verewigten wiſſen. Ich kann nicht, ſagte Dalbeck, indeß die röthliche Glut ſeine bleiche Wange färbte. Warum nicht? rief Mariane; Ferdinand war fromm und gut, es möge ihn auch betroffen haben, was da wolle, er konnte nur unglücklich, ſchlecht konnte er nie ſeyn. O er war gut und edel, unausſprechlich gut, ſagte Dalbeck, indem er ihre Hand in ſeine drückte; ſein Schickſal iſt mit dem meinen genau verwebt, aber er wurde unglücklich. Ich bin, antwortete Mariane, auf alles gefaßt, wenn gleich für den einzigen theuren Bruder mein Herz noch die zärtliche Liebe hegt, die keine, auch die vieljährige Entfernung nicht geſchwächt hat. Ich bitte Sie flehentlich, und wäre es auch das Schrecklichſte, machen Sie mich mit ſeinem Schickſale bekannt.

Mein Vater, erzählte nun Dalbeck, war in einer der angeſehenſten preußiſchen Feſtungen Ingenieur des Orts; er hatte ſich während des ſiebenjährigen Krieges verheirathet, und bekümmerte, da ich als ſechsjähriger Knabe den erſten Unterricht bekam, Hobald, den [illegible] des Regiments, zu meinem Lehrer. Dieſer, vormals ein Candidat der Gottesgelahrtheit, war, als er aus Leipzig ſeine Eltern beſuchen wollte, aufgefangen und zu Kriegsdienſten gezwungen worden; er wurde noch jetzt, da man ihn wegen ſeiner Größe und ſeiner vorzüglichen Kenntniſſe ſchätzte und für klug genug hielt, um die erſte [illegible] Gelegenheit zur Flucht zu benutzen, mit doppelter Strenge bewachet. Nicht ohne Mühe erhielt mein Vater von dem Compagniechef die Erlaubniß, daß Hobald meinem Unterrichte täglich ein Paar Stunden widmen konnte. Sein Fleiß machte, daß [illegible] Unterricht [illegible], und da Hobald hierdurch einen einträglichen Erwerb hatte, ſo verwilligte ihm auch endlich, auf Verwendung meines Vaters, ſein Wirth, der Maler Braun, die Hand ſeiner ſanften, nicht ungebildeten Tochter. Er ward Vater, und da man ihn durch ſeine Verhältniſſe gefeſſelt hielt, geſtattete man ihm mehr Freiheit, und ſein Erwerb durch vermehrten Unterricht brachte ihm einigen Wohlſtand. Da ſtarb ſein Schwiegervater. Bei dieſen vielen Kindern bekam ein jedes nur ein Paar hundert Thaler, die Hobald ſogleich für ſeinen Abſchied anbot; allein Obriſt Zinkmar wies ihn mit Härte zurück und erklärte, da er [illegible] etwas zugelegt habe, nicht mehr zu [illegible], ihn zum Unteroffizier und nach einigen Jahren zum Feldwebel machen zu wollen. Vergeblich bat er, ihn zu verſchonen; er ward Unteroffizier und mußte bei den vielen Geſchäften, die man ihm jetzt übertrug, allen Unterricht aufgeben, mit Ausnahme deſſen, den er mir ertheilte, welches ihm noch aus Rückſicht auf meinen Vater geſtattet wurde. Hobald wurde Vater mehrerer Kinder, und bei dem Mangel an Erwerb wurde bald ſeine Lage drückend, wenn gleich mein Vater, der ſelbſt kein Vermögen beſaß, ihn nach Möglichkeit zu unterſtützen verſuchte. Der ſanfte, fromme Mann wurde ſchwermüthig; doch hinderte ihn dies nicht, alles Mögliche zu meiner Bildung aufzubieten.

Um dieſe Zeit machte ſich der Sous-Brigadier Guichet von der Tabacksferme im ganzen Orte furchtbar. Er war kürzlich aus Frankreich angelangt, ſtand unter dem Schutze ſeines Onkels, eines der wichtigſten Männer bei der Regie, und hoffte bald durch häufige Beſchläge ſein Glück zu gründen. Einige Soldaten, bei denen er Contrebande entdeckte, wurden mit Spießruthen beſtraft; überall äußerte ſich der Unwille gegen ihn, und bei einer ſolchen Veranlaſſung hatte einſt Hobald in Gegenwart Mehrerer geſagt: mich wundert, daß man den Schurken, der überall umherſchleicht, nicht todt ſchlägt oder erſäuft. Nach wenigen Tagen erhielt er die Wache neben einer Pforte, welche durch die Feſtungsmauer unfern dem Hauſe des Commandanten, nach dem Fluſſe führte, die des Nachts verſchloſſen und deren Schlüſſel dem Commandanten übergeben wurde. Da kam Guichet mit einem ſchriftlichen Befehl des Commandanten, der ihm den Schlüſſel anvertraut hatte, ihn während der Nacht ungehindert durch die Pforte aus- und eingehen zu laſſen, und die Wache wurde, wenn er ſie zu Hülfe rufen ſollte, ihn zu unterſtützen angewieſen. Guichet ging nun mit einem ſeiner Gefährten durch die Pforte, welche er hinter ſich zuſchloß. Hobald aber blieb während der Sommernacht auf der Bank neben der Thür der Wache, als die Pforte aufgeſchloſſen wurde, und ihn den Schlummernden, ein Geſchrei nach Hülfe erweckte. Er wollte hinzueilen; einige Leute mit Päcken auf dem Rücken ſtürzten in die Stadt und rannten eilig davon. Hobald hätte Lärm machen, ſie als verdächtig verhaften ſollen; allein der Gedanke, daß dieß Soldaten ſeyn könnten, die alsdann auch durch Spießruthen zerfleiſcht würden, hielt ihn zurück, um ſo mehr, da Niemand weiter nach Hülfe rief. Er ſah die Pforte offen, den Schlüſſel darin ſtecken, zog ihn aus und ſchloß ſie zu. Am Morgen kämpfte er mit ſich ſelbſt: ſollte er die Begebenheit anzeigen? Unannehmlichkeiten, daß er die, welche zur Pforte herein gekommen waren, nicht verhaftet, waren alsdann gewiß. Der Soldat, der vor dem Gewehr ſtand, hatte während der Zeit, da dieſes vorfiel, im Schilderhaus geſtanden und daher, wie Hobald glaubte, weder die offene Pforte, noch daß er ſie verſchloſſen hatte, bemerkt. Der Schlüſſel, welchen er in Händen hatte, war ganz neu, von dem alten, verroſteten, den Guichet erhalten hatte, völlig verſchieden. Er hoffte jeden Augenblick, daß dieſer erſcheinen würde und wollte alsdann ſeinen Entſchluß faſſen. Da aber verſchiedene nach der Pforte kamen, um Waſſer zu holen, darunter ſelbſt die Leute des Commandanten, ſo mußte er ſie mit der Aeußerung abfertigen, daß Guichet, der den Schlüſſel erhalten hätte, noch nicht zurückgekehrt wäre. Seine Angſt ſtieg mit jeder Minute; da kam der Adjutant des Commandanten und ein Auditeur, Hobald wurde durch einen andern Unteroffizier abgelöſt, verhaftet und verhört. Man hatte in ſeinem Hauſe ſchon eine Nachſuchung angeſtellt, ein Paar Pfund Taback und einige Pfund Kaffee, die damals auch redliche Leute ohne Bedenken von den Contrebandiers kauften, gefunden. Man fragte ihn: von wem er dies gekauft hätte? er wurde verlegen und wußte es nicht anzugeben. Man fragte ferner: ob er nicht in der Nacht ein Geſchrei nach Hülfe gehört hätte, und warum er nicht herbeigeeilt wäre? Er geſtand, dies gehört zu haben; [illegible] er hätte ſich [illegible] aufgehalten. Der Soldat, welcher vor dem Gewehr geſtanden hatte, wurde herbeigebracht, der im Betreff des Geſchreis nach Hülfe Hobalds Ausſage beſtätigte, aber nun auch freimüthig erzählte, wie die Pforte [illegible] aufgeſchloſſen worden, einige Leute [illegible] wären und Hobald dann die Pforte verſchloſſen habe. Dieſer ward leichenblaß. [illegible] ſeine Taſchen wurden unterſucht, der Schlüſſel gefunden. So erſchien er nun als überwieſener Verbrecher, mit den Contrebandiers im Bunde, und wegen ſeiner früheren unvorſichtigen Aeußerung ſelbſt als Theilnehmer an Guichets Ermordung, wenigſtens als [illegible].

Denn Guichet und ſein Gefährte waren von den Contrebandiers in den Fluß geſtürzt worden; er war ertrunken, ſein Gefährte aber hatte ſich durch Schwimmen gerettet, die Sache angezeigt und die Unterſuchung veranlaßt. Daß von den Soldaten Contrebande in die Stadt gebracht wurde, war [illegible], aber der Weg, auf welchem es geſchah, war unbekannt. Jetzt vermuthete der Gefährte, er habe ſie durch die Pforte in die Stadt laufen ſehen. Daß Hobald die [illegible] vor der Wache zu laſſen, und hierdurch faſt bewieſen habe, [illegible], daß er ſie nicht aufgehalten, davon keine Anzeige gemacht hatte, ſchien, vorzüglich bei ſeinem Benehmen in Betreff des Schlüſſels, und da man ſeine zerrütteten Umſtände kannte, eine Verbindung mit ihnen nicht unwahrſcheinlich zu machen. Es wurde alles aufgeboten, die Thäter auszumitteln, endlich wurden einige Pfund Taback bei einem Soldaten entdeckt, der durch Prügel zu dem Geſtändniß gezwungen wurde, daß ihn und ſeine Cameraden, die aber ſchon Gelegenheit zur Deſertion fanden, ein ihnen bekannter Unteroffizier, den er aber ſelbſt nicht genauer zu bezeichnen wußte, wenn er die Wache gehabt, mit Hülfe eines Nachſchlüſſels durch die Pforte gelaſſen hätte. Mein Vater erſchrak nicht wenig bei dieſer Nachricht, er eilte auf die Wache, Hobald betheuerte aufs Heiligſte ſeine Unſchuld. Mein Vater eilte zum Oberſten, der wüthend darüber war, den ſchönſten Mann ſeiner Compagnie durch lange Feſtungsſtrafe zu verlieren. Beide geriethen in Wortwechſel, mein Vater wurde heftig, der Oberſte forderte ihn. Mein Vater blieb unverwundet; allein dem Oberſten wurde der linke Arm durch die Kugel meines Vaters zerſchmettert. Hobald wurde jetzt der Gegenſtand ſeiner Rache und Lieutenant Zinkmar, ein würdiger Sohn ſeines Vaters, das Werkzeug. Der entdeckte Contrebandier wurde ſo lange gemißhandelt, bis er den Unteroffizier Hobald als Theilnehmer nannte, und nun traf dieſen das Loos. Durch Mißhandlungen ermüdet, geſtand er ein, was man von ihm forderte. Beim Tode Guichets konnte er nicht Hand angelegt, wohl aber dazu gerathen haben; er gab es zu. Dalbeck vermochte nicht weiter zu erzählen. O mein armer Bruder! rief Mariane, er verlor gewiß ſein Leben auf eine ſchimpfliche Weiſe. Nein, ſagte Dalbeck, indem er ſeine Thränen trocknete; die allgemeine Theilnahme brachte es dennoch dahin, daß er erſchoſſen wurde, und innerhalb der Baſtion, wo er ſank, ſorgte mein Vater für ſein Grab. Von dem Feldprediger, meinem Freunde, erfuhr ich in der Folge, daß Hobald am Abende vor ſeinem Tode ihn noch darauf aufmerkſam gemacht hätte, daß ein bei der Compagnie ſtehender Unteroffizier commandirt, ein anderer plötzlich erkrankt und hierdurch die Tour beim Aufziehn auf die Wache [illegible] verändert worden wäre; die Contrebandiers aber wahrſcheinlich hiermit unbekannt ſtatt ſeiner ihren Verbündeten dort anzutreffen gehofft hätten; bat ihn aber, dies nicht weiter rege zu machen, weil er doch nun ſchon nach dem, was er eingeſtanden hätte, ſeinem Schickſale nicht entgehen könne, und keinen ſeiner Cameraden unglücklich machen wolle. Und wo blieben die Seinen? ſeufzte Mariane. Mein Vater, antwortete Dalbeck, ſtarb wenige Monate ſpäter; ich kam in eine militairiſche Erziehungsanſtalt, und als ich daraus entlaſſen wurde, durch mein unglückliches Schickſal als Offizier in das Regiment des General von Zinkmar.

O mein unglücklicher Freund! rief Rohde. Noch war mein Schickſal erträglich, fuhr Dalbeck fort, ſo lange der ehrwürdige

General von Weiniz lebte. Dieſer war als Commandant der Freund meines Vaters. O die verfluchte Pforte! ſagte Weiniz einſt zu dieſem, ſie hat ſchon ſo manchen elend gemacht, an ihr klebt ſchon ſo vieles Menſchenblut! Sie iſt, antwortete jener, blos zu Ihrer Bequemlichkeit, um das Waſſerholen auf ein Paar hundert Schritte zu erleichtern. Wäre dies nicht, ſo würde ich, da ſie den Feſtungswerken nachtheilig iſt, ſchon längſt auf ihre Vermauerung angetragen haben. Wenn das wäre, meinte Weiniz, müßte ſie noch heute vermauert werden, damit durch ſie kein ehrlicher Mann Gelegenheit und Verſuchung zum Böſen erhalten könnte.

Da nun zugleich hierdurch die Wache abging, der Dienſt erleichtert wurde, ſo erfüllte mein Vater ſchon nach wenigen Tagen dieſen Auftrag. Zinkmar, der ſeit jenem unglücklichen Zweikampfe alles, was durch meinen Vater geſchah, als unnütz oder lächerlich darzuſtellen ſuchte, ſpottete auch, als er geneſen war, über die vermauerte Pforte gegen Weiniz, und ſuchte ihn zur Wiedereröffnung zu beſtimmen. Nein, ſagte der fromme Greis, ich würde mir ein Gewiſſen daraus machen. Nun, ſagte Zinkmar lächelnd, ſo wird es doch gewiß Ihr Nachfolger thun! Das ſoll er bleiben laſſen! antwortete Weiniz entrüſtet. Und wodurch wollen Sie es hindern? O! rief Weiniz, der keinen Widerſpruch ertragen konnte, einen Fluch will ich darauf ſetzen: wer nicht auf das viele Leiden achtet, welches durch dieſe Pforte veranlaßt wurde, und ſie wieder öffnet, dem ſoll es nimmer gut gehen, hier zeitlich und dort ewiglich! Zinkmar wollte den Greis nicht reizen, er ſchwieg. Aber, fragte er nach ein Paar Minuten, glauben Sie denn, daß ein ſolcher Fluch Wirkung hat? Ich meine, fuhr der entrüſtete Alte fort, Gott wird den nicht ungeſtraft laſſen, der die gutgemeinte Abſicht eines Greiſes, der bald vor ſeinem Richterſtuhle ſteht, leichtſinnig verachtet.

So blieb die Sache auf ſich beruhen, bis ich wieder zurückkehrte, und Zinkmar, was irgend in ſeinen Kräften ſtand, zu meiner Kränkung aufbot. Aber noch war mein jugendlicher Frohſinn ungebeugt, noch lebten manche Freunde meines Vaters und vor allen war Weiniz mein Beſchützer. Der ehrwürdige Greis erkrankte; ich hörte, daß er ſchwächer würde, und hielt es um ſo mehr zur Pflicht, mich täglich nach ihm zu erkundigen. Ich ſprach eben mit ſeiner Gemahlin, welche mir mit Thränen ſagte, daß der Kranke zuweilen zu phantaſieren anfange. Er hatte den General Zinkmar zu ſprechen gewünſcht, dieſer trat eben ins Zimmer, er nannte bei der lauten Erwiederung meines Grußes meinen Namen. Iſt, fragte der Kranke, als er die Thür ſeines Zimmers öffnen hörte, Dalsbed hier? Zinkmar bejahte dies. Laßt ihn hereinkommen! rief der Kranke. Tief gerührt nahte ich mich dem ſterbenden Greiſe. Mein Sohn! ſagte er, indem er mir freundlich die Hand reichte, Du weißt, ich habe einen Fluch darauf geſetzt, daß die, auf den Rath Deines Vaters vermauerte Pforte nicht wieder geöffnet werde; gieb mir die Hand darauf, daß Du, wenn ich todt bin, ſogleich wenn mein Nachfolger hier eintrifft, zu ihm gehen und ihm ſagen willſt: er ſolle die Pforte nicht öffnen, meinen Fluch nicht auf ſich laden; gieb mir die Hand darauf, dies treulich auszurichten! Ich reichte dem Sterbenden die Hand. Du kannſt nun gehen, ſagte er, Gott ſegne Dich, mein Sohn! Ich freute mich, das Zimmer verlaſſen zu können; denn ich ſah, daß Zinkmar ſein Geſicht zum hämiſchen Lächeln verzog. Am folgenden Morgen war mein ehrwürdiger Beſchützer nicht mehr und Zinkmar wurde ſein Nachfolger. Bald wurden nun meine Leiden grenzenlos. Alles wurde mir zum Verſehen ausgedeutet, durch die härteſten, mir öffentlich ertheilten Verweiſe, durch häufigen Arreſt wurde mein Ehrgefühl unaufhörlich gekränkt.

Gleich den Tag, nach dem Zinkmar die Commandantenwohnung bezogen hatte, rief er mich auf der Parade und befahl mir, daß ich die Grenadierzimmerleute nehmen und die vermauerte Waſſerpforte aufbrechen laſſen ſollte. Der verſtorbene General von Weiniz, fing ich an, gab mir auf dem Sterbebette — Herr! keine Einwendungen, antwortete Zinkmar, Sie vollziehen augenblicklich meinen Befehl! Keiner meiner Kameraden wollte mir das Geſchäft abnehmen, denn alle ſcheuten den bösartigen Mann, und ſo mit gebrochenem Herzen mußte ich gehorchen.

Zu meinem größten Unglücke war kurz zuvor meine gute Mutter geſtorben; ſie hatte zwar kein anderes Einkommen, als ihr doch immer nicht ganz unbeträchtliches Witwengehalt, allein ich wohnte mit ihr zuſammen, aß an ihrem Tiſche, verlor daher ſchon in ökonomiſcher Hinſicht; unerſetzlich aber war für mich der Verluſt einer Tröſterin, einer Freundin, die meine Fehler, meine Schwächen kannte, meine heftigen Leidenſchaften zügelte, mich oft wieder zu Geduld und Ruhe leitete. Jetzt war ich mir allein überlaſſen; rückſichtslos wurden daher meine leidenſchaftlichen Aeußerungen über Zinkmar, um ſo mehr, da die Aufbrechung der Pforte eine Zeitlang Stadtgeſpräch ward. Denn nach Oeffnung derſelben wurde auch wieder die benachbarte Wache beſetzt, und ſey es nun, daß Aberglaube, oder auch der Unwille über die neue Beſchwerde im Dienſt dazu die Veranlaſſung gab, durch die Schildwachen, welche um Mitternacht vor dem Gewehr ſtanden, wurde das Gerücht verbreitet, daß ſie oft ein klägliches Winſeln, oft wieder ein wüthendes Heulen und Toben an der Pforte gehört hätten. Ich, der ich meine Zeit den Wiſſenſchaften, den Erholungsſtunden meiner Mutter und dem Umgange mit wenigen gebildeten Freunden weihte, an wenig rauſchenden, gar keinen den Vergnügungen Antheil nahm, galt für einen ſtolzen Sonderling, und hatte als ſolcher auch meine Gegner, die vielleicht auch, um ſich die Gunſt des neuen Commandanten zu erwerben, den Argwohn rege machten, daß ich vielleicht die Rolle des Geſpenſtes übernommen haben könnte. Zinkmar kam einige Nächte hindurch zwiſchen zwölf und ein Uhr nach der Pforte geritten, verweilte dort eine Zeit, ſah und hörte nichts, und äußerte nun mit manchem hämiſchen Seitenblick auf mich, daß er mit Hülfe ſeiner doppelläufigen geladenen Piſtolen ſich jetzt als ein vorzüglicher Geiſterbanner bewährt hätte. Dieſe Aeußerung wurde bald mit mir nachtheiligen Zuſätzen verbreitet, meine Wuth hierdurch noch erhöht. In vielen, vielleicht ganz unſchuldigen Aeußerungen meiner Kameraden ahnete ich ſogleich Anſpielung, die ich nur durch Blut ſühnen zu können glaubte. Hierdurch entſprangen häufige Zweikämpfe, in allen war ich glücklich, aber nun auch als ein wüthender Händelmacher, als Störer aller geſelligen Freuden verſchrien. Daher zog ſich beinahe ein Jeder von meinem Umgange zurück.

So ſtand ich einſam da, und ſuchte noch einigen Troſt im Schooße der Natur; aber Zinkmar erhielt vielleicht von meinen entfernten Spaziergängen Nachricht, ließ Lärm ſchlagen, ich fehlte, wurde mit Arreſt beſtraft und erhielt die Weiſung, mich nie, ohne mich vorher gemeldet zu haben, aus der Feſtung zu entfernen. Oft dachte ich daran, meinen Abſchied zu nehmen; allein die Verpflichtung, nicht in fremde Kriegsdienſte zu treten, war damit verbunden; als Invalider konnte ich keine Anſtellung fordern und bei dem Mangel alles Vermögens mich nicht für eine Wiſſenſchaft bilden, um durch dieſe mein Brod zu haben. Ich ſank in tiefe Schwermuth, mein Zuſtand grenzte an Verzweiflung, die ſelbſt in meinem abgezehrten wilden Aeußern ſich zeigte. Oft lief ich in ſchlafloſen Nächten durch die Straßen, auch wohl auf dem Walle umher, und ſuchte vergeblich mein erhitztes Blut abzukühlen. Jene Stelle, wo Hobalt den Tod gefunden hatte, und ſeine Aſche ruhte, wurde bald mein Lieblingsplätzchen, denn auch ſein Schickſal überzeugte mich, es müſſe eine ewige Vergeltung ſeyn. Bald kam noch ein anderer Grund hinzu. Man überſah von hier den in der Vorſtadt liegenden herrlichen Garten des Bankiers Hilgert, dieſes Freundes meines Vaters. Hier hatte ich mit dem, nachher auf ſeinen Reiſen in England verſtorbenen Sohne Hilgerts die fröhlichſten Stunden in meinen Knabenjahren hingebracht. Mit Wehmuth dachte ich an die Vergangenheit, an alle die lieben Todten, und die Hoffnung, bald mit ihnen vereint zu ſeyn, gewährte mir Troſt. Mein Zuſtand minderte ſelbſt den Haß meiner Gegner, ich ſchien ihnen tiefer gebeugt, als ſie es bei meiner leidenſchaftlichen Heftigkeit erwartet hatten. Doch mein nächtliches Herumwandern, mein Tiefſinn, meine Zerſtreuung gaben auch wieder Stoff zu dem Gerüchte, daß mein Zuſtand an Geiſteszerrüttung grenze.

An einem ſchönen Sommerabende ſah ich nach dem Garten, da erblickte mein ſcharfes Auge den Gärtner. Es war noch der nämliche, der vor funfzehn Jahren dem Knaben ſo manche kleine Freude gewährt hatte; außer ihm war Niemand im Garten. Von einem unwiderſtehlichen Zuge, noch einmal meine Lieblingsplätze zu ſehen, fortgeriſſen, eilte ich dahin; ich wurde freundlich von dem Gärtner empfangen, der mich überall umherführte. Ich fragte, was für ein neues Gebäude ſich dort in dem kleinen Luſtwäldchen erhoben hätte, wo der verſtorbene Franz als Knabe ein eigenes kleines Gärtchen beſaß, bei deſſen Bearbeitung ich ihm damals ſo oft zur Hand ging! Wir eilten dahin, auf ſechs korinthiſchen Säulen erhob ſich eine kleine Rotunde, in der ein Denkmal auf meinen ſo früh verblühten Jugendfreund. Ich umfaßte die Urne, meine Thränen floſſen darauf herab, meine Innigkeit rührte den Greis, er lud mich ein, doch recht oft wieder zu kommen, und ich nahm dies gern unter der Bedingung an, daß er mich, wenn Jemand im Garten wäre, ſogleich warnen ſollte. Es war mir hier ſo wohl, an mancher Stelle hatte ich hier mit meinen Eltern, an mancher mit meinem Jugendfreunde verweilt; ich glaubte hier den theuren Abgeſchiedenen näher zu ſeyn. Ich ſaß hier einſt am Fuße des Monuments und las Youngs Nachtgedanken, jetzt, weil ſie meiner Schwermuth Nahrung gaben, mein Lieblingsbuch, als unerwartet Hilgert erſchien. Er, den ich ſonſt als einen blühenden, kräftigen Mann kannte, nahte ſich ſchwankend, denn ihn hatte der Tod ſeines Sohnes tief gebeugt und noch vor der Zeit zum Greiſe gemacht, und ſo trat auch er, der Leidende, gleich meinem Herzen näher.

Freundlich wurde ich von ihm bewillkommnet; ich wollte mich entſchuldigen. Freund meines Sohnes, ſagte Hilgert, Sie bedürfen der Entſchuldigung nicht. Der theure Verſtorbene wurde der Gegenſtand unſers Geſprächs, und an ſeinem Denkmale verband uns wieder der gemeinſchaftliche Schmerz, freundſchaftliche Vorwürfe folgten von dem ehrwürdigen Greiſe, daß ich ihn vernachläſſiget, ſo lange nicht beſucht hätte; er forderte mich auf, dies zu vergüten, dieſen Garten, ſo oft ich wollte, zu beſuchen, erinnerte ſich noch einiger meiner Lieblingsfrüchte, befahl dem Gärtner, ſie mir jederzeit verabfolgen zu laſſen, und mir wurde wohl, daß ich wieder einen Mann gefunden hatte, der meinem Herzen nahe war. Bald ward ich der Hausfreund Hilgerts, der oft große Geſellſchaften gab, wozu ich jederzeit eingeladen wurde, die ich aber nach Möglichkeit vermied. Spät im Herbſte kehrte Madam Hilgert aus dem Bade und von einem Beſuche bei ihrer Schweſter zurück. Daß ſie Mathilden, die Tochter derſelben, mitbringen, und an Kindesſtatt annehmen würde, hatte ich häufig gehört, und jetzt von ihrem Gemahl, der ihr einige Meilen entgegen fuhr, zu ſeiner Begleitung eingeladen, nahm ich mit Freuden an der kleinen Reiſe Theil.

Es war einer jener ſchönen Herbſttage, an welchen die Natur von ihren Bewohnern noch ſo freundlich Abſchied nimmt. Die holde Stille des Tages, die der Herbſt herbeiführt, hatte meine Schwermuth gemildert und ſo dachte ich auf die Erzählung Hilgerts, daß Mathilde von ihm und ſeiner Frau ihrem Neffen zur Braut beſtimmt, auch dieſer durch die Vorzüge ſeines Geiſtes und ihre Schönheit gefeſſelt geweſen wäre, und ihnen ein glückliches Alter bereitet hätte. Aber, ſagte er ſeufzend hinzu, er iſt todt! Was hilft mir mein großes Vermögen? wenn es mir nicht nur die einzige Freude gewährte, die einzige Geliebte meines verewigten Franz dadurch glücklich machen zu können!

So erreichten wir ein Wirthshaus, das in einem kleinen Gehölze lag; Hilgert harrte voll Ungeduld. Laſſen Sie uns, ſagte er, ihnen entgegen gehen. Wir gingen ein Paar hundert Schritte, da rollte ein Poſtwagen, mein ehrwürdiger Freund fühlte ſich innigſt erſchüttert. So hoffte ich, ſagte er, ſollte ſie einſt erſcheinen, um meinem Franz in die Arme zu ſinken. Er hatte Mühe, ſich zu faſſen: da erſchien der Reiſewagen, die Gattin lag in ſeinen Armen, Mathilde drückte ſeine Hand an ihre Lippen. Ich wurde überraſcht, eine ſo regelmäßige Schönheit, ſolche Züge voll Sanftmuth und Würde hatte ich noch nie erblickt. Wir ſpeiſten in einem beſondern Zimmer im Gaſthofe. Mathildens Verſtand, ihr ſanftes, gefühlvolles Herz erhöhten noch meine Bewunderung. Ich wußte bisher nicht, was Liebe war und ſchauderte bei dem Gedanken; armer Unglücklicher! wie wagſt du deinen Blick bis zu ihr zu erheben!

Ich wurde ihr als der Jugendfreund ihres entſeelten Bräutigams vorgeſtellt, ſchon dies hatte Annäherung zur Folge; ſie war Künſtlerin auf dem Pianoforte und hatte eine herrliche Stimme zum Geſange, Hilgert war enthuſiaſtiſcher Freund der Muſik, ich blies die Flöte gerade nicht ſchlecht, ſang einen guten Tenor; Dörfer, der Buchhalter, ſpielte das Violoncell vortrefflich, noch ein Paar der jungen Leute, die auf Hilgerts Comptoir und muſikaliſch waren, wurden eingeladen, und ſo verging, wenn uns nicht Geſellſchaft ſtörte, ſelten ein Abend ohne muſikaliſche Unterhaltung. Ich fühlte mich wieder unter guten Menſchen, meine Schwermuth entwich, und ſelbſt ein blühendes Aeußeres zeigte die Rückkehr der Geſundheit. Mancher äußerte ſich zu, daß ich wohl Abſichten auf die Nichte des reichen Bankiers hätte; allein da ich bei der hohen Achtung, mit der ich von ihr ſprach, ſobald man dieſen Punkt nur entfernt berührte, ihre großen Vorzüge, ihre hohen Anſprüche und meine Unbedeutendheit zuſammenſtellte, ſo erloſch auch wieder dies Gerücht. Doch mir ſelbſt verheimlichte ich es nicht, daß, ſo hoffnungslos ich auch liebte, Mathilde die Einzige wäre, die mich auf Erden glücklich machen könnte. Ich ſuchte meine Gefühle zu verbergen; aber oft, wenn ich mit ihr gemeinſchaftlich ſang, war ich nicht immer Herr meiner Empfindungen. Einſt ſangen wir ein Duett, worin ein liebendes Paar, durch die Hand des Schickſals getrennt, ſich das letzte Lebewohl ſagt. Ueberwältigt von dem, was mir jetzt aus dem Herzen ſprach, ruhte mein feuchtes Auge auf ihr, mit der ich jetzt wohl in dem nämlichen Verhältniß ſtand; auch dem ihren entſank eine Thräne. Mir ſelbſt unbewußt, drückte ich leiſe ihre Hand, unſere Herzen hatten ſich verſtanden. Es kam zu keiner Erklärung; aber die ſanfte Röthe, die ihr Geſicht überzog, ihr Blick, der zuweilen wohlwollend auf mir ruhte, und dann wieder meinem Blicke zu entgehen ſuchte, erfüllten mich oft mit der ſeligen Hoffnung, dem herrlichen Weſen nicht gleichgültig zu ſeyn.

Major Zinkmar, der Sohn des Generals, beſuchte jetzt häufig dies Haus, ſah, wie freundſchaftlich ich behandelt wurde, näherte ſich mir jetzt zuvorkommend, indeß ich ſelbſt immer von ihm in ehrerbietiger Entfernung blieb. Hingegen zwiſchen dem Buchhalter Dörfer und mir, der die Vorzüge und Kenntniſſe des gebildeten jungen Mannes ſchätzte, war ein freundſchaftliches Verhältniß entſtanden.

Er brachte mir einſt einige Muſikalien, lenkte das Geſpräch von Mathildens Stimme auf ſie ſelbſt zurück; wenn ſie Zinkmar heirathet, ſagte er, ſo iſt es freilich zu meinem Glück, denn wahrſcheinlich wird mir alsdann nach Hilgerts Tode die Handlung; auch iſt Zinkmar ein wohlgebildeter Mann in ſeinen beſten Jahren, und einſt der Erbe großer Güter; aber als ich letzthin ſah, wie ſaunenmäßig beim Tanzen ſeine Blicke auf Mathilden ruhten, wenn ich ſeine ſeltene Geſchmeidigkeit und Herablaſſung betrachte, die oft mit unwillkürlichen Ausbrüchen von Stolz und Anmaßung contraſtiren, und das Gerede, daß er gegen ſeine Untergebenen einer der grauſamſten, fühlloſeſten Menſchen iſt, erwäge, ſo halte ich ihn des Engels nicht werth. Nein! rief ich aus, das iſt er auch nicht! Dieſer verruchte Böſewicht, der über alles Hehre und Heilige ſpottet, ſich ſchamlos ſeiner Sünden und der verführten Unſchuld rühmt, wäre es möglich, daß dieſer Teufel ſich um Mathilden bewerben könnte? Das iſt Ihnen unbemerkt geblieben? fragte Dörfer; der General hat unſern freundlichen Alten ſchon ganz für die Sache gewonnen, nur Mathildens Abneigung ſteht noch im Wege, denn die gute Tante, welche ſie [illegible], iſt jetzt auch ſchon halb auf die Seite Zinkmars getreten. Nein! rief ich aus, ſie ſoll nie ſeine Beute werden! und fortgeriſſen von meiner Leidenſchaft und meiner Offenheit, machte ich Dörfern mit allen Zügen, die ich von Zinkmar wußte, und ſeinen niedrigen Ausſchweifungen bekannt. [illegible] ihm ſelbſt die Mittel an, wie er die [illegible] Unterredung [illegible] könnte. Als ich am Abend bei Hilgert erſchien, führte dieſer, dem Dörfer Alles mitgetheilt hatte, mich in ein beſonderes Zimmer, ich glaubte, ihm um Mathildens willen Aufklärung ſchuldig zu ſeyn; Hilgert erſchrak, [illegible] meinem Rathe gemäß, und wurde von der Wahrheit meiner Angaben überzeugt. Er theilte ſeiner Gattin, er theilte Mathilden ſelbſt die Entdeckung mit. Bei den nächſten Beſuchen Zinkmars erſchienen die Damen nicht, er bemerkte bald, daß etwas zu ſeinem Nachtheile vorgefallen wäre, ſein Ingrimm fiel auf mich, er ließ mir dieſes durch bittere Ausfälle merken, die von mir in dem nämlichen Tone erwidert wurden. Der gute Hilgert aber war ſchon ſo weit gegangen, daß er durch einen entſcheidenden Schritt abbrechen zu müſſen glaubte. Seine Gemahlin brachte alſo wieder Mathilden zu ihrer Mutter, bei der ſie, wie es hieß, ein Jahr zubringen wollte.

Zinkmar Vater und Sohn betrachteten mich als den Urheber von allem. Sie verheimlichten ihre Rache, wählten aber jedes Mittel zu ihrer Befriedigung. Der Frühling erſchien, mir wurde das Exerciren der Rekruten übertragen. Bei aller meiner Heftigkeit lag nie Härte in meinem Charakter, mit unermüdlicher Geduld ſuchte ich daher auch hier meinen Zweck zu erreichen. Wegen der Langſamkeit, womit ich fortſchritt, wurde ich täglich mit Vorwürfen überhäuft, alle meine Bemühungen, ohne Einwirkung des Stocks dieſe rohen Leute auszubilden, wurden zum Gegenſtande des Gelächters gemacht und ſelbſt durch manche ärgerliche Anecdoten das Gerücht erneuert, es müſſe doch wohl mit meinem Verſtande nicht zum Beſten beſtellt ſeyn. Ich verlachte dieſe Tücke; allein als Dörfer an einem Morgen voll des heftigſten Unwillens zu mir kam und mir die Nachricht mittheilte, daß, um Mathildens Ehre anzugreifen, wahrſcheinlich durch Zinkmar, das Gerücht verbreitet wäre: daß ſie, um nicht die Folgen ihres Umgangs, ungewiß, ob mit ihm oder mit mir, ſichtbar zu machen, ſich auf ſo lange Zeit entfernt hätte; da erreichte auch mein Ingrimm gegen dieſe ſo verächtlichen Menſchen den höchſten Grad. Zitternd vor Aerger ging ich auf die Parade, ich war gerade im Dienſt und mußte mich beim General melden. Sie kommen, wie gerufen, ſagte dieſer: mein Adjutant iſt abweſend, da — man brachte einen Unteroffizier aus der Wache, geben Sie dem Kerl funfzig Fuchtel! Ich habe, ſagte ich, dies Geſchäft noch nie getrieben. So müſſen Sie es lernen, rief der General, ohne Widerrede, funfzig Fuchtel aus aller Kraft! Ich gehorchte, kann es aber gar nicht läugnen, daß ich mich dabei höchſt ungeſchickt benahm, wozu denn auch wohl das Hohngelächter des mit [illegible] überſehenden Majors nicht wenig beitrug. Donner und Wetter! rief der General, hätte Ihr thörichter Vater Sie nicht zum Empfindler erzogen, ſo würden Sie ſich auch nicht im Dienſte wie ein Weib oder Kind benehmen. Die Läſterung meines Vaters, ſo wie dieſer grobe Verweis raubte mir alle Beſinnung; und als der General mir nun den Degen aus der Hand reißen wollte, entweder um mich zu verhaften, oder um mir zu zeigen, wie ich mein Geſchäft verrichten ſollte, glaubte ich dieſe entehrende Beleidigung nicht ertragen zu müſſen; ein Schlag mit der linken Fauſt auf die Bruſt des Alten machte, daß er taumelte, und zu Boden ſank. Entwaffnet den Wahnſinnigen! rief der Major. Aber nun handelte ich auch wie ein Raſender. Zurück, feiger Böſewicht! rief ich, indem ich auf ihn einſtürzte. Soldaten! ſtoßt ihn mit den Bajonetten nieder! rief der Major. In dem Augenblick aber hatte er auch von mir ein Paar Schläge mit der Klinge erhalten. Jetzt fielen mir meine Kameraden in den Arm, ich wurde entwaffnet, der Major zog ſeinen Degen, wurde aber auch von ihnen, mich zu durchbohren, verhindert; ich wüthete, wurde in die Wache gebracht, in das Arreſtantenzimmer geſperrt.

Nachdem die Wuth ſich gelegt hatte, überdachte ich die Folgen meiner Handlung und hielt meinen Tod für unvermeidlich. Gegen Abend beſuchte mich der Regimentschirurgus Lenz, ein ehemaliger Freund meines Vaters. Er äußerte mir ſeine Theilnahme, ſo ſehr er mein Benehmen auch tadelte, verſicherte mir ein Arzneimittel und beſtimmte mich, ihm zu deſſen Gebrauch mein Wort zu geben. Er kam auch am folgenden Morgen zurück, als er es vielleicht ſelbſt erwartet hatte. Armer Dalbeck! ſagte er, wird Ihr Betragen nach den Kriegsgeſetzen beſtraft, ſo dürfte Ihre Strafe ſchrecklich ſeyn; allein Ihre Gegner wünſchen ſelbſt, daß bei einem ſo [illegible] Beſtimmungs [illegible] zur Milderung des Wahnſinns komme, um dadurch zugleich mancher, ſonſt unvermeidlichen Verantwortlichkeit zu entgehen. Ihre hohe Schwermuth iſt mir bekannt, ſo wie die von Ihnen ausgeſprochenen Gerüchte und Ihre heftige Handlung, verargen Sie mir dieſen Ausdruck nicht, iſt doch wahrlich nicht des Wahnſinns unwürdig. Das ganze Offiziercorps wünſcht ſie zu retten; wirken Sie daher ſelbſt nicht entgegen, wenn Sie für periodiſch wahnſinnig erklärt, auf eine kurze Zeit als ein Wahnſinniger behandelt und dann wieder durch ein ärztliches Zeugniß völlig geneſen zu ſeyn erklärt, in Freiheit geſetzt werden. Sie entgehen dadurch einem ſchimpflichen Tode, ſollen ſich zu keiner entehrenden Verſtellung herabwürdigen, ſondern laſſen Sie den General, laſſen Sie mich handeln und hoffentlich werden Sie noch vielleicht einſt als glücklicher Mann dieſe Wendung Ihres Schickſals durch einen Freund Ihres Vaters liebreich erkennen. Ich wollte ſterben; allein mein Freund, der Feldprediger, der mich beſuchte, führte ſchon eine mildere Stimmung herbei. Den Tod zu erwarten, ſagte er, iſt beinahe halber Selbſtmord. Dennoch würde ich mich nur ſchwerlich in Alles gefügt haben, und daher wurde auch unter dem Vorwande meiner Krankheit mein Verhör aufgehalten. Da kam eines Tages Dörfer in Begleitung des Feldpredigers zu mir, und ſteckte mir beim Weggehen ein Zettelchen in die Hand. Ich las nach ihrer Entfernung die Worte: Iſt Ihnen mein Andenken nur etwas werth, ſo erhalten Sie Ihr Leben.

Die Handſchrift und der Buchſtabe M. zeigten, es kam von Mathilden. Jetzt fügte ich mich in alles; eine Menge von Zeugniſſen meines angeblichen Wahnſinns wurden herbeigeſchafft, und ſo wurde ich dann in dieſe Anſtalt gebracht. Allein die Rache meiner Gegner ruhte nicht, der General wünſchte meine Verhältniſſe ſo traurig als möglich zu machen, und nur durch Ihre Güte, mein väterlicher Freund! ſagte Dalbeck, indem er ſich zu dem Stadtarzt wandte, wurde mein Schickſal gemildert, bis mir jetzt, nach beinahe zehnjährigen Leiden, der Tod meines Feindes wieder einige Hoffnung gewährt.

Dieſe blieb nicht unerfüllt. Nach wiederholten Prüfungen von Aerzten und Gerichtsperſonen wurde Dalbeck für völlig geneſen erklärt und Nebbe that ihm nun den Vorſchlag, bei dem mit ſeiner Schweſter vermählten Pächter Reimar auf einige Monate ſich einzuquartiren, um, durch die Landluft und Bewegung geſtärkt, ſeine neue Laufbahn um ſo kraftvoller zu beginnen. Mit Dank nahm Dalbeck den ihm gemachten Antrag an, bald ſchwelgte er beim Anblick der Natur, bald vergoß er Thränen, die manche Erinnerung weckte. Er war anfänglich wie betäubt; doch endlich zeigte ſich die kräftige Einwirkung der Freiheit und er wurde bald Liebling der Familie, die ihn ſo freundlich bei ſich aufgenommen hatte. Das Landleben gewann für ihn hohen Reiz, und der Vorſchlag Reimars, den Nebbe unterſtützte, ſich ihm zu weihen und nachher ſeinen Fond zu einer Pachtung anzulegen, war ganz nach ſeinem Geſchmack. Um aber nun die Wirthſchaft in allen ihren Zweigen kennen zu lernen, brachte er auch noch den Winter in Reimars Hauſe zu. Seine ganze vormalige Heftigkeit war dahin geſchwunden; denn die Härte ſeines Schickſals hatte ihn an Geduld gewöhnt. Freund! ſagte Nebbe, als ſie einſt über die Vergangenheit ſprachen, fühlen Sie nicht ſelbſt, daß Ihre Leiden Sie beſſer gemacht, jene rauhe Seite Ihres Charakters, die vielleicht Sie und Andere unglücklich gemacht hätte, abgeglättet haben? Dalbeck ſelbſt geſtand dies ein und ließ ſich nun den Antrag gefallen, im nächſten Frühlinge in Begleitung der Familie Reimar und Nebbe den Amtmann Münter, der einige Meilen davon wohnte, zu beſuchen. Sie werden, ſagte Nebbe, als ſie beieinander im Wagen ſaßen, dort ein ſonderbares Mädchen kennen lernen, die, freilich nicht mehr in der erſten Blüthe der Jugend, aber noch ein ſehr angenehmes Geſchöpf iſt, wenn ſie gleich das Unglück hat, taubſtumm zu ſeyn. Sie hätten, ſagte Dalbeck, mich nicht mitnehmen ſollen; der Anblick der Unglücklichen wird meinen kaum erwachten Frohſinn wieder verſcheuchen. Sie ſind mir noch, ſagte Nebbe, der das Geſpräch auf etwas anderes zu lenken wünſchte, einiges aus Ihrer Lebensgeſchichte ſchuldig. Wiſſen Sie nichts von Mathildens Schickſal? Aus den Zeitungen, welche Sie mir mittheilten, antwortete Dalbeck, weiß ich, daß ſie Dörfern geheirathet hat. Da ich meine Freiheit wieder erlangt hatte, ſuchte ich Nachricht von meinen ehemaligen Bekannten. Major Zinkmar hat, um dem allgemeinen Haſſe der Offiziere zu entgehen, ſeinen Abſchied genommen, die wenigen Offiziere, mit denen ich Umgang gehabt hatte, leben auf entfernten Gütern, oder waren verſetzt, Lenz war längſt im Grabe; nur der ehemalige Feldprediger hatte eine benachbarte Predigerſtelle erhalten; er berichtete mir, daß Hilgert auf ſeinem Sterbebette Dörfern mit Mathilden verlobt habe, dieſe wäre Mutter von vier Kindern geworden, alle wären geſtorben, Dörfer, wie man glaube, hierüber in Schwermuth verſunken, ob ihn gleich das Glück bei ſeinem Handel außerordentlich begünſtigt hätte. Die beiden Eheleute, die ſich ohne wechſelſeitige Neigung, blos aus Achtung für den Willen des Sterbenden vermählt hätten, wären, obgleich von allen guten Menſchen geliebt und geachtet, und bei ihrem äußern Glanze, wenn man dem allgemeinen Rufe trauen dürfe, keineswegs glücklich.

Tief ſeufzte Dalbeck am Schluſſe dieſer Erzählung. O, ſagte er, jeder meiner eifrigſten Wünſche bleibt unerfüllt, jede Freude des Lebens geht für mich verloren! Gern wollte ich eines Andern mein Schickſal ertragen, wenn nur ſie glücklich wäre! Aber, iſt es denn auch ſo gewiß? fragte Nebbe. Der Feldprediger, antwortete Dalbeck, war Dörfers Freund, warum ſollte ich zweifeln? Das Geſpräch ſtockte, auch Nebbe wurde nachdenkend. Getroſt mein Freund, ſagte er nach einigem Schweigen, der Ewige weiß, warum er unſere Schickſale ſo oft gegen unſere Wünſche und Hoffnungen lenkt, auch Ihnen kann noch die Freude auf Erden blühen, auch Sie können noch an der Seite der zärtlichen Gattin als Hausvater — Nimmer, nimmer! fiel Dalbeck heftig ein; ſie war meine erſte, ſie bleibt meine einzige Liebe; gern will ich meine Zukunft einſam und freudenlos hinbringen, könnte ſie, die für mich ewig verloren iſt, nur glücklich ſeyn.

Sie kamen an den Ort ihrer Beſtimmung, und von guten Menſchen freundlich empfangen, kehrte wenigſtens die Ruhe bei Dalbeck zurück; die Flügelthüren des Saales gingen nach dem herrlichen Garten; wollen wir nicht, fragte die Wirthin, noch vor dem Abendeſſen einen Spaziergang in den Garten machen? Sie traten aus dem Bogengange und ſahen am Blumenbeete ein einfach gekleidetes Frauenzimmer, welches ihnen den Rücken zukehrte und ſie gar nicht zu bemerken ſchien. Louiſe, meine taubſtumme Nichte, ſagte die Amtmännin; unwillkürlich fühlte ſich Dalbeck äußerſt bewegt. Als ſie ſich ganz genaht hatten, und die Amtmännin ſie leiſe berührte, richtete ſich Louiſe, die indeß Blumen gepflückt hatte, auf, begrüßte die Kommenden ſchweigend und Dalbeck bebte zurück. Wer iſt, fragte er mit Heftigkeit, dieſe Dame? Meine taubſtumme Nichte; ſollte ſie vielleicht ſchon die Ehre haben, Ihnen bekannt zu ſeyn? O dieſe Züge, ſagte er zu Nebbe, ſo dachte ich mir Mathilden, wenn ſie älter wäre. Louiſe vertheilte ihre Blumen, ſie reichte auch einige an Dalbeck, ſie bebte, als er ihre Hand an ſeine Lippen drückte. Warum, ſagte er, zittert dieſe Hand? Ihre Blicke und Ihre lebhafte Pantomime, ſagte Münter, ſetzen die Arme in Verlegenheit. Nein! rief Dalbeck, unmöglich, ſie iſt es! ein Paar Thränen traten in Louiſens Auge, ſie riß die Hand aus der ſeinigen und eilte davon. Er machte eine ſchnelle Bewegung, ihr zu folgen. Ich bitte Sie, ſagte Madam Münter, ſchonen Sie die Arme, welche Sie bereits ſo erſchreckt haben, ſie dürfte ſonſt, ſo lange Sie hier ſind, nicht wieder erſcheinen.

Ein alter Mann, der, ungeachtet ſeiner ſanften, wohlwollenden Züge auf Dalbeck, weil er ihn aufmerkſam zu beobachten ſchien, einen unangenehmen Eindruck gemacht hatte, näherte ſich ihm. Verzeihen Sie, mein Herr, einem Unbekannten, ſagte er, indem er ſeine Hand faßte, und ſeinen Puls unbemerkt zu berühren ſchien, Sie ſcheinen bei dem Anblick dieſer Unglücklichen in eine ſo heftige Gemüthsbewegung gerathen zu ſeyn, daß Sie es uns wohl nicht als übertriebene Neugier ausdeuten werden, wenn wir hierüber einen Aufſchluß zu erhalten wünſchen. O mein Herr! antwortete Dalbeck, o Ihr alle, warum mich nicht, wozu dieſe Täuſchung? Eine ſolche Aehnlichkeit der Züge iſt unmöglich, es iſt keine Taubſtumme, Madam Dörfer, Mathilde, Mathilde, ſie iſt es! Um des Himmels willen! ſagte der Amtmann, beruhigen Sie ſich, erholen Sie ſich einige Augenblicke hier auf dieſer Raſenbank. Die Amtmännin brachte ein Glas mit Limonade, man zwang ihn, zu trinken, er that es. Aber wer iſt denn dieſe Dame, von der Sie ſprechen? fragte der ältliche Mann, der ſich neben ihn geſetzt hatte. Die ſie, von der ich meinen Himmel auf Erden erwartete, wenn ich ſie gleich nur im Verborgenen liebte, die die Meine zu nennen hoffen konnte, ſie die, die mich beſtimmte, nicht dem Leben zu entſagen, und lieber für wahnſinnig zu gelten; die mich während meiner langen Einkerkerung in meinen Träumen als tröſtender Engel umſchwebte, mich dadurch vom Wahnſinn rettete, und um ihrer einſt im Himmel würdig zu ſeyn, wenn Verzweiflung erwachte, mich vom Selbſtmorde zurückhielt. Aber, ſagte der Doktor Funk, der ältliche Mann, der ihm zur Seite ſaß, Sie nannten ſie ja Madam Dörfer. Ich danke Ihnen, mein Herr! ſagte Dalbeck mit Würde, daß Sie mich hieran erinnern, ſie iſt die Gattin eines Andern und folglich waren meine Wünſche, ſelbſt meine Aufwallung war ungerecht! Aber daß Sie, er blickte unwillig umher, aber daß Sie mir dieſe qualvollen Augenblicke bereiteten, das verzeihe Ihnen Gott! Nehmen Sie, ſagte Doktor Funk, ich bitte Sie, dieſes kühlende Mittel. O mein Herr, ſagte Dalbeck mit Bitterkeit, ſparen Sie Ihre Kunſt, denn ich bin wahrlich nicht der, für den man mich ausgab. Das haben Sie in dieſem Augenblicke bewieſen, antwortete Funk;

aber Freude, größer als der Schrecken, könnte Ihrer Geſundheit nachtheilig ſeyn; nehmen Sie daher, Mathilde bittet Sie, Ihre Geſundheit zu erhalten.

Er verſchlang die ihm dargebotene Arzenei. Aber, rief er nun, wo iſt ſie, und wozu dies Alles? Darum, rief Mathilde, die hinter einer Hecke hervortrat, indeß die Thränen ihren Augen entſtürzten und ſie die Arme gegen ihn ausbreitete, um nun ungeſtört von Angſt und Beſorgniß ewig die Deine zu ſeyn. Dalbeck ſank in ihre Arme, Freudenthränen ſtanden in den Augen aller Anweſenden.

Der erſte Taumel ging vorüber, zuerſt ſammelte ſich Dalbeck. Lebt Dörfer? fragte er. Er lebt, antwortete Mathilde, aber unſere Ehe iſt getrennt, und ich, ſagte er [illegible] gerührt, eine Paar Schritte zurücktretend, kann die unglückliche Geliebte! Ich war [illegible], antwortete Mathilde; unſere Trennung erfolgte, als mein Oheim noch lebte, wurde dir aber auf Dörfers Bitte von deinem Freunde, dem ehemaligen Feldprediger, verſchwiegen. Aber wo iſt Dörfer? forſchte Dalbeck aufs Neue. Im Beſitz der Handlung meines Onkels, im höchſten Wohlſtande, frei von aller [illegible] Schwermuth, ein glücklicher Gatte und Vater. Löſt mir dieſe Räthſel! Alle ſetzten ſich nun unter den Schatten einiger ſich über ſie wölbenden blühenden Linden und Akazien. Mathilde begann:

Du, mein Dalbeck, warſt für mich verloren und [illegible] Wunſch und Hoffnung ſchien mein Leben leer. Da ſtarb meine Tante nach einer langen ſchmerzhaften Krankheit, es war mir Troſt, ihr auf dem Sterbelager jeden möglichen Beiſtand zu leiſten, und die Ueberzeugung, doch noch in der Welt nützen zu können, linderte in etwas meinen Gram. Länger als zwanzig Jahre hatte ſie das Schickſal meines Onkels getheilt, er liebte ſie innig, ihr Tod zerrüttete völlig die Geſundheit des ohnehin ſchwächlichen Greiſes, durch Dankbarkeit und kindliche Liebe an ihn gefeſſelt, vergaß ich meinen eigenen Schmerz. Er wurde einige Tage lang höchſt unruhig, ſprach oft ins Geheim mit Dörfer, mir ahnete nichts Gutes, der Arzt zuckte bedenklich die Schultern; es iſt etwas, ſagte er, im Gemüthe des Kranken, das ſeine letzte Lebenskraft verzehrt. Er wurde wieder heiter, obgleich die Entkräftung beinahe mit jeder Stunde ſtieg. Was hältſt du, ſagte er, da ich einſt an ſeinem Krankenbette ſaß, was hältſt du von Dörfer? Es iſt nach meiner Ueberzeugung ein vorzüglicher junger Mann. Nicht wahr, mein Kind! recht, ſagte er; es iſt ein herrlicher Mann, ſein Eifer, ſeine Treue, ſeine Einſichten haben mich aus einer ſchrecklichen Lage geriſſen, gern möchte ich ihm reichlich lohnen. Mathilde! du biſt meine einzige Erbin, mache ihn durch deine Hand glücklich, gewähre mir die letzte Bitte, Euch meine guten Kinder, ehe ich ſterbe, zu ſegnen. Konnte ich Nein ſagen? Ich küßte die Hand des Greiſes, aus allen ſeinen Zügen ſtrahlte Freude, da trat Dörfer ins Zimmer. Er winkte ihn an ſein Lager. Mein Sohn, ſagte er, ſo wünſche ich Sie nun künftig zu nennen, Sie haben viel für mich gethan, gern möchte ich Ihnen, noch ehe ich ſterbe, meinen Dank zeigen. Mathilde, ich habe es längſt bemerkt, iſt Ihnen nicht gleichgültig; ſo eben hat meine gute Tochter meine Bitte erfüllt, und mir für Sie ihre Hand zugeſagt. Kommen Sie, mein Sohn! er legte meine Hand in die ſeine. Dörfer hatte keine Worte, Thränen traten ihm ins Auge, ach und ich nahm dies für Ueberraſchung, Dankbarkeit und Freude. Ich kniete am Bette des Greiſes nieder, Dörfer an meiner Seite, der Kranke richtete ſich auf ſeinem Lager empor, er ſegnete uns beide, ſeine Thränen ſtrömten auf uns herab, und ſo erhielt Dörfer den erſten Bräutigamskuß.

Mein ehrwürdiger Onkel ſchien durch die Freude auf Augenblicke geneſen zu ſeyn. Ich, rief er, muß, ehe ich ſterbe, euch noch als Eheleute erblicken. Er ſchickte ſogleich ſeinen Wagen nach Dörfers Vater, einem nur wenige Meilen entfernten Landgeiſtlichen, der nun nach ſeinem Wunſche die Sache mit ſolcher Schnelligkeit betrieb, daß er uns nach wenigen Tagen, dies in Gegenwart einiger Verwandten vor dem Bette des Kranken zuſammengab. Er wird es nicht lange machen, ſagte der Arzt; ſelbſt dieſe Heftigkeit iſt Krankheit; ich fühlte mich glücklich, ſeine letzten Stunden aufgeheitert zu haben, denn ſchon zwei Tage nach meiner Trauung war er nicht mehr.

Dörfer, dieſer gebildete junge Mann, behandelte mich zuvorkommend, mit hoher Achtung, ich ſuchte dieſe Geſinnungen zu erwiedern und ſo war unſere Ehe nicht unglücklich. Ich ward Mutter, mein Eduard, ein ſchöner Knabe, machte mich unausſprechlich glücklich, ſchon konnte er den Vater- und Mutternamen lallen, da ſank er ins Grab. Ich tröſtete mich, noch lebte meine Mathilde, aber ich litt unausſprechlich, als ich auch ſie im zweiten Jahre verlor; dies war auch das Schickſal ihrer jüngſten Schweſter. Mein Mann wurde ſchweigend und in ſich gekehrt, oft ſah ich Thränen in ſeinen Augen, forſchte aber nicht nach dem Grunde, denn ich maß ſeinen Schmerz nach dem meinigen. Da nöthigten ihn ſeine Geſchäfte zu einer Reiſe nach Hamburg, er kam verſtört und trübſinnig zurück, ich ſchob den Grund auf ungünſtige Handelsverhältniſſe, aber er ſelbſt gab mir Nachricht von unerwartetem ſehr großem Gewinn. Ich ſah, es lag ihm etwas auf dem Herzen, wünſchte ſein Vertrauen und ſuchte es durch Wohlwollen zu verdienen, erbetteln wollte ich es nicht. Er blieb verſchloſſen, nur wenn der einzige uns noch übrige Knabe, der freundliche Rudolph, die kleinen Händchen nach ihm ausſtreckte, auf ſeinem Schooße ſaß, Vater! ſtammelte und ihm kindlich ſchmeichelte, dann ſchien ſein guter Engel ihn freundlich zu umſchweben. Aber auch mein Rudolph erkrankte. Dörfer ward außer ſich, er bot alle Aerzte auf, verſprach fürſtlich zu lohnen, umſonſt! Der Knabe litt unter den ſchrecklichſten Zuckungen, ſelbſt ſeine Wärterin wurde durch dieſen Anblick ſo angegriffen, daß ſie das Zimmer verließ und auch ich, einer Ohnmacht nahe, trat auf einige Augenblicke in ein Nebenzimmer, um an einem offenen Fenſter die friſche Luft zu genießen, und ſah noch im Hinausgehen, wie Dörfer, der mit unverwandtem Auge am Bette ſeines Lieblings geſtanden hatte, ſich ſchnell auf die Knie warf. Um ſo mehr eilte ich zurück, er aber, der Blick und Hände [illegible] emporhob, bemerkte mich nicht. O du ſtrenger Richter! rief er aus, [illegible], dem Verbrechen keine Strafe! dieſe gräßlichen Zuckungen, dieſe Qualen, [illegible] der leidenden Unſchuld und lenke Alles auf mein treuloſes Haupt! Ich bebte zurück, eine ſolche Entdeckung hatte ich nicht erwartet. Mein armes, leidendes Kind ſtarb erſt nach einigen Stunden; noch an dem nämlichen Tage erkrankte Dörfer tödtlich, ich glaubte ihm jetzt um ſo mehr jede Pflicht der Gattin ſchuldig zu ſeyn. Er lag in wilder Phantaſie, der Arzt zweifelte an ſeiner Rettung. O Sophie, Sophie! rief er aus, indem er meine beiden Hände ergriff, du nannteſt ja unſern Knaben Eduard! o wenn ich auch dich nie die meine nennen darf, o ſo laß mich doch der Vater meines unglücklichen Kindes ſeyn! Georg, der alte Bediente meines Oheims, den wir im Dienſte behalten hatten, war zugegen und wurde todtenblaß. Was iſt dir Alter! ſagte ich. O daß Sie auch dieſe ſchrecklichen Dinge erfahren müſſen! [illegible] antwortete er. Ich winkte ihm ins Nebenzimmer. Du ſollſt nicht, ſagte ich, der Ankläger deines Herrn ſeyn, doch um ihn zu retten, wünſche ich ſein Geheimniß zu wiſſen, ſprich! Die Thränen des Greiſes ſtrömten die graue Wange herab. Sie wiſſen, daß, als der Herr vor wenigen Monaten nach Hamburg reiſte, er mich mitnahm. Der Wagen brach auf der Rückreiſe und wir mußten, bis er ausgebeſſert war, einen ganzen Tag in einem kleinen Städtchen hinbringen. Der Herr ſtand am Fenſter des Gaſthofes, es war gegen Mittag, da kamen aus dem Hauſe gegenüber einige kleine Mädchen, mit dieſen ein ausgezeichnet ſchöner Knabe, den nach wenigen Augenblicken eine junge Frau, die das Fenſter öffnete, bei dem Namen Eduard hineinrief. Wer iſt dieſe Dame und wem gehört der Knabe? fragte mein Herr lebhaft. Es iſt der Sohn der Madam Wallner, dieſer jungen Witwe, antwortete der Wirth, einer vorzüglichen Frau, die hier eine Mädchenſchule hält. In dem Augenblicke ſtürzte mein Herr aus dem Zimmer, er blieb lange fort, kam mit rothgeweinten Augen zurück. Nach ein Paar Stunden mußte ich einen Brief an die Witwe bringen, die mir zwar bekannt ſchien, doch ohne daß ich mich genau auf ſie erinnern konnte. Sie gab mir den Knaben mit, er mußte mit meinem Herrn auf ſeinem Zimmer ſpeiſen. Mein Herr, der den Knaben Eduard nannte, liebkoſte ihn unaufhörlich, doch konnte er ſich auch dabei nicht der Thränen enthalten. Die Mutter ſchickte gegen Abend, um ihn abzuholen, mein Herr ſchrieb an ſie, verſiegelte eine beträchtliche Summe in Golde und gab mir den Auftrag, den Knaben zurückzubringen und Brief und Geld der Mutter zu übergeben. Dieſe, wie ich nun genauer bemerkte, eine wunderſchöne junge Frau, erbrach den Brief; gab mir aber, wie es mir ſchien, nicht ohne Unwillen den Beutel zurück, mit dem Auftrage, meinem Herrn in ihrem Namen eine glückliche Reiſe zu wünſchen. Mein armer Herr ſchien hierüber außer ſich zu gerathen, es blieb mir nicht länger ein Geheimniß, daß etwas Schweres auf ſeinem Herzen laſte. Ach er war nicht mehr derſelbe Mann. Oft bat ich ihn, doch Alles zu vergeſſen; allein dann blickte er mich immer fürchterlich an, gebot mir das ſtrengſte Stillſchweigen und ich gehorchte, bis er ſich nun ſelbſt verrieth.

Auch ich gebot dem Greiſe die höchſte Verſchwiegenheit; Dörfer erholte ſich allmählig. Daß ich im Beſitze ſeines Geheimniſſes wäre, ahnete er nicht. Ich bemerkte oft, daß ſeine Blicke mit Wehmuth auf mir ruhten, ſah, daß er mich nach Möglichkeit vermied. Der Arzt wünſchte, daß er die freie Luft genießen möchte, er fuhr daher nach dem Garten. Ich wußte, daß er allein war, und folgte ihm. Er ſtand am Grabmale unſers verewigten Freundes, hatte das Haupt an die Urne gelehnt und blickte düſter zur Erde. Eduard! ſagte ich, auf deine Liebe habe ich kein Recht, wohl aber auf Vertrauen und Freundſchaft. Ich will dir ein Geheimniß, das dir ſo ſchwer auf dem

Herzen liegt, nicht abreißen; aber giebt es ein Mittel, deinen Gram zu mindern, kann ich hierbei wirken, ſo — ich beſchwöre dich bei meiner Ruhe, bei meinem Glück, fordere, was ich zu thun, zu leiſten vermag, vergiß jede Rückſicht, ſchone mich nicht! O Mathilde! rief er aus und umfaßte meine Knie, vergieb dem Elenden, der nicht ſterben kann und dich, die du das höchſte Erdenglück verdienteſt, in ſein Unglück zog. Freundlich richtete ich ihn empor. Eduard! rief ich, du biſt der Vater meiner Kinder, iſt dir ihr Andenken lieb und werth, ſo beſchwöre ich dich bei ihrer Aſche, öffne mir dein Herz. Damit auch du mich verachteſt! rief er kniriſchend, der ich mir ſchon ſelbſt verächtlich bin! Damit ich dich Unglücklichen tröſte, dich mit deinem eigenen Herzen wieder ausſöhnen kann. Mathilde! rief er, wäre es möglich! Eduard! nicht Liebe, ſondern der Wille eines Sterbenden, den wir beide ehrten, knüpfte unſere Ehe, zerriß vielleicht ein früheres Band, das deinem Herzen theuer war! Du biſt Vater, unſere Kinder ſchlummern im Grabe, traue es mir zu, daß ich auch für deinen Sohn ein Mutterherz habe. Jetzt ſtrömten ſeine Thränen; ich glaubte dieſen Augenblick, wo er ſo erweicht war, benutzen zu müſſen; ſagte ihm, daß er mich in ſeiner Phantaſie ſelbſt mit ſeinem Geheimniſſe bekannt gemacht hätte. O, rief er, dann kennſt du den Treuloſen, den Verbrecher! aber ich bin kein Böſewicht, komm in die Laube, dort will ich dich ganz mit meinem Vergehen, mit meinen Leiden bekannt machen.

Daß mir dein Onkel ſeine Hand beſtimmt hätte, ahnete ich nie; daß er mir ſeine Handlung zurücklaſſen würde, hielt ich für Gewißheit, ich war in der Blüthe des Lebens, mein Herz frei und der Gedanke an eheliches Glück ſchwebte oft wie ein reizender Traum vor meiner Seele; da geſtatteten es die Geſchäfte der Handlung, daß ich eine Frühlingscur bei meinem Vater brauchen konnte. Dort lernte ich Sophien, eins der reizendſten weiblichen Weſen, die mit hoher Bildung Anmuth und unerſchöpflichen Frohſinn vereinigte, kennen. Sie, die ſelbſt kaum das ſiebenzehnte Jahr zurückgelegt hatte, war die Erzieherin der jungen Tochter des Herrn von Elmenhorſt. Mein Vater, der auf deſſen Gütern Prediger war, wurde von ihm als Hausfreund betrachtet, daher war ich auch beinahe täglich in dieſem Hauſe, lernte mit jedem Tage Sophien mehr kennen und ſchätzen, ſchmeichelte mir, daß ich ihr wenigſtens nicht gleichgültig war, konnte auch ſchon als Buchhalter unter Einſchränkungen eine Familie ernähren, und trug ihr meine Hand an. Sie ſchlug dieſe nicht aus, machte aber eine Forderung, die mich in die größte Verlegenheit ſetzte.

Ich betrachte Sie, ſagte ſie, als einen Freund, für den ich kein Geheimniß haben muß. Ich nenne mich hier Wallner, bin aber die Tochter jenes unglücklichen Hebalt, der, wenn gleich unſchuldig, doch durch das Zuſammentreffen der Umſtände beinahe überwieſen, den Tod des Verbrechers ſtarb. Meine Mutter eilte, den Ort zu verlaſſen, wo alles ihren Schmerz nährte. Geſchickt in jeder weiblichen Arbeit, legte ſie in einer entfernten großen Stadt eine Putzhandlung an, die jetzt nach ihrem Tode von meiner ältern Schweſter fortgeſetzt wird. An dieſem Gewerbe Theil zu nehmen, war nicht nach meinem Geſchmacke, beſonders da meine verewigte Mutter bei den Lobſprüchen, die man meinen unbedeutenden Anlagen ertheilte, jeden Sparpfennig auf meine Erziehung gewandt hatte, und ſo übernahm ich hier das Geſchäft der Erzieherin. An den Ort zurückzukehren, wo mich in meinen Kinderjahren Jedermann kannte und mich bald wieder erkennen und es Ihnen vielleicht bald zum Vorwurfe machen würde, die arme Tochter eines Hingerichteten geheirathet zu haben, hierdurch ſelbſt in manche mißliche Verhältniſſe geſetzt, nicht ſelten ſchmerzlich daran erinnert zu werden, — nennen Sie es immerhin Schwäche und Vorurtheil, allein ich kann mich, dort meinen Wohnſitz zu wählen, nicht entſchließen. Wenn Sie aber an einem andern, wo möglich entfernten Ort, auch nur ein mäßiges Auskommen finden, und das Opfer, welches Sie mir hierdurch bringen, nicht zu hoch iſt, dann ſoll es mein Stolz, meine Freude ſeyn, Sie für Alles, was Sie der armen Sophie aufopferten, durch ihre ganze Lebenszeit, ſo weit es Dankbarkeit und Liebe vermag, zu entſchädigen.

Zurückzutreten war unmöglich: jetzt erkrankte dein ehrwürdiger Oheim, dennoch ſuchte ich ein anderes Unterkommen. Mir wurde eine einträgliche Buchhalterſtelle in Nantes angetragen, ich gewann einige Tage Zeit und eilte, um Sophien damit bekannt zu machen. Das liebe, dankbare Mädchen behandelte mich nun als ihren Verlobten. Zu unſerm Unglücke waren Herr von Elmenhorſt und ſeine Gemahlin verreiſt, wir waren daher häufig allein und wurden in einer unſeligen Stunde das Opfer unſerer Leidenſchaft. Jetzt entdeckte ich meinen Eltern meine Abſicht; denn nach meinem Plane ſollte Sophie nach wenigen Tagen meine Frau ſeyn. Allein mein Vater, der Reichthum für das höchſte Erdenglück hielt, und mich ſchon immer als den künftigen Inhaber der großen Hilgerſchen Handlung betrachtet hatte, wurde außer ſich, meine Mutter weinte bei dem Gedanken, die Tochter eines Verbrechers als Schwiegertochter zu umarmen. Ich blieb unerſchüttert, tröſtete Sophien durch die erneuerten Schwüre meiner Treue und eilte zurück. Ich fand bei meiner Rückkehr wichtige Briefe, die Hilgerſche Handlung ſchwebte in der größten Gefahr, der ehrwürdige Greis, dem ich ſo viel verdankte, wurde hierdurch dem Tode nahe gebracht. Da ich jetzt uneigennützig handeln mußte, ſchien es mir um ſo mehr heilige Pflicht, alle meine Kräfte aufzubieten. An ein anderes Unterkommen konnte ich jetzt gar nicht, ſelbſt an Sophie nur ſelten denken. Meine Bemühungen wurden vom glücklichſten Erfolge begleitet, der Sterbende glaubte mir lohnen zu müſſen, du ſtandeſt vor mir in aller Fülle der Jugend und Schönheit, hatteſt eingewilligt. Sie liebt dich, ſagte mir meine Eitelkeit; alle die Verführungen, die Glanz und Reichthum darbieten können, ſtürmten auf mich ein. Bald erwachte die Reue, ich wollte mich dir entdecken; aber mein Vater, meine Mutter, von dem Sterbenden eingeladen, ſtürmten auf mich ein; durch ihr Mitwirken wurde alles aufs Aeußerſte beſchleunigt, du weißt das Uebrige. Wiederholentlich ſchrieb ich an Sophien, ſuchte mich zu entſchuldigen, bot ihr eine anſehnliche Summe als Ausſteuer, meine Briefe kamen unerbrochen zurück, ſie verließ nach wenigen Monaten das Haus des Herrn von Elmenhorſt. Jede Spur von ihr verſchwand. Reichthum, Arbeit und dein Beſitz veranlaßten, daß die Stimme des erwachten Gewiſſens immer leiſer ward. Da ſtarben unſere Kinder, und jetzt rief es unaufhörlich in meinem Innern: Elender! du biſt der Vaterfreuden nicht werth! Das Glück begünſtigte jede meiner Unternehmungen, mein Wohlſtand ſtieg mit jedem Tage, und doch hatte ich keinen frohen Augenblick. Da reiſte ich vor wenigen Monaten nach Hamburg und fand zufällig Sophien wieder. Sie war Mutter eines beinahe achtjährigen Sohnes; ich näherte mich ihr, wurde mit Kälte zurückgewieſen; ich bot ihr meine Unterſtützung für den Knaben an. O, ſagte ſie mit einem ſchneidenden Tone, wer nach dem, was Sie gethan hatten, die Mutter vergeſſen konnte, dem kann auch dieſe weder ihr Kind anvertrauen, noch das Glück deſſelben verdanken. Doch gab ſie es zu, daß Eduard mich auf einige Stunden beſuchen konnte. Der ſchöne, fähige Knabe entzückte mich, er war für mich verloren. Noch tröſtete mich mein Rudolph, barmherziger Gott! auch er wurde dem verbrecheriſchen Vater entriſſen.

Daß unter den jetzigen Verhältniſſen kein Glück mehr für mich für Dorſer blühte, ich an ſeiner Seite nicht glücklich, nicht einmal ruhig ſeyn konnte, ſah ich ein. Ich trat mit Sophien in Briefwechſel, anfänglich lehnte ſie alle Anträge ab, allein da ich ihr Dorſers ſchreckliche Lage, ſeine Reue ſchilderte, als es Mutter zu ihrem Herzen ſprach, vergab ſie dem Reuigen und willigte in meine Vorſchläge. Jetzt machte ſie Dorſern erſt mit Allem bekannt, er fühlte ſich ſo tief gebeugt, ſo beſchämt und erniedrigt, daß es mir Mühe koſtete, ihn wieder aufzurichten. Bei Uebereinſtimmung unſers Willens wurde unſere Ehe bald getrennt. Es koſtete mir Mühe, zu hindern, daß Dorſer, ein Millionär, mir nicht mehr als den Nachlaß meines Onkels aufdrang. Er überließ die Handlung, wobei er ſich nur einen Antheil vorbehielt, einem bewährten Freunde, legte einen Theil ſeines Kapitals in ſichere Fonds an, kaufte ein reizendes Landgut im Holſteiniſchen und lebt dort mit Sophien, die ihrem Eduard ſchon zwei Geſchwiſter geſchenkt hat, zufrieden und glücklich.

Mein Glück weckte auch die Erinnerung an dich. So lange Biſchmar lebte, war jeder Verſuch, dich zu retten, vergeblich, und Doktor Funk, der Bruder meiner Mutter, glaubte als Arzt, nachdem er, was man in den Acten gegen dich angebracht hatte, mitgetheilt erhielt, jede Annäherung widerrathen zu müſſen. Dieſer war mit deinem Freunde, dem ehrlichen Magiſter Rohde, in Briefwechſel getreten, dieſem ſagte ich ſtets alle die guten Nachrichten, die ich nach deiner wiedererlangten Freiheit erhielt, Alles, was ich von deiner für mich immer gleich gebliebenen Neigung erfuhr, vermochten, ſo ſehr auch mein Herz für dich ſprach, die Zweifel des bedenklichen Arztes nicht zu heben. Da wurden dieſe Güter verkauft, ein Drittel meines Vermögens reichte hin, ſie zu bezahlen, aber ſchon ſchüttelte mein guter Oheim bedenklich den Kopf, als ich ohne ſein Wiſſen dieſen Kauf abgeſchloſſen hatte. Wenn, ſagte er, Ihr Anblick, ohne irgend eine heftige Gemüthsbewegung, das jetzt auf Theilnahme, Freundſchaft und Milde abgeläugnete Uebel dennoch zum Ausbruch brächte! Der Gedanke war gräßlich, doch ich vermochte meinen Empfindungen nicht zu widerſtehen und ſo brachte mein Oheim die gefahrvolle Prüfung in Vorſchlag, mich dir als Taubſtumme vorzuſtellen; du haſt zu meiner unausſprechlichen Freude die Prüfung beſtanden, und, fügte Funk hinzu, indem er eine Thräne vom Auge trocknete, Gott ſegne Euch!

Georg Nicolaus Bärmann

am 19. Mai 1785 zu Hamburg geboren, Doctor der Philoſophie und Vorſteher einer Erziehungsanſtalt daſelbſt, ein ſprachkundiger und talentvoller Schriftſteller, gab heraus:

[illegible] der Deutſchen. Hamburg, 1810.
Alexander von Soltwedel. Hamburg, 1817.
Die glücklichen Bettler. [illegible] Leipzig, 1819.
Hamburgiſche Chronik. N. A. Hamburg, 1822. — 2 Thl.
Das Haus mit zwei Thüren. Schauſp. n. Calderon. Altona, 1821.
Dolch und Maske. Bremen, 1822.
Hamburg und Hamburg's Umgegend. Hamburg, 1822.
Rimels un Dichtels; Höög und Häwelbook. 1. 2. 1822. 1823.
Papiere aus meinen bunten Mappe. Berlin, 1826.
Das erneute Höög und Häwelbook u. ſ. w. Hamb. 1827.
Die [illegible] der deutſchen Sprache. Berlin, 1828.
Einzelne Beiträge in Zeitſchriften, Ueberſetzungen des Calderon, W. Scott, Bulwer, Byron u. ſ. w. vorzüglich für die in Zwickau erſcheinende Taſchenbibliothek ausländiſcher Klaſſiker u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Bärmann hat in dramatiſchen Verſuchen manches Gelungene, das ſich vorzüglich auf ſeiner vaterländiſchen Bühne ungetheilten Beifalls erfreute, dargebracht, wie er ſich überhaupt in ſeinen Leiſtungen durch ſchöne und bildende Dictionen, Lebendigkeit und Gewandtheit auszeichnet. — Noch größeres Verdienſt hat er jedoch als Ueberſetzer, da er bei tiefer Kenntniß fremder Idiome und feſter Herrſchaft über die Mutterſprache ſich die Schönheiten fremder Dichtungen vollkommen anzueignen und dieſelben höchſt glücklich wiederzugeben weiß. Dankbare Anerkennung werden ihm endlich die Freunde des Plattdeutſchen nicht verſagen, da er daſſelbe mit entſchiedenem Talent und ſeltener Leichtigkeit und Gefälligkeit in ſeinem Höög und Häwelbuche behandelte und, in der Abſicht, ihm größeren Eingang in den höheren Ständen zu verſchaffen, ſo wie ſeinem, wenn auch langſamen doch allmählichen Abſterben entgegen zu wirken, zeigte, welchen Reichthum es beſitze, und welcher Behandlung der anſcheinend ſpröde Stoff von naturbegabter geübter Hand fähig ſey. —

Der Teufelsbanner,

ein Schwank. *)

„Hab' ich morgen
Kleid und Brot —
Weg mit Sorgen,
Angſt und Noth!
Lächeln mir der Wein im Becher,
Feueraugen hinterm Fächer —
Was da Geld!
Mir allein gehört die Welt!“

„Der iſt glücklich
In der Welt,
Der geſchicklich
's Glück feſthält.
Und Fortuna locket jeden,
Was auch Miſantropen reden;
Drum greif' zu,
Deines Glückes Schmied biſt du!“

„Mädchenküſſe,
Goldner Wein,
Hochgenüſſe
Sind dann dein!
Faſſeſt du das Glück beim Schopfe,
Kocht dein fettes Huhn im Topfe;
Was da Geld!
Du biſt König dieſer Welt!“

So lautete Basco's, des luſtigen Bruders Wahlſpruch. Basco hatte ſein ziemlich [illegible] mit Andern ſeines Gelichters verpraßt, und ſeine [illegible] gebot ihm, auf [illegible] Mittel zu ſinnen, ſeinen Wahlſpruch auch fernerhin [illegible] zu können.

Irgend ein [illegible] Gewerbe — ſo [illegible] er, wenn nicht völlig, doch ſo ziemlich richtig — wirft [illegible] nicht ab; und nach langem [illegible] fiel ihm endlich ein, daß der Soldatenſtand wohl am erſten auf den Weg helfe, auf welchem das [illegible] der Frau Fortuna gelingen könnte.

König [illegible] ließ zu eben der Zeit in Granada Volk zum Kriege gegen die [illegible] werben, und Basco ſäumte daher nicht, ſich anwerben zu laſſen. Er ward angenommen und bis zum Abmarſche bei einem Bürger Granada's einquartirt.

[illegible] die Sonne nicht unter, ſo war es doch in Granada ſchon ziemlich dunkel geworden, als Basco an die Hausthür ſeines Wirthes pochte. „Auf Befehl des Königs!“ brummte er der Frau entgegen, die ihm öffnete, indem er das [illegible] Siegel vorzeigte, und dabei mit [illegible] Miene der [illegible] die Wange ſtreichelte.

Die [illegible] Joſepha war mit Einem [illegible] die Treppe hinauf, ihrer Herrſchaft den ungebetenen, [illegible] wohl nicht ganz unwillkommenen Gaſt zu melden.

Donna Maria aber wollte ſich anfänglich nicht dazu verſtehen, den [illegible] aufzunehmen. Sie [illegible] mit dem alten [illegible] d'Olivala, und wie derſelbe im [illegible] verreiſt ſey, wo es gegen Zucht und Sitte laufe, in Abweſenheit ihres [illegible] fremde Mannsperſonen zu beherbergen. Joſepha aber — weil Herr Basco [illegible] in den Anblick der ſchönen Donna Maria da ſtand, und ſie ſeine brennenden Blicke auf ſich gerichtet wähnte — erinnerte an das königliche Siegel, und alle Weigerungen, die die züchtige Donna auch machen mochte, [illegible] in Ehrfurcht vor dem Machtworte, das Basco jetzt hurtig aus der Taſche hervorzog.

Unſer Abenteurer ward nunmehr in das obere Stockwerk logirt, wo ihm ein Nachtlager angewieſen, und ein Stück Käſe mit Brote gereicht ward; das wollte dem Glücksritter nicht recht munden. Unmuthig ſtreckt' er ſich auf das Lager, und wollte ſchier anfangen zu bereuen, daß er ſich habe in den Rekrutenkittel ſtecken laſſen.

Wie jener Hahn im Sande ſcharrte,
Und einen klaren Diamant
Statt der erſehnten Gerſte fand:
So unſer Held! — Ein Bratſpieß knarrte,
Und würz'ger Duft das Haus durchwallt;
Ein langgehalt'ner Kuß erſchallt.
„Sankt Benedictus!“ ruft er aus:
„Ich ſelber will das Glück erhaſchen,
Doch merk' ich, wie hier Andre naſchen,
Und keiner ladet mich zum Schmaus.“

„Der Naſe nach geht's wohl am beſten!“
Denkt er, und macht ſich ſchnell empor.
Er muß doch wiſſen, welchen Gäſten
Man auftiſcht hier. Er ſpitzt das Ohr,
Er reckt die Naſe lang hervor;
Nichts hilft; doch endlich ſeine Augen,
Die ſonſt im Finſtern wenig taugen —
Ob Naſ' und Ohr ihn irre führen —
Sind's diesmal, die den Quell erſpüren,
Aus dem das Dampfbad ſich enthebt,
Das lüſtern machend ihn umſchwebt:
Denn durch der Holzwand ſchmale Ritze
Dringt eines hellen Lichtes Schein.
„Ha! bei des heil'gen Lorenz Mütze!
Da drinnen muß der Glücksquell ſeyn!“
So ſchließt er, und mit Aug' und Ohren
Späh't er — die Naſe ſchlürft den Duft —
Doch wehe! wär' er nie geboren,
Wenn ihm Fortuna jetzt nicht ruft.

Die züchtige Donna Maria war es, die im Nebenzimmer mit einer Mannsperſon ſich gütlich that. Das Maſculinum ſchien, ſeinem Gewande nach, ein Rechtsverweſer zu ſeyn, und

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*) Aus: G. N. Bärmann, Papiere aus meiner bunten Mappe; eine Sammlung von Erzählungen, Mährchen und Gedichten. Berlin, 1826.

München

da Baſco gar wohl den Hausherrn kannte, ſo ſah er bald, daß der Schwarzrock ein Marder im Hühnerſtalle ſey. Doch lacht ihm dies faſt weniger an, als die vom Spieß hereingetragenen Kapaunen und was ſonſt von lieblich kalter Küche umher ſtand:

Fürwahr! dem ärgſten Speiſenhaſſer
Läuft unbedingt der Mund voll Waſſer,
Wenn er dergleichen Ding' erſchau't.
Auch unſer Baſco ſtand — wer zweifelt?
Von Gluſt ganz wie eingeteufelt,
Und tief im Magen bellt's ihm laut.
Dazu die feurigen Kareſſen,
Worauf die Beiden wie verſeſſen —
Das macht ihm gar die Sinne toll:
Wie Tantalus im Orkus gieret,
Steht er erſtarrt und angeſchnüret,
Und weiß nicht, was er will und ſoll.

Man denke ſich an Freund Baſco's Stelle, und werfe den erſten Stein auf ihn. Mit jedem Athemzuge ſchien ſein Glücksſtern ſich immer weiter von ihm zu entfernen und drohte, bald ganz unterzugehen. — Horch! da pochte es an die Einlaßpforte und: „der Hausherr, Don Roſauro!" rief Joſephine die Treppe herauf und ging, um zu öffnen.

Ha! welch ein Schrecken den Liebesleuten!
Für unſern Baſco welcher Scherz!
Fortunens Gürtel zu erbeuten,
Pocht vor Begier ihm ſchon das Herz.
Denn eh' noch unſer hektiſcher Alter
Sich keuchend die Stiege herauf gedrückt,
Da wußte Baſco ſchon wie ſein Pſalter
Das Plänchen, wodurch er Fortuna zwickt.
Und eh' Joſephe noch aufthat die Pforte,
Da flogen — luſtig war's anzuſehn —
Kapaun und Braten und mancherlei Torte —
Als trüge ſie neidiſch Gott Aeolus Weh'n —
Huſch, huſch, in ein Schränkchen der Zimmerecke,
Dort mußt' Alles — Teller und Tiſchtuch hinein.
Das Masculinum kroch unter die Decke
Im Kabinet, um verſteckt zu ſeyn.

„Na, Schätzchen" — begann Don Roſauro nach etlichen langen Athemzügen — „Na! Wie thut's! Bin in zwölf Stunden ſieben Meilen geritten, um dich heute wieder zu ſehen. Aber weshalb das große Feuer im Kamine?"

„Seyd mir gegrüßt, mein Herr und Gemahl!" rief Donna Maria, indem ſie den Alten ſtreichelte; „Es freut mich, daß Ihr ſo bald zurück ſeyd. Ich habe mancherlei Fährlichkeit erlitten während Eures Wegſeyns. Darum auch das große Feuer. Vernehmt nur: Auf Königs Befehl mußt' ich dieſen Abend einen jungen Arzt, einen Soldaten in das Haus nehmen. Denkt Euch meinen Schrecken darüber, und die verdächtige Lage, in welche ich dadurch verſetzt ward. Die Kolik war Folge meines Verdruſſes. Darum das Feuer, an welchem Joſephe mir etliche Tücher wärmen mußte, um meinen ſchneidenden Schmerzen hülfreich entgegen zu kommen."

„Na, na, Schätzchen! Reſpekt vor des Königs Befehl! — Aber mich hungert. Was vermag die Küche?"

„Blutwenig" — war die Antwort, — „um nicht zu ſagen; gar nichts. Ich und Joſephe, wir haben die drei Tage, während welcher Ihr abweſend waret, gleichſam faſtend zugebracht. Eure Ankunft überraſcht uns daher; wie ſollten wir alſo für Eure gewöhnliche Abendtafel geſorgt haben!"

„Schlimm, ſehr ſchlimm, Schätzchen — und jetzt, ſo ſollt Euch noch zu bemühen — —"

„Herein!" rief Donna Maria einem draußen Klopfenden zu, und herein trat — Baſco.

„Grüß' Euch Gott, Herr Don Roſauro d'Oſeda!" begann der Eintretende. „Mag dies Siegel meine Kühnheit entſchuldigen. Ich vernahm draußen, daß Ihr Euch wohl würdet entſchließen müſſen, ohne Abendeſſen zu Bette zu gehen, und das thut mir leid, indem Ihr ſicher einen weiten Ritt gemacht habt. Auch ich habe Luſt, vor dem Schlafengehen noch eine kleine Mahlzeit zu halten. Ich komme daher, Euch zu Gaſte zu bitten."

„Was? Ihr! Wo denn hernehmen bei ſo ſpäter Abendzeit?" fragte Don Roſauro.

„Kleinigkeit! Kleinigkeit!" entgegnete Baſco und ſprach dem Alten etwas in's Ohr, worüber dieſer bedeutend zu erſchrecken ſchien.

Was konnte Donna Maria anders ahnen, als Verrätherei? Der Schrank, dachte ſie, wird ſeine Ausſage beſtätigen. Der Tagedieb hat mich ſicher belauſcht und o weh! wenn Don Alvares drinnen nicht bald einen Rettungsweg findet. —

„Wenn nur Eure Frau Gemahlin" — verlautbarte Baſco. —

„Wird nichts thun, nichts ſagen, Freundchen; aber den Geiſt ſehen, möcht' ich ſelber nicht!" erwiederte Don Roſauro.

„Nun denn! ſehen kann man's nicht!" rief unſer Held; „in ſo fern Ihr die Handlung durch tiefes Schweigen ehrt. Da müßt' ich ein Stümper in meiner Kunſt ſeyn, wenn ſie mir nicht auf den erſten Wink ein ſchmackhaftes Nachteſſen einbringen ſollte. — Wie geſagt, fürchtet Euch nicht! Auch Ihr nicht, ſchöne Donna; der Geiſt, der mir dienſtbar iſt, und uns jetzt mit etwas Eßbarem verſehen ſoll, wird Euch nicht ſichtbar ſeyn. Laßt mich nur machen."

Mächtig wirkte Baſco's Rede auf die zitternde Donna. Ein neuer Lebensgeiſt drang durch ihre Adern, und tief einſchauend in den Plan unſers Abentheurers, dankte ſie ihm im Stillen für ſein Rettungswerk, zu deſſen Beginnen er ſich ſchon mit ziemlich geheimnißvoller Weitläufigkeit anſchickte. Don Roſauro, der nicht wußte, ob er den Jüngling für wahnwitzig halten, oder ihm glauben ſollte, ließ ihn gewähren und antwortete auf deſſen Frage, welche Speiſen er begehre, blos: „Ihr ſeyd hier der Wirth, ich der Gaſt, alſo nach Eurem Gefallen."

Der loſe Baſco zog mit ſeinem Seitengewehr einen Kreis um ſich her und begann mit dumpfer Stimme:

„Cako mauni dumaſchkalo,
Perro, perro infernalo,
Hör', und thue mein Gebot!
Hurtig ſtell' in jenes Schränkchen
Einen Braten von dem Spieß,
Zwei gebratene Kapaunen;
Flink! beginne nicht zu lauern!
Feine Saucen, ſcharf und ſüß;
Auch Salat nicht zu vergeſſen,
Und als Nachtiſch zu dem Eſſen
Tort' und andre Näſcherei.

Cako mauni dumaſchkalo,
Perro, perro infernalo,
Hör' und thue mein Gebot!
Alte Weine mit Signetten,
Teller, Tiſchtuch, Servietten,
Meſſer, Gabeln, Salz und Brot:
Was zum Tafeln nöthig ſey,
Hurtig allzumal dabei!
Hör' und thue mein Gebot!
Daß die Donna nicht erſchrecke,
Ihre Furcht ſich nicht vermehrt,
Uns nicht ſichtbar, dort verſtecke,
Was Dein Herr von Dir begehrt.
Nicht wie Sturmwind laß dich nieder;
Ohne des Gebieters Wort:
Ungeſehen kehrſt du wieder,
Harrſt in der Kammer dort,
Bis ich Dich nach Hauſe ſchicke;
Dann erſt treibſt Du ſonder Tücke
Dich zu neuen Dienſten fort.

Cako mauni dumaſchkalo,
Perro, perro infernalo,
Eilig ſey vor Mitternacht
Dieſe Kleinigkeit vollbracht!"

Schalk Baſco winkte nun, aber weder Don Roſauro, noch ſeine Donna hatten Herz genug, den Schrank zu öffnen.

„Nur ohne Furcht, ſchöne Donna," ſprach der Teufelsbanner, „ein Junggeſell, wie ich, weiß Alles, was unangenehm iſt, von den Damen zu entfernen. Nur den Schrank aufgemacht, und wenn Ihr nicht alles Geforderte darin findet, ſo heißt mich einen Lügner!"

Donna Maria ſchien ſich noch ein wenig zu fürchten, jedoch bald hatte ſie ſich entſchloſſen und die wohlgefüllten Schüſſeln wanderten ſich aus dem Schranke hervor, um nunmehr auch Theil an der Poſſe zu nehmen. Herr Don Roſauro wollte anfänglich nicht recht in die Höllengerichte anbeißen, der liebliche Duft aber, der ſich aus ihnen entwickelte, ließ ihn bald nicht müſſig beim Schmauſe ſeyn. Baſco hatte ſchon einen Kapaun dergeſtalt zergliedert, daß wenig Geflügeltes übrig geblieben wäre, wenn er ſo im Anatomiren fortgefahren hätte. Donna Maria's Kolik mochte ſich verloren haben, darum ließ ſie ſich das Gebratene trefflich munden. Wie konnte der hektiſche, appetitreiche Don Roſauro wohl anſtehen, ſolchem Beiſpiele zu folgen? Auch ließ er ſich's wohl ſchmecken, und manches Gläschen Xeres ward auf die Geſundheit des liberalen Wirthes geleert, ſo daß das Trio ſich gar weidlich erluſtigte.

Ob Don Alvares in der Kammer auch ſo guter Dinge ſeyn mochte, iſt nicht ſchwer zu entſcheiden. Aller Wahrſcheinlichkeit nach wiederholte er die Rolle des Tantalus, die unſer Baſco vorhin geſpielt hatte, und obendrein peitſchte ihn die

Furcht, entdeckt zu werden; denn vergebens ſah er ſich nach einem Rettungswege um. Die Fenſter der Kammer lagen zwar nicht hoch, aber unter ihnen rauſchte ein tiefer Bach: wie alſo entkommen!

Freund Baſco, der längſt entſchloſſen war, ihn zu erlöſen, wie wir aus ſeiner Beſchwörungsformel leicht haben errathen können, ließ ihn, boshaft genug, erſt eine lange Weile zappeln. Endlich brachten Maria's Feuerblicke ihn dahin, die Einleitung zur Abfahrt des armſeligen Geiſtes in der Kammer zu finden.

„Ein Meiſterſtreich wär' es doch, wenn wir's glückte!" ſprach er zu ſich ſelbſt, und war im Geiſte nahe daran, die Frau Fortuna beim Schopfe zu faſſen, denn Donna Maria ward mit jedem Augenblicke [illegible], und wenn Fortuna will — das wußte unſer Freund recht gut, — kommt ſie, ihr Geſchlecht niemals verläugnend, in Geſtalt eines Weibes; wie viel lieblicher aber noch in Geſtalt eines ſchönen, feurigen Weibes!

„Wie ſchmeckt's, Don Roſauro?" hub er halb nach ſeinem Selbſtgeſpräch an. Und Don Roſauro konnte nicht genug die [illegible] loben, [illegible]. Mehr aber noch mundete ihm der Wein, den er — wie geſagt — ſchon in tiefen Zügen zu ſich genommen hatte, und welchen er zugleich beſſer fand, als den aus ſeinem eigenen Keller. Baſco machte [illegible] Dom Roſauro's Blut zu wallen begonnen hatte.

„Halt!" rief Baſco: „Ihr könnt Euch nicht dankbarer gegen den gefälligen [illegible] beweiſen, als wenn Ihr ihm [illegible]. Auch wird meine Schuld gegen ihn dadurch getilgt; alſo laßt mich ihn beſchwören —"

„Halt! Nein! doch — wenn Ihr könnt, wenn er in einer andern Geſtalt als — [illegible] — und Geſtank — — ich und meine Donna Maria — —"

„Laßt mich machen!" unterbrach ihn Baſco, der unterdeſſen einen Blick [illegible] hatte.

Donna Maria drückte verſtohlen unſerm Helden die Hand — wie hätt' es ihm an Entſchluß fehlen können!

Der Zauberkreis wird abermals gemacht. Don Roſauro zu ſeiner Rechten, Donna Maria, die ſich furchtſam, das will ſagen: zärtlich an ihn ſchmiegte, zu ſeiner Linken, trat Baſco in den Cirkus ein:

„Ecko maumi dumaſchkalo,
Perro, perro infernale,
In der Kammer, höre mich!
Alle Tage [illegible],
Dich zu zeigen unſern Blicken;
Ich befehl' es — zeige Dich!
Doch vernimm, wie ich gebiete:
Nicht in Deinem Höllenſtaat
Kommſt Du — nein! im ſchwarzen Rocke
Mach dich eilend auf die Socke,
Tritt hervor — als Advocat!"

Schon wollte Don Roſauro durch lautes Gelächter die Beſchwörung unterbrechen, und Hexenmeiſter Baſco anfangen, zu zürnen, als ein flüchtiger Kuß von Donna Maria's ſchönem Munde die Wange unſeres Abentheurers berührte. Ein dankbarer Händedruck links und ein donnerndes Halt! rechts und gegen die Kammerthüre hieß den Lacher ſchweigen und den ſchon vorhandenen Schwarzrock zurücktreten.

„Faſſe friſch das Glück beim Schopfe!" war jetzt mehr als je Baſco's Wahlſpruch, und er fuhr fort:

„Ecko waumi dumaſchkalo
Perro, perro, infernale,
Höre, wie Dein Herr befiehlt!
Manches Plänchen wird vereitelt;
Mancher [illegible] wird gebeutelt,
Muß oft zahlen, eh er ſtiehlt.
Aber ich bin Herr und Meiſter
Aller hier zugegnen Geiſter,
Drum merk' auf, wie man befiehlt:
Deines wahren Namens Züge
Schreibſt du unter dieſe Schrift;
Doch daß Alles friedlich [illegible],
Mach die Quittung nicht zur Lüge!
Zieh hervor aus deiner Hocke!
Muthig ſchreite zu der That;
Wohl gemerkt: im ſchwarzen Rocke
Mach' Dich eilend auf die Socke,
Schreib' und geh' als — Advocat!"

Und Don Alvarez, der Rechtsverweſer, trat hervor, hob die Schrift vom Boden auf, las, unterſchrieb ſeufzend und eilte dann ſchweigend fort durch die Thür.

Baſco ſprang aus dem Kreiſe, griff haſtig nach dem Papier und fand, daß die Verſchreibung über viertauſend Piaſter, auf Sicht zu zahlen, ehrlich unterſchrieben ſey.

Don Roſauro lachte noch eine Weile über den gefälligen Teufel, der ſo, mir nichts, dir nichts, ſich hinbegeben ließ, [illegible]; dankte — ebenſo mit einem kalten Schauder — ſeinem Wirth und begab ſich zu Bett.

Herr Alvarez zahlte am Morgen die viertauſend Piaſter gegen einen Eid des Stillſchweigens von Seiten des Geiſterſehers Baſco, welcher nun [illegible].

Donna Maria hatte ſich kaum durch etliche Stunden [illegible], der jedoch nach einigen Monaten [illegible].

[illegible]

Nach wenigen Stunden war der [illegible] und Don Baſco [illegible]; denn nach einigen Monaten war er der [illegible] der dankbaren Donna Maria. [illegible]

„[illegible],
Was [illegible],
Drum greif zu!
Donna [illegible] biſt Du."

[illegible] Don Baſco und [illegible] ſeiner Maria [illegible].

Kunz, der Sänger.

Ballade.

Was klopft an Elsbeth's Kämmerlein?
Was flüſtert: „Mädchen, biſt allein!
„Mach' auf, mach' auf die Thüre!"
Was lispelt leiſe: „Nur herein,
„Geliebter, komm; ich bin allein —"
Wer ſchlüpft dann durch die Thüre?

Kunz iſt's, des Grafen wackrer Knecht,
Von niederm Stande, ſchlicht und recht
In Einfalt fromm erzogen.
Des Grafen Gerhard edle Maid
Erfüllt ſein Herz mit Zärtlichkeit
Gewaltig unerwogen.

„Ach Kunz, nicht länger zaud're mehr,
„Es leidet ſonſt der Jungfrau Ehr;
„Der Vater darf's nicht wiſſen.
„Zieh hin, zieh hin, in fernes Land,
„Erwerbe Dir den Ritterſtand,
„Soll ich als Weib Dich küſſen."

Und Kunz nimmt Abſchied weinerlich,
Und ruft: „Bei Gott! vergißt Du mich,
„So koſtet's mich das Leben."
Doch tröſtend ſpricht ihr Roſenmund:
„Der Liebe Allmacht iſt Dir kund;
„Ich bleibe Dir ergeben."

Er zieht hinab in trübem Sinn,
Zum heiligen Grabe zieht er hin,
Sein Liebchen zu erkämpfen.
Verwundet ſinkt er im Gefecht,
Geneſt — aber bleibet Knecht:
Was wird die Gluth ihm dämpfen!

„Vergebens all mein Streben bleibt;
„Ach! immer geht's nicht, wie man's treibt;
„Ach ſie wird nie die Meine!
„Du lang' verſtummtes Saitenſpiel,
„Herbei und lindre mein Gefühl;
„Sprich's aus: „Sie wird die Deine!""

Da über Berg und Thal entlang
[illegible] tönend Kunzens Harfenklang:
„Ach! ſie wird nie die Meine!"
Doch mächtig lindert ſich ſein Schmerz,
Die Hoffnung hebt ſein banges Herz:
„Vertraue nicht dem Scheine!"

Gar lieblich ſchallet der Geſang,
[illegible] tönet laut der Harfe Klang:
„Vertraue nicht dem Scheine!
„Der Menſchen Wahn oft irrig denkt,
„Doch Gott der Menſchen Schickſal lenkt;
„Die Holde wird die Deine!"

Der Hoffnung voll, gelangt er bald
Nach [illegible] Zug durch Feld und Wald
In Kaiſer Friedrichs Hofe,
Und da erglüht ſein Saitenſpiel
Vor edlen Herr'n und Frauen viel,
Den Knappen und der Zofe.

Des Kaiſers Erbe jugendlich
In Minnekraft verlobte ſich
Mit Fräulein Kunigunden;
Doch Beider Väter wurden Feind,
Wer's bös nun, oder gut gemeint:
Das Paar ward nicht verbunden.

In Franzens Bruſt wogt's auf und ab,
Er ſchaut nur der Liebe Grab,
Beklagend die Geliebte.
Und düſter wird des Jünglings Sinn:
„Mit ihr, mit ihr ſchwand Alles hin;
„Verloren die [illegible]!"

Der Außenwelt ſich nicht bewußt,
Trug Grames Wurm in ſeiner Bruſt,
Wird enger ihm und enger.
Und ob des Sohnes ſtummem Schmerz
Erbanget ſchier des Kaiſers Herz,
Und mag es nun nicht länger.

Laut ſchallt das Aufgebot durch's Land:
„Prinz Franzens Wahnſinn iſt bekannt,
„Wer kann, wer will ihn heilen?
„Wer mit ihm wiederbringt den Sinn,
„Der [illegible]
„Soll er den Thron auch theilen."

Viel edle Frau'n und große Herrn
Verſuchen's, Alle wollen gern
Den wirren Sinn erwecken;
Doch wie ſich Alles auch bemüht,
Zerſtörend irrer Wahn erglüht
Im Aug' des jungen Recken.

Da tönt [illegible] Kunzens Harfenklang
Und [illegible] ſein Troſtgeſang:
„Vertraue nicht dem Scheine!
„Der Menſchen Wahn oft irrig denkt,
„Doch Gott der Menſchen Schickſal lenkt;
„Die Holde wird die Deine!"

[illegible] ſchaut der Jüngling auf,
Den Thränen läßt er freien Lauf,
Beginnet zu geneſen.
Die Väter reichen ſich die Hand:
„Wohlan! es ſchließe ſich das Band,
Die Feindſchaft iſt geweſen!"

„Du haſt den Sohn aus Irrſinns Nacht —"
Ruft Friedrich — „mir zurückgebracht
„Zu lebensfroher Weiſe,
„Dem Sänger [illegible]
„Drei feſte Schlöſſer an der [illegible]
„Und Kaiſers Schutz und Gnade!"

Da tönt jubelnd Kunzens Sang
Ein Siegeslied in der Harfe Klang:
„Triumph! ſie wird die Meine.
„Der Menſchen Wahn oft irrig denkt,
„Doch Gott der Menſchen Schickſal lenkt;
„Drum traue nie dem Scheine!"

Sängerwürde.

Wenn mit blutgefüllten Siegesſchalen
Eris um die Friedensaltäre ſchleicht,
Und das Volk in wildem Todeswahne
Seines Glückes Zenith niederreicht;

Wenn der Kirche ernſte Pfeiler ſinken
Vom Tumult der Bürgerwuth erfaßt;
Wenn [illegible]
Wimmernd [illegible] Zwanges Laſt;

Wenn die Ehrſucht mit Gigantenſchritten
Zu dem Gottesſtuhl vom Hofe eilt,
Und, verſchwend der Geiſt am Throne,
Die Ergebung in die Knechtſchaft [illegible];

Wenn Gemeingeiſt, durch den Kampf erwürget,
In den Abgrund des Vergeſſens ſinkt,
Egoismus für das Ganze bürget,
Sich ſtatt Lebetrank im Becher [illegible];

Wenn der Liebe [illegible] Bande
Frecher [illegible] zerreißt;
Wenn des [illegible] Unſchuld — Schande,
Und des Stolzen Demuth — Feigheit heißt;

Wenn die Redlichkeit mit Schmach beladen
Verkannt, einſam und verlaſſen ſteht;
Wenn die Freundſchaft nur vom Stamm' Gnaden
[illegible] und dennoch fruchtlos bettelnd geht;

Wenn ein Schwarm [illegible]
[illegible] vom Frauenhof zum Throne [illegible],
[illegible] mit Schmeicheln
[illegible] eingeſcharrt;

Wenn nur täglich Hellas, der reine,
[illegible] Jammerblick beſchmählt,
Und im [illegible] Dämmerſcheine
[illegible] —

Was vermag die Zither da zu [illegible],
[illegible] erhört,
[illegible]
[illegible]?

O, ich weiß es und mein [illegible]
Sänger, Du weißt, Dir iſt es bekannt;
[illegible]
[illegible] nicht verwandt.

Sänger, [illegible]
Durch das [illegible] uns verſetzt,
Du [illegible] glühen,
Wenn das Herz am Bilden ſich ergötzt;

An den Bildern, die Du aufgeſtellet,
[illegible]
Wo [illegible]
Und der [illegible] Sänge [illegible].

Sänger, [illegible]
[illegible] aus dem [illegible],
Und [illegible] zur Krone,
Die Dir längſt die Muſe [illegible].

Stoffels Nachtmuſik.

[illegible]
Die mein Herz ſich [illegible],
Hab' ich [illegible]
Für ein Ständchen [illegible].

Hanſel [illegible] in die Fiedel,
Jürgen [illegible] Clarinett,
Und ich ſelber [illegible]
Ein gebrochenes Cornett.

Wie dies plärrt und ſchnattert und dudelt
Durch die Koh-geh-[illegible]'te Nacht!
Wen, wie mich, die Liebe hudelt,
Der hat's ärger wohl gemacht.

Klingkling — bulu — o Seeluft!
Treib die Teufelchen mir heraus!
Mit ihrer Liebe [illegible]
Stimmt ſich [illegible] Laun'gen aus.

Liebmariechen, hör', o hör'!
Hör' einmal, mein Schatz, auf mich;
Mein Herz' — ich ſchmelze, ich ſchmelze,
[illegible] Amor zu dir Dich.

[illegible], Zuckerkugel,
[illegible], [illegible]!
Daß mit einem [illegible],
[illegible] ich [illegible] Dir nicht [illegible].

Laß mein Schätzchen Dich erbarmen,
[illegible] dem armen [illegible],
Daß er da liegt und mich Armen
[illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] mit einer [illegible]
Ich [illegible] Zungen [illegible];
[illegible] ich aus der Taſche
[illegible] und [illegible].

Zauberiſch aber — Liebmariechen,
Wird Dir's! — bin ich eingeheizt,
Wenn die garſtigſte der Fliegen
Auf die Naſe mir ſich ſetzt.

Wenn [illegible] mit das [illegible]
[illegible],
Dem [illegible] Täſchchen [illegible]
Kirſchbraunrothe Naſe [illegible].

Ha, da weiß ich mir zu helfen!
[illegible] hängt nicht am [illegible],
[illegible] mit den [illegible],
Läßt mich [illegible] gerade ſeyn.

[illegible] ich mir den [illegible]
[illegible],
Daß am [illegible] Du mich [illegible],
[illegible] luſtig wie'n [illegible].

Klingkling — bulu — o Seeluft!
Wie das [illegible] und ſchmelzt und klingt,
[illegible]
[illegible] geſingt.

Da kommt [illegible] zum [illegible];
Denn [illegible] bei Hand,
Daß ſie [illegible]
Gute Wind' am Tage macht.

Jens Immanuel Baggeſen,

ein Däne, der ſich jedoch vollkommenes Bürgerrecht unter den deutſchen Dichtern erworben hat. Er ward am 16. Februar 1764 zu Korſör auf Seeland, wo ſein Vater das Amt eines Kornſchreibers verwaltete, geboren, erhielt eine gute wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und ſtudirte mit großem Eifer unter den Alten die philoſophiſchen Syſteme der Neueren, beſonders Kant's, ohne jedoch darüber ſein ſchon frühzeitig ſich [illegible] poetiſches Talent zu vernachläſſigen. Bereits im zwanzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters gab er komiſche Erzählungen in ſeiner Mutterſprache heraus, welche ſeine glücklichen Anlagen, beſonders für das Humoriſtiſche, beurkundeten und ſehr günſtig aufgenommen wurden. Mehrere ernſte Oden und Lieder, die gleichen Anklang bei ſeiner Nation fanden, vermehrten ſeinen Ruf, und es gelang dem unbemittelten jungen Manne, ſich bedeutende Gönner, u. A. den Herzog von Holſtein-Auguſtenburg zu erwerben, die ihn in den Stand ſetzten, eine größere Reiſe theils zu ſeiner weiteren Ausbildung, theils zur Herſtellung ſeiner angegriffenen Geſundheit zu machen. Sie führte ihn während der Jahre 1789 und 1790 durch Deutſchland nach der Schweiz. Hier vermählte er ſich mit einer Enkelin des großen Haller und kehrte dann mit ſeiner jungen Gattin nach Kopenhagen zurück. Er hatte auf dieſer Reiſe Voß, Klopſtock, von Gerſtenberg, von Knigge, Reinhold u. A. mehr kennen lernen und war zu ihnen in ein mehr oder weniger enges Verhältniß getreten. 1793 machte er eine zweite Wanderung, nach Italien, und wurde dann nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1796 Probſt der Communität und Regens der Stipendiaten in Kopenhagen; doch ließ es ihm nicht lange Ruhe an einem Ort, und er ging wiederholt nach Paris, wo er ſich für die Revolution lebhaft intereſſirte, ſo wie nach Italien. Im Jahre 1800 zog er mit ſeiner ganzen Familie nach Frankreich und wohnte eine Zeit lang auf einem Meierhofe bei Marin, der ſein Eigenthum war. — 1811 erhielt er eine ordentliche Profeſſur der däniſchen Sprache und Literatur an der Kieler Univerſität zugleich mit dem Titel eines Juſtizrathes, beſchäftigte ſich jedoch nicht ſehr mit Vorleſungen und nahm bereits 1814 ſeine Entlaſſung, worauf er nach Kopenhagen ging, nachdem er ſich zum zweiten Male, da ſeine erſte Frau ſchon früher geſtorben war, vermählt hatte. Seine jetzige Gattin war eine Franzöſin. Während ſeines diesmaligen Aufenthaltes gerieth er in einen heftigen Streit mit Oehlenſchläger (S. d.), der meiſt von ihm allein veranlaßt war, auf beiden Seiten mit großer Erbitterung geführt wurde und bloß ärgerliche Auftritte herbeiführte. — Er verließ nun von Neuem ſein Vaterland und lebte von nun an abwechſelnd zu Paris und Kopenhagen. — Um ſeine zerrüttete Geſundheit herzuſtellen, beſuchte er 1825 die böhmiſchen Bäder und ſtarb auf der Rückkehr nach Dänemark am 3. October 1826 zu Hamburg.

Folgendes ſchrieb B. in deutſcher Sprache:

Gedichte. Hamburg, 1803. 2 Thle.
Parthenais oder die Alpenreiſe, ein Idyll. Epos. Amſterdam, 1803. N. verm. Aufl. 1812. 3. A. Leipz. 1819. 2 Th.
Heideblumen. Amſterdam, 1808. N. A. Leipz. 1819.
Der Karfunkel- oder Klingklingelalmanach. Tübing. 1810.
Taſchenbuch für Liebende. Tüb. 1810.
Adam und Eva, humor. Epos. Leipz. 1826.
Aus Jens Baggeſens Briefwechſel mit K. L. Reinhold und F. H. Jacobi. (Herausgegeben von ſeinen Söhnen.) Leipz. 1831. 2 Thle.

Glänzender Witz, eine ſcharfe und treffende Beobachtungsgabe, ausgebildet durch ſeine vielen Reiſen und ſein unſtetes Leben, und ein harmoniſcher Versbau charakteriſiren B's Leiſtungen vorzüglich; ſein flüchtiges Ueberſpringen aber von einem Gegenſtande zum anderen, ſeine faſt unbezähmte Eitelkeit und die daraus entſpringende Reizbarkeit hinderten ihn, tief zu ſeyn und ſeinen Arbeiten jenen Werth zu geben, der ihnen allein eine längere Dauer verleihen kann. Im Liede, der Epiſtel, der Satyre und der humoriſtiſchen Erzählung iſt er oft unübertrefflich, und mehrere von ſeinen Liedern beſonders leben in Dänemark wie in Deutſchland (vorzüglich im nördlichen) im Munde des Volkes fort, getragen durch leichte und gefällige Compoſitionen. Sein idylliſches Epos fand bei ſeinem erſten Erſcheinen großen Beifall und ward, obwohl mit Unrecht, Göthe's Herrmann und Dorothee und Voſſens Luiſe an die Seite geſtellt, erhielt ſich jedoch nicht dauernd in dieſer Gunſt und wird jetzt wenig geleſen. Das zweite, Adam und Eva, fand, obgleich es einen Reichthum von feinen und glücklichen Ideen enthält, gleich anfangs wenig Beachtung, da der Ton, in welchem es geſchrieben iſt, der Menge gar zu fremd klang. — Unter den däniſchen Gaben ſeiner Muſe ſind ſeine komiſchen Erzählungen recht das Gelungenſte. Mehrere derſelben finden ſich überſezt in folgender Sammlung:

Salz, Laune und Mannichfaltigkeit in komiſchen Erzählungen. Hamburg, 1808.

Ein bedeutendes Werk Baggeſen's, das er kurz vor ſeinem Tode vollendete, und das neben großen Schönheiten, beißige Perſönlichkeiten enthält, „der moderne Fauſt," iſt bis jezt noch nicht im Druck erſchienen. — Baggeſen's ziemlich getroffenes Portrait findet ſich vor den Heideblumen.

Vgl. den oben angeführten Briefwechſel.
Memoria defuncti J. Baggesen; ed. Dr. Fricke. Hamburg. 1826.
Neuer Nekrolog der Deutſchen. Jahrg. 4. Th. 2. S. 545.
Dresdener Morgenzeitung, 1827; N. 11—14; N. 87. 88.

Hiſtoriſch-kritiſche Einleitung *).

Die Weltgeſchichte (wenn man ſo betiteln kann
Das Tagbuch der Ameiſen-Leute,
Die ſich auf einer Scholle raufen
Seit geſtern) iſt für mich, und jedermann,
Der ernſtlich ſie beherzigt, mitnichten
So trocken, ſeicht und unterhaltungsleer,
Wie es gewöhnlich glaubt, wer nur ſo obenher
Den Blick d'rauf wirft von ohngefähr.
Meint man, ſie ſey gar traurig, irrt man ſehr:
Sie ſtrozt im Gegentheil von komiſchen Geſchichten,
Die kein Cervantes droll'ger wüßt' zu dichten.
Zwar hieße ſie dennoch mit gutem Fug
Ein großes Trauerſpiel. Will man dramatiſch geben
Des menſchlichen Geſchlechts bisher'ges Leben,
Iſt allerdings der Name paſſend g'nug;
Allein für's Ganze bloß. Stückweiſe ſind die Sachen
Durchgängig, um ſich todt zu lachen.
Mir ſcheint ein Poſſenſpiel das Drama der Natur,
Wie's ſonſt und jezt geſpielt auf unſrer Erdenflur;
Das hohe Tragiſche liegt im Begriffe nur,
Nicht im Poſitiven; die Sache paßt zum Namen,
Wie eines Bettlers Bild zu einem gold'nen Rahmen.

Der liebe Gott hat's, ſcheint es, ſo gemacht,
Auf dieſer Bühne, die wir kennen,
(Denn andre können wir kaum ſchildernd nur benennen)
So wie ſein Shakeſpear — und mit Bedacht.
Im Welten-Drama und Planeten,
Wovon die mehrſten, wie bekannt, Kometen,
Excentriſch, mit und ohne Schwanz,
Faſt nimmer ausgefeilet, rund und ganz,
Giebt's viel, das Ariſtoteles verboten,
Und wimmelt es zumal von Poſſen und von — Zoten.

Die Sach' iſt: Gott, auch Shakeſpear üben nur
Die Kunſt, als ſchaffende Geiſter der Natur,
Und ſind, troz ſcheinbar'n Irregularitäten,
Nichts weniger, als franzöſiſche Poeten.
Ich folge treu der erſtern Spur,
Die lezten laſſend ſonſt in allen Ehren:
Ich weiß ſo gut wie ſie, daß artig iſt, zu ſeh'n,
Wie Ein und Zwei und Fünf geh'n auf in Zehn,
Nach mathematiſcher Kunſtregeln Lehren;
Doch laß ich Gott und Shakeſpear auch gewähren,
In ihrer Drei- und Vier- und Sieben-Wahl,
Wenn Welten oder Dramen ſie gebären —
Und finde arg'rer noch, daß, ohne ſich zu kehren
An Ariſtoteles und Decimal,
Sie liefern, was da zählt, anſtatt der bloßen Zahl.

Die Weltgeſchicht' iſt alſo, wie geſagt,
Mein Omne portans suum secum.
Mein Walter-Scott, mein Vademecum,
Mein Ariſtophanes, und Plautus, und Horaz,
Aeſopus, Holberg, Arioſt, Boccaz,
Und Lucian und Swift und Sterne,
Ja mein Jean-Paul ſogar. Der Wahrheit ſey's geklagt,
Mit andern Studien hab' ich mich nie geplagt;
Denn was mir nah' iſt, ſuch' ich nicht von ferne.
Ich ſchöpf' aus ungetrübter Quelle gern,
Und lieb in allem die Frugalität,
Auch als Poet.
Das Buch der Bücher, wie der Quell der Quellen,
Iſt mir die menſchliche Natur,
Und ihr Decameron, die Weltgeſchichte, nur
Brauch' ich, als Magazin, in allen Fällen,
Wo's gilt, was Lächerliches darzuſtellen;
Sie geht mir über Don Quixote gar,
Weil der am End' aus ihr geſchöpft auch war.
Ihr Lexikon liegt vor mir immerdar;
Denn will ich etwas Drolliges erzählen,
Kann ich darin auf jegliche Gefahr
Die erſte beſte Seite wählen.

Sie fängt zum Beiſpiel gleich mit einer an,
Die, als burleske Poſſ' im Droll'gen, über alles
Bei weitem geht, was Rabelais erſann —
Ich meine: die des Sündenfalles.
In dem hiſtoriſchen Pankomikon,
Das ich in Verſen, ſpart mit Gott das Leben,
Geſonnen bin, herauszugeben,
Steh' an der Spize ſie! Wer nicht ſie ſchon
Geleſen wo, dem wird ſie wohl erſcheinen
Alt-Eulenſpiegeliſch und er wird meinen,
„Es ſey ein Mährchen," er wird rufen, „Bah!
„Das mache man mir weiß, daß je ſo was geſchah!
„Daß die Geſchichte, die authentiſche Geſchichte,
„Die wirkliche, die kein fantaſtiſches Gedichte,
„Die ächt urkundliche, die wahre — die
„Da wandelt Hand in Hand mit der Chronologie,
„Geſtüzt auf die Geographie —
„Mit einem Wort: die Reihe der Geſchäfte,
„Der Strom von Handlungen und Thaten der Vernunft,
„In jeder Klaſſ' und jeder Zunft —
„Die Offenbarung aller Menſchenkräfte —
„Die Folg' in der Entwickelung
„Des Abſoluten, ohne Lück' und Sprung —
„Das freie Spiel in den Begebenheiten —
„Die Perfektibilität — der Genius der Zeiten —
„Das Leben, kurz des Ichs Hiſtorie — daß die
„So angefangen!" — Lieber! eben ſie!
Dein Mährchen iſt ihr Anfang, wie die Fibel
Der Anfang aller Wiſſenſchaft! Es ſteht
Mit dürren Worten in der Bibel;
Und hat ſogar der Kirch' Autorität,
Die (wie wir wiſſen) nimmermehr kann fehlen;
Es iſt der Welthiſtorie Beginn.
Ich läugne nicht das Drollige darin:
Es iſt zum Lachen — wie ich es erzähle,
Von allen tollen Mährchen offenbar
(Was ich ja, Theuerſter, auch nicht verhehle)
Das tollſte; doch es iſt, bei der Geſchichte Seele!
Hiſtoriſch wahr.

Zwar weiß ich wohl, daß viele von den bloßen
Hiſtorikern (man weiß doch hoffentlich,
Was bloß bedeutet in der Sprach' an ſich),
Zumal die alles ſichtenden Franzoſen,
Die Geneſis, nach wörtlicher Kritik,
Verwerfen, als von keinerlei Gewichte —
Behauptend: dieſer Anfang der Geſchichte
Sey nichts als Fabel und Metaphyſik —
Und daß er uns kein wahres Wort berichte.
Das glaub' ich ſelbſt; allein das thut mir nichts —
Auch macht im mindeſten mich nicht verlegen
Ein alter Einwurf von mir ſelbſt dagegen,
Der nämlich: daß der Autor Jude war.
Mithin — die Folge wäre ziemlich klar;
Denn die Prämiſſe läugn' ich, und behaupte,
Daß nie die Geneſis geleſen mit Bedacht,
Der immer glaubt (wenn er's auch einmal glaubte)
Ein Jude habe ſie gemacht.
Dagegen ſtreiten inn'r' und äuß're Gründe,
Zumal der jüdiſche Begriff von Sünde.
Wenn auch Spinoza zwar, und Mendelſohn,
Der erſte gar zu weit, der lezte gar zu enge
Getrieben die Speculation,
Geſchah's im chriſtlichen Gedränge;
Spinoza dacht' und ſchrieb, als Benedikt, —
Was unſer frommer Moſes war, als halbe,
Nur erſt mit ihm genommen, ganze Schwalbe.

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*) Aus: Adam und Eva, oder die Geſchichte des Sündenfalls. Ein humoriſtiſches Epos in zwölf Büchern. Leipzig. 1826.

Sieht man aus dem Jacobiſchen Konflikt.
Ach! eine Schwalbe macht noch keinen Sommer, Theurer!
Und einer winzigen Ausnahme Spur
Macht mir die ungeheure Regel nur
Gewiſſermaßen ungeheurer.

Ein Jude hätt' (es koſtet' ihm ja nichts!)
Die Hauptverführung anders eingerichtet,
Und etwas rares, goldenen Gewichts,
Von Geldeswerth hineingeſchichtet,
Statt eines Apfels vom Erkenntnißbaum,
Woran von Adam in des Gartens Raum
Ihm g'rade war am wenigſten gelegen;
Zur Lockung hätt' er in dem Paradies
Wo irgend aufgehängt ein goldnes Vließ! —
Auch hätt' ein Jude nicht, der Klugheit wegen,
Es mit der Schlange ſo verdorben, wie
Der Autor — und den Adam hätt' er nie
Beim Ausgang (wenigſtens ich kann's nicht faſſen
Mit dieſer Juden-Phantaſie)
Medaillen und Gold und [illegible] liegen laſſen;
Hätt' Adam auch davon er weggeſcheucht,
Das Evchen hätte was zu ſich geſteckt.
Der Jude wird den Juden nie verhehlen,
Auch als Erzähler nicht, weil, wie er kennt,
Er malt und darſtellt. Jüdiſches Erzählen,
Und die Geſchichte des ganzen Volks beginnt
Mit Schachern, und mit Schmuggeln, und mit Stehlen.
In Jacob wird uns erſt der Urſprung klar
Des Unkrauts, das noch wuchert immerdar
In vier Welttheilen, und zumal in Polen —
Eben die Geburt des Volks, die erſte, was geſtohlen —
Ich frage jeden Juden: „Iſt's nicht wahr?"

Man wird mir hoffentlich die andern Gründe ſchenken,
Warum ich nicht die drei Kapitel, die
Vom Sündenfall berichten: Was und Wie,
Betracht' als jüdiſche Kosmogonie.
Schenkt man ſie nicht, ſo geb' ich zu bedenken,
Daß der Verfaſſer, wer er ſonſt auch war,
Zu einer Zeit gelebt, da noch natürlich
Die Thiere redeten und nicht figürlich,
Wie die Erzählung darthut offenbar, —
Ein nachſündfluthlicher Erzähler, zweifelsohne,
Hätt' es erzählt in einem andern Tone.
Es wundert Even im geringſten nicht,
Daß jener Wurm mit ihr geläufig ſpricht:
Ganz recht! Denn was wohl konnt' ihr offenbaren,
Daß ſie nur und ihr Mann vernünftig waren!
„Kann unſer Eins," vermuthlich dachte ſie
In ihrer Unſchuld ſo, „ſchon raiſonniren,
„Die wir von geſtern her, ich weiß nicht wie,
„Erſt hier im Garten h'rum ſpazieren,
„Warum ſollt' es nicht können auch ein Vieh,
„Das vor uns da war! und vielleicht ſeit immer —
„Deß Haut von Kopf zu Fuß iſt nichts als Schimmer,
„Deß Wuchs iſt ſo vollendet ganz,
„So g'rade, glatt und ſchlank, als wär' er lauter Schwanz,
„Und deſſen ganzen Leib viel ſchöne Ringel zieren!"
Das alles laſſ' ich noch dahingeſtellt,
(Bis weiter wenigſtens, wenn's ſo gefällt)
Allein, was jeden Leſer muß frappiren:
Auch der Erzähler findet ganz und gar
Den Urſprungsdialog, den Plato's und Jacobi's
Nur commentiren, ſo wie Trims und Tobis,
Und alle folgende, nicht ſonderbar!
Man ſage nicht: „Er habe ſich enthalten
„Zu äußern, was er ſelbſt davon geglaubt,
„Weil Reflexionen überhaupt
„Er, als Hiſtoriker, ſich nicht erlaubt,
„Und niemals pflegt ſein Urtheil einzuſchalten:
„Er ſey beſtändig völlig objectiv,
„Als plaſtiſcher Darſteller und Enthüller,
„Und lange nicht einmal ſo ſubjectiv,
„Wie ſein College, Herr Johannes Müller:
„Es ſtelle ſich in ihm nur die Geſchichte dar —
„Drum ſey er auch ſo groß, ſo göthiſch tief und klar,
„Weil ſtets mit ſeinem Glauben und Gewiſſen
„Sein eignes Ich bleibt hinter den Kuliſſen;" —
Denn, mit Erlaubniß, das iſt gar nicht wahr!
Zwar geht der Urbericht vom Sündenfalle
Als Darſtellung auch mir entſchieden über alle;
Zwar find' ich auch den Autor wundergroß;
Allein, er giebt ſich doch, als ſolcher, einmal bloß.

Er findet nehmlich kurios
Des erſten Paars natürliches Benehmen:
Daß nackt ſie gingen, ohne ſich zu ſchämen;
Wär' auch zu ſeiner Zeit der Thiere Loos
Brutal geweſen ſchon, ihr Mund gebunden,
Und ihre Sprache ganz und gar verſchwunden,
Hätt' er die Schlangenvernunft
Gewiß viel kurioſer noch gefunden!
Wer nur ein Naſenloch hiſtoriſcher Kritik
Halb offen hat, riecht hier, ſchon als Primaner,
Beim Buchſtabiren ſeiner Geneſis,
Den unbefang'nen Prädiluvianer.
Nun aber iſt's ſicherlich ganz gewiß,
Daß Juden nach der Sündfluth erſt entſtanden —
Die wenigſtens, die noch vorhanden —
Mithin gehört (nachdem ich angezeigt
[illegible]
Die Zweifel, die man hier und dort noch hegt,
Ob ſie zum [illegible] oder [illegible] führen:
Das Monument, das ich hier
Deutſchen ganz gewiß [illegible]
Zur wahren, ächten, klaſſiſchen Geſchichte.

Wenn übrigens unbedingt [illegible] ſcheinen,
Und ſchiene, einem Juden irgendwie
Mein Widerwillen vor den Seinen,
Bemerk' ich, um ein möglich qui pro quo
Bei dieſem Punkt zu vermeiden,
Daß mein Hebräer wohl auch unterſcheiden
Und [illegible] Iſraeliten von den [illegible]
Und Juden, die ich nenne ſo —
Ich meine nicht die Trödler in den Buden,
Ich mein' auch die Kornhändler nicht allein,
Wenn ſolche, und ſogar mit einem Schein
Von [illegible], ich ſpreche von den Juden;
Ich meine zwar auch die mit vollem Recht,
[illegible]
Getauft und ungetauft, nicht ihre Strafe litten —
Neun Zehntel nehmlich von dem menſchlichen Geſchlecht —
Und wollt' es ſelbſt, trotz allem Reim-[illegible],
Mit dieſen armen Teufeln nicht ſo böſ'.
Bin ich doch ſelber, ach! (in meinem Sinn
Das [illegible] nehmend, und das Jüdiſche darin)
Vielleicht der ſchlimmſte Jude trotz dem Schelm.
Denn wenn auch Schätze mir von Gold
Nicht eben über alle Schätze gelten,
Bin ich doch vielen andern Schätzen hold,
Die wohl, genau beſeh'n, auf einer Unſchuldswelt,
Dem Dichter viel gefährlicher, als Liebe.
Drum wiederhol' ich ſtets das Verslein mir:
Sind auch die Juden nirgends recht zu Hauſe,
Die Chriſten pilgern auch am Ende hier,
Und ſchmauſen, wenn ſie können. Wir ſind Wir;
Und vor dem Herrgott ſind wir alle Schmauſe.

Zum Schluß der Vorerinnerung noch dies:
Obgleich, der Sache nach, was ich in deutſchen Reimen
Verſuchen werde hier der Leſewelt zu leimen,
Man alles leſen kann in jener Geneſis,
Weil ich das Factum ſelbſt nicht umgeſtaltet —
Steht dennoch meine Schnurre dort
Natürlich nicht gerade Wort für Wort.
Ich habe die Urkund' entwickelt und entfaltet,
Wie Herder und wie Kant, poetiſch, kritiſch ſchrieben,
Doch alles ſo auf eigene Manier,
Wie mir die Laune kreuz und quer gewaltet:
Was innwärts lag im Stoff herausgekehrt —
Kurz, der Geſchichte Knollen klein geſpaltet,
Was niemand dem Erzähler wehrt,
Wenn er des Factums Holz nur nicht vermehrt.
Auch hab' ich mich beſtrebt, in manchen Stellen,
Wo etwas dunkel, oder wenig klar,
Das Vorſündfluthliche gehörig zu erhellen
Aus nachſündfluthlichen Erfahrungsquellen,
Was eigentlich ſehr leicht mir war —
Weil in der Welt, und in dem ganzen Weltlauf alles,
Von jenen großen Monarchien vier,
Bis auf mein ſchlechtes Reimen hier,
Nichts iſt, im Grund', als deutliche Bewährung,
Entwickelung, Erweiterung, Erklärung,
Und öfters bloße Wiederholung ſchier,
Des Sündenfalles.

Wer Urtheile nicht viel für Unterſuchung giebt,
Und keine Gründlichkeit, kein tiefes Dringen
In etwas, nicht einmal in's Oberflächliche, liebt,
Kann dieſe Recenſion ganz überſpringen.
Ich hielt es zwar für ſtrenge Pflicht,
Sie als kritiſche Einleitung anzubringen;
Doch möcht' ich niemand ſie zu leſen zwingen;
Denn ſie gefällt mir ſelber nicht.
Wird die Erzählung ſelbſt nicht angenehmer,
Der ſchicke ſie nur geradeswegs zum Krämer,
Und komme wöchentlich mit, Stück nach Stück,
Statt Tags- und Nachts-Journal von ihm zurück.

Der Geſchichte des Sündenfalls zweites Buch.

— Ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem. —
Hor.

Der Leſer ſchließt vielleicht aus dem, was ſchon geſagt
Von dem Erſchaff'n des Himmels und der Erde,
Daß ihn und mich gemacht dieſelbe große Werde,
Das jene ſchuf; der Schluß iſt zu gewagt.
Uns hat der liebe Gott zwar auch hervorgerufen,
Allein ſo wie wir ſind, mit Haut und Haar,
Er ſelber nicht unmittelbar.
Aus der Urkunde ſieht man klar,
Daß mehrere den erſten Menſchen ſchufen.

Der Schöpfung großer Meiſter gab ſich nicht
Mit dem Detail die Mühe — was mit Ellen
Sich meſſen ließ, ſagt der Bericht,
Das überließ er den Geſellen,
Die Er zu dem Behuf, als fertig war das All,
Und ſchon der große Ringeltanz begonnen
Der Monde, der Planeten und der Sonnen,
Herabgeſchickt auf unſern kleinen Ball.

Es thut mir leid für alle Spinoziſten,
Idealiſten oder Realiſten;
Denn der Philoſophie aus einem Stück
Bricht dies im Mittelſtücke das Genick.
Zum wenigſten führt's mich gewaltig
Im Glauben an das Commandite-Syſtem.
Wie kann man laſſen ein Philoſophem
Der abſoluten Einheit, wenn ſo ſpaltig
Der Menſch von Anfang iſt, daß auch das Weſen gar,
Das ihn gebildet, mannichfaltig war?
Es thut mir leid für's Ich, und ſeine großen Herren,
Daß vor dem ſum and cogito
Man fand auf Erden Du'en ſchon und Er'en;
Allein es iſt nun einmal ſo.

Die Elohim (ſo hießen die Geſellen
Des lieben Gottes) rathſchlagten unter ſich:
Ob nicht ein neu Geſchöpf nach ihren Ellen,
Ein Ueberthier, mit einem Wort, ein Ich,
Sich bilden ließ' aus den geſchaff'nen Sachen,
Und wurden eins, das ließe ſich wohl machen.
Sie nahmen etwas Koth — was giebt es da zu lachen?
Koth, ſag' ich, eben Koth, wie jedermann,
Der ſelbſt den Text ſtudirt, ſich überzeugen kann —
Und fingen gleich zu modeln an,
Nach ihrem eig'nen Schnitt und Ebenmaße,
Mit Händen, Füßen, Stirnen, Mund und Naſe,
Mit Ohren und mit Augen, die Figur,
Die wir (vermuthlich weil ſie unſre) halten
Für weit die ſchönſte der unzähligen Geſtalten
In der unendlichen Natur.

Da lag das Meiſterſtück der himmliſchen Sculptur,
Sie konnten's nur nicht recht zum Stehen bringen;
Es fehlte der vollkomm'nen Kreatur
Das Leben nur;
Allein das konnten die Geſellen nicht erzwingen.

„Was iſt denn noch dem Dinge Noth?“
So fragen ſie ſich, maßen, zählten
Die Glieder alle — keine fehlten;
Und dennoch war und blieb das Männchen todt.
„Wie Schade“ ſagten ſie, „es iſt doch ganz vollkommen,
„Ganz nach dem Maaße, das wir von uns ſelbſt genommen,
„Proportionirt, und weiß und roth!“
Nach viel vergeblichem Darüberhinſinniren
Beſchloſſen ſie zu ruhen, und ſagten im Spazieren
Einander leiſ' in's Ohr: „Mein Lieber! Koth iſt Koth!“

Da kam der Meiſter hergegangen,
Zu ſehn, was die Geſellen unterfangen,
Und ſah
Das neue Kothgebilde liegen da
Zu ſeinen Füßen in dem Graſe;
Der ſchönſte Sturm war ſchon von mehr Gewicht,
Und, Gott ſey Dank! und doch — zertrat Er's nicht;
Er hob es lächelnd auf mit ſeiner Hand,
Blies in die Naſe:
Und ſieh! es ſtand.
„Geh!“ ſprach Er, „lern', und brauche den Verſtand,
„Den Ich mit dieſem Hauche dir gegeben!“
Und er verſchwand.

Der Kothmann fand ſich kaum beweglich und im Leben,
So fing er ſchon zu weinen an.
„Zu weinen!“ Allerdings! Trotz allen Herrlichkeiten,
Die rings er ſah im Nahen und im Weiten,
Fehlt' immer etwas noch dem armen jungen Mann.
Umſonſt fand er genug zu eſſen und zu trinken,
Am Fluſſe, wo er ſich befand,
Und Nahrung g'nug zugleich für den Verſtand;
Es war ihm alles reichlich zugemeſſen
Zum Glücklichſeyn auf dem Land;
Und wo er ging, und wo er ſtand,
War Hüll' und Fülle zum Genuß — indeſſen
War er auf ſeinem Bett von Blumen-Stroh
Nichts weniger, als herzlich froh.

Zwar legt' er ſich gleich anfangs auf's Studiren
Des Phyſicaliſchen in Pflanzen und in Thieren,
Begann die erſten zu klaſſificiren,
Und nach und nach allmählich auch
Sich einen ordentlichen Sprachgebrauch
Durch ihre Namen zu ſtiften —
Auch legt' er ſich wohl öfters hin
Auf einen [illegible] im Graſe
Den Zeigefinger auf die Naſe,
Und ſprach bald laut bald leiſe ſo: „Ich bin! —
Ich ſehe mich! — ich denke! — cogito,
„Und ergo ſum — ſum, ergo cogito!“ —
Umſonſt! das Alles half ihm nichts. Er einte
Das Mannigfaltige, fand alles ganz
Nach ſeiner Anſchauung, wie nach Kante,
Allein er fand ſich ſelber halb — und weinte.

Ich mag nicht herzählen, was er ſich
Für Mühe gab vom Morgen bis zum Abend,
Die Sinne ſo, bald ſo, bald anders labend,
Ein wenig zu befriedigen ſein Ich,
Das immer in des Glücks Ueberfluſſe
Nach etwas ſuchte, das noch da nicht war,
Und im Genuß des Guten immerdar
Sich ſehnte nach was Beſſerm im Genuſſe.
Oft ritt er in dem Garten wie ein Narr,
Auf einem Aſt; — oft ſucht' auf allen Vieren
Er wettzulaufen mit den Thieren —
Oft lief er in dem nächſten Bach Gefahr
Sich zu erſäufen, ſchwimmend nach den Schwänen
In einer Doppelfluth von Waſſer und von Thränen.
Umringt von Blumen, fiel ihm endlich ein,
Ein Exemplar von jeder ſich zu pflücken,
Und aus der ſämmtlichen Verein
Sich ein vollſtändiges Entzücken
Selbſt zu bereiten. Anfangs ſchien ihm das,
So wie der Strauß allmählig wuchs an Zierde,
Das Räthſel der unſchuldigen Begierde
Nach einem kleinen Paradies
Im Großen ſchön zu löſen. „Ja, das war,
„Was hier noch fehlte,“ murmelt' er im Gehen,
An Blume Blume fügend, bei'm Entſtehen
Des neuen Werks, — „Das iſt es offenbar,
„Das Ideal — zugleich für Aug' und Naſe,
„Und für ich weiß nicht was! Wie füllt's die Sinnen-Kluft
„In meiner [illegible] mit Schmelz und Duft,
„Der Zauber bringt mich ſchon faſt gänzlich in Ekſtaſe!
„Wie reizend und wie ſanft! wie dunkel und wie licht! —
„Nur noch die Schlanke, Weiße, Hohe, Reine,
„Aus deren Blick der Unſchuld Himmel ſpricht —
„Und die Verborgne hier, die Süße,
„Die lächelnd weint: Vergiß mein nicht!

„Euch alle hab' ich nun im lieblichen Vereine;
„Kein Reiz, kein' Anmuth, keine Wonne fehlt —
„In einem einz'gen holden Band vermählt,
„Werd, all' ihr mannigfaltigen, mir Eine!
„Zum erſtenmal drück' ich mit Herzensluſt
„Der Schöpfung ſchönſte Zierd' an meine Bruſt!"

Ach! Er zerdrückte ſie! Sein heftiges Entzücken
Zerſtörte die ſo zarte Harmonie:
Der ſchöne Strauß zerfiel zu ſchönen Stücken —
Und, eines nach dem andern, welkten ſie.
Zwar fing er immer wieder an zu pflücken,
Und baute ſich ſein Ideal auf's neu',
Und immer ſchöner ſchien es ihm zu glücken;
Doch keins beſtand, der Strauß ward immer Streu.
Auch, der Anthologie [illegible] eifriger [illegible],
Fing er allmählig an, nach jeder neuen Wahl,
Der Blumen und der Düfte [illegible] ſatt
Satt an dem ſchönſtgeglänz'ten Ideal,
Trotz der Vollkommenheit, ein Etwas zu vermiſſen.
„Vermaledeit," ſagt' er, „genügt's [illegible] nicht,
„Das meinem Ideale ganz entſpricht!
„Was hilft's, darnach zu laufen und zu gehen!
„Es iſt am Ende nicht zu ſehen. —"
[illegible] hat, und gähnt' er unterdeſſen,
Verweilend ihm auf ſeiner Blumen-Wieſe:
Das wenig half, kühl im Paradieſe,
Zum weiſen Traum ein weiſes Wort.

Ich mag nicht, wie geſagt, erwähnen,
Was alles er gethan, ſo lang er einſam war,
In dieſem warmen [illegible]
[illegible], um nicht ſich todt zu gähnen.
Genug: er aß und trank, und ging, und lief,
Und kroch, und ſchwamm, und ſtreckte ſich, und ſchlief,
In jeder Lag', auf allen Wegen,
Mit ſeinem Körper und mit ſeines Geiſtes Kraft,
Mit ſeinem Muth, mit ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft,
Mit ſeiner Unſchuld gar, — kurz mit ſich ſelbſt verlegen.

Der Meiſter ſah's, und ſprach: „Es iſt nicht gut,
„Daß er alleine ſey! hab' ich auch gleich vollkommen
„[illegible], was höher kann nicht kommen,
„Ich woll' ihm geben, was ihm nöthig thut.
„So geht es nicht, es iſt in jedem Falle
„Dem Menſchen beſſer, daß er liebt,
„Als daß er ganz und gar verliebt —
„Was einer kann nicht [illegible], das werden alle!
„Ich mach' ihm eine Hälft' an Liebe reich:
„Aus ſeinem Buſen, ſeiner Seite
„Soll, während dort er ſchläft, ein Mädchen ſanft, und weich,
„Und zart und anmuthsvoll, ihm ſonſt in Allem gleich,
„Entſpringen, und ich geb' es ihm zum Weibe!"

Geſagt, gethan. Der Adam ſchlief —
Das Mädchen ſprang empor, und lief
Zum nächſten Bach ſogleich, und wuſch die ſchönen Haare.
Sie ſieht ſich ſelbſt verwundert in der Fluth,
Und lächelt, als wenn ihr ſich offenbare
Der ganze Himmel, wie er wirklich thut.
„Jetzt," ſprach der Meiſter, der das höchſte Gut
Dem Menſchen gab: „Jetzt erſt iſt Alles gut!"

Mein Adam, der indeſſen ausgeſchlafen,
Erwacht, umringt von Ziegen und von Schaafen
Und Tauben, und dergleichen Thieren mehr,
Und gähnt, und ſpricht: „Ich ſchlief entſetzlich ſchwer,
„Unruhig, ängſtlich hin und her,
„Erhitzt, als hätt' ich das gehabt, was Fieber
„Man nennen wird einmal, wenn's erſt dergleichen giebt:
„Mich dünkt, ich war zum Wahnſinn, gar verliebt,
„(Ja, wenn es etwas giebt, darüber)
„In etwas außer mir, ich weiß nicht wie:
„Doch ſchlief ich gerne wieder ein; denn lieber
„Iſt mir ein ſolcher Traum, trotz der Philoſophie,
„Als dies gelehrte Leben mit dem Vieh.
„Was hilft mir mein ſelbſtdenkendes Erwachen
„Hier unter dieſen Nicht-Ichs-Siebenſachen
„Von Strahlen, Schatten, Blumen, Affen, und
„Was ſonſt ſich hier thut meinen Sinnen kund!
„Mit keinem von dem Allen kann ich ſcherzen.
„Zwar find' ich manches ſchön, gewandt, und ſtark, und klug,
„Zwar brummt's, und ziſcht's, und blökt's, und ſchwatzt's genug,
„Allein kein Einzig's ſpricht zu meinem Herzen,
„Selbſt nicht mein beſter Freund, der Hund;
„Auch er am Ende ſpricht nur mit dem Mund!

„Zwar kenn' ich was von ihnen alle Tage,
„Und ſehe bald ſchon manches Was und Wie,
„Doch niemals ein Warum! Wozu die ganze Plage
„Mit meinem Lexikon, mit der Zoologie,
„Sammt der vergleichenden Anatomie
„Von Thiergattungen aller Affen,
„Die mich Studirenden begaffen.
„Ich werde nie doch ſo geſcheit, wie ſie —
„Die ſag' ich's, weil ich's meine — nie! nie! nie! —
„Sie ſchränken ſich auf etwas ein im Leben
„Des Daſeyns, ſind zufrieden, drücken ſich
„Dicht an einander, innig, fröhlich,
„Und überhaupt multipliciren ſich,
„Und ihre ſüße Luſt — das nenn' ich Leben!
„Das iſt geſcheit, da ſieht man einen Zweck;
„Doch meine Weisheit iſt ein ewig Streben
„Nach dem, was nirgend iſt, — nach allem. Ach!
„Vermißt' ich, wenn ich alles recht betrachte
„Um mich herum, und kann mich ſelbſt [illegible]:
„Ein Himmel iſt die Welt an jeder [illegible] —
„Ein [illegible] im Großen und im Kleinen —
„In jedem Daſeyn ſeh' ich einen Zweck —
„In meinem nur, in meinem ſeh' ich keinen —
„Ich bin allein der faule Fleck!"

In dieſem Selbſtgefühle ging er [illegible] weiter,
(Denn er war ſchon im Gange)
Den Bach entlang.
Die Morgenluft war ungewöhnlich heiter,
Und alles [illegible] im [illegible], ſprang und ſang,
Und bot ihm freundlich guten Morgen
Mit Zwitſchern, Brüllen, und Geſumm;
Er aber ſah ſich gar nicht um,
Verdrüßlich murmelnd: „Ich bin dumm!
„Schwatzt, was ihr wollt, Ihr [illegible]!
„Ich wünſche heute wenigſtens kein Wort!"
Und ging, wie halb im Traume, weiter fort.

So naht' er ſich dem Platz, wo jene [illegible]
Sich bückt, und noch im Bild verloren ſtand.
(Sein Vater folgt' ihm mit dem Auge lange;
Denn er blieb, ohne Sie zu ſeh'n, im Gange.)
Auf einmal warf er, Arm in Arm verſchränkt,
Den Kopf empor, den er geſenkt,
Und rief: „O Himmel, der du hell und heiter
„Dich über mir, und ſelbſt der Sonne wölbſt!
„Bin ich geſunken denn auf der Weſen Leiter
„Seit geſtern unter — gar mich ſelbſt!
„Ich weiß nicht, wie mir iſt, ich habe kein Behagen
„Im Daſeyn; alles iſt mir nichts an ſich,
„Beſonders heut' — an allen vor'gen Tagen
„Sonſt liebt' ich wenigſtens doch mich
„So halb und halb; ich war mir gut, und deckte,
„So ſehr ich konnte, mir die Augen zu
„Für jeden Mangel, der mein Herz erſchreckte."
Der Arme wußte nicht, daß in ihm ſteckte
Noch geſtern ein gewiſſes Du,
Das jetzt herausgeriſſen, eine Lücke
Gemacht — ein wahres Loch im Ich, —
Und daß er jetzo nur mit einem Stücke
Der Menſchlichkeit herum im Garten ſchlich.

„O!" rief er wild, „ich flieh', ich haſſe mich,"
Und blickte vor ſich hin mit ſtarrem Auge,
„Ich weiß gar nicht, wozu ich tauge
„Mit meiner ewigen Metaphyſik — — —"
Doch in demſelben wilden ſtarren Blick
Begegnet ihm die kaum erſchaff'ne Roſe,
Die junge Schönheit, jene ſüße Braut,
Die wallend in der Ahnung dunklem Schooße
Sein ſehnend Herz im Traum geſchaut!
Sie ſahen ſich zugleich, und ſah'n nicht mehr die Sonne,
Und ſah'n nicht mehr den Bach,
Sie glühten, bebten, zitterten vor Wonne,
Und ſeufzten, ſtaunend, lächelnd, weinend: „Ach! —"
Dann flogen ſie zuſammen, wieder wach,
Und hielten ſich einander in den warmen,
Weitausgeſtreckten, ſtarken Liebesarmen,
Und ſanken, Herz an Herz, und Bruſt an Bruſt,
Dahin vor namenloſer Luſt;
Sie zuckten wieder auf, und bebten immer wieder
In ſeligen Entzückungen darnieder,
Und ſah'n ſich wieder an ſo inniglich,
Und drückten ſich die Händ' — und — küßten ſich.

Die erſte Menſchenluſt — den Gruß der Grüße —
Der Ur-Umarmung Urkuß aller Küſſe —
Der allererſten Liebe Himmelreich —
Den Urſprung aller wonnevollen Triebe —
Die Lieb' im Paradies: Der Liebe Liebe,
Die ſtärkſt' und die unſchuldigſte zugleich,
Noch vor dem Sündenfall — mit Worten zu beſchreiben —
Das laß' ich armer Sünder bleiben.

Nach langem Taumel ſüßer Luſt,
Das All' vergeſſend, Eins nur bewußt,
Erwachten ſie zu ſanfterer Entzückung
Aus der gen Himmel ſtammenden Entrückung;
Und Adams Auge trank in langem Zug,
Die Reize der Umarmten ſtill betrachtend,
Auf jede Lieblichkeit beſonders achtend,
Des ſchönen Anblicks ſeligen Genuß.
„O!" rief er aus, „das iſt es, was ich wähnte
„Mir zu ergründen, und was immer wich;
„Das Schöne, Gute, Göttliche an ſich,
„Wonach ich mich umſonſt im All der Schöpfung ſehnte —
„Das iſt ein Ich, und doch nicht Ich!
„O Du! Du! Du! — o! nenne mich, Du Süße,
„Nur Du in jedem holden Nu!"
„Du!" ſprach ſie — Küſſe folgten dann auf Küſſe,
Und Du auf Du. —
„Nun glaub' ich erſt an Gott!" rief Adam laut und meinte
Der Freude jetzt, „durch Dich, in Dir
„Wird, was mit Körper Geiſt, und mich mit mir vereinte,
„Erſt ſichtbar mir!"
Du war das erſte Wort, das Adam Eva lehrte,
Das zweite: Gott — und, als ſie liebend ſich
Umarmt, das dritte: Liebe! — „Liebſt Du mich?"
Frug er, und drückt' ihr Händchen inniglich.
„Du du" antwortete ſie ihm, und kehrte
Die Roſenlipp' ihm lächelnd, „liebet Dich!"

So liebten ſie voll Unſchuld, und die Sonne,
Die Vöglein und die Engel, Mond und Stern',
Und alle Weſen ſahen es mit Wonne,
Und ſelbſt der Liebe Schöpfer ſah' es gern.

Epigramm.*)

Was ſollen wir, die etwas wir gelernt,
Noch ſtudiren?
Ich dächt', wir ließen es der Zukunft bleiben
Und bleiben lieber dumm.
Es ſchickt ſich jetzt für uns das ganze Publikum.

Der Liebenden Erdenwallen.**)

Getrieben zu Paaren
Rennen und laufen
Entathmete Haufen.
Auf Zeltern, zu Roß,
In Kutſchen und Wagen —
Voll Packen und Plagen,
Gefolgt von dem Troß
Der Sorgen und Waaren,
Reiten und fahren
Die ſchnaubenden Schaaren
Durch's tolle Gehege
Der ſtaubigen Wege
Nach Erdengewinn —
Das Schlechte beginnend,
Das Ärgere ſinnend,
Und endlich gewinnend
Das Schlechteſte drin.
Laß fahren und laufen
Die thörichten Haufen!

Zu Fuß und alleine,
Durch tönende Haine,
Mit ruhigem Sinn —
Auf ſchattigem Stege
Entfernt vom Getümmel
Und von dem Gewimmel
Des Todes darin —
Im Auge der Himmel,
Im Ohre die Töne,
Im Herzen die Schöne —
Geleitet vom Triebe
Der ewigen Liebe —
Das Gute beginnend,
Das Höhere ſinnend,
Das Höchſte gewinnend,
Ich wandle dahin.

Wie ſcheinet ſo leicht mir
Das irdiſche Leben:
Das Senken und Heben
Der goldenen Wage —
Das Treiben und Streben
Im künſtlichen Weben
Geſchäftiger Plage!
Wie ſchwinden ſo leicht mir
Die ſeligen Tage,
Seitdem ich, alleine,
Bald lächle, bald weine,
Nichts weltliches achtend —
Auf einſamen Pfade
Der fernen Geſtade
Dich, Holde, betrachtend —
Nur Dich in dem Raume,
Nur Dich in der Zeit,
Erwache und im Traume
Dir ewig geweiht!
Im wechſelnden Tage,
Nun dort und nun hier,
Bey Nacht und bey Tag,
Wo Bächlein ſich kräuſeln,
Wo Blätterchen ſäuſeln,
Vernehm' ich Dein Schweben
In leiſer Bewegung,
In leiſerer Regung,
Im lieblichen Leben.

Wie tönet der Hall mir
So lieblich von Dir!
Wie ſtrahlt überall mir,
Ringsum in dem Kranze
Der Näh' und der Ferne —
Hoch oben im Glanze
Der flimmernden Sterne —
Bald hier in dem blühenden
Wonnegefild,
Bald dort in der glühenden
Sonne — Dein Bild!

Wie ſinkt die Gewalt mir
Der irdiſchen Mächte!
Wie ferne verhallt mir
Der Sterblichen Klage,
Seitdem ich, o Sonne
Der liebenden Wonne,
Bey Tag und bey Nacht
Im Buſen Dich trage!

Wie duftenden blühen
Mit lieblichem Prangen
Die Blumen im Haine!
Wie Brennenden glühen
Im doppelten Scheine
Durch grünende Fichten
Zur Linken und Rechten
Die roſigen Wangen
Des Himmels, wie Deine!
Wie Schmachtenden bringen
Ambroſiſche Düfte,
Auf ſeidenen Schwingen
Aetheriſcher Lüfte
Nektariſche Grüße —
Ich athme die Süße
Der himmliſchen Küſſe
Wie Odem von Dir!
Wie Horchenden ſingen
Der offenen Felder,
Der heimlichen Wälder,
Der heiteren Gipfel,
Der ſchaurigen Wipfel
Geflügelte Chöre

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*) Ward 1826 in Dresden von Baggeſen ſelbſt dem Herausgeber mitgetheilt.

**) Aus: Heideblumen; vom Verf. der Parthenais. Amſterdam, 1808.

Nun dort und nun hier —
Ich hör' im Gewimmel
Der lieblichen Klänge,
Der Zaubergeſänge
Der tönenden Himmel —
Ich ſtaun' und ich höre
Der Sel'gen Chöre,
Als ſingeſt Du mit.

Wenn Donner erſchallen —
Wenn ſchäumender Flüſſe
Herſtürzende Güſſe
Dem Himmel entfallen —
Wenn über die Kieſel
Mit leiſem Geriſel
Die murmelnde Wogen
Der ſilbernen Bogen
Die Blumen durchwallen —
Die ſehnenden Klagen
Voll Wonne und Zagen,
Die klingenden Lieder
Voll zärtlicher Schmerzen
Und Wonnen und Scherzen,
O! Wenn die Schönen,
Die Lieder von der
Nachtigallen, und tönen,
Und hallen ſie wieder
Mir Seligen, mir!

Dem Herrſcher der Schaaren,
Die wüthen und fahren —
Dem Räuber der Haufen,
Die rennen und laufen,
Dem Fürſten im Zelt,
Umringt von den Rachen
Blutſchnaubender Drachen,
Gehört die Welt.
Was kümmert die Liebe
Mit himmliſchem Triebe,
Wer dieß beſitzt:
Der ewigen Fülle
Vergängliche Hülle,
Die göttlich gefüllt!

Dem liebenden Reinen
Getreuen der Einen
In ſingenden Hainen,
In tönender Flur;
Auf luftigen Gipfeln
Gebirgiger Wege,
Und unter den Wipfeln
Beſchatteter Stege,
Gehört, was nur
In allem, was eilet
Und ſchwindet, verweilet —
Gehöret, was bliebe,
Wenn alles zerſtiebe —
Gehöret die Fülle
Der nichtigen Hülle —
Gehöret die Liebe,
Gehört die Natur.

Die kleine Muſe.

Süße Kleine! zürne nicht mit mir,
  Wegen meiner kindlich loſen Streiche!
Bin ich Kind, ſo gleich ich eben Dir;
  Und iſt's Sünde wohl, daß ich Dir gleiche?

Wie gebot der Heiland uns zu ſeyn?
  Stets werd' ich mich auf ſein Wort beſinnen:
Komm als Kind ins Himmelreich hinein;
  Oder du wirſt nimmer es gewinnen!

Kleiner Engel! reich Dein Händchen mir!
  In der Kinder Himmel Du mich führe!
Wenn der liebe Gott ſie öffnet Dir,
  Schließe nicht mir Weinenden die Thüre!

Gib der Kindheit Jahre mir zurück!
  Gib mir ihre Blumen, ihre Spiele!
Gib mir Deiner Unſchuld ſtilles Glück!
  Seye Deine Freude mir zum Ziele!

Kleine Holde! Dir will ich mich weih'n;
  Dein Geſpiele will ich ſeyn auf Erden;
Meine Lieblingsmuſe ſollſt Du ſeyn;
  Und ich will Dein Lieblingsdichter werden!

Weltkenntniß.

Wie war ich glücklich,
Als noch ein Jüngling
Voll Kindeseinfalt,
Und Kindesunſchuld,
Ich auf der kleinen
Beblümten Höhe
Der Menſchheit ſtand!

Da ſah ich unten
Ein bunt Gewimmel
Von holden Kleinen
Auf Steckenpferden
Im Sande reiten,
Mit hübſchen Puppen
Im Graſe tanzen,
Sich herzlich freuend
Des hellen Lichts.

Da ſah ich um mich
Auf andern Hügeln
Kraftvolle Buben,
Herzvolle Mäglein,
Nach Regenbogen
Voll Hoffnung greifen,
Indem ich ſelber,
In jedem Jungen
Den Herzensbruder,
In jedem Mädchen
Die Herzensſchweſter
Voll Wonne ſah!

Da ſah ich — Götter!
Wie ſchlägt das Herz mir
Bey der Erinn'rung!
Auf hohen Bergen,
Hoch über jenen
Beblümten Hügeln,
Erhabne Menſchen,
Gekrönte Helden,
Bekränzte Dichter,
Umſtrahlte Weiſen —
Der Erde Götter;
Und über allen
Des hohen Himmels
Im tiefen Aether,
In allen Sternen,
Im tiefen Dunkel,
In allen Blitzen
Sichtbaren Gott!

O! wie ganz anders,
Wie tief unglücklich —
Wie ſchrecklich einſam,
Und gänzlich elend,
Auf dieſem hohen,
Mit Schweiß errungnen
Erfahrungs-Gipfel
Steh ich, vollendet,
Nunmehr ein Mann!

Kahl iſt des Felſens
Erhabne Scheitel —
Kein Bäumchen ſchattet —
Kein Bächlein labet —
Kein Blümchen lacht mir;
Und ringsum ragen
Nur kahle Gipfel
Dem Meinen gleich!

Sie ſtehn zur Seite
Mir jetzt, zu denen
Ich vormals ſtaunend
Erhob die Blicke —
Die Hügel alle
Mit ihren Blumen,
Mit ihren Buben,
Und ihren Mädchen,

Sind tief geſunken —
Und ſelbſt unſichtbar
Der Kinder Gott!
Und jene Helden,
Und jene Dichter,
Und jene Weiſen —
Der Erde Götter —
Sind gegenüber
Gemeine Menſchen —
Sind höchſtens einſam,
Und jeder Täuſchung
Beraubt wie ich!

Wiederkunft des Liebenden.

Steh nicht auf, obgleich am hellen Tage!
Bleib im dunklen grünen Bette hier!
Daß ich, ſüßes Mädchen, über Dir,
Niederblickend auf die holde Lage,
Nur ein Weilchen voll Entzückung rage!
Daß ſich meiner Liebe Glut
Spiegl' in Deiner blauen Augen Flut,
Und nach langem Lauf, im Stilleſtehen,
Ich mich lab' an Deinem Wiederſehen!
Laß mich meine ſchwer errungne Luſt,
Nach ſo langem ungeſtümen Schmachten,
Götterruhig, aufrecht, ſtill betrachten,
Meines ganzen Glückes mir bewußt!
O wie hebt ſich Deine Bruſt!
O! wie ſelig, weil ich hier! —
Süßes Schweben
Meines wunderſamen Bangens,
Meines brennenden Verlangens,
Meiner Flammenflügel, über Dir!
Gerne weilt' ich ewig hier!
Doch ein namenloſes Wonnebeben
Faßt in dieſer Höhe ſelbſt mein Leben!
O! Du lächelſt hold hinauf zu mir! —
So dem Sonnengott an hoher Mitte
Seines Himmels lächelt Amphitrite!
Und er eilt hinab zu ihr —
Liebeglühend, wonnetrunken,
Flammenroth entſendend alle Funken,
Stürzt er in der holden Zauberin
Sanfte Wolluſtarme hin —
Und es iſt der Tag verſunken.

Am Geſtade.

Ich wandle her, ich wandle hin,
Am Pilgerſtab,
Wohl ohne Ruh und Luſt,
Mit wildem Blick, mit trübem Sinn —
Bergauf, bergab —
Ach! mit beklommner Bruſt.

Erloſchen iſt ſchon des Tages Strahl;
Die Gegend grau't
In ſchwarzem Dämmrungsflor —
Und rings, wohin durch Berg und Thal
Mein Auge ſchaut,
Steigt Finſterniß empor.

Und immer hohler wird der Klang,
Vom dumpfen Tritt,
Am hallenden Geſtad —
Und immer bebender der Gang
Mit bangem Schritt
Auf immer engerm Pfad.

Und dennoch muß ich weiter fort;
Stets weiter fort;
Es kann nicht anders ſeyn —
Mein Weg geht durch das Dickigt dort
Zum düſtern Ort;
Und ach! ich muß hinein.

Die Schöpfung des Teufels.

Ich hörte jüngſt des Teufels After-Werke
Zur Höll' organiſiren Gottes Erde.
Auf einmal ward die ſämmtliche Natur
Verwandelt in franzöſiſche Cultur:
Die Seen wurden Teiche, Höh'n die Berge,
Die Schwäne Fröſch', und alle Rieſen Zwerge:
Das Ganze ward, in Rauch und Dampf gehüllt,
Mit Städten und mit Lagern rings erfüllt;
In allen Städten waren Peſtilenzen,
Denn alle waren Freiheitsreſidenzen —
Statt Feld, und Flur, und Berg, und Thal, und Hain,
Umgaben dieſe lauter Boulewarden;
Der Hirten Plätze nahmen Trödler ein,
Und der Hirtinnen Poiſſarden:
Nur auf den Bühnen ſah man Sonnenſchein;
Ausſichten fand man nur in Panoramen —
Und überall, wo man ging aus und ein,
Statt Thaten Wort', und ſtatt der Sachen Namen.
In allen Straßen voll Pariſerkoth
War Vollgedräng von Buben und von Dirnen
Mit feigen Herzen, und mit frechen Stirnen;
In allen Häuſern war die ſchwere Noth;
In allen Räthen richteten Sorbone —
Wo ſonſt ein Bauer ging, ſtand ein Soldat —
Auf jedem Lehrerſtuhl ſaß ein Prälat —
Und ein Duc d'Orleans auf jedem Throne.

Der geſtürzte Rieſe.

An Klopſtock*) 1793.

Klopſtock, zürne mir nicht! ich zweifl' an des Traumes Erfüllung;
Zweifl', ob noch kehre die Sonne, die ſank
Unſern erſtaunenden Blicken, wie kaum aus nächtlichen Wolken
Spät verkündend den ſäumenden Tag.
Ueber das jauchzende Gallien jüngſt ihr ſtrahlendes Antlitz
Leuchtete; zweifl' an dem rettenden Sieg
Nach ſo vielen verlohrnen, vergeblichen, blutigen Kämpfen;
Zweifle, daß je ſich empor aus dem Staub,
Wo voll Wunden er liegt, mit Kraft noch hebe der hundertköpfige Rieſe, der Tyrannen geſtürzt —
Wie der herkuliſche Richter das Säulengewölbe des Dagons
Stürzte — zerſchmettert vom Sturze des Feinds!
Ach! da liegt er nun ſelber ein Trumm! und ſchaurige Stille
Schweigt um des Blutigen ſchweigende Bruſt;
Schweigt den Namen ſogar des längſt thatloſen, den leeren
Namen, deß tugenderweckender Hall
Flog vom Pole zum Pole, Geſang den entfernteſten Völkern,
Donner den fernſten Tyrannen, und Sturm.
Schlägt ihm annoch das verborgene Herz? Entſetzliche Frage!
Oder verblutet's im Buſen durchbohrt?
Oder giebt Kund' im Gebiete des Trugs, wo nichts, als die Lüge,
Spricht? — Das Schweigen! — Es ſchweigt auch der Tod.
Wehe! mein Zweifel wird Angſt! Ein Leichnam liegt ſie, ein Leichnam,
Jene lebendige, hehre Geſtalt
Hundertarmiger Kraft und hundertäugiger Weisheit,
Die ſich dem ſchlummernden Fürſten erhub
Schrecklicher noch als Todesgeſtalt, dem Fürſten, deß Kebsweib,
Ihn zu betäuben, den blinkenden Wein,
Und den Geſang zu der Laut', und den Duft der perſiſchen Roſen,
Und das mit Menſchen ſpielende Spiel
(Todblaß blieb er) umſonſt aufbot. Da liegt ſie, der Freiheit
Rieſengeſtalt, in dem blutigen Staub.
Und von der Laut' in Schlummer gelullt, und berauſchet vom Nektar,
Ruhig im roſenbeduftenden Bett
Schläft nun wieder der Fürſt, und träumt den ewigen Schachtraum,
Jeglicher Furcht vor Geſpenſtern beraubt;
Während die Weichlinge rings um den Thron Sieglieder poſaunen,
Und die Verdorbneren um den Altar
Feſtliche Chöre beginnen zum Lob der göttlichen Rache,
Die ſie vertilgte, die ſchreckliche Schau!
Sicher ſind ſie nunmehr der bald allwaltenden Herrſchaft,
Sicher, die Freiheit ſtöre nicht mehr
Ihre Caligulafeſt' und Borgiaſpiel' und der neuen
Heliogabale ruhigen Schlaf.

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*) Siehe deſſen Ode: der Fürſt und ſein Kebsweib.

Doch iſt nicht Ihrer der Sieg. Den hundertköpfigen Rieſen
  Streckte das tauſendfäuſtige Volk,
Welches zu jugendlich kühn er ſelbſt voreilig entfeſſelt.
  Hört's! und ſchlummert ſo ruhig noch nicht!
Wüthend bohrt es dem Rettenden aus die leuchtenden Augen,
  Haute das ſieben und zwanzigſte Haupt
Schon dem mit Füßen getretenen ab; da kam er, der letzte
  Freiheitsmörder, der fünffache Zwerg:
Sah ohnmächtig zu Boden geſtreckt den blutenden Rieſen,
  Aber noch frey — denn das Blutende ſchlug,
Rettete nicht — und entwand dem blinden herauf beten Wüthrich
  Schmeichelnd die Keulen: Ihr tödtet den Leib!
Sprach er dem Staunenden laut, und leiſ': Ich tödte die Seele!
  Hört's — und bohrte den giftigen Dolch
Jenem in's Herz. Hört's, hört's, ihr Fürſten und Prieſter!
  Nicht Ihr ſiegtet! Es ſiegten des Volks
Keulen, im tobenden Raſen des Volks fünf kriechende Laurer,
  Aus dem Geſchlecht, das euch immer umgiebt:
Fünf, von denen ſo viel es noch giebt, als Loyola Meuchler,
  Feile Vergifter, die Romula zählt.

Carl Friedrich Bahrdt,

ein talentvoller, aber höchſt unruhiger Kopf, ward am 25. Auguſt 1741 zu Biſchofswerda in der Lauſitz, wo ſein Vater Diaconus war, geboren. Er ſtudirte zu Leipzig Theologie und wurde nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn daſelbſt Katechet und außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, mußte aber 1768 ſeine Aemter aufgeben und dieſe Stadt wegen unordentlichen Lebenswandels verlaſſen. Er ging nun als Profeſſor der Philoſophie und hebräiſchen Antiquitäten an die Univerſität zu Erfurt, erhielt in Erlangen die theologiſche Doctorwürde und trat jetzt mit ſeinen theologiſchen Neuerungen hervor, welche zu jener Zeit beſonders ihm viele Feinde zuzogen und vorzüglich ein Verdammungsurtheil der theologiſchen Facultät zu Wittenberg gegen ihn veranlaßten. Er unterlag jedoch nicht in dieſem Kampfe, ſondern nahm einen Ruf als Profeſſor und Prediger in Gießen an, wo er jedoch bald mit den orthodox Geſinnten in Händel verwickelt wurde, die ihm ſeinen Aufenthalt dort verleideten. 1775 ward er Director des Philanthropins zu Marſchlins in Graubünden, vertrug ſich indeſſen mit Herrn von Salis, dem Stifter deſſelben, nicht ſonderlich, verließ dieſe Anſtalt bereits im folgenden Jahr und trat das Amt eines Generalſuperintendenten zu Dürkheim im Fürſtenthum Leiningen-Dachsburg an. Dies genügte ihm bald nicht mehr und er ſtiftete nun ein Philanthropin in der Nähe, auf dem Schloſſe Heidesheim bei Worms. Um ſeinem Inſtitut, das nicht recht gedeihen wollte, Zöglinge zuzuführen, machte er eine Reiſe nach Holland und England, die nicht erfolglos blieb. Mittlerweile aber hatten ſeine Schriften und vorzüglich eine ſehr freie Ueberſetzung des neuen Teſtamentes ihm neue Angriffe zugezogen; der Reichshofrath erklärte ihn durch ein Concluſum aller ſeiner Aemter entſetzt und legte ihm auf, entweder die ihm Schuld gegebenen Irrthümer in Puncto der Dreieinigkeitslehre zu widerrufen oder das deutſche Reich zu meiden. B. begab ſich jetzt nach Halle und hielt hier als Privatdocent Vorleſungen, welche zwar viele Zuhörer herbeizogen, aber, beſonders nach der Herausgabe ſeines Glaubensbekenntniſſes, in welchem er alle Wunder verwarf u. ſ. w., ihn in neue Händel verwickelten. Er beſchloß daher fortan nur von ſchriftſtelleriſchem Erwerb zu leben und kaufte einen Weinberg bei Halle, auf welchem er zugleich Gaſtwirthſchaft trieb. Zwei ihm beigelegte Schriften: „das Religionsedict", ein Pasquill auf den preußiſchen Miniſter von Wöllner, und „die deutſche Union," ein Plan zu einer engeren maureriſchen Verbindung, zogen ihm gerichtliche Unterſuchung und in Folge derſelben einjährige Feſtungsſtrafe in Magdeburg zu. — Hier ſchrieb er die Geſchichte ſeines Lebens. Nachdem ſeine Strafzeit vorüber, kehrte er nach Halle auf ſeinen Weinberg zu ſeinem alten Treiben zurück und ſtarb daſelbſt am 23. April 1792.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

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Das neue Teſtament u. ſ. w. (3 Aufl. der neueſten Offenbarungen.) Berlin, 1783. 2 Bde.
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Geſchichte meines Gefängniſſes u. ſ. w. Berlin, 1790.
Ala Lama, oder der König unter den Schäfern. Halle, 1790.
Geſchichte ſeines Lebens, ſeiner Meinungen und Schickſale. Berlin, 1790. 4 Bde.
Katechismus der natürlichen Religion. Halle, 1790.
Auszug aus Luther's Tiſchreden. Halle, 1791.
Ausführung des Plans und Zwecks Jeſu. 11. und 12. Bändchen. Berl. 1791.

Das Religionsedict. Luſtſpiel. 1789.

Einzelne Flugſchriften, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Bahrdt war ohne Zweifel ein talentvoller, ideenreicher, lebhafter und leicht erregter Kopf, der bei weniger Eitelkeit und Flüchtigkeit und bei größerer Ruhe und tieferem Ernſt gewiß ſehr Bedeutendes geleiſtet haben würde. So aber ließ er ſich nur zu leicht von Sinnlichkeit und Leidenſchaft hinreißen und zerſtörte durch ſein unruhiges Treiben das Gute wieder, das er vielleicht hier und da bewirkt hatte. Daß er ſeiner Zeit bedeutend vorausgeſchritten war, daß es ihm nicht an den Mitteln fehlte, wenn er wollte, das Begonnene durchzuführen, dazu hat er die Beweiſe geliefert; doch war es ihm nie aus innerſter Seele darum zu thun, und die echte herzentſprungene Begeiſterung nie die alleinige Quelle ſeiner Handlungen und Schriften. Sehr geiſtreich charakteriſirt ein competenter Richter kurz und klar mit folgenden Worten Bahrdt's hauptſächlichſtes Streben, den religiöſen Naturalismus in Deutſchland zu verbreiten! „B., gewandt und leichtſinnig in der Wiſſenſchaft wie im Leben, ſuchte den geſchichtlichen Inhalt des neuen Teſtaments durch abenteuerliche, einander widerſprechende Hypotheſen zu zerſtören“ *). Dieſe Gewandtheit zeigte er in Allem; er beſitzt dieſelbe Leichtigkeit in der Behandlung der Form wie des Stoffes und iſt in dieſer Hinſicht ebenfalls nicht ohne Verdienſt; nur ließ er ſich auch hier zu ſehr gehn, und ſein Styl iſt mitunter, anſtatt populär und einfach zu ſeyn, gemein und plump. — Wir theilen die erſten Capitel ſeiner Lebensgeſchichte, die von allgemeinem Intereſſe ſind, als Beweis und Probe mit.

Vgl. die Berichtigungen zu B.'s Leben von Volland (Jena, 1791) und Laukhard (Halle, 1791).

An meine Zeitgenoſſen **).

Mit dem Ablauf des halben Jahrhunderts von meiner Lebenszeit, beginne ich, liebe Zeitgenoſſen, Ihnen die Geſchichte meiner Schickſale und Meinungen, meiner Freuden und Leiden, meiner Thorheiten und meiner Verdienſte — zu entwerfen, und vor Ihrem und dem noch unpartheiiſcheren Richterſtuhle der Nachwelt dieſelbe niederzulegen.

Ich ſchmeichele mir, daß ich den meiſten unter Ihnen mit dieſer Arbeit willkommen ſeyn werde. Denn ich bin nicht nur ſeit vielen Jahren von allen Orten und Gegenden her zu derſelben aufgemuntert, und zum Theil auch recht dringend darum gebeten worden, ſondern ich kan mir ſelbſt ſchon von dem Inhalte dieſer Geſchichte verſprechen, daß ſie für den Leſer, durch die Mannigfaltigkeit der Auftritte, durch die Sonderbarkeit meiner Schickſale, und durch das Neue und Unerwartete der vielen Aufſchlüſſe, welche ſie über manche Scenen meines Lebens erhalten werden, ſo wie ſelbſt durch die Freimüthigkeit und Offenherzigkeit der Erzählung, — anziehend genug ſeyn werde.

Schon ſeit zehn Jahren bin ich damit umgegangen, meine eigene Geſchichte zu beſchreiben. Aber ich habe um hundert Urſachen willen es immer von einer Zeit zur andern aufgeſchoben. Und ich glaube meinen Leſern neun und neunzig derſelben entbehrlich zu machen, wenn ich der einzigen gedenke, daß ſoviel Menſchen bisher noch am Leben waren, welche ich ſchlechterdings nennen und vor dem Publikum compromittiren mußte (was ich äußerſt ungern thue), wenn meine Geſchichte nicht alles Intereſſe verlieren ſolte. Denn ich weiß es aus Erfahrung, wie geſchwind die meiſten Leſer eine Schrift aus der Hand legen, zu deren vollem und leichtem Verſtändniß ihnen erſt ein Schlüſſel nöthig iſt, ohne den ſoviel Thatſachen ohne Licht und ſoviel Anſpielungen ohne Wirkung bleiben.

Schwer iſts freilich auch an ſich, ſein eigener Biograph zu werden. Und faſt möchte ich ſagen, es gehöre zu einer ſolchen Arbeit gerade ein Mann wie ich, der nun bald funfzig Jahre lang durch ein ungeheuer großes Publikum gleichſam Spießruthen gelaufen, und eben dadurch gegen Lob und Tadel des großen Haufens ſo abgehärtet worden iſt, daß er faſt gar nichts mehr von derjenigen Empfindlichkeit übrig hat, welche die meiſten Menſchen unfähig macht, die reine und nackende Wahrheit von ſich ſelbſt aufzuſtellen, und eigenes Lob und eigenen Tadel, ohne die beſchwerlichſte Erröthung, wie ein Bänkelſänger unter dem Haufen abzuſingen.

Wenn Ihnen alſo, liebe Zeitgenoſſen, daran gelegen iſt, meine Geſchichte genau zu wiſſen und in die geheimſten Falten meines Herzens, ſo wie in die kleinſten Umſtände und Triebfedern meiner Handlungen und Schickſale, einzuſchauen; ſo können Sie ſicher darauf rechnen, daß Sie mich hier in puris naturalibus zu ſehen bekommen werden. Denn Recenſenten und Prieſter und Theologen und Maurer und Gott weiß, was noch ſonſt für Menſchenraçen, haben mich bereits dermaßen an den Pranger der Publicität geſtellt, daß mir die auf mich gerichteten Blicke der Menſchen ſo gleichgültig geworden ſind, wie Adam und Eva ihre Blöße geweſen ſeyn muß, ehe der unglückliche Apfel ſie zwang — ſich zu bedecken.

Was kan ich wohl nachtheiliges von mir ſagen, das nicht die Haſſer meiner Meinungen ſchon von mir geſagt, und mit den grellſten Farben geſchildert haben? Was kan ich durch die aufrichtigſten Geſtändniſſe meiner Menſchlichkeiten verderben, und in Abſicht auf Gut oder Ehre verlieren, das mir jene ſtarkglaubigen Verfechter der Prieſterreligion nicht bereits entriſſen hätten! Und was iſts am Ende überhaupt um aller Menſchen Tugend und Thorheit, wenn man bedenkt, daß die unbefiederten Zweyfüßler unter dem Monde alles, was ſie ſind, durch den von ihnen ganz unabhängigen Zuſammenfluß der Umſtände ſind, unter denen ſie leben und handeln, und daß jeder Menſch ſchlechterdings ſo zu wollen und zu handeln genöthigt iſt, wie es ſeine jedesmaligen, wahren oder falſchen, vollſtändigen oder unvollſtändigen, dunkeln oder hellen Vorſtellungen mit ſich bringen, die in dem Augenblicke, wo er will oder handelt, in ihm eben zum Bewußtſeyn gelangten?

Zudem, liebe Zeitgenoſſen, bin ich ja in der Welt nicht blos geſcholten worden, ſondern ich habe von Norden nach Süden und von Süden nach Oſten unzählige Freunde, die mich ſchätzen und lieben und welche mit ehrlicher Wage mein Gutes und meine Unvollkommenheiten wägen, und es recht gut wiſſen, daß wahre Verdienſte um die Menſchheit durch keine Art der vorgeworfnen Fehler aufgehoben und ihres Werthes verluſtig gemacht werden können. Und dieſer Weiſen Urtheile ſind es, ſo wie das eigne Bewußtſeyn meines Werths vor Gott und Menſchen, was mich gegen allen Tadel entſchädigt, und mich ſo gelaſſen macht, daß ich gar keine Schmähungen mehr achte, mich über kein Lob unbändig freue und über keinen Tadel härme, und daß mir alle Urtheile der Welt, vom Throne bis zur Hütte, ſo gleichgültig ſind, wie unſerm lieben Gott das Glockengeläut und alle Litaneien der Chriſtenheit es nur immer ſeyn mögen.

Und dieſe Betrachtungen ſind mir jezt erſt ganz einleuchtend geworden, ſeitdem ich unter die Bewohner der Kerker aufgenommen worden bin. Denn Kerker ſind in der That für den Philoſophen das, was ſchattige Pfade und romantiſche Ausſichten für den Dichter ſind. Sie bringen beide in eine Lage, in welcher ihre Seele ganz allein für ihren Zweck in Spannung geſezt wird. Die Kerker zerſtöhren für den Philoſophen die Täuſchungen der Phantaſie, und lehren die irrdiſchen Dinge aus ihrem wahren Geſichtspunkte betrachten, und dadurch die eigentliche Philoſophie des Lebens ſich ſelbſt verſtändlich machen.

Vielleicht hätte ich ohne dieſe Rückkehr meiner Seele zur ruhigſten und reinſten Contemplation noch lange mit meiner Geſchichte gezögert. Denn wirklich hatte ich vor dieſer Epoche verſchiedene Projekte entworfen, dieſelbe der Welt auf eine andere Art mitzutheilen, darunter dies das unglücklichſte war, ſie in der Waltherſchen Buchhandlung in Leipzig maskirt herauszugeben, wie wenn ein Dritter ſie ſchriebe, um — ſie deſto unpartheiiſcher ſchreiben zu können.

Daß in beſagter Handlung wirklich der erſte Band erſchienen iſt, darf nicht auf meine Rechnung geſezt werden. Denn Herr Pott, der mit der Waltherſchen Handlung in Verbindung ſteht, hat ohne mein Wiſſen und Willen, zur Zeit, wo ich im Geſängniſſe keinen Menſchen ſprechen durfte, meine unerfahrne Tochter, ein Kind von funfzehn Jahren, beredet, ihm alle meine, ſeit vier und zwanzig Jahren geſamleten Briefſchaften und Dokumente einzuhändigen, unter dem Verſprechen, daß er meine Geſchichte ſchreiben, und den Gewin davon meiner Familie zu ihrer und meiner Unterſtüzung ſchenken wolle. Ich habe aber theils von ihnen längſt eingegangenen Pränumerationsgeldern nicht einen Heller erhalten, theils von glaubwürdigen Freunden gehört, daß der erſte Theil ſo wenig meine Geſchichte ſey, als die gemahlten Tauben auf den Altären dem heiligen Geiſte ähnlich ſehn.

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*) D. Karl Haſe, Kirchengeſchichte. Leipz. 1836. S. 508.

**) Aus: D. C. Fr. Bahrdt, Geſchichte ſeines Lebens, ſeiner Meinungen und Schickſale. Berlin, 1790.

Jezt alſo ergreife ich die Feder ſelbſt, um Ihnen, liebe Zeitgenoſſen, ein richtiges Gemählde von meiner berüchtigten, oder wie einige lieber ſagen werden, berühmten Perſon vorzulegen. Und ich habe Ihnen davon hauptſächlich vier Urſachen anzugeben, die mich zu dieſem Entſchluſſe beſtimt haben.

Die erſte iſt meine Lage, in welcher ich mich befinde. Ich habe in meinem Arreſt nicht nur mehr Muße, als ich jemals gehabt habe, und insbeſondere eine Menge ganz einſamer Stunden, wo ich, von allem Geräuſche und Zerſtreuungen entfernt, über mich ſelbſt nachdenken, alle [illegible] wieder zum Bewußtſein des Gemüthes immer haben, und der kleinſten Umſtände und Schickſale mich erinnern kan, welche die verſchiedenen Begebenheiten und Handlungen meines Lebens erzeugt haben.

Dazu kam denn, bei der Entſcheidung meines Schickſals, das vorzügliche Intereſſe, welches in jeziger Epoche meine Schickſale für das Publikum haben. Denn wenn je in der Welt von mir geſprochen und nach mir gefragt worden iſt; ſo iſt es gewiß jezt geſchehen, ſeitdem die tauſendzüngige Fama den alten Gelehrten im Kerker durch Europa herumgetragen hat.

Und eben dieſe ſo geſchäftige und redſelige Dame hat mir durch die Menge der ſonderbarſten Urtheile, die ſie bei dieſer Gelegenheit theils neu ausgeſtreut, theils wieder aufgewärmt hat, einen neuen und ſehr dringenden Bewegungsgrund gegeben, mich der Welt endlich doch lieber in natura zu zeigen, als mich in ſo viel herumgehenden Karrikaturen länger miskennen zu laſſen.

Endlich komt zu dem allen noch eine etwas traurige Urſache. Ich fühle es jezt nur zu ſehr, daß theils bei dem mühſeligen Leben, das ich von jeher geführet habe, und das in den lezten zehn Jahren mit faſt übermenſchlichen Arbeiten verbunden geweſen iſt, theils durch ſo nagende Sorgen, Bekümmerniſſe, und — häusliche ſowohl als auſſerhäusliche Kränkungen, meine Geſundheit zerſtört und mein Nervenſyſtem dergeſtalt geſchwächt iſt, daß ich mir wenig Hofnung machen kan, diejenige Lebhaftigkeit meines Geiſtes noch lange zu behaupten, welche ein Schriftſteller bedarf, der ſein Publikum erhalten und ihm intereſſant zu bleiben wünſcht. Um alſo wenigſtens dieſe Arbeit, welche mir ſelbſt in Abſicht auf Zeitgenoſſen und Nachwelt ſo wichtig iſt, noch mit dem Reſte meiner Geiſteskraft zu arbeiten und ihr all' das bischen Feuer zu widmen, was meine Feinde mir, troz aller Verſuche, mich aufzuzehren, etwa noch übrig gelaſſen haben: ſo bin ich dadurch vornehmlich bewogen worden, meine Geſchichte vor allen andern zur Hand zu nehmen, und das Andenken meiner ſchriftſtelleriſchen Laufbahn durch ſie zu verewigen.

Und Du — Gottheit meines Lebens! der ich meine Ruhe, meine Geſundheit, meine Bequemlichkeit — der ich angeborne Geldeinnahmen und entgegenſtrömende Vergötterungen meiner Talente geopfert — für die ich den Genuß ſo mancher Freude mit ſo mancher trüben Stunde vertauſcht — der zu Liebe ich jezt krank und ein Bettler worden bin — Du, mir ewig heilige Wahrheit! ſolſt auch bei dieſer vielleicht lezten Frucht meines Geiſtes mich leiten und jeden Schritt mir vorzeichnen, auf welchem ich ſtreben werde, ſie zur Reife zu bringen!!!

Dem Andenken meines Vaters gewidmet.

Mein Vater war der Sohn eines unbegüterten Advokaten in Lübben in der Lauſiz, von dem ich weiter nichts weiß, als daß er bis in ſein ein und neunzigſtes Jahr, bei einem freundſchaftlichen Podagra, gelebt und ſich wohl befunden hat. Sein Vater und Großvater hatten dieſen Gaſt ſchon bewirthet, und mein Vater hat ihn nicht minder beherberget und mir folglich die Hofnung gelaſſen, daß er ſich in linea recta descendente erhalten und mit mir (wie wohl ich noch eben nichts davon merke) — da ich keinen Sohn habe, ausſterben wird. Der alte Mann bekam es alle Frühjahr, 14 Tage lang, äuſſerſt heftig, linderte ſeine Qualen mit Hollunderrinden, die er von friſchen Zweigen ſchälte und auf den ſchmerzhaften Fleck legte, und war im ganzen übrigen Theile des Jahres ſo geſund, daß er, was ihm ſchmeckte, eſſen und trinken, ohne Brille leſen, und ſeine Motion als Fußgänger ſich machen konte, bis an ſein ſeliges Ende.

Was für Schulen mein Vater beſucht hat, iſt mir nicht mehr erinnerlich. So viel aber weiß ich, daß er auf den Univerſitäten Wittenberg und Leipzig ſtudiret und ſich da in den allerarmſeligſten Umſtänden befunden hat. Oft hat er mir erzählt, wie er die ganze Woche keinen Biſſen warmes Eſſen zu ſich genommen, und nicht ſo viel Baarſchaft gehabt habe, um ſich eine hebräiſche Bibel und andere zu den akademiſchen Vorleſungen erforderlichen Bücher zu kaufen. Seine gewöhnliche Mittagsmahlzeit war eine Kanne Thee und ein Dreierbrod. Nur des Sontags nahm ihn gewöhnlich ein Landsmann mit zu Poblens (ſo hieſſen die Wirthsleute, welche auf dem Paulinum, der geräumigen Wohnung der armen Studenten in Leipzig, ſpeiſeten), wo er mit einer Portion Fleiſch für achtzehn Pfennige ſich traktirte.

Bei dieſem kümmerlichen Leben war mein Vater beſtändig heiter und von der munterſten Laune — eine Gabe der Natur, die ich ganz von ihm geerbt habe. Ueberhaupt erzeugte ſeine Armuth nie eine der ihr gewöhnlichen Wirkungen. Er war zwar in ſeinen Sitten äuſſerſt beſcheiden und [illegible], aber nie kriechend und ſchüchtern. Und er behauptete beſtändig, auch wenn er in den größten Verlegenheiten ſich befand, bei ſeiner Munterkeit einen edlen Stolz und entſchiedene Dreiſtigkeit, mit welcher er jedem Reichen ins Geſicht ſahe, und ſich gewiß darum, weil er arm war, nichts vergab.

Einer ſeiner beſten Freunde, ein Menſch von den herrlichſten Talenten und dem edelſten Karakter, der mit ihm in gleicher Dürftigkeit lebte, hatte eine minder glückliche Stimmung ſeiner Seele. Seine tiefe Armuth machte ihn nicht niederträchtig, aber ſchwermüthig. Er war zu ſtolz, um ſich des Hungers durch Betteln oder Schmarutzen zu erwehren: ja er ging in dieſer Art von Delikateſſe ſo weit, daß er ſeine armſeligen Umſtände nicht einmal geſtehen wolte. Gleichwohl nahm endlich Mangel und Elend dermaßen bei ihm überhand, daß ihm ſeine Lage unerträglich wurde. Kurz man fand ihn eines Morgens über ſeinem Bette aufgehängt und einen Zettel an ſeiner Bruſt, den er mit den Worten beſchrieben hatte: Vater, ich komme, wie du mich gerufen haſt. — Wolte dieſer Menſch wohl mehr Schuld haben an der unſeligen Stimmung ſeiner Seele und an der Schwäche ſeines Nervenſyſtems, als mein Vater, an ſeiner glücklichen Laune und Geiſtesſtärke?

Daß übrigens mein Vater bei ſeiner Dürftigkeit und, was noch weit mehr in Rechnung gebracht werden muß, bei dem elenden Univerſitätsunterrichte, der damals noch ungleich ſchlechter war, als heut zu tage, keinen Grund zu eigentlicher Gelehrſamkeit legen konte, wird man von ſelbſt ſchon vermuthen können. Er ward, bei ſeinen wirklich ungemeinen Talenten und unermüdetem Fleiße ein ganz gemeiner Theolog, d. h. ein Mann, der ſeine Dogmatik, Polemik und alle den unnüzen Kram am Schnürchen hatte, der dabei eine gute Predigt ausarbeiten und ſie mit einer ihm natürlichen äuſſerlichen Beredſamkeit herſagen konte. Aber zu einem großen Gelehrten, der dereinſt in glänzenden Aemtern ſich zeigen ſolte, war auch nicht der geringſte Zuſchnitt gemacht. Und gleichwohl führte ihn ein kleiner unbedeutend ſcheinender Zufal auf einen Pfad, der ganz andere Vorbereitungen erfodert hätte, und öfnete ihm ſehr bald die Ausſicht zu den gröſten Ehrenſtellen.

Er hatte nach Vollendung ſeiner akademiſchen Laufbahn, eine Hofmeiſterſtelle in dem Gräflich Flemmingſchen Hauſe erhalten, wo ſeine Kentniſſe, ſeine geſchikte Art, die Kinder zu behandeln, ſein angenehmer Wiz und ſeine gute Laune ihn auſſerordentlich beliebt gemacht hatten. Hier fügte ſichs, daß in der Familie ein Hochzeitfeſt gefeiert wurde, welches ſich durch einen merkwürdigen Kontraſt zwiſchen Braut und Bräutigam auszeichnete. Das eine war von ſchönem Wuchſe, reizender Bildung und hellem Geiſt. Der andere Theil war häßlich, von verzerrtem Geſicht und ohne allen Geiſt. Bei dieſem Feſt erſchien, als Verwandter und Gaſt, der damalige Präſident des Dresdner Oberkonſiſtorium, der Graf v. Hohendorf, ein Mann, der Talente, wo er ſie fand, mit Scharfblik bemerkte, und mit Enthuſiasmus ſchäzte und begünſtigte. Da das Hochzeitmahl bald zu Ende war, fiel es dieſem Freunde der Kunſt und der Gelehrſamkeit ein, nach dem Strohkranzredner zu fragen, welches zu damaliger Zeit noch eine ſehr modiſche Rolle war. Der Herr vom Hauſe ſah ſich genöthigt, Sr. Excellenz zu geſtehen, daß ihm dieſe Schnurre diesmal ganz entfallen und folglich kein Redner beſtelt ſey. Der Präſident aber wolte ſich damit nicht abweiſen laſſen. Er war von zu fröhlicher Laune und — die ſämtlichen Gäſte hatten durch die großen Pokale ſich ſchon zu ſehr von ſeinem Einfalle bezaubern laſſen, als daß die gewöhnliche Strohkranzrede hätte können erlaſſen werden. Man brachte zur Ehre desjenigen, der jezt gleich dieſe Rolle übernehmen würde, eine lauttönende Geſundheit aus: und da niemand ſich von ſelbſt melden wolte, um den Dank und die Lobſprüche der Geſellſchaft zu verdienen, ſo rufte endlich Graf Hohendorf meinem Vater zu: „Nun, Herr Kandidat! haben Sie keine Kurage? Predigen iſt Ihr Amt.“ — Mein Vater entſchuldigte ſich. — „Ei, da hilft nichts. Machen Sie es ſo gut wie Sie können. Kurz und erbaulich! Wir nehmen vorlieb.“ — Es half alſo nichts, mein Vater muſte von der Tafel aufſtehn und die Verſamlung mit einer Rede aus dem Stegreif amüſiren. Und ſiehe da. Es gelang ihm ſo ſehr, daß er als Geiſtlicher vom erſten Range bewundert wurde. Er ergriff das frappante Thema, „die Harmonie als die Grundlage glücklicher Ehen" und führte daſſelbe, nachdem er alle Anweſende durch die Ankündigung deſſelben ſtuzig und faſt verlegen gemacht hatte, mit ſolcher Delikateſſe und ſo allgemeiner Zufriedenheit aus, daß ihm der Präſident die glänzendſten Lobſprüche ertheilte, und von Stund an beſchlos, dieſen zufällig entdeckten Mann von den ſeltenſten Talenten in der Welt groß zu machen.

Von dieſer Zeit an ward mein Vater von einer Stelle zur andern beinahe gejagt. Der Präſident war ſo ſchwärmeriſch für ihn eingenommen, daß er ihm gar keine Zeit lies, ſich zu beſinnen. Er wollte ihn mit Gewalt zu den erſten Ehrenſtellen im Lande erhoben ſehen und ſchien die Zeit nicht erwarten zu können, welche der gewöhnliche Stufengang erforderte.

Er beförderte ihn noch in demſelben Jahre zum Diakonat nach Biſchofswerda in der Lauſiz, wo mein Vater eine Predigerstochter heirathete, welche eben in ihr ſechzehntes Jahr getreten war, und für das ſchönſte Mädchen im Umkreiſe gehalten wurde. Doch übertraf die Schönheit ihrer Seele ihre körperlichen Reize unendlich. Nie habe ich ein weibliches Geſchöpf von ſo einer reinen, treuen, liebevollen, ſanften, und beſonders in Leiden duldſame Seele geſehn. Und ſie wird mir als Muſter der ſtillen Tugend unvergeßlich bleiben. In Biſchofswerda ward ich im Jahre 1741 am 25. Auguſt geboren.

Kaum war mein Vater anderthalb Jahr da geweſen, ſo gab ihm der Präſident eine der ſchönſten Pfarreien bei Dresden, in Schönefeld.

Da war er etwa zwei Jahre, ſo machte er ihn zum Superintendenten in Dobrilug, und kündigte ihm damals ſchon an, daß er auch hier nicht lange bleiben, ſondern in kurzer Zeit in einen größern und glanzvollern Wirkungskreis verſezt werden ſolte.

Des Grafen Abſicht, die er ihm aber nie beſtimmt entdeckt hatte, war, meinen Vater auf eine Univerſität zu befördern, wo er glaubte, daß ſeine Talente am meiſten wuchern würden. Er hatte aber nie unterſucht, ob auch mit den Talenten die nöthigen Kentniſſe verbunden waren. Das Genie ſchien ihm das einzige Requiſit zum großen Manne: — ein Irrthum, den in unſern Zeiten ſo viel junge Leute hegen, und dadurch ſich ſelbſt verleiten, die ſoliden Wiſſenſchaften zu vernachläſſigen, und ihren hohlen Kopf mit dem Flitterſtaate der Schöngeiſterei zu verbrämen und — alle wahre Nuzbarkeit für den Staat zu verlieren.

Leipzig oder Wittenberg waren ſein Augenmerk. Und da zuerſt in Leipzig die Predigerſtelle an der Petrikirche aufgieng, und der Graf mit dem damaligen Bürgermeiſter Born in vertraulichem Briefwechſel ſtand, ſo ward es ihm leicht, für ſeinen Liebling eine Vokation nach Leipzig zu erhalten.

Und ſo führte er ihn von Stufe zu Stufe immer weiter. Denn die größte Schwierigkeit, woher nehmen und Brod? ſchien ihm überwunden zu ſeyn. Der Prediger muſte nun den Magiſter, den Bakalaur, den Profeſſor Extraordinarius, den Doktor u. ſ. w. ernähren. Und ſo ſtieg mein Vater in kurzer Zeit durch alle Ehrenſtellen, ward ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie, bekam eine Kollegiatur, wurde Kanonikus in Zeiz, Decemvir, zulezt auch Domherr in Meiſſen und Superintendent in Leipzig.

Fortſezung.

Aber dieſer ſchnelle Gang ſeines anſcheinenden Glücks hatte viel traurige Folgen. Der Neid erwachte gegen ihn, ſobald er nach Leipzig kam. Es verdroß ſo manchen, der auf die Stelle, die er erhielt, ſich Rechnung gemacht hatte, daß ein Fremder herbeigeholt werden muſte, wie wenn nicht würdige Kandidaten genug in Leipzig vorhanden geweſen wären. Und nach dem herrſchenden Geiſte der Univerſitäten, wars ſchon allgemeiner Verdruß, auch für die, welche nichts dabei verloren, daß ein Auswärtiger ihre Zahl vermehrte: beſonders in Leipzig, wo man es weniger als auf andern Univerſitäten gewohnt iſt, daß Fremde hinberufen werden, und wo wirklich die Menge der jungen Magiſters und Profeſſoren, welche am Teiche Betheſda liegen, ſo groß iſt, daß man ihnen einen kleinen Unwillen über den Eintrit eines Fremden kaum verargen kann.

Die Menge der kleinen und großen Feinde, die meinem Vater nun als einem neuen Ankömlinge die Federn auszurupfen ſtrebten, verurſachte bei ihm nichts als einen ganz auſſerordentlichen Eifer, ſich durch ſeine Talente auszuzeichnen und ſein Publikum zu dem Geſtändniſſe zu zwingen, daß er ſeines Glücks würdig ſey.

Aber eben dies koſtete meinem guten Vater ſeine Geſundheit und ſeinen Kindern die Erziehung. Denn er war jezt genöthigt, da er in keiner einzigen Wiſſenſchaft ſehr bewandert war, ſondern blos die moraliſchen Kentniſſe eines Landpredigers beſas, Tag und Nacht zu leſen und zu ſtudiren, um nur mit Ehren vor ſeinen Feinden zu beſtehen, welche von allen Seiten her auf ihn lauerten und ſich Gelegenheit wünſchten, ihn als einen armen Sünder blos zu ſtellen, und den beneideten Liebling verächtlich zu machen.

Ich erinnere mich, daß er mir ſelbſt es nachmahls geſtanden hat, daß er in den erſten beiden Monaten Tag und Nacht die lateiniſchen Klaſſiker geleſen hat, um in der Latinität, die er freilich als bloßer Prediger ſehr füglich hatte entbehren können, ſich wenigſtens ſo weit nachzuhelfen, daß er ſeine Programmen erträglich ſchreiben, und bei Diſputationen ſchicklich ſprechen konte.

Hernach fing er an, die orientaliſchen Sprachen zu ſtudiren, ſudelte ſich über Hals und Kopf im Hebräiſchen vollzuleſen, lernte in der Folge noch Chaldäiſch, Syriſch und zulezt auch noch, (mit mir, da ich Student war) vom ſeligen Reiske das Arabiſche. Dabei trieb er Kirchengeſchichte und ſezte noch viele Jahre lang täglich eine halbe Stunde für die Leſung der Römer und Griechen aus.

Und ſo ward er durch unſäglichen Fleiß, und mit Hülfe eines glücklichen Genies, nach und nach wirklich der Mann, der ſeinem Poſten Ehre machte, und den Plan ſeiner Feinde (der auf nichts geringers gerichtet war, als ihn, durch die wiederholteſten Bloßſtellungen ſeiner Unwiſſenheit ſo lange zu kränken und zu quälen, bis er ſeine hohen Gönner ſelbſt um einen andern Poſten zu bitten genöthiget würde) glücklich vereiteln konte.

Aber man kan auch leicht urtheilen, was für Angſt, Bekümmerniſſe, ſchlafloſe Nächte und drückende Sorgen mein Vater hat überſtehen müſſen, ehe er ſich durcharbeiten konte: wie er in den erſten zehn Jahren ſeine Kräfte erſchöpfen und allen Genuß des Lebens, alle Ruhe, alle Erholungen entbehren muſte. Und — wie wenig er im Stande war, auf die Erziehung ſeiner Kinder zu ſehen, und einen unmittelbaren Antheil daran zu nehmen.

Man wird aber den Grad ſeiner Laſten und Leiden noch weit fürchterlicher finden, wenn man erſt noch dies erwägt, daß er bei dem allen mit der äuſſerſten Armuth kämpfen muſte. Denn alles, was er in den erſten acht Jahren einzunehmen hatte, war die Beſoldung, die er als Peterprediger genoß. Als Profeſſor extraordinarius hatte er gar nichts, und vom Kollegleſen ſo wenig, daß er froh ſeyn muſte, wenn er Zuhörer bekam, die umſonſt bei ihm hören wolten. Auch war ſein enthuſiaſtiſcher Gönner nicht im Stande, ihm irgend eine Zulage zu verſchaffen, weil die Univerſität ſo wenige Einkünfte hat, die nur zu den armſeligen Penſionen der ordentlichen Profeſſoren und Kollegiaten hinreichen, und vom Hofe — damals wenigſtens, alle möglichen Titel, aber kein Heller baares Geld zu erhalten war. Nun betrug ſeine Predigerbeſoldung (Beichtſtuhl war nicht an dieſer Kirche) jährlich vierhundert Thaler. Man kan alſo leicht ermeſſen, wie kümmerlich der gute Vater leben, und wie er faſt alles, was dem Körper Kraft, Nahrung, Erquickung giebt, entbehren muſte, da er genöthigt war, an einem Orte wie Leipzig, mit einer Gattin und ſieben Kindern (deren jezt fünfe noch am Leben ſind) ſich durchzubringen.

In der That wird es jeder, der Leipzig kent, und weiß, was zu einer Haushaltung gehört, ſchlechterdings unmöglich finden, mit einer ſolchen Summe auszureichen. Und das war es auch. Mein Vater muſte Schulden machen, und mit ihnen neue Laſten und Sorgen und Bekümmerniſſe übernehmen.

Aber hier kan ich das Gefühl der Dankbarkeit nicht unterdrücken, welche die Theilnehmung des [illegible] an den [illegible] erzeugt, die dem Vater wiederfahren. Das Plaziſche Haus war es, welches von dem erſten Augenblicke an meinem Vater mit der wärmſten und thätigſten Freundſchaft entgegen kam, und dieſelbe bis an ſein Ende ununterbrochen fortgeſezt hat. Er, ein gelehrter Arzt, ein großer Kenner der Römer und Griechen, ein Mann von attiſchem Wiz, und der angenehmſte Geſellſchafter: Sie, ein liebes, frommes, häusliches Weib, das ganz für ſeinen Gatten lebte, und im kleinen und ſtillen Zirkel einiger Hausfreunde die Befriedigung aller ihrer Wünſche fand: beide, voll der zärtlichſten Liebe gegen meinen Vater, thaten alles, was ihnen möglich war, ſeine traurige Lage ihm zu erleichtern. Sie bewirtheten ihn und meine Mutter wöchentlich ein bis zweimal aufs beſte, und ließen ſie diejenigen Ergözlichkeiten durch Speis und Trank und geſellſchaftliche Aufheiterung genießen, welche ſie ſich zu Hauſe nicht erzeugen konten: ohne dafür Gegenbittereien zu verlangen. Sie benachrichtigten meinen Vater von allen Kabalen, die gegen ihn auf dem Tapete waren, und gaben ihm Rath, ihnen zu entgehen. Sie borgten ihm endlich von Zeit zu Zeit kleine Kapitale, ſo viel ich weiß, ohne Intreſſen, welche er erſt ſpät und nach und nach wie ſeine Einnahme ſich mehrte, wieder abzahlen durfte. Kurz, ſie waren ſeine einzigen, treuen und thätigen Freunde, welche in ſeinen Trübſalen ihn tröſteten, und in Verlegenheiten unterſtüzten.

Ich will damit nicht ſagen, daß mein Vater in der Folge nicht noch andere Freunde gefunden hätte. Denn es iſt bekant genug, daß ſeine Kanzelredner-Talente, ſo wie ſein äuſſerſt liebreiches und einnehmendes Weſen ihm die Herzen des Raths, der Kaufmannſchaft und der Bürger gewannen, und daß die ſchäzbaren Merkmale der Liebe und Achtung ihn für ſo manche Kränkungen ſeiner gelehrten Antagoniſten in ſchwarzen und langen Röcken entſchädigten. Und ich muß inſonderheit die ausdaurende Freundſchaft der würdigſten Männer im Rath, eines Borns, Schubarts, Bußſchmidts u. ſ. w. rühmen, welche ihm nie, ich erinnere mich's lebhaft, eine Bitte abſchlagen, die ſie ihm zu Erleichterung ſeines Amts, zur bequemern Einrichtung ſeiner Wohnung u. ſ. w. nur gewähren konten — auch in der Folge die anſehnlichen Zulagen ihm machten, ſo daß er zulezt [illegible] Thaler von Beſoldung genoß.

[illegible] war doch das Plaziſche Haus (mit dem [illegible] [illegible] welches [illegible], ohne es ſich je zu erlauben, das [illegible] und [illegible] gegen meinen Vater, welches ihn in der Stadt ganz allein unterſtüzte und die weſentlichſten Dienſte ihm leiſtete.

Und war es wohl Wunder, wenn mein Vater dieſes Haus allen andern vorzog, deſſen Umgang allein ſuchte und alle ſeine wenigen Erholungsſtunden in den Armen dieſer edlen Freunde zubrachte? Und dieſe wußte der Neid und die [illegible] aus dieſer ſo [illegible] und unvermeidlichen Vertraulichkeit vergiftete Pfeile zuzuſchießen, welche ſeine Ehre und Ruhe verwundeten.

Freilich — hätte mein Vater vorher ſchon in der groſſen Welt gelebt und ſich die nöthige Menſchenkentniß erworben: hätte er gewußt, daß durch [illegible] zwiſchen Herren und Damen, welche ſich den freien Genuß ihrer [illegible] erlauben, gerade die [illegible] [illegible] der Jugend ſind, und das Gefolge von ſolchen Herren und Damen wimmelt: wäre ihm bekant geweſen, daß es in der heutigen Welt für eine Unmöglichkeit gilt, auch mit einer tugendhaften Matrone, wenn ſie nur noch einige Annehmlichkeiten hat, einige Stunden allein in einem Garten zu ſeyn, ohne die heiligſten Pflichten der Ehe und der Freundſchaft zu verlezen: hätte er bedacht, daß einem geiſtlichen [illegible] Dinge zur Sünde gemacht, und als Verbrechen gegen ſeine Amtspflichten angerechnet werden, welche ſich alle übrigen Menſchen ohne alles Bedenken geſtatten; ſo würde er vielleicht den ſchönſten Genuß der Freundſchaft, der ihm bei ſeinem mühſeligen Leben für ſeine Geſundheit und Geiſteskraft ſo nöthig war, dem Vorurtheile aufgeopfert, und nur die [illegible] von Stunden dem Plaziſchen Garten gewidmet haben, in denen der faſt immer kränkliche Mann ſeiner Gattin Geſellſchaft leiſten konte.

Da er nun das alles nicht wußte, ſondern freie Luft, Bewegung, Gebrauch mineraliſcher Waſſer und alles, was dazu gehört, in dem Plaziſchen Garten genoß, wo das [illegible] Weib dem armen, kränklichen und kummervollen Manne alle mögliche Bequemlichkeit ſelbſt täglich veranſtaltete: ſo ward er einige Jahre lang der Gegenſtand der giftigen Läſterungen, die ſich unter vornehmen und gemeinen Pöbel verbreiteten.

Indeſſen behielt mein Vater ſeinen in der That auſſerordentlichen Applauſus bis an ſein Ende. Seine Kirche war immer (wenn auch einmal eine neue Erſcheinung ſich zeigte, welche das Maulgeſperr des Publikums erregte) gedrängt voll. Und er behielt bis an ſeinen Tod den Ruhm eines allgemein beliebten Redners, welcher durch ſeine hinreiſſende Beredſamkeit, ſo wie durch das Lichtvolle und herzangreifende ſeiner Lehren und das hinzukommende Beiſpiel eines ſanften, redlichen, gefälligen und in allem Betracht unbeſcholtenen tugendhaften Karakters vielen Tauſenden Unterricht und Troſt gegeben, und ſie auf die Wege der Rechtſchaffenheit und Glükſeligkeit geleitet hat.

Mein Vater war übrigens, was er in ſeiner Epoche unvermeidlich werden mußte, ein ganz orthodoxer Theologus. Aber ich muß es ihm zum Ruhm nachſagen, daß er noch in ſeinem Alter ſich bekehrt, und wenigſtens die Hälfte des alten Syſtems aufgegeben hat. Die Veranlaſſung dazu waren ihm meine Schriften. Dieſe las er natürlich mit derjenigen Prädilektion, deren ſich ein zärtliches Vaterherz gar nicht erwähren kan. Und dadurch wirkten ſie ganz natürlich ſtärker auf ihn, als ſie auf jeden andern Leſer ſeines Standes und Alters wirken konten und jemals gewirkt haben. Es leuchtete ihm ſo manches ein, was ich ſchon in Erfurth über ſymboliſche Bücher, Willkührlichkeit theologiſcher Begriffe und Schwäche dogmatiſcher Beweiſe ſchrieb. Und ſo ſchritt er gleichſam mit mir fort und fing an, da ich in Gieſſen an den Lehrſäzen von Erbſünde, Gnadenwirkungen, Dreieinigkeit und Verſöhnungslehren hämmerte, um nach Abſonderung der Schlacken reines Gold zu finden (wo freilich nichts zu finden war), in Abſicht auf alle dieſe Lehrſäze zweifelhaft zu werden, und nach beſſern Beſtimmungen und Beweiſen derſelben ſich umzuſehen. — Und er hat auch kurz vor ſeinem Tode durch einen Band Predigten zu Beſtreitung ſchädlicher Vorurtheile in der Religion, wo er ſelbſt Hrn. Eberhard, dem damals durch ſeine Apologie des Sokrates ziemlich verkezerten Philoſophen, ſeinen lauten Beifal gab, deutlich genug gezeigt, daß er angefangen hatte, ein Selbſtdenker zu werden, und daß er gewiß in ſeinen theologiſchen Einſichten zur Reife gekommen, und — vielleicht mit Aufopferung, wie ich — ſeine veränderte Meinungen bekant haben würde (denn er war ein redlicher und dabei muthvoller Mann), wenn er länger gelebt hätte.

Seine ganz vorzüglich veſte Natur war freilich durch das unmäßige Studiren zerſtört worden, allein ich bin verſichert, daß er ſein Leben höher gebracht haben würde, wenn er in die Hände eines andern Arztes gefallen wäre. Denn der, welchen er gebrauchte, verdarb ihn durch unaufhörliches Mediziniren. Es verging kein Tag, wo nicht bald ein [illegible], bald Magentropfen, bald andre Arzneien verſchrieben und eingenommen wurden. Ja ich weiß, daß mein Vater in einer Zeit von zwanzig Jahren ein Stükfaß mineraliſcher Waſſer und ein [illegible] Purganzen und Magentropfen hat einſchlucken müſſen. Zulezt wurde ſeine Verdauungskraft gänzlich verderbt und alle ſeine Säfte verdorben. Er ſtarb an der Waſſerſucht, ohngefehr im ſechzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters.

Er liebte mich unausſprechlich und meine Fortſchritte in Kentniſſen und Wiſſenſchaften waren zuverläßig die ſüßeſten Freuden ſeines Lebens. Aber auch meine ganze Seele hing an der ſeinigen und gern, gern wollte ich auch von meinem Leben Jahr um Jahr mit ihm vertauſchen, wenn ich ihn noch mal ins Leben haben konte.

Ich habe mich ganz nach ihm gebildet. Und wenn er nichts für meine Erziehung hat thun können; ſo hat er doch durch ſein Beiſpiel auf mich gewirkt, daß meine Liebe zu ihm und mein lebhafteſtes Wohlgefallen an allem, was an ihm ſchön und lieblich war, dies alles in meiner Seele [illegible], als ich in meinem [illegible] gleichſam abdrükte, und jede Miene, jede Art ſich auszudrücken, jede Bewegung ſeines Körpers, (auf der Kanzel, wie im Umgange) mit den Grundzügen des Karakters mir mittheilte, deſſen Ausdruk jenes Aeuſſerliche war.

Wir lebten auch, da ich in die Jahre der Reife kam, wie die vertrauteſten Freunde. Er bediente ſich oft und viel meines Raths, und es fehlten nicht [illegible] Dispoſitionen zu Predigten, die ich ihm noch des Sonnabends machen mußte, wenn Gicht oder andere Krankheitszufälle ſeinen Kopf unfähig machten, zu denken, und über die er hernach den Sontag früh, wie er mir oft ſagte, weit leichter und mit mehr Herzensbeiſtimmung predigte, als über ſeine eigenen.

Selig iſt mir ſein Andenken! Unvergeßlich ſeine treueſte Vaterliebe! Ueberſchwengliche Freude der Gedanke, ihn einſt wiederzuſehen!

Meine erſten Jugendjahre unter dem Regiment leidiger Hausinformatoren.

Von den Jahren meiner Kindheit in Biſchofswerda, Schönfeld und Dobrilugk kan ich meinen Leſern nichts erhebliches noch intereſſantes erzählen. Und Dinge, die gar nichts enthalten, was die Neugierde befriedigt, wollen ſie ja nicht wiſſen.

Kleine luſtige Vorfälle und Anekdoten zwar, die mein Vater aus dieſem Zeitpunkte mir erzählt hat, könte ich in Menge auftiſchen. Z. B. — daß ein gewiſſer benachbarter Prediger, Namens Schuman, der eine garſtige Frau hatte und ſelbſt ein herzlich garſtiger Schaz war, ihm in Schönfeld, mit ernſter und ſchier andächtiger Mine, den Antrag that, unter ſich, bei einer zärtlichen Freundſchaft, communionem uxorum einzuführen, und die communionem bonorum der erſten Chriſten dadurch nachzuahmen: wobei er, wie leicht zu erachten ſteht, einen ziemlich unappetitlichen Repuls erhielt — daß mein Vater, der auf der moraliſchen Seite äuſſerſt empfindlich und bei der ſcheinbarſten Verlezung derſelben faſt zu hizig war, die Freundſchaft, mit dem einzig genieſbaren Hauſe, einem ſächſiſchen Dragoner Rittmeiſter in Dobrilugk, dadurch verſcherzte, daß er dieſen Offizier wegen ſeiner Vertraulichkeit mit einem dicken Fräulein und der daraus entſtandenen Vernachläſſigung ſeiner liebenswürdigen aber bürgerlichen Gemahlin (die er wegen ihrer 80,000 Thaler geheirathet hatte) zu ſtreng tadelte und (da dieſer bei einer fröhlichen Mahlzeit gewiſſe Anſpielungen meines Vaters, den er erſtaunend liebte, zu verſchmerzen und zu verſchlucken ſich bemühte, und daher die Geſundheit meinem Vater zutrank: nun Herr Gevatter: luſtig gelebt und ſelig geſtorben, heißt dem Teufel die Rechnung verdorben —) mit Heftigkeit erwiederte: mein Herr, ſo muß es hier heiſſen: wollüſtig gelebt und [illegible] geſtorben, heißt mit Leib und Seele verdorben: — allein meine Leſer wollen ja meine Geſchichte und werden daher alle ſolche Kleinigkeiten, wenn ſie auch für den und jenen Gaumen ſeyn ſolten, mit Recht ſich verbitten. Alſo zur Sache!

Mein Vater war bei ſeinen Sorgen und Arbeiten nicht vermögend, und — aufrichtig zu reden, bei dem Mangel pädagogiſcher Kenntniſſe nicht geſchickt dazu — unſere Erziehung ſelbſt zu beſorgen und wirkſamen Antheil daran zu nehmen. Er mußte uns ganz den Hauslehrern überlaſſen.

Und hier ging es ihm leider, wie es den meiſten Vätern und Müttern geht, welche die Kinder ihrer Liebe fremden Händen anvertrauen müſſen. Er hatte keine Gelegenheit, ſelbſt junge Männer kennen zu lernen, und durch Umgang ihre Kenntniſſe und Erziehertalente zu prüfen und — er war dabei zu arm, als daß ſich junge Männer von ſonderlichem Werth bei ihm hätten melden, und ſeine Hauslehrerſtelle ambiren ſollen. Alles, was er thun konnte, war, daß er den oder jenen bat, ihm für ſeine Kinder ein brauchbares Subjekt zu empfehlen. Und der Gebetne nahm, wie gewöhnlich, den erſten beſten Studenten, der bei ihm Zutritt hatte und durch eigne Dürftigkeit genöthigt war, eine armſelige Hausinformation anzunehmen, und ſchickte ihn meinem Vater zu. Oder es kam auch wohl ſelbſt ein demüthiger Paulliner, der ſeine Hochwürden und Magnificenz um das Patrocinium bat und ſich Dero Dienſten anbot. So ward der Mentor angenommen und eingeführt. Die Inſtruktion war kurz. „Geben Sie den Jungens täglich ſo und ſo viel Stunden, halten Sie ſie dann auf der Stube, daß ſie keine Teufeleien machen, und hauen mit dem Ochſenziemer drunter, daß das Fell ſtiebt, wo ſie nicht folgen wollen.“ Was und wie der Herr Präceptor lehren ſolle, blieb ihm ſelbſt anheim geſtellt. Und an [illegible] und moraliſche Erziehung war gar nicht zu denken. Es war dem armen Vater, der bei ſeinen Büchern ſchwitzte, und unter tauſend Sorgen erlag, genug, wenn die wilden Jungens nur ſtille ſaßen, und ihm nicht das Haus umkehrten. Daß ſie in nur die ſechs Informationsſtunden doch etwas lernen müßten, ſchien ſich von ſelbſt zu verſtehen.

Zu dem Uebel der ſchlechten Wahl meiner Jugendlehrer kam noch das Uebel, ihre Menge. Oft mußte mein Vater im Jahre dreimal wechſeln, weil er ſich immer betrogen ſah. Bald hatte er einen Wildfang bekommen, der durch die rohſten Sitten ſich auszeichnete, und als ein ungeſtümer und ungebildeter Menſch meinem Vater mehr Unruhe machte, als wir. Bald war ihm einer empfohlen worden, der in der erſten Woche gleich einen Grad von Unwiſſenheit verrieth, der ſelbſt den Zöglingen und dem Geſinde merklich werden mußte. Daher kam es, daß wir alle Augenblicke einen andern Informator hatten, und folglich alle Augenblicke andre Behandlungsarten, andern Unterricht, andre Bücher u. d. uns gefallen laſſen und das, was der Vorgänger gebildet hatte, wieder zerſtört und umgeſchaffen mußten.

Ich kan mich nur an einige wenige dieſer Hauslehrer erinnern. Der erſte derſelben iſt mir aus meiner frühſten Jugend noch im Andenken. Er hieß Banten, war ein bocklanger Menſch, hager, wie ein Windſpiel, arm, wie eine Kirchenmaus, geiſtlos, wie eine Gans. Sein einziges Talent, das mit an ihm ſichtbar wurde, war die Dichtkunſt; damit beſchäftigte er ſich beſtändig. Er hatte ganze Folianten voll Verſe vorräthig, die aus ſeiner Fabrik waren. Seine ganze Kunſt war das Reimen. Und er hatte darinnen ſo eine Fertigkeit, daß er Verſe extemporirte und, wenns drauf ankam, 1000 Zeilen in einem Tage lieferte. Er war daher der gewöhnliche Karmenmacher der Stadt, d. h. wenn Schneider und Schuſter und Leute dieſer Art Hochzeits- und Leichengedichte brauchten. Sein Preis war 16 Groſchen für ein Karmen. Mich ſelbſt hielt er eifrig dazu an, ein Dichter zu werden. Und ich bekenne mich wohl, daß meine poetiſche Ader vortrefflich floß, und ein weißes Schreibebuch von zwölf Bogen in wenig Monaten füllte. Aber in ſeinem übrigen Unterrichte war er ein unausſtehlicher Menſch, der mir aber dadurch im Gedächtniſſe geblieben iſt. Er rauchte unaufhörlich Taback und ſchwitzte dabei im Geſicht, daß die Tropfen immer auf der Naſe ſtanden. So ſaß er am Tiſche, klemmte mich und meine zwei Brüder in ſeine Seiten ein, und zwang uns, zu leſen und unaufhörlich zu exponiren; denn mehr konnte er ſelbſt nicht. Dieſe ängſtliche Stellung nun, die wir nehmen mußten, und dieſes einförmige und ekelhafte Exponiren verurſachte uns an ſeinen Stunden, wie an ſeiner Perſon, einen Ekel, den wir in der Folge nicht mehr zu verbergen im Stande waren. Wie nun dieſer Ekel zunahm, ſo nahm unſere Arbeit ab, d. h. wir exponirten alle Tage ſchlechter. Je ſchlechter wir aber exponirten, deſto mehr Kopfnüſſe und Schimpfnamen regnete es. Und wie dies unſern Verdruß vermehrte, ſo feuerte es uns an, ihn denſelben empfinden zu laſſen. Und dazu ſchuf uns unſer lebhafter Geiſt tauſend Methoden. Wir ſuchten uns z. B. dadurch für unſere Informationspein zu entſchädigen, daß wir beim Exponiren uns allerlei witzige Einfälle aufſtifteten, und unter andern auch mit Verkehrung der Buchſtaben auf unſern Plagegeiſt ſchimpften. So murmelte denn mein Bruder: Nednab ſi nie Nan, und ich erwiederte: Netnab ſi nie Leſe (Banden iſt ein Narr: Banten iſt ein Eſel). Wenn nun endlich der Schulmonarch dieſe Geheimniſſe unſerer neuen Sprache entdeckte: ſo karbatſchte er uns rein durch und nöthigte uns zu neuen Erfindungen: bis endlich mein Vater gelegentlich erfuhr, was unſer Banten für ein Held war, und ihn verabſchiedete.

Nach der Zeit kam ein gewiſſer Schulz in unſer Haus, welcher etwas mehr Fähigkeit zum Lehren, aber deſto weniger zum moraliſchen Erzieher hatte. Er war ein eingebildeter Narr, welcher bei aller ſeiner Zigeunerfarbe den Stutzer zu machen glaubte und, nach damaliger Mode, auf jeder Seite ſeines Kopfes etliche dreiſſig geſteckte Locken mit einem halben Pfunde Puder trug. Ich — war von Jugend auf begierig, alles zu lernen, und alles, was ich lernen wollte, gelang mir auch. Ich ergriff jede Gelegenheit, in die Werkſtat eines Handwerkers zu kommen und ihm zuzuſehen, und, alle ſeine Arbeiten beſchauen und ſeine Handgriffe bemerken, war eins meiner größten Vergnügungen. Als Knabe von zehn Jahren konte ich ſchon friſiren, wie ein alter Geſelle. Und ich hatte die Ehre, nicht nur meiner Mutter den ſchönſten Kopf zu machen, wenn ſie Sonntags in die Kirche ging, ſondern ich verſtand mich auch dazu, dem Herrn Schulz des Sonnabends ſeine [illegible] Locken auszukämmen, ſie derſelben friſch aufzuwickeln, mit dem Brenneiſen die alten Zottigkeiten herauszubrennen, und des Sonntags ſeinen [illegible] Kopf in ſchönſter Schönheit wieder herzuſtellen. — Dieſer Menſch wurde mir und meinen Brüdern in kurzer Zeit verächtlich; wozu ſeine übrigen Sitten das meiſte beitrugen. Unter andern war er ein entſetzlicher Eſſer, und ſeine unmäßige Leibesbeſchaffenheit brachte gewiſſe bläuliche Wirkungen nach jeder Mahlzeit hervor, von welchen wir ihm einen ſchmutzigen Namen gaben, der ſeinen Geruch mit jedem Tage mehr verunſtaltete. Aber das, was ihn am meiſten erniedrigte, und als Erzieher junger Knaben äußerſt verwerflich machte, war ſein Umgang mit einem gewiſſen Mädchen, welche meine Mutter als Näherin brauchte. So oft er uns ſpazieren führte, wählte er das Haus einer Kohlgärtnerin zu unſerm Aufenthalte, und veranſtaltete jedesmal, daß unſere Kinderfrau, welche das jüngere Geſchwiſter trug oder führte, ſein Mädchen mitnehmen mußte, welches er vor unſern Augen auf dem Schooße hatte, mit Naſchwerk fütterte und mit tauſend Küſſen herzte. — Und dieſer Menſch war fünf Vierteljahr unſer Mentor.

Max Karl Baldamus

nannte ſich vor ſeinem Uebertritt zur katholiſchen Religion bloß Karl Baldamus. Er ward am 14. October 1784 zu Roßla am Harz geboren, ſtudirte Jurisprudenz und erhielt, nachdem er die juriſtiſche Doctorwürde erlangt hatte, das Amt eines Bürgermeiſters zu Bleckede. Während der Beſitznahme Hannovers und Braunſchweigs durch die Franzoſen und deren Verbündete bekleidete er unter dieſen mehrere Stellen; mußte dann eine Zeit lang zu Dömitz als Gefangener verweilen und ging darauf 1814 als Advocat nach Lüneburg. Beſondere Verhältniſſe bewogen ihn, 1822 dieſe Stadt zu verlaſſen und ſich nach Hamburg zu begeben, wo er privatiſirte. Im Jahre 1825 vertauſchte er dieſen Aufenthalt mit Leipzig und den lutheriſchen Glauben, zu dem er ſich früher bekannte, mit dem katholiſchen. Von Leipzig ging er nach Wien und hielt ſich bis zur neueſten Zeit in Oeſterreich auf. Gegenwärtig iſt er in Stuttgart. —

Er hat Folgendes geſchrieben:

Oskar und Theone. Lüneburg, 1815.
Eranen. Lüneb. 1815.
Zeitgenoſſen. Hamburg, 1818.
Gedichte. Lüneburg, 1821.
Oenotheren. Hamb. 1822.
Hippolyte. Roman. Leipz. 1822.
Brocken in Proſa und Reimen. Leip. 1822.
Zerſtreute Blätter. Altenb. 1823.
Neueſte Gedichte. Hamb. 1823.
Liebe und Tod. Leipzig, 1826.
Wahnſinn und Liebe. Leipz. 1826.
Klänge nach Oben, chriſtlicher Liederkranz. Wien, 1830.

Chronologiſch geordneter Bildnißſaal u. ſ. w. Wien, 1833. 2 Thle.

Einzelne Aufſätze, Erzählungen und Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

B. iſt ein gewandter, talentvoller Schriftſteller, der ſeinen Schickſalen eine reiche Lebenserfahrung verdankt und in ſeinen Leiſtungen Herr der Form iſt, ohne jedoch tief und wahrhaft poetiſch zu ſeyn. Ein wohlgebauter, einſchmeichelnder Vers, gefällige Schilderung und angenehme Darſtellung haben ſeinen Gedichten mehr oder weniger freundliche Anerkennung verſchafft; ſeine Romane ſind dagegen nicht ſehr beachtet worden. Seine Art und Weiſe der Auffaſſung ſpricht ſich am Deutlichſten in den hier mitgetheilten Aphorismen aus.

Aphorismen.*)

Der Irrthum eines geiſtvollen Mannes hat für mich immer etwas [illegible] gehabt. Die Welt geht [illegible] aus, wenn man die Denkmäler für die Verehrung ſeiner [illegible] ſieht, man ſie an Baumeiſtern [illegible] anlangt, das läßt ſich aber [illegible] zu anderen Zwecken benutzen. [illegible] und [illegible] die Stücke, die das Ganze zuſammenſetzt, zu einer Zeit von Jahrhunderten, ſo kann doch die Wahrheit des [illegible] Urtheils herausgehen. Sie gründet [illegible] Stadt, die, ein zweites Nürnberg, dem guten Bürger [illegible] Markt bereitet, auf dem [illegible] und Künſte nicht [illegible] haben. Man baut einen Palaſt auf, der als [illegible] mit hohen und dicken Gewölben ſo lange ſeinen [illegible] behauptet, bis er dem Sturme unterliegt, unter [illegible] des Namens, der als Rottenmeiſter [illegible] oft die Mitte eines [illegible] ſuchte, einen mittelalterlichen [illegible] zu erneuern und die [illegible] Ritterſtatue entführen zu laſſen. [illegible] legt das Werk auch ſelbſt Hand an, hebt ein neuer [illegible] die [illegible] aus, und trägt ſie auf einen nahe gelegenen Berg. Jetzt wird die ganze Bürgerſchaft aufgeboten, um das [illegible] wieder heimzuführen, das [illegible], wie ein alter [illegible], unter dem Amtsſiegel der ehrbaren Väter zuſammenbricht.

Ein Schriftſteller, der ſeine Werke in einer wohlgeordneten Geſammtausgabe vor ſich liegen ſieht, gleicht einem ſterbenden Vater, der noch bei ſeinen Lebzeiten alle ſeine Söhne und Töchter anſtändig verſorgt und verheirathet weiß.

Wenn wir uns in unſern Entſchlüſſen übernehmen, wenn wir ſpaniſche Schlöſſer aufzimmern, und babyloniſche Thürme hinſtellen wollen, und mit unſern Plänen an das Uebermenſchliche anſtoßen, wo wir Halt machen, und der irdiſchen Schwäche uns bewußt werden müſſen, ſo packen wir dem Schickſal das Mißlingen unſerer Entwürfe auf und erinnern auf dieſe Weiſe an die alten Bauſagen, die das Unvollendete, das Abgebrochene, an den kühnen mittelalterlichen Münſtern und Thürmen dem Teufel zuſchreiben, der in den Domkirchen zu Wien und Nürnberg, und mehren andern Orten ſein Weſen getrieben haben ſoll.

Die ſogenannten Großthaten der meiſten Menſchen erinnerten mich oft an die aufgefahrenen Hügel eines in der Ebene belegenen Luſtgartens, denen man durch künſtlich angelegte Schneckengänge einen Anſtrich von Erhabenheit zu geben ſuchte.

Wir ſehen die Reue zuerſt als ein Geſpenſt an, das durch die oft noch rauchenden Trümmer ſündhafter Freuden ſchleicht. Fliehen wir vor dieſer grauenvollen Erſcheinung, oder verſtecken wir uns in den Laubgängen einer friſchgepflanzten Luſt, ſo wird die Reue zu einer zürnenden Nemeſis, die in ein Bahrtuch gehüllt, mit fliegenden Haaren, ein blutiges Meſſer in ihrer Rechten haltend, in jeder Mitternacht an den Wänden unſeres Bettes vorüberzieht. [illegible] der [illegible], und [illegible], mit ihr zu halten, ſo ſtreift ſie das leichenartige Gewand ab und legt holde Züge an. Das gefürchtete Geſpenſt, das uns [illegible] als Alp [illegible], das wie ein [illegible] Dämon den Pulsſchlag unſeres Gefühls belauſchte, kommt uns bald als [illegible] entgegen und hat Thränen für uns, [illegible] Johannes der Täufer, [illegible] Wüſte [illegible] und [illegible] uns [illegible] Angeſichte.

Ein [illegible], der ſich nicht [illegible], kam mir vor [illegible] zu Rom, [illegible] Michael Angelo die Geſtalt eines [illegible] gab und ſie ſo zur [illegible].

Wer unbekümmert um das Urtheil der öffentlichen Meinung lediglich den Eingebungen ſeiner Laune folgt, der gleicht einem Manne, der noch [illegible] ſeinen Leichnam an ein anatomiſches Theater verhandelt.

Der Zweifel gleicht dem Bandwurme, der gewöhnlich nur ſtückweiſe abgetrieben und ſelten ganz verjagt wird. Wenn der Kopf des [illegible] Thieres zurückbleibt, ſo hebt das Leben von Neuem an. — Wenn der Zweifel auch nur eine kleine Zeile zurückläßt, ſo wächſt er wieder nach. Wer dieſen Lindwurm bekämpfen will, der muß ſich mit dem Muthe eines heiligen Georgs waffnen.

Das Herz des hochſinnigen und gefühlvollen Mannes gleicht leider nur allzuhäufig dem Forum des alten Roms, das, einſt Zeuge der weltgeſchichtlichen Herrlichkeit, jetzt als Campo vacchino halb mit Gras bewachſen iſt.

Ruhm und Liebe führen gewöhnlich eine ſchlechte Ehe. Die Liebe hat die größte Aehnlichkeit mit einer eiferſüchtigen und eigenwilligen Hausfrau, die dem Ruhme das Ausgehen zu verleiden ſucht. Er, der ſich ins Freie hinausſehnt, der gern Bergluft athmet, und in den Wäldern nach dem Bär und dem Eber jagt, ſoll in den vier Wänden des Hauſes hocken, immer en famille leben und von den ſchäferſtündlichen Erinnerungen zehren, die ihm die geſtrenge Hausehre auf irdenen Schüſſeln aufzutragen pflegt. Der Ruhm iſt nicht für aufgewärmte Koſt, auch ſpeiſt er gern von Silber; darum tritt zwiſchen beiden Eheleuten bald eine Spannung ein, die in den meiſten Fällen mit einer freiwilligen Trennung endet.

Der Schmerz wird am gefährlichſten, wenn er als Leichenräuber die halbverſunkenen Gräber der längſt zur Ruhe beſtatteten Freuden öffnet, um ſie im Gefühle ſeiner Armuth ihres Schmuckes zu entkleiden.

Jacob Balde,

ſeit ſeinem zwanzigſten Jahre Mitglied der Geſellſchaft Jeſu, ward im Jahr 1603 zu Enſisheim im Elſaß geboren und brachte den größten Theil ſeines Lebens in Baiern, theils als Lehrer der Rhetorik zu Ingolſtadt, theils als Hofprediger des Kurfürſten in München zu. Er ſtarb am 8. Auguſt 1668 zu Neuburg an der Donau.

Seine vorzüglichſten und meiſten Gedichte ſind lateiniſch geſchrieben; einige deutſche Verſe, u. a. das hier mitgetheilte Lobgedicht auf die Jungfrau Maria, finden ſich in der Sammlung ſeiner Werke, welche unter folgendem Titel erſchien:

Jacobi Balde e Societate Jesu Poemata. Monac. 1638. 3. Voll. in 12. — Colon. Ubior. 1660. 4 Bde in 12. — N. A. München, 1729. 8 Bde. — Carmina selecta ed. Orell. Ed. II. Turic. 1818.

Einzeln erſchien:

Ehrenpreis Mariä. München, 1647.

Beigelegt wird ihm von Weißlinger (Merkwürdigkeiten, Th. III. S. 86. not. 8.) und Koch (Compendium der deutſchen Literärgeſchichte, Th. I. S. 76.) eine Satyre auf Luther:

Paradoxon musicum, das iſt, neues geiſtliches Lied von einer wilden Sau u. ſ. w.

Jac. Balde gehört eigentlich nicht in die Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie, da er in der Befangenheit ſeiner Zeit und ſeines Standes ſich bei ſeinen Gedichten vorzugsweiſe der lateiniſchen Sprache bediente. Unter vielen körperlichen und geiſtigen Leiden, ſchwer bekümmert durch die Reformation und ihre Folgen, welche ſeinen Frieden gar oft ſtörten, ſchilderte er ſeine Gefühle auf eine edle und kräftige Weiſe in lateiniſchen Oden, bei denen Horaz ſein Vorbild war, und hat hier, obwohl nie und nirgends ganz frei von dem Einfluſſe der Geſinnungen und Lebensanſichten ſeines Ordens, Vorzügliches geleiſtet. Unter anderen Verhältniſſen und beſonders bei anderer Bildung würde er ohne Zweifel ein Oberhaupt deutſcher Dichtkunſt geworden ſeyn und Opitz u. A. m. weit hinter ſich gelaſſen haben: ſo aber, die deutſche Sprache nur als ein Mittel betrachtend, um auf den gemeinen Mann zu wirken und deſſen religiöſe Anſichten zu befeſtigen und zu leiten, verſchmähte er es, ſich um ihre Veredlung zu bemühen, und hielt ſie nicht für geeignet, der Dollmetſcher erhabener Gefühle und Geſinnungen zu ſeyn. — Das Lateiniſche war ihm wie ſo vielen Gelehrten jener Zeit zur Mutterſprache geworden; ein Fluch, der lange auf dem armen Deutſchland laſtete, länger als auf jedem anderen Lande, und eins der größten Hinderniſſe ward, die ſich dem Fortſchritt der Cultur entgegenſtellten. — Daher ſind die wenigen deutſchen Gedichte Balde's plump, roh, derb, ſo wie ſie dem Volke in Baiern wohl zuſagen mochten, und nur hin und wieder offenbaren ſich ſeltene Ergüſſe wahrer herzentſprungener Kraft und Begeiſterung. Es gemuthet Einem, wenn man B's lateiniſche und deutſche Gedichte mit einander vergleicht, als höre man daſſelbe Lied ein Mal von einem ausgezeichnetem, kunſtreichen und gefühlvollen Meiſter, und dann von einem Bänkelſänger auf der Straße zu einer Drehorgel vortragen. Treffend bemerkte Herder daher: „Alſo lege man unſerem Dichter nicht zur Laſt, was der Fehler ſeines Ordens und ſeiner Zeit war: in deutſchen Verſen wollte er populär ſeyn und glaubte, daß er es nicht beſſer als alſo ſeyn könnte."

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*) Aus: Abendzeitung. Jahrg. 1831.

Damit der deutſche Leſer ſelbſt entſcheide, theilen wir neben einem urſprünglich deutſchen Gedichte Balde's mehrere von Herder überſetzte lateiniſche Gedichte deſſelben mit. Zu näherer Kenntniß des Dichters verweiſen wir des Lateiniſchen Unkundige auf:

Herder's Terpſichore. Lübeck, 1795. 3 Bde. (Ueberſetzungen der lateiniſchen Gedichte Balde's und Abhandlungen über ihn und ſeine Dichtungen enthaltend.)
Silbert's Dom heiliger Sänger. Wien, 1820.
A. W. v. Schlegel: Charakteriſtiken und Kritiken, Th. 2. S. 342.

Ehrenpreis Mariae*).

Ach! wie lang hab ich ſchon begehrt,
MARIA, dich zu loben:
Nit zwar, als wie du wirſt verehrt
Im hohen Himmel oben.
Diß wär vmbſonſt: mein gringe kunſt
Wird an der harpffen hangen:
Vnd dieſes Lied, mit gantzem Gmüht,
Tieff in dem Baß anfangen.

Demühtig ſey von mir gegrüßt,
Nimb gnädig an die grüſſen:
Von der ſo viel der Gnaden flüßt,
Was immer her mag flieſſen.
Der dich erwehlt hat, vnd gewölt,
An deinen Brüſten ſaugen;
So ſchön Er iſt, ſo ſchön du biſt:
Er ſcheint dir auß den Augen.

Was in der welt ſo manigfalt
Zierlichs iſt außgegoſſen:
Wird in vergleichung deiner gſtalt,
Verworffen vnd verſtoſſen:

Die gröſte krafft, den beſten ſafft,
Die fünffte Eſſenz der Gaben,
Soll, wie man ſagt, deß Herren Magd,
Vom Sohn empfangen haben.

Der Annae Leibsfrucht deinem Kind
Iſt gantz nit zu vergleichen:
Vnd was ich gutes in Sara find,
Muß eben ſo wohl weichen.
Die Rachel zwar die ſchönſte war,
Der Jacob oft thät küſſen:
Doch gegen dir, weiſſag ich ihr,
Würd ſie, wie Lia trieffen.

Abigail, war nie ſo klug,
Die David eingenommen:
Vnd die durch ihren Waſſerkrug
Den Iſaac hat bekommen.
Juditae blut vnd Heldin muht,
Vnd Stärcke, müſt verzagen.
Ein vorzug gibet MARIAE Schwerdt:
Was will ich lang viel ſagen!

Erfahren hats der Holofern,
Der Gott hat gleichen wöllen,
Der Lucifer vnd Morgenſtern,
Mit ſeinen ſchönen Geſellen.
Du haſt den Pracht zu nichten gmacht:
Vnd der verfluchten Schlangen,
Dem Höllen Fürſt, den Kopff zerknirſcht,
Daß ihm der muht vergangen.

Selym erfahrt es der Tyrann,
Vor etlich ſechtzig Jahren:
Als er zu Meer mit Schiff vnd Mann
Hinab in Abgrundt gfahren.
Der Türckiſch Hund, dort wohl empfundt,
Daß nichts mehr halff das bellen;
Hinumb, herumb, getrieben vmb
In Sturmb vnd Waſſerwellen.

Das Meer der Statt Corintho gantz
Mit Blut war überloffen,
Als dem Baſſa, hat ein Lantz
Das lebendig getroffen.
Gantz bitter weh war Siſarae,
In dieſem leid vnd jammer:
Dem Hirn vnd Bein hat gſchlagen ein
Der alt Jahelis Hammer.

Die, weiſer Mann, dein ſtarckes Weib,
Die, mein ich, werſts erfragen:
So ſtarck, daß ſie in ihrem leib
Hat gar ein Rieſen tragen.
Da noch ſo klein, ein Jungfraw rein,
Den gröſten Mann vmbfangen:
Der ohn beſchwerdt kont von der Erdt
Hoch bis an Himmel langen.

Zier, Mardochee, tauſendmahl
Dein ſchöne Heſter, zier ſie:
Vnd führs drauff in deß Königs Saal,
Zur Hand Aſſueri, führ ſie.
Laß ihr geſchmück vnd güldes ſtück
Mit Perlen vberſehen.
So werd ich doch, MARIAM noch,
Ein maß weit höher ſchätzen.

Was ſoll ein bloſſer ſchatten ſein,
Nur ein figur der Alten,
Gegen dem hellen Sonnenſchein?
Das Feld kans nit erhalten.
Ein Engel ſag, ſo viel er mag,
Vnd hör nie auff zu ſchreiben:
Wird doch darob allzeit vom lob,
Das meiſt ihm vberbleiben.

Zwölff Stern vmb ihr glorwürdigs Haupt
Ringsweiß heroben ſchweben;
Dann ihn allein iſt es erlaubt
Daſſelbig vmbzugeben.
Kein Schwerd, kein ſtab, kein gwalt triebs ab,
So ſteiff thuns hie verharren:
Sie lieſſen ehn, der Himmel zween,
Ja ſämptlich alle fahren.

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*) Aus: *Jacobi Balde*, e societate Jesu, poematum T. IV., compl. Miscellanea, Coloniae Ubiorum, MDCLX.

Ihr gröſte freud vnd hertzens luſt
  Iſt, dieſes [illegible] anſchawen;
Den Mund, den Gott ſo offt geküſt,
  Die Augen vnd Augbrawen;
Geſalbte Händ, Leffzen vermengt
  Mit Hönig vnd mit Roſen.
[illegible] Ruch, die von ihr geht,
  Iſt vber alls liebkoſen.

Dem Palmenbaum ihr länge gleicht,
  Die Wang den Turteltauben;
Vnd ihren ſüſſen Brüſten weicht
  Der Wein auß Cypris Trauben:
Voll [illegible]: von keiner ſtatt
  Noch groß, noch kein [illegible]:
Des Namens gifft, das alls trifft,
  Hat ihr nicht können ſchaden.

Weiß, roth, ihr Kleid von Schlag ſein ſoll,
  Als der im Krieg geſtritten;
Ein [illegible], vnd Gott auch wol,
  [illegible] wie die Cedar Hütten.
Der ſie anſicht, hats nit verſehrt,
  [illegible] nur wolten wohnen.
Vnd könnens [illegible] auff [illegible],
  Der Augenſchein thut lehren.

Wie ſie dem König auffgewart
  Zu [illegible], in Geben,
Da hat den beſten geruch ihr Nard
  [illegible] weit von ſich geben:
Ihr Sommerhauß durchgehend auß
  War voll der Zimmetrinden,
Darin, ſo hats ein ſolchen ſchatz,
  Dergleichen nit zu finden.

Der Mon, all Monat hat ſein gwonts,
  Von ſeiner lieben Sonnen,
Vnd mehrers nit: dann all ſein glantz
  Quillt her auß dieſem Brunnen.
Hat er ſein meiſte Liecht auffgeſetzt, heiſſt,
  Oppoſitum hält [illegible];
Wie widerumb die Sonne kumbt,
  Die muß die fleck abwiſchen.

Weit anderſt iſt das Firmament,
  Das in Maria leuchtet.
Wen hat kein anfang, hat kein end,
  Nur [illegible] befeuchtet.
Du, du Planet von Nazareth,
  Du hohes Gſtirn der deinen,
Du biſt das Faß, das ohne maß
  Mit ſtätem Liecht thut ſcheinen.

Gantz Tonnen Sonnen ſeind in dir,
  Gantz Million voll Tonnen.
O köſtlich außerwehltes Gſchirr,
  In der all Klarheit wonnen.
Wohl innerlich vnd äuſſerlich,
  Hat dich die Zier vmbfangen:
Biſt vber all hoch Berg vnd Thal,
  Von Libano außgangen.

O Fürſten Tochter, O wie ſchön,
  Seynd deine Schritt, ders zehlet,
Was für ein Feſttag wirdt begehn,
  Dem du einmahl vermählet!
Dein Bräutigamb, wirdt bey dem Lamb
  Ein anders Gſänglein ſtimmen:
In lauter Frewd, vnd Süſſigkeit,
  Gleich wie ein Meerfiſch, ſchwimmen.

Komb her, dem Keuſchheit angenemb,
  Vnd will ein Sponß erfragen:
Die Töchter zu Jeruſalem
  Einhellig alle ſagen;
Vnd heben drauff zween Finger auff,
  Daß, (vnd ſey zu bekommen)
Maria frey die ſchönſte ſey,
  Durchauß kein außgenommen.

Ein Paradeyß hat dieſen Ruhm,
  Ein Garten, der beſchloſſen,
In dem ein wunderſame Blum,
  Iesse, IESUS entſproſſen.

Wanns gleich muß ſeyn, ſo lieb was fein,
  Was löblich zu begehren;
Was ſeeliglich, was adelich
  Heimbracht mit allen ehren.

Mariam lieb, Mariam lieb,
  Selbſt allerdings verſchreiben:
Die Morgengab, glaub ſicherlich,
  Wirdt keines wegs außbleiben.
Der Hochzeit Kleide iſt ſchon bereit,
  Begehr die Farb auß allen,
Das Himmelblaw (am Himmel ſchaw)
  Solt dir am beſten gfallen.

Maria hat den beſten Theil
  Wie gſchrieben ſteht, erwählet.
Marien Theil, iſt aller Heil:
  [illegible] hat, nit wol verfehlet.
Weil ſie ſo gut, vnd wolgemuht,
  Weil jeder muß bekennen:
Thu ich mit fleiß im Ehrenpreiß,
  So oft ihr Namen nennen.

O daß von Glantz noch ſo viel
  Der Bernardini [illegible]:
[illegible] ewig Gold vnd Zill,
  Dieſe Geſangs zu ehren.
Er ſchencket ihr all ſein gebür;
  Lob, Geſang, [illegible] vnd [illegible]:
Vnd, wie ich ſing, ſein liebſter Ring,
  Ein Diamant im Hertzen.

Ich greiff zum Gold, laß allgemach
  (Alte) die Saitten lauffen.
Der weiter will, thut zu der Sach,
  Kan auch ein Harpffen kauffen.
Schlag kühn auff, nur wacker drauff,
  Mit ſeinem gut [illegible]:
Und ſing das Gſang ſein lebenlang:
  Iſt vber [illegible] Lauten.

Alſo ſoll er, was Spieß tragen kan,
  Den Namen vnd Hertz auffmahnen:
All ſeine Harr vnd Adern drein
  Zur Seiten laſſen ſpannen.
Steht nun, daß ein, groß oder klein,
  Seit oder Lautt thut ſchnellen:
Wirdt ſie ihm ſchon den Schlägerlohn
  Im Himmel dort beſtellen.

Wanns ſolche Meinung hat: ſo ſchlag;
  Vier auff die Kunſt zum ſingen;
Die gantze Nacht, den gantzen Tag
  Solt Harpff vnd Hertz derſpringen.
Ich laſſe, ſprich, O Jungfraw, dich,
  Vnd deinen Sohn jetzt walten.
Mein Seel vnd Leib ich dir verſchreib
  Es ſteht vnd bleibt im Alten.

Hilff vns, O Thurn auß Helffenbain,
  In Diemand woll gegründet,
Vnd auffgeführet mit Edelſtain,
  Wie ſelig, der dich findet.
Hilff vns, O Thron, den Salomon
  Mit feinem Golde beklaffet.
Dem du vergwiſt, kein wunder iſt,
  Daß ihm die welt verlaidet.

Bind an mit dir, O Menſchengſtalt,
  Mit Milch vnd Blut gewaſchen:
Die letztlich welck wird vnd veralt,
  Zu lauter Staub vnd Aſchen:
Beſonders die im falſcher blue
  Ihr Schönheit nur erdichten:
Ohn Kunſt vnd Oel, nur waſſer Gmälil,
  Vnd drauff bald gar zu nichten.

Würff vnd verdamb all Üppigkeit,
  Die niemand wol gelungen.
Die ſchöne Welt vnd Eytelkeit,
  Von der ſo viel geſungen.
Vnd was für Pfeil der Lieb, in eyl,
  Doch nit vom Himmel gſchoſſen,
Villen das Hertz, in bitterm ſchertz,
  Mit ſüſſem Gifft abgſtoſſen.

Tag kommt auch der Parcis ab,
Die mir bißher geſponnen.
Wer kann ich an meinem Grab
Verlieren mehr, als gewunnen.
Falſch und Untrew ſeynd alle drey
Endtlich mit mir umbgangen.
Tibet an im Urſprung vnd blawen Dunſt,
Wenn Leib vnd Leben hangen.

Dich hör, Maria, dir vertraut
Von Tag zu Tag der Jahren:
Der dir vertraut, hat wol gebaut,
Solches hab ich erfahren.
In letzter Noth vnd bittern Todt,
Bitt, thu mich nit verwerffen.
Erzaig dein Gnadt, vertreib die Nacht
Wirſt jeder weis bedecken.

Wann dann die Krankheit wirdt zu ſchwer,
Daß ich nit mehr kan leiden:
Soll mit den Jahren nimmermehr
Derſelben ein abſchneiden.
Dein ſchöne Hand, dein milde Hand,
(Woll ja die Stund abgieſſen)
Schnell oder bald, gleich wies dir gfalt,
Sonſt iſt es aus mit deſſen.

Wann vor dem Beth die Kertzen brinnt,
Die Augen nimmer wachen;
Wann kalt der kalte Todtſchweiß rinnt
Die Beiner jetzt ſchon krachen:
Dein ſchöne Hand, dein milde Hand,
O Jungfraw auserkohren;
Schnell oder bald, gleich wies dir gfalt,
Sonſt iſt es alls verlohren.

Wann nun geſchwächt ſeynd all fünff Sinn,
Die umbſtehend Leut werdt ſagen:
Jetzt hat ers gar, jetzt iſt er hin,
Man merckt kein Puls mehr ſchlagen:
Dein ſchöne Hand, dein milde Hand,
O Mutter meines Lebens;
Schnell oder bald, gleich wies dir gfalt,
Sonſt iſt es alls vergebens.

Melancholie *).

Was ich im Kerker kann, in dieſem traurigen Lande
Des Verſtoßnen und [illegible] verweilen!
Sind die Bande, die hier mich feſſeln, nimmer zu löſen?
Nicht zu zerſprengen der Thurm, der mich einſchließt?

Dädalus ſchuf ſich Flügel; ich darf der wächſernen Flügel
Nicht, die über dem Meere zerſchmelzen! —
Kann mein freies Gemüth ſich nicht aufſchwingen, wohin es
Will? Kein tobender Wind in den Fluthen,
Auf dem Lande kein Riegel verhindert den Geiſt, daß er auffliegt,
Ueber Mond und Wolken und Sterne.

Und hat Apollo mir nicht der Gaben höchſte, die Dichtkunſt,
Milde geſchenkt, die auf Flügeln des Oſtwinds,
Auf der Aurora Flügeln ſich hebt! — — O Erretterin,
auf dann!
Ferne von hier! bis zum Bett der Aurora! —

Verwünſchungen des Katarrhs.

Du Pfuhl des Lebens! Seuche dem armen Volk
Der Sterblichen! Ob Cerberus dich gebar
Aus ſeinem heiſern Höllenrachen,
Oder der tückiſche Krokodill dich

Ausweinte, als den Schlafenden er ergriff;
Wie oder haben lachend die Furien
Dich ausgebohren, als im Tanz ſich
Giftiger die Schlangen der Haare küßten.

Woher du ſtammeſt, ſinke, verſink', o Peſt
Des Menſchenvolkes! fahre zur Höll' hinab,
Du Lungenzehrer, Lungenbohrer,
Erebus Schaum und des Hauptes Henker.

Was Glück haſt du, Räuber der Stimme, ſelbſt
Auf harte Dichter, die, dem Olymp verwandt,
Die [illegible] und [illegible]
Lallende Sprache nicht kennen ſollten!

Auf jene Felſen halle, du Unglücksſchlund!
Die mächtigen Felſen fordere du zur Gruft,
Du Felſenbeil! — Weh! er tödtet
Früher mich ſelbſt zum eiligen Grabe.

Den Kahn des Lebens ruderten jugendlich
Des Mannes Kräfte; ſiehe, da ſprang ins Schiff
Ein Räuber, ach! und ſtieß die Ruder
Mächtig hinab, und das Schiff ertrankt.

Vergebens ſchwammen wir fürder des Meeres Schlund,
Auf trockner Erde halten im Schiffbruch wir
Zum Orkus; hundert Gräber öffnen
Sich dem erſtickenden leiſen Worte.

Die Virginiſche Pflanze.

Bacchus Einzug feirten einſt die ſeligen Götter,
Als er nach vielen und reichen Geſchenken,
Die er der Erde verliehen, mit Fackeln hinauf zum Olymp kam.
Seine Triumphe hatte der Thyrſus
Ihm erfochten. Er kam mit Kränzen von duftendem Weinlaub,
Nicht geſchmückt mit dem traurigen Lorbeer.
Hinter ihm floſſen Ströme von Wein, ſtatt blutiger Ströme;
Um ihn ſangen Bacchanten und Nymphen,
Und der Satyren Chor. Er bot den goldenen Becher
Seines Getränks dem fröhlichen Vater,
Der den Nektar dafür verſchmähte. Desgleichen die Götter
Tranken und ſangen und dankten ihm alle,
Für den labenden Trank, womit er die Menſchen beſeligt. —

Unvermuthet erſchollen die Pforten
Von unholdigem Lärm. Es hatten die Rieſen den Oſſa
Hoch auf Pelions Gipfel gethürmet,
Und erſtiegen die Burg *). Im Gefolg des brüllenden Löwen
Warf ſich ihnen entgegen Jacchus.
Pallas griff nach dem Helm und dem Speer; der Vater der Götter
Nach dem flammenden Blitz, und bemerkte,
Mavors fehle. (Der grauſame Gott, der Jammer und Blut liebt,
Neidend Dionyſus ſchönere Siege,
Wohnete ſeinem Triumphe nicht bei.) „Auf! eile zu Mavors!" **)
Sprach zum Fußgeflügelten Sohne
Zeus. „Er komme zum Streit! und Dich begleite Diana."

Raſtlos eilend gingen die Beide;
Aber als ſie vom heitern Olymp in die Thraciſchen Wolken,
Voll von Schnee und Hagel und Kälte
Kamen, ergriff den beredten Mund der häßliche Schnupfen
Alſo grimmig, daß er verſtummte.

War es, weil er in Eile mit unbedecktem Haupt ging?
Oder von ungewohntem Tranke
Warm, in die Eisluft kam? Genug, ihm ſtockte die Rede,
Und ſein Haupt war ihm wie ein Fels ſchwer. —
Als er zu Mavors Pforten gelangte, „Wie ſoll ich die Botſchaft
Jetzt ausrichten?" athmet er heiſern,
„Wie bewegen den harten Gott mit lieblicher Rede?" —

Und Diana zog eine dürre
Pflanze hervor; ſie beſtreute die Pflanze mit glühenden Funken. —
Auf flieg aus der zerfallenen Aſche
Ein wohlthätiger Rauch. Dem gedrückten Gott war die Stirn frei
Wie im Olymp, und die klingende Sprache
Wiedergegeben.

Sie traten hinein, und brachten die Botſchaft
Glücklich. Mavors eilte zum Himmel
(Zwar unwillig) hinauf, und die Rieſen wurden gebändigt.

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*) Aus: J. G. Herder's Terpſichore. Lübeck, 1796.

*) Die Erſtürmung des Olymp durch die Titanen.

**) Mars Wohnung in Thracien.

„Schweſter", ſprach nach geendetem Streite,
Maja's Sohn, „o ſage mir, Schweſter, woher Du das Kraut nahmſt,
Das ſo ſchnell mir die Sinnen enthüllte,
Und dem entlaſteten Haupt [illegible] im Klang der Sprache zurückgab?
Sieh', ich wandre [illegible] Wege
Oft hinauf und hinab, durch Wolken, bis in die Höle
Pluto's, wo ich die [illegible] geleite.
Dumpf dann fühl' ich mich [illegible]. Ich muß durch Regen und [illegible]
Komm, und zeige mir, [illegible] Schweſter,
Wo die Pflanze dir blüht." —

„Sie blüht in weſtlichen Wäldern,
Fern entlegen hinter dem Meere.
Bacchus ſetzte dahin nie ſeine Tritte. Der [illegible]
Rühme ſich nicht auch dieſer Erfindung.
Für den Jäger blühet ſie dort *). Ich lehrte den Jäger
Ihre verborgenen nützlichen Kräfte.
Wenn in düſterer Wolke der Regen dort und die Nebel
Wälder umhüllen und Häupter der Menſchen,
Treibt ihre Moly **) die Nebel hinweg durch ſanftere Wolken;
Frei wird das Haupt und die [illegible] des [illegible]. —
Brauche die Pflanze, [illegible] im Zuge der Lüfte,
Oder drunten in Höhlen des Pluto,
Nicht im Olymp; ſonſt fliehen Dich bald Göttinnen und Götter;
Aber im Freien wird ſie Dir wohlthun."

Und die Jägerinn führte den Gott zum Lande der Jäger,
Und umwand mit der Pflanze den Stab ihm,
Der zum Rohre geſtalt. Virginien heißt das Geburtsland
Dieſer Pflanze, Dianens Erfindung.
Allen Freunden Merkurs auf Wegen und Stegen, in Hainen,
Oder auf nebelbeſchwerten Küſten,
Ueber den Wogen des Meeres, in naſſen Thälern und Ebnen,
Reimern, denen die Sprache verſagt iſt,
Allen blühet ſie jetzt die Sorg' entnehmende Pflanze,
Mutter ruhiger, weiſer Gedanken.

An einen Nachäffer ſeiner Gedichte.

Mein Spiel der Saiten, das du ſo oft verlangt,
Ich ſende dirs, und ſchwöre bei Phöbus Pfeil
Und Bogen, und bei ſeiner Cither,
Und bei der goldenen Locke Phöbus:

Es iſt das Meine, das mir ſo oft erklang
In dunkeln Hainen, oder am heilgen Quell. —
Jedoch wenn etwa deinem Finger
Zürnend ſich weigert die goldne Saite;

Gib mir die Schuld nicht. Sandte dem Türken ***) einſt
Nicht Skanderbeg †), der Schrecken des Türken, auch
Den Säbel? Aber ſeine Rechte
Sandt' er ihm nicht, die den Säbel führte.

Die Rache des Dichters ††).

Hieher, Verruchter! Der mir meine Lieder ſchmäht,
Und naget ſie mit ſchwarzem Zahn,
Hieher, daß ich mich grauſam räche, daß ich dich
Bezähme, beißger Zoilus.

Zuerſt, Verbrecher! weih' in ſüßer Rach' ich dich,
Ich weihe dich — den Grazien,
Daß, wenn du weinen willſt, du lachen müßeſt, wenn
Sie dir die Zwiebeln, wenn ſie dir
Den Rettig und den ſcharfen Knoblauch nehmen, der
Dir unrein deinen Athem macht.
Dafür dann düfte deine Lippe ſüßen Duft,
Vom Nektar, den die Biene ſog.

Ich wünſch', o Äffchen, ferner dir, daß nie der Schlaf —
Daß dich der Schlaf am Morgen nie
Beſchleiche, und dafür die ganze Nacht hindurch
Verſenke in den ſchönſten Traum.

Wenn du erwachſt, reiche Ceres dir ein Brot
Von ihrer zarten, reinſten Frucht;
Im andern Kelche Bacchus einen Wein, den du
Für Falerner *) [illegible] hältſt;
Und dazu, Unverſchämter, wünſch' ich Hunger dir
Des Zucca bei Lucullus Mahl;
Den Durſt des Cato, als er Afrika durchſtrich,
Bei vollen [illegible] Manlius.
Gebt ihm, ihr [illegible], [illegible] mein unverſöhnter Feind,
Mein Ibis, wider Willen froh
Und glücklich werde, ja, wo möglich, glücklicher,
Als der, den er ſo rauh verfolgt.

In ſeinen [illegible] Schlaf woll' ein Traumbild ihm
Vom Scheitel [illegible] zur Erde.
Betrogen wird er, daß der Sperling [illegible] Baum
Gar wie ein Krammetsvogel ſchmeckt,
Die wilde Taube wie Faſan. —

Weil ich noch,
Langmüthiger als Naſo, Ihn
Den Ibis **) völlig abzuthun. Ihr Furien!
— (Der weiſſen Furien) [illegible]
Ihr, Schickſalsſterne! — Weißt du noch, o Blitz!
— Der Göttern Haupt umleuchtete,
Ihr Donner, die zur Linken tönen! — ***)

Was verrieth
Naſika †) auf die Römer lud,
Wie jenen Flaccus dort Mäcenas, Flaccus ihn
Verwünſchte, ſo verwünſch' ich dich.
Gequälet werde deine Bruſt — von ſüßem Schmerz;
Beſtürmt dein Ohr — von Orpheus Ton.

Unwürdiger Momus, werth, daß dreigeſpaltner Blitz
Vom Jupiter dich treffe, dich
Der Ocean erſäufe, dich der Erde Schlund
Verſchlinge, — wie! Du blickſt mich
Gleich einer Kröte an! betroffen und erſtarrt.
Haſt du an meinen Flüchen genug,
So fort von hier! Hinweg! — Und wenn du eilig nicht
Den Himmel fliegeſt, ſtreu ich dir,
Ein Unverſöhnlicher dem Unverſöhnlichen,
Noch glühendere Kohlen auf dein Haupt.

Die Göttin des Frühlings.

Einzig Holde, Zarte, Schöne,
Deren Glanz die Welt erleuchtet,
Deren Lieblichkeit den Frühling
Wiederbringt mit tauſend Blumen,
Zarten Blumen, die dir gleichen,
Sei gegrüßet, Frühlingsmutter, Blumengöttin, ſei gegrüßt.

In dem Chor der ſchlanken Schönen,
Ihren Bräutigam zu kränzen,
Suchen viele Gold und Kleinod.
Du, ein Kleinod ſelbſt, erſcheineſt
Wie der Mond im Chor der Sterne,
Wie die Sonn' im blauen Aether glänzend Alles überdeckt.

Wenn aus unſerm Thränenthale
Du zum Himmel wieder aufſteigſt,
Liebend wallet jeder Zephyr
Zu berühren deine Locke;
Und den Schleier dir zu löſen
Drängen ſich im Taubenfluge Engelknaben zu dir an.

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*) Nord-Amerika, das Land der Jägernationen.

**) Eine vor dem Zauber beſchützende Pflanze des Homer. (Odyss. x. 287.)

***) Murad II.

†) Georg Caſtriota Skanderbeg, ein Prinz in Albanien, war unverſöhnlicher Feind der Türken.

††) Im Original: die chriſtliche Nemeſis.

*) Ein Campaniſcher Landwein.

**) Ibis, ein Feind Ovids, an dem er ſich mit einem beißenden Spottgedicht rächte.

***) Ein glückliches Zeichen.

†) Iſt Scipio, der den Römern wohlwollte.

Darf ich was von dir erflehen,
Königin, ſo laß der Sonne
Schönen Glanz uns froh genießen,
Treibe weg die böſen Tage,
Bändige der Seelen Aufruhr,
Und zerbrich des Krieges Waffen, holde Friedenskönigin.

Laß den Müttern ihre Knaben,
Ihre Töchter froh erwachſen,
Töchter, wie die leichten Rehe,
Knaben, wie die jungen Löwen. —
Wenn der Köcher Wolken ſammlet,
So beſänftige, du Holde, bittend ihn mit deinem Kuß.

Till Ballistarius S. J. C. Casper.

Karl Ludwig Heinrich Bardeleben

ward am 9. Mai 1775 zu Spandau geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und erwarb ſich die Doctorwürde in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft. Im Jahr 1798 ward er Gouverneur und Lehrer bei dem Cadettencorps zu Berlin, 1804 Regierungsaſſeſſor, dann Stadtgerichtsſecretär zu Frankfurt an der Oder. In den Jahren 1813 und 1814 nahm er Theil am Befreiungskriege als Hauptmann bei der Landwehr und kehrte mit dem eiſernen Kreuze geſchmückt in die Heimath zurück, wo er k. pr. Kommiſſionsrath wurde. —

Unter dem Namen **Heinrich Frohreich** hat er den größten Theil ſeiner hier angeführten Schriften herausgegeben.

- **Darſtellungen aus der Welt der Erlanger Muſenſöhne.** Frankf. und Leipzig, 1799.
- **Cäſar Caſarelli, Graf von Caſara, der kühne Räuberherzog.** Poſen und Leipzig, 1803. 2 Bde.
- **Die Wahl der Braut.** Poſ. und Leipz. 1804.
- **Preußens Zukunft.** Berlin, 1807. N. A. P. 1808.
- **Der Palmenſonntag, in drei Romanen.** Leipzig, 1808. 3 Bde. N. A. Leipz. 1811.
- **Hans Kaspar, der Seifenſieder.** Leipz. 1811.
- **Die Weberstochter zu Lichterheim.** Leipz. 1811
- **Bernhard Naphtali.** Leipz. 1811.
- **Kunſt und Vaterland.** Prolog. Königsb. 1808.
- **Friedrich Wilhelm III. und ſein Volk, an Belde.** Frankf. a. O. 1809.

B. iſt nicht ohne Talent der Darſtellung, aber ſeine Romane überſchreiten das Gebiet des Alltäglichen nicht und haben ſich daher nur bei einer gewiſſen Klaſſe von Leſern beliebt gemacht, welche im gewöhnlichen Futter der Leihbibliotheken Nahrung für Geiſt und Herz zu ſuchen pflegt. Größere Tüchtigkeit und Kraft beurkunden ſeine patriotiſchen Schriften und Gedichte, die, durch B's praktiſches Wirken getragen, ſeine Geſinnungen im vortheilhafteſten Lichte zeigen.

Christoph Gottfried Bardili

ward am 18. Mai 1761 zu Blaubeuren geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Theologie und erhielt, als er ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn vollendet, die Stelle eines Vicars zu Kirchheim unter Teck. Im Jahre 1786 bekam er den Ruf als Repetent an der Univerſität zu Tübingen; 1790 aber eine Profeſſur an der hohen Karlsſchule zu Stuttgart. Er ſtarb am 5. Juni 1808 als Dr. und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie am Obergymnaſium in Stuttgart und fürſtlich heſſen-rothenburgiſcher Hofrath.

Von ihm erſchienen:

- **Epochen der vorzüglichſten philoſophiſchen Begriffe.** Halle, 1788. 1. Th.
- **Ueber den Urſprung des Begriffs von der Willensfreiheit.** Stuttg. 1790.
- **Sophylus oder Sittlichkeit und Natur als Fundament der Weltweisheit.** Stuttg. 1794.
- **Allgemeine practiſche Philoſophie.** Stuttg. 1795.
- **Ueber die Lehre vom Temperament.** Stuttg. 1796.
- **Grundriß der erſten Logik u. ſ. w.** Stuttg. 1800.
- **Briefe über den Urſprung einer Metaphyſik.** Altona. 1798.
- **Philoſophiſche Elementarlehre.** 1. Heft. Landshut, 1802. 2. Heft. (Bearbeitet und herausgegeben von einem Freunde des rationalen Realismus) Landsh. 1806.
- **Beiträge zur Beurtheilung des gegenwärtigen Zuſtandes d. Vernunftlehre.** Landsh. 1803.

B. war ein ſcharfſinniger philoſophiſcher Kopf, der eine neue Lehre aufzuſtellen verſuchte, welche zuerſt von K. L. Reinhold mit dem Namen des „rationalen Realismus" belegt und durch deſſen Beitritt und Bemühung, wenn auch nur kurze Zeit, erhalten wurde. B. ſelbſt ſchadete ihr indeſſen, theils durch ſeine Polemik, theils aber und vorzüglich, daß er zu ſehr ſich Sophismen hingab, durch welche er die wichtigſten Probleme der theoretiſchen Philoſophie zu löſen bemüht war, und überhaupt zu flüchtig und unklar verfuhr. Die ihm eigenthümliche Anſicht wird von E. Reinhold (Handbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte der Philoſophie, Th. 2. H. 2. S. 166.) mit folgenden Worten dargeſtellt: „Das Denken, ſo wie es ſeinem Weſen nach von den Menſchen geübt werde und von dem Menſchen mit Deutlichkeit anerkannt werden könne, ſey keine bloß ſubjective menſchliche Thätigkeit, wofür es, insbeſondere von Kant, ausdrücklich ausgegeben worden, ſondern es ſey die allgemeine weltbildende und weltordnende Thätigkeit, es ſey in ſeinem nothwendigen Zuſammenhange mit der durch daſſelbe geſtalteten und eingeſchaffenen Materie die reine dynamiſche Möglichkeit, der Grund von allem Wirklichen. Deshalb dürfe die Denklehre keine Aufſtellung bloß ſubjectiver menſchlicher Denkformen, ſondern ſie müſſe die wahre Ontologie, die Lehre von dem Urgrund und Weſen aller Dinge ſeyn."

Vgl. **K. L. Reinhold,** Beiträge zur leichteren Ueberſicht des Zuſtandes der Philoſophie. Hamburg, 1801–1803. —

D. August Christian Bartels,

geboren am 9. December 1749 zu Harzrode im Braunſchweigiſchen, ſtudirte Theologie zu Helmſtädt und Göttingen, ward 1773 Prediger zu Eimbeck, 1778 zu Braunſchweig, 1789 Abt von Riddagshauſen, Probſt und herzoglicher Hofprediger zu Braunſchweig, 1799 Conſiſtorialrath und 1818 Vicepräſident des Conſiſtoriums zu Wolfenbüttel. Er ſtarb hochgeehrt am 16. December 1826

Er verfaßte folgende Schriften:

- **Ueber den Werth und die Wirkungen der Sittenlehre Jeſu.** Hamburg, 1788–89. 2 Thle.

Predigten zur Beförderung einer vernünftigen Aufklärung in der Religion. Züllichau, 1793.

Einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w. —

B. war ein würdiger Diener des Herrn, der mit Klarheit, Ruhe und Beſonnenheit ſeine menſchenfreundlichen Zwecke zu erreichen ſuchte, und dem es vorzüglich darum zu thun war, Aufklärung, Liebe und Duldung zu verbreiten. Seine Predigten ſind ebenfalls in dieſem Geiſte abgefaßt; doch würden ſie weit mehr gewirkt haben, wenn es ihnen nicht hin und wieder an Tiefe und Gluth religiöſer Begeiſterung mangelte.

Vgl. Denkſchrift für die Freunde und Verehrer B's, von Th. W. H. Bauck. Braunſchweig, 1824.

Johann Heinrich Bartels,

D. der Rechte, Aſſeſſor der k. Societät der Wiſſenſchaften zu Göttingen, Mitglied der Akademie der Volsker zu Velletri, Bürgermeiſter zu Hamburg, ein um ſeine Vaterſtadt in vielfacher Hinſicht hochverdienter Mann, ward im Jahre 1761 zu H. geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen, machte darauf eine größere Reiſe durch Deutſchland und Italien und kehrte dann als Dr. jur. und Advocat nach Hamburg zurück. 1798 ward er juriſtiſcher Senator, 1814 als ſolcher Polizeiherr und 1820 Bürgermeiſter daſelbſt. —

Seine auf jener erwähnten Reiſe über das ſüdliche Italien gewonnenen Erfahrungen gab er heraus unter dem Titel:

Briefe über Kalabrien und Sizilien. 3 Th. Göttingen, 1787—89. N. A. Gött. 1791.

und lieferte in denſelben zuerſt genaue und authentiſche Nachrichten über ein Land, das zu jener Zeit noch faſt gänzlich unbekannt war, da neuere Reiſende in Italien ſich um dieſe Gegend theils wenig bekümmert, theils, wenn ſie es auch gethan, nur unbedeutende und unzuverläſſige Kunde von demſelben gegeben hatten. B's Reiſebeſchreibung iſt ein wahrhaft klaſſiſches Werk, deſſen hoher Werth noch immer lebhaft anerkannt wird und ſtets als treffliches Muſter zu betrachten iſt. — Mit gleichem Intereſſe umfaßt der gründlich und geſchmackvoll gebildete Verfaſſer alle ihm vorkommenden merkwürdigen Gegenſtände, deren keiner, zu welchem Reiche des Wiſſens er auch gehöre, ſeinem forſchenden Auge entgeht, und ſchildert mit derſelben Friſche, Wärme, Unparteilichkeit und Ruhe merkwürdige Alterthümer, intereſſante Gegenden, Naturereigniſſe, Sitten und Gebräuche, Verfaſſung und Regierung u. ſ. w. der von ihm durchreiſten Provinzen in anmuthiger, klarer Darſtellung. — Wir glauben durch die Mittheilung eines größeren Auszuges um ſo mehr den Dank der Leſer zu verdienen, als dieſer, ſchon an und für ſich vortrefflich und anziehend, deſto lebendiger zur näheren Bekanntſchaft mit einem älteren hochverdienten Werke bei der Maſſe unbedeutender Reiſebeſchreibungen, welche jetzt über Italien im Umlaufe ſind, anzuregen vermag.

Beſchreibung eines Erdbebens in Meſſina*).

(Vierzehnter Brief.)

Meſſina, im October 1786.

Heute müſſen Sie mit mir, mein Freund, eine Weile aus Ihrem frohen Zirkel hinweg zu Meſſina's Schutthaufen eilen, hier Menſchen-Elend in ſeiner ganzen Größe entdecken, und alle Schrecken der empörten Natur hereinbrechen ſehen, ſehen, daß in einem Moment Ruhe und Glück in Zerſtörung, Verwirrung und Elend, Zufriedenheit und Ueberfluß in bittre Verzweiflung und verzehrenden Mangel umgeſchaffen wird. Das Erdbeben rollte unter der Erde fürchterlich daher, und Meſſina ſank in Ruinen dahin!

Ich will verſuchen, Ihnen ein ſchwaches Gemälde von den Verwüſtungen, die das Erdbeben in Meſſina anrichtete, zu entwerfen. Unwillkührliche Thränen drangen aus meinen Augen beim Anblick des Schutthaufens hervor, und ich ſah bei der neuen Erinnerung Eltern ihre Kinder, Weiber ihre Gatten, und Freunde ihre Freunde noch einmal beweinen. Einer meiner gaſtfreien und dienſtfertigen Freunde führte mich unter den Ruinen umher, und bei ihm merkte ich das allmälige Steigen des Schmerzgefühles bis zum endlichen heftigen Ausbruch deſſelben, wie ichs noch nie ſah. Wenn es einem Künſtler, wie Schröter, erlaubt geweſen wäre, bei dieſer Szene ruhig zu bemerken, ſo hätte ich ihn an meiner Stelle gewünſcht, um für die Kunſt, allmälig ſteigende Affekte darzuſtellen, neue Bemerkungen aus der Natur zu ſchöpfen. Wir eilten über manchen Ruinenhaufen hin, und mein Führer machte mit inniger Theilnahme hie und da Bemerkungen über das Elend, das die Leute, die dort wohnten, erlitten hatten, blieb aber ſonſt noch munter und froh; allmälig nahm ſeine Theilnahme zu, und je weiter wir gingen, deſto lebhafter ward ſeine Erzählung und deſto heftiger ſeine Aktion, bis wir endlich auf einen Fleck kamen, wo eine Menge Bruchſtücke vereinigt lagen. Beim Anblick derſelben faßte er einen geborſtenen Quaderſtein an und rief mit wildem Blick verſchiedentlich aus: „Iſt das nicht ein trauriger Anblick!“ Dann ergriff er plötzlich mit heftig emporſtrömenden Thränen meine Hand, und ſagte: „(Caro mio amico, ecco la mia casa!) Hier ſtand einſt mein Haus! Ich war reich, und bin jetzt arm, wie der Tagelöhner! Nichts habe ich gerettet, und bin kaum ſelbſt der epidemiſchen Seuche, die nach dem Erdbeben eindrang, entgangen.“ Die Bilder jener unglücklichen Nacht erwachten nun immer heftiger, er malte ſie aus mit einem Feuer, daß ich für ſeine Geſundheit bange war, und es für meine Pflicht hielt, ihn von dem Fleck ſo bald wie möglich hinwegzuziehen. Wir eilten fort, und es folgte unmittelbar auf dieſe leidenſchaftliche Aeußerung eine Stille in ihm, deren Grund ſonſt in ſeinem Charakter nicht lag, es ſchien mir beinah, als folgte nach der überſpannten Empfindung eine Erſchlaffung, und die Munterkeit, die er vorher hatte, kehrte den ganzen Tag nicht wieder zurück.

Alle Beſchreibungen von Meſſina ſcheinen in der Schilderung des trefflichen Anblicks zu wetteifern, den die ohngefähr eine Meile längs dem Hafen hinlaufenden Gebäude verurſachten, in denen edle Simplizität mit hoher Schönheit vereinigt war. Meine Beſchreibung macht hier eine Ausnahme; denn ich fand die Paläſten-Reihe in Ruinen. Indeß konnte ich doch noch ſoviel davon entdecken, daß ichs zu behaupten wage, keine mir bekannte Schilderung ihrer ehemaligen Schönheit war übertrieben. Der Name Palazzata kommt ihr mit Recht zu. Sie gehörte zu den vorzüglichſten Werken der neuen Kunſt, und der Künſtler bewies nicht weniger Scharfſinn bei ihrer Erfindung, als Kunſt bei der Ausführung. Er ſcheint die ſtolze Idee gefaßt zu haben, daß mit dem Meiſterſtück der Natur — ſo kann man mit Recht den ſtolzen Hafen Meſſinas nennen, der vielleicht nirgends ſeines gleichen findet — ſeine Kunſt einen Wettſtreit beginnen ſollte, ob es ihr nicht gelingen würde, das Auge des Bemerkers von jenem hinweg und auf ſich zu ziehen. Aber die Willkühr der Natur verſtand er ſeinem Kunſtwerke nicht zu geben, ſie trug bei dem zerſtörenden Unglück von 1783 den Preis davon. Obgleich das Erdbeben gleichſam übers Meer von Italien nach Sizilien herüber rollte, und von der Meerſeite ſeinen erſten Angriff auf Meſſina wagte; ſo trotzte doch der Hafen den zerſtörenden Wellen, und ſteht noch jetzt in ſeiner ganzen Schöne da: da hingegen die Meiſterſtücke der Kunſt in einen Schutthaufen zuſammen fielen. Man ſagt, es ſei aufs neue der Plan im Werke, die Pracht der alten Gebäude wieder herzuſtellen; aber, wer weiß wie viele Jahrzehende noch darüber hingehen! Jetzt wenigſtens fällt noch täglich mehr ein, und jeder neue Einſturz, den man ſo leicht verhindern könnte, zerſtört neue Theile des Ganzen.

Ganz dieſer Unthätigkeit ähnlich fanden wir es im Innern der Stadt, noch war nichts für Hinwegräumung des Schutts geſchehen. Kirchen, Paläſte, öffentliche Gebäude und Häuſer aller Art lagen noch eingeſtürzt über einander, die ſchönen, großen, parallel mit dem Hafen laufenden Straßen fanden wir gänzlich Menſchenleer, und nur hie und da nach beſänftigter Erde zwiſchen den Ruinen ein kleines Hüttchen zur armſeligen Bewohnung erbaut; wie wenig abgeräumt dieß aber war, können Sie daraus ſchließen, daß in den beſten Gaſſen der Stadt noch 1 Fuß hoch und drüber Staub, Sand und Schutt lag, der es beinah unmöglich machte, durch die Stadt hinzugehen. Noch wohnt alles in Baraken, die außer Meſſina auf der Höhe errichtet ſind, aus denen die Einwohner, wie man mir ſagte, nunmehr wieder heraus wollen, nachdem ſie einmal gegen Näſſe und Kälte abgehärtet zu ſein glauben.

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*) Aus: Briefe über Kalabrien und Sizilien, von Joh. Heinr. Bartels, Th. 2. Göttingen, 1789.

Uebrigens ſchleifte die Verwüſtung, die Meſſina im Februar und März 1783 erfuhr, die Stadt nicht ſo durchgängig, wie einige Städte in Kalabrien; ſondern nur der niedrige Theil derſelben ward ein Raub des Erdbebens, der höhere Theil hingegen blieb beinah ganz ſtehen, und ward nur heftig beſchädigt. Aber auch ſelbſt hier hat man noch wenig an Wiederaufbauung gedacht, und die Nachricht, die man von jedem angeſehenen Manne hier erhält, daß ſchon 300 Häuſer außer den königlichen Gebäuden und Kirchen wieder erbaut ſein ſollen, kann ich mit völliger Gewißheit für unrichtig erklären. Es iſt, als ob ſie dieß Gerücht abſichtlich ausbreiteten, um die Aufmerkſamkeit der Neapolitaniſchen Regierung von Meſſina abzuziehen. *)

Das Meer verkündigte in Meſſina zuerſt die kommenden Schrecken, man bemerkte einige Tage vorher eine ungewöhnliche Unordnung in Ebbe und Fluth, die Meere ſchien gleichſam von ihren Geſetzen losgeriſſen, und ohne beſtimmte Regeln tobte das Meer bald wüthend daher, und brauſte plötzlich hoch auf, als wollte es den Damm überſteigen, und Meſſina verſchlingen, bald legte es auf einmal und unerwartet ſeine Wuth. In dem bekannten Meerſtrudel von Charybdis zeigten ſich Wirbel, wie wir ſie in unſern Tagen nicht mehr zu ſehen gewohnt ſind; es ſchien als würde das Zeitalter jener Dichter zurückkehren, die uns die Wuth derſelben mit ſo ſchrecklichen Farben ſchildern. Boten von der großen Empörung im Innern des Meeres waren ferner ganze Schaaren Fiſche, die ſich faſt nie zu dieſen Zeiten auf der Oberfläche des Waſſers ſehen laſſen. Bei jedem hernach erfolgten Erdbebenſtoße waren ſie immer die erſten Vorboten der einbrechenden Verwüſtung. Daher hörte man auch in der Stadt, ſo oft ſich dieſes Phänomen aufs neue zeigte, ſchreckliche Verwünſchungen gegen ſie ausſtoßen, und ſah einen jeden verzweiflungsvoll dem Unglück entgegen gehen. Bei dem Toben des Meeres verſpürte man zugleich ein beſtändiges Getöſe im Innern der Erde, dem Schall eines entfernten Donners zu vergleichen, und dieſes rollte ganze Tage hindurch langſam und ſchwach fort, ward aber bei jedem Aufbrauſen des Meeres ſtärker. Vom Anfang des Februars an bis zum 5ten dauerten ohne Zerſtörung zu bringen dieſe Vorzeichen fort. Am 5ten Februar endlich fiel Meſſina gleich nach Mittag in einer Stunde mit ſo vielen Städten Kalabriens. Der Tag ſelbſt war in der Stadt ein finſtrer neblichter Tag, und durch die Nebel ſchien am hellen Mittage das Licht der Sonne ſchwach und blaß wie Mondſchein. Es war eine Stille in der Natur, die etwas ſchauervolles gehabt haben ſoll, man nannte ſie mir, ein ſchreckliches fürchterliches Warten, und wollte ſelbſt bei Menſchen an dieſem Tage eine gewiſſe Trägheit, Erſchlaffung und Unluſt wahrgenommen haben. Endlich um Mittag hörte man ein Getöſe von Kalabrien herüber ertönen; es ſchien allmählig näher zu kommen, und das Meer empörte ſich immer mehr; ſo rollte das Erdbeben fürchterlich und langſam in der Tiefe des Meeres und auf den Wellen daher. Wie es endlich Meſſinas Ufer erreicht hatte, ſo war zuerſt die ſchöne Palazzata ſeiner Wuth ausgeſetzt, ein großer Theil derſelben ward zerſtört und dann nur noch hie und da im Innern der Stadt einige Gebäude niedergeworfen. Der eigentliche Schaden war damals noch ſehr geringe: aber um deſto größer und allgemeiner war der Schrecken, und um deſto quälender die Furcht; denn vom Mittage an bis zum Abend hin war die Erde nur wenige Augenblicke ruhig. Wie es endlich finſter war, ſchien die Empörung in der Natur vermehrt, das Getöſe im Innern der Erde rollte heftiger, das Meer wüthete fürchterlicher und außer dieſen Phänomenen vermehrte das Geächze und Geheule verunglückter, beſchädigter, verzweifelnder und ſterbender Menſchen die Schreckensſcene noch um vieles. Eine der ſchrecklichſten Nächte folgte jetzt, in ihr ward der größte und beſte Theil der Stadt gänzlich zerſtört. Freilich am 7ten, am 13ten Februar, am 28. März und mehrere folgende Tage und Nächte wiederholte das Erdbeben ſeinen Angriff und ſtürzte das ein, was dieſe Nacht nur in ſeiner Grundfeſte erſchütterte, nicht umwarf; aber nie kehrte es ſo heftig wieder wie damals grade um Mitternacht, 12 Stunden nach dem erſten heftigen Stoße. Es wurde ſelbſt die 12 Fuß dicke Mauer der Zitadelle, die man für unzerſtörbar gehalten hatte, von oben bis unten geſpalten, und dieſe Nacht raffte in Meſſina die meiſten Menſchen hinweg. Der Zuſtand der Einwohner war während der ganzen Erdrevolution ſehr traurig. Gleich nach dem erſten zerſtörenden Stoße flüchtete ſich alles aufs freie, und mußte ohne Schutz und Dach mehrere Tage hindurch ununterbrochen heftige Platzregen, Hagelſchauer und Stürme ertragen. Da man nicht Baumaterialien weder Holz noch Ziegel genug hatte, um die Baraken mit Dächern zu verſehen, ſo mußten ſelbſt die Angeſehenen der Stadt mehrere Nächte hindurch, nur einen Schirm über ſich haltend auf einem Stuhl unter freiem Himmel ſchlafen, und mehrere Tage hindurch, wegen Mangel an Kleidung, ohne ihr genäßtes Zeug wechſeln zu können, zubringen. Dieß war die traurige Urſache von ſo vielen nachmaligen Krankheiten, die mehr Menſchen wie das Erdbeben hinweggerafft. Daß die Anzahl der durchs Erdbeben getödteten Menſchen in Meſſina ſich nicht über 1000 erſtreckte, davon war einzig der nur wenig zerſtörende Stoß vom 5ten Febr. des Mittags ſchuld, alles war jetzt ſchon aus den Häuſern geflüchtet, und ſo waren nur die, die vielleicht in der Abſicht zu ſtehlen, oder um noch etwas von dem Ihrigen zu retten in den verlaſſenen Häuſern ſich aufhielten, vielleicht auch einige die zu ſicher geweſen, und weniger das noch ungewiſſe Erdbeben als den heftigen Platzregen ſcheuten, und in ihren Wohnungen geblieben waren, ein Raub der traurigen Bodenerſchütterung.

Der Anblick der Verwüſtung wurde noch weit fürchterlicher und der Schade der armen Einwohner noch weit größer durch die heftigen Feuersbrünſte, die entſtanden; 7 Tage wüthete das Feuer ununterbrochen und unaufhaltbar fort, griff die größten Magazine an, verzehrte beträchtliche Waarenläger verſchiedener großer Kaufleute und raubte den armen Meſſineſen ihre letzten Hoffnungen. Der ganze Schaden, den Meſſina durch dieſes vereinigte Unglück erlitt, belief ſich auf 40 Millionen Lire, ungefähr 5 Millionen Thaler, Mobilien, Edelſteine und andre Pretioſa nicht mitgerechnet.

Aber noch hatte Meſſina nicht die höchſte Stufe ihres Unglücks erreicht. Da alle Magazine verbrannt, aller Privatvorrath von Getreide und andern Lebensmitteln verloren war; ſo entſtand eine allgemeine Hungersnoth, die traurige Folgen gehabt haben würde, wenn nicht die Regierung dieſem Uebel ſchnell abgeholfen hätte. Allgemein war auch die Klage über Mangel an ſüßem Waſſer, und man ſah gar nicht voraus, wie man dieſen Mangel entfernen wollte. Größtentheils hatten ſich die beſten und ergiebigſten Quellen bei dem Erdbeben verſtopft, und die Brunnen blieben völlig waſſerleer: oder wenn noch andre Waſſer gaben, ſo ſchien es beinah unmöglich, ſich ihnen zu nähern, weil noch täglich große Bruchſtücke von den zerſtörten Gebäuden herabfielen, und ohne dieß lange Zeit, viele Beſchwerden und eine Menge Arbeiter dazu gehörte, den Schutt hinwegzuräumen. So ſtieg mit jeder Minute das Gefühl des Mangels nothwendiger Bedürfniſſe, und die Hoffnung von nachbarlicher Hülfe war nur ſehr ſchwach.

Man ſuchte indeß ſoviel als möglich das Unglück zu lindern, der Marcheſe von Caraccioli, damaliger Vicekönig von Sicilien, zeigte hier, wie bei allen ſeinen Unternehmungen, ſeinen großen Kopf und ſeine menſchenfreundlichen Geſinnungen. Er that alles, wozu er nur immer die Mittel in den Händen hatte und ſo wurde dem Mangel auf einige Zeit Einhalt gethan, einiger Vorrath, wenn gleich anfangs nur in geringer Menge herbeigeſchafft, die Sklaven zur Reinigung der Brunnen gebraucht, und auch durch ſie ein andres Geſchäfte bewirkt, das, wie ein jeder wohl einſah, wenn es unterlaſſen würde, die traurigſten Folgen nach ſich ziehen müßte, wozu aber keiner Hand anzulegen Muth genug hatte. Es ſchien, als hätte im Innern der Erde die Revolution auch den Platz getroffen, wo alle die Körper begraben lagen, die an der letzten Peſt ſtarben; ſchon hin und wieder waren dieſe Löcher eingefallen, und man hatte die gegründetſten Urſachen zu der Beſorgniß, daß aus den emporſteigenden peſtilenzialiſchen Dünſten eine neue Peſt entſtehen würde. Es kam zu ihrer Verhütung daher ſehr darauf an, dieſen Platz zu belegen, jede eingefallene Grube auszufüllen, und überhaupt ihn mit Erde zu erhöhen; auch dafür ſorgte ſogleich die Regierung, und damit ihre beſſeren Bürger nicht dieſer Gefahr ausgeſetzt ſein möchten, ſo bewirkte ſie es durch Sklaven, und erreichte ihre heilſamen Zwecke.

Während der Zeit wurden Geſandte nach Neapel geſchickt, um dem Regenten Nachricht von der Zerſtörung Meſſina's zu bringen; der Marcheſe di Regalmici erhielt darauf die Stelle eines Vicario Generale in Meſſina, wie Pignatelli in Kalabrien, mit gleicher Autorität ausgerüſtet, und mit thätiger Hülfe, das Unglück zu lindern, verſehen. Eine Menge Lebensmittel, Arzeneien, Aerzte und Chirurgen, und überdieß noch 85,000 Lire wurden ihm zu ſeiner Dispoſition gegeben, er mußte die leidende Armuth aufſuchen und unentgeltlich ihre dringendſten Bedürfniſſe befriedigen. Der König that alles was er nur konnte, wie Sie auch ſchon aus meinen Briefen über Kalabrien werden geſe-

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*) Dieß iſt mir hernach noch wahrſcheinlicher geworden, da ich ſelbſt in Neapel von einigen der Vornehmſten hörte: Meſſina kann ſich jetzt ſelbſt helfen, ſo und ſo viel iſt ſchon durch Hülfe der Regierung geſchehen. Als ich dem widerſprach, wiederholte man beſtändig die Verſicherung, es ſei gewiß ſo, und damit baſta! Warum man ſo verſichert, das wird die Folge meiner Briefe zeigen.

hen haben; die Thränen, die er dem Unglück ſeiner Unterthanen weinte, der Muth, der ihn ſogleich beſeelte, und ſeine thätige Menſchenliebe anfeuerte, und dann die Wahl der beſten Mittel, um zu ſeinem Zweck zu kommen, geben von ſeinen treflichen und menſchenfreundlichen Geſinnungen den deutlichſten Beweis. Freilich war es unmöglich, die Wunden gleich ganz zu heilen, unmöglich daß ein jeder befriedigt mit dem was die milde Hand des Monarchen ihm reichte, heimkehrte, und daher mußten, da vielleicht viele in ihren großen Erwartungen getäuſcht waren, manche Klagen über Mangel an Hülfe entſtehen. Aber dieſe Klagen zeigen es deutlich, wie wenig die Menſchen den ganzen Umfang des Elends kannten, wie ſich jeder aus zu großer Eigenliebe für den hielt, auf deſſen Rettung man am mehrſten denken ſollte; zeigen es deutlich, wie jeder Privatmann zu viel von der Regierung forderte, und ſind daher größtentheils ungerecht. Was konnte die Regierung mehr thun, als daß ſie ſogleich einen eignen Gerichtshof ernannte, um dem Unglücke der Menſchen abzuhelfen, und Männer von Geſchäftsfähigkeiten und erkannter Rechtſchaffenheit beſtimmte, um allen Unordnungen zuvorzukommen und ſie zu ſtillen! was mehr, als ſogleich alle Auflagen und Zölle, die ſonſt für die erſten und unentbehrlichſten Bedürfniſſe bezahlt werden mußten, aufzuheben? was mehr, um Meſſina ſo bald wie möglich zu ihrem vorigen blühenden Zuſtande zurückzuführen, als daß ſie ihren Hafen zum Freihafen mit neuen Privilegien erklärte, und beſonders um den Handel mit Seidenwaaren, den wichtigſten von Meſſina, zu beleben, alle Auflagen von ihren verarbeiteten Seidenwaaren aufhob, und verſchiedenen Privatleuten aus eigenem Antriebe beträchtliche Summen vorſchoß, die ſie ohne die geringſte Intereſſe erſt nach 3 Jahren wieder bezahlen dürften? was mehr, um den Handel mit auswärtigen Nationen anzufeuern, als daß ſie die Auflagen auf eingebrachte fremde Waaren zu 1 Procent herabſetzte, und die beſten und thätigſten Unterſtützungen zur Wiederaufbauung der Stadt und der Magazine hergab, ja gar ſelbſt ſogleich anfing, verſchiedene öffentliche Gebäude und Kirchen auf königliche Koſten wieder erbauen zu laſſen? Es iſt daher Undank, die unterſtützende Thätigkeit der Regierung bei dem Unglück der Meſſineſen verkennen zu wollen.

Aber das worüber man mit Recht zu klagen Urſache hatte, und worüber auch eigentlich die vernünftigſten Einwohner klagten, waren die vielen Unterſchleiſe, die bei Vertheilung der Geſchenke des Königs von Seiten der Unterbedienten gemacht wurden. Dieſe ſollen ſich aus dem Unglück der Meſſineſen durch die größten Bedrückungen Schätze zuſammen geſammlet, und die uneigennützige Gabe des Königs wohl gar den armen Bedrückten verkauft haben. Urſache zu klagen glaubt man ferner in der Nichterfüllung ſo mancher in dem erſten Gefühl des Mitleidens gegebnen Verſprechungen zu finden; der Handel ſollte noch mehr belebt, und Meſſina's Wohlſtand noch mehr befördert werden, und doch iſt's noch immer, als läge der Handel gefeſſelt, als arbeitete irgend eine verborgene Kraft dem Aufkommen der Stadt entgegen. In Meſſina will man dieſe verborgene Kraft in Palermo, dieſer Nebenbuhlerin Meſſina's, und in dem großen Adel, der alle Vortheile des Handels allein zu genießen wünſcht, finden. Man verſprach, ſo klagt man ferner, Befreiung von drückenden Abgaben; aber heißt das Befreiung vom Druck, wenn man mit der einen Hand Balſam in die Wunden gießt, und mit der andern neue Wunden ſchlägt? Ich theile Ihnen hier die allgemeinen Klagen der Nation mit; die allgemeine Volksſtimme ſcheint die Wahrheit zu verbürgen. Es iſt aber ſehr traurig, daß ein ſo guter Regent, bei allem ſeinem Wunſche und Willen, ſeine Unterthanen glücklich zu ſehen, doch ihm unbekannte und daher unvermeidliche Hinderniſſe findet, und dadurch, indem er glaubt man eile hin um ſeinem Willen gemäß zu handeln, ſelbſt Wege, neuen Druck einzuführen, veranlaßt. Nein, mein Freund, ein Land wo das Intereſſe des Königs und ſeine Unterthanen ſo ſehr mit dem der großen Baronen im Widerſpruche ſteht, und dieſe mächtig genug ſind ihre Pläne gegen den Willen des entfernten Regenten auszuführen, der keine andre Nachrichten aus ſeinen Ländern erhält, als die ſie ihm bringen, das kann kein glückliches Land ſeyn, und wäre es auch das Kanaan unſerer Zeit.

Als Generalvikarius lag dem Marcheſe di Regalmici die Pflicht ob, ſo ſchleunig wie möglich Meſſina Hülfe zu verſchaffen, damit der Schaden nicht weiter um ſich fräße. Nachdem er dieſe ſeine Pflicht mit möglichſter Treue erfüllt hatte, ſo ward er ferner zum Präſidenten einer neuen Giunta oder eines neuen Gerichtshofes ernannt, der hauptſächlich auf Heilung des Schadens bedacht war. Dieſer Gerichtshof beſtand außer dem Präſidenten aus dem Prinzen von Calvaruſo, dem Befehlshaber über das Militär, dem Erzbiſchof von Meſſina und dem Prinzen [illegible]. Dieſer Gerichtshof ſteht nicht unter dem Vicekönige von Sizilien, ſondern nach Actons Einrichtung unmittelbar unter Neapel, und alle Verordnungen und Einrichtungen zur Wiedererbauung der Stadt hängen von ihm ab. Geht ſie aber nach dem, was geſchehen iſt, ſeine Thätigkeit beſtimmen, ſo möchte ich wenigſtens nicht ſein Panegyriſt ſeyn.

Außer der Zerſtörung Meſſina's richtete das Erdbeben in Sizilien wenigen Schaden an. Nur ein einziger kleiner Ort, Rametta, ward noch ganz verwüſtet, und einige kleine Dörfer und Städte wurden mehr oder weniger beſchädigt, ſo wie ſie in größerer oder geringerer Entfernung von Meſſina lagen. Die Erderſchütterung fühlte man aber im ganzen Val Demone. In einem kleinen Ort, Caſtroreale, fand man nur wenige Spuren der Zerſtörung, und ſo wurden auch Furri, Linguagroſſa, S. Lucia, S. Martino, Melazzo, Condro, Calvaruſo, [illegible], S. Pietro di Monforte, Pozzo di Gotto, Valdina, Venetico, Randazzo und Novara nur wenig beſchädigt. Sonſt richtete das Erdbeben keinen weitern Schaden an.

Bemerkungen über Meſſina.

(Funfzehnter Brief.)

Meſſina, im Oktober 1786.

Ich muß Ihre Ungeduld nach Briefen aus Sizilien nun wohl nicht aufs höchſte treiben, ſonſt fürchte ich Sie zu erzürnen. Es wird mir freilich ſchwer, mich an meinen Schreibtiſch zu feſſeln, ich möchte ſo gerne jeden Augenblick genießen, und keine Schönheit der Natur und des Landes ungeſehen und ungekannt vorbei laſſen: aber Sie haben Recht, man muß auch Zeit zum Verdauen haben; zu viel Genuß ſtumpft unſre Empfindungsnerven ab, unſer Gedächtniß iſt nicht treu genug um alles faſſen zu können, und man wirft nur zu leicht ganz verſchiedenartige Dinge unter einander, und verwirrt ſich, wenn man das Aufgefaßte vergißt. Ich eile daher Ihnen meine Bemerkungen aufzuzeichnen.

Was war Meſſina einſt, und was iſt's jetzt? Dieſe Frage die ſo natürlich und ſo nothwendig iſt, wenn man mit Nutzen reiſen und nicht Gefahr laufen will, einen falſchen Maaßſtab bei ſeinen Beurtheilungen anzunehmen, kann ich nicht unbeantwortet laſſen, ehe ich Ihnen mehr vom heutigen Zuſtand dieſer treflichen, jetzt aber ſo ſehr geſunkenen Stadt ſage. Meſſina ward zuerſt, wie die Geſchichte ſagt, vom Tyrannen von Rhegium in Kalabrien Anaxilas, nachdem dieſer die Zanclier überwunden, und Zankle von Grund aus zerſtört hatte, tauſend Schritt vom alten Zankle entfernt erbaut. Alſo eigentlich aus den Ruinen dieſer Stadt ſtieg ſie empor, und vertauſchte ihren alten Namen, der vom ſichelförmigen Hafen herrührte, mit Meſſana. So nannte Anaxilas die neue Stadt nach ſeinem Vaterlande. Herumſchweifendes Raubgeſindel waren die erſten Erbauer des alten Zankle; Seeräuber nämlich, die aus Cuma nach Sizilien kamen, ſetzten ſich hier zuerſt feſt, nachdem ſie ſich vorher mit dem herrlichen Boden des Landes, und mit der vorzüglichen Lage dieſes Diſtrikts, den die Natur für eine große mächtige Handelsſtadt beſtimmt zu haben ſchien, bekannt gemacht hatten. Die zweite Gründung der Stadt geſchah ebenfalls durch herumſchweifendes Raubgeſindel, die Anaxilas wo er nur konnte zuſammenraffte, und hieher ſchickte. Meſſina ward bald ſein Liebling, wuchs unter ihm zu einer reichen und bevölkerten Stadt empor, und mit jedem Tage vermehrte ſich ihr Anſehn. Daher ward es ihr auch hernach leicht, das Tyrannenjoch eines [illegible] abzuwerfen; das Gefühl der innern Stärke nährte bei den Einwohnern republikaniſchen Geiſt, und Meſſina blieb bis zum Ueberfall der Mamertiner Republik. Als aber dieß umherſchweifende Raubgeſindel hier ſeine Siegesfahne aufgeſteckt hatte, war die glänzendſte Epoche vorüber. Nun entſtand der erſte puniſche Krieg, und die Römer wurden Herren von Sizilien. Doch Meſſina fühlte weniger den Druck der neuen Beherrſcher, wie die andern Städte der Inſel; da ſie nämlich die erſte Veranlaſſung zur Landung der Römer gab und ſie als ihre Bundsgenoſſen ins Land rief, wurde ſie auch nach Endigung des Krieges noch immer als Bundsgenoſſin der Republik Rom behandelt. Selbſt in den nachfolgenden Zeiten ward ſie noch immer vorzüglich von den Römern begünſtigt, und beſonders mit neuen Gerechtſamen und Freiheiten von ihnen beſchenkt, wie der unglückliche Sklavenkrieg in Sizilien ausbrach, der dort ſo viele Verwüſtungen anrichtete. Meſſina zeigte ſich damals des Vertrauens der Römer würdig, denn durch Klugheit und Macht trieb ſie allein die Sklaven zu paaren.

So wie damals, handelte ſie beſtändig. Die Geſchichte liefert uns eine Menge Beiſpiele zum Beweiſe der Wahrheit, daß Meſſina ſich immer durch Tapferkeit, Entſchloſſenheit und ſtandhafte Treue hervor that. Es iſt bekannt wie die Schwärme von Ausländern ſowohl Gothen als Saracenen viele Jahrhunderte hindurch die Reichthümer Siziliens verzehrten, und jedes Glück der alten Einwohner zerſtörten. Meſſina fühlte damals vorzüglich heftig dieſe Strafruthe des Landes; denn ſo oft neue Schwärme von Italien überſetzten, war ſie zuerſt ihrem Angriff ausgeſetzt: aber dieß unterdrückte ihren Muth nicht, ſondern im der Geſchichte der Demüthigung dieſer Völker-Schwärme ſpielte ſie immer eine Hauptrolle; und daß ſowohl Arcadius ſo ſiegreich auf den Nacken ſeiner Feinde und Rebellen treten konnte, als auch, daß das Unternehmen die Saracenen aus Sizilien zu treiben glückte, davon ſchreibt die Geſchichte einen großen Theil der Standhaftigkeit und Tapferkeit der Meſſineſen zu. Das Joch der Muſelmänner, das mit dem der Saracenen abwechſelte, war nicht weniger drückend wie dieſes, Meſſina fühlte auch ſeine ganze Laſt, bis der tapfere Normanne durch Religionseifer und Ruhmſucht angefeuert, Meſſina und Sizilien in Freiheit ſetzte.

Eine Stadt die jedesmal die erſten Schläge heranziehender Krieger fühlt, die beſtändig in Nothwendigkeit geſetzt iſt, ſich für dieſen oder jenen Herrn zu erklären, noch ehe das Loos über die ganze Provinz geworfen iſt, die bei jedem kühnen Schritte die Rache des Siegers zu fürchten hat, und bei den entſcheidendſten Unternehmungen nur nach Wahrſcheinlichkeit handeln muß, die ſo oft ein Spiel des Glücks iſt, findet ſich unſtreitig in der unglücklichſten Lage. Sehen Sie hier, mein Freund, die nachmalige traurige Geſchichte von Meſſina. Sie machte nicht mehr einen von dem übrigen Lande getrennten, für ſich beſtehenden Staat aus, ſondern ihre Begebenheiten waren immer genau mit dem Schickſale der ganzen Inſel verwebt. Durch ihre Lage war ſie immer dem Angriff heranziehender Feinde zuerſt ausgeſetzt, und ſie mußte entweder ſogleich dem herbeieilenden Feinde die Thore öffnen, oder treu ihrem alten Beſitzer, ſich gegen neuen Angriff und ſtolz gegen ſie ſchwimmende Flotten vertheidigen; beides war ihr oft nachtheilig. Indeß iſt's nicht zu leugnen, daß in ähnlichen Lagen Meſſina ſich immer klug und entſchloſſen benahm; ſie zögerte ſo lange ſie konnte, ehe ſie ſich für irgend eine Partie erklärte, war ſie aber einmal entſchieden, ſo war ihr Beiſtand mächtig und ihre Streiche waren von großem Gewicht.

Eben ſo betrug ſich Meſſina in der für die franzöſiſchen Uſurpateurs von Sizilien ſo entſcheidenden Begebenheit, die unter dem Namen der Sizilianiſchen Veſper hinlänglich bekannt iſt, und den Franzoſen in Sizilien auf einmal das Garaus machte. Lange zögerte Meſſina ehe ſie den Verſchworenen beitrat; wie ſie ſich aber einmal mit ihnen eingelaſſen hatte, ſo waren auch die Aeußerungen ihrer Rache heftiger, wie in jeder andern Stadt. Karl zeichnete ſie eben deswegen als Hauptgegenſtand ſeines Zorns aus, und ſo unerſchütterlich auch ihr Muth und ſo ausdauernd ihre Standhaftigkeit war, ſo hätte ſie doch zuletzt unter ſeinem Rachſchwerdte ihren Nacken beugen müſſen; wenn nicht Roger von Loria mit der Spaniſchen Flotte auf einmal ihren Leiden ein Ende gemacht hätte.

Die Spanier wurden alſo jetzt Herren von Meſſina und Sizilien, und blieben es — kurze unruhige Zeiträume abgerechnet — bis auf die neueſten Zeiten herab. Aber Sie irren ſich ſehr, wenn Sie in dieſem Zeitraum eine Ruhe vermuthen, die Erholung von dem vormaligen Unglücke iſt, und neue Kräfte zu ſammeln Gelegenheit und Muße giebt: nein, mein Freund, ununterbrochen dauerte die innere Gährung fort, der Druck der Spanier ſtieg immer höher, und ihr unbeſchränkter Geiz trieb ſie zu den ſchrecklichſten Ausſchweifungen; ſo daß die Meſſineſen ſich bald durch ſie beleidigt, niedergeſchlagen und kraftlos fühlten. Das ſchmerzliche Gefühl nach den Beweiſen ihrer ehemaligen Thatkraft, die noch im friſchen Andenken lebten, erhöhte natürlich ihre geheime Wuth; aber die tyranniſchen Feſſeln banden ihre Hände, und Hoffnung künftiger Aenderung war das Einzige was ihren Muth beleben konnte, und ihre ganze Nachkraft bis auf dieſen Zeitpunkt aufhielt. Endlich kam er heran: aber ſo ſehr das Betragen der Meſſineſen es bewies, daß ſie es wohl wußten, es ſei um Leben oder Tod in dieſem Kampfe zu thun, ſo Tapferkeit und Ausdauer ſie ſich auch darin bewieſen, ſo war doch leider die Folge derſelben die gewöhnliche Wirkung, der Stärkere verſchlingt den Schwächern, und verſtoßen von ſeinem treuloſen Freunde muß er eiſerne Feſſeln ſich anlegen laſſen. Die Meſſineſen hatten 2 Jahre vorher, ehe die große ſchon lange vorbereitete Verſchwörung ausbrach, der Nation, was in ihrem Innern vorging, gezeigt. Der ſchändliche Unterſchleif, der beim Korn-Verkauf einriß, hatte ſie mit allen ſchrecklichen Plagen einer Hungersnoth bedroht, und ihren Unwillen über den beſtändigen Druck ihrer Großen zur öffentlichen Empörung reif gemacht. Jedoch wurde noch alles gütlich beigelegt: aber das Feuer des Aufruhrs verloſch nicht ganz, ſondern es glimmte unter der Aſche immer fort. Die Franzoſen nährten aus politiſchen Abſichten den geheimen Zwiſt, und endlich 1674, da Don Diego Soria der ſpaniſche Gouverneur ſich wegen einer ihm angethanen Verſpottung rächte, brach die Flamme der Empörung aufs neue aus, und mit Hülfe der Franzoſen führten die Meſſineſen einen Krieg, der ihren tief eingewurzelten Haß bewies: doch der politiſche Ludwig von Frankreich war nur auf ihrer Seite, ſo lange es ſein Intereſſe erforderte, und gab ſie hernach unbarmherzig der Rache der Spanier Preis. Seit der Zeit iſt Meſſina mit jedem Jahre tiefer geſunken, ihre Blitze ruhen *), und das drückende Joch, das der Spanier auf den Hals der Meſſineſer wälzte, unterdrückte ihren unternehmenden Geiſt. Selbſt jetzt fühlt die Stadt noch die traurigen Folgen jener Verſchwörung in ſeiner tyranniſchen Regierung. Aber ſie war nicht das einzige Elend, das damals über Meſſina hereinbrach, ein Gefolge von Leiden zog wie ein Leichenzug in ihre Thore ein. Wenige Jahre nach Endigung der Kriegsunruhen wüthete die Peſt in Meſſina mit tückiſcher Wuth, und raffte einen großen Theil der Einwohner hinweg. Kurze Zeit hernach geſellten ſich zu dieſen Leiden noch die bösartigen Kinderblattern, und verzehrten einen großen Theil des kleinen Ueberreſts von Menſchen. So gedemüthigt iſt's kein Wunder, daß Handlung, Volksmenge, politiſches Gewicht und Reichthum von Meſſina immer mehr abnahmen; kein Wunder, daß die Stadt zu der Unthätigkeit herabſank, in der ſie uns die nachmalige Geſchichte zeigt; Wunder iſt's vielmehr, daß der Meſſineſe noch der unternehmende Kopf blieb, wie wir ihn beſtändig bei ſeinen häuslichen Geſchäften finden. Die nachmalige Geſchichte dieſer Stadt iſt daher nichts weiter, als beſtändiges Streben aus dem Staube ſich wieder empor zu arbeiten, und ewiges Kämpfen mit den Hinderniſſen die der Druck der Regierung ihr in den Weg legte: aber kaum fing ſie an ihres vormaligen Unglücks zu vergeſſen, ſo drang 1783 das Erdbeben ein, und zerſtörte, was ſie ſo eben aufgebauet hatte.

Schon habe ich in meinem vorigen Briefe Ihnen etwas von der reizenden Lage Meſſina's und von ihrem Hafen geſagt: jetzt will ich das, was mir noch übrig bleibt darüber, nachholen. Je mehr ich die Majeſtät und Pracht des Hafens, ſowie ich die Schönheit und den Reichthum des Landes, die Fruchtbarkeit der Felder, Wieſen und Bäume, die Anmuth des Klimas, wo ein beſtändig heiterer Himmel die Einwohner zu immer neuer Freude ruft, und endlich die über alle Beſchreibung reizende Lage der Stadt, hart am Ufer des Meeres im vollen Angeſichte Italiens, gekühlt durch die erfriſchende Seewinde kennen lerne, deſtomehr werde ich zum bewundrungsvollen Erſtaunen und zum Entzücken hingeriſſen, deſtomehr fühl ich den vortheilhaften Einfluß des Klimas auf meine Geſundheit und Heiterkeit, und deſto mehr dank ich meinem Schickſal für die Freuden, die es mir vergönnte, dieß irdiſche Paradies kennen zu lernen. Der Umfang des Hafens von Meſſina iſt zwiſchen 4 und 5 Italieniſchen Meilen; ſeine Bildung war einzig Werk der Natur; die Kunſt hingegen trug das Ihrige bei ihn zu befeſtigen und ſicher zu machen. Wie gewöhnlich der Menſch um ſeinen Körper zu ſchützen und jeden fremden Angriff aufzufangen ſeinen gekrümmten Arm vorhält, ſo hat auch hier die Natur, um Meſſina vor dem Eindringen der Fluthen zu ſichern, einen Landſtrich in Form eines gekrümmten Armes hingeſtellt, und dieſer iſt es, der den Hafen bildet. Mich dünkt nichts war natürlicher, als daß man bei dem Anblick dieſes Landſtrichs die Vergleichung mit einem vorgehaltenen krummen Arm machte, wenigſtens fiel ſie mir ein, noch ehe ich den Namen deſſelben wußte, der auch daher ſeinen Urſprung zu haben ſcheint, denn Il braccio di S. Rainero (den Arm des heiligen Rainers) nennen ihn die Einwohner; woher der Heilige zu der Ehre kam weiß ich nicht. Dieſer Landarm iſt von Oſten nach Weſten vor der in Süden liegenden Stadt hingeſtellt, und an der weſtlichen Spitze, wo der Eingang im Hafen iſt, der 1250 Fuß breit ſein ſoll, liegt ein Kaſtell S. Salvatore, das die Aufſicht darüber hat. Am Ende der Stadt oder am Anfange des Landſtrichs, alſo öſtlich, ungefähr dem Kaſtell S. Salvatore gegenüber, oder wenn ich das Bild des vorgehaltenen Armes beibehalten ſoll, ungefähr zwiſchen Schulter und Ellenbogen, liegt die Hauptfeſtung des Hafens, die große vierſeitige Zitadelle, die zu Karls V. Zeiten vom Orden di S. Stefano erbaut ward. Sie macht den Hafen unüberwindlich: dieß erfuhren die Spanier im ſpaniſchen Succeſſionskriege zu ihrem großen Nachtheil, denn nachdem ihnen ſchon das Unternehmen ſie mit Sturm zu erobern viele Zeit und Menſchen gekoſtet hatte, mußten ſie doch endlich von ihrem Vorſatz abſtehen, und ein langſameres aber ſicheres Mittel die Zitadelle einzunehmen erwählen, ſie nämlich auszuhungern zu laſſen; dieß gelang ihnen nach einer achtmonatlichen Belagerung.

Der Umfang des Hafens iſt mit einer ſchönen Mauer verſehen und geſchloſſen: dadurch wird ein breiter Weg längs dem Hafen hin gebildet, der mit Statuen und Brunnen geziert iſt, und zum anmuthigen Spaziergange dient. Die Meſſineſen nennen ihn la [illegible]. Durch die nicht zu ſehr überladenen Ornamente wird der Anblick des Ganzen recht frappanter; aber für die Kunſt ſind weder die Statuen einiger Könige, noch die Gruppen von bildneriſcher Erfindung (wie z. B. die, die allgemein il Gigante genannt wird, wo neben

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*) Man zeigt noch in der Zitadelle Kanonen aus jenen unruhigen Zeiten mit der Inſchrift: [illegible]!

[illegible] Scilla und Charibdis geſeſſelt liegen) wichtig: deswegen übergehe ich ſie. Auf einer kleinen Inſel im Bezirk des Hafens iſt ein Lazareth gebaut, deſſen innere Einrichtung ſehr gut ſein, und ganz ſeinem Zwecke entſprechen ſoll: es bringt eine angenehme Abwechſelung in die ganze Ausſicht.

Die Stadt ſelbſt liegt am Berge, und die ganze Gegend umher iſt ſo hüglicht, daß ſelbſt der niedrige Theil der Stadt, und folglich auch die ſchöne Pallagata auf einer Reihe von Hügeln gebaut iſt, die doch die Kunſt geſchickt genug zu verſtecken gewußt hat. Die Pallagata, die auch il Teatro genannt wird, verdankt dem Prinzen Philibert von Savoyen als damaligem Vicekönige von Sizilien ums Jahr 1622 ihre Exiſtenz. Nicht nur von der Seeſeite, ſondern auch von der Landſeite iſt Meſſina gut befeſtigt, und das Schloß Matagriſon, ſo wie auch das Schloß Gonzaga und Caſtellaze dienen zu einer guten Vorwehr. Alle Befeſtigungswerke der Stadt rühren größtentheils vom Kaiſer Karl V. her, er ließ ſie mit einer Mauer umziehen, und eben damals ward ihr Umkreis, die Vorſtädte nicht mitgerechnet, auf ungefähr 6 Meilen beſtimmt.

An der Spitze der Landzunge ſteht ein Leuchtthurm, der die Schiffer vor dem Wirbel der Charibdis, jetzt Charilla, Rema, Caloſaro oder Garofalo genannt, warnt. Wie ich vor einigen Tagen in einem kleinen Boot, im Hafen umher fuhr, vermehrte das ſtille heitre Wetter und die Verſicherung meiner Fährleute, daß keine Gefahr damit verbunden ſei, mein Verlangen, die Charilla in der Nähe zu betrachten. Ich fuhr hinaus, und ſchiffte mit meinem kleinen Boote ſelbſt ohne merklich ſtärkere Bewegung über den Meerſtrudel hin, deſſen Wirkung alte und neuere Schriftſteller mit den ſchrecklichſten Farben zu ſchildern ſich bemühen. Bald nennen ſie ſie die unverſöhnliche, bald die verwünſchte, bald die nie ruhige Charibdis, die wie Virgil ſagt *):

imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras
Erigit alternos et sidera verberat unda;

die ferner wie Ovid ſagt: **)

raptas vorat revomitque carinas;

oder die wie Homer ***) in der furchtbar ſchönen Stelle ſagt:

Δεινὸν ἀνεῤῥοίβδησε θαλάσσης ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ u. ſ. w.;

oder die, wenn Sie einen jüngern Schriftſteller wollen, Fazell in Sicular. rerum Decad. I. l. II. c. I. noch ſehr ſchrecklich beſchreibt. Meine Bootsleute ſprachen in keinen ſo fürchterlichen Ausdrücken von dem Wirbel der Charibdis, ſondern ſie verſicherten mir, daß an den mehreſten Stellen deſſelben das Waſſer nicht tiefer wie 3 Ellen ſei, daß es ruhig fortfließe, bis es unweit dem Eingange des Hafens gekommen, und dann, als würd' es plötzlich ergriffen, ſich in Schneckenlinien umherdrehe und die Oberfläche des Meeres kräuſele. Sie wußten nichts von den fürchterlichen Erzählungen dort vom Strudel ergriffner und verunglückter Schiffe ein, erwähnten nichts von dem furchtbaren und ſchrecklichen Getöſe, das das in einem Wirbel umhergedrehte Waſſer verurſachen ſoll, und das die Dichtung eines nach ſeinem Raube heißhungrig brüllenden Ungeheuers veranlaßte, und ſpannten dadurch meine Erwartung ſchon um vieles herab. Aber dennoch fand ich bei weitem nicht das was ich ſuchte. Ich fuhr lange auf dem vermeinten fürchterlichen Fleck umher und ſah nichts, als die ſpiegelhelle ſich kräuſelnde Fläche eines ruhigen nicht ſehr tiefen Meers. Die Tiefe des Meers läßt ſich indeß nicht genau beſtimmen, weil ſie verſchieden iſt, doch geringer als drei Ellen war ſie nirgends. Freilich mag bei ſtürmiſchem Wetter der Anblick weit ſchauervoller und fürchterlicher ſeyn, und die Klugheit der Schiffer, um nicht auf einer Menge verborgener Felſen zu ſcheitern, es dann erfordern die Küſte zu fliehen und ſich auf die Höhe zu begeben. Freilich mag auch den Einwohnern die tobende Unruhe des Meerſtrudels bei dem neulichen Erdbeben es aufs neue gezeigt haben, daß die Schrecken der Charibdis nicht bloß in der feurigen Einbildungskraft der Dichter vorhanden waren, die den Wirbel allgemein verſchrieen, und mag ihnen den beſten Kommentar zu Virgil ſeinem imo barathri ter gurgite u. ſ. w. gegeben haben: dieß läugne ich alles nicht; aber was ich ſah, mein Freund, hatte nicht den geringſten Schein von etwas außerordentlichem. Wenn Sie eben auf der Oberfläche eines Waſſers kleine Wirbel, die durch aus der Tiefe emporſteigende Dünſte, oder auch durch hervorſprudelndes Quellwaſſer veranlaßt werden, geſehen, und das Spiel der kreiſelnden Kreiſel bemerkt haben, ſo ſahen Sie alles, was ich von den Schrecken der Charibdis ſah. Nach langem aufmerkſamen Bemerken dieſes Phänomens, das ich an verſchiedenen Stellen wiederholte, und nach Maßgabe der Erzählung meiner Bootsleute, nehme ich vorzüglich zwei Urſachen als Hauptgründe dieſes beſtändigen Meerſtrudels an: Sowohl den felſichten Grund der See angefüllt mit vielen Abgründen; die vielleicht ſchon Folge von der großen Revolution waren, durch die muthmaßlich Sizilien von Italien losgeriſſen ward, vielleicht auch Folge von ſpätern Erdbeben ſind; als auch die Menge emporſteigender Dünſte aus dem Innern der Erde, die mit ſo vieler Feuermaterie geſchwängert iſt. Je mehr nun der Zufluß in der Erde iſt, und je dicker und häufiger die Dünſte emporſteigen, deſto mehrere und ſtärkere Wirbel veranlaſſen ſie auf der Oberfläche des Waſſers. Bei dieſer Meinung ließe es ſich auch leicht erklären, warum grade vor und bei dem Erdbeben die Wirbel der Charibdis ſo fürchterlich heftig waren? Die Feuermaterie hatte ſich im Innern der damals noch ruhigen Erde ſchon ſo angehäuft, daß ein heftiger Ausbruch nothwendig erfolgen mußte; alles war alſo in der größten Gährung, und kurz vorher eh' Erdbeben und Auswürfe der Vulkane die Erde von ihrer Feuermaterie entbanden, mußten daher natürlich mit Macht die kompakten Dünſte hervordringen, und heftigere Wirbel als gewöhnlich veranlaſſen. Daß aber immer bei Ebbe und Fluth, die bekanntlich hier täglich ihre beſtimmten Stunden hält, der Meerſtrudel ſich vermindert oder vermehrt, kann von dem mehr oder wenigern Druck des Waſſers herrühren, durch das die Dünſte bei niedrigem Waſſer ohne heftiges Verdringen, bei hohem Waſſer aber mit größerer Gewalt emporſteigen müſſen. Sei dem wie ihm wolle, das bleibt immer gewiß, der Flug der Einbildungskraft der Dichter ſah entweder hier Dinge, die in der Natur nie da waren, oder die Wuth der Charibdis hat ſich mit der Zeit ſehr gelegt.

Uebrigens bin ich den Dichtern vielen Dank ſchuldig, daß ſie mir einen Abend verſchafft haben, den ich in meinem Leben nicht früher hatte: vielleicht würde ich ohne ihre Schilderung ſonſt nie ſo lange dort auf dem Meere verweilt ſeyn, vielleicht nie den Einbruch der Nacht daſelbſt erwartet haben; und in der That ich hätte viel entbehrt. Es gehört langes aufmerkſames Bemerken, und ein Studium, das den kleinſten Veränderungen auflauſcht, dazu, um die einzelnen Schönheiten der hieſigen Gegenden ganz kennen zu lernen, und den Freuden-Kelch, den die Natur hier den Menſchen reicht, ganz leeren zu können. Wie iſt doch der Anblick der Schönheiten der Natur beim Aufgange der Sonne ſo ganz verſchieden von dem beim Niedergange! Jener das plötzliche Erwachen aller Reize; in einem Augenblick iſt durch die ganze Schöpfung auf der Erde, im Meer und in der Luft Leben verbreitet, und es ſcheinen friſche Kräfte zum neuen Genuß geſammelt: dieſer hingegen gleicht dem allmäligen ruhigen Einſchlafen des Müden, auf deſſen Geſicht das Gefühl des Danks für die genoſſenen Freuden, ausgedrückt iſt. —

Da das Erdbeben beſonders den niedrigen Theil der Stadt über den Haufen warf, ſo iſt jetzt einzig der höhere Theil derſelben bewohnt, und auch dort ſind alle Baraken entweder in Reihen neben einander gezogen, oder wenn dieß die Lage des Orts nicht zuließ, ſo ſind ſie unordentlich hie oder dorthin zerſtreut. Am mehrſten aber haben ſich doch die Einwohner nach dem Theil der Stadt hinbegeben, der Terranova heißt, weil ſie hier am ſicherſten zu ſein glaubten, und die Baraken hier am beſten Raum hatten. Hier muß man alſo hingehen, um den Charakter der Nation im allgemeinen zu ſtudiren; denn Handlung und Gewerbe ſchränkt ſich jetzt größtentheils auf dieſen Platz ein, alles iſt mit Käufern und Verkäufern angefüllt, die Landleute drängen ſich hier zuſammen, um ihre Waaren feil zu bieten, und ihre Bedürfniſſe dafür einzulöſen; hier ſind die mehreſten Kochbuden und Erfriſchungen, und was dem Italiener unentbehrlich iſt, Eiswaſſer und Eis in großer Menge. So wie in ganz Italien, ſo ziehn auch hier Leute mit großen Gefäßen voll Eiswaſſer auf ihrem Rücken durch die Gaſſe hin, bieten für ½ Pfennig ihren Labetrunk feil, und erquicken ſo den Durſtenden; oder es ſind auch eine Menge Buden längs den Gaſſen aufgeſchlagen, wo man Eiswaſſer mit und ohne andern Zuſatz erhalten kann. Ich führe dieß hier abſichtlich an, da ich einmal gelegentlich auf Eiswaſſer und Eis zu ſprechen kam, und nannte gleich anfangs abſichtlich dieß den Italienern unentbehrlich. Ich wünſchte nämlich zu zeigen, wie übereilt Herr Brydone zuweilen urtheilt, der in ſeinen Reiſen S. 116 der deutſchen Ueberſetzung ſo grade weg das viele Eiseſſen und trinken der Italiener für Schwelgerei hält. Er ſagt nämlich: „Selbſt die Bauern in dieſen heißen Gegenden tractiren ſich während der Sommerhitze mit Eis, und bei dem Adel macht es einen vornehmen Theil von jedem Gaſtmahle aus. Eine Schneehungersnoth würde ihnen, wie ſie ſelbſt ſagen, noch empfindlicher fallen, als Mangel an Getreide oder an Wein. Es iſt eine „Bemerkung unter ihnen, die ich oft habe machen hören, daß ihre „Inſel ohne den Schnee des Berges Etna nicht bewohnt werden „könnte; ſo nothwendig iſt ihnen dieß Stück der Schwelgerei „geworden.“ Es würde ein ſehr ſchlechtes Verdienſt von Meſſina für Sizilien ſein, zuerſt den Gebrauch des Eiswaſſers eingeführt zu haben, wie dieß der Fall ſein ſoll, wenn es ſich wirklich ſo verhielte, daß nur die Bedürfniſſe der Menſchen dadurch unnöthig vermehrt, und ein neuer Luxus dadurch eingeführt worden wäre, der je allgemeiner er ward, um deſto ſchädlicher ſein muß. Aber dieß iſt nicht ſo; tauſende von Menſchen hat Meſſina durch die Bekanntmachung des kalten Getränks vom frühen Tode gerettet, und viele epidemiſche Krankheiten, die Folge der großen Hitze waren, weil man den neu belebenden Labetrank nicht kannte, wo nicht gar ausgerottet, doch wenigſtens ihr ſchnelleres Verbreiten verhindert." Das iſt das Urtheil verſchiedner Aerzte, die ich um ihre Meinung fragte, und wird durch die Geſchichte beſtätigt. Leſen Sie nur was Placidus Reina *) darüber ſagt: „Man muß es nicht überſehen, daß der viele Jahrhunderte hindurch veraltert geweſene Gebrauch Eiswaſſer zu trinken nicht bloß der Schwelgerei wegen aufs neue wieder eingeführt worden ſei, ſondern weil es die Erfahrung lehrte, daß dieß in Sizilien der Geſundheit der Menſchen ſo ſehr zuträglich wäre. Daß ich nur von dieſer Stadt rede, wo dieſer Gebrauch zuerſt entſtand; ſo iſt es hinlänglich bekannt, daß ſeit der Zeit, da man wieder Eiswaſſer zu trinken angefangen hat, weit weniger Menſchen an bösartigen Fiebern ſtarben wie zuvor." Nicht weniger wichtig iſt eine andre von ihm angeführte Stelle aus einem gewiſſen Balthaſar Piſanelli, der de natura ciborum ſchrieb, und im letzten Kapitel: „von den Wirkungen des kalten Getränks" unter andern dieß ſagt: „Es iſt gewiß, daß in Sizilien, wo „die Hitze ſehr groß iſt, und kaltes Waſſer mangelt, vor Einführung des Eiswaſſers jährlich eine große Menſchen-Menge „an bösartigen Fiebern ſtarb, die aus Verſtopfung der Blutgefäße entſtanden, und durch ſchlechte Verdauung, eine Folge „des warmen Getränks, veranlaßt wurden. Nachdem man „aber vor ohngefähr 25 Jahren Eiswaſſer eingeführt hat, ſo „haben die bösartigen Fieber nachgelaſſen. Beſonders zu Meſſina hat man es bemerkt, daß die jährlichen Sterbe-Liſten „um tauſend Menſchen kleiner geworden ſind, ſeitdem man Eiswaſſer zu trinken angefangen hat. Daher rechnet ſelbſt der „ärmſte Tagelöhner jetzt unter ſeine nothwendigſten Bedürfniſſe „Brod, Wein und Schnee." Wenn Herr Brydone ſich hiernach erkundigt hätte, ſo würde er nicht den voreiligen Schluß daraus gezogen haben: „So nothwendig iſt ihnen dieß Stück der Schwelgerei geworden!" Man hat Beiſpiele, daß die größte Noth in Sizilien durch Schneemangel entſtanden iſt, das Volk verzehrt von innerer Hitze den heftigſten Tumult erregte, und ungeachtet aller ihm entgegen geſetzten Gewalt nicht eher ruhte, als bis dem Mangel abgeholfen war. So iſt z. B. das Jahr 1777 für Sirakus merkwürdig. Das Volk war wegen einer Schneehungersnoth im vollen Aufruhr, wie grade ein Schiff mit Eis und Schnee vorbeifuhr, um Malta zu verproviantiren; man eilte ſogleich mit Ungeſtüm hinaus, brachte das Schiff auf, und raubte, was der Stadt ſchon lange fehlte.

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*) Virg. Aen. lib. III. v. 421 seq.

**) Metamorph. l. XIII. v. 731.

***) Odys. lib. XII. v. 236 seq.

Manche Stunde bin ich in dieſem Bezirk von Meſſina, wohin ſich alles drängt, und wo die Thätigkeit der Meſſineſen gleichſam konzentrirt iſt, auf und abgewandelt, habe ſo viel es mir möglich war die Menſchen kennen zu lernen und ihnen näher zu kommen geſucht, habe mit ihnen über ihren häuslichen Zuſtand geſprochen und ihren Karakter ſtudirt; — und im ganzen habe ich ſie frei, offen und dienſtfertig gefunden: aber jenen Zug der Uneigennützigkeit, der die Kalabreſen ſo ſehr auszeichnete; jenes raſtloſe Bemühen, dem Mann, der ſich ihr Zutrauen und ihre Liebe zu erwerben wünſcht, auf halbem Wege entgegen zu kommen; es ihm zu zeigen, wie auch ihnen nicht weniger an ſeiner Freundſchaft gelegen ſei, wie ihm an der ihrigen; wie ſie bereit wären ſich ſelbſt einige Bequemlichkeiten um ihm zu dienen zu entziehen, und ſo viel es an ihnen läge, ihm zur Erreichung ſeiner Zwecke beförderlich zu ſeyn; — dieſes habe ich nicht bei ihnen gefunden. Vielmehr ſcheint eine gewiſſe habſüchtige Geldgierde die Triebfeder aller ihrer Handlungen zu ſeyn. Armuth, die ſie ſelbſt Mangel an den nothwendigſten Bedürfniſſen fühlen läßt, und ihnen kaum ſo viel darreicht, als ſie um ihre Blöße zu bedecken und ihren Hunger ſtillen zu können bedürfen; iſt freilich offenbar die erſte Urſache dieſer Leidenſchaft, die die Menſchen ſo ſehr entehrt; aber ſie hat ſo tiefe Wurzel unter ihnen geſchlagen, daß man faſt keinen Meſſineſen findet, der nicht ſchon ſeine Hand zum Trinkgeld offen hält, ehe er ſeine Antwort auf irgend eine Frage giebt, und nach dem Gelde, durch das man ſie zu erkaufen wünſcht, ſie beſtimmter oder unbeſtimmter einrichtet, und mit mehr oder weniger verbindlichen Geſtikulationen begleitet. Kaum hat man ſeinen Biſſen zum Munde, ſo fordert man ſchon ſchreiend das Geld, und ſelbſt in einem der größten Wirthshäuſer Meſſinas, Locanda del Principe Borneccino genannt, mußten wir unmittelbar nach dem Eſſen unſre Koſt bezahlen. Ich urtheile nicht zu hart, wenn ich Ihnen verſichere, daß der Meſſineſe, ehe er 4 Gran borgen ſollte, 8 an Schuhen abläuft. Ich habe ſelbſt ein Beiſpiel der Art an meinem Miethbedienten erlebt, der einen ganzen Tag bei mir ſich nicht ſehen ließ, und alſo mein Tagegeld verlohr, um halb ſo viel von einem ſeiner Schuldner einzutreiben; und da er dieß nicht erhielt, und natürlich über ſeine unpolitiſche Habſucht ſehr gelacht ward, einzig ſich mit der zukünftigen Rache tröſtete, die er an ſeinem Schuldner nehmen wollte, der ihn um beides Geld auf einmal gebracht hätte. Es ſcheint ſelbſt, daß das Kind mit der Muttermilch dieſe Habſucht einſaugt; denn kaum kann es gehn und ſo viel reden, um einen Dienſtboten zu rufen, ſo verlangt es ſchon einige Grane zur Belohnung.

Das bleibt aber ausgemacht gewiß, mein Freund, es kann nicht leicht Menſchen mit größern Geiſtesfähigkeiten geben, wie die Meſſineſen; ihr ſchnelles Faſſungsvermögen, ihre richtige Urtheilskraft, ihre Gegenwart des Geiſtes und ihre Entſchloſſenheit, die ſelbſt die größten Hinderniſſe zu überſteigen nicht ſcheut, und den mächtigen Tyrannen aus ſeinem Schlupfwinkel hervorzuziehen wagt, ihre Klugheit bei jedem Unternehmen, und ihre Gewandtheit und ihr Muth bei der Ausführung leuchten aus allem hervor: aber, Menſchen die ſich bei dieſen Anlagen und Kräften ſo ſehr fühlen, müſſen unter dem Joch der Tyrannei nothwendig argwöhniſch, hinterliſtig, Schmeichler und Heuchler werden, müſſen, da grad und offen zu reden und handeln ihnen verwehrt iſt, alle ihre Kräfte auf die Verſtellungskunſt verwenden, und dadurch die gefährlichſten Menſchen werden, ſo wie ſie in einer andern Lage die größten, edelſten und beſten Menſchen geworden wären. Ich kenne keine Stadt, deren Einwohner ſo zum großen, ſtarken republikaniſchen Freiheitsſinn geboren zu ſein ſcheinen, wie Meſſina, und daher keine Stadt, deren Einwohner ich bei dem jetzigen Druck für gefährlichere Menſchen halte, wie eben ſie. So eine ſchiefe Richtung giebt Regierung dem menſchlichen Karakter! Sollte aber einmal eine Zeit kommen, wo die Meſſineſen ihre Feſſeln werden zerbrechen können, ſo fürcht ich, werden ſie dem eingeſperrt geweſenen Löwen gleichen, der nun heftiger wüthet, nachdem man ihn ſo lange im Kerker ruhen, und neue Kräfte ſammlen ließ.

Die körperliche Bildung der Einwohner iſt größtentheils häßlich; es ſcheint beinah, als hätte ihnen die körperliche Anſtrengung und Thätigkeit gefehlt, die zur völligen Ausbildung unumgänglich nothwendig geweſen wäre. Ihr ſtarker Knochenbau, ihre kleine unterſetzige Figur mit dicken feſten Muskeln, ihre gelbe Farbe, ihr großes, braunes, funkelndes Auge, und ihr krauſes ſchwarzes Haar, alles ſind Zeichen von Kraft, die, um ihre Häßlichkeit zu vermehren, nicht wenig beitragen: nehmen Sie dazu ihre ſäuiſche Tracht, ihre Ungeſittetheit in ihrem Weſen, ihre heftigen Geſtikulationen, die ins Leidenſchaftliche ausarten und ihr Geſicht verzerren, und dann ihr kreiſchendes unnatürliches Geſchrei, das einem beſtändig Glauben macht, man rede nicht mit einem Menſchen, der von unbedeutenden Dingen ſpricht, ſondern der ſeine Exiſtenz zu vertheidigen hat; alles dieß entſtellt ihren Körper noch mehr. Ueberhaupt iſt das gemeine Volk hier ſo roh und ungebildet wie es nur immer die Lazaroni in Neapel ſein können; wie dort ſo leben ſie auch hier mit ihren Familien beſtändig unter freiem Himmel, und führen dieſelbe Oekonomie; ſtellen ſich auch hier wie dort halb nackt bei den Kochbuden hin, kaufen für einige Gran ihr Mittageſſen, das größtentheils in geſalzenen Fiſchen und Makaroni beſteht, die ſie dann, mit der vollen Hand aus der Schüſſel auffaſſend, mit ſchlürfendem Geräuſche verſchlingen. Es iſt in der That ein unterhaltender Anblick, ſo eine Geſellſchaft freſſender Menſchen, die wie ſie alles mit Leidenſchaft thun, ſo auch dieß, an den Ecken der Gaſſen ſtehen und ihr Mittagsbrod verzehren, zu ſehen! Wo ich bei andern öffentlichen Gelegenheiten das Volk ſah, herrſcht eben dieſe Rohheit und eben dieſes leidenſchaftliche Weſen. Grade gegen meinem Wirthshauſe über iſt die Dogana, wo die Landleute, ehe ſie ihr Korn zu Markte bringen dürfen, es wägen, unterſuchen und verzollen laſſen müſſen: ich glaube, wenn ein ganzes Heer Soldaten ſtürmend auf ſeinen Feind eindringt, ſo kann ihr Geſchrei nicht ſtärker ſein, als es hier iſt; und dieſe Muſik habe ich von früh Morgens an bis ſpät in die Nacht hinein.

In der Meſſe zeigt ſich der Meſſineſe eben ſo leidenſchaftlich; ſeine Andacht iſt ein Verzerren aller ſeiner Geſichtsmuskeln, ein Aufſperren und Verdrehen der Augen, ein leidenſchaftliches Stöhnen und ein Schlagen an die Bruſt, das man für Kaſteiung des Körpers und für auferlegte Pönitenz halten möchte. Im Theater herrſchte eben dieſe Ungezogenheit, und da ſah man es, daß ſelbſt der beſtändige Umgang mit ſolchen Menſchen auch auf den gebildeteren Theil der Nation unvermerkt wirkte. Sie ſprachen während der Oper laut von den oberſten Logen ins Parterr herab, ſagten ihr Urtheil unverhohlen und lachten über dieſen und jenen Akteur ſo, daß er ſelbſt es hörte, ſich aber dadurch weiter gar nicht aus ſeiner Faſſung bringen ließ. Einen ähnlichen Ton of Liberty habe ich in Rom wahrgenommen, aber doch noch mit mehr Anſtand und Mäßigung. Laute Kabale herrſchte hier im Theater, eine Partie wollte dieſe, die andre jene Sängerin haben, und ſo klatſchten, ſchrieen und ziſchten ſie gegen einander an. Sie bezeugten ihren Beifall ſogar zuletzt

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*) In ſeiner Introductio ad notitiam historicam urbis Messanae, eingerückt im 9ten Theil des Thes. Sicul. p. 16.

thätlich, und ich ſahe Geldbörſen aufs Theater fliegen, wie eine begünſtigte Sängerin ſang. Sie verhielt ſich ſehr ruhig dabei, ließ ihre Geſchenke liegen, bis ſie ihre Arie geendigt hatte, wiederholte, wenn man es verlangte, nahm dann erſt ihre Belohnung auf, dankte ziemlich kalt für die Freigebigkeit und ging fort. Man ſoll darin einen beſondern Ruhm ſuchen die Geldbörſen ſehr reich zu ſpicken und mit einander darin wetteifern, wer ſeinen Günſtling am beſten zu belohnen weiß. Die Sitte herrſcht, wie man mir ſagt, in ganz Sizilien und Malta. Die Sängerin ſcheut ſich auch nicht, wenn ſie wieder heraus kommt, ſichs deutlich merken zu laſſen, ob ſie mit ihrem Wohlthäter zufrieden iſt oder nicht. Kenntniß und Enthuſiasmus für Muſik kann man den Meſſineſen übrigens nicht abſprechen.

Sie werden ſich wundern, daß ich Ihnen noch nichts von den in der Stadt befindlichen Merkwürdigkeiten geſagt habe: aber in der That, es läßt ſich wenig davon ſagen. Theils waren ſie nie von großer Bedeutung, theils aber gingen ſie mit den öffentlichen Gebäuden und Kirchen, die ein Raub des Erdbebens wurden, unter. Die Kirchen werden jetzt größtentheils auf königliche Koſten wieder aufgebaut; beſonders viel hat die Kathedralkirche gelitten, und man iſt jetzt beſchäftigt, ſie von Holz wieder herzuſtellen. Ihre Form und Bauart iſt altgothiſch, und ſie hat nie eine von Polidor Caravaggi gemalte Decke gehabt, dieß iſt ein Irrthum vom Baron von Riedeſel. Die alte Decke ſtürzte nicht ein, wenn gleich der ganze vordere Theil der Kirche zerſtört ward, aber ſie verdient nicht erwähnt zu werden, denn ſie iſt völlig geſchmacklos. Wahrſcheinlich iſt dieſe Kirche auf den Ruinen eines alten Tempels gebaut; denn man fand eine große Menge Marmorſtücke und andre architektoniſche Ueberbleibſel daſelbſt, unter denen ſich auch unter andern eine kleine Ara befand, auf welcher folgende Inſchrift zu leſen iſt:

ΑCΚΛΗΠΙΩ
ΚΑΙΥΓΕΙΑ
CΩΤΗΡCΙΝ
ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΙC

Nach dieſer Inſchrift zu rechnen, ſo wäre hier ein Tempel des Aeſkulaps und der Hygiäa geweſen, eine Meinung, der man jetzt in Meſſina ſehr gewogen iſt; die Geſchichte widerſpricht auch nicht, denn daß dieſe Gottheiten einſt in Meſſina in beſonderm Anſehn ſtanden iſt bekannt genug. Jetzt iſt die Kirche der heil. Jungfrau, die die Stadt beſonders für ihre Schutzheilige erkennt, geweiht, mit dem Beinamen Madonna del Grafeo, der ſich auf das Mährchen mit dem Briefe bezieht. Es ſoll nämlich, si fabula vera est, der heil. Paulus ſich einige Zeit in Meſſina aufgehalten *) und die Stadt eine Geſandtſchaft nach Jeruſalem an Maria zu ſenden bewogen haben. Maria nahm die Herren gnädig auf, und gab ihnen einen von ihr ſelbſt geſchriebenen Brief an die Meſſineſen zurück. Lange war dieſer Brief vergeſſen, wie 1467 ein griechiſcher Flüchtling, Konſtantin Laſcaris ſein Andenken erneuerte, und eine Abſchrift davon wieder gefunden haben will, wahrſcheinlich aber ſelbſt einen Brief erdichtete. Maria verſpricht in dem Briefe, daß ſie die Schutzheilige von Meſſina ſein wolle. Der vernünftigere Theil der Stadt, unter welche ich einige von meinen hieſigen Freunden rechnen kann, geſtanden mir offenherzig den Betrug, andre hingegen, zu denen der größere Haufe gehört, hängen ſo feſt an dieſem Mährchen, daß ſie auf den Grund mit nicht wenigerm Religionseifer die Stütze ihres Glücks bauen, wie der große Haufe von Neapel auf ſeinen Januarius. Dem Andenken dieſer wichtigen Begebenheit wird nun jährlich ein Feſt der heil. Jungfrau gefeiert, wo Maria ſichs gefallen laſſen muß, durch die ganze Stadt zur Schau geführt zu werden, wie die heil. Roſalia in Palermo oder die heil. Agathe in Katanien. Leider war ich nicht Augenzeuge von dieſer National-Zeremonie; meine Freunde aber erzählten mir: daß ein armes Mädchen alsdann die Rolle der heil. Jungfrau ſpielen muß, und in weiß gekleidet mit dem Glanz um den Kopf in vollem Pomp durch die Stadt getragen wird. Es wäre nicht recht, wenn ſo ein armes Mädchen öffentlich zur Schau aufgeſtellt würde, ohne daß ſie reellen Nutzen davon trüge; trägt doch bei uns der ſogenannte Waiſen-Kapitän, ein Knabe der jährlich einmal vor dem ſingenden Waiſenhauſen her durch die Stadt ziehen muß, auch ſeine Belohnung davon: eben ſo iſts auch hier, den Tag nach der Zeremonie geht die heil. Jungfrau in demſelben Ornat, in welchem ſie die Madonnen-Rolle ſpielte, ſelbſt mit dem Glanze um den Kopf in alle Häuſer bettelnd umher, und ſingt:

Middi grazii t'innu Eternu Padri
Chi dill' ancidda tu ti ricurdasti,
A tia crucifigghiu chia la madri
La tu cidda fidili chista raccumannasti:
Mi sia l' avucada da tu Messina, ti sia raccumannata.

Tauſend Dank bring ich dir, ewiger Vater,
Daß du deiner Magd dich erinnerteſt;
Am Kreuze hängend deine Mutter riefſt,
Und ihr dieſe treue Stadt empfahlſt:
Sei mir die Fürſprecherin deiner Meſſina,
Meſſina ſei dir empfohlen!

Auf Herzählung der in Meſſina öffentlich umhergeſtellten Statuen laſſe ich mich nicht ein, ich würde mich ſonſt bei unwichtigen Dingen verweilen und müßte fürchten Sie zu ermüden.

Im Benediktiner-Kloſter befanden ſich vor der Erdrevolution eine Menge von 200 meiſtentheils lateiniſchen Manuſkripten, die aber beinah gänzlich durch das Erdbeben zernichtet worden ſind. Nach dem mündlichen Berichte meines Freundes, des Hrn. Profeſſor Münter in Kopenhagen, ſollen in ihrem Archiv ſich alle ihre Stiftungs- und Schenkungsbriefe befinden, unter andern auch ein Dokument vom Tertullian, in welchem er dem heil. Benedikt alle ſeine Güter in Sizilien vermachte. Dieſes Dokument ſoll, was Schriftform betrift, ganz im Karakter des 6. Jahrhunderts geſchrieben ſein, übrigens aber die Zeichen der kraſſeſten Dummheit des 14. und 15. Jahrhunderts an ſich tragen. Mabillon in ſeiner Anal. Ord. S. Bened. Lib. III. n. XI. iſt freilich andrer Meinung; aber es iſt gar nicht abzuſehen, wie er auf dieſen Brief eine Thatſache gründen konnte. Den Benediktinern iſt es indeß nicht zu verdenken, daß ſie mit Leib und Seele für die Aechtheit dieſes Briefes fechten, weil ihre politiſche Wichtigkeit in Sizilien ſich einzig darauf gründet; wie wollten ſie ſonſt den größten Theil ihrer Beſitzungen mit überzeugenden Beweiſen als rechtmäßig darthun können? Wie mit lauter Stimme gegen Ungerechtigkeiten ſchreien können, wenn ſie nur auf entfernte Weiſe die Idee aufkommen ließen, daß ſie nach und nach durch feine liſtige Streiche das an ſich gezogen hätten, was man ihnen mit Gewalt zu entreißen Luſt haben möchte? Uebrigens iſt die Sache eine eben ſo lächerliche Fiktion, als die mit dem Madonnen-Briefe.

Mit der Bevölkerung Meſſinas ſieht es jetzt ſehr traurig aus. Es ſcheint, als ob ſeit einigen Jahrhunderten Natur und Druck der Regierung einzig darauf abzielten, die Stadt von der Stufe ihres Ruhms und ihres Glanzes herabzubringen. Noch erinnern ſich die Meſſineſen im tiefen Gefühl des tyranniſchen Drucks der traurigen Epoche der Empörung von 1674, wo die Stadt der Erbitterung der Spanier vom politiſch treuloſen Ludwig XIV. überlaſſen ward, weil dieß eigentlich der Zeitpunkt iſt, von dem angerechnet Meſſinas Handlung ſank. Seit der Zeit wurden durch eine Menge der drückendſten Auflagen die Fremden von ihrem trefflichen Hafen zurückgehalten, ſeit der Zeit mußten die Einwohner die erſten und nöthigſten Bedürfniſſe mit ſchweren Abgaben aufwiegen; ſeit der Zeit ward die Exportation ihrer Produkte ihnen beinah unmöglich gemacht. Dieß iſt die Epoche, in der das Rachſchwerdt der Spanier tyranniſch in Meſſina wüthete; damals ward ihre Verfaſſung in militäriſchen Deſpotismus umgeſchaffen und prompte Exequirung mit militäriſcher Strenge eingeführt. Dieß iſt die Epoche, mein Freund, ſeit der man eine Ungerechtigkeit über die andere beging, in der bloßer Verdacht ſchon zum Schaffott reif machte, wo Menſchenblut vergießen ein tägliches Schauſpiel war *) und viele Einwohner um dem Tod zu entgehen die Stadt verließen. Damals flüchteten ſich viele Familien nach Tunis und Algier, nach Konſtantinopel, Smirna und nach der Levante hin; andre retteten ſich in weniger gedrückte Provinzen Italiens; andre nach der ſüdlichen Küſte von Frankreich, wo jetzt noch verſchiedene von den Familien vorhanden ſein ſollen. Unter dieſen Flüchtlingen waren gerade die Reichſten, mochten es nun Kaufleute oder Edelleute ſein. Das leerte Meſſina ſehr aus, und ſchuf den Wohlſtand der Stadt in Armuth, Volksmenge in Volksmangel um. Indeß zählte man damals doch noch nach Abzug der Unglücklichen und Geflüchteten 90 bis 100,000 Menſchen daſelbſt; freilich keine beträchtliche Anzahl, wenn man Meſſinas Größe bedenkt, indeß doch noch immer hinreichend, um ihr einiges Gewicht unter den größern Städten Siziliens zu geben. Einige Jahrzehnte hernach 1693 wüthete das große Erdbeben in Sizilien. Dieß war ein neuer Stoß für Meſſinas Bevölkerung, denn wenn auch gleich damals in der Stadt ſelbſt nur wenige Menſchen durch die Wuth des Erdbebens umkamen, ſo erfolgten doch hernach nach einer ſolchen Revolution unausbleibliche Krankheiten, die Leichen auf Leichen häuften. Jahrhunderte gehören dazu, um ſich von ſolchen Leiden erholen zu können; aber noch war kein halb Jahrhundert verfloſſen, wie ſchon 1743 die Peſt Meſſina überfiel und auf einmal allein in einem Tage mehr wie 10000 Menſchen hinwegraffte. Durch ſie

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*) Da Lukas von einer ſolchen Reiſe gar nichts ſagt, ſo wollen andre, daß die Meſſineſen eine Geſandtſchaft an Paulus ſchickten, die er an Maria verwies.

*) Daß dieß nicht bloße Deklamationen, ſondern auf Wahrheit gegründete Fakta ſind, brauche ich dem Kenner der Geſchichte nicht erſt zu ſagen.

und durch die bald hernach heftig graſſirenden Kinderblattern, und durch andre Umſtände, zu denen beſonders auch die Verlegung aller großen Gerichtshöfe und des vizeköniglichen Sitzes nach Palermo gerechnet werden muß, ward die Volksmenge auf 30000 herabgeſetzt. Jetzt beträgt nach einer neuen Zählung die Menſchenmenge nur 24000, wenn gleich eigentlich 30,000 für jetzt ſich dort aufhalten ſollen: 6000 ſind aber Fremde, die ſeit dem Erdbeben Geſchäfte halber in Meſſina leben, und nach Endigung derſelben ſich wieder zurückziehen werden.

Jetzt ſcheint es beinah als hätte die Regierung ihren Zorn gegen Meſſina geſtillt, und als ſänne ſie darauf das drückende Joch vom Hals der Einwohner hinwegzuwälzen; jetzt ſcheint es beinah, als ſähe ſie es endlich, wenn gleich ſehr ſpät, ein, wie es ganz aller geſunden Politik entgegen ſei, Jahrhunderte lang die Nachkommen das Verbrechen ihrer Väter büßen zu laſſen, und dadurch den blühendſten Handelsſtaat ihrer Lande zu verarmen, aller Geſchäfte zu berauben und menſchenleer zu machen. Wenigſtens ſcheinen die Maßregeln, die die Regierung nach dem letzten Erdbeben genommen hat, Meſſina eine frohe Ausſicht für die Zukunft zu eröffnen. Aber das Uebel iſt zu tief eingewurzelt, als daß man ſchleunige Hülfe erwarten könnte. Das ganze Gebäude unſrer Verfaſſung, ſagte mir heute einer meiner Freunde, muß erſt umgeworfen und der Grund feſtgelegt werden; ſonſt baut man ſchöne Schlöſſer auf einen ſandigten Boden, welche kommenden Stürmen nicht widerſtehen können. Das ſcheint auch jetzt Plan der Regierung; denn man arbeitet an Einführung einer ganz neuen Regierungsform in Meſſina; bisher herrſchte militäriſcher Despotismus in der Stadt, der, je nachdem der Gouverneur und der Vicekönig ſtreng oder nachſichtig waren, die Einwohner mit Ruthen peitſchte, oder die Gerechtigkeit einſchläferte.

In der Gerechtigkeitspflege ſind manche Lücken, die unausgefüllt von großem Nachtheil ſein müſſen. Ein Beiſpiel mag hier zum Beweis dienen. Es iſt doch wohl das erſte Geſetz der Gerechtigkeit, daß zwei gegen einander ſtreitende Partheien gleiche Vortheile zu genießen haben, und man dem Beklagten nicht weniger Zeit, um ſich von dem gegen ihn erregten Verdacht zu reinigen vergönne, als dem Kläger, um ſeine Klage zu formiren. Geſchieht das nicht, ſo ſcheints als ob die Anklage allein ſchon die Richter zur Strafe disponirte, und man weiter nicht daran denke, daß der Kläger auch die Unſchuld verdächtig machen könne. Das war bis jetzt der Fall in Meſſina. Der Avocato fiscale oder der Ankläger hatte große Vorrechte vor dem Avocato pauperum oder dem Vertheidiger des Beklagten voraus. Jenem ſtand es frei ſich ſo viele Zeit zur Formirung ſeiner Klage zu nehmen, als er um ſeine Abſichten in ein helles Licht zu ſtellen bedurfte; dem Beklagten hingegen wurden nie mehr als 24 Stunden zu ſeiner Vertheidigung erlaubt. Wußte er nun in dieſem kurzen Zeitpunkte die Richter dahin zu bewegen, etwas zu Gunſten ſeiner Sache vorzunehmen, ſo trat ſogleich der Avocato fiscale wieder auf und erklärte, dieß ſei contra fiscum und damit wars vorbei. Heißt das Gerechtigkeit? Läßt man hier einem jeden ſein ihm gebührendes Quantum auf die Wagſchale der Gerechtigkeit legen, bevor man entſcheidet? Oder nimmt man nicht vielmehr alles von dem Einen und faſt nichts von den andern, und wägt und richtet!

Aber auch dieſe Mißbräuche nicht mitgerechnet, frage ich, wie läßt ſich militäriſcher Despotismus überhaupt mit der Freiheit, die nothwendig ein blühender Handelsſtaat genießen muß, vereinigen? Kann ein Ausländer einen Theil ſeines Vermögens ruhig einem Kaufmanne anvertrauen, der in einem Lande lebt, wo die üble Laune des Gouverneurs eben die Autorität hat, wie in andern Landen ein durch lange Erfahrungen beſtimmtes Geſetz! Wird ſich wohl ein fremder Kaufmann gern mit einem Meſſineſen einlaſſen, wenn er voraus ſieht, daß er bei entſtandenem Streite wegen Uebertretung von Handelsverträgen oder Verletzung andrer Pflichten ſein Recht dem Machtſpruch eines Richters anvertrauen muß, der mit dem Schwerdte drein zu ſchlagen gewohnt iſt, aber vom Handel ſo wenig als von Juſtizverwaltung verſteht! Und wenn auch gleich, wie man mir verſicherte, alles was den Handel betrifft in Meſſina immer mit allen juriſtiſchen Formalitäten verhandelt werden muß, und der Gouverneur nichts dabei zu ſagen hat, ſo bleibt es doch immer gewiß, daß man vor allem indirekten Mitwirken des Oberhauptes der Stadt nicht völlig geſichert iſt, und da dieſer Soldat iſt, ſo wird der Gedanke der bloßen Möglichkeit ſeines Einfluſſes ſchon manche Handlungsverbindung zerſtören. Doch geſetzt er hätte ſeine Hände hiebei gar nicht im Spiele, iſt denn der Kaufmann beſſer dran? Wer ſoll jetzt den Ungerechtigkeiten der Rechtsgelehrten, ihren Chikanen und Geldprellereien Einhalt thun? Wer die Grenze beſtimmen, die der Advokat nicht überſchreiten darf? Sehen Sie, mein Freund, ſo iſt's ſchlimm, wenn der Gouverneur ſich drein miſcht, und beinah noch ſchlimmer, wenn er ruhig bleibt, denn nun fehlts an Oberaufſicht und die Juriſten ziehen die Sache unaufhörlich in die Länge, wenn nur noch Vortheil für ſie daraus zu ziehen iſt. Doch was brauchts weiter des Beweiſes! Die Natur der Sache lehrts, daß ohne auf lokal Umſtände Acht zu haben, militairiſcher Despotismus nicht mit Handelsfreiheit beſtehen könne.

Dieß alles verſicherte man mir, ſieht die Regierung jetzt ein, und derwegen beſchäftigt ſie ſich mit einer ganz neuen Reform, durch die das Glück der Bürger Meſſina's auf alle nur mögliche Weiſe befördert werden ſoll, oder daß ich mich des Ausdrucks der Meſſineſen bediene, ſie beſchäftigt ſich, di dare una nuova forma al Governo politico ed economico di questa città, adattato al Vantaggio degl' Abitanti. Man will die alten, durch die Menge von Kommentatoren ſo ſehr verwirrten Geſetze völlig verbannen, und ein ganz neues mehr zuſammengedrängtes und dem Geiſt unſers Zeitalters angemeſſeneres Geſetzbuch geben: ſo viel wie möglich darauf ſehen, Autorität der Geſetzgebenden Gewalt dadurch heilig zu erhalten, daß man nichts ohne vorhergegangene Prüfung feſtſetze, und beſonders dabei aufs Lokale der Stadt Rückſicht nehmen, damit man nicht morgen wieder umzuſtoßen nöthig habe, was man heute aufbaute; man will ſich endlich ſo viel wie möglich der Kürze und Deutlichkeit im Ausdruck befleißigen, und den Auslegern den Weg zur Chikane zu verſperren. Es iſt nichts mehr zu wünſchen, als daß dieſe Reform, die von dem beſten Erfolg für Meſſina ſein müßte, mit dem Eifer fortgeſetzt werde, mit dem man bereits Hand ans Werk gelegt haben ſoll. Ich hoffe es ſoll geſchehen, da ſo häufige Beiſpiele die Nothwendigkeit dieſer Umſchaffung zeigen, da man es z. B. weiß, daß verſchiedene Privatleute vom höchſten Unwillen gereizt, wie ſie ſahen, daß ſo mancher Geſetzſchänder frei und ungehindert ſeine Schandthaten ausführen durfte, ſich zu Rächern der Nation aufgeworfen, und in der Stille die Menſchen getödtet haben ſollen, die die ſtrafende Gerechtigkeit ungezüchtigt laufen ließ. Dies dünkt mich iſt der lauteſte Beweis, wie ſehr weit es mit dem Unwillen der Nation gekommen, und wie hoch die Unordnung im Staat geſtiegen ſei. Und doch, mein Freund, hat man ſchon ein Jahrhundert hindurch ähnlichen Handlungen zuſehen können, ohne an Aenderung zu denken *)!

Schon jetzt iſt eine ungewohnte Thätigkeit in Meſſina erwacht, erweckt durch die Aufhebung der vielen drückenden Abgaben. Es wäre ſehr gut, wenn man nur erſt hauptſächlich ſein Augenmerk auf Verbeſſerung der Manufakturen richtete. So lange wie die Meſſineſen noch ruhig ſagen können: „Unſre Seide geht größtentheils noch nach Frankreich, wo man ſie nur recht zu ſchätzen und vollkommen zu verarbeiten verſteht," **) ſo lange nicht ein Nacheifer bei ihnen entſteht, der vielleicht einzig durch ausgeſtellte Prämien angefeuert, und durch glücklichen Erfolg, der ihnen gewiß nicht fehlen würde, unterhalten werden könnte; ſo lange iſts unmöglich, daß Meſſina zu der Höhe emporſteigen kann, die ſie zu erreichen fähig iſt. Bis jetzt arbeiten in Meſſina 1200 Weberſtühle, aber ihre Seidenwaaren finden der geringen Güte wegen faſt nirgends anders Abſatz, als in der Levante, und zwar größtentheils mit franzöſiſchen Schiffen, ***) denn was nach Spanien und andern Ländern geht, iſt wenig. In Sizilien ſelbſt werden ihre Stoffe ſehr wenig geſchätzt, und nur die Armen, die fremde Stoffe nicht bezahlen können, tragen ſie; man hält es für einen reichen und angeſehenen Mann auf gewiſſe Weiſe für eine Schande, einheimiſche Seidenzeuge zu tragen. Daß die in ganz Europa ſich verbreitet habende Frankomanie zum Theil hieran Schuld iſt, iſt gewiß: aber daß eben dieſe Frankomanie auch Folge von geringerer Geſchicklichkeit der Nationen ſowohl als auch der Meſſineſen iſt, ſcheint mir eben ſo unleugbar.

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*) Herr Baron von Riedeſel führt in ſeinen Reiſen über Sizilien und Großgriechl. S. 21 der Zürcher Ausgabe an, daß ſich zu Karl V. Zeiten in Trapani eine Brüderſchaft vereinigt hatte, deren Geſchäfte war, über Handlung ihrer Obrigkeit, ihrer Mitbürger und jedes Einwohners der Stadt zu urtheilen; wen die ganze Verſammlung verdammte, der war verloren, und einer von dieſen Mitbrüdern, welchem das grauſame Amt eines Mörders aufgetragen wurde, mußte ohne Widerrede dieſen in Geheim verdammten Menſchen heimlich aus dem Wege räumen. — Von ähnlichen Verbindungen ſagte man mir hier, und ſie beweiſen nicht ſowohl ſizilianiſche Rachgier, als den erbärmlichen Zuſtand der Gerechtigkeitspflege.

**) Jährlich wird den Schleichhandel ungerechnet über 100,000 Pfund rohe Seide von Meſſina ausgeführt, wovon der größte Theil nach Frankreich geht, und der übrige in Toskana und Genua bleibt. Bekanntlich hat Meſſina und Palermo die Stapelgerechtigkeit von aller in Sizilien gezognen Seide, wo eigne Konſulate zu dieſem Geſchäfte ſind.

***) Die Meſſineſiſchen Stoffe verlangt man von der Levante am mehrſten, weil ſie größern Glanz haben wie die übrigen; beſonders iſt dort der Abſatz von ſogenannten Tabi ondeti oder gewäſſertem Taffet ſehr ſtark. Da die mehrſten Maulbeerbäume im Val Demone ſind, ſo ſchränkt ſich auf den Bezirk größtentheils der Seidenbau ein; in Katanien, Milazzo, Caſtroreale und den Gegenden von Meſſina ſind die vorzüglichſten Seidenwürmer-Anpflanzungen: doch findet man auch hie und dort einige in ganz Sizilien.

Die Hauptſeidenzeuge, die in Meſſina, Katanien, Jaci und Palermo, wo nur allein Fabriken ſind, verarbeitet werden, heißen terzanelli, molle und ſeviglia; aber alle ſind von geringem Werthe. Theils iſt die Seide grob und fäſerigt, theils taugt der ganze Handgriff der Arbeiter nichts, theils ſind die Weberſtühle elend gemacht; dieß alles trägt dazu bei, daß man ſich bald über zu große Dicke, bald über zu große Dünne der Zeuge beklagt, dazu kommt noch die elende Appretur, durch die ſie äußerſt zerbrechlich werden. Nur der Seidenſammet ſoll vorzüglich gut gearbeitet ſein, doch iſt er zu ſchmal und die Farben nicht lebhaft und rein genug. Ueberhaupt iſt die Farbe der hieſigen Seidenzeuge elend.

Andre Kunſtfabriken, mit deren Produkten man einen Handel treiben könnte, ſind gar nicht in Sizilien. Der Sizilianer verläßt ſich ganz auf den Fleiß andrer Nationen. Alles, mein Freund, ſelbſt die nothwendigſten Bedürfniſſe, wenn Sie von den Füßen anfangen, von denen ihre Schuhe verarbeitet ſind, und bei ihren Hüten und Mützen aufhören, erhalten die Sizilianer von Ausländern. Nichts wird von der Art in Sizilien verarbeitet, was auch nur ein Mann, der nicht als Bettler in der Stadt umherzugehen braucht, tragen kann und mag. In einem ſolchen Stande der Barbarei liegen die Künſte von Sizilien! Sie haben vielleicht etwas von ihren Wollenfabriken gehört: aber glauben Sie nicht, daß dieſe hierin eine Ausnahme machen. Alles was davon in Meſſina und der übrigen Inſel verarbeitet wird, ſind grobe dicke Tücher, die die Kapuziner und auch wohl Landleute im Winter bei ihrer Arbeit tragen, die auch wohl zu Matratzen verbraucht werden. Sie ſcheinen von Stricken zuſammengeflochten zu ſein, und ſind beinah gar nicht in Kleiderform zu bringen.*) Die Wolle iſt überhaupt ſo ſchlecht und ſo vernachläßigt, daß ſelbſt die ärmſten Leute kaum ſich der daraus verfertigten Matratzen bedienen können, daher laſſen auch die Einwohner in den [illegible] Siziliens, ſelbſt die aus dem Mittelſtande, ihre Wolle kaum aus der Barbarei kommen. Uebrigens iſt zur Ausfuhr der Seide ſowohl als zu andern Produkten die gewöhnliche Erlaubniß nöthig, von der ich ein andermal reden werde.

Ich muß beinah fürchten Sie zu ermüden, wenn ich meinen Brief noch weiter ausdehne, und doch habe ich Ihnen noch verſchiedenes zu ſagen, ehe ich Meſſina verlaſſe. Die wenigen Augenblicke indeß, die mir noch vor Abgang der Poſt übrig ſind, erlauben Sie mir zur Mittheilung einiger ſo eben eingegangener Nachrichten anzuwenden. Zuerſt etwas von der ſpeziellen Regierung der Stadt. Meſſina hat natürlich ſo wie jede andere Stadt, ungeachtet ihrer Abhängigkeit vom Vicekönige, ihren eignen Magiſtrat und ihre eigne Gerichtsbarkeit. Außer dem Befehlshaber, der erſten Magiſtratsperſon in der Stadt, der aus dem Militairſtande iſt (jetzt heißt er Feldmarſchall D. Michell Odea), deſſen Herrſchaft ſich über das Innere der Stadt erſtreckt, und der daher Governadore interino heißt, und außer dem Ober-Inſpektor über die königlichen Einkünfte, und dem Befehlshaber über den Hafen, der den Titel ministro della Real Azienda e Giudice dello Scalo e porto franco führt; ſitzt hier wie in jeder Provinz von Kalabrien eine Reggia udienza, ein Gerichtshof, der aus einem Avocato fiscale, der beſtändig die toga trägt, aus drei Richtern, dem Giudice delle Appellazioni, und aus dem Senat beſteht. Die Autorität des Senats iſt geringe, und erſtreckt ſich nicht viel weiter als über die Sorge fürs Getreide. Er beſteht aus acht Mitgliedern, von denen einer den Titel als Oberſt-Lieutenant hat, einer Administratore Generale e Regio Secreto delle Dogane e Sovrintendente dello Scalo e Porto franco, und ein dritter Pro-Uditore degli Eserciti heißt. Die Uebrigen haben keine weitere beſtimmte Chargen, ſind aber alle aus dem erſten Adel, ſo daß die ganze Regierung, ſo wie überhaupt in Sizilien, völlig ariſtokratiſch iſt.

Von dem hieſigen Zuſtande der Literatur hätte ich wenig erzählen können, der Maßſtab aber nach dem ich ſie beurtheilen möchte, iſt dieſer: daß alle hieſige Buchläden, die ich ſah, [illegible] Gläſern glichen, und die Buchhändler in Meſſina ſelbſt die bekannteſten neueſten italieniſchen Werke nicht kennen, und kaum die Schulbücher mit einigen verſtümmelten Editionen vom Horaz, Virgil und andern Klaſſikern zu verſehen vermögen. Ihr ganzer Reichthum läuft auf Kirchenbücher und Kalender hinaus. Ein glänzender Schatz voll Unſinn!

Und nun noch eine Nachricht von den ſich hier aufhaltenden Griechen! Es ſind, wie Sie vielleicht wiſſen werden, noch verſchiedene Griechen in Meſſina und Sizilien, die ihre Kirchen und ihre Prieſter, ihr Griechiſches Officium und Breviar haben, auch ihre Meſſe auf Griechiſch, doch nach lateiniſchem Ritus, halten, und ebenfalls, wie überhaupt die griechiſche Kirche, keine Heiligen, die über 8. bis 9. Jahrhundert hinaus gehen, kennen. Außer den in Meſſina lebenden Griechen ſind in ganz Sizilien nur noch vier Dörfer, oder, wie ſie eigentlich heißen, Casali mit griechiſchen Kolonien vorhanden, nämlich la Piana, il Palazzo Adriano, la Contessa und Mezzoiuso. Alle dieſe liegen im Val di Mazara und ſollen in ſchlechten Umſtänden ſein; die erſten griechiſchen Familien oder Albaneſer kamen 1462 nach Sizilien, andre ſpäter 1468 nach Georg Caſtriota's Tode und erhielten dieſe Diſtrikte zu Wohnſitzen. In Meſſina ſelbſt iſt aus den Zeiten, da die Inſel unter dem Konſtantinopolitaniſchen Scepter ſtand, eine Archimandriten-Kirche über. Der Archimandrit übt biſchöfliche Macht in ſeiner Diöces aus, und der Geiſtliche der griechiſchen Kollegiatkirche heißt Protopapas.

So viel vom heutigen Zuſtande Meſſina's. Man kann von ihr mit Recht ſagen: Fuit Ilium! denn kaum iſt noch ein Schatten ihrer vormaligen Größe übrig. Ich eile jetzt mit dieſem Briefe zum Poſthaus an den ſchönen Hafen hin, und will ihn dort beim frohen Spaziergang nach Kalabrien hinüberſchwimmen und ſeine Reiſe nordwärts antreten ſehen. Mög ein guter Schutzgeiſt ihn geleiten! —

Kaspar von Barth

ward am 22. Juni 1587 zu Küſtrin geboren, ein Sohn des brandenburgiſchen Kanzlers, früheren Profeſſors zu Frankfurt an der Oder, Karl B., erhielt ſeine gelehrte Bildung zu Gotha und Eiſenach, machte dann größere Reiſen durch Italien, Frankreich, Spanien, England und Holland und lebte nach ſeiner Rückkehr als Privatmann ganz den Wiſſenſchaften in Leipzig und Halle. Er ſtarb am 17. September 1658 in Leipzig. —

Die Zahl ſeiner Schriften iſt außerordentlich groß, doch gehört nur folgende hieher:

Caspar Barthen deutſcher Phoenix. Frankfurt am Main, 1626. in 4.

Als Humaniſt und lateiniſcher Dichter iſt B. ſehr ſchätzenswerth, doch werden ſeine guten Eigenſchaften häufig durch ſeine Eitelkeit und Anmaßung verdunkelt. — Sein deutſcher Phönix, ein didaktiſches Gedicht über die Unſterblichkeit der Seele in Alexandrinern nach epiſcher Weiſe geſchrieben, bleibt jedoch weit hinter ſeinen übrigen poetiſchen Leiſtungen zurück und iſt nur eine rohe Maſſe moraliſcher und religiöſer Sentenzen in einer plumpen, rohen Sprache und holprigen, unbeholfenen Verſen, die ſeinen Ruhm eben nicht vergrößerten und ſehr bald vergeſſen wurden. —

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*) Es giebt davon einige Ausnahmen, aber ſie ſind kaum der Mühe werth anzuführen. Man nennt die Manufakturen, wo dieſe Wolle feiner gearbeitet wird, Manifatture di Lanighe und verfertigt dort Strümpfe, Weſten, Handſchuhe u. ſ. w. Dieſe Manufakturen ſind in den beiden königlichen Städten Naro im Val di Mazara und Traina im Val Demona. Von den übrigen unbedeutenden Kunſtfabriken ein andermal mehr.

Johann Bernhard Baſedow,

der verdienſtliche Reformator des Erziehungsweſens in Deutſchland und Gründer der Schule der Philanthropen, ward am 11. September 1723 in Hamburg geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem dortigen Johanneum und ſtudirte dann zu Leipzig. Nach Vollendung ſeiner akademiſchen Laufbahn ward er Hauslehrer im Holſteiniſchen, 1753 Lehrer an der Ritterakademie zu Soröe und 1761 Profeſſor am Chriſtianeum zu Altona. Er hatte vielfach Gelegenheit gehabt, die mannichfachen Fehler in der häuslichen wie in der öffentlichen Erziehung, an denen jene Zeit beſonders kränkelte, kennen zu lernen, und nahm ſich vor, durch Rouſſeau's Emile, der damals im ganzen nördlichen Europa mit außerordentlicher Theilnahme geleſen wurde, ſo wie durch eigenen Trieb vielfach angeregt, Reformator des Erziehungsweſens in Deutſchland zu werden. Gleichen Beifall wie der franzöſiſche Philoſoph hatte bei ihm ein bekannter Pädagog des 17. Jahrhunderts, Amos Comenius, durch ſeine verſinnlichende Lehrweiſe gefunden, und B. beſchloß daher, Beider Weiſe benutzend, ein Werk herauszugeben, das allen lebhaft gefühlten Mängeln in der Erziehung abhelfen ſollte, ſo wie nach dem von ihm entworfenen Plane Lehranſtalten zu errichten. Seine öffentliche Ankündigung, in welcher er zur thätigen Theilnahme aufforderte, blieb nicht wirkungslos; er ward von allen Seiten mit Geldmitteln unterſtützt und vorzüglich von dem vortrefflichen Fürſten Franz von Deſſau begünſtigt. Nachdem nun B's Elementarwerk in drei Sprachen, mit 100 Kupfern von Chodowiecky, erſchienen war, gründete er das philanthropiſche Erziehungsinſtitut zu Deſſau, deſſen Wirkſamkeit im Jahre 1774 begann. Talentvolle Männer, u. A. Campe und Wolke (ſ. d.), geſellten ſich zu ihm, aber B's unruhiger, wankelmüthiger und herrſchſüchtiger Geiſt brachte bald große Spaltungen und unangenehme Auftritte hervor, welche ſelbſt nach ſeinem Weggange beſtändig fortdauerten und 1793 die Auflöſung des Philanthropins zur Folge hatten. B. ſelbſt verließ die Anſtalt und Deſſau ſchon 1778, nachdem er Wolke und Campe zu Curatoren derſelben ernannt hatte, lebte nun als Privatmann auf Reiſen, fuhr fort, durch Schriften ſeine Ideen zu verbreiten und für ſeine Pläne zu wirken, und ließ ſich endlich 1789 in Magdeburg nieder, vorzüglich in der Abſicht, die gelehrte Bildung ſeines Sohnes hier zu befördern. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 25. Juli 1790.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lehrbuch der proſaiſchen und poetiſchen Wohlredenheit. Copenhagen, 1756.
Philalethie oder neue Ausſichten in die Wahrheit und Religion der Vernunft u. ſ. w. Altona, 1764. 2. Th.
Methodiſcher Unterricht in der natürlichen und chriſtlichen Religion. Altona, 1764. 2 Th.
Theoretiſches Syſtem der geſunden Vernunft. Altona, 1765.
Vorſtellung an Menſchenfreunde u. ſ. w. über Schulen, Studien u. ſ. w. Mit einem Plane eines Elementarbuchs. Hamburg, 1768.
Elementarbuch. 3 Th. Altona und Leipzig, 1770.
Elementarwerk (Umarbeitung des Vorigen). Deſſau und Leipzig, 1774. 4 Thle.
Agathokrator. Deſſau, 1771.
Methodenbuch für Väter und Mütter. 3. A. Deſſau, 1773.
Politiſche und moraliſche Reden. Kopenhag. und Leipzig, 1771.
Das in Deſſau errichtete Philanthropin. Leipzig, 1774.
Vermächtniß für die Gewiſſen. Deſſau, 1774. — 2 Thle.
Practiſche Philoſophie für alle Stände. Deſſau, 1777. 2 Thle.
Pädagogiſche Unterhaltungen (gemeinſchaftlich mit Campe). 12 St. Deſſau, 1777—79.
Allgemeines chriſtliches Geſangbuch. Riga, 1781.

Als Philoſoph hat B. durch ſeinen flachen Synkretismus wenig gewirkt. Es war ihm keinesweges um eine methodiſche Behandlung des theoretiſchen Theils derſelben zu thun, zumal da er ſie nur zu praktiſchen Zwecken benutzen wollte. Aber auch ſelbſt für dieſe waren ſeine Anſichten beſchränkt und befangen, denn die Philoſophie ſollte ihm überhaupt Nichts weiter ſeyn als ein Inbegriff gründlich vorgetragener gemeinnütziger Erkenntniſſe, deren Haupttheile die Anthropologie und die Theologie bildeten. — Ueber ſeine Leiſtungen als praktiſcher Pädagog möge hier das Urtheil eines der competenteſten Richter, Niemeyer, (in ſeinen Grundſätzen der Erziehung und des Unterrichtes Th. III. S. 570) folgen. „Baſedow's Wankelmuth in ſeinen Freundſchaften, das zu große Geſchrei, das nur auf kurze Zeit wirkt, die höchſt ungerechte Herabwürdigung des Alten, die Ueberſchätzung des unmittelbar Praktiſchen, die Menge der Spielereien, Tändeleien und Erleichterungsmethoden, mehr noch die Kraftgenies, welche ſich an das Philanthropin anſchloſſen, die Trennungen vorzüglicher Köpfe von dem Inſtitute, der geringe Erfolg der neuen Methode an manchen der erſten Zöglinge: — dies Alles mußte von ſelbſt eine Reviſion deſſen, was ſo raſch unternommen war, nothwendig machen. Sogar von denen, welche aus dieſer Schule ausgegangen waren, wurde jene Reviſion für nothwendig erklärt. — Aber auch die Unbefangenſten, wohl ſelbſt die Gegner, geſtehen das Verdienſt dem Stifter der Schule zu, daß er einen von Vielen vergeſſenen Gegenſtand, an welchem der Menſchheit Viel, an welchem ihr, genau genommen, Alles liegen ſollte, aufs Neue in Anregung gebracht; daß er Aufmerkſamkeit und Enthuſiasmus dafür zu erwecken gewußt; daß er die Theilnahme der Regierungen gewonnen und ſie zuerſt wieder fühlen gelehrt, daß ſie es dem Wohle der Staatsbürger und ihrem eigenen Wohle ſchuldig wären, wo nicht ſelbſt Hand anzulegen, doch die Arbeiten tüchtiger Schulverbeſſerer zu ſchützen, zu erleichtern, zu befördern. Er ſelbſt ſtrebte übrigens mehr danach, umzuwälzen und neu zu ſchaffen als auszubilden, zu ordnen und zu vervollkommnen." B's Styl iſt lebhaft, klar und deutlich und ſtets dem Gegenſtande vollkommen angemeſſen, nur daß er ſich im Feuer der Darſtellung mitunter überpoltert. —

Vgl. v. Rathmann's Beiträge zur Lebensgeſchichte Baſedow's. Magdeburg, 1791.
Meyer's, Leben, Character und Schriften B's. 2 Thle. Hamburg, 1791 — 92.
Göthe. Aus meinem Leben. Th. 3. S. 415 folg.
Schlichtegroll's Nekrolog vom Jahre 1790.

Von der Staatsaufſicht über Erziehung, Schulen und Studien *).

Man hört und lieſt ewige Klagen, daß das Weſen der Schulen und Studien verfallen oder verdorben ſey. Aber man nenne mir doch in tauſend Jahren einen Zeitpunkt, in welchem es beſſer war. Ich bin aus Liebe für die Menſchen und Nachwelt ſo unzufrieden damit, als irgend Jemand, der die nöthigen Erfahrungen davon hat, und deſſen Aufmerkſamkeit ſeit vielen Jahren auf Verbeſſerungen gerichtet geweſen iſt. Aber ich glaube, daß nach dem Untergange der alten Republiken und Reiche, die es einſahen, daß die beſtändige Sorge für Erziehung und Unterricht zu den wichtigſten Gegenſtänden des vornehmſten Staatsraths gehöre, nirgends ſolche berühmte Anſtalten geweſen ſind, die wir zum Muſter nehmen, oder zum Grunde legen müßten. Wir werden ſonſt Mängel mit Mängeln vertauſchen, oder nur ſo geringe Grade der Beſſerung veranlaſ-

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*) Aus: Vorſtellung an Menſchenfreunde u. vermögende Männer über Schulen, Studien und ihren Einfluß in die öffentl. Wohlfarth. Mit einem Plane eines Elementarbuchs der menſchlichen Erkenntniß. Hamburg. 1768.

ſey, die mit dem Bedürfniſſe und dem Lichte unſerer Zeiten in keiner Proportion ſtehen.

Die finſterſte Periode der chriſtlichen Zeiten hat den Univerſitäten, und überhaupt dem Weſen des öffentlichen Unterrichts, ehemals die Form gegeben, wovon an den Orten, wo es am beſten damit ſteht, zum mindeſten drey Viertheile beybehalten ſind. Wie können wir hoffen, daß viel Gutes und Brauchbares darinnen anzutreffen ſey? Der Kürze halber ſage ich Vieles in einem Tone, den man zu entſcheidend nennen möchte; Vieles ohne Beweisgründe. Allein, ich bediene mich dieſer Schreibart nur für Verſtändige, welche nach meinem Wunſche die einzigen Leſer dieſer Abhandlung ſeyn ſollen; welche ermüdet ſind, weitläuftige Vorſchläge zur Verbeſſerung des Studienweſens vergeblich zu leſen, welche die Beweisgründe deſſen, was ich ſage, beſſer, als ich ſelbſt, kennen; welche ich mehr ihrer eignen Gedanken und Wünſche erinnern, als meine lehren will; und welche es wiſſen, daß kein vernünftiger Menſch, wenn er auf die kürzeſte Art ſeine Gedanken ſagt, die vollkommne Wahrheit derſelben entſcheiden, oder ſich wundern wolle, wenn Andere das Gegentheil denken. Die Uebrigen, welchen meine Schrift in die Hände fallen möchte, bitte ich gleich anfangs, ſich den Verdruß des vergeblichen Leſens zu erſparen.

Ihr vernünftigen Patrioten des menſchlichen Geſchlechts und der Staaten, ihr ſeyd mit mir einig, daß die öffentliche Glückſeligkeit (was man auch für die Vermehrung des Reichthums, der Macht, der Bevölkerung und des äuſſerlichen Anſehens der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften, wenn ſie der öffentlichen Tugend zum Schaden gereicht, nach der falſchen Politik ſchwatzen mag), ihr ſeyd, ſage ich, dennoch mit mir einig, daß die Glückſeligkeit des Staats von der gemeinen Glückſeligkeit der Bewohner nicht unterſchieden ſey; daß dieſe Glückſeligkeit mit der öffentlichen Tugend in Proportion ſtehe; daß die öffentliche Tugend von der gewöhnlichſten Erziehung aller, und von dem Unterrichte derer abhange, welche in den vornehmen Ständen die Sitten und das Schickſal der übrigen beſtimmen werden; daß eine zur öffentlichen Tugend führende Erziehung und Unterweiſung, auſſer den beſtändigen Regeln, auch ſolche beobachten müſſe, welche, nach dem Unterſchiede der Zeiten, der Gegenden und der Regierungsformen, einer öftmaligen Abänderung bedürfen. Ihr ſeyd mit mir einig, daß das Weſen der Schulen und Studien das brauchbarſte und ſicherſte Werkzeug ſey, den ganzen Staat, nach ſeiner beſondern Beſchaffenheit, glücklich zu machen, oder glücklich zu erhalten, daß alſo die beſtändige Aufſicht auf den Gebrauch dieſes Werkzeugs ein unmittelbares Geſchäft eines ſolchen patriotiſchen Collegiums ſeyn müſſe, von welchem die Majeſtät eben ſo oft Vorſtellungen anhören könnte, als von dem Collegio der Finanzen, des Kriegsweſens und des richterlichen Ausſpruchs über Ehre und Güther. In welchem Lande, zu welcher Zeit (wenn man Egypten, Lacedemon und Athen vergißt) war ein ſolches von der Majeſtät unmittelbar abhangendes, und, wenn ich ſo reden darf, bey dem Throne verſammletes Collegium, welches die höchſte Aufſicht über Erziehung und Unterricht, und über die nöthigen Abänderungen derſelben, als eines der wichtigſten Reichs-Geſchäfte verwaltete?

Ehe dieſer Mangel gehoben wird, und ſo lange dennoch das ſchon feſtgeſetzte Weſen der Studien und Schulen äuſſerliche Rechte hat, alle erheblichen Verſuche der nöthigen Abänderung zu hindern; ſo lange ſind alle Klagen und Projecte vergeblich, oder doch nur ſchwache Mittel zur nöthigen Verbeſſerung, die erſt alsdann etwas wirken werden, wenn jemals die äuſſerliche Noth eines Staats ihn zwingen ſollte, die vorzüglichſte Werkſtätte der öffentlichen Glückſeligkeit ſo zu achten, daß zur oberſten Aufſicht über dieſelbe ein beſonderes nur damit beſchäftigtes Collegium eben ſo angeſehener als verſtändiger Patrioten beſtellt werde. Denn bey wem ſollen jetzt die Privatfreunde des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, welche in dieſer wichtigen Sache neue Einſichten, Erfahrungen und Kräfte erlangt haben, ihre Vorſchläge zur bedachtſamen Durchleſung anbringen? wo können ſie hoffen, daß, wenn etwas Wichtiges davon gebilligt wird, wirklich entweder öffentliche Hülfe oder nur Begünſtigung und Freyheit erfolge, ohne welche alle Vorſchläge nichts anders werden können, als ſchwarze Striche auf weiſſem Papier, welches mit der Zeit entweder von den Motten wird verzehrt, oder in den Kramladen verbraucht werden? Was hilft es zur öffentlichen Wohlfarth, wenn ſolches angefärbte Papier vor dieſem Schickſale die Augen einiger Leſer vorbey paſſirt iſt, welche allenfalls ausrufen: Der Mann hat in manchen Stücken zwar Recht, aber wer kann ſein Recht gültig machen? Oder: wer iſt der, daß er uns Gutes erinnern ſollte?

In ſo wichtigen Dingen, als für das menſchliche Geſchlecht und für die Staaten die Verbeſſerung des Unterrichts und der Studien iſt, ſollte niemals gefragt werden, von wem, ſondern was vorgeſchlagen ſey; nicht von wem, ſondern was derſelbe anzufangen oder auszuführen ſich erbiete. Können Euclidis Anfangsgründe, weil er ein Heyde war, nicht nützlich ſeyn? Sendeten die erſten Chriſten im Vertrauen auf ihre ſieghafte Wahrheit ihre Kinder nicht in die guten rhetoriſchen, philoſophiſchen und juriſtiſchen Schulen der Heyden? Iſt es bey den Pr — unerlaubt, die politiſchen Wahrheiten eines Montesquieu zu hören, und nach den Landes-Umſtänden zu erfüllen, weil er ein C — war? Gilt Rammler's Batteux nicht in Wien, ob er gleich das Fr. Conc. nicht unterſchreibt? Wäre der vortreffliche Wiener Sonnenfels nicht ein höchſt brauchbarer Lehrer der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften in Stockholm? Das Quadrat der Hypotenuſe iſt doch ſo groß, als die Quadrate der andern Seiten zuſammen, und wenn es auch nicht Pythagoras, ſondern Origenes, Manes, Huß, Luther, Eck, Arminius, oder Socinus zuerſt gelehrt hätten; lauter Männer, welche irgendwo in der Theologie, wovon die Rede nicht iſt, für ſehr irrgläubig gehalten werden. Ich werde nur lauter ſolche Gedanken und Anſchläge entdecken, welche von allen Kirchen keine betreffen, vielweniger beleidigen, weil ich ſie alleſammt als große und zum guten Zwecke errichtete Geſellſchaften verehre. Der Leſer verzeihe mir dieſe einzige etwas lange Anmerkung, welche mehr des Verfaſſers, als der Materie wegen nothwendig iſt.

Ich kehre auf meinen Weg gerade zurück durch Wiederholung des Gedankens, daß die Oberaufſicht über die Erziehung und den Unterricht wegen ihrer Wichtigkeit ein angeſehenes Staats-Collegium erfordere. Allerdings ein angeſehenes Collegium, welches von der Majeſtät des Landes angehört zu werden Gelegenheit hätte; welches nicht nur die Menſchen und die Wiſſenſchaften, ſondern auch im Ganzen das Land, und ſowohl die Bedürfniſſe, als die Kräfte des Staats nach ſeiner beſondern Regierungsform kennte, und von den Beſchwerlichkeiten oder anfänglichen Nachtheilen, welche mit jeder großen Veränderung verbunden ſind, deſto unpartheiiſcher urtheilte, je weniger es ſelbſt dadurch leiden oder gewinnen könnte. Der Beweis dieſer Bedürfniß, welcher auch von andern eingeſehen wird, iſt klar. Denn die Oberaufſicht, die jetzund von angeſehenen Staatsmännern ausgeübt wird, muß zur nöthigen Verbeſſerung des Studienweſens ſehr unwirkſam bleiben, weil ſie das Hunderſte ihrer Geſchäfte, oder wohl gar eines einzigen Miniſters iſt, der, ſo groß er immer ſeyn mag, (denn ich kenne und verehre Grandiſons unter den Miniſtern) doch ſeiner Länge keine Elle zuſetzen, oder ſie nicht über die äuſſerſte menſchliche Höhe erheben kann. Daher ſind an den meiſten Orten ſehr ſubalterne Geſellſchaften und Perſonen, die eigentlichen wirkſamen Aufſeher über das Weſen der Erziehung, der Schulen und der Studien. Dieſe Subalternen ſind zuweilen eben dieſelbigen, welche auch die Laſt und die Nachrede, die mit allen Neuerungen verknüpft iſt, ſelbſt ertragen müſſen, wie die Profeſſoren der Univerſitäten. Oder es iſt etwa einer dem Amte nach vornehmer Geiſtlicher, dem es an nöthiger Kenntniß der öffentlichen Bedürfniſſe, des Umfangs der Wiſſenſchaften und der Proportion in der Nothwendigkeit und Ausdehnung ihrer Theile fehlet. Beſitzt er aber dieſe Erkenntniß, wie ich denn einige Geiſtliche auch allerdings dafür verehre; ſo übt er doch ſeine Aufſicht mehr als ein Kirchengeſchäfte, als wie ein Staatsgeſchäfte aus, welches es doch nach der Natur der Sache ſeyn muß. Dazu hat er entweder eine mit dem Amte gemeiniglich verbundene Neigung; oder wenn er gerne anders wollte, ſo darf er in ſeinen Anſchlägen nicht ſo ſehr von dem Gewöhnlichen abgehen. Denn die Profeſſoren und Schulmänner müſſen bey allen Neuerungen von dem gebahnten Wege weichen, und auf rauhern Straßen anfangs fortſtolpern lernen, ehe ſie bequem gehen können. Dieſes thut natürlicher Weiſe ein Mann ſehr ungerne, der auch ſeiner Familie genieſſen will, ſein Glück und ſeine Methode feſtgeſetzt hat, und eine Abänderung ſeiner Geſchäfte wenigſtens anfangs für einen Eingriff in die von der Majeſtät ertheilte Vocation halten muß. Die meiſten werden ſich in ſolchem Falle widerſetzen, und für ſchädlich oder unmöglich ausgeben, was höchſt nützlich und nur mit Beſchwerlichkeiten möglich iſt. Will der geiſtliche Aufſeher durchdringen, ſo hat er Feinde, die in keinem Stande, als in dem ſeinigen, unerträglicher ſind. Denn nichts iſt leichter, als einem Geiſtlichen empfindlich zu ſchaden, beſonders, wenn er etwas geſchrieben, und alſo zu allerley Anſchuldigungen, bis ſogar des Irrglaubens, Anlaß gegeben hat. Um des Weſens der Studien willen, die mehr den Staat als die Kirche angehen, um der unleugbaren Gewohnheit vieler Geiſtlicher willen, und ihres eigenen nöthigen Friedens halber, iſt es alſo eine Frage, ob es zu wünſchen ſey, daß die angeſehenen Geiſtlichen, die ohne dies ſehr beläſtiget ſind, von der gewöhnlichen Oberaufſicht über das Weſen der Erziehung, Schulen und Studien mögten befreyet werden. Hier aber rede ich nicht von dem Unterrichte und Rathe, den ſie ihrer Gemeine allerdings darüber zu geben ſchuldig ſind, durch welche

Unterweiſung und andere Mittel die Kinder derſelben von denjenigen Lehrſätzen benachrichtiget und vergewiſſert werden können, welche wahr und weſentlich ſind, oder nach dem Kirchenſyſteme dafür gehalten werden. Dieſer Unterricht, dieſer Rath iſt allerdings eines der wichtigſten Geſchäfte der geiſtlichen Hirten und eine wahrhaftige Sache der Kirchengeſellſchaft, welche derſelben und ihren Lehrern von den weltlichen Hirten des ganzen Vaterlandes, nach wahrem Rechte niemals kann genommen, niemals kann eingeſchränkt werden, als nur in den Punkten, welche etwa mit der bürgerlichen Moralität, mit den politiſchen Rechten der Majeſtät, oder der Stände (an Orten, wo Stände ſind) und mit der bürgerlichen von der Obrigkeit beliebten Verträglichkeit verſchiedener Religionsverwandten ſtreiten möchten.

Ein mit hundert wichtigen Geſchäften beläſtigter Miniſter, ein Collegium von Profeſſoren und Schulmännern; einzelne oder verſammelte Geiſtliche können alſo die für den Staat erſtaunlich wichtige und ſehr beſchäftigende Aufſicht über das Weſen der Schulen und Wiſſenſchaften nicht haben, wenn der Staat nach der Proportion der Wichtigkeit in dieſer Sache handeln will, wovon die weiſern alten Völker und das Muſter geben. Kurz, ich ſehe nicht, wie dieſe Oberaufſicht nach Würden und nach dem Bedürfniſſe, auſſer jenem zum Theil beſchriebenen Staats-Collegio, verwaltet werden könne. Denn nur eine Geſellſchaft ſolcher Männer, wenn, nach Endigung eigener Studien, und nach einigen Auscultanten-Jahren in dieſem Collegio, das deſſen merkwürdigen Schriften und Vorſchläge, der Gebrauch der Nachrichten aus den Provinzen, die gemeinſchaftlichen Berathſchlagungen und die Vorſtellungen vor dem Throne, oder vor der Regierung, ihr einziges und höchſt angeſehenes Hauptgeſchäfte wäre, nur ein ſolches Collegium iſt alsdann im Stande, eines der wichtigſten Geſchäfte des Vaterlandes mit dem nöthigen Nachdrucke zu treiben; ohne Schaden der nöthigen Einförmigkeit, dennoch guten neuen Anſchlägen Raum zu laſſen, für die Moralität ſowohl in der chriſtlichen, als in der zahlreichſten Kirche zu ſorgen; die Erziehung nach der Beſchaffenheit des Landes und der Regierungsform einzurichten; jedem politiſchen Stande und Amte die erforderlichen jugendlichen Studien anzumeſſen; das Verhältniß der Zeiten, in welcher der Vortrag einer öffentlichen Wiſſenſchaft dauren ſoll, zu beſtimmen; eine ſowohl dem Staate nützliche, als der Privatfreyheit nicht nachtheilige Reformation des Bücherweſens vorzunehmen; die in den meiſten Staaten zureichende Fonds zu dem Weſen der Schulen und Studien zu unterſuchen; ſich nützliche Veränderungen des Gebrauchs, der Zuſammenſchmelzung und der Trennung derſelben vortragen zu laſſen; die nöthige Vermehrung oder Verminderung, die Oerter und die Perſonen, der öffentlichen Schulanſtalten und der Akademien zu überlegen; den Staat zum nöthigen Aufwande (wenn die bisherigen Fonds, wie faſt allgemein der Fall iſt, nicht zureichend wären), durch den Vorſchlag der leichteſten Mittel zu bereden; und endlich ſolche Verſuche zu erleichtern und zu begünſtigen, welche wichtig genug dazu ſind, und doch nur einige Wahrſcheinlichkeit und keine Gewißheit für ſich haben. Ich rede von Verſuchen, die im Falle des Mißlingens gar nicht oder wenig ſchaden, aber ohne öffentliche Begünſtigung nicht können angeſtellt werden. Ich glaube alſo, meinen Satz, von der Nothwendigkeit eines höchſt angeſehenen Erziehungs- und Studien-Collegii bey jeder Regierung erwieſen zu haben. Einen Satz, welchen nebſt andern auch der höchſt verdiente Herr Rector Ehlers einer beſſern Ueberlegung dargeſtellet hat.

Ich habe Dieſes im Vorbeygehen berührt. Wer zu leſen Luſt gehabt, die ich mir wünſche, und wer langſam genug leſen und denken will, der wird es für ein Buch weitläuftig genug ausgeführt und bewieſen halten, und mir das Vergnügen nicht abſprechen, es auch für andre zu beweiſen, wenn mein Zweck wäre, eine vollſtändige Abhandlung von der Verbeſſerung des Unterrichts und der Studien zu ſchreiben, und nicht vielmehr, nach einigen allgemeinen Anmerkungen darüber, nur die Beſchaffenheit derjenigen Schulbibliothek zureichend zu erklären, welche mit mir eine kleine Geſellſchaft von Mitarbeitern, mit völligem Stillſchweigen von den Syſtemen der verſchiedenen Kirchen, und ohne Eingriff in die Rechte irgend eines Standes, nach Berathſchlagung mit mehrern Perſonen zu ſchreiben und drucken zu laſſen, unter einigen noch ungewiſſen Bedingungen beſchloſſen hat. Ich eile alſo zur Hauptſache, wenn ich erſt von dem Unterrichte und den Studien einige Gedanken mit einer ſolchen Kürze entdeckt habe, welche man ohne meine Schuld für den Ton einer zu zuverſichtlichen Entſcheidung halten würde. Denn dieſer Zuſammenhang meiner Gedanken hat groſſen Einfluß auf die beſchloßne Beſchaffenheit derjenigen Schulbibliothek, welche bisher noch ein bloſes Project iſt, und welche es vielleicht nach der Lauligkeit unſers Jahrhunderts in Beförderung guter Werke beſtändig bleiben muß.

Die öffentliche Glückſeligkeit aller mir bekannten Länder wird auf eine erſtaunliche Weiſe weiter abnehmen, wenn die Rathgeber der Majeſtäten und der Republiken nicht bald inne werden, daß nicht etwa mit einem gewöhnlichen Kaltſinne, ſondern mit einem vollkommenen patriotiſchen Eifer, nicht nach und nach durch kleine Veränderungen, ſondern durch eine gänzliche Unterſuchung aller Theile und Umſtände, an der Verbeſſerung der Kinderzucht, des Unterrichts, der Moralität und Sitten und des Studienweſens gearbeitet werden müſſe. Nicht durch Salben und Pflaſter werden Wunden geheilet, die wegen des freſſenden Eiters eine bodenloſe Tiefe haben.

Denn in welcher Nation iſt die Liebe des Vaterlandes in vornehmen und geringen Ständen jetzund der herrſchende Character, wie ſie es etwa bei den alten weiſern Nationen war? Wo iſt alſo die bürgerliche Tugend? wo iſt die ehemals mögliche allgemeine Glückſeligkeit? Und zwar jetzund, da wenigſtens äuſſerlich eine Religion bekannt wird, welche in der uneigennützigen Menſchenliebe, und zwar um Gottes und des Himmels willen, das einzige von uns gefoderte Opfer verlangt? Wo iſt Patriotismus in freywilligen Darbietungen des überflüſſigen Vermögens; in der Amtstreue, die mehr thun muß, als die Inſtruction erzwingen kann; in der Hintanſetzung ſeiner eigenen Familie, bey Beförderung zum Beſten des Landes? Wo iſt ein geduldiger Eifer, mit Dank und Undank dem Publico zu nutzen? Wo iſt Patriotismus an den Höfen, in der Armee, bey den öffentlichen Lehrern, bey den Schriftſtellern, und inſonderheit bey dem ehrwürdigſten Theile des Staates, in den zahlreichſten Ständen? Ja, wer tadelt uns nicht, wer lacht nicht über uns, wenn wir ſo thöricht ſcheinen, unſer Privatbeſtes in Bemühungen für das Publicum aufzuopfern, oder wenn wir es gewagt haben, durch Gutesthun uns mißfällig zu machen? Welcher Freund ſagt nicht zu dem andern: ſchweig und ſprich, wie es die Welt gern haben will; warum willſt du dich dem undankbaren Publico aufopfern? Ich kenne in jedem Stande zwar Patrioten des menſchlichen Geſchlechts und des Vaterlandes. Aber höchſt wenige. Andre ſeufzen über eben dieſen Mangel, und vielleicht ſeufzt man hierüber auf manchen Fürſtenſtühlen und in den Sälen des Staatsraths. Seufzen hilft nicht! Die wohlthätige Hand der Mächtigen und Weiſen muß den Grund des Schadens erforſchen und dann heilen. Die Sitten, folglich der Unterricht und die Erziehung aller, und das Studienweſen der vornehmern Stände müſſen ohnfehlbar äuſſerſt verderbt ſeyn. Die Kirchen mögen ſo rechtgläubig ſeyn, als ſie wollen, ſo wirken ſie dennoch vermöge dieſer traurigen Erfahrung nicht jetzt, und nicht genug bürgerliche Erleuchtung und Tugend. Die Staaten müſſen ſich ſelbſt heilen, wenn ſie ſich verwundet und krank fühlen, und die gewöhnlichen Aerzte die Beſchaffenheit ihrer Uebel nicht kennen, oder ihnen nicht abhelfen. Wo denn anders kann der erloſchene Patriotismus wieder aufleben, als in den Schulen und auf den Akademien? Wer kann glauben, daß dieſes große Werk, welches unter der bisherigen Aufſicht über Auferziehung, Schulen und Studien faſt gänzlich verſäumt iſt, und nach welchem ſich als nach einem Mittelpuncte der ganze Umfang aller zur zeitlichen Wohlfahrt gehörigen Aufſicht richten ſollte, ohne gänzliche Umſchaffung der Schulen und des Studienweſens könne zu Stande gebracht werden? Ihr Patrioten des menſchlichen Geſchlechts und der Staaten, könnt ihr die Zeichen der tödtlichen Schwindſucht an der öffentlichen Glückſeligkeit nicht ungerührt ſehen; müßt ihr euch der Millionen erbarmen, ſo erleichtert die Möglichkeit einer bürgerlichen Tugend, die Wiedergeburt der Liebe zum Vaterlande in dem Schooße der niedrigen und höhern Schulen, wo ſie geſchehen muß, und nach der bisherigen Verfaſſung nicht geſchehen iſt. Ich weiß zwar, das Schulweſen ſey in ſeiner jetzigen Beſchaffenheit nicht die einzige Urſache des faſt allgemeinen Kaltſinnes für das öffentliche Beſte an vielen Orten. Aber eine der wichtigſten Urſachen iſt es doch. Dieſes iſt mir genug.

Wie der Anwachs der Macht, der Bevölkerung und des Nationalreichthums auf eine ſolche Art befördert werden kann, daß die Summe der öffentlichen Glückſeligkeit gemindert wird; ſo kann eben dieſes auch mit der Erweiterung der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften geſchehen, erſtlich, wenn zu viel Perſonen entweder ihr ganzes Leben, oder bis ins fünf und zwanzigſte oder dreyßigſte Jahr nichts anders thun, oder zu thun ſcheinen, als memoriren, hören, leſen, excerpiren, an der Schreibart künſteln, kritiſiren, poetiſiren, diſputiren, programmatiſiren, promoviren, und nicht etwa aus hundert Büchern eines machen, welches oft ſehr nützlich iſt; ſondern ein kurzes nützliches Buch durch hundert andere verdrängen, die weitläuftiger und gemeiniglich unnützer ſind; zweytens, wenn eine ſolche falſche Polyhiſtorie, das iſt, ein ſolcher Schein des Vielwiſſens eine Sitte der vornehmern und wichtigen Stände wird, daß ſie zu eigentlichen Uebungen der Moralität, zur Angewöhnung der Tugenden keine Zeit übrig behalten; und drittens vornehmlich, wenn die höhern und niedern Schulen alle Erfindung und allen Gebrauch moraliſcher Uebungen faſt gänzlich verſäumen, weil ſie den Zweck des Vielwiſſens, oder des Nichts=recht=wiſſens für nothwendiger halten, wobey ſie zu ſo kleinen Dingen, als die Uebungen der Jugend ſind, keine Zeit zu verlieren haben. Ich ſchweige von den Freyheiten der academiſchen Purſche, ungeſtrafter, als andre, wild und laſterhaft zu ſeyn, ehe ſie Prieſter, Richter und Aerzte werden. Kann wohl die offenbar nöthige Reformation in Beſtimmung der Anzahl der ſtudirenden Jugend in der bey ihnen aufs ſorgfältigſte einzuführenden Moralität, und in der Abſchaffung der offenbar unnützen und zeitkoſtenden Formalitäten, anders geſchehen, als durch eine gänzliche Umſchaffung aller öffentlichen Schul= und Studien=Anſtalten?

Die weiſe Aufrichtigkeit und Simplicität des Characters iſt die halbe Tugend. Der Geiſt der Formalitäten, der Verſtellung und der unnöthigen Künſteley macht in demſelben Maaße, als er zunimmt, die Bürger den Mitbürgern entweder ſchädlicher, oder unbrauchbarer. Wo ſind aber mehr offenbar unnütze Formalitäten, mehr reſpectable Lügen und Verſtellungen, als bey den öffentlichen Schulen und Academien? Ich will von den unläugbarſten anfangen. Wie kann ihr nicht für Geld und gute Worte promoviren, Doctor, Licentiat, Magiſter und Baccalaureus (ein der Zeiten ſeiner Erfindung angemeſſner Mann) werden! Ich weiß die ärgerlichen Exempel der Tugenden. Und wenn dieſe Sache nur mit einer Unterſchrift abgethan wäre, wie bey Ertheilung anderer Titel! Aber, was werden unter dem Scheine der größten Ernſthaftigkeit, und alſo auf ſtrafbare Weiſe für academiſche Comödien daher geſpielt! Teſtimonium ohne Zeugniß! Examen ohne Unterſuchung! Autor, ohne zu wiſſen, wovon! Reſpondens ohne ſelbſt erfundene Antworten. Opponens ohne alle wirkliche Zweifel. Ein großer Hut im Hörſale. Ein Kuß ohne Ehrfurcht und Liebe. Ein Ring für alle Finger. Lobeserhebungen, die nicht einmal derjenige, der ſie empfängt, für wahr hält. Unſterbliche Dankſagungen für keine Wohlthaten. Wünſche, die dem Wünſcher gleichgültiger ſind, als die Regelmäßigkeit einer einzigen Locke ſeiner Perüque. Glockenläuten, Proceſſionen, zahlreiche Verſammlungen, Gratulationen, nichts bedeutende Carmina in allen Sprachen, koſtbare Schmäuſe und aller ſolcher Kleinigkeiten zu geſchweigen. Ich muß ernſthaft werden; öffentliche Gebete! in welchen man an nichts weniger, als dem majeſtätiſchen Gott denkt! Eide! Eide, die der Schwörer nicht verſteht, nicht halten kann, nicht halten will. Man bedenke alles dieſes! Wenn nur ein Drittel oder Viertel dieſer geld= und zeitkoſtenden Promotionen und Deputationen in ſich ſelbſt ſo comiſch und wegen des Betruges für den Menſchenfreund ſo traurig ſind, und wenn dem Unweſen nicht abgeholfen wird; was iſt denn überhaupt die reale Wichtigkeit des Ganzen, zu welchem Prinzen, Miniſter und Patrioten ganz ernſthaft eingeladen werden, und aus überflüſſiger Herablaſſung erſcheinen? Was iſt die Tändeley, womit der angeſehenſte Theil einer großen Stadt ſich einige Stunden beſchäftigt? Die Mode der Lügen, der Verſtellung, der Formalitäten, der mit dem Schein eines heiligen Ernſtes geſpielten Comödien und der leichtſinnigen Meineide, wenn ſie bey dieſen und andern Gelegenheiten reſpectabel iſt und bleibt, verdirbt den ganzen Nationalcharacter, die Jugend, die bürgerliche Glückſeligkeit. Ich laſſe einigen Kirchen ihre vielleicht ähnlichen Formalitäten. Sie können ſich auf die Einſicht ihrer Gewiſſen berufen. Aber öffentliche Promotionen und Schulübungen ſind unter bloßer Staatsaufſicht.

Aber, ſpricht man, es ſind die Proben nöthig, ob die Männer, die man zu gewiſſen Geſchäften gebrauchen oder für fähig halten will, öffentlich reden und die Wahrheit vertheidigen können. Ich antworte, daß dieſes der wirkliche Zweck bey den Diſputationen und Promotionen nicht mehr ſey, oder ſehr ſelten. Wird denn der Doctorand abgewieſen, wenn er anſtatt zu declamiren ſtottert, liſpelt, ſtöhnt, oder ein ermüdendes Stückchen ſingt? Wird er abgewieſen, wenn er anſtatt die Geberde und Stellung eines guten Redners zu haben, krummgebückt ſein Concilium verließ, ſich tactmäßig einwiegt, oder andere widernatürliche Sitten ſehen läßt? Wird nicht der Herr Präſes und der Herr Reſpondens immer für die vortreffliche Auflöſung der Zweifel, und jeder Opponent für die Scharfſinnigkeit derſelben gelobt, und dem Staate, der Kirche, und beinahe ſelbſt Gott Glück gewünſcht, daß ſie ſolche Männer in ihren Dienſten haben, oder haben können? Sind nicht alle dieſe Oratiunkeln und alle Carmina gratulatoria vorher fertig geſchrieben, oder gar gedruckt, ehe man den Ausgang der Sache weiß?

Ein Feſt, das alle Kinder in der Schule wiſſen, ſteht bevor. Es wird ernſthaft angekündigt, durch ein gelehrtes Programma, worinnen oftmals von nichts weniger, als von dem Feſt, ſondern etwa von varianten Lectionen, von den Wochenaufwärterinnen der Griechen oder von Ciceros Großmutter die Rede iſt, und welches ſich endigt mit einer ſich über ihren Zufall verwundernden Ermahnung, das heilige Feſt mit vieler Andacht zu feyern. Eine Abänderung der Univerſitäts=Regierung ſteht bevor! Programmata, Reden, Proceſſionen, Diſputationen, Schmäuſe, Abendmuſiken, Graſſationen der Purſche. Wovon wird bey dieſen Abänderungen oftmals programmatiſirt, oder perorirt? Von den eingeriſſenen Mißbräuchen, von der Wichtigkeit der Jugend und Ordnung der Studirenden! Von den ernſthaften Vorſätzen, die man ſich in ſeinem neuen Amte faßt? Wenigſtens iſt dieſes ſelten die Hauptſache. Von codicibus manuſcriptis, von der zur griechiſchen Sprache und zur bürgerlichen Wohlfahrt unentbehrlichen Sappho, oder ihrem Freunde Anacreon, von der Unſchuld Socratis an der Knabenſchänderey, von den Melodien der Pythagoreer, ob Dionyſius von Syracus eine Prinzeſſin Tochter gehabt habe, welche mit einem Prinzen vermählt ſey, einem Stammvater der Familie des Attila, oder des americaniſchen Montezuma, welche uns gar nichts angingen, wenn wir keine außerordentlich gelehrte Geſchichtskundige ſeyn oder ſcheinen müßten! O ihr armen Zuhörer bey einem ſo tönenden Erze, oder bey einer ſo klingenden Schelle!

Verſammlet euch, Mäcenaten, und alle, was das Anſehen haben will, daß es die Sprachen aller Sprachen, die man unmöglich in zehn Jahren ex fundamento lernen kann, die lateiniſche Sprache, verſtehe. Es wird ein Profeſſor oder ein Schulrector eingeführt. Ihr wißt ſelbſt, für wie wichtig ich ſolche Aemter halte oder halten würde, wenn die ganze Verfaſſung dieſes Weſens nach dem Zwecke der öffentlichen Glückſeligkeit eingerichtet wäre. Ihr hört auch zuweilen bei ſolchen Solennitäten erbauliche Reden verſtändiger und gerührter Menſchenfreunde unter den Protogymnaſiarchen, Protoſcholarchen, Gymnaſiarchen, Scholarchen, Profeſſoren, Directoren, Rectoren. Denn es giebt Menſchenfreunde von allerley Namen. Aber nicht alle ſind es. Und nicht alle Reden gehören zur Sache, oder ſind erbaulich und für das Schulweſen patriotiſch. Was geht es aber uns Menſchenfreunde zu ſolchen Zeiten an, ob die ſamaritaniſche, hebräiſche oder die ſiebzig=dolmetſcheriſche Zeitrechnung die rechte ſey; was die Ophiten geglaubt haben; ob Pope den Homer gut überſetzt oder abgeändert habe; was das Urim und Thummim geweſen ſey; wie weit ſich das Arelatiſche oder Burgundiſche Reich erſtrecke; ob das heilige römiſche Reich in Deutſchland deswegen noch Prätenſionen an Frankreich habe; worinnen eigentlich die Lulliſche Methode, von der wir voraus ſetzen, daß ſie nichts tauge, beſtanden ſey. — Ein Magnificus ſtirbt! Er ſey, wer er wolle. War er nicht Magnificus? Er muß durch Programmata, Orationen, Lebensbeſchreibungen, die früher als die Empfängniß anfangen, mit ſeinen Großvätern, Großmüttern, Tanten, Großtanten, Gemahlinnen, Brüdern, Schweſtern, todten und lebendigen Kindern, Werken, die er gemacht, oder zu machen ſich vorgeſetzt hat, mit ſeiner Studierſtube, mit ſeiner Nachtlampe, mit ſeinem zierlichen Bücherrepoſitorio, mit ſeiner gravitätiſchen Fettigkeit, oder mit ſeiner von Arbeiten und Sorgen zeugenden ſchwindſüchtigen Magerkeit, vermöge eines ſo lauten und langen Geſchreyes gelobt werden, daß die ſpäteſte Nachwelt wohl hören muß. Wenn dieſes Privatperſonen aus Zeitvertreib thun, das kann man nicht wehren. Aber dieſes Lob geſchieht auf Befehl, auf öffentliche Unkoſten, von andern Staatsbeamten, faſt im Namen des Staats, zum Ruhm eines jeden, der ſo heißt. Ihr Cenſoren der öffentlichen Sitte! Gebt ferner nur zu, daß mit Befehlen des öffentlichen Lobes immer geſpielt werde. Dann wird nur ein wahrer Chriſt, der allerſeltenſte Menſch, mühſame Verdienſte erreichen wollen. Die Verdienſte werden gar nicht mehr ſeyn, und ſie ſind ſchon ziemlich ſelten.

Alle öffentliche Lobeserhebungen der Mächtigen und Angeſehenen, dazu Zeit und Ort vorgeſchrieben iſt, und die ſchlechterdings nicht dürfen unterlaſſen werden, die nicht auf dem Felde der außerordentlichſten Verdienſte, ohne eine ihretwegen geſchehene Veranſtaltung aufwachſen, ſind, was ſie ſind, Lügen, Schmeicheleyen, Zweydeutigkeiten, leere Töne, oder Wahrheiten, die der Veranſtaltung wegen verdächtig bleiben. Wohl dem öffentlichen Redner, der wenigſtens das Glück des erſten Umſtandes hat! Wohl dem Redner, der in jedem Falle befohlne Lobreden halten kann, ohne wider die Wahrheit zu loben; welcher ſich aus den Lobeserhebungen zu rechter Zeit in Wünſche, in Prophezeyungen, in guten Rath, in herrliche Exempel (u. ſ. w.) unvermerkt fortſchleichen kann! Haſſan, ein arabiſcher Prinz, wo ich nicht irre, im dreyzehnten Jahrhunderte, fand, daß der Tag ſeiner Beſchneidung auf Verordnung aller Baſſen in den Hörſälen der Profeſſoren mußte mit Lobreden und Hymnen gefeyert werden, und daß dieſe Gewohnheit von ſeinen Vorfahren aus andern Familien, unter welchen er ſelbſt einige für ſehr mittelmäßige Fürſten hielt, fortgepflanzet war. Er ſelbſt war ein vortrefflicher Herr, und liebte ſein Volk; er hielt ein Journal ſeiner von ihm ſelbſt entſchiedenen Regierungsgeſchäfte, ſeiner Verordnungen und Inſtructionen, ſeines perſönlichen und ſeines politiſchen Aufwandes, ſeiner Lectüre und ſeiner eigenen häuslichen Sorgfalt, in ſeinem Nachfolger einen beſſern Emir zu erziehen, als er ſelbſt war. Er verbot alle Lobreden und Hymnen; aber er wollte, daß an dem jährlichen Feſte des Vaterlandes eine Abſchrift dieſes Journals oder ein Auszug aus demſelben ſollte öffentlich vorgeleſen, und ein Lied nach morgenländiſcher Weiſe geſungen werden, daß ihm Gott ſeine Sünden vergeben, daß er das Fehlerhafte in ihm ausrotten, das Gute vermehren und beſtärken, die Verführer von ſeinem Hofe entfernen, den Patrioten Geduld mit ſeinen Schwachheiten verleihen und ſeinen Sohn zu einem noch beſſern Emir, als ihn ſelbſt, machen wolle. Dieſem Emir hielt das ganze Volk täglich Lobreden, mit einem Jubelgeſchrey, Vater Haſſan lebe, Vater Haſſan lebe. Seine Weisheit iſt durchdringend, wie die Sonne; ſeine Güte lieblicher, wie der Mond, wenn er das ruhig wallende Meer verſilbert. Jede Stunde ſeines Lebens iſt uns ein Stern, welcher Gutes verkündigt. Man kennet die orientaliſche Schreibart und den Aberglauben von dem Einfluſſe der Sterne. Die Wahrheit meiner Geſchichte könnte ich mit hundert Citationen erhärten und mit ſehr gelehrten Anmerkungen erläutern.

Ich will laconiſch ſeyn, und muß doch ſo aſiatiſch ausſchweifen? Alles iſt eine moraliſche Waſſerſucht vieler Gelehrten und Profeſſoren, wovon ich mich ſelbſt nicht ganz heilen kann. Ich habe die Univerſalhiſtorie bey Schurzfleiſch dem Zweiten, einem ſehr großen Manne, hören wollen. Alles war angenehm, und, als einzelne Gedanken, des Druckes werth. Aber nichts war eine Univerſalhiſtorie. Er benannte nur alles mit dieſem Namen, was er in zehn Jahren Schönes und Gutes geſagt hatte. Weniger konnte er nicht haben, das große Werk zu vollbringen. Was jemand mit Wohlgefallen ſeiner Privatſchüler als ein Privatlehrer thun will, das kann niemand, wenn es nicht unmoraliſch iſt, mit Recht hindern. Aber in Schulen des Staats muß Ordnung und Maaße ſeyn. Unter tauſend Ausſchweifern iſt kein Schurzfleiſch. Panctilius iſt es nicht, der die D —— —— in eben ſo vielen Jahren unmöglich zu Ende erklären kann; nicht Juſtus Romanus, der die römiſchen Antiquitäten ſo hoch ſchätzt, daß er die Lehre davon in ſeinem Leben nicht endiget, und es bedauert, daß ſeine Schüler im Mutterleibe dieſes Studium nicht anfangen, und in dem dunkeln Grabe nicht fortſetzen können. Doch muß man zu Ehren unſerer Zeit ſagen, daß dieſem Unweſen an den meiſten Orten durch Verordnungen geſteuert ſey. Nur bedaure ich, daß ſolche Sammlungen von Erkenntniſſen, die von Natur als Eins zuſammen gehören, in verſchiedene Wiſſenſchaften, Vorleſungen und Profeſſionen höchſt wunderbar aus einander gezerrt ſind. Alsdann ſieht man jede abgeriſſene Erkenntniß durch ein Vergrößerungs-Glas an, und ruft aus: O wie groß, mannigfaltig und unerſchöpflich iſt dieſe neue Ologie. Nun muß eine neue Profeſſion dafür errichtet, beſonders Geld dafür bezahlt werden. Nun wird von dem Urſprunge und der Geſchichte dieſer neuen Wiſſenſchaft geſchrieben und disputirt. Auch bedauere ich, daß mir wenigſtens keine ſolche Ordnung der Academiſchen Wiſſenſchaften bekannt iſt, welche von einer Anzahl rechtſchaffener und gelehrter Menſchenfreunde zum Beſten der Jugend vorgeſchrieben oder angerathen und in Anſehn gekommen wäre. Zu mir, zu mir, ihr Herren, ruft faſt jeder Profeſſor. Meiner Wiſſenſchaft kann Niemand entbehren, der auf Vernunft und Gelehrſamkeit Anſpruch machen will. Man kann nicht zu früh damit anfangen, nicht zu ſpät damit endigen. Wie wenig iſt es, meine güldne Wiſſenſchaft nur ein einzig Mal zu hören? Decies repetita placebit. Und wo dieſes nicht häufig geſchieht, da müſſen die Profeſſorate reiche Pfründen, und die Vorleſung keine beſonders bezahlte Arbeit ſeyn. Anderswo iſt faſt nirgends Freundſchaft, Hochachtung und Vertrauen unter denen, die Muſter der vernünftigſten Sitten ſeyn ſollten. Ein jeder auf ſeine Art ſucht nur ſeinen Hörſaal zu bevölkern, der eine durch eine verſprechende Hofmiene, der zweyte als ein Großprahler von einer andern Art, der dritte durch Kopfhängerey, der vierte durch Läſterung ſeiner Rivalen, der fünfte durch die unanſtändigſten Zoten bey Gelegenheit der ernſthafteſten Wiſſenſchaften, der ſechſte durch eine ausgelernte [illegible] Beredſamkeit (u. ſ. w.). An Orten, wo die Beſoldungen nicht unmäßig klein, der Lehrer nicht zu viel, der Zuhörer nicht zu wenig ſind, mag es erträglich ſeyn. Aber wie viele vom Staate unterhaltene Studienſtiftungen ſind nicht jetzund, wo auf jeden Lehrer zwey und ein Achtel, ein und ein Viertel, oder ſieben Neuntel Zuhörer gerechnet werden können? Das währet zwanzig, dreyßig und hundert Jahre. Es wird nicht beſſer. Was kann ein rechtſchaffner Mann, ein Aufſeher dabey thun? Er ſelbſt kann nichts erhebliches ändern. Die gründlichen Vorſchläge zur Cur ſolcher immer in den letzten Zügen liegender Körper müßten zuweilen weitläuftig ſeyn, lange überlegt und mehrmalen abgeändert werden, die Vorſteher müßten — die Lehrer müßten — die Bürger müßten — die Oerter müßten — die Verordnungen müßten — die Beförderungen müßten. Dies könnte, jenes könnte, das Dritte könnte. Wer ſoll alles das Müſſen und Können unterſuchen? An dem Orte, wovon jedesmal die Rede iſt, wird man ſich niemals darüber einig werden. Unterdeſſen ſagt ein jeder vielleicht etwas Gutes wider die Meinung des Andern. Wo iſt die Zeit, wo iſt das Anſehn zu ſolchen faſt jährlich in großen Staaten irgendwo nöthigen Unterſuchungen und Reformationen, die im ganzen für die öffentliche Wohlfarth wichtig genug ſind?

Das vorgängige Examen der academiſchen Bürger iſt wenigſtens auf einigen Univerſitäten und Gymnaſien nichts, als eine geldkoſtende Formalität, und das an Eidesſtatt gegebene Burſchenverſprechen, nach den Geſetzen zu leben, nichts als ein Spiel mit dem Namen Gottes. Ich rede aus allerley Art von Erfahrung. Ich mußte eidespflichtig verſprechen, in L*** auf kein Caffeehaus zu gehen, denn es ſtand in den alten akademiſchen Geſetzen, deren Abänderung, wenn gleich die Umſtände ſich ändern, der Mühe nicht werth iſt. Und doch ſahen meine Profeſſoren und ich uns wöchentlich auf mehr als einem Caffeehauſe, beyde mit guten Gewiſſen. Solche Spiele mit Geſetzen und eidlichen Verſprechungen ſind ſo häufig, und die bürgerliche Tugend iſt auch dadurch ſchon ſo verdorben, daß ſie kaum mehr ſchaden können, als ſchon geſchehen iſt.

In einem wohl eingerichteten Staate ſollte kein Menſch leben, von dem es nicht von Zeit zu Zeit unterſucht würde, ob er vermittelſt des Hauptgeſchäftes, das er wirklich treibe, oder zu treiben vorgiebt, dem gemeinen Beſten mehr zur Laſt oder mehr zum wahren Vortheile lebe. Von Landarbeitern, Handwerkern, Künſtlern und Kaufleuten iſt dieſe Frage leicht zu beantworten, weil die Sache in die Augen fällt. Aber diejenigen, die in dem Stande der Gelehrten dem gemeinen Beſten entweder wirklich, oder dem Scheine nach dienen, ſollten billig ſowohl unter einer ganz beſondern Vorſorge, als auch unter einer ganz beſondern Aufſicht des Staates ſtehen. 1) die Zahl derſelben muß nach dem Bedürfniſſe des Staates und der Zeiten beſtimmt ſeyn. 2) Vor dem funfzehnten oder ſechszehnten Jahre kann ſchwerlich geſehen werden, ob in einem Jünglinge eine natürliche und ſolche Beſtimmung zu dieſem Stande da ſey, daß der Staat wahrſcheinlich hoffen könne, dieſe bürgerlichen Kräfte durch Anweiſung zu dieſem Stande nicht vergeblich zu verlieren, und einen ſolchen Menſchen nicht zur unnützen Laſt zu machen. Alſo ſollte die Erziehung und der öffentliche Unterricht vor dem ſechszehnten Jahre billig ſo beſchaffen ſeyn, daß keiner, der allenfalls den Studien gewidmet iſt, zu einem andern bürgerlichen Geſchäfte ungeſchickt geworden wäre. 3) Es ſollte keinem erlaubt ſeyn, die Arbeit des Studirens ohne Wahl einer andern Lebensart fortzuſetzen, wo er nicht wahrſcheinlicher Weiſe Vermögen genug hätte, als ein mittelmäßig angeſehener Bürger zu leben. Wird aber unter den Aermeren ein außerordentliches Genie entdeckt; ſo muß, daß ich ſo rede, der Staat ihn an Statt eines beſondern Sohnes annehmen, wofür dieſer Client ſich gleichfalls einer beſonders genauen Direction des Vaterlandes unterwerfen müßte. Denn die Menge ungeſchickter und beſonders armer Gelehrten iſt eine der größten Hinderniſſe der öffentlichen Glückſeligkeit. Soll der Stand der Gelehrten dem Ganzen wahren Nutzen ſchaffen, ſo müſſen diejenigen, welche in demſelben ſind, eine vorzügliche Ehrwürdigkeit beſitzen, und ein mit demſelben übereinſtimmendes äußerlich [illegible] haben. Ueberdies iſt keine elendere Creatur, als ein dürftiger Gelehrter, der ſeinen Stand nicht lieben kann. Er denkt und empfindet ſein Elend mehr, als Andre, die auch elend ſind, und kann ſich viel weniger durch ſolche Mittel, die er ſelbſt billigen darf, heraus helfen. Nach guter Einrichtung möchte vielleicht der vierte Theil der heutigen Gelehrten in jedem Staate nicht nur zureichen, ſondern auch die Zwecke dieſes Standes in weit höherm Grade erfüllen. Denn ich ſetze voraus, daß die mittlern Stände der Bürger ohne gelehrte Studien beſſer, als jetzund geſchieht, können unterrichtet werden. 4) Da aber der Gegenſtand der Kirchengeſellſchaften in Sachen des Gewiſſens beſteht, über welche die Majeſtät keine andere Obermacht hat, als dahin zu ſehen, daß nichts wider die allgemeine bürgerliche Tugend und weſentliche Theile des allgemeinen Beſten geſchehe; ſo hat jede Kirchengeſellſchaft ein Recht, ſo viele freywillige Perſonen, als ſie will, zu ihren Kirchenämtern zu beſtimmen und zu erziehen, und als Candidaten derſelben anzuſehen; obgleich dem Staate allerdings die Aufſicht obliegt, daß dieſe Geſellſchaften auch für den Unterhalt ihrer wirklichen oder beſtimmten Lehrer und Diener ſo ſorgen, daß das allgemeine Beſte von ihrer Menge und Armuth nichts zu befürchten habe. Ehe ſolche allgemeine Vorſchläge practiſch werden, erfordern ſie ſo viele umſtändliche Unterſu-

Hungen, welche kein vernünftiger Autor zu einer ſolchen Zeit, in welcher man noch faſt gar keine Hoffnung des wirklichen Gebrauchs hat, mit Verluſt ſeiner Zeit und Arbeit vergeblich anſtellen wird.

Die Unterſcheidung der öffentlichen und nicht öffentlichen Schulen iſt ſehr weſentlich. Die öffentlichen müſſen für die Bürger und Einwohner eine **Staatswohlthat, aber kein Zwang ſeyn.** Die Erziehung und der Unterricht im Hauſe und in Privatſchulen muß frey ſtehen. Man würde ſonſt die menſchliche Freyheit, und zwar in Gewiſſensſachen, auf eine nicht nur unnöthige, ſondern auch ſchädliche Art einſchränken. Ueber die Erziehung und Unterweiſung im väterlichen Hauſe kann ſchwerlich eine beſondere Staatsaufſicht ausgeübt werden. Aber weil der Stand der Gelehrten ein öffentlicher Stand, und gleichſam eine Würde im Staate ſeyn muß, ſo folgt natürlicher Weiſe, daß die im Hauſe und nur in Privatſchulen unterrichteten jungen Bürger dieſe **Würde nicht erlangen, wenn ſie nicht durch öffentliche Prüfungen nachmals dazu legitimirt werden.** Ferner iſt es der erwünſchten Ordnung zuwider, daß zahlreiche Privatſchulen ohne vorgängige Anzeige vor der Obrigkeit gehalten werden. Denn der Staat muß unterſuchen, ob ein **Kinderlehrer eine moraliſch-unſchuldige Religion habe, welche die Lehre von Tugend und Laſtern, von einem vergeltenden Richter nach dem Tode und von der Pflicht des Gehorſams gegen die Majeſtät und ihre Geſetze als weſentliche Theile in ſich faſſe.** Wider dieſe **Staats-Religion** kann kein Unterricht ohne Verderben des Volks geduldet werden, da nicht einmal jemand ohne Wiſſenſchaft und Bekenntniß derſelben des **Bürgerrechts in einem weislich regierten Staate für fähig erklärt werden kann.** Auch müſſen die Privatſchulen den **moraliſchen Viſitatoren,** die der Staat dazu beſtellt, zur Unterſuchung offen ſtehen, ob etwas Erhebliches wider die Geſundheit und wider die nöthigen guten Angewöhnungen zu einem gemeinnützigen Leben daſelbſt geſchehe, wovon ich das Gegentheil von allen öffentlichen Staatsſchulen als bekannt, oder als unumgänglich hier vorausſetze. Aber daß **einzelne Prieſter, oder ein Collegium derſelben** ein Recht haben ſollte, Schulen, worein die Eltern ihre Kinder freywillig ſenden, wegen anderer Paradoxie rechtskräftig zu verbieten, da ſolche Prieſter doch in Anſehung ſolcher Eltern eben ſo wohl paradox ſind, als dieſe in Anſehung jener, indem die Paradoxie relativ iſt, **dieſes äußerliche oder blos ſcheinbare Recht der Geiſtlichen,** ſage ich, gehört ganz offenbar zur unchriſtlichen Intoleranz, welche, Gott ſey Dank, an vielen Orten ſchon ſehr geſchwächt iſt, und innerhalb hundert Jahren mehr lächerlich werden, als furchtbar bleiben wird. Unterdeſſen aber behält die **Geſellſchaft der Kirche das Recht,** Schulen, die von ihren Lehren abweichen, oder deren Uebereinſtimmung damit ihnen nicht bekannt iſt, für unkatholiſch, ungriechiſch, unlutheriſch, unreformirt, unarminianiſch, unſocinianiſch u. ſ. w. zu erklären, und nur die übrigen dem Gewiſſen ihrer Mitglieder anzupreiſen.

Eine Nation müßte ſo gebeſſert ſeyn, als ſie faſt niemals wird, wenn niedrige und hohe **Staatsſchulen,** das iſt ſolche, die von dem Staate unterhalten werden, und unter ganz beſonderer Aufſicht derſelben ſtehen, unentbehrlich ſeyn ſollten. Ob nun gleich dieſelbigen kein Zwangrecht haben dürfen, ſo iſt es dennoch nicht unbillig, ſondern vielleicht nothwendig, wofern die Staatsſchulen im guten Stande ſind, daß verordnet werde, **zu welchen Aemtern** niemand als ein ſolcher, der daſelbſt erzogen und unterrichtet wäre, zugelaſſen werden, oder daß er im Falle einer nöthigen Ausnahme zum Vortheile der Staatsſchule **ein Gewiſſes bezahlen** ſollte.

Da ſolche öffentliche Schulen auf allgemeine Koſten der Reiche und Provinzen unterhalten werden, wozu in einem Lande, welches verſchiedene Religionsverwandte hat, ein jeder Einwohner etwas beyträgt: ſo iſt es auch billig, daß dieſe Wohlthat für einen jeden Bürger allgemein ſey, und **daß der Religion oder Kirche halber keine Kinder von dem Genuſſe derſelben ausgeſchloſſen werden.** Dieſes iſt auch daraus erweislich, weil der Staat von allen ſeinen Kindern gleiche Treue oder gleichen Patriotismus fodert, oder zu fodern das Recht hat, und alſo in allen Staatshandlungen unparteyiſch ſeyn muß. Nun iſt es zwar weder möglich noch nöthig, daß es in den Staatsſchulen an dem **Unterrichte in der Religion der zahlreichſten Kirche fehle,** welche die **Landesreligion** genannt wird. Aber nach der ſtrengſten Billigkeit muß es erlaubt ſeyn, daß die Eltern der diſſidentiſchen Religionen und Kirchen nach ihrem Gewiſſen ihre Kinder dieſes Unterrichts nicht genießen laſſen, und daß ſie dennoch nicht gänzlich des Vortheils beraubt werden, die Ihrigen zu Erlernung der bloßen weltlichen Wiſſenſchaften hineinzuſchicken. Zu dieſem Ende müßte der Unterricht von der Art ſeyn, daß bey Gelegenheit der weltlichen Wiſſenſchaften von den Lehrern und in den Lehrbüchern keine Vorausſetzung von der Falſchheit oder Wahrheit irgend einer unter den zuſammen wohnenden Religionen vorkäme, vielweniger eine Feindſchaft gegen irgend eine bezeuget würde. Kann man denn nicht die Sprachen, die Rhetorik, die ganze Philoſophie, die Mathematik und die Moral ſchriftlich und mündlich ſo vortragen, daß **keine Entſcheidung wider Katholiken, Griechen, Lutheraner, Reformirte, Arminianer und Socinianer** gegeben werde? In Anſehung der Staatslehre und der Hiſtorie ſcheint es ſchwer. Doch nach meiner Meinung darf in höhern und niedrigen Schulen nur derjenige Grund dieſer Wiſſenſchaft gelegt werden, bey welchem es ebenfalls noch möglich iſt, ſich der unverträglichen Anzüglichkeit gegen alle Religionsverwandte zu enthalten. Die Kenntniß der berühmten Schriftſteller iſt dabey das vornehmſte. Ein jeder mag durch Hülfe derſelben nach den Schuljahren denjenigen Theil dieſes Studii weiter fortſetzen, der ſeinen Abſichten am gemäßeſten iſt, und in Leſung der ihm bekannt gewordenen Bücher nach ſeinem Gewiſſen verfahren. Die **Erleuchtung und Brauchbarkeit aller Einwohner des Landes,** von welcher Religion ſie auch ſeyn möchten, würde dadurch allgemeiner werden, und die Wahrheit, auf welcher Seite ſie auch ſeyn mag, durch eine ſolche Methode der Staatsſchulen mehr gewinnen, als es in der Welt geſchehen kann, ſo lange ein jeder Staat ſeine öffentlichen Schulen beordert, die zarteſten Kinder von jedem Satze der Landesreligion und von jedem Greuel des Gegentheils weit eher zu überreden, als ſie des Urtheils oder der Ueberzeugung fähig werden. Es hätte auch ſelbſt die zahlreichſte **Kirche kein Recht, ſich über eine ſolche gemeinnützige Methode der Staatsſchulen zu** beſchweren, indem nicht nur dieſer beſondern Religion abgetheilte Stunden gewidmet wären, ſondern auch die Kirchengeſellſchaft das Recht und die Pflicht behielte, die Ihrigen vor Aufnahme in die Kirchengemeinſchaft zur Entſcheidung aller ſolcher Puncte genug zu unterrichten, welche ſie in den Staatsſchulen etwa nicht genug nach der Wahrheit oder der angenommenen Meinung von der Wahrheit zu entſcheiden möchten angewöhnt ſeyn. Der **Staat und das Lehramt in der Religion,** die Handlungen dieſes und die Handlungen jenes, ſind zwar in einem Lande beyſammen; aber von ganz verſchiedenem Zwecke, von ganz verſchiedener Natur. Die Kirche ſucht die Religion zu befördern in ihrer ganzen Ausdehnung, ſo fern ſie für wahr gehalten wird; aber ſie darf es nur thun durch überredende oder überzeugende Gründe oder Vorſtellungen, ohne Befehl, Zwang und Strafe. Der Staat hat die irdiſche Wohlfarth der Einwohner zum Zwecke, welche er im nöthigen Falle auch durch Geſetze und Zwang befördert. Sein vorzüglichſtes Mittel iſt die Ausbreitung der bürgerlichen Tugend. Er ſieht ein, daß dieſe Tugend durch Erkenntniß der Wahrheit von einem richtenden Vergelter unſterblicher Seelen ſehr gefördert werde. Alſo hat der Staat ſowohl Recht als Pflicht, dieſe Erkenntniß auch durch Staatshandlungen zu befördern, und einen gefährlichen Widerſpruch dawider zu verhindern. Könnte ein Staat jemals auf die falſche Meynung gerathen, daß dieſe Wahrheit von einem künftigen Vergelter der Tugenden und der Laſter ſich bloß durch die Gründe aus der Wahrſcheinlichkeit und aus der Glaubenspflicht, welche die ſich ſelbſt gelaſſene Vernunft den Nachdenkenden anbeut, wider die Macht der Zweifel und Einwürfe, ohne Annahme einer Offenbarung, ſchützen könnte: ſo wäre es nicht zu läugnen, daß der Staat nur zur Beförderung dieſer natürlichen Religion eine geſetzgebende Autorität zu gebrauchen berechtigt wäre. Allein, da unter tauſend Seelen nicht eine ſeyn kann, in welcher die Vernunft dieſe zur bürgerlichen Tugend zureichende Wirkung hätte; ſo iſt der Staat auch berechtigt, dahin zu ſehen, daß in einem jugendlichen Unterrichte der Bürger dieſe geoffenbarte Lehre auch als geoffenbart erkannt werde. Alle andere Rechtgläubigkeit aber iſt dem Staate als Staate gleichgültig, weil jene die guten Wirkungen der Geſetzgebung nicht befördert, und dieſe ſie nicht hindert. Denn zur Ausbreitung des ganzen Umfangs der Religionswahrheiten iſt die Kirche eine von dem Staate verſchiedene Geſellſchaft. Solche Lehrſätze, die man noch lange Zeit nicht glauben wird, habe ich in andern Schriften mehr erläutert und bewieſen. Hier erwähne ich derſelben nur im Vorbeygehen, weil ſie in die Methoden der Schulen, die der Staat auf gemeine Koſten erhält, einen Einfluß haben.

Das Staatsbeſte iſt die allgemeine Wohlfarth der Einwohner; dieſe fällt und ſteigt mit der bürgerlichen Tugend; die Erziehung und der Unterricht, vornehmlich in öffentlichen Schulen, iſt entweder das vorzüglichſte Hülfsmittel, oder das vorzüglichſte Hinderniß dieſes höchſten Staatszwecks, die bürgerliche Tugend zu befördern. Was kann man von der öffentlichen Glückſeligkeit alſo denken, wenn man faſt allenthalben das **Weſen der Schulen und Studien in dem äußerſten Verfalle** ſieht! **Alles, was zur öffentlichen Wohlfarth gepflanzt iſt,** muß beſtändig im Werden bleiben, aufblühen, wachſen, Früchte tragen; niemals verwelken, verdorren, oder verfaulen. Beſſer iſt es, das Unnütze umhauen. Die Säfte, die es aus der Erde zog, ſind koſtbar. Die Stelle muß gebraucht werden. Der Staat muß allen Familien ein Exempel der beſtändigen Lebhaftigkeit und Ordnung in allen Geſchäften ſeyn. Aber wie manche Univerſität! — wie manches Gymnaſium! — wie manche Schule! Große Gebäude, welche Wüſteneyen werden, Stipendien und Wohlthaten, ohne daß eine zureichende Zahl da iſt, die ſie verlangen! Eine erſtaunliche Menge elender Verbalerkenntniß, ohne Realität! Eine Ordnung der Schulwiſſenſchaften und Studien, bey deren Beſtimmung weder Unterſchied der künftigen Lebensart der Kinder, noch die Möglichkeit in dem fortſchreitenden Anbau des menſchlichen Verſtandes zu Rathe gezogen iſt! Warum ſind oder heißen alle öffentliche Schulen der Städte lateiniſche Schulen? Was hilft dem künftigen Tiſchler oder Maurer ſein Vocabelbuch, ſein Donat, ſein lateiniſcher Catechismus! ſein Vorrath von lateiniſchen Sentenzen! ſein Miltiades! ſeine Briefe eines römiſchen Bürgermeiſters; alle Zeit, die er dabey verloren, alles Elend, das er dabey ausgeſtanden hat! Ich ſchreibe als ein Augenzeuge höchſt berühmter Schulen. Wer einen lateiniſchen Schriftſteller einigermaßen verſteht, und mit Mühe zur Noth ſo ſchreiben kann, daß er ohne Ekel andern verſtändlich bleibt; kann ſich der wohl rühmen, wenn er alle dazu verwandte Zeit zuſammen rechnet, daß er es in ſieben oder zehn ganzen und den wichtigſten Lebensjahren gelernt habe? Die faſt allgemeinen Mängel des Schulweſens ſind unzählbar. Nirgends iſt eine ſo feſte Anlage zur wahren Tugend und zum Patriotismus, als ſie ſeyn ſollte, und auch möglich iſt. Die Tugend der Keuſchheit iſt z. E. eine der wichtigſten. Dieſelbe iſt, wie ich aus vielen eingezogenen Erfahrungen weiß, nicht ſelten in öffentlichen Schulen der ſchlimmſten und unnatürlichſten Gefahr*) ausgeſetzt, in einem Alter, da viele, ohne faſt zu wiſſen, daß es Sünde ſey, ſo ſündigen lernen, daß, wenn ſie ſich auch beſſern, dennoch weder der Leib noch die Seele jemals wieder zu der Stärke und Glückſeligkeit der Unſchuld gelangen kann. Ich weiß, wie ſchwer dieſes zu vermeiden iſt. Aber deſto mehr ſollte über alle Mittel berathſchlagt werden, ob vielleicht tüchtigere zu finden wären, als die man itzt weiß. Denn die Sache iſt für das ganze menſchliche Geſchlecht höchſt wichtig. Kurz, das Schulweſen muß eine Zeitlang einigen der eifrigſten und angeſehenſten Menſchenfreunde der Gegenſtand ihrer wichtigſten Ueberlegungen werden. Das Ausſuchen vieler vorigen und gegenwärtigen Erfahrungen; die Prüfung vieler merkwürdigen Vorſchläge und eine Menge von unſchuldigen Verſuchen iſt nöthig, um das Schulweſen zu derjenigen Vollkommenheit zu bringen, welcher dieſes Weltalter nicht entbehren kann, ohne immer unglücklicher zu werden. Es iſt gar keine Proportion mehr auf der einen Seite, zwiſchen den zufällig entſtandenen Gebräuchen und neuen Uebeln, und auf der andern Seite, zwiſchen dem Werthe des öffentlichen Schulweſens und den Gegenmitteln, welche man wider die Uebel erfindet. Wäre auch vormals das Schulweſen ſchlechter beſtellt geweſen, als jetzund, ſo konnten doch die Kinder und folgſamen Zeiten es beſſer ertragen als die unſrigen. Sie konnten, mußten und durften die Schulen, Schulmänner und Schulbücher nicht ſo verachten, wie jetzund von vielen geſchieht, und die große Verbeſſerungen erfolgt, [illegible] gebildet [illegible]. Eine geſchickte Lectüre und Uebung giebt jetzund Vielen mehr Einſicht, als man in den meiſten niedrigen und hohen Schulen erlangen kann. Zum Unglück aber iſt dieſe Einſicht nichts Ganzes, nichts Zuſammenhängendes, nicht in den Gründen der [illegible], nichts mit dem jugendlichen Unterrichte Harmonirendes, und nicht von einer ſolchen Art, daß es die Bürger zu dem größten Tugendeifer, und in Standeshandlungen [illegible] machen könnte. Unterdeſſen, wenn man mit ſolcher oder auch mit [illegible] Einſicht in eine Schule zurück ſieht, alſo das Schulweſen anſchauet, ſo kann man ſich des traurigen Urtheils nicht enthalten, daß in dem Schulweſen noch die Dunkelheit oder der Geſchmack der barbariſchen Jahrhunderte herrſche; daß hier viel Unnöthiges gelehrt wird, und hier viel Nöthiges verſäumt werde; daß die meiſten Methoden im Schulunterricht fehlerhaft, und daß in vielen Geſchäften, wozu man Schüler, das iſt, ſolche verlangt, die auch auf Univerſitäten geweſen ſind, mancher weit geſchickter wäre, wenn er nicht ſtudirt, ſondern einer andern Anführung zu ſolchen Geſchäften genoſſen hätte. Auf ſolche Weiſe muß das Schulweſen noch mehr in Verachtung kommen, als es ſeiner wahren Mängel wegen billig iſt. Die Eltern können ſich der nachtheiligen Reden davon in Gegenwart ihrer Kinder ſchwerlich enthalten. Sie ſuchen entweder andere Mittel, oder wenn ſie ihnen noch öffentliche Schulen, Gymnaſien und Akademien anrathen, ſo hat doch die Critik der Eltern über die großen Mängel derſelben eine ſolche Wirkung auf die Gemüther der Jugend, daß ihr auch dadurch dieſe Stiftungen noch unnützer werden. Iſt es nicht bey mancher Perſon eine ſehr ſchlechte Empfehlung, ein Gelehrter, ein Schulmann, ein Profeſſor zu ſeyn? Wie kann ein ſolcher Mann, heißt es zuweilen, einen practiſchen Verſtand haben? Und dies iſt doch nicht vielmehr als die geſunde Vernunft und Reflexion über die Erfahrung. Wenn dieſes kränkende Urtheil oftmals wahr iſt; ſo hat man deſto mehr Urſache, über die Disproportion des Studienweſens und der zufälligen Einſicht unſers Jahrhunderts zu klagen, und alſo alle Menſchenfreunde und Patrioten um Rath und Hülfe bey dieſer Gefahr der öffentlichen Wohlfahrt anzurufen. Wenn das Studienweſen im guten Stande ſeyn wird, ſo muß die gerühmte Laufbahn der Studentenjahre ordentlicher Weiſe ein gutes Vorurtheil für jemandes vorzügliche Einſicht, Tugend und Brauchbarkeit erwecken; ſo muß man keinen Schulmann ſehn, ohne ſtarke Vermuthung, daß es ein erfahrner, geſitteter und beredter Mann ſey, der die Menſchen eben ſo gut kennt, als ein Hofmann, ſo müſſen die Profeſſorate Belohnungen der verdienteſten Schulmänner werden, und ein niemals oder ſelten falſches Zeugniß von vorzüglichen Talenten und Tugenden ſeyn.

Wie weit ſind wir von dieſer Vollkommenheit entfernt! Wie wichtig wäre es, wenn wir uns ihr näherten! Wie kann aber dieſes geſchehen, ohne eine vieljährige Ueberlegung eines dazu verordneten Collegiums? Ohne Verfügung, welche nur die Majeſtät ausführen kann? Ohne gänzliche Umſchaffung des Studienweſens? Ohne ein dazu eingerichtetes Seminarium künftiger Schulmänner? Wie kann dazu der Anfang gemacht werden, wenn nicht zuvor mit nöthiger Veranſtaltung verſucht wird, ob es nach Vereinigung einiger Männer möglich ſey, eine wirklich gute Schulbibliothek zu ſchreiben, das iſt eine ordentliche Folge von nützlichen Schulbüchern, welche einförmig zu dem wichtigen Zwecke fortſchritte; welche von dem Alphabete des menſchlichen Verſtandes anfinge; welche die zu allen Ständen nöthigen Erkenntniſſe zu erſt feſtſetzte, alsdann zur Unterweiſung der mittlern Bürger Gelegenheit gäbe, und ſich mit den Gründen der Wiſſenſchaften eines Studirenden endigte; in welcher jeder vorhergehende Theil den folgenden erleichterte, welche die Verbalerkenntniß nicht zur Hauptſache machte; welche die Streitigkeiten der Kirchen nicht in den allgemeinen Schulen anfachten, welche auf eine vernünftige Art die [illegible] der Sittenſprüchen [illegible]; welche diejenigen Erkenntniſſe, die mit Schulen zerſtreuet ſind, vereinigte; welche mit allem Fleiße nach dem Bedürfniſſe unſrer Zeiten eingerichtet wäre; welche ſowohl der ſchädlichen Armuth, als der [illegible] Weitläuftigkeit in den Wiſſenſchaften widerſtände; welche [illegible] Gelegenheit gäbe, kurz, welche ſo beſchaffen wäre, daß ich mir nur getraue, zu einem vorläufigen Verſuche etwas Weniges beyzutragen, wenn ich Beyträge und andere zureichende Hülfe ſollte erlangen können. Nöthig, höchſt nöthig, iſt ein ſolches Werk. Denn durch Verordnungen iſt wenig ausgerichtet. Wo hat die Obrigkeit, die etwas Gutes ausüben wollen oder können, die ſie in Seminarien dazu erzogen werden? Hat ein M***, ungeachtet der Weisheit ſeiner [illegible], die Schulanſtalt tüchtiger Jugend mit einiger Allgemeinheit verbeſſern können? Kann ein ſolch Seminarium anfangen, ehe eine nützliche Schulbibliothek da iſt? Und [illegible], wo ſie denn ſey; ſondern ich will mich weniger fragen: wo iſt in einer einzigen Wiſſenſchaft das erſte, zweyte und dritte auf einander folgende Schulbuch, welches nicht mit dem [illegible] der jetzigen [illegible] hätte? [illegible] in der Kirchen, [illegible]; und [illegible] ebenfalls [illegible] Mathematik aus, wo die [illegible] der Zahlen die [illegible] zur Ordnung gebracht hat. Aber in der Schulmoral? — in den Sprachen? — in höhern Wiſſenſchaften? — in der erſten Bildung des Geſchmacks? u. ſ. w. Wenn man der Natur der Menſchen und der Dinge folgen will, wie wenig hilft uns dann auch die beſte Chreſtomathie, um eine beſſere zu verfaſſen! Doch muß ich mit Dank im Namen Vieler gedenken, daß des Herrn D. Büſching's liber latinus das noch die einzige Verdienſt habe, ein leicht lateiniſch Buch zu ſeyn, welches keine Zeile enthält, deſſen Realinhalt nicht den Kräften und dem Nutzen des Alters, dem es beſtimmt iſt, angemeſſen wäre. Aber wie ſehr wäre die Möglichkeit zu wünſchen, daß ein ſolches Buch eben ſowohl mit den leichteſten Redensarten und Conſtructionen anfangen, als mit jedem Blatte oder Bogen durch die höhern Grade der nöthigen Schwierigkeiten fortſchreiten könnte!

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*) M. ſ. in Bahrdt's Selbſtbiographie Th. I. die Schilderung von Schulpforta.

Ludwig Friedrich Otto Baumgarten-Cruſius,

Dr. und Profeſſor der Theologie, geheimer Kirchenrath, Ritter des großherzoglich-ſächſiſchen Falkenordens, zu Jena, ward im Jahre 1788 zu Merſeburg geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung dort und auf der kön. Landſchule zu Grimma und bezog dann im 17. Jahre ſeines Alters die Univerſität Leipzig. Nach dreijährigen Studien machte er das theologiſche Examen unter Reinhard, habilitirte ſich darauf 1809 als Privatdocent in Leipzig und ward im folgenden Jahre Univerſitätsprediger daſelbſt. 1812 nahm er einen Ruf als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie zu Jena an und ward 1817 ordentlicher Profeſſor, 1818 Mitglied des Senates und der theologiſchen Facultät an dieſer Univerſität, ſtets einen großen, dankbaren Kreis von Schülern und Zuhörern um ſich verſammelnd.

Außer einer Reihe von lateiniſchen Abhandlungen hat er Folgendes verfaßt:

Das Menſchenleben und die Religion. Sechs Vorleſ. Jena, 1816.
Einleitung in das Studium der Dogmatik. Leipz. 1820.
Ueber wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit an ſich und in Beziehung auf die deutſchen Univerſitäten; eine Rede. Jena, 1826.
Lehrbuch der chriſtlichen Sittenlehre. Leipz. 1826.
Grundzüge der bibliſchen Theologie. Jena, 1828.
Ueber Gewiſſensfreiheit, Lehrfreiheit und über den Rationalismus und ſeine Gegner. Berl. 1830.
Grundriß der evangeliſch-kirchlichen Dogmatik. Jena, 1830.
Lehrbuch der chriſtlichen Dogmengeſchichte. Jena, 1831 – 32. 2 Abtheil.
Ueber D. Friedr. Schleiermacher, ſeine Denkart und ſein Verdienſt. Jena, 1834.

B.-C. iſt ein Mann von umfaſſender Gelehrſamkeit, tiefem Forſcherblick und im Leben wie in der Wiſſenſchaft voll freundlicher, wohlwollender Milde, den wahren Geiſt aller Zeiten anerkennend und befördernd und mit ſicherer Hand an das Tageslicht fördernd, wo die Stürme früherer Jahrhunderte ihn mit Trümmern bedeckten und den Blicken der Nachwelt entzogen. Von dieſem Sinne geleitet iſt ſeine Rede, wie ſein Styl einfach und ernſt, aber ein Spiegel ſeines Geiſtes und Gemüthes. Eine Darſtellung ſeines Wirkens als Lehrer der Wiſſenſchaft des göttlichen Wortes und der Grundſätze, die ihm dabei zur Richtſchnur dienen, ſey uns geſtattet hier aus der lauterſten Quelle zu ſchöpfen, wo uns ſelbſt auch nur im Entfernteſten bei anderem, dieſen Studien fremdartigem Beruf keine Stimme des Urtheils gewährt werden kann. Sie lautet *): „In der Ueberzeugung, daß ſich das Evangelium nicht habe im Widerſpruche mit der religiöſen und ſittlichen Anlage des Menſchen und mit ſeinen höhern Angelegenheiten aufſtellen können, und daß die Sache Gottes von jeher auch die der Menſchheit geweſen ſey, hat ihn die genauere Durchforſchung der heiligen Sache und Schrift vollkommen und innigſt befeſtigt. Das Evangelium will nur eine Ankündigung und Aufforderung ſeyn, welche ſich auf ein geiſtiges Gottesreich unter den Menſchen bezieht. Dabei hat er ſich gewöhnt, immer mehr an die Göttlichkeit der Sache und ihrer Erfolge, als an die Inſpiration der Perſonen zu denken. Die Fragen über das Unmittelbare und Mittelbare der göttlichen Offenbarung ſcheinen ihm, tiefer aufgefaßt, ſo unauflöslich als unerheblich. Das Außerordentliche in der chriſtlichen Urgeſchichte dünkt ihm auch in hiſtoriſcher Hinſicht wenigſtens nicht dafür geeignet, die Sache des Evangeliums darauf zu gründen: wenn er gleich ebenſo geneigt iſt, außernatürliche Kräfte in jener Zeit wirkſam zu denken, als ſich ihm Perſon und Rede Chriſti entſchieden als einzig in der menſchlichen Geſchichte darſtellen. Aber ſelbſt wenn jenes Außerordentliche nur in den Gefühlen und Anſichten der Zeitgenoſſen gelegen hätte, würde das bedeutend genug ſeyn, daß Zeit und Perſon Chriſti einen ſolchen lichten Kreis um ſich zu ziehen und auf einen ſolchen Standpunkt zu treten vermocht hätten. Die Dogmen der Kirche ſind ihm nach mannigfachen philoſophiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Studien zum Theile als unvollendete, oft auch entſtellte Auffaſſungen des Urchriſtenthums, zum Theile als Nachklänge fremder Lehren aller Art erſchienen, welche er eben ſo wenig behaupten, als ſpeculativ oder moraliſch deuten mag, ſondern die er vollſtändig zu erklären und hinter denen er die reine Urgeſtalt des Evangeliums aufzufaſſen ſtets bemüht geweſen iſt.“

Wir theilen hier einen Auszug aus B.-C.'s neueſter Schrift mit, welcher allgemein anſprechen muß, und deſſen Darſtellung dem würdigen und großen Gegenſtande, den ſie behandelt, vollkommen angemeſſen iſt, und laſſen hierauf eine ausgezeichnete Rede des würdigen Verfaſſers folgen.

Schleiermacher, nach Geiſt und Schriften dargeſtellt *).

Das innere Leben vollzieht und bewegt ſich in zwei Richtungen: ſie mögen Geiſt und Kraft genannt werden. Es ſind dieſelben beiden Principien, welche durch den ganzen Weltbau hin ſchaffen und herrſchen, und die unter jener Geſtalt im menſchlichen Gemüthe erſcheinen: das Eine, aneignend, in ſich gezogen, das andere nach Außen gerichtet, ſich ausbreitend. Hier im inneren Leben ſind es alſo die Richtungen: aufzunehmen, in ſich hineinzubilden, und die zur Gegenwürkung, zum Streben, Schaffen nach Außen hin; jene iſt immer innerlich, geiſtig-rein, dieſe ſich mit dem Aeußerlichen verbindend, dem Weltlichen näher, zugekehrt.

In Allem, was in der innerlichen Region des Lebens da iſt und geſchieht, erkennen wir jene zwei Principien, ja ihre Vereinigung hält und trägt eben das Leben. Aber alle Verſchiedenheiten unter den Menſchen, die der Anlage, des Sinnes, der Richtung ihres Daſeins, haben ihren Grund in der Ungleichmäßigkeit dieſer Principien, in dem Vorherrſchen Eines vor dem andern. Dieſes hat ſchon die gemeine Erfahrung längſt erkannt und die gewöhnliche Sprache auf mannichfache Weiſe bezeichnet. Es giebt vorzugsweiſe intelligente und wieder andere, vorzugsweiſe praktiſche Naturen: auch der Beruf der Menſchen ſcheidet ſich in dieſer Weiſe. Bis zur Ueberſpannung bildeten in alten Zeiten die Freunde des abgezogenen, beſchaulichen Lebens, bis zur ſchroffen Einſeitigkeit in der ſpäteren Zeit die Pedanterie der Gelehrten, ſich in der ausſchließlich intelligenten Sphäre aus; die Rohheit des Empirismus, die Unwiſſenſchaftlichkeit haben ſich in der ausſchließlich praktiſchen Richtung gehalten. Der geſunde Sinn hat dagegen immer für das Leben die Forderung ausgeſprochen, daß beide Richtungen mit einander vereint werden, daß ſie ſich ausgleichen, ergänzen ſollen.

Aber nur bei Wenigen, den Ausgezeichneteren, zeigen ſich im Inneren das Intelligente und das Praktiſche, Geiſt und Kraft, gleichmäßig entwickelt und im Einklange mit einander. Einer dieſer Seltenen war Schleiermacher. Und der Grund eines ſolchen Ebenmaßes kann immer nur in der Ausbildung des geiſtigen Lebens liegen: denn nur das Rechte, das Tüchtige und Vollkommene vermag ſich zum Ebenmaße, zur Harmonie zu verbinden. Und eben bei Schleiermacher zeigt ſich auch dieſer Grad, dieſe Vollendung der geiſtigen Bildung.

Tief im Inneren ferner giebt es ein zwiefaches Intereſſe, in welchem alles Edle und Würdige beruht, das ſich in jedem hohen Streben und in jedem heiligen Drange offenbart: es iſt das In-

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*) [illegible] redivivus. Zweite Aufl. Leipzig. 1833. S. 69. Anm. 16.

*) Aus: Ueber Dr. Friedrich Schleiermacher, ſeine Denkart und ſein Verdienſt, von Dr. Ludw. Fr. Otto Baumgarten-Cruſius. Jena, 1834.

tereſſe für die Wahrheit und das für die Religion und die Tugend, oder (wollen wir einen herrlichen Namen von ſeinem Misbrauch retten, um mit ihm jenes Beides zugleich zu bezeichnen) das für das Heilige. Auch dieſe Richtungen hat das gewöhnliche menſchliche Leben, innerlich und äußerlich, getrennt: auch hier kommt Alles auf die Vereinigung der beiden an, und auch hier findet dieſe nur bei der Durchbildung, der Vollendung Statt.

Eine ſolche Seele ſpricht aus den Werken und den Lehren Schleiermacher's. Wir kennen ihn als den erleuchteten Freund und Herold der Wahrheit, der Wahrheit in allen Beziehungen, für alle Verhältniſſe: aber er ſchied ſie nicht von der Religion, und dieſe nicht von dem Guten und Edlen: und die Begeiſterung für dieſe Gegenſtände hat ihn nie verlaſſen, noch ſeine letzten Reden haben ſie verkündigt.

In ſolcher Vereinigung und in ſolcher Vollendung von Geiſt und Kraft, und von Intelligenz und Religion und Tugend, laßt uns Schleiermacher darſtellen. Er hat hiermit noch als leuchtenden Schmuck ſeines Lebens, die Liebe zum Evangelium und ein hohes Verdienſt um deſſen Sache verbunden. In dieſer Lebendigkeit, dieſer Lauterkeit und Höhe ſeines Weſens konnte er denn die ewige Jugend finden, welche er ſich ſelbſt weiſſagte: „friſch bleibt der Puls des inneren Lebens bis an den Tod.“

Daß die intelligente Natur Schleiermacher's, wie bei unendlich Wenigen mächtig und durchgebildet geweſen ſei; dieſes iſt das Anerkannteſte von alle dem, was wir von ihm hier darzulegen haben. Aber es hat ſich auch in ſeinen geiſtigen Richtungen, und dann in ſeinen Arbeiten und Schriften zu glänzend offenbart.

Weit mehr als der wiſſenſchaftliche Stoff hatte der Gedanke für ſeinen Geiſt Intereſſe und Bedeutung. Dieſes hat ihm als Lehrer jene unerſetzliche Vollendung gegeben, in welcher er die Geiſter, ihnen vordenkend, ſie beherrſchend und leitend, entwickelt hat: und dieſes gab ihm auch jene Hinneigung zur Dialektik, zu der freieſten, reinſten Auffaſſung der Gedanken, und die Kraft, welche er in derſelben dargelegt hat. Die Dialektik hat, ſeitdem Ariſtoteles die alte, edle Bedeutung des Wortes abgeändert hatte, einen üblen Ruf in den gewöhnlichen Schulen gehabt. Auch Schleiermacher'n iſt ihr Gebrauch oft verübelt worden, oder man hat ihn wenigſtens eines Misbrauchs derſelben durch Uebertreibung angeklagt. Wie man die Dialektik früher der eigentlichen Wahrheitsforſchung entgegenſetzte, ſo meinte man, daß Schleiermacher, indem er oft nur den Begriffen an ſich folgte, ihren logiſchen Werth und ihre Anwendung prüfte, oder oft nur mögliche Gedankenreihen, Hypotheſen, bisweilen auch unvollendet, verfolgte, wenigſtens häufig ſeine Erörterungen des Gehaltes oder des Reſultats beraube. Man erwog nicht, welche Entwickelung der geiſtigen Kraft, wie die Begründung aller wiſſenſchaftlichen Forſchung in dieſer dialektiſchen Art und Kunſt liege; daß es etwas Anderes um ſie und um die Spitzfindigkeit ſei, welche die Schwierigkeiten, die ſie löſen will, erſt in die Gegenſtände hineinträgt, und daß ſich die Richtigkeit der Form, die Wahrheit des Begriffes, und die des Gedankens wechſelſeitig bedingen.

Dieſe Dialektik begleitet Schleiermacher in alle Beſchäftigungen ſeines geiſtigen Lebens: ein unübertroffenes Denkmal derſelben iſt die „Kritik der Sittenlehre.“ Hier hat er ſich den alten und neuen Syſtemen der philoſophiſchen Moral gegenübergeſtellt, um, ohne vorerſt das, was ihm als ſittliche Wahrheit galt, anders als nur in Andeutungen auszuſprechen, zu erweiſen, wie unbeſtimmt und ungenau bisher Principien, Begriffe, allgemeine und beſondere, und Syſteme der Sittenlehre geweſen und wie die ethiſchen Lehren meiſt theils ohne Gehalt, theils aus den gemeinen Begriffen und der Erfahrung entlehnt geweſen ſeien. Vornehmlich hat das Buch viele entſcheidende Bemerkungen über die Kantiſche Ethik und moraliſche Philoſophie vom Standpunkte der Dialektik aus gegeben.

Aber Schleiermacher's Geiſt zeigt ſich in ſeiner Tiefe und Macht auch da, wo er ſich auf Erörterung und Verarbeitung eines Stoffes gerichtet hat.

Ueberblicken wir zuerſt in ſeinen Schriften die Gegenſtände, welche er für die Unterſuchung aufgegriffen hat, ſo ſind es faſt durchgängig gerade die tiefſten, oder die am wenigſten aufgeſuchten und bearbeiteten geweſen. Um Platon, den tiefen und vielgedeuteten, noch zu übergehen, der ihm weit mehr als nur für Geiſt und Verſtand zuſagte, dem ſich vielmehr ſein ganzes Weſen angeeignet hatte; ſo waren es auf dem geſchichtlich-philoſophiſchen Gebiete: Heraklit, auf deſſen Namen ſchon ein uraltes Vorurtheil der Unbegreiflichkeit ruhte, und deſſen Bruchſtücke von Schleiermacher zuerſt vollſtändiger und geordneter zuſammengeſtellt wurden, ferner die joniſchen Philoſophen, ſie, deren Lehren nur in zweideutigen, auch widerſprechenden, Nachrichten erhalten worden ſind, und bei denen ſchon Ariſtoteles im Urtheile befangen war, Diogenes von Apollonia, den das Alterthum für den Vermittler des uralten Materialismus und des Anaxagoreiſchen Theismus anſahe: ſo endlich die große Erſcheinung des Sokrates. Dieſer bedurfte um ſo mehr einer unbefangenen, ſinnigeren Darſtellung nach ſeinem philoſophiſchen Verdienſte, als man bei ihm gewöhnlich nur nach Reſultaten und Lehren zu fragen pflegte, und als ſich gerade das Matte und Dürftige oft an ſeinen Namen angeſchloſſen hatte.

Die Geſchichte der Kirche und der Dogmen hat Schleiermacher weniger, für beſondere Studien und Arbeiten, beſchäftigt. Er forſchte und ſchuf auf einem ſchon unermeßlich ausgebreiteten Gebiete: übrigens war er gewohnt, dieſes chriſtlich-Geſchichtliche mehr in Beziehung auf die kirchliche Glaubenslehre, für welche es das Verſtändniß gebe, und auf die kirchliche Wirkſamkeit zu betrachten, für welche es den Ausgangspunct und Anhalt darböte. Aber ganz im gleichen Sinne, wie wir ihn eben anderwärts erblickt haben, wählte Schleiermacher für Forſchung und Darſtellung auf dieſem Felde den Sabellianismus und ſein Verhältniß zur Athanaſianiſchen Lehre. Denn dieſes iſt eine uns nur lückenhaft und vielfach verfälſcht bekannt gewordene Denkart in der alten Kirche, aber in den vornehmſten Vertretern von entſchieden ſpeculativem Charakter: und von dieſer Seite faßte ſie Schleiermacher auf. Von dieſer Seite iſt auch die Abhandlung muſterhaft, wenn auch immer manche Urtheile und Anſichten derſelben noch ſtreitig werden müſſen.

Wie in der Wahl der Gegenſtände, ſo erwies ſich Schleiermacher's Intelligenz auch überall in der Auffaſſung und Behandlung derſelben: auch da, wo er eben nicht blos Dialektiker ſein wollte. Es war Wenigen ſo wie ihm verliehen, in Allem, wo ſein Blick hintraf, die tiefere Bedeutung, die Idee, Philoſophie zu erkennen und herauszuſtellen. Mag ſich auch hierbei vor ihm bisweilen der Stoff zu weit zurückgezogen haben; aber es iſt nur aus der Gedankenloſigkeit zu erklären, mit welcher Manche leſen und welche ſie ſuchen und wollen, daß dieſe tief aufklärende Art ſeiner Betrachtung und Darſtellung oft als Verdunkelung oder Entſtellung angeſehen worden iſt. Die ſinnvolle „Darſtellung des theologiſchen Studium“ möge hier vor Allem genannt werden.

Doch mit beſonderer Vorliebe und eigenthümlichem Berufe hat er vornehmlich die Kritik geübt. Aber ſein Geiſt eilte gewöhnlich über die Einzelnheiten der gangbaren Texte hinaus; und es kann ſein, daß er in dieſer niederen Kritik oft nicht glücklich geweſen ſei. Da iſt ſie ihm freilich am meiſten gelungen, wo, wie in den wichtigſten Platoniſchen Dialogen, Urtheil und Verbeſſerung in der Tiefe des Sinnes lag. Aber das, was man die höhere Kritik genannt hat, die Beurtheilung der alten Schriftdenkmale im Ganzen, des Aechten oder Unächten, der Stellung und Bedeutung derſelben; dieſes zog ſeinen Geiſt vorzüglich an, und wiederum gerade da am meiſten, wo die Kritik lange geruht hatte. Doch hat er ebenſowenig als Kritiker gebieten, das weitere Urtheil abſchneiden wollen, als ſein ernſter Sinn die Kritik wie ein Spiel des Witzes und Scharfſinnes und des gelehrten Wiſſens anſehen mochte.

So hat ſein Talent ſich in dem berühmten Werke hervorgethan, in welchem die Weisheit und Herrlichkeit Platons zuerſt unſerer Sprache, und ſo einem größeren Kreiſe bildungsfähiger Leſer näher trat. Mit den Dialogen Platons ſtand es ſeit der ſogenannten Wiederherſtellung der Wiſſenſchaften und der neuen Akademie zu Florenz, ſchlimmer als in den älteren Zeiten und zu Alexandria. Die Tradition nahm ohne Unterſchied Wahres und Falſches, ſelbſt lächerlich Falſches wie es die meiſten angeblichen Briefe des Philoſophen ſind, auf: die Anordnung der Schriften geſchahe unter den beſchränkteſten Geſichtspunkten, bald nur nach dem was äußerlich zu paſſen ſchien, bald nach dem Lehrinhalte derſelben, wie man ihn in ihnen allen, als ihren eigenthümlichen Endzweck, vorausſetzte und ſowie man ihn, meiſtens theologiſch, auffaßte. Schleiermacher's Geiſt hat zuerſt in dieſer Maſſe geleuchtet, geſchieden und geordnet: ſeit ſeinem Werke giebt es eine höhere Kritik der Platoniſchen Schriften. Nur daß wir ein, nicht nur in der Ueberſetzung, ſondern auch in den noch bei den Büchern vom Staate verbliebenen Beigaben über Platon, ſeine Philoſophie und Kunſt, unvollendetes Werk empfangen haben! Und wie ſehr muß man es beklagen, daß ihn ſein Lebensgeſchäft nicht auch zu der Kritik der Ariſtoteliſchen Schriften hat gelangen laſſen, über welche er nur allenthalben zerſtreute Andeutungen gegeben hat; aber deren durchgängige Unſicherheit und Verfälſchung von Altersher bekannt und entſchieden iſt, und für deren Beurtheilung man noch nicht einmal Principien und Normen gefunden hat.

Denn freilich wurde Schleiermacher für eine lange Reihe ſeiner ſpäteren Jahre vorzugsweiſe auf das Gebiet der chriſtlichen Literatur hingeführt. Wir haben hier nur kurze Hindeutungen zu geben auf das, was ſeine Kritik dort geſchaffen hat. Unvollendet ſind ſeine Forſchungen über die Evangelien geblieben: aber ſie müſſen (während in der theologiſchen Einleitungswiſſenſchaft ſo Vieles gemeint und verſucht worden iſt, was durch den Fleiß und Scharfſinn unſerer Gelehrten nur mit Mühe noch über dem Strom der Zeit gehalten wird), jene müſſen ein Anhalt für bedeutende Unterſuchungen bleiben: und, wie es mit aller vernünftigen Prüfung lauterer und würdiger Dinge geſchieht, dieſe Unterſuchungen werden immer zugleich ſowohl ſondern und läutern als befeſtigen und ſichern.

Schleiermacher konnte ſich mit einem Sinne, welcher dem Alterthume und ſeinen Studien ſo vertraut war, und bei unbefangener Anſicht, weder die Hypotheſe von Einer gemeinſamen ſchriftlichen Quelle der Evangelien noch ähnliche künſtliche Ausführungen aneignen, wie ſie die neuere Zeit beliebt hatte. Aber neben der urſprünglichen evangeliſchen Tradition, auf welche ja Alles in der älteſten Kirche hinführt, nahm er für die drei erſten Evangelien (denn das Johanneiſche ſahe er als eine urſprüngliche Denkſchrift an, und er theilte mit der alten Kirche die hohe Bewunderung für daſſelbe) noch originale Aufzeichnungen an von mancherlei Art und verſchieden benuzt von den Schriftſtellern. Die Kritik, welche er (in einer bekannten Schrift, welche, wie wir hoffen dürfen, aus ſeinem Nachlaſſe vollendet werden wird) an Lukas Evangelium übte, mochte wohl zu zuverſichtlich ſein und zu weit führen, auch läßt ſich an dem, was er jüngſt erſt über Matthäus aus dem uralten Zeugniſſe des Papias aufgeſtellt hat, eben in Beziehung darauf wie er dieſes Zeugniß gebrauchte, Manches ausſetzen. Aber das Beſte konnte ſeinem Scharfſinne nicht entgehen, und es wird ſich, meinen wir, immer mehr bewähren, daß das Evangelium des Lukas das am wenigſten ſelbſtändige ſei, auch nicht habe ſein wollen, und daß die kanoniſche Form des Evangeliums von Matthäus der Perſon des Apoſtels etwas ferner ſtehe, ſelbſt nach älteſten kirchlichen Meinungen. Doch während er ſo frei und kritiſch ſcheidend arbeitete, erkannte er gern und freudig den Sinn und gleichſam die höhere Ordnung an, mit welcher ſich dennoch dieſe kanoniſche Vierzahl der Evangelien zuſammengeſtellt habe.

Faſt durchgeſprochen iſt in der theologiſchen Literatur ſeine früheſte Kritik auf dem Felde der N. T.lichen Schriften, die über den 1. Brief an Timotheus. Indem er Etwas erweiſt, was man die langen Zeiten vor ihm hindurch kaum geahndet hatte, daß dieſer Brief einen nichtpauliniſchen Klang habe, legt er ſich faſt gewaltſam ein Geſez der Mäßigung auf in Beziehung auf den 2. Brief und den an Titus. Man fand aber bald, daß die drei unter Eine Kategorie gehörten: doch die Allermeiſten haben der Kritik Schleiermacher's und ſeiner Nachfolger widerſprochen, bis ſich ausgleichende, und, wie uns dünkt, die wahren Urtheile herausgehoben haben. Denn das iſt durch Schleiermacher entſchieden und ſicher geworden, daß man die Authentie dieſer Briefe nur dann zu vertheidigen vermöge, wenn man eine genügende Erklärung der nicht Pauliniſchen Sprache bei einer Abfaſſung durch Paulus, zu geben im Stande ſei.

Hat Schleiermacher zu wenig für die eigentliche Auslegung der bibliſchen Urkunden gethan, ſo mögen wir dieſes nur beklagen, und ſchon ſeine unmittelbaren Schüler (wir wollen nur C. Uſteri nennen) haben Manches in ſeinem Sinne vollbracht, was ihm nicht auszuführen, oder auch nicht anzufangen vergönnt war. Doch mag Schleiermacher da wo er die eigentliche Schriftauslegung geübt hat, oft weniger glücklich geweſen ſein: er war zu ſehr Kritiker, zu ſehr Dialektiker, auch zu lange nur Ausleger der Alten, und zwar der tiefſinnigſten und gebildetſten, geweſen; endlich beſchäftigte ihn die praktiſche Behandlung jener Urkunden zu ſehr, daß nicht auch die wiſſenſchaftliche Auslegung Etwas von der freieren, mehr anwendenden, Art und Methode von jener hätte annehmen ſollen. Die Bücher des A. T., welche ihn der Sage nach (und wie man bei Dem ſchon vorausſehen kann, welcher nirgends obenhin und von Außen herein oder nur mit der Meinung Anderer forſchte und urtheilte) früherhin viel beſchäftigt hatten, blieben von ſeinen theologiſchen Arbeiten ausgeſchloſſen. Sie ſtanden aber ſchon in ſeiner Denkart in einem, ohne Zweifel zu ſehr entfernten, Verhältniſſe zu der chriſtlichen Sache und zur Kirche und ihrer geiſtigen Leitung.

So hat ſich denn ſein Geiſt gebildet, bewegt, erwieſen: wie ein helles Geſtirn überall, wo er erſchienen iſt, in der Schule und in der Wiſſenſchaft nach allen ihren Seiten hin. Aber, wir haben geſagt, gleichmäßig mit dem Geiſte, und eben ſo vollendet wie ſeine Intelligenz, habe ſich auch ſeine Kraft, praktiſch, würkend und ſchaffend erwieſen.

Das war ja ſeine eigene, ſtete Anforderung: lebendige Theilnahme und Würkſamkeit überall; Geiſt und Wiſſenſchaft in allſeitiger Anwendung und als Wahrheit im Leben; die Welt im Einklange mit der Idee. Und daß er dieſer Forderung an ſeinem Theile genügt habe, im weiteſten, reichſten Sinne, in Wort und That, mit Begeiſterung und Weisheit: dafür bedarf es keines Zeugniſſes, keiner Darſtellung: das hat die öffentliche Meinung längſt gewußt und bekannt. Darum galt ihm der Lehrerberuf und im kirchlichen Leben die Predigt ſo viel, er ſahe ſie beide als das Ziel und als die Bewährung der Bildung an; und wir wiſſen was er in dieſem zwiefachen Berufe ſelbſt geweſen ſei.

Doch auch weit in das öffentliche Leben hinaus drang ſein Gedanke und reichte ſein Eifer. Die Lehre vom Staate und die bürgerlichen Pflichten und Rechte beſchäftigten Geiſt und Gemüth Schleiermacher's ununterbrochen, auch in ſeine Lehrerthätigkeit hatte er dieſe Gegenſtände aufgenommen; wiewohl er nur ſeltener, und niemals außerhalb der wiſſenſchaftlichen und religiöſen Sphäre, nie blos für die oberflächliche, übereilende Meinung der Menſchen, immer aber verſöhnend und ordnend, ſeine Stimme über einzelne Verhältniſſe und Angelegenheiten des bürgerlichen Lebens erhoben hat. Dagegen hat er gern über Alles öffentlich geſprochen, was in einem näheren Zuſammenhange mit ſeinem Berufe in dem Leben ſtand. So über die Idee und die Anordnung der Univerſitäten im deutſchen Sinne, ſo von vielen Seiten über die Einrichtung der Gottesverehrung, und über das Verhältniß der evangeliſchen Kirche zum Staate, über dieſen ſchwierigen Gegenſtand, welcher, wie Schleiermacher wohl erkannte, entſcheidend und völlig weder durch die Schule noch auf äußerlichem Wege, ſondern nur durch den guten Geiſt und eine zuſammenwürkende Geſinnung geordnet werden kann. Doch wie er für die Ehre ſeines Vaterlandes überhaupt gedacht und gewürkt hat, in Glück und Unglück, lehrend, ermahnend und begeiſternd: das hat ſeinem Namen bei ſeinen Volks- und Zeitgenoſſen einen unſterblichen Klang gegeben.

Aber die Thätigkeit, mit welcher er in dem Leben würkte, würde weder die Kraft und den Eifer, noch dieſe Richtung, noch den Erfolg gehabt haben, wie ſie bei ihm aufleuchteten, wenn ſie nicht aus einem guten Geiſte des Lebens hervorgegangen wäre. Das Unedle und Unheilige ſpannt ſich, auch wo es verſtändig und hochgebildet ſein mag, umſonſt zu kräftigem, anhaltenden Thun und Würken an, es gelingt ihm nicht auch nur zum Scheine die gute Sache im Menſchenleben zu fördern; und nach dem alten herrlichen Spruche, die Welt vergeht ſammt ihrem Gelüſte und ihrem Wollen. So führt uns denn das, was wir von der praktiſchen Trefflichkeit Schleiermacher's zu ſagen hatten, auf ſeine ſittliche und fromme Geſinnung hin, wie ſie beide im Bunde mit einander und mit ſeiner geiſtigen Ausbildung und wie ſie ſo rein und hoch beſtanden haben.

Es könnte dem, welcher ſich im Zuſammenhange mit ſeiner Denkart, wie er ſie ſtets voll und lebendig geäußert hat, und mit ſeinem Würken erhalten hat, oder der da fähig iſt, ſie anzuerkennen, auffallend ſein, daß es hier gerade Zweifel gegeben haben könne: Zweifel an der Beſtändigkeit oder an der Lauterkeit ſeiner Geſinnung. Laßt uns, aber nur um den Blick frei zu erhalten, und nur mit Einem Worte bei dieſem Widerſpruche verweilen. Wir wiederholen es: wir trennen weder bei Schleiermacher noch ſonſt bei einem Manne ſeiner Art und Sprache, die Geſinnung und ihre Aeußerung im Leben; gewiß war Schleiermacher ſo wie er ſich gab und wie viele innige Zeugniſſe hat dieſes nicht gefunden! aber hier haben wir nur von dem zu reden, wie er ſich ausgeſprochen hat. Auch wollen wir hier nur von jenen Zweifeln nach Einer Seite hin, der ſittlichen, handeln: die Widerſprüche der andern Art, die gegen ſeine religiöſe Denkart, haben mehr auf dem Gebiete der Lehre gelegen, und wir werden auf ſie im folgenden Abſchnitte Rückſicht nehmen.

Kaum würde es jezt noch eine Erwähnung verdienen, da es doch in der ſittlichen Denkart dieſes Mannes auch als Vorwurf viel zu iſolirt ſtehen würde, wenn es nicht die Leichtfertigkeit in der Perſon des Herren H. Heine jüngſt aufgegriffen hätte, um einen großen Namen dem Auslande Preis zu geben: daß es eine Zeit gegeben habe, da von Schleiermacher „vertraute Briefe über Fr. Schlegel's Lucinde" geſchrieben worden ſeien. Man würde dieſe Erſcheinung (die Abfaſſung jener Briefe durch Schleiermacher vorausgeſezt) wenigſtens in einer andern Weiſe erwähnt haben, wenn man Zeit und Verhältniſſe erwogen, oder wenn man auch nur das getadelte Buch ſelbſt gekannt hätte.

Die Grenze des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts kündigte ſich in der deutſchen Literatur mit großen Bewegungen, großer Gährung an. Es trat, aber in einer höhern Potenz, und unter weit kräftigerem Ringen und ſtärkeren Schlägen, bei den Begabteren wieder eine ſolche Auflehnung ein gegen das Beſtehende, in Meinung und Denkart, als gegen Todtes, Rohes, Beſchränktes, wie in der Epoche, in welcher vormals Göthe auftrat. Dieſer Gegenſaz ſchlug freilich, jezt auch noch offenbarer, in übertreibende Richtungen und Aeußerungen um. Das war auch die Zeit des „Athenäum" und die Art ſeiner Stifter, beſonders Friedrich Schlegel's. Schleiermacher war ihnen, wie bekannt, wiewohl immer mit Mäßigung und mit tieferem Verſtändniſſe, in der freien Regung, in der Lebendigkeit des Geiſtes eng verbunden. Es iſt gewiß, daß jene „Lucinde" eben eine ſolche Uebertreibung im Sinne jener Oppoſition war, daß ſie, wieviel Licht und Glanz der Phantaſie in ſie gelegt worden ſei, ein unedles, undeutſches Erzeugniß geweſen: und gewiß iſt auch das, daß jene „Briefe" ſo wenig wie ähnliche Schriften aus derſelben Veranlaſſung, eine rechtfertigende Darſtellung des urſprünglichen Sinnes des Buchs haben ſein ſollen. Sie waren eine Entſchuldigung des Freundes und des deutſchen Volkes, indem ſie eine mögliche geiſtige, ſittlichere Tendenz der Schrift entwickelten: und um den Sinn des Verfaſſers zu erkennen, muß man das Für und Wider, wie es in den Briefen kunſtreich dargeſtellt wird, zuſammenfaſſen, man muß auf dasjenige wohl merken, was in den vertheidigenden Briefen nicht entſchuldigt wird: aber denkt man an Schleiermacher, ſo muß man vor Allem erwägen, daß dieſe Briefe in dieſelbe Zeit der Abfaſſung fallen, in der ſich unter anderen die hohe Sittenlehre ſeiner „Monologen“ ausgeſprochen hat.

Sollen wir noch hier die Beſchuldigungen erwähnen, welche ſich in Beziehung auf die Streitſchriften Schleiermacher's oft haben vernehmen laſſen: daß ſie ſchroff, bitter, ſpottſüchtig, daß ſie nicht im Sinne des Sittenlehrers, geſchweige des Lehrers vom Evangelium, geſchrieben ſeien? Er ſelbſt hat gelegentlich darüber Manches geſagt, und wir bekennen, daß uns die Sache vollkommen lauter und recht erſcheine. Es liegt Vieles, was die Meinung Einiger am ſchwerſten aufnahm, nur in der Form jener Schriften, zum Theile in der Weiſe, welche Er ſich angeeignet hatte; er hat niemals, und wie hätte es dieſer vermocht? den Menſchen geläſtert, deſſen Sache er verwarf: und hat er jemals für ſeine Perſon auch nur Ein Wort geſprochen? Endlich mag es wohl auch noch jetzt an der Zeit ſein, daß Männer ſolcher Gaben und dieſes Namens Aufſicht und Gericht über Sinn und Meinung im Volke halten. Denn unter hohen Geſinnungen, herrlichen Thaten, großen Reſultaten, klingt doch unausſprechlich viel Thorheit durch dieſe Zeit.

Nein, ſo wie ſich Schleiermacher gegeben hat, ſo und nicht anders mögen und ehren wir die Geſinnung der Sittlichkeit, wie der Religion: und gerade jene Schriften, in denen ſein Eifer Wunden brannte und ſein Geiſt ſchneidend eindrang, jene Streitſchriften zeigen, worauf es ihm im Leben am meiſten ankam, ebenſo klar, wie wo er dieſes eigentlich darſtellen wollte. Die „Kritik der Sittenlehre“ in Andeutungen, die jugendlich idealen „Monologen“, um von Andern zu ſchweigen, können uns dieſes ſo lange ſagen, bis Schleiermacher's „Sittenlehre“ aus ſeinem Nachlaſſe hervorgegangen ſein wird.

Lebendigkeit, Geiſtigkeit, Freiheit, Freundſchaft: dieſes ſind die Ideen, in denen ſich der Sinn, die Rede, die Begeiſterung Schleiermacher's regte und ausgeſprochen hat. Es ſind diejenigen, auf welche zuletzt alle wahrhafte Menſchlichkeit zurückführt, und in denen ſich Alles vereinigt, was von Anbeginn unter den Menſchen gut und edel geheißen hat: diejenigen, in denen allein ein jedes Leben ſeine Genüge und Kraft und ſeinen Stolz finden muß. Die Trägheit und Abgeſtorbenheit, die Rohheit und Geiſtloſigkeit, die Unterdrückung menſchlicher Entwickelung und des Menſchenlebens, die Gefühlloſigkeit, die Selbſtſucht, und wiederum der Verrath an der Freundſchaft: dieſes waren die Gegenſtände ſeines Haſſes, und unter ihnen ſind freilich einige Götzen und einige Schwächen dieſer Zeit.

Der freie und edle Mann verabſcheut nichts mehr als die Heimlichkeit, das Verſtellen, das Heucheln. Es iſt unbegreiflich geweſen, wie man Schleiermacher auf irgend einer Stelle des Lebens auch nur von fern ſolcher Eigenſchaften habe anklagen können: dennoch hat man es bisweilen wenigſtens in ſeinem Verhältniſſe zur Kirche gethan. Aber in ſeinem offenen Sinn erklärte er ſich, ſchneidender als je ſonſt, und ſogar wie herausgetreten aus den perſönlichen, und faſt auch aus den amtlichen Verhältniſſen, damals, als eine unbegreifliche Uebereilung auch redlicher Männer von weitverzweigten, geheimen Bündniſſen im Volke berichtete, durch welche alles Beſtehende, alles Rechte und Heilige, unſicher und gefährdet würde. Zweierlei entrüſtete ihn: daß dieſe hingeworfene Meinung der heuchleriſchen Selbſtſucht und dem tückiſchen Verrathe erſt einen Anlaß geben könne ihr heimliches Werk zu treiben, und daß man einem wackeren Volke, das laut und kräftig genug geſprochen und gethan hatte, ein geheimes Verbrechen beimeſſen wollte.

Aber wie die Sittlichkeit Schleiermacher's ſo heiter, menſchlich war als beſtimmt und ernſt, ſo war es auch ſeine religiöſe Geſinnung. Wir dürfen hier dem nicht vorgreifen, was wir in der folgenden Abtheilung über ſeine Religionslehre zu ſagen haben. Aber die religiöſe Anſicht, welche bei ihm ebenſo ſehr aus Geſinnung hervorging, als ſie eigentlich nur Geſinnung war, hatte viel Eigenthümliches in Vergleich mit dem, was in der früheren Zeit gegolten hatte: doch ſie führte eben die Religion auf ein menſchliches, freies Gebiet zurück.

Die Beſtimmung der „Reden über die Religion,“ dieſer gefeiertſten unter Schleiermacher's Schriften, war ebenſo ſehr gegen die gangbaren Lehren über Religion, als gegen ihre Verächter gerichtet. Sie ſollten derſelben ein eigenthümliches Gebiet im menſchlichen Gemüthe, aber auch eine allumſchließende Macht im Leben behaupten und ſichern: nachdem, weniger das Leben als die Schulen, ſie bisher meiſtens nur in beſchränkten Formen, als Dogma, als Cultus, oder zuletzt auch, in der Kantiſchen Lehre, als Moral, aufgefaßt hatten. Und dieſes iſt die Stelle der Religion in allen Lehren Schleiermacher's: daß ſie überall und im ganzen Leben das Göttliche aufnehme und halte; vornehmlich aber in den Momenten der Erregung, zur Freude (wie es die herrliche „Weihnachtsfeier“ ausführt) zum Danke, zur Erhebung, die göttliche Bewegung des Geiſtes erkenne. Freilich wo die Religion zur großen Geſinnung wird, ſpricht ſie ſich innerlicher, ſo zu ſagen ſubjectiver, aus über das Göttliche und Unſterbliche, aber ſie leugnet es nicht.

Religion und Evangelium waren in Schleiermacher's Denkart gleichbedeutende Begriffe und im Leben Eines. Daher galt ihm das Chriſtenthum auch als Sache der Geſinnung: nicht als todter Begriff, als äußerliche Lehre und Form, oder als Cultus. Es war auch ganz dieſelbe Art, wie er die Begeiſterung für Religion und für das Evangelium ausſprach, und wie er meinte daß es überhaupt geſchehen müſſe. Für eine Geſinnung ſoll, ja kann man nur lehrend und nur durch die Sache bewegt und anregend ſprechen. Gerade dieſes iſt der Charakter der Predigten unſeres Meiſters: man hat ſie mit Recht „unvergleichliche“ genannt, und ſie erinnern an das Edelſte, was das chriſtliche Alterthum damals, als ſich antike Redekunſt mit evangeliſcher Begeiſterung vermählte, hervorgebracht hat. In treuer, ſtetiger Entwickelung, darum auch demjenigen überall klar, welcher ihnen mit Sinn und Seele folgt, in ſtetem Zuſammenhange mit der Idee und der Geſchichte des Evangelium, nur auf das Weſentliche und Nothwendige gerichtet; verſchmähen ſie jede fremde Kunſt, jeden herbeigeholten Schmuck; und wo ſich die Sprache erhebt, da geſchieht es nur in den heiligen Tönen der urchriſtlichen Zeiten: Alles ſpricht und würkt in ihnen nur durch die Sache. Und ſo war ſeine Rede ſchon damals, als die dichteriſche Phantaſie noch oft auch in ſeinem Gemüthe Wellen ſchlug und bildete: er urtheilte eben, daß die Religion nicht anders ſprechen ſolle.

Rede bei dem Antritte des Prorectorates der Univerſität Jena *).

Als die erhabenen Geſetzgeber eine alte, würdige Sitte erneueten, indem ſie den Wechſel der Verwaltung bei unſerer Anſtalt mit einem öffentlichen Worte bezeichnet und begonnen wollten: da war es nicht ihre Abſicht, den Redner nur ſich ankündigen, und von ſich, oder nur aus dem unmittelbaren Kreiſe ſeines Forſchens und Würkens ſich ausſprechen zu laſſen. Ja, ſelbſt dieſer Ort und dieſe Verſammlung erheben andere Anſprüche an den Redner und an ſein Wort. Das Amt, welches er antritt, gehört dem Ganzen an: und er ſoll hier, wo er es öffentlich beginnt, und vor dieſer Verſammlung, ſich ſelbſt in dieſer ſeiner Beſtimmung noch bewußter und klarer werden; er ſoll in ſeinem Worte die Meinung von ſich rechtfertigen, daß er, wie im Wollen und Streben, ſo auch in ſeinem Denken und ſeiner Berufsanſicht, nicht erſt jetzt das Ganze zu erwägen und zu umfaſſen beginne; es ſoll endlich an dieſen Tagen auch von Zeit zu Zeit das, was uns Alle berührt, ja, worin Alle leben, zur Sprache gebracht werden.

Die Wiſſenſchaft aber iſt es, und die Liebe zu ihr, welche uns gemeinſam beſeelen ſoll, Verehrte Verſammlung: ſie hat dieſe Hallen erbauet und geweiht; und dieſe Anſtalt begründet, für welche wir Alle, Ehrwürdige Väter und Amtsgenoſſen, zu leben und zu würken berufen ſind. Und, hat man die Wiſſenſchaft von jeher und mannichfach, in Anſtalten und Vereinen geehrt und gepflegt, von Einer Seite beſonders gehört ſie dieſen Anſtalten an: und dieſes iſt die Freiheit. Ich erbitte mir daher Ihre Aufmerkſamkeit für das, was ich hier in den allgemeinſten Umriſſen, über die wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit, an ſich und in Beziehung auf die Bedeutung der Univerſitäten, welche ſie auszuführen beſtimmt waren, darlegen werde.

Wo das menſchliche Leben aus der ſinnlichen Rohheit, aus den Feſſeln der Gewohnheit, aus todten Formen und Lehren und dem Geiſteszwange, oder aus den Schreckniſſen und von der Dumpfheit eines unentwickelten oder aufgedrungenen Glaubens, ſich zur geiſtigen Regſamkeit emporgearbeitet hat; wo es alſo eine Wiſſenſchaft giebt, ein Streben, ſich im Denken aufzuklären und in der Erkenntniß zu erweitern und zu vollenden; da hat man ſie, die man ſelbſt in der freien Entwickelung des Geiſtes gewonnen hatte, fortwährend mit der Freiheit zuſammengedacht. Die Weisheit der Griechen bezeichnete die Eigenthümlichkeit der Wiſſenſchaft, ſelbſt in der Sprache des Volkes ſo, daß man ſie des Freigebornen würdig nannte; und man meinte damit den Geiſt, die Lebendigkeit und

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*) Aus: Ueber wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit an ſich und in Beziehung auf die deutſchen Univerſitäten, von Dr. Ludw. Fr. Otto Baumgarten-Cruſius. Jena, 1826.

die Erhabenheit derſelben, wie ſie dem Sklavenſinne immer fremd wäre. Auch in dem äußeren Leben ſuchte ſich die Wiſſenſchaft von Zeit zu Zeit offenere, freiere Stäten: ſie bekämpfte im Sokrates die Vorurtheile der Geſellſchaft und die Anmaßungen der Schulen, ſtrebte in dem philoſophiſchen Leben der folgenden Zeiten in freie Vereine hinein, außer aller Lebensbeſchränkung; ſie trat in ſolchen, neben den Schulen, mitten in dem befangenen Leben des abendländiſchen Mittelalters auf. Die Freiheit der Wiſſenſchaft ſuchte ſich endlich in jenen Anſtalten zu beſtimmen und feſtzuſtellen, in den Univerſitäten: anfangs nach einem dunkleren, oder mehr äußerlichen, Begriffe; allmälig zu dem höheren und dem vollen Begriffe hingewendet: während ſie doch auch oft wieder, theils in Misdeutungen, theils in Rückſchritte von dem, was ſie ſchon erreicht hatte, verfiel, und nur in unſerer Zeit, wenigſtens auf eine beſtimmte Einſicht in ihre Bedeutung rechnen kann.

Es liegen drei Begriffe in dem Gedanken der wiſſenſchaftlichen Freiheit, welche ſich da, wo ſie herrſchen ſoll, und in dieſen Anſtalten beſonders, beiſammen finden ſollen; und ſie ſtellt ſich zuerſt als eine Freiheit des Lebens für die Wiſſenſchaft dar.

Das äußere Leben hat, neben ſeinen unabweisbaren Bedürfniſſen, auch eine Menge von Anforderungen, in Beziehung auf die Einzelnen und auf die Geſellſchaft, welchen durch Arbeit und äußerliches Werk genügt werden muß; und, um es zuſammenzuhalten und zu ordnen, um es erſprießlich zu machen, bedarf es in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft, welche eben dieſe Zwecke hat, einer ſtrengen Form und Verwaltung, und oft eines heilſamen Zwanges. Aber das geiſtige Leben iſt ſo zart, es iſt ſo leicht zu ſtören und zu hemmen, und ſo ſchwer wiederhervorzurufen, daß man es ihm, und beſonders in ſeiner reichſten Entwickelung, in der Wiſſenſchaft, immer gern zugeſtand, ſich von jenen Verhältniſſen entfernter zu halten. Gewiß hat dieß ſeine Misbräuche gehabt; und die Trägheit, die Selbſtſucht, der böſe Wille hat oft die Gunſt benutzt, welche der Wiſſenſchaft geworden war, ſie haben ſie oft gebraucht, um ſich aus dem bürgerlichen Leben herauszuſtellen, oder ſich ihm entgegenzuſetzen. Auch jene lebensloſe, erheuchelte Vollkommenheit, welche ſich aus der Geſellſchaft hinweg, in Einöden verbannte, um, unberührt von dem Leben, nur für den Gedanken, die Beſchauung dazuſein; indem ſie mit der gemeinen Sorge, Leben, Gemeinſamkeit und Menſchenpflicht ſelbſt aufgab, ſie, welche, im Geleite von unzähligen Irrthümern, auch in die Kirche eingedrungen war: auch ſie gieng aus dem Misbrauche jener zarten Achtung hervor, mit welcher die Meinung der Menſchen immer dem Geiſte, dem Gedanken, der Wiſſenſchaft, gehuldigt hat. Und oft ſuchte doch dieſe ſelbſt gerade am wenigſten das, was man ihr gern einräumte: ſich ſelbſt genug, begeiſtert und eifrig zu handeln und zu würken, ſich und das Leben dabei oft miskennend, ließ ſie ſich oft in den Menſchenverkehr und ſeine Sorge verketten, und an ihrer Kraft und ihren Erfolgen verringern.

Doch war es immer billig und recht, jene Anſprüche der Wiſſenſchaft auf die Freiheit des Lebens, zu beachten und zu wahren. Möge ſie ſich in ihren Beſtrebungen und Reſultaten entfernter von dem öffentlichen Leben halten, ſo gehören ſie doch immer der Menſchheit an: mögen ſie im näheren Zuſammenhange mit ihm ſtehen, ſo bereitet ſie Geiſt und Kraft für daſſelbe, ſo gewährt ſie Würdigkeit für alle Verhältniſſe, ſo hat man ſie, als die Seele des öffentlichen Lebens zu ehren; und, wo es keine Achtung mehr vor dem Gebiete und den Regungen des Geiſtes giebt, da möge man es ſich nicht verbergen, daß in dem verletzten Inneren, immer auch die Lebenskräfte für das Aeußere getroffen und aufgelöſt werden. Aber jene Freiheit iſt der Wiſſenſchaft angemeſſen, und, wenn man ſie ihr zugeſteht, ſo achtet man die Würde des Geiſtes ſelbſt: und ſie bedarf eines geborgenen, freundlichen Daſeins. Die Laſten alſo, welche dem äußeren Leben aufgelegt werden in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft; Verhältniſſe, welche in das Gemeine herabziehen oder ſich mit dieſem berühren können, drückende und hemmende Verpflichtungen, in denen ſich Sinn und Seele herabſtimmen, und jene ſtrenge Form im Leben; ſie ſind der Wiſſenſchaft nicht angemeſſen. Wie viel weniger darf die niedere Lebensſorge, wenn ſie auch durch das ſtarke Gemüth beſtanden werden kann, Sinn und Thätigkeit beſchränken und trüben, wenn nicht das geiſtige Leben zuletzt verkümmern ſoll!

Und dieſes erkannten Alle diejenigen wohl, welche von alten Zeiten her, für die Wiſſenſchaft, als ihre Begünſtiger, eifrig waren: als dieſe Anſtalten für ſie gegründet wurden, war es der erſte Gegenſtand, den man beachtete, und es iſt, wenn immer auch nur das äußerlichſte, doch ein weſentliches, Moment der wiſſenſchaftlichen Freiheit. Als die Ptolemäer jenen Gedanken ihres Helden zu verewigen gedachten, die Verbindung des Morgenlandes und des Griechiſchen Lebens, zu welcher das Schwerdt den Weg gebahnt hatte, zu einer geiſtigen Verſchmelzung zu machen: gaben ſie den Wiſſenſchaften, denen ſie eine Stäte bei ſich eröffneten, reiche Freiheit im äußeren Leben. Sie ließen ihre Bekenner und Lehrer ſelbſtändig und in geſicherten, reichen Verhältniſſen ſein; ſie ehrten ſie und ihre Werke: und, hätten ſie dabei auch nicht zugleich ihren Ruhm bedacht, ſo haben ſie doch unſterblichen Ruhm darin gefunden. Zwar hat die Ungunſt jener Zeiten, ihr geſunkener, ermatteter Geiſt, ſie das nicht erreichen laſſen, was ſie verlangten und hofften: die Alexandriniſche Wiſſenſchaft blieb ohne den tieferſchöpfenden Sinn und ohne dasjenige Leben, welches in ihr wiederhergeſtellt werden ſollte. Aber das Streben der Könige und der Männer, und manches Verdienſt für jene Zeit und für die Nachwelt, iſt geblieben; und während die Prieſter in dunklen Zügen aus ihrer uralten Weisheit dieſe Könige vergötterten, ſprechen Werke und Erfolge der Wiſſenſchaften mit ewiger Klarheit für ihr wahres, menſchliches Verdienſt. Als, ihnen vornehmlich nacheifernd, die glanzvollen arabiſchen Herrſcher, welche Heldenruhm und Glaubenseifer ſelbſt in das Abendland hereinführte, ſich für die Wiſſenſchaft beeiferten; gaben ſie den Bekennern und den Anſtalten, welche ſie gründeten, vor Allem Freiheit, Wohlſtand und Ehre. Die chriſtlichen Fürſten ſtrebten ihnen nach, und ſelbſt in der ſeelen- und tugendloſen byzantiniſchen Herrſchaft traten Einzelne auf, welche es erſchreckte, in der Begünſtigung der Wiſſenſchaften hinter den Glaubensfeinden zurückzubleiben: aber hier, zum Glücke für die Wiſſenſchaft, blieb ſie ſich dann Jahrhunderte hindurch ſelbſt überlaſſen, um ſpäter in dem Abendlande, aus dem Frieden der Klöſter, wie ein Geiſt aus den Gräbern des Alterthums, wieder ſichtbar zu werden. Aber als im eilften Jahrhundert ſich jene freien Schulen der Wiſſenſchaft bildeten, indem ſich um das Talent und den Ruhm Einzelner freudige Schaaren von Jünglingen verſammelten: ergriffen bald viele Herrſcher im Abendlande dieſen Anlaß, die Wiſſenſchaft würdig und angemeſſen zu ſtellen: und, um ſie nicht nur ſorglos und geachtet, ſondern auch eigentlich frei in allen Beziehungen ſein zu laſſen, nahm ſich die Kirche jener Anſtalten an. Sie, welche damals noch die geweihte Stäte für das geiſtige Leben ſein wollte, und in ihren Freiſtäten ſchon langeher, wenn auch nur im beſchränkten Sinne, die Wiſſenſchaften beſchirmt und gepflegt hatte; erklärte die Univerſitäten für ihre Sache: ſie gab ihnen und ihren Genoſſen die Vorrechte und die Befreiungen ihrer Diener: und, haben auch andere Rückſichten eingewürkt, hat auch die Kirche dann ihr Geſchenk, ſelbſt gegen den Empfänger, wie gegen die bürgerliche Ordnung, gemisbraucht; dennoch war die Idee wahr und groß gedacht, welche ſie ausſprach. Als die Kirche die Herrſchaft immer mehr verlor, und als dieſe endlich in einer neuen Ordnung der Dinge untergieng; wollte die weltliche Macht dennoch nicht das Geſchenk der Freiheit ſchmälern, wie ſie auch ſonſt die Anſtalten, mehr und weniger, mit der bürgerlichen Ordnung vereinigte. Es iſt keine beſchränkte Anſicht unſeres Standes und Würkungskreiſes, V. G., wenn wir behaupten, daß ein edler Sinn, das Leben und ſeine Verhältniſſe aufzufaſſen, das höhere Streben, das bürgerliche Leben von einem menſchlichen Standpunkte aus, und für ſolche Zwecke anzuordnen, und ſelbſt das Bewußtſein, daß man das Rechte und Gute wolle, ſeit daher ſich immer in dieſer Begünſtigung ausgeſprochen habe, in welcher man die Wiſſenſchaften ſelbſt zu ehren glaubte. Oft gab oder geſtattete man ſelbſt mehr, als es nothwendig war; aber in der Freiheit, dem Wohlſtande, der Ehre, welche man den Anſtalten und ihren Genoſſen einräumte, wollte man auf jede Weiſe, und ſelbſt den Schein meiden, das geiſtige Leben zu entwürdigen und unterordnen zu wollen; und vertraute übrigens dem Geiſte, welcher in ihnen herrſchte, daß er ſich in allen Verhältniſſen immer mäßigen und ordnen würde.

Indeſſen liegt die wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit bei weitem nicht in dieſen Verhältniſſen allein; ſie ſind nur das Aeußerlichſte von jener. Die Wiſſenſchaft ſelbſt ſoll frei ſein, ſo wie ſie ſich aus dem inneren Leben nur durch die Freiheit entwickelt. Und dieſe Freiheit iſt Etwas, was ſie ſich ſelbſt geben ſoll, und wofür ſie nur das anſprechen darf, daß man ſie nicht hemmen und beſchränken möge.

Das Denken und die Erkenntniß ſollen ſchon in ihren Gegenſtänden unbeſchränkt ſein. Der Menſch hat ſeine Beſtimmung eben ſowohl im Gedanken, wie in dem würkſamen Leben; und ſelbſt Kraft zum Wollen und Handeln würde dürftig und beſchränkt werden, wenn es für ſein Denken irgendwo Schranken gäbe, oder, wenn ſich ihm nur die Furcht vor ſolcher Beſchränkung aufdrängen müßte. Das Reich der Natur, die Geſchichte der Menſchenwelt, ihre Verſchiedenheit in Anlage und Entwickelung, wie ſie ſich in der Sprache, in den Denkmalen ihrer Wiſſenſchaft, ihres Glaubens, ihrer Kunſt, darlegt: der Zuſammenhang endlich von Natur und Menſchenwelt mit dem Geiſterreiche und mit der ſtillen Welt des Geheimniſſes: es muß Alles dem menſchlichen Geiſte aufgeſchloſſen ſein und bleiben; denn er hat das Vermögen, er hat die Beſtimmung dafür in ſich, und ſie kündigen ſich in ihm fortwährend in dem Unbefriedigten und dem immer Regen ſeines geiſtigen

Strebens an. Zwar giebt es Unbekanntes und Unerkennbares für die Wiſſenſchaft: die Gründe der Dinge, die Quellen des Lebens, das Ewige, die Gottheit: es giebt ein geheimes Weſen im Inneren des Menſchen, ſeinen Glauben an das Unendliche; und man darf ihm nicht im Allgemeinen gewiſſe Grenzen beſtimmen wollen für dieſen Glauben, und, wieviel einem Jeden auf dem Gebiete der Religion im Lichte des Ewigen erſcheinen ſolle. Fordert man unbeſchränktes Denken; ſo ſoll man dabei immer das Heiligthum des Gemüthes achten und das Göttliche ehren. Dennoch breitet ſich die Anforderung der Wiſſenſchaft überall hin aus; denn ſie will Alles [illegible] mit Ueberzeugung, erwogen und geprüft aufnehmen, und in jeder Einſicht ſoll es wenigſtens mit Klarheit und Sicherheit daſtehen, wo die Grenze zwiſchen dem Erkennbaren und dem Geheimniſſe, dem Weltlichen und dem Ewigen ſei; es ſoll die Verbindung wenigſtens erkannt werden, welche zwiſchen dieſen Reichen Statt hat; und, je beſcheidener außer ihren Grenzen, deſto entſchiedener will ſie auf ihrem Gebiete ſein.

Die Wiſſenſchaft ſoll frei ſein, auch in ihrer Entwickelung und in dem Intereſſe, von welchem ſie belebt und angeregt wird. Man ſoll das Weſen und Leben derſelben nicht aufhalten, und nicht zu dämpfen ſuchen: und, wenn es nicht ſchon ihrer Würde zuwider wäre, wenn es ſich auch nicht ſelbſt widerſpräche, ſie, im Allgemeinen frei gegeben, wieder zu beſchränken, und Alles nicht ſo einer willkührlichen Beſtimmung anheim fallen müßte; ſo wäre es ſogar gefährlich, weil das geiſtige Leben in ſeiner Beſchränkung, immer in die Irrthümer des befangenen oder verkünſtelten Denkens, oder in die Thorheiten der Schwärmerei, verfällt. Man ſoll ihr aber auch ihr Streben, ihre Zwecke überlaſſen, und ihre Angelegenheiten rein erhalten: ſie nicht Formen unterordnen, welche ſie ſich nicht ſelbſt gegeben hat, und welche ihr fremd bleiben müſſen; oder ſie zu einem zufälligen äußerlichen Gebrauche zwingen; und am allerwenigſten die Idee der Wiſſenſchaft in dieſen Sklavendienſt hingeben. Aber ſie ſoll es auch nicht ſelbſt thun; und gewöhnlich iſt ſie freilich nur dann herabgewürdigt worden, wenn ſie ſchon ſelbſt ihre Würde verloren hatte. Vornehmlich ſoll ſie ſich dann vor dem Geiſte der Schulen hüten, in welchen ſich immer menſchliches Anſehen, ſtehende Formen, Verſchrobenheit der Richtung, Unduldſamkeit und Erbitterung, dargelegt hat.

Und ſolche Freiheit ſuchten die würdigen Freunde der Wiſſenſchaft immer für dieſelbe; aber ſie wurde ihnen nicht immer gewährt. Das Alterthum mit ſeinem Glanze und ſeinen Idealen zeigt ſich uns nur ſelten. Da wo nicht das ausgeartete Prieſterthum geherrſcht hat, und man die wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit ſelbſt haßte, begünſtigte das Alterthum oft nur die Wiſſenſchaft, als Zierde des Lebens: aber es wollte nicht die Befreiung des Menſchengeiſtes, es ſcheute das Licht der Erkenntniß, wenn es in die willkührlichen Formen, in die Nacht ſeiner Heiligthümer fallen ſollte; es wehrte der Klarheit des Gedankens, wenn er das bürgerliche Leben zu läutern und zu erheben ſuchte: und, ſeit es eine Wiſſenſchaft giebt, ſind Märtyrer derſelben, und ſo der verkehrten Sitte, wie dem falſchen Glauben, gefallen. Nur der höhere Geiſt, der der Religion, iſt der Gedankenfreiheit günſtig, und hat ſie hervorgerufen, weil er das Geiſtige umfaßt, weil er an gleiche Menſchenwürde glaubt, weil er ſo erhaben als menſchlich iſt. Darum auch erkannten jene hochherzigen arabiſchen Herrſcher, obgleich in den Feſſeln des Islam, dieſe Freiheit an; und, wenn ſie dem Vorurtheile ihres Volkes nicht gebieten konnten, ſo wußten ſie die Wiſſenſchaft mit ihm auszugleichen, indem ſie in ihren heiligen Schriften die Spuren tiefen und reichen Sinnes aus dem Alterthum behaupten, oder Forſchungen und Gedanken in die anerkannten Formen kleideten. Aber die herrſchende Kirche des abendländiſchen Mittelalters war der Freiheit nicht zugethan, wie ſie von den Bekennern der Wiſſenſchaft gefordert wurde: weil ſie verdorben, weil ſie nicht im Lichte, weil ſie nicht mehr das Evangelium war. Sie ließ jenen Anſtalten nur das Aeußerliche dieſer Freiheit, indem ſie dieſelben getrennt von der Schule erhielt; aber ſie ſcheute die Weisheit, ob ſie gleich ihren Haß gegen ſie nur in der Verurtheilung einzelner Schulen und Männer ausſprach: ſie legte dieſe Anſtalten endlich in die Hände der Mönche, welche nicht mehr der Einſamkeit und der ſtillen Buße, ſondern einem werkthätigen Dienſte der Kirche lebten: ſie wehrte dem, was tiefer in das Gemüth zu dringen, oder die Seele zu erregen ſchien, verwarf die geiſtigen Lehren, welche ſich in der Form platoniſcher Gedanken ausſprachen; und ließ der Wiſſenſchaft nur eine, äußerlich vereinigende, aber innerlich beſchränkende, Lehrform in dialektiſchen Formeln. Und ſie ſchritt nun weiter gegen die Geiſtesfreiheit vor, als es je geſchehen war, weil ſie tiefergreifende Mittel hatte: ſie wollte nicht nur die Rede, den Verkehr, ſie wollte Gedanken, Glauben und Gewiſſen beſchränken, und ſo war jene bürgerliche Freiheit, welche ſie der Wiſſenſchaft erhielt, beinahe ein unwürdiges Geſchenk für den Geiſtesdruck, welchen ſie übte. Es war die Nacht gekommen; und die Wiſſenſchaft ſelbſt, welche ſich ſo frei und rege angekündigt hatte, begab ſich immer williger und immer unwürdiger in den Dienſt, ſo dieſer Kirche als der Schulen. Dennoch beſtand dieſe Forderung der Freiheit, für die Wiſſenſchaft, wie für die Kirche ſelbſt, in den Seelen Einzelner: abſichtlich dunkle Dogmen und Fragen der Schulen verbargen ſie, und bereiteten die Herrſchaft des freien Geiſtes vor: und, als die Wiederherſtellung der Kirche die Idee der Freiheit auf dem ganzen höhern Gebiete des Lebens verkündigt hatte, wurde ſie auch ſogleich für die Wiſſenſchaft, und ſelbſt da, wo man ſich den Neuerungen widerſetzte, in Anſpruch genommen. Aber nur ſpärlich kam es dazu, ſie wirklich auszuführen; und die Wiſſenſchaft ſelbſt erlag ſehr bald unter der bürgerlichen Partheiung, unter dem kirchlichen und unter dem Meinungsſtreite. Die Männer, welche das Unternehmen begonnen hatten, konnten noch nicht die Mißdeutung und den Mißbrauch abwehren, ohne der Sache ſelbſt zu nahe zu treten; und, indem ſie die kirchliche Herrſchaft vernichteten, ſtellten ſie eine der Formeln auf, unter welcher ſich Geiſt und Sinn faſt noch ſchwieriger regte und weniger entfalten konnte, weil ſie das Denken ſelbſt beſtimmen wollte. Doch mit der ausgeſprochenen Idee iſt auch immer die Möglichkeit, und die Aufforderung gegeben, ſie in ihrem ganzen Umfange auszuführen, und die zufällige, oft armſelige, Form abzuwerfen, in welcher ſie ſich urſprünglich ausſprach. Und ſo hat auch dieſe unſere Anſtalt, wiewohl ſie urſprünglich unter jener Herrſchaft des Buchſtabens und für dieſelbe geſtiftet war, ſich dann allmälig immer mehr zum freien Leben der Wiſſenſchaft erhoben; und iſt, begünſtigt von erleuchteten Fürſten, von langen Zeiten her ſelbſt eine geſicherte Stäte und Zuverſicht für daſſelbe, und für jede würdige Entwickelung von ihm geblieben.

Die wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit faßt aber noch einen Begriff in ſich; und man kann ſie nicht für vollſtändig dargeſtellt halten, wo nicht auch dieſer ſich entfaltet hat oder möglich geworden iſt. Sie verlangt nicht nur nach einer freieren Stellung im äußerlichen Leben, ſie will nicht nur in ſich ſelbſt frei ſein: ſie hat auch die Aufgabe, eine geiſtige Befreiung des Lebens durch die Wiſſenſchaft zu ſein; und dieſe Anſtalten, denen wir angehören, G. V., ſind ganz beſonders dazu beſtimmt, ſie für die Einzelnen und für die Menſchheit, immer mehr und immer reifer zu gewinnen. Es iſt klar, und es war an ſich nie einer Mißdeutung unterworfen, worin ſich dieſe Befreiung im Leben des Menſchen darlege.

Die Wiſſenſchaft giebt ihm den Geiſt, in welchem er ſich nicht nur über alles Niedere und Gemeine erhebt, ſondern auch die Herrſchaft der Außenwelt und der Gegenwart im reinvernünftigen Daſein überwindet: ſie verleiht ihm, tiefer in der Seele, die Lebendigkeit des Sinnes, welche ſeine Kräfte und Beſtrebungen immer rege, immer beſtimmt und entſchieden, erhält: ſie hält ihm die Aufgaben und die Angelegenheiten des Lebens gegenwärtig, und giebt ihm die Begeiſterung für ſie, welche ihn nie in die Gewalt der Geiſtesherrſchaft fallen läßt; aber ſie legt auch hierin die Achtung vor dem Geſetze, vor der Vernunft, in ihn; denn die Freiheit ſteht am beſtimmteſten der Willkühr, und in unſerem eigenen inneren Leben entgegen. Ja die Wiſſenſchaft führt zu der Weisheit; und darum vermochte das Alterthum immer nur mit Mühe, und gleichſam gezwungen, zur Unterſcheidung dieſer Begriffe zu gelangen. Und in dieſem Sinne faßt dieſes befreiete Leben auch die Anforderungen, welche für die äußerliche That und Würkſamkeit an daſſelbe geſchehen.

Dem, welchen der Geiſt, und in ihm die Wiſſenſchaft, befreiet hat, wird es in ſeinem Seelenadel unmöglich ſein, ein Werkzeug für das Unedle zu ſein, in welcher Geſtalt es ihm auch erſcheine, und wie es ihn auch, aus ſeinem Inneren oder von Außen, zu bethören ſuchen möge. Er wird ſich ſeinen ganzen Würkungskreis geiſtig und ſittlich rein erhalten: und hier zuerſt möge ſich im öffentlichen Leben der ächte Jünger der Weisheit bewähren. Aber vor ihm liegt das Leben ausgebreitet; er hat in ſich den Drang, über ſich den Beruf, darauf einzuwürken, und, ein Jeder an ſeinem Theile, das Gute auch außer ſich zu ſchaffen, deſſen er ſich in ſich ſelbſt bewußt iſt: und auch hier ſoll ſich die Freiheit ſeines Geiſtes darlegen.

Die Freiheit aus Geiſt und Wiſſenſchaft hat auch hier immer nur das Geiſtige vor Augen, und um es geiſtig auszuführen. Den Sinn des Lebens, welcher ſie ſelbſt belebt, arbeitet und ſorgt ſie immerfort, und ſo mild als kräftig, zu verkündigen, und Menſchen dafür zu gewinnen, zu bilden, zu erheben: aber ſie thut es gern und von Herzen, eben, weil ſie Freiheit iſt; ſie thut es endlich immer nur in ſtiller, ſittlicher Würkſamkeit. Und, ſelbſt berufen für das öffentliche Leben, und in jedem Verhältniſſe deſſelben, findet dieſe Freiheit aus Geiſt, immer nur Anlaß und Stoff für dieſelbe Würkſamkeit. Sie bringt in alle jenen Sinn aus ihrer Seele mit und ihre Idee des Lebens, um in allen nur Menſchenwürdiges zu wollen und zu ſchaffen; und ſie will auch ihren beſonderen Würkungskreis nur zum Geiſtigen auf geiſtige Weiſe bilden und verklären. Jene Achtung vor dem Geſetz, welche in der Weisheit liegt, geht auch auf das äußere Leben und die Würkſamkeit in ihm über. Hier iſt das Geſetz, der Ausdruck der allgemeinen Vernunft und des allgemeinen Beſten; das Gegentheil, Trennung des Einzelnen von dem Ganzen, und allgemeine Verwirrung, vor welcher ſie ſich entſetzt, in welcher ſie ſelbſt zu Grunde gehen würde. Selbſt das Anerkannte, Beſtehende, achtet ſie, von welcher Art es immer ſei; um ſich mit ihrem Handeln daran anzuſchließen, und um es, wenn es ihr zuſteht, oder möglich iſt, nur ſchonend, allmälig und ſtill, zu verbeſſern.

Die Freiheit, die aus dem Geiſte ſtammt, hat, in und außer ihren eigentlichen Verhältniſſen, niemals umſtürzend, verletzend, gehandelt; denn ſie ſteht, ſo der Willkühr, als der rohen Kraft, entgegen, und ſie will ja eben keine Herrſchaft unter Verwirrung und Trümmern. In ſich ruhig und klar, will ſie außer ſich, für ihre Würkſamkeit und für das Gedeihen der Menſchenwelt, nur vernunftgemäßes Daſein; ſie will es nur durch Geiſt und Vernunft vorbereiten und ſchaffen, und ſie vertraut eben der Vernunft und ihrer Macht, ſie hofft auf die Menſchheit, ſie vertraut dem göttlichen Walten, daß es auf dieſem Wege ſich entwickeln, daß es aufblühen und ſich vollenden werde; und mit der Vernunft das Glück der Welt: denn alles Unglück der Menſchen liegt in ihrem verworrenen und verkehrten Sinne, und nur für die Weisheit giebt es eine Hoffnung.

Dieſe unſere Anſtalten alſo, welche die wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit geſchaffen hat, richteten ſich von jeher auch auf dieſe Erfolge für das geſammte Leben. Sie wollten nicht nur die Einzelnen bilden, oder nur für die Stände und den Beruf des bürgerlichen Lebens, Kenntniß und Fertigkeit verleihen: ſie waren beſtimmt und bemüht, auch eine Vorbereitung für das Leben im Großen, eine Schule edler Lebensanſicht und Behandlung, die Grundlage der Volksveredelung, zu ſein. Es lag in Zeiten und Verhältniſſen, daß dieſe Beſtimmung oft nur beſchränkt aufgefaßt wurde; und, wie die Kirche ſie vormals gegen die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft und ihre Ordnung zu misbrauchen geſucht hat, ſo gab es immerfort Misdeutungen dieſer Begriffe, und die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft hat bisweilen die wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit und ihre Sitze gefürchtet. Aber aus ihnen ſelbſt, und nach ihrem eigentlichen Weſen, konnte nur der Geiſt der Menſchheit hervorgehen, und jener Friede, welcher nicht der erzwungene, nicht der der Gräber iſt, ſondern der der beſtimmten, geordneten Kraft, und des heitern und ſtillen Würkens im ſittlichen Leben, voll von Freude und Segen. Und nicht mit Unrecht ſind dieſe Anſtalten, in denen die wiſſenſchaftliche Freiheit wohnt, unſerem Volke ſo lieb, und die Zierde des deutſchen Landes. Denn ſie ſind ſein Eigenthum, und haben in ihm vor Allen auch die Bedeutungen des urſprünglichen Sinnes behalten; und es iſt dieſes Volkes Beſtimmung gerade, geiſtig und ſittlich bedeutend zu ſein, und ſelbſt geiſtig zu herrſchen: endlich wird es nur auf dieſem Wege, und in der Würde und dem Ernſte der Geſinnung, ſich ſein Glück und den Ruhm ſeiner Väter erhalten.

Detlev Karl Wilhelm Baumgarten-Cruſius,

ein Sohn des 1816 verſtorbenen Conſiſtorialrathes B.-C. zu Merſeburg, ward am 24. Januar 1788 zu Dresden geboren, beſuchte ſeit 1798 die Landſchule zu Grimma und ſeit 1803 die Univerſität zu Leipzig, wo er Theologie ſtudirte, ſich jedoch nebenbei ſehr anhaltend mit Philologie, Geſchichte und neuerer Litteratur vertraut machte. Nachdem er ſeine Studien vollendet und ſein Examen mit großem Lobe beſtanden hatte, wandte er ſich nach Merſeburg und privatiſirte daſelbſt, zu Zeiten mit erfreulichem Beifalle predigend. Zwei gefährliche Krankheiten, von denen er überfallen wurde, machten es ihm jedoch auf Verlangen des Arztes zur Pflicht, dieſem Beruf zu entſagen, und er widmete ſich daher gänzlich der Philologie. — Im Jahre 1810 erhielt er das Conrectorat am Gymnaſium zu Merſeburg und verwaltete daſſelbe bis 1817, wo er einſtimmig als Conrector an die Kreuzſchule nach Dresden berufen wurde. Hier blieb er bis zum Jahre 1832, außerordentlich viel Gutes ſtiftend, höchſt verdient um das ſächſiſche Schulweſen, und ging dann als Rector der Fürſtenſchule zu St. Afra nach Meißen.

Außer mehreren von ihm beſorgten Ausgaben klaſſiſcher Schriftſteller des Alterthums u. ſ. w. gab B.-C. heraus:

Vier Reden über Vaterland, Freiheit, deutſche Bildung und das Kreuz. Leipzig, 1814. 2. A. 1816.
Die unſichtbare Kirche. Leipzig, 1816.
Reiſe aus dem Herzen in das Herz. 2 Thle. Dresden, 1819.
Reiſe auf der Poſt von Dresden nach Leipzig. Dresd. 1820.
Licht und Schatten. 2 Thle. Dresden, 1824.
Leben des Regierungs- und Conſ. Rathes Dr. G. A. Baumgarten-Cruſius. Dresden, 1821.
Briefe über Bildung und Kunſt in Gelehrtenſchulen. Leipzig, 1824.
Geſchichte der Schweiz. 2 Thle. Dresden, 1826.
Mehrere Schul- u. Gelegenheitsſchriften u. ſ. w.

An einem ſo begabten Manne wie B.-C. bewährt ſich vollkommen die herrliche Bildung, welche das Alterthum giebt, wenn es, in reicher Seele aufgenommen, mit dem Leben der Gegenwart in Einklang gebracht wird. Ein begeiſterter, gemüthswarmer, geſchmackvoller Redner, ſtehen ſeine Leiſtungen auf dieſem Gebiete als Muſter da und können nicht genug empfohlen werden. — In ſeinen Romanen geht er ſeine eigene Bahn, unbekümmert um die Mode des Tages, tief in das Innere der Menſchen dringend und die Regungen des Herzens bis in die leiſeſten Zuckungen verfolgend, ſtets aber mit geſundem Sinne und zarter Hand, Leben und Dichtkunſt verbindend. Eine blühende, höchſt correcte und elegante Sprache, wie ſie ſich von einem ſo reich gebildeten Manne nicht anders erwarten läßt, Lebendigkeit und Friſche des Vortrags, Wärme der Empfindung, Fülle der Phantaſie und ein köſtlicher friſcher Humor ſind eine reiche Zierde ſeiner Romane und gewähren dem denkenden Leſer einen hohen Genuß, da B.-C. ſtets mit zarter Hand die wichtigſten Intereſſen des Herzens, die bedeutendſten Erſcheinungen der Lebensverhältniſſe entfaltet und darſtellt, ſtets zu hochſittlichem, ſchönem Zwecke. Ein Land, das ſolche Männer an der Spitze ſeiner höheren Bildungsanſtalten ſieht, mag ſich Glück wünſchen, denn B.-C. wirkte ſtets ſegenbringend und das Rechte befördernd in allen Richtungen, denen er ſich zuwandte.

Licht und Schatten*).

Als ich in das öffentliche Leben eintrat, hatte ich ſo viel geleſen, wohl auch gelernt, daß man mir ausgezeichnete Belohnungen angedeihen ließ. Ich hatte mich nie in den Mitteln beſchränkt, in den Wegen gehemmt geſehen; meine Kräfte und bedeutende Anſtrengung, wenn es etwas Neues zu erringen gab, erſtürmten Schwierigkeiten; und, wo es nicht gehen wollte, halfen mir andere, die ſchon einheimiſch waren. Was mein Werk war, galt mir allein etwas. Fremdes nahm ich bald immer vorſichtiger an. Nach und nach ſuchte ich wegzuſchaffen, auch was ich mir ſchon von ſolchen Gaben angeeignet hatte. Es war die Zeit, wo jeder Genie, Original ſeyn wollte. Ueber die Schwachen ſah ich mit Stolz hinweg. Der langſame, beſonnene Fleiß, der in tiefen Schachten mühſam das Körnlein edlen Metalls ergräbt, und nach der Perle in den Ocean taucht, erregte mein Mitleid. Wer alles in ſich trägt, iſt der Reiche und Glückliche, ſprach ich vermeſſen einem weiſen Manne nach. So übermüthig war ich, weil ich nichts weniger kannte, als mich ſelbſt.

Die Zeit, in die meine Jünglingsjahre fielen, hatte die beiden Krankheiten, die ſich entgegengeſetzt ſcheinen, Ueberſpannung und Erſchlaffung zugleich. In der langen Friedensruhe wollten wir doch etwas Bedeutendes zu thun haben, und es fehlte uns an Hebeln, die uns über die Krämerei, die eigentlich am ſchwunghafteſten war, hätten herausbringen können. Den meiſten war die Religion ein gutes Hausmittel, das jeder ſich nach ſeinem Dafürhalten und Geſchmack zuſammenmiſchte, und deſſen er ſich auch wohl entrathen zu können meinte, weil der Gebrauch zu lange allgemein geweſen war. Das Vaterland hatte einen Namen, bei dem ſich keiner, der vernünftig ſeyn wollte, etwas zu denken wußte. Wer einen Dienſt oder ein Gewerbe brauchte, nahm das Wort in ſeinen Mund, ſo oft er ſich des täglichen Brods erinnerte. Von der Freiheit hatten die Alten ſo viel geſprochen, und es war die höchſte Zeit, daß ſie aus der Mode kamen.

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*) Aus: Licht und Schatten. Darſtellungen aus der Schule des Lebens von Carl B.-C. Theil 2. Dresden, 1824.

Wir hatten eine Menge großer Männer in unſerm Volke, weniger im Staate — da waren die meiſten mit ihm zugleich alt und ſchwach geworden — als in dem größern Reiche der Wiſſenſchaft. Aber von den Beſten durften wir jungen Menſchen nichts hören. Was uns zukam, war verbotene Speiſe. Manche nahmen ſie nicht aus ängſtlicher Scheu; andere konnten ſie nicht verdauen, ſo überreizt oder reizlos waren ſie. Deſto mächtiger war die Wirkung derer, die ausboten, was dem Gaumen gerade zuſagte. Erregt wollte die Zeit ſeyn. Da ſie ſelbſt ſo etwas noch nicht hervorzubringen vermochte, beſchwor ſie das Mittelalter, und lieh ihm ihre Wirklichkeit und ihren Stolz, ihre Genußſucht und die Süßigkeit viel abgekoſteter Gefühle. Der Ritterhelm deckte die kahle Scheitel, und in den Harniſch barg ſich die Bruſt, an der die Verzehrung nagte. Fehden und Fauſtrecht, Rechtsrohheit und Knechtſchaft der Gemeinen, Trinkgelage und Mönchslieder, Turniere, Klöſter und Verſchmachter im Mondenſcheine, das waren die altväterlichen Geſpenſter, die in einem Geſchlecht herumſpukten, das an Geiſt und Gemüth immer mehr erſchlaffend einen mächtigen Zauber verlangte, den es in der Wirklichkeit zu finden verzweifelte. Wenn ich an die ungeheuren Ereigniſſe der letzten [illegible], an das Aufſtehen aller Völker, wenn ich an die Erfahrungen denke, die ich ſelbſt gemacht habe, ſo erfüllt mich ein ſolcher Unwille über die verſchwendeten Jahre, die einer kräftigen Vorbereitung hätten gewidmet ſeyn ſollen, daß ich das Lächerliche zu Hülfe rufe, und mich und meine Genoſſen wie Leichtſinnige abbilde, die von dem tollſten Maskenball zu den wichtigſten Geſchäften des Lebens übergehen, und das Phantaſtiſche ihres Anzugs noch in halbem Taumel mit der würdigen Kleidung zu vertauſchen vergeſſen haben. Ich war halb Ritter, halb Schäfer, da ich in einen Sturm eintrat, der einen ganzen Mann verlangte.

Wo der ächte Ernſt der Seele fehlt, hat die Eitelkeit ihr ſicheres Spiel. Wir wollten wieder Deutſche ſeyn. Aber wir nahmen das alte heimiſche Gewand mit ausländiſcher Zierrei um; wir trugen es, nicht weil und wie es uns zukam, ſondern um darin ſchön zu ſeyn. Was ſoll ich Ihnen Jugendthorheiten einzeln herzählen! Ich war lange einer der erſten unter den Ritterlichen, und auch bei den Thränen- und Mondlichtsleuten angeſehen durch ſchwärmeriſche Dichtungen, die in ihrem Kreiſe von Hand zu Hand gingen. Leicht erworbenes Uebergewicht verblendet. Darum zog ich vor, von den Unmündigen geehrt zu werden, anſtatt bei den Verſtändigen mich zur Reife zu bilden. Die meiſten unter dieſen ſahen mit Bedauern auf mich und mein Treiben. Einige baten mich väterlich, ich möchte den kurzen Schimmer, in dem ich mich ſonnte, ſchwinden laſſen, und mit der Kraft, die ſie mir zugeſtanden, ein tüchtigeres Wirken beginnen. Andere gingen ſtrenger auf mich ein, und ſchlugen den Uebermuth, der ſich wie eine große Sommerblume aufblätterte, auf die breite Krone, daß es bis in den Kern ſchmerzte. Aber alles wollte noch nicht helfen. Jene ſchienen mir bewegte und in mühſeligem Studium verkümmerte Seelen, die den Anflug meiner Schwingen nicht verſtehen konnten, und aus Neid ihn zu lähmen verſuchten. Gegen die andern wehrte ich mich, wie ein junger Ritter in den Schranken. Nachdem ich einige ſtumpfe Speere gebrochen hatte, fühlte ich mich ſtark genug, ſelbſt den Handſchuh hinzuwerfen, unter großem Jubel meiner Bewunderer.

Nichts iſt geeigneter, junge Männer zu bilden oder zu verderben, als der Umgang mit Frauen. Die Natur hat dieſem ein ſicheres Urtheil gegeben, das ſie vor den Trugbildern, die uns aus dem Leben, der Schule, und der Phantaſie begegnen, in Ruhe und Frieden erhält. Aber, wie alles unter den Menſchen ſeiner Beſtimmung entgegen ſich ſonderbare Wege ſucht, hat auch dieſes Geſchlecht die eigne Leidenſchaft, aus ſeiner Natur herauszutreten zu wollen. Was wir nicht ohne Schaden für unſere Unbefangenheit durcharbeiten müſſen, wollen ſie ſich auch zum Geiſtesſpiel machen. Was uns erhebt, und oft, im Kampfe des Gefühls und der Anwendung, uns das Herz erdrücken möchte, das ergötzt ſie. Die großen Wahrheiten, denen tauſend Männer ſich aufopfern, werden zum Schaugenuß einiger Weiber. Wenn aber zum Unglück in ſinkenden Zeitaltern die Männer nicht mehr wiſſen, was ihres Beruf's iſt, wenn ſie ſich, und was ihr Geiſt erzeugt, ſchmücken, zieren, pomphaft vorführen; dann haben die ihr Feſt, die eigentlich berufen, die Größe und den Ernſt zu achten, auch wieder mit ſchnellem Blick die Karikatur zu faſſen verſtehen, und ſie in verjüngtem Maßſtabe zu unzähligen Zerrbildern nachformen. Das ſind die Zeiten der gelehrten Frauen. Zu unſerer Schande ſehen wir uns von ihnen abgemalt, ſchief, querköpfig, engbrüſtig, eitel und geiſtesarm; wir ſind lauter Rebolt's, die vor den königlichen Gerinnen zu Staub und Aſche werden möchten. Das Schlimmſte iſt, daß das Gewiſſen uns ſagt, daß wir es nicht beſſer verdienen. Das iſt die Strafe der männlichen Eitelkeit.

In jener Erſtlingsperiode meines öffentlichen geiſtigen Lebens gehörte ich auch zu den Lieblingen der Frauen; nicht als ob ich in der großen Geſellſchaft ſehr zu glänzen verſucht hätte — was gar nichts ſagen und bedeuten wollte, ging doch unbegrüßt an mir vorüber — aber ich hatte ein geiſtiges Weſen, das ziemlich männlich ausſah, und doch zum Gefallen ausſtaffirt war. Es fanden ſich entſchiedene Gönnerinnen von allem, was ich ſagte, ſprach und that. Da mich Männer nicht anerkennen wollten, tröſtete ich mich unterweilen mit dem Lobe dieſer. Das ſchönſte Frauenlob, das allein beſſert und erhebt, das Lob, das aus der Werthachtung ſittlicher Reinheit und edler Geiſteskraft hervorgeht, das uns für würdige Führer und Beſchützer erklärt, verſtand ich nicht, und es iſt mir auch damals nicht zu Theil geworden. Im Gegentheil empfand ich mit tiefem Verdruß, daß ſehr gebildete Mütter, die Gatten und Kindern alles waren, was ſie ſeyn ſollten, mir den Zutritt zu ihren Familien verſchloſſen, wenn ich ihn zuverſichtlich ſuchte.

Ich gerieth — um mit wenig Worten das ſchimpfliche Geſtändniß abzuthun — auf den traurigſten Abweg, den ein Mann gehen kann. Das franzöſiſche Wort will mir noch heute nicht über den Mund; etwas weitläufiger deutſch alſo: ich wollte von vielen geliebt, hochgeſtellt, bewundert ſeyn, und ich ließ es mich unendliche Mühe, Sorgen, ja Kummer koſten, um meinen Zweck zu erreichen. Von der Sinnlichkeit noch unverführt, huldigte ich nicht der Jugend, ſondern dem Selbſtgefühl, das ich neben den Leichtſinnigen oder Laſterhaften hatte. Was ich wußte und leiſtete, mußte mir reiche Zinſen tragen, ſo oft ich ſprach oder von mir ſprechen ließ. Ich fing an, der Einfalt nachzulaufen, wenn ſie mich auszeichnete, und gegen ehrenwerthe Freunde kalt zu werden, wenn ſie mein Handeln nicht gut hießen.

Eine ſtarke Lehre zum Anfang war mir nothwendig. Unter den Frauen der Stadt, die ich bewohnte, wurde einer faſt einſtimmig der Kranz der Schönheit und der geſellſchaftlichen Bildung zuerkannt. Dieß war genug, um meine Augen auf ſie zu richten. Aber jemehr ſie von Gecken umſchwärmt wurde, deſto kälter und ſtolzer war ich. Donna Diana fügte ſich dem Stolzen. Es war mir ein königlicher Triumph, als ſie mir ihre Liebe bekannte; ich meinte in den erſten Tagen jener Seligkeit, ſelbſt Liebe zu fühlen. Die ſtille Hinneigung, das Gefühl, das ſich verſteckt, und den Mund wie einen Verräther fürchtet, war nicht bei uns. Wir mußten Zeugen haben, die das ſeltne Paar anſtaunten, und ihm die Anſtrengung beneideten, die den Trotzigen gefeſſelt hatte. Mit den äußern Huldigungen aber wuchſen auch die Anſprüche unter uns. Weil jeder Theil nur ſich geſucht, nur ſich geliebt hatte, entſtand bald Eiferſucht, Groll, Wehmuth. Nach lebhaften Auftritten und ſchwärmeriſchen Verſöhnungen, die nur Augenblicken Frieden gewährten, um neue Zwiſte herbeizuführen, überzeugten wir uns, daß baldige Trennung beiden heilſam ſeyn würde. Stolz und Ehrgefühl erlaubten mir nicht, davon zu reden. So ſehr ich ein qualvolles Leben vor mir ſah, ſo ernſtlich widerſtrebte ich allem, was es verkürzen konnte. Sie handelte raſcher. Während ich [illegible] dem entſtandenen Mißverſtändniß mit längerer Entfernung ſteuern wollte, verreiſte ſie ohne Abſchied und Nachricht. Nach einigen Wochen bekam ich von ihrer eignen Hand die Anmeldung ihrer Verlobung, und mit einem Manne, den ich, ſo oft er mir zu Geſicht gekommen war, meiner Achtung kaum werth gehalten, den ſie ſelbſt in Stunden der Vertraulichkeit bitter beurtheilt hatte.

Die Menge freut ſich über den Fall der wahren Größe, und viel mehr über die Demüthigung des anmaßenden Stolzes. Einige Zeit trotzte ich den Anfeindungen, den Erzählungen, ſelbſt der Theilnahme derer, die kein größeres Glück kannten, als mich ſo hingeſtellt zu ſehen. In mir war eine Hölle von Empörung. Jetzt erſt glaubte ich, wirklich geliebt zu haben, und ſchändlicher Verrath war das Wort, über dem ich brütete. Endlich beſchloß ich, die ganze Umgebung zu verlaſſen, in der es mir ſo übel gegangen war. Unabhängig, wie ich war, konnte ich alle Himmelsgegenden zur Zuflucht wählen. Ich ging nach dem Rhein, um ſchneller von den Ereigniſſen zu hören, die alle Welt mit Staunen und ängſtlichem Warten erfüllten. Meine Ausbildung, ſo viel Glanz ich ihr zu geben verſucht hatte, war ungründlich und mangelhaft. Die neue Zeit wollte mit den Anſprüchen der vorigen ſich nicht mehr begnügen. Um etwas zu ſeyn und zu werden, warf ich mich auf alles, das Wege bahnen konnte. Zwei Jahre verlebte ich nun in meinem Zimmer und in der ſchönen Natur. Sie ſchenkten mir einen guten Vorrath an Kenntniſſen, einen ſtillen Ernſt, der auf eine feſte Grundlage faſſen konnte, und muthige Faſſung, um in aller Veränderung der Dinge, die ſich denken ließ, zu beſtehen.

Ich wohnte in Coblenz bei einem würdigen Manne, deſſen Bücherſammlung und mündliche Belehrung mir ein geöffneter Schatz wurde, nachdem er meine Eingezogenheit und meinen Fleiß bemerkt hatte. Des Abends waren wir beiſammen, und die großen Intereſſen, um die ſich die Nachbarn jenſeits ſtritten, beſchäftigten uns, wie alle Männer in Hütten und Paläſten. Wir nahmen die aufgeworfenen Fragen ernſthaft vor, und beleuchteten ſie mit der Geſchichte. Dann nahm es uns wohl Wunder, wenn den Angegriffnen neu erſchien, was auf jeder Seite des großen Lehrbuchs mit klaren Buchſtaben nach Anfang, Fortgang und Ende vorgezeichnet iſt; wir ſahen aber auch, wohin der Wahn, die Tollheit, der Taumel führen mußte, ohne Unterſchied die, welche den Becher kredenzten, und die ihn lachend ausleerten. Daß am Ende ein ſchöner Wein aus der Gährung werden könne, war unſere feſte Ueberzeugung. Aber die Arbeiter dabei wollten uns nicht gefallen. Sie goſſen bald abſcheuliches Gemiſch in das gute Gewächs, bald zapften ſie zur Unzeit heraus, bald ſchlugen ſie auf die Fäſſer, als wenn ſie nicht ſo ſchon zu halten gehabt hätten. Dazu erhub ſich ein Lärmen und Schreien von außen, daß die Männer drinnen ganz von Sinnen kamen, und berauſcht ſich ſchlugen und die Fremden, bis es an dieſe allein ging.

Die Auswanderer beſuchten uns in Schaaren, und im Ganzen waren ſie eben nicht die Leute, an denen wir unſere Freude haben konnten. Sie belehrten uns mit ſolcher Zuverſicht, daß ſie allein und in Allem Recht hätten, daß uns bei unſerer Gelehrſamkeit ganz ſonderbar zu Muthe ward. Wir mußten durchaus es glauben, daß die Deutſchen keine dringendere Pflicht hätten, als ſie in den räuberiſch entzogenen Beſitz wieder einzuſetzen. Sind wir ſo lange eure Lehrer und Meiſter geweſen, ſagte ein ſolcher, ſo könnt ihr nun aus Erkenntlichkeit auch einmal euer Brod und euer Blut für uns hergeben. Die es in ihrem Vaterlande am ſchlechteſten getrieben hatten, waren die erbittertſten. Wenn ſie ihre abgemergelten Leiber mit Kraftbrühen geſtärkt hatten, warfen ſie das Fleiſch zum Fenſter hinaus, daß ſich der deutſche Pöbel auch ſatt eſſen konnte. Viele Unglückliche, die der Sturm der Noth und der Greuel mit über die Grenze geſchleudert hatte, ſahen ſeufzend die Verderbniß ihrer verjagten Brüder: ſie wendeten die naſſen Augen noch einmal nach dem ſchönen Frankreich, und zogen mit dem Wanderſtabe weiter gegen Morgen.

Eines Abends ſaß ich mit meinem Wirth bei der gewöhnlichen Arbeit. Da trat ein ſchöner Mann bei uns ein, auch der Auswanderer einer, und erſuchte uns um einige Zimmer auf wenige Tage. „Die Stadt iſt ſo überfüllt, und es iſt unſer Schickſal, jede ſchöne Ruhe zu ſtören. Aber um der Menſchheit willen, ſagte er mit rührendem Tone, nehmen ſie eine kleine Familie auf, die ſich aus dem Gewühl zu dem Edelmuth retten möchte.“ Er erzählte uns, wie der Vater von ihnen geriſſen ſey, ſie wußten nicht, ob er daheim den Tod gefunden oder mit andern ſich noch gerettet habe. Während er ausgehe, ihn zu ſuchen, wünſche er Mutter und Schweſter unter treuer Obhut. Mein Wirth war ihm als ein würdiger Mann gerühmt worden. Mit dem Vertrauen, das dem Gefühle entſpricht, auch mit andern in gleicher Lage eben ſo zu verfahren, und zugleich mit dem Muth des Unglücks that er ſeine Bitte, und der Hausbeſitzer, ſo fern er ſich immer von den Ausländern gehalten hatte, bedachte ſich nicht, ſie zu gewähren. Nach wenigen Stunden waren die Frauen in den entbehrlichen Raum eingeführt, und mit allen Bequemlichkeiten verſorgt, die ſie der traurigen Wanderſchaft vergeſſen machen konnten.

Die Eitelkeit, dem ſchönen Geſchlecht zu gefallen, war bei mir vorüber. Aus Haß hatte ich es nach der ſchmerzlichen Täuſchung vermieden. Dann waren meine Studien zu ernſt, um für den Leichtſinn Raum zu laſſen. In dem letzten Jahre war mein Streben nur auf die Stellung gerichtet, die ich in der furchtbaren Bewegung der Zeit nehmen wollte. So enthuſiaſtiſch ich für die Freiheit und die Verbeſſerung fehlerhafter Einrichtungen war, ſo ſehr haßte ich die Frevel der ſchändlichen Volksführer, die ſich an die Spitze gedrängt hatten, und die gräßlichen Ausbrüche viehiſcher Wuth, in der ein ſittenloſer Pöbel ſich für lange Knechtſchaft erholte. Glühende Liebe zu meinem Vaterlande war die einzige Frucht, die ich aus den Luſtgärten meiner erſten Jugend gerettet hatte, und ſie war am männlichen Herzen gereift. Warum ſtehe ich frei da, ſagte ich mir ſelbſt, als um jetzt einen Entſchluß faſſen zu können? Ich will in die Reihen treten, die den heimiſchen Boden ſchützen ſollen, damit da das Gute mit Beſonnenheit und deutſcher Ordnung geſchafft werden könne, und fremder Uebermuth uns nicht gebiete, was und wie wir es machen ſollen. Ich hatte meine Dienſte als Freiwilliger bei einer Abtheilung kaiſerlicher Reiter angeboten. Sie wurden angenommen, und ich erwartete den Befehl zum Aufbruch, als die franzöſiſchen Flüchtlinge ſich in unſerm Hauſe bargen.

Meine Fertigkeit in ihrer Sprache machte mich zu ihrem Geſellſchafter. Die Mutter, von Gram und Reiſe und Krankheit geſchwächt, fühlte doch immer das Bedürfniß der Unterhaltung. Ich war mit der franzöſiſchen Literatur hinlänglich bekannt, um ſie nicht abſterben zu laſſen. Was mir erſt eine nützliche Vorübung für das neue Leben ſchien, das mich erwartete, wurde mir in kurzem Genuß, als auch die Tochter an den Geſprächen Theil nahm. In den erſten Tagen war ſie in ihrem Zimmer geblieben, ſo oft ich die Mutter beſuchte. Als der ſchlimme Zuſtand dieſer beſtändige Pflege verlangte, blieb ſie auch während meiner Gegenwart, und ſie vertraute mir um ſo mehr, da ſie aus dem Munde, dem ſie alles glaubte, mein Lob vernommen hatte. Es waren die ſchönſten Tage meines Lebens, die ich in dieſem ſtillen Kreiſe mitten unter den Rüſtungen zu dem Kriege der größten Erbitterung zubrachte. Wer konnte der Liebe wehren, die ſtürmiſcher erwachte und eilte, je mehr die Zeit drängte! Die Mutter, dem Tode nahe, legte meine Hand in die zitternde der Tochter. Nur die Rückkehr des Bruders ſollte erwartet werden. Dann vereinigte uns, ſo hatten wir geſchworen, der prieſterliche Segen.

Immer näher kam der Tag, an dem ich mit dem Heere ziehen ſollte. Die Verbindlichkeit war ich aus eignem Antrieb eingegangen. Aber jetzt ſie aufzuheben, wo der Krieg begann, geſtattete mir die Ehre nicht. Die Mutter wagte nicht die Bitte, ich möchte bleiben. Meine Thereſe konnte den Mann nicht achten, der in den Armen der Liebe verweilte, wenn das Vaterland zum Kampf rufte. So oft die Trompeten der gerüſteten Schaaren unter unſern Fenſtern erklangen, erblaßte ſie. Doch ſchnell erhob ſie ſich. „Ich bin eine Deutſche geworden, ſagte ſie dann, ſeit ich dieſem Herzen gehöre. Dieſe Töne erſchrecken mich, weil ſie das Verderben meiner Landsleute verkündigen. Aber mein Hugo wird ein menſchlicher Krieger ſeyn; er wird in manche Hütte Beruhigung und Hülfe tragen, wenn wilde Haufen in ihr wüthen. Du kannſt mein Volk nicht haſſen, weil einige von ihnen ſchweres Unrecht thun.“ Wir glaubten, ein Feldzug würde den Frieden herbeiführen. Die Liebe denkt nicht an die Möglichkeiten, die eine ſo kurze Zeit ihr entgegenwerfen kann. Nichts bekümmerte uns, als daß der Bruder noch nicht erſchien. Ohne ſeine Einwilligung konnten wir unſere Verbindung nicht ſchließen. Was hätte ich ihm antworten ſollen, wenn er mir den Vorwurf machte, heimlich der ſchwachen Mutter das anvertraute Kind abgedrungen zu haben! Noch eine kurze Prüfung, und ich kam mit ihm zurück, um in einer Stunde den Preis meiner Geduld zu erhalten, und die Geliebte und den Freund auf immer in die lieblichſte Gegend zu führen, die wir uns wählen konnten.

Der Erwartete kam nicht, und ich mußte ſcheiden, ohne meiner Zukunft gewiß zu ſeyn. Ich beſchwor den Mann, in deſſen Hauſe wir ſo glückliche Zeit verlebt hatten, für die Verlaſſenen väterlich zu ſorgen. „Es iſt ſchon meine Familie, ſagte ich ihm, als ich meine Anweiſungen zurückließ. Nur die äußere Form fehlt, um ſie öffentlich dafür zu erklären. Von Ihnen fordere ich die Meinen zurück, wenn ich wiederkomme.“

Sie riß ſich aus meinen Armen, die ſie, wie zur Rettung aus einer feindlichen Welt, umklammerten, um zu der Mutter zu eilen, die bei dem Abſchied bewußtlos niederſank. Träumend ritt ich unter meinen jubelnden Kriegsgenoſſen. Ich fühlte, welche Verpflichtung ich mir auferlegt hatte, und vor und hinter mir ſah ich nur Zerſtörung meiner Hoffnungen. Wir hatten bald heiße Gefechte, und ich erhielt die Genugthuung, daß meine ſtille Trauer nicht durch die Gefahren des Kampfs erzeugt war. Ich bekam ein kleines Häuflein zu führen, und die wilden Reiter liebten mich, wie ihren Bruder. Es galt, Thereſen zu gewinnen mit jedem Vortheil, den wir erſtritten. Der Sieg bringt den Frieden, der Friede das Glück, nach dem du dich ſehnſt. So ſprach ich, ſo oft zum Angriff geblaſen wurde, und ich flog zu der blutigen Arbeit.

Die Schlacht von Jemappe riß mich aus der ſtolzen Laufbahn, die ich begann, ſie zu gewinnen. Ich kämpfte um die Auszeichnung, die mich meines Mädchens würdig machen ſollte. Die Wunden, die ich zum Andenken jenes Tages trage, warfen mich in den Staub. Aber eine Wunde wurde mir geſchlagen, die die Seele meines ganzen Lebens durchdrang. Man ſchleppte mich unter den blutenden Gefangenen fort nach den innern Provinzen Frankreichs. Von nun an ſchwieg alle Kunde von meiner Geliebten. Sie hielten mich für todt, und der Räuber faßte die unbewachte Taube.

Während ich in Noth und Krankheit ſchmachtete, und Hohn und Schmach von erbitterten Feinden ertrug, weinte Thereſe um den Mann ihres Herzens, die Mutter aber erlag dem bangen Gram. Die Hülfsmittel, die ich zurückgelaſſen hatte, wurden nach und nach erſchöpft. Aber der edelmüthige Menſch, dem ich ſie anvertraut hatte, verſchwieg ihr, daß ſie ganz von ſeiner Wohlthätigkeit lebte. Sie, aus dem Ueberfluß in gänzliche Armuth geworfen, trug einen Sinn in ſich, der höher war, als ihre Lage. Sie vermuthete, was ihr nicht geſagt wurde, und beſchaffte das Wenige, was ſie bedurfte, mit treuen Dienſten, die ſie ſich ſelbſt auferlegte. In dem Drange des Kriegs verwaltete ſie das viel beſtürmte Hausweſen, und bald der deutſchen Sprache mächtig, der ſie mit ihrem Geliebten angehörte, vermochte ſie, in jeder Verlegenheit zu rathen und zu helfen. Sie wurde von der Familie wie ein milderes Weſen verehrt, dem Thränen beſtimmt waren, um Thränen zu trocknen.

Als ſie eines Tags um mich im Stillen trauerte und um alle die Ihrigen, die ſie, wie mich, todt glaubte, trat ihr Vater mit dem Manne ein, der ſie unglücklich gemacht hat. Schon lange hatte dieſer die einſame Schönheit belauert, und er wollte von einem Theile ſeines Goldes ſcheiden, um ſie zu erkaufen. Vergebens waren alle Bemühungen geweſen, ſich in das Haus einzudrängen, das keinen Fremden aufnahm, als die ihm zugewieſen wurden. Demohngeachtet hatte er den Namen und die Verhältniſſe des Mädchens erfahren, und er bot alles auf, ſich um ſie ſo verdient zu machen, daß ſie ſeiner ſich nicht erwehren könnte. Er hatte durch ſeinen Reichthum ſich eine bedeutende Stelle bei dem verbündeten Heere erworben. Während er dem Kriege Summen abgewann, ſtieg er in ſeiner Wichtigkeit durch Dienſte, die er einzelnen leiſtete. Es gelang ihm, den Vater meiner Thereſe auszuforſchen, der lange verborgen, und ohne Nachricht von ſeiner Familie, von den Trümmern ſeines Vermögens lebte, die er auf der Flucht hatte retten können. Dieſer, ein ſtolzer Mann und in dem Glanz und den Vorurtheilen eines alten Geſchlechts erzogen, ertrug mit Mühe die Entbehrungen und die verachtete Einſamkeit ſeiner Lage. So wie jener Argliſtige durch andere Auswanderer ſeinen Aufenthaltsort erkundet hatte, eilte er zu ihm. Er meldete ihm, daß er die verloren geglaubte Tochter gefunden hatte, er redete von ſeiner Liebe und den gültigen Anſprüchen ſeines Rangs und ſeiner Reichthümer. Zugleich öffnete er dem Verarmten ſeine Caſſe, und verſchaffte ihm die Genüſſe wieder, die er nicht miſſen konnte. Das Kind wurde zugeſagt, ehe der Vater ſie geſprochen, ſie gehört hatte.

Thereſe weinte Thränen der Freude an dem Herzen, das ihr ſtatt des Troſtes das Elend gab. Nur wenige Stunden genoß ſie arglos des Wiederſehens. Dann wurde ſie von der Beſtimmung unterrichtet, die ihr der Vater, wie einem leicht zu veräußernden Eigenthum, gegeben hatte. Sie berief ſich auf ihre Verbindung mit mir, auf den Willen, den Segen ihrer Mutter. Die Anſprüche der Todten galten nichts mehr. Ihr Bruder widerſetzte ſich mit aller Kraft, und erwähnte meine Veranſtaltungen. Man wollte ihm eine Summe zum Erſatz anbieten. Als er gegen den Vater und den zukünftigen Gatten nichts mehr vermochte, nahm er ſie, und theilte ſie unter die Verwundeten aus, die die Stadt füllten.

So wurde mir die Braut geraubt, die vor Gott und Menſchen rechtlich mein war. Sie mußte mit dem Vater nach den Beſitzungen des [illegible] Räubers abgehen. Bald folgte er ſelbſt, nachdem er ſeine Angelegenheiten bei dem Heere geordnet hatte, um ſich ſeiner Beute zu erfreuen. Ihre Thränen und ihr Widerſtand vermochten nicht, ſie zu retten. Als der Vater mit dem Fluche drohte, ſchlich ſie wie ein Opfer zum Altar.

Indeſſen hatte ihrem Bruder das Glück auf eine eigne Weiſe gelächelt. Es ſchien, als ſolle er der Erſatz von dieſer Familie ſeyn, der nicht durch eigne oder anderer Thorheit zu Grunde gerichtet wurde, um zu verbeſſern, was jene ſo ſchlimm als möglich gemacht hatten. Er war kühn genug geweſen, auf franzöſiſchen Boden zurückzukehren, um Gewißheit über das Schickſal ſeines Vaters zu erlangen. Als ihn [illegible] erwartete, vergaß einer der Machthaber nicht, wie ſie meiſten, die Jugend, durch die jener in früherer Zeit alle, die ihn umgaben, mit ſeinen ausgezeichneten Verhältniſſen und mit dem Adel ſeiner Sitten ausgeſöhnt hatte. Er hatte ihm ſelbſt viel zu verdanken, und that, was er vermochte, um zu beweiſen, daß menſchliches Gefühl auch in einem rauhen Herzen nicht ganz erſtorben. Er lud ihm verborgene Kleider, und ließ ihn ſo zu einem der neuen [illegible] Heere entkommen, bei dem er geliebte Freunde hatte. St. Pierre liebte die Freiheit, weil er ſie ſelbſt zu bewahren verſtand. Er war einer der ſtillen Schwärmer, die alles hinwarfen, wenn ſie dem Vaterlande ein günſtigeres Loos gewinnen konnten. Gebildet, wie es unter den Franzoſen ſelten iſt, durch die Werke der Alten, und mit der Literatur der Britten und Deutſchen vertraut, hoffte er, das Ideal verwirklicht zu ſehen, das dichteriſche Philoſophen und Geſchichtſchreiber aufgeſtellt hatten. Aus dem Chaos, das im Kampf mit ſich ſelbſt und mit den äußern Gewalten verſunken war, erwartete er das Aufblühen einer jugendlichen Schöpfung. Ueberzeugt, daß keiner feiern dürfe, der die ſtürmenden Kräfte zum Guten lenken könne, ſtritt er in den Reihen der [illegible], und führte immer ſo ſicher zum Siege, daß auch der Neid bei dem ſchnellen Emporſteigen ſchwieg, das ſeinen Enthuſiasmus belohnte.

In den Zeiten der Waffenruhe war es ſein angelegentlichſtes Geſchäft, Wunden des Kriegs zu heilen, wo er konnte. Wie Howard, richtete er ſeine Augen auf das Elend der Gefangenen, die in dieſem um die Rechte der Völker geführten Kriege von dem Volke, das die hohen Lehren mit Mahomets Beredſamkeit predigte, mit entſetzlicher Barbarei behandelt wurden. Als er an den Ort kam, wo ich der Verzweiflung faſt unterlag, der ſchon mehrere meiner Genoſſen des Jammers ſich geraubt hatten, erkannte ich ſogleich den Bruder meiner Thereſe. Ich flehte ihn an, mir ein geheimes Geſpräch zu gewähren. Er hörte mich nicht eher, als bis er mir Kleidung und die Stärkungen gereicht hatte, die meine erſchöpfte Natur nöthig hatte, um die Geſchichte meiner Noth zu erzählen. Da er mich jetzt erſt wieder erkannte, lag er in meinen Armen, und als ich ihm von den heiligen Banden ſagte, die mich an die Seinigen knüpften, rief er mit Thränen: Mein Bruder, Sohn meiner Mutter, du mußt in deine Heimath eilen, um mir Kunde von den Lieben zu geben, die du ſo lange beſchützt haſt. Ueberall, wohin unſere Heere drangen, hab ich nachgeforſcht, und keine Spur finden können. Wir werden bald Frieden haben, und wir werden wieder glücklich beiſammen ſeyn können, die in dieſem entſetzlichen Streite Menſchen geblieben ſind. Dann komme ich zurück. Denn hier, wo der Despotismus ſchrecklicher ſein Haupt erhebt, als je, iſt meines Bleibens nicht.

Er wirkte gegen mein Ehrenwort, nicht mehr gegen Frankreich zu dienen, mir Befreiung und Päſſe aus. Ich eilte nach Coblenz, und dort in das Haus, in dem der Frühling meines Glücks geblüht hatte. Aber der erdrückenden Sommerglut waren Herbſtſtürme gefolgt. Jetzt laſtete kalter, erſtarrender Winter, wie in der Natur, ſo auf meinem Leben. Ich fand meinen alten Wirth nicht mehr. Der war längſt in den Tagen des allgemeinen Jammers in ſeine Kammer ſchlafen gegangen. Der einfache Wohlſtand war verſchwunden, und die Wittwe wohnte in dem ärmlichſten Stübchen des Hauſes, das ſie beſeſſen hatte. Von ihr hörte ich, was mit Thereſen geſchehen war.

Welche Hand hielt mich damals, als ich gegen mein Leben wüthen wollte? Was gab mir Kraft, auszuhalten und den Sturm zu beſtehen, der durch den heiligen Hain meiner Glückſeligkeit brauſte, wie ein Wehen der Unterwelt! Es war dieſelbe Hand, die ich erſt demüthig erkennen lernte, nachdem ich mein ganzes Elend überſchauen konnte, die mich von Schmerz zu Schmerz führte, bis ich den Blick in das Land der Ruhe fand, und wieder auf ſicherm Weg geleitet mit muntern Füßen die übrige Wallfahrt anzutreten vermochte. Aber wie tief mußte ich fallen, um mich erheben zu können!

Ich komme zu der traurigſten Periode meines Lebens, der, wo ich mit Himmel und Erde zerfallen, ein willenloſer [illegible], um meinen Verderbern und mir Unglück für Unglück und den Tod zu geben. Ich wußte nicht, was ich wollte, ich beſchloß nichts. Eine blinde Wuth war meiner Meiſter, und ſie riß mich fort, nach ihr hin und zu denen, die ſie mir genommen haben. Wie ich in Haß und Wuth glühte, ſo ſuchten dieſe Flammen auch die verzehren, die ſie entzündet hatten.

Auf der ganzen Reiſe war ich ein Gegenſtand der Scheu oder des Mitleidens. Mein vernachläſſigtes Aeußere, mein finſteres Geſicht, und der unſtäte Blick verriethen den entſetzlichen Zuſtand, in dem mein Geiſt über ſich und ſein Leiden befangen war. Was lange Leiden und Gram während der Gefangenſchaft begonnen hatten, das vollendete eine Erbitterung, die ihre Nahrung aus den Trümmern meines Glücks und meiner Hoffnungen ſich erzog. Dieſe Verwilderung erhielt mich ſelbſt, weil ſie die Stelle that, zu der mich mein Schickſal beſtimmt habe. Man wies mich oft in Gaſthäuſern ab, weil man mir nicht traute. Das entlockte mir ein Lächeln der Freude. So ſind die Menſchen, dacht' ich, ich irre mich nicht; und durch die Nacht, am Morgen, wenn alles ſich in die ſchützende Wohnung verbarg, ſetzt' ich den Weg fort. Wenn ich franzöſiſchen Soldaten, müde [illegible] traf, theilte ich den Zorn, die laute Wuth bei den [illegible] Leuten [illegible]. Ich dachte nicht an St. Pierre und an die Edeln alle, die mir ſo oft wohl gethan hatten.

Der Name des Gatten meiner Thereſe war auf meinem [illegible], ſo wie ich über die Grenzen ſeiner Heimath gekommen war. Die meiſten ſprachen mit Bewunderung von ſeinem Vermögen, ſeinen großen Unternehmungen; einige, wie um mich langſam zu vergiften, erzählten von ſeiner ſchönen Gemahlin, ihren Tugenden, und der Einfachheit, die mit Perlenreinheit allen Schimmer, in dem ſie ſtrahlen mußte, überſtrahlte. Die beſſern Menſchen vermieden, von ihm zu reden; die Armen aus niedrigem Stande nannten ihn den reichen Teufel, der die Teufel gebracht habe. Er wohnte auf ſeinem Gute, und ich erreichte es am ſpäten Abend, ermüdet zum Zuſammenſinken, aber ohne Hoffnung, hier ruhen zu können. Ich nahm meine Wohnung in dem elenden Wirthshauſe, wie ſie in jenem Lande ſind, und verſchwieg dann noch einige Stunden lang Gatten und Schloß, ohne jemand zu ſehen. Nach einer ſchlafloſen Nacht war ich wieder in den verſteckten Anlagen des weiten Parks, einem Verbrecher gleich oder einem Wild, das der Beute nachſtellt. Ich ſah mit Entſetzen mich ſelbſt, ich wagte, in mein Inneres zu ſchauen, und ſo wollte ich vor die treten, die ich noch freundlich die Meinige nannte, wie ſchändlich ſie mir immer entriſſen worden war, und ihr von meiner Liebe ſagen.

Eine lange Stunde verſchlich, und ungeduldiger trat ich in die offenen Gänge hervor. Da ſah ich ſie von weitem gehn. Sie war auch bleich vor langem Harm. Aber Heiterkeit war auch auf dem bleichen Geſicht. Wie über den blauen Himmel Wölkchen hinziehen, die ſeiner Klarheit nichts nehmen können, ſo umflorte ihr reines Weſen irdiſcher Schmerz. Ihr Auge ſchien matt von vielen Thränen; aber die Ruhe der Unſchuld wohnte darin. Sie war, wie mir alle geſagt hatten, frömmer und milder, je unglücklicher ſie war. Da verglich ich mich in Gedanken, wie er dunkel und widerlich dem verlornen Freunde, Abbild, entgegentritt. Ich floh vor ihr zurück in das tiefere Gebüſch, und auf den Boden hingeworfen, weinte ich zum erſtenmal wieder heiße Thränen. Wie lange ich ſo lag, weiß ich nicht. Als ich mich aufrichtete, ſah ich ſie in einiger Entfernung vor mir ſtehen, ungewiß, ob ſie dem Unglücklichen nahen und ihm helfen könne. Friede! riß ſich der Schrei von meinem Herzen los, und ſie erkannte meine Stimme und ſank zuſammen. Hätten Tauſende mich umringt, ich konnte ſie ſo nicht verlaſſen. Ich hob ſie wieder auf, wie an dem Tage meines letzten Abſchieds, ich ſprach wieder mit dem milden Tone, der mir wiederkehrte, ich gab ihr die alten, liebkoſenden Namen. Ihrer ſelbſt vergeſſen ſank ſie in meine Arme, und drückte den Kuß der Verſöhnung auf meine Lippen.

O mein Freund, jenes Wiederſehen iſt es, das ich beklagen werde, ſo lange ich lebe. Wußte ich ihren Frieden aufs neue ſtören, da ſie mich für todt hielt! durfte ich den Sturm aufregen in einer Bruſt, die ein ſchweres Schickſal Gott ergeben ertrug! Durfte ich mit verbrecheriſchen Armen die umſchließen, die ein Wille mir genommen hatte, den ich ſchon jetzt demüthig ehrte, den ich lebenslang ehren werde, wenn ich einſt alle Räthſel gelöſt ſehe!

Wie wenig denkt der Menſch an die Folgen ſeiner Handlungen, wie wenig Grund führt er ſie vor den unparteiiſchen Stuhl der Gerechtigkeit, wo nicht gefragt wird, was andere um uns verdient haben, ſondern nur, was wir zu thun ſchuldig ſind! In jener Stunde erinnerte ich mich nur des Unrechts, das mir angethan worden war, nur der Anſprüche, die ich gehabt hatte, nur der Genugthuung, die der Augenblick meiner Liebe gab. In ihrer Unterredung erzählte ich ihr von meinen Leiden, und wiſchte die Thränen ihr von den Augen, die ſie meinem Schickſal weinte. Sie ſagte mir, wie ſie hingeopfert worden, wie ihr Vater in Gram und Reue und unwürdigen Behandlung hingewelkt ſey. Das verſchwieg ſie, was ſie ſelbſt duldete; aber der verſchloſſene Kummer ſprach aus den Zügen, unter denen er ſeine ſtille Wohnung hatte. Was vermochte ich nicht zu thun in jener Stunde, wo Rachſucht, Ingrimm, Leidenſchaft der Liebe, wo das Entzücken mich berauſchte, ſie zu haben! Aber ſie war edler, als ich. Wie ſie mir in der Abweſenheit treu geweſen war, ſo hielt ſie auch den abgedrungenen Eid dem entfernten Peiniger. Sich anklagend, daß ſie ſo lange mit mir geſprochen hatte, wendete ſie ſich von mir, als ich ſtürmiſcher ſie umfaßte. Mit Mühe erflehte ich von ihr die Zuſage noch einer Unterredung.

Mit bangem Herzklopfen erwartete ich ſie in der beſtimmten Stunde. Endlich kam ſie, das Kind auf dem Arme, das Sie, der Mutter Ebenbild, geſehen haben, die kleine Roſalie, hingeopfert, wie jene.

„Weil ich Ihnen verſprochen habe, ſagte ſie ſanft, doch ernſt, weil ich Ihnen verſprochen habe, was ich nimmermehr hätte thun ſollen, Sie noch einmal zu ſehen, ſo ſey dieſe Kleine unſer unmündiger Zeuge, der uns an die Wacht der göttlichen Geſetze, an die menſchlichen Pflichten erinnere."

Sie reichte mir das Kind, das mich mit den kleinen Armen umhalſte, wie ſonſt die zarten Weſen mit Fremden nicht thun. Ich zog es an meine Bruſt, und ſchluchzte laut. Von meiner Heftigkeit erſchreckt bog es ſich nach der Mutter hin, die ſtill weinend es wieder an ſich nahm. „Sie ſehen, ſagte ſie, daß auf dieſer Erde uns nichts gemeinſchaftlich iſt. Eilen Sie fort von hier. Wenn Sie mich lieben, ſo kommen Sie nicht wieder in meine Nähe, als wenn Sie mich mit Ruhe, mit Ergebung als das Eigenthum eines andern ſehen können. Bitten Sie Gott, daß er dieß Kind ſegne, das ich unter vielen Schmerzen getragen und geboren habe, daß er das Herz ſeines Vaters erweiche, und nur einen Funken ſeiner göttlichen Liebe ihm einhauche. Bitten Sie Gott, daß er auch uns den Muth gebe, zu leiden und zu thun, was er uns beſchieden hat."

Sie war aus meinen Augen verſchwunden, als ich wieder vom Boden aufſah. Lange ſtand ich und ſann. Ich habe ſie nicht verloren, ſagte ich zu mir, warum aber dieſes? Da that ich einen Blick in mein wildes, ſtürmiſches Herz, und ich erkannte den erſten Grund, warum mir nicht geworden war, was ich wollte; ich ſah die Eitelkeit, die Hoffahrt, den Uebermuth meiner Jugend, den kühnen Trotz meiner beſten Handlungen, die Bitterkeit in den Tagen des Unglücks, die Feindſchaft gegen Gott und Menſchen, die noch in mir war. O ich höre noch die Stimme, die mich verdammt, rief ich in dumpfer Verzweiflung, verließ den Ort, deſſen ich mich nicht werth hielt, und eilt, gefoltert mit allen Qualen der innern Pein, wieder in die leere Welt hinaus.

Lieber Freund, das Andenken jener Zeiten hat mich ſehr weich gemacht. In meiner Krankheit waren alle die Augenblicke vor meine Seele, die ich Ihnen beſchrieben habe. Es iſt mir recht frei geworden, da ich über mich gegen einen Mann habe ausreden können, der mir ſo freundlich zugethan iſt. Sie erinnern ſich gewiß, wie ich in dem Garten, wo wir alle ſo erwarmten, von dem Fieberfroſte ergriffen wurde, deſſen der kluge Arzt, der angeſehen ihn hatte, ſich erbarmte. Doch wird durch Wunder nicht der Menſch mit einemmal umgeſtaltet. Wie geſund er auch wieder ſcheine, es kommen zuweilen Boten, die ihn vor zu großem Selbſtvertrauen warnen, und ſtrenge Gerichte zuhalten. Ich rufe es mir ſelbſt in meine Seele zurück, was ich ſo oft wiederhole.

Nachdem ich Spanien verlaſſen hatte, zog ich in allen Gegenden Deutſchlands umher, nicht mehr von den Furien des Zorns gehetzt, aber in wilder gedankenloſer Trauer. Ich konnte und wollte nichts unternehmen. Mein Geiſt hat mir keine Ideen, mein Herz keine Gefühle. Man hielt mich ſo allgemein für einen Irren, daß ich es ſelbſt nicht anders glaubte, und in dem Gedanken mich wohl befand. Wie ich gerne am längſten weilte, wo es am öden und finſterſten war, verbrachte ich auch einige Wintermonate in dem ſchönen Theile des Erzgebirgs. Bis zur Nacht ſaß ich oft unter den beſchneiten Kiefern auf eiſigem Boden, und horchte dem Grabgeläute, das aus dem armen Dörfchen zu mir klang, wie Hülle aus einer beſſern Zeit, wo ich nach der Arbeit zur Ruhe ging. Ich ſehnte mich, ſo einzuſchlummern, bis ich im Frühling der neuen Erde wieder erwachte. Die gutmüthigen Menſchen ſuchten mich oft auf, wenn ich ſchon die ſüße Erſtarrung meiner Kräfte fühlte. Aber ich ſetzte in meinem Grämeln fort, wenn ich heimlich gewarnt wurde. An einem Weihnachtsabend, wo ich in die hellen, glänzenden Chriſtbäume hineinſah, und mit Thränen von den Kindern ſprach, denen ich beſcheren wollte, übermannte mich der Schlaf, und die Welt erloſch vor meinen Sinnen.

Als ich wieder zu mir kam, lag ich in einem reinlichen Stübchen, und die Wintermorgenſonne beſchien ein aufgeputztes Chriſtbäumchen meinem Bette gegenüber, an dem ein Kind, ſo groß als Roſalien jetzt daher, ſpielte. Ich ging in die Falten ein, und ſie antwortete mit der unſchuldigen, rufenden Freude ihres Alters. Ich war außer mir, und wollte von meinem Lager zu ihr hin. Da drückte mich jemand ſanft zurück, und ich erblickte einen Mann, der mit milden Worten mich zur Ruhe ermahnte. Er nannte mich Sohn, und die Liebe, die in dieſem Worte liegt, drang mir in die Seele, noch mehr die fromme Herzlichkeit, mit der er es ausſprach. Die Glocken läuteten wieder, und ihr Klang erweckte mir Thränen. „Bald wird Ihr Arzt kommen, ſagte er. Mich ruft jetzt mein Amt von Ihnen." Jetzt ſah ich, daß ich nicht in einer Wunderwelt, ſondern in dem Hauſe des Predigers war, der mich bei der Rückkehr von einem ſpäten Krankenwege ſchon im Erſtarren gefunden, und, in ſeine Wohnung getragen, dem Tode entriſſen hatte.

Ich könnte Ihnen nur beſchreiben, was mir im Aeußern von dieſen braven Leuten geſchah, und auch das will ich nicht, weil die Güte und Herzlichkeit, mit der ſie alles thaten, und mir helfen und mich erheitern konnte, der fromme Sinn, der Quell und Zierde ihrer Handlungen war, ſich doch nicht mit Worten ſchildern läßt. Meine Lage war zu traurig geweſen, als daß ich nicht die Veränderung mit froherm Gefühl hätte empfinden ſollen, die dadurch in meiner Seele entſtand. Hier waren Menſchen, die mich aufrichtig und ohne Eigennutz liebten. Konnte ich der Liebe wehren, die mit der Rührung der Dankbarkeit wieder in mein gebrochenes Herz eindrang, und es, wie ein kühlender Morgenthau, wieder empfänglich machte für guten Samen, und fähig, die zur Frucht tragenden Pflanze aufblühen zu laſſen? Wie verſöhnte ich mich mit meinen Mitbrüdern, die mir Böſes gethan hatten, um dieſe willen, die mir zeigten, daß Glück und Zufriedenheit nicht in dem, was wir beſitzen, ſondern in uns ſelbſt iſt. Die heiligen lernte ich ſchon mit erwieſenem Dienſt, ſeitdem ich erfuhr, daß auch wir mit Dank und Liebe erwiedert werde, was ich nicht um mein willen, ſondern aus reiner Abſicht und von Herzen that. Jetzt erwachte mir der Unterſchied am weichſten der gewiſſenhaften Jugend, die ich nirgends ſtärker hatte verſtändigen hören, als wo man die Demuth mit Füßen trat, und der ſtillen Wirkſamkeit, die nicht anders handeln kann, als ſie thut, weil die Liebe das ganze Leben beſtimmt hat.

Ich blieb einige Jahre in dieſem Hauſe. Da ich mit Geld nicht belohnen konnte, was unſchätzbar war, die Freude zu beden und nützlich zu leben, ſo ſuchte ich wenigſtens unſer Einkommens zu verbeſſern. Nach und nach wurde ein kleiner Bücherverlag angelegt, längſt der ſtille Wunſch des Predigers, den er bei ſeinem beſchränkten Einkommen nicht hatte befriedigen können. Der Mann legte ſich mit unermüdetem Fleiß auf die Erlernung der neuern Sprachen, in denen ich ihm einige Anleitung geben konnte. Das Kind wuchs fröhlich heran, und es war mir Genuß, ihm erſter Lehrer zu ſeyn. Die Entfaltung eines ſo wunderbaren Weſens, wie die menſchliche Seele iſt, muß dem ſtillen Beobachter Bewunderung und Staunen abnöthigen. Wer mit lebhafterem Intereſſe ihr entgegen kommt, und den Weg aufmerkſam verfolgt, den die Natur immer richtig und mit ſicherer Beharrlichkeit geht, wird, indem er zu führen meint, in eine Schule geführt, die ihn ſelbſt weiſer und beſſer macht. Er begreift, was der große Meiſter ſagen wollte, als er uns werden hieß, wie dieſe Kleinen. Die Erziehung der Kinder in dem Orte ſelbſt und den benachbarten Dörfchen, wurde unter [illegible] Aufſicht des Predigers von einem jungen Manne geleitet, den bei dem lauterſten Willen gänzlicher Mangel an allen Hülfsmitteln drückte. Was ich ſonſt dem äußern Glanz und einer Menge [illegible] Bedürfniſſe geopfert hatte, reichte ich hier einer bequemern und beſſer ausgeſtatteten Einrichtung der Anſtalt. Wir brachten nun manche Stunde unter dem munteren Häufchen zu, und ich übernahm ſelbſt einigen Unterricht, der künftigen Landleuten erſprießlich ſeyn konnte. Die Alten wußten es mit herzlichem Dank, weil nirgends ein Zwang, ein Aufdringen, und — was der immer in Anſpruch genommenen wohl auch nicht zu verdenken iſt — keine Forderung Statt fand. Wenn wir die übrigen Stunden des Tags im Gärtchen gebaut oder die Felder durchwandert hatten, verſammelten wir uns am runden Tiſche, und genoſſen unſer geſundes Mahl mit Dank und Fröhlichkeit. An Winterabenden wurde der Bücherſchatz zu Hülfe genommen. Sonntags ſtand auch jedem der Dorfbewohner der Zutritt offen, dem dieſe Unterhaltung lieber war, als Trunk und Kartenſpiel, und wir wählten die Gegenſtände des Leſens und Sprechens nach ihren Bedürfniſſen. Es dauerte nicht lange, ſo kam die ganze kleine Gemeine. Nun ließ ich in dem Saale des Dorfwirths ſelbſt einrichten, was zu unſerer geiſtigen Verſammlung nöthig war. Er verlor ſo nichts an ſeiner Einnahme, und hatte dazu den Vortheil, alles bei ſich in Ordnung und Zucht zu ſehen.

Dem edlen St. Pierre allein hatte ich während dieſer Zeit briefliche Nachricht von mir gegeben. Der übrigen weiten Welt war ich in meinem Verſteck wie abgeſtorben. Ich wußte von ihm, daß er Anſtalten träfe, ganz in meine Nähe zu kommen. Das Werk des Despotismus war vollendet. Aus dem jungen [illegible], der alle Kräfte entfeſſelt, alle Seelen begeiſtert hatte, war ein finſterer, ſelbſtſüchtiger Herrſcher geworden. Hier länger wollte ſich St. Pierre nicht die Wunden aufreißen laſſen, die er für Freiheit und Frieden ſich hatte ſchlagen laſſen. Die Trennung war beſchloſſen. Aber [illegible] war Furcht und Jammer. Der kriegeriſche Enthuſiasmus war nicht für das kalte Gemüth meines Freundes, eben ſo wenig die [illegible], das nur mit allem Heiligen [illegible] in unheiliger Geſinnung. Er ſammelte, was ihm von ſeinem Vermögen gerettet worden war, ging dann zu Wiederherſtellung ſeiner Geſundheit in das ſüdliche Frankreich, und, da er dort als ein [illegible] ſeines Verdächtiger den Abſchied erlangt hatte, nach der Schweiz, wohin er mich zu einer gemeinſchaftlichen Reiſe einlud. Es wurde mir ſchwer, mich von meinen Hausgenoſſen, vom alten Prediger und dem Dorfe zu trennen, in dem ich zu Ruhe und Glück geneſen war, und in dem ganzen [illegible] ſo viele glückliche Tage zugebracht hatte. Aber mein Pfleger — ſo nannte ich den Pfarrer — ermahnte mich ſelbſt, nun wieder unter die Menſchen hinauszugehen. „Sie ſind nun ſo lange, ſagte er, bei uns [illegible] nicht für immer [illegible] verborgen bleiben. Dazu iſt Ihre Bildung einer weitern [illegible] beſtimmt. Sie können nun ſchon die Welt, oft auch manche Laſt der Leiden ertragen. Ich will indeß in dem kleinen Garten, der mir zum Tagewerk angelegt iſt, fortbauen, damit Sie Ihre Freude an den Blumen und Früchten ſehen, wenn Sie wieder zu uns zurückkommen.“

Ich fand St. Pierre in Zürich. Wir erneuerten und mit dem tiefen Gefühl des großen Schmerzes, den wir zuſammen zu tragen hatten. „Ich habe verloren, ſagte er, was ich Theures im Leben hatte. Mein Vaterland iſt [illegible]. Wir haben Ströme Bluts vergoſſen, um einen Baum zu düngen, aus dem der Strick des Tyrannen zuſammengeflochten worden iſt. Mein Vater hat die [illegible], die ihn und ſeine Brüder [illegible], und in das [illegible] Heiligthum der Familie eingetragen. Weil er tadellos gehandelt, hat ihn der [illegible] dem langſamen Tode des Grames hingegeben. Und meine Schweſter — warum muß ich mit Dir von ihr reden? Noch bin ich nicht im Stande, mit [illegible] zu brechen. Ich weiß auch nicht, ob ich ſie glücklich oder unglücklich heiße. Mein franzöſiſches Blut kocht bei dem Gedanken an die heimtückiſche Räderwerk dieſer Weltmaſchine. Wir wollen noch einige Monate auf der Erde umherziehen, und ſehen, wo es am freundlichſten iſt, damit ich mit milderem Sinn zu der Unglücklichen kommen und ihnen thun kann, was zu deren Heile ſeyn möchte.“

Selten werden zwei Männer zuſammen treten, die ſo einverſtanden in ihren Anſichten, ſo gleich in ihrem Verhalten, und auch durch Kummer ſo vereinigt geweſen wären, wie wir. Wenn uns der Einklang unſers Denkens und Wollens beſonders recht glücklich, wie ein Harmonikaton, durchzog, überſahen wir, daß uns die Fügung der Dinge in manchem Kampfe feindlich entgegengeſtellt hatte. Wir konnten damals zuſammentreffen, und in blinder Wuth uns den Tod geben. Und nun, — was hatte mein, was ſein Vaterland durch jenes Morden gewonnen, wenn es nicht die großen Lehren waren, die dieſes Geſchlecht noch nicht verſtand, die vielleicht auch das kommende in unverſtändiger Feindſchaft verwickelte! Was meinen feurigen Gefährten am meiſten Wunder nahm, war, daß ich über das Schickſal ſeiner Schweſter nicht aufglühte, wie er. Aber die Erzählungen, die ich ihm oft wehmüthig von meiner Heilungsperiode gab, als ich ſie Ihnen zu wiederholen wagte, machten ihm klar, wie ich ſo ruhig in die Wellen zurückblicken konnte, aus denen mich die höhere Macht gerettet hatte, wie ich an meine Geliebte wie an eine früh Verſtorbene nur mit ſtillen Wehmuthsgefühlen denken, und dem Grabe entgegenſehen konnte, durch das der Weg zu unſerer ewigen Wohnung führt.

Er befand ſich wohl in der Ruhe, mit der meine Heiterkeit wuchs. Ich hatte verlernt, in Eifer und Zorn aufzubrauſen. Was konnte mich noch überreizen, nachdem ich die ungeheure Beleidigung meiner Hoffnungen, die ich erfahren, überwunden hatte! Die [illegible], die ich [illegible] in mich trank, hatte [illegible], und den [illegible] gezeitigt, um ſelbſt in und mit ihm ſich aufzulöſen. Weil ich aber wußte, wer das an mir gethan hatte, war ich ſanft und demüthig.

So gewannen wir beide, ich an neu belebter Theilnahme an den Intereſſen der Menſchheit im Allgemeinen durch ſein glühendes Streben nach dem Ideal des Guten, das keine Zerſtörung der Wirklichkeit ihm verdunkeln konnte, er an Schonung und Duldſamkeit bei den Irrthümern der Schwachen durch meine Ruhe, die in ihn überging.

Wir waren mehrere Jahre auf unſern Reiſen. Jetzt war es Zeit, die Heiligen wieder zu ſehen. Er lud ſeinen Schwager zu einer Zuſammenkunft in Karlsbad ein. Denn ſeine Wohnung wollte er nicht betreten. Ich fragte mich ſtreng, ob ich ihn begleiten dürfe, und mein Herz gab mir vor dem Auge des unſichtbaren Zeugen die Genehmigung. Mich verlangte ſehr, die guten Menſchen im Gebirge wieder zu ſehen, und St. Pierre freute ſich ſelbſt auf die kleine Colonie, wie er es nannte. Es war die Erntezeit, und wir fanden die Menſchen freilich mit einer [illegible] Arbeit beſchäftigt. Die jungen Leute, zum größern Theil meine ehemaligen Schüler, erkannten mich ſogleich, und mit Jubelgeſchrei wurde ich zu dem Pfarrer geführt, der mitten unter ſeinen Kirchkindern ſtand, wie ein guter Vater, und mit freundlicher Sitte und heiterem Scherz die fleißige Geſchäftigkeit ſo leitete, daß ſie den Schweiß ihres Angeſichts mit Luſt vergoßen. „Sie kommen zu Gottes großem Lohn- und Freudentag, [illegible] er uns. Er ſteht mit ſeinem Heiligen im Kalender. Aber der gütige Gott, der ihn mit Regen und fruchtbaren Zeiten heimgeſucht hat, ſchaute ihn mit Augen der Gnade heute doch eben an den blauen Himmel an.“ Wir ſahen uns unter den Garben um, und St. Pierre war außer ſich vor Freude. Die Thränen netzten ihm [illegible], und er wollte ſich [illegible], wenn ich ihm die Sache, die immer [illegible], und [illegible] zu dem [illegible]. Die Alten ſagten heimlich zu mir: „Das iſt einmal ein [illegible], den wir gern ſehen.“

So kam der Abend heran. Nachdem die letzte Garbe gebunden und die Wagen zuſammengeſtellt waren, ſtellten die Arbeiter ſich in einen Kreis, einen Chor zum Lobe des Gebers zu ſingen, der den Segen und Kraft und Leben gegeben hatte, ihn einzuernten. Der Pfarrer ſprach einige Worte, wie ſie Dank und Freude eingaben. Dann ging der fröhliche Zug zurück nach dem Dörfchen, und die Jugend ſtimmte muntere Erntelieder an, mit einer [illegible] und mit einem Geſang, die [illegible] als Chor machte. Mein Freund ließ es ſich nicht nehmen, auf freundliche Weiſe ein Feſt zu geben. Er nahm im Dorfkrug, was zu haben war, und bewirthete das ganze Dorf auf das feſtlichſte. „Ich habe heute einen ſchönen [illegible], ſagte er zu mir, indem er in ſeinem Zimmer bei mir vorüberging. Meine Landsleute müſſen ſich hier [illegible] ein [illegible] gekauft haben. Die lieben Menſchen haben mich nicht umſonſt geholt haben.“

Die Mitternachtsſtunde rief zur Ruhe, und ich [illegible] mich in das Kämmerchen, in dem ich einſt unter ganz andern Umſtänden und Umgebungen geſchlummert hatte. Wie ſoll ich Ihnen die Rührung ſchildern, die ich bei dem Vergleich zwiſchen jetzt und damals fühlte! Sanfter Schlaf umarmte mich unter ſanften Thränen.

Den erſten Beſuch am andern Morgen machte mir die kleine Emilie. Sie ſtampfte keck zu mir herein, und rief: Ich will meinen Bräutigam ſehen. Das Kind am [illegible] erſchien mir wieder, jetzt ein blühender, holder Mädchenengel. Ich zog es zu mir heran. Die Aeltern kamen dazu, und ich bedung mir, dem zur Einſamkeit beſtimmten, wenigſtens das Vorrecht aus, einmal die Braut zur Kirche zu führen, wenn ſie, wie ich wohl hoffen dürfte, ſich einem würdigen Lebensgefährten vermählte. Die Kleine ſchmollte, daß ich ſie einem andern verſchenkte, und ich hatte Mühe, ſie zu verſöhnen.

Den Tag über wurden alle Anſtalten wieder beſehen, und überall bemerkten wir ſchöne Fortſchritte. St. Pierre hatte ſchon mit Verwunderung in des Pfarrers Bibliothek gekramt. „Das alles verſteht bei uns ein Profeſſor nicht, ſagte er, als er die Mannichfaltigkeit der Schriften, und Beweiſe ſah, daß ſie geleſen und verſtanden waren. Noch mehr überraſchte ihn die Schule des kleinen Dorfs. Er herzte die hausbäckigen Kinder, die ſo verſtändig gut antworteten, und mit Freuden machten, was ſie gelehrt waren. „O ihr glücklichen Deutſchen, rief er einmal über das andere, wenn wird es bei uns dahin kommen! Das hat euer Luther gemacht und ſein Geiſt, der in euren Schulen iſt. Und den wollen die Wirrköpfe austreiben!" „Ja, wandte er ſich zum Pfarrer, ich bin Katholik, und ich will es bleiben, weil ich alles Wechſeln nicht leiden kann. Die aber, die mir den großen Mann antaſten, könnte ich züchtigen, wie ein Schulmeiſter die ungezogenen Buben. Es ſind abſcheuliche Menſchen, die das Herrliche nicht ertragen können, weil ſie ſelbſt ſo erbärmlich klein ſind."

Wir freuten uns des Zuſammenſeyns mit ſo unſchuldigen guten Menſchen ſo lange als möglich, um dann mit unſerm eignen Weſen verſöhnt, der verfeinerten Geſelligkeit uns zu nähern. Doch wurde uns der erſte Schritt immer ſchwerer, je mehr uns die Zeit mahnte, daß er nun gethan werden müſſe. Ein Tag nach dem andern wurde zugegeben. Seltnen Reiz hat die Einfachheit der Jugend. Sie iſt dem Menſchen ein Bild von dem, was er einſt war, und wovon er immer mehr abirrt.

Bei unſerer Ankunft in Karlsbad wollte ich, um auszuweichen, eine beſondere Wohnung beziehen. St. Pierre duldete es nicht. „Er ſoll zu ſeiner Demüthigung erfahren, ſagte er, daß mir innige Freunde hat, die er nicht trennen kann. Warum ſoll ſich das gute Gewiſſen beugen vor dem böſen! Das ſey die einzige Rache, die ich an ihm nehmen will, daß ich Sie immer herzlicher an mich ketten werde, je mehr er Sie abſtößt."

Wir erhielten bald einen Beſuch von dem Gatten Thereſens. Es galt ihm viel, einen Verwandten für ſich zu gewinnen, deſſen Widerwillen er kannte, und von dem er doch eine Entſchädigung für den ſchnellen Entſchluß hoffen konnte, der ihm die Verbindung mit einer unbegüterten, vielleicht die einzige Uebereilung ſeines Lebens, aufgebürdet hatte. Sinnlichkeit und Geiz hatten einen kurzen Kampf mit einander. Die erſte weicht einer kleinen Befriedigung und überläßt dem Sieger eine unbeſchränkte Herrſchaft. Von den Verfügungen des beleidigten Bruders hingen ſo viele Vortheile ab, daß auch dem kalten Gunſt nachzugeben fühlte, der unabänderliche Verhältniſſe mit ſtolzem Anſtand ehrte, ohne je eine [illegible] Vertraulichkeit aufkommen zu laſſen, die dem Charakter beider nicht angemeſſen war. In dem erſten Geſpräch, an dem ich Theil nahm, wurde ich wie ein Fremder behandelt, deſſen alte Anſprüche als unbekannt zu übergehen, deſſen Einwirkungen zu fürchten wären. Ich ſah wohl, daß er mir eigennützige Abſichten zutraute. Aber er geſtattete dem Verdacht keine Aeußerung. St. Pierre beruhigte ihn, wie er mir ſpäter ſagte. Durch Bücher verſichert, daß ich Verbeſſerung meiner Umſtände weder brauchte, noch annehmen möchte, gab er mir nun noch reichlicher von den Vorzügen, die er an alle, die ihm nützlich ſeyn konnten, verſchwendete. Er wurde um deſto geneigter, die einzige unwiderrufliche Bedingung einzugehen, von der die künftigen Maßregeln abhingen, um die er die ſchwierige Unterhandlung mit ſo ungleichen Menſchen führte.

Mein Freund hatte ſich entſchloſſen, das Kind von den Aeltern zu trennen, das, die Frucht einer moraliſch unnatürlichen Verbindung, unter ſo widerſprechender Einwirkung nicht gedeihen konnte. Er theilte mir ſeinen Plan ſchon auf der Reiſe mit, und, was ich auch dagegen einwenden mochte, er war von der abgeſchiedenen Erziehung, die die Kleine, zu allem Guten angeleitet, von allem Böſen möglichſt entfernt, bei ihm erhalten ſollte, ſo ſchwärmeriſch eingenommen, daß an ein längeres Entgegenſtreben nicht zu denken war. Ich mußte ſogar, ſeitdem ihm meine Thätigkeit auf dem Dorfe bekannt geworden war, meine Beihülfe zuſagen. Er fand eine ſchöne Beſchäftigung in dem mir zugetheilten Berufe, ſtets das Kind zu ſehn, das mir mit der Mutter [illegible] werden war.

Es war das erſtemal, daß ich ſie wieder ſah, als ſie mit Roſalien ankam, um ſie unſern vereinigten Bemühungen zu übergeben. Wie hätte ich vor ihr, und neben dem getäuſchten Gatten, dem vertrauenden Bruder ſtehen können, hätte ein Verbrechen unſere erſte Zuſammenkunft befleckt? Sie reichte mir das Kind hin, wie damals in dem Garten, und jetzt ſah es mir fröhlich in die heitern Augen. Ich fühlte, welche Macht ſich Gott in dem Blicke der jungen Kinder und Säuglinge bereitet hat, wie in ihrem Munde. Die Mutter drückte dem Freunde wehmüthig lächelnd die Hand, der es wagen wollte, die Liebe, die vor ihr hatte ſchweigen müſſen, in milden Worten zu dem kleinen Weſen reden zu laſſen, das, ihr einziges Glück, auch von ihr ſcheiden mußte, wenn ihm die Tage der Unſchuld nicht in Furcht und Zweifel vergehen ſollten. Wie verehrte ich die heilende Kraft der höhern Beruhigung, als in dieſem ganzen Geſpräch kein Gedanke des alten Grolls, keine Regung des Verlangens wiederkehrte, und nur Dank und Rührung das Verhältniß verklärte, in das wir von nun an zu einander geſtellt waren. Wir waren in dieſen Stunden, denen gewiß alle mit Bangigkeit entgegen geſehen hatten, ſo ſtill und ſelig vergnügt, daß wir uns von Himmelsluft umweht glaubten, und [illegible] ging von dem Friedensengel der Religion aus, der ſeine Palme über uns breitete.

Thereſe hatte die lange Zeit meiner Abweſenheit über ſo viel zu tragen gehabt, daß der Schmerz, wie eine Gewohnheit, in ihrem Herzen lagerte. Ein günſtiger Frühlingsblick war ein Sonnenſtrahl im Winterſturm, dem das entkräftete Pflänzchen ſich zurichtet, wie einem Boten der wiederkehrenden beſſern Zeit. Es war ein Glück für ſie, daß ihren Gatten die vielen Geſchäfte, in die er ſich verwickelte, wenig an die Einſamkeit denken ließen, in der ſie hinwelkte. Da er von mir erſt durch St. Pierre wieder gehört hatte, ſo war ihm jeder Anlaß genommen, ſie zu quälen. Ihre Wohlthätigkeit allein konnte manchen harten Tadel begründen. Seitdem ſie ihren Antheil am Vermögen von dem großmüthig denkenden Bruder zur Verwaltung erhielt, war ihr die Freude geworden, ungehindert in der Erfüllung anderer den Troſt ſchöpfen zu dürfen, der ihr nöthig war.

Sie kennen die Erziehung Roſaliens aus ihren eignen und zum Theil aus meinen Briefen. Ich fürchtete oft, daß zu ängſtliche Bewahrung vor jedem möglichen ungünſtigen Eindruck möchte ihr den Eintritt in das Leben einſt noch gefährlicher machen, wenn ſie nicht mehr Halt finden könnte. Wir Männer allein würden viel verſehen haben mit unſerm Fräulein, hätte nicht die Mutter ſelbſt dem Kinde eine Führerin mitgegeben, der ſie mit vollem Rechte vertraute. Dieſe wußte auch aus unſern oft zu [illegible] Gaben, die wir dem lebhaften Weſen boten, eine Nahrung zu bereiten, die der zarten weiblichen Natur mehr zuſagte. Wir ſahen mit Freuden, wie das Gemüth der Mutter, das ſchönſte Erbtheil der Kleinen, auch dem Sinne eine ſanfte Richtung gab, der, nicht ohne Einmiſchung der väterlichen [illegible], und dem uns zu ſchnell [illegible], bisweilen ein Wollen verrieth, das bei feindſeligem Widerſtand in Trotz ausarten könnte. St. Pierre verlangte feſten, ernſten Charakter auch bei dem Weibe. Die Heldinnen und die Ungeheuer, die in ſeinem Vaterlande in der letzten Zeit aufgetreten waren, dienten ihm als Beweiſe für und wider bei unſern kleinen Streitigkeiten. Er behauptete, daß das Unglück ſeiner Schweſter nur von der Nachgiebigkeit herkomme, die nicht unbedingt über ſich entſcheiden laſſen müſſe, wenn ſie nicht, für waffenloſe Schwäche gehalten, der übermächtigen Gewalt erliegen wolle. So verſchieden indeſſen unſere Meinungen im Einzelnen waren, ſo kamen wir doch, von denſelben Erfahrungen belehrt, darin überein, daß der Grund aller Bildung herzliche Frömmigkeit ſeyn müſſe, demüthig, um ſich unter die Hand des Höhern zu beugen, und ſtark, um über dem Uebel der Erde ſtehen zu können.

Ich glaube nicht, daß ein längerer Einfluß auf das Kind gut geweſen wäre. Für die erſten Jahre mochte meine weichere Stimmung, die in jedem Geſpräche den Hausvater führte, nicht unwirkſam ſeyn. Aber für die Dauer hätte ſie widerſprechend gewirkt, und auf Einheit kam es vorzüglich an. Dazu war auch mein Freund immer kindlicher geworden, und es war ihm damit gelungen, die Kleine, die ihren Wohlthäter erkennen lernte, mit der innigſten Liebe an ſich zu ketten. Mich begann der Mangel an Thätigkeit zu drücken. Der Vater ſpielte in Briefen mitunter auf den Einfluß an, den ſich Fremde in ſeinen Familienangelegenheiten anmaßten. Ich erkannte die Sprache eines nicht verſöhnten Haſſes, ich fürchtete für das Weib, das ihm am erſten ausgeſetzt war, für die Ruhe der Uebrigen. Ueberzeugt, daß der Freund ſcheiden müſſe, wenn er Verwandten [illegible] dauernden Einigkeit werden kann, beſchloß ich bald, wieder meinen Wanderſtab in die Welt zu tragen, wie ſchwer mir auch St. Pierre den Abſchied machte. Er erkannte endlich ſelbſt die Richtigkeit meiner Gründe, und wir verabredeten beſtimmte Zeiten des Wiederſehens.

Die letzten Zeiten waren ſo unruhig, daß ich nur einmal ihm mein Wort halten konnte. Als ich mit Ihnen in Teplitz zuſammentraf, bewahrte ich ſchon die tödtliche Krankheit des kleinen

Mannes, und unbemerkt war ich bei der Beſtattung, wo Eduard Neſſelen zum erſtenmal ſah. Wie ich die Verhältniſſe kannte, mußte erſt die gegenwärtige Geſinnung des Vaters erforſcht werden. Ich hoffte, Alter und Warnungen aller Art würden ihn weicher gemacht haben. Sie wiſſen, wie ſchmerzlich ich getäuſcht worden bin. Niemand verzeiht ſchwerer, als wer Unrecht gethan hat. Auch weiß ich von bittern Verluſten, die jedes Hülfsmittel annehmlich gemacht haben mögen. So meinte er, die Thränen, die er aufs neue den Seinigen erpreßt, eher ertragen zu können, als einen Rückſchritt von der Höhe des Beſitzes, den er erreicht hatte.

Ich habe dieſen Brief während meiner Gefangenſchaft zu Hauſe geſchrieben, die zwar etwas erweitert, aber noch nicht aufgehoben iſt. Sie ſehen daraus, warum ich von Eduard ſo wenig zu ſagen weiß. Nur durch Erich erfahre ich, wie ſtiller eingezogen er lebt. Sein Herz hat ſich mir nicht ganz verſchloſſen. Denn er hat ſich mehrmals nach mir erkundigt, da meine Krankheit gefährlich ſchien. Sein perſönliches Erſcheinen, meinte er, würde mich in der Geneſung ſtören. Warum iſt er ſo fremd, ſo mißtrauiſch geworden? Er muß mir Rede ſtehen, ſo bald mir der erſte Ausgang geſtattet iſt. Wie kann er von dem Manne laſſen, den er ſo oft mit Sohnesliebe umarmte?

Es war während meiner letzten Reiſe, wo ich ihn in einer bedenklichen Verwicklung fand. Seine Heftigkeit hatte ihn damals, wo man die Worte wog, wie Verbrechen, zu ſtarken Aeußerungen verleitet, und an einem Orte, wo der Verräther ſehr viel waren. Schon lange aufmerkſam auf den Jüngling, der zu unbewacht in das Leben zu ſtürmen ſchien, verſuchte ich, ihn aus den Händen der Bosheit zu retten, und es gelang. Seitdem wollte er in meiner Nähe bleiben, und wir eilten zuſammen in ein Land, das ſicherer war. Jeder Tag überzeugte mich mehr, wie reich er von der Natur ausgeſtattet war. Aber er verſchwendete oft ohne Berechnung, geiſtig und körperlich, wie Phantaſie und Reiz des Augenblicks ſchmeichelte. Da ich ſah, wie ihn das Gefallen mehr anzog, als das Seyn, wie ihn Schwelgen mehr entzückte, als Genuß, und Ausſtattung mehr, als Wahrheit, machte ich die Anſprüche geltend, die mir ſein Vertrauen eingeräumt hatte. Seine Arbeiten und ſeine Freuden wurden regelmäßiger. Das unbeſtimmte Herumſchweifen in der Kunſt und der Wiſſenſchaft begann ihm in der ganzen Unfruchtbarkeit zu erſcheinen, womit es beſtraft. Indem ich ihn veranlaßte, den Geiſt in ſeine Tiefen zu verfolgen, gewann ich ſelbſt durch die Bilder, mit denen er die Wanderungen zur Rechten und Linken ausſchmückte. Mein einziger Wunſch war, er möcht einen Vereinigungspunkt erwählen, auf den er die Fülle ſeiner Kräfte verwendete. Dann, hoffte ich, würde der Ehrgeiz, der in ihm loderte, über den Werth der Dinge und des Lohns, das Verlangen über die wilde Befriedigung, die Phantaſie über das Urbild des Schönen und Guten ſich bald verſtändigen. Aber noch flog er zu haſtig. Er wollte der Sonne entgegen, und die Adlerſchwingen waren ihm noch nicht erſtarkt. Das Ziel der Anſtrengungen leuchtete in ſeinem Gemüth, und die Blumen lockten noch auf die Abwege. Sie wiſſen, wie in Teplitz ihn eine gewiſſe Wuth, ſich zu vergnügen, ergriff, und wie oft ich ihn entſchuldigte, wenn Sie ihn zu hart des Leichtſinns anklagten. Er büßte durch den Ueberdruß. Der Eitelkeit, die ihm eine Zeit lang gehuldigt hatte, nahm er keine Kränze mehr ab. Ein einziges Gefühl übermächtiger Liebe trat an die Stelle der wechſelnden Empfindungen. Es würde ihm wohlthätig geweſen ſeyn, es würde gewirkt haben, was ich ſo ſehr an ihm vermißte, wäre er mehr vorbereitet geweſen, hätte er ſich ſelbſt eine Freiheit behauptet, die des menſchlichen Geiſtes würdig iſt. Aber er erlag derſelben Gewalt, die ihn früher beherrſchte, auch bei dieſer edlern Leidenſchaft. Er wollte erſtürmen, anſtatt zu erwarten, beſitzen, anſtatt den Beſitz ſich zu verdienen. Die Hinderniſſe, die ſeine Kraft erheben ſollten, warfen ſie nach den erſten vergeblichen Verſuchen. Wie ein Krieger, der mit glühendem Enthuſiasmus vordringt, und zurückgeworfen in Mißmuth und Erſchlaffung zuſammenſinkt, wußte er nicht mehr, eine Stellung zu halten, in der er, um das Ziel ſeiner Anſtrengungen betrogen, ſich ſelbſt nicht verlöre. Zugleich verzweifelte er an uns, die ihm zur Seite ſtanden. Sie wiſſen, welche Hülfsmittel er ergriff, und was ich fürchtete, wenn er auch von dieſen ſich getäuſcht ſehen würde. Ach womit wirſt du enden, wenn alle die morſchen Stützen brechen, und die blutige Wunde die Hand durchſchneidet, die unbeſonnen das Gewicht deines ganzen Weſens auf ſie legte? In meiner Krankheit erſchienen mir oft entſetzliche Bilder von ihm, aus den Ueberlegungen und Befürchtungen der frühern Zeit gebildet. Möchte ich einen Mann wieder finden, der im Sturme der Nacht feſtgewurzelt, nun die Glut des Mittags ertragen kann!

Joachim Beccau.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Mannes iſt weiter Nichts bekannt geworden, als daß er, zu Burg auf der Inſel Femern geboren, um 1720 Notar zu Neumünſter im Herzogthum Holſtein war. —

Er hinterließ:

Theatraliſche Gedichte. Hamburg, 1719.
Zuläſſige Verkürzung müſſiger Stunden. Hamb. 1719. 2 Thle.
Ehrengedichte u. ſ. w. Hamburg, 1720.

In ſeinen theatraliſchen Arbeiten (Amadis von Gaula, [illegible] des mächtigen Pegu u. ſ. w.), welche für die Compoſition beſtimmt waren, zeigt ſich der gute Notar als ein eifriger Anhänger der lohenſteiniſchen Schule, und es fehlt ihnen keineswegs an Schwulſt, Unnatur und Uebertreibung. — Dagegen iſt er aber weit gefälliger in einigen Liedern und in Epigrammen zuweilen nicht ganz unglücklich, wie z. B. das folgende beweiſt:

Urſprung der Poeſie.

Apollo ließ einmal die blaue Sternenbahn,
Begab ſich in die Welt und traf die Armuth an.
Die hat er ſich alsbald zum Ehgemahl erkoren.
Von dieſen Eltern iſt die Poeſie geboren.

Ludwig Bechſtein

ward am 24. November 1801 geboren und erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Meiningen. Das poetiſche Talent erwachte zwar frühzeitig in ihm, gedieh aber erſt in ſpätern Jahren zur Reife; und da er ſich auf der Schule gedrückt fühlte und ſich ſelbſt zum Studiren unbefähigt glaubte, ſo verließ er das Gymnaſium im 17. Jahre und widmete ſich der pharmazeutiſchen Laufbahn. Durch dieſe mit der Natur innig befreundet, pflegte er mit Liebe die Himmelsgabe der Poeſie, von theilnehmenden Freunden ermuntert, fühlte aber auch bald genug die Feſſeln, die ſein ſelbſtgewählter Stand dem Dichter nothwendig anlegen mußte. Immer mehr den ſchönwiſſenſchaftlichen und Geſchichtsſtudien zugewandt, ohne doch ſeine Berufspflichten hintan zu ſetzen, arbeitete er an belletriſtiſchen und andern Journalen mit, ſoviel es ſeine Zeit geſtattete, bis im Herbſt 1828 der regierende Herzog von Meiningen aus eignem Antriebe den Dichter ſeinen beengenden Verhältniſſen entriß und zu fernerer wiſſenſchaftlicher Ausbildung großmüthig unterſtützte. Hierauf ging B. nach Leipzig, hörte Philoſophie, Geſchichte u. ſ. w. und ſchrieb und dichtete fröhlich fort. Hier wurde es ihm auch leicht, Verleger für ſeine Werke zu finden, die nun in raſcher Aufeinanderfolge erſchienen. Manches früher Vorbereitete wurde umgearbeitet und geordnet, z. B. **die Haimonskinder**, **die Weiſſagung der Libuſſa** u. a. **Der Todtentanz** wurde in Leipzig gedichtet, ebenſo **der Sonntag** und die Hälfte des **Fauſtus**. Nach einem für den Dichter angenehmen, genuß- und lehrreichen Aufenthalt von 1½ Jahren verließ er Leipzig und wandte ſich nach München, wo **Fauſtus** vollendet und **Luther** gedichtet wurde. Mitten in der katholiſchen Stadt fühlte ſich der Dichter ſo recht innig von dem Glück durchdrungen, Proteſtant zu ſeyn, fühlte Luther's großes Verdienſt um die Menſchheit mehr als je, und ſo entſtand das Gedicht. Im Herbſt 1831 kehrte B. nach

Meiningen zurück erhielt ſeine Anſtellung als Cabinetsbibliothekar des Herzogs, zugleich als zweiter Bibliothekar an der herzogl. öffentlichen Bibliothek, und im Jahr 1833 an dieſer die erſte Bibliothekarſtelle. Jn demſelben Jahr wurde er Gründer und Director des hennebergiſchen alterthumsforſchenden Vereins.

Schriften:

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Mährchenbilder und Erzählungen. m. K. Leipzig, ohne Jahrzahl.
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Die Haimonskinder. Gedicht. Leipzig, 1830.
Erzählungen und Phantaſieſtücke. Stuttgart, 1831. 4 Theile.
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Novellen und Phantaſiegemälde. Hildburghauſen, 1832. 2 Theile.
Der Sonntag. Gedicht. mit Kupfern. Leipzig. Querfolio. ohne Jahrzahl.
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Grimmenthal. Hildburghauſen, 1833.
Luther. Gedicht. Frankfurt a. M. 1834.
Der Fürſtentag. Frankfurt a. M. 1834. 2 Theile.
Des Haſſes und der Liebe Kämpfe. Drama. Hildburghauſen, 1834.
Phantaſieblüthen. Leipzig, 1835. 2 Bände. (unter d. Preſſe.)

Mitarbeiter war B. an der deutſchen Jugendzeitung, der Hebe, an Ziehnert's Jdunna, am Komet, an Spindler's Damenzeitung und Zeitſpiegel, an Meyer's thüring. Merkwürdigkeiten, Schneider's Buchonia, und mehreren andern Journalen und Taſchenbüchern.

Unabhängig, durch ſich ſelbſt gebildet und ſeinem reichen Naturell folgend, hat Bechſtein in ſtets fortſchreitender Stufenfolge, vorzüglich als lyriſcher Dichter, ſchon von ſeinem erſten öffentlichen Erſcheinen an zu den ſchönſten Erwartungen berechtigt und iſt dieſen mit jeder neuen Leiſtung immer mehr nachgekommen. Eine reiche Phantaſie, Herrſchaft über die Sprache, ſeltener Zauber des Vortrags, wahre, hohe Begeiſterung für das Wahre, Gute und Schöne, Jnnigkeit und Tiefe der Empfindungen ſind ihm eigenthümlich, vorzüglich da glänzend hervortretend, wo er bei ſeiner Neigung für das Mittelalter Stoffe, welche dieſem entlehnt ſind, behandelt. Durch ſein Leben ſtets mehr auf ſich ſelbſt verwieſen, anfangs in beſchränkten Verhältniſſen ſich bewegend, dann plötzlich in das Treiben des Tages hinaustretend, ohne ſichere Erfahrung, ohne feſte wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung, die er erſt ſpäter ſich mühſam erwerben ſollte, mußte es ihm unmöglich fallen, ſich nicht in der Wahl und Anwendung der Mittel zu vergreifen, und ſo kam es, daß er in früheren Leiſtungen mitunter, von dem herrſchenden Ton des Tages fortgeriſſen und dieſem huldigend, unklar über ſeine eigentlichen Fähigkeiten, unwillkürlich copirte, wo er hätte Original ſeyn können. — Sein geſunder Sinn führte ihn aber ſtets auf die rechte Bahn zurück, und wenn man mit wohlwollendem Blick, wie das eigentlich ſtets und bei Allen geſchehn ſollte, ſeine poetiſchen Arbeiten nur als Studien betrachtet, ſo wird man in jeder ein ernſtes, ſchönes Streben wahrnehmen und gewiß keine ganz unbefriedigt, manche aber nach großem geiſtigen Genuſſe aus der Hand legen.

Wir theilen hier mehrere Geſänge aus ſeinem der Form nach vollendetſten Werke „Luther" mit, verweiſen aber den Leſer, der ſich näher mit ihm zu befreunden wünſcht, auf ſeinen „Todtentanz", den „Sonntag" und ſeinen Roman: „das tolle Jahr", ſo wie ferner auf mehrere ſeiner Lieder und Balladen, in denen er thüringiſche Stoffe behandelt, und welche mit Recht höchſt ausgezeichnet zu nennen ſind. —

Luthersbuche*).

1.

Ein heil'ger Baum ſteht in des Waldes Grunde,
Der wunderbar, faſt marklos und verwittert,
Von längſtvergangnen Tagen ſcheint zu träumen;
Sein Haar iſt graues Moos, das leiſe zittert.
Der alte Baum weiß eine ſchöne Kunde,
Die er vertraut umher den jüngern Bäumen,
Und rings den Waldesblumen.
Die lauſchen all' den leiſen Flüſterworten,
Und rauſchen all' erſtaunet und verwundert
Der Sage, die der milde Greis erzählet.
„O wären wir doch früher jung geworden!
Du, Glücklicher, den ſchmückte manch Jahrhundert,
Sahſt auserwählt den Mann, der auserwählet."

2.

Am Fuß des Baumes rinnt ein Bronnlein helle,
Das murmelt leiſe zu dem [illegible],
Bald leuchtet es, bald mit Uferblumen ſpielt es.
So freudig quillt es aus dem Erdenſchooße,
So heilig rauſcht die ſilberklare Quelle,
Wie Stimmen eines göttlichen Geſchickes,
Sie ſah den Mann des Lichtes!
Sie gab ihm Labe bei des Tages Schwüle;
Der Baum, noch Jüngling, gab dem Kämpfer Schatten,
Erhaben ſah der blaue Himmel nieder,
Die grünen Laubeskronen rauſchten Kühle,
Und Hoffnung weckten die ſmaragdnen Matten,
Ach, ſolchen Mann ſah dieſes Thal nicht wieder! —

3.

Zwei Ritter ſaßen auf dem Altenſteine,
Die Zeit beſprechend unter einer Linde,
Die ſanft verklärt ſtand im Abendſcheine.
Jm grünen Laubdach ſäuſelten die Winde,
Ein ernſtes Rauſchen ſprach im nahen Haine,
Da naht mit ſchnellem Schritt ein Fürſtenbote;
Was Martin Luthern drohte,
Verkündet er den Freunden bang und eilig,
Und auch was Freundſchaft über ihn beſchloſſen.
Und fordert ſie zur Hülfe ſonder Weilen.
Solch treues Wollen iſt den Freunden heilig;
Das nächſte Frühroth ſieht auf ihren Roſſen
Die treuverbundnen Ritter thalwärts eilen.

4.

Dort wo die Buche hebt die ſtarken Zweige,
Dort wo die Quelle quillt im grünen Bette,
Wo bergwärts ſich der krumme Fahrweg windet,
Dort harret Freundſchaft, ſorgend, daß ſie rette.
Vermummte Knappen lagern im Geſträuche,
Und wie der Kämpfer, der das Wort verkündet,
Vom frommen Muth entzündet
Nun nahet, zu den Feinden ſich zu wagen,
Da ſprengen ihm die Ritter wild entgegen,
Den Wagen haltend mit Geſchrei und Drohen.
Dann muß ein Roß den Glaubenshelden tragen
Durch Nacht und Dunkel auf geheimen Wegen;
Der Fuhrmann aber war voll Angſt entflohen.

5.

Baut einen Tempel an die hehre Stelle,
Wo Luther ward von Freundeshand gefangen,
Daß er, von Feinden unbedroht, ein Freier,
Genüge ſeinem brünſtigen Verlangen.
Und baut den Altar über jene Quelle,
Und ſammelt oft Euch zur Gedächtnißfeier
Des Mannes, heiligtheuer,
Jn dieſes Thales traulich ſtiller Kühle,
Das an der frommen Vorzeit Tage mahnet,
Und feiert, ernſt betrachtend, ſein Gedächtniß!
Ja, denkt an ihn mit dankbarem Gefühle,
Der uns durch Nacht [illegible] gebahnet,
Und Freiheit uns vererbt als ſein Vermächtniß.

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*) Aus: Luther, ein Gedicht von Ludwig Bechſtein. Frankfurt a. M. 1834.

6.

Der graue Baumgreis, der voll Wonnezittern
Mit jedem Mai, ſang ſeine Frühlingspſalter
In der Natur gottvollem Freudeleben,
Der wird wohl bald gefällt von ſeinem Alter,
Wie feſt er ſtand in Stürmen und Gewittern.
Die Buche — ſtirbt, das Buch wird ewig leben,
Das Luther treu gegeben,
Das iſt geſetzt mit diamantnen Lettern
Der ew'gen Liebe Gottes, uranfänglich;
Das iſt ein Baum, den kann die Zeit nicht tödten,
Den können Weltenſtürme nicht entblättern,
Und ſeine Quelle ſprudelt unvergänglich,
Ein Troſtesborn, in allen Erdennöthen.

Wartburg.

1.

Siehſt du die Burg dort, die mit grauen Zinnen
Zum Himmel aufragt von dem ſteilen Berge,
Und weit umherblickt, ſtolz und hochgefeiert!
Die alte Rieſin überm Volk der Zwerge,
Der Felſenthron geborner Königinnen,
Zu der die Schaar zahlloſer Pilger ſteuert,
Wie Lenz den Kranz erneuert!
Sie ſteht, ein Pharus über Zeitenmeeren,
Sie ſteht geſchmückt von der Natur im Prangen,
Sie prangt gekrönt von reichen Liederkränzen,
So wie bekränzt von Ruhm und hohen Ehren,
Geprieſen wie geſucht von dem Verlangen,
Und wird noch manch Jahrhundert überglänzen.

2.

Einſt ragten höher noch die ſtolzen Thürme,
Einſt ſtanden ſtarker noch die feſten Mauern,
In harter Zeit ſelbſt hart, unüberwindlich.
Vorüber zog die Zeit mit Todesſchauern,
Vorüber brauſten ihre wilden Stürme,
Und zu der Menſchheit, die ſo wahnvoll, ſündlich,
Sprach Gottes Zürnen mündlich.
Da ward zur Nacht ans Wartburgthor geſchlagen,
Laut, donnernd laut, als ob die Stimme pochte;
Der Wächter ruft, erſchrocken eilt der Pförtner,
Und mit den Freunden naht der [illegible],
Den eine Welt zu ſchrecken nicht vermochte,
Im Garten Gottes der beruf'ne Gärtner.

3.

Ein Eiſenkleid umſchließt den kühnen Ringer:
Wer wäre kräft'ger auch und ritterlicher,
Wer würdiger, das Ritterkleid zu tragen?
Hier ruhe, ſtarker Kämpfer, ſtill und ſicher,
Hier winkt der Raſt der ew'gen Liebe Finger,
Dir, den der Herr ſelbſt in unheilvollen Tagen
Zum Ritter hat geſchlagen.
Die Wartburg ſoll dich ſchirmen, ſoll dich bergen;
Wie ſonſt das Volk den Heiligen umarmet,
Soll jetzt der Schirm des treuen Gotts umfahen.
Nun mag die Welt ſenden ihre Schergen,
Doch ſchützt der Ew'ge, der ſich dein erbarmet,
Dir wird kein Feind mit Gift und Dolchen nahen! —

4.

Einſt reihten ſich die ſchönſte Kunſt und Minne,
Des deutſchen Vaterlandes hohe Dichter
Auf Wartburg rangen kühn im Liederſtreite.
Aus fernen Landen kam des Kampfes Schlichter,
Dem wohnte wunderbares Wiſſen inne,
Ein Meiſter ſtand er Weiſen kühn zur Seite;
Dann in der Zukunft Weite
Weiſſagend blickend, hat er Glück verkündet,
Im Sternenbuch die Zauberſchrift geleſen,
Denn Dichter weiht die Muſe zu Propheten,
Und Jene ſind mit Zauberkunſt verbündet.
Doch lange ſind die Harfen ſtumm geweſen,
Kein Sänger hat die Wartburg mehr betreten.

5.

Nun aber will es wieder klingen, tönen,
Der Wonnemond umblüht die Burg der Sagen,
Auf der einſt edle Sangesmeiſter rangen,
Ein Stärkerer will in die Saiten ſchlagen,
Gekräftiget vom Hochgefühl des Schönen;
Und ſind auch drei Jahrhunderte vergangen,
Seit jene Sieben ſangen,
Wird nun der eine lautern Klang erwecken,
Deß Wiederhall durch alle Lande ſchmettert
Wie Donnerlied und wie Prophetenpredigt,
Der Freunde Wonne, wie der Feinde Schrecken.
Wo bleibt der Herbſt, der Luthers Kranz entblättert?
Der Zaubrer wo, der ihn des Ruhms entledigt! —

6.

Auf Wartburg iſt ein ſchönes Bild zu ſchauen
Aus alter Zeit, von einem Eiſenhelden,
Der mildiglich geherrſcht in Jugendtagen,
Bis ihm erbittert, wie die Sagen melden,
Vaſallentrotz das freudige Vertrauen,
Bis er vernahm des Volks troſtloſe Klagen,
Und an ſein Schild geſchlagen,
Daß vor dem Schall ganz Thüringen gezittert;
Und daß er ſicher ſei vor Feindestücken,
Erſcheint der Held im Panzerkleid von Eiſen,
Und geißelt der Rebellen Schaar erbittert,
Die grauſam ſeine Gauen unterdrücken,
Und ward ſeitdem der Eiſerne geheißen.

7.

Du, Luther, Held der Wahrheit, Fürſt des Sieges,
Zornflamme, wenn ſich regt der alte Drache,
Der Lügengeiſt, der Völker hält in Banden,
Dir tönt kein Zuruf: „Werde hart! Erwache!“
Du wacheſt ſchon, gewärtig deines Krieges.
Dein hoher Muth, den Feinde ſchwer empfanden,
Macht ihre Liſt zu Schanden.
Du ſtandeſt kühn vor Königen und Kaiſern,
Du haſt der Menſchheit heil'ges Recht vertheidigt,
Du ſchwangſt die Geißel eines bittern Spottes,
Und nicht dein Kleid, nein, deine Kraft war eiſern,
Dein Schirm war Gott, den jene frech beleidigt,
Und ſicher warſt du unterm Panzer Gottes.

8.

Von einem Wartburghelden ſingt die Sage,
Der einſt heraustrat in der Morgenſtunde,
Daß er dem Herrn der Welt Gebete weihe,
Da rollt ein Donnerton aus grauſem Munde
Gleich einer dunkeln, nachtgebornen Frage,
Und vor dem Landesgrafen ſteht ein Leue,
Der feſſelloſe, freie,
Und ſchießt die Blicke, die Verderben drohen,
Auf jenen hin — doch ernſt und unerſchrocken
Zeigt ſich der Mann dem Wüſtenkönig [illegible],
Und zitternd ſteht der Leu bei ſeinem Dräuen,
Und ſchüttelt nur der Mähnen goldne Locken,
Und ſchweigt — und geht zurück in ſeinen Kerker.

9.

So bot auch dir, du Wartburgheld, die Zähne
Der Leu von Rom gereizt mit ſtarkem Brüllen,
Und wollte dich verſchlingen gar im Grimme.
Doch nicht mit Schreck vermocht' er dich zu füllen;
Du ſchütteltſt ihm die [illegible] Mähne.
Und ſtärker war dein Wort, wie ſeine Stimme,
Die drohende, voll Grimme.
Feſt ſtandeſt du, feſt wie des Erdballs Achſen,
Und haſt, verlachend Drohung und Gewalten,
Den Kampf gewagt mit dem ergrimmten Leuen.
Doch er, der Kraft des Mannes nicht gewachſen,
Kroch wieder fort in Ketten, ſeinen alten,
Dir aber jauchzten huldigend die Freien.

10.

Wo Dädalus den kühnen Flug begonnen,
Und Ikarus auf allzukühnen Flügeln,
Den heißen Drang in kalter Meerfluth büßte,
Ruht ſtill ein Eiland, das mit Blumenhügeln
Natur geſchmückt zu Paradieſeswonnen,
Das als Aſyl einſt Jeſu Jünger grüßte,
Den die Begeiſtrung küßte,
Dem in Geſichten heiliger Verzückung,
In wunderbar geheimnißvoller Weihe
Sich engelvoll der Himmel offenbarte.
Ihm wurde die Verbannung zur Beglückung,
Johannes ſah die Gottesſtadt, die neue,
Und Patmos war es, wo er ſie gewahrte.

11.

Hoch ragt die Burg empor im Wälderkranze,
Wo Sängerharfen rauſchten, Helden wallten,
Wo rings Natur prachtvollen Zauber ſtreute.
Dort prüft ein Dichter ſeine [illegible],
Dort ſchaut ein Seher himmliſche Geſtalten,
Dort bringt das gottgegebne, gottgeweihte,
Das [illegible]
Buch aller Bücher uns ein Held getragen
Im Prieſterſchmuck, die Offenbarung ließ er,
Daß die Harfe rauſcht in [illegible].
Zu [illegible] ſoll der Morgen tagen!
Und Luther iſt der Sänger, Held und Prieſter,
Und Wartburg iſt zum Patmos ihm geworden.

12.

Du Luthers Zelle, wenn wir dich betreten
[illegible] uns ein [illegible] Zittern,
[illegible] in einem Dome [illegible],
Und wie beim erſten [illegible] vom [illegible]gewittern,
Und unwillkürlich drängt es uns zu beten.
Hier [illegible] zu [illegible] niederfallen,
[illegible] die Völker wallen,
[illegible] ſtarken Strome,
Hat [illegible] Luther! [illegible]!
Hier wohnt ſein Geiſt, hier nach dreihundert Jahren,
[illegible] Dome [illegible]!
Aus dieſer [illegible] ſtrömt Licht den Blinden
Und Freiheit Geiſtern, die gefeſſelt waren!

13.

Nicht bloß der Streiter, den ſich Gott erkoren,
Auf Wartburg [illegible] und [illegible],
[illegible] Rüſtzeug.
Er ihm zu ſchaden Feinde nicht vermochten,
Ihm ward ein Feind in eigner Bruſt geboren,
Und nur dem Starken, deſſen [illegible] gelang es,
Dem oft verzagten bangen
Und wunden Herz im Glauben aufzurichten,
Und Kampf zu [illegible] den ewigen Dämon,
Die ſich Phantome ſchafen, Höllenmächte,
[illegible] Stürme zu beſchwichtigen.
Der Sieg gelang, der Dämon wich von dannen,
Und über Luther ſchwebte Gottes Rechte.

14.

Zehn Monden nur, zehn Monden und nicht länger
Hielt du, o Wartburg, freundliches Gefängniß,
Den kühnen, geweihten Gaſt umfangen.
Die Kunde kam von Wittenbergs Bedrängniß,
Vom Bilderſturm, vom Wüthen wilder Dränger,
Da röthet edles Zürnen Luthers Wangen,
Da folgt er dem Verlangen,
Aufs Neue tritt er auf des Kampfes Bühne,
Ob Acht und Bann nach ſeinem Leben trachtet,
Ob rings Gefahren lauern, ſchwer und blutig;
Aufs Neu' erhebet ſein Panier der Kühne,
Der nicht vorm Bann bebt und der Acht nicht achtet,
Ein Held furchtlos und wie Löwen muthig.

Die Schwärmer.

1.

Es geht ein wilder Geiſt durch manche Zeiten,
Erzeugt vom Wahn, vom Rauſch geboren,
Ein Ungeheuer, faſſend ſeinen [illegible],
Geſtalt von einer Schaar blindwüth'ger Thoren.
Die Keule ſchwingt er im Verderbenſchreiten;
Da bricht des Friedens Bau von ſeinen Streichen,
Und Ordnung muß entweichen.
Sein Blick iſt Gluth, ſein Augenpaar ſprüht Funken,
Der Fackel gleich, die zündet und verheeret,
Sein [illegible] Haupt iſt ſchlangenumkränzt,
Sein Ruf iſt Sturm, und [illegible]
Führt er lauter, und wo er naht, empört
Sich blindes Volk und folgt ihm [illegible].

2.

Und grauſig zieht das wilde Heer der Schrecken
Die Länder durch; voran auf ſchwarzem Pferde
Jagt Angſt [illegible] und mit [illegible]
Schreckt aus dem Schlaf ſie alles Volk der Erde,
Als wollte ſie zum Weltgerichtstag wecken;
Der Tod beflügelt ihres Roſſes Hufen,
Die [illegible] ſchufen.
Da wird der Mord geweiht und vertheidigt,
Und Raub wird ein Geſetz, Willkühr zum Rechte,
Und heilig ſelbſt wird Aufruhr frech geſprochen.
Der Laſter gift'ge Frucht wird ſchnell gezeitigt,
Und von der Heerſchaar [illegible] Knechte
Altar und Bild und Heiligthum zerbrochen.

3.

Und Freiheit! brüllt die [illegible] Schlange,
Und bläumt ſich hoch, und ſpeit Gift auf die [illegible],
Ein [illegible] Geiſt, den Schwindel zeugend,
Darin [illegible] ſich die [illegible];
Vom Aufgang [illegible] bis zum Niedergange,
[illegible], ſich einem Götzen beugend,
Sich ſeinem Geiſt nicht beugend.
[illegible] Recht nach [illegible], Kunſt und ſich [illegible] bergen,
Des Friedens Blüthen welkt das [illegible],
Es [illegible] alle höhern Gewalten.
Freiheit und Freude liegen tief in Särgen,
Auf [illegible] tanzen wilde Schnitter
Die Luſt zum Reigen toller Schwärmereien.

4.

Freiheit und Gleichheit, Wahnpanier der Zeiten,
Du ſchreiteſt hin, mit [illegible]
Im Lumpen durch die Welt. Der [illegible] entflohen,
[illegible] in die Nacht, und [illegible] an den Thronen,
Die zittern vor den Schritten der Rebellen.
Da wird als [illegible] den Helden
Im Bunde mit dem Raben.
Da ſchläft, die [illegible]
Der [illegible] in die Nacken, die ſich beugen,
Und ſeiner [illegible] Gehorſam;
Von kühn Tyrannen, die dem Volk entſtanden,
Dem [illegible], was ſie mit [illegible] empfanden,
Ihr eignes Volk [illegible] aus dem Spiegel.

5.

Die wahre Freiheit [illegible] in reinem Lichte,
Ihr Urſprung wohnt bei des Weltbaumeiſters Höhe.
Die wahre Freiheit nur wirkt große Thaten;
Sie lehrt zu des [illegible],
Und übt mit Recht und Weisheit zu Gerichte.
Die falſche Freiheit, ewig ſchlecht berathen,
Verräth des Guten Saaten.
Die wahre Freiheit iſt ein Geiſt der Reinheit,
Ein heil'ger Demuth, frei im Lichte waltend,
Ausſtrom der Liebe, [illegible] das Volk [illegible];
Die Bruderſchaft [illegible] ſich der Gemeinheit;
Ein [illegible], im Streit die Welt [illegible],
Sich zeugend und das Gute [illegible].

6.

Es war's zu Luthers Zeit, ſo war es früher,
Denn [illegible] die Häupter ſich der [illegible].
Die Schwärmer heben, ihre Rotten ſchnauben
Nach Mord und Blut; Aufruhr ſingt Siegeslieder.
Der Ordnung, der Geſetze Ueberwinder,
Sie nennen ihren Unrath Schild — den Glauben,
Dem ſie die Kirche rauben.
Die Burgen brennen, [illegible] Waffen,
Und Rache ruft der Unſchuld Blut vom Himmel,
Und [illegible] und freut ſich der Zerſtörung.
Der ew'ge Weltenrichter ſcheint zu ſchlafen.
Bald aber [illegible] ſein Zorn im Schlachtgetümmel
Und dämpft mit Blut die blutige Empörung.

7.

Auch Luther zieht, ein [illegible] Streiter,
Zum Kampfe gegen die empörten Horden,
Die ſeiner Lehre reinen Sinn verdrehten,
Und zeiget gegen ſie mit Donnerworten,
Und ruft den Fluch der Rache auf die Häupter,
Und läßt nicht ab, den Himmel anzuflehen,
Dem Rechte beizuſtehen.
Sie zahlen ſeine Mühe! Seiner Lehre
Wird Schuld gegeben dieſer Aufruhrs Thaten,
Auf ihn wird all' die blut'ge Schuld geſchoben,
Doch er ſteht reinen Herzens, reiner Ehre;
Sie brauſen Wetter [illegible],
Doch [illegible] ſie ruhig, [illegible].

8.

Es müſſen Wetter überm Erdkreis ziehen,
Weithallend Donner alles Land erſchüttern,
Der Blitze Glutſtrahl muß den Aether rein'gen,
Und ob auch Herzen zagen in Gewittern,
Es ſoll die Kraft, es ſoll der Muth nicht fliehen.
Noch lebt, wenn Schmerzen ſchwer die Seele pein'gen,
Die Hülle des Dreiein'gen.
Nach Stürmen geht hervor die reine Bläue,
Des Jammers Anblick zeugt das Erbarmen,
Das Leben ſelbſt gebiert ſich unter Schmerzen,
Und erſt in Nöthen wird erprobt die Treue.
O möchte doch die ganze Welt umarmen
Der Geiſt der Freiheit mit der Liebe Herzen!

Verbum Dei manet in aeternum.

1.

Im Anfang war das Wort — als Sonnen glühend
Hervorgegangen aus des Schöpfers Walten,
Als Welten wurden, Sphärenjubel klangen,
War ſchon das Wort! Das Wort des gnadenvollen
Urew'gen Vaters, der den Erdball blühend
Hervorrief aus der Nacht, die ihn umfangen,
Als Engel jauchzend ſangen.
Gott war das Wort, er ſelbſt, der Allgedanke!
Im Wille, Wort und That der Ewiggleiche,
Hat er ſich ſchaffend, liebend ausgeſprochen.
Der Fels, umblüht von holder Liebesranke
— Ob Erd' und Himmel aus den Fugen weiche —
Er ſteht durch Ewigkeiten unzerbrochen.

2.

Im Anfang war der Geiſt, der Allumfaſſer,
Der Gottesgeiſt, der die Natur durchflammte,
In Gnadenmächte trat der Ewighelle,
Und ſeinem Hauch das Paradies entſtammte.
Auf Taubenflügeln ſchwebt' er überm Waſſer,
Und heiligte zur frohen Lebensquelle,
Zum Heiltum jede Welle.
Licht war der Geiſt, der Strahl des ew'gen Wortes,
Der eingeborne Sohn anbet'ger Kirchen,
Ein Sturm, durchbrauſend Nacht und Dunkelheiten;
Licht, Leben, Liebe! Dreiklang unſres Hortes!
Als klarer tiefer Strom der frommen Wahrheit
Rauſcht Gottes Wort durch alle Ewigkeiten.

3.

Das Licht des Herrn fällt in die Finſterniſſe;
Im Sternengold am nächt'gen Himmel leuchtet es,
Mit Flammenpracht ſchmückt es die Morgenröthen,
Und wird zum Nebelkranz des Firmamentes.
In Herzen [illegible]
Als ob den [illegible] ſie die Seele beten
Geheiligt im [illegible].
Sie kann das Buch der Offenbarung leſen,
Sie kann die [illegible] das Licht [illegible],
Sie kann die Lüge Wahrheit [illegible].
Der Strahl der Wahrheit, den die Dunkeln haſſen,
Läßt, gleich der Sonne, alle Früchte reifen —
Das Wort des Herrn lebt mit dem Ewigwahren.

4.

Das Wort ward Fleiſch! Als Flamme ſank es nieder,
Und wirkt zum Heilthum in der Bruſt des Menſchen,
Das ew'ge Wort ſpricht aus dem Menſchenſohne,
Groß iſt der Herr im Großen, wie im Kleinſten,
Den armen Hirten tönten Himmelslieder,
Und Stimmen ſangen im Prophetentone
Von einer Königskrone.
Des Lichtes Strahl trat mit Knechtsgeberde
Zur armen Menſchheit in der Armuth Hülle,
Und neigte liebend ſich zu den Verlornen.
Er litt den Tod, daß er verherrlicht werde,
Daß die Verheißung ſich an ihm erfülle,
Das Wort des Herrn an ſeinem Eingebornen.

5.

Das ew'ge Wort, das Paradieſe ſchenkte,
Das der Natur gottheil'ge Offenbarung
Zu Menſchen reden heißt mit Engelzungen,
Das Vaterwort, ſo reich an Liebesnahrung,
Das mit dem eig'nen Blut die Kinder tränkte,
Beſeligend hat es das All durchdrungen,
Und hat den Tod bezwungen.
Propheten weckt es aus des Staubes Söhnen,
Die treu vertreten alle heil'gen Rechte,
Und kämpfen für das Wort kühn und beſtändig.
Und ob des Lichtes Haſſer ſie verhöhnen,
Die wirft das Donnerwort in ihre Nächte:
„Das Wort des Herrn bleibt ewiglich lebendig

6.

So, hoher Luther, haſt auch du geſprochen,
Gewaltig donnernd, ein Prophet des Lichtes,
Kühn eifernd für das Wort, das ewig reine.
Dein Flammen klang wie Stimmen des Gerichtes,
Und ſieh, dein Freiheitstag iſt angebrochen;
O daß uns ewig ſeine Sonne ſcheine,
Und Nationen eine!
Ihr bangen Seelen, zagend noch in Nöthen,
Euch hülflos wähnend, bangt nicht ſo kleinmüthig,
Ringt mit dem Schmerz, bewältigt euer Trauern,
Und blickt vertrauend zu dem [illegible]!
Der Weltenvater iſt gerecht, iſt gütig —
Das Wort des Herrn wird alles überdauern!

7.

Preis dir, du Kämpfer, der für Wahrheit wagte
In edlen Zornes göttlicher Entflammung
Das Wort zu führen unerſchrocknen Muthes!
Zurück die Blitze ſchleudernd der Verdammung,
Stand vor den Feinden groß der Unverzagte,
Erringend uns das Recht des höchſten Gutes,
Des Lichtes wie des Blutes!
Laßt himmelan Giganten tobend ſtürmen
Die Feſten ihrer Gottesläſterungen,
Daß alle Welt im bangen Zagen zittert!
Der Himmel bebt nicht vor den ird'ſchen Stürmen,
Die Wahrheit bleibt erhaben, unbezwungen,
Das Wort des Herrn bleibt ewig, unerſchüttert.

8.

Gott iſt das Wort! Gott iſt die Gnadenfülle!
Gott iſt das Gut, das Allen ward gegeben,
[illegible] des Unausgeſprochenen!
Gott iſt das Licht! Gott iſt das ew'ge Leben!
Gott iſt die Wahrheit ſonder Trug und Hülle!
Gott iſt der Sieger, der die nachtverſtrickten
[illegible] hat zerbrochen,
[illegible] Ketten wieder bindet,
Und Märtyrer durch Blut und Tod verklärt.
Gott ſchrieb ins Buch der Treue Luthers Namen! —
Die [illegible], die Wahrheit [illegible]!
Das Wort des Herrn, das immer heil'ge, waltet
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeiten! Amen.

Christian Daniel Beck

ward im Jahre 1757 (am 22. Januar) zu Leipzig geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der dortigen Thomasſchule, ſtudirte dann Theologie und Philologie auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt und hielt bereits im Jahre 1779 exegetiſche, philologiſche und archäologiſche Vorleſungen daſelbſt. 1784 erhielt er eine außerordentliche Profeſſur und ſtieg nun von Würde zu Würde, bei ſchönem Wirken ein hohes Alter erreichend. Im Mai 1829 feierte er ſein Jubiläum als akademiſcher Lehrer. Er ſtarb am 13. Decbr. 1832 zu Leipzig als Dr. der Philoſophie u. Theol., k. ſächſ. Hofr., Komthur d. Civilverdienſtordens, Prof. d. Geſchichte, Direct. d. philologiſch. Seminars u. ſ. w.

Außer vielen lateiniſchen Abhandlungen, Ausgaben alter Klaſſiker u. ſ. w. erſchien von ihm im Druck:

Fergusons Geſchichte, der römiſchen Republik. Leipz. 1784—87. 3 Bde.

Anleitung zur Kenntniß der allgemeinen Welt- und Völkergeſchichte. Leipz. 1787—1806. 4 Thle. N. A. 1831. 1. Th.

Muradgea d'Ohſſon's allgemeine Schilderung des ottomaniſchen Reichs. Leipzig, 1788—1793. 2 Thle.

Goldſmith's Geſchichte der Griechen. Leipz. 1792—93. 2 Th. N. A. 1806.

Ueber die Würdigung des Mittelalters und ſeiner Geſchichte. Leipz. 1812.

Grundriß der Archäologie. Leipz. 1816.

Außerdem redigirte er das allgemeine Repertorium der neueſten in- und ausländiſchen Literatur und verwaltete längere Zeit das Amt eines Cenſors.

Tiefe, gründliche und vielſeitige Gelehrſamkeit und ſeine ſcharfe Kritik erwarben ihm einen hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Philologen. Als Hiſtoriker hat er beſonders durch ſeine Anleitung zur Kenntniß der allgemeinen Weltgeſchichte, ſo wie als akademiſcher Lehrer überhaupt außerordentlich ſeinem Vaterlande genützt. Eine ausführlichere Würdigung ſeiner Leiſtungen wäre hier am unrechten Orte; eben ſo geſtatten ſeine ſtreng-wiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften keinen Auszug, da ein ſolcher einerſeits kein genaues Bild von ſeiner Art und Weiſe geben, andererſeits unmöglich von allgemeinem Intereſſe ſeyn könnte.

Heinrich Beck

ward 1760 in Gotha geboren, widmete ſich der Bühne und ſtarb am 6. Mai 1803 als ein ſehr beliebter und talentvoller Schauſpieler zu Mannheim.

Seine Schriften ſind:

H. Becks Theater (enthaltend: Rettung für Rettung; die Quälgeiſter; das Chamäleon.) Frankfurt a. M. 1803.
Das Herz behält ſeine Rechte. Schauſpiel. Berl. 1786.
Alles aus Eigennutz. Luſtſpiel. Prag, 1805.
Verirrung ohne Laſter. Schauſpiel. Hamburg, 1804.
Die Schachmaſchine. Luſtſp. Berlin, 1798.

Unter ſeinen dramatiſchen Arbeiten haben ſich vorzüglich die Quälgeiſter, das Chamäleon und die Schachmaſchine auf der Bühne erhalten und werden noch immer gern geſehn. — B. arbeitete hauptſächlich nach engliſchen Vorbildern und wußte dieſe nicht ohne Geſchick dem Tone ſeiner Zeit anzupaſſen und bühnengerecht zu machen, obwohl der Freund wahrer Poeſie mit ſeiner Behandlung des ſhakſpear'ſchen Much ado about nothing (die Quälgeiſter) ſchwerlich zufrieden ſeyn wird. — Kenntniß des Lebens, treffende Charakterzeichnung, ein lebhafter, witziger Dialog und komiſche Situationen ſind und bleiben lobenswerthe Eigenſchaften ſeiner Leiſtungen für die Bühne; nur arbeitete er hin und wieder zu leicht und oberflächlich, indem er mehr als billig nach Effect ſtrebte. —

Gotthelf Wilhelm Rupert Becker,

als Schriftſteller gewöhnlich Rupert Becker genannt, ward am 20. April 1759 in Dresden geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen und ſtudirte dann die Rechte zu Leipzig. 1780 ward er Regiſtrator in Dresden, 1795 Secretär der dortigen geheimen Kriegskanzlei, 1800 zweiter, 1808 erſter Kriegscommiſſär, 1815 geheimer Kriegs-Kammerrath. Er ſtarb in ſeiner Vaterſtadt am 15. Februar 1823.

Er ſchrieb Folgendes:

Schauſpiele nach ſpaniſchen Planen. Dresden, 1783.
Ueber Frauenzimmer und Ehe. Leipzig, 1783.
Der Landtagsritter. Gera, 1786.
Begebenheiten aus dem geſellſchaftlichen Leben. Berl. 1786.
Geſchichte der Regierung Ferdinand des Katholiſchen. 2 Thle. Prag und Leipzig, 1790—91.
Karl der Kühne. Prag und Leipzig, 1792.
Späne aus der Werkſtatt Meiſter Sachſe's. Leipz. 1793.
Romantiſche Chroniken. Leipz. 1794—96. 2 Thle.
Kayſerbarts Leben und Schickſale. Leipzig, 1796.
Einzelne Gedichte und Beiträge in Canzler's und Meißner's Quartalſchrift, den berliner Ephemeriden der Literatur und des Theaters, W. G. Becker's Taſchenbuch zum geſelligen Vergnügen u. ſ. w.

R. Becker war nicht ohne Talent der Darſtellung, aber es fehlte ihm an feinem Geſchmack und Gediegenheit, weßhalb denn auch ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen ſehr bald der Vergeſſenheit anheim gefallen ſind, aus der wir ſie nicht wieder erwecken wollen, da wir den Raum für Beſſeres ſparen können. Am Gelungenſten ſind ſeine komiſchen Erzählungen und Romanzen, doch ſteht er auch hier anderen Dichtern, wie z. B. Pfeffel, von Nicolay, Langbein u. A. bedeutend nach.

Karl Friedrich Becker,

ein durch ſeine trefflichen hiſtoriſchen Darſtellungen für die Jugend höchſt verdienter, wegen ſeiner geiſtigen Kraft in ſchweren körperlichen Leiden außerordentlich achtungswerther Mann. Er ward im Jahre 1777 zu Berlin geboren, beſuchte das dortige Friedrich-Wilhelms-Gymnaſium und darauf die Univerſität Halle, wo er ſich vorzugsweiſe mit Philoſophie und Geſchichte beſchäftigte. Nach beendigten akademiſchen Studien nahm er eine Hauslehrerſtelle in Cottbus an und ward darauf von 1798 bis 1800 Mitglied des Seminars für gelehrte Schulen in Berlin. Seine wankende Geſundheit zwang ihn jedoch, dieſem Amte zu entſagen. An einem unheilbaren Uebel leidend, ſiechte er noch ſechs lange Jahre, mit bewundernswürdiger Ruhe und Geduld ſeine Krankheit ertragend. — Geſchichtliche Studien boten ihm eine angenehme Zerſtreuung dar, bis am Ende der Tod ſeinem Leiden ein Ziel ſetzte. — Er ſtarb als Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter in ſeiner Vaterſtadt am 15. März 1806.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Weltgeſchichte für Kinder und Kinderlehrer. Berlin, 1801—5. 9 Thle. 10. Th. von **J. G. Woltmann**, 11. und 12. Theil von **K. A. Menzel**. 6. Ausgabe mit Fortſetzung von **Woltmann** und **Menzel** und einer Vorrede von **J. W. Löbell**. Berlin, 1829 fgde. 14 Thle.
Erzählungen aus der alten Welt für die Jugend. Halle, 1802—1803. 3 Thle.

Die Dichtkunſt aus dem Geſichtspunkt des Hiſtorikers. Berlin, 1803.

Mit dem ausgezeichnetſten Talent für hiſtoriſche Darſtellung hat K. F. Becker den Ton zu treffen gewußt, in welchem der Jugend die Geſchichte vorgetragen werden muß, und iſt bisher darin von Niemanden erreicht worden. Wärme und Friſche des Vortrags bei allgemeiner Verſtändlichkeit, Deutlichkeit und Klarheit, Beſonnenheit in der Behandlung der ſchwierigſten Gegenſtände, der feinſte Tact hinſichtlich der Hervorhebung oder Milderung ſchwieriger Momente, ein tiefer Blick in die eigentlichen Verhältniſſe der einzelnen Völker, verbunden mit der Fähigkeit, nur Das, was jugendliche Gemüther zu faſſen vermögen, kräftig und anſchaulich darzuſtellen, ſo wie Adel und Einfachheit des Styls, verliehen ſeinen Arbeiten einen überaus hohen Werth. — Wir theilen nur deßhalb keine Auszüge mit, weil er hauptſächlich für die Jugend ſchrieb, und wir mit Recht annehmen dürfen, daß gewiß jedem Gebildeten in früheren Jahren eine Kenntniß ſeiner Weltgeſchichte beſonders zu Theil wurde und ihm zur Freude und zum Nutzen gereichte. —

Rudolph Zacharias Becker,

ein um die Bildung und Veredlung der unteren Stände des deutſchen Volkes höchſt verdienſtvoller Schriftſteller. Er ward am 8. April 1751 zu Erfurt geboren, ſtudirte in Jena Theologie, nahm nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn eine Hofmeiſterſtelle bei dem Präſidenten von Bacheröden zu Erfurt an und ging darauf im Jahre 1782 als Lehrer am Philanthropin nach Deſſau. Er verließ jedoch ſchon 1783 dieſe Anſtalt wieder und begab ſich nach einem kurzen Aufenthalt in Erfurt noch in demſelben Jahre nach Gotha, wo er ſeinen bleibenden Aufenthalt als Privatgelehrter wählte und eine Buchhandlung errichtete. 1786 ward er ſchwarzburg-[illegible]ſtädtiſcher Rath, 1802 Hofrath. Unabläſſig war er [illegible], durch populäre Schriften Gutes zu wirken, und hatte die Freude, ſein „Noth- und Hülfsbüchlein" (ſ. weiter unten) während eines Zeitraums von 25 Jahren in einer Million Exemplare verbreitet zu ſehn. Im Jahre 1791 gründete er den „Allgemeinen Reichsanzeiger", eine Zeitſchrift, welche noch jetzt (ſeit 1806 unter dem Titel „Allgemeiner Anzeiger der Deutſchen") exiſtirt, 1800 die „Nationalzeitung der Deutſchen" (welche in den letzten Jahren mit dem allgem. Anzeiger verbunden wurde). Einige Aufſätze in derſelben zogen ihm aber die Verfolgung der franzöſiſchen Regierung zu; er ward 1811 (am 30. November) plötzlich in Gotha aufgehoben und nach der Feſtung Magdeburg gebracht, wo er 17 Monate verweilen mußte, bis es endlich der Vermittelung des Herzogs von Gotha gelang, ihm ſeine Freiheit wieder zu verſchaffen. — Er brachte jetzt den übrigen Theil ſeines Lebens in ungeſtörter Ruhe zu und ſtarb am 28. März 1822 in Gotha.

Folgende Schriften ſind von ihm verfaßt worden:

Beantwortung der Frage: Kann irgend eine Art von Täuſchung dem Volke zuträglich ſeyn? Eine von der K. Akad. der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin gekrönte Preisſchrift. Leipzig, 1781.

Die Kunſt, Leute zu ſchröpfen, die noch nicht geboren ſind u. ſ. w. Gotha, 178[illegible].

Noth- und Hülfsbüchlein für Bauersleute. Erſte Ausgabe. Gotha, 1788. 2. Theil 1798 und öfter.

Fragebuch für Lehrer über das Noth- und Hülfsbüchlein. Gotha, 1789.

Das Friedensfeſt u. ſ. w. Gotha, 1801.

Das Eigenthumsrecht an Geiſteswerken. Gotha, 1789.

Mildheimiſches Liederbuch. Gotha, 1799 und öfter.

Vorleſungen über Pflichten und Rechte der Menſchen. 1791—1792. 2 Thle.

Ueber Bürgerſchulen. 1794.

Leiden und Freuden in 17monatlicher Gefangenſchaft. Gotha, 1814.

Das deutſche Feierlied. Gotha, 1815.

Mildheimiſches Evangelienbuch. Gotha, 1816.

In Verbindung mit Anderen gab er heraus:

Deutſche Zeitung für die Jugend und ihre Freunde. Gotha, 1784—1798.

Nationalzeitung der Deutſchen, ſeit 1796.

Allgemeiner (Reichs-) Anzeiger, ſeit 1791. (Fortgeſetzt von J. G. Hennicke.)

Gemeinnützige Aufſätze vermiſchten Inhalts. 2 Samml. Gotha, 17[illegible] 1798.

Flugſchriften, betreffend die neueſten Verſuche, Religions-Verfolgungen in Deutſchland zu erregen. 1. Sammlung. o. O. u. J.

Holzſchnitte alter deutſcher Meiſter, in den Originalplatten, geſammelt von H. A. von Derſchau u. ſ. w. Folio. 2 Lieferungen. —

B's rühmliches Beſtreben während der ganzen Zeit ſeines ſchriftſtelleriſchen Wirkens ging darauf hinaus, Grundſätze ächter praktiſcher Weisheit im Volke zu erwecken, zu nähren und zu verbreiten. Dies gelang ihm auch in vielfacher Hinſicht, da er tief in die Verhältniſſe aller Stände eingedrungen war und mit ruhigem, geübtem Scharfblick ihre Bedürfniſſe zu erkennen und zu würdigen verſtand. Echte Religioſität, allgemeines Wohlwollen, Redlichkeit und wahrer Eifer begleiteten ihn. Wie treffend er Alles zu erkennen, zu behandeln und zu benutzen wußte, davon zeugt die große Verbreitung, deren ſich ſeine Schriften, vorzüglich, wie bereits eben erwähnt wurde, das Noth- und Hülfsbüchlein erfreute. So hat B. außerordentlich ſeinem Vaterlande genützt und verdient mit Recht neben den Erſten und Würdigſten der Nation genannt zu werden.

Meine Befreiung *).

Tochter der Unſterblichkeit! Edle Hoffnung! Du ſtärkeſt den Gefangenen, erquickeſt den Kranken und erwärmeſt noch das Herz des Sterbenden, wenn ſchon die kalte Hand des Todes ſeinen Pulsſchlag hemmet. Du erleuchteſt den Kerker des Gefangenen und miſcheſt in das melancholiſche Geräuſch ſeiner Ketten immer einige Töne von Freiheit, ſo oft die eiſerne Thüre knarrt und der Fußtritt des Kerkermeiſters zum Gemache widerhallt. Du verſüßeſt den Schweiß des Landmannes durch den Vorgenuß des [illegible] Mahles, das am Abend ſeiner wartet. Auf deinen Schwingen [illegible] der kühne Steuermann den [illegible] und fliegt über Wellen empor. Du ſtählſt den Muth des Kriegers im Gewühl der Schlacht, und trockneſt die Thränen ſeiner Lieben durch die Hand des Friedens, der ihn ihren Armen wiedergiebt. [illegible] du uns als der Quell tauſendfach [illegible], auch als wir es empfangen, und reicheſt uns für jeden Lebensmoment einen Labetrunk; bis du uns endlich zu der Quelle, aus der du entſprungen biſt, zur Unſterblichkeit hinüber leiteſt. Auch mir reichteſt du, Holde, oft den Balſam einer beſſern Zukunft, wenn die Pfeile der Gegenwart mein Herz verwundeten: nun muß ich aber deinen täuſchenden Tröſtungen entſagen; auch der letzte Stab, an dem du mich aufrecht hielteſt, entfällt meiner Hand. Ich muß in den höheren Armen deiner Schweſter, der Ergebung, Zuflucht ſuchen.

So ſchloß ich meine Betrachtung mit der Hoffnung ab, als nach ſechs Wochen noch keine Antwort auf mein Schreiben an den Großherzog erfolgte; indem die franzöſiſchen hohen Staatsbeamten fortfuhren, ein gänzliches Stillſchweigen über meine Sache zu beobachten, und auch der neue Gouverneur auf die Anfrage, was aus mir werden ſolle, da er alle Gefangenen aus der Stadt Magdeburg hinwegſchaffen ließ, keinen Beſcheid erhielt. Ich überzeugte mich alſo immer mehr davon, daß ich in die Claſſe der Oubliés geſetzt ſey, und das Ziel meiner Hoffnung jenſeits des Grabes aufſtecken müſſe: wenn nicht ein außerordentliches Ereigniß mich einmal der Gewalt meiner

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*) Aus: R. Z. Becker's Leiden und Freuden in 17monatlicher franz. Gefangenſchaft, von ihm ſelbſt beſchrieben. Gotha 1814.

Feinde noch entriſſe. Ich beſchloß alſo, mein freudenloſes Leben noch ſo lange zu ertragen, als es Gottes Wille ſey, und es zu nützen, ſo gut ich könnte. Unter den verſchiedenen Perioden meiner Gefangenſchaft waren immer diejenigen die quälendſten für mich, wo ich mir mit Hoffnungen ſchmeichelte, deren Erfüllung einen Tag um den andern ausblieb. Ich war dann unfähig, mich anhaltend mit Etwas zu beſchäftigen und die Unruhe des Gemüths über die Zukunft verkümmerte mir die Freuden der Arbeit und Erinnerung. Nun ward ich endlich mit mir ſelbſt einig, der trügeriſchen Hoffnung zu entſagen, und mir einen auf lebenslängliche Gefangenſchaft berechneten Lebens- und Beſchäftigungsplan vorzuzeichnen.

Ich beſtimmte einen Theil des Tages zur Arbeit an der Verbeſſerung des Noth- und Hülfsbüchleins; einen andern zur Aufzeichnung meiner Gedanken über die Geſellſchaft, die ich in der Einſamkeit, nach einem ſo noch wenig erreichten hohen Zwecke zu würdigen gedachte, wie Zimmermann im Verlaufe des geſelligen Lebens über die Einſamkeit ſchrieb. Die Abendſtunden widmete ich poetiſchen Träumen von möglicher Erhebung meiner Nation aus der tiefen Erniedrigung, in die ich ſie verſunken ſah und fühlte, zu der Höhe des geiſtigen und ſittlichen Wohlſtandes, deſſen ſie durch ihren Charakter auf der von ihr erſtiegenen Stufe der Bildung und durch den Umfang und die Beſchaffenheit des von ihr bewohnten Stückes der Erde ſo fähig iſt. Ich brauchte jetzt meine Schreibereien nicht mehr vor Argwohnen zu verbergen, und hatte Gelegenheit, ſolche durch ſichere Hände an meine Familie gelangen zu laſſen.

So hatte ich ſchon einige Tage in ruhiger Ergebung verlebt, als am 29. April Vormittags mein biederer Freund Arnould wie ein Betrunkener in das Zimmer ſtürzte, mit größtem Ungeſtüm ein Blatt Papier forderte, und in ſolcher Eile einige Zeilen darauf ſchrieb, daß ſie nicht zu leſen waren. Es war der Befehl an den Gerichtsſchreiber: daß ich frey ſey. Mit hellen Thränen im Auge reichte er mir das Papier, fiel mir um den Hals: „Gott im Himmel ſey gelobt! Sie ſind frey, und das iſt noch nicht alles. Da warten auch ſchon Leute, die Ihnen Glück dazu wünſchen wollen!“ ſo ſprach er und rief zur Thüre hinaus: „Herauf!“ Da flogen mir meine beyden ältern Söhne in die Arme. Sie waren die Engel, die dem Vater die frohe Botſchaft brachten und ihn heim zu holen kamen. Solche Augenblicke des Gefühls wiegen Jahre von Leiden auf, und — ſind nicht zu beſchreiben.

Nach den erſten ſtummen Ergießungen der unerwarteten höchſten Freude wurden Vater und Kinder redſeliger, als ſie bey jenem Trauerbeſuche im December des vorigen Jahres waren. Mein älteſter Sohn bedauerte, daß er wegen zufälliger Abweſenheit der rührenden Scene der Freylaſſung des Vaters nicht habe beywohnen können. Der zweyte beſchrieb ſie mir mit folgenden Umſtänden:

— „Wir hatten gehört, Napoleon werde durch Gotha kommen, um von Erfurt aus den neuen Feldzug zu eröffnen. So ſchmerzliche Empfindungen ſein Name auch in uns aufregte, ſo belebte er doch immer die ſchwache Hoffnung von neuem, daß wir vom Kaiſer unmittelbar Gerechtigkeit erlangen würden. Da wir jetzt mit Gewißheit wußten, daß er von Deiner Angelegenheit unterrichtet ſey, ſo ſetzte ich nur einige Zeilen auf, ihn daran zu erinnern und ihm unſere unglückliche Lage zu ſchildern und meine Mutter wollte ſie ihm ſelbſt überreichen. Ich hoffte wenig von dieſem Schritte: weil ſo viele ähnliche ſchon vergebens geſchehen waren, und weil die ſchönere Hoffnung, daß die Macht gerechter Waffen Dich bald befreyen würde, uns damals aufging. — Mehrere Tage und Nächte unruhiger Erwartung ſeiner Ankunft waren verfloſſen, als man uns am 25. April gegen Abend meldete, in einer halben Stunde werde der Kaiſer eintreffen. Die Hoffnung beflügelte die Schritte meiner Mutter, die den Gaſthof zum Mohren, wo der Kaiſer abſteigen ſollte, ſchon erreicht hatte, ehe ich mit meiner Schweſter folgen konnte, wir wollten alle drey vor ihn treten, denn mehrere Bittende rühren ja leichter die Herzen, und bitten mußten wir leider! wo wir hätten fordern dürfen! Jetzt erfuhren wir, der Kaiſer werde nicht ausſteigen, ſondern nur die Pferde beym Chauſſeehauſe nächſt der Stadt wechſeln. Unſere Hoffnung ſank, aber meine Mutter war entſchloſſen, zu ihm zu dringen, wo es auch ſey, und ſo eilten wir an den beſtimmten Ort.“

„Eine Menge von Menſchen verſammelte ſich da nach und nach, vom Zufall oder Neugier getrieben, den Mann des Jahrhunderts zu ſehen; uns allein hatte die Liebe hierher geführt, aber die verzweifelnde Liebe, wie im Fieber wechſelnd mit Haß und mit Furcht. — Jetzt kam der kaiſerliche Wagen; er hielt, und unſer durchl. Herzog, der wenige Minuten vorher auf dem Platze angekommen war, näherte ſich dem Schlage, um den Kaiſer zu begrüßen. Da es Eile galt, um die Abſicht zu erreichen, die uns hierher geführt hatte, ſo ſah ich mich ängſtlich nach einem Offizier um, der uns den Weg zum Wagen durch die Gendarmen öffnen konnte, die ihn verſperrten. Während ich aber noch ſuchte, riß ſich plötzlich meine Mutter mit den Worten: „nein! ich warte nicht länger!“ von meinem Arme los, warf den vor uns ſtehenden Gendarmen auf die Seite, ſtand mit einem Sprunge vor dem Wagen, und überreichte dem Kaiſer haſtig das Papier. Aber in dem Augenblick verließen ſie auch ihre Kräfte; der Schmerz Jahre langer Leiden und die Erinnerung ſo vieler getäuſchter Hoffnungen und bittern Erfahrungen ſchienen ſich in dieſem Moment der Entſcheidung lebendig zu erneuern, und laſteten zu ſchwer auf der Bekümmerten; von der wechſelnden Angſt und Hoffnung erſchöpft, ſank ſie laut jammernd zu Boden. Es war ein herzzerreißender Anblick, die verzweifelnde Mutter von Liebe getrieben im Staube vor dem Herrſcher, in dem ſie den Urheber ihres Unglücks haſſen mußte!“

„Der Kaiſer hatte die Schrift genommen, und während er ſie entfaltete, ſich zum Wagen herausgelegt, und unſern Herzog gefragt, wer die Frau ſey? Ehe dieſer ſie erkannte, ſah der Kaiſer in das Papier und ſagte zugleich: „Ah, je sais ce que c'est“ (ach ich weiß, was es iſt). Freundlich wendete er ſich darauf zum Herzog und bat ihn — der Frau die baldige Rückkehr ihres Mannes zu verkünden. Du weißt, wie innigen Antheil unſer durchl. Herzog an Deinem Schickſal und an unſerer unglücklichen Lage genommen hatte; freudig geruhte ſich er ſelbſt meine Mutter auf, und wünſchte ihr zu Deiner Befreyung Glück; und in dem Augenblick erſchallte auch ſchon ein allgemeines: „Es lebe der Kaiſer!“ wie ihm vielleicht nur wenige ſo aus Herzens Grunde gerufen wurden. — Meine Mutter war noch außer ſich; ſie wußte nicht, ob ſie ihren Ohren trauen ſollte, und obgleich ihr die Umſtehenden, unter ihnen ſehr freundlich der Marſchall Mortier, wiederholt die Verſicherung gaben, ſie könne ruhig ſeyn, ſo hatte ſie doch in der langen Trauerzeit ihr Mißtrauen in Worte zu oft gerechtfertigt geſehen, um ein kaiſerliches Wort von dem eines gewöhnlichen Menſchen ſo ſchnell unterſcheiden zu können. Ich ſtand mit meiner Schweſter noch hinter den abwehrenden Gendarmen; die Mutter ſprang auf uns zu, der Geraden öffneten die erſchreckten Krieger freundlich ihre Schranken, ſie zog uns vor, um ihn noch einmal bitten, und ihm danken zu helfen, und ich folgte mechaniſch; ich wußte nicht, ob ich mich freuen oder betrüben ſollte über die Gnade. Der Kaiſer legte ſich noch einmal freundlich zum Wagen heraus, und ſagte: „votre mari reviendra, mais, ſetzte er hinzu, dites-lui, qu'il soit plus sage à l'avenir et qu'il ne se mêle plus des affaires des puissances!“ (Ihr Mann wird zurückkehren; aber ſagen Sie ihm, daß er ſich künftig klüger benimmt, und ſich nicht mehr in die Angelegenheiten der großen Mächte miſcht) — Worte, die uns deutlich zeigten, wie ſehr gehäſſige Verläumdung Dich angeſchwärzt haben müſſe, wie irrig des Kaiſers Vorſtellung von Deiner Art zu wirken war, und wie er Deine Freylaſſung nur als ein Werk ſeiner Gnade angeſehen wiſſen wollte. — Noch einmal rief die ganze verſammelte Menge laut aus: „Es lebe der Kaiſer!“ und er ſchien ſich darüber zu freuen; vielleicht im ſeltenen Bewußtſeyn einer That der Gerechtigkeit und in dem Gefühl, wie leicht es Fürſten werde, durch Ein Wort ſich und Hunderte um ſich her zu beglücken. Schnell rollte ſein Wagen fort; Glückwünſchende eilten von allen Seiten auf uns zu, die Augen aller Anweſenden begleiteten uns mit herzlich theilnehmenden Blicken.“

„Es kam nun darauf an, daß von unſerer Seite nichts unterblieb, um die Erfüllung des kaiſerlichen Worts auf das ſchleunigſte zu bewirken. Der Marſchall Mortier, zu dem mich ein theilnehmender Freund unſerer Familie begleitete, rieth, uns an den franzöſiſchen Geſandten bey den herzoglich ſächſiſchen Höfen, Baron von St. Aignan zu wenden, der die Ausfertigung des Freylaſſungsbefehls am leichteſten bewirken könne. Der Geſandte war in Weimar; mein Bruder und ich beſchloſſen, ſogleich beyde zu ihm zu reiſen, und unſer durchl. Herzog gab uns ein eigenhändiges Schreiben an ihn mit, das wir glücklich überbrachten. Im Begriff, in den Wagen zu ſteigen, um dem Kaiſer in Erfurt ſeine Aufwartung zu machen, gab uns der Baron St. Aignan die Verſicherung: er werde unſere Sache ſogleich betreiben; und wirklich hatte bey unſerer Rückkunft nach Gotha unſer durchl. Herzog unſere Mutter bereits zu ſich rufen laſſen, um ihr Papiere erfreulichen Inhalts zu übergeben. Es war eine ſchriftliche Mittheilung des Fürſten von Neufchatel von dem geſtrigen Vorfall in Gotha an den Baron v. St. Aignan, und ein Brief von dieſem an den Gouverneur von Magdeburg, General Haro, worin er ihn bat, Dich in Freyheit zu ſetzen. Ohne Verzug eilten wir beyde mit den wichtigen Depeſchen über Nordhauſen durch den Harz nach Magdeburg, überall als fröhliche Boten willkommen. Wir hatten denſelben Weg früher in tiefer Trauer zurückgelegt, und überall ſchmerzliche Theilnahme gefunden, um ſo rührender mußte uns jetzt die Freude ſeyn, die Bekannte und Freunde mit den Glücklichen theilten.“ —

Ich vertauſchte nun mein Gefängniß noch denſelben Tag mit einem Zimmer in dem Gaſthofe, wo meine Söhne abgetreten warren. Abreiſen konnte ich noch nicht, weil der Gouverneur erſt eine amtliche Ordre vom Fürſten von Neufchatel erwartete, ehe er mir einen Paß zur Abreiſe ausfertigen laſſen konnte; indem meine Söhne ihm nur einen Brief vom Geſandten Baron von St. Aignan überbracht hatten, mit einem eigenhändigen Billet an dieſen vom F. v. Neufchatel, beyde des Inhalts: daß Se. k. k. Maj. meine Entlaſſung decretirt habe. Ich benutzte dieſen Aufenthalt zu Beſuchen in Magdeburg, erhielt überall die rührendſten Beweiſe von Theilnahme und Freundſchaft, und genoß die Freuden der Geſelligkeit wieder im Kreiſe biederer Deutſchen von wiſſenſchaftlicher Bildung mit unbeſchreiblichem Vergnügen; nachdem ich ſiebzehn Monate lang auf die Unterhaltung mit fremden Kriegern beſchränkt geweſen. Den vierten Tag kam endlich der officielle Befehl zu meiner Heimreiſe, der durch einen bloßen Zufall verſpätet worden war. Auch jetzt noch gaben mir franzöſiſche Officiere Beweiſe von Herzensgüte, die ich nicht unerwähnt laſſen darf. Als der Gouverneur die Depeſche empfing, waren der Platz-Major und ein Kapitän zugegen, und machten ſich's zum Vergnügen, mir die Ordre ſelbſt einzuhändigen, und warteten, weil ich eben ausgegangen war, eine Stunde lang auf mich im Gaſthofe, bis ich zurückkam. Den mehrgenannten Prevot überfiel ich des Morgens fünf Uhr im Bett, um von ihm meinen Paß unterzeichnen zu laſſen; und als er ſah, daß ich es war, der ihn weckte, ſprang er aus dem Bett, ging mit mir im bloßen Hemd ins Bureau und fertigte mich mit herzlichem Lebewohl ab. Der vormalige Commandant der Citadelle, Kapitän **Perrier**, brach ſich einige Stunden vom Schlaf ab, um mich bis zum äußern Thor zu begleiten; damit ich beym Examen von der Wache nicht aufgehalten würde, und ihm kein Zweifel übrig bliebe, daß ich wirklich hinaus ſey in die Freyheit. Auch mir entfielen Thränen der Wehmuth bey einer Trennung, wo ich die höchſte Urſache zu lautem Jubel hatte. So findet das Herz überall auch unter Fremden und Feinden Liebe um Liebe, wenn man das Gute, was die Natur in jede Menſchenbruſt gelegt hat, aufnimmt und erwiedert, ohne ſich an Verſchiedenheit und Anſichten der Sitten und des Charakters zu ſtoßen, die ihm von der Erziehung, der Lebensart und dem Volksthum angebildet werden.

Die ganze Wonne der Freyheit empfand ich nun erſt, als ich den letzten Schlagbaum der Außenwerke im Rücken hatte. Es war eine körperliche Empfindung damit verbunden, nicht anders, als ob ſich die Bruſthöhle auf einmal erweiterte und eine Menge friſcher Lebensluft die Lunge durchdränge. Der Morgen war heiter, mich umſchloß ſtatt enger Mauern der weite blaue Himmelsbogen, die Erde unter mir im erſten Frühlingsſchmuck, zwey meiner Liebſten ſaßen mir zur Seite, die andern alle ſah ich im Geiſte ſchon die Arme nach mir ausſtrecken. Ich fühlte, daß ein Gott ſey, der den Menſchen durch Leiden zur höchſten Seligkeit erhebt. Die Dankgefühle fanden keine Worte, nur Thränen und Blicke nach Oben. So feyerte der Vater mit den Söhnen in ſtiller Andacht ſeine Auferſtehung zu neuem Leben und Wirken unter den Lobgeſängen der Frühlingslerche.

Meine Rückreiſe überzeugte mich nun ſchon, daß mein überſtandenes Unglück in der That die Wirkung gehabt habe, deren Vermuthung mir den kräftigſten Troſt und den Muth verliehen hatte, auch dem Tode ohne Furcht ins Auge zu ſchauen. Es hatte mitgewirkt, das Gefühl des Unwillens über den fremden Despotismus, der auf ganz Deutſchland laſtete, zu erhöhen, welches endlich unerträglich werden und früher oder ſpäter das hervorbringen müßte, was nun Gott Lob! ſchon geſchehen iſt. Von der erſten Poſtſtation an bis zur letzten wurde ich überall mit herzlichen Freudensbezeigungen empfangen, wie ein lang vermißter Freund; die Poſtillons äußerten ihr Vergnügen, den Geretteten zu fahren, durch Blaſen und Eile mich dem Ziele meiner Wünſche zu nähern, und als hätte ich meine Ankunft durch Eilboten angemeldet, fand ich in den Poſthäuſern alte und neue Freunde verſammelt, die mir zu meiner Erlöſung aus der Gewalt der Unterdrücker der deutſchen Freyheit Glück wünſchten. Am feyerlichſten geſchah dieſes zuletzt in **Langenſalza**, wo mich der biedere Poſthalter faſt aus dem Wagen ins Zimmer trug, das ſich bald mit den angeſehenſten Einwohnern der Stadt anfüllte. Ein ſächſiſcher Officier kam im Galopp geſprengt und erklärte mir: er ſey der Stadt-Commandant, und komme, mir im Namen der ganzen Bürgerſchaft die Theilnahme zu bezeigen, die Jedermann an meiner Befreyung nehme. In einer Viertelſtunde waren die Pferde angeſpannt, und man brachte mich unter dem heftigſten Platzregen in den Wagen, indem der Poſthalter dem Kutſcher zurief: nun fahr, was das Zeug hält, daß der Mann keine Minute ſpäter zu den Seinigen kommt, als es ſeyn muß!

Meine Ankunft in meinem Hauſe geſchah den fünften Mai, in der Mitternachtsſtunde. Liebende und geliebte Gatten, Aeltern und Kinder, welche je von den Ihrigen ſo lange, und mit ſolcher Gefahr der Trennung auf immer, entfernt waren, nur ſolche vermögen ſich die Scenen des Wiederſehens und die Gefühle des Herzens, das ſich kaum von der Wirklichkeit der erfüllten Sehnſucht überzeugen kann, in der ganzen Fülle der Entzückung vorzuſtellen. Die Sprache iſt zu arm, ſie Andern mitzutheilen.

Ebenſo freudenvoll war für mich der Wiedereintritt in das geſellſchaftliche Leben in Gotha. Mit mehr als herablaſſender Huld wurde ich von Sr. Durchlaucht unſerm gnädigſt regierenden Herzog und allen Gliedern des hohen herzogl. Hauſes empfangen, als ich meinen unterthänigſten Dank für die meiner Frau und Kindern während meiner Gefangenſchaft bewieſene gnädige Theilnahme an ihrem Leiden darbrachte. Die Beweiſe von wahrer, herzlicher Freude, mich wieder in ihrer Mitte zu ſehen, die mir meine Mitbürger aller Stände gaben, ſind mir unvergeßlich. Solche Tage, wie ich viele nach meiner Rückkehr im Genuß uneigennütziger Anhänglichkeit und Freundſchaft guter Menſchen verlebte, löſchen das Andenken ganzer Jahre von Kränkungen aus. Gott vergelte es allen den Guten, die mich dieſe ſüße Erfahrung machen ließen; auch den nahen und fernen Freunden und Gönnern, die mir ihre Theilnahme ſchriftlich bezeigten, und denen ich nicht antworten konnte!

Mein erſter Ausflug in die für mich mit neuem Reiz geſchmückten Umgebungen meiner zweyten Vaterſtadt Gotha war nach **Georgenthal**, einem herzoglichen Amtsort, in einer der lieblichſten Gegenden des thüringiſchen Waldgebirges, zu der einzigen mir noch übrigen geliebten Schweſter und ihrem redlichen Gatten, dem verdienſtvollen Rath und Amtmann **Jacobs**. Als wir hier den Abend im traulichen Familienkreiſe der Erinnerung der trüben Vergangenheit und den Ausſichten einer heitern Zukunft widmeten, kamen die Dorf-Muſikanten, die es wußten, wie viel ihr verehrter Amtmann und ſeine treue Gattin um mich gelitten hatten, unter das Fenſter, und blieſen das Lied:

Nun danket alle Gott!

Wilhelm Gottlieb Becker

ward am 4. November 1753 zu Oberkallenberg im Schönburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte von 1773 — 1776 in Leipzig und ging dann als Lehrer am Baſedow'ſchen Philanthropin nach Deſſau. Von dort begab er ſich ein Jahr ſpäter nach Baſel, wo er, hauptſächlich durch den Umgang mit von Mechel, ſich genauere Kenntniß in den bildenden Künſten erwarb. Er machte alsdann größere Reiſen durch die Schweiz, Frankreich und Oberitalien und kehrte 1782, wo er die Stelle eines Profeſſors der Moral und Geſchichte an der Ritterakademie zu Dresden erhielt, nach Sachſen zurück. Im Jahre 1795 ward ihm die Aufſicht über die Antikengallerie und das Münzcabinet, 1805 neben dieſen noch die Inſpection über das grüne Gewölbe mit dem Hofrathscharakter übertragen. — Dieſe Aemter verwaltete er bis an ſeinen Tod, der am 3. Juni 1813 zu Dresden erfolgte. —

W. G. B. iſt ſchon ſehr früh als Schriftſteller aufgetreten und hat Folgendes theils ſelbſt verfaßt, theils in Gemeinſchaft mit Andern herausgegeben:

Gedichte an Cilla. Leipz. 1775.
Die Muſe. 2 Thle. Leipz. 1776.
Die drei Pächter. Schauſpiel aus dem Franz. Gotha, 1778.
Das Liebesgrab. Schauſp. Heidelb. 1779.
Die Erſcheinung. Leipz. 1779.
Vermiſchte Blätter. Dresden, 1790.
Taſchenbuch zum geſelligen Vergnügen. Leipz. 1793 — 1813.
Taſchenbuch für Gartenfreunde. Leipz. 1795 — 1800.
St. Pierre's Amaſis. Görlitz, 1800.
Erholungen. Leipz. 1796 — 1810.
Darſtellungen. Leipz. 1798 — 1800.
Lina's Ferien. 3 Thle. Leipz. 1797.
Erzählungen. Leipz. 1812 — 1815. 4 Thle.
Guirlanden. 4 Thle. Leipz. 1812 — 13.

Erasmus Lob der Narrheit, mit Kupfern von Chodowiecky. Berlin und Leipz. 1781.

Girardin, über die Verſchönerung ländlicher Wohnungen. Leipz. 1776.

Dandré Bardon, Coſtume der älteſten Völker. Leipz. 1776. 5 Hfte gr. 4.

Vom Coſtume an Denkmälern. Leipz. 1776.

Auguſteum, Dresdens antike Denkmäler enthaltend. Dresden und Leipz. 1804—11. 3 Bde in Folio. N. Ausg. Leipzig, 1832.

v. Ligne, der Garten zu Beloeil u. ſ. w. Dresd. 1799. 2 Thle.

Der Plauiſche Grund bei Dresden. Nürnberg, 1799. kl. Fol.

Das Seifersdorfer Thal. Leipz. 1799. 4 Hefte in 4.

Landſchaften und Gartengebäude. Leipz. 1798. 4 Hefte gr. Fol.

Charaktere und Coſtums der K. S. Hofſchauſp. Geſellſchaft. Leipz. 1804. 2 Hefte Fol.

Magazin der neueren franzöſ. Literat. 12 Hefte. Leipz. 1780—81.

Zweihundert ſeltene Münzen des Mittelalters. Dresden, 1813 gr. 4.

Einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze, Ueberſetzungen u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Als Kunſtkenner hatte B. eine ſehr gründliche Bildung und vielen Geſchmack. — Seine bedeutendſte Leiſtung in dieſer Hinſicht iſt das Auguſteum. — Um die ſchöne Literatur hat er ſich gleichfalls durch ſein Taſchenbuch zum geſelligen Vergnügen, ſeine Erholungen, Darſtellungen u. ſ. w. ſehr verdient gemacht, indem er in dieſen Sammlungen die Erzeugniſſe der beſſeren deutſchen Dichter und Proſaiſten zu vereinen und manches jüngere Talent einzuführen und zu ermuntern wußte. Seine Gedichte wurden früher gern geleſen, ſind aber ſpäter in Vergeſſenheit gerathen. Am Glücklichſten im belletriſtiſchen Fache iſt er als Erzähler. Ein ſehr gefälliger und reiner Styl, eine geſunde und angenehme Phantaſie, Kenntniß des Lebens und der Menſchen, feiner Geſchmack, Wärme des Gefühls, ethiſche Tendenz und gewandte Darſtellung zeichnen ſeine Leiſtungen in dieſer Gattung vorzüglich aus. —

Die Spielerin *).

Fräulein von F*** war von gutem Hauſe; aber freilich war dies auch beinahe ihr ganzer Reichthum. Der Himmel weiß, was ihren Vater bewogen hatte, ſie mit jedem in der höhern Welt gewöhnlichen Spiele aufs genaueſte vertraut zu machen. Wenn ihn bisweilen ein bejahrter Freund darum befragte, ſo gab er zur Antwort: „Das Mädchen muß damit bekannt werden, um ihrem Vortheile nichts vergeben zu dürfen.“ Von der Mutter muthmaßte man mit Recht, daß ſie ſchon früh auf die Vortheile ſpeculirt hätte, welche die aufblühende Schönheit dazu beitragen müßte, ihrer Beſitzerin im Spiele vorzüglichen Gewinn zu verſchaffen, und ſo ſich und ihrer Familie den Mangel anderer Glücksgüter zu erſetzen. Genug, im funfzehnten Jahre ſchon war unſre **Caroline** im Stande, jede Spielpartie anzunehmen, und das Glück, den Damen ſo hold, war ihr ſo gewogen, daß ſie nicht allein alle ihre kleinen Bedürfniſſe befriedigen, ſondern auch ſelbſt ihrem Vater manchen Zuſchuß geben konnte.

Sie war jetzt zwanzig Jahre alt; ihre Schönheit, ihr liebenswürdiges Betragen, und ihre Herzensgüte, hatte den jungen Baron H— gefeſſelt, und ſie ſelbſt war vom erſten Augenblick ihrer Bekanntſchaft an gegen ihn nicht gleichgültig geweſen. Die Anverwandten des Erſtern machten ihm Vorſtellungen, nicht gegen die Vermögensumſtände ſeiner Geliebten, wohl aber gegen ihre Spielſucht; er, im Vertrauen auf die Gewalt, welche die Liebe äußert, auf das, was Leitung eines vernünftigen Mannes bei einem bis auf einen Punkt ſonſt vernünftigen Weibe vermag, ſtellte der Geliebten dieſes unverholen vor, die, weit entfernt, ihm ihre Liebe zu entziehen, ihm, nachdem ſie ſich von der kleinen Beſchämung erholt hatte, mit einem warmen Händedruck verſprach, und das Verſprechen mit einem Kuſſe beſiegelte, in einem ganzen Jahre (ſo lange war ihre Verbindung hinausgeſchoben) keine Karte und als Frau ſie nur dann anzurühren, wenn ſie zu Geſellſchaftsſpielen eingeladen wäre. „In der That, ſagte er, müſſen Sie mir zugeben, theure Karoline, daß es wohl keine Leidenſchaft gebe, die uns für alles andre ſo blind, ſo gefühllos machen könne, als die des Spiels, das keine ſo traurige Folgen nach ſich ziehen könne, als gerade ſie. Ein Spieler von Profeſſion treibt ein ehrenloſes Gewerbe, denn ſein Gewinn iſt nichts weniger als auf rechtem Wege erworben. Mittlerweile wird er alle Delicateſſe — ſelbſt die Pflichten der feinern Lebensart verlernen. Iſt nicht jeder Spieler von ſolchem Charakter, ſo ſetzt er ſich doch der Gefahr aus, es zu werden. Aengſtlich bei dem zu erwartenden Gewinn oder Verluſt, verdrüßlich oder wenig über den letztern; ſehr mißvergnügt bei einem anhaltenden Verluſte, und nur wenig vergnügt bei einem fortdauernden Gewinn, beneidet von Unglücklichen, verflucht von Glücklichen, hintergangen wohl gar durch feinere oder gröbere Kunſtgriffe — das iſt der, der ſich ſolchem Handwerke weihet.“

„Sie haben Recht, Baron, verſetzte Caroline. Gewiß, ich werde mein Wort halten. Meine Entſchuldigung war — Noth und wohl gar Aufmunterung meiner Aeltern, die oft den Gewinn theilten, aber ſo weniger für mich zu ſorgen hatten. Nicht ſelten trieb mich auch der eingeführte Geſellſchaftston ſelbſt dazu.“

Caroline hielt ihr Wort bis zur Verheirathung redlich. Ihr Gemahl eilte nach derſelben an ſeinen Hof nach B****, ſie vorzuſtellen. Das ſchöne, junge Weibchen ward von allen mit Entzücken geſehen. Man bewarb ſich um ihre Geſellſchaft, und nur zu oft fand ſie hier Verſuchungen, ihr Wort zu brechen, denen ſie immer glücklich widerſtand, und von welchen ſie nun für einen Sommer ganz befreit wurde, als der Baron, nicht aus Eiferſucht, ſondern aus Liebe zum Landleben, und beſorgt für die Geſundheit ſeiner Gemahlin, welche die erſten Beſchwerden der Schwangerſchaft empfand, ſich aus der Stadt auf ſein Landgut zurückzog, und dieſes nicht eher verließ, bis ihn der Winter und die nahe Beendigung der erſtern ſelbſt aufforderte, ſeine Einſamkeit mit den Vergnügungen der Stadt zu vertauſchen.

Ihr Wochenbette zog ihr eine gefährliche Krankheit zu; ſchon fürchtete man, das Mädchen, das ſie geboren hatte, würde ihr das Leben rauben. Mit Mühe genas ſie, um in der Liebe ihres Gatten den Lohn für die ausgeſtandenen Leiden zu finden. Durch die Furcht, ſie zu verlieren, durch das neue Pfand ihrer Zärtlichkeit, hatte der Baron ſeine Gattin nur noch zärtlicher lieben gelernt — er betete ſie an. —

Jetzt vermählte ſich eine ſeiner reichen Anverwandtinnen; er ward zu dem Trauungsfeſte, wie billig, eingeladen; gewiß wäre er nicht gekommen, hätte er die unſeligen Folgen vorausgeſehen, die ſich daraus erzeugten.

Man bot ſeiner Gemahlin eine Partie Farao an — das Spiel konnte ja allein ein wenig die langweilige Unterhaltung nach dem Soupee verdrängen. Sie weigerte ſich indeſſen, doch vergeblich, denn alles ſpielte, und ſelbſt ihr Gatte drang darauf, keine Ausnahme zu machen. Eine augenblickliche Vergeſſenheit ihres Verſprechens, dachte ſie endlich, würde ja wenig auf ſich haben.

Das Glück begünſtigte ſie wie ehemals, nur in noch unerhörterem Grade. Um ſo mehr erwachte die alte Begierde.

Daſſelbe Feſt gab ihr auch den folgenden zweiten und dritten Tag einen ſchicklichen Vorwand. Sich ſelbſt täuſchend, eilte ſie ihrem Verderben zu. Schon vergaß ſie ſich ſo weit, nur auf den geringſten Anlaß dazu zu lauſchen; bei häuslichen Feſten in der Meinung, als Wirthin müſſe ſie den Gäſten Unterhaltung ſchaffen; bei auswärtigen unter dem Vorwande der geſellſchaftlichen Höflichkeit.

Dann und wann wagte der Baron, eine leiſe Erinnerung fallen zu laſſen, aber immer hinderte ihn, den zu ſehr Liebenden, das bezaubernde Lächeln, ihre ſchmeichelnde Bitte, nur dießmal es mit anzuſehen, ihre Verſicherung der feurigſten Liebe mit ernſteren hervorzutreten. Sie wußte es ſogar ſo weit zu bringen, daß er im nächſten Sommer die Stadt nur auf einzelne Tage verließ.

Jetzt wurde indeß die Baronin zum zweitenmale Mutter, Mutter eines jungen Stammhalters. Der Baron, gewohnt ſich mehr für den Verwalter, als den Beſitzer ſeiner Güter zu achten, hielt es für Pflicht, jeden unnöthigen Aufwand zu vermeiden. Theils dieſes, theils der Widerwille gegen den einzigen Fehler ſeiner ſonſt in allem liebenswürdigen Gemahlin, bewogen ihn dazu, ſich gänzlich auf ſeine Landgüter zurückzuziehen. Hier war die Baronin wieder das, was ſie im erſten Sommer geweſen war, das treuſte, liebevollſte Weib, die zärtlichſte Mutter, die gute Wirthin, die wohlthätige Freundin der Armen, die Tröſterin der Unglücklichen, und darum der Gegenſtand der Bewunderung, der Unterhaltung, der Hochachtung der ganzen Gegend.

Sechs Jahre waren ſo verfloſſen, der Baron und ſeine Gattin lebten nur ſich, ihren Kindern und Unterthanen, als ein Brief von der Baronin Mutter eintraf, der ihren nahen Beſuch ankündigte, und zugleich meldete, mit ihr werde die Gräfin G*** eintreffen, die eine Herrſchaft in der Nähe gekauft hätte, und gar ſehr die Bekanntſchaft ihrer liebenswürdigen Nachbarin bei dieſer Gelegenheit zu machen wünſchte. Alles athmete jetzt eine lebhaftere Freude: die Baronin, weil ſie ihre Mutter umarmen ſollte, die ſie ſo lange nicht geſehen hatte; ihr Gemahl, weil ſich ſeine Gattin ſo freute.

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*) Aus: W. G. Beckers Erholungen. Viertes Bändchen. Leipzig. 1803.

Den Tag der Ankunft harrte ſie ſtundenlang am Fenſter; das geringſte Geräuſch aus der vor dem Schloſſe vorbeigehenden Landſtraße rief ſie hin. Von weitem rief ſie ſchon ihrer Mutter, von den Kindern und ihrem Gemahl begleitet, zu. Die Freude des Wiederſehens war grenzenlos.

In der Perſon der Gräfin fand das junge Weibchen das Einzige, was ihr auf dem Lande gefehlt hatte — eine zärtliche Freundin. Die erſtere, eine ſchöne junge Wittwe von 28 Jahren, hatte in der That nicht allein alles, was den Blick der Männer feſſeln, ſondern auch jede Geſpielin zur Freundin ſchaffen kann, ohne ihrem Anſehen das Mindeſte vergeben zu dürfen. Wie ein Chamäleon ſchmiegte ſie ſich in jede Laune ihrer Bekanntinnen. Jede ihrer Handlungen athmete zuvorkommende Gefälligkeit. Mit der Tugendhaften ſprach ſie von Tugend, und bei der Kokette hielt ſie Lobreden auf jeden möglichen Gebrauch der weiblichen Reize. Mit dem Scheine der Offenherzigkeit machte ſie ihre Freundinnen offenherzig, kurz, ihr Betragen kündigte, wie ihr Aeußeres, einen Engel an, während im Innern ein boshafter Dämon hauſete.

Der ziemlich unerfahrnen Baronin war ſie unentbehrlich geworden. Ihr Geſchmack, ihre Denkungsart, alles hatte den Charakter angenommen, den die Gräfin darüber äußerte. Das Landleben war ihr verhaßt. Bald ſtimmte ſie mit der Gräfin überein, es ſei nichts Langweiligeres, nichts Einförmigeres, als dieſes. Mit Zittern nur dachte ſie an die nahe Rückreiſe der Gräfin, welche Kammerdame am B—n Hofe war. Die Freundſchaft eines Monaths ſchien auf die Dauer des Lebens berechnet zu ſeyn. Untröſtlich lag die Baronin bei dem Abſchiede in den Armen ihrer Mutter und neuen Freundin, und beruhigte ſich nur durch das Verſprechen, in kurzem für immer im Geräuſche der Stadt, angeſtellt in dem Hofſtaat, bleiben zu dürfen.

In der That ſchien die Baronin nach ihrer Entfernung gar nicht mehr das Weib zu ſeyn, das ſie geweſen war. Ihre Kinder waren ihr jetzt mehr im Wege, als angenehm. Einſam glaubte ſie ſich jetzt im Kreiſe ihrer Familie, wo ſie kurz vorher die [illegible] Stunden verlebt hatte. Stille Seufzer beklagten das Verlorne, ihr Gatte ſtimmte mit ein, aber freilich aus einem andern Grunde.

Schon waren ſechs Wochen vergangen; ſchon fing die Baronin an, ihre neue Freundin für eben ſo leichtſinnig zu halten, wie [illegible] ſind, weil ſie gar nichts ihrem Verſprechen zu Folge von ſich hören ließ, als ſie auf einmal bei einem Spaziergange am Ende der großen Lindenallee, die nach dem Schloſſe führte, einen Wagen wahrnahm, den ſie ſogleich für den der Gräfin erkannte. Im Augenblick war er auch verſchwunden; ſchon glaubte ſie ſich getäuſcht zu haben, und war nun deſto trauriger, als er glücklich in der Landſtraße daher gefahren kam, welche der Kutſcher, mit der Gegend noch wenig bekannt, einſchlagen zu müſſen geglaubt hatte.

Welche Freude, welche Wonne des Wiederſehens auf beiden Seiten! Fragen erfolgten auf beiden Seiten; ohne die Antwort abzuwarten, wurden ſie durch andre verdrängt. Der Baron ſuchte ihnen die bezeichnete Freude im vollen Maße zu theilen, die auf ſeiner Gemahlin Herz noch durch die frohe Nachricht bis auf den höchſten Gipfel erhoben wurde: „daß ſie als Kammerdame am B—n Hofe angeſtellt.“ Durch welchen Einfluß, iſt leicht zu begreifen. Die Gräfin war die ganze Nacht hindurch gereiſt, ihre Freundin damit zu überraſchen.

Mit Unwiderſtehlichkeit wurden die Anſtalten zur Abreiſe getroffen. Der Baron verließ zwar ungern das ihm liebe Landgut; [illegible]; indeſſen war er viel zu galant, und liebte ſeine Gemahlin viel zu ſehr, um ihr den Sieg verkümmern zu wollen, auf dem ſie ihre Glückſeligkeit zu bauen glaubte. Hätte er die Folgen geahndet — er würde gewiß anders gehandelt haben.

Am Hofe fand die Baronin mannichfaltige Gelegenheit, ihre alte Begierde befriedigen zu können. Die Fürſtin von B— ſpielte ſelbſt gern; ſo war es ihr alſo oft Pflicht, zu ſpielen. Außerdem fand ſie bei der Gräfin jeden Augenblick dazu Gelegenheit, die, ſelbſt eine große Freundin davon, beſtändig kleine oder geſchloſſene Parthien anſtellte. Ihrer Leidenſchaft opferte Caroline in kurzem bald alles auf. Oft bekam ſie ihre Kinder und ihren Gatten in mehrern Tagen nicht zu ſehen. Der letztere, ſchwach und ſchonend, durch Klagen und Vorſtellungen das Übel, was er auf der Erde ſah, zu beſeitigen, beſchloß die kleine Adelheid und ſeinen Heinrich in eine Erziehungsanſtalt zu thun, um ſo die Folgen der mangelnden Aufſicht verhüten zu können. Auf dieſe Art war ſie von aller Einſchränkung frei geworden, und der Augenblick war ſehr nahe, wo ſie durch den beſtändigen Umgang der Gräfin endlich jede Pflicht der Gattin vergeſſen konnte.

Der Baron hatte ihr gleich bei der Vermählung ein reichliches Nadelgeld ausgeworfen; eine reiche Erbſchaft, die er einige Jahre ſpäter that, ließ ihn daſſelbe ſogar verdoppeln. Nichts deſtoweniger langte es nicht zu, die beträchtlichen Summen bezahlen zu können, die ſie ſeit geraumer Zeit verlor. Schon empfand ihr Körper die Folgen der beſtändigen Unruhe, der Angſt, der Nachtwachen, der Furcht, die mit dieſer ſchändlichen Leidenſchaft verknüpft ſind. Schon wurden heimlich die Juwelen, die Geſchmeide verkauft, die noch mehr durch die Art, wie der Baron ſie ihr gegeben hatte, als durch ihren koſtbaren Werth beſaßen. Als ſie nicht mehr hinreichten, bediente ſie ſich endlich ſogar der nicht unbedeutenden Penſion, welche ihr der Baron zur Unterſtützung ihrer Aeltern zahlte; woran dieſe ein ganzes Jahr ſich erquicken ſollten, das verthat jetzt ihre unnatürliche Tochter in einer einzigen Viertelſtunde.

Man glaube nicht, daß das Gewiſſen der Baronin gegen jeden Vorwurf abgehärtet war. Marternde Vorwürfe raubten ihr die Nächte, die ihr das Spiel übrig ließ. Je mehr ſie der Baron immerfort zärtlicher liebte, je weniger er ihre Lage kannte, deſto mehr fühlte ſie das Unrecht ihrer Aufführung. Furcht vor der Zukunft quälte ſie nicht weniger, als bittre Reue über ihre Sorgloſigkeit. Oft bildete ſich ein feſter Vorſatz, wieder heimzukehren in die ſtillen Wohnungen ihres Gemahls, ihm alles zu entdecken, und um Verzeihung zu bitten, um ſie nie wieder zu bedürfen. Aber immer ward er verdrängt durch die Hoffnung, das Verlorne wieder zu gewinnen, immer ſeine Ausführung bis auf dieſen Punkt hinausgeſchoben. Die Gräfin hatte ſich überdieß ihrer ganz bemächtigt; ſie that nur das, was dieſe wollte; ſie dachte nur das, was dieſe dachte.

Es kam der Fürſtin Geburtstag. Eine glänzende Cour, ein noch glänzenderer Ball ſollte ihn feiern. Welche Ausſicht für die Baronin! Ohne Diamanten, ohne die Mittel, die Pracht in der Kleidung zu beſtreiten, mit der es hier eine Dame der andern zuvorzuthun ſtrebte, wie konnte ſie dabei erſcheinen! Sie faßte den Entſchluß, ſchon einige Tage vorher die Kranke zu ſpielen. Der Kummer über das, was ſie dazu nöthigte, bleichte ihre ohnedem ſchon bleichen Wangen genug, um ſelbſt den Baron zu täuſchen, deſſen Unruhe um ſo größer war, je mehr er bei ſeiner Gattin Spuren innerer Unruhe und Traurigkeit wahrzunehmen glaubte. Vergebens gab er ſich alle Mühe, ſie zur Offenherzigkeit zu bringen. Im Stillen weinte ſie, doch feſt blieb ihr Entſchluß, eher ihrem Kummer zu unterliegen, als die Urſache davon zu entdecken.

Gegen Abend überraſchte ſie die Gräfin, wie ſie in ihr kleines [illegible] abgeſchieden.

„Mein Gott! rief ſie beim Eintritt, Sie krank, und kein Wörtchen mir ſagen laſſen? Mein Gott, warum das nicht? Ich hätte den ganzen Nachmittag neben Ihrem Bette geſeſſen, Ihnen vorgeleſen, vorgeplaudert, vorgeſpielt, daß Sie ſchon längſt hätten geſund ſeyn müſſen.“

Die Baronin war zu ſehr überraſcht, um mehr als ein gewöhnliches Compliment herausſtottern zu können, und ſich dann einem unwillkührlichen Ausbruch ihres Kummers und den ihn begleitenden Thränen zu überlaſſen.

„Himmel! Sie weinen! Süßer Engel, hat denn meine Freundſchaft das Recht auf Ihr Herz verloren! Ich beſchwöre Sie, ſagen Sie, was Ihnen fehlt!“

„Ach ich bin ſehr unglücklich!“ ſchluchzte die Baronin und ihre Thränen floſſen ſtärker.

„Unglücklich, mein Engel!“

„Ach daß das Leben mir ſo bitter werden mußte!“

„Das weiß der Himmel nicht!“

„Ach, wenn Ihr Verluſt dem meinigen gleichkäme, gewiß Sie würden ebenſo unglücklich ſeyn, wie ich.“

„Ihr Verluſt? Doch wohl im Spiel?“

Eine ſtumme Verneigung des Kopfes bejahte es.

„Und weiter nichts? Süßer Engel, was klagen Sie? Das iſt ja etwas Gewöhnliches. Aber ein Augenblick kann ja alles wieder gut machen. Mein Gott, wie können Sie trauern ſo lange? Sehen Sie doch mich an. Auch etwas unglücklich geſpielt, ſo wie ich es, aber Beharrlichkeit beſiegt endlich doch die Launen des Glücks. Erſt dieſe Nacht hab' ich bei dem alten Baron D— gegen tauſend Louisd'or verloren. Nun, was thuts! Heute Abend bekomme ich ſie vielleicht wieder, oder daß ich darum nur ein [illegible] vergeſſen habe.“

„Wenn nur meine Börſe ſo wenig zu erſchöpfen wäre, wie die Ihrige.“

Sie ſank an der Gräfin Buſen, und ſchluchzte von neuem.

„Mein Gott, ſo faſſen Sie ſich doch!“

„Ach ich vermag nicht einmal übermorgen beim Balle zu erſcheinen.“

„Wie?“

„Meine Diamanten, meine Spitzen, alles — alles iſt verſetzt, und Niemand wird mir Credit geben.“

„Mein Gott, Ihr Mann iſt ja reich genug.“

„Aber Ordnung liebend, und ſchon iſt mein Jahrgeld ſo groß genug!“

„Poſſen! Er kann immer noch zulegen! Muthig, wenden Sie ſich an ihn; Sie ſind in dem Punkte noch, wie ich merke, ein Kind. Der Mann muß ſeiner Frau nichts als ein behändiger Caſſirer ſeyn. Schicken Sie Ihre Gläubiger jeden Morgen an ihn ab, ſuchen Sie ſich aus, was Sie brauchen, und laſſen ihn es bezahlen. Und will er nicht — ſo giebt es ja andere.“

„Er, ſo reich, heirathete mich Arme!“

„So! Ihre Armuth, Ihre Schönheit, Grazie, Bildung und hundert andere Reize rechnen Sie für nichts!“

„Spötterin!“

„Nichtsweniger als das. Geld gegen dieß alles — ſollte nicht der Baron Ihnen verpflichtet ſeyn, ſtatt daß Sie ſich dafür halten! Tauſend andere würden Ihnen alles das aufgeopfert haben, ohne Sie ſo zu tyranniſiren.“

„Tyranniſiren! Er! O niemand liebt mich ſo ſehr, als er.“

„Stille, Stille, Sie ſind wie alle Weibchen, die ſich nicht umgeſehen haben. Sie nehmen den Schein ſchon für das Weſen. Weil er immer von Liebe redet, ſo liebt er Sie auch ſchon? Hätten Sie ſich doch erſt die Beweiſe davon geben! — Ach, etwas ganz Neues! Gut, daß ich es nicht wieder vergeſſen. Wiſſen Sie, daß Sie eine ſehr wichtige Eroberung gemacht haben?“

„Ich?“

„Nun, iſt ſo einem allerliebſten Weibchen ſo etwas unmöglich? Der Arme, den Ihre Schönheit verwundet hat, gäbe für einen Ihrer Blicke alle ſeine Reichthümer mit Freuden hin. Rathen Sie einmal, wer es iſt?“

„Mein Gott, wie kann ich? Doch nicht der Kammerjunker?“

„O, der iſt dazu viel zu leichtſinnig.“

„Der alte General?“

„Schwärmen Sie, meine Theure? Der liebt wohl ſein Gebetbuch, aber nicht mehr die jungen Weiber.“

„Nun, vielleicht der junge [illegible]?“

„Ja, wenn der nicht zu ſehr in ſich ſelbſt vernarrt wäre!“

„Nun, ſo errathe ich es nicht; wie darf ich auch auf ſo eine Eroberung mich einlaſſen!“

„Nun ſo ganz iſt, wie ich mir ſchmeichle, die Sache doch nicht von der Hand zu weiſen. Es iſt — es iſt — mein Herr Bruder, Ihnen gehorſamſt aufzuwarten.“

„Welcher Scherz!“

„Ihre Dienerin, ſüßer Engel, völliger, völliger, Ernſt!“

„Sie vergeſſen, oder vielmehr er, daß ich Gattin und Mutter bin!“

„Weder ich, noch er. Seit drei Wochen ſchon hegte er ſeine Leidenſchaft; erſt heute gelang es mir, ſie ihm abzufragen.“

„Um Gotteswillen, Sie machten ihm doch keine Hoffnung?“

„Wo denken Sie hin! Meiner Freundin Ehre iſt die meinige; ihr Intereſſe ſo groß, wie das für meinen — unglücklichen Bruder! — Im Ernſt, Freundin, wollte ich Ihnen ſeine Gefühle ſchildern, Sie würden nicht ungerührt bleiben. Nur um das Einzige bittet Sie ſeine Schweſter, ſeyn Sie nicht zu hart gegen ihn; rauben Sie mir nicht durch zu große Strenge einen Bruder, der der beſte, zärtlichſte meiner Freunde und jetzt mein Beſchützer iſt.“

Es ſchlug ſechs Uhr.

„Mein Gott, ſchon ſo ſpät. Die Aſſemblee nöthigt mich. Kommen Sie mit; kleiden Sie ſich an. Die Geſellſchaft heitert Sie auf.“

„Wie kann ich? So ganz unvorbereitet?“

„Deſto natürlicher! ich will Sie ausſchmücken, daß Sie Ihre Freude haben ſollen. Wo iſt Ihr Mädchen? He, Joſephine! Ich ſtelle Sie als eine liebenswürdige Patientin vor, die ſich der Unterhaltung der Geſellſchaft mit Vergnügen ſelbſt aufopfert.“

Die Toilette war in einer Viertelſtunde gemacht. Am Arme der Gräfin hüpfte die Baronin die Treppe hinab. Ihr Gemahl kam dieſe ſo eben herauf, um ſeinem Weibchen, das er noch krank wähnte, für den Abend Geſellſchaft zu leiſten. Natürlich erſtaunte er nicht wenig darüber, ſie ſo wohl zu ſehen. So wenig er eigentlich auch Freund der Gräfin war, ſo konnte er ſich doch nicht enthalten, ihr aufs lebhafteſte für ihre Theilnahme zu danken, der er den größten Antheil der Wiedergeneſung zuſchrieb.

Die Baronin ſpielte natürlich auch dieſen Abend wieder. Die Gräfin hatte ihr ihre Börſe erlaubt. Noch zu wenig daran gewöhnt, mit fremdem Gelde zu wagen, war ſie ungemein ängſtlich. Indeſſen der Inhaber der Bank war der Gräfin Bruder, und dieſer war, als ſie gegen ihn antrat, ſo verwirrt, ſo zerſtreut und unruhig, daß er theils dadurch, theils durch Glück der Baronin, mehrere Tauſend an dieſe verlor. Er war dafür, wie die Gräfin ihrer Freundin bei der Abſchiedsumarmung ſagte, hinlänglich durch einen Händedruck belohnt worden, den er von ihr, der Baronin ſelbſt unbewußt, erhalten hatte.

Die Gräfin hatte einmal ſeine Liebe der Baronin entdeckt; ſchon den folgenden Tag lenkte ſie das Geſpräch wieder darauf. Sie führte ihn beim Dejeuner ein. Die Baronin, weit entfernt, ihrer Pflicht zu nahe zu treten, dachte doch an die Bitte ihrer Freundin; ſie begegnete dem Grafen mit Schonung und erklärte ihm bei der erſten Gelegenheit mit vieler Delicateſſe, daß er ſich ja keine Rechnung auf ihre Liebe machen dürfe. Allein eben dieſe Schonung ſchien ihm nur eine Stütze ſeiner ſchmeichelnden Hoffnung; nichts glaubte er in ihr, als die gewöhnlichen Waffen weiblicher Koketterie, wahrzunehmen. Er beſchloß, die Sache ernſthaft anzugreifen; ſeine Schweſter unterſtützte ihn trefflich.

Sie hatte der Baronin den Vorſchuß einer beträchtlichen Summe und den Gebrauch eines Theiles ihrer Juwelen zum Ball verſprochen. Den Abend zuvor kam ſie zur Baronin.

„Süßer Engel, werden Sie nicht böſe. Ich kann Sie nicht mit Gelde unterſtützen, wie ich verſprochen habe, aber bedienen Sie ſich meines Bruders; er wird ſich eine Freude daraus machen, wenn Sie ihm vor einem andern den Vorzug geben.“

„Wie können Sie mir ſo etwas zumuthen? Sie wiſſen, welche Leidenſchaft Ihr Bruder gegen mich hegt; das hieße“ —

„Mein Bruder iſt eben ſo bieder, als er verliebt iſt. So eine Kleinigkeit wird ihn nicht niedrige Erwartungen faſſen laſſen.“

„Leidenſchaft heißt die Vernunft ſchweigen: Bleibe der Ball Ball, ich mag ſo ein Glück nicht, und verſchließe mich auf mein Zimmer.“

Gute Baronin, hätteſt du doch immer ſo gedacht! Ach bald wußte die kluge Gräfin deine Vernunft zu betäuben. Sie ſiegte am Ende doch, und 500 Louisd'or wurden von ihrem Bruder geborgt, um am nächſten Morgen dem größten Theil nach für Kleinigkeiten mancherlei Art in die Gewölbe der Modehändlerinnen zu wandern.

Dagegen glänzte aber auch unſre Heldin am Abend, wie es lange nicht der Fall geweſen war. Kunſt vereinigte ſich mit der Natur, ſie zu einer der Grazien umzuſchaffen. Selbſt der Baron konnte ſich nicht enthalten, ſein reizendes Weibchen zu bewundern. Indeſſen entfernte er ſich doch ſogleich wieder, als er ſie nach Hofe gebracht hatte. Noch immer lebte er eingezogen und ſich behagend mit der Geſellſchaft einiger Wenigen, die perſönlicher Werth ihm theuer machte.

Die Baronin, aufgemuntert durch den Erfolg ihrer Anſtrengung, welcher zwei Abende vorher Statt gefunden hatte, konnte kaum den Augenblick erwarten, wo ſie beim Spiel dieſelben Vortheile einärnten konnte. Es ſollte, bei trautem Glücke, der letzte Abend ſeyn; das ſetzte ſie ſich vor. Hätte ſie doch auch ihn weggelaſſen; er ward ſehr unglücklich. Der Gewinn flog dahin, ſchneller als er gekommen war; ihm folgte der Reſt des Erborgten. Je ängſtlicher ſie wurde, deſto mehr Blößen gab ſie. Ihre Sinne verwirrten ſich. Alles wagend, um alles zu gewinnen, ſpielt ſie ſelbſt mit ungeheuren Summen, die ſie auf ihr Ehrenwort borgte. Halb raſend eilt ſie erſt bei lichtem Morgen in ihrem Wagen zur Gräfin; ſie iſt ſchon aufs Land gefahren. Neuer Schreck; ſie hatte ſie bitten wollen, ihre Juwelen verſetzen zu dürfen, um damit ihre Schulden zu tilgen, die binnen vier und zwanzig Stunden bezahlt ſeyn mußten. Jetzt muß ſie es ohne ihre Erlaubniß wagen. In welchem Zuſtande kehrte ſie in ihre Wohnung zurück! Die Schminke hatte der Schweiß, den die Angſt auspreßte, längſt von ihren Wangen gewiſcht! aber man merkte es nicht, denn ſie waren eben durch die Angſt geröthet, wie wenn ſie Karmin überzogen hätte. Unordentlich flogen die blonden Haare umher, in Eil beraubt des Schmuckes, mit dem ſie durchflochten waren. In den weiten eingefallenen Augen zeigte ſich die Furcht der angſtvoll durchwachten Nacht. Wer ſie jetzt ſah, erkannte nicht die, welche ſie achtzehn Stunden vorher geweſen war. Flüchtig, wie ein geſcheuchtes Reh, eilte ſie die Treppen hinauf, um den Blicken ihres Gatten auszuweichen. Schon dankt ſie dem Himmel dafür, daß er ihr jetzt nicht entgegen kam, als er auf einmal hereintrat.

Sie erblaßt, das Wort erſtirbt ihr auf der Zunge, ohnmächtig ſinkt ſie nieder.

Der Baron ruft nach Hülfe, und faßt ſie in ſeine Arme. Jetzt ſchlägt ſie die Augen auf. Ein tiefer Seufzer erleichtert die beklemmte Bruſt.

„Wie viel Unruhe haben Sie mir gemacht!' redete er ſie freundlich an. Sie kommen ſo ſpät, ſchon ſeit einer Stunde ſah ich dem Wagen aus dem Fenſter entgegen. Ihre Geſundheit leidet dabei. Und wie verſtört ſehen Sie aus! Sie haben gewiß verloren!“

Ein Papier entfiel jetzt den Händen der Baronin — der Baron hebt es auf, ließt es, es iſt die Pfandverſchreibung des Juwelenhändlers. Ein Blick auf ſeine Gattin läßt ihn die Sache gleich enträthſeln. Doch gütig, liebevoll, wie er war, vermag er ihr, die in ihr Taſchentuch, laut ſchluchzend, ſich verhüllt, nichts zu ſagen, als:

„Sie bedürfen der Ruhe; ich laſſe Sie allein. Erholen Sie ſich. Unſere Kinder werden heut bei uns ſpeiſen. Ich hoffe, dieſer Tag wird eben ſo nützlich als angenehm werden.“

Kaum war er fort, als der Baronin Mädchen meldete, daß der Gräfin Equipage vorführe. Ein heftiger Landregen hatte ſie die Rückkehr wählen laſſen; in ihrem Pallaſte hatte ſie die Eile der Baronin erfahren, mit der ſie von dieſer war aufgeſucht worden. Jezt trat ſie ſelbſt herein.

„Ich bin verloren, wenn Sie mich nicht retten!“ rief ihr die Baronin entgegen und ſtreckte die Arme nach der Eintretenden aus. „O könnten Sie in meinem Herzen leſen! Verlaſſen Sie mich nicht! Freundin, verlaſſen Sie mich nicht! Beim Himmel, der mich kennt, ich kenne mich nicht mehr; ich weiß nicht, was ich thun könnte, wenn ich —“

„Süßes Engelchen, ich Dich verlaſſen? — Sie kennen mich ja. Sagen Sie nur, worüber Sie klagen!“

„Sie können fragen? O nie wieder ſolch' eine Nacht!“

„Schickſal! Sie müſſen ſich faſſen.“

„Kann ich? O Sie wiſſen noch nicht alles. Ich habe —“

„Nun?“

„Ihre Güte hab' ich gemißbraucht; in der Verzweiflung Ihre Juwelen verſezt?“

„Weiter nichts? Ha, ha, ſie waren ja nicht mein.“

„Nicht die Ihrigen? Gott, wem bin ich denn verpflichtet?“

„Nur ſich ſelbſt, Täubchen! — Sie ſtuzen? Mein Bruder, furchtſam wie er iſt, waget es nicht, ſie Ihnen zu Füßen zu legen, und bediente ſich meiner dazu!“

Die Baronin, nur für das Gegenwärtige Sinn habend, fiel, außer ſich, dankbar der Gräfin in die Arme, und rief mehr als einmal: „Sie geben mir das Leben wieder!“

Allein der Rauſch verflog bald. Die Thüre öffnete ſich, und der Gräfin Bruder liegt zu ihren Füßen, ihre Hand mit Küſſen bedeckend. In der Betäubung bewilligt ſie ihm die Erlaubniß, den Abend in ihrer Geſellſchaft zubringen zu dürfen. Welches Weib würde auch wohl unter ſolchen Umſtänden nicht dieſes gethan haben! Freilich bald, als ſie allein war, ſtellte ſie das Bild der Folgen davon deutlich vor die Augen. Ueber kurz oder lang würde der Graf für ſein Geſchenk einen Lohn fordern, den ihr die Pflicht der Gattin nicht zu geben geſtattete; vergebens ſuchte ſie durch jedes Mittel dieſen Ausſpruch der Vernunft ſich aus dem Sinn zu ſchlagen.

Schon war der Baron zurückgekehrt. Freude und Heiterkeit malten ſich auf ſeinem Antliz. Er hatte ſeine Kinder aus der Penſionsanſtalt abgeholt, um ihre Mutter am heutigen Tage, der ſie meiſt ans Licht hatte treten ſehen, deſto mehr zu überraſchen, und ein Geſchenk für ſie beſtimmt, das ſeiner Auswahl Ehre machte.

Der Koch wartete auf das Zeichen zum Anrichten. Die Baronin erſchien aber noch nicht. Ihr Gemahl, ſo ſehr er und die Kinder auf ihre Erſcheinung warteten, glaubte ſie in den Armen des Schlummers; allein dieſer floh vor der Unruhe, die ſie unaufhörlich beſtürmte. Jezt endlich tritt ſie herein. Adelheit und Heinrich fliegen ihr entgegen, und küſſen der lange nicht geſehenen Mutter die Hand; nur kalt erwiedert ſie, und mit Zerſtreuung, ihre Zärtlichkeit. So ſizt ſie während der ganzen Mahlzeit. Schon geht dieſe zu Ende. Der Baron bemerkt mit Unmuth dieſen Zuſtand; endlich gewinnt er es über ſich, nach der Urſache ihrer Kälte zu fragen. Sie entſchuldigt ſich durch heftiges Kopfweh.

„Schade, daß es heute Sie gerade gegen die Freude gleichgültig machen wird, welche ich mir ausgedacht hatte. Es iſt heute Ihr Geburtstag, deswegen ließ ich die Kinder kommen; deswegen wartete ich ſo ſehnlich auf Sie, um Ihnen dieſes zum Angebinde zu geben.“

So der Baron, indem er ihr den Schmuck überreichte, den ſie verpfändet hatte.

Die Baronin ſtürzt ſich ihrem Gemahl freudetrunken in die Arme. Da erwacht das Gefühl ihrer Vergehungen; ſie will ihm zu Füßen ſinken, doch ihr Bewußtſeyn weicht; unter den Füßen des Gatten, benezt mit ſeinen Thränen, und dem Wehklagen ihrer Kinder erwacht ſie wieder, um die Beſtürzung noch größer zu machen.

Ein Wagen fährt die Straße herauf; er hält vor dem Hauſe des Barons; jezt fällt unſerer Heldin das Verſprechen ein, das ſie dem Bruder der Gräfin gethan hat. Mit einem lauten Schrei reißt ſie ſich aus ihres Gemahls Umarmung; bald wahnſinnig läuft ſie nach ihrem Zimmer, der Baron hinter ihr her.

„Ich bin für Niemand zu Hauſe!“ ruft ſie aus. Der Baron ſtürzt aus ihrem Zimmer, um zu ſehen, wer heraufkäme? Es war eine Verwandte ſeiner Gemahlin. Er entſchuldigt dieſe mit einer ſtarken Unpäßlichkeit, und eilt, ſo ſchnell er kann, zu der Beunruhigten.

„Nicht wahr, ich bin verloren?“ ruft ſie ihm händeringend entgegen.

Er giebt den Kindern einen Wink, das Zimmer zu verlaſſen. Zärtlich faßt er ihre Hand.

„Bin ich nicht mehr Ihr Freund?“ fragt er. „Sie haben etwas auf dem Herzen; theilen Sie es Ihrem Gatten, Ihrem Freunde mit. Sey es, was es wolle, er hat Troſt für Sie.“

„Troſt? für mich iſt keiner mehr. Ich bin nicht werth, die Ihrige zu ſeyn.“

„Selbſt wenn Sie ſchuldig wären, mein Herz würde Sie immer entſchuldigen.“

„O nicht ſo viel Güte! Sie zerreißt mein Herz. Vorwürfe, Vorwürfe für die Verbrecherin, die den Edelſten ſeines Geſchlechtes beleidigen konnte!“

Sie fiel ihm zu Füßen.

„Strafen Sie mich, fuhr ſie fort, ſtrafen Sie die Reuige, ſo ſtreng Sie wollen, nur jezt ſchützen Sie mich.“

Der Baron hebt ſie bebend auf, und ſezt ſie neben ſich auf den Sopha. Mit Zittern erwartet er das Geſtändniß, das ſie abzulegen im Begriff ſtand. Kaum vermag er es, durch ſteten Zuſpruch ihr dazu Muth einzuflößen. Unter Thränen, Schluchzen und öftern Unterbrechungen entdeckt ſie alles.

„Jeden Augenblick erwarte ich den Betrüger,“ endigte ſie. „Wo ſoll ich mich bergen?“

„In den Armen Ihres zärtlichen Freundes. Fürchten Sie nichts: Ihr Zimmer ſoll ihm verſchloſſen bleiben. Bald will ich Sie von Ihrem Verfolger befreien. Er ſoll alles wieder erhalten, was er für Sie verwandte. Adieu indeſſen, ruhen Sie aus nach dieſer erſchütternden Scene; ich gehe, Maaßregeln zu treffen, die ihre Wiederherbeiführung verhüten ſollen.“

Der Graf kam richtig, und wurde durch den Kammerdiener ſehr trocken abgefertigt. Deſto toller kam er zu Hauſe an; er ſtürzt ins Zimmer ſeiner Schweſter. Vorwürfe, die er dieſer machte, Drohungen, der Baronin Gläubiger aufzuhetzen, und andere Ausbrüche ſeines Zornes wechſelten mit einander ab.

„Denkt ſie, rief er aus, denkt die Närrin, mich am Seile herumzuführen, mir einen Blick ſo theuer zu verkaufen, wie ich noch nie eine Schäferſtunde bezahlt habe?“

Vergebens ſtellte ihm ſeine Schweſter vor, daß vielleicht die Baronin verhindert worden wäre, ihr Wort zu halten; daß es vielleicht nur feine Koketterie ſei, was dieſen Vorfall verurſacht hätte. Nur die Verſicherung beruhigte ihn etwas, daß ſie ihm für die Erreichung ſeiner Abſicht ſtünde, ſie, der die Baronin in allem Folge leiſte. Allein nichts deſto weniger eilte er ſogleich zu allen Gläubigern der Baronin, die ihm ſeine Schweſter nennen mußte. Alle wußte er dazu zu bereden, ſich den folgenden Morgen mit ihren Forderungen bei dem Baron zu melden.

Dieſer erſtaunte nicht wenig, als ſich ſo viel ungebetene Gäſte einfanden. Indeſſen verſprach er ihnen allen des Mittags die Zahlung, und eilte ſogleich zu einem ſeiner Bekannten, der ſchon lange den Wunſch geäußert hatte, eine ſeiner entferntern Beſizungen zu kaufen. Je bedeutender der Verluſt war, den ihm ſeine bisherige Entfernung vom Lande, einige Unglücksfälle auf ſeinen Gütern, und ein Bankerot des Hauſes, welches ſeine baaren Gelder verwaltete, verurſacht hatten; je größer die Summen waren, welche er heute für ſeine Gemahlin zahlen wollte, deſto lieber war es ihm, ihn noch eben ſo bereitwillig dazu zu finden, und ſogleich die Hälfte der Kaufſumme zu erhalten. Alles wurde ſogleich berichtigt. Mit den bezahlten Quittungen und dem Verkaufscontrakt in der Taſche, ſeine Kinder an der Hand, eilt er in das Zimmer ſeiner Gemahlin, welche in tiefer Schwermuth verſunken am Fenſter ſaß. Er übergab ihr die Quittungen und den Kaufcontrakt. Die Thränen traten ihm in die Augen, als er ſeine Gemahlin weinen ſah.

„Euch beraubte ich, meine Kinder!“ rief ſie aus.

„Schenken Sie ihnen Ihre Liebe wieder, und beide ſind hinlänglich entſchädigt!“

„Das will ich!“ erwiederte ſie mit einem Blick gen Himmel. Dann umarmte ſie wechſelsweiſe ihre Kinder, deren Thränen ſich mit den übrigen miſchten. O es war mancher Monat verſtrichen, daß ſie der herzlichen Umarmung ihrer Mutter hatten entbehren müſſen!

„Darf ich Euch etwas nehmen?“ brach ſie endlich aus: „ich, die Euch nichts geben kann?“

„Ruhig, liebes Weib; Sie können es; wachen Sie ſorgfältig über das Uebrige. Dieſer Verluſt wird durch weiſe Sparſamkeit bald erſezt ſeyn. Gutes, beſtes Weib, ich mache Ihnen keine Vorwürfe, aber ſpielen Sie nun nie wieder; wollen Sie das Ihrem zärtlichen Gatten verſprechen?“

„Ich,? Ich wieder ſpielen! Welch ein Geſchöpf müßte ich ſeyn, wenn ich im Stande wäre, den geſtrigen Tag des Schreckens, dieſen Augenblick der Milde und der Großmuth zu vergeſſen! Auf meinem Buſen ſollen dieſe Papiere ruhen, und wenn ein feindlicher Dämon die alte Begierde anfachen will, dann will ich auf ſie meinen Blick werfen, mir dieſe Augenblicke ins Gedächtniß zurückrufen, und mein guter Engel wird mich ſchützen. Euch, Kinder, will ich wieder das werden, was ich war, die zärtlichſte Mutter! Ihnen wieder die treue, gute Gattin ſeyn, die Ihrer Liebe ſich werth machen wird!“

„Und dann wird der alte Segen zurückkehren. Nichts wird unſere Heiterkeit betrüben. — Doch noch eine Bitte, wollen Sie ſie erfüllen?"

„Was könnte mir zu ſchwer ſeyn, das mein Gatte verlangt?"

„Sehen Sie nie die Gräfin wieder; brechen Sie allen Umgang mit ihr ab!"

„Sie rauben mir auch das kleinſte Verdienſt, das ich mir zu erwerben ſuchte. Ihr Wunſch eilt meinem Vorſatze zuvor. Sie war die Urſache meines Verderbens; ſie führte mich an einen Abgrund, in den ich ſtürzen mußte, wenn Sie mich nicht retteten. Von ihrer Freundſchaft darf nie mehr die Rede ſeyn!"

„Tauſend Dank für Ihre Bereitwilligkeit! Jetzt kleiden Sie ſich an, Theure. Ich will meinen Unterthanen ihre Beſchützerin wieder zuführen. In einer halben Stunde fahren wir zum Thore hinaus!"

Michael Beer,

ein Bruder des berühmten Componiſten Meyerbeer, aus einer ſehr angeſehenen und achtungswerthen jüdiſchen Familie zu Berlin entſproſſen, ward daſelbſt am 19. Juni 1800 geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung in den Schulen ſeiner Vaterſtadt, machte hierauf eine Reiſe nach Italien und verweilte nach ſeiner Rückkehr in München, wo er leider den trauernden Seinen und der dramatiſchen Poeſie, der er ſich mit großem Erfolg gewidmet hatte, am 22. März 1833 durch den Tod entriſſen wurde.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Die Bräute von Arragonien. Trauerſp. Berl. 1823.
Klytemneſtra. Trauerſp. Berlin, 1823.
Der Paria. Trauerſpiel. (zuerſt in der Urania für 1826 abgedruckt, dann:) Stuttgart, 1829.
Struenſee. Trauerſp. Stuttgart, 1829.

Mit bedeutendem, obwohl eigentlich mehr rhetoriſchem als poetiſchem Talent ausgerüſtet, hatte M. B., dem ein günſtiges Schickſal vergönnte, ganz ſeiner Neigung zu leben, ſich als Dichter der Tragödie zugewandt; und wenn gleich ſeine ſämmtlichen Leiſtungen, ſelbſt Struenſee nicht ausgenommen, nur als Studien zu betrachten ſind, in welchen er die Reſultate ſeiner Fortbildung an den bedeutendſten Tragikern der älteren wie der neueren Zeit niederlegte, ſo iſt doch ein ernſtes, wahres Streben, das gewiß herrliche Früchte getragen hätte, falls ihm ein milderes Geſchick längeres Wirken vergönnt, darin unverkennbar. — Jede ſeiner Leiſtungen beurkundet die höhere Stufe, auf die ſich der Dichter geſchwungen, doch ſcheint überall Schiller ſein Vorbild und Meiſter geweſen zu ſeyn. Unklar über das, was eigentlich die tragiſche Kunſt verlange, und nicht erfaſſend, daß ſie mehr als irgend eine andere Gattung der Poeſie gereifte Erfahrung des Lebens fordere, iſt B. in den beiden erſten von ihm herausgegebenen Trauerſpielen noch ſehr ſchwankend und unſicher. Bewußter deſſen, was er leiſten müſſe, erſcheint er in ſeinem Paria, noch mehr aber hat er bei dem Struenſee erkannt, worauf es ankomme — und hier endet leider ſeine dichteriſche Laufbahn. — Freundliche Theilnahme begrüßte ihn aufmunternd ſeit ſeinen erſten Verſuchen: Klytemneſtra ward am 8. December 1819 von den erſten Künſtlern der berliner Bühne dargeſtellt, ging jedoch ſpurlos vorüber. — Der Paria, dem ein tiefes, edles ethiſches Motiv zu Grunde liegt, ward bei ſeiner Aufführung in Weimar auf Göthe's Veranſtaltung von einem erläuternden Programm begleitet*); Struenſee erfreute ſich bei der erſten ſceniſchen Darſtellung in München am 27. März 1828 einer ſehr günſtigen Aufnahme.

Beſonders hervorzuheben an ſämmtlichen Dramen M. Beer's ſind die edle und gebildete Sprache, die ruhige Beſonnenheit und Verſtändlichkeit der Expoſitionen, die Lebhaftigkeit des Dialogs und die kluge ökonomiſche Berechnung der Handlung, ſo wie die reine Wärme des Gefühls. Freilich vermißt man noch immer Bedeutendes, was aber der Dichter bei längerem Leben gewiß erreicht haben würde.

Wir theilen einige der gelungenſten Scenen aus Struenſee mit. —

Struenſee.*)

Erſter Aufzug. Zwölfte Scene.

Struenſee.

Ihr ſeyd's, Graf Ranzau! ſeyd es wirklich? Nun
Bey Gott, ein überraſchender Beſuch,
Und mir um ſo erfreulicher. Was immer
Euch zu mir führt, ſeyd herzlich mir willkommen.

Ranzau.

Ich kann Euch nicht willkommen ſeyn, Herr Graf,
Denn nicht mit freud'gem Herzen komm' ich her.

Struenſee.

Kann ich Euch Troſt, kann ich Euch Hülfe bieten?

Ranzau.

Mich drückt kein ſelbſtiſch troſtbegehrend Leiden.

Struenſee.

So drückt Euch fremder Kummer, Freundes Noth?

Ranzau.

Ihr ſagt's. Mich quält die Noth des liebſten Freundes.

Struenſee

(zutraulich Ranzau's Hand faſſend).

Vermag ich's, ſoll mir's Pflicht ſeyn, ihm zu helfen.

Ranzau.

Pflicht iſt's. Ob Ihr's vermögt, weiß Gott allein;
Doch Hülfe thut dem treuen Freunde noth.
Wollt Ihr ſie redlich leiſten, wie Ihr's könnt,
So helft dem Vaterland, helft meinem Dänemark.

Struenſee

(lächelnd).

Iſt's dieſer Freund, ſo ſchlägt in Eurer Bruſt
Kein wärmer Herz für ihn als in der meinen,
Und ſeine Sorgen theilen, iſt mein Ruhm.

Ranzau.

Und dennoch iſt's nicht Euer Vaterland.
Euch klingt das Murmeln dieſer Oſtſee-Welle
Nicht wie ein Wiegenlied der Kinderzeit.
Was gelten Euch die Thaten dieſes Landes,
Dem Fremdling, die Geſchichte dieſes Volks?
Ich ſprach es aus, und weil ich es gethan,
So will ich Euch mit ſchlichten Worten ſagen,
Und darum kam ich her, wie mir's um's Herz iſt,
Die laut're Wahrheit, frey, wie es dem Krieger,
Wie's dem ergrauten Edelmann geziemt.

Struenſee.

Wahrheit und Freiheit ſind mir goldne Worte
Im Mund' des Edelmanns wie des Gemeinen.

Ranzau.

„Im Mund des Edelmanns wie des Gemeinen." —
So war't Ihr ſtets, es darf der Edle nicht
Sich eines Vorzugs rühmen vor dem Niedern!
Das fechten ſie mit kühnem Wort jetzt aus
Im fernen Frankreich, und ich weiß es wohl,
Ein treuer Zögling ſeyd Ihr dieſer Lehren;
Da iſt nichts heilig mehr, und jede Schranke
Soll niederſchmettern, daß ein neues Licht
Sich Bahn zu aller Scheitel breche; alle

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*) S. Göthe's Werke. Bd. 45 S. 338 fgde. —

*) Aus: Struenſee, Trauerſpiel in 5 Aufzügen von Michael Beer. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829.

Ein Tag umleuchte unglückſel'ger Gleichheit,
Und hofft Ihr auf dem dornenvollen Weg
Zum Ziel verweg'ner Neu'rung freyen Schritts
Und ungeſtraft zu geh'n? Ihr werdet's nicht,
Die Kön'ge Dänmarks ſelbſt ſind nicht ſo reich
An herrlichem Gedächtniß großer Thaten,
Als dieſes Landes Adel; er allein
Hat aus den Stürmen trüber Zeit
Die Trümmer ew'ger Rechte ſich gerettet.
Er iſt die Seele dieſes Volkes, iſt
Sein Lebens-Strom, und ihn vernichten wollen,
Ihr aber wollt's, heißt allen Dänen Tod,
Dem ganzen Dänmark Untergang bereiten.

Struenſee.
Mit Staunen hör' ich Euch, nennt Ihr vernichten
Dem Frevel ſteuern übermüth'ger Willkühr?
In welchem Buche der Geſchichte laſ't Ihr,
Daß Namen edler Väter je den Enkeln
Das Recht des Mißbrauchs heil'ger Würden gaben?
Der größte Sohn der Julier war gemordet,
Weil er in frechem Uebermuth vergaß,
Daß nicht der Götter-Adel ſeines Bluts,
Die eig'ne Größe nicht, dem Vaterland
Erſetzen konnte die geſtohlne Freiheit,
Die König war zu Rom und ſelbſt den Cäſar
Nicht ſeiner Unterthanen-Pflicht entband.
Es hat dem Könige, Herr Graf, gefallen,
In dieſe Hand ein ſchweres Amt zu legen.
Nach Pflicht und Recht es zu verwalten, iſt
Mein heißes Sorgen, und ich zähle nicht
Mühvolle Tage, nicht durchwachte Nächte,
Die ich ihm hingegeben. Niemand zählt ſie,
Doch bin ich auch nur einem Rechenſchaft
Und einem Dank nur ſchuldig — meinem König.
Doch weil Ihr kühn und freyen Sinns zu mir
Getreten ſeyd, und nicht des tiefſten Herzens
Geheimes Sinnen mir verſchwiegen, denk' ich
Auch wie ein Ehrenmann die Schuld zu löſen,
Und Wahrheit Euch mit Wahrheit zu bezahlen.
Mag ſeyn, das Volk ſoll ſeine Edlen ehren.
Doch ſagt mir, war der Uebermuth zu dulden,
Mit dem der Adel Dänmarks ſich allein
Und ſeine Rechte in des Thrones Nähe
Vertrat mit unerhörter Selbſtſucht? Sagt mir,
Was jener Staatsrath, der geweihte Sitz
Der edlen Häupter dieſes Landes gewirkt,
Was herrlich ſegentragendes vollbracht,
Daß man mich anklagt, ihn geſtürzt zu haben?
Hat er wie eine goldne Mauer nicht
Sich zwiſchen Volk und König hergeſtellt?

Ranzau.
Er war das Bollwerk alter Dänen-Freyheit.

Struenſee.
Er war das ſchlimmſte Hinderniß der neuen.
Wart Ihr es nicht, der mich an dieſen Hof
Zuerſt geführt, und der mir warnend ſagte:
Der König iſt in unglückſel'gen Händen!
War er in beſſern, als ich ſein Vertrau'n,
Und mit ihm, die Gewalt empfing? Es theilten
Die beſten Stellen Uebermuth und Dünkel.
Die beſſern wichen. Einem ſolchen Herrn
Ausländiſcher Diener ließ man alle Mühen
Der niedern Arbeit. Schmählich füllte damals
Das Mark des Landes manch' [illegible],
Dem man die [illegible] Sorgen
Und [illegible] Verſchwiegenheit vergalt.
[illegible] der Edlen junge Schaar
Der Vornehmſten vielgeſtufte Leiter
Mit raſchen Sprüngen an, und flücht'gen Fußes
Die niedern Sproſſen überſpringend, drangten
Sie keck ſich an des Staates [illegible],
Der Raum nur hat für wenige Bewährte.
So ſah das Land mit wachſendem Entſetzen
Von edlen Knaben ſeine beſſern Männer
Zurückgedrängt in Nacht und in Verachtung.

Ranzau (lächelnd).
Wohl möglich, daß die Brut des Adlers ſich
Mit kühnern Schwingen auf zum Lichte wagt,
Als des gemeinen Spatzen niedrer Flug.

Struenſee.
Ich aber habe mich erkühnt, Herr Graf,
Die Flügel dieſer Adler-Brut zu ſtutzen,
Mit kräftigem Geſetz unbänd'ger Kühnheit
Gewehrt, daß uns kein neuer Phaëton
Das Flammen-Roß der Staaten-Herrſchaft lenke.
Könnt Ihr mich tadeln, daß ich's that? Und glaubt Ihr,
Daß Dänmark ſiech und elend werde, weil
Kein Heer unnützer ebenbürt'ger Dränger
Den König mehr umlagert? Weil der Landmann
Nicht mehr den feuchten Blick zur Hauptſtadt wendet,
Wo oft ſein ſtrenger geißelnder Gebieter,
Der unentbehrlich ſich am Hofe wähnte,
Die ſchweißbetroffnen Früchte karger Güter
Der frechen Macht zur Beute gab, und dann,
Nach manchem Klagelied von ſchwerer Zeit,
Sich von der Gnade des Monarchen wieder
Den Beutel füllen ließ? Das iſt vorbey,
Denn, Gott ſey Dank! ich hab' dem Könige
Gezeigt, was ihm die Kaſſen ſchnell erſchöpfte.
Er iſt es müd' des Adels Säckelmeiſter
Zu machen. Seines Volkes Jammer iſt
Zu ſeinem Ohr gedrungen. Er vernimmt
Die allgemeine Noth, doch machtlos ſtirbt
Der ungeſtüme Laut verweg'ner Klagen.
Des Landes Mittel ſind erſchöpft. Entbehrlich
Muß manches ſcheinen, was nothwendig uns
Noch jüngſt erſchien. Verſtummt iſt jede Rückſicht.
Der König ſelbſt entäußert ſich zuerſt
Des überflüß'gen Glanzes. Seiner Garde
Gewähltes Corps entließ er heut in Gnaden.
(Ranzau ſcharf anblickend.)
Iſt Dänmark krank, ſo ſeht Ihr, weiſer Graf,
So ganz unkundig ſind wir nicht der Mittel,
Den theuren Freund vom Untergang zu retten.

Ranzau.
Ich ſeh', ich ſeh', wie Ihr geſchickt und ſchlau
Die Wehr' geriſſen aus des Adels Händen.
Dafür bewaffnet Ihr das Volk. Es darf,
Wie's nie erhört war, jeglicher nach Willkühr
Die ungemeſſ'ne Keckheit der Gedanken
Den freyen Preſſen rächend anvertrau'n.

Struenſee.
Ich kann dem Volke nicht das Denken wehren,
So ſag' es frey und offen, was es denkt.

Ranzau.
Ja Ihr ſeyd blind und ſeht den Abgrund nicht,
Dem Ihr entgegen eilt mit raſchen Schritten.
Die Waffen, die Ihr dieſem Volk vertraut,
Wird's gegen Euch zuerſt im Wahnſinn kehren.

Struenſee.
Den Mißbrauch ſeiner Gaben fürchtet nur,
Wer nicht aus treuem Trieb des Herzens giebt.
Die reine Abſicht gleicht der großen That!
[illegible], dem vom Anbeginn
Des Willens, bis zum herrlichen Vollbringen,
Ein günſtig ſegnendes Geſtirn geleuchtet!

Ranzau.
Nicht Euren Sternen leuchtet dieſes Glück.
Glaubt mir, Graf Struenſee, es wird der Adel
Euch furchtbar werden, eh' Ihr's Euch verſeht.
Der Unmuth wohnt in aller Herzen, laut.
Ich bitt' Euch, laßt Euch warnen, wagt nicht ferner,
Was Ihr bisher gewagt.

Struenſee.
Es ſcheint, Graf Ranzau
Vergißt, daß nur des Königs hoher Wille
Aus den Befehlen des Miniſters ſpricht.
Nennt ſich der Adel dieſes Thrones Bollwerk,
Und ſeines Königs Schutz, ſo ehr' er auch
Den Willen des Monarchen.

Ranzau.
Ja, nun ſeh ich's,
Ihr ſcherzt mit mir, und wollt mit leerem Blendwerk
Die Blicke des erfahrnen Mannes täuſchen.
Gebt Ihr für einen König mir den Schatten
Des kranken Chriſtians? Dieſes müde Haupt
Hat ſich der Laſt der Krone längſt entwöhnt.
Wer iſt's, der ihn beherrſcht? Die Kön'gin Mutter
Iſt weggedrängt aus Ihres Sohnes Nähe.

Struenſee.
Graf Ranzau trägt ſein Herz auf ſeinen Lippen;
Das weiß das Land. Jetzt aber hör' ich nicht

Sein ehrlich Herz. Kennt Ihr die Wittwe Friedrichs,
(Ihn an ſich ziehend.)
Und denkt der Zeiten nicht, wo Ihr mir ſelbſt
Erzählt in Aſchbergs ſtillem Buchen-Schatten,
Wie dieſe Greis an des Königs Seite
Ein ſtiller Fluch dem Königs-Hauſe war?
Soll ſie aufs Neue unheilbringend jetzt
Dem königlichen Paare nah'n, die Zwietracht
In die verſöhnten Herzen wieder ſä'n;
Mit neid'ſchem Groll die jugendlichen Tage
Der holden, blüh'nden Königin vergiften?

Ranzau.

Ja, dieſe holde, blüh'nde Königin, —
Ihr mahnt zur rechten Zeit, die kühne Brittin
Hat endlich alle Feſſeln abgeſtreift,
Hat alle uns getäuſcht. Sie wollte herrſchen,
Sie hat's erreicht in ungetheilter Macht;
Denn ungewiß fragt ſich das ganze Volk,
Ob Ihr ein Spielwerk ſeid in ihren Händen,
Ob ſie ein Spielwerk in den Euren. —

Struenſee
(auffahrend).

Graf
Das iſt zu viel, verzieh'n hab' ich die Kühnheit,
Das Ungeziemende ertrag' ich nicht.
Geht, geht, Ihr kamt mit bitt'rem Herzen her,
Ihr wollet keinen Frieden, tragt den Streit
Mit Euch hinweg, wie Ihr ihn hergebracht.

Ranzau.

Ja, ew'ger Kampf trennt Willkühr und Geſetz,
Ihr wollt das Eine, ich das And're, ſo
Iſt's beſſer, daß wir ſcheiden.

Struenſee
(ihn zurückhaltend).

Eines noch!
Ihr dachtet nicht gering von mir, und kamt,
Dem Mächtigen manch' kühnes Wort zu ſagen.
Ihr ſcheidet ungeſtraft, da Ihr's gethan.
Das Graf, — das iſt die Willkühr, die ich übe.
(Ranzau wirft einen durchdringenden Blick auf ihn, und geht raſch ab.)

Dreizehnte Scene.

Struenſee
(allein).

Fahr' hin, du Stolzer! Jetzt vergalt ich dir
Verachtung mit Verachtung; hat er nicht
Gewagt ſelbſt ihren Namen — ihren Namen!
(Das Geſicht mit beiden Händen bedeckend.)
Unglücklicher, verrathen haſt du dich!
Schlug nicht mein Blut, als er den Namen nannte,
Wie ein unſel'ger Gläub'ger an mein Herz,
Und pochte mahnend aus dem tiefen Schlummer
Das gräßliche Geheimniß wach?
O, mir war's nie gegeben, ſtill und heimlich
Des Buſens off'ne Regung zu verſchließen.
Frey lag mein Herz vor Allen da, und jetzt,
Da es die feige Qual den Blicken Aller
Verbergen ſoll, — verräth ſich's ſelbſt und haucht
Mit Purpur-Schrift auf die entſetzte Stirn'
Vor Feindes Blick ein tödtliches Geſtändniß.

(Er ſinkt in einen Seſſel und bleibt einige Augenblicke in Gedanken verſunken. Nach kurzer Pauſe öffnen ſich die Thüren, der Pfarrer Struenſee tritt ein, den Sohn ſchweigend betrachtend. Er tritt näher.)

Vierzehnte Scene.

Pfarrer Struenſee. Graf Struenſee.

Gr. Struenſee
(ſich wendend, und den Vater erblickend).

Mein Vater! Güt'ger Himmel! endlich wieder
An meinem Herzen, theurer, lieber Vater!

Pf. Struenſee.

Mein Sohn!

Gr. Struenſee.

O ſüßer Ton der väterlichen Stimme!
Wie lang' hab' ich vergebens dieſe Gunſt
Erfleht, umſonſt gehofft, Euch hier zu ſeh'n.
Seit mir die Sonne königlicher Huld
Geleuchtet, hat des Vaters lieber Stern
Sich weg von mir gewendet. Laßt mich nun
Tief, tiefer wieder in die Blicke ſchauen,
Die meines Lebens Quell und Segen ſind.
(der Vater wendet ſich ab.)
Wie iſt Euch Vater, wollt Ihr mir die Gunſt
Des theuren Anblicks nicht gewähren? Oder
Wollt Ihr das Antlitz mir verbergend, auch
Geheimnißvoll verſchwiegnen Kummer — Gott!
Ich habe nach der Mutter nicht gefragt,
Wo, wo iſt meine Mutter?

Pf. Struenſee.

Heimgegangen.

Gr. Struenſee.

Todt!

Pf. Struenſee.

Ihren Segen bring' ich Dir, mein Sohn,
Dein Name war ihr letztes Wort.

Gr. Struenſee.

Mein Name!
Ihr brechend Aug' hat einen Strahl von Segen
Für mich, und den mißgönnt der Himmel mir!
Geſtarrt im Grab dies Herz voll Liebe! Weh mir,
Daß mich verderblich ein unſel'ger Wahn
Von dem geweihten Lager bannte, — daß ich
Ihr letztes ſegnend Röcheln nicht vernahm,
Und jetzt vergeblich nur nach einem Blick,
Nach einem einz'gen Blick der Mutter weine.
(Pauſe. Vater und Sohn ſtehen in ſtummen Schmerz verſunken.)
O, wie ſie gut war, Vater, denkt Ihr's noch?
Wenn ich, ein raſcher Knabe, oft zu herriſch
Die kindiſchen Geſchicke meiſtern wollte,
Und Ihr mit ſtrenger Ahnd'ung, unerbittlich
Des Sohnes ungemeſſ'nen Trotz bedroht, —
Sie hatte immer ein begüt'gend Wort,
Sie wußte nur zu lieben, zu vergeben.

Pf. Struenſee.

Gönn' ihr den Schlummer der Vollendung, Sohn!
Und zähl' ihr nicht die Sünden nach.

Gr. Struenſee
(heftig).

Ha, Vater!
(gefaßter, nicht ohne Bitterkeit.)
Ihr wählet Euch ein traurig Amt, mein Vater!
Nicht in den Tagen ſeines Glückes kommt Ihr
Den Sohn zu ſchau'n. Nicht ſeines Königs Gnade,
Nicht eines Volkes ſtaunendes Erwarten
Auf ſeine Thaten ziehen Euch zu ihm, —
Ihr kommt, wenn das Entſetzen in die Hütte,
Die ihm das Liebſte einſchließt, tödtend einbricht;
Und Eurer Lippen ſchauervoller Gruß
Iſt ſeines Unglücks fürchterliche Botſchaft.

Pf. Struenſee.

Dem armen, blinden Sohne dieſer Erde
Erſcheint mit zwiefachem Geſicht das Leben.
Sein Doppel-Antlitz heißt uns Glück und Unglück.
Doch der dort oben aus dem ew'gen Borne
Das Leben ſchöpft, von dem ein karger Tropfen
In unſ're Herzen ausſtrömt und verrinnt, —
Der, denk' ich, tauſcht wohl oft die Namen um.
Von ihm kommt niemals Unglück, niemals, niemals.
Dein Unglück aber, fürcht' ich, iſt Dein Glück.

Gr. Struenſee.

Ja, ja, ich weiß, Ihr habt's mir nie vergeben,
Daß ich dem engen Kreiſe mich entzogen,
Der feſt in's nied're Leben mich gebannt
Daß ich nicht Lügner ſchalt des Buſens Stimme,
Die mich hinwegrief von dem dürft'gen Bett
Des Kranken zu des Daſeyns lichter Höhe,
Wohin die freye königliche Wahl
Mit ſchnellem Adler-Fittich mich getragen.
Und hab' ich mich des fürſtlichen Vertrauens
Unwerth gezeigt, mit frevelhafter Selbſtſucht?
Wer hat die Macht in Händen und darf ſagen,
Er habe Größeres gewollt, als ich?
Durchbebt nicht ein entzückender Gedanke
Mein ganzes Herz? Den uralt ſchweren Streit
Der Krone mit des Bürgers ſtillem Recht
Zu löſen, daß der leiſtende Gehorſam
Die Zügel billiger Gewalt nicht fühle,

Nicht wider eines Lenkers ſchwere Hand
Sich knirſchend bäume; daß ein thätig Volk
Nicht preisgegeben launenhafter Willkühr,
Sich wie der König Dänmarks auf dem Thron,
In edlem Selbſtgefühle frey bewege.
Es darf der Bürger jetzt des Hauſes Thore
Dem falſchen Blick der feilen Späher ſchließen.
Geſichert iſt ſein friedliches Aſyl:
Sein Fleiß bringt ihm den redlichen Gewinn
Und kleidet nicht, wie es vor mir geſchah,
In Marmor-Glanz die fürſtlichen Paläſte.
Durch meine Hand entfeſſelt, wandelt frey
Von Bruſt zu Bruſt der leuchtende Gedanke.
Der Bildung ſchöner Tag, der unſ'rem Deutſchland
In friſchem Glanz der Morgenröthe leuchtet,
Wird ſeiner Sonne herzbelebend Feuer
Auch auf dieß ſchöne Land herüber tragen.
Und ſind wir längſt dahin, und folgt uns dann
Ein fröhlich heiter würkendes Geſchlecht,
So wird es milder als des Vaters Stimme
Auf meinem ſtillen Grab' mir feuchten Blick's
Dieß theure Zeugniß ſeines Dankes geben:
Daß ich ſein Glück gewollt, daß ich's erreicht.

Pf. Struenſee.

Das wird es nicht, mein Sohn, denn nicht die Willkühr
Des Einzelnen kann Völker-Glück begründen.
Und welch' ein Pfand der Sicherheit haſt Du
Dem Volk gelaſſen, daß nach Dir kein Zweiter
Und mächtiger als Du erſcheint, und wieder
Den Pracht-Bau Deiner Thaten niederreißt?
Wer biſt Du, daß aus Deiner Hand ein Volk
Die Freyheit wie ein dürftiges Geſchenk
Empfangen ſoll? Wie eine karge Wohlthat,
Die And'rer Launen frevelnd ihm entzieh'n,
Wie eines Jünglings Laune ſie gewährt.
Haſt Du ſo tief in's Erdreich der Geſetze
Der Freyheit jugendlichen Stamm geſenkt,
Daß ſeine ſtillen Wurzeln nie die Axt
Der königlichen Willkühr, nie ein Streich,
Von Deiner eig'nen Hand verborgen, treffe?
Das haſt Du nicht vermocht, und kannſt es auch
Großmüthig niemals wollen; — denn Du kannſt
Das Nächſte nur bedenken, kannſt Dein Schickſal
Nicht frey mehr lenken; feſtgeankert muß es
In dieſes Thrones falſcher Nähe ruh'n.
Dort iſt Dein Platz; bey allen Deinen Planen
Iſt das die ſtille traurige Bedingung,
Daß Du dem Thron zunächſt ſtehſt; denn ich fürchte,
Dich hält dort nicht allein die karge Luſt
Der mühevollen Herrſchaft. And're Schlingen
Umſtricken Dich, und halten Dich gebannt
Mit ſtillen, zaubervollen Kräften.
(Graf Struenſee wendet ſich ab.)
Bebſt Du?
Blick her! Sieh mir in's Auge! Kannſt Du's nicht?
Kannſt Du die greiſen Flammen meines Blick's,
Des Vater-Aug's nicht mehr ertragen? Weh mir!
Iſt's wahr, das Gräßliche, das wie die Feuer
In Tagen der Gefahr von Berg zu Berg,
Von Mund zu Mund des Volk's geht? Du liebſt!
Liebſt Deine Königin!

Gr. Struenſee.

Mein Vater!

Pf. Struenſee.

Fort!
Die Sünde fällt auf Deines Vaters Haupt!
Der alte gläub'ge Diener Gottes fleht
Verzweiflungsvoll den Tod auf ſich herab,
Eh' Deine bleichen Lippen ihm bekennen,
Was ihn zu hören ſchaudert.

Gr. Struenſee.

Bebt Ihr, zu hören, was die bangen Lippen
Euch zu geſtehen zittern? Dennoch kann ich
Das Gräßliche Euch nicht erſparen, muß es
Von dieſem Herzen wälzen, dieß Bekenntniß. — Ja,
Ich liebe, Vater! Meine Königin,
Zu der mein Auge ſich mit ſcheuer Ehrfurcht
Kaum heben ſollte, lieb' ich Raſender
Mit allem Wahnſinn an der Leidenſchaft.
O richtet mild, mein Vater! Wunderbar
Auf leiſen Wegen hat dieß ſtille Gift
Sich unvermerkt in's Herz geſchlichen. Weiß ich
Die Stunde doch zu nennen, wo ich plötzlich
Mich umgewandelt fand, und ſich der Zauber
Der unbewehrten Seele ſtill bemächtigt.
Die Königin war krank. Der König war
Von ſeiner Reiſe damals heimgekehrt.
Mein ſchnelles Glück war das Geſpräch des Tages,
Dienſtfertig übertrieb der bange Neid
Der Höflinge das flüchtige Verdienſt
Des jungen Arztes, und die Königin
Begehrte mich zu ſehen. Die Verlaſſ'ne
War ohne Freund, allein, an ihrem Hof. —
Verſchmäht von ihrem fürſtlichen Gemahl,
Beneidet von der königlichen Mutter,
Fand ich ihr Herz von Gram und Schmerz geknickt,
Und ich verhehlt' es nicht, wie ich's gefunden.
Und wie ſie nun des Antheils ſtille Thräne
In meinem Auge ſah, und aus dem ihren
Ein ſüßer Strom herniederfloß, — die Wange
Von holder Scham geröthet, daß der Fremdling
In's tiefſte Herz der Königin geſchaut, —
Da war's um mich geſchehn; die Macht des Zaubers,
Der mich umſponnen, ließ mich nimmer wieder.
Mit ihren Thränen hat ſie mich vergiftet!
Mit ihren Thränen meines Lebens Ruh'
Und meine Seeligkeit hinweggeſtrömt.
In ihrer Nähe feſtgebannt, erduld' ich
Seit jenem Tag die Hölle tauſendfach.
Ich darf ſie ſtündlich ſeh'n und muß die Blicke
Zu Boden ſenken, daß mein flammend Aug'
Nicht aus der klaren Hoheit ihrer Sterne
Verdammniß leſe und Verwerfung. Flüſtert
Ihr ſüßer Mund ein mildes Wort mir zu,
So täuſcht mich mein betrüg'riſch Herz und wähnt
Es ſey der Liebe Wonne-Glanz geweſen.
Ich ſchaudre heut' vor mir zurück, und morgen
Belebt mich wieder ein unſelig Hoffen,
Und die zermalmte Seele ſucht und findet
Glückſel'gen Troſt, um ihn mit neuem Jammer
In tödtlich ſchnellem Wechſel zu vertauſchen.
Laßt einen Dämon in die Himmel brechen,
Die Seeligkeit daraus hinwegzuſtehlen,
Und wollt Ihr ſtrafend ſeinen Fehler rächen,
Mit allem Elend der Verruchten quälen,
Sucht nicht nach neuer Qual, — Ihr findet keine,
Die Seelen beſſer folt're als die meine.

Pf. Struenſee.

O Unglückſel'ger! Und Du willſt noch länger
Das Ungeheure tragen? Theurer Sohn!
Ich bin nicht ſtreng, ich habe nichts zu richten,
Ich kann nichts mehr, als Dir verzeih'n! komm mit mir,
Flieh' dieſen Hof, entſage dieſer Hölle.
Dein kühner Geiſt, Dein Herz ſind reich genug,
Der Einſamkeit zu leben! Komm mit mir!
Du biſt ſo elend hier, Du wirſt vergehen.

Gr. Struenſee.

Niemals, mein Vater, niemals! Wenn ich's könnte,
Ich möcht' es nicht. Nur Thaten können mich,
Die Größe meiner Pflichten nur erheben;
Ich lebe ihr und meinen Planen; Beiden
Entſagen müſſen, Vater, iſt mein Tod.

Pf. Struenſee.

Stirb, oder komm mit mir! Das Schreckliche
Iſt endlich müſſen, was wir nie freywillig
Haben gewollt. O fliehe von der Hölle,
Eh' dich ein feindliches Geſchick hinabſtürzt.
Komm mit mir, Friedrich! Meine alten Tage
Sind jetzt ſo einſam, komm, erheit're ſie!
Komm, mein geliebter Sohn!

Gr. Struenſee.

Ich kann nicht, Vater!

Pf. Struenſee
(ſich vor ihm niederwerfend).

Auf meinen Knien beſchwör' ich Dich, verlaſſe
Das Haus des Königs, komm mit mir!

Gr. Struenſee
(der den Vater emporzuheben ſucht).

Vater!

Pf. Struenſee.

Nein, laß mich knie'n wie im Gebet vor Gott,
Laß Dich erfleh'n! Komm zu der Mutter Grab,
Die heil'ge Stätte wird des Herzens Frieden
Dir wiedergeben. Ihr verklärter Geiſt
Umſchwebt den theuren Sohn, — ſie fordert Dich

Von mir, dem Vater, wieder; — Höre ſie,
Dein Name war ihr letztes Wort. Mein Friedrich,
Mein theurer Friedrich, folge mir.

Gr. Struenſee
(den Vater gewaltſam emporziehend).
Ich kann nicht!

Pf. Struenſee
(den Sohn krampfhaft an ſich preſſend).
Ich that, was ich vermocht'! Gott ſey mit Dir!

Gr. Struenſee.
Ihr geht, mein Vater!

Pf. Struenſee.
Dich zu warnen kam ich,
Ich bleibe nicht, um Deinen Fall zu ſeh'n,
Gott mit Dir!
(ab.)

Gr. Struenſee
(dem Abeilenden nachblickend, erſchüttert).
Vater!
(nach kurzem Kampf.)
Zu ihr!
(heftig klingelnd, mehrere Diener treten herein.)
Zum Könige!
(Der Vorhang fällt.)

Fünfter Aufzug. Neunte Scene.

(Graf Struenſee hat den Blick bei Köllers Abgang abgewendet, ſo daß er ſeinen Vater nicht bemerkt, mit welchem er allein bleibt.)

Graf Struenſee. Pfarrer Struenſee.

Gr. Struenſee.
Das thut mir weh! In dieſem Augenblick
Den Feind zu ſeh'n, der unverſöhnlich noch
Den Haß im Buſen trägt! Auch dieſer Kampf
Blieb zu beſteh'n. Ich habe überwunden.
Ich bin allein! Steh' an dem offnen Grab
Allein. — Kein Freundes-Auge glänzt in Thränen
Des ſüßen Mitleids, — keine liebe Stimme
Schlägt tröſtend an mein Herz. O hätt' ich nur
Den theuern Vater noch einmal geſeh'n!
Daß ich von ſeinen Lippen nur ein Wort
Des Segens noch gehört, — den einz'gen Laut:
Leb' wohl mein Sohn!

Pf. Struenſee
(der bei den erſten Worten des Sohnes aufgeſchreckt, langſam vortrat).
Mein Friedrich!

Gr. Struenſee.
Welche Stimme!
Mein Vater! Ew'ge Barmherzigkeit!
Mein Vater, ich erliege!

Pf. Struenſee.
(Der Sohn hält ſeines Vaters Knie umklammert, dieſer hebt ihn auf.)
Faſſe Dich!
Daß aus dem großen Augenblick mit Ruh'
Entgegen geh'n, nicht mit gemeinem Jammer
Die letzte Stunde trüben, in der nächſten
Stehſt Du vor dem, an den wir denken müſſen.

Gr. Struenſee.
Könnt Ihr's denn faſſen, könnt Ihr's tragen, Vater!
Mich ſo zu ſehn.

Pf. Struenſee.
Ich hab' es kommen ſeh'n!
In Deines Glückes Tagen ſah ich Alles
Sich langſam vorbereiten; warnend kam ich,
Du hörteſt nicht, nun kommt der Tag des Unglücks,
Den ich gefürchtet.

Gr. Struenſee.
Wißt Ihr, welchen Weg
Der blut'gen Schmach die Feinde mir beſtimmt?

Pf. Struenſee.
Jedweder Weg des Todes führt zu dem,
Der unſer aller Heil und Wonne iſt.
In dieſem Glauben ſtirb, — ſo wirſt Du leben.
(nach einer Pauſe.)
Mein theurer Sohn, wie ſteht's um Deine Seele?

Gr. Struenſee.
Ich glaube, ſie iſt rein von Haß und Rachſucht.

Pf. Struenſee.
So biſt Du mit der Welt verſöhnt!

Gr. Struenſee.
Ich bin's.

Pf. Struenſee.
Haſt Du die Seele auch von ſchnödem Zweifel
Gereinigt, wankt Dein Glaube nicht, mein Sohn?

Gr. Struenſee.
Ich glaube, Vater! an die Liebe Gottes,
Ich glaube an das Glück der Ewigkeit,
Ich glaube an die Sünden meines Lebens,
Ich fühle mich zerknirſcht von bittrer Reue.

Pf. Struenſee.
Denkſt Du nicht mehr an Deine ſünd'ge Liebe?

Gr. Struenſee.
Was nennt Ihr meine ſünd'ge Liebe, Vater?

Pf. Struenſee.
Denkſt Du nicht mehr an Deine Königin?

Gr. Struenſee.
Nein, Vater, nein, das kann ich nicht geloben,
Sie war der ſchöne Engel meines Lebens!
Und wie die ſüße Ahnung ew'ger Wonnen
Ruht ihr geliebtes Bild in meiner Seele.
Die letzten Worte ihrer Huld umwehn
Mich wie ein Frühlingshauch am off'nen Grab,
Ich denk' an ſie, muß an ſie denken, Vater!
So lang die Seele ruht in ihren Banden.
Nun hab' ich's Euch, — längſt hab' ich's Gott geſtanden.

Pf. Struenſee.
Der Aller Herzen wägt, wird Dir vergeben, —
Geh' ein verklärter Geiſt zur Herrlichkeit.

Gr. Struenſee.
Der Himmel leuchtet! Er vergiebt! Er führte
Den Vater her in meine Todesſtunde!
Sein heilig Zeichen der Vergebung glänzt
In Euren Blicken, meine ganze Seele
Jauchzt auf zu ihm, und wie ein Sieger einzieht
In ſein erkämpftes Reich durch blut'ge Pforten,
Schwing' ich empor zu ihm vom Blutgerüſt.
Der Tag geht auf! Demüthig leg' ich ihm
Mein Leben wieder vor dem ew'gen Thron.
Verborgner Wille tritt ans Licht und glänzt,
Und Thaten werden klein, wie irdiſcher Kummer.
Doch ein beglückter Keim ſteigt blühend auf,
Hier, wo ich wirkte, reift manch' edle Saat!
So hab' ich nicht umſonſt gelebt, ſo hab' ich
Mit falſchen Lehren nicht das Reich geblendet!
Es kommt der Tag, die Zeiten machen's wahr,
Was ich gewollt, die Irrenden erkennt,
Daß ſich das Ende ihrer Schrecken naht.
Ich ſeh' ein Blutgerüſt ſich nach dem andern
Erbau'n, ein raſend Volk entfeſſelt ſich,
Trifft ſeinen König in verruchter Wuth,
Und dann ſich ſelbſt mit immer neuen Schlägen.
Geſchäftig mäht das Beil die Leben nieder,
Wie emſ'ge Schnitter ihre Ernte — plötzlich
Hemmt eine ſtarke Hand die eh'rne Wuth.
Der Henker ruht, — doch die gewalt'ge Hand
Kommt nicht zu ſegnen mit dem Zweig des Friedens.
Mit ihrem Schwert vergeudet ſie die Völker,
Bis auch der Kampf erliſcht; — ein drohend Wort
Schlägt an ein einſam Grab, und Alles ruht.
Und heitre Tage kommen, und die Völker
Und Kön'ge ſchließen einen ew'gen Bund.
Nothwendig iſt die Zeit, — ſie muß erſcheinen;
Sie iſt gewiß, wie die allmächt'ge Weisheit.
Nur durch die Kön'ge ſind die Völker mächtig,
Nur durch die Völker ſind die Kön'ge groß.
(Die Thüren öffnen ſich. Wache — zwey Gerichtsdiener, von denen einer das Wappen des Grafen trägt, der Geiſtliche; der Graf ſchrickt bei dieſem Anblick leicht zuſammen.)

Pf. Struenſee
(zu ihm).
Wie iſt Dir, theurer Sohn?

Gr. Struenſee.
Wohl, lieber Vater!

Pf. Struenſee.
So laß uns geh'n! —

Gr. Struenſee.

Nein, nein, das halt' ich nicht,
Du darfſt mich nicht auf dieſem Gang begleiten,
Du nicht, mein Vater! Bricht Dein Auge nicht
Vor Jammer ſchon in dieſem Augenblick?
Soll' ich gefaßt ſeyn, wenn Dein theurer Blick...
Nein, nein, das trag' ich nicht, — laß ab, mein Vater!
Von dieſem gräßlichen Anſchau'n. — mich ſoll
Der würd'ge Mann zur Richtſtatt geleiten,
Du aber Vater! gieb mir Deinen Segen.

Pf. Struenſee.

O! mein gebrochnes Herz, o Gott des Himmels,
Erbarme dich, und gieb mir Kraft!
(ſein Sohn kniet vor ihm nieder, indem er ihm die Hände ſegnend aufs Haupt legt.)
Der Herr ſey mit Dir! ſeine Gnade blicke
Dich in dem letzten ſchweren Augenblick.
Er ſey Dir nah in Deiner Todesſtunde,
Der einſt für Dich gelitten und gebüßt.
Der Herr laß über Dir ſein Antlitz leuchten,
Er geb' Dir ſeinen ew'gen Frieden — Amen.
(indem der Graf aufſteht, ſinken ſich Vater und Sohn ſprachlos in die Arme.)

Pf. Struenſee.

Ich laſſe nicht von Dir!

Gr. Struenſee.

O laß uns ſcheiden!

Pf. Struenſee
(ihn feſt umſchlingend).
Du biſt mein Kind! Es iſt der blüh'nde Theil
Von meinem Leben, den der Himmel fordert!
Soll ich nicht einmal noch auf dieſe Wange
Die Lippen drücken! Schöner Sohn, mir iſt's
Als ſäh ich Deine Mutter dort, — ſie wartet, —
Er kommt, — ich halt ihn länger nicht.
(indem er den Sohn aus ſeinen Armen entläßt, ſinkt er zu ſeinen Füßen nieder.)

Gr. Struenſee.

Er ſinkt!
Er ſinkt! — Der Schmerz iſt mild, und wendet
Die theuren Blicke von des Abſchieds Grauen!
Eh Du erwachſt, werd' ich das Leben ſchauen.
Mein Weg iſt kurz, — ich habe bald vollendet.
(Er geht, alle folgen ihm. Der Pfarrer bleibt allein mit ſeinem Diener zurück.)

Pf. Struenſee
(nach langer Pauſe aus der Ohnmacht erwachend).
Er iſt hinweg, — wo iſt er?
(Trommel-Wirbel aus der Ferne. Pfarrer Struenſee zum Himmel blickend.)

Dort!

Matthias von Behaim

ein ſächſiſcher Mönch zu Halle, über deſſen Lebensumſtände nichts Näheres bekannt geworden, überſetzte um 1343 die Bibel aus der Vulgata. Von dieſer Ueberſetzung befindet ſich eine Handſchrift, die vier Evangelien und die Pſalmen enthaltend, nebſt einem Magnificat und athanaſianiſchen Symbolum auf der Univerſitätsbibliothek zu Leipzig. — Wir theilen hier eine Probe daraus mit.

Vgl. Feller, Catal. Mss. Biblioth. Paulinae, Lips. p. 79. Unſchuldige Nachrichten von alten und neuen theologiſchen Sachen. Leipzig, 1717. S. 906; 1718. S. 15 flgde.

Ev. Matth. VI.

1) Hutet uch daz ir uwer gerechtikeit icht wirket vor den luten, uf daz ir geſehen w'det von en. ande's w' ſult ir nicht lones haben bi uwerme Vat're der in den himelen iſt.

2) Darumme wanne du gibes dine almuſen, ſo ſaltu nicht mit buſunen vor dir ſingen, alſe di gliſſ'e tun in den ſynagogen, unde an den gazzen, uf daz ſi geerit w'den von den luten. Werlich ſage ich uch, ſi habin genumen iren lon.

3) Aber wan du gibes dine almuſen, dine linke hant ſal nicht wizzen, waz di rechte hant tut.

4) Uf daz di almuſen ſin in d' verborgenheit. unn din vatir d' iz in d' v'borgenheit ſiht, d' gibet dir' iz wider.

5) Un wan ir betet, ſo ſult ir nicht werden truric alſe di gliſſ'e. di da lib haben in den ſynagogen un in den ecken d' gazzen ſten zu betene. uf daz ſi geſehn w'den von den luten. Werlich ſage ich uch, ſi habin genumen iren lon.

6) Du' wan du beteſ, ſo ge in din kemerlin, unn mit beſlozzener ture, bitte dinen vatir in d' v'borgenheit. unde din vatir d' iz ſiht in d' v'borgenheit, gibet dir wider.

7) Wan betende ſult ir nicht vile reden, alſe die heiden tun. wan ſi wenen daz ſi in irme vile redene irhort werden.

8) Darumme ſult ir en nicht glich werden. wan uwer vatir weiz waz uch not iſt e wan ir en bittet.

9) Darumme ſult ir alſus beten. Vatir unſer d' du biſt in den himelen. geheiliget werde din name.

10) Zukome din riche. din wille d' werde. alſe in dem himele unn in der erden.

11) Unſe tegeliche brot gib uns hute.

12) Unn vergib uns unſe ſchulde. alſe ouch wir vergebin unſern ſchuldigeren.

13) Unn leite uns nicht in bekorunge. Sundern loſe uns von ubele. amen. — u. ſ. w. —

Michael Behem

oder Beham, aus Sulzbach in der Herrſchaft Weinsberg, wurde am 29. September 1421 geboren, und hielt ſich als Meiſterſänger auf an den Höfen Kurfürſt Ludwig's von der Pfalz, Kaiſer Friedrich's, König Ladislaus' von Böhmen und endlich Friedrich's I. von der Pfalz, in deſſen Dienſte er trat und deſſen Geſchichte er in Verſen beſchrieb; eine Arbeit, die er 1469 begann, und welche ſich unter dem Titel Vita et res gestae Friderici Elect. Palat. Rhen. handſchriftlich in der Bibliothek des Vatikans findet. Außerdem verfaßte er noch ein Gedicht: von der Zwietracht Kaiſer Friedrich's und ſeines Bruders Herzog Albrecht's, welches die Bibliothek zu Gotha handſchriftlich aufbewahrt, und eine Reihe von Liedern, die ebenfalls in verſchiedenen Handſchriften, ſo wie in einem zu Nürnberg bewahrten Manuſcripte enthalten ſind. Er war übrigens nur ein gewöhnlicher Reimer, deren ſeine Zeit eine große Menge aufzuweiſen hat. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt. —

Vgl. C. J. Kremers, Geſchichte des Kurf. Friedrich I. von der Pfalz. Mannheim, 1766. 2 Thle. 4.

Von der Hagen und Büſching, Literariſcher Grundriß zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie. Berlin, 1812 S. 517 flgde.

Johann David Beil

ward im Jahre 1754 zu Chemnitz geboren und war der Sohn eines armen Tuchmachers. Da er ſchon früh bedeutende Fähigkeiten entwickelte, ſo ward man auf den talentvollen Knaben aufmerkſam, und es gelang dieſem, von mehreren Seiten unterſtützt, die gelehrte Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt zu beſuchen und darauf hinlänglich vorbereitet nach Leipzig zu gehn, um hier die Rechte zu ſtudiren. Leichtſinn und Spielſucht machten ihn jedoch bald ſeinen guten Vorſätzen untreu. Die Gegenwart der trefflichen ſeilerſchen Schauſpielergeſellſchaft weckte und nährte ſeinen Hang für die Bühne. Er folgte derſelben nach Dresden und bot ſich dem Director als Mitglied an, ward aber abgewieſen und engagirte ſich nun, durch die Noth dazu getrieben, bei einer herumziehenden Truppe in Naumburg, mit welcher er Querfurt, Sangerhauſen, Mühlhauſen und Erfurt beſuchte und mit glücklichem Talent Rollen aus faſt allen Fächern ſpielte. Durch den Statthalter von Erfurt, Karl von Dalberg, ward der Herzog von Gotha aufmerkſam und engagirte B. im Jahre 1777 für ſein Hoftheater. Hier bildete er ſich als ein höchſt vorzüglicher Schauſpieler aus. Nachdem der Herzog 1779 die Geſellſchaft hatte aus einander gehn laſſen, nahm B. eine Einladung bei dem kurfürſtlichen Theater zu Mannheim an, wo er ſich unter Seyler's und ſpäter unter Schröder's Leitung noch vortheilhafter, beſonders für ernſte Charakterrollen, entwickelte. Seine Neigung zum Spiel, von der er ſich nie ganz hatte befreien können, ſo wie andere Mißverhältniſſe machten ihn melancholiſch. — Er ſtarb am 13. Auguſt 1794.

Beil verſuchte ſich auch als Theaterdichter und hat Folgendes geliefert:

Die Spieler. Originalſchauſpiel in fünf Aufz. Mannheim, 1785.
Die Schauſpielerſchule. Originalluſtſpiel in drei A. Mannh. 1786.
Dietrich von Ruben. Luſtſp. in einem A. Mannheim, 1788.
Armuth und Hoffarth. Or. Luſtſ. in fünf Aufz. Berlin, 1789.
Curd von Spartau. Schauſpiel in vier Aufz. Mannh. 1790.
Die Einöde. Schauſp. in vier Aufz. Mannh. 1791.
Die Familie Spaden. Schauſp. in vier Aufz. Zürich und Leipz. 1794.
Sämmtliche Schauſpiele von J. D. B. Zürich und Leipz. 1794. 2 Thle.
Bettelſtolz. Originalluſtſp. in fünf A. Zürich und Leipz. 1797.

B. beſaß Reichthum der Erfindung, vorzüglich in komiſchen Situationen, und große Leichtigkeit im Dialog, aber er arbeitete zu oberflächlich und flüchtig; ſo daß ſeine Leiſtungen erſt durch glückliche und gelungene Darſtellung wirklichen Werth bekamen und nach ſeinem Tode ſehr bald der Vergeſſenheit anheim fielen.

Beſſeres hat ſein Sohn, **Karl Theodor Beil**, ebenfalls Schauſpieler zu Mannheim, in derſelben Gattung der Poeſie geliefert, jedoch auch nichts Außerordentliches.

Von ihm erſchienen im Druck:

Gedichte. Mannh. 1810.
Raphael von Aquilas. Trag. Mannh. 1819.
Alexander von Macedonien. Schauſp. Mannh. 1821. N. A. 1826.
Vergeltung. Drama. Mannh. 1826.

Ueber Joh. Dav. Beil vgl. Iffland's Theateralmanach für 1808. S. 62 fgde. wo ſich auch B's Bildniß, von Henne geſtochen, findet.

Belani ſ. K. L. Häberlin.

Belmont ſ. H. A. v. Schömberg.

Johann Wilhelm Otto Benda

ward am 30. October 1775 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte, wurde ſpäter Kriminalrath zu Kaliſch, dann k. preuß. Regierungsrath zu Poſen und lebt jetzt in gleicher Eigenſchaft zu Oppeln.

Von ihm iſt, außer mehreren Preußen betreffenden, ſtaatswiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften, erſchienen:

Die Irrthümer der Liebe und die Launen des Geſchicks. Frankf. a. d. O. 1804.
Moraliſche Erzählungen. Quedlinb. 1817.
Shakſpeare's dramatiſche Werke überſ. Leipz. 1825—26. 19 Thle.
Die Braut ohne Bräutigam und die blauen und die ſchwarzen Augen. Liegnitz, 1828.

Sein vorzüglichſtes Verdienſt als Schriftſteller beruht auf ſeiner Ueberſetzung des Shakſpeare, in welcher er große Treue der Uebertragung mit Herrſchaft über die Sprache und gutem geiſtigem Verſtändniß des großen engliſchen Dichters verband. — Seine eigenen Leiſtungen bieten eine gefällige und angenehme Lectüre dar, doch ſind ſie nicht eben von großer Bedeutung. —

Lazarus Bendavid,

ein als Gelehrter wie als Menſch höchſt achtungswerther Mann, ward am 18. October 1762 zu Berlin von jüdiſchen Eltern geboren, bildete ſich größtentheils durch ſich ſelbſt und verſchaffte ſich, wie einſt Spinoza, ſeinen Unterhalt durch Glasſchleifen. Er ſtudirte darauf in Göttingen Philoſophie und Mathematik und erwarb ſich in der letzteren Wiſſenſchaft ſo ausgezeichnete Kenntniſſe, daß ihm Käſtner auf ſein Anſuchen ſcherzend das ſchriftliche Zeugniß ausſtellte, er könne auf jede Profeſſur der Mathematik Anſpruch machen, nur nicht auf die ſeinige, ſo lange er (Käſtner) lebe. Nach Berlin zurückgekehrt, warf ſich Bendavid mit großem Eifer auf das Studium der kantiſchen Philoſophie und ging dann nach Wien, wo er mehrere Jahre öffentlich philoſophiſche und äſthetiſche Vorleſungen hielt, welche großen Beifall fanden. Kleinliche und gemeine Kabalen zwangen ihn zuerſt, nicht mehr öffentlich aufzutreten, dann Wien zu verlaſſen. — Er begab ſich nun nach ſeiner Heimath zurück und wirkte ſegensreich durch Wort und Schrift. Große Unſicht und Gewandtheit bewies er bei der Redaction der Haude und Spener'ſchen Zeitung während der ſchweren Tage der franzöſiſchen Herrſchaft. Noch größeres Verdienſt erwarb er ſich aber durch die Direction der jüdiſchen Freiſchule, für die er auf die uneigennützigſte Weiſe unabläſſig thätig war. Er ſtarb in hohem Alter am 28. März 1832 zu Berlin. —

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber Parallellinien. Berlin, 1786.
Etwas zur Characteriſtik der Juden. Leipz. 1793.
Verſuch über das Vergnügen. Wien, 1794 — 2 Thle.
Rede über den Zweck der kritiſchen Philoſophie. Wien, 1796.
Vorleſungen über die Kritik der reinen Vernunft u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. Wien, 1795 — 98. 4 Thle.
Beiträge zur Kritik des Geſchmacks. Wien, 1797.
Geſchmackslehre. Berlin, 1798.
Aufſätze verſchiedenen Inhalts. Berl. 1800.
Ueber den Urſprung unſerer Erkenntniſſe (Philoſophos, gemeinſchaftl. mit G. W. Block). Berlin, 1802.
Rechtslehre. Berlin, 1802.
Selbſtbiographie. Berl. 1804.
Ueber die Religion der Hebräer vor Moſes. Berlin, 1812.
Zur Berechnung und Geſchichte des jüdiſchen Kalenders. Berl. 1817.

Bendavid war einer der eifrigſten Forſcher auf dem Gebiete der kritiſchen Philoſophie und hat ſich vorzüglich um die Geſchmackslehre große Verdienſte erworben; doch iſt ſein Wirken jetzt mehr in Vergeſſenheit gerathen, da es in die eigentliche Blüthenzeit der kantiſchen Lehre fällt, und wir ſeitdem in allen Zweigen des philoſophiſchen Strebens außerordentliche Fortſchritte gemacht und jene weit hinter uns gelaſſen haben. — B. gehört demgemäß, da er ſtreng bei dem einmal angenommenen Syſteme und den durch daſſelbe gewonnenen Reſultaten beharrte und nicht mit der Zeit fortſchritt, einer früheren Periode an. Gründlichkeit, Klarheit und ein ruhiger, deutlicher Vortrag ſind ihm eigenthümlich und tragen noch immer zu lebhafter Empfehlung ſeiner Schriften allgemeineren Inhalts für die Menge bei. — Wer ſich beſonders mit kantiſcher Philoſophie beſchäftigt, wird in ſeinen übrigen dahin einſchlagenden Leiſtungen einen vortrefflichen Führer an ihm finden. Die hier folgende Mittheilung ſcheint uns von Intereſſe für jeden Gebildeten zu ſeyn, obgleich ſie ſtreng im Geiſte der Schule geſchrieben iſt. —

Von der Dichtkunſt. *)

Lügen, Erfinden, Dichten: drey Wörter, die alle drey Handlungen des Menſchen bezeichnen, in denen vermittelſt des Aſſociations-Vermögens etwas Neues an das Alte gefügt, aber das Alte unter einem ſolchen Lichte dargeſtellt wird, als es ohne die angefügte Handlung nicht erſchienen wäre. Und doch iſt Niemand dem Dichter, [illegible] [illegible] geweſen. [illegible] ſagt der [illegible]: Wäre nur die Zuſammenſetzung mehrerer Theile zu einem Ganzen erforderlich, um dem, der dieſe Kunſt verſteht, den Namen eines Dichters zu ertheilen; ſo müßte jeder Erfinder und jeder Dichter ein Lügner ſeyn.

Das Charakteriſtiſche des Dichters beſteht meiner Meinung nach darinn, daß er, durch das freye Spiel ſeiner ſchaffenden Einbildungskraft, das, was da ſeyn ſoll, für das nimmt, was da iſt.

Wenn Homer den Zorn Achills und die Folgen ſchildert, die dieſer auf das Schickſal der Griechen gehabt hat; wenn Theokrit arkadiſche Schäfer mit Geiſt und Bildung [illegible], und ihr ganzes Leben unter Müßiggang, Liebe und leichter Beſchäftigung verſtreichen läßt, wenn Phidias einen Jupiter darſtellt, in dem die größte Pracht mit der größten Einfachheit, der erhabenſte Ernſt mit der herablaſſendſten Güte ſich vereinigt; ſo haben alle dieſe Männer durch den Schwung ihrer Einbildungskraft das Seynſoll, wenigſtens einen Augenblick, für das Iſt genommen.

Ich weiß freylich nicht, wie Homer und Theokrit und Phidias empfunden haben; aber ich wage es mich auf die Empfindung eines jeden Menſchen zu berufen, der einem Entwurfe, einem Plane, einer Leidenſchaft, oder welcher Sache es ſonſt ſey, die er ſehnlichſt gewünſcht, mit ganzer Seele nachgehangen hat. Der erſte Rauſch, der ihm dieß gab, und ihm eine Ausſicht in die dunkle folgende Zukunft zeigte, durchblitzte ſein Gemüth, und blendete ſein Auge für die ſeyende Gegenwart, daß er nicht ſahe, was da iſt. Hier ſteht dann der Menſch, herausgehoben aus der wirklichen Zeitreihe in der Welt da, die ſeine Einbildungskraft ihm erſchaffen hat, und die ihm wirklich geworden iſt. Vor dieſem oder nach dieſem Augenblicke wünſchet er, daß ſie ſeyn ſoll: in dieſem Augenblicke iſt ſie für ihn.

Dieſen Zuſtand des Gemüths nennt man den Zuſtand der Begeiſterung, und den, der ihn bey ſich, durch die Zauberkraft ſeiner Phantaſie, ſo oft er will hervorbringen kann, einen Dichter.

Mit dem Erfinder und Lügner iſt es ganz anders. Des Erfinders Welt, die ſeine Einbildungskraft ſchuf, iſt auch nach der Hand, wenn ſie ſchon längſt zu ſpielen aufgehört, für ihn und für jedermann wirklich: die Goldkörner, die er an den Tag förderte, behalten auch dann noch ihren vollen Werth, wenn ſie ſchon längſt aus dem dunkeln innern Gang des erfinderiſchen Gemüths, in der wirklichen Welt in Umlauf geſetzt worden. Sie ſind außer ihm, was ſie in ihm waren — Wirklichkeiten, die die ſpätere Zeit aus der frühern erzeugte, und ihr Daſeyn dauert ewig.

Der Lüge aber fehlt die Wirklichkeit ſtets. Auch nicht einen Augenblick kann der Lügner glauben, daß das, was er andern anhängen will, einen Ring in der großen Kette der Wirklichkeit abgebe. Der Lügner ſucht die Wirklichkeit zu ſeiner Abſicht zu bequemen, wünſcht daß ſie anders ſeyn ſollte, und beweiſet eben dadurch, daß er recht gut weiß, wie wenig das wirklich ſey, was er dafür angiebt.

Nur der Dichter füllt die Zeit, in der die Begeiſterung dauert, mit Objecten aus, die in dieſem Augenblicke Leben und Wirklichkeit für ihn haben, deren Tod aber ſogleich erfolgt, als die Begeiſterung aufhört. In dieſem Augenblicke vernichtet er alles Wirkliche, alles Gegenwärtige aus der Zeit, conſtruirt ſie durch eine eigne, nirgends als in ſeinem Gemüthe vorhandene, durch nichts als ſein Gefühl erſchaffene Reihe von Begebenheiten, ſtellt nun dieſe durch ſein Gefühl hervorgebrachte Conſtruction der Zeit, als Ganzes auch außer ſich dar, beſitzt die Kunſt zu dichten: ſeine Darſtellung iſt ein Gedicht.

Ich faſſe meinen Gegenſtand noch von einer andern Seite, um einige Folgen daraus zu ziehen. Doch bemerke ich, daß hier bloß von der Fähigkeit des Dichtens die Rede iſt, nicht von der, das Gedichtete außer ſich darzuſtellen; denn in der erſten nur bemerket ſich die Freyheit der Einbildungskraft am ſtärkſten; und da will ich es einmal verſuchen, den Gemüthszuſtand des Dichtenden in einem beſondern Falle zu beleuchten, um daran ein Beyſpiel für den Satz zu haben, daß der Dichter das Seynſoll für das Iſt nimmt.

Seine Einbildungskraft ſtellt ihm einen Menſchenkopf vor, ſo unähnlich, wie er in der Natur war, und [illegible] genug, um ſich an keinem Anblicke zu weiden. Aber da iſt unter dem ſchönen Auge eine garſtige Warze. Der kalte, gemächliche Menſch wünſcht bloß, daß ſie nicht da ſeyn ſoll; dem Begeiſterten iſt ſie nicht da. Nun feuert ſeine Einbildungskraft, durch den glücklichen Erfolg ihres Strebens aufgemuntert, immer weiter fort. Das von der Sonne etwas gebräunte Geſicht färbt ſich mit Lilien und Roſen, der Buſen ſchwillt, die Hüfte werden ſanft und voll, die Wade wird ſchlank und ſchön, jede Stelle vom Scheitel, alles wird umgebildet, bis auf die Nägel, bis auf den kleinſten Theil des weiblichen Körpers. — Venus ſteht vor ihm. Was er je von der Schönheit gehört, wünſcht er nicht nur, daß es hier zuſammen ſeyn ſoll, er ſieht es auch hier wirklich zuſammen; ſondern es iſt mit dem Pinſel ſeiner Einbildungskraft erzeugt worden, es ſteht da, [illegible] als Ganzes, unzertrennbar, wahr, wirklich.

Dieß Verfahren der Einbildungskraft in dem Zuſtande der Begeiſterung hat viel Aehnliches, und viel Verſchiedenheit mit dem der Vernunft zur Bildung der moraliſchen Ideen. Auch die Vernunft ſtellt ſich hier das Vorzuſtellende als wirklich vor, und umfaßt die Idee der Tugend in ihrer ganzen Vollkommenheit. In ſo fern nun beyde, Einbildungskraft und Vernunft, die Wirklichkeit überfliegen, und ſich in eine andere Welt ſchwingen, verdienen die Erzeugniſſe der Einbildungskraft in ihrer Begeiſterung, Ideale genannt zu werden.

Doch ſind die Ideale der reinen practiſchen Vernunft von denen der begeiſterten Einbildungskraft merklich verſchieden. Bey denen der Vernunft umfaßt das Gemüth die Einheit nicht nach und nach, ſondern wirklich transſcendental, außer der Zeit, ohne alle Succeſſion. Die Wirklichkeit dient ihr nur als Leiter, um zu dieſem über der wirklichen Welt ſtehenden Ganzen, hinauf und hinaus ſteigen zu können. Es iſt ihr wohl bewußt, daß, eben weil das Hinaufſteigen nach und nach geſchehen muß, das Hinausſteigen nie geſchehen werde. Nur nach Verlauf von einer vollendeten Unendlichkeit denkt die Vernunft das Ideal des höch-

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*) Aus: Beiträge zur Kritik des Geſchmacks von L. Bendavid. Wien, 1797.

den Guts zu erreichen. Das Intelligible außer aller Zeit, bleibt ihr zum Ziele, das ſich ſtets weiter ſchiebt, und eben darum bedarf das Senſible der Unendlichkeit, um dieſem Ziele nach zu ſtreben.

Mit dem Idealen der Einbildungskraft verhält es ſich gerade im Gegentheile. Das Ganze wird zwar nach und nach erzeugt, aber dafür auch umfaßt und erreicht; man hat ſich kein Ziel vorgeſteckt, wohin man gelangen ſoll, aber man gelangt weiter als man will, und was uns die reine Vernunft nicht geben kann, giebt uns die Einbildungskraft, — Vollendung.

Zwiſchen den Idealen der Vernunft und dem Ideale, der ſich in der wirklichen Welt von ihm darſtellen läßt, liegt eine unausgefüllte Strecke, die von den künftigen Geſchlechtern betreten werden kann, wenn auch gleich das Ideal ſich von ihnen eben ſo weit entfernen wird, als ſie ihm nachgegangen ſind. Zwiſchen dem Ideal der Einbildungskraft und dem, was ſie ſich als wirklich denkt, liegt nichts. Was ihr als Ideal vorſchwebt, und für die kalte Vernunft ein Einfall wäre, hat Wirklichkeit für die Einbildungskraft: ſie hat es erreicht, über ihm giebt es nichts größeres, daher ihm nichts zu erreichen.

Wie wenig iſt es daher dem Dichter möglich, ſich von den moraliſchen Idealen in dem Grade begeiſtern zu laſſen, daß er ſich aus ihnen ein Ideal für die Einbildungskraft erſchafe. Wenn die Idee der Tugend den Weiſen auch ſo ſehr belebt, wenn ſie ihm auch den heiligen Wunſch einflößt, das moraliſche Bild derſelben zu umfaſſen; es bleibt nur Wunſch für den, bey dem er ſich nie bis zu dem täuſchenden Wahne verirren kann, es umfaßt zu haben. Gerade weil er ihn kennen muß, den Abſtand, der ſich noch immer von dem größten das die Wirklichkeit giebt, bis zu dem befindet was die Vernunft fordert, gerade weil er die Idee für überſchwenglich halten muß, wird es ihm unmöglich fallen, jene zur Begeiſterung ſo nothwendige Verwechſelung des Geſehenen mit dem Gewünſchten in ſich zu bewirken: er bleibt ſich ſtets bewußt, daß die Schöpferkraft der Phantaſie der Vernunft huldigen müſſe, und was der einen ſchon als Vollendung gilt, der andern nur Bruchſtück ſey.

In der That wird man auch wohl jeder Arbeit den Mangel der Begeiſterung anmerken, deren Gegenſtand es iſt, eine Vernunftidee durch die Einbildungskraft zu ſchildern. Sie, die über alle Darſtellung erhaben ſind, laſſen den Dichter den Mangel ſeiner Einbildungskraft nur zu deutlich fühlen, und nichts tödtet die Begeiſterung ſo ſehr als das ſichere Bewußtſeyn, das nicht erreichen zu können, was man erreichen will. Um ins Spiel geſetzt zu werden, muß die Einbildungskraft ſchneller gehen, als die Wirklichkeit; aber um begeiſtert zu ſeyn, mit einem Vorſprunge auf dem Gipfel ihrer Wünſche ſich befinden. Hier dagegen ſieht die Einbildungskraft die Vernunft ſtets über ſich ſchweben, ſtets höher ſich erheben, als ſie zu ihnen vermag, und ihre Schwingen ſind gelähmt; ſie ſinkt gar nicht.

Doch wenn es auch dem Dichter unmöglich fällt, ſich von den Vernunftideen, als ſolchen, begeiſtern zu laſſen, gereicht es ihm doch zu großem Vortheil, vermittelſt einer Fähigkeit, die ich analiſirende Begeiſterung nennen möchte, nach einer Vernunftidee zu arbeiten. Dieß iſt eine eigne Operation des Gemüthes, die mir die Erwägung zu verdienen ſcheint.

In der gewöhnlichen Begeiſterung, von der wir bisher geſprochen, arbeitet die Einbildungskraft ohne vorgeſtecktes Ziel; aber das Ziel ergiebt ſich ihr von ſelbſt: ſie bleibt ſtehen, ſobald ſie etwas erhalten hat, das ſich ihr als Ganzes darſtellt.

In der analiſirenden Begeiſterung hingegen ſchweben ihr verſchiedene Abſtufungen der allerhöchſten moraliſchen Idee vor Augen, die ſie alle mit ihrem Blicke durchläuft, um auf alle ihnen entſprechende Bilder zu ſehen, deren jedes das Höchſte iſt, das auf dieſer Stufe der menſchlichen Leiter ſtehen darf. Auch hier weiß ſie nicht, was ſie erreichen wird, auch hier weiß ſie nicht, welche Stufe ſie zum Ziel ihres Fortſchreitens machen ſoll: aber ſie läßt alle Stufen fahren, von denen ſie fühlt, daß ihre Kraft nicht hinreicht, ſie mit ſchicklichen Bildern zu beleben, und fängt, gleichſam von oben herabſteigend, bey dem höchſten Grade der Idee an, den ſie ſchon verſinnlichen kann.

Die Idee iſt eigentlich ſtets das abſolute Maximum der Art; das aber, was die analiſirende Begeiſterung des Dichters nach der Idee hervor zu bringen vermag, nur das höchſte Darſtellbare der Art. Nicht das Schönſte überhaupt, ſondern das höchſte darſtellbare Schöne faßt des Dichters Einbildungskraft auf, und dieſes kann erreicht werden, weil ſie es unabhängig von dem abſoluten Maximo auffaſſen kann.

Hat der Dichter nämlich die Idee des höchſten Weſens, des höchſten Guts, und der höchſten Schönheit mit ſeiner Vernunft als abſolutes Maximum gefaßt; ſo analiſirt ſeine Einbildungskraft dieſe Idee gleichſam, und zerlegt ſie in ihre Grade. Von dieſem läßt ſie dann ſo viel fahren, als ſie nicht behalten kann, und findet in einem weiſen, ſein Volk beglückenden Fürſten, in einem arkadiſchen Schäfer, und einem arkadiſchen Mädchen, das erſte Bild der höchſten, darſtellbaren Vollkommenheit, darſtellbaren Glückſeligkeit und Schönheit.

Dieſe Bilder, mit allen ihnen nothwendig anhängenden Mängeln des Wirklichen, verrichten der Einbildungskraft die Stelle der Vernunftidee: ſie ſchafft das höchſte Darſtellbare der Art in das abſolut Höchſte um, denkt ſich in einem guten Fürſten einen Gott, in einem glücklichen Menſchen einen Weiſen, und in einem ſchönen Mädchen eine Venus. Denn wenn die Vernunft ſich lange genug an ihren Ideen geübt, ihre Unerreichbarkeit eingeſehen hat, und nun die Einbildungskraft von dieſem zurückgeworfenen Blicke ermüdet iſt, um das Bild der höchſten darſtellbaren Menſchheit, Glückſeligkeit und Schönheit zu betrachten, wiſcht ſie jeden Flecken, jeden kleinen Bruch weg, der ihr dies ihr liebes Bild entſtellt, ſieht es ganz in ſeiner Reinheit an, trägt es auf dem Gipfel ein, und iſt im höchſten Grade davon begeiſtert.

Nirgends leuchtet der Vortheil nach Ideen zu arbeiten ſo deutlich hervor, als bey den epiſchen und dramatiſchen Dichtungen. Hier, wo durch das ganze, lange Gewebe der Begebenheit, jeder einzelne Faden zur Haltbarkeit des Ganzen etwas beytragen ſoll, wo die zufällige Handlung durch die Haupthandlung veranlaßt, die Nebenrollen durch den Helden und um des Helden willen eingeführt werden muß; hier, wo es, von der andern Seite, der Einbildungskraft ſo leicht fällt, ſich der Freyheit ihres Spiels mit Zügelloſigkeit zu überlaſſen, und Handlung und Perſonen zu ſchildern, die ſie zwar augenblicklich begeiſtern, aber nur gewaltſam mit dem Ganzen verwebt werden können — hier wird die Einbildungskraft am beſten geleitet, wenn ſie ſich eine Idee zum Grunde ihrer Arbeit legt, und ſie der ihrer ganzen Arbeit ſo feſt hält, daß dieſe Einheit bekommt.

„Ich ſinge den Zorn des Peliden Achilles!" Und dieſes höchſte Bild des darſtellbaren Zorns ſteht in dem ganzen Werke im Vordergrunde, in dem größten Lichte; alles andere folgt aus ihm, es herauszuheben, iſt nur durch und für dieſes da.

Es thut mir weh, nur die Ilias des Griechen als Beleg zu meiner Behauptung anführen zu können. Ich glaube in der Eloiſe die Idee der Sittlichkeit zum Grunde gelegt, ſo ſind doch die Mittel wodurch dieſes Bild anſchaulich gemacht wird, nicht nothwendig aus der Idee entſprungen: es bleibt immer die Frage, warum juſt dieſe Begebenheiten, und nicht andere? warum nur ſo viel und nicht mehr? Sobald aber dieſe Fragen aufgeworfen werden können, ſehen wir das Bild nicht als das höchſte Darſtellbare der Idee an, und die Einbildungskraft bleibt unbefriedigt.

Deſtomal glücklich ſchätze ich mich aber einen deutſchen Mann gefunden zu haben, dem Deutſchland huldigt, der unſerer Litteratur die Achtung des Auslands erworben hat, und der in ſeinen Schauſpielen einen Weg ſich bahnte, den vor ihm noch keiner betreten, und bis jetzt, ſo viel ich weiß, keiner bemerkt zu haben ſcheint — Leſſing.

Von ſeinen drey Meiſterſtücken der dramatiſchen Darſtellung: Minna, Emilie, und Nathan iſt jedes ganz nach einer Idee gearbeitet, und ſie haben eben dadurch eine Rundung bekommen, die es unmöglich macht, die oft nöthigen Bemerkungen der Kritiker mit andern Augen anzuſehen, als er ſie ſelbſt angeſehen hat: „Das Kind ſtirbt auch unter den Händen, wenn ihr es von ſeinem Schöpfer trennen wollt."

In Minna von Barnhelm liegt die Idee der Großmuth zu Grunde. Nicht jener unerreichbaren, überſchwenglichen Großmuth, nicht das abſolute Maximum derſelben; ſondern verſchiedene Grade der auf der menſchlichen Stufe der ſittlichen Großmuth, die jedem Menſchen, in gewiſſe Umſtände verſetzt, ausführbar iſt, und die ſich daher abändert nach den Umſtänden, in die der Menſch verſetzt werden.

Tellheim ein großmüthiger Mann von Erziehung und Charakter. Minna ein großmüthiges, zwiſchen Liebe und Wohlanſtändigkeit kämpfendes Mädchen; Paul Werner, als Wachtmeiſter, die Großmuth ſelbſt; Juſt ein großmüthiger Bedienter u. ſ. w. Ja ſelbſt Monſieur Riccaut, dieſe ganz zufällige Perſon, iſt für den, der dieſe Art Geſchöpfe kennt, ein wahrhaft großmüthiger Windbeutel, der, wie ein franzöſiſcher Schriftſteller von ſeinen damahligen Landsleuten ſagt, das diem perdidi darinn ſetzt, daß der Tag vorüber ging, sans avoir dit mille belles choses à personne.

In Emilie Galotti werden ebenfalls verſchiedene Abſtufungen der Idee der Ehre, oder vielmehr der beleidigten Ehre, mit ihnen angemeſſenen Bildern belegt. Vom Odoardo bis zur Orſina, bis zum Marinelli athmet alles Ehrliebe, und wünſcht alles für die Kränkung derſelben Genugthuung. Nur äußert ſie ſich freylich anders, mit Bitterkeit vermiſcht, in der Handlung des edeln Odoardo, anders in einer Orſina, wo ſie als gefallene Günſtlingin erſcheint, anders in Emilie und Claudia, wo ſie mit Liebe und Eitelkeit zu kämpfen hat, und anders in einem Marinelli, wo ſie von Feigheit und dem ganzen Schwunge der Niederträchtigkeit ſo übertüncht iſt, daß ſie ſchon zu dem Grade des lächerlichen point d'honneur beſchäftigt. Nur durch [illegible] der Ehre, findet man auch die falſche Ehre auf einer der [illegible] Bühne, und mit dem iſt es nicht [illegible], daß [illegible] ſich beklagen zu können, daß Jemand ſeine Ehre gekränkt habe.

[illegible]

Contraſte, hier zum Pendant. Doch über das letzte noch ein paar Worte.

Es iſt, ſo viel ich weiß, noch nirgends bemerkt worden, daß das, was die Künſtler Contraſt nennen, ganz etwas anders bey den extenſiven als den intenſiven Größen, etwas anders alſo in dem eigentlich räumlichen der Kunſt, als dem zeitlichen der Kunſt ſey. In dem erſten muß immer etwas als Einheit angenommen werden; und die Nebeneinanderſtellung zweyer Gegenſtände, von denen einer die Einheit um vieles überſteigt, indeß der andere um vieles hinter ihr zurückbleibt, contraſtiren. Bey den intenſiven Größen hingegen braucht nur etwas von dem andern merklich verſchieden zu ſeyn, um den Contraſt zu bewirken. Ein Beyſpiel wird dieſe Erfahrung hoffentlich beleuchten.

Wenn man die ungewöhnliche Größe eines Menſchen durch den Contraſt erheben will, ſo geht das nicht anders an, als wenn man einen ganz kleinen Menſchen ihm zur Seite ſtellt. [illegible] neben einander [illegible], ſo [illegible] das Gemälde einen Menſchen von gewöhnlicher Größe, nimmt dieſen für die Einheit an, und findet den einen um [illegible] größer durch ſeine Ueberſchreitung der Einheit, als den andern, durch ſeinen Abſtand von der Einheit, zu klein findet. Nur in dieſem Falle nennen wir es Contraſt. Denn wenn man zum Beyſpiel einen Menſchen von gewöhnlicher Größe, einem [illegible] Rieſen durch die Kunſt gegenüber ſtellt, zeigt man nicht dadurch an, daß der eine ſehr groß ſey; aber das, was man eigentlich unter Contraſt verſteht, wird dadurch auch nicht bewirkt.

Hingegen iſt es, bey den intenſiven Größen, wenn der Darſtellung des Kummers, der Freude u. d. gl. [illegible], einen [illegible] gleichgültigen Menſchen in die nämliche Gruppe [illegible], um durch die Gleichgültigkeit des einen, die Heftigkeit des andern zu erhöhen, und den Contraſt zu bewirken. Ja, ich getraue mir zu behaupten, daß es ſogar erlaubt wäre, in einem Gemälde, deſſen [illegible] Traurigkeit ausdrücken ſoll, eine Perſon anzubringen, die ſich äußerſt luſtig bezeigte. Nicht nur wird dadurch kein Contraſt, keine Erhöhung der Traurigkeit hervorgebracht, ſondern die Wirkung des Ganzen iſt [illegible] geſtört.

[illegible]

das Gefühl in ſeinem Schooß verbirgt, ſollen bloßer [illegible] über die Menge der Zuſchauer, traurigen Knecht und Magd, und bemerket ſelbſt das Thier, das ihm die Füße leckt, ſeine Theilnahme durch das innige Anſchmiegen an ſeinen Herrn. Sich in einer ſolchen Geſellſchaft befinden, und Gleichgültigkeit, das Maß der Empfindung äußern, iſt nicht gewöhnlich, iſt nicht der Maßſtab, nach welchem wir die Heftigkeit des Kummers der Hauptperſon beurtheilen: es geht ſchon ins Negative über, und dient daher zum Contraſte.

Träte man aber in dieſer traurigen Geſellſchaft gar einen an, der ſeine volle Freude, nicht bloße Schadenfreude, äußerte, ſo würde er, weit gefehlt die Traurigkeit der andern Perſonen zu erhöhen, vielmehr als gar nicht zur Geſellſchaft gehörig, betrachtet werden, und die Einheit zerſtören.

Darauf beruht auch, meiner Meinung nach, der eigentliche Unterſchied zwiſchen dem Contraſte und dem Gegenſtücke (pendant)*). Da aber die Künſtler das Wort Pendant in einem ziemlich viel umfaſſenden Sinne nehmen; ſo muß ich einige Beyſpiele anführen, um zu zeigen, wie weit ich die Bedeutung dieſes Wortes ganz ausgedehnt zu ſehen wünſchte.

In den zwey Blättern: Plenty in England, and Scarcity in East-India ſieht man in dem erſten Blatte die Wolluſt zwey ſchön und gut gekleidete Mädchen, indeß auf dem andern Blatte zwey dürftige Männer ſich, durch Schmeicheln und Geſchenke, um die Gunſt eines allenfalls leidlichen Weibes bewerben. In zwey andern Blättern, von denen mir nur der Titel des einen, hospitality of the savages bekannt, wird in dem einen Blatte ein durch Schiffbruch verunglückter Europäer, mit aller Gaſtfreundſchaft und aller Theilnahme von den Wilden behandelt, indeß auf dem andern Blatte geſittete Europäer die Gaſtfreyheit ſo weit treiben, daß ſie die Gäſte ihrer Wirthe anfallen, und die Ihrigen als Sklaven in Ketten ſchleppen. Ähnlich wird in dem Blatte: Countryman in Town der ungeſchickte Anzug eines ehrlichen Landmanns, von den Städtern [illegible] verlacht, indeß in dem andern Blatte: Londoners in the country die ſchwerfällige Kleiderpracht einer [illegible] Städterinn die Verwunderung und das Gelächter der Landleute erregt.

Aus dieſen Beyſpielen erhellt nun, daß die Wirkung des Contraſtes und deſſen, was ich Gegenſtück nenne, im Ganzen genommen die nämliche ſey: in beyden Fällen ſoll die Empfindung verſtärkt, gehoben werden. Allein davon muß ſich doch unterſcheiden, daß der Contraſt eigentlich nur die Erhebung Einer Empfindung beabſichtigt, da hingegen bey dem Pendante die wechſelſeitige Verſtärkung Statt findet.

Bey dem Contraſte wird der Hauptſtück nur verſtärkt, aber [illegible] auf die Koſten der [illegible] Empfindung, die Ihm entgegenſteht. Die höchſte Traurigkeit kann, in den verſchiedenen Perſonen, die das Ganze ausmachen, ſtufenweiſe verringert werden, und abnehmen bis zur Gleichgültigkeit, ohne daß eine andere Idee dazu nöthig wäre. Hingegen bedürfte der Ausdruck der Freude ſchon ſeinen eigenen Gegenſatz, der gar nicht in der Skala der Traurigkeit liegt. Freude iſt ſchon ſelbſt etwas Poſitives, und gehört keineswegs zur Idee der Traurigkeit: der allergeringſte Grad der Traurigkeit iſt noch nicht Freude.

Dieſes ſieht man auch [illegible] in den Pendants wirklich zwey geſchiedene Zwecke und gänzlich [illegible]: ſie geben keine Einheit der Idee; aber ſie heben ſich wechſelſeitig, und ziehen uns mehr kräftig an. Beym Pendante, wie das angeführte zweyte, ſchwanken wir [illegible] zwiſchen der Bewunderung, die uns die Handlungsweiſe der Wilden abzwingt, und der Geringſchätzung für die Art, wie die Europäer ſich betragen, welche Lage verweilt, durch den Anblick des andern, um ſo lieber bey dem erſten, als es ſich, durch den Anblick des erſten, um ſo lieber dem andern entzieht. Eben weil der Schatten durch das Licht noch mehr beſchattet, iſt auch zugleich das Licht durch den Schatten noch mehr beleuchtet worden. Bey den Contraſten hingegen will man bloß Eine Empfindung in ein Licht ſtellen, daß alles andere nur Schatten für ſie werde; und da wäre es gefehlt, wenn eine neue Hauptempfindung uns im Anblick käme, welches eigentlich die Erhebung und Wirkung des Ganzen ſey.

Ehe ich nun auf bildende Schauſpiele zurückkomme, um die vorigen Betrachtungen auf einen wirklichen Fall anzuwenden, muß ich noch Folgendes bemerken. In keiner Kunſt der Zeit iſt es möglich, das anzubringen, was man eigentlich Contraſt nennt. Was Contraſt ſcheint, iſt in der That Pendant.

Den bloßen Mangel an der Empfindung, die den Hauptcharacter der Darſtellung ausmacht, haben wir oben geſehen, iſt der höchſte Contraſt, den die Kunſt ſich bey bildenden Stücken erlauben darf. Man kann bey den Künſten des Raumes, der Malerey z. B., den Gleichmüthigen ſich zufälliger Weiſe in dem nämlichen Raume befinden, und doch, eben durch ſeine Gleichgültigkeit, die Hauptempfindung erhöhen. In einer Zeichnung, die ich von dem Erdbeben in Liſſabon geſehen habe, flieht alles aus der zertrümmerten Stadt, und rettet ſich ins Freye. Säugende Mütter klettern mit zartem Fuße über Schutt und Steine, um das Unterpfand ihrer Zärtlichkeit vor dem drohenden Tod in Sicherheit zu bringen. Eines dieſer Kinder, unbewußt und unbekümmert, welcher Gefahr ſein noch kaum ins Licht gequollenes Leben ausgeſetzt ſey, ſchläft ruhig an der Bruſt ſeiner Mutter, die ängſtlich hinaus eilend, mit der vorgeſpreitzten Hand den Kopf deſſelben vor einem herabfallenden Steine ſchützt.

Dieſes Kind nun iſt, weil die Dinge des Raumes nie nach dem Geſetze der Cauſalität nothwendig verbunden ſind, nur zufällig da; aber nun iſt es doch einmal da, und der gänzliche Mangel der Theilnahme an dem traurigen Schickſale, das ihm bevorſteht, dieſer Mangel, der vortrefflich durch die Ruhe ausgedrückt iſt, die auf ſeinem Geſichte liegt, contraſtirt im höchſten Grade mit der Angſt der übrigen, ebenfalls nur zufälligen, aber durch den Raum als Einheit verbundenen Perſonen.

In den Künſten der Zeit aber, wo die Zeit ſelbſt [illegible] Einheit, wo die Handlung daher nach dem Geſetze der Cauſalität zu einer Einheit verbunden wird, und alles in den Plan des Dichters eingreifen muß, da wäre die vollkommene Gleichgültigkeit eine müßige Perſon, und ganz und gar unbrauchbar zur Erhebung der Hauptempfindung. Der Gleichgültige, der, in dem Blatte von Chodowiecki: Jean Calas, dieſem Unglücklichen den letzten Liebesdienſt mit völliger Gleichgültigkeit verrichtet, contraſtirt vortrefflich mit dem Schmerze der übrigen Anweſenden. Dieſer nämliche Gleichgültige unter den nämlichen Umſtänden auf die Bühne: was will man mit dem? Geſetzt er ſpricht gar nicht, verrichtet das Amt ſtillſchweigend, und gibt gar keinen Grund zu ſeiner Gleichgültigkeit an. Alsdann thut er gar keine Wirkung: er iſt nur da, [illegible] wie etwa ein Statiſt, der ſtumm erſcheint. Der Dichter könnte auch ohne ihn auskommen, aber er iſt da, und da muß auf der Bühne [illegible] werden. Spräche er aber, legte er aus [illegible] ſeine Gleichgültigkeit [illegible] zu ſeinem Betragen an den Tag, [illegible] es alſo; ſo würde er entweder Verachtung oder Abſcheu erregen, und wenn uns ſo mehr, als das Mitleiden, das wir für die Unglücklichen fühlen, uns ſeine Kälte empfindlicher macht. Es ſind daher dies neue Empfindungen, die nicht auf der Skala der nämlichen Idee liegen, die ſich wechſelſeitig heben und abhandeln; es iſt Pendant.

Nun zu Leſſing. In Emilia Galotti iſt der Prinz eigentlich mehr Contraſt als Pendant, und thut daher auch ganz und gar keine Wirkung. Er iſt nicht thätig: mit ſeinem Willen hätte es dem Grafen das Leben nicht koſten ſollen; aber eigentliches Mitgefühl äußert er nun auch nicht. Sein Character iſt ſchwankend und unbeſtimmt, und gehört zu denen, bey welchen der Menſchenkenner die unzulängliche, aber gleichwohl unvermeidliche Regel der Characterkenntniß anwenden muß, daß man nämlich nicht ſagen könne, welchen Character ſie haben, da ſie gar keinen haben.

Schon mehr Pendant, und wirkſamer daher iſt der Wirth in Minna. Seine [illegible] Gewinnſucht, ſeine [illegible] Neugierde, dieſer alle Großmuth ſo entehrende Fehler, ſeine niedrige Gefälligkeit — alles dieß ſo ſehr iſt gegen die Handlung als der Perſonen, mit denen er zuſammen auftritt, erhebt ihren Werth ſo ſehr, und wird zugleich von dieſem ihrem Werthe ſo ſehr herabgeſetzt, daß die Großmuth um ſo viel ehrwürdiger erſcheinet, als die Niedrigkeit verächtlich wird, und beyde zuſammen einen wahren Pendant abgeben.

Tritt aber endlich der Patriarch mit dem Tempelherrn zuſammen auf die Bühne; ſo ſieht man die vollkommenſten Gegenſtücke zweyer Charactere, die ſich wechſelſeitig Schatten und Licht mittheilen. Man iſt lange im Zweifel, ob man die unter dem ehrwürdigen Mantel einer heiligen Religion verſteckte Heimtücke, den mit Salbung übertünchten Blutdurſt des Patriarchen mehr verabſcheuen, oder die mit Großmuth und Menſchenliebe gekrönte wahre Religion, und den durch Ueberlegung und Gefühl gemilderten Eifer für dieſelbe im Tempelherrn, mehr bewundern ſoll. Am Ende findet es ſich, daß dieß des Dichters Abſicht geweſen ſey: die Bewunderung durch den Abſcheu, und dieſen durch die Bewunderung zu erhöhen; und, traue ich meinem Gefühle, ſo hat er dieſe Abſicht vollkommen erreicht.

Dieſes, daß der Schauſpieldichter, um eine wechſelſeitige Hebung zweyer Affecte hervorzubringen, zwey leidenſchaftliche Menſchen mit entgegengeſetzten, aber in der nämlichen Idee noch enthaltenen Characteren darſtellen müſſe, iſt auch vermuthlich der Grund geweſen, weshalb Leſſing den Patriarchen nicht mit Nathan zuſammen auftreten läßt: eine Sache, deren Unterbleibung man, bey einem Leſſing, gewiß nicht auf die Rechnung der Schwierigkeit ſchreiben muß. Sein Genie hätte ſie gewiß überwunden, wenn es, wie man glauben ſollte, eine gute Wirkung gethan hätte.

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*) Von den Künſtlern wird das Wort Pendant in einer weitern Bedeutung genommen, als hier geſchehen wird; aber ich kenne kein eigentliches Wort für das, was ich hier ausdrücken will. — Sulzer in dem Art. Gegenſatz, nimmt drey Arten des Contraſtes an, von denen die zwey letzten doch gewiß nicht dazu gerechnet werden ſollten. Die beyden Homers contraſtiren weder unter ſich noch mit Achilles. Sie ſind bloß Abſtufungen der nämlichen Idee, von der Achill der höchſte darſtellbare Grad iſt, und nur Therſites dient zum Contraſte, oder beſſer, zum Pendant. — Die beyden zuerſt hier angeführten Pendants ſind bekannte engliſche Blätter; das dritte entlehne ich aus den meinen Leſern bekannten Eccentric excursions by Woodward No. 2. — Noch eins! Farben, wird man ſagen, ſind intenſive Größen, und doch verlangt ein Contraſt, den man durch ſie hervorbringt, daß das Schwarze neben dem Weißen ſtehe. Allein gerade das iſt Beweis für mich. Wenn das Weiße den höchſten Grade der Farbe bezeichnet, iſt das Schwarze das Null derſelben.

Aber genauer überlegt wäre dadurch, wie ich glaube, alles verloren gegangen, was Leſſing beabſichtigte. Der Character des Patriarchen, neben den eines Nathans geſtellt, wäre bey weitem in kein ſolches gehäſſiges Licht geſetzt worden, als jetzt, da er neben dem des Tempelherrn ſteht. Wenn gegen einen Mann, in dem Jahre, Erfahrung und Ueberlegung die Leidenſchaften gemildert haben, gegen einen Mann, den ſeine Lage und ſeine Religion etwas furchtſam machen, und der die letzte nicht als Eiferer verehrt — wenn gegen ihn ein pomphafter Patriarch ſeine ganze Wuth ausläßt: ſo werden dadurch die Umriſſe ſeines Characters lange nicht ſcharf genug gezeichnet. Nathan hätte entweder leiden und ſchweigen, oder höchſtens der ſtarken Leidenſchaft kalte Weisheit entgegenſetzen können. Das hätte Nathans Character zwar erhoben, jenen aber nicht erniedrigt: es wäre vielleicht ein belehrender Contraſt, aber gewiß kein wirkſames Pendant geworden.

Jetzt aber ſtreitet die leidenſchaftliche Jugend gegen das leidenſchaftliche Alter, jetzt gehen beyde von den nähmlichen Grundſätzen aus; und doch behält in dem jungen, von ächter Religion beſeelten Manne, Menſchenliebe die Oberhand, indeß bey dem Heuchler nur Furcht vor dem Sultan ſeine Wuth dämpft, ohne ſie zu löſchen. Nun erſt erhebt eins das andere, nun erſt ſehen wir recht ein, „wie viel ein wenig gut handeln beſſer ſey, denn vieles Klügeln,“ und um wie viel mehr eine Menſchenliebe athmende Religion unſere Achtung verdiene, als jene Scheintugend, die auf Menſchenmord abzielt.

Aus dem Geſagten läßt ſich nun erſtlich abnehmen, wie wenig der richtig angelegte Contraſt, oder das richtig gehaltene Pendant ein Einwurf gegen die Behauptung ſey, daß der Dichter nach Einer Idee arbeiten müſſe. Weit gefehlt, daß der Contraſt, oder das Pendant ſeiner Arbeit die Einheit benehme, gibt er ihr gerade die gehörige Vollendung. Dadurch erſt ſieht man recht deutlich ein, wie ſehr er alles erſchöpft habe, was ſich aus ſeiner Quelle ergoß: er hat die Situationen ſo vermannichfaltigt, als es angeht, und beyde äußerſte Enden der Idee ſo weit aufgeſucht, als es der Einbildungskraft möglich fällt, das dazwiſchen liegende noch in ein Ganzes zuſammen zu faſſen.

Zweytens aber ergibt ſich auch hieraus eine neue Beſtätigung des Satzes, daß dem Dichter die Mühe kärglich wuchern müſſe, die er auf die Darſtellung einer Idee, als ſolcher, verwendet. Die Idee, an und für ſich, gleicht der Berührungslinie eines Kreiſes, wie ſie ſich von einer Seite, in die Höhe oder in die Tiefe, gleichviel! bis ins Unendliche erſtreckt. Die Einbildungskraft, die ſie auffaſſen will, fängt von einem feſten Puncte an, und verfolgt ſie entweder hinauf, oder herunter ins Unendliche; beydes, das Hinaufſteigen und Herabſteigen zugleich vorzunehmen, fällt ihr unmöglich. Wenn daher auch der Dichter das Unmögliche wagen, und eine moraliſche Idee darſtellen wollte; ſo wird er, gerade durch das große Ziel, das er zu erreichen ſich vorgeſetzt, nicht einmal ſo weit gelangen, als wäre die Schnellkraft ſeiner Phantaſie minder geſpannt geweſen.

Denn nun kann er nichts von dem Entgegengeſetzten der Idee in ſein Werk aufnehmen, ohne die Einheit des Ganzen gewaltſam zu zerreißen. Wagt nun auch gleich der kühne Künſtler die gefährliche Höhe der ſittlichen Tugend zu erklimmen; ſo liegt doch auf ſeiner ganzen Reiſe nichts vom Laſter, das er mitnehmen und brauchen könnte. Er müßte ſich vollends, und gewaltſam in den ſchauerlichen Abgrund des Laſters ſtürzen, und ſein ganzes Wagſtück dadurch vereiteln, daß niemand dieſe Aufopferung nachmachen kann.

Die menſchliche Seele iſt ein gar viel umfaſſendes Ding: aber zu viel muß man doch nicht in ihren Faſſungskreis drängen wollen, wenn er nicht, bey all ſeiner Ausdehnungskraft, einſeitig wirken, und auch dem Theil einen unwillkürlichen Ausgang laſſen ſoll, den er ſonſt nicht gut begriffen hätte. Strengt man unſere Einbildungskraft zur Umfaſſung einer Idee an; ſo gibt ſie willig nach, und hält, was ſie halten kann. Man hüte ſich aber nur das mindeſte von entgegengeſetzter Idee hineinzwingen zu wollen. Denn allemahl, und gleichſam aus Furcht, daß auch dieſe Idee ihre ganze Kraft behalten werde, verſchließt ſie ſich für beyde, und wird eingeſchränkter als je. Dadurch aber gehe dem Künſtler das Beſte wieder verloren: die Vermannichfaltigung der Situationen durch den Contraſt oder das Pendant. Seine Figuren ſtehen höchſtens im Lichte, kein Schatten erhebet ſie. *)

Aus dem Geſichtspunkte, wie hier die Brauchbarkeit der moraliſchen Ideen für den Dichter betrachtet wird, fließen einige Bemerkungen über die dramatiſche Dichtungsart, denen man vielleicht die Stelle nicht mißgönnen wird, weil ſie, ſo viel ich weiß, wenigſtens nicht allgemein bekannt ſind, und einen Weg zur Beantwortung der Frage eröffnen: ob Schauſpiele, deren Stoff aus der alten Geſchichte entlehnt iſt, einen Vorzug vor bloß erdichteten Handlungen haben?

Was iſt der Zweck der Schauſpiele? Sollen ſie bloß, einem Gemählde aus der holländiſchen Schule gleich, Handlungen aus dem gemeinen Leben darſtellen, und den Zuſchauer eines und des nähmlichen Stückes bald zum Lachen, bald zum Weinen reizen? Wenn das wäre, ſo könnte man wahrlich ſagen:

> Aber das habt ihr ja bequemer und beſſer zu Hauſe,
> Warum entflieht ihr euch, wenn ihr euch ſelber nur ſucht?

Natur! Natur muß ein Stück enthalten! ruft jedermann. Aber wahrſcheinlich nur wenigen ſcheint es mit Ernſt mit dieſem Ausrufe zu ſeyn. Denn da frage ich abermahls: was heißt man im Schauſpiele Natur?

In Betracht des erſten Punktes iſt es bey weitem noch nicht damit abgethan, wenn man meint, daß der Zweck der Schauſpiele mit dem aller ſchönen Künſte zuſammenfalle: uns allmählich durch die Mannichfaltigkeit der Formen, die wir aus der Einheit entwickeln, zu ergötzen. Denn außer, daß jede Dichtungsart ihren eigenthümlichen Zweck haben muß; könnte der allgemeine Zweck der ſchönen Künſte überhaupt nur von dem gelten, wodurch eine Form wirklich conſtruirt wird, von der Diction, der Einheit der Handlung, der Bewegung der Schauſpieler u. dgl. Keineswegs aber von dem Materiellen derſelben, von dem eigentlichen, dauerhaften, unauslöſchlichen Eindrucke, den es macht, wenn der Verfaſſer wirklich Dichter iſt, und geleiſtet hat, was er leiſten ſoll.

Der Schauſpieldichter muß, wie jeder Dichter, in ſeiner Begeiſterung das Vorgeſtellte für das Seyende halten; und nur dann hat er ſeinen Zweck erfüllt, nur dann merkt man es ſeiner Arbeit an, daß er begeiſtert geweſen, wenn auch der Zuſchauer, während das Stück ſpielt, ſich nicht entwehren kann zu glauben, das alles ſey wirklich ſo. Wie wenn ein Rembrand vor uns ſteht, jedermann bey der feſten Ueberzeugung, daß es flach auf der Leinwand liegt, ſich dennoch nicht enthalten kann, Naſe und Wangen ſo herausſpringend zu finden, daß man ſie mit Fingern greifen möchte; eben ſo muß man, durch des Dichters Kunſt verleitet, die Handlung für ſeyend halten, die in der That nur ſeyn ſollte. Hat der Schauſpieldichter dieß geleiſtet, ſo entſpringt aus dieſem allgemeinen Zwecke, ſein eigentlicher, weit höherer — Verminderung der Philautie.

Der Menſch ohne Bildung und Erziehung iſt, alles ſchön darüber geſagten ungeachtet, im höchſten Grade Egoiſt. Alles wirkt auf ihn nur dann, wenn es gleichſam wie durch eine Anziehungskraft nach ſeinem Innern gezogen wird, und wirkt um deſto ſtärker, je näher der Gegenſtand dieſem innern Anziehungspunkte liegt. Selbſt die Liebe zu ſeinen Kindern, ſeinen Anverwandten und Freunden, dieſer, auch bey rohen Menſchen, oft ſtärker wirkende Affect, als die Liebe zu ſich ſelbſt, iſt größtentheils weiter nichts, als der erweiterte Kreis des wirkſamen Ichs, als die Vergrößerung deſſelben, durch um ſich herumliegende Strahlen: es iſt mein Kind, mein Anverwandter, mein Freund, und deßhalb thue ich das für ihn.

In der wirklichen Welt iſt es ſo; aber ſo ſollte es nicht ſeyn. Unſere Vernunft, vielleicht auch aus einem verfeinerten Egoismus, will, daß wir, wenn auch nicht alle Menſchen mit unſerer Liebe gleich umfaſſen, doch gewiß die Laſter unſeres Kindes nicht minder gräßlich, als die des Fremden, die Tugenden des Fremden nicht minder liebenswerth als die unſeres Kindes finden ſollen. Aber ſollen wir, wie die Vernunft es heiſcht, unpartheyiſch ſeyn können; ſo muß ſich in die Handlung nichts Wirkliches einmiſchen. Das Wirkliche hat immer Bezug auf uns, auf unſer Wohl und Weh, auf das Egoiſtiſche in uns, und hier ergreifen wir immer Parthey. Der unpartheyiſchſte Richter ſeiner ſelbſt findet ſich ſtets beſſer oder ſchlechter als er iſt, je nachdem ſeinem Egoismus mehr durch Selbſtlob oder Selbſttadel geſchmeichelt wird. Wahr ſchildert ſich der Menſch nie, wahr iſt er auch gegen ſeine Kinder, ſeine Freunde und Anverwandten, ſein Vaterland und ſelbſt ſeinen Welttheil nicht, weil er es nicht ſeyn kann. Die Kraft, die ihn an ſich feſſelt, wirkt, wie alle Naturkräfte, ſtärker in der Nähe, als in der Ferne. In der Entfernung findet er ſich nur erſt durch langes Suchen wieder, indeß er in der Nähe dicht bey ſich ſelbſt ſteht. Je mehr Denkkraft dazu gehört, um zu finden, daß ich zu dieſem oder jenem umfaßten Ganzen als Theil gehöre, je ſchwächer wirkt der Egoismus; und um deſto ſtärker im Gegentheil. In der wirklichen Welt iſt daher der Menſch ſtets partheyiſch, und ſeine Theilnahme an dem Schickſal anderer, kann nicht ſo unverfälſcht ſeyn, als die Vernunft will, daß ſie ſeyn ſoll.

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*) Ob gewiſſe jetzt ſehr beliebte Stücke, in denen ſtets eine doppelte Idee zu Grunde liegt, die ſtrengſte Kritik aushalten dürften, und ob ſie, vom Mahler vorgeſtellt, nicht zwey Blätter einnehmen müßten, will ich dahin geſtellt ſeyn laſſen. Ich ſchreibe keine Dramaturgie; und überdieß halte ich es mit Swift, daß es unſchicklich ſey, den Gedanken wie den Haſen todt zu jagen. Anwendungen kann jeder geübte Leſer machen, und ſollte ihm jeder Schriftſteller zu machen überlaſſen.

Nur die Geburthen des Dichters, nur das Schickſal erdichteter Perſonen, kann uns von uns ſelbſt abziehen, uns zu unpartheiiſchen Richtern machen, und die im wirklichen Leben gedämpfte Stimme der Vernunft bis zu einer Höhe hinaufſtreben, daß ſie durch allen Egoismus durchgreift, und ihr Wiederklang dem Harthörigſten vernehmlich wird. Hier, wo alles Privatintereſſe ſchweigen kann, wo die ganze Lebensdauer des Helden nur einen abgeriſſenen Theil, nur einen Nebenzweig von unſerer Lebenszeit ausmacht; hier, wo das Schickſal des Helden auf meinen Lebenswandel keinen Einfluß zu haben braucht — hier können wir uns ungeheuchelt freuen mit der glücklichen Tugend, lernen ungeheuchelt trauern mit der betrübten Unſchuld. Das Herz erweitert ſich unwillkührlich, öffnet ſich für Menſchenwohl und Menſchenweh, lernt dieſe Gefühle kennen, will ſie befriedigen, und hängt ihnen, wenn auch dann aus Egoismus, im wirklichen Leben nach.

Wie weit entfernt aber von dieſem Zwecke iſt die Wirkung des Schauſpiels, zu dem das gemeine Leben den Stoff hergibt. Außer der leichten, und beiläufigen Anwendung, die jeder auf ſich von den handelnden Perſonen machen kann, außer daß er daher nicht unausſtehlich [illegible], und ein Laſter entſchuldiget, wenn es ihn trifft, oder es ſchwärzer findet, wenn er ſeinen Feind darin zu erkennen glaubt — außer dieſem wird, durch den Stoff ſelbſt, der Unpartheilichkeit ſelbſt das größte Hinderniß in den Weg gelegt.

Selbſt erdichtete, aber aus dem wirklichen Leben genommene Perſonen können nicht vollkommen ſo handeln, wie ſie, den Geſetzen der Vernunft nach, handeln ſollten. Sie können keine großen Aufopferungen machen, ſelbſt keine großen Schandthaten verüben, weil ſie ſonſt unwahrſcheinlich würden. Sie müſſen handeln wie wir: aus Motiven, die man mit Fingern greift, müſſen ſelbſt egoiſtiſch handeln; denn es ſind Menſchen aus der wirklichen Welt. Wie kann nun, durch dergleichen Schauſpiele, der Zweck des Schauſpiels bewirkt werden? Iſt das aufgeſtellte Vorbild nicht minder Egoiſt als ich, warum ſoll ich beſſer ſeyn, als mein Vorbild? Ja, jemehr ein ſolches Stück wirkt, jemehr der Dichter die Kunſt verſteht, das Herz ſeines Publikums zu meiſtern; deſto weiter entfernt er ſich von ſeinem wahren Zwecke. Iſt eine ſolche egoiſtiſche Tugend, wie ich ſie da vor mir ſehe, ſchon hinreichend alle Zuſchauer in die innigſte Rührung zu verſetzen, warum ſoll ich nach etwas höherm ſtreben; oder vielmehr, wenn das dem Ideal gleicht, wie kann ich ihm gleichen? Die Strebungslinie wird begränzt, und man geht aus dem Schauſpielhauſe hinaus, nicht ſelten mit einem ſtärkern Egoismus als man hineingegangen.

Nichts läßt der Menſch ſo gern, als das für ein Ideal, für Unerreichbar zu halten, was man ihm als Muſter zur Nachahmung aufſtellt. Er übertrifft die Muſter ſeiner Meiſter gern, wenn er ſie ſelbſt wählt; aber er hält auch von der andern Seite die Foderung für unbillig, daß er es ſeinem, ihm gegebenen Muſter gleich thun ſolle. Er wird daher von dem, aus der wirklichen, alltäglichen Welt [illegible] aufgeſtellten Ideale, gewiß ſo viel abdingen, und die wahre Schätzung ſeiner Thaten ſo ſorgfältig anſtellen, daß ſein eignes Verdienſt fernerhin auch noch den alten Werth behält.

Natur im Schauſpiele heißt nichts anders, als in der Lage der vorgeſtellten Perſon hinreichend gegründete Handlungsweiſe. Natur iſt es, wenn bey dem leidenſchaftlichen Antonius ein Blick Cleopatrens die Herrſchaft der halben Welt aufwiegt; Natur, wenn die blutdürſtige, vor Eiferſucht wüthende Medea, das Muttergefühl erſtickt, und jedes Unterpfand ihrer vormaligen Liebe zu Jaſon, ihre Kinder ſelbſt vertilgt: Natur endlich in Ulyſſes, der ſeinem vor Troja erworbenen Ruhme die ſchönſte und glänzendſte Krone aufzuſetzen glaubt, wenn er ihm von den Händen Penelopens und ſeiner Unterthanen aufgeſetzt wird, daß er allem Ungemach und aller Verführung widerſteht, und neue Lorbeeren in den alten, ſich ſtets vergrößernden Kranz flicht.

Dieſe Menſchen handelten, eben weil ſie natürlich handelten, nicht ohne egoiſtiſche Beweggründe; aber wenn ſie der Dichter im Schauſpiele darſtellt, oder wenn er überhaupt ſeine Scene ſo weit in die graue Vorwelt zurücklegt, als die Geſchichte ihm der dramatiſchen Darſtellung fähige Handlungen liefert, wird er manchen Nutzen daraus ziehen, und gewiß den Zweck des Schauſpiels ſoweit erreichen können, als es Menſchen möglich iſt.

Denn erſtlich geräth die Einbildungskraft des Dichters nirgends ſo ſehr in Begeiſterung, entwirft ſie nirgends ſo leicht und ſo willig äſthetiſche Ideale, als wenn ſie ſich mit der Auffaſſung der uns in der Geſchichte aufbewahrten Charactere der Alten beſchäfftigt. Der Nimbus, der ſie in unſern Augen umgibt, der Mangel an hinreichender Kenntniß der egoiſtiſchen Motive ihrer Handlungen, den die Länge der Zeit und die Unzulänglichkeit der Quellen veranlaßt, die Unabhängigkeit von äußern Verhältniſſen, in der ſie, wenigſtens uns, gelebt zu haben ſcheinen — alles dieß macht ihre Handlungsweiſe ſchon an und für ſich idealiſch, daß ſie nur braucht vom Dichter aufgefaßt zu werden, um ſeiner Einbildungskraft mächtig die Hand zu bieten. Iſt ſie einmahl von dem Bilde Cato's erfüllt, hat der Dichter keinen egoiſtiſchen Flecken, [illegible], aus der Handlungsweiſe deſſelben wegzuwiſchen, und überredet er ſich gern, daß alle Menſchen ſo ſeyn ſollten; ſo iſt Cato in dem Augenblicke wirklich ſo für ihn geweſen. Er iſt ihm das Ideal, das er ſuchte, er wird von ihm begeiſtert, ſtellt ihn als Muſter auf, und reißt die Zuſchauer zur Beherzigung dieſes Muſters, unwillkührlich hin.

Um ſich begeiſtern zu laſſen, verträgt die Einbildungskraft nichts, was ſie in ihrem kühnen Schwung aufhält. Jedes Hinderniß, jede Nebenrückſicht ſtört ſie, lenkt ſie ab von ihrem Hauptgegenſtande, und an die Stelle der Begeiſterung treten kalte Vernunftgründe. Der größte Mann neuerer Zeiten, wird den, mit deſſen Geſchichte vollkommen vertrauten Dichter, nie in dem höchſten Grade begeiſtern können. In dem Augenblicke, wo er, von irgend einer ſeiner glänzendſten Thaten hingeriſſen, ſich den Mann in ſeiner ganzen Vollkommenheit darſtellt, wo er ſich gleichſam in ſeinem Innern zuruft: das iſt mein Held, erinnert ihn ein Nebenumſtand, eine Anekdote, ein Fehler, der Mangel des [illegible], bringt ihn ab von dem Geſichtspunkte, aus dem er ihn geſehen hat, und läßt plötzlich den Menſch in ihm ſehen, den der Mann doch ohne dieſen Mangel geliebt haben möchte, weil er alsdann vollkommen geweſen wäre. Für wirklich vollkommen aber hält er ihn nun nicht mehr: er fühlt, daß er lügt, [illegible], wenn er ihn als ſolchen darſtellt. [illegible], Cato, oder ſonſt einer der Alten aber bemeiſtern ſich ſeiner Einbildungskraft gänzlich, und, weil ſie nur ihre guten Seiten kennt, iſt ſie wirklich von ihnen begeiſtert. Ihre Fehler, und alles, was die Einbildungskraft aus ihrem ſüßen Traume von Vollkommenheit wecken könnte, ſchlummert ruhig in dem Grabe der Zeit; kein Leichenſtein zeigt dem wißbegierigen Wanderer eine Spur ihres Daſeyns an. — Von den großen Männern neuerer Zeiten beſitzen wir genaue, ähnliche und ausgemahlte Portraits: die uns überlieferten Charakterſchilderungen der großen Männer der alten Welt ſind bloß erhabene Ideale.

Dieſer Vortheil der leichtern Begeiſterung für den Dichter, erſtreckt ſich, in Betracht der leichtern Täuſchung auch auf den Zuſchauer. Aber da ſich dieß von ſelbſt verſteht, kann ich ihn um ſo eher mit Erklärungen übergehen, als ich zu einem andern Grunde übergehen will, welcher Darſtellungen aus der alten Geſchichte die Täuſchung des Zuſchauers ſo leicht bewirkt.

Wenn es auch der Dichter ſo weit über ſich gewinnen könnte, von einem wirklichen Menſchen neuerer Zeiten, oder einer nach neuerem Coſtüm erdichteten Perſon alle die Flecken wegzuwiſchen, die das helle Bild verdunkeln, das ſich in ſeiner Einbildungskraft, zu ihrer Begeiſterung, abſpiegeln muß: ſo wird doch der Zuſchauer deſſen Darſtellung höchſt unwahrſcheinlich finden, und dadurch alle Täuſchung verlieren. Von dem Neuern verlangen wir, daß er handle wie wir; dem Alten erlauben wir willig, ſonderbar genug, daß er größer erſcheine, als gewöhnliche Menſchen.

Es geht ein ſonderbarer, und ganz unwillkührlicher Irrthum in der Vorſtellung des Alterthums in uns vor, wodurch daſſelbe eine Art Würde für uns erhält, die kein Zeitgenoſſe dem Zeitgenoſſen ertheilt, und die uns, vielleicht erſt von unſern ſpäteſten Nachkommen gezollt werden dürfte. Wir verwechſeln ſtets das Alterthum, oder die Alten, mit dem Alter.

Zu den Zeiten der Griechen und Römer, wo nur eigne Erfahrung die Kenntniſſe des Menſchen bereicherte, wo der an Jahren jüngere Mann auch wenigere Seiten in dem großen Buche der Natur, ihrem einzigen Lehrbuche, geleſen haben konnte; zu dieſen Zeiten, war das Alter in dem höchſten Grade verehrungswürdig: alt ſeyn, und weiſe ſeyn galt ihnen für eins. Und auch ſelbſt bey uns, bey denen ſo manches ein ganz anderes Verhältniß zwiſchen Jugend und Alter feſtgeſetzt hat, bleibt doch der Vorzug der eignen Erfahrung mit Gelaſſenheit verbunden, über die blinde [illegible] des jungen Mannes ſo überwiegend, daß das Alter mit Recht ſich noch immer auf der nähmlichen Stufe der Würde behauptet. Ihm trauen wir daher auch Moralität, größere Fähigkeit zu Aufopferungen, größere Verachtung des Lebens zu, weil wir von ihm wiſſen, daß alle Begierden nur ſchwach auf ſeine Entſchlüſſe einfließen, weil wir, wie wohl irrig, in der Meinung ſtehen, daß das Leben in dem Grade ſeinen Reiz verlieren müſſe, als die Reize des Lebens abnehmen.

Nun übertragen wir die Achtung vor dem Alter auf die Alten, trauen auch ihnen größere Schnellkraft der Seele, größere Entſchloſſenheit und größern Muth zu, denken uns auch ſie mit längerer Erfahrung, und mehr Weisheit ausgerüſtet; und Früchte, die Plato vielleicht in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre erzeugt, haben für uns die volle Reife, als die Erzeugniſſe der ſiebzigjährigen Stämme Käſtner und Kant. Was Alexander zu dreyßig Jahren that, iſt für uns über zwey tauſend Jahre alt: und Dinge daher, die man einen aus dem Alterthume ohne Unwahrſcheinlichkeit verrichten läßt, könnten bey einem, mit dem Helden gleichzeitigen Schriftſteller nur höchſtens als Hyperbel entſchuldigt werden.

Daher kam es auch, daß bey einem Volke, deſſen Geſchichte noch nicht alt genug geworden, um der Einbildungskraft, in der Schilderung ſeiner Helden, [illegible] freyes Spiel zur Illuſion zu geben, daß bey ihnen, ſage ich, Götter und Halbgötter, die Stelle der Helden vertraten. Wenn große Thaten, ohne ſie nach menſchlicher Art, alle natürlich zu motiviren, vorgeſtellt werden, und ſie doch ihre Wirkung nicht verlieren ſollen; muß man der Einbildungskraft mächtig zu Hülfe kommen. Aber nichts ſtört ſie in ihrer Täuſchung ſo ſehr, als der Anblick eines alltäglichen Menſchen, der unmenſchliche Handlungen verrichtet.

Dieſer zweyte Grund für den Vorzug der Schauſpiele, deren Stoff man aus der alten Geſchichte entlehnt, könnte noch die Frage übrig laſſen, ob nicht ganz erdichtete Perſonen, die man in ein anderes Land, oder in ein anderes Zeitalter als das des Zuſchauers verlegt, eben die leichte Täuſchung bewirken dürften. Denn zugegeben auch, daß gleichzeitige Perſonen keinen ſonderlich ergiebigen Stoff zu großen Handlungen darbieten; ſo iſt doch noch nicht abzuſehen, warum es nicht erdichtete Perſonen thun ſollten. Hat einmal der Dichter die Kunſt verſtanden, ſeine Helden zu erſchaffen, warum ſollte es ihm nicht möglich ſeyn, ſie mit ſo vieler Vollkommenheit auszuſchmücken, daß ſie keinem der Alten etwas nachzugeben hätten. Die Täuſchung ſcheint daher um ſo weniger Abbruch zu leiden, als wir von unbekannten Ländern eine eben ſo große Wunderkraft erwarten, als von den Alten.

Allein dadurch entgeht dem Dichter ein großer Vortheil, der zur vollkommenen Täuſchung unumgänglich nöthig iſt, und der ihm, durch die Darſtellung von Perſonen aus der alten Geſchichte, gleichſam auf halbem Wege entgegen kömmt — die Beſtimmtheit der Charaktere.

Der Fabeldichter wählt Thiere, weil ſie einen beſtimmten, wiewohl nur conventionellen Charakter haben. Wenn er uns die Fabel von einem Wolfe und einem Schafe ankündigt, wiſſen wir freylich die wirkliche Handlung der Fabel noch nicht: die Rolle der Handelnden hingegen iſt uns völlig beſtimmt gegeben. Wir wiſſen nun, was wir zu erwarten haben, und die Frage: ob der Charakter richtig motivirt ſey? ſchränkt ſich nun bloß auf die zur Beantwortung minder ſchwierige ein: ob die Handlung aus dem bekannten Charakter folge? Welchen Vortheil dieſes dem Fabeldichter gewähre, haben die Kunſtrichter ſchon längſt bemerkt. Aber eine ſo unbedeutende Schilderung dieß auch für die Schauſpieldichter zu ſeyn ſcheint, ſo erleichtert es doch ihre ganze Darſtellung, und ſo viel trägt es zur leichten Täuſchung bey.

Die Einbildungskraft des Menſchen iſt ein gar ſonderbares Ding: ſie iſt im höchſten Grade thätig, aber auch zugleich im höchſten Grade träge. Gebt ihr den Kopf, den Rumpf, den Fuß eines ganzen Körpers zu ſehen; und mit eins ſteht der Körper vor ihr in ſeinem ganzen Schein da. Darin beſteht ihre Thätigkeit. Aber von dieſer Thätigkeit will ſie durch nichts, oder doch ſo wenig als möglich geſtört werden. Muß ſie mühſam die Theile eines Ganzen zuſammen ſuchen, muß ſie daher die Hülfe ihres [illegible] Bruders, Verſtand, anflehen; ſo verliert ſie alle Freude an ihrer Arbeit, und, wie ein [illegible] Weib, entzieht ſie ſich, um nicht zu ſtören, ganz der Beſchäftigung mit ihrem Liebling. Je leichter ſich ihr daher die Einheit darbietet, je mehr es der Dichter darauf anlegt, ſich nach ihrer Laune zu bequemen, ihr die Herbeyrufung des Verſtandes zu erſparen, und je mehr er ſie dann in den Stand ſetzt, ihm die vorgezeichneten Züge nach und nach, eigenthätig, [illegible]; deſto mehr hält ſie ſich an ihrem rechten Platz, mit deſto größerm Vergnügen treibt ſie ihr Werk.

Die Anwendung von dieſem Satze auf den vorliegenden Fall iſt nicht ſchwer. Mag es dem Dichter auch immer gelingen, Perſonen und Handlungen zu erdichten, deren Beſtimmtheit wahrſcheinlich, und deren Beſtehen dem Verſtande gleichſam iſt; kennt man vorher nicht, was man von ihnen zu erwarten hat, muß man erſt hinterdrein, aus dem vorhandenen Mannichfaltigen zuſammenſuchen, daß der Künſtler richtig gezeichnet habe; ſo iſt die Täuſchung größtentheils verloren. Der Verſtand hat gewonnen, aber auf Koſten der Einbildungskraft: ſie will aus der Fülle ſchöpfen, aber nicht aus einzelnen Brocken eine Fülle zuſammenſetzen.

Wie ganz anders aber verhält es ſich, wenn man ein Stück aus der alten Geſchichte behandelt. Die Ankündigung eines Stückes von ſo beſtimmten Charakteren, wie Agamemnon, Iphigenia u. d. gl. gibt der Einbildungskraft ſchon den Totaleindruck; ſie weiß, welchen Stoff der Dichter zu behandeln hat, und braucht daher nur langſam dem Gange nachzuwandern, den ſie der Dichter führt. Jeder neue Auftritt, jede Wendung und jedes Wort iſt ein Theil von dem Mannichfaltigen, das ſie in der Einheit wiederfindet, und aus dem Totaleindrucke entwickelt; das Ganze entfaltet ſich vor ihren Augen, und ſie empfindet die ganze Schönheit der Darſtellung.

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Ein Umſtand gehört noch weſentlich zu meinem Plane, und den muß ich nicht unberührt laſſen. — Bey den Künſten des Raumes fand ſich eine dreyfache Verſchiedenheit in der Darſtellung ein, die als Maaßſtab für den Grad des freyen Spieles dienen konnte, das der Künſtler [illegible] Hervorbringung einräumen muß. Denn entweder die Theile ſelbſt, aus denen die Umriſſe des Ganzen beſtehen, ſind vom gewiſſen Grade, und die Freyheit der Einbildungskraft beſchränkt ſich bloß auf die Zuſammenſetzung des Ganzen; oder die Theile können zwar mit voller Freyheit entworfen werden, aber die Compoſition iſt durch etwas beſtimmt; oder endlich trifft beydes zuſammen: ſowohl die Umriſſe als das Ganze, verrathen das freye Spiel der Einbildungskraft.

Hier hingegen, bey der Dichtkunſt, wo alles nur auf eine Conſtruction der geraden Linie abzielt, wo der Dichter alſo nimmer an der reinen Form zu thun habe, und alles, was er darſtellt, nach und nach, in einer Art von Cauſalverbindung darſtellen muß: hier ſcheint alſo dem Dichter ein großer Theil von dem freyen Spiel der Einbildungskraft verloren zu gehen. Der Hauptumriß des Ganzen, ſollte man glauben, iſt, bey allen Gedichten, eine gerade Linie, die weder mit Freyheit aufgefaßt, noch als Schönheit dargeſtellt werden kann.

Verhielte es ſich in der That auf dieſe Weiſe, ſo fiele auch noch der innere Unterſchied zwiſchen den Dichtungsarten ſelbſt weg. Jedes Gedicht wäre die Darſtellung eines Ganzen, das die Zeitlinie für das Gefühl empiriſch conſtruirte; und der Dichter dürfte ſich bey dem einen nicht mehr als bey dem andern, dem freyen Spiele ſeiner Einbildungskraft überlaſſen: alle gingen fort nach dem Geſetze der Cauſalität, die Umriſſe der Ode und der Epopöe wären gleich.

Um dieſem Einwurfe zu begegnen, muß ich nochmals auf das zurückkommen, was oben ſchon erinnert worden. — Bey allen Kunſtwerken der Zeit fängt des Kunſtrichters Einbildungskraft erſt mit dem Totaleindrucke an, in ein freyes Spiel zu gerathen. Erſt dann, wenn ihr dieſes durch den Verſtand als Einheit gegeben worden, zergliedert ſie ihn in ſeine mannichfaltigen Theile, und findet Vergnügen in dieſer Zergliederung, ſobald ſie ſieht, daß alles wirklich aus der Einheit fließt. Für den Kunſtrichter alſo iſt, ſo lange ſich der Verſtand noch mit der Aufſuchung der Einheit beſchäftigt, der Totaleindruck ein [illegible], und nur dann erſt, wenn er dieſen bekommen hat, iſt das Ganze ein Kunſtwerk für ihn.

Der Dichter hingegen nimmt in ſeiner Begeiſterung das [illegible] für das Ziel. In ſeinem Gemüthe muß ſich daher vor der Ausführung, die in der Zeit geſchieht, ein Ganzes als Totaleindruck zugleich darſtellen, muß ſich gleichſam räumlich für den innern Sinn abbilden, und ihm eine Art von äußerer Anſchauung gewähren. Je nachdem nun dieſes Ganze, als Bild im Raume wirklich dargeſtellt, mehr oder weniger Freyheit der Einbildungskraft verrathen würde; je nachdem wird auch die Dichtungsart mehr oder minder freyes Spiel der Einbildungskraft geſtatten.

Betrachten wir nach dieſem Maaßſtabe die verſchiedenen Dichtungsarten; ſo wird ſich vielleicht finden, was ſchon von den Kunſtrichtern allgemein angenommen worden, daß die Ode den höchſten, das Lehrgedicht hingegen den geringſten Schwung der Einbildungskraft erfodere.

Mag der Elegiker ſchildern was er will, Empfindungen, Leidenſchaften oder Handlungen; er muß die Empfindungen, Leidenſchaften und Handlungen perſonificiren, um ſie gleichſam vor ſeinen Augen vorgehen zu laſſen. Die Empfindung des Schmerzes iſt ihm nicht bloß ein inneres Gefühl ohne Object; ſondern ſeine ſchaffende Einbildungskraft ſtellt den Schmerz als Perſon vor ſich, wie er auf ihn zuſtößt, und an ſeinem Innern nagt. Aber da der empfundene Schmerz, gewöhnlich nicht den ganzen Körper einnimmt, malt ſich auch das Bild deſſelben nur [illegible] in der Einbildungskraft des Dichters aus. Bald iſt es ein [illegible] Auge mit blutigem Rachen, [illegible]; es iſt ein [illegible] Schmerz; bald eine [illegible] Hand mit [illegible], womit ſie ihm zu [illegible]; und bald ein [illegible], die ſeine [illegible] in den Staub [illegible]. Dieſe einzelnen Theile, deren ſeine Begeiſterung eigentlich nur bedarf, werden nun von der Einbildungskraft zu einem Ganzen ausgemalt. Der ganze Schmerz, mit allen ſeinen Attributen, ſteht nun vor ihm. Er iſt ein Bild mit voller Freyheit entworfen, und das, im Raume gedacht, und als räumliche Anſchauung dargeſtellt, uns gerade den Totaleindruck geben würde, der des Dichters Einbildungskraft vorſchwebte *).

Das nähmliche gilt von den Leidenſchaften und den Handlungen, Liebe, Eiferſucht, Geiz und Neid, und alle Leidenſchaften ſind dem Dichter nicht bloße Abänderung unſeres Gemüthes, nicht bloße Erhöhung ganz natürlicher innerer Begierden in uns, ohne Objecte außer ihm; es ſind ihm wirkliche Weſen, mit ſtärkern Kräften begabt, als daß der ſchwache Menſch ih-

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*) Nach den Geſetzen der Einbildungskraft braucht der Theil nicht das Ganze herbeyzuführen; ſondern kann auch andere Theile von anderen Ganzen mit ſich ziehen. Daher die lyriſchen Sprünge.

nen widerſtehen konnte. Was er leidet, wird einer Urſache außer ihm zugeſchrieben, und dieſe Urſache ſelbſt verehrungswürdig: ſein Herz iſt von Amors Pfeilen verwundet worden, und ſeine Leiden bleiben ihm dennoch werth, weil es goldene Pfeile ſind.

Bei den roheſten Völkern des Alterthums mußte nothwendiger Weiſe der erſte Schritt zur Cultur von der Einbildungskraft geſchehen. Eben weil ſie eine Wirkung des Verſtandes auf die Sinnlichkeit iſt, eben weil ſie den Uebergang zwiſchen dieſen zwey Gemüthsfähigkeiten ausmacht; ſchlägt ſie gleichſam eine Brücke für den Menſchen, der es wagt, ſich aus dem bloß ſinnlichen Zuſtand zu dem eines vernünftigen Weſens zu erheben. Was daher die Einbildungskraft ſich anſchaulich machen, was ſie ſich vorſtellen konnte, war Beweis im eigentlichen Verſtande des Wortes, für den Gedanken, den ſie verſinnlichte; und jedes neue Bild war eine neue Wahrheit. Wahrheiten, in dem Sinne, wie wir jetzt das Wort nehmen, ſolche Wahrheiten zu finden dachte wohl niemand. Der Unterſchied zwiſchen einem abſtracten Begriffe des Verſtandes, und dem Bilde in concreto, das die Einbildungskraft von ihm zu entwerfen vermag, iſt viel zu fein und viel zu ſchwer, als daß er ſich gleich, beym erſten ungeübten Denken, hätte verſtehen laſſen.

Jede Leidenſchaft wurde von ihnen mit einem Körper bekleidet; und der damalige Weiſe, der über ihre Beſchaffenheiten nachdenken wollte, perſonificirte ſie zu eben dem Behuf, als wir abſtrahiren: wenn er lehren wollte, mußte er dichten. Von der kleinſten Umgebung des Menſchen bis zu den erhabenſten Gegenſtänden der Geiſterwelt, mußte ſich alles verſinnlichen laſſen, weil man, aus Mangel an vertrautem Umgang mit abſtracten Begriffen, keinen Gegenſtand auf eine andere Weiſe im Gemüthe feſthalten konnte.

Daher der Urſprung der Mythen und der Attribute, welche jetzt den Begriff begränzten; und der Denker erreichte es nach einem Bildwort, [illegible] [illegible] die [illegible] mit Worten ausgedrückten Bilder der [illegible] ein, ſeine Schule es behalte; und ſtellte ſie, gleichſam als einen Commentar zu ſeinem beſſern Vortrag, auch im Namen außer ſich dar.

Aber unſere Leidenſchaften und Empfindungen ſind wirklich für uns; daher waren auch die Bilder, unter denen die Phantaſie des Weltweiſen der damaligen Zeit ſie ſich vorſtellte, auch wirklich außer ihm, und was er für leeres Nachdenken hielt, war eigentlich Begeiſterung. Es war kein gewaltſamer, dem Wahnſinn ähnlicher Zuſtand, ſondern das ewige Abziehen von allem Fremdartigen, das Feſthalten ſeines Gegenſtandes, und die Entwicklung deſſelben in ſeine kleinſten Theile. Wie auf dem Abſtrahiren eines Begriffes, beruhte ſie im Gedächtniß und im Gebrauch der der Wechſelbeziehung deſſelben und der Entſtellung der Attribute; und was bey uns eine richtige Abſtraction iſt, war bey ihnen ein treffendes Bild mit gehörigen Attributen.

Eben wie die Empfindung oder Leidenſchaft ſelbſt, die er fühlte, ſpielte daher die Einbildungskraft des Odendichters, um in ſich ein wirklich ſinnliches Bild für ſeine Vorſtellung oder ſeine Leidenſchaft zu erhalten: wenn er denken wollte, mußte er ſchildern, und dichten, wenn er das Gedachte niederſchreiben wollte.

Bey uns iſt es freylich gerade das Gegentheil. Unſere Dichter, von Jugend auf der abſtracten Begriffe gewohnt, können nie den hohen Schwung, und das freye Spiel der Alten, in ihren Oden bewirken. Jene ſuchten Worte für ihre Bilder, dieſe für ihre Bilder zu ihren Gedanken; jene beſchrieben, was die Einbildungskraft ſah, dieſe verſinnlichen, was ſie denken.

Daraus ließe ſich der Grund an die Orakel urſprünglich zu führen, der Unterſchied zwiſchen den eigentlichen Dichtern und den Schwärmern der Alten beſtimmen, und endlich ein Weg zur Beantwortung der Frage zeigen: ob es dem neuern Dichter, nach Klopſtocks muſterhaftem Beyſpiele, erlaubt ſey, dem Gebrauche der Alten zuwider, durch innere Empfindungen äußere Anſchauungen zu malen. Aber da ich nur zeigen wollte, worinn das freye Spiel des Odendichters beſtehe, muß ich hier einlenken, um zur Epopöe überzugehen.

Der Mangel an dem leichten Gebrauche der abſtracten Begriffe erzeugte die Ode; der Mangel an der Kunſt zu ſchreiben, das Heldengedicht. — Die Menſchen zu allen Zeiten fanden nur eine magere Unterhaltung in dem Umgange mit ſich und ihren Zeitgenoſſen. Sie lernten ſich einander bald, gleichſam auswendig kennen, und ihre Begebenheiten hatten nur wenig Reiz für ſie. Ueberdieß ſind ihnen die Gründe zu der Handlungsweiſe der Zeitgenoſſen meiſtens ſo gut oder ſo ſchlecht bekannt, miſcht ſich in die Beurtheilung derſelben ſo viel Partheylichkeit, und ſo viel ungerechter Neid von der einen, und ſo viel blinder Beyfall von der andern Seite, daß der Menſch zu allen Zeiten nichts ſo wenig kannte, als die Geſchichte ſeiner Zeit, und daß er gern das Blatt überſchlug, das ſie ihm erzählte.

Nur dann, wenn wir unſeren Lebensfaden weit zurück in die Vergangenheit ausſpinnen, wenn wir die Thaten der Vorwelt kennen lernen, finden wir eine Mannichfaltigkeit unterſchiedlicher Begebenheiten, und wahre Unterhaltung mit Menſchen, über welche die Vernunft ihr ſtrenges Richteramt ausüben, und deren Handlungen ſie nach ihrem Geſetze prüfen kann.

Dieſer Hang zur Kenntniß der Geſchichte der Vorwelt mußte daher, ohne alle Rückſicht auf Nutzen, auch ſchon frühzeitig die Menſchen antreiben, die Thaten ihrer Voreltern aufzubewahren; und in der That iſt kein neu entdecktes, nur halb cultivirtes Land noch gefunden worden, das nicht die Geſchichte von einigen Generationen gerettet hätte.

Aber wie konnte, bey den erſten Völkern, die Geſchichte aufbewahrt werden? Die Kunſt zu ſchreiben war noch nicht erfunden, der Gebrauch der Hieroglyphen ihnen unbekannt. Durch Tradition demnach: vom Vater auf den Sohn. Aber das hätte die Geſchichte nicht weit zurück aufbewahren können. Der [illegible] der Menſchen ging ſo langſam, wie er noch jetzt geht; ſie vergaßen das Alte durch die Eindrücke des Neuen. Nur hie und da ein Mann von ſtarker Einbildungskraft, dem die Natur die Gabe verliehen hatte, das Gehörte leicht aufzufaſſen; nur er konnte ſeinem Gedächtniß durch ſeine Einbildungskraft zu Hülfe kommen, und die Erzählungen für die Thaten der Vorwelt werden, die man, wenn man es brauchte oder wollte, die wieder bekommen kann.

Aber wie es mit allen Anſtalten geht, deren Ende und Urſache niemand bedenkt, ſo ging es auch hier. Eben dieſe Männer, weil ſie jede That auswählten, um ihrem Gedächtniß durch die ſinnliche Bild zu Hülfe zu kommen, veränderten, nach dem Geſetze der Einbildungskraft, die Form der That ſelbſt. Was da hätte geſchehen können, gaben ſie als wirklich; Kräfte wurden zu Helden, Menſchen zu Göttern, und natürliche Begebenheiten zu Wundern erhoben. Ihre Einbildungskraft wurde thätig, um ſich das Vergangene recht anſchaulich zu vorſtellen, und da ſie [illegible] ſo lange, wie [illegible], [illegible] den Gegenſtand ſo lange um, bis man nur mit Mühe das Wahre erkennt, [illegible] geſchildert worden.

Traten nun dieſe Männer auf, und erzählten dem Volke, in guten Reden — das beſte Hülfsmittel etwas im Gedächtniſſe zu behalten*) — die Thaten der Vorwelt, wie ſie ſolche gehört haben; ſo war das dem Volke die angenehmſte Unterhaltung. Auch ſo mußten, durch ihre eigene Tradition, ſie etwas von den Begebenheiten, die ihnen der Geſchichtſchreiber erzählt; aber ſo wußten ſie es dennoch nicht. Gerade wie wir das gerne Vergnügen fühlen, wenn wir eine Begebenheit aus einem ſchlechten Compendium lernen, und dann einen ausführlichen Geſchichtſchreiber zu Rathe ziehen, der uns alle die Schwierigkeiten hebt, die wir vermuthet hatten: gerade das Gefühl mußte ſich des Gemüthes jener Leute bemeiſtert haben. Was ſie nur dunkel wußten, ward ihnen nun bis zur Anſchaulichkeit deutlich; was ihnen unbegreiflich ſchien, erklärt man ihnen; und was ſie für alltäglich hielten, bekam einen Anſtrich vom Ungewöhnlichen und Erhabenen.

Daß dieſe Ableitung des Urſprungs der Epopöe nicht bloß Hypotheſe zum Behuf meines Zweckes ſey, ließe ſich vielleicht ſtrenge erweiſen, wenn das zu meinem Zwecke gehörte. Aufmerkſam muß ich iſt darauf machen, daß man keine Spur von einer Epopöe bey den Egyptiern, Hebräern und Indiern antrifft, denen der Gebrauch der Hieroglyphen, und ſogar der Schrift nicht fremde war; daß die Epopöe anfänglich keine lange, zuſammenhängende Begebenheiten, ſondern nur einzelne Thaten behandelte; und daß ſelbſt griechiſche Schriftſteller, die, wie Herodot und Strabo, aus der Tradition ſchrieben, manche Fabel, nicht mit beſſerm Wiſſen, als Wahrheit aufnahmen, ſondern weil die von den Dichtern überlieferten Traditionen die Quellen waren, aus denen ſie ſchöpften, und ſie nicht ſo viel Kunſt wie Fleiß beſaßen, das Fabelhaft Scheinende gerne zu erzählen, oder nicht zu beſtätigen.

Waren demnach die erſten Epopöendichter die eigentlichen Lehrer der Geſchichte; ſo mußten ſie freylich, durch das freye Spiel ihrer Einbildungskraft, manches Bild, manche Farbe ausmalen, um dem Ganzen Anſchaulichkeit zu verſchaffen, und es dadurch der Einbildungskraft des Zuhörers einzuprägen. Aber an der eigentlichen Hauptbegebenheit, die jedermann doch ſo gewiß aus eigener Tradition kannte, durften ſie nichts ändern. Sie konnten die Handlungen motiviren, auf welche Art ſie wollten, konnten Maſchinen brauchen, wo gewöhnliche Gründe und Kräfte nicht zulangten; aber der Grund, weshalb ſie motivirten und Maſchinen einführten, mußte der allgemeinen Tradition getreu bleiben.

Rechnet man daher das Poetiſche ab, das jedes Heldengedicht mehr oder weniger enthält, ſchränkt man ſich alſo bloß auf das ein, was eigentlich zum Aneinanderreihen der Thatſachen gehört; ſo iſt die Freyheit der Einbildungskraft, die der Dichter derſelben ausübt, gerade die des Hiſtorienmalers. Auch dieſer entlehnt den Stoff aus der Geſchichte, und nur Umriſſe, Anordnung der

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*) Deshalb, ſagt Ariſtoteles, nennt man die Muſik die Geſetze.

Sorgen, und Talent ſind ſein Werk, nur dieſes hat er dem freyen Spiele ſeiner Einbildungskraft zu verdanken.

Der Ausdruck [illegible] iſt zum Theil kräftig, und unterſcheidet ſich [illegible] vom Gewöhnlichen durch den [illegible]. Was den [illegible], in Betracht der Freyheit der Einbildungskraft als [illegible] und derſelben Dichtungsarten ſteht, [illegible] zuſammen auf ihn: er hat nicht das volle freye Spiel des erſten, und iſt nicht ſo eingeſchränkt wie der zweyte.

Daß aber der [illegible] Dichter, als ſolcher, ſich gar kein freyes Spiel der Einbildungskraft [illegible] kann, und daher nur in Rückſicht auf das zufällig eingemiſchte [illegible] des Dichters verliere, iſt zu oft geſagt worden, als daß es hier wiederholt zu werden brauchte.

Karl Friedrich Benkowitz,

ein früher nicht ungern geleſener, jetzt aber bereits faſt ganz vergeſſener Schriftſteller, ward 1764 zu Uelzen im Lüneburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und lebte dann eine Zeit lang als Candidat zu [illegible] bei [illegible], ſpäter in Berlin. Zu Anfange dieſes Jahrhunderts beſuchte er Italien, ward darauf nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1804 in Glogau als Kammerſecretär angeſtellt und endete hier am 19. März 1807 aus Schwermuth freiwillig ſein Leben, indem er ſich von einem Fenſter des dritten Stockwerks hinab auf die Straße ſtürzte.

B. gab heraus:

Erzählungen und Gedichte. Göttingen, 1788.
Lebensſcenen. Halle, 1790.
Klopſtock's Meſſias, äſthetiſch beurtheilt. Berlin, 1797.
Der Zauberer Angelion. Berlin, 1798—1800. 2 Thle.
Natalie. Leipzig, 1800.
Robert. Halle, 1798—99. 4 Thle.
Pfeile des Witzes und der Laune. Halle, 1798.
Der neue weſtphäliſche Robinſon. Halle, 1799. 2 Thle.
Helios, der Titan. 2 Thle. Leipz. 1802—3.
Reiſe von Glogau nach Sorrent. Berlin, 1803—4. 3 Thle.
Das italieniſche Cabinet oder Merkwürdigkeiten von Rom und Neapel. Leipz. 1804.
Hilarion. Leipzig, 1804.
Abdalrahman. Leipz. 1804. 2 Thle.
Reiſen von Neapel in die umliegende Gegend. Berl. 1806.
Der deutſche Don Quixote. Leipz. 1806.
Geſchichte eines afrikaniſchen Affen, genannt Muley Haſſan, vormals Voltaire. Berlin, 1807.

Benkowitz's Streben ging vorzüglich dahin, der Menge zu gefallen und dem Ton des Tages zu huldigen; er verſuchte ſich daher in faſt allen Gattungen und ſchrieb bald ſentimental, bald humoriſtiſch, bald im [illegible] Genre, bald mit [illegible] u. ſ. w. Daher fand er auch für kurze Zeit ein dankbares Publikum; da er jedoch ſchnell und oberflächlich arbeitete und gründlicher Tiefe wie [illegible] Witzes ermangelte, ſo hat ihn keines ſeiner Werke überlebt. Gefällige Rede und eine gewiſſe Lebhaftigkeit der Darſtellung ſind ihm nicht abzuſprechen; weniger [illegible], indem er [illegible] Phantaſie und genug Wärme und Wahrheit des Gefühls beſaß, um einen mehr als gewöhnlichen Leſer zu feſſeln. — Das hier mitgetheilte Fragment einer Art von Autobiographie charakteriſirt ſeine Weiſe genügend und iſt nicht ganz ohne pſychologiſches Intereſſe.

Erinnerungen an die Freunde meines Lebens *).

Wenn man einige hundert Meilen von ſeinem Vaterlande entfernt iſt, wenn alles um uns her eine veränderte Geſtalt angenommen hat, wenn die Natur, die Menſchen, die Sitten ſich verwandelten, wenn man nur ſelten einen vaterländiſchen Genoſſen findet, der nicht mit verwandelt iſt, dann wird uns das, was uns ehemals theuer war, noch unendlich theurer, dann beginnt man, ſein Vaterland und die Menſchen darin mehr zu lieben, wie je, dann ſteigen, beſonders unſere ehemaligen Freunde, in einem [illegible] Lichte vor der Seele auf.

Alles, was mir von den Jahren meiner Kindheit an, bis jetzt, theuer war, alles, zu welchem in meinem vorigen Leben meine Seele ſich hinneigte, iſt fern, ſehr fern von mir; ich bin unter einem fremden Himmel, unter fremden Menſchen, von denen ich nie etwas wußte, nie etwas [illegible]. Noch hat ſich mein Herz nur wenig zu neuen Freundſchaftsbündniſſen geöffnet; aber um ſo theurer ſind mir die alten, und ich kann mir die Freude nicht verſagen, ſie noch einmal recht lebhaft in meine Seele zurückzurufen.

Vielleicht werde ich in meinem künftigen Leben nur wenige von meinen Freunden wiederſehen, vielleicht keinen; aber ich will wenigſtens noch einmal von ihnen und mit ihnen reden. Ich will ihnen [illegible] meine Erinnerung, [illegible] aus dem Süden Europas und vom Geſtade des mittelländiſchen Meers her ans Herz rufen, daß ihr Andenken noch lebendig und neu in meinem Herzen wohnt.

Der erſte Freund meiner Kindheit, als ich noch [illegible] im väterlichen Hauſe war, hieß [illegible]. Kaum, daß noch ein Schatten von ſeinem Bilde vor mir aufſteigen will; aber das entſinne ich mich noch genau, daß die Blattern [illegible] hatten.

Ich verlebte mit ihm einige von den frühen [illegible] Knabenjahren, und weiß nur das noch von unſerer Freundſchaft, daß ich ihn ſehr lieb hatte, und daß der erſte Seelenſchmerz, an den ich mich zu erinnern vermag, ſich meiner bemächtigte, als ich mich von ihm trennen mußte. Er ward in meiner Vaterſtadt, in Uelzen im Lüneburgiſchen, bei ſeinen Verwandten erzogen, und kam dann [illegible] im [illegible] Jahr, zu ſeiner Mutter nach [illegible] im Lande Hadeln. Seit dieſer Zeit habe ich ihn nie wieder geſehen, nie etwas von ihm gehört. Ich erinnere mich bloß, daß ich in öffentlichen Blättern den Namen [illegible] als Schriftſteller erwähnt gefunden habe, aber ich weiß nicht, ob es mein Freund iſt.

Wenn du noch auf Erden walleſt, erſter Freund meiner Kindheit, wenn du [illegible] Lebensjahre zurückzuſchauen vermagſt, ſo wirſt du dich erinnern, wie ich meine ganze kindiſche [illegible] aufbot, dich bei mir zurückzuhalten, und wie [illegible] war. Ich weiß es noch, daß ich ſehr traurig über deinen Verluſt war, aber ich glaube, daß dem Gefühle [illegible]; denn die Schmerzgefühle leben nicht ſo tief, als der [illegible].

Seitdem ſind unſere Lebenspfade in verſchiedenen Richtungen [illegible], und haben ſich nie wieder berührt; aber ich ſehne mich, zu wiſſen, ob der [illegible] Blumenfelder [illegible], oder ob er auch durch Klippen und Dornengebüſche ſich durchdrängen mußte! Ach, auch dir wird das allgemeine Loos der Menſchen, das jedem ſeine Blumen und ſeine Dornen [illegible], nicht vorübergegangen ſeyn.

Mir ging es nicht vorüber. Mit dem Schmerz, den ich bei der Trennung von dir empfand, habe ich auch oft den Schmerz getrennter Freundſchaft gefühlt, und nicht ihn allein; tauſend [illegible] Dornen habe ich unter den Blumen des Lebens gefunden, und vorzüglich in meinem letzten Lebensjahre, wo Krankheit des Körpers und der Seele mich [illegible] ergriff. Aber ich will hier nichts davon reden; nur was meine Freunde betrifft, ſoll jetzt bei mir vorüber gehen. O Trennung, Trennung!

Oft hing ich feſt an einem treuen Freund,
Du aber ſchlugſt in ſeine Bruſt die Klauen,
Und riſſeſt ihn, mit heißem Schmerz beweint,
Oft in das Grab, oft hin zu fernen Auen.

Der zweite Freund meiner Kindheit iſt nicht mir allein, ſondern auch vielen andern bekannt, mindeſtens dem Namen nach. Es iſt Veit Weber, der durch die Sagen der Vorzeit, ſo wie durch manche andere Schriften, ſo bekannt geworden iſt. Aber er heißt nicht Veit Weber. Dieß iſt nur ſein ſchriftſtelleriſcher Name; ſein wahrer Name iſt Phillipp Leonhard Wächter, und unter dem

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*) Aus: Helios, der Titan, oder Rom und Neapel von C. F. Benkowitz, erſtes Heft. Leipzig. 1802.

Namen Philipp war er der Freund meiner Kindheit, ſo wie ich der ſeinige unter dem Namen Fritze.

Sein Vater war Prediger in meiner Vaterſtadt, und wohnte nur ein Haus von dem Hauſe meiner Eltern. Wir ſahen uns alle Tage, und ich erinnere mich noch ſehr lebhaft der beiden Wallnußbäume in ſeinem Hofe, zwiſchen denen wir eine Schaubühne angebracht hatten, und ſehr lebhaft der Hagedornſchen Fabel, die wir pantomimiſch zuſammen aufführten.

Zu unſerer Knabenlitteratur gehörte nehmlich auch die Fabel von Hagedorn: der Adler, die wilde Katze und die wilde Sau, und dieſe hatte einen ſo tiefen Eindruck auf unſere Einbildungskraft gemacht, daß wir ſie dramatiſch darſtellten. Von einem Schriftſteller, wie Müller, ſind auch kleine Züge aus den Jahren der Kindheit angeführt, und ich erlaube mir deshalb die Erzählung von dieſem unſerm kindiſchen Spiel. Die Fabel fängt *) ſo an:

Es hatt' auf einem hohen Baum
Der Vögel Königin den Wohnſitz genommen,
Die Katze wählte ſich der Eiche mittlern Raum,
Den unterſten hatt' eine Sau bekommen;
Die hielten lange gute Nachbarſchaft u. ſ. w.

Die wilde Katze aber, die liſtig auf die Jungen ihrer Nachbarn iſt, überredet die Sau, daß der Adler ihre Ferkel freſſen will, wenn ſie ausgeht, und dem Adler macht ſie ebenfalls bange für ſeine kleine Brut, wenn er nach Futter ausfliegen ſollte. Beide bleiben zu Hauſe, verhungern, und werden von der wilden Katze gefreſſen.

Dieß iſt das Drama, daß wir aufführten. Unſer Baum war eine Treppe in meinem väterlichen Hauſe, die in der Mitte einen Abſatz hatte; an dieſer bauten wir unſere Neſter auf. Oben hatte der Adler, auf dem Abſatz die wilde Katze, und unten die Sau ihren Sitz. Unſer dritter Schauſpieler war mein anderer Jugendfreund Pape. In den Rollen wechſelten wir ab, aber Veit Weber machte gewöhnlich die wilde Katze, alſo den Hauptakteur.

Wenn wir dann unſere Neſter in Beſitz genommen hatten, ſo kam die wilde Katze zuerſt zur Sau geſchlichen, und hub vertraulich an: Liebe Frau Nachbarin, ich habe ihr mit ſchwerem Herzen etwas zu entdecken, aber ſie muß mich ja nicht verrathen; ach ich unglückliche Frau, wie würde mir es gehen!

Die Sau gelobte feierlich an, nichts zu verrathen, und nun ſagte die Katze leiſe: Denke ſie ſich, liebe, liebe Frau Nachbarin, was der böſe Adler im Schilde führt; wenn ſie das erſtemal wieder ausgeht, um Futter zu holen, will er ihre Jungen freſſen. Die Sau fing gewaltig an zu grunzen, und ereiferte ſich heftig über den boshaftigen Adler. Still, ſtill, rief die Katze, damit er es nicht hört; aber weiß ſie, liebe Frau Nachbarin, wie ſie ihn anführen kann? Bleibe ſie fein zu Hauſe, und verlaſſe ſie ihre Jungen nicht; ich will es eben ſo machen.

Die Sau verſprach auch dieß feſt, und nun ergoſſen ſich beide über den boshaften Nachbar in bittre Schmähungen. Hierauf nahm die Katze einen zärtlichen mütterlichen Abſchied, und kroch zum Adler, wo dieſelbe Scene wiederholt ward.

Wir hatten nun unſere Jungen viel zu lieb, und hüteten das Neſt unausſetzlich. Endlich kam der Hunger; wir fingen an zu ächzen und ſtöhnen. Zugleich kam die Katze und fraß uns auf. Ich weiß, daß die Katze mich bei dieſer Gelegenheit oft wirklich hin und her geriſſen hat.

So endigte unſer kleines Drama. Wer dieß alles für Kleinigkeit hält, dem will ich es gern erlauben; aber es wird auch manchen geben, der es nicht dafür hält, oder vielmehr, der es weiß, daß faſt das ganze menſchliche Leben aus Kleinigkeiten beſteht, und daß manches davon etwas Großes für unſer Herz ſeyn kann. Es gab niemand auf unſere Spiele Acht; aber mir ſcheint, daß wenigſtens der Erfinder dieſes kleinen Drama etwas Witz verrathen hat. Ich weiß nicht mehr, wer es war. Sollte jener Pape, den ich in den öffentlichen Blättern fand, mein Freund ſeyn, ſo wäre es merkwürdig, daß dieſe drei kleinen Schauſpieler drei Schriftſteller geworden wären.

Ich erinnere mich aus dieſer Zeit, daß Veit Weber eine Menge alter Bücher aus der Kirchenbibliothek, die ſein Vater unter ſich hatte, begierig las, und ſchon damals viele romantiſche Vorſtellungen in ſeiner Seele herumtrug. Seine Leſerei beſtand, wenn ich mich noch recht beſinne, in der Geſchichte eines alten Helden. Er erzählte mir oft davon, und mir ſchien damals alles ſehr wunderbar.

Dieſen Freund verlor ich ebenfalls frühzeitig. Sein Vater ward als Prediger nach Hamburg berufen, und mein Philipp folgte ihm mit Freuden nach dieſer großen Stadt. Ich weiß, daß ich am Morgen der Abreiſe viele Thränen vergoß. Seit dieſer Zeit habe ich auch dieſen Jugendfreund nicht wieder geſehen; aber gehört habe ich oft von ihm, und unſer Leben hat ſich in einigen kleinen Punkten berührt. Als ich die Univerſität Göttingen bezog, hatte er ſie eben verlaſſen, und ich traf noch Bekannte von ihm. Der Verleger ſeiner Sagen der Vorzeit iſt Herr Maurer in Berlin, derſelbe Buchhändler hat auch einige von meinen unmündigen Sachen verlegt.

Wenn du dich meiner noch erinnerſt, Freund meiner Jugend, ſo rufe noch einmal die goldenen Jahre der Kindheit in dein Herz zurück, wo unſere Seele einem Spiegel gleicht, in welchem die großen Laſten des Lebens ſich noch nicht abgebildet haben, der noch ungetrübt iſt, und alle kleinen Freuden des Daſeyns in dem ſchönſten Lichte zeigt. Wir haben mehrere von dieſen Jahren zuſammen verlebt, worin Unſchuld und Natur unſere Begleiterin war, und wir wären unſtreitig die glücklichſten Menſchen geweſen, hätten alle unſere Lebensjahre denſelben Stempel getragen.

Der dritte Freund, den ich in meiner Vaterſtadt hatte, hieß Werner. Er kam aus einem fremden Ort nach Uelzen auf die Schule, und wohnte bei dem damaligen bekannten Probſt Zimmermann daſelbſt. Unſere Freundſchaft entſpann ſich auf eine ſehr einfache und ungekünſtelte Art. Nachdem wir eine Zeitlang mit einander bekannt geweſen waren, ſagte er mir einſt, daß er ſo gern in meiner Geſellſchaft wäre; ich geſtand ihm aus vollem Herzen daſſelbe (denn in dieſer Lebenszeit lernt die Zunge noch nicht [illegible]), und ſeitdem waren wir unzertrennlich.

Wir mochten damals ungefähr zwölf Jahr alt ſeyn, und unſer beſtändiges Beiſammenſeyn wurde unſern andern Geſpielen ſchon auffallend. Ich glaube ſelbſt, daß man uns einen Namen gegeben hatte; aber wir hörten auf keinen Augenblick, und wir ſchloßen uns nur ſo feſter an einander. Es war ein ſehr ſüßer Augenblick für mich, als mir einſt jemand ſagte: ich müßte einen recht treuen Freund an Werner (denn meine Freunde hießen nun ſchon nach ihrem väterlichen Namen, und ich ſchon Benkowitz) haben, denn er hätte ſich meiner in der Abweſenheit mit der größten Heftigkeit angenommen. O ich erinnere mich noch ſehr lebhaft, wie wohl das meinem Herzen that.

O Freundſchaft, erſtgebornes Kind
Des liebevollſten der Weſen;
Süß, wie die Träume vom Geneſen
Dem hoffnungsloſen Kranken ſind!

Es war damals, daß ich dieſe Süßigkeit zuerſt mit einigem Nachdenken empfand. Wenn mich nach Werner verlangte, gab ich allemal von meinem Fenſter ein Zeichen, und ſogleich kam er zu mir herunter. Wir verlebten dann auf Spaziergängen unter faſt ununterbrochenen Geſprächen ſehr ſüße Stunden.

Alles iſt mir aus dieſer Freundſchaft ein angenehmes Andenken, nur etwas hat mich nachher oft erröthen gemacht. Werner hatte mehr Taſchengeld, als ich, und eine gewiſſe Naſchhaftigkeit überwand meine damals ſonſt große Beſcheidenheit; ich litt nicht nur, daß er oft mit mir theilte, ich gab ſelbſt Gelegenheit dazu, und ſeine Gutmüthigkeit bequemte ſich immer willig. Dieß hat mir noch lange nachher Beſchämung verurſacht, und noch jetzt wundere ich mich über dieſe Eigennützigkeit, da ich ſonſt nicht dazu geneigt bin. Es war in dieſer Rückſicht gut, daß ich nach wenigen Jahren von ihm entfernt ward; ich hätte ein eigennütziger Freund werden können.

Er war der erſte von meinen Freunden, den ich verließ, und ich fühlte dabei recht lebhaft, daß das Verlaſſen bei weitem nicht ſo ſchwer ſey, als das Zurückbleiben. Ich erinnere mich nicht, daß ich über unſere Trennung geweint hätte, ob ich ihn gleich herzlich liebte.

In meiner Vaterſtadt hatte ich noch mehr Geſpielen, die mir theuer waren, und mit denen ich ſehr viel Vergnügen genoß. Ernſt, Hartwig, Wilhelm, euer Bild und euer Name ſteht noch lebendig in meinem Herzen. Noch erinnere ich mich mit Vergnügen, wie wir des Sonntags nach dem kleinen Dorfe Veerſen gingen, wie wir da frohen Muthes unſern Zwieback aßen, und unſer ſüßes Bier tranken, wie wir in dem ſchönen Tannenwäldchen zu dem [illegible] eilten, wie wir uns in der Wipperau badeten und neugierig die Papiermühle beſuchten. O es waren ſehr unſchuldige und ſüße Freuden, die wir genoſſen, denn ſie haben auf immer einen angenehmen Eindruck hinterlaſſen.

Von Uelzen kam ich, als ich vierzehn Jahr alt war, nach Stendal auf eine größere Schule. Mein Herz war nun ſchon daran gewöhnt, immer jemanden zu haben, an den es ſich vorzüglich hing, und ich fand bald, was ich, ohne es zu wiſſen, ſuchte. Ein feingebildeter Knabe, mit einem eben ſo feinen und

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*) Ich würde den Anfang dieſer Fabel hier nicht herſetzen können, denn ich habe die Hagedornſchen Gedichte nicht bei mir, und in Neapel ſind die deutſchen Bücher ſehr rar, wenn nicht ein Ohngefähr ſie mir in die Hände geführt hätte. Indem mir hier nehmlich das Herz voll von meinen Jugendfreunden iſt, und ich unſere Spiele einem hieſigen Freunde, dem Maler Kaiſer, erzähle, frage ich ihn zugleich, ob er die Fabel kenne? Da liegt ſie auf dem Tiſch, ſagte er. Ich war nicht wenig überraſcht, ſie in dieſem Augenblick zu haben, und habe dieß alte Stück unſerer kindiſchen Schauſpielerei mit großem Vergnügen wieder durchgeleſen.

angenehmen Weſen, zog bald meine ganze Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich; aber es war nicht ſowohl ſeine Bildung und ſein Weſen, als, ich muß es nur geſtehen, vielmehr ſeine Kleidung, die ich ſo modiſch und niedlich noch nicht bei meinen Geſpielen geſehen hatte.

Dieß machte mich etwas ſchüchtern, und ich wagte kaum, ſeine Freundſchaft zu ſuchen. Er war mir übrigens an Geiſtesbildung weit überlegen. Ich ſprach über Gegenſtände, nach dem erſten Eindruck, den ſie auf mich machten, er machte Bemerkungen. Ich war ganz natürlich aufgewachſen, er hatte eine gewiſſe Welt; ich redete, wie mir der Augenblick eingab, er wählte die Worte, und hatte Wendungen in ſeiner Sprache. Dieß alles unterſchied uns, aber da wir in einer Klaſſe waren, ſo fanden wir uns dennoch bald, und wurden ſehr innige Freunde. Er war der Sohn eines Hofraths, und hieß Schröder.

Viele Jahre ſind es ſchon, daß er hinübergegangen iſt zu jenem Lande, aus dem keine Nachrichten mehr zu uns kommen; aber ſein Bild lebt in meiner Seele, und wird nie darin verlöſcht werden. Er hatte viele Vorzüge vor andern, und bei einem äußerſt zarten und ſchwachen Körper that ſich immer ſein Geiſt hervor. Noch ſeh ich ihn, wie er bei unſern kleinen Redeübungen da ſtand, und mit einem rührenden Ausdruck in der Declamation ſehr paſſende Geſten verband; noch hör ich, wie ſchön er das Wort Schmerz ausſprach, und die ſchönſten Stellen aus Klopſtocks Meſſias mit ſanftem Ausdruck vortrug.

Alle dergleichen Dinge waren in der Schule meiner Vaterſtadt nicht vorgekommen, und ich wurde ſehr davon hingeriſſen. Aber wie lächerlich ſtand ich da, als ich das erſtemal declamiren ſollte! Gleich einer Marionettenpuppe, die durch einen Drath ihr ganzes Leben erhält, hob und ließ ich dabei die Arme ſinken, und ſagte dabei monotoniſch die ſchöne Stelle aus dem Meſſias her:

— — — Ja, bitter iſt doch vom Geliebten,
Jammervoll iſt die Scheidung, der keine Stunde geſetzt ward,
Ach, zum Wiederſehen u. ſ. w.

Aber da die Sache ſo vielen Reiz für mich hatte, und wir überdieß durch einen trefflichen Lehrer im Declamiren gebildet wurden, ſo machte ich bald Fortſchritte auf dieſer Bahn, und nach einigen Jahren hatte ich die Freude bei einem Rede-Actus, daß man ungewiß war, wer am beſten declamirt hätte, Schröder oder ich.

Auch wurden wir zuletzt die beiden erſten in der Schule, und wechſelten oft halbjährig mit dem oberſten Platz ab. So nahe kam mir unter Allen am [illegible] geblieben hatten; aber ich beſinne mich nicht, daß je ſich Neid unter uns gezeigt hätte. [illegible] ſich die Freundſchaft auf eine andere Art [illegible], und trennte uns. Wir, die wir gleich geſtimmt waren, gleiche Urtheilskraft, gleiches Gefühl, gleiche Anlagen hatten, wir ſahen, ſprachen, ſtritten uns nicht mehr.

Es iſt ſchon lange, daß du hinübergegangen biſt, edler Freund, zu jenen Gefilden, zu denen wir alle auf dem Wege ſind, aber noch immer [illegible] das Andenken an unſre Zwietracht mit Schmerz [illegible]. Ich weiß nicht genau, wie ſie entſtand, [illegible] genährt wurde; aber ich nehme mit Freuden [illegible] mich. Der kleinſte Funke von Unwillen [illegible] Seiten geſtiegt, und wir [illegible] entgegen gehen, wenn ich in jenen [illegible] um keine Zwietracht mehr die ſchrecklichen [illegible] aufſieht.

Er bezog die [illegible], die Akademie, und am Morgen ſeiner Abreiſe [illegible], ach, um uns nahe [illegible] der noch einmal auf [illegible] bitter zu erinnern. Ich wende meinen Blick [illegible] denn ich ſehe noch nicht, wie ich mit einem für mich [illegible] und edlen Freunde in Zwietracht leben konnte. Aber je zärter die Freundſchaft iſt, um ſo zarter wird ſie oft, um ſo leichter iſt ſie zu verletzen.

Ich erinnere mich aus der Zeit meiner Schuljahre, daß ich eine lebhafte Dankbarkeit gegen die Lehrer empfand, von denen ich etwas Neues oder Vorzügliches lernte. Beſonders wandte ſich meine Achtung gegen den damaligen Rector, [illegible], der einen trefflichen Vortrag, einen edlen Charakter, und überhaupt alles beſaß, was zu einem guten Lehrer gehört. Von ihm empfing ich das erſte Licht, die erſte Ahndung von dem, was es Gutes und Schönes im Reich der Wiſſenſchaften gäbe, und meine Achtung wäre in die zärtlichſte Freundſchaft übergegangen, wenn die Verhältniſſe des Lehrers und Schülers es erlaubt hätten. Noch ſehnt ſich mein Herz nach dieſem Manne.

Es iſt wahr, daß er die wenigen Anlagen, die ich hatte, nicht ermunterte; im Gegentheil ſcheint es mir noch jetzt, daß er meine Arbeiten zu tief herabſetzte. Aber er hatte gewiß ſeine Gründe dazu, und es geſchah vielleicht, um kein Selbſtgefühl in mir emporkommen zu laſſen.

Ich hatte damals ein Gedicht gemacht, über Religion und Freigeiſterei, das ſich ſo anfing:

O du, vom Himmel uns geſandt,
Religion, der Gottheit größte Gabe,
Wie ſelig der, der einmal dich erkannt,
Dich einz'gen Troſt im Leben und am Grabe.

In dieſem Gedicht kamen auch folgende Stellen vor:

Du biſt es, die in trüben Stunden,
Wenn auf den Leidenden die Laſt des Elends ſinkt,
Wenn nun der letzte Troſt verſchwunden,
Und ſeine Seele ganz den Kelch der Leiden trinkt,
Die dann ihr Antlitz zu ihm wendet,
Und Linderung und Seelenruh ihm ſendet, u. ſ. w.

Ferner:

Und wenn von dieſer ſchwarzen Lehre *)
Dein eignes Herz auch überzeugt wäre,
So braucht's ein Fünkchen Edelmuth
Und Menſchenliebe nur, es andern zu verhehlen,
Und ihnen nicht das höchſte Gut
Mit Tigergrauſamkeit zu ſtehlen.
Dieß iſt die ſchwärzeſte der Thaten, die geſchehn —
Verzweiflung kann durch ſie in einer Welt entſtehn.

Wie grauſam iſt der Menſch, der dieß Syſtem erſinnet,
Und ſeinen Brüdern es zu ihrer Qual verkündet!
Der Mörder iſt ein Böſewicht,
Der ſeiner Brüder Herz, die ängſtlich vor ihm ſtehen,
Und um Erbarmen ihn, und um ihr Leben flehen,
In dieſem Angſtgeſchrei mit kaltem Blut durchſticht;
Ein Böſewicht! ... Allein du mußt vor ihm erröthen,
Er tödtet nur den Leib, du willſt die Seele tödten;
Er quält nur einen Augenblick:
Du raubſt dem Schwachen oft in allen Lebenstagen
Die inn're Ruh, des Lebens größtes Glück.
Denn nur ein Böſewicht kann den Gedanken tragen
Ich gehe nun in nichts zurück.

O unausſprechlich dumm iſt dieſe Lehre,
Daß ich für dieſe Welt allein geſchaffen wäre,
Daß Gott, der ſonſt ſo liebreich ſich erweiſt,
Mir dieſen heißen Trieb zum Leben,
Und die Vernunft allein zur Qual gegeben.
Und der, der dieſen Durſt in mir entſtehen ließ,
Die Zunge nur mit einem Tropfen kühlen! u. ſ. w.

An einer andern Stelle heißt es von dem ſterbenden Freigeiſt:

Kommt, laßt uns ihn von andern Seiten ſehn,
Und mit in ſeine Wohnung gehn,
Er, der vorher als Vater und als Gatte,
Der Kinder frohe Schaar mit Luſt erzogen hatte,
Verſammelt ſie nun um ſich, blickt ſie mit Unmuth an;
Das Weib umarmt und küßt den ihr ſo theuren Mann,
Und fühlt ein [illegible], das ihrem Arm entſtürzet,
Weil ihr ſein Herz nur für Vorurtheilen glühet,
Ach! der, mit welchem ſie auf immer ſich verband,
Mit welchem ſie ſo oft das ſüße Glück empfand,
Das Liebenden nur lacht, iſt ihr ein Verbrecher,
Verlacht nun alles das, was Menſchen heilig iſt,
Iſt nun ein Böſewicht, der jede Pflicht vergißt,
Scheut keine That nun mehr, und fürchtet keinen Rächer.

Und iſt dann kurze Zeit in trunkner Luſt verſtrich,
Der Freudenbecher leer, der Körper abgezehrt
Und das Gewiſſen nun mit jeder Schuld beſchwert,
Sieh, wie der Zweifler dann beim nahen Grab erbebt!
Dann breiteſt du, mit fürchterlichen Schwingen,
Verzweiflung, dich über ihn;
Dann den verworfnen Geiſt mit jeder Marter ringen,
Will keine Freunde [illegible] ſehn,
Will ihn in Todesangſt ſich winden,
Und in der Todesangſt nun einen Richter ſehen!
Jetzt bricht der [illegible], das wilde Auge bricht,
Der Geiſt entflieht, und tritt nun vor Gericht.

Ein Schauder dringt, bei dem Gedanken,
Durch mein erſtarrendes Gebein;
O Freigeiſt, willſt du nicht in deinen Lehren wanken?
Sieh, dieſes fließt daraus, ſieh, dieſes Werk iſt dein u. ſ. w.

Das Gedicht ſchloß mit den Worten:

Wer uns den Glauben raubt, den uns die Bibel ſchenket,
Daß unſer Geiſt noch nach dem Tode denket,

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*) Des Unglaubens an Unſterblichkeit der Seele.

Der raubet uns mit ihm des Lebens ganzes Glück;
Wer mit dem Ruf uns schreckt: du gehst in Nichts zurück!
Der läßt ein schneidend Schwerdt nach unserm Herzen zielen,
Und uns in jedem Nu des Todes Schauder fühlen.

Für einen Primaner ist dieß Gedicht immer etwas; aber ich entsinne mich nicht der kleinsten Aufmunterung, in diesem Fach fortzufahren. Derjenige von meinen Mitschülern, dem es schicklich zu kritisiren gegeben war, wie die Gewohnheit in Stendal sehr nachahmungswürdig mit sich brachte, hatte manches daran ausgesetzt, und unter andern auch die Stelle:

O unaussprechlich dumm ist diese Lehre,

als zu unedel und niedrig getadelt, und sie dahin abgeändert:

Wie wenig überlegt ist diese Lehre.

Der Tadel mag richtig seyn, aber die Verbesserung taugt nichts. Uebrigens erlebte ich nicht viele Freuden an dem Gedicht. Nur bei einem andern, das in Solemnitäten gemacht war, erinnere ich mich, eine kleine Aufmunterung erhalten zu haben. Es fing so an:

Welche Festlichkeit glänzt in schimmerndem, heiligem Lichte
An den Hügeln herauf? Schnell flieht von den Hügeln
Traumdunkel. Die Nacht ruht auf den stillen Gefilden,
Und die Welle wallt zum schlafenden Strome. Sie weicht
Am Gestade des Meers; da steigen schwimmende Stimmen
Aus den Fluten. Wer bist du, schwebende Göttin! Dein
Nam' ist: Freude u. s. w. *)

Dieß Gedicht las der Lehrer mit einem gewissen Pathos vor, und sagte darauf: Nun, das geht schon an. Diese Beifallsworte sind das einzige, dessen ich mich als Aufmunterung bei meinem Versemachen erinnere. Vielleicht wußte der Mann, wie höchst unsicher dieß Fach ist, und wollte meine Neigung dazu auf immer niederschlagen. Er hatte Recht. Es ist gewiß, daß der größte Theil von dem Talent, das zu einem guten Dichter gehört, hinlänglich ist, im bürgerlichen Glück und Brod zu geben, dagegen oft selbst der vorzügliche Dichter darben muß. Wo ist jetzt ein Kaiser, ein König, ein Fürst, der einen Dichter bewundere! Wenigstens sind sie gleich zu übersehen. Das Publicum muß seine Dichter lohnen, und das Publikum hat hunderttausend Köpfe, von denen fast jeder seine andere Note führt.

Darum ist auch nichts als der kleinste Unwille in mir entstanden, daß mein Lehrer die Neigung zum Dichten in mir niederschlug. Ich liebe und ehre diesen Mann noch, und würde es für ein Glück halten, wenn ich seines Umgangs genießen könnte. Aber er ist jetzt Inspector in Seehausen in der Altmark, und ich lebe in Neapel in Terra di Labore.

Noch gegen einen Lehrer empfand ich in den Zeiten meiner Schuljahre die höchste Dankbarkeit. Es war der verstorbene Generalsuperintendent Silberschlag, der Curatus der Schule in Stendal. Er erschien nur einmal die Woche, um eine Stunde lang Unterricht zu geben; aber es war allemal eine Stunde sehr erweiterter Kenntnisse und Einsichten. In dieser Stunde zeigte er durch Berechnungen an der Tafel, wie viel Wasser erforderlich gewesen sey, um, nach Mosis Beschreibung, die höchsten Berge in der Sündfluth zu bedecken, und bewies durch anschauliche Zeichnungen und Berechnungen, daß, nach dem Cubic-Inhalt der Erde, noch weit mehr Wasser in ihren hohlen Raum haben könne; in einer andern lehrte er uns, wie viel Kraft der menschliche Arm anwenden müsse, um mit dem Ellenbogen ein Gewicht von wenigen Pfunden aufzuheben, oder welch ein künstlicher und kraftvoller Mechanismus es sey, wenn der menschliche Körper nur einen Fuß fortsetzen wolle; in einer dritten erklärte er uns die Entstehung der Erde, und zeigte, wie die Folge von den Tagewerken mit den Grundsätzen einer geläuterten Physik übereinstimme.

Alle diese Gegenstände, die an sich schon so anziehend sind, entwickelte er durch den deutlichsten und hinreißendsten Vortrag, wie ich ihn kaum so schön auf zweien Akademien nachher wieder gehört habe. Ich hätte den Mann auf den Händen tragen mögen, wenn er so viel Licht in einer kurzen Zeit über unsere Seelen gleichsam ausgegossen hatte.

Er ist jetzt, sammt seinem Bruder in Berlin, längst hinübergegangen zu jenen Gefilden, wo ihr kenntnißvoller Geist noch tiefer aus der Quelle des Wissens schöpfen, und alles Irrende ablegen wird, das sich hier so gern der menschlichen Seele mittheilt.

Aber ich wollte nur von den Freunden meines Lebens reden, nicht von denen, welchen ich Dankbarkeit schuldig bin.

In Stendal hatte ich noch viele Genossen, an die sich mein Herz mit Vergnügen und Freundschaft erinnert. Cune, Vogt, Göring, Wencke, Fechner, von Wülknitz, Meineke, Klopgen jun., Hahn, Bornemann, Schröter, euer Andenken ist noch unvertilgt in meiner Seele, und mit herzlicher Freude würde ich jedem von euch entgegen gehen, wenn ich ihn auf dem Wege des Lebens noch einmal finden sollte. Es ist etwas höchst reizendes um einen Freund, mit dem man sich an alte Zeiten erinnern kann. Wenn ich wenigstens wüßte, wo alle diese Freunde meiner Jugend hingekommen sind! Aber nur von einigen weiß ich es.

Von Stendal ging ich auf die Universität meines Vaterlandes, nach Göttingen. Hier fand ich keinen einzigen von den genannten Schulfreunden, und dieß war nicht wenig kränkend für mich, da unsere Schulgenossen auf der Universität gleichsam ein neues Freundschaftsleben anfangen. Dagegen fand ich einen Freund aus meinem Kinderalter, Johann Werner, der mir im zwölften Jahre so theuer war. Ich freute mich herzlich. Aber seltsam! Wir, die uns als Kinder so liebten, waren uns als Jünglinge gleichgültig. Wir sahen uns einigemal, ohne uns zu nähern, und ließen uns nicht weiter. Den Grund davon begreife ich noch nicht; aber man sieht nicht, welch eine Veränderung ein Zeitraum von acht bis zehn Jahren in der Denkungsart und den Gesinnungen heranwachsender Knaben hervorbringen kann. Uns hatten als Kinder die Natur verbunden, und trennten uns als reifende Menschen wieder, da dem Geiste vielleicht eine andere Richtung genommen hatte.

Dagegen steigt dein Bild, guter Wigand, in einem angenehmen Lichte vor mir auf, und der traute Umgang, den wir genossen, unsere wechselseitigen Einladungen, unsere Unterhaltungen haben, alles dieß ist mir noch theuer, und mit Freuden würde ich es noch einmal genießen. Wo du auch seyst, wo auch das Schicksal dir deinen Standpunkt angewiesen hat, erinnere dich deines Universitätsfreundes, erinnere dich an unsere Spaziergänge auf dem schönen Wall in Göttingen, an unsere abendlichen Unterhaltungen in den stille erleuchteten Stuben, an unsere kleinen Gastereien in den [illegible]; erinnere dich auch, daß ich, im Scherz über deinen Namen, dich oft bat, meinen Freund Hahn zu verklagen, wenn du nach Hause kommen würdest. Wie allem das Andenken an unvergeßliche Zeiten, auch das Andenken an die Freuden der Schule, [illegible] ganz kleine, hat etwas sehr Süßes, besonders, wenn sie so unschuldig waren, als die, welche wir zusammen genossen.

Ich blieb nur ein Jahr in Göttingen, und schloß wenig andere Freundschaften, weil es mir schien, als wäre der Umgang unter den Studenten etwas zu wild, und [illegible] dadurch das Gesellige. Dagegen hatte ich Gelegenheit, hohe Bewunderung und Achtung für die großen Männer zu fassen, deren Hörer ich war. Noch sehe ich den trefflichen Schlözer, bei dem ich die Weltgeschichte hörte, in seinem leinen Schlafrocke auf dem Catheder stehen, und mit großem Nachdruck seine Gedanken sagen. So kraftvoll seine Schreibart ist, so kraftvoll ist auch sein Vortrag, und ich freute mich auf seine Vorlesungen, wie man sich auf irgend ein großes Schauspiel freut. Auch war sein Beifall ausgezeichnet, und in einem Publikum, das er über die Geschichte [illegible] der Juden las, lagerten sich die Hörer auf Holzbänken vor den Fenstern, und standen tief bis auf dem Flur, weil im Hörsaal kein Platz mehr war. O diesem Manne verdanke ich viel Gedanken, viel Licht.

Nicht minder reizend waren mir die Vorlesungen des großen Heyne über die Satyren des Horaz, deren Schönheit und Sinn dieser lebenskluge Mann mit so vieler Deutlichkeit entwickelte, und wovon er so oft eine schwierige Stelle durch ein Paar Winke, durch ein kleines Hindeuten auf unsere Zeiten, erläuterte.

Mit großem Vergnügen erinnere ich mich auch noch an den Unterricht in der Experimental-Physik bei dem verstorbenen trefflichen Lichtenberg. Dieser Gelehrte war in seinem Vortrage so witzig wie in seiner Schreibart, und überall leuchtete der feine hochgebildete Mann hervor. Als Voltaire durch Göttingen kam, aß er bei Lichtenberg. Am Tische fragte ihn der Deutsche, ob er wohl ein Glas in einem Augenblick luftleer machen könnte, und Voltaire verneinte es. Sogleich goß Lichtenberg es voll Wasser, und Voltaire gestand, daß dieß die leichteste Manier dazu sey.

Einst als er in einem gläsernen Cylinder gezeigt hatte, daß, in einem luftleeren Raume, eine Feder so schnell zu Boden fällt, als ein Dukaten, waren die Dukaten schlüpfrig von dem Oel an der Luftpumpe geworden; die werden recht leicht aus der Hand gehen, sagte er ganz trocken. Ueberhaupt machte er gewiß seinen Zuhörern so viel Freude durch seinen mündlichen Vortrag, als dem auswärtigen Publikum durch seine Schriften. Wenn doch solche Männer unsterblich wären! — Wenigstens so unsterblich, als ihr Name.

Aber auch dieser lichtverbreitende Denker ist schon von hinnen gegangen. Einst äußerte er den Gedanken, daß vielleicht im Saturn, wegen seiner Entfernung von der Sonne, das Eis und das Quecksilber ein beständig fester Körper wäre, der nur

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*) Beide Gedichte sind nachher unter meinen Erzählungen und Gedichten, die im Jahr 1788 als mein erstes literarisches Product, bei Dieterich in Göttingen herauskamen, abgedruckt worden.

wie bei uns das Metall, durch Feuer zum Schmelzen gebracht würde; daß im Gegentheil im Merkur, wegen ſeiner Nähe bei jenem erwärmenden Geſtirne, das Gold und Silber flüſſig wäre, wie bei uns das Waſſer, und nur durch eine heftige große Kälte zum Gerinnen gebracht werden könnte. Jetzt wird er es wiſſen, ob ſeine geiſtreiche Vermuthung Grund hatte.

In Göttingen leben viele große Männer, und aus dem großen Magazin des menſchlichen Wiſſens iſt hier vieles zuſammengedrängt. Höchſt wahrſcheinlich ſind an keinem Ort von gleichem geringen Umfange in Europa, und alſo auch in der ganzen Welt, ſo viel große Männer verbunden, als in Göttingen. Schon viele Sterne der erſten Größe ſind untergegangen; Käſtner, Lichtenberg, Michaelis, Leß, Miller u. ſ. w. ſind ſchon zu höheren Kenntniſſen abgerufen, aber noch immer leuchtet dieſer geſtirnte Himmel hell.

Ich verließ nach einem Jahre Göttingen, um nach Halle zu gehen. Der Umſtand, daß ich keinen einzigen Schulfreund in Göttingen gefunden hatte, trug viel zu dieſem Entſchluſſe bei. Ich blieb drei Jahr in Halle, und aus dieſer Zeit ſteigt eine ganze Reihe von Jünglingen vor mir auf, die meinem Herzen nahe verwandt ſind, die noch nach zwölf verfloſſenen Jahren oft meine Sehnſucht rege machen. Geht vorüber vor meinem Blick, wie ich euch fand, ihr Theuren, gleich einer Reihe von Gemälden, von denen ich einſt das Original beſaß.

Du warſt mir ſehr theuer, braver, jachzorniger Bantchart, und biſt es noch. Ich war ſo gern in deiner Geſellſchaft, und es machte mir eine herzliche Freude, als du mir einſt ſagteſt: wir unterhielten uns immer ſo gut, wenn wir zuſammen wären. Erinnerſt du dich deſſen noch? Ich weiß ſelbſt die Stelle vor dem Galgthore noch, wo du es mir ſagteſt.

Jachzornig nannte ich dich! Aber warum? Ich entſinne mich in der ganzen Zeit unſerer Freundſchaft nicht, daß ich die Erfahrung davon gemacht hätte, und wenn dein Feuer bei einer andern Gelegenheit aufwallte, ſo ſah ich es oft recht gern; der Sturm ging ſo eilend vorüber, und hatte etwas Unterhaltendes.

Ich weiß nicht, auf welchen Pfaden des Lebens du jetzt wallſt, nicht, zu welcher Beſtimmung dein Schickſal dich hinführte; ich weiß nur, daß du zum Geſtade des baltiſchen Meeres zurückkehrteſt, und ſeitdem ward mir keine Nachricht mehr von deinem Leben. O möchte es doch ruhig und glücklich ſeyn!

Auch du vom Ufer der Oſtſee mir Gegebener, theurer Oberbrecht, auch du haſt noch eine große Stelle in meinem Herzen. Wie oft habe ich mit Sehnſucht deiner gedacht, und dich mir zurückgewünſcht! Unſere Freundſchaft muß ſehr rein geweſen ſeyn, denn ſie hat beim Zurückdenken nie auch nur die leiſeſte unangenehme Erinnerung mir erweckt.

Ich weiß, wo du biſt, und welche Beſtimmung du haſt, wenigſtens, welche du hatteſt, als ich das letzte Schreiben von dir empfing. Du warſt als Rector in deiner Vaterſtadt Wolgaſt angeſetzt, wandelteſt an der Hand einer Gattin, und erziehſt jetzt vielleicht ſchon Knaben zu den ſchönen Jahren der Akademie. Sage ihnen, daß ſie bieder und treu werden ſollen, lehre ſie nächſtdem, wozu ſie einſt im Staat beſtimmt ſind, auch Menſchen zu ſeyn; dies iſt ſo ſelten.

Noch danke ich es dir, daß du mich einſt zu dir ziehen, und du mir in deinem Geburtsort eine Laufbahn öffnen wollteſt. Ich würde ſo glücklich in deinem Umgange geweſen ſeyn; aber ich war nicht beſtimmt, die Geſtade des baltiſchen Meeres zu betreten, ich ſollte an der andern Gränze von Europa, an dem mittelländiſchen Meer umherwallen.

Einſt veränderte ich meine Wohnung in Halle. In der neubezogenen machte ich eine neue Bekanntſchaft, die ſich bald in die zärtlichſte Freundſchaft verwandelte. Zitz, ein mir theurer und unvergeßlicher Mann, und ein mir werther, noch immer werther Freund. Ich verdanke dir viele Freuden in den Jahren der Akademie, du biſt es, den ich unter allen Freunden am meiſten ſah, auf deſſen Beſuch ich mich immer freute, und mit dem mir überall, zu Hauſe und auf Spaziergängen wohl war. Du nahmſt warmen Antheil an meinem Schickſal, und ich wahrlich auch an dem deinigen.

Als ich das letztemal Nachricht von dieſem Freunde erhielt, war er Referendarius in Halberſtadt; ſeitdem vernahm ich nichts weiter von ihm. Aber ich ſehne mich oft danach, und nie wird ſein Andenken in mir erlöſchen.

Während meines Aufenthalts in Halle ſchloß ich auch Freundſchaft mit einem Griechen, Namens Polizo. Ich ſuchte ihn, um Uebung in der franzöſiſchen Sprache zu haben, die er fertig ſprach, und wir wurden vertraute Freunde. Er war einer der erſten im Conſtantiſtenorden, und ein tapferer Campion. Aber obwohl ich nie Geſchmack an den Ordensgeſchichten finden konnte, ſo lebten wir doch viel miteinander, und ich war gerne bei ihm.

Er hatte als Schläger vielen Ruf, und den Grund dazu durch ein Duell gelegt, in welchem er, nach der Sitte ſeines Vaterlandes, mit großem Geſchrei auf ſeinen Gegner eingedrungen war, und ihm gleich bei dem erſten Ausfallen eine ſtarke Wunde beigebracht hatte. In Halle muß ſein Andenken unvergeſſen ſeyn.

Durch ihn wurde ich mit noch andern Griechen bekannt; die Namen Gregorio, Athanaſius, Melchos ſind noch in friſchem Andenken bei mir. Ich erinnere mich noch an eine angenehme Scene, der ich einſt bei dieſen Griechen mit beiwohnte. Ich war mit andern Deutſchen zu ihnen eingeladen; zum Nachtiſch brachte der junge Theſſalier Melchos, in deſſen Bildung ſich ganz die Milde ſeines Himmels abgedrückt hatte, eine kleine Schüſſel auf den Tiſch, und ſagte dabei, daß er uns jetzt mit Früchten aus ſeinem Vaterlande bewirthen wollte. Es lagen Datteln darin, die er ganz friſch mitgebracht hatte, und wir aßen mit großem Vergnügen von dieſer ſeltenen Frucht. Es war mir damals ſehr merkwürdig, aus der Gegend des Thales Tempe Früchte zu eſſen; jetzt bin ich dieſen Gefilden näher, und lebe faſt unter demſelben Himmel.

Ich habe nie erfahren können, ob dieſe Griechen in Deutſchland geblieben, oder ob ſie wieder in ihr Vaterland zurückgekehrt ſind; nur das Schickſal des jungen Theſſaliers Melchos kenne ich. Er ward wie der Prinz Libu von der ſchrecklichen Blatternkrankheit weggerafft.

Eine Zeit hindurch genoß ich auch eines ſehr genauen Umganges mit dem Grafen von Carmer jun., dem Sohn des berühmten Großkanzlers. Seine feine Welt, ſeine große Fertigkeit im Clavierſpielen, ſein treffliches Franzöſiſchſprechen, und überhaupt ſeine angenehme Unterhaltungsgabe machten mir ſeine Freundſchaft ſehr anziehend, und ich genoß viele Freude darin.

Minder oft ſah ich den Grafen von Dohna; aber ſein richtiger Verſtand, ſeine ſcharfe Beurtheilungskraft hätten mich dieſen Umſtand weit mehr wünſchen laſſen.

Ich komme zu dir, theurer, talentvoller Wunſtorff! Du, der einzige von meinen akademiſchen Freunden, den ich nachher noch wiederfand, und mit dem ich in einem engen Bündniß blieb.

Dieſen wahren und theilnehmenden Freund lernte ich durch den Griechen Polizo kennen; wir ſchloſſen uns faſt an einander, und waren ſeitdem unzertrennlich. Da ich ihn fand, beſchäftigte er ſich mit Philoſophie, und unſere Unterhaltung lenkte oft über dieſen Gegenſtand. Ich ahndete damals nicht, daß noch ein anderes ſehr wichtiges Talent in ihm wohnte, und entdeckte dieß erſt, als ich ihn nach den Jahren der Akademie einſt auf der Kanzel ſah. Mit inniger Freude fand ich eine vorzügliche Beredſamkeit, und eine außerordentliche Gabe ans Herz zu bringen in ſeinem Vortrage, und ich verließ nie ſeine Predigt, ohne Thränen vergoſſen zu haben. Dieß iſt bei einem Univerſitätsfreunde, den man ſo genau kennt, etwas ſehr ſeltenes.

Er befindet ſich jetzt [illegible] in Schleſien auf dem Dorfe [illegible] als Prediger in einer glücklichen Lage; aber ſeine Nebenmenſchen verlieren, daß er nicht einer großen Gemeine vorſteht.

Dich, braver Schulze sen., hätte ich früher nennen ſollen, denn ich fand dich früher, hatte ſchon manchen angenehmen und freundſchaftlichen Abend mit dir verlebt, als ich viele von den genannten Freunden noch nicht kannte. Unſere vertraulichen Unterredungen, unſere [illegible] Spiele ſind unvergeſſen bei mir, und jetzt nach zwölf Jahren ſähe ich alles dies gern noch einmal wiederkehren; aber du lebſt in [illegible], ſo viel ich erfahren konnte, und mich hat Entfernung mit einem andern Himmel umſchlungen.

Wie könnte ich dich vergeſſen, mir ſehr werther und theurer Hinze, der ſo oft durch ſeine fröhlichen Scherze mich erheitert hat. Wir haben uns nicht lange geſehen, aber auch in weniger Zeit kann man fühlen, mit wem uns wohl iſt. Meine Empfindung ſagte dieß damals, und die Erinnerung, die ſich dich mir zurückwünſcht, ſagt es mir noch. Ich weiß, daß du nachher als Schriftſteller aufgetreten biſt, und erinnere mich noch ſehr gut an die kleinen gefälligen Gedichte, die du mir ehemals mittheilteſt.

Keine Zeit des Lebens, glaube ich, iſt mehr zu wahrer Freundſchaft gemacht, als die Zeit der Akademie. Hier wird dieß Gefühl von keinem Eigennutz, von keinen Verhältniſſen, von keinem Mangel an Gegenſtänden geleitet. Man ſucht nur den, der uns gefällt, denn man hat unter vielen die Wahl. Die Blüthe des Landes iſt hier vereint, der Jüngling iſt frei, ſein Geiſt fließt von froher Unbefangenheit über; wie ſollte nicht wahre Freundſchaft entſtehen! Unter den hundert Brüderſchaften, die man oft in einem Abend mit dem Munde macht, wählt ſich das Herz immer einige zu wahren Brüdern aus.

Ich ſang damals ein wehmüthiges Lied über die Trennung, als ein Freund nach dem andern mich verließ, und ich endlich ſelbſt Halle verlaſſen mußte; es kamen folgende Verſe darin vor:

Bald nimmſt du auch, ich ſeh dein Schreckenbild
Von weitem ſchon, die traulichen Geſpielen
Der Jünglingsjahre mir, und furchtbar wild
Wirſt du die Bruſt mit neuem Schmerz durchwühlen.

Hier iſt ein Kreis von Freunden feſt vereint:
Ein Hauch wird ihn wie herbſtlich Laub verwehen.
Viel ſind der Thränen, die die Trennung weint,
Ich habe ſie oft zahllos fließen ſehen.

Wahrlich die Trennung von meinen akademiſchen Freunden hat mich viel Thränen gekoſtet, und noch lange nachher ein melancholiſches Gefühl in mir zurückgelaſſen.

Ich komme zu den ſpätern Jahren meines Lebens, zu meinem Aufenthalt in Breslau, und ſogleich ſteigt dein Bild, Theodor Gottlieb von Hippel, in einem angenehmen Licht vor mir auf. Nur ein einziges Jahr habe ich deiner genoſſen, aber die Trennung von dir iſt mir unvergeßlich ſchwer geworden. Dein treffliches, gefühlvolles Herz, das gleichſam ein Sammlungsplatz iſt, deine zärtliche Theilnahme an anderer Schickſal, deine mittheilende Seele, deine vertrauliche Geſelligkeit, alles dieß hat dich mir ſo theuer gemacht, obwohl wir an Jahren ſehr verſchieden ſind, daß ich dich nie vergeſſen werde.

Ich geſtehe gern, daß ich mit dieſem Freunde die Jahre meines Lebens hinbringen möchte, aber dieß iſt ein vergeblicher Wunſch. Aber wer weiß, ob ich ihn je nur wiederſehen werde. Als ich das letzte Schreiben von ihm erhielt, war er auf der Univerſität in Erlangen, und wird wahrſcheinlich in der Mitte von Deutſchland ſeine Beſtimmung finden.

Durch ihn ward ich mit dem Geheimrath Bach, dem Director der Zeichenſchule in Breslau bekannt, und ſeine ausgebreiteten Kenntniſſe, ſeine richtigen Urtheile in der Kunſt, ſeine angenehmen geſellſchaftlichen Talente ſchloſſen mich bald an ihn, zumal da ich immer eine große Vorliebe für Malerei und Bildhauerkunſt gehabt hatte. Da wir uns zur Herausgabe der [illegible] mit einander verbanden, ſo ward unſer Umgang dadurch noch enger, und ich verdanke ihm viele angenehme Stunden. Meine Freude müßte groß ſeyn, könnte ich mit ihm die Schätze des Alterthums und der neuern Kunſt, die in Neapel ſind, genießen; denn er beſitzt ein äußerſt lebhaftes Gefühl für Schönheiten dieſer Art, und iſt in den Geiſt derſelben eingedrungen.

Ich hatte das Glück, noch einen andern Mann in Breslau, der in der gelehrten Welt ſehr bekannt iſt, meinen Freund zu nennen, den Profeſſor Fülleborn, und manchen vergnügten Abend, manchen ſchönen Morgen habe ich in ſeiner angenehmen Geſellſchaft genoſſen. Er hat etwas Erhabenes, mit einem weitſchauenden Blick, den man bewundert, und von dem man verſtanden wird, über die Dinge der ſublunariſchen Welt zu urtheilen, über das Große und das Kleine, das Wahre und das Falſche, das Gute und den Unfug. Es bot ſich auch in Breslau Gelegenheit genug dar, uns darüber zu ergießen; und in Neapel, in dieſer neuen Welt, wie viel mehr würde ſich darbieten! O dieſem Freunde, der auch durch lange Kränklichkeiten viel gelitten hat, wünſchte ich herzlich, daß er unter Italiens reinerm Himmel ſich zu erholen vermöchte. Er iſt deſſen in vielen Rückſichten ſo würdig, und die Welt würde dadurch gewinnen.

Dich, braver, biederer, denkender Zimmermann, fand ich nur, um dich, als wir uns nun eben kannten, als wir eben gefühlt hatten, daß wir für einander ſtimmten, wieder zu verlieren. Wir begegneten uns auf dem Wege des Lebens, ſahen uns an, und mußten vorübergehen. Aber dieß Anlächeln hat mindeſtens in mir einen bleibenden Eindruck zurückgelaſſen, und unter den vielen Theuren, die ich in Deutſchland betraure, iſt auch dein Andenken ſehr lebendig in mir.

Ich darf den Literatoren nicht ſagen, daß dieſer Mann ſich durch die Beiträge zur Beſchreibung von Schleſien, und durch einige andere ſtatiſtiſche Schriften vortheilhaft bekannt gemacht hat.

Ich komme zu meinem Aufenthalt in Glogau, zu den Jahren, die mir am nächſten ſind. Aber von einem ſo neu verfloſſenen Zeitraume, von noch ungeendigten Verhältniſſen läßt ſich nur wenig reden. Dennoch kann ich mir einige angenehme Erinnerungen nicht verſagen.

Gleich von meiner Ankunft in dieſer Stadt an fand ich eine ſo freundſchaftliche Aufnahme in dem Hauſe des Canzleidirectors Kuhn, daß das Andenken davon mir immer noch angenehm vorſchwebt, und wer dieß Haus kennt, wird es wiſſen, wie wohl einem unter den biedern und edeldenkenden Bewohnern deſſelben ſeyn kann.

Von Biberſtein, unſere Laufbahn war weit entfernt, aber unſere Denkungsart grenzte nahe aneinander. Es iſt wahr geworden, wovon wir oft redeten; aber meine Achtung und Freundſchaft iſt auch in der Entfernung unverſehrt.

Unter die, in deren Umgang mir wohl war, gehört auch der junge, aber verdienſtvolle Schauſpieler Nagel, der in den meiſten Städten Schleſiens bekannt ſeyn muß. Er zog mich zuerſt durch ſein rührendes und überhaupt vorzügliches Spiel an ſich, denn wer uns eine wehmüthige Thräne, oder ein fröhliches Lachen entlockt, wer Abwechſelung und eine angenehme Unterhaltung gewährt, hat gewiß Anſpruch auf unſere Achtung und Dankbarkeit. Ich fand aber nicht allein den talentvollen Schauſpieler, ſondern auch den denkenden und angenehmen Geſellſchafter in ihm, und mit Freuden erinnere ich mich der Stunden, die ich mit ihm verlebte. Könnte er ſo gut in der italieniſchen Sprache declamiren, wie in der deutſchen, ſeine Laufbahn ſollte doch unter einem mildern Himmel beginnen, zu welchem er ſich ſo oft hinſehnte.

Mit Vergnügen habe ich dieſe wenigen Worte einem Talent gezollt, das immer ſeltener in Deutſchland zu werden anfängt.

Ich übergehe eine ganze Reihe von Bekannten und Freunden, unter denen mir viel theuer und werth iſt; meine zunehmende Kränklichkeit hinderte mich an den mannigfaltigen Vergnügungen Theil zu nehmen, die ich mit ihnen hätte genießen können, und zog mich ſo in mich ſelbſt zurück. Ich habe keinen Genuß mehr; mein höchſter Wunſch beſchränkte ſich dahin, ohne Schmerz oder Beängſtigung zu ſeyn. Wer dieſen Zuſtand kennt, weiß es wohl, wie ſehr er von aller Geſellſchaft, von allem Vergnügen entfernt.

Dennoch ſchloß ſich mein Herz dir noch zuletzt auf, guter, Stallmeiſter Hennings, und es war keine geringe Linderung für mich, in dir und deiner Gattin ſolche mitfühlende Seelen zu haben, die auch für fremdes Leiden Empfindung hatten. Herzlicher Dank für alle Beweiſe eurer Freundſchaft und Theilnahme! Auch in Neapel iſt ihr Andenken noch lebendig in mir, und das mitgegebene Lebewohl, das ich unterwegens erſt entdeckte, ſehe ich oft mit Vergnügen an.

Ich ſage nichts mehr von meinen freundſchaftlichen Verhältniſſen in Glogau, aber eine andere angenehme Erinnerung ſteigt in mir auf: meine Dienſtverhältniſſe. Wenn man große Reiſen macht, wenn man mehrere Länder und Staatseinrichtungen kennen lernt, wenn man ſelbſt durch die Lage des Reiſenden manches von dem öffentlichen Geſchäftsgange erfahren muß, dann fängt man an, Vergleichungen anzuſtellen mit dem, was man ehemals davon kannte, und auch dieſem kann meine Zurückerinnerung nicht anders als angenehm ſeyn. Das Talent, der Fleiß, die Geradheit und Genauigkeit, die in dem Bezirk meiner Dienſtverhältniſſe an der Spitze ſteht, die Präciſion, womit dort die Geſchäfte getrieben werden, iſt mir oft eingefallen, wenn ich unterwegens oft etwas ganz anders zu entdecken Gelegenheit hatte. Mit Freuden würde ich auch hier in Neapel, wo der Zerſtreuungen ſo viel ſich darbieten, meine Dienſtgeſchäfte übernehmen, wenn es möglich wäre; und dieß um ſo mehr, da mein Körper mir hier gleichſam etwas mehr Ruhe läßt.

Nach dem Überblick, was ich ſah, was ich erfuhr, und daraus zu ſchließen vermochte, hat der König von Preußen die beſte Armee, die beſten Staatsbeamten. Dieß muß jeden, auch den geringſten Unterthan freuen. Warum? — Ei, ein Land, von dem man ſo etwas ſagen kann, wird nicht leicht überwunden, und welch eine elende Geſtalt ein überwundenes Land annimmt, auch wenn es den Sieger als Freund empfängt, auch wenn es nur unter fremden Flügeln ſich ſelbſt eine Geſtalt giebt, das kann man in Deutſchland und Italien bald auswendig lernen, wenn man etwas in das große Buch der Länder hineinſieht. Aber man muß nicht von weitem ſehen, man muß an Ort und Stelle ſeyn, wo ſo etwas geſchah.

Ich bin von meinem Gegenſtand abgekommen, und kehre zu ihm zurück. Vielleicht werden viele fragen, warum ich ihn überhaupt wählte, warum ich in einer Schrift, die von Rom und Neapel handeln ſoll, die Freunde meines Lebens erwähne? Ich habe nur eine kleine Entſchuldigung darüber: alles übrige in dieſem Buch habe ich für andere geſchrieben, dieſe wenigen Bogen für mich, für die Empfindung meines Herzens. Man vergönne mir dieß; ſie ſind ja ſo leicht zu überſchlagen.

Ich bin in einem fremden Lande, in einem Lande, das bei vielen andern Vorzügen, wahre innige Freundſchaft nicht häufig zu haben ſcheint; ich bin losgeriſſen von allen Verbindungen, die ehemals zum Glück meines Lebens beitrugen; warum ſollte ich nicht in der Erinnerung an dieſelben einige angenehme Stunden ſuchen.

Auch wünſcht man den zu kennen, von dem man etwas lieſt; wohl! Es giebt ein altes Sprichwort, welches heißt: ſage mir, mit wem du umgehſt, und ich will dir ſagen, wer du biſt. Dieß könnte ich ebenfalls zu meiner Entſchuldigung anführen; aber auch ohne ſie hoffe ich bei denen, welche Freundſchaft kennen, entſchuldigt zu ſeyn.

Ich betrachte dieſen Aufſatz als einen langen Brief, den ich an alle meine Freunde ſchreibe, um ihnen Nachricht von mir zu geben; denn ich weiß, daß bei vielen von ihnen auch mein Andenken nicht verloſchen ſeyn wird. Ich geſtehe am Ende gern, daß es mir eine herzliche Freude ſeyn wird, Antwort von ihnen zu erhalten, und das ſeltene Schickſal derer kennen zu lernen, mit denen ich einſt ſo genau verbunden war. Vermöchten meine Wünſche über die Würde der Vorſehung etwas, ſo würde es ſo glücklich ſeyn, als das letzte Jahr meines Lebens durch Krankheit am Körper und an der Seele unglücklich geweſen iſt.

Karl Christian Ernst Graf von Benzel-Sternau

ward am 9. April 1767 in Mainz geboren und trat, nachdem er ſeine Studien vollendet, als Regierungsrath und Gerichtsaſſeſſor zu Erfurt in kurmainziſche Dienſte. Im Jahre 1803 erhielt er die Würde und das Amt eines kurerzkanzleriſchen Staatsrathes zu Regensburg, ging 1806 in badiſche Dienſte, wurde 1807 geheimer Rath bei dem Polizeidepartement und Director der Generalſtudiencommiſſion zu Karlsruhe, 1808 großherzoglicher Miniſterialdirector des Innern und 1812 Staats- und Finanzminiſter des Großherzogs von Frankfurt. Nach der Auflöſung des Großherzogthums Frankfurt begab er ſich 1815 in den Ruheſtand und lebte theils in der Schweiz, theils auf ſeinen Gütern. Als Abgeordneter auf dem bairiſchen Landtage in den Jahren 1825 und 1828 zeichnete er ſich ſehr rühmlich durch tiefe und gründliche Kenntniſſe, wahre Vaterlandsliebe und ernſte Freimüthigkeit aus. Am 19. Auguſt 1827 trat er zugleich mit ſeinem Bruder in Frankfurt am Main von der katholiſchen zur proteſtantiſchen Kirche über. (S. Zeitgenoſſen 1829. Bd. 11. H. 3.) Er lebt jetzt, nach ehrenvollem Wirken in vielfacher Richtung ländlicher Muße und Stille ſich erfreuend, abwechſelnd auf ſeinen Gütern Emmerichshofen bei Aſchaffenburg und Mariahalden am Bodenſee.

B. St. gab theils allein, theils in Verbindung mit Andern heraus:

Raſtäus. Erfurt, 1793.
Dichteriſche Verſuche. Eilenburg, 1794.
Kamille Altiera oder das Verhängniß. Erfurt, 1795.
Das goldene Kalb. Gotha, 1802—3. 4 Bde.
Novellen für das Herz. Hamburg und Altona, 1796. 2 Thle. N. A. 1806.
Mährchen am Kamine. Hamb. und Alt. 1797. N. A. 1806.
Lebensgeiſter aus dem Klarfeldiſchen Archiv. Gotha, 1805. 4 Thle.
Geſpräche im Labyrinth. Gotha, 1805. 3 Thle.
[illegible]. Gotha, 1803. 2 Thle.
Proteus oder das Reich der Bilder. Regensb. 1806.
Titania. Regensb. 1807.
[illegible]. Regensb. 1807. N. A. 1811.
Gemmen. Karlsruhe, 1808.
Jaſon. Gotha, 1808 folgende.
Der ſteinerne Gaſt. Gotha, 1808. 4 Thle.
Pygmäenbriefe. Gotha, 1808. 2 Thle.
Der Cid. Trauerſp. nach Corneille. Gotha, 1811.
Hiſtoriſche Bibliothek des Auslandes. Frankfurt, 1812—13. 3 Bde.
Der alte Adam. Gotha, 1819—20. 4 Thle.
Anti-Iſrael. [illegible], 1818.
Young's Nachtgedanken. Frankf. 1825.
Weiß und Schwarz. Fabeln. Zürich, 1825.
Hoftheater von Barataria. Leipzig. 1828. 4 Thle.
Mein iſt die Welt. Luſtſp. Hanau, 1831.

Bericht über die bairiſche Ständeverſammlung von 1827—28. Zürich, 1828.
Bauerbriefe. Stuttgart, 1831—32. 4 Bde.
Ueber die willkührliche Vertheilung der Bauerngüter. Erf. 1795. gr. 4.
Urkunden und Actenſtücke zu der ehrerbietigſten Recursſchrift an den hohen Kongreß in Wien. Nürnberg, 1814.
Sachſens Verfaſſungs-Entwurf beleuchtet. Hanau, 1831.

Außerdem gab er in neueſter Zeit zwei Zeitſchriften „der Proteſtant“ und „der Verfaſſungsfreund“ heraus, welche jedoch beide bereits aufgehört haben u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Abgeſehen von ſeinen großen Verdienſten als Publiciſt, verdient Graf B. St. noch beſondere lebhafte und dankbare Anerkennung wegen ſeiner humoriſtiſchen Leiſtungen, in welchen er den erſten Schriftſtellern dieſer Gattung an die Seite zu ſtellen wäre, wenn er größeres Talent der Erfindung beſäße und nicht ſo ſehr nach Effect haſchte, was um ſo mehr zu beklagen iſt, als er über einen höchſt reichen Schatz von ergötzlicher, edler Laune gebieten kann. Eigenthümlich iſt ihm auf der andern Seite ein großartiger, geſunder Eifer für das Schöne, Gute und Wahre, eine Fülle von Witz, umfaſſende Lebenserfahrung, tiefe, feine und gründliche Kenntniß der Menſchen, große Beleſenheit, eindringendes Wiſſen und eine köſtliche, blühende, lebendige Sprache, voll Anmuth und Würde. Am Glücklichſten erſcheint er in ſeinen Romanen; ſeine dramatiſchen Leiſtungen leiden dagegen mehr an jenem oben erwähnten Mangel, da er ſich hier, wo es gerade am Nothwendigſten wäre, nicht zu concentriren vermag. Als ſein gelungenſtes Werk möchte wohl „das goldene Kalb“ zu betrachten ſeyn, doch bieten ſeine übrigen Leiſtungen alle dem Leſer eine reiche Quelle des Genuſſes und der Belehrung dar, denn ein Mann wie B. St. iſt ſelbſt in ſeinen Fehlern groß. — Mag er auch hin und wieder geirrt haben, immer gebührt die tiefſte Achtung und Verehrung ſeinem vielſeitigen Streben, und Deutſchland kann mit Recht ſtolz auf dieſen wahren Edelmann ſeyn.

Der Genius im Staube*).

1.

Rathszimmer. Die Herren von Sparwolf, Mauerbär und Bütenfeld in großer Deliberation.

Mauerbär.

Ein Wort ſo gut wie tauſend — 's kann nicht ſeyn.

Sparwolf.

Was ſollte dann aus unſ'rer Kammer werden?

Bütenfeld.

Die Leute möchten wir mit Brillen fühlen!

Mauerbär.

Der Hunger plagt ihn? — Gut, er backe nur!
Im Zuchthaus ſchwitzt er dann die Grillen aus.

Sparwolf.

Ich hätt's bei'm Gedanken ſchon, ſo wie
Zu [illegible] im Kollegio.
Das Stimmen möcht' ich ſchon, — 's Ungeheuer,
Ich mag's Präſidium nicht kompromittiren.

Bütenfeld.

Dem armen Menſchen gönnt' ich's ſchon — er iſt
Ein Vetter meines Kammerdieners Kunz:
Doch hab ich für die Kläyßchen erſt zu ſorgen.

Mauerbär.

Es brauchet mein Departement noch Geld
Für dringend Staatsbedürfniß — weil in's Land
Muß ich in dieſem Sommer viſitiren.

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*) Aus: Jaſon. Eine Zeitſchrift, herausgegeben von dem Verfaſſer des goldenen Kalbes. Jahrg. 1809 Bd. 1. S. 49.

Bükenfehl.

Und meine Haupt-Negoziation
Hat Sereniſſimus genehmigt — Pferd',
Geſchirr und Wagen ſind, Livreen, Gallakleider
In dieſen böſen Zeiten theuer g'nug.

Sparwolf.

Mein braver Sohn — ein hoffnungsvoller Keim —
Die Herrn Collegen kennen, ſchätzen ihn —
Muß auch ſein Studien-Deputat erhalten.

Alle Drey.

Ein Wort wie tauſend gut — es kann nicht ſeyn.

Mauerbär.

Conclusum ergo — —

Sparwolf.

Abgeſchlagen!

Bükenfehl.

Wie angebracht!

Mauerbär.

Auf immerdar! der Bildhauer mag —

Bükenfehl.

Wie andre Menſchenkinder — ſich bemühn —

Sparwolf.

Im Schweiß des Angeſichts ſein Brod zu eſſen!

Bükenfehl (aufſtehend).

Wünſch' guten Appetit, ihr Herrn!

Sparwolf (eilig).

Schon zwölf!

Mauerbär (nach der Uhr ſehend).

Und fünf Minuten!

Alle Drey.

Ey, die Suppe harrt!

2.

Werkſtätte. **Wolgemuth** (vor ſeinen Büſten und Bildſäulen).

Fahr wohl, o Kunſt! du freundliche Geſpielin,
Und du, mein ſchöner Name, fahre wohl!
Es trug dich einſt der Lehrer Albrecht Dürers,
Der Zeit Zerſtörung haſt du überlebt,
Doch ich — und du — wir paſſen uns nicht mehr.
In jenem frühen Augenblick, da an
Der Mutter Bruſt dem Vater ich gelächelt,
Empfing ich den Propheten „[illegible] dich!
Wir blieben treu zuſammen uns — du gießt
Des Lebens heitern Sinn mir in die Bruſt,
Wenn Kummers Brut der Menſchen ihn verjagt,
Selbſt wenn der Kunſt allmächtige Magie
Vor Undank und Bedürfniß kraftlos ſank,
Da botſt du auf Dornpfad mir den Stab.
Nun iſt's zu End — kein Zauber waltet mehr,
Das dürre Vaterland ſtößt mich von ſich,
Als Bettler geh' ich in die weite Welt,
Du biſt mir lieb, ich werd' dich ewig ehren,
Doch Kunſt und dich — ich leg' euch am Altar
Der Muſen nieder — allzuhohe ſeyd ihr
Für'n Jammerſtand, in dem ich wandeln ſoll!

Ahr (tritt ein).

Sey mir gegrüßt, des Schönen Freund, und meiner!
(Vertieft ſich im Anſchauen der aufgeſtellten Werke.)

Wolgemuth (nach einer Pauſe).

Dein Schauerblick gibt mir die Schöpferluſt zurück.

Ahr.

Im Anblick deiner Schöpfungen erkenn'
Ich dich —

Wolgemuth.

Mein Schickſal auch?

Ahr (immer ſchauend).

Erinn're mich
Nicht an die Nebel dieſes engen Thals.

Wolgemuth.

Ach! ſie erſticken mich!

Ahr.

Sie können's nimmer.

Wolgemuth.

Sie konnten's ſchon —

Ahr.

Du glaubſt's!

Wolgemuth.

Ich fühl' es wohl.

Ahr.

Was du hier zählſt, iſt mein —

Wolgemuth (überraſcht).

Iſt dein!

Ahr.

War mein! — —
Bleibt mein! das erſte ohne Geld — durch Geld
Das andere — — — du biſt's zufrieden doch!

Wolgemuth.

Ich fühle tief im Heiligthum der Bruſt,
Daß du mich kennſt, und wie du ſelbſt mir nicht
Verborgen ſey'ſt — ein freundlich Götterleben
Aus deinem Funkenauge zu mir weht.
Du biſt — — ich weiß dich nicht zu nennen — doch
Du biſt kein Dilettant — ein Genius!

Ahr (lächelnd).

Ein Kunſtgenoſſe bin ich, der entzückt
Die prieſterliche Himmelsluſt an dem
Altar des Schönen theilt — ſo nimm mich an.
(Sich vom Anſchauen losreißend.)
Jetzt führe mich, Pygmalion, zu den Statuen,
Die hier den Künſten Schutz verleih'n.

Wolgemuth.

Du ſuchſt
Umſonſt — —

Ahr.

Nun! zu den Großen denn!

Wolgemuth.

Ha wie!
Zu unſern kleinen Großen wollteſt du!
Was denkt die Glut in Lapland vorzunehmen?

Ahr.

Das hohe Werk, zu dem ſie ew'ger Hauch
Beſtimmt — an Eiſes Stelle Leben aufzuſprühen!

Wolgemuth (die Augen zuhaltend).

O weh!

Ahr.

Du zweifelſt!

Wolgemuth.

Ach! ich weiß!

Ahr.

Verſuch!

Wolgemuth.

Ich muß der klaren Willens-Vorſchrift folgen,
Doch klage mich nicht deines Leidens an.

Ahr.

Laß mich nur wandern deinen ſauern Weg,
Es findet ſich der rechte Ausgang ſchon.
(Sie gehen.)

3.

Straße. **Wolgemuth** und **Ahr** begegnen dem Dr. Zellersleben.

Wolgemuth.

O der!

Ahr.

Wer iſt der gravität'ſche Mann?

Wolgemuth.
Der Erz-Aeſthetiker!

Ahr.
Er ſieht ſo trocken.

Wolgemuth.
Und ſchmauſet doch was in ihn geht.

Ahr.
Stell mich
Ihm vor — — —
(Dr. Tellersleben empfängt die Vorſtellung mit Grandezza.)

Dr. Tellersleben.
Ein Mahler!

Ahr.
Halb und halb!

Dr. Tellersleben.
Verſteh!
Ein Kupferſtecher.

Ahr.
Nein!

Dr. Tellersleben.
Ein Architekt?

Ahr.
Verzeih'n.

Dr. Tellersleben (vornehm lächelnd).
Der erſte Blick ſagt mir, was ich,
Geheimniß ehrend, auch verſchweigen will.

Ahr.
So gibt die Theorie in unſre Hand
Die Himmelskart' der mannichfalt'gen Schönheit.

Dr. Tellersleben.
In welcher Kunſtſchul' hat der Herr ſtudirt?

Ahr.
Im großen grünen Tempel, den Azur
Bedeckt, und Zeiten ſchmücken und zerfreſſen.

Dr. Tellersleben.
Sonſt nirgend? — Hm! — Auf keinem Klaſſenboden!

Ahr.
Auf klaſſiſchem — — Italien ſah mich wachſen.
In Griechenland ſucht' ich Heroenſpur.

Dr. Tellersleben.
Und meine Reiſe mit den vielen Kupfern —
Die acht und ſiebenzigſte Lieferung
Hat eben erſt die Kennerwelt erfreut —
Iſt ſie von Ihm in Fleiſch und Blut verwandelt?

Ahr.
Vorm Reiſen ſelbſt fand ich zum Reiſen-leſen
Nicht Zeit — —

Dr. Tellersleben.
Iſt nachzuholen, will der Herr.
Dahier in unſern Mauern bleiben. Wir
Examiniren d'raus — Auch aus den Feigenblättern!
Der Herr ließt doch die Feigenblätter täglich!
Da läßt Kritik ſich lernen und Geſchmack!

Ahr (vor ſich).
Geſchmack? — — da's Hunger ſchreit!

Dr. Tellersleben.
Adieu! Ich hoffe!
Den Wolgemuth mit Ihm bey mir zu ſehn,
Um zehn Uhr morgens. Da geb' ich beſtändig
Aeſthetiſche Audienz, Artiſtenkour!
Adieu! Jetzt muß ich rezenſiren!

Ahr (ihm nachſehend).
Thu's!

Wolgemuth (erſtaunt).
Was ſeh ich! Einen Pfauenſchweif mit Brillen
Befeſtigt unſichtbare Macht am — Frack
Des protegirenden Aeſthetikers

Ahr (lächelnd).
Die Götter ſind gerecht — das nächſtemal
Erſcheint der Vorderleib der dieb'ſchen Krähe.

4.

Quaſt-Studierzimmer. Wenig Bücher, viel Akten.

Mauerbär.
Was Poeſie! was Redekunſt! was Poſſen!
Das iſt mir ſo ein Ideal-Geſchnatter!
Geſchrieben wird's, befohlen und gedruckt,
Und wer nicht hören will, mag fühlen! Ei!
Wie wunderlich! In Schulen ſind ganz recht
Die Chrien eingeführt, an ihrem Platz
Die Exercitia Stili — doch bewahr'
Uns Gottes Gnade davor in Geſchäften!

Ahr.
Ich meyne doch, es wäre klug und ſchön,
Zugleich den Willen zu gewinnen, ſich
Den ſichern Bundsgenoſſen zu erziehn
In Menſchen Bruſt, der hoch begeiſtert dann
Die eigne Kraft in's Machtgebot verſchmilzt;
Es wäre — dächt' ich wohl — ſo ſchön als ſüß.

Mauerbär.
He? iſt der Herr beſeſſen? oder hält
Er mich — Ich rath' ihm Gut's — für ſeinen Narrn?
Was thut die Süßigkeit im Kabinet?
Und wagt die Schönheit zu den Akten ſich?
Begeiſterung frommt nicht auf dieſer Welt,
Das macht nur die Gemüther kraus und krumm;
Der Wille find't ſich ſchon — iſt nur's Geſetz
Erſt fertig — und die beſten Bundsgenoſſen
Sind Eigennutz und Furcht — der Säckel und
Das Hundeloch — — —

Ahr.
So hätt' ich denn umſonſt — — ?

Mauerbär.
Gehofft, als Kabinetspoet hier anzukommen?
Ja! damit iſt es nichts — Wir haben ſo
Der müßigen Gelehrten, Litterater
Und ſteuern [illegible] in Us und Iſt
Auf unſern ſogenannten Muſenſitzen —
(Ja wohl! da ſitzen ſie und plaudern, ſtreicheln
Das Bäuchlein ſich und halten Zucker feil!)
Mehr als genug — Pack' ſich der Herr nur wieder!

Ahr.
Ich ſchreib' auch eine feine Hand — Wenn Sie
Von meinem Stoff nichts brauchen können, ſo
Wär' doch vielleicht die Form gefällig —

Mauerbär.
Nichts!
Das hieß' den Bock zum Gärtner ja beſtellt.
Er ſchlich' im Finſtern unter den Kanzliſten
Mit der äſthet'ſchen Peſt, und eh' man ſich's
Verſähe, wär' die Heerde rein-poetiſch.
So lange mir die Augen offen ſtehn,
Bleibt unſer Dienſt von ſolchen Gräueln frey.

Ahr.
Die Probe könnten Sie doch unbeſchwert machen.
Denn wahrlich! Ihre Prieſter und Leviten
Bekratzen wie mit Beſenſtiel 's Papier.

Mauerbär.
Will er das Raiſonniren laſſen, Herr?
Er hat Beſcheid, wie ihm gebührt, und ſcheert
Sich fort — Spaziert Er dieſen Abend noch
In unſern heil'gen Hallen, Vagabund,
So ſchaff' ich morgen ihm ein Kämmerlein
Im Korrektionshaus an — Verſteht er mich?

Ahr.
Ja! ich verſtehe dich, griesgramiger Pedante!
Leb' wohl und denke mein — —
(hinweg gleitend.)

Mauerbär.
Was ſpricht der Kerl?
Wie wird mir! — — Ach! — So dunkel vor den Augen!
(Sein Mund verwandelt ſich in einen Rüſſel,
die Akten in Eicheln.)
Ein ſonderbarer Schwindel! hm! es iſt

Vorbey! — ha! ha! da gibt es was zu ſchmauſen!
Das ſchmeckt! das ſchmeckt! — —
(Nach der Thüre eilend und ſie verſchließend.)
Ich will mir gütlich thun!

5.

Kunſt-Kabinet. Viel Zeitungen, wenig Depeſchen.

Ahr.

Der Größe frommt die Kunſt, der Herrlichkeit,
Die ſich in ihrem klaren Schöpferlicht,
Erſt mit dem Empyräumsglanze ſchmückt — —

Bükenſohl.

Ich kenne wohl die eine hohe Kunſt,
Die Noth thut — doch damit ſind wir ſehr ſchön
Und reichlich gar verſorgt.

Ahr.

Empfangen Sie
Dazu den herzlichſten der Wünſche, die
Es je verſucht, ſich an das Glück zu knüpfen.

Bükenſohl.

Spricht man mit mir?

Ahr.

Sie zweifeln dran?

Bükenſohl.

Weil ich
Den Ausdruck der gebührenden Verehrung
In Ihrem kavalieren Vortrag ganz
Und gar vermiſſe; — denn, bemerken Sie's,
Man wünſcht mir unterthänig Glück.

Ahr.

Verzeihn
Den unwillkürlichen Verſtoß dem Künſtler,
Dem frohen Bürger einer — — andern Welt,
Von äußrer Form durch's reiche Innere
Entbunden, doch —

Bükenſohl.

Darum iſt's gut die Hand
Der Warnung nach Berauſchten auszuſtrecken.

Ahr.

Der echte Künſtlerrauſch perlt aus der Muſen
Aetheriſchem Pokal, und iſt an ſich
So geiſtig ſchön; daß ihn kein Erdenaug'
Erblickt — mithin bedarf's auch nicht der Hand,
Die zu dem Erdenaug gehören mag.

Bükenſohl (mitleidig lächelnd).

Nur auf den diplomatiſchen Jargon
Verſteh' ich ex officio mich, und dannenhero
Entbehr' ich Zeit und Luſt für künſtleriſchen.
Zur Sache, wenn's gefällt.

Ahr.

Ich horche auf.

Bükenſohl.

Ein großes würdiges Geſchäft beut ſich
Der Kunſt bey uns, doch wie geſagt, wir ſind
Mit Leuten, die's vermögen, reichlich ſchon
Bedacht —

Ahr.

Ein glücklich Land!

Bükenſohl.

Indeſſen kann
Vielleicht die günſtige Gelegenheit — — —
Ein billiger Gebot — —

Ahr.

Vom Preis hernach,
Zum Kunſtwerk jetzt — —

Bükenſohl.

Ein billiger Gebot
Sich aus der Konkurrenz erheben.

Ahr.

Nun?

Bükenſohl.

Im fernſten Nebelgrau der Vorgeſchichte
Verliert der Urſprung ſich des fürſtlichen
Geſchlechts, das dieſe Gegenden beherrſcht.
Allein! begreifen Sie's, mein Herr, der doch
Viel Welt geſehn und Menſchen-Thun und Wirken
Erſpäht zu haben ſcheint — erfaſſen Sie's,
Daß alle meine Vordermänner, alle,
Den wichtigſten der Punkte rein verſäumt?
Noch iſt bis zu der Stunde, da wir ſprechen,
Der Stammesbäume Phönix — ungemahlt!

Ahr.

Ei! was ſie ſagen!

Bükenſohl.

Kummervoll hab' ich's
Entdeckt, und konnt' es doch nicht glauben, daß
In langer Reih' der nützlich angewandten Jahre,
Von einem großen Staatsmann bis zum andern,
Die Pflichtvergeſſenheit ſich ſo bewährt.
Ich ſuchte die Archive durch — verſteht
Sich, ließ in ihnen ſuchen von den Staubgewohnten —
Zu oberſt kehrt' ich ſie, zu unterſt dann,
Kein Blatt Papier entging den Forſcherhänden,
Als wär's ein köſtlich Bergwerk voller Gold,
Durchwühlte man die Schachte wie die Stollen
Der Haus- und Staatsregiſtratur — und fand
Sich nichts.
(Bedeckt ſich die Augen.)

Ahr.

Ei! Ei!

Bükenſohl.

Da ſtieg in meiner Bruſt
Der hohe ſchöpferiſche Plan empor,
Dem gräulichſten der Mängel abzuhelfen,
Unſterblich im Unſterblichen zu ſeyn.

Ahr.

Das iſt der rechte Weg —

Bükenſohl (vergnügt).

Nicht wahr? ich traf's!
Zum Stammbaum machte ich — verſteht ſich, ließ
Durch genealogiſche Urkunden-Würmer
Den Plan entwerfen — letzte Hand legt ich
Dann ſelbſt daran — das Werk im Keim iſt fertig;
Nun ſoll die Kunſt darſtellend es vollenden.

Ahr.

Ein ſchönes Thema, das!

Bükenſohl (ſich blähend).

Doch wie die Kunſt,
Die große Kunſt der weiſen Staatsverwaltung
Darin beſteht, erhabner Zwecke Gipfel
Durch kleine Mittel zu erreichen; ſtark
In dem Erfolg die Anſtalt zu beſchränken,
So hab' ich auch, nach dem ich tief devot
Darüber höchſten Ortes referirt,
Beſchloſſen: nun des Mechanismus Kunſt
Dem — Wenigſtnehmenden zu überlaſſen.
(die Hände reibend.)
Was ſagen Sie dazu?

Ahr.

Ich wünſche nur
Daß ich, der Wenigſtnehmende zu ſeyn,
Der's Meiſte könnende entſchließen mag.

Bükenſohl.

Das eben iſt die wicht'ge Konkurrenz
Des Kunſtgenies und der Finanz-Erſparung.
Sind Sie der Mann? Noch iſt nicht abgeſchloſſen!

Ahr.

Ich bin der Mann, der mit entzückter Bruſt
Und reicher Farbenglut, und reger Hand
Den Ahnherrn des Geſchlechts, den Groß-Erlauchten
Vom allerſtaubigſten der Konterfei's,
Die uns die karge Vorwelt ließ, in's Leben,
In's neue kunſtbeſeelte Leben ruft —
Und fehlt uns auch der Zeit Vermächtniß ganz,
Verſäumte ein Geſchlecht, das lieber that als mahlte,
Die Züge für die Nachwelt aufzuſammeln,
So ſah' ich, von der Schöpferkraft der Kunſt
Im Innerſten geſtählt, emporgehoben,
Verlohrne Heldenform aus Heldenthat.
Die uns verblich — Der Mann bin ich, mein Herr, — — —

Bükenſohl (ſich aufrichtend).

Man nennt mich Exzellenz —

Ahr.
Doch Ihren — — Baum,
Den blätterloſen, blüthberaubten, dürren,
Den Sie auf Pergament im Klingklangreich
Der Eitelkeit recht wohlfeil pflanzen wollen,
Den mahl ich nicht — und ſollt ich ſelbſt hinein
Zum Lohn — die Kunſt umarmt die Größe wohl,
Doch nie lackirt ſie's große Kleine glänzend.

Bükenſohl (nach der Klingel eilend).
Ich laß dich arretiren, Grobian!

Ahr (die Hand nach ihm ausſtreckend).
Ey — tätowirt mit deines Stammbaums Zeichen!
(Er gleitet hinweg.)

Bükenſohl.
Gerechter Gott! wie brennt mir das Geſicht!
Ich halt's nicht aus — — die Feuerfunken hüpfen
Um Stirn' und Wang' — — —
(Umherlaufend, fühlt er ſich plötzlich vor dem Spiegel zurückgehalten.)
Was ſehe ich! wie ſchön!
In Wappen emaillirt iſt mein Geſicht,
Und aller Glanz des hohen Hauſes ſtellt
In mir, auf mir ſich dar! Welch Monument
Des eignen Genius, der Fürſtenhuld!
Unſterblich bin ich jezt! und — unentbehrlich!
In treuſter Devotion ein Wunderwerk!
Geſchwind nach Hof! mich präſentirt! vergöttert!

6.

Kunſt-Garten, viel Gemüſe, wenig Blumen.

Sparwolf.
So treib' ich denn das Nützliche allſtets,
Um's ſogenannte Schöne unbekümmert;
Das Nützliche will nämlich Sorgfalt, Müh',
Umſonſt verleiht es nie des Himmels Huld,
Dagegen ſproßt wie Unkraut Schönes auf,
Man muß ſich nur des Andrangs ſein erwehren.
Da ſeh' der Herr die herrlichen Kohlraben,
Ich baute ſie im Schweiß des Angeſichts;
Mit tauſendfältiger Gefahr hat hier
Mein Kraut gekämpft, und jenes Bohnenbeet;
Dagegen rankt dieß blühende Geſindel,
Das von dem Boden Farben nur ſchmarozt,
Und allenfalls ein bischen Duft — (es iſt
Tabak ein beſſeres Gericht für weiſe Naſen,
Zugleich ein hübſcher Nahrungszweig) es rankt
Und windet ſich von ſelbſt empor, und nimmt
Den Raum des beſſern nur hinweg —

Ahr.
Hm! Hm!

Sparwolf.
Iſt Ihm die Luft zu kühl? zu heiß die Sonne?
Er ennuirt ſich wohl! verſteht mich nicht!
So gehts dem leeren Kunſtgeklimmer! Und
Mit Recht! Das Oekonomikum entkam
Dem Kopf, Solides ließ man ſchnöde liegen,
Und in der Welt gilt das Solide nur.

Ahr.
Die Lieblichkeit der Kunſt verſchmäht es nicht;
Im feſten Stamm erläutert ſich der Saft
Des Lebens, der zum Blüthen-Nektar wird.

Sparwolf.
Bleib' Er mit ſeiner Lieblichkeit zu Haus!
Die wahre wohnt im angefüllten Kaſten,
Und hab' ich Geld, ſind alle Blumen mein,
Geb' ich's für Blumen hin als baarer Narr.
Der edle Nektar aber winkt im Glas,
Das mir bey Hof der Mundſchenk gratis füllt.
Dafür zerſitz' ich mir den — Körper auch
Am Pult, und ſchreibe für das Vaterland.

Ahr.
Mein Plan, die Kunſt empor zu bringen —

Sparwolf.
Iſt
Ein Titulus für Ihn zu jenem Haus,
Wo man die Pſeudo-Genies verwahrt.
Was ſollen wir mit Künſtlern thun? was denn?
Ein Künſtler iſt nur ein gefährlich Thier,
Das von dem Luxus lebt, wie von der Welt
Die Motte — gütlich thut ſich's ohne Müh',
Sein Schwärmen nennt's Begeiſterung, zerſchabt
Den dichten Rock des allgemeinen Wohls,
Und ſezt den Männern Kinderhauben auf.

Ahr.
Was man doch von Gelehrten lernen kann!

Sparwolf.
Mokir' Er nicht! ich ſeh' Sein giftig Lächeln
Und kenn' die Pharisäerzüge ſchon.
Den Paß hab' ich in's Wirthshaus Ihm geſchickt,
Bezahl' Er Seine Zeche, wenn er — kann,
Und troll Er ſich alsbald aus unſerm Land,
Wo Milch der Ordnung und der Arbeit fließt,
Und man den Honig ſeiner Kunſt nicht braucht.

Ahr (betrachtet ihn ſtumm).

Sparwolf.
He! alle Wetter! Margreth! Kunz! Rebekka!
Die Gänſe ſind im Kraut! wie Teufel kommt's?
Gewiß ließ Er, gedankenloſer Künſtler,
Die Thür' zum Heiligthum der Küche auf!
(jagt emſig die Gänſe hinaus.)

Ahr.
Wie Deine Gänſe ſchnatterſt Du, wie ſie
Beſchreiſt ſeelenlos Du Höheres,
Dem guten Futter hold, nur ihm ergeben!
So watſchle denn wie ſie des Lebens Bahn!
(Er ſtreckt, hinweggleitend, die Hand gegen ihn aus.)

Sparwolf.
O weh! o weh! ein Zauberweſen macht
Der alten Schuhe treues Paar zu eng,
Und Höllenſchmerz glüht mir durch alle Zehen.
Ich kann nicht mehr! — mein ſchönes, ſchönes Kraut!
Mein armes Fußgeſtell! — Und mein Geſind!
Das iſt wohl gar zum ſchnöden Tanz gelaufen!
Auch eine Kunſt! verdammlich genus cum speciebus.
Noch morgen jagt's Kollegium dich aus!

7.

Wolgemuths Werkſtätte.

Wolgemuth (in voller Arbeit froh).
Wo bleibt er denn ſo lang? der Edle! Edle!
Mir gab er Brod und Geld, doch das iſt wenig —
Den heitern Muth des innerſten Vermögens,
Die ungebeugte Kraft des Genius,
Am Schaffen und am Werk der Schöpfung hoch
Ergötzen gab er meiner Bruſt zurück —
Rein iſt die Welt im ſtillen Spiegel wieder,
Der ſtille Funke hellt die warm umwebte
Mit regem Strahl des eignen Tages auf.
Ich bin entzückt nun wieder's alte Ich,
Ihm dank ich es, — das Werk hier dankt es ihm,
Das unter väterlicher Hand hold athmet.
(Den Meiſel und Hammer wegwerfend.)
Er kommt —

Ahr.
Die Freude ſtrahlt aus Deinem Blick.

Wolgemuth.
Dem Geber ſtammt ſie Dank — Was wirkteſt Du
Indeß?

Ahr.
Ich zeichnete die Seelen auf
Das Aeußere: ſie ſcheinen beyde nun,
Was ſie auch ſind, erbärmlich lächerlich.

Wolgemuth.
Die Gönner ſtießen Dich zurück — nicht ſo?
Ich hatt es prophezeiht — Bleib nun bey mir,
Laß uns zuſammen wirkend glücklich ſeyn.

Ahr (feierlich).
Nie ſcheide ich von Deinem Innerſten,
Von Deinem Werke nie, bin ich gleich ungeſehen.
Was Du erſchaffeſt, ſpricht mich aus — ich bin
Mit Dir! Leb wohl.
(Die Menſchenhülle fällt, der Genius ſchwebt auf.)

Wolgemuth.
O Genius!

Der Genius (verſchwindend).
Ich kam,
Ich ſah', ich ſtrafte — Deine Welt iſt mein.

Landolina *).

Gott ſegne dich! ſagte der arme Mahler mit ſchwindender Stimme (der Tod nahte ſichtlich, ihm jede, auch nur noch dämmernde Lebensfarbe zu löſchen) — Gott ſegne dich, Balduin, und erhalte dir dein Gemüth. Dann haſt du übergenug für dieſe, doch immer dürftige Erde, und viel Ausſtattung voraus für jenſeits! Dabey legte Apelles ausgehrender Jünger die dürren Hände ſegnend auf den Lockenkopf des laut weinenden Knaben, und ſchloß die Augen zum leztenmal vor den Schätzen eines Daſeyns, deſſen bürgerliches Elend er — ſich erſchöpfend — getragen, während er ſein geiſtiges Glück — mit vollen Zügen ſich begeiſternd — eingeſogen.

Der kleine Balduin weinte über Samſon's Leiche die Thränen verzweifelnder Liebe. Schon früher war die geliebte Mutter, zugleich des Vaters geliebte Gattin, dem ungleichen Kampf hingebender Duldung mit nimmer endendem Schickſalsdruck entrückt worden. Die edle Tochter des erlauchten Stammes der Siebenbergen hatte, von zarter und treuer Liebe gewonnen, dem nur an unſichtbaren Talenten reichen Mahler die lohnende, die verlobte Hand gereicht. Da kam der zürnende Schatten des Ahnherrn, Grafen [illegible], über die ſtolzen Verwandten; ſie ſtießen mit wilden Verwünſchungen das liebende Mädchen aus, das ſich ſchon unter heißen Wünſchen aus der Mitte ihres Glanzes ausgeſchloſſen, doch gern' ihre Herzen auch als Mahlersfrau behalten hätte. Aber was die Hoffärtigen nicht hatten, das konnte ſie nicht behalten: Namen und Liebe zum Namen ließ ſie ihnen, indeß ſie ſelbſt die Buſenwunde über den Mangel einer beſſern [illegible]; die beſſere, die innigſte Liebe heilte ſie an Samſon's Bruſt, der freundliche Genius Balduin verdreyfachte ihr Leben; [illegible], wenn auch darbend, trug ſie Noth und Entbehrung mit Gatten und Kind. Das ſchönere Wiederſehen im milden Himmelsauge ſchied ſie von ihnen, als die Stunde vollendeter Erſchöpfung ſchlug, und den heiligen Faden irdiſchen Bands zerriß, ohne die innige Verbindung überlebender Gemüther zu trennen.

Dem zärtlichſten Andenken, der Sehnſucht nach Wiedervereinigung, dem Sohne voll ſchöner Hoffnungen und der Kunſt lebte der vereinſamte Samſon. Unter den Augen der Geliebten, deren Bild in ſeinem Herzen war, und aus dem Herzen in lebendige Farben floß, erzog er ſeinen Balduin: karger Lohn verkannter und doch in der eignen Fülle reicher Kunſt nährte den Zögling und den Vater, dem nur eine Sorge blieb, wenn er die Gattin wiederzuſehn ginge — die Sorge um den verwaiſten Sohn. Ohne Mittel auf dieſer Welt, ſie zu befriedigen, ging er mit dem ſchönen Segen einer geiſtigern Welt.

Balduin Samſon's Thränen floſſen noch bey der geliebten Leiche, aber ſchon hatte die innere Kraft ſeine Verzweiflung bekämpft. Den Segen des Vaters gabſt du dem Knaben, als wär' er Mann! rief der ſich Erhebende — ich fühle ſein Wirken, denn ich fühle den Entſchluß ſeiner werth zu ſeyn — eurer würdig, geliebte, mir früh entriſſene, nimmer für mich verlorne Eltern. Balduin folgt eurem Wink, eurem Pfad!

Das ärmliche Mitleid kam, ihn nach der Freyſtätte der dürftig verſorgten Armuth abzuholen. Der vornehme Groll ſeiner Verwandten hatte kein Ohr für ſeine mögliche Klage; der edle Stolz ſeiner Seele keinen Laut der Klage für dieß entrückte Gehör. Aber er gelobte ſich's zu vergeſſen, daß es Menſchen gebe, auf deren Theilnahme er Anſpruch habe; ſich ſelbſt die Wonne der Selbſtſtändigkeit zu verdanken, den Segen des Vaters zu verdienen, das lag ihm heiß in der Bruſt, feſt im Willen. So warf er ſich in's geiſtige Leben, die Umgebung der Erde wurde ihm nichts, er vermißte es nicht mehr, daß ſie ihm nichts ſeyn mußte. Nur die Natur ſprach ihn mächtig rührend und ſtärkend zugleich an, und das Vaterland. In ihnen wollte er ſich leben.

Die Bahn der Ausbildung war zurückgelegt, das Brod der Abhängigkeit gegeſſen, die Wohlthat der Unterſtützung verdankt, aber nicht jeder Wohlthäter von ihm geliebt, vielleicht nicht einer, außer ſeinem guten Lehrer, der es wirklich war, wenn die ſtolzen Handreicher Fortuna's nur ſo hießen. Lebe wohl, mein Sohn, ſprach ſcheidend Zacharias Altheim und vergiß mich nicht, ſollteſt du unglücklich ſeyn. Biſt du aber glücklich — und ich denke ahnend, du wirſt es — ſo lohne mir, Gutes wirkend. Der Greis umarmte ihn mit jugendlicher Inbrunſt, und ſetzte mit brechender Stimme hinzu: um deine Liebe bitt' ich dich nicht, die hab' ich ſchon.

Die haſt du, mein zweiter Vater! rief der blühende Jüngling am Halſe des ehrwürdigen Veteranen im Dienſte der Muſen. Ja! keine deiner frommen Ahnungen möchte dich jemals trügen; auch das innere Flüſtern deines Geiſtes von meiner Zukunft wird erfüllt, denn ſie ſproßt aus der Gegenwart, die ich dir danke. Glücklich werde ich ſeyn, ſagſt du, mir ſtets ein Apoſtel der Wahrheit. Ich bin es im Gefühl der Ausſtattung für das Gute, in der feſten Bürgſchaft meiner Seele, daß ich der Ehrſucht nicht bedarf, wie ich ihrer Mittel entbehre.

Glaubſt du, erwiederte der fromme Greis, mit dem Ton des mildeſten Vorwurfs, daß ich auf ihren Pfaden dein Glück ſuchte?

Balduin ſchloß ihn herzlich an ſich. Nein! wir mißverſtanden uns nicht, denn wir können uns nicht mißverſtehn. Zum Wirken des Guten berieſſt du mich, wie mich der Segen des Vaters dazu beruft — da ſprudelt die Quelle meines Glücks. Jede glänzende Laufbahn iſt mir verſchloſſen, doch offen, ungehindert offen der verachtete Pfad, vor welchem nur der Achtungs-Unwerthe flieht. Bilden will ich die Bürger meines Landes; wiedergeben den Söhnen der Zeitgenoſſen, was der Vorfahren Stiftungen mir gaben — Unterricht! Thaten kann ich nicht ſchaffen für die Bewunderung der Nachwelt, aber die Heiligthümer der Vorwelt will ich aufſuchen, als ehrerbietiger Prieſter den Tempel geſchichtlicher Wahrheit erſteigen, und in der Dämmerung gothiſcher Säulengänge und Hallen nach den Schätzen des Vaterlandes graben.

Ein Lehrer und Geſchichtſchreiber, flüſterte der Greis, ſich über den ihn Stützenden beugend — ſey gut und nützlich und laß' Menſchen und Schickſal walten. O, der Segen des Vaters ruht über deinem Gemüthe!

Die ärmliche Ausbeute vereinzelter Lehrſtunden befriedigte das genügſame Bedürfniß des glühenden Jüngers im Dienſte des Wiſſens und Forſchens. Auf jedem Schritte des gewöhnlichen Lebens, zu jedem kleinen Geſchäfte des nöthigen Erwerbgewinns begeiſterten ihn höhere Ideen und die Liebe zum Werk, das in ſeinem Geiſt reges Leben erhalten hatte, immer neues Leben entwickelte.

Iſt das Blatt Ihr Eigenthum? fragte ihn Gabriel Dankwart, Rektor zu Rabenbrücken.

Balduin erröthete flüchtig, ſein Auge ſenkte ſich beſcheiden, ſchnell aber drängte der Strahl des Entzückens über das wiedergefundene und ſchmerzlich vermißte Blatt, den Zeugen und das Werk ſeiner ſtillen Thätigkeit, den dankbaren Blick wieder aufwärts zu dem überraſchenden Wohlthäter.

Der gutweiſe Rektor hatte nur dieſen Blick nöthig, um in der Seele des jungen Mannes zu leſen.

Von heute an ſind Sie mein Freund, ſagte er, ihm herzlich die Hand reichend, wie der Befragte die Geſchichte ſeines kurzen und doch ſo thätigen Lebens erzählt hatte — mein Freund und mein Gehülfe. Die erledigte Lehrerſtelle der Eliſabeths Stiftung ſey Ihnen übertragen; ſie nährt ihren Mann, und gewährt dem Streben des nützlichen Erziehers lohnende Beſchäftigung, dem Geſchichtsforſcher hinlängliche Muße. Genießen Sie beyder, und reifen Sie zu der Größe, die Ihrer wartet; zu der einzigen, die Ihrer werth iſt — der verdienſtlichen.

Samſon's Genius ergab ſich dem edeln Wirkungskreiſe, wie ſein Herz dem innigſten Dankgefühl. Raſtlos in dem begonnenen Werke fortſchreitend, behielt er nur die unter ſeiner Pflege aufblühende Jugend, und das von ihm erforſchte graue Alterthum des Vaterlandes im Auge. Gabriel Dankwart war ihm Vater, Gabriel's Bruder, Gottfried, väterlicher Freund. Jede Neigung ſeines liebenden Herzens ſammelte ſich befriedigt und beſeligend in dem kleinen reichen Zirkel, welchen ein günſtiges Schickſal um das tiefe, genügſame Gemüth gezogen.

Sein geliebter ſchriftſtelleriſcher Erſtling nahte der Vollendung; er hing mit der Zärtlichkeit eines neuen Pygmalions an der Schöpfung ſeines Geiſtes. Da ſchrieb ihm der langſam erlöſchende Zacharias Altheim:

„Die Uhr meines Daſeyns läuft ab; nur wenige Sandkörner ſind zurück. Ich ſchließe die müden Augen gerne. Sie haben des Guten Manches geſehen, des Schlimmen Vieles hinweggeſcheucht, des Böſen Nichts wiſſentlich geduldet. Aber eh' ich ſie ſchließe, möcht' ich ſie noch einmal an dem Anblick des geliebten Sohns meiner Wahl erfreuen. Theile, o Du theurer Balduin, die ſparſam zugemeſſenen Minuten mit mir.“

Balduin flog nach dem Städtchen — der Greis lächelte ihm freundlich dankbar; ſchon dunkelten die ſinkenden Augen, die ſchwachen Lippen verſagten ſich den Worten der Liebe, die welke Hand lag matt in der lebenswarmen des Freundes — aber aus jedem Zug des Erlöſchenden ſprach wortlos und innig liebevolle Anhänglichkeit. Dein Gemüth! lallte er — des Vaters Segen! — und verſchied.

Balduin trocknete die Zähren vom eignen Auge, um die Enkelin des Entſchlafenen zu tröſten. Sorgſam pflegend war die holde Landolina um den entſchlummerten Großvater geſchäftig; in den Jammer der trauernden Zärtlichkeit aufgelöſt, weinte ſie um den Entſchlafenen. Der dreyßigjährige Mann gedachte der bittern Thränen, die er einſt bey der Leiche des Vaters vergoſſen; das zwanzigjährige Kind der kunſtloſen Anmuth gewann ſein Herz, indem ſie von ihm lindernden Troſt nahm. Zum erſtenmal wurde der Forſcher des Alterthums in den ſüßeſten Geheimniſſen der Natur eingeweiht. Seine theure

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*) Aus: Jaſon. Eine Zeitſchrift. Herausgegeben von dem Verfaſſer des goldenen Kalbes. Jahrg. 1810. St. 3. S. 261.

Handſchrift rief ihn zurück nach Bahnbrücken; aber Landolinens ſanfte Macht hielt ihn hier feſt. Mit argloſer Kindlichkeit ergaben ſich zwey unerfahrne unverdorbene Herzen dem zauberiſchen Zug, der ſie mit unwillkürlicher und unbekämpfter Gewalt vereinigte.

Ich wünſche dir Glück, mein Kind, flüſterte Landolinen's Mutter. Er liebt dich!

Erſchrocken ſchüchterte das Mädchen in ſich zuſammen. Er liebt mich! rief ſie.

Du darfſt mir glauben — die beſſere, die ſtille Seele ſpricht's aus ihm. Auch ich wurde einſt ſo geliebt, und ſo wünſchte die Mutter, daß auch du geliebt würdeſt. Dieß doppelte Gefühl leitet die Beobachterin mit dem eignen und dem mütterlichen Herzen ſicher. Du biſt ſo geliebt!

Ach Gott! ſeufzte das Mädchen, und verbarg ſich an der Mutter Bruſt.

Dieſe lächelte. Du biſt ſonderbar mit Schrecken und Klagen, ſagte ſie. Iſt Balduin Sampſon nicht ein herrlicher Mann? Mahlen darf ich ihn nicht erſt dem Aug' der erröthenden Jungfrau. Aber das, was ihrem Herzen Bedürfniß iſt, und treue Erkundung mir gewährte, will und muß ich dir ſchildern. Klar iſt ſeine Seele, wie ſein Blick; was dieſer Edles ausſpricht, liegt in der Tiefe des hellen, biedern Gemüths; ſanft, wie ſeine Sitten, ſind auch ſeine Gefühle und Geſinnungen; reich im Guten, theilt er ſich gern' und ohne Zurückhaltung mit; warm hängt er an ſeinen Freunden — war er nicht dem Großvater ein Sohn! iſt er's nicht dem wackern Paar der Dankwart!

Bey dem Namen Dankwart ſeufzte Landolina tief — die Mutter fühlte darin keine Verbindung, und fuhr, immer noch der ſorgſam lieblichen Einfalt lächelnd, ungeſtört fort: Nie kam ein feindſeliger Gedanke in ſein reines Herz, nie Verläumdung oder bitterer Spott auf die reinen Lippen; von jeder Leidenſchaft blieb das Heiligthum ſeiner Bruſt unentweiht — ſein Weſen iſt Liebe, und dieſer Liebe erſter, einziger Gegenſtand biſt du. —

Landolina ſuchte mit feuchten Augen unter Papieren — ihre Hand zitterte.

Neid kennt er ſo wenig, als Rachſucht; ſeine Freunde lohnt er durch Liebe, ſeinen Feinden vergibt er mit Verzeihung. Aber nur wenige hatte er — wie könnte man auch einem Engel feind ſeyn und bleiben! Wer ihn ſieht, den gewinnt er; wer ihn kennt, der iſt ihm hold. Und warm iſt er ſeinem Gott und unſerer Kirche ergeben.

Du mahlſt den Engel, liebe Mutter rief Landolina ſchluchzend, und weißt nicht — — —

Wohl werde ich's wiſſen, was du ſagen willſt, närriſches Kind! eiferte die Mutter gutmüthig aufbrauſend. Ueber den Büchern liegt er zuviel, nach todten Alterthümern ſucht er, und gräbt und wühlt, und beſchreibt ſie, und arbeitet an einem dicken Werk. Aber laſſe dir nicht bange ſeyn vor ſolcher Nebenbuhlerin. Aus dem Leben der Schatten führt ihn die Liebe jetzt in das wahre Leben ſüßer Wirklichkeiten; ſeine Schrift wird an den zweyten Platz zurücktreten, weil Landolina den erſten einnimmt, und läßt erſt noch das dritte liebliche Weſen zu eurem Bund kommen, ſo muß auch den zweyten Platz die immer tiefer heruntergedrängte einräumen.

Landolina vermochte es nicht mehr zu tragen. — Lies, liebe Mutter! rief ſie, ihr einen Brief in die Hand drückend, und floh aus dem Zimmer, wo die gute verwunderte Frau mit Erſtaunen und Neugierde allein blieb. Sie entfaltete das räthſelhafte Blatt, um die Auflöſung des Räthſels zu finden.

Mit der Wärme zutraulicher Freundſchaft ergoß auf dieſem Blatte Brigitta Dankwart ihr Herz in Landolinens verwandtes. Sie liebte ſchon länger den liebenswürdigen Jüngling, welcher, ihren Vater wie ſeinen verehrend, die Tochter des Gönners mit den Augen des Bruders ſah, und nur geſchwiſterliches Gefühl hatte, indeß die ſtill liebende Erwiederung erſehnte und an ihr verzweifelte. Das Vertrauen der Freundin hatte Landolinens Buſen tief verwundet; denn es entdeckte ihr in ihr ſelbſt die Nebenbuhlerin des Weibes, deſſen Glück ihrer wohlwollenden Innigkeit näher lag, als das eigne. Aber war auch das holde Band der Schweſterſeelen minder ſtark und unauflöslich, ſo trat auch dann noch die uneigennützige Liebe Landolinens zwiſchen ihre Wünſche und deren Erfüllung. Brigitta Dankwart vereinigte mit jeder reizenden Gabe der Natur auch die Gaben des Glücks; ihr reiches Herz ſicherte Balduins innere Seligkeit, und ihr Reichthum erhob den Liebling Landolinens, die arm war, wie er, über den Drang kümmerlicher Verhältniſſe. Ihr Entſchluß war gefaßt, wie ſie den Brief der Freundin geleſen. — Das Opfer ihrer ſüßeſten Hoffnungen wollte ſie zwey Geliebten bringen; auch der ſchmerzlichſte Kampf vermochte dieſem Plan nichts abzudringen. Aber er verlängerte ſich unwillkührlich, leiſe ſchlich die immer wieder auflebende Sehnſucht zur Seite der immer müder ſiegenden Hingebung; ſie ſah nur in der ſchnellſten Entfernung das Mittel, den Triumph der Pflicht zu ſichern, aber ſie konnte das Urtheil dieſer Verbannung von ihrem ſchönern Daſeyn nur tief im verſchwiegnen Buſen ausſprechen — wie ſie der Vollziehung nahte, blutete ihr Herz. — Jetzt hatte die mütterliche Enthüllung ihres Geheimniſſes und Balduins ſtiller Gefühle den entſcheidenden Augenblick herbeygeführt. Landolina gab den wichtigen Brief in die Hände, welche die Wankende auf dem Pfad der Schmerzen und der Pflicht ſtützend leiten ſollten.

In tiefen Gedanken fand die Zurückkehrende ihre Mutter und in heißen Thränen. Dieſe hinwegküſſend, errieth ſie jene. Du giebſt mir Recht, Mutter, ſprach ſie entſchloſſen, laß uns fliehen. Doch — ſetzte ſie innig hinzu — laß' uns zugleich vollenden. Ich rette mich unverzüglich in den Schoos unſerer ländlichen Zuflucht, aus der uns die Trennung vom beſten der Väter hinwegführte. Du — o folge du mir erſt, wenn du den Inhalt dieſes Blattes und der Freundin Schickſal an das edle Herz meines Balduins gelegt. O er wird immer mein ſeyn, wenn gleich nimmer ſo heißen. Entdeck' ihm alles — der Tochter ſeines Wohlthäters wird der Hochherzige die — beglückende Hand reichen; was Achtung und Dankbarkeit begonnen, wird die aus ihrem herrlichen Innern ſich entwickelnde Liebe vollenden und lohnen. Auch er wird glücklich ſeyn — ich bin es dann in beyden. Du gibſt mir dein Wort, Mutter — nicht ſo? und du löſeſt es, wie du es gabſt? Ja! ja!

Wehmüthig gab die Mutter nach, und ihr Wort. Landolina floh, ohne Balduin wiederzuſehen. In der Verborgenheit der blühenden Natur weinte ſie die Opferthränen, welche auch am Altar der reinſten Tugend fließen dürfen, ohne den Glanz des Heiligthums zu trüben, und in den Augen holder Schönheit dem Thautropfen der Roſe im Sonnenſtrahl vor dem Morgenlichte gleichen.

Johann Friedrich Benzenberg

ward am 5. Mai 1777 zu Schöller bei Elberfeld geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen und Marburg Mathematik und Phyſik, wurde darauf kurze Zeit Lehrer an der rudolphiſchen Erziehungsanſtalt für Töchter in Hamburg und ging dann zu ſeiner weiteren Ausbildung im Jahre 1804 nach Paris. — Schon im folgenden Jahre ward er als Profeſſor der Phyſik und Aſtronomie an das Lyceum zu Düſſeldorf berufen und verwaltete dieſes Amt, bis ihn die Regierungsveränderung im Bergiſchen veranlaßte, demſelben zu entſagen. Er begab ſich jetzt (1810) nach der Schweiz, lebte ſpäter (1815) in Paris, ſowie in den Jahren 1817—20 in Berlin und privatiſirt gegenwärtig auf ſeinem Landgute bei Crefeld.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Verſuch, die Entfernung und Bahnen der Sternſchnuppen zu meſſen (gemeinſchaftlich mit H. W. Brandes). Hamburg, 1800.
Ueber die Beſtimmung der geographiſchen Länge durch Sternſchnuppen. Hamb. 1802.
Verſuch über das Geſetz des Falls u. ſ. w. Dortmund, 1804.
Briefe, geſchrieben auf einer Reiſe nach Paris. Dortmund, 1806. 2 Thle.
Der Dom in Köln u. ſ. w. Erſter Heft mit 2 Kupfern. Dortmund, 1810.
Ueber Verfaſſung. Dortmund, 1810.
Der vollkommene Ziffermeiſter. Düſſeldorf, 1811. Beſonderer Abdruck aus:
Anfangsgründe der Rechenkunſt und Geometrie. Düſſeldorf, 1810. 3 Thle.
Briefe auf einer Reiſe durch die Schweiz. Düſſeldorf, 1811. 2 Thle.
Beſchreibung eines einfachen Reiſebarometers. Düſſeldorf, 1811.
Wünſche und Hoffnungen eines Rheinländers. Dortmund, 1815.
Briefe, geſchrieben in Paris. Dortmund, 1816. 1. Hft.
Das gegenwärtige Miniſterium von Frankreich. Berlin, 1817.
Zwei Sendſchreiben über Verfaſſung. Dortmund, 1817. in 4.

Ueber das Kataſter. Bonn, 1818. 2 Thle.
Ueber Handel und Gewerbe. Elberfeld, 1819. 2 Thle.
Ueber Provinzialverfaſſung. Hamm, 1819. 2 Thle.
Die Verwaltung Hardenberg's. Leipzig, 1820.
Ueber Preußens Geldhaushalt u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1820.
Friedrich Wilhelm III. Leipzig, 1821.
Briefe über die Aſſiſe in Trier. Köln, 1822.
Ueber die Dalton'ſche Theorie. Düſſeldorf, 1830.

Ein gründlicher, gediegener, vielſeitiger Schriftſteller, wie dies Verzeichniß ſeiner Leiſtungen beweiſt, hat B. mit männlicher Freimüthigkeit, ſcharfem Blick und gewandter Rede in ſeinen publiciſtiſchen Arbeiten manches Gebrechen aufgedeckt und, wenn auch mitunter zu derb und entſchieden, auf die Mittel zur Abhülfe aufmerkſam gemacht. — Freilich fand er, vorzüglich bei ſeiner Schrift über Hardenberg, nicht überall ein geneigtes Ohr; ſeinem ernſten Streben kann aber unmöglich die tiefe Achtung, die es verdiente, ſelbſt von ſeinen Gegnern verſagt werden. Mittheilungen geſtatten ſeine Arbeiten ihrer Natur nach, hier nicht.

G. Auguſt Bercht

ward im Jahre 1786 zu Torgau geboren, diente nach vollendeten Studien als Lieutenant im zweiten Befreiungskriege und lebte dann geraume Zeit in Bremen, wo er Redacteur der dortigen politiſchen Zeitung war. Gegenwärtig iſt er Dr. der Philoſophie und Lehrer am Gymnaſium zu Kreuznach.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Geſchichte des Grafen Egmont. Leipzig, 1810.
Braga. Düſſeldorf, 1814.
Archiv für Geſchichte und Literatur (gemeinſchaftlich mit Friedrich Schloſſer). Frankfurt, 1830 folgende.

B. hat ſich in lyriſchen Gedichten nicht ohne Glück verſucht. Weit bedeutender iſt er jedoch in ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen, in denen er bei tiefer, gründlicher Kenntniß Scharfblick mit Herrſchaft über den Stoff, Klarheit und Ruhe mit ſeltener Kraft und Gediegenheit und einer höchſt anſchaulichen Darſtellung vereint und den größten Beruf zum Hiſtoriker offenbart. Zu bedauern iſt, daß er ſeine Gaben und Fähigkeiten bisher noch an nichts Größeres wandte; eine Klage, in die gewiß Jeder, der die folgende meiſterhafte Darſtellung höchſt verwickelter Verhältniſſe geleſen hat, mit uns einſtimmen wird.

Der Oberindendant Fouquet, deſſen Proceß und Gefangenſchaft *).

Als der Kardinal Mazarin, nachdem er Frankreich ſeit 1653 unumſchränkt regiert hatte, am Ende des Jahres 1660 die Nähe des Todes fühlte, entſchloß er ſich endlich, den jungen König in die Grundſätze, nach welchen Frankreich regiert werden müſſe, einzuweihen. Er bat ihn, nach ſeinem Tode keinen erſten Miniſter zu ernennen, was Ludwig XIV. ohnedieß nicht gethan haben würde, da ſein ſtolzer Sinn, der ſich ſchon im Knaben ſo mächtig regte, daß er bei dem bloßen Namen der Hausmeier in Zorn gerieth, in der letzten Zeit auch die Macht des Kardinals ungeduldig ertrug **); er ermahnte ihn ferner, ſeine vorzüglichſten Räthe nicht aus den großen Familien, ſondern aus den mittleren Klaſſen zu wählen, die gewöhnlich bei gründlicheren Kenntniſſen auch mehr Arbeitsluſt und Beſcheidenheit beſäßen ***), und endlich gab er ihm eine genaue Charakterſchilderung aller Perſonen, die durch ihre Stellung am Hofe oder im Staate mehr oder weniger Einfluß gewinnen konnten. Als diejenigen, welche des königlichen Vertrauens am würdigſten ſeyen, empfahl er Le Tellier, Lionne und vorzüglich Colbert, der ſeit mehreren Jahren im ganzen Sinne des Wortes ſein Vertrauter war. Dagegen ſchilderte er den Oberintendanten Fouquet, den er ſeit geraumer Zeit haßte und gebrauchte, weil er ihn nicht entbehren konnte, als einen höchſt ehrgeizigen, gefährlichen Menſchen, der die Einkünfte des Staats verſchwende, um ſich Freunde zu machen und ſich vor der Ungnade, die er fürchten müſſe, ſicher zu ſtellen.

Nikolaus Fouquet, Vicomte von Melün und Vaux, Marquis von Belle-Isle, war 1615 geboren und ſtammte aus einer angeſehenen Familie der Bretagne oder der Normandie. Sein Vater war Maître des Requêtes und Staatsrath unter Ludwig XIII. und von Richelieu ſehr geachtet; ſeine Mutter Maria von Maupeou, eine ſehr fromme Frau. Er zeigte ſchon früh ausgezeichnete Anlagen und erwarb ſich namentlich ſo bedeutende Rechtskenntniſſe, daß er ſchon im zwanzigſten Jahre die Stelle eines Parlamentsraths mit Ehren bekleiden konnte. In den Unruhen während der Minderjährigkeit Ludwig's XIV. gehörte er Anfangs zu den eifrigſten Anhängern des Kardinal Retz und des Herzogs von Beaufort, ging aber ſpäter zur Hofparthei über, und leiſtete dieſer ſehr wichtige Dienſte *). Als daher der Kardinal Mazarin im Februar 1653 nach Paris zurückkehrte und die Stelle eines Oberintendanten der Finanzen durch den Tod des Herzogs von Vieuville (2. Jan. 1653) erledigt fand, theilte er dieſelbe unter den Staatsminiſter, Grafen Servien, den wir aus der Geſchichte des Weſtphäliſchen Friedens kennen, und den Staatsrath und Generalprocureur Fouquet, den die Königin Mutter begünſtigte, und deſſen gewandter Geiſt ihm beſonders geeignet ſchien, das Parlament willig zu erhalten und die nöthigen Summen für den Staat und den Kardinal herbeizuſchaffen. In der Beſtallung an Servien und Fouquet vom 8. Febr. 1653 heißt es ausdrücklich, daß der König volle Macht ertheile, die Finanzen ſo zu verwalten, wie ſie es nach ihrem Gewiſſen für das Wohl des Staats am zuträglichſten halten würden, und daß ſie weder der Rechnungskammer noch ſonſt irgendwo, außer dem Könige ſelbſt,

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*) Aus dem: Archiv für Geſchichte und Literatur, herausgegeben von F. C. Schloſſer und G. A. Bercht. Frankfurt. 1830. Bd. 1. S. 130 fgde.

**) Oeuvres de Louis XIV. t. I. p. 8. Pellisson hist. de Louis XIV. I. pag. 13. Pelliſſon meint, Mazarin möchte nicht lange mehr den König beherrſcht haben. La Fare (Mémoires, in der Collection des Mém. relatifs à l'hist. de France p. Petitot et Monmerqué Ser. II. t. 65.) bezweifelt es; quoiqu'on ait dit qu'il commençait à s'en lasser, je doute qu'il eût de long-temps secoué ce joug. Das glauben wir auch, daß er aber froh war, des Jochs ledig zu ſeyn, beweiſen mehr noch als ſeine eigenen Worte alle ſeine Handlungen unmittelbar nach Mazarin's Tode.

***) Oeuvres de St. Evremont. Amsterdam, 1706. t. X. p. 113. — Oeuvres de Louis XIV. t. I. p. 36. — Guy Patin 1661.

*) Mémoires de Guy Joli hinter den Memoiren des Cardinal Retz, t. V. p. 47. Plusieurs conseillers du parlement, des plus zélés, s'assembloient régulièrement presque tous les jours après midi (1648 nach der Rückkehr des Königs) chez le Sieur Longueil, conseiller de la grand' chambre etc. Ceux qui se trouvoient le plus souvent à ces conférences étoient le Sieur de Croissy, Fouquet etc. Auch S. 97 wird er mit Fouquet de Croiſſy noch unter den Hauptfrondeurs genannt. Das war 1648. Im Jahr 1651 kannte man ihn ſchon als geheimen Anhänger Mazarin's. Mém. de Retz, Paris 1820, t. III. p. 164. M. le Procureur-Général Fouquet, connu pour Mazarin, quoiqu'il déclamât à sa place contre lui comme tous les autres, entra dans la grand'chambre le 17. Avril 1651, et en présence de M. le Duc d'Orléans et de M. le Prince requit au nom du Roi, que M. le Prince lui donnât communication de toutes les associations et de tous les traités qu'il avoit faits, et dedans et dehors le royaume, et il ajouta, qu'en cas que M. le Prince le refusât, il demandoit acte de sa réquisition et de l'opposition qu'il faisait à l'enregistrement de la déclaration que M. le Prince venoit de faire, qu'il pourroit les armes aussitôt que M. le Cardinal Mazarin seroit éloigné. — Oeuv. de S. Simon t. IX. p. 288.

Rechenſchaft ſchuldig ſeyn ſollten *). Es war indeß vorauszuſehen, daß eine ſolche gemeinſchaftliche Verwaltung ohne beſtimmte Begränzung der beiderſeitigen Pflichten und Rechte nur von kurzer Dauer ſeyn konnte. Es entſtanden manche Mißhelligkeiten zwiſchen Servien und Fouquet. Deshalb erließ Mazarin unter Ludwig's XIV. Namen am 24. Decbr. 1654 eine neue Inſtruction, der zufolge Servien blos den Bedarf zu beſtimmen hatte, Fouquet aber das Geld anſchaffen mußte **); gewiß die verkehrteſte Maasregel, die jemals getroffen worden iſt, wenn ſie nämlich einen andern Zweck haben ſollte, als der Habſucht des Kardinals zu dienen.

Als Servien ſtarb (den 16. Febr. 1659), glaubte Mazarin Anfangs, er könne deſſen Amt mit der reichen Beſoldung ebenfalls übernehmen, und ließ ſich die Beſtallung ausfertigen. Da er jedoch bald auf unerwartete Schwierigkeiten ſtieß, ſo gab er die Idee wieder auf, und Fouquet wurde ſchon den 21. Febr. zum alleinigen Oberintendanten ernannt. „Da die Laſt und die Schwierigkeit der Finanzverwaltung Unſeres Königreichs (heißt es im Dekret) ***), durch die außerordentlichen Ausgaben, welche die Fortſetzung des Krieges nöthig macht, mit jedem Tage ſich vermehren, und da ſich der Todesfall des Herrn Servien ereignet hat, dem Wir gemeinſchaftlich mit Ihnen die Oberintendanz übertragen hatten: ſo hätten Wir Veranlaſſung, an die Wahl eines Mannes zu denken, der fähig wäre, die von demſelben bekleidet geweſene Stelle auszufüllen, wenn nicht das ſechs Jahre lang erprobte Vertrauen, welches Wir zu Ihrer Perſon hegen, die Umſicht und der Eifer, welchen Sie gezeigt, der Fleiß und die Wachſamkeit, welche Sie dieſem Geſchäft gewidmet, die Erfahrung, welche Sie erworben, die Zuverläſſigkeit, welche Sie bei dieſem Amte und bei mehreren Gelegenheiten bewieſen haben, Uns die volle Gewißheit gäben, daß es nicht nur nicht nöthig iſt, die Arbeiten dieſes Amtes zu trennen und Sie durch Anſtellung eines Kollegen zu erleichtern, ſondern daß es auch zum Wohl Unſeres Staates und Unſeres Dienſtes, zur Erleichterung der Geſchäfte und der Beſchleunigung der Ausfertigungen wichtig iſt, die Verwaltung Unſerer Finanzen nicht zu trennen, und daß, wenn ſie Ihnen allein übertragen würde, Wir deſto beſſer bedient ſeyn würden und der Staat (le public) mit Uns. Aus dieſen Gründen und in dem Vertrauen, welches Wir zu Ihrer Perſon hegen, und indem Wir die Gewalt, die Wir Ihnen früher ertheilt haben, beſtätigen; ernennen Wir Sie von Neuem, ſo weit es nöthig ſeyn könnte, — — — — — zum alleinigen Oberintendanten Unſerer Finanzen, um ſie fortan mit voller und ganzer Macht und ſo wie Sie es in Ihrem Gewiſſen zum Beſten Unſeres Dienſtes für nothwendig erachten werden, zu verwalten, — — — — — ohne daß Sie gehalten ſeyn ſollen, in Unſerer Rechnungskammer, oder Andern, als Uns ſelbſt, von dieſer Verwaltung Rechenſchaft zu geben.“ In dieſem Verhältniß blieb Fouquet bis zum Tode des Kardinals, der ihn noch in den letzten Tagen mit dem Präſidenten Lamoignon, Le Tellier, Colbert und dem Biſchof von Frejus, Zongo Ondedei, zum Teſtamentsvollſtrecker ernannte.

Mazarin ſtarb den 9. März 1661. Schon am folgenden Morgen um ſieben Uhr ließ Ludwig XIV. den Kanzler von Frankreich, den Oberintendanten und die übrigen Miniſter kommen und erklärte ihnen mit kurzen Worten, daß er von jetzt an ſelbſt regieren wolle, und daß nur die Achtung für einen Miniſter, der ihm in ſchwierigen Zeiten ſo treu gedient, die Rückſicht auf das Wohl des Staats, während das königliche Anſehen noch ſchwach geweſen, und die reifliche Ueberlegung, welche ein ſolcher Schritt fordere, ihn verhindert habe, ſeinen Entſchluß früher auszuführen †). Er befahl ihnen, von nun an zu gewiſſen Tagen, bei wichtigen Sachen zu jeder Stunde, ihm ſelbſt zu berichten und nichts, nicht einmal einen Paß, auszufertigen, ohne ſeinen ausdrücklichen Befehl. Er errichtete zwei neue Conſeils, das der Depeſchen, worin die Staatsſecretäre in Gegenwart des Kanzlers und des Finanzminiſters über alle innere Angelegenheiten Bericht erſtatten mußten, und das der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten, wo er ſich alle Depeſchen, die vom Auslande eingingen, von Anfang bis zu Ende vorleſen ließ und die Antworten ertheilte, die er ſich dann ebenfalls vorleſen ließ. Dieſes Conſeil, gewöhnlich der Rath der Drei genannt, beſtand aus Fouquet, dem ſeine Stelle als Oberintendant den erſten Rang gab, Le Tellier für das Kriegsweſen und Lionne für das Auswärtige. Hier wurden die wichtigſten und geheimſten Angelegenheiten des Reichs verhandelt. Im Geheimen arbeitete der König viel mit Colbert, der in der erſten Zeit nur Finanzintendant war, aber ſchon damals eine bedeutende Wirkſamkeit hatte, indem er die Regiſter des Fonds führte, wodurch ihm eine gewiſſe Controlle der Einnahmen und Ausgaben zukam. Keiner von den Prinzen, nicht einmal die Mutter des Königs, die ſehr auf größeren Einfluß gerechnet hatte, wurde bei dieſen Berathungen zugezogen. Die Hofleute, welche nun allen Einfluß verloren, indem der König ſichs zum Geſetz machte, ihre Verwendung nie zu berückſichtigen, waren natürlich mit dieſer neuen Einrichtung ſehr unzufrieden, während das Volk, das bald bemerkte, wie viel raſcher und pünktlicher alle Geſchäfte beſorgt wurden, ſich den ſchönſten Hoffnungen überließ *). Der König arbeitete täglich ſieben bis acht Stunden und war bei allen Berathungen ſeiner Miniſter zugegen. Die meiſte Aufmerkſamkeit widmete er den Finanzen, die in heilloſer Verwirrung waren, da Mazarin das Vermögen des Staats ganz wie ſein Eigenthum betrachtet und niemals Rechnung abgelegt hatte. Die völlige Veränderung, die der König mit dieſem Zweige der Verwaltung machen wollte, hielt er jedoch Anfangs noch geheim. Er begnügte ſich, vier Millionen an der Grundſteuer zu erlaſſen, indem er die Steuerpächter zwang, um einer gerichtlichen Unterſuchung zu entgehen, fünf Millionen herzugeben, wovon Eine zu den Vergnügungen des Hofs verwendet wurde. Die ganze Erſparniß war überhaupt mehr zum Schein, weil die Erhebung der Steuern ſo beſchaffen war, daß die Pächter leicht Mittel finden konnten, ſich den Schaden von den armen Unterthanen erſetzen zu laſſen. Indeß hatte Ludwig die Freude, daß ſeine Sparſamkeit, ſeine Ordnungsliebe, ſeine Gerechtigkeit geprieſen wurden, und daß man Vergleichungen anſtellte, die natürlich ganz zum Nachtheil der alten Regierungsweiſe ausfielen. Dem Könige machte dadurch der Muth wachſen, wie er ſich ausdrückte, ſein eigner Oberintendant zu ſeyn, und Colbert, der ihn mit allem Detail der Finanzen bekannt machte, ſtieg, wie der König ſelbſt verſichert, ſo ſehr im Vertrauen, daß bei der vieljährigen Feindſchaft zwiſchen Colbert und Fouquet der Sturz des letztern unvermeidlich wurde. Fouquet ſelbſt ſah wohl ein, daß Einer von Beiden den Platz werde verlaſſen müſſen, allein ſey es, daß er eine zu hohe Meinung von ſeiner Wichtigkeit hatte, daß er ſeinen Verbindungen zu viel vertraute **), daß er die Freundlichkeit, womit ihn der König fortwährend behandelte, arglos für Wahrheit hielt, oder daß er glaubte, der Eifer des Königs werde bald nachlaſſen und alsdann Alles ſeinen alten Gang gehen, kurz er ſchmeichelte ſich ſo, Colbert ohne Mühe verdrängen zu können, daß die wiederholten Warnungen ſeiner Freunde ihn in ſeinen Hoffnungen nicht zu ſtören vermochten. Am meiſten baute er wohl auf das Wort des Königs ſelbſt, der ihn bald nach Mazarin's Tode, auf das Geſtändniß, daß manche Unregelmäßigkeiten in ſeiner Verwaltung vorgefallen ſeyen, die beſtimmte Verſicherung gegeben hatte, er wolle ihm alles Vergangene verzeihen (Oui, je vous pardonne tout le passé) *). Auch hatte der König, wenn wir ſeinen Memoiren glauben dürfen, Anfangs wirklich die Abſicht, unter Colbert's Controlle Fouquet zu behalten, da er von ſeinen Kenntniſſen eine hohe Meinung hatte. Wie er einſah, daß Fouquet ſein Vertrauen fortwährend mißbrauchte, beſchloß er zuerſt, ihn ohne weitere Strafe blos von den Geſchäften zu entfernen, und nur die Sorge, daß Fouquet's hochſtrebender, unruhiger Geiſt einen ſolchen Wechſel des Geſchicks nicht ertragen würde, brachten nach und nach den Entſchluß zur Reife, ihn zur größeren Sicherheit verhaften zu laſſen und vor ein Gericht zu ſtellen **). Der König ſcheint auch in der That, vermuthlich durch Mazarin veranlaßt, in deſſen Charakter bekanntlich Argwohn ein Hauptzug war, von Fouquet's Verbindungen höchſt übertriebene Begriffe gehabt zu haben, denn er betrieb ſeine Verhaftung mit einer Aengſtlichkeit, als ob er es mit einem Prinzen ſeines Hauſes zu thun hätte. Fouquet war Generalprocureur des Pariſer Parlaments und konnte als ſolcher nur in einer allgemeinen Verſammlung (grand' chambre) des ganzen Parlaments gerichtet werden, wo hundert und fünfzig Räthe ihre Meinung ſagten, wo alſo eine Juſtiz, wie ſie der König wünſchte, nie zu hoffen ſtand. Wollte man aber Fouquet durch eine Specialcommiſſion richten laſſen, ſo verletzte man die Rechte des Parlaments und es ſchien nicht rathſam, dieſer Verſammlung, deren Einfluß man in den bürgerlichen Unruhen erfahren hatte, gerade jetzt neuen Stoff zum Widerſtande zu geben. Allein auch dafür wußte Colbert, oder wer ſonſt die Seele des Beginnens war, Rath zu ſchaffen. Am erſten Tage des folgenden Jahres ſollte der Orden des heiligen Geiſtes, der nicht einmal die Hälfte der ſtatutenmäßigen Mitglieder zählte, vollzählig gemacht werden, und der König hatte erklärt, daß er weder ſeine Staatsſecretäre, noch irgend ein Mitglied des Parlaments (aucun qui fût de robe ou de plume) dazu ernennen würde. Man wußte, wie ſehr Fouquet den Orden ſich wünſchte, und gründete hierauf den Plan. Man gab ihm nämlich zu verſtehen, daß der König, der ihm bei jeder Gelegenheit das größte Vertrauen zeige, ihn gewiß, ſo bald er nur ſeine Stelle im Parlament, wofür er überdem eine ſehr anſehnliche Geldſumme erhalten könne, niederlege, zu gleicher Zeit zum Ritter des Heiligengeiſtordens und zum erſten Miniſter ernennen würde. Dies wirkte. Fouquet entſchloß ſich nicht nur, die Stelle zu verkaufen, ſondern auch das dafür erhaltene Geld, eine Million Livres *), dem Könige zu ſchenken, der es dankbar annahm (en pur don). Allein ſelbſt jetzt, nachdem man ihm den Schutz des Parlaments entzogen zu haben glaubte, ſchien Fouquet noch ſo gefährlich, daß der König es nicht wagte, ihn in Paris verhaften zu laſſen, ſondern zu dieſem Zweck in die Bretagne zu reiſen beſchloß. Ueberdem war auch die Jahreszeit, der Sommer, wie Ludwig verſichert, zur Entfernung des Oberintendanten am wenigſten geeignet, weil man nothwendig zugleich eine große Veränderung mit den Staatsrechnungen vornehmen mußte, deren Ertrag größtentheils erſt nach der Erndte einging. Die Ausführung mußte alſo ſchon deshalb bis zum Herbſt verſchoben werden. Ueberdem ſollte Fouquet vorher noch vier Millionen aufbringen **). Um ihn aber noch ſicherer zu machen, zeigte er ihm fortwährend ausgezeichnetes Vertrauen und beſprach eine Menge Dinge, ohne die andern Miniſter zu fragen, nur mit ihm. Er ließ durch ihn ohne Vorwiſſen der andern Miniſter in England Unterhandlungen anknüpfen, mit denen es ihm kein Ernſt war, und dieſelbe Veranlaſſung ſcheinen auch die Verhandlungen mit dem Kardinal Retz gehabt zu haben, von denen Guy Joli in ſeinen Memoiren ſpricht ***). Er erſchien ſogar mit ſeinem ganzen Hofe auf einem Feſte, welches ihm Fouquet und, wenn man den Memoiren glauben darf, dem Könige ſelbſt zum [illegible], am 17. Auguſt im Vaux-le-Vicomte gab. Dieſes Schloß, mit ſeinen weitläuftigen von Le Nôtre angelegten Gärten übertraf an Pracht die königlichen Schlöſſer zu Fontainebleau und Saint Germain. Levau, der nach Boileau auch die herrliche Colonnade des Louvre entwarf, hatte es gebaut; Wände und Decken waren mit Bildern der vorzüglichſten Meiſter geſchmückt, von denen wir nur Lebrun nennen wollen. Das Feſt ſelbſt war nicht minder prächtig. Im Garten war ein Theater gebaut, auf welchem zum erſtenmal Molière's **Fâcheux** mit einem Prolog von Peliſſon gegeben wurden; die Springbrunnen und die damals noch ſeltenen Orangenbäume dienten als Dekorationen. Dem Schauſpiel folgte Feuerwerk, Ball und

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*) Recueil des défenses de M. Fouquet t. II. p. 350: „sans que de la dite Administration vous soyez tenus d'en rendre raison à nostre chambre des Comptes ni ailleurs qu'à nostre Personne, dont Nous vous avons de nostre grace speciale, pleine puissance et autorité Royale, relevez et dispensez, relevons et dispensons par ces dites presentes etc.“

**) Recueil des défenses II. p. 354: „Le dit Sieur Fouquet signera, sans difficulté, les Ordonnances de fonds et les Assignations, même celles de comptant, après qu'elles seront signées du dit Sieur Servien.“ Die Ordonnances de comptant waren Anweiſungen, welche für geheime Ausgaben ausgeſtellt wurden.

***) Ebendaſ. p. 356.

†) Pelliſſon, t. I. p. 14. Am ausführlichſten in den Memoiren des jüngern Brienne, der als Augenzeuge ſpricht, (Mémoires inédits de L. H. de Loménie, Comte de Brienne, publ. p. Barrière. Paris, 1828, II Bände 8vo.) tom. II. p. 155. u. ff. — — et vous, monsieur le surintendant, je vous ai expliqué mes volontés; je vous prie de vous servir de Colbert, que feu monsieur le Cardinal m'a recommandé. — — La face du théâtre change. Dans le gouvernement de mon Etat, dans la régle de mes finances et dans les négociations au dehors, j'aurai d'autres principes que ceux de feu Mr. le Cardinal. Man vergleiche die Oeuvres de Louis XIV.

*) Pelliſſon I. p. 25: „Les peuples, à qui il étoit assez ordinaire de voir une Roi à toutes les heures, mais non pas d'en être écoutés, moins encore d'être expédiés si promptement, et délivrés de cet état incertain et flottant entre la crainte et l'espérance, pensoient voir renaître le siècle d'or en matière de gouvernement. Der König nahm die Bittſchriften zu jeder Stunde und an jedem Orte an, las ſie ſelbſt und gab ſie erſt dann den Staatsſekretären, die ſie ſchnell beantworten mußten.

**) La Fare p. 147: Fouquet, dans l'appréhension qu'il avoit eu du Cardinal, s'étoit voulu mettre en état de lui résister en s'acquérant des amis; et comme il étoit naturellement visionnaire, il crut en avoir un bien plus grand nombre qu'il n'en avait réellement. Il en fit une liste: la moitié de la cour se trouva sur ses papiers. Beſonders hatten ſich die jüngern Herrn des Hofs zu Fouquet gehalten, während die ältern mehr dem Kardinal huldigten; nur wenige, die ſich nachher wohl dabei befanden, hatten ſich dem Könige angeſchloſſen. Ebend. p. 145.

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*) Conclusion des défenses de M. Fouquet p. 156 und Recueil des défenses II. p. 94. Leider hat Peliſſon, der am genaueſten davon unterrichtet ſeyn mußte, weil er ſeit 1657 unter Fouquet angeſtellt war, und ſein Vertrauen genoß, in ſeiner Geſchichte Ludwig's XIV. von Mazarin's Tode bis zum Frieden von Nimwegen Fouquet's Miniſterium aus leicht zu errathenden Gründen übergangen. Die vortrefflich geſchriebenen Vertheidigungsſchriften, die unter dem Titel **Recueil des défenses de M. Fouquet, Suite du Recueil etc.** und **Conclusion des défenses** von 1665 — 1668 in 13 Duodezbänden ohne Druckort in Holland, ſowie auch in den Oeuvres de Fouquet erſchienen ſind, enthalten einen Schatz von Notizen zur Geſchichte der innern Verwaltung Frankreichs in dieſem Zeitraum. Sie müſſen aber, da ſie größtentheils Partheiſchriften ſind, welche überall nur die Lichtſeite zeigen ſollen, natürlich mit der ſtrengſten Kritik benutzt werden. Man wird indeß ſelten irre gehn, wenn man, was freilich höchſt mühſam iſt, die Protokolle über die Verhöre Punkt für Punkt mit Talon's Anklagen und Fouquet's Vertheidigung zuſammenhält. — Peliſſon's Freund Conrart hat über dieſe Zeit nur wenige Fragmente. Choiſy, der es von Peliſſon und Perette gehört haben will, ſagt t. I, p. 141, der König habe von F. genaue und ehrliche Auskunft verlangt, wie es mit den Finanzen ſtehe, mit dem Verſprechen, wenn er ihn wahr fände, ſich immer ſeiner zu bedienen. Fouquet lui exposoit nettement toutes ses dépenses, et entroit sur cet article là dans un fort grand détail, beaucoup plus reservé sur la recette, dont il avoit peine à lui découvrir toutes les sources, prévoiant assez que s'il disoit tout, il ne seroit bientôt plus nécessaire. Il avoit tenu un petit conseil avec ses plus intimes amis, et leur avoit rapporté le discours du Roi. De Lorme, Bouchart et Pelisson, qui étoient de ce conseil, lui firent remarquer, que dans ce discours du Roi il paroissoit beaucoup de fermeté et de bonté, et qu'il seroit peut-être dangereux de ne lui pas dire les choses comme elles étoient: mais il se moqua d'eux, les assurant que ces premières velléités de gouverner ne seroient pas long temps dans l'esprit d'un jeune Roi. — — — Il donna au Roi des états de sa dépense, qu'il grossissoit, et de ses revenus, qu'il diminuoit, faisant les choses encore pires, qu'elles n'étoient. Le Roi montroit tous les soirs ces états à Colbert, qui lui en faisoit remarquer les faussetés. Le Roi insistoit le lendemain avec Fouquet, sans pourtant vouloir paroître trop instruit, et Fouquet insolent persistoit dans le mensonge. Cette épreuve plusieurs fois reitérée détermina enfin le Roi à perdre Fouquet." So ſtellt auch Ludwig ſelbſt in ſeinen von Peliſſon redigirten Denkwürdigkeiten die Sache dar. Beſonders ärgerte den König, daß F. aus Eitelkeit oft um Privataudienzen bat und ihm „unnütze" Dinge vortrug. Oeuvres de Louis XIV. t. I., p. 103.

**) Oeuvres de Louis XIV. t. I. p. 102.

*) Er erhielt für die Stelle 1,400,000 Livres; 400,000 mußte er ſeinem Bruder für deſſen Anſprüche auf die Nachfolge (survivance) geben. Conclusion des défenses pag. 96. Der Präſident [illegible] hatte ſogar 400,000 Livres mehr geboten, allein aus Rückſicht für die Königin Mutter (Gourv. pag. 345) zog Fouquet die geringere Summe vor, die ihm ſein Freund und Verwandter Harlai gab. — Man fand ſpäter ein Billet von Peliſſon, worin er Fouquet beſchwor, ſeine Stelle im Parlament um keinen Preis zu verkaufen. — Ueber den hohen Preis dieſer Stellen bemerkt Voltaire ſehr richtig Siècle de Louis XIV. t. 14. chap. 25: Le prix excessif des places au parlement, si diminué depuis, prouve quel reste de considération ce corps avait conservé dans son abaissement même. Le Duc de Guise, grand chambellan du Roi, n'avait vendu cette charge de la couronne au Duc de Bouillon que huit cents mille Livres. Dabei iſt aber auch zu bedenken, daß eine Hofwürde mehr Aufwand erforderte. Ob Colbert, oder der Marquis de Laigues, der quasi mari der Herzogin von Chevreuse, oder gar, wie Brienne behauptet, der König ſelbſt den feinen Streich angab, oder ausführte, laſſen wir dahin geſtellt. Fouquet ſelbſt ſagt bei Brienne (t. II., p. 154.) den Tag vor der Abreiſe nach Nantes nur im Allgemeinen, aber freilich ſo, daß man es zunächſt auf den König beziehen muß: On me leurre d'un collier de l'ordre qu'on ne me donnera peut-être jamais, worauf Brienne nur erwiedert, er glaube es auch nicht. Daß Colbert gar keinen Antheil gehabt, credat Judaeus Apella.

**) Oeuvres de Louis XIV. t. I., p. 103.

***) Man vergleiche die Memoiren des Abbé Choiſy (Amſterdam 1727.) I., p. 154 mit Guy Joli (Paris 1820) VI., p. 70: Pennacors (den le Tellier zum Kardinal Retz geſchickt hatte) de son côté stipula le même secret au nom du Sieur le Tellier sur toute cette négociation, déclarant qu'il quitterait tout là, s'il apprenoit que le Surintendant **Fouquet** en eût entendu parler. Gleich darauf kommt der Abbé Charrier im Haag an, um über dieſelbe Sache in **Fouquet's** Namen zu unterhandeln, der das Erzbisthum Paris einem ſeiner Brüder zuwenden wollte. Kaum iſt aber Fouquet verhaftet, ſo macht le Tellier ganz andere Bedingungen. Fürchtete man, Fouquet und der Kardinal Retz möchten ihre alte Verbindung erneuern?

Spiel, und damit die Hofleute nicht genöthigt wären, ihr eignes Geld zu verſpielen, ſoll ihnen der liberale Finanzminiſter volle Beutel in ihre Zimmer geſtellt haben *). Die Hofleute fanden das ſehr artig, nicht ſo der König, den überhaupt, weil er einmal gegen Fouquet eingenommen war, alles an dieſem Feſte beleidigte; ſo ſchienen ihm ſelbſt die Eichhörnchen in Fouquet's Wappen, mit der Inſchrift quo non ascendet? die er ſich überſetzen ließ, die hochverrätheriſchen Entwürfe des Beſitzers zu verrathen. Auch ſoll er, der Verſtellung nicht mehr Meiſter, ſeinen Unwillen darüber der Königin Mutter laut ausgeſprochen haben **). Wenigſtens blieben die Geſinnungen des Königs nicht mehr geheim, die Hofleute veränderten ihr Benehmen, der Günſtling Saint-Aignan wurde hochfahrend, die Freunde warnten dringender, ſelbſt die Königin Mutter ließ ihm Winke geben. Allein Fouquet hielt ſich, wie es ſcheint, nicht für ſo gefährlich, als er es in den Augen des Königs war; er glaubte daher den freundlichen Worten deſſelben, und wenn er auf Augenblicke durch die Warnungen ſeiner Freunde geſchreckt wurde und ſich dann ſehr niedergeſchlagen und kleinmüthig zeigte, ſo war er doch weit entfernt, ernſtlich etwas Härteres als Abſetzung zu fürchten, eine Strafe, die bei ſeinem zerrütteten Vermögen hart genug war ***). Auch dauerte die Beſorgniß nie lange, weil Ludwig, wie er in ſeinen Memoiren ſelbſt geſteht, alle Staatsklugheit, oder, wie Andere ſagen, alle Heuchelei aufbot, um den Miniſter ſogleich wieder ſicher zu machen.

Unter dieſen Ausſichten wurde endlich die Reiſe in die Bretagne angetreten, wo eben die Landſtände verſammelt waren. Sie ſchienen nicht geneigt, viel Geld zu geben: Fouquet hatte daher dem Könige gerathen, ſich perſönlich nach Nantes zu verfügen, weil die Deputirten, durch ſeine Gegenwart eingeſchüchtert oder geſchmeichelt, alsdann gewiß alle Forderungen bewilligen würden. So warf ſich der Verblendete ſelbſt die Schlinge um.

Mit einem zahlreichen Gefolge, zu welchem nicht ohne Abſicht auch Condé und Turenne genommen wurden, traf der König am 1. Sept. in Nantes ein und nahm ſeine Wohnung im Schloſſe. Unter dem Vorwande, daß ſie am neuen Hafen arbeiten ſollten, zogen ſtarke Truppenabtheilungen durch die Provinz, in welcher keine Spur von Gährung zu bemerken war. Fouquet, ſeit einem Monat fieberkrank, war mit ſeiner Familie und dem Grafen Lionne den Abend vorher angekommen und hatte ein Haus am andern Ende der Stadt bezogen, aus welchem, wie mehrere Nachrichten behaupten, ein geheimer Gang nach der Loire führte, ſo daß es nur von ihm abhing, trotz aller Wachen nach Belle-Isle zu entfliehen. So wie der König ſeine Anweſenheit erfuhr, ließ er ſich durch den jungen Brienne, mit dem Fouquet ſeit kurzem in freundſchaftlichen Beziehungen ſtand, nach ſeinem Befinden erkundigen; Fouquet war indeſſen ſchon auf dem Wege nach dem Schloſſe. Dieſer und die folgenden Tage vergingen unter Geſchäften; die Stimmung der Stände war zuvorkommender, als der König erwartet hatte. Am 4. wurde Brienne wieder zweimal zu Fouquet geſchickt, und fand dieſen in voller Hoffnung, daß der König Colbert's Verhaftung beſchloſſen habe, denn daß irgend etwas Geheimes im Werke ſey, hatten manche ungewöhnliche Anſtalten zu deutlich verrathen. Als Brienne am andern Morgen um 6 Uhr auf Befehl des Königs wieder in Fouquet's Wohnung kam, um ihm zu melden, daß ihn der König erwarte, war Fouquet bereits im Conſeil und Brienne fand den königlichen Commiſſär ſchon in voller Arbeit, ſeine Papiere zu verſiegeln.

Das Conſeil wurde wie gewöhnlich gehalten; Fouquet mußte noch 30,000 Thaler für die Marine anweiſen. Am Schluſſe ſprach der König noch Verſchiedenes mit ihm; darauf entließ er ihn ohne das geringſte Zeichen von Ungnade. Kaum aber hatte der Unglückliche, den der König aus Furcht, im Commandanten der Schloßwache keinen getreuen Vollſtrecker zu finden, nicht im Schloſſe ſelbſt verhaften laſſen wollte, die Mauern deſſelben hinter ſich, als er vom Capitän-Lieutenant Artagnan angehalten und in einem eigens dazu erbauten Wagen unter Bewachung von 100 Musquetiers nach Angers abgeführt wurde. Seine Gattin ward nach Limoges verwieſen. Dies geſchah am Geburtstage des Königs, den 5. September. — Der Mutter Fouquet's brachte ein Diener zitternd die Nachricht, fürchtend, ihr den Tod zu geben, allein die fromme, hochbetagte Frau empfing die Botſchaft mit ſtiller Ergebung; ſie ſank auf ihre Kniee und betete: ich danke dir, mein Gott, du haſt mein Flehen erhört und ihn auf den Weg des Heils geführt.

Als dem Könige gemeldet wurde, ſein Befehl ſey vollzogen, trat er mit freudigem Geſicht in das Vorzimmer und rief den Hofleuten zu: „Ich habe den Oberintendanten verhaften laſſen, es iſt Zeit, daß ich meine Angelegenheiten ſelbſt beſorge." Seine unwürdige Freude über das Gelingen dieſes langgenährten Planes ſpricht ſich auch in dem ausführlichen Briefe aus, den er noch am nämlichen Tage an ſeine Mutter ſchrieb *). „Ich habe Ihnen ſchon dieſen Morgen geſchrieben, heißt es dort, daß meine Befehle zur Verhaftung des Oberintendanten ausgeführt worden ſind, aber ich freue mich, Ihnen das Detail dieſer Sache zu melden. Sie werden wiſſen, daß ich ſie ſchon lange auf dem Herzen hatte, allein es war mir unmöglich, es eher zu thun, weil ich wollte, daß er vorher dreißigtauſend Thaler für die Marine auszahlen ließe, und weil ich überdies mehrere Dinge in Ordnung bringen mußte, die nicht in einem Tage beendigt werden konnten, und Sie können ſich keinen Begriff machen, welche Mühe ich gehabt habe, um Gelegenheit zu finden, Artagnan im Geheim zu ſprechen, denn ich bin den ganzen Tag von einer Unzahl ſehr eifriger Leute umlagert (accablé), die auf den geringſten Schein durchgeblickt hätten; gleich wohl hatte ich ihm ſchon ſeit zwei Tagen befohlen, ſich bereit zu halten. — — — — Ich hatte die größte Ungeduld von der Welt, dies beendigt zu ſehen, da mich ſonſt nichts mehr hier zurückhielt. Dieſen Morgen endlich, da der Oberintendant wie gewöhnlich gekommen war, um mit mir zu arbeiten, unterhielt ich ihn bald auf die bald auf jene Weiſe und that, als ob ich Papiere ſuchte, bis ich durch das Fenſter meines Kabinets Artagnan im Schloßhofe bemerkte, und darauf ließ ich den Oberintendanten gehen, der erſt unten an der Treppe ein wenig mit la Feuillade ſprach und dann, während er Herrn le Tellier grüßte, verſchwand, ſo daß der arme Artagnan ſchon ihn verfehlt zu haben glaubte und mir durch Maupertuis ſagen ließ, er vermuthe, daß man ihm geſagt habe, er ſolle fliehen; allein er erreichte ihn wieder auf dem Platze bei der großen Kirche und verhaftete ihn in meinem Namen ohngefähr um Mittag. Er hat ihm die Papiere abgefordert, die er bei ſich hatte, in welchen ich, **wie man mir geſagt hat**, den wahren Zuſtand von Belle-Isle finden ſoll, allein ich habe ſo viel andere Sachen zu thun gehabt, daß ich ſie noch nicht habe anſehen können. — — — — Ich hatte erklärt, daß ich heute früh auf die Jagd gehen wollte, und unter dieſem Vorwande meinen Wagen vorfahren und meine Musquetaire aufſitzen laſſen; ich hatte auch meinen Garden, die hier ſind, Befehl gegeben, auf der Wieſe zu exerciren und alles bereit zu halten, um nach Belle-Isle zu marſchiren. — — — — Ich habe darauf mit den Herrn, die hier bei mir ſind, über dieſen Vorfall geſprochen, ich habe ihnen offen geſagt, daß ich meinen Entſchluß ſchon ſeit **vier Monaten** gefaßt, daß Sie allein darum gewußt und daß ich ihn dem Herrn le Tellier erſt vor zwei Tagen mitgetheilt habe, um die Befehle ausfertigen zu laſſen. Ich habe ihnen auch erklärt, daß ich keinen Oberintendanten mehr wollte, ſondern ſelbſt in den Finanzen arbeiten mit treuen Perſonen, die nicht ohne mich handeln werden, überzeugt, daß dies das wahre Mittel wäre, mich in Ueberfluß zu bringen und mein Volk zu erleichtern. Sie werden leicht glauben, daß Manche ganz beſtürzt geweſen ſind (qu'il y a eu de bien penauds), aber es freut mich, daß ſie ſehen, **daß ich mich nicht ſo anführen laſſe, wie ſie ſich eingebildet hatten***) und daß das beſte Theil iſt, ſich an mich anzuſchließen. Ich vergaß Ihnen zu ſagen, daß ich überall auf allen Landſtraßen und bis nach Saumur von meinen Musquetairs ausgeſtellt habe, um alle Kuriere, die ſie auf dem Wege nach Paris antreffen, anzuhalten und zu verhindern, daß Keiner früher ankomme, als der, den ich Ihnen ſchicke." Dann lobt er den Eifer und die Pünktlichkeit der Musquetaire, und ſpricht von dem Vergnügen, womit er ſchon in den Finanzen gearbeitet habe. „Morgen," fährt er fort, „werde ich Alles, was mir noch zu thun übrig iſt, beendigt haben und auf der Stelle mit einer außerordentlichen Freude (avec une joie extrême) abreiſen." Noch am nämlichen Tage errichtete der König ein Finanzconſeil, welches außer dem Kanzler, der in allen Conſeils den Vorſitz hatte, und dem Marſchall von Villeroi, des Königs ehemaligem Gouverneur, der mit einem Gehalte von 45,000 Livres die Ehre genoß, Präſident zu heißen, aus drei Räthen beſtand, d'Aligre, de Sève und **Colbert****), der ſchon dadurch die wichtigſte Stelle unter ihnen erhielt, daß er an Fouquet's Statt in das Conſeil der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten genommen wurde.

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*) Die Beſchreibung des Feſtes findet man bei Choiſy und Andern, vorzüglich bei Lafontaine, der als Augenzeuge ſpricht, in einem poetiſchen Briefe an Maucroix. Oeuvres diverses édit. in 8vo. 1729. t. III, p. 296. Buſſy-Rabutin, obgleich Fouquet's Feind, ſagt doch: „on lui conseilla de donner cette fête, comme un grand plaisir au Roi, et meme on le flatta de tant d'esperance d'agrandissement, qu'il se laissa persuader de vendre sa charge de procureur General, comme étant au-dessous des honneurs qu'on lui destinoit." — [illegible] IV, p. 214. ſeine Zeitgenoſſen ſagen läßt: „Jamais on ne fit une telle chère de la royauté." [illegible] gegeben, was eine halbe Million Livres koſtete; es war eine Lotterie, wozu auch der König und die Königin Looſe erhielten; die Preiſe beſtanden in Edelſteinen, Silberzeug, [illegible], Handſchuhen u. dgl. Als der Oberintendant Bullion im Jahr 1640 die erſten Louisd'or ſchlagen ließ, gab er eine Geſellſchaft und theilte die erſten Stücke als Deſſert unter ſeine Gäſte aus, die auch ſo begierig zugriffen, daß der Herr Oberintendant, wie [illegible] erzählt, herzlich lachen mußte, weil die Herren mit ihren übervollen Taſchen Mühe hatten zu gehen. — Nach ſolchen Vorgängen, die wir leicht vermehren könnten, wird man geneigt ſeyn, über Fouquet's Verſchwendung weniger hart zu urtheilen; Beiſpiele ſind anſteckend. Uebrigens ſagen die beſten Memoiren, auch La Fontaine's Beſchreibung, nichts davon, ſo daß die ganze Erzählung ebenfalls nur eine Erfindung übelwollender Müßiggänger zu ſeyn ſcheint.

**) Mémoires de Choisy t. I p. 171. Gourville, der den Miniſter in der That warnte, [illegible] der König habe zu ſeiner Mutter geſagt: Ah Madame, est-ce que nous ne ferons pas rendre gorge à tous ces gens là? In Gourville's Memoiren ſteht davon nichts. Choiſy, Voltaire u. A. behaupten, Fouquet's Deviſe ſey geweſen: quo non ascendam? So war es doch nicht. S. Delort Hist. de la détention des philosophes I. p. 15.

***) Mémoires de Brienne t. II p. 184. Da ſagt Fouquet im Geſpräch mit Brienne kurz vor der Reiſe nach Nantes: La Reine mère m'a fait dire par Barthillac de me garder de la duchesse de Chevreuse! — — mais quoi! il faut se résoudre à tout. Je ne saurais croire que le Roi veuille me perdre! Brienne räth ihm, ſich an die Königin Mutter zu wenden, darauf antwortet er: Je l'ai fait, et elle ne m'a dit que de général, et peut-être ne sait-elle rien des desseins du Roi contre ma personne. Dann ſpricht er von Flucht: Mais m'enfuirai-je? c'est ce qu'on serait peut-être bien aise que je fisse. — Madame Duplessis-Bellière ſchreibt an Pomponne aus Chatou den 19. Sept. 1661: Ce n'est pas que je n'aye assez prévu qu'il pouvoit arriver du mal à M. le S.; mais je ne l'avois pas prévu de cette sorte, et je me consolois (?) qu'en l'ostant de la place, voyant qu'il le désiroit luy-mesme pour songer à son salut. Das letzte iſt gewiß erlogen. Man ſehe den ganzen Brief in einer Anmerkung zu den Memoiren von Conrart Collect. des Mém. p. Petitot 2. S. t. 48. p. 259.

*) Lettres de Louis XIV, p. Morelli, Lettre 28. Die Nachläſſigkeiten des Styls gehören dem Könige.

Fouquet wurde ſchon in Angers mit voller Härte behandelt. Die dringendſten Bitten um Nachrichten von ſeiner Familie, um Erlaubniß, einige Familienangelegenheiten ordnen zu dürfen, blieben unbeachtet. Seine Krankheit hatte ſo zugenommen, daß ſein Arzt die Aerzte in der Stadt zu Rath zu ziehen wünſchte; es wurde verweigert. Er bat um einen Beichtvater, und erhielt zur Antwort, daß man ſein Geſuch nicht eher gewähren könne, als bis er ohne alle Hoffnung ſey. Er genas, und ſobald er das Bette verlaſſen konnte, wurde er nach **Amboiſe** und von da am Weihnachtstage nach **Vincennes** abgeführt, wo er am 4. März, alſo ſechs Monate nach ſeiner Verhaftung, zum erſtenmal verhört wurde. Erſt am 18. Juni 1663 ward er zu größerer Bequemlichkeit der Richter in die Baſtille gebracht. Unterdeß waren ſeine Sachen ſofort nach Ankunft des Kuriers, welcher die Nachricht von ſeiner Verhaftung überbrachte, verſiegelt worden. Nach einigen Memoiren der Zeit hätte Fouquet im Augenblicke der Verhaftung ausgerufen: **Saint Mandé! Madame Duplessis-Bellière!** Im Hauſe zu Saint Mandé bei Melun lagen nämlich ſeine wichtigſten Papiere. Ein Bedienter, Namens la Forêt, hätte den Staat verlaſſen, wäre zu Fuß nach der nächſten Station geeilt, wo in Fouquet's Dienſt Pferde bereit geſtanden, und ſey **zwölf** Stunden vor dem Kurier des Königs in Paris angekommen. Sofort hätte Fouquet's Bruder, der Abt von Narbonne, mit Mad. Duplessis-Bellière, der vertrauteſten Freundin des Oberintendanten, und mit einem Angeſtellten im Finanzminiſterium, Bruant des Carrières, Rath gehalten. Sie wären indeß nicht einig geworden und hätten — darin ſtimmen alle überein — ſämmtliche Papiere an Ort und Stelle gelaſſen. Dieſe ganze Geſchichte iſt gewiß bloßes Stadtgerede. Denn angenommen, die Flucht des Bedienten ſey weder vom [illegible] noch von ſeinen Collegen bemerkt worden, er ſey ſo ſchnellfüßig geweſen, daß er den Kurieren, welche der König ſogleich nach allen Gegenden hin ausſchickte, vorausgeeilt wäre: wie konnte die kluge Frau von Bellière die Dummheit begehen, den Abbé Fouquet in das Geheimniß zu ziehen, mit dem der Oberintendant ſeit langer Zeit wahrhaft in offener Feindſchaft lebte*). Daß die Siegel auf den Truhen und in den Salons [illegible] Gerüchte eine Zeit lang glaubten, iſt natürlich. Aber was ſoll man von Richtern erwarten, die ein Gerücht, wofür ſie **keinen einzigen Zeugen** vorbringen konnten, dem Angeklagten als Beweis ſeiner böſen Abſichten vorrückten, mit dem ganz aus der Luft gegriffenen Satze, daß er die **Abſicht** gehabt hätte, Saint Mandé ausleeren zu laſſen? Fouquet nennt dies Verfahren, gewiß nicht mit Unrecht, jämmerlich (pitoyable). Bei der Beſchlagnahme der Sachen verfuhr man mit Unordnung und Leidenſchaftlichkeit. Papiere, Geld, Geldeswerth wurden weggenommen, als ob er ſchon verurtheilt wäre, ohne daß ſeine Gattin oder irgend Jemand von den Seinigen dabei ſeyn durfte, zum Theil ohne Beiſeyn einer Gerichtsperſon, obgleich der königliche Befehl dies, wie natürlich, ausdrücklich beſtimmt hatte, zum Theil nur auf **mündliche** Befehle des Königs, die **Colbert** überbrachte. Es iſt überhaupt nicht zu leugnen, daß Colbert, der ſchon von Anfang an jede Theilnahme an dieſem Proceß ablehnen wollte, in den Akten nicht nur als ſehr eifriger Theilnehmer erſcheint, ſondern auch noch **beliebige Papiere mitnimmt**, deren Inhalt nicht einmal angegeben wird. Noch mehr. Im Protokoll von Saint Mandé wird geſagt, Colbert ſey den 19., 20. und 21. September von früh ſechs bis Abends halb ſieben über zugegen geweſen, und nach dem Protokoll von Fontainebleau iſt derſelbe Colbert an denſelben Tagen in Fontainebleau, welches vierzehn

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*) La Fare p. 147. ce qui (die große Vorſicht) parut puérile aux plus sensés, mais qui flatta le Roi, dans la pensée qu'il en acquerrait la réputation d'un prince rusé, prudent et dissimulé. Man vergleiche den Brief des Königs! Lafare, überhaupt ein Mann von unbefangenem Urtheil, hatte auch hier ganz richtig geſehen. Daß die Königin Mutter nicht allein darum gewußt habe, ſagt auch **Racine** in den Fragm. Hist. „on l'avait dit à Laigues, pour le dire à Mad. de Chevreuse, afin qu'elle y disposât la Reine, ce qui se fit à Dampierre. Villeroi le sut aussi. Le Roi voulait le faire arrêter dans Vaux: **quoi, au milieu d'une fête qu'il vous donne**, lui dit la Reine. Man ſieht leicht, welchen Grund der König hatte, ſich gegen die Herrn ſeines Hofs anders auszuſprechen. Ganz ſo wie Racine erzählt es auch der jüngere Brienne. Mémoires t. II. p. 177. Dann p. 183: Le Roi — — — ne s'ouvrit de la résolution qu'il avait prise de faire arrêter le surintendant qu'à trois personnes: La Reine sa mère, M. Le Tellier et mon père, qu'il laissa auprès de la Reine-mère pour conseil et pour mettre les scellés sur les papiers de M. Fouquet. La duchesse de Chevreuse et Laigues le savaient aussi, mais l'exécution leur en était cachée. Quoi qu'il y ait bien de l'apparence (ja wohl!) que M. Colbert en avait connaissance, on dit cependant **que le Roi lui en fit une finesse**, parceque M. Colbert n'osa jamais parler à sa Majesté de faire arrêter M. Fouquet, et se contenta de faire agir la duchesse de Chevreuse. Woher weiß man, daß Colbert mit dem Könige nicht darüber ſprach? Frau von Lafayette, die ihre Geſchichte der Prinzeſſin Henriette unter den Augen und zum Theil nach den Notizen dieſer Prinzeſſin ſchrieb, ſagt, der König ſey von le Tellier, Colbert, der Herzogin von Chevreuſe und Herrn von Laigues bewogen worden, Fouquet zu ſtürzen.

**) Motteville, Coll. de Petitot S. II. t. 40. p. 153. Nous le vîmes, pendant le contre-pied de Fouquet, venir tout seul chez le Roi avec un sac de velours noir sous son bras, comme le moindre petit commis de l'épargne.

*) Fouquet hatte vier Brüder, von welchen Einer Erzbiſchof von Narbonne, ein Zweiter Biſchof von Agde, ein Dritter Abbé, und der Jüngſte erſter Stallmeiſter des Königs war. Der Abbé, ganz verrufen, Mazarin's Spion, (Mémoires de Gourville, in der Collection von Petitot t. LII. pag. 308. und 319.) der einſt den Kardinal Retz aus der Welt ſchaffen wollte, hatte durch ſein Verhältniß zu Mazarin eigentlich, wie man zu ſagen pflegt, das Glück ſeines Bruders gemacht. Il était brouillé avec le Surintendant (1658); il le voyait pourtant encore, mais il ne l'en ménageait pas davantage: **Il n'y a rien qu'il n'eût dit à Lyon au** Cardinal pour le perdre. Sa haine venait de ce qu'ayant fait son frère Surintendant des finances, et prétendant par là en devoir être le maître, l'autre n'avait pas voulu souffrir un joug que l'abbé rendait un peu tyrannique, et sur cela leurs fureurs les animant tous les jours de plus en plus l'un contre l'autre, la haine qui d'ordinaire est plus grande entre les proches qu'entre les étrangers, **ne gardait plus de bornes entre les deux frères**. Mém. de Bussy-Rabutin II. p. 175 ed. 1696. Die Aufſchlüſſe ſehe man Monmerqué t. IV. p. 53. Daß wir Artagnan's Memoiren nicht benutzt haben, wird Niemand befremden, da ſie bekanntlich nicht von Artagnan, ſondern von dem berüchtigten Romanſchreiber Sandras de Courtilz verfaßt ſind.

Stunden von Saint Mandé entfernt iſt *). Er bringt ſogar ein Käſtchen mit, um, wie er ſagt, die Karten von Belle-Isle, die er dem Könige zu zeigen wünſche (nicht: die der König zu ſehen verlange), hineinzupacken **). Sehr richtig bemerkt Fouquet, woher er denn gewußt habe, daß ſich die Karten dort befanden, warum er ein Käſtchen dazu mitgebracht habe, da man doch Landkarten zu rollen pflege, und erinnere, ob er nicht mehr wiſſe, daß man ihm die erwähnten Karten ſchon in Nantes weggenommen habe! Wer kann es dem Angeklagten verargen, daß er hieraus alle Schlüſſe zieht, die man nur daraus ziehen kann, und daß er namentlich behauptet, Colbert habe ihm gerade diejenigen Papiere, mit denen er ſich vertheidigen könne, weggenommen, und ſolche, die zu ſeinem Verderben gereichen ſollten, untergeſchoben. Daß wenigſtens die erſte Beſchuldigung nicht ungegründet iſt, beweiſen die Akten. Denn der König ſelbſt erklärte feierlich vor Präſidenten und Räthen im Parlament, daß allerdings Colbert ihm Papiere aus Fouquet's Wohnung überbracht hätte, daß ſie aber Staatsgeheimniſſe enthielten, mithin dem Gericht nicht mitgetheilt werden dürften ***). Kein Gericht der Welt wird dieſen Grund genügend finden, da nicht blos dieſe oder jene einzelne Thatſache, ſondern die ganze Verwaltung ein Gegenſtand der Klage war, und er durch nichts in der Welt ſich rechtfertigen konnte, als durch ſeine Papiere und namentlich nicht durch Privatpapiere, ſondern durch ſolche, welche den Staat betrafen, alſo Staatsgeheimniſſe enthielten. Die Papiere, die man mir weggenommen hat, ſagt Fouquet, ſind gerade die wichtigſten, weil ſie die Rechnungen über meine Verwaltung enthalten. Es ſind die Briefe von Mazarin, Servien, Colbert. Jedermann weiß, daß Mazarin unumſchränkt regierte, daß nichts ohne ſeine Genehmigung geſchehen durfte, es iſt mithin unmöglich, daß ich im Laufe von neun Jahren nicht eine Menge Schriften, Befehle u. ſ. w. von ihm erhalten haben ſollte; daſſelbe gilt von Servien, daſſelbe von ſeinen Sekretären, namentlich von Colbert. Allein in ſeinem Inventarium findet ſich (zwei oder drei Briefe ausgenommen) das mindeſte, weder vom Kardinal, noch von ſeinen Angeſtellten, kein Befehl über die ungeheuern Summen, die durch ihre Hände gegangen ſind. Und da ich ſo viele [illegible] Papiere aufbewahrt habe, ſo wird mir kein Vernünftiger zutrauen, daß ich die, welche zu meiner Rechtfertigung dienen mußten, vernichtet hätte.

Ferner wird im Protokolle von Saint Mandé von zwei verſchloſſenen Kiſten geſprochen, zu welchen der Schlüſſel fehle; in einem zweiten Protokoll iſt die Kiſte offen, und man hat Papiere herausgenommen, aber hat man erklärt, wo ſich der Schlüſſel gefunden, oder wer die Kiſte geöffnet habe. Dies konnte vergeſſen ſeyn. Auffallend iſt es aber doch, daß in einem andern Protokoll, vom 23. Februar 1662, der Schloſſermeiſter zum Oeffnen einer Kiſte geholt wird, nachdem das Protokoll unterzeichnet iſt und der Eine der Commiſſarien ſich bereits entfernt hat †). Ein ſolches Verfahren für unbedenklich zu halten, iſt ſchwer, beſonders, nachdem man folgendes Schreiben des Kanzlers Seguier an den Rath Poncet geleſen hat, aus dem deutlich hervorgeht, daß man ungern andere als ganz vertraute Perſonen gebrauchte. „Ich ſchreibe Ihnen dieſe Zeilen, um Sie zu bitten, Sich mit Hrn. l'Allemant nach S. Mandé zu begeben, um an alle Orte dieſes Hauſes die Siegel anzulegen und ſie durch ſichere Wachen [illegible] zu laſſen. Wenn der Herr Civillieutenant ſchon die Siegel angelegt hat, ſo werden Sie nichts thun; hat er aber [illegible] die Order, ſo hat er Befehl, nichts zu thun. Ich bin überzeugt, daß Sie ſoviel als möglich allen [illegible] (que vous ferez toutes les diligences nécessaires pour ce sujet).“ Es lag alſo dem Kanzler ſehr am Herzen, daß die Herren, die er bezeichnete, die Erſten ſeyn möchten. Sie kamen auch wirklich eher und fanden das Haus ſtatt von einer Civilbehörde von einer Militärwache beſetzt. — Ein großer Pack Papiere wurde von zwei Gerichtsbeamten für unnütz erklärt, in einen Sack geworfen und ſo in ein anderes Zimmer gebracht, wo ſie einige Zeit unbeachtet liegen blieben, wo man alſo allerdings hinweg und hinzu thun konnte. Später wird dieſer Sack wieder vorgebracht und das Erſte, was man darin findet, iſt eine Schrift, aus welcher hervorgehen ſoll, daß Fouquet jährlich von den Pächtern der Salzſteuer eine bedeutende Penſion erhalte *). Viele Papiere wurden gar nicht verzeichnet, andere nur von Colbert's Vertrauten Foucault, der gegen allen Brauch vom Könige zum Greffier der Gerichtsbeamten gewählt worden war. Dies ſind nur einige von den unzähligen geſetzwidrigen Handlungen, die man ſich bei der Beſchlagnahme der Sachen zu Schulden kommen ließ.

Fouquet wurde vor eine Specialcommiſſion (chambre de justice) geſtellt, deren Mitglieder der König aus den verſchiedenen Parlamenten gewählt hatte. Auch dies war eine Verletzung des Rechts. Denn als Fouquet ſein Amt als Generalprocureur niederlegte, war er ſchon fünf und zwanzig Jahre Mitglied des Parlaments geweſen; mithin genoß er die Vorrechte der Veteranen, die ſelbſt nach ihrem Austritt Ehrenmitglieder bleiben, eine berathende Stimme behielten und in Criminalſachen nur vom geſammten Parlament (grand' chambre) gerichtet werden konnten. Auch als Oberintendant konnte er nicht wieder vor eine chambre de justice geſtellt werden, die überdem nicht einmal competent war, über Staatsverbrechen zu urtheilen **). Aber abgeſehen davon, war auch die Wahl der einzelnen Richter von der Art, daß ſich Fouquet mit Recht darüber beklagen konnte. Mehrere, z. B. der Präſident des Gerichts, der Kanzler Seguier, der Generaladvokat Talon, einer der größten Juriſten ſeiner Zeit, waren ſo entſchieden Feinde des Angeklagten, daß ihre eigne Ehre erfordert hätte, zurückzutreten; Andere, z. B. Colbert's Oheim Puſſort, waren die nächſten Verwandten ſeiner Gegner oder ſtanden in ſo abhängigem Verhältniſſe zu ihnen, daß ſie ſchon deshalb nicht wohl für unparteiiſch gelten konnten ***).

Zuletzt blieben Fouquet's Vorſtellungen unberückſichtigt, und der Proceß begann. Die Verbrechen, deren man ihn anklagte, waren theils Staatsverbrechen, (crimes de lèse Majesté), theils Unterſchleife und Mißbräuche in den Finanzen.

Unter den Staatsverbrechen, die er begangen haben ſollte, war das Erſte das Niederſchreiben des Entwurfs eines Planes, was ſeine Freunde thun ſollten, ihn zu retten, wenn ſeine Gegner es unternehmen würden, ihn zu ſtürzen. Dieſer Entwurf, der nicht einmal beendigt [illegible] geblieben war, von deſſen Daſeyn, ſowie ſich aus den Akten ergab, Niemand etwas erfahren hatte *), enthielt im Weſentlichen Folgendes: Seit längerer Zeit ſuche der Kardinal Mazarin ihm auf alle Weiſe zu ſchaden, indem er ihn bei dem Könige verläumde, ihm Feinde zu machen ſuche und ſogar im Schooße ſeiner Familie Zwietracht ſäe. Er müſſe daher fürchten, der Kardinal werde dabei nicht ſtehen bleiben. Da er nun aber theils aus Erfahrung theils aus des Kardinals Munde wiſſe, daß derſelbe mehrere ſeiner Feinde blos aus Furcht vor ihrer Macht geſchont habe, ſo könne er überzeugt ſeyn, daß, wenn der Kardinal einmal etwas gegen ihn unternehme, derſelbe Alles thun werde, um ihn für immer unſchädlich zu machen, daß er ihm alſo nicht blos ſein Amt, ſondern auch Freiheit und Leben rauben werde. Sowie er daher verhaftet würde, ſollten die Seinigen verhindern, daß das Parlament nicht zu eifrig einſchreite, damit der Kardinal nicht noch mehr erbittert werde; man ſolle ſich nur dafür verwenden, daß er ſeinen Bedienten, ſeinen Koch und ſeinen Arzt behalten dürfe; ſeine Frau ſolle ſich in ein Kloſter zurückziehen; ſeine Tochter mit ihrem Gatten, dem Grafen Charoſt, nach Calais gehen und den Platz in guten Stand ſetzen; daſſelbe ſolle mit Belle-Isle, Concarneau und einigen andern Orten geſchehen. Weiter ſolle man nicht gehen, ſo lange Mazarin ſich begnüge, ihn gefangen zu halten; beginne er aber [illegible] (s'il passait outre), ſo müſſe er mündlich und ſchriftlich von allen ſeinen Verwandten und Freunden, namentlich vom Marſchall Fabert, beſtürmt werden. Helfe das nicht, ſo könne man etwa ein Manifeſt gegen die Gewaltthätigkeiten der Regierung ausgeben laſſen, das Parlament, die Geiſtlichkeit aufregen, einige Schiffe bewaffnen, um Lärm zu machen (pour faire éclat), und allenfalls auch einige ſeiner heftigſten Feinde, z. B. le Tellier, entführen **); ſeine Schiffe müſſe man mit tüchtigen Soldaten und Matroſen bemannen, und den Gouverneur [illegible] zu gewinnen ſuchen (cultiver), daß er Belle-Isle, wenn er den Auftrag erhalte, es zu belagern, nicht ernſtlich behandle. Hierauf ſolle man durch gütliche Unterhandlung ſeine Freilaſſung zu bewirken ſuchen, er wolle dann Bürgſchaft leiſten, ſich am Kardinal nicht zu rächen. Bei jedem Schritt ſolle man ſeine treue Freundin, Madame Duplessis-Bellière, die von allen ſeinen Wünſchen genau unterrichtet ſey, zu Rath ziehen. Der Anfang war 1657, das Uebrige eingefügt im Januar 1658 geſchrieben. — Fouquet's Vertheidigung über dieſen Punkt trägt den Stempel der reinſten Wahrheit ***); übrigens bedarf es ſeiner Vertheidigung gar nicht, wenn man erwägt, daß Mazarin, gegen welchen der Plan gerichtet iſt, geſtorben war, und daß es kein Geſetz giebt, durch welches Gedanken beſtraft werden. Cogitationis poenam nemo patitur.

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*) Recueil des défenses de M. Fouquet I. pag. 7.

**) Ebendaſ. p. [illegible]

***) Ebendaſ. p. [illegible] Wie unbedingt Colbert, der im J. 1650 über [illegible] Millionen beſaß, [illegible], beweiſt unter andern ein Brief, den er den [illegible] Oct. 1650 aus Paris an Mazarin ſchrieb, wovon ſich das Original auf der königl. Bibliothek befindet (Oeuvres de Louis XIV. t. I.). Ein von ihm empfohlener Verwandter hatte den Kardinal betrogen. Er bittet ihn, den Verbrecher an allen ſeinen Verwandten zu ſtrafen: il n'est pas juste que V. E. en punisse l'auteur seul: ses graces n'ont point été personnelles, elles ont regardé toute sa famille: il est juste que V. E. la punisse toute entière; et pour moi, Monseigneur (der Titel, den Mazarin gern hörte), sans les ordres exprès de V. E. qui me retiennent, je m'en serois allé en poste la trouver avec tous mes frères, pour la supplier de nous punir comme le mérite un crime de cette nature. — — Je suis, maintenant indigne de prendre la qualité ordinaire de très-fidèle serviteur de V. E. — Colbert.“

†) Ebendaſ. pag. [illegible] Fouquet's Schreiben, welches mit mehreren andern [illegible], findet man im nämlichen Werke S. [illegible]

*) Ebend. p. [illegible] findet man das Protokoll, welches hierüber die unverwerflichen Zeugniſſe des Juſtizbeamten enthält. Der König verlangt, man ſolle ihm die wichtigſten Papiere bringen; die Commiſſäre halten ſie aber ſo wichtig (de telle importance), daß ſie dieſelben einem Diener Fouquet's nicht allein vertrauen wollen. Sie überbringen ſie dem Könige ſelbſt: „ne pouvant nous [illegible] de lui dire que nous étions obligés de l'avertir que, dans l'ordre, les pièces, que nous lui apportions, devoient être remises avec toutes les autres inventoriées sous le dit scellé, et que nous supplions Sa Maj. de prendre en bonne part le dit avis, dont nous étions chargés de la part des dits Commissaires pour le bien de la Justice. Der König ſagt ihnen qu'il l'entendoit ainsi. Wer wird in der entgegengeſetzten [illegible] des Königs, mit der wir oben geſprochen haben, den Einfluß ſeiner Miniſter verkennen?

**) Ebendaſ. S. 44 und f. Wem die Privatſchriften nicht zur Hand ſind, der vergleiche Hist. de Louis XIV. par de la Hode Liv. XXVII. Dieſes Buch iſt bekanntlich unter zwei verſchiedenen Namen erſchienen; in der Ausg. bei J. Düren im Haag 1740 u. f. 3 Bände 4. iſt Bruzen de la Martinière, prem. Géogr. de S. M. Cathol. Secrétaire du Roi des deux Siciles et du conseil du Roi, auf dem Titel genannt, dagegen ſteht in der Ausgabe, die in demſelben Jahre in 6 Quartbänden bei Varrentrapp in Frankfurt und [illegible] in Baſel erſchienen iſt, der Name des wahren Verfaſſers, de la Hode, auf dem Titel.

***) Dies war die allgemeine Stimme; man leſe nur die Briefe der Frau von Sévigné und [illegible] Urtheil über den Präſidenten von Nesmond. Daß ebenſo allgemein Colbert als die Triebfeder des ganzen Verfahrens angeſehen wurde, beweiſt ſchon [illegible] Mémoires [illegible] et ſuite u. ſ. w.

Der zweite Klagepunkt war, Fouquet habe Belle-Isle befeſtigt. Fouquet hatte Belle-Isle vom Herzog von Retz gekauft, weil der König gewünſcht hatte, eine ſo wichtige Beſitzung in treuen Händen zu ſehen, er hatte an den Befeſtigungen arbeiten laſſen, weil es ihm ausdrücklich war befohlen worden *). Ueberdem hatte er nicht nur dem Könige ſelbſt mehrmals den Wunſch geäußert, Belle-Isle dem Staate zu verkaufen, ſondern es war auch erwieſen, daß der Commandant des Platzes, wie auch der von Concarneau, nicht die mindeſte Schwierigkeit gemacht hatte, die königlichen Truppen einzulaſſen.

Als drittes Staatsverbrechen wird angeführt, daß er das Gouvernement von Concarneau gekauft habe. Wie ein öffentlich mit Wiſſen des Kardinals Mazarin abgeſchloſſener Kauf auch nur ſcheinbar zum Verbrechen gemacht werden konnte, begreifen wir nicht. Uebrigens beſtreitet Fouquet auch das Faktum, indem er angab, er habe Concarneau für ſeinen jüngſten Bruder gekauft.

Zum vierten wurde er angeklagt, er habe ſich von mehreren Perſonen ſchriftliche Verſprechen ihrer Treue und Ergebenheit ausſtellen laſſen. Man fand drei Schriften dieſer Art. Die Eine bezog ſich auf den Ankauf von Belle-Isle und war durchaus unverfänglich. Die Zweite, von einem Präſidenten des Oberſteuerhofs (cour des aides), Maridor, ausgeſtellt, enthielt allerdings ein gefährliches Verſprechen, allein erſtlich hatte es Fouquet nicht gefordert, ſondern im Gegentheil Maridor's Verfahren getadelt, und zweitens war er nie, weder vorher noch nachher, in irgend eine nähere Verbindung mit Maridor getreten, hatte mehrere Verfügungen gegen ihn erlaſſen, und wenn er bei der cour des aides etwas zu thun hatte, ſich nicht an ihn, ſondern an Andere gewendet. Alle dieſe Angaben wurden vom Präſidenten von Maridor im Verhör beſtätigt. — Die Dritte war von einem gewiſſen Delandes ausgeſtellt, der im Dienſt des Abbé Fouquet und Commandant von Concarneau geweſen war. Als die Brüder ſich verfeindet hatten, erklärte der Oberintendant, Delandes möge zwiſchen ihm und ſeinem Bruder wählen. Delandes beſprach ſich erſt mit dem Abbé und ſtellte hierauf unaufgefordert den Schein aus, wodurch er ſich dem Oberintendanten gegen Jedermänniglich verpflichtete, allein dieſer traute ihm nicht mehr und entließ ihn. Sie waren ſeitdem außer aller Verbindung **). Delandes muß ſich ebenfalls ſehr unſchuldig gefühlt haben, denn ſtatt zu entfliehen, ſtellte er ſich freiwillig als Gefangener in Sedan und in der Baſtille, wurde aber beide mal wieder in Freiheit geſetzt.

Wir gehen nun zur zweiten Klaſſe der Anklagen über, welche die Finanzen betreffen. Unter allen Zweigen der Staatsverwaltung iſt keiner ſchwieriger und verwickelter, als die Verwaltung der Finanzen. Nehmen wir nun dazu, daß Frankreich aus einem langen Bürgerkriege hervorging, der die Kräfte des Staats erſchöpft und die Menſchen demoraliſirt hatte, daß die ganze Form der Verwaltung höchſt verworren war, daß Mazarin, der im Trüben fiſchen wollte, die Verwirrung noch vermehrt hatte, daß er geſtorben war, ohne jemals Rechnung abgelegt zu haben, und daß er ein Vermögen von wenigſtens vierzig Millionen Livres hinterließ, die er größtentheils ſeit 1653, alſo in acht Jahren, zuſammengeſcharrt hatte; erwägen wir dabei, daß Fouquet vergebens um Mittheilung ſämmtlicher Papiere bat, die ſich auf ſeine Verwaltung bezogen, ſo iſt es klar, daß wir hier in ein Labyrinth von Zahlen gerathen müſſen, aus denen ſelbſt ein Mann vom Fach ſchwerlich den Ausgang fände. Wir wollen uns daher ſo kurz als möglich faſſen. In den zwei erſten Jahren meiner Verwaltung, ſagt Fouquet ***), fehlte es ſelten an Geld, die Pächter (gens d'affaires) zahlten pünktlich und liehen gern; ſelbſt Privatleute gaben zu 15 Procent, was damals der gewöhnliche Zinsfuß war, bedeutende Summen. Dies rührte beſonders daher, daß man die Münzen, die Piſtolen von 12 zu 10 Livres und das Silbergeld in gleichem Verhältniß, herabgeſetzt hatte und daß die Herabſetzung nur allmählich von drei zu drei Monaten geſchah. Wer alſo baares Geld beſaß, eilte vor dem Termin zu zahlen oder ſonſt ſein Geld anzubringen. Es ging aber der Regierung wie ſchlechten Hausvätern; dieſe Leichtigkeit, mit der man die Kaſſen füllen konnte, verbunden mit der Nothwendigkeit, einige Schulden der vorigen Jahre abzutragen, machte, daß man die Einnahme der beiden nächſten Jahre 1655 und 1656 voraus verzehrte. Jetzt fehlte Geld und Credit. Wer vorher, um nicht die Zinſen und ein Gutheil des Capitals einzubüßen, ſein Geld, wo er nur konnte, ausgeliehen hatte, ſuchte es jetzt, nachdem der Münzwerth feſtgeſetzt war, eben ſo eifrig wieder einzuziehn. Man war in großer Verlegenheit (Nov. 1654). Die Einquartirung hatte die Provinzen erſchöpft, aus allen Steuerbezirken liefen nur Klagen ein, Niemand wollte auf das Jahr 1657 etwas vorſchießen; die Garden murrten, die Schweizer wollten abziehen. Der Kardinal fürchtete einen neuen Banquerout. Er ließ die Pächter kommen, bat, drohte, allein je mehr er ſeine Verlegenheit zeigte, deſto furchtſamer verſchloſſen dieſe ihre Kaſſen. Endlich, fährt Fouquet fort, ließ der Kardinal mich kommen, er war in Verzweiflung, höchſt unwillig auf Servien, der ſeinen Erwartungen ſo wenig entſpreche. Ich ſagte ihm, daß mir die Lage der Finanzen noch nicht ſo verzweifelt ſcheine, nur müſſe man nicht an einen neuen Banquerout denken, ſondern im Gegentheil von dem vom Jahr 1648 nur mit Abſcheu reden; man müſſe die Renten und Beſoldungen pünktlich auszahlen, den Capitaliſten Zuverſicht einflößen, ſie guten Gewinn hoffen laſſen, kurz man müſſe vor allen Dingen das Vertrauen, die reichſte Quelle des Credits, wieder herſtellen. So erſchien das Dekret vom 24. Dec. 1654, wodurch die Verhältniſſe der beiden Oberintendanten dergeſtalt beſtimmt wurden, daß Servien die Etats machte und Fouquet den Bedarf herbeiſchaffen mußte. Dies war ſchwierig: der Hof brauchte Geld zu Feſten aller Art *), der Feldzug ſollte im Frühjahr mit verdoppelter Anſtrengung beginnen und man weiß, daß der junge König im Jagdkleide, mit der Reitpeitſche, man möchte ſagen königlich-burſchikos, in das Parlament ging, um nach einer derben Strafpredigt, die uns wenigſtens für ſein Alter nicht ganz paſſend ſcheint, die neuen Steuern, unter denen ſich auch das Stempelpapier und Abgaben von Taufen und Begräbniſſen befanden, in die Regiſter eintragen zu laſſen.

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*) Gourville erzählt in ſeinen Memoiren (collection des mémoires relatifs à l'histoire de France p. Petitot et Monmerqué S. II. t. LII.) pag. 336, Fouquet habe ihm 1660 den Plan gezeigt; auf ſeine Bemerkung, daß er nicht auszuführen ſey, habe Fouquet ein Licht beſtellt, um ihn zu verbrennen, da aber Jemand dazu gekommen, habe er das Heft hinter einen Spiegel verſteckt, wo es nachher vergeſſen worden ſey. Ob Gourville die Zeit richtig angegeben hat, iſt zu bezweifeln; er ſagt à peu près dans ce temps là und man weiß, daß er ſeine Memoiren erſt 1702, als er 78 Jahr alt war, binnen fünf Monaten diktirte und ſich dabei zu ſehr auf ſein Gedächtniß verließ. So weiß er z. B. nicht einmal gewiß, ob Pelliſſon mit Fouquet verhaftet wurde. Wie Fouquet mit Mazarin ſtand, ſieht man am deutlichſten bei Gourville S. 325.

**) Wörtlich: „Une chose qu'il ne faudroit pas manquer de tenter, seroit d'enlever les plus considérables du conseil au moment de la rupture, comme M. Le Tellier et quelques autres de nos ennemis les plus redoutables." Wie auch hier das Gerücht vergrößerte, ſehen wir aus Conrart's Brief vom 19. Septbr. 1661 (tom. 48. pag. 257. der Petitot'ſchen Sammlung), wonach in obigem Entwurf ſtehen ſoll, man müſſe le Tellier auf die Folter ſpannen. Conrart, der dies für wahr hält, glaubt doch auch, daß die [illegible], von denen er zwei ſehr energiſche liefert, erdichtet ſeyen.

***) Recueil t. II. p. 8 — 40. Man ſieht deutlich, daß der ganze Plan blos darauf berechnet war, dem Kardinal zu drohen. La Fare ſagt pag. 145: on lui fit faire beaucoup de choses en le menaçant. Beſchloſſene Sache war es nie, kaum mehr als ein eitler Traum zum Troſt ſeines Herzens. Das Original befindet ſich in den Handſchriften der Königlichen Bibliothek, collect. 476. No. 254, woraus das Wichtigſte in der Petitot'ſchen Ausgabe von Gourville's Memoiren S. 337. abgedruckt iſt.

*) Recueil t. II. p. 369 ſind die königlichen Dekrete abgedruckt. Im erſteren vom 20. Aug. 1658 heißt es: Sa Majesté a résolu d'engager quelqu'un de ses plus affidés serviteurs d'en traiter et pour cet effet n'ayant pu faire choix d'aucune personne qui ait donné plus de preuves de son zèle et de sa fidélité que le Sieur Fouquet, Conseiller etc. etc., Sa Majesté l'a convié de traiter de la dite terre et marquisat de Belle-Isle avec le dit Duc et la dite Duchesse de Retz — — — — à la charge néanmoins d'y entretenir une garnison suffisante pour la sûreté de la place, et de faire les choses nécessaires pour sa conservation" etc. — Frau von Motteville ſagt: Collect. des Mémoires p. Petitot t. XL. p. 142: Les amis de Fouquet ont dit, et il est à croire qu'ils ont dit la vérité, que ce Surintendant, qui en effet était capable par son génie et par son esprit de beaucoup de grands desseins, avoit eu celui d'y faire bâtir une ville, dont le port étant bon devait attirer tout le trafic du nord, et, privant Amsterdam de ses avantages, rendre par là un grand service au Roi et à l'état. Daß beide Fouquet, Vater und Sohn, weit ausſehende Pläne für Handel und Colonien hatten, und daß Colbert Manches davon gelernt hat, beweiſen mehrere Stellen der Prozeßakten; dies gehört aber nicht in eine Geſchichte Colbert's.

**) Ebendaſ. p. 43—63. Conclusion p. 119, 124 und 141, wo man das Urtheil über dieſe Punkte findet.

***) Recueil II. p. 64.

Der Kardinal ſchickte einen Generaletat der Summen, die er für beinahe alle geheime Ausgaben des Staats, für auswärtige Penſionen, für die Vergnügungen des Hofs, Ballette, Komödien, Hoftrauer und dergleichen nöthig hatte. In das Einzelne der Ausgaben ging er nie ein und die Zettel mußten jeden Monat dem Ueberbringer baar (manuellement) eingehändigt werden. Dieſe Summen beliefen ſich jährlich, je nachdem er die Schweizer und die Garden in den Kreis ſeiner Verwaltung zog oder davon ausſchloß, auf zwanzig bis drei und zwanzig Millionen. Außerdem nahm er die Einkünfte aus den Steuerkreiſen von Chalons, Soiſſons, Amiens, Moulins und Grenoble, einige Jahre hindurch aus gewiſſen Steuerbezirken der Normandie, ſehr oft auch aus Sens und Beauvais. Unter dieſen Einnahmen des Kardinals ſind nicht begriffen ſeine Gehalte, ſeine eigenen Schuldforderungen, aber ſolche, die er den Häuſern Mantua und Modena, den Herrn Cenami, Cantarini und Hervart abgekauft hatte und worauf er nicht nur die Einkünfte aus den Steuerbezirken [illegible], Rochelle, des Sables, Marennes, ſondern auch mehrere andere Summen verwandte. Er ließ ſogar in den Kreiſen, die er ſich vorbehalten hatte, durch Lettres de cachet außerordentliche Steuern erheben, eine Handlung, die nach den Geſetzen den Tod verdient. So ſchloß er auch die Contrakte über das Kommißbrot der Truppen ab, ohne etwas Schriftliches auszuſtellen, und man kann ſich denken, wie das Brod war; die Geſchenke (pots de vin), welche die Pächter bei Erneuerung der Contrakte brachten, theilte er mit dem Könige, und der Theil, welcher dem Könige zufiel, war für das Spiel und die Vergnügungen beſtimmt, deren Beſorgung ebenfalls der Kardinal übernommen hatte. In dieſer Weiſe ging es bis zum Jahre 1658.

Am 16. Januar 1659 ſtarb Servien. Mazarin hatte oft geäußert, daß es dem Staatsdienſt ſehr nachtheilig ſey, zwei Intendanten zu haben, die ſich nicht ſelten gegenſeitig hemmten; demungeachtet fertigte er jetzt ſich ſelbſt unterm 19. Febr. einen königlichen Befehl aus, an Servien's Stelle gemeinſchaftlich mit Fouquet die Finanzen zu verwalten. Wahrſcheinlich, ſagt Fouquet, hatte ihn Colbert auf die Idee gebracht, weil dieſer vorausſah, daß Mazarin, der tauſend läſtigen und kleinlichen Arbeiten, welche das Finanzweſen erfordere, bald müde ſeyn, und die Geſchäfte nach und nach ihm übertragen werde. Der Kardinal fing nun an, mit mir, Hervart und Colbert zu arbeiten; er brauchte Geld und forderte zuerſt Hervart, und, wie dieſer ſich entſchuldigte, mich auf, zu mehreren dringenden Ausgaben Vorſchüſſe zu leiſten. Ich entſchuldigte mich ebenfalls, indem mein Credit durch die Verzögerung meiner Beſtallung ſeit Servien's Tode plötzlich geſunken ſey, und forderte ihn zu Vorſchüſſen auf, zu denen er ſich ja ohnedies für den Nothfall oft erboten hätte. Kurz er ſah ein, daß er ſich zu einem falſchen Schritte hatte verleiten laſſen, und zwei Tage nachher, den 21. Februar, war Fouquet allein Oberintendant *). Sein Verhältniß zum Kardinal blieb daſſelbe; was er that, wurde gut geheißen; dagegen ward die Stellung zu Colbert täglich feindlicher. Seit Mazarin's Tode that Fouquet nichts, ohne den König zu fragen und ohne es Colbert, an den ihn der König gewieſen hatte, mitzutheilen. Es war ſchwer, Geld zu bekommen, weil die neue Regierung, was auch Ludwig ſelbſt an mehreren Stellen ſeiner Denkwürdigkeiten ausſpricht, noch kein Vertrauen hatte; für die kleinſten Summen wurden wenigſtens fünfzehn Procent gefordert. Ich entſchloß mich, ſagt Fouquet weiter, nicht mehr als zehn Procent zu bewilligen, und ſagte dem Könige, daß ich dafür Geld zu bekommen hoffte, wenn ich der Heiligkeit ſeines Wortes vertrauen könnte, daß die Leihenden geſichert ſeyen. Der König fand meine Vorſchläge zweckmäßig, und ſo gelang es, auf meinen Credit, vom März bis zum September gegen zwanzig Millionen herbeizuſchaffen. Der König ſah Alles, billigte Alles **). Man ſchlug zur Vergrößerung des Staats außerordentliche Unternehmungen vor, wozu Millionen baares Geld erfordert wurden, ich antwortete ſtets, daß der Ruhm des Königs nie aus Geldmangel leiden würde; der König überzeugte ſich, daß alle großen Staaten Europa's Mangel litten und oft ihre größten Intereſſen gefährden mußten, weil es ihnen an 100,000 Thalern fehlte; daß Spanien mit den Schätzen Indiens ſeine Einkünfte zehn Jahre voraus aufzehre, während Frankreich nach meiner feſten Ueberzeugung im Laufe eines Jahres ſeine Rückſtände getilgt haben würde. Darauf erzählt Fouquet, wie er dem Könige eine Million geſchenkt, und wie dieſer ſie mit Dank angenommen und nach Vincennes habe bringen laſſen, „wo ſie vielleicht noch iſt, ſo gut wie ich."

Nach dieſem kurzen Abriß ſeiner Verwaltung, deſſen Inhalt in den Hauptpunkten wohl richtig ſeyn muß, weil er nicht widerlegt worden iſt, ſucht Fouquet aus der ganzen Art der Verwaltung, wie ſie ſchon unter den früheren Oberintendanten beſtand, zu beweiſen, daß es bei den einmal beſtehenden Formen dem Oberintendanten unmöglich war, die Amtsführung ſeiner Untergebenen genau zu beaufſichtigen, und daß Mazarin, den er öfter darum anging, ſich fortwährend weigerte, dieſe Dinge zu ändern ***). Da Fouquet auch hier ſich auf ſeine Correſpondenz mit Mazarin beruft, die man ihm vorenthielt, ſo hat er offenbar ein Recht, wenigſtens von ſeinen Richtern Glauben zu fordern, und wenn man bedenkt, welch ungeheures Vermögen Mazarin hinterließ, ſo begreift man leicht, daß er keine [illegible] hatte, ſich jeder Veränderung zu widerſetzen. Wahrſcheinlich hatte aber auch Fouquet ſeine Gründe, nicht allzu ſehr auf ſeinen Vorſchlägen zu beſtehen †). Die einzelnen Anklagen über Fouquet's Untreue in der Verwaltung des Staatshaushalts wurden unter acht Rubriken gebracht, die wir kurz berühren wollen.

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*) Montglat t. IV. p. 60. Der König tanzte ſchön, war in Fräulein Mancini verliebt, und die Königin Mutter war wie andere Mütter auch: ſie ſah ihren Sohn gern tanzen und gab ſogar einen Ball, pour le faire admirer le Roi, wie Frau von Motteville erzählt.

*) Recueil II. p. 82. Après une longue discussion de toutes ces choses, il (Mazarin) quitta la plume qu'il avoit prise à deux ou trois reprises pour commencer à signer, et tout son travail aboutit à dire à Monsieur Hervart en ma présence: On m'a fait faire ici un méchant pas. Man ſieht, daß Fouquet den geizigen Prieſter ſchlau zu packen wußte.

**) Ebendaſ. p. 97. „Le Roi a vu et lu lui-même le détail, une ou deux fois par semaine, approuvé la recette, la dépense, les prêts, les intérêts, les traités."

***) Ebendaſ. p. 108.

†) Gourville erzählt unter dem Jahr 1659 S. 325. von einem grand projet, que M. Colbert envoyoit à M. le Cardinal pour le rétablissement des finances, qui étoient en grand désordre. Il projettoit une chambre de justice, et par conséquent la perte de M. Fouquet. — — Il en faisoit M. Talon procureur-général, enfin de de la manière qu'elle fut établie, quand M. Fouquet fut arrêté. Fouquet und Gourville ſchrieben das Project ſchnell ab; dieſe Abſchrift fand ſich unter Fouquet's Papieren und der König ſah ſie. Colbert voulut faire connoître au Roi qu'il avoit pensé au remède — — — — mais que c'étoit la faute de M. le Cardinal de n'avoir pas écouté son projet. Alſo nicht Fouquet's Schuld.

I. Er habe, um Zinſen nehmen zu können, unnöthige Anleihen gemacht und ſogar Anleihen in ſeinen Rechnungen aufgeführt, die gar nicht exiſtirt hätten. Allein es iſt erwieſen, daß von 1653 bis 1661 die Ausgaben fortwährend die Einnahme überſtiegen; folglich mußte geborgt werden und da die Contracte von Servien unterzeichnet wurden, der allein die Summen des Bedarfs zu beſtimmen hatte, ſo war es wenigſtens bis 1659 geradezu unmöglich, daß Fouquet auf dieſe Weiſe betrog. Tauſend Schreiben des Kardinals ſprechen von der Nothwendigkeit, Anleihen zu machen, und nach ſeinem Tode, fährt Fouquet fort, hat mich der König auf ſein Wort verpflichtet, mit meinen Vorſchüſſen, die ſich in Zeit von ſechs Monaten auf beinahe zwanzig Millionen beliefen, fortzufahren, weil die Pächter dem Könige ſelbſt nicht leihen wollten, und die Zahlungen, zu denen ſie ſich verpflichteten, theils unbedeutend waren, theils nicht ſchnell genug eingingen, um die nöthigſten Ausgaben zu decken. Noch den Tag vor ſeiner Abreiſe nach Nantes hat der König ſelbſt 20,000 Piſtolen von mir verlangt, ja ſogar den letzten Tag vor meiner Verhaftung hat mich Colbert gebeten, auf meinen Credit 88,000 Livres für die Marine aufzunehmen *).

II. Er habe dem Könige Geld vorgeſchoſſen, was ihm in ſeiner Stellung als Ordonnateur, nicht erlaubt geweſen ſey **). Erſtlich war er nicht Ordonnateur; dies war Servien, oder eigentlich der Kardinal; zweitens beſtand kein Geſetz, das eine ſolche Handlung verbot, und drittens hatte man die Vorſchüſſe mit Dank angenommen.

III. Er habe die Staatskaſſe und ſeine eigene nicht geſondert und königliche Gelder zu Privatzwecken verwendet ***). Wer nur einigermaßen mit Verhältniſſen dieſer Art bekannt iſt, wird wiſſen, wie ſchwer und leicht zugleich hier die Anklage und die Vertheidigung iſt. Soviel iſt ausgemacht, daß jeder Finanzminiſter, der ſich einmal ähnlich zu vertheidigen hat, wohl thun wird, dieſe Schriften zum Muſter zu nehmen.

IV. Er habe unter falſchen Namen an Pachtungen und Anleihen zu Spottpreiſen (à vil prix) Antheil genommen ****). Fouquet geſteht, daß er allerdings, wenn er im Vorſchuß geweſen, königliche Gefälle als Zahlung genommen habe, nur ſey dies nicht zu niedrigen Preiſen geſchehen, im Gegentheil habe er, wenn er den Preis zu niedrig befunden, den Ueberſchuß in die Staatskaſſe geliefert. Uebrigens habe man ſolche Geſchäfte ſo wenig für unrecht oder ehrenrührig gehalten, daß nicht blos der Kardinal, ſondern der Kanzler, Le Tellier und viele Andere daran Theil genommen †). Le Tellier ſey ja noch am Leben und könne es bezeugen. Endlich aber laſſe ſich leicht beweiſen, daß dieſe Gefälle durch die Theilnahme angeſehener Staatsbeamten im Werthe geſtiegen ſeien, folglich das, was man zum Verbrechen mache, im Gegentheil Dank verdiene.

V. Er habe von den Pächtern der Einkünfte Geld genommen und ihnen dafür beſſere Bedingungen zugeſtanden. Auch hier konnten die Richter durchaus keinen Beweis finden. Das Einzige, was mit einigem Scheine gegen ihn gebraucht werden konnte, war eine Erklärung, durch welche die Intereſſenten der Salzpacht, die im Jahr 1656 anfangen ſollte, dem Herrn N. N. (der Name war nicht geſchrieben) verſprachen, ihm für ſeinen Antheil eine jährliche Abſchlagsſumme zu bezahlen ††). Dieſe Schrift enthielt durchaus nichts Verbrecheriſches, denn warum konnte nicht ein Theilnehmer ſich mit ſeinen Mitintereſſenten auf ſolche Weiſe abfinden? Uebrigens war ja der Name des präſumirten Verbrechers nicht ausgeſchrieben. Fouquet macht es durch ein Billet aus jener Zeit, worin es heißt, man ſolle Mazarin's vertrautem Kammerdiener Bernouin ſogleich ganz geheim 10,000 Piſtolen in Gold einhändigen †††), ziemlich wahrſcheinlich, daß der Kardinal gemeint war, dem dergleichen immer in Gold ausgezahlt werden mußte.

VI. Er habe veraltete Staatsſchuldſcheine (des billets surannés) unter dem Nominalwerth (au denier trente) gekauft und ſie dem Könige zum vollen Werth angerechnet *). Fouquet leugnet das Factum nicht unbedingt, leugnet aber den Vortheil, den er dabei gehabt haben ſoll. Man war oft, wenn man Geld haben wollte, genöthigt, ſchlechte Papiere mit anzunehmen; die Anleiher machten es zur Bedingung, und der Staat war in ſo dringender Noth, daß er ſich allerlei läſtige Bedingungen gefallen laſſen mußte **).

VII. Er habe gewiſſe ſchlechte Scheine, welche der Schatzkammer hätten müſſen übergeben werden, gegen gute Fonds ausgetauſcht, und daraus zum Nachtheil des Staats großen Gewinn gezogen. Die Sache iſt ſo verwickelt, Fouquet's Vertheidigung ſo gewandt, und, wenigſtens ſcheinbar, ſo gründlich, die Zeugniſſe ſo widerſprechend, daß wir jedem Urtheil darüber entſagen. Schon ſeine Richter fanden, daß er ſich beſonders über dieſen Punkt unübertrefflich vertheidigt habe ***).

VIII. Seine Verwaltung ſey in jeder Beziehung ſchlecht geweſen, er habe nichts gethan, was dem Staate genützt, aber ſehr viel, was dem Staate geſchadet habe; er habe unter unvortheilhaften Bedingungen Verträge abgeſchloſſen, königliche Güter unter dem Werth weggegeben und durch ſchlechte Ausgaben durchgebracht; er habe kein ordentliches Regiſter gehalten und könne überhaupt von nichts Rechenſchaft geben †).

„Da man mir mein Amt ſo lange gelaſſen hat, erwiedert Fouquet auf dieſe Anklage zuerſt, da man ſogar meinen Eifer und meine Fähigkeit vielfältig geprieſen und mir, wie ich beweiſen kann, Belohnungen zugeſichert hat, ſo kann ich mein Amt ſo ganz ſchlecht doch nicht verwaltet haben. Auch hat der Staat, ſo lange ich im Amte bin, aus Mangel an Geld keinen weſentlichen Nachtheil gehabt. Die Verträge habe ich geſchloſſen, ſo gut ich konnte; was jetzt nachtheilig ſcheint, kann damals ſehr wünſchenswerth geweſen ſeyn. Kein Zeuge behauptet, er habe vortheilhaftere Bedingungen angeboten und ſey von mir zurückgewieſen worden. Im Gegentheil beweiſen die vielen Beiſpiele, wo ich gerade gegen diejenigen, mit denen ich am beſten ſtand, härtere Gebote veranlaßt habe, daß Niemand zum Nachtheil des Staats von mir begünſtigt worden iſt. Regiſter zu halten iſt kein Oberintendant verpflichtet, dazu ſind eigne Beamte angeſtellt. Ueber die Richtigkeit und Zweckmäßigkeit der Ausgaben mußte man von Servien und noch mehr vom Kardinal Rechenſchaft fordern. Indeß will ich mich auch dazu verpflichten, ſobald man mir meine Papiere zuſtellt, und mir erlaubt, mit meinen Untergebenen zu arbeiten.“ —

Es iſt hier nicht der Ort, Fouquet's Verwaltung ausführlich auseinanderzuſetzen, und noch weniger kann es unſere Abſicht ſeyn, Fouquet's Advokat zu werden, oder Colbert's unläugbare Verdienſte zu ſchmälern; wir wollen nur andeuten, wie ungerecht der Vorwurf war, ſeine Verwaltung ſey durchaus ſchlecht geweſen. Auch Fouquet förderte Handel und Fabriken, ſo daß ſchon im Jahr 1658 für achtzig Millionen Franken unſeres Geldes franzöſiſche Manufakturwaaren nach England und Holland ausgeführt wurden, ohne daß der Ackerbau dadurch litt; er ſelbſt legte Fabriken an, forderte reiche Privatleute zu ausgedehnten Unternehmungen auf, und trug vielleicht das Meiſte dazu bei, daß die franzöſiſchen Colonien dem Staate erhalten wurden ††). Daß er nicht ſo viel thun konnte, als Colbert, lag zum Theil in den Verhältniſſen, und wenn ſeine ganze Verwaltung auch in der That geweſen wäre, wofür man ſie ausgab, ſo gehörte dies nicht in den Kreis einer richterlichen Unterſuchung.

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*) Recueil II. p. 142.

**) Ebendaſ. p. 146.

***) Ebendaſ. p. 160.

****) Ebendaſ. p. 176.

†) Daß Fouquet in dieſen Dingen vollkommen Recht hat, ergiebt ſich unter andern aus Gourville's Unterhandlung mit Mazarin über die Grundſteuer von Guienne. Fouquet war zugegen. M. le Cardinal lui répondit qu'il lui étoit dû deux millions, sept cent mille livres des avances qu'il avoit faites pour le service du Roi, dont M. Fouquet lui devoit donner des assignations; qu'il se contenteroit volontiers qu'il lui en donnât sur le traité que je ferois.

††) Ebendaſ. p. 204.

†††) Ebendaſ. p. 214.

*) Ebendaſ. 226.

**) Gourville Mémoires t. LII. der Sammlung von Petitot pag. 318. Le désordre étoit grand dans les finances (im Jahr 1657); la banqueroute générale, qui se fit (1648) lorsque M. le maréchal de la Meilleraye fut Surintendant des finances, remplit tout Paris de billets de l'épargne, que chacun avoit pour l'argent qui lui étoit dû; et en faisant des affaires avec le Roi, on mettoit dans les conventions que M. Fouquet renouvelleroit de ces billets pour une certaine somme: on les achetoit communément au denier dix; mais après que M. le Surintendant les avoit assignés sur d'autres fonds, ils étoient bons pour la somme entière. Messieurs les trésoriers de l'épargne s'avisèrent de faire si bien par leurs manigances, qu'ils ôtoient la connoissance de ce que cela étoit devenu. M. Fouquet en rétablissoit toujours de nouveaux, ces messieurs s'accommodoient avec ceux qui en avoient entre les mains, et les passoient dans leurs affaires. Cela fit beaucoup de personnes extrêmement riches: cependant, parmi ce grand désordre, le Roi ne manquoit point d'argent; et ayant tous ces exemples devant moi, j'en profitai beaucoup.

***) Recueil II. pag. 229 bis 289. Lettres de Mad. de Sevigne éd. de Grouvelle I. p. 52.

†) Recueil II. p. 290.

††) Man vergleiche die Memoiren von J. de Witt und die Recherches et Considérations sur les finances de France p. Forbonnais.

am wenigſten, wenn die Richter, wie es hier der Fall war, nichts von der Sache verſtanden. Dieſes Verfahren iſt doppelt auffallend, da ſogar Colbert, der gewiß nicht gern Gutes von Fouquet ſagte, der ſeine Intriguen und ſeine „erſchrecklichen Beſtechungen" mit den härteſten Farben ſchildert, wie wir aus ſeiner Correſpondenz mit Mazarin ſehen, dennoch ſeinen großen Talenten und Kenntniſſen unbedingte Achtung zollt *).

Den ſicherſten Beweis, daß Fouquet nicht ehrlich ſeyn könne, glaubte man in der Menge und Pracht ſeiner Güter und Häuſer, in dem Aufwande ſeines ganzen Lebens gefunden zu haben. Das Verhör hierüber erſtreckte ſich auf die unbedeutendſten Dinge, allein es zeigte ſich auch hier, daß man ſich wenigſtens zum Theil getäuſcht hatte **). Fouquet beſaß theils von ſich, theils von ſeiner Frau, ein ſehr bedeutendes Vermögen; er beſaß nebſt der Stelle als Generalprocureur, die allein eine Million werth war, Vaux-le-Vicomte, Melün, Kervaoul und einige andere Güter in der Bretagne, ehe er Oberintendant wurde, und, was er ſpäter gekauft hatte, etwa für 2½ Millionen Livres, war er faſt ohne Ausnahme ſchuldig geblieben. So ſtand auf Belle-Isle, deſſen Ankauf 1,300,000 Liv. gekoſtet hatte, beinahe noch eine Million fremdes Geld. Seine ausſtehenden Capitalien beliefen ſich noch nicht auf eine Million, ſeine Schulden ungefähr auf zwölf Millionen, ſo daß alſo, wenn man ſeine ganze Habe dagegen ſetzt, noch eine Schuldenlaſt von einigen Millionen übrig bleibt. Nimmt man hierzu, daß er als Oberintendant ein ſehr anſehnliches Gehalt hatte ***), daß ihm eine Menge Mittel zu Gebote ſtanden, ſich auf erlaubte Weiſe zu bereichern, daß er mit eignen Schiffen Seehandel trieb †), ſo können ſeine Veruntreuungen, wenn man ſie aus ſeinen Ausgaben erweiſen will, nicht ſehr bedeutend geweſen ſeyn.

Man legte ihm zwar die Rechnungen vor, nach welchen die Gebäude und Gärten zu Vaux, woran ſeit 1640 gebaut worden war, achtzehn Millionen Livres gekoſtet haben ſollten, was nach dem ſpätern Geldwerth zwiſchen dreißig und vierzig Millionen betragen würde, allein Fouquet ſetzte weitläufig auseinander, daß die Rechnungen ſich auch auf andere Dinge erſtreckten, ſo daß alſo hier, wie es ſcheint, ebenfalls übertrieben worden iſt ††).

Am eifrigſten vertheidigte ſich Fouquet gegen die Briefe vieler Damen, die man nebſt Locken und andern Liebeszeichen unter ſeinen Papieren gefunden haben wollte. Dieſe Briefe circulirten in ganz Paris und beſchimpften den Ruf vieler Frauen, die man bis dahin allgemein für unbeſcholten gehalten hatte. Selbſt Frau von Sévigné, die gewiß im unverfänglichſten Sinne des Wortes, ſoweit ihr Charakter es zuließ, Fouquet's Freundin war, ſah ſich genöthigt, Paris zu verlaſſen und einige Zeit auf dem Lande zuzubringen. „Die Hölle, ſagt Fouquet, haben die Leute verdient, die ihre ſchändlichen Machwerke unter meine Papiere gelegt haben, um den König und alle redlichen Menſchen gegen mich zu erbittern. Um recht gewiß zu ſeyn, daß ihr teufliſches Vorhaben gelinge, haben ſie Namen von Perſonen eingemiſcht (die Billete), welche den König beſonders gegen mich erbittern konnten. Man hat ſich hinter die Autorität des Königs geflüchtet, um mir die Unterſuchung gegen die Urheber dieſer ſchändlichen Papiere zu verweigern, und mir bleibt kein menſchliches Mittel, die Wahrheit an das Licht zu ziehen. Aber ich bitte den lebendigen Gott, den Rächer der Meineide, in deſſen Gegenwart ich dieſes niederſchreiben laſſe †††), mich ohne Barmherzigkeit zu verderben, wenn dieſe ehrloſen Briefe jemals zu meinen Papieren gehört haben, und ich flehe zur göttlichen Gerechtigkeit, dieſe Wahrheit ſo offenkundig werden zu laſſen, daß der König erfahre, welchen niedrigen Verrath man nicht blos an mir, ſondern auch an Seiner Majeſtät begangen." — Hat Fouquet Recht, zu welcher bodenloſen Schlechtigkeit hätten ſich ſeine Feinde erniedrigt. Und hat er nicht Recht, warum verweigerte man ihm, warum forderte man ihn nicht vielmehr auf, die Verläumder aufſuchen zu laſſen! — Wie dem aber auch ſey, welches Recht hatte man, dieſe Briefe bekannt zu machen, und die achtbarſten Familien zu entzweien und zu beſchimpfen?

Daß aber wirklich wenigſtens ein Theil der angeblichen Liebesbriefe untergeſchoben war, wollen wir zu beweiſen ſuchen. Der Abbé Choiſy hatte Abſchriften von allen geſehen und zweifelt ſelbſt an der Aechtheit. Als Fouquet verhaftet wurde, ſagt Choiſy, fand man in ſeinen Taſchen eine Menge Briefe an Frauen, die für das Geld, welches er ihnen täglich ſchickte, ſehr dankbar ſchienen. Unter andern fand man folgendes von Peliſſon corrigirte Concept eines Briefes an eine Dame: „Da es mein einziges Vergnügen (plaisir) iſt, Sie zu lieben, ſo dürfen Sie nicht zweifeln, daß ich mir eine Freude (joie) daraus mache, Sie zu befriedigen. Ich hätte indeß gewünſcht, daß die Angelegenheit, welche Sie ſo ſehnlich gewünſcht haben, rein von mir gekommen wäre, allein ich ſehe wohl, daß immer etwas mein Glück ſtören muß. Und ich geſtehe, mein theures Fräulein, daß es zu groß ſeyn würde, wenn es die Glücksgöttin nicht zuweilen mit einigen Widerwärtigkeiten begleitete. Sie ſind Schuld an tauſend Zerſtreuungen heute, als ich mit dem Könige redete; indeß, ſeine Angelegenheiten kümmern mich wenig, wenn nur die Ihrigen gut gehen." *) Um ein ſo albernes Billet zu ſchreiben, hätte Fouquet, der zu den Gebildetſten ſeiner Zeit gehörte, nicht nöthig gehabt, Peliſſon, der allerdings ſeine wichtigſten Briefe ſchrieb, zu Hülfe zu rufen. Und wozu trug er denn die vielen Liebesbriefe in ſeiner Taſche, als er zum König ging? Er war den Tag vorher ſo heftig fieberkrank, daß er ſich zu Bette legen mußte, hatte dabei eine Menge Geſchäfte beendigt, mit mehreren Deputirten der Stände ſich beſprochen, war erfüllt von allerlei Sorgen und Plänen und doch hätte er den andern Morgen nichts Eiligeres zu thun gehabt, als die Dankbriefe der Damen in die Taſche zu ſtecken! Auch weiß Brienne, der genau unterrichtet iſt, nichts von Liebesbriefen, wohl aber, und das iſt allerdings glaublicher, von wichtigen Rechnungen, die man in ſeinen Taſchen gefunden habe. Ein anderes Billet trägt den Stempel der Unächtheit noch offner. Madame Duplessis-Bellière, die es geſchrieben haben ſoll, war ganz anerkannt eine Frau von außerordentlichem Geiſt und Verſtand. Man leſe man das Original in der Anmerkung **), und urtheile, ob eine in den höheren Kreiſen gebildete, kluge und geiſtreiche Frau,

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*) Oeuvr. de St. Simon t. IX. p. 242 u. ff.

**) Vorzüglich Conclusion von S. 19. an.

***) Seine ſämmtlichen Einkünfte, Gehalt, Gratificationen, Zinſen betragen jährlich über 150,000, alſo in 8 Jahren über 1,200,000 Livres. Recueil des défenses II. p. 343.

†) Conclusion p. 214. Recueil t. III. p. 118. Kurz zuſammengezogen ſind die Nachrichten darüber Suite du Recueil III. pag. 31: Tout le monde sait, que mon père a été employé aux affaires de la mer jusques à sa mort; on sait qu'après sa mort j'ai continué dans la même affection; lui et moi avons été de toutes les compagnies de cette nature; nous avons eu des habitations et des colonies dans l'Amérique; nous y avons envoyé des vaisseaux tous les ans.

††) Volt. Siècle de Louis XIV., Oeuvr. ed. de la soc. typogr. 1785 tom. XXI. pag. 92 in der Note. Les comptes qui le prouvent étaient à Vaux, aujourd'hui Villars, en 1718, et doivent y être encore. M. le Duc de Villars, fils du maréchal, confirme ce fait. Voltaire iſt indeß kein gültiger Gewährsmann. Er wollte auch wiſſen, und zwar von Fouquet's Schwiegertochter, der Gräfin von Vaux (t. XXI. p. 98.), F. ſey nicht im Gefängniß geſtorben. Selbſt Choiſy ſpricht nur von neun oder zehn Millionen.

†††) In Gegenwart Artagnan's und ſeiner [illegible] Suite du Recueil t. XII p. 95. Frau von Lafayette ſagt: la seule qui fut convaincue en fut Menneville, une des filles de la Reine, et une des plus belles personnes. Elle fut chassée. Histoire de Madame Henriette d'Angleterre. Collection etc. tom. 64. pag. 414.

*) Choisy I. p. 183. Man glaubte, es ſey an das Fräulein Montalais gerichtet geweſen.

**) Delort hat, Détention des philosophes t. I. p. 15, den Brief mitgetheilt, ohne zu ſagen wo er ihn gefunden hat. Er ſcheint ihn für ächt zu halten. Das Datum fehlt. „Je ne sais plus ce que je dis, ni ce que je fais, lorsqu'on résiste à vos intentions. Je ne puis sortir de colère, lorsque je songe que cette demoiselle de La Vallière a fait la capable avec moy. Pour captiver sa bienveillance, je l'ay encensée par sa beauté, qui n'est pourtant pas grande; et puis luy ayant fait connaître que vous empêcheriez qu'il ne luy manquât jamais de rien, et que vous aviez vingt mille pistoles pour elle, elle se gendarma contre moy, disant que vingt cinq mille (nach einer andern Lesart vingt millions; das läßt ſich hören) n'étoient pas capables de luy faire faire un faux pas; et elle me repéta cela avec tant de fierté que, quoique je n'aye rien oublié pour la radoucir avant de me séparer d'elle, je crains fort qu'elle n'en parle au Roi, de sorte qu'il faudra prendre le devant. Pour cela ne trouvez-vous pas à propos de dire, pour la prévenir, qu'elle vous a demandé de l'argent, et que vous luy en avez refusé? Il la rendra suspecte pour la Reine-mère. La grosse femme Brancas et de Grave vous en rendront bon compte; quand l'une la quitte, l'autre la reprend. Enfin je ne vois point de différence entre vos intérêts et mon salut. La politique a voulu que je visse Foigle (?): Il m'a paru un fort bon homme, mais fort dupe en ses affaires; je luy ay donné de la pâture pour trois mois, et je luy ay fait avaler cela le plus doucement du monde. En vérité on est heureux de se mêler des affaires d'un homme comme vous: votre mérite applanit toutes les difficultés; et si le ciel vous faisoit justice, nous vous verrions un jour la couronne fermée." Wie plump und gemein! Etwas anders erzählt die Sache ſelbſt in einer Zeit, wie die damalige, wo Benſerade's ſchmutzige Anſpielungen für feine Galanterie galten, im Stande iſt, ſo etwas zu ſchreiben. Man urtheile, ob nicht, wie auch in dem zuvor angeführten Briefe, jedes Wort darauf berechnet ſcheint, den König noch mehr zu erbittern.

Nachdem dieſe merkwürdige Unterſuchung, die außer Fouquet noch einer großen Menge Perſonen verderblich wurde, bereits drei Jahre gedauert hatte, ward Fouquet am 14. November 1664 vor ſeine Richter geſtellt, um noch mündlich auf die gegen ihn vorgebrachten Klagen zu antworten. Obgleich durch Krankheit, Kummer und Kerker, ſelbſt durch freiwillige Faſten und Büßungen abgemattet, ſprach er doch mit außerordentlicher Kraft und Gewandtheit, und leiſtete auf ein Crucifix den Eid, daß er die lautre Wahrheit geſagt habe, mit ſolcher Erbauung, daß der größte Theil der Richter davon ergriffen wurde. Der Generaladvokat **Talon**, ſeit Jahren Fouquet's perſönlicher Feind, der das Amt des Generalprocurators bei der Chambre de Justice verſah, hatte in einer ſehr leidenſchaftlichen Schrift, worin Alles, was die Schuld mildern konnte, unterdrückt, jede Verletzung der geſetzlichen Formen vertheidigt wurde, den Antrag gemacht, Fouquet als überwieſenen Verbrecher der beleidigten Majeſtät und als Staatskaſſendieb mit dem Strang hinzurichten und ſeine Güter zum Beſten des Staats einzuziehen. Wahrſcheinlich aber fand doch die Parthei ſelbſt ſeine Sprache zu ungemäßigt; denn er vergaß ſich ſo ſehr in ſeinem [illegible], daß er ſogar einen unmäßigen Ehrgeiz, welcher leicht in Staatsverbrechen ausarte (qui dégénère aisément en crime de Lèze Majesté), unter Fouquets Verbrechen aufzählte, alſo das, was vielleicht einmal mit der Zeit Verbrechen werden konnte, ſchon als wirkliches Verbrechen beſtrafen wollte; er wurde daher entfernt *) und an ſeine Stelle trat der ruhigere Chamillart, der, nur mit milderer Form, den Anſichten ſeines Vorgängers folgte. Er wählte bloß einen andern Ort für den Galgen und wollte, daß die Armen 40,000 Livres bekommen ſollten. Dagegen erſtattete der Maître des Requêtes, Lefevre d'Ormesſon **), einen Bericht, der einen und einen halben Tag dauerte. Er zeigte, daß der Entwurf, auf welchen das Verbrechen der beleidigten Majeſtät begründet werden ſollte, nur das Ergebniß einer vorübergehenden Leidenſchaft geweſen und ohne Folgen geblieben ſey. Was das Peculat angehe, ſo könne der Schein, welcher gegen Fouquet ſey, keine ſichere Grundlage bieten, da ſeine Papiere, durch welche er ſich, ſeiner Angabe nach, rechtfertigen könne, ihm genommen worden ſeyen, und man außerdem, um zu einem vollſtändigen Urtheil darüber zu gelangen, eine Unterſuchung anſtellen müßte über das Vermögen, welches der Kardinal Mazarin hinterlaſſen habe, weil der größte Theil deſſelben nur aus den Summen herrühren könne, die ihm Fouquet habe geben müſſen ***). Der Parlamentsrath von Sainte-Hélène, der dem erſten Berichterſtatter beigegeben war, ſprach zwei und einen halben Tag und ſtimmte für die Todesſtrafe, indem er zugleich, wie man glaubte nicht in redlicher Abſicht, die Hoffnung ausſprach, daß der König ihn begnadigen würde. Darauf ſchritt man zur Abſtimmung, welche drei Tage dauerte: neun Stimmen waren für die Todesſtrafe, dreizehn für Verbannung aus dem Königreiche und Confiscation des Vermögens. Allein der König, in Erwägung, daß es gefährlich ſey, einen Mann, welcher ſo genaue Kenntniß von den wichtigſten Angelegenheiten des Reichs beſitze, in das Ausland gehen zu laſſen, ſchärfte die Strafe zu lebenslänglicher Gefangenſchaft auf der Feſte Pignerol, wohin Fouquet zwei Tage nach dem Spruch der Juſtizkammer, den 22. Dec. 1664, von Artagnan unter Bedeckung von hundert Musketiers abgeführt wurde. Seine vierundſiebzigjährige Mutter, ſo wie ſeine Frau, der man nicht erlaubte, den Kerker ihres Gatten zu theilen, wurde nach Montluçon in Auvergne, ſein Schwiegerſohn, der Marquis von Charoſt mit ſeiner Gattin nach Ancenis in Bretagne, ſein jüngſter und treueſter Bruder nach Joinville in der Champagne verwieſen. Indeß erhielt der letzte auf der Mutter Bitte die Erlaubniß, ſie in ihre Einſamkeit zu begleiten. Der Generaladvokat [illegible], der von Colbert und zwei Richtern Fouquet's ehrenwürdig geſprochen hatte, wurde nach Château Thierry verbannt. Keiner von Allen hatte den mindeſten Antheil an ſeiner Schuld. Sein Arzt Pecquet und ſein Kammerdiener, die ihm in die Baſtille gefolgt waren, wurden aus Furcht, ſie möchten ſeinen Verwandten Mittheilungen machen, erſt ſpäter freigelaſſen. Frau von Bellière wurde nach [illegible] verwieſen, ihr Schwiegerſohn, der Marquis von Créqui, ſeiner Stelle entſetzt. Der Proteſtant Pelliſſon, Fouquet's vertrauteſter Freund, der wegen ſeiner Gewandtheit im Styl beſonders bei der Correſpondenz gebraucht worden war, wurde im Sommer 1665 durch die Verwendung des Herzogs von Montauſier und des Grafen von Saint Aignan aus der Baſtille entlaſſen, wurde Katholik, darauf Hiſtoriograph und genoß das Vertrauen des Königs in hohem Grade. Der kluge Gourville, der ſich einige Millionen erworben, hatte ſeine Papiere und Gelder zu rechter Zeit in Sicherheit gebracht; er hatte überdem, um ſich Colbert gefällig zu erweiſen, dieſem 500,000 Livres für die Staatskaſſe geliehen. Dies ſicherte ihm vorläufig die Freiheit, ſo daß man ihn nur im Bilde hängen konnte, während er ſich in den Niederlanden, in England und Deutſchland wohl ſeyn ließ, und ſogar vom König zu wichtigen diplomatiſchen Geſchäften gebraucht wurde *). Später wurde das Urtheil gegen ihn annullirt und er lebte bis an ſeinen Tod im Genuß eines großen Vermögens. Die Juſtizkammer ward erſt zwei Jahre ſpäter (1666) aufgelöſt, nachdem ſie die Gefängniſſe mit Schuldigen und Unſchuldigen angefüllt, Allen, die mit dem Finanzminiſterium in Geſchäftsverhältniſſen geſtanden hatten, den Proceß gemacht und ihnen Millionen abgenommen hatte, die in den Schatz floſſen, ohne dem Volke zu Gut zu kommen **). Diejenigen unter den Richtern, welche für Fouquet's Tod geſtimmt hatten, erhielten Belohnungen und Auszeichnungen. Lefevre d'Ormeſſon hatte dem König geſagt: Sire, ich werde thun, was Ehre und Gewiſſen mir vorſchreiben. Als er zwölf oder fünfzehn Jahre ſpäter für ſeinen Sohn um eine Stelle als Maître des Requêtes anhielt, ward ihm die Antwort: ich werde thun, was Ehre und Gewiſſen mir vorſchreiben. Auf ähnliche Weiſe verfuhr man gegen den Präſidenten der Rechnungskammer, von Pontchartrain. Erſt nach [illegible] Jahren vergaß man dem Sohne, daß der Vater ſich geweigert hatte, für Fouquet's Tod zu ſtimmen. Beſtochen war Pontchartrain gewiß nicht, denn er blieb bis an ſeinen Tod ſo arm, daß er ſehr beſchränkt wohnen mußte, und mit ſeinem Sohne zuſammen nur Einen Wagen halten konnte ***).

Ganz unſchuldig war Fouquet nicht. Daß er Schriftſtellern, wie dem Orientaliſten Herbelot, Scarron, Corneille, Lafontaine †) ihre dürftige Lage erleichterte, möchte eher den Dank der Nachwelt verdienen, wenn es auch aus Eitelkeit geſchah. Das zerrüttete die Finanzen gewiß nicht. Andern, z. B. mehreren Parlamentsräthen, gab er auf Befehl des Kardinals, um ſie zur königlichen Parthei überzuziehen und ihnen den Geiſt der Unabhängigkeit zu nehmen. Daß er aber auch ſonſt eine Menge geheime Penſionen auszahlen ließ, um ſich Freunde und Creaturen zu machen, vielleicht auch um weibliche Gunſt zu erkaufen, unterliegt keinem Zweifel, wenn man es auch vor Gericht

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Choiſy I. p. 182. Nach la Beaumelle in den Memoiren der Mad. Maintenon wollte Fouquet auch Scarron's ſchöne Wittwe durch koſtbare Geſchenke verführen. Ueberhaupt verbreitete man in der erſten Zeit ſeiner Verhaftung ein Gerücht nach dem andern. Er ſollte den Kardinal Mazarin vergiftet haben! Er ſollte den Plan gehabt haben, ſich zum Souverän der Bretagne zu machen! Noch viel ſpäter legte man die gräßliche Giftmiſcherin Brinvilliers auf ſeine Rechnung.

*) Ce changement fût une énigme impénétrable, jamais on n'en a su la raison. Ce n'était pourtant pas par mécontentement, car dans la suite il obtint pour lui ou pour son fils l'agrément pour une charge de Président à mortier, et peut être quelque gratification pour la payer, car il ne paroit pas pour riche. De la Hode t. III. p. 151. Der Grund, welchen man angibt, daß ſeine Stelle im Parlamente ihm zu viel Zeit nehme, war natürlich nur Vorwand. Es waren eigentlich zwei Procuratoren, der zweite hatte aber ſich mit dem Proceß der übrigen Finanzcommis zu thun.

**) D'Ormeſſon galt allgemein für einen durchaus redlichen Mann. Gui Patin z. B. nennt ihn einen homme d'une probité parfaite. — Je voudrois que le Roi fit l'un ou l'autre ([illegible]) Chancelier de France, pour leur noble et courageuse opinion. Lettre du 21. Déc. 1664.

***) Conclusion p. 117.

*) Gourville pag. 380. Er ſagt ganz vergnügt: Me voilà donc mon procès fait et parfait à Paris, et Plénipotentiaire du Roi en Allemagne!

**) De la Hode t. III. p. 164. Wenn Ludwig's Angabe in den Memoiren richtig iſt (Oeuvr. t. II. pag. 46), ſo wurden ihnen 70 Millionen Livres abgenommen. Wie vollſtändig dieſe Unterſuchungen waren, davon nur ein Beiſpiel. In der Sache eines Einnehmers zu Orléans wurden über ſiebenhundert Zeugen abgehört! Unter den Gebüßten befand ſich auch ein [illegible].

***) Oeuvres de St. Simon. Strasb. 1791. t. VI. p. 116. Sa probité fut inflexible aux menaces et aux caresses de Mrs. Colbert, le Tellier et Louvois réunis pour la perte du Surintendant. [illegible] die Familie [illegible] u. ſ. w.

†) Er gab z. B. Lafontaine jährlich 1000 Fr., wofür ihm dieſer vierteljährlich als Quittung ein Gedicht geben mußte. Hist. de la vie et des ouvrages de J. de la Fontaine p. C. A. Walckenaer p. 34. La Fontaine blieb ſeinem unglücklichen Gönner dankbar, als dieſer längſt nicht mehr im Stande war, Gunſt zu ſpenden.

nicht beweiſen konnte oder wollte. Denn gerade dieſes Vergehen iſt, wahrſcheinlich um nicht zu viel Schuldige zu finden, am wenigſten hervorgehoben worden. Selbſt dem Miniſter Lionne hatte Gourville Geld gegeben, von welchem der König nichts wiſſen ſollte *). Auch der Vorwurf, daß er den Betrügereien ſeiner zahlreichen Untergebenen, die zuſammen dem Staate wohl ebenſoviel koſten, als Mazarin, freien Lauf gelaſſen, trifft ihn ſchwerlich unverdient, da er hier, wenigſtens in der letzten Zeit, wo ihn der König unterſtützt haben würde, gewiß in keiner Weiſe gehemmt war **).

Fouquet war ſtrafbar, — ſagt Frau von Motteville, die vieljährige Vertraute der Königin Mutter, — wegen großer Verſchwendung, er ſelbſt aber war nicht reich, und hatte viel mehr Schulden, als Vermögen. Seine Staatsverbrechen konnten Gebilde der Phantaſie ſeyn: er hatte ſie für ſich allein begangen, indem er Mährchen (des fables) hinſchrieb, bei denen es ſchwer war, ihn einer böſen Abſicht zu überführen, und ſelbſt der Entwurf, der am meiſten gegen ihn ſprach, war als ein unbedeutendes Concept hinter einem großen Spiegel gefunden worden; daraus konnte man ſehen, daß er es nicht für ſo wichtig gehalten hatte, als es ſchien. Aber, fügt die gutmüthige Hofdame hinzu, es iſt ein großes Unglück, nicht weiſe ſeyn, und in die Ungnade ſeines Königs fallen ***).

Die Königin Mutter, die ihm wohl wollte, die ſeine Schuld glaubte, aber ſeine Verdienſte darum nicht vergaß, die mit Wiſſen des Königs oft Geld für die Armen von ihm erhalten hatte, bemühte ſich vergeblich, ſein Schickſal zu mildern; ſie konnte nur ſeinen Kindern eine freundliche Tröſterin ſeyn †).

Der Unglückliche betrat im Januar 1665 den Kerker, in welchem er ſterben ſollte. Der Commandant von Pignerol, Saint-Mars, ein Mann, der noch härter war, als ſelbſt Louvois, erhielt die ſtrengſten Befehle: Fouquet durfte nie mit irgend Jemand ſchriftlich oder mündlich Verkehr haben, oder unter irgend einem Vorwande, auch nicht um ſich Bewegung zu machen oder friſche Luft zu ſchöpfen, ſein Zimmer verlaſſen; Dinte, Feder und Papier ſollten ihm beſtimmt verweigert werden; wenn er Bücher verlangte, ſo ſollte ihm St. Mars nur Eins auf einmal geben und das Zurückerhaltene ſorgfältig unterſuchen. Man gab ihm einen Bedienten, der das Zimmer nie verlaſſen durfte. Sein Beichtvater durfte nicht immer der nämliche ſeyn, und der Geiſtliche, welchen der Commandant dazu wählte, ſollte jedesmal erſt kurz vorher (un moment avant) davon benachrichtigt werden; zu Anſchaffung des Weißgeräths gab der König 500 Louisd'or *). Im Juni ſchlug der Blitz in das Pulvermagazin, wobei viele Menſchen umkamen und in Fouquet's Zimmer die Decke einſtürzte. Alles Geräth im Zimmer wurde zerſchmettert, nur Fouquet und ſein Bedienter, die am Fenſter dem Wetter zugeſehen hatten, blieben unverſehrt. Da er aber jetzt in Pignerol nicht mehr ſicher ſchien, ſo brachte man ihn auf das Schloß Perouze, wo er mit noch größerer Strenge bewacht wurde. Um das Nachmachen der königlichen Befehle an den Commandanten zu verhindern, hatte Louvois die Vorſicht, jedem Amtsſchreiben einige Worte von ſeiner Hand beizufügen. Allein je ſtrenger ſeine Wächter waren, deſto erfinderiſcher ward der Gefangene, ſie zu täuſchen: zum Schreiben nahm er Kapaunenknochen und eine Miſchung von Wein und Ruß, ja er bereitete ſich ſogar eine Dinte, die erſt in der Hitze ſichtbar wurde. Im Auguſt 1666 war die Citadelle von Pignerol wieder hergeſtellt, und Fouquet wurde ſehr geheim in ſeinen alten Kerker zurückgebracht, wo er ſich die Zeit damit verkürzte, ſeinen Bedienten im Lateiniſchen und in der Arzneikunde **) zu unterrichten oder Verſe zu machen. Weil man ihm kein Papier gab, ſo ſchrieb er auf Bänder oder machte ſich Papier aus Tiſchzeug. Man entdeckte es und verdoppelte die Vorſicht: er bekam nur ſchwarze Bänder, ſeine Kleider wurden ſchwarz gefüttert, es ward eine beſondere Wäſcherin angeſtellt, welche die Citadelle nicht verlaſſen durfte, und ſtatt eines Bedienten bekam er zwei, die ſich gegenſeitig bewachen ſollten ***). Die Liſt eines Gefangenen iſt aber größer als jede Vorſicht. Fouquet wußte Soldaten und Bedienten zu gewinnen und es gelang ihm durch einen jungen Edelmann aus der Provence, Valcroiſſant, ſeiner Frau Nachricht von ſich zu geben.

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*) Gourville reiſt mit Lionne von Madrid zurück. Je lui dis qu'il pouvoit prendre ses mesures sur ce que tout l'argent que je lui avois donné par son (Fouquet's) ordre depuis deux ans, qui étoit très considérable, ne seroit jamais su. Lionne war dankbar. — P. 330. (Fouquet) me chargea de grosses affaires sous le nom de gens que je nommois, pour avoir lieu de distribuer beaucoup d'argent de sa part, sans que personne en eût connoissance. — P. 329: M. de Brancas étoit assez de mes amis, parceque de temps en temps je lui donnois de l'argent de la part de M. Fouquet, et à bien d'autres aussi. Er hatte auch Mazarin's Erbe, dem Duc de Mazarin, ein artiges Sümmchen abgenommen, er machte es aber wie ſein Chef, er bot dem Könige an, das [illegible] Geld zurückzuzahlen. [illegible] ſchreibt der König den 27. Oct. (Lettres I, 31.) auf Colbert's Bericht: l'explication des vingt mille écus que l'homme, dont vous me parlez, vous a fait payer, et de l'argent qu'il vous a prêté depuis, est tres superflue à mon égard, vous connoissant trop bien pour vous croire du nombre de ses pensionnaires.

**) Daß ſehen wir aus dem ganzen Proceß, und die Geſchichtsforſchung, daß die bedeutenden Fremden eine genauere Aufſicht unmöglich gemacht hätten, war richtig. So z. B. ſagt Gourville p. 310: M. Fouquet ayant laissé aller son autorité à M. de Lorme son premier commis, au point de ne regarder presque plus ce qu'il lui faisoit signer, le rendit par là maître des gens d'affaires. Daß dieß richtig iſt, ſieht man aus der Geſchichte, die Gourville gleich darauf erzählt. Fouquet gehörte zu den Leuten, die leben und leben laſſen. — Aus dieſer und mehreren andern Stellen in Gourville's Memoiren (z. B. p. 327) ergibt ſich auch, was zu Fouquet's Beurtheilung wichtig iſt, daß der Finanzminiſter damals vollkommen perſönlichen Credit haben, alſo zugleich der Banquier ſeyn mußte, auf daß man ihm borgen konnte, wenn man ſeinen Credit anbrauchte. Er hing daß ganz von den gens d'affaires ab; wollten dieſe kein Geld geben, ſo ſtand es übel; man konnte Niemand bezahlen, und wie häufig dieſe peinliche Lage eintrat, wie dann der [illegible] von den armen Beamten des Reichs gemalt wurde, ſehen wir aus mehreren Memoiren. — Eine ſehr charakteriſtiſche, angeſehene Parallele des geizigen Mazarin und des verſchwenderiſchen Fouquet findet man bei Gourville S. 314 u. f.

***) Mémoires de Mad. de Motteville Coll. de Petitot t. 40. p. 148. Wenn man die Memoiren der Frau von Motteville geleſen hat, ſo weiß man, daß dieß ungefähr das Urtheil der Königin Mutter war.

†) Racine ſagt in ſeinen Fragments historiques, und man kann ihm glauben, wenn er von Ludwig XIV. nachtheilig ſpricht: Le Roi, peu avant le jugement de M. Fouquet, dit à la Reine dans son oratoire, qu'il vouloit qu'elle lui promit une chose qu'il lui demandoit: c'étoit, si Fouquet étoit condamné, de ne lui point demander sa grace. Le jour de l'arrêt, il dit chez mademoiselle la Vallière: s'il eût été condamné à mort, je l'aurois laissé mourir. Il avait dit à monsieur de Turenne, der ſich, wie auch Condé, dringend für Fouquet verwandt hatte, très-fortement, de ne plus se mêler de cette affaire. Frau von Sévigné, deren Briefe für die Geſchichte des Proceſſes wichtig ſind, weil ſie die Perſonen und die Verhältniſſe kannte, ſchreibt den 11. Dec. 1664 an den Marquis von Pomponne, der ſpäter Miniſter der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten wurde: Foucault va solliciter partout, et fait voir un écrit du Roi, où on lui fait dire qu'il y eut des Juges qui appuyassent leur avis sur la construction des papiers; que c'est lui qui les a fait prendre, qu'il n'y en a aucun qui serve à la défense de l'accusé; que ce sont des papiers qui touchent son état, et qu'il le déclare, afin qu'on ne pense pas juger là-dessus. — — Il (der König) disoit l'autre jour à son lever, que Fouquet étoit un homme dangereux; voilà ce qu'on lui met dans la tête. Enfin nos ennemis ne gardent plus aucune mesure; ils vont à présent à bride abattue; les menaces, les promesses, tout est en usage. Man vergleiche Gourville's Aufſatz über den Zuſtand von Frankreich, in ſeinen Memoiren S. 371. Einige Jahre früher ſoll ſich ſelbſt der König von England für Fouquet verwandt haben.

*) Die Inſtruction vom 24. Dec., vom Könige und le Tellier unterzeichnet, ſteht bei Delort, Détention des philosophes I. p. 24. Er veröffentlicht den eigentlich hiſtoriſchen Theil in dieſem Werke iſt, wo ſelbſt die Galerie de l'ancienne cour als Quelle angeführt wird, ſo wichtig ſind die ungedruckten Urkunden, welche aus dem königlichen Archiv u. ſ. w. mitgetheilt wurden. — Delort glaubt pag. 27 daß Fouquet's Arzt, Pecquet, in der Baſtille geſtorben ſey; das iſt aber gewiß nicht wahr, denn im November 1670 erwähnt ihn die Frau von Grignan.

**) Die ganze Familie ſcheint medicinische Studien getrieben zu haben. Die Mutter hat ein Buch geſchrieben: „Recueil des remèdes faciles et domestiques." 2 Bände 8. wovon wenigſtens acht Auflagen erſchienen ſind. Während ihr Sohn gefangen ſaß, heilte ſie die Königin Mutter von Krämpfen oder Blähungen. Ueber die Kuren der Frau von Charoſt macht ſich die Sévigné luſtig. Sie gaben ihre Arzneien beſonders den Armen, und ihre Wohlthätigkeit mag freilich oft übel genug angebracht geweſen ſeyn.

***) Lettre de Louvois, 14. Févr. 1667 bei Delort: le Roi — — — estime que l'on ne peut mieux faire que ce que vous proposez, d'enfermer avec luy deux valets qui ne sortiront que par la mort.

Auch dieß ward entdeckt, und der mitleidige Briefträger zu fünfjähriger Galeerenſtrafe verurtheilt *). Erſt im Jahre 1672 ward ſeine Lage etwas erleichtert; es wurde ihm endlich erlaubt, einen Brief ſeiner Frau zu leſen und zu beantworten. „Da es dem Könige beliebt hat, ſchrieb Louvois am 18. October 1672 an Saint Mars, daß Herr Fouquet den Brief und die Denkſchrift ſeiner Gemahlin ſehen ſoll, ſo ſchicke ich ſie Ihnen hierbei, damit Sie, den Abſichten Sr. Maj. gemäß, ihn beides in Ihrer Gegenwart leſen laſſen und ihm ſodann, wenn er es wünſcht, eine von Ihnen ſelbſt gemachte Abſchrift geben nebſt einem Blatt Papier, Dinte und Feder, damit er nach einigen Stunden Bedenkzeit in Ihrer Gegenwart ſeine Willensmeinung darauf ſetze, worauf Sie mir das Ganze zurückſchicken werden, damit ich es dem Könige vorlege und, wenn es Sr. Maj. beliebt, der Frau Fouquet zuſchicke." Vermuthlich ſchrieb Fouquet ſeiner Frau Einiges, was ſich nicht unmittelbar auf ihren Brief bezog, denn als Louvois ihm bald darauf einen zweiten Brief derſelben ſchickte, ließ er ihn durch Saint Mars ausdrücklich bedeuten, in ſeiner Antwort keinen Gegenſtand zu berühren, wozu ihn der Inhalt ihres Briefes nicht geradezu auffordere. Zwei Jahre ſpäter bekam er die Erlaubniß, zweimal im Jahr einen Brief ſeiner Gattin zu empfangen und darauf zu antworten, jedoch abermals mit dem Bedeuten, nur über Familienangelegenheiten und im Beiſeyn des Commandanten zu ſchreiben, der ihm jetzt aus beſonderer Gnade ſtatt einiger Stunden zwei Tage gönnen durfte, um über das, was er ſchreiben wollte, nachzudenken. Natürlich gingen alle Briefe erſt durch die Hände des Miniſters.

Ueberhaupt wurde die Lage des Gefangenen, ſoviel die ſtrenge Vorſicht, von der man nicht abging, es zu geſtatten ſchien, nach und nach erleichtert. Im Mai 1677 ſchreibt Louvois aus Tournai, Saint Mars ſolle Fouquet ſagen, daß ſein Sohn, der Graf von Vaux, der im Militär angeſtellt war, ſich bei jeder Gelegenheit auszeichne **), und zwei Monate ſpäter überſchickt der Miniſter das Gutachten eines berühmten Pariſer Arztes, Vezou, über Fouquet's Geſundheit, die Kummer und gänzlicher Mangel an Bewegung, da er ſeit elf Jahren buchſtäblich ſeinen Kerker nicht verlaſſen hatte, natürlich von Jahr zu Jahr immer mehr aufreiben mußten. Erſt im November dieſes Jahrs erhielt Fouquet die Erlaubniß, einen Tag um den andern zwei Stunden ſpazieren zu gehen, und zwar nur aus folgender zufälligen Veranlaſſung. Der ehemalige Günſtling des Königs, Graf von Lauzun, hatte die Neigung der dreiundvierzigjährigen, reichen Mademoiſelle de Montpenſier, einer Enkelin Heinrich's IV., in ſo hohem Grade gewonnen, daß ſie ihm ihre Hand bot. Schon hatte Ludwig XIV. eingewilligt, die Verlobten hatten die Beſuche der Glückwünſchenden erhalten, und Lauzun war einen ganzen Tag Herzog von Montpenſier geweſen, als plötzlich, wahrſcheinlich auf die Vorſtellungen der Miniſter, daß eine ſolche Mißheirath die Würde des Throns verletze, der König ſeine Einwilligung zurücknahm (den 18. Dec. 1670). Lauzun ertrug den Schimpf mit verbiſſenem Grimm und blieb noch ein Jahr am Hofe, wie es ſchien, fortwährend in Gunſt. Ganz unvermuthet, ohne daß der König eine Silbe über die Veranlaſſung ſprach, wahrſcheinlich aber, weil er ſich heimlich mit der Prinzeſſin von Montpenſier vermählt hatte, wurde er als Staatsgefangener nach Pignerol abgeführt. Da dieſer nun den Wunſch äußerte, zuweilen ſpazieren gehen zu dürfen, ſo erinnerte ſich der König auch des unglücklichen Fouquet, und hatte die Gnade, Beiden die Erlaubniß zu geben. Sie durften ſogar, wenn der Commandant dabei war, zuſammen ſpazieren gehen, ſich mit Geſpräch oder unſchuldigem Spiel die Zeit vertreiben, und der freien Ausſicht in die Umgegend genießen. „Ich antworte Ihnen, ſchreibt Louvois den 27. Nov. 1677, im Augenblick, wo ich Ihren Brief erhalte, damit ſie nicht zögern, Ihre Gefangenen den Troſt, den ihnen die Frömmigkeit Sr. Maj. zu bewilligen geruht, genießen zu laſſen." Er wartet nicht einmal die Poſt ab, mit der er am nämlichen Tage noch einmal an Saint Mars ſchreibt, um Fouquet eine Büchſe mit Thee zu ſchicken, deſſen Gebrauch ihm der Arzt verordnet hatte *). Ueberhaupt ſieht man aus der ganzen amtlichen Correſpondenz dieſes Miniſters, der mit unermüdlicher Thätigkeit über die geringfügigſten Dinge, ſelbſt über die neuen Kleider Fouquet's und ſeiner Bedienten, Befehle ertheilt, daß die Gefangenen ihm durchaus keine Perſonen ſind, die er haſſen oder bemitleiden könnte, er will nichts als ihre völlige Sicherheit und thut daher ebenſowenig etwas zur Erleichterung als zur Verſchlimmerung ihrer Lage. Der Commandant genießt zwar ſein ganzes Vertrauen, wie er denn auch ſpäter den Gefangenen mit der eiſernen Maske zu bewachen hatte, demungeachtet wird er in allen Schreiben nur als ſtummes Werkzeug betrachtet, dem der geringſte Schritt genau vorgezeichnet wird. Wir wollen nur ein ganz kurzes Schreiben als Beiſpiel geben: „Ich ſchicke Ihnen mit der heutigen Poſt (den 27. Nov. 1677) eine bleierne Büchſe mit Thee für Herrn Fouquet. Wiewohl ich nicht glaube, daß etwas anderes darin iſt, ſo iſt es doch gut, alle mögliche Vorſicht anzuwenden, um zu verhindern, daß man ihm auf dieſem Wege etwas zukommen laſſe. Dies nöthigt mich, Ihnen zu ſagen, daß Sie dieſe Büchſe in das Zimmer des Herrn Fouquet tragen müſſen, um allen genannten Thee in ein anderes Gefäß zu ſchütten, worauf Sie die bleierne Büchſe und das Papier, welches darin ſeyn könnte, wieder mitnehmen werden, ſo daß ihm nichts bleiben kann, was es auch ſey, als genannter Thee."

Bald nach dieſer Zeit bildet ſich ſelbſt eine Art von Verhältniß zwiſchen Louvois und Fouquet. In einem Schreiben an Saint Mars vom 26. Dec. heißt es: „Ich bitte Sie, in meinem Namen Herrn Fouquet für alle ſeine Artigkeiten (honnêtetés) meinen Dank abzuſtatten," während er früher dem Commandanten verboten hatte, ihm Fouquet's Komplimente auszurichten. Im April des nächſten Jahres erhält Saint Mars die Erlaubniß, ihm Neuigkeiten mitzutheilen; denn früher durfte er ſchlechterdings von nichts hören, als von den Siegen des Königs; im Juni erbittet ſich der Miniſter vom Staatsgefangenen das Recept zu dem Augenwaſſer, welches man Cassolunette nennt, und im December tritt er ſogar, auf ausdrücklichen Befehl des Königs, mit Fouquet in Briefwechſel. „Ich ſchicke Ihnen, ſchreibt Louvois dem Commandanten aus Saint Germain den 23. Dec. 1678, einen Brief von mir an Herrn Fouquet. Dem Willen des Königs gemäß werden Sie ihm denſelben verſchloſſen, wie Sie ihn finden, übergeben, Dinte, Papier, ein Petſchaft und Siegellack in ſein Zimmer tragen, und ihn dort allein laſſen, damit er mit Bequemlichkeit darauf antworten kann, und dann werden Sie mir den Brief, den er Ihnen für mich geben wird, ganz verſiegelt (toutte fermée) zuſchicken. Da der König für gut findet, daß er in Zukunft, ſo oft er es wünſcht, an mich ſchreibe, ſo werden Sie ihm ſoviel Papier, Dinte und Siegellack geben, als er verlangt. Sie werden ihm das Petſchaft, das er bei dem erſten Brief an mich gebraucht haben wird, laſſen, und wenn er Ihnen Briefe an mich giebt, ſey es verſiegelt oder offen, ſo werden Sie mir dieſelben in demſelben Zuſtande, wie er ſie Ihnen giebt, überſchicken. So iſt der Wille des Königs." — Was dieſer Brief und Fouquet's Antwort enthalten habe, iſt nicht bekannt, indeß muß der Inhalt wichtig geweſen ſeyn, weil Fouquet's Lage unmittelbar nachher durch eine neue Inſtruction vom 20. Jan. 1679 ſehr weſentlich erleichtert wird. Er darf, ſo oft er will, an ſeine Familie ſchreiben, mit der Einſchränkung, daß die Briefe dem Miniſter überſchickt werden, der ſie lieſt und dem Könige Bericht erſtattet. Fouquet und Lauzun dürfen den ganzen Tag zuſammen ſeyn, zuſammen eſſen, mit den Offizieren ſich unterhalten, und Fouquet, von dem der König glaubt, daß er weniger im Stande ſey, als Lauzun, an Flucht zu denken, darf ſogar in Begleitung eines Offiziers in der ganzen Citadelle umhergehen; ſie dürfen ohne Einſchränkung Bücher und Zeitungen leſen. „Aus allem Obigen, fährt Louvois fort, wird Herr von Saint Mars begreifen, daß Seine Majeſtät zwar aus Mitleid über die lange Strafe dieſer Herren ihnen gern ein milderes Gefängniß zugeſtehen will, daß es aber fortwährend ſein Wille iſt, daß ſie nur auf ſeinen Befehl aus dem Gefängniß entlaſſen werden können; genannter Herr von Saint Mars wird alſo bei allen Vergnügungen, die er ihnen bewilligt, vor allen Dingen jederzeit auf die Sicherheit ihrer Perſeben Rückſicht nehmen. Es iſt möglich, daß Se. Maj. in einigen Monaten bewilligt, daß Leute aus der Stadt Ihnen Geſellſchaft leiſten, ſogar daß ihre Verwandten ſie beſuchen, namentlich die Frau und die Kinder des Herrn Fouquet, aber Se. Maj. wünſcht nicht, daß hierin irgend etwas geſchehe, ohne Ihren ausdrücklichen Befehl, noch daß Herr von Saint Mars ihnen ſage, daß er von der Gnade, welche Se. Maj. ihnen zu bewilligen geneigt iſt, unterrichtet ſey, bis Se. Maj. ihm erlaubt, ſie davon in Kenntniß zu ſetzen." Zum Beweiſe, daß der König mit ſeinem Dienſteifer zufrieden ſey, erhielt Saint Mars, deſſen Gehalt ſchon im Anfange bedeutend erhöht worden war, ein Geſchenk von 15,000 Livres.

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*) Delort I. p. 170. Frau von Sévigné empfiehlt den jungen Mann ihrem Schwiegerſohn d. 25. Juni 1670. Ce pauvre garçon étoit attaché à M. Fouquet; il a été convaincu d'avoir servi à faire tenir à Mad. Fouquet une lettre de son mari: sur cela il a été condamné aux galères pour cinq ans; c'est une chose un peu extraordinaire; vous savez que c'est un des plus honnêtes garçons qu'on puisse voir, et propre aux galères, comme à prendre la lune avec les dents. Im November d. J. wurde er vom König begnadigt.

**) Auch Frau von Sévigné ſchreibt den 5. Aug. 1676: Aire est pris. Mon fils me mande mille biens du Comte de Vaux, qui s'est trouvé le premier partout. Aus einem Briefe vom 1. Juli deſſelben Jahrs, wo Frau von Sévigné ihren kurzen Beſuch in Vaux ſchildert, ſehen wir, daß Fouquet's ältester Sohn wieder im Beſitz war; der alte Glanz war freilich erloſchen.

*) Es iſt merkwürdig, daß damals in ganz Paris kein Thee zu bekommen war. Louvois ſchreibt d. 28. Oct. 1677: Ayant vu, par la lettre de M. Fouquet, qu'il désiroit, qu'on lui envoyât du thé, j'ai chargé le sieur Vezou d'en choisir; il m'a donné ce matin celui qui se trouve dans le paquet ci-joint, qu'il avoit chez lui et qui est très bon, duquel il fait un présent à M. Fouquet. Il ne s'en trouve point à Paris, mais il prendra soin d'en faire venir d'ailleurs.

Endlich im Mai deſſelben Jahres erlebte Fouquet noch die Freude, die Seinigen, die er ſiebenzehn Jahre entbehrt hatte, wieder um ſich zu ſehen. Sein älteſter Sohn, der Graf von Vaur, überbrachte dem alten Vater ſelbſt die freudige Nachricht, daß ſeine Gattin, ſeine Kinder und ſein jüngſter Bruder, Fouquet von Mezières, die Erlaubniß erhalten hatten, ihn, ſo lange ſie wollten, zu beſuchen und ohne Zeugen bei ihm zu ſeyn; ſeiner unverheiratheten Tochter wurde ein Zimmer ganz in der Nähe ihres Vaters eingeräumt, und ſeine Frau durfte ſogar wieder Tag und Nacht das Zimmer mit ihrem Gatten theilen. Nur ward ihm nochmals bedeutet, keinen Brief abzuſchicken, den der Miniſter nicht vorher geleſen habe. Ueberhaupt blieb aller ſonſtiger Verkehr fortwährend auf die Einwohner von Pignerol beſchränkt, ſo daß der Commandant einen Verweis erhielt, weil er dem berühmten Le Notre, der Fouquet's Gärten in Vaur angelegt, erlaubt hatte, ſeinen ehemaligen Gönner zu beſuchen. „Obgleich nichts gleichgültiger iſt, ſchreibt Louvois den 25. Dec. 1679, als daß Herr Le Notre Ihre Gefangenen geſehen oder nicht geſehen hat, ſo glaube ich Ihnen doch wiederholen zu müſſen, was ich Ihnen bereits gemeldet habe, daß die Befehle des Königs Ihnen dergleichen Freiheiten nicht geſtatten, und die etwaigen Beſuche nur auf die Officiere und Einwohner der Stadt und Feſtung Pignerol beſchränken, wonach Sie Sich in Zukunft gefälligſt richten werden." Beſonders ſorgfältig wurden fortwährend die Jeſuiten von ihm entfernt gehalten, die er als Oberintendant eben ſo ſehr begünſtigt haben ſoll, als ſie von Mazarin mit mißtrauiſchen Augen angeſehen wurden *). — Um dieſe Zeit entzweite ſich Fouquet mit Lauzun, und Saint Mars hatte dies gemeldet mit der liſtigen Frage, ob er ſuchen ſolle, ſie wieder zu vereinigen. „Ich ſehe nichts, antwortet Louvois den 24. Jan. 1680, was Sie verpflichtete, ſie zu verſöhnen, beſonders da Sie nichts beigetragen haben, ſie zu entzweien; es kann daher nur zweckmäßig ſeyn, dieſe Feindſchaft fortdauern zu laſſen. Inzwiſchen rathe ich Ihnen, ſie zu benutzen, um zu erfahren, was die Herren Fouquet und Lauzun gegenſeitig von ihren Abſichten entdecken können."

Fouquet genoß die Freude, wieder unter den Seinigen zu leben, nur kurze Zeit. Er ſtarb ſchon den 23. März 1680, mit den Geſinnungen eines Büßers. Sein älteſter Sohn brachte ſeine Papiere, zum großen Verdruß des Miniſters, in Sicherheit. „Sie haben Unrecht gehabt, ſchreibt er den 8. April an Saint Mars, zu leiden, daß Herr von Vaur die Papiere und Verſe ſeines Herrn Vaters mitgenommen hat, und Sie hätten ſie in ſeinem Zimmer müſſen verſchließen laſſen, um davon, wie Seine Majeſtät es befehlen würde, Gebrauch zu machen" **).

Fouquet's Leichnam wurde ſeiner Wittwe, nachdem ſie die Erlaubniß dazu vom Könige erhalten hatte, auf einen Befehl Louvois's vom 9. April 1680, ausgeliefert und nach Paris geführt, wo er den 28. März 1681 in der Kirche des St. Marienkloſters, welchem ſein Vater 4000 Livres vermacht hatte, in derſelben Gruft, in welcher dieſer ruhte, beigeſetzt wurde. Seine Mutter überlebte ihn noch; ſie ſtarb 1681, ein und neunzig Jahr alt.

Nach den von Delort aus dem königlichen Archiv mitgetheilten Actenſtücken geht unwiderſprechlich hervor, daß Fouquet im Gefängniſſe geſtorben iſt. Unbegreiflich iſt es daher, wie Voltaire behaupten konnte, die Gräfin von Vaur, alſo die Gemahlin des Grafen von Vaur, in deſſen Armen der Vater geſtorben war, habe ihn verſichert, Fouquet ſey einige Zeit vor ſeinem Tode in Freiheit geſetzt worden. Man ſieht, wie wenig ihm ſelbſt in ſolchen Dingen zu trauen iſt, wo man meinen ſollte, er hätte die allerbeſten Quellen vor ſich. Aber faſt noch unbegreiflicher ſcheint die Art, wie Gourville über Fouquet's Tod ſpricht. Man ſieht daraus zugleich, wie ungemein vorſichtig man beim Gebrauche ſelbſt der beſten franzöſiſchen Memoiren zu Werk gehen muß. Gourville ſagt nämlich S. 461 der Ausgabe von Petitot und Monmerqué, nachdem er mehrere Begebenheiten des Jahrs 1672 berichtet hat, die mit Fouquet's Schickſal nicht im entfernteſten Zuſammenhange ſtehen, „als Herr Fouquet einige Zeit nachher in Freiheit geſetzt worden war, erfuhr er mein Benehmen gegen ſeine Frau Gemahlin, der ich über 100,000 Livres geliehen hatte zu ihrem Lebensunterhalt, ihrem Proceß (pour sa subsistance, son procès) und ſelbſt um einige Richter zu gewinnen, wie man ſie hatte hoffen laſſen. Nachdem er mir geſchrieben hatte, um mir dafür zu danken, gab er dem Herrn Präſidenten von Maupeou, der ſein Verwandter und mein Freund war, den Auftrag, mir vorzuſchlagen, im Fall meine Vermögensumſtände ſo gut wären, als man ihm geſagt hätte, die hundert und ſoviel tauſend Livres, die ich zu fordern haben könnte, ſeinem Sohne, dem Herrn von Vaur, zu ſchenken, was ich ſehr gern that, und worüber ich bei meiner Ankunft eine Schrift ausſtellte." Hat Gourville das wirklich geſchrieben, ſo hat er geradezu gelogen. Denn aus einem der Amtsſchreiben, welche Delort aus dem königlichen Archiv mittheilt, ſehen wir, daß Gourville im Jahr 1679, alſo ſieben Jahre nachher, an Fouquet ins Gefängniß ſchreibt und von dieſem aus dem Gefängniß eine Antwort erhält *). Er mußte alſo wiſſen, daß Fouquet damals noch gefangen ſaß, was ihm auch ohnedies nicht unbekannt ſeyn konnte, da er mit Fouquet's Verwandten und Freunden, z. B. mit dem Präſidenten Maupeou und Frau von Sevigné, deren Briefe beweiſen, daß ſie von Fouquet's Schickſal bis zu ſeinem Begräbniß im Jahr 1681 wohl unterrichtet war, fortwährend in einem vertrauten Verhältniß blieb. Ferner mußte er wiſſen, daß nicht Frau ſondern Herr Fouquet einen Proceß gehabt hatte, und daß die Koſten dieſes Proceſſes aus der Staatskaſſe, oder, wenn man will, aus Fouquet's Vermögen beſtritten worden waren. Geſetzt aber auch, dies wäre ein Schreibfehler und es ſollte heißen: sa subsistance pendant oder durant son procès, ſo wäre die erſte Angabe über Fouquet's Schickſal allein hinreichend, hier eine gänzliche Verfälſchung des Textes anzunehmen. Man weiß nämlich, daß Gourville's Memoiren, die zuerſt 1724 erſchienen, von einem ſeiner Verwandten, dem Abbé Foucher, redigirt worden ſind, und man weiß auch, was man unter dieſem Worte „redigirt" zu verſtehen hat. Dieſer Abbé dünkte ſich, wie das einem franzöſiſchen Abbé jener Zeit leicht begegnete, klüger und corrigirte hie und da nach Gutdünken. So hat er denn mehrere recht arge Schnitzer hineincorrigirt und z. B. unter dem Jahre 1669 den neunundzwanzigjährigen Herzog von Orleans mit dem einjährigen Herzog von Anjou verwechſelt. Mehrere Fehler dieſer Art und zwar in der zweiten Ausgabe von 1782, die Petitot und Monmerqué nur abgedruckt haben, berichtigt, indeß wird ein neuer Herausgeber, der die Sache nicht fabrikmäßig betreiben will, hier wie anderwärts noch Manches zu thun finden.

Schon in der Baſtille, noch mehr in den trauervollen Jahren zu Pignerol, fand Fouquet ſeinen ſüßeſten Troſt im Chriſtenthum **), und las fleißig in der Bibel, beſonders in den Sprüchen Salomonis. „Seit ich dieſes Buch leſe, ſagt er ſelbſt von ſich, geht auch in meiner ſchrecklichen Einſamkeit die Zeit mir ſchnell vorüber." Eine Frucht dieſer Beſchäftigung iſt ein kleines Werk, welches unter dem Titel Lehren der Weiſeheit (Conseils de la sagesse ou le recueil des maximes de Salomon, les plus nécessaires à l'homme pour se conduire sagement, avec des réflexions sur ces maximes) zuerſt 1683 und dann in mehreren Auflagen erſchienen iſt. Dieſes Büchlein, im düſtern Kerker verfaßt von einem Manne, der die Eitelkeit der Welt beſſer kennen gelernt hatte, als Salomo, gehört in ſeiner ſchlichten Einfalt, die jeden Prunk der Rede verſchmäht, zu den wenigen wahrhaft erbaulichen Schriften dieſer Art. Wie konnte er auch anders als wahr und eindringlich reden, wenn er ſich, getrennt von Allem, was ihm theuer war, todt für dieſe Welt und eine beſſere hoffend, die Vergänglichkeit aller irdiſchen Pracht und Sinnenluſt, wenn er ſich die Freunde dachte, die an unſerm Tiſche eſſen und von unſerm Wein trinken und zu dem Unglücklichen ſprechen: wir kennen dich nicht!

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*) Gui Patin den 21. Sept. 1661: Les Jésuites sont bien fâchés de sa perte, il était leur grand Patron. Ils ont tiré de lui plus de six cents mille livres depuis peu d'années.

**) Delort I. pag. 318. — In den Vies des hommes illustres de France t. V. ſteht eine Biographie Fouquet's von Auvigny, deutſch in Meuſel's franzöſiſcher Biographie. Meuſel bittet, da dieſes Werk eine für Nichtgelehrte unterhaltende Lektüre ſeyn ſolle, nicht ſtreng zu urtheilen, und die franzöſiſchen Vergrößerungen, wodurch eine Begebenheit bisweilen von ihrer Wahrheit verliere, nicht ſo zu rügen, wie in einem hiſtoriſch-kritiſchen Buche.

*) Delort I. p. 290: J'ai vu par une réponse que M. Fouquet a faite à M. de Gourville, laquelle M. du Fresnoy m'a remise, que vous avez donné une lettre de M. de Gourville à M. Fouquet etc.

**) Es iſt intereſſant, mit den Stellen, wo der hiſtoriſche Voltaire über Fouquet ſpricht, zu vergleichen, was der Poet Voltaire über ihn urtheilt. Zugleich ſieht man, wie ungern er das Wort Chriſt in den Mund nimmt. Er ſagt in einer Epiſtel an den Abbé Servien:

Le philosophe est libre dans les fers;
Ainsi Fouquet, dont Thémis fut le guide,
Du vrai mérite appui ferme et solide,
Tant regretté, tant pleuré des neuf sœurs,
Le grand Fouquet, au comble des malheurs,
Frappé des coups d'une main vigoureuse,
Fut plus content dans sa demeure affreuse,
Environné de sa seule vertu,
Que quand jadis, de splendeur revêtu,
D'adulateurs une cour importune
Venait en foule adorer sa fortune.

Seine Söhne kamen ſpäter, nachdem ſie lange in großer Dürftigkeit gelebt hatten *), wenigſtens zum Theil wieder in den Beſitz der väterlichen Güter, und unter ſeinem glorreichen Enkel, dem Marſchal Herzog von Belle-Isle, kehrte der Glanz und die Luſt noch einmal in Fouquet's Hauſe ein.

Amalie Berg ſ. Joh. Karol. Amal. Ludecus.

Adolf Bergen ſ. Abr. Friedr. Blech.

Walther Bergius ſ. J. A. Kanne.

Berintho ſ. R. Roberthin.

Emilie von Berlepſch ſ. Emilie Harms.

Götz von Berlichingen,

mit der eiſernen Hand, einer der tapferſten deutſchen Ritter ſeiner Zeit, ſtammte aus einem alten edeln, würtembergiſchen Geſchlechte und wurde auf dem Schloſſe ſeiner Väter, Jaxthauſen, in der letzten Hälfte des funfzehnten Jahrhunderts geboren. — Das eigentliche Jahr ſeiner Geburt iſt unermittelt geblieben. Er ward von ſeinem Vetter Konrad von Berlichingen erzogen. Schon früh nahm er Kriegsdienſte, anfangs bei dem Kurfürſten Friedrich von Brandenburg, dann bei dem Kurfürſten von Baiern, mit dem er gegen die Pfalz zu Felde zog. Bei der Belagerung von Landshut ward ihm die Hand weggeſchoſſen, die er ſpäter durch eine eiſerne erſetzen ließ. Daher rührt ſein bereits erwähnter Beiname. Nach geſchloſſenem Frieden begab ſich Götz auf ſein Stammgut, wo er ſich bald in fortwährende Fehden mit ſeinen Nachbarn verwickelt ſah, ſich aber durch ſeine Tapferkeit und Redlichkeit einen hochgeehrten, wenn gleich gefürchteten Namen erwarb. 1522 ward er, dem Herzoge Ulrich von Würtemberg gegen den ſchwäbiſchen Bund Beiſtand leiſtend, gefangen und mußte ſich nach der Vertreibung Ulrich's mit einer Summe von 2000 Gulden löſen. Gleiches Schickſal traf ihn 1525 im Bauernkriege, in welchem er jedoch nur gezwungen die Befehlshaberſchaft der Aufrührer angenommen hatte. Er mußte diesmal, um ſeine Freiheit zu erlangen, eine ſchwere Urphede ſchwören und brachte ſich, dazu eidlich verpflichtet, den Reſt ſeines Lebens in gänzlicher Unthätigkeit zu. Er ſtarb am 23. Juli 1562 zu Hornberg.

In den letzten Jahren ſeines Lebens verfaßte er ſchlicht und einfältiglich die Geſchichte der Begebenheiten deſſelben, ein getreues, prunkloſes Bild ſeiner Zeit. Sie ward ſpäter durch den Druck bekannt und erſchien in drei Auflagen: Nürnberg, 1731. — Nürnberg, 1775. — Berlin, 1813. — Wir theilen folgendes anziehende Bruchſtück daraus mit. — Wie genial Göthe das Leben des wackern Ritters dramatiſch behandelt, iſt allgemein bekannt, und jede ausführlichere Erwähnung daher wohl überflüſſig. —

Bauern**)-Krieg.***) †)

Weiter iſt auch männiglich wol wiſſend, daß in dieſer Lands-Art eine große Bäuriſche Ufruhr ſich erhebt, dergleichen vor nie geweſen, da ſchrieb mir mein Bruder Hanns von Berlichingen ſel. anhero gen Hornberg, ich ſolt zu ihm kommen, nachdem viel Bauren zu Schönthal lagen, ſolt ich ihm helffen, damit ſie ihn nicht übereilten, das thet ich nun als ein getreuer Bruder, kam dahin, und handelte ſo viel mit denſelbigen Hauptleuthen, daß ſie ihn zu frieden lieſſen, darnach braucht mich der Teutſche Meiſter in das Weinſperger-Thal, da reit ich als ein getreuer Nachbar Ihro Fürſtl. Gnaden zu Ehren und Gefallen, und mit groſſen Sorgen dahin, was mir begegnet, das zeigt ich Ihro Fürſtl. Gnaden und dero Befehlshabern zu Horneck *) an, und ſonderlich, daß ſie kein Geſchütz hetten, nit ein Büchſen, daß ſie könten ein Stein auſſer einer Mauer ſchieſſen, welches ich darum thet, damit die zu Horneck ſich deſto beſſer darnach richten könnten, dann es waren etliche Leuth darinnen, alſo daß das Hauß dannoch beſetzt ward; Wie nun die Bauren zu Weinſperg **) gehandelt haben, das iſt männiglich in dieſen Lands-Orthen wiſſend, und zogen ſie darnach herab den nechſten uf Horneck, und nahmen es ein ohne alle Wehr, wie wol ich nit mehr Pfalz-Gräflicher Diener war, ſo wer ich doch gern bey Ihro Chur-Fürſtl. Gnaden in dieſer Handlung geweſt, und befahl demnach Wilhelm von Habern, daß man mir ſchreiben ſolt, wie ich mich ſolt halten, dann ich hett Sorg, dieweil ſie nahe da lagen, ſie würden mich auch übereilen, darzu beſorgt ich auch meines Weibs und Kindern, die lag auch eines Kinds der Zeit innen; Nun hatt mich mein Bruder und andere meine guthe Freund und Geſellen beſcheiden in ein Holz bey Borberg, das heiſſet das Geſpräch, da ich dann mit groſſen Sorgen zu ihnen kam, dann der Teuffel war überall ledig, da bedachten wir uns mit einander, zu welchem Fürſten wir doch ziehen wolten, der in der Nähe wär, da zeigte ich an, wie ich keinen Fürſten wüſte, der in der Nähe wär, dann meinen gnädigſten Herrn den Pfalz-Grafen, ***) der hett ſich bewerben, und wer der meiſte Theil unter uns der Meynung, daß wir wellen zum Pfalz-Grafen reiten, da ſagt ich, ich wäre einer Schrifften wartend, was mir begegnet, wer es möglich, ſo wolt ich ſies wiſſen laſſen, und reit auch von Stund an mit groſſen Sorgen in mein Behauſung, und ehe ich mich austhet, da fragt ich mein Weib, ob kein Brief von Heydelberg kommen wer, da ſagt ſie nein, da erſchrack ich warlich übel, daß ich nit wuſt, wie ich mich halten ſolt, denn es giengen die Red, daß ſich mein Herr der Pfalz-Graf wolt mit den Bauren vertragen, daß ich nit wuſt, wie ich ihme thun ſolt, hab auch ſeither denſelbigen Brief nit geſehen, aber ſo viel erfahren, daß er meiner Schwieger und meinem Weib worden iſt, und als ſie ſolchen meiner Schwieger geleſen, hat ſie ihr befohlen, ſie ſolt mir bey Leib und Leben nichts darvon ſagen, ſonſt wären ſie all geſtorben und verdorben; darum ich ſolchen Brief, wie gemelt, nit geſehen, und kame um der Urſachen willen in all mein Unglück und Unrath, das mir begegnet iſt, habe auch als bald darnach, da ich Sachen beſſer erfahren, die Schwieger nit länger in meinem Hauß haben wöllen, ſie iſt auch ſeithero nit mehr darein kommen, und wie die Bauren zu Gundelsheim †) lagen, da waren daſelbſt etliche von Bernlingen, und auch andere, als nemlich Beringer von Berlingen, ein ſehr alter Mann, und auch mein Bruder Wolff von Bernlingen, und andere mehr vom Adel, die wuſten auch nit wo aus oder ein, hetten all gern Frieden erlangt, und wie ich auch bey ihnen, und vertrugen ſich mit den Bauren, wie andere mehr Fürſten Grafen und Herren gethan haben, aber ich hett mich in keinen Weg weder mit Worten noch mit Werken mit ihnen denen Bauren eingelaſſen, ſondern mich für und für uf enthalten, und zog wieder in mein Häußlein, und hofft immer uf die Schrifften von Heydelberg, wie ich dann mit Wilhelm von Habern geredt hett, ſie ſolten mir zugeſchickt werden, und weiß noch uf dieſen Tag nit einen Buchſtaben ihres Inhalts, darauf wolt ich ſterben, und ſo wahr als Gott im Himmel iſt, und bey meiner Seelen Heil und Seeligkeit und wie ich in meinem Hauß, da brechen die Bauren zu Gundelsheim wieder uff, und ſchickten die Hauptleuth meinen Schultheiſſen zu mir, ich ſolt zu ihnen kommen, ſie hetten was mit mir zu handeln, wuſt ich doch nit, wie oder wann, furcht mich auch, ſie möchten mich übereilen, daß es meinem Weib und Kindern und den Meinigen zu Nachtheil mögt gereichen, dann ich hett kein wehrſames Volk in meinem Hauß, ſo wären die Bauren all voll Teuffel und wolten Knecht und Mägd auch nicht gut thun, alſo zog ich mit dem hinauf, und ſaß vorm Wirthshauß ab, und will hinein gehen, als ich auch thet, ſo gehet Marx Stumpf von Bauren die Stegen herab, und ſpricht, Götz biſtu da, da ſagt ich ja, waß iſt die Sach, was ſolt ich thun, oder was wollen die Hauptleuthe mein, da hebt er an, du muſt ihr Hauptmann werden, da ſagt ich Gott wir nit, das thue der Teuffel, warum thuſtu es nit, thue du es an meiner ſtatt, da ſagt er, ſie haben mirs zugemuth, ich hab mich aber von ihnen geredt, und wann ich es meines Dienſts halb thun könnt, ſo wolt ichs thun, ſo ſagte ich, wie vor, ſo will ichs nicht thun, viel ehe ſelbs zu denen Hauptleuthen gehen, verſiehe mich, ſie werden mich nicht darzu zwingen oder nöthigen, da ſagt er, nimms an meinem gnädigen Herrn und andern Fürſten und uns allen, dem gemeinen Adel zu guth, da ſagt ich, ich wills nit thun, und gieng darauf zum Hauptmann *) ſelbs, und erlangt guten Beſcheit, allein daß ſie mir das anhengten, ich ſolt zu den andern Hauptleuthen auch gehen, die unterm Hauffen drauſſen vorm Thor wären, wie ich ſie dann im Feld ſehen würde, und ſolts ihnen auch anzeigen, und ſie, wie ihnen angezeigt hett, bitten, das thet ich, reit hinaus, und ſprach ſie an, eine Rott nach der andern, wie ſie dann in allen Fähnlein Hauffenweiß bey einander waren, da fand ich aber guten Beſcheid bey allen Fürſten **) Grafen und Herrn, Verwandten und Unterthanen, die im Hauffen waren, ausgenommen bey den Hohenloiſchen ***) die nahmen meinen Gaul bey dem Zaum, und umringten mich, mit Vermelden, ich ſolt mich gefangen geben, geloben und ſchwören, den andern Tag bey ihnen zu Buchen †) im Lager zu ſeyn, da würde ich ſie finden, und ohne ihr Wiſſen nit abziehen, die Gewalt zwang mich, daß ich mich zu ihnen gen Buchen ſtellt, damit nit mein Weib und Kind und andere darunter vom Adel beleidigt würden, und thet es mit traurigem betrübtem und bekümmertem Herzen, dann ich ließ mich nicht gern erwürgen, wie ſie dann neulich vielen Frommen vom Adel zu Weinſperg gethan hetten, und ich hoffte noch immer, ich wolt etwas guths erlangt haben, und zog alſo des andern Tags mit traurigem Herzen zu ihnen ins Lager, und wünſcht mir viel mahl darfür, daß ich in dem böſten Thurn lag, der in der Türken wäre, aber uf Erdreich, es wäre wo es wolt, und gieng mit, wie Gott wolt, wie mir gleich Gott aushulff: Wan ich kam zum Hauffen, Gott erkennt und weiß, wie mir war, da nahmen ſie den Gaul bey dem Zaum, und muß ich abſteigen zu ihnen im Rinck*) da redten ſie mit mir der Hauptmannſchafft halber, das ſchlug ich ihnen nun frey und gut rund ab, ich kunt und wuſt es meiner Ehren und Pflichten nach nit zu thun, darzu verſtand ich mich nit ihres Handels, dann ihre Handlung und meine Handlung, und ihr Weſen und mein Weſen, wäre als weit von einander als der Himmel von der Erden, darzu kunt ich es auch gegen Gott, Kayſerl. Majeſt., Chur-Fürſten, Grafen und Herren, und der gemeinen Ritterſchafft und gegen den Bund**) auch allen Ständen des Reichs Freunden und Feinden mit Ehren nit verantworten, und bat ſie ſolten mich deſſen erlaſſen, aber es war verlohren, kurzum ich ſolt ihr Hauptmann ſeyn, da ſagte ich, ehe ich ihr Hauptmann ſeyn, und ſo tyranniſch handeln, wie ſie zu Weinſperg gethan und gehandelt hetten, oder auch darzu rathen und helffen ſolt, ehe müſten ſie mich zu todt ſchlagen, wie ein wütenden Hund, da ſagten ſie, es wäre geſchehen, wo nit, geſchehe vielleicht nimmer; Nun kamen die Mayntziſche Räth auch gen Buchen ins Feld zum Geſpräch, und Marx Stumpff mit ihnen, deren waren unter 5 oder 6 nit, und war freylich einer, hab ich anderſt recht behalten, darunter, der hieß der Rucker, in Summa die Mayntziſchen Räth bathen mich auch, wie Marx Stumpff, ich ſolte ſolche Hauptmannſchafft ihrem gnädigſten Herrn zu Gefallen, auch allen Fürſten und dem Adel hohen und niedern Ständen im Reich zu gut annehmen, ich möchte viel Unraths damit verkommen, da ſagt ich drauf, wann die Bauren von ihrem Fürnehmen wolten abſtehen, und der Obrigkeit und ihrer Herrſchafft gehorſam ſeyn, mit ihren Frohnen, Recht nehmen und geben, wie von Alters Herkommen wäre, und ſich halten gegen ihre Obrigkeit als wie frommen gehorſamen Unterthanen und Hinterſaſſen wol anſtehet und gebühret, ſo wolt ich es 8 Tag mit ihnen verſuchen, da ſchlugen ſie mir eine lange Zeit für, aber es kam letzlich uff ein Monath, doch daß ſie in allen Herrſchafften und Aemtern, Stätten, Flecken und Dörffern, ſie weren gleich daheim wo ſie wolten, weit oder nahe, unter ihrem Sigill hinter ſich ſchreiben, daß ſie dem allem, wie obgemelt, nachkommen wolten, und auch keines Fürſten oder Edelmanns Hauß nit brennen oder beſchädigen***) und nahm darauf etlich ihre Räth und Hauptleuth, die mich tauchten tüglich darzu zu ſeyn, und war ſonderlich deren einer Wendel Hipler, ein feiner geſchickter Mann und Schreiber, als man ungefehrlich einen im Reich finden ſolt, war auch etwa ein Hohenloiſcher Cantzler geweſt, und thäten ihme die von Hohenlohe, ſo viel ich wiſſens hab, auch nit viel gleichs, den nahm ich zu mir und machten einen Vertrag, wie vorgemeldt, daß ſie gehorſam ſolten ſeyn, und dergleichen, und ſchrieben es hinter ſich †) in alle Amt und Herrſchafft, wo ein jeglicher daheim war, und ward auch ſolche Betheydigung ††) und Vertrag überantwort, und vom hellen Hauffen und ihren Hauptleuthen bewilliget, daß ich nit anderſt wuſt, dann die Sach ſtund deſſelbigen halben, wie gemeldt, gar wol und were angenommen; was geſchah aber, ſie wolten hinab ziehen, von Ammerbach gen Miltenberg, und wolt Graf Georg von Wertheim*) auch dahin kommen, daß er ſich auch mit denen heilloſen Leuthen vertragen möchte, und ziehe ich dahin, und will wehren, ſie ziehen mir nach, ſo halten ſie ohne wiſſend mein ein Gemein mit dem ganzen Hauffen, und war das die Meynung, die Bauren, den man hinter ſich geſchrieben hat, weren mit ihrer Botſchafft da, und ſagten, ſie wolten wehnen, ſie kriegten um ihre Freyheiten, ſo wer ihn geſchrieben worden und geboten, ſie ſolten eben thun, wie vorhin auch, und dergleichen, und machten alſo ein Uffruhr unter dem Hauffen, daß ſie zuſammen ſchwuren und die Finger ufreckten, mich und diejenigen, die ſolchen Vertrag ufgericht und ihnen zugeſchickt hätten, todt zu ſchlagen, um der Urſach willen, wie obgemeldt, daß ſie dem Vertrag, den wir ufgericht hetten, nachkommen, und alſo halten ſolten, da wuſt ich (Herr Gott!) nichts darum, und zeug doch den Hauffen zu und wolte ſehen, was die heilloſen Leuth für ein Handel hätten, ſo läufft ein Kriegsmann herab, der war von Heilbronn, und war auch bei den Bauren, (den hette ich kennt, als unſer etliche, als Philipps Echter,**) Franz von Sickingen, ich und andere gute Freund und Geſellen Umſtatt***) einnahmen, da er Franz für Darmſtatt lag,) der gemeint es ohne allen Zweifel gut gegen mir, und hett alle Welt gehört, daß ich nit wuſte, der ſagt mit kurzen Worten zu mir, Juncker reit nit zum Hauffen, da war ich ſchellig †) und ſchwur übel, daß euch Bos der und jener uf ein Hauffen ſchendt, was habe ich dann gethan, dann ich kunte nit wiſſen, was es war, oder warum ich beſorgen ſolt, hette an den Vertrag nicht mehr gedacht, ſondern gemeint es blieb dabey, und kunte gleichwol, wie ich ſchier zum Hauffen kame, da ſahe ich ein Schloß brennen, daß heiſt Wildenberg, iſt des Biſchoffs von Maynz, welches alles wieder den Vertrag, den wir ufgericht hetten, gehandelt war, und wie ſie mit mir thaidigten vor Buchen, und wollten mir alsbald oblaut länger Zeit bey ihnen zu bleiben ufliegen, dann ich thun wolt, da ſagte ich frey zum ganzen Hauffen, ſie ſolten mich alſo, wie ich bewilligt, die 8 Tag bleiben laſſen, ich wolte mich dermaſſen halten, ſie ſolten mein eher alsbald müde werden, als ich ihr, und das geſchahe auch, und wehrt ſolche Hauptmannſchafft nit über 8 Tage, wie ich geſagt hett, alſo zogen ſie nein für Würzburg, und lag das Leger hinaus zu Hattberg,††) da hatten ſie abermals ein Gemein, und wolten weder Fürſten, Herrn noch Edel-Leuth bey ihnen haben, und gaben mir auch vor der Zeit, wie ich ihnen geſagt habe, Urlaub, da war ich mein Lebenlang nicht fröher, dann ich ließ mir in den 8 Tagen, was ich im Sinn hett, das Herz nit abſtoſſen, wie ich dann nie kein Heuchler geweſen bin, und noch uf dieſen Tag nit, und redt nichts, daß ihnen gefallen thet, gab ihnen auch nit Recht, wo ſie unrecht hetten, als ſie nun gen Würzburg kamen, richten ſie die Sach dahin, daß man ſie hinein in die Statt ließ, und lagen bey St. Burckharts Münſter †††) und daſelbſt herumer um die Brucken, auch vielleicht zum Theil in der Stadt darinnen, dann es waren der Hauffen viel, und wie wir alſo etlich Tag zu Würzburg gelegen, da kommt ein guter frommer treuherziger (der vielleicht ſahe, daß ich die Sachen meiner Meynung nach, treulich und gut gemeint, und mit einem jedweden redt, was ihm wol geſiel) zu mir allein und warnt mich, ohne Zweiffel aus redlich treulicher Meynung mir zu gutem, und ſagt, ich wär ein guter freyer Edelmann, und redt frey, nit einem jeglichen was ihm wol gefiel, und wär kein Heuchler, aber er rieth mir doch vertreulicher Weiß, ich ſolte ſolcher Wort müſſig gehen, und ſolte mich auch bey Leib und Leben nichts mercken laſſen, daß er mich gewarnt hett, dann wo ich es nit thun würd, ſo wäre beſchloſſen, ſie wollten mir den Kopff herabſchlagen, und war derselbig daran der Siebener *) und innern Raths einer, was die Bauren beschlossen, das nahmen sie an, und was sie handelten, das muste gethan, darbey musten die Bauren bleiben, das nahm ich nun willig, (dann ich merkt, daß es treulich und gut gemeint) zu grossem Dank an, und war wol bedacht, was ich thun oder wie ich mich halten solt, so lag mir das im Sinn, daß ich ein Monath zu ihnen gelobt und geschworen hett, und hielt ich mich, wie vorgemeldt, daß es acht Tag weiter, daß sie mir Ursach geben, ich blieb aber doch die 4 Wochen, wie ich gelobt und geschworen hett, damit sie nit Ursach hetten, als ob ich mein Gelübd und Pflicht nicht gehalten. Denn sey nun wie ihm woll, so wäll ich weiter zu Würzburg noch im Lager von ihnen zu kommen, dann wann Gott vom Himmel zu mir kommen wäre, so hätten sie ihm nit mit mir reden lassen, es waren dann 10 oder 12 darbey gestanden, die zugehört hetten, so hett ich Sorg, wann ich schon von ihnen kommen wäre, alle Fürsten, Grafen, Herrn, Ritter und Knecht, die hetten mein entgelten müssen, aus der Ursach, daß ich meiner Gelübdt und Pflicht, wie ich ein Monath zu ihnen gethan hett, nit nachkommen wär, und möchten dasselbig für ein Ursach fürgewendt haben, damit es viel unschuldigen Leuten vom Adel und andern zum Nachtheil gereicht haben würde; indeme gab Gott der Allmächtig dem Schwäbischen Bund Sieg und Glück, daß sie ein Hauffen im Land zu Schwaben schlugen **), da merkt ich wol, daß ihnen die Katz den Ruck hinauf lief, darum sie denn bald zu Würzburg aufbrechen, und zogen heraus uf Lauda ***) zu, und hetten das erste Lager an der Tauber, darnach zu Krautheim, darnach uf die Neustatt †) und durch die Hohenlohischen Dörfer, und blieb ich bey ihnen, bis gen Adelsfurth ††), das ist auch Hohenlohisch, da hetten sie ein Lager, und war eben uf denselbigen Tag mein Zeit und Ziel der 4 Wochen, wie ich zu ihnen verpflicht war, aus, und dacht ich, nun ist es Zeit, daß du sehest, was du zu schaffen hast, und ich glaub nit, daß sie die Abentheuer wusten, daß eben meine Zeit aus war, ich wust es aber wol, denn ich rechnete schier alle Tage einmal darum, also gab Gott der Allmächtige Glück, daß ich von denen [illegible] oder frommen Leuthen, wie ich sagen soll, kam;

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*) Oeuvres de St. Simon, Strasb. 1791 tom. IX. unter Belle-Isle und Fouquet.

Zum Schluß wird noch bemerkt, daß Peliſſon's Schriften (Oeuvr. div. Paris 1735, 3 Bde, 8), zwei bis drei Notizen ausgenommen, durchaus keine Aufſchlüſſe geben.

**) Von denen Bauren hat dieſer Krieg oder vielmehr Rebellion, Aufruhr ſeinen Nahmen, als welche ſolchen angefangen; es haben ſich aber nachgehends viele Bürger aus denen Städten und andere dazu geſchlagen, als aus Rothenburg, Würzburg, Oehringen, Eßlingen, Neckars-Ulm ꝛc.

***) Die Occasion zu dem Bauren-Krieg haben An. 1524. die Unterthanen des Grafen von Lupffen in Schwaben gegeben, weil ſie von ihm zu hoch beſchweret zu ſeyn vermeinten, welche aber damals durch das Reichs-Regiment in Eßlingen geſtillet worden. Die Feinde Lutheri gaben damals vor, es ſei deſſelbe Schuld an dieſem Unheil; Allein dieſe gute Leute haben nicht bedacht daß ſchon lang vorhero, ehe Lutherus zu reformiren angefangen, hin und wieder dergleichen Unruhen ausgebrochen. Ja geſtehen daß Lutherus vielmehr dieſes innerliche Feuer in harten Schrifften zu löſchen geſucht. Vid. Sleidanus de stat. Relig. Germ. L. IV. et V. Die wahrhafftige Urſachen mögen vielmehr geweſen ſeyn, daß man damals denen Unterthanen alle Freyheiten zu ſchmälern, neue Tribute aufzulegen, die alten zu erhöhen und an denen Höfen allzu wollüſtig zu leben angefangen. [illegible] XVI, p. 138. seq. Die hauptſächlichſten Scribenten ſo über dieſen Bauren-Krieg nach zu ſchlagen ſind, hat Herr Spener in ſeiner [illegible] Germ. p. II. L. IV c. 2. §. 7. allegirt, denen noch Hortleder von denen Urſachen des Teutſchen Kriegs, und Sleidanus l. 1. L. IV. et V. ad. An. 1524 et 1525. beyzufügen ſind. Nach dieſem kam Thomas Münzer nach Nürnberg, und ſtreuete in ſolcher Gegend ſeinen Gifft aus, welcher ſolche Operation that, daß An. 1525. die Bauren in dem Algew, hernach die bey Waſſerbingen, zwo Meilen ob Ulm, dann die [illegible], Leibheimer, Weingarter, Rotenburger, Hälliſche, Hohenloiſche, Weinſpergiſche, Gailsdorffer, Gmünder, Oettinger, Nördlinger, Tauber-Brandiſche, Würzburgiſche, und andere Bauren aufſtunden, das Vorhabel, dem Gehorſam, ſo ſie ihrer Obrigkeit ſchuldig, ſich zu entziehen, oder wenigſtens doch derſelben eine andere Regierungs-Form vorzuſchreiben, wie denn die Conditiones und Artickel, auf welche ſie ſich mit Herrn Biſchoff Conraden zu Würzburg in einen Vergleich einlaſſen wollen, ein ſolches deutlich zeigen, welche zu finden bey denen Würzburgiſchen Geſchicht-Schreibern, und zwar bey Lorenz Frieſen p. 844.

Siehe Wurstisium in der Basler-Chron. p. 546. seqq. it. bey Herrn Struven im Archiv P. III. p. 142.

†) Aus: Lebensbeſchreibung Hr. Götzens v. Berlichingen. 2. Aufl. Nürnberg, 1775. — Die Anmerkungen ſind von dem Herausgeber. —

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*) Iſt, wie oben gedacht, eine Teutſch-ordiſche Commende, und das Schloß daſelbſt von denen Bauren auch ausgebrant worden.

**) Hier iſt mit der Graf Dietrich von Weiler, als er vom Kirchthurm herab mit denen Bauren gütlich geſprochen, erſchoſſen, und hernach herunter geworfen worden. Dann führte die Bauren Herrn Grafen Ludwig von Helffenſtein nebſt 13 von Adel, unter welchen 2. Sturmfeder, Rudolph Nagel von Eltershofen, Pleickard von Ruinigen, auch ein Gölch geweſen, und vielen andern, zuſammen bey 80 Perſonen auf einen Acker gegen Heilbronn, machten da einen Creiß, und jagten ſie alle zuſammen erbärmlich durch die Spieß.

Mat. Hallens. Chron. p. m. 40. ſeq.

Ungeachtet ſein des Grafens Gemahlin, Kayſers Maximilian I. natürliche Tochter, nebſt einem kleinen Kind auf dem Arm denen Bauren zu Fuß fiele, und ganz erbärmliches Weh, mit vielen Weinen und Klagen um des Grafens Leben bate, und daß ſie ſolchen dem Kindlein ſchenken möchten, ſie anflehte.

Arnold in Mem. Chron. p. m. 143.

Nachdem die Bauren geſchlagen waren, hat man einen von denen Böſewichten erhaſchet, den der Theils Truchſeß von Waldburg an einen groſſen Pfal mit einer eiſernen Kette ſolchergeſtalten anſchlieſſen laſſen, daß er um den Pfal herum laufen können, ſodann ein Feuer von auſſen her anſchüren, und den Bauer innerhalb ſolchen ſo lang herum laufen laſſen, bis er ſeinen Geiſt aufgegeben, Wo er ſich hinwenden wollen, da war Feuer.

Schwäbiſch-Hall. Chron. Mſct.

Wie ſolches der Extract eines Korbiſchen Zeugen-Protocolls, welcher unten in fine dieſ. Buchs unter denen Beylagen No. V. befindlich beſtätiget.

***) Dieſes war Pfalz-Graf Otto Heinrich der Chur-Fürſt.

†) Iſt ein zwiſchen Wimpffen und Moßbach an dem Neckar gelegener Ort.

*) Alſo wurde damals derjenige genennet, ſo einen ganzen Hauffen oder Regiment commandirte.

**) Daß Fürſten mit unter denen Bauren geweſen ſeyn ſollen, daran iſt zu zweifeln. Der damalige Fürſt von Henneberg hat ſich zwar ziemlich weit mit ihnen eingelaſſen gehabt, es iſt aber die Sache zu keiner Gewißheit gekommen. Dieſes aber iſt gewiß, daß Grafen und verſchiedene vom Adel ſich zu ihnen geſchlagen hatten, oder vielmehr ſchlagen müſſen, als zum Exempel der Graf von Löwenſtein, Graf Georg von Wertheim.

***) Dieſe waren mit von denen ſchlimmſten, und haben ihre eigene Herren, Graf Albrecht und Georgen, gezwungen, daß ſie ihnen ſchwören müſſen, wie dann auch alle junge rüſtige Männer aus Oehringen mit nach Königshofen gezogen, und da inmittelſt der Schwäbiſche Bund um Oehringen ankam, haben die Bürger 20000 fl. Brandſchatzung geben müſſen.

Chron. Mſcpt. Hohenl. p. 326.

†) Iſt ein Chur-Maynziſches Städtlein in dem Odenwald gelegen.

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*) Das iſt in dem Creiß.

**) Verſtehe den groſſen Schwäbiſchen Bund, deſſen Haupt damals Herr Georg Truchſeß von Waldburg, und in welchem der Kayſer mit groſſen Chur- und Fürſten begriffen geweſen. An. 1512 und 1522. hat man denſelben 6 Kriegsräthe, als 2 von denen Chur- und Fürſten, 2 von Prälaten, Grafen, Freyen, Ritter und Knechten, und 2 von denen Reichs-Städten beygeordnet.
Burgerm. Gr. u. R. S. P. II. cent. 45. p. 277. 279.
Welcher endlich ſo formidabel worden, daß man deſſen Aufhebung vor gut angeſehen, wie er dann auch An. 1533. würcklich diſſolviret worden.
Speneros in Not. Germ. Univ. L. IV. c. 2. §. 15. p. 453. Staat von Würtemberg p. 38. ſeqq.
Eben dieſe Schwäbiſche Bunds-Verwandthen ſind An. 1523. in das Franckenland gezogen, und haben bey 23. Schlöſſer verbrandt, die ſich wider den Bund aufgelehnet, und woraus vieles geraubet und geplündert worden, worunter Boxberg, Aſchhauſen, Kroberg, Au, Gnotzheim, Reuſſenberg, Alt- und Neu-Ballenberg geweſen.
Nachrichten von Nürnberg p. 227.
Wie aber An. 1525. die Bauren von denenſelben geſchlagen worden, wird unten vorkommen.

***) Es iſt aber dieſes nachgehends gleichwol geſchehen, und denen Geiſtl. und Adelichen Schlöſſern, wie auch denen Clöſtern, ſo lang die Bauren die Oberhand gehabt, übel mit gefahren worden. Allein daß unſer Herr von Berlichingen, daran nicht allezeit einen Gefallen getragen, davon kan der in denen Beylagen No. VI. befindliche Brief ſo er ſelbſten geſchrieben einiger maſſen zeugen.

†) Das iſt: Zurück nach Hauß.

††) Das iſt: Capitulirung, Einwerbung. Dann Betheidigen iſt ſoviel, als über etwas Verglichs eins werden, wie es damals gehalten werden ſolle. Heut zu Tage brauchet man dieſes Wort annoch bey denen Kammern in dem Franckenland, ſonſten aber wird ſtatt deſſen das Wort Capituliren gebrauchet.

*) Dieſer wurde auch aus Noth gedrungen, eine Zeitlang auf der Bauren Seiten zu ſtehen, und kam mit denen Bauren nach Würzburg, das Schloß daſelbſt helffen zu belagern.
Pastorius in Franc. rediviv. p. 173 ſeqq. Schwäbiſch-Hälliſche Chronick p. m. 94.
Frieſe in der Würzburgiſchen Chronick bey denen Würzburgiſchen Geſchicht-Schreibern Herrn Ludwigs p. 908 ſeqq.

**) Dieſes vornehme alte Reichs-Adeliche Geſchlecht iſt ausgeſtorben. Der berühmte Biſchoff Julius zu Würzburg war ein Echter von Meſpelbrunn.

***) Iſt in dem Odenwald zwiſchen Darmſtadt und Aſchaffenburg gelegen.

†) D. i. ungehalten, zornig.

††) In des Lorenz Frieſens Chronick heiſſet es Hochberg.

†††) Dieſes war eigentlich in der Vorſtadt unterhalb dem Schloß.

Nun hat ein zimlicher christlich verständiger Mensch †††), er sey wer er woll, aus diesem meiner schriftlichen Anzeigung leichtlich und wol zu vernehmen, ob ich mich wohl oder übel in dem Bauren-Krieg gehalten hab, und wolte auch gern einen redlichen Oberst sehn, er sey, wer er wöll, ob er schon parthenisch wäre, davon reden, wie ich mich doch anderst bey einem solchen treulosen Volk, wie ich zu ihnen verpflicht bin gewest, gehalten haben solt, dann wie ich gethan hab, und hett ich es besser gewust, so wolt ich es auch besser gethan haben und ich weiß nichts, das ich gethan hab, denn daß ich manchen Chur- und Fürsten, Geistlichen und Weltlichen, auch Grafen, Herrn und Rittern und Knechten, Hoch- und niedern Stands, grossen mercklichen Schaden, soviel mir möglich gewest, verhüt hab, auch darum mein Leib und Leben in Gefährlichkeit begeben, daß ich kein Tag wust, daß ich sicher war, daß sie mich nicht zu todt oder den Kopf herabschlugen, und kan mir auch keiner, er sey wer er woll, uflegen, daß ich je einem eines Hellers werth genommen, entwendt oder begehrt hab, sondern so viel mir möglich einem jeden für Schaden und Nachtheil gewest bin, auch mein Lebenlang in keinem Krieg gewest, da ich Gott mehr und fleißiger in dem Feld um Frieden, daß mit Ehren und Fürgen davon kommen mögt, angeruffen und gebetten hab, denn bey denen ebelosen Bauren, und ist auch die Wahrheit, daß der Abt und das Convent zu Ammerbach *) den Hauptleuthen, wer sie denn waren, jeglichem ein oder zween Becher gaben, und wolten mir auch zween geben, das merckt ich wol, daß ein Betrug dahinter war, aber die andern nahmen ihr all, allein ich gab ihnen meine zween wieder, und ließ ufm Tisch stehen, und wolt ihr nit, nit weiß ich, wo sie hinkommen sind, ich habe ihr kein in mein Hauß gebracht, dann etlich Ding kauffet ich den Bauren ab, und wolt meinen, es wäre Silber und übergüldt, aber es waren mössingne Röhren und übergüldet, und liehe mir auch Leonhard von Thurn dasselbig Geld, das ich ihme wieder erstattet, und weiß nit um Pfennig, daß ich es genossen hab, und hat mich glaubwürdig nach solchem Handel glaublich angelanget, wie der Abt von Ammerbach sich hören lassen, er habe viel Silber-Geschirr verlohren, und der Meynung, ob es ihme entwendt wäre worden, davon ich dann bey der Göttlichen Wahrheit nit weiß zu sagen, dann daß ich von den vermeinten Geschirr, als ob [illegible] worden, welches die gründliche Wahrheit ist, und viel guther ehrlicher Leuth darum wissens haben, so hat man auch dasselbig Silber-Geschirr, das der Münch klagt, dann mich da er [illegible] will, hinter ihme selber unter seinem Volk, darauf er geflohen ist, funden, ist gut zu finden, daß ers selber wol behalten und wollen vorenthalten, das hat mir mein Pfarrherr gesagt, der ein frommer ehrlicher Mann, und fürwahr nie kein Lügen von ihm gehört worden, nemlich, mit Namen Friedrich [illegible], der dann länger als 30 Jahr mein und meiner Voreltern Pfarrherr zu Jaxthausen und Neuenstetten gewest **): daß es ein [illegible] aus dem Convent zu Schönthal gesagt, dahin es aber [illegible] von den Mönchen zu Ammerbach kommen, wie dann die Mönch einander nichts verhehlen, das habe ich hiemit zur Verantwortung meiner Ehren, und dieweil ich der Sach auch unschuldig bin, nit unangezeigt lassen wollen ***).

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*) Also werden in Franken an dem Mayn herum diejenige genennet, welche die Steine auf dem Feld setzen.

Siehe Wehnerum in Observ. Pract. sub voc. Siebener p. 477. Was aber Siebener sonst sey, ist daselbst sub voc. [illegible] p. [illegible] zu finden.

**) Dieses geschahe bey Böblingen an der Würm, nicht weit von Stutgard, in dem Würtembergischen Land. Die Bauren sollen [illegible] stark, und [illegible] auf der Wahlstatt geblieben seyn. [illegible] auf den Tag nach Böblingen von dem Bund, unter des Truchses Commando [illegible] Landsknecht von Würzburg Commando [illegible] worden, davon auch bey [illegible] geblieben seyn sollen. Die Schwäbischen Kriegsleute hatten zu ihrem Zeichen ein rothes und die Würtembergischen ein weisses Creutz auf dem Hut oder auf der Brust.

[illegible] Chron. Msc. p. m. [illegible]

***) Ist ein Würzburgischer Orth und Amt zwischen Königshofen und Bischofsheim an der Tauber gelegen.

†) Ist an dem Kocher nicht weit vom [illegible] gelegen, wird sonsten mit dem Zunamen ad differentiam anderer Städte, so auch Neustadt heissen, Neustadt an der Linde genennet, und ist Würtembergisch.

††) Ist ein Hohenlohe-Pfedelbachischer Orth, nicht weit von Oehringen gelegen.

†††) Was nun folgt, führet Herr Götz von Berlichingen zu seiner Apologie und Rechtfertigung an, weil ihme es [illegible] daß er [illegible] vom denen Bauren gebraucht worden, wenn er ihre Gefahr hätte gescheuen können, wie denn in dem Jöcherischen allgemeinen Lexicon sub voc. von Berlichingen, er auf das beste entschuldiget, und ihme viel gutes zugeschrieben wird, also giebet auch diese keinen geringen Behuf, daß Herman Fries schreibet, die Bauren hätten ihn bey Wertheim gefangen, und er mitziehen müssen. Daß er bey denen Bauren, als sie das Schloß Frauenberg bey Würzburg belagert, zu dem Nachdruck gekommen, als man es Feuer in dasselbe hätte bringen wollen, die Besatzung zu verstärken. Daß er und Georg Metzler von Ballenberg, einer von denen vornehmsten Aufrührern, gute Vorschläge zu Würzburg wegen des Schlosses gethan, die Würzburger aber ihm nicht gefolgt hätten, und daß er nit mehr bey denen Bauren gewesen, als diese bey Königshofen und Ingolstatt geschlagen worden, sondern daß er, als sie einen Hauffen ausgeschickt, denen bedrungten Brüdern wider den Schwäbischen Bund zu Hülff zu kommen, und er mit commandiret gewesen, heimlich entronnen. Da der Hauffen nach Krautheim gekommen, wie selbst schreibet, daß es zu Adelsfurth geschehen, ist heimlich bey der Nacht davon gemacht. In dem Schwäbischen Bund befanden aber anderen damals der Kayser, als Erz-Herzog von Oesterreich, der Churfürst von Maynz, und von der Pfalz, der Erz-Bischoff von Salzburg, die Bischöffe von Bamberg, Würzburg, Eichstätt, Augspurg, die Herzoge Wilhelm und Ludwig von Bayern, die Pfalz-Grafen am Rhein, Otto Heinrich und Philipp, die Marggrafen Georg und Albrecht von Brandenburg, der Landgraf Philipp von Hessen, viele Grafen, Herren, von Adel und Städte.

Vid. Sleidanus de statu Religion. L. IV. in s. p. m. [illegible] Nicolaus [illegible] in Thesaur. Hist. sect. L. 1. p. 5. seqq.

*) Ist ein prächtiges Kloster und Städtlein in dem Odenwald gelegener Orth, woselbst es eine Abtey und ein Chur-Maynzisches Ober-Amt hat.

**) Dieses gehört also in Herrn M. Joh. Melchior Crafftens historischen [illegible] der Evangelischen Jubel-Predigten.

***) Welches wie alle dergleichen Geschichte und Begebenheiten nicht als ein Verbrechen noch [illegible] gelten: Also ist es auch mit diesem Bauren-Krieg ergangen: Denn 1) sollen dieselbe allein in Franken und dessen Gränzen bey 200 Schlösser, Klöster und Dörfer zerbrochen und ausgebrannt haben, worunter namentlich auch benannt sind, Altenstein, Lichtenstein, Reichenberg bey Mergentheim, Ingolstadt, Ober-[illegible], Schwarzach, [illegible], Steinheim, Zabelstein, Stolberg, [illegible], das Schloß zu grossen Landsheim, [illegible], [illegible], Schillingsfürst, Hohen-[illegible], Grumbach, [illegible], [illegible], das Kloster [illegible], Kloster [illegible], Schäfftersheim, [illegible], das Kloster zu [illegible], das Kloster Vogelsburg, ohne die, so in Schwabenland und in Sachsen eingeäschert worden, wie zu lesen ist in Herrn Struvens Archiv. P. III. p. 155. seqq. Denn 2) sind viele tausend Bürger und Bauren, so einige auf die Zahl von 50,000, andere auf noch mehr als 100,000 vergrössern wollen.)

§. 2.

Nun kann und will ich meiner groſſer Nothdurfft nach auch einem jeden nit verhalten, daß ich auf etlich Leuth Anſuchen, die meinethalben mit Herrn Georg Truchſeſſen geredt, zu ihme gen Stuttgarten geritten, der dann ein Obriſter Hauptmann und Gouvernator über das ganz Würtemberger-Land geweſt iſt, und wie ich nun etlich Tag bey ihme zu Stuttgarten verharret, und wie der Bäuriſchen Ufruhr und anderer Sachen halber viel Sprach mit einander gehalten haben, trug ſich zu, daß er mich zuletzt anſprach, ich ſolt Königlich Majeſtät Ferdinandus, der jetzund *) Kayſer iſt, Diener werden, und meinet ich wuſt, wo ich hin ſolt, und guten Platz wohl gehabt haben, da ich dann auch gern geweſt wäre, und hatte mir ein guter Freund daſſelbig zugeſchrieben, gleich geſagt ich, daß ichs meines Weibs und Kinder auch meiner Armuth halb etwas thun wolt, und auch daß ich Kayſerl. Majeſtät, unſerm allergnädigſten Herrn, der dann unſer Obriſter Herr im Römiſchen Reich iſt, billiger und ſchuldiger zu dienen, dann einen andern ſeyn ſolt, und ſagte ihme daſſelben zu, daß ich keinen andern Herrn nit annehmen, ſondern ſeines Beſcheids erwarten, [illegible] ſeyn, daß ich auch glaubt war, darauf ichs mehr dann einmal Ihro Gnaden zugeſagt, ich wolte mich darauf verlaſſen, da ſagt er mirs auch zu, und ſolt ich mir billig und meinen Zuſagen nach Glauben halten, und war ſelten ein Wochen, ich reit einmal gen Stuttgarten und lud er mich und thate mir alle Ehre an, und meint, des Beſcheids halben ſtund es gleich wol, wie es aber mir gangen, daß weiß Gott, dann ich bey ſolchem Trauen und Glauben in des Bunds Hand unſchuldig niedergeworffen worden, wie ich dann hievor genugſam gemeldt und angezeigt habe, und hette ich mir ſelbs gefolgt, ſo wolt ich mich an allen meinen Feinden gerochen haben, es wäre dann Sach, daß ich darob zu Grund gangen ſeyn möchte, welches zu Gott dem Allmächtigen geſtanden wäre, und wurde ich dergeſtalt vergläubet *), wann man mich mahnt, ſo ſolt ich mich ſtellen, und war mir doch kein Platz, weder in mein Behauſſung noch anderswo, da ich mich ſtellen ſolt, benannt, allein ich ſolt der Mahnung warten, und lieſſen mich darauf wieder reiten, daraus dann ein jeglicher wol erachten kann, wann ich mich der Gefängnus hoch beſorgt, oder ſchuldig gewuſt hätte, daß ich wol an ein Orth wolt geritten ſeyn, daß ſie mich ihr Lebenlang nicht ſollten gemahnet haben; wolt demnach mit Rath haben ſuchen, daß ſo ich mich geſtellt wolt haben, wolt ich es mit Unterricht gethan haben, das ich dann alle (allzeit) wol gewuſt hett, als einer der lebt, aber ich wuſt mich ſolcher Sachen frey unſchuldig, und das noch mehr iſt, da ich mich ſtellen ſolt und wolt, da kam ich gleich in kurzen Tagen darnach gen Wertheim **) zu meinem gnädigen Herrn Grafen Georgen von Wertheim, der dann gar mein vertrauter und gnädiger Herr war, der mir auch ſein Leib, Haab und Gut, Land und Leuth vertrauet, desgleichen vertraut ich Ihro Gnaden auch, und war mein Bedenken darzu, und allda lag Herr Tillman von Tremen, der war der von Nürnberg Diener und Rittmeiſter, und ſo ich recht behalten, ihr Schultheiß ***) darzu, und lagen all in meiner Herberg zu Wertheim, da ich innen lag;

Nun mein gnädiger Herr Graf Georg rc. der ſchickt gegen den Abend ganz ſpät, da wir ſchon zu Nacht geſſen hatten, einen zu mir in die Herberg, daß ich ſolt am Morgen zum Frühſtücken frühe im Schloß bey Ihro Gnaden ſeyn, das thät ich, dann auch ſchon Ihro Gnaden auf mich warteten, wie ſie mich beſchieden hatten, dann er war ein emſiger Herr in ſeinen Sachen, und bot mir die Hand, empfieng mich, und fragt mich in allem Guten und treuer Meynung, wie ich mich halten wolte, ob ich mich gen Augſpurg ſtellen wolte oder nit, da ſagt ich ja, darwider riethe er mirs wahrlich aus treuer Meynung, anderſt kunt ichs nit mercken, und ſagt, ob ich mich aber ſtellen wolt, da ſagt ich, ich will mich ſtellen, ſolt ich wiſſen, daß ſie mich zu unterſt in Thurn werffen, dann ich weiß mich der Sachen, der Bäuriſchen Aufruhr halben, wie Euer Gnaden ſelbſt wiſſen, unſchuldig, und mit guten Ehren wol zu verantworten, da fuhr er weiter heraus und ſagt, er wolt mir in guter treuer Meynung nit verhalten, daß Befehl verordnet wäre von den Bunds-Ständen, ſo bald ich vor der Herberg ei abſtieg, ſolt man mich den nechſten nehmen und in Thurn werffen, und merckt als viel von Ihro Gnaden, daß ſie ſolches von Herrn Tillmann, von Tremen, wie ich dann nicht anderſt achten kund, verſtanden hatten, doch weiß ich es nit für wahr, dann ich ſolches nit eben von Ihro Gnaden verſtanden, ſo hab ich auch nit wöllen fragen, und lag ſolcher Herr Tillman, wie gemeldt, in meiner Herberg, und wie mir der gute fromme Graf ſagt, alſo gieng mirs auch, allein daß ich oben drauff und nit unten in Thurn kam, da lag ich 2 Jahr, und muſt das Mein verzehren, das mir lange Zeit ſauer worden war ††), und bin darnach von des Herzogs von Würtemberg wegen vierthalb

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Siehe Nicolas P. II. in Sylloge Hist. p. 547. (Pufendorffs Introduction p. 337.)

umkommen und geblieben, am Ende aber und da ſie gedämpfft worden, unter andern folgende hingerichtet worden, als zu Oettingen 4 Bürger, zu Würzburg der Bauren Obriſter Hauptmann Jacob Kohl, ſamt 4 andern Bürgern auf dem Markt, 19 vor der Kapellen, 30 auf dem Rennweg, 10 bey dem grünen Baum, 10 zu Königshofen, 14 zu Meiningen, 5 zu Weiſſenſtatt, item 2 Hauptleuthe, 5 zu Zellingen, 14 zu Neuſtadt und Biſchofsheim, 22 und dann 14 zu Münnerſtadt, 9 zu Arnſtein, 12 zu Werneck, 5 zu Volkach, 3 zu Schlüſſelfeld, 3 zu Au, 4 zu Röttingen, 8 zu Laude, noch 13 zu Würzburg, 9 zu Carlſtatt, 3 zu Heydingsfeld, 4 zu Ballenberg, 5 zu Oehringen, 12 bey Neckars-Ulm, von denen 230 Bürgern zu Königshofen ſollen ſehr wenige mit dem Leben aus der Schlacht davon kommen ſeyn. Zu Kitzingen ſind Donnerſtags nach Pfingſten 5 von Burg-Bernheim die Köpfe abgeſchlagen, Freytags hernach 62 Männern die Augen ausgeſtochen, dann Sonntag darauf noch 4 die Köpfe abgeſchlagen und 1 die Augen ausgeſtochen, zu Hammelburg aber 8 enthauptet. Daher aber von einigen angemerket worden ſeyn, daß ein mancher unſchuldiger Weiſe angegeben und in der Hitze zum Todt verurtheilet worden; Sonſten hatten ſich unter andern auch folgende Städte oder wenigſtens ihre Bürger in Franken des Aufruhrs wo nicht alle jedoch zum Theil ſchuldig gemacht, als die zu Rotenburg ob der Tauber, Oehringen, Mergentheil, Würzburg, Kitzingen, Schweinfurth, Königshofen, Grünsfeld, Meiningen, Münnerſtadt, Mellrichſtadt, Fladungen, Biſchofsheim, Geroldshofen, Haßfurth, Eltmann, Krautheim, Schwarzach, Ditmann, Gemünden, Rottenfels, Carlſtadt, Dettelbach, Heydingsfeld, Hohenburg, Schlüſſelfeld, Werneck, Klingenberg, Ebelſtadt, Eſſenfeld, Eltmannshauſen, Bramberg, Weiſſach, Volkach, Lauden, Röttingen, Neuſtadt, Jphofen, Mellrichſtadt, Eibert, Trimberg, Au, Wildbad rc. rc.

Add. Chron. Mot. Halleae. P. I. p. m. 77.

Woſelbſt übrigens Edelleuthe in Franken ſich vereiniget hatten, ſo vor dem Bauren-Krieg von dem Schwäbiſchen Bund ruinirt worden. Der Zug des Schwäbiſchen Bunds geſchahe alſo: Nachdem die Bauren bey Böblingen geſchlagen waren, und in dem Creichgau ſolche gar zu Paaren gebracht waren, gienge es auf Weinſperg los. Sonntag Exaudi conjungirte ſich der Chur-Fürſt von Pfalz mit demſelben, und zog man darauf nach Neckars-Ulm, die Bauren zu Oehringen aber retirirten ſich von da nach Krautheim, woſelbſt ſich die von Würzburg mit ihnen conjungirten, zurück über die Tauber giengen, ſich oberhalb des Bergs bey 8000 Mann ſtark ſetzten, und des Bunds erwarteten, da ſie dann von dem Bund auf das Haupt geſchlagen wurden. Den Pfingſt-Sonntag zog der Bund ferner fort auf Würzburg zu, das Schloß von der Belagerung zu befreyen, ihm aber kamen Bauren entgegen, welche aber ebenfalls bey Sulzdorf, Ingolſtadt und Giebelſtadt geſchlagen, und ſie wurden eben wie das Viehe niedergemacht worden, nun ſetzte der Bund Montags auf Heydingsfeld, Würzburg und Schweinfurth eingenommen, nachdem vorhero die Bauren die Belagerung aufgehoben, und ſich in die Stadt retirirt gehabt hatten.

*) Nemlich zu der Zeit, da Herr Götz von Berlichingen dieſes geſchrieben, dann als dieſe Geſchicht geſchehen, hat Kayſer Carl noch regiert, und iſt ſein Herr Bruder Ferdinandus nur Römiſcher König geweſen.

*) d. i. Durch einen Eyd, als ein Votum oder Gelübdt gebunden.

**) Dieſes war eben der Herr, ſo die Bauren commandirt, als das Schloß zu Würzburg von ihnen belagert worden, deſſen Schweſter Marthen Graf Wolffgang von Caſtell, ſo damals im belagerten Schloß gelegen, und ſolches defendiren helffen, zur Ehe gehabt; Dieſer ſolle zu jenem geſagt haben, als die von der Beſatzung und die Bäuriſche Hauptleuthe mit einander capituliren wollen: Wilſtu denn mein Feind ſeyn, und ich ſolle bey deiner Schweſter gelegen, wie reimet ſich das zuſammen, worauf aber Graf Georg von Wertheim geantwortet: Es wäre kein Scherz, und er mit ſamt ſeiner Herrſchafft und Unterthanen zum Bauren worden.

Siehe Lorenz Frieſe apud script. Episcop. Herbip. p. 939.

***) Verſtehet ſich nicht ein Land- oder Dorff- ſondern Raths-Schultheiß zu Nürnberg, welches Amt ante Annum 1382 gemeiniglich einer vom frembden Adel gehabt, nachdem aber verordnet worden, daß ſolches jedesmal der älteſte des Raths verwalten ſolle. — Siehe die Nachrichten von der Stadt Nürnberg p. 41. 155. 176. 415. item Anonymus von der Stadt Nürnberg p. 55.

†) Nemlich zu Augſpurg, wenn der Herr Götz von Berlichingen dahin kommen würde.

††) Der modus acquirendi war eben auch nicht allzeit der beſte, und hat daher geheiſſen: Wie gewonnen, ſo zerronnen.

Jahr zu Heilbronn *) gefangen gelegen, habe das Mein darſelbſt auch verzehrt, und ihnen Geld darzu geben **) müſſen, das ſind ſchon ſchon 5½ Jahr, darinnen ich gefänglich enthalten worden, darnach mir Kayſerliche Majeſtät mich in Ihro Kayſerliche Majeſtät Schutz, Schirm und Glaidt aufgenommen ***) und in ſolchem Glait-Brief mir zu gut angezeigt, daß Ihro Kayſerliche Majeſtät mich wolten in Ungarn brauchen, habe ich mich 16 Jahr in meiner Behauſung behalten, und bin nit aus meiner Marck kommen, und habe mich anderſt nit, dann wie ich verpflicht geweſt, gehalten, wie ich bey der göttlichen Wahrheit ſagen darf, und als ich einmal ufm Werbwerck geweſt, uf ein Wieſen-Plätzlein kommen, und der Marckung, ſo mir in der Verſchreibung beſtimmt geweſen, nit in Acht genommen, bin ich gleich darob erſchrocken, und dacht ich, ich wäre aus der Marckung, aber die Verſchreibung ſtund ſo weit mein Marckung Zinnß und Gült †) reicht, da erfuhr ich alsbald bey meinen Verwandten, daß mir das Wieſlein ein Gemmerhauen zu Zinnß gab, und ward froh und wol zufrieden, daß ich nit aus der Marckung geſchritten ††), wiewohl es ungefährlicher Weiß geſchehen war †††), aus dem allen kunten alle Stånd, Chur-Fürſten, Grafen, Freyherrn, Ritter und Knecht, hoch oder niedern Stands wol und leicht erachten, was mein Sinn und Gemüth allweg geweſt, und auch wiſſentlich iſt, daß ich viel Chur- und Fürſten, auch meiner gleichen, auch andere hoch und niedern Stands, und ſchier vom höchſten bis zum Niederſten ohne alle Beſoldung aus freyem Willen, mein Leib und Leben, Blut und Gut in ihren Händeln und Kriegen, in Gefährlichkeit begeben, und darob auch große Noth erlitten, daher ich es jetzt, zumal ſo viel dieſer Articul berührt, auch beruhen und bleiben laſſen will.

August Friedrich Bernhardi,

ein als Sprachforſcher und ſatyriſcher Schriftſteller rühmlichſt bekannter Gelehrter, ward am 24. Juni 1770 in Berlin geboren, beſuchte das joachimsthaliſche Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte darauf zu Halle, vorzüglich unter Wolf's Leitung, Philologie und Pädagogik. Nachdem er ſeine akademiſche Bildung vollendet hatte, ward er Subrector des friedrichswerderſchen Gymnaſiums zu Berlin, dann ſeit 1803 Prorector und endlich ſeit 1808 Director, dieſer Anſtalt, ſowie der Realſchule. Später habilitirte er ſich auch an der dortigen Univerſität als Privatdocent, hielt jedoch nur wenige Vorleſungen. Im Jahre 1816 ward er zum Konſiſtorialrath erhoben. Er ſtarb am 2. Juni 1820 zu Berlin.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Bambocciaden. Berlin, 1797—1800. 3 Thle.

Kynoſarges. Berlin, 1801 (eine literäriſch-kritiſche Zeitſchrift, von der nur das erſte Stück erſchienen iſt).

Sprachlehre. Berlin, 1800. 2 Thle. — Spätere erweiterte Umarbeitung. Berlin, 1801—3. 2 Thle.

Anfangsgründe der Sprachwiſſenſchaft. Berlin, 1805.

Ueber das Alphabet. Berlin, 1810.

Ueber den Philoktet des Sophokles. Berlin, 1811. N. A. 1825.

Anſichten über die Organiſation der gelehrten Schulen. Jena, 1818.

Einzelne Gedichte in Tieck's und Schlegel's Muſenalmanach u. ſ. w.

Ueber Bernhardi's Beſtrebungen als Sprachforſcher urtheilt ein ſehr geeigneter Richter, Gruber, in ſeinem Wörterbuch zum Behuf der Aeſthetik, [illegible], dieſe mit wenigen Worten trefflich charakteriſirend. „Wie iſt es möglich, mit einigen tauſend Klängen die Menſchheit und die ſinnliche Natur zu erfaſſen und darzuſtellen? Wie iſt es möglich, dieſe Klänge bald zu willigen Dienern des Verſtandes, bald zu Formen zu machen, aus ihnen Formen zu bilden, welche wieder in dem Reiche der Erſcheinungen als wirklich ſtehen, und durch dieſes Eintreffen für die Wahrheiten höherer Art bürgen? Wodurch hat die bewegte Luft die Kraft, wenn ſie als Ton in das Ohr fällt, hinabzuſteigen in den Geiſt und dort, wie der Wind auf dem Waſſer, bald ein ſanftes Kräuſeln, bald wilde Wellen zu erregen? Und durch welche Zauberei bewegt der Dichter durch das Medium der Sprache für Geſchöpfe ſeiner Phantaſie unſere innerſte Seele, warum lieben und haſſen, lachen und weinen, ſchaudern und entſetzen wir uns nach ſeiner Willkür"? Das gefühlte Bedürfniß einer Beantwortung dieſer Fragen, welche die bisherigen Sprachphiloſophen, wenn ſie auch dieſelbe verſucht, doch bei Weitem nicht befriedigend gegeben hatten, nöthigte den ſcharfſinnigen, mit wahrhaft philoſophiſchem Geiſt ausgerüſteten Forſcher, einen Punkt auszumitteln, wo dieſe Sprache mit der Natur des Menſchen zuſammenhänge, um von ihm aus theils die Sprachgrundſätze zu entwickeln und als nothwendig darzuſtellen, theils die einzelnen Erſcheinungen aus ihnen zu erklären, zu rechtfertigen, zu entſchuldigen und auf ſie zurückzuführen. Wie er bei ſolchem Unternehmen zu Entwickelungen und Erörterungen der höchſten und wunderbarſten Erſcheinungen im Gebiete der geiſtigen Energieen des Menſchen, der Philoſophie und Poeſie, gelangen, eine Philoſophie poetiſcher Sprachdarſtellung begründen und hierdurch zugleich Licht über das ganze Gebiet der Kunſt verbreiten mußte, ergibt ſich Dem, dem der innige Zuſammenhang der geiſtigen Energieen nicht fremd iſt, leicht. So ſich beſtrebend, ahnte Bernhardi ſchon, was ſpäter mit völliger Gewißheit ausgeſprochen wurde, ſo wie mit Erfolg behandelt, daß es durchaus nothwendig ſey, mit reger Aufmerkſamkeit bei linguiſtiſchen Forſchungen die hiſtoriſche Entwickelung und Fortbildung einer Sprache im Auge zu behalten. — Wenn auch ſpätere Bemühungen, durch die philoſophiſchen und ſprachlichen Fortſchritte unſerer Zeit getragen, tiefer in die Philoſophie der Grammatik eindrangen, ſo gebührt ihm doch vor Allem das Lob, einer der Erſten geweſen zu ſeyn, welche dieſe Bahn eröffneten.

Als Belletriſt zeichnet ſich Bernhardi durch eine äußerſt feine Satyre, glücklichen Humor, geiſtreiche, lebhafte Darſtellung und einen vortrefflichen Styl aus. — Seine Bambocciaden (ſatyriſche Gemählder, nach einem niederländiſchen Maler ſo genannt) ſind bei Weitem nicht ſo bekannt, als ſie es jener trefflichen Eigenſchaften wegen verdienen; die hier mitgetheilte Probe wird unſeren Ausſpruch beſtätigen. —

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*) Siehe oben a.

**) Nemlich 2000 Fl. Siehe oben a.

***) Siehe oben a.

†) D. i. ſo weit ich Marckungs- oder Dorffs- dann Erbzinnßherr wäre: Dann in dem Hohenlohiſchen und der Enden wird auch der Canon emphyteuticus, der Erb-Zinnß, er beſtehe gleich in Geld oder Geldswerth, ein Gült genennet.

††) Von denen [illegible] wird es eine Confinatio genennet, wann einer an einen gewiſſen Orth hin in eine Stadt, Dorff, oder Marckung, alſo gebannt werden, daß er die vorgeſchriebene Grenzen nicht überſchreiten darf.

†††) Unwiſſend ſündiget nicht.

Sechs Stunden aus Finks Leben *).

Erſte Stunde.

Von fünf Uhr Abends bis ſechs Uhr.

Fink ſaß auf ſeinem Sopha am Ofen, mit friſirtem Kopfe, in tiefem Negligee, und las Göthens Iphigenie. Es ſchlug fünf Uhr, jemand ſtürmte die Treppe herauf: es war Finks Herzensfreund, der junge Hartmann, welcher heftig, den Hut auf dem Kopfe, eintrat, um Fink zur Geſellſchaft bei dem Rathe abzuholen.

Fink hatte ein kleines Vermögen und viele Bedürfniſſe; ſeine Kapitale verloren ſich unter ſeinen Händen, und die Alphabete, mit denen er die Welt beſchenkte, waren nicht hinreichend, die Lücken auszufüllen, welche Spiel, Wein, Mädchen u. ſ. w. in ſein Vermögen geriſſen hatten. Er ſah ſich deswegen nach einem Amte um; und da er von Jugend auf Lektüre gehabt, auf Univerſitäten Aeſthetik gehört, und wirklich über dieſe Gegenſtände viel nachgedacht hatte, ſo hielt er ſich zu einem Profeſſor der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften für fähig und berufen, und hatte durch die Beckerſche Familie, welche viel Einfluß und drei mannbare Töchter hatte, ſich dem Miniſter, welcher die Profeſſur vergab, empfehlen laſſen. Bei dem Rathe Banian ſollte er dem Miniſter präſentirt werden, und aus ſeinem Munde die Entſcheidung hören.

Aber Fink! ſagte Hartmann, indem er noch die Thüre in der Hand hielt, noch nicht einmal angezogen! Heute, wo das Glück Ihres Lebens, die Ruhe Ihres Alters auf dem Spiele ſteht — —

Ach! ich hatte mich ſo vertieft, ſagte Fink, und die Zeit ging hin unter dieſer Lektüre, ich weiß nicht wie — — Sehn Sie, wenn man über Iphigenie die Zeit vergißt, ſo iſt man wahrlich zu entſchuldigen. Welch ein Meiſterwerk iſt dieſes Stück! Der reinſte Abdruck des griechiſchen Menſchengeiſtes — ich weiß nicht, ob Sie mich verſtehn?

Ein andermal davon, ſagte Hartmann — jetzt ziehn Sie ſich nur an.

Nein! nicht ein andermal, jetzt — mein Herz iſt voll und warm, und dann ſpricht man am beſten über Dichter — Sehn Sie, ich meine — jedes Produkt der ſchönen griechiſchen Kunſt, fordert, um verſtanden zu werden, Griechen — In jeder Zeile, in jeder Anſpielung, liegt für uns Stoff zu einer antiquariſchen Anmerkung; aber in Göthens Iphigenie iſt nur die allgemeine Schönheit alles das, was uns unter jeder Bedingung rührt und entzückt, weil es nicht griechiſch, ſondern menſchlich iſt, zuſammengetragen und mit jener äußern griechiſchen Form verbunden, als da ſind: Simplicität der Fabel, des Dialogs; häufige, prätenſionsloſe, tiefe Sentenzen und Reflexionen und —

Ja doch! o ja doch! ſagte Hartmann, und ſah nach der Uhr.

Ferner der Plan — giebt es ein größeres Meiſterſtück als dieſes? er iſt mir immer wie ein anmuthiger Hügel vorgekommen, welchen man auf der einen Seite beſteigt und auf der andern verläßt — bis zur Scene, wo Oreſtes wahnſinnig wird, ſteigt das Intereſſe der Leidenſchaft immer höher, und von da führen die Sitten der Perſonen und die Handlung es fort und einem ſanften Schluſſe zu —

Sie haben ſehr recht, aber — — es wird wirklich ſpät.

Nur noch darauf mögt' ich Sie aufmerkſam machen; welch ein tiefer Sinn in der Idee liegt, daß Iphigenie durch einen unwillkührlichen Zug ihres Herzens getrieben, den Anſchlag entdeckt, welchen Pylades gegen Thoas hegt, und daß auf dieſe Folgſamkeit gegen das innere Gefühl das Glück der Iphigenia, des Oreſtes und des Pylades gegründet wird. — Sie glauben nicht, wie klein mir Dichter vorkommen, welche eine Reihe von Maſchinen erfinden, um eine ſogenannte gute Lehre den Menſchen einzuimpfen, da es hier mit ſo wenigem Aufwande, ſo faſt unvermerkt, und doch ſo innig geſchieht — Wahrlich! ich würde den Menſchen, welcher, wenn er die Iphigenie geleſen, hingehn und ſchmeicheln oder die Wahrheit verläugnen könnte, ich würde ihn auf das Aeußerſte verachten; ich würde zweifeln, ob Plato recht habe, wenn er ſagt, daß die Menſchen nur die Göttlichkeit der Tugend zu ſehen brauchten, um ſie anzubeten.

Wollen Sie ſich nicht anziehn? Es iſt halb ſechs Uhr, ſagte Hartmann in vollem Aerger.

Was das für Menſchen ſind! ſagte Fink, und ſtampfte mit dem Fuße. In dieſer Stimmung denke ich nicht an die Zeit und an andere Menſchen; die Profeſſur, welche ich bekommen ſoll, kömmt mir wie eine Narrenkappe vor, welche ich aufſetzen muß, damit die andern Narren mich nicht auslachen.

Ich habe ſchon oft bemerkt, ſagte Hartmann, wie intolerant Sie ſind, wenn Sie in Enthuſiasmus gerathen. Ich tadle es nicht, daß uns Produkte der ſchönen Künſte entzücken; nur muß unſre Liebe, zu den Künſten nie das praktiſche Leben durchſchneiden, ſondern wie Parallellinien daneben herlaufen, ohne es in einem Punkte zu berühren.

Etwas Schlechteres haben Sie lange nicht geſagt, unterbrach ihn Fink. Was ſind denn die ſchönen Künſte werth? Und was gelten die durch ſie erregten ſchönen Empfindungen, wenn ſie nicht eine Stimmung in der Seele hervorbringen, welche einen wohlthätigen Einfluß hat, nicht nur in den Momenten, wo ich als ſelbſtſtändiges Weſen eigentlich mich ſelbſt und meine Stimmung genieße, ſondern auch wenn ich mit andern Weſen zuſammentreffe. Das iſt eben das Hohe in den ſchönen Künſten, daß ſie die Seele anfaſſen, man weiß nicht wie, und daß ihr Einfluß auf die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft nie ſchädlich, aber, ohne daß man es berechnen kann wie ſehr, immer wohlthätig iſt. Wenn ich aber einen Proceß ſchlichte — —

Sie verfallen in Paradoxen — laſſen Sie uns ſtatt des Allgemeinen ins Beſondere gehn. Sehen Sie, bei Ihrer ungemeinen Neigung keine Zeit zu reſpektiren, hätten Sie ein Amt, wie würden Sie dieſem warten! Wie oft würden Sie den poetiſchen Enthuſiasmus der bürgerlichen Pflicht vortreten laſſen — und wäre das recht gehandelt!

Nein! ſagte Fink; aber iſt denn das recht, immer in dem bürgerlichen Kreiſe zu leben, und ſo, wie Sie, keinen Begriff mehr reſpektiren, als den der Zeit? Sie thun wahrlich gerade, als wenn die Natur und nicht die Menſchen die Stunden erfunden hätte, als wenn das ganze Leben eine Muſik wäre, und die Stunden die einzelnen Takte, in welchen eine beſtimmte Anzahl Noten müßten angeſpielt werden —

Und wenn dem ſo wäre, wie es nicht iſt, wenn ich mich ſo an Minuten bände: wäre es denn nicht Ihre Pflicht, meiner Schwachheit nachzuſehn?

Und wäre es nicht Ihre Pflicht, ſagte Fink, von Ihrer Schwachheit etwas abzuweichen, um meine zu unterſtützen!

Das iſt egoiſtiſch gedacht!

So! wenn ich mich recht erinnere, ſo tadeln Sie ſelten etwas anders an mir, als eben dieſe Ungefälligkeit in dieſem Punkte.

Sehr wahr! ſagte Hartmann.

Nun, lieber Herr! ich tadle noch viel mehr Schwachheiten an Ihnen; aber ich fordere nicht, daß Sie ſie ablegen ſollen. Nun ſtänden wir alſo in dieſem einen Punkte völlig gleich, und nun frage ich Sie: Sie, der Sie Ablegung dieſer meiner Schwäche als Gefälligkeit von mir fodern, warum leiſten Sie mir dieſe Gefälligkeit nicht, da es ebenfalls nur das Einzige iſt, was ich von Ihnen begehre? Ich möchte nun wohl fragen: wer von uns beiden iſt mehr Egoiſt? Und ich denke, man wird wohl antworten müſſen: beide gleich ſtark.

In dem Augenblicke fuhr ein Wagen vor. Hartmann riß mit Heftigkeit die Uhr aus der Taſche. Nun bitte ich Sie um Gotteswillen! in zehn Minuten iſt's ſechs Uhr; nun ſollen wir noch zu Beckers fahren, vor ſieben Uhr können wir nicht bei Banians ſeyn.

Aber, mein Gott! ſagte Fink, wer hat denn nun aufgehalten? Ich hätte mich lange angezogen, wenn Sie ſich mit mir nicht gezankt hätten.

Gezankt! erwiederte Hartmann, das nennen Sie wahrſcheinlich nur darum zanken, um mich bei Gelegenheit zänkiſch zu nennen.

So! Das iſt wohl nicht gezankt, wenn man jemanden einen Egoiſten nennt? Man zankt wohl nur dann, wenn man ſich ſchimpft?

Und Sie hätten ſich wohl, ſagte Hartmann, nicht während unſeres Geſpräches anziehen können! — Nun, ſo ziehen Sie ſich wenigſtens jetzt an.

Gleich! ſagte Fink, und ſprang an die Klingel. Friedrich! reine Wäſche, mein braunes Kleid, die ſtreifigte Weſte und die ſchwarzen ſeidnen Strümpfe — aber nun die Beinkleider!

Um Gotteswillen! eilen Sie.

Nun, mehr kann ich nicht thun, ſagte Fink, als daß ich eile; der Schade iſt ja doch einmal geſchehn.

Hartmann kehrte ſich mürriſch gegen das Fenſter, und ſah durch die Scheiben.

Fink ſteckte ſich nun nach und nach in die Kleider, alles zog er ſchief, alles verkehrt an, er ſtampfte öfters mit den Füßen, und leitete auf dieſe Art ſeinen Zorn in die Erde ab. Endlich ſtand er ſchmuck angezogen da. Er wandte ſich an Hartmann.

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*) Aus: Bambocciaden von Bernhardi. Berlin, 1797. S. 139 folgende.

Nun! ſagte er zu dieſem, noch mürriſch?

Ach, laſſen Sie mich! ſagte Hartmann, Sie verderben einem jedes Vergnügen durch dieſe verdammte Nachläſſigkeit.

Wer verdirbt denn, ſagte Fink kalt — ich verlange ja nur, was ich gebe, Toleranz.

Schon gut! Aber Sie werden ſehn, wie unglücklich Sie ſich durch ſolche Nachläſſigkeiten noch machen werden. Es fehlt Ihnen ganz an Weltkenntniß, und da wäre es wohl billig, daß Sie auf mich hörten, der ich zwei Jahre älter als Sie bin, und von Jugend auf in der Welt gelebt habe.

Wollen wir jetzt gehn? ſagte Fink.

Kommen Sie, erwiederte Hartmann; aber Sie haben mich ganz verdrüßlich gemacht; ich kann nicht dafür, ſo unrecht es iſt: ich bin ganz verſtimmt.

Sie fuhren nach dem Beckerſchen Hauſe.

Zweite Stunde.

Von ſechs bis ſieben Uhr.

Der Wagen hielt vor Beckers Thüre. Fink und Hartmann ſtiegen aus, und fanden in einem Zimmer Mademoiſell Caroline Becker, welche die Fremden empfieng, weil Vater, Mutter und Schweſtern noch mit dem Putze zu dieſem Feſte beſchäftigt waren.

Mademoiſell Becker hatte eine Phyſiognomie, welche einer Schwärmerin nicht übel ſtehen würde; allein ſie hatte nichts von dieſer als die Phyſiognomie, welches ſie auch recht gut wußte. Sie ſuchte daher durch einen Putz, welchen ich idealiſch nennen möchte, — wenigſtens war immer ein oder das andere Stück von dieſer Beſchaffenheit, — den Eindruck ihrer leichten Schönheit dauernder zu machen. So gieng ſie ein halbes Jahr, aller Mode zum Trotz, mit einer Roſe in den Haaren und großen blauen Glaskorallen um den Hals, welcher Putz ihr eben des Abweichenden wegen, das Anſehn einer Fremden und etwas Pikantes gab, welches ihre Nebenbuhlerinnen, und dazu gehörten damals alle unverheirathete Mädchen, vergeblich zu erlangen ſuchten und daher verläſterten.

Seyn Sie uns willkommen, meine Herren! ſagte ſie. Wie befinden Sie ſich, Herr Fink?

Nicht wohl, Mademoiſell! erwiederte dieſer, und Sie — doch Sie müſſen ſich wohl befinden oder — es geſchieht das himmelſchreiendſte Unrecht.

Ich habe Zahnweh, ſagte ſie; ſehn Sie? die Backe iſt mir ein wenig angeſchwollen.

Man merkt es nicht, Mademoiſell! — Treten Sie ſo, wahrlich man merkt es nicht — aber freilich kein Wunder iſt es, Zahnweh zu haben, das Wetter —

Ich geſtehe Ihnen, ſagte Mademoiſell Becker, ich würde mich gar nicht um das Wetter bekümmern, wenn es mir nicht Zahnweh verurſachte — Sie wiſſen, wie ich darin denke: ein Hausfreund zaubert mitten im häßlichſten Winter mit den ſchönſten Frühling in das Zimmer — aber warum beſuchen Sie uns ſo ſelten?

Ich glaube, ich habe Sie oft genug incommodirt, erwiederte Fink, und beſonders Ihren Herrn Vater, dem ich meinen Dank nicht genug ſagen kann, wenn es anders ſo iſt, wie er mir ſchrieb, daß nur der Miniſter mich noch ſehn wolle, um mir die Stelle zu conferiren.

So iſt es! Und ich gratulire Ihnen nicht bloß zur Stelle, ſondern auch zu dem, was Ihr Herren gewöhnlich mit der Stelle zu bekommen ſucht, zur Frau — Nicht wahr, Herr Hartmann! da fällt Ihnen auf, ein Frauenzimmer, und noch dazu ein unverheirathetes, ſo ſprechen zu hören? aber fragen Sie nur Herrn Fink, ob er mich nicht oft eine Philoſophin genannt hat, und daher muß er mich entſchuldigen; ſonſt müßte ich freilich bitten, mich nicht nach meinen Einfällen zu beurtheilen.

O, Mademoiſell! erwiederte Hartmann, Sie ſind gefährlich. Sie haben tiefer in ſein Herz geſehn als ich — er hat ſeit einiger Zeit viel Gedichte geſchrieben: ich glaube wirklich, daß er verliebt iſt.

Mademoiſell Becker ward roth, denn dieſe Gedichte waren an ſie.

Wir wollen, ſagte ſie, Ihrem Freunde, wenn er ein ſolches Geheimniß hat, es weder durch Zureden noch durch Spöttereien entreißen. Er wird es uns ſchon ſagen, wenn er es für nöthig findet — Nicht wahr, Herr Fink — ich kann auf Ihr Vertrauen rechnen?

Mademoiſell! ſagte Fink in einiger Verwirrung, Sie beſchämen mich — er beugte ſich bei dieſen Worten auf ihre Hand und küßte ſie mit einer kleinen Heftigkeit.

Der Vater trat ein. Ein gerader Mann, der immer die gebahnteſten Wege, das heißt, die Wege gieng, auf welchen die meiſten gehn.

Sieh da, mein lieber Freund! ſagte er zu Fink, und umarmte ihn; ſind Sie es? nun ich gratulire — Ihr Diener, lieber Herr Hartmann! ich hoffe, Ihr Freund iſt recht heiter.

O ja, lieber Herr Becker! ſagte Hartmann.

Und das danke ich Ihnen allein, fiel Fink ihm in die Rede; Sie haben mich mit Ihrem Rathe, mit Ihrem Einfluſſe, wie ein Vater, unterſtützt, was wäre ich ohne Sie —

Und Sie, mein lieber Fink! haben ſich immer gegen mich als Sohn betragen, ich habe Sie ſehr lieb gewonnen, Sie ſind ein ſolider junger Mann, welcher alle Unterſtützung und Achtung verdient. Ich habe mich recht gefreut, Ihnen dienen zu können, und wenn noch irgend etwas zu Ihrem Glücke fehlt, ſo ſagen Sie es mir, und wenn es in meinen Kräften ſteht, ſo werde ich ſie anſtrengen, um Ihnen es zu gewähren.

Ich danke Ihnen — wenn ich vielleicht alſo Ihre Vorſprache — er ſah ſeitwärts auf Mademoiſell Becker — und wer weiß, wie bald das kommt — wenn ich Sie ſollte nöthig haben — ſo werden Sie mich gewiß unterſtützen.

Gewiß, ſagte der Vater mit freundlichem Lächeln, — ganz gewiß, mein lieber Herr Fink! Dabei drückte er ihm die Hand und küßte ihn. Wir ſehn uns doch heute Abend? — Sie verzeihn! Ich habe noch einige Geſchäfte — wollen Sie noch hier verweilen, ſo ſchlage ich Ihnen meine Tochter zur Geſellſchaft vor.

Der Vater gieng — Erſt halb ſieben Uhr: Sie haben ja noch Zeit, ſagte Caroline.

Verzeihen Sie, ſagte Hartmann, es iſt ſchon fünf Minuten über halb.

Und wenn auch, ſagte ſie — Apropos, Herr Hartmann! Wiſſen Sie wohl, daß ich neue Muſikalien bekommen habe? — Hier, ſehn Sie dieſe Sonate — ſie iſt vortrefflich! Wollen Sie ſie einmal probiren?

Sie öffnete bei dieſen Worten das Fortepiano, und Hartmann ſtümperte mit dem größten Verdruß darauf herum. Caroline wandte ſich ſogleich zu Fink.

Sie haben, ſagte ſie, in Ihrer letzten Schrift das häusliche Glück ſo lebhaft und innig geſchildert, daß ich die Stelle S. 35 im zweiten Theile — ſehn Sie, ſo habe ich Ihre Schriften inne — mehr als dreimal geleſen habe.

Ich habe, erwiederte Fink, als ich die Schilderung entwarf, an Ihren Familienzirkel und an Ihre Geſellſchaft gedacht. Die Mutter in meinem Buche, ſo iſt Ihre Frau Mutter, und ſo wie Mädchen, müßten Sie als Gattin ſeyn — Bei den letzten küßte er ihre Hand.

Caroline erröthete. — Sie ſchmeicheln mir, ſagte ſie — und das thut mir leid. Ich bin ein unbefangenes Mädchen, welches leicht auf Schmeicheleien hört, und Sie haben es zu verantworten, wenn ich auf mich ſtolz werde, da ich bis jetzt nur eitel war.

O! ſagte Fink, welch eine liebenswürdige Schalkheit und Offenheit.

Zeit! Allerdings iſt es die [illegible], ſagte Hartmann, und ſprang von dem Fortepiano auf.

Sie ſehn, ſagte Fink leiſe, was mich eigentlich von Ihnen trennt: die Zeit und mein Freund Hartmann. Ich habe noch das Vergnügen, Sie heute Abend zu ſehn.

Das Vergnügen wird auf meiner Seite ſeyn, ſagte Caroline, und ſah bei dem accompagnirenden Knixe Fink allein an.

Kaum waren beide Freunde in den Wagen gekommen, welcher nun nach [illegible] Hauſe fuhr, ſo brach Hartmann los. Aber, Fink! ſagen Sie mir, wie können Sie das Betragen mit [illegible], mit Freundſchaft, mit Rechtſchaffenheit reimen, welches Sie in dieſer Familie und gegen mich jetzt eben beobachtet haben.

Es reimt ſich doch noch immer eben ſo gut zuſammen, als die neueſten Verſe — aber was habe ich denn ſchon wieder gethan?

Was Sie gethan haben? ſagte Hartmann; Sie lieben doch die reiche Mademoiſell [illegible], und wollen ſie heirathen?

Allerdings! Nun, was weiter?

Und Sie unterfangen ſich, in dem Herzen eines alltäglichen, eiteln, trivialen Geſchöpfs Hoffnungen zu erregen, welche Sie nicht zu erfüllen im Stande noch Willens ſind.

Hoffnungen, ſagte Fink, wie die Leute ſich ausdrücken. — Glauben Sie mir, ich bin weder ſo niedrig noch ſo vorzüglich, als Sie glauben; ich bin ein ganz gewöhnlicher Menſch, der eben ſo wenig Ihrem Ideale als dem Bilde entſpricht, welches Sie in Stunden übler Laune ſich von ihm entwerfen.

Was ſoll das hier? ſagte Hartmann; die ganze Frage iſt die: iſt es recht, einem Mädchen zu verſtehen zu geben, man wolle ſie heirathen, blos um ein paar angenehme Viertelſtunden zu haben.

Es iſt Ihr ewiger Fehler, ſagte Fink, jedes Ding nur von einer Seite anzuſehn. Ich werde in Beckers Haus introduzirt, drei mannbare Töchter werden mir vorgezeigt und mir zu verſtehn gegeben, ich könnte mir eine davon zur Frau ausſuchen; ich kann des alten Beckers Einfluß benutzen, um die Profeſſur zu erlangen: ſoll ich nun dieſer Familie, welche übrigens eine der gemeinſten iſt, welche ich kenne, ſoll ich dieſer mein Geheimniß anvertrauen, daß ich ſchon verſprochen ſey? Ich laſſe alſo die Sache auf ſich beruhen; man nimmt meine Galanterien für Aeußerungen der Leidenſchaft — was kann ich dazu — man verwendet ſeinen Einfluß, um mir ein Amt und eine Tochter an den Hals zu werfen: ſoll ich nein ſagen, da nicht ich, ſondern Beckers das primum mobile waren? Zudem habe ich mich wirklich in dem Hauſe oft amüſirt, und war eine Zeitlang in der That verliebt.

Wofür ſoll ich Sie halten? Sie ein Bräutigam — Sie bekennen, daß Sie ein anderes Mädchen lieben.

Und warum nicht? Es giebt ja tauſend Menſchen; nur iſt beinahe keiner ſo aufrichtig, ſo dreiſt herauszuſagen, was er fühlt, als ich. Meine Braut iſt abweſend: was iſt natürlicher, als daß ich eine Perſon ſuche, welcher ich das lebhafte Bild von meiner Geliebten, welches ich in meiner Einbildungskraft mit mir trage, anpaſſe. Man kommt mir gerade Mademoiſell Becker entgegen, welche wirklich eine entfernte Aehnlichkeit von meiner Braut hat. Was kann ich dafür, daß ſie es gerade iſt, an welche ſich meine Liebe hängt? Was kann ich dafür, daß ſie dieſe Liebe für ernſtlicher hält, als ſie iſt; daß Vater, Mutter und Tochter einen Plan entwerfen, mich zu fangen, daß ſie mir darum ein Amt ſchaffen — kurz und gut, als die Sache einmal ſoweit gekommen war, daß ſich Beckers für mich verwandten: ſo wäre es unpolitiſch geweſen, ihre Bemühungen aufzuhalten, und unverantwortlich gegen meine Braut, welcher ich doch ſtatt ihres Vaters nach ihrer Weiſe einen Titel zubringen ſoll. — Daß die Menſchen niemals einſehn wollen, daß, ſobald ich aus meinen vier Pfählen herausgehe, ich von andern Leuten, ſowie ſie wieder zum Theil von mir dependiren, daß ich alſo mich nach ihnen richten, mit einem Worte, daß ich eine gewiſſe Klugheit beobachten muß, ohne welche man wenigſtens wie ein Narr, wo nicht als ein Kalender, in der Welt erſcheint. — Wahrlich! ſo wie Semler ſchlechterdings einen Unterſchied zwiſchen Privat- und öffentlicher Religion machen wollte, ſo möchte ich einen zwiſchen dem Menſchen in ſeinem Hauſe und dem in Geſellſchaft feſtſetzen; jener iſt für Freunde origineller, rauher, beſſer und in einzelnen Stunden unerträglich, dieſer iſt für die Welt trivialer, glatter, ſchlechter, und bleibt ſich immer gleich — —

Ich weiß es, unterbrach ihn Hartmann, daß Sie ein Sophiſt ſind, und mit Worten lieber als mit Begriffen ſtreiten, aber ſo viel iſt richtig, ich würde nicht ſo handeln.

Das können Sie ſagen, im Handeln hat jeder ſeine eigne Schule; ob Sie aber, trotz dieſer anſcheinenden Simplicität, dennoch nicht manierirter ſind als ich — —

Der Wagen hielt vor Bunians Thür ſtill.

Dritte Stunde.

Von ſieben bis acht Uhr.

Fink und Hartmann traten in den erleuchteten Saal, in welchem eine zahlreiche vermiſchte Geſellſchaft, welche Kaffee und Thee trank, und ſich die gelehrte Geſellſchaft nannte, verſammelt war. Die Sache war mit zwei Worten dieſe.

Der Rath Bunian war ein Mann, welcher gerade ſoviel in der Welt geweſen war, daß er vollkommen einſah, er habe nichts gelernt, und man ſchätze in der Welt die Leute, welche ſich Kenntniſſe erworben. Er hatte daher lange gedacht, nicht etwa wie er ſeine Unwiſſenheit ablegen, ſondern vorzüglich, wie er ſie verbergen und den Schein der Gelehrſamkeit erwerben könne. Die ſchönen Künſte ſchienen ihm darin vor allen Theilen der Gelehrſamkeit etwas vorauszuhaben, daß ſie anmuthig zu erlernen, und daß man, ohne viel in dieſem Fache geleiſtet zu haben, dennoch viel gelernt zu haben ſcheinen könne. Er enrollirte ſich alſo mit eigner Hand unter die ſchönen Geiſter; und da er wohl wußte, daß man gemeiniglich denen Belletriſten einen Mangel an ſolider Gelehrſamkeit vorwirft, und daß ein Titel nichts hilft, wenn unſere Mitbürger uns denſelben nicht geben, ſo brachte er zur Abwendung des erſten Vorwurfs in einem der prächtigſten Zimmer ſeines Hauſes eine Bibliothek, und zur Erlangung des letzten im Kellergeſchoß einen Weinkeller an, welcher dem Rathskeller und der Rathsbibliothek die Wage hielt, und ihn zum geiſtlichen und leiblichen Mäcenas der Gelehrten auf einmal erhob.

Aber damit begnügte ſich der Mann nicht; er blickte noch einmal auf ſeine harten Thaler, und dachte auf eine Hausacademie. Dieſe war bald angelegt, denn die Gelehrten der ganzen Stadt drängten ſich hinzu, um an dieſem Zirkel Antheil zu nehmen. Die Geſetze waren: man kam um fünf Uhr zuſammen, unterhielt ſich bis ſechs Uhr über die Merkwürdigkeiten der Litteratur, las von ſechs bis ſieben Uhr kleine Aufſätze, welche eines oder das andere von den Mitgliedern der Geſellſchaft verfertigt hatte, von ſieben bis neun Uhr ſpielte ein Theil Karten, der andere unterhielt ſich, und von neun bis zehn Uhr verzehrte man ein kaltes Abendbrod, worauf bis gegen eilf Uhr die Geſellſchaft auseinander gieng.

Den meiſten Glanz aber erhielt die ganze Geſellſchaft dadurch, daß der Miniſter, welcher, ohne ein Wort davon zu verſtehn, die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften protegiren wollte, nicht ſelten die Geſellſchaft, welche er ein höchſt nützliches und zweckmäßiges Inſtitut nannte, zu beſuchen pflegte: daher alle Gelehrte, beſonders die, welche in ihrer Art das waren, was die Inſekten unter den Thieren ſind, klein und beſchwerlich, dieſem Hauſe zuſchwärmten, um das Vergnügen zu haben, von dem Miniſter bemerkt zu werden.

Am angeſehenſten bei dem Rathe Bunian war der Rath Becker, und da der Miniſter den Rath Becker für ein großes Genie hielt, ſo trauete einer auf den andern, und Fink war der gründlichſte und feinſte Kopf für den Miniſter, weil der Rath Becker eine Tochter zu verheirathen hatte.

Homer ruft bei allen Gelegenheiten, wo er etwas Außerordentliches beſchreibt, die Muſen an, um gleichſam durch ihre Eingebung bei ſchweren Stellen einige Erleichterung zu erhalten. Auch ich ſehe mich hier genöthigt, neue Kräfte zu ſammeln, um die eben ſo außerordentliche als amüſante Geſellſchaft ein wenig abzuzeichnen. Ich werde aber meiſtens nur die ſprechende und nicht die ſpielende Geſellſchaft ſkizziren, weil die erſtere die intereſſantere iſt.

In einem Winkel, in welchen ſich Fink und Hartmann ſetzten, ſprach eben heftig ein Mitglied der Akademie der bildenden Künſte über etwas, was er nicht verſtand, [illegible] — nämlich über die bildenden Künſte. Mit einer herrlichen Wichtigkeit belehrte er den Kaufmann Valerian über die Kunſtgeſchichte folgendermaßen.

Michael Angelo Caravaggio zeichnete ſich, wie geſagt, ſehr durch die ſtarken ſchwarzen Schatten in ſeinen Gemählden aus, durch welche er die Figuren bewundernswürdig hervortreten läßt. Beiſpiele davon giebt nicht nur das jüngſte Gericht in der Siſtinakapelle, ſondern auch die berühmte Nacht zu Dresden. Sein Sohn, den man abgekürzt Caracci nannte, und ſeine Enkel Annibale und Agoſtino Caracci brachten den Ruhm der römiſchen Schule auf das höchſte.

Ich für mein Theil, unterbrach ihn Valerian, halte auf Mahlerei weit mehr als auf Bildhauerkunſt; die Form iſt am Ende doch nur ein Stück des Körpers, und da mir Mahlerei, Umriß und Farben zugleich giebt, ſo iſt ſie für einen, der nur weiß, daß zwei mehr iſt als eins, ausgemacht die vorzüglichſte Kunſt.

Sie haben recht, Herr Valerian! ſagte das akademiſche Mitglied, (Habermann war ſein Name) Sie haben ſchon darum recht, weil die Mahlerkunſt weit ſchwerer zu erlernen iſt, als die Bildhauerkunſt. Man kann z. B. ſein ganzes Leben zubringen, um Coloriren zu lernen, wovon Raphael das lebendige Beiſpiel iſt.

Können Sie mir nicht erklären, wie Contraſt und Contrapoſt ſich unterſcheiden? fragte Valerian.

O ja! erwiederte dieſer, nichts iſt leichter. Sehn Sie, Contrapoſt iſt der ins Große getriebene Contraſt, und Contraſt iſt der ins Kleine gehende Contrapoſt. Was im Styl ein Gegenſatz heißt, nennen wir in der Mahlerei Contraſt, eine Antitheſe aber Contrapoſt. Z. B. wenn Daphne vor dem Apollo flieht, ſo giebt dies auf dem Gemählde einen Contraſt: aber wenn auf der einen Seite einer Landſchaft ein Gewitter tobt, während der helle Sonnenſchein auf der andern iſt, ſo nennt man das Contrapoſt.

Ich für mein Theil, ſagte Valerian, beſcheide mich gern, daß ich als Philoſoph in die Tiefen der Kunſt, in welche Sie, Herr Habermann, ſo glücklich eingegangen ſind, nicht eindringen kann, ich bleibe bei allgemeinen Philoſophumenis ſtehn.

Hier trat zu beiden ein privatiſirender Gelehrter, welcher wegen ſeiner weiten Reiſen berühmt war, und viel Kenntniſſe auf denſelben eingeſammelt hatte, hinzu. Er hatte in Italien ächte Makaroni gegeſſen, vor Raphaels Schule von Athen eine Priſe Taback genommen, und wäre in Frankreich beinahe von der Marechauſſee aufgeknüpft worden, weil er einem berühmten franzöſiſchen Spitzbuben, welcher gerade zu der Zeit vermißt wurde, ungemein ähnlich ſah. Herr Günther ſtellte ſich alſo zu dieſen beiden Sprechern und hörte ihnen eine Weile zu.

Und darin, fuhr Valerian fort, thut es keine Wiſſenſchaft der Philoſophie, ich meine der Kantiſchen, gleich, daß ſie, vermöge einiger Principien, uns in den Stand ſetzt, über alles mitzuſprechen, weswegen man ſie die Wiſſenſchaft aller Wiſſenſchaften nennen konnte, denn die Philoſophie, welche ſich bloß mit allgemeinen Ideen beſchäftigt, giebt uns eben durch dieſe die ſpeciellen: und deswegen bin ich ſo dreiſt, über jede Wiſſenſchaft, aber wohl gemerkt, nur im Allgemeinen, abzuſprechen, welches man mir oft für Arroganz angerechnet hat, beſonders da ich mich nie auf das Specielle einlaſſen wollte.

Sie haben ſehr recht, ſagte Günther, daß die Philoſophie eine der edelſten Wiſſenſchaften iſt, und daß ſie, nächſt dem Reiſen, am entſchiedenſten auf unſern Geiſt wirkt. Aber nur Erfahrung kann ſie zur Wiſſenſchaft erheben, da ſie nichts als Abſtraktionen enthält, welche man einmal vorher als wirklich angeſchaut haben muß.

Um Verzeihung! ſagte Baldrian, Sie haben wohl auf Ihren Reiſen viel erfahren.

O ja! erwiederte Günther, manches wird mir ewig merkwürdig bleiben, z. B. das herrliche Clima Italiens. Ich verſichere, daß ich Jahr aus Jahr ein meinen Caffee im Freien trinken konnte.

Was meinen Sie dazu, ſagte Habermann, lieber Herr Fink! und ſchlug ihn auf die Schulter, ſo daß Fink, welcher bisher in tiefen Gedanken geſtanden, plötzlich auffuhr.

O, es muß herrlich ſeyn! ſagte er.

Ein lautes Gelächter am andern Ende des Saales machte die Sprecher aufmerkſam, ſie eilten fort, um zu hören, was es gäbe.

Ein junger Herr von Biſſing, welcher bis jetzt von ferne geſtanden, drängte ſich ſehr ſchnell und hitzig an Fink. Sie ſind zum erſtenmale in dieſer Geſellſchaft?

Ja, ſagte Fink.

Sie iſt ſehr intereſſant, erwiederte Biſſing.

So ſcheint es mir, ſagte Fink.

Sehn Sie um ſich, lauter Originale — freilich eigentlich Copien, aber ſo ſchlecht copirt, daß man ſie für Originale hält.

Meinen Sie? Zum Beiſpiel?

Der Mann im blauen Rocke iſt Dichter, fuhr Biſſing fort — Müller iſt ſein Name — man kann ihm den Verſtand nicht abſprechen, allein er braucht ihn wie der Elephant den Rüſſel, um das Futter zum Munde zu bringen, er trägt, wie der Krebs, den Magen im Kopfe — ſeine Seele iſt wirklich cultivirt und ein ſchönes Beet geworden, auf dem er Küchenkräuter zieht — und ſo wie die Natur den Stieren Hörner, und dem Roſſe Hufe gegeben, ſo hat er auch für ſein Theil Witz bekommen, mit dem und mit einer Menge Anekdoten er ſeine Mahlzeiten bezahlt.

Ich denke er iſt Dichter.

Allerdings! — Er hat die Sylbenmaaße recht gut im Kopfe — allein ſonſt ſind ihm eben die Muſen nicht hold geweſen — doch was kümmert er ſich um die Dichter — Mnemoſyne, die Mutter, iſt ſeine Geliebte — ſie leihen ihm die Gedanken aus, ſo ſchreibt er ab.

Und [illegible]?

Gut, daß Sie mich auf den bringen — dieſer Mann hält ſich, wie Shakeſpears Richard der dritte, ſehr groß darin, daß er ſelbſt — er ſelbſt iſt. Er fühlt ſich ſehr geehrt, und bedauert von Herzen alle die, welche unter ihm ſtehn, weil dennoch alle Menſchen geboren — und ſucht ſie zu ſich hinauf zu heben. Als er hier in die Stadt kam, ſah er ſich die Menſchen an — Gute Leute! dachte er — aber nicht cultivirt, indeſſen da ſie ihn gehörig ſchätzen, ſo iſt noch Hoffnung — Er ſtiftete alſo einen Leſe-Club, um dieſe harten Geiſter durch ſeine Ideen und Gedanken ein wenig zu düngen, und hat ſich nach Verlauf von ein paar Jahren wirklich das Vergnügen [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], daß die Mitglieder ſeines Clubs [illegible] [illegible], und er für einen großen Mann gilt.

Dieſe Geſellſchaft iſt wirklich intereſſant, ſagte Fink mit einem halb boshaften Lächeln.

Dies ſind aber auch die originellſten — die andern Nebenfiguren, welche Sie hier ſehn, ſind nicht an und für ſich wichtig, ſondern nur darum, weil durch ſie die Hauptfiguren mehr hervortreten. — Jener Herr wird gebeten, weil er gut Clavier ſpielt — dieſer, weil er eine ſtarke franzöſiſche und engliſche Bibliothek hat, und Bücher leiht — der Mann daneben wird ſehr gern geſehn, weil er aus freier Hand ſehr treffende Silhouetten ſchneiden kann — jener Mann, weil er Baron iſt — dieſer, weil er die Gabe hat, manchem Menſchen täuſchend nachzuſprechen und nachzugeſtikuliren — jener, weil ſeine Eltern ganz gemeine Leute waren, und er durch eigne Kraft ſich empor hob. — Endlich — gut, daß Du mir vor die Augen kömmſt — der junge Menſch dort, im blauen Rocke, ledernen Beinkleidern, Stiefeln und Sporen, der ſich immer mit der Reitpeitſche an die Stiefeln ſchlägt, wenn er mit Jemand ſpricht, iſt noch eine intereſſante Figur — Er iſt Jude, und concentrirt alle Liebenswürdigkeiten junger, aufgeklärter Juden in ſeiner Perſon. — Er ſpielt excellent Billard — und ſchätzt Mozart ganz vorzüglich — Da er Sonntags reitet, geht er Montags noch in Stiefeln und Sporen, er hat Liebesintriguen mit Chriſtianen, und zum Beweiſe, wie tolerant er ſey, zeichnet er lauter Chriſtusköpfe. Die Muſik zum neuen Sonntagsliede kann er auswendig; und wenn er auf dem Billarde gerade nicht ſtößt, ſo ſingt er eine oder die andere Arie daraus zum Zeitvertreibe — kurz, er verſpricht in ſeiner Perſon, was wir von der nachblühenden Generation cultivirter Juden bei vermehrter bürgerlicher Freiheit zu erwarten haben.

Ich danke Ihnen — aber da lacht man ja ganz unmäßig.

Ach! ich weiß ſchon, Sie ſollten mitkommen, ſagte Biſſing, ich will hingehn — er hüpfte fort — Hermann trat zu Fink.

Es fehlt Ihnen doch gänzlich an der nöthigen Weltkenntniß, ſagte er; iſt dies eine Methode, ſich in Geſellſchaften zu introduziren, in welchen man zum erſtenmale ſich befindet? Still auf einem Flecke zu ſtehen und kein Wort zu ſprechen! Was fehlt Ihnen denn?

O, dieſe Menſchen mit ihrem Geſchwätze, ſagte Fink, könnten mich raſend machen, ich bin ſchon ganz ſchwindlich und melancholiſch! Wenn man ſieht, auf welche Armſeligkeiten die Menſchen Werth legen, wie ängſtlich ſie bei alledem die Mühe ſcheuen, ſich dieſe Armſeligkeiten zu erwerben, ſondern nur nach dem Scheine davon ſtreben, und auf welche elende Art ſie ſich den Schein davon geben: ſo müßte man ganz fühllos ſeyn, wenn der Anblick eines ſolchen Geſchöpfs uns nicht betrübt machen wollte. Hier ſtand ein unwiſſendes Mitglied der Kunſtakademie, und ſah arrogant auf einen unwiſſenden Philoſophen, ſo wie der angemaßte Weltmann auf beide herab; dann kam ein Menſch, welcher ſeine paar Dutzend witzige Einfälle mir mittheilte, und in ſeiner Unſchuld glaubt, ich würde dies, ſein Alles für ein Stück ſeines Ganzen halten — und ſo wie mir dieſe armſeligen Geſchöpfe, ſo komme ich und andere vernünftige Leute vielleicht höhern Geiſtern vor, welche uns umſchweben.

Ei! ſagte Hermann.

Ja! ſagte Fink, man kann wahrhaftig nicht wiſſen, ob nicht der höchſte Verſtand aus einer Miſchung von dem, was wir Verſtand und Narrheit nennen, entſtehen würde.

So möchte am Ende wohl der Titel eines Narren eine Art Ehrentitel ſeyn.

Wenigſtens, ſagte Fink, kann man nicht wiſſen, ob Sie mich nicht mehr loben, wenn Sie mich närriſch, als wenn Sie mich vernünftig nennen.

Ein großer Tumult erhob ſich, die Spieler ſtanden auf, die Sprecher ſchwiegen, denn der Miniſter trat in den Saal. —

Vierte Stunde.

Von acht bis neun Uhr.

Laſſen Sie ſich nicht ſtören, bleiben Sie, meine Herren! ſagte der Miniſter freundlich grüßend.

Der Miniſter ſprach mit dieſem und jenem. Man ſetzte ſich nieder, und Damian ſtand, die Anrede des Miniſters erwartend, zur Seite. Mein lieber Damian! fing dieſer endlich an, wenn mir recht iſt, ſo ſollte ich ja wohl heute den jungen Menſchen kennen lernen, welchem ich die Profeſſur auf Ihre Empfehlung verliehen habe.

Zu Ihrer Excellenz Befehl! erwiederte dieſer, dort iſt er — Herr Fink! wollen Sie nicht näher treten, um Ew. Excellenz Befehle zu vernehmen!

Fink näherte ſich und beugte ſich ſtumm.

Wer iſt der andere junge Menſch? ſagte der Miniſter.

Ich heiße Hermann, zu Ew. Excellenz Befehl, und philoſophire.

Ei! ei! philoſophiren! ſagte der Miniſter. Sie haben gewiß gute Kenntniſſe, die Sie nicht ſo egoiſtiſch ſelbſt verzehren ſollten. Was heißt philoſophiren! Bloß ſich ſelbſt leben, und dazu ſind wir nicht da, keine Kenntniß hat Werth, wenn ſie nicht mitgetheilt wird — non nobis solis nati sumus, partemque nostri patria vindicat, partem amici. — Sie ſind alſo Herr Fink — Nun mit der Profeſſur wird es eben ſo wenig Schwierigkeiten haben, als mit Ihrer Fähigkeit und dem Fleiße und der Anſtrengung dazu — Sie ſind mir von gar zu guter Hand empfohlen worden, als daß ich mir nicht mit Grunde das Beſte verſprechen könnte. — Wo haben ſie denn ſtudirt? —

Zu Königsberg, Ew. Excellenz!

Da haben Sie wahrſcheinlich den berühmten Kant gehört. — Sagen Sie mir doch, iſt er in den Kupferſtichen, welche man von ihm hat, getroffen?

So ziemlich, Ew. Excellenz! Freilich nicht ſo wie Göthe; B., denn der ſieht ſeinem Kupferſtiche frappant ähnlich.

Sie kennen alſo Herrn von Göthe?

Ich habe ihn ein einzigesmal in der Nähe geſehn — am meiſten kenne ich ihn aus ſeinen Schriften.

Ich habe ſie auch geleſen, es ſind viel gute Stellen darin. Aber ſagen Sie mir, was halten Sie von dem Werther — ich für mein Theil halte es für das ſchlechteſte, was Herr von Göthe je geſchrieben, welches ſich ſchon daraus beweiſen läßt, daß es ſein erſtes Produkt, wie ich glaube, war. Sehn Sie, ich bin ſehr tolerant, und liebe die Preßfreiheit, aber dieſes Buch würde ich verbieten, weil es ganz dem Zwecke der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften entgegen iſt, welcher darin beſteht, die Menſchen für die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft und für die Erfüllung ihrer Pflicht zu präpariren. Etwas Immoraliſcheres aber giebt es wohl ſchwerlich, als das dargeſtellte Faktum, nämlich daß ein junger Menſch ohne Luſt zur Arbeit, welche ihm doch gleichſam allenthalben angeboten wird, ſo lange herumgeht, bis er aus Liebe genöthigt iſt, ſich todt zu ſchießen. — Wo giebt es erſtlich einen Menſchen, welcher ſich wirklich aus Liebe todtſchießt? die meiſten Selbſtmörder entſtehen aus Melancholie oder weil ſie Schulden gemacht haben. Der Dichter hat alſo ſchon darin gefehlt, daß er, ich will nicht ſagen einen unmöglichen, dennoch ſeltenen Fall genommen hat, und es iſt ein Vorurtheil, daß das Ungewöhnliche in der Dichtkunſt am intereſſanteſten ſey; denn das Genie des Dichters kann in die trivialſten Gegenſtände viel Anmuth legen. Indeß, wir wollen dem Dichter dieſen Fehler einmal überſehn, ſo iſt zweitens die ganze That immoraliſch, denn der Selbſtmord kann unter keiner Bedingung gerechtfertigt werden, und drittens iſt der größte Fehler der, daß dieſer Menſch als liebenswürdig dargeſtellt wird, indem nicht nur die Sachen alſo geſtellt ſind, daß der Menſch nicht wohl anders konnte, ſondern auch, indem aus philoſophiſchen Gründen dieſe That entſchuldigt wird — So denke ich darüber, und ich frage Sie aufrichtig, Herr Fink! finden Sie die Meinung nicht richtig?

Ich ſuche es mir, ſagte Fink, immer gegenwärtig zu erhalten, daß Göthe dieſes Werk in ſeiner Jugend ſchrieb.

Recht! ſagte der Miniſter, und ſo wie ein junger Menſch ſich eine Welt träumt, wie ſie nicht iſt, ſo hat der jugendliche Dichter die Klippe nicht vermieden, eine ideale Welt darzuſtellen. — Ins einzelne mag ich gar nicht gehn, und hier die Unwahrſcheinlichkeiten rügen, weil wir ſonſt nicht fertig werden würden; nur das Eine muß ich am Werther und an allen tadeln, daß zu wenig Handlung darin iſt, meinen Sie nicht, Herr Fink?

Allerdings! ſagte dieſer, ſind die Empfindungen bei Göthe immer die Hauptſache.

Eben darum, fuhr der Miniſter fort, ſollte man Hrn. v. Göthe nicht als Muſter empfehlen, um unſere Genies vor Einſeitigkeit zu bewahren, aber freilich einzelne Stellen kann man nicht oft genug leſen und wiederholen, ich habe mir dieſe daher auch in meinem Exemplar angeſtrichen. — Indeß muß man freilich ſagen, ſein Fürſt hat ihn auch nicht unbelohnt gelaſſen, und ihn ſogar in den Adel erhoben, und ſeit der Zeit finde ich die Klagen der deutſchen Schriftſteller ſehr ungegründet, welche behaupten, daß das Verdienſt in Deutſchland nicht ſo wie in andern Ländern belohnt werde — Ich frage Sie, Herr Fink! finden Sie das nicht richtig?

Allerdings! Ew. Excellenz, ſehr!

Nun ja! von der Profeſſur, welche Sie erhalten ſollen. — Hier iſt die Vokation, ich freue mich, ſie Ihnen überreichen zu können. — Ich hoffe, Sie werden Ihrem Amte mit Nutzen vorſtehen und uns nicht ſolche Leute, wie ſie zu tauſenden in Deutſchland ſind, ziehen, ſondern ſolche, welche einen tüchtigen Stil ſchreiben, ohne die Empfindſamkeit, welche jetzt Mode iſt. — Ja, was ich ſagen wollte — ich gratulire Ihnen zu dem erhaltenen Amte; leben Sie recht wohl —

Ich warte nur auf eine Gelegenheit, wo ich Ew. Excellenz meine Dankbarkeit bezeigen kann.

Schon gut, junger Mann, ſchon gut! es wird ſich ſchon eine Gelegenheit finden, wenn Sie einmal ein Buch ſchreiben oder ſo etwas. Dem Sie danken müſſen, das iſt der Rath Bunian, der mir Sie empfohlen hat, und große Stücke auf Sie hält. — Gute Nacht, meine Herren! ſagte er freundlich.

Es entſtand derſelbe Tumult, wie oben; alles rannte durcheinander, und der Rath Bunian kam bald darauf von der Begleitung des Miniſters zurück.

Ich kann nicht genug ſagen, ſprach er, wie ſehr Sie die Gunſt des Miniſters gewonnen haben: er iſt ganz entzückt von Ihnen, und ſagt, ſo ein beſcheidener, weltkluger und ſolider junger Menſch ſey ihm ſeit langer Zeit nicht vorgekommen.

Würden Sie mich empfohlen haben, ſagte Fink, wenn ich nicht, wenigſtens etwas, ähnliches von dem beſäße, was Ihre, und des Miniſters Güte mir beilegt: die Selbſtkenntniß? Sie ſind ſonſt ſo ſtrenge in Ihren Empfehlungen: möchte ich doch die Ausnahme verdienen, welche Sie für mich gemacht haben!

O, mein lieber Freund, ſagte Bunian, und umarmte Fink, ich werde es nie bereuen, durch ein Amt Sie in unſerer Stadt feſtgehalten zu haben — Auch Sie, Herr Hartmann; fuhr er fort, und wandte ſich an ihn, ſind auf dem Wege zu Ihrem Glücke; der Miniſter hat Sie bemerkt, hat ſich mit Ihnen eingelaſſen, und Ihnen gute Lehren gegeben, und gegen wen er das thut, der darf nur ſein Glück pouſſiren.

Ich habe, ſagte Hartmann, Gott ſey Dank! ſo gut gewirthſchaftet, daß ich nicht nöthig habe, aus Mangel an Vermögen mir ein Amt anzuſchaffen; auch bin ich gar nicht im Rücken geſchmeidig, kann gar nicht ſchmeicheln, noch weniger nachgeben, wenn ich offenbar recht habe; und ſo würde ich mich ſchlecht zu einem Geſchäftsmanne ſchicken.

Ei, ei, mein Lieber! ſagte Bunian, Sie übertreiben ja heute, und mit einer Bitterkeit, als wenn Se. Excellenz ungnädig gegen Sie geweſen wäre — Ich verſtehe Sie nicht.

Es iſt ein Verdruß, welchen er heute gehabt hat, und der ihn ſo verſtimmt, ſagte Fink.

Ei, ei, mein Lieber! ſagte Bunian, wer würde den Leidenſchaften ſo viele Gewalt über ſich einräumen, wer würde ſich nicht verſtellen können, ei, ei, mein Lieber! Sie würden einen ſchlechten Hofmann abgeben. — Vielleicht werden unſere Damen Sie aufheitern, ich höre, es iſt ſchon gedeckt, und die Böhl hat abgeſchickt; ich gehe ſie zu holen.

Schön! ſagte Hartmann zu Fink, als Bunian ſich entfernt hatte, das hat man davon, wenn man ſich in anderer Leute Seele ſchämt.

Laſſen Sie es alſo, ſagte Fink, künftig meiner Seele über, ſich zu ſchämen — aber was macht Sie denn ſo böſe?

O, Sie ſind kaum werth, daß ich es Ihnen ſage — ich will auch nur ſchweigen; aber von einem Menſchen, wie Bunian, mir Vorwürfe geben zu laſſen, o, es iſt zu arg! Es iſt um des Henkers zu werden!

In dieſem Augenblicke ſprangen die Flügelthüren auf; eine zahlreiche Menge Damen wallte herein, und den Schluß machte die Räthin. Bunian ſtellte Fink ſeiner Frau vor.

Sie ſind mir durch die Beckerſche Familie ſchon vortheilhaft bekannt, ſagte dieſe.

Sie ſind doch gar zu gütig, ſagte Fink, und wandte ſich an den Rath Becker, welcher bis jetzt gelächelt hatte.

Nun laßt mir alle Gelehrſamkeit weg, ſagte Bunian, nun iſt Eſſenszeit, kommt und ſeyd fröhlich! — — Fink und Becker wurden von ihm nach dem Tiſche gezogen! Bunian zeigte der Geſellſchaft den neuen Profeſſor vor, und alle gratulirten.

Fünfte Stunde.

Von neun bis zehn Uhr.

Nachdem die Zähne der ganzen gelehrten Geſellſchaft eine halbe Stunde lang in Bewegung geweſen waren, wandte ſich der Rath Bunian an einen Mann, welcher mit ſchnellen Schritten im Saale auf- und abgieng, und mit jedem aus der Geſellſchaft unter lebhaften Geſtikulationen ſprach. Ein Merkmal, welches, nach Adelung, erſtlich den Dichter, und zweitens den Satiren- oder Epigrammendichter bezeichnet. Auch war der Mann wirklich ein Satirendichter, und nannte ſich Recker; er hatte in Finks dritter Stunde das große Gelächter an dem andern Ende des Saales erregt. An dieſen wandte ſich der Rath Bunian, und bat ihn, die Satyre, welche der männlichen Geſellſchaft ſo ſehr gefallen, doch den Damen auch vorzuleſen.

Herzlich gern, mein lieber Herr Bunian, ſagte Recker, und zog ein Packet Papier aus der Taſche, auf welchem Horaz ſeine zwei Bücher Satyren hätte hinſchreiben können. Hier iſt ſie. Alles ſetzte ſich, und nun las er, was wir nicht nachzuſchreiben nöthig haben, indem es Leſeluſtige im Archiv der Zeit finden werden.

Schön! riefen alle von allen Seiten, allerliebſt! ſo derb iſt noch nie eine Satyre geſchrieben.

Beſonders, ſagte eine Dame, gefällt es mir, daß die Juden mitgenommen werden.

Was mich betrifft, — ſagte Habermann, und hatte völlig die Miene, als wenn er unträglich wäre, — ſo iſt dieſe Satyre mir darum ſo lieb, weil ſie nicht nur mit horaziſchem Geiſte gedacht und geſchrieben, ſondern auch, weil ſie mit Wielandiſchem commentirt iſt. Wenn ich mir es recht überlege, ſo können Sie dieſe Satyre drucken laſſen.

Das müſſen Sie! ſagte Günther, der Witz liegt ja handhoch darin.

Nur die Sarkasmen gegen die Kantiſche Philoſophie, ſagte Bullrian, ſind unnütz; denn theils ſind ſie falſch, theils platt.

Nicht doch! ſagte Bunian, dieſe Satyre muß an das Tageslicht, und alles muß ſtehen bleiben, wie es iſt. — Ei, ei, meine Herren! wenn Sie eine ſolche Satyre geſchrieben hätten, würden Sie ſich etwas wegſtreichen laſſen? Ich bin überzeugt, eher würden Sie die ganze Satyre weg. — Nein, mein lieber Herr Recker! Ihre Satyre hat mich ſehr divertirt, ſo was haden wir seit langer Zeit nicht gesehn. — Nun komme nur mal einer, und sage, wir blieben in unserer Litteratur stehn, ja, wer hätte vor dreißig Jahren so was geschrieben! Gottesgericht über [illegible]! herrlich gesagt! Nau, nau — lebendig wie ein Jude — Wenn Sie sie Rabnern vorziehen, der kehrte sich wahrhaftig im Grabe um.

Fink war indessen im Saale auf und abgegangen, und traf auf Büsing.

Sind Sie, redete ihn dieser an, nicht begierig, die Damen kennen zu lernen?

Es muß sehr interessant seyn — Wollen Sie mich au fait setzen?

Das ist mit zwei Worten geschehn — Jene — Madam Moses ist eine Jüdin, und von ihr werden Sie wohl schon bemerkt haben, daß sie sich mit Mühe soviel Grazie erworben hat, daß sie dadurch ungemein mißfällt — Sie ist in dieser Gesellschaft die eigentliche schöne Seele, sie hat von Jugend auf viel Umgang mit guten Köpfen gehabt, — welche ihr eine runde Summe von allgemeinen durchgreifenden ästhetischen Ideen hinterließen, die sie jetzt jedem neuen Bekannten Groschenweise zuzählt — Sie ist immer in [illegible] einen göthischen Character verliebt — am liebsten zeigt sie sich als Prinzessin im Tasso, deswegen sehn Sie auch jetzt [illegible]. Hat ihr Göthe den Character nicht recht auf den Leib gemacht, so schneidet sie ihn sich selbst nach der Mode — Ihre begünstigten Liebhaber insbesondere behaupten, unter vier Augen wäre sie — — Madam Moses.

Sie scherzen! sagte Fink.

Ich stehe für jedes Wort. — Dabei ist sie fein; Leute von einigem Verstande sucht sie durch coquettiren, schmeicheln und solche kleine Künste auf ihre Seite zu bringen: diese breiten dann ihren Ruhm aus. Solch ein Mensch ist Wagner.

Wagner!

Er würde nicht anders seyn, wenn ihm die Moses nicht in den Kopf gesetzt hätte, daß er ungemeinen Verstand habe; — er glaubt auch deswegen fest an den ihrigen, und geht nun in alle Welt, wie ein Apostel, zu lehren alle Heiden.

Er scheint doch manches zu wissen.

O ja — Personalien von Schauspielern. Wer diesen oder jenen Aufsatz in den Horen geschrieben hat, oder dieses oder jenes anonyme Buch, — kurz, er ist eine Art von litterarischem Colporteur.

Wer ist denn die Dame, mit der er spricht?

Sie heißt Ring und ist eigentlich Mademoiselle — Sie lieferte sich einem jungen Menschen in die Arme, der sie nachher mit ihrem Kinde sitzen ließ. Diesen Umstand benutzte sie aufs beste, und machte es wie jener, welcher auf den Brandbrief des Räubers bemerkte, daß er selbst in Brand gesteckt hatte. Sie lebt von ihrer verlornen Unschuld — Da sie ein sehr schönes Französisch spricht, so haben ihre Freunde sie irgendwo als Gouvernante unterbringen wollen; allein sie zieht diese verdächtige Abhängigkeit vor, weil sie hier müßig seyn kann. Die Dame neben ihr heißt Albrecht, sie ist eine gute Frau und auf dem [illegible] Wege der Besserung — sie studirte sonst die neusten philosophischen Romane, und hatte daraus gelernt: daß Sittsamkeit Tand, und Tugend ein leeres Wort sey. Von dieser Meynung aber hat sie nun Herr Kastner, welcher ihr Lehrer und begünstigter Liebhaber zugleich ist, beinahe zurückgebracht. Daneben sitzt Madam Berger. Diese ist originell, und dadurch [illegible], daß sie mit andern Menschen nach in keinem und jedem Punkte zusammentrifft — Sie hält jedermann [illegible] — Gehn Sie langsam, so heißt es — Sie schleichen ja wie eine Schnecke; gehn Sie geschwinder, [illegible] — Sie [illegible] mit der Geschicklichkeit. Sind Sie ein Demokrat — so ist sie eine strenge Monarchistin — [illegible] die Aristokratie [illegible], so wie Sie mit einem Monarchen [illegible]. Sie hätte Verstand genug, es allen vernünftigen Leuten recht zu machen, allein am liebsten meint sie [illegible] — und denen Narren, von denen sie aufs [illegible], kann sie es nicht recht machen, wie schon ein bekanntes Sprichwort lehrt. Sie würde sehr bequem und artig seyn, wenn man ihr benehmen könnte, daß sie so abgeschmackt erscheinen möchte — mit einem Worte, sie hat ihr ganzes Leben darauf gewandt, ein originelles weibliches Werk zu werden, und ist nun ein närrischer weiblicher Mann geworden.

In der That, Sie wissen dieser Gesellschaft sehr bittere Wahrheit zu sagen.

O, ich bitte Sie, erwiederte Büsing freundlich. — Nun, da kommt Mademoiselle Becker. Ich will nicht stören, setzte er leise hinzu und gieng.

Was sagen Sie denn zu dieser Satyre? fragte Mademoiselle Becker.

Sie fragen schwerlich im Ernste, Mademoiselle! denn Ihnen kann es unmöglich gleich den übrigen Blinden im Saale entgangen seyn, welche den Spaß nicht bemerken, welchen sich Herr Necker mit der Gesellschaft macht.

Den Spaß! sagte Caroline erstaunt.

Allerdings, Mademoiselle! fuhr Fink fort; denn lassen Sie uns nur einen einzigen Augenblick annehmen, es sey mit der Satyre ihm Ernst: was würde daraus folgen? Wäre es nicht eine Arroganz erster Größe, anzunehmen, das Publikum oder die Zuhörer müßten den feinen Zusammenhang zwischen den Ideen nicht wahrnehmen, und in dieser Rücksicht eine Einleitung zu seinem eigenen Gedichte zu verfertigen? Wäre es nicht, ich will nicht sagen lächerlich, sondern sogar verächtlich, seine eigenen [illegible] Sentenzen in Reden zu erklären und nützliche Anmerkungen moralischen Inhalts in die Erklärung des Textes einzuweben? Können Sie glauben, daß Herr Necker solche Verse machen will, welche sich in dem Grade weigern, über die Zähne zu springen? Können Sie glauben, daß er die geistlosen Possen, wovon die Satyre wimmelt, können Sie glauben, daß er diese für schön, für geistreich hält? Nein! ich glaube das nicht, und fühle im gegenwärtigen Moment das tiefste, innigste Mitleid mit ihm.

Mitleid! sagte Caroline, wie so?

Er hat sich mit diesen nicht sehr geistreichen Herrn einen Spaß machen wollen, den ich nicht gemacht hätte; er hat etwas sehr schlechtes für etwas gutes ausgegeben: theils, um zu sehn, ob mehrere so ihre Vernunft gefangen nehmen würden, daß sie es gut fänden; theils, ob wohl einer so aufrichtig seyn und ihm sagen würde: Lieber Freund! Sie haben ja etwas erbärmliches geschrieben. — Und nun denken Sie sich die Empfindung eines Mannes, welcher in dieser Rarität bewundert wird, der angestaunt, und dem nicht geglaubt werden würde, wenn er sagen wollte: ich habe Euch zum Besten gehabt *)! giebt es etwas niederschlagenderes, als die Anschauung der Verstandesohnmacht einer ganzen Gesellschaft, und wie muß dem Dichter die bewundernde Gesellschaft, ja, wie muß er sich selbst vorkommen, wenn man dieses elende Produkt schön finden kann!

Ich weiß nicht, sagte Caroline, ob ich sagen soll, Ihre Phantasie oder Ihre Menschenfreundlichkeit leihe Herrn Necker diese Gründe. — Ich versichere Sie aber, er wird Sie durch den Druck der Satyre widerlegen.

Widerlegen! sagte Fink, bestätigen wollen Sie sagen. Denn läßt er sie drucken, so will er seyn, was die bloße Vernunft gegen die Satyre sagen kann und sagen wird; die Vernunft nicht von persönlicher Bekanntschaft mit dem Verfasser, nicht durch schnellen, vielleicht guten Vortrag überrascht. Er will diesen dummen bewundernden Haufen, welcher ihn jetzt umgiebt, und den er verachten muß, dadurch wieder loben lernen, daß er diese Bewunderung, indem Fremde sein Werk auf den wahren Werth herabsetzen, das heißt, indem sie ihm allen Werth nehmen, auf Rechnung der Freundschaft setzt.

Ich glaube, sagte Caroline, daß das, was Sie eben jetzt gesagt, weiter Ihr Spaß ist, und daß ein Gedanke von dem Ihrigen je in Hrn. Neckers Seele gekommen ist. Ich sage, ich weiß dies recht gut, aber Ihre Gründe sind zu sehr aus dem Herzen und der moralischen Natur des Menschen hergenommen, als daß sie mir nicht gefallen sollten. — Wahrlich, Herr Fink! Sie haben sich durch diese Vertheidigung meine Freundschaft im hohen Grade erworben.

Wie soll ich, — sagte Fink mit der Miene der Beschämung, — wie soll ich diese Freundschaft und das Zutrauen, welches Sie zu mir haben, erwiedern! — Ach Mademoiselle! — fuhr er nach einer Pause fort, — ich kann Ihre Güte nicht anders als durch Freundschaft, durch Zutrauen vergelten!

Sie verrathen eine Eigenschaft, welche Ihnen fehlt, sagte Caroline; schon lange habe ich mit einem großen Wohlgefallen einen Mangel an Zutrauen an Ihnen bemerkt.

Sie sehen, sagte Fink, wie wenig Ursach haben, in diesem Punkte Klagen über mich zu führen. Zum Beweis meines unumschränkten Zutrauens will ich Ihnen etwas entdecken, was bis jetzt noch jedermann ein Geheimniß ist.

Caroline ward roth — Bedenken Sie sich wohl, sagte sie, was Sie thun. Sie legen Ihr Geheimniß in den Busen eines Frauenzimmers nieder.

Dies Frauenzimmer, versetzte Fink, wäre meine Freundin nicht, wenn sie nicht die Geheimnisse ihres Freundes verwahren könnte, und zudem wird es jetzt, da ich die Profession erhalten habe, nicht lange mehr ein Geheimniß bleiben — ja, mein Glück wird darin bestehen, daß die verhüllende Decke bald weggezogen wird.

Caroline ward röther, schwieg und fieng an zu zittern.

Wir sprachen heute früh von dem Glück des häuslichen Lebens: schon seit lange trage ich mich mit dem Gedanken, mich zu verheirathen, aber immer lag es an einem anständigen Auskommen. Ich mußte dabei zwei Rücksichten bei meiner Wahl haben,

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*) Eben weil Hr. Necker voraussah, daß man ihm nicht glauben würde, so hat er die Erklärung, mit der Satyre sey es ihm Spaß, bisher noch nicht von sich gegeben.

ich mußte mir nicht nur eine gute, ſondern auch reiche Frau wählen, und beides fand ich an Mademoiſell Müller — —

Um Gotteswillen! ſchrie Caroline auf, ward blaß und ſank zuſammen — die ganze Geſellſchaft ſtürzte herbei.

Sie bekömmt ihre Krämpfe, ſagte der Vater, wir müſſen ſie nach Hauſe bringen — dies geſchah augenblicklich.

Der Tumult hatte auch Hartmann erweckt, welcher gleich nach Tiſche eingeſchlafen war.

Wollen wir nicht gehn? ſagte er zu Fink; es iſt gleich zehn Uhr, und ich weiß nicht woher es kömmt, aber ich bin ungewöhnlich müde.

Die ganze Geſellſchaft iſt ja noch beiſammen, ſagte Fink.

Beckers ſind ja eben nach Hauſe, erwiederte Hartmann, kommen Sie! überdies habe ich noch mit Ihnen zu ſprechen.

Nun meinethalben! ſagte Fink, und beide empfahlen ſich der Geſellſchaft.

Als ſie herunter kamen, war der Wagen, welchen ſie beſtellt hatten, noch nicht da. Sie hielten es für auffallend, zu einer Geſellſchaft zurückzukehren, von der ſie ſich beurlaubt hatten, und giengen daher zu Fuß, welches deſto leichter geſchehen konnte, da der Himmel ſich aufgeklärt hatte, und es ſtark gefroren war.

Zehnte Stunde.

Von zehn bis eilf Uhr.

Beide Freunde giengen eine Zeitlang ſtillſchweigend nebeneinander, endlich fieng Hartmann an:

Es iſt mir in gewiſſen Stimmungen ganz unmöglich, ſie nicht zu äußern, beſonders wenn die Sache die Freundſchaft betrifft, und ein Freund mir Aufſchluß geben kann. Aber ehe ich ſpreche, bitte ich Sie inſtändigſt, mich nicht zu unterbrechen und mir ohne Scherz zu antworten. Dieſe Achtung gegen mein Gefühl bedinge ich mir im Voraus.

Fragen Sie, ich will antworten, ſagte Fink.

Sagen Sie mir: wer ſind Sie, und was ſind Sie? Ich bin irre an Ihnen geworden. Ich komme um fünf Uhr zu Ihnen, finde Sie durchglüht von Enthuſiasmus, entzückt von Göthens Meiſterſtücke, und in einer halben Stunde darauf ſehen Sie ein Mädchen zu hintergehen, zu täuſchen. Sie, der Offenheit und Aufrichtigkeit ſo ſehr zu lieben vorgab, ſchmeicheln dem Miniſter auf eine kriechende Art, und von weitem habe ich nur gehört, daß Sie die elende Satyre von Becker vertheidigten — ſagen Sie mir, Fink! wie ſoll ich alles dies mit Ihrem Geſchmacke, Ihrem Verſtande, Ihrer Rechtſchaffenheit reimen? Ich weiß es nicht, und beſorge, die traurige Zeit iſt nahe, wo wir uns ſeltner und immer ſeltner ſehn, uns fremder und immer fremder werden, bis unſere Freundſchaft zu kalter Bekanntſchaft herabſinken wird — Löſen Sie mir dieſe Widerſprüche, und es ſoll mich freuen; denn ſo, wie Sie jetzt handeln, ſo, ich geſtehe es Ihnen, kann ich Sie nicht lieben.

Und brauche ich denn, antwortete Fink, brauche ich denn wirklich gegen dieſe Anſchuldigungen mich zu vertheidigen? Giebt es hier wirklich Widerſprüche zu löſen? — Doch es ſey! Ich will es einmal annehmen. Habe ich Ihnen nicht ſchon, als wir nach Bantans fuhren, alles geſagt, was ich für vernünftig über dieſen Punkt halte? Beobachte etwa ich allein, und Sie nicht auch, eine gewiſſe Weltklugheit? und wollen Sie mich deshalb verfolgen, weil wir zwei Syſteme haben? Ich erklärte Ihnen, warum ich ſo gegen Demoiſ. Becker handeln müßte, und Sie waren damit zufrieden. Was würden Sie von mir, was müßte ich von mir denken, wenn ich dem Miniſter ins Angeſicht widerſprochen, wenn ich ihm geradezu geſagt hätte: Sie verſtehen und fühlen von Göthe kein Wort.

Aber haben Sie ſelbſt nicht geſagt, Sie würden den verachten, welcher, nachdem er Göthens Iphigenie geleſen, hingehn und ſchmeicheln könne?

Ganz recht! Aber war der, welcher das ſagte, eine und dieſelbe Perſon, mit dem, welcher dem Miniſter ſchmeichelte? War ich nicht durch den Zank mit Ihnen, durch den Beſuch bei Beckers, Ihre Vorwürfe über mein Betragen, durch die Kunſtkenner, Philoſophen und Witzlinge bei Bantans ſo anders geſtimmt, oder vielmehr ſo verſtimmt, daß ich ganz recht that, mit dem Miniſter ſo und nicht anders zu ſprechen? abgerechnet, daß mein Betragen, wäre ich in einer andern Stimmung geweſen, und hätte alſo anders gehandelt, keine Weltklugheit verrathen hätte.

Alſo handeln Sie nach Stimmungen?

Und Sie wohl nicht? ſagte Fink. Handlungen ſind nicht nur, was ich mit den Händen oder fünf Sinnen verrichte, weil nur das Sichtbare? Wenn Sie in Ihrem Zimmer ſitzen und gewinnen heute eine Terne, morgen ſtirbt Ihre Mutter, übermorgen baut Ihnen der König ein Haus, und am folgenden Tage brechen Sie ein Bein; ſo handeln Sie wohl nicht, wenn Sie die Freude, den Schmerz nur innerlich fühlen, nicht äußerlich zeigen? Und wenn Sie äußerlich handeln, ſo hat wohl die Freude, der Schmerz, und das heißt doch wohl die Stimmung, keinen Einfluß, ich will nur ſagen, auf den Ton Ihrer Worte? Nun denken Sie ſich einen Menſchen, bei dem in der Seele nicht alles nichts und negativ iſt, wie ich z. B. bin: iſt es bei dem nicht ganz natürlich, daß die Stimmung ihn ſtärker ergreift und ihn ſtärker mit ſich fortreißt? Entſchuldigen Sie mich daher mit ſich, und das können Sie, wenn Sie ſich in mich verſetzen. Doch ſollte Ihnen das nicht Genüge thun, ſo wollen wir eine andere Seite der Sache ins Auge faſſen. Wie, wenn der Miniſter in ſeiner Perſon eben ſo recht hätte, als ich in der meinigen? Er, der nur Bälle, Gartenfeſte, Comödien, Aſſembleen, Concerten, kurz alle die Armſeligkeiten kennt, welche die große Welt und das gebildete Leben der Menſchen ausmachen, er kann ſich ſo wenig in die zarte von großen, ſchönen, menſchlichen Empfindungen angefüllte Seele Werthers verſetzen, als ich mich in die ſeinige. Ferner muß man doch eingeſtehen, daß Werther wirklich ein Kunſtwerk iſt, in welchem ſich am Ende eine trübe, [illegible] Stimmung [illegible] zum Genuß der [illegible] und daher würde ich, wenn er gegen dieſe geſprochen hätte, ihm nicht ſo gewaltig geantwortet haben, als ich that, indem ich gewiß geſchwiegen wäre, einen Punkt in Göthens Iphigenie auszumitteln, von dem aus ich und er die Sache gemeinſchaftlich hätten betrachten können. Uebrigens war das, was er über den Werther ſagte, ſo, ich will es gerade herausſagen, dumm, daß es mir eigentlich Spaß machte, ihn darin zu beſtärken. Durch einen Zufall ſah nun dieſes Bekenntniß einer Schmeichelei ähnlich, aber wahrhaftig keiner wichtigen, denn ich ſuchte mich immer gewiſſermaßen aus, und konnte, als Sie, kennt meine launige Stimmung gegen die verkehrte halten. Uebrigens bin ich überzeugt, daß jeder der Anweſenden bei Bantans mir es verdacht hat, daß ich nicht ſtärker geſchmeichelt habe.

Das entſchuldigt Sie wahrſcheinlich, ſagte Hartmann.

Gar nicht! erwiederte Fink. Nun möchte ich Ihnen bei der Gelegenheit zeigen, daß gerade meine launige, unverwüſtliche Art zu handeln es iſt, welche Ihnen einen Vortheil über mich giebt. Hätte ich Ihnen meine erſten Empfindungen bei der Leſung der Iphigenie nicht geſchildert, ſo hätten Sie mich wahrlich nicht anklagen können. — — Daß ich Beckers Satyre vertheidigte, war eine Laune, in welcher aber für mich ein Troſt, eine Stärkung liegt. Iſt es nicht äußerſt human, immer das Beſte, das Wahrſcheinlichſte anzunehmen? Unſer ganzes Leben iſt ſo ſchaal, ſo erbärmlich, daß wir ohne poetiſche Hüllen gar nicht leben können: die Wirklichkeit wird uns bald, zu bald zur Laſt, und wir müſſen ſie mit Bildern unſerer Phantaſie überkleben, um ſie lieben zu können — Sie ſind ſo ſtill?

Ich habe mich, ſagte Hartmann, während Ihrer ganzen Deklamation, damit beſchäftigt, daß ich mich gefragt habe: wohin führt dieſe Philoſophie?

Wer wird darnach fragen, ſagte Fink, man kann mit jeder Philoſophie an den Galgen kommen — Ueberhaupt, Hartmann — fuhr er fort, und nahm ihn bei der Hand, wer wird den Tand des Lebens für ſo viel werth halten, daß er auf einige Worte ein Gewicht legt, welche, in einer unwillkührlichen Stimmung ausgeſprochen, vielleicht ganz anders wirken, als der ſprechende es wollte. — Was iſt die Erde gegen die Welt, das Menſchengeſchlecht gegen die Erde, und wir beide gegen das Menſchengeſchlecht? Und was ein einzelnes Wort, eine einzelne Handlung, eine einzelne Stunde gegen ein Menſchenleben! — Sehn Sie, lieber Hartmann! nun will ich es Ihnen geſtehen, daß ich vorher innerlich lächelte, als Sie ſagten, Sie befürchteten, ich würde meine Freundſchaft gegen Sie zurücknehmen. Bei der hohen Toleranz, welche ich gegen fremdartige Handlungen und Empfindungen habe, bei der Geringſchätzung, mit welcher ich mich, Sie und die Menſchen betrachte, haben Sie das von mir wahrlich nicht zu erwarten. — Und wollen Sie die Ihrige zurücknehmen, ſo kann ich nichts, als Sie bitten, es nicht zu thun — Wollen Sie es dennoch, nun ſo kann ich Sie verſichern, daß ich es nicht thun werde.

Sie ſtanden bei den letzten Worten vor Finks Thüre; Fink klingelte.

Adieu! ſagte Hartmann kalt.

Gute Nacht! erwiederte Fink.

Der Bediente kam mit Licht, um Fink die Thüre zu öffnen. Hartmann gieng vorwärts. Kann ich morgen Mittag bei Ihnen eſſen? fragte Fink.

Ich werde es Ihnen morgen früh ſagen laſſen, erwiederte Hartmann.

Gute Nacht, lieber Hartmann! ſagte Fink.

Am andern Morgen erhielt letzterer folgendes Billet.

„Sie haben mich geſtern Abend überredet, aber nicht überzeugt. Sie können nicht verlangen, daß ich Ihr Freund, kenn ſoll, da Ihre Seele Erinnerungen hat, in denen Ihnen Treue und Freundſchaft [illegible] erſcheinen können. — Ich bin zu ſtolz, mein Betragen Ihrer mannichfachen [illegible] Güte zu [illegible], und ziehe mich daher zurück. — Zürnen Sie [illegible], wenn mein Verluſt Sie vielleicht für einige Minuten nachdenkend machen ſollte, daß Sie ein Amt und einen [illegible] Freund gewonnen haben. Eine Gattin, welche [illegible] Sorge [illegible], wird [illegible] wohl wieder. — Ich bin heute Mittag [illegible]

Hartmann.

Friedrich Juſtin Bertuch,

ein durch raſtloſe, vielſeitige Wirkſamkeit überaus verdienter Mann, ward am 30. September 1747 zu Weimar, wo ſein Vater als Arzt lebte, geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf dem dortigen Gymnaſium und bezog dann die Univerſität Jena, wo er das Studium der Theologie, dem er ſich anfangs gewidmet hatte, bald mit dem der Rechtswiſſenſchaften vertauſchte. Nach zurückgelegter akademiſcher Laufbahn erhielt er 1765 eine Anſtellung als Hauslehrer bei dem gelehrten, ſprachkundigen Freiherrn Bachof von Echt zu Remſtädt im Altenburgiſchen. Dieſer veranlaßte ihn, ſich mit der neuern ſpaniſchen Literatur bekannt zu machen; ein Beſtreben, das ſchöne Früchte trug, denn Bertuch war der Erſte, welcher den Don Quixote in guter Ueberſetzung den Deutſchen zuführte und ſie überhaupt auf die Schätze der ſpaniſchen Poeſie aufmerkſam machte. Im Jahre 1773 kehrte B. nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt zurück, ward 1775 herzogl. weimariſcher geheimer Cabinetsſecretair, 1776 Rath, 1785 Legationsrath. Während dieſer Zeit hatte er den Grund zu mehreren nützlichen merkantiliſch-literariſchen Anſtalten gelegt; um ſich dieſen ganz widmen zu können, trat er 1796 aus dem Staatsdienſt und leitete nun die von ihm unter der Firma „H. S. priv. Landes-Induſtrie-Comptoir" geſtiftete Verlagshandlung, ſowie das „Geographiſche Inſtitut" und ſuchte fort und fort zur Verbreitung nützlicher Kenntniſſe durch Schrift und That zu wirken. So erreichte er ein hohes, ſegensreiches Alter und ſtarb am 3. April 1822. Sein Grab hatte er ſich ſelbſt in dem von ihm angelegten ſchönen Baumgarten hinter ſeiner Anlage erwählt und ſchlummert dort neben den ihm vorangegangenen Lieben.

Theils allein, theils in Verbindung mit Andern gab er heraus:

Aurora. Altenburg, 1770.
Das Mährchen vom Bilboquet. Altenb., 1772.
Wiegenliederchen. Altenb., 1772.
Das große Loos, komiſche Oper. Weimar, 1774.
Elfriede, Trauerſpiel. Weimar, 1775. N. A. 1780.
Polyxena, Melodrama. Leipz. 1775.
Magazin der ſpaniſchen Litteratur. Deſſau, 1780—82. 3 Bde.
[illegible] und Emma. Leipz., 1778.
Geſchichte des Gerundio von Campazas. 2 Thle. Leipz. 1773. N. A. 1777.
Inez de Caſtro. Leipz. 1773.
Don Quixote de la Mancha. 6 Bde. Leipz. 1775—77. N. A. 1780.
Iriarte's literariſche Fabeln. Leipz. 1788.
Journal des Luxus und der Moden. Weimar, 1786—1822.
Bilderbuch für Kinder. Weimar, 1790—1822. 100 Hefte.
Blaue Bibliothek. Gotha, 1790—97. 11 Thle.
Allgemeine geographiſche Ephemeriden. Weimar, 1798—22.
Neue Bibliothek der Reiſebeſchreibungen. Weimar, 1815—22. u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Bertuch's hauptſächlichſtes Verdienſt beruht darin, daß er, mit raſtloſem Eifer alle Schwierigkeiten überwindend, durch glückliche Verhältniſſe und Verbindungen unterſtützt, zu einer Zeit und an einem Orte lebend, wo alles geiſtige Wirken freundlich ermuntert und befördert wurde, ebenſo mit Rath und That das Schöne, Gute und Nützliche einzuführen und zu verbreiten ſuchte. In dieſem Streben wirkte er als geſchmackvoller Ueberſetzer, als geiſtreicher Kritiker, als tüchtiger Gelehrter und als verſtändiger Staatsbeamter und Verlagshändler nach allen Richtungen. So verdankt man ihm neben vielen guten bürgerlichen Einrichtungen und Anſtalten, die er entweder gründete oder an deren Leitung er Theil nahm, und welche noch jetzt in ſeiner erkenntlichen Vaterſtadt, der er manche neue Quelle des Erwerbes bei eigentlich beſchränkten Mitteln eröffnete, fortbeſtehen, u. A. den Plan zur Allgemeinen Literaturzeitung, welchen er 1784 gemeinſchaftlich mit Schütz und Wieland entwarf. Den Sinn für ſpaniſche Literatur hat er, wie bereits ſchon oben bemerkt wurde, zuerſt in Deutſchland geweckt und durch für jene Zeit treffliche Ueberſetzungen poetiſcher und proſaiſcher ſpaniſcher Meiſterwerke genährt und rege erhalten, indem er dabei mit eben ſo gründlicher Kenntniß als feinem Geſchmack und edlem Sinn verfuhr. Ein unbeſtreitbar großes Verdienſt von ſeiner Seite ſind ſeine Bemühungen, die Kenntniß der Naturwiſſenſchaften, vorzüglich der Naturgeſchichte, ſo wie der Geographie populär zu machen, was er vorzüglich durch die Herausgabe ſeines Bilderbuchs, der geographiſchen Ephemeriden und der Bibliothek der Reiſebeſchreibungen zu erreichen ſuchte. Seine eigenen poetiſchen Leiſtungen können zwar nicht auf hohe Originalität Anſpruch machen, aber ſie zeichnen ſich durch Gewandtheit, Klarheit, Geſchmack und Correctheit vortheilhaft aus. Ein gleiches Lob trifft ſeine proſaiſchen Arbeiten, in denen der in ſteter Verbindung mit dem Leben ſtehende Mann von Welt unverkennbar iſt.

Vgl. Jördens's Lexikon deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten. I. S. 243 folg. — [illegible] 1822. [illegible] — [illegible] S. 77 — [illegible] — [illegible] Bd. I. S. 306 folgende.

Lope Felix de Carpio*)

[illegible] Lope de Vega [illegible]

Lope de Vega Carpio [illegible] Felix de Vega, ſein Vater, war auch Dichter. [illegible] Er wurde den 25. Nov. 1562 geboren, [illegible] Garcilaſo, Herrera, [illegible] Calderon, [illegible]

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*) Aus: Magazin der ſpaniſchen und portug. Litteratur, von F. J. Bertuch. Erſter Band. Deſſau 1781.

Trug je ein Menſch den Dichter-Stempel, von der Hand der Natur aufgedrückt, ſichtbarlich an der Stirn, ſo war es Lope. Niemand, ſagt Antonio von ihm, hat je das Sprüchwort: ein Redner kann gemacht, ein Dichter aber muß geboren werden, ſo wörtlich erfüllt als er. Faſt alles, was er dachte und ſprach, war Vers, und beynahe hätte er fragen können, ob's auch Proſa in der Welt gebe? Es iſt nicht Fabel, ſondern wahre Thatſache, daß er als Kind, noch nicht 5 Jahr alt, ſchon Verſe machte, die ihm, weil er noch nicht ſchreiben konnte, andere kleine Knaben in der Schule aufſchreiben, und er hernach gegen Bilder und andere Spielereyen an ſie vertauſchte. [illegible], ſagt er einmal von ſich ſelbſt, lehrte mich von der Wiege an Verſe machen, und in ſeinem Arte nuevo de hacer comedias en este tiempo: ich ſchrieb im eilften und zwölften Jahre [illegible] Comödien, von vier Akten und vier Bogen; denn jeder Akt machte nicht mehr als einen Bogen, weil man zwiſchen jedem damals noch ein Zwiſchenſpiel gab. [illegible]

[illegible] Lope [illegible]

[illegible] Lope [illegible] Don [illegible] und [illegible]

[illegible] Lope [illegible] La Pastoral de Jacinto. [illegible]

Lope de Vega ging nun nach Alcala de Henares, und ſtudirte da die Philoſophie vier Jahre lang mit ſolchem Erfolg, daß es ihm keiner gleichthat. Er machte großes Aufſehen, und hätte leicht können ein Doctor [illegible] werden, wenn's ſeinem zärtlichen [illegible] zu thun geweſen. [illegible] Madrid zurück, und trat bey dem berühmten Duque de Alba als Secretär in Dienſte, deſſen ganzes Vertrauen und Liebe er ſich erwarb. Dieß Glück wurde ihm aber bald durch den Tod des Herzogs entriſſen. Sein Andenken ſuchte er auch durch ſeine Arcadia, einen ſehr angenehmen Schäfer-Roman in Proſa und Verſen, zu verewigen.

Von der geheimen Geſchichte des Herzens unſers Lope wiſſen wir weiter nichts, als daß er, ſeinem Dichten nach, ein [illegible] zärtlicher Liebhaber ſeyn mußte. Zweymal war er verheirathet; das erſtemal, nach des Herzogs von Alba Tode, mit Donna Iſabel de Urbina, einer Dame von guter Familie. In dieſer Ehe lebte er glücklich, bis ihn ein unangenehmer Zufall von ſeiner Gattin trennte. Ein boshafter Verleumder nämlich hatte [illegible] von Lope geſprochen, und ihn beleidigt. Gefühl von Ehre ſetzte unſers jungen Mannes Blut in Wallung. Es kam zum Zweykampfe. Lope verwundete darin ſeinen Gegner tödtlich und mußte nach Valencia entfliehen. Da brachte er einige Jahre zu, bis er nach ausgemachter Sache wieder zurück nach Madrid, zu ſeiner geliebten Gattin, kommen konnte; die aber leider einige Monate nach ſeiner Rückkunft ſtarb.

Dieß Unglück ſchlug den Mann, deſſen zärtliches Herz ohnehin ſchon durch die lange Trennung ſeiner Gattin [illegible] hatte, vollends ganz nieder. Er verfiel in eine Art von Schwermuth, daraus er ſich zuletzt durch den [illegible] Entſchluß, Kriegsmann zu werden, und auf der Flotte, die Philipp der II. unter dem [illegible] von Medina Sidonia gegen England ausrüſten ließ, Dienſte zu nehmen. Er ging also [illegible] und [illegible], und ſchiffte ſich mit ſeinem Schwager [illegible] de [illegible] ein. [illegible] Jahr 1588 [illegible] Um dieſe Zeit [illegible] wie aus verſchiedenen [illegible] erhellt; [illegible] am Jahr [illegible] Hermoſura de Angelica, [illegible]

Lope war erſt 26 Jahr alt, als er von der unglücklichen Expedition gegen England zurückkam, hatte ſchon manche Sterne des Lebens [illegible], und im der ſeyten [illegible] Sorten nicht gebrochen. [illegible] das Feuer in dem jungen Manne lebte, deſto ſchneller verleidet ihm oft die [illegible] Erwartung das ganze Unternehmen, und [illegible] Lope. Der junge feurige Dichter konnte die Mühſal des Kriegsdienſtes nicht ertragen, und [illegible] Da er aber auch nicht reich genug war, für ſich zu leben, ging er wieder als Secretär des [illegible] Marques de Malpica, und nicht lange darauf des Conde de Lemos, [illegible], in Dienſte. Dieſe [illegible] Cervantes; und [illegible] Lope und Cervantes, [illegible]

Als Lope beym Conde de Lemos war, verheirathete er ſich zum zweytenmal mit Donna Juana de Guardio, [illegible] Donna Feliciana de Vega [illegible] Lope [illegible]

[illegible] Lope de Vega's Leben, [illegible]

[illegible] Lope [illegible] Congregation des heil. Franciscus. [illegible] 40 und 50. Jahr, [illegible] Lope [illegible] Er lebte am Hofe in [illegible] als Dichter in Spanien und Italien allgemein geehrt, und von dem [illegible] Theile der Nation beynahe vergöttert; von großen Herren mit Gnadenbezeugungen überhäuft; von allen Fremden beſucht; ſeine Werke [illegible], ſein Name war der Stempel des [illegible], und Es de Lope, es iſt von Lope, zum Sprüchwort von jedem [illegible]; er ſtand in Briefwechſel mit Päbſten, Prinzen, Cardinälen und andern großen und gelehrten Männern faſt durch ganz Europa; ſeine Comödiengeſchäfte [illegible] die jährlichen Renten ſeiner Präbenden trugen ihm 1500 Dukaten, und durch ſeine Schriften und Geſchenke großer Herren hatte er ſich auch beynahe 100000 Dukaten erworben; kurz, Lope war in der zweyten Hälfte ſeines Lebens ſo unbeſchreiblich glücklich, als ein Dichter es auf Erden zu werden nur träumen kann. Er war kaum in die Congregation de Sacerdotes naturales de Madrid getreten, ſo ward er auch gleich zum Capellan-[illegible] gewählt. Er war auch Familiar des heiligen Officii, [illegible] Pabſt Urban VIII., [illegible] dem er ſeine Corona tragica de Maria Stuarda zugeeignet hatte, [illegible] Ordens, [illegible] des Johanniterordens, und machte ihn zum Doctor der Theologie und Promotor Fiscal der Apoſtoliſchen Kammer. [illegible] Hof, [illegible]

[illegible] Lope, [illegible]

Lope de Vega iſt der [illegible] Schriftſteller alter und neuer Zeiten, aller uns bekannten Nationen. Man zählt mehr als funfzig Bände [illegible] und [illegible]; und sechs und zwanzig in Quart, [illegible] Werk, [illegible] im Druck erschienen sind. [illegible] Ecloga à Claudio [illegible] Vega del Parnaso [illegible]:

No es minima parte, aunque es exceso,
De lo que esta por imprimir, lo impreso,

[illegible] 1800 Comödien und Zwischenspiele, und 400 Autos sacramentales [illegible] Parnaso [illegible], daß Lope 133225 Bogen, [illegible] 21,316,000 Verse [illegible] in 73 Lebensjahren [illegible].

[illegible]

Lope's [illegible]

[illegible]

Ich habe [illegible]

[illegible] Lope de Vega [illegible].

[illegible] Lope's [illegible] Lope that es, und lieferte [illegible] unter dem Titel: Arte nuevo de hacer comedias en este tiempo; dirigido a la Academia de Madrid *). [illegible]

[illegible]

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*) Neue Kunst, Comödien zu dieser Zeit zu machen. An die Akademie zu Madrid gerichtet.

**) In der Vorrede zu Cervantes nobe comedias.

***) In seiner Poesie.

†) In Cervantes Leben.

††) In seiner Geschichte der Spanischen Literatur.

So viel von unſers Lope dramatiſchen Arbeiten, die bald Comödie, bald Trauerſpiel, bald beydes zugleich ſind; nun auch ein Wort von ſeinen übrigen Werken.

Es iſt faſt keine Art von Gedichten, in welcher nicht Lope de Vega auch gearbeitet hat. Ernſthafte und komiſche Epopee, dialogiſches Gedicht, Ode, Elegie, Hirtengedicht, Sonnet und Epigramm, weltliche [illegible] und geiſtliche [illegible], alles gehört unter ſein Gebiet, und in jeder Gattung haben wir ſchöne Werke von ihm. So ungleich dieſe auch an ſich ſind, ſo iſt doch keins ſeiner Werke, auch das unvollkommenſte, ganz mittelmäßig; und man wird gezwungen, den unerſchöpflichen Reichthum ſeiner ſchöpferiſchen Imagination zu bewundern.

Die Mannichfaltigkeit der Ausgaben ſeiner Werke, deren jede eine andere Anordnung hat, macht ein richtiges und vollſtändiges Verzeichniß ſeiner Schriften faſt [illegible], wo nicht gar unmöglich. So enthält z. B. von ſeinen Comödien ein und eben derſelbe Band der Madrider Ausgabe ganz andere Stücke als der von der Antwerpner oder Liſſaboner. Ich will es verſuchen weiter unten, nach Antonio, dem Parnaso Español, und einem Verzeichniß, das der Buchhändler D. Pedr. Jos. Alonso y Padilla ſeiner Ausgabe der Novelas 1736 angehängt hat, ſo viele Stücke als möglich zu liefern. Zuſammen wird ſie ſchwerlich eine Bibliothek von Europa beſitzen.

Lope de Vega war ein ſchöner Mann, lang, hager, wohlgewachſen, etwas braun von Geſicht, aber voll Geiſt und Feuer; hatte eine große [illegible] Naſe, ſehr lebhafte und liebliche Augen, und einen kurzen ſchwarzen Bart. Er hatte vorzügliche Geſchicklichkeit in ſeinen Gliedern, und viel Leibesſtärke. Sein ganzes Leben hindurch war er vollkommen geſund; denn er hatte eine glückliche Organiſation und Mäßigung der Säfte, und lebte ſehr ordentlich und mäßig.

Sein moraliſcher Charakter war edel und rein. Er war zuvorkommend ohne die geringſte Heucheley und Anmaßung; höflich, gefällig, und voll Menſchenliebe; freygebig und gefällig, niemals zur Verſchwendung. Keins ſeiner Werke verräth Muthwillen und Jucken ſich an andern zu reiben. Er that ſicher keinem wehe, der ihn nicht zuerſt angefallen hatte. Gegen die Armen war er ſo außerordentlich mild und wohlthätig, daß er in ſeinem Alter faſt ſein ganzes Vermögen an ſie wandte, und man nach ſeinem Tode, ob er gleich ein ſo vermögender Mann geweſen war, kaum für 1000 Ducaten an Werthe bey ihm fand.

Lope ſtarb den 25. Auguſt 1635, in ſeinem 73. Jahre. Wie ſehr er von einer großen Menge Menſchen aller Stände geliebt wurde, beweiſt ſein Tod, der eine allgemeine Bewegung am Hofe und im ganzen Reiche machte. Sein Leichenbegängniß, das der Duque de Seſa, ſein Gönner, Freund und Teſtaments-Vollzieher, auf eigne Koſten machte, geſchah mit außerordentlichem Pomp und Pracht, und unter Zuſammenlauf einer ungeheuren Menge Menſchen. Er ward in dem Kirchſpiel San Sebaſtian begraben, und der Duque de Seſa ließ, als [illegible], Miniſter, Prälaten und Ritter [illegible] im Leichenkondukte. Es wurde ihm eine feyerliche Novena, ſo prächtig als das Leichenbegängniß ſelbſt, gehalten, bey welcher die Königliche Capelle die Muſik aufführte; und darauf hielten die [illegible] an den verſchiedenen Tagen, an welchen [illegible] die Exequien [illegible], und denn der berühmteſten geiſtlichen Redner Predigten. [illegible] Monroy, [illegible]. Juan Perez de Montalban, ſein Freund und Schüler, ſammelte alle dieſe Kennzeichen der allgemeinen Liebe gegen ihn, und gab ſie, nebſt Nachrichten von ſeinem Leben, in einem Bande unter dem Titel: *Fama posthuma à la vida y muerte del Doctor Frey Lope Felix de Vega Carpio etc.* Madrid, 1636 heraus. Nicht allein die Spaniſchen Dichter aber, ſondern auch die Italieniſchen beweinten Lope's Tod; denn es erſchien ſchon zu Anfang 1636 zu Venedig ein ganzer Band Klage- und Trauergedichte unter dem Titel: Eſſequie poetiche, von den beſten damals lebenden Italieniſchen Dichtern.

Johann von Beſſer,

der Sohn eines Predigers, ward am 8. Mai 1654 zu Frauenburg in Kurland geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung im älterlichen Hauſe, bezog dann die Univerſität Königsberg, wo er Theologie ſtudirte und ſich die Magiſterwürde erwarb, und begleitete darauf 1675 einen jungen kurländiſchen Edelmann als deſſen Hofmeiſter nach Leipzig. Er hatte jedoch das Unglück, ſeinen Zögling an den Folgen eines Duelles zu verlieren, wodurch er die Hoffnung zu einer baldigen Beförderung in ſeinem Vaterlande verlor. Demzufolge wandte er ſich von der Theologie ab, widmete ſich der Jurisprudenz und begab ſich, als er ſeine rechtswiſſenſchaftlichen Studien vollendet hatte, nach Berlin, wo ihm wegen ſeiner poetiſchen Talente der Kurfürſt von Brandenburg, **Friedrich Wilhelm**, beſonders geneigt ward und ihn, nachdem er ihn ſchon früher zum Rath ernannt, 1681 zu dem Poſten eines Legationsrathes mit Gehalt erhob. Im Jahre 1690 erhielt v. B. die Charge eines Ceremonienmeiſters am kurfürſtlichen Hofe, womit zugleich das Amt eines Hofpoeten und der Adel verbunden wurde. Er bekleidete dieſe Stelle auch unter **Friedrich I.**, König von Preußen, ward aber von deſſen Nachfolger, **Friedrich Wilhelm I.**, verabſchiedet und begab ſich nun an den Hof des prachtliebenden **Friedrich Auguſt**, Königs von Polen und Kurfürſten von Sachſen, an welchem er eine noch glänzendere Anſtellung in gleicher Eigenſchaft fand, die er bis an ſeinen Tod, den 10. Februar 1729, behielt.

Seine Gedichte, welche anfangs einzeln gedruckt oder in anderen Sammlungen aufgenommen erſchienen, wurden endlich mit ſeiner Bewilligung vereint herausgegeben unter dem Titel:

> **Des Herrn von Beſſer Schriften, beydes in gebundener und ungebundener Rede u. ſ. w.** Leipzig, 1711. gr. 8. N. A. 1715. 8.

Eine verbeſſerte und vermehrte Auflage derſelben, welche zugleich mit einer ausführlichen Lebensbeſchreibung des Dichters verſehn iſt, beſorgte J. U. König unter dem Titel:

> **Des Herrn von Beſſer Schriften, beydes in gebundener und ungebundener Rede u. ſ. w. von Johann Ulrich König.** Leipzig, 1732. gr. 8. 2 Thle.

B. gehört zu den trivialſten, wäſſerigen Dichtern jener Zeit, welche aus der Ausartung der erſten ſchleſiſchen Schule hervorgegangen ſind. Er war ein kenntnißreicher, gewandter, feiner Weltmann voll ſchöner Talente, aber, durch den ſchlechten Geſchmack ſeiner Tage verbildet, verkannte er ſeinen eigentlichen Beruf und glaubte genug zu thun, wenn er elegant und correct ſchrieb, was er nach damaligen Anforderungen auch wirklich that. — Dagegen fehlt es ihm (an einigen wenigen Stellen ausgenommen, wo ihn ſein Herz fortriß, wie z. B. in dem Gedichte auf den Tod ſeiner Gattin: Verhängniß treuer Liebe überſchrieben) durchaus an Kraft, Wärme, Phantaſie und Begeiſterung, den weſentlichſten Erforderungen für einen Dichter.

Galante Gedichte *).

Die blauen Augen.

Blau ſind meiner Roſemunden Augen,
Weil ſie uns zum Zeugniß ſollen taugen,
Daß ſie die, von Venus, ſind erkohren,
Die vom blauen Meeres-Saltz gebohren.

Pallas Augen ſind auch blau geweſen,
Die ſie ſich, aus Weisheit, hat erleſen;
Weil der blauen Farben Glanz vollkommen,
Den der Himmel ſelbſt drum angenommen.

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*) Aus: Schriften des Herrn v. Beſſer. Leipzig, 1732.

Was ſoll man denn Anemone ſagen?
Was doch deine Augen in ſich tragen!
Klugheit und der Himmel die ſind lichte;
Beydes ſieht dir auch aus dem Geſichte.

Blaues Feuer brennt wo Schätze liegen,
Und dein blaues Auge kann nicht trügen,
Daß die Schönheit tauſend ihrer Gaben
In den Bergen deiner Bruſt vergraben.

Selbſt die blauen Augen die dich zieren,
Zeigen, daß ſie theure Türckis führen;
Die, wie Gold wächſt von der Sonnen Blicken,
Alſo ſich von deinen Augen ſchmücken.

Aber blau iſt auch der Treue Zeichen,
Wird dein Hertze wohl den Augen gleichen!
Ob Beſtändigkeit dein Hertz getroffen,
Muß ich bloß von deinen Augen hoffen.

Unterdeſſen ſoll mich nichtes ſtöhren,
Als was himmliſches ſie zu verehren.
Weil des Himmels Bild darin geſchrieben,
Will ich ſie auch als den Himmel lieben.

Die ſchwartzen Augen.

Schöne Augen brennen mich verſtohlen;
Denn ſie ſcheinen ausgelöſchte Kohlen;
Weil dem Himmel ſie beliebt zu ſchwärtzen,
Sieht man nicht die Flammen-reiche Kertzen.

Wolcken ſind ſie, aber voller Blitze,
Und diß neue Sonnen-Licht hat Hitze.
In den ſchwartzen Augen ſtecken Sonnen,
Wo ſich aller Seelen Brand entſponnen.

Ich gedacht mit ihrer Glut zu ſpielen,
Und in ihren Schatten mich zu kühlen:
Aber lauter heiſſe Feuer-Wellen,
Lieſſen die vermeynte Brunnen quellen.

Dunckler Nacht ſo voll verdeckter Zeichen!
Wer dich ſieht, der kan dir nicht entweichen;
Alles muß in deinen Banden ſchweben,
Wenn uns deine Finſterniß umgeben.

Brenne mich, doch mich nicht zu verbrennen,
Deiner Schönheit Allmacht zu erkennen;
Laß der Augen Schatten mich bedecken,
Wenn ihr Strahl zu heiß ich will erſchrecken.

Oder willſt du mich zu Aſchen haben,
Muſt du in den Augen mich begraben.
Denn die Schwärtze deutet ſich zum Trauren,
Und ein ſchwartzes Grab kan länger dauren.

Liebe ſonder Eigennutz.

Melindens Auge ſeh ich nicht;
Doch hör ich, daß es Thränen weinet.
O weint das himmliſche Geſicht,
Das ſonſt mit Sonnenblicken ſcheinet!
Ich weiß, daß diß die Traurigkeit
Und ihres Schmertzens Ungebärden,
Wenn ſie die ſüſſen Thränen ſtreut,
Sie noch viel ſchöner machen werden.

Wiſſet, daß ihr das Glück gelacht,
Und ſie der Freundin Arm umfangen,
Daß ich den Wunſch ſo eingemacht;
Vergnügt, daß es ihr wohl ergangen.
Wer aber kan hier ruhig ſeyn,
Da wir Melinden hören klagen!
Ihr Glücke laß ich ihr allein;
Ihr Unglück muß ich helfen tragen.

Zwar hör' ich, daß ſie's nicht begehrt,
Und von dem Ihren nichts will miſſen.
Allein, was nimmt diß ihrem Werth,
Daß ſie mir widerſtreben müſſen!

Mein Unſtern hat mich ſchon geübt,
Für das Geliebte mich zu leiden;
Und wenn Melinde gleich nicht liebt,
Soll auch ihr Haß uns nimmer ſcheiden.

Die Schönheit, der beblümte Mund,
Die weiſſe Bruſt, die friſche Jugend,
Sind ja nicht meiner Liebe Grund:
Ich liebe mehr Melindens Tugend.
Dergleichen Liebe kann beſtehn,
Auch ſonder etwas zu begehren.
Sie nur zu ehren, ſie zu ſehn,
Iſt alles, was ſie darf gewähren.

Treibt aber mich kein Eigen-Nutz,
O, wiß nur, bittere Melinde!
So ſey die Tugend ſelbſt mein Schutz,
Wenn ich dich liebenswürdig finde.
Was willſt du mehr, ich meide dich,
Ich will dich andern überlaſſen;
Nur, haſt du ja kein Hertz für mich,
So laß auch keines mich zu haſſen.

Die durch Melindens Thränen ſiegende Traurigkeit.

Die Traurigkeit gieng dieſer Tage
Selbſt voller Schmertzen und betrübt,
Und ſprach: weil ich die Menſchen plage,
Werd' ich von keinem ſo geliebt.
Wie mach ich es mit meinem Leide,
Daß ich was angenehmes ſey?
Ein jeder liebet Luſt und Freude,
Wie komm ich meiner Feindin bey?

Sie dachte, muß ich häßlich ſcheinen,
Das rührt vermuthlich nur daher:
Daß wenig ſchöne Augen weinen;
Wie, wenn ich künftig ſchöner wär!
Wie, wenn ich einmahl auf den Wangen,
Der allerſchönſten Menſchen käm?
Ich weiß, man würde mich verlangen,
Die Thränen würden angenehm.

Der Anſchlag gieng, ſie traf Melinden
Bey einem ſanften Leiden an;
O! rief ſie, meine Trauer-Stunden,
Hier hab ich was ich wünſchen kann!
Wohl mir! nun ſoll es mir gelücken,
Man wird mich bald erhaben ſehn:
Mit den Melindens Wunder-Blicken,
Wird meine Traurigkeit mit ſchön.

Melinde fieng kaum an zu klagen,
Da ſahe man ſchon ihren Zug
Ein jeder ſuchte ſich zu tragen,
Weil es Melindens Auge trug.
Die Thränen hieſſen [illegible]
Die Menſchen drangen ſich zur Pein
Die Schönen, ſuchten nun zu weinen,
Die Ungeſtalten, ſchön zu ſeyn.

Was that die Bosheit da zu ſehen!
Die Freude lief zur Traurigkeit;
Und ſprach: [illegible]
Es wollte einmahl Freud und Leid.
Willt du mit ſolchem Vorzug prahlen;
Zu weit, weil jeder dich erwehlt,
Die Welt ſich dazu zu Zeit gezehlet;
Was biſt du, wo nicht Menſchen ſind!

Die Traurigkeit erzwung diß Schelten,
Und ſprach: Melinden ich bin vergnügt,
Daß ich, durch der Melinden Thränen,
Dich überwunden und beſiegt.
Ich laß es zu, trieb ihre Schmertzen,
So ſollt du ſie nicht weinen ſehn,
Und bitte ſie, für alle Hertzen,
Den Trauren wieder abzuſtehn.

Ferdinand Leopold Karl Freiherr von Biedenfeld

ward am 5. Mai 1788 zu Karlsruhe geboren, erhielt eine wissenschaftliche Bildung und privatisirte darauf abwechselnd in verschiedenen Städten (Karlsruhe, Dresden, Wien u. s. w.). Im Jahre 1824 ging er als Secretair an die neuerrichtete königsstädter Bühne zu Berlin, verließ dieselbe jedoch bereits 1826, wo er sich als Theaterdirector nach Magdeburg begab, doch blieb er auch hier nicht lange. Gegenwärtig lebt er als Privatgelehrter in Leipzig.

Von ihm erschien:

Unterhaltungen für müßige Stunden. Karlsruhe, 1815.
Wiesenblumen. Dresden, 1818.
Aglaja, romantische und historische Erzählungen [illegible]. Leipzig, 1819.
Wunderliches, Vernünftiges und Verrücktes in einer Taschen-Magazin gesammelt. Pesth, 1820.
[illegible]blätter. [illegible], 1821. — 2 Thle.
Feierstunden ([illegible] mit C. Kuffner). [illegible], 1821–1822. 2 Thle.
Der [illegible], Trauerspiel. Bamberg, 1821.
[illegible]. Bamberg, 1823. 4 Thle.
Die Vasallen. Trauerspiel [illegible]. Berl. 1824.
Der [illegible] Teufel in Berlin. Berlin, 1827. 4 Thle.
Einzelne Aufsätze, Erzählungen, Gedichte in Zeitschriften u. s. w.

B. ist ein anziehender und [illegible], dabei im höchsten Grade [illegible] Erzähler, mit angenehmer Darstellungsweise begabt und sich eines fließenden, leichten Styles erfreuend. Seine [illegible] Originalen nachgebildeten Erzählungen zeugen von gründlichen Kenntnissen, tiefem Eindringen und einer gewandten Herrschaft über Sprache und Vers. — In seinen Sittenschilderungen offenbart er glücklichen Humor, richtigen Blick und heitere, angenehme Laune. —

Das Wunderfräulein*)

Wo der Schwarzwald am Rhein hinauf den Bodensee umgürtend, den [illegible] Alpen die Hand reicht voll reicher Gefilde an Weinen, Obst und Körnern zur [illegible] Gabe, — da ragen hoch über die lachende Landschaft empor die Trümmer von elf Ritterburgen.

[illegible]

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*) Aus: Feierstunden von Biedenfeld. [illegible] 1822.

Alles vergaß ich und riß haſtig das Siegel entzwei, denn ich hatte ſehnlichſt einer Kunde von dem unvermutheten Verſchwinden meiner angebeteten Seraphine, um ihre Spur weiter zu verfolgen und vielleicht mein künftiges Lebensglück einem Herzen anvertrauen zu dürfen. Mein Freund ſchrieb mir:

„Theurer Julius! Ich eile Dir Kunde zu geben von Deiner wundervollen Geliebten, wie ich ſie erforſchen konnte und ſo weit ich ſie zu geben vermag. Du ſahſt ſie in Frankfurt, ſahſt ſie wieder in Mannheim, trafſt mit ihr in Heilbronn zuſammen, hatteſt Gelegenheit im Zauberthale von Weinsberg einige Worte mit ihr zu wechſeln und den Pfeil noch tiefer in dein wundes Herz zu drücken; flogſt nach Heilbronn herüber, um Dich abermals an ihrem räthſelhaften Anblick zu laben; folgteſt ihr nach Stuttgart, um dort ihre Spur zu verlieren, und warſt ſchon zu verwirrt, um auch nur die allergewöhnlichſten Fragen der Klugheit zu thun, um ihre Herkunft, Stand, Namen und Zweck der fliegenden Reiſe zu erfahren. Der Name Seraphine ſchien Dir genug, um ſie am Ende der Welt wieder zu finden und ſo jagſt Du ihr blindlings nach, wie einſt Deine Ahnen auf Abentheuer auszogen. Ich wollte dich zappeln und die Hitze verkühlen laſſen. Nun ich aber von hier fort und den Rhein hinab muß, melde ich Dir mit wenigen Worten: Sie heißt Seraphine von Rosenburg, iſt im Harzgebirg geboren, eine nahe Verwandte des Beſitzers vom Hohenkrähen, und verweilt ſeit acht Tagen ganz in Deiner Nähe! Suche ſie auf, finde ſie und mache ſie zu Deinem Weib; zu Deinem Gevatter aber rechne bald Deinen treuen Freund und Bruder Wilhelm!“

Ich war unausſprechlich glücklich, und hätte in meinem Entzücken die ganze Welt umarmen mögen. Nur die eiſerne Nothwendigkeit, die einen Entſchluß aufzugeben, hielt mich ab, ſogleich den Hügel hinabzurennen und die ganze Gegend auszuſpähen, um heute noch die Heißerſehnte zu finden. Ich hätte mich vor mir ſelbſt ſchämen müſſen, — vor dem unbeſtechlichſten aller Gerichtstribunale. Das Natürlichſte wäre wohl geweſen, zum alten Baron, welchen ich als meinen ehemaligen Oberſten und fernen Anverwandten wohl kannte — hinunter ſelbſt zu gehen, und eigenhändig an der ſicherſten Quelle Kundſchaft zu ſchöpfen. Allein gerade das Natürliche erſchien mir als etwas Gewöhnliches, wovon ich nie ein großer Freund geweſen. Auf dem geraden Wege zum Ziele zu gelangen, wäre mir nicht romantiſch oder romanhaft genug geweſen, und hätte mir die Luſt zu einer Liebe benommen, welche ſo ſonderbar begonnen hatte.

Ich zügelte daher mein ſehnſuchtverſchmelzendes Herz und ſendete meinen Johann hinab, um Erkundigungen einzuziehen, und mir von [illegible] Ruinen gute Koſt zu bringen, damit ich den andern Tag die Nachforſchungen ſelbſt betreiben, und an mein Ziel gelangen könnte. [illegible] flog er den [illegible] und [illegible] im Trab der [illegible] den [illegible] hinauf nach den Ruinen.

Nach dieſem [illegible] von der alten Burg und unterirdiſche Gewölbe, welche einer über dem andern von dem Waſſergraben bis zum Gipfel hinauf aus dem Felſen geſprengt ſeyn und der Meinung nach große Schätze verborgen [illegible] ſollen. Der Beſitzer ſcheint keine Schätze dort zu vermuthen, aber [illegible] ſeinen [illegible] zu wollen, weil [illegible], außer von [illegible] ſchon [illegible], kein Verſuch gemacht war, auch nur einen der vielen Schätze an das Tageslicht zu bringen. [illegible] auf der [illegible] Seite ſteht auf einem [illegible] ein [illegible] alten Baues [illegible], worin ein [illegible] gefunden wurde [illegible] einen alten [illegible], welcher in [illegible] und einer [illegible] einige [illegible] der [illegible] Burg [illegible]. [illegible] führt es [illegible] über, ſteht es [illegible] von einer ziemlich [illegible] umfangen.

Ich machte nach alter Weiſe Namen, Stand und Vorhaben namhaft, als ich in die romantiſche Burg eingelaſſen wurde. Der Alte kam ſofort gerne zuvor, die kleine [illegible] war im oberſten Stockwerk des [illegible] für die kommende Nacht mir eingeräumt und [illegible] mit [illegible] im [illegible] umher, [illegible] Ausſicht war [illegible] und [illegible]. Nur die halb verfallene Kapelle bat er mich, nicht jetzt zu betreten, ſondern dieſen Anblick für die Nacht mir aufzuſparen, wenn der Mond ſchon hoch ſtehen würde.

Ich hatte Luſt, noch einige Skizzen der Gegend zu entwerfen, aber es wollte nicht mehr gehen; immer und immer erfüllte eine Erſcheinung den Vorgrund, welche die ganze Perſpective mir bedeckte und mein Auge blendete. Unmuthig ſchloß ich meine Mappe und ging wie im Traume planlos umher, ſtets gequält von den Stacheln ſchmachtender Erwartung, ſüßer Hoffnung und banger Furcht. Die Sonne ging unter in aller Majeſtät ihrer unendlichen Schönheit — ich bemerkte es nicht; der ruhegebietende Hauch der nahenden Nacht durchbebte meine Glieder mit ſeinem kühlen Schauer, ich fühlte es nicht; kaum heitre Blicke ſchlüpften umher, als ſuche ſie noch dem lieben [illegible], ich ſah ſie nicht; die ganze Erde und der Himmel ſpiegelten ihr Bild vor meine Seele von [illegible] ſeligen [illegible]. Da weckte mich der Anblick auf meinem [illegible] Johann und [illegible], die Kapelle im Mondlichte zu betrachten und das ſchönſte Wunder des [illegible] kennen zu lernen.

Die kleine Kapelle ſteht jetzt ganz frei, ihr Inneres wird von einem einzigen hohen gothiſchen Fenſter beleuchtet. Der Eingang iſt von den Trümmern der äußern Mauer beinahe ganz verſchüttet und alle Merkmale der Wappen, Inſchriften und Statuetten auf den äußern Wänden hat völlig vernichtet, weil der ſchwammige Sandſtein dem Zahn der Zeit nicht lange zu widerſtehen vermochte und die frühern Beſitzer ſich um den Tempel über ihrer Familiengruft ſich wenig kümmerten.

Der Alte hatte mit aſtronomiſcher Sorgfalt den Himmel beobachtet, und bat mich, nun noch einige Minuten zu verweilen, bis der Mond auf dem rechten Punkt ſtehen würde, um das Wunder in ſeiner ganzen Glorie zu zeigen.

„Indeſſen,“ fuhr er fort „erzähle ich Euer Gnaden mit ſchlichten Worten eine Geſchichte, welche Ihnen das bald zu ſchauende Wunder erſt zu einem recht bewunderungswerthen Wunder machen wird; — hören Sie: Im Jahr des Herrn 1321 war die einzige Fräulein Tochter des überaus reichen Ritters Otto von Hohenkrähen gerade 17 Jahr alt, und reifte zu einer Vermählung mit einem mannbaren Ritter ſo ziemlich herangeblühet. Der Herr Ritter und ihr Bruder der tapfere Conrad, waren auch beide geſonnen, ſie ſobald als möglich einem ebenbürtigen Ritter des Gaues, dem Herrn Ulrich von Hohen [illegible] zum Gemahl zu geben, und hatten den Bund bereits durch Wort und Handſchlag beſiegelt, ohne bei dem Fräulein Widerſtand gefunden zu haben; denn ihr Herz war noch frei von Leidenſchaft und zärtlichern Gefühlen für irgend einen Ritter. Es wurde demnach beſchloſſen, daß nach dem großen Turnier zu Würzburg die Vermählung ſtracks vollzogen werden ſollte. Die Menſchen beſchließen gar vieles, worauf im Buch des Himmels kein Wort ſteht, und ſo ein Beſchluß gilt dann auch gerade ſo viel, wie ein ungeſchloſſener Rechnungsbogen. Der Vater, der Bruder, der Bräutigam und das Fräulein zogen mit vielen Geleiten und mit mannichfachem ritterlichem Gepränge gen Würzburg, um das Turnier [illegible] und [illegible] Ankunft [illegible] mächtig zu erheben. Herr Conrad kämpfte wie ein Löwe, und Herr Ulrich erlangte ſich den erſten Dank aus den Händen der ſchönen Ida von Gemmingen; aber Herr Rudolph von Sachſenberg hatte die Augen und daß das ganze Herz ſeiner Braut [illegible] ſchon gewonnen, ohne auch nur ein Wort mit ihr zu wechſeln. Der holde Zufall und die [illegible] und [illegible] ſich durch ein [illegible] im [illegible] Gewühle, und [illegible] den Weg zum [illegible] die Augen aus der Ferne. Der Bräutigam war ein gar mächtig tapferes Schwerdt, aber auch ein [illegible] Mund, dem Geſang abgeneigt, und der zarten Sitte und vor allem [illegible] den holden Frauen, ſo mit [illegible], [illegible] und Ritterthum [illegible]. Herr Otto lud den Schwiegerſohn ein, auf ſeinem Zug nach [illegible] auf Burg Hohenkrähen abzuſteigen, [illegible] dem [illegible] die Vermählung [illegible] mit ihnen zu feiern. Der Conrad und der Ulrich waren ihm auch hold und zugethan, das Fräulein war ſchon [illegible] darüber zu ſeyn, daß [illegible] auf der Heimfahrt ſie begleiten und oft wie ein [illegible] zwiſchen ſie und ihren Bräutigam treten ſollte. [illegible] Angenehm und ſchnell [illegible] in ihren [illegible] nicht [illegible] des [illegible], ſondern [illegible] zu [illegible], die [illegible] der [illegible]. Sie zogen dann zuſammen mit [illegible]. Herr Conrad und Ulrich hatten [illegible] und [illegible] von Jagen, Turnieren und Fehden, und von [illegible] der Tage, [illegible] gegen die [illegible]. Herr Otto aber [illegible] an der Seite ſeiner Tochter und ergötzte ſich [illegible] an den hohen Liedern und Geſchichten, welche jener [illegible] in [illegible] vortrug, den Weg zu verkürzen. So lange ſie auf der Heerſtraße neben einander einher zogen, waren ſie fröhlich und guter Dinge, wenn ſie aber Abends in die Herberge einritten, begegneten ſich die Blicke ſchöner und ſchöner, ihre Luſtigkeit war wie verſchwunden; das Fräulein begehrte bald nach dem Lager und Herr Sachſenberg warf ſich trüben Sinnes unter einen Baum und klagte dem Mond und den Sternen ſein Herzleid in ſehnſüchtigen Liedern [illegible] die ganze Nacht durch vor, wenn nicht [illegible], wo er unbemerkt geblieben konnte, ein Fenſterlein ſich öffnete und eine ſüße Stimme ihm Ruhe gebot. Den Morgen war er aber doch ſtets der erſte zu Roß, und ſeine Stimme trieb er die andern zum Aufbruch an. Allein der letzte Reiſetag vertrieb die Fröhlichkeit aus den Geſichtern, Reden und Herzen. Das Fräulein ritt ſtill neben auf ihrem ſanften Zelter und zählte die Grashalme und Kieſelſteine am Burgweg; Herr Falkenberg ſtob auf ſeinem Rappen wild hin und her, und war dann wieder ſo lahm und todt, als hätte ihn der Holzwurm mit einem Schlagfluß berührt; nur ſein Auge ſchien zu leben und blitzte zuweilen nach dem Fräulein hinüber, um ſogleich wieder am Sattelknopf zu hängen. Der alte Herr Otto war des ſtillen unheimlichen Einherziehens nicht gewohnt und darum zuerſt beſorgt um ſeine Tochter, es könnte ihr etwas fehlen an ihrer Geſundheit, bald aber unmuthig, weil ſie ihn ihres Wohlſeyns verſicherte und doch ſo ſtill und trübſelig blieb. Er ſchalt ſie kindiſch — weil er in ſeinem Herzen vermeinte, ſie wäre ungehalten darüber, daß ihr Bräutigam mit Conrad vorausgeritten war, um ihren Empfang auf der Burg zu bereiten. Allein damit hatte der alte Schütze nicht ins Schwarze, ſondern ins Blaue hinein geſchoſſen; denn des Bräutigams Entfernung war wirklich das einzige am ganzen Tag, was ihr einige Freude gewährte. Je näher ſie der heimathlichen Burg kamen, deſto lauter und bänglicher ſchlug ihr und dem Herrn Falkenberg das Herz; beide gedachten des näher rückenden Augenblickes der ewigen Trennung. Der Ritter griff gar oft mit Ingrimm an das Schwert und knirſchte [illegible] Flüche in die Zähne; dem Fräulein aber rollten die hellen Thränen über die Wangen, und Seufzer drückten die Bruſt, die ganze Welt ſchien zuweilen wie ein wilder Strudel, ſie zu verſchlingen, und [illegible] war Tod und Flammen auf ſie herab zu ſchwanken, ſo bang und unmuthig und furchtſam war ihr zu Muthe. Alle [illegible] zu gleicher Zeit traurig, als der alte Herr Otto ihres Ungemachs endlich [illegible] des Fräuleins [illegible] vorwärts eilte und alle Knappen ihm [illegible] folgten und ſie allein ließen. Sie ritten noch eine gute Weile langſam ſtürmend, ohne ſich anzuſchauen oder ein Wort zu reden. Nur zuweilen ſtieß ein Seufzer [illegible], und ein anderer [illegible], und beide wurden glühend im Angeſicht. Herr Falkenberg fand endlich darauf, das nichtsſagende Stillſchweigen zu brechen und auf geziemende Weiſe eine [illegible] Unterredung anzuknüpfen, und öffnete eben den Mund mit einem tiefen Seufzer. — Da traten die Roſſe über die Brücken und zugleich ſprengten ihnen Bräutigam und Bruder entgegen mit all ihrem [illegible] Zeug, auf dem Boden der Heimath die Holde zu begrüßen. Der alte Herr Otto aber ſaß eben auf dem Söller, und leerte den zweiten Humpen [illegible] auf des Bräutigams Wohl. Wenn's Einem darum immer wohlginge, weil auf ſein Wohl manches getrunken wird, da müßte es dem am ſchönſten gehen, welcher auf ſein eigenes Wohl manch ſchönen Becher geleert hat; aber dem iſt nicht alſo!“

„Die ganze Burg war anzuſchauen, wie ein Feenſchloß der Freude; alle Vaſallen und Gäſte des hohen Ritters waren verſammelt in ihren Prunkkleidern. Licht und Glanz verſchwenden und machten dem Gold und Silber Platz mit ſeinen Gebilden und vielfarbigen Perlen, wie mit einem Blumengarten beſtreut.“

„Herr Rudolph mußte ſich auch bequemen, den Stahlpanzer abzulegen und ſich in ein prachtvolles Feierkleid, welches ihm Herr Ulrich borgte — einzuhüllen, weil er Brautführer ſeyn ſollte. Es wurde ihm zu einem Feuerkleide, das ihn gewaltig ſchnürte und nicht ſehr wohlthätig an die Qualen des Fegfeuers ermahnte. Die Braut ſaß neben ihm an der Hochzeitstafel. Sie beide waren die einzigen Traurigen in der allgemeinen ſchwelgenden Luſtigkeit, und hatten die einzige Freude, ſich von den Zechenden nicht ſehr bemerkt zu ſehen.“

„Auch bei dieſem traurigen Mißklange unter der ſchwelgenden Menge, fanden die Herzen wieder keine andern Dolmetſcher, als ſtumme Blicke, Seufzer, und einzelne jedem andern [illegible] Worte; aber beide trugen die Ueberzeugung von der Tafel hinweg, daß ſie ſich liebten, geliebt wurden, und namenlos unglücklich ſeyn müßten, wenn nicht der Himmel durch irgend ein Wunder die irdiſchen Verhältniſſe ſprengte und ſie befreien ſollte aus den Banden des Herrn Ulrichs von [illegible].“

„Der Mond ſtand eben da, wo er jetzt ſteht, als das Fräulein feierlichen Schrittes in die Kapelle trat, und ihre Knie beugend vor dem Altare, von der Mutter Gottes Erlöſung erflehte im inbrünſtigen Gebet, und Troſt für ihr Herz und für das arme Ritterlichs liebendes Herz. Hinter ſich ein leiſes Rauſchen vernehmend, wendete ſie das Haupt mit den thränenfeuchten Augen und erblickte — Herrn Rudolph, welcher hinter ihr kniete in ihr Anſchauen verloren und die Hände emporgerungen zum Himmel ein heißes Gebet der Liebe ſtammelte. Wie ein Blitz traf der Anblick ihr Herz, mit einem Angſtrufe ſank ſie bewußtlos nieder — um bald zum ſchönſten Augenblicke ihres Lebens in ſeinem Arm zu erwachen. Die Wonnen ſolcher Stunde durchbebten ihren Buſen, der erſte Kuß brannte auf ihren Lippen — die ganze Welt zerfloß vor ihren trunkenen Blicken in einen duftigen, Paradieſesluft athmenden Schimmer. Da traf ihr Ohr plötzlich ihres Bruders donnernde Stimme: „Verräther, Bube!“ brüllte er und ſtieß ſein Schwert voll blinder Wuth tief in die Bruſt des Geliebten, welcher mit dem letzten Blicke des Todes in ihren Schooß niederfiel. „Barmherziger Gott!“ waren ihre letzten Worte. Sie ſank neben den Geliebten auf die Stufen des Altars hin, um nie wieder zu erwachen.“

„Der graue Vater überlebte nicht lange die Schmach ſeines Hauſes, Verzweiflung ſtreckte ihn auf das Krankenlager und ſaugte wie ein Vampyr an den Adern ſeines Lebens. Er ſtarb einſam, nachdem er im wilden Fiebermuthe den Sohn mit Verwünſchungen von ſich geſtoßen hatte. Herr Ulrich war Angſt, tiefen Gram in der Seele, davon gezogen nach Preußen gegen die Heiden. Er hatte das Fräulein wirklich lieb, und hätte [illegible], ſie glücklich zu machen, der Seligkeit ihres Beſitzes entſagt. Dem Bruder konnte er nicht mehr Freund ſeyn, ohne ihn ob ſeiner ſchrecklichen That zu haſſen. Darum ließ er [illegible] ſein Roß ſich ſatteln, betete noch einmal in der Kapelle und ſchied für ewig von der theuern Geliebten und von dem ſtillen Boden der Heimath. Der wilde Herr Conrad fühlte am ſchwerſten — die Laſt ſeiner That. Vergebens waren alle Bemühungen, die Geſpenſter des Mordes und der Vaterflüche zu verſcheuchen. Ueberall begegneten ihm die ſchwarzen ſchrecklichen Geſtalten. Nach jahrelangem Umherwandern kehrte er endlich auf die Burg zurück, verſchenkte den größten Theil ſeiner Habe an Kloſterleute, Kirche und Arme, ließ von einem berühmten Meiſter nach einem wohlgetroffenen Bildniß der Schweſter malen, wie ſie neben dem ermordeten Geliebten todt niederſank; dieſe Tafel [illegible] hier in die Kapelle auf, [illegible] und wurde eines Morgens todt vor demſelben gefunden.“

„Das Fräuleins Seele ſcheint keine Ruhe gefunden zu haben unter der Erde, denn täglich wandelt ſie unter den Lebenden umher ſeit [illegible] hundert Jahren, und iſt ſeit jener Zeit, ohne Jemanden etwas zu Leide zu thun, unter dem Namen, das Wunderfräulein, der Schrecken der ganzen Gegend und [illegible], wie ſie nach dem Bilde war vor vier hundert Jahren. [illegible] wandelt ſie am hellen Tage umher unter den Trümmern des Ritterſchloſſes, welches die Ritter erbauten. Die hohe Obrigkeit will es aber nur [illegible] gemeinen Leuten verbieten, und giebt ſie, ſo oft ſie erſcheint, für eine junge [illegible] aus. Wie die weiße Frau iſt das Wunderfräulein überall, wo ſich die Familie aufhält. [illegible] man aber nicht. Ich ſah ſie vor 40 Jahren im Schloßgarten bei dem Bilde des jetzigen gnädigen Herrn, und [illegible] — denken Sie ſich meinen Schrecken — daß ſie wieder lebendig, wie ſie damals war, vor mir und lachte mir ins Geſicht. Das Alter ſcheint ſie boshaft gemacht zu haben, denn ſie kam Abends ſogar in mein Quartier und trieb ihren Spott mit uns armen Leuten! Ach du lieber Gott! ſo weit hat es ein ſolcher Jammergeiſt noch nie getrieben.“

„Jetzt ſteht der Mond recht — ich öffne Ihnen die Thüre, treten Sie hinein, die Wunderdame zu ſehen; ich warte hier im Freien.“

Die Schlüſſel klirrten in ſeiner Hand, ſo zitterte der Alte, obgleich er [illegible] der Geſchichte nicht gehabt hatte, wie ſeine Worten bearbeiteten. Mit abgewandtem Geſicht öffnete er die Thür und ſprach halblaut: „rechts an der Mauer!“ meine Blicke flogen dahin und ich ſah mehr als [illegible] Meiſterwerk in dem magiſchen Halblicht, welches der durch die gemalten Fenſterſcheiben einfallende Mond hervorzauberte.

Einen Augenblick ſtand ich ſtaunend, immer den Blick nach der rechten Wand gelenkt und beinahe ſchon unwillig, von dem Alten geäfft worden zu ſeyn — da folgte mein Auge unwillkürlich dem Mondſtrahl, welcher die Mauer links in magiſchem Schimmer vergoldete; — die bleichen Figuren des bekannten Bildes ſchwammen vor meinen Augen unkenntlich umher — ich trat einige Schritte näher und mit unausſprechlicher Lebendigkeit begegneten die Züge des Wunderfräuleins meinem Auge — laut ſchrie ich auf: „Allmächtiger! Seraphine!“ Der Alte floh voll Schrecken, in dem Wahn, das Geſpenſt habe mir vielleicht für meinen Fürwitz den Hals umgedreht.

„Seraphine!“ rief ich noch ein Mal und eine [illegible] Hand berührte mich, eine holde Stimme erklang mir hinter mir: „[illegible]!“ Der Schrecken des unerwarteten Anblicks hatte meine Sinne verwirrt — ich wendete mich bebend um und ſah — Seraphinen mit lachendem Antlitz vor mir ſtehen, und meinen [illegible] Johann mit Jammergeſicht zu Boden ſinken.

Ein ſchallendes Gelächter weckte mich aus meiner Betäubung. Halb noch [illegible] der Schrecken [illegible], ſo überzog ſich der Schimmer mein Antlitz mit Purpur. Seraphine, der alte [illegible], und mein Freund Wilhelm, ſtanden Arm in Arm vor mir und begannen wieder ihr ſchallendes Gelächter; der [illegible] und [illegible] brachte lachend meinen Johann mit [illegible] wieder ins Leben, und die Frau [illegible] ſtand behend neben mir, ein [illegible] Cologne in der einen Hand, in der andern [illegible] wiſſ; der Junge aber ſteckte neugierig den Kopf zur Thüre herein und ſchloß mit ſeinem ſchelmiſchen Geſicht die Hogarthſche Gruppe.

Sie lachten zum dritten Male laut auf, ſo herzlich und vollſtimmig, daß alle meine Muskeln unwiderſtehlich in Verzuckung geriethen, und ich noch fortlachte, als ſchon alle Geſichter zum Ernſt ſich wieder in die Alltagsfalten eingezwängt hatten. „Bruder Julius," brach Wilhelm die Stille, „wer zuletzt lacht, der lacht am beſten! Hier wird's zu kühl, hinauf zum Kaſtellan, dort ſoll dir Licht werden über alles!" Ach du lieber Himmel, ihm ward zu kühl, und ich glaubte in einem ruſſiſchen Schwitzkaſten zu ſtecken. Was half's, ich mußte gehorchen! Seraphine ging mit den Fackelträgern lächelnd voran, mich faßten der Oberſt und Wilhelm unter den Armen, und zogen mich hinaus; der Kaſtellan mit ſeiner Alten und mit meinem nur halb lebenden Johann beſchloſſen den Zug, welcher ſich nach dem Thürmchen in Bewegung ſetzte, wo ein fürſtliches Mahl für alle bereitet war.

Ich kam mir an Seraphinens Seite ſelbſt vor wie ein Miſſethäter am letzten Tage der Ausſtellung, und hatte nicht einmal den Muth, auch nur mit einem ſcheuen Seitenblick nach der Conſtellation der Geſichter ſchielig zu forſchen. Aber mein Herz ſchlug ſo mächtig wie in den Stunden der erſten Schlacht, als ich hinter einer Batterie in ſtürmender Ruhe des erſten Schuſſes harrte, welcher den Ausbruch des [illegible] Hochgewitters verkünden ſollte. Hinein! hinein! wünſchte ich damals mit lebendem Muthe, und jetzt ſeufzte ich leiſe: „wenn's nur [illegible]!" Wilhelm erbarmte ſich meiner und nahm endlich den ſchweren Alp von meiner Bruſt mit einem Blick, welcher allen überflüſſigen Zeugen Entfernung gebot und mir die nahe Auflöſung ſo manches Räthſels verhieß. Der Oberſt drehte einen Zopf ſeines [illegible] Bodes, ſtrich ſich den Schnurrbart, rückte die Mütze auf die linke Seite, und ſtimmte die ganze Klaviatur ſeines Geſichtes in D. Dieſe Stimmung war mir noch vom Regiment her zur Genüge bekannt, ich faßte daher alle mögliche Faſſung zuſammen, um einen geharniſchten Straf- und Buß-predigt-Sermon ordnungsmäßig anzuhören, welchen denn auch folgendermaßen begann:

„Mein lieber Herr Baron und Dulcinea-Rittmeiſter! Als wohlbeſtallter Standartenjunker waren Sie ſchon ein für romantiſche Märchen; als Lieutenant wurden Sie ein ſchwärmeriſches Männchen und der Rittmeiſter machte Sie, salva venia, beinahe ganz zum Narren mit Myſticismus, Magnetismus, Wahlverwandtſchaften, Geiſterſehen und Idealismus in der Liebe. Sie waren und ſind auf natürlichem Wege mit gar nichts zu kuriren, als mit einer guten und klugen Frau, dem einzigen und unfehlbaren Arcanum gegen die meiſten Narrheiten. Ihr Vater wollte Ihnen eine Frau geben und kam aus alter Familienfreundſchaft auf den Gedanken, das einzige weibliche Weſen meines Stammes — die ſchmucke Seraphine — Ihnen zu vermählen. Ich war es gerne zufrieden; aber wohl einſehend, daß Ihnen mein Mädchen auf gewöhnlichem Wege zukommend, als ein gewöhnliches [illegible] Weib erſcheinen würde — verabredete ich mit Ihrem Freund Wilhelm die romantiſchen Zuſammenkünfte auf der Reiſe, und mit meinem Kaſtellan die hier geſpielte Geiſterkomödie. Sie haben nun das ſtolze romantiſche Mädchen gefunden, was Ihre Seele ſchon [illegible] vermählt war — gehen Sie und halten Sie nach altem Gebrauch um ſie an — ich gebe Ihnen mein Wort, Seraphine wird nicht nein ſagen! Was übrigens die Geſchichte mit dem Wunderfräulein betrifft, ſo iſt ſie wirklich wahr, nur hat meine Seraphine mit jener nichts gemein als den Namen und außerordentliche Aehnlichkeit. Ueberzeugen Sie ſich ſelbſt, ob Seraphine ein Geſpenſt oder ein [illegible] Mädchen iſt, küſſen Sie den Mund, der Ihnen entgegenlächelt — küſſen Sie zu — ich erlaube es, weil Seraphine das ſchon längſt erwartet!"

Eine wahre Glut zückte beſeligend durch alle meine Adern, [illegible], aber voll Sehnſucht wandte ich mich nach meiner Nachbarin. Ja! ein Engel des Himmels! ſie lächelte mir liebevoll entgegen, ein Thränchen der Liebe perlte in ihren Augen, ich beugte meine Knie — ſtammelte Seraphine! und feierte den Bund der Vermählung mit dem erſten glühenden Kuß auf ihren ſüßen Mund, um von einem brennenden Stich in den Lippen ſchmerzlich erſchreckt aufzufahren.

Wer beſchreibt mein Erſtaunen, als ich von der Kühle der Nacht erwacht, auf einem kräuterbewachſenen Trümmerhaufen einſam mich liegend fand, und erkannte, daß der Stich in den Lippen von dem Stachel einer Hundsroſe, in deren Zweige mein Haupt ganz verſchlungen war, herrührte! Geſpenſtig erſchien mir nun erſt das ganze Schloß, ich wähnte mich von Zauberern und Kobolden umgeben, welche im Augenblick des ſeligſten Genuſſes von Seraphinens Lippen hinweg in dieſe ſchauerliche Stunde mich geſchleudert hatten. Kraft und Muth fehlte mir aufzuſtehen, und ſcheu flogen meine Blicke durch die Schatten der Nacht hin, und meine Seele gaukelte wie trunken in wirren Geſichten umher.

„Gnaden Herr Rittmeiſter, wünſche wohl geſchlafen zu haben!" redete der Kaſtellan, der mühſam über die Trümmer zu mir heraufſtolperte, mich an.

„Geſchlafen?" antwortete ich gedehnt — und rieb mir Stirn und Augen und betaſtete den ganzen Körper, ob ich wirklich lebe. „Geſchlafen!"

„Ja, Euer Gnaden, und wie! und geträumt ſeit zwei Stunden überlaut! ha, ha, ha! iſt's Wunderfräulein bei Ihnen geweſen? Sie riefen ja hundert Mal Seraphine!" —

„Geſchlafen, geträumt! Alſo alles — alles was ich ſah und hörte, wäre nur ein Traum geweſen?" —

„Wie Euer Gnaden befehlen!" —

„Wie kam ich aber hierher?"

„Ei — Euer Gnaden kletterten gegen Sonnenuntergang auf den Ruinen herum und zeichneten Ausſichten, und ſchliefen darüber ein — da liegen ja noch alle Ihre Zeichenbücher im Gras. — Ich komme jetzt, Ihnen die Kapelle zu zeigen, weil der Mond gerade recht ſteht, damit Sie nachher dem Johann Bericht geben können, er iſt in dieſem Augenblick gekommen!"

„Geſchlafen! geträumt!" rief ich noch einmal und ſprang auf, „wenn das nur ein Traum war, ſo hole der Teufel das ganze Leben!"

Von den Stacheln der heftigſten Neugierde geſpornt, eilte ich in die Kapelle und fand zu meinem namenloſen Erſtaunen alles — alles gerade ſo, wie ich es im Traum geſehen hatte. Scheu blickte ich nach allen Seiten mich um, ob nicht die ſchöne Seraphine irgendwo aus einem Winkel hervorträte. Nichts ließ ſich hören und ſehen!

„Wie weit iſt's zum Schloß des Oberſten?" rief ich heftig, der Kaſtellan erwiederte ruhig: „Euer Gnaden, drei Stunden gute Wege, aber der Fuchs hat ſie gemeſſen!" — „Ja, ja, der Oberſt hat auch im Traume recht! Noch heute will ich mit ihr unter einem Dache ſchlafen, und morgen — ja morgen in aller Frühe, bitte ich ſie um Herz und Hand — [illegible] — ſo — gute Nacht Herr Kaſtellan — ich eile hinaus zu meinem Pferde!"

Der Alte mochte ſich wundern und mich [illegible] anſchauen, ſo oft er wollte — es blieb bei meinem Entſchluß, ich flog auf Flügeln der Liebe hinab in das Schloß des Oberſten. Er [illegible] mit Seraphinen und mit meinem Freund Wilhelm!

Die Geſchichte des Wunderfräuleins erfuhr ich gerade ſo, wie der Kaſtellan ſie mir im Traum erzählt hatte, und das heutige Wunderfräulein, der [illegible] Jahre alten Seraphine lebhaftes Abbild — lächelt eben [illegible], während ich zum Schluß meiner [illegible] die Worte ſchreibe: das lebendige Wunderfräulein iſt nun meine Frau, und zwar ein Wunder von einer Frau — wie nicht Jahrhundert ein ganzes [illegible] wieder hervorbringen wird!

Johann Erich Bieſter,

ein unermüdlicher Kämpfer für Licht und Recht, ward am 17. November 1749 zu Lübeck, wo ſein Vater ein wohlhabender Kaufmann war, geboren. Er zeigte ſchon früh große Anlagen für die Wiſſenſchaften, welche unter Overbeck's Leitung auf der hohen Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt glücklich ausgebildet wurden, und widmete ſich dann auf der Univerſität zu Göttingen dem Studium der Rechtswiſſenſchaft, verſäumte jedoch nicht, dabei ſich ſehr gute hiſtoriſche und ſprachliche Kenntniſſe zu erwerben. Nach Lübeck zurückgekehrt, beſchäftigte er ſich anfangs mit juriſtiſcher Praxis und arbeitete in Stunden der Muße für gelehrte Zeitſchriften, verließ jedoch die erſtere Laufbahn bald wieder und begab ſich 1773 nach Bützow, wo er ſich als Privatdocent an der dortigen Univerſität habilitirte, äſthetiſche und hiſtoriſche Vorleſungen hielt und 1774 Doctor der Rechte ward. — 1775 entſagte er indeſſen ſchon ſeinem Amte, machte eine Reiſe nach Berlin und privatiſirte hierauf im Mecklenburgiſchen und in Lübeck. Zwei Jahre ſpäter ward er Privatſecretair und Hausgenoſſe des preußiſchen Miniſters von Zedlitz und verband ſich mit Gedicke (1783) zur Herausgabe der bekannten Berliniſchen Monatsſchrift, welche er von 1791 an allein redigirte. 1784 erhielt er die Ernennung zum Bibliothekar an der königlichen Bibliothek zu Berlin, an welcher er, thätig und gefällig, höchſt vortheilhaft wirkte. 1798 trat er in die berliner Akademie. — Er ſtarb am 20. Februar 1816.

B. gab theils allein, theils in Verbindung mit Andern heraus:

Berliniſche Monatsſchrift. Berlin, 1783—96. 14 Jahrgänge.
Berliniſche Blätter. 1797—98. 2 Jahrg.
Neue Berliniſche Monatsſchrift. Berlin, 1799—1808. 10 Jahrg.
Barthelemy's Reiſe des jüngeren Anacharſis. Berl. 1790—93. 7 Thle.
Abriß des Lebens und der Regierung Katharina II. Berlin, 1797. N. A. 1805. —
Einzelne Aufſätze in der „Roſtocker gelehrten Zeitung," der „Allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek," den „Abhandlungen der Berlin. Akademie" u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Durch raſtloſen Eifer und weit verbreitete Verbindungen machte B. ſeine Monatsſchrift zu einer der gehaltvollſten jener Tage; ſeine eigenen Leiſtungen beurkunden den gründlichen Gelehrten und umſichtigen Denker, aber in ſeiner Bekämpfung der heimlichen Verbreitung des Katholicismus in Deutſchland ging er unbedingt zu weit und verfuhr mit zu großer Heftigkeit, wodurch er ſeinem übrigens völlig redlichen Streben ſchadete und es nicht vermeiden konnte, ſich ſelbſt mitunter lächerlich zu machen. — Jene bekannte Stelle in Göthe's Fauſt, die ihn treffend darſtellte:

Sagt mir, wer iſt der ſteife Mann?
Er geht mit ſtolzen Schritten;
Er ſchnopert, was er ſchnopern kann?
„Er ſpürt nach Jeſuiten"

mußte ihm zu ſeiner Zeit daher um deſto ſchmerzlicher auffallen, als ſie ſein übertreibendes Weſen im hellſten Lichte mit wenigen Worten zeigte und verſpottete.

Ueber den Charakter.*) **)

Unterſuchungen über den Charakter ſind in anthropologiſcher und ſelbſt moraliſcher Hinſicht wichtig, weil ſie uns das Innere des Menſchen aufſchließen, und zur Beurtheilung vorlegen. Der Gegenſtand iſt aber zugleich ſo umfaſſend und vielſeitig, daß er Stoff für mehrere ganz verſchiedene Betrachtungen, ja ſelbſt Beſchäftigungen darbeut. Ich will hier nur den Aeſthetiker, den Pſychologen, den Pädagogen nennen. Der erſtere hat ſeine Kritik darauf zu richten, ob die in einem Schauſpiel oder Roman auftretenden Perſonen, die in einem Liede oder andern Gedichte ausgedrückten Empfindungen, die auf Flächen oder ſtehend abgebildeten Geſtalten, ſo geſchildert und dargeſtellt ſind, daß ſie eine innere poetiſche Wahrheit haben, und durch keinen Widerſpruch ſich ſelbſt aufheben. Ja man legt ſogar einem Kunſtwerke an und für ſich, welches auch keine Menſchen darſtellt, Charakter bei: einem Gebäude z. B., einer gemalten Landſchaft, einer freien Handzeichnung von Arabesken, einem Muſikſtück ohne begleitende Worte, u. ſ. w. Der Pſycholog betrachtet die ihm vorkommenden Mannichfaltigkeiten der menſchlichen Geſinnungs- und Handlungsart, um herauszubringen, wodurch dieſelben veranlaßt ſind, ob körperliche Eigenſchaft, ob Gewöhnung, Lebensart, Beiſpiel, ob eine beſtimmte Beſchaffenheit des Erkenntnißvermögens, der Phantaſie und anderer Seelenkräfte, oder ein ganz eigenthümlicher freier Entſchluß des Gemüths, die Urſache iſt; er prüft zugleich, wie die einzelnen Züge, welche zuweilen in einem ſchneidenden Kontraſt gegen einander zu ſtehen ſcheinen, doch aus einem gemeinſchaftlichen Mittelpunkte zu erklären ſind. Der Pädagog endlich hat Acht auf die Triebe und Neigungen ſeiner Zöglinge, um ſie gehörig zu leiten, um, wenn der Charakter nach einer Seite hin ein nachtheiliges Uebergewicht erhält, eine dienliche Richtung dagegen zu geben. — Schon dieſe kurze Ausführung zeigt die übergroße Reichhaltigkeit der Materie. Es wäre die unüberlegteſte Unternehmung, dieß große Ganze erſchöpfen zu wollen; wohin auch mein Vorſatz um ſo weniger geht, da meine Kräfte nicht ſo weit reichen.

Dieſer Ueberblick kann aber dazu helfen, ſchon das Gemeinſame aufzufinden, worin alles jenes zuſammentrifft, um daraus den Begriff des Charakters, wenn auch anfangs noch nicht vollſtändig, zu abſtrahiren. — Das erſte Merkmal, welches ſogleich vorſpringt, iſt, daß wir an dem Dinge oder Weſen, welches wir vor uns haben und betrachten, alsdann wenn uns ein Charakter aus demſelben anſpricht, etwas, als eine Beſchaffenheit, kennen lernen. Aber welche? Wir verſtehen oft gar nichts von der Kunſt oder dem Mechanismus, wodurch das Ding (zumal wenn es ein Naturprodukt wäre) hervorgebracht iſt; wir wiſſen oft nicht, zu welchem Zweck es da iſt, oder vergeſſen bei dieſer Anſicht und Beurtheilung, doch die Abſicht, die Nützlichkeit oder Schädlichkeit des Dinges; wir wollen das vor uns liegende Weſen gleichſam an und für ſich kennen lernen, und bloß ſeiner ſelbſt wegen genießen. Wir dringen mit unſerm Blick in daſſelbe hinein, und ſuchen herauszubringen, was darin liegen mag. Es iſt die innere Beſchaffenheit, welche uns aus ihm anſpricht. Der Pſycholog und der Pädagog wird auch den äußern Menſchen nicht ganz vernachläſſigen, aber doch nur, inſofern er, oder weil er, Bezug auf den innern Menſchen hat. Wenn der Phyſiognomiker von charakteriſtiſchen Geſichtern oder einzelnen Geſichtstheilen, Naſe, Stirn, Schnitt des Mundes, von einem charakteriſtiſchen Gange und Haltung des Körpers, von charakteriſtiſcher Hand (im Schreiben) ſpricht; ſo kömmt es ihm hierbei nicht auf eigentliche Schönheit, Farbe u. ſ. w. an, ſondern er ſucht aus allen dieſen Zeichen das innere Weſen des Menſchen, ſeinen Verſtand oder Unverſtand, ſeine Sanftheit oder Heftigkeit, ſeine Feſtigkeit oder Wankelmüthigkeit herauszubringen. Der Mimiker lehrt, wie der Schauſpieler durch Gebehrde und Ton die innern Empfindungen, die Gemüthsbewegungen ſeiner Perſonen anzeigen ſoll, und den Charakter immer richtig beobachte. Daß bei den durch Rede wirklich geäußerten, oder den durch Dichtkunſt dichtungsweiſe vorgetragenen, Geſinnungen der Perſonen, nur dieſe Geſinnungen ſelbſt, dieſe ihre innere Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit in Betracht kömmt, braucht nicht erſt geſagt zu werden. Aber dieſe ſo eben angegebene nähere Beſtimmung Gemüth, menſchliches Gemüth, kann auch als das dritte gemeinſame Merkmal aufgenommen werden. Nur die innere Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit iſt dasjenige, welches wir Charakter nennen; — wir mögen es nun in demjenigen Dinge, welchem wir Charakter zuſchreiben, finden und herausheben; oder es erſt, durch eine dem Menſchen natürliche und zugleich höchſt angenehme ja wohlthätige Täuſchung, in das Ding hineinlegen. Es war vorher von Werken die Rede, welche keine Menſchen darſtellen. Wenn ein Künſtler ſie verfertigt hat, ſo verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, daß ſowohl er, als der ihn beurtheilende Aeſthetiker, mit Recht hier von Charakter ſprechen. Denn, was Menſchen für Menſchen machen, damit bezwecken ſie eine Abſicht, die auf den innern Menſchen, auf die Erregung und Bewegung ſeines Gemüths geht. Der Tonkünſtler will durch ſein Muſikſtück auf unſere Empfindungen der Zärtlichkeit, des Mitleids u. ſ. w.; der Architekt auf unſer Gefühl des Schönen, des Erhabenen, der Harmonie u. ſ. w. wirken. Der nehmliche Fall iſt bei den kleinſten, unbedeutend ſcheinenden, nur durch Anmuth und Zierath gefallen-wollenden, Kunſtwerken. Verfehlen die Künſtler ihren Zweck, fühlt der Kenner nicht, was ſie beabſichtigten, weil ſie es entweder gar nicht ausdrückten, oder durch eingemiſchte widerſprechende Züge die Wirkung ſelbſt wieder aufheben; ſo urtheilt er: das Werk hat keinen Charakter, es ſagt nichts, es zeugt nicht von der Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit des Verfertigers, und dringt nicht in das Gemüth des Beſchauers. Selbſt bei den Werken der Natur findet ſich dieß ſo. Einem Thiere z. B. leihen wir etwas von unſern Eigenſchaften: wir ſprechen von ſeinem Stolze, ſeiner Großmuth, ſeiner Liſt, ſeinem Witz, ſeiner Munterkeit; ohne ganz genau zu unterſuchen, ob das Thier dieß alles wirklich ſelbſt hat, oder wir es nur aus ſeinem Blicke, Gange u. ſ. w. ſchließen, weil Menſchen mit einem ſolchen Blicke und Gange ſo beſchaffen zu ſeyn pflegen. Wir perſonificiren den Löwen, den Elephanten, ſelbſt das kleine flüchtige Inſekt, und legen ihm Charakter bei, der doch eigentlich nur eine Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit des Menſchen iſt. — Bei unbeſeelten Dingen, einer Pflanze z. B., ſtellen wir uns die Natur als eine Künſtlerin vor, die durch ihr Werk auf uns einen Eindruck hätte machen wollen; und ſprechen auch hier von Charakter, je nachdem wir freudige, abſchreckende, reizende, oder andere oft unnennbar ſonderbare Empfindungen bei deren Anſchauen genießen. Auf gleiche Weiſe verhält es ſich mit unbelebten Maſſen; ein Berg hat den Charakter der Größe u. ſ. w., wenn er unſer

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*) Aus: Abhandlungen der königl. Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften. Berlin, 1805.

**) Vorgeleſen in der Akademie, den 5. Mai 1803.

Gemüth in die Lage ſetzt, daß wir Größe u. ſ. w. empfinden. So ſelbſt oft ein ausgezeichnet gebildeter Stein. —

Ein kleiner Rückblick auf die Etymologie wird uns vielleicht noch näher zum Zweck bringen. Das Wort Charakter kömmt von dem bekannten griechiſchen Wort χαράσσειν, graben, einſchneiden. (Unſer deutſches kratzen iſt nahe damit verwandt, oder vielmehr gemeinſchaftlichen Urſprungs, und eben ſo das zuerſt bei der Ueberſetzung gebrauchte Wort, da ein Graben im alten Deutſch, und noch jetzt im Holländiſchen, Gracht und Graft heißt). Charakter alſo iſt urſprünglich ein Einſchnitt, dann ein Merkzeichen, ein Gepräge oder dergleichen, um etwas anzudeuten, auszudrücken. In dieſem Sinne wird das Wort noch in manchen Wiſſenſchaften, und ſelbſt in den Verhältniſſen des Lebens gebraucht. Wenn alſo einem Dinge ein Zeichen beigefügt iſt, einer Metallplatte der Aufdruck eines Münzſtempels, einem Naturprodukt der Name ſeiner Gattung und Art, einem Menſchen der Titel ſeiner Beſtimmung und Würde; ſo geſchieht dieß, damit wir dieſe Gegenſtände richtiger kennen, ihre Eigenthümlichkeit merken, und ſie von andern verwandten Gegenſtänden deſto leichter unterſcheiden ſollen. — Kehren wir nun zu der vorher herausgebrachten Definition zurück, nach welcher wir das Wort Charakter nicht in ſeinem weiten urſprünglichen Sinne, ſondern in der beſtimmten auf Anthropologie und Moral ſich beziehenden Bedeutung nehmen; ſo kommt nun noch der Zuſatz des Eigenthümlichen, Unterſcheidenden hinzu. Dieſer Begriff herrſcht vorzüglich in dem abgeleiteten Wort charakteriſtiſch. Wenn wir vom Charakter einer Nation ſprechen, ſo meinen wir die Eigenſchaften derſelben, im Gegenſatz anderer Nationen, bei denen ſie ſich nicht, oder doch nicht auf gleiche Weiſe finden. Charakter iſt demnach eine „eigenthümliche oder unterſcheidende innere oder Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit des Menſchen.“ Gleich viel noch hier, ob eine gute oder böſe, eine richtige oder verkehrte, eine wahre oder falſche Beſchaffenheit, eine einzige oder mannichfache. Der gemeine Sprachgebrauch redet von guten und von böſen, von verſchiedenen, von vielerlei Charakteren.

Man kann die Worte Charakter und Griechiſche Sprache nicht in Verbindung ſehen, ohne ſich eines koſtbaren Ueberbleibſels des Alterthums zu erinnern, welches vor wenig Jahren eine unerwartet glückliche Hülfe der wiederherſtellenden Kritik erhalten hat. Ich meine die Charakterſchilderungen von Theophraſt. Es iſt ein höchſt ſchätzbares, originales, in ſeiner Art einziges Werk. Nur muß es aus dem richtigen Geſichtspunkt angeſehen werden. Erſtlich hat er bei den einzelnen Charakteren die Züge ſo gehäuft, und zum Theil ſogar in ſich widerſprechend, daß es unmöglich fällt, ſich eine Perſon zu denken, in welcher alle dieſe Züge ſich vereinigten, und die wir uns alſo als einen wirklichen Menſchen vorſtellen ſollten, den etwa Theophraſt leibhaft vor Augen, oder doch vor den Augen ſeiner ſchildernden Phantaſie gehabt hätte. Dieß war aber auch die Abſicht des alten Weiſen nicht. Der Charakter, den er jedesmal aufſtellt, iſt kein Individuum, ſondern der Repräſentant ſeiner ganzen Spezies; man muß verſtehen: „ſo pflegt es der Grobe, der Geizige, der Schwätzer zu machen; oder er macht es auch wohl ſo; oder manche pflegen auch dieß zu thun, dieß zu ſagen.“ Nicht aber: jeder Grobe, jeder Geizige, jeder Schwätzer überhaupt, thut dieß; und noch weniger: ein beſtimmter Menſch von ſolchem Charakter thut alles dieß zuſammen. — Zweitens, eben weil Theophraſt nur einzelne Züge geben wollte, dachte er nicht an wiſſenſchaftliche Form, an philoſophiſche Sonderung und Zuſammenſtellung. Er hat nicht alle Charaktere ſchildern wollen; denn wie viele fehlen noch, und würden ſtets fehlen, wenn wir auch ſein Werk ganz hätten, wovon kaum die Hälfte auf uns gekommen iſt. Er wollte aber auch nur fragmentariſch verfahren. Er hat z. B. den Dummen, den Groben, den Abergläubiſchen. Wie leicht können nicht alle drei Eigenſchaften zuſammentreffen! Würden es dann noch drei verſchiedene Charaktere? Wie aber kann ein einzelner Menſch eine ganze Menge von Charakteren in ſich beherbergen! — Ein ſtrengerer Philoſoph, ein Ariſtoteles z. B., würde eine andere logiſchere Form gewählt, würde gewiß allgemeine Beſchaffenheiten zum Grunde ſeiner Eintheilung gemacht, und dann angeführt haben, was bei einer ſolchen Beſchaffenheit, unter beſtimmten Umſtänden, ein Menſch iſt und wird. Theophraſt aber hat in ſeiner Art ganz recht; es ſind einzelne Charakterzüge, nicht Charaktere wirklich lebender Menſchen.

Dieſe Erinnerung führt ſogleich darauf, daß, um alle Verwirrung zu vermeiden, man noch genauer abſondern muß. Erſtlich: Charakter heißt ein unterſcheidendes Merkmal, und dann der ganze Umfang aller dieſer Merkmale. Auf dieſe letzte Art wird das Wort in Anſehung der Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit der Menſchen gebraucht, denen (jedem einzeln) man daher einen Charakter zuſchreibt. Zweitens: Nicht jede Eigenſchaft oder Beſchaffenheit des innern Menſchen macht den eigentlich ſo zu nennenden Charakter aus. — Es wird ewig ein unauflösliches Räthſel bleiben, welchen wechſelſeitigen Einfluß Körper und Seele (um die gewöhnlichen Ausdrücke hier beizubehalten) auf einander haben. Könnte dieß erklärt werden, ſo wäre es gewiß ſchon durch die, Jahrtauſende lang, angeſtrengten Bemühungen der ſcharfſinnigſten Forſcher zu Stande gebracht. So viel bleibt indeß einem jeden Bewußtſeyn klar, daß, wie innig auch jenes unbegreifliche Band ſeyn mag, wir doch eine Kraft in uns fühlen, die ſich über alles Körperliche, ſo wie über die geſammte äußere Natur, nebſt allen umgebenden Verhältniſſen und Lagen, zufolge eines deutlich in uns ausgeſprochenen Geſetzes, erheben und hinwegſetzen ſoll; auch ſich ſo erheben und hinwegſetzen kann, weil ſie es, wenigſtens zuweilen, thut. Was alſo wirklich getrennt iſt, muß nicht wieder vermengt werden; phyſiſch und moraliſch ſind, wenn auch in mancher Rückſicht eng verbunden, doch zwei wahre Entgegenſetzungen. Wer ſich um deutliche Begriffe bemüht, wird von jedem dieſer Stücke einzeln ſprechen, und ihr Gebiet zu trennen ſuchen, ohne darum den Einfluß des einen auf das andere leugnen zu wollen. Die Philoſophie hat kein ander Geſchäft, als die vor uns liegenden Erſcheinungen in ihre Beſtandtheile aufzulöſen, und ſo eine richtigere Kenntniß und Beurtheilung des zuſammengeſetzten Ganzen möglich zu machen.

Der unbeſtimmte, unphiloſophiſche Sprachgebrauch faßt, in ſeinem Begriff vom Charakter, Phyſiſches und Moraliſches zuſammen. Alles Phyſiſche kömmt darin überein, daß es, inſofern es rein phyſiſch iſt, außer der Kraft des Menſchen liegt, der es weder hervorbringen noch vernichten, obzwar beträchtlich modificiren kann; das Moraliſche hingegen liegt im Vermögen des Menſchen, ſobald er nur ernſtlich will. Was alſo der Menſch bei dem Charakter ſelbſt kann, was er dabei mit eignem freien, feſten Willen thut, das iſt das Moraliſche, das ſchafft den eigentlichen, genau oder auch ſchlechthin ſo zu nennenden Charakter. Das Phyſiſche dabei wird dem Menſchen durch die äußere von ihm unabhängige Natur, ohne ſein Zuthun, gegeben. Ein milder Moraliſt, unſer verewigter Garve, entſcheidet daher auch: daß man unterſcheiden muß unter den allgemein menſchlichen Pflichten, wozu nur diejenigen Fähigkeiten gehören, welche allen Menſchen gemein ſind, welche jeder entweder hat oder ſich verſchaffen kann; und denjenigen Pflichten, wozu eine beſondere Gabe, eine gewiſſe Beſchaffenheit der Seelenvermögen und Eigenſchaften, kurz ein beſtimmtes Maaß und Proportion der Tugenden erfordert wird, welche Pflichten daher auch nur für die verbindlich ſind, welche dieß Maaß haben, oder es durch Arbeit an ſich ſelbſt [illegible]gen können.

Das erſte Phyſiſche beim Charakter iſt das ſogenannte Naturell, die Naturanlage. Die Ausdrücke dieſer Art ſind urſprünglich vom Körper hergenommen, und dann figürlich auf die Seele angewandt. Ein Rückblick auf jenen wird daher zur beſſern Einſicht. — Es giebt ein gewiſſes Allgemeine, Mittelmäßige, welches jeder im Gedanken hat, wenn er ſich den Begriff menſchlicher Körper vorſtellt; ungeachtet jeder Körper, in Größe, Stärke u. ſ. w. verſchieden iſt. Die Abweichungen dürfen nicht ſo weit gehen, daß ein Grundzug dieſer Form vertilgt, alle weſentliche Beſtandtheile des menſchlichen Körpers verändert würden; eine Mißgeburt, die ein Kunſtkenner bis zu einem ſolchen Grade erkennen möchte, würde nicht leben können. Eben ſo giebt es unumgängliche Principien, Grundfähigkeiten der Seele, ohne welche ſie nicht menſchliche Seele ſeyn würde. Wir haben, vorzüglich in unſern Tagen, Seelenmaler, die ſich in den abentheuerlichen Karrikaturen gefallen: ob die Geſchöpfe ihrer Einbildungskraft wirkliche Menſchen ſeyn können, ob ſie wirklich als wirklich-vernünftige Weſen zu erkennen vermögend ſeyn würden, möchte wohl ein Zweifel bleiben. Jene nothwendige Form oder Norm vorausgeſetzt, unter welcher nichts ſeyn darf, und über welche hinaus nichts ſeyn kann, giebt es in den Anlagen der Seele eben ſo große Mannichfaltigkeit, wie bei den menſchlichen Körpern. Die Schwäche und Stärke, die Größe und das kleine Maaß, der Fähigkeiten und Triebe, die Proportion und gleichförmige Bildung der Anlagen, die Stärke der Empfänglichkeit (um Eindrücke aufzunehmen) und der Kraft (um thätig zu wirken) ſind die ſo unendlich von einander abweichend, und gewähren dem Menſchenbeobachter das unterhaltendſte Schauſpiel. Dieſe Anlagen nun gab theils die Natur, theils erhielt ſie das Kind, ehe es gehörig denken konnte; ſie ſind alſo, in beiden Fällen, unverſchuldet; und, obgleich Erziehung, Nachdenken, Aufmerkſamkeit viel darauf wirken können, doch nie ganz vertilgbar. Aus ihnen entſteht das, was man gewöhnlich das Gefühl nennt: durch welches jeder Menſch von einem Gegenſtande auf beſondere Weiſe afficirt wird, und wodurch Luſt und Unluſt verſchieden ſind, welche freilich durch Selbſtbeherrſchung ſo überwunden werden können, daß ſie, wenn es aufs Handeln ankömmt, zwar ſich noch zeigen, aber keine Stimme haben. In der gemeinen Redeart heißt das Naturell auch wohl das Gemüth, wenn z. B. von einem Menſchen geſagt wird: „er hat ein gut Gemüth,“ wodurch ausgedrückt werden ſoll, daß er nachgebend und negativ gut iſt. Eine wahre Beſtimmung des Menſchenwerthes kann aber die

Naturanlage nicht geben, eben weil ſie etwas Phyſiſches iſt, nicht durch ſelbſtſtändige Kraft des Charakters hervorgebracht wird.

Das zweite Phyſiſche hierbei, welches ſchon mehr auf das Begehrungsvermögen Bezug hat, iſt die Sinnesart, oder (mit einem vom Körper übertragenen Ausdruck) das Temperament. Es bezeichnet vorzüglich den Grad der Wärme und Geſchwindigkeit, womit die zum Leben nöthige Flüſſigkeit umgetrieben wird; und dann, nach der Analogie des Bluts, die Beſchaffenheit des Ganges oder Spiels der Gefühle und Begierden. In neuern Zeiten iſt vieles über die Benennungsarten und Eintheilung der Temperamente geſchrieben, namentlich von Herrn Platner, der aber faſt zu ſehr nur Phyſiologiſches vorträgt, jedoch freilich, weil die Sache auch eine medizinische Seite hat, als Arzt hiebei eine bedeutende Stimme führt. Indeß kann man auch wohl mit den alten Namen ausreichen, und Kants Eintheilung in Empfindung und Thätigkeit dabei benutzen. Das Temperament des Gefühls nämlich iſt ſo, daß die Empfindung entweder ſchnell und ſtark anregt, aber nicht lange anhält und alſo nicht tief eindringt: ſanguiniſches Temperament; oder ſo daß die Empfindung weniger auffallend iſt, aber ſtark eindringt: melancholiſches Temperament. Jenes hat leichtes, dieſes hat ſchweres Blut. In Anſicht der Thätigkeit giebt es dieſelbe doppelte Eintheilung: die Thätigkeit iſt entweder raſch, aber nicht anhaltend: choleriſches Temperament; oder langſam doch anhaltend: phlegmatiſches Temperament. Bei jenem findet ſich warmes bei dieſem kaltes Blut. — Natürlich erwächſt, vornehmlich durch die Abſtufungen des Mehr und Weniger, eine ſehr große Verſchiedenheit in den Sinnesarten der Menſchen; und ein geiſtreicher Anthropolog und Phyſiolog kann eine höchſt unterhaltende und belehrende Gallerie von den Gemälden des Luſtigen, des über ſeine Empfindung Brütenden, des Geizigen, des Apathiſchen, aufſtellen.

Das Naturell, oder die Beſchaffenheit des Gefühles; eben ſo die Sinnesart (Temperament) oder das Spiel der Triebe und Begierden, kann ſchon einem Kinde zugeſchrieben werden, noch vor der Reife ſeines Verſtandes: weil die Natur dieſe beiden Stücke ſo giebt, daß ſich ſchwerlich je wird ausmachen laſſen, welchen Antheil der Körper an dieſen Beſchaffenheiten der Seele hat. Ja ſie kommen ſogar den Thieren zu, wie auch der Sprachgebrauch zeigt, welcher hier auf richtige Beobachtungen gegründet iſt. — Nun aber tritt ein wichtiges drittes Stück hinzu: etwas bloß Moraliſches. Weil es moraliſch iſt, ſo iſt es innig mit der Vernunft verbunden; alſo fallen die Thiere hier weg. Weil es moraliſch iſt, ſo entſpringt es aus dem freien Willen; alſo fallen die Kinder weg, und wer ſonſt noch ſich zu keiner Feſtigkeit der Ueberlegung und des Entſchluſſes, zu keiner Selbſtbeſtimmung emporgehoben hat. Die Grundzüge unſerer Natur zeichnen uns dieſe Stufen vor: Anlage zur Thierheit, Anlage zur Menſchheit, Anlage zur Perſönlichkeit. So wie, im alten Römiſchen Recht, nicht jeder Menſch eine Perſon war, die vor Gericht ſtehen und rechtskräftige Handlungen ausüben konnte, ſo mag auch vor dem innern heiligern Gerichtsſtuhl nur derjenige auftreten, der die Stimme des moraliſchen Geſetzes in ſeiner eigenen Vernunft anhören, und dann ſelbſt als Herold ſie ſich ankündigen kann.

Dieſes dritte Stück iſt die Denkungsart, oder der im eigentlichen und höchſten Sinne ſogenannte Charakter. Er entſpringt aus Grundſätzen, und giebt alſo die einzige wahre Zuverſicht und Feſtigkeit. Er beſtimmt den Werth des Menſchen; und ein guter Charakter, ſo entſtanden und ſo gebildet, iſt das Vollkommenſte auf Erden. Gutartigkeit aus Temperament iſt ein wandelbares unbeſtändiges Ding, worauf nicht der Beſitzer ſelbſt, und noch weniger Andere, ſich verlaſſen können. Gutartigkeit aus Naturanlage giebt es gar nicht einmal; höchſtens nur Nicht-Bösartigkeit.

Dieſer Charakter iſt nur einer und derſelbe. Die äußere Natur iſt verſchieden; das Innere, Moraliſche, iſt Eins. Will man das Wort Charakter ſo weit ausdehnen, wie der gemeine Sprachgebrauch es thut, ſo muß man von verſchiedenen Charakteren reden: einem fröhlichen, einem traurigen; einem heftigen, einem langſamen; einem geizigen, einem großmüthigen; und wie die tauſenderlei Geſtalten alle weiter heißen, worunter ſich das Temperament, das Gefühl, die Gemüthsart, ferner die Schwächen, die Tugenden, die Laſter, das heißt die Ausübungen der zur Fertigkeit gewordenen Denkungsart, zeigen. Nimmt man hingegen das Wort Charakter in dem höchſten Sinn, wo es Denk- und Handelsart nach Grundſätzen heißt; ſo kann bei dieſem Worte weder ein Plural, noch auch irgend ein Artikel Statt finden. Man ſagt von dem, welchem dieſes edle Prädikat zukommt: Er iſt ein Mann von Charakter, er hat Charakter; nicht dieſen oder jenen, nicht den, oder einen; ſondern Charakter ſchlechthin (abſolute). Mit dieſem Sprachgebrauch thut man wohl, einzuſtimmen, und ihn richtig philoſophiſch beſtimmter zu machen, damit ſchwache Naturanlage, unwillkürliches Temperament, flüchtige Laune, und jede körperliche unbedeutende Beſchaffenheit des Sinnes oder Gemüthes, ſich nicht einen höhern Titel zueignen als ihnen gebührt, und uns nicht in Verwirrung bringen, wenn wir von einem der wichtigſten Stücke unſerer moraliſchen Natur reden.

Worin beſteht alſo dieſer Charakter? Er iſt: „die Beſtimmung der Denk- und Handelsart nach feſter, freier Willkür, alſo nach beharrlichen Prinzipien, im Gegenſatze vorübergehender Stimmungen.“ — Von der Denk- und Handelsart iſt hier die Rede, nicht von einzelnen Handlungen. Ein jeder kann wohl einmal veranlaßt werden, einzelne Dinge zu thun, die gegen ſeine Grundſätze ſind; er fällt dann aus ſeinem Charakter, welches ihm ſelbſt das ſchmerzhafteſte Gefühl erregt. Eben weil der Charakter (wie jeder, der davon forſcht, oder das Wort auch nur gehört hat, einſtimmen wird) auf die Art und Weiſe des Denkens und Handelns geht, ſo muß eine Norm zum Grunde liegen, zufolge welcher dieſe geſchieht; das heißt alſo, beharrliche Prinzipien, Grundſätze.

Man hat, nicht mit Unrecht, obgleich mit Unrecht klagend, oder verwerfend, angemerkt: daß dieſer Sprachgebrauch erſt ſeit einiger Zeit eingeführt iſt. Sonſt (ſagt man) ward doch gefragt, ob ein Menſch gut oder böſe ſey; nachher, als das Wort Charakter aufkam, ward wenigſtens gefordert, ein Menſch müſſe einen guten Charakter haben. Jetzt ſagt man bloß, er hat Charakter; als wenn dieß ſchon an ſich genug wäre, und als wenn es nicht auch böſe Charaktere gäbe. — Ich antworte: Es iſt das Auszeichnende, Beſtimmende der Vernunft, Einheit der Prinzipien zu ſuchen; dieß muß alſo auch bei dem Willen zum Grunde liegen. Es iſt ſchon unendlich viel gewonnen, wenn ein Menſch nach feſtem beharrlichen Willen, und den daraus entſpringenden Grundſätzen, handelt; nach wahrem Willen, nicht trägem Wünſchen, eingebildeten Launen und Grillen der Phantaſterei; nach eigenem durch feſte Ueberlegung ſelbſt beſtimmten Willen, nicht nach blinden Leidenſchaften, nach augenblicklichen Einfällen, nach Modebeſtimmungen, oder andern der Vernunft und den Grundſätzen fremden Motiven. Selbſt Bösartigkeit mit Charakter iſt beſſer, als Gutartigkeit ohne Charakter. Durch den letztern wird man leicht die Oberhand über jene erſtere erhalten, und wird und muß ſie endlich erhalten. Man thut der menſchlichen Natur Unrecht, wenn man glaubt, daß Bosheit mit voller innerer Konſequenz durchzuführen ſey. Ein Weſen dieſer Art hat man ſich gedacht, als man den Begriff des Teufels aufſtellte. In teufliſcher Natur mag ein durchaus böſer Charakter, nach Grundſätzen, möglich ſeyn; in der menſchlichen Natur iſt er es nicht. Die wahre Seelenſtärke, die innere Kraft der Selbſtbeherrſchung, welche bei jedem fortgeſetzten Handeln nach feſten Grundſätzen Statt hat, muß nothwendig auch das Gute, das Andern Nützliche, das in ſich ſelbſt Edle, finden. Sie leitet dahin, ſie allein macht dazu fähig und tüchtig. — Seelenſtärke, ſchon an und für ſich, ſchon allein, iſt immer etwas Hohes und Bewunderungswürdiges; Seelenſtärke mit Seelengüte verbunden, giebt freilich das Ideal der Vollkommenheit. —

Siegmund von Birken

(Betulius)

ward am 25. April 1626 zu Wildenſtein, einem böhmiſchen Marktflecken in der Nähe von Eger, wo ſein Vater proteſtantiſcher Prediger war, geboren. Die religiöſen Verfolgungen jener Zeit zwangen den Letztern, mit ſeiner Familie nach Nürnberg zu flüchten, wo der Sohn die nöthige Vorbereitung erhielt, um 1643 die Univerſität Jena beziehen zu können. Er ſtudirte daſelbſt Jurisprudenz, Philoſophie und Rhetorik, ſah ſich jedoch genöthigt, nach zweijährigem Aufenthalte, da es ihm an Subſiſtenzmitteln fehlte, zu den Seinigen zurückzukehren. Harsdörfer und Clajus (S. d.), mit denen er durch ſeine Vorliebe für die Poeſie bekannt wurde, nahmen ſich ſeiner an und machten ihn 1645 zum Mitgliede des Ordens der Pegnitzſchäfer oder der Blumengeſellſchaft zu Nürnberg, deren Stifter ſie bekanntlich waren, unter dem Namen Floridan. Im Jahre 1646 begab er ſich als zweiter Erzieher der Prinzen Anton Ulrich und Ferdinand Albrecht von Braunſchweig nach Wolfenbüttel: die dortige Hofluft ſagte ihm jedoch nicht ſonderlich zu und er kehrte, nachdem er noch eine Zeit lang in Danneberg verweilt und dort eine mecklenburgiſche Prinzeſſin unterrichtet hatte, bei Gelegenheit der zu Nürnberg in Folge des osnabrücker Friedens ſtattfindenden Reichsverſammlung dahin zurück. Er beſchäftigte ſich nun mit der Bildung junger Edelleute, zeigte ſich bei verſchiedenen öffentlichen Gelegenheiten vortheilhaft als Dichter und Redner und ward vom Kaiſer Ferdinand III. zum Pfalzgrafen ernannt, ſpäter ſogar geadelt. 1658 wurde er Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft, 1662 Präſident des Blumenordens, 1679 Mitglied der Academia dei Ricoverati in Venedig. Er ſtarb am 12. Juni 1681 zu Nürnberg.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Deutſcher Olivenberg. Nürnberg, 1650. 4.
Chriſtlicher Weihrauch. Nürnberg, 1652. 12.
Paſſionsandachten. Nürnberg, 1653. 12.
Vom Fato oder Gottesgeſchick zwölf Lieder und Sinnbilder. Nürnberg, 1655. 12.
Die deutſche Schaubühne. Nürnberg, 1655. 12.
Oſtländiſcher Lorbeerhain. Nürnb. 1657. 12.
Die truckene Trunckenheit. Nürnb. 1658. 12.
Die ſichtbare Welt Comenii verdeutſcht u. ſ. w. Nürnberg, 1658. 8.
Sonn- und Feſttagsandachten. Nürnb. 1661. 8.
Der Donauſtrand u. ſ. w. Nürnberg, 1664. 12.
Mauſoleum der hungariſchen Könige. Nürnberg, 1664. Fol.
Oeſterreichiſcher Ehrenſpiegel. Nürnb. 1668. Fol.
Hochfürſtlicher Brandenburgiſcher Ulyſſes. Nürnb. 1667. 4. N. A. Ebendaſ. 1678. 12.
Guelfis oder Niederſächſiſcher Lorbeerhain. Nürnb. 1669. 12.
Pegneſis u. ſ. w. 1 und 2 Theil. Nürnb. 1673. 1679. 12.
Chur- und Fürſtlich Sächſiſcher Heldenſaal. Nürnb. 1677. 12. N. A. mit Anmerkungen von Feller.
Teutſche Rede-, Bind- und Dichtkunſt u. ſ. w. Nürnberg, 1679. 12.
Margenis, das vergnügte bekriegte und wieder befreyte Deutſchland. Nürnb. 1679. 12.
Heiliger Sonntags- und Kirchenmantel. Nürnberg, 1681. 8.

S. von B., in der Schule der Erfahrungen gebildet und mit ſchönen Kenntniſſen ausgerüſtet, war unbedingt ein Mann von Talent und Gefühl, der gewiß, zu anderen Zeiten lebend, Bedeutendes geleiſtet haben würde. So aber unterliegt er allen Fehlern des Aftergeſchmackes jener Tage und beſonders der nürnberger Schule, und nur ſein ehrenwerthes Streben, der Literatur ſeines Vaterlandes mit allen Kräften durch Lehre wie durch Beiſpiel zu nützen, hebt ihn vortheilhaft aus der Menge nüchterner oder überreizender Reimer dieſer Periode hervor. Als Hiſtoriker waren ihm die Hände durch ſtändiſche Rückſichten, die er ſeiner ganzen Stellung nach nicht verletzen durfte, gebunden, ja bei ſeinem auf Befehl Leopold I. geſchriebenen öſterreichiſchen Ehrenſpiegel, an dem er acht Jahre arbeitete, mußte er jedes einzelne Blatt dem kaiſerlichen Hofrathe erſt zur Genehmigung einſenden, erhielt daſſelbe ſehr oft von den drei Cenſoren, unter denen der bekannte blindeifrige Pater Lambecius ihm durchaus abgeneigt war, verändert und verkürzt zurück, durfte durchaus nichts über den Papſt und die Geiſtlichkeit bemerken u. ſ. w. An hiſtoriſche Wahrheit und Gründlichkeit war alſo bei dieſen Arbeiten nicht zu denken. Glücklicher iſt er dagegen in ſeinen dramatiſchen Arbeiten, unter denen ſich die ſeiner deutſchen Rede- und Bindekunſt angehängte „Pſyche" am Meiſten auszeichnet und einige wirklich gelungene Stellen enthält. Seine Proſa iſt verdienſtlich; nur geht er überall zu weit in der Bildung neuer Wörter und Wendungen, ohne den Geiſt der Sprache richtig aufgefaßt zu haben. Unter ſeinen geiſtlichen Liedern haben ſich zwei: „Fahr hin, du ſchnöde Welt" und „Schöpfer aller Menſchenkinder" am Längſten in der Kirche erhalten.

Vgl. die betrübte Pegneſis, den Leben-, Kunſt- und Tugendwandel des ſelig edlen Floridans, Herrn Siegmund von Birken; Com. Pal. Caes. durch 24 Sinnbilder, in Kupfern zur ſchuldigen Nachehre fürſtellend u. ſ. w. Nürnberg, 1683. — Hiſtoriſche Nachricht von des löblichen Hirten- und Blumenordens an der Pegnitz Anfang und Fortgang u. ſ. w. von Amarantes (Herdegen), S. 79—158. —

Keyſer Carl V.*)

Alhier ſehet ihr (ſagte Floris) Keyſer Carln, den Fünften dieſes Nahmens: aber, den Thaten nach, einen andern Keyſer Carl den Erſten und Groſſen. Er brachte, das ſieghaffte Kriegs-Schauſpiel der alten Zeiten wieder neu auf den Schauplatz dieſer letzten Zeiten: als zugleich ein Ruhm- und Reichs-Erbe ſeiner löblichſten Vorfahren. Den Eingang dieſes Schauſpiels, machte er, bald in ſeiner Jugend, mit den Spaniſchen Maranen, deren er in die 40000 erlegte: und alſo zu ſiegen anfienge, ehe man noch meynte daß er kriegen könte. Nachmals reitzete ihn der Franzöſiſche König Franciſcus I., welchem er in der Keyſerwahl ware vorgezogen worden. Der erfuhre aber hernach, zu ſeinem Schaden, daß er einen Löwen aufgeweckt hatte: Dann, er ward, in der Schlacht vor Pavie, nicht allein bis aufs Haupt erlegt, ſondern auch in Perſon gefangen;**) und zwar eben an des Ueberwinders Geburtstag, gleichſam zur Anzeig, daß Keyſer Carl zum Siegen gebohren ſey. Dieſer herrliche Sieg, als den er über einen ſo ſtolzen und ſonſt ſieghaften Feind erhalten, machte ihn der ganzen Welt furchtſam. Mit gleichem Ausgang bekriegten ihn die zwey haupte Smalkaldiſche Bundshäupter, Churfürſt Johann Friderich, und Landgraf Philips: welche ebenmäßig, durch ihre Niederlag und Gefangenſchaft,***) ihrem Ueberwinder, den altgewöhnlichen Keyſertitel eines Triumfirers, und das Lob der Unüberwindlichkeit, durch ihre Tapferkeit, krafft deren es, ihnen abzuſiegen, ſchwer geweſen, beſtätigt haben. Der Groß-Türk Soliman, welcher in Perſien, Hungarn, Rhodis, und anderswo, Siegzeichen aufzurichten gelernet und gewohnet, auch ſogar die Keyſerliche Erbſtatt Wien zu belägern †) ſich unterfangen dürffen, flohe zum zweytenmahl, ſobald er vernahm, daß der Keyſer wider ihn im Anzug wäre; ſagend, ſeine Flucht zu entſchuldigen: Er fürchte Carln nicht, ſondern ſein Glück. Dieſem fremden Glück und ſeinem eignen Unglück, entflohe er zwar in Europa; aber es fand ihn bald darauf in Africa, allwo er unlängſt, durch den Seeräuber Barbaroſſa, das Reich Tunis oder neu-Carthago ſeinem Könige entſagt, und der Ottomanniſchen Pforten unterworfen hatte. Dann, der Keyſer und ſeine Waffen ſchifften über Meer,††) ſchlugen und verjagten den Barbaroſſa, eroberten das Königreich, und belehnten den verjagten Mulaſſes wieder mit ſolchem. Und es wäre zu wünſchen ware, daß die einheimiſchen Unruhen, ſamt dem Neide der Benachbarten, ihme nicht Urſach zu thun gemacht, ſondern Zeit und Weile gelaſſen hätten, dieſen Tyrannen zuhaus heimzuſuchen, und den Siegsfahn auch in Aſia, dem Dritten Welttheil, zu ſchwingen, ſelbige Länder und Völker von dem Joche der Türckiſchen Grauſamkeit zu befreyen.

Gleichwohl konte, ſein groſſer Muht, ſich in jene zwey, als vor ihm viel zu enge, Welttheile nicht einſchlieſſen laſſen. Er, als ein andrer Alexander, hielte dafür, der Ehre und Stärke eines Keyſers, der nach Gott der Höchſte, und was jener im Himmel, auf Erden iſt, ſey es unrühmlich, noch eine Welt wiſſen, und dieſelbe nit unter ſeinen Gehorſam bringen: und, wer Auguſtus heiſſe, der müſſe es auch im Werk ſeyn, nämlich ein Mehrer des Reichs. Er gedachte, die Erfindung des Vierten Welttheils America, habe allein darum ſeinen H. Vater und Großvätterlichen Ahnherrn beglückſeligt, damit Ihm, deſſen Eroberung beruhmſeligte. Dannenhero ſchickt er ſeine Fortun †††) gewaffnet in das neu-entdeckte ſüße Land, und bezwunge es großen Theils an den See-Ganten, in 28 Treffen über eben ſo viel Könige ſiegprangend. Dieſe denkwürdige Verrichtungen, hatte er ihme gleichſam ſelber vorgezeignet, oder vielmehr ſich darzu aufgemuntert, indem er zu einem Denk-Sinnbild erwählet, die zwo Seulen, welche Hercules, zu einem Denkzeichen ſeiner Kriegs-Züge und Reiſefahrten, an die Gaditiſche Eingang geſetzt; mit dem Beywort, Plus ultra d. i. Weiterfort, oder, darüber hinaus. Welches er dann, hierinnen mehr als ein Herkules, gebührter maſſen auch dapfer ins Werk geſetzt. Und dergleichen Thaten muſte er thun, als derjenige, der gebohren ware, das fünfzehende Welt Jahr oder Seculum nach der Welt Heil geburt, als mit deſſen Eintritt er zugleich in die Welt getretten,*) mit ſeinem Ruhmglanze zu erleuchten. Alle dieſe Geſchichten, ſehet ihr auf dieſen Seulgeſtellflächen vorgebildet, ſamt itzt-angeregtem Spruch und Sinnbild.

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*) Aus: Oſtländiſcher Lorbeerhain von Siegmund v. Birken. Nürnberg, 1657.

**) Anno. 1525. 24. Febr.

***) An. 1547. 24. Apr.

†) An. 1529. 21. Sept.

††) An. 1535.

†††) An. 1532.

Es waren bey ihme, der Verſtand und die Erfahrenheit in Kriegsſachen, als zwey treffliche Geſchwiſter, zu ſolcher Vollkommenheit erwachſen, daß ſeine Reden und Thaten mit recht eine Kriegsſchule zunennen. Er pflegte zuſagen: Zum Rathſchlagen gehöre, Bedacht und Langſamkeit; zum Vollziehen aber, Muht und Geſchwindigkeit: und dieſes beydes verſammen, ſey die Quint-Eſſenz eines löblichen Fürſten. Iſt ſoviel geſagt: „Im Raht ſoll man verweilen, und zur That eilen; in jenem ein Schneck, in dieſem ein Vogel ſeyn.“ Dieſen Lehrſatz gleichwie er aus ſeinem eignen Leben genommen, alſo hat er ihn auch mit ſeinem Thun gleichſam lebendig ausgebildet. Unter erzehlten vier Stücken, hat ſonderbar ſeine unvergleichliche Keck- und Großmütigkeit, in allen ſeinen Kriegsthaten ganz herrlich herfürgeleuchtet. Als demnach, Er und König Franz, ſich gar nahe gegeneinander gelägert, dieſer aber keine Luſt zum Schlagen hatte; ſagte er mit Ungedult: Ich wollte, daß der Franzos entweder mehr Herz und Glück, oder aber weniger Worte und Volks hätte. Womit er, beydes ſeine eigene Begierde zum Streiten, und ſeines Feindes blöden Troz im Ausfordern, zuverſtehen gabe. Als er, im erſten Zug in Afrika, mit dem Barbaroſſa ſchlagen wollte, befahl er ſeinen Soldaten, ſie ſollten nur auf ihn ſehen, und ihm alles nachmachen. Setzte damit ganz ritterlich in den Feind. Und weil die Seinen anderſt nicht kunden, als, von einem ſolchen Vorgänger, das Furcht-ſeyn und den Tod verachten, lernen, muſte nothwendig hierauf der Sieg folgen. In dem andern Zug vor Algier,**) als die Feinde ſtark ſchoſſen, und hart bey ihm in die Schlacht-ordnung ein groß Loch machten, veränderte er, weder das Geſicht, noch, auf Erinnerung, den Ort, ſondern lachte und ſagte: „Es iſt noch nie kein Keyſer erſchoſſen worden.“ Als auch im Lager bey Ingolſtadt,***) als der Feind ohne aufhören mit groben Stücken ſpielete, umritte er die Schwadern, und rufte: Sie ſolten dieſen eiſernen Regen nicht achten, es würde bald darauf ſchön Wetter folgen. Eben daſelbſt, als er ſich vom Feind in groſſer Anzahl umringt ſahe, ſagte er ganz unerſchrocken: „laßt ankommen! Je mehr Feinde, jemehr Sieg; jemehr Gefahr, jemehr Ehre!“

Gleichwohl, wie muthig er ware, ſo ware er doch daben auch vorſichtig. In Afrika, als er ſahe, daß der Sieg Blut koſten würde, hat er das Treffen eingeſtellt, ſagend, mit jenem Römiſchen Feldherrn: Er wolle lieber einen der Seinigen erhalten, als 1000 Feinde niedermachen. Sonſten, nennete er, dieſe 3. Stücke, Geld, Proviant und Soldaten, zwar die Grundveſte des Krieges; ſetzte aber hinzu, wann er je zweyer von dieſen Stücken mangeln ſolte, ſo wolte er ihm gute Soldaten wehlen, mit denen hoffete er ihm die zwey andern leichtlich zu erobern. Er meynte aber ſolche Soldaten, wie Er ſelber ware, die da muthig, wachſam, dauerhaft, mit wenigem wider Hunger, Durſt, Froſt, Hitz, Ungewitter, und dgl. Zufälle, als wider die Feinde, ja wider ſich ſelber, ſtreiten und obſiegen konten. Einen ſolchen Krieg führete er im andern Afrikaniſchen Zug, wider Meer, Wind und Regen. Daher, als er mit groſſem Verluſt von dannen wieder heim kehrete, ſagte man von ihm: An andern Orten, habe Keyſer Carl, die Kriegsheere; vor Algier aber, ſich ſelber, Meer und Ungewitter, überwunden. Alſo pflage er auch, nach Ueberwindung anderer, ſich ſelber zuüberwinden, und des Siegs, zu Mehrung ſeiner Ehre und Gewalt, gar wenig zugebrauchen, ſagend: Solches ſey zwar Alexanders, Keyſ. Julians, und anderer alten Sieges-Helden, Kriegs-abſehen geweſen; Aber ein chriſtlicher Potentat, müſſe überdas, auf Gottes Ehre und das Heil der Seelen, ſehen. Den Herzogen von Cleve, der ſich wider ihn mit König Franzen verbunden hatte, verziehe er nicht allein, ſondern befreundete ſich auch mit ihm,†) und erwarb ihm ſeine Nichtel, König Ferdinands Tochter, zur Gemahlinn. Erwieſe alſo im Werk, was er oftmals zuſagen pflegte, daß nämlich der Sieg niemals ohne Ubung der Barmherzigkeit ſeyn ſolte. Als auch, die Landleute in Afrika, ihme demüthig die Füße küſſen wollten, verbote er ihnen ſolches, mit dieſen Worten: Das Haupt regiret, und nicht die Füße.

Sonſten, wiewohl er meiſtentheils in Spanien ſich aufhielte, und, neben den 17 Niederländiſchen Provinzen, auſſer dem Reich und der neuen Welt, faſt eben ſoviel Königreiche zu regieren hatte: dennoch ſo liebte und ehrte er, Teutſchland, vor allen andern ſeinen Ländern, als aus welchem, er ſagte, daß er, nicht allein, Väterlicher Ankunft nach, hergeſtammet, ſondern auch darinnen zur Keyſerlichen Würde erhoben worden. Daher, gabe er ihm, unter andern, auch dieſen Lob-Spruch: In ſeinen andern Ländern, herrſche er nur über Sklaven; Aber in Teutſchland, über Fürſten und Herren. Als auch einsmals die Spaniſchen Räthe bey ihm anhielten, er wolle doch die vollen Teutſchen beurlauben und vom Hof ſchaffen; ließe er alle ſeine Teutſche Bediente zuſammenfordern, zeigte ihnen dieß Begehren an, und beſchloſſe mit dieſen Worten: Wolan, ſo kommt dann her, meine Teutſchen, und laßet uns abziehen, damit wir ihnen nit länger beſchwerlich ſeyn! Stellete ſich damit, als wolte er davon ziehen: indem die Teutſchen, als die ihren Keyſer gerne in Teutſchland gehabt hätten, freudig nachzufolgen, die Spanier aber, ſchamroth und fußfällig um Verzeihung zubitten, begunnten. Und dieſes ſein liebes Teutſchland hat er nit allein, ob-erwähnter maſſen, wider dieſen ausländiſchen Feind, den Groß-Türken, mächtiglich geſchützet: ſondern auch ſolches, deſſelbige innerlich zuberuhigen, ſich äuſſerſt befliſſen. Unter andern, als er einsmals einen Schluß, wider welchen die meiſten Reichsſtände Will einlegten, formaliſiren und verfaſſen ließe, und ſein Canzler dieſe beträchtliche Clauſel mit einrückte: Keyſerl. Maj. wolle dieſen Schluß vollziehen, und ſolte ganz Teutſchland darüber verwüſtet werden; unterſtriche ihm der Keyſer, als er das Concept verlaſe, mit den Worten: Das hab ich auch nicht ſchreiben heiſſen; da ſey Gott vor! Ich begehre mein liebes Vaterland, in welchem ich die höchſte Ehre und Hoheit empfangen, nicht zuverwüſten, ſondern, als ein Keyſer, zuſchützen, und zuerhalten. Durch ſeinen Paſſauiſchen Religionsvertrag,*) wurde das zwentrachtige Reich in das Band der Einigkeit wieder zuſammengefaßt. Und hat der theure Held, mit dieſem löblichen Friedenswerk, ſeine ſieghafte Kriegsthaten, zugleich am Ende ſeiner Regierung, endigen und beſchlieſſen, und damit ſich der Nachwelt zu ewigen Lob-anreizenden [illegible] [illegible], andeuten wollen, die Kriege werden dadurch gerechtfertigt, wann ſie den Frieden zur Endſache haben, und beglückſeligt, wann ſie zu dieſem Ziel treffen, und keinen Fehlſchuß thun.

Als er in Gedanken, das Reich zu übergeben, begriffen ware, und die Reichs-Räthe ihm davon abmahneten, mit dem Einwand, er könte, es durch andere, in ſeinem Nahmen, verwalten laſſen; antwortete er ihnen: was würdet ihr alsdann vor ein Regiment führen, da ihr es itzt, noch in meinem Beyſeyn, ſo ſchlimme machet, daß jedermann über euch klagen muß! Und was würde auch ich durch andre thun können, da mir ſelber die Regierung ſo ſchwer gefallen! Nebſt Keyſerlichen Reden, und Denkſprüchen ſeines hohen Regentenſtandes: welcher auch aus folgenden ſeinen Lehrſprüchen erhellet. „Der „Obrigkeit Fehlere, ſagte er, ſeyen gleich einer Sonnen Finſterniß; die bedeute und verurſache groſſen Jammer. Ein Keyſer „müſſe, gleichwie die Sonne, Armen und Reichen zugleich ſcheinen, und Niemand ſeine Hülffe verſagen.“ Wie die Sonne das Wachs zerſchmelze, aber den Koht härte: alſo mache die Gnade der Obern etliche gut, andere aber verſtockt. Wie der Mond je weniger Liecht habe, je näher er der Sonne komme: Alſo ſeyen die, ſo groſſen Herren am nächſten, oftmals die dunkelſten. Zu mehrgedachtem König Franzen ſagte er einsmals: Wir haben hitzige Ehrbegierige Unterthanen; wann wir ſie nit zuweilen wider andere in Krieg führeten, würden ſie wieder uns ſelber kriegen. Zur Vollkommenheit eines Kriegsheeres erforderte er ein Italiäniſch Haupt, Spaniſche Arme, und ein Teutſches Herz; Bauch und Füße aber, von den übrigen Nationen oder Völkerſchaften. „Im Frauenzimmer (pflage er auch zuſagen) brauche er gerne die Franzöſiſche, im Raht die Italiäniſche, und zum Gebieten die Teutſche Sprache.“ Gute Schulen und richtige Uhren nennte er die zwey Zeichen eines wohlbeſtellten Regiments. Sein Spruch ware auch: Aller Dinge Anfang ſey gering. Als man ihn einsmals bereden wolte, das verſprochne Geleite nicht zu halten, wieſe er die Rahtgeber mit dieſer Antwort ab: „Treu und Glaube, wann ſie in der ganzen Welt vertrieben, ſollen doch an dem Hofe eines Keyſers „anzutreffen ſeyn.“ Von einem Biſchof, der ſeine Unterthanen, nicht ſo gar nötiger Urſachen halber, mit Krieg wolte überzogen haben, ſagte er: O des böſen Hirten, der ſeine eigne Schafe auffreſſen will! Seinem Sohn, König Philippen in Spanien, gabe er, bey Antretung der Königreiche, dieſe Lehre: Er ſolte, weder im Krieg, noch in der Regierung, den höchſten Befehl lange bey einer Perſon laſſen, noch in Auftragung deſſelben, mehr auf den Adel, als auf Tugend und Verdienſte ſehen.

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*) Anno 1500.

**) An. 1542.

***) An. 1546.

†) A. 1544.

*) An. 1552. 28. Heum.

In ſeiner Jugend wurde er gleich von den Büchern ab zu den Ritterſpielen gezogen. Sein Lehrer, Adrian von Utrecht, (den er nachmals zur Päpſtl. Würde beförderte), ſagte dazumahl, es würde ihn dereinſt gereuen. Und das geſchahe auch. Denn als er einmahl lateiniſch angeredet wurde, und nicht alles verſtunde, dachte er daran, ſeufzte und ſagte: Hätte ich damals gefolget, ſo dürfte ich izt nit mit fremden Ohren hören, und mit fremdem Mund reden. Sein Gemüte, als ganz unbeweglich und ſtandhaft, ließe ſich vom Glück nit trozig, noch vom Unglück verzagt machen: blieb demnach allemahl mit einerley Farbe an ſeine Stirn geſchrieben, daß man keine daraus zu ſeiner Zeit einige Änderung leſen. Wie groß und mächtig er ware, ſo mangelte es ihm doch niemals an Willen, ſich unter ſich ſelber zu demüthigen. Als ihme in einer Empfahungs-Rede, alle Kayſerl. Tugenden zu Ruhm zugemeſſen wurden; ſagte er darauf: Das große Lob, das ihr uns zuſchreibet, iſt uns darum lieb, weil es uns erinnert, wie wir ſollen beſchaffen ſeyn. Als König Franz, nach dem Treffen vor Pavia, in der Kammer, darinnen er gefänglich gehalten wurde, Kayſer Carls abgezogenes Denkbild an der Wand fande, und, ſolches ihm zu Hohn dahingemahlet, achtend, darunter ſchriebe: Heute an mir, Morgen an dir! *) ſagte der Kayſer, als er deſſen etliche Tage hernach gewar worden, dieſes dazu: Ich bin ein Menſch, und verſtehe wohl, daß mir etwas Menſchliches widerfahren könne. **) Als er, nach übergebenem Reich, kurz vor ſeinem letzten Abzug aus Teutſchland, mit Selden, ſeines Bruders König Ferdinands Vizekanzlern, tief in die Nacht hinein geredet, und endlich ſeinem Diener geklingelt, aber keiner herbey kame, nahme er ſelber das Liecht, trage es, wie heftig der Selden ſich wehrte, geduldeten Selden die Stiegen hinab vor, und ſagte: Mein lieber Selden! dieſes laßt euch ein ewiges Denkmal ſeyn Kayſer Carls, der etwan vordeſſen mit ſo vielen Waffen und Kriegshauffen umgeben, izund, wie ihr ſehet, von jedermann, auch ſeinen eignen Dienern, verlaſſen iſt, und dem ihr ſo viel Jahre gedienet, der hat auch ihr wieder gedienet, und hiemit eurer Jugend und Geſchicklichkeit, denen ich euch zu Ehren thue, ein ewiges Gedächtnis bey den Nachkommen machen wollen. In Wahrheit ein unerhörtes Beyſpiel hoher Leutſeligkeit!

Er aß und trank mäßig, und gleichſam nach dem Gewichte; und zwar lieber gemeine Speiſen, als fremde Leckerbiſſen. Alſo verachtete er auch äußerlichen Pracht, und pflag ſich ſchlechtlich zu kleiden. „Sonnenmäßig erſcheinet, der Ehrzug Göttlicher Hoheit, behauptet ſich, nit durch äußerliche „theure Geſchmeide oder Schauſtücke, ſondern innerlich durch „ein Gemüte, welches, der Gottheit Ebenbild überſchreitend, „der Gottheit näher tritt." Und es ſcheinet auch, als habe er, beydes ſo hohe Tugenden und ſo große Glückſeligkeiten, wie jener allerweiſeſte König, vom Himmel erbetten. Denn, er pflage nicht viel zu reden, aber lang zu beten. Daher ſagten ſeine Hofleute: „Kayſer Carl rede mehr mit Gott, als mit den „Menſchen." Vor dem erſten Zug in die Barbarey, als von Vorweiſung eines Zeltes geredet wurde, hielte er im vollen Rath ein Crucifix empor, ſagend: dieſer, deſſen ich ein Diener bin, ſoll das Haupt eines ſo billigen Zugs ſeyn. Gleichwie er nun den Krieg mit Gott anfienge, alſo pflage er auch den Sieg Gott zuzuſchreiben. Daher ſagte er, nachdem er den Churfürſten in Sachſen gefangen und Wittenberg erobert hatte: „Ich kam und ſahe; aber Gott hat überwunden." *) Dieſe ſeine Gottesliebe war eine Urſach, daß er endlich entſchloſſen wurde, ſich von den Menſchen abzuſondern, um, ſich mit Gott bekandt zu machen, und den Himmliſchen Betrachtungen abzuwarten. „Ich muß mir auch Zeit nehmen, ſagte er, mich zum Sterben zubereiten." Dieſes Leben, dachte er, lauft zum Tode, und der Tod führet in ein anders und ewiges Leben. So hänget nun, die Gewißheit der Ankunft in jenes, an der guten Geſellſchaft der Abfahrt aus dieſem Leben. Dieſem nach, thäte er etwas, das, weil die Welt ſteht, ein einziger ſeines gleichen gethan: dem es aber in gutem Vorſatz wohl zuvor gethan. Kayſer Diocletian übergab das Reich, aus Begierde eines ruhigen Landlebens: Kayſer Carl aber aus einer heiligen göttlichen Gottes-Liebe. Jener trat ab, als ein Tyrann und Verfolger, mit jedermans Frolocken: Dieſer aber, als ein Vater und Beſchützer, mit jedermans Seufzen. Jenen gereuete ſolcher Uebergabe: dieſer aber pflegte oft zu ſagen, er empfinde von dieſem hohen einſamen Leben mehr Wolluſt und Freude, als vorher von allen ſeinen Triumphen und Herrlichkeiten. Wer ſich ſelbſt überwindet, ſagt der König aller Weiſen, iſt größer, denn der Städte gewinnet. Und die Tugend kan auch zu keiner höhern Vollkommenheit nicht gelangen, als wann ſie über ſich ſelbſt ſteiget, und ihre Gedanken unter eine dauerhafte Zukunft beſtellt, die Herrlichkeit der Belohnungen verlachet. Einen ſolchen ſiegbekrönten Sieg erhielte, und eine ſolche Tugendvollkommenheit erzeigte, dieſer Kayſer. Die höchſte Glückwürde, welche zu erlangen, von andern, Land und Leute, Gut und Blut, ja Leib und Seele, in die Schanze geſchlagen werden, legte er nicht allein, neben allen ſeinen Königreichen und Erblanden freywillig ab, ſondern er ließe ſich auch durch kein Bitten erbitten, dieſelbe mit abzuſtehen. Eine Sache, die genugſam iſt, ihn vor den Großen und Helden unter allen ſeines gleichen zuzuſchreiben.

Sixt von Bircken

(Xyſt. Betulejus),

der Sohn eines Webers, ward am 24. Februar 1501 in Augsburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Erfurt, Tübingen und Baſel, bekleidete nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn eine Lehrerſtelle an der St. Theodorſchule, dann am theologiſchen Seminarium zu Baſel und ging 1536 als Rector der St. Annenſchule nach Augsburg, woſelbſt er ſpäter auch Bibliothekar ward und am 19. Juni 1554 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:

Eine Tragödie mit 57 Perſonen, Judith u. ſ. w. Straßburg, 1539.

Es werden ihm ferner mehrere lateiniſche und deutſche Dramen, wie z. B. Nobilitas vera; Sapientia Salomonis, Suſanna, Bel, Zorobabel, Herodes u. ſ. w. zugeſchrieben.

Seine deutſchen dramatiſchen Leiſtungen, im Geſchmacke jener Zeit, erheben ſich nicht über das Gewöhnliche; ſie ſind in gereimten Knittelverſen geſchrieben.

Christian Friedrich von Blankenburg

ward am 24. Januar 1744 bei Kolberg in Pommern geboren und trat, nachdem er ſeine Bildung in der königlichen Militärſchule zu Berlin erhalten hatte, ſchon in ſeinem ſiebzehnten Jahre in preußiſche Dienſte. — Er nahm Theil am ſiebenjährigen Kriege, mußte aber ſpäter ſeiner zerſtörten Geſundheit wegen die militäriſche Laufbahn aufgeben und erhielt ſeinen Abſchied mit dem Charakter eines Hauptmanns. Leipzig zum Aufenthaltsorte wählend, lebte er nun in ſtiller Zurückgezogenheit den Wiſſenſchaften und dem Kreiſe ſeiner Freunde und ſtarb, allgemein geehrt und bedauert, am 4. Mai 1796.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Verſuch über den Roman. — Leipzig und Liegnitz, 1774.

Beyträge zur Geſchichte des deutſchen Reichs und deutſcher Sitten. Ein Roman. Erſter Theil (Mehr iſt nicht davon erſchienen). Leipzig, 1775.

S. Johnſon's biographiſche und kritiſche Nachrichten von einigen Engliſchen Dichtern, aus dem Engliſchen überſetzt und mit Anmerkungen vermehrt. 2 Thle. Altenb. 1781—83.

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*) Hodie mihi, Cras tibi.

**) Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.

*) Veni, Vidi, Deus Vicit.

Herausgegeben von ihm wurden:

- J. G. Sulzer's Theorie der schönen Künste und Wiſſenſchaften. Neue Auflage. Leipz. 1786—87. 4 Thle. und öfter. — Seine Anmerkungen und Verbeſſerungen erſchienen auch beſonders unter dem Titel: F. v. Blankenburg's literariſche Zuſätze zu J. G. Sulzer's allg. Theorie d. ſchön. K. u. W. Leipzig, 1796—98. 3 Bde.
- J. G. Sulzer's vermiſchte Schriften u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1781.
- G. J. Zollikofer's Predigten, nach ſeinem Tode herausgegeben. 7 Bde. Leipzig, 1788—89.

v. B. war ein überaus fleißiger, redlich ſtrebender Mann, der mit den vielſeitigſten Kenntniſſen die äußerſte Beſcheidenheit verband. In Sulzer's Geiſte (S. d.) fortarbeitend, ſuchte er größere Klarheit über Gegenſtände aus dem Gebiete der Philoſophie, der ſchönen Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften zu verbreiten in einer Zeit, wo die Theorie derſelben noch ſehr im Werden ſich befand, und man eben anfing, verjährte Vorurtheile auszurotten und hellere, gründliche Anſichten zu gewinnen. Wenn gleich ſeine Forſchungen nicht eigentlich ſelbſtſtändig zu nennen ſind und ſehr bald von den Leiſtungen ſpäterer Jahre überflügelt wurden, ſo gebühret ihm doch das wohlverdiente Lob, unermüdlich thätig geweſen zu ſeyn und mit angeborenem feinem Geſchmack oft das Richtige getroffen, beſonders aber überall da, wo poſitives hiſtoriſches Wiſſen das Haupterforderniß war, mit unermüdlicher Emſigkeit die Lücken ergänzt und die nothwendigen Materialien zum Baue für kommende Geſchlechter zuſammengetragen zu haben. Dies iſt hauptſächlich der Fall in ſeinen Beiträgen zur ſulzerſchen Theorie. Sein Verſuch über den Roman galt lange, und für die Zeit, in welcher er erſchien, mit großem Rechte, als eine vortreffliche Arbeit. Minder glücklich war er im Romane ſelbſt, denn ſeine Beiträge zur Geſchichte des deutſchen Reiches ſind eine in vielfacher Hinſicht verfehlte Arbeit: auch gab er, da er das ſehr bald einſah, in ſeiner zarten Beſcheidenheit jede Fortſetzung derſelben auf. —

Vgl. Neue Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Bd. 59. St. 2. S. 304—311.

Schlichtegroll's Nekrolog auf das Jahr 1796 Bd. 2. S. 343—369.

Sein Portrait findet ſich vor dem 50. Bande der Allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek.

Alexander von Blomberg,

mit ſeinem vollen Namen Karl Alexander Johann Ludwig Freiherr von B., ward am 31. Januar 1788 zu Jagenhauſen im Lippeſchen geboren, trat bereits in ſeinem dreizehnten Jahre in preußiſche Militärdienſte, nahm Theil an der Schlacht von Jena, ward nach derſelben auf ſein Erſuchen entlaſſen und lebte nun geraume Zeit in Berlin, bis er 1809 an Schill's Zuge Theil nahm, weshalb er eine vierteljährige Feſtungsſtrafe erdulden mußte. Darauf trat er wieder als Lieutenant und Adjutant in die preußiſche Armee, ging aber 1812 in ruſſiſche Dienſte und ward Adjutant des General Tettenborn. Eine feindliche Kugel tödtete ihn am 20. Februar 1813 vor dem Schönhauſer Thor zu Berlin.

La Motte Fouqué gab 1820 ſeine hinterlaſſenen Schriften heraus. Sie enthalten die Trauerſpiele Konradin von Schwaben, Waldemar von Dänemark und kleinere Gedichte.

Als Dichter erhebt ſich A. v. B. nicht über die Sphäre der Mittelmäßigkeit; Reflexion vertritt zu oft bei ihm die Stelle der Phantaſie und der Begeiſterung. In ſeinen Trauerſpielen iſt allenfalls eine conſequente Durchführung der Charaktere und die gebildete, aber keineswegs ſchwungreiche Diction zu loben; doch zeugen ſeine ſämmtlichen poetiſchen Leiſtungen von redlichem Wollen und ernſtem Streben für Recht, Tugend und Vaterland. —

Wilhelm von Blomberg,

des Vorigen Bruder, Offizier in preußiſchen Dienſten zu Düſſeldorf, ward am 6. Mai 1786 zu Jagenhauſen im Lippeſchen geboren, ſtudirte von 1805 bis 1809 in Halle und Heidelberg, privatiſirte darauf und trat 1813 in die preußiſche Armee.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Satiren über das göttliche Volk. Lemgo, 1811—1817. 2 Thle. N. A. 1823.
- Thomas Aniello, Trauerſpiel. Hamm, 1819.
- Das Leben J. F. Steinert's. Lemgo, 1823.
- Hermann's Tod, Trauerſpiel. Hamm, 1824.
- Gedichte. Stuttgart, 1826.

W. von B's Satiren ſind unbedingt ſeine vorzüglichſte Leiſtung. Edle Geſinnungen, ein reges Talent der Auffaſſung des Tadelnswerthen, feine Ironie neben ſcharfem Spott und eine ſehr gebildete Sprache, ſo wie ein gewandter Versbau zeichnen dieſelben höchſt vortheilhaft aus und machen ſie um deſto empfehlenswerther, je ärmer die deutſche Literatur an Gedichten dieſer Gattung iſt. — Nicht ſo bedeutend ſind ſeine Trauerſpiele; der Verſtand herrſcht zu ſehr vor, und es fehlt ihm, wie ſeinem Bruder, am tieferen Schwunge poetiſcher Begeiſterung. — Unter ſeinen Gedichten ſind einzelne gelungen zu nennen. —

I.

Die Satire.*)

Viele Lehrer hatt' ich zuerſt, ein lockiges Knäblein,
Schwarz, im blauen Volke daheim: Geſtorbener Zeugniß
Reden und Thun, und Lebender viel, und hatte die Zunge
Früh gelöſt, und ſchaute mit keckem Auge die Dinge.
War nicht freilich daheim, in andere Länder zu ſchauen
Lohnete mehr, und kühn dem Sinn mit dem Tritte zu folgen.
Und ich wähnt' in dem Strahle des Tags die Geiſter zu ſehen,
Tief in den Mienen verſteckt, auf Lipp' und Augen erſcheinend.
Einige lockten mich an und zeigten mir himmliſchen Urſprung,
Stimm' und Geſtalt bewegend wie oben über den Sternen;
Andere zogen mich Armen hinab in die finſtere Erde,
Weiſend die Noth, und das Spiel des allwechſelnden Zufalls,
Und dem Geſchaffnen naht' ich mich oft, willkommen ihm ſelbſt nicht.
Und es mahnete mich mit jeglichem Alter zu reden,
Und in den Schulen erfüllt die zürnenden Lehrer zu lehren.
Drohenden ſagt' ich: „Es iſt nicht Schuld der eigene Wille,
„Alſo will es in mir ein unbezwingliches Leben
„Denn und Wege muß ich zugleich abwärts und aufwärts;
„Heute dem im Throne und morgen bei den Geſellen;
„Deshalb ſtimmet mir nicht gelernetes Wiſſen und Reden.
„Drum ja habt ihr mich ſchwarz vor vielen andern geſcholten,
„Hüten könnt ihr euch immer, und eure Ohren mit Wachſe
„Schließen, daß ich euch nicht mit kühliger Zunge verderbe.
„Aber habt ihr einmal die argen Worte vernommen,

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*) Aus: Wilh. Freiherrn Blomberg's Satiren über das gött. Volk. 2. Aufl. Lemgo, 1823.

„Zürnet mir nicht, auch folget mir nicht, und haltet an Gutem.
„Denn ihr habet [illegible], ich [illegible] euch [illegible] ein [illegible]
„[illegible] mir [illegible] zum Gesang [illegible] Stimmen, [illegible]
„[illegible] nicht [illegible], mir Stoff in der [illegible] zu geben.
„Denn auch [illegible], mir [illegible] friedenden Umgang."
Als ich nun so im [illegible] Wald dem Treiben begegnet.
[illegible] am Weg' und im Wald, und [illegible]
[illegible] ein [illegible], und sah mir [illegible] Auge
Scharf, und gab mir die Hand, und zog zu heimlichem Wort mich.
„[illegible]," [illegible] er, „[illegible] ich, ein solches Wunder zu finden,
„Und ich achtete [illegible], vergeblich [illegible]
„Hin von Morgen nach West und Süd, und hin nach dem Aufgang.
„Dich nun kannt' ich sogleich aus Tausenden, [illegible]
„Zeigst du von andern dich, und dich den [illegible] mir.
„Auf mit mir in den Wald, du sollst ein [illegible] vollenden.
„Denn ich seh' es an dir, du bist ein göttlicher [illegible],
„Deshalb in [illegible] fern und [illegible] dem Menschengeschlechte:
„Wie einst unter das Kraut ein mächtiges [illegible] der Weltgeist,
„Dem die Gewalt gegeben [illegible] in die innerste Seele,
„Wunderbar [illegible] zu bringen dem übermächtigen Menschen.
„Als mit [illegible] Saft die [illegible] zu heilen verliehst du,
„Und in [illegible] wieder lebendige Keime zu [illegible]."
Und ich sprach: „Was suchst du bei mir, und greifest mich also?"
Und er sagt' mir nach: „Ein [illegible] ist [illegible] zu sehen,
„[illegible], im Gemüthe [illegible] und blind und [illegible],
„Aber den [illegible] im [illegible] der Erde,
„Wenn du [illegible] Erkennen von dich und den [illegible] Dingen
„Wieder erweckst im Gemüthe, das fern dem [illegible] Ursprung
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„Mit der [illegible]
„Du nun [illegible], du wirst mit [illegible] die Zauber,
„Daß er sich [illegible], und [illegible] in [illegible]
„[illegible]
„Und er [illegible]."
Und wir gingen, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Und ich [illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„Weißt du wohl, daß du der König [illegible] der Erde,
„Das zu [illegible] die [illegible] hat?
„Und du [illegible]
„Und du [illegible] Stimmen zu [illegible]?
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„Und [illegible]."
[illegible]
[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible]
„[illegible] ihr auch das [illegible], [illegible] das Auge
„Dem für die Nacht, [illegible] und Himmel zu schauen hat,
„Und nach [illegible] Tag aus [illegible] emporschaut?
„So nun sah mich [illegible] der Wald, und den grünenden Wald ich.
„Beide scheiden wir wohl, seht ihr die [illegible] Säulen
„Nicht im Innern mir [illegible], so werdet ihr einst sie
„Steigen sehn aus der Asch' empor an die [illegible] der Sterne.
„Wenn ich im [illegible] euch alles, und [illegible] es auch werde,
„[illegible] am mir, und glaubet [illegible] ist.
„Also kannt' ich mich selber, und hielt mich fern von den andern."
Und mich grauset' die Rede, die Wang' bewässerte Schaam rings.
Weg nun wandt' ich den Blick, beschämt auf den Hüter ihn heftend.
Aber er schwieg und deutete wieder das Wort zu ergreifen.
„[illegible] mich Greis," so sprach ich, „und [illegible] zu hart mich.
„Denn es ward mir ein Stachel gegeben unter die Blätter,
„[illegible], mir in den [illegible] die Blume
„[illegible] zu führen bestrebt, und traurige Düfte zu [illegible].
„Dem gefällt auch die Knospe, das [illegible] Blatt und der Stengel,
„Welcher das liebliche Bild der Blume führet im Innern.
„[illegible] gesagt, es redete durch mich ein [illegible] Alter;
„Aber im Munde der Jugend ergrünt die verständige Rede:
„[illegible] mich Greis, verdamme mich nicht, denn jugendlich bin ich."
Und es horchte der Greis, und wendete zu mir das Antlitz:
Und er sprach: „Mein Sohn, du seist aus dem Staube Geboren,
„Wo nichts weiter entblüht, und rings die Herrlichkeit alle
„Sinkt in Trümmer zurück, und gleich sich alles [illegible].
„[illegible] nur kommst du mir an, ein weiches schauriges Stündlein,
„Ähnlich dem Schwert und der Wage, die That zu prüfen dem Helden!
„Aber ferne den Alten von dir, und wie er auch schweige,
„Denn ich liebe die [illegible] nicht, sie [illegible] mit [illegible];
„Du nur rede mit [illegible], dich hör' ich, rede mir immer!"

Der Dichter und Teut.*)

(Ein Traum.)

Es lachte draußen Lenz, und [illegible] war innen
[illegible]
Des Frühlings [illegible] im [illegible] zu [illegible]:
Zu [illegible] mit [illegible],
Zu [illegible] mit dem Himmel, mit der Erde.
Mit Vöglein, Blumen, [illegible] Schmetterlingen
[illegible] zu [illegible], und zu [illegible].
Doch mich [illegible] der Drang [illegible] nach der Ferne.

[illegible], auf dem [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Des [illegible] Teut [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Frühlings: Krokus
Und [illegible]

Nicht für mein [illegible] ich [illegible],
[illegible] Teut's [illegible]
[illegible];
[illegible] Teut [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Blumen.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Und [illegible]
Des [illegible]
[illegible]
Das [illegible] Teut's in [illegible].

Doch ward der [illegible] an dem Gebirge,
Und über [illegible]
Ging es nicht [illegible] der [illegible],
Nicht dacht' ich an der [illegible] Schwert und Arbeit,
Nicht an [illegible], und [illegible] Schicksal,
Im Herzen nur den Trieb nach blauen Blumen.

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*) Aus: Wilh. Freih. v. Blomberg's Gedichte. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1825.

Wie ſteigend, und gewunden auch am Abhang,
Der Weg im jähen Abgrund ſchien zu enden,
Ich achtet's nicht, und wagt's, und kam zum Gipfel.

Hier ſchwebt' ich leicht, vor mir die Sonn' im Süden,
Und rauh lief zur rechten, waldbegränzet,
Entlangs der Höh', der Weg auf grünen Matten.
Hier ſah ich unter mir mit Wohlbehagen
Ein tiefes Thal zur linken ſich eröffnen.
Drinn floß ein breiter Strom, noch laut ſich wirbelnd
In hohen Fluthen, trüb vom Winterunmuth,
Der [illegible] Dämmerung [illegible] mit ſich reißend.
Nur fern erblickt' ich ruhiger den Spiegel,
Des [illegible] aufgethürmte Segel,
Und [illegible] ſchwang [illegible] vom Thal.

Ich ſah die Aecker Teut's ſich aus den Wäldern
Mit neuem Grün erheben, ſah die Arbeit
Auf ſeinen Feldern, ſah die Dämme bauen.
[illegible] die [illegible] Blicke
Sich an [illegible] und [illegible] firmen,
Gieng ich mit, wie die Sonn' zu Teut's Behauſung
Sich immer mehr neigte. Nicht Weg nicht Wagen
[illegible] die [illegible] Tagen.
Ich wußte nicht, daß dem [illegible] Fuhrwerk
Ein [illegible] Weg, ſteil über Thal, verlegt war.

Doch [illegible] fiel ich aus dem Frühlingstaumel.
Denn meine Roſſe, die ſo [illegible] mich aufwärts,
Die [illegible] mich ſo kühn geführt,
[illegible] ich [illegible] vor der Wagenmühe.
Nah von dem Wagen blieb nicht Eis, nicht Deichſel;
Sogar auch [illegible] der Räder ſah ich ſchwimmen.
Nur eines lag noch auf der Brücke Ende.
Da ſtand ich [illegible] vor den [illegible].
[illegible] ſah ich mich nach allen Seiten,
Nach oben um, nach unten in Verzweiflung.

Vergebens hofft' ich, [illegible] eine Botſchaft,
Den Grund des [illegible], durch [illegible]
Auf irgend einem Winkel zu vernehmen.
Doch Stille blieb; und ich, die Blumen immer
Mit wunſchvollem Drang in meinem Herzen,
Vermochte nicht den ſtummen Blick zu heben,
Nicht vor dem [illegible] Vorſatz [illegible].

Ermannet griff ich in des Rades Felgen;
Und jenes Rad, das mich ſo treu getragen,
Wälzt' ich nun dankbar, mit [illegible] Pflege,
Vor mir auf engem Pfad zu Teut's Behauſung.

Drauf an des weiten [illegible] Umzäunung
Gelangt ich da, wo an dem Weg der Garten,
Mit [illegible] Geländer ſchlecht umgeben,
Zugänglich jedem, aus der Wildniß abſtach.

Den Garten fand ich ſonder Pfleg' des Eigners;
Zertreten Weg' und Beete. Nur die Reſte
Vergeſſ'ner Sorg' entwanden ſich dem Boden;
Hier eine [illegible] Taxushecke
Angſtvoller Scheer' entwachſen, dort die Lauben
Mit [illegible] dem Eingang, wildem Schirme;
Ausländ'ſche Blumen halb im Weg vertreten,
Und Unkraut wuchernd über zarten Knospen.
Hohnlächelnd blickt' der alte ferngeſandte
[illegible], mit ſeinen Buch- und [illegible]
Und [illegible], in den Teut'ſchen Garten.
Doch ſchien mir leicht nun meines Dranges Erfüllung.
Denn [illegible] wird nach dem Ungeſchützten fragen,
Wenn ſich der Eigner ſelbſt entwöhnt der Blumen?
Da fiel mein Blick auf ferne blaue Blümlein,
Und unter Unkraut glaubt' ich zu erblicken
Die ſüßen Blumenkelche, mir ſo theuer.

Drauf legt' ich ſanft mein Rad an das Geländer,
Und ſchwang mich leicht in den verſäumten Garten.
Doch als ich jene Blümlein näher ſchaute,
Gewahrt' ich, daß nicht [illegible] ſey die Blume;
Daß eine Diſtel, jugendlich noch ſcheinend,
So [illegible] auf Stachelblättern.
Und [illegible] mir [illegible] Pflanze.
[illegible] mit den Wurzeln hob ich aus dem Boden.
[illegible] ſah ich eine [illegible]
Daneben, mit der [illegible] aus der Erde

Kaum barg' ich in den Händen meine Beute,
Als ſich der alte Hausherr langſam näherte
Und [illegible] ſeinen [illegible] ich zur Seite,
Und barg im Moos den Raub. Dann eilt' ich muthig
Entgegen ihm, nicht ohne Zwang ihn grüßend.
Doch freundlich war der Mann, als kennt' er lang mich;
Und grüßte bieder, gab mir auch die Rechte.
Treuherzig war ſein Blick, ſtill und geſchäftig,
Doch kein Behagen zog ihn auf den Garten.
Gealterte, doch kräft'ge Züge, hüllt' er
Im grauen Ueberrock, von [illegible] Tuche;
An woll'nen Strümpfen klappt' ihm der Pantoffel,
Und graues Haupthaar blickt aus weißer Nachtmütz'.

„Willkommen," ſprach er: „viele Freunde kommen,
„Zu ſehen meinen [illegible] in meiner Wirthſchaft.
„Seit ich [illegible] von dem [illegible],
„Hat Gott die Wirthſchaft [illegible] geſegnet.
„Nur macht mir oft das [illegible] viel Sorge.
„Jetzt bau' ich an dem neuen [illegible],
„Mit [illegible] Raum für Korn und Früchte.
„[illegible], will ich den Bau dir weiſen."

Drauf eilt' er mit mir [illegible] nach der Behauſung,
Die wie ein [illegible], das von Rauch und Sonne
[illegible], und zur [illegible] eingerichtet.
Im Stall und [illegible] Haus [illegible], ich [illegible]
[illegible] neue [illegible].
Nicht [illegible] der Hof von neuen [illegible],
[illegible] mit Dünger und den Blättern,
[illegible] ein Pfad auf ſchmalen Brettern,
[illegible] in die Wohnung Teut's zur Eingangsthüre.
Im Haus' war im engen [illegible]
Der [illegible] nur kümmerlich verwahret,
Und [illegible],
[illegible] zum [illegible] im alten Rahmen.

Da ſagte Teut: „In meiner Frau und Kindern
„[illegible] ich [illegible] in die [illegible] führen.
„Du kommſt zu ſpät. Es iſt ſchon ſpät am Tage.
„[illegible] Frau und Kinder haben viel der Arbeit.
„Im Stalle, Garten, Küche, [illegible].
„Dann [illegible] mit dem [illegible] Wagen,
„[illegible] ohne Raſt [illegible].
„Ein [illegible] Zimmer und Mühe,
„Und [illegible] und Mühe [illegible] keine Früchte."
Dabei ging aus den Blicken [illegible]
[illegible] Schuld auf mich, den [illegible].
Drauf führt' er mich durch [illegible] daher,
Und ſchloß den Speicher auf. Mit Wohlbehagen
[illegible] er mir [illegible] Augen;
Auf [illegible] aufgethürmte [illegible]
Des eig'nen [illegible] Erhaltung.
„Frau," ſprach er: „trug ich manch' [illegible],
„In manche fremde [illegible]."
Dann eilt' er zu des langen Speichers Ende,
Und ſchloß ein Thürlein auf, daraus mir weiſend
Des neuen Baues jüngſt erhob'ne Giebel,
Die unbedacht noch, zum alten Dache
Sich, wohl gezimmert, aus dem Grunde fügten.
Auf unten [illegible] es von der Mauer Arbeit,
Und oben klopft' es bei den Zimmerleuten,
Denn an den Latten nagelte man munter.
Dort ſah ich [illegible] manchen Freund im Schurzfell,
Mit Winkelmaaß und Keil' und Hammer ſtehen,
Den ich in deutſchen [illegible] wußte
Mit Rath und That bereit zu Amtsgeſchäften.
Sie grüßten mich, nur nicht die Arbeit hemmend.

Da ſprang mit Teut voran von Balk' zu Balken,
Und [illegible] folgt' ich ſeinen Tritten.
Doch [illegible] ſah er ſich nach ſeinem [illegible]
Im [illegible] fragend um, als wollt' er ſagen:
„[illegible] noch mehr in den Gärten!"
Da ſank mein Blick zurück herab zur Tiefe,
Und [illegible] Schwindel faßte Kopf und Stirne.
Da [illegible] ich mich, und ängſtlich feſt mich klammernd,
[illegible] den Balken, [illegible] bis zum Giebel,
Und [illegible] zum Niederſteigen [illegible].
Da [illegible] laut des Arbeitsvolks [illegible].
Denn [illegible] war allen [illegible],
So [illegible] zu kommen, und ſo ängſtlich [illegible]
[illegible], ſich von der Arbeit abzuwälzen.

[illegible] mit Zittern unten angelangt,
[illegible] die Angſt wohl über zum [illegible].
[illegible] ich gleich zum Ort im Blumengarten,
Wo ich die Pflänzchen in dem Moos verborgen.
Die nahm ich freudig, [illegible] zu meinem [illegible],
[illegible], [illegible], doch [illegible].

Als ich drauf, gar zu froh in dem Berufe,
Leichtſinnig trieb mein Spielzeug an den Bergrand:
Rutſcht' es mir jählings ab aus meinen Händen,
Hinab zur Tiefe unaufhaltſam ſpringend.
Lebendig ſchien's, und ſelber mit Vergnügen
Aus meiner Hand dem Strome zuzueilen.
Und endlich ſah ich's an dem Uferſchilfe
Sich gar bequemlich ruhig niederlegen.

Da klagt' ich laut, und rief nach fremder Hülfe.
Denn lieb war mir mein Rad wie die Geliebte,
Und kraftlos ſah ich hin in jene Tiefen.

Da kam vom Bau ein Bruder hergeſprungen,
Die Arbeit laſſend um dem Freund zu helfen.
Er wand ſich ohne Schwindel an den Felſen
Hinab bis an mein Rad im Uferſchilfe,
Hub es mit leichter Müh' auf ſeine Schulter,
Und brachte mir hinauf das theure Spielzeug.
Und als ich kaum den heißen Dank geſtammelt,
Stand vor mir wohlgeſattelt eins der Roſſe,
Die mich den Berg hinauf zu Teut getragen.
Um meine Schulter hing ein blanker Degen.
Schnell ſchwang ich mich auf meines Roſſes Rücken.
Doch fühlt' ich ungern mich zum erſtenmale
Allein auf ſolchem Pfad, und ſäh vor allem
Schein mir des Rades Retter als Begleiter.
Und da ich ſeine Luſt an meinem Rade
So brüderlich getheilt bei ihm gefunden,
Glaubt' ich nichts beſſeres zum Dank ihm bieten
Zu können, als das Rad mir nachzuwälzen.
Denn leicht erachtet' ich's und ein Vergnügen.
Auch ihm gewährt' ich nicht unwillig zögernd.
Doch wie er leicht mein Rad hob aus der Tiefe,
So ſauer ward die Luſt ihm auf dem Berge,
Und vielen Schweiß vergoß er bei der Arbeit.
Da bat ich ſelbſt den Helfer, abzulaſſen,
Und riß den blanken Degen aus der Scheide,
Steckt' ihn vom Roſſe nieder in die Achſe,
Und wälzt' es fort am Degen, luſtig trabend.

Nun trieb nach ſolchem ſeltſam neuen Schickſal
Die Neugier mich, des Berges Waldesſeite
[illegible] es zu Fuß, lud's auf des Roſſes Rücken,
Was dort verborgen wär' zu unterſuchen.

Anfangs ging's ungehindert durch den Hochwald.
Dann aber folgt' Geſtrüppe gar [illegible].
Ich ſtieg vom Roß, und ließ den Schimmel traben.
Das Rad wälzt' ich zu Fuß durch Dorn' und Dickicht.
Unmöglich ſchien's jedoch zum [illegible]
Aus den zu ſteilen [illegible] Gründen.
Und unter mir ſah ich in einen Trichter
Aus Erd' und Stein, in dunkle Tief' verſunken;
Dann ſtürzt' das Rad, und in dem tiefen Grunde
Sah ich's auf moosbedeckten Quadern liegen.
Doch klimmt' ich gleich zum jähen Abgrund nieder,
Weil noch zugänglich war des Trichters Senkung.
Wie hoch erſtaunt ich, in den Grund gelanget,
Die moosbedeckten Quadern waren Bücher,
In ſchweren Band gezwängt mit Schloß und Heften,
Ein lang vergrabner Schatz aus alten Zeiten.
Doch freute mich der Fund, denn ich bedachte,
Daß [illegible]
Von wenig Augen noch erſchauet worden,
Und dieſer Trichter durch der Wölbung Einſturz
Dem Lichte ſeinen Inhalt aufgeſchloſſen.
Da fing ich an zu blättern in den Büchern.
Die Schlöſſer brach ich mit metall'nem Hefte.
Doch konnt' ich von der Schrift nur wenig leſen.
Viel Wichtiges fand ich in den Pergamenten.
Um vieles deutlicher als Schrift und Sprache;
Von Indern und von Perſern ſind die Bilder.
Doch hatten viele heimatliche Mienen.
Und deutſch auch klang der alten Weiſe manches.
[illegible], dacht' ich, iſt der Sand geſchoſſen,
Daß alte Kunde dieſe Gruft verſchlungen,
Und wiederum dem Tageslicht eröffnet.
Doch als ich meiner Wißbegierde Drängen,
So einſam, ganz zu ſtillen nicht vermochte,
Und mich nach fremden Wiſſens Hülfe ſehnte,
Gewahrt' ich, daß ſo fremd der Menſchenkunde
Der abgelegne Schatz ſich nicht befinde;
Nur daß man ſcheue ſich ſo tief zu wagen.

Denn eben ſah ich an des Trichters Rande
Ein luſt'ges Häuflein zu mir niederſchauen.
Auch waren Freunde drunter. Alle winkten
Zu ihnen aufzuklimmen. Da beſchloß ich
Mein theuerſtes, mein Rad, im Grund zu laſſen,
Als Zeichen des Beſitzes und der Rückkehr.
Denn meine Reiſe wollt' ich erſt vollenden.
Doch wundert's mich, daß auf dem arbeitsvollen
Gebirge Teut's ſo müßige Geſellen
Mit leichtem Sinn die Wanderſchaft betrieben.
Und da ſie muntern Zugs ſelbander zogen,
War es mir neu dem Völklein zuzutreten.

Schnell klimmt' ich auf, und oben angelanget,
Erblickt' ich mir zur linken eine Mauer,
Die neuerlich gebeſſert, einen weiten
Geweihten Raum entzog dem Blick und Abgrund.
In's Inn're führt' ein altes ſchmales Pförtlein,
Wodurch man nur mit Hauptesſenken eingeht;
Verſchloſſen ſtets, und nicht gar weit vom Trichter.
Davor vertrieb mein Völklein ſich die Weile,
Bald nach der Mauer, bald zum Trichter blickend.
Mit Grüßen ward ich freundlich aufgenommen,
Als wär's ein Wunder aus dem Grund zu ſteigen.
Doch während ich mit ſtummem Dank mich neigte,
Kam aus dem Wald, auf einem ſchmalen Pfade,
Der von dem Wohnort Teut's zur Mauer führte,
Ein wohlgenährtes Männlein flink geſchritten.
Ein Pfäfflein ſchien's dem Haupt und dem Gewand nach,
Die Wangen rund, gar freundlich Gruß und Miene,
Gewohnt mit Artigkeit in's Herz zu blicken
Halb gnädig, halb geſchäftig-ſelbſtzufrieden.
Doch unterm Prieſterrocke ſchritt ein zierlich,
Gerundet Wadenfüßlein, ſeidenglänzend,
Und Demantſchnallen blitzten von den Schuhen.
Am Arme trug er, wie zum Scherz, ein Körblein,
Den Inhalt wohlverdeckt mit weißem Tuche.
Und rechts und links gar überfreundlich grüßend,
Wand er ſich durch uns hin nach jenem Pförtlein,
Dem Eingang in die räthſelvolle Mauer.
Da hob ſich in der Meng' ein laut Gelächter,
Und Spott erſchallte ob dem All-Welts-Pfäfflein.
Dann ſprang ein junger Mann gar ausgelaſſen
Dem Männlein nach, faßt' ihn an Korb und Decke,
Und ſprach: „Was trägſt du, Pfaff, im Korb verſtecket!
„Gib her, und weiſ' den geheimen Plunder!"
Da ſah ich ſich des Männleins Wange röthen,
Und Zorn erfüllen die ſo gnäd'ge Miene.
Ergrimmte Worte, von [illegible], dreuend,
Riß er gewaltig ſeinen Korb und Inhalt,
Und haſt'gen Dranges den [illegible] entſchlüpfend,
Sprang er zum Pförtlein hin, den Schlüſſel ziehend,
Schloß auf, und warf noch haſtiger die Thür zu.
Wie man nun lang umſonſt ihm nachgeſchaut,
Frug einer nach dem Inhalt ſeines Korbes.
Doch fand man ſich nichts als ſchwarze Mäntel;
Den Domino's der Faſtnachtszeit vergleichbar.
Und nun begann man ſich mit Spott und Scherzen
Des Pfäffleins Weisheit luſtig auszulegen,
Und kehrte munter um in der [illegible].

Doch als ich von dem Faſtnachtsſpiel die Blicke
Zufällig nach der Mauer hin erhoben,
Da ſchwebte mir von jenſeit in das Auge,
Gar herrlich und hehr, ein Rieſenbildniß,
Und [illegible] deucht' mir, daß ſich jenes Männlein
Jenſeits in die Geſtalt gewandelt habe.
Wie ein metall'nes Bildniß anzuſchauen,
Im dunklen Glanz der [illegible],
Blickt' er aus kaltem unverwandtem Auge,
Ernſt nieder auf den Spott des leichten Völkleins.
Sein Antlitz ſtrahlte [illegible],
Dem Plato mehr, dem Jeſuiten, vergleichbar;
Verlockend in dem Ernſt ein unergründlich,
Doch ſicher ſchreitend Fallen der Gedanken.
Verachtung kaum war ſicher drinn zu leſen,
Doch wer ihn ſah, verachtete ſich ſelber,
Dem Rieſenleib die Zwerggeſtalt vergleichend.
Da lief ein Schauer kalt durch die Gebeine.
Doch hört' ich nichts als Spott von den Begleitern,
Die nur ſich ſelbſt, und nicht den Rieſen ſchauten.
Drauf ſchieden ſie, gar froh in der Verkleidung,
Mich weiter fort entlangs der alten Mauer.
Im Weiterwandern blickt' ich nochmals rückwärts
Zum Haupt des Rieſen, und ich merkt' es deutlich,
Wie ſein Geſicht, durchdringend, doch beſonnen,
Ein flüchtig Lächeln kaum verbergen konnte.

Am andern Ende jener Mauer hob ſich
Ein Tempel, eingefügt dem alten Viereck.
Der Eingang fand ſich an der Außenſeite,
Und an den Stufen ſtand ein Cicerone.
Der winkte mir, und ſprach: „Wollt ihr nicht ſehen
„Das ſchöne Grabmahl des gefall'nen Hauptmann's?
„Der an der Mauer hier ſo kühn gefochten,
„Dann ſie für andre wieder hergeſtellet,
„Und unterging im Kampfe für die Mauer?"
Die Neugier trieb von den Geſellen keinen;
Nur ich allein begab mich auf die Stufen.

Drauf führte mich mein treuer Cicerone
Hinab auf ſchmaler Stieg' in das Begräbniß.
Gar traurig fiel durch eine ſchmale Oeffnung
Das Licht in einen dunkeln [illegible].
Da zeigte mir mein Führer an der Erde
Ein blutig Kleid, mit eines Stiches Zeichen.
Und ſprach: „Dies trug der Hauptmann aus dem Kampfe."
Und mit den Worten wollt' er der Verwahrung
[illegible] Gewand zu meinem Schauen;
Und ſchweigend wollt' ich gleich den Ort verlaſſen.
Doch hielt mich auf Bitten der Cicerone,
Und ſprach: „Das Schönſte habt Ihr nicht geſehen,
„Habt nicht gehört die ſchönen Trauertöne,
„Die unſre hohe Kunſt in Harmonien
„Um den gefall'nen Hauptmann ausſtrömen."
Drauf führt er mich in einen tiefern Keller;
Dort ſtand auf einem Gerüſte, ein gewalt'ger
Gar [illegible] Krieger;
Und hinter dem Gerüſt hielt einer Walze
Gewund'nen Griff zum Drehn umklammert;
Und in der Walze ſah man mächt'ge Hebel,
Eingreifend in die Deckel mächt'ger Röhren
Von Menſchenhöh' und Umfang, wie die Pfeifen
Der Orgel, an des Baſſes Stand geordnet.
Drauf griff der Mann zur Arbeit in das Kunſtwerk;
Und als die Hebel huben an den Deckeln,
Begann, aus der erſchloſſ'nen Röhren Bäuchen,
Ein tief gerührter Klageton zu ſteigen,
Bald männlich dumpf, bald weiblich hoch erſchallend;
Doch mannichfaltig, und harmoniſch folgend,
Stieß rund den Ton ab, der gefall'ne Deckel.
Und ſchaudernd mußt ich hören dieſe Klagen,
Gepreßt aus eingeengten Menſchenbrüſten,
Von Frauen, Männern, Kindern, eingekerkert,
Und eingeſtimmt zu Trauermelodien.
Drauf bot ich ängſtlich, um zu gehn, dem Krieger
Für ſeine ſchwere Müh' ein paſſend Trinkgeld.
Doch ſchlug er's ab, und ſprach: „Man zeigt es gratis."
Und freundlich bot er mir die Hand zum Abſchied.
Dann führte mich der Cicerone weiter.
Auf breiten Treppen ſtieg ich auf zur Halle.
Von Alabaſter glänzte die Kapelle.
Auf weißen Marmorſäulen trugen zierlich
Die hohe Wölbung gold'ne Kapitäler;
Und ausgeſchmückt mit geſchmackvoller Arbeit
Wies jede Wand glanzvolle Schlachtgemälde,
Umgeben von des Hauptmanns Waffenrüſtung.
Doch wie der Altar ſteht in einer Kirche
Stand eine Tafel von gediegnem Golde,
Darüber ich, mit ungeduldigem Hauche,
Des Hauptmanns Urne wollte zu erblicken.
Doch als ich näher trat an dies Geſtelle,
Fand ich im Schilde der Tafel ausgegraben,
Gemälde von des Glaubens frommen Thaten,
Schlangen, Dornen, Trauerweiden,
Darunter [illegible],
Brennholz, geheimnißvolle Verſchlingung;
Und als ich näher nach der Urne blickte,
Die auf dem ſchwarzen Mittelſtein geſtellet,
Nahm ich es wahr, daß dieſe runde Büſte
Ein um die Hälfte geſchnitt'nes Menſchenantlitz
Wahrſcheinlich, das auf der Urne ruhte,
Zu dem, deß der Fuß gebrochen worden.
Da fand ich an der Naſe Schwung und Schärfe,
Am ſtarken Kinn und an der kühnen Stirne,
Die Aehnlichkeit des Bild's mit jenem Hauptmann.

Drauf ging ich ohne Blumen aus der Halle,
Und meine [illegible] und kleine [illegible]
Trug ich, weit weiſer als ſonſt, zur Heimath.

Joachim Christian Blum

ward am 19. November 1739 zu Rathenau geboren und hatte das Unglück, in ſeinem fünften Jahre überritten zu werden, wodurch er lebenslänglich eine wankende Geſundheit behielt. Anfangs zum Kaufmannsſtande beſtimmt, widmete er ſich nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters dem gelehrten Stande, erhielt ſeine Vorbildung auf dem joachimsthaliſchen Gymnaſium in Berlin und ſtudirte ſeit 1759 zu Frankfurt an der Oder die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn kehrte er in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück und privatiſirte hier bis an ſeinen Tod, der am 28. Auguſt 1790 erfolgte.

Er gab heraus:

- Spaziergänge. 3 Thle. Berlin, 1774. 3. Aufl. Stendal, 1786.
- Neue Spaziergänge. Leipzig, 1784. N. A. Stendal, 1790.
- Reden von dem Verfaſſer der Spaziergänge. 2 Thle. Leipzig. 1777—78.
- Deutſches Sprichwörterbuch. 2 Bde. Leipzig, 1780—82.
- J. C. Blum's ſämmtliche Gedichte. Leipz. 1776. 2 Thle.
- Neuere Gedichte. Züllichau, 1785.
- Das befreite Rathenau. Schauſpiel. Leipz. 1775.
- Einzelne Aufſätze und Gedichte in der Berliniſchen Monatsſchrift u. ſ. w. —

Als Proſaiſt zeichnete ſich J. C. B. zu ſeiner Zeit durch einen angenehmen, gewandten Styl, Güte und Sanftmuth des Herzens und Redlichkeit der Geſinnungen aus; doch fehlt es ihm durchaus an Tiefe und Kraft. Seine Gedichte, leicht und gefällig, im Geſchmack ſeiner Zeit, ſind im Ganzen unbedeutend und haben ſich nicht lange im Andenken ſeines Volkes erhalten.

Folgende ſind im Ganzen nicht ungefällig.

Das gerechte Mitleiden.

Nicht den Siſyphus beklag' ich,
Nicht den ſchwindelnden Ixion,
Nicht den Tityus, der Schmerzen
An dem Eingeweide duldet;
Arbeit, Schwindel, Seitenſtiche
Sind den Sterblichen nicht fremde.
Unter allen Hochverräthern,
Die der Acheron umſchließet,
Jammert mich der arme Tantal:
Der Verlaſſne ſchmachtet, lechzet,
Dürſtet, daß er brennen möchte;
Und kein Menſch giebt ihm zu trinken.

An Dorilis.

Wenn ich König wäre,
Alles gäb' ich dir:
Freudenſitze, Geld und Ehre,
Meinen Thron, mein ganzes Leben
Theiltest du mit mir.
Und doch, glaub' ich, hätt' ich dir,
Gäbſt du mir dein Herz dafür,
Wenig oder nichts gegeben.

Aloys Blumauer,

einer der glücklichsten komischen Dichter Deutschlands, ward am 21. December 1755 zu Steyer im Lande ob der Ens geboren, erhielt seine erste Bildung in seiner Vaterstadt, trat hierauf 1772 zu Wien bei St. Anna in den Jesuitenorden und verweilte daselbst, nachdem dieser aufgehoben worden, sich seinen Unterhalt durch Unterricht erwerbend. Später ward er Censor, gab jedoch dies Amt 1793 auf und übernahm die gräffersche Buchhandlung. Er starb am 16. März 1798.

Seine Werke sind:

Virgil's Aeneis, travestirt von Blumauer. 3 Bde. Wien, 1784—88.
Gesammelte Gedichte. Wien, 1782. Anhang dazu 1783. N. A. Wien, 1787. 2 Bde.
Erwine von Steinheim. Trauerspiel. Wien, 1780.
Sämmtliche Werke. 8 Bde. Leipzig, 1801—3. N. A., besorgt von [illegible]. München, 1827. 4 Bde. Ferner Königsberg, 1827. 4 Bde.

Blumauer's regen Streben für Aufklärung in seinem Vaterlande fand in Oesterreich, wo es zu seiner Zeit gar sehr an Dichtern von Bedeutung fehlte, lebhafte Anerkennung; seine Werke wurden daher in jenen Gegenden mit großer Theilnahme gelesen, während sie im übrigen Deutschland nur ziemlich bekannt wurden und sich des Beifalls nicht desselben Beifalls erfreuten. Am Vorzüglichsten erscheinen seine komischen Leistungen, die sich durch einen gesunden, derben und drolligen, jedoch mitunter plumpen und gemeinen Witz auszeichnen; nur sind sie leider nicht von mancherlei Gemeinheiten und Unanständigkeiten frei zu sprechen. Die beiden ersten Gesänge seiner travestirten Aeneis möchten wohl als das Gelungenste unter seinen derartigen Versuchen zu betrachten sein. In seinen ernsten Gedichten tritt er in Bürger's Fußstapfen; es fehlt ihm hier durchaus nicht an Kraft und schönem Wollen, aber wohl zuweilen an Gefühl, Begeisterung und Tiefe, so daß sein Vers mitunter nicht viel mehr als gereimte Prosa ist; auch ist er hie und wieder zu nachlässig in der Behandlung der Form, was um so mehr zu rügen ist, da er an anderen Stellen beweist, daß er dieselbe, wenn er will, meisterhaft zu behandeln wußte. — Seine prosaischen Leistungen schwanken mit abwechselndem Glücke nach Kunst und Ansicht; zum besten dagegen ist sein Trauerspiel: Erwine von Steinheim, eine mit dem unglücklichen Pathos sich auf Stelzen bewegende Nachahmung einer Gattung von Dramen, welche zu jener Zeit in der Mode waren.

Die beiden Menschengrößen *).

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Wie die Sonne, Mond und Sterne [illegible]
Welche wärmt und leuchtet [illegible]
Und ein Meteor, das [illegible]
Der nur Mittag im [illegible]
Jene leuchtet und zu gleicher Zeit,
Diese leuchtet, aber wärmet nicht.

Wie ein Bergstrom über Felsenstücke,
Brausend hin, laut und verheerend;
Diese wandelt, unbemerkt vom Blick,
Wie ein Bach durch die Gefilde, sich;
Jene brauset und verheert die Flur,
Diese tränket und erquickt sie nur.

Jene baut sich Ehrensäulen
Aus den Trümmern einer halben Welt;
Diese baut sich selbst am Frohsinn,
Wenn sie Thränen [illegible] Dankes fällt;
Jene braucht ihren Ruhm in Stein,
Diese gräbt ihn in die Herzen ein.

Jene läßt mit lautem Ruhme sich krönen,
Und ihr Andenken hat Bestand nur;
Diese hält man auch im Stillen weinen,
Und ihr Lohn ist Segen der Natur.
Jene kann ein Kind des Glückes sein,
Diese dankt ihr Dasein sich allein.

Größe! lauten Ruhmes! deiner Schwingen
Breite gleicht dem Himmelsfirmament;
Aber deinen Standort zu erringen
Ist nur wenig Sterblichen vergönnt.
Stille Größe! dich nur bet' ich an,
Dich nur, denn du bist für jedermann.

Lied der Freiheit.

Wer unter eines Mädchens Hand
Sich als ein Sklave schmiegt,
Und von der Liebe festgebannt,
In schweren Fesseln liegt,
Weh dem! der ist ein armer Wicht,
Er kennt die goldne Freiheit nicht.

Wer sich um Fürstengunst und Rang
Mit tausend Sorgen kränkt,
Und eingespannt sein Lebelang,
Am Pflug des Staates zieht,
Weh dem! der ist ein armer Wicht,
Er kennt die goldne Freiheit nicht.

Wer um ein schimmerndes Metall
Sein bißchen Ruhe [illegible],
Und seinen [illegible]
Nur zu [illegible],
Weh dem! der ist ein armer Wicht,
Er kennt die goldne Freiheit nicht.

Doch wer sich aller Welt entzieht,
Vernunft zur Thun und Recht,
Und nicht des [illegible]
Nur sich, [illegible],
Der ist allein, der sagen kann:
Seht mich, ich bin ein freier Mann!

An die Weisheit.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Ja, ich will den [illegible]
Wo die Welt [illegible]
Das mit [illegible] Glück [illegible] — danken,
Und mit [illegible] — [illegible]!

Deren [illegible] die Schönheit [illegible],
Die der [illegible] Mund im Busen [illegible],
Deren [illegible],
Die der [illegible] Geist auf Rosen [illegible]!

Deinen Weg, [illegible],
Die vor [illegible] der Weisheit [illegible]
Und dem [illegible], der zu [illegible],
[illegible] die Weisheit [illegible] nicht!

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*) Aus: Gedichte von A. Blumauer. Wien, 1787. 2 Bde.

Dich, o Göttin! die wir Weisheit nennen,
Sucht sich unser reger Geist zur Braut;
Aber wird er dich erreichen können,
Dich, vor deren Licht dem Blicke graut?

In dem Dunkel dieses Erdenlebens
Rangen viele schon nach deinem Licht,
Aber ach! sie mühten sich vergebens,
Denn, wo sie dich suchten, warst du nicht.

Mit dir prangten Griechenlands Sophisten,
Glaubten sich bereits auf deiner Spur;
Aber ihre Kunst war [illegible],
Wie du wandelst, deuteten sie nur.

Um den Weg zu deinem Bild zu kommen,
[illegible] ein;
Doch die Weisheit wohnet nicht [illegible],
[illegible] nicht allein.

Andre suchten dich in öden Wüsten,
[illegible] von sich ab,
[illegible] und beteten,
Und [illegible] zum Grab.

Doch du wohnest nicht in jenem Lande,
Wo der Geist [illegible],
Und [illegible],
Die der [illegible] — [illegible].

Andre suchten dich im Rath der Greise,
[illegible],
Und vergaßen im [illegible]
Sich und uns [illegible].

Viele wähnten [illegible]
[illegible];
Doch du [illegible]
[illegible].

Wie auch, Göttin! [illegible],
[illegible],
Aber nicht auf allen [illegible],
Auf dem [illegible] der Natur.

Hör' uns, Göttin, wenn wir hier auf Erden
Nur zu dir um [illegible] flehn,
Laß es Tag in unserm Innern werden,
Daß wir alle deine Spuren sehn!

Laß der Menschen Herz sich uns enthüllen,
Schütz' es vor Betrug und Heuchelei,
Daß der Mensch in allen den Gestalten,
Die Natur ihm gab, uns heilig sei!

Laß uns wie der Dummheit [illegible],
Lehre der Gewalt uns widerstehn,
Laß den Heuchler durch und durch uns schauen,
Und der Bosheit Schlangengang uns seh'n!

Laß uns hier, in einem Wort vereint,
Helfen, wo der Mensch den Menschen plagt,
Laß uns lehren, wo die Wahrheit weinet,
Und die Schwäche über Stärke klagt!

Laß, o laß der Sterblichen Glück uns gründen,
[illegible],
Und den [illegible] winden,
Der in deinen Händen [illegible].

Aufmunterung zur Lieb' und Lebensfreude.

An Lilla.

[illegible], liebes Mädchen,
[illegible] Herz,
[illegible]
[illegible]?

[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]!

[illegible] Minnereden
[illegible] Herz, wie zu,
Und der Liebe [illegible] heben
Deinen Busen aus der Ruh!

[illegible]
Wie du [illegible] nur,
Und wenn [illegible] winkt,
[illegible] Freudenstunden nur.

Deine Tag- und Nachtgestunden Reihe
[illegible],
[illegible], immer [illegible],
Immer, Mädchen, [illegible]!

[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible].

Und auf jedem [illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible] Mädchen, [illegible]
[illegible].

Von den Blumen, Blüten, Bäumen, [illegible]
[illegible],
Und den [illegible] der Natur, dem süßen
Wonnelaute, [illegible].

Wandle in der Sonne [illegible]
Mit [illegible],
Und im [illegible]
Wonne nur aus [illegible].

Sehen, Mädchen, [illegible],
[illegible];
Denn du [illegible],
[illegible].

[illegible]
[illegible]?
Leben — [illegible] —
[illegible], — [illegible]!

Meine Wünsche.

Die Erde ist so groß und hehr,
Man sieht mit Lust sie an,
Und wär sie ganz besetzt, wär'
Ein übervoller Plan;
Doch hätt' ich genug für meinen Sinn
An einem kleinen Fleckchen drin.

Und dieses Fleckchen wollt' ich
Auf einem Hügelchen,
Von dem ich könnte rund um mich
So weit in's Freie sehn,
Um von der schönen Erde Plan
So viel zu sehen, als ich kann.

Auf diesem Fleckchen stünde dann
Ein Häuschen nett und klein;
Da wohnt' ich, gleich dem weisen Mann,
[illegible];
[illegible] und Rath,
[illegible].

Und hätt' ich auch ein Mädchen treu,
So nennt' ich es mein Glück;
[illegible] Kraut und Kohl [illegible]
Für meinen [illegible];
[illegible]
Durch Glück und Kinder [illegible].

Und hätt' ich auch so [illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible];
[illegible],
Und [illegible].

[illegible],
[illegible].

Ein Gut — o mehr, als Freund und Wein
Und Haus und Gärtchen werth! —
Die Freiheit! — wenn mir die gebricht —
So brauch' ich alles and're nicht!

Der Blick der Liebe.

Wie die Sonne das, was Mutter Erde
Todt in ihrem Schooße trägt,
Thätig, wie des hohen Schöpfers Werde,
Auf in's neue Leben weckt;

Wie sich alle Lebenspulse heben
Von der Sonne Strahl durchzückt,
Und empor den jungen Keime Streben
Aus dem Schooß der Erde drückt;

Wie beseelt der Schöpfung Fibern beben,
Wenn der Strahl, der sie durchglüht,
Allbefruchtend Millionen Leben
Weckt und aus dem Grabe zieht:

So ein Leben, fühl' ich, strahlet Liebe
In dem Feuerauge dir,
Und ein Regen tausendfält'ger Triebe
Weckt im Herz und Seele mir.

O-Tahaiti.

An Georg Forster.

O glücklich Land! auf das, wie's heißt, hernieder
So reichlich Gottes voller Segen quoll,
Bist du's, auf dem ein Drittheil unsrer Brüder
Sein goldnes Alter wirklich leben soll?

Und du, o Volk! das, laut so vieler Sagen,
Der Erdensöhne schönstes Glück genießt,
Ist's wahr, daß du so frei von allen Plagen
Der Menschheit, und so überglücklich bist?

Zwar malt man uns in so reizendem Gewande
Das Bild uns vor, das deine Fluren krönt,
Daß mancher sich aus unserm Vaterlande
Hinaus, und bis nach deinen Hütten sehnt.

Allein erlaube mir nur wenig Fragen,
Eh' auch mein Mund dich glücklich preist;
Vielleicht läßt auch von dir der Spruch sich sagen:
Es ist nicht alles Gold, was gleißt.

Hast du Pandorens Büchse *), die uns alle
In den [illegible] Uebeln, die Menschen, bringt,
Noch nicht so aufgethan, daß [illegible]
Entsetzlich Heer von [illegible] auf dich dringt?

Hat die Tyrannei, der edlen Freiheit Mörder,
[illegible] um dich [illegible] gemacht?
[illegible] nicht Königen [illegible],
Und heiligt [illegible] gemacht?

Sind nicht [illegible] von deinen stolzen Häuptern,
[illegible] nicht manches [illegible],
Die, während [illegible],
Für [illegible]?

Ist's nicht ein Brauch in deinem eignen Staate,
Daß dir der [illegible] die Schönsten nehmen?
Erkaufst du nicht mit deinem eignen Blute
Die fremden Sklaven deiner Könige [illegible]?

Hört man dich nicht am harten Ruder winseln,
Das du mit saurer Arbeit selbst geschnitzt?
Führst du nicht Landleute nach fremden Inseln
Wo dann ihr Blut — nicht für die Freiheit — spritzt?

Hat deine Seele keine Abentheuer
Des tollen Aberglaubens ausgeheckt?
Hast du nicht Pfaffen, deren Hand den Schleier
Der heil'gen Lüge dir um's Auge legt?

Wird nicht durch sie das Weib im Trauerkleide,
Das wüthend um des Mannes Leichnam rennt,
Ein Ungeheu'r, das auch mit fremdem Leide
Und fremdem Blute seinem Schatten fröhnt?

Ernährest du nicht einen Schwelgerorden,
Der Arbeit und des Ehstands Fesseln haßt,
Und der, von dir gehegt, in ganzen Horden
Herumzieht, und auf deine Kosten praßt?

Sprich, hat die Mode, deren Narrenschelle
Man sonst in aufgeklärten Landen trägt,
Zu ihrer Qual erschaffen, wie die Hölle,
Nicht auch dein Volk schon mit Tribut belegt?

Muß nicht dein Jüngling, ihrem Dienst zu Ehren,
Sich Schenkel unter tausend Stichen bläu'n,
Und muß er nicht dein Ebenbild zerstören,
Natur! um o-tahaitisch schön zu seyn?

Sind deine Weiber treu, sprich, sind sie minder
Auf Putz und Tand als unsere erpicht,
Vergessen sie Pflicht, Ehre, Mann und Kinder
Ob einer kleinen Glaskoralle nicht?

Wohnt Redlichkeit auch in deiner Bürger Seelen,
Ist unbestechbar, rein und treu ihr Sinn,
Und geben sie, was andre für Juwelen
Verkaufen, nicht für rothe Federn hin?

Sind alle unter deinem Himmelsstriche,
So wie er ist, die Menschen glücklicher?
Und drücken dich der [illegible],
Weil Brod am Baume dir wächst, darum weniger?

O nein! Wo Menschen sind, da sind auch Uebel!
Mit ihnen zieht auch ihre Kümmerniß;
Und, ach! gleich anfangs waren, laut der Bibel,
Schon ihrer zwei zu viel für's Paradies! —

So dacht' ich, Freund! als ich dein Buch gelesen,
Wo ich dein Bild von O-Tahaiti fand;
Ich war von meinem Hang dahin genesen,
Und liebe — wie vorher — mein Vaterland.

Glaubensbekenntniß eines nach Wahrheit ringenden Katholiken.

Zwei Kräfte sind es, die den Menschen leiten,
Die leiten ihn bald ab- bald himmelwärts;
Natur gab ihm Verstand um recht zu denken,
Um recht zu handeln gab sie ihm das Herz.

Und wenn sie [illegible] Kräften unterthänig,
Wie schwer wird oft dem Menschen nur das Ziel!
O! der Verstand begreifet weit zu wenig,
Und ach, das Herz wünscht, ahnet, glaubt so viel!

Im Wahn, der Wahrheit sicher nachzufliegen,
Jagt oft der Geist nach einer Wolke bloß;
Im Wahn, der Tugend selbst im Arm zu liegen,
Liegt oft das Herz dem Laster in dem Schooß.

Und hat nicht diese Führer auf dem Wege
[illegible]?
Ist nicht oft das, was die Vernunft als [illegible]
Verkennt und tilgt, der Empfindung Glut?

Glaubt nicht das Herz oft Tugend da zu finden,
Wo der Verstand nur [illegible] Täuschung sieht?
Verehrt nicht die Vernunft mit vielen Gründen
Oft Sätze, die das Herz als falsch flieht?

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*) Die Büchse der Pandora, nach der Mythe der Griechen ein Kunstwerk des Vulkan, durch welches Jupiter die Menschen dafür strafen wollte, daß Prometheus ihm das Feuer entwandt und ihnen gegeben hatte. Vor der Ankunft der Pandora lebten die Menschen ohne alle Uebel, ohne drückende Arbeit und Krankheiten wie die Unsterblichen. Als Pandora [illegible] von der Büchse, [illegible] die Menschen [illegible], in jener Welt [illegible] mit sich. Der Herausg.

Kann uns ein Licht, das jedes Wölkchen trübet,
Wohl zeigen, wo die helle Wahrheit ſey?
Bleibt ein Gefühl, das auch den Irrthum liebet,
Wohl ſtets der reinen wahren Tugend treu?

D'rum meinen viele, die's bequemer finden,
Sich einem fremden Lichte zu vertrau'n:
Man müſſe, wo die Wahrheit zu ergründen
Zu ſchwer iſt, nur auf fremden Glauben bau'n.

Allein iſt glauben ſicherer als wiſſen?
Gehorſam beſſer als das Selbſtgefühl?
Und bringt ein Licht, das wir entlehnen müſſen,
Uns ſicherer als das Eigene zum Ziel?

Iſt nicht der Funke, der im Menſchen ſchimmert,
Ein Licht, ſo gleich vertheilt als allgemein?
Und wenn die Flamme, die dem [illegible] uns ſchimmert,
In unſerm Innern ohne Funken ſeyn!

Iſt's Pflicht, ſich die Augen zu verbinden,
Um an der Andern Hand einherzugehn!
Gab die Natur uns Augen zum Erblinden,
Und Füße, um nicht ſelbſt voraus zu gehn!

Und dennoch iſt in manchen Prüfungsſtunden
Das Herz ſo gern dem Glauben unterthan,
Und oft ſchlägt ihm die ſtrenge Wahrheit Wunden,
Die nur allein der Glaube heilen kann.

Ja, auch dem Glauben iſt ſein Reich beſchieden,
Er gab uns die Vernunft; allein wer kennt
Die [illegible], die ſein Gebiet hienieden
Von dem Gebiete des Verſtandes trennt?

Nur da, wo die Vernunft mit ihren Blicken
Nicht hinreicht, fängt das Reich des Glaubens an.
Doch wer hat des Verſtandes Arm gemeſſen,
Und wer beſtimmt wie weit er reichen kann?

Soll nicht der Glaube blos zum Mantel dienen,
Den [illegible] der Geiſt um ſeine Blöße wirft!
Und darf der Sterbliche ſich auch erkühnen,
Nicht mehr zu denken, als er wiſſen darf! —

O du, der mir den Geiſt voll Durſt nach Wahrheit
Und ein ſo weiches Herz zum Glauben gab,
Dir leg' ich hier am Throne deiner Klarheit
Ein frei Bekenntniß meines Glaubens ab.

Nur dir, Unendlicher! weiß meine Seele
Vor deinem Blick' allein ſich nicht verhüllet,
Nur dir, weil du allein weißt wenn ich fehle,
Und nicht der Menſch in Rom, mein Richter biſt.

Nur dir, weil du nicht ſo, wie Menſchen, ſtrafen,
Nicht unduldſam wie Menſchen zürnen kannſt,
Und einen Geiſt, den du ſelbſt frei erſchaffen,
Nicht ſo wie ſie an's Joch des Glaubens ſpannſt.

Und leuchtet nicht mein Geiſt mit deinem Lichte?
Haſt du nicht jeden Strahl ihm zugezählt?
Geht mit dem Mond die Sonne zu Gerichte,
Wenn er nicht ſo wie ſie die Nacht erhellt?

So höre denn, und ſchone, wenn ich fehle,
Nur einen Strahl von deinem Lichte mir an:
Ein Strahl aus deiner Hand iſt meine Seele,
Ein Strahl des Lichts, kein Strahl vom [illegible]. —

Ich glaube, daß du manchen Lebensaltern
Den Glauben an die höh're Zukunft gabſt,
Allein ich weiß auch, daß du mir hienieden
Den regen Geiſt nicht bloß zum Glauben gabſt.

Ich glaube, daß der Glaub' in allen Zeiten
Den ſchwachen Geiſt des Menſchen aufrecht hält,
Daß er ihn ſtärkt in Widerwärtigkeiten,
Und ihn mit ſüßen Hoffnungen erfüllt;

Allein ich weiß — die Welt hat es erfahren —
Daß auch der Glaube in ſeiner [illegible] Hand
Mehr Böſes that in [illegible] hundert Jahren
Als in Jahrtauſenden der Verſtand.

Ich glaube, daß der Menſch in einem [illegible]
[illegible]

Allein ich weiß er hat kein Recht zum Lohne,
Weil Rom, nicht Jeſus, ihn erzeuget hat.

Ich weiß, daß ich den Himmel nicht verdiene,
Und daß du wenig Dank mir ſchuldig biſt,
Weil ich dir, Herr! in einem Tempel diene,
Der meines Vaters Haus am nächſten iſt.

Ich glaube, daß dir eine Art zu dienen
Mehr als die andere gefallen kann;
Allein ich weiß, du blickſt den Braminen
So gut als wie den frommen Chriſten an.

Ich glaube, daß du das Gebot der Liebe
Auf harten Stein ſelbſt für die Menſchen ſchriebſt;
Allein ich fühl' es, daß es fruchtlos bliebe,
Wenn du's nicht auch in's meine Herz [illegible].

Ich glaube, daß du uns ein Buch gegeben,
Das manche Spur von deiner Hand verräth,
Daß du darin für unſer Erdenleben
Manch Samenkorn der Gnade ausgeſä't;

Allein ich kenn' ein Buch, von dir geſchrieben,
Und leſerlich für alle Kreatur,
Ein Buch, das ewig unverfälſcht geblieben,
Das große Buch der heiligen Natur.

Ich glaube, daß du Menſchen ohn' Erbarmen
Mit eignem Mund ein gleiches Recht [illegible];
Allein mein Herz ſieht aus dem Mund des Armen
Und Hungernden und Leiden dein Gebot.

Ich glaube, daß Geheimniſſe dich ehren,
Die nur ein Geiſt von deiner Größe faßt;
Allein ich weiß, daß du zu ihren Lehren
Uns keine Geiſteskraft gegeben haſt.

Ich glaube, daß du auf geweihtem Tempel
Und auf Altären gnädig niederſiehſt;
Allein ich weiß, daß nur die Welt dein Tempel,
Und unſer Herz dein liebſter Altar iſt.

Ich glaube, daß du uns zu allen Zeiten
Durch Wunder kund gethan, wie groß du biſt;
Allein ich ſeh's, daß dieſer Bau der Weiten
Und ſchönen Welt dein größtes Wunder iſt.

Ich glaube, daß die ſchon verklärten Seelen
Dir werth ſind, die der Menſch jetzt ſelig nennt,
Und daß wir gern auf ihren Beiſtand zählen,
Weil ſie von uns kein falſcher Beiſtand trennt;

Allein ich weiß, daß dem des Menſchen Bitte
Zu prüfen, deine Weisheit keinen Rath,
Und um ſie zu gewähren, deine Güte
Mit einem fremden Beiſtand nöthig hat.

Ich glaube, Herr! daß meiner Seele Schwächen
Mich manchmal ab von deinen Wegen ziehn,
Und daß ich durch beſtändige Verbrechen
Werth deines Zorns und deiner Rache bin;

Allein ich weiß, daß meine Bosheit alle
So wenig je dein Herz erbittern kann;
So wenig, als ein kleiner Tropfen Galle
Den unermeßnen weiten Ocean.

Ich glaube, daß uns Menſchen zu erlöſen
Ein Mann von [illegible] und dreißig Jahren war;
Doch weiß ich, daß er nur ein Wort geweſen,
Das Millionen Welten aus gebar.

Ich glaube, Herr! daß meines Geiſtes Kräften
[illegible] Wirkungsſphäre [illegible];
Allein ich weiß, daß er von den Geſchäften
[illegible] im Schlummer [illegible].

Ich glaube, daß du nur auf dieſer Bühne
Den Geiſt des Menſchen zur Erkenntniß [illegible];
Allein ich weiß, daß du die [illegible]
Der Sterblichkeit zum [illegible].

Ich glaube, daß du Sünden mir vergebeſt,
Daß du allein meine Schuld [illegible],
Ja, daß du deinen [illegible] nicht mein Leben
Und alle meine Sünden [illegible];

Allein ich weiß, daß meine hellen Augen,
  Durch dich geklärt, mein Geist so willig geht,
Mir nicht einmal zu unterscheiden taugen,
  Ob deine Sonne geht oder steht.

Ich glaube, daß mein Herz, trotz seinen Schwächen,
  Zur Tugend nur zum Sieg bestimmet ist;
Allein ich weiß, daß Tugend und Verbrechen
  Unmerklich oft in Eins zusammenfließt.

Ich glaub', es kann mein bestes hier auf Erden
  In deinen Augen mir verdienstlich seyn;
Allein ich weiß, der Kinder bestes werden
  Für eines guten Vaters Herz erfreu'n.

Und so, o Herr! dem Widerspruch zum Raube
  Giebt sich mein Geist der Ungewißheit preis;
Es lähmt Vernunft das Wissen, was ich glaube,
  Und so verdammt der Glaube, was ich weiß.

Und ach! in diesem bittern Zweifelkampfe,
  Worin mein Geist sonst mit sich selber ringt,
Wer sagt mir, ob mein Glauben oder Wissen
  Dereinsten mich der Wahrheit näher bringt?

Soll ich, o Herr! dem Glauben ganz entsagen,
  Weil er den freien Geist verwirret?
Sag', oder soll ich den Verstand verklagen,
  Daß er zum Räuber meines Glaubens wird?

Ist's Sünde, nicht auf einem Führer bauen,
  Den die Vernunft als einen Irrwisch haßt?
Ist es Verbrechen, dem Lichte nicht zu trauen,
  Das du mir selber eingepflanzet hast?

Kann ich dein Wort nur in der Bibel lesen,
  Steht dein Gebot auf andern Tafeln nur?
Vernehm' ich nur hier, und ist's ein ander Wesen
  Als du, das mit mir spricht durch die Natur?

Ich üb' die Tugend, weil ich darum liebe,
  Weil mich der Glaub' allein zu üben lehrt?
Und ist dir das, was der Natur zu Liebe
  Geschieht, von dir nicht eines Blickes werth?

Soll ich allein an deinem [illegible]
  [illegible]
Und ist dir's völlig gleich, ob der [illegible]
  Ein Titus *) oder ein Thersites **) ist! —

O du, der mir den regen Trieb nach Wahrheit,
  Und dieses Herz voll Durst nach Glauben gab,
O sende von dem Thron deiner Klarheit
  Nur einen Strahl auf meinen Geist herab!

Virgil's Aeneis ***).

Es war einmal ein großer Held,
  Der sich Aeneas nannte;
Aus Troja nahm er's Fersengeld,
  Als man die Stadt verbrannte,
Und reiste fort mit Sack und Pack;
Doch litt er manchen Schabernack
  Von Jupiters Xantippe.

Das machte, weil Frau Juno sich
  [illegible]
Man glaubt, [illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
Darum, die Himmelskönigin
  Trug's faustdick hinter'n Ohren.

Der Apfel war's, den sie so sehr
  Seit Paris [illegible] schmerzte,
Und Ganymedes, den ihr Herr
  [illegible] herzte;
[illegible]
[illegible] des frommen [illegible],
  [illegible] — verwünscht mit hatte.

Drum wollt' er, eh' er Welschland sah,
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  Mit Sturm und [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
  Den Wohlthun zu gefallen.

Kaum sah ihn Juno auf dem Meer,
  Da sprach sie: „Welch ein Frevel!
Da kommt mir [illegible] daher;
  [illegible]! ich will euch weisen
Was eine Königin vermag,
[illegible]
  Und Donnerkeil regiert."

Sie lief sich nach [illegible]
  Auf [illegible]
[illegible]
  Den [illegible] tragen.
[illegible]
[illegible]
  Die Winde eingesperret.

Die Göttin war voll Freundlichkeit,
  Und sprach: „Mein lieber Vetter!
[illegible] und macht mir heut
  [illegible]
Ich habe [illegible],
Darum, Herr Vetter, seid so gut,
  Und laßt die Sparren [illegible]."

„[illegible], sprach [illegible],
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]." —

„[illegible]
  [illegible]
Doch weil ich euch, was [illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
  Und [illegible]."

„[illegible], den wir jetzt zum Glück
  [illegible]
Ich [illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] der Ueberfluß
  [illegible]."

„[illegible] haben wir
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]."

[illegible] —
  [illegible] ein Spaßen!
Es wurden bis zum jüngsten Tag
  Die Winde nimmer [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible] und blasen.

[illegible]
  Das Meer in seinem Bette,
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
Der andre [illegible],
  [illegible].

---

*) Titus Flavius Vespasianus, der Sohn und Nachfolger Vespasian's in der römischen Kaiserwürde. Er regierte so vortrefflich, daß ihn das Volk nur die Liebe und Wonne des menschlichen Geschlechts nannte.

**) Thersites, ein albernes, feiges und boshaftes [illegible] bei der Belagerung Troja's. Er war von Körper äußerst häßlich, schielend, lahm, buckligt und kahlköpfig. Achilles tödtete ihn.

[illegible]

***) Aus: Blumauer's sämmtlichen Werken, München, [illegible]

Die Schiffe flogen her und hin,
Es brachen [illegible] und Stangen;
Die ganze Himmelskuppel schien
[illegible] umhangen.
[illegible] auch den Strand,
Und [illegible] am Himmel auf,
Da sah kein Mensch den andern.

Der Sturm erhob sich immer mehr
Mit jedem Augenblicke;
Die Blitze schlugen kreuz und quer
Das Firmament in Stücke,
Der Donner ging ohn' Unterlaß
Bald im Diskant und bald im Baß
[illegible]

Aeneas schrie und [illegible]
[illegible]
„O hätt' ich doch, wie andere,
Zu Hause [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"

„O wär' ich [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Inwendig in den Armen.

Indessen hat [illegible]
[illegible] den Spaß vernommen:
Er ward [illegible]
Und ließ die Winde kommen.
„[illegible]"
Rief er, „[illegible]
[illegible] mit Bäßen!"

„Sagt ihm, dem [illegible]
[illegible] er soll gehen,
Sonst soll ich seinem [illegible]
[illegible] den Spaß verstehen.
So wahr ich [illegible] bin,
Ich [illegible]
Still, Wellen, still! — [illegible]"

Darauf [illegible]
Und ebnete die Wellen:
Bald [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Und ging in [illegible]
Zu [illegible]

Die [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sie [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
Und als er [illegible]
[illegible]
„[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] gesessen." —

Herr [illegible] — salva venia!
[illegible]
Auf seinem [illegible], und da sich
[illegible] auf die Welt [illegible];
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] —
„[illegible]" so [illegible]
„[illegible]
[illegible]"

„[illegible] — [illegible]? — Ich [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
„[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"

„[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Und [illegible]"

„[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Und [illegible]"

„Mich [illegible]
[illegible]
Und [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"

„[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]"

„[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"

„[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"

[illegible]

Erziehung der Ritter *).

[illegible] und [illegible]

[illegible]

---

*) [illegible]

*) [illegible]

**) [illegible]

***) [illegible]

Herr zu heiraten wußten, davon giebt uns die Histoire du petit Jean de Saintré *) ein rührendes Beiſpiel.

Es wird Ihnen, werthe Fr., vielleicht nicht unangenehm ſeyn, aus dieſem Buche, das man ſeiner Seltenheit wegen [illegible] mit Geld aufwiegt, den ſonderbaren Unterricht, den die Dame darin ihrem Zöglinge giebt, näher kennen zu lernen. Die junge ſchöne Wittwe, die der Verfaſſer dieſes Romans immer nur Dame des belles Cousines nennt, die aber im Grunde eine Schweſter des Königs Johann von Frankreich war, [illegible]

[illegible]

die ſieben Hauptſünden und die vier Kardinaltugenden, dann die acht Seligkeiten, und die ſieben Werke der Barmherzigkeit. Sie befahl ihm ferner beim Aufſtehen und Schlafengehen das Kreuz zu machen, und ſich fleißig [illegible], und die Nägel abzuſchneiden. Und nachdem ſie ihm eine lange Predigt von [illegible] über den Kopf gegeben, ſchloß ſie endlich. — „Wenn du all dieß getreu beobachteſt, ſo wird ich die Deine ſeyn, und dich lieben.“ Und Saintré kniete hin, und ſchwur auf die Hand der Dame, wie aufs heil. Evangelium, den Eid der Treue und Folgſamkeit.

[illegible]

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*) [illegible]

*) [illegible]

So vollkommen aber der Unterricht, den die Damen ihren Zöglingen gaben, von der Seite der Liebe war, so mangelhaft war er von der Seite der Religion. Die Religion überhaupt war damals ein Gemengsel von Irrthümern und Aberglauben, was konnte sie nun gar in dem Kopfe eines Frauenzimmers seyn! [illegible] Leichtgläubigkeit und [illegible] war alles, was der Knabe lernte, und die seltsame Verbindung dieses Unterrichts mit jenem der Galanterie hatte auch die sehr natürliche Folge, daß der Knabe sich früh gewöhnte, seine Dame mit Gott zu vermischen, und alles, was Bezug auf sie hatte, mit religiösen Augen zu betrachten.

Bei diesem Unterricht, den der Knabe am Hofe eines fremden Ritters genoß, mußte er seinem Herrn alle Dienste persönlich leisten. Ihn auf der Jagd, beim Spazierreiten begleiten, Botschaften ausrichten, bei der Tafel aufwarten, u. s. w. Was die junge Seele des Edelknabens vollends mit dem Geiste der Ritterschaft vertraut machte, war das Beispiel der Knappen und Ritter, das er täglich vor Augen hatte. Die der Jugend natürliche Nachahmungssucht machte alle Spiele der Edelknaben unter einander zu Nachahmungen ritterlicher Uebungen. Sich aus ihren [illegible] Helme machen, mit [illegible] nach dem Ziele werfen, einen Platz angreifen, den andere vertheidigten, sich einander ein Ziel oder einen Durchgang streitig machen, waren ihre liebsten Spiele, wobei sie wohl zu Zeiten ein Schwert führten, um damit die Stärke ihrer jungen Arme an Puppen und Stauden zu versuchen.

Und eben dieser Wetteifer so vieler Edelknaben unter einander, dieses beständige Zusammenwohnen, diese durchgängige Gleichheit ihrer Gesinnungen und Leidenschaften, diese Gewohnheit, sich einander als Glieder eines gemeinschaftlichen Standes zu betrachten, stiftete in den Herzen der jungen Zöglinge manche innige lebenslängliche Freundschaften, die sie sich einander im männlichen Alter durch Proben bewiesen, deren sich ein Damon und Pythias nicht geschämt haben dürften.

Dieses Edelknabenamt war, den ich den ersten Grad des damaligen Ritterordens nennen möchte, war die erste Stufe zur Würde des Ritters. [illegible]

[illegible]

eine solche Weitläufigkeit abgeben würde, fand ich folgende Gesetze der Knappenschaft aufgezeichnet:

Erstes. Die [illegible] und Schule der Ritterschaft besteht darin, daß der Ritter seinen Sohn in seiner Jugend dienen lernen lasse.

Zweit. Ziemt es sich, daß des Ritters Sohn, während er Knappe ist, die Pferde zu besorgen wisse. Denn es ist billig, daß er vorher diene, und Unterthan sey, bevor er Herr wird. Nur aus dem Knappendienste wird er den Werth und Adel der freien Ritterschaft kennen.

Drittes. Deshalb soll auch jeder Ritter seinen Sohn in eines andern Ritters Dienste thun, damit er seiner Jugend lerne, bei Tafel vorschneiden und aufwarten, den Ritter waffnen und kleiden. Denn gleichwie der, welcher ein Schneider oder Schuster werden will, vorher als Lehrjunge bei einem Meister dienen muß, so soll auch jeder Edelknabe, der zum Ritterorden gelangen will, vorher bei einem Ritter als seinem Meister lernen; und gleichwie es unschicklich wäre, wenn ein Mensch, der ein Schuster werden wollte, zu einem Schneider in die Lehre gienge, so wäre es auch ungereimt, wenn ein Knappe die Pflichten des Ritterstandes bei einem Manne lernen wollte, der nicht selbst Ritter ist.

Viertes. Auch ist es dem Knappen nicht genug, daß er dem Ritter diene, die Pferde besorge, und mit ihm zu Turnieren und Schlachten ziehe: er muß auch die Pflichten des Ritterstandes gleich andern Wissenschaften lernen, und man soll darüber ein eigen Buch halten, und ihm einige eigene Lehrer geben.

Das sind die Gesetze, die das Buch des Knappen vorschreibt, und wir werden sogleich sehen, wie genau der allgemein herrschende Gebrauch mit diesen Vorschriften übereinstimmte.

Sobald der Edelknabe Knappe war, bekam er ein eigenes Amt am Hofe seines Herrn. Die größeren Ritter hatten schon damals an ihren Höfen all die Aemter, die nachher [illegible] hat. Sie hatten ihre Kämmerer, Mundschenken, Truchsesse, Marschälle, Stallmeister, Kammerjunker u. dgl. All diese Stellen wurden damals mit Knappen besetzt. [illegible]

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*) [illegible]

**) [illegible]

gen einer tiefen Vertheidigung zu überſchütten. So vertraute auch der Ritter die Gefangenen, die er während eines Treffens machte, dem Hüten ſeiner Knappen an.

Alle dieſe Haus- und Kriegsdienſte, ſo unbedeutend und vielleicht erniedrigend ſie auch ſcheinen mögen, waren in den Augen der Knappen, ſo [illegible] auch ſeine Abkunft immer ſein mochte, groß, heilig und ehrenvoll. Die hohen Begriffe, die man von dem ehrwürdigen Charakter der Ritterſchaft allgemein hegte, veredelten die niedrigſten Dienſte in ſeinen Augen, und er hielt es für eben ſo wenig erniedrigend, ſeinem Herrn beim Tiſche [illegible] einzuſchenken, als es mancher fromme Fürſt noch zu unſern Zeiten unter ſeiner Würde hält, einem [illegible], der bei dem [illegible] [illegible], und den er bei Tafel ſtatt eines [illegible] bedient, früh morgens am Altare zu miniſtriren. Kurz, der Knappe glaubte mit eben der [illegible] in ſeinem Ritter dem ganzen ehrwürdigen Körper der geſammten Ritterſchaft zu dienen, mit welcher noch heut zu Tage manche fromme Dame in dem Pantoffel des Papſtes die Religion ſelbſt in eigner Perſon zu küſſen glaubt. Da man doch [illegible] IV. als Ritter [illegible], Friedrich der Rothbart würde ſich ohne Weigerung ſeinem eigenen Zeitgenoſſen haben zur Ehre rechnen können, den Steigbügel zu halten.

Die Knappenſchaft war an und für ſich nichts, als eine Art von Noviziat, worin ſich jeder Knappe zum Ritter vorbereiten mochte. Und wirklich machte die ungemeine Stärke und Geſchicklichkeit, deren ein Ritter damals im Kriege und bei Turnieren bedurfte, eine längere Vorübung nothwendig. Die Knappen übten es auch darin am [illegible], und es iſt unglaublich, und weit über die Begriffe unſers Zeitalters, zu welchem Grad von Abhärtung, Stärke und Geſchicklichkeit ſie es mitunter [illegible] brachten. In der ganzen ſchweren Rüſtung ohne Steigbügel auf ein Pferd ſpringen, mit ſchwerem [illegible] einen hohen Berg hinanlaufen, [illegible] Pferd mit einer Hand an der Mähne, mit der andern am Sattelknopf faſſen, und ſich über daſſelbe, ohne es zu berühren, von einer Seite auf die andere ſchwingen, [illegible] [illegible], mit [illegible] Händen und Füßen hinaufklimmen, oder an einer [illegible] an der Wand [illegible] [illegible] mit den Händen, [illegible] klettern, ohne je einen Fuß in die Sproſſen zu ſetzen, waren ihre gewöhnlichen Leibesübungen, die [illegible] zu [illegible] [illegible] haben [illegible], daß man ſie [illegible] nur noch für [illegible] zu halten pflegen. Auf ihren Zügen mit den Rittern gewöhnten ſie ſich früh an alle Arten von Ungemach, ſie lernten Hitze, Froſt, Hunger, und ſogar Verwundungen ertragen. Als Götz von Berlichingen während ſeiner Knappenſchaft bei Friedrich, Markgrafen von Brandenburg, in einer Schlägerei eine tiefe Wunde in den Kopf bekommen hatte, und ihm noch ſechs Tage ein [illegible] [illegible], ſo [illegible] Zeit er [illegible], nicht [illegible] [illegible] zu können, ſetzte er alle Tage ſeinen Schädel auf die Wunde, um ſich, falls er nicht heil würde, an die Schmerzen zu gewöhnen.*) Außer dieſen beſchwerlichen Prüfungen, wodurch die Candidaten der Ritterſchaft ihren Muth und Stärke bewieſen, lehrte ſie auch ihren Geiſt in allen Tugenden zu üben, die einem ächten Ritter unentbehrlich waren. Eine unerſchütterliche Treue und Ergebenheit gegen ihren Herrn, die ſtrengſten Grundſätze von Ehre und Redlichkeit, die tiefſte Verehrung des ſchönen Geſchlechts, und vor allem jene edle Rittergalanterie, die aber zum Vorzug der damaligen Zeiten vor den unſrigen, mehr in Handlungen als Worten beſtand, waren von dieſer Seite die Hauptgegenſtände ihrer Bemühungen. Sie hatten an den Höfen der Fürſten, wo immer oft fünfzig bis ſechzig und wohl noch mehr beiſammen waren, ihre eigenen Aufſeher, oder wie Götz von Berlichingen ſie nennt, Zuchtmeiſter,*) deren Amt es war, über ihre Aufführung und Bildung zu wachen.

Hatten ſich nun die Knappen zu Hauſe in dieſen Dienſten und Beſchäftigungen einige Jahre geübt, ſo mußten ſie auch reiſen. Der allgemeine Hang der Ritter zum ewigen Herumziehen auf Abentheuer [illegible] auch die Knappen mit der Liebe zum [illegible]-Leben an. Es gab ihrer viele, die auf eigene Hand herumzogen, um ſich Ritterverdienſte zu ſammeln. Der bekannte Ritter Ulrich von Hutten, der [illegible] in ſeinem Knappenſtande nicht nur das Schwert, ſondern auch die Feder ſo gut zu führen wußte, daß er ſich mit dem einen den Ritterſchlag und mit der andern den Dichterkranz erwarb, [illegible] in ſeinem [illegible] Jahre auf eigene Fauſt in den [illegible] Krieg, wo er, wie die Inſchrift, die er ſich ſelbſt verfertigte, bezeugt, mit Armuth, Froſt, Hunger und [illegible] zu kämpfen hatte.**) Gab es keine Kriege, ſo zogen die Knappen, um ſich [illegible] zu verſchaffen, in fremde Länder, beſuchten fremde Höfe, beobachteten, lernten, [illegible], und ſuchten eigene [illegible] für ſich, um alle [illegible] oder [illegible] aufzuſuchen,***) auch gaben ſie an fremden Höfen, und ſelbſt bei Turnieren nicht immer kleine [illegible] an. Denn ſie hatten nicht nur ihre eigenen Waffenſpiele, ſondern es war ihnen auch an dem [illegible] eines [illegible] großen Turniers erlaubt, in kleinern Kämpfen mit der Lanze (die man Joutes nannte) auf dem Turnierplatze öffentlich, im Angeſichte der Ritter und Damen, ihre Kräfte gegen einander zu verſuchen. Und derjenige, der in dieſen Vorſpielen des Turniers den Preis oder Dank erhielt, bekam bei dieſer Gelegenheit nicht nur den [illegible] [illegible] ſeiner Ehre, im großen Turnier zu ſiegen, worauf der [illegible] damals nichts größeres kannte, ſondern er hatte auch gewonnen, wenn er ſich beſonders auszeichnete, das Recht, die andern Tage beim großen Turnier ſchon als Ritter zu erſcheinen. Überhaupt dieſes Vorrecht der Knappen ward in ſpätern Zeiten eingeführt, und als ein [illegible] [illegible] in die Ritterwürde mit unter die Urſachen gehörte, welche nach und nach die Ritterſchaft in Verfall brachten.

Hatte nun der Knappe ſeine Zeit geendet, das heißt, hatte er ſeine Jahre durch ſeinem Herrn alle obenerwähnten Dienſte geleiſtet, und hatte er es in allen einem Ritter erforderlichen Eigenſchaften zu einem ſo hohen Grad von Vollkommenheit gebracht, daß kein Zweifel mehr übrig geblieben war, ſo hatte er endlich Rechte, in den Ritterſtand der Ehre eingeweiht zu werden; denn dieſe nach ihrem gewöhnlichen Ausdrucke bedient man ſich damals, um die Ritterwürde zu bezeichnen.

Ein und zwanzig Jahre waren die geſetzmäßige Zeit der Ritterſchaft, und wenn der junge Rittersjüngling um dieſe Ehre von ſeinem [illegible] ſo lange, als Zeit um ſeine [illegible] [illegible] machte, ſo iſt es gewiß, daß ihm bei einer [illegible], oder weit noch größeren [illegible] keine [illegible] Jahre eben ſo gut vierzehn Jahrhunderte ſchaden mußten, als ſie es jetzt geſchienen haben. Doch durfte er nicht immer ſo lange warten; eine höhere Geburt, beſonders Vorliebe von ſeinem Herrn, oder eine ausgezeichnete Geſchicklichkeit und Tapferkeit im Turnier oder Kriegsdienſten konnten dieſen für ihn ſo wichtigen Zeitpunkt ſeines Lebens beſchleunigen. Die Prinzen von Frankreich machte man in der Wiege ſchon zu Rittern, Andere erhielten die Ritterwürde im [illegible] oder auch im fünfzehnten Jahre, und ſo wie die Ritterſchaft abnahm, wurde man in dieſem Punkte gefälliger. Doch hegten einige von ſolchen ſo übertriebene Begriffe von dieſer Würde, daß ſie ſich derſelben nicht eher würdig hielten, bis ſie eine Reiſe ins gelobte Land, oder einen Zug gegen die Ungläubigen mitgemacht hatten.

Philipp Wilhelm Georg August Blumenhagen,

Dr. Med., praktiſcher Arzt, Director des polizeilichen Heilplans(?) und Thierarzt zu Hannover, ward daſelbſt am 15. Februar 1781 geboren, ſtudirte von 1799 bis 1803 zu Erlangen und Göttingen und ließ ſich alsdann in ſeiner Vaterſtadt nieder.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Freia. Dichtungen. Erfurt, 1808. N. A. 1810. 2 Th.
Deutſcher Parnaſſus. Hannover, 1813.
Dieſſeits. Legende. Berlin, 1814.
Die Schlacht bei Zülpich. Trag. Hannover, 1814.
Das Georgsfeſt und der Weltfriede. Hannover, 1815.
Blumenblüthen. Hannover, 1815.
Tragödien. Hannover, 1816.
Simſon. Drama. Hannover, 1816.
Gedichte. Hannover, 1817. 2 Thle. N. A. 1824.
Hannöverſche Theaterkritik. Hannover, 1817—18. 2 Thle.
Der Mann und ſein Schutzengel. Leipzig, 1823.

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*) Lebensbeſchreibung des Götz von Berlichingen. S. 12—13.

*) Ebendaſelbſt. S. 11.

**) S. den deutſchen Merkur. 1776. S. 117.

***) Colombiere Théâtre d'honneur. T. I. p. 80.

Novellen und Erzählungen. Hannover. 1826—27. 4 Thle.
Neuer Novellenkranz. Braunſchweig, 1829—30. 2 Thle.
Der Naturfreund (zuſammen mit einer Erzählung von [illegible]). Berlin, 1830.
Novellen, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Almanachen, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Blumenhagen hat ſich vorzüglich als Erzähler ausgezeichnet und durch ſeine einzelnen Leiſtungen in dieſem Fache, die meiſtentheils zuerſt in Almanachen erſchienen, vielſeitigen Beifall erworben, den er ſich jedoch nicht in demſelben Grade zu erhalten wußte, da er ſehr bald, hauptſächlich in der hiſtoriſchen Novelle, in eine gewiſſe Manier verfiel, die auf die Länge ermüdete. — Er beſitzt übrigens ſchöne Eigenſchaften, Reichthum der Phantaſie, Welterfahrung und Menſchenkenntniß, die Gabe lebendiger Darſtellung und eines gebildeten, gefälligen Styls, ſo wie Wärme und Anmuth, obwohl die letztere mit unter auf bloß ſinnlicher Baſis beruht; aber es fehlt ihm, da er zu leicht arbeitet und ſich zu ſehr gefällt, oft an Tiefe und Würde. Seine der Form nach eigentlichen poetiſchen Erzeugniſſe und ſeine Dramen ſtehen in dieſer Hinſicht auf einer höhern Stufe als jene, und ſind, beſonders die letzteren, durch Adel der Sprache wie der Geſinnungen bemerkenswerth. Von geringerer Bedeutung dagegen ſind ſeine kritiſchen Darſtellungen, welche auch, da ſie nur eine einzelne Bühne betrafen und ſich weder durch neue und kühne Anſichten, noch durch tiefe Forſchungen auszeichneten, nur ein beſchränktes Publikum fanden.

Der Bruder.*)

An einem heitern Juni-Morgen ſaß die Familie des Herrn von [illegible]

[illegible]

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*) Aus: [illegible] der Liebe und Freundſchaft gewidmet. — Herausgegeben von Dr. St. Schütze. Frankfurt a. M. 1824.

[illegible]

[illegible]

beſſern Eigenſchaften des Militärs bemalet, fand ſich dieſem Schwadronaire gegenüber zum Erſtenmale im Leben gefeſſelt und befangen. Die unerwartete Begegnung mit dem Gutsherrn, welchen er früher in ganz anderer Lebenslage gekannt, mußte auch ihn dazu beitragen, und da Herr von Hagen ſeine trübe Laune nicht ganz zu bezwingen vermochte, der Adjutant als ein junger [illegible] von [illegible] kein Worte haben konnte, ſo führte der alte [illegible] allein das Tiſchgeſpräch, und [illegible] über die ſchlechte [illegible] der Zeit im Gegenſatz zu ſeiner Jugend, wo ein wackerer Mann auch nach einem [illegible] vom Gemeinen Hauptmann bis zum Andern, zu [illegible] nach einem hellen Schlachttage durch die [illegible] ſich [illegible] gefunden haben würde. Der Rittmeiſter nahm den [illegible] [illegible], er hatte die [illegible] an ſich, wenn auch kaum bemerkbar [illegible], wie an der [illegible] des Adjutanten erkannt, und [illegible] ſich mit der [illegible] zu ſchaffen, eine [illegible] Unterhaltung, die ihn [illegible] beſchäftigte, ſeit dem [illegible] zu haben glaubte, daß auch der Jüngling ſeinen Blick [illegible], und durch die [illegible] [illegible] hatte.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], verſchwand der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] aus dem [illegible], [illegible] Theile getheilt haben, um ihn mit dem [illegible] nach [illegible] zum [illegible] zu bringen. Der [illegible] des Dragoners, [illegible] mit einem [illegible] und der einem [illegible] gelangt, wenn die ſchöne [illegible] die [illegible] ſpielte, wurde vom alten [illegible] [illegible], und dem Rittmeiſter [illegible] blieb kaum die Zeit, mit einem Blick auf das [illegible] [illegible], in welchem er die [illegible] ſeiner [illegible] zu [illegible] ſich bemühte, bevor er dem [illegible] zu ſeinem Zimmer folgte.

Der warme Sommertag lag ſchon im Entſchlafen, die [illegible] [illegible] ſich [illegible]; das [illegible] des [illegible] [illegible], und der [illegible] [illegible] an ſeinem [illegible]. Nur auf den [illegible] [illegible] die [illegible] Strahlen einen [illegible], einen [illegible], [illegible] Glanz, welcher an die [illegible] erinnerte, [illegible] in der Hand, ſo daß der [illegible] in [illegible] ſpielte, der [illegible], der [illegible] [illegible]. Tiefſte [illegible] des [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] den [illegible] des [illegible], und [illegible] am [illegible] [illegible] die [illegible] [illegible] auf ſeiner [illegible].

Der Dragonerofficier [illegible] ſich, ohne von ihm bemerkt zu werden, [illegible], [illegible] ſich mit [illegible] der Bewunderung am [illegible] des [illegible] [illegible], das in dieſem [illegible] [illegible] für ein [illegible] Kunſtwerk gelten konnte. Seine Stimme [illegible] den [illegible] aus tiefen [illegible] empor.

„Chevalier Romain,“ ſagte der Rittmeiſter, „erlaubt mir, daß ich in dieſer einſamen Stunde meinen [illegible] Worte gebe. Ihr dürft mich ſchon ein wenig [illegible] anſehen, daß ich Eure [illegible] [illegible] von heute Morgen bis dieſer [illegible] [illegible].“ —

Herr von Hagen ſtand bewegt auf und bot ihm die Hand. „Dank dafür, mein [illegible], braver Freund!“ entgegnete er mit [illegible]. „Es war eine ſchwere Urſache, die [illegible], mir ſelbſt die [illegible] Freude des Wiederſehens in Zweifel zu [illegible].“ —

Der Dragoner [illegible] die gebotene Hand mit [illegible]. „Bei dem [illegible] [illegible], was der [illegible] [illegible] bei [illegible] [illegible], ſahen wir uns nicht,“ ſagte er; „und bei meinem Gotte, es iſt mir wie ein Traum, daß ich Euch hier [illegible] im Beſitz der [illegible] Güter, die das Leben nur den [illegible] zu ſpenden [illegible]. Aber Ihr ſcheint dieſes [illegible] Glück nicht der Lieben zu [illegible]. Statt [illegible] den [illegible] ſchönen [illegible] dieſes [illegible] Glanz [illegible] Platz zu laſſen, ſeyt Ihr hier an einem [illegible], und [illegible] dem [illegible] [illegible], welcher [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] mit dem [illegible], [illegible] zum [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible] vom [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible], was [illegible] [illegible], der auf einem [illegible] [illegible], als in [illegible] [illegible]! [illegible] [illegible]! [illegible] [illegible]: Hugo; und [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]! und auf [illegible] [illegible]: Dem [illegible] der [illegible]! — [illegible] Ihr, daß [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]! Der [illegible] des [illegible] [illegible] zu [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], und [illegible] [illegible] vom Knaben zum Jüngling [illegible], und [illegible] [illegible], wo den [illegible] die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].“ —

Der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. „[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],“ entgegnete er ernſt, „zählt ihn nicht zu dem jämmerlichen Geſchlecht, dem wir angehören. Aber wenn es einem Menſchen möglich iſt, ſich der Höhe zu nähern, auf der die Himmelsbürger ſtehen, wenn Reinheit, Seelenſtärke, Edelmuth, Opferung für fremdes Glück, Menſchen zu Heiligen machen, ſo war Eugen ein Heiliger ſchon im Leben, trug die Würde ohne Canoniſation, und oft wenn ich ſein gedachte, iſt mir's als wäre er mir nie als irdiſches Weſen erſchienen, als hätte in ihm mein Schutzgeiſt neben mir gewandelt in der Geſtalt eines Bruders, und dieſer Schutzgeiſt wäre wieder aufgeſchwebt zu ſeiner Heimath, als ich ſein nicht mehr bedurfte.“ —

„Euer Bruder?“ fragte der Rittmeiſter [illegible], indem er den [illegible] umfaßte und neben ſich auf die Bank niederzog. „O erzählt, Chevalier! Denn Euer [illegible] [illegible] auf etwas [illegible] [illegible], und ſelbſt dieſe [illegible], in der ein Bruder den andern den [illegible] aller [illegible] nennt, iſt [illegible] [illegible], in einer Zeit, wo die [illegible] die [illegible] der [illegible] wurde, wo man zum [illegible] nicht [illegible] hat, und wo ſelbſt die [illegible] einen [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] in den [illegible], den Bruder [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] vom [illegible] auf die [illegible] zu [illegible], welche [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].“

„[illegible] [illegible] auch dieſe [illegible], aber [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],“ ſagte Romain. „[illegible] hätte ich Euch ebenfalls zum [illegible] gemacht, denn mein Herz bedarf [illegible], [illegible] einen Freund, einen Rathgeber und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] im [illegible] [illegible], der mir [illegible] den verlorenen [illegible] [illegible] möchte.“ —

Herr von Hagen begann ſeine Erzählung, welche oft unterbrochen wurde durch [illegible], Fragen und Bemerkungen des [illegible] [illegible] Dragoners, und welche wir daher zum Theil gedrängter und [illegible], als ſie der Erzähler gab, vortragen und [illegible] [illegible]. —

Der Marquis de la [illegible] [illegible] mit ſeiner Familie zu Paris, wo er in der Nähe des Palais Royal ein [illegible] beſaß, in welchem er mehr das Leben eines [illegible] Bürgers als das eines [illegible] der [illegible] [illegible] führte, die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] zu [illegible] [illegible]. Er hatte [illegible] in der [illegible] [illegible] gedient, [illegible] ein [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] die [illegible] ſeiner Güter und ſeine Verheirathung mit einem Fräulein aus einer [illegible] Familie vom [illegible] [illegible] des Glücks, hatte ihn bewogen, dem [illegible] [illegible] des [illegible] zu entſagen, in den [illegible], die er [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] zu leben und den [illegible] zu machen, durch [illegible] und [illegible] den [illegible] ſeiner [illegible] zum [illegible] ſeiner Kinder wiederum zu heben. Drei Erben waren ihm vom Himmel geſchenkt, eine Tochter, Jeanne genannt, und zwei Söhne, Eugen und Romain, gefunde [illegible] Kinder, deren Erziehung der Marquis [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible] gewidmet, und deren Anlagen [illegible] ſchnell durch die [illegible] der Mutter an [illegible] gewonnen, da [illegible], früher als [illegible] bei einer deutſchen Fürſtin gelebt hatte. Beide Brüder, kaum Ein Jahr an Alter verſchieden, gaben vom Kindheit an ein Bild der [illegible] Bruderliebe, welche deſto auffallender erſchien, da Temperament und Charakter in Beiden ſich ſehr [illegible] zeigte. Eugen wurde der Mutter Liebling durch ſein [illegible], ſtilles Weſen, durch einen Ernſt und eine [illegible], die ſeinem Alter vorausgeeilt; Romain galt dem Vater mehr, weil er [illegible], feurig, lebensluſtig und [illegible] den Marquis an ſeine Jugendzeit erinnerte; iſt es doch gewöhnlich, daß der Menſch in ſeinen Kindern auch [illegible] am [illegible] nicht nur verſchwiegen, ſondern mit einem [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] liebt. Beide Knaben [illegible] [illegible], und als ſie Jünglinge geworden, drohte der [illegible] [illegible] durch die Wahl ihrer künftigen Beſtimmung das [illegible] Leben des Vertrauens und Friedens, welches ſie bis [illegible] [illegible], zu zerſtören. Schon von ihrem [illegible] [illegible] die frühere [illegible] des Talents [illegible], ſollte in die königlichen [illegible] aufgenommen werden, eine Stiftung, welche bei der [illegible] des franzöſiſchen [illegible], bei dem [illegible], den ein junger [illegible] in Paris damals nicht meiden konnte, große Opfer vom Erbe der Familie koſtete. Der Andere wollte [illegible] ſich für die Wiſſenſchaft und den [illegible] beſtimmen, da [illegible] die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hatte, was dem Vater zu [illegible], und [illegible] der [illegible] [illegible] des Marquis an dem [illegible] des [illegible], dem [illegible] von [illegible], durch [illegible] [illegible] für Wiſſenſchaft und Künſte [illegible], dem Sohne auch in [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] die [illegible] auf ein [illegible] [illegible] und auf [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] die [illegible] [illegible] der Eltern [illegible] [illegible]. Beide Söhne hatten gleiche [illegible] gemacht, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], aber [illegible] [illegible] auch nur [illegible] an die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] an den [illegible] gelegt. Der Eine, welchen Eugen [illegible] den [illegible] [illegible], wenn er aus dem [illegible] [illegible], das [illegible] [illegible], das [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hatte, und dem [illegible] Romain war der

[illegible]

[illegible]

Gott erbarm! Aber ſein Kopf wackelt gewaltig, wenn Sie haben den Herrn Marquis bei ihm, denn der Herr Marquis iſt angeklagt und ſo gut wie verurtheilt, das weiß der Abram von ſeinem guten Freund, der da führt die ſchwere Feder im Tribunal. Darum muß der Herr Marquis fort mit dem Herrn Sohn noch ehe der Tag anbricht; die Damen bergen ſich dann wohl in dem Schlafzimmer von unſerer Lea, wohin kein Gensd[illegible] kommt und kein Verräther [illegible]."

Die Marquiſin ſchrie laut auf und warf ſich an des Gatten Bruſt, der Marquis jedoch fragte nach der Möglichkeit zur Flucht. Der alte Israelit hatte beabſichtigt, mit dem Morgen durch ſeine beiden Knechte eine Hammelheerde treiben zu laſſen nach einem Gehöft hinter dem Montmartre und [illegible]. Jetzt hatte er die Knechte fortgeſendet zu einem Verwandten in der Stadt, um bei einem Geſchäft behülflich zu ſein, und in gemeiner Tracht, die er in allen Sortiments beſaß, weil er auch auf Pfandſtücke lieh, ſollte der Marquis und Eugen mit der Heerde aus Paris zu kommen verſuchen, und ähnliches mußte ihnen der wackere Jude Briefſchaften mitgeben an einige vertraute Glaubensgenoſſen in den Ortſchaften die ſie bis zur Grenze berühren mußten. Der Marquis wählte nicht lange. Er nannte das unerwartete Anerbieten des Nachbars Gottes göttliche Schickung, ermahnte Frau und Tochter [illegible] eine Hoffnung auf die Gnade des Himmels für ſie Alle zu finden. Und als der alte Abram bei dem lauten Jammer der Marquiſe gerührt ſprach: „Wird denn die Madam lieber ſchauen den ehrwürdigen Kopf des Herrn auf dem Platz bleich und blutig unter dem Eiſen der ſchrecklichen Maſchine, die der Doctor erfand, der doch nur ſollte erſinnen eine gute Arznei für das Leben und die Geſundheit, als nicht ihr's beſſer ſich zu ſcheiden von dem Gemahl ein Monat oder zwei, bis ſie kann nachreiſen mit Sicherheit!" — Da ſchwieg die Marquiſe wie gelähmt und trieb ſelbſt zur Flucht. Die Kleidungsſtücke, weibliche und männliche, wurden herbeigeſchafft, alle geſtalteten ſich um, und Benjamin warf die Gewänder der Flüchtlinge in eine Grube im Hofe. Es war eine herzzerreißende Stunde, eine Abſchiedsſtunde gleich einer [illegible]; keiner ſprach, nur Seufzer und Thränen [illegible], und als man nun auch die geretteten [illegible] unter ſich vertheilt hatte, umſchlangen ſich alle in ſtummem Abſchiede, über welchem der Todesengel zu ſchweben ſchien. Eugen kehrte noch einmal zurück [illegible]

[illegible]

Mund, und barg sie dann auf seinem Herzen. Mit gefalteten Händen saß er darauf eine Weile still betend und das glänzende Auge zum Himmel gerichtet. „Sie sind frei, sind glücklich! Freier und glücklicher als jene Kannibalen, die sie geschlachtet!" sprach er mit kräftiger Stimme, und fragte mit väterlicher Sorge nach seinem geliebten Erstgeborenen. Aber um Eugen stand es schlimmer. — Als er aus tiefer Ohnmacht zum Leben erwachte, sprach er irre; auf die Todesblässe folgte eine furchtbare Fieberhitze, und der gerufene Arzt erklärte ihn gefährlich krank. Er schwebte wochenlang in Todesgefahr, und erst jetzt, in lichtern Augenblicken erfuhren von ihm der Marquis und Mamsell die Schicksale des Jünglings, die wir dem Leser jetzt im Zusammenhange erzählen wollen. —

Auf seinem Rückmarsche nach Paris hatte sich Eugen [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

men herabzuwerfen vermag, und wie nennen ihn nur unsere alten Hannoveraner [illegible]. Wißt Ihr auch, Romain, fuhr er mit [illegible] fort, und zog den Freund [illegible] zum Sitze, wie wir durch das [illegible] Thor aus der verbrannten, ausgehungerten Stadt rückten, [illegible] Bataillon und unsere [illegible]! Wir waren so eigentlich ein aufgegebener [illegible], denn wir sollten die Belagerer auf uns locken, um dem [illegible] den Abzug auf der andern Seite zu erleichtern. Es war die schauderhafteste Mitternacht meines Lebens, denn die verdammten [illegible] fielen auf uns wie ein [illegible], und manches brave [illegible] verblutete, um den Kameraden Luft zu machen. [illegible] wurden durch die [illegible] bald gesprengt, und ich trieb meinen [illegible] in der Irre umher, und [illegible] mich in der Finsterniß [illegible] unbekannten [illegible] wie ein [illegible] mit [illegible]. Da erkannte ich bei einem [illegible] Euch an einer [illegible] Stelle. Der [illegible] am Boden, Ihr [illegible] über ihm. [illegible] mußte ich Euch [illegible] von dem [illegible], [illegible] und mit Gewalt Euch zwingen mit mir auf meinem [illegible] zu [illegible], und bei meinem Säbel! wie wir glücklich nach [illegible] zu den Unsrigen kamen, ist mir bis jetzt ein Räthsel geblieben.“ —

Herr von Hagen faßte die Hand des braven Dragoners und drückte sie mit [illegible]. „[illegible] mich nicht undankbar,“ sagte er leise, „wenn ich gestehe, daß ich dem [illegible] wenig Dank gewußt, wenn [illegible]. Den [illegible] meiner [illegible] mußte ich [illegible], mit [illegible]; o Bruder [illegible] die Mutter, er hätte das [illegible], heilige [illegible], hätte sie nimmer verlassen!“

„Schockschwerenoth!“ unterbrach der Rittmeister ärgerlich die [illegible]. „[illegible] die Zeiten verändern! Und der ganz alte Herr [illegible] in Gesellschaft mit [illegible] Kriegsgesellen. Aber wo bliebt Ihr, seit ich Euch zu [illegible] des General gelassen?“ —

„[illegible] machten mich [illegible],“ entgegnete Romain, „mein Arm [illegible] den Degen nicht mehr führen. [illegible] nach [illegible], wo ich mich [illegible]. [illegible] zurück gereist in die Heimath. Da [illegible] ich mein [illegible] Vermögen und reiste weiter nach [illegible]. [illegible] mich dort mit der [illegible], die [illegible] meines Lebens [illegible], die Zukunft, das letzte, [illegible] Gut zu verlieren, [illegible] dann, wo ich mich [illegible] durch Fleiß und [illegible] gesichert vor den [illegible], hat [illegible] nicht gemacht. Aber das [illegible] ist noch nicht [illegible] und [illegible]. Die [illegible] ist meinem Herzen nachgefolgt und ich zittere bei jeder neuen [illegible], die andern [illegible] Glück und Freude bringt.“

„[illegible], Ihr beleidigt uns,“ [illegible] der Dragoner ein. „[illegible] Ludwig eine solche [illegible] wie Ihr, bei meinem Säbel er hätte nicht nöthig den [illegible] des [illegible] Jahrhunderts zu spielen. Aber [illegible], was habt Ihr zu fürchten! Was fesselt Euch hier? Und [illegible], so [illegible] Ihr ja eine deutsche Zunge, wie [illegible]. [illegible], mein [illegible] Freund, ich [illegible], der [illegible] Euch die Hand bot, und [illegible], so [illegible] Euch [illegible] an mir finden, welcher der alten [illegible] keine Schande gemacht hätte.“ —

Herr von Hagen [illegible] das Haupt, und der [illegible] angenehm, da [illegible] plötzlich ein [illegible], und [illegible], und ein [illegible], und mit [illegible] wurden die Augen beider Freunde [illegible] zu [illegible]. [illegible] sich in der ganzen [illegible], und als die [illegible] sich [illegible], [illegible] man das [illegible] mit [illegible], [illegible] Colonnen [illegible]; bunte Fahnen [illegible], und [illegible] Licht um ihre [illegible].

„Sie sind da,“ [illegible] Romain mit Entsetzen, „und das [illegible]!“ —

„[illegible]“ [illegible]

Der Gutsherr stand noch eine Weile wie gebannt auf dem Fleck und ermüdete seine Augen durch das Hinstarren auf die undeutlichen fernen Bilder, durch welche die grauenvollsten Erinnerungen, die bereits seine Erzählung geweckt, in voller Lebendigkeit für ihn aus dem Grabe der Zeit herauf beschworen wurden. In seiner Brust sprach ein tiefes Gefühl, er sei verdammt, seine ganze Vergangenheit nochmals zu durchleben, und diese Idee wuchs zu einem Furientanze um ihn, dessen Wirbel ihn wahnwitzig zu machen drohete, so daß er zuletzt seine Augen mit den Händen verdeckte und dem Hause zuflog, um nur der Einsamkeit zu entkommen. Die beiden Schwestern [illegible] durch den [illegible], wie überhaupt das weibliche Geschlecht [illegible] das Unabwendbare erträgt, und da der [illegible] Kriegsmann einen Gang zu seinem [illegible] machen wollte, so [illegible] sich Romain ihm an; [illegible] hätte ihn zwischen den Wänden seines Hauses getödtet.

Ueberall fand er im Lager die Truppen unter den Waffen; [illegible] sie auf dem [illegible] Gassen; [illegible] auf und nieder; [illegible] die Feuer [illegible] in den Batterien, und die [illegible] am Strande [illegible] gegen den [illegible] Feind. Herr von Hagen fühlte sich [illegible], und da die [illegible] zum Theil [illegible], so wurde auch er [illegible], als seine Aufmerksamkeit durch ein Zusammentreten mehrerer Offiziere an einem Punkte, wo er den gewöhnlichen [illegible] Landungsort [illegible], erregt wurde, und er sich [illegible] dorthin [illegible]. [illegible] war [illegible]. „Sie [illegible] parlamentiren;“ [illegible] er ihm zu; „ein [illegible], nach der [illegible], hat [illegible]. [illegible], da haben sie die [illegible] aufgepflanzt, und das [illegible] Boot, [illegible]. [illegible] ist der [illegible] mit einigen Offizieren ihm entgegen, und er [illegible], und [illegible].“ —

Romain stand [illegible]. [illegible] die Boote, [illegible] zu stellen [illegible]. Die [illegible] Kriegsleute [illegible] eine Weile zwischen den [illegible] Zelten. [illegible] geführt von zwei hannoverschen Offizieren oben auf dem [illegible]; es war ein [illegible], doch stattlicher Mann in glänzender Uniform, nach seinen Abzeichen ein Colonel der Reiterei; die gebogene Nase und der [illegible] Schnurrbart gaben ihm auch unter der weißen [illegible] ein martialisches Ansehen. Man nahm die Binde ab, und als seine Augen das Tageslicht wieder gewonnen, [illegible] seine Blicke [illegible] umher auf der [illegible], den [illegible] und den [illegible]. „[illegible]!“ sprach er laut und [illegible]. Dann [illegible] Augen, und die Rechte zum Gruß an die [illegible] seines Hutes legend, neigte er sich höflich gegen den Kreis, der ihn umstand, [illegible] besonders betrachtend, wobei sein Blick schärfer und länger auf Romain zu [illegible] schien, wenigstens glaubte der [illegible], diese [illegible] Bemerkung gemacht zu haben. Zwei [illegible] Herren, [illegible] mit dem [illegible], und den Colonel in der Mitte [illegible] in das Lager. Der [illegible] schritt langsam und [illegible] zu; es war ihm [illegible] Bekanntes in der Gestalt und dem [illegible] entgegen getreten, dem jedoch sein Gedächtniß, so sehr er es anstrengte, keinen Platz in der Vergangenheit zu geben wußte. Doch der Anblick dieser Uniform hatte seinen Haß so heftig geweckt, daß er zu Hause [illegible], den [illegible] Säbel [illegible] legte, und entschlossen war, nochmals einen Gang mit den [illegible] seiner Familie zu thun.

Es kamen nun jene denkwürdigen Tage voll unerwarteter Ereignisse, deren Ausgang das Vaterland in ein unabsehbares, langdauerndes Unglück stürzte, deren Folgen noch [illegible] empfunden werden können. [illegible] jeder neuen Botschaft. Der General hatte die Suhlinger Convention nicht ratificirt, wie man sagte, weil König Georg ihr nicht seine Zustimmung gegeben. Die feindliche Armee schien täglich stärker anzuschwellen, und der Obergeneral musterte sie mehrere Male, [illegible] in der Absicht zu schrecken. General Frere hatte Besitz von Harburg und Stade genommen. Der dänische General Ewald rückte an Dänemarks Grenzen und versperrte im Fall eines unglücklichen Schlachttages diesen einzigen Weg zur sicheren Retirade. Mehrere hundert Fahrzeuge aller Art und Größe, die [illegible] Weise von den Hannoveranern weder vernichtet noch genommen worden, wurden von den Feinden Stromaufwärts herbeigeführt und zur Ueberfahrt bereitet. General Berthier kam herüber mit Kapitulations-Anträgen, die auf unbedingte Ergebung und Abführung der hannöverischen Truppen nach Frankreich lauteten, und der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nach [illegible] Antwort. Dann begaben sich täglich Deputirte der hannöverischen Landschaft zu dem Feldmarschall, die ihn beschworen, das Land nicht durch eine unnütze Gegenwehr zu verderben und seine Einwohner der rohesten Gewaltthat und Plünderung auszusetzen. Alle diese Unterhandlungen blieben, was unverantwortlich schien, nicht im Geheimniß der Obern und Vorgesetzten, sondern liefen, als gehörte ihre Verbreitung absichtlich, im Lager umher, und da jetzt als neueste Verhandlung die Nachricht durch die Regimenter strich, daß nur der gemeine Soldat kriegsgefangen in das Fremde, vielleicht sonst gar [illegible] werden sollte, der Offizier auf Ehrenwort im Vaterlande zurückbleiben dürfte, da murrten die alten, braven Krieger, und hoch brach die tiefste Wuth einer Horde, Mißtrauen und Insubordination, an das Licht. Ein Reiterregiment gab zuerst die Losung, mehrere folgten, und selbst die Gemeinen vergaßen ihre Pflicht, als die Väter den Kriegsgefährten vergaßen [illegible]. Was half es, daß ein braver Kornet vom Leibregiment einige Dragoner des Zweiten zusammenhieb, die sich unter seine Fahne gemischt, um mit tröstlichen Worten sie zu gewinnen? Die Wuth wendete er zum Leben und die Macht [illegible] dadurch nur unterdrückt auf. — Was half es, daß man ein Zuchtgericht entworfen hat? Was half die eilfertige Rede des Feldmarschalls vor der Fronte? Er mußte die laute Gegenrede eines grauen Wachtmeisters vernehmen, der ihm wollte im Namen Sämmtlicher fragen: „Warum man die braven Soldaten nicht an der Grenze gegen den Feind geführt? Warum man ihnen den Muth verweigert habe? Warum man sie in einen Winkel eingeführt ohne Proviant und Munition, wo jedem Gemeinen die Hoffnung auf glücklichen Ausgang entfallen müsse, und wo man sie opfern wolle, um nur die Kommandirenden zu schonen! — Ich es gewiß vor Gott,“ schloß er seine Nachrede, „dem alten Soldaten gegenüber: lieber sich schlagen um die letzte Mähr zum Feldgeschrei, als weit dein rothes Ehrenkleid hin, und gib uns bessre Wort für Volk und Land!“

Ein lautes Murren und Waffengeklirr, welches durch die Reihen lief, brach den Befehl mit der rohen Gewalt der Gemeinheit aus, und bestimmte den betrübten Führer Entschluß. Zu spät gelang es den Offizieren, die das Vertrauen ihrer Untergebenen besaßen, die Verführten zur Pflicht zurück zu führen; der Feldmarschall erklärte seinen Widerwillen, seine Wehre, nach dieser Verlassen einen Kampf zu wagen, erklärte die Capitulation geschlossen, welche Auflösung der ganzen Armee, jedoch mit Entlassung der Truppen in ihre Heimath, aussprach.

Die Familie vom Hagen hatte an allen diesen Ereignissen, von welchen sie durch ihre Freunde, den Obrist und den Rittmeister, täglich die [illegible] Nachricht erhielt, den innigsten Antheil genommen, und [illegible] Romain, der mit ihnen [illegible] Kummer und Angst zwischen den [illegible] umherging, und seinen Schwiegersohn in [illegible] gefunden, wie ausgelassenen Sinnes keiner könnte, daß die Hauptmacht derselben mit einer Schlacht, so daß ihm [illegible] Muth unwandelbarlich stand, dem [illegible] Zweifel [illegible] [illegible] durch [illegible] nur zu getreuen Freunde an. Er hat den [illegible] Obergeneral mit seinem Stabe auf einem [illegible] Spazierritt vom Ortlenburg-Wegen, und die Blüte des Offiziers gewonnen. Da brachte ihm noch ein letzter Hoffnungsstrahl. Der [illegible] Befehlshaber erreichte auf der [illegible] [illegible]: Feuer! — Ein Blitz fuhr von dem [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], die Kugel sauste über das Wasser, und schlug den Blitz über den Häuptern der feindlichen Kriegsobersten. Verhängnißvolle Kugel! Was wäre geschehen seyn, hätte das Auge die alten Chargirten um eine Spanne höher gerichtet! — [illegible] Augen lebten, zuckten und verweilten; die Fahne wurde gedreht, und vom [illegible] der [illegible] des Feldmarschalls kam und — mitten auf dem deutschen Strome, als hätte kein Blut vergossen diese Erde das schändende Wort aufnehmen und die Capitulation vernichten, wurde mit zwei [illegible] der Schluß eines [illegible] entschieden. — Mit inniger Rührung sah Romain die [illegible] Folgen dieses schmerzlichen Augenblicks. Das ganze Lager löste allmählich seine stolze Ordnung in ein wildes Gewirr auf. Hier sahen die Reiter ab, [illegible] ihre Pferde [illegible], oder ließen sie unmuthig ins Feld laufen; die Füseliere warfen ihre Gewehre zusammen, oder zerschlugen sie in unnützer Wuth; die blanken Geschütze standen verlassen, und die drohenden Maschinen blickten wie in stummer Verwunderung den dunkeln Rachen gegen den jubelnden Feind geöffnet; dort riß ein verzweifelnder Fahnenjunker die Standarte von ihrer Stange und barg die geliebte Seide auf seiner Brust; dort vergruben einige alte Gardisten ihre Fahnen in die Erde, um wenigstens den Versuch zu machen, diese Heiligthümer der verhaßten Hand des Ehrenräubers zu entziehen.

Schmerzlich umfing den unglücklichen Hannoverer, Nebel deckte seine Blicke, er sah sich als den unglücklichsten, den verlorensten von allen diesen Tausenden, und wankend, taumelnd stieg er hinab von seiner Warte, trat ein zu seinen Lieben, befahl stammelnd und wie außer sich, die Pferde zu satteln, den Wagen anzuspannen, und sank entkräftet und betäubt in seinen Sessel. —

Der Obrist war bereits abgereist, aber der Freund, der Dragoner hatte sein Wort gehalten, und war zugegen. „Schmeichelt ihm nicht, sondern schreiet ihm tüchtig aus!“ rief er den Frauen zu, die mitleidig sich an den Hausherrn drängten. „Wer in diesen Stunden den Kopf verliert, macht ihnen die Köpfe nicht warm; thut es ein Mann, und sagen im Gegentheil schöner Augen, verliert er mit dem Kopfe den Hut und Helm, und das ist oft mehr verloren, als den Kopf. Fasset Euch, Romain, Ihr waret ja ehedem ein so braver Soldat, und bedenkt nicht, als die Blutnacht von Wien grausend herauszog. Ich kann Euer mehr als dort!“ —

Romain deutete schmerzlich auf seine Weiber und den kleinen Eugen. „Nun, [illegible] [illegible] es nicht,“ lächelte der Dragoner, „wenn sie auch die schönen Frauen gern unter der [illegible] sehen; das liegt ihnen einmal im Blute. Ihr denkt noch beständig an Eure [illegible] und [illegible], Chevalier, aber das liegt weit hinter uns, und der General als ein guter Kamerad hält auf ordentliche Disciplin, ordentliche Waffen und ordentliche Kriegsrecht. Der Obergeneral soll die strengste [illegible] haben und jede Ausschweifung strafen ohne Ansehen der Person. Und warum fürchtet Ihr Euch denn für Euch? Wie wird hier in den [illegible] [illegible] den [illegible] der [illegible] [illegible] haben? Die [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] XV. in [illegible] [illegible] am Ende der [illegible]. [illegible] Euch in [illegible] [illegible] nur wenige Tage, und laßt mich [illegible] den Hausherrn spielen. Die [illegible] [illegible] ist zu [illegible] für meine [illegible] [illegible]; die [illegible] wird bald zur [illegible] kommen, und von den [illegible], welche bleiben, werdet Ihr vielleicht einen Husar zu füttern bekommen, und dann sollt Ihr Euer [illegible], Eure [illegible] [illegible], die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] zum [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] es [illegible] [illegible].“

Romain [illegible] [illegible] zu dem [illegible] auf und [illegible] sich wieder zu ihm.

[illegible] [illegible]: „Vertrauet, [illegible]! Ihr [illegible] zu [illegible] [illegible], dann [illegible] Ihr den Freund!“ — „Wenn es gehen,“ entgegnete Romain, „so [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in Gott und [illegible] [illegible].“ —

Der Dragoner traf jetzt seine Anordnungen so thätig und gewandt, als weilte er in einem großen [illegible] [illegible]. Die Zimmer der [illegible] wurden [illegible] und ein [illegible] für die [illegible] eingerichtet, welches [illegible] sie [illegible] mochten. Das [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] mit [illegible], [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible]. „Der [illegible] eines [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] das [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] zum [illegible],“ sprach er [illegible], „und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], wenn [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].“ — In dem [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] die Damen mit dem kleinen Eugen [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. „Nur [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] ist [illegible]; [illegible] ist keine [illegible]?“ [illegible] er dem [illegible] Hausherrn zu. „[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], auch [illegible] [illegible], und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] mit dem [illegible] zu einer [illegible]-[illegible], in deren Nähe er sich der [illegible] [illegible].“ —

Romain mußte sich in der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], da er den [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] zu den [illegible] [illegible], und er [illegible] als [illegible] [illegible] werden. —

So [illegible] die [illegible] des 5. Julius 1803 vorüber und es ward Mittag als die bange [illegible] in der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Jetzt hörte man [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] den [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], und der [illegible] [illegible] und den [illegible] und in die [illegible] [illegible] der [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] ein großer [illegible] auf den Hof gefahren, und ein kleiner, [illegible] Mann in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], der, [illegible] den [illegible] [illegible] und den [illegible] [illegible] der [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], gab den [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Ehe er jedoch nach [illegible] seiner [illegible] [illegible], brachte ein [illegible] mit vor [illegible] durch das Thor und warf sich vom Pferde.

„Ihr ſchon da, Pareur!" rief er mit rauher Stimme wie höhnend dem Hellblauen zu. „Ihr habt eine gute Naſe für die Töpfe Egyptens von den Vätern her, und der Rauch vom Schornſteine des ſtattlichen Hauſes hat Euch Flügel angeſetzt." —

„Die Kaſſe der ſieben und zwanzigſten muß unter Dach, ſo lautet meine Ordre;" antwortete der [illegible], doch ſichtlich ſcheu und reſpectvoll.

„Eure Beutel haben weder Zunge noch Kehle, und werden ſich ſchon müſſen ohne Koch und Keller im eroberten Lande;" lachte laut der Colonel. „Die Halbbrigade aber iſt vom Chef bis zum Tambour [illegible] in der verdammten [illegible] und ſehnt ſich nach einem [illegible]. [illegible] Den Wagen in die Scheuer dort, Ihr aber möget mit uns eintreten, ein [illegible] wird ſich finden für Euch, und dieſes Haus ſcheint mir [illegible], als der [illegible] Abrahams und mag allen Gläubigen [illegible] Platz geben." —

Unter dem Beifallsgelächter ſeines [illegible] trat er durch die Pforte, [illegible] mit [illegible] Blicken den Dragoner, der ihm entgegen kam, und im Namen des [illegible] kranken Hausvaters die Gäſte bewillkommte. [illegible] und mit einer [illegible], die ihm [illegible], trat er, den Hut in der Hand und den Degen unter dem Arm, [illegible] in das Zimmer, und begrüßte [illegible] die Schweſtern, [illegible] gänzlich aus ſeinem [illegible], als die [illegible] ohne ſeine Entſchuldigung in ſeiner Mutterſprache erwiederte.

Inzwiſchen wurde der Dragoner der ſchönen [illegible]; die Fremden legten die Waffen ab, und man ſetzte ſich zur Tafel, bei der auf Bitte des Colonels die Damen die oberſten Plätze einnehmen mußten.

„Bin ich nicht ein guter Prophet!" flüſterte [illegible] ſeinem Nachbarn zu, da das [illegible] Geſpräch immer [illegible] wurde, der Colonel den Dragoner [illegible] am Tiſch [illegible] Platz genommen, und ſeinen [illegible] Hunger [illegible].

„Miriam und [illegible] müſſen Nachſicht haben mit unſerm langen Kommandanten hier," [illegible] er lachend. „Mein Freund iſt [illegible] und ein [illegible], der die Seele der Brigade, das blutgierige [illegible] Auge. Aber ſeine [illegible] ſchienen ſich vom Stamme los, und die [illegible] Revolution hat [illegible] Blut vergoſſen, [illegible]." — So [illegible] er die Augen zu der Wand ihm gegenüber, [illegible] und die [illegible] zugleich [illegible], die [illegible] dem ſchwarzen Barte [illegible], in ſeinen Augen [illegible] zugleich ein [illegible] Feuer und den Zufall(?) [illegible] zu [illegible], ſo folgten die Augen aller [illegible] der [illegible], und [illegible] auf das [illegible], [illegible] ſeiner [illegible] an der [illegible], und das man [illegible] vergeſſen hatte.

Eine kurze, jedoch [illegible] Pauſe folgte; [illegible] griff nach der [illegible] der Schweſter, der Dragoner beobachtete den Colonel erwartungsvoll und [illegible]. Doch dieſer [illegible] alle [illegible] und [illegible] über ſein [illegible]. Sein Blick wurde [illegible], ſcharf wie das Auge des blutgierigen [illegible], wenn er von der [illegible] ſich [illegible] auf den [illegible] des [illegible]; eine [illegible] zugleich ſeine Züge. „[illegible], Ihr hier!" rief er; „[illegible] am [illegible] des [illegible] mit [illegible] Teufel die [illegible] meines Lebens aufgeboten! [illegible] ich will [illegible]!" — [illegible] mit der [illegible] des [illegible], ergriff er den Knaben und [illegible] auf die [illegible]. „[illegible], mein lieber Junge," fragte er [illegible], „[illegible]." — [illegible] „[illegible]!" rief der [illegible] Ihr [illegible], und [illegible] mit dem [illegible]." — [illegible] „[illegible]!" rief er; „[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Er hat [illegible]

mörderiſchen Waffen gegen die Republik getragen, hat Hunderte der Söhne Frankreichs morden helfen. Ich ſah ihn ſchon, als ich der [illegible] über dieſen Fluß ſchiffte, ſein Geſicht fiel mir auf, doch das flimmernde Mondlicht machte mich ungewiß. Er war damals mitten unter den Feinden, ihr Spion ſicherlich, ihr Rathgeber gegen uns. Darum muß er, muß in meine Hand gegeben ſeyn." — Er griff ein Meſſer vom Tiſch und zückte es gegen des Kindes Gurgel. — „Gebt ihn heraus aus ſeinem Verſteck, ruft ihn augenblicks vor das Gericht ſeines [illegible], oder dieſer Stahl [illegible] mit dem Blute ſeiner Braut, ſo wahr ich [illegible] mich nenne!" —

Es war jener [illegible], der ſich als Jacobiner [illegible], [illegible], ſpäterhin aber den Namen ſeines [illegible] angenommen hatte, um ſich [illegible]. —

Die Schweſtern ſchrien laut auf, der Hausvater fuhr vom [illegible] empor und [illegible] nach ſeinem [illegible], der [illegible] aber [illegible]: „[illegible] mich [illegible]!" [illegible] und [illegible], um die [illegible] Kind [illegible]. Da [illegible] [illegible] laut [illegible], „[illegible]!" [illegible] er mit [illegible] Stimme, „[illegible], [illegible]; [illegible] ganze Familie [illegible], [illegible] Blut, [illegible] ſeinem Arme [illegible], an welchem Frankreich kein Anrecht hat." —

Der Colonel lachte wild auf. „Biſt Du ſo ſicher geworden, [illegible]!" fragte er mit Groll. „O warum iſt die ſchöne Zeit vorüber, wo ich [illegible] Kopf [illegible] und [illegible] aus [illegible]. [illegible] nicht [illegible]? [illegible] und [illegible]. Du [illegible] zum [illegible], ich will [illegible]."

Er [illegible] den Knaben [illegible], und das [illegible] auf die Tafel [illegible], [illegible] und [illegible], [illegible] ſeinem [illegible], [illegible] zu [illegible], und [illegible] ſich in [illegible], den [illegible] Degen [illegible] zu machen; aber der Dragoner, [illegible], [illegible] und [illegible] in ſeiner [illegible], und mit der [illegible] Fauſt [illegible] den [illegible] an der Bruſt, und mit ſeiner [illegible] warf er ihn zurück, daß der [illegible] kaum ſich [illegible] aufrecht zu halten vermochte.

[illegible], doch mit verbiſſenem Zorn richtete ſich jetzt den [illegible] gegen den Hausvater. „Kleiner Kriegsgefangener," ſtieß er mit [illegible] Zähnen hervor, „was miſcht Ihr Euch in ein fremdes [illegible] Spiel! [illegible], warum ſchweigt Ihr? [illegible] nicht an der [illegible]? [illegible], [illegible] den [illegible] ab, und [illegible] zum [illegible]. Er hat die [illegible] und iſt dem [illegible] verfallen." —

Der Adjutant rührte ſich nicht; des Dragoners Kühnheit hatte die Fremden in [illegible] geſetzt. Der Hausvater hob ſeinen [illegible] in der [illegible] gegen den Colonel in die Höhe und trat ihm [illegible] einen Schritt näher. „Ich kenne Euch," ſagte er mit [illegible], „[illegible], aber [illegible] Ihr Euch [illegible] haben möget. Ich kenne Euch, denn ich bin der [illegible] des [illegible], den Ihr verderben wollt. Aber ich [illegible], und Ihr [illegible], als Ihr [illegible] und [illegible] Familie [illegible]. [illegible], der [illegible] nicht Ihr ſollt die [illegible] haben. Euer Hochmuth [illegible] zu [illegible]. Ihr [illegible] mich und [illegible], [illegible] ich Euch einen [illegible], der [illegible], und [illegible] das Regiment [illegible], kennt er Euch, wie ich Euch kenne." —

Wie ein neuer [illegible] die [illegible] des Colonels auf; ſeine Augen traten faſt aus den Höhlen, ſeine [illegible], ſeine Arme zuckten.

„[illegible] Hund!" brüllte er. „[illegible]! [illegible] — [illegible], [illegible]. [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] Klinge;" —

„[illegible] noch [illegible]!" [illegible] und [illegible] der Dragoner, [illegible], daß er den [illegible], [illegible] und den [illegible] zu [illegible]. [illegible] zu, den Colonel [illegible] kehrte nochmals von der Hausforte zum Salon zurück, und kreischte den im Staunen über diese Vorgänge versammelten Officieren seine Befehle zu. „Falliard und Montiere," stotterte er mit rollenden Augen und wie sinnberaubt, „laßt den Verräther nicht aus den Augen, entwaffnet ihn, fesselt ihn gleich dem gemeinsten Marodeur und Mordbrenner, denn er ist nichts besseres. Capitain Bübel, Ihr meldet dem Generallieutenant was hier geschehen, bis ich selbst ihm den saubern Fang präsentire. Mit mir! Lieutenant Dufour, in zehn Minuten sind wir wieder zur Stelle." —

Wie mit Zauberschnelle sah man bald darauf den hannöverschen Rittmeister, den Colonel und den Adjutanten hoch zu Roß vom Hofe sprengen, und alle drei trabten an dem Ufer des Stromes hinauf und verschwanden dort, wo sich das Ufer nach Norden bog, hinter den Bäumen des [illegible].

Eine kurze Zeit lang wurde jetzt das Gehöft von einer stillen Pause beherrscht, die sonderbar gegen das frühere Gelärm innen und außen abstach. Die [illegible] sah man verwundert aus den Stallthüren hervorblicken und der [illegible] am Ufer neugierig nachgaffen; die Knechte und Arbeitsleute des Gutsherrn, welche sich auf der Hausflur vorher schon versammelt, sobald sie vernommen, ihr [illegible] Herr sei in Noth gerathen, [illegible] standen verlegt, da sie so unerwartet den Hausfeind und den bekannten Freund sich entfernen sahen, und nur aus der geschlossenen Thür tönte ein [illegible] fort, [illegible] Brandung des Meeres erklang. Jetzt öffnete sich die Stallthür und der schwarzbärtige Farmer trat heraus [illegible] Der Franzose trug den kleinen Degen auf dem Arm und führte die kleine, schwankende Marianne an der Hand.

„Courage, [illegible]!" sprach er treuherzig. [illegible]

[illegible]

„Dein Ahr(?) [illegible]" [illegible]

[illegible]

gab, imposant zu erscheinen, da ihm die Natur diesen gewöhnlichen Vorzug trotz seiner Körperlänge versagt hatte. Sein breites, gewöhnliches Gesicht trug jedoch in diesem Augenblicke einige ungewöhnliche Marken in sich, die auf Sturm zu deuten schienen. „Wer hat geschossen? Was soll der Tumult dort im Hause?" sprach er mit Hast. „Werden so meine Ordres befolgt! Sind die entwaffneten Truppen nicht noch beisammen! Will man mir meinen schönen Zug verderben! Und habt Ihr vergessen was ein Aufstand der Bauern und Bürger bedeutet? Capitain Bübel, schnellen Bescheid, wer ist der schuldige Militär! Was sollten die Schüsse!"

Der Capitain, der eben vom Salon heran trat, berichtete kurz den Vorfall, meldete die Gefangennehmung eines Emigranten, eines [illegible] und Militärs des sogenannten [illegible] Gefolges, den Herr de Farrus erkannt und festgehalten.

„Und wo ist der Colonel?" fragte der General.

„Zum Duell mit einem Officier des Hannoveraners," antwortete der Capitain. „Dort kehrt der Adjutant zurück und er wird melden können, was geschah."

Der General wandte sogleich seinen Schimmel dem Lieutenant zu, der in gestrecktem Carriere und mit bleichem Gesicht daher sprengte.

„Wo ist Farrus? warum stellt er sich nicht selbst, uns Auskunft zu geben über diese streng verbotene Mißhandlung eines [illegible]!" fragte der Commandeur.

„Mein General," antwortete der Lieutenant mit Achselzucken, „der Colonel ist entschuldigt. Er kann sich nicht stellen, denn er ist als Freiwilliger auf dem Wege, um in England Quartier zu bestellen."

„Monsieur Dufour, keine Badinage!" zürnte der General.

Der Lieutenant legte respektvoll die Hand an den Hut und berichtete im Style eines militärischen Rapports. Im [illegible] an der [illegible] hatte man die [illegible] und da die Waffen, Stock und Degen, ungleich gewesen, ein Duell auf Pistolen gewählt, [illegible]

[illegible]

diesem Durchlesen. „Ja, ja, meine Herren," sagte er dann zu den Anwesenden gewendet, „es ist ein Irrthum! Colonel [illegible] war zu voreilig. Der Marquis de la [illegible] nebst seinem jüngern Sohne sind geblieben in der Nacht bei [illegible]. Der ältere Sohn ist durch seine Waffenthaten ein Liebling des ersten Consuls geworden, man hat ihn und alle seine Verwandten von der Emigrantenliste gestrichen und er ist in seine Familiengüter wiederum eingesetzt. Unser tapferer Freund hier hat uns die Papiere darüber vorgelegt. Der Besitzer dieses Eigenthums ist frei, und wäre möglich, müßte der Colonel dieser Familie die Angst abbitten, welche [illegible] Irrthum ihr bereitet. Mein braver Sohn," sagte er freundlich [illegible], „übernehmt Ihr des Colonels Pflicht, und macht den Schaden wieder gut, den der Kriegsdienst bei den Damen vom Hause entschuldigen mag." —

Der braune Husar trat vor und legte die Hand bewegt auf seine Brust und neigte sich dankend vor dem General. Amalie war aufgestanden und starrte den Fremden an, Mathilde aber [illegible] auf: „Es ist der Bruder! Es ist Eugen, so wahr ein Gott lebt!" —

„Amalie!" rief der Vater. „Haben denn die [illegible] so gehorcht, daß der Bruder keinen Zug mehr erkannt!" —

Der Chevalier taumelte in die geöffneten Arme. „Nicht todt!" stammelte er. „[illegible] mein Schwager! O Gnade, mein Gott, dem [illegible]! Hat doch Niemand auf Erden einen solchen Bruder wie [illegible]!" —

Eugen preßte den Schwankenden an sein Herz, und streckte seine linke Hand nach der schönen Mathilde aus, aber nicht diese allein, sondern auch die [illegible] faßte die dargebotene Hand und drückte sie mit [illegible] Herzlichkeit. —

Wir haben ihn gekannt, den wackern Capitain der braunen Husaren, [illegible] genannt, wir haben ihn unter uns gesehen, den trefflichen, [illegible] Kriegsmann [illegible], dem [illegible] Marter [illegible] Kreuz, denn er lag fast zwei Jahre hindurch im [illegible]. Er war ein [illegible] Mann [illegible] Kameraden; ernst und ruhig, [illegible], [illegible] die Sache, welche das [illegible]; er lebte, wenn der Dienst ihn frei ließ, ganz im Hause, beschäftigte sich mit den [illegible], auch der [illegible], und weilte gern an dem [illegible] der Familie [illegible], so daß man ihn [illegible] betrachtete, und das kleine Mädchen im Hause ihn nur den Onkel mit dem Augenbande nannte. Die Frauen schienen ihm [illegible] zugethan, und sie hatten nicht Unrecht, denn hatte der Krieg seinen Zügen auch [illegible] mitgegeben, sein großes Auge trug etwas eigenes, [illegible] möchte man es nennen, in sich, das die Herzen [illegible]. Oft erzählte er von seinen [illegible] Schicksalen, die mit [illegible] Theilnahme anhörten. Als er bei [illegible] mit den Unglücksgefährten [illegible] wurden, ward er von drei Kugeln getroffen, doch keine gab ihm eine Todeswunde. Unter dem Haufen der todten Kameraden fand ihn Amalie [illegible], und trug ihn [illegible] in seine nahe Hütte. Der Kleine hatte einen Sohn in den letzten Gefechten verloren, und [illegible] unsäglichen Schmerz durch die Pflege des fremden Jünglings heilen zu wollen. Eugens Verwundung heilte nur langsam, und mehrere Jahre gingen vorüber, ehe er seine volle Gesundheit, seine frühe Jugendkraft wieder gewann. [illegible] hing [illegible] an ihm, und in der ganzen Gegend galt er für den Erben des [illegible]. Aber Eugen konnte sich nicht an die Einförmigkeit des Landlebens gewöhnen, obgleich ihm die Dankbarkeit lange Zeit an die kleine Hütte, die ihm eine neue Heimath geworden, fesselte. [illegible] dem Vater, dem Bruder hatte er geforscht, und die [illegible] bei dem [illegible] unterlag [illegible]. Französische [illegible] nahm jetzt allmählich einen [illegible] Charakter an. Jene [illegible] [illegible] als [illegible] der eigenen [illegible], das in Gedanken und [illegible] überschnelle Volk hatte einer neuen Ordnung gehuldigt. Die [illegible] herrschte wieder, die [illegible] hatte aufgehört. Eugen war Franzose und in der [illegible] seines Volks, in den Tagen seiner [illegible] [illegible], die nicht [illegible] im [illegible] der [illegible] zu [illegible]. [illegible] erwachte durch die [illegible] der französischen Armee, und die [illegible] des Generals [illegible] die ganze [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] die [illegible] und [illegible], so dachte er [illegible] seinem Pflegvater, der ihn [illegible] ließ,

und trat in das Heer seiner Nation unter fremdem Namen. Der letzte seiner Familie, ein einsam Stehender, namenloser Flüchtling, gequält durch die grauenvollsten Erinnerungen, suchte er nur Vergessenheit im Kriegsgedränge, nur einen Ehrentod im Schlachtendonner. Er trat in die Armee, und focht gegen die zahllosen Feinde des [illegible] [illegible]. Seine [illegible], seine Bildung, sein edles Benehmen zogen, obgleich er jeden Prunk damit ängstlich vermied, die Augen seiner Vorgesetzten auf sich, und er stieg bald zum [illegible] in seinem Regimente; doch erst in der Schlacht bei Marengo lenkte er die Augen des ersten Feldherrn des Zeitalters auf sich selbst. Die Schlacht schien verloren, da [illegible] mit den [illegible] auf der Ebene von [illegible] an, und mit ihm Eugens Regiment. Der Angriff dieser neuen Truppen war furchtbar und [illegible]. Der General fiel [illegible], doch [illegible] von Zeit diese Angriffe die [illegible] an den [illegible] Regimentern des Generals [illegible], die braunen [illegible] [illegible] alles nieder, was in ihrer Bahn lag, [illegible] die [illegible] im Centrum, und [illegible] bildete besonders einen Unterführer aus, der immer voran war, [illegible], mit einem kleinen Haufe einige gefangene Generale befreite, und als ein wüthender [illegible] seine [illegible] warf, sich an die Spitze einer [illegible] stellte, und die [illegible] Geschütze und [illegible] eroberte und [illegible]. Als am [illegible] [illegible] Buonaparte das Commando zu [illegible] übertrug, ernannte er jenen Eugen zum [illegible] und gab ihm das rothe Ordensband vor der Fronte der [illegible]. Später [illegible] er ihn nicht, und [illegible] von dem [illegible] des [illegible], [illegible] ihm Eugen [illegible], seine [illegible], und durch des ersten Consuls Gnade bekam er seinen Familiennamen und seine Erbgüter zurück. —

Jetzt schien [illegible] in der Familie des [illegible] Glück, und es [illegible] auf die [illegible] [illegible] gebaut, welches [illegible] zu wollen. Oft [illegible] Eugen an die [illegible], [illegible] die Familie in der [illegible], und er war [illegible], das [illegible] Ahnung, man [illegible], die ganze Familie, [illegible] zum [illegible] Onkel, [illegible]. [illegible] die [illegible], der [illegible] [illegible] in der [illegible], [illegible] seinen [illegible] Arm und [illegible]. Der kleine Eugen [illegible] seine [illegible], [illegible] diese [illegible] Hand [illegible] [illegible], in denen die ganze [illegible] ihrer Seele sich regte, er [illegible] die [illegible] Hand der schönen [illegible] und [illegible] sich zog, die ihm [illegible] wie einen [illegible] den heiligen [illegible] zu [illegible], dann [illegible] seine Augen und [illegible] und er sah aus, als [illegible] über der [illegible] Welt. —

Buonaparte hatte sich [illegible] aufgesetzt, und der [illegible] Bruder [illegible] des [illegible] des [illegible] [illegible] mit [illegible]. Auch das Gut, welches [illegible], wurde durch die [illegible] zu neuem [illegible] und Eugen [illegible] wieder [illegible]. —

Wir haben ihn noch ein Mal wieder. [illegible] hatte eine [illegible] dem [illegible] genommen, der [illegible] aufgefordert.

„Der [illegible] hat Halt geboten," sagte er ruhig und [illegible]; „und glaubt mir, ich [illegible] auf [illegible] Weise in unsrer Zeit [illegible] in die [illegible], [illegible] unter dem [illegible], auf dem mir [illegible] keinen Kriegsplan so [illegible] angelegt, daß [illegible] Ihre Kameraden zum [illegible] [illegible]." —

Er [illegible] von uns, aber [illegible] und von den [illegible] die [illegible] [illegible]. Amalie, dem des Bruders [illegible] Gefühle waren, [illegible] seine [illegible] an der Elbe, [illegible] die ganze Familie kehrte nach dem [illegible] zurück. [illegible] und Eugens [illegible] wohnte [illegible] in dem Schlosse seiner Väter die [illegible] Hand und [illegible], und [illegible] der [illegible] und [illegible]. [illegible] nach dem [illegible] der [illegible] hatte die Wanderung von der Elbe zur [illegible] mitgemacht, und [illegible] auf [illegible] Platz, mitten im [illegible], [illegible] Ruhe aufgestellt, wurde es [illegible] die [illegible] Familienfeste, an welchen [illegible] und [illegible] die [illegible], und [illegible] seinem [illegible] Tag, [illegible] zu der [illegible] zu [illegible], und von dem [illegible] zu [illegible], [illegible] in der [illegible] zum [illegible] [illegible] geworden.

Heinrich Blümner

ward am 18. October 1765 zu Leipzig geboren, studirte die Rechte in seiner Vaterstadt, habilitirte ſich daſelbſt als Docent, ward 1794 Rathsherr, 1798 Hofgerichtsaſſeſſor, 1804 Stadtrichter, 1814 Baumeiſter und iſt jetzt k. ſächſiſcher Oberhofgerichtsrath, ſo wie Doctor der Philoſophie und der Rechte.

Er ſchrieb:

Ueber die [illegible] des [illegible]. Leipzig, 1789.
Die [illegible]. Schauſpiel. Leipzig, 1790.
Handwörterbuch über die ſchönen Künſte. (gemeinſchaftlich mit [illegible].) Leipz. 1794—95. 2 Thle.
Die Rache. Trauerſpiel, 1794.
Familientheater (nach dem Franzöſiſchen) Leipz. 1808, 2 Thle.
Ueber die Idee des Schickſals in den Tragödien des Aeſchylus. Leipz. 1814.
Geſchichte des Theaters in Leipzig. Leipzig, 1818.

Als Ueberſetzer hat ſich B. durch ſeinen Geſchmack, große Gewandtheit und tiefes Eindringen in den Geiſt des Originals [illegible]

[illegible]

Der gefeſſelte Prometheus.*)

[illegible]

dem Ewigen iſt alles gegeben, nur das Herrſchen nicht; (49. 50.) er aber, der neue Fürſt der Götter, (35.) iſt, eben darum, unerbittlich und hart, (34. 35.) er regiert nach eignen, willkürlichen Geſetzen [illegible] (150. f. 402—5.) [illegible] (17. 64. u. ſ. w.)

Als nun Zeus die Götter [illegible], achtete er nur der armen Sterblichen nicht, ja er beſchloß, ſie zu vertilgen und ein neues Geſchlecht hervorgehen zu laſſen. Dieſem Entſchluß widerſetzte ſich keiner als Prometheus; [illegible] (231. f.) [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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*) [illegible] Das Idee des Schickſals [illegible] Blümner, Leipzig, 1814.

**) [illegible]

***) [illegible]

†) [illegible]

*) [illegible]

**) [illegible]

Die Qualen, welche Prometheus hier erleidet, ſind ihm nicht unbekannt geweſen, ebenſo weiß er, was ihm bevorſteht. (101. 2.) Wie ſeine Mutter Themis ihm verkündigt, daß nur Liſt, nicht Gewalt ſiegen werde im Kampfe der Titanen mit den neuen Göttern, ſo hat er auch ſeine Leiden vorausgeſehen, (265) *) und dennoch mit Vorſatz, dem Menſchengeſchlechte zu Liebe, gegen Zeus Willen gehandelt. So weiß er — auch dies hat ihm Themis enthüllt (771. f. 871. f.) — daß aus Io's Stamm ein Mann entſprießen werde, der ſeine Feſſeln dereinſt löſet, obſchon erſt nach überſtandenen unzähligen Leiden; (512. f.) auch was ihm Hermes verkündigt (1044. f.), iſt ihm bekannt; (1040) peinigen kann ihn Zeus, aber nicht tödten, (1053) denn nicht iſt ihm zu ſterben durch das Schickſal beſtimmt. (753. 933.)

Eben ſo kennt er auch das dem Zeus beſchiedene Loos. Lange wird dieſer die Götter nicht beherrſchen. (940) **) Schon zwei Tyrannen ſah Prometheus herabſtürzen von ihrer Macht, auch dieſen, den dritten, wird er ſchnell und ſchmählich fallen ſehen. (957. f.) Zeus, jetzt trotzig und ſtolz, wird einſt demüthig werden: die Ehe, die er zu ſchließen denkt, wird vom Thron ihn ſtürzen, und ſo ſeines Vaters Fluch an ihm in Erfüllung gehen. (910. f.) Er bereitet ſich einen ungeheuren, unüberwindlichen Gegner, der eine Flamme, gewaltiger als Blitz, ein Ton, ſtärker als Donner, erfinden wird; — dieſer mächtigere Sohn iſt es, der ihm die Herrſchaft raubt. ***) (761. f. 907. f.) Dann hat Prometheus ſeiner Leiden Ziel erreicht. (755. 6.) Zeus wird ſeinen Haß zähmen, mit Prometheus ſich verſöhnen müſſen, (190. f.) weil er deſſen bedarf, um den Rathſchluß enthüllt zu ſehen, wodurch er, wenn ihn Prometheus nicht ſeinen Fall abwenden lehrt, Zepter und Ehren verlieren ſoll (167. f.)

Woher aber dieſe Zuverſicht des Prometheus? Dieſe hartnäckige Widerſetzlichkeit des Titanen gegen den höchſten Gott? Das merkwürdige Geſpräch mit den Okeaniden giebt hierüber Aufſchluß (508. f.).

Chor. Ich hoffe, daß du dieſer Bande frei
dereinſt an Macht dem Zeus nicht weichen wirſt.
Prometheus. Nicht ſo hat Moira, die vollendete,
beſchloſſen den Erfolg. —
Weit ſchwächer als Nothwendigkeit iſt Kunſt.
Chor. Wer nun iſt Steurer der Nothwendigkeit?
Prometheus. Die dreigeſtalt'ten Moiren, und
die immer eingedenken, die Erinnyen.
Chor. So iſt denn Zeus unmächtiger als die?
Prometheus. Gewiß entflieht auch er nicht dem Geſchick.
Chor. Was kann, als ſtete Herrſchaft, ihm beſchieden ſeyn?
Prometheus. Das darfſt du nicht erfahren; forſche nicht.
Chor. Was Hohes iſt es wohl, was du verbirgſt?
Prometheus. Nicht Zeit iſt's jetzt zu dieſer Rede, und
das tiefſte Schweigen ziemt. †)

So erblicken wir in dieſer Tragödie eine große, intellectuelle Kraft, (die ſich in dem mächtigen, dem Zeus ehemals verliehenen Beiſtand und in der Gabe der Vorherſehung offenbaret) verbunden mit dem edelſten ſittlichen Willen, (in den dem Menſchengeſchlecht erwieſenen Wohlthaten und deſſen Rettung mit Aufopferung ſeiner ſelbſt,) im Kampfe nicht gegen das Schickſal, ſondern gegen die Willkühr eines undankbaren Tyrannen. Ueber beiden Göttern, dem gewaltigen aber unedeln Sieger, und dem phyſiſch ſchwächern, aber moraliſch erhabenen Unterdrückten waltet ein Höheres, dem einer wie der andere unterworfen iſt, das Schickſal, in herrlicher Freiheit. Ungleich ſind die Gaben verliehen. Wie Zeus im Beſitz iſt der höchſten Macht, ſo ward dem Prometheus Verſtand beſchieden und die Gabe in die Zukunft zu ſchauen, die ſein Gegner entbehrt. — In Prometheus' Handlungsweiſe iſt die höchſte Conſequenz. Nicht aus feindſeliger Abſicht reizt er den Herrſcher: aus Liebe gegen die Menſchen widerſetzt er ſich deſſen Vorhaben. Nun er dafür büßen ſoll, will er, im Bewußtſeyn ſeines reinen Zweckes, ausdauern; nicht, wie er es könnte, durch Enthüllung der Zukunft ſeine Leiden abkürzen, und unerſchütterlich macht ihn das Vertrauen auf das Ewige, auf den Rathſchluß des Schickſals. Und daß der Erfolg dieſem Vertrauen entſprechen, daß endlich die moraliſche Kraft über die phyſiſche Gewalt ſiegen werde, dieß läßt uns der feſte Muth des Gottes, der ſich eher in den Tartaros begräbt, als er ſein Stillſchweigen bricht, und ſeine Kenntniß der Vergangenheit und Zukunft hoffen, die ſich in der Erzählung von Io's bisherigen Leiden und in der Ankündigung ihres künftigen Schickſals bewährt. (595. f. 825. f.)

Hiermit eröffnet ſich eine Anſicht, welche von der Idee abweicht, die der ſcharfſinnigſte dramatiſche Kunſtrichter neuerer Zeit über dieſen Gegenſtand aufgeſtellt hat. *) Nicht Zeus iſt die weltregierende Macht, ſondern das Verhängniß iſt es, oder deſſen Lenker, die Moiren, die Erinnyen. Nicht mit dem Verhängniß iſt Prometheus im Streit, ſondern mit einem Weſen, das jenem untergeordnet iſt, wie er, obſchon dieſes Weſen, der Inhaber der phyſiſchen Macht, ihn jetzt überwältigt. Nur dieſe Tyrannei iſt es, welche die Vervollkommnung des Menſchengeſchlechtes hindern möchte; die weltregierende Macht will es nicht, vielmehr befördert ſie jene Vervollkommnung, indem ſie ſie durch Prometheus geſchehen ließ. Zwar hat er nicht auf Antrieb höherer Macht die Menſchen begünſtigt, ſondern aus eigner, reiner Liebe zu ihnen, und dieß macht ihn um ſo erhabner: aber da er einſt von ſeinen Leiden befreit werden, da Zeus ſeine Freundſchaft ſuchen wird, und nur ihm ſeine Rettung verdanken ſoll: ſo geht daraus hervor, daß die weltregierende Macht, — ſo ſchwer er auch jetzt leidet, — ſeine Handlungen billige, und dieſen Erfolg, die Veredelung des Menſchengeſchlechtes, gewollt habe. So iſt Prometheus ein Bild der Menſchheit im Kampf mit den gegen ſie verſchwornen Naturkräften, über welche ein Höheres, Ewiges, waltet; und dieſe Vorſtellung der ſich aufopfernden Gottheit ſteht ſelbſt mit der Offenbarung im Einklang. Was geſchehen wird, iſt noch in Dunkel gehüllt: aber der Glaube an das Höchſte, das Ewige, ſteht unerſchüttert. Iſt auch das intellectuelle und moraliſche Gute in ſtetem Kampfe mit dem Böſen und der rohen Natur, müſſen auch die Beförderer des Edeln ihm oft weichen und unterliegen, dennoch wird unverloren ſeyn, was ſie gewollt und gethan, und herrlich und bleibend wird es hervorgehen zur rechten Stunde. **)

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nicht wörtlich genug waren, das, worauf es ankam, zu belegen, oder wo mich eine verſchiedene Anſicht leitete. Die Mängel der von mir ſelbſt überſetzten Stellen möge die Schwierigkeit einer metriſchen Verdeutſchung unſers Dichters entſchuldigen, zumal da es hier nur die Darlegung des Sinnes galt.

*) Ἐγὼ ταῦτ' ἅπαντ' ἠπιστάμην, (Vergl. 101.) kann nicht bedeuten: „ich habe alle dieſe mir bevorſtehenden Leiden gekannt," wegen Vs. 268 f., ſondern nur: „ich habe gewußt, daß Zeus dieſe Widerſetzlichkeit gegen ſeinen Willen hart ahnden werde."

**) Nur ſpottend nennt Prometheus Vs. 937. Zeus κρατοῦντ' ἀεί.

***) Vergl. Pindaros Iſthm. Geſ. 8. Vs. 69 f. Boeckh'ſchen Ausg. und Lactantius inſtit. L. I. c. 11.

†) Deutlicher erklärt ſich Prometheus unten, Vs. 757. f.

*) A. W. Schlegel in den Vorleſungen über dramatiſche Kunſt und Literatur, B. I. S. 164. f. „Die Vorſtellung einer ſich aufopfernden Gottheit iſt in manchen Religionen als eine verworrene Ahndung des Wahren geheimnißvoll gelehrt worden: hier ſteht ſie aber im furchtbarſten Gegenſatz mit der tröſtlichen Offenbarung. Denn Prometheus leidet nicht im Einverſtändniß mit der weltregierenden Macht, ſondern er büßt ſeine Empörung gegen ſie, und dieſe Empörung beſteht in nichts anderm, als der bezweckten Vervollkommnung des Menſchengeſchlechtes. So wird er ein Bild der Menſchheit ſelbſt, wie ſie mit unſeliger Vorausſicht an ihr enges Daſeyn feſtgeſchmiedet, ohne irgend einen Bundesgenoſſen, den gegen ſie verſchwornen unerbittlichen Naturkräften nichts als ein unerſchütterliches Wollen und das Bewußtſeyn ihrer hohen Anſprüche entgegenzuſetzen hat. Die andern Dichtungen der griechiſchen Tragiker ſind einzelne Tragödien; dieſe, möchte ich ſagen, iſt die Tragödie ſelbſt; ihr innerſter Geiſt in ſeiner erſten noch ungemilderten Herbigkeit, ganz darniederwerfend und vernichtend offenbart."

**) Wie ſehr des Dichters Zweck bei dieſer Tragödie verkannt worden, zeigen die Aeußerungen mehr als eines Kunſtrichters. So ſagt Brumoy: Je serai tenté de croire que le sujet qui nous paroît monstrueux, pour m'exprimer comme M. Dacier, est une allegorie sur les rois, et peut-être sur Xerxes ou Darius. (Theatre des Grecs, Nouv. edit. T. I. p. 298.) — La Harpe: Le sujet de Prométhée est monstrueux. Jupiter veut punir Prométhée on ne sait pourquoi, d'avoir dérobé le feu du ciel, et d'avoir enseigné aux hommes tous les arts; und, nachdem er den Inhalt angegeben: Cela ne peut pas même s'appeller une tragédie. (Lycée, ou Cours de Litterature, T. I. p. 324.) — Gravina: Nel Prometeo descrisse tutti i sentimenti, e profondi fini dei Principi nuovi, che hanno acquistato il regno coll' ajuto e consiglio dei più savj: e coll' esempio di Prometeo, fa conoscere, in qual guisa quelli dopo il felice successo siano dal nuovo Principe ricompensati, e quanto ognuno stima della pruova data di troppo intendimento, e di prontezza di espedienti. Le quali facoltà, quanto sono state utili al Principe nel fervor dell' affare, tanto si rendon sospette nella calma. Onde avviene, che Giove, dopo la vittoria dell' impresa, tosto con pretesto di delitto si toglie d'attorno chi era più di lui benemerito, e che acutamente potea discernere, e giudicare dell'operazioni del Principe. (della ragione poetica, p. 74.) — Würdigere Anſichten über Aeſchylos überhaupt hat zuerſt Jacobs in den Charakteren der vornehmſten Dichter aller Nationen, B. 2. Art. Aeſchylos, (vergl. deſſen Einleitung zu der Ueberſetzung des

Die goldne Zeit
erſcheinet erſt nach langem, wildem Kampf,
allein ſie kommt gewiß und dauert. *)

Nur ein Dichter, deſſen Kühnheit wir aus andern Zügen kennen, **) konnte es wagen, den höchſten Gott ſo zu ſchildern, wie er im Leiden des Prometheus und der Io erſcheint. Das Auffallende dieſer Vorſtellung wird dadurch nun einigermaßen gemildert, daß Zeus, ohne perſönlich aufgeführt zu ſeyn, ſich nur in den von ſeinen Dienern vollzogenen Befehlen kund thut; auch erſcheint die Widerſetzlichkeit gegen ihn geringer, weil es ein Gott iſt (ſo nennt ſich Prometheus ſelbſt 92. vergl. 29. 82.), der ſich dem Zeus entgegenſtellt.

Es läßt ſich nun zwar erwarten, daß Alles ſo, wie es der leidende Gott verkündigt, erfolgen, daß er ſeine Freiheit glorreich gegen ſeinen Feind erringen werde: die Gewißheit aber konnte nur die Fortſetzung der Tragödie geben, welche der entfeſſelte Prometheus hieß, und bis auf ein, in einer Ueberſetzung des Attius erhaltenes, Bruchſtück verloren gegangen iſt. ***) Prometheus wurde ſeinen Feſſeln entnommen. Nehmlich jene bedingte Prophezeihung von einem Sohne, der mächtiger als der Vater ſeyn werde, ging nicht in Erfüllung, weil die Bedingung nicht eintrat, und Thetis dem Zeus keinen Sohn gebar. Wahrſcheinlich wurde Prometheus durch Zeus Bitte bewogen, ihm die Zukunft zu enthüllen, und dieſer entledigte ihn dafür ſeiner Bande. ****) Wenn ſchon dem Zeus an Gewalt nicht gleich geſetzt, (510. f.) verſöhnte er ſich doch mit ihm, wozu er ſich ſchon jetzt nicht abgeneigt zeigt, (191. f.) und „die Sache zwiſchen Göttern und Menſchen wurde geſchlichtet. Es erfolgte Verſöhnung, καταλλαγή, ἀνάπαυσις.“ †) Die ſittliche Freiheit blieb ungebeugt. Nun erſt war die ganze Tragödie vollendet.

Außer dieſen beiden Dichtungen, dem gebundenen und dem entfeſſelten Prometheus des Aiſchylos, wird noch deſſen *Προμηθεὺς πυρφόρος* und *Προμηθεὺς πυρκαεύς* genannt; der Feuerbringer und der Feueranzünder. Waren dieß Benennungen eines Stücks, oder zwei verſchiedene Dramen? Der doppelte Nahme würde nicht eben nothwendig zwei Stücke anzeigen. In der That halten auch Mehrere beide Benennungen für gleichbedeutend. ††)

Dieß einſtweilen angenommen, von welcher Gattung war dieſer *Προμηθεὺς πυρφόρος* oder *πυρκαεύς*? Einige halten den πυρφόρος (ohne des zweiten zu erwähnen) für eine Tragödie, †††) andere für ein ſatyriſches Spiel. Die Letztern gründen ihre Meinung beſonders auf die den Perſern unſers Dichters voranſtehende griechiſche Inhalts-Anzeige, worin es heißt: *ἐπὶ Μένωνος τραγῳδῶν Αἰσχύλος ἐνίκα Φινεῖ, Πέρσαις, Γλαύκῳ ποτνιεῖ, Προμηθεῖ.* Weil nämlich in dieſer Tetralogie Prometheus nach den übrigen Stücken genannt wird, — und die Grammatiker ſetzten das ſatyriſche Drama allzeit zuletzt, — ſo müſſe dieſer Prometheus ein Satyrſpiel geweſen ſeyn, und dieß ſey eben der *Προμηθεὺς πυρφόρος* oder *πυρκαεύς*. Caſaubonus, der dieſe Meinung aufſtellt, *) hegt gleichwohl ſelbſt noch einige Zweifel dagegen, und bemerkt, man könne auch wohl die Ordnung in jener Inhalts-Anzeige verändern, und dem *Γλαύκῳ ποτνιεῖ* die letzte Stelle anweiſen. Und daß dieſer ein ſatyriſches Spiel geweſen, ſchließt er aus einer Stelle des Scholiaſten zum Theokritos, **) welche beſagt: es nennten Mehrere die Satyrn unenthaltſam, wie Aiſchylos im Glaukos, Sophokles in der Andromeda. Pauw erinnert dagegen, ***) daraus, daß im Glaukos der Satyren Erwähnung geſchehe, folge nicht, daß es ein Satyrſpiel geweſen, denn die Andromeda, worin daſſelbe geſchehen, ſey unbezweifelt eine Tragödie. Allerdings iſt jener Schluß des Caſaubonus nicht bündig, (obſchon Pauw in ſeiner Gegenbemerkung irrt, denn die Andromeda des Sophokles war allerdings ein ſatyriſches Stück. ****) Es gab nehmlich zwei Aiſchyleiſche Dramen unter der Ueberſchrift Glaukos; den ποτνιεύς, der eine Tragödie, und den πόντιος, der ein ſatyriſches Spiel war, und die Bemerkung des angeführten Scholiaſten bezieht ſich auf das letztere. †)

Wie aber, wenn beide Dramen verſchieden, wenn der Feuerbringer etwas ganz anders geweſen wäre, als der Feueranzünder? Dieß anzunehmen iſt folgender Grund. Daß Aiſchylos ein Satyrſpiel unter dem Nahmen Prometheus ſchrieb, geht aus der oben angeführten Inhaltanzeige, in welcher man doch die Ordnung der aufgezählten Stücke nicht willkührlich ändern kann, und, noch unbezweifelter, aus einer Stelle des Plutarchos hervor. ††) Sollte nun aber ein ſatyriſches Stück die Trilogie eröffnet haben? Giebt es überhaupt Beiſpiele von Trilogien, wo zwei Tragödien auf ein Satyrſpiel folgten? Wäre die Einleitung durch ein Satyrſpiel der Werke ſo erhabenen, tragiſchen Gegenſtandes, wie der gefeſſelte und befreite Prometheus, würdig genug geweſen? Vielmehr ſcheint der Stoff derſelben zu erfordern, daß das ihnen vorangehende Drama ebenfalls eine Tragödie war, und dieſe konnte ſehr bedeutenden, durchaus ernſten Inhalts ſeyn, wie nehmlich Prometheus, die Befehle Zeus nicht achtend, das himmliſche Feuer entwandte, und zu den Menſchen herab brachte. Hier wäre denn auch Satz, Gegenſatz und Vermittlung, wie Schlegel die Trilogie ſo treffend erklärt. †††) Welches von beiden Dramen übrigens die Tragödie, und welches das ſatyriſche Spiel geweſen, dürfte ſich ſchwerlich ausmitteln laſſen.

Schon Meurſius, und, was von größerem Gewicht iſt, auch Hemſterhuis haben beide Dichtungen, den Feuerbringer und den Feueranzünder, unterſchieden, nur halten ſie eine wie die andere für Tragödien. §) — Daß in dem griechiſchen Dramen-Verzeichniſſe unſeres Dichters nur der *Προμηθεὺς πυρφόρος*, nicht auch der *πυρκαεύς* angeführt iſt, würde wenigſtens jene Vermuthung nicht widerlegen, denn dort wird auch nur des *Γλαύκος ποτνιεύς* gedacht, da es doch, wie eben erwähnt worden, außer dieſem, noch einen *Γλαύκος πόντιος* gab. §§)

Prometheus in Wielands attiſchem Muſeum. B. III. H. 8.) aufgeſtellt. Mit dieſem vergl. man Schlegel a. a. O. I. 136. f. Gruber im Wörterbuche zum Behuf der Aeſthetik, B. I. unter dieſem Art., auch Jeniſch in d. Vorleſungen über die Meiſterwerke der griechiſchen Poeſie, B. I. S. 265. f.

*) Herder im entfeſſelten Prometheus, in deſſen Werken zur ſchönen Lit. und Kunſt, B. VI. S. 75.

**) Die Beweisſtellen ſ. m. in Fabricius biblioth. graeca. T. II. p. 170. e. Harles.

***) Erhalten in Cicero's tuscul. disput. L. II. c. 10.

****) Vergl. Hyginus fab. 54. Astronom. L. II. c. 15. Herder's bekannte Dichtung: der entfeſſelte Prometheus, (in dem angef. Band ſ. Werke,) beabſichtigt keine Fortſetzung der griechiſchen Tragödie im Sinne des Aiſchylos.

†) Herder in den Werken zur ſchönen Literatur und Kunſt. B. XII. S. 231. Vgl. Jacobs, in der angeführten Ueberſetzung S. 351.

††) Stanley ad fragm. Aeschyli. T. II. p. 716. 880 und Pauw zu denſ. p. 1103. Ebenſo mit Canter nov. lect. VII. 21. Fabricius biblioth. gr. T. II. p. 162. Harles.

†††) Schütz in Commentario ad Aesch. Prometh. T. I. p. 8. 5 und Jacobs a. a. O. S. 349.

*) De satyr. Graec. poes. et Rom. p. 137. e. ed. Rambach. Vergl. Boeckh graec. trag. princ. num ea, quae supersunt, genuina sint, p. 28. Schlegel a. a. O. S. 136.

**) Idyll. IV. v. 62.

***) Ad Aeschylum. p. 1105.

****) Casaubonus, a. a. O. p. 135. Brunck in fragment. Sophoclis. p. 603. Böckh a. a. O. p. 127.

†) Dieß iſt außer Zweifel geſetzt durch Hermanns prog. d. Aeschyli Glaucis. Lips. 1812.

††) Πῶς ἄν τις ὑπ' ἐχθρ. ὠφ. T. VII. p. 270. Hutten. Vergl. Böckh a. a. O.

†††) Vorleſungen, B. I. S. 139.

§) Meurſius in Aeschylo, in Gronovii Thes. antiq. graec. T. X. p. 610. u. Hemſterhuis zum Pollux, IX. 8. 156.

§§) Hermann im angeführten Programm.

Johann Joachim Chriſtoph Bode,

ein in vielfacher Hinſicht höchſt ausgezeichneter Mann, der durch ſeltene Beharrlichkeit und eiſernen Fleiß drückende Hinderniſſe, welche ſich ſeiner höhern Bildung entgegen ſtellten, überwand und ſich einen von ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen hochverehrten Namen zu erwerben wußte. Er war der Sohn eines armen Soldaten und ward am 16. Januar 1730 zu Braunſchweig geboren. In ſeiner erſten Jugend lernte er mit anderen Bauerknaben nothdürftig leſen und ſchreiben und mußte die Schafe ſeines Großvaters hüten, ſtellte ſich aber dabei, wie bei allen Geſchäften des häuslichen Lebens, ſo ungeſchickt an, daß er allgemein nur der dumme Chriſtoph geheißen wurde. Der Knabe verzagte jedoch nicht, denn in ihm waltete das Bewußtſeyn künftiger Kraft; vorherrſchend waren beſonders bei ihm Neigung und Anlagen zur Muſik. Sein Oheim väterlicher Seite nahm ſich endlich ſeiner an und gab ihn bei dem Stadtmuſikus Kroll zu Braunſchweig in die Lehre. Hier entwickelten ſich ſeine Talente, wenn gleich auf untergeordneter Stufe, ſehr ſchnell, zumal da er jeden freien Augenblick, den er nicht ſeiner Kunſt widmete, mit Lectüre ausfüllte. Nach überſtandener Lehrzeit ward er Hautboiſt in einem braunſchweigiſchen Regimente und ging dann 1750, mit Urlaub auf ein Jahr verſehn, zu dem Kammermuſikus Stolze nach Helmſtädt, um ſich unter deſſen Leitung weiter auszubilden. Er ernährte ſich durch Unterricht in der Muſik und ward wiederum von einem bemittelten Studenten, der ihm ſehr wohl wollte, mit wiſſenſchaftlichen und andern Hülfsmitteln unterſtützt, ſo daß es ihm gelang, ſich einige Kenntniß in neueren Sprachen und anderem nützlichem Wiſſen zu erwerben. 1752 trat er zu Celle als Hautboiſt in hannöveriſche Dienſte und gab 1754 und 1756 zwei Sammlungen Liedercompoſitionen heraus, die nicht ohne Beifall blieben. Der Verluſt ſeiner Gattin und ſeiner drei Kinder veranlaßte ihn, den Abſchied zu nehmen und ſich nach Hamburg zu begeben, wo er 1759 zuerſt als Ueberſetzer auftrat und ſich bald einigen Ruf erwarb. In den Jahren 1762 und 1763 führte er daſelbſt die Redaction des unpartheiiſchen Korreſpondenten, fuhr aber dabei fort, Unterricht in der Muſik zu ertheilen. So kam es, daß ſich eine ſeiner Schülerinnen, eine Demoiſelle Tam, ein reiches und liebenswürdiges Mädchen, in ihn verliebte und ihm ihre Hand anbot. — Bode vermählte ſich mit ihr und führte nun ein ſorgenfreies und angenehmes Leben, hatte aber das Unglück, ſie bald wieder durch den Tod zu verlieren. Um ſich zu zerſtreuen, übernahm er jetzt die Leitung einer Buchdruckerei und bald darauf auch gemeinſchaftlich mit Leſſing die Buchhandlung der Gelehrten. — Dieſe hatte jedoch, da es Beiden an der nöthigen Praxis fehlte, einen ſchlechten Erfolg. Sie mußten ſie daher wieder aufgeben. — Bode ging darauf im Jahre 1778 als Geſchäftsführer der verwittweten Gräfin von Bernſtorf mit dieſer Dame nach Weimar und lebte von nun an dieſem Amte und ſeinen literäriſchen Arbeiten, geſchätzt und geliebt von Allen, die ſich ſeines Umganges erfreuten. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 13. December 1793 als markgräflich-heſſendarmſtädtiſcher Geheimerath, nachdem er ſchon früher zum herzogl. meiningiſchen Hofrathe und dann zum herzogl. gothaiſchen Legationsrathe war ernannt worden.

Seine ſämmtlichen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen, faſt nur aus Ueberſetzungen beſtehend, erſchienen anonym; es ſind folgende:

Die Weisheit an die Menſchen. Hamburg, 1759. 3. A. Leipz. 1787.

Das Kaffeehaus. (Nach Voltaire's l'Ecossaise.) Hamburg, 1760.

Die eiferſüchtige Ehefrau. Luſtſpiel aus dem Engl. Hamb. 1762.

Yorick's empfindſame Reiſe. Hamburg und Bremen, 1768—69. 4 Thle. 5. A. 1804.

Noverre's Briefe über die Tanzkunſt. Hamburg und Bremen, 1769.

Der Weſtindier. Luſtſpiel von Cumberland. Hamburg, 1772.

Die Schule der Liebhaber. Schauſpiel von Whitehead. Hamburg, 1772.

Smollet, Humphry Klinkers Reiſen. Leipzig, 1772. 3 Bde. N. A. 1785.

Sterne, Triſtram Shandy's Leben und Meinungen. Hamburg, 1774. 9 Thle. N. A. 1776.

Yorick's Briefe an Eliſa. Hamburg, 1775.

Der Abentheurer. Auszug aus dem Adventurer. Berlin, 1776. 2 Bde.

Goldſmith, Dorfprediger von Wakefield. Leipz. 1776. 3. A. 1796.

Adam Fitz Adam, die Welt; eine Wochenſchrift. Altenburg, 1779—83. 4 Bde.

Clavijo, der Denker. Eine Wochenſchrift. Im Auszuge. Erſter Band (mehr erſchien nicht). Bremen, 1781.

Junker Fritz oder das Mutterſöhnchen. Luſtſp. aus dem Franz. Berlin, 1780.

Congreve, der Lauf der Welt. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig, 1787.

Marmontel, die Inka's. Leipzig, 1783. 2 Bde.

Fielding. Geſchichte des Thomas Jones. Leipzig, 1786—88. 6 Bde.

Montaigne's Gedanken und Meinungen. Berlin, 1793—95. 6 Bde.

Bode hat als Ueberſetzer zuerſt gezeigt, wie fähig unſere Sprache ſey, ſich fremdem Geiſte anzuſchmiegen, ohne deßhalb das Mindeſte von ihrer Eigenthümlichkeit zu verlieren. Er wußte mit ſeltener Feinheit und Grazie in das Weſen des ihm vorliegenden Originals einzudringen und daſſelbe eben ſo treu als gewandt wieder zu geben, und zwar zu einer Zeit, wo die Deutſchen in dieſem Felde nicht viel mehr als Neulinge waren, und er mit großen Schwierigkeiten auf allen Seiten zu kämpfen hatte. Seine vortreffliche und reiche Sprachkenntniß, ſo wie eine umfaſſende Beleſenheit und höchſt glückliche angeborene Fähigkeiten kamen ihm hier außerordentlich zu Statten, und ſeine Ueberſetzungen galten daher lange Zeit für unerreichte Meiſterwerke, bis die Fortſchritte der neueſten Zeit, durch welche die Deutſchen in dieſem Zweige der Literatur allen anderen Nationen vorausgeeilt ſind, dieſelben verdrängten. — Er verdient daher jedenfalls eine höchſt ehrenvolle Erwähnung in dieſer Sammlung, wenn auch Proben ſeiner Leiſtungen, da ſie nicht ſein urſprüngliches Eigenthum ſind, ausgeſchloſſen bleiben müſſen.

Vgl. Denkſchrift auf Bode. Von Böttiger. Weimar, 1796. gr. 4.

J. C. Bode's literariſches Leben. Nebſt deſſen Bildniß von Lips. Berl. 1796. (ebenfalls von Böttiger.)

Schlichtegroll, Supplementband des Nekrologs für die Jahre 1790—93. 1. S. 350—413.

Johann Jacob Bodmer

ward am 19. Juli 1698 zu Greiffenſee bei Zürich geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung im väterlichen Hauſe, dann auf dem Gymnaſium zu Zürich und ſollte Theologie ſtudiren. Da er aber hierzu keinen Beruf fühlte, ſo ward er zum Kaufmann beſtimmt und, um ſich die dazu nöthigen Kenntniſſe zu erwerben, zu Verwandten in Oberitalien, welche eine ausgebreitete Handlung beſaßen, geſandt. Er zeigte jedoch nicht den mindeſten Beruf für dieſes Fach und kehrte daher 1719 wieder in das väterliche Haus zurück. Im Jahre 1720 ging er von Neuem nach Zürich und ſtudirte jetzt mit großem Eifer die Geſchichte und die Rechte ſeines Vaterlandes. Um dieſe Zeit ſchloß er eine innige Freundſchaft mit Breitinger (S. d.). 1715 ward B. Profeſſor der helvetiſchen Geſchichte und Politik in Zürich; 1737 aber Mitglied des großen Rathes daſelbſt. Unermüdlich wirkte er nun nach den von ihm als richtig anerkannten Anſichten für die Verbeſſerung des Geſchmackes in der deutſchen Literatur bis an ſeinen Tod, der ihn erſt in ſeinem hohen Alter am 2. Januar 1783 traf.

Theils allein, theils in Verbindung mit Anderen verfaßte er, überſetzte, oder gab heraus:

Die Diſcurſe der Mahler. 4 Thle. Zürich, 1721—23.
Von dem Einfluß und Gebrauche der Einbildungskraft auf die Ausbeſſerung des Geſchmacks u. ſ. w. Frankf. u. Leipz. 1727. Mit dem Nebentitel: Vernünftige Gedanken und Urtheile von der Beredſamkeit (gemeinſchaftlich mit Breitinger).
J. Milton's Verluſt des Paradieſes. Zürich, 1732.
Briefwechſel von der Natur des poetiſchen Geſchmackes. Zürich, 1736.
Sam. Butler's Hudibras. Deutſch. Frankf. und Leipz. 1737. (nur die beiden erſten Geſänge enthaltend.)
v. Kanitz Gedichte, mit einer Vorrede von der Dichtart des Verfaſſers. Zürich, 1737.
Kritiſche Abhandlung von dem Wunderbaren in der Poeſie u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. Zürich, 1740.
Kritiſche Betrachtungen über die Gemälde der Dichter mit einer Vorrede von Breitinger. Zürich, 1741.
Sammlung kritiſcher, poetiſcher und anderer geiſtvollen Schriften. 12 Stücke. Zürich, 1741—44. Eine neue Auflage beſorgte Wieland (Zürich 1753) unter dem Titel: Sammlung der Zürcheriſchen Streitſchriften u. ſ. w. wider die Gottſchediſche Schule.
Kritiſche Betrachtungen u. ſ. w. zur Verbeſſerung der deutſchen Schaubühne. Bern, 1743.
Kritiſche Betrachtungen über einige Auftritte der Gottſchediſchen Ueberſetzung der Iphigenia des Racine. Zürich, 1743. (gemeinſchaftlich mit Breitinger.)
Ein halbes Hundert neuer Fabeln durch L. M. v. K. mit einer kritiſchen Vorrede u. ſ. w. Zürich, 1744. Neueſte A. Zürich, 1773.
Thirſis (J. J. Pyra) und Damons (S. G. Lange) freundſchaftliche Lieder. Zürich, 1745.
Martin Opitzens von Boberfeld Gedichte (beſorgt von Bodmer und Breitinger). 1. Thl. (mehr erſchien nicht) Zürich, 1745.
Vom Natürlichen in Schäfergedichten u. ſ. w. Zürich, 1746.
Kritiſche Briefe (gemeinſchaftlich mit Breitinger). Zürich, 1746.
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Der Levit von Ephraim. Zürich, 1782.
Bodmer's Apollinarien (nach ſeinem Tode) herausgegeben von G. F. Stäudlin. Tübingen, 1783.
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Bodmer's Verdienſte um die deutſche Literatur ſind von großer Wichtigkeit, obwohl ſie mehr auf ſeinem redlichen und ermunternden Streben, das Rechte, was Noth that, zu ſuchen und den Weg dahin zu zeigen, als auf ſeinen eigenen Leiſtungen beruhen. Die Zeit kam ihm hülfreicher entgegen und trug ihn ſchneller als ſeine eigenen Fähigkeiten, denn für einen Kritiker fehlte es ihm an Philoſophie, für einen Dichter an angeborenem Talent. Deſſenungeachtet ſichert ſeine unermüdliche Thätigkeit, ſeine Luſt und Theilnahme an allem Guten und Schönen, ſein Sinn für alle wahre Poeſie, ſo wie vorzüglich der Umſtand, daß er zuerſt die Liebe für altdeutſche Dichtkunſt wieder zu beleben wußte, trotz der mannichfachen Verirrungen, in welche ſein bis in das höchſte Alter glühender Eifer ihn zuweilen riß, dankende und verehrende Anerkennung. Er trat dem ſeichten Gottſched, der ſich damals eines faſt gänzlich unbeſtrittenen Rufes in Deutſchland erfreute, und deſſen noch geiſtloſeren Anhängern zuerſt mit Kraft entgegen, ſtrebte nach Natürlichkeit und Wahrheit vor Allem, ermunterte und beförderte mit lebendiger, uneigennütziger Theilnahme jüngere Talente und ſuchte durch Ueberſetzungen fremder, antiker und moderner poetiſcher Meiſterwerke dem beſſeren Geſchmacke eine freiere Bahn zu ebenen. So wirkte er ſegensreich bis zu ſeinen letzten Tagen und hatte in hohem Alter die Freude, jene glorreiche Blüthenzeit der deutſchen Nationallitteratur, die er, ein unermüdlicher Kämpfer, geahnt und vorbereitet, zu erleben. Ueber die Art und Weiſe ſeines Streites mit Gottſched und deſſen Anhängern verweiſen wir den geehrten Leſer auf den dieſen Letzteren betreffenden Artikel, da eine Entwickelung der gottſchediſchen Grundſätze, welche dort nothwendig iſt, hier den Raum beſchränken und überflüſſige Wiederholungen veranlaſſen würde. Als Kritiker fehlte es Bodmer'n übrigens, wie wir bereits bemerkten, an philoſophiſcher Durchbildung, Ruhe und Tiefe; ſein proſaiſcher Styl iſt ſteif, incorrect und ungelenk. Seine Gedichte ſind nur künſtliche Erzeugniſſe des Verſtandes, obwohl nicht ohne moraliſche Wärme und Wahrheit; aber alle jene bereits angeführten lobenswerthen Geſinnungen und Beſtrebungen wiegen ſeine vielen Fehler im reichen Maße auf. Unter ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen hat ſich die Noachide am Längſten ihren urſprünglichen guten Ruf zu bewahren gewußt, obwohl ſie nur eine Nachahmung Milton's und Klopſtock's iſt. Wir theilen den achten Geſang derſelben, als den gelungenſten, zur Beſtätigung des Geſagten mit.

Vgl. Ueber Bodmer, von Leonhard Meiſter. Zürich, 1783.
Jo. Jac. Hottingeri Acroama de Jo. Jac. Bodmero. Turici, 1783.
Deutſches Muſeum. 1783. Bd. 1. Februar. S. 169. — S. 187—189.
G. F. Stäudlin, Briefe berühmter und edler Deutſchen an Bodmer. Stuttgart, 1794.
F. v. Hagedorn's poetiſche Werke, herausgegeben von Eſchenburg, Th. 5. S. 82—124 — S. 158—213
Briefe der Schweizer Bodmer, Sulzer, Geßner aus Gleim's literariſchem Nachlaß, herausgegeben von W. Körte. Zürich, 1804.

Bodmer's ähnlichſtes Portrait iſt 1785 nach Graf, geſtochen von Bauſe, erſchienen. —

Die Noachide.

Achter Geſang.*)

Ehe die vierte Sonne mit ihren blaſſeſten Strahlen
Noch die Stirn der Aurora entfärbet hatte, ging Sipha
Nach dem Haine, wo Gott das erſte Verbrechen gerichtet,
Auf dem Altar, den er da gebaut, den köſtlichen Weihrauch,
Seinen aufrichtigen Sinn und gelaßnen Willen zu opfern.
Als er mit ſtillem Gemüthe die große Verheißung durchdenket,
Die mit göttlicher Milde der Richter der erſten Gefallnen
Ihnen gethan, daß einſt der Same des Weibes der Schlange
Sollte den Kopf zerquetſchen, und jetzt anbetend gedachte,
Welcher göttliche Menſch der Sieger Satans ſein müßte,
Und im Geiſt mit verlangendem Arm ihn gläubig umfaßte;
Siehe da lauſchte der Tod im Hinterhalte verborgen,
Sah ihn in ſtiller Betrachtung die Wege des Heiles erforſchen.
Einer von ſeinen ſanfteſten Pfeilen in Balſam getunket
Trifft ihn in's Herz; die Bande des Leibs vom Staube zerbrechen,
Und er ſagte die letzten Worte: „Welch zuckendes Zittern
Tönet durch meine Nerven wie ſanft gerührter Saiten!
O ich zerfließe! mir ſchwimmt das Haupt in ſüßer Betäubung.
Iſt es der Tod! wie iſt er ſo leicht! Mein Gott und mein Vater,
Nimm du, nimm meinen Geiſt auf! — Wo bin ich! aus welchem Gefängniß
Bin ich entflohn? Ich ſeh' es, die irdiſche Schal' iſt gefallen.
Welche Leichtigkeit fühl' ich! ein Strahl des Lichts iſt nicht leichter;
Und wie hell iſt's um mich herum! ich ſaß in der Dämmrung,
Und ich bin in die Sonne gekommen. — Vor meinem Geſichte
Neigt ſich der Himmel und Welten von Markus ſteigen hernieder,
Mit ſich unterzugehen. — O laßt mich die Flügel entfalten,
Cherubsflügel an Stärke, mich über die Sterne zu ſchwingen!"

Alſo fing er im ſterblichen Leib an und endigt' im Glanze
Eines ätheriſchen Geiſtes, mit neuen Kräften begabet.
Um ſich her ſieht er Schaaren von früher Verhimmelten warten,
Zögert' nicht länger, ſie fliegen mit ihm empor zu den Vätern,
Nicht unerwartet von ihnen, nicht fremd in der neuen Geſellſchaft.
Lange ſchon war ſein Herz bei ihnen geweſen und lange
Hatte nach ihrem Geiſt ſein Geiſt ſich himmliſch gebildet,
Und er durfte die Reih' der Gedanken im Staube nicht ändern.

Kürzlich darauf ging Sem beim Altar des Richters vorüber,
Macht' im Vorübergehen dem Gott, dem der Altar geweiht war,
Eine Verneigung. Er ſieht den Vater in ſinnender Stellung,
An den Altar gelehnt, von dem Arme das Haupt geſtützet,
Sieht ihn entſeelt, das Leben war ſchon aus der Hülle geflohen;
Doch enthält er ſich nicht die kalten Lippen zu küſſen,
Geht dann langſam, die unwillkommene Botſchaft zu bringen.
Milka ſtand mit Debora und Thamar unter dem Vordach.
„Sipha wird in der Hülle von Staub," ſo ſprach er zu ihnen,
„Nicht mehr mit uns den Herrn anrufen; er lebt bei den Vätern,
„Näher bei Gott, und betet ihn an mit Enoch und Lamech.
„Jetzt iſt der Engel des Todes am Altar des Richters begegnet,
„Und ich küßte die Lippen, entſeelt des entwichenen Geiſtes."
O! wie erſchracken die Töchter, des Vaters beraubet, ſie weinten,
Sahen ſtarr in den Himmel, und glaubten, entzückt in Gedanken,
Daß ſie den Pfad ſehn ſchimmern, den ſeine Seele geflogen.
Milka ſchwieg; ſie erwog, mit welchem ſeligern Theile
Sipha'n der Herr begnadigt hätte, wie jetzo Jemima
Seine Stunde der Ankunft im Land der Unſterblichen feirte.
Kerenhapuch lag noch vom Morgenſchlafe gebunden
In der teppichbehangenen Kammer, in blühender Unſchuld,
Gleich den Töchtern von einem nicht ſterblichen Menſchengeſchlechte,
Deſſen erſter Erſchaffner nicht abgefallen, die Kinder
Nicht aus der Art geſchlagen. Mit Zärtlichkeit ſtanden die Schweſtern
Um die Schweſter herum; ihr die Botſchaft des Todes zu bringen,
Daß ihr Vater den Athem des irdiſchen Lebens verhaucht hat,
Kamen die Schweſtern, allein ſie ſah'n ſie ſchlummern und ſchwiegen.
Jetzt erwachte die zärtliche Tochter und ſiehet die Nachricht
In den geſunkenen Mienen, bevor die Lippen ſie ſagen.
„Iſt mein Vater dahin?" ſo ſprach ſie, „und ſoll ich nicht wieder
Durch holdſelige Worte ſein Antlitz erhellen? Ich hätt' ihm
Dieſen Morgen was Liebevolles von Mirza erzählet,
Seinem Liebling, was oft mir unſere Mutter erzählte,
Wie ſie mich ihm an Zügen der Mien' und der Unſchuld des Herzens
Aehnlich fand und mich küßt' und Thränen über uns weinte.
Mirza's Gemüth, ſo ſprach ſie, war edel, die Unſchuld der Augen
Strahlet aus ſeiner Seel' und war ihr lebendiger Abdruck.
Sipha hätte vergnügt an meinen Lippen gehangen,
Munterer wäre ſein Geiſt in die längſt vergangenen Tage
Wieder zurück gewandert und hätte ſie wieder genoſſen.
Aber ich ſoll nicht mehr die verehrungswürdige Miene
Ueber mich hingeneigt, nicht mehr ſehn lächeln. Doch mein iſt
Aller Verluſt: ihn ſelbſt erwarten nicht irdiſche Freuden
In den Hallen des hohen Olympus, und da ich ſo klage,
Kränzt ihm Jemima die Schläfe mit unverwelklichen Blumen;
Oder ihn habe ſein zärtliches Herz zum Zögern geneiget,
Eh' er von uns in die Wohnung der Ueberirdiſchen eilte.
Seliger Schatten, wenn du noch um deine Verlaſſene ſchwebeſt,
Wenn du mich weinen ſiehſt, ſo entflieh' ungeſehen die Thränen
Meinen Augen, und gieb mir nicht eitele Luſt zu umarmen!"

Alſo ſprach ſie entzückt in zärtlichen Schmerzen und ſtreckte
Beide Händ' in die blühende Luft; in der ſanften Betäubung
Glaubt ſie, ſie höre den Geiſt in dem ſäuſelnden Weſte daher wehn.

Jetzo gehn ſie, den Leichnam zum letzten Male zu grüßen
Und den Geruch des Todes zu riechen, der liebliche Düfte
In die Naſe des Lebenden weht, der über den Staub ſteigt.

Sipha hatt' in ein Schweißtuch die ſanften Schmerzen des Todes
Aufgefaßet, Sem nahm es und hüllt' es unter den Leibrock:
„Dieſes ſoll mir," ſo ſprach er, „den letzten Todesſchweiß trocknen.
Aber von ihm iſt der Erd' ein edleres Erbgut geblieben,
Würdig verwahret zu ſein, ſein Lob des göttlichen Wandels

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*) Aus: Die Noachide. Zürich, 1781.

Und ſein Reichthum an Tugend, der an der Seele bereichert.
Laßt uns den köſtlichern Schatz in unſerm Herzen bewahren,
Einen Schatz, den der Roſt nicht nagt, die Zeit nicht verzehret!
Seine Frömmigkeit ſoll vor unſerer Stirn nicht vergehen,
Immer ſoll unſer Ohr ſich zu ihren Ermahnungen neigen."

Alſo Sem. Der fräuliche Chor weint kindliche Thränen
Ueber der Leiche, den Tag nicht eingedenk, Speiſe zu nehmen.
Als die Schatten des Abends die offenen Hügel bedeckten,
Höhlt Sem tief in die Erd' ein Bette zunächſt beim Altare,
Und die Frauen beſtreuen's in ſeiner Tiefe mit Myrten
Und mit Sträuchen von Cinnamomus, er ſenket die Hülle
In das begrabende Bette zum ſtillen Verweſen, ſie warfen
Vielfältig Roſen, Violen und Blüthe von Jasmin darüber.
Dann bedeckt er den Leichnam mit einem Hügel von Erde,
Die er mit Reiſern vom Palmbaum kränzt. Er trat auf das Grabmal
Und da rief er dem Leichname nach: „Ruh' ſanft, o Verlaßner!
In den urſprünglichen Staub gelegt, die langſamen Stunden
[illegible] Nacht von Jahrhunderten durch, bis die ſchöpf'riſche Stimme
Dich in die Felder des irdiſchen Lebens das zweite Mal aufruft!
Eine ſehr lange Nacht zwar nach dem Zeitmaß der Erde,
Doch dem Leibe, der ſchläft, nur eine der kürzeſten Nächte."

Milka war nur mit dem Leibe zugegen, ihr Geiſt war bei Sipha.
Aber die Töchter — ſie ſangen am Grab ſo gegen einander:
„Möchten mir Flügel der Morgenröthe die Schultern bedecken,
Daß ſie entfaltend ich über die Spitzen des göttlichen Berges
Hoch aufflöge, den glänzenden Pfad im Aether zu gehen,
Den der Gottſelige ging, wo ſeine Tritte noch ſchimmern,
Daß ich käm' zu den Bächen, die in den olympiſchen Auen
Unverwelkliche Blumen tränken; da wollt' ich die Blumen
Pflücken und ſie Jemima bringen, dem beſten der Väter
Neue Kränze zu flechten, die ſollte dem beſten der Gatten
Um die unſterblichen Schläfe die beſte der Frauen umwinden!"

„Möchte zur Erde herab der hohe Himmel ſich neigen,
Und ich fände vor mir die Morgenpforten von Jaſpis
Offen und ging' hindurch in die Wohnung der Väter der Menſchen,
Welche der ewige Vater für ſeine Gerechten bereitet;
Wenn ich da meinen Vater bei Gottes Heiligen ſuchte
Und ich fänd' ihn in Abels und Seths und Enochs Geſellſchaft,
Daß ich zu ihren Füßen mich ſetzt' und Hymnen dem Höchſten,
Der ihn in ſeine Wonn' aufnahm, und Jubel ihm ſänge!"

„Möchte der Engel des Tods mit demſelben ſanfteren Pfeile,
Der die Bande des Lebens von unſerm Vater genommen,
Auch die Feſſeln zertrennen, die meinen Geiſt zu dem Staube
Binden, wie wollt' ich dann frei, aus meinem Gefängniß entfliehen,
Ohne die Flügel der Morgenröthe mit eigenen Flügeln
Jeden Himmel des Aethers und Kreis des Olympus durchwandeln,
Bis ich zum Altar der Väter der Menſchen käme, wo Adam
Prieſterlich ſteht, das Rauchfaß in ſeiner Rechten: dann ſollte
Mein Gebet mit dem Weihrauch empor zu dem Throne der Gnade
Fließen, den Herrn zu preiſen, der aus dem irdiſchen Wirbel
Unſern Vater befreit' und in ſeine Seligkeit aufnahm,
Die er auch uns bereitet, wenn unſre Stunde gekommen!
Jetzt noch gebühret es uns, Gott in den Banden des irdiſchen Lebens
Durch den gelaßnen Willen und heiligen Wandel zu preiſen."

Nach vollbrachter Beſtattung, am blaſſen Licht des Kometen
Gingen ſie ſtumm und langſam nach ihrer Hütte; ſie fanden
Noah daſelbſt und Cham und Japhet, willkommene Gäſte,
Ihre gebildeten Brüder, die Wehmuth des Herzens zu lindern.
Sanftes Weinen vermiſchte ſich unter die Worte der Frauen,
Da ſie ſagten, von welchem Geſchäfte ſie kämen. Der Ahnherr
Sagte: „Auch Sipha hat Gott geliebt, der ihn von uns hinnahm,
Ehe die Fluth an die Erde pochte. Die Stund' iſt gekommen,
Die den Erdkreis und alle Geſchöpfe darinnen dahin reißt;
Wir, die leben, wir ſind in unſelige Tage gefallen,
Und ich komme herüber, um euch von dem öden Gebirge
Abzurufen; ihr ſollet, von euern Gatten geleitet,
Mit mir, welchen ungleichen Ort, die Arche bewohnen."

Dann erzählt' er: „Als ich des Mittags, am Fuße der Arche
Sitzend, in meinen Gedanken den Tag des Zornes gedachte,
Sah ich auf, und ſiehe! vor mir ſtand Raphaels Liebe,
Neue Befehle vom Herrn zu uns auf die Erde zu bringen.
Offenbar ſtand er vor mir und red'te den Willen des Herrn mir:
Noah, ſo ſprach er, der Tag des Gerichtes iſt nahe, die Hüter
Sind von dem Paradieſe zurück in den Himmel gegangen;
Andre, die auf die Bewegung der Sphäre zu wachen geſetzt ſind,
Haben Befehl bekommen, die Sorgen nunmehr zu verdoppeln,
Da der Komet der Erde ſich nahet und bald ſie berühret,
Und die eröffneten Urnen mit Fluthen über ſie ausgießt;
Denn in der Abſicht hat Gott ihn dem Erdkreis entgegen geſendet.
Dieſer ſoll nur ſechs Tag' in der Blüthe noch glänzen, die Fluthen
Sollen am ſiebenten Tag zugleich aus des Oceans Tiefen
Und dem Schooß des geſchwänzten Planeten, von beiden Seiten
Ueber das Erdreich fallen und da mit vereinigten Waſſern
Alle Geſchöpfe vertilgen, die über dem Trockenen leben,
Alle, nur nicht dein Haus, und das Vieh, das mit dir in die Arche
Flieht, von der Vorſicht geweiht die vertilgte Welt zu ergänzen.
Sieh die Poſaun', ich nahm ſie drüben im Zeughaus des Himmels,
Wenn du ſie bläſeſt, ſo wird Gevögel und wandelndes Viehe
Und Inſekten zu dir, wie auf deinen Ruf ſich verſammeln,
An der Zahl von jeglicher Art ſo viel als beſtimmt ſind,
Und in der Arche die angewieſenen Zimmer bewohnen,
Friedſam da leben und deiner befehlenden Stimme gehorchen.
Halte denn dich bereit, damit an dem ſiebenten Tage
Dich die ſtürmende Fluth in dem göttlichen Baue geſchirmt ſieht.
Mir iſt die Sorg' empfohlen, die Thüre nach dir zu verſiegeln;
Dann ſoll ich über den einherſchießenden Wellen ſie halten;
Niemals werd' ich von dir weit ſtehn in den Tagen des Zornes.
Eile, ſchon hat der Engel des Todes mit heilendem Wurfſpieß
Sipha's Seele hinauf zu den Heiligen Gottes geſammelt."

„Alſo ſprach er mit Eil' und ſchwang die mächtigen Flügel,
Von dem Schwange der Flügel entſtand weitwehendes Rauſchen,
Wie von brauſenden Winden, er flog hoch über Thamiſta.
Und ich hörte von ferne die Worte der donnernden Stimme:
„„Gott hat, die Wag' in der Hand, auf ſeinem Richtſtuhl geſeſſen,
Eben iſt das Urtheil gefällt: der ſiebente Tag iſt der Strafe,
Daß ſie die Erd' und ihre Bewohner im Waſſer vertilge.
Weh' dem Geſchlecht, vor welchem der Zorn des Ewigen aufgeht!""
Und ich fiel vor dem Gott, der die ebene Wage des Rechts hält,
Auf mein Angeſicht in den Staub zu beten, dann ging ich
Euch im Gebirg zu ſuchen, daß ihr mit mir in die Arche
Ginget, da unſer Leben am Tag des Gerichts zu erretten.
Laßt uns die wenigen Tage, die in den Hütten des Lichtes
Uns zu athmen vergönnt ſind, mit feſtlichen Sitten und Opfern
Und mit Gebeten dem Herrn, der uns verſchonen will, feiern."

Alſo der Ahnherr, er rief mit geſalbten Reden die Ruhe
In die ſchmachtenden Herzen zurück und ſah ſie getröſtet.
Täglich beſucht' er den Sühnaltar mit Morgen- und Abend-
Opfern, er ſaß auf dem Hügel, der Sipha's entſchlafne Gebeine
Deckte, mit Andacht und lobte den Herrn, bei dem er jetzt lebte,
Ueber dem Grabmal. Die Frauen bekränzten's an jeglichem Morgen
Mit Violen und Nelken und neu geöffneten Roſen,
Und die Männer benetzten's mit Wein vom thränenden Palmbaum.
Noah ſagte: „Mir iſt, von Sipha getrennet, die Rechte
Abgeſchnitten, er war der Arm, auf den ich mich ſtützte;
Da ihr, o meine Söhn', ihn nicht mehr habt, ſo tretet
Ihr in die Wege des Edeln und denket und wandelt wie Sipha!"

Unter den ſtillen Sitten verflogen die Tage; den ſechſten
Waren ſie früh geſchürzt, von den blühenden Landen zu ſcheiden.
O wie pochte der Buſen der ſchönen Einwohnerinnen,
Als ſie die Gärten und Blumenbeete zum letzten Mal grüßten,
Ihrer Gedanken Vertrauten, die Zeugen unſchuldiger Freuden!
Wie als wollten ſie etwas davon mit den Augen abziehn,
Hingen mit ernſtem Blick ſie über den blumigen Beeten.
Und wie ein Menſch, im Schiffbruch an eine Klippe geworfen,
Sie mit den Händen umſchlingt und drückt und zitternd daran klebt,
Nicht nachgiebt, wiewohl die Hände, die Knie' und die Füße
Bluten, zerriſſen, vom Sand und Steinen durchſtochen, er hält ſich,
Bis die rückfließende Fluth ihn unerbittlich dahin reißt:
Alſo klebten mit Augen voll Gluth ſie an ihren Geländern
Unbeweglich, ſie weinten unwiderſtehliche Thränen;
Aber ſie riß die höhere Macht des Schickſals von dannen.

Hanach trug in der Linken den Strauß von flammenden Nelken,
Ihren Liebling, dem ſie in tändelnden Stunden den Namen
Salamander gegeben, bei dem ihn die Freunde der Blumen
Immerhin kennen; ſie hatte mit ſeinem Wuchſe geſpielet,
Wo die Natur der Kunſt nichts übrig gelaſſen zu beſſern.
Noah hatt' ihr die Bitte nicht abgeſchlagen, ſie möcht' ihn
Wohl mit ihr in die Arche nehmen; die einzige Blume,
Die ſich am Stock in die folgende Welt hinüber gerettet.
Thamar hatte nichts Schlechteres auf ihre Schultern genommen,
Ihrer Mutter gebalſamte Hülle, das theure Gemälde
Welches in dunkeln Zügen die Miene der Todten bewahrte,
Auch war's Noah zufrieden, ſie mit in die Arche zu nehmen.
Aber Debora, du trugſt zwo ſanft gebogene Rollen
Unter dem rechten Arme, von Blättern des Baumes Papyrus,
Die in die Arche zu retten du nicht Erlaubniß bedurfteſt,
Denn es waren die Pſalmen Eliſas, des Lieblings der Muſe,
Den in den Tagen Enochs der Name des Göttlichen ſchmückte;
Denn er ſang unnachahmlich der Gottheit verborgene Wege,
Welche der Geiſt, der Durchſchauer der Tiefen Gottes, ihn lehrte.
Aber obwohl Debora die Pſalmen des göttlichen Sehers
In der Sündfluth erhielt, ſo ſind ſie für uns doch verloren.
Lange zwar hatten die Enkel Debora's und Sems nach der Sündfluth
Sie in der neuen Welt wie ihren Augapfel bewahret;
Aber bei ihren Enkeln verdarben die Sitten der Väter,
Und mit der Unſchuld verdarb der Geſchmack am Edeln und Hohen,
Weisheit und Künſte, die Frucht der patriarchiſchen Tage.
Damals begruben die Laſter, die ſelbſt den Beſten nicht ſchonen,
Auch die Pſalmen des göttlichen Sängers im Staub der Vergeſſens;
Aber ſie hat ein Geruch hinauf in den Himmel gerettet,
Und da ſingen ſie immer die Engel und ſeligen Väter.
Möchte der Tag nie kommen, der jenen hohen Geſängen,
Die von der Frucht des verbotenen Baums und dem erſten Verbrechen
Singen, den Untergang bringt, die ewig zu dauern verdienen;
Möcht' er nicht kommen, bevor an des zweiten Weltgerichts Abend
Himmel und Erde vergehn! Gewiß den Laſtern der Nachwelt
Soll's nicht gelingen, die höhern Geſänge vom Blute des Bundes,
Vor der Zerſtörung der Erde, dem Untergange zu weihen;
Denn Gott wird ſie der Wuth zu entreißen Eloa befehlen.

Traurig gingen die Schweſtern durch ihre gepflanzeten Gärten,
Welche gleich ſtiller die letzte Sorge der Schweſtern bekannten,
Und jetzt traten ſie in den wilden Schatten, als Hanach
Durch ein unüberwindlich Verlangen genöthigt, plötzlich
Ihren Nelkenſtrauß neben ſich ſtellt' und mit Flügeln am Fuße
Wieder zurück flog, noch einmal die liebſten Geländer zu ſchauen.
Dorten ſenkt ſie mit ſchmerzender Wolluſt auf Beet' und Geländer
Einen langen hartnäckigen Blick und hemmte den Blick nicht,
Bis ihr das Herz ein Bach von Thränen erleichtert; ſie weinte
Laut gen Himmel, dann ſah ſie wieder auf ihre Gelände.
Alſo ſah ich die Freundin, der Bosheit der Hölle die Freundin
Aus der Umarmung riß, zum Sarg der Verſtorbenen fliegen;
Alſo heftete ſie den Blick auf die todte Geliebte,
Weinete laut gen Himmel, mit aufgehobenen Armen;
Plötzlich umfaßt ſie das Haupt ihr mit beiden Händen und küßt es,
Küßt die Augen und küßt die Händ' ihr, die ein' um die andre,
Ruft jetzt ein feſtlich, ein ewig Lebwohl der Blume der Keuſchheit;
Dann verläßt ſie das Haus des Jammers mit fliegendem Fuße,
Und es ſteht da verwaiſt, zum Wurm der Reue verurtheilt.
Hanach flog ſo zurück, und die Gärten ſtanden verwaiſt da.
Und jetzt pochte ihr der Buſen mit leiſeren Schlägen, indem ſie
In dem hinterſten Gliede mit ihrem Vermählten daher ging.

Allgemach öffnete ſich das Herz der geduldigen Frauen,
Neue fröhliche Neigungen einzulaſſen; die Sehnſucht
Wächſt in den zarten Gemüthern, das rettende Haus zu betrachten,
In dem Himmel entworfen; die Wunder des engliſchen Pinſels,
Der auf flachem Getäfel die fernſte Zukunft weiſſaget.
Als ſie vor dem heißen Mittag zu Noah's Hütte gekommen,
Fanden ſie Werke, der menſchlichen Kunſt verwehrt zu erreichen.
Doch wie bequem ſie die Wohnung gleich ſahn, wie ſchön die Verzierung,
Wie ſie die Tafeln mit Farben belebt und mit Mienen voll Seele
Sprechen ſahn, dennoch konnten ſie nicht dem Kummer gebieten,
Daß er nicht ſeufzt'. Und als die Nacht von der Erden herauf ſtieg,
Flogen um ihre Stirne Phantomen in fremden Geſtalten,
Von zweideutiger Mien' und plötzlich wechſelnder Farbe;
Banges Erwarten des Tages, mit Furcht gemiſchtes Vertrauen
Pochten durch ihren Buſen und ſtörten die Stille der Ruhe.

Jetzt warf über den öſtlichen Berg der ſiebente Morgen
Seinen dämmernden Tag, den Vollſtrecker ſchwerer Gerichte.
Noah war ſchon gegangen, den Morgenweihrauch nicht ſparſam
Auf den Altar zu ſtreuen: den er ſelbſt unter dem Palmbaum
Baute, wo er die Säume von Gott geſehen und lebte.
Aber die kleine menſchliche Schaar, die zum Leben beſtimmt war,
Ging in die Grotte hinab, wo mit lebender Wärme die Waſſer
Aus dem Abgrunde quellen. Nachdem ſie die Glieder gebadet,
Hieß die Stunde ſie eilen, nicht länger war ihnen vergönnet
Sich zu ſäumen, ſie gingen mit langſamem Schritt in die Arche,
Wie in ein Grab, das ſie von dem Lande der Irdiſchen abſchnitt.
Aber der Vater Noah ſtand unten am Fuße der Brücke,
Die von der Erde bis an die Thür in der Mitte hinauf ſtieg,
Mit der Poſaune bewaffnet, die ihm der Engel gegeben,
Die ſonſt Engel nur bließen. Von göttlichem Athem erfüllet,
Blies der göttliche Mann den leichteſten Hauch in das Silber
Drei Mal in drei Abſätzen; ein hoher, feſtlicher Ton floß
Aus dem Metalle, der Berg ertönt in den Höhen und Gründen.
Groß iſt die Kraft der Poſaun'; auf ihren ſchwellenden Tönen
Hob ſich die Seele beflügelt mit heiligen Flammen gen Himmel.
Wie die Andacht von göttlichen Hymnen mit himmliſchem Feuer
In die Gemüther blitzt und große Gedanken hervorruft,
Alſo ſtrahlte der göttliche Schall in die Seelen der Menſchen.
Wie zu Geſichten entzückt, mit ſanft geſchwollenen Muskeln,
Jeder Geſichtszug erhöht, voll andächtigen, milderen Feuers,
Sangen ſie in antwortenden Strophen den Richter und Retter
Gegen einander; wie wird das Ende des gottloſen Manns ſein!
Unter den Wegen, worauf er geht, iſt ein Fallſtrick geleget,
Sieh, er verſtrickt das Netze ſich ſelbſt um die irrenden Füße.
Furcht umgiebt ihn, ihm ſtehen Verzweiflung und Angſt an der Seite;
Ihn verſchlinget ein Meer, das in tiefen Kammern ſo ſtill lag;
Wider ihn wird die Höhe ſich ſenken, die Tiefe ſich heben;
Seiner Blüthen erfreut ſich der Tod, ſein erſter Geborner
Fällt vor ihm in die Grub', er ſoll nicht Enkel, noch Sohn ſehn
Unter den künftigen Menſchen, ſein Name wird nimmer erwähnet;
Die ihn vormals geſehen, die werden fragen: wo iſt er?
Er vergeht wie ein Traum, wie nächtliche Dünſte verſchwinden.
Alſo wird es dem gehn, der Gott den Richter verkennet;
Aber der wird nicht vergehen, der auf den Heiland vertrauet,
Der ſich zu Gott dem Vorſehenden hält, den wird er erretten;
Jede Plage wird er von ihm entfernen, er wird ihm
Ueber der rinnenden Fluth ein Haus, das nicht wanket, erbauen.
Aber er würd' auf den Retter, ob er ihn tödtete, hoffen,
Auf den Heiland, der mitten im Strafen der Güte gedenket.

Alle die Zeit, ſo lang die Poſaune den himmliſchen Laut blies,
Standen die Menſchen in hohes Gefühl zerfloſſen und ſangen.
Als ſie nicht weiter blies, ſo ſahn ſie ein ſeltenes Wunder:
Vögel und Vieh und Würmer, von allen lebenden, kamen,
Einige ſieben und ſieben, in Paaren andre, ſie kamen
Alle vom Berg, gehorſam dem ehernen Schall auf den Flügeln
Oder den Schenkeln; vom flachen Land kam keines; die Vögel
Ließen ſich vor der Brücke zur Erde nieder, ſie gingen
Unterrichtet von Gott in die Arch' in ſittlicher Ordnung,
Auch die Geſchlechte der Würmer, daß nicht ein einziges fehlte.
Da ſie vor Noah die Trepp' aufgingen, zählt' er die Haufen,
Jegliches Volk, mit ſeinen Geſchlechten und Arten. Erzähle,
Muſe der erſten Erde, wer waren die Erdegebückten,
Die von jedem Hügel des Paradieſes, von jedem
Grund und Plan in die Arche gingen, ihr Leben zu retten!
Ihrer waren von jeder Gattung, von allen Geſtalten,
Allen Farben, von ſanften Sitten, von wildem Gemüthe,
Menſchenvertraut' und feindliche Thiere; mit Haaren, mit Wolle,
Andre mit Federn, mit hautigen Falten; erwähne derſelben
Einiger nur: des Tigers, den Stärke, Schnelligkeit, Tücke
Furchtbar machen; ſein trotziger Gang, die funkelnden Augen
Sprechen tyranniſche Hoheit, ihn ehren Provinzen und Völker
Als den Fürſten, der über die Thiere zu herrſchen gebohren ſei:
Kleiner und nicht ſo ſchnell, doch blutbegieriger und wilder
Geht der Pardel nach ihm; zwo Arten Bären nach dieſem,
Einer, der ſich, wiewohl im wärmſten Pelze gekleidet,
Vor dem Froſte verbirgt, wenn die lauen Lüfte die Erde
Wieder erwärmen, hervor dann geht die Nahrung zu ſuchen,
Der er nach langem Faſten nicht mehr entbehret, dem Eber
An Geſtalt nicht unähnlich. Ein ungeheurer der andre,
Vor ihm zittert der Menſch zurück, Weiß iſt ſein Körper,

Lang der Kopf, hochſchenklicht die Bein': auf den zottigen Haaren
Sitzen Flecken geſtreut, hier weiß, da roth, ihn erblickt man
Oft, daß er Fichten fället und ſie in Planken zerſpaltet;
Ungeſellig vor Wildheit, man ſieht ihn nimmer gepaaret.
Laßt mich das Pferd nicht ſchweigen, von ſchönem Anblick, wir ſehen's
Ueber die Aehren im Kornfeld ſpringen, auf bergichten Höhen
Klimmen, herab in die Thäler ſteigen, jetzt treten, dann traben,
Aus dem Athem ſich rennen, dann ruh'n; es ſpielet im Graſe
Mit dem Weſtwind, oder es läuft mit ihm in die Wette;
Weder das Reh noch der Dammhirſch haben die Flügel am Schenkel.
Aber gedenk' auch anderer von mehrerm Nutzen dem Menſchen,
Unſerer Hausgenoſſen, die mitten bei uns in den Hütten
Wohnen, die wir bewohnen; das Feld uns bauen, uns nähren,
Die uns kleiden, bewachen, auf Reiſen die Seit' uns bedecken;
Doch wer kennt nicht das Vieh, der Wirthſchaft Gehülfen, die Schafe
Und die Ziegen, die Stiere, die Hunde, die zahmen Kameele?
Jetzt gedenk' ich des Volkes der Luft mit Flügeln begabet,
Und zuerſt des Faſans, doch geb' ich ihm nicht den Vorzug
Wegen der ſchönen Federn, ich lobe das niedliche Fleiſch mehr;
Noch mehr preiſt ihn der Waidmann, der ſüßen Luſtbarkeit wegen,
Die ihm ſein Fang verſchafft. Ein höheres Lob iſt der Vögel
Von dem koniſchen Schnabel, der Anverwandte des Sperlings,
Daß ſie das Waldorcheſter verſehen mit lieblichen Sängern.

Folgt das Geſchlecht, ſo die Fluth mit der häutigen Klaue durchwandelt.
Einige ſtehn hoch auf den Füßen, entblößt bis zu'n Schenkeln.
Viele ſtreichen nicht hoch von der Erde; mit mächtigem Fluge
Schwingen viel' andre ſich in den Himmel der Wolken; die wohnen
An den Geſtaden, und andr' in Forſten, zu welchen die Sonne
Nicht durchdringt; in felſichten Bergen, auf welchen kein Strauch wächſt,
Andre .... doch ich enthalte mich ihre Namen zu nennen.

Jeglicher Trupp fand darinnen ununterrichtet ſein Zimmer,
Freunde zu Freunden, Verwandte zu ihren Verwandten gelagert,
Alle freundſchaftlich und ſittſam, die rohen Sitten bezähmte
Ihre gemeinſame Noth, und noch mehr die Stimme des Retters,
Der in ihre Gemüther den erſten Frieden zurückrief.
Denn der mörderiſche Krieg war nach dem Abfall des Menſchen
Bis in den Garten der Unſchuld gekommen, die mächtigen Thiere
Würgten die ſchwachen und aßen das Fleiſch der todten und kranken
Warm ihr Blut. Alſo nagt unter den Söhnen der Menſchen
Auch der wilde Karibe die fleiſchichten Knochen der Menſchen,
Die er im Feld' erſchlug: nur die wohlgeſitteten Völker
Sind mit dem Tode der Umgebrachten zufrieden und gönnen
Ihnen ein dunkles Grab. Mit dem Menſchen betrug das Gewild ſich
Friedlich, ſie ſcheuten den Glanz der denkenden Augen: ſie hatten,
Jetzt in der Arche beſchloſſen, für ihn die Triebe der Ehrfurcht,
Die ſie für Adams Befehle gehabt, eh' Adam gefallen.

Als die Arche die Thier' in ihre Zimmer genommen,
Stieg der Prophet zuletzt hinein; dann warf er die Brück' ab,
Aber die Thüre verſchloß mit dem goldenen Siegel der Seraph.
Japhet hatte mit ernſten Gedanken die Menge der Thiere,
Ihre verſchiedne Geſtalt, den Wohlklang der Glieder betrachtet.
Als jetzt jedes Geſchlecht ſein eigenes Zimmer bewohnte,
Brach er ſein denkendes Schweigen und ſprach: „in welches Erſtaunen
Sinket mein Geiſt, wenn ich die ſchöpferiſche Weisheit erwäge,
Wie ſie in jeder Veränderung dem Ebenmaße getreu bleibt,
Wie das ewige Maas mit Zirkel, mit Cubus, mit Sphäre,
Jeden Theil mit dem Ganzen in nettem Wohlklang verbindet:
Eine vollkommene Kette zuſammenfließender Glieder!
Wunder mit Wunder verknüpft, die vielfältigen Mengen entfernen
Durch den ſtilleſten Schritt ſich unvermerkt unter einander;
Aber ſie nähern einander auch mittelſt der feineſten Bande,
Arten der Arten, Geſchlecht dem Geſchlecht und Reiche den Reichen:
Eine harmoniſche Leiter der mannichfaltigſten Weſen!
Welche Weite, vom Pferde zum Vogel, vom Vogel zum Wurme!
Doch iſt jedes ein Glied die Kette vollkommen zu machen.
Noch iſt die Kunſt nicht erſchöpft, und immer wächſt mein Erſtaunen,
Wenn ich Handlung und Sitten in ihrem Betragen betrachte,
Die inwendig Gefühl und herrſchende Triebe verrathen;
Wenn mit Stolz der Pfau ſein Rad ausbreitet, vom Schalle
Aufgeweckt das Pferd mit jeglichem Gliedmaße horchet;
Wenn ſich die Hund' einander mit froher Geberde begrüßen.
Aber wie ſehr die Neigungen jeglicher Art ſich entfernen,
Fehlt es doch keiner an nöthigem Werkzeug, die Triebe zu ſtillen.
Gottes Kunſtwerk verlangt kein fremdes Gewicht ſich zu heben,
Noch die verbeſſernde Hand; es erſetzt durch ſich ſelber den Abgang.
Zwar ſind ſie nicht auf ewig gemacht, ſie gehen zu Grunde,
Wenn das verordnete Ziel der urſprünglichen Anlag' erfüllt iſt.
Da die Geſchöpfe mit mir in einem Raume verwahrt ſind,
Seh' ich mich in der Natur Kunſtkammer ſitzen, hier werd' ich
Nimmer den Tag beſtrafen, er fliehe zu träge vorüber,
Wo dem geſchäftigen Geiſt mit immer neuer Entdeckung,
Ueber der Fluth, die um mich herum die Erde bedecket,
Solche Reihen von Stufen des Lebens zu ſchauen vergönnt iſt.
O wer die Werke des Schöpfers ſo ſieht und ſie mit Gefühl ſieht,
Der beſpricht ſich mit Gott, und er lernet Gottes Gedanken!“
Alſo ſprach er, ihn hörten die Menſchen und waren zufried'ner

Unterdeß war die Sonne bis nahe zum Abend geſunken,
Noch war am ſtillen Licht der Tag den vorigen Tagen,
Seinen ſanftfließenden Brüdern, in allem ähnlich geblieben;
Aſur war ſelbigen Tag durch die Flucht der Sündfluth entflohen.
Aber die Zonen, die jenſeits die Kugel der Erden umgürten,
Hatte die ſtrafende Hand am frühen Morgen getroffen;
Denn allda war der Stern in ſeinem Laufe zur Sonne
Im Durchſchneiden der Erdbahn, zuerſt der Erde begegnet.
Damals war jene Hälfte der Erd' unglücklich genöthigt,
Nicht nur die Pyramide des neblichten Schweifs zu durchwandeln,
Sondern die Ufer der Atmoſphäre des Sterns zu betreten.
Etliche lange Stunden war ſie geplagt mit dem Durchzug,
Da mit ſeinen Dünſten ſie rang, geſchüttelt ward und zuckte.
Wunder geſchahen am Himmel und Wunder hier unten am Erdkreis;
Muſe, du haſt ſie geſehen, und kannſt ſie mir ſagen, entfalte
Deine Geſichte vor mir; wiewohl es die traurigſten waren,
Eine verwüſtete Welt, doch horch' ich, verſenkt in Erwartung,
Ungeſagte Geſchichten von dir zu hören! — Vergebens
Sah des Morgens der Menſch dem kommenden Tage entgegen,
Statt des erwarteten Lichts ſtand über dem öſtlichen Himmel
Nächtlicher Nebel, der über die Gürtel der liegenden Erde,
Seinen Mantel verbreitend, das Licht der Sonne nicht durchließ;
Unter ihm lagen in falber Nacht das Meer und die Erde.
Was für Vulkangebirg' in dem fremden Sterne ſonſt flammten,
Waren erloſchen und ſtreuten für Licht nur Dampf auf die Erde.
Um ihn hing ein Gezelt, gewebt von ſalpetriſchem Geiſte,
Von da floß der Geruch bis zur Erd' in die Naſe der Menſchen.
Furchtſam ſchwebte der Mond im Weſten, der Spiegel der Sonne,
Damals mit voller Scheibe vom ſonnegeborgten Lichte,
Für ſich ſelber beſorgt bei dem Kampfe der ſtärkern Planeten,
Daß ſie ihn nicht ergriffen. Die Dünſte des Sterns und der Erde
Bildeten wilde Geſichte, den Tod in tauſend Geſtalten,
Säbel und Pfeil, und Wagen mit Senſen, und Bahren und Leichen.
Ueber der Luft und dem Land ſaß taub und unglückweiſſagend
Fürchterlich Schweigen: ſo ſitzt es hinter der bleiernen Pforte,
Wo der Engel des Todes den Stab hält. Eindringende Kälte
Zeugt' in dem warmen Klima den Winter; die Thiere des Feldes
Rochen den Tod, der über ſie ſchwebt, und heulten gen Himmel.
Aengſtlich reckten dieſe den feurigen Kopf aus der Höhle,
Andere lieſen die Läng' und die Quer; jetzt vorwärts dann rückwärts,
Ohne Ruhe; noch andere drängten ſich dicht an einander.
Als der Komet den Gränzen der Erde ſo nahe gekommen,
Daß er kaum einen Durchſchnitt von ihrer Kugel entfernt flog,
Sieh', da verließen die Waſſer des Oceans ihre Geſtade,
Hoben den Rücken empor und ſchwollen gegen den Stern auf.
Denn ſie zog der Komet, indem er über dem Erdball
Fürchterlich hing. Alſo ſtand über Iſcharioths Haupte
Satan, in ſein Gehirn den Verrath der Unſchuld zu hauchen,
Lange ſchon ſtreifte die Atmoſphäre des fremden Geſtirnes
An die Gränzen der Erde, die beiden vermengten ſich kreuzend,
Seltſam verflochten: mit Arbeit und Müh' rang Stern und Erdball
Einen Pfad durch den andern, damit er unaufgehalten
Seinen verordneten Kreis in des Aethers Gefilden vollbrächte.
Alſo umſchlangen ſich einſt auf der Spartiſchen Kampfſtatt die Ringer,
Bruſt an Bruſt, und Schenkel um Schenkel; die Leiber der Beiden,

Glaubte man, wären zuſammen in einen Körper gewachſen.
Heftig zogen, und wurden Komet und Erde gezogen,
Zwar mit verborgener Macht, allein mit empfindlichen Wehen.
Von den atlantiſchen Schultern der Erde zur innerſten Höhle,
Fühlte ſie nicht gewöhnliches Zucken, von Schmerzen gebeuget
Sanken die Schultern zur Bruſt; der tief verwahreten Meere
Brachen die Riegel und flüchteten über die Breiten der Erde,
Durch und durch bebte die Erde, gerührt von fiebriſchen Stößen.
Alſo bebte ſie nicht, wie in unglückſeliger Stunde
Eva die Hand ausſtreckte, die Frucht von dem Baume zu ſtehlen,
Und die Erde die Wund' empfand, und um und um Zeichen
Ihrer Empfindung gab, daß alles verloren gegangen.
Von der Gewalt im Grund unwiderſtehlich erſchüttert,
Fielen die Thürme zu Trümmern, die Tempel und hohen Paläſte,
Hügel ſanken auf Hügel, und Klippen ſtießen an Klippen.
Als die Planeten ſo kämpften, zerriß der Dunſtball des Schweifſterns;
Seiten wie vergebürgte Geſtad' entſchlüpften zur Erde,
Wanden ſich um ſich herum in ſchwarzen weitſichten Schläuchen
Voll Gewäſſers, die Mündung mit ſchwachen Banden beſchloſſen.
Niemals zuvor noch hernach hing ſolcher eiſerner Himmel
Ueber dem Land', auch nicht als Veſuvs Mauern von Rauche,
Unterirdiſchen Dampf, mit Todtenkrügen umwunden
Ueber dem Tempel der marmornen Heraklea geweihet.
Eine Nacht hing über der andern an ehernen Ketten,
Schwärzere Schatten, als welche ſich über Cimmerien hängen,
Oder als unter den Vorgebirgen im Himmel ſich häuften,
Da der Engliſche Krieger, aus ihren Wurzeln geriſſen
Und den Boden hinaufgekehrt, ſie hoch in der Hand trug,
Unter dem Schutte das neuerfundne Geſchoß zu begraben.
Oefters erhellte die tödtlichen Schatten ein ſchlängelndes Blitzen,
Breit wie ein Strom und kreuzend vom Aufgang zum Untergang, Donner
Brüllten mit ſchmetternder Stimm' und unter die Stimme des Donners
Heulte Verzweiflung. Der Tod war in allen Geſtalten vorhanden;
Hing in der Luft und wühlt' in der Erd' und ſtürmte vom Meer her;
Wo man hinſah, da droht' allgegenwärtig ſein Antlitz.
Aber jetzt riſſen die Bande der Wolken, die Urnen und Schläuche
Thaten ſich auf und goſſen kometiſche Meere hinunter,
Wen nicht die Erde begrub, den ergriff die Fluth, o ſie ſchleppte
Unerbittlich zum Tod Nationen von Menſchen und Thieren.
Von der gehörnten Fluth geſpart, auf Berge geflohen
Standen da blaſſe Schaaren, den Tod nur länger zu ſchmecken,
Keuchten nach Luft und umſchlangen mit beiden Armen die Bäume,
Eine Friſt von drei Athemzügen vom Tod zu gewinnen.
Ueber ſie rauſchte die Fluth mit Rieſenſchritten, nicht müde,
Bis ſie die Erde durchwandert hatte von Pole zu Pole.
Ach, ſie erhaſchte die Sünder in ihrer ſicherſten Stunde,
Eingeſchläfert, im Schwindel der Lüſt' und des Unſinns begraben,
Denn ſie kam wie ein Feind, der in der Mitternacht einbricht.

Als in Chus Magogs Blut durch ſeinen Tempel geronnen,
Folgt' ihm Arares durch's Erbrecht, der unter den Frauen erzogen
Von dem Reiche zuvor nichts mehr als den Serail geſehen.
Tokor herrſcht' und tränkte das Schwert mit dem Blute der Beſten;
Weder der rothe Komet, der täglich feuriger blitzte,
Noch die Stimme, die donnernd den Tag des Zornes weiſſagte,
Stillten bei ihm die Luſt des Mordens, er wußte nichts Schöners
Als ein Antlitz mit Jammer, mit Zügen des Todes gezeichnet.
Aber ein Funke der Glut, die in dem Himmel entzünd't wird,
Hatte Lamechs Söhn' ergriffen, das Leben verachtend
Krochen ſie aus der Höhle hervor, in den Gaſſen von Beder
Laut die verkannte Wahrheit zu rufen, der Vater der Menſchen
Hätte ſie nicht zu Sklaven des Säbels beſtimmet, die Freiheit
Wär' ihr Erbgut, und nur der Feige zum Knechte geboren.
Tokor befahl die Empörer an's Holz des Kreuzes zu nageln.
Als er herabſah, den Grimm an dem Tod der Großmuth zu weiden,
Fielen die Pfeiler der Erd' und zogen ihn unter den Abgrund.
Beder ward von der kommenden Fluth verſchwemmet, ſie war jetzt
Keine Stadt mehr, der Tod war in ihre Paläſte gedrungen.

Anais theilt' in dem thörichten Wahn mit Asbod die Ehre,
Näher der Gottheit, den Ruhm durch Mord und Meineid erwerben.
Anais ſtarb, er nahm auf den Thron zween Zwillinge zu ſich;
„Wie drei Winkel,“ ſo ſprach er, „das Dreieck krönen, ſo ſollen
Auf dem Throne des edelſten Volks drei Könige ſitzen.“
Aber die Zwietracht beſtieg den Thron mit ihnen, ſie zogen
Gegen einander in's Feld; mit Helmen vertauſchten die Prieſter.
Da der Komet am Himmel hinaufſtieg, ſagten ſie, Seuchen
Lägen in ſeinem Schweif; er würd' ihn nach kurzem entfalten,
Seinen verſchloſſenen Gift auf ihre Gegner zu gießen.
Aber die Fluth ſchleppt' ihn und ſeine dreihäuptige Herrſchaft
Unter den Golfe des Abgrunds; die beiden Sekten, die Gott goß
Und die ſein Bildniß zerbrach, verdarben zuſammen im Waſſer.

Sichar hatt' in der Schlange das Herz zum Schöpfer gewendet,
Flehte gen Himmel; der Richter erbarmte ſich ſeiner, er nahm ihm
Wieder die Schlangengeſtalt, das göttliche Menſchenantlitz
Trat in die Stelle der ſchlüpfrigen Köpf', er ſah mit dem Haupte
Aufgerichtet gen Himmel; jetzt ſtand er auf menſchlichen Füßen.
Aber der Natter entflohn, gedacht' er nicht mehr an den Engel,
Der in das Vieh ihn ſtieß, noch an den, der ihn wieder erhöhte;
Wälzt' in den Lüſten ſich wieder, die ihn zum Viehe verſenkten,
Da erhaſcht' ihn die Fluth in dem Schooß unflätiger Laſter,
Seine Orcheſter mit ihm, und ſeine Gärten der Wolluſt.

Selima hatte Jarmut zum Tempel der Erde geweihet,
Dahin kamen auf ſeine Feſte die Völker der Ebnen,
Die an dem Piſon liegen, den einzigen Gott zu bekennen,
Und den geſandten Propheten, der auf der Schneide des Schwertes
Ihnen das neue Geſetz gebracht, ihr Prophet und Beherrſcher.
Sua war der Vertraute bei ſeinem Betruge geweſen;
Mit ihm that er die Wunder, verbarg in die Spalten des Felſens
Eine Kamelin, und als der Prophet geboten, der Felſen
Sollte ſein Zeugniß ihm geben und eine Kamelin gebähren,
Sprang ſie, von Sua belehrt, her durch die Spalten des Felſens.
Aber als Selima Aſa vergiftet, ſo fluchete Sua
Aſa's Mörder in ſeinem Herzen; er liebte den Jüngling,
Wie er ſein Eingeweid' liebt', er entdeckt in den Hallen des Tempels
Selima's Falſchheit vor allem Volk und den Aelt'ſten des Volkes;
Und er machte ſie wanken in ihrem thörichten Glauben.
Aber der Künſtler der Liſt blies durch verborgene Röhren
Unter die Rotte Feuer, die Aufruhr wider ihn redte;
Feuer, ſo ſagte der Lügner, womit die Keile des Donners
Zugeſpitzt ſind, ihm hätt' es ein Engel gebracht, unauslöſchlich,
Alle zu tödten, die ſeine Sendung zu ſchmähn ſich erkühnten.
Indem daß er das Feuer noch blies und Heere verſengte,
Spalteten die Brunnen der Tief' und ſpieen Meere,
Die ihn mit ſeinem Geſchütz und ſeinen Empörten verſchlangen.

Alle, die an dem Geſtade des weinvollen Damna die Tänze
Leiteten, oder die Blüthe des jungen Lebens verküßten,
Oder von ſtarkem Getränk erſchüttert die raſende Freude
Ueber die höchſten Paläſte aufjauchzten, verdarben im Waſſer.
Welten verhärteter Sünder, Verleugner Gottes verdarben
In den Waſſern, mit ihnen ereilten die ſtrafenden Wogen
Auch die wenigen Frommen, die in unſeligen Tagen
Aufrecht ſtanden und Gott nicht unter den Göttern verkannten.
Aber auf ſie war das Antlitz des ewigen Vaters gerichtet,
Und von ihnen nicht abgewendet, wiewohl er es zuließ,
Daß die vertilgende Fluth ſie mit den Sündern ergriffe.
Denn die Tugend entreißt die Beſten der Menſchen dem Tod nicht,
Ihrer wartet ein edlerer Lohn als das irdiſche Leben.
Dieſe hatten kein Opfer dem Fürſten der Hölle geſchlachtet
Und nicht im blinden Schickſal die ewige Weisheit verloren,
Oder das Knie vor Göttern gebogen, der Arbeit des Hammers,
Oder vor niedrigern Götzen, den ſeelenverläugnenden Lüſten;
Gottes Abſicht getreu und ihren unſterblichen Seelen,
Durch das Beiſpiel der Menge nicht hingeriſſen zum Abfall,
Einzig beſorgt vor dem Angeſicht Gottes gerecht zu erſcheinen;
Tapfer genug für die Wahrheit, Gelächter und Haß zu ertragen,
Haß der Prieſter, der tödtender als der Könige Haß iſt.
Einige waren bei ihnen von Jareds gefallenen Enkeln,
Die, von dem rothen Stern in ihrem Gewiſſen geängſtigt,
Spät die zertretenen Spuren der großen Verheißung erfriſchten,
Auf zu Gott ſahen und mit zerknirſchten Herzen ihm flehten.
Aber ich will die Namen von etlichen nennen, die Namen
Sind in das Buch des Lebens mit göttlichen Lettern geſchrieben,
Und ſie hat die Muſe von Sion da glänzen geſehen.

Thirza, ein arbeitſam Weib, durchſchlief' ihr Leben mit Spinnen,
Um ſie her ſtanden ſechs Kinder, den kleinen Gewinn zu genießen,
Arm und gerecht; als ſie mit Sorgfalt das Wollengeſpinnſt wägt',
Bis in der Luft leichtſchwebend die ruhende Stange der Wage
Jegliche Schaal' gleich hielt und keine leichter hinaufſtieg,
Wankte die Erd' und ein fallendes Dach bedeckte die [illegible].

Haſem ſchien für Semira geboren, ihr Hang nach der Tugend
Und ihr Geſchmack am Schönen verſprachen ihm güldene Tage;
Aber ſie hatt' ihr Vater ſchon einem andern gegeben.
Liebe zu ihr ließ ihn der ſchmerzenden Sehnſucht zum Raube;
Hätt' er ſie nicht geflohn, ſo wäre die Liebe gewachſen,
Nicht mit geringer Gefahr für ſeine Tugend; er ſahe
Seine Geliebte nicht mehr und riß ſein Herz vom Verderben.
Einſam ſtand er, auf einen der höhern Hügel gerettet,
Sah in die wachſenden Meere mit Leichen beſtreuet; ein Mädchen
Schwamm an ſeine Geſtad', es war die geliebte Semira.
Haſem erkennt ſie und weint laut auf, ſie öffnet die Augen
Und erkennt ihn und ruft und breitet die Arme nach ihm aus,
Und er faßt ſie mitleidig in ſeinen Arm, doch die Fluthen
Rauſchen einher und begraben die ſich umarmenden Beide.

Eliphas waren von Omar dreihundert Pfunde vertrauet,
Daß er ſie Helim liefert; es war kein Zeuge gerufen,
Kein Denkzeichen gegeben, und Helim war Eliphas Todfeind,
Königlich Helims Schätz', er ruht auf dem Sopha der Wolluſt;
Eliphas ſeufzet' im Elend der Armuth; dreihundert Pfunde
Hätten ihn aus dem Schooße des Elends geriſſen, und Niemand
Hätte den Raub gewußt: doch Eliphas gab ſie dem Helim.

Caleb hatt' ein ſo lebhaft Gefühl von der Güte des Schöpfers,
Daß er den Himmel nie bat von ihm das Unglück zu wenden,
Ob es ihn gleich in der Unſchuld des reinſten Wandels verfolgte.
„Elend,“ ſo ſprach er, „das ohne Verſchuldung kömmt, iſt nicht Elend.
Nein, es iſt Glück, und glücklich der Mann, zu dem es geſandt iſt.“
Weder Gefühl von dem Rechten, noch von der vorſehenden Güte
Hemmten den Lauf der Wellen, die ſtürmend kamen, ſie faßten
Caleb und Eliphas an und riſſen ſie unter den Abgrund.

Zalmon, ein Sklav, in der Blüthe der Jugend, verſchmähte die Küſſe,
Welche Lippen mit Nelkengeruch umfloſſen ihm boten,
Denn er ehrte das ehliche Bette; die ſchamloſe Schöne
War vermählet mit ſeinem Herrn, dem härteſten Herren.
Drei Mal hatt' er ſich ſchon aus den geilen Armen entriſſen;
Da ihn gebunden ſie mit garſtigen Küſſen bedeckte,
Rauſchten die Waſſer einher: er dankte den rettenden Fluthen.

Helez und Ada, ſie ſahn den liebenswürdigſten Knaben,
An den Brüſten der Tugend geſäugt, zum Himmel ſich ſchwingen,
Zerha war wie ein ſchattender Baum am Brunnen gepflanzet,
Deſſen Aeſte hoch über der Quelle den Schatten verbreiten,
In der Blüthe des Lebens ſchon reif mit Früchten des Alters;
In ihm hauchte der göttliche Geiſt; ſie hofften, er würde
Seine Jahr' in die Tage des Weibesſamens erſtrecken,
Daß er im Fleiſch ihm dient' und die Riemen der Schuh ihm entſtrickte.
Aber die Hoffnung, die Blüthe, zerſchnitt die Senſe des Todes.
Als ſie an ſeinem Grab um ihn weinten, ſo that ſich die Erd' auf
Und entdeckte den Todten, und riß ſie zu ihrem Beweinten.

Sobal hatte die Hälfte von ſeinen Schätzen verbrauchet,
Vater des frommen Gaſtrechts, den Fremdling, der Freunde Beraubten
Nahm er unter ſein Zelt, wenn die Winde vom Aufgange wehten:
Ihn erkannte der Mangel für den, der den Mangel erwürgte.
Da entwandten ihm Räuber die andere Hälfte der Habe.
„Mir nicht,“ ſo ſprach er, „nicht mir, ſie haben den Fremden und Armen
Ihre Speiſe geraubt.“ Ihn dünkte ſein Leben beſchwerlich,
Da er ihnen nichts mehr zu geben hatte. Die Fluth kam,
Sobal ſahe ſie kommen und dankte den Fluthen. Auch Huſan
Du auch, die Ehre der guten Natur, die Freude der Engel,
Fandeſt den Tod in der Fluth, du vergabſt am Abend das Unrecht,
Daß nach dem widrigen Tag ein angenehmerer folgte,
Denn wie ein Heiltrank war verzeihen dir, du rächteſt mit Wohlthun.

Nathan war bei dem Wild erzogen, ſein ſinnliches Volk war
Gut, wenn das Blut nicht ſchäumt', aus Schwachheit ſanft wie das Liebe.
Aber er hatt' ein Gefühl, die Reize der Tugend zu fühlen,
Und er liebte das, was er ſo reizend fühlte: „Wie ſelig,“
Sprach er, „bin ich, daß ich die Schönheit der Tugend erblicke
Und die Anmuth empfinde, womit ſie die Seele beſeligt!
Aber mir ahnt noch höhere Wolluſt, die Quelle zu lieben,
Von der dieſes Gefühl in meinen Buſen herabfloß.
Das iſt Der, von welchem ein jeder Laut, den die Luft wiegt,
Meinen Ohren verkündigt, von dem ein jegliches Stäubchen
Etwas zu meinen Augen gleich einem Spiegel zurückſchlägt:
Aber in Nacht verhüllt. Wie fürcht' ich, ein thörichter Mißtritt
Hat von mir ſein Antlitz entfernt, er hat ſich verborgen,
Und ich tappe, von ihm unerleuchtet, in ewigen Schatten!
Wüßt' ich den Geiſt, der ſein Angeſicht ſah, der nahe bei ihm lebt,
O wie wollt' ich ihn flehn, damit er mir mehr von ihm ſagte,
Und die Welten verſchlänge, die zwiſchen Gott und mir liegen.
Wenn erſt der hindernde Staub von meinem Geiſte gewälzt wird,
Möchte, was ſo ihn ſucht, ſo verlangt, noch immerhin leben,
Und von ihm heller beſtrahlt, mit beſſern Augen entdecken,
Wie er von mir geliebt, wie er angebetet ſein wolle.“
Alſo hofft' er, die Fluth entriß ihn dem Staube. — Kleinmüthig
Bog Amraphel das Knie vor Göttern von Erz, denn er ſcheute
Elend und Tod, ſonſt ging er die Wege der Tugend und weinte
Sitzend im Staub und flehte den Gott der Götter um Gnade;
Sitzend im Staub, von dem Richter erhört, ereilten die Meer' ihn.
In dem geſtadloſen Meer, mit den Leichen der Sünder vermiſchet,
Schwammen die Körper der Edlen, zur Seite der Thiere des Feldes.
Alles Fleiſch, das ſich von der ſpeiſetragenden Erde
Nähret, verfolgte der Tod weitherrſchend von Zone zu Zone.
O wie war die Geſtalt des Landes verkehrt, wie verwandelt!
Wo nur jüngſt noch der Lenz in ſeinem blumichten Kleide
Zwiſchen der duftenden Roſ' und dem Liede der Nachtigall lachte,
Schmachtet' er unter den Banden, womit die Fluth ihn gebunden.
Schwefelichte Dämpfe von finſtern und groben Erzen des Abgrunds
Flogen empor und miſchten mit Gift die Luft und das Waſſer.
Unterdeß floh der Komet, und rühmt', ihm hätte die Erde
Nichts als die äußerſten Ecken der Dunſtgebirge genommen.

Jacob Böhme.

Dieſer in vielfacher Hinſicht merkwürdige Mann ward am 14. November 1575 zu Altſeidenburg in der Oberlauſitz geboren. Er war der Sohn eines armen Bauern und mußte bis zu ſeinem zehnten Jahre das Vieh hüten, ohne daß ihm, der einen inneren heftigen Drang nach Wiſſen nährte und ſchon früh ſeiner Neigung zur geiſtigen Beſchauung ſich hingab, der mindeſte Unterricht zu Theil geworden wäre. Endlich ward er in eine Schule gethan, um ſich nothdürftig zur Erlernung eines Handwerkes vorzubereiten; alle Unterweiſung beſchränkte ſich jedoch auf Leſen und Schreiben und das Chriſtenthum, welches letztere mächtig auf ihn einwirkte. — Nachdem er darauf zu einem Schuhmacher in die Lehre gegeben worden und deſſen Gewerbe erlernt hatte, trat er die übliche Wanderſchaft an und ließ ſich, nachdem er dieſelbe vollendet, zu Görlitz nieder, wo er ſeit dem Jahre 1594 ſein Schuhmacherhandwerk redlich und beſcheiden trieb. Er vermählte ſich mit der Tochter eines dortigen Fleiſchers und lebte mit ihr dreißig Jahre in einer glücklichen und zufriedenen Ehe. Seine ſitzende Lebensart und ſein Hang zu theoſophiſchen Speculationen ſteigerten ſein Empfindungsvermögen in einzelnen Momenten zu einer ſolchen Höhe, daß er beſondere göttliche Erſcheinungen zu haben wähnte und ſich vom heiligen Geiſte, nach ſeiner Meinung, getrieben fühlte, ſeinen Anſchauungen Worte zu verleihn und ſie durch die Feder feſt zu halten. — So entſtand zuerſt ſeine „Aurora oder die Morgenröthe im Aufgange,“ welche ſeine Offenbarungen und Anſchauungen über Gott, Menſchheit und Natur umfaßt. Dieſes Buch machte großes Aufſehen, und Jacob Böhme hatte demzufolge große Anfeindungen von der

Geiſtlichkeit in Görlitz, an deren Spitze der Paſtor an der Hauptkirche, Georg Richter, ſtand, zu erdulden. Die Aurora ward verdammt: aber Böhme war dadurch bekannt geworden und fand viele Freunde und Gönner, welche ihn unterſtützten und ermunterten, auf dieſer Bahn fort zu fahren. Er ſchrieb nun ſeit 1619 aus innerem Drange ſeine übrigen Werke, unter ſteten Verfolgungen ſeiner geiſtlichen Gegner, die er jedoch mit Sanftmuth zu tragen wußte. Um ſich ſicherer zu ſtellen, reiſte er im Jahre 1624 nach Dresden, wo er ſeine Schriften und Lehren unterſuchen und prüfen ließ; auch hier fand er, ſelbſt am kurſächſiſchen Hofe, Beifall und Schutz und ſo reiſte er getröſtet und beruhigt nach ſeiner Heimath zurück, ſtarb aber noch in demſelben Jahre am 18. November 1624.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Aurora oder Morgenröte im Aufgang: das iſt die Wurzel oder Mutter der Philosophiae, Astrologiae und Theologiae, aus rechtem Grunde, u.ſ.w., 1612. — Beſchreibung der drei Principien Göttliches Weſens; vom himmliſchen und irdiſchen Myſterio; vom Baum des Glaubens; Weg zu Chriſto; dreifaches Leben des Menſchen; Betrachtung göttlicher Offenbarung u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Es erſchienen folgende Geſammtausgaben derſelben: Amſterdam, 1620—75. 4 Bde. (beſorgt v. H. Betke.) — Amſterdam, 1682. 10 Bde. (beſorgt v. Gichtel); unter dem Titel: Theologia revelata, Amſterdam, 1730. 2 Bde. in 4; Amſterdam, 1730. 6 Bde. in 8. — Die neueſte beſorgte K. W. Schiebler. Leipzig, 1831—32. Doch ſind bisher nicht mehr als zwei Bände von derſelben erſchienen.

Die Zeit, in welcher J. B. in das Leben eintrat, beſonders die krypto-calviniſtiſchen Händel, mit welchen er während ſeiner Wanderſchaft bekannt wurde, trugen das Ihrige dazu bei, ihm bei natürlicher Anlage und Neigung die ſchwärmeriſche, auf die Lehren der Bibel baſirte Richtung zu geben, der er in ſeinen Schriften ſo eifrig folgt und nach welcher er die höchſten Intereſſen der Menſchheit, Gott, Offenbarung, Sünde, Schöpfung, Natur, meiſt in myſtiſchem Gewande, aber mit ſeltenem Reichthum der Phantaſie und mit einer Kraft der Sprache, über welche man erſtaunen muß, da er ganz Autodidakt war, behandelt. Es finden ſich in ſeinen Werken neben vielen Uebertreibungen, vielem Unklaren und Verworrenen, auch viele wahrhafte Gedankenblitze und tiefſinnige Aeußerungen. Hätte J. B. die Vortheile einer methodiſchen, wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildung genoſſen, ſo wäre er ohne Zweifel ſelbſt auf dieſer Bahn einer der erſten und tiefſten chriſtlichen Denker geworden; dieſe Meinung wird durch Hegel's Ausſpruch über ihn beſtätigt. „Dieſem gewaltigen Geiſte, ſagt H., iſt mit Recht der Name Philosophus teutonicus beigelegt worden; er hat den Gehalt der Religion theils für ſich zur allgemeinen Idee erweitert, in demſelben die höchſten Probleme der Vernunft concipirt und Geiſt und Natur in ihren beſtimmten Sphären und Geſtaltungen darin zu faſſen geſucht, indem er zur Grundlage nahm, daß nach dem Ebenbilde des dreieinigen Gottes der Geiſt des Menſchen und alle Dinge geſchaffen und nur dies Leben ſind, aus dem Verluſte ihres Urbildes dazu redintegrirt zu werden; theils hat er umgekehrt die Formen der natürlichen Dinge (Schwefel, Salpeter, das Herbe, das Bittre) gewaltſam zu geiſtigen und Gedankenformen verarbeitet.“

Vgl. Abraham von Franckenberg, Bericht von dem Leben und Abſcheiden des in Gott ſelig ruhenden Jacob Böhmens — in dem erſten Theile der amſterdamer Ausgabe von 1682.

Jacob Böhm, ein biographiſcher Verſuch. Dresden, 1804.

Jacob Böhmens Schattenriß. (von D. Hellecke.) Riga, 1788.

F. de la Motte Fouqué, Jacob Böhme, ein biographiſcher Denkſtein. Greiz, 1831.

Theoſophiſche Fragen.*)

Vorwort.

Es ſtehet geſchrieben: Der natürliche Menſch vernimmt nichts vom Geiſte Gottes, es iſt ihm eine Thorheit, und kann es nicht begreifen. Und hinwieder ſtehet auch geſchrieben: Der Geiſt forſchet alle Dinge, auch die Tiefe der Gottheit.

Ob ſich nun wollte Meiſter Klügling, ohne Göttlich Licht, an dieſe Fragen machen und ſie erklären, der würde ſolches nicht können thun, und dörfte es auch wohl für Sünde achten, alſo hoch zu fragen, weil er es ſelber nicht kann verſtehen. Demſelben ſagen wir, daß er es nur laſſe beym ſtehen, dem es der Geiſt Gottes geben will, welcher alle Dinge, durch des Menſchen Geiſt, forſchet, weil es ihm noch eine Unbegreiflichkeit iſt, und ihn deucht unmüglich ſeyn.

Aber denen, welche Jeſum lieb haben, ſagen wir, daß es gar wohl zu forſchen und zu verſtehen ſey, und kein unmüglich Ding ſey. Dan in einem wahren Chriſten wohnet Chriſtus, in deme alle Schätze der verborgenen Weisheit offenbahr ſind, der weiß es allein im Geiſte Chriſti, und nicht in eigener Natur, und Vermögen. Als wir dann dieſe Fragen in einem eignen Büchlein klar ausgeführet und beſchrieben haben, zwar kurz ſummariſch, und doch in unſeren anderen Schriften ganz weitläufftig und nothdürfftig, und empfehlen den Leſer dieſes in die Offenbahrung unſers Herren Jeſu Chriſti.

Die erſte Frage.

Was iſt Gott außer Natur und Creatur in ſich ſelber?

Antwort.

1) Gott iſt die Ewige Einheit, als das unmäßliche einige gut, das nichts hinter noch vor ſich hat, das ihm möge etwas geben oder eintragen, oder das ihn möge bewegen; ohne alle Neiglichkeiten und Eigenſchaften, welches ohne Urſprung der Zeit in ſich ſelber nur Eines iſt, als eine eitel Lauterkeit, ohne Berührung, welches nirgend keinen Ort noch Stelle hat, noch bedarff zu ſeiner Wohnung, ſondern iſt zugleich auſſer der Welt und in der Welt, und iſt tiefer als ſich ein Gedanke ſchwingen mag; ja wenn man hundert tauſend Jahr an einander Zahlen ausſpräche von ſeiner Größe und Tieffe, ſo hätte man doch noch nicht angefangen ſeine Tieffe auszuſprechen, dann er iſt die Unendlichkeit. Alles was kan gezehlet und gemeſſen werden, das iſt natürlich und bildlich; aber die Einheit Gottes kan nicht ausgeſprochen werden, dann ſie iſt durch alles zugleich, und iſt darum gut genannt und erkannt, daß er die ewige Sänffte, und das höchſte Wohlthun in der Empfindlichkeit der Natur und Creatur iſt, als die empfindliche ſüße Liebe.

2) Dann die Einheit, als das Gute, fleuſſet ſelber aus ſich aus, und führet ſich mit dem Ausfluſſe in Wollen und Bewegniſſe, allda liebet oder durchwohnet die Einheit das Wollen oder Wallen, und das Wollen oder Wallen empfindet die Sänffte der Einheit; das iſt der Grund der Liebe in der Einheit, davon Moſes ſaget: Der Herr unſer Gott iſt ein einiger Gott, und keiner mehr.

3) Und hält ſich nicht alſo wie die Vernunft meynet, Gott wohne alleine über dem Geſtirne, auſſer dem Ort dieſer Welt. Ihm iſt kein Ort bemeſſet, da er ſonderlich wohne, ſondern ſeine Offenbahrung iſt nur unterſchiedlich, er iſt in, bey und durch uns; und wo er in einem Leben mit ſeiner Liebe beweglich wird, allda iſt Gott in ſeiner Würkung offenbahr; das iſt, ſeine Liebe, als die Einheit iſt allda ausfließende, wollende, und empfindlich; allda hat ihm Gott eine Stätte gemachet, als im Grunde der Seelen, in der ewigen Idea oder Gegenwurff des ewigen Wollens in der Liebe, darinnen ſich die Liebe ſelber will und empfindet, wie in Engeln und heiligen Seelen zu verſtehen iſt.

Die zweite Frage.

Was iſt der Abgrund aller Dinge, da kein Geſchöpffe iſt, als das Ungründliche Nichts?

Antwort.

1) Es iſt eine Wohnung der Einheit Gottes, denn das Auſtuhn, oder das Ichts des Nichts, iſt Gott ſelber. Das Auſtuhn iſt die Einheit, als ein Ewig Leben und Wollen, ein lauter Wille, welcher doch nichts hat, das er wollen kan, als nur ſich ſelber.

2) Darum iſt der Wille ein eitel wollende Liebe-Luſt, als ein Ausgang ſeiner ſelber zu ſeiner Empfindlichkeit. Der Wille iſt

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*) Aus: Betrachtung Göttlicher Offenbarung, in 177 Theos. Frag. vorgeſtellt, von Jac. Böhme. Amſterdam, 1682.

1) der ewige Vater des Grundes; und die Empfindlichkeit der Liebe iſt 2) der Ewige Sohn, welchen der Wille in ſich gebieret zu einer empfindlichen Liebe-krafft; und der Ausgang der wollenden empfindlichen Liebe iſt 3) der Geiſt des Göttlichen Lebens.

3) Und alſo iſt die Ewige Einheit ein dreyfaches, unauflösliches, und unanfängliches Leben, welches ſtehet in eitel Wollen, in Faſſen und Empfinden ſeiner ſelber, und in einem ewigen Ausgang ſeiner ſelber.

4) Und das Ausgegangene des Willens, Liebens und Lebens iſt die Weisheit Gottes, als die Göttliche Beſchaulichkeit und Freude der Einheit Gottes, dadurch ſich die Liebe in Kräfften, Farben, Wunder und Tugenden ewig einführet.

5) In dieſem aushauchenden Leben Göttlicher Einheit werden fünf lautbahre Sensus in der Empfindlichkeit der Liebe des Lebens verſtanden, als A, E, I, O, U, darinnen das Göttliche Wollen und Würken ſtehet, die führen ſich in ein Aushauchen zur Schicklichkeit, und zum Verſtande der Einigen Dreyheit, dadurch ſich das ewige Leben ſelber empfindet und verſtehet.

6) Die Dreyheit offenbahret ſich aus der Einheit mit einem dreyfachen Hauchen, daß dieſes dreyfache Hauchen nach dreyerley Art in ſich ſelber zu einem Eigenen eingehet; und derſelbe dreyfache Sensus heiſſet mit ſeinem ſenſualiſchen Nahmen JEHOVAH.

7) Denn die Einheit als das J, gehet in ſich ſelber in ein dreyfaches Weſen, das heiſſet JE, und das JE iſt der Vater, der führet ſich mit ſeinem hauchenden Willen ins HO, als in eine Faſſung der Liebe, und im HO wird das Wort aller Kräfften verſtanden, denn es macht eine Circumferenz oder Umſchluß ſeiner ſelber, als das ewige Etwas, oder Ichts, davon gehet die Liebe-Luſt aus, welcher Ausgang iſt der Geiſt, der faſſet und formiret ſich ins VA. Dann das V iſt der Geiſt, als der Ausgang, und A iſt die Weisheit, darein ſich der Geiſt faſſet zu einem würkenden Leben.

8) So heiſſet alsdann dieſes dreyfache hauchende Leben in ſich ſelber O. JAH. Dann die eingefaßte Luſt iſt das O als ein Auge des einigen Sehens, ein lauterlich Sehen, und das JAH iſt der dreyfache Eingang ſeiner ſelber, als zur Empfindlichkeit des Wollens, welcher ſich ſelber aufthut durch das ewige Hauchen.

9) Das Aufthun, als die Eigenſchafften im Sensu des empfindlichen Aufthuns, heiſſet ADONAI, und ſind ſechs Kräfften, daraus das Mysterium Magnum, als der hohe Name TETRAGRAMMATON entſpringet, daraus alle Weſen der Sichtbahren und Unſichtbahren entſproſſen, und in Formen und Bildung kommen ſeynd.

10) In dem Worte ADONAI, als in dieſen ſechs Kräfften, liegen die ſechs Eigenſchafften der ewigen Natur, als des natürlichen Lebens, daraus die Engel und Seelen nach der Innwendigkeit ihrer Idea ſind gefloſſen, und auch die ſechs Tage der Schöpfung dieſer Welt, welche mit dem ſiebenden Leben, das ſich als das O mit ins Weſen bildet, eingeſchloſſen werden, zur Ruhe, darinnen die ſechs Kräffte in der ſtillen Liebe, als in der ewigen Einheit ſtehen und ruhen, und aber mit ihrer ſelber-Würkung ohne Unterlaß wollen und ausgehen.

11) Und das iſt das O, der ſiebente Tag, darinnen Gott von allen ſeinen Werken hat geruhet, und ewig ruhet; das iſt, die ſechs Kräfften (als 1. die Begierligkeit, 2. Beweglichkeit, 3. Empfindligkeit, 4 Feuer oder Leben, 5. Liecht oder Liebe, 6. Schall, Unterſchiedligkeit oder Verſtändniß) ruhen in dehm, davon ſie entſprungen, als in dem O, als in der Stärke Gottes, darinnen die ewige Liebe angedeutet wird, als die Einheit, oder das Ichts der Einheit, welches iſt der ewige Sabbath aller Dinge des guten Weſens.

12) Alſo verſtehen wir, 1. wie das Ewige Nichts auſſer allen Anfängen, ein lauterlicher Schein, als das Auge des ewigen Sehens ſey. Denn alle Dinge ſtehen darinnen als ein Nichts, dieweil das Etwas iſt von dieſem Sehen entſprungen, ſo ſtehet das Nichts, als die Ewige Einheit, durch alles ungehindert.

13) Und verſtehen 2. weiter, daß Gott ſelber das Sehen und Empfinden des Nichts ſey, und wird darum ein Nichts genannt (ob es gleich Gott ſelber iſt), daß es unbegreiflich und unausſprechlich iſt.

Die dritte Frage.

Was iſt Gottes Liebe und Zorn? wie iſt er ein zorniger eyfriger Gott, weil er ſelber die unveränderliche Liebe iſt? Wie mag Zorn und Liebe ein Ding ſeyn?

Antwort.

1) Wiewohl wir dem Leſer allhier ſchwer möchten zu verſtehen ſeyn, ſo mag ers doch in göttlicher Krafft und Anfaſſung Gottes alles verſtehen, ſo ihm das rechte Ernſt iſt.

2) Der Leſer ſoll wiſſen, daß in Ja und Nein alle Dinge beſtehen, es ſey Göttlich, Teuffliſch, Irdiſch, oder was genannt mag werden. Das eine, als das Ja, iſt eitel Krafft und Leben, und iſt die Wahrheit Gottes oder Gott ſelber. Dieſer wäre in ſich ſelber unerkäntlich, und wäre darinnen keine Freude oder Erheblichkeit noch Empfindligkeit ohne das Nein. Das Nein iſt ein Gegenwurff des Ich, oder der Wahrheit, auf daß die Wahrheit offenbahr, und etwas ſey, darinnen ein Contrarium ſey, darinnen die ewige Liebe würkende, empfindlich, wollende, und das zu lieben ſey.

3) Und können doch nicht ſagen, daß das Ich vom Nein abgeſondert, und zwey Ding neben einander ſind, ſondern ſie ſind nur Ein Ding, ſcheiden ſich aber ſelber in 2 Anfänge, und machen zwey Centra, da ein jedes in ſich ſelber würket, und will; Gleichwie der Tag in der Nacht, und die Nacht in dem Tage zwey Centra ſind, und doch ungeſchieden, als nur mit Willen und Begierde ſind ſie geſchieden. Denn ſie haben zweyerley Feuer in ſich, als 1. den Tag, das Hitzige aufſchlieſſende, und 2. die Nacht, das Kalte einſchlieſſende: und iſt doch zuſammen nur Ein Feuer, und wäre keines ohne das andere offenbahr oder würkende: Dann die Kälte iſt die Wurtzel der Hitze, und die Hitze iſt die Urſache, daß die Kälte empfindlich ſey. Auſſer dieſen beyden, welche doch in ſtätem Streite ſtehen, wären alle Dinge ein Nichts, und ſtänden ſtille ohne Bewegniß.

4) Alſo auch ingleichen von der ewigen Einheit Göttlicher Krafft zu verſtehen iſt: wann der ewige Wille nicht ſelber aus ſich ausflöſſe, und führete ſich in Annehmligkeit ein, ſo wäre kein Geſtältniß noch Unterſchiedligkeit, ſondern es wären alle Kräfften nur Eine Krafft; ſo möchte auch kein Verſtändniß ſeyn: Denn die Verſtändniß urſtändet in der Unterſchiedligkeit der Vielheit, da eine Eigenſchafft die andere ſiehet, probieret und will.

5) Ingleichen ſtehet auch die Freude darinnen: Soll aber eine Annehmligkeit urſtänden, ſo muß eine eigene Begierde ſeiner ſelbſt-Empfindligkeit ſeyn, als ein eigener Wille zur Annehmligkeit, welcher nicht mit dem einigen Willen gleich iſt und will: Dann der einige Wille will nur das einige Gut, das er ſelber iſt, er will ſich nur ſelber in der Gleichheit; aber der ausgefloſſene Wille will die Ungleichheit, auf daß er von der Gleichheit unterſchieden, und ſein eigen Etwas ſey, auf daß Etwas ſey, daß das ewige Sehen ſehe und empfinde: und aus dem eigenen Willen entſtehet das Nein; dann er führet ſich in Eigenheit, als in Annehmligkeit ſeiner ſelber: er will Etwas ſeyn, und gleichet ſich nicht mit der Einheit, dann die Einheit iſt ein ausflieſſend Ich, welches ewig alſo im Hauchen ſeiner ſelber ſtehet, und iſt eine Unempfindlichkeit, dann ſie hat nichts, darinnen ſie ſich möge empfinden, als nur in der Annehmligkeit des abgewichenen Willens, als in dem Nein, welches ein Gegenwurff iſt des Ich, darinnen das Ich offenbahr wird, und darinnen es etwas hat, das es wollen kan.

6) Dann Eins hat nichts in ſich, das es wollen kan, es dupliere ſich denn daß es Zwey ſey; ſo kan ſichs auch ſelber in der Einheit nicht empfinden, aber in der Zweyheit empfindet ſichs.

7) Alſo verſtehet nun den Grund recht; der abgeſchiedene Wille iſt von der Gleichheit des ewigen Wollens ausgegangen, und hat auch nichts, das er wollen kan, als nur ſich ſelber. Weil er aber ein Etwas iſt gegen der Einheit, welche iſt als ein Nichts, und doch Alles iſt, ſo führet er ſich in Begierde ſeiner ſelber ein, und begehret ſich ſelber, und auch die Einheit, daraus er gefloſſen.

8) Die Einheit begehret er zur empfindlichen Liebe-Luſt, daß die Einheit in ihm empfindlich ſey, und ſich ſelber begehret er zur Bewegniß, Erkäntniß und Verſtändniß, auf daß eine Schiedligkeit in der Einheit ſey, daß Kräffte urſtänden: Und wiewohl die Krafft keinen Grund noch Anfang hat, ſo werden aber in der Annehmlichkeit Unterſcheide, aus welchen Unterſchieden die Natur urſtändet.

9) Dieſer ausgefloſſene Wille führet ſich in Begierde, und die Begierde iſt Magnetiſch, als einziehende, und die Einheit iſt ausflieſſend. Jetzo iſts ein Contrarium, als Ich und Nein: Dann das Ausflieſſen hat keinen Grund, aber das Einziehen machet Grund. Das Nichts will aus ſich, daß es offenbahr ſey, und das Etwas will in ſich, daß es im Nichts empfindlich ſey, auf daß die Einheit in ihm empfindlich werde. So iſt doch aus und ein eine Ungleichheit.

10) Und heiſſet das Nein darum ein Nein, daß es eine eingekehrte Begierde iſt, als Nein-werts einſchlieſſende: und das Ich heiſſet darum Ja, daß es ein ewiger Ausgang, und der Grund aller Weſen iſt, als lauter Wahrheit. Denn es hat kein Nein vor ihm, ſondern das Nein urſtändet erſt in dem ausgefloſſenen Willen der Annehmligkeit.

11) Dieſer ausgefloſſene begehrende Wille iſt einziehende, und faſſet ſich ſelber in ſich, daraus kommen Geſtältniſſe und Eigenſchafften. 1. **Die erſte Eigenſchafft** iſt Schärfe: daraus kommt Härte, Kälte, Trocken und Finſterniß. Denn die Angezogenheit überſchattet ſich ſelber; und dieſes iſt der wahre Grund der ewigen und zeitligen Finſterniß; und die Härtigkeit und Schärffe iſt der Grund zur Empfindligkeit. 2. **Die zweite Eigenſchafft** iſt die Bewegniß im Anziehen, die iſt eine Urſache des Scheidens. 3. **Die dritte Eigenſchafft** iſt die wahre Empfindung zwiſchen der Härte und

der Bewegniß, darinnen ſich der Wille empfindet, denn er befindet ſich in groſſer Schärffe, gleich einer groſſen Angſt gegen der Einheit alſo geredet. 4) **Die vierdte Eigenſchafft** iſt das Feuer, als der Bliz des Glanzes, das erzündet in der Zuſammenfügung der groſſen ängſtlichen Schärffe und der Einheit: denn die Einheit iſt ſanft und ſtille; Und die bewegliche harte Schärffe iſt ſchrecklich, als ein Grund der Peinligkeit.

12) Alſo iſts ein Schrack in der Zuſammenfügung, und in dieſem Schracke wird die Einheit ergriffen, daß ſie ein Blick oder Glaſt wird, als eine erhebliche Freude. Dann alſo urſtändet das Liecht mitten in der Finſterniß: Dann die Einheit wird zu einem Liechte, und die Annehmligkeit des begierlichen Willens in den Eigenſchaften wird zu einem Geiſtfeuer, welches ſeinen Quell und Urſprung aus der herben kalten Schärffe, in der Bewegniß, und Empfindligkeit in der Finſterniß nimmt, und iſt eben deſſen Weſen, als eine ſchreckliche Verzehrligkeit.

13) Und darnach iſt Gott ein zorniger eifriger Gott, und ein verzehrend Feuer genannt: Nicht nach deme, was er in ſich ſelber auſſer aller Annehmligkeit iſt, ſondern nach dem ewigen Feuergrunde, und in der Finſterniß wird das Fundament der Höllen als eine Vergeſſenheit des Guten verſtanden, welche Finſterniß im Liechte, wie die Nacht im Tage, ganz verborgen iſt, wie Johannis am 1. Cap. zu leſen.

14) Alſo ſehen wir in oberzehlten Eigenſchafften Gottes Zorn, als die erſte Eigenſchafft des Einziehens iſt das Nein: denn ſie iſt gleichet ſich ſich nicht mit dem Jah, als mit der Einheit, denn ſie macht in ſich eine Finſterniß, das iſt eine Verlierung des Guten.

15) Zum andern, macht ſie in ſich eine Schärffe, das iſt der Grund des ewigen Strebens der Sanfftmuth, von der ſanfften Einheit. Zum dritten machts in ſich eine Härte, das iſt der ewige Tod, als eine Unmacht. Zum vierdten machts in ſich in ſolcher Härte des Todes eine immerwährende Peinliche Empfindniß. Zum fünfften macht ſie in ſich eine ängſtliche Feuerquall. Und in dieſen Eigenſchafften wird Gottes Zorn und das Hölliſche Feuer verſtanden: Und wird darumb Hölle oder Höhle genannt, daß es eine Verborgenheit oder Einſchlieſſung iſt; Auch wirds darum eine Feindſchafft Gottes genannt, daß es peinlich, und die Einheit Gottes eine lautere Sanfftmuth iſt, Und iſt gegen einander, wie Feuer und Waſſer: Davon auch in dieſer Welt Weſen in der Schöpfung Feuer und Waſſer ſeinen Urſprung genommen hat.

16) **Die fünffte Eigenſchafft** in ſolcher Anzündung des ausgefloſſenen Willens iſt nun die Empfindligkeit der Einheit Gottes, als die Liebe, welche im Feuer beweglich, und begierlich wird, und macht im Feuer (als in der Peinligkeit) ein ander Principium, als ein groſſes Liebe-Feuer. Denn ſie iſt die Urſache und der Grund des Liechtes, daß in der Feuers-Eſſentz das Liecht entſpringet, ſie iſt der Liebe Krafft im Liechte, dann alſo führet ſich die Einheit in Bewegniß und Empfindligkeit ein, auf daß die Ewige Krafft empfindlich, und ein Wollen, Begierde, und Schiedligkeit darinnen ſey, ſonſt wäre die Einheit eine ewige Stille, und unempfindlich.

17) Dieſe Liebe und Liecht wohnet im Feuer, und durchdringet das Feuer, daß des Feuers Eſſenz in die höchſte Freudenreich gewandelt, und kein Grimm mehr erkannt wird, ſondern ein lauterlicher Liebegeſchmack Göttlicher Empfindlichkeit.

18) Dann alſo über-inflammiret ſich die ewige Einheit, daß ſie eine Liebe ſey und daß etwas ſey, das zu lieben ſey. Denn ſo die Liebe der Einheit nicht in Feuerbrennender Art ſtünde, ſo wäre ſie nicht würklich, und wäre keine Freude oder Bewegniß in der Einheit.

19) So verſtehet man nun in der Feuers-Eſſenz Gottes Zorn: und in der Liebe Empfindlichkeit, als in der empfindlichen Einheit, das Göttliche Liebe-Feuer, die machen zwey Centra in Einem Grunde, als zweyerley Feuer.

20) (1.) Das Zornfeuer im ausgefloſſenen Willen der Annehmligkeit, iſt ein Grund der ewigen Natur, daraus die Engel und Seele des Menſchen ihren Grund haben empfangen, und wird Myſterium Magnum genannt, aus welcher ewigen Natur auch dieſe ſichtbahre Welt entſprungen und geſchaffen iſt, als ein Gegenwurf der Innwendigkeit.

21) (2.) Und das Centrum der Liebe iſt das Jah, als das Feuerflammende Hauchen, welche Gottes Wort genannt wird, als das Hauchen der Einheit Gottes, das Fundament der Krafft, darinnen wird der wahre heilige Geiſt verſtanden, in dem Ausfluſſe des Liebehauchens, als die Bewegniß oder das Leben der Liebe. Auch wird der Engliſche, ſo wohl der Seeliſche Geiſt darinnen verſtanden, in welchem Gott offenbahr iſt und wohnet.

22) Aber der Grund der Seelen und Engel nach ihrer Natur wird im ewigen Naturfeuer verſtanden. Denn die klare Gottheit wird nicht Creatürlich; denn ſie iſt eine ewige Einheit, ſondern ſie durchwohnet die Natur, wie ein Feuer das Eiſen durchglühet.

23) Und verſtehen an dieſem Orte die Mögligkeit der Verdamniß der Engel und Seelen, ſo ſie das Liebfeuer verlieren, daß ſie ſich von Göttlicher Einheit abſcheiden, und in eigene Begierde eingehen, ſo brennet alsdann das Zorn-Feuer in ihnen, und iſt ihr recht Leben.

24) Aber ſo das Göttliche Liebefeuer in ihrem Centraliſchen Feuer brennet, ſo iſt ihr Feuerleben ein eitel Freude und ſanfftes Wohlthun, und ſtehet Gottes und der Natur Feuer in ihnen in einem einigen Grunde.

25) In dieſer fünfften Eigenſchafft wird die Glori und Majeſtät Gottes offenbahr, als ein Liecht der Liebe. Davon die Schrifft ſaget 1 Tim. 6, 6. Gott wohnet in einem Liechte, darzu Niemand kommen kan; anzudeuten, daß keine Creatur aus dem Centraliſchen Feuer der Liebe jemahls gebohren iſt worden, dann es iſt das allerheiligſte Feuer, und Gott in ſeiner Dreyheit ſelber.

26) Und aus dieſem heiligen Feuer iſt ausgefloſſen das Jah, als ein Strahl der empfindlichen Einheit, der iſt der theure Name JESUS, welcher die arme Seele wieder vom Zornfeuer erlöſete, und ſich ſelber, in Annehmung der Menſchheit, in das abgewichene Centraliſche Zornfeuer Gottes Zornes, in die Seele eingab, und ſie wieder mit dem Liebefeuer anzündete, und mit Gott vereinigte.

27) O ihr Menſchen merket das! So verſtehet nun das rechte Fundament; in Gott iſt kein Zorn, es iſt eitel lauterliche Liebe; Allein im Fundament, dadurch die Liebe beweglich wird, iſt Zornfeuer, aber in Gott iſts eine Urſache der Freudenreich und der Kräffte; und im Centro des Zornfeuers iſts die gröſte erſchrecklichſte Finſterniß, Pein und Quaal.

28) Und ſind die zwei in einander, wie Tag und Nacht, da keines das andere begreiffen mag, ſondern eines wohnet im andern, und machen 2 Principia, als zweene ewige Anfänge.

29) Der erſte Anfang wird das Reich Gottes Zornes genannt, als das Fundament der Höllen, darinnen die verſtoſſenen Geiſter wohnen.

30) Das Fundament des Reiches Gottes iſt lauter Jah, als Kräffte des ſchiedlichen Wortes; Und das Fundament des Zorns Gottes iſt lauter Nein, davon die Lügen urſtänden: Deßwegen ſagte Chriſtus: Der Teufel wäre ein Vatter der Lügen, denn ſein Fundament iſt lauter Nein, und Widerſprechen der Wahrheit, als dem Jah.

31) **Die ſechſte Eigenſchafft** im ausgefloſſenen Willen iſt der Hall, Schall, Verſtandniß, Rede, oder Unterſcheiden, als der wahre Verſtand, und ſtehet in beyden Centraliſchen Feuren zugleich, im Centro der eigenen Annehmligkeit des natürlichen Feuers, ohne Mitwürcken des heiligen Feuers (ſo ferne dieſe beyde Feure geſchieden werden, wie bey den Teufeln und verdamten Seelen zu verſtehen iſt) iſts nicht Verſtand, ſondern nur Liſt und Scharffſinnigkeit, als eine Probirung des Fundaments der Natur; ein eitel Mißbrauch der Natur-Kräffte, davon Betrug, Argwohn, Thorheit, Narrheit und Leichtfertigkeit urſtändet.

32) In der ſechſten Eigenſchafft ſtehen die heiligen Namen, als die Göttlichen Kräffte im aufthun der Einheit, im Würcken und Wollen, und ſtehen in beyden Feuren zugleich; als im Feuer der natürlichen Beweglichkeit, und im Feuere der Liebesflamme.

33) Allhier ſtehet das Wunderthuende Wort in ſeiner Würckung, denn der groſſe Name TETRAGRAMMATON iſt das Centrum der Wunder Gottes allhier, welcher in beyden Centraliſchen Feuern würcket, welchen die böſen Geiſter, in ihrer Verwandlung nach dem Centro des Feuers Natur mißbrauchen.

34) Und iſt der Grund der ganzen Cabala und Magia in dieſem Grunde begriffen; dann es ſind die würckliche Kräffte, da das Unempfindliche in dem Empfindlichen mitwürcket. Und an dieſem Orte lieget das Geſetz Moſis dafür, dem nicht zu mißbrauchen bey ewiger Straffe, wie im andern Gebot der zehen Geboten zu ſehen iſt, den Unſern allhier genug geſagt, und den Gottloſen ein Schloß darfür.

35) **Die ſiebente Eigenſchafft** des ausgefloſſenen begierlichen Willens, iſt die Weſenheit, darinnen alle Kräffte im Weſen liegen und würcken, als ein Subjectum aller Kräffte, davon die ſichtbahre Welt iſt entſprungen, und durch die Bewegniß des wunderthuenden Namens ausgefloſſen, und in Schiedligkeit und Förmligkeit gegangen.

36) Deßwegen ſind in allen Weſen dieſer Welt beyde Centraliſche Feuer, nach Gottes Liebe und Zorn, wie an den Creaturen zu ſehen iſt.

37) Aber das heilige Feuer liegt immer verborgen, welches der Fluch als die Bewegniß Gottes Zornes, mit der Sünden verſchloſſen hält, wie an der Tinctur zu verſtehen, und doch ein möglicher Eingang iſt durch Gottes Zulaſſung.

38) Daſſelbe ausgefloſſene heilige Feuer, als das noch mit durch die Erde würckte, war das Paradies und iſt wohl noch, aber der Menſch iſt herausgeſtoſſen, und ſuchet ſich mancher zu tode an dieſem Feuer, und findets doch nicht, er habe es denn zuvor in ihm ſelber gefunden.

39) Alſo verſtehet uns in dieſer Frage, von Gottes Liebe und Zorn, daß zweyerley Feuer verſtanden werden, als 1. ein Liebefeuer, da iſt lautere Liecht, das wird Gottes Liebe genennt, als die empfindliche Einheit. 2. Und ein Zornfeuer von der Annehmlichkeit des ausgefloſſenen eigenen Willens, dadurch das Liebefeuer

offenbahr wird, welches Zornfeuer ein Grund der ewigen Natur iſt, und im Centro ſeiner Inwendigkeit eine ewige Finſterniß und Pein genannt wird. Und ſind doch beyde Feuer nur ein einiger Grund, und von Ewigkeit in Ewigkeit je geweſen, und bleibende, ſcheiden ſich aber in zweene ewige Anfänge, wie an Feuer und Licht nachzuſinnen iſt.

Die vierdte Frage.

Was iſt geweſen, ehe denn die Engel und Schöpfung war.

Antwort.

1. Es war Gott mit den zwey Centraliſchen Feuern, mit den groſſen Kräfften, als eine ewige unendliche Gebährunge der Wunder, Farben und Tugenden, da die Engel und Seele des Menſchen, ſamt allen Creaturen, dieſer, und der inwendigen Engliſchen geiſtlichen Welt, in einer Idea oder Geiſtlichen Inmodelung, inne lagen, darinnen Gott alle ſeine Wercke hat, von Ewigkeit geſehen, nicht in Creatürlicher gebildeter Art und Form, als in einer Scheidung, ſondern in Formligkeit der Kräffte, da Gottes Geiſt mit ſich ſelber geſpielet hat.

2. In dieſen Centraliſchen Feuern war das Element, und waren beyde Centraliſche Feuer ein einiges Weſen, nur in zweyen Principien unterſchieden, wie Feuer und Licht.

3. Als ſich aber das Centraliſche Feuer des eigenen Willens hat beweget, und in eine gröſſere Begierde zu ſeiner Beſchaulichkeit und Formirung eingeführet, ſo iſt die Schöpfung ergangen, welches der ewige Wille Gottes, nach beyden Feuren bewegt hat, daß die Idea bildlich worden zum Lobe der Wunder Gottes.

4. Und in ſolcher Bewegniß iſt das Hölliſche Fundament Gottes Zornesmitte hervorgebrochen, welches Gott aus ſeiner Würckung verſtoſſen, und in die Finſterniß beſchloſſen hat; Alda ſtehets noch auff heute, als ein hungeriger Gaumen voller Begierde nach der Schöpfung, und wil auch Creatürlich und bildlich ſeyn.

5. Und das iſt der Grund und die Urſache, daß der Thron-Fürſte Lucifer ſich von Gottes Liebe hat abgewandt in das Centraliſche Feuer des Zornes, darinnen er wolte über Gottes Sanfftmuth und Liebe zu herrſchen, und ward aber umb deßwillen aus dem Centraliſchen Liebefeuer ausgeſtoſſen, und verlohr ſeinen Trohn im Lichte, und beſitzt nun die Hölle; Alſo geſchicht auch der verdamten Seelen.

6. Dieſes Hölliſche Fundament im Fluche Gottes Zorns iſt ein Centrum der ſichtbahren Welt, und wird der Satan genannt, davon Chriſtus ſagte, er verführe die gantze Welt, und wird im Reiche der Finſterniß verſtanden, da Hitze und Kälte im Streite ſind, den Unſern gnug.

Ludwig Börne,

früher Baruch genannt, welchen Namen er gegen ſeinen jetzigen vertauſchte, als er im Jahre 1817 zur evangeliſch-lutheriſchen Religion übertrat. Er ward am 13. Mai 1786 zu Frankfurt am Main von jüdiſchen Eltern geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung und ſtudirte zu Berlin und Halle Medicin, gab jedoch im Jahre 1807 dieſen Beruf wieder auf und widmete ſich zu Heidelberg und Gießen den Staatswiſſenſchaften. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn ward er Polizei-Actuar in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, doch nach der Wiedereinſetzung Frankfurt's in ſeine alten Rechte und Privilegien aus leicht erklärlichen Gründen dieſes Amtes mit einer Penſion enthoben, die er indeſſen in den letzten Jahren verloren hat. Seit dieſer Zeit lebte er als Privatgelehrter, anfangs zu Frankfurt, wo er nach einander das Frankfurter Staats-Riſtretto, die Zeitſchwingen und die Wage redigirte, dann abwechſelnd in Paris und mehreren deutſchen Städten, bis er nach der Julirevolution 1830 ſeinen feſten Aufenthalt in Paris nahm, wo er ſich auch noch jetzt befindet. —

Seine aus kleinen politiſchen und kritiſchen Aufſätzen, Skizzen und Schilderungen beſtehenden Schriften erſchienen vereint unter dem Titel:

Geſammelte Schriften von Ludwig Börne. 1—10 Th. Hamburg, 1829—31. 11—14r Th. Paris, 1833—34. (Die letzten ſechs Theile auch unter dem Titel: Briefe aus Paris.)

Nicht leicht iſt ein Schriftſteller ſo einſeitig und verſchiedenartig beurtheilt worden als L. B. ſeit der Erſcheinung ſeiner Briefe aus Paris. Während die eine Partei ihn bis in den Himmel erhob, ſprach die andere das härteſte und ſtrengſte Verdammungsurtheil über ihn aus, und nirgend findet man eine Anſicht, welche ruhig und mit Beſonnenheit ſeinen Werth oder Unwerth aus den von ihm bisher gegebenen Leiſtungen zu entwickeln verſucht hätte. Die Wage und die Zeitſchwingen hatten ihm früher den Ruf eines geiſtreichen, ſcharf urtheilenden Kritikers, eines fein blickenden, tief eindringenden Politikers, eines warm fühlenden, aufrichtigen, nur das Gute wollenden Mannes gegründet. Mehrere Darſtellungen, die ſeiner Feder entfloſſen, wie z. B. die Denkrede auf Jean Paul, Henriette Sonntag in Frankfurt, der ewige Jude u. ſ. w., welche mit ſeltener Tiefe der Empfindung, glänzendem Witz, glücklichſter Laune ausgeſtattet waren, hatten ihm viele Herzen gewonnen und ſeinem Namen einen guten Klang in der großen literäriſchen Gemeine erworben, abgeſehen von den Wenigen, welche ſchon vorher dankbar Das zu würdigen gewußt, was er als Dramaturg und Recenſent geleiſtet; da erſchienen ſeine „Briefe aus Paris," die zwar unter den Jüngern der Bewegung ungeheuern Beifall fanden, indem ſie in regelloſer Weiſe den tiefſten Ingrimm gegen faſt alles Beſtehende offenbarten und den Verfaſſer jedem unbewölkten Blick als einen politiſchen Cyniker darſtellten. Börne, der nichts ſchonte, rückſichtslos überall hinein ſchlug und auch überall wunde Stellen traf, aber mit Keulen, erwarb ſich jetzt eben ſo viele Feinde, als er früher Freunde gezählt, und es ward zu einer der ſchwerſten Aufgaben, ſeinen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Charakter zu würdigen, ohne ſich von den Anſichten der Partei, zu welcher man ſeiner innerſten Geſinnung nach gehört, zu weit fortreißen zu laſſen.

Der Herausgeber dieſer Encyclopädie iſt bei einer ſolchen Gelegenheit eben ſo ungerecht als empfindlich und rückſichtslos von Börne verletzt und beleidigt worden; er hat ferner nie den Uebertreibungen der Partei gehuldigt, zu welcher Börne ſich bekennt, ſondern ſtets nur das wahre Heil der Menſchheit in der Beförderung des wirklich Guten geſucht und geſehn; ihm galt es gleich, von welcher Seite es ausging, wenn nur dem Haſſe gewehrt, der Liebe hülfreiche Hand dadurch gereicht, und das Wohl der geſammten Erdenſöhne dadurch wirklich befördert oder wenigſtens beabſichtigt wurde: er darf alſo wohl verſichern, daß dieſe Zeilen das Reſultat ſtrengen Prüfens und feſter Ueberzeugung ſind, und daß er unbekümmert um Beifall oder Tadel dieſer oder jener Partei, gerade weil er von Börne gekränkt wurde, ſich um ſo mehr bemühte, in einer Würdigung dieſes Mannes ſeine innerſte Meinung unabhängig von allen Nebenrückſichten auszuſprechen.

In einer Schilderung Börne's, als Schriftſteller, darf man dieſen nicht von Börne, dem Menſchen, trennen, denn Beide wirken unabläſſig auf einander ein, und eine pſychologiſche Entwickelung von Börne's Geiſtes- und Charakterbildung müßte vorausgehen, um den rechten Standpunkt für ſeine Würdigung als Autor gewinnen zu können. Wer aber vermöchte die genügend zu geben? Nur er ſelbſt; jeder Andere darf ſich nur Andeutungen geſtatten, ohne für die gewiſſe Wahrheit derſelben einſtehn zu können. Uns ſcheint Folgendes wahrſcheinlich. Mit tiefem, glühendem Gefühl, mit reicher Bildung ausgerüſtet, empfand ſeine Seele ſchon früh den tiefſten Schmerz über die geiſtige Vernachläſſigung, über den bürgerlichen Druck, in und unter welchen ſeine armen Glaubensgenoſſen, denen man ja noch jetzt an vielen Orten die Rechte, die ihnen als Menſchen zukommen, ſtreitig macht, in ſeinem Vaterlande, und vorzüglich in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo er den Jammer täglich vor Augen ſah, leben mußten. Dieſe wunde Stelle an unſerem Geſellſchaftskörper ward zur wunden Stelle in ſeinem Herzen, die durch beſtändige Reibung bald zu ſchwären und zu eitern anfing. Er hoffte Beſſerung von einer Aenderung der Zeitverhältniſſe; dieſe trat ein, aber die Beſſerung nicht. Es wurde noch ſchlimmer in ſeinem Gefühl, als er ſich geſtehen mußte, daß auch die Mehrzahl der Iſraeliten jener Rechte noch nicht würdig ſey, und daß ein Moſes kommen und ſie vierzig Jahre in der Wüſte herumführen müſſe, bis eine neue, freiheitsfähige Generation herangebildet worden. Er ſagte ſich daher äußerlich von ihnen los; aber ſein Schmerz über ihre Unterdrückung blieb und wandelte ſich in einen furchtbaren Haß über alle Unterdrückung. Von nun an gerieth er in jene Extreme, denn er ſah nur durch die Brille ſeines Haſſes und ſah Alles durch dieſelbe in derſelben Beleuchtung.

Börne hat während ſeines Lebens mehr gefühlt und gedacht, als geſchrieben und drucken laſſen; alle ſeine Leiſtungen ſind nur Gedankenblitze eines ſtets aufgeregten, gewitterſchwangeren Innern; zur Ruhe, die ſo unumgänglich nothwendig zur Hervorbringung eines Kunſtwerkes iſt, kam er in den letzten Jahren gar nicht mehr — daher wird er auch nur bei der Nachwelt fortleben als eine merkwürdige Erſcheinung der Zeit, deren Werth ſie, von anderen Intereſſen bewegt, nur gering anſchlagen kann.

Seltene Kraft der Rede, glänzender Witz, Tiefe des Gefühls, Wärme des Herzens und reiche Phantaſie, ſo wie eine überraſchende Schärfe des Denkvermögens ſind ihm eigenthümlich — aber durch ſein unter keiner Bedingung zu billigendes Treiben verlor ſein Vaterland unendlich mehr an ihm, als ſeine Partei an ihm beſitzt. So hat er ſich am Meiſten geſchadet, denn umkehren kann er nicht, und jede Mäßigung von ſeiner Seite wäre ſchon Umkehr.

Zur Beſtätigung der an ihm gelobten Eigenſchaften theilen wir die nachfolgenden Auszüge mit, uns nach der Richtſchnur, die uns bei dieſem Werke leitet, entſchieden aller Politik enthaltend.

Der Garten der Tuilerien.*)

Es iſt noch gar nicht lange (erſt fünf Minuten), daß ich die Urſache entdeckt, warum ich in Paris ſtärker, häufiger und lieber philoſophire, als ich in Deutſchland gethan. Es iſt damit ſo arg geworden, daß ich, um in die Tuilerien zu kommen, den Weg über die Kritik der reinen Vernunft nehme, welches der kürzeſte Weg nicht iſt, ſondern der längſte. Ich thue es blos aus einer hypochondriſchen Aengſtlichkeit für die Geſundheit meines Geiſtes, die mich in Paris befallen. Eine bekannte diätetiſche Klugheitsregel ſchreibt vor, man ſolle ſich im nüchternen Zuſtande keinem anſteckenden Kranken nähern, ſondern vorher etwas genießen; auch wird in dieſem Falle angerathen, ſich den Mund mit Weineſſig auszuſpülen. Das Philoſophiren iſt mein Weineſſig, der mich gegen die mancherlei Seelenkrankheiten ſchützt, von denen man in Paris angeſteckt werden kann. Man kann dort fangen: Habſucht, Unduldſamkeit, Gottloſigkeit, feinen Geſchmack, und des verſtorbenen Ritters von Zimmermann Perſonal- und Nationalſtolz. Dieſen Uebeln iſt man ausgeſetzt, wenn man öffentliche Orte beſucht; ja das zu Hauſe bleiben bewahrt nicht immer vor Anſteckung, denn die ewigen Zeitungen gehen mit Fiebern hauſiren. Beſucht man aber gar Salons und die Geſellſchaften darin, ſo kann man noch gefährlichere Uebel erwiſchen. Man wird da Liberaler, Ultra, Doctrinaire, Mouchard, Carbonaro, Mitarbeiter oder Stoff des Reveil oder des Miroir. Darum rathe ich jedem Deutſchen, in Paris ohne Philoſophie nicht auszugehen, und ſo oft er Geſellſchaften beſucht, zuvor einige: Unſer Vaterland, ſtill herzubeten. Ich kann die Deutſchen verſichern, daß ſie nichts verloren, ſeitdem ich in Frankreich bin, vielmehr ſehr gewonnen. Ich liebe ſie jetzt und mit der wahrſten, reinſten, uneigennützigſten Liebe — denn was könnten ſie einem gewinnſüchtigen Geiſte in Kunſt, in Wiſſenſchaft und im Leben mehr anbieten, als die Franzoſen? Aber ſie haben und gewähren etwas, was den Franzoſen mangelt: die Freiheit im Denken und im Fühlen. Die Zerſtörung der Baſtille hat in Frankreich nur die Zungen frei gemacht, die Herzen und Geiſter ſind noch eingeſperrt, wie früher. Wer aber dieſe meine Wahl nicht billigt, wer nicht gleich mir eine freie Wüſte, und wäre ſie von Löwen, Hyänen und Schlangen bevölkert, vorzieht einem geſchloſſenen Paradieſe, und wäre es voll Goldäpfel, und würde vom Cherubim bewacht — den tadle ich nicht, aber ich beweine ihn.

Aus jener heilſamen Neigung zu philoſophiren ſind nicht blos die bisherigen Betrachtungen gefloſſen, die gar nicht zur Sache gehören, ſondern entſpringt auch folgende Bemerkung, die nicht weniger überflüſſig iſt. Mit ſo großer Mühe lernt und lehrt der Menſch ſo Vieles und Mancherlei zu keinem andern Zweck, als um ſich und Andern tauſend Freuden zu verderben! Die Wiſſenſchaft gleicht einer Chauſſee, die ein ſchmales und langes Gefängniß iſt, das man nicht verlaſſen darf, und rechts und links liegen die ſchönſten Felder und Blumenwieſen. Jede Kunſtregel iſt eine Kette, jedes Buch ein Thor — auch im andern Sinne des Worts — das ſich hinter den Eingetretenen zuſchlägt. Glücklich die nichts wiſſen und nichts leſen! Wäre mir Hirſchfelds Theorie der ſchönen Gartenkunſt bekannt, würde mir der Tuilerien-Garten wahrſcheinlich abgeſchmackt erſcheinen; jetzt aber gefällt er mir, und ich werde ihn ſehr loben. Er iſt zweckmäßig eingerichtet, und die Zweckmäßigkeit zur Schönheit zu erheben, iſt ſo bequem und wirthſchaftlich, daß ſie gewiß in vielen Kompendien der Aeſthetik als ſolche aufgeſtellt ſein wird. Engländern, die das Reiſen lieben, und alſo auch gern das Bild des Geliebten vor Augen haben, iſt ein Garten ein Miniatur-Europa, in deſſen Zügen ſie einen kleinen Schaffhauſer Waſſerfall, ein kleines Chamouny-Thal, einen kleinen Golf von Neapel mit Wohlgefallen erblicken. Auch viele Andere ziehen engliſche Gärten vor: Verliebte, Deutſche, Philoſophen, glückliche, unglückliche Menſchen. Wäre aber der Garten der Tuilerien nicht wie er iſt, im beſten franzöſiſchen Geſchmack, ſondern im engliſchen, ſo wäre das ſehr ſchlimm. Einen Trunkenbold, der täglich eine Flaſche Rum trank, heilte ſein Arzt — denn endlich hat man die Trunkenheit aus der Moral in die Medizin übergewieſen, und hoffentlich wird man auf dieſem guten Wege fortſchreiten, bis man dahin gelangt, die Robespierres-Leiden nicht in der Geſchichte, ſondern in Hufelands Journal der praktiſchen Heilkunde zu beſchreiben — der kluge Arzt heilte ihn auf folgende Weiſe. Er ließ ihn täglich ſo viel Siegellack in die Flaſche tröpfeln, als erforderlich iſt, ein Petſchaft abzudrücken. Auf dieſe Weiſe ward die Flaſche täglich etwas weniges voller an Siegellack und leerer an Rum, und der Trunkenbold kam allmählig zu Verſtand und ohne Aufſehen zu erregen. War in dieſem Fall der Abgewöhnung von geiſtigem Getränk ſolche Vorſicht nöthig, wie viel nöthiger wäre ſie im Fall der Angewöhnung eines geiſtigen Genuſſes, und ein Sprung hierin wäre eben ſo gefährlich, als der Tuilerien-Garten, wenn er engliſch wäre. Das Herz eines ächten Pariſers würde krank werden durch Erkältung oder durch Erhitzung, wenn er aus dem Kunſtkabinet des Palais-Royal, ſchon nach wenigen tauſend Schritten, in das Naturgeſchichtliche eines engliſchen Gartens träte — wenn ſein Ohr, ohne Zwiſchenſaiten, plötzlich vom Schlangengeziſch des Rouletts zum Gemurmel einer Springquelle, von den giftigen Locktönen einer Königin der Nacht zu den unſchuldigen Liedern der Nachtigallen überſpränge — wenn ſich ſein Auge vom Pharaotiſche zu einem Boulingreen wendete — wenn ſein Gefühl aus der breiten Sonnenfläche, worauf die, gleich Grenadieren des großen Kurfürſten, neben einander geſteiften und gedrechſelten Bäume ſtehen, plötzlich in das ſchattige Gewimmel eines friſchen Wäldchens träte. So aber bleibt er geſund, denn er tritt aus dem Palais Royal nur in einen Jardin Royal. Ich will den letztern beſchreiben, wie ich ihn an einem der erſten Frühlingstage geſehen.

Der Frühling kündigte ſich im Garten nicht durch Blüthenſtaub an, ſondern durch Indiſchen. Die Bäume hatten die Augen noch geſchloſſen, denn als Städter ſtehen ſie ſpäter auf, wie Landbäume. Verrückte Engländer fahren vorbei in großen Reiſewagen; das Kammermädchen im ſeidnen Spencer inwendig, die Herrſchaft unter bäuerlichem Strohhut auf dem Bocke. Sobald der Frühling kommt, verlaſſen die Engländer Paris, um nach der Schweiz, nach Italien oder nach England zu reiſen. Ihnen iſt die Reiſekaſſe eine Spar- und Amortiſationskaſſe. Wenn in Deutſchland ein unzahlfähiger Schuldner die Flucht nimmt, um ſich vor ſeinen Gläubigern zu retten, flüchtet ein Engländer, um ſeine Gläubiger zu befriedigen. Eine Guinee iſt ſchon in deutſchen Gulden nicht aufzutreiben, in franzöſiſchen Franken noch weniger. Es iſt, als würde außer dem Metallwerthe auch noch die Façon daran bezahlt, wie an einem Goldringe. Das reiche, glückliche Volk! Ein armer Teufel von Dichter in London, der nicht Geld genug hat, im November ſein Steinkohlenfeuer zu bezahlen, ſchifft nach Frankreich, wärmt ſich dort an der Sonne, und trinkt wohlfeiler feurigen Wein, als in ſeiner Heimath kaltes Bier. Geht es dem Schelme gar zu arg, iſt er noch enger beſchränkt, dann muß er freilich nach Neapel wandern, dort für einen halben Paul ſein Abendmahl halten, und dabei die Sonne untergehen ſehen im blauen Meere! ... Ich folge dem engliſchen Reiſewagen mit den Augen nach, die ganze Rivoli-Straße hinauf, bis an das Garde-Meuble, wo er umbiegt. Auf dieſem Pallaſt ſpielt der Telegraph. Spielen? Ach ja, er ſpielt wie eine Schlange in der Sonne. Fürchterlich, fürchterlich! Die langarmige Tyrannei! Neulich reiste ein engliſcher Schriftſteller von Paris nach London. Er war ſchon drei Tage fort, ſtand in Calais am Bord des Schiffes; die Segel wurden gerückt — da ſchoß ihm von Paris der Telegraph wie ein Blitz nach. Er wurde feſtgehalten, und mußte, wegen Verdachts aufrühreriſchen Briefwechſels, vier Wochen im Kerker ſchmachten. Er ward unſchuldig befunden. Ich habe mir vorgenommen, den Moniteur durchzuleſen, von 1789 bis jetzt, und ein Beiſpiel aufzuſuchen, daß je durch den Telegraphen eilende Wohlthat zugeſendet, daß je Thränen durch dieſen Sturmwind getrocknet, daß er je dem Verurtheilten raſche Begnadigung zugeſprochen. Und finde ich nur ein einziges Beiſpiel ſolcher Art, dann will ich mich mit dem Telegraphen ausſöhnen. Doch ich vergeſſe — werden nicht neunmal jeden Monat die gezogenen Lotterienummern von dem Telegraphen durch ganz Frankreich geſendet, welche Troſt bringen: der weinenden Mutter unter hungrigen Kindern den Troſt — ſie werde glücklicher ſein in der nächſten Ziehung!

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*) Aus: Börne's geſammelte Schriften. Th. 3. S. 88.

An jedem der Gitterthore des Tuilerien-Gartens ſtehen zwei Schildwachen, ein Schweizer und ein Franzoſe, die ſich wechſelſeitig bewachen, und an Treue mit einander wetteifern. Es machte mir das größte Vergnügen, zwiſchen beiden ſtehend, mein weißes Taſchentuch herauszuziehen und wehen zu laſſen, und ſo mit Hülfe des blauen Franzoſen und des rothen Schweizers, ein aufrühreriſches Farben-Trio öffentlich zu ſpielen, ohne daß mir ein königlicher Prokurator etwas darum anhaben konnte. Dieſe armen Schildwachen ſind ſehr geplagt. Gewiß hatten ſie in den Schlachten von Marengo und Auſterlitz ihre Flinten nicht ſo viel handthiert, als ſie es hier thun. Sie müſſen vor Jedem, der ein Ordensband trägt, das Gewehr präſentiren. Das endet nicht. Es iſt erquickend, zu ſehen, wie viele Verdienſte in die Tuilerien eintreten, und wie ſich der abgetriebene Bandwurm immer wieder erneuert. Ich ließ es mir angelegen ſein, eine Viertelſtunde lang alle die zu zählen, die Ordensbänder trugen. Ich zählte zehnmalhundert Vorübergehende, und unter jedem Hundert waren neunzehn bis zwei und zwanzig Bebänderte, alſo je der fünfte Mann war ein Wohlthäter ſeines Vaterlandes! Und dazu rechne man noch die Vielen, die ich im Gedränge überſehen, oder die beſcheiden ihren Ruhm unter dem Rocke trugen. Dann zählte ich aber auch die vielen jungen, und blühenden Männer, auf welche der Schlachtentod ſchlecht gezielt, und die nur einen Arm oder ein Bein verloren. Wofür haben ſie gekämpft? Ich erſtaunte, daß der Menſch ſo ein Lamm ſei, und daß die Menge der Verſtümmelten ſich nicht auch fragt: Wofür haben wir geſtritten! — und nicht öfter, als es geſchieht, den Kopf an das verlorne Bein ſetzen.

Unter den Bäumen ſtehen eine unzählige Menge Strohſtühle neben einander gereiht; es ſind Lehnſtühle, kaum ſitzt man darauf, kommt eine Frau, die Lehnspflicht einzufordern. Man zahlt zwei Sous; iſt man aber ein Menſch vom feinſten Ton, begeht man eine Felonie, ſagt keck, man habe ſchon gezahlt, legt zu den zwei erſparten Sous noch fünf Franken, und frühſtückt gut. Schriftſteller, die ſtatiſtiſche Notizen ſammeln, müſſen es ſich merken, daß man in Paris zum Sitzen an öffentlichen Orten zwei Stühle gebraucht (ſie können den Strohbedarf und den Ackerbau darnach berechnen); nämlich einen zum Sitzen, und den andern die Füße darauf zu ſtellen. Man erkennt Ausländer, die erſt in Paris angekommen, leicht daran, daß ſie mit herabhängenden Füßen ſitzen. Auch unterſcheiden ſich durch die Art des Sitzens die Ehemänner von den Anbetern ihrer Weiber. Erſtere ſitzen neben den Frauen, und haben, wie dieſe, ihre Füße auf dem Fußſtuhle geſtellt. Die Anbeter hingegen ſitzen vor den Angebeteten, ihnen zu Füßen auf dem Fußſtuhle, unterhalten ſich mit ihnen franzöſiſch (in linguiſtiſcher und ſittlicher Bedeutung des Worts), und wenden der Allee und der Welt darin den Rücken zu. Frauenzimmer, deren Herz Ferien hat, bereiten ſich, wie brave Studenten, auf das kommende Sommer- oder Winterſemeſter gehörig vor, indem ſie die vorübergehenden Herren fleißig anſehen, und ſich die wichtigſten Paragraphen notiren. Dieß iſt eine löbliche Sitte; denn die Schamhaftigkeit wird durch nichts mehr geſtärkt, als durch ihre Verletzung, nämlich durch Abhärtung derſelben. Man braucht im Garten der Tuilerien gar nicht eitel zu ſein, ſondern nur fremd, um ſich vorzuſchmeicheln, man habe die ſchönſten Eroberungen gemacht in der Weiberwelt..... Eine bürgerliche Frau geht vorbei, und fordert Kupfergeld ein: ſie trägt Etwas verſteckt und achtſam unter ihrer weißen Schürze. Bettelt ſie für einen Säugling, den ſie mütterlich gegen Wind und Sonne ſchützt? Nein: ſie trägt unter ihrer Schürze eine Art Gebacknes, das ſo leicht iſt wie gebackne Luft. Es heißt: Plaiſirs des Dames. Das muß ſchnell und verhüllt herumgetragen werden, damit es nicht kalt werde. „Des plaisirs, mes Dames? Des plaisirs!“ ruft ſie im Fluge, und wie im Traume ſchweben ſie vorüber.

Wie der Tuilerien-Garten für die Mikropolitiker, für die Glücksritter und Glücksfußgänger ein Marktplatz iſt, auf dem ſie kaufen und verkaufen, ſo iſt er für die Makropolitiker ein ſchöner Paradeplatz, auf dem ſie exerciren und exerciren ſehen. Sechs Zeitungs-Buden liefern patriotiſchen Herzen täglich das nöthige Brennholz. Ihr tretet heran, nehmt, ohne ein Wort zu ſprechen, ein beliebiges Blatt, [illegible] leſend ſpazieren, ſo lange es Euch gefällt, bringt dann das Blatt zurück und bezahlt einen Sou dafür. Waret Ihr drei bis viermal an der nämlichen Bude, verwundert Ihr Euch, noch immer denſelben wohlgekleideten Mann da zu finden, der ſchon vor zwei Stunden im Leſen vertieft dort geſtanden. Er iſt ein Lauerer, der ſich an der Quelle der Ueberraſchung lagert, und daraus jeden Tag friſch die Meinung der Zeitungsleſer ſchöpft; denn wenige Franzoſen können mit dem Munde ſchweigen; mit den Blicken aber, mit den Mienen, Händen und Füßen, das vermag keiner. Auf dieſe Weiſe wird in allen Pariſer Straßen der öffentliche Geiſt zuſammengekehrt, und nachdem die Beſen ſchönen wie häßlichen Auswurf, Blumen wie welke Krautſtengel, zu Koth zerſtampft, wird der Unrath in die Kloake der Polizei-Präfektur geworfen, die ihn gehörig abführt.

Der Garten wird auf beiden Seiten, ſeiner Länge nach, von zwei gemauerten Terraſſen begränzt. Die eine, längs der Seine, gewährt eine herrliche Ausſicht auf den Strom, auf die Brücken und den Pallaſt der Volksdeputirten, der, nach dem Schlage, der ihn neulich getroffen, auf der linken Seite gelähmt iſt. Die andere Terraſſe führt die Straße Rivoli entlang, und heißt die Terraſſe Feuillans, weil bis zur Revolution das Kloſter der Feuillans da geſtanden. In dieſem Kloſter hatte die National-Verſammlung ihre Sitzungen. Zu der Zeit, vor der Hinrichtung des Königs, beliebte es dem Volksmuthwillen, jene Terraſſe mit einer dreifarbigen Schnur von dem übrigen Garten abzuſcheiden, und er nannte ſie le pays national, zum Unterſchiede des pays de Coblence. Wehe dem Bürger, der im pays de Coblence ſpazieren ging, er wurde für einen Ariſtokraten angeſehen und gemißhandelt. Ein junger Mann, dem dieſe geographiſche Eintheilung noch unbekannt war, ſtieg in das Koblenzer Land hinab. Zuſammenlauf, wüthendes Geſchrei, Verderben drohende Geberden. Da merkte der Unwiſſende, was er begangen, kehrte zurück, zog ſeine Schuhe aus, und wiſchte den Staub von den Sohlen. Jubel, Beifallklatſchen, und der Jüngling wurde im Triumphe fortgeführt. Am Fuße dieſer Terraſſe, da wo ſie, ſich ſenkend, in Geſtalt eines Hufeiſens ausgeht, innerhalb des Kreisſchnittes, liegt ein Platz mit Stühlen und Bänken verſehen, den nennt man: La petite provence, weil die Mittagsſonne, deren Strahlen ſich frei und ungehindert an der Mauer brechen, dort eine Wärme verbreiten, die in Wintertagen in jene ſüdliche Provinz Frankreichs verſetzt. Da iſt der tägliche Sammelplatz vieler hundert Kinder mit ihren Müttern oder Wärterinnen. Man denkt gern nicht daran, daß dort auch viele Frauen mit Adoptivkindern ſitzen und die empfindſame Mutterliebe ſpielen, um Adoptiv-Väter anzulocken — man vergißt das gern, um, des Pariſer Kunſtlebens voll und ſatt, ſich in der reinen Kinderwelt zu erfriſchen. Aber auch dieſe Erquickung iſt matt. Zu verderben war die Kindernatur nicht, aber ſie auch ſteckt in einem verzierten Etui, und man muß ſie herausziehen. Da haben ſie ein Spiel, la corde genannt. An einem Stricke ſind an beiden Enden hölzerne Handhaben befeſtigt, daran faßt man ihn, ſchlägt ihn unter die Füße durch, und ſpringt ſo darüber. Es hieße die Romantik zu weit treiben, wenn man tadeln wollte, daß dieſe Stricke keine rohen Karren- und Galgenſtricke ſind, ſondern feine Schnüre, wie ſie ſich ein türkiſcher Strangulat von Stande nur wünſchen mag. Aber das Folgende iſt ärgerlich. Nämlich außer jenen kleinen Schnüren zu Selbſtübungen haben ſie auch lange Geſellſchaftsſtricke, die an beiden Enden von zwei Kleinen feſtgehalten werden, und worüber alle anweſenden Spring-Dilettanten, mit größerer oder kleinerer Fertigkeit, ſpringen, ſowohl vorwärts als rückwärts. Da bildet ſich nun ein Zuſchauerkreis von Erwachſenen, und man ſieht dann ſechsjährige Mädchen in der Koketterie debutiren, und den Beifall der Umſtehenden, als ſpielten ſie bei Franconi, mit anmuthigem Lächeln fordern und einziehen.

Jetzt geht hinter den elyſäiſchen Feldern die Sonne unter, auch hier herrlich! Denn die Königin der Erde geht in ruhiger Majeſtät vorüber, unbekümmert, was ſie mit ihren Blicken begegne, Paradieſe, Schlachtfelder, oder den Spielwaarenmarkt von Paris — ſie lächelt nicht minder, ſie zürnt nicht mehr. Es wird getrommelt, und die große Wache des Gartens tritt heraus. Sie laden ſcharf, mit Geräuſch und Gepränge, damit es Jeder erfahre, daß der wachende Mond am Thronhimmel die nächtlichen Schritte der Räuber beleuchte. Dann ſondern ſich etwa zwanzig Mann ab, und ſtellen ſich zehn Schritte aus einander, eine Linie durch die ganze Breite des Gartens ziehend. Darauf ſchreiten ſie mit kleinen und langſamen Schritten vor, das Volk vor ſich hertreibend. Zurück darf Keiner, und ſo wird in wenigen Minuten der Garten ausgekehrt. Dann werden die Thore geſchloſſen, und Todesſtille herrſcht um den Pallaſt. Wehe dem Betrunkenen, dem Unachtſamen oder Unwiſſenden, der in der Nähe der Tuilerien während der Nacht der fernzurufenden Schildwache nicht gleich antwortet. Dieſes Verſäumen hat erſt vor wenigen Tagen einem Jüngling das Leben gekoſtet; die Kugel traf ihn ins Herz. O die unſelige Herrſchaft, die, einer exotiſchen Pflanze gleich, in fremden Schiffen hergebracht, von Hofwärme ausgebrütet, von der Gießkanne lohnſüchtiger Gärtner begoſſen, vor jeder Welle, vor jedem Lüftchen zitternd, ein ängſtliches Treibhausleben führt! Wie beſſer iſt die andere, die, gleich einer deutſchen Eiche, in der Liebe des Volks wurzelt, von der Sonne geboren, vom Himmel ſelbſt befruchtet, die der naſchenden Art freundlich wehrt, und dem Sturme mit Macht widerſteht!

Ueber den Charakter des Wilhelm Tell*)

in Schiller's Drama.

Aus Schillers liebevollem, weltumfluthendem Herzen entſprang Tells beſchränktes, häusliches Gemüth und ſeine kleine enge That; die Fehler des Gedichtes ſind die Tugenden des Dichters. Wäre es mir auch immer gleichgültig, nur dieſesmal möchte ich nicht mißdeutet ſeyn — ich vermiſſe, doch ich beklage nicht. Der reiche Schatz der Kunſt kann eine Koſtbarkeit entbehren, das Seltenſte iſt ein edler Geiſt. Dem liebenswürdigen Schiller ſtehen ſeine Mängel beſſer, als beſſeren Dichtern ihre Vorzüge an. Ihm zittert das Herz, ihm zittert die Hand, welche formen ſoll, und formlos ſchwanken die Geſtalten. Der Froſt bildet glänzende Kryſtalle, bildet ſchöne Blumen an den Fenſterſcheiben, der Frühling ſchmilzt ſie weg; das Glas wird leer, doch durchſichtig, und zeigt den warmen blauen Himmel; das Auge ſtaunt nicht mehr an, aber es weint.

Es thut mir leid um den guten Tell, aber er iſt ein großer Philiſter. Er wiegt all ſein Thun und Reden nach Drachmen ab, als ſtünde Tod und Leben auf mehr oder weniger. Dieſes abgemeſſene Betragen, im Angeſichte grenzenloſen Elends und unermeßlicher Berge, iſt etwas abgeſchmackt. Man muß lächeln über die wunderliche Laune des Schickſals, das einen ſo geringen Mann bei einer fürſtlichen That Gevatter ſtehen, und durch deſſen linkiſches Benehmen die ernſte Feier lächerlich werden ließ. Tell hat mehr von einem Kleinbürger, als von einem ſchlichten Landmann. Ohne aus ſeinem Verhältniſſe zu treten, ſieht er aus ſeinem Dachfenſter über daſſelbe hinaus; das macht ihn klug, das macht ihn ängſtlich. Als braver Mann hat er ſich zwar den Kreis ſeiner Pflichten nicht zu eng gezogen; doch thut er nur ſeine Schuldigkeit, nicht mehr und nicht weniger. Er hat eine Art Lebensphiloſophie und iſt mit Ueberlegung, was ſeine Landsleute und Standesgenoſſen aus bewußtloſem Naturtriebe ſind. Er iſt ein guter Bürger, ein guter Vater, ein guter Gatte. Es iſt ſehr komiſch, daß er ſeinen geſunden Bergesknaben, ſtarken Kindern einer rauhen Zeit, eine Art Erziehung giebt, wie ſie Salzmann in Schnepfenthal den feinen Püppchen des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts gab. Er härtet ſie ab, ſie ſollen ausgerüſtet werden gegen das Ungemach des Lebens, ja er bemüht ſich ſogar, ihren Verſtand aufzuklären, und die abergläubiſche Wirkung der Ammenmährchen zu zerſtören. Tell hat den Muth des Temperaments, den das Bewußtſeyn körperlicher Kraft giebt; doch nicht den ſchönen Muth des Herzens, der, ſelbſt unermeßlich, die Gefahr gar nicht berechnet. Er iſt muthig mit dem Arm und furchtſam mit der Zunge; er hat eine ſchnelle Hand und einen langſamen Kopf, und ſo bringt ihn endlich ſeine gutmüthige Bedenklichkeit dahin, ſich hinter den Buſch zu ſtellen und einen ſchnöden Meuchelmord zu begehen, ſtatt, mit edlem Trotze, eine ſchöne That zu thun.

Tells Charakter iſt die Unterthänigkeit. Den Platz, den ihm die Natur, die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft, und der Zufall angewieſen, den füllt er aus und weiß ihn zu behaupten; das Ganze überblickt er nicht, und er bekümmert ſich nicht darum. Wie ein ſchlechter Arzt, ſieht er in den Uebeln des Landes und ſeinen eigenen, nur die Symptome, und nur dieſe ſucht er zu heilen. Geſchickt und bereit den einzelnen Bedrängten und ſich ſelbſt zu helfen in der Noth, iſt er unfähig und unluſtig, für das Allgemeine zu wirken. Als der flüchtige Baumgarten ſeine Landsleute um Beiſtand anfleht, denken dieſe mehr an die Verfolgung, als an den Verfolgten, laſſen ſich erzählen, klagen um das Land und zaudern mit der Hülfe. Tell erſcheint, ſieht nicht auf die Verfolgung, ſondern nur auf den Verfolgten und rettet ihn. Ein ſolcher Mann kann in einem Schiffbruche, als guter Schwimmer, vielen Verunglückten Hülfe leiſten; doch unfähig das Steuer zu führen, wird er den Schiffbruch nicht verhüten können. Wenn er nun in einem Sturme den Geängſteten zuruft: fürchtet euch nicht, ich kann ſchwimmen; ich ziehe euch aus dem Waſſer — wird er, wie überall, wo der Charakter mit den Verhältniſſen in Widerſpruch ſteht, komiſch erſcheinen, und eine Wirkung hervorbringen, die der ernſten Würde der Tragödie ſchädlich iſt.

Auf dem Rütli, wo die Beſten des Landes zuſammenkommen, fehlte Tells Schwur; er hatte nicht den Muth, ſich zu verſchwören. Wenn er ſagt:

Der Starke iſt am mächtigſten allein —

ſo iſt das nur die Philoſophie der Schwäche. Wer freilich nur ſo viel Kraft hat, grade mit ſich ſelbſt fertig zu werden, der iſt am ſtärkſten allein; wem aber nach der Selbſtbeherrſchung noch ein Ueberſchuß davon bleibt, der wird auch andere beherrſchen, und mächtiger werden durch die Verbindung. Tell verſagt dem Hute auf der Stange ſeinen Gruß; doch man ärgert ſich darüber. Es iſt nicht der edle Trotz der Freiheit, dem ſchnöden Trotze der Gewalt entgegengeſetzt; es iſt nur Philiſterſtolz, der nicht Stich hält. Tell hat Ehre im Leibe, er hat aber auch Furcht im Leibe. Um die Ehre mit der Furcht zu vereinigen, geht er mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen an der Stange vorüber, damit er ſagen könne, er habe den Hut nicht geſehen, das Gebot nicht übertreten. Als ihn Geßler wegen ſeines Ungehorſams zur Rede ſtellt, iſt er demüthig, ſo demüthig, daß man ſich ſeiner ſchämt. Er ſagt, aus Unachtſamkeit habe er es unterlaſſen, es ſolle nicht mehr geſchehen — und wahrlich, hier iſt Tell der Mann, Wort zu halten.

Der Apfelſchuß war mir immer ein Räthſel, ja mehr — ein Wunder. Er ſoll geſchehen ſeyn, man glaube daran, gleichviel. Die Natur iſt oft unnatürlich, ſie ſchafft Mißgeſtalten, und die Geſchichte iſt oft undramatiſch; aber man muß das liegen laſſen. Ein Vater kann alles wagen um das Leben ſeines Kindes, doch nicht dieſes Leben ſelbſt. Tell hätte nicht ſchießen dürfen, und wäre darüber aus der ganzen ſchweizeriſchen Freiheit nichts geworden. Man frage nur die Zeugen der That, man höre, was ſie ſagen, beobachte die Schweigenden — ſie alle haben ſie verdammt. Ja die gelungene That iſt noch ganz ſo häßlich, als es die gewagte war; das Entſetzen bleibt, und die Furcht, der Vater hätte ſein Kind treffen können, iſt größer, als die frühere war, er könnte es treffen. War Geßlers Gebot ſo ungeheuer, daß es einen Vater ganz aus der Natur werfen konnte, und er nicht mehr bedachte, was er that: ſo hätte auch Tell, ohne Bedacht, dem Befehle nicht gehorchen, oder den Tyrannen erlegen ſollen. Aber er war doch beſonnen genug, wie ein Weib zu bitten, und ſein lieber Herr, lieber Herr zu ſagen, wofür der bange Mann Ohrfeigen verdient hätte. Daß er dem Landvogt tollkühn eingeſtand, was er mit dem zweiten Pfeile im Sinne geführt, das war auch wieder Philiſterei: die ehrliche Haut kann nicht lügen. Dieſes ängſtliche Weſen, dieſe Unbeholfenheit des guten Tell, entſprang aber nicht aus Scheu des Unterthanen vor ſeinem Herrn — dieſes Gefühl, wie er ſpäter gezeigt, konnte er überwinden — nein, es war die Scheu des Bürgers, dem Edelmann gegenüber. Ganz anders betrug ſich der Ritter Rudenz. Das iſt es aber eben, und das hätte der Dichter bedenken ſollen. Man muß das Bürgervolk nur immer in Maſſe kämpfen laſſen; man darf keinen Helden aus ſeiner Mitte an ſeine Spitze ſtellen. Der ſchönſte Kampf kommt in Gefahr dadurch lächerlich zu werden.

Es iſt traurig — iſt ſchlimmer: es iſt verdrießlich, daß Tell in die Lage kommt, um der guten Sache willen, ſchlechte Streiche machen zu müſſen. Verrath kann wohl nothwendig werden, aber ſittlich wird er nie, auch nicht, wenn an Feinden begangen. Und iſt es nicht Verrath, iſt es nicht ein ſchlechter Streich, wenn Tell, als der Landvogt ſich auf dem See ſeiner Hülfe anvertraut — der Feind dem Feinde — dem Schiffe entſpringt, es in die Wellen zurückſtößt, und wieder dem Sturme Preis giebt? Tell zeigt ſich hier auch wieder als Pedant, als Schulmoraliſt und buchſtäblicher Worthalter. Er glaubt nicht den Landvogt getäuſcht zu haben; er verſprach ihn aus der gegenwärtigen, zehn Schuh breiten Gefahr zu retten, und dies hat er gethan. Dem Schiffer, dem Tell nach ſeiner Befreiung das Ereigniß erzählte, ſagt er:

Ich aber ſprach: Ja, Herr, mit Gottes Hülfe
Getrau' ich mir's, und helf' uns wohl hindannen.
So ward ich meiner Bande los und ſtand
Am Steuerruder und fuhr redlich hin; —

das nennt er redlich hinfahren! Wie iſt nur der ſchlichte Mann zu dieſer feinen jeſuitiſchen Sinnesdeutung gerathen!.... Jetzt kommt Geßlers Mord. Ich begreife nicht, wie man dieſe That je ſittlich, je ſchön finden konnte. Tell verſteckt ſich, und tödtet, ohne Gefahr, ſeinen Feind, der ſich ohne Gefahr glaubte. Die Natur mag dieſe That rechtfertigen, ſo gut es ihr möglich iſt, aber die Kunſt vermag es nie. Als Tell ſpäter mit Johann von Schwaben zuſammentrifft, und dieſer mit dem Mordgeſellen Brüderſchaft machen will, ſtößt ihn Jener mit Abſcheu zurück und ſpricht:

Unglücklicher!
Darfſt Du der Ehrſucht blut'ge Schuld vermengen
Mit der gerechten Nothwehr eines Vaters?

Doch Tell irrt. Aus Ehrſucht hat er freilich den Landvogt nicht getödtet, doch mit Nothwehr — ſollte dieſe ja, gegen eine rechtliche Obrigkeit, je rechtlich ſtatt finden können — kann er ſich nicht entſchuldigen. Damals, wenn er, um den Schuß von ſeinem Kinde abzuwenden, den Bogen nach Geßlers Br.. gerichtet hätte, wäre es Nothwehr geweſen, ſpäter war es nur Rache, wohl auch Feigheit — er hatte nicht den Muth, eine Gefahr, die er ſchon mit Zittern kennen gelernt, zum zweiten Male abzuwarten.

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*) Aus: Ludw. Börne's Schriften. 2r Theil, Hamburg, 182[illegible].

Sollte ich aber jetzt auf die Frage Antwort geben: wie es denn Schiller anders und beſſer hätte machen können? — wäre ich in großer Verlegenheit. Der dramatiſche Dichter, der einen geſchichtlichen Stoff behandelt, kann eine wahre Geſchichte nach ſeinem Gebrauche ummodeln; denn es ſchadet der Geſchichte nicht, man kennt ſie, und ſie bleibt doch geſchehen, wie ſie geſchah. Eine geiſtige Ueberlieferung aber darf er niemals ändern. Dieſe beſteht nur durch den Glauben, und wird zerſtört, wenn der Glaube umgeworfen oder anders gerichtet wird. Eine ſolche Ueberlieferung iſt das Ereigniß mit Tell. Aus dieſem Zwange aber entſprangen Verhältniſſe, mit welchen die Kunſt nicht fertig werden konnte. Schiller führte uns, mit Bedacht und Geſchicklichkeit, die Leiden der Schweizer vor Augen; wir ſehen, was Baumgarten, Melchthal, Bertha und die übrigen dulden und fürchten. Dieſe Leiden fließen endlich in ein Meer der Noth zuſammen, das Alles bedeckt; dieſe Klagen bilden endlich eine Vereinigung, die das Land rettet. Tell aber ragt im Thun und Leiden zu monarchiſch vor, gehört nicht zu dem topographiſchen Schickſale der Schweiz und iſt übrigens der Mann nicht, eine monarchiſche Rolle zu ſpielen. Er iſt zu ängſtlich, bedenkt zu viel und duckt ſich gern. Den Mann mit breiten Schultern, füllt nicht ganz ſeine Seele aus. Warum ihn aber Schiller ſo behandelt, iſt ſchwer zu erklären. Er hätte ihn können alles thun, alles ertragen laſſen, was er gethan und ertragen, und ihn dabei trotziger, hochſinniger, gebietender machen können.

Wilhelm Tell bleibt aber doch eines der beſten Schauſpiele, das die Deutſchen haben. Es iſt mit Kunſtwerken wie mit Menſchen: ſie können bei den größten Fehlern liebenswürdig ſeyn. Was heißt aber ein liebenswürdiges Schauſpiel? Ein liebenswürdiges Schauſpiel iſt ein Schauſpiel, das liebenswürdig iſt; die Kritik weiß hierüber nicht mehr, als jedes andere Frauenzimmer.

Faſtenpredigt über die Eiferſucht. *)

Das Scharlachfieber füllt im Converſationslexicon mehr als ſechs Seiten an, die Eiferſucht kaum eine halbe Seite. Wunderliches Größenverhältniß! Jenes Uebel, das nur die Oberfläche des menſchlichen Lebens berührt, findet ärztliche Sorgfalt, freundliche Wärter, baldige Heilung, und den ſanften Kindertod, wenn die Natur unverſöhnlich iſt. Die Eiferſucht aber, welche alle die großen Lebensräume des ausgebildeten Mannes und Weibes ausfüllt, ihr Inneres zerreißt, verſengt, vergiftet, ſie grauſam verfolgt, und die geängſtigte, flüchtige Empfindung, aus dem verborgenſten, dunkelſten Winkel hervorholt, ſucht vergebens Troſt und Beiſtand, ſie findet nur Spott und Verachtung; der friedebringende Tod, und ſelbſt der eigene Wunſch zu geneſen, bleibt ihr verſagt. Prometheus, weil er das Feuer des Himmels entwendet, und es dem feuchten Menſchen eingehaucht, ward an einen Felſen geſchmiedet, wo ein ſchrecklicher Geier an ſeinem Herzen nagte, ohne es je zu zernagen. Die Liebe iſt jene Flamme, welche die Götter den Sterblichen mißgönnen, und die Eiferſucht iſt der freſſende Geier, der den Diebſtahl furchtbar rächt.

Die Eiferſucht der Männer muß von der Eiferſucht der Frauen geſondert werden, ſie haben eine gemeinſchaftliche Quelle, aber ihr Lauf, und, um das Bild zu vollenden, die Ufer, die ſie beſpülen, ſind ſo unendlich verſchieden, als es ihr Ausfluß iſt, wenn ſie dieſen erreichen, und ſich nicht in der Tiefe verlieren. Der Mann haßt ſeine Nebenbuhler nicht, das Weib verabſcheut ſeine Nebenbuhlerinnen. Die Eiferſucht des Mannes iſt ein ſtürmiſches Meer, das alles überſchwemmt, alles, was feſt an ihm iſt, niederreißet und verſchlingt, das alle ſeine Tiefen ausfüllt, alle Ströme ſeiner Empfindung aufnimmt, und ſeinen Geiſt zerſtört. Die Eiferſucht des Weibes iſt ein ſchmaler, reißender, tückiſcher Strom, der ſeine Tiefe verbirgt und an dem die ſtillen Ufer um ſo ſchärfer und höher hervorragen; ſie erhöht ſeine Empfindungen und ſtärkt ſeinen Geiſt. Der eiferſüchtige Mann iſt ein zorniger Löwe; er iſt edel und nur der Hunger zwingt ihn ſeine Beute zu zerreißen. Das eiferſüchtige Weib iſt eine erboſte Schlange, ſie iſt eitel, und die Lüſternheit allein verführt ſie zum Stechen. Die Erbitterung des eiferſüchtigen Mannes iſt gegen den geliebten Gegenſtand gerichtet, und ſie unterbricht ſeine Liebe; die des eiferſüchtigen Weibes wendet ſich der Nebenbuhlerin zu, und ihre Liebe wird dadurch erhöht. Die Eiferſucht macht den Mann dumm, lächerlich, und ſetzt ihn in der Liebe und Achtung des Weibes herab; das Weib macht ſie geiſtreicher, liebenswürdiger, und ſie ſteigert die Empfindung des Mannes. Die Eiferſucht iſt ein furchtbares, blutiges Werkzeug, das ein Weib leichtſinnig gebraucht, ihrer Eitelkeit ein wenig Zuckerwerk vorzuſchneiden; es verletzt alſo damit ſelbſt einen geliebten Mann, um ſich an ſeinen Schmerzen zu ergötzen. Der Mann verſchmäht dieſes grauſame Mittel, ob es zwar ſelten ſeinen Zweck verfehlte, würde es angewendet, die ſchlummernde Liebe eines Weibes aufzuwecken, oder ſelbſt die nicht beſtehende zu ſchaffen.

Die Freude iſt gleichförmig, weil ſie den ganzen Menſchen ausfüllt. Denn jede Luſt, durch welchen Sinn, durch welche Seite des Lebens ſie auch einkehrt, iſt nur der rohe Stoff, der wohl an der Eintrittspforte einen geringen Zoll erlegt, aber dann ſich weiter führt, um im menſchlichen Herzen, dieſer großen gemeinſchaftlichen Werkſtätte, nach gleichen und unwandelbaren Regeln zubereitet zu werden. Alle Genüſſe, ſo verſchieden auch ihre Beſtandtheile ſind, werden, wenn ſie durch das Herz gehen, in Blut verwandelt. Darum iſt die Freude ſo einfach und ohne Wechſel, und daher iſt Entbehren die große Bedingung unſeres Glückes, weil man das geſättigte Herz nüchtern machen muß, um ſeine Empfänglichkeit zu erneuern. Aber der Schmerz iſt tauſendfältig, denn das auflöſende Herz weißt ihn zurück, er darf die Glieder nicht verlaſſen, die er peinigt, und wird in jedem derſelben beſonders empfunden. Doch einen Schmerz giebt es, der mit der Freude die ſchreckliche Gemeinſchaft hat, daß auch er den ganzen Menſchen ausfüllt, und ins Blut des Lebens verwandelt wird — es iſt die Eiferſucht. Wie Muſik eine überirdiſche Luſt iſt, und der Menſch, der ſie empfindet, alle Freuden aller Welten genießt, ſo iſt die Eiferſucht ein unmenſchlicher Schmerz, und die Bruſt, die ſie empfindet, fühlt die Leiden aller erſchaffenen Dinge. Verſchmähte Liebe iſt Tod. Eiferſucht iſt mehr, ſie iſt die Furcht des Todes.

Frauen verſtehen die Liebe der Männer nicht zu ſchätzen. Weil ſie alles, worüber ſie ſchalten können, dafür hingeben, glauben ſie den vollen Preis bezahlt zu haben. Es iſt ihre ewige Täuſchung, daß ihre Liebe größer ſei, denn ſie wähnen zu geben, wenn ſie empfangen. Das Weib lebt nur, wenn es ſich in einen Mann verliert. Das Herz der Frauen wird leer geboren, und nichts darin hat dem Bilde eines geliebten Mannes erſt Platz zu räumen. Aber die Seele des letztern iſt voll und belebt, und er muß eine Welt verdrängen, um den Gegenſtand ſeiner Liebe aufzunehmen. Er opfert dem Weibe alle ſeine Sinne, ſeine Entwürfe, ſeine Hoffnungen. Seine Empfindungen ſind Ströme, ſeine Gedanken die Schiffe darauf, in welchen er der Geliebten alle Freuden und Kräfte des Lebens zuführt. Er hat ſein ganzes Eigenthum in eine Hand gegeben, und wird nun ſeine Liebe verſchmäht oder verrathen, ſo findet er nicht Nahrung noch Obdach, denn er iſt von allem entblößt. Wohin ſoll ſich der Unglückliche wenden? Soll er ſeinen Schmerz in den Taumel der Sinne verſenken — die grauſamen Wellen heben ihn immer wieder empor und führen ihn dem Lande zu. Soll er ſich im Thun des Geiſtes zerſtreuen? Aber er hat auch den Geiſt der Geliebten geopfert. Er kann ſich nicht betäuben, denn er hört nicht; er kann ſich nicht verblenden, denn ſeine Augen ſind geſchloſſen. Dem liebenden Jünglinge iſt die ganze Menſchheit nur eine Sache. Die Welt iſt ihm leblos und entvölkert, ihre Pulſe ſtocken, wenn das Herz der Geliebten aufhört für ihn zu ſchlagen.

Jedes Seelenleid hat ſeine warmen Thränen, die manche ſtechende Eiszacke der Empfindung wegſchmelzen, nur die Eiferſucht hat ſie nicht, und das trockene, verkohlte Auge zeigt den dürren Grund eines ausgebrannten Kraters. Jeder Schmerz hat ſeinen Schlummer, der ihn in Vergeſſenheit wiegt, nur der Eiferſüchtige wacht immer, und kein ſchmeichelnder Traum giebt ihm zurück, was ihm der Tag genommen.

Findet ein leiſes körperliches Mißbehagen ſeinen Arzt, und ſchon die üble Laune eines Freundes ihren Tröſter, warum bleibt allein das furchtbarſte aller Uebel ohne Hülfe und Beſchwichtigung? Warum findet der Eiferſüchtige weder Arznei noch Theilnahme? Weil die Nähe eines Eiferſüchtigen drohend und verderblich iſt; wo er weilt, da hauſen Schlangen unter den Roſen der geſelligen Freude. Der liebende Mann hat ſein ganzes Daſeyn auf das Herz eines Weibes geſtützt; wankt und bricht nun dieſe Säule unter ihm, dann ſtürzt er in den leeren Raum, und je bedeutender er iſt, je mehr Tugenden er beſitzt, je gewichtiger iſt ſein Fall, und je gefährlicher wird er Jedem, dem er in ſeinem Sturze begegnet. Darum flieht man ihn, wie man der verderbenſchwangeren Bombe ausweicht. Jede andere Schwäche, jedes Laſter, ja eine ſchlechte Handlung verzeiht man dem Manne, weil dieſe nur ein Glied ſeines Weſens verderben, und die Freundſchaft, oder die Achtung, in ſeinen übriggebliebenen geſunden Theilen Erſatz für die Erkrankten finden; wer aber an der Eiferſucht krank liegt, deſſen ganze Natur iſt zerrüttet, und gleich einem durchaus verdorbenen Schuldner, kann er auch nicht den kleinſten Theil der gerechten Forderungen der Welt befriedigen.

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*) Aus: L. Börne's geſammelte Schriften, 4. Theil. Hamburg, 1829.

Wie kann der liebevolle Nachſicht fodern, der ſelbſt Liebe für keinen hegt, weil er die ganze Summe ſeines Herzens einem einzigen Weſen hingegeben hat? Seine Seele iſt eine Waſſerwüſte; vergebens ſchickt die Barmherzigkeit ihre Taube aus, ſie bringt kein Oelblatt zurück, das die Rettung von irgend etwas Feſtem, Lebendigem bezeuge.

Eiferſucht iſt der einzige verlorne Schmerz, die alleinigen Wehen in der ganzen Natur, welchen nie eine Geburt nachfolgt. Krankheiten ſtärken den Körper, Armuth macht thätig und reich, Thorheit macht weiſe, Ungewitter befruchten, was der Blitz zerſtört, wird gut bezahlt, am Fuße flammenſpeiender Berge blühen üppige Länder. Und giebt es Uebel, die kein Gut begleitet, ſo ſehen wir in der Erinnerung jeder überſtandenen Noth eine ähnliche Schweſter der Freude. Aber die Eiferſucht iſt eine Wolke ohne Himmel, hinter ihr iſt das ſchreckliche Nichts. Sie macht nicht ſtark, nicht weiſe, ſie beſſert, ſie reinigt nicht, ſie erwirbt nicht fremde Liebe, ſie befreit nicht von der eignen und endet ſie, ſo endet die Liebe mit ihr, und das Herz gewinnt nur die Ruhe des Grabes. Die Rückerinnerung dieſer Qual wie traurig iſt ſie! Der Leidende fühlt ſich wie nach einem Schiffbruche auf dürren Meeresſtrand geworfen; das Leben iſt gerettet, aber das Fahrzeug, das alle ſeine Güter trug, haben die Wellen verſchlungen, und als nackter Bettler wandert er durch die Welt.

Warum iſt das zarte, innig fühlende Weib, das einem Manne dieſen furchtbaren Schmerz einflößt, ſo empfindungslos dagegen? Das Weib bildet den Horizont der Menſchen, an dem Himmel und Erde zuſammentreffen. Engel und Teufel betragen ſich in ihm, wie ſonſt nirgends. Die ſanfteſte, edelmüthigſte Frau beſitzt von der Hölle wenigſtens ein volles Kohlenbecken, und es iſt keine ſo ruchlos, die nicht einen kleinen Winkel des Paradieſes in ihrem Herzen trüge. Wo ihre höchſte Würde, da iſt ihre niedrigſte Gemeinheit nicht weit davon. Seht ihr ein königliches Weib auf goldenem Throne, ſo hat es einen Schemel von ſchlechtem Holze unter ſeinen Füßen. Man muß ſie haſſen, damit man ſie ja nicht liebe, ſie verachten, um ſie nicht anzubeten, ſie beherrſchen, um nicht ihr Sklave zu werden. Die Liebe iſt ihre Angel, die ſie ernährt und ergötzt. Die großen Fiſche tödten, mit den kleinen ſpielen ſie. Es giebt nichts Lächerlicheres als ein verliebter Mann; ein Goldfiſchchen in einer gläſernen Waſſerglocke iſt ein erhabner Anblick dagegen. Liebe einzuflößen iſt das unaufhörliche Beſtreben der Weiber. Sie wünſchen dem Monde ein Herz, um es auszufüllen. Aber gleich Helden ſuchen ſie nur den Kampf und verſchmähen die Kranz. Nicht das Herz, das ſich ihnen ergiebt, das widerſtehende achten ſie. Darum hat der Eiferſüchtige kein Mitleid zu erwarten; er iſt abgethan. Der Gleichgültige beſchäftigt alle ihre Sinne, Kräfte und Wünſche; ſie haben keine Thränen für die Wunden, die ſie ſchlugen, aber ſie küſſen die Hand, die ihnen Wunden ſchlägt. Man begießt und wartet die Bäume nur, bis der Herbſt gekommen, und Eiferſucht iſt die überreife Frucht der Liebe. Das entlaubte Herz wird geſpalten, und die ſchönen Gärtnerinnen wärmen ihre Winterſtuben mit dem Holze. Wollt Ihr Liebe erwerben, verbergt die Eurige; wollt Ihr Euch gegen Eiferſucht ſchützen, erregt ſie. Macht es wie die Wanderer im heißen Afrika. Wenn ſie reißenden Thieren begegnen, werfen ſie ſich zur Erde, halten den Schlag ihres Herzens zurück, die Tiger kommen herbei, belecken den Scheintodten, und gehen ohne ihn zu verletzen vorüber. Liebende Jünglinge! haltet den Schlag Eures Herzens zurück, die Weiber küſſen Euch dann und zerfleiſchen Euch nicht.

Der Eßkünſtler.

Ein artiſtiſcher Verſuch.

Nur acht Tage wurde ich in Wien verkannt, daher ich mich glücklicher ſchätzen darf, als viele Andere. Nämlich der heiligen Allianz meiner Tiſchgenoſſenſchaft, welche ihren Zweck, gemeinſchaftlich zu verſchlingen, gar nicht zu beſchönigen ſuchte, brachte Zwietracht: denn ſie konnte nicht einig darüber werden, [illegible] ich verliebt ſei, oder ein tiefſinniger Gelehrter, oder ein Narr, oder taubſtumm, oder ein langweiliger und trockner Menſch. Allerdings hatte jede dieſer Meinungen Gründe für ſich. Ich aß wenig, ſprach nichts, hörte auf keine Anrede ... bald war ich düſter, bald lachte ich laut auf, ... ich ſchnitt mehrere Geſichter, mein Blick war ſtarr auf dieſen oder jenen Punkt gerichtet, und nicht ſelten fuhr ich mit der Hand über die Stirne, gleich unſern artigen jungen Herren, die, wenn plötzlich Frauenzimmer in die Stube treten, ſich aus dem Stegreife friſiren, und ihre Locken in eine liebliche Verwirrung bringen. Aber nach einer Woche klärte ſich alles auf, und meine gewöhnliche Liebenswürdigkeit, das heißt meine ſehr gewöhnliche, kehrte zurück. Die Sache verhält ſich wie folgt.

Mir gegenüber ſaß ein Mann, an deſſen Rocke von unausſprechlicher Farbe eine ſeltene Seltenheit der Knöpfe meine Aufmerkſamkeit anzog. Auf drei Quadratſchuh Tuch kam nicht mehr als ein einziger Knopf — eine Bevölkerung, die zwar, wenn von den Menſchen die Rede wäre, zu den großen gehörte, denn ſie überträfe ſelbſt die von Malta, die aber, da es ſich von Knöpfen handelt, von einer Sparſamkeit ohne Beiſpiel iſt. Ich ſchloß aus Gründen der Anthropologie, daß ein Mann von ſo eigenthümlicher Phyſiognomie ein ausgezeichneter Menſch ſeyn müſſe, und ich irrte mich nicht. Ich entdeckte bald in ihm einen höchſt vortrefflichen Eßkünſtler, der mit ſeinen herrlichen Gaben auch die Tugend der Uneigennützigkeit verband, indem er acht Tage hinter einander in ſeiner Kunſt unentgeldliche öffentliche Vorſtellungen gab.

Man wird mir beiſtimmen, wenn ich behaupte, daß die meiſten Menſchen wie das Vieh eſſen, ohne klares Bewußtſeyn, ohne Ueberlegung, ohne Regel, und ohne jene Anmuth, welche nur die verſchönernde Kunſt über die Natur haucht. Was ich nur immer dunkel geahnet hatte, daß das Eſſen etwas viel Erhabeneres bezwecke, als die Befriedigung eines bloß thieriſchen Triebes, wurde mir klar durch die Anſchauung der Meiſterſchaft, welche der würdige Künſtler, von dem ich reden will, vor meinen Augen entfaltete.

Andere Konzertgeber warten gewöhnlich, bis ſich das Orcheſter geſammelt hat, und das Stimmen zu Ende iſt; dann erſt treten ſie hervor. Unſer Künſtler aber verſchmähte den kleinlichen Kunſtgriff, durch Ueberraſchung zu wirken. Im Gegentheile, er war eine halbe Stunde früher als die übrigen Gäſte im Speiſeſaal, ſo daß die Kellner oft irre wurden und ihn fragten, was er befehle, denn ſie glaubten, er ſuche ein Gabelfrühſtück. Dieſe Einſamkeit benutzte er als ein Mann, dem ſeine Kunſt heilig iſt, und der ſie nicht bloß zum ſchnöden Zeitvertreibe der Menge übt. Er unterwarf ſein Gedeck einer höchſt genauen Muſterung; die Teller und das Glas wurden nachgeſäubert; er unterſuchte das Meſſer, ob es keine Scharten habe, in welchem Falle er es mit einem andern vertauſchte. Am meiſten aber war er auf die Elaſticität des Stuhles bedacht, wohl erwägend, wie viel auf dieſen Reſonanzboden des Eß-Inſtrumentes ankäme. Darauf maß er ſich mit ſeinen Ellenbogen einen freien Umkreis ab, indem er die Stühle auf beiden Seiten zuſammenrückte, ſo daß man ſich ſpäter wunderte, wie ein Mann, der für ſechs eſſen mochte, doch nur für zwei Perſonen ſaß. War dieſes alles geſchehen und es blieb ihm noch Zeit übrig, ſo präludirte er, indem er ſich ein Glas Wein aus den gemeinſchaftlichen Beiträgen der benachbarten Flaſchen ſammelte, und dazu ein Milchbrot mit etwas Gurkenſalat genoß. So konnte er von ſeinem ſichern Hafen aus mit Ruhe auf den Sturm der heranwogenden Gäſte ſchauen, und durfte ſich, während die andern verwirrt ihre Plätze ſuchten, und hungrig der Suppe entgegen ſeufzten, der Früchte ſeiner weiſen Vorſicht erfreuen.

Man kann ſich nicht genug darüber wundern, wie es ſo viel tauſend Menſchen, die ſeit undenklichen Zeiten täglich in Gaſthöfen ſpeiſen, entgehen konnte, daß der Gebrauch der Gabel einer der Gebräuche ſei, welche die Wirthe aus Spitzbüberei eingeführet haben. Bei nur einiger Aufmerkſamkeit hätte man entdeckt, daß jenes Werkzeug weniger geeignet iſt, die Speiſen zu halten, als herab und durchfallen zu laſſen. Einen ſo hellſehenden Eßkünſtler, wie den unſrigen, konnte die heuchleriſche Hülfeleiſtung der Gabel nicht bethören, und er bediente ſich ihrer nie, ſondern gebrauchte bei allen Speiſen den ſichern und weitumfaſſenden Löffel, den er vor den räuberiſchen Händen der Kellner, die nach der Suppe alle Löffel wegräumten, dadurch ſicherte, daß er Exercitien und gymnaſtiſche Uebungen mit ihm anſtellte, ſo daß er nicht zu erhaſchen war.

Die Völker germaniſchen Urſprungs leben alle in dem Wahne, als wären die verſchiedenen Beieſſen, von welchen das Rindfleiſch begleitet zu werden pflegt, rothe Rüben, Gurkenſalat u. ſ. w. nur zur Auswahl da; aber unſer großer Künſtler ging von dem Standpunkte aus, daß jene Beieſſen Simultan-Speiſen wären, und die glückliche Anwendung ſeines Grundſatzes zeugte von deſſen Richtigkeit. Meerrettig, geröſtete Kartoffeln, die gewöhnliche braune Brühe, eingemachte Bohnen, Gurkenſalat, Radieschen, rothe Rüben, Rettigſcheiben, Senf und Salz, brachte er ſämmtlich auf ſeinen Teller und wußte ſie durch eine weiſe Benutzung des Raumes dergeſtalt im Kreiſe zu ordnen, daß keines das andere berührte. Nur ein einziger Platz blieb leer, wie an Arthur's Tafelrunde, und war für das Beieſſen beſtimmt, welches er etwa überſehen haben und das noch kommen könnte.

Das Vorurtheil, daß die Künſte in monarchiſchen Staaten größere Aufmunterung finden, als in republicaniſchen, hat jenes andere Vorurtheil veranlaßt, daß die meiſten Künſtler ariſtokratiſch geſinnt wären. Bedarf es noch eines Beweiſes, daß dieſe Anſicht falſch ſei, ſo hat ihn unſer Eßkünſtler gegeben. Seine Neigung für Freiheit und Gleichheit war ſo heftig, daß ihm der Vorzug, welchen er Frauenzimmer genießen ſah, bei Tiſche mit Uebergehen der Herren zuerſt bedient zu werden, in die größte Wuth verſetzte, und er ſchmachte nicht bloß für die Freiheit gleich den deutſchen Liberalen, ſondern er kämpfte auch für ſie, indem er jeden Kellner, der ihn überſpringen wollte, um die Schüſſel einer Dame zu reichen, gewaltſam am Aermel zurückhielt, und ihn Achtung der Menſchenrechte lehrte. Den Kellnern ſelbſt kam dieſe Freiheitsliebe unſeres Künſtlers am meiſten zu Statten; denn da der Wirth die geringſte Nachläſſigkeit, welche jene ſich gegen die Gäſte zu Schulden kommen ließen, ſtreng beſtrafte, ſo arbeitete der Eßkünſtler ſolcher Tyrannei dadurch entgegen, daß er den Kellnern unaufhörlich zurief und zuwinkte, ſie ſollten ihn nicht vernachläſſigen und an ihn denken.

Gemüſe ſind die Freuden des Pöbels und der Wirthe: ſie befriedigen das rohe Bedürfniß auf eine wohlfeile Art. Unſer Künſtler offenbarte ſeine Geringſchätzung gegen dieſelben hinlänglich, indem er bei keinem Gemüſe lange verweilte, ſondern, von einem zum andern eilend, ſich unter das Gefolge, die ſogenannten Beilagen, miſchte, wo er, wie dieſes oft der Fall iſt, größere Bildung fand als bei der Herrſchaft. Einen neuen Häring, der noch ſehr ſchüchtern war, und dem man die Verlegenheit vor ſo vielen Gäſten zu erſcheinen anſah, munterte er auf, und unterhielt ſich ſo zutraulich mit ihm, daß dieſer ein Leib und eine Seele mit ihm ward. Freilich murrten die Tiſchgenoſſen über dieſe Vernachläſſigung des ſogenannten Anſtandes, aber unſer Künſtler lachte dazu und fragte einen öſterreichiſchen Grafen, ob nicht der älteſte Häring auch einmal neu geweſen? Vorzüge adeln, nicht Jahre — ſetzte er hinzu.

Tutti aß zwar unſer Künſtler auch mit, ſich von andern Künſtlern unterſcheidend, die hierin eine lächerlich-vornehme Zurückhaltung zu beobachten pflegen; doch wie natürlich, verſparte er ſeine meiſte Kraft auf die Solos. Wenn er nach einem Halte, in Cadenzen, die gewöhnlich eine große Schüſſel Aepfelkompott als langathmiger Triller ſchloß, ſich ganz ſeiner freien Phantaſie überlaſſen durfte, dann wurde auch der kälteſte Menſch zur Bewunderung hingeriſſen. Wie aber die Zeit, die während des Tellerwechſelns und Auf- und Abtragens der Gerichte verloren geht, benutzt werden könnte, zeigte unſer Eßkünſtler zur Beſchämung aller Tiſchgenoſſen.

Ich weiß nicht, ob es ein paſſendes Gleichniß iſt, wenn ich ſage: Mehlſpeiſen ſind die Adagios der Tiſch-Symphonien; aber paſſend oder nicht, unſer Künſtler war hierin unerreichbar. Sobald die ſüße Schüſſel auf der Schwelle der Saalthüre erſchien, machte er ganz kleine Augen, um ſeine Sehkraft zu verſtärken. Er hatte dieſes optiſche Verfahren nicht aus Haller's Phyſiologie gelernt, ſondern an mehrern europäiſchen Höfen, wo die Fürſten ihre Augen und Ohren bis auf eine kleine Oeffnung verſchließen, oder, was in der Berechnung auf eins herauskommt, wo ſie nur wenig Höflinge ſehen und anhören, um deutlicher zu vernehmen, was das Volk braucht und wünſcht. Er machte alſo ſolche Heſaugen. Bis die Schüſſel an ſeine Perſon kam, ſprach er laut und viel, um gleich Frauenzimmern während einem Donnerwetter ſeine Angſt zu betäuben. Er lachte mit ſichtbarer Anſtrengung. Endlich kam ſie und ſeine Bruſt war frei. Er ſchnitt ſich ein Stück von mittlerer Größe ab, das er, ehe er es aus der Schüſſel nahm, einige Male darin herumdrehte, angeblich, es von allen Seiten zu beſchauen, im Grunde aber, um es recht innig mit Sauce zu durchtränken. Dann überſchüttete er es völlig, und wenn beim Schöpfen der Sauce noch etwas Solides im Löffel blieb, ſo war das ſchwer zu vermeiden.

Freilich fiel ihm dann immer bei, die anweſenden Engländer möchten ſeine Anhänglichkeit an das Continentalſyſtem übel nehmen, und um dieſe zu täuſchen, goß er ſo lange Sauce in den Teller, bis kein Land mehr zu ſehen war. Doch gelang ihm dieſes nicht immer, und mehrere Male ragte ein Berg Ararat von Mandeln und Roſinen über der Fluth empor. Während dem Eſſen der Mehlſpeiſe war er nachdenkend und in ſich gekehrt, und man ſah ihn nicht ſelten ſchmerzhaft lächeln. War das erſte Drittheil der Pudding-Portion verzehrt, (denn er theilte ſeine Speiſe-Portionen von allen Gerichten in drei Theile ab, weil die Teller zu klein waren, die ganze Portion auf einmal zu faſſen) dann ließ er ſich zum zweitenmal die Schüſſel reichen, was gerade nichts Beſonderes war. Beim dritten Male aber gebrauchte er Liſt, und rief dem Kellner zu, er wolle nur noch ein bischen Sauce; hatte er ihn aber herbeigelockt, dann lachte er ihn aus und griff auch zum Uebrigen.

Nur deutſche Philiſter ſind im Stande, einen großen Mann zu bewundern, ohne ihn zu lieben. Daß große Männer auch immer gut ſind, offenbarte unſer Künſtler in mehrern ſchönen Zügen. Nie ſchlug er eine Bitte unbedingt ab; konnte er ſie nicht gewähren, ſo gab er wenigſtens Hoffnung. Trug ihm der Kellner eine Schüſſel vor, die er zurückweiſen mußte, weil er zu beſchäftigt war, ſagte er: jetzt nicht, aber ſpäter, mein Freund! Ein rührender Zug ſeines ſanften Herzens war folgender. Eines Mittags wurde ihm zwiſchen dem Braten und dem Deſſert noch eine Suppe vorgeſetzt, weil ihn der Kellner von hinten mit einem Gaſte verwechſelte, der eben erſt in den Saal getreten und ſich an den Tiſch geſetzt hatte. Unſer edler Künſtler, um dem Kellner die Beſchämung und die Vorwürfe des Wirths zu erſparen, hatte die Großmuth, die Suppe zu eſſen, als wäre ſie für ihn beſtimmt geweſen. In allen Dingen war er ausgezeichnet. So theilte er die Unart der meiſten Gäſte nicht, welche die großen Krebſe auswählten und die kleinen in der Schüſſel liegen ließen — er nahm die kleinen auch..... Der eingeführten lächerlichen Sitte, in eine Paſtete von oben einzudringen, und ſo gleichſam in ein Haus durch das Dach zu ſteigen, trotzte er muthig. Er machte zweckmäßiger zwei Seitenöffnungen, gegen einander über. Durch die Vorderthüre ſteckte er den Löffel, und trieb das Wild und Geflügel nach der Hinterthüre, wo er es mit Leichtigkeit auffing..... Die Geſchicklichkeit, mit welcher er einen Rebhuhnkopf trepanirte, hatte ihres Gleichen nicht..... Einen Prachthecht von ſeltener Größe nahm er ungetheilt vor ſich, ſo daß der Fiſch nur mit dem Leibe ſeinen eigenen Teller bedeckte, mit dem Kopfe aber über dem Teller ſeines rechten, und mit dem Schwanze über den ſeines linken Nachbarn hinausreichte, welches ein impoſanter Anblick war.

Man wird ſich wundern zu hören, daß unſer Künſtler von den verſchiedenen Bratenſorten nur gewöhnlich viel aß, da allgemein bekannt iſt, daß gerade dieſe Art Speiſen bei wahren Kennern in großem Anſehn ſtehen. Aber der Meiſter betrat überall eine neue Bahn, und wie er ſelbſt unnachahmlich war, ſo ahmte er auch niemals Andern nach. Wie geſagt, er aß die Braten als Dilettant, und benutzte die Muße, die er dadurch gewann, um ſich auf das Deſſert würdig vorzubereiten. Von dieſem ſtellte er eine ganz neue Theorie auf, wodurch das bisherige Syſtem ganz über den Haufen geworfen wird. Ich werde mich bemühen, die neue Theorie unſeres Künſtlers in das klarſte Licht zu ſetzen, und man wird erſtaunen, daß die falſche Anſicht vom Deſſert ſich ſo viele Jahrhunderte hat behaupten können.

Joſeph in Egypten, den meine Leſer, wenn auch nicht aus der Bibel, doch gewiß aus Mehül's Oper kennen, war in den Jahren der Fruchtbarkeit auf die künftigen Jahre der Hungersnoth bedacht, und ließ, als ein guter Staatsverwalter, Vorrathskammern anlegen. Ich weiß nicht, ob ſich unſer Künſtler gegen eine Frau Potiphar ſo ſtreng benommen hätte, als der keuſche Joſeph, aber in der Nationalöconomie blieb er hinter dem Sohne der Rahel nicht zurück. Auch ihn machte der Ueberfluß bei Tiſche nicht ſorglos, er gedachte der ſieben magern Nachmittagsſtunden, und traf ſeine Maßregeln. Ein glücklicher Umſtand, der Brand von Moskau, trug viel dazu bei, ihn auf den Weg der Weisheit zu führen. Der Künſtler hatte in den ewig denkwürdigen Jahren 1814 und 15 für die gute Sache gefochten, und aus dem glorreichen Freiheitskampfe die wahre Anſicht vom Dom zu Cöln, das Hep Hep, und die Sprachreinigkeit als Beute des Sieges mit in die Heimath gebracht. Er war es, der den Vorſchlag gemacht, der Bundestag ſolle ſich nicht eher verſammeln, als bis der Dom zu Cöln ausgebaut wäre, um dann darin Platz zu nehmen, und jeder wahre Freund des deutſchen Vaterlandes muß bedauern, daß dieſer Vorſchlag nicht zur Ausführung kam, und daß ſich der Bundestag früher verſammelte. Er war es, der die Judenverfolgungen in den Gang brachte, um Freiheit und Gleichheit einzuführen, und ihm hat man zu verdanken, daß die Sekte der Puriſten ſich ſo allgemein verbreitet hat. Er jagte alle franzöſiſchen Wörter über den Rhein zurück und ſelbſt das ſanfte Deſſert konnte ſeinem Haſſe nicht entgehen; er ſagte dafür Nachtiſch. Nachtiſch! Möchte man doch immer der urſprünglichen Bedeutung der Worte nachforſchen, dann wäre es leicht, ſich über die wahre Beſchaffenheit aller Dinge zu verſtändigen! Was heißt Nachtiſch? Nachtiſch heißt dasjenige Eſſen, welches nicht bei Tiſche, ſondern nach Tiſche verzehrt wird. Unſer Künſtler war nun nach dem zweiten Pariſer Frieden gar nicht mehr zweifelhaft über das, was ihm als deutſchem Manne zu thun oblag, er aß den Nachtiſch nach Tiſche. Um aber die neue Inſtitution um ſo feſter zu begründen, gab er ihr eine hiſtoriſche Baſis. Er aß daher gleich den übrigen Gäſten ſein Deſſert noch bei Tiſche, war dieſes aber geſchehen, ſo häufte er ſeinen Teller zum zweiten Male mit Kuchen und Früchten an, und ließ dieſes durch den Kellner auf ſein Zimmer tragen, um es in den Nachmittagsſtunden zu verſpeiſen.

Fehler wie Vorzüge, Laſter wie Tugenden, Wahrheiten wie Irrthümer, hängen unter ſich zuſammen, und ziehen ſich nach. Unſer Künſtler gab einen neuen Beweis hievon. Kaum war ihm über die wahre Beſtimmung des Nachtiſches ein Licht aufgegangen, ſo ſchritt er auf der Bahn der neuen Entdeckung weiter, bildete das Syſtem aus, und wandte es noch auf andere Verhältniſſe des Lebens an. Daß er, ſich unterſcheidend von den übrigen Gäſten, ſeine Serviette unter das Kinn feſt band, konnte mich nicht überraſchen, denn von einem ſolchen Manne ließ ſich nicht anders erwarten, als daß er die alte Sitte, Weſte und Beinkleider zu ſchonen, beibehalten werde. Daß er aber genannte Serviette, die während dem Gedränge des Eſſens herabfiel, zur Zeit, wenn das Deſſert kam, und die andern Gäſte ihre Serviette zulegten, von neuem unter das Kinn befeſtigte, mußte mir auffallen. Ich dachte gleich: dahinter ſteckt was — und es ſtak wirklich etwas dahinter, wie ſich zeigen wird. Er ſpielte nämlich während der ganzen Mahlzeit, ſo oft es ihm ſeine Geſchäfte erlaubten, mit der rechten Hand hinter der Serviette, zog ſie aber häufig hervor, und zeigte, daß ſie hohl war. Hierdurch gewöhnte er die Zuſchauer an dieſen Anblick, ſo daß ſie zuletzt gar nicht mehr darauf ſahen. Kam nun das Deſſert, dann nahm er ein großes Stück Brod vor ſich, wovon er aber nur wenige Broſamen zu der Torte aß. Er ließ das Brodſtück auf dem Tiſchtuche artige Purzelbäume machen, dann zog er das Schnupftuch aus der Taſche, und bediente ſich deſſen mit vielem Geräuſche. Er ahmte hierin glücklich den Taſchenſpielern nach, die, wenn ſie einen großen Streich vorhaben, die Ohren der Zuſchauer zu beſchäftigen ſuchen. Ich paßte auf. Huſch hatte er die rechte Hand mit dem Brode hinter der Serviette, und von da brachte er es unbemerkt in die Taſche, worauf er dann das Schnupftuch wieder einſteckte. Auf dieſelbe Art prakticirte er einige Birnen in die Taſche; jedoch hat man dieſes letztere Stück ſchon von Pinetti geſehen. So wendete unſer Künſtler die Theorie des Nachtiſches auch auf andere Lebensmittel an.

Ach, die menſchliche Natur iſt nie vollkommen! Die größten Männer haben ihre Schwächen und auch unſer Künſtler war nicht frei davon. Ich hatte geſtern in einem Anfalle von übler Laune in mein Tagebuch geſchrieben: „und ſey eine Frau noch „ſo kluge Wirthſchafterin, ſie verſteht nur die Küche; der Keller „iſt — um mich artig und architektoniſch auszudrücken — unter „ihrem Verſtande.“ Dieſe Bemerkung galt der Frau von Stael; aber treffender hätte ich ſie auf unſern Eßkünſtler anwenden können. Vom Weine hatte er gar keine Kenntniſſe, und er trank nur wenige Gläſer. Doch hielt er für dieſe einzige Schwäche durch ſeine Herzensgüte wieder ſchadlos, indem er, um zu verbergen, daß ihm der Wein nicht ſchmeckte, was den Wirth hätte kränken können, den übriggelaſſenen zugleich mit dem Deſſert auf ſein Zimmer tragen ließ, wo er ihn wahrſcheinlich heimlich ausſchüttete.

Napoleon ſagte nach ſeinem Rückzuge aus Rußland: „vom Erhabenen zum Lächerlichen iſt nur ein Schritt.“ Die Kellner, welche unſern Eßkünſtler bedienten, machten dieſen Schritt, und fanden deſſen Kunſtanſichten lächerlich. Sie waren nicht allein wegen dieſer ihrer Unwiſſenheit zu bedauern, ſondern noch mehr darum, daß ſie etwas lächerlich fanden und doch nicht lachen durften. Ich konnte ohne das innigſte Mitleid nicht ſehen, wie dieſe armen Menſchen ſich quälen mußten, um die Convulſionen ihres Geſichtes zu verbergen, und denjenigen Anſtand zu beobachten, den jeder Gaſt von einem loyalen Kellner fordern kann.

Ueber das Schmollen der Weiber.*)

Meine ehemalige Braut nannte ich, wie es bei allen kultivirten Völkern Sitte iſt, einen Engel; meine jetzige Frau nenne ich, wenn ich böſe auf ſie bin, einen gefallenen Engel, iſt das Ehewetter aber heiter, einen geſtutzten. „Warum geſtutzten?“ fragte mich Wilhelmine, als ich mich zum Erſtenmale dieſes Ausdrucks bediente. Ich ward verlegen, denn ich hatte mich noch nicht zu verſtellen gelernt, ich wußte noch nicht, wie gut in der Ehe oft das Lügen ſey, und wie ohne dieſen Lichtſchirm der Wahrheit rothe Augen noch häufiger wären. „Theure Wilhelmine!“ — ſagte ich, indem ich ihr ein Stückchen Zucker, den ſie ſehr liebt, in den Purpurmund ſteckte — liebes Vögelchen, müßte ich nicht zittern für mein Glück, wenn deine Engelsflügel nicht etwas geſtutzt wären? Müßte ich nicht fürchten, du entflatterteſt“ . . . . und flögſt den Himmel hinauf, wo deine Heimath iſt — wollte ich in höchſt poetiſcher Weiſe hinzuſetzen. Aber meine gute Frau ließ mich nicht ausreden. „Du fürchteſt alſo, ich könnte dir untreu werden?“ fragte ſie, wartete aber auf keine Antwort, ſondern nahm ihr Geſicht zuſammen, verſchloß den Mund und ſchmollte. Vergebens war mein Flehen, mein Drohen, mein Reden, mein Schweigen ſogar, ſie ſchmollte fort. Ich ging mit ſtarken Schritten das Zimmer auf und ab; in Engel's Mimik iſt keine Bewegung geſchildert, die ich nicht mit der größten Naturtreue darſtellte: Liebe, Haß, Zorn, Wuth, Verzweiflung; aber meine gute Wilhelmine ſprach kein Wort. Bei dieſer Gelegenheit lernte ich das berühmte Schmollen der Weiber kennen, und ſeitdem verlernte ich es nicht mehr. Es war der dreißigſte Tag nach meiner Hochzeit, da mein Glück in den Wendepunkt des Krebſes trat. Anfänglich hatte meine theure Wilhelmine nur einen Schmollſtuhl, dann nahm ſie einen Schmollwinkel ein, ſpäter verſchloß ſie ſich in ein Schmollkämmerchen, bis ſie endlich es durch Uebung dahin gebracht, im ganzen Hauſe zu ſchmollen.

Ich habe mich in der theoretiſchen wie in der praktiſchen Philoſophie etwas umgeſehen, Metaphyſik, Logik, Anthropologie, empiriſche Pſychologie ſind mir nicht ganz fremd; aber mit der Theorie des weiblichen Schmollens konnte ich bis jetzt noch nicht ins Reine kommen. Doch will ich die wenigen unſtreitigen Grundſätze, die ich mir aus meinen Erfahrungen abgezogen, gern mittheilen; ſie ſind in der gegenwärtigen Lage von Europa vielleicht nicht ohne Nutzen. Staatspapier-Händler, oder Staats-Papierhändler (ich weiß nicht, welche Schreibart die richtigere iſt) fragen ſich und Andere jetzt oft: welchen Ausgang wird der Krieg gegen Spanien haben? O beneidenswerthe Unwiſſenheit! Nur wer nicht verheirathet iſt, kann zweifeln, jeder Ehemann aber weiß es beſtimmt, daß die Franzoſen verlieren werden. Das Schmollen der Weiber iſt nichts als ein Guerillas-Krieg, den ſie gegen die concentrirte Macht der Männer führen, ein Krieg, in dem ſie immer ſiegen. Was nutzt euch eure ſchwere Artillerie, wenn Mücke nach Mücke die Hände, welche die Lunten anlegen, ſtechen und verwirren? Was helfen euch dreimal hunderttauſend gut bewaffnete Gründe? Die Weiber, als hätten ſie mit dem Böſen ein Bündniß geſchloſſen, ſind gründefeſt, es dringt keiner durch. Ihre gefährliche Waffe iſt der Mund, ſie mögen ihn zum Reden oder zum Schweigen gebrauchen. Reden ſie, und ihr habt viel Verſtand und Geduld, dann könnt ihr ſie zuweilen zum Schweigen bringen; ſchweigen ſie aber (welches in der häuslichen Kriegskunſt Schmollen heißt), iſt alle Mühe vergebens, ſie zum Reden zu bringen, ihr müßt euch zurückziehen, und ſchließt um jede Bedingung einen pyrenäiſchen Frieden.

Der zürnende Mann ragt wenigſtens mit dem Kopfe über die Wolken ſeines Zornes hinaus, das eheliche Gewitter grollt nur unter ſeinen Füßen; die Frau aber ſteht mit dem Kopfe unter dem donnernden Gewölke, und kein Strahl des Friedens beleuchtet ihr finſteres Geſicht. Wenn ich mit meiner guten Wilhelmine zanke, weiß ich, daß ich in einer Viertelſtunde wieder verſöhnt ſeyn werde; mein ſchmollender Engel aber hat gar keine Vorſtellung davon, daß ſie mir je wieder gut werden könnte. Ein komiſches Mißverſtändniß trägt gewöhnlich dazu bei, ſie noch mehr aufzubringen. Ich pflege nämlich meine theure Gattin Wilhelmine zu nennen; aber ſo oft ſie zankt, rufe ich ſie Minchen. Dieſes Wort macht ſie nur unverſöhnlicher, denn ſie wähnt, ich bediene mich der liebkoſenden Verkleinerung nur aus Spott, und die gute Seele wird aus dem Morgenblatte erfahren, daß ich ſie, wenn ſie ſchmollt, nur darum Minchen nenne, weil ſie mir dann als ein kleiner Mina vorkömmt — ſo geſchickt weiß ſie den Guerillas-Krieg zu führen.

Ich habe meiner lieben Frau ſchon oft vorgeſchlagen, ich wollte mich auf ihr Schmollen monatlich abonniren, indem ich ihr immer auf dreißig Tage voraus Recht gäbe, und dabei meinte ich, würden wir uns beſſer ſtehen; aber ſie wollte von einem ſolchen Vertrage nichts hören. So habe ich denn viele trübe Schmolltage in meinem Hauskalender einzutragen, und beim Schluſſe des Jahres fällt die meteorologiſche Bilanz nicht immer zu meinem Vortheil aus. Was aber meinem Kalender ein noch ſeltſameres und traurigeres Anſehen giebt, iſt, daß ich zwar Tag und Stunde bezeichnen kann, wo meine Wilhelmine zu ſchmollen angefangen, aber weder Stunde noch Tag, wo ſie zu ſchmollen aufgehört. Sie vergrollt ſo leiſe und allmählig, daß nicht zu beſtimmen iſt, wenn der letzte Laut ihrer Unzufriedenheit verſchallte, und plötzlich befinde ich mich mitten in meinem gewohnten Glücke, ohne zu wiſſen, wie ich hinein gekommen. Sie hat mir einmal anvertraut, daß es alle Weiber ſo machten, die, wenn ſie ihr ſtillſtehendes Herz wieder aufziehen, alle ganze, halbe und Viertel-Stunden, über welche ſie den Zeiger rücke, ſchlagen ließen, bis der Zeiger auf der Stunde der Liebe ſtände. Sie müßten das ſo machen, um die Uhr ihrer Seele nicht zu verderben.

Wenn mich meine gute Wilhelmine auf dem Paradieß, das ſie mir ſelbſt geſchaffen, oft Stunden und Tage hinaus ſchmollt, ſo iſt das nur meine eigne Schuld. Ich habe unbeſonnen meiner häuslichen Verfaſſung die Fehler der ſpaniſchen gegeben. Meine Frau und ich bilden nur eine Kammer, und ſo muß denn geſchehen, was in ſolchen Fällen immer geſchieht: das demokratiſche Prinzip gewinnt die Herrſchaft über das ariſtokratiſche. Das weibliche Herz iſt ein athenienſiſcher Markt — unter einem herrlichen blauen Himmel, liebliche Blumenſträuße, duftende Südfrüchte, holde Anmuth, Geiſt, Witz, Empfindung; aber auch Tücke, Launen, Wankelmüthigkeit und Undankbarkeit. Wo aber die häusliche Geſetzgebung weiſe in zwei Kammern getrennt iſt, wo der Mann das Oberhaus, und die Frau das Unterhaus bildet, da werden, wie ein Bayeriſcher Poet unvergleichlich ſchön geſungen hat, die Wogen der Demokratie ſich an den Felſen der Ariſtokratie brechen, auf welchen Felſen der Thron gebaut iſt und der Frieden!

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*) Aus: L. Börne's geſammelte Schr. Th. 3.

Auguſt Bohſe,

genannt Talander, ward am 2. April 1661 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt die Rechte und die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, hielt nach vollendetem akademiſchem Curſus jungen Studirenden und Adeligen Vorleſungen über Jurisprudenz, Redekunſt und Briefſtyl in Halle, Leipzig und Dresden und ward darauf 1691 Secretär des Herzogs von Sachſen-Weißenfels. Später trat er von Neuem als Docent in Erfurt auf, promovirte 1700 als Doctor der Rechte in Jena und ward dann als Profeſſor an die Ritterakademie zu Liegnitz berufen, wo er um 1730 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Liebescabinet der Damen. Leipzig, 1685. 12.
Die Eiferſucht der Verliebten. Leipzig. 1689. 12.
Die durchlauchtige Alceſtis. — Leipz. 1689.
Der getreuen Bellamira wohl belohnte Liebesprobe. Leipz. 1692.
Die durchlauchtigſte Olorena. Leipz. 1694.
Die getreue Sklavin Doris. Leipz. 1696.
Die Amazoninnen aus dem Kloſter. Cölln, 169[illegible]
Liebesgeſchichte der unglücklichen Prinzeſſin Arſinoe. Leipz. 1700.
Wettſtreit der Liebe u. ſ. w. Leipz. 1702.
Arianens u. ſ. w. Staats- und Liebesgeſchichte. Leipz. 1705.
Talander's letztes Liebes- und Heldengedicht. Leipz. 1706.
Amor am Hofe. Leipz. 1710.
Aurorens u. ſ. w. Staats- und Liebesgeſchichte. Leipz. 1715.
Die Albaniſche Gulima. Cölln, 1698.
Der Liebes-Irrgarten. Weißenburg im Nordgau, 1724.
Tauſend und eine Nacht. Leipz. 1730. 6 Thl.
Tauſend und ein Tag. Leipz. 1730.
Konſtantine. Leipz. 1735.
Schauplatz der unglückſelig Verliebten. Leipzig, 1697.
Tugend und Laſterkomödie u. ſ. w. Quedlinburg und Aſchersleben, 1699.
Baptista Guarini Pastor fido u. ſ. w. in ungebundener Rede verdeutſcht. Erfurt, 1699.
Gründliche Anleitung zu deutſchen Briefen. Jena, 1700 u. ö.
Allzeit fertiger Briefſteller. Leipzig, 1709.
Curiös bequemes Handbuch von allerhand auserleſenen Sendſchreiben. Leipzig, 1734—37. 2 Thle.
Neue Einleitung zur deutſchen Oratorie. Jena, 1708.
Des franzöſiſchen Helikon's auserleſene Frühlings u. ſ. w. Früchte. Leipz. 1703.
Des franzöſiſchen Helikon's Monatsfrüchte. Leipz. 1696.
Curieuſe und hiſtoriſche Reiſen durch Europa. 2 Thle. Leipzig, 1721.
Hiſtoriſcher Weltſpiegel. Leipz. 1714.
Scherz- und ernſthafte hiſtoriſche Erquickſtunden. Leipz. 1702 u. ſ. w.

B. war der Erſte in Deutſchland, welcher aus der Schriftſtellerei einen Erwerbzweig machte: daher die faſt endloſe Zahl ſeiner Romane und anderen Schriften, in welchen es ihm nur darauf ankam, als das Muſter eines galanten (d. h. mit allen erdenklichen ausländiſchen Wörtern geſpickten, ſteifen und gezwungenen) Styls zu erſcheinen. — Er leidet an der ganzen Geſchmackloſigkeit ſeiner Zeit und wird nur noch in der Geſchichte unſerer Literatur erwähnt, übrigens aber mit Recht der Vergeſſenheit übergeben.

Heinrich Chriſtian Boje,

ein um die ſchöne Literatur in Deutſchland höchſt verdienter Mann. — Geboren zu Meldorp im Holſteiniſchen am 19. Juli 1744, ſtudirte er die Rechte in Göttingen und war hier mit Gotter der älteſte Beförderer jener werthvollen Beſtrebungen, welche von dem ſogenannten göttingiſchen Dichterbunde ausgingen. Nach vollendeten Studien ward er Stabsſecretär zu Hanover (1775) und ſeit 1781 däniſcher Juſtizrath und Landvogt in Süderdithmarſchen. Er ſtarb als königl. däniſcher Etatsrath zu Meldorp am 3. März 1806.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Gedichte. Bremen und Leipzig, 1770.

In Verbindung mit Gotter (S. d.), und ſpäter allein, gab er von 1770—1775 den göttingiſchen Muſenalmanach, ſo wie im Verein mit Dohm ſeit 1776 (ſpäter allein) das deutſche Muſeum heraus.

B's eigene poetiſche Leiſtungen ſind unerheblich, aber durch feine und einſichtsvolle Kritik nützte er nicht allein ſeinen Freunden, ſondern beförderte die aufblühende, eine beſtimmtere Richtung gewinnende deutſche Dichtkunſt ungemein. Von ſeinen Bemühungen in dieſer Hinſicht berichtet ein Zeitgenoſſe: „Auf dieſe Art erſchien in Göttingen der erſte deutſche Muſenalmanach für das Jahr 1770, erhielt Beifall und fand an dem Hamburger bald einen würdigen Nebenbuhler. Ungemein genützt haben beide Blumenleſen unſerer Literatur, ſo lange ſie noch die einzigen waren, die anerkannten Dichter unſeres Vaterlandes ſie mit ihren Arbeiten ſchmückten, und unter den Verſuchen der neu aufblühenden eine ſtrenge Sonderung Statt finden konnte. Wenn ſie in der Folge aufhörten zu ſeyn, was ſie geweſen waren, und ſpäter faſt nur noch durch die Beiträge ihrer Herausgeber Aufmerkſamkeit erregten, ſo lag die Urſach hievon in nichts Anderem, als daß ihre Anzahl ſich zuſehends mehrte, und was urſprünglich eine Anſtalt für junge Dichter ſeyn ſollte, allmählich ein Gegenſtand der Ueppigkeit und des buchhändleriſchen Gewerbes ward. Ueberdies erwuchſen und blühten neben den Muſenalmanachen mehrere Zeitſchriften, die ebenfalls einen nicht kleinen Theil der jährlichen poetiſchen Erzeugniſſe in ſich überleiteten: der deutſche Merkur (ſeit 1773) unter Wieland's Aufſicht, das deutſche Muſeum (1776—1788), das Boje herausgab, und die Iris (1775—1778), die Jacobi beſorgte, haben ungemein kräftig auf unſere Literatur gewirkt, indem ſie theils unmittelbar die Aufnahme und Verbreitung des Schönen begünſtigten, theils mittelbar durch Abhandlungen und Kritiken den Ton angaben und die öffentliche Meinung zu leiten wußten."

S. Charaktere der vornehmſten Dichter aller Nationen. Bd 3. St. 2. S. 212 flgde.

Philipp Karl Bonafont,*)

Sohn des 1801 zu Trier verſtorbenen Forſtinſpectors, geboren zu Raſtadt am 22. Juni 1778, begann ſeine Studien bei den Piariſten ſeiner Vaterſtadt, dann zu Mainz bis zum Ausbruch der franzöſiſchen Revolution 1792, wo er nebſt ſeinem Vater von Cuſtine gezwungen wurde, der franzöſiſchen Republik zu dienen. Bis 1813 war B. in verſchiedenen Verwaltungen und zuletzt als Bureauchef bei der Departementspräfectur zu Aachen angeſtellt geweſen. Nach dem Rheinübergang der Alliirten wurde ihm 1814 von dem damaligen General-Gouvernement vom Nieder- und Mittel-Rhein die Stelle eines Profeſſors der deutſchen Sprache an dem Gymnaſio zu Lüttich angetragen, die er jedoch ablehnte und als Privatgelehrter und Lehrer lebte, bis er Profeſſor der franzöſiſchen Sprache am großherzoglichen Pageninſtitut zu Weimar wurde. Die Feindſchaft der Sängerin Jagemann, auch v. Heigendorf genannt, deren Spiel und Geſang B. in einer Zeitſchrift getadelt hatte, zog ihm ſeine Entlaſſung zu. — Von dieſem Zeitpunkte an lebte er in verſchiedenen Orten, zuletzt 1821 zu Halle, wo er an der dortigen Univerſität docirte, bis ihm 1822 der König von Preußen, als vormaligem Beamten in den Rheinprovinzen, eine jährliche, aber zum Lebensunterhalt nicht hinreichende Penſion bewilligte. — 1827 wurde er herzoglich Sachſen-Coburg-Gothaiſcher Legationsrath. — Seine ſchriftſtelleriſche Laufbahn begann ſchon 1800, wo er zuerſt einige Romane und mehrere Schauſpiele herausgab. Ueberhaupt hat ſich B. als fruchtbarer Schriftſteller bekannt gemacht, der ſowohl in der deutſchen als in der franzöſiſchen Literatur bewandert iſt. — Dr. Karl Friedrich Arnim Guden ſagt in ſeinen 1831 herausgegebenen „Chronologiſchen Tabellen zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Sprache und National-Literatur" Pag. 228.: „Bonafont hat ſich als Romanſchriftſteller, als dramatiſcher und äſthetiſcher Kritiker vortheilhaft bekannt gemacht. Von ſeinen dramatiſchen Schriften, in welchen er ſich zum Theil Schiller zum Muſter nahm, ſind manche mit Beifall auf der Bühne aufgenommen worden." Die von ihm ſeit 1800 in beiden Sprachen erſchienenen Schriften zeugen von einem nicht alltäglichen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Talent und von ſehr verſchiedenartigen literariſchen Kenntniſſen, denen vielleicht mehr Anerkennung gebührt hätte **). Beſonders verdient um die deutſche Jugend hat B. ſich als Verfaſſer mehrerer nützlichen Lehrbücher der franzöſiſchen Sprache gemacht. Es dürfte der Mühe werth ſeyn, die ungewöhnliche Verſchiedenartigkeit ſeiner Leiſtungen durch Angabe ſeiner Schriften in beiden Sprachen darzuthun. Die Erſte war:

Julie et Ludolphe, comédie en deux actes et en prose. Paris, 1801.
Der Pflegevater, dramatiſches Gemälde. Karlsr. 1802.
Poésies légères et fugitives. Carlsruhe, 1803.
Adelheid, oder die unglücklich Liebenden, ein Roman aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Karlsruhe, 1803.
Originalitäten, Sammlung kleiner Erzählungen, Geſchichten und Anekdoten. Stuttgardt, 1803.
Liebe und Trennung, ein Herzensgemälde. Stuttg. 1804.
Ludwig Unſtern, oder Mord aus Rache, hiſtoriſch-dramatiſches Gemälde des 18. Jahrhunderts. Stuttg. 1804.
Patkul, hiſtor. Gemälde des XVII. Jahrhunderts. Stuttg. 1804.
Julius und Marie, Schauſpiel.
Julie und Rudolph, Schauſpiel.
Künſtlerglück, Schauſpiel.
Zulima, oder die Verſchwörung auf Malta. Trauerſpiel.
} Stuttgardt, 1804.
Ignoranz und Verderben, oder: die Folgen der Erziehung. Nürnberg, 1804.
Lorenzo Chiaramonti, oder: der neue Werther. Ebendaſelbſt, 1804.
Die edle Fürſtin, Schauſpiel. Salzburg, 1805.
Iwan IV., hiſtoriſch-dramatiſche Darſtellung aus der ruſſiſchen Geſchichte. Leipzig, 1810.
Paul I. oder Entſchloſſenheit und Gnade. Aachen, 1812.

1817 erſchienen von B. zu Paris unter dem Titel: „Bagatelles dramatiques" gelungene Ueberſetzungen des „armen Poeten" von Kotzebue, des „Puls" von Babo, nebſt einem dritten Original-„Luſtſpiele"; zu Straßburg bei Levrault: Flore ou variétés littéraires en prose et en vers. — 1818 erſchien von ihm zu Berlin: „Ein Tag aus des großen Friedrichs Leben", hiſtoriſches Schauſpiel, welches 1814 zu Köln zur erſten Feier des 18. Octobers gedichtet und aufgeführt wurde. — Ferner: Quelques poésies françaises et allemandes. Dresden, 1819. — Originalitäten aus dem Gebiete der Wahrheit und Dichtung, 2 Theile. Leipzig, 1819. — Geſchichte des engliſchen Parlaments, angeblich von Ludwig Bonaparte, aus dem Franzöſiſchen überſetzt. Sondershauſen und Nordhauſen, 1821. — Des avantages de la langue française, et de la nécessité de son étude. Magdebourg, 1821. — Eugenie oder die falſche Ehe, Schauſpiel nach Beaumarchais, neu bearbeitet. Brandenburg, 1822. — Erzählungen aus dem Gebiete der Wahrheit und Dichtung, (als Fortſetzung ſeiner „Originalitäten") 1823. Ebendaſelbſt. — Essais imitatifs de quelques poésies de Schiller. Halle, 1825. — Der König und die Henne, Original-Luſtſpiel. Brandenburg, 1823. — Manuel de langue française pour la vie sociale. I. Vol. Halle, 1825. — Thaliens Spenden für Bühnen und Privattheater. 2 Bde. Leipzig, 1826. Er gab auch früher unter dem Namen „Philippi" mehrere Schauſpiele heraus, die in der 1817—1818 zu Augsburg erſchienenen „neuen deutſchen Schaubühne" enthalten ſind. — 1829 erſchien zu Berlin unter dem Titel: „Kunſtandeutungen aus äſthetiſchem Standpunkte für angehende Künſtler und Kunſtfreunde" eine zweite vermehrte und verbeſſerte Auflage von ſeinen 1814 zu Köln herausgegebenen „Aphorismen der Aeſthetik, nebſt Aufſätzen verſchiedenen Inhalts." — Noch hat man von B. Herbſtblüthen, zur Unterhaltung in Winterabenden. Schneeberg, 1829. — Le petit maître de langue, ou nouveau vocabulaire français-allemand. Halle, 1828. — Cromwell et Napoléon, la révolution d'Angleterre et la révolution française parallèlement comparées, suivies de quelques pensées morales et politiques *). Wolfenbuttel et Leipzic, 1829. — Nouveaux exercices de lecture française. (Neue franzöſiſche Leſeübungen, beſtehend in einer reichhaltigen Sammlung intereſſanter Erzählungen, wenig bekannter Anekdoten und ſonſtiger Leſeſtücke, nebſt einer poetiſchen Abtheilung.) I. Band von 310 Seiten. Coburg und Leipzig, 1830. — Lectures nouvelles instructives et amusantes, à l'usage des amateurs de la langue française. Lemgo et Leipzic, 1831. — Dieſe Fortſetzung der obigen „Exercices de lecture" enthält ebenfalls eine poetiſche Abtheilung, in welcher den Leſern nebſt andern vorzüglichen Dichtungen berühmter Meiſter, z. B. von C. Delavigne und andere ſehr gelungene Ueberſetzungen Schillerſcher Gedichte von Bonafont, mitgetheilt werden. — Sachverſtändige Beurtheiler haben über die anerkannte Meiſterſchaft ihres Ueberſetzers ein ehrenvolles Urtheil ausgeſprochen. —

Sammlung der franzöſiſchen Redensarten, Gallicismen und Sprichwörter, welche von der Académie française gut befunden und aufgenommen worden ſind. Berlin, 1831. — Nouvelle grammaire française raisonnée et pratique. (Neues grammatikaliſches Handb. der franzöſ. Sprache zum Haus- und Schulgebrauch für Söhne und Töchter.) Berlin, 1832. — Tékély, héros de Hongrie. Nouvelle historique. Brunswic et Leipzic, 1832. — Erzählungen aus dem Gebiete der Wirklichkeit. Zeitz und Leipzig, 1833. — Neue Chreſtomathie zum mündlichen und ſchriftlichen Ueberſetzen aus dem Deutſchen ins Franzöſiſche, nebſt der nöthigen Phraſeologie. Leipzig, 1834.

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*) Von dem Herrn Legationsrath Bonafont ſelbſt eingeſandt.

**) Billig möchte man hier fragen, weßhalb Herr B. weder in dem ältern, noch in dem neuern Converſations-Lexikon aufgeführt iſt?

*) Ohne Angabe des Herausgebers.

Bekanntlich iſt Herr Bonafont auch, ſowohl unter ſeinem wirklichen Namen, als unter dem Anagramm deſſelben, B. Fontane, Mitarbeiter an mehreren Zeitſchriften, wie er dies ſchon früher auch am allgemeinen Anzeiger der Deutſchen und am „Berliner Geſellſchafter" von Gubitz 1818 geweſen iſt, in welchem ſeine Recenſionen über die weimariſche Bühne enthalten ſind. Wenn nun, wie aus dieſem ſo reichhaltigen als mannichfaltigen Verzeichniß zu erſehen iſt, Herr B. zu den fruchtbarſten jetzt lebenden Schriftſtellern gezählt werden kann, ſo möchten wir ihn mit einem Recenſenten ſeiner „franzöſiſchen Grammatik" vor dem zu viel ſchreiben warnen und an die Wahrheit erinnern, daß nicht ſoviel oft mehr iſt!

(Vergl. Hartleben's „Beſchreibung der Stadt Karlsruhe" 1817. und Friedrich Raßmann's „Pantheon deutſcher, jetzt lebender Dichter und in die Belletriſtik eingreifender Schriftſteller." Helmſtedt, 1823.)

Ulrich Boner,

Dominikanermönch zu Bern in der erſten Hälfte des 14. Jahrh., von deſſen näheren Lebensumſtänden nichts Beſtimmtes ſich ermitteln läßt, iſt, nach den Forſchungen Leſſing's, Eſchenburg's, Docen's und des Grafen von Mülinen, höchſt wahrſcheinlich der Verfaſſer des „Edelſteins", einer Sammlung von gereimten Fabeln und Erzählungen, welche er nach lateiniſchen Vorbildern bearbeitete, und die ſich durch eine tüchtige und geſunde Lebensweisheit, lebendige Anſchauung, echtes, warmes Gefühl und treffenden Witz höchſt vortheilhaft auszeichnen.

Handſchriften dieſer Fabeln finden ſich in Straßburg, Zürich, Wolfenbüttel, Dresden und Bern. — Einen ſehr ſeltenen Abdruck von 1461, der zu Bamberg veranſtaltet wurde, beſitzt die wolfenbütteler Bibliothek.

Die beſte und getreueſte Ausgabe lieferte G. F. Benecke in Göttingen unter dem Titel:

Der Edel Stein getichtet von Bonerius. Aus Handſchriften berichtiget und mit einem Wörterbuche verſehen von G. F. B. — Berlin, 1816.

Wir entlehnen derſelben die hier mitgetheilten Fabeln.

Von einem loewen und von einem roſſe.

Von valſchem ruome.

Ein loewe eis mals gegangen kan
Von hungers not uf einen plan,
Und ſuochte ſine ſpiſe;
Doch iſt er nicht unwiſe,
Der umb ſin ſpis wol werben kan.
Der loewe ſach ein pferit gan
Uf der wiſe; des wart er vro.
In ſinem muote gedacht er do,
Wie er es moecht betriegen,
Und begonde valſchlich liegen.
Do er das ros alleine ſach,
Vil ſenfteklich er zuozim ſprach:
‚Got grues dich, trut geſelle min!
Ein guoter arzat wil ich ſin.
Ich mag dich erneren wol;
Hoher kunſte bin ich vol.
Was dir beſchicht, das klage mir;
Ich mag es wohl gebeſſern dir.'
Das ros das ſach den loewen an,
Sin ſchalkeit es merken began.
Ze gelte was es im bereit,
Und ſprach: ‚Ich lide gros erbeit.
In minen fuos ſtach mich ein dorn,
Da von iſt mir das bein erſworn.
Eis arzates hab ich begert,
Des hat mich got an dir gewert;
Du biſt har komen mir ze troſt.
Ich danken dirs, wirt ich erloeſt
Von minem ſiechtag, der iſt gros.'
Der rede den loewen nicht verdros.
Er ſprach: ‚Bald har biut dinen fuos!
Ich tuon dir alles gebreſten buos.'
Das pfert do ſprach: ‚Loew, nu gang har,
Und nim des dornes eben war!
Und wirt ich an dem fuos geſunt,
Ich wil dir geben tuſeng pfunt.'
Der loew ein valſcher artzat was;
Das ros mit ſchalkeit galt im das.
Und do der loew zem roſſe kan,
Und er es wolt ertoedet han,
Das pferit ſchalkhaft was genuog,
Mit dem fuos es den loewen ſluog
An ſin ſtirnen, das im geſwant,
Und floch von im. Do was geſchant
Der valſcher artzat. Das was wol,
Wan er was aller ſchalkeit vol.
Und do der loewe wider kan
Zim ſelber, das er mochte gan,
Und er das pferit nicht enſach,
Vil ruweklíche er do ſprach:
‚Ich muos es in der warheit jehen,
Il recht iſt mir nu beſchehen.
Schalkeit was min herze vol;
Der iſt mir nu gelonet wol.'

Wer das ſeit, das nicht eniſt,
Und lugt, das iſt ein ſwacher liſt.
Ein ſchalk den andern ſchelten ſol.
Wel menſche trugenheit iſt vol,
Den ſol man triegen: das iſt recht;
Ein wort ſint krumb, ſin werk nicht ſlecht.
Wer das wil ſin, das er nicht iſt,
Sine kulkeit im licht gebriſt.
Es ruemt ſich manger groſer kunſt,
Der doch vil kleinen hat vernunſt.
Der loewe wolt ein artzat weſen,
Doch wolt das ros an im geneſen.

Von einem roſſe und von einem eſel.

Von verſmachunge der welte.

Ein ros das was gezieret wol,
Aller ſchoenheit was es vol.
Sin zoum und ouch der ſattel ſin
Haben von golde liechten ſchin;
Sin deki was von zendal rot.
Das es hoch truog, das tet im not
Den weg es dur ein gaſſen nam
Eis mals, da im engegen kam
Ein ſwacher eſel, was nicht kluog.
Ein groſen ſak er uf im truog.
Dem roſſe der eſel nicht entweich;
Des wart im manger herter ſtreich;
Er muoſte ſin engelten.
Das ros geriet in ſchelten
Und ſprach zuozim: ‚Du ſwaches tier,
Soldeſt du nicht entwichen mir?
Genuiſſiſt nicht der eren min,
Es muoſt din grimmer tot nu ſin.
Du verſmachte creatur!
Du ſakträgel! Du rechter ſlur!
Wie getorſteſt du das an gevahen,
Das du mir ſolt engegen gahen?'
Der eſel ſweig und hat ſin gemach.
Dar nach es kurzeklich geſchach,
Das das ros enbueget wart.
Do wart nicht langer do geſpart,
Es wart entbloeſt guot unde gar
Aller gezierde. Nemend war,
Wie bald ſin ſchoeni was verkert,
Dar zuo ſin ungemach gemert!

Es wart geſpannen in ein wagen,
Es muoſte ziechen unde tragen.
Ungemach und erbeit
Machten im ſin leben leit.
Es wart mager unde flach;
Ein rippe man im ſcharten ſach.
Sine fues und ſine bein
Stießen ſich an mangen ſtein;
Ouch wart es gellig unde las;
Der ruigge im vaſt zerbrochen was.
Haberſtrou wart im gegeben
Ze ſpis; urdruiſſig was ſin leben.
Als bald der eſel do erſach
Das ros ſo krank und alſo ſwach,
Vil bald er ſpotten began.
Mit glatten worten vieng er an;
Er ſprach: ‚Got grues uich, herre min!
Wa iſt nu uiwers ſattels ſchin?
War hant ir uiwern zoum getan?
In dek ſicht man uich nu gan;
Uiwer gezierde die iſt klein.
Uich ſcharrent dur dui hut dui bein.
Ir hant kein ſilber noch kein golt;
Dar zuo iſt uich nu nieman holt.
Geſwacht iſt uiwer hocher muot.
Wa iſt nu er? Wa iſt nu guot?
Ze vil eren iſt halb laſter.
Heiſſent uich ein pflaſter
Uf uiwern ruigge binden;
Dui hut beginf uich ſchrinden.
Der lip iſt und dui fueſſe ſwach;
Bereit iſt uich ungemach;
Ir ſullent lang in armuot leben.
Secken lon kan hochvart geben.
Uibermuot wird niemer guot;
Uibermuot groſzen ſchaden tuot.'

Bi dirre biſchaft merk ich dui welt,
Die nach gezierde git boes gelt.
Der welt gewalt, des libes kraft
Zergat, und alle meiſterſchaft.
Weltlich ere nicht geſtat;
Weltlich froede ein ende hat.
Da von nieman verſmachen ſol
Den armen. Es geſchicht vil wol,
Das dem richen miſſegat,
So der arme wol geſtat.
Dem iſt beſchechen hie gelich:
Der riche wart arm, der arme rich.

Von einem man und ſinem ſune und einem eſel.

Von unſchuldigem ſpotte.

Eis tages ze margte fuor ein man;
Einen ſun er zuozim nan
Und ſinen eſel ouch, dur das
Das er moecht riten deſte bas.
Uf dem eſel ſas der man
Und reit; ſin ſun der muoſte gan
Mit im, er hat ze riten nicht.
Nu fuogt es ſich in von geſchicht,
Das inen luite bekamen,
Die gros wunder namen.
Si ſprachen: ‚Sechent, wa der man
Ritet, und lat den knaben gan!
Lies er den knaben riten,
Und gieng bi ſiner ſiten,
Dar an tet er verre bas.'
Und do der alte erhorte das,
Ab dem eſel ſas er do.
Der ſun ſas uf; des wart er fro,
Das er ouch riten ſolte.
Der alte gerne wolde
Nebent bi dem eſel gan.
Do bekamen in zwen ander man.
Der eine zuo dem andern ſprach,
Do er den knaben riten ſach:
‚Warta, trut geſelle min!
Der alt mag wol ein tore ſin,
Das er riten lat den knaben.
Der ſoelde loufen unde traben,
Und ſoeld der alte riten.'
Vil kum mocht er gebiten,
Das er uf den eſel kan
Zuo ſinem ſune, und reit hin dan.
Den eſel rittens beide;
Das kam in ſchier ze leide.
Do in dui luit bekamen;
‚Nuimer dumen amen
(Sprachen ſie)! Nement alle war,
Wie der alte tore var,
Geſattelt uf dem eſelin,
Er und ouch der knabe ſin.
Si went den eſel haben tot.
Zwar! das tuot in keine not.
Der alte ſoelt wol ruome lan
Ritende, und ſoeld der junge gan.'
Do dis red alſus geſchach,
Der vatter zuo dem ſune ſprach:
‚Wol! ab wir ſullen beide gan;
Der eſel ſol ouch ruome han.'
Sus giengens uf der ſtraße hin;
Der eſel gieng ouch ler mit in.
Do bekamen in frouwen unde man.
Si ſprachen alle: ‚Sechent an,
Wi gar toreht ſi beide ſint,
Der alte man und ouch ſin kint,
Das ir muot nicht ze riten ſtat
Den eſel, der doch lere gat.'
Do ſprach der vatter: ‚Sun, wol har!
Wir ſullen nemen beide war,
Ob wir den eſel muigen tragen.
Las ſehen, was dui luite ſagen.'
Si wurfen bald den eſel nider,
Ze ſamen bunden ſi ſin lider,
Si hiengen an ein ſtangen gros;
Des ritens in vil ſer verdros.
‚O hui! Wol uf!' der vatter ſprach.
Der ſun vil jamerliche ſach,
Das er den eſel muoſte tragen.
Dui luit geriten alle ſagen:
‚Warta, warta! Sechent an,
Ein eſel tragent zwene man;
Der ſoeld ſi beide billich tragen.
Wen mag es wol ze mere ſagen.
Men ſicht wol, das ſi narren ſint;
An witzen ſint ſi beide blint.'
Und do der alte das erſach,
Das nieman wol von inen ſprach,
Vil ſer er ſuifzen began.
Sinen ſun den ſach er an,
Und ſprach: ‚Hoer was ich dir ſage!
Es ſi das mich der eſel trage,
Oder dich, ſo ſin wir torn;
Treit er uns beide, ſo iſt er verlorn;
Gat er ler, ſo ſin wir narren;
Tragen wir in an einem ſparren,
So iſt nieman tumber danne wir.
Da von ſo wil ich raten dir,
Das du tueſt recht und wol;
Wer recht tuot, der wirt ſelden vol.'

Un ſtrafung mag kein leben weſen.
Wer mag an hinderrede geneſen?
Wer an den eren wil geſtan,
Der ſol dur kein red abe lan;
Er ſol tuon was im fueget wol.
Dui welt iſt ſchalkeit alſo vol,
Wie vil ein menſche guotes tuot,
Es dunkt dui welt nicht halbes guot.
Geſechent iſt vil luiten blint,
Der herzen alſo giftig ſint,
Was ſie hoerent oder ſechent,
Das ſi dar zuo das boeſte jechent.
Der ſich vor den gehueten kan
(Es ſin den frouwen oder man),
Der mag wol groeslich loben got,
Kunt er hin an der welte ſpot.

Von einem beſchinten eſel.

Von ſchuldigem ſpotte.

Von einer frouwen ſeit man das,
Das ſi in hertem luimden was.

Ir ungewirte das was gros.
Wiplicher ere was ſi blos;
Ir werk boes waren unde ſwach.
Von ir ſeit alles das ſi ſach;
Es werin frouwen oder man,
Ungewirt muest ſi von allen han.
Uf einer hochen burg ſi ſas
Bi einer ſtat, da ein margt was
Der ir geſindes ze margte kam
Vil boeſer mere er vernam,
Die man von ſiner frouwen ſeit.
Ir unglimpf was in allen leit.
Dui frouwe auch nicht abe lie,
Wenne ir knecht von margte gie,
Si ſprach: ‚Was ſeit man in der ſtat?
Was ſint dui mer, die man da hat?
Sag an, ſag an, was mag es ſin?
Gedenkt ieman ze guote min?‘
Ir knecht der ſprach: ‚Was ſol ich ſagen?
Ich hoer vil luiten ab uich klagen.
Alles, das uf und nider gat,
Nicht man von uich ze reden hat,
Alle tag und alle zit.
Ir aller zunge ſelten gelit;
Was munt hat und auch reden kann,
Die ſcheltent uich, wip unde man.‘
Dui frouwe ſprach: ‚Das iſt mir leit.
Es lidet menig menſch erbeit
An ſache und ane ſchulde gar;
Des wirt ich ſelber wol gewar.‘
Dar nach heimliche fuor ſie zuo;
An dem tag des margtes fruo
Hies ſi ein eſel ſchinden
(Das ſolt nieman bevinden),
Das er doch lebent beleip.
An den margt man in do treip,
Ein gaſſen uf, dui andren nider;
Nu fuort man har, nu fuort man wider.
Ein hut er ſelb ze margte truog
Uf in gebunden, die was kluog,
Als noch der eſel huite ſint.
Es werin wip, man oder kint,
Einer ze dem andern ſprach,
Der den beſchinten eſel ſach:
‚Mich wundert, was das meine.‘
Dui frouwe wiſt es alleine,
War umbe er beſchunden wart.
Ir geſchach ein guote vart,
Ir wart vergeſſen genzeklich;
Es wer jung, alt, arm oder rich,
Von ir gebreſten nieman ſeit.
Das was nicht ir geſinde leit.
Do ir knecht uf ze hove kan,
Si ſprach: ‚Gedacht min huit ieman
An dem margte? Das wer mir leit.‘ —
‚Nein es, frouwe, uf minen eit!
Uiwer wart huit nicht gedacht.
Ein beſchinter eſel wart dar bracht,
Den ſchouwet alles das da was;
Uiwer menlich da vergas.
Si namen alle des eſels war;
Nu fuort man hin, nu fuort man har.
Der eſel uich ze troſt iſt komen;
Wir han huit nicht von uich vernomen.‘
Dui frouwe ſprach: ‚Geſach mich got,
Das gelegen iſt der luiten ſpot!
Ze troſt iſt mir der eſel komen,
Vil red hat er mir abgenommen.‘

Rede nieman verbieten kan,
Es ſin frouwen oder man.
Wer in der gemeinde munt
Mit arger hinderrede kunt,
Der ſol das nicht abe lan,
Er ſuiſſe ein beſchinten eſel han.
Er bedarf eis witen ermels wol,
Der menlichem verſchieden ſol
Den munt. Da von ſo rat ich das,
Das man ſich huete deſte bas,
Und ieklich menſche als ufrecht lebe,
Das er der rede kein urſach gebe;
Und tuot er das, ſo ſorge nicht
Was ieman arger von im gicht.

Von einem nachtegal und einem ſperwer.

Von einem boeſen ende.

Ein nachtegal geniſtet hat
Eis mals an ein heimliche ſtat,
Da ſi gar ſicher wolde weſen,
Das wol ir kint moechtin geneſen.
Nu fuogt ſich, das ein ſperwer kan
Geflogen zuo dem neſt hin dan
Uf ein ris, da dui nachtegal
Stuont, und ſang ir ſueſſen ſchal.
Do ſi den ſperwer erſt erſach,
Mit groſſen vorchten ſi do ſprach:
‚Gnade, truter herre min!
Wil es an uiwern hulden ſin,
So laſſent mine kint geneſen.‘
Der ſperwer ſprach: ‚Es mag nicht weſen.
Doch — macht du ſingen alſo wol,
Das ich dich billich eren ſol
Umb dine kint, nu dar, ſing an!‘ —
Dui nachtegal ſuifzen began.
Ir herze ſtuont in bitterkeit;
Doch, als ſie wer an alles leit,
Muest ſi gebaren. Das tet not;
Si vorchte ſer ir kinden tot.
Mit dem munde ſi do ſang;
Ir herz in groſſem jamer rang.
Des mocht ſi nicht genieſſen wol.
Schalkeit was der ſperwer vol,
Er tet dui kint an ir geſicht;
Das mochte ſi erwenden nicht.
Er zart in uf ir herzen;
Des leit ſi groſſen ſmerzen.
Ir kinden tot der tet ir we;
Si ſchrei vil lut ach und owe,
Und klagt den unſchuldigen tot
Ir kinden, und ir ſelbers not.
Dar nach nicht lange wart geſpart,
Der ſperwer ouch gevangen wart
In einem netze. Do das erſach
Dui nachtegal, vil ſchier ſi ſprach:
‚Ein boes ende ſol er haben,
Der in den ſuinden iſt erhaben,
Und nicht erbarmen wolde ſich
Uiber min kint noch uiber mich
Wol wunder, ob der lidet not!
Er ſol von ſchulden ligen tot.‘

Ein boes leben wer das hat,
Dar an ein boes end gerne ſtat.
Er hat geluik, wer alweg tuot
Boeslich, wirt ſin ende guot.
Ein wolf ſicht man vil ſelten tragen
Eis ſchafes ſweit. Ouch hoer ich ſagen,
Wer alweg in den ſuinden ſtrebt,
Und dar zuo an erbermde lebt,
Das der ſol an erbermde not
Liden, und dar zuo den tot;
Als diſem ſperwer iſt beſchehen:
Das iſt wol, des muos ich jehen.

Von einem wolfe und einem fuchſe.

Von verratunge.

Ein wolf eis mals, als man uns ſeit,
Hat ſich mit ſpiſe hinder leit.
In einer ſlue hat er ein hol
Mit guoter ſpis gefuillet wol;
Da wolt er lange ruowe han.
Zuozim ein fuchs gegangen kan
Mit fuichſellichem ſinne,
Wan er was worden inne
Der ſpiſe. Er het gern betrogen
Den wolf, und us dem hol erlogen.
Er wolt des wolfes ſpiſe han.
Da er hin zuo dem wolfe kan,
Er ſprach: „Got grues dich, bruoder min!
Wie macht du ſo gar lange ſin
An mich? Das iſt mir ſwere gar.
Ich ſage dir ouch das fuir war,

Das ich din nicht vergeſſen kan."
Do ſach der wolf den lugner an,
Und ſprach: „Her fuchs, ich weis das wol,
Du biſt mir holt; und iſt doch vol
Din arges herze trugenheit.
Das ich nit han, das iſt dir leit.
Din ſuoſſen wort ſint ungelich
Den werken. Balde von mir ſtrich;
Dir wirt nicht der ſpiſe min."
Do ſprach der fuchs: „So las ich ſin."
Dannan ſchiet er mit bitterkeit.
Vil ſer im wag dui ſmacheit,
Die im der wolf hatte getan.
Einen hirten ſach er ſtan
Uf einer wiſe. Zuo dem er ſprach:
„Ich wil dir ſchicken guot gemach
Von dem wolfe. Volge mir!
Ein hus das wil ich zeigen dir.
An dinem vigende ſolt du dich
Nu rechen balde; das rat ich.
Wilt du in han, er wirt dir wol.
Er lit dort uis in einem hol,
Da er dur nuit der mag engan."
Ein ſchaf lies do der hirte ſtan.
Ein ſpies nam er in ſine hant;
Mit dem fuhſe kam er zehant
Da er den wolf hatte getan.
Er geriet in ſtechen, unde ſlan.
Und do der Wolf ertoedet was,
Der fuchs des wolfes hus beſas,
Dar zuo ſin ſpis im ouch beleip;
Das tet verratung, die er treip.
Doch wart es nicht vil lang geſpart,
Wan das ouch er verraten wart.
Im wart geſpannen fuir das hol
Ein netze, das was ſtriken vol.
Do wart der fuchs gevangen,
Ein ſchalkeit was zegangen.

Wer unrechtekeit iſt vol,
Der wirt vil kum gewaſchen wol.
Wer nicht kan wan triegen,
Und ane ſchame liegen,
Es iſt wol, wirt der betrogen,
Und wirt ouch billich angelogen.
Liegen, triegen ſint zwei ding,
Die beide gar an ere ſint.
Ein lugner vert wol dur das lant;
Wil er har wider, er wirt geſchant.
Kein unfuoge lange wert.
Wel menſch des andern ſchaden gert,
Der wirt geſchadget: das iſt war.
Kein unfuog weret driſſig jar.
In dem ſtrik gevangen wart
Der fuchs, den er geſtriket hat
Dem wolfe. Das tet ſin arger liſt.
Dank hab der an geverde iſt!

Von einem hirz und einem jeger.

Von ſchedlicher minne.

Ein hirz eis mals turſten began.
Zuo einem brunnen er do kan,
Der was ſchoen, luter unde klar.
In dem waſſer nam er war
Sin ſelbers, wie geſtellet was
Sin ſtolzer lip. Und do er das
Geſach, ſin gehuirne geviel im wol,
Sin houbet was gezierde vol.
In groſſen uibermuot er kam;
Was er von keinem tier vernam
Guetes, das was im nicht gelich.
Sin herze das was froeiden rich.
Dar nach ſach er an ſine bein;
Die waren mager unde klein.
Die gevielen im ze maſe wol;
Des was der hirz betruibde vol.
Sin fueſſe waren im unwert
Und ouch ſin bein. — Wer noch das ſwert
Verſmaht, da mit er wol ſin leben
Behueten mag, und das wil geben
Einem vigende in dui hant;
Wel wunder, ob der wirt geſchant. —
Do ſus der hirz ſin fueſſe hat
Verſmachet, uf der ſelben ſtat
Mit ſinen hunden kam ein jeger.
Den hirz treip er von ſinem leger.
Der hirz der ſloch. Der jeger nach
Rande bald, wan im was gach
Uf in. Den hunden was ouch not;
Den hirz wolten ſi haben tot.
Do floch der hirz vil balde,
Und kerte hin zem walde.
Ze ſtatten kamen im ſin bein;
Eine hornen helfe die was klein.
Und do er wart alſus verjagt,
Und in den walt kam unverzagt,
Des im ſin fues und ſine bein
Geholfen hatten, die er klein
Geſchetzet hat: ſchier er gehieng
An ſinen hornen, da in vieng
Der jeger mit den hunden do.
Des wart der hirz vil gar unfro.
Ein fues im hulfen uſſer not,
Ein gehuirne gab in in den tot.

Wer minnet das im ſchaden tuot,
Und haſſet das im were guot,
Der tuot nicht recht, doch iſt ir vil
Der luiten. Wer ouch ſetzen wil
Einen vigent, das wirt im leit.
Mang menſch ſin vigent bi im treit;
Wen er gewinnet oberhant,
Er ſetzt ſich wider in zehant,
Und tuot im angſt unde not;
Vil licht bringt er in in den tot.
Dem hirz gevielen wol ſin horn,
Von den ſin leben wart verlorn.
Das ſelb geſchicht ouch manchem me,
Der minnet das, das im tuot we,
Und haſſet das im were guot.
Gros uppekeit guot ſelten tuot.

Von einer frouwen und einem diebe.

Von frouwen untruiwe.

Man liſet von zwein menſchen, das
Ir herz mit minne verſtriket was.
Das was ein man und ouch ſin wip,
Die hat er liep als ſinen lip.
Die ſtarken minne ſchiet der tot;
Der man der ſtarp. Da kam in not
Dui frouwe von ir minne gros.
Alles troſtes wart ſi blos,
Da ſi verlor ir lieben man;
Si wolt von nieman troſt enpfan.
Si ſchrei und weinde an underlas;
Ob im ſi ſtetekliche ſas.
Do er wart in das grap geleit,
Do huop ſich jamer unde leit.
Si wold nicht von dem grabe komen,
Aller troſt was ir benomen.
Si ſchrei vil lut ach und owe;
Weder regen noch der ſne
Mocht ſi geſcheiden von dem grabe.
Si lebt in groſſer ungehabe
Beide dui nacht und ouch den tag.
Das ſi do anders nicht enpflag;
Ir ruowe die was kleine.
Bi dem grabe ſas ſi alleine,
Und wende bi dem fuire;
Kurzwil was da tuire.
Nu fuegt ſich uf der ſelben vart,
Das einer da erhangen wart,
Hin von dem grab uiber ein velt;
Des huot ein man, dem gap man gelt,
Das er nicht dannan ſolde komen;
Wuird von dem galgen ab genomen
Der diep, das wer dem richter zorn,
Und mueſt ſin houbet han verlorn.
Do der das fuir ſach, und das wip
Klagen hort ir mannes lip,

Vil ſer in durſten began.
Zuo dem grab gieng er hin dan,
Und ſach dui frouwen, die was ſtolz.
An das fuir bracht er ir holz,
Das ſi vor froſte wuird behuet,
Und ſprach: „Frouwe, hant guoten muot!
Sit tot iſt uiwer lieber man,
Ir ſolt uich zuo den lebenden han.
Ein andre muoter einen treit
Als guoten, der uich uiwer leit
Wendet und uiwer ungemach.“
So er dui frouwen me anſach,
So er ir me in minne bran.
Der man gar von im ſelber kan.
Er ſprach: „Liebe frouwe min,
Moecht es an uiwern hulden ſin,
Ich woeld ergetzen uich fuir war
Alles leides. Nement war!
Was lip und ſel erzuigen mag
Daſt uiwer huit uf diſen tag.“
Dui frouwe wuiſte tougen
Dui trehen von den ougen.
Den man ſach ſi vil lieplich an,
Und ſprach: „Moecht ich an dir nu han
Mit warheit das du haſt geſeit,
Ich woeld ab lan mis herzen leit,
Und woelde tuon den willen din.“
Er ſprach: „Min frouwe, das ſol ſin!“
Gar lieplich er ſi umbe vieng,
Vil liebes er mit ir begieng,
Das ich nicht nu wil ſagen hie.
Dar nach do diſe red ergie,
Und von der frouwen gieng der man,
Und wider zuo dem galgen kan,
Do hat er nicht gehuetet wol;
Sorgen wart ſin herze vol.
Ab dem galgen was der diep
Genomen; das was im nicht liep.
Er vorchte ſer des richters zorn;
Sin leben muoſt er han verlorn,
Er ſolde das gehuetet han.
Zuo dem grabe er wider kan,
Da er e dui frouwe lie.
Vil lieplich ſi in do enpfie.
Er ſeit ir boeſe mere,
Wie im beſchehen were;
Das ab dem galgen was genomen
Der diep; des muoſt er ſicher komen
Um ſinen lip; tot muoſt er weſen;
Er moecht dur keine ſach geneſen.
Dui frouwe ſprach: „Nu volge mir,
Und hoer was ich nu ſage dir.
Ein guoten rat wil ich dir geben,
Das du wol macht behan din leben.
Wir ſuillen minen man engraben,
Und muoſſen einen helfing haben,
Und ziehen an des galgen mat,
Und henken an des diebes ſtat.
Das rat ich, uf dui truiwe min.
Wol har! ich bin din helferin.“
Der man tet was dui frouwe riet.
Von dem toten ſi ſich ſchiet.

Das was ein jamerlicher rat.
Wol im, der nicht ze tuonde hat
Mit boeſem wiben, der herze ſtat
Uf ſchalkeit und uf miſſetat.
Ein ſchalkhaft wip nie wol geriet.
Vo wiben uibels vil beſchiet,
Und iſt geſchehen manigvalt,
Des alles menlich kuinne engalt.
Her Adam wart ertoeret,
Troje wart zerſtoeret,
Her Sampſon wart erblendet,
Her Salomon geſchendet,
Der tot man wart erhenket.
Wer hat an nicht gedenket,
Der iſt ein ſinneloſer man:
Dis hat als wibes rat getan.

Von drien witwen roemerin.

Von frouwen truiwe.

Es waren drie frouwen guot;
Uf zucht, uf ere ſtuont ir muot.
Si waren jung und wol getan,
Wiplich geberd ſach man ſi han.
Si waren hoch an wirdekeit,
Ouch truogen ſi der eren kleit.
Si waren edel unde rich;
An zucht in nieman was gelich.
Von rome waren ſi geborn.
Si hatten alle drie verlorn
Von todes kraft ir lieben man;
Witwen leben muoſten ſi han.
Ir wort, werk und ir ſitten
Waren guot. Si vermitten
Mit ganzem fliſe alles das,
Das ſwach und wandelbere was.
Si wolden kuiſch beliben.
Do geriet man ſi an triben,
Das ſi ze der e ſoldin komen,
Und liden ſchaden unde fromen
In der e; das were guot.
Do wart betruebt ir aller muot
Do diſe red alſus geſchach.
Dui erſte antwurt unde ſprach:
„Ich weis wol, das min nieman gert,
Wan um min guot. Der des gewert
Wuirde, der lieſſe mich wol gan,
Wen er beſeſſe das ich han;
Das het er lieber denne mich.
Das merk ich wol; da von wil ich
An alle man beliben.
Min guot wil ich vertriben;
Nach minem willen wil ich leben;
Ich wil verzihen unde geben
Recht als es mich dunket guot,
Und wil han minen frigen muot.
Da von verſpriche ich alle man,
Und wil ein friges leben han.“ —
Dar nach nicht lange wart geſpart,
Dui ander an geſprochen wart,
Das ſi ſoelt nemen einen man.
Si moecht dur nuit alſo getan;
Si wer jung, edel unde rich,
Dar zuo wer ſi der welt gelich.
Si ſprach: „Dur nuit ſo mag es ſin.
So muoſt ich doch dui truiwe min
Brechen an minem lieben man,
Den ich ungern verloren han,
Den mir der tot genommen hat.
Doch er in ganzer minne ſtat
Mis herzen, lebent iemer me;
Da von ich mag nicht me zer e
Komen. Sit noch lebt min man,
Wie moecht ich den das an gevan,
Das ich noch einen neme
Zuo im? — Wer das verneme,
Ich muoſt von ſchamen werden rot.
Dur was kem ich den in die not!
Ich wil mit minem lieben man
An dem juingſten tag erſtan.“
Dui dritte ſprach: „Es tuot mir not,
Das ich mis liebes mannes tot
Klage und weine die wil ich lebe.
Ein andern man mir nieman gebe.
Min man was ſo rechte guot,
Das er mir weder herz noch muot
Betruebte nie bi minen tagen;
Da von ſol ich in billich klagen.
Wuird mir nach im ein boeſer man,
Leit und ſer muoſt ich iemer han;
An man iſt mir verre bas.
Nem ich ein ſenften man; dur was
Soeld ich in verchten iemer ſin,
Wen er kem ab den ougen min,
Das der tot beroubte mich
An ime? — Secht, da von wil ich
Beliben gar an alle man,
Und wil ein kuiſches leben han.“

Wel frouw verluit ir lieben man,
Mag ſi wol ane man beſtan,

Belib alſo: das iſt min rat.
Vil manger witwen miſſegat,
Wen ſi kunt zuo der andern e,
Geſchicht ir den ach unde we.
Wer mag ir des? — Si hats getan.
Wer ſi beliben ane man
Dur truiwe und dur ſtetekeit,
So het ſi froede ane leit.
Da von ſi nieman klagen ſol.
Wid ſi untroſtes wirdet vol;
Das da riſet nebent abe,
Das iſt nicht wol. — Ir ſchaden habe
Ir ſelber, wel frouw alſo tuot,
Da von gepinet wirt ir muot.

Von einem hunde und einem wolfe.

Von friheit und von eigenſchaft.

Es giengen zwen geſellen guot,
Die hatten ungelichen muot,
Uf der ſtraſe dur einen walt;
Ir koſe das was manigvalt:
Es was ein wolf und ouch ein hunt.
Si kamen uf der ſelben ſtunt
Uf eine wiſe; das geſchach.
Vil ſchier der wolf zem hunde ſprach:
„Sag an, trut geſelle min,
Was meinet diner huite ſchin?
Du biſt ſo ſtolz und biſt ſo glat;
Du macht wol guoter ſpiſe ſat
An ſorge werden alle tage."
Der hunt ſprach: „Hoer was ich dir ſage!
Min lieber meiſter ſpiſet mich
Von ſinem tiſche, dur das ich
Behuet ſin hof und ouch ſin hus.
Wer uits uit tragen wil dar us,
Das kuind ich; dar um bin ich liep.
Ich las den rouber noch den diep
Nuits nuit us dem huſe tragen:
Die mit ich mine ſpis bejagen."
Do ſprach der wolf: „Das iſt vil guot.
So haſt du vil ruewigen muot,
So ich muos in den ſorgen ſtreben,
Wie ich gewin min armes leben.
Und wer es an dem willen din,
Din geſelle wold ich gerne ſin,
Das ich min ſpiſe moechte han
An ſorge." — Der hunt ſprach: „Na wol dan,
Her wolf, in mines meiſters hus
Mit mir! da tribt uich nieman us."
Der wolf der wart der rede fro;
Mit einander giengen ſi do.
Der wolf des hundes kelen ſach;
Zuozim er do vil balde ſprach:
„Sag an, trut geſelle min,
Was meinet, das dui kele din
Iſt beſchaben und beſchorn?
Dur was haſt du das har verlorn?"
Der hunt ſprach: „Das wil ich dir ſagen.
Des tags muos ich ein kelben tragen,
Und muos an einem ſeile ſtan
Gebunden; niement mag ich gan,
Ich muos ſtetlich gevangen ſin;
Das lide ich dur dui ſpiſe min."
Do diſe red alſus geſchach,
Der wolf do ze dem hunde ſprach:
„Neina, trut geſelle min,
Dur nuit wil ich gevangen ſin.
Als leit iſt mir noch nicht min leben,
Das ich dur ſpis uf welle geben
Min friheit: das geloube mir.
Din guoten ſpis die hab du dir,
Und hab ouch mangen langen tag!
So wil ich eſſen, das ich mag
Haben, mit frigen muote.
Das kunt mir baß ze guote.
Ich wil den frigen willen min
Nicht geben um dui ſpiſe din."
Sus lief der wolf ze walde,
Der hunt iſt heim vil balde.

Richer iſt ein armer man,
Der fri gemuete wol mag han,
Den der iſt rich und dienen muos;
Dem wirt vil ſelten ſorgen buos.
Der eigen iſt, wa iſt des muot?
Er hat doch weder lip noch guot.
Es iſt nicht ſin, das ſelb er hat,
Der ane frigen willen ſtat.
Friheit zieret alles leben,
Und kan wol guot gemuete geben.
Friheit hoechet wip und man,
Den armen ſi rich machen kan.
Friheit iſt der eren hort.
Si uiber kroenet werk und wort.
Mich dunkt, er hab ein armes leben,
Der frigen willen uf muos geben.
Friheit gat fuir alles guot
Der welte. — Wer ſin frigen muot
Uf git um ſilber und um golt,
Dem wirt ze teil des ruiwen ſolt.

Von dem magen, den henden und fueſſen.

Von nide und von haſſe.

Eis mals huop ſich ein groſſe klage
Under fruinden, als ich uich ſage.
Dui fueſſe klagten kumber gros;
Dui hende erbeitens verdros;
Si klagten alle uf den buch,
Und ſprachen, er wer ein rechter ſluch,
Und wer ein mueſſigere;
Doch wuirt er ſelten lere,
Er woeld ſin alweg ſpiſe vol,
Und mueſſig ſin, das tet im wol;
Was dui fues moechtin erloufen,
Und dui hende gekoufen,
Es wer den krumb oder ſlecht,
Das kem im alles ſament recht.
Si ſprachen zim: ‚Es mag nicht ſin!
Du muoſt ouch mit uns liden pin,
Und muoſt ouch erbeite han
Als wir, wilt du mit uns geſtan.' —
Was ſol ich uich nu ſagen me?
Dem buch was angeſt unde we.
Si wolten im nicht ſpiſe geben,
Das er behalten moecht das leben
Noch hende noch dui fueſſe.
Das was im gar unſueſſe.
Wie vil er doch mit fliſſe bat,
Das er von ſpiſe wuirde ſat,
Des eret in noch fuos noch hant.
Do wart der mage ſiech zehant,
Er verlor ſin hiz und ſin natur.
Das wart den henden gar ze ſur
Und ouch den fuſſen. (Das was wol!)
Der lip wart ſiechtages vol,
Von krankeit beſlos ſich der munt,
Dui hende brachen hin zeſtunt,
Dui fueſſe mochten nicht me gan.
Enkeine ſpis mocht er enphan;
Sus wurden hende und fueſſe tot
Mit ſchulde von der magen not.
Und hettin ſi im ſpis gegeben,
Si hetten wol behebt ir leben.

Ein fruint bedarf ſis fruindes wol;
Ein fruint nieman haſſen ſol.
Nit tuot niemanne herzeleit,
Den dem ſelben, der in treit.
Wer nicht dem andern wil vertragen,
Dur ſinen nit, wem wil der klagen,
Wib er dar nach kunt in not,
Und lit mit ſinem fruinde tot,
Als hie den henden iſt beſchehen:
Das iſt vil wol! des muos ich jehen.

Von einem juden und von einem morder.

Von offenunge des mordes.

Eis mals ein jude wolde gan
Dur einen walt. Do muoſt er han
Geleite; wan der walt was vol
Morder; das wuſte der jude wol.
Zuo dem kuinge er do kan,
Und bat geleit. Das ſolt er han,
Sprach der kuinig, und gebot
Einem ſchenken uf den tot,
Das er in ſolt geleiten wol.
„Das tuon ich, als ich billich ſol,"
Sprach der ſchenke. Do zehant
Nam er den juden an ſin hant
Und fuort in uf dui ſtraſſe.
Der jude truog unmaſſe
Vil geldes uf der ſelben vart.
Der ſchenke des wol inne wart.
In ſinem muote er ſere dacht
(Wan ſtunt und ſtat vil dieben macht),
Wie er dem juden tet den tot.
Er gedacht: „Du kumſt us aller not,
Wirt dir das golt. Wer wol es ſagen,
Oder wer mag uf dich denne klagen?
Du biſt allein: hab guoten muot;
Umb diſes mort dir nieman tuot."
Und do der jude das erſach,
Vil tief er ſuifzet unde ſprach:
„Ich zwivel nicht, und weis es wol,
Das diſes mort got offenen ſol.
E wib es wuird verſwigen gar,
Dui vogel machtens offenbar,
Die hie fliegent, ſamir got."
Das duicht den ſchenken gar ein ſpot.
Do er das ſwert hat us gezogen,
Und in wolt ſlan, do kam geflogen
Ein rephuon us den huirſten dar.
Do ſprach der ſchenke: „Jude, nim war!
Den tot, den ich dir nu an tuon,
Den wirt offenende das rephuon."
Er ſluog den juden, und nam das guot,
Und gieng heim, und hat hohen muot.
Dar nach nicht lange wart gebitet,
Das mang rephuon geſendet wart
Dem kuinge, und wurden ſchoen bereit.
Der ſchenk ein rephuon, als man ſeit,
Truog für ſinen herren dort.
Do gedachte er an des juden wort,
Das er an ſinem tode ſprach,
Do er das rephuon fliegen ſach.
Vil ſer er lachen began,
Des mocht er ſich nicht wider han.
Und do der kuinig das erſach,
Vil ſenfteklich er zuo im ſprach:
„Sag an, ſchenk, was meineſt du,
Das du haſt gelachet nu,
Do du an ſehe das rephuon!"
Er ſprach: „Herre, das wil ich tuon."
Und ſeit im, wie er hat getan
Dem juden, mit dem er ſolde gan,
Und geleiten dur den walt,
Da ſin untruiwe was manigvalt.
Alſo wart offenbar das mort
Dem kuinge. Das tet ſin ſelbers wort,
Der das mort ouch hat getan.
Des muoſt er an den galgen gan.
Het er das rephuon nicht geſehen,
Des mordes het er nicht verjehen.
Er wart erhangen, das was wol!
Dur guot man nieman morden ſol.

Wer unrecht tuot dur gitekeit,
Wirt der erhangen, wem iſt das leit.
Von ſchulden der verderben ſol.
Des herz verratunge iſt vol.
Wer dur guot wil uibel tuon,
Den ſol melden das rephuon,
Als diſem ſchenken iſt beſchehen:
Das was vil wol, des muos ich jehen.
Kein mort got ungerochen lat.
Wer boslich tuot, ſin lon enpfat
Hie der menſche oder dort,
Als uns lert der heilgen wort.

Von einem amptman und einem Ritter.

Von offenunge des rechtes.

Ein kuinig in hoher ere ſas,
Als ich an einem buoche las,
Der was gewaltig unde rich.
Zwen amptman hat er, ungelich.
Der ein der ritter pfliger was.
Der ander ſchikte alle das,
Das man ze hove ſolde han,
Es werin frouwen oder man.
Das richt er us mit ſitten.
Ungunſt wart nicht vermitten,
Noch nit, noch has, der nie gelag,
Dem kum ieman entrinnen mag.
Den erzoeigte der ritter do,
Und ſprach zuo dem kuing alſo:
„Herre, es iſt nicht alles guot,
Was uiwer alter amptman tuot.
Das er tuot als gar unrecht,
Das mueget herren unde knecht.
Uiwer guot das gat da hin.
Er ſtilt und roubet uf den ſin,
Das ſin fruint herren mugin weſen.
Wil got, ich las in nicht geneſen.
Ich bin ze kampf mit im bereit,
Das ich zerſtoere ſin bosheit,
Die er dicke hat getan.
Ich wenne, er mues es abe lan!"
Der alte man der kam in not,
Er vorcht von ungeluk den tot.
Doch er vil gar unſchuldig was;
Das tet im nit und boeſer has,
Das er an geſprochen wart.
Do ſuocht er uf der ſelben vart
Einen kempfen an ſine ſtat;
Want er der kreften nicht enhat,
Das er ein kempfe mochte ſin.
Do wart an ſinem fruinden ſchin,
Das ir truiwe waren klein:
Er ſuochte hilf, und vant enkein.
Den er dick hat ſin dienſt erbot,
Die lieſſen alle in der not.
Do kam ein ackerknecht ouch dar;
Des kempfen nam er eben war,
Und gedachte: „Wil got helfen mir
Nach unſchulden, ſo hab ich ſchier
Den ritter uiberwunden."
Und uf der ſelben ſtunden
Trat er froelich in den ring.
„Das iſt ein gemelliches ding
(Sprach der ritter [illegible]),
Das min ein gebur ſus ſtroffen kan;
Strites gib ich im genuog."
Vil gerne er do an in ſluog.
Der gebure kuint vil wol bekant;
Der ſlag der mag im als ein wint.
Dem ritter tet er keine not;
Doch wolt der ritter haben tot
Den gebuiren, und ſluog aber dar.
Der gebur nam des vil eben war;
Ungeletzet er entflan.
Er gab dem ritter einen ſlag
Dur ſinen arm; das tet im we.
Der ritter ſluog enkeinen me;
Im was der arm verleret.
Ein ungluk wart gemeret;
Von note hat er verlorn ſin leben.
Der alt wart unſchuldig gegeben.
Das offnet got dui rechtekeit;
Untruiwe wart da hin geleit.

Wer den andern verraten wil,
Der ſuochet urſache vil.
Wenne es gat an rehte not,
So ſint dui fruinde alle tot.
Wer fruint iſt, oder nicht eniſt,
Das bewaret not in kurzer friſt.
Getruiwer fruint git guoten muot;
Unſchulde ouch das ſelbe tuot.
Das recht billich beſchirmen ſol
Den rechten; wer aber iſt vol

Untriuwe, der ſol nicht geneſen.
Ouch hab ich ſelber wol geleſen,
Das dui lugi muos zergan,
So man dui wahrheit ſicht geſtan.
Das iſt billich unde reht.
Den ritter ſluog der akerknecht;
Und wand er was geterbe,
Wart er ſis herren erbe,
Als der Yſopus hat geſeit. —
Got geb uns froeid und niemer leit!

Von einer frouwen und einem wolfe.

Von wiben triegende.

Ein wolf eis mals hungren began,
Als man liſet in dem Avian.
Us dem walt kam er dar us
Gegangen fuir ein einig hus.
Da was ein frouwe, die hat ein kint,
Als noch vil mange frouwen ſint.
Das kint das weinde unde ſchrei.
Dui frouwe bot dem kinde ein ei,
Und ſprach: „Swig, min liebes kint!
Swigſt du nicht, der wolf dich nimt;
Dem wil ich dich ſchiere geben.
Swig, wilt du behan din leben."
Do dis frouwen und diſe wort
Vor der tuir der wolf erhort,
Er wand des kindes ſicher weſen,
Und dacht, er moechte wol geneſen,
Wurd im das im gelobet was.
Dui frouwe hat enkeinen has
Wider ir kint noch minr noch me.
Das kint weinde vaſt als e,
Unz das es in ſwigen kan.
Der wolf moechte noch da ſtan,
Nieman gap im der der ſpiſe ſolt;
Dar zuo ſo was im nieman holt.
Er ſtuont unz uf den mitten tag,
Vil groſſes hungers er enpflag.
Do er alſus betrogen wart,
Do kam er uf der ſelben vart
Da er ſin kint vant und ſin wip.
Bleich und hungrig was ſin lip.
Dui wuilpe ſprach: „Wie kumſt du ſo
Betruebt? Mich dunkt, du ſiſt unfro,
Was dir joch hiute ſi geſchehen."
„Das iſt war, des muos ich jehen
(Sprach der wolf zur wuilpen do),
Wie moecht min herze weſen fro
Mit lerem buche? Das mag nicht ſin;
Man ane ſpis und ane win
Wirt ſelten iemen froeden vol.
So mag iſt vol, ſo ſing ich wol.
Mich hat hiut ein wip betrogen,
Und hat mir herlichen gelogen.
Si ſprach, ſi woeld mir geben ir kint.
Ir wort waren ſneller den der wint;
Ir herz was unglich und ir munt.
Mang ſtreit von boeſen wiben kunt.
Unſtet iſt manger frouwen muot;
Under zwein iſt kum eine guot.
Wiben ſchalkeit die iſt gros;
Unſtetekeit ſi nie verdros.
Guot gewuinde erfroewet den gouch;
Wirt im nicht, ſo hat er ouch
Ze allem ſchaden gar den ſpot:
Als mir beſchehen iſt, ſamer Got!
Von einem wibe. Das iſt war —
Ich ſprich es gar an allen var —:
Wer von den wiben nicht enwirt
Betrogen, der lob guoten wirt.
Das wil ich, wolf, beweren wol;
Schalkeit ſint ſi alle vol."

Von einem ſneggen und einem arn.

Von begirde wider dui natur.

Ein ſnegge ſin natur verkos,
Sin tragkeit in vil ſer verdros.
Das er nicht loufen mochte wol
Noch fliegen, ſicht, des wart er vol
Betruebde und widermuotes gar.
Do kam er zuo dem adelar
Geſlichen, und geriet im klagen
Sin not, und ſprach: „Ich wil uich ſagen,
Kurz iſt min tageweide;
Das kumt mir dik ze leide.
Woelt ir mich leren fliegen,
Ich woelt uich ane liegen
Golt und edel geſteine geben,
Und dar zuo die wil ich leben
Woelt ich uiwer diener ſin."
Der adlar ſprach: „Dui vetke min
Mugen dich getragen wol
Wie verre du wilt. Der lernen ſol
Fliegen, der muos wagen ſich.
Da von ſo wil ich tragen dich
Uf in den luft. Hab hohen muot!
Fluigſt du den wol, das iſt dir guot."
Mit diſen worten und alſo
Der adlar nam den ſneggen do
In ſin klawen. Vil hoch er floug.
Ein trieger da den andern troug.
Und da er in den luft uf kan,
Der ſnegge ſuifzen began.
Des fliegens in vil ſer verdros;
Wand ouch enkeiner ſin genos
Gefliegen mochte; das iſt war.
Do lies in vallen der adelar
Har nider, das ſin hus zerbrach.
Vil klegelich do der ſnegge ſprach:
„Mir iſt beſchehen alſe we,
Fliegens geluſt mich niemer me.
Ich ſich das wol, wer des begert,
Des ſin natur in nicht gewert,
Der mag ſin wol entgelten.
Groſſe ere kuimet ſelten
An erbeit: ſicher, das iſt war.
Und ſoeld ich leben tuſeng jar,
Ich woeld des niemer me begern,
Des mich nieman mag gewern."

Wer ſtete ruowe welle han,
Der ſol an fliegen ſich began.
Wer aber an fliegen nicht wil ſin,
Der folge doch dem rate min,
Und beit unz er gevedre wol;
Ungevedert nieman fliegen ſol.

Von einem krebs und ſinem ſune.

Von unrechter beſtrafunge.

Was von natur iſt angeborn
Der creatur, wirt das verlorn,
Das muos tuon gewonheit gros.
Ane gewonheit dui natur iſt blos.
Dik verwandelt dui gewonheit
Dui natur, als man uns ſeit.
Wo aber gewonheit und natur
Ze ſamen in der creatur
Koment, die mag man kum gelan;
Wen muos ſi ſtetekliche han,
Als hie an dirre biſchaft geſchach.

Ein alter krebs ein jungen ſach
Hinder ſich vil balde gan.
Er ſprach: „Lieber ſun, la ſtan!
Wie gaſt du ſo vertane?
Sun, biſt du in dem wane,
Das du fuir dich gangeſt reht,
So biſt betrogen. Du gaſt nicht ſleht.
Du ſolt fuir dich lernen gan,
Als ouch din vatter hat getan.
Das ſtat dir wol, und iſt ouch guot.
Wol ſun tuot als ſin vatter tuot,

Der wirt gelobt, und ſpricht man das:
Er iſt guot als ſin vatter was."
Der ſun ſprach: „Vatter, du haſt war.
Ich weis es wol: an allen var
Ein ſun ſim vatter folgen ſol;
Das iſt im guot, und ſtat och wol.
Tuot er das, er wirt gelobt.
Ich wene, das er nicht entobt,
Der artet nach dem vatter ſin.
Da von, lieber vatter min,
Gang fuir! Las ſechen! Wie du gaſt,
Als gan ich. So du ſtille ſtaſt,
So ſtan ich ouch; und wie du dich
Richtes, alſo richt ich mich."
Do ſule der vatter ſelbe gan,
Den weg er hinder ſich do nan,
Und gieng uf den ſelben pfat,
Als ſin ſun vor gegangen hat.
Do ſprach der ſun: „Trut vatter min,
Du ſolt din ſtrafen laſſen ſin.
Du haſt den ſelben gang als ich.
Vil balde gaſt du hinder dich,
So du fuir dich ſoltiſt gan;
Da von las din beſtrafen ſtan!"

Wer dem andern beſtrafen ſol,
Der ſol tuon als rechte wol,
Das er an ſtrafung muige weſen.
Tuot er das, er mag geneſen.
Wer wunden an der ſtirnen treit,
Beſtraft mich der, das iſt mir leit.
Wer wol lert, und uibel tuot,
Der ergert manges menſchen muot.
Wiſe wort und tumbe werk
Tribent die von Gouchsperk.
Wer mich beſtraft, das dunkt mich guot,
Iſt das er nicht das ſelbe tuot.
Zem erſt ſol er beſtrafen ſich;
Wil er den, ſo beſtraf ouch mich.
Und het der krebs alſo getan,
Sin ſun wer unbeſtraft gelan.

Von der ſunnen und dem winde.

Von ſitten und von unſtuemekeit.

Eis mals huop ſich ein groſſer ſtrit
Mit worten, der noch kum gelit,
Von hochvart und von uibermuot;
Jetweders ſchiket ſelten guot.
Von widerhuiſſi das geſchach,
Do der wint ze der ſunnen ſprach,
Er wer vil ſterker denne ſi.
Si ſprach: „So wont mir tugent bi,
Da mit ich wol erzuigen mag
Als das ich wil uf einen tag.
Das tuoſt du nicht mit diner kraft.
Vil ſtolzer iſt min meiſterſchaft
Denn din gros unſtuemekeit."
Der wint der ſprach: „Das iſt mir leit,
Das du dich wilt gelichen mir
An kraft. Des ſullen beide wir
Fuir einen rechten richter komen."
Do wart der Jupiter genommen,
Der ſolt ir beider richter ſin.
Jetwederes kraft wart daran ſchin.
Wer e het volbracht mit kraft
Sin werk, dem wart dui meiſterſchaft.
Wer ſis gewandes einen man
Beroubte, der ſolt gewunnen han.
Do dieſe red alſus geſchach,
Der richter ze in beiden ſprach:
„Wer under uich der ſterker iſt,
Das wirt wol ſchin in kurzer friſt."
Uf der ſtraſſe ein waller kan
Gegangen balt. Der wint vieng an
Vaſt weien unde herteklich;
Der waller vaſte gurte ſich.
Der wint was ſtark, der regen kalt.
Ein mantel macht er zwivalt,
Und ſtrikt in vaſt umb ſinen lib;
Im gewan nicht an des windes kip.
Nach dem winde das geſchach,
Dui ſunne dur dui wolken brach;
Ir ſchin wart ſchon, ir hitze guot.
Do gewan der waller hohen muot.
Uf hieng er ſinen mantel do
Und ſinen rok. Der ſunnen fro
Wart er, und ſaſt ſich balde nider.
Wol kam er ſines ſchaden wider.
Do ſprach der richter Jupiter:
„Ich bin gezuig und bin ouch wer,
Das dui ſunne mit ſenftekeit
Hat an geſigt der herteleit
Und der unfuoge des windes gar."

An dirre biſchaft nement war,
Unfuoge ſchiket ſelten guot;
Der frevel ouch das ſelbe tuot.
Unfuoge iſt aller zuichten fri;
Unzucht wonet dem frevel bi.
Kein guotes ende unfuoge hat;
Der frevel ouch nicht lang beſtat.
Mit ſenftekeit und mit gedult
Mang man geſiget unverſchult.
Wer geſtan wil und geneſen,
Der ſol nicht ungefuege weſen.
Mit groſſer fuog dui ſunne gewann,
Das ſin gewant us zoch der man,
Das er vil vaſte an ſinen lip
Twangte dur des windes kip.

Von einem eſel und eines loewen hute.

Von unerkantniſſe.

Ein eſel der hat erbeit gros.
Der ſinen meiſter nicht verdros.
Er leit im uf vil manigen ſak,
Da von ſin rugge dik erſchrak.
Ouch hort ich von dem eſel ſagen,
Er mueſte ziechen unde tragen;
Erbeit mueſt er groſſe han.
Eis tages wart er us gelan,
Und kam hin uf dui heide;
Da ſuocht er ſine weide.
Nu wart nicht langer do geſpart,
Wan das er uf der ſelben vart
In dui wuirſte kam gerant,
Da er ein hut eis loewen vant.
Dui hut geviel im harte wol.
Sin herze das wart froeden vol;
Er wande des wol ſicher weſen,
Er wer von aller not geneſen.
Des loewen hut die leit er an;
Gewalteklich gieng er hin dan.
Entlenter kraft uiber huop er ſich,
Und ſtorte das gemeine vich
Ab ſiner weide. Dui geſchach.
In floch alles das in ſach
In des loewen hute gan.
Vor im getorſt kein tier geſtan;
Das tet als des loewen ſchin.
Ein meiſter der hat groſſen pin;
Er wand den eſel han verlorn:
Das was im nicht ein kleiner zorn.
Den eſel er ſuochen began;
Er vant ſin nicht da er ſolde gan,
Und ſuochen ſine weide.
Er gieng us uf dui heide,
Er ſuocht in verre unde nach;
Nach ſinem eſel was im gach.
Ze jungeſt do er den eſel vant,
Er wart im bi den oren erkannt:
Die waren lang, und wart wol ſchin,
Das es was der eſel ſin.
Des loewen hut zoch er im abe,
Und ſluog in vaſt mit einem ſtabe,
Und ſprach: „Du muoſt min eſel ſin;
Dich hilfet nicht des loewen ſchin.
Ich wil dir nu dui wahrheit ſagen:
Du muoſt aber ſeke tragen;
Von ſtarken ſlegen wirt dir we,
Du trageſt denne ſek als e."

Geribne varwe nicht lange wert,
Und koufte liebi, wer der gert,
Der dunkt mich nicht ein wiſer man.
Wer mit fremdem lobe kan
Ein lop gemeren, das gat abe;
Wer aber von nature habe
Guot lop, das bekleidet wol.
Uf fremd lop nieman ſtellen ſol.
Entlentes lop gat dike wider;
Erdachte hochvart vallet nider.
Wer ſich mit hochvart uiber treit
Dur ſins gewandes kluogkeit,
Der mag zeim eſel werden wol;
Bi den oren man in erkennen ſol.

Von einem froes und einem fuchſe.

Von falſchem ruome.

Ein froes eis mals gegangen kan
Uf eine wiſe. Da vant er ſtan
Vil manig wol gemachtes tier.
Er ſprach: „Welt ir gelouben mier,
Ich wil uich arzenie geben,
Das ir behaltent uiwer leben.
Mit miner großen meiſterſchaft
Kan ich dem ſiechen ſine kraft
Wider geben, und geſunt
Kan ich in machen uf der ſtunt.
Mir mag in allen richen
Nieman ſich gelichen
An wisheit und an hoher kunſt.
Des hab ich aller der welte gunſt.
Kein meiſter kuinſten iſt ſo vol
Als ich. Das ſich bewerret wol,
Wen ich ze werken bring min wort.“
Und do dis red ein fuchs erhort,
Er ſprach: „Her froes, wie mag das ſin?
Es bewert nicht uiwer varwe ſchin,
Das ir arzenie kuinnint geben.
Von erſt ſo arzenent uiwer leben
Und uiwern ſiechtag. Tuont ir das,
Wen geloubt uich die nach deſte bas.
Uiwer varwe iſt nicht gelich,
Das ir ſint groſer kuinſten rich.
Machet uich ſelben e geſunt,
Und denne mich; ſo wirt wol kunt
Das ir ein groſer arzat ſint.
Tuot ir des nicht, ſo ſint ir blint.“
Der froes der wart von ſchamen rot.
Das was viel wol, ſo helf mir got;
Wand er ſich an der dingen nam,
Das ſin geſlechte nie gezam.

Wenne der blinde fueren wil
Den ſehenden, da wirt ſpottes vil.
Wer ein arzat welle ſin,
Der tuo im ſelber helfe ſchin.
Wie wil der geheilen mich,
Der nicht wol kan geheilen ſich?
Wer ſich ruemt des nicht en iſt,
Der wirt geſchant in kurzer friſt.
Ruemſer im ſelber ſchaden tuont;
Valſcher ruom nie lang geſtuont.
Lop, das von eigem munde gat,
Das iſt nicht lop. Lop wol geſtat,
Das da wirt bewerret wol
Mit guoten werken, als es ſol.
Ein fremder munt ſol loben mich;
Min munt ſol ouch nicht ſchelten dich.
Den guoten menlich loben ſol;
Der boeſe vint ſich ſelber wol.
Wol im, der lobes nicht engert,
Und doch wol lobes wirt gewert!
Ich wenne, das er ſerre tobt,
Wer unverſchult ſich ſelber lobt.
So beitte, der nicht wolle toben,
Unz das in andre luite loben.

Von einem hunde, der truog ein ſchellen.

Von ſchalkhafter froede.

Von einem hunde liſt man das,
Das er gar boes und ſchalkhaft was.
Sin geberde waren nicht gelich
Den werken; wande er ſenftelich
Gebarte, und was doch ſchalkeit vol.
Des wart gewar vil manger wol,
Den er beis in ſinen waden,
Der hat den ſpot und ouch den ſchaden.
Dis treib er lang und mangen tag,
Das er kein unſelt nie verlag.
Heimlich gieng er den luiten nach;
Wenne er gebeis, ſo wart im gach
Ze flucht. Dis wart vil dik geſeit
Dem meiſter ſin. Es was im leit.
Ein ſchallen er im ane hieng
An ſinen hals, war er do gieng,
Das man in horte, wa er was,
Und man ſich huote deſte bas
Vor ſiner groſen ſchalkeit.
Des was der boeſe hunt gemeit,
Und froewt ſich ſere, das ſin leben
Verdienet hat, das man im geben
Sold ein ſchallen an ſinen lip.
Dui hochvart in in groſen kip
Bracht wider ſin geſlechte do.
Der ſchallen was der hunt vil fro.
Ein alter hunt gegangen kan;
Dem was wol kunt, war umb der man
Dem hund dui ſchallen hat gegeben,
Nicht wan dur ſin ſchalkhaft leben.
Zuo zim ſprach er: „Wes froeweſt dich?
Das du tor verſmaeheſt mich
Und din geſlecht, das wirt dir leit.
Vil beſſer iſt der nicht entreit
Ein ſchallen, die dir iſt gegeben,
Das man erkenne din ſchalkhaft leben,
Die du dur ere wenneſt tragen.
Din boeſheit ſoeltiſt lieber klagen.
Dui ſchalle dir bezuiget wol,
Das du biſt aller ſchalkeit vol.“

Wer an ſin ſchalkeit ruemes gert,
Das ruemen das iſt ſcheltens wert.
Wer ſich von hochvart uiber treit,
Wirt der ze ſpot, wem iſt das leit?
Wer ſich froewt, ſo er uibel tuot,
Der hat ein tuibeſlichen muot.
Wel menſch alleine guot wil weſen,
Der lat ſin gelichen kum geneſen.
Als hat ouch dirre hunt getan,
Des muſt er mit der ſchallen gan,
Die im dur ſchalkeit was gegeben.
Dui ſchalle erzoegt ſin boeſes leben.
Toerſchin dui boeſen ſchallen han,
Mit ſchallen ſich man mangen gan;
Der nu vil koſper wennet ſin,
Des boſheit wuird der welte ſchin.

Von einer katzen, von muiſen und von einer ſchallen.

Von dem hus-vigende.

Ein urlig gros hat lang gewert,
Und wert ouch noch. Wer das begert
Ze wiſſen, dem tuon ich es kunt
Mit waren worten uf der ſtunt.
Es iſt dui kaz und ouch dui mus.
Die waren beide in einem hus;
Doch was da kleine truiwe bi,
Wie guot geſtalt dui katze ſi.
Wer kan ſich wol gehueten da
Ein vigent iſt ſo rechte na?
Dui muiſe mueſten in ſorgen ſtreben,
Und in groſer vorchte leben.
Gewalt der katzen der was gros;
Dui muiſe des vil ſer verdros

Niemant kunt ſi beſchirmen wol;
Untroeſtes warens alle vol.
Da wart nicht langer da geſpart,
Der muiſen rat geſamnet wart.
Si rieten alle uf einen ſin,
Wie ſi wol moechtin komen hin,
Und vor der katzen zorn geneſen.
Si mueſten alle in ſorgen weſen;
Gros was der katzen gewalt.
Der muiſen rat was manigvalt.
Ze jungeſt kamens uiber ein
Mit gemeinem rate, das ir ein
Solt der katzen henken an
Ein ſchallen, die ſi ſolde han
Und tragen, ängeſtlich kur das,
Das ſi ſich moechtin beſte bas
Gehueten vor der katzen liſt.
Do antwuirt in der ſelben friſt
Ein alte mus, und ſprach alſo:
„Des rates ſin wir alle fro.
Der rat mag uns wol troeſtlich weſen;
Wil got, wir mugen al geneſen.
Ratent, und koment uiber ein,
Wel under uns die ſi allein,
Die das getuirre wol beſtan,
Das ſi der katzen henken an
Welle dui ſchallen (das dunkt mich guot);
So wirt gefriget unſer muot,
Und mugen ane ſorgen leben.“
Enkein mus wolt ſich ſelben geben
An den tot. An ende ſtat
Und ane nutz der muiſen rat.

Wer in urlig geſigen ſol,
Der bedarf guotes rates wol.
Wisheit und rates meiſterſchaft
Geſigent dik an uiberkraft.
Das kraft an wisheit nicht enſchaft,
Das tuet wol wisheit ane kraft.
Wer mit guotem rate tuet
Sin werk, das wirt im dike guot.
Fuirſichtekeit und guoter rat
Niemen ir enweders hat.
Wa aber der husvigende iſt,
Vil kum wirt man vor dem gefriſt.
Werin dui boeſen ſchallen vol,
So moecht man ſich gehueten wol.
Truog dui katz ein ſchellen hel,
Dui muiſe werin wol ſo ſnel,
Das ſi vor ir werin behuet:
Der heimlich vigent ſchaden tuet.

Von einem ſlangen, der was gebunden.

Von boeſem widergelte.

Man liſt ein biſchaft, das ein man
Dur einen walt gegangen kan.
Da vant er einen ſlangen,
Den hat ein hirt gevangen,
Und gebunden veſt, ze ſtemen,
Das er nicht dannan muchte komen,
An einen pfal, der was vil gros.
Do ſtuont der ſlange ſigelos,
Mit einem ſeil zertennet wol;
Alles ſmerzen was er vol.
Und do der man den ſlangen ſach,
Vil miltecklich er zuozim ſprach:
„Ich wil dir helfen uſſer not,
Das du nicht hie geligeſt tot.“
Der ſlange nach verdorben was,
Der man entbant in, und genas.
Er ſpiſt in wol, und half im wider.
Des lonet im der ſlange ſider.
Da er geſunt wart unde ſnel,
Er ſtrikt ſich um des mannes kel;
In liten bracht er in und in leit.
Der man ſprach: „Was iſt das geſeit?
Du haſt betrübet mir den muot;
Du giltest mir mit uibel guot.“
Der ſlange ſprach: „Ich tuon dir recht;
Ich tuon als ander min geſlecht.
Min gift mag ich nicht abe lan,
Slanglich geberde mues ich han.“
Der man ſprach: „Ich wil gerne komen,
Sit ich diu rede han vernomen,
Fuir einen richter der gemein.“
Si des kamen uiber ein.
Der fuchs ir beider richter wart,
Und ſprach nach fuchſlicher art:
„Ich kan die ſach gerichten nicht,
Nach uiwer rede, wan nach geſicht.
Ir ſuit mich beide laſſen ſehen,
Wie der ſache ſi beſchechen.“
Der man ſprach: „Das gevelt mir wol.
Den ſlangen man veſte binden ſol
Wider an die ſelben ſtat,
Da in der hirt gebunden hat,
So macht du richten von geſicht,
Was uns in dirre ſach beſchicht.“
Vil ſchiere uf der ſelben vart
Der ſlang wider gebunden wart.
Der fuchs do ze dem ſlangen ſprach,
Do er in als gebunden ſach:
„Entbint dich ſelben; nicht enbit,
Und ſcheide von hinnan; es iſt zit. —
Geſelle (ſprach er ze dem man),
Du macht wol ledig hinnan gan.
Wilt aber du den vigent din
Loeſen, das wirt din ungewin.“
Sus kam der man us groſſer not;
Der ſlange mueſt geligen tot.
Das was billich unde recht;
Das krumb iſt, das wirt kume ſlecht.

Man ſpricht ein wort, das mag war ſin,
Als es nu hie iſt worden ſchin:
Wer ab dem galgen loeſt den diep,
Dar nach hat er in niemer liep.
Was giftig iſt, wol niemer tuot,
Es giltet uibel umbe guot;
Sinr art mag es nicht wider ſtan,
Noch mag ſin ſchalkeit abe lan.
Es ſtat dik uf von miltekeit
Dem menſchen not und erbeit,
Als diſem man hie was geſchechen.
Ich mues es in der warheit jechen,
Wa fuir bricht groſe ſchalkeit,
Da bedarf man groſe kuintekeit.
Wer fuchs mit fuchſe vachen ſol,
Der bedarf guoter liſten wol.
Wer der fuchs richter nicht geweſen,
Der man moecht kume ſin geneſen.

Von bevolnem guote.

Von guotem rate.

Man ſol mit liſten under ſtan,
Was mit ſchalkeit wirt getan.

Eins mals zwen koufman fueren us
Dur gewin. Die kamen in ein hus;
Do warden ſi enpfangen wol,
Als man noch geſte enpfachen ſol,
Von der frouwen, die da enpflag
Der herbrig. Uf den ſelben tag
Bevalen ſi ir groſſes guot
(Vil wol was das di ir behuot),
Und taten mit gedinge das,
Das ſi das guot an allen has
Behalten ſold unz uf die ſtunt,
Das der geſellen beider munt
Wider vordrete das guot;
Dar uf ſo ſtuont ir beider muot,
Das ſi in ſold es geben gar
Wenne ſi beide kemen dar,
Und anders nicht. Si fueren hin
In koufmanſchaft uf ir gewin.
Das guot behielt dui frouwe wol
Mit guoten truiwen, als man ſol
Behalten das bevolen iſt.
Dar nach do kam in kurzer friſt
Der zweiger eine, unde ſprach:
„Min herze hat groß ungemach.

Gebent mir das guot. Es tuot mir not,
Wan min geſelle der iſt tot.
In groſſem gelt bin ich geſtan,
Das ich allein muos under ſtan.
Das ſag ich uich an allen var."
Dui frouwe wand, es were war,
Und gap im uf der ſtat das guot;
Des wart der ſchalk vil hoch gemuot.
Mit dem guote zogt er hin
In fremdes lant uf ſin gewin.
Ein geſelle wiſte hie von nicht.
Dar nach fuogt es ſich von geſchicht,
Das der ander geſelle kan,
Und ouch das guot vordren began.
Dui frouw erſchrak, das tet ir not.
Ir vollen unſchulde ſi bot,
Und ſprach: „Ich hab dem ſelben man
Das guot gegeben ane wan,
Der mirs beval. Er wer in not,
Sprach er, und wer ſin geſelle tot."
Do ſprach der man: „Min red iſt ſlecht.
Gedinge brechent lantrecht.
Das guot ſold nieman han genommen,
Wir werin denne beide komen,
Ich und der geſelle min.
Der rede wil ich were ſin."
Dui frouwe kam in erebeit:
Eim wiſen man klagt ſi ir leit,
Und bat, das er ir gebe rat,
Wie ſi dui groſſen miſſetat
Mocht under ſtan. Der wiſe ſprach:
„Frouwe, habent kein ungemach!
Als ich dui ſache hab vernommen,
Ir ſult ze keinem ſchaden komen.
Uiwer fuirſprech wil ich weſen;
Ich getruiwe ir ſuillent wol geneſen."
Ze dem koufman er do ſprach,
Do er ſin ſchalkeit an geſach,
Und ſine wort gehoret hat:
„Dui frouwe, die hie zegegen ſtat,
Die lougnet nicht, ir wurde guot
Bevoln (das hat ſi wol behuot)
Von dim geſellen und von dir;
Wenne ir beide koment zuozir,
Si ſold uich geben uiwer guot.
Was man mit gedingen tuot,
Dar an ſol man ſtete ſin.
Gang hin, bring den geſellen din,
Si git uich uf der ſelben friſt
Alles, das ſi uich ſchuldig iſt."
Sin geſellen ſuocht er do;
Er vant in nienent, und alſo
Dui frouwe von der ſorge kan.
Das hat getan der wiſe man;
Und wer des rat nicht guot geweſen,
Dui frouw mocht kume ſin geneſen.

Wem bevoln wirt in truiwen guot,
Der achte, das es ſi behuot,
Und wem er wider geben ſol,
Das er nicht ſpottes werde vol,
Und ouch nicht ſchaden muoſſe han.
Vil kum ſich iemen huoten kan,
Vor dem, der untruiwen iſt vol.
Da von bedarf der tumbe wol,
Das er tuo das der wiſe rat.
Tuot er das, im miſſegat
Selten, das geloube mir;
Ein werk geſtat nach ſiner gir.
Het diſe frouw nicht rat genommen,
Von groſſer not wer ſi nicht komen.

Von zwein geſellen und einem bern.

Von valſchen fruinden.

Es giengen zwen geſellen guot
(Doch warens ungelich gemuot)
Mit einander dur einen walt.
Ir rede die was manigvalt.
Si ſprachen beide uf iren eit,
Si wolltin truiwe und warheit
Ir ſamen han unz uf den tot.
Der ein was brun, der ander rot.
Do ſi in dirre rede warn,
Vil ſchier ein ber gegangen kam
Uf der ſtraſſe gegen in.
Si wiſſen nicht wol, wa ſi hin
Soltin fliehen. Do das erſach
Der rote, er vil balde brach
Sine truiwe und ſinen eit.
Sin muot der ſtuont uf triegenheit.
Bald er von ſim geſellen floch
Uf einen boum hoch, da er doch
Sin geſellen mochte ſehen
(Da mag man gros untruiwe ſpehen!).
Sin geſelle was in groſſer not,
Und gebarct als er were tot,
Und ruert ſich weder hin noch her.
Vil ſchier gegangen kam der ber
Zuozim, do er ſo ſtille lag.
Er wand, es wer ein fules pflag,
Und warf in umbe und ſmakt in an.
Das ſach der ungetruiwe man,
Der lies ſin geſellen an der not,
Als noch tuot der geſelle rot.
Der ber gieng fuir, und lies den man
Ligen. Und do er dannan kan,
Der rot geſelle das erſach.
Er gieng her ab balt, unde ſprach:
„Sag an mir, trut geſelle min,
Was mochte das gerune ſin,
Das dir gerunet hat der ber?
Ich ſach wol uf dem boum, das er
An din ore hat ſinen munt.
Lert er dich iht, das tuo mir kunt."
Er ſprach: „Was ſol ich ſagen dir?
Der ber hat vil gerunet mir,
Und lert mich ſunderliche das,
Und ſprach: du ſolt dich hie nach bas
Vor dem, der uf dem boume ſtat,
Huoten; ſich, das iſt min rat!
Wan wenne es gat an rechte not,
So lat er dich, wan er iſt rot."

Es ſuillen frouwen unde man
Den roten geſellen laſſen gan.
Des guoten geſellen wirt man geſunt,
Des argen man in erbeit kunt.
Mit dem guoten wirt man guot;
Der boeſe niemer wol getuot.
Manger iſt geſelle wol
Des tiſches; da man kieſen ſol
Ganze truiwe in groſſer not,
Da iſt dui fruintſchaft alle tot.
Getruiwem fruinde iſt nicht gelich;
Vor boeſen ſol man huoten ſich.
Der rot geſelle ſin truiwe brach,
Als balt do er den bern erſach.
Des muos er unſelig iemer weſen;
Swer truiwe hat, der ſol geneſen!

Von drin geſellen.

Von fruindiger einvaltekeit.

Dri geſellen kamen uiber ein,
Das es ſold alles ſin gemein,
Ir zerung und ir ſelbs guot;
Dar uf ſo ſtuont ir drier muot.
Si waren uiber ein des komen,
Das ſi ſchaden unde frumen
Soltin mit einander han.
Wallende wolten ſi do gan
Mit einander in ein lant.
Der weg was in nicht wol erkant.
Zwen waren an den ſinnen kluog,
Und da bi ſchalkhaft ouch genuog;
Der dritte was ein einvalt man.
Si getieten an der ſpiſe han
Gebreſten; da von ſi in leit
Kamen und in erebeit.
Si kamen hin in einen walt,
Do was dui herberge kalt;

Vil ſchiere machten ſi ein fuir.
Alle wirtſchaft was da tuir;
Von hunger litten ſi große not.
Us melwe machten ſi ein brot,
Das wart balt in das fuir geleit.
Ein ſchalk do ze dem andern ſeit:
„Belibe uns zwein allein das brot,
So kemen wir von hungers not
Der gebure eſſe wol allen tag;
Vil kum man in geſatten mag."
Der ſchalk wolte den tumben man
Von dem brote verſtoſen han.
Do ſprach ſin geſelle alſo:
„Diner rede bin ich fro.
Ich kan das an gelegen wol,
Wie uns der kuoche werden ſol.
Die wil unz er gebachen ſi,
Sullen wir uns legen alle dri
Ze ſlafende under diſen boum,
Und ſol den ieklicher ſinen troum
Sagen, ſo wir erwachen,
Und das brot iſt gebachen;
Und wels troum wunderlicher ſi,
Der hab das brot." — „Das ſi! das ſi!"
Sprachen ſi alle gemeine.
Die zwen ſliefen; der eine
Slief nicht; das tet im hungers not.
Als bald gebachen wart das brot,
Da fuor er zuo, und as allein.
Das im wart uiber, das was klein.
Ich geloub, im wer nicht worden we,
Und het er den noch geſſen me.
Er leit ſich nider unde ſlief.
Vil ſchier der ſchalken einer rief
Sim geſellen, und ſprach alſo:
„Ich bin von herzen worden fro!
Mir iſt getroumet alſo wol,
Das es uns beide froewen ſol.
Mir was, wie mich ein engel ſchon
Fuerte hin vor gottes tron,
Da er ſitzet ze himelrich.
Der troum dunkt mich gar wunderlich."
Do ſprach der ander: „Das iſt war!
Ouch ſag ich dir an allen var
Minen troum, trut geſelle.
Mir was, wie mich ze helle
Ein tuivel, der was ungeſtalt,
Fuerte, da ich manigvalt
Der armen ſelen pine ſach."
Vil froelich do der ander ſprach:
„Uns mag beliben wol das brot.
Ob der gebure litet not
Von hunger, wem wil er das klagen?
Wek uf! Sin troum ſol er uns ſagen."
Dis red hort als der guote man.
Der ein im ruefen do began.
Er ſprach: „Wer mag das ruefen ſin?" —
„Das ſin wir, die geſellen din." —
„Ir werent enweg, hat ich vernommen;
Wie ſint ir denne her wider komen?" —
„War waren wir? Du maht wol toben.
Wie iſt din hirne ſo beſtoben!" —
„Ich tobe nicht. Ich ſag uich wol
Min troum, als ich von rechte ſol.
Mir iſt getroumet wunderlich
Ein troum, der vaſt betruebte mich,
Das ich uich beide hat verlorn.
Einr was ze himelrich erkorn,
Den fuort in hin ein engel guot.
Der ander in der helle gluot
Wart gefuerit, da er ſach
Der armen ſelen ungemach.
Nu hat man ſelten me vernomen,
Das ieman ſi har wider komen
Von helle oder von himelrich,
Der dar was komen. Da von nam ich
Us dem fuire balt das brot,
Und as es als, von hungers not."
Sus wurden da die zwen betrogen
Von einem, dem ſi hatten gelogen,
Und muoſten hungrig dannan gan.
Vil recht der tumbe hat getan.

Es iſt noch billich unde recht,
Wer einvalt iſt und da bi ſlecht,
Das der des wol genieſſen ſol.
Die zwene wurden ſpottes vol,
Wande ſi dem einvalten man
Vres ſchalkeit wolten han getan.
Dui ſchalkeit im ze ſtate brach.
Der guote man ſich ſelben rach,
Und as das brot alleine,
Das ſolte ſi gemeine
Han geſpiſet alle dri.
Wer nu an geverde ſi
Und alt ſi uiber ſiben jar,
Der hab dank! Doch iſt es war,
Das dui triegenheit zergat,
So wol dui rechtekeit beſtat.

Von einem kalwen rittere.

Von ſtörunge ſpottes.

Wen liſt von einem ritter das,
Das er kal von nature was
Und ane har; das was im leit.
Nu hat er ein gewonheit,
Das er uf dem ein huben guot
Mit hare. Do von er gemuot
Nicht vil in ſinem herzen wart.
Eis mals kam er hin uf dui vart
An ein runtavel; das beſchach.
Da man vil guoter ritter ſach,
Dar kam der ritter wol gemeit.
Vil ſtolzlich uiber hof er reit.
Gar kuenlich er ſin ſper zerbrach;
Vil liep was im, das man es ſach.
Nu fuor er hin, nu fuor er har.
Einer im begegent, der wart gewar,
Das er ein kuener ritter was.
Nu fuegt ſich von geſchichte das,
Das im abgeſlagen wart
Der helm, und uf derſelben vart
Verlor er ouch dui huben ſin.
Den kalwen gap ſin houbet ſchin;
Sin houbt was blos, an alles har.
Vil manger menſche nam ſin war;
Da huop ſich ein vil groſer grus,
Er ſprach: „Was not macht ir har us,
Das mich gelaſſet das har
Und ouch dui hube! Nement war,
Mich hat doch e gelaſſen das,
Das an dem houbt gewachſen was.
Da von kein wunder ſol es ſin,
Ob mich nu lat dui hube min.
Badſtuben-warme die zergat,
So dui natuirliche geſtat.
Wa mit kunſt gewaltet iſt,
Der zergat in kurzer friſt.
Da von alleine iſt mir geſchehen
Mit der huben; des muos ich jehen."
Der vil mannen dui ſaite war;
Des ſpottes wart geſwigen gar.

Er dunket mich ein wiſer man,
Der alle ſpot zerſtoeren kan
Mit ſinne. Das iſt beſſer vil,
Den der mit worten troewen wil.
Hut iſt er arm, der e was rich;
Das geluike-rat louft ungelich.
Wer hat, wan er, der wolle nicht wider;
Valt er, vil kume kumt er wider.
In dir welt iſt kein ſtetekeit,
Was hut iſt liep, das iſt morne leit.
Er iſt balde ſiech, der geſtr was
Geſunt. Da von ſo ſpricht man das,
Das er nicht wiſe muige ſin,
Der ſich lat uf der welte ſchin.
Der herre verlor der huben kleit,
Das iſt der welte unſtetekeit.

Von einem hoger und einem zolner.

Von ſchuldigem ſpotte.

Von einem gropen liſt man, das
Er wunderlicher ſitten was.
Nu hat er ein gewonheit.
Wer uiber ſine brugge reit
Oder gieng, ein pfenning muoſt er geben
(Da getorſte nieman wider ſtreben),
Was er hogrecht oder blint,
Hat er ein kropf oder einen grint,
Oder hat ſin lip der ſuhten ſchin;
Umb ſolichen gebreſten ſin
Wolt der herre ein pfenning han,
Wer dui brugge ſolt uiber gan,
Den muoſt er dem zolner geben.
Der zolner ſach dar uf vil eben.
Wer der gebreſten einen hat,
Das der ein pfenning, uf der ſtat
Lies man in frilich uiber gan.
Wer aber an gebreſten kan
Dem hieſch man nicht. Vil ſchier geſchach,
Das der zolner einen ſach
Hogrecht uf dui brugge gan.
Er hies in balde ſtille ſtan,
Und ſprach: „Ein pfenning ſolt du geben!“
Da geriet der hoger wider ſtreben.
Der zolner ſach den hoger an;
Einen kropf ſach er in han. —
„Gib dar zwen pfenninge!“ —
Des wert er ſich geringe.
Dar nach ſach er, das er was blint. —
„Gib dar drie!“ — Er hat ein grint,
Do er im ab zukte den huot.
„Nu gib dar vier pfenninge guot!“ —
Es geriet ſich weren umb den zol.
Vil ſchier erſach der zolner wol,
Das ruidig was des hogers lip. —
„Gib dar fuinf pfenning ane kip
(Sprach er zuo im), wilt du geneſen;
Es mag dur nuit kein anders weſen.
Hetiſt du dich beſinnet recht,
Du werift wol an allen bracht
Mit einem pfenning uiber komen,
Da ich nu fuinfe hab genomen.
Dinen ſchaden hab du dir;
Du ſolt kein ſchulde geben mir.“

Vil dike mag ein wiſer man
Mit kleinen dingen under ſtan
Groſſe ding. Ein gneiſt gebirt
Ein fuir, das gros vil dike wirt.
Wer an der erſte tete das,
Das er dar nach muos tuon, dur was
Solte das iemen ſchaden ſin?
Wil ich ſelb den gebreſten min
Offnen, wer ſol mir den geſtan?
Mich dunkt, ich muos den ſchaden han.
Wer umb ein pfenning git ein pfunt,
Und ein pfert um einen hunt,
Und umb ein helbling kriegen kan,
Der dunkt mich nicht ein wiſer man:
Als diſem hoger hie geſchach,
Do er von dem kam in ungemach.
Het er ein pfenning do gegeben
Balde an alles widerſtreben,
So wer ze ſpotte noch ze ſchaden
Nicht komen uf der brugge laden.

Von zweien heven.

Von ungliher geſelleſchaft.

Ein mals ein waſſer, das was gros,
Uiber einen runſe flos,
Und nam ein vetten umbeſweif,
Und fuorte hin was es begreif,
Es were gros, lang oder breit.
Von dem waſſer man ouch ſeit,
Das es zwen heven fuorte hin
Mit kraft; der eine was irdin,
Der ander von ere gegoſſen.
Die kamen beide gefloſſen,
Als ſi das waſſer het genomen;
Das ſelb hab ich ouch wol vernomen.
Und wande der irdin ſicher was
Des weges gelang im deſte bas.
Er fuor vor, der erin nach.
Der erin ſprach: „Wie iſt dir ſo gach,
Das du nicht gebeiteſt min?
Wir ſuillen guot geſellen ſin;
Beit min! Ich wil mit dir varn;
Got ſol uns beide wol bewarn.“
Der irdin ſprach: „Ich bin ze krank.
Gewuinniſt mir ab einen wank,
Das ich nem einen ſtos an dich,
Oder du ſtieſſeſt wider mich
Ze einem mal, ſo wer ich tot.
Dur was kem ich danne in die not?
Ich mag mich nicht gelichen dir;
Dine geſellſchaft ich wil wol enbir.
Das geſtoeſſe ſi min oder din,
Der ſchad muoſt alweg weſen min.

Wenne der krank geſelle wirt
Des ſtarken, kum er des enbirt,
Er betruebe des kranken muot.
Der groſſe dem kleinen ſchaden tuot.
Der arm hoert nicht zem richen wol;
Der minr dem meren entwichen ſol.
Der knecht nicht geliche ſich
Dem herren ſin; ſecht, das rat ich.
Wer heftishalb das meſſer hat,
Der mag dem andern ſprechen mat.
Wer ſich geſellet uiber ſich,
Der trag eben, das rat ich.
Wenne mit dem langen tragen ſol
Der kurze, ſo bedarf er wol,
Das ſich der lange buike;
Der kurze ſich nicht ſmuike,
Wil er dem langen ſin gelich.
Ze ſamen hoert nicht arm und rich.
Der irdin haven oben ſwam;
Der erin herte ſtoeſſe nam.
Vil dik iſt ouch geſchechen, das
Der ſtarke ſtarp, der ſwach genas.

Von einem loewen und von einem ochſen.

Von vertragunge dur vorchte.

Ein loewe eis mals gegangen kan
Von hungers not uf einen plan,
Da ſuocht er ſine weide.
Do vant er uf der heide
Einen ochſen, der was gros,
Der gieng allein und hertelos.
Vil froelich wart des loewen muot,
Do er das rint ſach unbehuot;
Er dacht er moechte wol genieſen,
Einer ſpiſe wold er ſicher weſen.
Als ſchier das rint den loewen ſach,
Behendlich es ze im ſelber ſprach:
„Ich mag im nicht geſtriten;
Ich ſol ſin nicht erbiten.
Allein mit flucht mag ich geneſen;
Fliechen ſol min kempfen weſen.
Wer fluichet das man fluichen ſol,
Sicher der hat gevochten wol.“
Der ochſe floch, der loewe nach,
Uf den ochſen wart im gach.
Nu kam das rint vor in ein hol,
Da het es ſich beſchirmet wol.
Da was ein bok geſlochen in,
Der begegent mit den hornen ſin
Schalklich dem ochſen in der flue.
Vil balde muoſt er fliehen duo.
Dui vorcht des loewen machte das,
Das er dem bok entwichen was;
Und wer der loewe nicht geweſen,
So moecht der bok nicht ſin geneſen;
Der ochſe het in ertoetet wol.

Der wiſe vil vertragen ſol
Dur ſinen nutz; das iſt im guot.
Es wirt im liep wer alſo tuot.
Vil diſe man dem knecht vertreit
Dur ſines herren biderbkeit.
Dur richter willen, der ich ſagen,
Muos man dem weibel vil vertragen.
Eines alters einer genieſſen ſol,
Wa das iſt guot und eben wol.
Einer genieſet ſiner jugent,
Und der hunt ſins meiſters tugent.
Dur guot dem guoten man vertreit,
Dem boeſen dur ſin ſchalkeit.
Den meiger, und den amptman,
Den voget, und den ſchachtelan
Die muos man dik entſitzen,
Nicht von ir ſelbers witzen,
Wan von irer herren gewalt.
Das merken vil wol jung und alt!
Der ochſe nicht den bok entſas
Dur ſine kraft; me forcht er das,
Das im der loewe nach runde,
Des kraft er wol erkande.
Moecht er vor dem wol ſin geneſen,
Des bokes kraft wer klein geweſen.

Von einem affen und von den tieren.

Von uippigem ruome.

Es huop ſich ein geſpreche gros,
Des manig tier vil ſer verdros,
Uf einer heide, die was breit.
An den hof gieng unde reit
Was ſtap und teſchen mocht getragen.
Von dem geſpreche hort ich ſagen,
Das Jupiter der richter was,
Der da zuo gerichte ſas.
Dar kamen vogel unde tier,
Dui viſche kamen ouch vil ſchier.
Ze gerichte ſas her Jupiter;
Er wolte wiſſen, wer der wer,
Des kint das ſchoenſte were.
Nu horent fremde mere!
Als ich dui biſchaft han geleſen,
Jeklich tier wolt das beſte weſen;
Si zierten alle ire kint.
Der viſch, der vogel, und das rint,
Der pfawe, dui gans, und ouch dui ant,
Der loew, der ber, und der helfant,
Der hirz, der wolf, und ouch der fuchs,
Der has, das pantier, und der luchs,
Das ros, der eſel, und dui kue,
Mit ir kinden kerens zuo;
Das ſchaf, dui geis, und ouch das ſwin,
Jeklicher wolt das beſte ſin.
Do ſi alſus geſamnet wan,
Und alle kamen uf den plan,
Und ieklich muoſte ruemen ir kint,
(Der etlich wol ze ruemen ſint),
Do kam der affe ungetan
Mit ſinen kinden uf den plan.
Sine kint ruemen er geriet,
Und ſprach vor aller der diet:
„Ir ſecht wol, her, das mine kint
Vor allen tieren dui ſchoenſten ſint."
Do wart der richter Jupiter
Lachent, und al der tieren her;
Ze ſpottent waren ſi bereit:
Das tet des affens wizzekeit.
Der affe wart ze ſpotte da.

Das ſelb geſchicht noch anderswa.
Wer ruemt das nicht ze ruemen iſt,
Das mag wol ſin der affen liſt.
Wer ruemt das er nicht ruemen ſol,
Der mag wol ſpottes werden vol.
Ein ieklich muoter dunkt ir kint
Schoen, die doch nicht ſchoene ſint.
Der affe geviel im ſelber wol.
Ruom im ſelber nieman ſol
Geben; iſt er tugent vol,
Sicher, er wirt geruemet wol
Umb ſine tugent ane ſpot.
Wer wol tuot, den lobet got.
Wir gevallen alle uns ſelben wol;
Des iſt das lant der affen vol.
Vil iſt der luiten alſo blint,
Den nuit gevelt wan ire kint,
Und ruement das man ſchelten ſol;
Sus iſt dui welt gebreſten vol.
Nu iſt es alſo komen her;
Wer iſt der ruomes nicht enger,
Der gang her fuir und pfende mich;
Sol ich im nits nit, das gilt ich.

Von einer genſe, die leite ein guldin ei.

Von uibriger gitekeit.

Von einem herren liſt man, das
Er hat ein gans, die im liep was,
Und ſold im dennoch lieber weſen.
Von der gans hab ich geleſen,
Si leit al tag ein guldin ei.
Den herren muote, das ſi nicht zwei
Ober dui leit alle tage:
Das was des herren groſſe klage.
Ein gitekeit in des betwang
(Die vaſt in ſinem herzen rang,
Die niemer lobeliches guot
An frouwen noch an mannen tuot),
Das in des beitens gar verdros.
Vil kleinen im ein ei beſchos,
Das im dui gans gap alle tage.
Nu merkent wol, was ich uich ſage.
Ein gitig herze wold ze vil,
Des kam er uf des ruiwen zil.
Er tot dui gans; das wart im leit.
Als ſchier do er ſi uf geſneit,
Er wande ſi wer goldes vol;
Er wart betrogen. Das was wol:
Manolf triegolfs bruoder iſt.
Er vant do nicht wan genſen miſt.
Sus wart geſchant ſin gitekeit.

Wer noch im ſelben nicht vertreit,
Wie ſol eim andern der vertragen?
Ouch hort man dik dui wiſen ſagen,
Das der, wer ze vil begert,
Nach ſiner begirde nicht wirt gewert;
Got erhort kein gitekeit. —
Gewinnen guot iſt gros erbeit;
Sorg hat der es behueten ſol.
Ouch wirt ſin herze ſmerzen vol,
Der guot verluirt. — Guot hat dui art,
Das guotes nie geſattet wart
Kein herze, was ieman gereit.
Ein gans, die alle tage leit
Ein guldin ei, wer man die hat,
Der toete ſi nicht: das iſt min rat.

Von einem pfawen und einem kraniche.

Von verſmachunge der geſellen.

Man liſt von einem pfawen das,
Das er gar uibermuetig was.
Das ſchein an im ſin ſchoener ſchin
Und dui varwe der vedren ſin.
Sin hals der was gezieret wol;
Sin rug was ſchoener vedren vol;
Sin ſweif was als ein wanne breit,
Mit ſchoenen ſpiegeln wol bekleit.
Vil dik ſach er ſich ſelben an,
In groſſen uibermuot er kam.
Do in ſin varwe ſus hat betrogen,
Do kam ein kranch zuo im geflogen
Uf dui wiſe, da er gieng.
Vil herteklich er in enpfieng,
Mit worten er ze im do ſprach:
„We dir! Das dich got ie geſach!

Aller gezierde biſt du blos,
Dar zuo biſt du gar varwelos;
Du biſt gar egeberlich geſtalt.
Min varwe die iſt manigvalt,
Sie iſt gruen, bla, und himelvar;
Und wer es rehte nimet war,
So git min rugge goldes ſchin;
Min ſweif iſt ſchoene unde vin.
Du macht dich nicht gelichen mir,
Dine geſellſchaft ich vil wol enbir."
Der kranch ſprach: „Das iſt wol geſeit!
Dich hilfet nicht din ſchoenheit,
Du mueſiſt in der lachen gan.
Zwo ſtelzen ſoldiſt billich han,
Das din fues und dine bein
Als ungeſtalt und als unrein
Nicht werin. Das ſtuend dir harte wol.
Vil me ich dir noch ſagen ſol.
Als ſchiere ſo der meige kunt,
Wen beitet nicht, wan uf der ſtunt
Zuicht man us dui vedren din,
So gaſt du ſchoter den ein ſwin.
Din langer ſweif wirt dir genomen,
Din ſchoeni mag dir nicht gefromen.
Wen ruiſet dich, als man tuot den grint.
Ungelich min vedre beſſer ſint
(Wie bleich ſi ſin und eſchevar),
Den din gevider. Nu nim war,
Ich ſtieg uf; des hab ich gewalt
Nach minem willen, ungezalt.
Hoch in den luiften ſint min wege,
Ane brugge und ane ſtege;
Uiber ſe und uiber lant
Dui weg ſint alle mir erkant:
Des ich mich froewen ſol.
Urdruiſſes iſt din leben vol;
So bin ich ſtolz und wol gemuot.
Din ruom der iſt ze ſchelten guot;
Da von ſo las din ruemen ſin!
Min lop iſt hoher den das din."
Sus warf der kranch dui hochvart nider
Des pfawen mit ſinem gevider.

Wen dui natuire hat bekleit
Mit ſunderlicher kluogheit,
Der ſol des ungeſpotten lan,
Den er ſicht an die kluogheit gan.
Der ander iſt licht bas bekleit
An tugenden und an wirdekeit.
Wer im ſelber uiber tuot
Mit hochvart, ſicht, des tumber muot
Wirt vil ſchier geworfen nider,
Und mag vil kume komen wider.
Dui glenzent varwe gern zergat,
So dui bleiche wol geſtat.
Wen ſin ſchoeni blendet,
Von ſchulde wirt er geſchendet.
Wer ſich erkennet, das iſt guot,
Bekantnis ſelten uibel tuot.
Ein ſchoener ſchin den pfawen troug;
Der kranch uf in dui luifte ſloug.

Von einem pfaffen und von einem eſel.

Von uippekeit der ſtimme.

Ein pfaf was jung und da bi kluog,
Als noch pfaffen iſt genuog.
Er was ſtolz und hoch gemuot,
Sin ſtimme ducht in harte guot.
Uf ſingen er gefliſſen was;
Er want, das nieman ſunge bas
Den er. Des was er gar gemeit.
Mit ſingen hat er arebeit;
Jedoch was er geſanges vol.
Wie es doch nicht geviele wol
Den luiten, doch er dike ſang;
Des in ſin narrekeit betwang.
Nu kam es von geſchicht alſo,
Da er ſang ane maſſe ho
Uf dem altar. Do ſtuont da bi
Ein frouwe, die hat ir eſelli
Verlorn, vor an dem dritten tage.
Si weinde vaſt; gros was ir klage.
Do ſi der pfaffe weinen ſach,
Vil guetlich er do zuozir ſprach:
„Saget, frouwe, was weinent ir?
Was mag es ſin? das ſagent mir."
Er wand, ir wer gevallen in
Ein andacht von der ſtimme ſin,
Und ſprach: „Sol ich uich ſingen me?" —
„Nein ir, herre; es tuot mir we." —
„Wa von? das ſolt ir mir nu ſagen." —
„Gern, her (ſprach ſie)! Ich mues uich klagen
Wa von ich geweinet han.
Min eſel, der mir vil wol kan,
Den hant dui wolf vereſſen:
Des mag ich nicht vergeſſen.
Wenne ir ſingent ſo herlich,
So iſt uiwer ſtimme gelich
Der ſtimme, die min eſel hat,
So manent ir mich uf der ſtat
An minen eſel. Herre min,
Mich wundert, wie das muige ſin,
Das uiwer ſtimme ſo gelich
Mis eſels iſt; des wundert mich."
Der uippig pfaffe wart geſchant,
Sin eſel-ſtimme wart erkant;
Doch er geviel im ſelber wol,
Als billich noch ein eſel ſol.

Wer went, das er der beſte ſi,
Dem wont ein tor vil nahen bi.
Mich wundert, das das ore ſtat
So nach dem munde, und nicht vervat,
Das ieman welle erkennen ſich,
Und ſine ſtimme; des wundert mich.
Es wenet manger ſingen wol,
Des ſtimme herr iſt unde hol,
Und brieſchet als der eſel tuot.
Hort er ſich ſelben (das wer guot)
Mit fremder luiten oren,
Er wuerd nicht ze einem toren;
Als diſem pfaffen iſt geſchehen.
Auch hoer ich vil der luiten jehen:
Der uibel ſingt, der ſinget vil;
Menlichen er ertoeden wil.

Von einer eiche und von einem rore.

Von ſterki und von krankeit.

Uf einem berge ſtuont ein eich,
Die keinem winde nie entweich,
Wan ſi was ſtark, lang unde gros.
Under dem berge was ein mos,
Dur das ſlos ein ſtarker bach.
Da man manig ror wachſen ſach:
Da ſtuonden bluomen unde gras.
Dui eich vil wol gewurzet was;
Si ſtuont vaſt ane wenken.
Wer mochte das gedenken,
Das ſi ſoelti vallen nider?
Da was ir kraft vil ſwache wider.
Und do ſi lang geſtuont alſo,
Do kam ein wint, heiſt aquilo.
Vil kreftelich er wate;
Us der erde er drate
Mit wurzen und mit eſten gros
Dui eich, in das mos er ſi ſchos.
Und do der val alſo geſchach,
Dui eich do ze dem rore ſprach:
„Mich wundert, das das muige ſin,
Das du ſo ſtolz und alſe vin
Noch ſtaſt, und doch vil kranker biſt
Den ich. Was mag dich han gefriſt?
Ich was ſtark, lang unde gros;
Nu lig ich aller kreften blos."
Das ror ſprach wider ze der eich:
„Ich bin klein, krank unde weich,
Und erkenne mich ſelber wol,
Das ich nicht wider ſtreben ſol
Dem, der ſterker iſt den ich.
Demuite, das hat behalten mich.

Ich kan mich vil wol tuken,
Und ze der erde ſmuken.
Ich mag dem winde nicht wider ſtan;
Ich las in oben uiber gan.
Hetteſt du alſo getan,
Man ſehe dich uf dem berge ſtan.
Du wolteſt alweg ſtreben wider,
Da von biſt du gevallen nieder.
Din kraft, din hochvart was ze gros,
Des biſt du worden ſigelos.
Moechtiſt du han geneiget dich,
Du wereſt geſtanden als ouch ich;
Nu heſt du ſchaden unde ſpot,
Und iſt das billich, ſomer got!"

So ſtark iſt nieman noch ſo gros,
Er vindet etswa ſin genos.
Wer etswen nicht entwichen kan,
Der dunkt mich nicht ein wiſer man.
Der vaſte ſtande der huete ſich,
Das er nicht valle; das rat ich.
So hocher berg, ſo tiefer tal;
So groeſſer kraft, ſo ſwerer val.
Wer den mantel keret dar,
Da er des windes wirt gewar,
Und uiberkraft entwichen kan,
Der mag wol deſte bas geſtan.
Wer velt, der kumt vil kume wider:
Das ror geſtuont, dui eich viel nieder.

Von vier ochſen und von einem wolfe.

Von verratunge.

Es waren vier geſellen guot;
Uf ganze truiwe ſtuont ir muot;
Si hatten ſich des an genomen,
Das ſi ſchaden unde fromen
Mit einander ſoeltin han;
Es waren vier ochſen wol getan.
Si waren frech, und da bi ſtolz;
Es wer ze velde oder ze holz,
Kein tier was ſo freiſſan,
Das ſi getoerſte grifen an.
Ir bein waren ſtark, hert was ir fel;
Ir hoebter waren gewaffent wol
Mit ſtarken hornen, die wan gros,
Mit den ſi mangen herten ſtos
Gaben. Wel tier es begert,
Vil ſchier wart es von in gewert;
Es were dirre oder der,
Der loewe, der wolf oder der ber,
Der vant an in kampfes genuog;
Von in kein tier gros ere truog.
Der ochſen fruintſchaft die was gros;
Des manig tier vil ſer verdros.
Ze in ein wolf geſlichen kan.
Ir einen gruoſſen er began;
Akuſte was ſin herze vol.
„Din wort dich nicht betrueben ſol
(Sprach er), wan ich wil warnen dich;
Da von ſolt du nicht miden mich,
Als rechte lieb als ich dir ſi.
Ich weis, das din geſellen dri
Hant alle dinen tot geſworen.
An in iſt genzeklich verloren
Din dienſt, den du in haſt getan.
Si went dich an den truiwen lan.
Das ſag ich dir an allen var.
Des wirdeſt ſelber ſchier gewar,
Das ſi ſich biegent wider dich.
Diner truiwe erbarmet mich,
Wan ſi iſt was unde gros;
Aller fruintſchaft ſtaſt du blos."
Und do der wolf geret alſo
Mit einem ochſen, aber do
Gieng er zem andern, unde ſprach
Vil heimlich, das es nieman ſach,
Das ſelbe, das er hat geſeit
Dem erſten. Do wart hin geleit
Der dritte und der vierd alſo
Und mit den ſelben worten. Do
Wart einer dem andern vil gehas;
Ir truiwe do vil kleine was.
Ir haz wart gros, ir fruintſchaft klein;
Vil ſchier gieng ieklicher allein.
Ir aller unmuot der was gros,
Des wurden ſi alle ſigelos.
Das hat des wolfs akuſt getan;
Akuſt betruebet mangen man.
Do ſus zerbrach ir minne bant,
Der wolf vil balde kam gerant.
Er greif der ochſen einen an;
Enkeiner der ander drier kan
Ze helfe dem geſellen ſin.
Ir aller untruiw wart da ſchin.
Dem andern ouch alſo geſchach.
Do er ir untruiw an geſach,
Gewalteklich kam er zuo,
Und tet ein nach dem andern duo;
Si mueſten alle ſine weſen,
Enkeine mocht vor im geneſen.
Des wolfs verratung ſchadte das,
Das fruint fruinde wart gehas.

Wa ganze truiwe beliben ſol,
Da ſol man nicht geloben wol
Allen geiſten; das rat ich.
Wer fruint wil ſin, der huete ſich
Vor valſchen luiſenaeren,
Die mit lugi-meren
Betruebent guoter luiten muot,
Und ſcheident manig fruintſchaft guot.
Liegen tuot der ſel nicht wol,
Da von man liegen ſchuiwen ſol.
Valſches liegen machet das,
Das bruoder ſweſter wirt gehas.
Ein kloſter-lugner boeſer iſt
Und arger den des tuivels liſt;
Er verirt das kloſter, hoer ich ſagen,
Recht als das fuinfte rat den wagen.
Vor dem tuivel mag man ſich
Geſegnen wol. Da von ſprich ich:
Het der wolf nicht ſo gelogen,
Noch dui ochſen alſo betrogen,
Ganz wer ir fruindſchaft wol beliben,
Und wer ir leben nicht vertriben.

Von einem ritter, der ward ein muinch.

Von warhaften luiten.

Ein ritter was an ſinnen klueg,
Und hat ouch alles des genuog,
So man zer welte haben ſol;
Sin hus was us und inne vol.
Eis mals kam im in ſinen muot,
Das er dis gegenwuirtig guot
Dur gottes willen woeld uf geben,
Und woeldi varn in geiſtlich leben.
Ze werken bracht er ſin gedank,
Und fuor ze kloſter. — Hab er dank,
Der lat dur got luit unde guot!
Lobes iſt er wert, wer alſo tuot. —
Do er hin in das kloſter kan,
Wand er e was ein wiſer man,
Sin apt im eines mals gebot,
Und ſprach, es tet dem kloſter not,
Er ſoeldi mit den eſeln varn
Ze margte hin, und ſoeldi warn
Wie er ſi moecht verkoufen;
Si moechtin nicht me loufen,
Si werin treg und werin alt,
Ir gebreſte were manigvalt. —
Der ritter mueſt gehorſam ſin,
Doch ane muot, das wart wol ſchin.
Und do er hin ze margte kan,
Dui eſel ſchouwet manig man.
Si fragten, ob ſi werin veil.
„Ja" (ſprach er)! — „Sint ſi ganzheil?" —
„Nein ſi." — „Sint ſi jung old alt?" —
„Si hant gebreſten manigvalt
(Sprach er); ſi moechtin ſin ſo ſtark,
Wir gebind nicht um ſiben mark.

Wērin ſi jung, ſtark unde geil,
Wir buttin ſi ungerne veil." —
„War umbe ſint ir ſweiffe blos?" —
Er ſprach: „Si tragent ſeke gros,
Da von ſi dike vallent nider;
So zien wirs bi dem ſweiffe wider,
Uf des hant ſi verlorn das har."
Si ſprachen: „Bruoder, iſt das war?" —
„Ja es (ſprach er), ſo helfe mir got!
Das ſag ich uich an allen ſpott."
Sus fuor er mit den eſlen hein,
Das er verkoufte ir enkein,
Vil ſchier er do vermeldet wart
Dem apte; — um die ſelben vart
Muoſt er groſe buos enpfan.
Er ſprach: „Herre, laſſent ſtan!
Ich hab gelaſſet leit und guot,
Und dar zuo minen frigen muot,
Und bin in geiſtlich leben komen.
Liegen mag mir nicht gefromen;
An der warheit wil ich geſtan,
Und wil ſi nimer ab gelan."

Wer dur ſin ſel ze kloſter kunt,
Der ſeh, das er nicht werde wunt
An der ſele. Tuot er das,
Wol im! — Er erret deſte bas,
Wer nicht hinder ſich geſicht,
Wen er gat uf der geſchicht,
Das er den pfluog hat in der hant.
Wer an ſich leit geiſtlich gewant,
Uibt der geiſtlicher werken nicht,
Recht als dem blinden im geſchicht,
Der das liecht treit in der hant,
Und es im doch nicht iſt erkant;
Er treit das liecht und ſtoſet ſich.
Wer geiſtlich iſt, der huete ſich
Vor argen dingen. Tuot er das,
Er enzuirnt den luiten deſte bas;
Und ſol ouch an der warheit ſtan,
Als dirre ritter hat getan;
Dui eſel las er loufen
Und ander luite verkoufen.

Von einer tannen und von dornen.

Von der welte uibermuote.

Ein tanne kam in uibermuot
Eis mals, als noch vil manger tuot,
Des man dik muos entgelten.
Dui dorne geriet ſi ſchelten,
Die da ſtuonden under ir.
Uf groſen hochvart ſtuont ir gir.
Si ſprach: „Ich bin lang unde breit,
Und bin mit eſten wol bekleit.
In den luft min tolt uf gat;
Gruen iſt miner eſten eſten wat.
Mich lobent frouwen unde man;
In alles lop ſicht man mich ſtan.
Sider, du biſt ze nuite guot
Wan an din fuir. Er iſt nicht behuot,
Der dich an ruert; er wirt verwunt;
Din ſtechen iſt gar ungeſunt.
Dich haſſent man und ouch dui wip;
Du ſerſt manges menſchen lip."
Und do dui tanne alſus ſprach
Dem dorne, ſchiere das geſchach:
Ein man gegangen kam gerant,
Ein axe die truog er in der hant;
Vil ſchier ſluog er dui tannen abe,
Der dorn geſtuont in guoter habe.
Ze der tannen ſprach do der dorn:
„Wie iſt da nu! Wie haſt verlorn
Din leben und din wirdekeit!
So ſtan ich noch an alles leit.
Din ſchoeni dir geſchadet hat;
Dinem ruome iſt gebrochen mat.
Da von du wandeſt ſin geneſen,
Sich! das iſt din tot geweſen."
Sus verlor dui tanne gar
Ir ſchoeni und ir gruenes har.

Nieman ze vil ſich ruemen ſol,
Sis libes; er iſt gebreſten vol,
Und lat den menſchen an der not;
So er ſterben ſol, ſo iſt er tot.
Die wil er, als dui tanne, ſtat
Und lebt, vil hoches lop er hat;
Wen er gevelt, ſo velt ouch nider
Gewalt und ere, und kunt nicht wider.
Wer ſol ſich froewen in der zit,
Da nicht wan kumer an gelit!
Das dahin iſt, das kiſtet leit;
Unſtet iſt gegenwuirtekeit;
Wel zit noch kuinftig kumen ſol,
Das zit erkennet nieman wol.
Da von ſo laſſe der froeiden ſchin,
Wir niemant hie kan ſicher ſin
Ob er morgen in froeiden lebe
Oder in dem tode ſtrebe.
Der dorn geſtuont, dui tanne viel nider,
Noch kraft noch ſchoeni was da wider.
Er ſi ſtark, edel oder rich,
Dem tode iſt allermenlich gelich.

Von einem edeln ſteine eines keiſers.

Von angedenkunge des todes.

Ein keiſer hat ein edlen ſtein,
An dem vil groſe kraft erſchein.
Er was vil ſwerer als ein bli
Oder kein ander geſmide ſi.
Wen man in uf dui wage leit,
Es were gros, lang oder breit,
Was gegen im gewegen wart,
Das duo als in der ſelben vart
Der ſtein uf gar behende
Ane alle miſſewende;
Kein ſweri mocht im wider ſtan.
Si lueten des gros wunder nan.
Wen er bedacht mit eſchen wart,
So verlor er uf der ſelben vart
Sin ſweri gar und al ſin kraft.
Do ſprach des keiſers meiſterſchaft:
„Dirre ſtein iſt, herre, dir gelich.
Wand uiber alle kuinegrich
Der welte gat, her, din gewalt,
Der iſt gros und manigvalt.
Die wil du macht das leben han,
So mag dir nieman wider ſtan,
So biſt du ſwer alſam der ſtein,
Alle dui welt iſt dir ze klein.
Wen aber du gevalleſt nider,
So kunt din kraft nicht me her wider;
Als bald din houbet wirt bedecht
Mit erde, ſo zergat din macht.
Da von ſolt du bedenken dich,
Das du biſt, herre, toetlich,
Und ſolt dich richten uf die vart,
Die nie an menſchen wendig wart.

Wen der gewaltig aller valt,
So iſt erloſchen ſin gewalt.
Wer recht gedenket an den tot,
Der huet ſich vor der helle not.
Nieman froew ſich ſiner jugent
Noch ſis gewaltes; hat er tugent,
Der mag er ſich erfroewen wol.
Wen er von hinnan ſcheiden ſol —
So gros wart nie dehein gewalt,
Noch kein richtuom ſo manigvalt,
Noch mag ieman ſo wiſe weſen,
Der vor dem tode muig geneſen —;
So beſchicht im nach des ſteines art,
Wen er bedacht mit erden wart;
Sine kraft wart er beroubet gar:
Als wirt der keiſer ouch ſeir war
Beroubet aller wirdekeit;
Sin gewalt wirt klein, der e was breit.'
Dar an gedenken jung und alt,
Wie gar zergat der welt gewalt,
Wisheit, adel, unde guot.
Wer ſol den haben hohen muot,

Und froelich in der welte weſen,
Sit vor dem tode nút mag geneſen!
Alles das geborn ie wart,
Das muos komen uf des todes vart;
Er ſi jung, alt, arm oder rich,
Si muoſſen ſterben alle gelich.

Von einem nidigen und von einem gitigen.

Von nide und von gitekeit.

Zwen geſellen giengen über velt,
Doch was ungemein ir gelt,
Jetweder wolt das ſine han.
Uf der ſtras in ſchier bekam
Ein her gewaltig unde rich.
Dui geſellen gruoſt er guetlich;
Doch er erkant ir herzen wol.
Si waren alſuſt beide vol,
Den einen den begnuegte nie,
Der ander niden nie gelie.
Er wold verſuochen iren muot,
Und bot in beiden groſſes guot,
Und ſprach: „Bittent nach uwer gir!
Es mag wenig geſchaden mir,
Das ir von mir werdent gewert
Alles, des uwer herze gert;
Und bit einer vor, der ander nach.
Mit rate ſi uch nicht ze gach.
Und was der erſte bittet mich,
Das wird dem andern zwivaltecklich
Von mir. Ir werdent ſchier gewert
Der gabe, der uwer herze gert."
Do gedachte bald der gitig man:
„Du ſolt din bette laſſen ſtan,
Unz das der geſelle din
Vor hab gebetten dui bette ſin.
Das guot das mag dir nicht engan.
Laſſe in vor dir ſine bette han;
Was er danne bitten wil,
So wirt dir zwuivent alſe vil."
Sin gitekeit in alſo ermant,
Das er nicht bitten wold zehant.
Uf zwivalt gabe ſtuont ſin ſin;
Das wart vil ſchier ſin ungewin.
Nit und has ouch nie gelag;
Der nidig man alſuſt enpflag.
Keins guotes mocht er gunnen wol
Dem geſellen ſin; wan nides vol
Was ſin herz und gittig gar;
Des wart ſin geſelle ſchier gewar.
Er ſprach: „Min geſelle wil bitten nicht;
Ich wil bitten. Was mir geſchicht,
Das ſol min geſelle zwivalt haben.
Ein ouge ſult ir mir us graben;
Des wil ich gerne mangel han,
Dur das min geſelle muoſſe gan
An beiden ougen." Das geſchach.
Ir ougen er vil ſchier us ſtach.
Sus wurden ſi geſchendet,
Und wurden beide erblendet.

We dem, der gitekeit iſt vol!
Ruowe er niemer gewinnen ſol;
So er ie me hat ſo er ie me begert.
Wurden dui gitigen alle gewert,
Als diſem hie nu iſt beſchehen,
An ougen wurde ir vil geſchehen.
Nit und has ouch blenden kan
Beide frouwen unde man.
Siech wil gern der nidig weſen,
Dur das ſin geſelle nicht muig geneſen.
Mit niemanne vertragen kan,
Den ſiht in jung und alte han.
Wer im ſelber tuot den tot,
Dur das ſin vigent kom in not,
Und mit dem ſlag ertoetet ſich,
Da mit er wil verwunden mich,
Der dunkt mich nicht ein wiſer man,
Als verre ich mich kan verſtan.

Von einem eſel und drien bruodern.

Von nidiger karkeit.

Ein man an ſinem tode lag.
Vil guoter wiſen er enpflag;
Er ſchikte ſiner ſele ding;
Des liez er nicht ab einen ring.
Er het dri ſune, die waren groz,
Die ſines ſiechtages verdros.
Den gab er einen eſel guot,
Und ſtuont das uf des mannes muot,
Das er ir driger wer gemein;
Und wer den eſel fuorte hein,
Des tages ſold er im ſpiſe geben,
Ein werk das ſold er han vergeben.
Dis ſel-gerет beſchach alſo.
Der eltſte nam den eſel do,
Und leit im bald in arbeit.
Truog er nicht vaſt, das was im leit.
Da erbeit er den langen tag,
Das er ruowe nie enpflag.
Der eſel muoſt an eſſen ſin.
Der man gedacht: „Er iſt nicht din;
Din bruoder ſpiſt in morne wol,
Dem er ouch morne werken ſol."
Des andern tages der bruoder ein
Den eſel nam, und fuort in hein,
Und lies in ungeſpiſet gar.
Er wande ſicher ſin ſeit war,
Das in ſin bruoder hette wol
Geſpiſet, und wer worden vol;
Wand er was rich und hat genuog.
Der eſel zog vaſt, unde truog
Des tages menig burdi groz:
Der kurzwil in vil ſer verdros.
Und do der tag ein ende nam,
Der juingſte bruoder ouch dar kam,
Und nam den eſel an ſin hant,
Und fuort in erbeiten zehant,
An eſſen und an trinken gar.
Nieman nam des eſels war.
Der juingſte der gedachte wol,
Der eſel der wer ſpiſe vol
Von ſinen bruodern vor geſin.
Das was nicht war; das wart wol ſchin.
Der eſel ſtarp; das tet im not,
Er muoſt von hunger ligen tot.
Ir einer ſich uf den andern lie.

Gitekeit erſtarp noch nie.
Alle ſuinde werdent alt,
Gitekeit junget manigvalt.
So der gitig mint des weges hat,
So er me guotes uf ſich lat.
Gitekeit dui grunet ſich
An allen luiten ſtetelich.
Nicht man von rechter gitekeit
Hant ſi den eſel tot geleit.
Hetten ſi in geſpiſet wol,
Als man von recht ein eſel ſol,
So wer er lebent wol beliben,
Si werin ſin doch nicht vertriben;
Do wah ir kargheit alſo groz,
Das ſi des erbes wurden bloz.
Wer den eſel bruchen ſol,
Der ſol in ſpiſen; das ſtat wol.

Von einem loewen und von einer geiße.

Von ſchedelichem rate.

Jr weide ſuocht von hungers not
Ein geis, als ir natur gebot.
Si gieng vil hoch in einer fluo,
Da ir kein tier mocht komen zuo.
Dui geis ein grimen loewen erſach;
Vil ſenftecklich er zuozir ſprach:
„Mich wundert, das du joch din leben
Um ſo kranke ſpis magſt geben.
Dine weg ſint freiſſes vol,
So der ſich nieman wagen ſol

Um ſin ſpiſ; es iſt nicht guot.
Miſſelung dem der alſo tuot,
Wen ſprecke, im geſchehe recht.
Hie obnen ſint dui wege ſchlecht;
Hie ſtant bluomen unde kle;
Loup und gras und den noch me
Stat hie, vil mange weide.
Ker hier ab uf dui heide;
Da vindeſt du guot weide, das
Den uf der wilde; geloub mir das.“
Dui geis zum loewen wider ſprach,
Do ſi ſin akuſt ane ſach:
„Ich weis wol, das du ſeiſt iſt recht,
Din werk ſint krumb; din wort ſint ſlecht.
Din herz iſt boes, din rat iſt guot.
Moecht ich als wol ſin behuot
Als nie, ich kerte bald hin abe,
Moecht ich da han ein ſicher habe.
Wan ich des nicht mag ſicher ſin,
So volge ich nicht dem rate din.“

Ein wiſer man an ſehen ſol,
Wer im rat uibel oder wol.
Wer wol rat und uibel tuot,
Des menſchen rat iſt ſelten guot.
Du ſolt den ſchouwen harte wol,
Der um din leben raten ſol.
Der mag ein ratgeb weſen guot,
Der ratet das er ſelber tuot.
Du ſolt des rates end an ſehen,
Was von dem rate muig geſchehen.
Dur nuit ſo volge dem ratgeben,
Der dir ratet an das leben.
Wer ob der ſluo dui geis her komen,
Ir leben het ir der loewe genomen.

Von dem, der kalt und heis hat in dem munde.

Von zwivaltigen zungen.

Es gieng ein man us in der zit
Eis tages, do vil ſnewes lit.
Vor der kam er in einen walt;
Sin erbeit wurden manigvalt.
Er het von hunger groſe not,
Von froſte want er ligen tot.
Do er ſich alſo der vergieng,
Ein waltman in guetlich enpfieng
In ſin hus, und bots im wol,
Als ein wirt ſim gaſte ſol.
Und do er in das hus hin kam,
Vil ſchier er atemen began
Von froſtes wegen an ſin hant.
Als bald dem wirt das wart erkant,
Er ſprach, warumb ers het getan.
Do antwurt im der fremde man:
„Ich atmen an dui hende min,
Das ſi deſter wermer muigin ſin.“
Do ſprach der waltman: „Das iſt guot,
Das dir der aten hitze tuot.“
Er macht ein fuir, und ſaſt in nider,
Von groſem froſt half er im wider
Dar nach und er alſo geſas,
Er wolte im bieten den noch bas,
Und tet im groſe liebi ſchin,
Und gap im ze eſſen und warmen win,
Und ſprach, er wer im gar geſunt.
Er ſatzt den kopf bald an den munt,
Und wolde trinken ane var.
Do wart er ſchier der hitz gewar
Des wines, und bles bald dar an.
Do ſprach zuo zim der waltman:
„Was meint das, das du nu haſt getan;
Das ſolt du mich nu wiſſen lan.“
Er ſprach: „Ze heis iſt mir der win,
Da von ſo muos ich blaſen dar in,
Das er werd kalt ein wenig bas.“
Do ſprach der waltman: „Was iſt das,
Das du treiſt beide heis und kalt
In einem munt! Und wurd ich alt,
Ich kund ſin nicht vergeſſen.
Doch han ich mich vermeſſen,
Der muos us minem huſe gan,
Wen man ſicht heis und kalt gehan
In ſinem munt. So ker hin us!
Du belibeſt nicht in minem hus.“
Er wart vertriben; das was wol.

Zwo zungen menlich ſchuichen ſol.
Wie mag ieman ſicher ſin
Vor dem, der ganzer truiwe ſchin
Vor in ſinem munde treit,
Und hinden nicht wan arges ſeit.
Zwar der iſt ein unſteter man,
Den man ſicht zwo zungen han.
Manig hus muoſt od beliben,
Solde man alle die vertriben,
Die zweier zungen hant gewalt.
Er ſi rich, arm, jung oder alt,
Leigen oder pfaffen,
Kurz oder lang geſchaffen,
Es ſin frouwen oder man,
Wer mag vor zweien zungen geſtan?
Kum ſich ieman gehueten mag.
Si ſlahent manchen hinderſlag
Uf den ſelben da zehant,
Den ſi vor geleket hant.
Si tuon alſam der ſcorpio,
Der leket vor, und iſt ouch fro,
So er ſich balde richet
Und mit dem ſwenze ſtichet.
Erger iſt zweier zungen munt
Und boeſer den ein arger hunt.
Vor im mag nieman ſicher weſen,
Noch boeſer noch guoter geneſen.
Eis mals er dri ze tode ſlat,
Sich ſelb, und den, den er verrat
Mit worten, und den dritten man,
Der ſin verraten horet an.
Slach us der zweiger zungen munt
Us dinem hus, wilt du geſunt
Und an betruebde wol beliben.
Du ſolt in gar bald vertriben;
Als ouch der waltman hat getan,
Des muos er lop und ere han.

Von einer nachtegal wart gevangen.

Von weltlicher torheit.

Ein weidman vieng ein vogellin,
Das was klein, ſtolz unde vin,
Ein nachtegal was es genant.
Als ſchier ers nam in ſine hant,
Und er es wolt ertoedet han,
Sprach das vogellin: „Las mich gan!
Du macht nicht ſat werden von mir.
Dri leren wil ich geben dir,
Mit den du werdeſt ſelden vol,
Iſt das du ſi behalteſt wol.“
Er ſprach: „Sag an! Was mag das ſin?“
Do ſprach das kleine vogellin:
„Du ſolt gelouben niemer das,
Das ungeloublich ſi. Durch was
Sol man des gelouben iht,
Das nie geſchach noch niemer geſchicht?
Das ander iſt, das du kein leit
Solt haben, noch kein erbeit
In dinem herzen um die ding,
Die alſo hin verwaren ſint,
Das ſi nicht wider muigen komen:
Das leit nieman kan gefromen.
So iſt dui dritte lere min,
Das du nicht ſolt gefliſſen ſin
Um das, das dir nicht werden mag.
Er tuot im ſelber groſen ſlag,
Der nicht behaltet dis gebot,
Und mag wol ſin der luiten ſpot.
Dis lere ſolt du behalten wol,
So macht du wisheit werden vol.“
Der man der wart der lere fro,
Den vogel lies er fliegen do
Uf einen boum. Do das geſchach,
Der vogel zuo dem manne ſprach:

„Du haſt unwiſlich gar getan,
Das du, tor, mich haſt gelan
Fliegen. Das muos dir ſchade ſin,
Wan ich trag in dem libe min
Ein ſtein, der iſt edel unde gros.
Wer in hat wirt nicht ſigelos.
Er zerſtoeret allen gift.
Ein ſtruſſen-ei er uiber trifft
An groeſſe. Den haſt du verloren."
Der tore hette wol geſworen,
Es wer alles geweſen war.
Der ler hat er vergeſſen gar,
Die im der vogel hat gegeben.
Er wart betruebt als um ſin leben.
Er geloubte das unmuglich was,
Und wart gefliſſen ſer um das,
Wie er den vogel moecht gevan.
Do ſprach der vogel zuo dem man:
„Jemer muoſt du ein narre ſin!
Nu haſt du doch der lere min
Nicht behebt, das du geloubſt die ding,
Die gar ungeloublich ſint,
Das ich hab einen groſſen ſtein
In mir, dem ich doch bin zuo klein.
Dar zuo leit und ſmerzen
Haſt du in dinem herzen,
Das du, tor, mich haſt verloren.
Ouch iſt dinem herzen zorn,
Das du nicht macht vahen mich.
Min weg und din ſint ungelich.
Du halteſt nicht der lere min,
Da von muoſt du ein tore ſin."

Ein tor wirt dik geleret wol,
Doch iſt ſin herze gouchheit vol.
Wer das geloubt das nicht mag ſin,
Das iſt nicht groſſer witzen ſchin.
Was, an got, nieman wenden kan,
Das ſol man hin ze gotte lan.
Wer gert das im nicht werden mag,
Das iſt ſinem herzen ein groſſer ſlag.
Er iſt nicht wiſe, der des begert,
Des er niemer wirt gewert.
Wie vil nu hoher lere hat
Dui welt, mang menſche dar us gat,
Das er geloubt das nicht iſt guot,
Und ſiner ſele ſchaden tuot,
Und vichtet nach den dingen,
Da im muos miſſelingen:
Als diſer tore hat getan.
Sin herze muos in ruiwen ſtan,
Der rechter ler nicht volgen wil.
Noch der ſelben toren vil
Iſt, die ich nu nicht nennen hie.
Der narre ein tore dannan gie.

Von wolfen, hirten und hunden.

Von nutze der lerer.

Von einem urlig hoer ich ſagen,
Das kan nieman wider tragen.
Es iſt ſtark und herte gar,
Und hat gewert vil manig jar,
Und wert noch, als ich mich verſiche,
Zwiſchen den wolfen und dem viche;
Den hirten was es ouch gemein.
Dui wolfe kamen uiber ein,
Das ſi gern wolten haben fride
(Das ſwuorens alle bi der wide
Den hirten und dem vich) alſo,
Das man in ſolte geben ze
Mit geding alle dui hunde,
Die man uf erden funde.
Si hettin das vil wol vernomen,
Ir unfrid wer von inen komen.
Si ſprachen: „Was wir krieges han,
Das hant uns als dui hund getan.
Wurden dui hunde tot geleit,
So wer zergangen unſer leit,
Und wuird geſtillet unſer muot,
Und wer ouch unſer fruintſchaft guot." —
Dui hirten wurden ſo betrogen.
Dui hunde wurden hin gezogen,
Und wurden geben in den tot.
Das vich das kam in groſſe not
Und dui hirten in erbeit gros.
Si wurden alle ſigelos,
Beidi dui hirten und dui ſchaf.

Wenne den beruffet der ſlaf,
Der hueten unde wachen ſol,
So ſchikt ſin vigent ſin ding wol.
Werin alle hunde tot,
Dui ſchafe mueſten liden not.
Des hundes truiwe die iſt gros,
An truiwe iſt nieman ſin genos.
Sin zunge wunden heilen kan;
Dui wolf ſin kele billet an.
Er wachet vaſt und huetet wol,
Da von man in nicht geben ſol
Den wolfen. Secht, das iſt min rat.
Die ſelben truiw der lerer hat.
Der lerer zunge die iſt guot,
Si heilet lip, ſel unde muot.
Er wachet vur den herren ſin.
Iſt er truiw, das iſt wol ſchin,
Ob er der ſchafe huetet wol
Vor kezer-wolfen, als er ſol.
Wer mag geſtan an lere guot?
Wie mag ein menſche ſin behuot,
Und vor den wolfen ſicher weſen,
Vor den kum ieman mag geneſen?
Wen den wolfen wirt der hunt
Gegeben, und der lerer munt
Beſloſſen, ſo ſint dui ſchaf verlorn.
Got hat dui lerer us erkorn,
Das ſi der kezer wolfen munt
An bellen ſullen, ſam der hunt
An billet den wolf und den diep.
Der wol leret, der iſt got liep.

Von einem der konde das ſwarze buoch.

Von betrogener fruintſchaft.

Man liſt von einem pfaffen das,
Das er in ſiben kunſten was
Geleret wol, und anders vil
Kond er wol, als ich uich ſagen wil.
Nigromantie kond er wol;
Die buoch ſint ſwarz und freiſſes vol.
Nu hat er einen geſellen guot,
Und wold erkennen ſinen muot
Und ſin fruintſchaft, ob ſi ganz
Gegen im were und ane ſchranz.
Er fuort in uf ein wiſe breit,
Und ſprach zuo zim: „Wuird dir geſeit,
Das du ſolteſt ane wan
Lant und luit beſeſſen han,
Moecht mir kein guot von dir geſchechen?" —
„Ja, ir ſoelten wol geſechen,
Ich tet uich ganze truiwe ſchin.
Ir ſuilten her und meiſter ſin
Alles des, des mich beriete got:
Das ſag ich uich an allen ſpot."
Der meiſter bracht mit liſte zuo,
Das ſin geſellen duchte duo,
Wie wol geritten driſſig man
Zuo zim kement uf den plan,
Und tetint alle dui gelich,
Wie er wer ein kuinig rich,
Und wer gewaltig in Kipper-lant.
Dannan fuortens in zehant
Mit eren in ſin kuinigrich,
Das er beſas gewalteklich.
Zuo im da ſin geſelle kan
Und ſprach: „Gedenkent, her, dar an,
Das ir mir lobtent in der kunt,
Do uich dis kuingrich was unkunt,
Do wir lieb geſellen wan.
An gabe ſint ir mich nicht an
Als guot ſol uiwer gabe weſen,
Das ich ane armuot muig geneſen."

Der kuing ſprach: „Was iſt das geſeit?
Ich hab weder liep noch leit
Von uiwer fruintſchaft nie vernomen.
Wannan ſint ir nu har komen?
Kein guot uich hie von mir beſchicht.
Wer ir ſint, das weis ich nicht."
Der meiſter antwurt unde ſprach,
Do er des kuinges muot an ſach:
„Ich bin der uich das hat geben.
Nu iſt ſo arg uiwer leben,
Das ich uich genzlich rouben wil
Des guotes; ir hant des ze vil.
Uiwer kuinigrich wil ich uich nemen;
Vil licht komen wir den ze ſemen,
Und ſind geſellen den als e."
Dui geſpenſt zergie und wart nicht me.
Do vant ſich der vertriben man
Stan bi ſim geſellen uf der ban,
An kuinglich ere und ane gewalt.
Sin herzeleit was manigvalt.
Vil ſchier zuozim der meiſter ſprach,
Do er in als betruebten ſach:
„Wie do? Sag an, was wirret dir?
Das ſolt du balde ſagen mir." —
„Ich weis nicht, was ich ſagen ſol.
Min herz iſt groſſes wunders vol.
Ich was gewaltig unde rich
Ein kuinig; nu ſig ich dem gelich
Als ich was e und ouch nu bin.
Des iſt verirt mins herzen ſin."
Der meiſter ſprach: „Geſelle min,
Alſus zergat der welte ſchin.
Dui welt hat keine ſtetekeit.
Nach froeiden kan ſi geben leit.
Nach riche git ſi armuot.
Man ſicht ouch wol wie ere tuot.
Er guot ſitten wandlen kan;
Si ergouchet frouwen unde man.
Gewalt und er vergeſſen tuot
Vil dik des alten fruinden guot.
Als hat getan dine eren ſchin,
Das du vergeſſen hatteſt min.
Truiwe tuot den fruinden wol;
Dienſt nieman vergeſſen ſol.
Wer ganzer truiwen vergeſſen wil,
Den gelich ich dem vederſpiel.
Dui frouwen, als ich hoere ſagen,
Muigent ir truiwe wol getragen.
Geloub mir, alſo tuot dui welt;
Si gelobet wol, und git boes gelt:
Als dir din kuinigrich hat getan,
Des ſicht man dich in ruiwen ſtan."

Von zwein die mit gaben wolden geſigen.

Von enpfachunge der gaben.

Vil krieges machet min und din,
Das wart an einem kriege ſchin,
Von dem ich geleſen han.
Es kriegeten zwen riche man
Mit einander umbe guot.
Der krieg wert lange, und ſtuont ir muot,
Das jeglicher wold haben recht.
Si machten ein gar gros gebrecht.
Des wart ir ſache hin gezogen,
Dur das ir keiner wurd betrogen,
Vor den, der ir herre was
(Wer ſold dui ſache richten bas?),
Das kein unrecht ſoeld ergan.
Guot recht ſulten ſi beide han.
Do dui ſache geſetzet wart,
Dar nach nicht lange wart geſpart,
Vil heimlich do der eine man
Zuo dem hern gegangen kan,
Und bracht im einen ochſen gros.
Den hern der klage nicht verdros.
Der man ſprach: „Lieber herre min,
Lat uich min ſach bevolchen ſin!
Min ſach iſt guot, min wort ſint ſlecht;
Ich bit nicht anders den das recht."
Der herre ſprach: „Das ſol geſchehen!
Din gabe ſol ich wol an ſehen,
Des rechten ich mich wol verſtan."
Dis red vernam der ander man;
Mit rate fuor er balde zuo,
Und brachte heimlich eine kuo
Des herren frouwe. Das geſchach;
Vil fliſſeklich er zuozir ſprach,
„Genade, edle frouwe min,
Lat uich min ſach bevolchen ſin." —
„Swig ſtille, und hab guoten muot,
Din ſache ſol noch werden guot." —
Dui frouwe zuo dem herren ſprach,
Do ſi dui ſchonen kuo erſach:
„Dur minen willen hilf dem man,
Das er ſin ſache muige behan,
Und gewin das guot! Des bit ich dich!
Der bette nicht verzihe mich!"
Der her gelobt der frouwen das.
Als ſchier er zuo gerichte ſas,
Do kamen ouch dui zwene man,
Und ſold ir krieg ein ende han.
Si legten beide fuir ir klage.
Der richter, nach der frouwen ſage,
Geſtuont dem, der do gap dui kuo.
„Red ochs (ſprach der ander duo)!
Wilt du nicht reden? Es iſt zit.
Zuo miner ſach nicht lenger bit.
Red an, min ochs! Des bit ich dich!
Dur nuite ſolt du laſſen mich!"
Der herre ſprach: „Es mag nicht ſin,
Das reden muig der ochſe din." —
Dui kuo den munt beſloſſen hat
Dem ochſen: ane ſtimme er ſtat.
Der frouwen runen und dui kuo
Geſigten in der ſache duo.
Der ochs verlos ſin ſache gar,
Des wart ſin meiſter wol gewar.

Empfangne gabe binden kan;
Gab entrichtet manchen man.
Empfangne gabe ſelten tuot
An frouwen noch an mannen guot.
Empfangne gabe das gebirt,
Das dike recht zuo unrecht wirt.
Wer das recht dur gabe lat,
Und dem rechten nicht geſtat,
Der heiſt ein zwivelhaftig man;
Wer mag ſich an den gelan?
Ein richter, der recht richten wil,
Der bedarf deheiner gabe vil.
Durch liebe noch durch fruintſchaft,
Durch gabe noch durch ſipſchaft
Sol kein richter abe lan;
Das recht das ſol er vaſte han.
Wo dui frouwe runet zuo,
Und enpfangen wirt dui kuo,
Do mag der arme kum geſigen:
Dui kuo hat recht, der ochs muos geſwigen.
Das ſchikte gar der frouwen rat,
Der dike ſchedlich geraten hat.

Von einer katzen die wart beſenget.

Von keſtung der frouwen.

Stat macht diebe, das iſt war.
Ubrig gezierde ſchadet gar;
Wer ſich der maſet, der tuot wol,
Als uns dis biſchaft leren ſol.

Ein burger hat in ſinem hus
Ein katze, die vil manige mus
Vieng; die was ſtolz und wol gemeit,
Ir was alzit vil ſpis bereit.
Ir balg was ſchoen, wis unde glat.
Der man ein nachgeburen hat,
Dem gevil dui katze vaſte wol.
Sin herze was begirde vol,
Wie er dui katze moecht gehan.
Den balg ſach er begirlich an,
Der was wis alſam der ſne.
Nach der katzen was im we,

Dar nach wolt er ſi laſſen geneſen.
Er ſprach: „Der balg ſol mine weſen!
Des mag ich genieſſen wol,
Fuinf ſchilling er mir gelten ſol.“
Dar nach nicht lange wart geſpart,
Der katzen-diep gemeldet wart,
Und wart dem burger kunt getan,
Wie er dui katzen woelte han
Getoedet, durch des balges ſchin.
Der burger ſprach: „Es mag nicht ſin!
Sit das der balg ir ſchaden tuot,
Ich ſchik wol, das ſie werd behuot,
Und min gevatter ſi las leben.
Ein arzenie wil ich ir geben.“
Mit einem ſchoube fuor er zuo,
Der katzen balg beſengt er duo,
Das er wart rot und ungeſtalt;
Ruſſig wart er manigvalt.
Alſo behuot der burger do
Ein katze. Wer noch tet alſo,
Des katze wurde wol behuot.

Wel frouwe hat uippigen muot,
Und ſtellet uf gezierde gros
(Des mange frouwe nie verdros),
Wer die wol behueten wil,
Der volg irs willens nicht ze vil.
Den balg er ir beſengen ſol,
Das ſie keim andern man ze wol
Gevalle durch des balges ſchin.
So ſtete mag kein frouwe ſin,
Wil ſi ſich der welte geben,
Gar ſchier geſwechet wirt ir leben.
Welcher frouw ir man wol gevalt,
Die lebt in eren manigvalt.
Wiplich geberd und frouwen-zucht
Die ſint fuir aller welt geruecht.
Ein wip, ſchoen, kuiſch und wol behuot,
Gehoechet manges mannes muot.
Nie nicht uf erden beſſer wert
Den ein frouw von guoter art.
Frummer frouwen lip und muot
Vor allem wandel iſt behuot:
Die ſol man unbeſenget lan;
Der katzen-diep lat ſi wo gan.

Von einem kuinige und von einem ſcherer.

Von einem guoten ende.

Ein margt huop ſich in einer ſtat.
Der margt vil groſſer friheit hat:
Es weren frouwen oder man,
Wer da wolt ze margte gan,
Der hat fride ſiben tage.
Nu hoeret was ich uich ſage.
Der ſelbe margt was wol behuot,
Do was vil aller leige guot.
Swas ieman ze kouf begert,
Des wart er uf der ſtat gewert.
Ein hoher pfaffe, an kuinſten rich,
Kam uf den margt, und tet gelich,
Als er ein koufman woelte weſen.
Er ſprach: „Wer iemer wil geneſen,
Der kouf des er muig haben heil;
Groſſe wisheit hab ich veil.“
Fuir den kuing dui mere kan.
Sine knecht ſant er hin dan,
Das ſi dur nicht vermitten,
Wan das ſi ſnelle ritten,
Und kouften im dui wisheit.
Er ſprach, im were gar nicht leit,
Was ſi dar um muiſten geben.
Dui knecht vernamen das gar eben.
Groſs ſilber ſi do namen.
Do ſi zem meiſter kamen,
Si ſprachen: „Wir ſint ze uich geſant;
Min her, der kuing, hat uich ermant,
Das ir das ſilber ſuillet nemen,
Und ſuillet im der wisheit geben.“
Er nam das ſilber, und ſaſs ſich nider,
Und ſchreib ein wort, und ſant es wider
Dem kuinge bi den knechten ſin.
Das wort ze tuitſche von latin
Sprichet: Du ſolt das end an ſehen
Diner werk, und was geſchehen
Dir dar um muige kuinftiglich!
Der wisheit ſolt du fliſſen dich.
„Dem kuinge bringet dis gebot
Von mir.“ Das ducht ſi gar ein ſpot.
Si hetten alle des geſworn,
Das ſilber were ganz verlorn,
Dar um dui wisheit was gegeben;
Do wiſt der kuinig doch ſin leben
Behuot. — Der kouf geviel im wol.
Das wort was groſſer wisheit vol.
Er hies es ſchriben an dui tuir
Mit guldin buochſtaben. Wer da fuir
Gieng, der mocht es eben leſen.
Der kuing wer anders tot geweſen
Eis mals, als ich uich ſagen wil.
Heimlicher vigende hat er vil,
Die ſtalten al uf ſinen tot
Gar heimlichen, das ſi in not
Nicht kemen fuir dui miſſetat.
Nu giengens heimlichen ze rat
(Ir aller truiwe die was klein);
Gemeinlich kamens uiber ein,
Das ſi gros guot wolten geben
Eim ſcherer, der dem kuing ſin leben
Neme, ſo er in ſolde ſcheren.
Si wolten in des guotes geweren,
Als bald als er es het getan.
Nu wold der ſcherer heimlich gan
Zuo dem kuing in den palas,
Und wold ze ſtunde enden das,
Dar um er enpfangen hat das guot.
In groſſe vorchte kam ſin muot,
Do er dui ſchrift zem erſten las,
Die an dem tor geſchriben was:
Das end diner werk ſolt du an ſehen,
Und was dir dar um muige geſchehen!
Gar vaſte zittern er began,
Ein totlich varwe er gewan.
Der kuing erſchrak, do er in ſach
Als bleich. Vil bald er zuozim ſprach:
„Sag an, was iſt din not!
Oder du muoſt liden den tot.“
Er bekant das mort, das er wold han
An dem kuinige getan,
Des in dui ſchrift erwendet hat,
Die an der tuir geſchriben ſtat.
Alſo behielt der kuing ſin leben.
Sin vigende muoſten alle geben
Im das guot; das was vil wol.
Das koufte wort was nutzes vol.

Wer das end an ſehen kan
Siner werk, der iſt ein wiſer man.
Wer das end an ſehen wil,
Der kumt nicht uf des ruiwen zil.
Das ende wol vertriben kan
Boeſe werk, wer das ſicht an.
Ein guot end machet alles guot,
Ein guot end niemer uibel tuot.
Der ſchif-man an dem ende ſtat,
Und richt das ſchif, das es eben gat.
Wer ſich an das ende leit,
Der gewinnet ſelten groſſes leit.

Johann Wilhelm Jakob Bornemann,

geboren am 2. Februar 1762 zu Gardelegen, lebt als k. preuß. Lotteriedirector zu Berlin und iſt der Verfaſſer folgender Schriften:

Einblicke in England und London im Jahre 1818. Berlin, Mittler.
Gedichte in plattdeutſcher Mundart. Berlin, 1810. Vierte Aufl. mit des Verfaſſers Bildniß. Berl. 1827.
Lehrbuch für die allgemeine Verbreitung der von F. L. Jahn wieder erweckten Gymnaſtik. Berlin, 1814.
Natur- und Jagdgemälde u. ſ. w. Leipz. 1827.
Von Rechtsgeſchäften überhaupt u. ſ. w. für angehende Practiker. Berl. 1825.
Ueber die gymnaſtiſchen Uebungen in der Haſenheide. Berl. 1811.

Eine lebendige Darſtellung, Scharfblick und Erfahrung zeichnen B. als Schriftſteller rühmlichſt aus. Seine plattdeutſchen Gedichte, im Dialekte der Mark Brandenburg, den er mit Meiſterſchaft beherrſcht, geſchrieben, ſind reich an Witz und Laune, und voll glücklicher und treffender, dem wirklichen Leben entlehnter Züge, wie dies aus den hier folgenden Mittheilungen erhellt.

Eſau und Jakob.*)

Wat eens en Hoaken werden ſoll
Dät krümmt ſick ſchons bie Tieden:
So ſeet dät Sprichwort äverall,
Un keener mag't beſtrieden.
En klein Exempel up to ſtell'n
Will ick en Mundvull hier vertell'n
Von Eſau un von Joakob.

Knapp dät män in Rebekka's Schoot
De Kinner bitchen wuchſen,
Derft Eſau ok mit Hand un Foot
Nich röhren ſick noch muckſen.
Denn Joakob ſtoot glick los up Moord,
Dät Eſau ganz bie de Geboort
Mit Bloot was unnerlopen.

Als nu de Stunn heranner was
Sick in de Welt to ſcheeren,
Dacht Joakob: Eſau mag den Paß
En bitchen vörprobeeren.
Un liſtig pakt he Eſau's Been
Un leet alſo am Licht ſick ſehn,
Un lachte as en Kobbold.

So hät in Mutterliewe ſchon
Herr Joakob Kundſchaft geben,
Wat uns de Welt an den Patron
Vör Künſte wör erleben.
Un Eſau gift ſich glick to Koop
Hier as en dörſchen Degenknoop
Dahn Falſch in Woort un Werken.

Herr Eſau word en Ackersmann,
De Felder to bebauen
Schafft he ſick Peer un Woagen an,
Un herrlich an to ſchauen,
Stund up dät Land all ſien Getreid
Un luſtig grönte Wiſch un Weid
Von Seegen ſchwoar beloaden.

Un wenn de Arbeit was vullbracht,
So namm he Flint' un Ranzen
Un ging en bitchen up de Jagd
De Hoaſen to kuranzen.
Denn ſien Herzvoater Iſa'k att
Sick goar to gören in Wildbrett ſatt,
Vörnut in Hoaſenbroaden.

Un up den Oabend pflegten ſe
En Piepken vull to ſchmöken,
Un ut de Kriegs Hiſtorie
De Lögen rut to ſöken.
De Zeitungen — et was 'ne Luſt,
Wat Eſau oe to muſtern wußt
Un pupig uttoleggen.

Herr Joakob, as en froamer Mann,
Bleew binnern Kacheloawen,
Nem gung nich Land nich König an,
Kunn he män ſchinn'n un ſchoaben.
Den Mantel noa den Wind to dreh'n
Geld inteſcharrn, Geld ut to leh'n,
Dät was noa ſienen Schnoabel.

So wear he noa Rebekkens Sinn
Ar leewet Mütter Söhnken!
Dät was Joakökken vörn un hin'n,
Keen Häppken un keen Thränken
Mucht ſe oahn Joakökken verteer'n,
He mußt den Hals mit all'n ſick ſchmeer'n,
Un Eſau, was en Flegel.

De Erſtgeboort von Eſau wear
Drüm goar nich to verknuſen:
Un beide ſunnen mänchet Joahr
Up nicht als Kunkelfuſen,
Dät Vörrecht weal ſo mit en Pfiff,
Un binnerliſtige Schelmenkniff
Nem ſächtken weg to ſchnuppern.

Im Fröhjoahr as de Waldſchnepp kamm,
De Iſa'k gören mucht eten,
Herr Eſau ſine Knallbüß namm
Vergnoatern wat to ſcheeten;
He leep den ganzen Dag ümher,
Ok oft genog ſtund Tiras vör,
Doch wollt de Schnepp nich hollen.

Doch hät he up den Oabend ſpäd
Twee Stück noch runn geklaſtert
Un as he hungrig matt un möd
Doamit kamm ankiabaſtert;
Doa ſtund up Joakobs Diſchgedeck
Mit ſchön dorchwoaßnen Ribbenſpeck
En grooter Napp vull Linſen.

Ach Bröderken! ſprak Eſaus Mund:
Loat mie de Linſen pappen!
Ick bin ſo hungrig als en Hund,
Män kuum kann ick noch jappen.
De Moagen hängt mie in den Rump
So lang heraf as wie en Strump,
Ick mütt vör Hunger ſterben.

Keen Bidden hulp, keen goodet Woort,
Von niſcht wollt Joakob hören.
Un Eſau mußt de Erſtgeboort
In Hungersangſt onbeeren.
Wenn Eſau nich en Broder weer,
Schwör Joakob, künn he nimmermehr,
Doavör de Linſen loaten.

Rebekka lachte ſick halb doot
To den verwünſchten Schacher,
Dät Joakökken ſo kloek un goot,
Um puren Linſen Pracher
Den Plätz von Eſau har balbeert, —
Se word de ganze Nacht trakteert
Mit Punſch un Honnigkoeken.

As Iſa'k olt was un ſtockblind,
Leet he den Eſau ropen.
Du mogſt, ſprack he, mien Sohn, mien Kind,
Moal up de Jagd hüt lopen,
En jungen Rehbuck hoal mie in,
Un richt en an noa mienem Sinn, —
Ick ſterb — un will die ſegnen.

Rebekka horcht ſtill an de Dör
Doa kann ſe alles hören;
Geſchwinne reep ſe Joakökken her,
Un däd üm inſtrogeeren:
Wie he den Eſau noch dörch liſt,
Mit jungen Ziekenbroaden müßt,
Ok üm den Seegen prellen.

„Herzmutter! ach dät doh ick nich!
De Olle künn't vermerken;
Herr Gott, he wör mir läſterlich
Utſchell'n un runnerferken.
Un kreem mir Eſau äbert Fell,
Dät is an Knoll von Grotzeiell,
He wör mie ſchön kadatſchen.“

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*) Aus: Bornemann's Plattdeutſch. Ged., Berlin. 1810.

„Bringt Jſaak mie an de Hand,
So bin ik glick verroaden.
Jck kenn' ne Weſſelbreew an Fund,
Un tell nich as Dukoaten;
Drüm miene Hänn ſind week un glatt,
Un Eſaus Fuuſt is ruh und ſwatt,
Un dick vull Arbeitsquelen."

Rebekka ſprak: „Mien Herzens Soahn,
Dät ſind man Quakeleien!
Wer in de Welt jetzt doch will ſtoahn,
Müt Schimp un Schläg' nich ſcheuen.
Kuroaſch mien Soahn! — ik ſtoh bie die,
Den Schimp, de Schläg, nehm ik up mie." —
Un Joakob broacht de Zicken.

Jn Eſſig muſt dät Zickenfleeſch
Erſt week un mürbig weeren,
Denn word mit Speck un Botterkreeſch
Flink vör den ollen Herren
De Lägenbroaden angericht,
Met ſure Gurken Schicht an Schicht,
Dät was ſo Jſaaks Guſto.

„Wer biſt Du?" frog Herr Jſaak,
Als Joakob kamm getreten.
Ganz patzig Muſche Joakob ſprach:
„J, häſt du denn vergäten,
„Dät ik dien eerſtgeboarner Soahn,
„Dien Eſau up de Jagd muſt goahn? —
„Hier breng' ik nu den Broaden."

Den blinnen Voader Jſa'k was
Dät Ding nich recht begreiplig;
Denn Eſau ſprack en düchtgen Baß,
Un Joakobs Stimm was piepig.
He leet de Hand ſik geben nu,
Aleen de Hand was hart un ruh,
Dät Wamß rook ſchier na Pulwer.

So word de olle Jſaak
Von Fru un Kind bedroagen;
Denn Joakob har ſik Eſaus Jack
Un Hoaſen angetoagen.
Met Sand un Schliem von't Zickenfell,
Har ſik de giftige Geſell
De Hänn ſteenhart geriben.

Kaum was de Segen weggeſicht,
Un Joakob furt in Gnoaden:
Doa broacht ok Eſau ungeſicht
Den echten Rehbukbroaden.
Un Jſaak verfeerte ſich,
Un Eſau weente bitterlich,
As he den Schwupper hörte.

En Jägersmann, gerecht un ſchlicht,
Was Ehrlichkeit ſien Wandel,
Sien Leben was voa ſtrenger Pflicht,
Un Handſchlag all ſien Handel;
Dien Sinn, vull reiner Broderleew,
Un juſt ſien Broder was ſien Deew —
Dät gung em ſehr to Herzen.

„O häſt du denn, o Voader mien,
„Häſt du man e e n e n Segen!"
Reep Eſau ut dem Herzen ſien,
En Steen muſte ſich bewegen.
Doa word dem Ollen Jſa'k warm,
Un beide fell'n ſik in den Arm,
Un blickten up gen Himmel.

Un Jſa'k ſprak: Ok du mien Soahn
„Haſt Segen hier up Erden:
„Dien Volk werd' dörch dät Schwerte beſtahn,
„Un groot un mächtig werden!
„Doch föhrſt du ok dät Kriegers Schwerdt,
„Werd doch mit Geld un Geldeswerth
„Die Joakob unnerkriegen."

Un wat in doch prophetſchen Sinn
Hier Jſa'k utgeſproaken,
Dreiſt up den hüt'gen Dag noch in,
Man bruukt man uptomoaken
De Ogen, un vörbeſ to ſehn,
Wat in de Welt rüm deit geſchen,
Vom Morgen bet tom Oabend.

Das Conzert zu Groß-Schöppenſtädt.

En Buersmann ſall freilich ſich
Um hoge Ding bekümmern nich:
En Sprichwoort is't von ewig weſt:
Holl Schooſter bieven Leeſten feſt.

Wit unner kümmt et doch wol vör,
Dät ok en Buersmann manchmal,
En bittchen rüm ſpazeeren deit,
Wat in de groote Welt vörgeit.

Dät is ok miene Paſſchoon,
Un unrecht hät mien Voader doahn,
Dät he mie nich up Univerſiteet
En Fläſchken affſtuderen leet.

J Blitz — wenn ik mien Sach verſtünn
Un't Evangelgum pred'gen künn:
Jk well de Minſchen ſchoons bekehr'n
Un R e c h t s un L i n k s hauptſächlich lehr'n.

Dät is vorbie — Doamit genug.
Mien Amt is hinner Peer un Plog:
Doch, wo ik hör von Wunderding'n,
Doa mütt ik hen — ik kann't nich twing'n.

Moal Sündags was de Stadt to ſehn,
Un de Kummedige to ſehn —
Har ik all längſt mie vörgenoahm'n
Groot-Schöppſtädt — heet de Stadt mit Noam.

An't Roathus, midden in de Stadt,
Doa hung't vull Zeddels, Blatt an Blatt,
Jk las den erſten glick doarop —
Dät was 'ne Galgen Auctſchion.

Dät is dumm Tüg, ſprak ik vör mie:
De Börgemeiſter ſtund derbie,
Un reep: — „he merkt man nich den Pfiff,
De Auctſchion — is mit 'en Kniff."

„En Drewgeſindel is hier jetzt,
„Wat uns de Hoar von'n Kopp ſtibizt;
„Söl Schelmtüg liſtig intefang'n,
„Denn wie den Zeddel utgehang'n."

„Wer ehrlich is in ſien Gemüth,
„De freut ſick, wenn he'n Galgen ſüht.
„En Spitzbub äber wünſcht nicht mehr,
„As dät keen Rad, keen Galgen weer."

„Wer nu den Galgen köft — dät is
„En Spitzbub — utgemoakt gewiß.
„Na — Landsmann! merkt he nu den Kniff?
„Bie uns geit alles mit 'en Pfiff."

Dicht an den Galgenzeddel ſatt
Dät luſtige Kummed'gen Blatt.
Se hem den Dag juſtment geſtellt,
Wie Harlekin kummt up de Welt.

Dön Stück is nich na mienen Sinn:
Hanswerſt — up hochdütſch: Harlekin,
Js en Hansnarr: Hansnarren kann
Jk ſeh'n bie Bu'r un Edelmann.

Et werd in de Kummedge goahn,
Wie aller Weng' de Sachen ſtoahn:
Der E h r b o a r k e i t werd nicht geacht,
En N a r r hann't immer'n Diſch gedeckt.

En drüdder Zeddel angeſchloan,
Hät en Kunzert to kund gedoahn.
Kunzert — dät mag wat Roares ſin!
Un vör weer Gröſchen kep ik rin.

Blitz, Hoagel, Dunner, Ziſſerment!
Dät Geld was moal groot angewennt!
Jk hew Pfeffert gehat [illegible]
Un kreeg noch Prügel boaben drup.

Dät Fruenvolk, was ganz verblüht
Von Kopp to Föten up gewirtz
Brillant ſind wie de Ogen ſchier,
Von Klunker-Flunkern was et hier.

Dät Mannsvolk ſtund met grooten Staat
Rings an de Wend herrüm Paroad —
De hem de Mäkens ſchön beſchwögt,
Un dörch dät Sperrvectin beögt.

De Muſekanten kemen ſizt
Dehls angeſchlampt, dehls angeſtizt;
Sien Inſtrument an jeder nomm
Un ſtimmte los, ſo wie he kumm.

Dat Stimmen von de Viegelien
Is pudelnärriſch an to ſehn.
Se kniepen ſe vör dull in't Ohr,
Un kratzen häßliſch up de Schnoor.

Beſunners ganz unbändig was
Un obſternoat de Kunterbaß.
Dät künn von alle Viegelien
Mit Recht de Urgrootmutter ſin.

Ok was de Keerdel, de mit ſe
Sick afgaf, backſtig as en Bär.
He tog ſo goar erſt Hänſchen an:
Wer weet, of't Beeſt nich bieten kann!

Hoch ſchnädderdenkte de Trumpeet;
De Pauken rumpelten ſo ſöt;
Ok granzte Broder Kort un Lang,
Ick meine de Poſaun mit mank.

Fleutuſen, Paßpijes — genog,
Wo hen ick män dät Oge ſchlog,
Doa hem de Spällüd unverwenn't
Sich anprobeert — en Inſtrement.

Noch mäncher leet ſien Kunſtſtück hör'n,
Von all'n kann ick nich Rede föhr'n.
Doch wie't is immer Bru'k geweſt,
So kumm ok hier to lezt dät Beſt.

Dät was de Kanter. Sien Geſicht
Woar ſchier mit Kupper up gericht.
He ſtund gravtätiſch up von'n Stohl,
Mit äm de ganze groote School.

As he mit beiden Fäſten ſick
Har ſcheef gerückt de Stutzperrück,
Doa lä he los — Herr Gott dät was,
Doch ganz wat Oſſiges von Baß!

De Fenſtern hem gebew't, geklun'gn,
So mörderlich hät he geſung'n.
He fuchtelte dabie ümher,
As wenn he dull und raaſend weer.

Oft ſchlog he in den Hals en Rad,
Denn huppt äm up den Kopp de Klatt.
Ganz queer kunn he dät Muul verteh'n,
Ick hew mien Doag ſo wat nich ſehn.

De Schooljungs muſten groot un klein
Towiſken all to Hoop mit ſchrein;
Un hew ick't recht verſtoahn — dät was
Diskant un Alt, Tenor un Baß.

Beſunners hät mie ganz ſcharmant
Gefall'n, de juchende Diskant:
Un krieſchten ſe ut vuller Macht,
So klungt, as wör en Schwien geſchlacht.

Ganz ehrboar geit un duſemang
De altverſtänd'ge Altgeſang.
Sön Alt hät groote Aehnlichkeit
As wenn to Nachts de Uhl rüm ſchreit.

Wer den Tenor ſick utgeſun'n
Hät ok dät Pulver nicht erfunn'n;
Dät is nich ganz, dät is nich half,
I ſönne Stimme hät jedet Kalf.

Doa rööm' ick mie den flämſchen Baß —
Wat dät vör'n Knaller Ballern was!
Se hem de Rachens up geklöwt,
Dät mie de Kopp was ganz verdöwt.

Ok en Diskant muſt Solo ſing'n,
Doch woll dät Stück nich recht geling'n —
Doa gaft ne Quabbe up de Schnuut
Glick leep de rode Supp herut.

De Quabbe kam hier goot to Paß,
Denn wiel dät Stück herzbräkend was,
So namm ſick ok de blodge Schnuut
Un dät Gefühl — recht röhrend ut.

Ehr alles is noa Huus gepatſcht,
Word noch ganz läſterlich geklatſcht.
En Flapps von Jungens Bengel woar
Vör allen drin de Matteboar.

Mien Noaber ſprak to mie ganz ſacht:
„Kiek, woat de Jung ſick afmaracht!
„Vör'n Friebiljet paukt ſick ſön Hecht
„Dät Fell af, as en Gärberknecht.“

As ick den Jung hew recht beſehn,
Doa glinzten äm von't Näſenbeen
Twee groote Brillen Fenſtern her,
As wenn he'n blinner Heſſe weer.

Mien Noaber ſä: „Dät is 'ne Ploag,
„Wie 'n Lur ſach he noch vör acht Doag;
„Derwiel hät he ſo väl gelehrt,
„Dät beide Og'n ſind afſtudeert.“

„Stellt ok en Eſel noch ſo dicht
„Un breet ſick hen vör ſien Geſicht,
„Un ſtött he mit de Näſe dran —
„He ſüht 'en vör 'ne Semmel an.“

„Denn deit de junge Minſch ganz recht“,
Sprak ick — „dät he 'ne Brille drögt!
„He wör jo aller Weeg anrönn'n,
„Künn he de Eſels nich erkenn'n.“

Sall ick nu ſeg'n, wat vör mien Dehl
Am allerbeſten mie gefeel! —
Dät Stimmen was't — dät leet ſo ſchön,
Un ſchnarrt un ſchrammt dörch Mark un Been.

Doa ſind de Meiſters glick to kenn'n,
Denn wer recht weet up't Späll to rönn'n,
De moakt, dät könn jie glöben mie,
Verfluchte Kaperzoln debie.

De Spällüd hem ok ſülwſt vör all'n
An't Stimmen grooten Wollgefall'n.
Denn wo män ichts was Platz to fin'n,
Doa kratzten ſe friſch twiſchen drin.

Doch wat mie ewig Wunner nimmt!
De Schooljungs hem nich mit geſtimmt;
Ach! hätten de halweeg mit in,
Dät müßt' en Lärm tom Uemfalln ſin.

As alles nu to Enne was,
Do ſocht ſick jeder ſienen Paß.
Groad över woar en Bränntwiens Schank,
Doahen regeert ick mienen Gang.

Ick leet mie geben en half Pund,
Un eh't ick mie verſach, doa ſund
Sik hier toſammen flink un kloar
De ganze Muſekanten Schoar.

De woaren dörſt'ger noch as ick,
In Umſehn, alle Ogenblick
Mit enen Tug, leep ſön half Pund
Wie Botter dörch den drögen Schlund.

Vör allen ſoopen de von'n Baß —
Bald Beer, bald Bränntwien — wat et was.
Dät Volk hät Moagen as en Sack
Un doabie ſchmökten ſe Toback.

De Kannter kunn ſick goar nich ſtill'n
Den Dörſt — un immer was ſien brüll'n:
De rechte funtra Bärenbaß
Kümmt ut dät Beer un Bränntwienglas.

Drinkt ener to väl Spiritus,
So werd to lezt de Kamm äm krus.
Fix is de Satan binnerdran
Un fängt Krakehl un Unfreed an.

So gung't ok hier. — In gluuſchen Zank
Stund Kanter un Diskant ſizt blank.
De Kanter ſoll to Rede ſtoahn,
Werüm he äm upt Muul geſchloan.

De Kanter brüllte: „Jung, dat ſtund
„En cis, un du ſungſt ce, du Hund!“
„Nä“ brüll'n de Kennern, „he ſung recht,
„De Muſikanten ſpöllten ſchlecht.“

Sün'n ehrenſchänderigen Bloam
Hem de Muſ'kanten übel noahm; —
Hier flog en Schämelbeen, en Kroos: —
Genog — de Bärbeldanz gung los.

De Biegelien Grootmutter flog
Hoch in de Luft — un wo ſe ſchlog,
Doa feel'n ſe Kompwies an de Eer,
As wie de Padden rund ümher.

Ik ſülwſt kreeg up den Bräm en Schlog,
Dät ik acht Doag vör doot weg lag.
Se hem ſick all' to Schann geſchloan —
So is dät Ding to En gegoahn.

Weltmoral.

Du biſt nu ſäſtein Joahr, mien Soahn,
Du ſaſt jitzt in de Welt utgoahn,
Un ik will die mit goode Lehren
To dienen Marſch hüt utſtaffeeren.

Dät erſt' un lezte in de Welt,
Mien Soahn! Dät is dät blanke Geld.
Dät Geld in Büdel müt nich fehlen,
Un ſaſt Du't ok vom Altoar ſtehlen.

Up Geld vör allen ſtell den Sinn:
Häſt du 't män erſt in Büdel rin
Un kannſt mit Doalers üm die ſchmieten,
Denn werd, as Schelm, die keener bieten.

Geld gift Reſpekt. En Hundsfott werd
To 'n Ehrenmann, vör Geldeswerth
Wat ſön Paar hunnert Böſſe trekken,
Mien Soahn, dät is nich ut to ſpräken.

Wo düchtger Schmu to moaken is,
Doa bloaſ' glick in de rechte Büß;
Dät kleine Volk müt ſchons pareren,
De kannſt du an Packdell traktören.

As rieker Mann muſt du den ſchon
Vör Armen ok manchen wat dohn;
Doch wat du deiſt, doh mit Spektakeln,
Keen Hohn legt oahne Lärm un Koakeln.

Saſt du in Landes Noth un Storm
Wat oppern — krümm die as en Worm.
Sök jeden Dreier aftoprachern,
Un is et miglich — noch to ſchachern.

Un wenn denn ok de ganze Welt
Die vör den ſchlechtſten Keerel hält,
Bliſt män dät Geld in dienem Ranzen
Denn kanſt du piepen — föll'n ſe danzen.

Werd Vaterland un König wo
Beſchummelt — friſch griep ok mit to;
Denn ſchleiſt du Lärm, kümmſt du to Schoaden,
Un müſt am Enn dät Bat utboaden.

Ok Höflichkeit, mien Soahn, latt nich,
Wer't recht verſteit, är'n Mann in Stich:
Drüm müt keen Kratzfott die verdreten,
Legg as en Hund die glick to Föten.

Wer arm is, oder, wo de Lüd
Keen Herz nich hem to Zank un Striet:
Doa bruſt du nich den Filz to rören,
Un twingſt et bäter mit prampeeren.

Mit Piff un Liſt, werd doch en Hoas
So flink he is, den Voß tom Froaß.
Wat nich groad ut ſteit to erwiſchen,
Dät ſök krum üm, klook wegtofiſchen.

Sprick immer ſo, mien Herzens Soahn,
Dät Joa un Nee, ſick lett verſtoahn;
Un ſtändig müt ut diene Mienen,
De fründlich ſölſte Demoth grienen.

Die Woahrheit ſpinnt ſick keen Sied:
Den Voſſchwanz ſtrick to rechter Tied:
De Minſchen mögen goar to gären
Mit Honnig Lewſ den Hals ſick ſchmären.

Nich wat du denkſt, nä, wat de Lüd
Gefällt, dät is de Unnerſchied.
Män to gefallen muſt du denken,
Un drup de Redensoarten lenken.

Loat de upwickeln as en Darm;
Loop immer mit den dickſten Schwarm,
Sök Klein un Groot die antoknöpen
Un tom Valleeren intoſiepen.

En bidder Hund werd ſelten fett:
Drüm, wo ſick ichts wat bruddern lett,
Doa loat nich af, denn endlich mütten
Se die vör Angſt den Hals vull ſchütten.

Niſcht mütt, wat irgends bringt Gewinn,
To ſchlecht, to nädderträchtig ſin:
Kann die en Stallknecht ſin to Willen
Drinkt Brödderſchaft mit äm im Stillen.

Du ſchüddelſt mit den Kopp, mien Soahn!
Ik ſeh dät Og' die ävergoahn —
Doaran kann ik dien inn'res Weſen
So kloar as in en Spegel leſen.

Doch leider Gottes! is nu moal
Dät Alles ſo de Weltmoral!
Wat ik die däh vör Ogen ſtellen;
Sind Minſchen, wie ſe nich ſin ſöllen.

Nu denn gif redlich mie de Hand
Tom hilligen trüen Unnerpand,
Dät bet to dienen dienen lezten Doagen
Dien Herz vör Tucht wie hüt ſall ſchloagen.

Dät Geld ſteit nu moal boaben an.
Dät mütt ſo ſin; — un doarüm kann
Keen Minſch dät leewe Geld entbehren,
Doch wat du ſchaffſt, dät ſchaff mit Ehren.

Dät Geld tom Zweck, nich Zweck as Geld,
Dät ſie dien Strewen in de Welt.
En Nothpennig vör ſchlimme Tieden,
Ach dät will öft ſehr väl bedüden.

Gerecht: dät ſie dien Loſungswoort!
Wat doa nich paßt — fort äver Boort
Hell wie de Sunn holl dien Gewiſſen,
Dät gift en ſelig Sterbeküſſen.

Wo Unglücks Drang un Armoth ploagt,
Werd bald en Minſch blöd' un verzoagt:
Richt up mit Troſt un leewe Reden,
Un wat du kannſt, dät doh mit Fröden.

To helpen in Gefoahr un Noth,
Dät is dät erſte Chriſtgebot.
Doch ſall de linke Hand nich ſehen,
Wat mit de rechte Hand geſchehen.

Stellt die ſöm Wächter up dät Recht,
Dien König hen as trüen Knecht:
So ſchloag den Kukuk un den Köſter
En Schnipſelen, merkſt du Weſpenneſter.

Du magſt mit Anſtand höflich ſin:
Wer mit de Döör in't Hus herrin
En Grobberjoan kümmt angeſegelt,
Werd billig denn ok afgeflegelt.

Doch ſchlicken, krupen — nimmermehr,
Mien Soahn, vergiß ſo diene Ehr!
En Mann von groaden Sinn un Eren
Mütt keenes Minſchen Schohwiſch werren.

Beſcheeden, äber frank un frie,
So wie't nu juſt üm't Herz is die,
Sprick wat du denkſt friſch von de Leber,
Un denn mag't goahn drunn oder dräber.

Doh recht, un ſchü' den Soatan nich!
Dät ſie dien Symblum ewiglich.
Un nu troll af in Gottes Noamen!
Ik ſegen die — un doamit Oamen!

Johann Ernst Daniel Bornschein,

als Schriftſteller gewöhnlich Ernſt Bernſchein, ward am 20. Juli 1774 zu Prettin im preußiſchen Regierungsbezirk Merſeburg geboren, ſtudirte von 1793—97 in Wittenberg, lebte als Buchhändler von 1799—1800 zu Leipzig, arbeitete darauf als Corrector in mehreren Officinen und ging 1802 nach Gera als Privatgelehrter, Inhaber einer Kunſthandlung und Herausgeber des dortigen Wochenblattes.

Zu ſeinen Schriften gehören:

Abentheuer des Herrn von Lümmel auf Lümmelsdorf. 2 Th.
Antonia della Roccini. 2 Thle.
Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhain.
Der Seeräuberkönig.
Rorenata.
Bella und Klariſſa Fonti. 2 Thle.
Der Hundsſattler. 2 Th.
Hariaden. 2 Thle.
Die Aebtiſſin zu St. Inigo. 2 Th.
Der Bund der Geheimen u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.
Ueber Beſtrafung der Verbrecher u. ſ. w. Eiſenberg, 1804.
Hiſtor. Gemälde des franz. Kaiſerthums u. ſ. w. 1 Th. Leipz. 1807.
Geſchichte der lutheriſchen Kirchenreformation. Lobenſtein, 1805. N. A. 1817.
Geſchichte von Polen. Leipz. 1808.
Geſchichte unſeres deutſchen Vaterlandes. 1—3 Th. 1803—4. 4r Th. Gera, 1806. 5r Th. Gera, 1810.
Geſchichte der franzöſiſchen Revolution. 2 Bde. Gera, 1804.
Leben und Thaten des Generals Bonaparte. Gera.
Leben und Thaten der Madame Bonaparte.
Leben, Thaten und Characterzüge öſtreich. Feldherrn. Wien.
Kleine Toilettenkaſette u. ſ. w. Leipz. 1806—7. u. ſ. w.

Weder B's Romane noch ſeine geſchichtlichen Arbeiten haben dauernden Werth; die erſteren ſind Futter für Leihbibliotheken, die letzteren, auf das Intereſſe des Tages berechnet, zeichnen ſich durch nichts in der Maſſe gewöhnlicher Schriften dieſer Gattung aus.

Conrad Bothe,

aus Wernigerode, um die Mitte des 15. Jahrhunderts geboren, von dem Geſchlecht derer von Bothen, verfaßte die bis in das Jahr 1492 reichende

Croneken der Saſſen. Meinz, 1492 Fol.

welche bei Leibnitz, Scriptor. T. III. p. 277 sq. wieder abgedruckt iſt.

Friedrich Heinrich Bothe,

Dr. der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter in Mannheim, ward im Jahre 1771 zu Berlin geboren. Nachdem er die nöthige Vorbildung in ſeiner Vaterſtadt erhalten, ſtudirte er zu Halle und ward dann Mitglied des Seminars für gelehrte Schulen in Berlin, woſelbſt er ſpäter, ſo wie zu Heidelberg und Mannheim, ohne je ein öffentliches Amt zu bekleiden, lebte.

Von ihm erſchienen, mit Ausnahme ſeiner lateiniſch geſchriebenen Leiſtungen:

Pope's Verſuch über den Menſchen nebſt den Kriegsliedern des Tyrtäus. Halle, 1794.
Volkslieder. Berlin, 1795.
Ueber das griechiſche Epigramm. Berl. 1798.
Euripides Werke. Berlin, 1800—1803. 5 Thle. N. A. 1823. 3 Thle.
Satiriſche Schriften. Leipzig, 1803.
Frühlingsalmanach. Berlin, 1805.
Roſaura. Berlin, 1807.
Pindar's olympiſche Oden. Berl. 1808.
Antik gemeſſene Gedichte. Berl. 1812.
Emma, Roſaura's Schweſter. Berl. 1808.
Grundſätze der Metrik. Berl. 1817.
Schauſpiele. Mannheim, 1822.
Neue Schauſpiele und Cantaten. Halberſt. 1824.

B. hat ſich vorzüglich als Philolog und Ueberſetzer klaſſiſcher Dichter des Alterthums einen bleibenden Ruf erworben; in ſeinen eigenen poetiſchen Leiſtungen offenbaren ſich Correctheit und Gewandtheit der Form, aber mehr rhetoriſches Talent als eigentlicher dichteriſcher Beruf. —

Karl August Böttiger.

Dieſer gründliche und feine Kenner des Alterthums, deſſen verdienter Ruf in dieſer Hinſicht ſtets die ehrendſte Anerkennung finden wird, wenn gleich die bereitwillige Zuvorkommenheit, mit welcher er, vorzüglich in neuerer Zeit, oft die mittelmäßigſten Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete der Kunſt und Poeſie lobpreiſend hervorhob, ſein Urtheil verdächtigte und ihm eben ſo entſchiedene Anfeindungen zuzog, als er früher dankbare Schüler gebildet, ward am 8. Juni 1762 zu Reichenbach im Voigtlande geboren, wo ſein Vater das Conrectorat an der dortigen Schule bekleidete. — Der vielverſprechende Knabe erhielt ſeine Vorbildung in der Kloſterſchule Pforta, ſtudirte darauf zu Leipzig, ward nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn Hauslehrer in Dresden und erhielt dann 1784 das Rectorat in Guben. Von hier ging er in gleicher Eigenſchaft 1790 nach Bautzen, wo er jedoch nur kürzere Zeit verweilte und ſich dann, durch Herder veranlaßt, 1791 als Oberconſiſtorialrath und Director des Gymnaſiums nach Weimar begab. Hier wirkte er mit unbeſchreiblicher Thätigkeit, jedoch in ſchriftſtelleriſcher Hinſicht nur für allgemeinere, meiſt journaliſtiſche Zwecke bis 1804, wo er den Ruf als Hofrath und Studiendirector des Pagenhauſes in Dresden erhielt und annahm. Im Jahre 1814 ward dieſe Anſtalt mit dem Cadettenhauſe vereinigt und B. in Folge deſſen Studiendirector bei der Ritterakademie und Oberaufſeher über die königlichen Muſeen der antiken Marmors und Mengs'ſchen Gypsabgüſſe. Jene erſtere Stelle ward zwar 1821 bei einer Umgeſtaltung der Ritterakademie eingezogen, B. behielt jedoch ſeinen vollen Gehalt auf Lebenszeit. In hohem Alter mit ſeltener geiſtiger Rüſtigkeit begabt, erzeigt ſich B. noch immer vielfach thätig, vorzüglich für archäologiſche und äſthetiſche Zwecke.

Neben vielen lateiniſchen Schriften, Reden, einzelnen Abhandlungen und Aufſätzen in Journalen u. ſ. w., gab er heraus:

Ueber Aechtheit und Vaterland der antiken Onyxkameen von außerordentlicher Größe. Leipzig, 1796. —
Ueber den Raub der Kaſſandra auf einem Gefäße. Weimar, 1794.
Ueber den Zuſtand der neueſten Literatur, Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften in Frankreich. Berlin, 1795. 2 Thle.
Entwickelung des Ifflandiſchen Spiels. Leipz. 1796.
Griechiſche Vaſengemälde. Weim. 1797—1800. 3 Hfte.
Ilithya oder die Hexe. Weimar, 1799.
Meinen Freunden. Weim. 1800.
Archäologiſches Muſeum. Weim. 1801.
Die Furienmaske. Weimar, 1801.
Sabina, Morgenſcenen im Putzzimmer einer Römerin. Leipz. 1803. N. A. 1806. 2 Thle.
Vorträge über die Archäologie. Dresd. 1806.
Herzog Bernhard von Weimar. Weim. 1806.
Die Aldrovandiniſche Hochzeit. Dresden, 1810.
Archäologie der Malerei. Dresd. 1811.
Archäologiſche Aehrenleſe. Dresd. 1811.
Reinhard, literariſch gezeichnet. Dresd. 1813. N. A. 1816.
Vorleſungen und Aufſätze zur Alterthumskunde. Altenburg, 1817.
Kosmographiſche Erläuterungen. Altenburg, 1818.
Amalthea. Leipz. 1821—25. 3 Thle.
Ideen zur Kunſtmythologie. Leipz. 1826.
Archäologie und Kunſt. Breslau, 1828. I.

Ausgebreitetes Wiſſen, feiner Geſchmack und tiefe Kunſtkenntniß, getragen von einer reichen Beleſenheit in den Werken der Alten wie der Neuern, haben B. mit Recht den Ruf eines der bedeutendſten deutſchen Archäologen erworben, der noch beſonders dadurch unterſtützt wird, daß es ihm nicht allein darum zu thun war, die Ergebniſſe ſeiner Forſchungen den Männern vom Fach mitzutheilen, ſondern daß er dieſelben in einem angenehmen und blühenden, mitunter freilich etwas geſuchten Vortrage allen Gebildeten zugänglich zu machen ſtrebte. Er hat daher, ſich den verſchiedenſten Fächern ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft zuwendend und Licht ſelbſt über die kleinſten Theile derſelben verbreitend, nicht wenig dazu beigetragen, den Sinn ſeiner Nation für das Schöne und Edle zu beleben und anzuregen, und Deutſchland iſt ihm in dieſer Hinſicht wahren Dank ſchuldig, da er unermüdlich, ſelbſt in ſeinem hohen Alter, für dieſe ſchon früh von ihm als nützlich und nothwendig anerkannten Zwecke wirkte. Wenn ihm auch ſeine Gegner auf der einen Seite eine gewiſſe Schreibſeligkeit und eine beſtändige Lobrednerei der Dinge aus Eitelkeit und Selbſtgefälligkeit vorwerfen, und ihn auf der andern Seite tadeln, weil er ſich mit zu vielen Gegenſtänden zugleich beſchäftigte und daher das nicht leiſtete, was er bei den ihm verliehenen Gaben hätte leiſten können: ſo iſt doch nicht zu verkennen, daß kein deutſcher Gelehrter auf eine ſo angenehme Weiſe in ſeinen Schriften Welt und Wiſſenſchaft mit einander verband, und daß er ſelbſt da, wo er nur zu unterhalten ſcheint, ſtets mit vollen Händen ſeine reichen Schätze ſpendet und belehrend den Leſer zu ſelbſtſtändigen Forſchungen anregt, oder lebendige Theilnahme bei ihm hervorzurufen weiß, und ſo fortwährend auf deſſen Bildung erfolgreich einwirkt, um ſo mehr, als er immer mit der Zeit fortſchritt und alle neuen Erſcheinungen mit der Aufmerkſamkeit und dem Feuer eines Jünglings betrachtet und behandelt.

Böttiger's wohlgetroffenes Bildniß befindet ſich als Titelkupfer vor dem Taſchenbuche „Urania", Jahrgang 1823, und auf einer von Krüger gravirten Medaille, mit der ſeine Schüler und Freunde würdig ſeinen ſiebenzigſten Geburtstag verherrlichten.

Wir theilen hier ſeine bei dem Abgange von Weimar gehaltene Abſchiedsrede, ſo wie die erſte Abtheilung der „Sabina" mit.

Abſchiedsrede.

Die furchtbare Stunde, vor welcher ich ſchon ſeit Wochen zitterte, weil ich nur zu wohl wußte, was ſie mir brächte und nähme, die Stunde des Abſchieds von dem, was mir außer meinem Hauſe das anverwandteſte und theuerſte hier iſt, des Abſchieds von meinen ältern und jüngern Freunden in dieſer Schule iſt da; und kaum vermag ich zwiſchen dem auf- und niederwogenden Meere der Empfindungen einen geordneten Vortrag zu halten. Wie hat ſich die Scene geändert! Achtzehnmal hab' ich von dieſer Stätte verdienten und wackern Jünglingen das letzte väterliche Lebewohl zugeſprochen. Sie gingen, wohin ſie Pflicht und Wiſſenſchaft riefen. Ich blieb umringt vom muntern Kreiſe des gedeihenden Nachwuchſes. Heute iſt die Reihe an mir zu gehen. Der Einzelne verliert ſich in die ſchnell fortrauſchende Woge der Zeit, und ſeiner wird bald nur noch im leiſen Nachhall, als eines Abgeſchiedenen, gedacht. Das lebendige, ſich aus ſich ſelbſt erneuernde Inſtitut bleibt und ſieht ſo einzelne Menſchen, als ganze Geſchlechter in ſich vorüberrinnen.

Wenn der Satz wahr iſt, daß nur öffentliche Wirkſamkeit wahres Leben giebt, ſo bin ich nach dieſer Stunde, womit meine unmittelbare Thätigkeit für dieſe Anſtalt endet, für Weimar todt, und Sie, theure Anweſende, ſchließen jetzt einen Kreis um einen Sterbenden. Man ſagt, daß den Sterbenden, welche der Todesengel nicht mit überraſchender Haſt ergreift, ſondern Zeit läßt, ihre Rechnung abzumachen, in dieſen letzten Stunden oft alle Freuden und Leiden des Lebens dem geſchärfteren Auge vorübergehen und eine klare Anſicht gewähren. So möcht' ich wol auch in dieſem entſcheidenden Augenblicke mit deutlichem Selbſtbewußtſeyn die rechte und die linke Seite meines Weimariſchen Lebens überblicken. Und indem ich mein Auge darauf richte, welch' ein Anblick! Geiſter, fröhliche Schatten abgeſchiedener, aber in meinem Gedächtnis ſtets fortlebender Wonneſtunden drängen ſich in immer ſtärkern und dichtern Haufen um mich her. Wie ſchön fiel mir mein Loos in Weimar, wie froh und glücklich verfloſſen mir hier meine Tage! Ich habe nichts zu vergeſſen und die Schaale der Lethe, die nach der deutungsvollen Sage allen Schatten gereicht wird, ehe ſie Elyſium aufnimmt, ſoll nie meine Lippen berühren. Kaum trübte etwas den heitern Himmel über und in mir, wenn es nicht der ſtrenge, unerbittliche Bothe that, den die Alten in Bild und Wort ſo leiſe umgingen, weil den geraden Blick auf ihn nur der Chriſt halten kann. Ach hier blutet mein Herz! Denn wie ſind die Reihen gelichtet, wie viele ſind heimgegangen von den Männern, die, als ich vor nunmehr faſt 14 Jahren zuerſt an dieſer Stelle ſprach, mir traulich Hand und Herz bothen. Ach, daß ich heute dieſe Hand nicht noch an meine klopfende Bruſt legen und ihnen ſagen kann, daß mein Herz für ſie ſchlägt! Warum iſt dieſer Stuhl hier vor mir leer! Warum kann ich, ehrwürdiger Herder, nicht in dieſer Scheideſtunde, wo alle Binden fallen, nur die der Liebe nicht, nicht noch zum letztenmale Deine Hand ergreifen, die mir ſo lange eine treue Vaterhand war. Müßte man jemand verantwortlich dafür machen, daß ich hieher berufen wurde, ſo trügeſt Du, edler Schatten, dieſe Verantwortlichkeit allein. Wie gütig, wie ſanft leitend und berathend nahmſt Du Dich meiner in den erſten goldenen Jahren meines Hierſeyns an. Ich bekenne es laut, und werde nie aufhören, es zu bekennen, daß ich nie von Dir ging, ohne belehrter und weiſer zu ſeyn. Und für alles dieß konnte ich nicht einmal Deine kalte Hand im Tode noch in die meinige legen, als Du zu halten aufgehört hatteſt. Zwar dieſe theure Hand war ſchon früher erkaltet. Du, Großherziger, warſt nicht Schuld daran. Aber, bei Gott dem Allwiſſenden, ich auch nicht: obgleich mich es tief ſchmerzen mußte. Du wandelſt jetzt im Lichte einer andern Sonne, die kein Nebel verſchleiert, da, wo jeder Mißklang Wohlklang wird, zu groß für mein ſchwaches Lob, Du ſelbſt in den unſterblichen Wirkungen Deines Geiſtes, der aus Deinen Schriften noch zu ſpäten Enkeln ſprechen wird, der unbeſtechenſte Lobredner. In meiner letzten Stunde werde ich Dein noch mit Liebe und Dank gedenken, und mich noch oft an den Blüthen Deines allumfaſſenden Geiſtes erquicken, die ich zum Theil in den lebendigſten Knospen hervorbrechen ſah. Doch wie groß iſt auch außer dieſem die Ausſaat auf den Acker der Garben für mein ſich jetzt ſo arm fühlendes Herz! Du, mein edler Bode, verkannt von vielen, von niemand inniger betrauert als von mir, und Du, einſt wirkſamer, biederer Freund, mein Weber! Euch verdanke ich ſo viel und doch kann ich Euch nicht mehr danken! Und wie viele Edle müßte ich noch nennen, die nun alle ſchon in die Wohnungen des Friedens eingegangen ſind! Gewiß, mein letzter Gang hier in Weimar wird zu den abgeſtreiften Hüllen meiner Freunde, ach, warum muß ich noch hinzuſetzen, meiner Kinder, auf dem hieſigen Todtenacker ſeyn. Wohl mir, daß ich weiß, was für die Ewigkeit geſäet wurde, das umſchließt kein Grab. Dieß iſt aber auch der einzige Wermuthstropfen, der in die volle Schaale der Freude, die mir hier täglich winkte, gegoſſen wurde. Denn wie glücklich lebte ich übrigens in meinen Amtsverhältniſſen! Mag die Laſten des Schulmannes anklagen, wer ſie als Laſten führt. Mir waren ſie eine ſüße, willkommene Bürde. Nie trat ich in den Hörſaal, der mich am häufigſten aufnahm, ohne alles, was mir etwa unangenehmes zu Hauſe zugeſtoßen ſeyn konnte, ſchon an der Thür abzulegen. Sie, meine lieben Jünglinge, haben von der Homeriſchen Nepenthes gehört, die einſt die ſchöne Helena dem kindlich betrübten Telemaches bot. In Ihrer Mitte fand ich ſtets dieſen Wundertrank, und nur ein Verdruß wurde mir, wenn ich den nur zu ſchnellen Stunden die Flügel nicht verſchneiden konnte. Ich kann mit Wahrheit bekennen, daß ich in den 14 Jahren, wo ich hier lehrte, nie nach der Uhr geſehen habe, nie mißvergnügt aus einer Lehrſtunde nach Hauſe gegangen bin. Iſt auch wohl ein beneidenswertheres Loos, als täglich an die fröhlichſten Empfänger geben und austheilen zu können, und durch dieſe tägliche Spende dennoch nie ärmer, ſondern vielmehr reicher und gerüſteter zu werden, um noch reichlicher ſpenden und austheilen zu können! Und iſt dieß nicht das Loos des geliebten und von lehrbegierigen Schülern umringten Lehrers! Es war auch das meinige. Sie hörten, ſo weit es nur immer dem lebhaften Jünglinge möglich iſt, mit Wohlgefallen und Aufmerkſamkeit jeden meiner Vorträge. Je williger Sie nahmen, deſto williger gab ich, deſto glücklicher wurde mein Beſtreben, mich Ihnen durch Lebhaftigkeit und Deutlichkeit des Vortrags faßlicher zu machen. Oft möchte es in dieſen freundlichen Wechſelwirkungen ſchwer geweſen ſeyn, zu beſtimmen, wer unter uns der funkenlockende Stahl oder der ſprühende Feuerſtein genannt werden müſſe. Und wer vermag den Genuß zu ſchildern, den mir dieſe ergötzlichen Spaziergänge in den blüthen- und duftreichſten Hesperiengärten der alten und neuen Zeit mit Ihnen, meine treuen Gefährten, ſo vielfach gewährten! Ich ſtand einſt in Hamburg am gewühlvollen Hafen der Elbe. Ein Schiff mit wehenden Wimpeln ſollte eben die Anker lichten und nach dem damals noch glücklichen Domingo abgehen. Da kam mit fleißigem Ruderſchlag ein Boot angerudert, auf das man im Schiff ängſtlich zu warten ſchien. Es war, wie ich bald erfuhr, der Steuermann geweſen, der durch einen Zufall verſpätet worden war. Mit vollen Segeln ſchwamm das Schiff nun ſogleich einem fremden Welttheile zu. Lange verfolgt' ich das ſchöne, ſchwimmende Haus den majeſtätiſchen Strohm hinab und gerieth hierauf in ein ſtilles Nachdenken. Sieh, dacht' ich bei mir, wie groß und gewaltig der meilenbreite Elbeſtrohm hier dem Weltmeer zufluthet. Wie viel tauſend Quellen, die unbemerkt an den Füßen der Gebirge und im Schooß blühender Wieſen hervorrieſeln, zuſammenfließen, zu Bächen werden, die Bäche anderer Provinzen an ſich ziehen, durch mancherlei Windungen und Krümmungen von Provinz zu Provinz fortlaufen und immer größer werden, je weiter ſie laufen, gehörten dazu, um dieß tiefe Bette anzufüllen. Und ſo wie aus allem dieſem, was die Najaden und Flußgötter einzeln aus ihren nieverſiegenden Urnen goſſen, endlich der große Elbeſtrohm ſeine Waſſerſchätze füllte: ſo iſt durch die Bemühung ſo vieler tauſend, tauſend, tauſend Geiſter der frühern Jahrtauſende unter allen Völkern und Himmelsſtrichen der königliche Strohm der Wiſſenſchaften zuſammengefloſſen, auf welchem deine Zeitgenoſſen ſo muthig und keck dahintreiben. Die Schiffe ſind die Bildungs- und Lehranſtalten der reifenden und gereiften Menſchheit. Der verſtändige, ſachkundige Steuermann iſt der Vorſteher und Lehrer jeder ſolchen Anſtalt. Meine Freunde, ich war damals ſchon Rector in Weimar und ich wußte, daß ein Hunderttauſendtheilchen der Gewäſſer, die jener Kiel durchfurchte, von unſrer kleinen Ilm in dieſen ſtolzhinfluthenden Strohm abgegeben worden war. Ich kann Ihnen nicht ausdrücken, wie klein und wie groß ich mich damals zu gleicher Zeit fühlte. — Aber ich beklage den Mann, der von tauſendmal tauſend Stimmen der Vorwelt im himmliſchen Einklang umtönt und zur lebendigſten Theilnahme an dieſem vollſtimmigen Concert aufgefodert nur für ſein eigenes Geläute und ſchwirrendes Hackebret ein Ohr haben und das zarte Ohr der Jugend damit abſtumpfen und verwahrloſen könnte. O, ich müßte den Tag länger machen, wenn ich Ihnen jetzt alle meine übrigen Freuden, die mir die Erfüllung meiner Berufspflicht immer aufs neue gewährte, alle auch nur in Hauptſummen verrechnen wollte. Die Lehrſtunden, die ich öffentlich zu ertheilen hatte, gaben mir Kraft und Heiterkeit zu meinen häuslichen und literariſchen Nebenbeſchäftigungen. Man hat mir zuweilen die unverdiente Ehre angethan, mich meiner mannichfaltigen Thätigkeit wegen zu beloben, und mich zu fragen, wie ich dieß anfinge? Das Wort vom Räthſel iſt ganz einfach: ich ging täglich in die Schule. Da holte ich mir Freudigkeit und Muth, da Geſundheit, da Mannichfaltigkeit der Anſichten, da wurde der Buchſtabe lebendig und der Geiſt rege. Die glücklichſten Combinationen in Forſchungen des Alterthums hat mir der Zuhörer dictirt. Und welchen Stoff zu Beobachtungen bietet die durch Uebung geſchärfte Aufmerkſamkeit auf die noch unverlarvte Jugendwelt! Wahrlich, da bedarf es eben keiner Galliſchen Organ-Umtaſtung, um das keimende Talent ſogleich im zarten Sprößling zu erkennen. Auch konnte ich mich von vielen meiner Schüler noch eines beſondern Zutrauens erfreuen, das ſie mir durch häusliche Beſuche, Anfragen und ſo manche dadurch hervorgelockte Selbſtgeſtändniſſe und Mittheilungen in vollem Maaße gewährten. Und nun die geſelligen und geiſtigen Freuden, die Kunſt- und Naturgenüſſe, die mannichfaltigen Bekanntſchaften, die belehrenden Geſpräche mit ſo vielen auserwählten und erleuchteten Männern, vor allen mit dem ehrwürdigen Dichter, in dem ich bei vertrautem Umgang auch den reinen und guten Menſchen innigſt verehren lernte, wie viel Quellen des Wohlſeyns und der Zufriedenheit! Und zu allen dieſen eine faſt ununterbrochene Geſundheit, die erſt in den letzten Jahren durch äußere Veranlaſſungen zu wanken anfing. Wie kann ich dieß alles ohne innigſte Rührung überblicken! Wie kann ich mir Rechenſchaft davon geben, ohne aus tiefer Ueberzeugung auszurufen: Herr, ich bin zu gering aller Barmherzigkeit und Treue, die du an mir gethan haſt!

Und dieſem Allen ſoll ich nun auf immer ein Lebewohl ſagen! Nie würde ich dieß bei geſunden Sinnen von mir erhalten haben, wenn ich mir nicht bei herannahendem Alter eine beſchränktere, aber eben darum weniger aufreibende Geiſtesthätigkeit und eine größere Ruhe zur Vollendung deſſen, was in meiner hieſigen Lage ſtets unvollendet bleiben mußte, gewünſcht hatte. Auch da, wohin mich frühere Pflicht, Anhänglichkeit und Liebe, die ja am tiefſten mit unſerm Innern verwachſen iſt, jetzt unwiderſtehlich ruft, werden, das hoffe ich mit Zuverſicht, gute und edle Menſchen mich brüderlich aufnehmen und an den Grenzſteinen meiner neuen Laufbahn Quellen des lebendigen Waſſers ſpringen laſſen. Allein Sie, meine geliebten Jünglinge, kann ich der Natur der Sache nach dort nie wieder erſetzt erhalten. Darum wird mir der Abſchied ſo ſchwer, darum möcht' ich dieſe feierliche Stunde, die letzte, wo ich als Lehrer Worte der Liebe und Warnung Ihnen zuſprechen kann, noch durch etwas recht Unvergeßliches in die weichere Bruſt prägen. Schon oft waren die Worte eines ſterbenden Vaters für ſeine zurückbleibenden, nun zum letztenmal um ſein Krankenlager verſammelten Kinder Denkſprüche unvergeßlicher Erinnerung und wirkten noch nach ſpäten Jahren in entſcheidenden Augenblicken gleichſam mit magiſcher Kraft. Auch die Worte des ſcheidenden Freundes gruben ſich tief in die Tafel unſers Gedächtniſſes und ihre Züge kamen nach langer Zeit, wo ſie längſt verloſchen zu ſeyn ſchienen, durch irgend eine unerwartete Bemühung, als wären ſie mit einer ſympathetiſchen Dinte geſchrieben, plötzlich wieder zum Vorſchein. Im Lehrer ſind Vater und Freund im vielumfaſſendſten, ehrwürdigſten Sinne dieſer ſo oft entweihten Wörter vereinigt. Zwar auch ſie ſchlafen vielleicht beim Schlummerliede der Leidenſchaften in der Wiege des Lebens. Aber ſelbſt der Todenſchlaf iſt nicht ohne Wiedererweckung. Mein Glaube iſt, daß der menſchliche Geiſt eigentlich gar nichts von dem vergißt, was er je mit vollem Bewußtſeyn aufgefaßt hatte. Träume und andere Zuſtände tieferer Erregung würden uns dieß, wenn wir nur darauf merken wollten, durch hundert Erfahrungen beſtätigen. Daher eben die Pflicht, bei feierlichern Veranlaſſungen den Griffel für ſolche heilige Erinnerungsworte ja nicht zu ſparen. Geliebte Jünglinge! hier ſind die meinigen!

Eine dreifache Würde, ein dreifacher Adel iſt der Ihrige. Verkennen Sie dieſen nie, und Sie ſind für Zeit und Ewigkeit geborgen. Vergeſſen Sie Ihre Menſchenwürde, vergeſſen Sie Ihre Chriſtenwürde, vergeſſen Sie Ihre Gelehrtenwürde nie, und die wahre Ehre wird Sie empfangen und zur wahren Glückſeligkeit führen.

Sie ſind Menſchen und als ſolche im Beſitze jener erhabenen Vorrechte, die der allweiſe Schöpfer in Ihre Natur legte. Mit einem unſterblichen Geiſte, mit Beſonnenheit, Vernunft und moraliſcher Freiheit begabt, ſteht der Menſch auf der oberſten Sproſſe jener unüberſehbaren organiſirten und empfindenden Weſen, denen die Gottheit dieſe Erde zur Wohnung anwies. Selbſt in ſeiner äußeren Bildung und inneren Conſtruction vereinigen ſich alle edleren Formen der Thierheit und darum iſt jetzt nur eine vergleichende Anatomie die wahre Zergliederungskunſt für Aerzte und Nichtärzte geworden. Wir ſind auch in ſo fern noch immer mit dem uns unvertilgbar aufgedruckten, jedem Thiere, das unſre Kunſt zähmt, jedem Element, das die neuere Chemie überwältiget und zerſetzt, fühlbaren Ebenbilde der Gottheit verſehn. Ja wir ſind ſchon in dieſer Rückſicht Diener und Stellvertreter des Allſchaffenden auf der Erde. Welch eine unendliche Summe von Kräften und welche unendliche Vervollkommnungsfähigkeit in jeder einzelnen dieſer Kräfte ſchlummern in unſerem, zu endloſer Fortdauer und ewiger ſtufenweiſer Veredlung, die ſchon die Sprache der Vernunft auch eine die heiligſte Offenbarung **Himmel und Seeligkeit** nennen würde, erleuchteten Geiſte. Sie, meine theuern Jünglinge, ſind nicht unbekannt mit dieſer Geiſt- und Herzerhebenden Anſicht, die auch der Glaube der Chriſten durch die Ausſprüche unſers großen Meiſters als die allein ächte Chriſtusmoral beſtätigt, da wir uns ſeit mehreren Jahren wöchentlich zweimal darüber mit einander unterhalten haben *). Aber auch dieß liegt im Plane der höchſten Weisheit: nicht jeder einzelne Menſch ſoll ſchon in dieſer erſten Vorbereitungsperiode ſeines Menſchenthums die Stufe der Entwicklung, Veredlung und Verfeinerung erſteigen, deren die Menſchennatur überhaupt und eine jede im Einzelnen fähig iſt. Zu den urſprünglichen Abſtufungen, die zwiſchen der dumpfen Beſchränktheit des zum Laſtthier erniedrigten, auf ſeine Scholle gehefteten Halbmenſchen und jenen hohen Genien der Menſchheit, von welchen unſer beliebte Volksdichter ſagt:

es ringt ſich aus der Menſchheit Schooß
Jahrhundert lang kaum einer los,

in unabſehbaren Reihen mitten inne liegen, kommt nun auch noch Gunſt und Ungunſt der äußeren Umſtände. Selbſt der Geiſt mit den vortrefflichſten Anlagen wird in Unthätigkeit und kaltem Stumpfſinn erſtarren, wenn nicht durch Geburt, frühe Erziehung und alle die übrigen Vergünſtigungen, für welche einſt Plato den Göttern dankte, der göttliche Funken angefacht, die ſchlummernde Kraft geweckt und die geweckte und ausgebildete in einen ihr angemeſſenen Wirkungskreis verſetzt wird. Im rohen Kieſel, den der unwiſſende Indianer zur Stütze ſeiner elenden Hütte verbraucht, erſpäht der Kennerblick des Europäers einen faſt unbezahlbaren Edelſtein. Aber auch nach dieſer Entdeckung muß ihn ein kunſtverſtändiger Juwelier erſt ſchleifen laſſen und mit Gold einfaſſen, ehe er an Alexanders glorreicher Kaiſerkrone, oder — an Bonapartes Säbelgriff glänzen kann. So mit den Geiſtesanlagen der Menſchen. Ein Winkelmann bleibt Schulmeiſter in einem kleinen Städtchen Oberſachſens, der Lothringiſche Hirtenjunge Duval (Du Val) wird nie kaiſerlicher Bibliothekar, der Regimentspfeifer Bode nie geheimer Rath in Wort und That für ſeine Freunde, wenn nicht ſehr begünſtigende Anſtöße und Erweckungen ſich finden. Der Geiſt mit Rieſenkräften und herrlichen Anlagen kann, wie dort Hamlet beim Shakeſpear ſagt, in eine Nußſchale geſperrt und dort ohnmächtig eingezwängt werden. Oder iſt es noch keinem von Ihnen beim Anblick eines ländlichen, mit hundert kleinen Kreuzen beſäeten Kirchhofs beigefallen, was der engliſche Dichter Gray in einer trefflichen Elegie beſungen hat, daß in manchem friedlichen Grabhügel unter dem ſchwarzbemalten Kreuze die Hülle eines Geiſtes modert, der voll innerer Energie ein Cäſar oder Guſtav Adolph, ein Haller oder Herſchel werden konnte, wenn nur die Kunſt den rohen Marmor gebildet hätte, jetzt aber in ſeinem kleinen Dörfchen höchſtens der Sprecher einer Geſandtſchaft an den Amtmann, oder der erfahrenſte Leſer des Thüringer Bothen in der Schenke geworden iſt. Zwar gebührt es uns nicht, vermeſſene Blicke in die Anſtalten Gottes in ſeiner unermeßlichen Geiſterwelt zu thun. Aber ſo viel dürfen wir uns ſelbſt aus dem Munde des weiſen Meiſters in Iſrael zum Troſt ſagen: in meines Vaters Hauſe ſind viele Wohnungen. Gewiß hat der Vater der Geiſter in ſeinem Weltenplan tauſend andere Entwicklungsanſtalten vorzubereiten gewußt, wo auch die hier durch ungünſtige Lagen zuſammengepreßten Geiſter alle ihre Kräfte im vollkommenſten Ebenmaaße ausdehnen, wo alle Kinder, die es dem Körper oder auch bloß dem Geiſte nach blieben, erzogen werden ſollen. Indeß bleibt es ſtets ein beneidenswerther Vorzug, ſeiner vollen Menſchenwürde ſich ſchon hier ganz bewußt und ſchon früh in die glückliche Lage verſetzt worden zu ſeyn, in der Körper und Geiſt eine gleichmäßig geordnete, zweckmäßige Ausbildung erhielten. Doch es giebt zum Glück auch noch eine andere, ſehr tröſtliche Anſicht, wodurch gleichſam alle Hügel geebnet und alle Thäler erhoben werden, die auf dem Oelberge und auf Golgatha.

Ja! Es giebt eine zweite Würde, die, ganz unabhängig vom größern oder kleinern Maaße der urſprünglichen Geiſtesanlagen, mit welchen jeder Menſch aus der Hand ſeines Schöpfers hervorging, und von dem Weltzuſammenhang, in welchem dieſe Anlagen mehr oder weniger geübt und gebildet werden, eine eigene Art unſers Daſeyns bezeichnet, die nicht im Scheinen und Wiſſen, ſondern im **Seyn und Glauben** beſteht, mit einem Worte, die erhabene Würde der wahren Chriſtusreligion. Sie adelt den Bettler, wie den Fürſten, ſie reinigt, ſie erleuchtet, ſie erhebt uns über uns ſelbſt, und wo die umfaſſendſten und im Sonnenſchein aller menſchlichen Glorie wandelnden Geiſter ihrer freiwillig entbehrten, da fehlte gleichſam die Unterſchrift zum Adelbrief, der uns die Pforte des Paradieſes öffnen ſoll. Edler **Herder**! Du erblickteſt noch kurz vor Deinem Ausgange aus dem Lande der Räthſel in einem hohen Geſicht dieſe Würde, als Du die im Himmel ausgehangene Wage ſchauteſt, in deren einer Wagſchaale Kronen und Scepter, Schwerter und Marſchallſtäbe lagen, und alles, was auf Erden glänzt und Anbetung empfängt, auf der andern aber der beſcheidene Chriſtuskelch und das Brot der Barmherzigkeit darüber *). Jene Schaale flog hoch auf und löſte ſich in Dunſt und Dampf. Dieſe ſtieg majeſtätiſch ſtill herab auf die demüthige Beſcheidenheit. Und eine Stimme erſcholl: Mißklang löſet ſich auf in Wohlklang. — Dieſe Würde umſtrahlte einſt die Jünger Jeſu. Arme, ungelehrte Fiſcher und Zöllner waren es, und ſie wurden durch den Geiſt Jeſu, der ſie in alle Wahrheit führte, die erſten Wohlthäter des Menſchengeſchlechtes, umſchloſſen Völker und Geſchlechter der Erde in ihrem himmliſchen Netz und wurden die nimmer verſtummenden Herolde einer Weltreligion, die ſich nun achtzehn Jahrhunderte bewährte und in ihrer geiſtigen Reinheit und Vollkommenheit noch ferner bewähren wird bis an der Welt Ende. Wenn alles irdiſche Rüſtzeug des bloſen Wiſſens abfällt, alle ſchimmernden Wolkenpalläſte ſinnreicher Hypotheſen und Syſteme zuſammenſtürzen, bleibt uns dieſe himmliſche Würde um ſo reiner und unverfälſchter. Sie führt uns wahrhaftig zu Gott ein!

Doch entbehrt darum die Beſtimmung des Gelehrten und die Gelehrſamkeit ihres großen Werthes nicht. Sie iſt vielmehr im Dienſt Gottes und der Menſchen angewandt, Gott und Menſchen ſehr angenehm, und, wenn ſchon das ganze Leben des Menſchen eine Schule genannt zu werden verdient, die Schule der Schule. Wohl Ihnen, theure Jünglinge, das Glück, das tauſend nicht zu Theil wird, zur auserwählten und, wie einſt die Perſer ihre Edelſten benannten, zur heiligen Schaar zu gehören, die Gelehrſamkeit und Wiſſenſchaft adelt, das Glück, das ſich ſo mancher talentvolle Knabe hinter der Heerde oder in der Werkſtätte erſehnt, wenn es ihm ſo eng wird, wie einſt dem kleinen Naumann in der Glaſerbude **), dieß Glück iſt Ihnen, Schüler und Zöglinge dieſer Anſtalt, allein zubereitet. Sie ſind zu Jüngern der Wiſſenſchaft und Weisheit beſtimmt. Der Staat, der einſt an Ihnen ſeine Lehrer, ſeine Richter, ſeine Aerzte, kurz ſeine Stützen und die wohlthätigſten Förderer des einzelnen, und ſo es ſeyn kann, auch des allgemeinen Menſchenwohls erwartet, heftet ſchon jetzt erwartungsvoll ſeine Augen auf Sie.

Wohlan, fühlen Sie zuförderſt ganz Ihre erhabene Menſchenwürde, entehren ſie dieſe nie durch das, was den im Himmel geſchriebenen Adelbrief des Menſchen zerreißt, und ihn unter die Thiere auf dem Felde herabwürdigt, die bloß ihrem Inſtinct, doch aber auch dieſem nach geregelten Zeiten und Naturgeſetzen folgen. Schänden Sie ſich nie durch Geiſt und Körper entnervende Wolluſt, durch zerſtörende Unmäßigkeit, durch Haſchen nach Kindertand und Schmetterlingsfarben, durch Herzaustrocknende Spielſucht, durch Haß, Neid, Zorn und alles das traurige Gefolge ſich ſelbſt vergiftender Leidenſchaften. Erhaben über das Kraut, das auf dem Felde wächſt, und gen Himmel gerichtet iſt das Antlitz des Menſchen. — Aber noch ein weit höherer Adel, der zwei Welten mit einander verbindet, die Würde des Chriſtenthums ſei Ihnen da Troſt, Lehre und Stärkung, wo menſchliche Weisheit nicht zureicht. Das wahre Chriſtenthum iſt ein Zuſtand, ein Seyn, ein Wandeln im Licht, ein Fruchtbringen in Geduld, ein ewiges Fortſtreben und Wachſen in Vollkommenheit. Der beißt ſich die Zähne an der Schaale ſtumpf, ohne den ſüßen Kern je zu ſchmecken, der ſich nur in Formulären und Klügeln dabei verliert. Hüten Sie ſich vor dieſem unſeligen Afterverſtand eben ſo ſehr, als vor dem entgegengeſetzten Abgrund des ſelbſt durch die neueſte Philoſophie hochbegünſtigten Myſticismus, der, um recht ungeſtraft ein Egoiſt ſeyn zu können, ſich erſt ſelbſt und dann das Univerſum erſchafft und, nachdem er alles, was ſeit Jahrtauſenden den Menſchen heilig war, unter ſeine Füße getreten hat, ſich ſelbſt vergöttert und beräuchert. Bewahren Sie ſich vor kindiſchem Nachlallen und vernünftelnden Spötteleien über das, was den größten Denkern, einem Newton, Leibnitz, Haller das ehrwürdigſte war. Sie leben in Weimar, wo durch das zuſammenſtralende Licht großer Geiſter für ſolche, die ihr Auge daran noch nicht gewöhnt haben, leicht Erblindung und allerlei böſe Augenkrankheiten entſtehen können. Ueberhaupt iſt es nicht im-

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*) Ich legte ſeit mehreren Jahren bei meinen moraliſchen Lehrſtunden für die reifſten Jünglinge unſers Gymnaſiums **Reinhards Syſtem der chriſtlichen Moral** zum Grunde. Die dort gefaßte Anſicht iſt auch meiner Ueberzeugung nach die allein practiſche und wahre. Weit entfernt, die als fruchtbare Einleitung vorgeſetzte Pſychologie für ein Parergon zu halten, wünſchte ich ſie in allen Schulen in beſondern Lehrſtunden erklärt zu ſehn. Für uns iſt ſie ſehr wohlthätig und ſeegensvoll geweſen.

*) S. **Adraſtea VII Stück** S. 136.

) S. **Meißners Bruchſtücke zur Biographie des Kapellmeiſters Naumann 1 Th. S. 31.

wer auch ſchon in den Schluchten und Thalgründen Tag, wenn auch die Morgenſonne die Gipfel der Berge vergoldet, die nicht ſelten ihr Roſenlicht von dem Schnee und Eisüberzug erborgen, der ihre hochragenden Häupter umſtarrt. Die Weiſe des Chriſtenthums iſt Wärme und Bruderliebe. Wo eine Lehre zugleich erleuchtet und wärmt, die iſt von Gott, deren himmliſchen Urſprung erkennt man an ihren Früchten. Schämen Sie ſich der Lehre Jeſu und des einfältigen Glaubens nicht, dem ſich von jeher die tiefſinnigſten Forſcher unterwarfen. Wer ihn unter Spott und Aergerniß nicht verleugnet, dem wehet die Palme in der letzten Stunde, wo alle Täuſchung aufhört, dem winket am Ziele der Kranz! — Doch indem Sie Ihre durch Chriſtusreligion veredelte Menſchenwürde früh zu fühlen und ihr gemäß zu handeln anfangen, ſchätzen und fühlen Sie nun auch die Würde Ihrer beſondern Beſtimmung zum Gelehrtenſtand, die ein ſcharfſinniger Forſcher unſerer Tage die oberſte Aufſicht über den wirklichen Fortgang des Menſchengeſchlechts im Allgemeinen, und die ſtete Beförderung dieſes Fortgangs genannt hat. Ich habe Ihnen einmal vom Fackeltanz am Feſte des Prometheus im alten Athen erzählt. Dort ging die Fackel, die der weiſe Prometheus am großen Weltlicht, der Sonne, zuerſt zündete, aus Hand in Hand, und wer ſie bis ans Ziel trug, ohne daß ſie auslöſchte, erhielt den Preis. Tauſende trugen die helle Fackel der Wiſſenſchaften vor Ihnen, heute, morgen wird ſie in Ihre Hände gegeben und Sie ſollen ſie, dampflos und leuchtend, wieder Ihren Nachfolgern übergeben. Sie werden durch Ihre Beſtimmung zum Gelehrtenſtand die Seckelmeiſter des ehrwürdigſten Schatzes der Menſchheit, aller großen Erfindungen, Gedanken, Frucht- und Blumenſtücke der ſinnenden, ſingenden, denkenden Menſchheit ſeit dem grauen Alterthum bis auf unſere Tage. Schande dem Trägen und Stumpfſinnigen, der das ihm anvertraute, heilige Pfund im Schweißtuch vergraben oder gar um Tand und Flitter hingeben wollte. Und hier iſt das bloße gewiſſenhafte Aufbewahren noch nicht einmal genug. Wer ſeinen wahren Beruf fühlt, muß ſich und die Wiſſenſchaften, denen er angehört, täglich weiter bringen, er muß der Menge durch neugewonnene Anſichten, durch redlich errungene Eroberungen im Gebiete ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft weit, weit vorauseilen, muß vergeſſen, was er gethan hat, und ſtets nur auf das denken, was er noch zu thun hat. Nie war die Wiſſenſchaft länger, nie das Leben für die Wiſſenſchaft, die in weitere und weitere Kreiſe ſich ausdehnt, nach allen Seiten hin wächſt und gleichſam polypenartig immer neue Aeſte abſetzt, kürzer und beengter. Aber es giebt auch jetzt der Hülfsmittel und Anreizungen weit mehr. Und Sie, theure Jünglinge, haben der Erweckungen und Aufmunterungen vor andern ſo viele und mannichfaltige. Sie leben in Weimar, umringt, umtönt von den berühmteſten Namen, die unſere Literatur ausſpricht, und die genauer kennen zu lernen, der Fremdling aus Oſten und Weſten hieher wallfahrtet. Jeder Schritt iſt gleichſam ein Fußtritt auf klaſſiſchem Boden. Ihnen allen ſprach ein Herder von dieſer Stätte mit ſeiner ſanft eindringenden, unwiderſtehlichen Beredſamkeit noch Worte des Lebens und Geiſtes ins weiche, jugendliche Herz! Ein edler Urahn unſers hohen Fürſtenſtammes, der unvergeßliche Wilhelm Ernſt, ſtiftete für 12 ausgezeichnete Jünglinge unter Ihnen, ohne auf Vaterland und Vermögen Rückſicht zu nehmen, nur dem Würdigſten auszutheilen, eine monatlich wiederkehrende Belohnung. Von allen Seiten umgeben Sie die mannichfaltigſten Gelegenheiten, Ihren Kunſtſinn, Ihren Verſtand, Ihr Herz auszubilden, und Sie wollten mitten unter dieſen vollen, köſtlich beſetzten Tafeln mit der ſpröden Eichelkoſt des mechaniſchen Alltagsthuns vorlieb nehmen, und dieß unausſprechliche Glück durch eine unſägliche Verblendung verträumen, vertändeln, verſpielen, vergaukeln? Weg mit dieſem Sie und mich ſelbſt gleich entehrenden Verdacht. O gewiß, Sie werden auch dieſe Ihre dritte Würde in ihrem ganzen Umfange zu ergreifen und ſich anzueignen wiſſen. Sie werden dem in ſeiner Andacht eifrigen Pilger gleichen, der, ſtets eingedenk ſeines Gelübdes, bei Sonnenſchein und Ungewittern auf ſeiner Wallfahrt zu dem Segen und Heilung ertheilenden Gnadenbilde weder zur rechten noch linken abweicht, ſein Ziel unverrückt vor Augen behält und nicht eher raſtet und ſeinen matten Gliedern Erquickung geſtattet, als bis er an der Stufe des Altars niedergekniet iſt, auf dem ſein Heiliger im himmliſchen Strahlenglanz umleuchtet ſteht. Ihr Heiliger, dem Sie wenigſtens eben ſo eifrig entgegen wallfahrten müſſen, iſt die Weisheit, jene Erſtgeborne des Himmels, die mit ihren Schweſtern, Unſchuld und Demuth im holden Bunde vereinigt Sie durch dies Leben froh und Segenverbreitend für ſich und Ihre Brüder hindurchführen, und wenn nun jene letzte, alles entſcheidende Stunde gekommen iſt, wo dieſe morſche Hütte einſtürzt, Ihnen auch alsdann noch da, wo unſer Wiſſen kein Stückwerk mehr ſeyn wird, die goldenen Pforten der Wiſſenſchaft, welche die Bibel das Anſchauen Gottes nennt, aufſchließen wird. Ach! daß doch von dieſem Augenblick an dieß hohe Gefühl Ihrer dreifachen Beſtimmung nie von Ihnen weichen und Sie bei jeder Gefahr der Verirrung und Verführung, wie ein guter Schutzengel, warnend umſchweben möchte! Könnte ich deſſen gewiß ſeyn, dann hätte dieſe Trennung nichts niederſchlagendes und herbes mehr für mich.

So aber kann ich mir beim Abſchiede die Frage noch immer nicht verſagen: wo werden wir uns wieder treffen? Wohin werden Sie, ſo wie Sie jetzt hier um mich verſammelt ſtehn, auch nur nach zehn Jahren ſchon verſtreuet und vertheilt ſeyn? In welchen Aemtern und Ausſichten zu Aemtern, in welchen glücklichen oder unglücklichen Lagen werden Sie ſich da befinden? Der in Schleſiens Schulannalen berühmte Rector Trotzendorf in Goldberg ſoll ſeine zahlreichen Schüler, die damals bis aus Polen und Mähren zu dieſem ſeltenen Schulmann wallfahrteten, beim Eintritt im Hörſaal zuweilen alſo begrüßt haben: „Guten Morgen ihr kaiſerlichen und königlichen Räthe, ihr Bürgermeiſter und Rathsherren, ihr Richter und Schöppen, ihr Paſtoren und Pfarrherrn, ihr Profeſſoren und Schullehrer — ihr Soldaten, und endlich — ihr Taugenichtſe und Böſewichter!“ Wie gern möchte ich den erſten Theil dieſer Anrede im wahrhaften Prophetenton auch hier anwenden und mit geſchärfterem Seherblick auf die Zukunft auch Sie heute zum Abſchiede auf ähnliche Weiſe anreden: „Lebt wohl, ihr künftigen Stützen des Staats in geiſtlichen und weltlichen Aemtern, ihr, die ihr mit äußerm und innerm Beifall beglückte gute Gärtner in der lebendigen Pflanzſchule Gottes ſeid, ihr Prediger, die ihr ſanftmüthig, ihr Richter, die ihr unbeſtechlich, ihr Aerzte, die ihr behutſam ſeid, lebt wohl!“ — Aber das Buch der Zukunft iſt verſiegelt und unſer Auge zu ſchwach, um das ſchon jetzt im Lichte zu ſehen, was Gott mit ſchonender Güte in undurchdringliches Dunkel barg. Freilich würde meine Bruſt von frohem Entzücken ſchwellen, wenn ein Geſicht mir ſchon jetzt die Hoffnungen und Ausſichten erfüllt oder gar übertroffen zeigte, die mein ahndender Sinn Ihnen ſo gern zuſicherte. Aber welcher Schmerz würde auch wieder mein blutendes Herz zerreißen, ſähe ich in eben dieſer Zukunft auch nur einen von Ihnen durch eigene Schuld in den Abgrund des Verderbens geſtürzt, mit Schande, die früher oder ſpäter den ausgemergelten Wollüſtling und Sclaven der Sinnlichkeit heimſucht, gebrandmarkt, von den innern Furien des Gewiſſens, das ſelbſt auf ſeidenen Polſtern und unter den ſüßeſten Schmeichellauten nicht auf immer eingewiegt wird, gegeißelt, als eine Laſt der Erde, als Stümper oder als Verbrecher wandeln; ſähe ich auch nur in einem von Ihnen die frohen Hoffnungen des Vaterlandes, die Erwartungen ſeines alles für ihn aufopfernden Vaters, das mitternächtliche Gebet ſeiner frommen Mutter, die Ausſichten des Lehrers vereitelt, die alle nicht auf Mißwachs rechneten, wo ſie ſo treulich geſäet hatten. Und geſetzt auch, daß uns die entſchleierte Zukunft keines jener herzzerreißenden Schauſpiele darböte, iſt es nicht höchſt wahrſcheinlich, da ich hier um mich die Zahl von mehr als 150 Jünglingen und Knaben erblicke, daß nach zehn Jahren manchen unter uns ſchon ein früher Grabhügel decken werde! Verhülle alſo deinen Zauberſpiegel, Zukunft! Ich mag nicht hinein ſehen. Ich habe ein beſſeres Orakel in meiner Bruſt. Es iſt der Glaube an Unſterblichkeit. — Zwar ich werde mich ſtets freuen, wie ſich die Fürſten über eine Siegesbotſchaft oder eine neue, ohne Blut eroberte Provinz freuen, ſo oft ich von einem unter Ihnen die angenehme Nachricht erhalte, oder wohl gar in öffentlichen Blättern leſe, er habe durch Fleiß und Wohlverhalten dieſe oder jene wichtige Ehrenſtelle empfangen, er ſei wegen ſeiner Kenntniſſe bewundert oder, was noch weit mehr werth iſt, wegen ſeiner Rechtſchaffenheit geſchätzt und wegen ſeiner Verdienſte im weiten Kreiſe ſeiner Brüder geliebt. Jedes ſchriftliche Zeichen Ihres Andenkens, wenn es nur nicht hohl tönt und eitles Schellengeklingel iſt, wird mir auch in der Ferne eine frohe Stunde bereiten und die Sammlung vergrößern, die ich zur Erwählteſten meiner kleinen Beſitzungen rechne und: Briefe dankbarer Schüler überſchrieben habe. Freudig werde ich den, der mich in meinem künftigen Wohnort beſucht, an meine Bruſt drücken und, wo ichs vermag, zu jedes Wohlfahrt auch aus der Ferne mein Scherflein gern beitragen. Allein dieß alles iſt doch ſehr ungewiß, iſt Abdruck und Ausdruck der Sehnſucht, die in ſolchen Augenblicken raſch nach jeder, auch nicht haltbaren Stütze greift. Eins aber iſt gewiß, der Tod, und nach dem Tode das Gericht! So kann ich alſo auch nur einen Ort mit Gewißheit beſtimmen, wo wir uns alle einander zur innigſten Vereinigung nähern können. So wie wir geſtern in der gemeinſchaftlichen Abendmahlsfeier alle neben einander vor dem Altar und um das Grab des großherzigen Glaubenshelden, des Churfürſten Johann Friedrich herum ſtanden: ſo lade ich Sie alle jetzt in dieſem letzten feierlichen Augenblicke des Scheidens vor Gottes Thron ein und wünſche Sie dort mit mir vom Weltheilande in jene himmliſchen Freuden eingeführt zu ſehen, wo keine Trennung mehr iſt und wo wir auch über den Zuſammenhang unſerer Schickſale, auch über die ewigen Wirkungen dieſer heutigen Stunde noch einmal in einer ausdrucksvollen Geiſterſprache mit einander Betrachtungen anſtellen wollen. Dort iſt das Ziel der froheſten Wiedervereinigung. Auf! keiner bleibe zurück! keiner ermüde, den ſchönen Wettlauf bis zur Stunde, die Kronen auf der Wage hat, fortzuſetzen! Dort, ja dort wollen wir einander alle wieder finden!

Allwiſſender, der du Herzen und Nieren prüfeſt und den Gedanken kenneſt, der noch nicht gedacht war, du ewig Gegenwärtiger, Allgegenwärtiger, du durchſchaueſt die Lauterkeit und Aufrichtigkeit dieſer jetzt feierlich gefaßten Entſchlüſſe. Stärke, befeſtige, vollende ſie in uns allen. Denn von dir kommt beides, das Wollen und das Vollbringen. Präge jede Lehre der Weisheit, deren Anfang und Ende du biſt, jede Vorſchrift deiner allbeglückenden Religion, die in dieſer Schule während meines Hierſeyns vorgetragen worden iſt, präge auch dieſen Zuruf in die Herzen der Jünglinge. Ja ſegne du, Vater aller Segnungen, ſo Stadt als Land, ſo Fürſt als Unterthan, ſo Meiſter als Jünger in dieſem Pflanzgarten der Menſchheit. Segne, ſtärke, erhalte unſern gnädigſten Herzog, den Freund, Förderer, Beſchützer und Anwald wahrer Aufklärung, die nur leuchtet und wärmt, nicht zündet und tödtet. Er iſt ſtets ein gnädiger und huldreicher Fürſt gegen mich geweſen, und hat mir noch in den letzten Tagen erfreuliche Beweiſe ſeiner Gnade gegeben. Beglücke du, Allgütiger, jeden ſeiner Entſchlüſſe und laß ihn lange die ſüßeſten Früchte und die erquickendſten Schatten von den Bäumen im Garten der Menſchheit genießen, die ſeine pflegende Hand pflanzte und wartete! Segne das ganze erhabene Fürſtenhaus Weimar, vor allen aber die zwei Fürſtinnen, auf welche unſer Weimar, Angeſichts aller deutſchredenden Völker, ſtolz iſt, und ohne höfiſche Schmeichelreden zuerſt nennt, wenn es ſein Köſtlichſtes herzählt. Beide ſind mir ſtets als wahre Landesmütter und mit dem ehrwürdigſten Eifer für alles, was ſchön iſt und wohl lautet, erſchienen. Beide würdigten mich zuweilen ihres huldreichen Zutrauens, und nie ſprach ich mit ihnen von darbendem Verdienſt unter unſern fleißigen, aber nur ſelten mit Glücksgütern geſegneten Jünglingen, ohne ein Bothe des Troſtes und der Hülfe ſeyn zu können. Da ſie, wie alle guten Geiſter, ohne Geräuſch und nur im Stillen zu wirken gewohnt ſind: ſo darf ich hier, wo es mir ſchwer wird zu ſchweigen, nicht reden. Aber es bedarf meiner ohnmächtigen Stimme nicht. Ihre Thaten ſtehn im Buche der Menſchheit geſchrieben, und du, Allwiſſender, blickeſt Segen auf ihre Mutterherzen! — Segne auch unſern gnädigſten Erbprinzen, dem jetzt unſer aller Herzen mit freudiger Sehnſucht entgegenſchlagen. Mir wurde in den letzten Tagen ſeines Hierſeyns das Glück zu Theil, das ich leicht das beneidenswertheſte auf meiner vollen Glückstafel nennen möchte, mit ihm mich regelmäßig über wichtige Gegenſtände unterreden zu dürfen, und rein und unverfälſcht legte ſich da ſein vielfachgebildeter, in hoher Unſchuld und Güte lieblich aufblühender Geiſt meinen Augen offen dar! Er iſt es werth, vor andern beglückt zu ſeyn! Drei holde Himmelsknaben bringen ihm drei Kränze und jeder ſchmücke bis auf ſpäte Zeiten ſeine Scheitel, den Bürgerkranz mit Eichenlaub geſchmückt, den von Fette und Ueberfluß des Friedens triefenden Oelkranz und den von Liebe und Hausfrieden geflochtenen Myrtenkranz. Du, Allgütiger, erhöre unſre Gelübde! — Segne alle hohen Collegien und Räthe unſers Fürſten, die zum Beſten rathen, und gieb vor allen den patriotiſchen Bemühungen des geiſtlichen Collegiums, dem ich ſelbſt anzugehören das Glück hatte, fröhliches und erſprießliches Gedeihen. Erfreue den neuen, ehrwürdigen Chef deſſelben, den ich hier nur mit mit Rührung und Dankbarkeit erblicke, mit einem glücklichen Ausgang ſeiner Entwürfe und lohne ihm ſeine edle Freimüthigkeit. Lohne den Männern, die mit ihm zu einem Ziele wirken, und laß ſie den ſchönſten Lohn in ihrem Bewußtſeyn, ihre Pflicht redlich geübt zu haben, finden. Sie ſind mit wohlthätigen Verbeſſerungsplanen zur Erziehung des Volks beſchäftiget, die bald offen da liegen und ihnen den Dank der Mitwelt und Nachwelt erwerben werden. Du, großer Menſchenfreund, Urheber des Lichts, erleuchte und ſtärke ſie und alle ehrwürdigen Diener deines Worts in dieſer Stadt, die ſo thätigen und rühmlichen Theil an der Bildung der reifenden und gereiften Menſchheit haben, und mir alle ſo viel Liebes und Treues bewieſen! Aber erzeige auch Barmherzigkeit und Liebe, du, der du die Kindlein zu dir riefſt und der Lehrer Stuhl über andere Stühle ſetzteſt, ſämmtlichen Lehrern und Mitarbeitern in dieſer Lehranſtalt, die mich vom erſten Eintritt in ihre Mitte bis heute mit unwandelbarer Liebe, Treue und Einigkeit umfaßt und durch die redlichſte Mitwirkung, Unterſtützung, Stellvertretung, ſo viel nur immer an ihnen geweſen iſt, Roſen ohne Dornen auf meinen Weg gepflanzt haben. Dank dir, Vater der Barmherzigkeit, daß die ich mir hier vor 13 Jahren mit dem erſten Handſchlag verband, ihnen bis auf einen Vorausgegangenen auch allen noch heute die Hand des Danks und der Bruderliebe reichen kann. Auch die kleinſten Staaten und Gemeinweſen, wie unſere Schulanſtalten ſind, wachſen und blühen nur durch Einigkeit. Iſt etwas Gutes, ſo lange ich an der Spitze dieſer Schule ſtand, bewirkt worden, ſo wars nicht mein Werk, ſondern das Reſultat der hier ſo einträchtig und harmoniſch wirkenden Kräfte. Nie, mit der ſtrengſten Wahrheit darf ich das verſichern, hab ich auch nur einen leiſen Mißklang hier vernommen. Ich kann Ihnen, meine theuerſten Herren Amtsgenoſſen, für dieſe ſeltene Liebe und Treue weder danken, noch lohnen. Aber der im Himmel wohnet, und frommes Gebet erhört, wird Ihre ſtille, geräuſchloſe Wirkſamkeit, die bisher oft den Lohn in ſich ſelbſt finden mußte und des Sonnenſcheins entbehrte, der ſich milder über benachbarte Fluren ergoß, mit der erquickendſten ſeiner Segnungen lohnen. Dem alten Kriegeshelden legt man ein Schwert auf den Sarg. Das Bild der in fünf Grundtönen zuſammenklingenden Lyra, des Pentachords, möge man einſt auf das kleine Haus mahlen, das uns zur Ruhe bringt. Segen über dieſe ganze wichtige Pflanzſchule der Jugend und Wiſſenſchaft! Mögen aus ihr immer nicht nur vielwiſſende und vielſeitiggebildete, ſondern auch pflichtmäßig handelnde und fromme Jünglinge hervorgehn, und auf ihr nicht nur Bürger für den Staat, ſondern auch für den Himmel gezogen werden! Ja, Segen auch über meinen Nachfolger, wer er auch ſei, dem ich ſo gern die Hand drückte, wenn ich nur wüßte, welche Hand ich ergreifen ſollte. Du haſt der Segnungen ſo viele, Allvater! darum laß es auch dem Magiſtrat dieſer Stadt, der ſo gern zum Ganzen mitwirken wird, wenn von einem Ganzen die Rede ſeyn kann, und der ganzen Bürgerſchaft und allen Einwohnern dieſer guten Stadt wohl gehen bis auf Kind und Kindeskind. Sie nahmen mich Fremdling alle ſo willig und freundlich auf und erzeigten mir überall nur Liebe und Wohlwollen, was kein Geld kauft und kein dankendes Wort belohnt. Gutes Weimar, immer möge Rath und Weisheit in deinen Mauern herrſchen. Du magſt nicht die **geldreiche** genannt werden, aber du wurdeſt ſchon lange unter allen deinen Mitſchweſtern die **kunſtreiche und geiſtreiche** genannt. Von Oſten und Weſten mögen noch lange die Fremdlinge zu dir wallfahrten, die den Ring ſuchen, um welchen die drei Brüder uneins wurden. Blühe an Weisheit und Tugend, ſo wie du an Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt blüheſt! Gottes Gnade und Barmherzigkeit, die kein Ende hat, ſei über uns allen! Amen!

Morgenſtunden einer reichen Römerin*).

Im königlichen Muſeum zu Portici, unweit Neapel, zeichnen ſich unter den alten Gemälden, die aus den verſchütteten Städten Herculanum und Pompeji gegraben und dort aufgeſtellt worden ſind, vorzüglich vier kleine Stücke aus, die nicht, wie die übrigen, auf die feſten Wände ſelbſt gemalt, ſondern beſonders eingefaßt, und alſo ſchon vor anderthalb tauſend Jahren von ihren damaligen Beſitzern als größere Koſtbarkeiten angeſehen worden waren [1]). Das dritte von dieſen Stücken verſetzt uns durch ſeinen Anblick in das Putzgemach einer Herculaneniſchen Dame. Der neueſte Schilderer dieſer Sehenswürdigkeiten drückt ſich folgendermaßen darüber aus. „Ein ſitzendes junges Weib läßt ſich von einer Gehülfin die Haare kräuſeln. Eine dritte ſitzt im ſelbigen Zimmer; neben ihr ſteht die vierte. Sie ſind alle hübſch und weiblich gekleidet [2]).“ Ich würde nach einer wiederholten Betrachtung der Abbildung dieſes ſchönen und nur von oben etwas beſchädigten Gemäldes in den **Herculaniſchen Alterthümern** **) die Scene, die hier vorgeſtellt wird, lieber ſo faſſen: Es iſt ein Familiengemälde einer Mutter mit ihren zwei Töchtern, die ihrer ſchönen Mutter vollkommen würdig, und, wie Augenzeugen des Originals verſichern, in gewiſſen Familienzügen auch ähnlich ſind. Die

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*) Aus: Sabina oder Morgenſcenen im Putzzimmer einer reichen Römerin. von C. A. **Böttiger**. Leipz. 1803.

[1]) Die neueſten Bemerkungen, die der gelehrte du Theil dem Pariſer National-Inſtitut über den wahren Zeitpunkt mitgetheilt hat, worin Pompeji, Herculanum und Stabiä völlig verſchüttet worden ſind (nach Chr. G. 471), kann allerdings die Anſicht ſehr vieler für weit älter gehaltenen Gemälde und Antiken des Muſeums von Portici ſehr verändern, und die bis zum Lächerlichen getriebene Bewunderung derſelben abkühlen, trifft aber auf keinen Fall dieſe ſchon aus weit früheren Zeiten abſtammenden und ſchon im Alterthum aus einer andern Wand **ausgeſchnittenen** vier Gemälde, die als Compagnons gedacht und erklärt werden müſſen.

[2]) Reiſe in Deutſchland, Italien und Sicilien von F. L. Graf **von Stolberg** Th. III. S. 88.

**) Pitture d'Ercolano t. IV. tab. XLIII.

Mutter ſitzt auf einem etwas erhabenen und mit einem Fußtritt verſehenen Seſſel, wie ſie in den Zimmern der Frauen damaliger Zeiten als ein wahres Ziergeräthe aufgeſtellt waren, und durch Bildhauerarbeit, goldene Leiſten, und prächtige Decken und Matratzen dieſen Namen auch vollkommen verdienten [3]. Sie hält mit der rechten Hand ihre jüngere Tochter zärtlich umfaßt, die ſich in einer ſehr anmuthigen Stellung zu ihr hinneigt und an ſie anſchmiegt. Auf der andern Seite ſteht die ältere Tochter und läßt ſich von einer Sclavin etwas an dem Hintertheile ihres Haarputzes zurecht legen. Der Putz iſt übrigens ſchon vollendet, die Haare ſind mit einem doppelten Bande zierlich umſchlungen, vorn mit Putznadeln, deren Köpfe man nur ſieht, aufgeſteckt und fließen hinten in nachläſſig herabrollenden Locken über die Schultern. Das feine Gewand mit der ſchöngeſtickten Einfaſſung, Ohrgehänge, Armbänder, alles deutet auf einen feſtlichen Tag. Vielleicht wird hier eine Braut zu ihrer Hochzeit geſchmückt [4]. Dabei liegen auf einem zierlichen Tiſchchen unter einem Schmuckkäſtchen eine weiße und eine hellblaue Binde, und einige grüne Zweige, wahrſcheinlich zu einem Brautkranze. Ueber dem Tiſchchen ſteht eine ſchlanke, niedlich ausgebogene Gießkanne. Kurz, das Ganze giebt uns eine Vorſtellung einer Damen-Toilette aus einem Zeitalter und einer Gegend, wo Römiſche Prachtliebe mit Griechiſchem Geſchmacke aufs Reizendſte ſich vereinigte.

Man hört ſo viel von der verſchwenderiſchen Pracht und dem koſtbaren Putze der Römerinnen in jenem Zeitalter ſprechen, wo die Reichthümer und der Luxus einer ausgeplünderten Welt in Rom zuſammengefloſſen waren; wo die Welt von den ſtolzen Römern, und dieſe von ihren noch ſtolzeren Weibern beherrſcht wurden. Mancher unſerer Leſerinnen dürfte daher doch wohl ein Blick auf die Morgen- und Toiletten-Stunde einer Dame aus jenen Zeiten eben ſo viel Unterhaltung gewähren, als die beliebte und belobte Lektüre eines Ritter- und Helden-Romans aus den Tagen unſerer turnierenden Vorväter, oder eines Geſpenſtermährchens der Dame Radcliff, in dem nur die Verfaſſerin ſelbſt das Geſpenſt iſt, das man fürchtet. Sie erinnern ſich vielleicht bei dieſer Schilderung einer Römiſchen Damen-Toilette, etwas Aehnliches in Barthelemy's Reiſen des jungen Anacharſis geleſen zu haben. Aber dort iſt nur die Rede von den auf häusliche Eingezogenheit beſchränkten Athenerinnen. In Rom war dies alles ganz anders. Was jetzt die ſtolzeſten Fürſtinnen, die hochgebietende Frau eines engliſchen Nabobs in Bengalen, und die launenhafteſte Ruſſiſche Kneſin kaum in der übermüthigſten Herrſcherlaune von ihren Dienerinnen verlangen dürften, und mit allen ihren Schätzen kaum bezahlen könnten, dies machte die Frau eines Römiſchen Senators, eines Römiſchen Ritters, der ganze Länder beraubt, Könige zu ſeinen Füßen geſehen, und hunderte von Sclaven und Sclavinnen aus den unterjochten Provinzen in ſeine Häuſer und Landgüter nach Rom und Italien geſchleppt hatte, alle Tage beim Erwachen in ihrem Hauſe möglich.

Ein ganzes Heer von Sclavinnen, wovon einer jeden ihr eignes Geſchäft, ihr beſonderer Wirkungskreis beim Ankleiden und Ausſchmücken ihrer Gebieterin angewieſen war, warteten auf den Wink ihrer erwachenden Domina. So ließ ſich die gnädige Frau von ihrem Hausgeſinde ſowohl, als ihren Liebhabern und allen denjenigen nennen, die ihrem lächelnden oder erbebenden Blick auf Tod und Leben unterworfen waren [5]. Der große Sittenmaler Lucian hat uns von dieſer Scene ein ſo treues und lebendiges Bild geliefert, daß ich mir den Dank manches Liebhabers gewiß zu verdienen hoffe, wenn ich dieſe Schilderung hier abſchreibe, zumal da der verdienſtvolle Ueberſetzer des Lucian in unſerer Sprache aus wichtigen, doch nicht in dieſer Stelle liegenden, Gründen, dies ganze Geſpräch unüberſetzt gelaſſen hat.

„Sollte Jemand dieſe Damen, ſo ſpricht Lucian, in dem Augenblicke ſehen können, wo ſie ſich endlich aus ihrem Morgenſchlafe erheben, ſo ſollte er ſicher glauben, er begegne einer Meerkatze oder einem Pavian, mit welchen beim erſten Ausgange des Morgens zuſammenzutreffen, wir im gemeinen Leben für eine ſehr ſchlimme Vorbedeutung zu halten pflegen. Darum ſchließen ſie ſich auch um dieſe Zeit ſo ſorgfältig ein, daß ſie kein Männerauge erſpähen kann. Nun treten ſie in einen Kreis von dienſtfertigen Mütterchen und Zofen ein, die ſich alle um die Wette bemühen, die erſtorbenen Reize auf dem Geſichte ihrer Gebieterin von den Todten zu erwecken. Sich den Schlaf aus den Augen mit friſchem Quellwaſſer zu waſchen, und dann raſch und munter an ein hausmütterliches Geſchäft zu gehen, welch eine abgeſchmackte, altväteriſche Zumuthung! Nein, da müſſen vor allen Dingen allerlei Salben und Pulver aufgetragen, und Schönheitstincturen angeſtrichen werden. Das Ganze hat völlig das Anſehn eines öffentlichen Prunkaufzugs. Eine jede Zofe und Aufwärterin hat ein anderes Stück der Toilette herbeizutragen. Die eine bringt ein ſilbernes Waſchbecken, die andere eine Bequemlichkeitsvaſe, die dritte eine Gießkanne, wieder andere Spiegel und Büchſen, ſo viel nur immer in einer Apotheke in Reih und Gliedern ſtehen können. Und in allen dieſen iſt nichts als Unrath, Lug und Trug enthalten, in der einen Zähne und Zahnfleiſchbeizen, in der andern ſchwarze Wimpern und Augenbrauen, und andere dergleichen Lumperei. Doch die größte Kunſt und die meiſte Zeit wird an den Haarſchmuck verſchwendet. Einige, die die Wuth haben, ihr natürlich ſchwarzes Haar in blondes und goldgelbes umzutauſchen, färben es mit Salben, die ſie dann in der Sonne am Mittag eintrocknen und einbeizen laſſen. Andere, die ſich ihr ſchwarzes Haar noch gefallen laſſen, verſchwenden daran das ganze Vermögen ihrer Männer, und laſſen einem das ganze glückliche Arabien aus ihren Haaren entgegen wehen. Da werden Brenneiſen bei einem ſchmauchenden Feuer warm gemacht, um damit krauſe Löckchen zu ſchaffen, die die Natur verweigerte. Da müſſen die Haare weit in die Stirn herab bald bis in die Augenbrauen gezogen werden, damit der Tummelplatz für die liebesgötterchen auf der Stirne ja nicht zu groß ſei. Hinten aber wallen in ſtolzen Buckeln die Locken über den Rücken herunter [6]).“

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[3] **Die Catheder der Frauen.** Bei den Römerinnen hießen dieſe etwas erhabenen Familienſeſſel in ihren Zimmern Catheder. Wenn der Epigrammendichter Martial einen Stutzer ſchildert, ſo ſagt er IV, 79, er treibe ſich den ganzen Tag zwiſchen den Cathedern herum, d. h. an den Putzſtühlen und Toiletten der Damen. Wahrſcheinlich nehmen manche junge Herren auf unſern Univerſitäten dies Wort noch in dieſer ächt Römiſchen Bedeutung. Es ließe ſich auch nach **Chimentelo** de honore biſellii und **Scheffer** de re vehiculari II, 4. p. 54 ff. über die Catheder eine ſehr unterhaltende Abhandlung ſchreiben. Ein engliſcher Upholsterer (Möblirer) kann über die paſſendſte und eleganteſte Form der neueſten Modeſtühle nicht mehr klügeln, als es die Römerinnen mit ihren cathedris thaten. Da man im Alterthum faſt alles liegend auf den Knieen ſchrieb und las (weswegen es ein großer Verſtoß gegen das Coſtum iſt, wenn neuere Künſtler alte Dichter oder Schriftſteller an einem Schreibetiſche ſitzend vorſtellen — nur lehrend ſaßen ſie auf einem hemicyclio. S. Visconti zu Pio-Clementino. T. III. p. 18, übrigens ſchrieben ſie alles liegend in lectulo lucubratorio), ſo war dieſe Poſitur den Damen etwas unbequem. Daher wurden die Armlehnen an den Cathedern ſo eingerichtet, daß ſie zugleich zu einem Secretär, Schreibepult, dienten. Man ſehe **Paſſerat** zum Propert. IV, 5, 37, wo die Kupplerin den Unterricht an ein Buhlſchweſterchen ertheilt, ſie müſſe, während der Liebhaber ſchmachtend da kniee, etwas zu ſchreiben ſcheinen: posita in scribe cathedra quidlibet. Daß der Toiletten-Apparat darauf aufgelegt werden konnte, ſieht man aus Phaedrus III, 8. ubi vid. VV. DD. Da man ſich auch darin tragen ließ, ſo mußten ſie Leichtigkeit mit Eleganz verbinden. Es ſcheinen daher die Rücken- und Armlehnen zuweilen auch aus zierlichem Flechtwerk oder aus Weidenzweigen korbartig gemacht geweſen zu ſeyn. Daher Plinius in einer Stelle, die jetzt noch aus Handſchriften Verbeſſerung erwartet, XVI, 37, ſ. 68, von der Weidenruthe ſagt, ſie wäre: in deliciis supinarum cathedrarum aptissima. Uebrigens iſt dieſe cathedra nur eine Abart des Griechiſchen [illegible]. Theocrit XIV, 39 nennt ſie δίφρος. Man vergleiche die Griechiſchen Scholien.

[4] Brautſchmückungen kommen beſonders auf den Griechiſchen Vaſengemälden ſehr häufig vor, wo man dies Sujet gewöhnlich für ſolche Vaſen gewählt zu haben ſcheint, die der Braut zum Hochzeitsgeſchenke gemacht werden ſollten. Man ſehe z. B. in Tiſchbeins neueſten Sammlungen, Recueil de gravures d'apres les vases antiques T. I. pl. 3. 47. Th. II. pl. 34. 36. C. **Böttigers** Vaſenerklärungen Heft I. S. 140 ff.

[5] **Die Miß in her teens, oder die Tochter eines Römers von ihrem vierzehnten Jahre an wurde ſchon Domina, d. h. mein gnädiges Fräulein! genannt.** Dies lernen wir aus dem griechiſchen Sittenbüchlein des Philoſophen **Epictet** (Enchiridion cap. 62), der dabei die unartige Bemerkung macht, daß man die Weiber blos darum in der Titulatur zu Gebieterinnen mache, weil man ihre Obmacht nicht fürchte, und weil ſie doch nur durch Kunſt der Toilette gefallen und herrſchen könnten. Fürwahr, eine ſolche Ungezogenheit konnte doch nur ein bärtiger, ungeſchliffener Stoiker über ſeine Zunge kommen laſſen! Der Titel domina ſtieg bald bis zur niedrigſten Volksklaſſe herab, und ſo groß der Zwiſchenraum zwiſchen einer ci-devant Madame Royale und einer Madame des halles im dem antirevolutionären Paris war; ſo unermeßlich und noch unermeßlicher war der Abſtand zwiſchen der Domina, wie die Kaiſerinnen ſelbſt auf Münzen und Inſchriften genannt wurden (ſ. **Spanheim** de praest. numism. T. II. p. 467.), und einer Domina, wie ſie ſich beim Petron (cap. 62. p. 330. ed. Burmann) aus Ueberfüllung an einem Bärenbraten beſpeit. Vergl. **Gruteri** Inscript. p. DCCCXL, 8, wo ein ganz gemeiner Römer, wie es ſcheint, ſeiner ſeligen Frau zuruft: FAVE DOMINA, VALE DOMINA.

Aber hat hier nicht Lucian die Farben zu ſtark aufgetragen, und den armen Frauen ſeines Zeitalters zu viel gethan? Ich dürfte mich vielleicht, um die Glaubwürdigkeit des Satyrikers zu retten, der bei dem Reichthum ſeines Witzes überhaupt nur ſelten zu jenem Nothbehelf des Mangels und der Carricatur, der Uebertreibung, ſeine Zuflucht nimmt, auf einige ſehr ehrwürdige Kirchenväter des zweiten und dritten Jahrhunderts, beſonders auf den Zuchtmeiſter des Clemens von Alexandrien, und auf den Tertullian berufen, der eine eigne, zur Bekanntſchaft mit den koſtſpieligen Ueppigkeiten ſeiner Zeit ganz unentbehrliche Schrift, über den Putz der Frauen, geſchrieben hat. Aber ich beſorge auch hier den Einwurf zu hören: Das ſind Strafprediger, und dieſe Herren nehmen, wie bekannt, in ihrem Eifer die Sache auch nicht immer ſo genau. So mögen es denn die Leſerinnen ihrer eignen Hartgläubigkeit zuſchreiben, daß ich ſie vielleicht länger bei dieſer vornehmen Morgen-Toilette zu verweilen erſuche, als ihnen ſelbſt lieb iſt, und ſogar ihre Augen hie und da mit gelehrten Citaten beläſtigen muß.

Unſere Domina — ſie mag, doch ohne Präjudiz aller Römiſchen und nicht Römiſchen Damen gleiches Namens, Sabina heißen — konnte bei ihrem Erwachen aus dem letzten ſüßen Morgenſchlummer gar kein anderes, als ein höchſt widerwärtiges und zurückſchreckendes Anſehen haben. Freilich iſt der Ausdruck unſeres Lucian mit der Meerkatzen-Phyſiognomie eben nicht der zarteſte und gewählteſte. Aber man urtheile ſelbſt. Sie hatte, nach damaliger Sitte, Abends vor Schlafengehen ſich über das ganze Geſicht einen Teig von Brod, das in Eſelsmilch aufgefeuchtet wurde, über das Geſicht legen laſſen. Die Erfinderin dieſes Schönheitsmittels war die berüchtigte Poppäa, die Gemahlin des Nero, geweſen, und man nannte dieſe Brod-Incruſtation, wodurch die Haut außerordentlich weich und zart erhalten wurde, nach ihrem Namen. Die Nacht über war natürlich dieſer Schönheitskleiſter auf dem Geſichte eingetrocknet, und gab nun beim Erwachen ihrem Angeſichte das Anſehen eines zerſprungenen und zerborſtenen Kalk- oder Gyps-Ueberzuges, womit ihn auch der Römiſche Satyrendichter, dem wir die genaueſte Nachricht hierüber verdanken, ausdrücklich vergleicht [7]). Rechnen wir nun den Umſtand dazu, daß unſere Dame, wie wir bald genauer ſehen werden, noch vor Schlafengehen einige ſonſt ſehr weſentliche Beſtandtheile des menſchlichen Antlitzes, als da ſind Augenbrauen, Zähne, Haare u. ſ. w., mit ihren übrigen Kleidern ausgezogen hatte, und alſo auch von dieſer Seite mehr dem Todtenkopfe einer ſchönen Frau, über den Hamlet dort in der Todtengräber-Scene ſo herzangreifende Betrachtungen anſtellt, als dem lebendigen Modell einer Venus des Praxiteles glich, ſo begreift man auch wohl ohne meine weitere Erinnerung, daß die Vergleichung Lucians mit einem Thiere, das ſchon der alte Dichter Ennius eine Carricatur des Menſchen genannt hat [8]), wo nicht die ausgeſuchteſte und galanteſte, doch die treffendſte und pikanteſte war, die ſich hier machen ließ.

Doch ehe Sabina noch zu ihrer Toilette eilte, hat ſchon die vielgeplagte Smaragdis, ihr eigentliches Leib- und Kammermädchen [9]), zur Verehrung der Göttin Cloacina einige Dienſtleiſtungen vollendet, die der Uebermuth jener alten Herrſcherwelt von ihren Sclaven und Sclavinnen durch ein Schnippchenſchlagen mit den Fingern forderte [10]). Auffallend iſt daher der Anblick, gleich hinter der Sabina, ſo wie ſie die Vorhänge von dem Eingange ihres Schlafzimmers zurückſchlägt [11]), um in das Anputzzimmer zu treten, noch eine Sclavin heraustreten zu ſehen, die in der rechten Hand ein Nachtbecken aus Murrhinit-Maſſe [12]) trägt, während ihr über der linken

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6) Aus dem Geſpräche Lucians, Amores oder die Liebkoſungen betitelt. T. II. p. 440 ff. ed. Wetsten. Man vergeſſe nur nicht, daß Lucian in den meiſten ſeiner Schriften keinesweges griechiſche Sitten ſchildert, ſondern die Sitten ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen in der Römiſchen Welt unter den Antoninen.

7) Juvenal. VI. 467 nennt dieſe Poppaeana ganz beſtimmt einen Kalkanwurf (tectorium):

Interea foeda aspectu, ridendaque multo
Pane tumet facies —
Tandem aperit vultum et tectoria prima reponit,
Incipit agnosci.

Man bediente ſich außer dieſes fetten Teigs noch einer andern aus Bohnenmehl und Reiß gekneteten Maſſe (lomentum), durch die man die Haut zu entrunzeln und zu glätten ſuchte. Die Nachtmasken unſerer Damen aus feinem Leder ſind doch in der That gegen dieſe Kleiſterüberzüge noch eine wahre Bequemlichkeits-Erfindung.

8) Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis. Beim Cicero de nat. Deor. I, 35.

9) In einer, wie es ſcheint, ſehr lückenhaften, Inſchrift beim Gruter p. DLXXXVI, 5. kommt eine cubicularia Smaragdis vor. Fabretti's Bemerkungen zu dieſer Inſchrift ad columnam Trajanam p. 184. begegnen noch gar nicht allen Schwierigkeiten dieſes ſonderbaren Gedächtnißſteins.

10) Nachttopf-Sclaven. Da die Frage, die der Satyren-Dichter Juvenal eine Römerin einmal in vollem Ernſte thun läßt: Iſt denn der Sclav' ein Menſch? überall als Grundmaxime ihres Betragens gegen die Sclaven, wo nicht mit Worten, doch durch Handlungen, ſich ausſprach, ſo machte es einen Theil des herriſchen Betragens im Alterthum aus, die Befehle an Sclaven blos durch Winke und Zeichen auszudrücken. Daher denn der fromme Clemens von Alexandrien in ſeinem Zuchtmeiſter (Paedagogus II, 7. p. 174. Sylb.) das Schnalzen mit der Zunge, das Pfeifen, und das Schnippchenſchlagen mit den Fingern, wodurch man die Sclaven ruft (τὸ διὰ τῶν δακτύλων [illegible]), als ein Betragen mißbilligt, wodurch die Menſchen, die doch mit Vernunft begabt wären, zu unvernünftigen Thieren herabgewürdigt würden. Das Schnippchenſchlagen (digitis concrepare), welches bei uns öfter ein Zeichen des Spottes iſt, war bei den Alten überhaupt ein Ruf, ein Zeichen, daß man kommen ſollte. Siehe Broekhuys zu Tibull. I, 2, 33. Aber eine ganz beſondere Bedeutung hatte es, wenn der Herr während der Mahlzeit oder des Nachts damit ein Zeichen gab. Dann kam der darauf abgerichtete Sclav dem natürlichen Ausleerungsdrange ſeines Herrn ſogleich durch Unterhaltung eines Gefäßes zu Hülfe, das oft ſeinem Material nach eben ſo koſtbar, als ſeiner Beſtimmung nach unedel war. Die bekannten Worte aus dem Gaſtmahl des Trimalchio beim Petron. c. 27. p. 97. Burmann. Trimalchio homo lautissimus digitis concrepuit, ad quod signum spado matellam ludenti supposuit, werden durch mehrere Epigramme Martials beſtätigt. Die Stellen hat ſchon Ramirez de Prado zu III, 82. p. 278 geſammelt, wo ein Verſchnittener delicatae sciscitator urinae, „der dem zarten Urin mit weiſen Berührungen nachſpürt,“ bei einem ähnlichen Gaſtmahle vorkommt. Am ſtärkſten ſagt es ein Epigram des Dichters auf den Nachttopf, der ſelbſt redend eingeführt wird XIV, 119.

Wenn das Schnippchen erklingt und der Sclav mich zu bringen geſäumt hat,
Fließet dem Kiſſen oft zu, was nur der Schale gehört.

Dieſe ganze Unſitte muß übrigens in den Tiſchgebräuchen der Griechen ihre Erklärung finden. Es ging bei ihnen zu, wie bei den Engländern, wenn ſich die Damen entfernt haben, und nun dem Bacchus geopfert wird. Bei den Griechen kam die ehrbare Frau gar nicht zur Männermahlzeit, bei den Britten entfernt ſie ſich, um das Bacchanal nicht zu hören. Da ſtanden nun den Gäſten auch Nachttöpfe zur Bequemlichkeit in Bereitſchaft, wie jetzt noch bei den Bullengelagen (niederſächſiſches Wort für Mahlzeit, wo blos Männer ſpeiſen) in England. Schon Aeſchylos und Sophokles ſprechen in ihren ſatyriſchen Dramen von Nachttöpfen, die ſich die Gäſte einander an die Köpfe warfen, beim Athenaeus I. 30. p. 66. Schweigh. Später nahm man nun auch von den üppigen Orientalen den wollüſtigen Uebermuth an, ſich durch ſchöne junge Sclaven während des Trinkgelags auch hierin Handreichung leiſten zu laſſen. Aber auch die Alten fühlten das Empörende dieſer Abwürdigung. Ein in die Sclaverei verkaufter Spartaniſcher Jüngling ſtürzte ſich vom Dache, um dieſes Dienſtes überhoben zu ſeyn. S. Plutarchs lakoniſche Apophthegmen in Variis 35. T. I. P. II. p. 944. Wyttenb. Epiktet unterſucht in ſeinen Diſſertationen beim Arrian. I, 2, 8. ſehr genau die kritiſche Frage, ob ſich ein Sclav dazu entſchließen könne, ſeinem Herrn den Nachttopf vorzuhalten, wo Upton's Anmerkung p. 29 ed. Schweigh. zu vergleichen iſt. Aus einer andern Stelle dieſer köſtlichen Unterhaltungen I, 19, 17 ſieht man, daß der Kaiſer eigne Sclaven ἐπὶ τῆς ἀμίδος hielt. Das königliche Frankreich ſah noch wunderbarere Dinge, eine Hofdame vom erſten Range dem Könige Ludwig dem Sechzehnten die Kammerdienſte auf dem geheimen Cabinet leiſten. S. Soulavie's Mémoires historiques du regne de Louis XVI. T. III. p. 48.

11) Die Alten hatten im Innern der Gebäude faſt nirgends eine Thür, ſondern bloße Gardinen und Teppiche zu Vorhängen. Daher die umhängenden Tapeten auf alten Denkmälern (παραπετάσματα), um innere Zimmer anzudeuten. Daher die velarii in großen Paläſten, die eine eigne Bedienung ausmachten. Die hieher gehörigen Stellen hat außer Sagittarius auch ſchon Pignori geſammelt de servis p. 227 sqq. Vergl. Winkelmann Storia delle Arti T. III. p. 69. ed. Fea.

12) Gegen ſilberne Nachttöpfe, als eine ſehr gewöhnliche Sache, eifert ſchon der Kirchenvater Clemens. Man ſehe die Erklärer des Petron. c. 27. p. 96. Man machte ſie auch aus der köſtlichen Compoſition, die unter dem Namen korinthiſche Bronze im Alterthum bekannt war, und Cicero ſpottet daher ſchon über die damaligen Connoisseurs, die die ächte Compoſition an einem ſolchen Gefäße durch den erprobten Geruch des Metalls erprobten. Parad. V, 2. Vergl. N. Teutſcher Merkur 1800. Mai. S. 225

eine Perlenſchnur hängt, die ihre Gebieterin ſo eben abgenommen hat. Denn ſelbſt im Schlafe geboten jene putzliebenden Damen noch dem allmächtig gebietenden Verſchönerungstriebe, und hatten zum Nachtgebrauch eigne Perlenſchnuren an Goldfäden gereiht [13], ſo wie es vor einiger Zeit, da der Schmuck (Joi) an der Tagesordnung war, unter uns Damen gegeben haben ſoll, die ſelbſt ihre Nachthauben mit Schmuck zu beſetzen pflegten [14]. Nun iſt freilich zwiſchen der Schnur von ächt orientaliſchen Perlen, wie ſie Sabina ſelbſt zum Nachtgebrauch hat, und der wohlfeilen Schmuckbeſetzung ungefähr derſelbe Unterſchied, der zwiſchen einem Diadem mit Edelſteinen auf dem Kopfe einer Dame in der erſten Rangloge im Theater des Arts, und dem Kopfſchmuck einer Spaniſchen Maja (Trageren) Statt findet, die ſich bei einer Nachtpromenade im Prado von Madrid ſtatt der Topaſen und Smaragden leuchtende Johanniswürmchen ins Haar geſteckt hat.

Indem nun Sabina in ihr Dressing-room oder Ankleidezimmer ſelbſt tritt, und von dem ſchon ſtundenlang auf ſie wartenden Schwarm von Sclaven und Aufwärterinnen in Empfang genommen wird, winkt ſie der Sclavin, die das Amt der Thürhüterin vor ihrer Nachtkammer hat [15], und ertheilt ihr die Befehle, welche Kaufleute, Wahrſager, Unterhändlerinnen und Briefträgerinnen jetzt allein Zutritt erhalten können. Für jeden anderen Beſuch iſt Sabina krank, oder noch nicht aufgeſtanden. Wer wollte ſich auch in ſolchen Ergänzungen und Zubereitungen, als hier erſt noch veranſtaltet werden ſollen, von uneingeweihten Augen belauſchen und in einer ſolchen Blöße erblicken laſſen! Iſt ſie doch von jeher die gelehrigſte Schülerin des großen Meiſters in der Kunſt zu lieben geweſen, und dieſer rief auch ihr die klugen Vorſichtsregeln ins Ohr [16]:

Niemals komme das Töpfchen zur Schau, das die Schönheit bewahret,
  Eurem Geliebten! es hilft nur die verheimlichte Kunſt.
Ekelhaft iſt die Hefe, womit dein Geſicht du beſtreicheſt,
  Wenn ſie von Wärme gelöſt dir von den Wangen entträuft. —
Hirſchmark in Gegenwart Anderer zu nehmen, geziemt nicht den Mädchen,
  Noch ſich zu reiben den Zahn, wenn er der Glättung bedarf.
Alles dienet zur Schönheit. Doch iſt's kein reizender Anblick,
  Das entſtehen zu ſehn, was nur entſtanden gefällt.
Jene Natur, die mit dem Namen des künſtlichen Myron
  Prangt, war ein roher Stein, war ein unförmlicher Klotz. —
Beſſer iſt's, wir glauben, du ſchläfſt, indem du dich ſchmückeſt.
  Nach vollendetem Putz ſtehſt du, ein Meiſterwerk, da.
Alles frommt nicht, den Männern zu ſehn. Das Meiſte von deinen
  Sächelchen ekelt uns an, wird es von innen geſchaut.

Gewiß auch Sabina weiß, daß in dieſen erſten Momenten der Schönheitsſchöpfung der Toilettenbeſuch von einem jungen Herrn die gefährlichſten Geheimniſſe entdecken würde. Auch ihr iſt von einer verſchmitzten Alten nicht umſonſt erzählt worden, daß Amor davon flog, als ihn die allzuneugierige Pſyche mit der verrätheriſchen Lampe beleuchtete.

Kaum iſt die Domina in den zahlreichen, ängſtlich harrenden Kreis ihrer Zofen und Schmuckbereiterinnen eingetreten, ſo tritt jede in ihre eigne Function ein, jede beſtrebt ſich, durch pünktlichſte Beobachtung ihrer Pflichten und die gewandteſte Behendigkeit ihrer Gebieterin auch nur einen huldreichen Blick abzugewinnen. Wie einſt, nach der Ausſage der alten Geſchichtſchreiber, in Aegypten ein jeder einzelne Theil des menſchlichen Körpers ſeinen Arzt hatte [17], ſo daß die Ohrenärzte, Augenärzte, Zahnärzte, Kopfärzte, Bauchärzte u. ſ. w. ihre eignen, von keinem ihrer Collegen zu überſchreitenden Grenzen und Territorialgerechtſame auf dem Flächeninhalte des menſchlichen Körpers ſtreng in Obacht nahmen: ſo iſt auch hier für jedes Schmuckgeräthe, für jedes einzelne Putz- und Kleidungsſtück, ja für jeden Theil des zu ergänzenden, auszuſchmückenden, anzumalenden und aufzuputzenden Körpers eine eigne Sclavin beſtimmt, die nie etwas anderes, als dies Geſchäft zu thun, aber auch bei der geringſten Vernachläſſigung in demſelben augenblickliche, ſtrenge Züchtigung zu erwarten hat. Dies ganze Heer von Sclavinnen iſt, um der gehörigen Ordnung willen, wieder in kleinere Geſchwader und Rotten abgetheilt. Sie treten jetzt gleichſam compagnienweiſe auf [18].

Treten alſo zuerſt in Reih und Gliedern auf die Schminkmädchen, die Weiß- und Rothauflegerinnen, die Augenbraunmalerinnen und die Zahnputzerinnen. Man begriff die ſämmtlichen Geſchäfte dieſer Klaſſe mit dem Griechiſchen Kunſt- und Modeausdruck **Kosmetik** [19]. Denn ſo wie an den Toiletten gewiſſer deutſcher Damen noch vor Kurzem nur das ächt geſchmackvoll und ſchön war, was in der Sprache des Franzmanns ausgedrückt und von Paris benennt werden konnte, ſo affectirten die Römiſchen Damen durchaus Alles, was zu ihrem Putz gehörte, Griechiſch zu benennen, die Aufwärterinnen und Putzmädchen hatten Griechiſche Namen, wenn ſie auch ehrliche Dorferinnen, im nächſten Gauwerke geboren und auferzogen waren, und eine Schminke hätte ſich ſehr ſchlecht empfohlen, die nicht in einem Schächtelchen oder Büchschen mit einer Griechiſchen Aufſchrift überbracht worden wäre. Alſo die Mädchen, von denen hier die Rede iſt, heißen **Kosmeten**, und ſind von den Haarputzerinnen und Haarfärberinnen ſehr genau zu unterſcheiden, die wiederum eine ganz eigne, für ſich beſtehende, Klaſſe ausmachen. **Scaphion** [20], ein Mädchen mit einem Becken, worin ganz friſch gemolkene, laue Eſelsmilch [21] der

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und **Scherers Grundriß der Chemie** (Ausz. von 1800) S. 318. Die Vasa murrhina ſind nach der mit Recht bezweifelten Hypotheſe des **Grafen von Veltheim** in ſeiner Schrift über die **Murrhinien**, in der Sammlung ſeiner Aufſätze Th. 1 S. 185 ff., chineſiſche Speckſteine geweſen. Der Gebrauch, der hier davon gemacht wird, ſtände jener Behauptung nicht entgegen. Denn warum ſollte Sabina, die überall eine ſo große Freundin des Orientalismus iſt, dieſe damals in Rom für äußerſt koſtbar gehaltene Maſſe nicht noch dem Silber vorgezogen haben? Uebrigens bemerkt ſchon Ulpian in den Pandecten, daß das Silber, was zu dem Nachtgeſchirr der Damen (scaphia) gebraucht werde, nicht zum eigentlichen Silbergeſchirr zu rechnen ſey.

13) Dieſe thörichte Sitte ſtraft Plinius XXXIII, 3. S. 12. *Inserta margaritarum pondera e collo dominarum auro pendeant, ut in somno quoque unionum conscientia adsit.* Träumend und wachend wollten alſo dieſe Frauen mit Perlen bedeckt ſeyn.

14) S. **Journal des Luxus und der Moden** 1801. April. S. 231.

15) Sie heißen **Janitrices**. Siehe **Pignori** de servis. Die Mädchen waren auch ſonſt zum Horchen und zum Vorſchicken gut zu gebrauchen. Einer ſolchen bediente ſich z. B. die Frau des Landpflegers von Judäa. S. Johannes XVIII, 16. 17.

16) Ovids Kunſt zu lieben III, 209 – 230. Die von **Strombeckiſche Ueberſetzung** (Göttingen 1795) konnte wegen ihrer Härte nur wenig gebraucht werden. Uebrigens verdienet dieſe Kunſt zu lieben wegen ihrer wahren Originalität und als das lebendigſte Sittengemälde des Auguſteiſchen Roms gewiß einen weit höhern Rang unter dem wenigen, was die Kamönen nicht bloß durch Griechiſchen Mund den Römiſchen Dichtern offenbarten, daß nur eine einſeitige und engbrüſtige Moral bis jetzt eine klaſſiſche Bearbeitung dieſes in ſeiner Art einzigen Lehrgedichts verhindern konnte. Sehr fein und gegründet iſt **Manſo's** Bemerkung über den Zweck, der dem ganzen Plane des Gedichts zum Grunde liegt. **Nachträge zu Sulzers Theorie** B. III. St. II. S. 339.

17) Herodot II, 84. Vergl. **Sprengels Geſchichte der Arzneikunde** Th. I. S. 78. neuere Ausgabe. Die Aegypter behandelten alſo den menſchlichen Körper, wie die guten Fabrikanten ihre Fabrik-Operationen. Herr **Nemnich** hat in ſeiner **Reiſe durch England im Sommer 1799** ſehr gut gezeigt, daß die möglichſte Vertheilung der einzelnen Theile des Fabrikats unter einzelne Fabrikanten, die ihr ganzes Leben hindurch **nur dies** thun, die Haupturſache der Vortrefflichkeit engliſcher Fabrikate ſey.

18) Man halte dies ja für keine Uebertreibung. Wer die bei **Laurens Pignori** in der gelehrten Schrift **über die Sclaven der Römer** (de servis ed. II. Patav. 1656.) S. 191 – 214. die Anmerkungen des **Reinesius** ad inscript. Cl. I. 89. p. 125. und **Gori** zu dem im vorigen Jahrhundert erſt entdeckten und beſchriebenen Columbarium Liviae Augustae zu vergleichen und die daſelbſt angeführten Stellen zu prüfen die Gelegenheit hat, wird zu allen die Belege finden. Eine Römiſche Dame aus den Zeiten, wo wir unſere Sabina hinverſetzen, hatte mindeſtens 200 Freigelaſſene und Sclavinnen zu ihrer täglichen Bedienung.

19) Ovid hat eine **Schminkkunſt** gedichtet, wovon aber nur die erſten hundert Verſe auf unſere Zeiten gekommen ſind. Die **Kosmetik** macht einen eignen Theil der alten Arzneikunde aus, worüber ſchon im Alterthum zwei Leibärzte, **Archigenes** am Hofe der Cleopatra, und **Kriton** am Hofe der Plotina, der Gemalin des Kaiſers **Trajanus**, ihren erlauchten Gebieterinnen eigne Werke zugeſchrieben haben. S. Fabricius bibliotheca Gr. Vol. XII. 668 sqq. Man vergleiche, was der gelehrte Arzt Triller in Wittenberg in einer beſonderen Abhandlung geſammelt hat: de remediis veterum cosmeticis eorumque noxis. Vit. 1757. 4.

20) Das Wort heißt im Griechiſchen ein Becken; als Name einer Putzdienerin ſteht es in einem Luſtſpiele des Plautus: das Geſpenſt (Mostellaria) I., 3, wo eine Griechiſche Putzſcene auf dem Theater vorkommt.

21) **Eſelsmilch, ein Conſervationsmittel.** Die Eſelsmilch iſt ſchon im Alterthum nicht bloß als ein Reſtaurationsmittel der Lungen, ſondern auch der Haut angeſehen worden. Man hatte über ihre Heilkraft die ſonderbarſten Sagen. So erzählt der chriſtliche Erzbiſchof Synesius in einem Briefe, den uns **Fabricius** bibliotheca Gr. T. VIII p. 236 ed. pr. aufbewahrt hat, daß ſie ſich.

ſindlich iſt, wäſcht der Gebieterin mit einem Schwamme die übernächtigen Brodkruſten aus dem Geſichte. Was ſie hier abwiſcht, heißt in der Kunſtſprache Kataplasma; die Seifenkugeln und Pillen, womit die Haut glatt und gleißend gemacht wird, ſind hier unter dem Namen Smegmata [20] bekannt. Die einzelnen Benennungen dieſer Seifen und Schönheits-Pillen weitläuftiger anzuführen, würde eine eben ſo trockene als undankbare Unterhaltung gewähren. So viel iſt indeß aus allen Nachrichten gewiß, daß auch in dieſem Stücke, ſo wie überhaupt in allen Salben und Decocten, die nicht durch chemiſche Zubereitungen ihre Vollkommenheit erhalten dürfen, die Alten an Erfindſamkeit unſeren Zeiten durchaus nichts nachgegeben, ſie aber in Vielem noch weit übertroffen haben. Ein Zeitgenoſſe des Cicero, **Varro**, nannte in ſeinen Satyren eine ſolche runzelvertreibende Hautſalbe ſehr komiſch einen **Lederſpanner**, womit die Schuſter das Leder auszudehnen und über den Leiſten zu ſchlagen pflegen [21]. **Phiale** heißt die zweite Sclavin, die das zweite Geſchäft der Schminke beſorgt, und nun die rein gewaſchenen und ausgeglätteten Wangen mit Weiß und Roth anmalt [24]. Doch darf ſie dieſe kosmetiſche Operation nicht eher vornehmen, als bis ſie vorher einen metallenen Spiegel angehaucht und dieſen der Gebieterin **zum Beriechen** dargeboten hat. Dadurch erkennt Sabina, ob das Mädchen einen reinen wohlriechenden Speichel im Munde führt, und die ihm regelmäßig vorgeſchriebenen Paſtillen früh gekaut hat. Denn mit Speichel muß Phiale nun die Schminke erſt anreiben und ſo auftragen, wenn ſie die gehörige Glätte und Dauer auf den Wangen der Domina erhalten ſoll [25].

Die Schächtelchen und Muſchelchen und der ganze Apparat, womit ſchon damals die Frauen Gottes Schöpfung verpfuſchten, um mit Hamlet zu reden, ruhen in zwei Käſtchen aus Elfenbein und Bergkryſtall, die damals unter dem Griechiſchen Namen **Narthekia** ein koſtbares Stück der weiblichen Toilette ausmachten [26]. Gewiß werden meine Leſerinnen mir nicht die Unbedachtſamkeit zutrauen, daß ich hier öffentlich alles verrathen würde, was das Genie erfinderiſcher Damen in dieſen Büchſen und Käſtchen ſo ſorgfältig verborgen hielt. Man kennt ja das engliſche Volksmährchen, welches erzählt, daß einem Handwerksburſchen, der die ſchöne Lady Godiva, als ſie nackend durch Coventry ritt, durch einen Fenſterladen begaffte, die Augen, wie die alte Ueberlieferung ſagt, den Augenblick ausfielen [27]. Der gaffende Thomas von Coventry (the peeping Tom of Coventry) iſt jeder ſträflichen Neugier ein warnendes und ſchreckendes Beiſpiel. Nur ſo viel ſey mir im Allgemeinen anzudeuten erlaubt, daß außer dem ſaturniniſchen, ätzenden Bleiweiß, welches auch ſchon damals ein ſehr beliebtes Schminkmittel war, faſt alle übrige Schminken aus dem unſchuldigeren Pflanzen- und Thierreiche genommen [28], und alſo weit weniger zerſtörend und anfreſſend waren, als die berüchtigten Schönheitsmittel unſerer Tage [29]; und ſo konnte nach der bekannten Fabel Pſyche auch damals ſchon die Schönheit für ihre ſtrenge Frau Schwiegermutter in einem Büchschen aus der Hölle holen, wo ſolche Mixturen doch eigentlich nur gekocht werden ſollten.

Während die geſchäftige Phiale mit dieſer Malerei alle Hände voll zu thun hat, wartet auch ſchon die dritte Sclavin, **Stimmi** iſt ihr Toilettenname, mit einer Muſchel in der linken Hand, worin eine feine Schwärze von gepulvertem Bleiglanz (galene de plomb), die wie Ruß ausſieht und auch wohl ſchlechtweg Ruß (fuligo) genannt wurde, eingerieben und mit Waſſer angemacht iſt, und in der Rechten eine Art von Nadel oder Pinſel haltend. Was nämlich jetzt noch im Orient einen Hauptgegenſtand der weiblichen Verſchönerungskunſt ausmacht, ſchwarze Augenwimpern und Augenbraunen, die in zwei ſchön gewölbten Halbkreiſen an der Naſenwurzel eng an einander laufen und ſich gleichſam begegnen [30], war auch ſchon bei den alten Griechinnen und Römerinnen ein unerläßliches Erforderniß einer ſchönen Frau; und ſo wie in den Haremen der Türken die Frauen oft Stunden lang damit zubringen, mit einem ſchwarzen Staub, den ſie **Surmé** nennen, ſich Wimpern und Augenbraunen anzumalen [31]: ſo war dies auch ein vorzügliches Toilettenge-

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wenn man ſie aufkühe, in wenig Tagen ſelbſt verzehre. Nullum celerius evanescit ſagt ſchon Plinius XXVIII, 10, S. 65. Wider die Ausdehnung verſchrieben ſie ſchon die alten Aerzte. S. die Epitome des Theophanes Nonnus c. 153. p. 419. ed Bernardi, und aus des **Vigneuil Marville** Melanges T. II. p. 129 iſt bekannt, daß der berühmte Arzt **Guy Patin** in Paris ſchon zu ſeiner Zeit die Bemerkung machte, daß in Paris viele Perſonen durch eine jährliche Eſelsmilchcur das achtzigſte Jahr erreichten. Die Hauptſtelle über die Eſelsmilch, als kosmetiſches Mittel, iſt beim Plinius XXVIII. 12, S. 1??: Cutem in facie erugari et tenerescere et candorem custodire lacte asinino putant. Dabei führt er den lächerlichen Aberglauben an, daß einige Weiber ſich gerade ſiebzigmal des Tages mit der Eſelsmilch bähten und waſchen, weil man dieſe Zahl auch im Alterthume für eine ſehr vollkommene Stufenzahl hielt. Die Geſchichte mit der Poppaea, die ſich große Heerden von Eſelinnen auf ihren Reiſen nachkommen ließ, um ſich in Badewannen voll Eſelsmilch zu baden, iſt aus dem Plinius XI. 41. und andern Schriftſtellern bekannt. S. Reimarus zum Dio. T. II. p. 1026 16?. Wir werden auch unſere Sabina davon Gebrauch machen ſehen, wenn wir in der Fortſetzung dieſer Scenen auf die Badeſtube kommen. Natürlich hat man auch dieß, wie billig, den Eſeln zum Verdienſte anzurechnen gewußt. So hat der gelehrte Pariſer Profeſſor **Jean Passerat** in ſeiner mit eben ſo viel Laune als Beleſenheit geſchriebenen Lobrede auf den Eſel (Encomium asini) auch die Wunderwirkungen ſeiner Milch in Anſchlag zu bringen nicht vergeſſen, und der in der Künſtlerwelt berühmte Director der königlichen Akademie zu Neapel, W. **Tiſchbein**, hat in ſeiner komiſchen Thier-Epopoe: **Geburt, Schickſal und Tod eines Eſels** (eine Gallerie allegoriſcher Zeichnungen, worin das Leben eines Eſels in allerlei Situationen dargeſtellt wird), auch eine Eſelsmutter verewigt, die vor dem Hauſe eines reichen Kanonikus gemolken wird, um ihm zu den Liebesfangen der niedlichen Mädchen, die an ſeiner Hausthüre die gemolkene Milch in Empfang nehmen, noch längere Kräfte zu verleihen. Schade, daß dieſe Zeichnungen ſich bis jetzt bloß noch in den Portefeuillen des Künſtlers befinden.

22) **Saumaise** zu den scriptt. hist. Aug. T. I. p. 42.

23) **Festus** s. v. tentipellium.

24) Der Name **Phiale**, als einer ſchmückenden Zofe gehörig, kommt beim Ovid vor in den Metamorphoſen III, 172.

25) **Schminke mit Speichel.** Die Alten hatten ein ganzes Receptbuch, wobei immer der Speichel des Menſchen das Hauptingredienz war, beſonders der Speichel einer nüchternen Frau. S. Plinius XXVIII, 7. S. 22. mit Harduins Anmerkung. Es iſt merkwürdig, daß das altfranzöſiſche fard, welches **Menage** im Dictionnaire Etymologique p. 305 fälſchlich von fucus ableitet, vom Italiäniſchen farda, **ſchleimichten Speichel**, abgeleitet werden muß, weil, wie **Grandi** in ſeinem Briefe an Ludolf ſehr gut bemerkt, die Weiber den Mercuriusſublimat, woraus die Schminke beſteht, mit Speichel miſchten. Daher ſagt **Ariost** in ſeiner erſten Satyre:

Voglio che si contenti della faccia
Non sa ch' il liscio e fatto col salivo
Delle Giudee ch' il vendon, se non sempre
Di muschio ancor perde l'odor cattivo.

26) So nannte man nicht bloß die Salben-, ſondern auch die Schminkbüchſen. S. zu Martial. XIV. 78. Daß in dem Muſeum zu Portici noch jetzt ein ſolches kryſtallenes Käſtchen, durch welches die Schminke vollkommen wie Rouge de Paris ausſieht, von den Fremden bewundert wird, iſt bekannt.

27) S. **Küttners Beiträge zur Kenntniß Englands** St. VIII. S. 65.

28) Die Grundlage bei aller rothen Schminke machte ein Moos, woraus noch heut zu Tage am mittelländiſchen Meere das Lackmus zubereitet wird, die Orſeille, Lichen roccella Linn., worüber **Beckmann Geſchichte der Erfindungen** I. S. 338 ff. ſehr gelehrt gehandelt hat. Dies Moos hieß bei den Griechen und Römern fucus, und dieß wurde die allgemeine Benennung aller Schminke. Außerdem bediente man ſich auch noch anderer Farbeſtoffen, beſonders der Anchusa tinctoria Linn. Aus dem Thierreiche war beſonders ein aus dem Schmutze der attiſchen Schafe, ſo wie er ſich an einige ſchmutzige Theile der Wolle anſetzte, abgekochter Extract, Oesypum genannt (S. die Citate zum Hesychius T. II. p. 7??), und der pulveriſirte Crocodilenmiſt aus Aegypten, der gegen die Hautausſchläge und Sommerflecken gebraucht wurde (S. die Erklärer zu Ovid, art. amand. III., 270), ein ſehr beliebter Beſtandtheil der Toilette.

29) Siehe den launigen Aufſatz im European Magazine 1787: The adventures of Mercury p. 107 seq. Selbſt die ſo gerühmten und als **unſchuldig** empfohlenen Waſchwaſſer haben mineraliſche und alſo corroſive Theile. „So viel ich dieſelben kennen gelernt habe, ſo enthalten ſie **alle** Queckſilber oder Blei in feinerer oder gröberer Geſtalt, genug, die zwei ſchrecklichſten Gifte." Worte des menſchenfreundlichen **Hufeland** in dem leſenswürdigen Aufſatz: **Einige Schönheitsmittel, nicht aus Paris**, in ſeinen **gemeinnützigen Aufſätzen zur Beförderung der Geſundheit** (Leipzig bei Göſchen 1794) S. 85.

30) Die hieher gehörigen Stellen hat **Fischer** zum Anacreon XXVIII. 1? mit dem gründlichſten Fleiße geſammelt. Vor ihm hatte es ſchon **Junius** de pictura III, 9 gethan. Auch die Neugriechinnen haben dieſe Vorliebe für die ſchwarzen Augenbraunen und Wimpern beibehalten. S. **Guys** Voyage littéraire en Grece T. I. p. 106 ed pr.

31) Daher ſagt ein Liebhaber in einem Türkiſchen Liebesliede: er fürchte ſich, ſeine Geliebte zu küſſen, wegen der Skorpionsſcheeren, die ſie über ihren Augen habe. Niemand hat uns neuerlich

ſchätzt bei den Römerinnen, und verdiente wohl, von einer eigenen Dienerin beſorgt zu werden. Sie heißt hier Stimmi, welches der griechiſche Name der Augenſchwärze iſt, die bei den Römern, mit einer geringen Veränderung der Buchſtaben, Stibium hieß. Es war ein Pulver, entweder aus Bleiglanz, oder aus Spießglas oder Wismuth, ſo wie es jetzt noch die Orientalerinnen zur Surmé brauchen [32], und wurde auch eben ſo mit zwei eben etwas krumm gebogenen Griffeln, deren ſich noch jetzt die türkiſchen Frauen dazu bedienen, aufgetragen. Stimmi's geübte Hand hat mit dem köſtlichſten Kallibiepharon (ſo nannte die Toilettenſprache zierlicher, was dem Drogiſten Stimmi hieß) ihre Gebieterin in eine farrenäugige Juno, um mit Vater Homer zu ſprechen, umgeſchaffen [33]. An ihre Stelle tritt Maſtiche, die Zahnputzerin. Sie reicht der gnädigen Frau das, wovon ſie ſelbſt den Namen hat, Maſtix aus der Inſel Chios, welches die Damen alle Morgen gegen die Fäulniß angefreſſener Zähne zu kauen pflegten. Neben den weißgelblichen, durchſichtigen Körnern von der Maſtixpflanze [34] trägt Maſtiche auf einem goldnen Tellerchen, um bei dem ganzen Apparat von Zahntinkturen und Pulvern es an nichts fehlen zu laſſen, auch in einem zierlich gedrehten Porzellänchen Urin eines noch ganz reinen und unſchuldigen Knaben, und in einer niedlichen goldnen Muſchelſchale auch den pulveriſirten Bimſenſtein, der durch die Beimiſchung eines ſehr fein zerriebenen Marmors in allerlei Farben ſpielt. Doch dies nur zum Schein. Die Zähne, die hier in einer niedlichen Kapſel verwahrt, von der klugen Zahnputzerin ſo eben in das gehörige Fach eingeſetzt werden ſollen, bedurften dieſer künſtlichen Politur nicht, und die allenfalls noch vorhandenen Backenzähne können durch kein Zahnpulver in der Welt geglättet und gebleicht werden. Denn um der Zweifler willen ſey es erinnert, daß die [illegible] mit erborgten Zähnen von Elfenbein, die mit Gold ins Zahnfleiſch eingeſetzt wurden, ſchon ſo alt iſt, daß ſogar ſchon in den älteſten Geſetzen der Römer, den zwölf Tafeln, der Fall ausdrücklich erwähnt wurde, wenn eine Leiche falſche Zähne mit Gold eingeſetzt habe [35]. Aus den Sinngedichten des Martial ſchließen wir, daß dieſer Zahnbetrug zu ſeiner Zeit allgemein geweſen ſein müſſe [36]. So führt er einmal das Zahnpulver redend ein (XIV, 56):

> Weib, was willſt du von mir? Ich diene jungen
> Mädchen: keine gekauften Zähne putz' ich.

Und ſo wäre denn überhaupt dieſer erſte Morgenbeſuch beim Putztiſche einer galanten Römerin, trotz des ungeheuern Gepranges, das ſich in der Menge der ſie umringenden und einzeln abgerichteten Sclavinnen zeigte, ein tröſtlicher oder auch niederſchlagender Beweis mehr, daß im geprieſenen Alterthum die Göttin Mode nicht allein eben ſo viele Verehrerinnen und Altäre gezählt habe, als jetzt, ſondern daß ihr auch ungefähr mit derſelbigen Andacht wohlgefällige Opfer dargebracht wurden, womit noch jetzt an ſo manchem Putztiſche dieſer allgebietenden Göttin gehuldigt und geräuchert wird. Auch damals hätte ſchon mancher Portraitmaler dieſelbe Entſchuldigung machen können, womit der berühmte Pietari, wie dort Cheſterfield erzählt, einſt eine ſo unverſchämte und zuſammengeflickte Schöne, die ſich von ihm malen laſſen wollte, zurückwies: er habe nie ein anderes Werk copirt, als was er und der liebe Gott gemacht hätten [37].

Was der Römiſche Epigrammatiſt ſeiner Landsmännin ſagt [38]:

> Galla, es ſetzt dein Putz ſich aus hundert Lügen zuſammen;
> Während in Rom du lebſt, wächſt dein Haar dir am Rhein.
> Wie dein ſeidnes Kleid, ſo hebſt du am Abend den Zahn auf,
> Und zwei Drittel von dir liegen in Schächtelein verpackt.
> Wangen und Augenbrauen, womit du Erhörung uns zuwinkſt,
> Malt des Mädchens Kunſt, die dich am Morgen geſchmückt.
> Darum kann kein Mann zu dir: ich liebe dich, ſagen.
> Was er liebt, biſt nicht du! Was du biſt, liebet kein Mann. —

Das ſagte ſechzehn Jahrhundert ſpäter la Bruyere auch den ſeinigen [39]: „Ich habe die Stimmen der Männer geſammelt, und faſt alle waren der Meinung, daß es ihnen eben ſo verhaßt ſey, die Weiber mit Bleiweiß auf dem Geſichte, als mit falſchen Zähnen im Munde und mit Wachskugeln in den Kinnbacken zu ſehen. Die Männer proteſtiren feierlich gegen jedes Kunſtſtück, das die Weiber zu ihrer Verhäßlichung anwenden. Sie behaupten, daß ſie vor Gott und Menſchen daran unſchuldig wären, und es für ein untrügliches Mittel hielten, ſie zu heilen, wenn ſie an den Weibern krank lägen."

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dieſen Theil der orientaliſchen Toilette genauer beſchrieben, als Sonnini Voyage dans la haute et basse Egypte T. I. ch. 16. p. 290 sqq. In den Waarenverzeichniſſen der Levante kommt auch Schminkſchwärze häufig unter dem Namen Alquifoux oder Arquifoux vor. Das Stimmi iſt alſo die galena tessulata, der Bleiglanz, und keineswegs das Alkohol oder Spießglas, wie Grandi in ſeinem Briefe an Rudolf S. 117 glaubt. Dieſer Grandi war ein Arzt zu Venedig im 17ten Jahrhundert, der alles, was ſich aus dem Alterthum und aus dem Munde neuerer Reiſender ſammeln ließ, ſehr fleißig in dieſem Briefe zuſammenſtellte in den Ephemeridibus Naturae curiosorum Anni VI. Decur. II. p. 81 seqq. Append.

[32] Dallaway's (im Gefolge des vorigen engliſchen Geſandten Ainsley in Conſtantinopel) Constantinople ancient and modern (London 1798. 4.) p. 20. Man vergeſſe hierbei nicht, daß in der Levante die Sitten der Vorzeit, beſonders in den Harems, von Geſchlecht zu Geſchlecht unveränderlich erhalten wurden, und daß in allen dieſen dort kein Wechſel der Moden, wie der Mondphaſen, iſt.

[33] Die Hauptſtelle iſt im Juvenal von einem fanatiſchen Weichling: Ille supercilium madida fuligine tactum Obliqua producit acu pingitque trementes Attollens oculos. Petron. c. 110. p. 505 nennt dies witzig: die Augenbrauen aus der Schminkbüchſe holen, supercilia proferre de pyxide. Die ganze Zubereitung dieſer ſchwärzenden Augenſalbe hieß bei den Römiſchen Damen, wie wir aus einem Fragment des Varro beim Grammatiker Nonius wiſſen, S. 107, Callиblepharum, Schönauge. S. Bernard zu des Nonnus Recepten, oder Epitome c. 54. p. 219. Sie wurde mit einem beſonderen Werkzeuge aufgetragen. Was Juvenal obliquam acum nennt, heißt beim Galen, wo er die täglich ſich ſtimmiſirenden Weiber anführt (αἱ ὁσημέραι στιμμιζόμεναι γυναῖκες), μήλη, d. h. specillum, eine Sonde. S. Foesius in Oecon. Hipp. s. v. μήλη.

[34] Maſtix-Kauen. Das Wort μαστίχη, Maſtix, ſelbſt beweiſt, daß man dies Product von den früheſten Zeiten an gekaut (μαστάζειν, wovon auch maxilla, machoire) habe. Maſtixkauende Männer kommen beim Clemens von Alexandrien vor Paed. III p. 222. D. und Weiber 251. D. Die Sitte dauert in der Levante noch überall fort. S. Sonnini Voyage dans la haute et basse Egypte T. III. p. 366. Scio iſt die reiche Mutter dieſer Maſtixbäume und des Harzes von der Pistacia lentiscus. S. Murray's Apparatus medicaminum regni veget. T. I. p. 126. ed. II. Noch jetzt muß die Inſel Scio einige Tauſend Pfund dieſer Maſtixkörner als Tribut nach Conſtantinopel liefern, wo die Frauen ſie fleißig kauen, um ſich wohlriechenden Athem und weiße Zähne zu verſchaffen. S. Tournefort Voyage du Levant. T. I. p. 145 und Galand in Choiseuls Voyage pittoresque en Grece T. I. p. 180. Die Stellen der Alten giebt Bernard zu Nonnus, in der epitome c. 109. p. 338, wo ἡ Χία μαστίχη μασσωμένη vorkommt. Selbſt das Holz des Maſtixbaums wurde vor allem andern zu Zahnſtochern gebraucht. Martial erwähnt nicht allein die cuspides lentisci III, 82, vergl. VI, 74, ſondern führt ſie auch in ſeinen Geräthſchafts-Diſtichen XIV, 22 beſonders als dentiscalpia auf. Statt ihrer hatte der verſilberte Trimalchio gar einen ſilbernen Stocher, spinam argenteam, S. Petron c. 33. p. 128 mit den Anmerkungen. Arme Leute, die koſtbaren Maſtixſtocher nicht kaufen konnten, nahmen, wie bei uns, mit Federn vorlieb. Daher wurden die Maſtixbäume auch in Italien fleißig angebaut, und die Stadt Linternum war durch die Cultur dieſer Bäume (deren Holz auch den Motten widerſteht, Columella V, 10) berühmt. S. Ovid Metamorph. XV, 714. Aus Dioscorides ſieht man, daß mit der Maſtix große Verfälſchungen vorgingen, und man auch andere Harze, ſtatt der ächten Maſtix, brauchte. Daſſelbe geſchieht noch jetzt häufig in der Levante, wo die ärmeren Frauen ſich eines andern Pflanzenproducts aus der Atractilis gummifera Linn. bedienen, es aber auch Maſtix nennen. Sonnini hat in ſeiner Voyage en Grece et en Turquie T. II. p. 126 f. mehrere Beobachtungen darüber mitgetheilt.

[35] Cic. de legg. II, 24. Es war ſtreng verboten, den Todten Gold mitzugeben. Dabei war jedoch namentlich die Ausnahme erwähnt, daß dies nicht auf die Leichen ginge, die falſche Zähne mit Gold eingeſetzt hatten. Es iſt merkwürdig, daß nach Tiſchbeins Erzählung (S. Vaſengemälde Bd. 1. S. 63.) in einem Grabe, wo alte Griechiſche Vaſen gefunden wurden, auch ſieben Zähne, an einen Golddraht gereiht, ausgegraben worden ſind. Man vergl. daſelbſt die Anmerk.

[36] Das Zahnpulver aus Bimsſtein rühmt Plinius XXXVI, 21. S. 42 dentifricium e pumice. Vergl. die Erklärer zu Martial XIV, 56. Man miſchte Marmorſtaub darunter (μαρμάρου ῥινίσματα), ſagt Nonnus in ſeinem antiken Zahnpulver-Recepte in Epitome c. 112. p. 343, wo Bernard nachzuleſen. Dieſelben calcinirten Subſtanzen kommen auch noch, wie Kenner verſichern, in die meiſten Zahnpulvern unſrer Tage vor, wenn gleich Verkäufer an ſchön klingenden Namen es nicht fehlen laſſen. So das berühmte Zahnpulver der engliſchen Ladies, Gemet's Perl-Eſſenz, pearl-dentifrice.

[37] He never copied anybodie's Work, but his own and God Almighty's. Man leſe Cheſterfield's launigen Aufſatz in der Wochenſchrift the World No. 105. T. III. p. 8.

[38] Epigr. IX, 38.

[39] Caracteres T. I. p. 153.

Karl Wilhelm Böttiger,

ein Sohn des berühmten Archäologen, ward am 15. Auguſt 1790 in Bautzen geboren, erhielt ſeine Erziehung im väterlichen Hauſe zu Weimar und beſuchte darauf das Gymnaſium zu Gotha, welches er 1808 verließ, um in Leipzig Philoſophie, Philologie und Geſchichte zu ſtudiren. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn promovirte er als Doctor der Philoſophie und ging dann, nachdem er ebenfalls ein Examen in Dresden rühmlich beſtanden, als Erzieher bei dem Grafen von Schönfeld im Jahre 1812 nach Wien. — Hier verweilte er bis 1815, worauf er in Göttingen privatiſirte. Im Jahre 1817 habilitirte er ſich als Privatdocent in Leipzig, ward 1819 außerordentlicher Profeſſor daſelbſt, ſo wie 1821 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und zweiter Univerſitätsbibliothekar zu Erlangen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die deutſche Geſchichte für Gymnaſien und Schulen. Erlangen, 1823 3. Aufl. 1831.
Die allgemeine Geſchichte für Schule und Haus. Erlangen, 1824. 5. Aufl. 1832.
Geſchichte Baierns nach ſeinen alten und neuen Beſtandtheilen. Erlangen, 1832.
Geſchichte des Kurſtaates und Königreiches Sachſen. Hamb. 1830. 2 Bde.
Heinrich der Löwe, Herzog der Sachſen und Baiern. Hannov. 1819.
Geſchichte des deutſchen Landes und des deutſchen Volkes. Stuttgart, 1835.
Außerdem mehrere Abhandlungen, Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, Artikel in der Encyclopädie von Erſch und Gruber u. ſ. w.

Gründlichkeit, echtes Wiſſen, kritiſcher Scharfblick, Wahrheitsliebe und eine einfache und anſpruchsloſe Darſtellung, welche ſich jedoch der Anmuth und Würde in hohem Grade erfreut, zeichnen B's hiſtoriſche Leiſtungen höchſt vortheilhaft aus, um ſo mehr, als er, wie ſein berühmter Vater, nicht darauf ausgeht nur den Gelehrten zu gefallen, ſondern auf eine gemeinnützige und edle Weiſe für alle Stände zu wirken und, wie er ausdrücklich in der Vorrede zu ſeiner Biographie Heinrich's des Löwen ſagt, für den gelehrten wie für den gebildeten Leſer zu arbeiten. Der entſchiedene Beifall, den ſeine ſämmtlichen Schriften fortwährend finden, beurkundet, wie ſehr es ihm gelang, das vorgeſteckte Ziel zu erreichen. — Wir theilen hier einige Kapitel aus ſeinem neueſten Werke mit (Geſchichte des deutſchen Landes und des deutſchen Volkes. Stuttgart und Leipzig bei F. Scheible), auf das wir, da die vortreffliche äußere Ausſtattung wie der höchſt billige Preis in vollem Einklange ſtehen mit dem gediegenen Inhalte, die Aufmerkſamkeit beſonders hinzulenken wünſchen, zumal da die hier gegebene Probe das Lob, das wir aus inniger Ueberzeugung dem würdigen Verfaſſer ſpendeten, nach unſerer Anſicht vollkommen beſtätigen wird. —

Innerer Zuſtand Deutſchlands und der Deutſchen ſeit der Gründung neuer Staaten, nach Verfaſſung, Ständen, Religion, Lebensart und Sitten.

Gewiß, ein entwicklungsfähiges, an Körper und Seele geſundes Volk wie das deutſche, mußte in fünf bis ſechs Jahrhunderten ſich ſehr verändert haben, und eine Schilderung des neuen Zuſtandes gleich der des alten am Eingange des Werkes, kann wie ein Rechnungsabſchluß über das Gewonnene und wie eine Vorbereitung zum neu zu Gewinnenden betrachtet werden. Aber eine ſolche Schilderung hat bei dem eingemiſchten Fremdartigen (Römiſchen), bei dem Dunkel und Widerſpruche der Quellen, bei der Kürze, die hier keine Erörterung des Für und Wider zuläßt, ihr Schwieriges und bei dem Gange, welchen das Juwel des Volkes, ſeine Freiheit, nimmt, ihr Widriges. Dennoch muß die Geſchichte nicht blos erzählen, das iſt ihre Wahrheit; ſondern auch richten, das iſt ihr Recht.

Wir haben es geſehen, wie der ſtarke Deutſche ſich zum Strafgericht geſetzt hat über den Römer und ſeine Schwäche, aber wir werden uns wundern, daß er den Schatten eines Reiches ehrt, deſſen Körper er mit Füßen getreten hat. Wir folgen zuerſt unſerm Landsmann in ſeine neue Staaten, weil von ihnen die Rückwirkung auf die alte, angeerbte Heimath ausgegangen iſt.

Wie ſetzten die verhältnißmäßig nicht zahlreichen Stämme der Deutſchen ſich in den Beſitz der neuen großen und ſtark bevölkerten Länder? Ohne die Erſchlaffung und Sklaverei des Römers wäre dieſer Proceß kaum denkbar geweſen. Man hat auch in neuern Zeiten einen oder wenige Bewaffnete 100 entmuthigte Gefangene geleiten ſehen. Der gedrückte Römer fragte endlich wenig mehr, wer ihn drücke, und der Unglückliche ſetzt ſeine Hoffnung auf das Neue, wenn's nicht ſchlimmer werden kann

Als die Burgunder ſich im ſüdöſtlichen Gallien feſtſetzten, erhielt jeder Freie dieſes Volkes von jedem einzelnen römiſchen Hofe nur die Hälfte zu ſeiner Wohnung, vom angebauten Lande zwei Drittel, und ein Drittheil der vorgefundenen Sklaven, wobei er wohl die Sklaven deutſchen Volkes los und ledig gab. Ein ſolcher Antheil, wahrſcheinlich ausgelooſet, hieß ein Loos (sors), das ſo bekommene war erbeigenthümlich Allod (vielleicht von od das Gut oder von a lod ein Loos?). Spätere nachkommende Burgunder erhielten, da lange nicht Alles zur Theilung gekommen, zwar auch noch Gut, doch nur die Hälfte der Aecker und ohne Sklaven. Freigelaſſene ein Drittheil. Wälder blieben ungetheilt. Die neuen Herren, die mit dem Römer theilten, hießen ſeine Gäſte, hospes, und das ganze Verhältniß Gaſtfreundſchaft, Kameradſchaft (hospitalitas) *). Es mag freilich mit ſolchen Einquartierungsgäſten in dieſer bleibenden Form noch viel weniger, als in neuerer Zeit gedient geweſen ſeyn! Daß der deutſche König ſich dabei nicht vergeſſen haben wird, daß er vor allem in den Beſitz alles deſſen trat, was früher Staatseigenthum und Domaine der römiſchen Kaiſer war, ſieht man aus den vielen Vergabungen, die er ſpäter davon zu ſehr eigennützigen Zwecken machte. Aehnlich war es bei den Weſtgothen. Die Oſtgothen nahmen nur ⅓ des eroberten Landes, oder traten vielmehr nur in das Drittheil ihrer deutſchen Vorgänger in Italien ein. Von dem Lande, was gar nicht in Vertheilung kam, erhob der König den dritten Theil der Früchte, ſo wie die römiſche Grund- und Kopf-Steuer (indictio und census). Auch die römiſche Verfaſſung dauerte meiſtens fort, Senat, Beamter, Statthalter der Provinzen, beſonders die Rathſitze des Orts, der Curia, der Decurionen. Nur das Heer bildeten ausſchließend die Gothen.

Nicht ſo beſtimmt tritt das Verhältniß bei den Franken heraus, weil dieſe entſchieden mehr als bloßes Gefolge über die römiſchen Länder herfielen, und wahrſcheinlich Alles in Anſpruch nahmen, und theils an die Einzelnen verließen, theils für den allgemeinen Fiscus des Gefolges beſtimmten. Dennoch blieben auch hier viele römiſche Grundbeſitzer, doch unter der Hoheit der Franken, die ſich gleichſam als den herrſchenden Adel, den Römer und Gallier mit wenigen Ausnahmen als den Pöbel (die misera contribuens plebs der Ungarn) betrachteten. Als der Gefolgsführer der Franken durch ſeine römiſchen Domainen und Unterthanen, durch ſein Waffenglück und ſeine Klugheit ſich mehr zum Könige umſtempelte, als er unabhängiger von dem guten Willen und der Freigebigkeit ſeiner Franken wurde, gedachte er noch weniger, als früher von der Spitze ſeines Gefolges in den Privatſtand zurückzutreten; er mußte alſo beim Schwerte bleiben, um fortwährend Anführer zu ſeyn, aber er mußte ſich auch ſein Gefolge zu vergrößern und dauernder zu verpflichten trachten, er mußte beſonders die Angeſehenen des Volkes (auch wohl der vorgefundenen reichen Römer) in ſein beſonderes Intereſſe zu ziehen ſuchen, und ſo verlieh er ſolchen aus ſeinem beſondern Antheil an der Eroberung, oder aus dem gemeinſchaftlich Gebliebenen einzelne Güter und Nutzungen, gegen den Eid beſonderer Treue und Dienſtleiſtung. Solches, freilich nur bedingt auf die Dauer der beſondern Dienſte und Treue, Geliehene hieß Lehn (beneficium), und Aehnliches trat

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*) v. Savigny. Geſch. des römiſchen Rechts im Mittelalter. I. (Heidelb. 1815.) 255 u. ff.

auch bei den andern germaniſchen Staaten außer Deutſchland ein.

So ſtellt ſich jetzt ſehr bedenklich neben die alte angeſtammte Freiheit und Gleichheit ein Verhältniß hin, von dem wohl Niemand vorausſah, wohin es führen dürfte. Der Freie meinte ſeine Freiheit nur zu mehren, und opferte ſie aus Habſucht oder Ehrgeiz auf. Es täuſchte ihn, daß er in der freien Volksgemeinde bleibe und dort, frei, wie ſonſt, ſein Wort erheben durfte, aber die freie Volksgemeinde ſchwand ſelbſt zuſammen, wie die Freiheit ſchwand. Der Belehnte iſt jetzt Mann des Königs, während er früher Mann der Freiheit war. Es ſchien unverfänglich, in der Treue gegen den König ſich beſonders befeſtigen zu laſſen, aber er ahnete nicht, daß er damit den König auf ſeinen Schultern über die allgemeine Freiheit hob, daß er fortan nur **mit** dem König, nicht **gegen** ihn ſtimmen durfte, und daß er ſich wohl auch gegen die allgemeine Freiheit würde brauchen laſſen müſſen. Freilich klang die Lockpfeife des Vogelfängers lieblich. Er wurde jetzt des Königs Hochvertrauter (Antrustio), und als ſolcher zu den Herzogs- und Grafen-Stellen in den Provinzen vorzugsweiſe auserkoren, oder er trat in die Hofſtellen ein, mit welchen ſich allmälig nach alt-römiſchem Beiſpiel, der römiſchen Unterthanen wegen, der König umgab; oder er wurde wenigſtens des Königs Getreuer und Vaſſe (vassus), oder ſein Vaſall (vielleicht daraus das Wort Geſell), oder ſein Miniſterial (für unkriegeriſchen Dienſt, Hof, Jagd, Zoll u. ſ. w.). So entſtand ein Staat im Staat, der Staat der **Leute** (Leudes), die bald mit Stolz (vielleicht auch mit Neid) auf die herabblickten, welche ſolchen Dienſt — denn immer war es Dienſt und Dienſtbarkeit — verſchmähten, und auf ihrem erſeſſenen und ererbten Gute (Alod) als freie deutſche Wehren, Barer, Barone ſaßen, und nur durch das allgemeine Aufgebot, Heerbann, bald Königsbann, mit dem Könige zuſammen kamen. Ihnen war der König nur das Volks-, nicht das perſönliche Oberhaupt, nicht Herr, dominus, und senior (woraus seigneur, Sire geworden), wie dem Vaſallen. Aber auch die großen Vaſſen (Vassi fortiores, majores, optimates) konnten wieder Untervaſſen oder Vaſallen haben, die dann ihrem Lehnsherrn dieſelbe Treue ſchuldeten, als dieſer dem Könige als Senior; ſo verknüpfte ſich die Sache immer mehr. Was ſonſt Verbrechen an der Nation, Uebergang zum Feind, Hochverrath u. ſ. w., wurde bald Majeſtätsverbrechen. Wer hätte bei den alten Geleiten in den deutſchen Wäldern gedacht, daß ſie ſolche Früchte tragen würden! Und das war das Ende höchſtens nur vom **Anfang** und erſten Grade der Lehnstyrannei.

An der Spitze eines ehemaligen Geleites, nun eines Volkes, ſtand bei allen ſelbſtändigen germaniſchen Stämmen der **König**. Die urſprüngliche Wahl war faſt eine Form geworden, ein Nachklang früherer Volksfreiheit; man hat angefangen, bei einem Geſchlecht zu bleiben, und ſeit der Bildung der neuen Vaſſen und der Verſtärkung des königlichen Beſitzes durch früher römiſches Staatseigenthum war es ſchwer, den Sohn des Königs oder Bruder bei der Wahl zu übergehen. Nur Weiber ließen die Franken nicht regieren, die Kunkel nicht zum Scepter werden. Der König ſtand in dem dreifachen Verhältniß, des freigewählten, aber bald nicht mehr zu entfernenden Führers freier Germanen, des Seniors eines gewaltigen ihm anhangenden Geleites und des Herrn der unterworfenen Römer. Wie verführeriſch, die eine Rolle nicht mit der andern zu verwechſeln! Bald als erſter Beamter in den meiſten germaniſchen Königreichen ſtand ihm zunächſt der Aelteſte des königlichen Hauſes, der major domus, den Einige auch Hausmeier nennen. Wie über den Hof des freien Franken, über die Knechte und Mägde ein Meier oder Aufſeher geſetzt war, ſo mögen urſprünglich auch dem königlichen Hofe ſolche Beamte vorgeſtanden haben, die durch ihre Nähe um den König mit einigem Talente ſich bald ſehr wichtig machen konnten. Nach einer andern neuern Anſicht *) war dieſer Majordom ein von dem Geleite gewählter Aufſeher über die Leute (Leudes) und über den Fiscus, aus welchem ſie beſoldet wurden, und gewiß nicht bloß um des Königs Pfalz, ſondern im ganzen Lande herum lebten; darum hieß er auch der Meiſter oder Comes des königlichen Hauſes, der Unterkönig. Wie man auch dieſes Amt erkläre, es wurde endlich den Königen ſelbſt gefährlicher, als der Nation. Sonſt umgaben noch den König: der Kanzler oder Referendarius, eine Art Staatskanzler, der comes palatii, der Hofrichter in des Königs Pfalz, der cubicularius oder camerarius der Einnahmen der königlichen Privateinkünfte, der comes stabuli (daraus connetable), ſpäter marescalcus, urſprünglich mit der Aufſicht über die Pferde (Mähre), ſpäter auch Anführer der Reiterei und Hof-Feldherr, der Seneſchall, Haupt des Hofgeſindes, ſpäter als dapifer, Truchſeß, erſcheinend, der buticularius (buticula, Bouteille), Schenke, Kellermeiſter u. ſ. w. Der König lebte von ſeinen Domainen, den Steuern, die der Römer zahlte, von den Geſchenken, Strafgeldern. Der freie Deutſche kannte keine Steuern, ſo wie das Alode noch keine Abgabe, keine Servituten kannte, da Wald und Waſſer, Erde und Haus für den Freien noch unbeſteuert waren. Sein einziger Dienſt war der des Krieges, und auch deſſen anfangs nur, wenn die Volksverſammlung ihn beſchloſſen, oder wenigſtens genehmigt hatte. Die Verwaltung der Provinz ſtand unter einem dux nach Römerweiſe oder comes, welches, wo nicht mehr, doch gleichbedeutend war. Da dieſe römiſche Würde mit dem deutſchen Amt der Grafen in mancher Hinſicht übereinſtimmte, noch dazu die Grafen (Grafio), welche früher das Volk gewählt, ſpäter vom Könige und wahrſcheinlich aus ſeinem Gefolge (e comitatu, e comitibus) angeſetzt wurden, ſo wurde der römiſche comes und der deutſche Grafentitel vermiſcht gebraucht und endlich für ganz gleich geachtet und verwechſelt, wenn anfangs auch comites in den mehr römiſchen, Grafionen mehr in den rein deutſchen Provinzen vorkamen. Das Amt des Grafio im Gau, der theils aus Privat-, theils aus Kirchen- und königlichem oder Fiscus-Eigenthum beſtand ([illegible] im angelſächſiſchen und noch im nördlichen Deutſchland in Dorfe, Deich-Gerbe u. ſ. w. übrig), war noch das Doppelte zu Gericht und Krieg. In letzterer Beziehung waren ſie gleichſam die Oberſten ihrer Regimenter unter dem Militairherzog der Provinz. In erſterer Beziehung gab es auch wohl Vicecomites und Advocatos als ihre Stellvertreter.

Dem **Adel** des Geſchlechts geſellte ſich jetzt eine Art von Dienſtadel bei, indem die königlichen Antruſtionen und höheren Leudes, ſtatt unter dem Stande der Freien durch ihre Dienſtbarkeit herabzuſinken, ſich dem Adel gleichzuſetzen anfingen. Ja bei den Franken war das Wehrgeld (ſ. unten) eines Edeln 300, und eines königlichen Dienſtmanns 300, und des Grafen 600 Schillinge, während das des gemeinen Freien 200 war. So entſtand ein neuer Adel aus dem Geleite, der allmälig mit dem alten Nationaladel verſchmolz.

Der Stand der **freien Wehren** (ingenui), ehemals der eigentliche Kern des Volkes, trat über dem Geleit und den Leudes ſchon in den Hintergrund. Doch hatte er, wie jene, das Waffenrecht, daher die Verpflichtung nur zum Heerbann und zur Volksverſammlung, Abgabenfreiheit, das Recht des Zeugniſſes und Eides, und in der Regel die Befreiung von der Leibesſtrafe und körperlicher Züchtigung vor allen Unfreien voraus.

Sehr verſchieden waren die Abſtufungen der **Unfreien**. Man könnte ſie von unten auf nach ihrer Währung alſo ordnen: Sklaven, römiſche, vorgefunden bei den Römern; deutſche, Leibeigene, deren Lage nach den Völkern und nach ihrer Verwendung ſehr verſchieden war. Dieſem Stande gehörten damals faſt ohne Ausnahme die Handwerker an, aber die Geſchicklichkeit des Einzelnen erhöhte ſeine Währung von 35 auf 70 Schillinge und darüber. Ein Theil der Leibeigenen diente in dem Herrenhaus (lassi, gasindi, Geſinde); ein anderer bekam eine Hütte und etwas Feld, casa servi casati (Koſſäten), und bebauete dieß für ſeinen Herrn, und konnte ſich ſeine Freiheit verdienen. Die Freilaſſung war feierlich und öffentlich. Der Leibeigene bot ſeinem Herrn einen Denar (Pfennig), und dieſer ſchlug ihm denſelben aus der Hand. Auch geſchah es durch ſchriftliche Urkunde (denariales, tabularii). Der Sklave hatte kein Wehrgeld und kein Eigenthum, und war bloße Sache, konnte als ſolche verkauft werden; der Leibeigene konnte Eigenthum und Freiheit erwerben. Dagegen konnte der Leibeigene kein Zeugniß, keinen Eid ablegen, keine Waffen tragen; gefoltert, mit Peitſchenhieben, Entmannung und Hinrichtung beſtraft werden. Der Freigelaſſene, frilassi, häufig auch litus genannt, ſtand immer noch unterm Schutze oder Munde (mundium, mundeburdium) ſeines ehemaligen Leibherrn, der auch den größten Theil des Wehrgeldes zog.

Eben ſo war die Stellung der Hörigen oder liten, Unter- oder Hinterſaſſen eines Grundbeſitzers, in deren Reihe auch die Colonen, die Barſchalken, welche die Güter der Kirchen in Erbzins nahmen, ſich anſchließen dürfen. Es waren eine Art Mittelfreie, zu denen auch die ehemaligen römiſchen Grundbeſitzer mit gehören mochten, die durch die Eroberung um ihren freien Grundbeſitz gekommen waren.

Recht und Gerichtsweſen hatten vielfache Ausbildung erfahren. In den eroberten Ländern fand man ein vollkommen durchgebildetes Recht, das römiſche, vor. Es ehrt den Deutſchen, daß er den Römer und überhaupt Jeden bei ſeinen angeſtammten Geſetzen ließ; der Römer und die Geiſtlichkeit wurden nach römiſchen, der Germane nach ſeines Volkes Satzungen gerichtet. Es konnten ihrer fünf neben einander, jeder unter verſchiedenem Rechte ſtehen; die Geburt entſchied. Nur die Ehefrau lebte nach dem Rechte des Mannes, bis ſie als Wittwe zum angebornen zurücktrat. Aber auf dem Römer ſtand in der Regel nur das halbe, auf der deutſchen Frau und Jungfrau das doppelte Wehrgeld des freien Mannes. Dieſe Achtung vor dem ſchwächeren, wehrloſen Geſchlecht hat den Deutſchen nicht verlaſſen.

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*) H. Luden, Geſch. d. deutſchen Volks. III. (Gotha, 1827.) S. 260 u. ff. Ganz zweifelsfrei iſt jedoch auch dieſe Anſicht nicht.

Der **Graf** oder ſein Stellvertreter ſaß dem Gaugerichte (**Gau-Ding**) vor, welches zu regelmäßigen Friſten unter freiem Himmel, auf Hügeln unter Bäumen, auf dem Mal, dem Malberg beim aufgerichteten Schilde (mallus), oder außerordentlich (gebotenes Ding, Botding) gehalten wurde. Aber er vollzog nur das Urtheil; ihm zur Seite ſtehen die freien Schöffen (ſpäter scabinen genannt), welche das Urtheil fanden und ſprachen, worauf bei den Franken die Rathinburgen oder Rachinburgen [Rechtsbürgen, nach Andern *) — von Recke groß, fürtrefflich — Männer von vollkommener Rechtsfähigkeit und Ehre, wie die Arimannen der Lombarden, die cives optimo jure, boni homines, die ricos hombres, prud'hommes, und gleichbedeutend mit Schöffen] ſich verbürgen, daß das Urtheil dem ſaliſchen Recht gemäß geſprochen ſey. — Die Sachibaronen der Franken waren entweder ſo viel wie Schöffen ſelbſt (aber dann wegen des höheren Wehrgeldes wohl vom Adel?) oder des Grafen Stellvertreter. Vielleicht waren ſie auch nur zu Rechtsbelehrung der Schöffen ſelbſt da. In kleineren Bezirken (doch nicht in Sachen über Leben und Freiheit) ſtand der Centenar (bei den Longobarden in Italien der Sculdais, Schultheiß, Schultz), und in der bloßen Mark der Decan oder Tunginus (Dorfgrebe). Der König konnte in der Volksverſammlung Bann und Acht ausſprechen, beſonders gegen die, die ſich dem Recht entzogen. Es galt nur der Anklageproceß, und der Beklagte hatte den Beweis der Unſchuld zu führen. Entſchied ſich die Sache vor Gericht nicht durch Zeugen, Urkunden, Eid und Eideshelfer (Mitſchwörer): ſo griff man endlich zum Gottesurtheil, zum Ordal, deſſen älteſte Form der Zweikampf (Wehading) war (doch konnte man auch in einigen Fällen Campionen, Kämpfer, für ſich ſtellen), oder zum Keſſelfang (aeneum), wo man einen Ring oder Aehnliches aus einem Keſſel ſiedenden Waſſers herausholen, oder die Feuerprobe, wo man glühend Eiſen in die Hand nehmen oder über eine Anzahl glühender Pflugſchaaren gehen mußte. Wer im Zweikampf unterlag, wer Arm oder Fuß bei den andern Proben beſchädigte, war rechtsfällig. Aber wahrſcheinlich gab es Mittel, die Wirkung des Feuers abzuwenden, oder man betrachtete die ganze Probe mehr als ein Abſchreckungsmittel und als eine Nöthigung zu vorherigem freiwilligem Geſtändniſſe, oder Uebereinkommen. Auch konnte man ſich in einigen Fällen von den Proben loskaufen. — Der Eid wurde anfangs auf die Waffen, ſpäter auf's Kreuz oder Reliquien geleiſtet. Die Zahl der Mitſchwörenden (consacramentalen) konnte bis auf 72 ſteigen. Wie mußte da die Heiligkeit des Eides ſchon geſchwunden ſeyn! Bei einem Kaufe eines Hofes, Weinberges u. ſ. w. mußten nach ripuariſchen Geſetzen 6 oder 12 Zeugen und eben ſo viele Knaben gegenwärtig ſeyn, deren jeder eine Maulſchelle bekam und am Ohre gezupft wurde, damit ſie der Sache noch in ſpäter Zeit ſich erinnern möchten. Bei Raub und Mord konnten der Verletzte oder deſſen Erben ſtatt der Klage auch zur Privathülfe, Fehde (faida), greifen, der Selbſtrache, der aber ſpäterhin das Chriſtenthum entgegenarbeitete.

Das Wiedervergeltungsrecht iſt die unterſte Stufe der Rechtsverfaſſung, und mit Staat und Sittlichkeit gleich unverträglich; darum dachte man frühzeitig an die Beilegung (compositio), das Wehrgeld, als bedingte Aufhebung der Blutrache. Man muß ſich das ganze Verhältniß des Einzelnen gleichſam unter dem Schutze einer Geſammtbürgſchaft des Volkes denken. Es war eine wechſelſeitige Vertheidigung des Lebens und Beſitzes, eine Gewährleiſtung, Gewähr, Gewere, wodurch es dann theils für den Beſitz ſelbſt, theils für die Fähigkeit und Recht, ihn zu vertheidigen, genommen wurde. Daher der Ausdruck, man ſolle einander bei friedlicher Gewähre laſſen. Und dieſes Wehrgeld, zugleich Würderungstarif der verſchiedenen Menſchenklaſſen eines Volkes, iſt ein Hauptgegenſtand der germaniſchen **Geſetze**, die, wenn auch in etwas ſpätern Ueberarbeitungen, noch vorhanden und für den damaligen Rechts- und Cultur-Zuſtand von hoher Wichtigkeit ſind. Sie ſind leider in lateiniſcher Sprache, weil man es auch mit Römern zu thun hatte. Aber dieß hat der Entwickelung der deutſchen Sprache und Nationalität nicht allein Schaden gethan, wie der lateiniſche Gottesdienſt der deutſchen Kirche, ſondern auch dem römiſchen Rechte den Eingang in die meiſten germaniſchen Staaten erleichtert. Einige dieſer Geſetze, wie das der Oſtgothen, ein burgundiſches und ein weſtgothiſches, waren ganz für Römer, andere mit römiſchen Rechtsbegriffen ſtark verſetzt. Selbſt die Zeit ihrer Sammlung iſt nicht genau bekannt. Zu den deutſchen Rechtsſammlungen gehören das ſaliſche Geſetz, wahrſcheinlich das früheſte, das ripuariſche, das weſtgothiſche von Eurich († 482), das deutſch-burgundiſche von Gundobald († 516) und Sigmund († 523); dann die Geſetze der Alemannen, Bojoarier, der Angeln und Weriner (Thüringer?), und aus ſpäterer Zeit z. B. der Longobarden, die ſich ſeit 568 Italiens bemächtigt hatten, geſammelt durch den König Rotharis (643); das der Frieſen und der Sachſen. Keines dieſer Geſetze iſt in ſeiner älteſten Form und ohne ſpätere Einſchiebſel auf uns gekommen. Aber der Geiſt in ihnen war uralt, und ſie ſelbſt als Rechtsbrauch wohl lange ſchon vor ihrer Aufzeichnung im Gange geweſen.

Aber durch die Bekanntſchaft mit dem römiſchen Geſetze, durch das Verhältniß zu dieſem, durch die veränderte Stellung des Volkes in ſeinen Ständen, durch den verzeihlichen Argwohn wegen richterlicher Willkür, wurde ſchriftliche Verzeichnung räthlich, und ſie geſchah nach Rath des Adels und der Grafen durch rechtsvertraute Männer. Aber bei Völkern, welche erſt im Uebergange zu einem Staate, der Vernunftform der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft, begriffen ſind, müſſen ſich die Geſetze nur um das nächſte Bedürfniß, beſonders um das Mein und Dein und um Fragen drehen, welche wie Freiheit, Gemeinde und Hausfrieden, Beſitz, Erbe, damit zuſammen hängen.

Ein Hauptgegenſtand iſt das ſchon genannte Wehrgeld (Leutgeld), Beilegung (compositio). Außer dieſer Buße, welche dem Verletzten oder ſeinen Verwandten gezahlt wurde, wurde auch noch ein fredum, Friedgeld, erlegt, gleichſam für den gebrochenen, oder für den wieder hergeſtellten Frieden (meiſt ⅓ der Buße). Alle Strafen ſind nach Schillingen und Denaren beſtimmt, von denen bei den Saliern 40, bei den Uferfranken 12 auf den Schilling (von Skillen, theilen, oder Ueberſetzung von Solidus?) gingen. Bei den Frieſen kamen 20 Schilling auf 12 Unzen oder auf das (leichte) Pfund Silber. Auf einer ſpätern Synode zu Metz wurde das Pfd. Silber zu 22 Schilling geſetzt. Der Werth des Silbers zum Gold ſtand etwa wie 1 zu 12. Der Schilling möchte 2 rhein. Gulden nahe gekommen ſeyn. Dann wäre der ſaliſche Denar etwa 3 Kreuzern oder 3 Denare 2 ſächſiſchen Groſchen gleichgekommen. Einen andern Maaßſtab gibt das ripuariſche Geſetz, dem zufolge beim Wehrgeld ein gehörnter, ſehender und geſunder Stier für 2, eine ſolche Kuh für 1, ein gutes Pferd für 6, eine Stute für 3, ein Schwert mit Gehänge für 4 und ohne daſſelbe für 3, ein Panzer für 12, ein Helm mit Buſch für 6 Schilling angenommen werden ſollen. Wenn nun die ganze Stufenleiter aller in dieſen Geſetzen vorkommenden Bußfälle von 7 Pfennigen oder Denaren bis 1800 Schilling (ohne das Friedgeld) ſteigt: ſo ſcheinen ſo ungeheure Strafen, für welche im Nichtbezahlungsfalle auch die Verwandten, oder Leben und Freiheit einſtehen mußten, mehr Verhinderung des Verbrechens oder ſchnellere gütliche Ausſöhnung der Parteien beabſichtigt zu haben. Jeder Stand, jedes Geſchlecht (und bei der Frau kam es auch noch auf die Jahre der Fruchtbarkeit oder auf vorhandene Schwangerſchaft an), jede Verwundung, jede Beſchädigung der Ehre und des Eigenthums hatte verſchiedene Straftaxen. Selbſt das Vieh war angeſchlagen; aber faſt Alles bei verſchiedenen Völkern auch verſchieden. — Eine ſchwangere freie Frau zu erſchlagen, wurde mit 600 Schillingen, und war die Frucht ein Knabe, nochmals neuen 600 Sch. gebüßt. Litten und Barbaren, welche nicht nach ſaliſchem Rechte lebten, ſtanden, wie die Bewohner der Städte, auf 100 Sch.; ein niederer Geiſtlicher 300, ein Presbyter 600, ein Biſchof 900. Wer nach baieriſchem Rechte den Biſchof erſchlug, zahlte ſo viel Pfund Gold, als ein dem Erſchlagenen angelegtes bleiernes Wamms wog. Das fiscaliſche oder königliche Eigenthum ſtand im fünffachen Werthe. — Menſchenraub (zum Behuf des Sklavenverkaufs) ſtand mit dem Morde gleich, gewaltſame Hinwegführung zum geiſtlichen Stand außer der Rückgabe koſtete 62 Sch. für den Knaben, 45 für das Mädchen. Eine Hexe (Hägeſſe, von Hage klug, ſchweizeriſch Hexe), die einen Menſchen fraß und unverletzt wieder herausgab (!), zahlte für ihn doch das volle Wehrgeld. Der Daumen des freien Franken ſtand im Wehrgelde ſo hoch als ein zinsbarer Römer, und ſein Zeigefinger ſo hoch als ein Leibeigener. Wer eine freie Fränkin eine Hexe nannte, zahlte 185 Sch., wer einen Mann dieſes Volkes einen Fuchs oder concacatum nannte, zahlte 3 Sch., aber wenn er ihn einen Haſen ſchalt, das doppelte. Wer einer freien Frau wider ihren Willen Hand oder Finger drückte, 15, den Arm 30, den Oberarm 35, die Bruſt 45 Sch., und eben ſo viel, wer eine Frau eine Hure nannte. Auf Entführung eines freien Mädchens ſtanden 60, bei Verführung 60 mehr. Der Mord einer ſchwangern Magd wurde im longobardiſchen Geſetze mit gleichem Wehrgeld wie einer trächtigen Stute geahndet. Ein Römer, der einen Franken beraubte, büßte mit 62, umgekehrt mit 30; viel mehr, wenn es einem Schlafenden geſchah. Raub am begrabenen Todten 200 Sch. Für Brandſtiftung 62, und eben ſo viel für Jeden, der im Hauſe anweſend geweſen war. Eine Kirche anzuzünden, ein heiliges Geräth aus derſelben zu ſtehlen: 200 Sch. Im ripuariſchen Geſetz ſtand Todesſtrafe darauf, wenn der Richter Geſchenk annahm. Im alemanniſchen Geſetz wird die Feier des Sonntags eingeſchärft. Nach 3maligem Verweis verlor der Säumige ⅓ ſeines Erbes, oder endlich die Freiheit. Aeltern- und Verwandten-Mord verwirkte dem Thäter alles Vermögen und überlieferte ihn den Büßungen der Kirche. Tödtete ein Hund einen Menſchen, ſo mußte der Herr des Thieres das halbe Wehrgeld bezahlen, wo nicht, ſo wurden ihm bis auf eine Thüre alle Zugänge des Hauſes verſchloſſen, über dem offenen aber der Hund 9 Fuß hoch ſo lange aufgehangen, bis er verfault herab fiel. Im baieriſchen Geſetz kommt zuerſt Entführung der Nonnen vor, die doppelt ſo hoch als für eine freie Frau gebüßt wird. Dafür waren die Geiſtlichen in Baiern noch beweibt; nur fremde Frauen durften ſie nicht im Hauſe haben. Auf den Mord des baieriſchen Herzogs (aus einheimiſchem, Agilolfinger Hauſe) ſtanden 960 Schilling, aber der Herzog ſollte des Todes ſterben, wenn er den Befehl des Königs verachtet. Neben dem Herzoge kommen noch 5 hohe Erbgeſchlechter mit großem Wehrgelt vor. Bei den Angeln und Werinern ſtanden auf dem Edeling 600 (eben ſo viel als auf der freien Frau), dem Friling (Freien) 200, dem Leibeigenen 30, auf der adeligen Frau 1800 Schillinge. —

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*) v. Savigny, Geſch. d. röm. R. im Mittelalter. I. 179. Es wird aber gut ſeyn, damit zu vergleichen Luden, Geſch. d. t. Volks. III. 374 und 757; Karl Fr. Eichhorn, deutſche Staats- u. Rechts-Geſchichte. Gött. 1808. I. §. 75 u. K. D. Hüllmann, Geſch. d. Urſprungs der Stände, Berl. 1830. S. 92.

Da die Germanen in den eroberten Ländern das Chriſtenthum vorfanden, ſo trat auch bald die Geiſtlichkeit an den neuen chriſtlichen Höfen mit Anſprüchen und Anſehen auf. Der Cappellanus (von der Kappe oder Kopfbedeckung des Biſchof Martin von Tours ſo genannt) war gleichſam ihr Vertreter an dem Hofe, und führte, als der Wenigen einer, die leſen und ſchreiben konnten (daher artes clericales), die wichtigſten Geſchäfte als Nachfolger des Referendarius. Die Reiche waren in Diöceſen oder Sprängel eingetheilt, welche die Germanen meiſtens ſchon vorfanden; jede Diöces in Parochieen, wo ein Presbyter (Prieſter) als Parochus (Pfarrer) die Seelenſorge hatte. Die Kirchenbuße (eine Art innerer Juriſdiction) machte dieſen Stand noch mächtiger, und der Grundſatz, daß die Kirche wohl Güter erwerben, aber nicht theilen oder verlieren dürfe, reicher. Mehrere Diöceſen ſtanden unter dem Metropoliten, der die, anfangs von den Gemeinden oder ihren Geiſtlichen gewählten Biſchöfe, beſtätigte und weihete, die Kirchen viſitirte und Provinzialſynoden berief. Eine Anzahl Parochieen bildete ein Decanat oder Ruralkapitel unter einem Archipresbyter, eine Anzahl Kapitel einen Diſtrict unter einem Archidiaconus. Die Kirchenverfaſſung wie das Kirchenrecht war römiſchen Urſprungs; letzteres aus den Sammlungen der Canones, Decretalen, Concilienſchlüſſe, Bibel und Tradition entſtanden. Die Aufnahme des Geiſtlichen, zu denen ſich auch Akoluthen, Exorciſten, Lectoren, Oſtiarien, u. a. rechneten, geſchah durch die Weihe (ordo), deren Zeichen die Tonſur war. Nach der Ordination ſollte kein Geiſtlicher mehr heirathen, mit ſeiner Frau aber in vollkommener Enthaltſamkeit leben. Das Hauptſtück des Gottesdienſtes war die Meſſe. Die innere Juriſdiction beſtand in geiſtlichen Büßungen bis zur Excommunication. Schon 530 kam König Theodobert der Franke durch Biſchof Nicetius in den Bann. Was zum Unterhalte der Kirche beſtimmt war, hieß ihre dos, ihr Witthum, Widmung. Der Stifter (Patron) hatte noch in der Regel das Recht der Beſetzung. Der Geiſtliche war von perſönlichen, doch nicht von Staatslaſten frei; doch ſuchte und erhielt er bald die Befreiung (Immunität), ſo wie die Kirche das (heidniſche) Aſylrecht. Die Klöſter hatten vor 530 noch keine beſtimmte Regel, höchſtens galt eheloſes und ſtrenges Leben dafür; ſie ſtanden unter dem Biſchof der Diöces. Mit dem Oberbiſchof zu Rom, war damals noch kein Unterwürfigkeits-Zuſammenhang. Im Innern des eigentlichen Deutſchlands waren kaum einige Anfänger des Chriſtenthums.

Von Bürgern gab es nur die römiſchen, mit ihrer alten beibehaltenen Verfaſſung. In die Städte legte man eine deutſche Beſatzung unter ihrem Graf (ſpäter Burggraf) in die dem Fiscus vorbehaltenen Häuſer. Ein römiſcher Städte-Bewohner ſtand als Wehrgeld 45 Schilling, ſo hoch als ein aus dem verſchloſſenen Stalle geſtohlenes Ferkel.

Des Heeres Kraft beſtand im Fußvolk. Es war entweder der Königs- oder Heer-Bann aller Freien, worunter die Barone und freien Römer, oder blos die Leute des Königs mit ihren liten oder Hinterſaſſenen. Reiterei gibts noch wenig. Als Chlotwigs Sohn Theodobert nach Italien zog, hatten ſeine Leute weder Bogen noch Stoßlanze, ſondern Schwert, Schild, einen widerhackigen Wurfſpieß und die mit 2 Schneiden verſehene Doppel-Streitart, von welcher (oder ſeinem Spieße) vielleicht die ſogenannten Lilien des franzöſiſchen Wappens ſich ableiten laſſen. Die Schlachtordnung war noch der alte Keil, dem Schweinskopfe ähnlich.

Im Privatleben des Deutſchen hatte ſich wenig geändert. Die väterliche Gewalt beſtand ſelbſt bis zum Verkauf der Kinder. Bei der Ehe fand erblich die dos (Witthum, Leibzucht) Statt, Güter, welche der Mann der Frau zur einſtigen Wittwenverſorgung gab; nicht minder die Morgengabe, gleich nach vollzogener Ehe, die der Frau auch nach getrennter Ehe blieb, ſo wie die Ausſteuer, welche mit zur Beſtreitung der Laſten der Ehe beſtimmt war. Beim Tode des Hausvaters erbte der Mannsſtamm (Schwertmagen) das Landeigenthum, die terra salica, nach den Verwandtſchaftsgraden, ſo daß der Nähere den Entfernteren ausſchloß, dann die Kriegsrüſtung, das Heergewäte; die Töchter oder weiblichen Verwandten bekamen Spillmagen, Schmuck und weibliches Geräthe (Gerade).

Die Landwirthſchaft im weiteren Sinne wurde nach und nach, ſeitdem die Deutſchen ſeßhafter geworden, Hauptbeſchäftigung, und keineswegs mehr durch Sklaven und Liten allein betrieben. Was eine Familie zu ihrem Unterhalte bedurfte und bebauete, hieß mansus (von manere), dann aber auch ein beſtimmteres Maaß, Mannwerk, ſo viel ein Mann mit 2 Ochſen in einem Tage bearbeiten konnte. Im Hofe (curtis) unterſchied man Sal oder Herrenhaus, vom genecium dem Weiber- oder Mägde-Hauſe, vom spicarium Speicher, scuria Scheuer, grania Kornboden u. ſ. w. Schon kannte man das Furchen-Abpflügen und Gränzſteine-Verrücken. Wieſen wurden eingezäunt, gewäſſert und gedüngt. Die Viehzucht wurde umfaſſender betrieben. Man hatte Stutereien (equaritia legitima von 12 Stuten und 1 Beſchäler amissarius), vaccaritia, 12 Kühe und 1 Ochs; eine ordentliche Schäferei hatte 80 Schaafe. Das Vieh hatte Schellen (skella), Klingeln (tintinnum); den Pferden wurden Zeichen eingebrannt mit dem canterium. Man kannte das Wallachen (Chengisto) und das Stutzen der Pferde, denen man ſchon Namen gab. Man aß auch Pferdefleiſch, bis Papſt Zacharias dieß, wie auch die Haſen und Biber zu eſſen verbot. — Faſt jede Hofwirthſchaft brauete ihr Bier ſelbſt. Der Wein wurde nach Fudern (carra, carrada) berechnet und mit den Füßen gekeltert. Das kleinere Maaß war sicla oder situla (Seitel). Der Gartenbau nahm zu. Man ſcheint ſchon das Baumpfropfen gekannt zu haben. Zwiebel und Knoblauch war Lieblings-Speiſe der Burgunder, die mit ihrem Geruche dem feinen Römer ſehr beſchwerlich fielen. Man kannte arweiz (Erbſe), churpiz (Kürbis, Gurke), chichurium Kichern. Der Bienenzucht gedenkt manches Geſetz. Die Bienenſtöcke (vascula) waren von Holz, Ruthen oder Rinde.

Die Jagd war noch Lieblingsbeſchäftigung; noch war der Wald gemeinſam. Es galt noch Wölfen, Bären, Biſonten oder Büffeln. Man legte ſogar Selbſtſchüſſe mit Bogen und Pfeilen (tensurae) und mußte Menſchen und zahmes Vieh durch ausgeſpannte Leinen dafür warnen. So kannte man auch Fußangeln (pedica taliola). Man unterſchied Leithunde (canis secusius), Treibhunde (Trighunt), Spür-, Dachs-, Wind-, Bären-, Schweinshunde oder Saurüden, Schafhund, Hofhund (hovawarth Hofwächter); in dem ſaliſchen Geſetze kommen canes docti und magistri vor (tit. VI. 2). Man jagte auch mit zahm gemachten und gezeichneten Hirſchen, nicht minder mit Falken, Habichten (hapuch) und Sperbern (sparvarius). Dieß war den alten Deutſchen „Federſpiel.“

Der Handel beſonders zwiſchen den Germanen in Gallien, Italien und Oſtrom fing ſchon an, von Juden getrieben zu werden. Der Sklavenhandel nach Gallien war ſehr bedeutend. Menſchen zu Hunderten wurden, meiſt Sachſen, Britannier, Slaven, Mauren, nach Frankreich verkauft. Das Chriſtenthum, welches in Mainz, Trier, Cöln, Augsburg, Lorch, Coſtanz u. ſ. w. ſeine Bisthümer hatte, ſteuerte dieſer Verruchtheit nur allmählig. Die Wiſſenſchaft geſellte ſich zu Kirchen und Klöſtern, für die auch die wenigen Künſte und Künſtler arbeiteten; der Stickerei durch Frauen wird im höheren Norden in alten Sagen oft gedacht und Malerei ſcheint zuerſt auf den Schilden und an den Häuſern angewendet worden zu ſeyn. Der Harfe wird bei den Angeln gedacht. Künſtliche Trinkhörner (wovon der Hornung-Monat ſeinen Namen haben mag) kommen zeitig im Norden vor, ſo wie Gold- und Silber-Arbeiten, und Münzen mit Merovingiſchem Gepräge. Aber ihre Form iſt noch roh, wie ihre Zeit *).

Auch die deutſche Sprache litt durch die viel ausgebilde-

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*) C. R. Gfr. Anton Geſchichte der deutſchen Landwirthſchaft. Erſter Theil. Görlitz 1799. S. 44 — 171; noch immer brauchbar.

dere römiſche in den eroberten Ländern. Zu unausgebildet, um dieſe zu verdrängen, als Sprache der Sieger zum Theil ſchon Schriftſprache, aber von dieſen feſtgehalten, kam es aber durch längeres Zuſammenleben der Germanen und Römer zu einer Miſchung, welche je nach den vorwaltenden Beſtandtheilen und ſelbſt Beimiſchungen älterer Einwohner verſchieden und unter dem Namen romaniſcher Sprachen bekannter wurden. So die italieniſche, ſpaniſche, franzöſiſche, engliſche Sprache, welche letztere freilich noch ganz andere Zuſätze erhielt. Aber ſelbſt im eigentlichen Deutſchland drohte der alten deutſchen Sprache keine geringere Gefahr, als den Deutſchen ſelbſt. — Durch die Slaven oder Wenden, deren, obgleich ſie anfangs böſe Nachbarn (nach oder in der Nähe Anbauende) waren, hier nach ihrem volksthümlichen Weſen mit Einigem freundnachbarlich gedacht werden mag.

Man hat den Namen der Slaven von Slowo das Wort, von Slawa dem Ruhm, von Selo, Feld manchern abgeleitet. Ein ſüdlicher Theil derſelben hieß Sclaveni, Slaveni, bei den Griechen Sklabini. Die Norddeutſchen gaben ihnen den Namen Wenden (Veneden); im Norikum erhielten ſie den Namen Winden. Dagegen nannten ſie ſelbſt den germaniſchen Nachbar Niemez (ſtumm! da ſie ſeine Sprache nicht verſtanden, oder von ne mera ohne Gränze, unermeßliche oder Nomaden). In Beziehung auf Deutſchland theilten ſie ſich in 3 Stämme; die Oſtſee-Wenden, die Sorben oder Serben (von Serp die Sichel?) und die Slaven im engern Sinne im deutſchen Süden. Unter erſtern kommen die Pommern (po more am Meere), Ukern, Luitizier, Wilzen, Welataben, Heveller, Briezaner u. a.; unter den Serben die Luſitzer (Luia Sumpf davon die Lauſitz), die Dalaminzier, die Siusler, die Chrowaten oder Tſchechen und Moravaner (Mähren) vor. Die Slaven Polens und Schleſiens, die Lechen hingen weſtlich wieder mit den Serben und Tſchechen zuſammen. Unter den Süddonau-Slaven oder Winden ſind die Krainer (Krai, Kraina, Gränzland) und Karantaner (im nachherigen Kärnthen) die wichtigſten. Sie waren die weſtlichen Nachbarn der finniſchen Avaren, die nach einem Kampfe mit den Slaven, die auch Anten heißen, Dacien, und nachher das von den Longobarden verlaſſene Pannonien beſetzten.

Die Slaven werden als einfache, gutmüthige Naturmenſchen, vor Allen als ſehr gaſtfrei beſchrieben. Fremder, Gaſt, Kaufmann, Herr, hieß ihnen gleich: Goſt oder Goſp. Diebſtahl war unbekannt; Keuſchheit und eheliche Treue wird gerühmt; die Braut wurde von ihren Aeltern und ohne Ausſtattung gekauft. Die Männer gingen meiſt in Fellen (Hemd und Pelz hat bei ihnen den gleichen Namen), die Weiber im leinenen Gewand. Wenn ein ſpäterer Annaliſt ſie foedissimum hominum genus nennt, ſo mag das erſt ſpäterhin geworden, oder aus Religions- oder Nationalhaß ihnen angedichtet worden ſeyn. Doch ſtanden ſie noch auf der Stufe der Blutrache und Menſchenopfer; geſchriebener Geſetze wird in dem ganzen Zeitraume bei ihnen nicht gedacht; ſo wie der Schreibkunſt überhaupt vor 861 keine Erwähnung geſchieht. Ihre Hauptlebensweiſe war der Ackerbau und ihre Verfaſſung war mehr patriarchaliſch als monarchiſch. So viele Familien, ſo viele kleine Gemeinweſen, die Familienväter traten dann zuſammen, und wählten Richter (Zupane) und Fürſten (Knäs, Woiwod, Hospodar). Doch mag es auch Erbfürſten gegeben haben, aber keinen Erbadel und keine Erbſklaven, wenn auch Sklaverei und höherer Rang Einzelner ſich vorgefunden haben mag. Eine Ariſtokratie, nur im beſſern Sinne und nicht erblich, bleibt bei keinem Volke von einiger Durchbildung aus. Die Volksverſammlung hatte bei allen Slaven das höchſte Anſehen. Der Gottesdienſt hing damit zuſammen.

Von ihrer Religion iſt in dieſer Zeit noch wenig mit Beſtimmtheit zu ſagen. Doch ſpricht ein orientaliſcher Dualismus ziemlich deutlich aus ihr hervor. Bog iſt der Gott überhaupt (und des Krieges insbeſondere); aber Bog ſcheidet ſich wie Tag und Nacht, Licht und Finſterniß, Tod und Leben, Winter und Sommer in einem guten Gott Biel-Bog und einem böſen oder ſchwarzen Czerne-Bog. Außerdem gab es noch eine Menge gleichfalls der Natur entlehnte Götter; Schiwa Göttin des Lebens, Ziza die Göttin der Säugenden; Prowe der Gott des Rechts, Perun der Gott des Blitzes u. a. Jutrebog der Gott der Morgenröthe, Wit der Gott der Rache, Triglaf, Radegaſt, Swantewit, mögen Localgottheiten geweſen ſeyn. Außerdem gab es eine Menge Untergötter, z. B. bei den Serben: Kobals (Kobolde) Teufel, Feuermann, Nixen, die Wehklage, Däumling (Lutki, eine Art Liliputer), Drachen, die Smertniza oder das klapperbeinige Todtengerippe, das prophetiſche Gotteshühnchen, Herm u. ſ. w. Tugend drücken ſie durch gute Werke, Hölle durch Smila (Backofen) aus. Der Glaube an Unſterblichkeit wird ihnen von Einigen wohl mit Unrecht abgeſprochen; wozu hätten ſie dem Todten auf dem Scheiterhaufen ſeine liebſten Sachen mitgegeben? Sie feierten, lebens- und geſangluſtig, wie noch heute die Böhmen, viele Feſte, zu Ehren des Sommers, der Aerndte; mit Gaſtmählern auch ihre Feſten (darin an das deutſche Todten-Eſſen erinnernd), mit Tänzen ihre Hochzeiten. Die Behandlung des Weibes war weniger achtungsvoll als bei den Deutſchen; das Weib mußte neben dem Bette des Mannes auf dem Boden ſchlafen. Bezahlte Klageweiber heulten um den Todten. Sie zählten nur bis 10, die Deutſchen bis 12. Den Krieg erlernten ſie wohl erſt, und damit manche Grauſamkeiten, von den Deutſchen, mit denen ſie von jeher in Berührung waren. Landwirthſchaft war ihre Hauptbeſchäftigung, doch trieben ſie auch, ehe vielleicht der Deutſche ſelbſt daran dachte, einen weit verbreiteten Handel, beſonders zwiſchen der Oſtſee und dem ſchwarzen Meere. Leinwand war ein Hauptfabrikat der Slaven und daher nebſt dem Gelde auch Tauſchmittel. Durch ihren Ackerbau belehrten ſie auch den Deutſchen, ſie waren Bauern, als die Deutſchen noch keine waren und manches darauf Bezügliche auch in ihre Sprache aufnahmen. — Das endliche Schickſal dieſer Menſchen aber, nach Jahrhunderten von Kriegen mit den Deutſchen, iſt in der unglückſeligen Verwandlung des Wortes Slaven in Sklaven nur zu deutlich ausgeſprochen! —

Geſchichte der Deutſchen in und außer Deutſchland, von Chlodwigs Tod bis zum Untergange der Merovinger. Chriſtenthum und Slaven.

Da gerade in dieſem Zeitraume die meiſte Einwirkung auf das eigentliche Deutſchland von den germaniſchen Nachbarſtaaten kommt, und dieſe beſtimmend und entſcheidend herübergreifen, ſo muß zuerſt von ihnen die Rede ſein, und wir beginnen unſere Schilderung germaniſcher Staaten mit jenem Italien, welches trotz der höchſten Mauer, die es von Deutſchland und den Deutſchen zu ſcheiden wie beſtimmt war, doch gerade mit dieſem Land und Volke in die vielfachſte Berührungen kam und überhaupt Bühne der wechſelndſten Völker und Geſchicke geworden iſt. Gewitter, die ſich einmal in einem Bergkeſſel verfangen, toben ſich nur um ſo furchtbarer aus!

Der große Theoderich hat ſein Oſtgothenreich mit kräftiger Hand 493 gegründet und mit Klugheit aufrecht erhalten bis zu ſeinem Tode 526. Aber auf die ſtärkſte Regierung folgte gleich die ſchwächſte, eine vormundſchaftliche der Tochter Amalaſuntha über den 10jährigen Enkel Theoderichs Athalarich. Weiber-, Kinder-, vormundſchaftliche Regierungen ſind allen, beſonders aber jungen Staaten ſelten vortheilhaft. Dieſer ſündigte ſich früh zu Tode (534) und ſeine Mutter nahm ihren Vetter Theodat zum Mitregenten und Gemahl, der ſeine Wohlthäterin ermorden ließ. Der als Geſetzſammler ſo berühmte Oſtrömiſche Kaiſer Juſtinian (527 — 565), der eben durch ſeinen Beliſar dem Vandalenreich 534 ein Ende gemacht und den alten Plan aufgenommen hatte, das ganze Weſtrömiſche Reich wieder zuſammen und unter Oſtrom zu bringen, trat als Rächer der Ermordeten auf und begann nun durch denſelben ſiegreichen Feldherrn ſeinen Kampf um Italien. Theodat fiel durch ſeine eigenen Leute und ſein Nachfolger ſuchte ſich gegen Abtretung des oſtgothiſchen Theils von Gallien und des mit Alemannen beſetzten Rhätiens mit fränkiſcher Hülfe zu verſtärken. Aber die Franken unter Theodebert kamen und gingen, mehr als Räuber, denn als Bundesgenoſſen, und breiteten ſich ſelbſt in Venetien, am adriatiſchen Meere aus. Mailand, Ravenna fielen und König Vitiges wurde gefangen mit Ravennas Schätzen nach Conſtantinopel geſchleppt (540). Ein folgender Gothenkönig Ildebad, dann deſſen Brudersſohn Totilas erneuerten den Kampf; Rom wurde mehrmals von beiden Parteien gewonnen und verloren, und nur die Erinnerung der alten Größe hielt von ihrer gänzlichen Zerſtörung ab. Aber Beliſar fand einmal nur 500 Menſchen darin, und 14 Tage lang war faſt kein Mann mehr in der Stadt der Millionen. Frauen und Töchter der Senatoren bettelten in zerlumpten Kleidern durch die gräßliche Oede. Aber nicht Beliſar, ſondern der Verſchnittene Narſes beendete den Krieg, und nicht König Totilas, ſondern Tejas. Auf den Hügeln von Nocera in 3tägiger Schlacht gingen König und Krieger groß unter, und man ſcheidet nicht ohne menſchliche Rührung von einem Volke, welches noch zuletzt aus ſeiner Verweichlichung ſich ermannt und alter Zeiten würdig geſtritten hatte.

Narſes ſaß als griechiſcher Exarch zu Ravenna; ihm, dem mit Undank belohnten folgte Flavius Longinus. Aber ſchon 568 brachen die Longobarden aus den Sitzen, welche ſie von Juſtinian in Pannonien erhalten hatten, von wo aus ſie mit den Herulern gekämpft und der Gepiden Reich zerſtört hatten, nach Italien auf, unter Alboin, dem Held des Liedes, der ſeiner ſchönen Königin Roſamunde Geſundheit aus ihres von ihm erſchlagenen Vaters Schädel trank. Sie werden als Menſchen geſchildert, die das Hinterhaupt ganz kahl tragen, dagegen lange Haare vom Vorderkopf herabhängen hatten. Mit ihnen 20,000 Harz-Sachſen, in deren Sitze an der Bode und Wipper ſich dann Sueven (Nordſchwaben) niederließen. Pavia wurde die neue Reſidenz, als die Griechen unterlegen waren. Nur Ravenna, die liguriſchen Küſtenſtädte und die Ducate (Herzogthümer) Rom und Neapel, nebſt Calabrien blieben griechiſch. Das longobardiſche Italien (noch jetzt davon die Lombardei) wurde unter eine Anzahl (36) Lehnsherzoge vertheilt, deren gewähltes und ſehr beſchränktes Oberhaupt der König war. Alboin fiel ſchon 573 durch Roſamunden und ihren Buhlen Helmichis, und dieſe beiden wieder durch wechſelſeitig gereichtes Gift. Zwanzig Könige folgen ſich unter innern Fehden und Kämpfen mit den Griechen, mit den Franken und den Päbſten, die endlich bei den Franken Hülfe ſuchten und die Zerſtörung dieſes Reiches (774) durch Carl den Großen damit herbeiführten.

Des Vandalenreiches Ende (534), des Untergangs der Sueven in Spanien (585) iſt ſchon gedacht. — Das weſtgothiſche Reich war ſeit 508 mit Ausnahme von Septimanien oder Languedoc auf Spanien beſchränkt und hatte Toledo zu ſeiner Hauptſtadt. Leovigild 568 — 585 ſuchte die Erblichkeit des angenommenen Purpurs einzuführen, doch umſonſt. Die Geſchichte der Religionshändel, die bis in den Schooß der königlichen Familie wütheten, bis Reccared († 601) zur katholiſchen Kirche vom Arianismus übertrat und dadurch ſeine Weſtgothen mit den Römern und Sueven mehr verſchmolz, die Uebermacht der Geiſtlichen, die ſich bald völlig ſteuerfrei machten, die Schwäche der Wahlkönige (der ſogenannten Flavier), Thronfolge-Streitigkeiten, Kämpfe mit den Franken, die Verknechtung der Juden, gewähren nur unerfreuliche Bilder. Aber ein Ereigniß griff auch herüber über die Pyrenäen und wurde einer neuen Kette von Begebenheiten erſtes Glied. Der Thronſtreit unter Witiza und Roderich, der 710 König wurde, und Witiza's Söhnen, ſo wie der Verrath des Grafen Julian, führten die auf der Nordküſte Afrikas bereits herrſchenden Araber oder Saracenen (Männer des Oſten) unter Anführung Tariks über das Mittelmeer herüber (der Berg, wo Tarik landete, Dſchebel al Tarik, gab Gibraltar den Namen). In einer 8tägigen Schlacht am Guadalete, bei **Xeres de la Frontera** (18 — 26 Jul. 711) wurde Roderich beſiegt und erſchlagen. Bald fiel der größte Theil von Spanien und Luſitanien (ſpäter vom Hafen [**portus**] Cale Portugal genannt) in dieſer Mauren Hände. Das mit Kampfer gefüllte Haupt Roderichs und nach Toledos Fall auch die 500 Pfd. Goldes ſchwere Schüſſel oder ſogenannte Tafel Salomos, die von Titus aus Jeruſalem nach Rom, von da durch die Weſtgothen nach Spanien kam, wanderten nach Aſien. Nur in den Gebirgen von Biscaya und Aſturien erhielt ſich gothiſche Herrſchaft, und ſeit der Schlacht an der Höhle von Cavadonga 712 begannen die chriſtlichen Fürſten allmählig wieder vorzudringen und nach 700 Jahren und mehr als tauſend Treffen endete dieſer Kampf mit der völligen Beſiegung des ſpaniſchen Chalifats 1492 durch die Eroberung von Granada.

Des altburgundiſchen Reiches völliger Untergang 534 durch die Franken iſt ſchon erwähnt. Aber der Name ging nicht unter und ſpielte ſeine Rolle, die am Mittelmeer beginnt, durch ganz Frankreich hindurch bis an den Nordſee als burgundiſcher Kreis Deutſchlands unter anderen Sceptern und Zeiten endet.

An der Nordküſte Frankreichs angelangt, ſehen wir hinüber zu den Kreidefelſen Albions, hinter denen auch ſchon deutſche Landsleute hauſen. Die eigennützige Hülfe der Sachſen, die ſich bald in Britannien völlig niederließen, entzündete einen langen Kampf. Als König Arthur 425, ohne die Freiheit der Seinigen erkämpft zu haben, in die geheimnißvolle Gruft ſtieg, (aus welcher die Sage ihn einſt wieder kommen läßt, um England aus großer Noth zu retten!) ſtiftete Hengſt 455 das kleine Königreich Kent; 477 Ella das ſächſiſche Suſſex (Südſachſen), Kerdik Weſſex, Erkenwein 527 Eſſex, der Angle Uffa 575 Oſtangeln und 577 ſein Landsmann Kreda Mercia. In Northumberland gründete Ida das angliſche Bernicia 545 und Ella das ſächſiſche Deira, beide wurden mit York als Hauptſtadt ſpäter zum Staat Northumberland vereiniget. Kriege mit den alten Einwohnern und untereinander dauerten lange fort. Das Volk zerfiel in Edle, Freie (Keorls, Kerls) und Unfreie. Der König wurde aus Einer Familie gewählt, in ſeiner Macht aber durch die Verſammlung der Weiſen (Reichen) — Wittenagemot — beſchränkt. Alderman, Earl oder Graf und Herzog waren ſeine höchſten Beamten. Die Bekehrung dieſer Angelſachſen zum Chriſtenthum begann erſt am Ende des 6ten Jahrhunderts. Die ſchriftliche Aufzeichnung der Geſetze iſt gewöhnlich eine der erſten Folgen des Chriſtenthums. Ethelbert machte den Anfang, und Inas Geſetzbuch (um 690) war das berühmteſte. Die 7 — 8 kleinen Königreiche (**Heptarchia**) wurden erſt im neunten Jahrhunderte bleibend vereinigt, bekamen aber bald an den Normannen, einem Geſammtnamen für die kühnen Seehelden (und Meer und Sturm macht muthigere Menſchen als Acker und Wieſe!) in Dänemark, Südſchweden und Norwegen, auch deutſcher Abkunft, gefährliche Feinde. Doch jene Männer unter ihren See- und Buchten-Königen, mit ihren wunderlich gemalten oder geformten Schiffen, die auf hoher See Raben fliegen ließen, um Land zu finden, die an die Küſten ferner Länder und in die Mündungen der Flüſſe fuhren, wo ſie reiche Klöſter oder Städte vermuthen durften, werden ſpäter noch deutlicher an das Licht der Geſchichte treten.

Jetzt zu der Geſchichte der Franken. Wie bei den Oſtgothen war auch hier der Gründer des Staates der kräftigſte ſeines Geſchlechts geweſen, und nur wenige Könige treten noch mit eigener Kraft auf. Erſchlaffung, Theilungen, Geleite und das in feſter erblicher Hand bald furchtbare Amt der Majordomen führen dieſe Könige der Merovinger endlich vom langen Haare zur Tonſur, vom Königsmantel zu der Mönchskutte, von der Fürſten Pfalz zur Kloſtermauer. — Chlodwig hatte 4 Söhne hinterlaſſen, die mit Willen des Volkes und der Geleite ſich mehr in die königliche Würde, als in das Reich ſelbſt theilten. Theoderich oder Dietrich († 534) der älteſte nahm ſeinen Sitz zu Metz, und verwaltete das öſtliche Land (Auſtraſien, im Gegenſatze von Burgund und Weſtfranken oder Neuſtrien). Chlodomer († 524) ſaß zu Orleans; Childebert († 558) zu Paris; Chlotar I. (Lothar, Luther, † 561) zu Soiſſons. Der Grundſatz der Erblichkeit war damit anerkannt, aber auch der ſchlimmere der Theilung der königlichen Würde und Geleite, und nur das Heilſame bereitete ſich vor, daß einmal eine volle Theilung nach nationalen Bedürfniſſen und Beſtandtheilen eintreten konnte. Denn viel Verſchiedenartiges und Abſtoßendes hatte das Schwert des Eroberers zuſammengerafft. Die Thaten dieſer Theilfürſten, die Vernichtung der burgundiſchen Dynaſtie, ſtatt deren nur fränkiſche Herzoge oder Patricier verwalteten, die Unterwerfung Thüringens 531, und die Ermordung König Hermanfrieds durch den Sturz von Zülpichs Mauer (während des durch Brudermord untergegangenen Berthars oder Werthers Tochter Radagundis erſt Chlotars Gemalin, dann eine Heilige wurde), die bedeutenden Erwerbungen in Rhätien und Oberitalien auf Koſten des ſinkenden Oſtgothenreichs, ein Tribut von 500 Kühen, der von Chlotar den Sachſen aufgelegt wurde, die ſcheinbare Unterwerfung der Bretagne, und die Verbindung mit den Bojoariern, bei denen ein Agilolfinger Garibald, früher in den Heeren der Franken ausgezeichnet, ſeit 555 auftritt, eine Verbindung, die wenigſtens einer völligen Unterwerfung bald Platz machte, wenn ſie es anfangs auch nicht geweſen ſeyn ſollte, ſind zum Theil erwähnt, oder werden es noch bei Deutſchland ſelbſt. Chlotar, nach Bruderkriegen und Verbrechen mancher Art, überlebte ſeine Brüder und deren Söhne, und regierte bis 561 allein. Einen ſeiner Söhne, Chramnus, hatte er mit Weib und Kind in einer Hütte verbrennen laſſen. In Verzweiflung über dieſe That ſtarb er 561.

Seine 4 noch übrigen Söhne theilten gleichfalls. Charibert († 567 oder 572) ſaß zu Paris; Guntram († 593) zu Orleans, und verwaltete auch Burgund; Siegbert regierte von Rheims aus über Auſtraſien; und Chilperich (der Theolog und Dichter, † 584) ſaß zu Soiſſons. Des erblos verſtorbenen Chariberts Land theilten die drei anderen Brüder, doch ſollte Paris gemeinſchaftlich verbleiben. Schon darüber gab es Bruderkrieg, noch mehr aber durch 2 Weiber, welche, die Unwürdigen der Ehren, den Königinnentitel führten. Brunehild, die Weſtgothin, war Siegberts, Gaiſewintha, ihre Schweſter, Chilperichs Gemalin. Aber Chilperich ermordete ſie, und nahm ſeine Beiſchläferin Fredegund zum Weibe. Dafür haßte Brunehild die Fredegund mit einem Haſſe, wie er nur dem Weibe möglich iſt. Ihr Gemal ſollte das Blut der Schweſter an Chilperichs ganzem Stamme rächen. Aber Siegbert ſelbſt wurde im Feldzug gegen ſeinen Bruder im Lager bei Vitry mit vergifteten Meſſern erſtochen, und Brunehild hetzte nun Chilperichs eigenen Sohn Merwig, der ihr Gemal wurde, gegen den Vater auf. Aber auch dieſen ſchaffte Fredegund aus dem Wege. Ja ſie ließ wahrſcheinlich ihren eigenen Gemal ermorden, um das Verbrechen der Unzucht mit einem Diener zu bedecken. Damals wurde Siegberts minderjähriger Sohn Childebert vom König Guntram allein zum Erben eingeſetzt, obgleich Fredegund mit 303 Eideshelfern beſchwor, daß ihr Sohn Chlotar wirklich von Chilperich ſtamme. Als nun Childebert, der Guntram wirklich beerbte, ſtarb, führte die Großmutter Brunehild für deſſen Söhne die Vormundſchaft. Fredegund und ihr Chlotar wollten ihnen aber das Reich entreißen, und griffen zum Schwert. Aber Chlotar erlag, und

Fredegund ſtarb 597. Auſtraſien wurde nun unter Brunehilds Enkel Dietrich (Rheims) und Theodobert (Dietbert, zu Metz) getheilt. Erſteren, ihren Liebling, hetzte Brunehild gegen ſeinen Bruder auf, Theodobert wurde gefangen und ermordet, und ſeinem Sohne Merwig die Hirnſchale am Felſen zerſchmettert. Jetzt hatte Dietrich ganz Auſtraſien, ſtarb aber 613. Gern hätte nun Brunehild auch für ihren Urenkel Siegbert II. regiert, aber die Vaſallen, auch durch die Einziehung vieler Beneficien gegen Brunehild gereizt, luden ſelbſt Chlotar, den Sohn der Fredegund herbei, und Brunehild floh nach Burgund. Die dort geſammelten Krieger gingen jedoch an der Aiſne zu Chlotar über, und Brunehild mit ihren Urenkeln wurde gefangen, und letztere bis auf Chlotars Pathen Merwig hingerichtet. Brunehild trug die Blutſchuld von 10 Königen auf ihrem Haupt. Chlotar ließ die achtzigjährige Frau (613) 3 Tage martern, dann auf einem Kameel durchs Lager führen, und endlich mit den Haaren, einem Arm und einem Bein an den Schweif des wildeſten Pferdes binden, und die ſo zerſchmetterten und zerriſſenen Glieder zuletzt verbrennen. Eine gräßliche Strafe für gräßliche Verbrechen! Es geht ein Schauder durch die Seele, daß dieß Menſchen, Deutſche, Chriſten waren! Gegen ſolche Teufel mußte wohl die thüringiſche Radegund, die, ein ſtiller Friedensengel, ſo oft zum Frieden gemahnet hatte, nach ihrem Tode zu Poitiers 587 wie eine Heilige erſcheinen, und die troſtloſe Zeit ſelbſt Wundern Glauben verſchaffen.

Wie mußten ſolche Gräuel den Glauben an die Heiligkeit der Krone, an die Pflicht des Gehorſams ſchwächen, und die Anmaßungen der unentbehrlichen Vaſallen und Geleite ſtärken! Auch die Geiſtlichkeit, in deren Händen Kirchenbuße und Bann trefflich wucherte, feilſchte mit dem Könige um Biſchofsſtellen, die er vergab, und ſchon Pabſt Gregor der Große (590 — 604) eiferte gegen dieſe Simonie, wie 500 Jahre ſpäter ein größerer Gregor. Die Trennung Auſtraſiens und Neuſtriens prägte ſich immer mehr aus, und bei den vielen Minderjährigkeiten und Vormundſchaften hatte der Hausälteſte in jedem Theilreiche immer größere Macht erlangt. Er war der Verweſer des Reichs geworden, und die Vaſallen hingen von ihm ab. Jeder Theilſtaat hatte ſeinen Fiscus, aber auch ſein Märzfeld oder ſeine Volksverſammlung, die bald nur von Geiſtlichen und Leudes beſucht wurde. Unter Chlotar, der den Auſtraſiern, deren Gränzen Vogeſen und Ardennen ſeyn ſollten, ſeinen ſechzehnjährigen Sohn Dagobert zum König gab, trat Pipin von Landen, ein Mann voll Kraft und Jugend als Majordom Auſtraſiens auf. Chlotar ſtarb 628, und Dagobert ſein Sohn vergnügte ſeinen jüngern Bruder Charibert mit Aquitanien, (Hauptſtadt Toulouſe) ſich alles andere vorbehaltend, übrigens ein Salomo an Wolluſt mehr, als an Weisheit; denn er hatte 3 Königinnen und der Kebsweiber viele. Er bekämpfte die Slaven unter ihrem König Samo mit Hülfe der Alemannen und Longobarden, und vereinigte nach Chariberts unbeerbtem Tod (631) wieder ganz Frankenreich, trat aber 632 Auſtraſien ſeinem Sohn Siegbert ab. Pipin blieb Majordom, und überlebte ſeinen König nur um 1 Jahr (denn dieſer ſtarb 636). Nach Dagobert ſanken die Könige immer mehr, und nur die Eiferſucht der Großen gegeneinander hielt jene noch auf dem Thron. Aega war Majordom Chlodwigs II. († 656), Pipin, dann ſein Sohn Grimoald Siegberts von Auſtraſien. In jene Tage fiel der Abfall der Thüringer unter dem muthigen Sorbenbeſieger Radulf. Nach Siegberts Tode macht Grimoald ſchon einen Verſuch, mit Umgehung des Merovingers Dagobert II., den Thron ſeinem eigenen Sohne Childebert zu geben, den aber Vater und Sohn mit dem Leben büßen mußten.

Von Chlodwig II., der lange Kind, dann mehr Thier als Menſch, und endlich wahnſinnig war, wurde Chlotar († 670) ſein vierjähriger Sohn zum König von Neuſtrien und Burgund erhoben; unter dem Hausälteſten Ebroin. Childerich II. ſein anderer Sohn wurde 660 — 673 König von Auſtraſien, und endlich tritt auch noch ein dritter Sohn Dietrich III. ſeit 673 († 691) als König von Neuſtrien und Burgund auf. Die Geſchichte dieſer Schattenkönige ohne Saft und Kraft, die kaum ihres Namens Nennung hier verdienen, gewinnt erſt Einheit und Intereſſe, als der Enkel jenes Pipin, ein Sohn des Anſegiſil von Pipins Tochter Begga, ein zweiter Pipin (von ſeinem Schloſſe Heriſtal im Lüttichſchen an der Maas beigenannt), gegen Dietrich III. und ſeinen Hausmeier Berthar an die Spitze der Auſtraſier trat, und bei Teſtri in der Landſchaft Vermandois am Flüßchen Daumignon Dietrich und Berthar entſchieden ſchlug, und ſich (Berthar fiel durch ſeine eigenen Leute) zum alleinigen Majordom aller Franken unter dem König Dietrich machte. Er hieß fortan Herzog und Fürſt der Franken.

Pipin, der Mann großer Thaten, der Gründer, oder wenn man lieber in Betracht ſeiner Großväter Pipin und Arnulf des Biſchofs von Metz will, der Fortpflanzer eines gewaltigen Geſchlechts, war Hand und Kopf des Königs Dietrich und des Frankenreichs. Jetzt wollte er Frieden, hob das Märzfeld zu größerer Wichtigkeit. Der König ſpielte eine kümmerliche Rolle. Er fuhr auf ſeinem Ochſenwagen zur Verſammlung, hörte Geſandte an, ſprach eingelernte Antworten, entſchied, wie Pipin ihm vorgeſchrieben, und fuhr in die Pfalz oder auf ſeinen Königshof zurück. Ein ſpäterer Schriftſteller läßt dieſe Könige unvernünftig eſſen und trinken. Man könnte ſie langhaarige, gekrönte Puppen nennen, die man dem Volke zeigte, und mit welchen die Majordomen ſpielten. Nun, wer nicht Hammer werden kann, muß Ambos ſein. Nortbert, Pipins Freund, ſpäter ſein eigener Sohn Grimoald, verwaltete Neuſtrien, Drogo, ein anderer Sohn, Burgund mit Herzogstitel. Dietrich ſtarb 691. Chlodwig III. ſein Sohn (691 — 695). Childebert III. († 711) des vorigen Bruder, folgten ſich ſchnell. Alle überlebte Pipin. Nur Dagobert III. ſtarb ein Jahr ſpäter als Pipin (715). Aber auch ſeine beiden Söhne mit Plectrudis, Drogo und Grimoald ſtarben vor dem Vater, und ſo ernannte Pipin noch Grimoalds Sohn Theodoald zum Majordom. Aber er hatte noch von einer Nebengemalin Alpais einen erwachſenen Sohn Karl, den aber Plectrud mißtrauiſch gefangen hielt, bis er nach Theodoalds Tode entkam, und ſich nach ſechsjährigen Kämpfen zum alleinigen Majordom aufſchwang. Dieß unter Theoderich IV. 720 — 737, Dagoberts Sohne.

Karl kämpfte faſt mit allen deutſchen Völkern, die in ſeines Vaters Tode ein Signal zur Selbſtbefreiung ſahen; und auch mit dem Herzoge von Aquitanien. Wir wollen glauben, daß alles dieß Nothwendigkeit gebot, indem die Freiheit des Einen Volkes die andern alle aufreizen konnte. Auch mußten die Geleite beſchäftigt werden. Freilich war auch nicht alles Sieg, was alſo hieß, denn ſonſt hätte es ſo vieler wiederholter Feldzüge nicht bedurft. Aber ein Kampf Karls war unbeſtritten großartiger, war deutſcher, ja europäiſcher als alle, der mit den Sarazenen. Noch nicht 3 Menſchenalter waren ſeit Muhameds Tod (632) verfloſſen, als ſchon ſeine Fahnen von des Indus Ufern ſiegreich bis an die Säulen des Hercules wehten. Noch ſtand die Ueberzeugung dem Moslem feſt, daß ſein Schwert nicht ruhen dürfe, bis alles, was Menſch heiße, dem Propheten und ſeinen Nachfolgern (Chalifen) ſich unterworfen habe. Von Spanien aus gedachten ſie, die Reihe ihrer Siege durch Europa hindurch zu führen bis nach Aſien zurück. Es wäre um Europas ſelbſtſtändige Entwickelung durch Staat und Chriſtenthum, es wäre um alles germaniſche Weſen geſchehen! Aber es iſt dafür geſorgt, ſagt ein alter Spruch, daß die Bäume nicht bis zum Himmel wachſen!

Schon ſeit 718 begannen jener ſpaniſchen Araber Verſuche, ſich über die Pyrenäen hinaus zu verbreiten. Im Jahr 725 waren ſie ſchon bis Autun in Burgund vorgedrungen, aber mit reicher Beute wieder heimgekehrt. Schon hatte Herzog Eudes (Otto) von Aquitanien mit ihnen einen Vertrag geſchloſſen. Abderahman, des Chalifen Haſchem Statthalter in Spanien ſtieß jedoch dieſen Vertrag um, eroberte Bordeaux, und ſchlug Eudes, der ſich nun mit Aufopferung ſeiner Selbſtſtändigkeit Karln in die Arme warf. Dieſer, ſo verſtärkt, traf im October 732 bei Poitiers auf Abderahman. Beide Heere wußten, wem es galt — einer europäiſchen Lebensfrage, wie in der großen Hunnenſchlacht. Abderahman blieb; geſchlagen flohen die Araber. Doch in die Schluchten der Pyrenäen wollte Karl, ſelbſt ſehr geſchwächt, ſie nicht verfolgen. Die Araber waren damit zum erſtenmal, und durch Deutſche geſchlagen worden; die kalte Ausdauer des Nordens hatte über das Feuer des Südens geſiegt. Die Todten mag, um einen arabiſchen Ausdruck zu brauchen, nur Gott gezählet haben; aber Karl der tapfere bekam, ſo ſagt man, von da an den Beinamen Martell, der (Streit-) Hammer. Karls Ruhm und Macht war jetzt befeſtigt, auch war in den Reihen vieler Großen mancher Widerſpruch gegen ſeine Gewalt verſtummt. Mit völliger Uebergehung ſeines Königs ließ er ſich in Aquitanien von einem Sohne Eudes Treue ſchwören; an ſeine eigenen Getreuen vergabte er Grund und Boden in Burgund, oder ſchuf ſich neue Vaſallen. Aber ſchon im Jahr 734 hatten die Mauren unter Abdul-Melek neue Einfälle ins Frankenreich gewagt, waren 735 von den mißvergnügten Burgundern eingeladen bis an die Rhone vorgedrungen, hatten Arles und Avignon erobert, und das Land bis Lyon und Marſeille verheert. Karl eilte ihnen abermals entgegen, ſchlug an der Küſte bei Narbonne, ihrem Hauptwaffenplatze, ihr Heer, ob er gleich die Stadt ſelbſt ihnen nicht entreißen konnte.

Bei der Ehrfurcht und der Hülfe, die Karl den frommen Heidenboten in Deutſchland bei ihrem Werke erwies, mußte es dem Papſt Gregor III. (731 — 741) nahe liegen, ſich auch in ſeiner Noth an Karln zu wenden. Luitbrand, der Longobarden König, hatte den Papſt befehdet, weil dieſer den aufrühreriſchen Herzogen von Spoleto und Benevent gegen ihn Vorſchub gethan hatte. Aber ſeine Truppen waren, wie die der Herzoge, geſchlagen, ſelbſt die Vorſtädte Roms und die Peterskirche geplündert worden. Da ſchrieb Gregor mehrmals an den „erlauchteſten Unterkönig Karl" um ſchleunige und perſönliche Hülfe, ſchickte ſpäter ſogar die Schlüſſel vom Grabe der Apoſiel und die Ketten Petri nebſt großen Geſchenken; aber Karl vermittelte den Streit blos durch Geſandtſchaft. Hatte er es doch bald mit den Aquitaniern, bald mit den Sachſen, mit den Burgundern oder den Frieſen, den Arabern oder den Baiern zu thun. Weitere Entfernung würde ihm nachtheilig geworden ſeyn. Auch ſtand er mit Luitbrand in Freundſchaft, denn dieſer hatte nach einer feierlichen und befreundenden Sitte jener Zeit Karls Sohn Pipin das erſte Barthaar abgenommen.

Theodorich oder Dietrich IV. ſtarb 737, und jetzt blieb der Thron 4 Jahre unbeſetzt; Karl theilte ſogar kurz vor ſeinem Tode ſeinem ältern Sohne Karlmann Auſtraſien mit Thüringen und Schwaben, dem zweiten Pipin Neuſtrien, Burgund und die Provence zu; Griffo, ein Sohn aus einer Ehe mit einer baieriſchen Fürſtin Sonnhild wurde (14jährig) anfangs übergangen, dann mit einzelnen Stücken jener Länder abgefunden; der andern deutſchen Länder geſchah dabei keiner Erwähnung. Sie ſcheinen alſo damals nicht disponibel geweſen zu ſeyn. Das erregte böſen Hader, den aber der Vater nicht erlebte. Am 22. Oct. 741 ſtarb Karl der Streithammer. Nur vor den Augen der Geiſtlichen fand er wenig Gnade, weil er auch ihrer Pfründen wenig ſchonte, wenn er Ländereien und Stellen für ſeine Anhänger brauchte, die aber anzutaſten, hieß himmelſchreiendes und hölliſches Verbrechen.

Die neuen Reichsregenten ſetzten wieder einen Schattenkönig Chilperich III. auf den Thron, da die Großen ihnen allein noch nicht gehorchen mochten; aber ſie ſchloſſen auch ihren Stiefbruder von ſeinem Antheile aus, und dieſer floh nach Baiern, zu ſeinem Schwager, Herzog Otilo; ja Griffo regte auch Sachſen, Frieſen, Alemannen, Aquitanier gegen ſeine Verfolger auf, aber alle wurden, wenn auch nicht ohne Mühe, nach und nach beſiegt, die Sachſen bei Hochſenberg, im nachherigen Mansfeldiſchen, Teutbald, der Alemannen-Herzog, ward ganz abgeſetzt, das alte National-Herzogthum auf einem Landgericht zu Canſtadt 746 völlig als ſolches aufgelöſt und fortan durch fränkiſche Grafen und Kammerboten verwaltet. Aber Griffo, obwohl wieder abgefunden, ruhte noch nicht, nahm ſogar kurze Zeit Baierns Herzogthum für ſich, wurde aber ausgeliefert, floh dann nach Aquitanien, und wollte endlich, überall verfolgt, nach Italien fliehen; da fiel der Unglückliche in einem Treffen bei Maurienna, und fand den Hafen, den Jeder nach ſtiller oder ſtürmiſcher Fahrt endlich gewiß erreicht (753). Karlmann aber war ſchon 747 unerkannt ins Kloſter Monte Caſſino als Mönch gegangen, und hatte ſich, ſchwerer Dinge bewußt, auch ſchweren Züchtigungen unterworfen († 754). So ſtand Pipin allein als Reichsverweſer des ganzen Frankenreiches da.

Aber jetzt, durch Unterwerfung der deutſchen Völker und beim Gehorſam der Burgunder und Neuſtraſier, war auch der alte Plan des Hauſes reif geworden, für welchen auch der Papſt Zacharias durch den berühmten Erzbiſchof Bonifaz von Mainz gewonnen war, und der ſich in der Frage an den Papſt kund that, ob es beſſer ſey, daß der König ſey und heiße, welcher alle Macht und Geſchäfte, oder welcher den Namen deſſelben beſitze? — und der Papſt ſprach nach Pipins Wunſch und Verlangen. —

Zu Soiſſons hatte Chlodwig I. vor 265 Jahren den erſten Sieg erfochten, und ſo den Grund zur Größe ſeines Hauſes gelegt. Zu Soiſſons traten jetzt (752) die königlichen Leute und das bearbeitete Volk zuſammen; alle entband Bonifaz des Eides, und Chilperich wurde des Königthums entſetzt, der langen Haare beraubt, zum Mönch geſchoren und in das Kloſter S. Bertins zu Sithieu (S. Omer) geſchickt. Sein Sohn wurde als Mönch einem andern Kloſter zugetheilt. Auf den Schild erhoben, dreimal in der Verſammlung herumgetragen, begrüßte Alles Pipin als den neuen König der Franken. Bonifaz von Mainz, der Primas Deutſchlands, verrichtete die Salbung. Aber noch feierlichere Weihe erhielt Pipin im nächſten Jahre, wo der Papſt ſelbſt zu S. Denys den König und ſeine Söhne zu Königen und Beſchützern des heiligen Stuhles ſalbte. So war das Werk der Gewalt von der Kirche gebilligt und geheiligt, und ſelbſt das Mitleid mit dem unglücklichen, verſchwundenen Geſchlechte abgeſchnitten. Der Stern der Merovinger erbleichte vor dem glänzenden Geſtirn der Karolinger. Aber neben dem hellen Glanze ſtand doch ein Flecken ſchwarzen Unrechts, und da bleibt die Vergeltung mit ihrem oft ſpäten aber unerbittlichen Amte nicht aus.

Daß das eigentliche Deutſchland in dieſer Zeit faſt ganz den Franken im Weſten und den Slaven und Avaren im Oſten unterlag, war ein bedenkliches Zeichen ausgewanderter oder an auswärtige Eroberungen verſchwendeter Kraft. Es mußte daher erſt neue Stärke geſammelt werden, und erſt als dieß geſchehen, konnte auch eine völlige Ausſcheidung Deutſchlands aus der großen Ländermaſſe der Franken nicht länger verſchoben oder verhindert werden. Schon in dieſen Theilungen der Merovinger und der Majordome kündigte das Unvermeidliche ſich an. Wenn es aber faſt noch ein Jahrhundert nach dem Sturze der Merovinger dauert, ſo erwäge man die neue volle zuſammenhaltende Kraft des nächſten Herrſcherſtammes, und wenn man es nicht begreift, warum nicht Sachſen, Frieſen, Baiern, Alemannen, Oſtfranken, die in einzelnen Kämpfen ihr Blut und Leben vergeudeten, zur gemeinſchaftlichen Erlöſung das Schwert erhoben, ſo lag es eben daran, daß Sachſen, Frieſen, Franken, Schwaben, Baiern iſolirte Stämme waren, von Slaven und Avaren ſtets alarmirt, von den Majordomen ſcharf bewacht, und von der gewonnenen Geiſtlichkeit immer an die Könige über den Rhein und an die Päpſte, ihre Freunde, hingewieſen.

In dieſem Zeitraum fangen Alemannen und Sueven, verſchiedene Zweige eines Stammes, in Deutſchland ſelbſt allmälig an zu dem Namen Sueven oder Schwaben zu verwachſen, und blieb ein Unterſchied, ſo waltete das Alemanniſche mehr am Bodenſee und jenſeits des Rheins in Helvetien und Elſaß, das Sueviſche öſtlich des Rheins bis an den Lech vor. Die Alemannen-Schwaben oder Suev-Alemannen hatten, wie ihr eigenes Geſetz, ſo auch ihre eingebornen Herzoge. So werden Leutharius und Buccelin (um 548 die kühnen Kämpfer in Italien), ſo Leutfried, Uncelin (588), Leuthar (643) und Gottfried (656), Theobald und Lantfried (745) genannt. Aber die Verſuche, ſich völlig von den unbequemen Franken loszumachen, ſcheiterten endlich 743 durch die Waffen der Majordomen, und endeten 748 mit Einverleibung des Landes ins Frankenreich. Warin und Ruodhart, die Franken, erſcheinen nun als Kammerboten.

Das Chriſtenthum, ſo weit daſſelbe nicht ſchon unter den Römern hier geblüht hatte, oder durch neue Menſchen und Ketzereien in Abgang gekommen war, predigten beſonders Männer aus Irland und Britannien, die es ſich zur Aufgabe geſetzt, die erkannte und dort rein erhaltene Wahrheit des Evangeliums den Unwiſſenden oder Irrgläubigen des feſten Landes zu predigen. Armuth und Noth hatten auf jenen Inſeln den Glauben rein und friſch, und die Geiſtlichen wach im Werke erhalten. Im Anfang des ſiebenten Jahrhunderts erſchienen Columban und Gallus an dem Bodenſee, und predigten unverdroſſen, wie Mancher auch ihnen drohete und ſie verſchmähete, ſie predigten ja einen Meiſter, der Größeres freiwillig ertragen. Und es gehörte kein gemeiner Muth und kein bloß gewöhnlicher Eifer des Predigers auf ſeinen fetten Pfründen dazu, mit Aufopferung des Vaterlandes nach ſtürmiſcher Meerfahrt unbekannte Menſchen zum Theil in barbariſchen Wildniſſen aufzuſuchen, und nun den ſchweren Kampf mit Leidenſchaften und uralten Gewohnheiten zu beginnen, den Mann von ſeinen mehren Weibern oder einer zu nah' verwandten Gattin, das Weib von ihren Lieblingsbräuchen, welche Großmutter und Urgroßmutter ſchon gehabt, zu trennen, den Aberglauben aller Art, dem Unkraut in der Flur des Glaubens, zu ſteuern, ſich darum Verfolgungen und Martern auszuſetzen, in Kerkern zu ſchmachten, und der Lehre Wahrheit, ſofern es nöthig, auch mit dem eigenen Blute zu beſiegeln, und ſelbſt dann war's oft nur eine Saat auf Hoffnung, ob Gott ſie ſegnen und behüten wolle. Bei einem Wodans-Feſte zu Bregenz predigten ſie nicht nur, ſondern warfen auch die Götzen in das Waſſer, und zertrümmerten das große dem Gott geweihete Gefäß voll Bier im Tempel. Gallus gründete das nach ihm benannte Kloſter S. Gallen mit der nachmals berühmten Schule; es entſtand das Bisthum Conſtanz. In ſeiner Nähe traten auch der Irländer Fridolin, dann Trudbert im Breisgau und Pirminius auf, welcher das Kloſter Reichenau am Bodenſee gegegründet. —

Oeſtlich vom Lech ſaßen die Bojoarier (ſpäter Baiern genannt), gewiß ächt deutſches Volk, wenn auch ſein Entſtehen nach Zeit und Weiſe nicht mit Beſtimmtheit nachgewieſen werden kann. Ein Volk kann lange da ſeyn, ehe es ſich ſelbſt um einen Namen bemüht, oder ehe der Nachbar und endlich erſt der Schriftſteller denſelben erfährt. Als die Franken im Kampf mit den Oſtgothen ſich nicht nur Helvetiens, ſondern auch norditaliſcher Striche am adriatiſchen Meere bemächtigten, als Alemannen und im Norden Thüringer ihnen ſich unterwerfen mußten, ſtand es bald auch mißlich mit der Freiheit der ſo von den Franken eingeſchloſſenen Bojoaren, wenn dieſe nicht vielleicht ſchon früher den Oſtgothen verfallen war. Ob Herzog Garibald I. auch der erſte Herzog des Volkes war, ob er von den Franken eingeſetzt, ob von dem Volke frei gewählt aus dem hohen Hauſe der Agilolfinger, iſt viel beſtritten worden. Man hat ihn einen großen, freien König des Volks und hinwiederum einen fränkiſchen Leibgardiſt genannt! In vielfache Verhältniſſe kamen aber auch die Bojoarier mit ihren neuen ſüdlichen Nachbarn, den Longobarden. Im Hochgebirge, im Val de Non, am Noce rieten ſich nachbarlich die Hirten beider Völker an; Teriolis (Tirol), Sabiona (Seben), Bauzanum (Botzen) waren bojoariſch, Anagnis longobardiſch. König Autharis, der Longobarde, ging unerkannt zur Brautſchau an die Donau in die alte Veſte Radasbona (Regensburg), mit ihren hohen Mauern und Thürmen, und verrieth erſt an der Gränze durch den gewaltigen Wurf der Streitaxt, daß es der König ſelbſt geweſen, dem die Werbung um die ſchöne Theodelinde gelungen war. Um 595 erſcheint ein Herzog Taſſilo I. von Baiern, den Childebert der Merovinger eingeſetzt. Unter den folgenden Herzogen kam es zu vielen und blutigen Kriegen mit den öſtlichen Nachbarn, den Slaven und Avaren. Unter Herzog Theodo I. (680 — 690) erſcheint der ſtrenge Chriſtusbote Emmeran, der den Tod der Märtyrer in Baiern fand, dann Corbinian mit ſeinen Wundern, und der noch berühmtere Hruodbert (Ruprecht), der Gründer des neuen Salzburg auf den Trümmern der alten Juvavia. Die Biſthümer Regensburg, Paſſau, Salzburg, Freiſing ordnete der berühmte Apoſtel Mitteldeutſchlands, Bonifacius, während Augsburg, mit welchem das Biſthum Neuburg an der Donau, geſtiftet 740, im Jahr 800 verbunden wurde, ſchon länger Biſchöfe hatte. Doch waren die frühern Biſchöfe nur Reiſebiſchöfe, ohne beſtimmten Sprengel, daher auch ohne Nachfolger. — Häufige Abfälle der Baiern von der fränkiſchen Oberherrlichkeit züchtigten die Majordomen bald mehr, bald weniger glücklich. Theilungen Baierns unter mehrere Agilolfinger ſprachen zwar für freiere Stellung, ſchwächten aber den Staat. Jedoch die volle Unterwerfung des Volks, die Einziehung des Herzogthums fiel erſt in Karls des Großen Zeit unter Taſſilo II. (788). Ein kleiner Strich nördlich der Donau (die nachherige Oberpfalz, aber nicht der berühmte Nordgau) mag frühzeitig zu Bojoarien hinzugehört haben. —

Nördlich von der Donau bis hinauf zu den Sachſen, und von dem Speßhart bis gegen Böhmen war jetzt ſtatt des ehemaligen Thüringerreiches ein Frankenland; Oſtfranken, Frankonien, zum Unterſchiede von jenen ehemals alemanniſchen Rheinfranken, und von dieſen durch den Speiſeshart oder Speßhart getrennt, das letztere eine fiscaliſche Provinz, Oſtfranken aber ein Herzogthum, deſſen Inhaber zuweilen zu Wirzburg ſaßen. Als Dagobert ſeinen Siegbert den Auſtraſiern als König gab, ſetzte er zur Beſchützung der Oſtgränze gegen Slaven und Avaren einen Herzog Radulf ein, der ſich aber durch Muth und Glück faſt unabhängig und ſeine Würde erblich machte. Ihm folgte Hethan oder Hedene I. Unter einem folgenden Herzog Goßbert erſchien ein Irländer Kyllene oder Kilian (mit 11 Gefährten, wie gewöhnlich, man liebte bei ſolchen Miſſionen die apoſtoliſche Zahl) zum zweiten Male auf ſeiner Rückreiſe von Rom, wo ſich dieſe Heidenboten ihre Sanction vom Papſte zu holen pflegten, und taufte den Herzog; als dieſer aber ſeiner Ehe mit Gailana, des Bruders Wittwe, als einer verbotenen entſagen ſollte, wurde Kilian 687 ermordet. Unter Hethan II. entſtand das erſte fränkiſche Kloſter zu Hammelburg. Später unterdrückten die Majordome dieſe Herzogswürde. Endlich erſchien auch der berühmteſte der Miſſionarien, der angelſächſiſche Benedictiner Winfried oder Bonifacius, 719, 723, 726, 736, in Thüringen und dem alten Land der Heſſen (Chatten), nachdem er in Rom am Grabe der Apoſtelfürſten ſich zum großen Werk durch Andacht und päpſtliche Beſtätigung geſtärkt, und nachdrückliche Empfehlung noch von den gewaltigen Hausmeiern bekommen hatte. Bonifaz machte dem Papſte keine erbauliche Schilderung von der deutſchen Geiſtlichkeit; die biſchöflichen Stühle ſeyen beſetzt von gierigen Laien oder liederlichen Prieſtern; die Diaconen hätten zum Theil 4, 5 und mehr Beiſchläferinnen; andere, die ſich ſolcher Ausſchweifungen enthielten, ſeyen Trunkenbolde und Jäger. Freilich predigte er nun auch das römiſche Chriſtenthum, das einen Papſt in Rom für unerläßlich hält, und Gehorſam gegen die Franken, an deren Autorität er ſich anlehnte. Gregor II. hatte ihn zum Biſchof, Gregor III. zum Erzbiſchof, doch noch ohne beſtimmten Sprengel, ernannt, den er ſpäter erſt in Mainz fand. Die päpſtlichen Gebote, kein Pferdefleiſch zu eſſen, keine Sklaven an Heiden zu verkaufen, bei Ehen die Verwandtſchaftsgrade zu beachten, für keinen Verſtorbenen zu beten, welcher der römiſchen Kirche nicht angehangen u. ſ. w., mochten freilich anfangs wenig beachtet werden, ſo wie auch noch heidniſcher Aberglaube genug vorhanden war, und Bonifaz bei Geismar in Heſſen noch eine Wodanseiche umzuhauen fand. Die Kirchen und Klöſter von Fritzlar und Amöneburg, das Biſthum Büraburg in Heſſen, die Abteien Fulda im großen Buchenwalde (Buchonia) und Hersfeld, die Biſthümer Eichſtädt für den Nordgau, Wirzburg für Frankonien, das ſchnell verſchwindende Biſthum Erfurt für das eigentliche Thüringen waren ſein Werk. Als Erzbiſchof von Mainz (746) war er gleichſam geiſtlicher Primas oder Patriarch von Deutſchland. Aber er gab dieß Amt an ſeinen Schüler Lullus ab (752), und ging zu den Frieſen, wo er den Tod des Märtyrers (5. Juni 755) fand.

Der Sachſen (Oſtfalen, Engern, in der Enge oder Mitte, und Weſtfalen, zu denen noch die über der Elbe, Nordalbinger, hinzuzufügen ſind) wird in dieſer Zeit als Feinde der Franken oft gedacht, doch alle dieſe Kriege verſchwinden vor dem großen Unterwerfungskampf, den Karl der Karolinger mit ihnen 772 bis 803 führte. Aber jetzt ſchon zeigten ſie einen ſchwer zu beugenden Muth. Der Tribut von 500 Kühen mag ſelten entrichtet worden ſeyn. An den Slaven (Winidern oder Wenden) im Oſten bekamen ſie Nachbarn, die ihre Schwerter oft in Bewegung ſetzten. Dem Chriſtenthum verweigerten ſie den Eingang hartnäckig, weil es die Religion der Franken war; einen Miſſionär Ewald, der ſich zu ihnen wagte, erſchlugen ſie. Sie mochten weder ſalbende Prieſter noch geſalbte Könige mit dem Recht über Leben und Tod, und keine Lehre, wo nicht Rache und Recht gleichbedeutend und dem Helden ſein beſonderer Himmel verheißen war. Sie waren ein Volksſtaat, nicht ein Fürſtenſtaat, von freien Männern auf freien Höfen. Sie hatten zwar Gefolge, aber keine eigentlichen Vaſallen, Feldherren, Herzoge für den Krieg, nicht für den Frieden. Auf den Landtagen zu Markloh erſchienen aus jedem Gau 12 Edelinge, 12 Freie und 12 Laßen. Sie kannten zwar ein Schutzrecht (Hode, Hut) Höherer, aber darum noch keine Dienſtbarkeit. Wer aber weder in der Kriegsrolle noch in dem Schutze Jemands ſtand, ward als Wildfang angeſehen und hatte keine Waffen, war rechtlos. Daß der Ackerbau bei ihnen im Werthe ſtieg, zeigt das Gebot, daß, wer ein Rad vom Pfluge auf dem Felde ſtahl, gerädert werden ſollte. Eben ſo ſtrenge Geſetze hatten ſie gegen die Unkeuſchheit. Die Entehrte mußte ſich mit dem Strick das Leben nehmen, oder wurde nackt von Hof zu Hof, von Gau zu Gau von den Weibern mit Meſſerſtichen verfolgt, gegeißelt, bis ſie ſo das Leben aushauchte. Der Entführer wurde über der verbrannten Leiche aufgehenkt.

Die Frieſen theilten ſich in dieſer Zeit in Oſt- und Weſtfrieſen, welche Yſſel und Zuiderſee (Flie) ſchied. An der Waal gränzten ſie an die Franken. Auch ſie finden wir bald mit den Sachſen, noch öfter aber, nebſt den Sachſen, mit den Franken im Krieg. Mächtig waren ſie, als Fürſt Ratbod an die Spitze aller Frieſen kam. Unter ihm (um 688) erſcheint, wie früher ſchon Eligius, Wilfried und Wilbert, der berühmte Willibrod mit ſeinen Jüngern, der auch auf Helgoland (heilige Land) den Dienſt der Göttin Foſite zerſtörte, und vom Papſt Sergius zum Biſchof der Frieſen in Willaburg (Utrecht) ernannt wurde. Aber es ging langſam mit dem Chriſtenthum, und oft brachte blinder Eifer der Männer Gottes mehr Schaden als Nutzen. Wirklich wollte ſich endlich Radbod taufen laſſen (denn bisher hatte er immer hinter dem Taufſteine nur den verhaßten Majordom zu ſehen geglaubt); wirklich ſtand er ſchon mit einem Fuß im Waſſer, als er Wolfram, den Biſchof von Sens, der ihn taufen wollte, fragte: ob ſeine ungetauften Vorfahren in den Himmel oder in die Hölle gekommen wären. Auf die Antwort: „in die Hölle,“ zog er ſchnell den Fuß zurück, „er wolle ſeyn, wo die übrigen Fürſten ſeines Volkes auch wären, und dem Glauben der Väter treu bleiben.“

Endlich muß auch noch der öſtlichen Nachbarn der Deutſchen, der Slaven und Avaren, gedacht werden. Nach dem Untergang des thüringiſchen Königreiches waren die Slaven allmälig immer weiter von dem beſetzten Böhmen und Meißen gegen die thüringiſche Saale vorgedrungen, ſo wie nach Franken ins nachherige Baireuthiſche (Slavi Parantani, regis Slavorum) und Bambergerland bis an die Rednitz und wo ſpäter Nürnberg (Norix der Berg) entſtand und viele heutige Namen noch ſlaviſchen Urſprungs ſind. Zwar gaben die Sorben an der Elbe und Saale Tribut an die Franken, aber ſie benutzten auch jede Gelegenheit zum Abfall. Hinter den Slaven, im heutigen Ungarn (und Oeſtreich), wo ſonſt die Hunnen gehauſet hatten, und wohl auch mit Ueberbleibſeln derſelben vermiſcht (daher ihr Land auch Hunnavarenland oder Hunniwar!), ſaßen die weit roheren, wahrſcheinlich finniſchen, Avaren, welche bald viele Slavenſtämme ſich unterwürfig machten; ſie erhoben wenigſtens von ihnen Tribut, ſtellten ſie an die Spitze ihrer gegen die Deutſchen vordringenden Heere, nahmen und mißbrauchten ihre Weiber und Töchter, behielten die von den Slaven erkämpfte Beute für ſich, und kamen ihnen nur im Fall der Noth zu Hülfe. Die Beute aber ſchleppten ſie in ihre Ringe oder Nationalfeſtungen, große, kreisförmige Erdwälle, in deren Mitte dann das Zelt des Chagan, Chan oder Hauptanführers ſtand. Endlich lehrte ein fränkiſcher Kaufmann Samo die Slaven glücklich gegen die Avaren fechten, und vielleicht ſchon von den Karantanen in Kärnthen und Steiermark an bis zu den böhmiſchen Bergen traten (ſelbſt Derwan, Fürſt der Serben, im Meißniſchen, ſchloß ſich nicht aus) alle zu einem Reiche oder wenigſtens einer Verbindung unter Samo zuſammen. Er aber nahm ſich zwölf Weiber aus ihrer Mitte und regierte 37 Jahre. Dieß geſchah um 623. Auch Radulf der Thüringer ſcheint ſich mit Samo verſtändigt zu haben, als er ſich von Siegbert, bis auf den bloßen Schein der Herrſchaft, den man dem Franken ließ, unabhängig machte. So erkannte auch Samo dem Namen nach der Franken Oberhoheit an, als aber Dagoberts Geſandte, auf Samo's redliches Erbieten von Friede und Freundſchaft zwiſchen ihnen, ſtolz erklärten, daß die Chriſten, die Knechte Gottes, mit Hunden keine Freundſchaft halten könnten, erklärte Samo: daß die Hunde Gottes auch die Knechte beißen könnten. Dagobert griff bald zum Schwert, und führte nicht nur Franken (und die Alemannen unter Herzog Chrodbert) gegen ſie ins Feld, ſondern vermochte auch die Longobarden, am Kriege Antheil zu nehmen. Longobarden und Alemannen ſiegten, aber die Auſtraſier wurden vor Samo's Schloß Wogaſtisburg (Voigtsberg in Böhmen oder in Steiermark?) in einer dreitägigen Schlacht entſcheidend geſchlagen. So blieb der Zuſtand ſchwankend, bis die Slaven und Avaren an Karl dem Großen den ihnen gewachſenen Gegner fanden. Auch die Bojoarier hatten von den Avaren viel zu leiden, ſtehen aber auch zuweilen mit ihnen vereinigt gegen die Franken. Vom Chriſtenthume war bei beiden Völkern noch nicht die Rede.

Friedrich Bouterwek

ward am 15. April 1766 zu Ocker bei Goslar, wo ſein Vater als Beamter angeſtellt war, geboren. Er erhielt eine ſorgfältige Erziehung im väterlichen Hauſe und beſuchte dann nach einander das Martineum und das Collegium Carolinum zu Braunſchweig, wo er ſich vorzugsweiſe mit alter Literatur beſchäftigte. Im Jahre 1784 bezog er die Univerſität Göttingen, wo er ſich dem Studium der Jurisprudenz widmete und eine Preisaufgabe in ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft gewann. Seine Vorliebe zur Poeſie trieb ihn jedoch an, die letztere mit Eifer zu pflegen, und bewog ihn, nachdem er ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn vollendet und kurze Zeit in Hannover als Advocat gelebt hatte, nach Berlin zu gehen, um ſich eine ſeinen Neigungen angemeſſenere Stellung zu verſchaffen. Er brachte hier den Sommer des Jahres 1788 ſo wie den nächſtfolgenden Winter mit wiſſenſchaftlichen Beſchäftigungen zu und begab ſich dann, da ſeine Wünſche nicht verwirklicht wurden, zuerſt nach Goslar und darauf im Herbſte des Jahres 1791 wieder nach Göttingen, wo er als Privatdocent auftrat. — In dieſe Zeit fällt ſein Roman, Graf Donamar, der mit lebhaftem Beifall aufgenommen, dennoch ſpäter von ihm als eine jugendliche Verirrung betrachtet wurde. Er wandte ſich nun eifrig dem Studium der Philoſophie zu, machte 1794 eine Reiſe in die Schweiz und lebte dann eine Zeit lang in Darmſtadt, bis er 1796 nach Göttingen zurückkehrte, das er ſeitdem zu ſeinem bleibenden Aufenthalt erwählte. Im Jahre 1797 ward er außerordentlicher, 1802 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie daſelbſt und 1806 königlich hannöveriſcher Hofrath, nachdem ihn bereits 1791 der Herzog von Weimar mit dem Titel und Charakter eines H. W. Raths beehrt hatte. Er ſtarb am 9. Auguſt 1828 zu Göttingen.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Menöceus, Trauerſpiel. Hannover, 1788.
Briefe an Theokles. Berlin, 1789.
Parallelen. Göttingen, 1791.
Graf Donamar. Göttingen, 1791. 3 Th. N. A. Gött. 1792 — 1800.
Zehn Phantaſien. Berlin, 1792.
Aphorismen. Göttingen, 1793.
Miscellaneen. Göttingen, 1793 — 94. 2 Th.
Fünf kosmopolitiſche Briefe. Gött. 1794.
Peindora. — Hannover, 1795.
Schweizerbriefe an Cäcilie. Berlin, 1795.
Dialogen. Halle, 1798.
Ideen einer Apodiktik. Halle, 1799. 2 Th.
Paulus Septimius. Halle, 1795. 2 Th.
Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit. Gött. 1801 — 1820. 12 Bde.
Gedichte. Göttingen, 1802.
Neue Veſta. — Leipz. 1802 — 11. 12 Th.
Die Epochen der Vernunft. Göttingen, 1802.
Anleitung zur Philoſophie der Naturwiſſenſchaft. Göttingen, 1803.
Ramiros Tagebuch. Leipzig, 1804.
Immanuel Kant. Hamburg, 1805.
Novellen und Reflexionen. Göttingen, 1805.
Aeſthetik. Göttingen, 1806. 2 Thle. 3. A. Gött. 1824.
Guſtav und ſeine Brüder. Halle, 1796. 2 Thle.
Practiſche Aphorismen. Leipzig, 1808.
Lehrbuch der philoſophiſchen Vorkenntniſſe. Göttingen, 1810. N. A. 1820.
Lehrbuch der philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Göttingen, 1813. 2 Th. N. A. 1820.
Kleinere Schriften. Göttingen, 1818.
Die Religion der Vernunft. Göttingen, 1824.
Mehrere lateiniſche Abhandlungen, einzelne Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. —

Ohne Bouterwek's Verdienſten zu nahe treten und ſeinen anerkannten Ruf beeinträchtigen zu wollen, muß doch hier, dem Gebote der Wahrheit gemäß, die Anſicht unumwunden ausgeſprochen werden, daß es ihm eigentlich als Dichter wie als Philoſoph an Tiefe fehlte, und daß ſich mehr eine angenehme Darſtellungsweiſe und ein blühender Styl als eine wahre Beherrſchung des behandelten Stoffes in ſeinen Leiſtungen findet. — In ſeinen Romanen tritt der Mangel an wahrer Lebenskenntniß ſo wie an gründlicher, conſequenter Auffaſſung und Durchführung der Charaktere überall unabweislich und ſtörend hervor; ein Fehler, den er in ſpäteren Jahren ſelbſt anerkannte, und der ihn dazu veranlaßte, ſeine poetiſchen Productionen als Mißgriffe und jugendliche Ausgeburten zu betrachten, wobei er freilich zu ſtreng gegen ſich ſelbſt war, denn es iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß ſie einzelne ſchöne und gelungene Stellen enthalten und aus der Fluth älterer Romane noch immer vortheilhaft auftauchen. — Der Einfluß Jacobi's auf ſeine ſpeculativen Forſchungen im Gebiete der Philoſophie iſt unverkennbar, aber B. verfuhr überall zu raſch und ſtellte zu entſchieden Reſultate hin, ohne dieſelben auf vorhergegangene genaue Forſchungen zu gründen. Seine philoſophiſchen Schriften ſind daher ziemlich ſpurlos vorübergegangen. Bedeutender iſt er als Aeſthetiker und Literaturhiſtoriker, wo er Geſchmack mit Beleſenheit verbindet, jedoch hin und wieder in ſeinen Anſichten und Urtheilen zu befangen und beſchränkt iſt und ſich beſonders in der Geſchichte der deutſchen Literatur von kleinlichen Rückſichten beherrſchen läßt; auch ſind ſeine Angaben nicht immer zuverläſſig, und es finden ſich, vorzüglich in den erſten Bänden der Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, arge Lücken. Ueberall jedoch offenbart ſich der feingebildete Mann, der das Geſammelte mit Geſchmack und Geiſt wiederzugeben und anmuthig zu behandeln weiß. — Unter ſeinen kleineren Gedichten findet ſich manches, nicht bloß der Form nach, höchſt Gelungene.

Wir theilen hier, als ein für ſich beſtehendes Ganze von allgemeinem Intereſſe, die Einleitung zu dem eben erwähnten Werke mit.

Allgemeine Einleitung in die Geſchichte der neueren Poeſie und Beredſamkeit.

Als der menſchliche Geiſt in Europa, um die Zeit, wo die neuere Geſchichte anfängt, zu neuer Selbſtthätigkeit erwachte, war nur noch eine dunkle Spur von dem vorhanden, was die Welt damals geweſen war, als griechiſche und römiſche Cultur herrſchten. Alle Verhältniſſe hatten ſich geändert. Ganz andere Menſchen beteten zu ganz andern Göttern. Herrſcher und Unterthanen regierten und gehorchten nach ganz andern Regeln. Denkart und Sitten aller Stände trugen ein neues Gepräge. Es war eine andere Welt.

Dieſe Neuheit aller Dinge zeigt ſich auch deutlich in dem ganzen Charakter der äſthetiſchen Werke des neueren Genies. Und es wäre ein Wunder, wenn ſie ſich da nicht beſonders deutlich zeigte. Denn was man auch von einer reinen Objectivität gewiſſer, für alle Zeiten und Völker muſterhaften Kunſtwerke mit Recht rühmen mag: es iſt erſtens hiſtoriſche Wahrheit, daß gerade die Künſtler, die am ſicherſten für die Ewigkeit arbeiteten, die Eigenthümlichkeit ihres Geiſtes am innigſten mit dem Geiſte ihres Zeitalters vereinigten. Es iſt zweitens pſychologiſche Wahrheit, daß die wahrhaftigen Künſtler in dieſes Verhältniß zu ihren Zeitgenoſſen treten mußten. Nicht als ob der Geſchmack des Jahrhunderts dem Genie gebieten könnte oder dürfte. Wenn das wäre, woher ſollten denn die Muſter kommen, denen jedes gebildete Jahrhundert huldigt? Aber je weniger gelehrte Abſtraction an die Stelle der wahren Begeiſterung tritt, deſto mehr lebt und webt der Künſtler in der Welt fort, in der er aufwuchs. Nicht die Form, aber den erſten Stoff ſeiner Erfindungen lieferte ihm die Natur, die ihn zuerſt umgab. Und wie er auch immer dieſe Natur nach ſeinen Ideen und erweiterten Einſichten umbilden und in der Umbildung veredeln mochte; immer blieb er um ſo feſter an den Geiſt ſeines Stoffes gebunden, je mehr ſich durch Natur und Leben ſeine Erfindung auszeichnete. Der Künſtler, an deſſen Werken Natur und Genie größeren Antheil haben, als Beiſpiel, Unterricht und Lectüre, paßt ſich der Welt, von der er unmittelbare Kenntniß hat, in denſelben Verhältniſſen unmittelbar an, in denen er die Welt überhaupt nach ſich bildet.

Die redende Kunſt iſt noch weit mehr, als die bildende und tönende, von Zeit und Umſtänden abhängig. Ihr Organ, die Sprache, iſt gerade ſo reich oder ſo arm an Mitteln der Darſtellung, als das Volk, das ſie ſpricht, an Begriffen reich oder arm iſt. Da die Bedeutung der Wörter der letzte Grund aller ihrer äſthetiſchen Verbindungen iſt, ſo feſſelt den Dichter ſeine Sprache durch eben die Kraft, durch die er ſein Publicum beherrſcht. Was dieſes bei dem ſymboliſchen Ausdruck durch Worte nicht verſtehen kann, das vermag auch er als Dichter nicht auszudrücken. Wie ſich daher der Geiſt eines Volks in der Sprache zeigt, ſo zeigt er ſich unvermeidlich auch in allen Werken der Poeſie in dieſer Sprache. An wie vielen Fäden der dunklen Vorſtellungen, die jedes Wort begleiten, hängt nicht die äſthetiſche Bedeutung eines Gedichts! Und dieſes Spiel der dunkeln Vorſtellungen, zu dem der Dichter den Geiſt ſeines Publicums beleben möchte, iſt doch größtentheils nur Reſultat des Nationalcharakters, der Nationalcultur und der allgemeinen Denkart des Volks, in deſſen Sprache der Dichter ſich mittheilt.

Wollen wir alſo die Verdienſte, die ſich die neueren Nationen um die redende Kunſt erworben haben, richtig ſchätzen, ſo müſſen wir uns vorläufig an die religiöſen, geſellſchaftlichen und litterariſchen Verhältniſſe erinnern, durch die ſich die neueren Zeiten ſeit der Wiederentſtehung der Kunſt von dem claſſiſchen Alterthum überhaupt unterſcheiden. Haben wir dieſen Geſichtspunkt zur Beobachtung des Eigenthümlichen der neueren Poeſie und Beredſamkeit im Allgemeinen gewonnen, ſo laufen wir weniger Gefahr, wahres Verdienſt einer eigenſinnigen und doch blinden Kritik aufzuopfern. Dann können wir ſicherer eine charakteriſirende Geſchichte des Geſchmacks der verſchiedenen neueren Nationen, die auf poetiſches und rhetoriſches Verdienſt Anſpruch machen, zu entwerfen verſuchen.

1. Europa war zum Chriſtenthum bekehrt worden. Und nicht leicht können zwei Religionsarten in ihrem Bezuge auf äſthetiſche Bildung und Thätigkeit des Geiſtes verſchiedener ſeyn, als der chriſtliche Offenbarungsglaube und der griechiſche Mythenglaube.

Die Religion des alten Griechenlands war ein Kind des Zufalls und der Phantaſie, von Prieſtern erzogen, aber ohne Stifter, ohne geſchriebenes Geſetz und ohne Glaubensregel. Das Chriſtenthum gehört zu den geſtifteten Religionen. Die Geſchichte ſeines Stifters wird durch heilige Bücher verbürgt; und dieſe heiligen Bücher enthalten ein Geſetz und eine Glaubensregel, denen gelehrte Ausleger bald die Form eines Syſtems gaben. Das Syſtem jedes Auslegers galt unter den Anhängern deſſelben für das einzige der reinen Wahrheit. Mit der griechiſchen Mythenreligion konnte die Phantaſie der Künſtler faſt willkürlich ſpielen. Der chriſtliche Dichter mußte entweder auf alle religiöſe Darſtellung der Geſchichte und der Lehren ſeines Glaubens Verzicht thun, oder ſich gewiſſenhaft an die geſetzgebende Dogmatik ſeiner Kirche halten, wenn er auch durch ausſchmückende Dichtungen die Gränze der Religionsgeſchichte zu erweitern ſich erlaubte. Was alſo auch immer der chriſtliche Dichter von Feuer und Kraft ſeinen Erfindungen einhauchen mochte; ängſtlich mußte ſeine Darſtellung bleiben, wenn ſie ihm ſelbſt nicht als gottlos mißfallen ſollte. Dieſe Aengſtlichkeit mußte ſich in ſeine äſthetiſche Anſicht auch derjenigen Dinge miſchen, die nicht unmittelbar Religionsſachen waren. Wenn alſo die neuere Kunſt die Leichtigkeit der griechiſchen und mit ihr die wahre Schönheit erreichen ſollte, mußte die allgemeine Denkart gegen den ſtrengen Sinn der kirchlichen Orthodoxie gemildert, und, was die unerbittliche Dogmatik theoretiſch ſchadete, wenigſtens durch praktiſche Liberalität gutgemacht werden.

Dieſe zur Wiedergeburt des Geſchmacks und der geſunden Vernunft gleich nöthige Liberalität der chriſtlich-religiöſen Denkart läßt ſich in der Geſchichte der Periode, wo Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften wieder auflebten, nicht verkennen. Italien, das Land, von welchem die neue Cultur ausging, war freylich die Wiege der katholiſchen Orthodoxie. Aber mehrere Umſtände vereinigten ſich, der katholiſchen Orthodoxie unbeſchadet, in dieſem Lande den Geiſt zur neuen Freiheit zu beleben. Der päbſtliche Thron ſtand feſter als je. Wer von dieſem Throne herab der Welt gebieten ſollte, darüber ſtritten Päbſte und Gegenpäbſte zum Scandal der ganzen Chriſtenheit; aber die päbſtliche Gewalt blieb unerſchüttert. Abgerechnet die Schismatiker von der orientaliſchen Kirche, mit denen man ſich im Abendlande ſchon ſeit Jahrhunderten abgefunden oder wenigſtens müde geſtritten hatte, gab es in Europa keine Ketzer. Die Päbſte konnten ohne alle Gefahr einer äſthetiſchen Freidenkerey zuſehen, gegen welche die Vorſteher der Kirche in den älteren Zeiten gewaltig eiferten. Die Vermiſchung altgriechiſcher, alſo heidniſcher Vorſtellungen mit den chriſtlichen hatte aufgehört, bedenklich zu ſeyn, ſobald es damit nur nicht ernſtlich gemeint war. Und wer hätte damals den Einfall haben können, das Heidenthum wieder einzuführen? Biſchöfe und Seelſorger verboten nicht mehr das Leſen der Schriften des Alterthums, wie ſie es bis dahin gethan hatten. Das junge Dichtergenie konnte ungeſtraft heidniſch ſchwärmen, wenn es nur nicht aufhörte, chriſtlich zu glauben.

Hätte ſich dieſe Liberalität der orthodoxen Denkart von der Mitte des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts an in Italien nicht von ſelbſt eingefunden, ſo würden weder Dante, noch nach ihm Petrarch die Männer geworden ſeyn, die ſie für ihr Zeitalter und für die Welt wurden. Mag die barocke Ausſtaffirung der katholiſch-chriſtlichen Theorie von der Hölle, dem Fegefeuer und dem Himmel mit Blumen des Heidenthums in Dante's göttlicher Comödie dem Kritiker noch ſo anſtößig ſeyn; dem Geſchichtsforſcher iſt ſie ein erfreulicher Beweis einer vielbedeutenden Umwandlung der allgemeinen Denkart. Anders, aber nur deſto glücklicher, wirkte dieſe neue Denkart auf Petrarch. Er, der ſeinen Vorgänger ungefähr in eben dem Maße an Geſchmack, wie dieſer ihn vielleicht an Genie, übertraf, borgte von den claſſiſchen Alten, die er als Muſter ſtudierte, nur wenig mythologiſchen Schmuck. Aber ſeine Verehrung der claſſiſchen Alten und ſein Eifer für die Erneuerung des Studiums der alten Litteratur war enthuſiaſtiſch. Als Apoſtel ſeiner Religion hätte er nicht feuriger und inniger alle Welt auffordern können, der Bibel ſo zu huldigen, wie er ſeinem Cicero huldigte. So konnte es ihm gelingen, den rohen Provenzalgeſang in eine Dichtung zu verwandeln, die an claſſiſch ſchönen Stellen mit den Werken der Alten wetteifert.

Was eine liberalere Denkart damals in Italien beſonders begünſtigte, waren zuerſt ohne Zweifel die Angelegenheiten der Päbſte ſelbſt. Immer in politiſchem Streit, wo nicht mit Gegenpäbſten, doch mit italieniſchen Fürſten und Republiken verwickelt, konnte das Oberhaupt der Kirche die ſchwache Seite ſeiner Herrſchaft vor dem Auge des allgemeinen Menſchenverſtandes unmöglich länger verbergen. Wer ſich als Gibellin gegen den Pabſt erklärte, wurde freylich dadurch noch nicht zum Ketzer; aber die päbſtliche Unfehlbarkeit mußte ihm doch in einem ganz andern Lichte erſcheinen, als dem frommen Ausländer, der die Sünden der Päbſte gar nicht, oder nur dem Namen nach kannte. Die Päbſte durften es daher mit ihren Anhängern in Italien auch ſo genau nicht nehmen, wenn nur keiner gegen die geiſtliche Macht des Pabſtes theologiſche Einwendungen machte. Durch die politiſche Freidenkerey der Parteien, der Gibellinen wie der Guelfen, in ihren Verhältniſſen zum päbſtlichen Stuhle mußte die Phantaſie der italieniſchen Dichter eine freiere Ausſicht gewinnen. Dante hätte ſeine göttliche Comödie nicht mit der Kühnheit, die wir in ihm bewundern, entworfen und ausgeführt, wenn nicht die Rache, die er an den Guelfen von der Gegenpartei und an dem Pabſte nehmen wollte, ihn mitbegeiſtert hätte.

Der Streit der Guelfen mit den Gibellinen, in den das Intereſſe der Päbſte immer verwickelt war, ſicherte ferner dem Dichter, mit deſſen Poeſie der Pabſt unzufrieden zu ſeyn Urſache haben möchte, eine Freiſtätte bei der Gegenpartei. Verſuche der päbſtlichen Gewalt, poetiſche Freiheiten mit dem Bannſtrahle zu beſtrafen, würden nur lächerlich ausgefallen ſeyn.

Der Zuſtand der chriſtlichen Kirche in Italien um die Zeit der Wiederentſtehung der Kunſt, war alſo den Künſtlern günſtig genug. Aber war dadurch der Verluſt erſetzt, den die Kunſt durch den Untergang der griechiſchen Götterwelt erlitten hatte?

Es iſt hier nicht der Ort, den äſthetiſchen Werth der griechiſchen Götterlehre genauer zu beſtimmen. Es bedarf auch kaum noch neuer Unterſuchungen über dieſen Punkt. Wer nicht ganz unbekannt mit dem Geiſte der mythiſchen Dichtungen iſt, der weiß, daß die ganze Religion der Griechen im Grunde nichts anders als Poeſie war. Ebendeſswegen war auch die griechiſche Poeſie nie ohne mythiſchen Schmuck und ohne äſthetiſch religiöſe Empfindung. Von dieſer Art zu dichten und zu empfinden konnte ſich aber ein chriſtlicher Dichter des dreizehnten und vierzehnten Jahrhunderts nicht einmal eine hiſtoriſche Vorſtellung machen. Nur durch mühſame Abſtraction können wir ſelbſt jetzt, wo chriſtliche Orthodoxie nicht eben herrſchend unter den Gelehrten iſt, uns in die griechiſche Denkart ſoweit hineinräſonniren, daß wir ungefähr errathen, was der Grieche bei ſeiner Poeſie fühlte. Dante und Petrarch hatten vielleicht kaum eine poetiſche Ahndung davon. Der durchaus ſtrenge Charakter einer Religion, wie die chriſtliche iſt, läßt ſich mit griechiſcher Religioſität auch nicht in den kleinſten Zügen vereinigen. Zog der Dichter die Phantaſieen der alten Welt in die natürliche Sphäre der ſeinigen hinüber, wie es Dante that, ſo wurden jene finſter wie dieſe, und hörten in ihrer ganzen äſthetiſchen Bedeutung auf, zu ſeyn, was ſie waren. Machte aber der chriſtliche Dichter, wie es in der Folge geſchah, die Götter der Griechen zu bloßen Puppen einer ſpielenden Laune, ſo bewies er eben dadurch den gänzlichen Mangel der Begeiſterung, die den Griechen beſeelte. Und doch blieb ihm, ſelbſt nach den Forderungen eines geſunden Geſchmacks, wenn die griechiſchen Mythen nicht ganz aus der neueren Kunſt verwieſen werden ſollten, nur der zweite dieſer Abwege offen. Der gefährliche Amor, zu dem der Grieche aufrichtig und andächtig, wenn gleich nach ſeiner Art, betete, wurde in der neueren Poeſie ein unſchuldiges Hirngeſpinnſt, das kalte Emblem einer Empfindung. Und ſo wurden alle Götter des Olymps zu poetiſchen Figuren. Das war denn freilich verzeihlicher, als das Verfahren des Dante, der den Pluto zu einem Satan verzerrte. Aber war es Erſatz für den Verluſt der äſthetiſchen Andacht?

Weit weniger, als die Poeſie, hatte die bildende Kunſt verloren. Sie konnte, nach wie vor, in griechiſchen Götterbildern die Vergötterung menſchlicher Vollkommenheit und menſchlicher Schwachheit ausdrücken. Wenn gleich der Maler und der Bildhauer ſelbſt an dieſe Ideale nicht glaubten, hörten darum doch die Geſtalten derſelben Götter nicht auf, mit unübertrefflicher Wahrheit die Ideen zu verſinnlichen, deren Werke ſie waren. Zur äuſſeren Darſtellung ſolcher Ideen konnte auch der neuere Künſtler keine beſſere Formen wählen. Was lag ihm daran, ob ſeine Bilder Apoll und Venus, oder anders hießen! Er wollte Selbſtgefühl und Begeiſterung in der Geſtalt des ſchönſten Jünglings, Grazie in der Geſtalt des ſchönſten Weibes verewigen. Er ſah das Ziel ſeiner Phantaſie nach der antiken Vorſtellungsart erreichbar. Was hinderte ihn, im Geiſte dieſer Vorſtellungsart fortzufahren und mit dem Griechen ſo unbefangen zu wetteifern, als er ſich gleichen Sinn für Wahrheit und Schönheit überhaupt zutrauete? Das Bild, das er meißelte oder mahlte, war ja doch nur das ſichtbare Wort, durch das er ſeine Idee in der Sprache der bildenden Kunſt ausdrückte.

Aber ſo gut wurde es den Dichtern nicht, wenn ſie in der griechiſchen Götterwelt einkehren wollten. Die Poeſie konnte auch hier ihre nähere Verwandtſchaft mit dem Verſtande nicht verleugnen. Was halfen dem Dichter die Geſtalten der griechiſchen Götter! Durch Beſchreibung derſelben es dem bildenden Künſtler gleich zu thun, war an ſich ſchon die eitelſte Mühe. Und wenn er auch Alles leiſtete, was die Kunſt der Beſchreibung vermag, ſo konnte er doch die Natur dieſer Kunſt nicht abändern. Die Beſchreibung blieb immer nur ein Mittel, den poetiſchen Stoff zu verſchönern, der als ein Factum im Reiche der Phantaſie ſchon gegenwärtig ſeyn mußte. Die dichteriſche Täuſchung ſetzt das Object der Beſchreibung ſchon als wahr oder eingebildet in Gedanken voraus. Eingebildete Objecte behandelt man aber ſelbſt im poetiſchen Sinne anders, als ſolche, die man für wahr hält. Wenn Pindar in ſeinen Oden den Jupiter und Herkules anruft, ſo iſt der Ausdruck natürlich und ernſthaft. Wenn aber ein lyriſcher Dichter unter den Neueren eine griechiſche Gottheit apoſtrophirt, ſo wird ſeine Anrufung ein Scherz, er mag ſie noch ſo pathetiſch in ernſthafte Worte einkleiden. Wir trauen dem lyriſchen Dichter wohl zu, daß er uns in dem täuſchenden Gemälde ſeiner Empfindungen auch eine Selbſttäuſchung mitmahlen kann. Aber daß ihn ſeine poetiſche Selbſttäuſchung nie verleitet haben wird, an die Götter, die er anruft, im Ernſte zu glauben, davon ſind wir im Voraus hiſtoriſch überzeugt. Er beleidigt alſo, wenn er dieſe Götter in ſeinem Gedichte ernſthaft anruft, ſelbſt die poetiſche Wahrheit. Er zerſtört ſein eignes Gemälde.

In der erzählenden und dramatiſchen Poeſie konnten die neueren Dichter etwas freieren Gebrauch von den mythologiſchen Empfindungen der Alten machen; aber doch auch nur in engen Grenzen. Nur wo der Stoff des neueren Gedichts mehr oder weniger mythologiſch war, ließen ſich die griechiſchen Götter ohne Affectation einführen. Durch die Wahl eines ſolchen Stoffs wurde aber der Dichter ſeinem Zeitalter fremd. Auf die wahre Popularität, eine Darſtellungsart, die ſich unmittelbar an die allgemeine Denkart anſchließt und nicht etwa vorzugsweiſe dem gemeinen Manne, aber auch nicht vorzugsweiſe nur dem Gelehrten verſtändlich iſt, mußte er Verzicht thun. Mochte er dann mit noch ſo viel Geiſt und Studium die antiken Dichtungen moderniſiren; ſo, wie die griechiſchen Dichter auf ihre Nation wirkten, konnte er nicht wirken. Die lebendige Wahrheit der griechiſchen Poeſie konnte er nicht erreichen.

Aber ein anderes Feld, von dem die Alten nichts wußten, war den neueren Dichtern durch die chriſtliche Religion ſelbſt und durch den neueren Aberglauben geöffnet.

Während die chriſtliche Denkart ſich mit dem üppigen Reichthum der griechiſchen Phantaſie nicht vertrug, und während ſie den Sinn für das Schöne überhaupt von allen Seiten beſchränkte, läuterte ſie das Gefühl des Erhabenen. So reizend auch die Täuſchungen des griechiſchen Götterglaubens ſind; ihre Entſtehung ſetzte eine ſeltſame Verkehrung der natürlichen Religioſität voraus. Der Grieche dachte ſich zwar ſeine Götter nicht, wie der Neger ſich ſeinen Fetiſch denkt, als Weſen, die man wie Kobolde fürchten und wie habſüchtige Menſchen durch Schmeicheleien und Gaben gewinnen muß. Er fühlte ſich wirklich gegen ſie von Ehrfurcht durchdrungen. Er ſah in ihnen die Beſchützer des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, vorzüglich ſeiner Nation. Er glaubte, daß ſie über Recht und Gerechtigkeit auf Erden wachten, ob ſie gleich ſich ſelbſt aus einer zügelloſen Befriedigung der niedrigſten Leidenſchaften kein Gewiſſen machten und den armen Sterblichen zuweilen unbarmherzig mitſpielten. Dieſe Miſchung von ſtreitenden Vorſtellungen, die ſich in der griechiſchen Andacht vereinigten, trug vielleicht nicht wenig zur äſthetiſchen Belebung der Phantaſie unter den Griechen bei: denn nur eine Alles verſchönernde Phantaſie konnte eine ſolche Andacht in unverwahrloſeten Gemüthern retten. Aber was dem Erhabenen der griechiſchen Religion an moraliſcher Reinheit fehlte, konnte der äſthetiſche Schwung der Phantaſie nicht erſetzen. Die nothwendige Beziehung aller erhabenen Ideen auf moraliſche Energie wurde in der griechiſchen Denkart durch eine in dieſem Sinne unnatürliche Begeiſterung verdunkelt. Einer ſolchen Selbſtverleugnung war der chriſtliche Dichter durch ſeine wahrhaft erhabne Religion überhoben. Eine den griechiſchen Künſtlern unbekannte Begeiſterung für moraliſche Ideen konnte ſich nun in Gedichten, wie in frommen Gemälden, zeigen. Hölle und Himmel waren zum beliebigen Eintritt wunderbar eröffnet. Contraſtirende Charaktere von Engeln und Teufeln, Geſchöpfen, deren idealiſcher Wirkungskreis außerhalb aller griechiſchen Faſſung lag, gaben den chriſtlichen Dichtern ganz neuen Stoff zu Dichtungen in hohem Styl, die überdem noch, bei aller Excentricität, den Vortheil der Popularität für ſich hatten. Die Dogmatik, die über die Zahl und Rangordnung der guten und böſen Geiſter nur wenig Auskunft gab, ließ der chriſtlichen Phantaſie in dieſer Richtung um ſo freieren Spielraum. Die Ideen der Welt, Schöpfung und des jüngſten Gerichts ließen der kühnſten Phantaſie, die nach den Extremen ausſchweift, nichts zu wünſchen übrig. Selbſt die Geheimniſſe des Chriſtenthums verloren durch ihre Unbegreiflichkeit den Charakter des wahrhaft Erhabenen nicht. Verliert ſich doch unſer ganzes Nachdenken über den Urſprung der rein moraliſchen Ideen in Unbegreiflichkeit und Geheimniß!

Der poetiſche Reichthum des Himmels und der Hölle iſt indeſſen nicht ſo überſchwenglich, daß ihn die Phantaſie, wenn ſie das Widernatürliche, das Einförmige, und das durchaus Unäſthetiſche vermeiden will, nicht bald erſchöpfen ſollte. Was als religiöſes Geheimniß unbegreiflich iſt, iſt auch unbeſchreiblich. Nur durch eine tranſcendentale Spannung der Einbildungskraft, die das Ueberſinnliche in die Schranken der Sinnlichkeit herabziehen will, wird der Geiſt in dieſen excentriſchen Dichtungen beſchäftigt. An wahre Anſchaulichkeit, die Seele der vollendeten Dichtung, iſt da nicht zu denken. Und ſo erſcheinen auch der dichteriſche Himmel und die dichteriſche Hölle, mit dem Ausdruck eines Griechen, wie Träume von einem Schatten. Statt beſtimmter Bilder, die in dieſer Höhe unmöglich ſind, bleibt der Phantaſie nichts übrig als ein dunkles Gewebe von Vorſtellungen, die eine in die andre verſchwinden. Wenn der Weltſchöpfer in einem Gedichte redet, verbietet er ſelbſt, ihn zu hören, wie er verbietet, ihn unter irgend eine Geſtalt zu denken. Die Rede ſeines Mundes iſt nur ein Gedanke, ſo wie der Arm, den er durch die Unendlichkeit ausſtreckt, nur eine poetiſche Redensart iſt. Das Uebernatürliche grenzt hier zu nahe an das Widernatürliche, als daß die Poeſie an der Grenze nicht ſtraucheln ſollte. Widernatürlich müßte auch, auf der andern Seite, jede Zeichnung des Oberhaupts der Hölle ausfallen, wenn man dieſes Oberhaupt nur als grundböſe darſtellen wollte. Die Idee einer ſolchen Bosheit kann eben ſo wenig wie die Idee der entgegengeſetzten Heiligkeit des Willens in klarer Darſtellung verſinnlicht werden. In beiden Extremen wird nicht die menſchliche Natur auf der letzten Höhe des Möglichen gezeigt; es wird eine durchaus andre, eine metaphyſiſche Natur erdichtet, deren ſich der Geiſt nur in der Abſtraction bemächtigen kann. Ueberdem behielt die Idee einer ſolchen Bosheit, wie ſie dem Satan dogmatiſch zugetheilt werden mußte, etwas Zurückſtoßendes für die Phantaſie. Das Schrecklich-Erhabene mußte wenigſtens durch einen täuſchenden Schimmer der Majeſtät gemildert werden. Nur als eine hölliſche Majeſtät konnte ſich der Satan in der poetiſchen Welt behaupten. Die Zweifel, die der Verſtand gegen eine Vorſtellung dieſer Art erregen konnte, wurden zum Glück durch die Phantaſie ſelbſt niedergeſchlagen, deren Triumph in allen dieſen Vorſtellungen eben darin beſtand, daß ſie mit dem Unmöglichen ſpielte. So konnten die Ideen von Himmel und Hölle den chriſtlichen Dichter ohne Zweifel zu ſehr erhabenen Bildern und Erfindungen begeiſtern; aber nur auf Koſten der Klarheit konnte dieſe Erhabenheit erreicht werden; und wenn ſie erreicht war, mußten doch der menſchlichen Phantaſie in den Regionen des Ueberſinnlichen die Flügel bald ſinken.

Belohnender für den chriſtlichen Künſtler waren die Scenen des Chriſtenthums auf Erden. Der bildenden Kunſt blieben, wenn ſie ſich nicht weit über ihre Grenzen verirren wollte, wie ſie es denn freilich oft genug gethan hat, keine andern Stoffe zur chriſtlichen Darſtellung übrig; denn die Gottheit war ohne Geſtalt; und das Bild des Satans wurde zur Caricatur, man mochte es verſchönern wie man wollte. Aber das Dogma der Vereinigung der Gottheit mit der Menſchheit in der Perſon des Welterlöſers durch die Perioden der Kindheit, der Jugend, und des männlichen Alters war für Maler und Bildhauer eine begeiſternde Idee. Dieſelbe Idee konnte mehr oder weniger in die Darſtellungen der Engel gelegt werden. Auch die Reinheit der Seele im Geſichte der Gottesmutter, und in den Geſichtern der Heiligen und der Sünder die Gradationen der Entfernung des Menſchen vom Himmel gaben beſonders den Malern Gelegenheit, in den edelſten Erfindungen und Compoſitionen ihre ganze Kunſt zu zeigen. Auch den Dichtern war dieſe neue Quelle des moraliſch Erhabenen und Schönen nicht unzugänglich. Aber auf gleichen Gewinn, wie die Maler, durften ſie nicht rechnen. Durch ihre Kunſt zu einer pſychologiſchen Zergliederung der Empfindungen genöthigt, verſuchten ſie ſo vergebens, wie die Theologen, die Vereinigung der göttlichen Natur mit der menſchlichen in der Perſon des Gottmenſchen verſtändlich zu idealiſiren. Entweder zeichneten ſie in dieſer Perſon nichts anders als einen göttlich-geſinnten Menſchen, oder ſie fielen zurück in den Myſticiſmus, in welchen ſich die Poeſie von Himmel und Hölle verliert. Die Begebenheiten aus dem irdiſchen Leben des Gottmenſchen durch poetiſchen Schmuck zu verſchönern, war eine ängſtliche Aufgabe. Auf alle Fälle durfte die Geſchichte ſelbſt, ſofern ſie ein höheres Intereſſe, als das poetiſche hat, nicht gemeiſtert werden. Auch die Geſchichte der Apoſtel und der Heiligen, und Alles, was die Legende erzählt, bot dem Dichter nichts weiter als ziemlich gleichförmige und wenig poetiſche Notizen.

Schwerlich würden die chriſtlichen Dichter in der epiſchen Poeſie etwas den antiken Dichtungen dieſer Art Aehnliches zu Stande gebracht haben, wenn nicht der neue Aberglaube, der mit den Kreuzfahrern aus dem Morgenlande gekommen war, ergiebiger an poetiſcher Ausbeute geweſen wäre, als alle chriſtlichen Legenden. Eine orientaliſche Geiſterwelt, die der Grieche nicht brauchte, die Welt der Feen, Sylphen, Gnomen, und wie dieſe luftigen Weſen weiter heißen, mußte der Phantaſie der chriſtlichen Dichter zu Hülfe kommen, als ſie ſich im Felde des Wunderbaren mit mehrerem Glücke verſuchen wollte, als Dante mit aller Fülle ſeines Genies in der Hölle, im Fegefeuer und im Himmel gehabt hatte. Im Morgenlande hatte man die Geiſtermährchen, die mit dem mahomedaniſchen Glauben urſprünglich gar nichts gemein hatten, mit dieſem Glauben ohne alles Aergerniß zu vereinigen gewußt. Warum hätte es den chriſtlichen Fabulirern*), die auf den Ritterſchlöſſern die galanten Herren und Frauen mit ähnlichen Wundergeſchichten unterhielten, nicht gelingen ſollen, ihre Mährchen, dem Chriſtenthum unbeſchadet, mit eben ſo vielem Scheine der Glaubwürdigkeit auszuſchmücken, als es dem fabulirenden Muſelmann vor ſeinem muſelmänniſchen Publicum gelungen war? Und wenn man gleichwohl Bedenken tragen mußte, es mit dieſen Mährchen in der Chriſtenheit zu ernſtlich zu nehmen, ſo lag doch der wirklichen Welt, in der man damals lebte, die Feenwelt viel näher, als die griechiſche Götterwelt. Die Geiſter, die zu ihr gehörten, waren keine Götter. Sie ſchwebten als Mittelweſen zwiſchen dem Himmel und der Erde umher. Sie konnten ohne Widerſpruch neben der ganz andern Art von guten und böſen Geiſtern beſtehen, die man als Engel oder Teufel dogmatiſch in ſein Glaubensbekenntniß aufnahm. Man durfte nur an dieſe nicht denken, und jene behaupteten das Feld allein. Man konnte aber auch Feen, Engel und Teufel zur Noth in poetiſche Harmonie bringen, wie es Taſſo in ſeinem Jeruſalem ſehr glücklich verſuchte. Dieſe Conformität der Feenmährchen und der herrſchenden Denkart wurde vollkommen durch den Wirkungskreis, den man den Feen und Gnomen anwies. Nicht Heroen aus der griechiſchen Fabelzeit, von der man nichts mehr wußte; Ritter und Helden, wie man ſie gegenwärtig kannte, nur ebenfalls ein Paar Jahrhunderte zurück und auf ein wundervolleres Theater verſetzt und nach Zeit und Umſtänden idealiſirt, waren die Sterblichen, deren Wohl und Wehe die Feen und Gnomen beſorgen halfen. An die Stelle der mythiſchen Giganten traten Rieſen, deren Exiſtenz man auch noch damals für möglich hielt. Mit dieſen Rieſen mußten ſich die Ritter ſchlagen, wenn der Kampf einem Wunder gleichen ſollte. Was für den griechiſchen Herkules die lernäiſche Schlange, für den Bellerophon die Chimäre geweſen war, das wurden nun für weltberühmte Ritter geflügelte Drachen und ähnliche Ungeheuer von moderner Erfindung. Wie ſonſt Göttinnen ſich in ſterbliche Männer verliebten, ſo ging es jetzt den Feen mit den neueren Menſchenſöhnen nicht beſſer. Und wenn die Gnomen in ihren Anſprüchen an die Schönheit der irrdiſchen Frauen nicht ganz ſo ausſchweifend waren, wie vor ihnen Jupiter und ſeine männliche Sippſchaft, ſo war der Zuſtand der Frauen um ſo rührender, wenn ein lüſterner Rieſe oder gar ein Zwerg ſie in ſein Caſtell einſperrte. Und gewöhnlich waren dieſe Unholde noch dazu Zauberer, die einen unmittelbaren Verkehr mit den geiſtigen Mächten trieben. Von ſolchen Zauberern wußte das griechiſche Alterthum gar nichts.

So wurzelten morgenländiſche Träume auf dem europäiſchen Boden und verſprachen den Dichtern eine reiche Ernte. Fiel dieſe Ernte nicht immer nach Wunſch aus, ſo lag die Schuld einzig an den Dichtern ſelbſt. Das warme und friſche Colorit, das Arioſt's und Taſſo's Heldengedichte noch jetzt haben, verdanken ſie ohne Zweifel unter andern auch ihrer glücklichen Maſchinerie. Wie viel froſtiger und matter wäre die ganze Dichtung ausgefallen, wenn dieſe Dichter den Stoff aus der griechiſchen Fabelwelt genommen hätten! Dann wäre vielleicht aus dem wüthenden Roland eine kümmerliche Nachbildung von Ovid's Metamorphoſen, und aus dem befreiten Jeruſalem eine langweilige Thebaide geworden. Oder wären Arioſt und Taſſo gar in Dante's Fußtapfen getreten, ſo hätte Italien wahrſcheinlich noch weniger jemals eine claſſiſche Epopöe erhalten.

II. Sichtbarer noch, als die allgemeine Umänderung der religiöſen Denkart, iſt in der neueren Poeſie, wenn wir ſie mit der Poeſie der Alten vergleichen, der durchaus neue Charakter des geſelligen Lebens.

Nicht die Verſchiedenheit der Staatsverfaſſungen, ſo wie ſie nach den Grundſätzen des Naturrechts und der Politik geſchieden werden, konnte eine bedeutende Veränderung in der Anſicht der Verhältniſſe bewirken, die äſthetiſch intereſſiren. Die eigentlich politiſchen Verhältniſſe gingen von jeher die Kunſt ſehr wenig an. Nur auf die Geſchichte der proſaiſchen Beredſamkeit haben ſie einen bedeutendern Einfluß. Vielleicht begünſtigte auch zuweilen der Republicaniſmus das Genie, ſo wie in einigen Monarchien mehr die Feinheit des Geſchmacks cultivirt wurde. Gewiß aber haben die Berechnungen der politiſchen Kräfte, auf deren Vertheilung der Unterſchied der Staatsverfaſſungen beruht, urſprünglich nicht den mindeſten äſthetiſchen Reiz. Selbſt in der republicaniſchen Freiheitspoeſie hat ſich deswegen, ſo ſehr ſie auch zum Patriotiſmus begeiſtern kann, noch nie ſonderlich viel poetiſche Begeiſterung gezeigt. Freiheitslieder haben in ihrer Art gewirkt wie Kirchenlieder. Wie dieſe die Andacht, ſo weckten jene den Patriotiſmus, ohne Aufwand der Phantaſie, durch proſaiſch kräftige und metriſch eingekleidete Worte. Selbſt die Trennungen der Stände machen keine merklichen Unterſchiede in der Poeſie monarchiſch, ariſtokratiſch, oder demokratiſch regierter Nationen, die übrigens ungefähr auf derſelben Stufe der Cultur ſtehen. Zur höheren Bildung des Geiſtes gehörte immer, wo nicht von Anfang an die Erziehung und der Rang, doch wenigſtens ein Hinaufarbeiten zu der Sitte und Lebensart der höheren Stände.

Aber was in einem Staate Sitte und Lebensart der höheren Stände war, darauf kommt deſto mehr bei der Geſchichte der Poeſie jedes Zeitalters an. Dadurch wird die bürgerliche Verfaſſung, deren Werk großen Theils die Denkart wie die Verſchiedenheit der Stände iſt, die Quelle einer Menge charakteriſtiſcher Züge in den Werken der Dichter. Durch das

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*) Fabliers oder Fableors hießen im Franzöſiſchen dieſe Mährchenerzähler, die Erfinder der Ritterromane. Daß es Franzoſen waren, die auf dieſe Art den italieniſchen Dichtern vorarbeiteten, läßt ſich nicht bezweifeln. Man vergleiche Eichhorn's Geſch. der Cultur und Litteratur. I. Band. S. 138 ꝛc. nebſt den Beilagen.

Ritterweſen bekam auch die Poeſie in Europa einen ganz andren Charakter.

Wenig Neues hatte die heroiſche Seite des Rittergeiſtes. Muth und Tapferkeit gehört zum allgemeinen Heldencharakter. An dem Hange zu Abenteuern fehlte es auch den griechiſchen Heroen nicht. Der Argonautenzug und noch mehr die Expedition gegen Troja waren ja wohl Abenteuer in der ganzen Bedeutung des Worts. Auch löſete dort eine Dame den Knoten, wie ihn hier eine Dame geſchürzt hatte. Medea und Helena könnten füglich auch in einem Rittergedicht figuriren. Aber das Licht, in welchem dem echten Ritter ſeine Dame erſchien, war von dem Schatten, den die Nationalſitte der Griechen auf alle Weiber warf, ſo durchaus, wie Licht vom Schatten im eigentlichen Verſtande, verſchieden; und dieſe Verſchiedenheit iſt nichts Geringeres als die Seele der neueren Poeſie.

Mehrere Schriftſteller haben die Vergötterung des Weibes, dieſen Hauptzug im Charakter der romantiſchen und ritterlichen Liebe, aus dem Morgenlande herleiten wollen, als ob alle Schwärmerei von dort her ſeyn müßte. Man beruft ſich auf bekannte Nachrichten, die uns die Reiſebeſchreiber von den Liebesabenteuern der Araber geben. Man läßt nun die romantiſche Liebe mit den Arabern nach Spanien aus Afrika kommen, in Spanien zuerſt einheimiſch werden, und von dort aus über Frankreich ſich in ganz Europa verbreiten. Eine ſolche Reiſe hat nun wohl die romantiſche Liebe nicht gemacht. Sie konnte ſie nicht machen, weil die Denkart, aus der ſie erwuchs, den Arabern ſo fremd iſt, wie allen Orientalern. Allen Schwärmereien des verliebten Arabers, ſo abenteuerlich und rittermäßig ſie auch ſonſt ſeyn mögen, fehlt von jeher das Princip, ohne welches die echt ritterliche Liebe ſich in keiner menſchlichen Seele entwickeln konnte. Die ſchwärmeriſche Verſchönerung der Geliebten in der Phantaſie des Liebenden; das brennende Verlangen nach ihrem Beſitz; Klagen der Sehnſucht; Freuden der Erinnerung; dieſe und andre Züge hat die arabiſche Poeſie im Grunde mit der Poeſie der ganzen Welt gemein, wenn gleich durch die Localfarben ihre poetiſchen Gemälde dieſer Art einen nationalen Anſtrich erhielten. Aber von der Vergötterung des Weibes, die auf mißverſtandener Achtung beruht; von der faſt religiöſen Ehrerbietung, mit der ein europäiſcher Ritter ſich ſeiner Dame nahte und an ſeine Dame dachte; von der wirklichen Verſchmelzung der Liebe mit der Religion im Herzen des Ritters, der Gottes und der Damen Sache zugleich zu verfechten ſelbſt am Altare ſchwur; von ſolchen Empfindungen und Träumen iſt in der arabiſchen Poeſie ſchwerlich je die Rede geweſen. Auch ehe Mahomets Geſetz das Weib überhaupt zu einem bloßen Werkzeuge der Wolluſt des Mannes herabwürdigte, lag Zurückſetzung des weiblichen Geſchlechts in der morgenländiſchen Sitte, wie ſie in der Sitte der Wilden liegt. Das Höchſte, was der Araber dem Weibe einräumte, war eine prekäre Freiheit; und dieſe geſtattete er ihr vermuthlich nur aus Noth, wo die Lebensart eine ſtrenge Einſperrung nicht zuließ. Die nomadiſche Lebensart verſchafft den Weibern der Beduinen in den arabiſchen Wüſten noch jetzt die im Orient ſeltenen Vorrechte, die ſie ſchon zur Zeit der Patriarchen hatten. Aber einem Weibe mit platoniſcher Selbſtverleugnung zu huldigen und ſein ganzes Glück von ihr in keuſcher Ehrfurcht zum Lehen zu tragen, iſt wohl nie einem Manne der Wüſte in den Sinn gekommen *).

In den kalten Wäldern des alten Deutſchlands, nicht in den arabiſchen Wüſten, wo der brennende Himmel jeden Wunſch zur Begierde macht, müſſen wir den Keim der räthſelhaften Idee von keuſcher Frauenliebe ſuchen. Lange vor der Einführung des Chriſtenthums wurde das weibliche Geſchlecht unter den Deutſchen in hohen Ehren gehalten. Während alle übrigen Wilden die Weiber als eine geringere Menſchenart anſahen, oder ſie doch wenigſtens ganz im Geiſte dieſer Vorſtellung behandelten, traute der wilde Deutſche dem andern Geſchlechte eine ganz beſondere Heiligkeit zu. Was auch immer die erſte Veranlaſſung zu dieſer Nationaldenkart der alten Deutſchen geweſen ſeyn mag; ob beſondre Verdienſte einiger deutſchen Frauen, deren Namen die Geſchichte nicht kennt; oder ob eine beſondre Nationalvortrefflichkeit des weiblichen Geſchlechts in Deutſchland überhaupt, wie einige Gelehrte meinen; oder ob ein zufälliger Aberglaube das natürliche Verhältniß der Geſchlechter zu einander in Deutſchland anders, als in der übrigen Welt, beſtimmte; das Factum der uralten Verehrung der Weiber unter den Deutſchen iſt ſo gewiß, wie irgend eine hiſtoriſche Wahrheit **).

Es iſt ganz umſonſt, Spuren einer ähnlichen Denkart in der Geſchichte der Griechen und Römer aufzuſuchen. Gewiß wurden auch unter dieſen Nationen die Weiber nicht mit ſultaniſcher Geringſchätzung behandelt. Die Hausmütter wurden in ihren Familienzirkeln geehrt. Mädchen wurden als heilige Jungfrauen dem Dienſte keuſcher Göttinnen gewidmet. Auch bei öffentlichen Feierlichkeiten erſchienen die Matronen. Aber von einer beſondern Huldigung, die der Mann dem Weibe als beſondre Männerpflicht ſchuldig wäre; von einer ſchwärmeriſchen Vorſtellung von der angebornen Vortrefflichkeit des weiblichen Geſchlechts überhaupt findet ſich auch nicht der kleinſte Zug in den Sitten der Griechen und Römer; und ohne dieſe ſchwärmeriſche Vorſtellung von der Vortrefflichkeit des weiblichen Geſchlechts überhaupt, konnte der Rittergeiſt, wenn gleich lange nachher, nicht Geiſt des Zeitalters werden.

Deutſche waren es, die den Theil des römiſchen Reichs eroberten, wo in der Folge der Rittergeiſt einheimiſch wurde. Ihre uralte Nationaldenkart, die ſich, ſo weit ihre Eroberungen reichten, in allen von ihnen geſtifteten Staatsverfaſſungen abdrückte, übertrugen ſie auch unvermeidlich in die natürlichen Verhältniſſe, in die ſie unter einem andern Himmelsſtrich traten. Je weniger ſie über dieſe Verhältniſſe raiſonnirten, deſto unmerklicher bildete ſich nach der Empfindungsart der neuen Herrſcher die Sitte der alten Einwohner der neuen römiſchen Provinzen um. Nicht wenig trug dazu die allgemeine Religionsveränderung bei. Die chriſtliche Religion war damals in den ehmals römiſchen Provinzen als Volksreligion faſt noch eben ſo neu, als unter den Schwärmen der getauften Barbaren. Durch dieſe Religion floß die Denkart der alten Inſaſſen und der fremden Ankömmlinge in den neugeſtifteten Reichen zuſammen. Und eben dieſe Religion begünſtigte, wo nicht die germaniſche Verehrung, doch die bürgerliche Emancipation der Weiber in ganz Europa. Von dieſer Emancipation bis zur Erſcheinung des Rittergeiſtes vergingen Jahrhunderte. Aber ohne dieſen Gang des Schickſals der Weiber in Europa konnte keine Ritterpoeſie entſtehen und die neuere Poeſie überhaupt nicht ihren am meiſten unterſcheidenden Charakter gewinnen.

Erſt um die Zeit der Kreuzzüge zeigte ſich die Blüte aus dem bis dahin im Dunkeln entwickelten Keime. Aber auch erſt damals, als das Chaos der neueuropäiſchen Dinge zu einer Art von feſter Welt gediehen war, fanden die neuerwachten Geiſteskräfte einen Stoff, der ihrer natürlichen Beſtrebung am nächſten lag. Phantaſie und Witz fanden dieſen Stoff in der dem Hiſtoriker bis dahin unbemerkt gebliebenen und nun auf einmal überall bemerklichen Umbildung des menſchlichen Herzens. Erſter Inhalt der neuen Poeſie wurde die neue Art, zu lieben. Unter dem ſchönen Namen der Erfinder ***) traten Liebesdichter auf, die im Grunde ſehr wenig erfanden. Die Entſtehung der neueren Liebespoeſie in der Provence und den angrenzenden Gegenden iſt ein neuer Beweis, daß die ritterliche Galanterie nicht arabiſch-ſpaniſchen Urſprungs iſt. Sie hatte in Spanien durch die Bekanntſchaft und die Kämpfe der Chriſten mit den mauriſchen Arabern nur einen phantaſtiſcheren Schwung genommen. Die Vermiſchung der Liebesphantaſien mit Abenteuern und Wundern, ſo wie ſie durch die franzöſiſchen Ritterromane in Umlauf kam, iſt ohne Zweifel nicht rein europäiſch. Aber was die arabiſchen Mährchenerfinder zu den europäiſchen Ritterromanen hergaben, waren nur die Wunder und der Erzählungston. Die ritterliche Art, zu lieben, die weſentlich zum Charakter des Ritterromans gehört, findet ſich in Tauſend und einer Nacht und den ähnlichen Mährchen der Morgenländer ſo wenig wie in den arabiſchen Gedichten. Und wenn die franzöſiſchen Fabulirer ſich in ihren Darſtellungen des menſchlichen Herzens mehr, als die Provenzalen, nach dem arabiſchen Geſchmacke bequemten, ſo war die provenzaliſche Poeſie um ſo nationaler und gilt weit mehr als echtes Document der Geſchichte der ritterlichen Galanterie, weil ſie älter und durchaus europäiſch iſt.

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*) Nach der Natur dieſer Einleitung iſt hier nicht der Ort, die Wahrheit jeder hiſtoriſchen Behauptung mit beſondern Citaten zu belegen. Aber man ſehe nur noch in allen Beſchreibungen des Morgenlandes, beſonders denen von D'Arvieux, Pococke, Niebuhr und Volney. Man leſe ohne Vorurtheil des vortrefflichen Jones Commentarii poëseos Asiaticae und ſeine Ausgabe der Moallakat. Wie man dann die ritterliche Verehrung der Damen aus dem Orient herleiten kann, iſt ſchwer zu faſſen.

**) Wer auch das Buch des Tacitus über Deutſchland mehr für eine romanhafte Einkleidung politiſcher Wahrheiten, als für ein hiſtoriſches Werk hält, wird denn doch in ſeiner durchaus unerweislichen Hypotheſe nicht ſo weit gehen, auch die Grundzüge des Gemäldes, das Tacitus entwirft, für einen bloßen Einfall zu halten. Ein ſolcher Einfall wäre damals, als Tacitus lebte, gar zu unglücklich geweſen; denn damals ſtanden ſeit hundert Jahren römiſche Legionen am Rhein; und wer Luſt hatte, konnte hinreiſen, um jeden Schriftſteller Lügen zu ſtrafen, der völlig grundloſe Mährchen von den Deutſchen erzählte. Ueberdem beruft ſich Tacitus, als er von der hohen Achtung ſpricht, in der das weibliche Geſchlecht bei den Deutſchen ſtand, auf bekannte Begebenheiten. Inesse etiam sanctum aliquid et providum (mulieribus) putant (Germani). — Vidimus sub divo Vespasiano Veledam diu apud plerosque numinis loco habitam. Sed et olim Auriniam et complures alias venerati sunt, non adulatione, nec tanquam facerent Deas. Tacit. German. c. 8. — Wenn dieſe Stelle für kein hiſtoriſches Zeugniß gelten ſoll, welche wird dann dafür gelten können! Hier iſt von keiner Pythia die Rede, die unter Autorität der Prieſter Orakel ausſpricht, die ſie ſelbſt nicht erfunden hat. Die Velleden und Aurinien wurden als ausgezeichnete Repräſentantinnen der wunderſamen Anlagen ihres ganzen Geſchlechts verehrt.

***) Troubadours; trobadores, trovatori, von trovare, dem Stammworte. Die griechiſche Vorwelt nannte ihre Dichter eben ſo ποιητας von ποιειν, Producenten oder Erfinder im vorzüglichen Sinne. Und gewiß dachten die Provenzalen nicht an die alten Griechen. Nicht ohne Vergnügen kann man ſolche kleinen Uebereinſtimmungen in den erſten Verſuchen bemerken, durch welche die Menſchen, wenn ſie in ihrer Herzenseinfalt die wunderſame Thätigkeit des Geiſtes benennen wollten, auf ähnliche Wörter geriethen.

So war es die neue, urſprünglich germaniſche und durch die Deutſchen in den cultivirteſten Ländern Europa's eingeführte Denkart über das gegenſeitige Verhältniß beider Geſchlechter, was mit dem Ritterweſen eine neue Poeſie erweckte, deren Geiſt dem Rittergeiſte bis auf die gegenwärtigen Zeiten ähnlich geblieben iſt und die neuere Poeſie überhaupt von der griechiſchen und römiſchen ſcheidet.

Die neuere Poeſie iſt eine Tochter der romantiſchen Liebe. Nicht aus religiöſen, nicht aus hiſtoriſchen Sagen ging ſie hervor. Eine Schwärmerei, den Griechen ſo unbekannt wie das chriſtliche Credo, bildete die Huldigung, mit der ſich der alte Deutſche ſchon in ſeinen Eichenwäldern den Frauen nahte, zur äſthetiſchen Vergötterung der weiblichen Schönheit um. Nicht nur die Damen ehren, ſondern ihnen als höheren Weſen dienen; ſie im Traum der Liebe als Engel bewundern; ihnen überall den Rang vor den Männern einräumen; in ihre Tugend nicht weniger, als in ihre Reize verliebt ſeyn; knieend ihnen, wie dem Lehnsherrn, Treue zu ſchwören; ſein ganzes Glück in ihre Hände zu legen; ihnen blindlings gehorchen; auf ihren Wink dem Tode in allen Elementen triumphirend entgegengehen: das iſt Rittergeiſt und mehr oder weniger Geiſt aller neueren Poeſie.

Welch ein ungeheures Hirngeſpinſt! würde vielleicht ein Grieche ausrufen, wenn er dieſes Alles vernähme. Und es würde unter uns nicht an Reformatoren fehlen, die ſogleich in dieſen Ausruf einſtimmen und ihn mit Gründen unterſtützen würden. Aber ſo wenig es hiſtoriſch wahrſcheinlich iſt, daß das weibliche Geſchlecht in Europa jemals wieder von der Stufe der Freiheit herabgedrückt werden wird, die es nun ſchon ſo lange behauptet, ſo gerecht und in der veredelten Natur ſelbſt gegründet iſt im Ganzen der Vorrang, den unſre Sitte ſeit den Ritterzeiten dem weiblichen Geſchlechte im geſellſchaftlichen Leben einräumt. Die Unterdrückung, die ſich dieſes Geſchlecht als das ſchwächere gefallen laſſen muß, iſt überall, wo ſie national iſt, ein Beweis moraliſcher Rohheit der Nationen. Der Mittelweg, den die Griechen und Römer wählten, führte nicht zum Ziele. Die Huldigung, auf die das weibliche Geſchlecht im neueren Europa Anſpruch macht, kann nicht ausbleiben, ſobald ein freier Umgang zwiſchen beiden Geſchlechtern von der öffentlichen Sitte geſtattet wird; und wo dieſer gemiſchte Umgang fehlt, da fehlen die bezauberndſten Züge des Schönen in der Geſelligkeit, oder unnatürliche Laſter nehmen, wie in Griechenland, die Stelle wahrer Bedürfniſſe ein. Entweder muß die Ehre des Weibes durch Trennung der Geſchlechter geſchützt werden, wie es bei den Griechen und Römern geſchah; oder der Mann muß dem Weibe im geſelligen Leben eine Autorität abtreten, die er nach den gemeinen Geſetzen des natürlichen Ariſtokratiſmus für ſich behält. Nur durch eine freiwillige Huldigung dieſer Art geſchützt, können ſich die geſelligen Tugenden des Weibes natürlich entwickeln. Hätte die Sitte des alten Roms den Weibern zur Zeit der unverdorbenen Republik die Freiheit im geſelligen Leben eingeräumt, die der Deutſche von jeher als etwas anſah, das ihnen von ſelbſt gebührte, ſo würden nicht in dem verdorbenen Rom unter der Regierung der Imperatoren die Damen ſo tief in den verächtlichſten Libertiniſmus verſunken ſeyn, wie ſie nach dem Zeugniß der Geſchichtſchreiber und Dichter ihrer Zeit ſanken, als ſie ſich eigenmächtig die Freiheit nahmen, die ihnen von der alten Sitte verſagt war. Auch die Gerechtigkeit fordert zu Gunſten der Weiber den Vorrang im geſelligen Leben als ein Aequivalent für die Ausſchließung von der bürgerlichen Autorität. Und je mehr, mit einem Worte, der Mann die moraliſche Würde unſrer Gattung auch in dem andern Geſchlechte reſpectirt, ſelbſt je mehr er als Mann ſeinen wahren Vortheil verſteht, deſto mehr wird er ganz von ſelbſt eine Empfindungsart annehmen, die, wenn gleich großen Theils nur eine ſchöne Täuſchung, doch das einzige Mittel iſt, den Streit zwiſchen der Freiheit und der Ehre des Weibes zum Beſten beider Parteien beizulegen. Möchte alſo immerhin die ſogenannte **Galanterie** in der Geſtalt, wie ſie der Ritter in den Fehdezeiten zur Dienſtpflicht erhob, nur eine phantaſtiſche Caricatur der urſprünglich edlen Sitte ſeyn. Der Vorwurf der Unnatürlichkeit, den die alten Griechen nach ihrer Sitte den Neueren, wegen unſrer proſaiſchen und poetiſchen Vergötterung der Weiber machen könnten, würde auf die Griechen ſelbſt zurückfallen, ſo lange wir mit Ariſtoteles behaupten dürfen, daß als Muſter des Natürlichen nur das Vortrefflichſte in der Natur angeſehen werden muß.

Nichts als eine in der alten Welt unerhörte Liebe ſangen im ſüdlichen Frankreich, in Spanien und in Italien die Troubadours, mit deren Liedern die Geſchichte der neueren Poeſie anfängt. Dante, der Vater der italieniſchen Redekunſt, wurde durch die Liebe zuerſt zu Sonetten und Canzonen, dann zu einer Epopöe begeiſtert, in der er ſeine geliebte Beatrice unter den Heiligen im Paradieſe glänzen laſſen konnte. Petrarchs Poeſie und Petrarchs Vergötterung ſeiner Laura iſt Eins und Daſſelbe. Welch ein Contraſt zwiſchen dieſen Gedichten und denen von Homer und Pindar, Virgil und Horaz! Die Erfinder der Ritterepopöe, Bojardo, Pulci, und der alle übrigen verdunkelnde Arioſt, gaben der romantiſchen Liebe in ihren Gedichten durch Nachahmung des Fabel- und Wunderweſens der Ritterromane einen ſolchen Schwung in's Ungeheure, daß ſie unvermeidlich von dieſer Höhe auf der andern Seite in das Lächerliche herabfiel, wo ſchon Berni nach dem Bojardo, nur ohne ſonderliches Glück, mit deſto mehr ausgezeichnetem Glücke aber Arioſt ſelbſt ſie ergriff, um den feierlich-komiſchen Styl zu erfinden, der ebenfalls in der Geſchichte der alten Poeſie ohne Beiſpiel iſt. Kaum war dieſer Styl das Lieblingsſtyl der Italiener geworden, ſo nahm ſich der ernſthaftere Taſſo auch der ernſthaften Behandlung der Liebe wieder an. Seit dieſer Zeit gab nun bald im Scherz, bald im Ernſte, ſo wie ſich die neue Cultur über Europa verbreitete, in der Poeſie aller Nationen die Liebe vor allen andern Empfindungen den Ton an. Als man wieder dramatiſche Vorſtellungen verſuchte, machte auch das Trauerſpiel kein Glück, bis man der Liebe eine Hauptrolle gab. Das letzte Erzeugniß dieſes allgemeinen Bedürfniſſes der äſthetiſchen Darſtellung einer ſchwärmeriſch-geſitteten Liebe war der neuere Roman, eine Erfindung, die mit den erſten Ritterromanen nur den Namen gemein hat. Auch in den mehr oder weniger idealiſirten Gemälden des wirklichen Lebens, deren äſthetiſche Natur noch mancher Prüfung bedarf, muß die Liebe, ſei es im Scherz, oder, wie gewöhnlicher, im enthuſiaſtiſchen und moraliſchen Ernſte, das ganze Intereſſe auf eine Art leiten, die dem griechiſchen Geſchmack abenteuerlich vorgekommen ſeyn würde. So behauptet ſich die Totalrevolution des Geſchmacks, die durch die Ritterpoeſie bewirkt worden iſt, noch in unſern Tagen, nach aller Erneuerung des Studiums der Antike, ſo wie ſie ſich vermuthlich immer behaupten wird. So wenig unſre Nachkommen zur Anbetung der olympiſchen Götter umkehren werden, eben ſo wenig wird ſich der herrſchende Geſchmack jemals wieder von der veredelten Darſtellung der Liebe losreißen, wenn nicht in eine allgemeine Verwilderung unſre beinahe ſich ſelbſt aufreibende Cultur verſchwinden wird.

Mit dieſer veredelten Darſtellung der Liebe iſt auch den neueren Dichtern, beſonders in Frankreich, England und Deutſchland, ein neues Licht aufgegangen. Die Verbindung der Poeſie mit der feineren Menſchenkenntniß konnte nicht eher gelingen; das menſchliche Herz in ſeinen anziehendſten Verirrungen konnte nicht eher das große Thema der Dichter werden, bis die Poeſie den moraliſchen Schein der Empfindung, die ſchon an ſich eine Art von Poeſie des menſchlichen Herzens iſt, zum Widerſchein der übrigen Empfindungen machen durfte. Alle Leidenſchaften, im engeren Sinne des Wortes, außer der Liebe, ſind ein ſpröder Stoff für die verſchönernde Phantaſie. Sie müſſen poetiſch umgeſchmolzen werden, um nicht durch ihre zurückſtoßende Natur das äſthetiſche Intereſſe zu ſtören. Nur die Liebe kommt dem Dichter auf dem ebneren Wege entgegen. Ihre Träume braucht er nur feſt zu halten und mit Geiſt auszubilden; und die Natur wird als Dichterin aus ſeinem Buſen reden. Soll ſie ſich aber nicht bald ausreden, ſo muß ſich der Geiſt mit den zärteren Neigungen und den feineren Bildern der anziehenden Leidenſchaft und überhaupt mit den Vorſtellungen beſchäftigen, die bald aus der Colliſion, bald aus der Harmonie des ſinnlichen und moraliſchen Intereſſe entſtehen. Auf dieſe Analyſe des Herzens ließ ſich die Poeſie der Alten nur wenig ein. Auch bei der Entſtehung der neueren Poeſie war noch an keine beſondere Menſchenkenntniß zu denken. Der Verſtand der Troubadours und ihrer Nachahmer, der deutſchen Minneſinger, war dazu noch nicht gereift. Ihre Lieder verlieren ſich deswegen in ein bald ermüdendes Einerlei. Selbſt Petrarchs claſſiſche Verfeinerung des Provenzalgeſanges iſt noch ſo arm an pſychologiſcher Mannigfaltigkeit, daß er das Feld rein abgeerntet hatte, als ſeine Nachahmer, die Cinquecentiſten, der Nachleſe kein Ende machen wollten. Auch in der Folge machten die Italiener ſo wenig, wie die Spanier, merkliche Fortſchritte auf dieſem Wege, der doch auch ihnen offen ſtand. Der Streit der Liebe mit der Vernunft, der in den lyriſchen Gedichten Boſcan's, des Petrarchs der Spanier, das Lieblingsthema iſt, fällt gewöhnlich in's Pedantiſch-phantaſtiſche. Aber in England und Frankreich wurde der neue Stoff deſto glücklicher benutzt. Shakeſpear, einzig in ſeiner Art ſchon durch das Talent, ohne alles philoſophiſche Studium, nur von ſeinem hellen Auge und ſeinem tieffühlenden Herzen geleitet, jede Leidenſchaft in ihre Elemente zu zerlegen, ließ als Menſchenkenner auch die Liebe mit ihren feinſten Sophiſtereien und allen ſchwärmeriſchen Reizen der Unſchuld auf das Theater treten. Unbekannt mit Shakeſpears Verdienſten fanden in Frankreich Corneille und nach ihm Racine das ſicherſte Mittel, den Geſchmack ihrer Zeitgenoſſen für das heroiſche Trauerſpiel zu gewinnen, in den feinſten Zeichnungen des Streits und der Verbindung ritterlicher Liebe mit ritterlicher Ehre. Nun war die Bahn gebrochen. Mit der erweiterten Cultur des Verſtandes kamen pſychologiſche Wahrheiten, mit denen ſich in der alten Welt kaum die Philoſophen beſchäftigt hatten, in poetiſchen Umlauf. Die Poeſie rückte der ſokratiſchen Philoſophie des Lebens immer näher, bis es zuletzt gar das Anſehen gewann, als ob menſchliche Belehrung und romantiſche Unterhaltung Eins und Daſſelbe wären, und als ob man der praktiſchen Wahrheit keinen größeren Dienſt thun könnte, als ſie in einen Roman einzukleiden.

Die ſchwärmeriſch geſittete Liebe hat in unſrer Poeſie und unſern Romanen bis auf die neueſten Zeiten auch in ihrer Verbindung mit religiöſen Empfindungen ihre uralte Verwandtſchaft mit der Ritterpoeſie nicht verleugnet. Wie unbegreiflich würde einem Griechen der neuere Geſchmack auch von dieſer Seite vorkommen! Und doch haben vortreffliche Pſychologen bemerkt, daß in den natürlichen Schwärmereien der Liebe etwas Religiöſes liegt. Es kam alſo nur darauf an, daß die rechte Art, zu lieben, mit der rechten Religioſität zuſammen traf, und die dichtende Phantaſie konnte auch aus dieſen Gefühlen des Herzens etwas Eignes machen. Die chriſtliche Religion dringt auf Reinheit der Sitten. Zur Mönchsheiligkeit umgeſtaltet, erhob ſich die Keuſchheit gar zum Range der Cardinaltugenden, an denen der Himmel ein beſonderes Wohlgefallen hat. Ehe noch der Knabe und das junge Mädchen zwiſchen geiſtlichem und weltlichem Beruf wählen konnten, wurden ſie ſchon mönchs- und nonnenmäßig erzogen. Kloſterphantaſien, nicht üppige Dichtungen von der Verehrung der Liebesgöttin in den Myrtenhainen bei Paphos, füllten die jugendliche Seele. So machte das damalige Chriſtenthum gleichſam einen Bund mit der altgermaniſchen Denkart, um das Phänomen der ritterlichen Liebe mit allen Farben auszuſchmücken, durch die es ein ehrwürdiges Anſehen gewann. Durchaus chriſtlich-religiös war Dante's Liebe zu ſeiner Beatrice, ob er gleich den Amor, als den Gott, der ihn beherrſcht, oft mit Namen anruft und ausführlich beſchreibt. Auch Petrarch erinnert uns, beſonders in den Sonetten und Canzonen, die er nach dem Tode ſeiner Laura ſang, nicht öfter an den heidniſchen Amor, als an den chriſtlichen Himmel. In ſeinen Triumphen glaubte er ſogar die Keuſchheit über den Amor förmlich triumphiren laſſen zu müſſen. In der Folge verlor ſich dieſer Geſchmack an chriſtlich-religiöſer Zärtlichkeit in Italien. In der ſpaniſchen Poeſie herrſchte er etwas länger. In Frankreich fand er faſt gar keinen Eingang. Da verdrängten die mythologiſchen Bilder das Chriſtenthum aus der weltlichen Poeſie und ließen ihm nur die kümmerliche Alleinherrſchaft in geiſtlichen Oden und Liedern übrig. Auch der engliſche Geſchmack trennte das Geiſtliche von dem Weltlichen und bekümmerte ſich immer weniger um Jenes. Nur in Deutſchland zeigte ſich die alte Bereitwilligkeit, auf die erſte Veranlaſſung Liebe und chriſtliche Religioſität wieder in Ein Gefühl zu verſchmelzen, als die Klopſtockiſche Muſe ſich Anſehen erwarb. Was ſeit dieſer Zeit die deutſche Empfindſamkeit beſonders von der ausländiſchen unterſcheidet, war eben dieſer poetiſche Einklang der Religion und der Liebe.

III. Das dritte unter den charakteriſtiſchen Merkmalen der neueren Poeſie iſt eine mehr oder weniger auffallende Tinctur von wahrer oder falſcher Gelehrſamkeit.

Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft haben überall, wo man ſich auf beide recht verſtand, die Veredelung des Menſchen gemeinſchaftlich beſorgt und ſich immer auf einander bezogen. Wenn aber die Kunſt in die Fußtapfen der Wiſſenſchaft trat und mit einem Apparat von gelehrten Kenntniſſen glänzen wollte, ſo betrog ſie ſich ſelbſt um das Verdienſt, das ſie allein ſich erwerben konnte. Die meiſten Dichter der alten und neueren Zeit gehörten zu den Gelehrten ihrer Nation. Aber ſo wenig die Gelehrſamkeit einen Dichter machen kann, ſo unvermeidlich mußte der Dichter ſeine Beſtimmung verfehlen, wenn er ſeine Gelehrſamkeit poetiſch zu etwas anderm benutzte, als, im Bewußtſeyn einer höheren Geiſtesfreiheit mit dem Reichthum anderer Schriftſteller wie mit dem ſeinigen zu ſchalten, und dadurch das äſthetiſche Intereſſe ſeiner Darſtellung zu erhöhen. Verwechſelte er dieſes Intereſſe mit dem wiſſenſchaftlichen; ſah er Kenntniſſe für äſthetiſche Ideen, Unterricht für die beſondere Art von Bildung des Geiſtes an, durch die ſich der Künſtler einen ernſthaften Einfluß auf die Welt erwirbt; ſo verwirrte er ſeine und ſeines Publicums Vorſtellungen und arbeitete gegen die Geſetze der Natur und des menſchlichen Geiſtes.

Glücklicherweiſe waren die erſten Dichter, mit denen die Geſchichte der neueren Poeſie anfängt, nichts weniger als Gelehrte. Die Troubadours folgten, wie die griechiſchen Rhapſoden, dem Bedürfniſſe der Nationalpoeſie. Der Ideenkreis ihrer ungelehrten Zeitgenoſſen war der ihrige; und in einem ſo engen Kreiſe ließ ſich freilich nicht ſo viel Neues entdecken, als auf den weitern Feldern der griechiſchen Mythen. Dafür aber waren die Troubadours durch ihre Unwiſſenheit vor den Lockungen einer Gelehrſamkeit geſichert, die ſich in den Klöſtern verſteckte und auch da ſchlimmer als Unwiſſenheit war. Sobald das Genie eine größere Sphäre ſuchte, als es in dem ewigen Einerlei der provenzaliſchen Herzensergießungen finden konnte, ſtieß es mit der Gelehrſamkeit ſeiner Zeit hart zuſammen. Wie ganz anders in Griechenland, als ſich dort zum erſten Male eine claſſiſche Poeſie bildete! Dort gab es noch keine Gelehrſamkeit, als Homer ſang. Auch gab es keine ſchulgerechte Kritik. Die Kunſt blieb in Griechenland der Natur anvertraut, bis ſie die äußerſte Höhe erreicht hatte, zu der ſie ſich erheben konnte. Nur als Gefühl wirkte der ungebundene und doch richtige Geſchmack. Der Kritik blieb, als ſie hinten nach kam, nichts übrig, als, hiſtoriſch in die Fußtapfen dieſes Geſchmacks zu treten, der ihrer Leitung nicht bedurfte. Der ſubtile Ariſtoteles begnügte ſich als Aeſthetiker, ſeine Kunſtregeln von Muſtern zu abſtrahiren. Aber die neuere Poeſie entwickelte ſich mühſam unter dem Drucke der alten Wiſſenſchaft. Sie trägt ſelbſt in den meiſten ihrer beſſeren Werke bis dieſen Tag das Merkzeichen der Gelehrſamkeit und duftet, ſei es auch noch ſo wenig, nach der Lampe.

Mit dem Untergange der griechiſchen und römiſchen Cultur war die Menſchheit nichts weniger als zu ihrer erſten Einfalt zurückgekehrt. Selbſt in den finſterſten Zeiten, im neunten und zehnten Jahrhundert, gab es Bibliotheken. Man ſchrieb Chroniken, Breviere und Legenden. Man verwahrte immerfort in einigen Winkeln die Schriften der heidniſchen Alten, auch wenn man ſie nicht las. Die chriſtlichen Religionsvorſteher waren durch das Bedürfniß einer Auslegung ihrer heiligen Schriften immer an eine Art von Gelehrſamkeit gebunden. Eine Theologie, deren Dogmen auf die ſubtilen Abſtractionen der Kirchenväter ſich gründeten, bildete mit der Rohheit der Sitte und der allgemeinen Unwiſſenheit ein ungeheures Ganzes. Die erſten Strahlen der neuen Aufklärung, die das erneuerte Studium der Alten verbreitete, kamen zum Unglück auch nicht von der Seite, wo der allgemeine Menſchenverſtand Licht bedurfte. Ariſtoteles wurde unter den alten Schriftſtellern zuerſt aus dem Dunkel der Kloſterbibliotheken hervorgezogen. Die abſtruſeſte Grübelei geſellte ſich nun zu der craſſeſten Orthodoxie und brachte mit ihr die Caricatur der Philoſophie, die Scholaſtik, zu Stande. Scholaſtiſch und gelehrt war nun auch Eins und Daſſelbe. Scholaſtiſch wurde der Geiſt verbildet, ehe er ſich ſelbſt verſtand. Von Dante bis Arioſt konnten ſich die Dichter noch nicht von der Unverträglichkeit wahrer Poeſie und ſcholaſtiſcher Grübelei überzeugen. Selbſt wenn ſie, wie Petrarch, eine Liebe beſangen, von der kein Wort im Ariſtoteles ſteht, konnten ſie ſich doch nicht enthalten, durch gelehrte Anſpielungen dem großen Ariſtoteles ein Compliment im Vorbeigehen zu machen.

Mit dem Anfange des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts drängten Geſchmack und natürlicher Menſchenverſtand die Scholaſtik aus der Poeſie auf die Katheder zurück, wo ſie ſich länger behauptete. Aber die gelehrte Erziehung der Dichter wirkte nach wie vor, wo nicht ſcholaſtiſch, doch pedantiſch auf die Poeſie. Als Grundlage der Wiſſenſchaften lernte der Knabe eine ausgeſtorbene Sprache. War gleich das Latein in Italien, Spanien und Frankreich die Mutter der neueren Volksſprache dieſer Länder, ſo paßte es doch nicht für die durchaus veränderte Denkart. Es war, wenn gleich keine ausländiſche, doch eine fremde Sprache geworden. Wer ſie lernte, mußte ſich in ihren Geiſt hineinſtudiren. Bald kam zu dem Latein noch das Griechiſche als die zweite Stufe zur Doctorwürde und zum Parnaß. Je mehr eine jugendliche Seele von Gefühl für das Schöne erfüllt war, deſto feſter mußte ſie ſich an die griechiſchen und römiſchen Dichter ſchließen. Wie hätte nun der gelehrt erzogene Dichter, wo er ſich ſelbſt Genüge zu leiſten ſtrebte, ſeine Bekanntſchaft mit den Schriften der Alten aus dem Gedächtniſſe verlieren können? In dem natürlichſten Gange ſeiner Vorſtellungen zeigten ſich die Züge der fremden Kunſt. Wer ſich die alten Sprachen zugeeignet hatte, der konnte ſich in ſeinen Erfindungen auch der alten

Verſtellungsart nicht entſchlagen, die von der neueren durchaus verſchieden iſt. Je merklicher die gelehrten Erinnerungen ſich in das natürliche Dichtergefühl miſchten, deſto buntſcheckiger wurde das Reſultat. Die griechiſchen Götter, Amor immer an der Spitze, erſchienen deßwegen nach wie vor in der neueren Poeſie, nur, daß man Geiſtliches und Weltliches trennte. Der Stoff der Dichtung mochte noch ſo einheimiſch und noch ſo neu ſeyn; man trug kein Bedenken, die alte Mythologie hineinzuſchrauben; und geiſtreiche Männer fanden in dieſer barocken Zuſammenſetzung häufig eine ganz beſondere Schönheit. In Italien, Spanien und Frankreich hat ſich dieſer Ton bis auf den heutigen Tag erhalten. Die Poeſie muß dort fremd thun, wenn ſie gefallen will. Der Dichter, der ſeine Liebe klagt, muß die Geliebte wenigſtens mit einem griechiſchen Schäfernamen beehren. Ein einheimiſcher Name klänge gegen alle Etikette des dortigen Parnaſſes. Und wenn der Geſchmack in Deutſchland jetzt gegen dieſe Etikette verſtößt, wird es ihm im Auslande, wo man überdem kein ſonderliches Zutrauen zu unſern äſthetiſchen Fortſchritten hat, gewiß nicht zur Empfehlung gereichen.

Unverkennbar iſt auch in der ganzen Poeſie die Herrſchaft der Kritik, und die Nothwendigkeit dieſer Herrſchaft. Die Kritik mußte die Muſen von dem Schlamme einer barbariſchen Gelehrſamkeit ſäubern, aus dem ſie ſich nicht ohne Mühe wieder an's Licht gearbeitet hatten. Aber wie lange währte es, ehe die erneuerte Kritik nur einigermaßen ſich ſelbſt verſtand! Ariſtoteles wurde der Geſetzgeber unter den Dichtern, wie er es unter den Philoſophen und Theologen war. Als ob dieſer ſeltene Geiſt, der als Selbſtdenker vielleicht von keinem übertroffen iſt, vom Schickſale zum Unglücksſtifter auserſehen wäre, um die Köpfe zu verdrehen, die er aufklären wollte, unterdrückte ſeine treffliche Poetik die poetiſche Geiſtesfreiheit und verderbte den Geſchmack, wie ſeine Logik und Metaphyſik den unglücklichen Stillſtand aller reellen Wiſſenſchaften verlängerten. Man dachte nicht daran, daß man die wahren Schönheiten der alten Dichterwerke aus ſich ſelbſt verſtehen muß, ehe man den Ariſtoteles verſtehen kann, der ſie bei allen ſeinen Vorſchriften im Sinne hat. Man hielt ſich an den Buchſtaben der ariſtoteliſchen Poetik. Ohne zu fragen, ob nicht eben dieſer Ariſtoteles, wenn er wieder aufſtünde, für die neueren Nationen eine ganz andere Poetik ſchreiben würde, commentirte und interpretirte man ſeine äſthetiſchen Bemerkungen wie Geſetze des Corpus Juris. Nirgends zeigt ſich dieſer Widerſtand ſo deutlich wie in der Geſchichte der franzöſiſchen Poeſie. Aber auch bei den übrigen Nationen des neueren Europa hat Ariſtoteles mit ſeiner Poetik, wenn gleich nicht unmittelbar, die meiſten Dichter geleitet. Seine Lehren gingen in die neuere Kritik als Grundlehren über. Auf ihn bezog man ſich, namentlich oder ſtillſchweigend, in allen neueren Verſuchen über Poeſie und Beredſamkeit. Und welcher neuere Dichter hätte nicht in ſeinen Schuljahren wenigſtens, durch die zweite und dritte Hand, etwas von ariſtoteliſcher Kritik vernommen! Selbſt zuletzt, als ein Revolutionsſturm gegen den alten Erzvater der Kritiker ausbrach, bewies ſogar das Beiſpiel der revolutionären Dichter und Schreier die Fortdauer der Herrſchaft des angegriffenen Geſetzgebers; denn von ſeinen Geſetzen geleitet, arbeitete man ihnen methodiſch entgegen und brachte Ungeheuer nach Grundſätzen hervor, um dem Ariſtoteles zu widerſprechen.

Folge von der gelehrten Erziehung der meiſten neueren Dichter und ihrem Studium einer ſchulgerechten Kritik ſind auch die Selbſtkritiken und die proſaiſchen Erläuterungen und Anmerkungen, die ſie zum Theil ſelbſt ihren Werken beifügten. In Griechenland ſchrieben die Dichter überall keine Proſe, und die guten Köpfe, die ſich zur Autorſchaft in Proſa berufen fühlten, hörten ſchon als Jünglinge auf, Verſe zu machen. Auch darinn zeigte ſich die natürliche Feſtigkeit des Geſchmacks, der wie ein unwiderſtehlicher Inſtinct die Griechen regierte. Wenn aber Sophokles und Euripides gar von den kritiſchen Vorreden und Anmerkungen hören ſollten, die Corneille und Racine zu ihren eignen Tragödien ſchrieben; oder wenn Alcäus ein Exemplar von Hagedorns Gedichten mit den bunten Citaten aus einem halben Dutzend Sprachen erblickte; wie würde ihnen zu Muthe werden! Solche Eingriffe des Dichters in die Rechte des Publicums hätten in Griechenland ein Gelächter erregt. Aber das neuere Genie durfte ſich dieſe Freiheiten wohl nehmen. Es verdankte ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen weniger, als ſeiner Lectüre. Es durfte ſich auf ſeine Lectüre und auf ſeine Wiſſenſchaft überhaupt berufen, um ſich mit den Kritikern, die nun einmal in der Geſchichte der neueren Kunſt das große Wort führen, nach Standesgebühr zu meſſen, und mit ihnen dem Publicum zu gebieten, wenn gleich ein edles Stillſchweigen auch hier oft rathſamer geweſen wäre.

Johann von Brabant ſ. Minneſänger.

Karoline Luiſe Brachmann,

als Schriftſtellerin gewöhnlich nur Luiſe Brachmann genannt, ward am 9. Februar 1777 zu Rochlitz geboren, wo ihr Vater als Kreisſecretair lebte. Sie entwickelte ſchon früh glückliche poetiſche Anlagen, welche reiche Nahrung erhielten, als ihr Vater nach Weißenfels als Geleitscommiſſarius des thüringer Kreiſes im Jahr 1787 zog. Der früh verſtorbene Dichter Novalis (von Hardenberg ſ. d. A.) nahm ſich freundlich ihrer Bildung an, leitete ihre Lectüre und machte ſie mit Schiller bekannt, der ihre jugendlichen Leiſtungen wohlwollend und aufmunternd beurtheilte und mehreren bereits in ihrem dreizehnten Jahre geſchriebenen Gedichten eine Stelle in den Horen und dem Muſenalmanach gewährte. Der Wirklichkeit durch die vorherrſchende Richtung ihres Geiſtes entfremdet, beging ſie im Jahre 1800, als ſie ihren in Dresden angeſtellten Bruder dorthin begleitet hatte, eine jugendliche Unbeſonnenheit, die ihr den Aufenthalt daſelbſt verleidete und tiefe Schwermuth im Gefolge mit ſich führte. Nach Weißenfels zurückgekehrt, verfiel ſie in eine bedenkliche Krankheit und ſtürzte ſich, kaum geneſen, aus dem zweiten Stockwerk in den Hof hinab. — Sie ward bedeutend, jedoch nicht lebensgefährlich verletzt. Bald nachher (1801) traf ſie der Schmerz, in demſelben Jahre ihre eigene Schweſter, ſo wie ihren Jugendfreund Novalis und deſſen Schweſter durch den Tod zu verlieren. Nicht lange darauf ſtarben ihre beiden Eltern, und von den vielen herben Verluſten bereits niedergedrückt, trug ihre hilfloſe Lage, welche ſie zwang, ſich ihres poetiſchen Talents als Erwerbsquelle zu bedienen, nicht wenig dazu bei, eine tiefe, faſt unbeſiegliche Schwermuth in ihr zu erzeugen. Ihr Herz bedurfte des Mitgefühls, doch ein unglückliches Geſchick ließ ſie, zu verſchiedenen Malen, Neigung zu Männern faſſen, deren Verhältniſſe ihnen verwehrten, dieſelbe genügend zu erwiedern. Der Eine war bereits in ſeiner Heimath vermählt, der Andere fand ſeinen Tod in der Schlacht. Endlich verlobte ſie ſich im drei und vierzigſten Jahre ihres Alters mit einem jungen fünf und zwanzigjährigen preußiſchen Officier außer Dienſt, der ſich der Bühne widmete und eine dahin einſchlagende Anſtellung ſuchte. Sie begleitete ihn demgemäß nach Wien; doch die Folge entſprach ihren Erwartungen nicht, und Luiſe B. kehrte allein nach Weißenfels zurück. Das Verhältniß zerſchlug ſich ſpäter gänzlich, nicht ohne eine trübe Stimmung in ihr zurückzulaſſen, welche mit der Zeit immer heftiger wurde. Auf einem Beſuche in Halle endete ſie am 17. September 1822 freiwillig ihr Leben in der Saale. Erſt am 25. wurde ihr Leichnam gefunden und noch an demſelben Tage in aller Stille beſtattet. Sie hatte folgende Grabſchrift auf ſich ſelbſt verfaßt:

> Treu konnt' ich hoffen und unnennbar lieben,
> Und feſt verharrt' ich, wo ich Liebe gab.
> Was iſt von Allem tröſtend mir geblieben
> Für Lieb' und Hoffnung — als ein einſam Grab!

Von ihr erſchienen:

Gedichte. N. A. Leipz. 1808.
Romantiſche Blüthen. 2 Th. Wien, 1817. 1823.
Das Gottesurtheil. Rittergedicht. Leipz. 1818.
Novellen und kleine Romane. Leipz. 1819.

Schilderungen aus der Wirklichkeit. Leipz. 1820.
Novellen. Nürnberg, 1822.
Verirrungen. Leipzig, 1822.
Auserleſene Dichtungen, herausgegeben von F. K. J. Schütz und K. L. M. **Müller.** Leipz. 1824—26. 6 Thle.
Einzelne Gedichte, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Almanachen und Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. —

Leichtigkeit und Anmuth, ſo wie eine gefällige Behandlung der Form und ein blühender Styl zeichnen ihre Leiſtungen aus; doch herrſcht die Neigung zum Lyriſchen zu ſehr vor, und es fehlt ihr an Tiefe und Kraft. — Einzelne kleine Gedichte verdienen als wirklich gelungen volle Anerkennung, die Dichterin ſelbſt aber keinesweges den Namen einer deutſchen Sappho, da ſie nur die Aehnlichkeit der Todesart mit der Lesbierin gemein hat, in allem Uebrigen aber nach den uns von derſelben gebliebenen Poeſien weit hinter ihr zurückbleibt. — Ausführliche biographiſche Notizen über L. Brachmann finden ſich vor der von Schütz und Müller beſorgten Auswahl aus ihren Dichtungen. —

Unmöglichkeit.*)

Das Rechte kommt von Gott.

Pius der Sechste ward einſt auf einer Reiſe nach Spanien im pyrenäiſchen Gebirge von einem furchtbaren Gewitter überraſcht. Die Donner rollten ſchon entfernt in den verſchlungenen Felſenthälern, und dichte ſchwarze Wolken führten die Nacht früher herauf. Zwar eilte man, ſo ſehr man konnte, die nächſte Stadt zu erreichen, doch die Flügel des Sturmes waren ſchneller; die Nacht brach ein, der Sturm jagte den Staub der Erdſchichten empor und bog die Bäume zur Seite des Felswegs ſauſend nieder, indeß der Regen ſchon in großen Tropfen ſeitwärts herüber ſtrich, die Blitze zuckten durch die Dunkelheit, und näher, fürchterlicher rollten die Donnerſchläge von den tauſendfachen Echos des Gebirgs zurück.

Ein allgemeines Zagen herrſchte in dem Gefolge: alle bangten für die ſchon ſchwächliche Geſundheit eines auf das Höchſte geliebten Herrn. In dieſem Augenblicke ſah man durch die flatternden Zweige, als man eben einer Thalöffnung vorüber kam, den Schimmer eines Lichts aus der Vertiefung leuchten. Erfreut nahm man den Weg dahin, und kam zur Seite eines tobenden Waldbachs bis zu der Stelle, von wo es auszugehen ſchien. Ein ſtarker Blitz erhellte jetzt auf einen Augenblick die romantiſche Gegend, und zeigte vor ihnen ein ländliches, doch anmuthiges Haus, in dem zwei freundlich erleuchtete Fenſter für dieſe Nacht ein Obdach hoffen ließen. Ein Diener ward dahin vorausgeſandt, um Aufnahme zu bitten; und gleich darauf öffnete ſich die Thür nach den nöthigen Erkundigungen. Ein alter Diener kam mit einer Kerze, und führete die erſchöpften Reiſenden in das Zimmer ſeiner Gebieterinn; eine edle Frauengeſtalt trat ihnen entgegen, noch jung doch bleich, und ſtillen ernſten Anſehens. Sie ahnte wohl nicht, welch hohen Gaſt heut ihr beſcheidnes Dach beſchirmen ſollte; denn Pius reiſte aus ſtaatsklugen Urſachen unter erborgtem Namen, und gab ſich bloß für einen mailändiſchen Grafen aus; doch wäre dies ihr auch bekannt geweſen, unmöglich hätte ſie mit größerer, zarterer Sorgfalt den ehrwürdigen Herrn und ſein Gefolge bewirthen können, als ſie es that. Sie eilte gleich mit ihrer einzigen Dienerinn, die beſten Erfriſchungen aufzutragen, und während das wohlthätig lodernde Kaminfeuer die ganz Durchnäßten wärmte und erquickte, bereitete ſie ſchnell das ſchönſte Zimmer ihres kleinen Hauſes zur Nachtherberge für den Gaſt, und ſorgte eben ſo für ſein Gefolge.

Mit einem Gefühl von Behaglichkeit nach dem erlittenen Ungewitter trat der erlauchte Gaſt in das zierliche, ſanft durchwärmte und lieblich duftende Gemach, und genoß dieſe Nacht des ruhigſten Schlummers.

Am andern Morgen war ſein erſter Wunſch, ſeiner liebenswürdigen Pflegerinn die ihm erwieſene Menſchenfreundlichkeit auf eine würdige Weiſe zu belohnen. Er konnte ſich nicht denken, warum ſie ſchon in ihren Jahren ſich ſo ganz von der Welt zurückgezogen habe, ſie, die, wie er des vorigen Abends gehört, noch unvermählt ſey; und ob die Lage dieſes Hauſes gleich ſehr reizend war, wie er aus ſeinem Fenſter ſah, wo Alles neu erquickt von dem geſtrigen Regen, im ſchönſten Morgenglanze lag, dennoch kam es ihm ſeltſam vor, wie ſie gerade dieſe zwar ſchöne, doch wilde und ſo ganz entlegne Einſamkeit gewählt habe. Die ſtille Trauer ihres Weſens fiel ihm ein und ſo beſchäftigte er ſich eine lange Weile mit wahrer Theilnahme für ſie; — etwas, das hohen Herren der Erde nicht ſtets begegnen ſoll; allein er hatte geſtern menſchliches Ungemach empfunden, und ſo empfand er auch heute menſchliche Dankbarkeit.

Dies Zimmer ſchien die innerſte heilige Freiſtatt der Beſitzerinn, worein ſie ſich gleichſam zu einer Art von Feſttagsfeier zurückzuziehen ſchien. Ein Crucifix ſtand auf einer Art kleinen Altars in einer Mauerniſche, und nah dabei hing eine ſchöne Laute.

Die Dame hatte ihm indeß ſein Frühſtück eben ſo ſorgfältig bereitet; er ließ ſie bitten, dieſes mit ihm einzunehmen; ſie gehorchte mit ungezwungener Anmuth dem Wunſch des ehrwürdigen Alten. Er fand heut ihr Geſicht noch ſeelenvoller; der Ausdruck eines ungemein tiefen Gefühls und einer ſanftſchwermüthigen Schwärmerei, welcher in ihren ſanften Augen lag, machte ſie ungewöhnlich anziehend. Das Oberhaupt der Kirche hätte ſeinem Stande getreu in ihr gern eine recht würdige Himmelsbraut geſehen; dennoch ſchien ihm ein inneres Gefühl zu ſagen, daß dieſes nicht das Mittel ihres Glückes ſey, und daß er ſeine kindliche Pflegerinn nicht wohl lohnen würde.

Ihre Unterhaltung beſtätigte vollkommen die vortheilhafte Meinung, die er von ihr gefaßt hatte. Unbefangen bezeigte ſie ihm ihre lebhafte Freude, einen Bewohner Mailands in ihm zu ſehen, und geſtand ſeinen Fragen offen, daß ſie aus jener ſchönern Gegend ſtamme. Der Umſtand, auf ſo überraſchende Weiſe eine Landsmänninn, und eine ſo achtungswerthe, hier im fernen wilden Gebirge zu finden, erhöhte noch den Wunſch des Dankbaren, ſie würdig zu belohnen. Sagt mir, mein edles Fräulein, rief er aus, Ihr ſcheint mitten in Eurer vollen Jugend nicht ganz glücklich; womit vermöchte ein nicht unmächtiger Mann Euch zu erfreuen? — Euch glücklich zu machen?

Ach, hoher Herr, erwiederte das Mädchen, und ihre ſanften Augen ſenkten ſich, indeß ſich ihre Bruſt ſchwerathmend hob: Das iſt unmöglich.

Unmöglich? rief der hohe Fürſt, — in ſich verwundert über die Kühnheit wie über die Unbegreiflichkeit der Antwort. — Auf alle Weiſe ſuchte er nun die Urſache ihres Unglücks zu erforſchen; allein auf **dieſe** Frage blieb ſie verſchloſſen wie ein wunderbares Buch. Vergebens erſchöpfte ſich der geiſtliche Herr in allen ihm erdenklichen Wendungen, das Geheimniß dieſes holdſeligen und trauervollen Weſens zu entdecken; nur ſo viel ſagte ſie, daß ſie ihre Eltern ſehr früh verloren und dann aus überwiegender Neigung den Aufenthalt in dieſer Einſamkeit gewählt habe; allem übrigen Forſchen wußte ſie mit Gewandtheit und einer ſtillen Würde auszuweichen. —

Als Pius ſie fragte, ob ſie denn nicht fürchte ſo ſchutzlos hier von Räubern überfallen zu werden, erwiederte ſie einfach: — Dieſe, mein hoher Herr, werden durch keine Schätze nach meiner friedlichen Wohnung gelockt, da ich nichts von Geld oder Kleinodien beſitze, und nur die allereinfachſten Bedürfniſſe des Lebens. Ueberdem möchte wohl unter dieſem biedern, großmüthigen Hirtenvolk, deſſen Treue ich mich anvertraut habe, die Räuberei ein ſeltnes Verbrechen ſeyn.

So wies ſie auch, als ihr erhabner Gaſt es endlich wagte, ihr ein großes, ſeinem Stande und ihrem Dienſte angemeſſnes Geſchenk zu bieten, dies ſtandhaft ab. Dies eben, ſagte ſie leicht, könnte ja erſt den Blick der Habſucht auf mich wenden; und überdem wüßt' ich bei meiner ſchmuckloſen Lebensweiſe nicht den mindeſten Gebrauch davon zu machen.

Pius meinte jetzt noch, daß vielleicht Muſik ihren verſchloſſenen Kummer löſen möchte und bat ſie, ihm etwas auf der Laute zu ſpielen, und — wenn ſie ihn nur etwas erfreuen wolle, — ein Lied von ihrem Schickſal dazu zu ſingen. Sie bewilligte es ſanft, ſchwermüthig lächelnd, und indem ſie kunſtkundig die Saiten rührte, ſang ſie dazu das nachfolgende Lied:

Ewig nah dem tiefen Herzen,
Doch der Sehnſucht ewig fern,
Glänzt mir unter Nacht und Schmerzen
Mein geliebter Lebensſtern.

Tod und Leben feſt verbunden
Füllen meine kurze Zeit,
Unter ſchweren Todeswunden
Grüßt mich nur die Seligkeit.

Dennoch liebt dich meine Seele,
Wie kein Weſen lieben mag!
Wie ich fromm dich auch verhehle
Bis zum letzten Herzensſchlag.

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*) Aus: **Louiſe Brachmann,** auserleſene Dichtungen. Bd. 6. Lpzg. 1826.

Iſt das Lichtbild doch errungen,
Was der Ahnung Traum verhieß,
Doch im Anſchaun hingedrungen
Bin ich in das Paradies.

O du mein geliebtes Leben
Führſt du früh' zum Tod auch mich,
Darf durch dich mein Geiſt erheben
Doch zur höchſten Tugend ſich.

Bis zu tiefen Todesnächten
Segn' ich darum mein Geſchick,
Halte dich mit heil'gen Rechten,
Unglückſel'ges, theures Glück!

Obgleich Pius gleichſam zum Pförtner der Seligkeit auf Erden eingeſetzt war, ſo kam ihm doch dieſe Art von Sprache darüber durchaus unverſtändlich vor; und es ward ihm ganz unheimlich bei dieſem wunderbaren Lied zu Muthe, welches vom Anfang bis zum Ende aus lauter Widerſprüchen zuſammengeſetzt ſchien. Er ſchied daher von der Sängerinn, ohne um weitere Erklärung in ſie zu dringen.

Er ſetzte ſeine Reiſe fort; als in der Gegend von Saragoſſa ihn ein neues und größeres Mißgeſchick traf: er ward von einer Krankheit überraſcht, von der ihm ſchon bei einem frühern Anfall davon verkündet worden war, daß, wenn ſie ihn nochmals überfalle, ſein Tod unvermeidlich ſeyn werde. Seine Leibärzte und alle die geſchickteſten Heilkundigen der Nachbarſchaft verſuchten umſonſt Alles, ihn zu retten. Nach einer tiefſinnigen Berathſchlagung erklärten ſie ihn einſtimmig für unrettbar verloren; allein der Vornehmſte von ihnen, ein tiefgelehrter Arzt von Saragoſſa, trat mit edler Verläugnung aller Eigenliebe auf, und ſchlug vor, man ſolle noch vorher nach Alcala ſenden, und den berühmten Alonſo de Villeguas holen laſſen: den trefflichſten Arzt der beiden Caſtilien; ſo ſeltnen, hohen Fluges, ſagte er, geht ſeine Wiſſenſchaft Allem vor, was wir ſonſt gewohnt waren, in dieſer Art zu ſehen, daß es nichts Unmögliches iſt, es könne ihm auch hier noch ein rettendes Mittel zu Gebote ſtehen.

Ohne Verzug eilten nun Boten nach Alcala zu dem vortrefflichſten der Aerzte, Don Alonſo de Villeguas, der auch in gleicher Eile mit ihnen kam. Man führte ihn zu dem erlauchten Kranken: Don Alonſo war ein ſchöner Mann, deſſen einnehmende Miene ſchon einen vortheilhaften Eindruck auf den Kranken machte. Er unterſuchte den Pulsſchlag und alle Umſtände der Krankheit; nach einigem ſtillen und tiefen Nachſinnen ordnete er dann die Mittel an, welche, wie er erklärte, ihm noch die einzige ſchwache Hoffnung der Rettung boten.

Er wachte darauf mit eifrigſter Sorgfalt die nachfolgende Nacht am Bett des Kranken, den hin und wieder ein wohlthätiger Schlummer heimſuchte. Am andern Morgen zeigten ſich merkliche Spuren einer Beſſerung, die man nicht mehr erwartet hatte, und die mit jeder Stunde zunahm; in wenigen Tagen war das koſtbare Leben außer Gefahr.

Alles überhäufte nun den trefflichen Arzt mit Lobeserhebungen. Der Kranke ſelbſt aber hatte ſeinen Retter ſo lieb gewonnen, daß er beſtändig um ihn ſeyn mußte. Die edeln, einnehmenden Züge Don Alonſos fielen gleichſam erquickend in ſeine matten Augen, da in Krankheiten das Gemüth noch reizbarer und empfänglicher iſt für äußere Eindrücke; noch mehr mußte ihn aber wohl die zarte und unermüdliche Sorgfalt rühren, womit der treue Arzt alle Nächte an ſeinem Lager wachte. Pius hielt immer ſeine Hand, und ſagte einſt zu einem ſeiner Hofleute: Man ſpricht ſonſt immer, daß der Arzt einem Engel gleiche, wenn er hülfreich an das Lager des Kranken tritt; mir aber ſcheint der meinige in voller Wahrheit deren Einer ſo an Geſtalt als an Gemüth.

Doch mit Bedauern merkte er bei näherer Beobachtung, daß eine tiefe Traurigkeit über den edeln Zügen ruhte, und daß der ſelbſt ſich unaufhaltſam nach jenem dunkeln Ziele neigte, der Andre ſo hülfreich davon zurückzuhalten ſtrebte. — O mein Gott! rief der hohe Fürſt bei ſich ſelbſt, ſo ſoll ich denn beſtimmt ſeyn, gerade die wichtigſten Dienſte von lauter Unglücklichen zu erhalten! und ſoll der Mann, der rings um ſich Heil und Freude verbreitet, ſelbſt darben an der Freudenquelle! nein! ihn muß ich beglücken! ihn, meinen Lebensretter! Er wird doch meinen Beiſtand nicht auch ſo ſpröde von ſich zurückweiſen, als jenes eigenſinnige Fräulein im Thale von Benavquez that?

Er ließ darauf den Don Alonſo zu ſich rufen, der ſich, da nun ſein hoher Kranker von der augenſcheinlichen Todesgefahr gerettet war, ohne Verzug zur Rückkehr nach Alcala bereitete, und nachdem ihm Pius eine fürſtliche Belohnung ſeiner Kunſt übergeben hatte, redete er ihn mit folgenden Worten an:

Wohl kann ich mir denken, Ihr Stern der Wiſſenſchaft, daß Euch bei Eurer großen und unvergleichlichen Gelehrſamkeit des Geldes und Gutes nicht mangeln werden, und daß man Euch alſo auf dieſe Weiſe den Dank nicht zollen kann, den man Euch ſchuldig iſt; gleichwohl möchte ich Euch gern auf recht wahre Weiſe für das lohnen, was Ihr an mir gethan habt, als ich mit namenloſen Schmerzen und mit dem nahen Tode rang. So ſprecht denn offen aus, womit ich Euch erfreuen könnte, Ihr freundlicher Beſieger meiner Leiden!

Und welchen höhern Lohn, erwiederte Don Alonſo, könnt' ich von Euch erwarten, erlauchter Graf? Nur zu reich habt Ihr mich für das belohnt, was ja doch ohnehin nur meine Pflicht war. Der beſte Lohn aber für mich iſt Eure Huld, denn auch ich fühle mich in Lieb' und Ehrfurcht zu Euch hingezogen.

Sprecht offen zu mir, Don Alonſo, ſagte der unerkannte hohe Fürſt; ich habe Euch beobachtet, und wie ich ganz gewiß glaube — ſeyd Ihr nicht glücklich!

Nicht glücklich? — wiederholt Don Alonſo mit einem ſchmerzlichen Lächeln. — Wie kommen Ew. Erlaucht zu der Frage?

Weil ich, erwiederte Pius faſt unwillig, weil ich Theil an Euch nehmen und Euch beglücken will.

O dann, rief Don Alonſo mit allem Ausdruck hoffnungsloſer Trauer, dank' ich Eurem guten Willen, erlauchter Graf, doch das vermöchte ſelbſt der König beider Caſtilien nicht! — Das iſt unmöglich!

Hier hätte faſt der hohe Fürſt der Kirche den angenommenen Stand vergeſſen und hätte dem verwegnen Zweifler an ſeiner Macht erklärt, mit welchem Mächtigſten auf Erden er es zu thun habe; allein er hatte wichtige Staatsgründe, ganz unerkannt zu bleiben, und ſo blieb ihm nichts übrig, als den ſtolzen eigenſinnigen Verſchmäher ſeines Beiſtandes unbeglückt abreiſen zu laſſen; während er ſelbſt noch einige Tage der Ruhe genießen mußte, bevor er ſeine weitere Reiſe fortſetzte.

Allein in ſeinem Innerſten beſchäftigte ihn doch der Fall ſehr lebhaft, der ihm in ſeinem Leben noch nicht vorgekommen war. Unmöglich! wiederholte er ſich oft, unmöglich ſoll es mir ſeyn, ein einfaches Menſchenleben glücklich zu machen? dies wird mir ſchon zum zweitenmal hier auf ſpaniſchem Boden geſagt! Das Oberhaupt der ganzen Chriſtenheit werd' ich geheißen, ja hat mir Gott nicht ſelbſt die Schlüſſel des Paradieſes anvertraut? und mir ſoll es unmöglich ſeyn, ein Paar Weſen aus den mittleren Ständen zu beglücken?

Er theilte ſeinen Unmuth dem menſchenfreundlichen Grafen von Lerma mit, welcher dem hohen Reiſenden als ein früherer Bekannter bis Saragoſſa entgegen gereiſt war, und der Zuziehung Don Alonſo's vorzüglich beigeſtimmt hatte, da er dieſen näher kannte.

Kennt Ihr denn, fing er an, Herr Graf, die ganze Lebensgeſchichte dieſes ſehr achtungswerthen, aber wahrhaftig auch ſehr ſtolzen Don Alonſo?

Wohl kenne ich ſie, erwiederte der Graf, und liebe ihn als einen der beſten Menſchen; er hat ſelbſt eine Zeit lang unter meinen Fahnen gedient, als ihn das erſte Jugendfeuer zu Kriegerthaten hinzog, ob er gleich ſchon auf Alcala's und Salamanca's hoher Schule den Preis der Wiſſenſchaften errungen hatte. Er diente einige Jahre ehrenvoll und trat in ſeinen jetzigen Wirkungskreis zurück, als er einer empfangenen Wunde wegen zum Waffendienſt unfähig ward. So iſt er nun noch immer ein mächtiger Streiter gegen Krankheit und Elend, die die Menſchen heimſuchen, und ſetzt, ſo ſelbſtvergeſſen eifrig, wie er ſeinen Beruf erfüllt, ſein Leben oft mehr der Gefahr aus, als er es je auf dem Felde der Schlacht konnte.

Pius ward von Neuem durch dieſe Schilderung eingenommen, die er ihrem Gegenſtande ſehr treu fand. Allein er iſt ſehr unglücklich! ſagte er. —

Das iſt er freilich, erwiederte der edle Lerma. Wenn er Ew. Heiligkeit das geſagt hat, ſo iſt es keine Unwahrheit geweſen.

Nein nicht geſagt! rief Pius, verhehlt hat er es mir! — Und was iſt denn die Urſache ſeines Unglücks?

Er liebt ein Mädchen mit namenloſer Leidenſchaft, erwiederte der Graf von Lerma.

Nun! — — fragte der Fürſt der Kirche, der ſich in ſeiner Erwartung etwas getäuſcht zu haben ſchien, und wird von ihr verſchmäht?

Sie liebt ihn mit derſelben ſchwärmeriſchen Zärtlichkeit, verſetzte der Graf.

Nun dann, rief Pius heiter, was hat es denn für Noth? für ſolche Leiden hat unſre heilige Kirche ein gar treffliches Mittel im Prieſterwort und Prieſterſegen. — Iſt es nicht ein beſeligendes Band, das zu knüpfen der Himmel uns gewählt; wo zwei verſchiedne Weſen auf Leben und Tod unzertrennbar vereinigt werden! — — Ihr ſchweigt, Graf Lerma? gleich als ob Ihr an dieſer Wahrheit zweifeltet!

Ich ſchweige, hoher Herr, weil dieſes Band für Tauſende beglückend, für viele doch zur ſchweren Eiſenfeſſel wird, da Menſchlichkeit und ſelbſt Vernunft zu wenig Stimme bei jenem unerbittlichen Geſetze hat, das ſeine unſichtbaren Schranken, wohlthätig, unerläßlich für die große Menge ziehen mußte, doch das ſie auch mit Felſenhärte da undurchdringlich macht, wo alle heiligen Gefühle, die Natur ſelbſt, auf eine Ausnahme zu dringen ſcheinen.

Ich verſteh Euch nicht, Graf, ſagte Pius, — — warum will ſich Don Aloyſio nicht ehelich mit ſeiner Geliebten verbinden?

Weil — verſetzte Graf Lerma langſam — weil er ſchon der Gatte einer Andern iſt.

Ha der Verbrecher! rief der geiſtliche Fürſt in vollem Eifer. —

Doch hat der edle Aloyſio nicht das Anſehn eines Verbrechers, ſetzte Graf Lerma nur leiſe, begütigend hinzu. Das iſt wohl wahr: — erwiederte der Geneſene, welchem in dieſem Augenblick doch die Erinnerung an ſeinen liebgewordenen Wohlthäter beſänftigend zurückkam; ohne Zweifel iſt ihm ſein Weib treulos und ſchlecht.

Sie iſt eine würdige, tadelloſe Frau, verſetzte Lerma, auch wohlgebildet — Aber ſie liebt ihn nicht. —

Nun dann, rief Pius, ſo muß da irgend ein Mißverſtändniß zum Grunde liegen! warum ſollte ſie einen ſo liebenswürdigen Mann nicht lieben? — Ich denke doch zu ſeinem Beſten zu wirken, auch wider ſeinen Willen, und den Verirrten auf die Bahn der Tugend zurückzuführen. — Ihr aber, Graf von Lerma, ſeyd Ihr ein guter Katholik, ſo werdet Ihr mir nie in einem ſo leichten Tone über Sätze des Glaubens ſprechen.

Graf Lerma wollte noch Einiges hinzuſetzen, allein die Strenge, die ſich auf der Stirn des geiſtlichen Herrſchers lagerte, gebot ihm Schweigen.

Wenn uns ſchon bei unſern mäßigen Verhältniſſen in irgend einer Sache Schwierigkeiten aufſtoßen, ſo wird in uns das Streben aufgereizt, ſie zu beſiegen; bei Mächtigen werden ſie ein Sporn, der alle ihre Macht aufbietet, und ſie das Schwere überflügeln heißt; ſo daß ſie oft auf Dinge, an welche ſie, bei ihren wichtigeren Angelegenheiten nicht gedacht haben würden, gerade jetzt ihr ganzes Sinnen richten, weil es ihnen als ſchwierig dargeſtellt worden iſt; denn nichts iſt den Großen der Erde empfindlicher, als auf die Schranken ihrer Macht zu ſtoßen. — So hielt es auch der größte Fürſt der Chriſtenheit nicht unter ſich, bei ſeiner Durchreiſe durch Alcala ſelbſt mit der Gattinn Aloyſio's zu ſprechen, und ſie, ganz in den Geiſt ſeiner kirchlichen Würde zurücktretend, über ihre Geſinnungen gegen den ihr angetrauten Ehegemahl zu ſprechen.

Donna Iſabella, dies war ihr Name, eine große, wohlgebildete Frau, von ſehr blühendem und klarruhigem Anſehen, war anfangs überraſcht; allein mit weiblichem Scharfblick errieth ſie bald, daß ſie ſich wenigſtens einem ſehr hohen geiſtlichen Herrn gegenüber befinden müſſe, wenn ſie auch nicht die ganze Majeſtät ihres erhabnen Gewiſſensrathes ahnen konnte; und willig in frühgewohnter Ehrfurcht gegen dieſen Stand unterwarf ſie ſich der Prüfung; doch offen — und ſich keiner Schuld bewußten Blickes fragte ſie, als das ermahnende Geſpräch ſich nun vom Allgemeinen gar zu ſehr auf ſie ſelbſt richtete: Mein Gott, iſt denn Don Aloyſio unzufrieden mit mir? ich habe ihn doch meines Wiſſens nicht beleidigt! Noch hat er mir keinen Unwillen merken laſſen. Wir leben in dem beſten Einverſtändniß.

Die ſichtbare Ruhe und Schuldloſigkeit ihres Gewiſſens machte beinahe den erhabnen Friedensſtifter ganz irre in ſeinem Plane. Er fragte endlich, ob ſie denn nicht die tiefe Traurigkeit ihres Mannes bemerkt habe, und ſein ſichtliches Dahinſterben in Jahren der Blüthe! — und eben ſo unbefangen antwortete ſie: Ich habe das nicht ſo ernſtlich genommen; er iſt ſehr ſchwärmeriſch und macht ſich öfter Kummer ohne Noth; daher theilt er ſich mir auch gar nicht mit, denn ich bin von Natur ſehr klaren ruhigen Gemüths geweſen, dem alles Uebertriebene verhaßt iſt, und habe darum auch nie in ſein feuriges Weſen einſtimmen können.

Und wie, fragte Pius mit ſinkender Stimme, da Ihr ſo wenig übereinſtimmt, habt Ihr Euch gewählt!

Gewählt? fragte Iſabelle, haben wir uns im Grunde nicht. In unſrer Kindheit ſchon hatten uns unſre Aeltern mit einander verlobt, und ſchloſſen, ſobald wir die Schwelle des jugendlichen Alters betraten, unſern Vermählungsbund. Wir waren zu jung, um die Wichtigkeit eines ſolchen Schrittes einzuſehen; auch habe ich meinerſeits wenigſtens nie Urſach gehabt, ihn zu bereuen; ich ſchätze Don Aloyſio im höchſten Grade, er iſt ein vortrefflicher Menſch voll Selbſtvergeſſenheit und heißen Strebens nach allem Guten; auch wird er allgemein geachtet, ſo wie mir Eure Theilnahme für ihn, mein hoher Herr, einen neuen Beweis davon giebt; allein das was man Leidenſchaft der Liebe nennt, iſt meinem Weſen fremd; iſt dieſes meine Schuld? Ich hege für ihn die Empfindung einer treuen Schweſter — und habe oft gewünſcht, der gute Aloyſio möchte — — mein Bruder ſeyn. —

Die Einfalt und Wahrheit in dieſer Darſtellung hatten den Eindruck auf das Herz des geiſtlichen Fürſten nicht ganz verfehlt; ein Gedanke ſchien doch in ihm aufzudämmern, zu welchem Zweck nun eigentlich ein edles Daſeyn an ein anderes ebenfalls nicht zu tadelndes gekettet hinſchwinden ſollte, das ſeine edelſten Regungen nicht theilte, nicht verſtand, und nicht einmal ſich ein Glück denken konnte, dem er mit tauſendfachem Schmerz entſagte.

Ein günſtiger Zufall führte den ſeelenvollen Grafen von Lerma eben in dem Augenblicke zu ihm, wo er in der erſten Bewegung ihm treu den Erfolg ſeines Unternehmens mittheilte. Mit Wärme faßte der menſchenfreundliche Graf das eben dargeſtellte Bild auf. — Und nun, fuhr er fort, nun vergleichen Ew. Heiligkeit dagegen das erſte feurige Zuſammenfliegen zweier einander völlig gleichgeſtimmter edler Weſen, die von der Natur ſelbſt geſchaffen ſcheinen, ſich gegenſeitig unendlich zu lieben! Ich ſelbſt war Zeuge der erſten Bekanntſchaft Aloyſio's mit ſeiner Geliebten, und nie habe ich einen ſtärkern, gleichſam überſinnlichen Eindruck jener geheimnißvollen und gewiß heiligen Macht geſehen, welche man Liebe nennt.

Es war in der Zeit, als Aloyſio unter meinen Kriegsbefehlen ſtand, als ihn der Trieb ſich auszuzeichnen, vielleicht auch ſein unbefriedigtes Herz aus dem für ihn geknüpften Ehebande in das Waffenleben geführt hatte. Wir ſtanden eben nach einem geſchloſſnen Stillſtande einige Wochen ruhig unſerm Feinde gegenüber; der Oberfeldherr hatte den jüngern Führern unſeres Heeres einen Tanz angeordnet, zu welchem alle die vorzüglichſten Damen der Nachbarſchaft ſich einſtellten. Es war eine reiche Anzahl von unſern ſchönen jungen Kriegern; Aloyſio, ſchön von Geſtalt und reizend von Betragen, war einer der Vorzüglichſten und ſchien den Augen der Damen ungemein zu gefallen; doch keiner ſo als einem unendlich liebenswürdigen jungen Fräulein, die ebenfalls durch eine wunderbare Anmuth unter ihren Geſpielinnen hervorglänzte, wie eine kleine Huldgöttinn. Sie war mit ihren Anverwandten, einem ſehr guten altedeln Geſchlecht bei dieſem Feſte. Unſchuldig bang ſchlug ſie anfangs die holden Augen nieder, die wohl noch nie ſo vielen Männerblicken mochten ausgeſetzt geweſen ſeyn; als Aloyſio, den ihr Anblick gleich einem Blitzſtrahl in das Herz getroffen zu haben ſchien, ſich ihr nahte, um ſie zum Tanze aufzufordern, ſah ſie an ihm empor, da war es, als ob ſich ein Glutſtrom über ihr jugendliches Antlitz goſſe. Sie tanzte und mit ſo unvergleichlicher ſittſamer Anmuth, daß ſie nur auf den Wellen des Wohllauts dahin zu ſchweben ſchien. Auch Aloyſio ſchien ſich ſelbſt zu übertreffen, und die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit richtete ſich auf das wunderholde Paar, das noch durch eine andre Macht als den Zauber des Wohllauts gehoben ward. Ich würde vielleicht nicht ſo ſehr darauf geachtet haben, wäre mir nicht das junge Fräulein nur deshalb merkwürdig geweſen, weil ich ihre ſehr achtungswerthen Verwandten und ſelbſt ihren verſtorbenen Vater gekannt und hochgeachtet hatte. Auch Aloyſio ſchätzte ich ſchon damals als einen meiner wackerſten Offiziere.

Als nach geendigtem Tanze ſich Aloyſio unter das Getümmel der Uebrigen verlor und aus dem Saale ging, da war es, als ob die ganze Seele des Mädchens in ihre Augen geflohen ſey, und ihm, nur ihm durch das Gewühl der Andern nachfolgte. Jene energiſchen Worte fielen mir unwillkürlich ein, die Julia, als ſie Romeo im Getümmel des Maskenſaals aus der Thür gehen ſieht, ihm nachblickend zu ihrer Amme ſagt:

Geh! forſche, wer er iſt! Iſt er vermählt,
Iſt mir das Grab zum Brautgemach erwählt.

Ich kannte damals die unglücklichen Verhältniſſe Don Aloyſio's nicht; er ſelbſt ſchien im dunkeln Gefühl derſelben ſchon damals den Kampf zu beginnen, aus welchem er vielleicht ſiegreich hervorgegangen wäre, hätte das Schickſal nicht gewollt, daß mir als Befehlshaber der Krieger, die in jener Gegend ſtanden, das Schloß ihrer Verwandten auf eine Zeit lang zur Wohnung angewieſen, und er mir zum Begleiter zugetheilt ward. Es war eine reizende Villa am Comer-See. Die Liebentbrannten mußten ſich nun täglich, ſtündlich ſehen, um ſo mehr, da das Mädchen von den übrigen Bewohnern des Hauſes der Spaniſchen am mehrſten kundig war, und man von ihr als eine Art pflichtmäßige Gefälligkeit die Vermittelung zwiſchen den beiden verſchieden ſprechenden Theilen forderte.

Die Uebereinſtimmung war in der That wunderbar, die zwiſchen dieſen beiden gefühlvollen und reichbegabten Seelen herrſchte, ich ſelbſt hatte oft meine innige Freude daran und dachte ſchon im Voraus auf das Fürwort, das ich bei Aloyſio's Bewerbung an die Verwandten des Fräuleins reden wollte: als ein Auftritt, von dem ich wider meinen Willen Zeuge war, dieſen Vorſatz aufhob, und mich ſelbſt auf das Schmerzlichſte erſchütterte.

Die beiden Liebenden waren eines Nachmittags allein in dem Geſellſchaftszimmer, und bemerkten im Feuer ihres Geſpräches nicht, daß ich in einem offnen Seiten-Cabinet mit

Schreiben beſchäftigt war, trotz des Geräuſches, welches ich mit Abſicht machte. Ich achtete im Anfang nicht auf das, was ſie ſprachen, weil ich es für gewöhnliche hin und wieder flüſternde Liebesreden hielt; doch bald bemerkte ich, daß es ein allgemeiner, die Menſchheit betreffender Gegenſtand war, worüber ſie ſich ihre gegenſeitigen Meinungen mittheilten; und es iſt wahr, mit welcher Schnelle das Mädchen in Aloyſios edle, erhabne Anſichten einging, ſie faßte, wie ſie ſelbſt ſeinen Ideen gleichſam vorausflog, es mußte von der tiefen innigen Verwandtſchaft der Beiden zeugen. Uebermältigt von dem Gefühle dieſer Wahrheit ergriff Aloyſio ihre Hand, drückte ſie heftig an ſein Herz, und hob ſie dann zwiſchen ſeinen beiden gefaltnen Händen zum Himmel auf, gleichſam als ob er dieſen zum Zeugen nehmen wollte, indem er leidenſchaftlich ausrief: O wo hat mich ein Weſen ſo verſtanden! himmliſches Mädchen! Seele meiner Seele! Doch gleich nach dieſem Ausruf ſprang er von dem Sitze empor, auf dem er neben ihr geſeſſen hatte, und trat in die Vertiefung eines Fenſters; er beugte ſich vorwärts, die Stirn gegen die Mauer ſtützend und ein Strom von heftigen Thränen ſtürzte aus ſeinen Augen auf den Boden nieder. — Erſchrocken, und mit dem zärtlichſten Mitleid, näherte ſich ihm das Fräulein, und fragte mit ſchüchternem, aber innigem Tone: O Gott, was fehlt Euch, Aloyſio? — mein edler, — theurer Freund?

Bei dieſen ausdrucksvollen Worten hob Aloyſio das Geſicht empor, und wandte ſeine ſchönen, in Thränen blitzenden Augen mit einem Ausdruck namenloſen Schmerzes auf ſie, indem er mit Anſtrengung ſagte: Fräulein, ja ich kann es nicht länger verhehlen, ich liebe Euch mit unausſprechlicher Gewalt! mehr als mein Leben, mehr als Glück und Ruhm! — allein ich kann Euch nicht täuſchen! — Ich — ich bin verheirathet. —

Ein leiſer Schauer zuckte bei den Worten auch durch mein Herz, des ſchon älteren Mannes. — Das Mädchen wankte todtenbleich zurück, und bald ſagten auch ihre heftig hervorbrechenden Thränen, wie heiß ſie ihn geliebt. Allein ſie war es, welche ſich zuerſt über den ſinnbetäubenden Schmerz erhob; mit einer ſo erhebenden, ſiegenden Innigkeit ſprach ſie von der Ergebung in den Willen der ewigen Vorſehung, daß ſie auch ihren unglücklichen Freund mit ſich emporriß. Er ſagte ihr, was auch Donna Iſabella beſtätigt hat, daß nicht Pflichten der Treue und einer frühern Liebe, daß einzig und allein die kalten Bande des Geſetzes ihn abhielten, die höchſte Seligkeit der Erde zu genießen; und beide ſchloſſen einen heiligen Freundſchaftsbund, entſagend allem irdiſchen Glück, und nur durch ein ſeliges Geiſterband durch wetteifernde, immer höher ſtrebende Tugend einander auf ewig vereint. —

Aloyſio hat nun alle Kraft ſeiner Seele auf höchſte Trefflichkeit in ſeiner Kunſt, auf möglichſte Vervollkommnung im Reich der Wiſſenſchaften gewandt, und ob ſich auch ſein edles Leben bei dieſem raſtloſen Emporſtreben verzehrt, ſo wie die lichte Kerze wohlthätig leuchtet und vergeht, ſo hat er doch den ſchönen Zweck erreicht, und nicht Beweggrund allein, doch eine ſtärkend ſüße Belohnung ſeiner Anſtrengungen ſcheint für ihn in dem ſchwärmeriſchen Gedanken zu liegen, daß der Ruf vielleicht ſeiner fernen Geliebten von ihm erzählen werde! — Es iſt ſein Ruhm die einzige, doch die edelſte Liebeshuldigung, die er zu ihren Füßen legt.

Zu jeder andern Zeit würde das Oberhaupt der Kirche dieſe empfindſame Geſchichte nicht zur Hälfte angehört haben, doch auch das kälteſte, auch das vorurtheilvollſte Herz hat Stunden, in denen die Natur mit unwiderſtehlicher Stärke zu ihm ſpricht, die jetzige war eine derſelben für den geiſtlichen Fürſten. In dem Geſpräch mit Iſabella hatten Natur und Menſchlichkeit zu ihm geſprochen und das Licht ihrer Wahrheit war in ſeinen Geiſt gefallen. Er ſchwieg bewegt, und mancherlei Betrachtungen und Entſchlüſſe regten ſich in ihm auf und nieder.

Der Graf von Lerma fügte noch hinzu: Ich fragte einſt den guten, unglücklichen Aloyſio, ob er denn gar keiner Hoffnung auf irdiſches Glück Raum gebe! Keiner erwiederte er feſt, ich bin Katholik — es iſt Unmöglichkeit.

Unmöglichkeit! brach Pius aus, abſcheuliches Wort! das mir von allen Seiten zugerufen wird, gerade als ob es erſonnen wäre, mich zu beleidigen! — Er ſoll ſehen, ob dem Statthalter Gottes auf Erden etwas unmöglich iſt, ſobald erſt ſeine untrügliche Ueberzeugung gewonnen ward! — Und hat ſich das Fräulein indeß mit einem Andern vermählt?

Nie wird ſie das, verſetzte Lerma, nach ihrer feſten und treuen Gemüthsart: ſie hat beſchloſſen, nur dem Andenken an den unerſetzbaren Freund zu leben. Da ſie nun der Tod auch jener Verwandten, einſam, und gänzlich unabhängig gemacht, hat ſie in liebend frommer Schwärmerei ihren Aufenthalt in einem reizend einſamen Thal des pyrenäiſchen Gebirgs genommen, um mindeſtens dieſelbe Luft zu athmen, die ihren unvergeßlichen Geliebten umweht, und die Laute ſeiner Sprache von den Lippen ſeiner Landsleute zu hören.

Und der Ort, wo ſie lebt? rief Pius mit dem geheimnißvoll freudigen Blick einer ſcharfſinnigen Entdeckung.

So viel ich weiß, verſetzt Lerma, lebt ſie im Thale von Benasquez.

Benasquez? — wiederholte Pius freudig, der wider ſeinen Willen mit hineingezogen ward in die Welt romantiſcher Ereigniſſe. Er theilte dem Grafen die heitre Ueberzeugung mit, in ſeiner holdſeligen Pflegerinn die Geliebte ſeines edlen Ritters ſchon früher gefunden zu haben; und ſein Entwurf, die ihm erzeigten Dienſte, wie die im Kampfe bewährte Tugend zu belohnen, war unwiderruflich gefaßt. Auch ihn vertraute er dem edlen menſchenfreundlichen Lerma, der ja ſo ſchönen Antheil daran hatte. Und beide kamen überein, auf der Rückreiſe, auf welcher Lerma ſeinen erhabenen Freund bis nach Italien begleitete, auch Don Aloyſio zur Mitreiſe bis in die Pyrenäen zu bewegen.

Ohne Schwierigkeit ward der Entwurf ausgeführt, ſobald Pius ſeine ſtaatskundigen Angelegenheiten ausgeführt hatte, und ſeine Rückreiſe antrat. Aloyſio konnte die ehrenvollen und dringenden Anerbietungen des italiäniſchen Grafen nicht zurückweiſen, und Alle kamen ohne Hinderniſſe in den romantiſchen Pyrenäen an.

Die Sonne neigte ſich zum Untergange, als ſich das reizende Thal von Benasquez vor ihren Blicken öffnete. Ein herzentzückender Anblick, wo Felſen, ſchäumende, funkelnde Bäche, ſäuſelnde Haine, Laubgrün und Tannendunkel ſich vermiſchten, dazwiſchen von den ſchönen blumigen Wieſenmatten unterbrochen, deren weidende Heerden die Landſchaft freundlich belebten. Vor allen aber feſſelte den Blick ein Bild, das gegenüber im Widerſchein der Abendſonne ſich hervorhob. Auf einer etwas erhabnen grünen Matte, vom höchſten Felſen der Gegend überragt, erblickten ſie eine holdſelige Geſtalt in lichtem ſchneeweißem Gewand, faſt einem Engel gleich, um ſich einen Kreis holder, blühender Kinder, ſo wie ein Mahler nur in ſeliger Begeiſterung das überirdiſche Gemählde hätte faſſen können.

Der Felſen ſtieg voll Hoheit himmelan hoch über die Fichten und Steineichen, die ſeinen Fuß bekränzten; die dunkeln Sturmwolken, die ſeinen Gipfel noch unlängſt umringt zu haben ſchienen, zogen ſich abwärts, und wunderbar verklärte ihn der goldne Schein der Abendſonne, ſo wie die lieblichen Geſtalten, die ihn ſchmückten. Er ſchien ein Bild der kampfbewährten Tugend. Die Stürme, ſo ſchien er zu ſagen, ſie haben meinen Tag getrübt, doch frei und rein darf ich am Abend in den entwölkten Himmel ſehen.

Die guten ländlichen Bewohner des Thales von Benasquez, die Hirten und die Ackerleute, kehrten von ihrem Tagewerk nach den friedlichen Hütten heim. Die Reiſenden fragten nach jener ungewöhnlichen Erſcheinung. —

O das iſt unſer Schutzgeiſt, erwiederten die frommen Hirten, die Heilige unſres Thals oder vielleicht ein Engel, der uns zum Glück herabgeſtiegen iſt. Die holde Jungfrau, die ſeit einiger Zeit in unſrer Gegend wohnt, ſie unterrichtet unſre Kinder in allen heiligen Lehren der Frömmigkeit, und auch in vielen nützlichen Künſten für das Leben; iſt unter uns ein Kranker oder Leidender, ſo pflegt und tröſtet ſie ihn wie ein Engel. Zum Lohn und zur Erquickung nach des Tages Mühen ſingt ſie den Kleinen und uns ſelbſt dann ein himmliſches Lied, wie ſie die Laute auch mit engelgleicher Milde rührt. — Sie war ſehr traurig, allein ſie ſcheint ihre Trauer bewältigt zu haben durch all das Gute, das ſie thut. Hebt ſie jetzt eben den heiligen Geſang an.

Die Fremden waren jetzt unter den Hirten bis an die Stelle gekommen, wo Conſtanzia — denn ſie war es — wie ein ſeliger Geiſt unter den roſenwangigen, lockigen Kindern hervorglänzte, die alle mit verlangenden, freudetrunkenen Blicken an ihrem Munde hingen.

Himmliſche Töne entſchwebten den kunſtreichen Saiten ihrer Laute, und es klang in Wahrheit wie Siegesgeſang, was ſie in kindlichfrommer, demüthiger Ergebung ſang:

Kinder ſind wir; aus der Ferne
Lächelt uns der Vater an;
Seine Blicke, tauſend Sterne,
Gießen Licht auf unſre Bahn.

Und auch irdiſche Blumen blühen
Hier als Zeichen ſeiner Huld,
Uns für Jenſeits zu erziehen
Fromm in Lieb' und in Geduld.

Trauert nicht, Ihr armen Kleinen,
Sagt er, ſeyd Ihr fern mir noch;
Ob auch rauh die Wege ſcheinen
Und das heil'ge Ziel zu hoch,

Ewig nah dem Vaterherzen
Seyd Ihr auch im dunkeln Thal,
Nur zu mir durch Nacht und Schmerzen
Leitet Euch des Glaubens Strahl!

Seht! auch Felſen am Geſtade
Thürmen ſich zu ſteilen Höhn,
Laßt uns auch die ſchweren Pfade
Fromm und ſtill zur Heimath gehn!

Wenn uns auch in dunkler Ferne
Ein geliebter Strahl entſchwand,
Klagt nicht ob dem lichten Sterne,
O er ruht im Vaterland!

Morſo war betend auf die Knie geſunken, er glaubte den verklärten Geiſt ſeiner Geliebten zu ſehen, die er lebend nie in dieſer Gegend geahnet hätte. Pius, von einer Andacht ergriffen, ſo wahr und zugleich demuthsvoll, wie er ſie vielleicht nie gefühlt, hob den Schwindelnden auf und führte ihn zu ſeiner ſelig überraſchten Freundinn; denen beiden in wenig Worten die niegehoffte, beglückende Wendung ihres Schickſals bekannt ward.

Pius übergab ihnen darauf den Löſungsbrief, der ihm in Iſabellen eine zufriedene, wohlwollende Schweſter, und die Geliebte zur geheiligten Gefährtinn ſeines Lebens gab. —

Empfangt, Ihr tugendhaften Unglücklichen, ſagte er, indem er die Hand zum Segnen gegen ſie erhob, empfangt jetzt den Lohn Eurer treuen Kämpfe! Der Herr, der Welten lenkt in ihren Bahnen, er leitet auch in wunderbaren Fügungen das Schickſal guter Menſchen, und lenkt die Herzen der Gewaltigen wie Waſſerbäche; er ließ den Strahl der Wahrheit in meine Seele fallen und machte mich zu ſeinem Werkzeug.

Nicht ich, der Gott der Allmacht, aus den Sphären
Des Lichts, er hat den Kampflohn Euch geweiht,
Er weiß in Glück den Jammer zu verkehren,
Und möglich macht er die Unmöglichkeit.

Johann Christian Brandes,

ein Mann, den die ſeltſamſten und widerwärtigſten Schickſale in ſeiner Jugend verfolgten, dem es aber durch Eifer und Beharrlichkeit zuletzt gelang, ſich auf der von ihm gewählten Laufbahn einen rühmlichen Namen zu erwerben. Er ward am 15. November 1735 zu Stettin geboren. Fehlgeſchlagene Speculationen ſeines Vaters, der früher Magiſter geweſen und nach ſeiner Verheirathung einen Victualienhandel errichtet hatte, brachten die Familie in tiefe Armuth. Dies war Schuld, daß der lebhafte Knabe, zumal da der Vater heimlich die Seinigen verlaſſen hatte, ohne ſtrenge Aufſicht aufwuchs und ſpäter als Lehrling bei einem Kaufmann, wegen entdeckter Veruntreuungen harte Strafe fürchtend, ebenfalls davon lief und ſich eine Zeit lang in der Welt umhertrieb, bald als Lehrjunge eines Tiſchlers, als Schweinewärter, als Gehülfe eines Puppenſpielers und eines Wunderdoctors ſich kümmerlich ſeinen Unterhalt erwerbend. Die Noth zwang ihn endlich, reuig zu den Seinigen zurückzukehren. Er begab ſich darauf nach Berlin, wo er Bedienter ward. Ein unbeſonnener Streich zwang ihn jedoch, ſich heimlich von hier zu entfernen und nach Hamburg zu gehn, wo es ihm gelang, wieder eine Bedientenſtelle im Holſteiniſchen zu erhalten. Nicht ohne eine gewiſſe Bildung und mit mehr Neigung als wirklichem Talent zum Schauſpielerſtande trat er bald nachher als Mitglied der ſchönemannſchen Geſellſchaft in Hamburg auf; ſein Debüt mißglückte jedoch, und er befand ſich in einer ſchlimmen Lage, als jene Geſellſchaft kurz darauf auseinander ging. Nachdem er eine Zeit lang bei dem Dichter Dreyer in Hamburg als Schreiber gedient, begab er ſich wieder zu einer wandernden Truppe und zog mit dieſer umher, oft von den ungünſtigſten Verhältniſſen gedrückt. Allmählich gelang es ihm jedoch, ſich als Schauſpieler wie als dramatiſcher Schriftſteller immer mehr auszubilden und ſeinen Ruf zu befeſtigen. — Einer bleibenden Stätte konnte er ſich jedoch nie erfreuen. Seine Gattin, eine geborene Koch, mit welcher er ſich in Königsberg verbunden hatte, und welche aus wahrem Beruf ſich dem Theater widmete und zu ihrer Zeit als eine talentvolle Schauſpielerin gern geſehen ward, gebar ihm in Berlin eine Tochter, die nachherige ſo ſehr gefeierte, aber leider in der Blüthe ihres Lebens der Welt entriſſene, berühmte Sängerin **Minna Brandes**. Er lebte nun, ſeinem Berufe folgend, abwechſelnd mit den Seinigen in Berlin, München, Dresden, Leipzig, Mannheim, Riga und Hamburg, ſtets den Umgang geiſtreicher und gelehrter Männer mit Eifer aufſuchend und emſig für ſein Wohl und ſeine Bildung ſtrebend. Leider verlor er ſeine treue Frau wie ſeine beiden hoffnungsvollen Kinder durch frühen Tod. Allein und niedergebeugt zog er ſich von der Bühne zurück, hielt ſich anfangs in der Nähe von Stettin auf einem Gute des Grafen von Schwerin auf und begab ſich, einer Hoffnung auf Verſorgung folgend, die ſich aber ſpäter zerſchlug, nach Berlin, wo er ſich ſeinen Unterhalt durch ſchriftſtelleriſche Arbeiten erwarb und, von ſeinen Freunden aufgemuntert, die Geſchichte ſeines wechſelvollen Lebens herausgab. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 19. November 1799.

B. ſchrieb:

Luſtſpiele. Leipz. 1774–76. 2 Thle.
Sämmtliche dramatiſche Schriften. Hamburg und Leipzig, 1790—91. 8 Thle. enthaltend: Luſtſpiele: der Zweifler; Trau, ſchau, wem? der Graf von Olsbach; der Schein trügt; der Hageſtolze; die Schwiegermutter; der Landjunker in Berlin u. ſ. w. Trauerſpiele: der Schiffbruch; Olivie; Ottilie u. ſ. w. Melodramen: Ariadne auf Naxos; Ino; Feſtſpiele u. ſ. w.
Meine Lebensgeſchichte. Berlin, 1799. 3 Thle. N. A. 1803–5. 3 Thle.

Brandes war zu ſeiner Zeit als Schauſpieldichter ein Liebling des Publicums, und es iſt ihm eine gewiſſe Natürlichkeit, ein lebhafter und leichter Dialog und eine richtige Auffaſſung der Charaktere ſo wie deren conſequente Durchführung keinesweges abzuſprechen; doch fehlt es ihm an komiſcher Kraft in ſeinen Luſtſpielen und an Tiefe und Poeſie in ſeinen übrigen Dramen, weshalb ſich auch keines ſeiner Stücke auf der Bühne erhalten hat. Seine beiden Melodramen waren die erſten deutſchen Verſuche in dieſer Gattung, doch verdankten ſie ihr Glück lediglich der vortrefflichen Muſikbegleitung, welche ihnen zu Theil ward; jetzt ſind auch ſie von der Menge vergeſſen.

Ernst Brandes

ward am 3. October 1758 zu Hannover geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte darauf zu Göttingen die Rechte während der Jahre 1775—1778. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn machte er größere Reiſen durch Deutſchland, Frankreich und England und trat bei ſeiner Heimkehr in den Staatsdienſt als Kanzleiauditor. Er ſtieg nach und nach bis zu dem Range eines geheimen Kabinetsraths. B. ſtarb am 13. Mai 1810. — Seine Schriften ſind:

Betrachtungen über das weibliche Geſchlecht und deſſen Ausbildung im geſitteten Leben. 3 Bde. Hannover, 1802.
Betrachtungen über den Zeitgeiſt in Deutſchland in den letzten Decennien des vorigen Jahrhunderts. Hannover, 1808.

- Betrachtungen über den Einfluß und die Wirkungen des Zeitgeiſtes. (Fortſetzung des Vorigen.) 2 Abtheil. Hannover, 1810.
- Politiſche Betrachtungen über die franzöſiſche Revolution. Jena, 1790.
- Ueber das Du und Du zwiſchen Eltern und Kindern. Hannover, 1809.
- Ueber einige bisherige Folgen der franzöſiſchen Revolution in Rückſicht auf Deutſchland.
- Ueber den gegenwärtigen Zuſtand der Univerſität Göttingen. Göttingen, 1802.
- Bemerkungen über das Londoner, Pariſer und Wiener Theater. Göttingen, 1788. N. A. 1816.

Mit wenigen Worten nur, aber höchſt treffend charakteriſirt der berühmte Hiſtoriker Heeren B's Leiſtungen. Da ſie mit unſeren Anſichten vollkommen übereinſtimmen, ſo enthalten wir uns alles weiteren Urtheiles, das nur Wiederholung des Geſagten ſeyn würde, und laſſen ſie hier folgen. „Als Schriftſteller wenig ſtreng gegen ſich, deſto ſtrenger gegen Andere, eben darum nicht klaſſiſch, wiewohl er hätte klaſſiſch werden können. Ueberhaupt mehr zum Kritiker als zum Autor gemacht.“ Unter ſeinen Schriften möchten die Betrachtungen über die franzöſiſche Revolution und über den Zeitgeiſt wohl die bedeutendſten ſeyn. — Als Staatsmann genoß er allgemeine Achtung und Verehrung, und ſein frühzeitiger Tod erfüllte ganz Hannover mit tiefer Trauer.

Sebaſtian Brandt,

auch Brand oder Brant, ward im Jahre 1458 zu Straßburg geboren und erhielt daſelbſt, obgleich ihm ſein Vater frühzeitig durch den Tod entriſſen wurde, eine gute Erziehung. In ſeinem ſiebenzehnten Jahre begab er ſich nach Baſel, um die Rechte zu ſtudiren, und nahm dort nach damaliger Gelehrtenſitte den Namen Titio an. Nachdem er 1477 Baccalaureus, 1484 Licentiat und 1489 Doctor der Rechte geworden, lehrte er die Jurisprudenz mit großem Beifall und erwarb ſich zugleich einen geſchätzten Namen durch rechtswiſſenſchaftliche Schriften und mannichfache Geſchäftsthätigkeit. Im Jahre 1501 ward er Syndicus in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſpäter Stadtſchreiber oder, wie er ſich ſelbſt gern nannte, Kanzler daſelbſt. — Kaiſer Maximilian, der ihn ſehr ſchätzte und ihn oft an ſeinen Hof zog, hatte ihn ſchon früher zu ſeinem Rathe ernannt und ihm die Würde eines Comes Palatinus mit einem Gehalte von 50 Gulden jährlich ertheilt. S. B. ſtarb zu Straßburg am 10. Mai 1521.

Zu B's Schriften gehören:

- Das Narrenſchiff. Ausgaben: Baſel s. a. 4. ferner Straßburg, 1494. 4. Nürnberg, 1494. 12. Reutlingen, 1494. 4. Baſel, 1495. 4. Augsburg, 1495. 4. 1498. 4. Baſel, 1499. 1506. 1507. 1508. 1512. 4. Roſtock, 1519. Ueberarbeitungen: von M. Joh. Eisleben, Straßburg, 1545. 1549. 4. von Unbekannten, Frankfurt a. M. 1560. 1567. 1625. 8. Zürich, 1563. Straßburg, 1564. 4. Neuer Abdruck in von der Hagen's Narrenbuch. Halle, 1811. — In das Lateiniſche ward es überſetzt durch Jacob Locher und Jodocus Badius; in das Franzöſiſche durch Jean Drouin; in das Engliſche durch Alex. Barklay; ferner in das Holländiſche, Plattdeutſche u. ſ. w.
- Außer mehreren juriſtiſchen Schriften, die nicht hieher gehören, gab B. noch heraus: eine Bearbeitung des Freydank. Magdeburg, 1583. Lateiniſche Fabeln. Straßburg, 1508 u. a. und die brabantiſche Fabel: Von den [illegible] Füchſen dieſer Welt u. ſ. w. Dresden, 1585 in 4. ferner 1601 in 4. ohne Druckort.

Die geſunde, fromme Geſinnung, die Geradheit und Wahrheit, ſo wie die unerſchrockene Kühnheit, mit welcher ſich Seb. Brandt den herrſchenden Mißbräuchen entgegenſtellte und Thorheit und Unrecht geißelte, machen ſtreng genommen den einzigen Werth ſeines Narrenſchiffes aus, da es auf der anderen Seite dieſem Werke durchaus an allen Erforderniſſen eines ſatiriſchen Gedichtes fehlt, und es ähnlichen Leiſtungen jener Tage bei Weitem nachſteht. Den zuerſt angeführten Eigenſchaften verdankte es daher auch vorzüglich zu einer Zeit, wo Alles unter dem Druck der Lüge ſeufzte, und die reine Wahrheit mehr als je Noth that, die überaus günſtige Aufnahme, welche ihm zu Theil ward.

Als Beleg unſerer Behauptung laſſen wir hier mehrere Auszüge, nach der Ausgabe von 1549, als der älteſten, welche uns zu Gebote ſtand, folgen. —

Von alten Narren*).

Mein Narrheit laſt mich nit ſein greiß,
Ich bin vaſt alt darzu gantz vnweiß,
Ein böſes kindt von hundert jor
Den jungen trag ich dſchellen vor.
Den Kindern gib ich regiment
Vnnd mach jr ſelbſt ein teſtament
Das mir leydt wirt nach meim todt,
Ich gib exempel vnd böß rath,
Vnnd treib was ich jung hab gelert,
Meine boßheit will ich ſein geehrt
Vnnd darff mich rümen meiner ſchandt,
Das ich beſchiſſen hab vil landt,
Vnnd hab gemacht vil waſſer trüb
In Boßheyt ich mich allzeyt üb,
Vnnd iſt mir leydt das ichs nit mag
Vollbringen mee mein alten tag.
Aber was ich jetzt nimb mag thun
Will ich befelhen Heintz mein Sun.
Der wirt thun was ich hab geſpart
Er ſchlecht jetzt mir nach in die art,
Es ſtaht jm dapfferlicher an,
Lebt er es wirt auß jhm ein man,
Er ſchickt ſich gar wol inn das ſpil,
Freilich es wirt jm nitt zu vil,
Wann man ſprechen er ſey mein Sun
Dann er den Schelmen recht wirt thun,
Vnnd wirt ſich inn kein Dingen ſparen,
Vnnd inn dem Narrenſchiff auch faren,
Das wirt mich nach mein todt ergetzen
Das er mich wirt ſo gantz erſetzen,
Er treibt jetzt gantz ſeins vatters berden
Er wirt ein geſell ein haſen werden,
Vnd ſprechen zu dem jungen nun
Alſo wolt ich vnnd alſo thun
Wann es mir noch als wol anſtünd
Der welt halb, ſunſt forcht ich kein ſünd
Ich wolt mich diß vnnd jhens erdencken
Wie ich auß ſchnitt heuptlich vnnd glencken
Vnnd wolt mich halten das man ſprech,
Das iſt ein ſchöner dapffer knecht.
Der alter ettwann geriht wis
Do er ſich weißlich hielt vnnd das
Da was er aller ehren wert
Des alters jetzt gantz niemant gert
Mann ſchamet ſich kein inn wilder geſtalt
Vnnd begeren doch all werden alt,
Der alter iſt darumb vnwert
Das er ſich weiß der weißheit leer,
Vnnd hat ſein jungen tag verzert
Das er nit recht thun hat gelert,
Sein luſtig zeit hatt er gelebt
In wolluſt vnnd in üppigkeit
Vnnd wirt auch von den ſünden ehe
Verlaſſen, dann er ſilbs abſtehe,
Darumb wann er ins alter kumpt
So lebt er on ſinn als ein hundt.
Die heilig gſchrifft die alten nennt,
Welche ſeyen inn weißheit erkannt

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*) Aus dem Narrenſpiegel oder dem großen Narrenſchiff von Sebaſtian Brandt. Straßburg. 1549.

Nit das ſie alt Narren ſollen ſein
Sunder das auß jn weißheyt ſchein.
O wee wie vil findſt redlicher leut
Die ehrlich gelebt han lange zeyt,
Der weißheit ſtahe in vbung hart
Biß in den todt generet ward.
Als Sophocles, Heſiodus
Simonides, Steſichorus
Homerus vnnd Pythagora
Zeno, Cleantes, Seneca
Demetrius vnnd Socrates
Themiſtocles, Diogenes,
Als Quintus Fabius Maximus
Scipiones vnnd Fabricius
Vnd der blinde Appius Claudius.
Der hatt neün kind gewachſen ſchon
Die jm ſo gehorſam vnderthon
Waren, wiewol er alt vnnd blindt,
Der jetzt man aber wenig findt.
Solon wolt des berümet ſein
Das jm all tag gieng weißheyt ein,
Vnnd das er alt wurd durch ſein leer.
Catho jhm rechnet für groß ehr
Das er was alt bey neüntzig jor
Vnnd hatt kein Griechiſch geleert vor,
Vnnd lernt die ſelb im alter doch,
Als ob er wer ein Jüngling noch.
Plato was achtzig jar geehrt,
Vnnd ſtarb das er noch ſchrib vnnd leert.
Deſſelben meiſter Gorgias
Hundert vnd ſieben jar alt was,
Vnnd hort nie auff an ſeiner leer,
Ja do man von jm forſchet ſeer,
Was jhn ſo lang gluſt leben doch,
Gab er ein antwurt ich hab noch
Kein vrſach das ich ſchelten ſoll
Dem alter denn er thut mir wol.
Das was ein ſelig antwurt ſchon,
Die von eim weiſen auß ſolt gohn.
Was mag den alter frewen meer
Dann das er leß ſolch kunſt vnnd leer
Die er hat gelert ſein junge tag
Damitt vertreib er lewdt vnnd klag.
Cyrus als Xenophon vns ſeyt
Da er lag ſterben im abſcheydt,
Sprach er hett entpfunden nie
Das er wer kräncker worden je
Jm alter, dann er was daruor
Da er noch hett ſein kindtlich jor.
Drei hundert jar erlebt Neſtor
Als ſagen etlich geſchrifft fürwor
Sein honig ſüſſe wort ihm doch
Vom mundt im alter flüſſen noch.
Mann liſt von Maſiniſſa das
Er neüntzig jar ſeins alters was,
Noch gieng zu fuß er alſo ſere
Das er keines Roſſes achtet meer,
Vnnd wann er reyt ſteig er nie ab
Als ob er müd wer worden drab,
Kein reg jn darzu bracht noch kelt
Das er ſein Haupt je decken welt,
Vnnd was ſein leib ſo drucken doch
Als ob er all ſein hitz hett noch.
Jn Lacedemon die raths Herren
Nannt mann die alten, ihn zu ehren,
Mann nam kein jungen da inn rath
Dann wenig nutz von jn entſtaht.
Jn Rom mann ſie die vätter nannt
Senatores durch welſche landt.
Allein die Teutſchen nemen kindt
Die nie zum Scherer kommen ſindt,
Die müſſen vrteil ſpalten leeren
Ehe dann ſie je kein vrteil hören.
Gleich wie ſchwach blöd ſeindt die kindt,
Die Jungen ſtark vnnd frevelig ſindt,
Mit nutz die mannlicheyt vmb gaht,
Inn dapfferkeyt der alter ſtaht,
Das gibt die natur jedem inn
Strom in ſeim weſen vnnd ſicht ſinn.
Vnnd ob wir anders ſehen dick
Das kumpt etwann von vngeſchickt.
Als iſt es vmb ein alten auch
Der weiß ſolt ſein vnnd iſt ein Gauch.
O alter war gedenckſtu hin
Du haſt vil jar vnnd wenig ſinn.
Du haſt mehr acht das dir ſey lendt
Das du nimb treiben magſt boßheyt,
Dann das du rüwen, dauon haſt,
Das du doch nimb vollbringen magſt.
Aber was vrſach iſt daran
Du haſt dein tag nie guts gethan
Darum will dir Gott gonnen nitt
Das du hie ſolt büſſen inn zeytt,
Sonder muſt ſtehts inn Narrheyt gan
Jm alter kanſt kein witz meer han.
Suſannen Richter zeygen wol
Was man eim alten trawen ſoll.
Ein alter narr ſeiner ſeel nit ſchont
Schwer iſt recht thun, der nit hatt gewont.

Von leer der Kindt.

Der iſt inn Narrheit gantz erblindt
Der nit hat acht das ſeine kindt
Mit zuchten werden vnderweiſt
Vnnd er ſich ſunder darauff fleißt,
Das ſie gen zerloß on alle ſtraff
Gleich wie on Hirten gohnt die Schaff,
Vnnd jnen all mutwill vberſicht
Vnnd meint ſie dörffens ſtraffens nicht,
Sie ſeyen noch nit bey den jaren,
Das ſie behalten inn den oren
Was man jn ſag, ſtraaff oder leer,
O groſſer thor merck zu vnn her
Die jugent iſt zu halten gering
Sie mercket wol auff alle ding.
Was mann inn newe Häffen ſchütt
Den ſelben gſchmack verlonth ſie nit.
Ein Junger zwerg ſich biegen lath,
Wann man ein alten vnderſtaht
Zubiegen, ſo knelt er entzwey,
Zimlich ſtraaff bringt kein ſorglich gefehren,
Die ruth der Zucht vertreibt on ſchmertz,
Die Narrheyt auß des kindes hertz,
On ſtraffung ſelten jemants leert
Als vbel wechſt das man nit weert.
Heli was gerecht, lebt on ſündt,
Aber das er nit ſtrafft ſein kindt,
Der ſtraffe jn Gott das er mit klag
Starb, vnnd ſeine ſün auff ein tag.
Das man die kindt nit ziehen will.
Des findt man halber boſen vil.
Es ſtündt jetzt vmb die kindt vil baß,
Geb man ſchulmeiſter jn, als was
Phenix, den Peleus ſeinem ſun
Achilli ſucht, vnnd zu wolt thun.
Philippus durchſucht Griechenlandt
Biß er ſeim ſun ein meiſter fandt,
Dem groſten König in der welt
Wardt Ariſtoteles zugeſelt,
Der ſelb hort Platonem lange jor
Vnnd Plato Socratem daruor.
Aber die vätter vnſer zeytt
Darum das ſie verblendt der geydt
Nemen ſie auff ſolch meyſter nun
Der jm zum Narren macht ſein ſun
Vnnd ſchickt jn wider heym zu hauß,
Halb Narrechter dann er kam darauß,
Des iſt zu wundern nit daran
Das Narren narrecht kinder han.
Darauß der Weyber teding iſt
Sie wolten gar gern alle friſt
Auß jren kindern ziehen Herren,
Aber wann man ſie zucht ſoll leren,
Vnd ſie mit wort vnnd ſtreich anfert
Nein ſprechen ſie, der iſt zu hert,
Er halt mein kindt ſo gar on maſſen,
Es iſt nit auff eim baum gewachſen,
Das man es alſo hert ſoll halten,
Jch ließ ſein ehe als vnglück walten,
Soll mann mir mein kindt alſo ſchlagen,
Jch wils dem meyſter alſo ſagen
Das er es freylich keim mehr thut,
Er iſt ein Edelm im leyb vnd blut,
Schaw zu wie hat mein kind ſolch moſen,
Die ſchmatten ſeind jm auffgebloſen,
Er ſols keim narren han gethan.
Mein kind muß nit ind ſchul mehr gahn
Er mag mir nun daheim wol bleiben.
Solch wort thun narrecht frawen treiben,

Drumb nemens ſun der weißheit zu
Gleich wie in Orglen gſang ein ku.
Crates der alt ſprach, wann es jm
Zuſtündt, wolt er mit heller ſtimm
Schreyen, jr narren vnbedacht,
Jr handt zu ſamlen Gelt groß acht,
Vnnd achtent nit auff ewer kindt
Den jr ſolch reichthumb ſamlen findt,
Aber euch wirt zuletſt der lohn
Wann ewer ſün inn raht ſont gohn.
Vnnd ſtellen zucht vnnd ehren nach,
So iſt jn zu dem weſen gach
Wie ſie von jugent handt gelernt,
Dann wirt des vatters leydt gemeert
Vnd friſt ſich ſelbs das er an nutz
Erzogen hat ein winter butz.
Etlich thunt ſich in buben rott
Die leſtern vnnd ſchmehen Gott.
Die andern hencken an ſich ſeck
Dieſe verſpielen roß vnnd Röck.
Die vierdten praſſen tag vnnd nacht,
Das wirt auß ſolchen kindern gemacht,
Die man nit inn der jugent zeucht
Vnd einem meiſter wol verſicht
Dann anfang, mittel, endt, der ehe
Entſpringt allein auß gutter lehr.
Ein löblich Ding iſt edel ſein,
Es iſt aber frömbd, vnnd nit dein
Es kompt von deinen eltern har,
Ein köſtlich Ding iſt reichtumb gar
Aber das iſt des Glückes fall
Das auff vnd ab dantzt wie ein ball,
Ein hüpſch ding der Welt Glori iſt,
Vnſtandtbar doch, dem allzeit briſt,
Schonheit des leibs man vil acht,
Wert etwan doch kaum vber nacht,
Gleich wie geſundtheyt iſt vaſt lieb,
Vnd ſtielt ſich ab doch wie ein Dieb,
Groß ſterck, acht man für köſtlich hab
Nimbt doch von kranckheit alter ab,
Darumb iſt nichts vntödtlichs meer
Vnnd bliblich bey vns dann die leer.
Gorgias fragt, ob ſelig wer
Von Perſia der mächtig Herr
Sprach Socrates ich weiß noch nüt
Ob en hab leer vnnd tugent üt,
Als ob er ſprech das gwalt vnd gelt
On leer der tugend nichtzen ſollt. ꝛc.

Von Zwitracht machen.

Mancher hatt ſunder freüd daran
Das er verwirret jederman,
Vnd machen mög diß haar auff das,
Darauß vnfründtſchafft ſpringt vnd haß,
Mit hinder red vnd liegen groß
Gibt er gar manchem dick ein ſtoß,
Der das erſt vber lang empfindt
Vnnd machet ein feindt auß eim freünd,
Vnnd das ers wol beſiglen mög
Lügt er das er vil darzu leg,
Vnd wils in beichts weiß han gethon
Das nit verweiſung kumm darvon,
Vnd will nütz mit zuſchaffen hon
Dann er es vnder der Roſen hett,
Vnnd in dein eygen hertz geredt,
Vnnd wer jm leydt wann mans vernem,
Vnnd das es weitter außhin kem,
Meinen damit gefallen wol,
Die welt iſt ſolches ſchwetzens vol,
Das man ein auff der zungen trag
Weitter dann auff eim Spittel wag.
Als Chore thett vnnd Abſolon
Das ſie groß anheng möchten hon,
Aber es ſchlügt jn vbel aus,
Vnnd blieben ſelbſt inn diſem ſtrauß.
Syderites der ſchendtlich ſtein
Der iſt jetzt allenthalben gemein,
Vnnd ſpricht Solinus wer der iſt
Mach er zwitracht zu aller friſt,
Den ſtein warff Jaſon inn Colchida.
Vnnd Cadmus inn Boecia
Vnder die Brüder, die da worden
Erſt newlich auß der erdt geboren
Das ſie den Neidthart wurden leiden
Biß ſie all todt zu boden fielen.
Durch den ſtein ward Troia gefalt,
Vnnd mindert ſich der Römer gwalt,
Auch Alexanders reich abnam
Durch zwitracht, wie es erſt auffkam.
Da der ſtein kam gen Babylon
Da wolt der Thurn nimb fürbaß gon.
Das vneins Ariſtobolus
Was, mit ſeim bruder Hircanus,
Des kam gantz in der Römer handt
Durch Pompeium das Jüdiſch landt.
Diſcordia hatt geſeet vil
Die ſie noch ettwann vnder weil,
Würfft zwiſchen freünd vnnd gut geſellen
Das ſie jr freündtſchafft ab thunt ſtellen,
Als ſie verwirrt die drey geſpielen
Die jnen ſelbs ſo wol gefielen,
Das jede ſich die hübſte meint,
Biß Paris ſolches abe leynt.
Das Jſmahel ward abgeſcheiden
Von Gottes volck vnder die Heyden,
Was nit ſein muter ſchuldig dran
Sunder das er wolt zwitracht han
Mit Jſaac, vnnd jm zuletzt
Wardt er am recht ſeins erbs geletzt.
Wen brüderliche lieb verdrüßt
Vnnd er mit zwitracht die beſchlüßt
Auch das er tugent in laſter kert,
Vnnd mit liegen warheyt verkert,
Der ſelb verrath Gott durch ſein haß,
Vnnd thut ein mordt gleich wie Judas,
Der ſelben opffer Gott nit ſicht,
Jhr gab iſt jm genem auch nicht.
Selig iſt wer da iſt bedeckt,
Das jn kein böſe zung befleckt,
Wer weiß nit das vneinigkeyt
Zerbricht vil ſtett, vnnd macht groß leydt,
Vnnd das die menſchen durch mißhell
Fallen in größers vngefell,
Als hat die Chriſtenheit jetzt lang
Gelitten abbruch vnnd abgang,
Dieweil vnhelligkeit regiert
So wirt das Schifflin vbel gefürt.
Des gibt Vegecius ein leer.
Das er da Hauptmann iſt im heer
Lug ob er zwitracht durch all ſachen
Vnder ſein finden mög gemachen.
Vnnd zwiſchen jn mach hor auff hor,
So hat ers ſpiel gewunnen vor.
Do der erſt Soltan ſterben wolt
Gbot er, das mann beruffen ſolt
Zu ihm all ſein Sün zu dem beth,
Das jeder ein ruth bey ihm hett.
Da er ſie all ſtehn vor ihm ſah
Mit wolbedachtem mut er ſprach,
Das ſie zuſamen binden ſolten
Vnnd lugen ob auch brechen wolten
Die ruthen, alſo zamen bunden
Die Sün zubrechen vnderſtunden,
Aber jr keiner mocht es thun,
Da gbot er das ein jeder Sun
Jnn ſunders brech ſein ruth allein
Als brachens ſie zu ſtucken klein.
Sprach er als iſt auch ewer reich
Wann jr eins ſeint vnd fridſamlich,
Vnnd jr es mit einander handt
Mag ewer reich wol han beſtandt,
Aber wann jrs nit wennt bekennen,
Vnd durch zwitracht euch thun zertrennen
So mögen jr nit bleiben ſtehn,
Vnnd wirt bald ewer reich zergehn.
Micipſa der thett auch deß gleich
Jch laß euch ſprach er ein gutt reich
Wann jr eins wöllen ſein vnd gut
Wo ewer einer das nit thut,
Vnnd zu zwitracht ſucht deß vrſach
Sag ich wirt ewer reich zu ſchwach.
Sertorius da ſein Ritterſchafft
Mit wolten ſtreitten ſampt behafft,
Sunder wolten zertrenn jr ſchar
Ließ er zwey Roß ihm füren dar,
Eins ſtark vnnd jung, das ander ſchwach,
Vnnd rüfft eim alten mann, vnnd ſprach,
Er ſolt des ſtarken Roſſes ſchwantz
Mit einzigem har außrupffen gantz,

Das ſelb geſchach, darnach er wolt,
Das man dem ſchwachen ziehen ſolt,
Auff ein mal ſein ſchwantz vnd har,
Das mocht doch nit geſchehen zwar.
Darauß zeigt er, was wirt zerteilt
Das ſolchs deſt leychter wurd gefeylt,
Dann jedes reich zerteilt inn ſich
Mag nit vor ſtehn dem widerſtich.
Als thet auch Staurius ſeim heer,
Er ließ zween hundt ſich beiſſen ſeer,
Vnnd mit den zänen gröſlich rauffen,
Balt ließ er ein Wolff gen jhm lauffen,
Da das die zween hundt namen war
Sie lieſſen von jrm beiſſen gar,
Vnd theten ſich zuſammen beyd
Den wolff zu jagen durch die Heyd
Jhn wer ſunſt beyden geſchehen leyd
Auß zwitracht dick vnnd vil geſchicht
Als Ariſtoteles bericht,
Das vnfall wechßt auß kleiner ſach
Als den zu Syracuſa geſchach.
Durch frid auffwachſen kleine ding,
Vnfried zerbricht die groſſen gring.
Trew vnnd lieb all ding erhöcht
Vntrew ſein eygen Herren ſchlecht. ꝛc.

Nitt guttem rath folgen.

Der ein Narr der weiß meint ſein
Vnn weder glimpff noch maß thut ſchein.
Ja wenn er weißheit pflegen will
So iſt ein Gauch ſein federſpiel.
Vil ſeindt von worten weiß vnnd klug
Vnn ziehen doch den Narren pflug,
Das ſchafft das ſie auff jr weißheyt
Verlaſſen ſich vnnd beſcheydenheyt
Vnnd achten auff kein frembden rath
Biß ihn vnglück zu handen gaht.
Sein ſan Thobias allzeytt leert
Das er an weiſen rath ſich kert.
Darumb das nit folgt guttem rath
Vnnd den veracht die haußfraw Loth,
Wardt ſie geplagt durch Gott darvon
Vnnd muſt da zu eim zeichen ſtohn.
Großmechtig landt ſeindt zerſtört
Durch Räth die nit waren gelert,
Vnnd theten ein kindiſchen anſchlag
Biß ihn die Pfeiff im ermel lag.
Da Roboam nitt folgen wolt
Den alten weiſen als er ſolt,
Vnnd folgt den Narren, da verlor
Er zehen gſchlecht, vnd bleib ein tor,
Hets Nabuchodonoſor Danieln ghört
In eim Ochſen wer er nitt verkeert,
Machabeus der ſterckeſt man
Der viel groß tugent hat gethan,
Hett er gefolgt Jorams roth
Er wer nitt ſo erſchlagen todt.
Wer allzeyt folgt ſeim eygnen haupt
Vnnd guttem rath nit folgt vnnd glaubt,
Der acht auff glück vnnd heil gantz nitt
Vnnd will verderben ehe dann zeyt.
Eins freündes rath niemant veracht
Wo vil räth ſeind iſt glück vnnd macht.
Achitofel ſich ſelber tödt
Das Saul nit folget ſeinem roth.
Dem Herren wer, der lieber hat
Ein pfeiffer dann ein trewen rath,
Der mehr acht Handt vnnd Federſpiel
Dann das er hab gelerter viel.
Der afag ſchreiber Pomponius
Der ſpricht inn einer ſchrifft durch auß,
On kunſt iſt ſunſt kein leben meer
Vrſach des Lebens iſt die leer.
Als hab ich bracht mein tag da har
Spricht er biß ins achtzigſt jar,
Noch iſt mir wie ich hör die ſtimm
Die Julianus ſprach von ihm,
Hett ich ein fuß geſetzt ins grab
Dannocht ſtündt ich der leer nit ab.
Jnn allen zweiffelhafften ſachen
Soll man rath han, vnnd anſchleg machen,
Vnd ſamlen auß dem landt die alten,
Damit mag man ein landt behalten.

Das es in guttem weſen ſtaht,
Dann alte weiſen gent gut rath,
Dieſe erfolgen die groß ehr
Doch wirt dort jr belonung mer.

Von böſen Sitten.

Vil gohnt gar ſtoltz inn ſchauben her,
Vnnd werffen die Köpff her vnnd dar,
Dann hin zu tal, dann auff zu berg,
Dann hinder ſich, dann vberzwerg,
Wann er wer inn der Vogel orden,
Man ſprech er wer wintwelſch worden,
Dann gohnt ſie balt, dann gar gemach,
Das gibt ein anzeyg vnnd vrſach
Das ſie handt ein leichtfertig gemüt
Vor den man ſich gar billich hüt,
Als dann Saluſtius beſchrib
Catelinam was werck der trib,
Auch böſe ſtuck das findt man wol
Wann man ſein gſchicht durchleſen ſoll.
Er hatt vil nachkum noch auff erden
Die ſich wildt ſtellen mit geberden.
Edel, vnedel, arm vnnd reich,
Geyſtlich, die weiber auch deßgleich,
Gleich wie ein glied das man veracht,
Dem gantzen leib ein moſen macht,
Vnnd wie ein Schaff das rüdig iſt
Verwüſt ein gantze herd mit miſt.
Vnnd ein grindtſchebig Saw verderbt
Das je eins von dem andern erbt.
Als iſt es auch wann man nachlath
Eim böſen ſein vnehrlich ſtaht,
Damitt verwüſt wirt dick ein landt
Wee wee der welt ab böſer ſchandt.
Der weiß iſt vnnd gut ſitten hat,
Dem ſelb ſein weſen wohl anſtaht,
Vnnd was der ſelb anfacht vnnd thut
Das dunckt ein jeden weiſen gut.
Die war weißheit facht an mit ſcham,
Sie iſt züchtig ſtill vnnd fridſam,
Vnnd iſt jr mit dem gutten wol
Des füllt ſie Gott genaden voll.
Spurina der jüngling was
Als gar ſchon auß der maſſen, das
Von ſeiner ſchön die Frawen all
Hetten böß glüſt vnnd wohlgefall,
Das ihn all man inn allen gaſſen
Anfiengen durch argwon zuhaſſen
Aber damit er nit geb ſchandt,
Vnnd ergernuß ſunſt mancher handt,
Vnnd das man ſeh das ſein hübſcheyt
Wer keuſch nit zu vnlautterkeyt,
Jhm oder andern ſolt entſpreiſſen,
Thet er vil wunden ins antlitz reiſſen,
Vnnd macht ſein antlitz alſo wüſt
Das man jn darumb loben müſt.
O Gott der Jüngling was ein heyd,
Vnnd treib doch ſolche erbarkeit,
Wann die ein Chriſten menſch thet nun,
Er mein Gott ſolt ein zeichen thun.
Lob hab der Edel jüngling werdt
Er hat kein geſellen meer auff erdt.
Mann kan kein Rock meer recht an tragen
Man muß jn vberd achſeln ſchlagen,
Die ermel nemen inn die handt
Damit der leib vorn offen ſtandt,
Als wirt die welt gereitzt zu ſchandt.
O ſchämlich ſchom was ſoll ich ſagen,
Das du jetzt treibſt bey vnſern tagen.
Junckfrawen zucht iſt gar dahin
Welch die natur gab etwann jn,
Als von Rebecca wir verſtohn,
Da die ſach Iſaac vor ihr gohn,
Vnnd ſie merckt das er werden ſollt,
Jhr ehemann, dem ſie doch was holt,
Barg ſie jr Haupt, vnnd floch von dann
Das er ſie nitt ſolt ſehen an.
Wa ſeind jetzt nun ſemlich Junckfrawen,
Sie giengen ehe an Fiſchmarck ſchawen,
Vnnd lieſſen ſteht zur thüren auß
Förchten man ſech ſie nit im hauß.
Denckent an Paulam vnnd Euſtochiam,
Die weiber auch jetzt an die Sara frum.

Die beſt gezierd, vnnd höchſter nam
Das ſeindt gut ſitten zucht vnnd ſcham,
Beſſer iſt haben gut geberd
Denn alle reichtumb auff der erdt,
Auß ſitten man gar bald verſtaht
Was einer inn ſeim hertzen hat.
Mancher der ſitten gar wenig ſchont
Das ſchafft er hatt ſein nitt gewont,
Vnnd iſt gezogen nit darzu,
Drumb hat geberd er wie ein kuw.
Zu guttem ſitt ſich Noach zoch
Doch ſchlug jm Cham ſein ſun nit noch.
Wer einen weiſen Sun gebert,
Der ſitt, vernunfft vnnd weißheit leert,
Der ſoll deß billich dancken Gott
Der jhn mit gnad verſehen hott.
Seins vatters naß Albinus aß
Das er nit hot ihn zogen baß.
Keiner iſt reich inn ſeinem ſtadt
Der nitt gutt ſitt auch an jhm hatt.

Gewalt thun eim freünde.

Der iſt ein Narr vnd gantz Dorecht
Der einem menſchen thut vnrecht,
Dann er dardurch gar manchem trewt
Der ſich darnach ſeines vnglücks frewt.
Wer ſeinem freündt ichts vbels thut
Der all ſein hoffnung, trew vnnd mut
Allein geſetzet hatt auff ihn,
Der iſt ein Narr vnnd gantz on ſinn.
Freündtſchafft iſt ein vaſt mechtig band,
Vnd krefftiger inn frembden gwand
Dann zwiſchen gſibten freünden dick,
Das ſchafft das dieſes kumpt von glück
Das einer dein verwandter ſey,
Aber auß eygnem willen frey
Wirdt außer welt ein geſellig freündt,
Solch minder abzukeren ſindt,
Das ſie ein freundt inn nöten laſſen
Dann etwann dick die bluts genoſſen
Darumb wann einer jhm erwelt,
Ein gutten freünd jhm zugeſelt,
Der lug das er ſo mit jm leb
Vnnd leichtlich ihn nit vbergeb,
Dann menſchlich leben iſt verlaſſen
Wann es nit hat ein freünds genoſſen,
Dem es vertraw leib, ehr vnnd gut.
Solch freündtſchafft manchem dick wol thut
Vnnd iſt manchem zu gut erſchoſſen,
Der hat eins gutten freünds genoſſen,
Des trew er wol ſpürt vnnd war nam,
Da wider wertigkeit jhm kam.
Die ſelben lobt man auch vil mehr
Dann die inn glück nit gut vnnd ehr
Den freünden beigeſtanden ſeint,
Inn nöten wirdt bewert der freundt.
Man lißt nit was freünd hab gehan
Sardanapalus der vnrein man.
On zweiffel der da manchen hat
Der mit jhm voll was frü vnnd ſpat.
Dieweil mann aber keinen findt
Der inn ſein nöten wer ſein freündt,
Da ihn Abachus an wolt gahn,
Vnnd jhm ſein Reich gewinnen an,
Spricht man er hab kein freund gehan.
Man hat Oreſtem mehr erkennt,
Vnnd wirt mehr inn der ſchrifft genennt,
Durch freündtſchafft die er hielt ſo frei
Mitt ſeinem geſellen Pyladi,
Dann er gelebet wer, vmb das
Agamemnon ſein vatter was.
Man findt der ſelben freündt nit mer
Da einer für den andern ſtehe,
Wann es jhm and hunt riemen gehe.
Als Dauid was vnnd Jonathas,
Damon vnnd ſein freünd Pithias,
Als Achilles vnnd Patroclus,
Als Theſeus vnnd Pirithous,
Volumnius vnnd Lucullus
Lelius vnnd Petronius.
Solch lieb hat Alexander gehon
Zu ſeim gutten freünd Epheſtion,
Das er nit allein ſein glück zammen,
Sunder auch mit jhm teilt ſein nammen.
Das was auff erdt die ehrlichſt gob
Das er ſeim freünd gundt ſollich lob.
Wo findt man das mer, do non plus,
Wo gelt briſt, da iſt freündſchafft auß.
Möcht einer ſein freünd all verderben,
Das er ihr gut mecht bald ererben,
Oder ſie inn eim Löffel ertrencken
Mancher würd ſich nit lang bedencken.
Keiner ſo lieb ſein nechſten hatt
Als dann im geſatz geſchrieben ſtaht.
Der eige nutz vertreibt all recht,
All freündtſchafft, lieb, ſibſchafft, geſchlecht.
Kein findt man Moſi jetzundt gleich.
Der andre lieb hab als ſelbs ſich.
Oder als was Nehemias,
Vnd der Gotsförchtig Thobias.
Wem nit der gemein nutz iſt als wert,
Als eygen nutz deß er begert,
Den halt ich für ein närrſchen Gauch,
Was gemein, das iſt eygen auch.
Doch Cain iſt inn allem ſtadt,
Dem leydt iſt was glücks Abel hat.
Freünde wann es gadt an ein not
Gohnt vier vnd zwentzig auff ein lot,
Vnnd die die beſten meinen ſein
Gohnt ſechs ſterling auff ein quintlin.
Biß nit gen freünden hert vnnd ſcharff,
Du weiſt nit wo man jr bedarff.
Der thut jm ſelber vnrecht vil
Wer mit ſein freünden zürnen will.
Den ältern ſoll man miltigkeit,
Den freünden dienſtlich ſein bereit,
Recht thun gen aller welt auff erdt,
So lebſtu recht on alle geferd.

Nitt glauben der H. Geſchrifft.

Der iſt ein Narr der nit der gſchrifft
Will glauben, die das Hell antrifft
Vnnd meint das er leben wöll
Als ob kein Gott wer noch kein Hell,
Verachten all predig vnnd leer,
Als ob er nit ſech oder gehör.
Kem einer von den todten har
So lieff man hundert meylen dar
Das man von jm hört newe mer
Was weſens in der Hellen wer,
Vnnd ob vil leuth füren darinn
Ob man auch da ſchenckt newen wein.
Vnd deßgleich ander affen ſpiel,
Nun hat man doch der gſchrifft ſovil
Von alter vnnd von newer ehe
Man darff kein zeügnuß fürter mee,
Noch ſuchen die Capell vnd die Kluſen
Des Sackpfeiffers von Niclaußhuſen.
Man hat mit Moſen allein,
Sunder propheten groß vnnd klein,
Zwelff botten vnd Euangeliſten
Vnnd ſunſt vil ander gutter Chriſten,
Die vns den weg der ſeligkeit,
Durch jhr geſchrifft hant außgeleit.
Aber die welt iſt alſo blind,
Vnnd iſt allzeit darauff geſint,
Das ſie nit meer gedenckt alle ſtund,
Dann von der Naſen biß inn munt,
Wir ſeind allein darauff gefliſſen,
Das Gott nit will, das wir es wiſſen,
Vnd was vns wer zu wiſſen not,
Nach dem vns vnſer Hertz nit ſtot,
Wir begern vns allein bekümmern,
Das wider Gott wir möchten zimmern,
Vnd bawen auff Babel den Thurn,
Das ob Gott ſich vber vns erzürn,
Wir möchten ſeinem Zorn entpflieben,
Vnd vns auß ſeinem gwalt entziehen.
Aber es gſchicht inn keinen weg,
Verſeh dich nach dem rechten ſteg.
Gott redt das auß der wahrheit ſein,
Wer hie ſünd thut, der leidt dört pein,
Es ſei dann das es jhm werd leidt,
Vnd Gott jhm thu barmhertzigkeit,
Die er keim ſünder je verſeit.
Wer ſein tag zu weißheit kert,

Der wirt in ewigkeit geehrt.
Gott hatt geſchaffen, das iſt war,
Das ſeh das aug, vnd hör das ohr,
Darumb iſt der blind vnd ertaubt,
Der nit hört weißheit, vnd ihr glaubt.
Wie hören gern new mähr vnd ſag,
Ich förcht es kommen bald die tag,
Das man mehr newer mär werd inn,
Dann das vns gefall vnd ſei zu ſinn.
Hieremias der ſchrey vnnd lert,
Vnnd ward von niemant doch gehört,
Ja warde die welt je meer verkert,
Noe der Prediget lang Daruor
Weil er die Arch macht hundert jar;
Aber mann ſpottet ſein daran,
Biß das die welt wolt vndergahn.
So gſchach vil ander weiſen mee,
Deß ging hernach vil clag vnd wee.

Nichts on beſonnen thun.

Der iſt mit Narrheit wol vereint,
Wer ſpricht das het ich nit gemeint,
Dann wer bedenckt all Ding bei zeit,
Der Sattelt wol ehe dann er reit,
Wer ſich bedenckt nach der gethat,
Deß anſchlag gmeinglich kompt zu ſpat.
Wer inn der that gut anſchleg kan,
Der muß ſein ein erfarner mann.
Ein Frantzoß ſein ſach vor zuricht,
Ein Lombard iſt gut in der geſchicht.
Die Teutſchen machen jhr anſchlag,
Wann mans nit wider bringen mag,
Vnd ſeind gar weiß nach der geſchicht,
Daruor bedencken ſie ſich nicht,
Deß ſpott man jhr an manchem Reich.
Hett ſich Adam bedacht vor baß,
Ehe dann er von dem Apfel fraß,
Er wer nit durch ein kleinen biß,
Geſtoſſen auß dem Paradieß.
Hett Jonathas ſich recht bedacht,
Er hett die gaben wol veracht,
Die jhm Triphon in falſchheyt both,
Der jhn erſchlug darnach zu todt.
Gut anſchleg kondt zu aller zeyt,
Julius der Keyſer in dem ſtreit,
Aber da er hat fryd vnd glück,
Saumbt er ſich an eim kleinen ſtuck,
Das er die brief nit laß zu hand,
Die jm in warnung waren geſandt.
Nicanor vberſchlug gering,
Verkaufft das Wildtpret ehe er fieng,
Sein anſchlag doch ſo gröblich fehlt,
Zung, hand vnd grind man jhm abſtrelt.
Gut anſchleg die ſeind allzeyt gut,
Wol dem der ſie bei zeytten thut.
Mancher eilt vnd kompt doch zu ſpot,
Der ſtoßt ſich bald, wenn iſt im not.
Wer Aſahel nicht ſchnell geſein,
Abner hett nit erſtochen jhn.
Hab rath ehe du all ding anfahſt,
Wann du ſchon jetzt den raht empfahſt,
So kumeſt du zu dem werck noch wol,
Kein ding man vbereilen ſoll.
Man ſpricht, wem ſei zu not darumb,
Das er zu bald inn hymmel kumb,
Der far ettwan zu bald dardurch,
Mit eilen, ehren, macht böß furch.
Vergangens ſoll man dencklich achten,
Das künfftig ſoll man vor betrachten,
Das gegenwertig ordinieren,
So mag man ein recht leben füren.
Wer nit das künfftig wol verſicht,
Dem ſelben dick vil leids geſchicht,
Da er ſich nit hett ein gericht.
Wer vor bedenckt ſein künfftig ſchaden,
Der wirt deß minder hart beladen.
Wer dem fürſehen kan ein ding,
Dem iſt es darnach gar gering.
Ein Pfeil den man fürſehen hatt,
Der ſelb gar dick faſt wenig ſchatt.
Mancher ein vnfall traurt vnd weint,
Das ſchafft er hats vor gemeint.

Georg Christian Braun

ward am 23. October 1785 zu Weilburg geboren, ſtudirte Philologie und erhielt nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn eine Anſtellung als Profeſſor der Rhetorik am Lyceum zu Mainz, wo er zu Anfange des Jahres 1835 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Muhammeds Tod. Wiesbaden, 1815.
Hermann der Cherusker. Heldengedicht. Mainz, 1818.
Rafaels Leben und Wirken. Wiesbaden, 1815. 2. A. 1819.
Die Religion der alten Deutſchen. Mainz, 1819.
Rafael, dramat. Spiel. Mainz, 1819.
Leonardo da Vinci's Leben und Kunſt. Halle, 1819.
Das große Opfer. Mainz, 1819.
Bilder der Natur und des Menſchenlebens. Wiesbaden, 1821.
Die Weiſen von Hellas. Mainz, 1821. N. A. 1826.
Ariſtodemus. Trauerſp. Altenburg, 1821.
Wanderung durch das alte Athen. Mainz, 1823. N. A. 1827.
Der Sieg des Glaubens. Mainz, 1823.
Laokoon, Tragödie. Mainz, 1826.
Nero, Drama. Mainz, 1824.
Der Schmidt von Antwerpen. Drama. Nürnberg, 1824.
Dramatiſche Werke. Mainz, 1824. 1r Th.
Die Rheinfahrt. Mainz, 1826.
Das Rheinthal. Mainz, 1829.
Die unſichtbare Kirche Jeſu Chriſti u. ſ. w. Mainz, 1821.
Ueberſetzungen griechiſcher und römiſcher Schriftſteller u. ſ. w.

B. war als Schriftſteller ein gründlich gebildeter und geſchmackvoller Mann; als dramatiſchem Dichter fehlt es ihm an Tiefe und Kraft, wogegen er ſich einer edeln Diction bei vorherrſchender Neigung zu rhetoriſchem Schmuck erfreut. Sein idylliſches Gedicht, das Rheinthal, möchte wohl als die gelungenſte unter ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen zu betrachten ſeyn.

Joachim Wilhelm von Brawe

ward am 4. Februar 1738 zu Weißenfels geboren, zeichnete ſich ſchon als Kind durch glückliche Fähigkeiten aus und erhielt ſeine Vorbildung in der Schul-Pforta. Er bezog darauf die Univerſität zu Leipzig, um die Rechte zu ſtudiren, beſchäftigte ſich aber, durch den Umgang mit Gellert, Kleiſt, Weiße und Leſſing angeregt und durch eigene Neigung bewogen, vorzugsweiſe mit der dramatiſchen Poeſie. — Als Nicolai im Jahre 1756 einen Preis für das beſte deutſche Trauerſpiel ausgeſetzt hatte, bewarb er ſich darum durch ſeine bürgerliche Tragödie, der Freigeiſt, und erhielt, da Croneck (ſ. d.) der Sieger blieb, ein ehrenvolles Acceſſit. Noch ehe ihm dieſe an genehme Nachricht ward, hatte er bereits ein zweites Trauerſpiel, Brutus, in reimloſen Jamben gedichtet. Bald darauf verließ er Leipzig und war im Begriff, die Stelle eines Regierungsrathes in Merſeburg anzutreten, als ihn während eines kurzen Aufenthaltes bei ſeinen in Dresden wohnenden Eltern die Blattern überfielen und ihn in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre am 7. Auguſt 1758 hinrafften.

Seine Werke wurden von Leſſing herausgegeben unter dem Titel:

Trauerſpiele des Herrn Joachim Wilhelm v. Brawe. Berlin, 1768.

B's Leiſtungen verrathen ein ſchönes Talent, das zwar noch ſehr an den Fehlern der Jugend, an Unklarheit und Unſicherheit leidet, aber ſich mit der Zeit gewiß glücklich entwickelt haben würde und nicht ohne Einfluß auf die damals ſich eben von den Feſſeln franzöſiſcher Beſchränktheit losringende und neu geſtaltende dramatiſche Poeſie in Deutſchland geblieben wäre. Sein Brutus iſt übrigens dem Freigeiſt in jeder Hinſicht voranzuſtellen.

Vgl. Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte, Bd. III. St. 2. S. 403 folgde — Neue Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften u. ſ. w. Bd. VII. St. 1. S. 155 — 157. — C. H. Schmid, Biographie der Dichter, Th. I. S. 132 — 153. — Deſſelben: Nekrolog deutſcher Dichter, Bd. I S. 371 — 384.

Gabriel Gottfried Bredow.

Dieſer gründliche und geiſtreiche Hiſtoriker ward am 14. December 1773 zu Berlin geboren. Nachdem er auf dem joachimsthaliſchen Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo ſich Meierotto ſeiner mit beſonderer Vorliebe annahm, eine gründliche Bildung erhalten, ging er nach Halle, um Theologie zu ſtudiren, widmete ſich aber als Mitglied des von F. A. Wolf geleiteten Seminars, hauptſächlich den Alterthumswiſſenſchaften und ward darauf, 1794 nach Berlin zurückgekehrt, ein Mitglied des von Gedike geſtifteten Schullehrerſeminars. Im Jahre 1796 erhielt er einen Ruf als Lehrer an die Stadtſchule zu Eutin, wo er mit Voß gemeinſchaftlich in der erſten Klaſſe unterrichtete und, als dieſer fortging, ſelbſt das Rektorat übernahm, das er bis zum Jahre 1804 bekleidete, wo er ſich als Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Helmſtädt begab. Er ward 1809 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Frankfurt an der Oder berufen, nachdem er im Februar 1807 eine wiſſenſchaftliche Reiſe nach Paris angetreten hatte, wo er bis zum Herbſt verweilte. Als jedoch 1811 die Univerſität nach Breslau verlegt wurde, ging er ebenfalls dahin. Er ſtarb daſelbſt als Dr. Phil., k. preuß. Regierungs- und Schulrath und Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach ſchweren Leiden am 5. September 1814.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Iſt Dienſtbarkeit der Wiſſenſchaft zur Erreichung des allgemeinen Staatszweckes nothwendig? Bresl. 1813.
Umſtändliche Erzählung der merkwürdigſten Begebenheiten aus der allgemeinen Weltgeſchichte. Altona, 1804. 10. A. (von Stenzel) 1829.
Merkwürdige Begebenheiten aus der allgemeinen Weltgeſchichte. Altona, 1804. 15. A. 1826.
Grundriß einer Geſchichte der merkwürdigſten Welthändel von 1796 — 1810. (Fortſetzung von Buſch Welthändel neuerer Zeit.) Hamburg 1810.
Handbuch der alten Geſchichte, Geographie und Chronologie. Altona, 1799. 5. A. 1825.
Hauptbegebenheiten der Weltgeſchichte in drei Tabellen, für den erſten Unterricht in der Geſchichte. gr. Fol. Altona, 1808. 7. Aufl. Altona, 1829.
Karl der Große u. ſ. w. Altona, 1814.
Literärgeſchichte in drei Tabellen. Altona, 1801. 3. A. 1810.
Unterſuchungen über einzelne Gegenſtände der alten Geſchichte, Chronologie und Geographie. 1. und 2. Stück. Altona, 1800 — 1802.
Chronik des 19. Jahrhunderts. Altona, 1805 — 1806. (Fortgeſetzt von Venturini.)
Ueber den Vortrag der alten Geſchichte auf Schulen u. ſ. w. Altona, 1799.
Weltgeſchichte in Tabellen. gr. Fol. Altona, 1801. 3. A. beſorgt von Manſo, 1821.
Rabbiniſche Erzählungen, Mythen und Lügen. Weilburg. Lanz. 2. A. 1833.
Nachgelaſſene Schriften, biographiſch-hiſtoriſchen u. ſ. w. Inhalts, mit dem Bildniſſe und dem Leben B's, von J. G. Kuniſch. Breslau, 1816. N. A. 1823.

Strenge Redlichkeit, Eifer für die Wahrheit, Begeiſterung für ſein Vaterland und Liebe für die Freiheit, verbunden mit gründlichem Wiſſen, ernſtem Fleiß, ſcharfem politiſchen Blicke, einer glücklichen Erzählergabe und dem Beſtreben, vor Allem ſeinem Volke zu nützen, verleihen Bredow's Schriften einen bleibenden Werth. Da die Mehrzahl ſeiner Bücher in unſeren Schulen eingeführt und demgemäß allgemein bekannt iſt, ſo haben wir es vorgezogen, einen Auszug aus einem weniger verbreiteten Werkchen von ihm, das ihn von einer höchſt liebenswürdigen Seite zeigt, als Mittheilung hier folgen zu laſſen.

Moſes Tod*).

Und es kam die Zeit, daß Moſes ſterben ſollte. Da ſprach Gott zu Gabriel, dem Engel der Barmherzigkeit, welcher im Lande Iſraels herrſchet: Gabriel, gehe hin, und bringe mir des Moſes Seele. Er aber antwortete ihm: O du Herr der Welt! ſollte ich den können ſterben ſehen, der den Myriaden Iſraeliten an Würde gleich iſt? ſollte ich den erzürnen, den kein Tag ſeines Lebens gereuet, und deſſen Seele nach keinem andern Wohnorte ſich ſehnet?

Da ſprach Gott zu dem Michael, dem Fürſten über Iſrael, dem eingebornen Meſſias: Michael, gehe hin, und bringe mir des Moſes Seele. Der Engel aber ſprach: O du Herr der Welt! ich bin ſein Lehrmeiſter! ich habe ihn unterrichtet in aller Weisheit, ich habe das Geſetz in ſein Herz geprägt; ich kann ihn nicht ſterben ſehen.

Da rief Jehovah endlich den Sammael, den Vater des Böſen und Fürſten der Wüſtniß, durch den die Erdenbewohner außerhalb des gelobten Landes ſterben. Sammael! ſprach er, ſo gehe denn du hin, und bringe mir die Seele Moſe's. — Da bekleidete ſich dieſer alſobald mit Zorn, und gürtete ſein Schwert um, und zog ſich an mit Grauſamkeit, und ging zu Moſe. — Moſes aber ſang zur ſelbigen Stunde:

Merket auf, ihr Himmel, ich will ſingen; und du Erde, höre die Rede meines Mundes.

Meine Lehre triefe wie der Regen, und meine Rede fließe wie der Thau: wie der Regen auf das Gras, und wie die Tropfen auf das Kraut.

Denn ich will den Namen des Herrn preiſen: gebet unſerm Gott allein die Ehre.

Er iſt ein Fels, ſeine Werke ſind unſträflich: Alles was er thut, iſt recht. Treu iſt Gott, und kein Böſes an ihm; gerecht und fromm iſt er. (5 Moſ. K. 32, v. 1 — 4.)

Wie Sammael den Moſes hörte, und ſah, daß der Glanz ſeiner Geſtalt der Sonne gleich war, und er einem Engel des Herrn der Heerſchaaren ähnlich ſah, wie er keine That ſeines Lebens fand, die er ſeinem Geiſte aufregte, daß Moſes vor ihm erbangte; fürchtete ſich der Engel, und zitternd wie im Abglanz der Gottheit gedachte er: wahrlich! die Engel können dem Moſes die Seele nicht nehmen. — Und Moſes, der ihn erkannte, redete ihn an: die Gottloſen haben keine Gemeinſchaft mit den Frommen. Was willſt du hier? Sammael antwortete: ich bin gekommen, deine Seele abzuholen. Und Moſes ſprach: Du wirſt mir die Seele nicht nehmen. Von meiner Kindheit an bin ich auf dem Wege des Geſetzes gewandelt, noch ehe es war; ich habe mein Volk aus Egyptens Dienſtbarkeit geführt, und habe Wunder und Zeichen gethan vor Pharao und ſeinem Hauſe: ich habe das Geſetz empfangen aus Jehovahs Feuerflammen; ich wohnte unter ſeinem feurigen Thron, meine Hütte war unter ſeiner Feuerſäule; ich redete mit ihm von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht, und offenbarte ſeine Geheimniſſe den Menſchenkindern. Wahrlich, du ſollſt mir die Seele nicht nehmen!

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*) Nach: Bredow, Rabbiniſche Mythen, Erzählungen und Lügen. 1833.

Und Sammael ging zurück, und gab Bericht an Jehovah. Jehovah aber antwortete ihm dräuend: gehe hin und bringe mir die Seele Moſis! Darauf zog er ſein Schwerdt aus der Scheide, und ſtand vor Moſes. Moſes aber erhob ſich, entrollte ihm die Rolle des Lobgeſanges, und ſprach:

Er iſt ein Fels, ſeine Werke ſind unſträflich, Alles was er thut, iſt recht. Treu iſt Gott, und kein Böſes an ihm; gerecht und fromm iſt er. — Keine Gewalt hat der Fürſt der Finſterniß über die Kinder des Lichts. Wahrlich, du ſollſt mir die Seele nicht nehmen!

Moſes ſchwang die Rolle des Geſanges, ſein Antlitz ſtrahlte, und zitternd floh Sammael zurück.

Da kam eine Stimme vom Himmel und ſprach: Moſes, bereite dich! das Ziel deines Todes iſt herbeigekommen. Und der heilige gebenedeyte Gott kam hernieder vom oberſten Himmel, die Seele Moſis zu empfangen. Meine Tochter, ſprach er zu ihr: hundert und zwanzig Jahre hatte ich dir beſtimmt, daß du in des Moſes Leib ſeyn ſollteſt. Nun iſt dein Ende gekommen, herauszugehen: gehe heraus, und ſäume dich nicht.

Und ſie ſprach zu ihm: O du Herr der Welt! ich weiß, daß du ein Gott aller Geiſter und aller Seelen biſt, und daß die Seelen der Lebendigen und der Todten in deine Hand gegeben ſind: ich weiß es, daß du es biſt, der mich geſchaffen und gebildet, und hundert und zwanzig Jahr in den Leib Moſis geſetzt haſt. Iſt nun aber ein Leib in der Welt, welcher reiner iſt, als der Leib Moſis? Er iſt von keiner Sünde beflecket; kein Wurm iſt in ihm geſehen worden; kein unreiner Hauch hat ihn angeweht. Deswegen liebe ich ihn, und will nicht aus demſelben gehen.

Und Jehovah erwiederte: Seele gehe heraus und ſäume dich nicht! ich will dich in den oberſten Himmel führen, und unter den Thron meiner Herrlichkeit zu den Cherubim und Seraphim ſetzen.

Sie aber ſagte zu ihm: O du Herr der Welt! zwey Engel, die Diener deiner Majeſtät, Aſa und Aſael ſind von der Höhe herniedergeſtiegen, haben nach den Töchtern der Menſchen gelüſtet, und ihren Weg auf Erden verdorben, bis daß du ſie zwiſchen der Erde und dem Firmament des Himmels aufgehängt haſt. Der Sohn Amrams aber iſt rein von jeder Luſt; nie widerſtrebte ſein Leib meinem Willen; er wandelte im Geſetze, ehe es war; und aus ſeinem Herzen gab er das Geſetz, das ihm göttlich und deine Offenbarung dünkte. Ich bitte dich, laß mich in dem Leibe Moſis.

Doch es ſtehet geſchrieben: Es iſt keine Macht, die vom Tode errette.

Und der heilige Gott küßte den Gerechten, und nahm ihm ſeine Seele hinweg durch den Kuß ſeines Mundes und weinte: Wer wird mir wider die Boshaften ſtehen? wer wird ſich mir ſtellen gegen die Uebelthäter? (Pſ. 94, v. 16.) Denn es ſtand hinfort kein Prophet in Iſrael auf, wie Moſes. (5 Moſ. 34, v. 10.)

Homer unter den Rabbinen.

Die Sadducäer erhoben ſich einſt und ſprachen: Wir haben wider euch, Phariſäer, dieſe Anklage und dieſen Vorwurf, daß ihr lehret, die heiligen Schriften verunreinigten die Hände, nicht aber die Schriften Homers. Da ſtand Einer auf aus den Phariſäern, und antwortete: Anklagen der Art könnet ihr leicht mehr wider uns vorbringen; auch dieſes, daß wir ſagen, die Gebeine eines Eſels ſeyen rein, hingegen die Gebeine eines Hohenprieſters ſeyen unrein. So wie dieſes aus Liebe geſchieht, daß wir dergleichen Gebeine für unrein halten, damit nicht jemand aus den Gebeinen ſeines Vaters oder ſeiner Mutter ſich einen Löffel, damit zu eſſen, machen möge: ſo geſchieht auch dieſes aus Ehrerbietung gegen das Geſetz, daß wir ſagen, es verunreinige die Hände, damit es rein und unverſehrt erhalten werde; was ſich nun bey Homer nicht alſo verhält.

Salomon und Aſchmedai.

Salomon war ein weiſer Mann, unterrichtet in aller Weisheit der Erde und in den Geheimniſſen des Himmels. Und Iſrael freute ſich ſein; und das ganze Heer des Himmels beugte ſich vor dem heiligen gebenedeyeten Gott, und lobete ihn, daß er einen ſolchen König in Iſrael geſetzt hatte; und alle erfüllten ihm gern ſeinen Willen, ſo wie denn geſagt wird (1 Chron. 29, v. 23.): Und Salomon ſaß auf dem Stuhle des Herrn wie ein König, und regierte über die obere und untere Erde.

Es ward aber dem Salomon geboten, einen Tempel zu erbauen dem Herrn; doch die Steine zum Tempel zu ſpalten ohne Hammer und Beil, und ohne irgend ein eiſernes Werkzeug. (1 Kön. 6, v. 7.) Und er berief die Rabbinen, und ſprach: Wie ſoll ich es machen, daß die Steine zum Tempel ohne eiſernes Geräth geſpalten werden? Da ſagten ſie zu ihm: Es iſt ein Würmlein Schamir, welchen Moſis von Jehovah erhalten hat zu den Steinen des Leibrocks, deſſen Kraft die allerhärteſten Steine ſpalten kann. Und er fragte ſie: wo iſt ſelbiger zu finden? Sie aber antworteten ihm: laß einen Teufel und eine Teufelin kommen und zwinge ſie; vielleicht wiſſen ſie es und offenbaren es dir. — Und er ließ einen Teufel und eine Teufelin kommen, und zwang ſie. Sie aber ſprachen: Wir wiſſen es nicht; vielleicht weiß es Aſchmedai, der König der Teufel. Er fragte ſie: wo iſt derſelbe denn? Sie antworteten: Auf dem Berge Horeb. Dort hat er ſich eine Grube gegraben, dieſelbe mit Waſſer erfüllet, und mit einem Stein zugedeckt, auch mit einem Petſchaftring verſiegelt. Alle Tage ſteiget er hinauf in den Himmel, und lernet in der hohen Schule des Himmels. Darnach ſteiget er hinab auf die Erde, und lernet in der hohen Schule der Erde. Dann kommt er, und beſiehet ſein Petſchaft, und öffnet die Grube und trinket; und wenn er getrunken hat, verſiegelt er ſie wieder und gehet von dannen.

Darnach ſchickte Salomon den Benaja, den Sohn Jehojada, und gab ihm eine Kette, auf welcher geſchrieben ſtand: Den Namen des Herrn will ich preiſen; gebt unſerm Gott die Ehre! Auch einen Ring, auf welchem eingeſchnitten war: Treu iſt Gott und kein Böſes an ihm; gerecht und fromm iſt er. Sammt einigen Flocken Wolle und etlichen Schläuchen Weins

Als nun Benaja zu des Aſchmedai Grube gekommen war; grub er eine Grube unter derſelben, und ließ das Waſſer heraus laufen, und verſtopfte das Loch mit den Flocken der Wolle. Dann grub er eine Grube von oben, neben der Grube des Aſchmedai, goß Wein durch dieſelbe, daß er in die Grube des Aſchmedai einfloß, und verſchüttete dann wieder ſeine Grube, und ſtieg auf einen nahen Baum.

Als nun der Aſchmedai kam, fand er ſein Petſchaft unverletzt. Er öffnete die Grube; aber ſiehe! es war Wein darin. Da ſprach er bey ſich: Es ſtehet geſchrieben Sprüchw. 20, v. 1: Der Wein iſt ein Spötter, und ſtark Getränk machet Aufruhr; wer davon irret, wird nimmer klug. So ſtehet auch weiter geſchrieben Hoſ. 4, v. 11: Hurerey, Wein und Moſt nimmt das Herz weg. Und er trank nicht. Doch gewaltiger Durſt und der liebliche Duft des Weines reizten ihn bald ſo, daß er ſich nicht lange enthalten konnte, ſondern trank, und trank, daß er trunken wurde. Da legte er ſich nieder, und ſchlief ein. Indeſſen ſtieg Benaja vom Baum herab, ging zu ihm, warf ihm die Kette um, und ſchloß ſie feſt um ſeinen Hals. Als er erwachte, ſtellte er ſich raſend, und wollte die Kette zerreißen. Benaja aber ſprach zu ihm: Der Name deines Herrn iſt auf dir; der Name deines Herrn iſt auf dir. Und der Aſchmedai vermogte nicht, von der Kette ſich zu befreyen.

Als nun Benaja ihn hielt, und ſie mit einander fortgingen; kamen ſie an einen Dattelbaum; und Aſchmedai, der Fürſt der Teufel, rieb ſich an ihm, damit er die Kette zerriebe, und warf den Baum nieder zu Boden. Darnach kam er an ein Haus, und rieb ſich daran, und warf es auch um. Hierauf kam er zu dem kleinen Hüttchen einer Wittfrau. Sie hatte gehört, was geſchehen war, und ging heraus, und bat ihn flehentlich. Und als er auf die andere Seite des Hauſes ſich wenden wollte, zerbrach er ein Bein, und ſprach: Ja dies iſt es, was geſchrieben ſteht Sprüchw. 25, v. 15: Eine gelinde Zunge zerbricht das Gebein.

Nachdem er nun an des Königs Pallaſt gekommen war; brachte man ihn nicht eher als nach drey Tagen vor den Salomon. Am erſten Tage ſprach er zu den Dienern Salomons: Warum läßt mich der König nicht vor ſich kommen? Da ſprachen ſie zu ihm: er hat zu viel getrunken. Da nahm er zwey gebackene Steine, und ſetzte ſie aufeinander. Die Diener aber gingen zum Salomon, und ſagten ihm dies. Da ſprach er zu ihnen: er hat dieſes damit ſagen wollen, gebet dem Salomon wieder Wein zu trinken; denn der Wein erfreut des Menſchen Herz. Des andern Tages ſagte er wieder zu den Dienern: Warum läſſet mich der König nicht vor ſich? da antworteten ſie ihm: er hat zu viel gegeſſen. Und Aſchmedai nahm den gebackenen Stein von dem andern, und ſetzte ihn auf die Erde. Hierauf gingen die Diener zu Salomon und ſagten ihm dies. Da ſprach er zu ihnen: Er hat dies damit ſagen wollen, gebet ihm weniger zu eſſen; denn es heißt; ſey nicht unter den Schlämmern, die Schlämmer verarmen. (Sprüchw. 23, v. 20 bis 21.)

Endlich am Morgen des dritten Tages ward Aſchmedai vor Salomon geführt. Und er nahm ein Maaß und maß damit vier Längen auf dem Boden; und ſprach zu ihm: König! wenn du todt biſt, und deine Seele von dir gegangen, ſo iſt von der ganzen Erde nur ſolcher Raum dein. Nun haſt du die Welt bezwungen, alle Menſchen ſind dir unterthan, und du lebeſt in Wohlſeyn und Freude. Dennoch biſt du damit nicht vergnügt geweſen, bis daß du auch mich, den Fürſten der Engel, bezwungen haſt. Wiſſe, dem Falle geht Hoffarth voran. Salomon aber antwortete ihm: Ich begehre von dir nichts; ich will den Tempel bauen, und dazu hab' ich des Schamir nöthig. Und Aſchmedai antwortete ihm: Der Schamir iſt nicht mir, ſondern dem Fürſten des Meeres übergeben; und er giebt denſelben niemand als dem Auerhahne, der ihm getreu iſt wegen des Eides, den er ihm geſchworen hat. — Was thut dieſer damit? — Er nimmt ihn mit ſich auf die Berge, wo man nicht wohnen kann; hält ihn an die Felſen des Berges, und ſpaltet den Berg, und trägt ihn wieder mit ſich. Dann bringt er Saamen von Bäumen und Kräutern, und wirft ſie hinein; und es wird ein Ort, darin zu wohnen. Deswegen wird er auch der Bergkünſtler genannt.

Und Salomon ſchickte den Benaja aus, daß er erforſchte das Neſt des Auerhahnes. Und nachdem er es gefunden und geſehen hatte, daß Junge darin waren, bedeckte er daſſelbe mit hartem weißem Kryſtall. Und der Auerhahn kam, wollte hinein zu ſeinen Jungen, vermogte es aber nicht. Deswegen ging er hin, daß er den Schamir holete und den Kryſtall ſpaltete. Wie er ihn aber brachte und daran ſetzte; fing Benaja an überlaut zu ſchreyen, daß der Auerhahn erſchrack und den Schamir fallen ließ. Und Benaja nahm ihn und trug ihn zu Salomon. Der Auerhahn aber ging hin und erwürgte ſich ſelbſt, daß er dem Fürſten des Meeres ſeinen Eid nicht gehalten hätte.

Und Salomon erbaute den Tempel, und ſein Stolz wuchs, daß er mit Hochmuth dem Herrn der Heerſchaaren ſich verglich, und alle Geiſter ſich unterthan glaubte. Auch lange noch nach der Erbauung des Tempels hielt er den Aſchmedai in Ketten gefangen, und zwang ihn zum Gehorſam durch ſeinen Zauberring, den Jehovah ihm für ſeine Frommigkeit geſchenkt hatte.

Eines Tages aber ſtand Salomon bei Aſchmedai, und ſprach: Deine Stärke iſt wie die Stärke eines Einhorns (4 Moſ. 23, v. 22); und dennoch ſiehe! biſt du mir unterthan. Worin auch ſeyd ihr, ihr Teufel, vortrefflicher und beſſer, denn wir? Da antwortete ihm Aſchmedai: Nimm mir die Kette ab, und ich will es dir beweiſen. Wohlan, es ſey! ſprach Salomon, und löſete ihm die Kette. — Nun gieb mir auch deinen Ring; und ich will dir meine Macht beweiſen, und große Geheimniſſe dir offenbaren. — Und Salomon voll thörichten Stolzes und Begierde die Zukunft zu erfahren, gab ihm den Ring, auf welchem der Name des Jehovah eingeſchnitten war. Denn es war alſo vom Herrn gewendet, daß Aſchmedai dem Salomon nach ſeinen Werken vergelten mögte, weil er drei Verbote übertreten hatte. Denn es ſtehet geſchrieben 5 M. 17, v. 16. 17: Du ſollſt zum König über dich ſetzen, den der Herr, dein Gott, erwählen wird. Allein, daß er nicht viel Roſſe halte, und führe das Volk gegen Aegypten; auch ſoll er nicht viel Weiber nehmen, daß ſein Herz nicht abgewendet werde; und ſoll auch nicht viel Silber und Gold ſammeln.

Als nun der Aſchmedai den Ring bekommen hatte; warf er denſelben ins Meer, und kam ein Fiſch, welcher ihn verſchlang. Aſchmedai ſelbſt aber verſchlang den Salomon, und ſetzte den einen Fuß an das Firmament des Himmels, und den andern auf die Erde, und warf ihn vierhundert Meilen weit weg. Er nahm darauf des Salomon Geſtalt, ſetzte ſich auf den Königlichen Thron, und regierte Iſrael drey Jahre.

Damals war es, daß Salomon wehklagte. Pred. 1, v. 3: Was hat der Menſch von aller ſeiner Mühe, die er ausſtehet unter der Sonne? Es iſt alles eitel; es iſt alles ganz eitel. Und er ging umher, und bettelte vor den Thüren; und wo er hin kam, da ſprach er, Pred. 1, v. 12: Ich Prediger war König über Iſrael zu Jeruſalem. Die Leute aber ſpotteten ſeiner wegen der Rede, und ſagten: Sollte ein König vor den Thüren betteln! Und Salomon blieb lange in dieſem ſchmerzlichen Zuſtande, und that Buße für ſeine Sünden, und flehete zu Jehovah: Vergieb deinem Knechte, was er vor dir Böſes gethan hat; gehe nicht mit ihm ins Gericht. Ach! ich ſprach in meinem Herzen: Wohlan, ich will wohlleben und gute Tage haben; aber ſiehe, es war eitel. Der Wein macht böſe Leute, und ſtark Getränk macht wild; wer dazu Luſt hat, wird nimmer weiſe. (Pred. 2, v. 2. Spr. 20, v. 1.) O Jüngling! freue dich in deiner Jugend, und laß dein Herz guter Dinge ſeyn in deiner Jugend. Thue was dein Herz gelüſtet und deinen Augen gefällt: aber wiſſe, daß Gott wird alle Werke vor Gericht bringen, was auch verborgen iſt, es ſey gut oder böſe. (Pred. 12, v. 1 u. 16.)

Und Jehovah erbarmte ſich der Klagen Salomons, und beſchloß ihn zurückzuführen ins Land Iſrael und ihn wieder zu ſetzen auf den Thron ſeines Vaters David.

Salomon wanderte als Vertriebener von Stadt zu Stadt, von Land zu Land, bis ihn Gott gehen ließ in das Land der Ammoniter. Und als er hier in die königliche Reſidenzſtadt kam, welche Maſchkemem hieß, und auf der Straße ſtand und um eine Gabe die Vorübergehenden anſprach; kam der Küchenmeiſter des Königs der Ammoniter, der oberſte Koch, welcher dem Könige die Speiſen zubereitete und kochte, für die Küche Nöthiges zu kaufen. Und er fand den Salomon müßig da ſtehen und niedergeſchlagen, und ſprach zu ihm: Was ſteheſt du ſo müßig? Iſt ein Löwe draußen, daß du mögteſt erwürgt werden? (Sprüchw. 22, v. 13.) Fort! trage die Körbe und Zuber. Und er zwang ihn, daß er ſie tragen mußte, und führte den Salomon in die Küche.

Und Salomon, ſeines Umherirrens müde, denn es war ihm Alles ganz eitel, ſprach zu dem Küchenmeiſter: Ich will bey dir bleiben, und dir dienen, und verlange nichts, als nur die Koſt. Vielleicht, daß ich dir nützlich werde. Und der Küchenmeiſter war damit zufrieden; und Salomon blieb bei ihm und dienete ihm.

Salomon aber war ein trefflicher Meiſter in Zubereitung der Speiſen und ward ſeinem Herrn oft nützlich durch Rath. Nach einigen Tagen ſprach er daher zu dem Küchenmeiſter: Herr, wenn du erlaubſt, ſo will ich dem Könige einige Speiſen nach meiner Art bereiten. Und der Küchenmeiſter war damit zufrieden, und Salomon richtete dem Könige köſtliche und leckere Speiſen zu. Als nun der König von dieſen herrlichen Speiſen, welche der Küchenmeiſter ihm vorgeſtellet, gegeſſen, und das Gekochte verſucht hatte; fragte er den Küchenmeiſter: Wer hat dieſe Speiſen zubereitet, daß du mir dergleichen bisher nicht vorgeſetzet haſt? Und der Küchenmeiſter bekannte nicht, daß der iſraelitiſche Fremdling ſie zubereitet habe; ſondern ſprach mit Lüge: Einſt war ich im Lande am Meere, wo Kanaans Erſtgeborne, Sidon mit Pracht ſich erhebt. Dort leben die Könige in goldenen Palläſten, köſtlicher Purpur iſt ihr Gewand, und die Tiſche ſind ihnen mit den leckerſten Speiſen beſetzt. Dort erlernte ich aus den Schnecken des Meeres eine köſtliche Mahlzeit zu bereiten; und dieſe Schnecken brachte erſt heut, ſeit ich in deinem Pallaſt wohne, ein Fremdling uns zu Kauf. — Und der König lobte den Küchenmeiſter, und beſchenkte ihn mit vielem Golde und Silber.

Salomon aber ward hoch gehalten von dem Koche; auch liebten ihn die Frauen und Jünglinge. Denn er war ſchön von Anſehn und wohlgeſtaltet, und liebte das Saitenſpiel und ſang, und lehrete das Volk gute Lehre, und ſuchte, daß er fände angenehme Worte:

O! freu dich Jüngling in deiner Jugend;
Auf! und laß dein Herz froh ſeyn in deiner Jugend.
Thu, was gelüſtet dein Herz,
Was deinen Augen gefällt:
Doch wiſſe,
Daß dich Gott um dies All wird vor Gericht führen.
Scheuch Traurigkeit fern,
Fernhin aus deinem Herzen!
Thu Uebeles ab,
Hinweg von deinem Leibe:
Ja, Kindheit und Jugend iſt eitel.
Doch denk' auch deines Schöpfers, du Jüngling!
Eh die böſen Tage kommen,
Eh die Jahre herzutreten, da du ſprichſt:
Sie gefallen mir nicht.

Und es traf ſich einſt, daß die Tochter des ammonitiſchen Königs, welche Naama hieß, im Garten ſpazierete, und hörte die Stimme des Salomon, wie er klagend ſang:

Was hat der Menſch von aller ſeiner Mühe,
Die er beſtehet unter der Sonne?

Es iſt alles eitel!
Er iſt alles ganz eitel!
Ich Sänger war König
Ueber Iſrael in Jeruſalem;
Ich forſchte nach Weisheit;
Ach! es war Müh und Grämen.
Wohlleben will ich!
So gedacht ich im Herzen:
Und muß zur Freude ſprechen:
Du biſt toll?
Ach! wer ſchlichtet das Krumme?
Wer vertilget den Fehl?

Und Naama folgte der Stimme des Geſanges, und kam zur entlegenſten Pforte des Gartens. Dort ſah ſie Salomon in ſeiner Traurigkeit und Schönheit, und fragte ihn: Wer biſt du? Und er antwortete: Königliche Jungfrau, man nennt mich den Diener des Küchenmeiſters. — Und ſie ſprach weiter: Biſt du der Fremdling, der die Schnecken des Meeres zu den Speiſen meines Vaters gebracht hat? Ich habe ſie nicht gebracht, ſondern ſammeln laſſen von den Knaben des Königes: aber ich habe die Speiſen zubereitet. Du haſt meinem Vater die Speiſen bereitet? So hat dich der Küchenmeiſter um herrliche Geſchenke von meinem Vater betrogen.

Und Salomon war unzufrieden, daß Naama ſchon ging; denn ſie war die ſchönſte Tochter des Landes und die Freude aller ihrer Geſpielinnen. — Naama aber ging zu dem Könige, ihrem Vater, und erzählte ihm, was ſie gehört hatte von dem unbekannten Fremdlinge. Und der König rief den Küchenmeiſter. Du haſt mich durch Lüge hintergangen, redete er ihm entgegen. Iſt dem ſo, daß ein Iſraelitiſcher Fremdling, den du in der Küche als Diener haſt, die Speiſen mir bereitet hat, die du mir vorgeſetzt? — Und der Küchenmeiſter geſtand und flehete um Gnade. Aber der König verſtieß ihn, und ſetzte den Salomon zum Küchenmeiſter, daß er ihm die Speiſen bereitete und kochte.

Und Naama liebte den Küchenmeiſter, und ging hin, wo er im Mittag ruhete, und hörte ſeinen Geſang. Und Salomon liebte die Naama, und damals war es, daß er ſang:

„O, meine Freundin! du biſt ſchön! ſieh, ſchön biſt du! deine Augen ſind wie die Augen der Tauben zwiſchen dem Geflecht deiner Locken. Dein Haar iſt wie das Haar der Ziegen auf Gilead; deine Zähne ſind wie Heerden mit beſchnittener Wolle, die von dem Waſſer kommen.“

„Deine Lippen ſind wie eine roſenfarbene Schnur, deine Rede iſt lieblich. Deine Wangen ſind wie der Granatapfel, und deine zwey Brüſte, wie junge Rehzwillinge, die unter den Roſen weiden.“

„Ja, du biſt ſchön, meine Freundin, und iſt kein Flecken an dir. Du haſt mir das Herz genommen, meine Freundin, meine Braut, mit einem deiner Augen, mit deinen Honig triefenden Lippen.“

„O, küſſe mich mit dem Kuſſe deines Mundes; denn dein Kuß iſt lieblicher, denn Wein.“

Und Naama weigerte ſich nicht, und küßte den Freund ihres Herzens, den ihre Seele liebte.

„Wie eine Roſe unter den Dornen, ſo iſt meine Freundin unter den Töchtern.“

„Wie ein Apfelbaum unter den Blumen der Wildniß, ſo iſt mein Freund unter den Söhnen.“

„Naama iſt mein, und ich bin dein.“

„Mein Freund iſt mein, und ich bin ſein.“

Und Naama erwachte einſt des Nachts, und ſuchte auf ihrem Lager, den ihre Seele liebte; ſie ſuchte, aber ſie fand ihn nicht. — Da ſtand ſie auf, und ging umher in der Stadt auf den Gaſſen und Straßen, und ſuchte, den ihre Seele liebte. Sie ſuchte, aber ſie fand ihn nicht.

Da fanden ſie die Wächter, die in der Stadt umgehn: Habt ihr nicht geſehen, den meine Seele liebt?

Und da ſie ein wenig vorüber war, fand ſie, den ihre Seele liebte. Und ſie hielt ihn und ſprach: Ich halte dich, und will dich nicht laſſen, bis ich dich bringe in meiner Mutter Haus, in meiner Mutter Kammer.

Und wie der Morgen anbrach, kam Naama zu ihrer Mutter und ſprach: Mutter, ich habe ihn gefunden den Mann, den meine Seele liebt; ich bitte dich, gieb ihn mir zum Manne: den Küchenmeiſter, der meinem Vater die köſtlichen Speiſen bereitet.

Und die Mutter ward unwillig und ſprach ſie tadelnd: Sieh! es ſind ſo viel vortreffliche Fürſten im Reiche deines Vaters, die alle deiner begehren. Wähle einen von dieſen, welcher dir nur gefällt; aber kränke mein und deines Vaters Herz nicht ſo, daß du dieſen dienenden Fremdling dir zum Manne erwähleſt.

Doch flehete Naama: Mutter! was nützen mir Fürſten, ihr Gold und ihre Macht? meine Seele begehret ſie nicht. Nur ihn den ſchönen Fremdling, den lieblichen Sänger begehret mein Herz zum Gemahl, und keinen andern Mann.

Zwar ließ die Mutter nicht nach, ſie zu tadeln und zu ermahnen; doch Naama beharrte in ihrer Rede. Da ward die Mutter genöthiget, die Sache dem Könige ihrem Gemahl zu entdecken, daß ſeine Tochter den Küchenmeiſter zum Manne nehmen wollte.

Als der König dieſes gehört hatte, wurde er ſehr zornig, und wollte ſie beyde umbringen. Salomon aber ermahnte ihn: *Es kommt einer aus dem Gefängniß zum Königreich; und einer, der in ſeinem Königreich geboren iſt, verarmt.* (Pred. 4, v. 14.) Und ſo geſchah es, nach Gottes Willen, daß ſich der König ihrer erbarmte, und kein unſchuldig Blut vergießen wollte, deswegen rief er einen ſeiner Knechte, und befahl ihm, daß er ſie in eine wüſte Wildniß führen ſollte, damit ſie allda von ſelbſt ſterben möchten. Und der Diener that, wie es ihm der König befohlen hatte, und ließ ſie in der Wüſte, und ging ſeinen Weg zum König, ihm zu dienen, wie zuvor.

Und Salomon und Naama irreten umher, und litten vom Hunger, und fanden nicht zu eſſen; und ihre Lippen lechzten von Durſt, und ſie fanden nicht zu trinken.

Da ſetzte ſich Naama in den Schatten, deß ſie begehrten, und ſprach: „O, traure nicht mein Freund! du ſchönſter unter den Söhnen. Deiner Lippen Süße iſt meine Frucht; deine Liebe iſt mein Schild. Deine Linke liegt unter meinem Haupt, und erquicket mich wie mit Blumen; deine Rechte herzet mich, und ſtärket mich wie Duft der Aepfel.“

Und Salomon ging aus, Speiſe zu finden, ihr Leben zu erhalten. Und er kam an eine Stadt, welche am Ufer des Meeres lag. Und als er herum ging, Speiſe zu ſuchen zu ihres Lebens Unterhalt; fand er Fiſcher, welche Fiſche verkauften. Und er bat ſie, und da ſie ihm eine Gabe weigerten, kaufte er um einen koſtbaren Saphir einen Fiſch von ihnen, und brachte den Fiſch ſeiner Frau. Als dieſe den Fiſch öffnete, fand ſie einen Ring in ſeinen Eingeweiden, auf welchem eingeſchnitten ſtand: *Den Namen des Herrn will ich preiſen.* Und Naama gab dieſen Ring an Salomon. Salomon aber erkannte ihn ſogleich; und ſein Geiſt kam wieder, und ſein Gemüth ward erhoben, und er ſang und ſprach: Naama, ich war König von Iſrael in Jeruſalem; ich beherrſchte die Welt, die Geiſter waren mir unterthan. Doch wer macht das Krumme gerade? wer tilgt die Fehle der Menſchenkinder? Deine Gnade, Jehovah! deine Barmherzigkeit, die jeden Morgen neu über uns waltet. O, dein Zorn iſt geſtillt; dein Grimm iſt geſättiget; meine Thränen haben dich erweicht, mein Kummer hat dein Herz gebrochen. *Ja ich will preiſen den Namen des Herrn: gebet unſerm Gott allein die Ehre!*

Und er kam nach Jeruſalem, konnte aber nicht in den königlichen Palaſt gelangen. Er ging daher zu dem hohen Rathe, und ſagte: Ich bin Salomon, der König über Iſrael; und ſie verlachten ihn. Da er aber immer wieder kam, und dieſelbe Rede ſprach; ſagten die Rabbinen unter einander: Was mag das ſeyn? denn ein Narr bleibt nicht bei einer Rede beſtändig. Und ſie ſprachen zum Benaja: Läßt dich der König auch vor ſich kommen? Er antwortete ihnen: Nein. Da ſchickten ſie zu den Königinnen: Kommet der König zu euch? Sie antworteten ihnen: Ja, er kommet. Da ließen die Rabbinen ihnen wieder ſagen: Gebet Achtung auf ſeine Füße. (Denn die Füße der Teufel ſind wie Hahnenfüße.) Die Königinnen berichteten hierauf: Er kommt in Pantoffeln; allein er hat unſerer in der Zeit der Monate begehret, und ſogar ſeine Mutter, die Bathſeba verſucht.

Da erkannten die Rabbinen, daß es der Teufel wäre, der auf dem Throne Iſraels ſäße, und glaubten der Rede Salomons. Darauf führten ſie ihn hinein in den Palaſt: und wie Aſchmedai den Salomon erblickte, und den Ring an ſeiner Hand; erſchrack er und floh hinweg. — Dennoch fürchtete ſich Salomon vor ihm, daß er bei Nacht wiederkäme, und den Ring ihm raubte. Dieſes iſt es, was geſchrieben ſtehet Hohel. 3, v. 7. 8: *Siehe, um das Bett Salomos her ſtehen ſechzig Starken, aus den Starken in Iſrael. Sie halten alle Schwerdter, und ſind gelehret zu ſtreiten: ein jeglicher hat ſein Schwerdt an ſeiner Hüften, um der Furcht willen in der Nacht.* In Jeruſalem aber ſang man von Naama Hohel. 3, v. 6:

Schauet, wer iſt ſie, die da gehet
Herauf aus der Wüſten,
Wie ein gerader Rauch,
Wie ein Geruch von Myrrhen,
Weihrauch und balſamiſchen Düften.

Darnach ſandte Salomon hin, ihren Vater, den König der Ammoniter zu rufen. Und als dieſer gekommen war, ſprach er zu ihm: König der Ammoniter! ohne Erlaubniß und ohne Furcht haſt du zwey Seelen umgebracht, die Seele deiner Tochter, und eines iſraelitiſchen Fremdlings, der in deinem Palaſte wohnte. Er aber antwortete: das ſey ferne, ich habe ſie nicht umgebracht; aber ich habe ſie in eine Wildniß vertrieben, und weiß nicht, was ſich mit ihnen zugetragen hat. Ich habe meine Diener ausgeſandt, daß ſie die Wildniß durchſuchten: ich habe meine koſtbarſten Salben und Edelſteine ausgeboten: aber keiner hat ſie gefunden, und mein Herz wird verzehrt in meinem Leibe von Kummer und Herzeleid.

Und Salomon ſprach: Wenn du ſie ſehen ſollteſt, würdeſt du ſie wohl kennen? — Und Salomon führete die Naama herbey, als Königin von Iſrael, und ihr Vater erſtarrete vor Staunen, und wagte ſeinen Blick nicht aufzuheben. Da ſprach Salomon weiter: Wiſſe, ich bin der Küchenmeiſter, und deine Tochter iſt meine Frau. Und Naama beugte ſich, und küßte ihrem Vater die Hände. Er aber weinte und freuete ſich ſehr und blieb ein Freund Salomons, ſo lange er lebte.

Die Kraft der Buße,

nach Chron. B. 2. K. 33, V. 1 — 13.

Manaſſe, der Sohn des Hiskias, der in Frömmigkeit erzogen war, that vieles, das dem Herrn übel gefiel und den Heiligen erzürnte. Er betete an das Heer der Geſtirne und dienete ihnen; er opferte dem Baal, und ließ ſeine Söhne durchs Feuer gehen im Thale des Sohnes Hinnom. Zwar bauete er auch Altäre im Hauſe des Herrn, wie Jehovah geredet hat: Zu Jeruſalem ſoll mein Name ſeyn ewiglich; doch ehrete er mehr die vielen Götzen der Heiden, als den alleinigen Jehovah, und verführte ſein Volk, daß ſie Gräuel übten vor Jehovah.

Drum ließ der Herr über ſie kommen die Fürſten des Heeres des Königs zu Aſſur, die nahmen Manaſſe gefangen, banden ihn mit Ketten, und brachten ihn gen Babel. Da flehete er zu den Götzen der Heiden: Ehret mich wieder, der ich euch geehret habe! Aber ſie antworteten ihm: Dieneſt du uns allein? erbauteſt du nicht auch Altäre deinem Jehovah? Wohlan, laß ihn dich erretten! Und betrübt in ſeiner Seele wagte er es nicht, den Blick gen Himmel zu erheben. Wie könnte er mir helfen, den ich verachtet habe! wie könnte ſeine Macht mich erretten, die ich nicht begehret? O daß die Flammen der Hölle mich reinigen könnten von meinen Sünden! daß ich verginge in meinem Elende! Ja, höret es, mein Volk, der Herr iſt Gott! er errettet vom Elend und führet zum Leben.

Und Jehovah erbarmte ſich ſeiner, und erfüllte ihm das ſtumme Gebet ſeines Herzens. Da erhuben ſich die Engel des Herrn, verriegelten alle Thüren und verſtopften alle Fenſter des Himmels, und ſprachen: O du Herr der Welt! willſt du einen Menſchen annehmen, der ein Götzenbild in deinen Tempel geſtellt hat? — Und er antwortete ihnen: Wenn ich ihn mit ſeiner Buße nicht annehme: ſehet, ſo ſchließe ich allen den ſündigenden Menſchen die Thüre zu. — Dennoch wehreten es die Engel, und verſchloſſen Thüren und Fenſter.

Was hat Gott gethan? Er, nach ſeiner großen Barmherzigkeit, hat ein Loch unter dem Thron ſeiner Herrlichkeit gegraben, an einem Ort, wo kein Engel Gewalt haben kann; und errettete den Manaſſe. Dies iſt, was geſchrieben ſtehet: *Und er bat ihn; und Jehovah bohrte ihm eine Oeffnung, und erhörte ſein Gebet und ſein Flehen.* *)

Daher betet noch jetzt der Sohn des Geſetzes: Ich bitte dich, Herr mein Gott! erhöre das Gebet deines Knechtes und ſein Flehen, und nimm meine Buße, mein Gebet und mein Bitten an: laß ſie vor dem Thron deiner Herrlichkeit meine Fürſprecher ſeyn, mich vor dir vertreten und machen, daß mein Gebet in deine Ohren kommt. Wenn aber wegen meiner vielfältigen Sünden kein Fürſprecher für mich iſt, und niemand mich rechtfertiget; ſo grabe mir ein Loch unter dem Thron deiner Herrlichkeit, und laß mich nicht vergebens von dir zurückgehen; denn du erhöreſt das Gebet.

Alexander an der Pforte des Paradieſes.

Auf einem Zuge nach Indien kam Alexander an einen Strom. Er lagerte dort, und nahm kleine geſalzene Fiſche in ſeine Hand, daß er ſie in die Fluth tauchte und zum Brote äße. — Und ſiehe! die Fiſche wurden wohlſchmeckend und dufteten von Wohlgeruch. Er wuſch ſein Antlitz mit dem Waſſer des Stromes, und ſein Antlitz ward glänzend. Da ſprach er: Wahrlich, dies iſt der Strom des Paradieſes!

Und er machte ſich auf und folgte dem Strom, bis er kam zu den Pforten des Paradieſes. Oeffnet mir die Thore! rief er: ich bin Alexander. — Aber eine Stimme von innen antwortete: *Dies iſt die Pforte des Herrn, wo nur die Gerechten eingehen.* (Pſalm 118, v. 20.) — Und Alexander erwiederte: Ich bin ein mächtiger Herrſcher, hochgeachtet unter den Menſchen, der Herr der Welt. — Aber dieſelbe Stimme antwortete: *Dies iſt die Pforte des Herrn, wo nur die Gerechten eingehen.* — Da ſprach Alexander: So gebt mir wenigſtens ein Zeichen, daß ich hier geweſen bin. Und ſie gaben ihm einen Todtenkopf.

Alexander trug ihn; doch bald war ſeine Laſt ihm zu ſchwer: und endlich konnte alles Gold Indiens ihn nicht aufwiegen.

Da fragte der König die Rabbinen: Ihr Söhne des Geſetzes! was bedeutet dieſer Todtenkopf, und daß er ſo ſchwer iſt?

Und ſie antworteten ihm: Dieſer Todtenkopf iſt der Menſch; *und des Menſchen Aug iſt unerſättlich.* (Sprüchw. Salom. 27, v. 10.) Aber nimm ein wenig Staub, und beſtreue ihn: alſobald wird er leichter werden. Und ſie nahmen Staub und beſtreueten ihn; und das Gold und das Silber wogen über.

So ſtehet geſchrieben: *Das Grab und die Hölle werden nicht geſättiget, und die Augen des Menſchen werden nimmer ſatt.*

Og, König von Baſan.

Es ſahen aber die Engel des Allerheiligſten die Töchter des Kain, die nackt einher gingen und ihre Augen ſchminkten. Und ſie wurden irre an ihnen, ſtiegen herab vom Himmel, und nahmen Weiber von ihnen, wie geſagt wird 1 Moſ. 6, v. 2. Unter den Engeln aber war der gewaltigſte *Schamchiel*, und erzeugte den Og, den größten der Rieſen vor der Sündfluth. Unter ſeiner Hand verbarg er Städte; mit ſeiner Fußſohle deckte er das Meer; aus ſeinen Zähnen machte Abraham Bettladen und ſchlief darin. Sechzig Städte erbauete er, und die niedrigſte war ſechzig Meilen hoch; und ſaß er auf ihren Mauern, ſo reichten ſeine Füße bis zur Erde. Seine Speiſe waren täglich tauſend Ochſen, tauſend Rehe, und tauſend Eber; und ſein Trank waren tauſend Maaß Weins. Ein Tropfen ſeines Speichels aber wog ſechs und dreißig Pfund.

Darauf erzürnte Jehovah, und wollte ſie alle vertilgen, die da lebten auf Erden. Er eröffnete den Abgrund der Tiefe und ſchloß auf das Fenſter des Himmels. Og aber ſtemmte ſeinen Fuß gegen den Abgrund und verſtopfte die Quelle; und legte ſeine Hand an den Himmel und verſchloß das Fenſter. Da ließ Gott das Waſſer der Abgründe heiß werden, daß ſein Fleiſch geſotten ward und die Haut ſich abzog, wie geſagt wird Hiob 6, v. 17: *Zur Zeit, wenn die Hitze ſie brennt, werden ſie vertilget; und wenn es heiß machet, weichen ſie von ihrer Stätte.* Und das Waſſer kam über die ganze Erde, und bedeckte die Berge. Da floh Og zur Arche Noahs, und bat den Noah, daß er ihn aufnehme. Noah aber vermogte es nicht; doch erhielt er es durch Flehen von Jehovah, daß das Waſſer auf der einen Seite der Arche ſich abkühlte, während es rings heiß aus dem Abgrund der Tiefe ſtrömte. Das Waſſer reichte dem Og nicht bis über die Hüfte; und Noah hieß ihn ſich oben auf die Arche zu ſetzen, wenn er Ruhe wünſchte; auch bohrte er ein Loch und reichte ihm die Speiſe hinaus. *Und ſo blieb denn der König Og zu Baſan allein übrig von den Rieſen.* (5 Moſ. 3, v. 11.)

Zum König aber hatte ihn Gott gemacht, und ihm ſeinen Lohn gegeben in dieſer Welt, damit die Gottloſen in der künftigen Welt keinen Lohn haben mögen.

Denn ſeine Sünden häuften ſich ſehr: er ſuchte den Männern die Weiber zu verführen, und ſtellete mehreremal der Sarah nach, daß er ſie dem Abraham raubte. Doch Abraham erkannte ihn und glaubete ſeinen Worten nicht.

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*) In unſerem hebräiſchen Text aber ſtehet 2 Chron. 33, v. 13: vajehator lo und er ließ ſich ihm erbitten, wofür die Rabbinen leſen *vajechater lo*, was die von ihnen überſetzte Bedeutung hat.

Endlich zog Iſrael gegen ihn aus, daß es ihn bekriegte. Und Og ſah das Lager der Iſraeliten, und fragte: wie groß iſt das iſraelitiſche Lager? und man antwortete ihm: Sechs Meilen. Da ging er hin, und riß aus einem Gebirge einen Fels von ſechs Meilen, und legte ihn auf ſeinen Kopf, daß er ihn über das Lager der Iſraeliten werfen mögte. Gott aber ließ Ameiſen auf den Fels kommen, die ein Loch darin nagten, gerade über ſeinem Kopf, daß der Fels ihm um den Hals fiel. Zwar verſuchte er den Kopf wieder herauszuziehen; aber ſeine Zähne wuchſen auf beiden Seiten heraus über den Felſen, daß er ſeinen Kopf nicht zurückziehen konnte. Dies iſt es, was geſchrieben ſtehet Pſ. 3, v. 8: Du haſt der Gottloſen Zähne wachſen gemacht.*) Da ging Moſes her, und nahm eine Axt, die zehn Ellen lang war, und ſprang auf eine Höhe von zehn Ellen, und ſchlug ihn an den Knöchel ſeiner Ferſen, und brachte ihn um.

Der Schneidermeiſter Fips im Paradieſe **).

Fips hatte manchen Flicken ſchon
Den Kunden unterſchlagen;
Da tönt' es ihm mit hohlem Ton,
Der Welt Valet zu ſagen.
Wohl winſelt er und jammert laut;
Doch noch erwuchs dem Tod kein Kraut.

Frau Fips auch ächzet mit Geſtöhn':
Soll ich, o weh mir Armen!
Forthin allein zu Bette geh'n,
Und keiner mich erwarmen?
Wär' nicht der Altgeſell mein Stab
Und Troſt noch, folgt' ich dir ins Grab.

So eben holte Satanas
Zum Schmaus des Orts Prälaten,
Daß er voll Freuden faſt vergaß
Fips Seel' — ein mag'rer Braten.
Begierig krallt' er jenen [illegible]
Indeß er Fips nachlaufen läßt.

Wie bebt der vor dem Pferdefuß!
Wie ſchauert er zuſammen!
Fühlt ſchon aus Müllers Liebeskuß
Des Höllenpfuhles Flammen.
Drum ſpringt er, wo's zur Hölle ſchroff
Hinabgeht, rechts in's Himmels Hof.

Hier lauert er — das gold'ne Thor
Mal unbewacht zu finden:
Steckt Petrus nur die Naſ' hervor;
Gleich ſpringt er hinter Linden,
Die lieblich hier mit würzgem Duft
Roth-blühend füllten die Luft.

Einſt war ein Schmaus im Paradieſ'
Um Rettung einer Seele;
Und Petrus, der ſich's ſchmecken ließ,
Vergaß des Herrn Befehle.
Da ſchlüpfte Fips durch's Thor, und kroch
Fürs erſte in das Ofenloch.

Gekrümmt ſaß er hier und geduckt,
Und regt ſich nicht vom Sitze;
Er horcht nur, und zuweilen guckt
Er durch des Ofens Ritze:
Und ſchaut des Herren Haupt umſtrahlt,
Ganz wie's der Nürrenberger mahlt.

Einſt war ein hell'rer Juni-Tag
Nach langem trübem Mayen;
Und Gott, der juſt im Fenſter lag,
Sprach flugs zu den Getreuen:
Heut, Kinder, iſt das Wetter ſchön,
Kommt, laſſet uns ſpazieren geh'n!

Drauf ordnen ſie ſich Paar und Paar,
Voran der Herr des Himmels;
Und Petrus, der der letzte war,
Spuckt viel, denn des Gewimmels
Gar große Schaar regt einen Staub,
Daß grau ſich färbt der Bäume Laub.

Jetzt guckt Fips aus dem Ofenloch:
Leer iſt's, und zu die Thüren;
Da faßt' er muthig Herz, und kroch
Hervor auf allen Vieren.
Er hebt ſich; doch des Glanzes Pracht
Hätt' ihn faſt blind und ſtarr gemacht.

In Gold ſtrahlt an der Purpur-Wand
Hier Adam, Eva, Abel;
Dort von des Bodens Marmor-Rand
Hoch auf der Thurm zu Babel.
In Jaspis ragt der Sinai;
In Perlen weidet kleines Vieh.

Und Wunder! wie die Tiſche glüh'n
Von Sapphir und Opalen!
Hier blitzt' und dort ein Almadin,*)
Smaragd' um Glas und Schaalen:
Doch wie der Sonne Feuer brannt'
Am Thron des Herrn ein Diamant.

Er naht dem Thron: ſein zitternd Knie
Sinkt neben eine Röhre.
Er hebt ſie auf: Potz tauſend ſieh!
Wald, Menſchen, Städt' und Thiere,
Die Erd' en miniature liegt da,
Wie in obscura camera.

Fips faßte kaum die Luſt; er guckt,
Er guckt von Oſt nach Weſten:
Wie überall der Satan ſpuckt
In Kellern und Palläſten.
Hier zehrt der Dieb vom fremden Gut,
Und dort Maitreſſen Menſchenblut.

Vor allem dünkt ihm ſchandbarlich
Die Weiſ' und Tracht der Frauen:
Halb nackt geh'n ſie, und ſchminken ſich
Bein, Arm, Wang', Augenbrauen;
Zum Manne geht es da und du,
Holdlächelnd hin zum Rendezvous.

Nein, Käthchen, nein! ſo warſt du nicht,
Sprach Fips in ſeiner Seele:
Und hatteſt doch ein ſchmuck Geſicht,
Und eine ſüße Kehle.
Zwar hielſt du mich ein wenig knapp;
Doch treu biſt du mir noch im Grab'.

Drauf ſucht er ſeine Vaterſtadt,
Und hier zuerſt die Gräber:
Doch anſtatt der, die er hier hat
Gehofft, wühl'n zahme Eber.
Schon wird ihm bang: da füllt ein Duft
Von Ferkelbraten ſüß die Luft.

Er ſieht umher: ſein Schornſtein iſt's;
Da brennt's und brät es; aber
In einer Stubeneck — da küßt's
Sich ungeſeh'n vom Raber.
Wie er Geſell und Weib erkennt;
Kocht ſeine Bruſt, ſein Antlitz brennt.

Du Metze du! du Rabenaas!
Stahl ich dir drum die Flicken?
Ja dich, dich hohle Satanas!
Und dich, du Schurk! — Jetzt blicken
So zärtlich ſie einander an,
Umarmen ſich wie Weib und Mann.

Da hält ſich wer! er ſchimpft, er flucht:
Du Schlangenbrut! ich blitze,
Ich donn'r' euch todt. — 's hilft nicht. Da ſucht
Er Waffen, und vom Sitze
Des Herrn reißt halb er's Fußgeſtell
Und wirft's nach Frau und Altgeſell.

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*) Einige leſen nehmlich ſtatt schibbarta du zerbrichſt, wie Luther überſetzt hat, schirbabta.

**) Aus demſelben Werke im Anhange.

*) Almadin iſt der ſchönſte hochrothe Rubin, der auch Karfunkel genannt wird.

Da raſſelt Petrus Schlüſſelring
Am Thor der Himmelshalle!
Und Firs ſprang auf, behend und flink,
Warf eilend zu die Falle.
Des Thrones Fuß vergaß er ſchier;
Er eilt nur raſch zur Ofenthür.

Auf geht die Pfort'; es ziehen ein
Der Herr und ſeine Schaaren.
Sie bürſten ſich und wiſchen rein
Den Staub von Stirn und Haaren.
Drauf greifen ſchnell ſie zum Pokal,
Zu ſtillen ihres Durſtes Qual.

Jetzt ſetzt ſich auch der Herr, da kracht
Der Stuhl; und auf den Rücken
Fiel lang der liebe Gott: da lacht
Der Haufen bis zum Erſticken.
Doch Er ſprang auf: Ihr Teufelspack!
Wer that mir dieſen Schabernack?

Wer hat's gethan? Sprecht, oder bebt —
Und zitternd ſchwuren alle:
„Wir ſind, ſo wahr der Herre lebt!
Unſchuldig an dem Falle." —
„Ja, den hohl' auch der Satan gleich,
Der mich hier neckt im Himmelreich.

Auf Petrus! ſuch, ob etwa wer
Hier irgend heimlich ſtecke."
Er ſucht und ſucht: da findet er
In 's Ofenloches Ecke
Hineingedrängt den Meiſter Firs,
Von Furcht und Zittern weiß wie Gyps.

Ach! nur heraus, du Böſewicht!
Wir wollen dich kuranzen:
Du ſollſt — ich heiße Petrus nicht —
Mir gleich zur Hölle tanzen.
Drauf packt er ihn am linken Bein,
Und ſchleppt ihn in den Saal hinein.

Firs weinte jetzt und heulte laut:
Erbarmen! ach, Erbarmen!
Ich ſah, die mir zur Frau getraut,
In eines Andern Armen.
Da kochte mir das Blut; ich riß
Von deinem Thron den Fuß und ſchmiß.

Ich hätt's geordnet; aber ihr
Kamt mir zu ſchnell. O leihe
Dein gnädig Ohr nur kleinmal mir:
Verzeihe, Herr, verzeihe! —
Er kniet, und weint ſo bitterlich,
Und ſein erbarmten alle ſich.

„Der Firs! hätt' ich um jeden Kuß
Und Blick, den du erſchlichen,
Gewartet mit des Stuhles Fuß:
Du wär'ſt ſchon längſt verblichen.
Drum ſey gewarnt, o Menſch! und lern'
Sanftmüthig ſeyn; verzeihe gern."

Der Minneſänger Salomo in der Hölle.

Kam Einer früh zu Salomo:
Er ſpielte, ſang und trank;
Klopft' Einer ſpät an: ſeelenfroh
Küßt' er und trank und ſang.
Sein ganzes Leben war ein Kuß,
Ein Trunk, ein Würfelſpiel,
Und reimt' er nicht, ſo wie man muß,
Wie Voß, und öfters Klaudius,
So reimt' er doch ſehr viel.

Solch einen luſtigen Kumpan
Hat Männiglich gar gern.
„Gut'n Tag!" — „Gut'n Abend!" — „Friſch heran!"
Scholl's ihm von nah und fern.
Wo trallernd er vorüber ſprang,
Bot man ihm den Pokal;
Die glatten Kinnchen, (lebenslang
Sein Lied der Knöchelſpiel und Trank),
Sich ſelber allzumal.

Kurz, hold ward ihm, was immer war
Gemacht von Fleiſch und Blut;
Ja, endlich kams heraus: ſogar
Der Teufel war ihm gut.
Als ſeine Seel' entſchlüpfen will
(Ein Kuß, ein Liederton),
Faßt er mit einem Sacke — Nil
Mirari, Freund! — und [illegible]
Puſcht er mit ihr davon.

Da ſeinem Eſel — „ſeinem Leib,"
Nach Vater Auguſtin —
Zum Hof der Kirche Mädchen, Weib
Nachfolgt und Paladin!
Da man ihn ſenkt ins kühle Land,
Mit Thränen, Klag' und Lied:
Da ſchaurt, an Adramelechs Hand,
Sein Ich „bin" ich, halb weggewandt,
Die Höll' an, wie ſie glüht.

Doch: „Muthig!" ſprach Fürſt Satanas,
„Fideln fehlt hier nichts.
„Haſt Durſt, mein Sohn? da iſt ein Glas!
„Auch nicht an Speiſ' gebricht's.
„Gebraten und geſchmort — man kann's
„Sich denken, hier iſts warm —
„Spazieren Haſe, Taub' und Gans,
„Und durch die Luft im Flügeltanz
„Ein Krammetsvögel-Schwarm.

„Drum greif nur zu, ſperr nur den Mund
„(Die Augen zugedrückt);
„So haſt du was, ſo ſpringt es und
„Spaziert's ein, halbgepflückt.
„Auch nicht an Flammenſtröme denk!
„Punſch fließt und Malaga,
„Und Jedes iſt ſein eigner Schenk,
„Man ſchöpft das gold'ne Feu'rgetränk
„Mit dieſer Hand la la!

„Doch Dich reizt ſüßerer Genuß:"
(„„Erräthſt fein!"" denkt Salomo)
„Auch hier gibt's Händedruck und Kuß,
„Und Mädchen, nicht von Stroh.
„Da ſitzt die Dinah, Irene dort
„— Sie kühlet ſich die Bruſt —
„Hier Minon ſchlafend — auf mein Wort!
„Ein Leckerbiſſen für den Lord —
„Und lacht in Traumesluſt.

„Iſt's vollends Winter, wird geheizt,
„Was nur den Buſen bloß
„So trägt, und brav wird eingeheizt:
„Dann bin ich ſelber los.
„Friert' eben der Sankt Peter und
„Sankt Paul Frau Magdalen';
„Dürft ſie herab und, Mund an Mund,
„Schwingt ſie der leichten Schleifer Rund,
„Weil friſch die Fiedeln gehn."

„„Wenn das iſt,"" ſprach Herr Salomo,
Und ſtrich den Mund ſich bas;
„„Wenn das iſt,"" lacht er freundlich: „„ſo —
„„Bin ich Dein, Satanas!""
— „Topp, Brüderl!" ſchlägt der Roßfuß ein;
„„Topp!"" ſchreit der loſe Chriſt:
Und nun fließt brüderlich der Wein,
Man packt es und trompetet's drein,
Daß Alles richtig iſt.

Von Stund an war's drauf unſer Held
In Belzebubens Gunſt!
Sie duzten ſich, ſie lieh'n ſich Geld,
Sie theilten Witz, und Kunſt.
Fuhr Satan aus, war Salomo
Im Whiſt mit dabey!
Und brannt's zu Hauſe lichterloh,
So ſtand in dulci jubilo
Er mit am heißen Brey.

Zum Himmel aber — denn nun geht's
Zu höhern Dingen auf —
Nahm Fama unterdeß, die ſtets
Zu ſchwatzen hat, den Lauf,
Und kreiſcht: „Geraubt iſt er! Geraubt!"
„„Wer?"" fuhr'n ſie aus dem Bett.

„Ey, Salome!“ — „„Ach, theures Haupt!
„„Du fort? Wer thats?““ — Wenn ihr mir glaubt:
„Der, der da unten brät.“

„„Bey meiner Sixchen! um den Mann
„„Gäb' ich den Daum!““ ſprach Paul.
„„Doch Peter nur iſt Schuld daran:
„„Da liegt er voll und faul —““
„Schilt nicht, Herr Bruder!“ fuhr der fort:
„Noch wird ein Mittel ſeyn.
„Bald führ' ich ihn zum beſſern Port.“ —
„„Brav!““ ſchallt es rings, und auf ſein Wort
Schläft Alles wieder ein.

Sankt Peter aber fährt hinab,
Wo man vor Hitze friert:
Erſt iſt es dunkel, wie ein Grab;
Doch wie er rings geſpürt,
Strahlt plötzlich ihn durch einen Spalt
Die Höll' an: ſeinen Muth
Verliert er drum nicht; feſter ſchnallt
Er nur ſein Schwert und denkt Gewalt,
Ins Aug' gedrückt den Hut.

Nun ſteht er vor dem Riß, und ſieht,
Mit vorgebognem Hals,
Viel Pfann'n, worin man Seelen glüht,
Wie ſo viel Pfannen Salz.
Ach! und der Koch, der dieſen Brey
Mit glüher Zange rührt,
Iſt — Petrus denkt an Zauberey —
Der Mann, um den laut Klaggeſchrey
Der ganze Himmel führt.

Als der Apoſtel ſich verſchnauft
Vom Schrecken ſolcher Schau:
Blickt er umher — doch nichts gerauft
Wird heut; nicht braun und blau
Kneipt Seelchen ein geſchwänzter Gott.
Es zog mit Saus und Braus
Der Schwarze — vorne hinkten Spott,
Verläumdung, Neid — in ſcharfem Trott
Auf Seelenwerbung aus.

„Schön!“ denkt Sankt Peter, „ſo wird's geh'n!“
Kirrt ſanft den Flügel auf,
Die Hand am Degen, etwa Ach'n
Ein Paar dahinter. — „Lauf!“
Schreyt donnernd Satanas Vikar
Dem Heil'gen zu, doch der
Reicht liſtig-lächelnd ihm ein Paar
Der allerſchönſten Würfel dar;
Und jener — ſchreyt nicht mehr.

„Wie wär's?“ hebt der Apoſtel an:
„Ein Spielchen! magſt du?“ — „„Ich,
„„Wohl mag ich's!““ ruft Freund Levermann.
„So komm und ſetze dich!“
Er faßt die Würfel. — „Aber, halt!“
Ruft Peter: „Haſt du Geld?“
„„Das hab' ich nie.““ — „Da hätt' ich bald
„Mich ſchön betrogen.“ Zornig ballt
Die Fäuſte unſer Held.

Doch ſpricht ihm Petrus freundlich zu:
„Freund, nicht ſo gleich verzagt!
„Die Pfannen hier — was meinſt du? —
„Um dieſe ſey's gewagt!“
„„Nun meinethalb!““ ruft Salome,
Und wirft zuerſt, nur Drey.
„So mußt Du werfen, Lieber! So!“
Höhnt Petrus, wirft, und ſchauet froh
Die erſten Seelen frey.

Sie ſpielen fort. Durch kleines Glück
Entflammet ſich zum Spiel
Der Dichter, zeiget ſein Geſchick,
Und ſieht ſich bald am Ziel.
All ſeine Pfannen ſind dahin:
„Ach!“ ſeufzt er, „lernteſt du
„So ſpiel'n im Himmel? — Doch hier bin
„Ich ſelber: iſt's nach deinem Sinn,
„So nimm auch mich dazu.“

Mit dieſen Worten würfelt er
Nach Dichter Art: — doch ganz
Pabſtmäßig *) wirft der Coiffeur
Von Malchus; und ein Tanz
Beginnt nun plötzlich, wie man wohl
Nicht tanzte ſeit der Flut:
Zehntauſend Seelen, Wonne voll,
Entſchweben zum beſtirnten Pol
Aus tiefer Schlünde Glut,

Voran ſchwebt Petrus, an der Hand
Als Freund den Salome;
Poſaunen tön'n durchs Himmelsland
Ein fröhliches Halloh!
„Begrüßt!“ ruft froh der Engel Schaar,
„Auch du, deß Honigmund
„Selbſt Teufel zähmt, und ohn' Gefahr
„Heimkehrt. — Heran du, kluger Narr!
„Tritt ein in unſern Bund!“

So froh ging's oben; aber ach!
Wie ging es unten her,
Als Abends ſpät der große Drach'
Kahl fand ſein Neſt und leer.
Er flucht' und hohlt' ſich ſelber faſt;
Und fliegt, wie toll und wild
Seitdem, und wird's auch ſonder Raſt,
Bis wieder er durch Sündenlaſt
Die Pfannen ſich gefüllt.

Johann Jacob Breitinger,

aus altem züricher Geſchlechte, ward am 1. März 1701 zu Zürich geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Schulbildung und ſtudirte dann Theologie in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Nach vollendeten Studien ward er 1720 zum Geiſtlichen ordinirt und beſchäftigte ſich, ſeines Freundes Bodmer (ſ. d. A.) Bemühungen für die Verbeſſerung des Geſchmacks eifrig unterſtützend, vorzugsweiſe mit Kritik, Archäologie und Geſchichte. Im Jahre 1731 erhielt er die Profeſſur der hebräiſchen Sprache, im Jahre 1745 die der griechiſchen Sprache und zugleich mit der letzteren ein Kanonikat am Stifte zu Zürich. Redlich und uneigennützig für das Wohl ſeiner Vaterſtadt in vielfacher Hinſicht wirkend, ſtarb er allgemein geliebt und betrauert im hohen Alter am 13. December 1776 daſelbſt. —

Außer den mit Bodmer'n herausgegebenen Schriften erſchienen noch von ihm:

Kritiſche Dichtkunſt u. ſ. w. mit einer Vorrede von J. J. Bodmer. Zürich, 1740. 2 Thle.

Kritiſche Abhandlung von der Natur, den Abſichten und dem Gebrauche der Gleichniſſe u. ſ. w. Zürich, 1740.

Vertheidigung der Schweizeriſchen Muſe Dr. Albrecht Haller's. Zürich, 1744. —

Anſpruchslos und wohlwollend, mit ſeltener Beſcheidenheit ſich an den Leiſtungen ſeines Freundes Bodmer erfreuend und ihn mit dem Reichthume ſeines gediegenen Wiſſens unterſtützend, ſuchte Breitinger durch Lehre und Forſchung dem ſchlechten gottſchediſchen Geſchmack entgegen zu arbeiten und eine beſſere Zeit für die deutſche Literatur vorzubereiten und herauf zu führen. Waren gleich ſeine Anſichten von der Poeſie noch ſehr einſeitig und beſchränkt, und verlangte er von der Kunſt auch nichts weiter als eine angenehme Einkleidung und Darſtellung des

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*) Petrus ſoll der erſte Pabſt geweſen ſeyn.

Nützlichen und Wahren, ſo ſuchte er doch ſtets mit ungeheuchelter Redlichkeit das, was er für richtig und gut erkannt, zu befördern und zu verbreiten, und ſeine Schriften enthalten trotz jenem Irrthum viel Tüchtiges, deſſen Anerkennung uns freilich jetzt um ſo ferner liegt, je mehr wir jenen wohlgemeinten Beſtrebungen voraus geſchritten ſind. Wenn gleich B's Schriften in unſeren Tagen nur höchſtens noch für den Literaturhiſtoriker von einigem Intereſſe ſind und ſeyn können, ſo verdient doch ihr wackerer Verfaſſer ſtets den wärmſten Dank der Nation, für deren geiſtige Bildung er unabläſſig zu wirken bemüht war.

Klemens Brentano

ward im Jahre 1777 zu Frankfurt am Main geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena und privatiſirte dann daſelbſt, wie in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, in Wien und Heidelberg, nachdem er ſich mit der bekannten Dichterin Sophie Mereau, welche ihm aber bald durch den Tod entriſſen wurde, vermählt hatte. Im Jahre 1818 zog er ſich von Allem zurück und begab ſich in das Kloſter Dülmen im Münſteriſchen, dann 1822 nach Rom, wo er als eifriges Mitglied der Progaganda lebte; ſpäter kehrte er nach Deutſchland zurück und hält ſich abwechſelnd in ſeiner Vaterſtadt oder in anderen Städten Süddeutſchlands auf, durchaus der Welt und ihren Freuden entſagend.

Von ihm erſchienen:

- Satiren und poetiſche Spiele von Maria. Leipz. 1800. 1.
- Godwi, oder das ſteinerne Bild der Mutter, von Maria. 2 Th. Bremen, 1801.
- Die luſtigen Muſikanten. Singſp. Frankfurt, 1803.
- Ponce de Leon. Luſtſp. Göttingen, 1804.
- Der Goldfaden, Heidelberg, 1809.
- Kantate. Berlin, 1810.
- Der Philiſter vor, in und nach der Geſchichte. Berlin, 1811.
- Der Rheinübergang. Wien, 1814.
- Die Gründung Prags. Drama. Peſth, 1815.
- Victoria und ihre Geſchwiſter, klingendes Spiel. Berlin, 1817.
- Schneeglöckchen. Hamburg, 1819.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit von Arnim (ſ. d.):

- Des Knaben Wunderhorn. Heidelberg, 1806—8. N. A. 1819. 3 Thle.

Mit Görres.:

- Des Uhrmachers Bog wunderbare Geſchichte. Heidelberg, 1807.
- Einzelne Novellen und Gedichte in Zeitſchriften, u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w

Eine reiche, mit ſeltenen Gaben ausgeſtattete, oft aus den Tiefen des Lebens wunderbare Schätze herauf beſchwörende, oft aber wiederum in Uebermuth mit dem Erhabenſten ein keckes Spiel treibende Phantaſie iſt als das Eigenthümlichſte in Klemens Brentano's oft verworrenen und, wie er ſie ſelbſt mitunter nennt, verwilderten poetiſchen Leiſtungen zu betrachten, denen ſämmtlich, mit wenigen Ausnahmen, die einem Kunſtwerke erforderliche Ruhe gänzlich fehlt. Es mangelt dieſem Dichter nicht an Tiefe des Gedankens wie der Empfindung, nicht an Kraft noch an Milde; er beherrſcht, wenn er will, Form und Sprache anmuthig und gewaltig; aber ein neckiſcher Dämon ſcheint ihn ſtets zu hetzen und ihn im Leben wie in der Dichtung von einem Extrem zum anderen zu jagen: der Witz tödtet bei ihm das Gefühl, und das Gefühl tritt wiederum zu Zeiten ſeinem ſprudelnden Witze ſtörend in den Weg. Er iſt ein poetiſcher Schalk, doch ohne Gutmüthigkeit, und Heine hat ſehr Recht, wenn er die Caprice ſeine Muſe nennt. In ſeinem Godwi, wie in der Gründung Prags finden ſich außerordentlich ſchöne Stellen; ſein Philiſter wie ſein Ponce de Leon offenbaren den glänzendſten Witz, aber erwärmt und erfreut ohne alle Störung wird man nie von ihm. — Am glücklichſten erſcheint er in einigen kleineren Erzählungen. Verdienſtvoll ſind ſeine Bemühungen für ältere deutſche Dichtkunſt, deren Wiederbelebung überhaupt von der romantiſchen Schule, zu deren Jüngern er gehört, eifrig befördert wurde. —

Die drei Nüſſe*).

Erzählung.

Daniel Wilhelm Möller, nachmals Profeſſor und Bibliothekar zu Altorf, lebte im Jahr 1665 in Colmar als Hofmeiſter der drei Söhne des Bürgermeiſters Maggi. Im October dieſes Jahres hatte der Bürgermeiſter einen reiſenden Alchimiſten zum Gaſte, und als bei dem Nachtiſche der Abendmahlzeit unter anderem Obſte auch welſche Nüſſe auf die Tafel geſetzt wurden, ſprach die Geſellſchaft mancherlei von den Eigenſchaften dieſer Frucht. Da aber die drei Zöglinge Möller's etwas unmäßig zu den Nüſſen griffen und ſie luſtig nach einander aufknackten, verwies Möller es ihnen freundlich und gab ihnen folgenden Vers aus der Schola Salernitana zu verdeutſchen auf: „Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est.“ — Da überſetzten ſie: „Eine Nuß nützt, die zweite ſchadet, der Tod iſt die dritte.“ Möller aber ſagte zu ihnen, dieſe Ueberſetzung könne unmöglich die rechte ſeyn, da ſie die dritte Nuß längſt genoſſen und doch noch friſch und geſund ſeyen, ſie möchten ſich eines Beſſern beſinnen. Kaum waren dieſe Worte geſprochen, als der Alchimiſt mit Beſtürzung plötzlich vom Tiſche aufſprang und ſich in der ihm angewieſenen Stube verſchloß, worüber alle Anweſende in nicht geringer Verwunderung waren. Der jüngſte Sohn des Bürgermeiſters folgte dem Fremden, um ihn auf Befehl ſeines Vaters zu fragen, ob ihm etwas zugeſtoßen ſey; da er aber die Thür verſchloſſen fand, ſah er durch das Schlüſſelloch den Fremden auf den Knieen liegen und hörte unter Thränen und Händeringen mehrere Mal ihn ausrufen: „Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!“

Kaum hatte der Knabe ſeinem Vater dies hinterbracht, als der Fremde ſich von dem Diener zu einer einſamen Unterredung melden ließ. Alle entfernten ſich. Da trat der Alchimiſt herein, fiel auf die Kniee, umfaßte die Füße des Bürgermeiſters und flehte ihn unter heftigen Thränen an: er möge ihn nicht vor Gericht bringen, er möge ihn vor einem ſchmählichen Tod erretten.

Der Bürgermeiſter, heftig über ſeine Rede erſchrocken, fürchtete, der Menſch möge den Verſtand verloren haben, hob ihn von der Erde auf und bat ihn freundlich: er möge ihm ſagen, wie er auf ſo ſchreckliche Reden komme. Da erwiederte der Fremde: „Herr, verſtellen Sie ſich nicht, Sie und der Magiſter Möller kennen mein Verbrechen; der Vers von den drei Nüſſen beweiſt es: tertia mors est, die dritte iſt der Tod, ja, ja, eine bleierne Kugel war es, ein Druck des Fingers und er ſchlug nieder. Sie haben ſich verabredet, mich zu peinigen; Sie werden mich ausliefern, ich werde durch Sie unter das Schwert kommen.“

Der Bürgermeiſter glaubte nun die Verrücktheit des Alchimiſten gewiß und ſuchte ihn durch freundliches Zureden zu beruhigen. Er aber ließ ſich nicht beruhigen und ſprach: „Wenn Sie es auch nicht wiſſen, ſo weiß es doch ihr Hofmeiſter gewiß, denn er ſah mich durchdringend an, als er ſagte: tertia mors est.“ Nun konnte der Bürgermeiſter nichts anders thun, als ihn bitten, ruhig zu Bette zu gehen, und ihm ſein Ehrenwort zu geben, daß weder er noch Möller ihn verrathen würden, wenn irgend etwas Wahres an ſeinem Unglück ſeyn ſollte. Der Unglückliche aber wollte ihn nicht eher verlaſſen, bis Möller gerufen war, und ihm auch heilig betheuerte, daß er ihn nicht verrathen wolle; denn daß auch er nicht das

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*) Aus: Marinka oder die rothe Schenke von Dr. Schiff, und die drei Nüſſe von Klemens Brentano. Berlin, 1834.

Mindeſte von ſeinem Unglück wiſſe, wollte er ſich auf keine Weiſe überreden laſſen.

Am folgenden Morgen entſchloß ſich der Unglückliche, von Colmar nach Baſel zu gehen, und bat den Magiſter Möller um eine Empfehlung an einen Profeſſor der Medizin. Möller ſchrieb ihm einen Brief an den Doktor Bauhinus und reichte ihm denſelben offen, damit er keine Art von Verdacht ſchöpfen könne. Er verließ das Haus mit Thränen und nochmaligem Flehen, ihn nicht zu verrathen.

Im folgenden Jahre um dieſelbe Zeit, etwa drei Wochen ſpäter, als der Bürgermeiſter mit den Seinigen wieder Nüſſe aß und ſie ſich dabei Alle lebhaft an den unglücklichen Alchimiſten erinnerten, ließ ſich eine Frau bei ihm melden. Er hieß ſie hereintreten; ſie war eine Reiſende in anſtändiger Tracht, ſie trauerte und ſchien vom Kummer ganz zerſtört, doch hatte ſie noch Spuren von großer Schönheit. Der Bürgermeiſter bot ihr einen Stuhl an, ſtellte ihr ein Glas Wein und einige Nüſſe vor; aber ſie gerieth bei dem Anblick dieſer Frucht in eine heftige Erſchütterung, die Thränen liefen ihr die Wangen herab; „Keine Nüſſe, keine Nüſſe!“ ſagte ſie und ſchob den Teller zurück.

Dieſe ihre Weigerung, mit der Erinnerung an den Alchimiſten, brachte unter den Anweſenden eine eigene Spannung hervor. Der Bürgermeiſter befahl dem Diener, die Nüſſe ſogleich weg zu bringen, und bat die Frau, nach einer Entſchuldigung, daß er ihren Abſcheu vor den Nüſſen nicht gekannt, um die Angabe des Geſchäftes, das ſie zu ihm geführt.

„Ich bin die Wittwe eines Apothekers aus Lyon“, ſagte ſie, „und wünſche, mich hier in Colmar niederzulaſſen. Die traurigſten Schickſale nöthigen mich, meine Vaterſtadt zu verlaſſen.“ — Der Bürgermeiſter fragte ſie um ihre Päſſe, auf daß er verſichert ſeyn könne, daß ſie ihr Vaterland frei von allen gerichtlichen Anſprüchen auf ſie verlaſſen habe. Sie übergab ihre Papiere, die in der beſten Ordnung waren und ihr den Namen der Wittwe des Apothekers Pierre du Pont, oder Petrus Pontanus gaben. Auch zeigte ſie dem Bürgermeiſter mancherlei Atteſte der mediziniſchen Fakultät von Montpellier, daß ſie im Beſitz der Fabrikationsrezepte vieler trefflicher Arzneien ſey.

Der Bürgermeiſter verſprach ihr alle mögliche Unterſtützung bei ihrer Niederlaſſung, und bat ſie, ihm in ſein Arbeitszimmer zu folgen, wo er ihr Empfehlungen an einige Aerzte und Apotheker der Stadt ſchreiben wollte. Als er nun die Frau die Treppe hinauf führte, und oben über den Flur weg, kam dieſelbe bei dem Anblick eines kindlichen Gemäldes in eine ſolche Beſtürzung, daß der Bürgermeiſter fürchtete, ſie möchte an ſeinem Arme ohnmächtig werden; er brachte ſie ſchnell auf ſeine Stube und ſie ließ ſich unter bittern Thränen auf einen Stuhl nieder.

Der Bürgermeiſter wußte die Veranlaſſung ihrer Gemüthsbewegung nicht und fragte ſie: was ihr fehle. Sie ſagte ihm: „Mein Herr, woher kennen Sie mein Elend, wer hat das Bild an die Stubenthür geheftet, an welcher wir vorüber gingen?“ Da erinnerte ſich der Bürgermeiſter an das Bild und ſagte ihr: daß es die Spielerei ſeines jüngſten Sohnes ſey, welcher eine Neigung habe, alle Ereigniſſe, die ihn näher intereſſirten, in ſolchen Malereien auf ſeine Art zu verewigen. Das Bild aber beſtand darin, daß der Knabe, welcher das Jahr vorher den Alchimiſten knieend und die Hände ringend in dieſer Stube: „ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!“ hatte ausrufen hören, dieſen in derſelben Stellung und über ihm drei Nüſſe mit dem Spruche: „unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est!“ auf eine Tafel gemalt und an die Stubenthür, wo der Alchimiſt gewohnt, befeſtigt hatte.

„Wie kann Ihr Sohn das ſchreckliche Unglück meines Mannes wiſſen!“ ſagte die Frau; „wie kann er wiſſen, was ich ewig verbergen möchte und weswegen ich mein Vaterland verlaſſen habe!“

„Ihres Mannes!“ erwiederte der verwunderte Bürgermeiſter; „iſt der Chemiker Todänus ihr Mann? Ich glaubte, nach ihrem Paſſe, daß Sie die Wittwe des Apothekers Pierre du Pont aus Lyon ſeyen.“

„Die bin ich“, entgegnete die Fremde; „und der Abgebildete iſt mein Mann, du Pont, mir zeigt es die Stellung, in welcher ich ihn zuletzt geſehen, mir zeigt es der fatale Spruch und die Nüſſe über ihm.“

Nun erzählte ihr der Bürgermeiſter den ganzen Vorfall mit dem Alchimiſten in ſeinem Hauſe, und fragte ſie, wie er ſich benehme, wenn er wirklich ihr Mann ſey, der vielleicht unter fremdem Namen bei ihm geweſen wäre.

„Mein Herr“, erwiederte die Frau, „ich ſehe wohl, das Schickſal ſelbſt will, daß meine Schmach nicht ſoll verborgen bleiben; ich erwarte von Ihrer Rechtſchaffenheit, daß Sie mein Unglück nicht zu meinem Nachtheil bekannt machen werden. Hören Sie mich an. Mein Mann, der Apotheker Pierre du Pont, war wohlhabend, er würde reich geweſen ſeyn, wenn er nicht durch ſeine Neigung zur Alchimie vieles Geld verſchwendet hätte. Ich war jung und hatte das große Unglück, ſehr ſchön zu ſeyn. Ach, mein Herr, es giebt ſchier kein größeres Unglück, als dieſes, weil keine Ruhe, kein Friede möglich iſt, weil Alles nach Einem verlangt und verzweifelt, und man in ſolche Bedrängniſſe und Belagerungen kommt, daß man ſich manchmal gar, nur um des ekelhaften Götzendienſtes los zu werden, dem Verderben hingeben könnte. Eitel war ich nicht, nur unglücklich; denn ich mochte mich auch abſichtlich ſchlecht und entſtellend kleiden, ſo wurde doch immer eine neue Mode daraus und man fand es allerliebſt. Wo ich ging und ſtand, war ich von Verehrern umgeben, ich konnte vor Serenaden nicht ſchlafen, mußte einen Diener halten, die Geſchenke und Liebesbriefe abzuweiſen und alle Augenblicke mein Geſinde abſchaffen, weil es beſtochen war, mich zu verführen. Zwei Diener in der Apotheke meines Mannes vergifteten ſich einander, weil ein Jeder von ihnen entdeckt hatte, daß der Andere ein Edelmann ſey, der aus Leidenſchaft zu mir unter fremdem Namen in unſere Dienſte gegangen war. Alle Leute, die in unſerer Offizin Arznei holten, waren dadurch ſchon im Verdacht, liebeskrank zu ſeyn. Ich hatte von allem dieſem nichts, als Unruhe und Elend, und nur die Freude meines Mannes an meiner Geſtalt hielt mich ab, mich an meiner Larve zu vergreifen und mich auf irgend eine Weiſe zu entſtellen. Oft fragte ich ihn: ob er denn an meinem Herzen und guten Willen nicht genug habe, er möchte mir doch erlauben, mein Geſicht, das ſo vieles Unheil ſtifte, durch irgend ein beizendes Mittel zu verderben, aber er erwiederte mir immer: Schöne Amalie! ich würde verzweifeln, wenn ich dich nicht mehr anſehen könnte; ich würde der unglücklichſte Menſch ſeyn, wenn ich den ganzen Tag in meinem rußigen Laboratorium vergebens geſchwitzt habe, und meine Augen Abends nicht mehr an deinem Anblick erquicken könnte. Du biſt der einzige klare Punkt in meiner finſtern Beſtimmung, und wenn ich alle meine Hoffnung habe nach ſchwerem Tagwerk zum Rauchfang hinausfliegen ſehen, tritt mir alle meine Hoffnung am Abend in deiner Schönheit wieder entgegen. Er liebte mich zärtlich, aber Gott ſegnete unſre Ehe nicht, wir hatten keine Kinder. Als ich ihm meine Trauer hierüber einſt ſehr lebhaft mittheilte, ward er heiter und ſprach: So Gott will, und mir nicht Alles mißlingt, wird uns auch dieſe Freude werden. An einem Abend kam er ſpät nach Hauſe, er war ungewöhnlich froh, und geſtand mir, daß er heute mit einem ſehr tief eingeweihten Adepten ſich unterhalten habe, der einen lebhaften Antheil an ihm und mir zu nehmen ſcheine, und unſere Wünſche würden bald erfüllt werden. Ich verſtand ihn nicht.“

„Nach Mitternacht erwachte ich durch ein Geräuſch; ich ſah meine Stube voll fliegender, leuchtender Johanniskäfer; ich konnte nicht begreifen, wie die Menge dieſer Inſekten in meine Stube gekommen ſey; ich erweckte meinen Mann und fragte ihn: was das nur zu bedeuten habe? Zugleich ſah ich auf meinem Nachttiſche ein prächtiges venetianiſches Glas voll der ſchönſten Blumen ſtehen und daneben neue ſeidene Strümpfe, Pariſer Schuhe, wohlriechende Handſchuhe, Bänder und dergleichen liegen. Mir fiel ein, daß morgen mein Geburtstag ſey, und ich glaubte, mein Mann habe mir dieſe Galanterie gemacht, wofür ich ihm herzlich dankte. Er aber verſicherte mir mit den heiligſten Schwüren, daß dieſe Geſchenke nicht von ihm herrührten, und die heftigſte Eiferſucht faßte zum erſten Mal in ihm Wurzel. Er drang bald auf die zärtlichſte und dann wieder heftigſte Weiſe in mich, ihm zu erklären, wer dieſe Dinge hieher gebracht; ich weinte und konnte es ihm nicht ſagen. Er glaubte mir nicht, befahl mir aufzuſtehen und ich mußte mit ihm das ganze Haus durchſuchen, aber wir fanden Niemand. Er begehrte die Schlüſſel meines Schreibpultes, er durchſuchte alle meine Papiere und Briefſchaften, er entdeckte nichts. Der Tag brach an, ich verzweifelte in Thränen. Mein Mann verließ mich ſehr unmuthig und begab ſich nach ſeinem Laboratorium. Ermüdet legte ich mich wieder zu Bett und dachte unter bittern Thränen über den nächtlichen Vorfall nach; ich konnte mir auch gar nicht einbilden, wer den Handel könne angeſtellt haben, und verwünſchte, indem ich mich ſelbſt in dem Spiegel ſah, der meinem Bett gegenüber ſtand, meine unglückliche Schönheit, ja, ich ſtreckte gegen mich ſelbſt, vor innerem Ekel, die Zunge heraus; aber leider blieb ich ſchön, ich mochte Geſichter ſchneiden wie ich wollte. Da ſah ich in dem Spiegel aus einem der neuen Schuhe, die auf dem Nachttiſche ſtanden, ein Papier hervorſehen. Ich griff haſtig darnach und las unter heftiger Beſtürzung folgendes Billet:

„Geliebte Amalie! Mein Unglück iſt größer, als je: Dich mußte ich meiden bis jetzt, und nun muß ich auch das Land fliehen, in dem Du lebſt; ich habe in meiner Garniſon einen Offizier im Duell erſtochen, der ſich Deiner Begünſtigung rühmte; man verfolgt mich, ich bin hier in verſtellter Kleidung. Wer gen iſt Dein Geburtstag, ich muß Dich ſehen, zum letzten Mal ſehen. Heute Abend vor dem Thor findeſt Du mich in dem kleinen Wäldchen unter den Nußbäumen, etwa hundert Schritte vom Wege, bei der kleinen Kapelle rechts. Wenn Du mir einiges Geld zu meiner Hülfe mitbringen kannſt, ſo wird Dir es Gott vergelten. Ich aber habe es nicht unterlaſſen können, die letzten wenigen Louisd'ore meines Vermögens an das kleine Geburtstags-Geſchenk zu verwenden, das Du vor Dir ſiehſt. Wie Du es erhalten und was ich dabei gelitten, ſollſt Du ſelbſt von mir hören. Schweigen mußt Du, kommen mußt Du, oder meine Leiche wird morgen in Deine Wohnung gebracht. Dein unglücklicher Ludwig."

„Ich las dieſe Zeilen mit der heftigſten Trauer, ich mußte ihn ſehen, ich mußte ihn tröſten, ich mußte ihm Alles bringen was ich hatte, denn ich liebte ihn unausſprechlich und ſollte ihn auf ewig verlieren."

Hier ſchüttelte der Bürgermeiſter lächelnd den Kopf und ſprach: „So haben Sie alſo doch, meine Dame, für einen fremden Mann Zärtlichkeit empfunden!"

Die Fremde erwiederte mit einem ruhigen Selbſtgefühl: Ja, mein Herr; aber verdammen Sie mich nicht zu früh, und hören Sie meine Erzählung ruhig aus. Ich raffte den ganzen Tag Alles, was ich an Geld und Geſchmeide hatte, zuſammen und packte es in ein Bündel, den ich mir gegen Abend von unſrer Magd nach einem Badehauſe in der Gegend jenes Thores, vor welchem Ludwig mich erwarten ſollte, tragen ließ. Dieſer Weg hatte nichts Auffallendes, ich war ihn oft gegangen. Als wir dort angekommen waren, ſendete ich meine Magd mit dem Auftrage zurück: mir um neun Uhr einen Wagen an das Badehaus zu ſenden, der mich nach Hauſe bringen ſolle. Sie verließ mich, ich aber ging nicht in das Badehaus, ſondern begab mich mit meinem Bündelchen unter dem Arm vor das Thor nach dem Walde, wo ich erwartet wurde. Ich eilte nach dem beſtimmten Orte, ich trat in die Kapelle, er flog in meine Arme, wir bedeckten uns mit Küſſen, wir zerfloſſen in Thränen; auf den Stufen des Altares der kleinen Kapelle, die von Nußbäumen beſchattet waren, ſaßen wir mit verſchlungenen Armen und erzählten uns unter den zärtlichſten Liebkoſungen unſre bisherigen Schickſale. Er verzweifelte ſchier, daß er mich nun nie, nie wiederſehen ſollte. Der Abſchied nahte; es war halb neun Uhr geworden, der beſtellte Wagen erwartete mich. Ich gab ihm das Geld und die Juwelen, und er ſagte zu mir: O Amelie, hätte ich nur heute Nacht vor deinem Bette mich erſchoſſen, aber der Anblick deiner Schönheit im Schlafe entwaffnete mich. An dem Rebengeländer deines offenen Fenſters bin ich in deine Stube geklettert und habe die Johanniskäfer fliegen laſſen, an denen ich auf meiner ganzen Reiſe geſammelt, weil ich mich erinnerte, daß du ſie liebteſt; dann legte ich dir die neuen Schuhe und Strümpfe hin, und nahm mir die mit, welche du am Abend abgelegt hatteſt; dein trockner, ehrlicher Mann ſchien mir über ſeinen tollen Gedanken zu träumen: ich habe ihn geſtern ſchon geſprochen, er begegnete mir hier im Walde botaniſirend; es war ſchon dunkel und da ich eben Waldblumen dir zum Strauße ſuchte, hielt er mich für ſeines Gleichen und wir geriethen in ein langes alchimiſtiſches Geſpräch. Ich theilte ihm die Anweiſung eines Mönches mit, der mich auf meiner letzten Reiſe in der Provence, als ich in einem Kloſter übernachtete, lange von dem Geheimniß unterhielt, einen lebendigen Mercur auf chemiſchem Wege in einem Glaſe heraus zu deſtilliren. Dein guter Mann nahm Alles für baare Münze, umarmte mich herzlich und bat mich, ihn bald zu beſuchen, worauf er mich verließ; ach, er wußte nicht, daß ich ihn in derſelben Nacht wirklich auf halsbrechendem Wege beſuchen ſollte. Wie muß ich dich bedauern, daß du kinderlos und eines ſolchen Thoren Gattin biſt!

Ich war noch unwillig auf meinen Mann wegen ſeiner nächtlichen Albernheit, und ſagte: ja, ich habe ihn als einen Thoren kennen gelernt. Aber da die Zeit der Trennung faſt verfloſſen war und ich meine Arme um ihn ſchlang und ausrief: lebe wohl, lieber, lieber Ludwig! Sieh, wie dieſe heilige Stunde des Wiederſehens verfloſſen iſt, ſo geht auch bald das ganze elende Leben dahin: habe ein wenig Geduld, Alles iſt bald zu Ende; da brach er drei Nüſſe von einem Baume bei der Kapelle und ſprach: Dieſe Nüſſe wollen wir zum ewigem Angedenken noch zuſammen eſſen und ſo oft wir Nüſſe ſehen, wollen wir aneinander gedenken. Er biß die erſte Nuß auf, theilte ſie mit mir und küßte mich zärtlich; ach, ſagte er, da fällt mir ein alter Reim von den Nüſſen ein, er fängt an: unica nux prodest, eine einzige Nuß iſt nützlich, aber es iſt nicht wahr, denn wir müſſen bald ſcheiden; die folgenden Worte ſind wahrer; nocet altera, die zweite ſchadet; ja wohl, denn wir müſſen bald ſcheiden! Da umarmte er mich unter heftigen Thränen und theilte die dritte Nuß mit mir, und ſagte: Bei dieſer ſagt der Spruch wahr; o Amelie, vergiß mich nicht, bete für mich! tertia mors est, die dritte Nuß iſt der Tod! — Da fiel ein Schuß, Ludwig fiel zu meinen Füßen; tertia mors est! ſchrie eine Stimme durch das Fenſter der Kapelle; ich ſank: o Jeſus, mein Bruder, mein armer Bruder Ludwig erſchoſſen!

„Allmächtiger Gott! Ihr Bruder war es!" rief der Bürgermeiſter aus.

„Ja, es war mein Bruder"; erwiederte ſie ernſt; „und nun erwägen Sie mein Leid, da mein Mann, als der Mörder mit einer Piſtole vor mich trat; er hatte noch einen Schuß in dem Gewehr, er wollte ſich ſelbſt tödten; ich aber entriß ihm die Waffe und warf ſie in das Gebüſch: flieh, flieh! rief ich aus, die Gerechtigkeit verfolgt dich, du biſt ein Mörder geworden. Er war im Schmerzen verſteinert, er wollte nicht von der Stelle, wir hörten Leute, die ſich auf den Schuß von der Landſtraße nahten, ich gab ihm das Geld und die Geſchmeide, die ich meinem Bruder beſtimmt hatte und ſtieß ihn aus der Kapelle hinaus."

„Nun ließ ich meinem Wehgeſchrei vollen Lauf, und die Ankommenden, unter welchen Männer waren, die mich kannten, brachten mich, wie eine halb Wahnſinnige, nach Hauſe. Der Leichnam meines Bruders ward auf das Rathhaus gebracht; es begann eine gräßliche Unterſuchung. Glücklicherweiſe fiel ich in ein hitziges Fieber und war lange genug ohne den Gebrauch meiner Sinne, um meinen Gemahl nicht eher verrathen zu können, als bis er bereits in völliger Sicherheit über der Grenze war. Kein Menſch zweifelte, daß er der Mörder ſey, weil er an demſelben Abend verſchwunden war. Die Verläumdung fiel nun mit ihren greulichſten Zungen über mich her; — Alles, was andre Frauen von mir ſagten, die mich meines Glanzes, meiner Schönheit wegen beneideten, alle Schandreden der Männer, welche nichts an mir ärgern konnte, als meine Tugend, will ich hier nicht wiederholen; genug, wenn ich ſage, daß man mir den Beweis: der Ermordete ſey mein Bruder, durch den ſchändlichſten Verdacht zu erſchweren ſuchte. Alles wollte mich in den Staub treten, um über meine gehäſſige Tugend zu triumphiren. Dabei genoß ich der ekelhafteſten Theilnahme aller jungen Advokaten, und war im Begriff, vor Bedrängniß und Jammer wirklich den Verſtand zu verlieren. Auf ein Teſtament meines Mannes, zu Gunſten meiner, ließ ich die Apotheke unter Adminiſtration ſetzen und zog mich auf mehrere Jahre in ein Kloſter zurück. So verſtummte endlich das Geſpräch und ich beſchäftigte mich während dieſer Zeit mit der Zubereitung der Arzneien für die Armen, welche die Kloſterfrauen verpflegten."

„Ihr Unglück rührt mich ungemein", entgegnete der Bürgermeiſter; „aber die Art, wie Sie von dem Betragen Ihres Bruders ſprachen, machte auch mir eher den Eindruck eines Geliebten, als eines Bruders."

„O mein Herr", erwiederte die Fremde; „dies eben war eine Haupt-Urſache meines Leides; er liebte mich mit größerer Leidenſchaft, als er es ſollte, und mit der kräftigſten Seele arbeitete er dieſer böſen Gewalt meiner Schönheit entgegen. Er ſah mich manchmal in mehreren Jahren nicht, ja er durfte mir ſelbſt nicht mehr ſchreiben, nur die Noth hatte ihn bei dem letzten Verfall zu mir getrieben, und ſo konnte ich ihm meinen Anblick doch nicht verſagen. Mein Mann kannte ihn nicht und ich hatte ihn deshalb geheirathet, um die Leidenſchaft meines Bruders entſchieden zu brechen. Ach, er hat ſie ſelbſt gebrochen mit ſeinem Leben! Mein Mann, von ſeiner Eiferſucht beunruhigt, hatte ſein Laboratorium früh verlaſſen; die Magd ſagte ihm, daß ich nach dem Badehauſe ſey; es fuhr ihm der Gedanke an Verrath durch die Seele, er ſteckte eine doppelte Piſtole zu ſich und ſuchte mich in dem Badehauſe auf. Er fand mich nicht, aber hörte die Ausſage der Badewärterin, ſie habe mich zum nahgelegenen Thor hinausgehen ſehen. Da erinnerte er ſich des Fremden, der geſtern mit ihm in dem Wäldchen geweſen und ihn auch nach ſeiner Frau gefragt habe; er erinnerte ſich, daß dieſer habe Johanniswürmer gefangen, ſein Verdacht erhielt Gewißheit; er eilte nach dem Wäldchen, nahte der Kapelle, hörte das Ende unſrer Unterredung: tertia mors est, — er beging die ſchreckliche That."

„O, der unglückliche, arme Mann!" rief der Bürgermeiſter aus; „aber wo iſt er, was macht er, was führt Sie hierher, konnten Sie ihm verzeihen, werden wir ihn hier wiederſehen?"

„Wir werden ihn nicht wiederſehen, ich habe ihm verziehn, Gott hat ihm verziehen!" entgegnete die Fremde; „aber Blut will Blut, er konnte ſich nicht ſelbſt vergeben! Acht Jahre lebte er in Copenhagen an dem Hofe des Königs von Dänemark, Chriſtian des Vierten, als Hof-Laborant; denn dieſer Fürſt war den geheimen Künſten ſehr zugethan. Nach dem Tode deſſelben zog er an manchen norddeutſchen Höfen herum. Er war immer unſtät und von ſeinem Gewiſſen gepeinigt, und wenn er Nüſſe ſah und von Nüſſen hörte, fiel er oft plötzlich in die heftigſte Trauer. So kam er endlich zu Ihnen, und als er hier den unglücklichen Vers hörte, ſtieß er nach Basel. Dort lebte er, bis die Nüſſe wieder reiften, da ward ſeine Unruhe unaufhaltſam; ſeine Zeit war abgelaufen: er reiſ'te ab nach Lyon und lieferte ſich ſelbſt den Gerichten aus. Er hatte vor drei Wochen ein rührendes Geſpräch mit, er war gut wie ein Kind, er bat mich um Vergebung, ach! ich hatte ihm längſt vergeben. Er ſagte mir, ich ſolle nach ſeiner ſchimpflichen Todesſtrafe Frankreich verlaſſen und nach Colmar reiſen, dort ſey der Bürgermeiſter ein ſehr redlicher Mann. Zwei Tage hierauf ward er unter unzähligem Volkszulauf, bei der Kapelle, wo der Mord geſchehen, enthauptet. Er kniete nieder in dem Kreiſe, brach drei Nüſſe deſſelbigen Baumes, welcher meinem Bruder die Todesnuß getragen hatte, theilte ſie alle drei mit mir und umarmte mich nochmals zärtlich; dann brachte man mich in die Kapelle, wo ich betend an dem Altar niederſank. Er aber ſprach draußen: unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est, und bei dieſem letzten Worte machte der Schwerdtſtreich ſeinem elenden Leben ein Ende. — Dieſes iſt meine Geſchichte, Herr Bürgermeiſter."

Mit dieſen Worten endete die Dame ihre Erzählung, der Bürgermeiſter reichte ihr gerührt die Hand und ſagte: „Unglückliche Frau! nehmen Sie die Verſicherung, daß ich von Ihrem Unglück tief gerührt bin und das Vertrauen Ihres armen Mannes auf meine Redlichkeit auf alle Weiſe zu Ihrer Beruhigung wahr machen will."

Indem er dies ſprach und ſeine Thränen unterdrückend auf ihre Hand niederſah, bemerkte er einen Siegelring an ihrem Finger, der einen lebhaften Eindruck auf ihn machte; er erkannte auf ihm ein Wappen, das ihn ungemein intereſſirte. Die Dame ſagte ihm: es ſey der Siegelring ihres Bruders. — „Und ſein Familienname heißt?" fragte der Bürgermeiſter lebhaft. — „Plautus"; erwiederte die Fremde; „unſer Vater war ein Lombarde und hatte einen Kram in Montpellier."

Da wurde der Bürgermeiſter ſehr unruhig, er lief nach ſeinem Pulte, er holte mehrere Papiere hervor, er las, er fragte ſie um das Alter ihres Bruders, und da ſie zu ihm ſagte: heute würde er 45 Jahr alt ſeyn, wenn er noch lebte, ſagte er mit freudigem Ungeſtüm: „Recht, ganz recht! heute iſt er ſo alt, denn er lebt noch. Amelie, ich bin Dein Bruder! ich bin von der Amme Deiner Mutter gegen das Söhnlein des Mechanikus Maggi ausgewechſelt worden; Dein Bruder hat Dich nicht geliebt; es war Maggi's Sohn, der Deines Bruders Namen trug und eines ſo unglücklichen Todes ſtarb. Wohl mir, daß ich Dich fand!"

Die gute Dame konnte ſich in dieſe Rede gar nicht finden; aber der Bürgermeiſter überzeugte ſie durch ein, über dieſen Austauſch von der Amme auf ihrem Todesbett aufgenommenes Protokoll und ſie ſank ihrem neugefundenen Bruder in die Arme.

Sie ſoll nachher dem Bürgermeiſter drei Jahr die Haushaltung geführt haben, und als er geſtorben, in das Kloſter zu St. Clara in Colmar gegangen ſeyn, und demſelben ihr ganzes Vermögen vermacht haben.

Der Abend *).

Nach ſeiner Heimath kühlen Lorbeerhainen,
Schwebt auf der gold'nen Schaale
Schon Helios, es glühen rings die Wellen,
Der Ocean erſchwillt in frohen Scheinen,
Die wie mit Blitzesſtrahle
Die ernſte Nacht der fernen Ufer hellen,
Und über alle Schwellen
Ergießt der Gott die ſtillen Feuerwogen
Zum ew'gen Himmelsbogen,
Daß von den Bergen durch das dunkle Leben
Des Tages Flammen wiederhallend beben.

Hoch auf den Bergen wehen ſeine Flammen,
Den raſchen Mann zu führen,
Der ſeiner Reiſe Ziel noch nicht errungen,
Er ſtrahlet mit dem Glanze ſtets zuſammen,
Wenn gleich die Füße gleiten,
Bleibt von dem Lichte doch ſein Haupt umſchlungen.
Nie von der Nacht bezwungen
Lenkt ruhig nach der Sterne heil'gem Feuer,
Das ernſte Schiff der Steuer
Und wandelt heimwärts durch die dunkeln Fluthen
Vertrauend auf des Leuchtthurms hohe Gluthen.

Vom kühnen Felſen rinnen Lichter nieder,
Die Thäler zu ergründen,
Und wo des Feuers milde Quelle ziehet,
Verglimmen bald des Haines wilde Lieder,
Denn alle Töne ſchwinden,
Bis ſie des Abends Flammen rein geglühet —
Und weich ein Lied erblühet —
Es flicht die Nachtigall die gold'nen Schlingen
Und ſüß gefangen ringen
Im Liede Liebesſchmerz, und Schmerzes-Liebe,
Daß Schmerz in Liebe, Lieb' in Schmerz ſich übe *).

So drang der Töne Frühling aus dem Schweigen,
So auch in reinen Seelen
Des Tages wilde Kämpfe bald zerrinnen,
Wenn Lieb' und Schmerz ſich hold zuſammen neigen,
Die Zwietracht zu verhehlen,
Und tönend ſich den ew'gen Streit beginnen.
Ach, keine mag gewinnen! —
Ein Wundergift fließt bitter von den Pfeilen,
Zu tödten und zu heilen —
Denn er muß Lieb' an jenem Pfeil gefunden,
Und ſterbend lebt ſie nur in ſeinen Wunden.

Doch bald wird nun die Ruhe niederſchweben,
Daß alle Schmerzen fliehen,
Den heißen Kampf die ſtillen Schatten kühlen,
Dann mag der Sehnſucht ungeſtilltes Leben
In heil'gen Strahlen,
In kühnen Träumen dichtend ſich erwählen.
Kommt ihr doch Leben fühlen!
Er will mit ſeinem Rauſch euch zu erfüllen,
Mein Bild ich gern enthüllen,
Mein Bild, wie in des Abends Heiligthumen
Die Jungfrau redet mit den holden Blumen.

Die Jungfrau und die Blumen.

Wo leiſ' des Gartens dichte Schatten rauſchen,
Und in den dunklen Zweigen
Die reifen gold'nen Früchte heimlich ſchwellen
Gleich hellen Engeln, die in Wolken lauſchen,
Und freundlich ſich bezeigen,
Sieht ihr die weiße Jungfrau ſich erhellen.
Des Lichtes letzte Wellen
Umfließen ſie. Sie ſitzt, und ihr zu Füßen
Unſchuld'ge Blumen ſprießen;
Sie ſpricht zu ihnen, weckt mit ihren Blicken,
Die ſchon die Augen ſchließen, ſchlafend nicken.

Es ſcheint ihr Wort ſie mehr noch einzuwiegen,
Was ihre Lippen ſprechen,
Weil längſt im Traume um ihre zarten Seelen
Und wohnt in ihrem Leben ſtill verſchwiegen —
Die Stummheit zu zerbrechen,
Sind ſie zu ſchwach, und können's nicht erzählen,
Doch ſie kann Nichts verhehlen,
Der ſtille Abend löſt die keuſchen Banden,
Die ihren Schmerz umwanden,
Sie klaget leiſ', und mit den blauen Augen
Will Antwort ſie aus ihrer Stummheit ſaugen.

„Ihr blinden Kinder, wenn der ew'ge Schlummer
„Von euren Augen weichet,
„Wenn eure Lippen ſeufzend ſich erſchließen,
„Ein warmes Herz euch hebt, und eurem Kummer
„Die Götter Worte reichen,
„Erblüh' ich eine Blume euch zu Füßen.
„Ihr werdet ſtill mich grüßen,
„Und für der Liebe jungfräuliches Bangen
„Der Blume Troſt verlangen,
„Denn wir ſind Schweſtern, ſind im harten Leben
„Der tiefen Liebe frühem Tod gegeben.

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*) Aus: Godwi, oder das ſteinerne Bild der Mutter. Ein verwilderter Roman von Maria. 2r Band. Bremen, 1802. S. 242.

*) Ich konnte das ſchöne Tonſpiel des Italiäniſchen von amore und amaro nicht anders geben.

„Was Lilje keuſch in deinem Kelche webet,
„Was Roſe roth dich malet
„Und eure Augen ſtille Veilchen ſagen,
„Auch keuſch und bang in meinem Buſen ſtrebet
„Von meinen Lippen ſtrahlet
„Und ſtill und mild die blauen Augen klagen,
„Und faßt ein gleich Verzagen,
„Ach! nimmer kann des Herzens ſtill Verbrennen
„Der keuſche Mund bekennen,
„Ach! nimmer will die wilde Welt verſtehen,
„Was unſrer Düfte ſtumme Lippen flehen.

„Wenn linde Sonnenſtrahlen nieder ſehen,
„Sich laue Weſte regen,
„Erkennen wir uns und uns mit dunklem Sehnen,
„Doch nimmer wiſſen wir, wie uns geſchehen.
„Was wir im Innern hegen,
„Iſt ſüßes Träumen und ein kindiſch Wähnen.
„Es fließen alle Thränen
„Noch leicht herab, und weilen keine Schmerzen
„Im unerſchloſſnen Herzen,
„Bis von der ew'gen Liebe tiefen Quellen
„Das Herz ſich dehnt, und läßt die Knospen ſchwellen.

„Im Buſen keimet heimliches Begehren,
„Und mildes Widerſtreben,
„Und wie ſie liebend mit einander walten,
„Erzeuget ſich ein hoffendes Entbehren;
„Der Blüthe junges Leben
„Will nun die zarten Blätter ſchon entfalten.
„Die freundlichen Geſtalten,
„Die in verborg'ner Werkſtatt noch gefangen,
„Nach Freiheit ſehr verlangen,
„Bis uns des Morgens gold'ner Pfeil erſchließet
„Und der geheimen Wunde Thräne fließet.

„Nun löſen ſich die räthſelhaften Triebe
„Und zu dem reinen Throne,
„Der aus dem Herzen froh herauf gedrungen,
„Steigt ſchüchtern und verſchleiert unſre Liebe.
„Es hat die bunte Krone
„Der ſanften Königin das Licht geſchlungen.
„Sie hat das Reich errungen,
„Und blickt in ihres Sieges junger Wonne
„So freudig nach der Sonne,
„Die freundlich ſich in ihrem Schooß ergießet
„Und ſie mit gold'nen Strahlen froh begrüßet.

„Dir, arme Königin, wie wird dir bange,
„So einſam und verlaſſen,
„So arm biſt du hinaus ins weite Leben,
„Die eignen Düfte küſſen deine Wange,
„Du mußt dich ſelbſt umfaſſen,
„Kein Volk, kein ſchöner Freund dir Liebe geben.
„Die zarten Säulen beben,
„Auf denen ſich dein leichter Thron beweget,
„Vom Weſt, ſtill erreget.
„Die Macht ſieht lieblos dir im dunklen Träumen,
„Am Morgen ſcheinen keine Blicke [illegible].

„Sind nicht dein Thron des Buſens junges Wogen,
„Dein Purpur, rothe Wangen,
„Dein Diadem, der Locken gold'ne Schlangen?
„Ach! bald ſind all die Wellen weggezogen,
„Der Purpur bald vergangen,
„Welk die Flechten, die dein Haupt umringen.
„Der Liebe Pfeile dringen
„Vom Himmel und der Schmerzen glühe [illegible]
„Ihr Herzen zu erkälten,
„Ruhſt du in ſtillen [illegible] dein Geſchmeide,
„Der [illegible] Weide wirſt du, Augenweide!

„Du, arme Königin! ſo eine Würde
„Solch ſchweren Kampf zu führen,
„Will Keiner für die holde Braut denn ſtreiten,
„Will Keiner, daß die Gluth ſie nicht verzehre,
„Solch' zarte Schönheit rühren,
„Des Schattens liebend Dach um dich zu breiten?
„O, ſtummes bitt'res Leiden!
„Welch Leben, wo die Liebe umſchlinget
„Dir keine Hülfe bringet,
„Und wollteſt du den dichten Schleier heben,
„So würde dir des Schatzes Geiſt entſchweben.

„Und heißer, immer heißer dein Begehren,
„Und leiſer deine Klagen!
„Die Farben ſchon, die deinen Schmerz verbluten,
„Der Düfte leiſe Worte ſich verzehren,
„Um lauter ſtets zu ſagen,
„Wie dich die wilden Flammen ganz entzünden.
„Die Hülfe zu ergründen,
„Willſt du vom freien Throne niederſteigen,
„Dem Frevel dich zu neigen?
„Noch elender ein Handwerk voller Wehe,
„Umzäunte dich der ſchnöde Zwang, die Ehe. —

„Nein! ſolcher Aermlichkeit dich hinzubieten,
„Wird Armuth dich nicht zwingen,
„Die freie Liebe läßt ſich nicht umarmen,
„Wo ſie den Kuß in Zweck und Abſicht ſchmieden,
„Wo Trieb und Freiheit ringen,
„Und alle Lüſte an der Noth verarmen,
„Dem Handwerk zum Erbarmen,
„Wo zwei gefüllte Langeweilen weilen
„Und Pflicht und Nothdurft theilen,
„Darfſt du dich nicht ergeben — heilig Leben!
„Dein Bild nicht in des Haushalts Linnen weben.

„O, könnteſt ruhig du dein Sterben leben,
„Die andern nicht erkennen,
„Die alles Lebens eine Hälfte faſſen,
„Sich ſtille wandelnd hohes Anſehn geben,
„Und hin und wieder rennen,
„Als wäre ohne ſie die Welt gelaſſen,
„Ach wohl! iſt ſie verlaſſen,
„Das Leben iſt zur Selbſtbetrachtung worden,
„Die Liebe zu ermorden,
„Und forſcht die Schönheit tödtend nach Geſetzen,
„Die Liebe und die Schönheit zu erſetzen.

„Sie wähnen gar, die Liebe ſey verloren,
„Weil ſie ſich ſelbſt vermiſſen,
„Das Leben in [illegible] ſchon bringen,
„Als würde fernerhin nicht mehr geboren,
„Als bräch' aus Finſterniſſen
„Der Tod herauf, die Mutter zu verſchlingen.
„Mit ſolchen Wunderdingen
„Vermeinen ſie die längſt verlor'nen Grenzen
„Der Liebe zu ergänzen,
„Und athmen uns und ſtellen nach den Flammen
„Dem Tode in Erkennen uns zuſammen.

„Wie ſchöner Sieg! Wir Blumen hier nicht ſterben,
„Denn hier war uns kein Leben,
„Ein Frühling nur, wir ſind es ſelbſt geweſen.
„Erblühen und Verglühen — kein Verderben
„Kann unſer Bild entweben,
„Nur Opfer kann der Liebe Feſſel löſen,
„O, freudiges Geneſen!
„Erhebe, ſanfte Königin, den Schleier
„Dem reinen Himmelsfeuer,
„Will liebend nicht das Leben dich erringen,
„So laß vom ſtillen Gotte dich umſchlingen.

„Wie glüht der Mittag heiß, in tiefem Schweigen
„Erſchließt ſie den Schleier,
„Der Liebe Heiligthum muß ſie enthüllen,
„Und zu dem Throne glüh'n Strahlen ſteigen,
„Des ſtillen Gottes Feier.
„Die matten Schimmer [illegible] ihr zu [illegible]
„Sie bricht dem mächt'gen Willen
„Die Liebe hin und lebt ihr Leben
„Und buhlet auf dem Throne
„Die buhlenden Gewinde, an den Gluthen
„Des Bräutigams ſich ſehnend zu verbluten.

„Wie iſt das ſchöne Opfer bald verglommen,
„Es wallt das letzte Düften
„Dem lieben Gott, der ſich der Krone hebet,
„Er nahm ſie mit, er hat ſie hingenommen,
„Und in den reinen Lüften
„Das bunte Leben mit ihm himmelwärts ſchwebet.
„Wenn ſtiller Abend glühet,
„Und wo des hohen Glanzes reine Wellen
„In heißem Purpur ſchwellen,
„Da brechen ſich der Sehnſucht letzte Wogen,
„Und iſt der Streit der Liebe hingezogen."

O Nacht! ſo voller Liebe,
Ergieße deine dunkle Fluth der Bangen,
Umfange die Verlangen,
Daß kühlend um die ſinkenden Geſtalten
Das ſtille Meer der ew'gen Liebe walten.

Sophie Brentano, früher Sophie Mereau,

geborne Schubart, erblickte das Licht der Welt am 27. März 1761 zu Altenburg, vermählte ſich mit dem Profeſſor Mereau zu Jena, ward aber von demſelben 1804 geſchieden und heirathete darauf Klemens Brentano, dem ſie am 31. October 1806 in Heidelberg durch den Tod entriſſen wurde.

Ihre Schriften ſind:

Das Blüthenalter der Empfindung. Gotha, 1794.
Gedichte. Berlin, 1800—1802. 2 Thle. (Der 2. Thl. auch unter dem Titel Serafine.)
Kalathiskos. Berlin, 1801—1802. 2 Thle.
Die Margarethenhöhle. Berlin, 1803. 2 Thle.
Amanda und Eduard. Frankfurt, 1803. 2 Thle.
Spaniſche und italieniſche Novellen. 2 Thle. Penig, 1804. 1806.
Bunte Reihe kleiner Schriften. Frankfurt, 1805.
Ueberſetzungen aus dem Franzöſiſchen und Erzählungen in: Kleine Romanenbibliothek u. ſ. w. Göttingen, 1799—1801. Gedichte in dem von ihr herausgegebenen Berliner Damenkalender, Berlin, 1799, und der Poetiſchen Blumenleſe, Göttingen, 1803. — Ferner Sappho und Phaon, aus dem Engliſchen. Aſchaffenburg, 1811. N. A. Würzburg, 1824 u. ſ. w.

Ein vortreffliches Urtheil über Sophie Brentano findet ſich in der Allgemeinen Literaturzeitung, Jahrg. 1810, Ergänzungsblätt. Nro. 14, S. 111. — Wir laſſen es hier folgen, da es Alles erſchöpft, was wir über dieſe Dichterin zu ſagen wüßten, und bemerken nur, daß wir ihren Roman „Eduard und Amanda" für ihre gelungenſte Leiſtung halten. Obwohl dieſes Buch in mancher Hinſicht den vorherrſchenden Grundſätzen und Meinungen über Ehe und eheliche Treue entgegentritt, ſo waltet doch in demſelben eine reine und edle Geſinnung, die, in anmuthigem Gewande vorgetragen, ihren Eindruck nicht verfehlte.

Das bereits erwähnte Urtheil lautet: „Sophie Brentano, deren früher Tod zu beklagen iſt, gehört unter die Dichterinnen Deutſchlands, die nicht ohne inneren Beruf und Weihe der Dichtkunſt huldigten. Ohne originell zu ſeyn, wußte ſie ſich doch die Formen höherer Kunſt ſo innig anzueignen und ihr zartes, von allem Schönen ſchnell erregtes und begeiſtertes Gemüth in dieſelbe zu ergießen, daß gern das Ohr ihren Melodieen lauſchte und gern durch ſie an ihre Vorbilder erinnert wurde. Späterhin beſtimmte ſie Neigung oder der herrſchende Geſchmack, den Anſichten neuerer Kunſtphiloſophie zu folgen, die, ſo tief und wahr gegriffen auch ihre erſten Grundſätze ſeyn mochten, doch in ihrer Anwendung (weniger durch die Schuld ihrer Stifter, als durch die ihrer Nachbeter) ſich nicht ſelten ſo vergriff und im Dunkeln irrte, daß ſie eine Menge ſchiefer Speculationen, leerer Träumereien und bizarrer Kunſtſchöpfungen nothwendig zur Folge haben mußte. Doch bewahrte ſie ihr geläuterter Geſchmack vor leerem Klingklang und religiöſem Aberwitz. Nur zuweilen ging ihre Empfindung in Empfindelei oder in Wortgepräng oder in Gehaltloſigkeit über."

Vgl. Journal des Luxus und der Mode, Jahrgang 1807, Januarheft, S. 68 fgde.

Episode.*)

Es blickt der Sohn, noch mit geſtilltem Sehnen,
Froh in der theuern Augen ſanftes Licht,
Indeß der Vater ſüßer Rührung Thränen
Sich trocknet, und das Schweigen unterbricht.
„Mein Sohn," ſagt er, „ſchreitet fort der Stunde Gang,
„Und was ich dir zu ſagen hab', iſt lang.

„Arm waren, die in Spaniens Gefilden
„Mich einſt gezeugt; kein holdes Traumgeſicht
„Schlang um die Wiege ſich: ich wuchs in milden
„Umgebungen empor, und alles Licht,
„Das Kenntniß und Kultur dem Geiſt verleihn,
„Blieb fremd mir, doch mit ihm auch falſcher Schein.

„Erſt ſpäter traf es, daß mein eigner Sinn
„Dem Herrn des Orts, der meine Aeltern nährte,
„Vielleicht durch ſeine Neuheit, Luſt gewährte.
„Sein Wohlgefallen brachte mir Gewinn;
„Denn täglich durft' ich nun bei ihm verweilen,
„Mit ſeinem Sohn den Unterricht zu theilen.

„Mit dieſem lebt' ich Jahre lang zuſammen.
„Er war ein Kind voll Wildheit und voll Leben,
„Von Schmeichlern, von Vergnügen ſtets umgeben,
„Oft brannten in ihm des Uebermuthes Flammen.
„Wild war auch ich, doch wieder ſchmelzend weich;
„Wir liebten uns, und haßten uns zugleich.

„Nach Barcelona zog mich mein Geſchick,
„Ich lebte dort ein einſam ſtilles Leben,
„Den Wiſſenſchaften gänzlich hingegeben,
„Hätt' ich mein ſtilles unbemerktes Glück
„Mit keinem, den nur äußrer Glanz berauſcht,
„So ſehr er ſchimmern mochte, je vertauſcht.

„Die Armuth ſchien mir ehrenvoll; ich haßte
„Den kaufmänniſchen Geiſt, der nur in Zahlen denkt,
„Der Werth und Glück auf eine Menſchenklaſſe,
„Auf todtes Gut mit engem Sinn beſchränkt.
„Klein war die Sphäre, die mich äußerlich umzog,
„Doch frei mein inn'rer Sinn, der durch das Weltall flog.

„Wie ſchmerzlich fühl' ich's, daß die lieben Fluren
„Des ſchönen Vaterlands ein Fluch noch drückt;
„Daß dumpfe Knechtſchaft die geweihten Spuren
„Von innerm Leben frevelnd dort erſtickt!
„Dies Bild nur trübte mir die ſtillen Tage,
„Und oft erſchöpft' ich mich in banger Klage.

„Arm, wie ich war, für meine Wahrheit glühend,
„Voll raſchen Sinns in jugendlicher Bruſt,
„Fand ich der Menſchen Gunſt nur wenig blühend,
„Und nie umſtrahlte mich des Glückes Luſt.
„Da dacht' ich: mag es doch, daß eine Welt mich haßt!
„Wenn nur ein einziges verwandtes Herz mich faßt!

„Und dieſes fand ich. — Nie vergeßne Stunden! —
„Der Erdenfreuden heiligſte war mein;
„Was ſelten nur ein Sterblicher empfunden:
„Ganz rein und unentweiht zu ſeyn!
„Nicht Stand, nicht Ruhm und Glanz, kein fremdes Gut,
„Erwarben mir der ſchönſten Liebe Glut.

„Vereinigt durch das unſichtbare Band,
„Das, auf geheimen Einklang feſt gegründet,
„Auf ewig die verwandten Seelen bindet,
„War uns die Liebe Reichthum, Ehre, Stand:
„Und weit und breit goß ihren Roſenſchimmer
„Die Jugend aus, und wir verzagten nimmer.

„Ihr Vater, der von hoher Abkunft war,
„Doch tief verarmt, die kummervollen Tage
„Durch Arbeit friſtete, trug heimlich zwar,
„Doch innig, das Gefühl der vor'gen Lage
„In unzufriedner Bruſt, und dem verwöhnten Sinn
„Galt Schimmer für des Lebens einzigen Gewinn.

„Wie innig ſtrebte ſie, von dem verehrten Alten
„Das läſtige Gefühl der Dürftigkeit,
„Mit unverdroßner frommer Zärtlichkeit,
„So viel als möglich war, entfernt zu halten!
„Und ſo erfuhr auch ſie des Zufalls Tücken,
„Und war nur reich, die Herzen zu beglücken.

„Mit Liebe, Jugend und Vertrauen im Bund,
„Wähnt' ich gewiß, es ſollte mir gelingen,

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*) Aus: Serafine, von Sophie Mereau. Berlin, 1802.

„Mich bald in höhre Kreiſe aufzuſchwingen;
„Und dann erſt ſollte unſer Bündniß kund
„Dem Vater werden: um ihn nicht zu quälen,
„Beſchloſſen wir, jetzt alles zu verhehlen.

„Ein Einſiedler, der ſich die ſteilſte Spitze
„Des Montſerrats ſchwermuthsvoll erwählt, —
„Auch er ſah vormals, in des Lebens Hitze,
„Von ſchweren Leiden bitter ſich gequält, —
„Ward zum Vertrauten unſrer Zärtlichkeit,
„Bei einer Wallfahrt, feierlich geweiht.

„Gedenk' ich jetzt an jene ferne Zeit,
„Wo mich, ſo hochbeglückt am treuſten Herzen,
„Des Mannes grauenvolle Einſamkeit
„Oft ängſtete mit namenloſen Schmerzen,
„Fühl' ich von jener Macht mich tief gerühret,
„Die nun mich an ein gleiches Ziel geführet.

„Des innern Lebens heil'ges Element,
„Das unſre Seelen an einander band,
„Und ewig nur in beſſern Seelen brennt,
„War dieſem Heiligen nicht unbekannt.
„Auch er empfand einſt treuer Liebe Freuden,
„Und ihre tiefen, namenloſen Leiden.

„Verfolgung quälte ihn und die Geliebte,
„Sie mußten fliehn; ſchon war das Ziel der Flucht,
„Die ferne Freiſtatt, die ſie ſich geſucht,
„Nun bald erreicht. Doch, ſiehe! plötzlich trübte
„Der Himmel ſich; ein Blitz ſchoß durch die Stille,
„Und traf die Holde in der Jugend Fülle.

„Sie ſtirbt; er flieht zur tiefſten Einſamkeit,
„Zur ſteilſten Höh'; um ſeine Hütte ranken
„Cypreſſen ſich mit melanchol'ſchem Schwanken,
„Schwarz, wie der Tiefſinn, dem er ſich geweiht;
„Die Sonne malt mit grünlich düſtrer Helle,
„Nur ſcheidend matt, die nackte Wand der Zelle.

„Ihr Schädel ward ſein Becher; ganz ergeben,
„Verſöhnt er nun das zürnende Geſchick.
„Der Trauer und der Andacht nur zu leben,
„Iſt ſein Bemühn: bei ſeinem düſtern Blick
„Drängt ſich die Ahnung nie gefühlter Schmerzen
„Mit Allgewalt auch in die frechſten Herzen.

„Und dieſer Heilige, der unſre Triebe
„Verſtand, ward unſer Freund; es rief ſein Mund
„Des Himmels Segen über unſre Liebe;
„Und das Geheimniß blieb in unſerm Bund.
„Den Aeltern alle Sorge zu erſparen,
„Bemühten wir uns ſtreng, es zu bewahren.

„Wir lebten nun, mit Liebe und Natur
„In friedlichem Verſtändniß, leicht dahin,
„Wo auf der ſtillen, menſchenleeren Flur
„Nur wilde Roſen bei Cypreſſen glühn:
„Beim Heiligen, der liebend uns verbunden,
„Verlebten wir geweihte, helle Stunden.

„Wie ward mir jede Arbeit nun zur Luſt!
„Wir theilten treulich Fröhlichkeit und Schmerzen,
„Und inniger verwuchſen unſre Herzen,
„Und Ein Sinn nur belebte beider Bruſt!
„In dieſer Heimlichkeit warſt du das Pfand
„Von unſerm Glück: ein neues, ſüßes Band.

„In unſre Stadt kam damals der Geſpiele
„Von meiner Kindheit, jenes Reichen Sohn,
„Der mich erzog. Ihm waren im Gewühle
„Die jungen Jahre bunt dahin geflohn,
„Viel hatt' er hingeliebt, manch' liebend Herz bethört;
„Viel Bande angeknüpft und wiederum zerſtört.

„Der Zufall bracht' uns wiederum zuſammen.
„Ich war ein Bild aus ſeiner Kindheit Traum,
„Er maß an mir den ſchon durchlaufnen Raum;
„Auch freuten ihn des fremden Lebens Flammen,
„Die, Blitzen gleich, aus meinem Innern ſprangen,
„Mit neuer Bilder Glanz ihn zu umfangen.

„Ich ehrt' in ihm die kräftige Natur,
„Den kühnen Sinn und den Zuſammenhang
„In ſeinem Innern, und den eignen Gang
„Ging ſo ein jedes; er war jünger nur:
„Was dem Verſtand, den Sinnen wohlgefällt,
„Reizt' ihn, doch ich genoß im Herzen eine Welt.

„Er ſah Elvinen — und an ihren Reizen
„Hing bald ſein Blick mit trunkner Lüſternheit;
„Denn ohne nach der Schönheit Sieg zu geizen,
„War gleichwohl ſie die Schönſte weit und breit;
„Und nie gewohnt, ſich Wünſche zu verſagen,
„Beſtürmt' er ſie mit Zärtlichkeit und Klagen.

„Doch ihre Neigung war nicht zu gewinnen.
„Gereizt durch den beſcheidnen Widerſtand,
„Schien ſelbſt ſein Stolz in Liebe zu zerrinnen,
„Und ernſtlich fleht' er nun um ihre Hand.
„Den freien Sinn, voll Unruh und Verlangen,
„Hielt Leidenſchaft im ſtillen Kreis gefangen.

„Berauſcht von dieſes Glückes goldnem Traum,
„Das weit die kühnſten Wünſche überflog,
„Und ſchnell ſie wieder in das Leben zog,
„Begriffen es die trunknen Aeltern kaum;
„Und ſie betrachteten mit Ehrfurcht nun Elvinen
„Als eine Heilige, zu ihrem Glück erſchienen.

„O, löſ'te ſich das Bild von jenen Stunden
„Von meiner Seele endlich doch einmal!
„Mit Lieb' und Pflichten, die ihr Herz verwunden,
„Rang ſie den innern Streit mit bittrer Qual!
„Ein Leichtes war es mir, den ſichern Pfad zu zeigen,
„Ich ſchwieg aus falſchem Stolz, und Frevel war mein Schweigen.

„Ach, gäben doch die Menſchen nicht das Eine,
„Das Einzige nicht hin für leeren Wahn!
„Des Herzens Neigung, frei von jedem Scheine,
„Gehöre ſie der Wahrheit ewig an!
„Die ächte Tugend duldet keinen Zwang,
„Und hier führt jeder Sieg zum Untergang.

„Sie ward ſein Weib! — Wohl ſeh' ich es, ich quäle
„Mit dieſem Wort im tiefſten Herzen dich;
„Doch tadle nicht die zartgeſtimmte Seele,
„Auch mir verhüllte einſt ihr Weſen ſich.
„Jetzt iſt nun alles klar, und himmliſch rein
„Steht neu ihr Bild vor mir — und ſie iſt mein!

„Was that ſie denn? — Mit ihrem weichen Herzen
„Rang ſie für Pflicht ſich ſelbſt vom Liebſten los,
„Aus frommem Irrthum, und ertrug den Schmerzen;
„Denn dieſes Opfer war für ſie zu groß.
„Ein ſchuldlos Leben heiter zu genießen,
„Schuf ſie Natur; — ſchwer ließ ihr Loos ſie büßen.

„Es kann das Weib, in deſſen Bruſt die Sitte
„Und das Gefühl in reinen Tönen ſpricht,
„Durch's Leben gehn, mit leichtem ſicherm Tritte,
„Nur wahr zu ſeyn, iſt ihre einz'ge Pflicht.
„Gut von Natur, voll Phantaſie und Liebe
„Darf ſie nur ſich verſtehn und ihre Triebe.

„Sie wandeln ewig frei in ſichern Schranken,
„Sind ſtets in ſelber Miſchung Gott und Kind;
„Sie ſchlingen ſich, wie ſchöne Blumenranken,
„Leicht durch des Lebens dunkles Labyrinth,
„Und brauchen nicht durch Irrthum zu geneſen;
„Treu der Natur, ſind ſie die freiſten Weſen.

„Doch öfters — ach! und dreimal Weh' der Armen,
„Die in dem Streit mit ſolcher Seel' erliegt! —
„Geſchieht es, daß ihr Schickſal, ohn' Erbarmen,
„In Widerſtreit die Zartgeſchaff'nen ſchmiegt,
„Wo ſelbſt die ſchönſten Triebe ſicher ſie zerſtören. —
„Ach! warum mußte ſie zu dieſer Zahl gehören!

„Daß in Elvinens Bruſt noch Liebe glühte,
„Verrieth mir nun kein heimlich Wort, kein Blick.
„Verwelkt auf immer war des Lebens Blüthe;
„Ein banger Nachhall war mein ganzes Glück;
„Nur dann, wenn Unmuth mir die Bruſt durchwühlte,
„Geſtand ſie mir, daß ſie mein Leiden fühlte.

„Mehr that ſie nicht. Nur ſanfte fromme Lehren,
„Von keinem Seufzer, keinem Thränenblick,
„Die leiſ' geheime, tiefe Hoffnung nähren,
„Begleitet, ſollten mir mein Mißgeſchick

„Ertragen helfen. Ach! was konnte Troſt mir geben?
„Ich konnte nicht mit ihr, und ohne ſie nicht leben!

„Doch war mir's, wenn ich ſo an ihrer Seite,
„Im ſtillen Traum, des Himmels Ahndung trank,
„Als wenn ein Engel mich zum Schüler weihte;
„Ein ſüßes, heiliges Vergeſſen ſank
„Auf meinen Schmerz; wie bald, daß uns der Himmel einte,
„War's denn der Thränen werth, die ich der Erde weinte?

„Doch Manchem, der ſich gern dem Tode weihte,
„Dehnt oft ſich lang der kurze Weg zum Grab.
„Der Jugend Blüthe fiel vergebens ab.
„Und leben mußt' ich, wie an ihrer Seite
„Ihm Leidenſchaften wild die Bruſt durchſtürmten,
„Und Wolken ſich um ihre Tage thürmten. —

„Voll Eiferſucht, gequält von ſchwarzen Bildern,
„Empörte ſich ſein ſtolzes Selbſtgefühl;
„Faſt ſah ich ihn bis zum Tyrann verwildern,
„Und außer ſeinem Wunſch war alles Spiel;
„Anbetung heiſchte er, und glühende Huldigung,
„Und ſtille Liebe ſchien ihm ſchon Beleidigung.

„Und wilder ſtets, in kläglicher Verwirrung —
„Zog ſich das Mißverhältniß um uns her.
„Wie ward durch eine einz'ge bange Irrung,
„Das ſonſt ſo lichte Leben uns ſo ſchwer!
„Verborgen wuchſen täglich meine Schmerzen,
„Und Argwohn wüthete in ſeinem Herzen.

„Ein Jeder, ſtolz, des Andern Werth zu fühlen,
„Wir haßten uns deshalb nur deſto mehr;
„Oft ſuchte ſich die inn're Gluth zu kühlen,
„Und brach hervor, trotz aller Gegenwehr.
„Sie nur beſänftigte die zürnenden Gedanken,
„Und hielt mit einem Blick uns Beide noch in Schranken.

„Doch lang' ertrug ſie's nicht. Neu angefacht
„Von Leiden, die ihr Herz mit Qualen füllten,
„Lebendig ihr die vor'ge Zeit enthüllten,
„War nun der alte Muth in ihr erwacht.
„Gelaſſen wagte ſie, ihr voriges Vergehn,
„Und, was ſie jetzt noch fühlt, dem Gatten zu geſtehn.

„Mit herbem Staunen hört er fremd ſie an,
„Und ſpricht zu ihr mit kalter Bitterkeit:
„„So war ich nur das Spiel von frommem Wahn,
„„Und Jugend gabſt du mir ſtatt Zärtlichkeit?
„„Der alten Neigung biſt du treu geblieben,
„„Und für ein Opfer galt dir's, mich zu lieben?

„„Dies war es, was dein ſchönes Auge trübte?
„„Was ich für Regung jugendlicher Scham
„„Und Vorbedeutung ſchöner Liebe nahm?
„„Nun haſſ' ich dich, die ich ſo innig liebte!
„„Mich hintergingeſt du; ich glühte wahr für dich
„„Und deine Tugend war Verbrechen gegen mich.““

„Tief traf ſie jeder Vorwurf innerlich;
„Dem herben Gram erlag die zarte Hülle;
„Es brach das Herz noch in der Jugend Fülle,
„Und weihte fromm dem ſtillen Engel ſich. —
„Sie ſchied — und ließ mich auf der Welt allein,
„Allein mit dir, und unnennbarer Pein.

„Dumpf war mein Schmerz; es ſtarb mein vor'ges Leben
„Unwiederbringlich, ganz mit ihr dahin;
„Es regte ſich in mir kein weitres Streben,
„Starr ſtand die äußre Welt vor meinem Sinn.
„Ich ſuchte keinen Troſt: wer Alles fand,
„Und es verlor, den lockt kein neues Band.

„Doch länger in dem vielgeliebten Land,
„Wo jene Zeit, voll Liebe und voll Licht,
„Nun, wie verſteinert, ewig vor mir ſtand,
„Noch zu verweilen: das vermocht' ich nicht.
„Mit dumpfem Geiſt zog ich von Ort zu Ort,
„Mit dir und meinem Trübſinn, planlos fort.

„Ich lebte fort im Früh- und Abendroth,
„Mein Leben war ein immerwährend Sterben;
„Leicht wußt' ich Unterhalt mir zu erwerben,
„Das Nöthigſte war meine kleinſte Noth.
„Oft ging mir's gut; doch nicht der ſanfte Schein
„Von Freude ſchlich in meine Bruſt ſich ein.

„Noch einmal kehrt' ich zu der Heimath mich,
„Der ſtillen Kindheit friedlichen Gefilden:
„Verändert hatte hier auch alles ſich;
„Ich irrte unter traurigen Gebilden;
„Die Aeltern waren todt; kein Frohſinn winkte mir;
„Nur eine Traurige verweilte einſam hier.

„Die Schweſter, die ich redlich ſtets geliebt,
„Betrogen war ſie durch des Mannes Liebe,
„Der mir das Herz bis in den Tod betrübt,
„Ihn hatte ſie geliebt mit treuem Triebe;
„Stets ihn zu lieben, war ihr einzig Glück:
„Doch er verſchwand, und kehrte nie zurück.

„Komm! ſprach ich; du Verlaßne, komm mit mir!
„Dich ſoll der Hohn der Fremden nicht beſchämen;
„An einer weichen Bruſt ſollſt du dich grämen;
„Den Troſt, denn ich entbehre, geb' ich dir.
„Beruhigung gab ihr des Bruders Wort,
„Und willig zog an meiner Hand ſie fort.

„Ich ſuchte drauf und fand Gelegenheit
„Mit einem Schiff nach Indien zu gehen,
„Um jenes Land, das in der Knabenzeit
„Mir ſchon gewinkt, in Wirklichkeit zu ſehen.
„Auf ewig ſchied ich von Europa's Strand,
„Und ſah mich bald in dieſem ſchönen Land.

„Auf dieſem milden, ſegensvollen Boden,
„Entfaltete der Menſchheit Blüthe ſich
„Mit vollem Trieb, als von des Geiſtes Odem
„Kein Zauberhauch Europa's Flur durchſtrich.
„Wie anders war es jetzt! Ich ſah, wie nichts beſteht,
„Und doch ein hoher Sinn durch alle Zeiten geht.

„Ach! als mich hier die reine Luft umfing
„Zum erſten Mal mit ihren weichen Armen,
„Und nun ein Schwarm von unbeſtimmten warmen
„Gefühlen ſich an meine Seele hing:
„Da war's, als fände ich das Ende meiner Qual,
„Als zeugte die Natur mich hier zum zweiten Mal.

„Doch bald erſchien die alte Bitterkeit;
„Denn ſie, der ich im ſüßen Herzens-Tauſch
„Mich ewig einſt zu Freud' und Leid geweiht,
„Sie theilte nicht der Seele frohen Rauſch!
„Wo weilte ſie? Ach, ganz allein und kalt,
„Schlief in der Gruft die liebliche Geſtalt.

„Dann quält' ich mich mit böſer Läſterung,
„Und ſtürmte gegen mich und mein Geſchick.
„Warum, ſo rief ich mit verſtörtem Blick,
„Flieht ewig mich allein Beruhigung?
„Wenn ich zu ſteten Schmerzen auserkohren,
„Warum bin ich, Unſeliger, geboren?

„Einſt, als ich an des Ganges weitem Strand,
„Wo abgeſchieden dunkle Haine grünen,
„Mich in der Wildniß ganz verirrt, da fand
„Ich einen alten heiligen Braminen;
„Wohlwollend nahm er mich zum Schüler auf,
„Und hier begann ein neuer Lebenslauf.

„Er weihte mich in ſeinen Glauben ein,
„Und pflegte meinen Gram mit weicher Hand,
„Bis, mit des innern Zwiſtes ſteter Pein,
„Die Rinde auch von meinem Herzen ſchwand,
„Und ich, beruhigt nun, auf neuem Pfad,
„Tief umgeändert in das Leben trat.

„Wie gerne folgt' ich ſeiner Rede nach,
„Und wurde nie ihm zuzuhören ſatt,
„Wenn er mit mir von jenen Wundern ſprach,
„Wie Brama einſt auf einem Lotosblatt,
„Den dunkeln Abgrund ſehnſuchtsvoll umſchwebt,
„Und dann mit ſeinem Hauch den Raum belebt.

„Und wie von ſeinem Liebeshauch entbunden,
„Zugleich Geliebt' und Mutter, die Natur
„Vom Chaos ſich als Göttin losgewunden,
„Und treulich folgend ihres Lichtes Spur,
„Die Weſen alle fröhlich ſich geſtaltet,
„Und hohe Ordnung überall gewaltet.

„Und immer weiter trat das Leben vor,
„Indem mit hellerem Blick ich um mich ſah;

„Zurückgeſcheucht, ſchwand der Selbſtſucht Flor,
„Und heiter lag das Ganze vor mir da;
„In Unermeßlichkeit ich ſtill verging,
„Bis ich mich fand, ein Glied im großen Ring.

„Doch wenn er mir, mit kindlich frommem Sinn,
„Erzählte von den geiſtigen Geſtalten,
„Die ſichtbar oft durch Berg' und Thäler walten:
„Da rann ein ſüßer Schauer durch mich hin.
„Im Zwang der Wunder fühlt das Herz ſich freier,
„Und Glaube machte mir das Daſeyn theuer.

„O, Glaube! Funke, der im Herzen glühet,
„Von unſerm Daſeyn treues Unterpfand!
„Beglückt, wen du entzündeſt! Schöner blühet
„Dem Erd' und Himmel; es entweicht das Band
„Des gröbern Stoffs; mit überird'ſcher Luſt
„Wohnt die Unendlichkeit in ſeiner Bruſt!

„Am innigſten von Allen doch umfing
„Die Lehre: daß die abgeſchiednen Seelen
„Mit neuen Körpern freundlich ſich vermählen,
„Mein Herz. Wenn ich an dieſen Bildern hing,
„Da fühlt' ich auch im Innern mich geſunden,
„Und ihnen dank' ich meine ſchönſten Stunden.

„Vielleicht, wenn jener Vogel mich umſchwebt,
„Der oft mit Tönen rings den Hain belebt,
„Harmoniſch ſeufzet und ſich liebend quält,
„Daß die geliebte Seele ihn beſeelt!
„Oft dünkt es mich, als glimm' ein zart Entzücken,
„Wenn er mich ſieht, in ſeinen ſtillen Blicken.

„Dann wird er mir ſo heilig und ſo lieb:
„Ich pflege ſein mit zärtlichem Bemühen,
„Und feierlich erwacht der alte Trieb;
„Ich ſeufze dann, und meine Thränen glühen:
„Wohl dir, du Seele, die einſt ſchwer gelebt,
„Und die nun leicht in hohen Lüften ſchwebt!"

Hier hält er ein, und ſtille Rührung ſenkt
Das bleiche Angeſicht zum Buſen nieder,
Indeß ſein Sinn der vor'gen Zeit gedenkt;
Doch bald erhebt der trübe Blick ſich wieder,
Und ſieht erſtarrt in dem geliebten Sohn
Der Theuern Bild, die aus der Welt entflohn.

Er blickt ihn lang' mit feuchten Augen an;
Dann ſagt er ihm: „Mit kindlichem Verlangen
„Haſt du, als Kind ſchon Geiſtern angehangen,
„Und einſt im Hain, von der gewohnten Bahn,
„Wo du oft wandelteſt, warſt du verſchwunden,
„Und niemals hat ſich eine Spur gefunden.

„Nach dieſem letzten ſchmerzlichen Verluſt,"
Fügt er hinzu, „der niemals ſich verblichen,
„War aus der wunden, neu bewegten Bruſt,
„Zum Leben gänzlich aller Muth entwichen:
„Ich ſtrebte nun, mit redlichem Bemühn,
„Den Sinn vom Irdiſchen ganz abzuziehn.

„Nun war der einzige Zuſammenhang,
„Worin ich noch mit dieſem Leben ſtand,
„Daß ich am Abend täglich einen Gang,
„Verirrte aufzuſuchen, that; ich band
„Durch ein Gelübde mich, war treu, es zu erfüllen,
„Und ſieh! ſo mußte dies zuletzt mein Sehnen ſtillen!"

Heinrich von Breslau ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Friedrich le Bret

ward am 19. November 1732 zu Untertürkheim geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen die Gottesgelahrtheit und ging dann als Hauslehrer nach Venedig, wo er von 1757 bis 1761 verweilte. In ſein Vaterland zurückgekehrt, erhielt er das Amt eines Mittwochpredigers zu Stuttgart und bald darauf eine Profeſſur und die Stelle eines Oberbibliothekars daſelbſt. Er ſtieg nun von Würde zu Würde, ward 1779 Conſiſtorialrath, 1780 Kanzler der Militärakademie und 1783 Prälat zu Herrenalb. Im Jahre 1786 begab er ſich wieder nach Tübingen, wo er am 6. April 1807 als Doctor und erſter Profeſſor der Theologie, Prälat zu Lorch, Kanzler der Univerſität und Probſt der Collegiatkirche ſtarb.

Außer lateiniſchen Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. erſchienen von ihm:

Giannone's Geſchichte des Königreichs Neapel. Riga, 1768—71. 4 Bde.

Geſchichte der Bulle in coena domini. Riga, 1769—70. 4 Thle.

Staatsgeſchichte der Republik Venedig. Riga, 1769—77. 3 Bde.

Geſchichte von Italien. Halle, 1778—87. 10 Bde. gr. 4.

Magazin zum Gebrauch der Staats- und Kirchengeſchichte. Ulm, 1771—88. 10 Thle.

Vorleſungen über die Statiſtik. Stuttgart, 1783—85. 2 Thle. u. ſ. w.

Le Bret's Schriften ſind, vorzüglich die hiſtoriſchen, mit großem Fleiße und gewiſſenhafter Gründlichkeit zuſammengetragen, aber es fehlt ihnen an geiſtiger Belebung und Wärme, ſo wie an Eleganz des Styls, ſo daß man ſich nur mit Mühe durcharbeitet und keinen höhern Genuß von der Beſchäftigung mit denſelben erwarten darf.

Heinrich Gottfried von Bretſchneider.

ein Sohn eines Rittmeiſters von B. zu Gera, ward daſelbſt am 6. März 1739 geboren und erhielt ſeine Jugendbildung in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, nachdem er vorher eine herrnhutiſche Erziehungsanſtalt zu Ebersdorf beſucht und dort eine entſchiedene Abneigung gegen alles Frömmlerthum gefaßt hatte. In ſeinem ſechszehnten Jahre kam er als Kornet zu einem ſächſiſchen Dragonerregimente, nahm mit demſelben 1757 Theil an der Schlacht von Collin und ward zwei Jahre ſpäter zum Offizier ernannt. Er trat nachher in ein preußiſches Freicorps, hatte das Unglück, von den Franzoſen gefangen zu werden, und erfreute ſich erſt ſeiner Freiheit wieder nach dem Schluſſe des ſiebenjährigen Krieges. Durch den Reichshofrath von Moſer empfohlen, erhielt er jetzt das Amt eines Landeshauptmanns von Naſſau-Uſingen zu Idſtein, ging jedoch, da die Verhältniſſe ſich hier ſchlecht geſtalteten, auf das Gerathewohl nach England und dann zu Fuß nach Paris, von wo man ihn mit geheimen Aufträgen des franzöſiſchen Hofes wieder nach Deutſchland ſandte. Er arbeitete nun in Coblenz unter dem Miniſter von Hohenſtein, begab ſich darauf nach Wien und ward hier durch Vermittelung des Freiherrn von Gebler zum Kreishauptmann im temeswarer Banat ernannt. Im Jahre 1778 ward er k. k. Rath und Bibliothekar zu Ofen und ſechs Jahre ſpäter k. k. Gubernialrath und Bibliothekar zu Lemberg.

Die Anfeindungen ſeiner Gegner an beiden eben genannten Orten veranlaßten ihn im Jahr 1809 um ſeinen Abſchied anzuhalten, welcher ihm mit einer Penſion und dem Hofrathsrange gewährt wurde. — Abwechſelnd lebte er jetzt in Wien, Nürnberg, Wiesbaden und Erlangen, hatte das traurige Schickſal, nach der Schlacht von Wagram zu Wien von einem Franzoſen niedergerannt und dadurch auf immer des Gebrauchs ſeines Armes beraubt zu werden, und ſtarb zuletzt, von wiederholten apoplektiſchen Anfällen gänzlich gelähmt, auf dem Gute ſeines Freundes des Grafen Wertz zu Krimitz in Pilſen am 1. November 1810. —

Von ihm erſchienen im Drucke:

Graf Eſau, komiſches Heldengedicht. 1768, ohne Druckort, in 12.
Papilloten. Frankfurt, 1769.
Familiengeſchichte des Junker Ferdinand von Thon. Nürnberg, 1775–76. 2 Thle.
Eine entſetzliche Mordgeſchichte von dem jungen Werther. 1775, o. O.
Fabeln, Romanzen und Sinngedichte. 1781, o. O.
Almanach der Heiligen aufs Jahr 1788. Rom in 12. N. A. Leipz. 1816.
Wallers Leben und Sitten. Köln, 1793.
Die freiwillige Beiſteuer. Vorſpiel. Lemberg, 1793.
Liebe und Wein in Aſien. Oper. Frankf. 1793.
Die Springwurzel oder die böſe Liſel. Oper. Nürnberg, 1810.
Reiſe nach London und Paris, herausgegeben von Göckingk. Berl. 1817.

Ohne eigentliche gelehrte Bildung, aber mit reichem Talent, Scharfſinn, Witz, Laune, Lebenserfahrung und Menſchenkenntniß ausgerüſtet, zeigte ſich v. B. als ein entſchiedener Feind alles Aberglaubens, aller Frömmelei und Lüge und bekämpfte dieſelben mit entſchiedenem Glück auf dem Felde der Satyre. Seine Schriften würden von größerer Bedeutung geblieben ſeyn, wenn nicht die Mehrzahl derſelben nur ein örtliches oder zeitliches Intereſſe hätte. Am ausgezeichnetſten unter ihnen ſind ſeine Papilloten, der Almanach der Heiligen, Ferdinand von Thon, und Wallers Leben. — Er ſtand mit den vorzüglichſten Männern ſeiner Zeit im freundlichem Verhältniß und war ein fleißiger Mitarbeiter am deutſchen Merkur, an der berliner Monatsſchrift, der frankfurter gelehrten Zeitung u. ſ. w. —

Vgl. Meuſel's hiſtoriſche und literäriſche Unterhaltungen. Coburg, 1818, und deſſen vermiſchte Nachrichten u. ſ. w. Erlangen, 1816.

Paris.*)

Mein Geſchäft in Paris war, meine und Herrn Frenfeld's Angelegenheiten in Ordnung zu bringen; das iſt, ich löſete alles ein was verſetzt war, und gab F. Beweiſe meiner Erkenntlichkeit, ohne meine wahren Verhältniſſe ihm zu entdecken.

Ich ſchrieb auch nun an meine Frau, und meldete ihr die glückliche Veränderung unſeres Schickſals, ohne mich in ein Detail darüber einzulaſſen; ich wies ihr Geld an, um eine eigene Wohnung zu beziehen, und ſich aus der Abhängigkeit von ihrer Mutter zu ſetzen. Sie hat eigentlich nie Noth gelitten, denn ihre Mutter ließ ihr und ihren Kindern nichts abgehen. Ich wußte das, und war doch um ſie immer ſehr bekümmert; aber jetzt, da ſich Ausſichten aufklärten, die mich bald in den Stand ſetzen konnten, meine Familie zu mir kommen zu laſſen, da grämte ich mich freilich weniger, fand aber auch nach Prüfung meiner ſelbſt, daß gekränkter Stolz vielen Antheil an meinem Kummer gehabt hatte. Ich mußte eine zeitlang Mißvergnügen zugeben, daß ich mein Weib nicht ernähren konnte. Ehe ich nun von Paris ab- und nach Verſailles, dem Ort meiner Beſtimmung, gehe, will ich, von der Menge der mir vorgekommenen Lebensgeſchichten, und meinen damit verknüpften Beobachtungen, nur drei Beiſpiele anführen; das eine von franzöſiſcher [illegible] und Ehrlichkeit, das zweite von deutſcher Redlichkeit eines franzöſiſchen Bürgers, und das dritte von einem großen Grade Reichsſtädtiſchen Stumpfſinns deutſcher Junker in Frankreich. Ich war mit Frenfeld in einem Kaffeehauſe; wir ſetzten uns in eine Ecke, und ſprachen deutſch mit einander. Ein zierlich aufgeputzter Abbé näherte ſich unſerm Tiſche, und fragte mit vieler Höflichkeit „Was das für eine Sprache ſey, die wir redeten? Ich ſagte ihm — Deutſch: und was bekam ich da für ein Kompliment? Sollte man glauben, daß die Franzoſen auch ſogar den allgemein angebornen National-Stolz ihrer geſchmeidigen, feinen Lebensart aufopfern können? — Allemand? ſagte er „quel accent? quelle langue! le françoise n'est qu'un jargon en comparaison d'elle." —

„Pardon, Mr. l'abbé; la langue françoise est la Reine de toutes les autres langues." — „La Reine? oui! peut-être; mais pour rendre justice à tout le monde: la votre est l'impératrice de toutes les autres langues vivantes et mortes." Bien de bonté, Monsieur l'abbé! — Wenn Sie aber bei dieſem kurzen Dialog nicht ein ſo gar ehrliches Geſicht hätten machen können, daß ich, nolens volens, glauben müßte, Sie ſprächen vom Herzensgrunde: ſo würde ich nicht umhin gekonnt haben, den Werth Ihres artigen Kompliments gehörig zu würdigen.

Einſt trat ich gegen Abend in einem ſchlechten Ueberrocke in ein Haus, vor dem ich eine Tafel geſehen hatte, mit der Unterſchrift: **Baltaſar, Horloger de Madame la Dauphine.** — Ich verlangte eine tombackne Uhr! Er hatte keine tombackne oder ſilberne, und fragte: „Warum ich keine goldene kaufen wollte." Antw.: Weil ich nicht ſo viel Geld habe. Wenn das iſt, mein Herr! ſo iſt es mir lieb, daß Sie zu mir gekommen ſind; denn ich habe hier eine von mir ſelbſt verfertigte gute Uhr, die ein Spieler von Profeſſion bei mir beſtellt hat, für 8 Louisd'or. Er mußte mir 3 Louisd'or vorausbezahlen, und brachte vorgeſtern den Reſt mit 5 Louisd'or; ich konnte aber die Uhr nicht eher als heute verſprechen, weil noch etwas daran zu machen war. Heute früh kam er, und bat mich, ihm die 5 Louisd'or zurück zu geben, weil er in der Nacht alles ſein Geld verſpielt hatte. Er mußte Verzicht thun auf ſeine drei Louis Daraufgabe, und Sie, mein Herr, können nun in ſein Recht treten, und brauchen mir nur 5 Louis dafür zu zahlen." Ich nahm dieſe Geſchichte für einen gewöhnlichen Kunſtgriff, ließ mir aber doch die Uhr zeigen, und fand ſie, ſo weit meine Kenntniß reicht — gut; und wahrlich! ſie war es, denn ich trage ſie noch dieſe Stunde, und ſie hat mir in den dreißig Jahren, in denen ſie mich durch manches Land begleitet hat, ſehr wenig für Reparatur gekoſtet. Ich bezahlte die 5 Louis neuf, und Mr. Baltaſar bat mich, die Uhr den folgenden Tag Mittags abzuholen, weil er noch etwas daran zu richten hatte.

Zum Unglücke für mich, war ich dieſen Mittag beſſer gekleidet, als den Abend vorher. Wie ich alſo eintrat, und meine Uhr verlangte, wurde ich fürs erſte mit finſterem Geſichte empfangen, und als er mir die Uhr gab, nahm er das grüne Uebergehäuſe davon, und ſchob mir die Uhr, auf dem glatten Tiſche mit Unwillen zu. Ich fragte: haben Sie mir das Gehäuſe nicht mit verkauft? — „Nein, mein Herr! und wenn ich gewußt hätte, was ich jetzo weiß, ſo hätten Sie die Uhr unter 8 Louis nicht bekommen. Sie kamen aber geſtern in einem abgetragenen Ueberrocke, und ſtellten ſich arm — und das iſt nicht hübſch, mein Herr!" Alſo, mein lieber Herr Baltaſar, glauben Sie daß alle Leute reich ſind, die einen guten Rock anhaben? „Nein, das glaube ich nicht, ich glaube aber, daß wer einen ſolchen Rock, wie Sie heut haben, bezahlen kann, auch eine ſolche Uhr, wie dieſe, nach ihrem wahren Werthe bezahlen ſollte." Alles das ſagte der alte Mann mit ſoviel Ueberzeugung und Würde, daß man an ſeiner Ehrlichkeit gar nicht zweifeln konnte; und der Erfolg hat es bewährt, denn noch jetzt nach dreißig Jahren wäre mir dieſe Uhr um 8 Louis nicht feil. — Mir ſcheint dieſe Anekdote nicht ſo geringfügig, wie manchem, dem ich ſie erzählt habe. Einen gerechten, uneigennützigen und gutherzigen Mann wie dieſer war, zu treffen, iſt keine gewöhnliche Sache, und was der Menſchheit Ehre macht, ſoll man nicht verbergen.

Auch Beiſpiele unerhörter Albernheit müſſen nicht verhehlt werden. — Ich führte einſt zu Mittage Frenfeld in ein Speiſehaus; da wurden wir nach dem Eſſen, als wir eben fortgehen wollten, im Vorhauſe von einem jungen Menſchen mit vielen Kratzfüßen deutſch angeredet: „Er habe uns aus der Nähe im Speiſezimmer deutſch reden hören, und gleich gemerkt, daß wir gnädige Herrn aus Deutſchland wären." — Gut, und was iſt denn alſo ihr Begehr? — „Ihro Gnaden, ich bin ein Chirurgus: hier iſt mein Lehrbrief: und ſehen Sie nur, ich bin mit zwei jungen gnädigen Herren H** aus N** von ihren Aeltern hieher auf Reiſen geſchickt worden: aber nicht als Bedienter, auch nicht als Kammerdiener — ſondern, als etwas mehr. Denn — belieben Sie nur zu leſen; ich habe eine ſchriftliche Inſtruction von dem Excellenz, gnädigen Herrn Vater meiner jungen Herren, unterſchrieben; worin mir die Macht gegeben wird, ſie auch allenfalls, wenn ich es für gut befinden würde, erweitern zu laſſen." — Ich las die Inſtruction, und fand zu meinem Erſtaunen alles wörtlich wahr. „Wo ſind denn Seine gnädige Herren?" Sie wohnen hier im Hauſe im zweiten Stocke; wir ſind ſchon länger als einen Monat hier; ſie gehen aber nicht aus, weil ſie die Sprache nicht verſtehen, wollen ſie Ihre Gnaden beſuchen, ſo will ich Sie hinaufführen. — Das alles kam mir ſo abentheuerlich vor, daß ich mit F. hinauf ſtieg, und was fanden wir da! — Zwei junge Burſchen von 20 bis 24 Jahren, in beſchmutzten Schlafröcken, aus großen meerſchaumenen Pfeifen Taback rauchend, in einem übel aufgeräumten Zimmer, an einem Tiſche, worauf die Reſte von der Mittagsmahlzeit — die, wie ſie ſelbſt ſagten, für den Abend aufgehoben würden — zuſammengeſchoben waren: um Platz zum Mariagen-Spiel zu gewinnen, womit ſich die jungen Herren unterhielten. Eine Frage gab die andere. — „Alſo, meine Herren! ſind Sie ſchon vier Wochen in Paris?" Antw.: Ja. „Was haben Sie ſchon alles geſehen, was haben Sie für Bekanntſchaften gemacht? An wen ſind Sie adreſſirt?" — „An unſern Banquier; wir waren ein Mal zu Mittage bei ihm eingeladen, ſeine Frau iſt aber zu ſtolz; wir gehen nicht wieder hin; außerdem ſind wir noch gar nicht ausgegangen: denn wir können nicht mit den Leuten reden, und müſſen erſt die Sprache lernen. Deßwegen haben uns unſere Aeltern nach Paris geſchickt, und wir haben einen Sprachmeiſter, der uns verſichert, daß wir bald recht gut würden ſprechen lernen; er giebt uns alle Tage zwei Mal Lection." Aber wenn Sie auch die Sprache nicht verſtehen, ſo ſollten Sie doch bei dem ſchönen Wetter die öffentlichen Spaziergänge der Stadt beſuchen, um Menſchen zu ſehen und friſche Luft zu ſchöpfen. — Ach, Spaziergänge! — ja die haben wir in K** ſo gut, und ſo ſchön als hier. — Sind Sie da geweſen? da iſt eine Wieſe, wo man recht charmant ſpazieren gehen kann, und die Dörfer um die Stadt herum, wo ſo gutes Bier gebraut wird. — Warum ſind Sie nicht lieber zu Hauſe geblieben? Sie hätten wahrlich geſcheuter gethan. „Ja! unſere gnädigen [illegible] haben nicht anders gewollt; da fragen Sie nur den Johann: was das für Leute ſind, und aus welcher Familie wir abſtammen." — Bei ſo bewandten Umſtänden wünſche ich Ihnen guten Fortgang im Franzöſiſchen, damit Sie nach ein paar Jahren die Parthie faſt können lernen; denn auf die Art, wie Sie zu Werke gehen, werden Sie wohl noch einige Zeit brauchen, bis Sie unter Menſchen ſich können ſehen laſſen. „O nein, es iſt uns alles vorgeſchrieben; wir dürfen hier nur noch einen Monat bleiben, und in dieſer Zeit ſollen wir auch auf ein paar Tage nach Verſailles gehen." — Nun da werden Sie mich vielleicht finden; denn ich gehe auch dahin, um mich da einige Zeit aufzuhalten. „Aber wo können wir Sie antreffen?" Wiſſen Sie was, meine Herren! nehmen Sie noch einen Sprachmeiſter an, damit Sie deſto geſchwinder mit der Sprache fertig werden, und dazu empfehle ich Ihnen gegenwärtigen Herrn Freyfeld, der auch mein Sprachmeiſter iſt. Er wird Ihnen ſagen, wo ich in Verſailles wohne, denn ich weiß es jetzt ſelbſt noch nicht. — „Nein! zwei Sprachmeiſter dürfen wir nicht halten: aber wir wollen den andern abdanken, und dieſen annehmen; nicht wahr, Johann?" Der gab ſeinen Willen dazu, und die Herren kamen richtig nach einiger Zeit nach Verſailles mit Herrn F., und machten da Bockſprünge, die dem Leſer nicht verhehlt werden ſollen.

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*) Aus: Reiſe nach London und Paris. 1817.

Herr Meier, der Gaſtwirth in der Rue des vieux Augustins, hatte inzwiſchen wegen meines langen Aufenthaltes in Compiegne eine halbe Wohnung von mir gefodert, die ich nun räumte, als ich nach Verſailles ging. Er verſah mich mit einem Schreiben an ſeinen Landsmann Schnetz, der Schweizer an der königlichen Kapelle in Verſailles war und ein Gaſthaus hielt, darinnen auch Zimmer vermiethete.

Verſailles.

An welchem Tage des Septembers ich von Paris nach Verſailles fuhr, das kann ich nicht ſagen. Das Tagebuch in meiner Schreibtafel geht nur bis Compiegne, und ich würde mich auch ſeither nicht ſo gewiſſenhaft an die Anzeige der Tage gebunden haben: wenn mir nicht ſelbſt die Rückerinnerung jedes Tages, nach Maßgabe ſeiner eigenen Plage, intereſſant oder erbaulich geweſen wäre. — In Verſailles ging ich wieder an meine Arbeit, in welcher ich nun durch längere Uebung viel Fertigkeit erlangt hatte; wozu ich ſonſt drei Tage gebraucht hatte, das vollendete ich jetzt in einem, und bekam daher Zeit und Muße genug, Verſailles kennen zu lernen, alles Sehenswürdige zu beſehen, und der Etikette ihren Zoll zu entrichten. Denn da ich nun mit den Papieren, ſo wie ſie ankamen, geſchwinder fertig wurde, und nur ſelten eigne teutſche Aufſätze zu verfertigen hatte: ſo blieb mir Zeit genug, mich auf ausdrücklichen Antrieb des Mr. G., täglich in dem Vorgemache des Duc d'Aiguillon zu gehöriger Zeit ſehen zu laſſen, und mich auch bei andern Gelegenheiten unter die Hofleute zu miſchen, ſo, daß ich endlich mit Verſailles ſo bekannt wurde, als ob ich da zu Hauſe wäre.

Weil man mich täglich in der Antichambre des Miniſters ſah, und er ſelbſt mir oft im Vorübergehen einige Worte ſagte, mich auch wohl bisweilen hinein zu ſich rufen ließ: ſo bekam ich gar bald ein gewiſſes Anſehen von Wichtigkeit, ſowohl bei Fremden, die in Geſchäften oder Cour zu machen da ſtanden, als bei den Leuten des Herzogs, die mich ſo, wie einen der ins Haus gehört, behandelten; aber keiner wagte es je, mich um meinen Namen, oder meine Verrichtungen zu befragen, oder mit mir weitere Bekanntſchaft als ich ſelbſt wollte, zu machen. Einſt führte mich ein Hausofficier, wie es öfter geſchah, um mir Kaffee zum Frühſtück zu geben; da fand ſich auch ein Hoffräulein der Herzogin ein, die, nach den gewöhnlichen Komplimenten, wiſſen wollte: „Ob ich ſchon lange in Verſailles ſey?" und endlich: „Ob ich ein Engländer ſey, und meinen Namen?" Da nahm der das Wort, der mich herein geführt hatte. „Der Herr iſt weder Engländer noch Franzoſe, und hat keinen Namen; er gehört zu den auswärtigen Geſchäften" — und das Dämchen ſchwieg, und fragte nicht weiter.

Es traf ſich oft, daß ich geholt wurde, um dem Miniſter, in Beiſeyn des M. G., eine oder die andere Stelle zu entziffern, oder aufzuklären; oft wurde ich auch noch an einen dritten Ort geführt, um Sicherheit über einen oder den andern Ausdruck zu geben: denn mein Uebertrag aus den Ziffern wurde nicht alle Mal durchaus wörtlich ins Franzöſiſche überſetzt, ſondern oft nur [illegible], oft auch nur von Mr. G. mündlich vom Blatte überſetzt, wobei ich zugegen ſeyn mußte.

Den König Ludwig XV. ſah ich täglich, habe ihn oft ſprechen hören, und dem Aeußerlichen nach, keineswegs als den entnervten Schlemmer, wie man ihn beſchreibt, gefunden; ſondern als einen ſchönen ſtattlichen Mann, der, wenn er z. B. des Sonntags über die große Spiegelgallerie in die Meſſe ging, durch eine Menge Menſchen, welche da verſammelt war, den König zu ſehen, ſo friſch und munter dahin ſchritt, daß man ihn für weit jünger halten mußte, als er wirklich war. Ich beſah oft ſein und ſeines Vorfahren, Ludwig XIV., Wohnzimmer, wenn der König in der Kirche war, auch war ich faſt täglich in den königlichen Vorzimmern; denn ich hatte da einen Freund, den alten Leib-Schweizer des Königs, welcher immer unabgelöſt die Perſon des Königs bewachen, und des Nachts ſeine Betle quer vor der Thür des königlichen Schlafzimmers aufſchlagen, und da ſchlafen mußte. Dieſer ehrliche alte Mann verſchaffte mir überall Zutritt. Er war ein ächter Schweizer, moraliſch und gerade. Zwanzig Jahre hatte er ſchon ſein Amt verwaltet, und ſeine ganze Zeit meiſtens in dem Vorzimmer des Königs unter Ducs und Pairs, Biſchöfen und Kardinälen, zugebracht, und doch ſprach er nur ſehr gebrochen franzöſiſch. Er zeigte mir das kleine Kabinet vor der Thür des Schlafzimmers, wo ſein Bett am Tage einen Schrank vorſtellte, den er Abends herunter zog, daß er zum Bett wurde, und die Thür zum Könige verſperrte. —

Die damalige Dauphine, nachmalige unglückliche Königin, konnte ich alle Tage ſpeiſen ſehen, wo ſie auf dem [illegible] nur eine [illegible] mit [illegible] ſah, aber nicht mit eſſen durfte. —

Des Sonntags ſpeiſete der König mit ſeiner ganzen Familie, wobei ich mich auch allemal einfand, um in einer kleinen Entfernung die Perſonen alle, und die ſeltſamen Tafel-Ceremonien zu betrachten. Dienſtag Abends war im Winter 1772 gewöhnlich Ball bei der Madame Dauphine, wozu nur ſolche Zuſchauer gelaſſen wurden, welche Billets hatten; mir wurde es nicht ſchwer, ſo oft ich es verlangte, eins zu bekommen.

Auch an den Spielen der bekannten Madame du Barri konnte ich mich faſt täglich drängen; ich ſah ſie oft; und ſpäter wurde ich ihr vorgeſtellt, weil ich, wie man denken wird, in einem Geſchäfte für ſie gebraucht wurde.

Zu allen dieſen außerordentlichen Begünſtigungen waren mir meiſtens die Schweizer behülflich, mit welchen allen ich durch meinen Landsmann Schnetz, den Kapellen-Schweizer, an den mich Meier in Paris empfohlen hatte, genau bekannt wurde; ich hatte bei dieſem Kapellen-Schweizer Koſt und Quartier.

Das Wort Kapelle hat hier nicht die Bedeutung der Muſik des Königs, ſondern der eigentlichen erſten Bedeutung des Wortes: nämlich der kleinen Kirche im Schloſſe zu Verſailles, worin der König täglich Meſſe zu hören pflegt. Dieſe Kapellen-Schweizer hatten nichts anders zu thun, als gegenwärtig zu ſeyn, ſo lange die Meſſe dauerte, auf die Orhaltung der äuſſerlichen Ordnung und Stille zu ſehen, und auſſer dieſer Zeit die leere Kapelle zu bewachen. Sie waren nicht Militärs, und hatten keine andere Waffen, als einen Degen, oder vielleicht auch Hellebarden, wenn ſie im Dienſte waren, welches ich mir nicht mehr zu erinnern weiß. Daß ihrer aber wenigſtens zwölf waren, erſah ich bei einem Auftritte, den ich erzählen will, weil etwas Charakteriſtiſches der Nation dabei vorkommt. Es waren goldene Quaſten von dem Prunktuche aus des Königs Betſtuhle geſtohlen worden; und wo mir recht iſt, war es der **Duc de Noailles**, oder ein anderer Herzog, unter dem dieſe Schweizer ſtanden, der ſie ſämmtlich in dem großen Schweizerſaale des Schloſſes verſammeln, und ihnen durch einen Dollmetſcher dieſen Raub kund machen, und erklären ließ, daß einer aus ihrer Mitte der Thäter ſeyn müſſe. Ich ſtand an dem großen Camine dieſes Saals; die Kapellen-Schweizer formirten eine Linie, davon mich der linke Flügel berührte; und da mich Niemand weggehen hieß, ſo hörte ich, gleich nachdem der Duc ausgeredet hatte, daß die mir nahen Schweizer, die von ihm entfernt ſtanden, unter einander auf deutſch fragten: **Was iſch g'ſtohle worden!** — Goldene Quaſten — und nun war ein allgemeiner Unwille — wie man nur einen Schweizer in Verdacht haben könne, Geld oder Silber geſtohlen zu haben! Es entſtand ein lautes Gemurmel von Klagen über eine ſolche Beſchuldigung; die Linie warf ſich in einen Haufen zuſammen; ein wohlgewachſener junger Mann trat vor den Herzog, und ſagte ihm das auf deutſch, ohne alle Wahl in ſeinen Ausdrücken, alles was beleidigte Ehrlichkeit bei einer ſolchen Gelegenheit ſagen kann; und ſchloß damit, daß ein Schweizer nie Gold und Silber ſtehlen werde. „Ja! wenns **Wien** (Wein) wäre — meinte er — da könnte eine ſolche Unterſuchung wohl noch Statt finden; aber über etwas anders ſchlechterdings nicht." Der alte Leib-Schweizer des Königs, deſſen ich ſchon gedacht habe, zeigte ſich auch darin als einen Schweizer, daß er in ſeinem kleinen Behältniſſe, wo ſein Bett war, einen kleinen Vorrath von Wein und vaterländiſchem Käſe nie ausgehen ließ, und ſeine Freunde **sub Rosa** damit traktirte. Ein kleines Beiſpiel von der Naivetät dieſes alten Schweizer-Patriarchen, verdient hier Platz. Ich ſtand an einem Sonntage, nebſt vielen andern Menſchen, auf der großen Spiegelgallerie, über die der König in die Meſſe zu gehen pflegte. Bei dieſer Gelegenheit wurden ihm gemeiniglich, durch die Geſandten der Höfe, oft Fremde aus ihren Ländern, und von franzöſiſchen Miniſtern oder Hofbeamten andere Leute vorgeſtellt, die etwas zu ſuchen oder ſich für etwas zu bedanken hatten; welche alle der König, der auf einen jeden ſchon vorbereitet war, mit wenig Worten abfertigte.

An dieſem Sonntage war auch ein Marokaner in ſeiner Landestracht, nebſt einem Dollmetſcher, auf dieſer Gallerie, um dem Könige eine Bittſchrift wegen eines ihm von den Franzoſen weggenommenen Schiffes zu überreichen. Dem trägen Orientalen war es nicht möglich, ſich ſo lange auf den Beinen zu erhalten, bis der König kam: er ließ ſich einen Teppich auf den Fußboden breiten, und ſetzte ſich darauf in der gewöhnlichen Poſitur; äußerte auch, nachdem er ſaß, Verlangen nach einer Pfeife Taback, welches ihm aber nicht verſtattet wurde. Wie der halbſchwarze Patron nun da auf der Erde ſaß, und von einem zahlreichen Zirkel neugieriger Franzmänner und Ausländer begafft wurde, da kam der alte Leib-Schweizer, von dem die Rede iſt, auf mich zu, und machte meiner Statur das Kompliment, „daß er mich doch immer hübſch über alle die Wälſchen wegſchauen ſehe." Darauf wies er mit Fingern auf den Marokaner, äußerte einiges Mißfallen, daß er ſich niedergeſetzt hatte und ſagte zu mir ganz ehrlich: „**Er iſch nich von hier**" (nähmlich der Marokaner). Ich mußte freilich über dieſen kurzen Unterricht innerlich lachen; fragte aber doch den Alten: ob er glaube, daß ich den Mann mit ſeinem Turban für einen Pariſer halte?

„Na, — na, antwortete er: Wenn der Herr erſt eine Mummerei hier zu Lande ſehen wird, da wird er wohl noch närriſchere Kleider ſehen — und ſind doch nur Franzoſen."

Nach **Verſailles** kamen nun auch die zwei deutſchen Herren, die inzwiſchen unter Anweiſung Herrn **Freyfeld's** den halben **Peplier** auswendig gelernt hatten. Er war mit ihnen gekommen, hatte gleich nach ſeiner Ankunft für alle drei ein Quartier beſorgt, wo ſie ſich, man wird hören, wie? umgeſtellet hatten; und dann waren ſie alle drei ausgegangen, um einen Beſuch zu machen. Weil es aber gerade Dienſtag war, und ich als Zuſchauer auf den Ball der **Madame Dauphine** gegangen war, ſo verkündete ihnen Herr **Schenck**, mein Hauswirth, daß ich erſt ſpät nach Hauſe kommen würde. **Freyfeld** machte den Junkern den Vorſchlag, in die Komödie zu gehen, ſie wollten aber ihr Geld nicht umſonſt ausgeben, weil ſie doch nichts davon verſtänden. F. ging alſo allein.

Sich ſelbſt und ihrem Johann überlaſſen, faßten ſie nun den kühnen Entſchluß, auch auf den Ball der Dauphine zu gehen, und zwar aufgeputzt, wie folgt. Der älteſte hatte einen ſchwarzen Rock von grobem Tuch an, woran man mitunter röthlich gewordene Faden erblickte, bis auf den halben Rücken mit einem derben Kleiſter von Puder und Pomade überzogen; aber außerdem ſeine wollene ſchwarze Strümpfe; und gelbe tombackne Schuhſchnallen. Der jüngere, ein leberfarbenes auch grobes Tuchkleid; Rock, Weſte und Beinkleider einerlei, welches noch leidlich ſauber war; weiße metallene Knöpfe, auch ſchwarze wollene Strümpfe und tombackne Schnallen. Beide ſchon in **Verſailles** elegant friſirt, ſtark gepudert, Haarbeutel, wie ſie in jenem Jahrzehent in der Reichſtadt R** Mode waren, und grobe Wäſche. In dieſem Aufzuge gehen ſie gerade, **Chapeau bas**, nach dem Schloſſe, treffen zum Unglück auf dem Hofe einen deutſchen Schweizer, der ſo dienſtfertig iſt, ihnen auf ihr Anſuchen die Zimmer zu zeigen wo der Ball war.

Ich ſtand in meinem Winkel um dem Tanze zuzuſehen, und ließ mir nichts von dem träumen, was vor der Thür geſchah, bis mir ein bekannter Schweizer winkte. Als ich an die Thür kam, hörte ich deutſche Stimmen von außen herein tönen, und beſonders meinen Namen oft nennen. Man hatte ſie bedeutet, daß ohne Billet hier Niemand herein gelaſſen würde, wogegen ſie viel einzuwenden hatten. Sie machten ſich unnütz, pochten darauf, daß ſie deutſche Herren von Stande wären, welche überall auf freien Zutritt Anſpruch hätten; und daß ihr Adel gewiß ſo alt und rittermäßig ſey, als der des deutſchen Herrn, welcher ſich jetzt in dem Zimmer auf dem Ball befände. Das war nun Niemand anders als ich, den ſie ſehr oft mit Namen nannten. Dieſes unbeſonnene Betragen brachte mich auf: ich ging hinaus, und bat die Schweizer, ohne den lauten Klagen dieſer ſaubern Herren Landsleute Gehör zu geben, „ſie möchten nur ihr Amt thun;" dem zu Folge die jungen Herren nach dem Takte eines engliſchen Kontretanzes, der eben geſpielt wurde, die Treppe hinunter gewalzt, und auf dem feſten Erdboden abgeſetzt wurden.

Doch das war nicht der ſchlimmſte Streich den ſie mir ſpielten. Am andern Morgen ſtellten ſie ſich bei mir zum Frühſtück ein, als ob gar nichts vorgefallen wäre; und da F. mit kam, ſo fanden wir Behagen daran, die Reichsſtädtiſch-rittermäßigen Reichs-Ritter dieſen Morgen und die folgenden Tage zu ihrem Beſten wacker zu tummeln. Indeſſen führte ich ſie doch an alle Orte, wo es nur immer anging, ſolche Figuren ſehen zu laſſen. Sie beſahen mit mir die Gärten, die königlichen Wohnzimmer, die Gemälde-Sammlung, und das neuerbaute **Bureau des affaires étrangères**, worin die Bildniſſe aller damals lebenden europäiſchen Potentaten, von den beſten Meiſtern, zu ſehen waren, und andere Oerter mehr. Sie wollten nun aber auch den König ſehen, und dies wußte ich nicht anders anzuſtellen, als ſie in die Kapelle zu führen; und zwar auf das Chor, wo die Muſik war, gerade dem königlichen Betſtuhle gegenüber, wo man den König recht wohl ausnehmen konnte. Nun dachte ich durch einen genauen Unterricht allen dummen Streichen vorzubeugen, und band ihnen feſt ein, alles mitzumachen, was ſie von andern Leuten ſehen würden: darunter verſtand ich das Aufſtehen beim Evangelio, das Niederknien bei der Wandelung, und was ſonſt während der Meſſe beobachtet wird; aber meine Junker, welche nur Begriffe von lutheriſchen Kirchengebräuchen hatten, glaubten, es würde gemeinſchaftlich geſungen werden, etwa das Lied: Herr Jeſu Chriſt, dich zu uns wend ꝛc. oder dergleichen. Als nun eben, da wir hereintraten, die Sänger der Hofkapelle ein Tutti anſtimmten, fielen die Tölpel, um ja meiner Anweiſung getreu, ſich in nichts von andern Leuten zu unterſcheiden, mit einem erſchrecklichen Gebläke mit in den Geſang, und brachten mich dadurch ſo aus der Faſſung: daß ich, ohne mich umzuſehen, über den langen Gang, der von dem Chor durch die ganze Kirche führte, herauseilte, um nur nicht für einen Mitgeſellen dieſer deutſchen Klötze gehalten zu werden. Aber ſie hatten ſichs zur Regel gemacht, mir nicht von der Seite zu weichen, waren hinter mir hergezogen, und ſtanden da, als ich außerhalb der Kirche mich wieder zu erholen anfing. Was ich nun da in der erſten Hitze ihnen für höflich ſüße Worte mag geſagt haben, deſſen werden ſie ſich vielleicht beſſer erinnern, als ich. Ich überließ ſie von nun an ihrem Schickſale und ihren Thorheiten, von denen mir in **Paris** noch manches erzählt wurde. Ich glaube aber, der Leſer kann ſich mit denen begnügen, die ich ſelbſt geſehen und erzählt habe. Indeſſen iſt nicht zu zweifeln, daß dieſe hochadelige Nachkommenſchaft eines rittermäßigen Mitregenten republikaniſchen Volkes gleich nach ihrer Zurückkunft die Fußtapfen ihrer Vorfahren betreten, und nun ſchon beinahe dreißig Jahre die ſchwere Laſt der Regierung mit Beifall getragen, vielleicht auch nun ſchon ihre Nachkommen mit irgend einem [illegible] **cum Facultate incarcerandi**, auf Reiſen geſchickt haben. —

Karl Gottlieb Bretſchneider,

einer der vorzüglichſten rationaliſtiſchen Theologen Deutſchlands, voll tiefen Wiſſens und gründlicher Klarheit, iſt am 11. Februar 1776 zu Gersdorf im ſächſiſchen Erzgebirge, wo ſein Vater als Pfarrer lebte, geboren. Er ward von demſelben unterrichtet, hatte aber das Unglück, ihn ſchon in ſeinem zwölften Jahre zu verlieren, kam nun zu ſeinem Oheim nach Hohenſtein und beſuchte die dortige Stadtſchule. Später auf dem Gymnaſium zu Chemnitz für die Univerſität vorbereitet, ging er im Jahre 1794 nach Leipzig, wo er Theologie ſtudirte. Im Jahre 1804 ward er Adjunct der philoſophiſchen Facultät in Wittenberg und beſchloß, ſich der akademiſchen Laufbahn zu widmen; doch hinderte ihn die durch den Krieg herbeigeführte Auflöſung der dortigen Univerſität daran. Demzufolge ging er durch Reinhard empfohlen 1807 als Oberpfarrer nach Schneeberg und bereits im folgenden Jahre als Superintendent nach Annaberg. Im Jahre 1816 folgte er einem Rufe nach Gotha, wo er als Dr. d. Theol. und Phil., herzoglicher Oberconſiſtorialrath und Generalſuperintendent ſich eines ſchönen und ſeiner würdigen Berufes erfreut.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Aphorismen über die Union der beiden evang. Kirchen in Deutſchland. Gotha, 1819.

Apologie der neueren Theologie des evang. Deutſchlands. Halle, 1826.

Die hiſtoriſch dogmatiſche Auslegung des N. Teſtaments u. ſ. w. Leipz. 1806.

Syſtematiſche Darſtellung der Dogmatik und Moral der apokryphiſchen Schriften des A. Teſtaments. 1. Bd. Leipz. 1805.

Erläuterungen zu J. L. Förſters Lehrbuch der chriſtl. Religion. Leipz. 1831.

Ueber die Grundprincipien der evangel. Theologie. Altenburg, 1832.

Handbuch der Dogmatik. Leipz. 1814. 2 Bde. 3 A. Leipz. 1826. Mit einem Anhange.

Heinrich und Antonio, oder die Proſelyten. Gotha, 1826. 4. A. 1831.

Die beſonderen Hinderniſſe, welche in unſeren Tagen der nützlichen Verwaltung des evangel. Predigtamtes entgegenſtehen. Erfurt und Gotha, 1817.

Der vierjährige Krieg der Verbündeten mit Nap. Bonaparte. Annaberg, 1816.

Lehrbuch der Religion und Geſchichte der chriſtl. Kirche. Gotha, 1824. 2. A. 1827.

Luther an unſere Zeit u. ſ. w. Erfurt, 1817.

Predigten an Sonn- und Feſttagen. 1. Bd. Leipz. 1823. 2. Bd. 1824.

Sendſchreiben an einen Staatsmann über die Frage: Ob evangeliſche Regierungen gegen den Rationalismus einzuſchreiten haben. I. und II. Leipzig, 1830.

Der Simonismus und das Chriſtenthum. Leipz. 1832.

Ueber die Unkirchlichkeit dieſer Zeit im proteſtant. Deutſchland. Gotha, 1821.

Votum über eine neuerlich geforderte repräſentative Verfaſſung der evangel. Kirche. Leipz. 1832.

Die Theologie und die Revolution. Leipz. 1835.

Einzelne Predigten, Abhandlungen, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. vorzüglich in neueſter Zeit in der Allgemeinen Kirchenzeitung (Darmſtadt, Leske), deren Redacteur B. ſeit Zimmermann's Tode iſt.

B. hat in vielfacher Hinſicht höchſt ſegensreich für Deutſchland gewirkt, da er alle Intereſſen des Glaubens und der Kirche in ihren Verhältniſſen zu einander wie zu der Außenwelt aufzufaſſen, zu würdigen und von einem richtigen Standpunkte aus zu beleuchten und darzuſtellen weiß. Als gelehrter Theolog zeichnet er ſich durch tiefe und gründliche Forſchungen, als Kanzelredner durch klare und ruhige, aber keineswegs wahrer Begeiſterung und warmer Liebe ermangelnde Beredſamkeit, als hoher Kirchenbeamter durch genaue Kenntniß der Zuſtände des Lebens und der Kirche, in Allem aber durch eine unermüdliche Wirkſamkeit und Thätigkeit, frei von allen Nebenrückſichten nur das allgemeine Beſte bezweckend, aus. Eben ſo ſehr wie durch ſeine gelehrten Werke und ſeine trefflichen Predigten, hat er dem allgemeinen Weſen durch ſeine kleinen Flugſchriften, die nicht wenig zur Belehrung der Menge und Bekämpfung der Feinde des Lichtes beitrugen, genützt.

Iſt das Leben ein Traum?

Predigt, am Neujahrstage 1822 gehalten. *)

Text: Pſalm 126, 1.

„Wenn der Herr die Gefangenen Zions erlöſen wird, ſo werden wir ſein wie die Träumenden."

Der Pſalmiſt ſpricht von der erſehnten Zeit, wo die Gefangenſchaft der Juden in Babylon ſich endigen, und die Weggeführten in's theure Vaterland zurückkehren würden. Dann, ſagte er, wird uns ſein, wie den Träumenden; Alles, was wir litten, wird hinter uns in dunkler Vergeſſenheit liegen, wie ein nichtiger Traum; ſein wird uns, wie denen, die aus einem ſchweren Traume erwachen, und ſich glücklich preiſen, daß er nicht Wahrheit war. Der Pſalmiſt vergleicht einen Theil des Lebens mit einem Traume; man kann aber dieſe Vergleichung auch auf das ganze Leben bis zu unſerm Eingang in das ewige Vaterland ausdehnen, und häufig hören wir in gebundener und ungebundener Rede das Wort: das Leben ſei ein Traum! — Singt doch auch der fromme Sänger mit unverkennbarer Beziehung auf den Ausſpruch des Pſalmiſten:

Wie den Träumenden wird's dann uns ſein!
Mit Jeſu geh'n wir ein
Zu ſeinen Freuden;
Der müden Pilger Leiden
Sind dann nicht mehr! —

Dieſe Vergleichung ſpricht das Herz an; man fühlt, es liege Wahrheit darin, Wahrheit, welche den Schmerz beruhigt und widerſtreitende Gefühle verſöhnt; man fühlt aber auch, ſie ſei ein Bild, das nur eine abgemeſſene Anwendung leide, wenn es nicht trügeriſch und ſchädlich werden ſoll.

Die Wahrheit jener Vergleichung fühlt aber das Herz beſonders am heutigen Tage, wo die Erde ihren Jahreslauf um die Sonne auf's neue beginnt, und uns der fühlbare Schritt der Zeit auf des Lebens Kürze und Vergänglichkeit mächtig hinweiſet. Denn nicht groß iſt die uns zugemeſſene Zahl der Lebensjahre, und der Anfang eines neuen Jahres enthält immer eine ſehr ernſte Aufforderung, den Vorrath von Lebenszeit, der für uns noch übrig ſein dürfte, zu berechnen. Dem Kinde, dem Jünglinge ſcheint dieſer Vorrath freilich unerſchöpflich, und der Weg bis zum 50ſten Jahre dünkt ihm ein ewiger zu ſein. Doch wer des Lebens Mittag erreicht, oder ſchon überſchritten hat, der weiß es wohl, daß der Abend nicht ferner von ihm ſei, als der Morgen, und daß die Zeit mit ſchneller Flucht enteile. Und wer in's Alter eingetreten iſt, den erinnern die langen Schatten, in welche die Bilder der Vergangenheit zurücktreten, an den Abend und den nahen Untergang der Sonne ſeines Lebens. Darum erhebt er den Blick zum Quell des Lichts, auf einen neuen Morgen hoffend; die Vergangenheit aber überläßt er den Schatten der Nacht, welche anfängt, ſie einzuhüllen, und des Lebens Luſt und Schmerz aus der Tafel ſeines Gedächtniſſes zu verwiſchen. Er fühlt, das Leben ſei ein Traum, und er ſehnt ſich nach dem Erwachen an dem Morgenrothe eines ſchönern Lebens.

Iſt denn aber auch das Leben ein Traum!

In gewiſſem Betrachte iſt es ein Traum; in andrer Beziehung iſt es kein Traum. Dem Lebenden aber iſt nichts nöthiger, als daß er das Leben im rechten Lichte erblicke, damit er es recht gebrauche.

Das Leben iſt ein Traum! — Es iſt es, in wiefern die Bilder des Lebens, die in unſer Bewußtſein treten, oft

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*) Aus: Dr. K. G. Bretſchneider's Predigten. Bd. 1. Leipzig, 1823.

eben ſo täuſchend und nichtig ſind, als die Bilder des Traums. Der Traum läßt uns oft Dinge ſehen, die gar nicht wirklich ſind, und verſetzt uns in Lagen, in denen wir niemals waren, in welche wir auch nicht kommen werden; und in dieſer Rückſicht iſt oft das Leben dem Traume gleich. Denn wer vermöchte ſie alle zu zählen, die Täuſchungen, in die wir wachend verfallen? Bald ſpiegelt uns die Furcht Schreckniſſe vor, die nur in unſrer Einbildung vorhanden ſind, aber doch die Seele mit Gram und Grauen erfüllen; bald läßt uns die Begierde Güter und Freuden erblicken, die Täuſchungen ſind, aber doch unſer Gemüth in heftige Bewegung ſetzen, und uns mit Erwartungen von Glück und Ruhe locken, die, wenn wir ihnen näher kommen, in Nichts verſchwinden. So wie ſich daher die Seele oft in Träumen mit vergeblichen Aengſten quält, aber auch mit Freuden ſpeiſet, die nichts ſind, als Gaukelbilder der Einbildungskraft: ſo zittert das Herz auch oft im Leben vor bloßen Schatten ohne Wirklichkeit, jagt aber auch oft nach Gütern, die eben ſo wenig vorhanden ſind. So wie aber das dunkle Bewußtſein im Traume des Lebens Gegenſtände oft in falſchem Lichte auffaßt, das Vergangene darſtellt als gegenwärtig, das Zukünftige im Voraus als ein Wirkliches nimmt, und der Gegenwart nicht ſelten vergißt: ſo auch das wachende Bewußtſein im Leben. Das Glück, das wir in Händen haben, o wie oft wird es verkannt in ſeiner wohlthätigen Natur, und einem Scheingut aufgeopfert, das uns, dem Nebel gleich, entweicht, wenn wir es faſſen wollen! — Wie oft iſt unſer Herz troſtlos, wenn uns die höhere Weisheit Gottes nimmt, was ſie uns nicht länger laſſen kann! Wie oft fliehen wir unſer Glück, im Wahne, als ſei es Quelle des Unheils. Wie oft aber begrüßen wir das Böſe und Verhängnißvolle mit lautem Jubel, als der Freuden Quell! Wie oft ſind alle Erwartungen von der Zukunft nichts, als ein nichtiger Traum, den die Wirklichkeit zerſtreut! — Und der Schwärmer, iſt er nicht ein wachender Träumer? Träumt er ſich nicht eine Welt, wie ſie nicht iſt, und nicht ſein kann? — Das Leben iſt ein Traum, denn täuſchend und nichtig ſind oft des Lebens Bilder wie die des Traumes.

Das Leben iſt ein Traum! Denn ſeine Bilder verwiſchen ſich oft eben ſo leicht aus dem Gedächtniſſe wie die Bilder des Traumes. — Nur mit Mühe erinnern wir uns beim Erwachen des nächtlichen Traumes, der uns ſchreckte oder erfreute, und nach kurzer Zeit entſchwindet er gänzlich unſerm Gedächtniſſe. Nur einzelne Bilder und Scenen, welche der Traum vor unſre Seele führte, bleiben treuer im Gedächtniſſe, weil ſie entweder beſondere Lebendigkeit hatten, oder durch ihre Bedeutung für das Leben uns merkwürdig blieben, oder eine tiefe Bewegung des Gemüths auch nach dem Erwachen zurückließen. — Eben ſo die Bilder des Lebens. Gegenwart und Zukunft beſchäftigen uns gewöhnlich ſo ſehr, daß ſich die Bilder der Vergangenheit immer mehr und mehr verdunkeln, und ein großer Theil von ihnen uns gänzlich aus der Erinnerung ſchwindet. Die Vergangenheit wird endlich dem dunkeln Traume gleich, deſſen Bilder wir nur mit Mühe in der Seele wieder auffriſchen können. So wie die Zeit die Farben in einem Gemälde bleicht; ſo verwiſcht auch die Zeit die lebendige Farbe der Bilder früher genoſſener Freuden und Leiden, und es ſind auch nur einzelne Auftritte unſers Lebens, die das Gedächtniß treuer feſthält, und welche auch in ſpätern Jahren lebendig vor unſre Seele treten. Iſt dieſes aber ſchon, während wir noch leben, der Fall: wie vielmehr wird es geſchehen, wenn wir das Leben ganz verlaſſen haben, und die Gegenwart einer neuen Welt mit ihren Zaubern und Wundern unſer Bewußtſein erfüllt! Wird dann nicht das kurze irdiſche Leben wie ein dunkler Traum hinter uns liegen? —

Das Leben iſt ein Traum! Denn ſein Wohl und ſein Wehe gehen eben ſo ſchnell vorüber, als die Freuden und Leiden des Traumes. — In Nichts zerrinnt beim erſten Strahl des Morgenrothes des Traumes ganze Bedeutung, er mochte nun entweder die Seele mit Sorgen, Angſt und Schrecken belaſten, oder ſie auf den Flügeln der Freude und Luſt über die Wirklichkeit erheben. Setzte dich auch der nächtliche Traum auf einen Fürſtenthron, gab er dir der Erde reichſte Schätze, übertraf er deine kühnſten Hoffnungen, machte er dich zum glücklichſten Sterblichen; oder peinigte er dich mit Kerker und Banden, machte er dich zum unglückſeligen Sclaven brutaler Gewalt, raubte er dir das Liebſte und Theuerſte, verſenkte er dich in die tiefſte Trauer: — es iſt Alles nichtig! mit dem Erwachen zerrinnt Freude und Angſt in Nichts!

Des Lebens Bilder dauern zwar länger, als die Bilder des Traumes; aber die lebendigen Gefühle, die ſie in dem Augenblicke aufregen, wo ſie ſich uns darſtellen, ſinken ſchon hier im Laufe der Zeit oft in Nichts zurück. Der härteſte Verluſt, der uns, wenn er uns trifft, ganz nieder ſchmettert, und mit dem wir alles Lebensglück für immer verloren zu haben glauben, — nach Jahren denken wir mit Ruhe an ihn; endlich tritt er noch kaum in unſre Erinnerung; er wird auch wie ein Traum vergeſſen! Der bitterſte Haß, der unſer Herz durchwühlt, wenn wir boshaft gekränkt werden, — er ſcheint im erſten Augenblicke ein Gefühl für die Ewigkeit zu ſein, und ſelbſt im Grabe nicht erlöſchen zu können: aber wenn Monden, Jahre über unſern Häuptern hingerollt ſind, ſo iſt er vergeſſen, ja, wir erinnern uns vielleicht ſpäter ſeiner mit einem Lächeln über unſre Leidenſchaftlichkeit. Wenn dieſes ſchon während des Lebens geſchieht, wie vielmehr wird dies nicht der Fall ſein, wenn wir endlich aus dem ſchwachen Traumleben dieſer Erde erwachen zum vollen Lichtleben der Unſterblichkeit! — Ob du dann im irdiſchen Leben eine Krone trugſt, oder die Sclavenkette; das Scepter führteſt, oder den Spaten; im Glanz des Reichthums lebteſt, oder von den Sorgen der Armuth gequält wurdeſt; ob dir deine Wünſche erfüllt, oder verſagt wurden; ob du in Freude jauchzteſt, oder in Thränen ſeufzteſt: Alles wird, beim Erwachen zum ewigen Leben, ein Nichts ſein, ein nichtiger Traum, deſſen du nicht mehr gedenkſt, der dein Herz nicht mehr bewegt.

Das Leben iſt ein Traum! Denn auch der Menſchen und Völker Geſchicke wechſeln in bunter Verwirrung, wie die Bilder des Traumes.

Wundervoll und regellos wechſeln die Bilder, die der Traum vor unſre Seele ſtellt, ohne daß wir zu ſagen vermögen, warum es gerade dieſe Reihe von Bildern iſt, die er uns zur Beſchauung vorführt, und warum ſie ſich plötzlich in andere, oft entgegengeſetzte, Darſtellungen verwandeln. Denn ſelten verweilt der Traum lange bei Einer Vorſtellung, ſondern immer ſpringt er zu einer andern über. Bald miſcht er uns unter die Bilder des Glücks, durch die er uns ergötzt, Bilder des Schreckens; bald führt er uns plötzlich aus Verlegenheit, Furcht und Gram zu Freude und Glück. Bald läßt er uns großmüthig und edel handeln, bald ſchlecht und pflichtvergeſſen, daß wir uns ſelbſt ſchämen, wie wir ſo tief fallen konnten. Er miſcht Bilder und trennt ſie wieder, verſetzt uns in Verhältniſſe und hebt uns wieder aus ihnen heraus, und wandelt das Schauſpiel, das er uns vorſtellt, ſo wunderſam und launenhaft, daß es uns unmöglich iſt, einen Grund dieſes Wechſels und einen Zuſammenhang in demſelben zu erkennen.

In dieſer Abwechslung und Regelloſigkeit iſt er aber ein entſprechendes Bild des Lebens ſelbſt. Da gehen freudige und traurige Tage in eben ſo bunter Miſchung unter einander; da tritt das Unglück eben ſo unerwartet den Glücklichen an, und läßt ihn des Glückes Unbeſtand empfinden; da reicht aber auch das Glück dem Sorgenvollen und Bedrängten oft eben ſo unerwartet die rettende Hand, und erfüllt ſeine Wünſche. Auch das Leben behält dieſelbe Geſtalt niemals lange, ſondern Freude und Trauer, Lachen und Weinen wechſeln oft und unerwartet, und Ruhe und Gefahr, Friede und Krieg, Leben und Tod tauchen abwechſelnd auf aus dem Strome der Zeit, um den Lebenden ihre willkommene, oder unwillkommene Gabe zu ſpenden. — Leider zeigt ſich dieſer Wechſel auch oft im ſittlichen Leben des Menſchen! Schlechte und gute Handlungen miſchen ſich in ſeinem Leben. Es iſt eine Zeit, wo ein guter Geiſt ihn treibt, und ſeine Thaten, Ruhm verdienen; aber es kommt auch eine andre Zeit, wo ein böſer Geiſt ihn ergreift, wo er fällt, — oft tiefer fällt, als er ſelbſt für möglich gehalten hätte.

So im Leben der Einzelnen; ſo auch in dem Gange der allgemeinen Schickſale. Nationen ſteigen und ſinken, das Licht wechſelt mit der Finſterniß, das Gute mit dem Böſen, die Herrſchaft des Rechts mit der Gewalt des Unrechts, der Ueberfluß mit Mangel, der Wohlſtand mit Armuth, der Glanz und die Macht mit dem Elende und der Ohnmacht, die Bildung mit der Barbarei, die Weisheit mit der Thorheit, — ſo unerwartet, ſo wunderſam, daß wir betäubt und erſtaunt ſtehen, vergebens den Grund ſolches Wechſels zu erforſchen ſuchen, und das Ganze uns ein Traumbild zu ſein ſcheint. — Und wenn wir uns daran erinnern, meine Brüder, was **wir** erlebt haben, — wie die Länder und Herren gewechſelt, wie Verbindungen ſich geknüpft und gelöſet haben, wie Macht und Sieg von einer Seite zur andern ſchwankte, wie Furcht und Hoffnung die Gemüther bewegte, wie immer unerwartet eine Scene des großen Trauerſpiels die andre verdrängte, und uns durch neue Verwickelungen in Erſtaunen ſetzte; wenn wir die Bilder dieſer ganzen merkwürdigen Vergangenheit von der erſten Erſchütterung des Thrones der Lilien an den Ufern der Seine, bis zu dem unerwarteten Aufflammen eines neuen Wundermeteors in Griechenlands Gefilden, in **Ein** Gemälde zuſammen faſſen: — ſo müſſen wir, betäubt von ſo vielen Veränderungen, geſtehen: es ſei uns, wie den Träumenden! — auch das Leben im Großen ſei ein Traum!

Doch, — wir wollen uns nicht irren! Es iſt ein Bild, — eine Vergleichung, die wohl einige Wahrheit enthält, aber in andrer Rückſicht auch falſch iſt, und uns gefährlich werden könnte, wenn wir ihr im Handeln unbedingt folgen wollten. Der Traum hat weder Bedeutung, noch Wahrheit, noch wirkt er ein auf unſern Zuſtand; das Leben aber hat eine hohe Bedeutung, iſt Wahrheit, und ſteht in enger Verbindung mit der Ewigkeit.

Das Leben iſt kein Traum! Denn obgleich die Einbildungskraft uns oft täuſcht mit nichtigen Bildern des Wahns, ſo iſt doch das Leben Wahrheit, und hat eine ſehr ernſte Bedeutung. — Des Traumes Gebilde ſind alle Wahn und Trug, und zerrinnen von ſelbſt in Nichts. Des Lebens Ereigniſſe aber, und die Gefühle, die ſie wecken, ſind Wahrheit von hoher und ernſter Bedeutung, und ſtehen vor uns mit allem Gewichte und aller Dauer der Wirklichkeit. Der Traum iſt nur ein ſcherzendes Bild des Lebens; das Leben ſelbſt iſt die Wahrheit, von der das Bild genommen iſt, das Weſen unſers Seins, das uns der Schöpfer gab für hohe Zwecke, und deſſen Ende ſich mit der Ewigkeit verbindet. Wohl könnte man es dem Unglücklichen gönnen, daß der Kummer, der, Felſen gleich, ſein Herz belaſtet, der Schmerz, der ihm das Leben zur Hölle macht, nur Wahn und Täuſchung wäre! wohl dem Sünder es wünſchen, daß ſeine Thorheiten oder Verbrechen, daß das Elend, das er ſich und Andern erbaut, nichts wäre, als ein nichtiger Traum! Doch Wahrheit iſt's, was er empfindet, was er vollbringt und ſchafft, es ſei nun Böſes, oder Gutes. Und auch die Täuſchungen ſelbſt, mit denen wir uns ergötzen, oder plagen, ſie ſind doch, ſo lange der Wahn dauert, der Wahrheit gleich. So wie Schmerz und Freude im Traume, obgleich grundloſe, doch wirkliche Empfindungen ſind, und die Bilder der Freude, die uns der Schlaf vorgaukelt, uns entzücken, ſo lange ſie vor der Seele ſtehen, die Bilder des Schreckens aber uns erſchüttern, und die Bilder des Grams uns das geſchloſſene Auge mit Thränen erfüllen: ſo iſt auch Freude und Schmerz im Leben, wenn gleich grundlos an ſich, doch wahr in unſrer Empfindung, und erheitert, oder trübt unſre Lebenstage. — Drum nimm das Leben nicht als einen Scherz, ſondern als ſtrengen Ernſt: Erkenne, was es dir ſein, was du ihm leiſten ſollſt, und ſuche die vom Schöpfer dir vorgeſchriebene Beſtimmung mit treuem Fleiße zu erreichen. Wie auch der Traum dir dein Geſchick beſtimmte, und dein Verhältniß zum Leben wandelte und verkehrte: wenn du erwachſt, biſt du dennoch der Vorige, und die Wirklichkeit tritt wieder ein in ihre Rechte. Doch wie das Leben dein Geſchick beſtimmt, oder wie du ſelbſt dein Verhältniß mit Weisheit, oder Thorheit, geſtaltet und verändert: ſo biſt du wirklich; und in der Beſchaffenheit, in der du von dem Leben ſcheideſt, trittſt du ein in die vergeltende Ewigkeit. — Nimm aber auch des Nächſten Leben nicht als einen Scherz; am wenigſten ſein Glück und ſeine Leiden. Mag auch beides ihm am Ende ſeiner Tage als ein nichtiger Traum erſcheinen, ſo iſt es doch, ſo lange es währet, Wirklichkeit, und begründet für dich Verdienſt, oder Schuld, vor dem Richterſtuhle deines Gewiſſens. Zerſtöre nicht des Glücklichen ſchuldloſen und unſchädlichen Wahn, der ihn beglückt; obgleich ein Wahn, beſeligt er ihn doch, und nur wenn ihn der Weg an Klippen, Ströme oder Abgründe führen könnte, mußt du ihn wecken, und ihm das Bittre der Enttäuſchung nicht erſparen. Quält aber ihn ein Truggebild mit Gram, ſo eile ſogleich, ihn zu verſtändigen und aus der Täuſchung ſchwerem Traum zu wecken. Erweiſet man dieſe Barmherzigkeit doch dem Schlafenden, wenn ſchwere Träume ihn quälen; wie vielmehr dem, der wachend träumt von Kummer und von Unglück! —

Das Leben iſt kein Traum! Denn ob ſich gleich ſeine Bilder, wie die des Traumes, leicht aus dem Gedächtniſſe verwiſchen, ſo tilgt doch keine Zeit die ſittlichen Bilder unſers Lebens aus. — Mag auch von der Vergangenheit noch ſo viel aus unſerm Gedächtniſſe verſchwinden; mögen auch die genoſſenen Freuden, die erduldeten Leiden, ganz in das Dunkel der Vergeſſenheit zurücktreten: für Eines iſt das Gedächtniß dennoch treu, und dieſes iſt das Böſe oder Gute, das wir gethan, die Schuld, oder das Verdienſt, das wir erworben haben. O Mancher wünſchte wohl, aus ſeinem Bewußtſein auszutilgen, was er im Leben gethan hat! — Doch vergebens! Selbſt wenn die Erinnerung daran lange geſchlummert hat, ſo kommt ſie oft ganz unwillkommen, am liebſten am ſpäten Abende des Lebens, und friſcht die Bilder unſers ſittlichen Lebens mit neuen und kräftigen Farben auf. Dieſes thut das Gewiſſen. — Es iſt der Schutzgeiſt des Menſchen, der ihn unabläſſig zum Rechten ermahnt, aber im Geräuſche des vollen Lebens oft nicht gehört wird. Aber wenn wir anfangen, dem Leben abzuſterben; wenn unſre Sehnſucht, unſer Hoffen am Leben nicht mehr hängt, ſondern ſich wendet zu der verborgenen Zukunft der Ewigkeit: da tritt dieſer göttliche Schutzgeiſt uns zur Seite, hält uns den Spiegel unſers Lebens vor, und ſtellt uns die erloſchenen Bilder unſers ſittlichen Lebens zur Freude, oder zum Schrecken, vor das Auge. Darauf darfſt du alſo wohl rechnen, daß die Zeit Freude und Schmerz in deinem Bewußtſein verlöſchen wird; aber damit ſchmeichle dir nicht, daß auch dein ſittliches Verhalten ein Traum ſein werde, ſondern bedenke, daß dein Gewiſſen über dein Leben Buch und Rechnung hält, und dir ſie vorlegen wird zum Schrecken, oder Troſte, wo du es am wenigſten erwarteſt. Und was auch immer aus deinem Gedächtniſſe verſchwinden möchte, das wäre darum doch nicht ſo gut als nicht geſchehen; denn Einer vergißt nie, — der, der aller Menſchen Thaten richten wird nach gerechter Wage; der, vor deſſen Richterſtuhle alles Gute und Böſe offenbar werden ſoll, was wir gethan haben bei Leibes Leben.

Das Leben iſt kein Traum! Denn wenn auch ſein Wohl und Wehe ſchnell vorüber geht, wie ein Traum, ſo bleiben doch die Wirkungen unſers Verhaltens, und tragen ihre Frucht hier und in der Ewigkeit.

Mögen auch alle Güter, Vorzüge und Auszeichnungen mit dem Leben, wie ein Traum, verſchwinden: der Gebrauch, den du von dieſen äußerlichen Vorzügen machteſt, verſchwindet nicht, dein weiſes oder thörichtes, dein gerechtes oder ungerechtes Verhalten dabei bleibt nicht ohne Frucht. Brauchteſt du die Güter und Vorzüge deines Lebens nach dem Gebote der Pflicht und dem Geſetz der Liebe: ſo haſt du eine Saat des Segens ausgeſtreut, die noch lange nach deinem Tode fortwächſet, und wohlthätige Früchte trägt; ſo trittſt du ein in das ewige Leben, geſchmückt mit dem Verdienſte eines tugendhaft verlebten irdiſchen Daſeins, und der gerechte Richter deines Lebens wird dich über Vieles ſetzen, weil du ihm über Weniges getreu geweſen biſt. Mißbrauchteſt du aber dein Glück und deine Vorzüge, haſt du der Pflicht und der Liebe vergeſſen, Unrecht und Gewalt geübt, Elend und Kummer verbreitet: ſo haſt du einen unheilbringenden Saamen ausgeſtreut, der dir, auch wenn dein Leben verſchwunden iſt, nur die Frucht des Fluchs und der Selbſtverachtung tragen wird; ſo trittſt du ein in's ewige Leben, belaſtet mit der Schuld eines ſtrafbaren Verhaltens, und der gerechte Richter deines Lebens wird deine Seele durch herbe Leiden heiligen müſſen, bis ſie lernt, das Böſe verabſcheuen, und dem großen Geſetze des Schöpfers mit Freude gehorchen. — Und trugſt du die Laſt der Sorgen und Mühen, die dir dein Schöpfer auflegte, mit Ergebung und Standhaftigkeit; bliebſt du, ſo niedrig, arm, bedrängt du auch warſt, deine Hände rein von Unrecht: ſo haſt du hier nichts zu bereuen, kein Vorwurf folgt dir in die Ewigkeit, wo die mit Freuden ernten ſollen, die hier mit Thränen ſäeten. Stellteſt du dich aber ungeberdig bei den Leiden, die dein Schöpfer dir auferlegte, trugſt du deine Niedrigkeit und deine Laſten mit Murren; gabſt du dich dem Haße, der Rache, der Leidenſchaft hin; und ſuchteſt du durch Unrecht und Frevel des Schickſals Ungunſt zu entgehen, und das Glück, das dir der Himmel verſagte, gewaltthätig dem Leben abzutrotzen: ſo trägſt du deine Schuld; dein Unrecht bleibt, wenn auch die Leiden ſchwinden, und weil du ſäeteſt auf dein Fleiſch, ſo wirſt du auch von dem Fleiſche das Verderben ernten. Das aber lerne daraus, daß des Lebens Wohl und Wehe, wie ein Traum, verſchwindet, daß du dich deines Glückes nicht ſtolz überhebeſt, in deiner Gewalt den Niedern nicht verachteſt, in deinem Glanze auch den Armen in dürftiger Hülle für deinen Mitbruder erkennſt, und bei dem Streben nach dem irdiſchen Gute und in ſeinem Beſitze immer bedenkſt, daß es ſchwindet, wie ein Traum. Das lerne, daß du die Leiden geduldig trägſt, bei des Glückes Ungunſt nicht verzweifelſt, durch Unrecht und Gewalt dich nicht zu retten ſuchſt, ſondern ruhig harreſt der Stunde der Erlöſung, die dich von deinem Leiden entbinden wird, wie von einem Traume.

Das Leben iſt kein Traum! Denn wenn auch der Menſchen und Völker Geſchicke in bunter Verwirrung wechſeln, wie die Bilder des Traumes: ſo iſt doch in ihnen Zuſammenhang und Ordnung unverkennbar.

So regellos auch das Schickſal der Einzelnen oft zu wechſeln ſcheint, und ſo oft es auch unſre Erwartung täuſcht; ſo offenbar iſt doch dem aufmerkſamen Auge, wie ſich in unſern Schickſalen Urſache und Wirkung die Hände reichen. So viel auch bei der Entwickelung unſers Geſchicks von einer höhern, uns unerreichbaren und unbegreiflichen, Macht abhängt: ſo klar tritt es doch vor jedes Auge, wie Fleiß, Redlichkeit, Treue, Vorſicht, Liebe, und alle in unſrer Gewalt ſtehende ſittliche Eigenſchaften auf unſer eigenes und der Unſrigen Schickſal einwirken, und wie wahr in einem gewiſſen Sinne das Sprüchwort des gemeinen Lebens ſei, daß Jeder ſein Glück in eigenen Händen trage, ſein Schickſal ſich ſelbſt erbaue. Ja, theure Brüder, die Weisheit und Güte Gottes erbauet das Gebäude unſers Glücks nicht allein, ſondern wir ſollen auch die eigene Kraft gebrauchen. Den Riß des Ganzen hat ſie in unſre Seele, das Maaß und Richtſcheit des Baues in unſer Gewiſſen gelegt, die Materialien zum Gebäude rings um uns her zum Gebrauche ausgeſtellt; doch bauen, die eigene Hand anlegen muß der Menſch, damit er auch das Gute ſchaffen lerne, damit er ſeinem Schöpfer ähnlich, und für das Wirken in einer höhern Welt gebildet werde. Doch, — wenn du bauſt nicht nach des Schöpfers dir gegebenem Plane, ſondern nach dem Trugbilde des Glücks, das deine Begierde dir vorſpiegelt; wenn du das Richtſcheit des Gewiſſens von dir wirfſt, und, ohne Rückſicht auf des Wahren, Guten und Schönen heiliges Geſetz, nur Steine auf einander häufſt: ſo wundre dich dann nicht, wenn Alles über einander ſtürzt, wenn dir nichts gelingt, und dein Leben die Regelloſigkeit eines Traumes bekommt. Erkenne aber, daß nicht der Zufall, oder die Laune, nicht ein blindes Geſchick oder eine vernunftloſe Nothwendigkeit, ſondern daß du ſelbſt der Quell der Verwirrungen deines Lebens biſt, und glaube es der Stimme Gottes in dir, dem Gewiſſen, wenn es dir verkündiget, daß Gott des Lebens Thorheit ſtraft in ihren Folgen. Klage daher über Leiden, die du ſelbſt herbei rufſt, nicht die göttliche Vorſehung an, und murre nicht gegen ſie, wenn ſie dir giebt, was du verdienſt; ſondern erkenne deine Thorheit, und werde weiſe, deine Sünde, und werde deinem Gotte gehorſam.

So wie im Einzelnen, ſo iſt es auch bei den Geſchicken der Völker. — So viel auch hier die höhere Macht Gottes nach einer für uns oft unverſtändlichen Weisheit waltet; ſo ſichtbar iſt es doch auch hier, daß Fleiß und Klugheit, Tugenden und Menſchlichkeit, alſo das, was in der Hand der Völker ruht, einen entſcheidenden Einfluß haben auf den Gang ihrer Geſchicke, und daß, wie die Schrift ſagt, Ungerechtigkeit alle Lande verwüſte, Gerechtigkeit aber ein Volk erhebe. — Und wie könnte es auch anders ſein! — Muß nicht das, was vom einzelnen Menſchen gilt, auch von Nationen gelten! Beſteht nicht das Denken und Streben eines ganzen Volks in der Summe des Denkens und Strebens aller Einzelnen? Wird alſo nicht auch hier daſſelbe Geſetz der ſittlichen Verknüpfung zwiſchen Weisheit, Tugend und Wohlfahrt, und dagegen zwiſchen Thorheit, Schlechtigkeit und Elend, ſichtbar ſein! Muß nicht auch das Gebäude der öffentlichen Wohlfahrt zuſammen ſtürzen, wenn die Bauenden nicht nach Weisheit, ſondern nach Leidenſchaft, nicht nach Geſetz und Ordnung, ſondern nach Unrecht und Gewalt, bauen! War uns etwa in den unerwarteten Wechſeln der allgemeinen Schickſale ſeit dreißig Jahren der Zuſammenhang zwiſchen der Beſchaffenheit der Menſchen und den Zeitereigniſſen unergründlich, und nicht auch hier die Hand der Vergeltung, welche Jedem giebt, was er verdient, erkennbar! —

O möchte dieſes die Welt erkennen und beherzigen. Dann würde ſie geneſen von der Blindheit, die ſich den Abgrund ſelbſt aushöhlet, damit er ſie verſchlinge, geneſen von der Verwegenheit, mit welcher ſie dem großen und göttlichen Geſetze der Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit zu trotzen ſucht, geneſen von dem Uebermuthe, mit welchem ſie den Lauf der Geſchicke nach ihrer eigennützigen Klugheit zu leiten wähnt; dagegen aber ſtark werden an Weisheit, Demuth, Gerechtigkeit und Liebe, die es allein ſind, was die Völker, wie den einzelnen Menſchen, wahrhaft und auf die Dauer beglückt.

Darum haben wir kein heißeres Flehen, was wir heute zu deinem Throne gelangen laſſen, Allmächtiger, als das Flehen um die Weisheit, die das wahre Glück des Lebens ohne Trug erkennt; um die Demuth, die es empfindet, daß wir Staub und Aſche ſind, und gegen deine unveränderlich dauernden Geſetze nichts vermögen; um die Gerechtigkeit und Liebe, die, allem Eigennutze fremd, im Gehorſam gegen deine heiligen Gebote, nur nach dem Wahren und Wohlthätigen trachtet. Erfülle mit dieſen göttlichen Gaben alle Beherrſcher der Völker, daß ſie ihren hohen Beruf erkennen und erfüllen, und nach deinem Bilde Väter, Beglücker der Völker ſind, welche du ihrer Herrſchaft untergeben haſt! Erfülle mit denſelben Gaben die Völker, daß ſie in Treue und Gehorſam deine göttliche Ordnung heilig halten, und unbeirrt von gefährlichem Wahne den Weg der Ruhe, des Friedens und der Wohlfahrt zu finden wiſſen. Gieb der Weisheit den Sieg über die Thorheit, der Vernunft über den Aberglauben, der Gerechtigkeit über das Unrecht, der Liebe über den Haß, und laß deinen heiligen Willen geſchehen auf Erden, wie im Himmel! — Dem Leidenden gieb Geduld, dem Bedrängten Standhaftigkeit, dem Unglücklichen Ergebung, dem Glücklichen Demuth, dem Verirrten Erkenntniß, dem Zweifelnden Glauben, dem Sünder Reue, dem Sterbenden Hoffnung. Dem Verlaſſenen erwecke einen Freund, dem Bekümmerten einen Tröſter, dem Bedrängten einen Helfer, der Unſchuld einen Retter! — Und wenn du beſchloſſen haſt, daß dieſes Jahr das letzte unſers Lebens ſein ſoll: o ſo laß uns die Stunde des Todes wohl bereitet finden zum Heimgang, ſo ſei du dem Sterbenden gnädig, wie du durch Jeſum verheißen haſt, ſo laß uns nach des Lebens dunklem Traum am Lichte eines neuen Morgens erwachen zum ſeeligen Bewußtſein des ewigen Lebens! —

Chriſtoph Friedrich Bretzner,

der Sohn eines Hoftapezierers zu Leipzig, ward daſelbſt am 10. December 1748 geboren, erhielt eine gute Bildung, widmete ſich dem Kaufmannsſtande, wurde Theilnehmer eines bedeutenden Handelshauſes und ſtarb in ſeiner Vaterſtadt am 31. Auguſt 1807. Seine Mußeſtunden füllte er mit poetiſchen, vorzüglich dramatiſchen Arbeiten, welche zu ihrer Zeit nicht ohne Beifall blieben.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Die Liebe nach der Mode oder der Eheprokurator. Leipzig, 1781. N. A. 1799.
Der argwöhniſche Liebhaber. Leipzig, 1783. N. A. 1792.
Die Luftbälle. Leipzig, 1784. N. A. 1786.
Complimente und Wind. Leipzig, 1792.
Die Erbſchaft aus Oſtindien. Leipzig, 1796.
Das Räuſchchen. N. A. Leipzig, 1790.
Schauſpiele. Leipzig, 1792 — 1808. 4 Bde.
Operetten. Leipzig, 1779.
Singſpiele. Leipzig, 1796.
Das Leben eines Lüderlichen. Roman. Leipzig, 1787 — 88. 3 Thle. N. A. 1790.

B. war nicht ohne Talent für das Komiſche, aber er arbeitete zu flüchtig und haſchte zu ſehr nach Effect; weßhalb keines ſeiner Luſtſpiele einen dauernden Werth hatte, und ſich unter denſelben nur das Räuſchchen und der argwöhniſche Liebhaber auf der Bühne erhalten haben. Unter ſeinen Opern hatten mehrere das Glück, von bedeutenden Meiſtern componirt zu werden (wie z. B. Belmonte und Conſtanze von Mozart, die Schule der Eiferſüchtigen von Salieri); ſeine Dramen und Tragödien ſind dagegen gänzlich als verfehlte Beſtrebungen zu betrachten. Der von ihm nach hogarthiſchen und Chodowieckyſchen Zeichnungen geſchriebene Roman huldigt dem Geſchmack ſeiner Zeit, iſt aber jetzt faſt ganz vergeſſen.

Hans Jacob Breuning von und zu Buchenbach

ward im Jahre 1552 zu Buchenberg im Würtembergiſchen geboren, machte größere Reiſen durch Frankreich, Italien und England und ſpäter auch durch Griechenland, Aegypten, Arabien und Syrien. Nach ſeiner Heimkehr ward er Oberhofmeiſter des Herzogs Johann Friedrich von Würtemberg. Er ſtarb 1610.

Seine gut ſtyliſirte und für die damalige Zeit viel Neues und Merkwürdiges enthaltende Reiſebeſchreibung erſchien unter dem Titel:

Reyß des Edeln und Veſten H. J. B. v. B., ſo er ſelbander in der Türkey, ſowohl in Europa als Aſia und Africa verrichtet. Straßburg, 1612. Folio.

Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Breyer

ward am 29. September 1771 zu Heutingsheim im Würtembergiſchen geboren und trat, nachdem er ſeine Studien vollendet, im Jahre 1800 als Privatdocent zu Jena auf. Er erhielt 1804 einen Ruf als Profeſſor der Geſchichte zu Landshut und kam 1807 als Mitglied der Akademie nach München, wo er am 28. April 1818 als Doctor der Philoſophie, k. b. Hofrath, Ritter des Civilverdienſtordens, Mitglied der Akademie und Profeſſor der Geſchichte am Lyceum ſtarb.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Ideen über die Erziehung der Fürſtenſöhne. Stuttgart, 1797.
Grundriß der Univerſalgeſchichte. Jena, 1802—4. 2 Thle. N. A. 1809.
Hiſtoriſches Magazin. Jena, 1805. I.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte des dreißigjährigen Krieges. München, 1811.
Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte. Landshut, 1817—1818. 2 Bde.
Mehrere Reden, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Gründliche Forſchung, Scharfblick und eine geiſtreiche und lebendige Darſtellungsweiſe zeichnen Breyer's hiſtoriſche Leiſtungen würdig aus; leider wurde er zu früh der Welt entriſſen, als daß es ihm vergönnt geweſen wäre, einem größeren Werke ſeine Kräfte und Fähigkeiten zu widmen und ſich den erſten Geſchichtſchreibern unſerer Nation, denen gleich zu kommen er eifrig ſtrebte, an die Seite zu ſtellen.

Vgl. Fr. Thierſch, Lobſchrift auf B. München, 1818.

Das Aufblühen der Literatur in Italien während des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts*).

2) Das Syſtem der römiſch-katholiſchen Hierarchie war nun vollendet. Die Bildung des dritten Standes erleichterte die Feſſeln des Feudalſyſtems. Die Kreuzzüge hatten eine wunderſame Regſamkeit in der germaniſchen Welt hervorgebracht. Durch das Ritterthum ward die romantiſch-poetiſche Stimmung des Zeitalters noch vermehrt. Auch ahnete man bereits die Größe und den Verluſt der untergegangenen alten Welt. — Wie alles dieß die Gemüther ſtärkte und bereicherte, ſo weckte und beſchäftigte der Scholaſticismus den Verſtand. Schon begann ein Erwachen zur helleren Anſicht der klaſſiſchen Welt, in welche der Catholicismus die Germanier im ſtillen Laufe der Zeit, ohne daß ſie ſelbſt es wußten, allmälig verſetzt hatte. Nur konnte dieß Erwachen nicht zur Vollendung kommen, theils, weil es nicht möglich war, daß die ruhige Beſonnenheit neben der wilden Kraft Platz gewann, theils weil ſelbſt der reiche Nachlaß, der von der vorgermaniſchen Welt auf unſere Vorfahren vererbt war, ihre freie Selbſtſtändigkeit hemmte. Sollte ein wahrer Fortſchritt in der Cultur geſchehen, ſo konnte er nur von der Poeſie, welche gleichſam der Grundton dieſes ganzen Zeitalters war, erwartet werden.

3) So intereſſant aber auch die Regſamkeit war, welche jetzt unter den Germanen überhaupt herrſchte, ſo ragte doch in eben dieſem Zeitpunkt über alle Länder, welche dieſelben eingenommen hatten, Italien bei weitem hervor. Ehrwürdige Trümmer mannigfacher Art erinnerten hier an die alte Roma. Hier war der Geburtsort der Hierarchie und des Kaiſerthums. Die Politik der Päpſte, die bis zu dem Anfange des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts hier fortwährend ihren Hauptſitz gehabt hatten, mußte für die Bildung Italiens vorzüglich wichtig ſeyn. Mild war ſein Himmel, fruchtbar ſein Boden, ſeine Umgebungen äußerſt glücklich. Hier war es, wo der Geiſt der Freiheit und der Republikanismus zuerſt erwacht war, und jetzt in den mannigfaltigſten Formen ſich entwickelte und darſtellte. Auch blühten hier Handel und Wohlſtand; Italien war recht eigentlich der Mittelpunkt des Reichthums und der Macht des weſtlichen Europa's. Der fröhliche Geſang der Provenzalen ward hier auf mancherlei und ſehr verſchiedenen Wegen bekannt, ward hier geliebt, geſchätzt und nachgeahmt. Auch fing bereits die Sprache Italiens, bereichert und veredelt durch das Romanze der Provenzalen, an, ſich zu bilden; ſchon gegen die Mitte des dreyzehnten Jahrhunderts erhob ſich aus den mannigfaltigen Mundarten des italieniſchen Romanze's eine gemeinſame Sprache der Italiener, eine höhere Volksſprache (Volgare illustre). — In mehr als einer Rückſicht hatte jetzt Italien Aehnlichkeit mit dem glücklichen Küſtenſtriche Vorderaſiens, als dieſer auf Homeros ſtolz ſeyn durfte.

4) In dieſem glücklichen, gleichſam verjüngten Italien trat in dieſen Zeiten der erhabene Dichter **Dante Alighieri** (geb. 1265, geſt. 1321) auf. Wie Homeros einſt das freye, freundliche Leben der früheren helleniſchen Welt in ewigen Geſängen verherrlichte, ſo ſtellte Dante den tiefen, ernſten Geiſt der mit Chriſtus beginnenden, neuen Welt in einer wunderſamen Dichtung (la divina Comedia) dar. „In einem Mittelpunkte drängte ſich die Kraft ſeines erfindſamen Geiſtes zuſammen, in einem ungeheuren Gedicht umfaßte er mit ſtarken Armen ſeine Nation und ſein Zeitalter, die Kirche und das Kaiſerthum, die Weisheit und die Offenbarung, die Natur und das Reich Gottes. Eine Auswahl des Edelſten und des Schändlichſten, was er geſehen, des Größten und des Seltſamſten, was er erſinnen konnte; die offenherzigſte Darſtellung ſeiner ſelbſt und ſeiner Freunde, die herrlichſte Verherrlichung der Geliebten: alles treu und wahrhaftig im Sichtbaren und voll geheimer Bedeutung und Beziehung aufs Unſichtbare*).“ Wie er der Vater der italieniſchen Poeſie, ja der Stifter der modernen Poeſie überhaupt war, ſo begann auch mit ihm und durch ihn der Zeitpunkt der äſthetiſchen Cultur der Sprache und Proſa der Italiener. Mächtig ergriff ſein Geſang den Geiſt ſeiner Nation; in Florenz errichtete man noch im vierzehnten Jahrhundert einen neuen Lehrſtuhl, von welchem herab geiſtvolle Männer den hohen Sinn (polysensum) der göttlichen Comedie erklären ſollten.

5) Zum Theil noch in einer Zeit mit Dante lebte **Francesco Petrarca** (geb. zu Arezzo 1304, geſt. 1374); ein Name, den die Geſchichte mit tiefer Ehrfurcht nennt. Er war gleich groß als Dichter und als Gelehrter, als Wiederherſteller wahrer Poeſie und wahrer Gelehrſamkeit. Dante übertraf ihn zwar an Genie aber Petrarca's Geſchmack war geläuterter. Wie jener den ganzen großen Inhalt der neuern Zeit in ſeiner göttlichen Comödie umfaßte, ſo machte Petrarca das zärteſte Element derſelben, die Liebe, zum Inhalt ſeiner **Sonette** und **Canzonen**. Sein Genius erfand gleichſam die Sprache der Liebe, und gilt nach Jahrhunderten noch bey allen Edlen. Die Verherrlichung ſeiner Laura iſt das ſchönſte Symbol und Denkmal jener allgemeinen, höheren Achtung gegen das weibliche Geſchlecht, wozu der Chriſtianismus und das romantiſche Ritterthum die urſprüngliche Pietät der Germanen gegen die Frauen allmälig veredelt haben. Nächſt den Gefühlen der Liebe war es vornämlich eine innige Sehnſucht nach der untergegangenen alten Welt, was ſeine große Seele beſchäftigte, und deßhalb arbeitete er, wie wir tiefer unten ſehen werden, ſoviel wie möglich für die Wiederherſtellung der alten Roma. — Uebrigens läßt ſich bey Petrarca der hiſtoriſche Zuſammenhang ſeiner Poeſie mit dem Rittergeſang genauer nachweiſen, als bey Dante, obwohl auch dieſer ebenfalls ein Sohn ſeiner Zeiten war.

6) **Giovanni Boccaccio von Certaldo** (geb. 1313, geſt. 1375) vollendete das Triumvirat der großen Wiederherſteller der äſthetiſchen Cultur in Italien. Ihm verdankt vornämlich die Proſa der Italiener ihre Bildung. — Die hundert kleinen Erzählungen oder Novellen, die er unter dem Namen des **Decamerone** kunſtreich und ungezwungen in einer Sammlung verbunden hat, galten vor vielen andern Schriften, die er geſchrieben, vom Anfange an für ein Muſter correcter, toscaniſcher Dixion. Sie ſind aber auch ein unverſiegbarer Quell intereſſanter Geſchichten für die Dichter jeder Nation, ein ſchöner Uebergang von den Mährchen des Ritterthums zum neuern Roman, ein Gemälde und Vorbild des geſelligen Lebens der neuern Welt. In der Canzone zeichnete ſich Boccaccio durch fröhliche Anmuth und gefälligen Scherz aus. Auch verdient es bemerkt zu werden, daß er der Erſte war, der in Florenz die Lehrer-Stelle bekleidete, welche die Regierung daſelbſt zur Erklärung der göttlichen Comödie des Dante geſtiftet hatte. Seine fruchtbare Anſicht von dieſer wunderſamen Dichtung machte ihn dieſes Berufs werth. Er hielt ſie für eine irdiſche Hülle und körperliche Einkleidung der unſichtbaren Dinge und der göttlichen Kräfte, und nannte ſie geradezu eine

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*) Aus: C. W. Friedr. Breyer's Grundriß der Univerſalgeſchichte. Jena, 1804. 2. Theil, S. 179.

*) S. das Schlegelſche Athenäum. 3. B. 1. St. S. 77.

Art von Theologie, die nur allgemein verſtändlicher und lieblicher ſey, als die eigentlich ſo genannte.

7) Nach dem Tode dieſer großen Erfinder dauerte es lange Zeit, bis wieder ein Dichter in Italien auftrat, der ihnen gleichkam. Sie ließen keine Schule, ſondern nur Nachahmer zurück. Deſto mehr aber erweiterte ſich die Sphäre der äſthetiſchen Cultur; durch die Werke jener Triumvirn war in Italien unter Geiſtlichen ſowohl als unter Weltlichen recht eigentlich ein äſthetiſcher Enthuſiasmus geweckt worden. Auch entwickelte ſich bald der Keim eines neuen poetiſchen Gewächſes auf dem Boden dieſes vorgezogenen Landes, und während daſſelbe zur Reife gedieh, beſtrebten ſich die italieniſchen Gelehrten mit dem edelſten Wetteifer, die Werke der alten Römer und Griechen wieder aufzuſuchen und herzuſtellen.

8) Obwohl das Studium der alten Literatur im Laufe des Mittelalters nie völlig aus den Schulen des Occidents verdrängt werden konnte, ſo ward es doch in demſelben bey weitem nicht mit dem Eifer und Erfolg betrieben, womit die Byzantiner die Geiſteswerke ihrer Vorfahren zu erhalten und zu benutzen ſuchten. Als aber im Laufe der Zeit die Empfänglichkeit der Germanier für die claſſiſche Literatur zunahm, entſtand bald auch der Wunſch bey ihnen nach Wiederherſtellung derſelben; und mannigfaltige Umſtände vereinigten ſich, ihr Unternehmen zu begünſtigen.

9) Italien eilte jedoch den übrigen germaniſchen Staaten auch in dieſer Hinſicht voran. Eine innige Sehnſucht nach der untergegangenen alten Welt überhaupt war es vornämlich, was den Eifer für die alte Literatur zuerſt unter ſeinen Einwohnern anfachte und belebte. Schon die ehrenvolle Stelle, welche Dante dem Virgilius in ſeiner göttlichen Comödie anweiſt, iſt ein Zeugniß von ſeiner Verehrung des Alterthums. Vornämlich aber begeiſterte den Petrarca das Andenken an die vorgermaniſche Welt; und obwohl dieſe nicht wieder hergeſtellt werden konnte, ſo gelang es ihm doch, wenigſtens der erſte Wiederherſteller der alten Literatur für den Occident zu werden. Mit der Liebe, womit der Gebildete ſich an das Gebildete anſchließt, las und ſtudirte Petrarca die alten Schriftſteller Roms, und brachte vieles Schöne und Wahre aus denſelben in Umlauf; mit Liebe und unermüdetem Eifer ſammelte er ihre Schriften und rettete mehrere derſelben von dem nahen Untergang, und that alles, was er nur immer für die Wiederherſtellung derſelben thun konnte *). Mächtig ergriff ſein Beiſpiel ſeine Zeitgenoſſen, von denen er, wie einſt Voltaire von den Seinigen verehrt, bald der göttliche Petrarca, bald der Mann genannt wurde, desgleichen die Welt nicht geſehen habe, und auch nicht wieder ſehen werde. Noch in ſeinem Zeitalter war das Sammeln alter Schriftſteller recht eigentlich Lieblingsbeſchäftigung der Italiener. — Wie er aber die alten Römer liebte, ſo verehrte er auch die Schriftſteller des alten Griechenlands. Den Homeros nannte er den Fürſten der Dichter, ſo wie Plato den Fürſten der Philoſophen, und es ſchmerzte ihn tief, daß ihm ſeine unzureichende Kenntniß der griechiſchen Sprache, worin ihm faſt alle ſeine Landsleute gleich waren, die genauere Bekanntſchaft mit denſelben unmöglich machte.

10) Auch Boccaccio that vieles zur Wiederherſtellung der alten Literatur. Wie Petrarca war auch er unermüdet im Sammeln alter Schriftſteller. Um die griechiſche Literatur erwarb er ſich noch größere Verdienſte, wie jener. Er war der Erſte in Italien, welcher das Studium des Homeros wiederherſtellte, und durch ſeine Bemühung geſchah es, daß die Florentiner den Leontius Pilatus als öffentlichen Lehrer der griechiſchen Sprache anſtellten.

11) Nächſt Petrarca und Boccaccio verdient unter den Schriftſtellern der alten Literatur Johannes von Ravenna (geb. 1347, geſt. zwiſchen 1412 und 1420), ein würdiger Schüler des Erſtern, genannt zu werden. Durch mündlichen Unterricht vornämlich verbreitete er die Kenntniß der Alten. Als öffentlicher Lehrer zuerſt zu Padua und dann zu Florenz, gewann er für das Studium derſelben durch ſeinen Vortrag der römiſchen Literatur eine große Menge wißbegieriger Jünglinge, von denen mehrere im Laufe des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts ſich große Verdienſte um die Wiſſenſchaften erwarben.

12) Was Johannes von Ravenna für die römiſche Literatur in Italien that, that noch gegen das Ende des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts Emanuel Chryſoloras für die griechiſche. Er war ein Grieche von Geburt, hatte bereits mehrere Geſandtſchaften in den Occident gemacht, wählte ſich aber wegen der Bedrängniſſe ſeines Vaterlandes c. 1395 das ruhigere Italien zu ſeinem Wohnſitz. Mit Freude und Achtung ward er hier aufgenommen. Mehrere große Städte des Landes ſtritten ſich um ihn; wo er lehrte, umgaben ihn wißbegierige Jünglinge und Männer; ſeit ihm war man in Italien ſtolz darauf, die alten Griechen zu kennen *). — Ueberhaupt ward von nun an die Liebe zur alten Literatur herrſchend in Italien, die Stätte zur Aufnahme der alten Schriftſteller war jetzt gleichſam bereitet, und das denkwürdige funfzehnte Jahrhundert brachte die Saat vollends zur Reife, welche ſeit Petrarca und Boccaccio gekeimt hatte.

13) Mehrere Umſtände vereinigten ſich, welche das Aufblühen der alten Literatur, ſo wie die Cultur überhaupt im Laufe des funfzehnten Jahrhunderts in Italien noch mehr, wie bisher, begünſtigten. Vom Anfange bis gegen das Ende des genannten Jahrhunderts hin ward die Ruhe deſſelben von auswärtigen Feinden wenig geſtört. Die mannigfaltigen politiſchen Formen, welche aus dem Streben nach Republicanismus daſelbſt allmälig entſtanden waren, erhielten jetzt Feſtigkeit und Conſiſtenz. Eben dieſe politiſche Vielſeitigkeit, ſo wie das Reiben der Freiſtaaten an einander, erzeugten eine politiſche Regſamkeit, die mit der Cultur der Italiener überhaupt in der wohlthätigſten Wechſelwirkung ſtand. Es begann jetzt in Italien jene Politik, wodurch es ſpäterhin die Schule der Staatsklugheit für die germaniſchen Nationen wurde. Und, da höhere Bildung in dieſem Lande jetzt ſehr viel galt, ſo waren es, beſonders in den Republiken, größtentheils geiſtvolle, gebildete, gelehrte Männer, welche bei den intereſſanten Staatsverhandlungen die vornehmſten Rollen ſpielten. Macht, Reichthum und Geiſtesbildung ſtanden jetzt hier, wie einſt zu Athen in dem Zeitalter des Perikles, recht eigentlich in einem ſchweſterlichen Bunde; ein Umſtand, welcher ſchon darum für das Aufblühen der alten Literatur und Kunſt höchſt günſtig ſeyn mußte, weil das Sammeln dieſes Nachlaſſes der alten Welt meiſt mit einem großen Koſtenaufwande verknüpft war.

14) Auch das Unglück des byzantiniſchen Kaiſerthums hatte auf das Wiederaufleben der claſſiſchen Literatur in Italien einen ſehr wohlthätigen Einfluß. Wie die lange, aber räthſelhafte Fortdauer dieſes ſonderbaren Staats für die Erhaltung der Schriften der alten Griechen in mehrfacher Hinſicht vortheilhaft war, ſo war es auch der endliche Untergang deſſelben. Schon die Eroberung Conſtantinopels durch die Franken, wodurch dieſe ein halbes Jahrhundert lang (von 1204 — 1261) Herrn dieſer Stadt nicht nur, ſondern auch des Reichs überhaupt wurden, war nicht ohne Folgen für die literariſche Cultur des Occidents. Denn obwohl dieſe Eroberung und Herrſchaft der Franken mit mannigfaltigen barbariſchen Zerſtörungen und dem Untergange vieler Schätze der Literatur und Kunſt verknüpft war; ſo hatte ſie doch auch auf der andern Seite die wohlthätige Folge, daß die Empfänglichkeit der Germanier für die Cultur der Byzantiner, vornämlich durch genauere Bekanntſchaft der Erſtern mit der Sprache der Letztern, aufs neue vermehrt wurde. Bald hierauf ward der Verkehr zwiſchen Griechen und Occidentalen in eben dem Grade erweitert, in welchem der Andrang der Osmanen gegen das byzantiniſche Kaiſerthum für die Erſtern furchtbarer und ge-

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*) Wir erinnern hier um ſo lieber an eine Stelle aus Petrarca's Briefen, da die proſaiſchen Schriften deſſelben, ſo wie ſo manche intereſſante Schriften des Mittelalters von ſo wenigen unſerer Zeitgenoſſen geleſen werden. „Abeuntibus amicis, ſagt Petrarca, et ut fit percunctantibus, num quid e patria vellem, respondebam, nihil praeter libros Ciceronis, unde alias dabam memorialia, scriptoque et verbis iterabam. Et quoties putas preces, quoties pecuniam misi, non per Italiam modo, ubi eram notior, sed per Gallias atque Germaniam, et usque ad Hispanias atque Britanniam, dicam quod mireris, et in Graeciam misi, et unde Ciceronem expectabam habui Homerum, quique Graecus ad me venit, mea ope et impensis factus est Latinus, et nunc inter Latinos volens mecum habitat. — Multo studio multaque cura undique parva volumina recollegi, sed saepe multiplicata. — Si quando visendi studio, quod saepe solebat, in longinqua proficiscerer, visis forte eminus monasteriis veteribus, divertebam illico; et, quid scimus loquam, an hic aliquid sit eorum, quae cupio. Circa 25 aetatis annum inter Belgas et Helvetios festinans, cum Leodium pervenissem, audito quod esset ibi bona copia librorum, substiti, comitesque detinui, donec unam Ciceronis orationem manu amici, alteram mea manu scripsi, quam postea per Italiam effudi; et ut rideas in tam bona civitate barbariei atramenti aliquid, et id croco simillimum, invenire magnus labor fuit.

*) Mit Recht ſagt H. Heeren in ſeiner claſſiſchen Geſchichte der claſſiſchen Literatur Th. 1. S. 263: „Wären die griechiſchen Muſen nicht nach Italien geflüchtet, ſo würde man ſie geholt haben; und vielleicht wäre alsdann ihr Einzug in ihre neuen Wohnſitze noch rühmlicher und herrlicher geweſen, als er jetzt war, da man ſie als Verbannte — wenn gleich mit offenen Armen — aufnahm."

fahrvoller wurde. Nur im Occident konnten die Griechen Hülfe ſuchen, aber dem Geiſte dieſer Zeiten gemäß, wollte ſie ihnen dieſer nur unter der Bedingung kirchlicher Vereinigung gewähren. Dieß veranlaßte mannigfaltige Unterhandlungen zwiſchen Conſtantinopel und Italien, und mit dem politiſch-religiöſen Verkehr zwiſchen jenem und dieſem erweiterte ſich auch der literariſche. Noch ehe mit der Eroberung Conſtantinopels durch die Osmanen (Mai 29. 1453) der Fall des Kaiſerthums vollendet wurde, hatten ſich mehrere Griechen, als Lehrer ihrer Literatur, in Italien niedergelaſſen, und die vielen Flüchtlinge, welche ſeit dem Falle Conſtantinopels in immer größerer Anzahl in den Occident herüberſtrömten, fanden bereits alles vorbereitet, um durch Unterricht in der griechiſchen Literatur ſich in dem neuen Vaterlande Freunde und Unterhalt gewinnen zu können. Endlich war es ein großer Gewinn für die Wiſſenſchaften, daß theils die Eroberung Conſtantinopels durch die Osmanen minder verderblich war, als die durch die Franken, theils der völlige Untergang des alten Kaiſerthums überhaupt in einen Zeitpunkt fiel, wo vornämlich in Italien die Cultur bereits wieder eine Höhe erreicht hatte, daß wenigſtens die Einwohner dieſes Landes fähig waren, den Nachlaß der alten Griechen nicht nur in Empfang zu nehmen, ſondern auch zu ehren.

Karl Guſtav v. Brinkmann

gehöret zu den wenigen Ausländern, welche nicht ohne Glück in deutſcher Sprache zu dichten verſuchten. Er ward am 24. Februar 1764 zu Bramkirka bei Stockholm geboren, erhielt ſeine Jugendbildung in ſeinem Vaterlande und lebte dann geraume Zeit in Deutſchland. Im Jahre 1791 ward er Kabinetsſecretair zu Stockholm, 1792 ſchwediſcher Legationsſecretair in Dresden und 1797 in Paris. Von hier ging er 1801 als Chargé d'affaires ſeines Hofes nach Berlin, das er 1807 wieder verließ, um ſich nach London als außerordentlicher Geſandter zu begeben. Im Jahre 1810 kehrte er nach Stockholm zurück, wo er ſich gegenwärtig noch als Kammerherr, Commandeur des Nordſternordens und Mitglied des Collegiums zur Berathung der Reichsangelegenheiten befindet.

Sein Dichtername war Selmar. Zu ſeinen deutſchen Schriften gehören:

Gedichte. Leipzig. 1789. 2 Bde.
Gedichte. Berlin, 1804. — 16 Bdchen.
Philoſophiſche Anſichten und Gedichte. Berlin, 1806. 1. Th.

Schärfe des Ausdrucks, Herrſchaft über die Sprache, Reichthum der Gedanken, Wohlklang und Tiefe der Empfindung zeichnen ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen aus; vorzüglich hat er ſich im gnomiſchen Epigramm als Meiſter bewährt. — Die ihm irrthümlich oft beigelegten bekannten Memoiren des Freiherrn von S — a rühren nicht von ihm, ſondern, wie man allgemein behauptet, von dem Woltmann'ſchen Ehepaare her, das jedoch gerade für dieſes geiſtreiche Buch ihm Manches mag zu verdanken haben. — Als ſchwediſcher Dichter erhielt er 1821 von der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Stockholm den erſten Preis für ſein Gedicht: Die Welt des Genius.

Barthold Heinrich Brockes

ward am 22. September 1680 zu Hamburg geboren, wo ſein Vater, den er jedoch früh verlor, als ein angeſehener Kaufmann lebte. Er erhielt eine ſorgfältige Jugendbildung in den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ſtudirte darauf in Halle die Rechtswiſſenſchaft und machte dann größere Reiſen durch Deutſchland, die Schweiz, Italien und die Niederlande. In Leyden erwarb er ſich den Grad eines Licentiaten der Rechte und kehrte dann 1704 nach Hamburg zurück, wo er ſich verheirathete und in ſtiller Zurückgezogenheit wiſſenſchaftlichen und poetiſchen Beſchäftigungen lebte. Im Jahre 1720 ward er jedoch zum Senator erwählt und während der Folgezeit mehrere Mal in Angelegenheiten ſeiner Vaterſtadt an fremde Höfe geſandt. 1735 ging er als Amtmann nach Ritzebüttel, wo er ſechs Jahre verweilte. Er ſtarb allgemein beliebt und geehrt am 16. Januar 1747 zu Hamburg.

Er gab heraus:

Der für die Sünden der Welt gemarterte und ſterbende Jeſus u. ſ. w. Hamburg, 1712.
Verteutſchter Bethlehemitiſcher Kindermord des Ritters Marino, nebſt etlichen von des Herrn Ueberſetzers eigenen Gedichten u. ſ. w. (Herausgegeben von König, mit Brockes Bildniß von Fritzſch nach Denner). Cöln und Hamburg, 1715. Fünfte Auflage 1740.
Irdiſches Vergnügen in Gott, beſtehend in phyſikaliſch und moraliſchen Gedichten. Hamburg, 1721. 1. Th. 9r. Th. Hamburg, 1748. Einen Auszug aus dieſen neun Bänden beſorgten Hagedorn und Wilkens, Hamburg, 1738, in einem Bande.
Schwanengeſang u. ſ. w. Hamburg, 1747.
Thomſons Jahreszeiten. Hamburg, 1745.
Pope, Verſuch vom Menſchen. Hamburg, 1740.
Einzelne Aufſätze im Hamburgiſchen Patrioten, Hamburg, 1742. Gedichte in Weichmanns Poeſie der Niederſachſen u. ſ. w.

B. ward zu ſeiner Zeit als Dichter außerordentlich verehrt, denn ſeine Muſe war tiefe Frömmigkeit, und ſeine Leiſtungen mußten daher bei der gleichgeſtimmten Menge lebhaften Anklang finden. Mit einer ungeheuchelten Dankbarkeit erfreute er ſich ſtets aller Gaben des Schöpfers, findet die größte Luſt an der Natur und iſt unabläſſig bemüht, ihre Schönheit im Einzelnen wie im Ganzen zu feiern und zu beſchreiben. — Eine gründliche, wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, Herrſchaft über die Sprache im Allgemeinen und ein feingebildetes und für den Wohlklang empfängliches Ohr leiſteten ihm dabei vortreffliche Dienſte. Auf der andern Seite fehlt es ihm jedoch an eigentlicher Tiefe der Empfindung und an wahrer poetiſcher Begeiſterung, ſo daß er ſtets zu breit wird und in ſeinen Schilderungen nie zur rechten Zeit aufzuhören weiß, ſondern auch das Kleinſte beſchreibt, ähnlich einem Lehrer, der immer, ſelbſt in der beſten Geſellſchaft, glaubt ſeine Elementarſchüler vor ſich zu haben. Es fehlt ihm ferner der richtige Takt, und ſein Bemühen, recht verſtändlich und eindringlich zu ſeyn, läßt ihn nie ſehen, wo das Erhabene aufhört und das Lächerliche beginnt; ſelbſt ſeine Sprache wird dadurch zu Zeiten platt und alltäglich, ohne ſein Wiſſen und Wollen. So ſehr daher ſeine Gedichte eine Zeit lang gefeiert wurden, ſo ſchnell ſanken ſie nachher in Vergeſſenheit. Machte die Intention allein den Dichter, ſo verdiente Brockes unbedingt den Erſten aller Nationen beigeſellt zu werden; ſo aber iſt die Nachwelt keineswegs ungerecht, wenn ſie ihn zwar einen vortrefflichen Menſchen, doch auch zu gleicher Zeit einen langweiligen Poeten nennt.

Vgl. Memoria B. H. Brockesii, scripsit Paulus Schaffshausen. Hamb. 1750.

Der Garten*).

Eccl. II, 5.

Ich machte mir Gärten und Luſt-Gärten und pflanzete allerlei fruchtbare Bäume darein.

Ihr durch die Leidenſchaft verführte Seelen, höret,
Wer Gott, durch Sein Geſchöpf gerührt, mit Freuden ehret,
Und ſeine Luſt mit Ernſt in Gottes Wercken ſucht;
Dem träget jede Bluhm, die er betrachtend ſchaut,
Dem träget jeder Baum, dem träget jedes Kraut,
Dem träget jedes Blatt der Freuden ſüſſe Frucht.

Aria.

Eröffnet, ach öffnet die Augen, und ſeht,
Wie alles im Frühling verherrlichet ſteht,
Wie lieblich die glänzenden Gärten bebluhmet!
Eröffnet die Lippen, kommt, preiſet und rühmet
Die Wunder des Schöpfers, durch welchen allein
Feld, Wälder und Gärten verherrlichet ſeyn!
Sonſt iſt an euch des Schöpfers Huld verloren;
Ihr unterlaßt den Zweck, zu welchem ihr geboren.

Die Wolken tröpfelten nicht mehr;
Der Himmel höret' auf zu weinen;
Der Creaturen Kron' und Ehr',
Die Sonne, fieng von Neuem an zu ſcheinen,
Beſtrahlte die beblühmten Hügel,
Bemalte Wieſen, Wald und Feld:
Es wurden in der annoch naſſen Welt,
Auf jedem Blatt, aus jedem Tropfen, Spiegel.
Ein heller Glanz, ein mehr als güldner Schein,
Nahm Luft und Land bezaubernd ein,
Und reizte mich, da Wald und Feld ſo ſchön,
Der Gärten Pracht und Anmuth anzuſehn,
In welchen die Natur ſich mit der Kunſt verbindet,
Wo Fleiß, wo Nutz und Luſt ſich ſtets verſchwiſtert findet;
Woſelbſt wir, in der Menſchen Wercken,
Zugleich die wirckende Natur,
Und in derſelbigen die helle Spur
Von unſers Schöpfers Macht und Gegenwart bemercken.

Aria.

1.

Mich deucht, wenn ich, voll Freude,
Hier Herz und Augen weide,
Und bei den Bluhmen ſteh';
Daß ich zu dir mich ſchwinge,
Und dich, Quell aller Dinge,
Allgegenwärt'ger Schöpfer, ſeh.

2.

Gerührt durch dieſes Dencken,
Wünſcht ſich mein Herz, zu lencken
Allein nach deinem Sinn.
Leib, Seele, Geiſt und Leben
Will ich nur dir ergeben.
Nimm, gegenwärt'ger Gott, ſie hin!

Nie haben perſiſche Tapeten ſo geſchienen;
Es glänzt kein güld'nes Tuch, wenn Perlen und Rubinen
Auch gleich darauf geſtickt, ſo herrlich und ſo ſchön.
Ja was wohl auf der Welt am lieblichſten zu ſehn,
Und mit geheimer Luſt der Menſchen Aug' erfüllt,
Ein' aufgeputzte Meng' von ſchönem Frauenzimmer,
In tauſend-farbigen Damaſt und Sammt gehüllt,
Mit Perlen, Silber, Gold beſetzet und geſtickt,
Mit Federbüſchen, Band, Brocad und Moor geſchmückt,
Scheint, funkelt, glänzt und ſpielt nicht in ſo holdem Schimmer,
Als die, durchs Frühlings Hand erneute Welt,
Als ein vom Sonnenglanz beſtrahlt beblühmtes Feld.
Der wunderſchön beaugte Pfauen-Schwanz,
Der Iris Farben-reicher Kranz,
Des hellen Abend-Sterns ſo lieblich-reiner Glanz,
Erquicken kaum ſo ſehr das menſchliche Geſicht,
Als das auf hundert tauſend Arten
Gefärbte und gebroch'ne Licht
Von einem bunten Bluhmen-Garten.
Jedwede Bluhme ſchien
Mein Auge, mit Gewalt, auf ſich zu ziehn.
Das helle, Silber-weiſſe Licht,
Das aus den Tuberoſen bricht,
Die lieblich-ſchimmernden Jeſminen,
So, weiſſen Sternen gleich, an Größ' und Menge,
Auf vielen nach der Kunſt geſcher'nen Hecken,
Die ſich, ſo weit man ſieht, erſtrecken,
Ein Milch-Weg von unabzuſeh'nder Länge,
An einem grünen Himmel, ſchienen;
Die wirkten zu des Schöpfers Ehre,
In meinem Herzen dieſe Lehre:

Aria.

Laß der Lilien und Jeſminen
Unbefleckten Silber-Schein,
Seele, dir zur Folge dienen!
Suche dich, von Laſtern rein,
In der Unſchuld weiſſe Seiden,
Voller Sanftmuth, einzukleiden.

Die dunkelrothe Gluht der Amaranten,
Der bunte Mohn, worauf, wie Diamanten,
Der Tropfen Menge lag,
Samt der Peonien Blut-rothem Funckeln,
Convolvulen, Violen und Ranunckeln,
Die theils, wie Himmel-Blau und Silber, theils vergüldet,
Und theils in rothen Flammen glühn;
Der friſchen Kräuter helles Grün,
Das tauſendfach gefärbt, das tauſendfach gebildet,
Bemüheten ſich gleichſam in die Wette,
Als ob ein jedes Sinne hätte,
Durch ihrer Blätter Pracht und Schein,
Zu ihres Schöpfers Ruhm, ein Gegenwurf zu ſeyn.
Man kann in blauen Blumen hier,
In einer Sternen-förm'gen Zier,
Wie weiſſe Sterne dort am blauen,
Viel blaue Stern' am grünen, Himmel ſchauen.

Aria.

Der ungezählten Kräuter Menge,
Der Blätter Farben und Natur,
Der Säfte, Kräfte, der Figur
Von tauſendfacher Breit' und Länge
Bewunderungs-werther Unterſcheid
Zeigt dem, der auf dies Wunder achtet,
Und ihres Schöpfers Macht betrachtet,
Sein' Allmacht und Unendlichkeit.

Der Perlen-Schmuck der weiſſen Blüthe glimmet
Zuerſt auf jedem Baum; die ſchlanken Zweige krümmet
Der Blumen ſüſſe Laſt. Der Aepfel holde Blüht',
Die recht wie Blut und Milch, in weiſſer Röthe glüht,
Von Schimmer, Glanz und Schönheit reich,
Sieht Roſen-Knoſpen gleich.

Auf allen Aeſten ſcheint ein Wunder-Schnee zu liegen,
Der warm und trocken iſt; die Silber-weiſſe Blüthe
Ergetzt nicht nur das Aug', ſie labt auch die Gemüthe,
Durch den Geruch, zugleich. Viel tauſend Bienen fliegen,
Und ſammeln Honig ein,
Mit ſchwärmendem Getöſ' und angenehmem Summen.
Es tönt, als wann Baſſons, gedämpfet, ſanfte brummen.
Beym zwitſchernden Diſcant von manchen Vögelein,
Beym rauſchenden Tenor der wallenden Kryſtallen,
Die über glatte Kieſel fallen,
Und bey dem hohen Alt, dem liſpelnden Gezüſche
Der Bäum' und Büſche,
Scheint dieſes murmelnde Geräuſch der Baß zu ſeyn.
Auf, auf! mein Herz, laß, Gott zu Ehren,
Bey dieſer Harmonie, auch deine Lieder hören!

Aria.

Singe, Seele, Gott zum Preiſe,
Der auf ſolche weiſe Weiſe
Alle Welt ſo herrlich ſchmückt!
Der uns durchs Gehör erquickt,
Der uns durchs Geſicht entzückt,
Wenn er Bäum' und Feld beblühmet,
Sey gepreiſet, ſey gerühmet!

Seele, laß ein helles Singen,
Deinem Gott zum Ruhm', erklingen,
Wenn dir, was du willſt, geſchicht:

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*) Aus: B. H. Brockes, Auszug der vornehmſten Gedichte aus dem Irdiſchen Vergnügen in Gott. Hamburg. 1738. S. 88.

Und, wofern dir was gebricht,
Murmle ſanft, doch murre nicht!
Tiefe Seufzer laß erſchallen!
Dieſe ſind's, die Gott gefallen.

Betrachtet man die Obſt-Bäum', Aepfel, Pfirſchen,
Birn, Apricoſen, Mandeln, Kirſchen;
Gleicht ihrer Bluhmen lieblich Prangen
Nicht Gärten, die in Lüften hangen?
Iſt nicht der kleinſte Zweig ein groſſer Bluhmen-Strauß?
Haucht ihre Menge nicht den ſtärckſten Biſam aus!
Sie würtzen, durch ſo angenehme Düfte,
Die voller Amber und Zibeth,
Die ausgeſpannten lauen Lüfte,
Daß ihre Balſam-Kraft uns recht ans Hertze geht.

Aria.

Seele, laß der Bäume Pracht
Dich zu ihrer Folge leiten!
Suche dich, auf allen Seiten
In Gedancken auszubreiten,
Und auf den Betrachtungs-Zweigen,
Blätter deiner Luſt zu zeugen!
Laß, durch dieſes holde Grün,
Deiner Andacht Bluhmen blühn,
Und des Lobes Früchte bringen!
Auf! mit heller Stimm' und Saiten
Unſern Schöpfer zu beſingen,
Der die Erde fröhlich macht!

Da Capo.

Wenn Zephirs flüchtiges Geſinde,
Die holden Frühlings-Winde,
Die lauen Fittigen bewegen;
Fällt von der Blüth' ein Silber-weiſſer Regen,
Der uns bedecket, doch nicht netzet,
Und das Geſicht, Gefühl und den Geruch ergetzet.
Damit wir ihres Schmucks uns deſto mehr erfreuen;
Will uns der Bäume Schaar mit Bluhmen überſtreuen.
Es ſcheint der Blüthe flücht'ges Schweben,
Indem ſie fällt, die Lüfte zu beleben.
Die klare, grünlich-danckle Fluht,
Die in des Teiches Ufers Schooß,
Bekräntzt mit Mooß,
An ſchlancker Bäume Wurzel ruht,
Auf deren eb'nen Fläch' ein kühler Schatten ſchwimmet,
Wird unvermuthet hell, und glimmet
In einer weiſſen Gluht:
Oft läßt es recht, als ob, uns doppelt zu ergetzen,
Die Blätter ſich aufs neu zuſammen ſetzen,
Wodurch ſie denn noch mehr das danckle Waſſer zieren,
Und neue Bluhmen drauf formiren.
Es ſcheinen Waſſer, Büſch' und Hecken,
Es ſcheinen Kräuter, Beeten, Gänge,
Als wenn ſie fliegender Schnee-weiſſer Flocken Menge,
Und weiſſe Roſen-Blätter decken.

Aria.

Süſſer Bluhmen Ambra-Flocken!
Euer Silber ſoll mich locken,
Dem zum Ruhm, der euch gemacht.
Da ihr fall't; will ich mich ſchwingen
Himmelwärts, und den beſingen,
Der die Welt hervorgebracht.

Man darf kein Vogel-Haus von dünnem Stahl
In dieſem holden Orte bauen,
Um ſchöne Vögel ohne Zahl
Um ſich zu ſchauen,
Die Luft iſt ſelbſt ein weites Vogel-Haus,
Der Garten iſt freiwill'ger Kerker,
Ein offenes Gebäu, wo dicht-geflecht'ne Aercker
Der Aeſt' und Blätter Menge ſchrenckt,
Woraus kein einziger zu flieh'n gedenckt,

Aria.

Wenn ihr in den bekränzten Steigen
Der Anmuth-reichen Gärten geht,
Und, zwiſchen den belaubten Zweigen,
Die kleinen bunten Sänger ſeht,
Und ihre ſüſſe Stimmen höret:
So lobt mit ihnen, preiſ't und ehret
Den Gott, der über alles ſchätzt,
Wenn man ſich Ihm zur Ehr', ergetzt.

Des niedern Bux-Baums feſtes Laub,
Wodurch der Menſchen Witz und Fleiß
Den leeren dunckel-braunen Staub
So künſtlich einzuſchrencken weiß,
Daß ſchön're Züge, Laub-Werck, Bilder
Kein Mathematicus, kein Schilder,
Faſt mit dem Pinſel malen kann,
Treibt mich, wie folgt, zu dencken an:

Ein Gärtner malet hier,
Ohn' Oel und Staffeleyen,
Ohn' Pinſel, ohn' Palet, lebend'ge Schildereyen.
Sein Spaten dienet ihm zum Reiß-Bley, ſein Papier
Iſt ſchwarz- und dunckel-braun, er ſchreibt gezog'ne Namen,
Zieht Laub-Werck ſelbſt von Laub, und faßt in grüne Rahmen
Sein ſchön figürlich Werck, von mehr als hundert Arten,
Ja ohne Bux-Baum iſt der Garten kaum ein Garten.

Arioſo.

Wie groß, o Gott, iſt deiner Liebe Kraft,
Da du ſo manche Wiſſenſchaft
In deine Creatur geſencket!
Denn bilde dir doch, eitler Menſch, nicht ein,
Daß Künſt' und Wiſſenſchaften dein;
Sie ſind dir nur, durch ſeine Huld, geſchencket.
Es ſchmückt die bildende Natur
Das Form- und Bilder-leere Land,
Durch unſ're Hand;
Wir ſind, trotz unſerm Stolz, ihr Werkzeug nur.
Sprich, ob wir des Verſtandes Gaben,
Wie alles, nicht empfangen haben?

Aria.

Wer wird nicht ſagen müſſen,
Daß Menſchen-Kunſt und Wiſſen,
Wie alles, Gaben nur?
Was ſind Vollkommenheiten?
Nichts ohne Fähigkeiten,
Und dieſe kommen von Natur.
Wer, durch des Schöpfers Gunſt,
Vom Weisheits-Feur entzündet,
Die Kunſt erweg't, der findet
Natur auch in der gröſten Kunſt.

Hierauf ward ich, mit höchſter Luſt, gewahr,
Wie ein Orangen-Dach zur rechten Hand,
Auf Säulen-gleichen Stämmen, ſtand,
Die ein geſtutztes Laub, das, wie Smaragden, glänzet,
Mit hocherhab'nen Kronen kräntzet,
Wo, zwiſchen Silber-weiſſer Blüht,
Man güld'ne Früchte ſchimmern ſieht.
Es nahm mir dieſer holde Schein
Mein Aug' und Hertz, mein ganzes Weſen, ein.

Aria.

Verblend'te Sterblichen, ihr grabet
Das Gold und Geld aus finſter'm Schacht,
Das einen kaum von allen Sinnen labet;
Seht, was ihr hier für and're Pracht
Auf Pomeranzen-Bäumen habet,
Wofür ihr billig Gottes Güte,
In froher Ehrfurcht, preiſen ſollt:
Gebiſamt Silber iſt die Blühte,
Die Frucht ein eß- und trinkbar Gold.

Es ſind die, nach der Schnur gezog'nen, Gänge
Mit einer wunderbaren Menge
Von Bluhmen, Pflantzen, Büſch' verwunderlich geſchmückt,
Es werden, durch viel tauſend Früchte,
Die Zunge, der Geruch und das Geſichte
Zugleich erquickt.
Man mag, wohin man will, ſich kehren, wenden, drehn:
So wird auf einer jeden Stelle,
Man immer eine neue Quelle
Von Anmuth und Vergnügen ſehn;
Man thut faſt keinen Schritt, daß man den Fuß
Nicht auf was Schönes ſetzen muß.

Aria.

1.

Kommt, ſchmecket und ſehet,
Wie freundlich der Herr!
Es wird der Glorwürdigen herrlichen Werck

Unzählige Menge, Macht, Weisheit und Stärke
Durch unſer Vergnügen, am beſten erhöhet.
Da Capo.

2.

Erkennet und fühlet,
Wie freundlich der Herr!
Als welcher, damit in den Wundern der Erde
Sein herrlicher Name verherrlichet werde,
Auf unſer Vergnügen am meiſten gezielet.
Da Capo.

So manches Kraut, ſo manche Bluhme
In Gärten, Feld- und Wäldern blüht;
So manches kleine Rauch-Faß glüht,
Dem groſſen Gott zum Preiß und Ruhme,
Das ein gelinder Wind, wodurch ſich alles regt,
Mit ſanftem Schütteln hin und her,
Damit es den Geruch vermehr',
Zu noch vermehrter Luſt, beweget.

Aria.

So opfern die Bluhmen balſamiſche Säfte;
So dünſten die Kräuter erquickende Kräfte,
Dem groſſen All zur Ehr' allein.
Ach, trachtet, ihr Menſchen, es wohl zu bemerken!
Bemühet euch, in Andacht und guten Werken,
Dem Schöpfer ein ſüſſer Geruch zu ſeyn!

Blühende Pfirſchen und Apricoſen.

Ich ſah', an einer Garten-Wand,
Jüngſt einen Pfirſch-Baum ausgeſpannt,
Deß, dem Rubin-Balaß an Farben gleiche, Blüthe
Im angenehmen Schimmer glühte.
Es glich der ganze Baum, ſowohl an Form und Glanz,
Als runder grüner Zierlichkeit,
Faſt einem glänzenden erhab'nen Pfauen-Schwanz,
Nur bloß mit dieſem Unterſchied:
Da dort der Pfauen grünes Rad
Von blauem funkelnden Saphir,
Viel hundert ſchöne Augen hat;
So prangt des Pfirſch-Baums Circkel hier,
In ſeinem ja ſo ſchönen Grünen,
Mit tauſend Augen von Rubinen.

Nicht leicht kann man was ſchöners ſehn,
Als wenn wir etwan an der Seiten
Von einem blüh'nden Pfirſch-Baum ſtehn.
Die Blicke, die ſodann
Gemächlich über Bluhmen gleiten,
Die ſehn den ſonſt zertheilten Glanz
Nicht anders an,
Als ein vereintes Ganz',
Und ſcheint ſodann die ganze Wand,
Mit Decken von Damaſt,
Die Roſen-farb gefärbet, überſpannt.

Wenn man dieſelbigen nun in der Nähe ſieht,
Erblickt, mit tauſend Luſt, ein aufmerkſam Gemüth,
Viel tauſend kleine weiſſe Spitzen
Auf noch nicht offnen Knoſpen ſitzen,
Die, wie ein weiſſer Pelz von Hermelinen,
Zum Schutz der zarten Blüthe dienen.

Wenn ſich dieſelbe nun zertheilet; ſiehet man
Zuerſt ein ſchönes Roth, das man Rubinen,
Mit allem Recht vergleichen kann.
Sie ſind ſodann recht wunderſchön,
Wie Roſen-Knöſpchen, anzuſehn.

Die rothen Kügelchen eröffnen ſich,
Wenn ſie der Sonnen Licht beſtrahlt, faſt ſichtbarlich.
Wann ich ſodann die offne Blühte ſchau;
Entdeck' ich voller Luſt, und ſehe, mit Vergnügen,
Ein weißlich Roth, ein röthliches Blau,
In ſüſſer Zärtlichkeit, ſich auf den Blättern fügen.
Es wird das Roth allmählich blaß,
Recht, wie geſagt, als ein Rubin-Balaß.
Es ſieht der Roſe dann, die wild, und röthlich-bleich,
An Form und Farb', ein jedes Blühmchen gleich.
Der ganze Pfirſch-Baum ſcheint, in einem holden Schein,
Ein groſſer Roſen-Buſch zu ſeyn;
Der aber (wie nicht leicht ein Roſen-Buſch ſonſt pfleget)
Kein Laub und keinen Dorn, nur Bluhmen, träget.

Noch war in gleicher Form zu ſchauen
Ein recht, als wie mit Silber-Schaum,
Geſchmückter Apricoſen-Baum.
Er glich dem ſchönen Schweif von einem weiſſen Pfauen.
Aus Knoſpen, wenn ſie noch nicht ganz
Geöffnet, ſieht man recht, in einem weiſſen Glanz,
Gleichwie aus röthlichen zerborſt'nen Schaalen,
Die Blüht', als einen Stern mit weiſſen Spitzen, ſtrahlen.
Wie aber die, ſobald ſie aufgeblüht,
Den weiſſen Roſen ähnlich ſieht;
So ſiehet auch der Baum, an ſchönen Bluhmen reich,
Dem weiſſen Roſen-Buſch, ohn' Laub und Dornen, gleich.

Wie wir, in ausgeſchmückten Zimmern,
Tapeten oft in bunten Bahnen ſchimmern,
Und wechſelsweiſe prangen ſehn:
So ſind nicht minder wunderſchön,
Im Frühling, bunter Garten Schrancken,
Die, bald mit Apricoſen, Pfirſchen,
Mit Aepfeln hier, und dort mit Kirſchen
Beſetzt' und überzog'ne Plancken,
Wie bunte Bahnen. Wenn das Licht
Der Sonnen gar, bey aufgeklärtem Wetter,
Durch ihre zarte Blüht' und Blätter,
Mit ihrem klaren Feuer bricht,
Und, durch der Blätter Saft ſelbſt bunt gefärbet, fällt;
So kann nichts lieblichers auf Erden
Den Augen vorgeſtellet werden.
Der allerherrlichſten Tapeten Pracht
Wird dann mit Recht, bey dieſem Glanz, veracht.

Willſt du nun recht was zärtliches ſehn:
So ſchau ein ſolches Blatt
Aufmerkſam an, wie wunderſchön
In ſelbem kleine Bäume ſtehn,
Die ſich darin, mit Stämmen und Zweigen,
Verwunderlich und deutlich zeigen.
Von dieſen glaubet man, daß in den zarten Röhren
Die Säfte, ſo die Früchte nähren,
Bereitet, ausgekocht und zugerichtet werden,
Ja, daß ſo gar des Saamens Geiſt und Kraft
In dem geläuterten oft umgetrieb'nen Saft,
In dieſer Blätter zarten Decken,
Geheimnißvoll verborgen ſtecken.

Die Bluhmen laſſen durch die Spitzen,
Da, wo ſie an dem Kelch vereinet ſitzen,
Ein Sternen-förmiges, ein grünlich Blühmchen ſehn,
In deſſen Mitte ſich von kleinen Stangen
Ein netter Circkel zeigt, worauf ſo zart als ſchön
Mit einem dünnen Staub bedeckte Zäſer hangen,
Die, durch den allerkleinſten Wind,
Verwunderlich beweglich ſind,
Aus deren Mitte denn noch eine ſteiget,
Die, als ein Mittel-Punct der zarten Frucht, ſich zeiget.

O wunderbar Gewebe der Natur!
Wer dich mit menſchlichem Gemüth,
Und nicht mit vieh'ſchen Augen, ſieht;
Der kann die Allmacht-volle Spur
Von einem ew'gen Wunder-Weſen,
Auf deinen Blättern, deutlich leſen.
Demnach ſey dir, mein Herz, forthin jedwede Blühte
Ein kleines Lehr-reich Buch von Gottes Macht und Güte!

Ich ſah, mit höchſter Luſt und innigem Ergetzen,
Des Schöpfers Werk an dieſen Frühlings-Schätzen.
Mir fiel zu gleicher Zeit, bey ſolchem holden Schein,
Mit Dank-erfüllter Seelen ein,
Wie nützlich dieſe Bluhmen ſeyn;
Welch eine ſchöne Frucht aus ihrer Schönheit ſprieſſet,
Von welcher man, zur ſchwühlen Sommer-Zeit,
Die wunderbare Lieblichkeit
Nicht mit dem Auge nur, mit Zung' und Gaum, genieſſet.
Der Apricoſen Silber-Blüht'
Wird Gold in ihrer Frucht, und ſtrahlt in gelber Zier,
Die oft ſo, wie Aurora, glüht,
Zumahl wenn man ſie recht gehäuft, wie Trauben, ſieht,
Aus ihrem grünen Laub herfür;
Ihr Saft erfriſcht das Blut und das Gemüthe.

Wie herrlich glänzt die Pfirſich, wenn ſie reift,
Auf welcher ſich der Schmuck verſchiedner Farben häuft!
Bald funckeln ſie, in ihrem holden Grünen,
Wie groſſe Kugeln von Rubinen;
Bald blinkt ein Silberweiß auf ihnen;
Bald glimmen ſie, wie Gold, bald ſieht man, wie die Pracht
Von hellen Roſen-rothen Wangen,
Wenn ſie am allerſchönſten prangen,
Bey heller Fleiſch-Farb' uns anlacht.
Auf mancher zeiget ſich ein bunter Strahl
Von allen Farben auf einmahl.
Es iſt ein ſolcher Baum ſo wunderſchön,
Wenn viele Früchte drauf, die reif ſind, anzuſehn;
Daß, ungeacht der ſüſſen Luſt,
Die ihm, durch den Geſchmack, die heiſſe Bruſt
Und ſeinen trocknen Gaum erquicket,
Ein Näſcher ſelbſt ſie faſt mit Unmuth pflücket.

Bewund're ferner nun, mein Herz, zu Gottes Ehre,
Von dieſer reiffen Frucht die Gröſ' und Schwere,
Da viele mehr, als zwey Pfund am Gewicht,
Durch die gehäufte Meng' der Feuchtigkeiten, haben:
Erkenn' hierinnen auch des groſſen Gebers Gaben!
Vergiß dafür des Danckes nicht!

Wenn den Mund die Pfirſich füllet,
Und den Durſt mit Anmuth ſtillet,
Daß die Zung' in Honig ſchwimmt;
Ach! ſo ſchätzt es nicht geringe!
Danckt dem Schöpfer aller Dinge,
Der euch ſo viel Guts beſtimmt!

Der Froſch.

Indem ich nun an dieſem ſchönen Ort
Beſtändig neue Wunder ſehe:
Erheb' ich mich von meinem Sitz', und gehe
Mit ſanften Schritten weiter fort,
Worauf ich bald hernach,
In einem nah' gelegnen Bach,
Ein nicht unangenehm Gewäſche
Geſchwätziger und froher Fröſche,
Mit ungemeinen Freuden, hörte,
Das, ob es gleich die Stille unterbrach,
Mich dennoch nicht in meinem Dencken ſtöhrte.

Ich horchte dem verwirreten Geſchrey
Ein wenig nach,
Und fand, daß es nicht einerley,
Wohl aber ſehr verſchieden, ſey.
Der eine quackt, viel hundert quarren,
Hier murret einer ſanft, wenn dorten tauſend knarren.
Breckeckeckex ſchreyt der, dort einer: merck es, merck's.
Merck's, ſchrien über voll. Ich ſtutzte. Nun, ſo
Sprach ich, o kleiner Froſch, dem Menſchen: merck' es, zu?
Gewißlich, du haſt recht: man merckt ſo wenig Wercke
Von aller Pracht und Schönheit, ſo die Welt,
Zumahl im Frühling, in ſich hält,
Von allen göttlichen Geſchöpf- und Wunder-Wercken;
Daß wir nicht aufs Geſchöpf, nicht auf den Schöpfer, mercken;
Daß man kaum einſt daran gedenckt,
Sich über nichts erfreut, noch weniger auf Den,
Der aller Dinge Herr, den Allgewaltigen,
Der alles herrlich geſchaffen und uns ſchencket,
Nebſt einem frohen Danck, die frohe Seele lencket.

Ach! möchte man doch einſt, das dieſes Thier, faſſen,
Und ſich ſo gut vom Froſch daran erinnern laſſen!
Nun wohl, ſo will ich, ob du gleich auch ſo klein,
Geſchwätz'ger Froſch, dein aufmerkſamer Hörer,
Du ſollſt, ſo oft du ruff'ſt, mein Lehrer,
Dein merck's ſoll meine Lehre, ſeyn!

Mops.

Um mich, nach vollbrachter Arbeit, wieder etwas zu erfriſchen,
Setzt ich mich, zur Frühlings-Zeit, jüngſt bey blüh'nden Roſen-Büſchen;
Und es ſetzte Mops, mein Hund, ſich von ungefehr zu mir.
Ich ergetzte mich von Herzen an der ſchönen Staude Zier,
Brach von allen eine Roſe, deren Farb' am ſchönſten ſpielte,
Mit vergnügten Fingern ab.
Wie ich nun von ungefehr Mops ſie vor die Augen hielte,
Und ſie ihm zu riechen gab;
Kehrt' er Kopf und Schnautze weg. Ach! fiel mir hierüber ein:
Handelſt du, lieber Mops, ſo mit Bluhmen doch allein!
Aber ſo läßt mancher Menſch der Geſchöpfe Schmuck und Pracht,
Mit nicht minder ſchneller Abkehr ſeiner Sinnen, aus der Acht;
Weiſt ihr denn, vernünft'ge Menſchen, Gottes Wercke, die ſo ſchön,
Anders nicht, als wie die Hunde, riechen, hören, ſchmecken, ſehn?

Die redende Bluhme.

Mein Bruder, lieber Menſch (verwundere dich nicht,
Daß meine Wenigkeit zu dir: mein Bruder! ſpricht.
Ich habe Recht dazu, du wirſt es ſelbſt geſtehen,
Wenn du mich angehört, und mich recht angeſehen),
Mein Bruder, ſprech' ich denn noch einmahl, ſage mir,
Wie kommſt du dir ſo groß, ich ſo verächtlich, für?
Sind wir, durch eines Schöpfers Macht,
Nicht alle beyd' hervor gebracht?
Iſt deine Mutter nicht die Erde, ſo wie meine?
Werd' ich von ihr nicht auch ſowohl, als du, genähret?
Wie dein, iſt auch mein, Leib mit Adern ganz durchbohrt,
Und dieſe ſind mit Saft ſo wohl gefüllt, als deine.
Ich habe zwar nur eins, du aber haſt zwey Beine;
Doch überhebe dich des Vorzugs halber nicht,
Weil ſonſt ein Ochs' zu dir
Mit ja ſo groſſem Rechte ſpricht:
Wie karg iſt gegen dich die gütige Natur,
Armſelige zweybeinigte Figur!
Hab' ich nicht ihrer vier?
Sprich ferner nicht: Ich kann mich rühren, lauffen, gehen;
Du, arme Bluhme, mußt beſtändig ſtille ſtehen.
Sprich, ſag' ich, nicht alſo: ſonſt werd' ich Vögel kriegen,
Die ſagen: Iſt der Menſch nicht plump? er kann nicht fliegen!
Er, redeſt du, ganz vom Eifer roth:
Wie elend, wie veränderlich und flüchtig,
Seyd ihr, wie ſo vergänglich und wie nichtig!
Biſt du nicht auch, wie wir, vielleicht ſchon morgen todt,
Und mußt du nicht ſo wohl zur Erden,
Als ich mit meinen Blättern, werden!
Es ſterben euch annoch mehr Zahl', als uns, zu Grunde.

Wir reden: du biſt ſtumm! ruff'ſt du mir ferner zu.
Ich höre, lieber Menſch, mit meinem ſtummen Munde
Lob' ich den Schöpfer mehr, als du.
Ich will nicht erſt von meiner Schönheit ſagen,
Worin der Vorzug ja unſtreitig mir gebührt,
Nicht von dem lieblichen Geruche, der dich rührt:
Denn, wie mich deucht, ſo hör' ich dich ſchon fragen,
Und zwar nicht ſonder Heftigkeit:
Armſeliges Nichts, bey der Vollkommenheit,
So die Natur dich würdigt, dir zu ſchencken,
Kannſt du gedencken!

Die Art, wie ich gedenck', iſt anders zwar, als deine,
Das geb' ich zu;
Allein
Wofern auch du,
Wenn du mich ſiehſt, nicht gleich dein Dencken lenckeſt
Auf Den, Der uns gemacht,
Und an den Schöpfer nicht gedenckſt,
Der uns ſo wunderbar hervor gebracht,
Der dir dein Weſen ſo, wie meines mir, gegeben;
So haſt du, glaub' es mir, in deinem ganzen Leben
Nicht weniger, als ich, ſo gut als nichts, gedacht.

Zufällige Gedancken über zwey nach Grönland abſeegelnde Schiffe.

Indem ich jüngſt, auf einem kleinen Hügel,
Am flachen Elb-Strande, ſaß',
Und, wie der glatten Fluthen Spiegel
Sich ſanft vorüber ziehet, ſah';
Erblickt' ich, auf dem ſich ſanft ſenckenden Gewäſſer,
Ein groſſes wohl beſegelt Paar
Sehr ſtarck-bemannter Waſſer-Schlöſſer,
So zu dem Wallfiſch-Fang beſtimmet war;

Wie bey', in ſtiller Fahrt, die Fluthen theilten,
Und, Land und Strand vorbey, gemählig See-wärts eilten.
Indem ich nun von ihrer Reiſe
Den weit entfernten Zweck erwege,
Die, auf ſo manche Art und Weiſe,
Sie drohende Gefahr, mit Grauſen überlege:
So fällt mir die Betrachtung bey:
Ich dencke, wie es möglich ſey,
Daß dieſe Reiſende der ſchönſten Frühlings-Zeit,
Die jetzo wiederkehrt,
Und da der Erde Schmuck ſich ſtündlich faſt vermehrt,
Da Wald und Feld bey uns, in ſolcher Lieblichkeit,
Bey aufgeklärten Lüften, blühen,
So gantz gelaſſen ſich entziehen,
Um ſich den ungeſtümen Wellen
Der unergründlich tiefen See,
Des Winters Wuth, Reif, Hagel, Froſt und Schnee
Und Boreas Gewalt, in Grönland, bloß zu ſtellen.
Mich deucht, als ob ich ſie,
In ſchwartzer Luft, die bloß durch Schnee-Geſtöber grau,
Auf tauſend Art bereits beſchäfftigt ſchau';
Wie ſie, mit ſtarrer Hand, und mit verwegner Müh',
Sich, zwiſchen Eis-Gebürg- und abgeriſſnen Schollen,
Die krachend überall in ſtrengen Strudeln rollen,
Mit mehr als tödtlicher Gefahr, begeben,
Und, in entflammtem Sturm, der Raſen, Wüten, Sauſen
Der Winde, deren Gebrüll, Geknirſch, Geheul und Brauſen
Der Wellen, zwiſchen Meer- und Waſſer-Wundern, ſchweben.

Geliebter Leſer! laß uns nun
Dem Schreck-Bild' unſern Stand entgegen ſetzen:
Du kannſt in Sicherheit, auf deinem Bette, ruhn,
Du kannſt, im Feld und Wald, auf Blumen, dich ergetzen,
Du kannſt, in warmer Luft, wenn laue Winde wehn,
Auf einem ſichern Boden gehn.
Ach! laß uns dieſes denn doch vor ein Glück ſchätzen!
Ach! laß uns oft den Unterſchied beſehn,
Und, in Erkenntlichkeit, des Schöpfers Huld erhöhn!
Indeſſen wünſchen wir den Arbeit-ſel'gen Leuten,
Auf ihrer ſchlüpfrigen, beſchwerlich-rauhen Bahn,
Zu ihrer Reiſe Glück von gantzem Hertzen an,
Daß ſie, was ſie geſucht, in Ueberfluß erbeuten!

Der geſtirnte Himmel.

Sir. XLIII. 9.

Es leuchtet das gantze himmliſche Heer in der Höhe am Firmament, und die hellen Sterne zieren den Himmel.

Als unſer Theil der Welt ſich neulich Weſt-wärts lenckte,
Und in das dunckle Reich der kühlen Schatten ſenckte;
Hatt' ein ſanft-rauſchendes und tröpfelnd Wolcken-Naß,
So in der Luft gekocht, vom Himmels-Saamen ſchwanger,
Das dürre Feld, den durſt'gen Anger,
Das lechzende Geſträuch, das welcke Laub und Gras
Genetzt, getränckt, erquickt, erfriſchet,
Des Himmels männlich Feu'r mit ird'ſchem Saltz gemiſchet,
Und neue Fruchtbarkeit in Schooß der Erde bracht.
Es weht' ein friſcher Wind aus kühler Mitter-Nacht;
Der Himmel ward hiedurch von Duft und Dunſt geläutert,
Das Grentzen-loſe Reich des Luft-Raums ausgeheitert,
Und ſtellt, mit ſolcher Wunder-Pracht,
In unergründlich-tiefer Ferne
Der dünnen Luft, ſolch eine Menge Sterne
Den ſtarren Augen vor; daß, bey ſo heiterm Schein,
Das düſt're Blau gantz ſilbern ſchien zu ſeyn:
Das Auge kann, an den geſtirnten Höhen,
Ein ewig Freuden-Feu'r, mit tauſend Freuden, ſehn,
Das, Gott zur Ehre, ſtrahl't und unverbrennlich brennt.
Aus tauſend Lichtern ſtammt ein allgemeines Licht,
Durch welches jedennoch, mit immer regem Strahl,
So mancher Sternen Glantz mit ſtärckerm Funckeln bricht,
Und es bald ſtärckt, bald ſchwächt. Hier flammten ohne Zahl
Viel tauſend, welche theils, wie ſchütternde Rubinen
In röthlich-reger Gluth, theils Diamanten gleich,
(Doch welch ein Edelſtein war je ſo Feuer-reich?)
Mit blendenden Schnee-weiſſen Blitzen, ſchienen.
Jedweden ſichtbarn Stern umhüllt' ein weiſſer Schein
Von Sternen, die in ungeheuren Höhen,
So wie das Sternen-Heer des Milch-Weg's, nicht zu ſehn:
Daher ſchien jeder Stern ein Sieben-Stern zu ſeyn.

Ob dieſem der Natur ſo weiten Schau-Platz ſtarrt
Mein drin verſinckend Aug', die Seele wird gerühret,
Es läßt, als wenn mein Hertz des Schöpfers Gegenwart
In unausſprechlicher Pracht, Größ' und Klarheit ſpüret.
Mich deucht, ob ſäh mein Geiſt den unſichtbaren Gott,
Der ſelbſt der Ewigkeit Unendlichkeiten füllet,
Der Seraphinen Herrn, den Herrſcher Zebaoth,
Als wär' Er in ein Kleid von Glantz und Licht gehüllet,
In ein unendlich Kleid, drauf, ſtatt der Edelſteinen,
Viel tauſend tauſend Sonnen ſcheinen,
Statt Perl und Gold, viel Millionen Erden.
Ach! rief ich, möcht' ich, dieß recht zu betrachten, taugen!
Ach! möchte Leib und Geiſt, zu Gottes Ehr', zu Augen,
Und dann, zu ſeinem Ruhm, zu lauter Zungen werden!

Die himmliſche Schrift.

Ihr Sonnen, die ihr ohne Zahl,
Im unergründlichen unendlich-weiten Thal
Des hohlen Firmamentes ſtehet;
Ihr Welten, die ihr euch um dieſe Sonnen drehet,
Die voller Wärm' und Licht, voll Strahlen, Glantz, und Gluth;
So ſoll von euch mein faſt entzückter Muth
Ein Andacht-volles Lied, ein Ehrerbietig's Singen
Dem groſſen All zum Opfer bringen.

Ich fühle, daß mein angeflammter Geiſt
Dem groß- und kleinen Kreis der Erde ſich entreißt,
Zugleich ſich in die Tief' ohn' End' und Anfang neiget,
Zugleich auch in die Höh' ohn' End' und Grentzen ſteiget.
Ein feur'ger Andachts-Trieb
Verſenkt mich in die Ewigkeit.
Mein denckend Weſen breitet ſich
In's ungemeſſ'ne Sternen-Haus,
Vor Ehrfurcht ſtumm, vor Luſt erſtaunet, aus.

Da ich anjetzt die allertiefſte Höhe,
Den unbegrenzten Raum des hohlen Himmels, ſehe,
Die Weite ſonder Ziel, die Gott allein erfüllet,
Wo Sein unendlich ewig Kleid,
Gewebt aus Licht und Dunckelheit,
Sein Weſen zeiget und verhüllet;
So ſtellet dieſer Raum recht ſichtbar, hell und klar
Nicht unſerm Geiſte nur, den Augen ſelber, dar
Selbſt die Unendlichkeit,
In deren Tiefe Licht und Dunckel ſich vereinet,
Die ſonder Farbe blau, dicht ſonder Cörper, ſcheinet.

Vor ungeheurer Tiefe läßt
Die ungeheure Tief', als wäre ſie nicht tief:
Es ſcheint der leere Raum, als wär' er voll und feſt,
Da doch in dieſen hohlen Gründen,
Wenn gleich ein ſchneller Blick beſtändig vor ſich lief,
In Ewigkeit kein Ziel, kein Grund, zu finden:
Und dennoch können wir ſo ungemeſſ'ne Höhen
Mit unſern kleinen Augen ſehen.
O Wunder, das kein Menſch begreifen
Und keine Klugheit faſſen kann!
O Wunder-Werck, worin ſich alle Wunder häufen!
Ich ſchaue es mit Ehrfurcht an!
Ein Schauplatz, welcher Millionen
Und Millionen Meilen groß.
Ein Platz, in deſſen weitem Schooß
Viel Millionen Sonnen wohnen,
Kann, nebſt verſchied'nen Erden,
Auf einmahl überſehen werden,
Auf einmahl in die ſpiegelnden Kryſtallen
Von unſern kleinen Augen fallen,
Und ſich ſo eng zuſammen ziehn.

Ach laß mich doch, mein Gott, mit Ernſt recht oft bemühn,
Damit mein forſchendes Geſicht
Auch durchs Geſtirn oft ſey auf Dich gericht't.

Durch dieſe Wunder-reiche Klarheit
Wird mein erſtaunt Geſicht erquickt;
Doch zittert Aug' und Hertz, wenn, halb entzückt,
Ich dieſe Himmel-feſte Wahrheit
Von dieſer Lichter Wunder-Größe
Mit Augen der Vernunft ermeſſe;
Da, wenn ich nah' bey einem jeden ſtünde,
Ich einen jeden ja ſo groß,
Als wie ich itzt des gantzen Himmels Schooß,
So wie ich ihn hier ſehe, fünde:
Indem ja Jupiter allein,
Nach aller Stern-Verſtändigen Beweis,

Mehr als acht tauſend mahl ſoll gröſſer ſeyn,
Wie unſer ganzer Erden-Kreis.
Ob gleich Huygenius, Caſſin,
Horoccius und Wendelin,
La Hire, nebſt Flamſtedius,
Nach Newton und Ricciolus
Von unſrer Sonnen Gröſſe ſchreiben,
Sie ſey entſetzlich, und die Zahl,
Wodurch dieß helle Licht-Gefäſſe
An Gröſſe dieſer Erden Gröſſe
Noch übertreff', auf viel viel hundert tauſend treiben;
So wollen wir jedoch das allerkleinſte ſetzen,
Und ſie auf hundert tauſend mahl
Nur gröſſer, als die Erde, ſchätzen.

O Gott! wo bin ich doch? wer bin ich? Ich verſchwinde,
Indem ich nicht einmahl die Welt,
Nebſt allem, was ſie in ſich hält,
Nur in Vergleich mit einer Sonne, finde.
Solch eine Gröſſe kommt, wie leicht zu glauben, mir,
Wenn ich ſie recht erweg', entſetzlich herrlich für;
Ja, wenn wir endlich gar der vielen Gröſſ' und Länge
Noch vollends erſt die ungezählte Menge,
Ja die Unendlichkeit
So ungeheurer Licht- und Sonnen-Cörper ſchauen
Mit Augen unſrer Seel'; entſteht ein heiligs Grauen.
Im Haupt wird das Gehirn, das Herz in unſrer Bruſt,
Von einer frohen Angſt, von einer bangen Luſt
Beklemmt, gedrückt, zerreiſt,
Indem der Gottheit Bild,
Wodurch der ganze Bau der groſſen Welt erfüllt,
Sich nicht ohn' Ehrfurcht ſchauen läßt.

Es überleg' ein Menſch, wie ihm zu Muthe ſeyn,
Welch ein Entſetzen ihn mit Luſt befallen würde,
Wenn ſeinem heitern Geſicht
Von ſolchem hellen Schein,
Von ſolcher Gröſſ' und ſchrecklich ſchweren Bürde
Der Blitz-geſchwinde Flug, und zwar von einer nicht,
Von tauſend Millionen Kreiſen,
Sich ſollt' auf einmahl weiſen.

Des groſſen Schöpfers Wunder-Werke
Vermehren ſich bey mir auf wunderbare Weiſe,
Wenn ich an die geſchwinde Reiſe
So groſſer Cörper denk', und an die Stärke,
Die ſie bewegen kann: da endlich ausgemacht,
Und durch die Rechnung längſt gefunden,
Daß ungefähr in achtzehn Stunden
Die Kugel, welche man aus einem Stücke ſchießt,
Wie ſchnell ſie gleich die Luft durchreißt,
Den Durchſchnitt unſrer Erde durchfahren könne.
Nun ſoll der Venus Schnelligkeit
Auf hundert ſechs und vierzig mahl ſo weit
Sich, an Geſchwindigkeit, erſtrecken.
Wer kann doch, ſonder Schrecken,
Solch ungemeſſ'ner Gröſſ' und ungeheurer Laſt
Und ungezählter Meng' entſetzlich's ſchnell Bewegen,
In ſeiner Seelen, überlegen!
Wer kann der ſo verſchied'nen Kreiſe
Verſchied'ne Gröſſ' und grauſam ſchnelle Reiſe,
Ohn' einen Seelen-Schwindel, ſehn
Entſetzlich durch einander gehn,
Und zwar ſo ordentlich ſich drehn,
Daß nach viel tauſend Jahren
Sie noch dieſelben ſind, die ſie vorhero waren!
Es hat ſie nichts verwirrt, nichts ihre Kraft geſchwächt,
Nichts ihren Lauf gehemmt, der unaufhörlich recht
In ſteter Ründe fliegt.

Gewiß, mich überläuft ein ſchreckendes Vergnügen,
Wann ſich mein Geiſt dahin, bis in Gedanken, lenkt,
Und nur von weitem einſt an einen Raum gedenkt,
Wo, in ſo groſſer Eil', ſo groſſe Cörper fliegen.
Sprich nicht: ich würde ja ſolch ein geſchwindes Rennen
Von ſo entſetzlichen Geſchöpfen ſehen können.
Es folget nicht, indem ja unſre Augen
Nicht das, was ſich zu ſchnell bewegt, zu faſſen taugen.
Wenn wir ein feurig Holz, das glühet, drehen:
So ſcheint's ein feur'ger Kreis, und gänzlich ſtill zu ſtehen.
Es kommt hinzu, daß der Bewegung Stand,
So wie der Stand der Ruh', uns gänzlich unbekannt:
Da von Geſchöpfen ja ein ruhiges Verweilen
Nicht mehr natürlich iſt, als ein geſchwindes Eilen.
Durch Gottes Willen fleußt ſowohl die rege Fluth,
Als daß die Erd' in ſich natürlich ruht.
Erweg't nun die faſt grauſe Kraft,
Die bloß allein dazu gehöret,
Den ganzen Erden-Ball, daß er geſchwinder fähret,
Als eine Kugel, fort zu bringen!
Betrachtet eine Kraft, die, durch ein ſtetes Schwingen,
Viel tauſend Körper mit ſich rafft,
Wovon verſchied'ne noch viel tauſend mahl ſo groß!
Wer kann des Weſens Macht, das alles dieſes faßt,
Erſchaffen hat, erhält und träget,
Allgegenwärtig führt, beweget,
Und zwar,
Daß alles ſich, in ſtiller Majeſtät,
Und ſtets unwandelbar, in ſolcher Eile, dreht,
So unbegreiflich wunderbar,
In ſolcher Ordnung leiten kann,
Ohn' einiges Erſtaunen, ſehen!
Ach! wie verſchwinden hier die kindiſchen Ideen
Von einem alten Mann,
Womit ſo mancher Menſch erbärmlich ſich getragen,
Und, da er ſich dadurch ein Götzen-Bild gemacht,
Sich um die Gottheit ſelbſt, durch eigne Schuld, gebracht.

Bedenke, lieber Menſch, um Gottes willen,
Wie gröblich du gefehlt! wie närriſch deine Grillen,
Die, faſt wie Lucifern, dein eitles Hirn erfüllt,
Da du, aus einem ſtolzen Triebe
Der abgeſchmackt'ſten Eigen-Liebe,
Faſt mehr dich ſelbſt zum Gott, als Gott zum Menſchen,
machſt,
Und wirklich, wenn man's recht erweget, Gott verlachſt.
Dein alter Gott-Mann muß entweder klein,
(Der etwa, wie ein Fürſt, durch andere, regieret,
Durch andre, ſieht und hört und ſeinen Scepter führet,)
Wo nicht, müſt' er ein Mann von ſolcher Gröſſe ſeyn,
Dem hundert tauſend tauſend Meilen
Nicht einſt ein Glied von ſeinem Finger theilen.
Ja, wär' er auch ſo groß: So wär' er dennoch klein.
Denn hätt' er eine Form: So müſt' er endlich ſeyn.
Was endlich's aber nun von einer Gottheit glauben,
Heißt, Ihr Allgegenwart, ja gar die Gottheit, rauben.

Unendlich ewig's All, laß unſrer Seelen Augen,
Durch Deine Lieb', eröffnet ſeyn,
Daß wir der wahren Gottheit Schein,
In Deinem Werk zu ſehn, und zu verehren, taugen!
Laß unſre Seelen doch Dein unbegreiflich's Weſen,
Im Buch der Creatur, erſtaunt, mit Ehrfurcht, leſen!
Laß uns, auch in der finſtern Nacht,
Von Deiner unerſchaff'nen Macht,
In funkelndem Geſtirn, das herrliche Gepränge,
Die ungeheure Gröſſ', und ungeheure Menge,
Und ungeheure Schnelligkeit
Der himmliſchen Geſchöpf' bedenken und beſingen!
So werden wir, in allen Dingen,
Dich, Herr, allgegenwärtig ſehn,
Uns ſelbſt vernichtigen, und Dich allein erhöhn.

Seh' ich den Himmel an, ſo kommt mir ſein Saphir
Als eine Tafel für,
Die unermeßlich iſt, auf welcher eine Schrift,
Die des allmächt'gen Schöpfers Weſen,
Huld, Weisheit, Macht und Majeſtät betrifft,
Im ſchimmernden Geſtirn, in heller Pracht zu leſen.
Hilf Gott, welch eine Schrift! O! welch ein Wunder-Buch,
In welchem die Geſtirne Zeilen,
Die Lettern gröſſer ſind, als hundert tauſend Meilen,
Worin, in wunderbarem Schein,
Die Puncte ſelbſten Sonnen ſeyn!

Ich ſeh' es, ganz erſtaunt, in tiefſter Ehrfurcht, an,
Und, ob den Inhalt gleich mein Geiſt nicht faſſen kann:
So fühl' ich doch, daß ſie mich ſo zu denken treibt:
So ſchreibt der Schöpfer, wenn Er ſchreibt.

O dreymahl hoch beglückt', o dreymahl ſel'ge Seelen,
Die Gott, das höchſte Gut, dereinſt wird auserwählen,
Der ew'gen Weisheit Licht noch tiefer einzuſehn,
Und Ihn, den Schöpfer ſelbſt, den Inhalt, zu verſtehn!
Indeſſen müſſen wir,
Zu unſers Schöpfers Ruhm, ſo lange wir noch hier,
Das Wunder-ABC der Sternen
In Ehrfurcht buchſtabiren lernen.

Es iſt kein' einzige Figur
Im ganzen Reiche der Natur
Zu finden, ja nur zu erdenken,
Die, wenn wir Blick und Witz in dieſe Höhe ſenken,
In dieſen tiefen Gefilden,
In dem unzähligen Geſtirn, nicht auch zu finden.

Sprich nicht: Was Schrift? ich kann ſie nicht verſtehn,
Ja nicht einmahl die Lettern ſehn.
Denn hör'! Kannſt du die Lettern der Chineſen,
Der Araber, der Ruſſen, leſen?
Und kommen ihre Schriften dir
Nicht ganz verwirrt, ja ſonder Ordnung, für?
Die doch, wenn wir ſie erſt begreifen und entdecken,
Gar oft voll Geiſt und Weisheit ſtecken.

Ich bin, ob dieſer Schrift, im Denken und im Leſen
Gar oft erfreut, gar oft erſtaunt geweſen.
Noch jüngſt, als ich im Buch der Sternen,
Mit inniglicher Luſt, ſtudirte,
Und, voller Ehrfurcht, buchſtabirte;
So deucht mich, daß ich hie und da
Und überall geſchrieben ſah
Den groſſen Namen Jehovah.

Wilhelm Heinrich Brömel

ward am 21. April 1754 zu Loburg bei Magdeburg geboren, widmete ſich in ſeiner Jugend aus Neigung der Bühne und war eine Zeit lang Mitglied des Theaters zu Hamburg. Später entſagte er dieſem Beruf und erhielt das Amt eines expedirenden Secretairs bei der königlich preußiſchen Nutz- und Brennholz-Adminiſtration zu Berlin. Er ſtarb daſelbſt als Kriegsrath bei dem Forſtdepartement des Generaldirectoriums am 28. November 1808.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Der Adjutant. Luſtſpiel. Hamburg, 1780. (Eine Preisarbeit.)
Die Verlobung. Luſtſpiel. Wien, 1780.
Gerechtigkeit und Rache. Schauſpiel. Wien, 1788.
Beitrag zur deutſchen Bühne. Deſſau und Leipzig, 1785.
General Schlenzheim von Ch. A. Spieß, umgearbeitet von Plümike und Brömel. Regensburg, 1786.
Cecilie Beverly. Neu bearbeitet. 2 Thle. Berlin, 1789.
Der Dechant von Killerine. 2 Thle. Berlin, 1792.
Aufſätze und Recenſionen in der Berliniſchen Monatsſchrift, der Allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek u. ſ. w.

Ein einfacher und gefälliger Dialog, glückliche Charakterzeichnung und geſchickte Ausführung machten zu ihrer Zeit B's dramatiſche Arbeiten beliebt; doch ſind ſie ſeitdem gänzlich von der deutſchen Bühne verſchwunden. Seine übrigen Leiſtungen ſind nur Bearbeitungen ausländiſcher Vorbilder.

Alexander Auguſt Ferdinand von Bronikowski,

einer der fleißigſten Romanſchreiber neueſter Zeit, ward am 28. Februar 1783 (1788?) zu Dresden geboren, trat ſchon früh in preußiſche Dienſte und nahm Theil an dem Feldzuge von 1806 gegen Napoleon. — In Gefangenſchaft gerathen, ging er ſpäter zu der polniſchen Armee (1812) und verweilte eine Zeit lang im Generalſtabe des Herzogs von Bellune. Im Jahre 1815 erhielt er ſeinen Abſchied als Major, bereiſte darauf Polen, lebte in Warſchau bis 1825, kehrte dann nach Deutſchland zurück und privatiſirte abwechſelnd in Dresden, Leipzig und Halberſtadt. Er ſtarb am 22. Januar 1834 in Dresden.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Kaſimir der Große, Piaſt. Dresden, 1825. 2 Thle.
Hippolyt Boratinsky. Dresden, 1825—27. 4 Thle.
Er und Sie. Leipzig, 1826.
Der galliſche Kerker. Dresden, 1827. 2 Thle.
Der Mäuſethurm. Dresden, 1827.
Moina. Dresden, 1827.
Das Schloß am Oderfluß. Dresden, 1827.
Erzählungen. Leipzig, 1828.
Olgierd und Olga. Dresden, 1828—29. 4 Thle.
Polen im ſiebenzehnten Jahrhundert. Halberſtadt, 1830—31. 5 Thle.
Almanach der Sagen und Novellen. Halberſtadt, 1831.
Der Fall der Bourbons. Halberſtadt, 1831. 16 Heft.
Sieben Sylveſterabende. Halberſtadt, 1831.
Die Frauen Koniecpolski. Dresden und Leipzig, 1832. 3 Thle.
Die Frauen von Neidſchütz. Leipzig, 1832. 2 Thle.
Beate. 3 Bde. Leipzig, 1832.
Veit. 3 Bde. Leipzig, 1832.
Die Magyaren. Leipzig, 1833. 7 Thle.
Eugenia. Leipzig, 1833. 3 Thle.
Novellen. Leipzig, 1834. — 3 Thle.
Die Britten in der deutſchen Hauptſtadt. Leipzig, 1834.
Die Windsbraut. Leipzig, 1834.
Die Geſchichte Polens von den älteſten Zeiten bis auf unſere Tage. Dresden, 1827. 3 Bde.

Bronikowski hatte ſich in ſeinen Romanen, welche mehr oder weniger auf hiſtoriſchem Grunde ruhen, Walter Scott zum Vorbilde genommen, den er mit vielem Glücke und Erfolg nachahmte, ſo daß er eine Zeit lang zu den beliebteſten Modeſchriftſtellern Deutſchlands gehörte. Eine gefällige Diction, lebhafte Phantaſie und genaue Kenntniſſe der geſchichtlichen Ereigniſſe, vorzüglich da, wo ſein zweites Vaterland, Polen, den Stoff liefert, ſind ihm eigenthümlich und geben ſeinen Leiſtungen namhaften Werth, nur verfällt er hin und wieder in eine faſt unerträgliche Breite, in der er ſich mitunter zu ſehr zu gefallen ſcheint. Aus allen ſeinen Schriften blickt jedoch der feine, gebildete und erfahrene Weltmann, dem kein Verhältniß des Lebens fremd geblieben iſt, und der die widerſtrebenden Elemente der Zeit aufzufaſſen, darzuſtellen und zu würdigen verſteht; ſie ſind daher immer zu einer angenehmen, mehr als flüchtigen Unterhaltung zu empfehlen. — Seine Geſchichte Polens iſt zwar kein auf gründlichem Quellenſtudium beruhendes, aber doch geiſtreiches und gut geſchriebenes Werk. Wir müſſen uns, da ſelbſt ſeine kleineren Erzählungen ungewöhnlich lang ſind, hier auf ein Bruchſtück als Probe ſeiner Schreibart beſchränken.

Miloslaw und Sendziwoy *).

Es wird nun bald an tauſend Jahre ſeyn, als zween Reitersmänner auf ermüdeten Roſſen durch den dichten Wald trabten, welcher durch moorige Brüche und ſtehende Gewäſſer ziemlich unwegſam, ſich von dem eben erſt entſtandenen Städtchen Gniezno (Gneſen) an, damals noch ununterbrochen bis an den Goplo-See hinzog. Es war im Beginnen des Frühjahres; der Thauwind ſauſte durch die Wipfel der immergrünen Schwarztannen und Fichten und der blätterloſen Eichen, und ſchüttelte den Schnee in großen, halbaufgelöſten Maſſen von den ſtarren, ſeufzenden Aeſten herab auf den Grund, auf welchem das junge Gras nur einzeln noch und mühſam die kurzen grünen Halme zwiſchen vergelbtem Mooſe, verdorrtem Geſtrüpp und dem abgefallenen naſſen Laube hervordrängte. Doch in den Lüften verkündete das Schreien der einwandernden Zugvögel die nahende ſchöne Jah-

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*) Aus: A. Bronikowski, Mäuſethurm am Goplo-See. Dresden und Leipzig, 1827. S. 6—24.

[illegible], und der Ruf des Hehers und der Weihe vom wankenden Baume herab unterbrach das eintönige Brauſen des Waldes.

Sie ſind wohl nicht fern von hier, Herr! begann der Aelteſte der beiden Männer, eine kräftige Geſtalt in den Jahren des beginnenden Greiſenalters, indem er ſein keuchendes, ſchwerbelaſtetes Roß vorwärts an die Seite des Andern trieb: ſie müſſen nahebei ſich gelagert haben, oder wir ſind fehl geritten. Und ſo dies wäre, taugte uns fortan die Eile zu nichts, als uns weiter noch abzubringen vom Heerhaufen — auch ſind unſere Thiere müde, und vornämlich das meine ſtöhnt unter der doppelten Waffenrüſtung. Sieh, Herr, die Sonne ſinkt bereits hinter den Fichten hinab — der Forſt iſt unwegſam und wild — auch iſt die Nacht niemandes Freund, abſonderlich hier.

Du haſt Recht, Sendziwoj! entgegnete der Angeredete nach einer Pauſe, ſein Pferd anhaltend, indem er mit der Hand über die Stirne fuhr, gleich einem, welcher aus böſen Gedanken erwacht. Du haſt Recht, wiederholte er mit einem tiefen Athemzuge, der einem Seufzer glich; ſo ſehr ich auch Eile habe nach der Burg, ſo ziemt es ſich nicht, daß ich daſelbſt erſcheine ohne mein Geleite, und es wäre nicht gut, wenn uns die Nacht überraſchte in dem unheimlichen Dickig und fern von den Genoſſen. Auch bin ich der Wege nicht mehr kundig und es iſt wohl, wie Du ſagteſt, und der Weg am Moorgrund links iſt der, welchen ſie genommen. Laß uns hier ruhen, Waffengenoß, Dein Pferd iſt ermattet, und wenn' ich, Du auch, alter Sendziwoj. — Während er ſo ſprach, war er abgeſtiegen und trat vorwärts gegen einen geräumigen lichten Platz, der, von himmelhohen Fichten umſchirmt, von der Seite an den Waldweg ſtieß, auf welchem ſie daher gekommen.

Sendziwoj hatte die Zügel des Roſſes ergriffen, knüpfte ſie mit denen ſeines Thieres zuſammen und ſchlang dann beide um einen ſtarken Baumſtamm. Darauf that er einen gewaltigen Schild von ſich, der mit einem rauhen Bärenfelle bekleidet und mit großen Nägeln beſchlagen war, legte einen Köcher von glänzender Biberhaut, einen mächtigen Bogen und ein Bündel Wurfpfeile behutſam auf den Schild, daß des Gebieters Waffenzeug nicht in das feuchte Moos falle, dann ſchnallte er ſeine runde Tartſche und eine gewichtige Keule daneben hin und warf ſich nieder auf den Grund, mit verhaltenem Athem das Haupt tief in die welken Grashalme drückend. — Herr! rief er nach einer Weile dem jüngern Reitersmann zu, welcher mit geſenktem Haupte und verſchränkten Armen unfern von ihm ſtand: ich höre ſie nicht. Nichts im Walde vernehme ich nichts, als das Brauſen des Windes und des Ebers Schnauben, der durch das dürre, raſchelnde Laub ſchreitet; doch links, von der Seite, wo Du ſteheſt, höre ich unterweilen ein Geplätſcher wie von ſturmgepeitſchten Wellen und der krächzenden Geier Geſchnatter; auch däucht mir, als trage der Luftzug von Zeit zu Zeit ein Getöne herüber, als von Poſaunen und Keſſelpauken. So iſt dieſer böſe Weg doch wohl ein Richtweg geweſen, und der See liegt nicht weit hinter den Bäumen. — Und wir ſind unfern Kruſzwica, des hohen Schloſſes, unterbrach ihn der Gebieter im Tone bittern Unmuths; und Du vernimmſt den Lärm von König Popiels Gelage. — Darauf nahm er ſein Heerhorn an den Mund und in langgehaltenen, gewaltigen Tönen zog der Feldruf durch den hallenden Wald. Seitwärts aus tiefer Ferne ſchallte die dumpfe Antwort. Noch zwei Mal ertönte das Horn des Feldherrn in abgemeſſenen Zwiſchenräumen, und zwei Mal ward der Ruf in langſamer Abſtufung erwidert. Darauf wandte ſich der junge Mann gegen die baumleere Stelle, welche er früher wahrgenommen, und ging langſamen Schrittes über den unebnen, mit verdorrtem Geſträuche und faulenden Schlingpflanzen bedeckten Boden; ihm folgte ſein Waffenträger, von Zeit zu Zeit ſorgſam nach den Roſſen umſchauend.

Der Platz, auf welchem ſie ſich befanden, ſchien von Menſchenhand gelichtet und bildete ein längliches Rund. Rings umgeben von uralten, zum Theil verwitterten Fichtenſtämmen, zwiſchen welchen dichtes, dorniges Geſtrüpp in eine hohe, finſtere Wand ſich zuſammenzog, blieb er unberührt in der Tiefe von dem Sturm, welcher doch oben durch die krachenden Wipfel heulend hintoſ'te, und eine unheimliche Stille lag auf dem öden Fleck, der unzugänglich für den Hauch der Lüfte, wie für der Sonne Strahl, mitten im laubbewegten Haine leer und ſchweigend lag wie ein Bild des Todes. Noch hatte die bleiche Märzſonne draußen im Walde den Schnee nicht völlig hinweggeſchmolzen, welcher zuſammengeweht an den tiefen Stellen lag, doch hier unterbrach nichts das traurige Modergrün verfaulter Stechäpfel und gleißenden Bilſenkrautes, die den Boden bedeckten, unzählige kleine Erhöhungen halbverbergend, welche in abgemeſſener Entfernung reihenweiſe mehr oder minder eingeſunken die Lichtung entlang den Schritt der Wanderer hemmten. Ein ungeheurer roh behauener Stein lag in des Platzes Mitte. Seine geſchwärzte Oberfläche deutete auf unlängſt erloſchene Flammen, und mehrere kleinere Felsblöcke führten von ihm aus in gerader Reihe nach dem Hintergrunde, in welchem zwiſchen den Fichten und dem Dorngeſtrüppe ein enger und kurzer Waldpfad zu einem düſtern, halbverfallenen Gemäuer unförmlicher Bauart führte.

Der junge Krieger betrat den Pfad, auf welchem ihm nach einigen leiſen eindringlichen Worten ſein Gefährte zögernd nachſchritt. Sie ſtanden vor dem Gebäu, deſſen dunkle Umriſſe ſich ungewiß in die Waldesdämmerung verloren. Es ſchien neben ungleiche Seiten zu haben, ſo viel das üppig aufgeſchoßte wilde Gezweig das zu beſtimmen vergönnte und war ringsum verſchloſſen. Eine niedrige Thüre nur aus ſtarken Eichenbohlen zeigte ſich ihnen, und als ſie ſich ihr naheten, erglühte ſie urplötzlich in einem hellrothen Blitzblick, der aus dem Innern des Gemäuers durch die Fugen in die ſtille Luft des Waldraumes drang, ſo daß ſie vom Grauen ergriffen ſchon zurücktraten, unwillkürlich ſich abwendend von dem unheimlichen Gebäude. Die Dämmerung des Abends war in dem Schatten der hohen Bäume beinahe zur Nacht worden, einige Augenblicke lang ſuchten die Männer vergebens nach dem Waldpfad, der ſie wieder hinaus führte auf den öden Platz, und als ſie ſtrauchelnd über die umherliegenden Trümmer ſchritten und einen Weg ſich bahnten durch das wüſte Gedörn, ſtieß des Waffenträgers Fuß an etwas, das grauſig über die geborſtenen Steine dahin rollte. Er hob es auf und warf es mit einem kurzen Ausrufe des Schreckens gewaltſam von ſich, daß der bleiche Schädel dumpf krachend an einem Strebepfeiler des Gemäuers zerſchellte. Im nämlichen Augenblicke ertönte unter ihren Füßen tief im Schooße der Erde ein lange anhaltendes donnerähnliches Rollen, ein heftiger Schlag ließ ſich vernehmen, gleich dem gewaltſamen Zuwerfen einer ſchweren eiſernen Pforte, und durch die Ritzen der Thüre drang ein glutrother Schein, der ſogleich wieder erloſch. In der ſchnellen Beleuchtung hatten die Wanderer den Waldpfad entdeckt, und, von tollem Entſetzen getrieben, rannten ſie hinaus auf die Lichtung zu dem Steine, der eben durch das Abendroth erleuchtet, das zwiſchen den hohen Fichten hereinſchaute, in ſonderbar unheimlicher Beleuchtung daſtand in dem dämmernden Rund.

Das iſt ein unluſtiger Fleck, Sendziwoj, ſprach der junge Rittersmann mit leiſer Stimme zu ſeinem Waffenträger; doch iſt jenes Haus wohl geeignet, uns zu beherbergen, bis die Andern herankommen. — Ein Gemäuer ſeh' ich zwar, edler Herr Miloſlaw, verſetzte der darauf mit Kopfſchütteln; doch möchte ich es nicht Haus nennen, noch eine Herberge; und ſo Du mir vergönneſt, daß ich ein treugemeint Wort ſpreche, ſo denke ich, wir ſind nicht an gutem Ort. Viel ſpricht das Landvolk in der Gegend vom Waldufer, und zur Zeit, da Tag und Nacht ſich ſcheiden, haben die böſen Geiſter Macht über den Menſchen. Lieber, o Herr, bleiben wir draußen im Walde, wo der Sturm luſtig drein fährt und das Abendroth die Wipfel vergoldet, als hier, wo es ſo ſtill iſt und dumpf. — Wie Du meinſt, alter Gefährte, entgegnete Miloſlaw nach einer kleinen Weile; auch ſagſt Du wohl nicht mit Unrecht, es ſey dieß kein guter Ort. Doch ziemet uns nicht, allzuweit von hier zu gehen, damit jene nicht irre werden am Rufe des Feldherrn. So laß uns denn draußen warten des Volkes unfern von den Roſſen, auf daß wir dann zuſammen in die Burg einreiten. Die Götter geben, daß wir daſelbſt beſſere Herberge finden. — Und einige Schritte zurückgehend, warf er ſich nahe am Ausgange des ſtillen Rundes auf einen der kleinen Hügel nieder, den Rücken an einen Fichtenſtamm lehnend.

Du biſt ſo traurig, mein edler Fürſt, begann der Alte, nachdem er eine Zeitlang ſchweigend vor ſeinem Herrn geſtanden hatte, der, den Kopf in die Hand geſtützt, in trübes Sinnen verſunken war: ſeit Du eingeſprochen auf der Burg zu Gniezno bei der erlauchten Ewiſlawa, Deiner Mutter, iſt's, als ob die Siegesfreude gewichen wäre von Dir und der Jugendmuth; und als wir uns nun hierher auf den Weg gemacht haben nach der Königsburg, reiteſt Du ſo ſtumm und finſter Deines Weges und ſprichſt nicht zu dem alten Sendziwoj und ſchauſt ihn wohl gar nicht einmal an. — Eben als der Alte aufhörte zu ſprechen, tönte aus weiter Ferne ein dumpfer Klang von Hörnern und Pauken durch den Wald. — Hörſt Du? hörſt Du? rief der Jüngling mit wildem Lachen: das Schloß iſt gar nicht weit, und es gehet luſtig her und gar hoch auf Kruſzwica. — Drauf ſprach der Waffenträger: Reite nur vollends hinein die kurze Strecke, es wird Dir beſſer ſeyn in der hellerleuchteten Halle, als hier im öden Wald zur dunkelnden Abendſtunde. Du findeſt Dich nun wohl, wenn Du dem Getön nachreiteſt; auch kann ich ja des Kriegsvolkes hier warten, und folge Dir ungeſäumt, wenn es gekommen. — Und abermals trug ein Windſtoß, der hoch über den Sprechenden wegfuhr, das Getöſe zu ihrem Ohr. — Wie die Poſaunen freudig klingen und das Gewirbel der Pauken! rief Miloslaw, doch plötzlich erbleichend, indem er ſich raſch zur Hälfte emporrichtete, ſetzte er hinzu: Horch! ſchallte da nicht etwas herüber, wie Gewinſel eines Sterbenden: rief nicht des Vaters Stimme durch den Wald? — Um der Götter willen, antwortete der entſetzte Diener: wie magſt Du ſo ſchauerlich ſprechen? Iſt es doch nichts als die Windsbraut, die in den Hörnerklang hineinheult. — Recht ſo! der Ruf der Wehklage läßt ſich vernehmen zum tollen Lärm trügeriſcher Luſt.

Nimm ich Dir den Schwarzen wieder, hoher Herr? begann Sendziwoj von Neuem. Es taugt Dir nicht, hier zu verweilen, und das Grauen, das um dieſen öden Waldplatz ſchleicht, drückt Dir den Geiſt, ſo daß ich meinen Herrn kaum erkenne und meinen Schüler im Waffenhandwerk, den kühnen, wilden und freudigen Miloslaw. Reit', ich bitte Dich, fort nach der Burg. Es iſt dieſer Platz den Enkeln des Lech nicht günſtig, noch der, welcher unheilbringend auf ihm waltet. Ahneſt Du nicht, wo Du biſt, Bogumilowitſch? Mir hat es jener Stein dort geſagt und der Hügel, geheimnißvoller Schädel, und manch halbvergeſſene Mähr aus meinen Knabenjahren tritt wieder vor mich hin und ſträubt mir das Haar heran. Sieh' auf von dem Hügel, wo Du ſitzeſt, mein Fürſt: die Geiſter, die aus dem moorigen Boden aufſteigen, ſind wohl dem Lebenden abhold und verwirren ihm den Sinn mit trüben Gedanken der Trauer und des Ingrimmes, mit denen ſie hinabgefahren ſind in das dunkle Reich. — —

Wohl ahn' ich, wo ich bin, ſprach Miloslaw, indem er ſich langſam erhob. Es iſt das uralte Haus des Nia-Pickos*), das dort trüben Nebel im düſtern Waldſchatten, und auf dieſem Steine ſtrömt fort und fort das Blut der Jünglinge, deren markiges Gebein nun ſchlummert unter den Hügeln. — Du haſt es geſagt, Herr! ſo mache Dich auf von dieſem Ort, wo der Höllengott waltet, der dem Geſchlechte des Lech gram iſt, ſeitdem es den hohen Perun zum Schutzherrn erkoren. Ich ſage Dir, es iſt Dir nicht gut, hier zu weilen in dieſer Stunde, da er heraufſteigt aus der alten Nacht, wie Du vernommen am Rollen ſeines Wagen tief unten in der Erde Bauch. Laß mich hier warten; die finſtern Mächte achten nicht des geringen Knechtes, und der Vater des Unheils wendet das Geſchoß nach den Häuptern der Fürſten. — Und wohin willſt Du, daß ich reite? Nicht in der Nacht allein ſchleicht das Verderben, und jenſeit dieſer blutigen Steine reicht des Pickos giftiger Pfeil. Auch werd' ich ihm, ſetzte er halb gedankenlos hinzu, auch wird das Geſchlecht des Lech ihm nimmer entgehen. — Du ſprichſt ſo ſchwere, ahnungsreiche Worte, Sohn des Wojewoden der Ebene**). Sonſt redeteſt Du nicht ſo und freudiger wareſt Du in der heißen Schlacht mit den Kriegsleuten des rothen Landes, als jetzt, wo Deiner der Ruhm wartet und reicher Lohn in der Königsburg. Hat die Rede der erlauchten Gnaslawa Dir alſo das Herz im Buſen gewendet? Verzeih' dem alten Knecht, hoher Herr; wohl iſt Frau Gnaslawa ein würdig Bild und Deine Mutter, doch iſt ihr Wort nur eines Weibes Wort, und ein ſolches ſoll den edlen Sarmaten nicht irre machen an ſich und der Welt. Sieh', ich bin nicht, wie Du, aus fürſtlichem Geſchlecht; doch war es mein Arm, der Dich das erſte Mal auf das Roß hob, an meiner Seite erlegteſt Du den grimmen Bären, ich lehrte Dich das Schwert führen und den Wurfſpieß: ſo willſt Du denn dem alten Sendziwoj fürder nicht vertrauen, und achteſt ihn nimmer, weil er ein geringer Mann iſt und eines Leibeigenen Sohn? — Nein, wahrlich nein, antwortete Miloslaw, indem er die Hand liebkoſend auf die Schulter des Greiſes legte: ich achte Dich, wie immer, mein alter Lehrer; auch ſollſt Du erfahren, was mir den heitern Sinn ſo niedergeſchlagen; hab' ich doch immer gehört, daß die Geiſter der Nacht ſcheu zurückweichen, wo zwei Menſchenherzen ſich begegnen in Liebe und Vertrauen; ſo wird mir auch wieder wohl werden in freundlicher Mittheilung, und ich werde das Grauen abſchütteln, das kalt und eiſern meine Bruſt umſpannt. —

Sieh, Du weißt noch, mein Sendziwoj, ſo fuhr der junge Krieger fort in ſeiner Rede: wie wir uns verabſchiedet hatten von der weißen Fürſtin***), der wir mannlich ihren Krieg ausfechten halfen mit dem Herrn des Rothlandes****) und nun ausritten von der Stadt des Krak auf Gnieſno zu, dem hohen Sitze des Vaters, und uns die Kunde kam auf dem Wege, der König habe ſeine Oheime, die Söhne des dritten Lech, entboten nach Kruſzwica auf die Burg, um ſich zu berathen mit den Wojewoden, wie ſein Vater auch wohl gethan, der erſte Popiel, den die lichten Götter aufgenommen haben in ihr Freudenreich. Und damit die ernſte Sorge gemildert werde durch fröhliches Gelag und fürſtliche Pracht, hieß es, ſo habe er auch die Frauen und Kinder der Fürſten geladen, und ſie würden allzumal anziehen mit ihren Geſchlechtern nach der Königsburg, vierundzwanzig an der Zahl. Da beeilten wir uns nun, mit ſcharfem Reiten dahin zu gelangen, damit ich den Vater begrüße, und die Mutter, und Rzepicha, die Schweſter, welche bei der Königin weilt, und dem Könige Bericht gäbe von dem beendigten Krieg. Da traf uns der Mutter Gebot am Warta-Strom. Wir hatten, wie Du Dich deſſen wohl entſinneſt, uns nach langer Tagfahrt gelagert am Ufer um die wärmende Flamme, und horchten den lieblichen Geſängen der beiden griechiſchen Knaben, die mir die Fürſtin der weißen Chrobaten mitgegeben als Leibdiener und die Ihr Alle ſo werth hieltet, ihrer fremdländiſchen Geſtalt ungeachtet und ihres etwas ſtillen und ſinnigen Weſens, da trat der Mann zu uns mit dem Gebot, unſre Fahrt zu richten auf Gnieſno, wo Siechthum die erlauchte Frau zurückhalte. Alſo folgte ich dem väterlichen Ruf, und Ihr mit mir. Da ich aber in das Gemach trat zu Frau Gnaslawen, fand ich ſie, zwar traurig und mit verweinten Augen, doch wohl auf und bei guter Geſundheit. Als ich ihr nun frei heraus geſtanden, wie es mich befremde, daß ſie der Sitte fürſtlicher Frauen und der eigenen zuwider, des Königs Gebot übertreten und ihrem Eheherrn nicht gefolgt ſey, wie es ſein Wille und die Pflicht der Hausfrau erheiſcht, unter dem Vorwande erlittener Krankheit; da ſprach ſie folgendergeſtalt zu mir: „Ei, Du vorwitziger junger Kriegsmann, noch hat Dich die Mutter nicht willkommen heißen von der Fahrt in's fremde Land, und haſt ihr noch nicht berichtet von mancherlei Abenteuer im Kampf, ſo Du wohl beſtanden, noch übermacht den gebührenden Theil an der Beute, ſo ſchiltſt Du ſchon Tadel an ihrem Beginnen. Wolle mir nicht alſo thun, bevor Du vernommen, wie ſich alles begeben. Wohl war ich Willens, dem Fürſten Gemahl zu folgen des andern Tages nach Kruſzwica, wie er mir geboten, da hatte ich einen Traum in der Nacht nach des Herrn Abfahrt. Es traten nämlich zween hellglänzende Jünglinge an mein Lager und ſprachen zugleich, doch vernehmlich, folgende Worte: Höre auf unſere Rede, Frau, und merke ſie wohl — Du willſt dem Gemahl folgen in die Höhle des Bären! Dem thue nicht alſo, vielmehr wehre dem Sohne Deines Leibes, daß er ſich ihr nahe, auf daß des Lech altes Geſchlecht nicht verſinke, ehe es geheiligt wird. — Und als ſie ſo geredet hatten, entſchwanden ſie meinen Blicken und ich fühlte mich wach. Das Gemach aber war noch lange Zeit erhellt von einem wunderbaren roſenfarbenen Lichte, und ſüße Wohlgerüche ſchwebten in leichten Wölkchen um meine Bettſtatt. Als ich mich nun erhob am Morgen und bedachte, wie der wüſte Koſzyolo*) ſo unähnlich iſt ſeinem Vater, meinem königlichen Schwäher, wie er die Oheime anfeindet ob der Macht, die ihnen verliehen iſt im Reiche der Sarmaten, und wie Rzepicha, mein armes Kind, ſo räthſelhafte Kunde von des Königs Beginnen gegeben, da erwog ich den Traum in meinem Herzen und ſandte Dir einen Boten, beſchickte auch den Herrn, Deinen Vater, durch einen vertrauten Mann, damit er ſich wahre vor böſer Hinterliſt und mir die Jungfrau herüberſende unter ſicherer Geleitſchaft.“ — Darauf erwiederte ich, wie Träume oftmals nichts ſind denn Schäume; ſo es aber anders ſich verhalte mit dem der Mutter, ziemt es ſich am allerwenigſten zur Zeit der Gefahr, daß ich den Vater verlaſſe und in ſchnöder Furcht mich verkriechend hinter Frau Gnaslawens Schürze, das Unheil hereinbrechen ließe über ihn und die Schweſter und die Oheime, welches ich vielleicht gar wohl abwenden könne mit meinen Kriegsgenoſſen. Als wir nun ſo ſprachen, traten die griechiſchen Knaben in das Gemach, um, wie es Brauch iſt, mir den Nachttrunk zu bringen. Da ſie aber Frau Gnaslawa gewahrte, verfärbte ſie ſich und ſprach leiſe zu mir: „Sage mir, Sohn Miloslaw, wer ſind dieſe? und wie nennſt Du ſie?“ — Und ich antwortete ihr: dieß ſind meine beiden Leibdiener Michael und Raphael, zwei Griechenkinder, welche mir Ilga verehrt, die weiße Fürſtin, nebſt andern Gaben als Reiterdank. —

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*) Pickos, der Gott der Hölle, des Todes, auch Nia genannt; Perun, der Gott des Donners, des Himmels, der Macht, der Jupiter der Sarmaten; auch nannte man ihn Jessa.

**) Die Ebene, das heutige Großpolen.

***) Fürſtin der weißen Chrobaten, der Gegend von Krakau und eines Theils des Karpathiſchen Gebirges; auch ſpäterhin noch ſagte man der weiße Fürſt, die weiße Fürſtin.

****) Rothrußland, die Umgebung von Lemberg und Halicz.

*) Koſzyolo, ein ſchlechter geflochtener Korb, eine Hürde (an welcher das Geflecht ſchon ſchäbig geworden), ein Beiname, welchen Popiel der Zweite ſeinem borſtigen, verwilderten Haare verdanken ſoll. Der Chroniker Dlugoſs giebt denſelben Namen einem Fürſten von Kujawien aus Piaſtiſchem Stamme, Wiſzyslaw, welcher um das Jahr 1137 lebte, und erzählt von ihm die Sage, welche man ſonſt allgemein auf Popiel den Zweiten bezieht.

„Es mag mir die Götter gnädig seyn mögen, sprach die Mutter eifrig: dieß sind die Jünglinge meines Traums!“ — Ich verwunderte mich ein wenig, doch sagte ich: es haben die Geister zu schützen eine gute Geſtalt angenommen, treuer Diener und [illegible], Albert Knaben, darum ſoll man ihre Meinung nicht gering achten, und es drängt mich, bald dem Ruhe zu ſeyn. Wohl mehrmals verſuchte Frau Ermelinda darauf, den Beiden Rede abzugewinnen, doch hörten ſie, wie ſie klagten, wortkarg, verſahen ſtill und demüthig ihren Dienſt und verließen bald darauf die Halle. Da nun der guten Mutter Bitten und Thränen mich nicht vom Wege der Pflicht abzuhalten vermochten, ſo ward alles bereitet zu meiner Fahrt. Ich ſandte den Burgknecht voraus mit den Knaben, die ſich bei der Zurüſtung, ihrer ſonſtigen Weiſe zuwider, ſaumſelig und unmuthig bezeigt hatten, und nachdem ich das Haus beſtellt, bin ich nun [illegible] abgeritten mit Dir. Beim Abſchiede aber hab' ich Frau Ermelinden treulich verſprechen müſſen, ich werde die Burg nicht betreten ohne meine Mannen und die Knaben nicht von mir laſſen, in welchen, meint die Mutter, gute Geiſter mit Obhut zur Seite ſtehen. Wohl mag ihre Beſorgniß einen tiefern Grund haben, denn jenen Traum, von den Aengſten der Mutter und Gattin erzeugt, und ſchwere Ahnung drückt auch mich, denn nimmer hab' ich ein Herz faſſen mögen zu jenem finſtern Pfaffen, der den [illegible] Dienſt des Pietans verlaſſen, um in tiefen Gewölbe ſeine Tage hinzubringen unter dem Gemurmel finſterer Zauberſprüche und wilder Schwelgerei. Auch weiß in den Hallen der Königsburg, unſer Waffen entfernt, wandelt das Unheil nicht allein auf den Ruf einer Meerhaide. —

Franz Xaver Bronner,

der Sohn eines armen Knechtes in einer Ziegelbrennerei, ward am 23. December 1758 zu Höchſtädt im damaligen Herzogthum Pfalz-Neuburg an der nordöſtlichen Grenze Schwabens geboren und erhielt eine den Kräften ſeines Vaters angemeſſene Erziehung von dem Kantor des Ortes. Später (1769) kam er als Chorknabe in das Jeſuitenſeminarium zu Dillingen und 1773, als der Orden der Jeſuiten aufgehoben wurde, in das Seminarium zu Neuburg. Im Jahre 1776 trat er, vorzüglich durch ſeine Mutter dazu veranlaßt, in den Orden der Benedictiner und ward ein Mitglied des Kloſters zum heiligen Kreuz in Donauwerth. Der Prälat des Kloſters ſandte ihn 1782 nach Eichſtädt, um ſich dort in den mathematiſchen Wiſſenſchaften zu vervollkommnen. Er empfing, nachdem er ſich in den Illuminatenorden hatte aufnehmen laſſen, im folgenden Jahre die Prieſterweihe und kehrte darauf nach ſeinem Kloſter zurück. Der von ihm erwählte Stand war ihm aber ſo zuwider geworden, daß er beſchloß, ſich demſelben auf jede Weiſe zu entziehen. Es gelang ihm auch glücklich, in die Schweiz zu entkommen und ſich in Zürich ſeinen Unterhalt als Notenſetzer und durch ſchriftſtelleriſche Arbeiten zu erwerben; dennoch ließ er ſich bereden, zwar nicht in ſein Kloſter, aber doch freiwillig nach Augsburg zurückzukehren. Der Aufenthalt daſelbſt ward ihm jedoch ebenfalls bald zuwider; er entfloh zum zweiten Mal im Juli 1793 und gelangte glücklich wieder nach Zürich. — Da ihm der Plan, in Frankreich ſein Unterkommen zu finden, fehl ſchlug, ſo wählte er, nachdem er 1810 als Profeſſor der Phyſik nach Kaſan gegangen und bereits 1817 zurückgekehrt war, die Schweiz zum bleibenden Aufenthalt, bekleidete nach einander mehrere Aemter daſelbſt und lebt ſeit 1830 als Regierungsſekretair und Archivar in Aarau. —

Er gab heraus:

Fiſchergedichte und Erzählungen. Zürich, 1787.
Schriften. — Zürich, 1794. — 3 Thle.
B's Leben, von ihm ſelbſt beſchrieben. Zürich, 1795—97. 3 Thle. N. A. 1810.
Der erſte Krieg. Aarau, 1810. 2 Thle.
Abentheuerliche Geſchichte Herzog Werner's von Urslingen. Aarau, 1828.
Luſtfahrten ins Idyllenland. Aarau, 1833. — 2 Bde. 12.

B. wurd in früherer Zeit, wo ſich der Geſchmack noch dieſer Gattung der Poeſie zuneigte, als einer der beſten deutſchen Idyllendichter gefeiert; wenigſtens iſt er der glücklichſte Nachahmer Salomon Geßner's, den er ſogar zu Zeiten übertrifft. — Einfachheit, Wärme, Gefühl und eine gefällige Diction ſind höchſt lobenswerthe Eigenſchaften ſeiner poetiſchen Leiſtungen, welche den Leſer erfreuen, ſobald er keine höheren Anforderungen an den Verfaſſer macht. —

Vgl. Bronner's Leben, von ihm ſelbſt beſchrieben. S. oben.

Die belohnte Wohlthat *).

[illegible], die arme Fiſcherinn, war vor der Zeit zur Wittwe geworden. Auf ihren Wangen blühte zwar noch der Geſundheit Roth, und auf ihrem Antlitz ſaß jugendliche Anmuth. Aber keiner der Jünglinge mochte ſie freyen; denn ſie war arm. Da kam ſie zu Kerias dem reichen Fiſcher. „Ich habe „ſieben Kinder, ſagte ſie traurig, ſie ſind noch klein, und „ich kann ihnen nicht Brod genug ſchaffen. Aber dir hat „der Himmel Reichthum beſcheret, guter Mann! . . Habe doch „Mitleid mit armen hungernden Kindern, und mit einer „armen hülfloſen Mutter: Nimm ein paar Knaben zu dir, „und lehre ſie den Hamen und die Reuſe gebrauchen, daß „ſie im Alter einſt ihre Nahrung gewinnen mögen, und dir „[illegible] danken: O! nimm ſie zu dir, ſey ihr Vater, „und nähre ſie!“ So bat ſie, und eine Zähre glänzte in ihrem Auge. [illegible] ſtand ſie da, und ſah dem Fiſcher ſo ſehnlich ins Antlitz, ſo ſehnlich, daß ihr Blick ihm tief in die Seele drang.

„Du biſt eine gute Mutter, ſprach er mit freundlicher „Miene, ſey getroſt! Morgen werde ich deine Hütte beſuchen, „und mir die Knaben wählen, die ich künftig ernähren will. „Hier haſt du ein Körbchen voll Waſſerbirnen, hier Brod! „Nun eſſet euch ſatt, meine Lieben!“ Und er gab ihr ein Körbchen mit Waſſerbirnen, und Waizenbrod. Unter Thränen der Freude ſtammelte ihm [illegible] ihren Dank, und eilte nach Hauſe, den ſehnlich wartenden Kindern Speiſe zu reichen. Wie wallten da die ſchmachtenden Kleinen im [illegible] Chor; wie aßen ſie begierig, ihren quälenden Hunger zu ſtillen, das Brod hinunter! Alle huben dann ihre unſchuldigen Händchen empor, und beteten mit ihrer lieben Mutter für den wohlthätigen Fiſcher.

Am folgenden Tage, da ſie eben der aufgehenden Morgenſonne gegenüber im Graſe ſpielten, kam Kerias den Fluß herabgefahren, lächelte die Kinder freundlich an, und ſtieg ans Land. „Was macht ihr hier, meine lieben Kleinen? fragte „er liebreich und trat in ihre Mitte: Sage mir, Töchterchen! „Was ſoll der Stab in deiner Hand?“ „Ach, dort ſteht eine „Blume am Ufer,“ antwortete das Mädchen, „ſie ſteht traurig, mit niedergebücktem Haupte, und droht vor der Zeit zu „verwelken. Es dauert mich das arme Blümchen; es ſoll „nicht vor der Zeit verwelken; an dieſem Stabe will ich es „feſtbinden, daß es die Sonne anblickt, und wieder aufblüht: „Es wird mir dann noch ſüßer riechen.“

Kerias. Das biſt du, frommes Mädchen! Ich lobe dich! . . . . Und ihr dort an der ſchattigen Quelle, ihr vier munteren Knaben, mit dem Grabſcheit im Arme, was macht ihr da?

Die Knaben. Sieh! da den ſchönen Apfelbaum, der einſam dort in der Wieſe ſteht! Wir leiten einen kleinen Bach aus dem Fluſſe zu ihm: er trägt gar ſo gute Aepfel, und ihn dürſtet der arme Baum ſchon lange. Er müßte verdorren, bekäm er nicht Waſſer zu trinken. Aber er ſoll nicht verdorren: denn ſieh! wir haben den Kanal bald fertig.

Kerias. Gut, recht gut, meine Lieben! Ihr ſeyd wackere, unternehmende Knaben: Bleibet ſo! Wie ſehr verdienet ihr glücklich zu ſeyn! . . . . Und du, Mädchen! mit den zwey Kleinen neben dir im Graſe! Ihre Augen ſind ja noch von Thränen roth: Du pflückeſt ihnen gewiß Blumen in den Schooß, daß ſie ſtillſchweigen mögen?

Das Mädchen. Sie haben eben geweint, die kleinen Närrchen, denn ſie hungerten ſo ſehr; da pflückt' ich Graſe kamen in ihren Schooß, und ſie weinen nun eine Weile nicht mehr.

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*) Aus: Fiſchergedichte und Erzählungen. 1787.

Kerias. Wartet, ihr ſollt gleich zu eſſen bekommen, ihr lieben Kleinen!

Da holte er behende ſeine Fiſchlägel aus dem Nachen, und trat zu Thebe in die Hütte. „Meine liebe Fiſcherinn, ſagte „er, hier bring ich Fiſche; koche ſie deinen Kindern, daß ſie „eſſen und ſatt werden; die armen Jungen hungern ſchon wieder." Und Thebe dankte ihm, und kochte fröhlich den Kindern die Fiſche.

„Eben ſah ich ſie draußen im Grünen ſpielen, fuhr Kerias fort, es ſind aber nicht ſieben, wie du mir geſtern ſagteſt, ich zählte ſie genau, es ſind achte. Sage mir's, warum „verhehlteſt du's?"

Thebe. Lieber! ich verhehlte dir nichts; ich hab' nur ſieben Kinder; das achte iſt ein fremdes Mädchen, das ich halb erwürgt im Walde fand. Ich kam im Wald und ſuchte mir Brombeeren zum Nachtmal, da ſaß das Mädchen am Sumpfe, und weinte, und klagte laut ihre Noth, daß ſie keinen Vater und keine Mutter mehr hätte, und daß ſie nun kränklich wäre, und im ganzen Walde keine Speiſe für ihren Hunger fände. Da hatte ich Mitleid mit dem Mädchen; wo meine Kinder eſſen, dachte ich, mag ſie auch eſſen, und nahm ſie mit nach meiner Wohnung. Sie hat das [illegible], und muß mir auch tauſendmal für dieſe kleine Wohlthat danken.

„O meine Thebe, wie empfindſam, wie edel iſt deine „Seele!" rief Kerias, und drückte ſanft ihre Hand in die ſeinige: „Ich kam her, von deinen Kindern zu wählen, welche „ich nähren will; aber ich mag nicht wählen ... Sage, willſt „du mir wohl auch eine Bitte gewähren?"

Thebe. Du biſt reich, was kann ich dir geben?

Kerias. Dich — dich kannſt du mir geben, geliebtes Weibchen! .. Magſt du nicht meine Gattinn werden? Ich liebe dich, Thebe, recht herzlich liebe ich dich ..... Du ſchweigſt, und deine Hand bebt in der meinen. O ſage mir, ſage mir, kannſt du mich wiederlieben?

„Mein Kerias, was du für Fragen thuſt! antwortete ſie mit zagender Stimme, und zog behutſam ihre Hand zurück: ich bin ja ſo arm, du weißt es, bin ſo arm, und habe ſo viele Kinder, bedenk' nur, guter Mann, bedenke es nur! Gewiß du wirſt mich nicht lieben können."

Kerias. Warum nicht, beſte Thebe? .... Willſt du mich? O dann ſind deine Kinder auch meine.

Thebe. Ach! wer liebet dich nicht! .. Doch, ich bin arm, du wirſt nicht glücklich ſeyn.

Kerias. Und wäreſt du noch ärmer, ſo hätte ich dich dennoch lieb: Dein fühlendes Herz achte ich höher, als alle meine Habe, meine Fiſchteiche und Wieſen. O laß mich das erſtemal dich küſſen, du meine Geliebte, meine künftige Gattinn.

Da küßte er ſchmachtend ſie, und drückte ſie zärtlich an ſeine Bruſt, und Thebe weinte. „Weine nicht, meine Liebe, ſprach „er, und trocknete ihr ſanft die Thränen von der Wange; „komm vielmehr, laß uns unſere Kinder verſammeln, und den „Nachbar Alphalion herüberrufen, daß ich dir vor ſeinen Augen „Liebe ſchwöre, und unverbrüchliche Treue."

Und er lief hurtig hinaus, und rief die Kleinen herein, und holte den Nachbar Alphalion herüber; Dann gaben ſie ſich in ſeiner Gegenwart die Hände, und ſchwuren ſich Liebe, daß der Alte vor Freude hüpfte, und dieſen Tag ewig ſelig pries, der beſtimmt war, ſo viele glücklich zu machen. „Sieh, meine Nachbarinn, ſprach er, ſo lohnet der Himmel die Wohlthat, die du willig einem armen verwaiſten Mädchen erzeigteſt!"

Die Lüge.

Erzählen ſoll ich dir, du lieber kleiner Heinrich? Aber wenn die Erzählung dich treffen ſollte, willſt du mir dann nicht böſe werden? Nicht? So höre!

Der kleine Erdas, ein hübſcher munterer Knabe, wie du, aber auch manchmal muthwillig und loſe, wie du, hatte Morgens ſeinem Vater eine kleine Lüge geſagt, und das war ſchlimm. Da gieng er Nachmittags, einen irdenen Topf in der Hand, an die Schleuße des Mühlbachs hinauf, um dort kleine Fiſchchen und Krebſe unter den Kieſelſteinen zu haſchen. Sein Schweſterchen Erde gieng mit.

„Ich fürchte, Brüderchen," ſagte das fromme Mädchen, „ich fürchte, dein Fiſchfang werde heute nicht glücklich ſeyn; „denn die Mutter ſagt immer: Wer lüget, den fliehet das „Glück, wie ein Fiſchchen den lauernden Hecht."

„O du leichtgläubiges Mädchen! antwortete lächelnd der „Knabe, die Mutter droht dir nur; das ſollſt du gleich ſehen: „Denn wiſſe, [illegible] hat mich erſt geſtern eine neue Kunſt „gelehrt, die wird mich nicht trügen!"

Da rieb er ſich die beiden Hände mit Brenneſſelſaft, und ſtieg in den Mühlbach, der lieblichrieſelnd über flache Kieſel dahinſchoß. Der Bach war auf beiden Seiten mit alten morſchen Pfählen, und halbvermoderten Brettern befangen. Ein kleiner Damm hob ſich an den Brettern empor.

Auf einen Pfahl an dieſem Damme ſetzte der Knabe ſeinen mit Waſſer gefüllten Topf, und begann nach Schmerlen unter die Steine zu greifen. Erde lagerte ſich an einer grünenden Raſenſtätte, und ſchaute der Arbeit ihres Bruders zu.

„Sieh, Schweſterchen!" ſagte ihr Erdas, und zeigte ihr in ſeiner Hand eine zappelnde Schmerle hin: „ſieh, wie ſich „heute die Fiſchchen unter meine Hände ſchmiegen! O ſie ent„ſchlüpfen mir nicht; es iſt, als ſchwimmen die Närrchen mit „Fleiße mir nach, daß ich ſie bequemer haſchen kann: Sicher, „Mädchen, ſicher werd' ich diesmal einen glücklichen Fang thun."

„O warte du nur, noch haſt du nicht viele," antwortete ſittſam das Mädchen, und ſchwieg. Doch Erdas zog immer mehrere aus dem Waſſer, und machte ſich groß damit. Erdchen ſtaunte ſehr darüber. Noch mehrere, bis der Topf gefüllt war. Itzt fieng ſie faſt zu glauben an, dem Glücke ſey eine kleine Lüge nicht ſehr verhaßt.

Der Knabe wollte nun wieder aus dem Bache ſteigen, und verſuchte, an ein morſches Brett eingeſtemmt, ſich auf den Damm zu ſchwingen. Wehe aber! da brach das faule Brett, und auch der unterwurmelte Pfahl brach, auf dem ſein Schmerlentopf ſtand. Knabe, Topf und Schmerlen ſtürzten allzuſammen in den Bach.

Die kleine Erde lief ängſtlich hinzu, ihrem beſtürzten Bruder zu helfen. „Du lieber Bruder," klagte ſie, „warum „glaubteſt du mir nicht? O gewiß, nun ſeh' ichs; wer lügt, „den flieht das Glück weit mehr als ein Fiſchchen den lauernden Hecht!" Und zog den Knaben triefend ans Land.

Das Bächlein.

Hier, liebes kleines Bächlein im engen ruhigen Thale, von hohen Linden und Eichen beſchattet! Hier an dein blumiges Bord will ich mich ſetzen, und froh ſeyn! Andere mögen im leichten Kahne den majeſtätiſch rauſchenden Strom beſchiffen, oder auf weitem See mit ſchwellendem Segel einherfahren, und ſich freuen, wenn Hütten und Wälder und Hügel unter der ſpiegelnden Oberfläche hangen. Mir ſprichſt du, Bächlein, Vergnügen zu und Luſt, rein wie deine Silberfluthen, und ſüß, wie der friſche Labetrunk, welchen du dürſtenden Wanderern giebſt. Hier an dein blumiges Bord will ich mich legen, und froh ſeyn! Der reinliche Stein da unten, mit ſanftem Mooſe bewachſen, mag mir zum Schemmel dienen. Aber ſieh, faſt iſt es Schade, daß mein Fuß ein ganzes kleines Mooswäldchen, wie von winzigen immergrünen Fichtenbäumchen zertritt, und ſo manches ſchöne Kräutchen unter meinem Lager zerknickt wird.

Welch ein Reichthum zahlloſer Schönheiten hier am fruchtbaren Geſtade! Gelbe honigreiche Schlüſſelblümchen, und röthliche Nelklein, und himmelblaue Vergißmeinnichtchen ſchmücken mit lieblich abſtechenden Farben das tiefe Grün der dichtſtehenden üppiggenährten Gewächſe; und wo die ſchwarze Erde ſichtbar wird, da kriechen kleine künſtlich geſtreifte Schnecklein, oder dunkelgrünes Epheu umgürtet den leicht zerlockernden Sandboden. Kleine Mücken ſchwärmen über dem Waſſer, und tanzen, und trinken die unendlichdünnen emporſteigenden Dünſte. Die ſchöngezeichnete Eidexe lauert begierig auf ſie, und verſchlingt mit ſchneller Zunge die näherkommende Beute, wie ein Wirbel im Strome ſchwimmende Roſenblättchen verſchlingt.

Warum bläſeſt du ſo unbarmherzig durch das Thälchen herab, ſo plötzlich, ſpielender Windſtoß? Sieh, was du für wildes Zeug gemacht haſt! Bis zehen kleine, ſorglostanzende Mückchen ſtürzteſt du mit einem Hauch in den Bach. Kleine Fiſchchen ſchwimmen herbey, und haſchen die willkommene Mahlzeit. In Reihen ziehen ſie heran, die hungerigen Räuberchen mit röthlichen Floſſen und pechſchwarzen Augen. Wie ſie umherſtreichen, und rudern! Wie lebhaft und behende! Aber ihr ſollt nicht alles rauben, ihr kleinen muthwilligen Naſcher! nein — Das Käferchen hier will ich retten, das, auf dem Rücken liegend, hilflos herabtreibt: O wie es zappelt, das arme Thierchen, und ängſtlich die zarten Beinchen regt, daß ringsher alle kleine Wellchen zittern! O komm, komm, kleines Würmchen, ſieh das Gräschen hier, das ich dir biete! Schwinge dich dran empor, und trockne deine Flügelchen hier auf meiner warmen Hand! Du empfiengſt ja auch Leben und Odem von dem, der mir Leben und Odem gab. O wie es ſich wälzt, wie es ſich zerarbeitet zwiſchen den Härchen meiner Hand! Hier auf dieß Veilchen will ich dich ſchütteln, kleines Käferchen! Lebe und freue dich!

Aber ſieh hier! Ein Unheil aus meiner Schuld! Den Kieſel da ſtieß ich ſorglos ins Waſſer, ich Unachtſamer! Da läuft die fleißige Ameiſe drauf bange umher, und irret, vom Geſtade abgeſchnitten, und eingeſchloſſen wie auf einer kleinen Felſeninſel, am Rande des Kieſels ängſtlich dahin und dorthin, und ſucheſt eine Furt, dem traurigen Gefängniſſe zu entkommen. Entkomme denn, du ämſiges Thierchen, und werde frey; ſieh da, deine Inſel liegt hier im Trocknen, ſiehe!

Ey, du biſt kühn, ſorgloſe Bachſtelze, daß du mir ſo nahe am Kopfe vorüberfliegſt! Sahſt du etwa die langbeinigen Schnacken ſchweben, die dort auf trocknen Steinchen ruhen, und ſucheſt ſie dir zur Speiſe, ſo wie ich mir Fiſche zur Speiſe ſuche? Warum fängſt du die Mücke nicht, die dort auf dem ſchwimmenden Laube ſitzt? Wie ſie ſtolz in kleinen Wirbeln drauf fortſchiffet, und den glänzenden Federbuſch kämmet, und die Mädchen anſtaunet, die am Rande des leichten Fahrzeugs vorpaſſen! Jetzt entfliegt ſie, die ſummende Schwärmerinn, leicht, wie ein Stäubchen vom Winde getragen! Wende dich dorthin, du ſtolze Stelze, wo ſich auf dem wankenden Grashalm die funkelndblaue Waſſerlibelle wiegt, und ihre zwey großen Gitteraugen, und ihre ſchönen Flügel in zitternden Wellchen bebend; dann wirſt du dich ſchämen, wie ſich die hoffärtige blaſſe Stutzerinn ſchämt, wenn ſie an meinem blühendſchönen Mädchen vorübergeht.

Lieblich iſt es, dich, eiſigklares Bächlein, ſchwätzen zu hören. Heimlich wäſcheſt du deine weißen und röthlichen und blauen Kieſel ab, und bildeſt kleine rauſchende Waſſerfälle da und dort, und wälzeſt feinen Sand zu niedrigen abgerundeten Hügeln. Aus hier haſt du ein niedliches Sandbänkchen gebildet, zum ſchützenden Damme einer ſtillen kleinen Pfütze am Ufer, die mit ſchielendblauen und röthlichen Farben auf ihrer ruhigen Oberfläche ſpielt. Flink rudert das Männchen des ſchwarzbraunen Waſſerſpinnchens auf glatten Füßen dahin hin, ſeinem flüchtigen Weibchen nach, und ziehet farbloſe ſchmahle Furchen durch die ſilberartige Farbendecke, die zierlich auf dem ſtehenden Waſſer liegt. Unten auf dem ſandigen Grunde wimmeln junge Kröten umher, wie kleine ſchwarze Wölkchen geſtaltet, und verſtecken ſich in aufgejagten Wölkchen von Schlamme. Die zierlich gefleckte Waſſermauß kriechet auch am Boden, und gräbt ſich zwiſchen moderndes Kräutchen hinein. Wie euch da ſo wohl iſt, ihr ſchmächtlichen unachtbaren Geſchöpfe, wie ſo wohl, auch eingeſchränkt in die faulende Pfütze! Und ich, der ich frey durch die prächtige weite Schöpfung irren, jede lebendige Schönheit der Natur empfinden, aus jedem Gräschen unnennbares Vergnügen ſchöpfen kann, ich ſoll mißmuthig die ſchöne Welt durchſchleichen, und den freundlich einladenden Winken der immerlächelnden Freude nicht folgen? O nein! Ich will ihr folgen, will ſie ſehen im hohen unerſteiglichen Gebirge, fühlen in jedem ſummenden Blumenblättchen, und hören im Singvogel wie in dir, liebliſpelnde Quelle! Nie wird kränkelnder Eckel ſeinen Wermuth meinen ſüßen Gefühlen vermiſchen. Er vergället nur dem ſeine Freuden, der eingekerkert in goldene Säle die aufſteigende Sonne, den blühenden Hain, und die bunte Wieſe nicht ſieht, der in gekünſtelten Gärten die Natur ins Puppenkleid zwingt, und dem kein blühendes Mädchen lächelt, wie mir. O mein Mädchen iſt ſchön, wie die Morgenröthe im May, aufblühend wie die junge volle Roſenknoſpe, und rein wie die unberührte Lilie in der Wildniß. Seit ſie mir erröthend ihr warmes, weiches Händchen bot, und mit ſanftem Drücken jedes meiner Nervchen beben machte; ſeitdem ſingt mir jedes Waldvögelchen ſchöner, jede Blüthe riecht mir angenehmer, und jedes kühle Lüftchen fächelt mich freundlicher. O Lina, meine Empfindungen ſind ſanft, wie dein Blick; mein Vergnügen iſt rein, wie die Silberfluthen dieſes Bächleins, ſüß, wie dein friſcher Labetrunk dem lechzenden Wanderer, und unendlich mannigfaltig, wie die Natur.

Theobald Wilhelm Broxtermann

ward am 16. Juni 1771 zu Osnabrück geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung auf dem Carolinum ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ſtudirte in Göttingen die Rechte und ward 1792 Advocat. Er gab jedoch dieſe Laufbahn bereits 1794 wieder auf, um ſich dem akademiſchen Lehrfache zu widmen. Da ihm indeſſen die Zeitverhältniſſe nicht geſtatteten, ſeinen Zweck zu erreichen, ſo privatiſirte er eine Zeit lang in ſeinem Vaterlande und in Holland und trat dann als Kanzleirath (1797) in die Dienſte des Herzogs Wilhelm von Baiern. Er ſtarb am 18. September 1800 in München.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Gedichte von T. W. Broxtermann. Münſter. 1794.

Blüthen des Auslandes. 1s Bändchen. (Auch unter dem Titel:

Pope's Verſuch über den Menſchen.) Osnabrück, 1798.

Ehrgefühl und Liebe oder der Cid. Trauerſpiel. Brandenburg, 1799.

Poetiſche und proſaiſche Beiträge im neuen deutſchen Merkur u. ſ. w.

Frei von aller Manier, correct, genial und mit tiefem Gefühl ausgeſtattet, würde B. bei längerem Leben Bedeutendes geleiſtet haben. Unter ſeinen Gedichten iſt „Benno, Biſchof von Osnabrück“ (ein beſonderer Abdruck erſchien zu Münſter 1789 in 8) als höchſtgelungen zu bezeichnen und verdient der Vergeſſenheit entriſſen zu werden.

Ernſt Theodor Johann Brückner

ward am 13. September 1746 zu Merzka im Herzogthum Mecklenburg-Strelitz geboren, beſuchte die Schule zu Neubrandenburg und ſeit 1765 das joachimsthaliſche Gymnaſium zu Berlin, das er 1765 verließ, um ſich in Halle dem Studium der Theologie zu widmen. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn kehrte er in ſein Vaterland zurück und ward 1770 Adjunct des Pfarrers zu Weſenberg. Im Jahr 1771 wurde er Pfarrer zu Groß-Viehlen, 1789 Prediger zu Neubrandenburg und 1801 Hauptpaſtor an der Marienkirche daſelbſt. — Er ſtarb am 29. Mai 1805.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Etwas für die deutſche Schaubühne. Brandenburg, 1772.

Predigten für Ungelehrte. 2 Bde. Neubrandenburg. 1778 — 79. N. A. 1783. 8.

Predigten über die gewöhnlichen Evangelien. 2 Bde. Leipzig, 1786. 3. A. 1795.

Predigten über die Sonn- und Feſttagsepiſteln. 4 Thle. Schwerin und Wismar, 1794.

Einzelne Predigten, Gedichte im Voßiſchen Muſenalmanach, in Campe's Kinderbibliothek u. ſ. w.

B. zeigte in ſeinen Gedichten viel Talent, lebhafte Einbildungskraft und eine ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form; am glücklichſten erſcheint er in ſeinen Epigrammen und Idyllen. — Seine Predigten ſind einfach und zweckmäßig.

Johann Jacob Brückner

ward am 20. September 1762 in Leipzig geboren und ſtarb am 22. Januar 1811 als Notarius daſelbſt. —

Er gab heraus:

Kabalen des Schickſals. Leipzig, 1798 flgd. 6 Thle.
Die Höhle von Strozzi. Leipzig, 1799.
Wilhelm von Abyſſinien. Leipz. 1799. 2 Thle.
Märchen. Leipzig, 1799.
Dianora, die Büßende. Leipzig, 1799.
Meine Reiſen durch die Paläſte der Freude. Leipzig, 1799.
Der Junker von Falkenſtein. Leipz. 1799.
Graf Robert. Leipzig, 1800. 2 Thle.
Elsbeth. — Leipzig, 1800. — 2 Thle.
Der Waldfindling. Leipzig, 1800.
Angelika. Leipzig, 1801.
Kaspar, der Wildſchützenhauptmann. Leipzig, 1802. — 2 Thle.
Bertha von Dornenſtein. Leipzig, 1804.
Gedichte. Leipzig, 1805 — 6. — 2 Thle. u. ſ. w.

Ein ganz alltäglicher Romanſchreiber, der die Leihbibliotheken mit Futter verſorgte und dem Geſchmacke der Herren Cramer, Spieß u. ſ. w. huldigte.

Friedrich Aloys Reichsgraf von Brühl,

der älteſte Sohn des bekannten ſächſiſchen Premierminiſters, ward am 31. Juli 1739 in Dresden geboren, erhielt eine ſtandesmäßige, vortreffliche Erziehung, ſtudirte in Leipzig und Leyden und ward bereits 1758 Generalfeldzeugmeiſter der Krone Polen. Er machte hierauf eine Reiſe durch Europa, nahm dann als Freiwilliger Antheil am ſiebenjährigen Kriege und erhielt ſpäter, nachdem er durch Auguſt III. Tod ſeine Bedienungen in Polen und Sachſen, die Kron-Feldzeugmeiſter-Stelle ausgenommen, verloren hatte, vom Könige Stanislaus die Würde eines Staroſten und Gouverneurs von Warſchau und Kaminiec. Gegen das Ende ſeiner Tage zog er ſich nach Pförten in der Niederlauſitz, ſeinem Majorate und Lieblingsaufenthalte, zurück und lebte hier ſeinen Freunden und den Wiſſenſchaften. Er ſtarb auf einem Beſuche zu Berlin, vom Schlagfluß getroffen, plötzlich am 30. Januar 1793.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Theatraliſche Beluſtigungen. Dresden, 1785 — 90. — 5 Bde.
Ueber die Duelle. (Pförten), 1786. — (Nicht in den Buchhandel gekommen.)

Graf B. war ein geiſtreicher, liebenswürdiger Mann von umfaſſender Bildung. Seine dramatiſchen Leiſtungen ſind meiſt Nachbildungen franzöſiſcher Muſter und leiden trotz der gefälligen Behandlung an Flüchtigkeit und Incorrectheit; Dialog und Charakterzeichnung verdienen jedoch Lob.

Vgl. Schlichtegroll's Nekrolog auf 1793. Bd. 2. S. 24 — 63.

Friederike Sophie Chriſtiane Brun,

eine Tochter des bekannten Predigers an der Petrikirche zu Kopenhagen, Dr. Balthaſar Münter, ward am 3. Juni 1765 in Gräfentonna geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Erziehung und verheirathete ſich 1783 mit dem geheimen Conferenzrath C. Brun in Kopenhagen. Sie bildete ſich bereits in ihrer Jugend durch den Umgang mit ausgezeichneten Männern und machte dann größere Reiſen, vorzüglich nach Italien, wo ſie eine Zeit lang lebte. Matthiſſon und Bonſtetten gehörten zu ihren genauen Freunden. In den glücklichſten Verhältniſſen erreichte ſie ein hohes Alter, das nur durch unheilbare Taubheit getrübt ward, an welcher ſie ſeit 1788 litt, wo dieſes Uebel, wahrſcheinlich Folge einer Erkältung, ſie plötzlich überfiel. Sie ſtarb am 25. März 1835 in Kopenhagen.

Von ihr erſchienen im Druck:

Gedichte. Zürich, 1795. 4. A. 1806. — 2r Th. Darmſtadt, 1812. 3r Th. Bonn, 1820.
Proſaiſche Schriften. Zürich, 1800 — 1801. — 4 Bdchen.
Tagebuch einer Reiſe durch die Schweiz. Copenhagen, 1800.
Episoden aus Reiſen. — Zürich, Heidelberg, Peſth, 1807 — 18. 4 Thle.
Briefe aus Rom. Dresden, 1816. — 2. A. 1820.
Wahrheit aus Morgenträumen. Aarau, 1824.
Einzelne Aufſätze und Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Tiefes Gefühl, eine edle und gebildete Sprache und wahrhaft gediegene Kenntniſſe, ſo wie ein heller Blick und eine reiche Lebenserfahrung, welche ſich in ihren Schriften offenbaren, geben Fr. Brun einen hohen Rang unter Deutſchlands achtungswertheſten Schriftſtellerinnen; ihr Ruf würde noch bleibender ſeyn, wenn ſie nicht, eine treue Freundin und gewiſſermaßen zu fleißige Schülerin Matthiſſon's, ſich dieſen zu ſehr zum Muſter genommen und dadurch in eine ſüßliche und preciöſe Manier verfallen wäre, welche ſie auf Abwege leitete und den hohen Werth verringerte, den ihre warme Menſchenliebe, ihre wahren und reinen Empfindungen, ihre Freude an allem Edeln und Schönen ihr bereitet haben. Vielen ihrer Gedichte fehlt daher der Nerv echter Begeiſterung, und man ſieht ihnen das Künſtliche und Gemachte nur zu ſehr an, eben ſo wie von ihren proſaiſchen Leiſtungen trotz des Schönen, das ſie bieten, der Vorwurf der Geſuchtheit und der geleckten Glätte auf Koſten der Einfachheit und Kraft nicht wohl abzuweiſen iſt. — Wir theilen hier deshalb nur wenige Gedichte von ihr mit, die nach unſerem Dafürhalten zu dem Beſten gehören, das die vortreffliche Frau lieferte.

Chamonix *)

beim Sonnenaufgange **).

(Im Mai 1791.)

La Terra, il Mare, le Sfere
Parlan del tuo potere.

Metaſtaſio.

Aus tiefem Schatten des ſchweigenden Tannenhains
Erblick' ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit,
Blendender Gipfel, von deſſen Höhe
Ahndend mein Geiſt ins Unendliche ſchwebet!

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*) Aus: Gedichte von Friederike Brun, geb. Münter. Zürich, 1795.

**) Chamonix iſt eins der höchſten Bergthäler der Baronie Faucigny in Savoyen. Es wird ſeiner romantiſchen, im Kontraſt der wildeſten Naturſcenen mit den ſanfteſten Schön-

Wer ſenkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schooß,
Der, ſeit Jahrtauſenden, feſt deine Maſſe ſtützt?
Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung
Mächtig und kühn dein umſtrahltes Antlitz?

Wer goß euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich,
O Zackenſtröme, mit Donnergetöſ' herab?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme:
„Hier ſollen ruhen die ſtarrenden Wogen!" *)

Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgenſterne die Bahn,
Wer kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Froſtes Saum? **)
Wem tönt in ſchrecklichen Harmonien,
Wilder Arveiron, Dein Wogengetümmel?

Jehovah! Jehovah! kracht's im berſtenden Eis;
Lavinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab;
Jehovah! rauſcht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
Flüſtert's an rieſelnden Silberbächen.

An eine Sängerin.

Töne länger, Silberſtimme! Klage
Seelenwohllaut tiefer mir in's Herz!
Ach! wie Augenblick' entfliehen Tage
Mir in Thränen, wie des Orpheus Schmerz.
Zauberin! von welchen Harmonien
Haſt Du Ton, und Red' und Sang entlehnt?
Länger athmend mit Iphigenien
Fühl' ich Gluck aus Deiner Bruſt verſchönt!

Die Schweſter und die Nymphe der Garonne ***).

Die Schweſter.

Nymphe des goldenen Stroms ****), verlaſſe die ſchäumende Urne,
Heb', o Göttliche, hoch über die Wogen dein Haupt!
Höre die Stimme der Schweſter, die laut den Jüngling verlanget,
Den dein mächtiger Arm tief in dem Abgrund verbarg.
Nymphe, pflegeſt du ſein in wogenumrauſchter Halle?
Theilt der Holde mit dir deiner Unſterblichkeit Glück?

Die Nymphe.

Nicht die Nymphe des Stroms entführte den Kühnen, den Schönen;
Hoch zum Olympus hinauf trug ihn ein ſtärkerer Gott!
Heimlich blühet er dort, umkränzt von ewiger Jugend.
Trockne die Thräne des Harms! weine dem Seligen nicht!

Die Nymphe des Mains und der Wanderer.

Der Wanderer.

Schöne Nymphe des Maines mit den langenwallenden Locken,
Sag', o Liebliche, wem eilet entgegen dein Fuß?
Sage, wem ſchmückeſt du dich mit dem Blüthen duftenden Kranze,
Und wem füllte dies Horn ſich mit winkender Frucht?

Die Nymphe.

Meinem Geliebten entgegen, des Gotthards mächtigem Sohne,
Wall' ich, bräutlich geſchmückt, bringend der Ebene Frucht.
Liebend führet er mich in Bacchus purpurne Lauben,
Tränkt mit der Fülle mich dort herzerquickenden Weins.

Der Frühlingsregen am Genferſee.

Düſtrer Wolkenzug, o ſchwebe näher,
Walle ſtill am Jura dort hinab *);
Und der Landmann, treuer Wetterſpäher,
Jubelt: Segen träufelt uns herab!

Seht des ſchönen Sees Blau verdunkelt,
Wo die Rhone hell ins Waſſer ſtreift;
Des Salève Scheitel **) hoch umdunkelt;
Jenes Huhn, das unters Obdach läuft.

Graue Schatten wandeln, ſchweben, tauchen
Schnell das Thal in trübe Dämm'rung ein;
Kräuterknospen öffnen ſich, und hauchen
Süßern Duft als Zeilans Spezerein ***).

Regen rieſelt freundlich und gelinde
Jetzt auf Hügel, Acker, Wieſ' und Feld;
Und der Vogel, der im Frühlingswinde
Tönt im Buſch, vom Zitterglanz erhellt.

Auf der Dole ****) ſchwimmt ein Meer von Strahlen;
Purpur färbt das öde Felſenſchloß †);
Roſenſchimmer, die den Mole ††) mahlen,
Sinken auf des Sees Spiegelſchooß.

Erd' und Himmel, Feld und Thal und Hügel,
Glänzt in reiner Farbenharmonie;
Die Gewäſſer †††) und der Winde Flügel
Rauſchen drein in hoher Melodie.

Schalle tönend: Laut durch die Welten eine ††††),
Edler Chor, den unſer Freund erſchuf,
Und der Dankgefühle Zauber eine
Der Natur vereinten Freudenruf.

ſeiner abwechſelnden Lage wegen, vorzüglich von Reiſenden beſucht: die Kette des Mont-Blanc begrenzt es; und außer der Arve wird es von den Gletſcherwaſſern des unaufhaltſam tobenden Arveiron, und vier andern, aus den ſich ins Thal ſenkenden Gletſchern entſtehenden, Schneewaſſern durchrauſcht.

*) Die aus ſchwindelnder Höhe in den ungeheuren Felsklüften herabgleitenden Gletſcher gleichen gewaltigen Strömen, die mitten im Tumult der raſcheſten Bewegung von plötzlichem Froſte gefeſſelt werden.

**) Ich pflückte am Gletſcher des Boſſon, wenige Schritte vom ewigen Eiſe, die ſchöne Gentiana major in großer Menge.

***) Ich verlor vor fünf Jahren einen ſehr geliebten Bruder, der hier beim Baden ertrank. Indem ich bei meiner Ankunft in Bordeaux über den Fluß ſetzte, entſtanden dieſe Zeilen.

****) Die Garonne zeichnet ſich unter den gelben Strömen Frankreichs durch eine reinere tiefere Goldfarbe aus.

*) Das Gebirge des Jura begrenzt im Weſten das Thal des Genferſees, und iſt das Barometer von Genf. Wenn der Rücken unbedeckt ſich im Abendlicht aufhebt, erwartet man ſicher heiteres Wetter; iſt er aber, beſonders bei der Oeffnung des Fort Ecluſe, mit Wolken bedeckt, dann prophezeiht man Regen.

**) Ein Fels, der ſeiner gigantiſchen Form wegen ſowohl, als durch die ſchaurigwildeſten Steinlagen merkwürdig iſt, welche ſeine Schichtung und Bildung durch die Strömung ehemaliger Fluthen deutlich verrathen.

***) Die durch ihren weitverbreiteten Wohlgeruch berühmte Gewürzinſel.

****) Die bläuliche Kuppel auf dem ſonſt gleichförmig eben hinlaufenden Rücken des Jura.

†) Trümmer eines alten Kloſters, auf der Höhe des kleinen Salève, deſſen Portal mit der Inſchrift: Noſce, poli, mori, mitten im Jammerblick auf das Zauberthal des Genferſees, jene Miſchung von Freude und Wehmuth erweckt, die fühlenden Seelen ſo ſüß iſt.

††) Ein Berg, der, von den Höhen um Genf erblickt, dem Reiſenden wegen ſeiner dem Veſuv äußerſt ähnlichen Geſtalt auffällt.

†††) Die Arve, von den Savoyiſchen Schneebergen herabrauſchend, vereinigt nahe bei Genf, unter den romantiſchen Hügeln von la Batie und St. Jean, ihre trüben Fluthen mit der, einer friſchen Nymphe gleich, aus dem Bade des Sees hervorſtrömenden Rhone.

††††) Worte aus dem erſten Chore der Athalia, nach Cramers Ueberſetzung und Schulzens Compoſition. Gewiſſe Akkorde der Natur rufen gewiſſe Akkorde der Kunſt in meine Seele zurück. Dieſer Preiſchor, werth von einer dankenden Welt angeſtimmt zu werden, ſchwebte, mit dem Bilde meines Freundes vereint, in jenem ſchönen Momente meinem Geiſte vor.

Abendphantaſie.

Süßes Bild,
Schwebſt mir vor mit leiſem Sehnen!
Klagſt mit wehmuthsvollen Thränen,
Tief in Trauerflor verhüllt.

Wonnezeit!
Ach! Umſtrahlt von Frühlingsmilde,
Froh in Tempe's Lichtgefilde,
Lebt' ich dir, o Zärtlichkeit!

Thränen fließt!
Thauend, wie die kleine Quelle
Rieſelnd, perlend, Well' an Welle
Ueber Blumen ſich ergießt.

Alles ſchweigt!
Kaum, daß in des Weſtes Flüſtern,
Unterm Schattendach des düſtern
Tannenhaines, der Halm ſich beugt.

Holder Traum!
Fliehe nicht auf Roſenflügeln;
Weile an des Baches Spiegeln,
Suche nicht des Aethers Raum.

Es entſchwand! . . .
So entfloh des Friede's Kuſſe
Amor, da mit hellem Gruße
Sie: Geliebter! ihn genannt.

Die Inſel auf dem Bielerſee.

An Rouſſeau's Schatten.

Wo Wogen das liebliche Eiland umſpül'n,
Da ſeh' ich hoch über dem Felſen im Grün,
Und höre, mit ſchmachtendem Sehnen,
Die Fluthen ertönen.

Von ferneher rauſchen, wie tief aus dem See
Erſchallend, empor in die luftige Höh',
Vereinzelte dumpfige Schläge
Aus Ufergehege!

Umſchwebe mich im Weſt, der das Eichenblatt beugt,
Dein klagender Schatten, ätheriſch und leicht,
Die vormals geliebten Gefilde
Mit himmliſcher Milde!

Dort, hoch aus dem ſilberumfloſſenen Blau,
O ſenke dich nieder, wie kühlender Thau;
Verkünde der traurigen Müden
Elyſiſchen Frieden!

Du kannteſt dies Sehnen, du kannteſt den Schmerz,
Der ſchwer mir belaſtet das einſame Herz!
Nun ſchöpfſt du am Strome der Klarheit
Unſterbliche Wahrheit!

Stets glaubend, ſtillhoffend und liebend wie du,
Ach! find' ich im Schooße der Nacht erſt die Ruh',
Entſchwebend dem moosigen Hügel
Mit ſtrahlendem Flügel!

Mailied.

Feier der Lebenden und Todten *).

Wonne ſchwebet,
Lächelt überall;
Schwebt am lichtbegrünten Hügel,
Lächelt aus der Fluthen Spiegel.
Wonne ſchwebet,
Lächelt überall!

Liebe waltet,
Wirket überall;
In des Haines kühlem Raume,
In dem weißen Blüthenraume.
Liebe waltet,
Wirket überall!

Unſchuld wallet,
Unſichtbar, doch nah'!
Wallt auf hohem Buchenwipfel,
Weilt im Neſtchen unterm Gipfel.
Unſchuld wallet,
Unſichtbar, doch nah'!

Freude tönet,
Jauchzet fern und nah'!
Auf dem lichtbeblümten Raſen
Hüpfen Kindlein, Lämmer graſen.
Freude tönet,
Jauchzet fern und nah'!

Auf! und windet
Kränze, Mägdelein!
Unſchuld, Wonn' und Liebe walten!
Seht die Blümlein ſich entfalten!
Auf! und windet
Kränze, Mägdelein!

Hüpfend ſchwinget
Euch im Maientanz!
Horch! der Kukuk, fern am Walde,
Ruft dem Sommer! Frühlingsfeier
Welket — ach! welket
Wie der Blüthenkranz!

Wehmuth dämmert
Tief im Blumenkelch!
Seht ſie in des Thaues Perlen!
Hört ſie klagen unter Erlen!
Wehmuth dämmert
Tief im Blumenkelch!

Töne leiſer,
Sanfter Freuden Chor!
Geiſter ſchweben in den Lüften —
Geiſter wallen mit den Düften —
Töne leiſer,
Sanfter Freuden Chor!

Frühling blühet
Auf der Todtengruft!
Nur dem Tod' entkeimt [illegible] Leben.
Seht die Schmetterlinge ſchweben!
Hoffnung waltet
Ob der Todtengruft!

Das Bild der Sehnſucht.

Süßes Bild, das mir mit leiſem Sehnen
Herz und Sinn, und Geiſt und Auge füllt!
Reine Quelle meiner ſtillen Thränen,
Nie vergeſſnes, immer nahes Bild!

Lächelnd ſchwebſt du auf des Abends Golde,
Neugeboren unter'm Morgenhain;
Und mit Wonneglanz füllt deine holde
Gegenwart ſelbſt Trauerphantaſie'n!

In der Andacht hohem Sternenfluge,
Schwebſt du winkend meinem Geiſte vor;
Weilſt mit mir am ernſten Aſchenkruge,
Hebeſt tröſtend mir der Zukunft Flor.

Zeigſt mir der Vollendung Sonnenauen,
Und die Ruh', der jede Klage ſchweigt;
Stützeſt ſanft das ſinkende Vertrauen;
Flüſterſt: „Muth! Bald iſt das Ziel erreicht!

„Wiederfinden heißt des Zieles Krone,
„Ungetrennt dann wandeln Einen Pfad.
„Sieh! Es reift dem himmelsvollen Lohne
„Jede ſtille ungeſeh'ne That!"

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*) In dieſen Tagen traf der Geburts- und Todestag vieler Freunde der Verfaſſerin zuſammen.

Fern getrennt, und doch für mich geboren?
Dunkles Schickſal, das mein Leben lenkt!
Schnell erkannt, und ſchneller noch verloren,
Beßres Ich, in das mein Geiſt ſich ſenkt.

Sah' ich dich, und fühlte heiß'res Leben
Schauerlich durch jede Nerve glühn —
Hörte dich, empfand mit tiefem Beben
Jedes Bande uns zuſammenziehn!

Liebe und Kraft und reine Seelenwürde,
Stille Freude, heitre Geiſtesruh',
Muth für jede, auch die ſchwerſte Bürde,
Lächelte mir ſanft dein Auge zu.

Wie gefühltes inniges Vereinen,
Schmiegte Herz an Herz, und Geiſt an Geiſt.
Ach! Um dich, um dich ſoll' ich nicht weinen,
Wo des Lebens harter Faden reißt!

Ferne! Du vermagſt uns nicht zu trennen!
Seelen trennt nicht Berg, nicht Land und Meer,
Ewig werden wir uns wieder kennen;
Banges Herz! Was trauerſt du ſo ſehr!

Der Wald.

Nimm mich in kühligen, ſchattigen Arm,
Säuſelnder Hain!
Fern von rauſchender Freuden Schwarm,
Ungeſtört vom nagenden Harm,
Will ich deiner mich freu'n!

Lieblich ſtrömt von den Gipfeln herab
Wallender Duft;
Langſam ans moosige Ufer hinab,
Rollen die murmelnden Wellen ins Grab,
Spiegel ſchimmernder Luft.

O Natur! wie biſt du ſo ſchön;
Lieblich und hehr
Deine verjüngende Schönheit zu ſehn,
So durch's Leben lächelnd zu gehn,
Mit der Unſchuld daher!

Unſchuld nur, und du, o Natur!
Ewiges Band!
Ihr verſüßet das Leben uns nur;
Stets will ich folgen der blumigen Spur
Mit der Lieb' an der Hand!

Der Herr von Gudenberg, ſ. Minneſänger.

Anton v. Bucher

ward am 8. Februar 1746 zu München geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung in den Jeſuitenſchulen ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte zu Ingolſtadt Theologie. Im Jahre 1768 erhielt er die Prieſterweihe und ward gleich nachher als Kaplan angeſtellt. Seine Predigten erfreuten ſich allgemeinen Beifalls. Da man indeſſen große Fähigkeiten für das Lehrfach bei ihm fand, ſo ward er auf Veranlaſſung des damaligen baieriſchen Schulverbeſſerers, des geiſtlichen Rathes Braun, 1771 Rector der deutſchen und 1773 Rector der lateiniſchen Schulen zu München und erhielt 1777 den Charakter eines geiſtlichen Rathes. Er vertauſchte dieſe ehrenvolle Stellung 1778 mit dem Pfarramte zu Engelbrechtsmünſter, wurde aber bereits 1784 als geiſtlicher- und Schuldirectorialrath, doch mit Beibehaltung ſeiner Pfarrei, wieder nach München gerufen und verwaltete dieſe Aemter bis 1813, wo er ſeines hohen Alters wegen in Ruheſtand verſetzt wurde. Er ſtarb am 8. Januar 1817 daſelbſt.

Seine Schriften erſchienen geſammelt unter dem Titel:

A. v. Bucher's ſämmtliche Werke, geſammelt und herausgegeben von Joſeph von Kleſſing. München, 1819 fgde. 6 Bde.

Sie enthalten: die Jeſuiten in Baiern vor und nach ihrer Aufhebung; Allerneueſter Jeſuitiſcher Eulenſpiegel u. ſ. w.; Mönchsbriefe; Predigten, Verlaſſenſchaft des Pfarrers Tröſteuch; Geſchichte des Bürgersſohnes Pancraz; Hiſtorie von einem Schmiedſohne; geiſtliches Suchverloren; Charfreitags-Proceſſion auf dem Lande; die Kinderlehre auf dem Lande; Pretiunkulabüchlein u. ſ. w. Mit außerordentlicher Kraft, glücklicher Laune und ächtem Humor ſuchte v. B. durch dieſe Schriften die wahre Aufklärung und echte Frömmigkeit in Baiern zu befördern und den Laſtern und Thorheiten einer ausgearteten Geiſtlichkeit, ſo wie abſurden Mißbräuchen im äußeren Gottesdienſte Einhalt zu thun. Er verſchmähte es daher nicht, ſich des niederen Styls zu bedienen, um ganz nach dem Leben zu ſchildern und das Gute, das er beabſichtigte, deſto allgemeiner und leichter zugänglich zu machen. — Treffend ſagt daher der Herausgeber ſeiner Werke (Bd. 6. S. XII.) von ihm: „Bucher führte bei ſeiner ungemeinen Gabe, das Lächerliche und Verkehrte ſeiner Zeit aufzufaſſen und die Mißbräuche in den kirchlichen Umgebungen darzuſtellen, wie ein echter dramatiſcher Dichter, weit entfernt von der trockenen Art des abhandelnden Schriftſtellers, dieſe Thorheiten in ihrer eigenſten Geſtalt uns vor, da er durchgängig das Thema in der Form der handelnden Hauptperſonen als ein belebtes Drama zu dem höchſten Grade des Effectes und getreuer Nachbildung zu bringen wußte. — Die Wahrheit dieſer Charakteriſtik tritt überall in den Geſinnungen, in der Sprache und ſelbſt in den provinziellen Idiotismen der von ihm angeführten Perſonen dem Leſer entgegen. Durch dieſe Wahrheit unſeres Naturmalers und ſeinen großen Fond von meiſt groteskem Witz und origineller Laune erhalten dieſe Denkmale einen unverwelklichen Reiz, den ſie um ſo weniger verlieren können, da keine ähnlichen Produkte in unſerer deutſchen Literatur über Gegenſtände dieſer Art vorhanden ſind, die ihnen zur Seite geſtellt werden können.“ —

Wir theilen, um ein Ganzes zu geben, hier eine Predigt von ihm mit, in welcher er das falſche, geſchmackloſe und unanſtändige Predigtweſen unwiſſender katholiſcher Geiſtlichen, wie es in früheren Jahren noch häufig in Baiern vorkam, auf eine eben ſo ſchlagende als witzige Weiſe parodirt.

III. Predigt.*)

Auf St. Chriſtoph.

Thema. S. Christophorus habebat indusiam, alleluja, usque ad Nates, alleluja.
Ex Breviario S. R. Ecclesiae vetustiore.

Was ich Euer Lieb und Andacht im Latein habe vorgetragen, lautet auf Deutſch alſo:

St. Chriſtoph trug ein kurzes Hemd,
Dafür ſey Gott geprieſen.

Uſuard, Beda, Mombritius, Ado, Molanus, Petrus Equilinus, Rogerius Bollandus, Metaphraſtes Ferrarius, Laurentius Surius, Martirologiſtus, Iſidorus, Gregorius, Hieronymus Vida, Ambroſius, Baronius, Bevilarius, Ribadeneira, Nikolaus Serrarius, Petrus Caniſius, Bollandiſtus, Johannes Vincus, Mabillonius, und — doch jam ſatis eſt. — Ha! Welch ein Regiſter gelehrter Männer! Welche Karfunkel unter den Biographen! Und alle dieſe ſagen mit einem Munde, daß der uralte heilige Erzblutmärtyrer Chriſtophorus a Jesu Christo kein non Ens, ſondern in der That das geweſen ſey, was wir an ihm verehren.

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*) Aus: A. v. Bucher's ſämmtlichen Werken. Geſammelt und herausgegeben von Joſ. v. Kleſſing. München. 1820. 6. Band. S. 28.

Das iſt denn nun ſo meine Sache, hochanſehnliches in Chriſto u. St. Chriſtoph verehrteſtes Auditorium! Das iſt meine Sache — zu ſuchen, wo man findet, — zu nehmen, wo man kann, — und zu brauchen, was ich gefunden und genommen habe, tiefſinnige Elukubrationen hinzuzuſetzen, und nichts aus dem Ermel herauszuſchütteln, wie das, unter uns geredet, die meiſten meiner ehrwürdigen Kollegen, ohne Ruhm zu melden, zu thun pflegen. Nein! Nein! ob ich ſchon von Herzen einfältig und demüthig bin, ſo iſt doch das meine Sache nicht. Ich überlaſſe dieß den Miethlingen, oder gar den reiſſenden Wölfen in weiſſen Schafskleidern, ohne eben deßwegen etwas zum Präjudiz ſprechen oder beſtätigen zu wollen.

Gewöhnlich lege ich die heil. Schrift in Folio, die heil. Konkordanz, dann 10, 12, bisweilen auch 20 und 30 Autoren oder Bücher vor mich hin, und ſuche und ſammle ganze Alphabete durch, bis ich auch nur für eine einzige Rede einen Reichthum der Gelehrſamkeit zu Folianten anſchwellen kann. Es wird aber dann auch aus meinen Arbeiten Etwas, das ſich auszeichnet, etwas, das Aufſehen macht. Es erſcheint der Sirach neben dem Apoſtel Judas, das Buch der Weisheit neben den Sprüchen der heutigen Weltweiſen, St. Auguſtin und Paulus nicht anders, als wären ſie alle mit mir auf dem nämlichen fruchtbaren Baum der Wiſſenſchaften des Guten u. des Böſen gewachſen. Doch, ob ich ſchon den Baum tüchtig geſchüttelt habe, ſagen mir, leider! leider! alle eben zitirte hochanſehnliche Männer nicht, warum eigentlich der heil. Chriſtoph ein ſo kurzes Hemd getragen habe. Sie ſagen mir nicht, warum wir deßwegen Gott preiſen ſollen. Erſt nach langem Meditiren, Bitten, Beten und Faſten brachte ich es ſo weit, daß ich mir eine hinlängliche Urſache von einem, wie von dem andern geben konnte.

Sehet, Andächtige! und erſtaunet. Da ich euch mit dem Finger auf das kurze Hemd des heil. Chriſtophs deute, da ich euch mit Herz und Mund auffordere, deßwegen Gott zu preiſen, ach! was zeigt mir da der Trauergenius des verfloſſenen Jahrhunderts? Der Viehfall graſſirte im ganzen Teutſchlande nicht Einmal, ſondern wiederholtemale. — Die Franzoſen waren im ganzen Teutſchlande, nicht nur hier und dort, ſondern allenthalben. — Der Schauer fiel vom Himmel, Stürme wütheten, Donner rollten, Blitze zündeten, und wo man nur immer hinſah, herrſchten Verwüſtung und Elend. Die Feldfrüchte liegen zerknickt. — Die Trauben weinen. — Die Bäume haben kaum Blätter. — Die Häuſer hie und da keine Dächer — arme Landleute oft ſogar keine Schlupfwinkel mehr. — Iſt es dann ein Wunder, wenn auch unſre Hemden bereits zu kurz ſind? Daß es Gott erbarme! Was ſchnitt nicht daran! Kontributionen, Exekutionen, Meliorationen, Deteriorationen, Vorſpanne und Lieferungen aller Art. — Euch ja nicht zu vergeſſen, ihr unvergleichlichen Herrn Lands-, Marſch- und Kriegskommiſſarien, die ihr euch Fleiſch, Brod und Branntwein bezahlen, — Heu, Haber und Getreid liefern ließet, daſſelbe um die Hälfte des Werths wieder verkaufet, das empfangene Geld für euch behalten, Heu, Stroh und Getreide aber nicht weiter geliefert, ſondern zu eurem eigenen Nutzen verwendet habt! Euch immer und ewig, und ſäßet ihr, o wehe! wirklich in der verdienten ewigen Hölle, wie der Haas in ſeiner Sos, euch immer und ewig nicht zu vergeſſen! Doch abermal, o wehe! Ach, wer ſchnitt nicht, wann er in Nöthen ſaß! — Wer ſchnitt nicht?

Hat aber ſogar St. Chriſtoph ein kurzes Hemd, der doch ein großer Heiliger war, was ſollen ſündige Menſchen ſich ärgern, wenn ihr Hemd verſchnitten iſt! O ſo preiſet, preiſet dann Gott, daß er euch ein ſo herrliches Beiſpiel an dem heil. Chriſtoph, deſſen Feſt wir heute feyern, gegeben habe. St. Chriſtoph trug ein kurzes Hemd, und er war doch ein Rieſe unter den Heiligen. Daher ſey Gott geprieſen; denn aus ſeinem auch kurzen Hemde geht eine ſchöne Troſt-, Altar-, Kanzel- und Ehrenlobrede hervor, und ich ſchreibe folgenden Titel auf den Aushangſchild meiner Kanzel *):

Der große heilige Chriſtoph war auch im kurzen Hemd ein Rieſe.

A. Ein Rieſe der Natur nach,
B. Ein Rieſe der Heiligkeit nach,
C. Ein Rieſe der Gnade nach.

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*) Anmerkung des Herausgebers. Bey dem Manuſkripte dieſer Predigt fanden ſich auch einige Nebenbogen, welche uns zu der Vermuthung berechtigen, daß Bucher anfänglich dem Texte eine andere Eintheilung und Ausführung des Thema unterlegen wollte. Der Originalität wegen liefern wir daher auch dieſes Fragment ganz ſo, wie wir es fanden. Der Verfaſſer hatte nämlich in ſeinem erſten Aufſatze folgendes entworfen:

Sanctus Chriſtophorus.

Der heilige Chriſtoph war ſo groß, größer noch als ein Rieſe. Dieß probiere ich unumſtößlich ſelbſt nach dem Syſtem heutiger Gelehrter im I. Theile.

Der heilige Chriſtoph ließ ſich auch den (Salvavenis) Hobel ausblaſen. Aber von wem, das zeigt euch der II. Theil.

Nu! Wie ſollt ihr euch von Welt, Fleiſch und Teufel den Hobel ausblaſen laſſen! Dieß lehrt euch, merkt nur auf, der III. Theil.

Wer Ohren hat, der höre, und wer ſeinen Nachbar ſchlafen ſieht, der ſtoße ihn in die Rippe, damit kein Tropfen meines evangeliſchen Balſams an ihm verloren gehe, und er aufwache, die Worte, die zu ſeinem Heile ſind, zu vernehmen.

Holla! Es geht dann aus einem andern Faß, erzkatholiſche Zuhörer!

Der heil. Chriſtoph war groß. Groß möchtet ihr alle ſeyn. Wir werden über dieß ſchon zu reden kommen.

Alſo nicht eure weltliche und geiſtliche Obrigkeiten, ſondern eure Erb- und Seelenfeinde ſollet ihr brav zu der ſaubern Arbeit einladen, die ihr uns immer zumuthet. Der Welt, dem Fleiſch, und dem Teufel ſtehet es beſſer zu, als dem geſtrengen Herrn Verwalter, meiner alten Köchin und mir.

Wie ihr das angehen müßt, ſollt ihr vollkommene Inſtruction erhalten. Nur aufgemerkt im dritten Theile.

Purſche, ins Gewehr! Auf! Auf! Bum! — Bum! — Ich beſchieße deine Feigheit, katholiſche Seele! Denke auf Kapitulation! Wirſt überwunden, denke an mich. Welche Feſtungen ſind in der Welt nicht ſchon eingenommen worden, welche getrotzt und lange getrotzt haben. Ergieb dich auf Gnade und Ungnade. Immer mußt du fallen. Nun zum erſten Theile!

Feuriger Helm des heil. Chriſtophs erleuchte mich.
Ich lobe das Haupt, das ich trag, und beneide dich.

Zum I. Theil.

Danket Gott, o Auserwählte in Chriſto dem Herrn, daß er euch einen ſo fleißigen Prediger geſchickt hat, der ſeine Predigten nicht aus dem Aermel herausſchüttelt, wie es viele meiner Nachbarn thun, ſondern der in 6, 8, 12, 20, ja in 30 und 40 Büchern nachſchlägt und zuſammenſucht, was ihm taugt, um ein gelehrtes Konzept auf die Kanzel zu bringen! — Was koſtet dieß Schweiß! Was koſtet es Mühe! — Und die vom Nachſchlagen trüben Augen, die ermüdeten Hände vom Abſchreiben. Ach! daß ſich Gott erbarme! Doch zur Sache ſelbſt! — Bemerket am erſten — Andächtige! — Alle Autores ſagen nichts, warum eigentlich St. Chriſtoph ein kurzes Hemd getragen habe und warum wir deßwegen Gott preiſen ſollen. Nach vielem Meditiren und Bitten, und Beten und Faſten kam ich endlich ſoweit, daß ich von einem, wie von dem andern eine hinlängliche Urſache geben kann. Wer würde ſich nicht ſchämen unter uns, wenn er im Hemde gehen müßte! Und wie würde der ſich nicht ſchämen, der im Hemde gehen müßte, wenn daſſelbe erſt noch zu kurz wäre? Der Held Chriſtophorus trug aber aus heiliger Mortifikation, und um ſich immer ſchämen zu müſſen, ein kurzes Hemd. — Welch hohe Urſache haben wir alſo, Gott zu loben und zu preiſen, daß er uns dieſen Tugendſpiegel katholiſcher Religion ſchon in den erſten Zeiten des Chriſtenthums gegeben habe.

O wie mußt du nicht erröthen, du ſchnöde Kleiderpracht! Sage an, was biſt du gegen den heiligen Mann? Du biſt nichts mehr, als das Feigenblatt war, welches Gott im Paradieſe nahm, die ſündigen Blößen von Adam und Eva, den Wurzelſündern der ganzen Welt zu bedecken. Hoffartsnarr! Weltdockel! Sieh hin auf den heiligen Chriſtoph im kurzen Hemd. Er, ein thurmhoher Heiliger! Du, in Abſicht ſeiner, ein klein winziges Krüpel von einer Kreatur! Du Adamsabkömmling in verkürzter Natur, verjüngtem Maßſtabe, haſt im Sommer langwallige Mäntel, und im Winter eine Wildſchur bis auf die Schuhe hinab. Du Evchens Töchterl trägſt Schleppe und Röcke, die auf dem Boden aufliegen. Der heilige Rieſe Chriſtoph trägt ein Hemd, kürzer als der Chorrock eines Erzbiſchofs, der, die hohe hierarchiſche Würde anzuzeigen, nicht weiter geht, als bis zum Nabel. O wie mußt du nicht erbleichen, du gebrechliche, ſchläfrige Weichlichkeit, denn du biſt wie P. Sanchez's Foliant von der Ehe in Schweinsleder gebunden, und kannſt nicht erröthen. Huſch! Huſch!

Ich könnte wohl auch ſagen, ein Rieſe der Glorie nach, aber hievon auf das Jahr. Nur Lutheraner und Neulinge, ihre Ahnen, verlaſſen die alten Ideas Rhetorices, ich bleibe bey dem wohlhergebrachten Stylen meiner Ahnen und Urahnen, will ſagen,

der heilige Chriſtoph in ſeinem Bagatell von einem Hemde möchte erfrieren, und du — wie der St. Paulus ſagt, non permiserat in vobis — das iſt: Haltß Maul von dieſer Schlamperey! Und du! du! du! du! Ach! du! du!

Ich könnte hier in dem Angeſichte des heiligen Chriſtophs alle Tod- oder Hauptſünden, die fremden Sünden, die himmelſchreyenden Sünden, die Sünden im heiligen Geiſt zu Schanden machen. Aber hiezu iſt mir der Tag zu heilig. Wir begehen ein Ehren- und Freudenfeſt. Alſo will ich nur von Tugenden reden, und kein anderes Wort, als Tugend — und wieder Tugend ſoll heute aus Mund und Herzen erſchallen, in Ohren und Herzen fallen. Wahrlich! Wahrlich ſage ich euch: **Der heilige Chriſtoph war ſo groß und größer noch als ein Rieſe.** Dieß probiere ich unumſtößlich ſelbſt nach dem Syſteme heutiger Gelehrten im **erſten Theile.** Und in Punkto Punkti, **welches die Hauptſache iſt, will ſagen, ſeiner Heiligkeit nach, findet er gar nicht ſeines Gleichen.**

Zu Roveredo, im Tyrol, ſteht eine Kirche, und auf dieſer Kirche waren einſt Verſe zu leſen. Und dieſe Verſe lauten dann alſo: Merke nun auf, gut katholiſcher alter Teutſcher! ſo lauteten ſie:

St. Christophorus Christum portabat ad Oceo
Et vadebat aquas senza bagnarse le calze.

Ich verſtehs nicht, ſagſt du. Ja, ſo gehts, wenn man nichts lernt. Da ſtehen die Ochſen am Berge, wenn ein lateiniſcher Brocken kommt. Ich könnte dirs auch nicht ſagen, wenn ich mirs nicht hätte verdolmetſchen laſſen. Sieh, für dich iſt das Lernen gut. Es fällt kein Gelehrter vom Himmel, aber eben darum ſoll man lernen.

In der Kinderlehre und Predigt aber ſchlafen die Alten und die Jungen ſtehen da, wie's Kind beym — Verzeih mirs Gott, hätt' bald was g'ſagt. Warum? Darum, weil ihr nicht aufmerkt. „Schenkt der Herr auch nichts mehr aus", ſagt hernach ein oder anderes Bierſchmaul. Aber was ſoll ich ſchenken! Die Bildeln ſchauts mir ja nimmer an. Iſt euch der Gickelober und d' Schellenſau lieber.

Und Roſenkränz, Amuleter und Skapulir,
Ja, da ſchauts, der Daum geht mir für!

Iſt euer ganzes Wiſſen von Groß und Klein nicht ſo viel werth, als ein Dutzend Roſenkränz und Skapulir koſtet. Und auf einen Roſenkranz ohne Büſchel, Untermärklein und gefaßten Landkreuz, oder auf ein Paar Mösel Ablaßpfennige und auf ein Skapulir ohne ſeidenes Bandel — da pfeift Er mir, reverenter zu melden, d'rauf. — Meints, ſie ſeyen Schnellfinger? Ja, gute Nacht, Schnerz!

Die lateiniſchen Verſe heißen in unſrer hochteutſchen Mutterſprache alſo:

St. Chriſtoph trug Herrn Jeſum Chriſt
Durchs tiefe Meer,
Ohne daß er,
Und ſein Geſäß naß worden iſt!

Hört da alſo, erzkatholiſche Zuhörer, wenn ihr aus eurem Hemde gewachſen ſeyd, oder wenn euch allenfalls daſſelbe in der Wäſche zu ſehr eingegangen, oder gar verſchnitten worden iſt — der heilige Rieſe Chriſtoph trägt ſelbſt ein kurzes Hemd. Dachtet ihr vielleicht in der Vorzeit: Auch wir ſind Rieſen und gienget ihr allenfalls eurem armen Nebenmenſchen auf dem Kopfe, necktet ihr ihn, wo er euch Blöße gab, und hattet ihr allenfalls an ſeiner Ehre, an ſeinem Wohlſtande geſchimpft und geſchnerfelt — ja, hattet ihr vielleicht Luſt gehabt, ihm lieber gar den Kopf abſchneiden zu laſſen, ſo denket an die Wahrheit: Nichts in der Welt dauert ewig. Es iſt auch immer beſſer, in einem kurzen Hemd zu gehen, als den Kopf zu verlieren. Betrachtet das Beyſpiel des heiligen Martyrers und ſeyd froh, daß euch nur das Hemd, etwa auch das Tiſchtuch, aber weiter nichts abgeſchnitten worden iſt. Wie ich ſage: St. Chriſtoph trug ein kurzes Hemd, dafür ſey Gott geprieſen.

Da wir denn nun den heiligen Chriſtoph in ſeinem kurzen Hemd betrachten, und ſein Feſt feyern, möchte ich heute allen Betrübten etwas Tröſtliches ſagen. Ich war ſelbſt oft betrübt, und ich kann euch nicht genug rühmen, wie wohl mir da war, wenn mich Jemand mit einem tröſtlichen Worte aufgerichtet hat. So laſſet uns denn auf Troſt, wie man ihn in der Welt giebt, denken.

II. Theil.

Wie ihr nach dem Beyſpiele des heiligen Chriſtophs euch ſolltet den Hobel von euren Feinden ausblaſen laſſen, iſt der zweyte Theil.

Jetzt iſt Erndte. Eure Liebe und Andacht haben als einen neuen Feyertag den St. Margarethentag verlobt; wir ſind mit dem Kreuze gegangen, was zwar der beſte Tag, ſeitdem wir angefangen haben zu ſchneiden, hätten aber doch gefeyert, und wie ihr mir alle atteſtiren könnet, ſo habe ich mit euch Abends um 2 Uhr ſchon gewiſcht, und um 4 Uhr Bickbrandelt, weil dem Kirchprobſt Wirth und Jäger nimmer geträumt hat.

Dörft's keine ſaure Geſichter machen, ihr Weiber! Ich ſpiele nicht theuer. Wenn eure Männer mit dem Gaufſchneider und Wirthe um die 2er und halbe Gulden ſpielen, da ſchlagt die Hände über den Kopf zuſammen und betet zum heiligen Stanislaus, ſpaniſchem Gſchole, daß eure Männer keine Krankheit kriegen. Er konnte ſich nämlich auf allen Vieren nimmer rühren und biegen. Ein todter Mann koſtet euch in Ewigkeit nicht ſo viel als ein Spieler. Nach der gewöhnlichen Krankenpflege in Dörfern läßt man ſolche Leute liegen und geht der Arbeit nach. Die Arbeit gewinnt und der verſeſſene Spieler kann doch indeſſen im Bette nichts verlieren.

Doch ich bin ein wenig von meinem Vorſatze mit dieſer Anmerkung, die übrigens wohlgerathen und gar nicht närriſch iſt, abgekommen.

Wir haben, wollte ich ſagen, St. Margareth, Gott lob, gefeyert. Tags darauf hatten wir ein Schaueramt. Am Sonntag war Sonntag. Heute feyern wir Anticipando das Feſt des heiligen Chriſtophs, weil uns morgen St. Jakob im Wege ſteht. St. Jakob iſt ein Apoſtel, zu dem Jeſus Chriſtus nach Kompoſtell wallfahrten gegangen iſt, auch nach ſeiner fröhlichen Auferſtehung noch, nach Ausſage der frommen Kreszentia von Kaufbeuren, bey der er auf einem Baum übernachtet, morgens aber gefrühſtückt und ihr Pilgrimmemuſcheln zum Präſent gemacht hat. Dann folgt St. Anna. Da gehen wir nach Faulenhauſen mit dem Kreuze. Gehen wir nur immer fort wallfahrten, ſo liegt uns, was geſchnitten iſt, gut. Es mag regnen und Wetter werden, welches wolle. Die heilige St. Margaretha breitet ihren Mantel aus; das Schaueramt thut auch per ſe, was der Brief vermag. Die heilige Anna hat 2 Kinder auf dem Arme, denen Gott Vater das ewige Placebo ſinget, und der heilige Jakob hebet leicht den Stiel um und gehet uns zu lieb jetzt ſelbſt nach Kompoſtell, um uns gutes Erndtewetter dort zu erbitten, wo unſer Heiland auf ſeinem Altar auch für die heiligen Wallfahrter eine Schauermeſſe geleſen, und, wie Ribadeneiras Schwager erzählet, die vier Evangelien gehalten hat.

Elende Tropfen! Dummköpfe! Daß dich! Immer muß man ſich erzürnen! Nicht für die Spanier allein; ſondern für Schwaben und Baiern vorzüglich. Sind wir ja wenigſt auf dem Lande erzkatholiſcher, als die Spanier.

Da ſchreyens dann zu München und in allen Diöceſen: „das „heißt nichts: nicht einmal den allerheiligſten Portiunkula-Ablaß „wollens mehr in ſeiner Saſſe laſſen. In die Erndtezeit gehören „keine Feyertage. Dieß und Jenes, ſo und ſo."

Hörſt die verführeriſche Welt, lieber Chriſt! Sie geht gar nicht auf den Filzſchuhen.

Sie will dich in der Erndtezeit um deine Feyertäge und Wallfahrten bringen.

Die Wahrheit zu ſagen, liebe erzkatholiſche Chriſten, Junge Pfarrer ſelbſt machen ſchon Gegenprojekte, wollen nicht wallfahrten gehen, nicht neue Feyertage an Werktagen ſtiften laſſen, Schaueramter nicht früh halten.

Aber dieſe Leute wiſſen nicht, was wohl oder wehe thut. Wohl thun ſie dem Bauern, wenn ſie ihn ungeſtört feyern laſſen. Wehe ſich ſelbſt. — Sie rauben ſich ja das Verdienſt in dieſer und in jener Welt.

Weil ich dir aber thue, was du willſt, lieber Bauer und liebe Bäuerin — o, ſo werdet ihr ja auch gegen mich gerecht ſeyn.

Wie wohl thut mir eine Zehentfuhr! Wie wohl meinem Kaplan bey der Flachskollektur eine offene Hand, daß er nicht mehr ausſchenken darf, als er einnimmt!

Sehe ich einen von euch mit vier Pferden an einem Zehentwagen hereinfahren, ſo iſt mir geiſtlicher Weiſe nicht anders, als ſähe ich — als ſähe ich — ja wohl die vier Evangeliſten — mit Ochſen und Löwen, und Adler und Engeln beſpannt — O tauſendmal willkommen! ruf ich aus. — Und Salat und Eyer d'rauf Abends, Mittags Speckknödel und Fleiſch. — An Bier und Brod fehlts ohnehin nicht.

Wer wird ein tapferes Weib finden? ſagt, nach ſeiner bibliſchen Science, mein Kaplan. Sieh, da kömmt eine — kommen zwey — kommen drey — ſechs Bäuerinnen. Er thut Ringe, Roſenkränze, Amulete, Skapulire heraus. Er kriegt a proportione Flachs. Deo Gratias. Liebe Leute! Chriſtliche Seelen! Ihr thut nichts umſonſt. Wir machen fleißig Memento für euch in der heiligen Meſſe, ſchließen euch ins Brevier ein, und in alle Veſpern und Litaneyen.

Da was im Vorbeygehen zu erinnern, ſo ſage ich euch, daß ich und mein Herr Kaplan Alles weihen, Alles benediziren können. Kranke Kinder rühren wir nur an, legen ihnen die Stole auf, ſie nur in drey abgeſchnittenen Zertheilungen meiner Lob-, Kranz- und Ehrenrede.

Ließ Gott ſeinem Liebling, dem großen heiligen Chriſtoph, ſein Hemd verſchneiden, ſo ſeht getröſtet auf das Beyſpiel, das hierin liegt, und worauf ich euch öfter hinweiſen werde. Fürchtet euch nicht! Ich werde mit meiner Probe nicht zurückbleiben. Sowohl aus der heiligen Schrift, die lange vor, als aus den Büchern der Väter, die lange nach St. Chriſtoph entſtanden ſind, werde ich St. Chriſtophs Größe beweiſen.

Um Geduld und Aufmerkſamkeit mögen deßwegen ſchlechtere Prediger bitten und betteln. Die Zeiten ſind mühſelig genug, daß man Troſt braucht, und den findet man ſchon beym alleinigen Anblicke des großen heiligen Chriſtophs im kurzen Hemde — und ſtärker noch in meiner Predigt. Erhebet vielmehr Herz und Hände mit mir zu dem heiligen kurzen Hemd, daß uns daſſelbe erleuchte und ſtärke, den Schnitt der Zeiten ſtandhaft auszuſtehen, und dadurch auch den goldenen Lorbeer des heiligen Chriſtophs hier im Leiden und dort in Freuden zu verdienen. Ich rede in deinem Namen, heiliges, uns zum Unterricht und Troſt verſchnittenes Hemd!!!

A.

Wenn man ſich einen Patron ſucht, ſo iſt man immer am Beſten daran, wenn man ſich gleich einen Großen wählt. Nun iſt aber der heilige Chriſtoph ſchon ein Rieſe der Natur nach. Wer zweifelt, ob es je Rieſen gegeben habe, der gehe in das alte Teſtament, da findet er im erſten Buche der Könige ſchon im 4. Verſe des 17. Kapitels den 6 Ellen hohen Goliath. Hat es aber einen altteſtamentiſchen heidniſchen Rieſen Goliath gegeben, warum ſoll es der katholiſchen Kirche an einem neuteſtamentiſchen Rieſen zum Abbruch der größern Ehre Gottes ermangeln? Alles Neuteſtamentiſche hat nach Auslegung bibliſcher Gelehrter ſchon ſeine Figur im alten Teſtamente; der große Samſon mit ſeinem philiſtertödtenden Eſelskinnbacken ſcheint mir demnach ſchon eine bibliſche Figur von St. Chriſtoph zu ſeyn, — doch nur Figur, nur Schattenriß; denn St. Chriſtoph, der neuteſtamentiſche goliathiſche Samſon, ſchlug mit dem eiſernen Kinnbacken ſeines Glaubens die heidniſchen Eſel ſelbſt. Es lebte auch St. Chriſtoph bald nach dem alten Teſtamente, denn er ſtarb im neuen Teſtamente ſchon im Jahre 254. Eraſmus Roterodamus vergleicht den heil. Chriſtoph ſelbſt mit dem Polyphemus, einem Rieſen, von dem der große Homerus ſagt, er habe die Gefährten des Ulyſſes aufgefreſſen, und dem Ulyſſes ſelbſt ein Aug ausgeſtoſſen. (Sieh ſein Lob der Narrheit.) Ein Rieſe, der mehrere Menſchen friſt, muß ja doch gewiß ungemein groß ſeyn. Doch ſetzen wir indeſſen die rieſenmäßige Größe des heil. Chriſtophs, die Bibel, und den Goliath, und den Samſon auf ein ſammtnes Kiſſen, laſſen wir die Gelehrten ſchweigen, und nur von dem Zahne des heiligen Chriſtophs reden.

Auguſtinus Torniellus, ein grundgelehrter Barnabit, der ſchon um das Jahr 1563 ſchreibt, erzählet in ſeinen Jahrbüchern (Annal. V. Tom. ad annum Mundi 987 num. 19.), daß in der Kirche ſeines heil. Ordens zu Vercell ein Zahn zu ſehen ſey, der wenigſt hundertmal größer war, als ein gewöhnlicher Mannszahn, und daß dieſer Zahn von keinem andern Heiligen ſeyn konnte, als vom heiligen Chriſtoph, weil man keinen andern Heiligen weiß, der hundertmal größer geweſen iſt als andere Heilige, wie es doch St. Chriſtoph ungezweifelt war. Man höre den Beweis ferner!

Ich wende mich jetzt doch wieder am erſten zur göttlichen heiligen Schrift. In Regum ſteht geſchrieben: es gebe Elephantenzähne. In Canticis ſteht: es gebe Zähne, wie eine Heerde von Schaafen. In der Apocalypsi ſteht: ihre Zähne waren wie Löwenzähne. Wer ſich die Mühe geben will, kann in der Konkordanz unter dem Worte Dens noch mehrere Texte finden, welche von großen Zähnen ſprechen. Giebts aber nach göttlicher heiliger Schrift große Zähne, warum ſolls nicht auch zu Vercell einen großen Zahn von St. Chriſtoph gegeben haben? Ich ſchreite nun von der geiſtlichen zur weltlichen Geſchichte.

Im nämlichen Jahre, als Auguſtin Torniellus ſchrieb, ſind die vermaledeyten Bücher des Calvinus zu Paris zum Feuer verdammt worden. Je nun! Was ſtritt dieſer helliſche Plag- und Fegteufel der katholiſchen Kirche nicht an? Die älteſten Dogmata waren ihm ein Dorn in den Augen, ein Stich in das Herz. Aber weder den Zahn, noch die Größe des heiligen Chriſtophs finden wir von dieſem Patriarchen der Ketzerey in einen Streit gezogen. Selbſt Calvin glaubte alſo, an St. Chriſtoph einen Rieſen der Natur nach zu ſehen, ſonſt hätte er ja das Rieſenthum des Zahnes des heiligen Chriſtophs bekämpfen müſſen.

Im nämlichen Jahre hielt der Pabſt ſelbſt mit Karl V. eine geheime — geheime Unterredung. Wovon mag ſie in der Hauptſache gehandelt haben, als von dem großen Zahne, von dem eben der gelehrte Barnabit ſchrieb. Etwas, das hundertmal größer iſt, als ein alltägliches gewöhnliches Etwas, iſt ja immer ein ſehr wichtiger Gegenſtand für die Regenten des geiſtlichen und weltlichen Staates. Nur Schade und abermal Schade, daß wir die Acta der Unterredung eben nicht bei Handen haben, ſonſt würden wir gewiß von der rieſenmäßigen Größe des heiligen Chriſtophs und ſeinem Wunderzahne auch rieſenmäßige Wunder in eben dieſen Actis leſen und hören.

Im nämlichen Jahre machte der Kaiſer Friede mit dem König in Frankreich, und gewiß iſt dieß Niemanden zuzuſchreiben, als dem großen wunderthätigen Zahne des heiligen Chriſtophs zu Vercell.

Hätte man doch ſchon lange zu dieſem heiligen Zahne in Teutſchland eine Wallfahrt verlobt! Hätte man ihn in die leere Kirche zu Loretto, wo unſere liebe Frau ſich vor den

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werden wie die Kerzen. Bauer! daß einem kranken Ochſen — ich habe geweihtes Antlaßey — dörfſt kein Haarſeil ziehen laſſen und wenn die Peſt ſelber d'ran wäre. Bäurin! giebt deine Kuh Blut anſtatt Milch — ich habe geweihtes Petſchierwachs, und das hilft, wenn ein Prieſterkreuz ins Petſchier geſtochen iſt.

Haben wir aber alle ſeit langen Zeiten Kelche und Becher in der Wippe, als wenn wir lauter himmliſch-göttliche Weingaſtgeber wären. Item, wer es gerne hat, ſoll fortfahren.

Die Novizen haben eine Traube und Kornähren, die Novizial was für Gaukeleyen, weiß Gott.

Doch, zu meiner Materie zu kommen, weil ich jetzt Praejudicia weggeräumet habe, ſo iſt dann die Rede von der Welt, und wie man ihr die Feigen zeigen, ſich von ihr den Hobel ausblaſen und u. ſ. w. laſſen ſollte, verſteht ſich geiſtlicher Weiſe.

(Hier iſt in der Handſchrift das Ende des Bogens abgeriſſen, und vom III. Theile nur noch folgendes Bruchſtück vorhanden.)

Er wird ſeyn ein Rieſe der Gnade bey den Menſchen, beſonders denen, welche gerne lange leben. — Ihr ſeyd Schwärmer und Schlemmer, Kaffeeſchlürferinnen, oder Waghälſe, wenn ihr nur der Anblick ſeines Bildes mirakuloſer Weiſe lange auf dieſem Erdenrunde erhaltet, weßwegen ich rathe, einen St. Chriſtophsorden zu errichten, und den Stern deſſelben immer zu tragen, damit ihnen der heilige Chriſtoph allenthalben begegne, und ſie ihn auf Miedern und Kappen, Kaſtulchen und Korſetten, Harniſchen und poudrées Gläslen von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht ſehen und haben vor ihren Augen.

So will ich denn den Sack zubinden, denn wohlgemerkt, Andächtige. Ich habe ein neues Chriſtophorus-Büchlein gemacht, und das wird vor der Kirchthüre drauſſen verkauft. Da ſteht alles drinne, was ich euch im dritten Theile noch ſagen könnte, beſonders auch das ſchöne Lied, welches von ſeinem glorwürdigen Leben und Leiden nach der Mantlung geſungen wird. Kauft euchs, ſo habt ihr den Schatz beyſammen. Vorzüglich zeichnet ſich dort aus, was vom heiligen Chriſtophorus-Gebet geſagt wird. Mich nimmts Wunder, daß man dieſes Gebet nicht an alle Klöſter, an alle Dikaſterien, bey den Armeen, und unter alle Zünfte, beſonders auf der löblichen Landſchaft austheilet, denn bey dieſen geldarmen Zeiten könnte es wohl recht gut, wenn der Teufel überall hin Geld bringen müßte, zum Geben, — zum Haben, — zum Nehmen. — O wie viele arme Teufel würden Ruhe kriegen, wenn der verdammte Höllenteufel einmal angehalten würde, Requiſitionen und Kontributionen zu beſtreiten ꝛc. Zu kurz iſt dieſer Theil freylich. Aber ich kann nimmer anders, und ich muß Nolens Volens zum Beſchluß.

Epilogus.

So lebe dann wohl, ungeflickter heiliger Chriſtoph, und im Himmel ſo prächtig, wie hier unter deinem Ehrenbaldachin, und ſo zu ſagen, irdiſchen Hofgärten; denn ich zähle wohl drey Dutzend funkelnagelneue triumphirliche Wachsbüſchel um dich herum. Lebe wohl, mitten zwiſchen den zwey heiligen Erzjungfern und wirkliche Martyrinnen, Apolline und Rozetta. Laß dir recht aufwarten von den 48000 Gelehrten. Lebe wohl bis auf das Jahr und erhalte uns unter dem Schutz deines glühenden Helms. Setze ihn im Falle der Noth den ſtolzen Hoffarthspinſeln auf, die in der Maske der üppigen Welt und immer auf den Köpfen gehen wollen. Mache, wenn wir Krieg haben, daß unſere Soldaten treffen, wenn ſie ſchießen. Mache, daß ſie feſt werden, wenn ſie vor dem Feinde ſtehen, und daß ſie nicht zitternd davon laufen. Nimm die unruhige Welt bey ihrem zöpfenartigen Schopfe und verſenke ſie in das tiefe Meer, über welches du ſo ſiegreich gegangen biſt, daß ſie erſauft darin, wie eine junge Katze. Lebe wohl bis auf das Jahr, und ſpannet das weichliche Fleiſch, ſpannet das veneriſche Hurenkind Cupido ſeinen lüſternen Bogen auf uns, ſo nimm das loſe Bürſchel mit deiner allgewaltigen Rieſenhand bey der Fitſche und lege es hin auf die glühende Bank, auf der du gelegen biſt. Es wird ihm dann der Kitzel ſchon vergehen, und eine Hitze wird die andere vertreiben. Lebe wohl bis auf das Jahr, und wagt ſich der Teufel an uns, uns zur Sünde zu reizen, ſo nimm ihn beym Schweif und wirf ihn in deine glühende Bratpfanne, und laß ihn bis auf den jüngſten Tag brennen und braten, bis er ſo mürb wird, wie ein Brandteig. Behüte dich Gott, du Rieſe der Natur, du Rieſe der Heiligkeit, du Rieſe der Gnade, und gieb auch du, daß wir im Himmel neu geflickt werden, hier aber uns durch eine wahre heilige Beicht und Kommunion ſo repariren, daß wir glücklich fahren, jetzt und in der Stund unſers Abſterbens. Amen.

Franzoſen zu Städten verſchwunden iſt, feyerlich eingelegt, vielleicht wäre längſtens ſchon Friede! Hätte man jetzt noch Vertrauen, vielleicht wäre er im Stande, dem ſchimpflichen Säkulariſationsgeſchäfte, das ſo laut kracht, den Faden abzubeißen, und — doch! Es iſt noch Zeit und Gelegenheit genug, Wunder wirken zu können. Heilige Religion! Heilige Prieſterſchaft! laß mich dein Wort nehmen, und meine und deine Herzenswünſche vor dem heiligen Zahne im Geiſte ausgießen.

O mache, mache dich auf die Füße, du heiliger Zahn und erſcheine drohend zu Lüneville — erſcheine rettend im Zirkel der heiligen Biſchöfe, Prälaten und Lehrer der Kirche — erſcheine ſtrafend in den Privatzimmern zu Rom. Komme, mache dich auf und zermalme Alles, was dir und mir im Wege ſteht, und nicht mit Glaube, Hoffnung und Liebe, mit zerknirſchtem Herzen dich küſſen und ehren will. Genug! du biſt hundertmal größer, als ein gewöhnlicher Mannszahn, wirſt alſo neben dem, daß du die Größe des heiligen Chriſtophs beweiſeſt, wohl auch dich und die Ehre deines ehemaligen Inhabers zu rächen, eine ſchöne Arbeit machen können.

O daß du zu uns Deutſchen von dem unglücklichen Vercell emigrirt wäreſt! O daß du dir in unſerer Kloſterkirche einen Tabernakel erwählet hätteſt! Mit dem prächtigſten Zibedenröckel würde ich dich gekleidet, mit der koſtbarſten Krone geziert haben; denn wir Kloſtergeiſtliche ſind es vorzüglich, welche den Schatz der Reliquien und Heiligthümer auszeichnend zu ſchätzen, und der lieben Chriſtenheit ehrwürdig zu machen gewußt haben.

Doch erlaubet mir, Andächtige, hier eine kleine Ausſchweifung. Sehet ihr, greifet ihr nicht mit Händen, wie ich Wort halte. Schon habe ich aus der göttlichen heiligen Schrift, ſchon aus der Geſchichte der neuern Zeit, ſchon aus dem Daſeyn anſehnlicher Reliquien die Größe des heiligen Chriſtophs erwieſen. Aber noch nicht genug! Laſſet uns eine andere Wanderſchaft vornehmen. Am Ziele derſelben werden wir uns abermal überzeugen, daß die Wahrheit allemal überwinde.

Nicht das ſtolze Frankreich allein giebt uns von Vercell aus Beweiſe in dem großen Zahne von dem großen Manne St. Chriſtoph. Wache auch du auf, felſenreiches Tyrol und beweiſe, wie groß St. Chriſtoph der Natur nach geweſen ſey. Zu Roveredo ſteht eine Kirche und auf dieſer Kirche waren folgende Verſe zu leſen:

Christophorus Christum portabat ad Osso
Et vadabat aquas senza bagnarse le culate.

Ich verſtehe es nicht, ſagſt du, chriſtlicher Zuhörer. Ja ſo geht's, wenn man nichts lernt. Da ſtehen dann die Schäfchen am Berge, ſobald ein Blümchen kommt, das nicht auf ihrem Miſt gewachſen iſt. Was thuſt du aber hernach? Du ſchimpfſt und verkehrſt nach dem, was beim heiligen Apoſtel Judas ſchon lange geſchrieben ſteht: Sie läſtern Alles, was ſie nicht verſtehen (v. 10), ja ſie nennen ſogar Gott geweihte Perſonen Dummköpfe und Weltbetrüger. Aber mit Nichten recht und billig.

Sieh da mit Demuth im Teutſchen, was der Tyroler mit angeborner Weisheit und Delikateſſe in ſeiner ſchönen, ſüßen Sprache zu unſerer Belehrung über die Größe des heiligen Chriſtophs ſagen wollte.

St. Chriſtoph trug Herrn Jeſum Chriſt
Durchs tiefe Meer,
Ohne daß er,
Und ſein Geſäß naß worden iſt. —

Die treffende Wahrheit dieſer Ueberſetzung erhärten noch andere Verſe einer welſchen Stadt in Italien, welche in lädiſchem Latein abgefaßt, alſo lauten:

Christophorus est iste,
Qui te portabat Jesu Christe,
Quin gutta fluminis unus
Tetigisset ejus cunnus.
Nec mirum,
Erat nempe magnum virum.

Noch ſchöner klingt dieſes zu teutſch:

St. Chriſtoph iſt der Mann genannt,
Der übers Waſſer an das Land
Hat unſern Herrn getragen. —
War St. Chriſtoph auch hoſenlos,
Kein Tropfen doch zur Lend ihm floß.
Beim Plunder!
Was Wunder!
Er war halt wie ein Rieſe ſo groß —
Was wollt ihr weiter ſagen?

Kann ich da nicht mit Sirach (L, 12) aufrufen: So kurz ſein heiliges Hemd immer war, ſo gab er doch ſeiner heiligen Kleidung ein herrliches Anſehen, und er war Consummatus in brevi auch im kurzen Hemd ein vollendetes Bild der Vollkommenheit, qui explevit tempora multa (Weisheit IV, 13.) als ein welches er heute noch vor uns auf dem Altar ſtehet. Nur der Thiermenſch begreift das nicht, denn es iſt ihm Thorheit (I. Kor. II, 14).

Wir wollen ununterbrochen fortfahren, noch eins über die natürliche Größe des heiligen Chriſtophs zu philoſophiren, denn dieſe Materie iſt eben ſo unerſchöpflich als lehrreich, ſo lehrreich als fruchtbar.

Wenn man fragt, wie tief das Meer ſey, ſo heißt es gewöhnlich, wenn man ſo ſchlau antworten will, es habe die Tiefe eines Steinwurfes, weil noch kein Menſch vom Abgrunde heraufgekommen iſt. Dieß will dann mit Wenigem ſoviel ſagen, als das Meer iſt unergründlich. So laſſet uns dann ausrufen: O du unergründliche Größe des heiligen Chriſtophs! —

Herr Jeſu Chriſt!
St. Chriſtoph ging durchs tiefe Meer
Ohne daß er,
Und ſein Geſäß naß worden iſt.

Da greift ihrs ja mit Händen, daß er um eine anſehnliche Portion muß größer geweſen ſeyn, als das Meer tief war.

Wer ſchwer durch ein Waſſer trägt, der ſinkt auch tief ein. Aber der heilige Chriſtoph trug den, den Himmel und Erde nicht faſſen konnten, ſohin Pondus Ponderum, das größte Gewicht und doch ſagt das lateiniſche Gedicht:

Non tetigit ejus cunnum
Gutta fluminis unus.

Zu Teutſch:

Er wurde im tiefſten Waſſer kein Tröpfchen naß,
Gienge auch bis an die Hoſen fürbaß.

Unterwegen deſſen bin ich, ob ich gleich ein ſehr ſtarker Verehrer des Alten allemal Geweſenen, bin, ſchon oft auf den Gedanken gerathen, ob man nicht anſtatt den heil. Johann von Nepomuk, einen ſchwächlichen Domherrn von Prag, den heil. Chriſtoph, den baumſtarken Rieſen, zum heil. Waſſerpatron erwählen ſollte. Wißt ihr ja, daß bey der letzten Ueberſchwemmung das unvermuthet angeſchwollene Waſſer die Brücke über die meiſten Flüſſe ſammt dem heiligen Waſſerpatron Johannes weggeführt, welches mich aber auf dieſen Einfall, dem heil. Chriſtoph das Prä zu geben, gebracht hat. Auch wißt ihr aus der Legende, daß der heil. Johannes von Nepomuk in der weit unbeträchtlicheren Moldau ertrunken, der heil. Chriſtoph aber durch das Meer ſo unverſehrt gegangen ſey, als wie wir immer über die Stube gehen. Wenigſtens dächte ich, es wäre nicht gefehlt, wenn wir dem heil. Johannes den heil. Chriſtoph zum Kumulativwaſſerpatron, oder wenigſtens als Adjunkten beygäben, und ihn auch in ſeiner Rieſengröße auf die Brücken hinſtellten. Doch nichts für ungut! Ich habe einen Wurf angebracht. Denkt nach. Verlieren können wir nichts dabey. 2 heben, 2 tragen, 2 können mehr als einer und hiemit meinerſeits Punktum *)

Wir wurmen dieſe ſchönen Inſchriften noch ganz kurios durch den Kopf.

Zu allen Zeiten haben die Maler und Bildhauer den heil. Chriſtoph groß, kirchenhoch gemalt, oder, wo es der Raum nicht litt, ſeine ganze Größe erſcheinen zu laſſen, ihn gebückt vorgeſtellt. O die Künſtler ſind theuer, wenn ſie ihre Kunſt verſtehen, und ein ſo großer heiliger Chriſtoph — verſteht mich recht — kirchenhoch — muß etwas gekoſtet haben. Der heil. Chriſtoph muß alſo ſo groß geweſen ſeyn, weil man da und dort ſo viel Geld darauf verwendet hat, bis man ſeine rechte Größe im verlangten Grade an die Kirche zum Erſtaunen aller Vorübergehenden hingebracht hat. Saget mir nicht: hier liege ein Sophisma: die Eſel, welche den heil. Kaſtul nach Moosburg geführt haben, ſeyen auch koloſſaliſch groß an die Wand gemalen. Dieß geſchah nur, die Größe des Mirakels anzuzeigen, vermöge welchem die aus Italien kommenden Eſel eben bey Moosburg ſtehen blieben, und um zu erkennen zu geben, daß ſich hier St. Kaſtuls heil. Beine nach Herzensluſt eine Kirche und die Benediktinerbrüder für ſich und ihre Konſorten ein Kloſter, und für ihre Eſel einen guten, warmen Stall wünſchten; Mirakel fordern aber immer große Abbildungen — die große Abbildung des heil. Chriſtophs bedeutet aber und kann nichts anders bedeuten, als ſeine natürliche Größe, weßwegen ſich zur Rechtfertigung der Maler und Künſtler die Worte aus dem 17. Kapitel des Buches der Könige gar wohl herſchicken: 6 Ellen hoch: wie im ſchon eben allegirten vierten Verſe gar ſchön zu leſen iſt. Großer Gott und Herr! Ich habe immer die Zierde deines Hauſes geliebet, und den Ort, wo deine Herrlichkeit wohnet (Pſalm 25, 8.). Wie ſehr wünſche ich alſo allen Kirchen des heil. Chriſtophs, wo er immer gemalt oder geſchnitzt und ſchon

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*) Natürlich! Je mehr Patronen, um ſo viel mehrere Patronsfeyertäge. Je mehrere Bauernfeyertäge, um ſo viel mehrere Wirthsämter ꝛc. Kommt der Tag, ſo bringt der Tag.

im Holz gefaßt ſteht, vom Herzen Stück, wenn er koloſſaliſch groß dort ſtehet; denn dieß beweiſet ſeine Größe der Natur nach. Wie ſehr wünſche ich, daß zur Verehrung dieſer natürlichen Größe Gutthäter erwachen, die neue goldene und ſilberne Monſtranzen, Kelche, Leuchter, Ampeln und anderes Kirchengeräth von ungemeiner Größe und ſeltner Kunſtarbeit dem heil. Chriſtoph opfern, damit auch ſie mit David einſt wieder ſagen können: Herr' ich habe die Zierde deines Hauſes geliebet. — — — —

Non tetigit ejus Comam
Vel Gutta [illegible] unam.

Die Künſtler müſſen dann auch allerdings recht haben, denn zu allen Zeiten haben ſie, wo es menſchenmöglich war, ihn koloſſaliſch groß vorgeſtellt. Haushoch, kirchenhoch, thurmhoch!

Wie gottesfürchtig haben eure Eltern der Angabe der Künſtler und haben wie kindlich gefolgt. Seht hinauf da auf die Decke eurer Kirche. Von der Orgel bis zum Choraltar reicht ſein allerheiligſtes Bildniß, das zum Erbrechen ſchön und faſt mirakulös erſcheint, weil es ungeheuer groß iſt und doch nicht herabfällt, um die Säufer und Raufer, die Spieler und Huren, die Sakramentirer und Schwörer, die Ehebrecher und Kalumnianten, die Diebe und Räuber, die Sünder, alles Schelmenvolk in die tiefſte Hölle, wie ſie es vor Gott und der Welt verdienten, hinabzuſchlagen, ſondern weil es ſich vielmehr erhält, um mit dem breiten Buckel Donner und Blitz, Hagel und Schauer, Peſt und Viehfall abzuwenden. Die Augen auf und ſeht ihn an! Wie mild und väterlich er da auf euch und eure Kinder und Kinder, und eure Roſſe und Lämmer, und eure Hahnl und eure Enten, ja ſogar auf eure Schweinſtetten herabſieht, das liebe Chriſtkindlein auf der Schulter tragend, einen aus der Erde geriſſenen Baum in der Hand habend und mit der andern Hand auf der Hüfte gleich dem Helden [illegible] ſeinen Schleier hoch aufhebend, und euch alle in der Gewalt ſeines Körpers wider Welt, Fleiſch und Teufel bemächtigend.

Doch laſſen wir die Fabelhanſen fahren, wenn ſie auch zehnmal Recht haben, wie geſchrieben ſteht:

Pictoribus atque Poetis fingendi ſemper fuit aequa poteſtas.

Wir haben es ja in der göttlichen heil. Schrift ſchon vorgedeutet, wie groß er ſeiner Zeit werde. Schon in Geneſis ſteht geſchrieben: 30 Ellen hoch. Wende dieß, wer will, auf die Arche Noe, ſo wende ich es mit eben dem Rechte auf den heil. Nothhelfer Chriſtoph. Ja, du dreymal geſegneter Nothhelfer! Wie weit mehr biſt du werth, 30 Ellen hoch zu ſeyn, als die Arche Noe; denn dieſe trug nur Menſchen, du trugſt das liebe Jeſu-Kindlein und biſt alſo — ein wahrer Nothhelfer des vermenſchten Gottes. Ach wie wäre das arme Kind über das Meer gekommen, wenn du ihm nicht ſo barmherzig hinüber geholfen hätteſt! — Bey Exodi leſe ich 100 Ellen. Ich weiß es ſchon, daß da von Gezelten die Rede iſt. — Will aber der Beſchirmer, St. Chriſtoph, ſeinen Schutzmantel ganz ausbreiten, ſo klecken nicht, daß er 1000 Ellen dazu hat, denn wo ſtehen nicht arme verlaſſene Tröpfeln zu ihm um Hülfe. Wie groß biſt du Welt, aber doch noch zu klein. Auch die armen Seelen im Fegfeuer ſchlagen um ſeine Hülfe Hände und Füße zuſammen und wollen par force, beſonders die, welche auf der Welt ſeinen Namen getragen haben, oder in eine ſeiner Bruderſchaften eingeſchrieben geweſen ſind, von ihm allein erlöſet werden.

Möchtet, möchtet ihr euch dieß merken, Brüder und Schweſtern der heil. Chriſtophorus-Bruderſchaft. Der heil. Chriſtoph ein Nothhelfer nach der neuen Art, wie eine Arche, in der Menſchen und Vieh, ſo zu ſagen, die ganze Welt wohnt. Ein Gezelt, das vor Regen und Sonne, Hitz und Kälte ſchützt.

Laßt euch nichts verdrießen, nichts reuen. Betrachtet, daß er ſeine Ohren nicht ſo leicht zu euch herabneigen kann, weil er ſich nicht bücken darf, damit das göttliche Chriſtkindlein nicht herabfällt und daß er eure ſchwachen Menſchenſtimmen alſo nicht gleich das erſte, zehnte, hundertſte Mal hören könne. Denket, daß ihr Vorſpann brauchet, und daß der geiſtlichen, beſonders armen Religioſen genug ſind, die euch gerne vorſpannen. Die guten Chriſten verſtehen mich ſchon und den Freygeiſtern würde es nichts nützen, hilf Himmel! ſchaden, wenn ich lauter reden wollte.

Wagen wir nun einen Paſſus in ſeine heil. Lebensgeſchichte. — Der Kaiſer, wir wollen ihn indeſſen Imperator nennen, alſo des heil. römiſchen Reichs Kaiſer, Imperator genannt, ein Götzenknecht, wollte den heil. Chriſtoph zunichte machen. Wie viel glaubt ihr, daß er Männer geſchickt habe, ihn zu fangen: 10, 12, 20 Mann höchſtens werdet ihr glauben, aber nichts errathen. Er ſchickte nicht weniger als 200 Mann. St. Chriſtoph muß alſo allerwenigſtens 100 Mal größer geweſen ſeyn, als ein kaiſerl. Mann. Welch eine ſtupende Größe! Einen Mann zu fangen, ziehen 200 Mann aus. — Und haben ſie ihn gefangen? Nichts weniger! Er hat ſie alle überwunden, hat ihnen den chriſtlichen Glauben geprediget und da ſind ſie ſiegreiche Märtyrer geworden, ſind den Heldentod für die römiſch-apoſtoliſche Religion geſtorben. Seht einmal her da 200 gegen 1. Qualis Comparatio!

In Ewigkeit werden wir aber keinen ſchönern und durchdringendern Beweis von ſeiner Größe antreffen, als wenn wir auf die Reliquien ſeines heil. Leibes ſehen und ſie betrachten, wo wir ſie überall antreffen. Denkt euch nur, ſein heil. Haupt war anno 1204 noch zu Konſtantinopel, bis es die Franzoſen dort weggenommen haben. Wie groß es aber geweſen ſeyn muß, leuchtet uns aus dem ein, daß ein kleines Stück davon die Cameracenſiſche Domkirche mit Mirakeln erfülle, ein anderes von Ademar aus die ganze Welt erleuchte. Zu Rom iſt ſein Schulterblatt, und vermuthlich werden ſich die ſchlauen Römer dasjenige behalten haben, welches das liebe Jeſukindlein mit ſeinem ſüßen Sitzfleiſche geheiliget hat. Dort befindet auch ſein rechter Arm, der linke zu Ravenna. Von den Jeſuiten zu München höre ich, daß ſie einen Finger haben ſollen, aber das glaube ich in Ewigkeit nicht. Sie würden gewiß die ganze Hand ausgeſtellt haben, wenn ſie auch nur den kleinen Finger gehabt hätten? Sie haben alſo probabiliſſime die ganze Hand, wenn ſie einmal einen Finger gehabt haben. Ich könnte noch von ſeinen heil. Gebeinen reden, die in Italien, in der Schweiz und in allen vier Orten der Welt auf Trödler- und Tandler-Märkten feil ſtehen. Was muß aber nun der Heilige für eine Größe haben, der ſeine Gebeine und ſeinen heil. Körper durch die Welt ſo weit ausgebreitet hat. Wir wollen uns hier nicht aufhalten, und bey ſeinem Wunderzahne allein ſtehen bleiben. Schon dieſes zeiget überflüſſig von ſeiner Rieſengröße der Natur nach.

Nun zur moraliſchen Anwendung; denn ein guter Prediger muß nichts ſagen, ohne es auf der Stelle anzuwenden. Wenn heut zu Tag ein Graf, ein Baron, oder auch nur ein ordinari Herr Von in ſeinem Prädikat den Narren gefreſſen hat und ihm das Maul nach vielen alten Titeln und Gradationen wäſſericht wird, was thut er? Da kriecht er zum Kreuz. Da ſucht er alle alte Inſchriften, alle Grabſteine, alle Gottestafeln auf und ſchaut, ob nicht da ein Name ſteht, der dem ſeinigen gleich ſieht, ob nicht unter dieſem oder jenem Stein einer von ſeiner Familie fault und ob ſich keiner in einer Schlacht, oder in der ſchweren Noth, in dem Viehfall, oder anderem graſſirenden Uebel hieher oder dorthin verlobt hat. Alle Tauf- und Ehe- und Sterbbücher müſſen aufgeſchlagen werden, und alle Jahr ſchlecht er ab, wenn nur ein Name eines alten Ritters oder Edelveſten herauskommt, der ſeinem Familiennamen ähnlicher iſt, als ein ſpaniſches Dorf. Nur her da, hochverlauchter Adel! Da habt ihr ja Inſchriften, welche aus der Sprache und dem Tone, in dem ſie verfaßt ſind, ſchon ihr Alter beweiſen. Aber nicht wahr? Was für euch ein guter Fund, ein gemäſtetes Wieſel iſt, das iſt in Religionsſachen ein Aberglauben, Mönchstand. Deßwegen erſchlafft auch der Eifer, nach Heiligkeit zu ringen, weil ihr zufrieden ſeyd, Grafen und Barone zu heißen. Aber es ruft das Buch der Weisheit (V. 8.): Wir ſind auf dem Wege der Sünde ermüdet worden und haben den Weg des Herrn nicht erkannt.

Seht, Hochanſehnliche, der Grund meiner Moral liegt im Buche der Weisheit. Wohl uns dann, daß der heilige Chriſtoph groß geweſen; denn eben darum wirkte er ſchon in ſeinem Zahne rieſenmäßige Mirakel.

Laſſet uns dann wieder in die Chriſtenlehre zurückkehren. Welche Tugend iſt da die erſte, die man Chriſten lehret? O das heilige Kreuz machen, das Vater unſer, das Ave Maria, das Salve Regina, den katholiſchen Glauben an, nicht in, Gott beten. Laſſet uns dieſe Tugend mit kindlichem Vertrauen ausüben.

Großer mirakuloſer Zahn. Haſt abgebiſſen den Faden des Kriegs zwiſchen Frankreich und Karl dem V. Komme und beiße wieder! Du beißt mir ab alle Quartiere. Deo Gratias! Du beißt mir ab alle Vorſpannen. D. G.! Du beißt mir ab alle Plünderungen. D. G.! Du beißt mir ab alle freywilligen Beyträge, die wir sub poena executionis, bey Drohung von Mord und Tod, Sengen und Brennen machen müſſen. D. G.! Du beißt ab — doch genug gebiſſen. Etwas anders, das ich beißen muß.

Sagt mir etwa dort ein Burſch, ein Friſchling: Möcht' auch ſo groß ſeyn! Biſt mir ſchon der ſaubere. Ja das ging dir noch ab. — Du ſpielſt jetzt ſchon den Burgermeiſter im Dorfe, und biſt kaum 4 einen halben Schuh groß. — Wäreſt du ſo groß, wie St. Chriſtoph — Gott bewahre! Dein Baum würde ſchwer auf uns fallen, denn du würdeſt Jeſum Chriſtum, den Gott der Liebe, nicht auf deinen Schultern tragen. Wie ein Reichsprälat (Gott verzeihe mir dieſe Gleichniß) würdeſt uns [illegible]. Gott ſey Dank, daß er dir, wie dem Bock und der Gaiß, die Hörner nicht zu hoch hat wachſen laſſen. Was für ein Uebel wäreſt du nicht mit 10, will nicht ſagen, hundert Schuhen. Deo Gratias! Je kleiner die Maus iſt, ein deſto kleineres Loch braucht ſie.

* Möchte auch ſo groß ſeyn, ſagt hier ein ſpannlanger Bube. — Nicht wahr, Flegel, daß dich der Pater Katechet nicht beym Schopf nehmen könnte, wenn du das Confiteor verſchluckeſt — daß dir der Schulmeiſter das Leder nicht gerben könnte, wenn du dein Hausaufgab nicht auswendig weißt, und in den 9 fremden Sünden eine ausläßeſt. — Gott ſey gedanket, Deo Gratias! daß ihr kleine Uebel nur zu großen nach und nach heranwachſet. Es ſteht noch immer ein bischen beſſer um uns, ſo lange euch der Schulmeiſter noch unter ſeinem Haſelſtabe hat. — Da eure Väter um Heller ſpielen, ſpielt ihr ja ſchon um Groſchen aus euern Wiedhaberkreuzern. O gens perversa progeniem datura mox deteriorem, will ſagen, ſind jetzt ſchon Narren für Würfel, Karten und Kegelſpiel. D. G.! Du erſt, mein lieber Zebedäus — du wünſcheſt mich in der Größe des heil. Chriſtophs freuen. Biſt nur 5 Schuh hoch und deine Finger ſind ſchon 10 Schuhe lang. Erſchrickt der brave Hr. Dechant, unſer [illegible], ſchon ſo an dir, daß er uns gewaltig an Schmalz und Korn abdruckt und zammelt, wenn wir nur ins Haus hineinſchmecken — und hundertfach längere Finger, wie der hundertfach größere Zahn? Gott bewahre den Hrn. Dechant, unſern [illegible], und uns vor deiner Größe.

Sind unſere Hütten ſo klein. Ach! wie oft könnte ein Mann oder ein Weib im eigenen Hauſe nimmer aus- und eingehen. Die Hörner würden ihnen immer Ungelegenheit machen. Deo Gratias, Deo Gratias! Ich hätte zwar noch mehr auf mir, aber wir kommen ja öfters zuſammen, und ich muß mich für heute einſchränken.

Alſo jetzt im vollen Grade zum zweyten Theil.

2.

Daß der heil. Chriſtoph auch ein Rieſe der Heiligkeit, will ſagen, ein überaus großer **Heiliger** geweſen, braucht nicht viel Schwätzen. Man hat zu ſeiner Ehre viele Kirchen erbaut, mithin iſt er heilig. Und daß er groß war, das habe ich ja im erſten Theile ſchon demonſtrirt. Ich könnte alſo beſchließen. Aber das wäre thöricht. Es hat noch nicht einmal drey Viertel auf 9 Uhr geſchlagen. Wie? Was? Ich ſollte nicht länger predigen können, als dreyviertel Stunden? Freylich giebts jetzt Prediger, die nach einem zwey halbe Stunde langen Sermon ſchon Amen ſagen. Pfui Teufel! Seyd ihr Prediger? Warum gab euch Gott Gurgeln wie den Ochſen, eine Bruſt wie dem Stiere, als zu Miniſterium Evangelii, daß ihr von einem End der Welt zum andern das Wort Gottes verkündigt. Vae tacentibus! Ihr ſeyd Stumme und Fiſche — ach! was ſage ich, ihr ſeyd Trommeten und Pauken der katholiſchen Lehre. Steiget dann auf die Kanzeltreppe eurer geiſtlichen Beredſamkeit, und ſchreyet, was der Hals vermag, in die Ohren der Freygeiſter, in die Ohren der Heiden, in die Ohren der Schelmen und Diebe, in die Ohren der Gotteslästerer, in die Ohren der Afterchriſten und Afterpolitiker, in die Ohren katholiſcher Generale, welche den Franzoſen offenes Feld geben und ihres Soldatengeſindels, das Haſenfüße hat, in die Ohren der Beamten und Marſchkommiſſarien, die ut supra in Reyhen ſtehen, ſich die Pferde ſchmeißen und die Bauern ſchinden, ſchreyet in die Ohren der Huren und Ehebrecher, in die Ohren — — doch nichts umſonſt auch! Halt! **Huren und Ehebrecher!** Hieraus nehme ich den erſten Beweis, daß der heilige Chriſtoph ein großer Heiliger geweſen.

Höret einmal! An Bordellen und Hurenhäuſern giebts, beſonders in großen Städten, keinen Mangel. Man ſagt, ſogar in Rom, der Reſidenzſtadt des Statthalters unſers lieben Herrn und Heilandes, ſeyen eine Menge ſolche S. V. Baraken. Groß und Klein geht da aus und ein. Und du Allergrößter unter den Heiligen, St. Chriſtoph, ich bitte dich ums Himmelswillen, was ſiehſt du an. Sehet und merket, Geliebte! Ich ſey im Geiſte verzückt. Verzückte haben Erſcheinungen. Ich ſehe denn nun den heil. Chriſtoph an der Schwelle eines Bordelles ſtehen. Ich ſchreye einen Schrecken: Ach! Wo willſt du hin, St. Chriſtoph! Sieh doch, das iſt ein Hurenneſt! Was machſt du da beym helllichten Tage! Schäme dich doch! Deine Heiligkeit geht zum Plunder! Der ſchlechteſte Meßner von der Welt ſtellt dich nimmer auf den Altar, geht in April, trifft deines Gleichen nicht an, was haſt hernach! Wirſt ausgeflickert und ausgelacht. Biſt ein Heiliger und die Lumperey da. — Durch deinen heiligen Schein! — durch die Litaney und Tagzeiten, die man dir macht und ſingt, wenn du heilig bleibſt! — durch die Statuen und Bilder, die man von dir ſchneidet und malet! — durch die Altäre und Tempel, die man dir bauet! — durch deine breite Schultern! — durch deinen langen grauen Bart! — durch deinen blühenden Baum! — durch das tiefe Meer! — Durch das liebe Chriſtkindelein! — Ach! bleibe, bleibe heraus! — So ſchreye ich, aber nichts nutz!!! Er zieht die Glocke, läutet am Hauſe. Ein großer Mann thut gewöhnlich nichts ſanft. Es ſchellet, als wenn man zum böſen Wetter ſchlüge. Ein Dutzend Köpfe ſind alſogleich am Fenſter. Die Huren und Kanaillen ſehen den ungeheuren Rieſen und laufen, daß ſie ſich die Hälſe übereinander brechen möchten. Jede will die erſte an der Thüre ſeyn. Flugs iſt die Thüre offen, und es hallet, im ganzen Hauſe: St. Chriſtoph! St. Chriſtoph! D'rinne iſt er. Ei, daß dich der [illegible]! Freylich biſt groß, aber deſto ärger. Steht ja ſchon in der heiligen Schrift: 7 Weiber werden um einen Mann raufen. Und, lieber Heiliger, ein einziges ſchlimmes Weib iſt ſchon ärger als 7 Teufel.

Ich laſſe den Heiligen, weil er mir ohnehin nicht folgte, im Bordelle; verbrennet er ſich ſeinen Namen [illegible], und ſchält es ihm Haut und Haar, ſo bleibt doch hier auf der Kanzel meine Haut heil, mein Kopf ſicher. Merket auf mich, Andächtige! Ich will euch ein Exempel erzählen. Der König Friedrich, den man ſonſt auch den Einzigen nennt, kam einmal während des Krieges zu einer Wirthin, bey der er ſchon zuvor einmal im Quartier lag. O lieber Herr Jeſus! Wie ſehen Eure Majeſtät aus, ſprach die Wirthin; denn der König ſah aus, wie die theure Zeit. Ja, es iſt auch kein Spaß, antwortete er, wenn man zwey Weiber und die Franzoſen am Halſe hat. Die Kaiſerin Katharina von Rußland und die Kaiſerin Thereſia von Teutſchland ſtritten nämlich mit den Franzoſen wider ihn. Friedrich war denn nun auch ungefähr unter den Potentaten der Welt an Geiſtesgröße ſo groß, wie St. Chriſtoph am Körper. Und 2 Weiber hetzten ihn ſo herum, wie ihr aus den Zeitungen, woraus ich die lehrreiche Geſchichte genommen habe, alle Stunden leſen könnet. Ach! Wie wirds dir gehen, heiliger St. Chriſtoph, im Bordelle! Wie wirds dir gehen, heiliger St. Chriſtoph?

Freylich iſt St. Chriſtoph groß, und ganz was anders, als ihr kleine Schnaufer und Fiſchelinge, die ihr euch noch mit einem Quintel von Lunge in ſolche Häuſer wagt. Da kann ich nichts anders thun, als lachen, wenn es mit euch Matthäi am letzten wird. Wer dem, der ſich nicht brennet, der dem brauchts nicht blaſen. Iſt euch das Waſſer zu tief, warum geht ihr hinein! Speyt ſie nur gar aus, eure verfaulte, [illegible] Lunge. Die vier, die zuſammenſchwören: [illegible] ſind für euch die beſten verſtändigſten Doctores. Hinaus mit euch! ad tenebras exteriores, ihr kalmuckiſche Venusknechte! Damit ihr unſere Gemeinden nicht verpeſtet, ſeyd ihr beſſer über die Planke zur beſtimmten Ewigkeit drüben. Amen, [illegible] Schwefel und Pech, Höllenſtrafe, giftige Schlangen und Nattern, teufliſche Furien, et cetera.

Sagt mir nur nicht, hier iſt keine Gefahr. Auf dem Lande gäbe es keine Bordelle. Ja! wenn ihr ſo wollet. Ich will nur beyläufig reden; denn es ſchickt ſich doch nicht, auf der Kanzel Jemanden zu nennen; das geht die Polizey an, das Koth zu ſchaffen. Geliebteſte, verſtehet ihr mich? Ihr habt Augen, aber nur Hühneraugen ([illegible]), welche drücken, aber doch nicht ſehen. Ihr habt Hände, aber ſolche, die ihr euch, wenn ihr geſchmiert ſeyd, und eure Strafgelder eingeſtrichen habt, waſchet, wie ſie Pilatus gewaſchen hat. Ihr habt Füße, die aber die nämlichen böſen Wege gehen, wie eure Unterthanen. Deswegen ſeht ihr durch die Finger, wo nichts zu gewinnen iſt und geht auf Zehen, damit ihr ja keinen reichen Bauern beleidigt, der in eurer Schule krank iſt.

Ich ſage es noch einmal. Ich verrathe und nenne Niemanden auf der Kanzel. Aber aus meinem Fenſter ſehe ich alle Wunder. Ihr wiſſet ja, wo ich wohne. Da gehen denn in das Haus, in welches ich von meiner Zelle ſchnurgerade hineinſehe, früh und ſpät eine Menge Leute aus und ein. — Mein! Warum! Den Roſenkranz beten ſie dort Abends ſo wenig, als wenig ſie das Morgengebet da beten. Ja! Ja! Gnadenbilder ſind freylich d'rinne im Hauſe, welches von mir, wie ich geſagt habe, ſchnurgerade hinüber ſteht. — Aber keine Andacht iſt d'rinne. Singen höre ich zwar, wenn ich vorbeygehe, aber nichts aus Davidspſalmen — den lüderlichen Pumpernickel hört man, und dazu läutet man mit allen S. V. S — Glocken.

Es iſt zwar der heil. Florian auf dem Hauſe angemalt und es brennt im Hauſe. Aber St. Florian löſcht nicht. Das Luderhaus könnet ihr nun wohl errathen, aber ich nenne Niemanden, wie es ſich auch auf der Kanzel nicht ſchickt.

Ach! daß der heil. Geiſt ſelbſt Cantica Canticorum durch den weiſen Salomon gemacht hat! Freylich hat alles ſeine Zeit. Aber die Schuhknechte und Schneidergeſellen ſind keine Salomonen. Doch Cantica Canticorum. — Weiter! Ich habe eine falſche Farbe geworfen. Zurück dahin, wo ich geblieben bin. —

Keine Andacht iſt d'rinne, habe ich geſagt, in dem Hauſe, welches gerade von mir hinüber ſteht. Ja dennoch! Man muß nicht verläumden. Es iſt eine Andacht d'rinne, und zwar in der Früh eine Mette — welche Mette? Ach! eine H— Mette — eine Rauſch — Mette. — Nichts für ungut, liebe Eltern! die Unbild thut das Maul auf. Zieht eure Kinder beſſer, ſo darf man euch die bittere Wahrheit nicht auf öffentlicher Kanzel ſo ſtinkend unter die Naſe reiben.

Was iſt aber die radikale Wurzelurſache aller dieſer abſcheulichen Vorfälle. Ach! Ich muß unterkommen, ſchreyt die Tochter. Ich muß mich verſorgen, ſchreyt der Sohn. Falſche Begriffe von der natürlichſten Sache in der Welt. Anders, ganz anders reden die Aszeten und Geiſtväter. Höret, ſo ſagen ſie — der jungfräuliche Stand iſt vor Gott weit vortrefflicher und für den Menſchen weit glückſeliger. Eheſtand, Weheſtand! So brauchſt dann nicht, daß du in der Welt unterkommſt, geſchnippigtes Geſpergleck! Du brauchſt nicht zu deiner Verſorgung die ſchöne Tochter deines reichen Nachbars zu ſuchen, eitler Flatterhans. Bleibt im jungfräulichen Stande; und traut ihr euch nicht, euer irdenes Geſchirr in der Welt zu erhalten, ſo geht in die Klöſter. Habt ihr kein Geld, ſo bettelt es dazu. So ſagt der heil. Geiſt: Nichts iſt koſtbarer, als eine keuſche — will ſagen jungfräuliche — Seele (Eccl. 20, 26.). Mein Geliebter hält ſich unter den Lilien auf, ſagt die Braut, das iſt, den Reinen, denn die Lilie iſt ein Sinnbild der Reinigkeit. Merket euch, wie ſchön der gelehrte Abt Rupertus ſich fraget: Warum kam doch der Heiland nicht gleich als geſtandener Mann auf die Welt? und wie ſinnreich und feinſinnig er ſich antwortet: Darum, weil er ein Sohn einer Jungfrau ſeyn wollte; denn er liebte den jungfräulichen Stand ſo ſehr, daß er das Predigtamt und das Werk der Erlöſung verſchieben und die Armſeligkeiten des kindlichen Alters auf ſich nehmen wollte, um nur der Sohn einer Jungfrau ſeyn zu können (Lib. 3. in Joan.). So freut euch denn, ihr Jungfrauen; denn auch hat eine Jungfrau den Bräutigam geboren, mit welchem ihr euch, ohne Verletzung eurer Jungfrauſchaft, vermählen könnet (S. Aug. serm. 184 in Natal. D. N. n. 2.). Aber nicht Gott allein, auch die Heiligen ſchätzten die Jungfrauſchaft über Alles. Maria, die Unbefleckte, ſchrie, als ſie auch nur den Engel ſah: Es iſt nichts, und wird nichts! Ich erkenne keinen Mann! und hätte ihr der Engel nicht vom heil. Geiſt geſagt, ſo hätte ſie ſich auch nicht darein gegeben. Die Jungfrauen, ſagt der heil. Bernard, fürchten ſich halt nimmer. Sie glauben in der verführeriſchen Welt ſicher zu ſeyn; mögen ſich nimmer martern laſſen (S. Bern. hom. 3. super mis. n. 9.). Schaut hinein in die Kloſtergeſchichten. Wie dachten die heil. heil. Jungfrauen Kolumba, Agatha, Barbara, Katharina, Salome, Mariana, Dorothea, Lucia, Cäzilia (und ſo weiter: Allerheiligen-Litaney)! Köpfen, hängen, rädern, ſieden, verbrennen ließen ſie ſich lieber, als daß ſie ihre Jungfrauſchaft auch für Kronen der Kaiſer, Könige und Potentaten hingaben. St. St. Benedikt, Ignaz, Aloys, Stanislaus, Edmund, Nikolaus, Franz — in Dörnern, im Eis, im Schnee, in Flüſſen liegen ſie — ſie geißeln ſich aufs Blut, ſie beißen ſich die Zungen ab. — Warum? um Jungherren zu bleiben. Die heil. Väter (ſteht nur in Floribus Patrum unter dem Titel Virginitas) ſchreiben Folianten von der Jungfrauſchaft, die ich auswendig zu lernen nimmer Memori, zu kopiren nicht Federn genug weder habe, noch haben kann. Und was iſt es nicht für ein lamentabels Ding um den Eheſtand! Eine Jungfrau ſorget für das, was des Herrn iſt, den Geiſt ꝛc. Und welche Unruhe hat ein Ehemann! In ſeiner Stube ſchreyen die Kinder, man wäſcht und backt, und kocht und ſpinnt, und webet und haſpelt und hammert, klopft, hobelt — ſeine Frau fatſchet aus, fatſchet ein, wieget, Eiapopeiet, bettet auf, kehret aus, die Mägde fegen, kehren, putzen (S. Hieron. contr. Helvid. S. Chrysostomus de virg. Cassianus coll. 21.). Was lehret der heil. Paulus? Es iſt eine Sklaverey, ſagt er, um den Eheſtand. Das Weib iſt ihres Leibes nicht mehr mächtig, ſondern der Mann; ingleichen iſt auch der Mann nicht Herr von ſeinem Leib, ſondern das Weib. (Richtig! ſo ſtehts I. ad Cor. 7, 4.) Pfui Teufel! Weiberknecht. Es iſt keine Bosheit größer, als die Bosheit der Weiber. Pfui Teufel! Weiberknecht! Es iſt kein Zorn über den Weiberzorn. Pfui Teufel! gefangener Weiberknecht. Die Bosheit eines Mannes iſt beſſer, als ein ſchmeichelhaftes Weib. Pfui Teufel! betrogener Weiberknecht. Die Zunge eines eiferſüchtigen Weibes iſt eine wahre Geißel. Pfui Teufel! gegeißelter Weiberknecht. Ein verſoffenes Weib iſt eine große Plage. Pfui Teufel! dürſtender Weiberknecht. Ein böſes Weib iſt über ein Joch Ochſen, und der ein ſolches hat, dem iſt, als hätte er einen Skorpion ergriffen. Pfui Teufel! von Skorpionen zermetzelter Weiberknecht. Aber wer ſagt dieß alles, Andächtige? Ich nicht. Gott erhalte mir meine geſunden Augen vor den Krallen biſſiger Weiber. Der heil. Geiſt ſagts (Eccl. 25, 26, 42.). Gut, daß er fliegen kann. Aber ich möchte auch nicht einmal als eine Taube auf dem Taubenſchlag meiner Nachbarin ſitzen, ein ſo verteufeltes Katzelſcheit iſt ſie. — Darum ſagt St. Paulus: Heurathet nicht, denn ich will, daß ihr ohne Sorge ſeyd. Heurathet ihr aber, ſo werdet ihrs ſchon erfahren (1. Cor. 7, 32.).

Der heilige Chriſtoph wußte dieß alles ſehr wohl, deswegen blieb er auch ledig, und im Stande der Jungfrauſchaft bis an ſein Ende, wie ich und meines Gleichen. —

Wie! Was! der heilige Chriſtoph im Bordelle, und er eine Jungfer? Ja, iſt wahr! da haben wir ihn verlaſſen. Freylich iſt es verdächtig. Laſſet uns aufbrechen, und Arm an Arm ihn eilig ſuchen, und braucht ers, und können wir, ſo laſſet uns ihn retten. — Geſchwind — Geſchwind!!! Doch — Halt! In ein Bordell gehe ich in Ewigkeit nicht, wenn ihr auch alle meinetwegen aus geiſtlichem Vorwitz, oder irdiſch verdammlichen Abſichten mit mir gelaufen wäret. Nein, ſage ich, nein! Und dabey bleibts. —

Juſt kommen wir recht. Er ſpazieret uns gerade in die Hand hinein, wie wir ſagen. Seht nur her da! Der heilige Chriſtoph kommt aus dem Bordelle wieder heraus, und mit ihm Nizet. und Aquilina, ein Paar Kebsweiber, die im Hurenhaus ihr Kapital auf Intereſſe legten und reſpective von der Unzucht lebten. Noch ein ſchöneres Spektakel, wird jetzt einer oder der andere ſagen. Iſt gewiß, mein lieber Prediger, aus deinem großen heiligen Chriſtoph ein Stoffel geworden, der ſich von den Weibern einfädeln, und in die Bande der Venus vermaſcheln ließ! —

Das Feuer falle vom Himmel, und verzehre dich zu Staub und Aſche, wer du immer biſt, Frevler! So gehts in der Welt. Ich ſtehe von ungefähr bey einer ehrbaren Frau oder Jungfrau auf der Gaſſe, und rede mit ihr vom Hausweſen, von ihrem Beruf ins Kloſter, oder ſonſt einer wichtigen Materie: denn das Spaßmachen hat bey mir ſchon lange ein Ende. Schau, heißts, wie der arme Kapuziner mit der ſchönen reichen Frau dort ſchöngelt. Er machts gar nothwendig. Wie er lacht, wenn ihm die blonde Naderl, oder die braune Lieſerl, oder die ſchwarze Urſerl die Hand küßt! Dieß und jenes, ſo und ſo — Schandmaul! Sollſt dich ſanfter in den Finger beißen, als von dem Geſalbten des Herrn einen ärgerlichen Gedanken ſchöpfen. Laß dichs alſo nicht verdrießen, großer heil. Chriſtoph, wenn man von dir ſo ehrvergeſſen in den Wind hinein räſonirt. Warum biſt du hineingegangen in das Bordell? Da ſollten mich wohl 100, ja 1000 Pferde beym helllichten Tage nicht hinziehen. Es geht mir, mit allen 7 heil. Weihen eingeweihten Prieſter des allmächtigen Gottes um kein Haar beſſer, als dir, und ich möchte oft lieber in einer faulenden Froſchlacke liegen, als in den ungewaſchenen Gedanken einer geſtrengen Frau Gefnerin und meines gnädigen Herrn Schulmeiſters! Natterngezücht! Teufelskraut! Uebertünchte Gräber! Phariſäer ſeyd ihr, die ihr von mir und den Heiligen Böſes redet. Das ſteht ſchon im Evangelium. Es murrten aber die Phariſäer, als ſie das Weib bey den Füßen Jeſu ſahen. Sind nicht meine Hände geweiht? Giebt man nicht, was geweiht iſt, zu küſſen? Seht, ihr Springinsfelde, da habt ihrs. Hätte ich nur Zeit, ich wollte euch den Planeten ſchon ärger leſen. Aber ich habe noch weit heim.

Was macht aber denn der heil. Chriſtoph im Ernſte mit den 2 Weibern? — Was er mit ihnen macht? Kannſt dir in deinem kurzſichtigen Eſelhirn gar kein geſcheidtes Konzept zuſammenſetzen, ſo halte ein andermal das Maul, und ſtoß nicht mit deinem Büffelsgrind gegen die Wand, ſonſt giebts Beulen. Schau! Siehſt nichts um den Kopf der 2 Frauen herum? Ich ſchon! Einen großmächtigen Schein ſehe ich, größer, als der Vollmond, und heller, als die Sonne. Wie reimt ſich aber dieſer große Schein zu den S. V. Huren? Siehſt nicht und hörſt nicht, und weißt nichts und doch ſchnarrſt überall d'rein, trotz unſerm Prokurator. Der große heil. Chriſtoph hat Mirakel gewirkt, hat die Huren bekehrt und heilige Martyrinnen daraus gemacht. Das hat St. Chriſtoph gethan viele Jahrhunderte zuvor, ehe der unſterbliche baieriſche Kodiziſt, Baron von Kreitmair, den Chriſten Erbarmen gegen die Huren ans Herz gelegt und ſie zu verſorgen ein Beneficium grande genannt hat. Sieh alſo auch aus dem baieriſchen Codex die Größe ſeiner Heiligkeit. Gar ſchön leſen wir in dem verbeſſerten Kirchenbrevier von einer heil. Jungfrau, daß ſie, als ſie in ein Hurenhaus zum Schänden geführt wurde, den Engel des Herrn dort in Bereitſchaft gefunden habe. Sieh, der heil. Chriſtoph war auch ein ſolcher Engel. Er hat die ausgeſchändeten Metzen, die ihr Jungfernkränzl verſcherzt haben, wieder zu Ehren gebracht, indem er ihnen zur unverwelklichen Krone der heil. Martyrer verholfen hat, in welcher Pracht ſie nun mit Gott dem Vater, Sohn und heil. Geiſt in alle Ewigkeit die Welt beherrſchen und regieren *).

Und St. Chriſtoph ſoll kein großer Heiliger ſeyn? O du Zaunſchlüpferl gegen einen Heiligen, der du daran zweifelſt! Du darfſt, wer du immer biſt, deinen Verſtand gleich in eine

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*) Der geiſtreiche P. Ribadeneira ſagt: Die Huren wären zum heil. Chriſtoph in den Kerker geſchickt worden, um ihn zu verführen. Es ſtieß aber die Luder ein ſolcher Schrecken an, daß ſie auf der Stelle ihre Bekehrung ſuchten. Es liegt eben nichts d'ran, ob zu dem heil. Chriſtoph die Huren, oder er zu ihnen gegangen. Der Ausgang iſt viel glorioſer, wenn wir annehmen, daß er ihnen nachgegangen und ſie überwunden hat, denn der Teufel wird oft über die Weiber kaum Herr. Sieh oben.

Zeitung unter die verlornen Sachen einrücken laſſen; da er aber ſo weit herunter gekommen, iſt er kaum ein Rekompens werth.

Wer trägt glimmende Kohlen auf der Hand, ohne daß er ſich brennt? Wer bratet wie Stroh auf dem Roſte über dem lodernden Feuer? Nur der Niemand, ſagen die heil. Väter. Wer die Gefahr liebt, geht in ſelber zu Grunde, ſo ſchreyen ſie wie aus einem einzigen Halſe zuſammen! Doch nichts errathen, ihr heil. Väter. St. Chriſtoph bändiget ſelbſt das wilde Feuer der Unzucht und thut noch mehr, als St. Franz, der aus ſchmutzigen Kapuzinern Seraphen macht — er wandelt Huren — zu geiſtl. Gefäßen der Heiligkeit um — und die, welche auf den Pranger gehören, prangen nun auf den Altären.

Höret den heil. Cyprian. Wer die Unzucht unterdrückt, der iſt der ſtärkſte — ([illegible]) Atqui St. Chriſtoph — Ergo —

An Aquilinen und Myrten fehlts uns nicht, auch wohl nicht an geiſtl. Gefäßen. — — So komme denn, du groſer heil. Chriſtoph, in unſern Augiasſtall, und — —

Doch! Klingklingkling! Was höre ich? Hollah! die Uhr ſchlägt — alle 9, jetzt heißt es, Auserwählte in Chriſto dem Herrn, eingepackt, ſonſt fangens auf der Orgel auch wieder das Dudeln an, wie neulich. Aber geh' mir nur einer her und ſtimme er mir eine Geige. Ihr flegelhaften Spielleute und Muſikanten! Stundenlange, ja ganze Tage und Nächte im Wirthshauſe zu ſitzen, das währt euch wohl nie zu lange. Aber wenn ich euch mein Wort Gottes vortrage, da hängt ihr eure hohen Ohren und kriegt Langeweile. Wißt ihr das Exempel von der heiligen Kummerniß, die einem armen Muſikanten einen goldenen Pantoffel vom Altare herabgeworfen, weil er ihr ein geiſtl. Stückl vorgefidelt hat? Geht auch hin mit eurer Lauigkeit. Was wette ich, ſie wirkt ein anderes Mirakel, ſteigt etwa gar vom Kreuze herab und ſchlägt euch denſelben nach Verdienſt um den Kopf. O wirke doch das Mirakel, heilige Kummerniß, ſteige herab und nimm dein Kreuz. — — Doch da käme die Heilige ſchon zu ſpät. Ihr elende Kummernißgeigerln! Ihr ſteckt ja ohnehin ſchon im Kreuze bis über die Ohren, habt nichts, als Weib und Kinder, Schulden und bittere Noth. Der verſoffene Kantor hat gewiß auf den heutigen Verdienſt vom heil. Chriſtoph ſchon wieder ein Paar Zechen beym Hofwirth ſtehen. Doch wird ihm in der Kirche gleich übel. Ja wohl nicht darum, weil todte Leute d'rinne liegen, ſondern weil er ſelbſt ein ſtinkendes Todtenaas iſt, verſteht ſich, geiſtl. Weiſe im ſchlechten Gewiſſen, kalten Glauben, kalter Hoffnung, kalter Liebe, kalter Reue und Leid, kalter guter Meynung — kalter, eiskalter Irreligioſität, Sittenloſigkeit und lumpichter Hauswirthſchaft. Und ſo iſts bey mehrern, wo nicht bey allen. Es ſchickt ſich nicht, auf der Kanzel Jemanden beym Taufe und Zunamen zu nennen. Nicht wahr? Heute könnt ihr ſchweigen. Ich weiß ſchon, wie man das Maul ſtopft. Laudate Dominum in Tympanis et Choris, ſagt der Pſalmiſt. Lobet den Herrn mit Trompeten und Pauken, nicht mit Gurgelwalzern, Spielen, Walzer- und Schraus-Kränzeln. O heilige Cäcilia! welch ein Glück iſt es für dich, daß du deine heilige Jungfrauſchaft in den Himmel ſalviret haſt. Müßteſt du auf der Erden unter dieſen Lumpen herum gehen, ſo kämeſt du kaum ungerußigt davon.

Wenn es aber hundertmal 9 Uhr geſchlagen hätte, ſo muß ich euch Folgendes noch ſagen. Ich predige, ſo lange es mich freut, und Verbum Dei non est alligatum, das iſt, mein Gottes-Wort iſt nicht an den Stundenhammer gebunden. Wer Predigten nicht gern höret, der hat das Zeichen der ewigen Verdammniß ſchon an ſich. Doch will ich Niemanden aufhalten. Wer hinausgehen will, der gehe. Unter der Thüre ſteht der Teufel und ſchreibt alle auf, die gehen. Sie werden dann ihren Theil ſchon kriegen. Weiter!

Daß der heil. Chryſoſtomus — Chriſtopherus will ich ſagen. — Es iſt zwar der heilige Chryſoſtomus auch ein groſer Heiliger, aber bey weitem nicht ſo groß, wie der heilige Chriſtopherus. St. Chryſoſtomus hat nur den freygeiſteriſchen Bürgermeiſter Eutropius brav in die Enge getrieben, wie ich von Herzen wünſche, daß es allen verdammten Freygeiſtern geſchehen möchte. St. Chryſoſtomus hat zwar den Kaiſer Arkadius im Schnürlein gehabt, dirigirt wie ein Komödiant ſeine Marionetten, aber St. Chriſtoph hat gar Chriſtum getragen. Und er hat ihn mirakuloſer getragen, als unſre liebe Frau, die ihn nicht anders getragen hat, als wie Mütter ihre Kinder tragen. Dem honigflieſenden heil. Ambroſius ſaß eine Taube auf der Schulter, das iſt der heil. Geiſt. Dem heil. Chriſtopherus aber Chriſtus, die zweyte Perſon in der Gottheit. St. Chriſtoph iſt alſo auch mehr, als Ambroſius, ſo wie Chriſtus mehr iſt, als ſeine Evangeliſten ſind, die nur ſein Leben, Thaten und Leiden beſchrieben haben, wie St. Ambroſius das Leben und Leiden des heil. Chriſtophs. Ich möchte faſt ſagen, St. Chriſtoph wäre ein gröſſerer Heiliger, als Chriſtus, und wer kann mir dieß an ſeinem hohen Ehrentage verübeln, verbieten und wehren, beſonders, wenn ich beweiſe? Nun hat zwar Chriſtus Blut geſchwitzt, aber St. Chriſtoph iſt gar im Oele ausgeſotten worden. Sehr ſchmerzlich lief mir oft in Hundstägen das Waſſer wie ein rieſelnder Bach über den Rücken herunter, wenn ich auf der heil. Kollectur mit meiner Schmalzbutte von Dorf zu Dorf, von Haus zu Haus herumſtapelte, und St. Chriſtoph erſcheint mir jetzt gar wie ein Paulanerfiſch in Oel ausgeſotten! Hilf Himmel! dieß könnte ich um alles in der Welt nicht ausſtehen. — Nun iſt zwar Chriſtus gegeiſelt worden. Hingegen ſtund St. Chriſtoph den ganzen Tag an einem Pfahle gebunden, und eine Menge Soldaten ſchoſſen auf ihn. Zum Glücke, daß er feſt war und kein Pfeil einging. Ach! Ich bin ſchon müde, wenn ich, beſonders des Nachts, in der heil. Mette ein Paar Stündlein ſtehe, und könnte um alles in der Welt nicht einen halben Tag ſtehen, viel minder auf mich ſchieſſen laſſen. — Nun iſt zwar Chriſtus mit Dörnern gekrönet worden. Aber St. Chriſtoph trug einen glühenden Helm auf ſeinem Haupte. O! drückt mich oft meine Kapuze ſo ſehr, daß ich ſie das zehntemal nicht aufſetze, wie würde ich mit einem glühenden Helm hauſen? Aber weil St. Chriſtoph einen glühenden Helm trug, eben deßwegen muß er auch ein groſer Patron in Kopfſchmerzen ſeyn, und nimmt mich wohl Wunder, daß nicht mehrere wächſerne Köpfe oder Votivtafeln bey ſeiner heiligen Statur hängen. Am Heiligen kann es nicht fehlen. Es geſchieht dann den Leuten recht, wann ſie brav leiden müſſen. Warum verloben ſie ſich nicht? Warum ſuchen ſie nicht Hülfe? — Nun hat zwar Chriſtus ſein heil. Kreuz getragen. Aber St. Chriſtoph hat es übertragen, daß er auf Kohlen geröſtet, und in einer Bratpfanne gebraten worden iſt. Wo biſt du hin, du chriſtophelliſche Starkmuth? Ach! wer wird ſich wie eine Bratwurſt röſten, wie eine Leberwurſt braten laſſen! Geſteht es nur mit mir. Lettfeigen ſind wir, und von uns würden Metaphraſtes, Surius, und der aus allen Alterthümern ſchöpfende [illegible] nicht 3 Zeilen zu ſchreiben haben. Ihre Folianten würden in jetzigen Zeiten ſo mager werden, als unſer lungenſüchtiger Baßgeiger. — Ja, hat einer einen Roſt voll Geröſtetes, eine Pfanne voll Gebratenes, da wird er Gäſte genug kriegen, ohne viele hiezu laden zu dürfen. Der Geruch iſt ſchon anziehend. Aber um Chriſti willen ſich röſten oder braten zu laſſen, da ſollen die Leute Staubaus machen. — Nun iſt zwar Chriſtus am heil. Kreuze gehangen. Hingegen St. Chriſtoph auf einer glühenden Bank gelegen. An einem dürren Kreuze hängen, iſt ja kühles Thau gegen das Liegen auf einer glühenden Bank. — Nun iſt zwar Chriſtus mit einer Lanze durchſtochen worden, aber er war ſchon todt und behielt ſeinen Kopf. Aber der geſottene, angeſchoſſene, geröſtete, gebratene St. Chriſtoph wurde lebendig geköpft und verlor alſo ſeinen Kopf. — Den Kopf verlieren iſt ein zu hartes Ding, beſonders für Prediger, wenn ſeine Zuhörer den Kopf verloren haben. — Jetzt wieder zurück von dem todten Chriſtus zu dem lebendigen. Nun hat zwar Chriſtus Einige bekehret, aber wir wiſſen nicht, wie viele. Von 5000 wiſſen wir gewiß, daß er ihnen in der Noth zu eſſen gegeben hat; und wer Brod verſchaffen kann, hat immer die meiſten Konvertiten gemacht. Hingegen hat St. Chriſtoph 48000 Menſchen bekehret. Welch eine ungeheure Summe gegen die von Chriſto Bekehrten. — Nun hat zwar Chriſtus unter den Bekehrten auch eine Hure gezählet, der heil. Chriſtoph 2, und zwar der Bordellen- und geheimen Huren, wozu immer ein gröſſeres Meiſterſtück gehöret, weil ſie beſſer gehalten, beſſer bezahlet werden. Nun hat zwar Chriſtus 12 Jünger gehabt, aber unter den Jüngern Chriſti hat ſogar einer umgeſattelt, Judas; doch wir wiſſen nicht, daß ein einziger von St. Chriſtoph Bekehrter zum Spitzbuben geworden iſt. Alles dieſes zuſammen genommen, iſt dann in Instanti bewieſen, daß St. Chriſtoph nicht nur, wie mein heil. ſeraphiſcher Vater Franziskus Chriſto ähnlich, ſondern in manchem Betrachte gröſer als Chriſtus ſey (Ecce discipulus supra Magistrum). — So ſetzt denn nun meiner Rede die Krone auf, da ihr ſehet, daß ich unwiderleglich dargethan habe, St. Chriſtoph ſey auch ein groſer Heiliger, denn er iſt noch gröſer, als der Abglanz Gottes, Chriſtus ſelbſt war. Alſo zum Beſchluß. — Ja, zum Beſchluß, wo denket ihr hin? das wäre hübſch. Wißt ihr denn nicht, was ich gleich Anfangs geſagt habe — der heilige Chriſtoph ein Rieſe der Gnade. Alſo zum dritten Theil.

C.

Ach, die Predigt wird aber mörderiſch lange, werden nicht nur die Spielleute auf der Orgel, ſondern auch ein oder der andere ſagen, der den Hanswurſten mit ſeinem Affen vor der Kirche drauſſen lieber ſieht, als einen frommen geiſtreichen Prediger, von Hokus Pokus lieber höret, als vom Worte Gottes. Meinetwegen ſagt ihr und denkt ihr, was ihr wollt! Quod scripsi, scriptum est. Der heil. Chriſtopherus ein Rieſe der Gnade bey Gott und den Menſchen; dieß iſt der Inhalt des dritten Theiles. Doch in der That, meine lieben Chriſten! Ich muchſe ja ſchon wie mein Stier, wenn er von einer Hochzeit heimkömmt. Ueber die Flegeln von Muſikanten habe ich mich heiſern geſchrien.

Mit aufgehobenen Händen bitte ich hier alle kunſtverſtändige Redner hinter Gott und vor Gott um Verzeihung, daß ich den dritten Theil meiner Rede nicht akkurat ſo lange machen kann, als den erſten und zweyten. Ich muß abbrechen, wenn ich ja nicht haben will, daß mir der Stimmſtock auf 6 Wochen verfalle. Und was wäre dieß für ein Unglück für mich und den heil. Orden? Müſſen oft ein Paar von uns im Chore plärren, als wären unſerer ſechs, und das bloß darum, weil uns die Freygeiſter nimmer wollen aufnehmen laſſen. Doch es iſt mir, als ſähe ich ſie ſchon als Verdammte mit den Teufeln auf den Kreuzwegen eben ſo ihren hölliſchen Chor heulen, wie wir das ſeraphiniſche Lobgeſang intoniren. Freut euch nur, eure Teufelsmette dauert ewig und wir ſingen uns in 2 Stunden ſchon ſchachmatt.

Doch vom heil. Chriſtoph als Rieſen der Gnade zu reden, ſo ſage subdivisionaliter, als Rieſen der Gnade: Alpha bey Gott, Omega bey den Menſchen. Sehet nur ſeinen neu vergoldeten Schein um ſein heil. Rieſenhaupt. Wer gab es ſeinen gottſeligen Verehrern ein, dieſen ſchönen Sonnenſchein neu faſſen zu laſſen, als Gott der Vater, von dem geſchrieben ſteht, daß er ſitze in der Sonne (Pſalm 119. v. 86). Iſt alſo der heil. Chriſtoph ein Favoritl vom heil. Geiſt. Sieh 1mo: Ein Rieſe der Gnade bey Gott dem Vater. Sehet die grünende Lorbeerkrone auf dem eiſernen Helme des Heiligen ſo ſchön glänzen, daß Eccleſiaſtes ſchon im Verſe 14, im 25. Hauptſtück ſchrieb: die Corona über ſein Haupt mit heiligen Sanctitätszeichen. Wer gab dem Eccleſiaſtes ein, von dieſer Krone zu ſchreiben, als das heilige Chriſtkindel, das auf ſeiner Schulter honigſüß ſitzt! Sehet 2do: Ein Rieſe der Gnade bey Gott dem Sohne! Sehet das wunderſchöne ins Hellblaue verſilberte Meer unter St. Chriſtophs Füßen. Wer gab es dem Maler ein, es ſo ſchön zu blaueln, als der heil. Geiſt, qui ferebatur super aquas, der ſo hinpflatſchelt übers Waſſer, wie ein unſchuldiges Waſſerhuhnl, Tuck-Tentl, oder reverenter zu melden, ein Zaunſchlüpferl. St. Chriſtoph alſo ein Rieſe der Gnade bey Gott, ja, was ſage ich! Nicht nur bey Gott allein, ſondern bey der göttlichen dreyeinigen Dreyfaltigkeit.

Sehet und ſtaunet! Sehet auf die Millionen der Millionen Mirakel, welche durch St. Chriſtoph und die Inſtrumente ſeiner Leiden ſchon gewirkt worden ſind, wenn man dieſelben mit Vertrauen angerufen hat. Was ſingen die großen wächſernen Köpfe, die da hängen zum Zeichen ſeiner plötzlichen Hülfe im raſenden Kopfſchmerzen? O ſie ſingen zuckerſüß, wie ein Lerchelein: Gnade bey Gott! Was geigen die Gebährmütter? Sie geigen von leichten Geburten durch Gnade bey Gott! Was poſaunen die Augen und Ohren? Sie poſaunen: die Tauben hören, die Blinden ſehen durch Gnade bey Gott! Was trompeten und paucken die hölzernen Krücken an der Wand? Sie trompeten und paucken mit klaren Menſchenſtimmen: die Krummen gehen durch Gnade bey Gott! Was konzertiren alle Votivtafeln zuſammen? Sie pfeifen wie die Orgel, ſie ſchnarren wie das Fagot, ſie blaſen wie das Waldhorn: Gnade bey Gott! Gnade bey Gott!

Sind ſie auch wohl theuer dieſe Gnaden, die St. Chriſtoph für uns erhaltet bey Gott? Höret ein eben geſchehenes Mirakel. Wer hat es nicht gehört, daß ich faſt nicht mehr laut reden konnte. Und — merkt auf! Ich verlobte mich mit einem einzigen heil. Memento zu dem blühenden Baum des heil. Protomartyrers, und ſeht Wunder! es geht wieder, als wenns geſchmiert wäre.

Lachet nun, die ihr euch gefreut habt, daß meine Predigt bald ein Ende nehmen müſſe. Ridebo et ego, et subsannabo. Mit beyden Händen will ich zuſammenſchlagen, und euch einen Plaus machen. Reden will ich zu Ehren des Heiligen, bis mir die Zähne wackeln; und ſoll ich nicht mehr können, verlobe ich gar eine ganze heil. Meſſe, und ſoll ich die ganze Woche keinen Taback mehr ſchnupfen können. Hat ſchon ein einziges heil. Memento ſo viel vermocht, wie viel muß vermögen eine heil. Meſſe. Und was koſtet ſie? 24, 30, hoch und theuer 36 kr. Müßt ihr nicht ſchon für ein einfältiges Laxiertränkl, für ein Dutzend vergoldete Pillen dem Doktor 1 bis 2 Thaler ohne Apotheke zahlen? O! ſo nehmt euchs doch ad notam! Um ein ſolches Bagatell Gnade bey Gott durch den heil. Chriſtoph! Noch größer müſſen die Gnaden werden um ein Dutzend, und 50, 60 und 100 heil. Meſſen, um eine ewige Stiftung in ein armes Klöſterl, um ein Pfandl voll Bier, und einen Wagen voll Korn, und Salz und Schmalz die Hungrigen zu ſpeiſen, die Durſtigen zu tränken, wenn es geſchieht zu Ehren des heil. Chriſtophs, der da ſteht in Gnaden nicht nur bey Gott, ſondern bey der ganzen dreyfaltigen Dreyeinigkeit.

Ich habe wirklich viel, manchem lauen Chriſten wohl ſchon zu viel, doch mir zu Ehren des heil. Chriſtophorus noch nicht genug geſagt. Laſſet uns, Andächtige! hier des Teufels nicht vergeſſen! Ihr wiſſet es alle ſo gut, als ich. Dieſem, dieſem kann St. Chriſtoph in ſeiner Rieſenſtärke, wenn der Teufel ſchon nur purer Geiſt iſt, doch ſo zu Leibe kommen, daß er mit Schande und Spott da ſteht. 1. Viel hat gegolten bey Gott der heil. Job. Doch hat ihn Gott dem Teufel überlaſſen. Nicht ſo den heil. Chriſtoph. — Sieh da noch einmal: Gnade bey Gott. 2. Viel hat gegolten bey Gott der heil. Paulus — doch ſagt er ſelbſt: Satanas colaphizavit — der Teufel hat mich beohrfeigt. — Nicht ſo den heil. Chriſtoph. — 3. Die Hexe von Endor hat durch den Teufel den Propheten Samuel gebracht, aber kein Geld. — Ach! der Propheten ohne Geld hat die Welt ſchon genug, wie die Projectanten, die das Plus immer ins Minus ſchmelzen. Unendlich mehr thut St. Chriſtoph. — 4. Der heilige Michael hat den Teufel in die Hölle geworfen, aber kein Geld abgejagt, außer dasjenige, welches die Franziskaner pie, prudenter, fortiter et fortunate in den Bruderſchaftsformeln des heil. Michaels ſammeln. Unendlich mehr thut St. Chriſtoph.

Aber warum gehe ich nicht zu der Stärke des ledigen Beweiſes zurück? Alſo marſch, ohne weiters!

Es kam der leidige Teufel, dieſer ſchlaue Schelm, mit ſeinen Hörnern und Bocksfüßen zum Heiland in die Wüſte, als ihn eben hungerte. O! da wäre ein gebratener Kapaun und eine Bouteille ungariſcher Ausbruch gut geſtanden. Was brachte aber der Teufel dem Heilande? Einen Stein. Was! einen Stein! Spottweiſe ſetzte der Höllendrache noch hinzu: Biſt du Gottes Sohn, ſo mache aus dieſem Steine Brod. — Er forderte alſo auch noch Mirakel. Weiter! Er nahm ihn mit ſich und zeigte ihm alle Reiche der Welt und ſprach: das ſey dein, wenn du mich anbeteſt. Ich glaube, alle heilige Väter und Bibliſten ſeyen mit mir einhellig dahin verſtanden, daß dieſer gottloſe Teufel der Luzifer ſelbſt geweſen, weil er ſchon einmal den Gedanken hatte, mehr als Gott zu ſeyn, ſohin jetzt gewünſcht habe, von dem vermenſchten Gott ſelbſt angebetet zu werden. Kanaille! So was traueſt du dir, als armer Teufel, ſo viel wagſt du gegen Chriſtus und Gott deinen Herrn.

Und nun geht her, altgläubige, gottſelige Chriſten, und betet das Chriſtophsgebet. Was geſchieht da? Höret und ſtaunet! Der Teufel kommt auch da, aber nicht freywillig. Er kommt, wie euer Kalfakter, muß kommen gleichſam wie ein commaſſirter Bauer. — Gehorſamer Diener, heil. Chriſtoph, das iſt ganz was anders. Und was bringt er, wenn er kommt, etwa auch einen Stein? Den wollte ich ihm ſauber an den Hals hängen, um ihn in der Tiefe des Meeres zu erſäufen (Matth. 18, 1.), wenn er nicht zu ſeiner Pein wohlverſtandenermaßen unſterblich wäre, wie Gott zu ſeiner Glorie. Ja wohl einen Stein — Geld muß er bringen, baares Geld. — Darf ers etwa auch nur herzeigen, wie er Chriſto alle Reiche der Welt gezeigt hat? Ei ja wohl! Bringen muß ers und da zahlen, und er kann dann hingehen, wo er hergekommen iſt. Darf er etwa auch verlangen, daß man ihn deßwegen anbete? Ei ja wohl! Hat man das Geld, ſo verſchwört man ihn aufs nächſte beſte Moos. Darf er etwa auch Späße machen, wie er ſie mit Chriſto dem Herrn gemacht hat? — O — nichts wenigers. Muß er thun etwa gar, was du verlangſt? Nichts Gewiſſers. Du beteſt das Chriſtophorus-Gebet, der Teufel erſcheint dir unterthänig gehorſamſt — du verlangſt Geld nach dem Tauſend — und der Teufel muß dir bringen Geld nach dem Tauſend — nach dem Tauſend. —

O, heiliger Chriſtoph! um wie viel größer erſcheinſt du in der Gnade eines dienſtbaren Geiſtes, als ſelbſt Chriſtus der Herr war, der nur um das Spottgeld von 30 Silberling verkauft worden iſt. — Beſonders in dieſen geldklemmen, nothigen Zeiten, wo die meiſten Hauskaſſen ſingen und klingen, wie ein jämmerlich abgezapftes Faß.

Was brauchts jetzt weiter fragen und beweiſen, daß St. Chriſtoph ein Rieſe der Gnade bey den Menſchen iſt. Sey Jud oder Chriſt! haſt du nur Geld, ſo biſt du willkommen. Gehörſt wirklich an den Galgen, das Geld kann dich noch retten. Ruhſt wie der Lazarus im Grabe, und trägſt eine reiche Goldbörſe in der Hand, du riechſt ſchöner als Biſam und Ambra.

Wer gerne giebt, ſoviel die Säcke faſſen,
Der wird gewiß geliebt in allen Gaſſen.

Er wird auch ſeyn kein Zwerg der Gnad, ſey er auch nicht gleich, wie St. Chriſtoph, ein Rieſe.

Nur noch eines, aber kein kleines, Andächtige! Es ſteht zwar hie und da auf den Apotheken geſchrieben:

Contra vim mortis
Non est medicamen in hortis.

Das iſt zu Teutſch: In einer Apotheker-Büchs,
Findeſt du wider den Tod gar nix. —

Da ſagt aber ein viel ſchönerer Vers dieſem zum Trotz:

Qui te mane videt,
Nocturno tempore ridet.

Und will ſoviel ſagen:

Der dich, o St. Chriſtoph, anſicht zur Morgenszeit,
Zur Nachtszeit wird er lachen und haben große Freud.

Welches auf Lateiniſch auch ſo viel bedeutet, als:

Christophori sancti speciem quicunque tuetur,
Ista nempe die, non morte mala morietur.

Wer lebt aber wohl nicht gerne lange?

O ſo laßt denn den heil. Chriſtoph malen auf alle Fahnen und Standarten der römiſch-apoſtoliſchen chriſtl. Armeen. Laßt ihn graben auf eure Hüte und Stockknöpfe. Stiftet Orden des heil. Chriſtophs, Erzbruderſchaften des heil. Chriſtophs, Bündniſſe und Pacte des heil. Chriſtophs. Tragt ihn am Halſe und in Knopflöchern. Raus, Jungfern, mit der korallenen Feige, mit den ſilbernen Weintrauben aus euren ſilbernen Bruſtſchnüren. Hängt ſtatt der Feigen den heil. Chriſtoph hin. Sey ſchon der heil. Michael mit dem Teufel dran, thut nichts, St. Chriſtoph wird ſich ſchon damit vertragen; aber hin muß er, damit ihr habet das ewige Leben.

So will ich denn den Sack zubinden, Hochanſehnliche! Denn wer Geld und Geſundheit, kann nicht beſſers mehr d'rein geben, als ein langes ewiges Leben. St. Chriſtoph hat es alſo ſehr wohl verdient, daß ihr ihn neu habt faſſen laſſen, und wer ihn anſieht, muß die Wahrheit geſtehen: Wahrhaftig! Er iſt ſo hübſch gefaßt, daß er in der himmliſchen Glorie wohl auch weder ſilber-, noch goldreicher ſeyn kann.

Was kann aber nun ich dir geben, heil. Protomartyrer Chriſtoph, ich armer, lauſiger Kapuziner, was kann ich dir geben? O ich weiß es, ich weiß es. Denket, mit der Kreuzesſchmach erkaufte katholiſche Chriſten, ich habe es gewagt, ein neues Chriſtophorus-Büchlein zu machen, und das wird da vor der Thüre drauſſen verkauft. Da iſt noch alles d'rin, was ich in der kurzen Predigt wegen dem engen Raum der Zeit nicht anbringen konnte, beſonders auch das Lied, das gleich nach der Wandlung geſungen wird. Ich lege es nicht auf deinen Altar, ſondern dir zu Füßen auf das, wie Kriſtall, verſilberte Meer. Greift zu, liebe Chriſten, greift zu, ehe es das wilde Meer verſchlingt. Du aber, wildes Meer, diene ſelbſt zur Glorie des großen Heiligen, und ſchwemme es hunderttauſendweiſe fort zu den Armen. Kann man ihnen den Zoll nicht bezahlen, ſo bete man das Chriſtophorus-Gebet, und dann — zahlet der Teufel. Schwemme es hin zu den — — ſchwemme es hin — ſchwemme es hin. — — —

Doch es thuts einmal nimmer, und es iſt mir nicht anders, als hätte mir das wilde Meer auch die Memori weggeſchwemmt, alſo Punctum ſatis!

Nolens volens muß ich denn zum Lobruf als Beſchluß. —

Lobruf

zu Ehren des heiligen Martyrers Chriſtophorus.

Auf, ihr Spielleut', Muſikanten!
Nehmt die Orgel friſch zu Handen,
Nehmt Trompeten, Pauken, Geigen,
Auch ſoll keine Zunge ſchweigen,
Stimmt ein frohes Loblied an,
Chriſtoph iſt ein Gottesmann.

Er — er iſt der große Ritter,
Dem du ſüße Welt zu bitter
Biſt mit deinem Honig worden,
Denn in Chriſti ſtarken Orden
Bietet er nun, daß dich Potz!
Selbſt den wilden Heiden Trotz.

Chriſtum tragend durch die Wellen
Läßt er ſeine Lehr' erhellen,
Den er trug, der war ſein Stützen,
Ließ ihn auf der Achſel ſitzen,
Während dem der Baum ſchön grünt,
Der ihm ſtatt dem Stecken dient.

Ihn die Richter nit erſchrecken,
Laßt ſie toben, laßt ſie blecken,
Will ihn auch die Venus hetzen,
Fangt er ſie in ſeinen Netzen,
Nichts macht ſich St. Chriſtoph eig'n,
Selbſt dem Teufel zeigt er d' Feign.

Doch der Richter unverdroſſen,
Ließ ihn ſtark mit Oel begoſſen,
Legen auf ein' glühend Platten,
Daß er ſoll lebendig braten.
Aber, lieber Chriſt, da ſchau,
Er liegt wie im kühlen Thau.

Da das Feuer nichts gewonnen,
Hat der Richter ſich beſonnen:
Auf ganz neu erfund'ne Plagen.
Er läßt ihn erbärmlich ſchlagen.
Nichts geht ein, ſo daß man meint,
St. Chriſtophus ſey verbeint.

Man ſetzt nun dem armen Tropfe
Glühend einen Helm am Kopfe,
Trotz dem Friſchen und Geſunden
Hat St. Chriſtoph nichts empfunden.
Alſo ja wohl armer Tropf!
Er hat d' Marter ſelbſt beym Schopf.

Nein! Oel, Geiſel, Feuerhauben
Bringen ihn nicht ab vom Glauben,
Und jetzt an den Pfahl gebunden,
Kann' ihn auch kein Pfeil verwunden,
Ja zurück gieng wohl in Eil
In des Schützen Aug' ein Pfeil.

Chriſtoph hat ihn dann bekehret,
Und des Chriſtenthums belehret,
Stampfend, wüthend, ſchäumend, tobend
Schrie der Richter, Götzen lobend:
Henker! mit dem Kopf herab —
So fand Chriſtoph nun ſein Grab.

O du großer Held, wir bitten,
Woll'ſt dich unſer nicht entſchütten,
Der du darum kürzer worden,
Weil ſo klein die Himmelsporten,
Trag uns in den Himmel ein,
Träger unſers Jeſulein.

Der von Buchheim ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Simon Buchka

ward am 27. April 1705 zu Arzberg bei Baireuth geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena und Leipzig Theologie, wurde nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn Lehrer an der Kloſterſchule Bergen bei Magdeburg, 1734 Conrector am Gymnaſium zu Hof und 1745 Freitagsprediger daſelbſt. Er ſtarb am 25. März 1752.

Er gab heraus:

Muffel, der neue Heilige u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1731.

Evangeliſche Bußthränen über die Sünden ſeiner Jugend u. ſ. w. Leipzig und Baireuth, 1737. — 3. A. Hof, 1756. 8. (Ein Widerruf der vorigen Schrift).

Auserleſene Gedichte (mit B's Leben, herausgegeben von J. M. P. [Purrucker.]) Hof und Baireuth, 1755.

Buchka, ſeiner Zeit als Dichter gefeiert, zeigte große Anlage zur Satyre, hielt dieſe aber für unverträglich mit dem geiſtlichen Stande und entſagte ihr daher ſpäter gänzlich. — Correctheit und Gewandtheit ſind ſeinen übrigen poetiſchen Leiſtungen nicht abzuſprechen, doch leiden ſie an den Fehlern der damaligen Zeit und arten oft in gewöhnliche Reimereien aus.

Andreas Heinrich Bucholtz,

auch Buchholz und Buchholtz, ward am 25. November 1607 zu Schöningen im Braunſchweigiſchen geboren, erhielt eine ſorgfältige Erziehung auf den gelehrten Schulen zu Magdeburg und Herford und ſtudirte von 1627 — 1630 Theologie zu Wittenberg. — Nach ſeiner Rückkehr ward er Conrector zu Hameln, ging 1636 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Helmſtädt und 1637 als Rector nach Lemgo. Hier vertrieben ihn die Unruhen des dreißigjährigen Krieges und führten ihn nach Rinteln (1639), wo er Vorleſungen hielt und 1641 Profeſſor der praktiſchen Philoſophie wurde. Im Jahre 1647 kam er als Coadjutor der Brüderkirche nach Braunſchweig und verwaltete dieſes Amt bis 1663, wo er herzoglich braunſchweig-wolfenbüttelſcher Superintendent und Kirchen- und Schulinſpector wurde. Er ſtarb am 20. Mai 1671, am Tage nach dem Beginnen der Belagerung Braunſchweigs durch den Herzog.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Des chriſtlichen teutſchen Großfürſten Herkules und der Böhmiſchen königlichen Fräulein Valiska Wundergeſchichte u. ſ. w. Braunſchweig, 1659. 4. N. A. 1665. 4. 1676. 4. 1693. 4. 1713. 4. 1744. — Eine Umarbeitung erſchien Leipzig, 1781 — 83 in vier Bänden unter dem Titel: die deutſchen Fürſten aus dem dritten Jahrhundert.

Der chriſtlichen königlichen Fürſten Herkuliskus und Herkuladisla u. ſ. w. Wundergeſchichte u. ſ. w. Braunſchweig, 1665. 4. N. A. 1676. 4. Frankfurt, 1713. 4.

Deutſcher poetiſcher Pſalter Davids. Rinteln, 1640. 12.

Geiſtliche teutſche Poemata. Braunſchweig, 1651. 4.

Chriſtliche gottſelige Hausandachten u. ſ. w. Braunſchweig, 1663. 12.

Häusliche Sabbaths-Andachten. Braunſchweig, 1665. 12.

Ausführlicher Beweis, daß die Lehre der Interceſſion u. ſ. w. falſch und abgöttiſch ſei. Braunſchweig, 1666. 4.

Grund- und Haupturſach, warum ein verſtändiger evangeliſcher Chriſt nicht römiſch-katholiſch werden, ſondern evangeliſch-katholiſch ſein und bleiben muß u. ſ. w. Braunſchweig, 1671. 4.

Erſtes verdeutſchtes und mit kurzen Noten erklärtes Odenbuch des vortrefflichen römiſchen Poeten Q. Horatius Flaccus. Rinteln, 1639. 8.

Verdeutſchte und mit kurzen Notenerklärte Poeterei-Kunſt des u. ſ. w. Q. Horatius Flaccus. Rinteln, 1639.

Lucian von Samoſata aus Syrien ſinnreiches Gedicht wahrhaftiger Geſchichte und ſeltſamer Geſichte u. ſ. w. o. O. 1659. 8.

Ein treffendes und wahres Urtheil über Bucholtz's Leiſtungen fällt Küttner in den Charakteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten S. 145 ſqq. mit folgenden Worten: „An reiner Moral und mannichfaltiger Verwickelung fehlt es den bucholtziſchen Romanen nicht, aber deſto mehr an Wahrſcheinlichkeit, Sitten und Intereſſe. Einzelne Localzüge und individuelle Gemälde, die mit hervorſtechender Lebhaftigkeit ausgeführt ſind, verbergen das Ungleiche und Langweilige des Ganzen bei Weitem nicht. Gelehrſamkeit und Erfindungskraft hat der Verfaſſer in vollem Maaße gezeigt, aber Ordnung in der Anlage, feines Gefühl in der Bearbeitung und Leichtigkeit und Natur im Ausdrucke ſucht man in ſeinen Werken vergebens. Der herrſchende Geſchmack des Jahrhunderts am Spielenden und Geſuchten hat auch ihn bethört und nicht ſelten zu den abgeſchmackteſten Ausſchweifungen verleitet. Auch ſeine übrigen Werke ſind alle im Geiſte der zeitverwandten Poeten, pedantiſch und geziert und voll ſchimmernder Fehler.“

Deſſen ungeachtet waren B's Romane einſt die Lieblingslektüre ihres Jahrhunderts und wurden um ſo eifriger geleſen, als man in ihnen verſteckte Anſpielungen auf lebende hohe Häupter und geſchichtliche Ereigniſſe zu finden glaubte. Wir theilen, zur Beſtätigung des küttnerſchen Urtheiles, dem wir vollkommen beiſtimmen, hier ein Kapitel aus einem der Romane B's mit.

Feſtus redet mit Aurelius von ſeiner Liebe zu Frl. Evon Marien, welche Begebnis hier erzählt wird. Sie reiſen bald nach Statiren Schloſſe, werden wol empfangen, und geben ſich endlich kund, worauf ihnen Statira der Groß-Fürſtin Zuſtand meldet *).

Es verweilete ſich gleichwol ihr Aufbruch in den dritten Tag nach ihrer Ankunft aus Mangel guter Geſellſchafft, und befand Feſtus ſich die Zeit über mit ſchwermühtigen Gedanken beladen, deſſen Urſach Aurelius zwar merckete, aber ſich deſſen nicht vernehmen ließ, biß er ihn einsmals fragte, ob er ſich am Leibe oder Gemüht übel befünde. Worauf er antwortete: Du wirſt, lieber Bruder, mein Anliegen ſehr wol wiſſen, welches mich daheim zu peinigen pflegete; eben daſſelbe hält annoch bey mir an, und ob ich mir zwar vorgenommen habe, es gantz aus dem Sinne zu ſchlagen, und es meinem Gott und Heilande heimzuſtellen, wie ich ihm dann ſolches in meinem täglichen Abend- und Morgen-Gebeht andächtig befehle, ſo macht mir doch die Erinnerung manchen traurigen Angſt-Seuffzer, weil ich in lauter furchtſamer Hoffnung lebe, und wie Du weiſt, gantz keine beſtändige Erklärung auff mein Hertzinbrünſtiges Anſuchen biſher erhalten mögen. Drücket Dich dieſer Schuch noch, mein Bruder, und zwar in der ſo weit abgelegenen Ferne? ſagte Aurelius: Du weiſt ja, wie es mit dieſer Deiner Heimligkeit eine Bewandnis hat, und Du Dich nicht fürchten darffſt, daß einiger ander Menſch, wer der auch ſeyn mag, Dir dieſen Deinen Schatz entziehen wird, da er ſonſt Willens iſt, ſich einigem Menſchen zu ergeben. Ja, mein Bruder, ſagte Feſtus, es iſt ja wol etwas, aber wie, wann ich deſſen ſo wenig als ein ander genieſſen ſoll, wird mir dann ſolches meine Geiſter ſtillen können? Traue Deinem Gott, ſagte Aurelius, und ſtelle es deſſen Verſehung anheim, dann was will oder kann Dein Tichten und Trauren helffen, wann es wider Gottes Willen ſeyn ſolte? Hat aber derſelbe es verſehen, ſo wird er auch die Gemühter ſchon alſo lencken, daß ſie ſeinem Willen ſich ergeben.

Es betraff aber dieſes Geſpräch die Liebe Herren Feſtus oder Herkuliskus, welche er zu Frl. Evan Marien, König Ladislaen Frl. Tochter trug; dieſelbe war nunmehr 16 Jahr und 30 Wochen alt, und von ihrer lieben Mutter Königin Sophien zu allen Hoch-Fürſtlichen Tugenden auferzogen. Sie war über die Maſſe ſchön von Angeſicht, zart von Leibe, und ſehr ſchicklich von Gliedmaſſen, doch einer mittelmäßigen Länge, und war ihre höchſte Beluſtigung, daß ſie in der Heiligen

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*) Aus: Der chriſtlichen königlichen Fürſten Herkuliskus und Herkuladisla, auch Ihrer Hochfürſtl. Geſellſchafft anmuthige Wunder-Geſchichte. Frankfurt und Leipzig. 1713. S. 121

Schrifft und andern gottſeligen Büchern laſe, wie ſie dann nebſt Frl. Eliſabeth, König Herkules Frl. Tochter (welche 14 Wochen älter als dieſe) in Griechiſcher und Lateiniſcher Sprache wohlunterrichtet war, da ſie hernach zur Luſt von ihren beyden Brüdern, Herkuliskus und Herkuladisla die Teutſche Sprache lerneten, daß ſie dieſelbe wohl verſtehen und ziemlich reden kunten. Die beyden jungen Herren waren anfangs mehrentheils an Herkules Hofe, woſelbſt ſie auferzogen und unterrichtet wurden. Hingegen die Fräulein zu Prag bey Königin Sophien; wiewol gar zeitig früh ſich eine hohe Neigung zwiſchen ihnen ſpüren ließ, daß Herkuliskus gerne mit Frl. Even Marien, Herkuladisla aber mit Frl. Eliſabeth umgieng. Da dieſe Fräulein kaum 12 Jahr alt waren, und die Eltern die feſten Gedanken faſſeten, es würde aus dieſer kindlichen Liebe mit den Jahren eine inbrünſtigere entſtehen, daß ſie einander heyrahten ſolten, welches dann ihr einiger Wunſch war in dieſer Welt, da ließ Frl. Eva Maria ſich ſtets vernehmen, wie groſſe Beliebung ſie trüge, ihr Leben in ſteter Jungfrauſchafft zuzubringen; welches ihre liebe Eltern nicht ſonderlich beantworteten, weil ſie gedachten, es würden die Jahre ihr wol andere Gedanken eingeben.

Es trug ſich aber einsmahls zu, wie König Herkules und Valiska, nebſt den beyden jungen Herren, König Ladisla zu Prag beſuchten, da Frl. Eva Maria das dreyzehende Jahr bey nahe geendiget hatte, daß Königin Sophia in der jungen Herren Gegenwart zu Königin Valiſken ſagte: Herzgeliebte Frl. Schweſter, ich muß eurer Liebe meiner Tochter Gedanken zu erkennen geben, welche ſie ſo feſt auf den Stand der ſteten Jungfrauſchafft gebauet hat, daß ſich täglich vernehmen läſſet, ſie wolle nimmermehr ſich in den Eheſtand begeben, ſondern in dieſem ihrem jetzigen Stande, biß an ihres Lebens Ende verharren. Königin Valiska liebete dieſes Fräulein herzlich, und weil ſie dazumal ihr allernächſt ſaß, umfieng ſie dieſelbe mit einem innigen Kuſſe; hernach gab ſie Königin Sophien dieſe Antwort: Daß der Jungfern-Stand ein heiliger und Gottwohlgefälliger Stand ſey, daran hat ein Chriſt nicht zu zweifeln, maſſen der Apoſtel Paulus in ſeinem erſten Send-Briefe an die Gläubigen zu Korinth es gnugſam ſehen läſſet, wie weit er den reinen Jungfern-Stand dem Ehelichen vorziehe, nicht daß er den Eheſtand ſolle verwerffen, oder vor unrein halten, weil ja auſſer allem Zweifel derſelbe von unſerm Gott ſelbſt eingeſetzet iſt, und zwar als der Menſch noch ohne Sünde im Stande der Vollkommenheit lebete, daher dann derſelbe Apoſtel am andern Orthe befihlet, daß die Ehe ehrlich gehalten werden ſolle bey allen; und wer könnte ſolches leugnen, nach dem uns ja bewuſt iſt, daß Gott ſelbſt ſaget: es iſt nicht gut, daß der Menſch allein ſey, ich will ihm eine Gehülffin machen, die um ihn ſey. Worauf er den erſten Menſchen Adam in einen tieffen Schlaf fallen ließ, aus deſſen Seite er eine Riebe nahm, und die Even daraus machete, welche er dem Adam zuführete, und ſie mit einander ehelich trauete: daher iſts unmöglich, daß ein Menſch ſündigen ſolte, wann er in einen von Gott dem Herrn ſelbſt geordneten Stand tritt, da es nur gebührlicher Weiſe geſchicht. Ich geſtehe aber gerne, daß der Jungfern-Stand in reiner Keuſchheit geführet, ein heiliger und faſt ein Wunder-Stand ſey: Aber dieſe Gabe, ohn böſe ärgerliche Gedanken und Begierde ſeine ganze Lebens-Zeit biß ans graue Alter hinzubringen, iſt wegen angebohrner Fleiſches-Schwachheit ſehr wenigen gegeben, daher auch unſer Heiland ſaget: Dieſes Wort faſſet nicht jedermann: und eben darum tritt man allezeit gerne zum Eheſtand, weil man's nicht leicht bey jungen erwachſenen Leuten vermuhten iſt, daß ſie dieſe Gabe haben ſolten. Da heiſſets demnach, es iſt beſſer freyen, dann Brunſt leiden; es iſt beſſer, in ehelicher Zucht und Liebe mit ſeinem Ehegatten leben, als im Jungfrauen-Stand alſo verbleiben, daß die fleiſchlichen Anfechtungen einen Menſchen reizen, und wol gar zu ſtummen Sünden bewegen ſolten.

Betreffend aber meine Fräul. Waſe, ſo träget dieſelbe den Nahmen, beydes der erſten Ehefrauen Even, unſer aller Mutter, und den Nahmen einer ganz keuſchen, reinen und hochgeheiligten Jungfer, nemlich der Mutter unſers Heilandes, der Marien; ſtehet ihr auch frey, den Ehe-Stand, oder den Jungfräulichen zu wählen, wann ihre Eltern einwilligten; aber weil ſie annoch jung iſt, und ſich ſelbſt nicht prüfen kan, ſoll ſie ja nicht ſagen; ſie wolle im Jungfräulichen Stande bleiben; ſie wolle in keine Heyraht ſich einlaſſen, weil ſie ja nicht wiſſen kan, ob ihr Gott nicht wol bereit einen Ehegatten auserſehen habe, deſſen Willen zu widerſtreben, nichts als verwegene Frechheit ſeyn wolte. Derowegen muß ſie in Stille und Gehorſam der Schickung Gottes erwarten, und derſelben ſich gerne unterwerffen. Zwar ich muß bekennen, daß wann mein Schatz Herkules in der Welt nicht wäre geweſen, würde ich ſchwerlich Luſt und Liebe zum Eheſtand bekommen haben, dann mein Gewiſſen gibt mir Zeugnis, daß auſſer demſelben ich die ganze Zeit meines Lebens noch keinen einzigen Mann geſehen habe, dem ich mich, wie mich däuchte, hätte können zur ehelichen Liebe und Gehorſam unterwerffen; Aber ſolche Gedanken habe ich nie in mein Herz gefaſſet, daß ich mich hätte wollen zum Jungfräulichen Stande verlobet haben, es hätte mich dann mein Gott ſo hart geſtraffet, daß er mir meinen Herkules vor unſer Vermählung durch den frühzeitigen Tod hinweg geriſſen, alsdann würde ich auſſer allem Zweifel durch übermäſſige Bekümmernis und Trauer abgemattet, ihm bald gefolget ſeyn. Das ich nun zum Ende meines Vorhabens komme, ſo will ich meine herzliebe Frl. Waſe Mütterlich gewarnet haben, ihr den ewigen Jungfern-Stand nicht gar zu tieff einzubilden, damit ſie nicht vermeſſentlich handele, noch daher in Verſuchung falle. Ja, liebte ſie mich und ihre Fr. Mutter kindlich, nach rechtſchaffenem Gehorſam, ſoll ſie uns alsbald verſprechen, daß vor Ausgang des ſechs und zwanzigſten Jahrs ihres Alters, Sie zu ſolchem Stande ſich nicht verloben wolle, ob dieſelbe ſie wolle heiſſen ehelich werden oder nicht.

Herkuliskus hörete dieſe Rede ſeiner Fr. Mutter mit herzlicher Vergnügung an, aber überaus heftig erſchrack er, als er dieſe Antwort der Fräulein hörete; Gnädigſte herzgeliebte Fr. Waſe, als Mutter zu ehren; ich bedancke mich in unterthänigſten kindlichen Gehorſam, vor die ertheilete Unterrichtung; und wie ich den heiligen Eheſtand nimmermehr werde verachten, oder einigen Menſchen davon abrathen, alſo zweifele ich nicht, daß die heiligen Gedanken, die bißher den jungfräulichen Stand mir ſo angenehm und werth gemacht haben, werden in mir erhalten werden, und mich je länger je mehr in meinem Vorſatz ſtärken und beſtätigen, weil ich eben das meinen andern Namen Maria viel höher und werther, als den Namen Eva ſchätze, ob ich gleich ſehr wohl weiß, daß ich ein ſchwaches und gebrechliches Kind bin, und mich der heiligen Mutter des Herrn nicht im geringſten zu vergleichen habe, welcher Stolz auch ferne von mir iſt. Damit auch meine Gn. Fr. Königin und Frau Mutter meinen Gehorſam wiſſen mögen, will ich das mir vorgeſtellete Ziel der 26 Jahre, hiemit und krafft dieſer kindlichen Verheiſſung angenommen haben, und biß dahin keine Verlobung der Jungfrauſchafft vornehmen, obgleich der Vorſatz bey mir feſt bleiben möchte.

Dieſe Rede wolte Königin Valiska beantworten, aber Herkules und Ladisla traten zu ihnen hinein, ſie fragend, ob dem Frauen-Zimmer geliebete zur Luſt mit auszufahren, und der angeſtellten Hirſch-Jagt zuzuſehen: welches ſie ihnen wol gefallen lieſſen, da dann die beyden Königinnen in einer kleinen Kutſche bey einander blieben, die beyden Könige zu Pferde fortgiengen, und Herkuladisla bey Frl. Eliſabeth anhielt, ſie möchte ihr nicht zuwider ſeyn laſſen, ihn vor einen Weggefährten in ihre Kutſche aufzunehmen, alsdann wolte er ſeine Frl. Schweſter vermögen, ſeinen geliebten Bruder Herkuliskus zu ihr aufſitzen zu laſſen; welches doch dieſer gerne abgewendet hätte, wann es Ehren halben hätte geſchehen können, dann ſein Herz war aller Dinge über der Fräulein Rede erſchlagen, daß er fürchtete, er würde ſeine Schwermüthigkeit nicht können verbergen. Weil aber Frl. Eliſabeth ihres Oheims Geſellſchafft gerne annahm, und Herkuliskus nicht umhin kunte, deswegen ſelbſt bey Frl. Even Marien anzuhalten, ward ihm ſolches auch willig gegönnet, da dann Herkuladisla mit ſeinem geliebten Fräulein allerhand freundliche Unterredung hielt, weil dieſelbe ihm von Herzen gewogen war, und bereit in dieſer Jugend die Liebes-Pfeile in ihrer Seele empfand, wiewol ſie es dergeſtalt zu verbergen wuſte, daß weder er ſelbſt, noch einiger ander Menſch deſſen ichtwas an ihr merckete.

Herkuliskus aber bedachte ſich, was vor Geſpräch er mit dem Fräulein anſtellen wolte: aber ſie gab ihm bald Anlaß nach ſeinem Willen, da ſie ihn fragete, wie bald er ſeine Reiſe nebſt ihrem Bruder nach Frankreich zu König Hilderich fortſetzen würde, die Ehre von ihm zu begehren, daß er ſie zu Rittern ſchlüge: er hoffete, dieſer Reiſe von ſeinen lieben Eltern zu rechter Zeit gewähret zu werden, wiewol er wenig Vergnügung daſelbſt antreffen würde, gelebete ſonſt der Zuverſicht zu ihrer Liebe, dieſelbe würde es ihr nicht laſſen zu wider ſeyn, daß er nebenſt ſeinen lieben Bruder Herkuladisla dieſe Frühlings-Zeit ſich bey ihnen zu Prag aufhielte, und einen oder andern Monath daſelbſt zubrächte. Nun trug das Fräulein gegen ihn eine recht ſchweſterliche Zuneigung und Liebe, daher ſie ſolches ganz gerne vernahm, und ihm zur Antwort gab: Es würde nicht allein ihr, ſondern auch ſeiner Fräul. Schweſter, Frl. Eliſabeth, ſolches ſehr angenehm ſeyn, als welche groſſe Begierde trüge, ſich mit Mannesbildern im Tantzen zu üben, welches Hof-Junckern und andern edlen Jünglingen zu thun, ſie gar kein Belieben hätte, und daher Gelegenheit ſuchen würde, mit ihnen, als Brüdern und Oheim ſolches fortzuſetzen; Sie aber ihres Theils achtete dieſes Springens und Hupfens ganz nicht, weil ſie es vor gar zu eine irrdiſche Luſt ſchätzete, und davor lieber die von ſeinen Eltern gemachte geiſtreiche Lieder ſpielete und [illegible]. Worauf er zur Antwort gab; ſo wird mein geliebter Bruder Herkuladiſla vor mich ſehr glückſelig ſeyn, weil an meiner Frl. Schweſter, deren er in Ehren ergeben iſt, er ſolche Geſellſchafft wird haben können, wie ich dann wol weiß, mit was Gedancken ſein Herz umgehet, und ich mirs doch nicht darff mercken laſſen, daß ichs wiſſe, hoffe auch, es werde eure Liebe dieſe meine Worte keinen andern Menſchen wiſſen laſſen; mich wundert aber, daß meine Frl. Baſe der ehrliebenden Tanz-Uebung ſo abhold iſt, ja dieſelbe, wie mich dünckt, faſt vor unzuläſſig hält.

Zwar daß ſie hohes Belieben trägt, die geiſtlichen Lieder zu ſpielen und ſingen, iſt ſehr rühmlich, und gibt ſie dadurch ihre Gottesfurcht an den Tag; weil wir aber Menſchen ſind, und unmöglich iſt, daß unſere Andacht zu Gott immerzu feurig ſeyn könne, ſondern auch zu Zeiten wir einer leiblichen Übung und zuläſſigen Ergetzlichkeit bedürffen, inſonderheit wann wir unſern Fürſten-Stand betrachten, alsdann wird uns wol erlaubt ſeyn, ſolche und dergleichen Übungen fortzuſetzen. Will gleichwol dieſes nicht aus ſolchem Vorſatz geredet haben, ihr Verbringen zu ſtraffen, ſondern bloß anzuzeigen, daß eure Liebe ohn einigen Gewiſſens-Anſtoß wol könne ſolchen züchtigen Tänzen beywohnen, und darinnen ſich zu Zeiten üben, weil ohn das ſolche Bewegungen der Geſundheit zuträglich ſind, und unſere Gliedmaſſen in gutem Wolſtand erhalten. Ich ſtelle aber dieſes alles bey Seit, und bitte mir zu verzeihen, daß ihre mit meiner Fr. Mutter geführte Reden mich überaus beſtürzt gemacht haben, wie auch nicht weniger ihren geliebten Bruder ſelbſt, da ſie ſich der ewigen Jungfrauſchafft zu ergeben, und den Eheſtand zu meiden ſich vernehmen läſſet. Nicht, meine in Ehren herzgeliebte Frl. Baſe, nicht laſſet ſolche Gedancken euer Herz einnehmen, ſondern ſtellet es dem Willen des Allmächtigen Gottes anheim, und erinnert euch dabey, daß wie derſelbe eurer Liebe alles das mit groſſem Überfluſſe mitgetheilet, was an einem Fräulein vor ſchön gerühmt wird, alſo werde derſelbe euch ſolches nicht vergebens zuwenden, ſondern, daß in künfftig euer Gemahl dadurch erfreulich vergnüget werde. Will ſonſt nicht wiederhohlen, was meine Fr. Mutter von dem heiligen Eheſtande angeführet hat, nur daß ich neulich eine Schrifft geleſen, in welcher ſehr nachdencklich angezogen ward, was vor groſſe Vergnügungen ein Menſch im wolgerathenen Eheſtande genieſſe, und wie eine elende Beſchaffenheit es dagegen mit dem ehloſen Stande habe, und ſolches inſonderheit an Seiten der Frauenbilder, die ohn das ihrer Schwachheit und Unvermögens wegen, eines Hauptes und Schutzes ſehr wol bedürffen. Zwar ſo lange eure liebe Eltern im Leben ſind, würde es ihr an Schutz und anderer Nothdurfft nicht ermangeln, aber wann dieſelben ihr nach Gottes Willen dereins werden abfallen, und ſie ſelbſt dem unvermögenden Alter nahen, dann würde Sie auf dieſen unverhofften Fall es befinden, wie eine Verſtoſſene dieſelbe ſey, die keinen Ehefreund hat; Zugeſchweigen, daß eine veraltete runzlichte Jungfer auch der Kinder Spott ſeyn, und ſich wol von ihren Mägden höhnen laſſen muß.

Das Fräulein verwunderte ſich dieſer Rede überaus ſehr, inſonderheit, da ſie ſahe, wie ernſtlich er ſich dabey bezeigete. Sie wolte aber eine Kurzweil draus machen, und gab ihm zur Antwort: Durchl. Herr Oheim; was eure Liebe von der Widerwärtigkeit anführet, welche den ledigen Weibsbildern nach ihrer Eltern Ableben zuſtoſſen könne, deſſen habe ich mich ganz befreyet zu ſeyn eingebildet, und mich verſichert gehalten, daß ſo lange mein herzlieber Bruder und eure Liebe am Leben ſind, mirs an Schutz und wahren Freunden nicht mangeln könnte; Wer demnach mir den Jungfern-Stand unangenehm machen wolte, müſte aus andern Gründen meinen Willen und Vorſatz beſtreiten. Herkuliſkus wuſte nicht, was er hierauf antworten ſolte, weil er ſahe, daß ſie ſeine Verliebung gegen ſie nicht merckete, oder doch nicht mercken wolte, wie ſie dann in Wahrheit auch nicht anders meynete, als daß ſeine gute Zuneigung bloß wegen der nahen Anverwandtſchafft entſtanden wäre; endlich ſagete er: Durchl. Fräulein, an ihres Bruders und meiner gänzlichen Ergebenheit, hat eure Liebe im wenigſten nicht zu zweifeln, und würde ich ungleich lieber und freudiger mein Blut und Leben einbüſſen, als zugeben, daß ihrer Liebe einiges Leyd angethan würde, welches, gilt gleich, durch meine Krafft oder Verderben könte abgekehret werden. Wann aber ihre Liebe mit der Zeit einen geneigten Willen zum Eheſtande annehmen könte und wolte, würde dieſelbe keinen Menſchen in der ganzen Welt, als mich, dadurch hoher beſeeligen, weil mir unmöglich iſt, glückſelig zu ſeyn, als lange dieſelbe in ſolchem Vorſatze verharret, und ihrer Liebe ichs länger zu verſchweigen nicht vermag, daß die Hoffnung, dermahleins ihr angenehmer Diener zu werden, der einige Aufenthalt meines Lebens iſt, wie ich mir dann gänzlich vorgeſetzt habe, keiner Fräulein dieſer Welt, als bloß allein ihrer Liebe mich zu ergeben; Kann nun dieſe meines Herzens-Beichte derſelben nicht angenehm ſeyn, ſo wolte dieſelbe aufs minſte mir dieſe Gnade und Freundſchafft erzeigen, daß, was ich anjetzo vorgebracht habe, in dem tiefſten ihres Herzens verſchloſſen bleibe.

Durchl. Oheim, ſagte ſie mit einer Beſtürzung, ich hätte nicht gemeynet, daß derſelbe gegen mich einen ſolchen Willen trüge, inſonderheit, weil ich meine Kinder-Schuh noch nicht vertretten, und in der einfältigen Jugend lebe; da auch ein ander, wer der gleich ſeyn möchte, mir ſolches vortrüge, ichs nicht ohn Anzeige eines ſchweren Unwillens beantworten würde; Weil aber unſere nahe Anverwandtſchafft nicht zugeben will, daß ich auf eure Liebe zürne, und meine Eltern, dieſelbe zu ehren, mir ernſtlich geboten haben, ſoll ihr ſolches Vorbringen vergeben ſeyn, und, ihrem Begehren nach, verſchwiegen bleiben; nur bitte ich, mein hinführo mit dergleichen Reden zu verſchonen, und ſich zu verſichern, daß mein Vorſatz, den jungfräulichen Stand nicht zu ändern, nicht bald werde gebrochen werden; aber auch, daß mit meiner Schweſterlichen Liebe und Ergebenheit ich nimmermehr von ihm abſetzen wolle. Dem guten Herkuliſkus war dieſes nicht anders, als ein Schwerdt in der Seele, hätte auch gerne es beantwortet, aber Sie naheten dem Jagt-Platze, und ritten unterſchiedliche Ritter herzu, das Fräulein auf die Schaubühne zu begleiten, da dann nach geendigter glücklichen Jagt ſie auf der Heimreiſe ſich anderweit vergeſellſchaffteten, ſo daß Königin Valiska Frl. Eren Marien, Königin Sophia Frl. Eliſabeth zu ſich nahmen, und daher Herkuliſkus und Herkuladiſla bey einander blieben.

Es hatte aber Herkuliſkus nachgehends ſo viel Herzens nicht, bey dem Fräulein um Liebe weiter anzuhalten, weil er hörete, daß ſie aller ehelichen Verpflichtung ſich zu enthalten Willens war; wiewol nachgehends, da dieſe beyde junge Fürſten aus Frankreich und Engeland wieder zu Prag anlangeten, da die Fräulein etwas beſſer zu ihren mannbahren Jahren kommen waren, Herkuliſkus das Fräulein überaus heftig anſtrengete, und ihren Bruder zu Hülffe nahm, aber dannoch keine gewierige Antwort erhalten kunte, nur daß ſie bey dieſer ihrer endlichen Erklärung blieb, dafern ihr Gott den Sinn zu heurathen geben würde, ſolte ihr Oheim Herkuliſkus verſichert ſeyn, daß kein Menſch in der Welt als er, ihr Herz und Willen zu ehelicher Verpflichtung haben ſolte; mit welcher ungewiſſen Vertröſtung er ſich muſte abſpeiſen laſſen, als er die morgenländiſche Reiſe anzutretten, Abſcheid von ihr nahm. Auf ſeinen Abzug aber begunte das Fräulein allgemählig ihr Herz und ſteiffen Sinn zu ändern, welches Frl. Eliſabeth verurſachete; dann derſelben hatte ihr Bruder Herkuliſkus dieſe ſeine Heimlichkeit, welche er vor ſeinen Eltern verſchwiegen hielt, geoffenbahret, und ſie inſtändig erſuchet, daß ſie nicht allein bey der theuren, Herrn Herkuladiſla gethanen Verſprechung beſtändig verharren, ſondern auch ihre Baſe Frl. Eren Marien ihm zur ehelichen Treue gewogen zu machen, nicht ablaſſen möchte; Wie ſie dann ihm ſolches veſtiglich verſprach, und Zeit ſeiner Abweſenheit ſie dergeſtalt ſtrengete, daß da unſere Helden vor dißmahl ſich zu Suſa aufhielten, ſie ihr ſchon dieſe Anzeige gethan hatte, daß ſie ihr Herz je länger je mehr dem Eheſtande gewogen befünde, und ſie in ihrer unverſtändigen Jugend ihr die Gedancken hätte gemacht, als wann die Zufälle des Eheſtandes ihr unerträglich ſeyn würden; aber ſo glückſelig war Herkuliſkus nicht, daß er ſolches vor Wiederkunfft in ſein Vatterland eigentlich erfahren mögen; Ja, es ward ihm auch hernach noch ziemlich ſchwer von ihr gemacht, weil ſie in dieſem Stücke ſehr wanckelmüthig war, und nach gethaner guten Vertröſtung doch wieder zurück tretten wolte, einwendend, ſie dadurch ihr Gewiſſen verunruhen, und einen ſtets nagenden Wurm in ihrer Seele haben würde, ſo daß noch endlich ihre Eltern ſie mit Ernſt vermahnen muſten, und durch Anführung allerhand vermuthlichen Unglücks, ſo auf ihre beſtändige Wegerung folgen würde, ſie dahin bewegeten, daß ſie ſich erklärete, ihrem Willen und Befehl ein Genügen zu leiſten; wovon an ſeinem Ort ausführlich wird zu melden ſeyn. Vor dißmal, als Herkuliſkus oder Jeſtus mit ſeinem vertrauten Freunde Aurelius zu Suſa hievon redete, erklärete er ſich endlich, ſeinem Zweifelmuth zu wehren, und Gotte zu trauen, derſelbe würde es nach ſeinem gnädigen Willen ſchicken, daß er ihm der völlige Vergnügung würde können von Herzen dancken.

Sie gingen aber mit einer Kauffmanns-Geſellſchafft, 56 Mann ſtark, von Suſa in aller Stille hinweg, gerade nach Süden zu, weil dieſe Kauffleute in dem Reiche Armuzia, am Perſiſchen Meer gelegen, ſeßhafft waren, und ihr Weg nahe bey Fr. Statiren Schloſſe herging. Auf der Reiſe waren ſie ein veſter Schutz ihrer Geſellſchafft, welche ohn ihre Gegenwart um Leben und Gut würden kommen ſeyn, aber ſie trieben auf dieſem kurzen Wege alle Gefahr durch ihre Tapfferkeit zurück, und erlegten drey ſtarke Räuber-Hauffen. In dem Flecken, woſelbſt Fabius Vatter des Orſillos etliche Wochen vor Leibeigen gedienet hatte, erfuhren ſie, daß derſelbe erſt vor 2 Jahren in ſehr hohem Alter, auf Fr. Statiren Gütern todverblichen wäre, und vor 20 Jahren nach ſeines alten Weibes Abſterben, auf ſeiner gn. Frauen Einwilligung ſich an ein junges ehrliches Mägdlein verheuratet, auch mit derſelben einen Sohn und Tochter gezeuget hätte, da die Tochter ſich in Fr. Statiren Frauen-Zimmer als eine Leib-Dienerin auffhielte, und ein feines erzogenes Mägdlein von 15 Jahren wäre, Nahmens Veturia; den Sohn aber von 17 Jahren gebrauchte ſie als ihren Aufſeher über ihr Vieh und Korn, hätte ihn auch in Abrichtung der Pferde und Gebrauch der Waffen neben ihrem jüngſten Sohn laſſen unterrichten, und wäre von ihm gute Hoffnung, daß er mit der Zeit zum feinen Mann gerahten könte. Statikleon zeigete Feſtus an, daß derſelbe mit ihm als ſein Leib-Diener wäre aufferzogen, und fürchtete von demſelben am erſten erkennet zu werden. Dieſes ſagte er darum, weil ſie Abrede genommen hatten, ſich nicht ſo bald zu erkennen zu geben, ſondern ſich bey ihr als fremde Griechiſche Ritter anzumelden, welche mit ihrem Sohn in Italien Kundſchafft gemacht, und von demſelben ihr ein Schreiben einzureichen hätten.

Als ſie nun vor dem Schloß-Thor, um eingelaſſen zu werden, anhielten, ward ihnen ſolches geweigert, aus Furcht, es möchte eine Räuber-Geſellſchafft ſeyn, welche ihren Hauffen im Hinterhalt verborgen hielten, und das Schloß abzuplündern Vorhabens wären. Und als ſie immer weiter anhielten, und die Schildwacht verſicherten, daß ſie ehrliche Leute wären, und bey der Frauen des Schloſſes einige angenehme Werbung abzulegen hätten, wolte man dennoch ſo leicht nicht trauen, biß die Unſern einwilligten, daß ſie auf etliche hundert Schritte zurück reiten, und einen oder zween ihres Mittels allein hinein ziehen laſſen wolten; da dann Feſtus nebſt Philler den Einzug nahmen, ihre Harniſche in einer Stuben des Vorhofes ablegeten, und in ihren guten ledernen Kleidern, das Schwert an der Seite führend, zu der Frauen gingen, welche mit Trauer-Kleidern angethan, von 6 Dienerinnen begleitet, ſie im Innerhofe empfing, und ehe ſie dieſelben zu reden geſtattete, ſich ihres Mißtrauens entſchuldigte, weil in weniger Zeit unterſchiedlicher Freyherren und etlicher Ritter Sitze und Schlöſſer ſchändlich überfallen und abgeplündert wären, ungeachtet dieſelben mit ziemlicher Mannſchafft beſetzt geweſen. Feſtus that ihr groſſe Ehre an, und nach ausgeſprochenem Lobe, daß ſie durch ſolche Vorſichtigkeit ihren klugen Verſtand ſehen lieſſe, zeigete er an, daß mit einem tapfern jungen Ritter er zu Padua in ſonderliche Kund- und Freundſchafft gerahten wäre, und als derſelbe von ihm vernommen, daß er bald würde in Geſandſchafft aus Griechen-Land nach Charas an den Groß-König gehen, hätte er ihn ſehr gebeten, einen geringen Umweg zu nehmen, und ſeiner Frau Mutter ein Schreiben einzuhändigen, auch ſonſten ihres Zuſtandes ſich zu erkundigen. So bald die Mutter ſolches hörete, geſchwall ihr das Herz vor Freuden, und gab zur Antwort: Geſegnet ſey die Stunde, in welcher mein Herz in des jungen Ritters Kundſchafft gerahten iſt; aber werde ich auch ſo glückſelig ſeyn, daß mir deſſen Nahme genennet werde? Gar wohl, ſagte Feſtus, er wird von ſeinem Leib-Knaben Herr Statikleon genennet. Ach mein lieber Sohn, ſagte ſie darauf: ſo lebeſtu noch, und erfreueſt mich ſo hoch durch dieſe angenehme Zeitung? Inzwiſchen nahm Feſtus den Brief hervor, welcher alſo lautete:

Herzgeliebte gnädige Frau Mutter, ich getröſte mich der Güte Gottes, daß ſie annoch in gutem Wolſtande leben werde, desgleichen werde ich über mein Vermuhten und Würdigkeit, nicht minder als ein Sohn gehalten, und mangelt mirs weder an überflüſſigen Mitteln, noch guter Auffwartung. Und weil ich nunmehr den Ritterſtand angetreten, Italien und Griechenland hin und her beritten, viele Sprachen auch wol gefaſſet habe, hoffe ich ſchier Gelegenheit anzutreffen, euch zu beſuchen, und gänzlich eures mütterlichen Willens zu geleben. Inzwiſchen gehabt euch wol, und lebet glücklich mit allen den Unſern. Geſchrieben zu Mantua im Anfange des Frühlinges, im ſechſten Jahr eures Groß-Königes Gaveres, von eurem gehorſamen Sohn Statikleon.

Ach mein Sohn, ſagte ſie nach Verleſung, helffe Gott, daß ich dein Angeſicht bald ſehen möge; aber ihr meine Herren wollet gebehten ſeyn bey mir einzukehren, ich werde alsbald eure Geſellſchafft laſſen herzuhohlen, und unter eurem Schutze mich vor ſicher und bewahret gnug halten. Feſtus bedankete ſich der Ehren, und gab zur Antwort: dafern in dem nechſt gelegenen Flecken Nachtherberge, wie er hoffete, würde zu bekommen ſeyn, wolte er mit ſeiner Geſellſchafft daſelbſt abtreten, und auf dem Schloſſe ihr ganz keine Ungelegenheit verurſachen; aber ſie verbaht ſolches inſtändig, und daß ſie nicht ſo hoch von ihm möchte beleidiget werden. Alſo ließ er ſich gerne halten, und ging nebſt Philler mit ihr auf die Gaſtſtube. Sie ſah ihn ſteiff an im Angeſicht, und dauchte ſie, desgleichen mehr geſehen zu haben, wiewol ihr ſolches ſo bald nicht einfallen wolte. Als Aurelius nebſt Fabius und den andern darzu kamen, wurden ſie ſehr freundlich empfangen, und verwunderte ſich Statira ſehr über ſolcher ſchönen jungen und anſehnlichen Geſellſchafft, daß ſie zu ſagen ſich nicht enthalten konte: Hochedle Herren Ritter, ich gläube nicht, daß mein Schloß, ſo lange es geſtanden, das Glück und die Ehre ſolcher treflichen Gäſte gehabt habe, und bitte ſehr, ſie wollen damit, was ich ihnen gütlich werde thun können, freundwillig vorlieb nehmen. Wir als Abgeſanten eines groſſen Fürſten, ſagte Feſtus, werden nicht dulten können, daß ihre Liebe einige Koſten unſert wegen mache, nachdem wir, Gott Lob, Mittel gnug haben, die uns erzeigete Gutthaten gebührlich zu erſetzen. Sie ſahe aber niemand ernſtlicher an als Fabius, deſſen Anſchauen ſie alsbald ihres ehmaligen Kleons erinnerte; ihr Sohn aber meidete vorſetzlich ihre Gegenwart, aus Furcht, am erſten erkennet zu werden. Aurelius merckete eine ſonderliche Veränderung an ihr, ließ ſichs doch nicht vernehmen; ſondern rieff Fabius unter dem Nahmen Antipbates zu ſich, ob hätte er mit ihm zu reden, da er ihn dann warnete, das Angeſicht von Statiren abzukehren, dann es lieſſe ſich anſehen, als betrachtete ſie ihn fleiſſig vor allen andern. Sie aber, da er von ihr ging, ſagete bey ſich ſelber; nun ſihet dieſer junge Ritter dem Römiſchen Herren Fabius ſo ähnlich, als jemahls ein Kind ſeinem Vater ſehen kann; begab ſich doch dieſer Gedanken gar bald, inſonderheit, weil Fabius ſich nicht anders bezeigete, als wäre er Aurelius Diener, und der geringſte unter allen. Wodurch auch ihre Vernunfft geblendet ward, daß ſie ſich ihrer Meynung begab. Sie wurden dieſen Abend nach Möglichkeit bewirtet, und haben von Statiren erſuchet, ihre Geſellſchafft ihr noch etliche Tage zu gönnen, deſſen ſie ſich ſehr wegerten, und doch endlich den folgenden Tag zu bleiben verſprachen.

Der junge Orſillos kam deſſelben Morgens ſehr früh zu ſeiner gebietenden Frauen, über ein ander Geſchäffte Befehl einzuhohlen, und als derſelbe dieſe fremde anſehnliche Geſellſchafft ſahe, welche alle mit einander, inſonderheit Feſtus, Aurelius, Fabius und Statikleon ihre ſchöne Kleider angeleget hatten, gab er genaue Acht auf ihr Thun, endlich kennete er Statikleon bey einem Zeichen an der Hand, welches gar ein kleines Brandmahl war, ward darüber voller Freude, und ſagte zu ihm: Gn. Herr, iſt ein groſſes dran gelegen, daß ſich eure Gn. dieſelbſt ſo heimlich hält, will ich ſchweigen; iſts aber möglich, ſo wolle er das getreue liebreiche Mutter-Herz zu erfreuen, nicht länger auffſchieben. Auf welche Rede er ihm gar eine groſſe Ehrerbietung durch Neigen und dargebohtenem Hand-Kuſſe erwieſen. Frau Statira war nicht zugegen, aber Feſtus ſagte zu Statikleon, mein Freund, weil wir erkennet ſind, ſo erfreuet eure Fr. Mutter, und weil an ihrer Treue uns zu zweifeln nicht gebühret, ſtehet euch frey, uns ihr gleicher geſtalt anzumelden. Statikleon bedankete ſich unterthänig, daß ſeiner Frau Mutter dieſe hohe Gnade ihrer Kundſchafft ſolte wiederfahren, und alsbald darauf dieſelbe zu ihnen hinein ins Gemach trat, mit abermahligen Gedanken, ob nicht Fabius Sohn mit unter ihnen wäre, ſetzete Statikleon ſich vor ihr auf die Knie, und ſagete: Verzeihet, gnädige Fr. Mutter, eurem Sohn Statikleon, daß derſelbe ſich alsbald zu melden unterlaſſen hat. Sie durch höchſte Bewegung gerühret, ließ einen tieffen Seufzer gehen, und indem ſie zu ihm ſagete, ſtehe auf mein Sohn, empfing ſie ihn Mütterlich, und fragete; warum er ihr dieſe Freude bis daher misgönnet hätte. Worauf er antwortete: Gn. Fr. Mutter, ſie weiß ſich zu erinnern, daß ein Diener ſchuldig iſt, ſeiner Herren Willen zu erfüllen; weil dann die Durchleuchtigſte Fürſten, Herr Herkuliskus, Königs Herkules und Königin Valiſken Herr Sohn, auch Herr Herkuladisla, Königs Ladisla Herr Sohn und Herr M. Fabius, Herrn Kajus Fabius Herr Sohn, gnädigſt beliebet, uns bißher verborgen zu halten, wird ihr ſolches nicht können zuwider ſeyn. Sie entſetzete ſich über ſolcher Anmeldung, und begehrete zu wiſſen, wer dann dieſe Durchl. Fürſten und Herren wären, und als Feſtus darauf zu ihr trat, ihr ſeiner lieben Eltern Gruß anmeldete, und gar ein köſtliches Kleinot von ſeiner Frau Mutter ihr einreichete, welches in Geſtalt ihres ehmahls geführten Zeichens aus lauter Demant zuſammen geſetzet, und in Gold verfaſſet war, bereitete ſie ſich zum Fußfalle, welches er aber ihr durchaus nicht gönnen wolte, ſondern ſagte zu ihr: Groſſe und liebwerthe Freundin; ſie wolle mich dergeſtalt nicht beleidigen, ſondern mit mir als einem vertrauten Freunde umgehen. Worauf er ſie umfaſſend küſſete; wie dann Aurelius eben ſolcher Geſtalt ſich gegen ſie bezeigete. Da ſie aber an Fabius gerieth, kunte ſie aus herzlicher Zuneigung nicht unterlaſſen, ihn zu umfahen, da ſie zu ihm ſagete: Durchleuchtiger Herr, ich gebrauche mich dieſer Kühnheit bloß aus herzlicher Untergebenheit, damit ſeinem Durchl. Herrn Vater ich mich verpflichtet zu ſeyn erkenne, und kann ich bey meinem Gewiſſen beteuren, daß in dieſer irdiſchen Welt mir keine gröſſere Vergnügung und Glückſeligkeit zuſtoſſen kan, als dieſe Ehre ihrer Gegenwart und Kundſchafft, nach dem ich ſchier vor unmöglich halte, das Glück in dieſer Welt zu haben, ihre herzgeliebte Eltern, meine gnädigſte und gnädige Herren und Frauen wieder zu ſehen. Und welcher Gott hat meinen Sohn Statikleon ſo hoch beſeliget, daß in eurer Hoch-Fürſtlichen Geſellſchafft zu reiten ihm gegönnet iſt? Fabius grüſſete ſie ſehr von ſeinen Eltern, reichete ihr auch ein Schreiben von ſeinem Vater, welches ſie laſe, und die Thränen dabey häufig fallen ließ, weil dieſes der Inhalt war:

Wohlgebohrne Frau, hochwerthe Freundin; nebſt meinem Sohn Markus Fabius, liefere derſelben ich hiebey das Pfand unſer ehmahl begangenen Thorheit, ihren und meinen geliebten Sohn Statilkeon, welchen ich hoffe zur wahren Gottesfurcht und allen Ritterlichen Tugenden erzogen zu haben; und wie ich nicht zweiffele, der grundgütige Gott, welchen wir, ihm ſey Dank, allerſeits erkennen, werde unſere in Heydniſcher Blindheit begangene Sünde uns gnädig vergeben haben; alſo trage ich zu demſelben die Zuverſicht, er werde an dieſem unſerm Sohn der Eltern Verbrechen nicht heimſuchen, ſondern ihm neben uns, Gnade widerfahren laſſen. Und wie vor jedermann ich ſeinen wahrhaften Vater ſtets verſchwiegen gehalten, und noch halten werde, alſo wolle ſie ihr laſſen ein gleichmäſſiges gefallen, damit wir allerſeits vor den verleumderiſchen Mäulern mögen frey bleiben. Meinen und der meinigen Zuſtand werden meine Söhne wiſſen anzumelden, und ihr zu bedenken geben, dafern ihr und den übrigen nicht ſolte anſtehen, in den Morgenländern länger zu bleiben, ihnen dieſes Orths oder in Griechenland, oder wo es ihnen mag gefällig ſeyn, gewünſchte Gelegenheit ſol verſchaffet werden. Habe aus wahrem Freundes-Herzen an die Hand geben wollen, und erwarte Erklärung, nebſt dem Erbieten, ihr getreueſter Freund und Bruder zu leben und zu ſterben. Gott mit uns allen. Gegeben zu Padua im andern Jahr nach dem 255. Olympiſchen Spiele.
Kajus Fabius.

Sie muſte wegen des vielen Weinens einen Abtrit nehmen, erhohlete ſich doch bald wieder, und ließ überall ſtattlich anrichten, dieſen vornehmen Herren ihren unterthänigſten Gehorſam ſehen zu laſſen, da ſie auch alsbald Orſillos hinreiten ließ zu ihrem Stief-Sohn dem jungen Nabarzenes, ihm ſeines Bruders Wiederkunft anzudeuten, und daß er ſeiner brüderlichen Schuldigkeit ſich würde erinnern, auch nicht unterlaſſen ſie zu beſuchen, da ſie dann dergeſtalt gegen ihn ſich zu erzeigen bedacht wäre, daß er ihre Gewogenheit erkennen ſolte, ihn daher verſicherend, daß alles, was ſeinetwegen ihr Leides von ſeines Vaters Bruders Gemahl angethan wäre, der ewigen Vergeſſenheit zu befehlen, und Zeit ihres Lebens deſſen nicht zu gedenken. Weil ſie auch von Feſtus beweglich erinnert war, ihre Heimlichkeit und Gegenwart vor jeder männiglich zu verbergen, gab ſie zur Antwort, es ſolle ihr dieſes ein vor allemahl genug befohlen ſeyn.

Nach gehaltener Mahlzeit forſchete Feſtus nach Groß-Fürſtin Klaren Zuſtande, über deren Erinnerung Statira erſeuffzete, und darauf dieſe Erzehlung anfing: Ach der allerliebſten preiswürdigſten Fürſtin, deren gleichen an Frömmigkeit, Demuht und Gottesfurcht ſchwerlich in dieſer Welt lebet. Als mein gnädiger Fürſt Pharnabazus annoch dieſes Landes Herrſchaft führete, pflegte ſich deſſen Gemahl Fürſtin Barſenen, und dieſe jene hinwiederum jährlich zu beſuchen, da ich dann allemahl die Ehre hatte, ihrer anmuhtigen Geſellſchaft beydes zu Suſa und zu Ekbatana beyzuwohnen; auch fand ſich gemeiniglich die Fürſtin aus Aſſyrien Frau Roxane, Fürſtin Barſenen Schweſter, mit bey dieſer Zuſammenkunft, welches wir eilf Jahre aneinander alſo trieben, als lange der theure Groß-Fürſt Phraortes im Leben war; ja auch noch drey Jahr hernach, weil unſer Groß-König Artaxerxes herrſchete, waren uns dergleichen Zuſammenkunften wohl zugelaſſen; aber ſobald der jetzige grauſame Bluthund Sapores die Herrſchaft überkam, muſten wir uns drücken, und ſolches wegen unſers Chriſtenthums. Ich zweiffele nicht, fuhr ſie fort, meine Gn. Herren werden von ihren preiswürdigen Eltern des Zuſtandes der Morgenländiſchen Fürſten ziemlichen Bericht eingenommen haben; aber die, ſo zu ihren Zeiten lebeten, ſind leider alle durch den Tod hingeriſſen. Groß-Fürſt Phraortes hat ſchon vor 9 Jahren dieſe Welt geſegnet. Fürſt Mazeus in Aſſyrien vor 4 Jahren, Groß-Fürſtin Saptina in Meden wenig Wochen nach ihres ſonderlichen Freundes, Fürſt Mazeus Abſcheiden. Mein Gn. Fürſt Pharnabazus vor drey Jahren. Fürſtin Roxane erſt vor anderthalb Jahren, an welcher meine Gn. Groß-Fürſtin Fr. Klara eine getreue aufrichtige Freundin verlohren hat; Und zwar iſts Gott lob dahin gerahten, daß alle dieſe Fürſtliche Häupter vor ihrem Ende das Chriſtenthum angenommen, und in ihrem Heylande ſelig entſchlaffen ſind. Zwar Phraortes und Mazeus ſind rechtes Todes geſtorben, jener am Schlage, dieſer am Nieren-Steine und Schwindſucht; aber wie der theure Groß-Fürſt Arbianes ungezweiffelt durch Gift hingerichtet iſt, alſo habe ich eben deſſen auch von meinem Gn. Fürſten Pharnabazus groſſe und wichtige Muthmaſſungen: dann als er das letztemahl wieder von Charas zu Hauſe anlangete, empfand er immer zu groſſe innerliche Hitze, welche durch keine kühlende Arzneyen ſich wolte leſchen laſſen, alſo daß er innerhalb 6 Wochen davon verzehret und ganz ausgedorret ward; dann alle redliche und aufrichtige Fürſten dieſes Reichs waren bey dem Wüterich Sapores verhaſſet, welcher ſeine Fürſtenthümer andern vergeben hatte; daher muſten ſie räumen, und auf ſolche Weiſe Abſcheid nehmen. Fürſtin Roxane wiche alsbald aus dem Fürſtenthum Aſſyrien hinweg, maſſen der neue bübiſche Fürſt ihr ſehr gram war, und ihr nach dem Leben ſtund, weil ſie auf ſein inſtändiges Anhalten ihn nicht zum Erben aller ihrer beweglichen Güter machen wolte, ſondern vorgab, daß ſie das Groß-Fürſtliche Mediſche Fräulein (wie dann war) ſchon damit bedacht hätte: und weil ihr ſeine Boßheit bekandt war, machte ſie ſich nach Ekbatana zu Groß-Fürſtin Klaren, woſelbſt meine Gn. Fürſtin Barſene ſich annoch aufhält. Es zog ihr aber Hochgedachte Fürſtin Roxane dieſe Verfolgung dergeſtalt zu Herzen, daß ſie drüber in die Schwindſucht gerieth, und, wie geſagt, vor anderthalb Jahren dieſe Eitelkeit verließ, welchen Todesfall ihre Schweſter Fürſtin Barſene noch dieſe Stunde ſehr betrauren ſoll.

Feſtus fragte ſie weiter, ob ſie dann nicht neulich von der Groß-Fürſtin Zeitung gehabt hätte, auch was vor Geſellſchaft bey ihr ſeyn, und in ihrer groſſen Traurigkeit ihr Troſt mittheilen möchte. Darauf antwortete ſie; faſt innerhalb Jahres-Friſt hätte ſie weder Schreiben daher bekommen, noch Gelegenheit gehabt, ihre dahin zu ſenden, gleichwol vor drey Wochen einen Ritter, ſo ihr etwas verwandt, geſprochen, deſſen Schweſter zu Ekbatana wohnete, und dieſelbe vor 8 Wochen beſucht hätte, welcher mir anzeigete, ſagte ſie, es lebete zwar die Groß-Fürſtliche Wittib mit ihrer gewöhnlichen Geſellſchaft noch, aber ſie hielten ingeſamt ſich ſo eingezogen, daß ſie wunderſelten ſich ſehen lieſſen. Es findet ſich aber bey ihr, meine gn. Fürſtin Barſene, dann eine vornehme Frey-Frau, Namens Artonis, unſerm vorigen Groß-Könige Artaxerxes verwandt, ſo ehmals in Griechenland gewohnet, woſelbſt ihr Gemahl, Namens Perdikas von König Ladisla erlegt worden, eine ſehr gottfürchtige und haushältige Frau, ihres Alters von ohngefehr 50 Jahren. Weiters hält ſich bey ihr auf Fr. Alcone, Königin Valiſken ehmahlige Kammer-Jungfer zu Charas, deren Ehe-Gemahl, Herr Bubares, von etlichen Meuchelmördern vor vier Jahren entleibet worden, und ſolches durch Anſtiftung des jetzigen Fürſten zu Perſepolis, Namens Artabaſſes, des vorigen Groß-Königes Sohn, und des jetzigen Wüterichs Sapores Bruder, dem er an Boßheit gleichet, und an Ungerechtigkeit ihn übertrifft. Dieſe finden ſich ſtets bey der Groß-Fürſtin und ihrer Frl. Tochter, Frl. Damaſipen, und haben ihr verſprochen, ſich lebendig von ihr nicht zu trennen. Sie haben etwa drey oder vier Aufwärterinnen überall; aber Wolfgangs Gemahl, eine Böhmin, und Herr Tyriotes Gemahl Fr. Ameſtris, Königin Valiſken ehmahlige Kammer-Jungfer, welche nebſt ihrem Ehe-Juncker ſchon vor 15 Jahren ſich aus Suſiana nach Meden erhoben, als der den Groß-Fürſt Phraortes in anſehnliche Dienſte getreten iſt, leben täglich bey ihnen; wie auch Barialoes, Spitamenes Sohn und ſeine Ehe-Liebſte, eines vornehmen Mediſchen Herren Tochter, Namens Jerena; Dann nebſt dieſen, der Hirkaner Mazaentes (welchen Groß-Fürſt Arbianes Gemahlin, auf Königin Valiſken Begehren, bald bey ihrer erſten Ankunfft in Dienſte genommen) mit ſeiner Familie, geben ihr ſtets zur Hand, und hinterbringen ihnen alles, was ihnen zu wiſſen nöhtig iſt. Es iſt aber dieſe Geſellſchafft in ihrem itzigen Zuſtande ihr noch ſo lieb und angenehm, daß ſie nicht anders meynet, ſie würde ſterben müſſen, da ſie deren zu entrahten gezwungen würde. Ihr Leben und Wandel betreffend, ſagte ſie, wäre ihr meiſtes, Singen, Leſen und Beten und müſte ein alter Kirchen-Lehrer alle Woche zweymahl zu ihnen kommen, und ihnen eine Predigt aus Gottes Wort halten. Der lieben Armuth theileten ſie täglich groſſe Allmoſen aus, und würden ſie von den gottloſen Juden ſehr geneidet, die ohn Zweiffel ihr groſſes Unglück anrichten dürfften, wann ſie nicht vor Wolfgang ſich ſcheuen müſten, welcher dann, um ſolches Ubel abzuwenden, zu Zeiten den Juden in einem und andern willfahrete, ſo weit Gewiſſens halben geſchehen kunte. Sonſten giengen ſie nicht müſſig, ſondern ihre Luſt-Arbeit wäre, daß ſie ſchöne groſſe Perſiſche Decken zurichteten, und ſich offt daran zuarbeiteten, daß ſie ſich gar abmatteten. Zu Zeiten erzehleten wohl eine oder andere, was von Königin Valiſken und deren Begebniſſen ſie wüſten, und hätte ſie ſelbſt wohl ehmals rechtſchaffen aus herzlichem Mitleiden dieſer Hoch-Fürſtlichen Geſellſchafft heiſſen Thränen vergieſſen, wann die Groß-Fürſtin hätte erzehlet, wie es ihr und ihrem damahls verlobten Bräutigam, Groß-Fürſt Arbianes, Zeit ihres Elendes ergangen wäre, da ſie eine Dienſtmagd, er aber ein Bettler geweſen.

Aurelius begehrete zu wiſſen, ob dann die Groß-Fürſtin nicht Belieben hätte, wieder in ihr Vaterland zu ziehen; Worauf ſie antwortete: Daß nunmehr über drey Jahr lang ſie nebſt ihrem vertraueten Diener Wolfgang darauf gedichtet hätte, durch was Mittel ſie ſolchen ihren einigen Wunſch glücklich fortſetzen und ausführen möchten, aber die Kriegsläuffte und ſtete Uneinigkeit zwiſchen den Perſen und Römern machten die Gefahr gar zu groß, da inſonderheit die Groß-Fürſtin pflegete einzuführen, ſie hätte ſchon in der Jugend erfahren, daß ſie unter keinem guten Glücks-Stern zu reiſen gebohren wäre; über das käme ihr ein Grauſen an, wann ſie ſich erinnerte, was vor ein langer beſchwerlicher und mühſeliger Weg es von Ekbatana biß nach Prag wäre; doch wann ſie gute und genugſame Begleitung haben ſolte, würde ſie wohl in dieſer Welt nichts mehr wünſchen, als ihr Vaterland wieder zu ſehen, und ihr Leben darinnen zu endigen; Ich fürchte aber, das fromme Gottesfürchtige Herz werde ſich zu todt grämen, wann ſie erfahren ſoll, wie ihr einziger Sohn Henrich ſo gar aus der Art ſchläget, und allen Leichtfertigkeiten, Sünden und Laſtern ſich ergeben hat, daher er ſeinem Wüterich ſo angenehm und lieb ſeyn ſei, daß derſelbe ihm die Verheiſſung gethan, nicht allein ihn mit dem Groß-Fürſtenthum Melen wieder zu belehnen, ſondern ihm Armenien (welches er den Römern zu nehmen willens) zu übergeben. Jeſus erſeufzete hierüber, und ſagte: Er wolte ſich glückſelig ſchätzen, wann er dieſe arme verlohrne Seele retten, und den verführten Menſchen wieder zum Chriſtenthum und Gottſeligen Wandel bringen könte; aber es war dieſer Wunſch vergeblich. Sonſten fragten ſie fleiſig nach der Fürſtin zu Suſa und Perſepolis Wandel und Verrichtung, und erfuhren, daß an dieſen Höfen ſich die jetzigen Fürſten ihrem Könige faſt gleich bezeigten, nur daß die Verfolgung der Chriſten bey ihnen etwas erträglicher wäre.

Auguſt Buchner

ward am 2. November 1591 zu Dresden geboren, erhielt ſeine Jugendbildung in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und auf der Kloſterſchule Pforta und ſtudirte dann zu Wittenberg die Rechtswiſſenſchaft, der er aber bald entſagte und ſich gänzlich der ſchönen Literatur widmete. Im Jahr 1618 ward er Magiſter und Profeſſor der Poeſie zu Wittenberg, mit welchem Amte er 1631 die Profeſſur der Beredſamkeit und das Ephorat der kurfürſtlichen Stipendiaten verband. Das Seniorat der Akademie erhielt er 1649. — Er war ein Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft, mit dem Beinamen „der Genoſſene", und der erſte deutſche Profeſſor, der es neben den zu ſeinem Amte gehörenden, pflichtmäßigen lateiniſchen Poeſieen nicht verſchmähte, auch in deutſcher Sprache zu dichten. — Er ſtarb den 12. Februar 1661.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Wegweiſer zur deutſchen Dichtkunſt. Jena, 1663.
Poemata selectiora. Leipzig, 1694.
Einzelne Lieder, in Neumeiſters diss. de claris poetis u. ſ. w.

B's Beſtrebungen für die deutſche Literatur ſind verdienſtlicher als ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen, in welchen er ſich Opitz zum Muſter nahm.

Vgl. Adolph Clarmundi Lebensbeſchreibungen etlicher hauptgelehrten Männer. Wittenberg, 1704. Thl. II.

Johann Gottlieb Buhle,

ein gründlicher und gelehrter Forſcher auf dem Gebiete der Philoſophie, ward am 29. September 1763 in Braunſchweig geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen und widmete ſich daſelbſt dem akademiſchen Lehrfach. 1787 ward er außerordentlicher, 1794 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie an der Univerſität, verließ dieſelbe jedoch 1804, wo er als Collegienrath und Profeſſor nach Moskau ging. Im Jahre 1811 erhielt er das Amt eines Vorleſers und Bibliothekars bei der Großfürſtin Katharina, kehrte indeſſen 1814 nach Deutſchland zurück und ward 1815 Profeſſor und Syndicus, ſpäter Mitdirektor des Collegium Carolinum ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Er ſtarb hier am 11. Auguſt 1821.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Ankündigung und Empfehlung öffentlicher logiſch-practiſcher Uebungen u. ſ. w. Göttingen, 1797.
Bemerkungen über den Gebrauch der Quellen zur älteren Geſchichte der Kultur bei den Kelt. und Skandinav. Völkern. Göttingen, 1788.
Einleitung in die allgemeine Logik und Kritik der reinen Vernunft. Göttingen, 1795.
Entwurf einer Transſcendentalphiloſophie. Göttingen, 1798.
Geſchichte des philoſoph. menſchlichen Verſtandes. 1. Th. Lemgo, 1793.
Geſchichte der neuern Philoſophie ſeit Wiederherſtellung der Wiſſenſchaften. 6 Bde. Göttingen, 1800 — 1805.
Grundzüge einer allgemeinen Encyclopädie der Wiſſenſchaften. Lemgo, 1790.
Ideen zur Rechtswiſſenſchaft u. ſ. w. 1. Sammlung. Göttingen, 1799.
Journal der ſchönen Künſte. 3 Hefte. Moskau, 1807.
Lehrbuch der Geſchichte der Philoſophie. 8 Thle. Göttingen, 1796 — 1804.
Lehrbuch des Naturrechts. Göttingen, 1798.
Sextus Empirikus. 1. Bd. Lemgo, 1801.
Unterſuchung über die Hausgötter des römiſchen Volks. Moskau, 1805.
Ueber Urſprung und Leben des Menſchengeſchlechts. Braunſchweig, 1822.
Ueber den Urſprung u. ſ. w. des Ordens der Roſenkreuzer und Freimaurer. Göttingen, 1804.
Verſuch einer kritiſchen Geſchichte der Litteratur der Ruſſiſchen Geſchichte. 1. Thl. Moskau, 1810.

Ein Anhänger des kantiſchen Syſtems, ſuchte B. hauptſächlich die hiſtoriſche Kenntniß der Fortſchritte der Philoſophie, ſeit den älteſten Zeiten, in Deutſchland zu befördern und auszubilden. — Mit gründlichem Wiſſen ausgerüſtet, von raſtloſem Fleiße beſeelt, hat er vorzüglich in dieſem Fache Bedeutendes geleiſtet und ſowohl als akademiſcher Lehrer wie als Schriftſteller nach vielen Seiten hin gewirkt. Haben gleich neuere Forſchungen den Standpunkt, von welchem aus dieſe Gegenſtände betrachtet werden müſſen, verrückt, ſo iſt es doch immer Pflicht, dankbar anzuerkennen, was durch ihn auf der von ihm eingeſchlagenen Bahn geleiſtet ward.

Ueber die Moralphiloſophie der Jeſuiten *).

Im J. 1540 ward der Orden der Jeſuiten vom Ignatius Loyola geſtiftet. Der Zweck deſſelben war urſprünglich, das durch manche Umſtände und Ereigniſſe damals geſunkene Anſehen der Kirche wieder herzuſtellen, und daſſelbe durch Mittel, wie ſie dem Geiſte des Zeitalters und dem äußern Verhältniſſe der Kirche angemeſſener ſeyen, aufs neue zu ſtützen und für die Zukunft zu ſichern. Die damaligen Religionen, vornehmlich die katholiſche, waren in ihrer Autorität erſchüttert worden, und Unglauben, ſchwärmeriſcher Myſticismus und blinder Supernaturalismus begannen mit einander zu ſtreiten. Mehrere der vorzüglichſten philoſophirenden Köpfe hatten ſich in der theoretiſchen Philoſophie zu einer ſkeptiſchen Denkart hingeneigt. Die praktiſche Philoſophie aber, ſofern man ſie auf zufällige Erfahrungsmaximen gründete, war in eine ſchwankende ſich im Innern ſelbſt widerſprechende Klugheitslehre übergegangen, die den eigennützigen Genuß des Lebens begünſtigte, und den Menſchen von ſeiner wahren

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*) Aus: Geſchichte der neuern Philoſophie ſeit der Epoche der Wiederherſtellung der Wiſſenſchaften. Von J. G. Buhle. Göttingen, 1801. Bd. 1. S. 336.

Beſtimmung und der ihr entſprechenden Pflicht ableitete, oder wenigſtens ihn in Anſehung der Gründe derſelben nicht befriedigte und beruhigte. Es bedurfte demnach allerdings damals für das hierarchiſche Intereſſe eines ſolchen Inſtituts, wie der Orden der Jeſuiten war, zumal da die übrigen Mönchsorden, beſonders der Orden der **Dominicaner**, in der Achtung des Publicum's ſehr verloren hatten, und für das ſo baufällige Gebäude der römiſchen Kirche nur ſchwache Stützen zu werden anfingen.

Freilich ahndete der Stifter des Jeſuitenordens die Macht nicht, welche dieſer erhalten würde. Man kann ihm und den erſten Gliedern des Ordens den Plan argliſtiger Herrſchſucht nicht zuſchreiben, der in der Folge das Benehmen und die Schritte der Jeſuiten leitete. Aber ſchon die ganze Anlage des Inſtituts, ſo zufällig und ohne weit ausſehende politiſche Tendenz ſie auch gemacht wurde, war doch von der Art, daß ſie die Politik begründete und beförderte, wodurch der Orden bald ſo berühmt, mächtig und furchtbar geworden iſt, und hauptſächlich in den katholiſchen Ländern nicht nur auf die Theologie und Hierarchie der katholiſchen Kirche, ſondern auch auf den Zuſtand der Philoſophie, und namentlich des praktiſchen Theiles derſelben, den entſcheidendſten Einfluß gewann.

Ein Hauptmittel, deſſen ſich die Jeſuiten bedienten, war, daß ſie den Unterricht der Jugend und die Cultur der dahin gehörigen wiſſenſchaftlichen Kenntniſſe an ſich zogen. Dadurch wurden ſie in den Stand geſetzt, gerade die bedeutendſten Volksclaſſen, und ſelbſt die regierende von ihrer Leitung und Willkühr abhängig zu machen; dieſelben, oft ohne daß dieſe es wußten oder ahndeten, an das Intereſſe des Ordens anzuknüpfen und für den Dienſt deſſelben zu erziehen; auch diejenigen Köpfe und Charaktere kennen zu lernen, die am fähigſten waren, Mitarbeiter für den eigenthümlichen Zweck des Ordens zu ſeyn. Der Unterricht der Jugend ward anfangs blos als ein verdienſtliches Werk von den Jeſuiten angeſehen, bis nach und nach den Obern des Ordens das hierarchiſche Intereſſe klarer wurde, das ſie ſelbſt nach dem Plane ihres Inſtituts verfolgen konnten, und ſie die Vortheile wahrnahmen, welche ihnen die verſtattete Theilnahme an der Erziehung und wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildung der Nationen darbot. So ward der Orden der Jeſuiten ſehr bald in einen geheimen Orden umgewandelt, der zwar mit der Verfaſſung der römiſchen Kirche überhaupt zuſammenhing, und ſich, wenigſtens nach dem äußern Anſcheine, dem oberſten Zwecke dieſer unterordnete, aber doch ſeine eigene für ſich beſtehende politiſche Verfaſſung hatte, ſelbſtſtändig für ſein beſonderes Intereſſe arbeitete, und dadurch die römiſche Kirche oder vielmehr den Papſt, wie die katholiſchen weltlichen Fürſten, auf gleiche Weiſe tyranniſirte. Die Ordensgenerale **Laines**, **Aquaviva** und **Salmerius** gaben der innern Organiſation des Ordens für die politiſchen Abſichten deſſelben die Vollendung.

Unter allen Wiſſenſchaften, auf deren Beſchaffenheit den Jeſuiten zur Bildung, Stimmung und Richtung ſowohl ihrer eigenen Mitglieder, als der Laien, am meiſten ankam, war die wichtigſte die Philoſophie, vorzüglich ihrem praktiſchen Theile nach. Dieſe mußte unter ihrer Hand ein Mittel werden, die Köpfe ſo umzubilden, und die Charaktere ſo zu formen, daß ſie den jedesmaligen Abſichten entſprachen, welche die Häupter des Ordens durch ſie erreichen wollten. Das Studium der theoretiſchen Philoſophie mußte ihnen nicht ſowohl als Mittel der vernünftigen Aufklärung überhaupt, wie vielmehr der Uebung des Scharfſinns, des Witzes, der ſophiſtiſchen Kunſt dienen; und zu dieſem Behufe war ihnen nichts willkommner, als die ſcholaſtiſche Dialektik und Metaphyſik, die ſie deßwegen auch in ihrem Anſehen zu erhalten, und nur ſo umzuformen ſuchten, wie es der Geiſt des Zeitalters und der Zweck des Ordens mit ſich brachten. Die theoretiſche Philoſophie erfuhr inzwiſchen verhältnißmäßig noch geringere Veränderungen von ihnen, als die praktiſche, weil jene, ſo wie ſie dieſelbe zu ihrer Zeit noch auf den Univerſitäten und Schulen großentheils herrſchend fanden, ſich mit ihrem hierarchiſchen Syſteme vertrug, und da ſie am Ende auf ein Gewebe dialektiſch metaphyſiſcher Raiſonnements für und wider hinauslief, ſich ſehr leicht mit dem härteſten Supernaturalismus und dem blindeſten Glauben an die Ausſprüche der Concilien und Kirchenväter vereinbaren ließ. Hingegen die praktiſche Philoſophie bedurfte einer gänzlichen Umwandelung, wenn ſie ein taugliches Werkzeug für die geheimen Zwecke des Ordens werden ſollte. Sie mußte einen Charakter empfangen, durch welchen ſie einerſeits leichter beim großen Publicum Eingang fände, und die Lehrer derſelben, die Jeſuiten, empfehlen konnte, andererſeits den Abſichten des Ordens nie widerſprach, ſondern ſich in jedem Falle denſelben anſchmiegen ließ, und dadurch ſowohl die Mitglieder ſelbſt wegen jeder Handlung, die ihnen das Intereſſe des Ordens zur Pflicht machte, rechtfertigte, als auch Laien, auf welche der Orden wirken wollte, in ihrem eigenen Urtheile und in dem Urtheile des Publicum's wegen der Moralität der Handlungen beruhigte, zu welchen die Jeſuiten ſie verleiteten. Um nun aber der Moral insbeſondre jenen Charakter zu ertheilen, ſtellten ſie zuvörderſt die Moral der ältern Lehrer, namentlich der übrigen Mönchsorden, als zu ſtrenge und finſter dar, und ließen dagegen die ihrige ſich mehr nach den ſinnlichen Neigungen und dem Egoismus der Menſchen bequemen, wodurch ihr Orden ſelbſt mehr Theilnehmer bekam, und auch ihr religiöſer und praktiſcher Unterricht bey dem großen Haufen beliebter wurde. Dann wandten ſie hauptſächlich ihren Fleiß auf die **Caſuiſtik**, und brauchten die Ungewißheit der Entſcheidung in einzelnen Fällen, mit Hülfe ſophiſtiſcher Erſchleichungen, um die unmoraliſchſten Maximen, ſobald die Umſtände es erforderten, geltend zu machen. Für die Caſuiſtik, als Beyſpiel, wie ſchändlich ſophiſtiſche Grübler die Moral verwirren können, iſt die Geſchichte der Jeſuitiſchen Moralphiloſophie höchſt lehrreich. Da die Zahl der ſogenannten Gewiſſensfälle unerſchöpflich iſt, ſo gelangte unter ihrer Bearbeitung die Moral zu einer ewigen Wandelbarkeit. Mehrere Jeſuiten füllten mit ihren caſuiſtiſchen Moralſyſtemen ganze Reihen Folianten und Quartanten aus, und auch dadurch entkräfteten aller [illegible] ſie unvermerkt den Laien die Möglichkeit, ſich zu allgemeinen und wahren Principien der Moralität zu erheben, weil ſie dieſelben gleich in das Labyrinth ihrer Caſuiſtik verſtrickten, wo kein anderer Ausgang war als der Eingang, und dadurch das Benehmen derſelben bey wichtigen Schritten im Leben ganz von ihrer Entſcheidung abhängig machten. Dazu brauchten ſie nun noch ihre Dialektik, um ihrer wiſſenſchaftlichen Caſuiſtik das Anſehn der Gründlichkeit zu geben, und die Mitglieder des Ordens in den Stand zu ſetzen, Maximen zu vertheidigen, gegen die etwa der noch unverdorbene moraliſche Sinn ihrer Zöglinge oder der Laien ſich ſträuben möchte.

Zu den merkwürdigſten und verderblichſten Eigenheiten der Jeſuitiſchen Moral gehören die Maximen: Der Zweck heiligt das Mittel. — Zwiſchen der innern Geſinnung und der äußern Handlung findet kein nothwendiger moraliſcher Zuſammenhang ſtatt, und man darf alſo unter gewiſſen Umſtänden eine böſe That äußerlich verrichten, ſobald man nur im Herzen das Gegentheil denkt oder will (reservatio mentalis). — Eine wahrſcheinliche Meinung, man müſſe ſo oder ſo handeln, rechtfertigt die Handlung. Die Wahrſcheinlichkeit einer Meinung von der richtigen Maxime wird auch dadurch begründet, daß ein älterer angeſehener Moraliſt, beſonders unter den Jeſuiten, ſie behauptet. Je länger man eine ſolche wahrſcheinliche Meinung hegt, deſto gültiger wird ſie. Man kann ſelbſt eine minder wahrſcheinliche Meinung einer mehr wahrſcheinlichen mit gutem Gewiſſen vorziehen, ſofern einmal jene Meinung überhaupt wahrſcheinlich iſt. — Mit ſolchen Grundſätzen war es möglich, ſogar die ſcheußlichſten Ausſchweifungen des Frevels als moraliſch erlaubt darzuſtellen, Zöglinge des Ordens und Laien zu Verbrechen zu verführen und ſie zu überreden, daß ſie damit gar nichts Unrechtmäßiges und Böſes begingen.

Es iſt jedoch hierbey auch nicht zu vergeſſen, daß in dem damaligen Zuſtande der wiſſenſchaftlichen Moral überhaupt mit ein Grund zu der Richtung lag, welche jene von den Jeſuiten empfing, und daß nicht Alles einer verſchmitzten Bosheit dieſer allein zuzuſchreiben ſey. Schon ſofern man die Quelle der philoſophiſchen Moral in der Erfahrung und Geſchichte ſuchte, konte nichts anders als eine bloße Klugheitslehre herauskommen. Denn wie könte irgend eine Erfahrung als ſolche von den Folgen der Handlungen eine Pflicht begründen? War aber einmal die Moral zu einer bloßen Klugheitslehre herabgewürdigt, ſo war es ein ganz natürlicher Uebergang, daß ſie eine Theorie der Argliſt wurde, und hierzu lagen in dem menſchlichen Egoismus und der Dialektik der Vernunft überhaupt mancherley Veranlaſſungen, die nur bey den Jeſuiten um ſo kräftiger wirkten, je mehr ſie mit dem Intereſſe ihres Ordens harmonirten. Eigentlich hatten die Jeſuiten alle wahre Moral zerſtört, und an die Stelle derſelben ein Syſtem des ſchändlichſten Eigennutzes geſetzt, das jede Maxime zuließ und rechtfertigte, welche die Abſicht und die Umſtände des Subjects mit ſich brachten, das aber doch in einen Schleyer der Vernünftigkeit, wiſſenſchaftlicher Gründlichkeit, und ſelbſt der Religioſität gehüllt war, wodurch es um ſo täuſchender wurde, und um ſo ſchwerer hervorgezogen und in ſeiner ſchändlichen Blöße aufgedeckt werden konte.

Da das Studium der wiſſenſchaftlichen Moral der Jeſuiten, auch ihrer Weitläufigkeit und Subtilität wegen, meiſtens auf die Mitglieder und Zöglinge des Ordens eingeſchränkt blieb, und dieſe entweder ſelbſt darin verſtrickt waren, oder ihre Zweifel nicht zu äußern oder durchzuſetzen wagen wollten oder durften, ſo blieb das Gift des praktiſchen Jeſuitismus lange innerhalb des Ordens verborgen, bis das äußere Benehmen der Jeſuiten, vorzüglich der Vornehmern unter ihnen an den Höfen, und ihre Streitigkeiten mit andern Orden und Religionsparteyen Aufmerkſamkeit darauf erregten. Am meiſten wurde in der Folge das Arge, das in der wiſſenſchaftlichen Moral der Jeſuiten lag, von den Janſeniſten zur Sprache gebracht, und durch die kühnen vortrefflichen Streitſchriften des Pascal, Nicole u. a. wurde ihr der größte Theil ihres Credits benommen, weil nun das Publicum ſie genauer kennen lernte *).

Nicht bloß als Gegner der Jeſuiten, ſondern auch in Hinſicht auf die Philoſophie überhaupt, namentlich die Philoſophie der Religion, verdient insbeſondere Blaſius Pascal ein ehrenvolles Andenken in der Geſchichte. Er wurde im Jahre 1623 geboren. Sein Vater war Stephan Pascal, königlicher Staatsrath und Kammerpräſident zu Clermont, ein ſehr einſichtsvoller Mann, der ſich durch tiefe Kenntniſſe in den mathematiſchen Wiſſenſchaften auszeichnete, und auch an den Debatten über die Carteſianiſchen Behauptungen Antheil genommen hatte. Blaſius Pascal war der einzige Sohn, und wurde, da er früh ſeine Mutter verlohr, von ſeinem Vater mit der größten Sorgfalt und Zärtlichkeit erzogen. Dieſer verließ ſogar deswegen die Provinz, und begab ſich mit ſeiner Familie nach Paris, um ſich der Erziehung ſeiner Kinder deſto ungehinderter widmen zu können. Pascal hatte einen ſehr kränklichen Körper, der ihm ſein ganzes Leben hindurch viel Leiden verurſachte, auch auf ſeine ganze Gemüthsſtimmung und Denkart, vornehmlich in den letztern Jahren, großen Einfluß hatte, und ihm einen frühen Tod zuzog. Deſto energievoller aber waren ſein Genie und Charakter. Schon als Knabe gab er Beweiſe von einem außerordentlichen Talente. Er unterſuchte für ſich ſelbſt mit raſtloſem Eifer, was ihm Merkwürdiges vorkam, und hatte daher einen unüberwindlichen Hang zur Mathematik, wo er dem elementariſchen Unterrichte, welchen ihm ſein Vater abſichtlich verweigerte, durch eigene Erfindung zuvoreilte. Der Vater wünſchte nemlich, daß der Sohn, bevor er zu den wiſſenſchaftlichen Studien ſchritte, ſich erſt der lateiniſchen und griechiſchen Sprache gründlich bemächtigen ſollte; und vorenthielt ihm deswegen nicht nur alle mathematiſchen Bücher, ſondern vermied es auch, über mathematiſche Gegenſtände im Beyſeyn deſſelben zu reden. Allein der junge Pascal zeichnete ſich ſelbſt in einſamen Stunden geometriſche Figuren, unterſuchte ihre Verhältniſſe, ſchuf ſich eine Terminologie, und gelangte durch eigenes Nachdenken bis zur zwey und dreyßigſten Propoſition im erſten Buche des Euklid, bey deren Betrachtung ihn der Vater überraſchte, und über die unerwarteten Anlagen und Fortſchritte des Sohnes in das freudigſte Erſtaunen gerieth. Von dieſer Zeit an ſetzte der Vater der Wißbegierde Pascal's keine Schranken weiter, ſondern kam ihm ſelbſt und mit Unterſtützung anderer Gelehrten durch Unterricht in der Mathematik und Phyſik zu Hülfe. Im ſechszehnten Jahre ſeines Alters arbeitete Pascal bereits einen Verſuch über die Kegelſchnitte aus, der von Kennern, unter andern auch von Des Cartes, bewundert wurde, aber nicht im Drucke erſchienen iſt. Im neunzehnten Jahre erfand er die bekannte Rechenmaſchine; und eben ſo bekannt ſind ſeine Experimente über den leeren Raum nach dem Toricelli, die er bald darauf anſtellte. Nicht weniger Sinn, als für die Mathematik, hatte Pascal auch für philoſophiſche Studien. Was ſeinem Geiſte in Anſehung dieſer eine eigenthümliche Richtung gab, war der edle und zarte moraliſche Sinn, welchen er hatte, und der ihn, ungeachtet ſeiner philoſophiſchen Skepſis und ſeines Mistrauens gegen die Vernunft, doch die Verbindlichkeit und Nothwendigkeit der Moral nicht verkennen, und ihn, da er ſie durch die Autorität der ſpeculativen Vernunft nicht genug geſichert glaubte, auf die geoffenbarte Religion, als ihr gültigſtes und unerſchütterliches Fundament, führen ließ. Pascal war in gewiſſem Betracht ein religiöſer Schwärmer; aber ſeine Schwärmerey war die moraliſch edelſte von der Welt; ſie war Folge eines philoſophiſchen Skepticismus, der ihm nichts als einen ſittlich [illegible] moraliſchen Glauben an die Offenbarung übrig ließ, um die Anforderungen und Bedürfniſſe des Gewiſſens erklären und befriedigen zu können. Sein Privatleben enthält mehrere Züge, die Achtung und Liebe gegen ſeinen Charakter erwecken müſſen. Gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens bewogen ihn ſeine Kränklichkeit und religiöſe Stimmung, auch das Zureden ſeiner Schweſter, die ebenfalls eine ſchwärmeriſch religiöſe Perſon war, ſich dem Umgange mit der Welt faſt ganz zu entziehen, und meiſtens auf dem Lande zu leben. Er ſtarb 1662 im vierzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters.

Zwey Werke philoſophiſchen Inhalts haben den Ruhm Pascal's bey der gebildeten Nachwelt geſichert. Das erſte ſind ſeine Pensées sur la religion *), voll Geiſt und Wahrheit, und oft ſehr ſinnreich, kräftig und edel ausgedrückt. Sie gewähren zur moraliſchen und religiöſen Bildung des Herzens eine höchſt intereſſante und fruchtbare Lectüre. An und für ſich ſind ſie nur nach dem Tode Pascal's unter ſeinen Papieren aufgefundene Bruchſtücke eines großen Werks, das zum Zwecke hatte, die Falſchheit und Untauglichkeit aller profanen Religionsſyſteme darzuthun; das religiöſe Bedürfniß der Menſchheit und dieſem gemäß die Kriterien einer wahren Religion hervorzuheben, und die Uebereinſtimmung des wahren Chriſtenthums mit dieſen Kriterien zu zeigen. Aus einer mündlichen Erzählung Pascal's ſelbſt kennt man noch den Plan, welchen er zur Ausführung des ganzen Werkes entworfen hatte. Er wollte beweiſen, daß die Lehren der chriſtlichen Religion keine geringere Evidenz hätten, als alle anderen Wahrheiten in der menſchlichen Erkenntniß, welche für die evidenteſten gehalten werden. Er ſchildert alſo den Menſchen überhaupt nach ſeiner wahren Natur, ſeinen Kräften, Neigungen, Bedürfniſſen, Wünſchen, nach ſeinen innern und äußern Verhältniſſen. Nun denkt er ſich einen wirklichen einzelnen Menſchen, der bisher in Beziehung auf ſich ſelbſt und die Dinge um ihn her durchaus gleichgültig und unwiſſend geweſen ſey, itzt aber in jenem Bilde ſich getroffen fühle, über ſein Weſen und ſeine Beſtimmung nachzudenken anfange, und ſehnlich nach Aufklärung hierüber ſtrebe. Pascal verweiſt dieſen zuerſt an die Philoſophen; belehrt ihn, was die größten Köpfe aller Zeiten über die Natur und Beſtimmung des Menſchen gemeynt haben; deckt die Widerſprüche und das Unbefriedigende in ihren Behauptungen auf; und ziehet aus Allem den Schluß, daß die Philoſophie ihn nicht über die wichtigſte Angelegenheit ſeines Lebens beruhigen könne und werde. Eben ſo ſchildert ihm Pascal die mannichfaltigen Religionen älterer und neuerer Völker, um ihn auch bey dieſen von den unzähligen Irrthümern, Thorheiten und Ausſchweifungen des menſchlichen Verſtandes zu überführen. Dann richtet er die Aufmerkſamkeit ſeines Zöglings vornehmlich auf die jüdiſche Religion, auf die außerordentlichen Umſtände, welche bey dieſer eintreten; auf das alte Teſtament, als die unmittelbar göttliche Urkunde derſelben; auf das Licht, welches durch dieſe Urkunde über die menſchliche Natur, ihre Unvollkommenheit, ihren Hang zum Böſen verbreitet werde; endlich auf den Zuſammenhang des Judenthums mit dem Chriſtenthume, als eine Vorbereitung des letztern. Die Wahrheit des Chriſtenthums ſelbſt beweiſt er hauptſächlich aus den Weiſſagungen. Dann charakteriſirt er Chriſtus, die Geſchichte des Chriſtenthums, den Geiſt der [illegible] [illegible]; und auf dieſem Wege glaubte er die völlige Ueberzeugung und Bildung ſeines Zöglings bewirkt und vollendet zu haben.

Das andere Werk des Pascal ſind die bekannten Lettres provinciales, die er unter dem Namen Ludwig Montalt herausgab. Sie ſind hauptſächlich gegen die Jeſuiten gerichtet, welche damals, wie ich vorher erzählt habe, durch ihre [illegible] die Sittlichkeit der höhern Geſellſchaften in Frankreich, ſo wie aller Nationen, bey denen ſie die Vornehmen [illegible] der Jugend waren, vergifteten, und eine wahre Gewiſſenloſigkeit zu verbreiten drohten. Da jene Briefe mit Wahrheit, Anmuth, Energie, und bewundernswürdiger Freymüthigkeit geſchrieben ſind, ſo hatten ſie eine außerordentliche und ſehr wohlthätige Wirkung. Zu den Lettres provinciales hatte Ni-

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*) Die Moral der Jeſuiten und ihren Werth lernt man am beſten kennen aus folgendem Werke: La Morale des Jesuites extraite fidèlement de leurs livres, imprimés avec la permission et l'approbation des Supérieurs de leur compagnie. Par un Docteur de la Sorbonne (Perrault); à Mons. 1669. Als theoretiſche Philoſophen haben ſich mehrere gelehrte Jeſuiten, hauptſächlich durch Schulbücher der ariſtoteliſch-ſcholaſtiſchen Philoſophie, und durch Commentare über die Schriften des Ariſtoteles ſelbſt, berühmt und in ihrer Art verdient gemacht. Als Commentatoren des Ariſtoteles zeichneten ſich vorzüglich Franciscus Suarez, Franciscus Toletus, und die Jeſuiten von Coimbra aus, deren Erläuterungen auch noch gegenwärtig [illegible] brauchbar ſind.

*) Pensées de Mr. Pascal sur la religion et sur quelques autres sujets; à Amsterd. 1697. 12. nouvelle édition augmentée de plusieurs pensées, de sa vie, et de quelques discours, à Paris 1720. 12. Die vorgeſetzte Biographie hat die Schweſter Pascal's zur Verfaſſerin. Deutſch: Gedanken Pascal's, mit Anmerkungen und Zuſätzen von J. F. K. (Kleuker); Bremen 1777. 8. — Ideen über Menſchheit, Gott und Ewigkeit von Pascal, mit Betrachtungen von Carl Heinrich Heydenreich. Erſtes Bändchen, Leipz. ohne Jahrszahl. Dieſer giebt eine Einleitung über den Zweck und Plan des Pascaliſchen Werks, und eine vortreffliche Biographie Pascal's vorzüglich in moraliſcher Hinſicht. Die Ueberſetzung der Pensées bis S. [illegible] [illegible].

cale großen Antheil. Dieſer überſetzte ſie auch in's Lateiniſche, und fügte unter dem angenommenen Namen **Wilhelm Wendrock** Anmerkungen hinzu *).

Zwar nicht als Gegner der Jeſuiten, aber doch in Anſehung der Denkart über Philoſophie und Religion war dem **Pascal** ſehr ähnlich einer ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen **Peter Daniel Hüet**. Er wurde gebohren zu **Caen** aus einer edeln und angeſehenen Familie im J. 1630. Er verlohr ſeinen Vater, der die Parthey der Hugenotten verlaſſen hatte und zur katholiſchen Religion übergegangen war, ſehr früh. Seine erſte literariſche Erziehung wurde meiſtens durch die Jeſuiten geleitet, und hatte mancherley Mängel, die aber zum Theil durch ſein treffliches Genie und ſeine unbegrenzte Wißbegierde erſetzt wurden. Die frühern Studien deſſelben betrafen hauptſächlich claſſiſche Literatur, Mathematik und Philoſophie. Auch in der Poeſie machte er glückliche Verſuche. Noch als Jüngling lernte er die neue Carteſiſche Philoſophie kennen, und ward anfangs ſehr für ſie eingenommen, worin ihn auch der enthuſiaſtiſche Beyfall beſtärkte, welchen ihr mehrere der geſchätzteſten Gelehrten der Zeit, ſelbſt unter den Jeſuiten, gaben. In reifern Jahren ward er einer ihrer eifrigſten Widerſacher. Inzwiſchen ſchränkte ſich **Hüet's** Wißbegierde nicht auf jene Studien ein. Durch die Lectüre der Geographia Sacra des **Samuel Bochart**, und die perſönliche Bekanntſchaft mit dieſem ward er auch veranlaßt, die orientaliſche Literatur zu treiben; und ſo artete ſeine literariſche Beſchäftigung überhaupt in eine Polymathie aus, die auf die nachherige Richtung ſeines philoſophiſchen Talents entſcheidend einwirkte. Da **Bochart** von der Königinn **Chriſtine** von Schweden auf Empfehlung des **Iſaak Voſſius** nach **Stockholm** berufen wurde, ſo ließ ſich **Hüet** von ihm bereden, ihn dahin zu begleiten. Dieſe Reiſe wurde für ihn nicht nur durch die perſönliche Verbindung, in welche er mit den berühmteſten Gelehrten in Holland, Dänemark und Schweden kam, ſondern auch in mancher andern Hinſicht intereſſant und lehrreich. **Hüet** verband mit ſeiner Gelehrſamkeit auch äußere Bildung und Feinheit im geſellſchaftlichen Benehmen; er gefiel daher auch der Königinn **Chriſtine** im perſönlichen Umgange. Sie entließ ihn ungern von ihrem Hofe. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr in's Vaterland lebte er theils zu Caen, theils zu Paris, wenn ſeine gelehrten Arbeiten ihm den Aufenthalt in der letzten Stadt nothwendig machten. In **Caen** ſtiftete er, durch die allgemeine Theilnahme aufgemuntert, welche damals die phyſikaliſchen, aſtronomiſchen und phyſiologiſchen Wiſſenſchaften fanden, eine gelehrte Geſellſchaft zur Beförderung derſelben, die ſich wöchentlich in ſeinem Hauſe verſammelte, und ſelbſt die Aufmerkſamkeit des Staatsminiſters von Frankreich, **Colbert**, dieſes großen Gönners der Literatur, auf ſich zog. Dieſer bewilligte ſogar eine Summe zur Beſtreitung der Koſten für die zu machenden Verſuche unter königlicher Autorität. In dieſer Periode war es auch, wo **Hüet**, durch einen ſeiner gelehrten Freunde dazu bewogen, die Werke des **Sextus Empiricus** ſtudirte, und eine Vorliebe für den Pyrrhonismus gewann, die er ſein ganzes nachheriges Leben hindurch behielt. Da **Ludwig XIV.** auf **Colbert's** Antrag mehreren der größten Gelehrten Europa's anſehnliche jährliche Penſionen ertheilte, ſo erhielt auch **Hüet** eine ſolche. Kurz hernach ward er nebſt dem **Boſſuet** zum Lehrer des **Dauphin** von Frankreich ernannt, und mußte nun ſeinen beſtändigen Wohnſitz zu **Paris** nehmen. Er war einer der vornehmſten Urheber der Idee, die claſſiſchen Schriftſteller in usum Delphini beſonders zu bearbeiten und zu erläutern, und er ſelbſt hat nach dem dabey zum Grunde gelegten Plane den **Manilius** mit ſeinen Noten herausgegeben. Seine damalige Muße benutzte er übrigens zunächſt für ſein berühmtes Werk: De demonstratione evangelica. Als er einige Jahre am Hofe gelebt hatte, vollführte er einen ſchon lange gefaßten Entſchluß, und trat in den geiſtlichen Stand. Da man am Hofe auf die Verheurathung des Dauphin dachte, und der Unterricht deſſelben als beendigt angeſehen wurde, erhielt er die Abtey zu **Aulnay**, wohin er ſich im Jahre 1680 begab, nachdem er zehn Jahre dem Lehramte bey dem Dauphin vorgeſtanden hatte. In dieſem Orte, der in einer der reizendſten Gegenden Frankreichs liegt, widmete er ſich mit unausgeſetztem Eifer den Wiſſenſchaften. Er ſchrieb hier ſeine Quaestiones Alnetanae und ſeine Censuram philosophiae Cartesianae. Daß er als Gegner der Carteſiſchen Philoſophie auftrat, geſchah wohl mit auf Betrieb der Jeſuiten, die immer großen Einfluß auf ihn behielten, zumal da mehrere ſeiner Freunde, die er auch wegen ihrer Gelehrſamkeit hochſchätzte, **Peter Labbé**, **Vavaſſor**, **Rapin**, **Sirmond**, zu dieſem Orden gehörten. Da er durch ſeine Schrift gegen den Carteſianismus mehrern Angriffen von den Anhängern deſſelben ausgeſetzt wurde, die ihn durch ihre Bitterkeit und Grobheit von einer ernſthaften Fortſetzung des Streites aus philoſophiſchen Gründen abſchreckten; ſo ergriff er das Mittel, die Carteſianer lächerlich zu machen. Er gab anonymiſch **neue Nachrichten zur Geſchichte des Carteſianismus** heraus, worin er die Carteſianer mit vielem Witz und Laune durchzog. Er dichtete darin, daß **Des Cartes**, nachdem er die Schweden durch ein falſches Gerücht von ſeinem Tode getäuſcht, ſich heimlich zu den Lappländern begeben, und unter ihnen eine neue philoſophiſche Schule errichtet habe, von welcher dann mancherley Scurrilitäten erzählt werden. **Hüet** war glücklich genug, lange Zeit hindurch die Anonymität zu behaupten, ſo daß ihn Niemand für den Verfaſſer hielt, und er alſo auch perſönlich für ſeinen Muthwillen weiter nicht von den Carteſianern gezüchtigt wurde. Die letztern Jahre ſeines Lebens brachte er zu **Paris** zu, in der Geſellſchaft ſeiner gelehrten Freunde unter den Jeſuiten. Er verfaßte hier noch ſeinen Commentarius de rebus ad eum pertinentibus, der ſeine eigne Lebensgeſchichte enthält. Seine große Bibliothek vermachte er dem Orden der Jeſuiten, jedoch unter der Bedingung, daß ſie zum öffentlichen Gebrauch frey ſtehen ſollte. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1721, nachdem er faſt ein halbes Jahrhundert hindurch den größten literariſchen Ruhm genoſſen hatte.

Bey **Hüet** war das Reſultat einer großen viel umfaſſenden Gelehrſamkeit, und insbeſondere des Studiums der verſchiedenen ältern philoſophiſchen Syſteme, der vollendetſte Skepticismus, vor dem er keine andere Rettung wußte, als in dem Glauben an die Offenbarung *). Er hatte anfangs die **Peripatetiſche** und **Platoniſche** Philoſophie ſtudirt. In der erſtern mißfiel ihm der anmaßende Dogmatismus, der ſich doch nicht vor der prüfenden Vernunft bewähren konte; auch die verſchiedenen Vorſtellungsarten, die ſie bey den griechiſchen Auslegern, den Arabern und den ſpätern Scholaſtikern veranlaßt hatte, machten ihn nicht nur in Anſehung des eigentlichen Sinnes des Ariſtoteliſchen Syſtems, ſondern auch der Wahrheit deſſelben überhaupt irre; und am meiſten mißbilligte er die ſophiſtiſche Dialektik und Diſputirſucht, die eine Frucht der Ariſtoteliſchen Philoſophie geweſen war. Der Platonismus ſchien ihm mehr ein Aggregat philoſophiſcher Phantaſieen, als ein auf feſten Principien gegründetes Syſtem. In mehreren Dialogen des Plato ſelbſt fand er eben ſo viel Gründe für als wider gewiſſe Sätze, und die Entſcheidung der wichtigſten Probleme hieng von Hypotheſen und unerwieſenen Vorausſetzungen ab. Wie bey dem Ariſtoteliſchen Syſteme, ſo nahm er beym Platonismus ebenfalls daran einen Anſtoß, daß ſo viel verſchiedene philoſophiſche Schulen und Meynungen aus demſelben hervorgegangen waren. Die atomiſtiſche Philoſophie des **Epikur**, die damals vom **Gaſſendi** gleichſam neu belebt war, konte **Hüet's** Beyfall um ſo weniger gewinnen, je mehr ſie mit der Lehre der Offenbarung contraſtirte, deren Wahrheit er allein für unerſchütterlich hielt. Der **Carteſianismus** hatte durch die neue Methode der Speculation ihn zuerſt überraſcht; aber bald ſah er auch die Einſeitigkeit und Falſchheit der Principien ein, von welchen derſelbe ausgieng, ſo wie das Willkührliche in den Folgerungen, und dieß machte, daß er förmlich als Gegner deſſelben auftrat. So wurde er nach und nach durch den Widerſtreit der philoſophiſchen Syſteme ſelbſt, mit denen er bekannt geworden war, zum Skepticismus geſtimmt. Die Lehren der Akademiker, des **Arceſilas** und des **Karneades**, beſtärkten ihn darin; und er trat zuletzt ganz auf die Seite der Pyrrhonier, nachdem er die Werke des **Sextus** geleſen hatte.

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*) Lettres provinciales ecrites par **Louis de Montalte** (**Pascal**) à un Provincial de ses Amis. Avec des notes de **Guillaume Wendrock** (**Nicole**). A Leide 1761. 4 Tomes 12. Der deutſchen Ueberſetzung von den **Provincialbriefen** (Lemgo 1774. 8.) iſt eine Geſchichte derſelben beygefügt, in welcher eine Menge merkwürdige Notizen über **Pascal** vorkommen.

*) **Hüet's** Schriften, ſofern ſie ſich auf Philoſophie beziehen, ſind folgende: Petri Danielis Huetii de interpretatione lib. IV. Paris. 1661. 4. — Ejusd. Demonstratio evangelica; Paris. 1679. fol. — Ejusd. Quaestiones Alnetanae. Cadomi 1690. 4. Lips. 1692. Lips. 1719. 4. Dieſer letztern Ausgabe iſt noch des **Hüet** Commentarius de rebus ad eum pertinentibus beygefügt, der zuerſt zu Haag 1718 noch bey Lebzeiten **Hüet's** herauskam. — Ejusd. Censura philosophiae Cartesianae. Paris. 1689. 12. Helmstad. 1690. 4. (Vgl. Philosophiae Cartesianae adversus censuram P. D. **Huetii** Vindicatio, in qua pleraque intricatiora **Cartesii** loca clare explanantur, auctore A. P. (Doct. **Augusto Petermann**). Lips. 1690. 4. — Nouveaux memoires pour servir à l'histoire du Cartesianisme par M. G. de l'A. à Paris 1692. 12. — Traité de la foiblesse de l'esprit humain par Mr. **Huet**; à Amsterdam 1723. 12. Dieſes Werk erſchien nach des Verfaſſers Tode. Es iſt deutſch überſetzt herausgekommen mit Anmerkungen gegen den Skepticismus zu Frankfurt am Mayn 1724. 8.

So häufig er indeſſen in ſeinen frühern Schriften, namentlich in der Demonstratio evangelica und den Quaestionibus Alnetanis, ſeine Vorliebe für die ſkeptiſche Denkart äuſſert; ſo lebhaft er den erwähnten Akademikern wegen ihrer Art zu philoſophiren Lobreden hält; ſo trauten doch Hüet's Zeitgenoſſen ihm den Skepticismus nicht in dem Grade zu, wie er ihm wirklich eigen war. Er hatte ihn in jenen frühern Schriften vorzüglich gebraucht, um die Autorität der Vernunft herabzuſetzen, und auf den Trümmern der Philoſophie der Offenbarung einen Triumph zu bereiten. Deswegen waren ſeine ſkeptiſchen Raiſonnements den gelehrten Leſern jener Schriften nicht ſonderlich aufgefallen, und von dem gröſſern Publicum wurden jene Schriften nicht geleſen. Um ſo allgemeineres Aufſehen erregte Hüet's Tractat von der Schwäche des menſchlichen Verſtandes nach dem Tode deſſelben, in welchem der Skepticismus in ſeinem ganzen Umfange und ſeiner ganzen Stärke, die ihm die Pyrrhonier gegeben haben, und noch überdem von Hüet's eigener Gelehrſamkeit ausgeſtattet und gegen die herrſchenden philoſophiſchen Syſteme ſeiner Zeit gekehrt, dargelegt war. So wenig Hüet's Skepticismus in den Schriften, die er während ſeines Lebens herausgab, aufgefallen war; ſo deutlich zeigten ſich doch in ihnen allen die Spuren dieſer Denkart. Sie kommen ſchon in der Demonstratio evangelica vor, wo Hüet die Erkenntniß der Vernunft als ungewiß und ſchwankend darſtellt, und dagegen die Offenbarung als die einzig zuverläſſige Erkenntnißquelle der Wahrheit empfiehlt. Er giebt hier bereits der Philoſophie der Akademiker vor allen übrigen Philoſophieen des Alterthums den Vorzug. Auch ſeine Cenſur der Carteſianiſchen Philoſophie gieng nicht von einem entgegengeſetzten Dogmatismus, ſondern von der Skepſis aus, und ſie führte nur auf ſkeptiſche Reſultate. In den Quaestionibus Alnetanis wollte Hüet die Harmonie des Offenbarungsglaubens mit der Vernunft darthun; jedoch ſetzte er immer die Autorität jenes als unbezweifelbar und als die höhere voraus; anſtatt daß er bey dieſer ihre Trüglichkeit vorausſetzte. Er ſuchte zu beweiſen, daß es keinen unerſchütterlichen Grund der Ueberzeugung von der Einſtimmung der Objecte mit unſern Vorſtellungen derſelben gebe; und daß der Gewinn, welchen man von aller philoſophiſchen Unterſuchung einerndte, zuletzt die Ungewißheit ſey, von welcher ſich zu befreyen kein anderes Mittel übrig bleibe, als der Glaube an die Offenbarung. Nun ſind freylich unter den Glaubenslehren mehrere für die Vernunft widerſinnig und unbegreiflich; aber dies kann nicht berechtigen, ſie zu verwerfen, da man in der Geſchichte findet, daß auch die aufgeklärteſten Völker dergleichen Lehren, Maximen und Gewohnheiten angenommen haben.

Der Skepticismus des Hüet ſtimmt, wie ſchon bemerkt worden, nach ſeinen Gründen im Weſentlichen mit dem Pyrrhonismus zuſammen. Eigenthümlich iſt ihm aber die Art, wie er ſich dem Glauben an die Offenbarung anſchließt. Hüet läugnete das Daſeyn einer objectiven Wahrheit nicht; denn Gott müſſe doch die Objecte wirklich ſo erkennen, wie ſie ſind; er ſupponirte alſo, um das Daſeyn einer objectiven Wahrheit annehmen zu können, das Daſeyn Gottes gleichſam als ein Axiom; wiewohl er dieſes hernach wieder auf den Offenbarungsglauben ſtützte. Er läugnete eben ſo wenig die Möglichkeit einer Erkenntniß der objectiven Wahrheit für den Menſchen; nur ſey es dieſem unmöglich, ſich mit Gewißheit zu überzeugen, daß er eine ſolche Erkenntniß wirklich beſitze. Was der Mangel der Gewißheit der Vernunfterkenntniß für den Menſchen erſetzt, iſt der Glauben, durch welchen wir ſogar erſt mit Zuverläſſigkeit erkennen, daß Gegenſtände wirklich auſſer uns vorhanden ſind. Dieſer Glaube iſt aber nicht ein Erzeugniß des Menſchen ſelbſt, ſondern wird dem Menſchen von Gott mitgetheilt, ſowohl in dem gegenwärtigen als in dem künftigen Leben; nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß der Glauben der Seligen noch ſtärker iſt, als der Glauben der Menſchen in dieſem Leben ſeyn kann.

Hiergegen erhebt ſich der Einwurf, daß der Skepticismus ſich auch nicht mit dem Glauben vertrage, weil dieſer immer bereits etwas dogmatiſch Gewiſſes bedarf, woraus er ſelbſt folgen kann, z. B. die Exiſtenz Gottes, oder auch einer göttlichen Offenbarung ſelbſt; daß alſo mit der Zerſtörung aller Vernunftgewißheit auch die Möglichkeit des Glaubens ſchlechthin aufgehoben werde. Hüet antwortete folgendes. Der Glaube hat ſeinen Urſprung nicht in der Vernunft; er iſt eine übernatürliche Wirkung Gottes in dem Menſchen; die Vernunft kann alſo durch ihre Skepſis ſelbſt an der Möglichkeit einer wahren Erkenntniß verzweifeln, und der Glauben, ſoferne er von Gott unmittelbar in dem Menſchen hervorgebracht wird, findet dennoch Statt; ja er iſt um ſo kräftiger, je mehr der Menſch durch den Skepticismus die Schwäche und Blindheit ſeiner Vernunft eingeſehen hat. Jener Glauben bezieht ſich auf die geoffenbarte Grundwahrheit (veritas prima revelata), die nicht darum geglaubt werden muß, weil ſie der Vernunft etwa als evident erſcheint, ſondern, wie ſie iſt, um ihrer ſelbſt willen. Das Licht macht ſich ſelbſt und zugleich die Objecte ſichtbar, die es beleuchtet; eben ſo offenbart uns jene Grundwahrheit ein Geheimniß, und macht uns zugleich für den Glauben an den Gegenſtand deſſelben empfänglich. Die **Vernunft** iſt alſo nicht die **Urſache** des **Glaubens**, ſondern das **Werkzeug** deſſelben. Sie empfiehlt ſelbſt den Glauben, nachdem ſie mit ihrer eigenen Schwäche vertraut geworden iſt. Beurtheilt man die Argumente für die Wahrheit der chriſtlichen Religion aus bloſſer Vernunft, ſo haben ſie nur Probabilität; der Glaube hingegen giebt ihnen Gewißheit. Sofern Hüet bey ſeinem Skepticismus den Glauben zum Zwecke hatte, oder vielmehr jenen durch dieſen niederſchlug, wollte er auch nicht für einen Pyrrhonier oder Skeptiker angeſehen ſeyn, als welche die Gültigkeit des Glaubens nicht anerkennen. Er erklärte ferner ausdrücklich, daß er nicht den Meynungen anderer folge; es ſey **ſeine** Meynung, die er vortrage, und die er ſelbſt immer in Zweifel ſtelle; er wollte deswegen, wenn ſeiner philoſophiſchen Denkart ein beſonderer Name beygelegt werden ſollte, **Idiognomiker** genannt ſeyn. Daß Hüet übrigens dem obigen Einwurfe durch die von ihm genommene Ausflucht nicht entgieng, iſt klar. Ob die vorausgeſetzte geoffenbarte Grundwahrheit wirklich göttlich ſey? — Dies zu entſcheiden iſt gar kein Kriterium vorhanden; da mehrere Völker ſich auf göttliche Offenbarungen berufen, die einander ſchnurſtraks widerſprechen, und der Glauben daran von Allen als eine übernatürliche Wirkung Gottes betrachtet wird. Demnach vernichtet der Skepticismus der Vernunft auch den Offenbarungsglauben. Es iſt dieſer Glauben auch nur durch eine Täuſchung des Gefühls und der Phantaſie, die in frühern religiöſen Eindrücken ihren Grund hat, möglich. An ſich ſelbſt iſt er bey einem vollendeten Skepticismus der Vernunft ein bloſſer Wahn*).

Ein anderer ſkeptiſcher Gegner des philoſophiſchen Dogmatismus war damals **Joſeph Glanwill**, ein Engländer. Er ſtritt in einem Werke, das er **ſcientifiſche Skepſis** betitelte**), gegen den **Unglauben** und gegen den **Aberglauben**: alſo war der Zweck ſeines Skepticismus nicht, alle Wahrheit der Erkenntniß verdächtig zu machen, ſondern nur Beſcheidenheit im Urtheilen zu empfehlen, weil die Schwäche der menſchlichen Vernunft ſeit dem Sündenfalle dieſe nothwendig mache. Manche ſeiner Raiſonnements ſind von den ältern Pyrrhoniern und auch von **Montaigne** und **Charron** entlehnt. Er geht die vornehmſten Gegenſtände der Erkenntniß durch, und zeigt die menſchliche Unwiſſenheit in Anſehung derſelben. Am längſten verweilt er bey der Kritik des Ariſtoteliſchen, des Carteſianiſchen und auch des Hobbeſiſchen Syſtems, und bemüht ſich, nicht nur die Blößen dieſer aufzudecken, ſondern überhaupt darzuthun, daß kein philoſophiſcher demonſtrativer Dogmatismus, wie er von den Peripatetikern, Carteſianern u. a. verſucht ſey, ſich zu Stande bringen laſſe.

Unter ſeinen ſkeptiſchen Argumenten iſt am merkwürdigſten dasjenige, was er von der Zufälligkeit des Cauſalverhältniſſes hernahm, die er aus eben dem Grunde folgerte, aus welchem ſie ſpäterhin von **Hume** bezweifelt wurde; ſo daß es nicht unwahrſcheinlich iſt, daß **Hume** dieſes Argument ihm verdankte. Die Erfahrung lehrt uns nur, daß ein Ding das andere **begleite**, oder auf daſſelbe **folge**; nicht aber, daß das eine die **Urſache** des andern ſey. **Glanwill** fügt noch mehr Gründe gegen die Gültigkeit unſerer Erkenntniß von den Urſachen der Erſcheinungen hinzu. Die Erſcheinungen ſind in der Welt ſo mit einander verbunden und vermiſcht, daß es nicht leicht möglich iſt, eine beſtimmte Wirkung einer beſtimmten Urſache mit Gewißheit zuzuſchreiben; und da nach dem Begriffe der Cauſalität ſelbſt die Urſachen eine fortlaufende Reihe ausmachen; ſo müßten wir alle Urſachen eines Dinges kennen, wenn wir über die Urſache deſſelben überhaupt urtheilen wollten; was doch nicht möglich iſt. Aller Dogmatismus beruht folglich auf einer eiteln und ungegründeten Anmaßung; er geht aus der Unwiſſenheit hervor, erzeugt Einſeitigkeit, Irrthümer und iſt dem freyen Philoſophiren feind.

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*) Die Entſtehungsart des Skepticismus des **Hüet** lernt man am beſten aus der Vorrede zu der Schrift über die Schwäche des menſchlichen Verſtandes kennen. Das Verhältniß des Glaubens zur Vernunft unterſucht **Hüet** auch im erſten Buche der Quaest. Alnet. Vgl. **Stäudlin's** Geſchichte und Geiſt des Skepticismus B. II. S. 96 ff.

) **Scepsis scientifica, or confest ignorance the way to Science, in an essay of the vanity of dogmatizing and confident opinion: with a reply to the exceptions of the learned **Thomas Albius**. Den Verdacht des völligen Skepticismus und der Verachtung aller Philoſophie lehnt **Glanwill** beſonders in der Vertheidigung gegen **Thomas Albius** ausdrücklich von ſich ab.

lich. In dieſem Betracht iſt es wohlthätig, ihm die Skepſis entgegenzuſetzen. „Die Dogmatiker", ſagt Glanvill, „verrathen Armuth und Beſchränktheit des Geiſtes. Sie ſind Pedanten, die ſich der Geiſtesſclaverei unterworfen haben. Ein liberaler Geiſt behauptet die Freyheit ſeines Urtheils, und wird ſich nicht in einen Meynungskerker einſperren laſſen. Er prüft Alles mit gleicher Aufmerkſamkeit, und urtheilt ſo unpartheiiſch, wie Rhadamanth; anſtatt daß der Pedant nichts hören mag, als was mit ſeinen Vorurtheilen zuſammenſtimmt, und nicht weiter ſehen kann, als der Horizont ſeines Gefängniſſes ſich erſtreckt. Die Vorſtellungsart des liberalen Geiſtes iſt nur temporär; er behält ſie ſo lange, bis eine beſſere Evidenz ſeine vorige Ueberzeugung ändert."

Heinrich Graf von Bünau

ward am 2. Juni 1697 in Weißenfels geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und zeichnete ſich ſchon früh durch Geiſt und Fähigkeiten aus, ſo daß er bereits 1716 Oberhofgerichtsaſſeſſor daſelbſt wurde und von Stufe zu Stufe zum wirklichen Geheimerath, Appellationsgerichtspräſidenten und Director der Grafſchaft Mannsfeld 1734 emporſtieg. 1742 trat er in die Dienſte Kaiſer Karl VII. und ward zum wirklichen Reichshofrath, Reichsgrafen und bevollmächtigten Miniſter erhoben und nach Niederſachſen geſandt. Nach des Kaiſers Tode ward er Statthalter von Weimar und Eiſenach (1751) und, ſobald der Herzog von Weimar mündig geworden, deſſen erſter Miniſter. Als ſein Fürſt jedoch 1758 ſtarb, wählte er ſein Gut Oßmannſtädt zu ſeinem dauernden Aufenthalte und entſchlief hier zu einem beſſeren Daſeyn am 7. April 1762.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Deutſche Kaiſer- und Reichshiſtorie. 3 Bde. Leipzig, 1728 — 43. 4.
Hiſtorie des Krieges zwiſchen Frankreich, England und Deutſchland (franzöſiſch und deutſch). Regensburg, 1763 — 67. Fol. 4 Bde.

Graf B. war einer der erſten gründlichen Bearbeiter der deutſchen Geſchichte; gründliches Quellenſtudium, hiſtoriſcher und politiſcher Scharfblick und eine für die damalige Zeit ſeltene Sorgfalt in der Darſtellung werden ihm ſtets einen ehrenvollen Rang unter den deutſchen Hiſtorikern ſichern. — Leider blieb ſein größeres Werk (deutſche Kaiſer- und Reichshiſtorie) unvollendet.

Friedrich Gottlob Julius Burchard,

als dramatiſcher Schriftſteller Max Roller genannt, ward am 26. April 1767 in Roſtock geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und ſtarb in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre als Dr. jur., Privatdocent und Advocat am 27. Juli 1807 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er gab heraus:

Der Graf von Santa Cecchia, Gemälde der Schwärmereien des 18. Jahrhunderts. Berlin, 1792.
Die Dichterfamilie. Luſtſpiel. Berlin, 1794.

Ihm iſt Talent, Gefühl und Kraft nicht abzuſprechen; nur gefällt er ſich in der Rohheit, weshalb auch ſeine Schriften im Ganzen nur wenig Beifall fanden. — Bei größerer Strenge gegen ſich ſelbſt würde er gewiß manches Gute geleiſtet haben.

Samuel Gottlieb Bürde

ward am 7. December 1753 in Breslau geboren, erhielt ſeine Jugendbildung auf dem Eliſabeth-Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte dann die Rechte zu Halle. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr von der Univerſität ward ihm eine Anſtellung als Lehrer an einem Inſtitut, und er trat darauf 1778 als Privatſecretair in die Dienſte des Grafen von Haugwitz, mit dem er eine Reiſe in die Schweiz und Italien machte. Nach Vollendung derſelben widmete er ſich der kameraliſtiſchen Laufbahn, wurde Kammerſecretair, dann geheimer Secretair bei dem General-Finanzdepartement und 1806 Kanzleidirector der k. Kammer zu Breslau. Er ſtarb daſelbſt in hohem Alter am 28. April 1831.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Entführung. Luſtſpiel. Breslau, 1779.
Der Hochzeittag. Trauerſpiel. Breslau, 1779.
Erzählungen von einer Reiſe durch die Schweiz und Italien. Breslau, 1785.
Geiſtliche Poeſieen. Breslau, 1787. N. A. 1818.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Breslau, 1819.
Milton's verlornes Paradies. 2 Thle. Breslau, 1793. N. A. 1822.
Die [illegible], aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin, 1793. 2 Thle.
Novellen. Königsberg, 1794.
Erzählungen. Königsberg, 1795.
Das verlaſſene Dörfchen, aus dem Engliſchen. Breslau, 1796. N. A. 1812.
Poetiſche Schriften. Breslau, 1803 — 5. 2 Thle.
Erbauungsgeſänge für den Landmann. Breslau, 1817.
Poetiſche und proſaiſche Beiträge in Becker's Erholungen, dem neuen deutſchen Merkur, theils unter eigenem Namen, theils unter dem Namen Sondin u. ſ. w.

Echte, ungeheuchelte Frömmigkeit, Leichtigkeit und Wohlklang, Correctheit und warmes Gefühl zeichnen B's Leiſtungen vortheilhaft aus; doch fehlt es ihnen auf der anderen Seite an Tiefe und Originalität der Gedanken und an Kraft. Seine Ueberſetzungen ſind größtentheils ſehr gelungen zu nennen, und es iſt zu bedauern, daß er nicht mehr in dieſem Fache arbeitete. — Wir theilen hier eine Probe aus der Uebertragung des erſten Geſanges von Arioſto's raſendem Roland, welche zwar durch die treffliche Arbeit von Gries weit überflügelt wurde, aber doch wegen der Leichtigkeit und Gefälligkeit, die in derſelben vorherrſcht, nicht geringes Lob verdient.

Arioſto's raſender Roland *).

Erſter Geſang.

1.

Die Damen und Ritter, die Waffen, die Kämpf', auf dem Felde
Des Ruhms und der Liebe, beſing' ich, und melde,

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*) Aus: Erholungen, herausgegeben von Becker. 1803.

Was damals ſich begab, als übers Meer
Von Afrika der Mauren Heer
Nach Frankreich kam, das ſchönſte Reich der Chriſten
Mit Schwert und Feuer zu verwüſten.
Sie führte Agramant, ihr König, der über den Tod
Trojans erbittert, Carln, dem Kaiſer, Fehde bot.

2.

Und Ding', in Proſa nicht und nicht in Reimen vorhanden,
Vom Ritter Roland, erzähl' ich dabei:
Wie er aus Liebeswuth zuletzt in Raſerei
Verfiel; Er, der ſo lang' im Ruf der Klugheit geſtanden:
Gefällt es anders ihr, die mich ihm ähnlich macht,
Von meinem bißchen Witz, um das ſie mich gebracht,
So viel mir wieder auszuſpenden,
Als ich bedarf, was ich beginne, zu vollenden.

3.

Nimm, edler herkuliſcher Sproß, erlauchter Hippolyt,
Du, unſrer Zeiten Stolz und Zierde! —
Nimm dieſen bunten Strauß von Blumen — bald verblüht! —
Das dürftige Geſchenk grenzloſer Dankbegierde!
Zwar Töne ſind es nur, vergängliches Papier,
Kein Ehrenmal von Erz; doch die geringe Gabe
Bezahlt dir meine Schuld; o Herr! genüge dir
Dieß Wenige! — es iſt das Ganze meiner Habe!

4.

Lobpreiſen ſoll mein Lied der Vorzeit würdigſte Helden.
Voll brennenden Eifers betret' ich die Bahn,
Um Alles, was Roger, dein glorreicher Ahn,
Geleiſtet, der ſtaunenden Nachwelt zu melden.
Von ſeinen Tugenden und Thaten ſing' ich dir vor,
Wenn du, in Stunden der Muße, dein Ohr
Mir gönnſt, und ſich dein Geiſt, einheimiſch in höheren Sphären,
Herabläßt, dem Geſang des Dichters zuzuhören.

5.

Graf Roland, der ſeit langer Zeit
Sein Herz und ſeinen Arm der ſchönen Angelica weiht,
Für die er am Ganges und Nil unendliche Trophäen
Zurückließ, war am Fuß der Pyrenäen
So eben angekommen mit ihr.
Wer froh ſich deſſen freut, iſt Kaiſer Carl, der hier
Im Lager ſtand, an den äußerſten Schranken
Des Reichs, mit einem Heer von Deutſchen und Franken.

6.

Zwei Königen galt's; es ſoll Marſil und Agramant,
Bereuend ihren Wahn, ſich vor die Stirne ſchlagen. —
Der hatt' aus Afrika, was Schwert oder Lanze zu tragen
Vermochte, hergeführt; und Jener, von Raubgier entbrannt,
Das ſchöne Frankreich zu verwüſten,
Ganz Spanien aufgeboten, ſich gegen den Kaiſer zu rüſten.
Recht zur gelegenen Zeit erſchien der Ritter beim Heer
Des Ohms; doch bald bereut er ſeine Wiederkehr.

7.

Hier, wo er ſich eben am ſicherſten glaubt,
Wird ihm (ſo pflegt des Menſchen Urtheil zu trügen!),
Die er in Oſt und Weſt, auf langen Wanderzügen,
Beſchützt, — Angelica, im Kreis der Freunde geraubt.
Kaum angelangt im Vaterlande
Verliert er ſie. Der kluge Kaiſer ſah
In ihr den Zunder zu einem gewaltigen Brande;
Auf ſein Geheiß verſchwand Angelica.

8.

Nicht minder als Graf Roland war
Rinald, ſein Vetter, verliebt in die Schönſte der Schönen;
Und darum kam es zwiſchen dieſem Paar
Rivalen bald zu heftigen Scenen.
Carl, den es kränkt, daß ein verliebter Zwiſt
Ihm Beider Hülf' entzieht, bedient ſich einer Liſt;
Er übergiebt, dem Uebel im Keime zu ſteuern,
Das Fräulein der Obhut des Herzogs von Baiern.

9.

Und zu belohnen verſpricht der Kaiſer mit der Schönen
Von beiden Werbern den, der an dem Tage der Schlacht
Die größre Zahl im Heer der Saracenen
Erlegt. Doch anders, als man gewünſcht und gedacht,
Entſchied das Glück. Die Heiden errangen
Den Sieg, die Chriſten flohn, der Herzog ward gefangen,
Mit ihm zugleich noch mancher Held;
Und ohne Wächter blieb das Zelt.

10.

Hier war Angelica. Doch da ſie ahnt, es werde
Den Franken heut das Glück den Rücken drehn,
So ſtieg ſie, eh es noch zum Treffen kam, zu Pferde,
Den Weg zur ſichern Flucht im Voraus zu erſpähn.
Und als ſie ſieht, daß die Getauften weichen,
Spornt ſie ihr Roß, und ſucht den nahen Wald zu erreichen;
Dort trifft ſie auf verengter Bahn,
Bald einen Ritter, der zu Fuß daher kommt, an.

11.

Er lief, am Arm den Schild, an der Seite den Degen,
Den Helm auf dem Kopf, mit dem Panzer die Schultern beſchwert.
Nicht ſchneller rennt, dem Preiß des Wettlaufs entgegen,
Die Jugend des Dorfs; nicht plötzlicher fährt
Die Schäferin zurück, die einen Strauß ſich pflücket,
Und unter Blumen die Natter erblicket,
Als jetzt, ſo bald ſie den Ritter erſieht,
Angelica ihr Roß umlenkt, und Spornſtreichs flieht

12.

Es war der Sohn des Herrn von Montalban,
Der tapfre Paladin Rinald, der, ohne Wahn,
Den Wald durchzog, nacheilend ſeinem Pferde,
Dem edlen Bajard, der ihm, er wußte nicht wie?
Entkommen war. — Und an der holden Geberde,
Und reizenden Geſtalt, die ſeiner Phantaſie
Stets vorſchwebt, kannte er, ſobald er ſie erblickte,
Die Schöne, die ſein Herz mit Liebesnetzen umſtrickte.

13.

Die Dame, leichenblaß vor Schrecken,
Ob dieſer Erſcheinung, lenkt um, giebt ihrem Gaule die Sporn,
Und jagt Wald ein, durch Buſch und Dorn,
Setzt über Graben, ſpringt über Hecken,
Und läßt dem Gaul des Weges Wahl.
Schon war ſie weit über Berg und Thal,
Mit aufgelöstem Haar und flatterndem Gewande,
Gejagt; jetzt fand ſie ſich an eines Fluſſes Rande.

14.

Der Saracene Ferrau ſtand
Am Waſſer hier. Erhitzt von Kampf und Sonnenbrand,
Hatt' er vom Schlachtfeld ſich geſtohlen,
Durch einen friſchen Trunk und Ruh ſich zu erholen.
Doch wider Willen hielt ein eignes Mißgeſchick
An dieſem Ort ihn länger zurück;
Aus Unvorſichtigkeit war ihm, als er getrunken,
Der Helm entfallen, und untergeſunken.

15.

Das Fräulein ſchreit, ſo laut ſie kann,
Und haſtig ſpringt der Saracene
Auf ihr Geſchrei das Ufer hinan;
Und, obgleich die verfolgt ſich glaubende Schöne,
Ganz außer ſich vor Angſt und Haſt,
Und leichenbleich erſcheint, — ſo wie er ins Auge ſie faßt
Erkennt ſie Ferrau: es ſind Angelica's Züge;
Unmöglich iſt's, daß ſo die Aehnlichkeit trüge!

16.

Auch Ferrau liebte ſie, vielleicht nicht minder warm,
Als jene tapfre Vettern Beide.
Er fliegt ihr zu Hülfe, er beut ihr den Arm,
Reißt ſeinen Säbel ſchnell aus der Scheide,
Und rennt, wenn ſchon das Haupt kein Helm ihm bedeckt,
Kühn auf Rinalden, den ſein Angriff wenig ſchreckt;

Denn oft ſchon hatte dieß Paar ſich mit den Waffen gemeſſen,
Und keiner des muthigen Gegners vergeſſen.

17.

Sie ſteigen ab, und mit entblößtem Stahl
Beginnen ſie auf Tod und Leben zu fechten:
Die Hiebe fallen dicht, und ſchneller als der Strahl
Des Donners auf Panzer und Schild. Amboſſe kaum vermöchten
Der Schwerter Schärf' und Wuth zu widerſtehn;
Die Rüſtung muß, ſo ſtark ſie iſt, in Trümmern gehn.
Die Schöne wendet ihr Pferd, und mit verhängtem Zügel,
Jagt ſie davon, über Ebnen und Hügel.

18.

Geraume Zeit focht das ergrimmte Paar,
Doch keiner krümmte dem andern ein Haar:
Denn Dieſer führte genau ſo gut wie Jener den Degen,
Und ſtemmte gleiche Kraft mit gleicher Kraft entgegen.
Der Sohn des Herrn von Montalban
Griff ein: und ſetzte ſcharf den Gegner an,
Weil Liebe, dem das Blut in allen Adern kochte,
Der Wuth ſich nicht zu zügeln vermochte.

19.

Er ſpricht zum Helden: wie nur glaubſt du Qual
Zu ſchaffen, und du ſchärfſt dir ſelbſt die Schmerzen.
Entzündete der neuen Sonne Strahl
Der Liebe Brand in deinem Herzen,
Glühſt du für ſie: was frommt es dir,
Mich zu beſiegen! — Nichts kann dir mein Tod gewinnen;
Den Preis des Siegs — die Schöne, laſſen wir,
Indeß wir fruchtlos kämpfen, entrinnen!

20.

Liebſt du ſie auch; ſo höre meinen Rath!
Laß uns ſogleich, eh wir die Spur verlieren,
Verfolgen den von ihr gewählten Pfad,
Und glückt es uns, ſie auszuſpüren,
Sie einzuholen; — nun, alsdann
Mag unſer Loos das Schwert entſcheiden:
Jetzt ſeh' ich nicht, was uns der Kampf gewähren kann,
Als Zeitverluſt, wir häufen nur Leiden auf Leiden.

21.

Dem Saracenen leuchtet dieß ein.
Der Zweikampf wird für jetzt aufgeſchoben;
Und die nur Haß und Rachgier ſchnoben,
Die reichen ſich die Hand zum friedlichen Verein.
Der Held will allein, (iſt gleich das Pferd ſein eigen,)
Nicht reiten: er verlangt, es ſoll der Paladin
Den Sattel, den er ihm einräumt, beſteigen,
Um ſo Angelica's Spur gemeinſam nachzuziehn.

Gottfried Auguſt Bürger.

Wir weichen bei dieſem ausgezeichneten Dichter von unſerer gewöhnlichen Art und Weiſe einer kürzeren biographiſchen Notiz ab und theilen, da Raum und Verhältniſſe es uns geſtatten, hier die ausführlichere vortreffliche Skizze von Bürger's Lebensverhältniſſen, welche deſſen Arzt und Freund Althof kurz nach dem Tode des Dichters entwarf, zu beſſerem Verſtändniß des Folgenden mit. Sie lautet:

Johann Gottfried Bürger, der Vater unſers Dichters, war im Jahre 1706 zu Pomsfelde, wo ſein Vater Pachter eines Aſſeburgiſchen Gutes war, geboren. Er ſtudierte von 1726 bis 1729 in Halle, wurde 1741 Prediger zu Wolmerswende, und verheirathete ſich noch in demſelben Jahre mit der einzigen Tochter des Hofesherrn **Jacob Philipp Bauer** in Aſchersleben, **Gertrud Eliſabeth**. Im Jahre 1760 wurde er dem Prediger **Abel** zu Weſtdorf im Aſchersleb'ſchen adjungirt, und trat dieſe neue Stelle 1763 an; ſtarb aber ſchon 1765 an der Ruhr. Seine Gattinn war den 16. März 1716 in Aſchersleben geboren, und ſtarb daſelbſt zehn Jahre nach ihrem Gatten den 24. November 1775. Sie hinterließ von fünf Kindern nur folgende drei:

1. **Henriette'n Philippine'n**, jetzt verehelicht mit dem geiſtlichen Inſpector, Herrn Doctor **Oesfeld** in Lößnitz im Erzgebirge;
2. unſern **Gottfried Auguſt**;
3. **Friederike'n Philippine'n Luiſe'n**, jetzt Gattinn des Herrn Amts-Procurators **Müllner** zu Langendorf bei Weißenfels.

Unſer Dichter wurde im Jahre 1748 zu **Wolmerswende**, Freiherrlich Aſſeburgiſchen Gerichts Falkenſtein im Fürſtenthum Halberſtadt, geboren, und zwar, wie er ſelbſt ſagte, in der erſten Stunde des Jahres, unter den Geläuten, womit man nach alter Sitte das angekommene neue Jahr vom Kirchthurme herab zu begrüßen pflegt.

Von ſeiner Kindheit erzählte er, daß ſeine Aeltern ſich gar nicht zu großen Erwartungen von ihm berechtigt, vielmehr ihn für einen erzdummen Jungen gehalten hätten; wie er denn überhaupt, ſowohl am Leibe als Geiſte, nur langſam gewachſen ſey. Indeſſen lernte er doch ſehr früh Deutſch leſen und ſchreiben. Ja, er verſicherte oft, daß er ſich vieler Dinge aus ſeinem dritten Lebensjahre noch ſehr lebhaft erinnere; daß er aber die Zeit nicht mehr wüßte, da er noch nicht vollkommen fertig leſen und ſchreiben können. Offenbar iſt dieſes wohl ein leicht begreiflicher Irrthum ſeines Gedächtniſſes; denn ein Kind, das im dritten Jahre ſchon vollkommen fertig leſen und ſchreiben gelernt hätte, würde unfehlbar allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit und Bewunderung auf ſich gezogen haben, wenigſtens von Niemanden für einen erzdummen Jungen gehalten worden ſeyn. Bürger verſicherte ferner: So wenig dieſe Fertigkeiten, als irgend eine andere Kenntniß ſeines nachfolgenden Lebens bis in ſein männliches Alter, hätten ihm die geringſte Anſtrengung oder Mühe gekoſtet; es wäre auch ſehr wenig, was er von Lehrern und aus Büchern gelernt hätte, da es ihm immer in den Lehrſtunden an Aufmerkſamkeit, und außer denſelben an Geduld gefehlt, ein Buch anhaltend aus zu leſen. Er müßte ſich oft innerlich wundern, wenn er einen Blick in die Vorrathskammer ſeiner Kenntniſſe thäte, wie und woher der Plunder alle hinein gekommen? Das Meiſte wäre ihm hier und da und dort und überall wie von ſelbſt gleichſam angeflogen.

Bis in ſein zehntes Jahr lernte er durchaus weiter nichts, als leſen und ſchreiben; behielt aber mit großer Leichtigkeit im Gedächtniß, was er ſowohl in der Bibel, als im Geſangbuche las. Er liebte vorzüglich die hiſtoriſchen Bücher, die Pſalmen und Propheten, am allermeiſten aber die Offenbarung Johannis. Auch aus dem Geſangbuche behielt er viele Lieder, die er einige Male geleſen hatte, auswendig. Seine Lieblingslieder waren: **Eine feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott**, u. w.; **O Ewigkeit du Donnerwort**, u. w.; **Es iſt gewißlich an der Zeit**, u. w.; und eins, das ſich anfing: **Du, o ſchönes Weltgebäude**, u. w. Er erinnerte ſich noch kurz vor ſeinem Tode der Begeiſterung, zu welcher ihn das erſte jener Lieder oft erhoben hatte, und bei einigen Strophen des Liedes: **Es iſt gewißlich an der Zeit**, u. w. tönten, wie er ſagte, ſchon damals ganz dumpf die Saiten ſeiner Seele, welche nachher ausgeklungen haben.

Schon als zehnjähriger Knabe ſuchte Bürger zuweilen die

Einſamkeit. Er liebte vorzüglich die freien grünen und mit ſparſamen Buſchwerk bewachſenen Hügel, wo er jeden Buſch, jede Staude, jeden Diſtelkopf um ſich her beleben konnte. Das Grauſen, welches uns oft in der Einſamkeit, oder in der Dämmerung, wenn Tag und Nacht ſich ſcheiden, oder im Mondſcheine, oder in dunkeln Wäldern anfommt, verurſachte ihm eine ſehr angenehm erſchütternde Empfindung.

Schon dieſe Züge ſcheinen eine beſondere Stimmung der Phantaſie und poetiſche Anlage zu verrathen; aber dieſe Anlage zeigte ſich noch deutlicher dadurch, daß der Knabe ganz aus eigenem Triebe, und ohne durch das Beiſpiel ſeines ſehr proſaiſchen Vaters, oder durch andere Muſter, als welche Bibel und Geſangbuch ihm lieferten, dazu aufgefordert zu werden, anfing, Verſe zu machen, ehe er noch die allererſten Elemente der Grammatik erlernt hatte. Das größte Verdienſt dieſer Verſe mochte freilich wohl darin beſtehen, daß ſie im Metrum vollkommen richtig waren. Noch als Mann that er ſich etwas darauf zu gute, daß er in dieſer Rückſicht ſchon als Knabe manche erwachſene und geſchickte Leute übertroffen hätte, die für einen Fuß in der Stanze zu viel oder zu wenig, für eine lange oder kurze Sylbe, für einen richtigen oder unrichtigen Reim, für einen männlichen oder weiblichen Ausgang kein Ohr haben. Bürger hörte und fühlte das Alles in ſeiner erſten Kindheit ſchon gleichſam von Natur: er wußte, was recht oder unrecht war, und ließ, nach ſeinem eigenen Ausdrucke, ſich dabei todt ſchlagen; er wußte aber nicht, warum?

Bei dem Allen wollte und konnte der poetiſche Knabe erſt lange kein Latein lernen. Man gab ihm den Donat: aber er konnte, ungeachtet aller Schläge, und aller Anſtrengungen von ſeiner Seite, in zwei Jahren noch nicht Mensa decliniren, ob er gleich, wie er meinte, das ganze Geſangbuch ohne Schwierigkeiten auswendig gelernt haben würde.

Bürger's Vater war zwar mit mancherlei Kenntniſſen nach der damaligen Studier-Art verſehen, und dabei ein guter, ehrlicher Mann; aber er liebte eine ruhige Gemächlichkeit und ſeine Pfeife Tabak ſo ſehr, daß er, wie mein Freund wohl zu ſagen pflegte, immer erſt einen Anlauf nehmen mußte, wenn er einmal ein Viertelſtündchen auf den Unterricht ſeines Sohnes verwenden ſollte. Seine Gattin war eine Frau von den außerordentlichſten Geiſtesanlagen, die aber ſo wenig angebaut waren, daß ſie kaum leſerlich ſchreiben gelernt hatte. Bürger meinte, ſeine Mutter würde, bei gehöriger Cultur, die berühmteſte Frau ihres Geſchlechts geworden ſeyn; ob er gleich mehrmals eine ſtarke Mißbilligung verſchiedener Züge ihres moraliſchen Charakters äußerte. Indeſſen glaubte er von ſeiner Mutter einige Anlagen des Geiſtes, von ſeinem Vater aber eine große Uebereinſtimmung mit deſſen moraliſchem Charakter geerbt zu haben.

Wenn der Vater ſich nicht allzu oft mit dem Söhnchen abgab, ſo überhörte ihm die Mutter deſto öfter das Donat-Penſum. Als aber dennoch gar zu wenig davon in den Kopf wollte, ſo wurde der Knabe zu dem Informator der Kinder eines benachbarten Predigers geſchickt. Zum Unglück waren die Zöglinge deſſelben ſchon gar zu weit vor unſerm Bürger voraus, und während der Lehrer jenen den Virgil erklärte, mußte dieſer Langens Grammatik in die Hand nehmen, um die Declinationen heraus zu lernen. Aber wenn er gleich ſeine Augen wohl auf die Grammatik richten mußte, ſo waren doch Geiſt und Ohr immer mit den poetiſchen Brocken beſchäftigt, welche bei der Erklärung des Virgils abfielen, und die unſer junge Dichter begierig auffing. Die Folge davon war, daß er ſeine Declinationen nie lernte, und daß man ihn für ſehr hartköpfig und unfähig zum Studieren hielt.

Als er ſchon zwölf Jahr alt war, nahm ſein Vater einſt wirklich eine Art von Anlauf, und beſchloß ihn ſelbſt im Nepos vorzunehmen. Er überſetzte ihm denſelben zuerſt Wort für Wort, dann erklärte er ihm den Sinn, und zuletzt ſagte er ihm eine ganze Periode Deutſch vor. Auf dieſe Art lernte der junge Bürger zwar in kurzer Zeit den Nepos vollkommen verſtehen, aber die Lateiniſchen Wörter darin blieben ihm Böhmiſche Dörfer.

Bald darauf, im Jahre 1760, wurde er zu ſeinem Großvater nach Aſchersleben geſchickt, um die dortige Stadtſchule zu beſuchen. Der Rector derſelben war **Georg Wilhelm Auerbach**, welcher dem Vater unſers Dichters zu Molsdorf im Amte nachfolgte. Ob er nun gleich hier wohl nebenher ein wenig Latein lernte, ſo erkaltete doch ſeine Liebe zu Allem, was poetiſch war, ſo wenig, daß er vielmehr jetzt ſich ſchon ſelbſt an größere Verſuche wagte. Es iſt noch ein, wie wohl einige Jahre ſpäter verfertigtes Fragment von ſiebenzehn achtzeiligen Strophen vorhanden, welches die Aufſchrift führt: **Die Feuersbrünſte am 4 Januar und 1. April des 1764. Jahres zu Aſchersleben, geſchildert von Gottfried Auguſt Bürger, d. F. K. u. W. B.** Dieſes Product hat wenigſtens das vorhin gerühmte Verdienſt der Richtigkeit in Reim und Sylbenmaß; ob es noch andere Verdienſte habe, und bereits etwas von dem ahnden laſſe, was ſein Verfaſſer in der Folge geleiſtet hat, darüber getraue ich mir nicht zu urtheilen. Es iſt durchaus voll religiöſer Gefühle.

Aber auch in einer andern Gattung von Gedichten machte der junge Bürger ſchon damals Verſuche, deren Folgen wenigſtens nicht ſehr aufmunternd für ihn waren. Nach dem Urtheile der Kunſtrichter würde der Verluſt für die Kunſt eben nicht groß geweſen ſeyn, wenn er ſich durch dieſe Folgen, die ich gleich erzählen werde, für immer von fernern Verſuchen in dieſer Gattung hätte abſchrecken laſſen. Vielleicht hätte er noch den Vortheil davon gehabt, daß ihm dann in den letzten Jahren ſeines Lebens Mancher wohl gewollt hätte, der ihm nun übel wollte. Doch zur Sache. Er verfertigte einſt auf den ihm anſtößigen ungeheuern Haarbeutel eines Primaners ein Epigramm, welches eine ſolche Wirkung auf den Herrn des Haarbeutels machte, daß es in der Schule zum Handgemenge kam. Dieſem machte der Rector Auerbach ein Ende, und beſtrafte, nach angeſtellter Unterſuchung, den Epigrammatiſten, als erſten Urheber, mit ſo derben Streichen, daß der Großvater deſshalb den Rector verklagte, und wirklich eine Art von Genugthuung für die zu harte Beſtrafung ſeines Enkels erhielt. Dieß war die Veranlaſſung, daß dieſer nun, im Jahre 1762, von dem Großvater nach Halle auf das Pädagogium geſchickt wurde.

Auch hier ließ Bürger ſich manchen muthwilligen Streich zu Schulden kommen, wozu ihn zuweilen auch ſeine Mitſchüler verleiteten; doch war dabei nie eine Spur von Bosheit oder Schadenfreude zu entdecken. Das damals übliche Ordenmachen wollte ihm durchaus nicht gefallen. Deſto beſſer gefielen ihm die Uebungen im Verſemachen, welche der nachmalige Herr Profeſſor Leiſte in Wolfenbüttel, als damaliger Lehrer am Pädagogium, mit den Schülern ſeiner Claſſe anſtellte. Er mußte ihnen nämlich Anfangs Verſe aus den beſten Deutſchen Dichtern in verkehrter Ordnung der Wörter aufgeben, um ſie wieder in die metriſche Ordnung zu bringen. Dann wurde ihnen bloß der Inhalt ganzer Gedichte angegeben, um ihn metriſch zu bearbeiten, und ihre Arbeiten wurden nach den urſprünglichen Muſtern verbeſſert. Dieſen Unterricht genoß zu eben der Zeit auch der jetzige Herr geheime Finanz-Rath **von Göckingk**. Bei Beiden zeigte ſich, nach der Bemerkung ihres Lehrers, ſchon damals die entſchiedene Anlage zur Dichtkunſt, und bei Bürger'n ſoll ſich auch ſchon die beſondere Neigung für die Volks-Poeſie deutlich verrathen haben.

Im Jahre 1764 bezog er die Halliſche Univerſität, um, nach dem Willen ſeines Großvaters, Theologie zu ſtudiren. Dieſes Studium war zwar ſeiner Neigung ganz entgegen, und er hätte lieber jedes andere gewählt; aber der Großvater, von dem er, zumal nach dem bald darauf erfolgten Tode ſeines Vaters, ganz abhing, wollte durchaus einen Geiſtlichen aus ihm heben. Bürger hat auch wirklich einmal in einer Dorfkirche in der Gegend von Halle gepredigt.

Einen großen Gönner und Freund fand er in dem geheimen Rath Klotz. Wer den Charakter und die Sitten dieſes für ſein Glück und bleibenden Ruhm zu ſchnell berühmt gewordenen Mannes gekannt hat, der wird es ſehr begreiflich finden, daß der öftere und ziemlich vertraute Umgang mit demſelben auf die Moralität eines Jünglings von Bürger's lebhafter Phantaſie und reger Sinnlichkeit großen Einfluß haben mußte. Und ich möchte behaupten, dieſer Einfluß ſey noch lange in des Dichters Leben, und ſelbſt in ſeinen Gedichten bemerkbar geblieben.

Doch mochte Bürger auch manches Nützliche von ſeinem Freunde lernen, vorzüglich in dem Fache der alten Literatur, mit der er ſich damals am fleißigſten beſchäftigte. Unter Meiſel's Vorſitze vertheidigte er eine Diſſertation De Lenonum Poenis mit Beifall. Aber im Ganzen ſtudierte er doch ohne rechten Plan, und ſchwärmte zwiſchen durch, unter Anführung ſeines Lehrers und Freundes, nicht wenig; bis endlich der Großvater erfuhr, daß der Enkel nicht ſo lebe, als es ſeinen Wünſchen und der künftigen Beſtimmung deſſelben gemäß wäre, und ihn im Zorn von Halle zurück berief. Aber es muß dem geliebten Enkel doch gelungen ſeyn, den Zorn des Großvaters zu beſänftigen; denn dieſer erlaubte ihm, nicht allein Oſtern 1768 nach Göttingen zu gehen, ſondern auch, die ſeiner Neigung ſo wenig entſprechende Theologie mit der Jurisprudenz zu vertauſchen.

In Göttingen legte er ſich nun mit einigem Eifer auf die Rechtswiſſenſchaft, und lernte wenigſtens ſeine Pandecten recht gut verſtehen. Aber der Einfluß ſeiner Verbindung mit Klotz'en wurde hier aufs neue ſichtbar. Er bezog nämlich das Haus, welches Klotz'ens Schwiegermutter bewohnte; gerieth in dieſem Hauſe bald in noch engere Verbindungen, welche weder auf ſein Studieren, noch auf ſeine Sitten vortheilhaft wirken konnten, und verlor nun auch allmählig den Hauptzweck ſeines Aufenthaltes in Göttingen ſo ſehr aus den Augen, daß der Großvater, der Alles erfuhr, nach und nach ſeine Hand von ihm abzog, und ihn, den er für einen ohne Rettung verlornen Menſchen anſah, ganz ohne Unterſtützung ließ. Einer ſeiner nachherigen beſten Freunde ſagt: Bürger ſey damals in einer Lage geweſen, daß man ihn habe kennen und ſchätzen müſſen, um ſich ſeinem Umgange nicht zu entziehen. — Indeſſen hatte er doch das Glück, mit einer Geſellſchaft trefflicher Köpfe, die ſeinen Werth wenigſtens zu ahnen wußten, in Bekanntſchaft und mit der Zeit in innige Freundſchaft zu kommen. Unter ihnen waren Bieſter, den er immer vorzüglich liebte, Boie, Baron von Kielmannsegge, Sprengel, u. A. Ohne dieſe wackeren Freunde, die ihn hielten, wäre Bürger vielleicht wirklich verloren geweſen. Glücklicher Weiſe verdrängte ihn auch ein rüſtigerer Liebhaber aus dem Herzen der Zauberinn, die ihn feſſelte, und er warf ſich wieder in das Studium der alten Literatur. Er machte um dieſe Zeit auch Verſe; allein ſeine Freunde bemerkten oder achteten doch damals noch nicht die Genieſunken, welche aus den ungeheuer erhabenen Producten, die er ihnen zuweilen vorlas, hervor blitzten. Aber einſt hatte er in einer Geſellſchaft auf Sprengel's Zimmer einen Abend froh hingebracht, und ſeinen Ueberrock zurück gelaſſen. Dieſen forderte er am andern Morgen in einer burlesken, aber geiſtvollen Epiſtel in Verſen wieder. Sprengel fand in dieſer Epiſtel viel Genialiſches, und auch Boie, deſſen Urtheil damals auf ihn zu wirken anfing, meinte, er habe hier vielleicht zufällig die Art getroffen, in der er in der Folge etwas Vorzügliches leiſten könnte. Dadurch wurde er zu ähnlichen Verſuchen ermuntert, und ſein nächſter war das erſte von ihm gedruckte Lied: Herr Bachus iſt ein braver Mann, u. ſ. w., welches unverändert, ſo wie es niedergeſchrieben worden war, bekannt gemacht wurde.

Um dieſe Zeit las und ſtudierte er mit ſeinen Freunden gemeinſchaftlich die beſten Muſter der Alten und Neuern, der Franzoſen, der Engländer, der Italiener und auch der Spanier, deren Sprache ſie mit großem Eifer und zum Theil ohne Lehrer erlernten. Boie verwahrt noch eine Novelle, welche Bürger damals, durch eine Wette veranlaßt, in Spaniſcher Sprache ſchrieb. Shakeſpear war ſo ſehr ihr Liebling und Muſter, daß ſie in ihrem Zirkel nur in ſeinen Ausdrücken zu reden pflegten. Einige von ihnen, unter denen ſich auch Bürger befand, feierten einmal Shakeſpear's Geburtstag mit ſo öffentlichem Jubel, daß ſie ihren Rauſch auf dem Carcer ausſchlafen mußten.

Gotter, nach Franzöſiſchen Muſtern gebildet, und ſchon damals ein Mann von Welt und gutem Tone, wurde in Göttingen allgemein als Dichter anerkannt, als Boie um Oſtern 1769 dahin kam. Gleiche Neigungen knüpften zwiſchen Beiden bald das Band der Freundſchaft. Der Franzöſiſche Muſen-Almanach, den ſie zuſammen laſen, erzeugte in ihnen den Gedanken eines ähnlichen Inſtitutes für Deutſchland, und dieſer Gedanke wurde unverzüglich ausgeführt. Der vortreffliche Käſtner, dem ſie ihn mittheilten, billigte ihn, und unterſtützte die Ausführung. Beide Freunde trugen bei, was ſie unter ihren Verſuchen am wenigſten unvollendet glaubten, und den übrigen Raum füllten einzeln gedruckte, oder in fliegenden Blättern verlorne Stücke älterer Dichter. So entſtand der erſte deutſche Muſen-Almanach für das Jahr 1770, dem die Sammler am wenigſten die günſtige Aufnahme verſprachen, die er fand. Von den folgenden beſorgte Boie, deſſen literariſche Verbindungen ſich durch eine Reiſe nach Berlin vermehrt hatten, die Herausgabe allein, und ſetzte ihn, von Gotter, Bürger, den nach und nach um ihn verſammelten jüngeren guten Köpfen, und ſelbſt von Meiſtern in der Kunſt unterſtützt, bis 1775 fort. Zwei von den beiden genannten Freunden dem lieblichen Bernard nachgeſungene Lieder hatten Bürger'n gereizt, auch deſſen Hameau nachzubilden. Die Feile mußte aber lange und wiederholt gebraucht werden, ehe er es dem mit der Kritik ſchon vertrauten und von Ramler'n mehr in die Geheimniſſe der Kunſt und des Versbaues eingeweihten Boie zu Danke machen konnte, und das Dörfchen ſo da ſtand, wie wir es nun in ſeinen Werken leſen.

Bürger beneidete, nach ſeiner eigenen Verſicherung, die Leichtigkeit und Correctheit ſeines Freundes, und bildete ſich unter dem Tadel deſſelben, indem er ihm naß aus der Feder Alles brachte, was er ſchrieb, ſich gegen deſſen Kritiken manchmal herzhaft wehrte, und in der erſten Freude über ein gelungenes Stück ihn oft komiſch beſchwor, doch ja keinen Fehler daran zu finden! Er lernte dadurch die dieſem Freunde oft verdankte Kunſt, de faire difficilement des vers; und dieſe freundſchaftlichen Erörterungen legten den Grund zu der Correctheit, welcher Bürger immer mehr nachſtrebte, und die in der Folge ſeine Gedichte ſo vortheilhaft auszeichnete. Ich habe es oft aus ſeinem Munde gehört, daß er glaubte: „Er hätte ſeinen Dichterruhm nicht ſo wohl ungemeinen Talenten, als vielmehr der großen Mühe und dem langen unverdroſſenen Gebrauche der Feile bei ſeinen Kunſtwerken, zu verdanken. Dazu triebe ihn ein gewiſſer Geſchmack an, dem ſelten etwas ganz Schlechtes genügte. Das wäre aber der Fehler der meiſten mittelmäßigen Dichter, daß ſie ſich in jede Geburt ihrer Muſe ſogleich verliebten, und ſie keiner weiteren Verbeſſerung bedürftig und empfänglich glaubten. Wenn Alle, bei richtigem Geſchmacke, ſo viel Fleiß anwendeten, als er; ſo würden ſelbſt die Mittelmäßigen endlich gute Gedichte zu Stande bringen können. Seine beſten Gedichte hätten ihm gerade auch die meiſte Anſtrengung bei'm Ausbeſſern gekoſtet." — Er veränderte nicht bloß einzelne Wörter und Zeilen; ſondern es blieb oft, wie er zu ſagen pflegte, kein Stein auf dem andern.

Percy's Reliks, welche nachmals ſo ſehr auf ſeinen Geiſt wirkten, wurden um dieſe Zeit ſein Handbuch. Jetzt entſtand das Lied an die Hoffnung, und die Nachtfeier der Venus. Schon früher hatte er ſich mit dem Pervigilium Veneris kritiſch beſchäftigt, hatte einen Commentar darüber im Sinne, und eine reimfreie Ueberſetzung davon verſucht *). Dieſe fand Boie ſteif, und veranlaßte die gereimte Nachahmung, welche vortrefflich gerieth, und nicht allein deſſen, ſondern auch Ramler's Beifall in hohem Grade erhielt. Sie wurde mit einigen Veränderungen von dem Letzten, die aber nicht alle des Dichters Beifall fanden, zuerſt im **Deutſchen Merkur** (1773. 2. Band, 1. Stück) und nachher, nach Bürger's eigener Handſchrift verbeſſert, im **Muſen-Almanache** (1778) abgedruckt. Die um dieſe Zeit entſtandene **Europa** erſchien einzeln, weil ſie dem Herausgeber des Muſen-Almanachs für dieſe Sammlung zu muthwillig vorkam.

Schon im Jahre 1771 wurde Bürger in Göttingen als Dichter genannt, und manches Gelegenheitsgedicht von ihm wurde bezahlt, gedruckt, und vergeſſen. **Hölty**, der ſeinen Namen hörte, ſobald er nach Göttingen kam, ſuchte ihn auf, und Bürger, der erkannte, was in dieſem noch nicht entwickelt war, führte ihn ſeinem Freunde Boie zu. **Miller** ward von Hölty'n mit Beiden bekannt gemacht. Nun kamen auch **Voß**, die **Grafen von Stolberg**, und **Karl Friedrich Cramer** nach Göttingen, und die Geſellſchaft fing an ſich zu bilden, aus der einzelne Mitglieder ſo mächtig auf die Deutſche Literatur gewirkt haben, und zum Theil noch fort wirken. Außer den bereits Genannten, und Einigen, die nur Liebe zu den Muſen mit ihnen verband, gehörten und geſellten ſich nach und nach zu ihr: ein zweiter **Miller** aus Ulm; **Hahn** aus Zweibrücken, durch deſſen frühen Tod die Deutſchen Muſen viel verloren haben, vorausgeſetzt, daß nicht etwa Verkünſtelung ihn auf Irrwege geleitet hätte; **Leiſewitz**; **von Cloſen**, ein auch ſchon verſtorbner guter Kopf aus Zweibrücken; und zuletzt **Sprickmann**. Bürger war ſchon auf dem Lande, als ihre Geſellſchaft ihre Conſiſtenz erhielt, und hing eigentlich nur durch Boie'n, Hölty'n und Cramer'n, der oft zu Fuße zu ihm wanderte, mit ihr zuſammen. Er ſchätzte Hölty'n, lobte und liebte vorzüglich den Liederdichter Miller, und klagte nicht ſelten in ſeiner komiſchen Art, daß ihm lauter Grasmücke zugezogen würden. In dieſer Laune nannte er ſich den Adler des Geſanges, und ließ die Andern nur für gute kleinere Geſangvögel gelten.

Eine ſolche Verbindung mußte an einem Orte, wo man billig mehr für das Nützliche, als für das Schöne geſtimmt iſt, großes Aufſehen erregen, und die zum Theil albernen Sagen, die ſich von dieſem Bunde durch ganz Deutſchland verbreiteten, ſind vielleicht noch nicht ganz vergeſſen, da Niemand bis jetzt das Wahre davon hat erzählen wollen. Zu dieſen Sagen gehört auch Eine, welcher ich nicht gedenken würde, wenn ſie nicht laut genug geworden wäre, um Bürger'n zu einer Nachſchrift Gelegenheit zu geben, die vermuthlich der Vorrede zur zweiten Ausgabe ſeiner Gedichte hat angehängt werden ſollen. Das Gedicht, von dem die Rede iſt, war nicht in Göttingen gemacht, und der edle Dichter, der einer ſolchen Mißgeburt nicht fähig war, hat es bis auf dieſen Tag wohl nicht einmal geſehen. — Die Nachſchrift lautet ſo:

„Noch Eins bei dieſer Gelegenheit! Zu mehreren abgeſchmackten Anekdoten, welche Petit-Maîtres und Cenſoren aus meinem poetiſchen und verfänglichen Lebenslaufe erzählen, wieder erzählen, und bis in die hundert tauſend Male hinauf erzählen, gehört auch folgender Schnickſchnack. Ich hätte mit meinem vortrefflichen Freunde Friedrich Leopold Grafen von Stolberg einſt gewetteifert, wer von uns Beiden das gröbſte Meiſterſtück des Schmutzes und Ekels hervor bringen könnte. Mein Freund hätte endlich den Sieg davon getragen, und ein Gedicht zu Stande gebracht, das unter dem Titel: **Die künftige Geliebte**, als ein Non plus ultra dieſer Art, im Manuſcripte ziemlich bekannt geworden iſt. Dieß Geſchichtchen habe ich nicht ein oder zwei Mal, ſondern mehr als hundert Mal bis auf den heutigen Tag hören, und natürlicher Weiſe eben ſo oft widerlegen müſſen. Um nun dieſer Beſchwerlichkeit endlich einmal enthoben zu ſeyn, ſo bitte ich alle Diejenigen, die ſowohl für den genannten großen und edeln Sänger, als auch für meine Wenigkeit die mindeſte Achtung und Liebe tragen, dieſe Armſeligkeit ſowohl in Abſicht ſeiner, als meiner, **bis auf das kleinſte Pünktchen für völlig erlogen**, und Denjenigen, der es von nun an noch zu Markte bringt, für ein Mitglied der witzbankerotten, nett- und dreßhaften Spaßvogel-Familie zu halten, welche die Vademecums-Geſpinſte aus der Arche Noah als ſelbſt erlebte Vorfälle zu erzählen pflegt. Wer nichts Wichtigeres und Intereſſanteres über uns und unſere Werke zu ſagen weiß, der thut weit beſſer, wenn er ſein Glas Punſch ſtillſchweigend austrinkt."

Im Jahre 1772 brachte es Boie nach vielen Schwierigkeiten *) dahin, daß die Herren **von Uslar**, mit denen er gelegentlich bekannt geworden war, unſerm Bürger die Stelle ihres Juſtiz-Beamten im Gerichte Alten-Gleichen übertrugen. Die Freunde des Dichters ſahen zwar recht gut ein, daß dieſe Stelle ſich für ihn eigentlich gar nicht ſchickte; daß ſie einen Mann von ſo lebhaftem Geiſte weder befriedigen, noch angenehm beſchäftigen konnte: aber Bürger hatte nicht zu wählen, und ſie ſchien wenigſtens ſeiner gegenwärtigen traurigen Lage ein Ende zu machen. Eigentlich ſollte dieſes Ämtchen auch nur Zuflucht, nur Rettung aus dringender Noth ſeyn. Bürger ſollte darin die Ruhe finden, der er bedurfte zur völligen Entwickelung ſeines Geiſtes, und zur Erſchaffung und Vollendung eines Meiſterwerkes, wozu er damals noch die volle Kraft in ſich fühlte. Mit dieſem ſollte er dann hervor treten, um die Aufmerkſamkeit derer auf ſich zu ziehen, welche ihm einen größeren Wirkungskreis anweiſen konnten. So gut aber dieſer Plan, den damaligen Umſtänden nach, angelegt ſeyn mochte: ſo verſchaffte ihm das Amt doch die Ruhe und die Bequemlichkeit keinesweges, welche er davon gehofft hatte.

Der gute Großvater, der, wie ich bereits angeführt habe, ſeine Hand von dem Enkel abgezogen hatte, weil er glaubte es würde, bei der planloſen Lebensart deſſelben, nie ein in Geſchäften brauchbarer Mann aus ihm werden, wurde nun, da er hörte, daß dieſer ſich um ein Amt bewerbe, verſöhnt, bezahlte die in Göttingen gemachten Schulden, und kam, als das neue Amt angetreten werden ſollte, ſelbſt, um ihn bei ſeiner Einrichtung zu unterſtützen, und die erforderliche Cautions-Summe zu erlegen. Da er aber das Geld ſeinem Enkel in die Hände zu geben Bedenken trug, und Boie, der Einzige, den er als deſſen Freund namentlich kannte, zum Unglück verreiſet war: ſo vertraute er es den Händen eines Mannes an, deſſen eigene Umſtände zerrüttet waren, der aber ſelbſt einen ſo vorſichtigen Greis zu täuſchen die Gewandtheit hatte, und durch den Bürger nachher mehr als ſiebenhundert Thaler von dieſem Gelde verlor **).

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*) Klotz ſchrieb ihm darüber ſchon unter dem 10. März 1768, als Bürger noch nicht in Göttingen war, nach Aſchersleben Folgendes: „Mitte quoque Pervigilii Veneris versionem literis Tuis, quam videre et legere aveo. Est enim illud carmen molle, dulce, jucundum; adde etiam, difficile quibusdam in locis. Quare illius interpretatio haud facilis videtur. Tui vero ingenii vis, mi Burgere, omnes difficultates facile vincet. Novi enim, qualis sis et qualia a Te exspectare possim.

*) Dieſe Schwierigkeiten rührten hauptſächlich daher, daß bereits einem andern Bewerber beſtimmte Hoffnung gemacht worden war, welche dieſer nicht aufgeben wollte. Beide mußten demnach eine Probearbeit verfertigen, welche der Juriſten-Facultät in Göttingen vorgelegt wurde. Dieſe that den Ausſpruch: Beide Arbeiten zeugten zwar von hinlänglichen Kenntniſſen ihrer Verfaſſer, aber die des Herrn C. verdiente doch vor der Bürgeriſchen den Vorzug, und verriethe mehr Uebung. Dagegen führte Bürger an: Herr C. habe ſeine Relation, gegen die Abrede, in Göttingen, auf ſeinem eigenen Zimmer, umgeben von ſeinen Büchern und Freunden; er ſelbſt aber habe ſie, der Abrede gemäß, auf dem Lande, in einem fremden Hauſe, und entblößt von allen Hülfsmitteln ausgearbeitet. Auch hatte Herr C. wirklich bereits einige Jahre practicirt. Endlich kam es doch dahin, daß Bürger, der die Geſchäfte ſchon mehre Monate hindurch verwaltet hatte, förmlich beeidigt wurde.

**) Dieſer Mann war der nun verſtorbene Würtembergiſche Hofrath Liſte zu Gelliehauſen, ein Mann von Kopf und Kraft.

Dieß legte den erſten Grund zu der Zerrüttung in unſers Dichters ökonomiſchen Umſtänden, welche, leider! bis an ſein Ende fortdauerte, und nicht allein bei Leuten, die ihn nicht näher kannten, ſeinen moraliſchen Charakter oft zweideutig machte, ſondern höchſt wahrſcheinlich auch auf ſeinen poetiſchen und literariſchen Charakter Einfluß hatte.

In dem erſten Winter, den er auf dem Lande zubrachte, mochte die Einſamkeit Funken entflammen, die noch aus den Relicks in ihm glommen, und welche **Herder's Blätter von Deutſcher Art und Kunſt** neu belebten. Einſt, wie er mehr als Ein Mal erzählt hat, hörte er im Mondſcheine ein Bauermädchen ſingen:

„Der Mond der ſcheint ſo helle,
Die Todten reiten ſo ſchnelle:
Feins Liebchen, graut dir nicht?“

Dieſe Worte tönten immer in ſeinem Ohre, und wirkten ſo auf ſeine Einbildungskraft, daß er ſchnell einige Strophen von der nachher ſo berühmten **Lenore** entwarf, welche Boie'n, dem er ſie mittheilte, ſo bezauberten, daß dieſer ihm keine Ruhe ließ, bis das Stück fertig war. Mit dieſer Vollendung ging es freilich ſehr langſam, und es blieben immer einzelne Strophen, die erſt zuletzt ein Faden an einander reihete. Bürger hat ſo wenig von einem Originale dieſer Ballade etwas gewußt, daß er ſich vielmehr allenthalben ſehr angelegentlich nach dem alten Liede, von dem jene in mehreren Gegenden Deutſchlands noch im Munde des Volkes lebenden Laute ein Theil ſeyn müſſen, aber immer vergebens, erkundigte. Und eine alte Engliſche ähnliche Ballade würde ſeinem Freunde Boie, der mit den Schätzen der Göttingiſchen Bibliothek in dieſem Fache ſehr vertraut war, ſchwerlich entgangen ſeyn, wenn ſie daſelbſt zu finden geweſen wäre *). — Dieſes ſo berühmt gewordene Gedicht äußerte ſeine volle Wirkung zuerſt in dem vertraulichen Zirkel zu Göttingen, dem nichts davon verrathen worden war. Als es vorgeleſen wurde, und Bürger bei der Stelle:

„Raſch auf ein eiſern Gitterthor
Ging's mit verhängtem Zügel.
Mit ſchwanker Gert' ein Schlag davor
Zerſprengte Schloß und Riegel.“

mit ſeiner Reitgerte an die Thür des Zimmers ſchlug, ſprang Friedrich Stolberg in vollem Schrecken vom Stuhle auf. Bürger, der bisher nur mit ängſtlicher Beſorgniß an das Schickſal eines von aller conventionellen Form ſo abweichenden Gedichtes gedacht hatte, glaubte nun ſelbſt etwas Gutes hervor gebracht zu haben, und es wurde ihm, als er bald nach dem Abdrucke im Muſen-Almanache eine Reiſe in ſein Vaterland machte, die Freude, in einer an ſeine Schlafkammer ſtoßenden Bauerſtube ſeine Lenore vom Schulmeiſter, unter dem lauteſten Beifalle der ländlichen Zuhörer, vorleſen zu hören. Aber auch bei dem gebildeteren Publicum machte dieſes Gedicht Aufſehen, und verſchaffte ſeinem Urheber eine nicht geringe Celebrität, welche ſich durch zahlreich einlaufende Briefe aus verſchiedenen Gegenden von Deutſchland ankündigte.

Um deſto ungeſtörter alle Zeit und Kraft, welche ſeine Amtsgeſchäfte ihm übrig ließen, auf die Hervorbringung irgend eines Werkes verwenden zu können, welches ihm einen ſeinen Fähigkeiten angemeſſeneren Wirkungskreis verſchaffte, hätte Bürger für's erſte noch nicht heirathen müſſen. So ſehr er ſelbſt davon überzeugt war, ſo war doch kaum ein Jahr verfloſſen, als eine von den Töchtern des benachbarten Hannöveriſchen Beamten **Leonhart** zu **Niedeck** einen ſo ſtarken Eindruck auf ihn machte, daß er ſeinen Vorſatz ſchnell vergaß, ſich um die Hand dieſes guten und, wie man in der Folge ſehen wird, großmüthigen Frauenzimmers bewarb, und ſich im September 1774 endlich mit derſelben verband.

Schon vorher hatte ihn eine traurige, in völligen Wahnſinn übergehende Gemüthskrankheit der Hofräthinn Liſte und eine mit ihrem Manne entſtandene Mißhelligkeit veranlaßt, ſeine meiſte Zeit zu Niedeck zuzubringen, und nur dann nach Gelliehauſen zurück zu kommen, wenn die Gerichtsſtube ſeine Gegenwart foderte. Zu ſeinem künftigen Wohnſitze wurde nun das in ſeinem Gerichtsſprengel liegende Dorf **Wöllmershauſen** auserſehen, und er bezog mit ſeiner jungen Gattinn ein zu ſeiner Wohnung eingerichtetes Bauerhaus.

Das erſte Stück des **Deutſchen Muſeums**, welches Boie und Dohm mit dem Jahre 1776 herauszugeben anfingen, begann mit dem fünften Buche der Ilias in Jamben. Bürger, der ſich damals überredet hatte, eine Ueberſetzung in der Versart des Originales könne in unſerer Sprache nicht glücken, fragte durch dieſe Probe bei dem Publicum an, ob es eine ſolche Arbeit von ſeiner Hand wünſchte. Mit der Idee derſelben hatte er ſich ſchon ſeit Jahren beſchäftigt, und hoffte dadurch, wenn nicht gänzliche Unabhängigkeit, in der er nur glücklich ſeyn konnte, dennoch einen anſtändigeren Wirkungskreis zu erringen. Wenn gleich Einige ſeiner Freunde ihm riethen, lieber etwas Neues hervorzubringen, ſo ermunterten ihn doch Viele, die Verdeutſchung des Griechiſchen Dichters fortzuſetzen. Am entſcheidendſten war für ihn die Aufforderung, welche von Weimar aus durch **Göthe'n** an ihn erging *). Er arbeitete demnach fort, fertigte mehrere Bücher der Ilias, vollendete aber nie; vielleicht an der Vorzüglichkeit ſeiner Jamben ſelbſt irre geworden, oder durch die nun auch angekündigte Stolbergiſche Ueberſetzung abgeſchreckt. So ſehr indeſſen Bürger den hohen Genius und die Kraft ſeines Mitkämpfers anerkannte, ſo trat er doch nicht furchtſam aus der Bahn zurück, ſondern warf ſeinem Freunde im erſten Unmuthe den Fehdehandſchuh hin. Als Graf Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg ihm dieſen ſo freundlich und edel wieder zurück gab, ward er ſogleich beſänftigt. Man weiß, daß er in der Folge ſich ſogar mit den Hexametern ausſöhnte.

Gleichwohl beſchäftigte ihn der alte Grieche doch nicht ſo

Er war ſelbſt Uslar'ſcher Beamter geweſen, hatte im ſiebenjährigen Kriege eine nicht unbedeutende Rolle geſpielt, und durch ſeine Verſchlagenheit den Einwohnern ſeiner Gegend wichtige Dienſte geleiſtet. Durch eben dieſe Verſchlagenheit hatte er ſich auch noch immer einigen Einfluß auf die Familie zu erhalten gewußt, vermittelſt deſſen er aus allen Kräften mitwirkte, um Bürger'n die Stelle zu verſchaffen. Dieſer wohnte, ſo lange er unverheirathet war, in deſſen Hauſe, aß an ſeinem Tiſche, und verlebte in der Geſellſchaft ſeiner zwar nicht mehr jungen, aber ſehr geiſtreichen und gebildeten, nur etwas ſchwärmeriſchen Gattinn angenehme Stunden. Sie war einſt von **Gemmingen** und **Zacharia** als **Eliſe** und **Luciade** verehrt und beſungen worden. Bürger ſchätzte ſie eben ſo ſehr, als ſein Freund Boie, und theilte ſogar ihre frommen Schwärmereien. In einem Briefe an dieſen vom 2. Auguſt 1772 ſchreibt er von ihr: „Dieß Frauenzimmer ſoll einſt meine Geſellinn in den paradieſiſchen Lauben werden; auf Erden aber ſoll ein unbeflecktes Saitenſpiel und eine neue Art von Geſang, ſo ich mir zu bilden beſchäftigt bin, dieſer ſchönen Seele hinfort allein geweihet ſeyn.“ — Als einen reinen Erguß ſeiner damaligen Gefühle betrachte man das ſchöne Gedicht an **Agathe**, das ſie eingegeben hatte, und welches an ſie gerichtet war.

*) In **The Monthly Magazine** (September, 1796) wird der ſeit Bürger's Tode in England ſo ſehr geprieſenen und ſo oft überſetzten Lenore die Originalität ſtreitig gemacht, und behauptet, der Stoff dieſes Gedichtes ſey aus einer alten Engliſchen Ballade, **The ſuffolk Miracle**, genommen. Die zur Begründung dieſer Behauptung daſelbſt angeführten Stellen dürften wohl keinen unbefangenen Leſer überzeugen, und jene Erzählung (welche ſich auf das Zeugniß des Erzählers gründet, deſſen Stimme hier wohl entſcheidender iſt, weil er der einzige Vertraute des Dichters bei dieſer [illegible] Arbeit war) widerlegt das ganze Vorgeben durchaus. Ein ähnliches altes Volkslied iſt gewiß vor Zeiten in Deutſchland, warum nicht auch in England? geſungen worden. Aber nicht die Erfindung des Stoffes macht hier das Verdienſt des Dichters, ſondern die Behandlung, welche ihm unſtreitig allein gehört, und die Entfaltung ſeiner [illegible], wie im Keime zeigt.

*) S. den **Deutſchen Merkur** vom Jahre 1776. Februar. 193. Seite.

ganz, daß nicht auch ſeiner eigenen Muſe von Zeit zu Zeit ein Lied hätte gelingen ſollen; und die erſten Jahre auf dem Lande ſcheinen für ihn, wenn auch nicht ganz glücklich, doch nicht ohne zufriedene Stunden und Tage geweſen zu ſeyn.

Im Jahre 1775 wurde die Bekanntſchaft zwiſchen Bürger und Göckingk, der mit ihm zugleich auf dem Halliſchen Pädagogium geweſen war, erneuert. Dieſe Bekanntſchaft wurde nachher zur innigſten, bis an Bürger's Tod fortgeſetzten Freundſchaft.

Im Jahre 1777 verdeutſchte Bürger, von Boie aufgefordert, die Hexen-Scenen im Macbeth, welchen Schröder damals in Hannover auf die Bühne bringen wollte. Die Bekanntſchaft dieſes philoſophiſchen Schauſpielers war die Folge dieſer Gefälligkeit. Bald darauf ſtarb ſein Schwiegervater, der Amtmann Leonhart zu Niedeck; und nun fiel unſerm Dichter eine ſolche Laſt von Geſchäften in Haushaltungs-, Familien- und Erbſchafts-Angelegenheiten zu, daß ihm vollends weder Zeit noch Kräfte zu einem Meiſterwerke übrig blieben. Indeſſen gab er durch geſchickte Führung eines durch dieſen Todesfall veranlaßten ſchwierigen Rechtshandels einen Beweis, daß es ihm weder an juriſtiſchen Kenntniſſen, noch an der Fähigkeit, ſie anzuwenden, fehlte.

Nun aber vermehrten ſich mit dem Anwachs ſeiner Familie ſeine Bedürfniſſe, ohne daß die Einnahme in gleichem Verhältniſſe zugenommen hätte. Bürger fing daher an, eine Verbeſſerung ſeiner Umſtände immer ſehnlicher zu wünſchen. Er machte ſich einige Hoffnung, ſeinem Schwiegervater in dem ungleich einträglicheren Amte Niedeck nachzufolgen; allein dieſe Hoffnung konnte, aller Fürſprache ungeachtet, bei der Menge der bereits in Kammerdienſten ſtehenden Exſpectanten, nicht wohl erfüllet werden.

Im Jahre 1778 übernahm Bürger die Herausgabe des Göttingiſchen Muſen-Almanachs, nachdem Göckingk, der bisherige Herausgeber deſſelben, ſich mit Voß zur Beſorgung des Hamburgiſchen vereinigt hatte. Aus dieſer Uebernahme hat man meinem Freunde, wegen ſeiner Verbindung mit Voß und Göckingk, einen Vorwurf gemacht, den er aber ſelbſt entkräftete, indem er die guten Gründe, welche ihn zur Annahme der Anerbietungen des Verlegers beſtimmen mußten, ſeinen beiden Freunden offen und freimüthig vorlegte. Unter dieſen Beſtimmungsgründen waren die Vorſtellungen und Bitten angeſehener Männer in Hannover und Göttingen, die auf ſein künftiges Glück Einfluß haben konnten, nicht die unwichtigſten.

In demſelben Jahre gab er auch die erſte Sammlung von Gedichten heraus, welche außer den in Almanachen und Journalen bereits abgedruckten, verſchiedene neue und treffliche Stücke enthielt. Dadurch wurde nun zwar ſein Dichterruhm noch ſehr verbreitet, aber nicht eben ſo ſehr die Hoffnung zu einer beſſern Stelle. Er faßte einſt den etwas kühnen Entſchluß, an Friedrich den Zweiten zu ſchreiben, und ihn um eine ſeinen Fähigkeiten angemeſſene Verſorgung in den Preußiſchen Staaten zu bitten. Der große König befahl ſeinem Groß-Kanzler, Bedacht darauf zu nehmen, und dieſer eröffnete unſerm Bürger in einem ſehr gütigen Schreiben: Wie er ihm gern eine Stelle anbieten wollte, die ſich ganz für ihn ſchickte; da aber eine ſolche gerade jetzt nicht offen wäre: ſo bäte er ihn, ſich nur noch einige Zeit zu gedulden. Gleichwohl wurde Bürger's Hoffnung nie erfüllt, vermuthlich, weil er's verſäumte, ſich zu rechter Zeit wieder zu melden*).

Um ſeine ökonomiſchen Umſtände einſtweilen zu verbeſſern, und um ſich und ſeiner guten Gattinn mehr Bequemlichkeiten des Lebens verſchaffen zu können, beſchloß er, eine zu Appenrode erledigte Pachtung zu übernehmen. Er trat dieſelbe im Jahre 1780 an; aber es war vorher zu ſehen, daß dabei für ihn kein Segen heraus kommen würde, da ſo wohl er ſelbſt, als ſeine Gattinn, weder Neigung genug zur eigentlichen Landwirthſchaft, noch auch hinlängliche Kenntniß und Erfahrung hatten, um dieſelbe auf eine erſprießliche Art zu betreiben. Dazu kamen dann freilich auch noch allerlei Unglücksfälle, über deren eigenſinnige Verfolgung ſich Bürger oft mit der ihm eigenen Laune beklagte. Kurz er ſah ſich bald genöthigt, dieſen Erwerbszweig wieder fahren zu laſſen, und die Pachtung 1784 aufzukündigen, nachdem er bei dieſem Unternehmen in drei Jahren einige tauſend Thaler zugeſetzt hatte.

Noch konnte dieſer Verluſt, durch den er den größten Theil der ihm von ſeinem Schwiegervater zugefallenen Erbſchaft wieder einbüßte, nicht verſchmerzt ſeyn, als ihm eine andere Kränkung zubereitet wurde, die für ihn ohne Vergleichung empfindlicher geweſen ſeyn würde, als jener Verluſt, wenn er nicht noch zu rechter Zeit davon unterrichtet, und dadurch in den Stand geſetzt worden wäre, die hämiſche Abſicht ſeiner Feinde wenigſtens in ſo fern zu vereiteln, als ſeine bürgerliche Ehre dabei auf dem Spiele ſtand.

Ein jetzt verſtorbenes Mitglied der von Uslariſchen Familie, ein Mann, der unſerm Bürger ohnehin nicht gewogen war, ließ ſich durch die wiederholten Ohrenbläſereien eines ſehr verſchmitzten Menſchen endlich dahin bringen, daß er in einer von eben dieſem Menſchen entworfenen Vorſtellung an die Königliche Regierung zu Hannover ſeinen Amtmann beſchuldigte:

1. Er ſuchte weder die allerhöchſten landesherrſchaftlichen Hoheitsrechte, noch die Gerechtſame der Familie, gegen die Eingriffe ausländiſcher Nachbaren gehörig zu vertheidigen.
2. Er vernachläſſigte die ihm obliegende Juſtiz- und Polizei-Pflege gänzlich.
3. Er hätte die Kirchenſachen in Unordnung gebracht.
4. Er beobachtete in Anſehung der ihm anvertrauten Depoſiten nicht die ſtrengſte Ordnung.
5. Er legte die Lehnsrechnungen nicht zu rechter Zeit ab, fertigte die Lehnsbriefe nicht gehörig aus, und gäbe dadurch zu Klagen und Beſchwerden der Vaſallen Anlaß.

Wenn ich nun gleich den Vorwurf einiger Nachläſſigkeit in den Amtsgeſchäften, die ihm freilich nicht ſo angenehm ſeyn mochten, als die Unterhaltungen mit den Muſen, ohne offenbare Partheilichkeit nicht von meinem Freunde abwälzen kann: ſo war doch in den ihm gemachten Beſchuldigungen ſo viel Uebertriebenes, daß es ihm nicht ſchwer wurde, ſich dagegen zu vertheidigen, und den Verfaſſer der Klagſchrift, deſſen hämiſche Abſicht zu deutlich hervor leuchtete, zu beſchämen. Er that dieſes in einem ausführlichen Aufſatze, welcher bald nachher ohne ſein Wiſſen und gegen ſeinen Willen in dem von Weckhrlin herausgegebenen grauen Ungeheuer abgedruckt wurde. Gegen das Ende heißt es darin:

„So ſind nun ſämmtlich, mit ſo gehäſſigen und ſchwarzen Farben geſchilderten Beſchuldigungen gegen mich beſchaffen. Ich habe mich mit dem Lichte der Wahrheit darüber ausgebreitet, und es unter der Würde meines Charakters gehalten, mich irgend wo durch Lügen, oder Beſchönigungen zu vertheidigen."

„Wegen ſolcher zum Theil grundloſen, zum Theil auf eine liebloſe Weiſe ins Ungeheure übertriebenen Beſchuldigungen kann alſo wohl eben ſo wenig ich ſelbſt mich meines Amtes für verluſtig achten, als irgend ein billiger und unpartheiiſcher Richter in der Welt das thun kann und wird. Deſſen ungeachtet aber muß ich erklären, daß die Abſicht dieſer Vertheidigung keinesweges dahin geht, mich etwa bei meinem Amte, oder, welches manchem Unkundigen gleich viel däuchten möchte, bei Ehre und Brot zu erhalten. Es bekleidet mich, Gottlob! noch andere und weit größere Ehre, als die mir mein Amt mitzutheilen vermag; und das Brot, welches es mir gewähret, iſt für mich faſt mehr für Verluſt, als für Gewinn zu achten. Ich habe daher beſchloſſen, ſobald dieſer gegenwärtige Klaghandel abgethan ſeyn wird, und ich meine etwa rückſtändigen Geſchäfte auf das Reine gebracht haben werde, meine Entlaſſung von der Familie ſelber zu ſuchen."

Und dieſes geſchah wirklich im Jahre 1784, nachdem kurz vorher ſeine gute und edle Gattinn an der Schwindſucht geſtorben war. Es verdient noch angeführt zu werden, daß der Menſch, der den verſtorbenen General-Major von Uslar ſo ſehr gegen Bürger'n einzunehmen gewußt und die Klagſchrift verfaßt hatte, kein anderer war, als eben der, welcher ihn um die von deſſen Großvater ihm anvertraute Summe betrogen und außer dem von ihm manche Wohlthaten und Gefälligkeiten genoſſen hatte.

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*) Bürger ſelbſt hat mir dieſe Sache mehr als Ein Mal erzählt; ich kann alſo an der Wahrheit derſelben nicht zweifeln, obgleich ſich unter ſeinen Papieren weder der Brief des Groß-Kanzlers, noch eine Abſchrift von Bürger's Briefe an den König findet.

Nun war alſo Bürger zwar wieder frei; aber wenn er ſich zwölf Jahre vorher genöthigt ſah, ein Amt anzunehmen, um zu leben: ſo war das Bedürfniß eines ſicheren Unterhaltes jetzt noch dringender für ihn, weil er Kinder hatte. Auf der andern Seite war ihm die Art ſeiner bisherigen Amtsgeſchäfte, die ihm nie viel Vergnügen gemacht hatte, nun vollends zuwider geworden. Er wünſchte, ſich künftig ganz ſeinen Lieblingswiſſenſchaften widmen zu können. Zu dieſem Ende beſchloß er, ſich wieder nach Göttingen zu begeben, daſelbſt die Herausgabe ſeines Muſen-Almanachs zu beſorgen, und für's erſte als Privat-Lehrer Vorleſungen über Aeſthetik, Deutſchen Styl und ähnliche Gegenſtände zu halten. Manche ſeiner Freunde widerriethen es ihm, weil ſie glaubten, Göttingen wäre gar nicht der Ort, an welchem er gedeihen könnte. Einer ſuchte ihn für Berlin, ein Anderer für einen andern Ort zu gewinnen, und Alle wollten ihn gern in ihrer Nähe haben. Aber er glaubte damals nirgends ſo gute Ausſichten für ſich zu finden, als in Göttingen. Zunächſt glaubte er darauf rechnen zu dürfen, durch Collegia, Privat-Unterricht und andere gelehrte Arbeiten ſo viel zu verdienen, als er zum Unterhalte brauchte; und in der Folge, hoffte er, würde die Regierung ihn als öffentlichen Lehrer der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften anſtellen und mit einem Gehalte verſehen, weil er ſich's bewußt war, ſein Name werde der Univerſität weder Schaden noch Schande bringen. Allein ſeine Hoffnung, Profeſſor zu werden, wurde erſt fünf Jahre nachher erfüllt, und mit einer Beſoldung verſehen zu werden, erlebte er gar nicht.

Noch im Jahre 1784 fing er an, Vorleſungen zu halten, und auch einigen Studierenden Privat-Unterricht zu ertheilen.

Im folgenden Jahre verband er ſich am Altare zu Biſſendorf, nicht weit von Hannover, mit der jüngſten Schweſter ſeiner verſtorbenen Gattinn, mit ſeiner bis an ihren Tod angebeteten und nach ihrem Tode noch ſo hoch gefeierten Molly, mit der ſein Herz ſchon ſeit vielen Jahren auf's allerinnigſte verbunden geweſen war. Ueber dieſe Verbindung, welche für Bürger'n eine Quelle von Troſt und Wonne, aber auch von Sorgen, Kummer und bitterem Leiden war, würde ich hier etwas ſagen müſſen, weil ſie Theils großen Einfluß auf ſeinen moraliſchen und bürgerlichen Charakter und auf ſeine Schickſale gehabt, Theils Gelegenheit zu manchem ſtrengen, liebloſen und ungerechten Urtheile über ſeine ſittlichen Grundſätze gegeben hat. Allein da Bürger ſelbſt dieſes Verhältniß in einem eigenen Aufſatze, den ich meinen Leſern mittheilen werde, genau und richtig angibt: ſo brauche ich mich nicht dem Tadel ſtrenger Sittenrichter auszuſetzen, indem ich mich vielleicht bemühen würde, Einiges, nicht zur Rechtfertigung, aber doch zur Entſchuldigung meines auch in Rückſicht auf dieſes Verhältniß von Vielen allzu ſtrenge beurtheilten Freundes anzuführen.

Im October 1785 kam er mit dieſer ſüßen Anvermählten nach Göttingen; hatte ſich aber kaum daſelbſt eingerichtet, als ihn der allerhärteſte Schlag traf, der ihn treffen konnte; als er dasjenige verlor, deſſen rechtmäßiger Beſitz ihn allein entſchädigen konnte für Alles, was er entbehren mußte; mit Einem Wort, als ihm der Tod ſeine Molly wieder entriß, welche ihm kurz vorher eine Tochter geboren hatte. Wie ihm bei dieſem Verluſte zu Muthe war, davon gibt die Art, wie er ihn ſeinen Freunden anzeigte *), nur eine ſchwache Vorſtellung. Er ſchien nun allen Muth und alle Kraft des Körpers und der Seele verloren zu haben. Alle ſeine Freunde und Bekannten, welche das ungemein holde und liebenswürdige Geſchöpf gekannt haben, ſtimmen darin überein, daß Bürger, wenn er ſeine Molly behalten hätte, nicht allein zufrieden und glücklich gelebt haben, ſondern auch mit der Zeit gewiß in beſſere Vermögensumſtände gekommen ſeyn würde. Sie würde ihm Luſt und Muth und Kraft zum Erwerben verliehen, und das Erworbene fein zu Rathe gehalten haben.

Ein anderer Brief von Bürger an ſeinen Freund Boie ſtellt die Lage ſeines Herzens und das, was er mit ſeiner Molly verloren hatte, ſo ſchön und rührend dar, daß ich mich nicht enthalten kann, ihn ebenfalls abzuſchreiben, und dabei auf den Dank der Leſer rechne.

„Göttingen, den 16. März, 1786.

Herzlichen Dank, lieber, beſter Boie, für Deinen gütigen theilnehmenden Brief! Zeichen Mitleid iſt immer ein Becher, wo nicht der Heilung, dennoch wenigſtens ſüßer Labung für den Verſchmachtenden, beſonders wenn ihn eine ſo liebe Hand, wie die Deinige, darbietet. — Ich bin ein armer unheilbarer Menſch bisher geweſen; ich bin es noch immer fort, und werde es bleiben bis in mein Grab neben der Unvergeßlichen; ein armer, an Kraft und Muth und Thätigkeit gelähmter Menſch, der zu jedem Dinge langſam und verdroſſen iſt. „O, das gibt ſich mit der Zeit!“ wirſt Du mit hundert andern vergnügten Tröſtern ſagen. Freilich iſt wohl die Zeit noch unter allen Tröſterinnen die beſte; allein was ſich geben wollte, geben konnte, das hat ſich längſt und ſchon in den erſten zwei Tagen gegeben. Was aber nun nach zwei Monaten noch übrig iſt, das gibt ſich auch ſchwerlich mein Leben lang. Wann wird der Schwarm von tauſend und abermal tauſend Erinnerungen aufhören, meine Seele zu umflattern? und wann wird jede derſelben bis dahin ermatten, um nicht mehr wie bisher mein Herz auf das ſchmerzlichſte zuſammen zu krampfen, wenn ich gleich vor den Leuten nicht laut dabei aufſchreie? Eben ſo tief war einſt meine unendliche Liebe, eben ſo tief mußte ſich nun mein unendlicher Schmerz in meine Seele graben. O! wie könnte ich Ihrer vergeſſen? Ach, Ihrer, Ihrer! der ich ſeit länger als zehn unglücklichen Jahren voll Drang und Zwang mit immer gleich heißer, verzehrender, verzehrender Sehnſucht nachſeufzte? Ihrer, durch welche ich bin Alles, was ich bin und nicht bin! Ihrer, um welche die einſt ſo geſunde Jugendblüthe meines Leibes ſo wohl als Geiſtes vor der Zeit dahin welkte! Ihrer, die dieſe verwelkte Blüthe endlich ganz wieder zu beleben verſprach, die endlich die Meinige, die Meinige! — ein Wort, ein Begriff von unendlicher Kraft für mich! — die Meinige endlich ward, mich gleichſam aus der Nacht der Todten zurück rief, und in einen lichten Freudenhimmel empor zu heben anfing! — Ach und wozu? Um ſo ſchnell, ſo auf Ein Mal mir wieder zu entſchweben, mich mitten auf den Stufen des Hinaufganges zum neuen beſſeren Leben ſtehen und noch tiefer in die vorige Nacht zurück ſinken zu laſſen! O Boie, ich liebte ſie ſo unermeßlich, ſo unausſprechlich, daß die Liebe zu ihr nicht bloß

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*) Hier iſt der Trauerbrief: „Auch meine zweite Gattinn, meine liebenswürdige Auguſte Marie Wilhelmine Eva, geborne Leonhart, Sie, die [illegible] meiner Lieder, Sie, in deren Leben mein Muth, meine Kraft, mein Alles verwebt war, hat geſtern, am funfzehnten Tage nach ihrer übrigens glücklichen Entbindung von einer Tochter, ein grauſames, unüberwindliches Fieber getödtet. O des kurzen Beſitzes meiner höchſten Lebensfreude! — Ich kann weder meine unausſprechliche, ach! ſo unglückliche Liebe, noch den namenloſen Schmerz, worunter nun mein armes auf immer verwüſtetes Herz erliegt, in Worte faſſen. Gott bewahre jedes fühlende Herz vor meinem Jammer! Göttingen, den 10. Januar, 1786.“

Diejenigen, welche wiſſen, wie ſtark er ſich gewöhnlich auszudrücken pflegte, mögen vielleicht gar noch ſtärkere Ausdrücke erwartet haben. Aber eben dieſe Mäßigung ſcheint mir mehr, als die allerſtärkſten Worte, von der großen Heftigkeit ſeines Schmerzes zu zeugen. Mächtige Gefühle bemühete er ſich nicht, Andern durch Worte mitzutheilen; allein das, was er jetzt empfand, würden Worte doch unvollkommen haben ausdrücken können. Doch kommt es mir vor, als fühle man es dieſem Briefe an, daß Bürger auf die Abfaſſung deſſelben nicht viel Sorgfalt verwendet, und dabei kaum an ſich gedacht habe.

der ganze und alleinige Inhalt meines Herzens, ſo ſehr gleichſam mein Herz ſelbſt zu ſeyn ſchien. Wie ſo ganz verwaiſt ich nun bin und wahrſcheinlich immer bleiben werde, das kann ich Dir mit Worten nicht begreiflich machen. Freilich kann man oft von ſich und ſeinem Herzen, dieſem Proteus, keine Stunde vorher etwas Gewiſſes prophezeien; Gefühle kommen und verſchwinden, wie der Dieb in der Nacht: aber das Gefühl dieſer Liebe hat ſich ſo lange und ſo tief mit meinem innerſten Ich verwebt, daß, wenn es auch nicht unmöglich wäre, dieſes mein Ich umzuſtimmen, dennoch dasjenige Weib, welches das Bild der einzig und höchſt geliebten Unvergeßlichen gänzlich in Schatten zurück zu drängen vermöchte, ein wahres Meiſter- und Schöpferwerk an mir verrichten würde.“

„Ach, liebſter Boie, ich ſage es ja nicht allein, daß ſie eine der Liebenswürdigſten ihres Geſchlechts war. Könnteſt du die Stimmen auch der Gleichgültigſten, die ſie näher kannten, ſammeln: ſo dürfte auch nicht eine einzige zu ihrem Nachtheil ausfallen. Hat jemals die ſchönſte Weiberſeele ſich in entſprechender Leibesgeſtalt ſichtbarlich offenbaret, ſo war es bei ihr geſchehen. Die Anmuth, wenn auch gleich nicht glänzende Schönheit ihres Geſichts, ihrer ganzen Form, jeder ihrer Bewegungen, ſelbſt des Flötentones ihrer Stimme, kurz Alles, Alles an ihr mußte es Jedem, der nicht an allen Sinnen von der Natur verwahrloſet war, verrathen, weß himmliſchen Geiſtes Kind ſie war. Wie nur irgend ein ſterblicher Menſch ohne Sünde ſeyn kann, ſo war ſie es; und was ſie ja in ihrem ganzen Leben Unrechtes gethan hat, das ſteht allein mir und meiner heißen, flammenden, allverzehrenden Liebe zu Buche. Wie wäre es möglich geweſen, dieſer, bei eben ſo hinreißenden Gefühlen auf ihrer Seite, zu widerſtehen? Und dennoch, dennoch hat ſie ihr Jahre lang unter den ſtärkſten Prüfungen widerſtanden. Dennoch iſt ſie ihr endlich nur auf eine Art unterlegen, die auf die höchſt reinſte weibliche Unſchuld und Keuſchheit auch nicht ein Fleckchen zu werfen vermag. Denn ich wüthender Löwe, der ich oft weder meines Menſchenverſtandes noch Herzens mächtig war, hätte Vater und Bruder, die ſie mir hätten ſtreitig machen wollen, mit den Zähnen zerriſſen; in meinem Wahnſinne hätte ich lieber meiner ewigen Glückſeligkeit, als dem Himmel ihres Genuſſes entſagt, ſo herzlich ich es auch vor Gott betheuern kann, daß Sinnenluſt der kleinſte Beſtandtheil meiner unausſprechlichen Liebe war. Der Allbarmherzige wird mir's um ſeines Lieblingswerkes willen verzeihen, was ich im höchſten Taumel der Liebe zu dieſem verbrochen habe. An dieſer herrlichen, himmelsſeelenvollen Geſtalt duftete die Blume der Sinnlichkeit allzu lieblich, als daß es nicht zu den feinſten Organen der geiſtigen Liebe hätte hinauf dringen ſollen. — Doch, wo gerathe ich hin? Ich ſage Dinge, die ich nicht ſagen ſollte. Du biſt ja einer meiner älteſten und vertrauteſten Freunde. Und am Ende, wenn ich's auch der ganzen Welt ſagte? — Bah! Was kümmert mich denn nun noch die ganze Welt? Hin iſt ja nun hin! Verloren iſt verloren! — Niemand nehme ſich's heraus mir zu ſagen: Bürger, ſey ein Mann! Ja doch, ich bin einer, und zwar ein ganzer Mann, der ſo etwas und noch ſo zu tragen vermag, als ich's wirklich trage. Liegen nicht all meine Glückſeligkeit, all meine Hoffnungen, die noch vor kurzem ſo ſchön, ſo frühlingsmäßig blühten, liegen ſie nicht alle zerſchmettert um mich her, wie ein verhageltes Saatfeld? Ein armer Stümper, ein Invalide an Geiſt und Leib bin ich freilich dadurch auf Lebenszeit geworden. Aber wer anders, als nur der todte Grenzpfahl im Felde kann eine ſolche Scene der Verwüſtung gleichgültig anſehen können, wenn gleich der erſte Schmerz der Verzweiflung ſich bald genug austobt? Welcher Menſch, der ein Herz von Fleiſch und nicht von Stein hat, kann wieder eben ſo fröhlich und in ſeinem Gott vergnügt dabei eſſen, trinken, ſchlafen und handthieren, als da noch Alles rings umher unverſehrt blühete und duftete? Man wälzt ſich ja freilich, nach wie vor, aus einem langweiligen Tage in den andern fort, und der Zuſchauer merkt es kaum, was und wie viel Einem fehlt. Aber ... doch wozu noch viele Worte? — Hin iſt hin! verloren iſt verloren, das iſt die Hauptſumme von Allem. Wenn ich hier noch etwas hoffe und wünſche; wenn ich, matt und kraftlos, wie ich bin, mit Haſten und Aufſtehen noch etwas noch ſtrebe: ſo geſchieht es um meiner Kinder willen. Wären dieſe nicht, ſo würde der ſehnende Wunſch, mich je eher je lieber neben meine Entſchlafene zu betten, mich gar nicht mehr verlaſſen. Wozu ſollte auch ſonſt der nackte, kahle, traurige Stab noch lange da ſtehen, nachdem die ſchöne, holde Rebe, die ſich um ihn hinan ſchlang, herab geriſſen iſt?“ —

Ah! te meae si partem animae rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus aeque, nec superstes
Integer? Ille dies utramque

Ducet ruinam: non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcumque praecedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati *).

„Dieſe Verſe, an die ich ſeit zwanzig Jahren nicht dachte, fielen mir nach meinem Verluſte plötzlich wie Weiſſagung ein, und dröhnen mir ſeitdem mit ihrem Todesinhalt durch Mark und Bein.“

„Meine Gedichte würde ich ſchwerlich in meinem ganzen Leben wieder zur Hand nehmen, wenn ich mich nicht noch für etwas mehr, als meine eigene armſelige Perſon, zu intereſſiren hätte. Die Beilage wird Dich von der nun nahe bevorſtehenden neuen Auflage weiter unterrichten. Kannſt Du etwas für mich thun, ſo weiß ich, Du thuſt es ungebeten. Du kannſt dieſe Ausgabe ziemlich als mein Legat, als mein Teſtament anſehen. Meine Kraft iſt dahin; was mir noch übrig iſt, das will ich zur Verherrlichung meiner Unvergeßlichen zuſammen raffen. Anders kann ich ihr doch die Leiden, welche ihr meine unglückliche Liebe ſo viele Jahre hindurch in den Frühlingstagen ihres Lebens verurſachte, nicht mehr vergelten.“

„Meine häuslichen Umſtände ſind erträglich, ob ich gleich harte Ausgaben dieſen Winter über gehabt habe. Sie würden in kurzem merklich beſſer geworden, ja ich würde wieder auf einen grünen blühenden Zweig gekommen ſeyn, wenn ich meine mit allen häuslichen und wirthſchaftlichen Tugenden gezierte Auguſte, und mit ihr meinen Muth und meine Thätigkeit behalten hätte. Nun muß ich mich an der fremden Leuten Preis geben, ſo enge ich mich auch zuſammen gezogen habe. Meine älteſte und einzige Tochter erſter Ehe, ein ſehr viel verſprechendes Mädchen, habe ich der Frau Profeſſorinn Erxleben in Koſt und Erziehung gegeben. Den Nachlaß meiner Entſchlafenen, nebſt ſeiner Amme, hat meine Schwiegerinn mit nach [illegible] genommen. Höchſt traurig iſt es, daß ich meine lieben Küchlein nun ſo von mir entfernen muß. Wann werde ich ſie wieder zu mir verſammeln können?“

„Eben lauft ein Brief aus England ein, daß ich einen jungen Engländer ins Haus und unter meine Aufſicht nehmen, auch [illegible], wohin ihn ſein Vater, Lord Lisburne, ſelbſt begleiten will, in ungefähr drei Wochen abholen ſoll. Ich hoffe, dieſe Zerſtreuung ſoll mir etwas wohl thun.“

„Leb' wohl, mein beſter Boie! Gott ſegne Dich nebſt Deinem treuen Weibe mit allem dem Segen, den er einſt ſo reich, allein umſonſt, über mich erſchüttete! Unveränderlich Dein getreuer
Bürger.“

So trauerte, ſo wehklagte Bürger noch zwei Monate nach dem Tode ſeiner Molly. Indeſſen ſuchte er ſich doch, nachdem die Zeit und die Zerſtreuung der Reiſe, welche bald darauf wirklich vor ſich ging, ſeinen Schmerz noch mehr abgeſtumpft hatten, ſo gut es gehen wollte, aufzuraffen, und fing nun wieder an, ſich den akademiſchen Beſchäftigungen ganz zu widmen. Im Winter 1787 hielt er öffentliche Vorleſungen über die kritiſche Philoſophie, welche zahlreich beſucht wurden. Unterdeſſen hatte ſeine Geſundheit, die ſchon lange zerrüttet geweſen war, durch die vielen großen und kleinen Leiden und Unannehmlichkeiten,

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*) Horat. Carm. II. 17.

welche er erfahren hatte, immer mehr gelitten, und nothwendig mußten dadurch die Schwingen ſeines Geiſtes gelähmt werden. Er ſchrieb einſt: „Immer währende Kränklichkeit des Leibes belaſtet mehr denn allzu oft die natürliche Kraft und Thätigkeit meines Geiſtes mit ſo drückenden Feſſeln; ſie lähmt dergeſtalt die lebendigſten Springfedern des Herzens: daß bisweilen kein Leben, kein Streben, kein Wunſch mir noch übrig zu ſeyn ſcheint, als der letzte Wunſch aller Mühebeladenen und Müden, der Wunſch, aus einem beſchwerlichen zuſammen gepreßten Daſeyn in die Ruhe des Nichtſeyns hinab zu taumeln.“

So quälte er ſich unter körperlichen Leiden und ungewohnten zum Theil nicht leichten Arbeiten fort, bis im Jahre 1787 ſeine Geſundheit nach einer gebrauchten Kur ein wenig beſſer geworden zu ſeyn ſchien. Jetzt hatte er der heiteren Stunden mehr, in denen er das längſt empfangene hohe Lied vollendete und gebar, das Gedicht an Bell, Vorgefühl der Geſundheit überſchrieben, nebſt einigen andern Gedichten verfertigte, und Vorbereitungen zu der zweiten Ausgabe ſeiner Gedichte machte, welche 1789 in zwei Bänden erſchien.

Bei der funfzigjährigen Jubelfeier unſerer Univerſität im Jahre 1787, die er durch zwei Gedichte verherrlichte, ertheilte ihm die philoſophiſche Facultät, auf den Vorſchlag des geheimen Juſtiz-Rathes Michaelis, damaligen Dechanten derſelben, die Doctor-Würde. Zwei Jahre darauf, im November 1789, wurde er endlich zum außerordentlichen Profeſſor in der philoſophiſchen Facultät ernannt.

Schon einige Jahre vorher hatte er einen guten Theil ſeiner Zeit dem Studium der Schriften des berühmten Königsbergiſchen Philoſophen gewidmet. Dieſes Studium lag ihm damals ſehr am Herzen, und er wünſchte nichts ſehnlicher, als, daß er erſt gelernt haben möchte, die Kritik der reinen Vernunft vollkommen zu verſtehen. Dieſer Wunſch beweiſet wenigſtens, wie weit er von dem ſelbſtgenügſamen Dünkel mancher Jünger des großen Mannes entfernt war. Da aber in der Folge ſeine Geſundheit wieder ſchwächer wurde, war er genöthiget, ſich aller erſchöpfenden Anſtrengungen der Denkkraft zu enthalten. Eben dieſe Urſache hinderte auch die Ausführung eines andern Entwurfs, mit dem er ſich einige Zeit nachher beſchäftigte. Er wollte eine darſtellende Biographie von Julius Cäſar ausarbeiten, hat aber, außer einigen ganz unbedeutenden Collectaneen noch nichts davon auf's Papier gebracht.

Da Bürger nun wieder ein öffentliches Amt und Hoffnung zu künftiger Verſorgung hatte, ſo wurde der Wunſch immer lebhafter in ihm, ſeine drei Kinder, welche er ſchon ſeit mehreren Jahren von ſich hatte entfernen müſſen, wieder zu ſich nehmen und für ihre Erziehung ſelbſt ſorgen zu können. Dieſer Wunſch konnte aber, bei dem noch zarten Alter der jüngeren Kinder, nicht füglich erfüllet werden, wenn er ihnen nicht auch eine Mutter geben konnte. Aus dieſem Grunde war er beinahe ſchon entſchloſſen, ſich zum dritten Male zu verheirathen, und ſah ſich hier und dort nach einer Gattinn um, die für ſeine Kinder eine gute Mutter ſeyn, und ihm den Verluſt ſeiner Molly, wenn auch nicht ganz erſetzen, dennoch minder ſchmerzlich machen könnte: als ihm von Stuttgart ein Gedicht zugeſendet wurde (welches das Publicum nachher im Muſen-Almanache für das Jahr 1791 und nun auch im zweiten Theile der letzten Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte geleſen hat), worin ein, dem Anſehen nach, edles Mädchen von gebildetem Verſtande und gefühlvollem Herzen, durch den Eindruck, den Bürger's Gedichte auf daſſelbe gemacht hatten, zu inniger Liebe zum Dichter hingeriſſen, ihm Herz und Hand antrug. Bürger betrachtete dieſen Antrag Anfangs freilich nur als das Spiel einer aufgeregten Phantaſie, und ſcherzte und lachte darüber. Allein als verſchiedene Nachrichten einliefen, welche von der naiven Dichterinn ein ſehr reizendes Bild entwarfen: ſo glaubte er mit einigen ſeiner Freunde, die Sache verdiente doch wohl eine ernſtlichere Erwägung. Ein Mädchen, meinten ſie, welches den Muth hätte, öffentlich aufzutreten, und einem Manne, der ſo Vielen im Publicum lieb und werth wäre, ſich als Gattinn anzubieten, müßte doch wohl von unbeſcholtenem Adel des Herzens und der Sitten ſeyn. Wäre das nicht der Fall, ſo würde ja wohl mehr als Eine Stimme ſich erheben, um den Freund vor dem Sirenen-Geſange zu warnen. Dieſe Betrachtungen bewogen ihn zuvörderſt, das Lied poetiſch zu beantworten, und dieſe Beantwortung leitete Unterhandlungen ein, welche ſich damit endigten, daß Bürger ſein Schwaben-Mädchen im October 1790 als Gattinn abholete. — Daß er in dieſer ſo ſonderbar geknüpften Verbindung nur wenige Wochen glücklich war, daß ſie nachher für ihn eine Quelle des bitterſten Kummers, daß ſie nach drittehalb Jahren durch richterliche Entſcheidung wieder getrennt wurde, und daß ſie zu Bürger's frühem Tode nicht wenig beigetragen zu haben ſcheint: das Alles iſt unter ſeinen Freunden ſo allgemein bekannt, daß ich ſchon darum nicht nöthig haben würde, mich bei der umſtändlicheren Erzählung dieſer Begebenheiten zu verweilen, wenn auch nicht andere und wichtige Rückſichten mir ein genaueres Detail durchaus verböten.

Im Februar 1792 wurde Bürger zum dritten Male Wittwer, nachdem er, vorzüglich in den letzten fünf Monaten der letzten unglücklichen Ehe unausſprechlich viel Unangenehmes und tief Kränkendes erfahren hatte. Einſam und von den meiſten ſogenannten Freunden verlaſſen, an Leib und Seele heftig erſchüttert, an Kraft und Vermögen nun ganz erſchöpft, verbarg er ſich jetzt in ſein kleines Studier-Zimmerchen, das er faſt den ganzen Tag verſchloſſen hielt, und nur wenigen Auserwählten öffnete.

Kurz vor der Trennung von ſeiner Gattinn hatte er ſich durch Erkältung eine Heiſerkeit der Sprache zugezogen. Da er nun bei dieſer Heiſerkeit einige Wochen hindurch täglich und ſtündlich in der allerheftigſten Leidenſchaft und mit der größten Anſtrengung laut zu reden ſich bemühete: ſo hatten dieſe oft wiederholten Anſtrengungen der kranken und geſchwächten Stimm-Organe die Folge, daß er das Vermögen, laut zu reden, ganz verlor, und bis an ſeinen acht und zwanzig Monate nachher erfolgten Tod heiſer blieb. Manche ſeiner auch auswärtigen Freunde, welche ihn in dieſer Zeit geſprochen haben, werden ſich noch mit Rührung der dumpfen, rauhen und widrigen Stimme des lieblichen Sängers erinnern.

Unter allen ſeinen Freunden war Einer, deſſen troſtvolle Briefe ihn in dieſem troſtloſen Zuſtande aufrichteten; Einer, der ſich noch jetzt mit der freundſchaftlichſten Thätigkeit bemühete, ihm eine beſſere äußere Lage zu verſchaffen; der eine Zuſammenkunft mit Bürger'n veranſtaltete, welche dieſem, bei ſeinem ſchon allzu ſehr zerrütteten Geſundheitszuſtande, doch neuen Muth und auf kurze Zeit neue Luſt und Hoffnung zum Leben einflößte. Den Namen dieſes edeln Mannes nenne ich nicht, um das ſchwache Dankopfer, welches ich ihm hier darbringe für Alles, was er an meinem armen, von den Meiſten verlaſſenen Freunde that und noch gethan haben würde, wenn dieſer länger gelebt hätte, nicht der Schmeichelei verdächtig zu machen.

Zu den widrigen Schickſalen, welche unſern guten Bürger niederdrückten, gehörte nun auch, daß er ohne alle gewiſſe Einnahme und ſeine Caſſe ganz erſchöpft war. Er würde jetzt kaum haben leben können, wenn er nicht den größten Theil ſeiner Zeit und den geringen Reſt ſeiner Kräfte dazu angewendet hätte, für auswärtige Buchhändler aus fremden Sprachen zu überſetzen. So weit war es mit dem Lieblingsdichter der Nation, mit dem Verdeutſcher des Homer gekommen! Glück genug für ihn, daß der Herausgeber einer periodiſchen Schrift ihm Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen, Franzöſiſchen und Italieniſchen auftrug, und dafür den ganzen Ertrag des Journales großmüthig und freundſchaftlich mit ihm theilte.

Unterdeſſen wurden die Kräfte ſeines ſiechen Körpers immer ſchwächer. Im October 1793 nöthigte ihn ein mit Fieber verbundener heftiger Schmerz in der rechten Seite, das Bett zu hüten. Jetzt fing er erſt eigentlich an zu merken, daß ſeine Geſundheit zerrüttet ſey, und für die Wiederherſtellung derſelben beſorgt zu werden. Gleichwohl genas er von dieſer bedeutend ſcheinenden Krankheit bald in ſo fern, als er ſich zuweilen wieder aufgelegt zur Arbeit fühlte, und dann auch wohl wieder anfing zu hofſen, er werde doch vielleicht im Herbſte ſeines Lebens ſich noch heiterer Tage zu erfreuen haben. Aber geſund iſt Bürger von dieſer Zeit an keinen Tag geweſen. Mancherlei kleine und große Beſchwerden und Zufälle wechſelten mit einander ab, und zwiſchen durch ſchimmerte auch wohl ein ſchwacher Schein von Hoffnung zur Beſſerung; bis endlich die Bruſtbeſchwerden immer mehr überhand nahmen, und die gefürchtete ſchleichende Lungenſchwindſucht ſich deutlich verrieth.

Da er nun gar nicht mehr arbeiten konnte, ſo würde er am Ende ſeines Lebens auf's neue von bitterem Mangel gedrückt worden ſeyn, wenn nicht die Milde der königlichen Regierung zu Hannover dieſem durch ein nicht erbetenes Geſchenk einiger Maßen abgeholfen hätte. Dadurch, noch mehr aber durch die zugleich geſchöpfte Hoffnung zu künftiger Beſoldung, wurde der Arme, der nicht wußte, daß er bald keine Beſoldung mehr brauchen würde, ungemein erfreuet und aufgerichtet.

Bürger lernte die über ſeinem Haupte ſchwebende unüberwindliche Todesgefahr erſt wenige Tage vor ſeinem Ende kennen. Bis dahin nahm bei ihm, wie das bei Schwindſüchtigen meiſten Theils zu geſchehen pflegt, die Hoffnung zur Beſſerung mit der Krankheit zu: und ich habe es da, wo nicht beſondere Umſtände eine Ausnahme nothwendig machten, immer für grauſam gehalten, ſolchen Kranken das Einzige auch noch zu entreißen, was ihnen die Natur abſichtlich, wie es ſcheint, gelaſſen hat, um ihren bejammernswürdigen Zuſtand erträglich zu machen, — die Hoffnung. Erſt als ihm ſelbſt die Augen über ſeinen Zuſtand aufzugehen anfingen, geſtand ich ihm, daß er freilich jetzt nicht mehr hoffen könnte, von dieſer Krankheit zu geneſen. Weit entfernt, durch dieſe Entdeckung beunruhigt zu werden, antwortete er, es komme ihm nun ſelbſt ſo vor, und wünſchte ſich nur einen leichten Tod. Er ſagte mir, er würde es gern ſehen, wenn in ſeiner Todesſtunde ſich einige Freunde um ihn verſammelten, und ſich, ohne die allergeringſte Betrübniß zu äußern, in munteren und geiſtreichen Geſprächen unterhielten, indem er die Augen für immer ſchlöſſe. Allein dazu kam es nicht. Am achten Junius 1794 verließ ihn gegen Abend der kleine Ueberreſt von Sprache vollends. Er wollte ſeinem mehrjährigen rechtſchaffenen Freunde, dem Herrn Doctor Jäger, der auf ſeine dringende Bitte die Vormundſchaft über die Kinder übernommen hatte, und mir etwas ſagen, konnte aber kein vernehmliches Wort mehr hervor bringen. Wir baten ihn, zu verſuchen, ob er uns ſeine Meinung nicht ſchriftlich mittheilen könnte: aber auch die Augen verſagten ihm ihren Dienſt; es war und blieb ihm, aller angezündeten Lichter ungeachtet, zu dunkel, und indem er den Mund öffnete, um mir eine ihm vorgelegte Frage mit Ja zu beantworten, blies er ſanft ſeinen letzten Athem aus, in einem Alter von ſechs und vierzig Jahren, fünf Monaten und acht Tagen.

Folgendes iſt ein genaues Verzeichniß von Bürger's Schriften:

Anthia und Abrokomas. Aus dem Griechiſchen des Xenophon von Epheſus. Leipzig, 1775. 8.
Gedichte. Göttingen, 1778. 8.
Macbeth. Ein Schauſpiel in fünf Aufzügen. Nach Shakſpear. Göttingen, 1783. N. A. 1784.
Ueber Anweiſung zur deutſchen Sprache und Schreibart u. ſ. w. Erſtes Blatt. Göttingen, 1787.
Wunderbare Reiſen zu Waſſer und zu Lande, Feldzüge und luſtige Abenteuer des Freiherrn von Münchhauſen u. ſ. w. Aus dem Engliſchen. London (Göttingen), 1787. N. A. Göttingen, 1788.
Gedichte. — 2 Thle. Göttingen, 1789.
Benjamin Franklin's Jugendjahre u. ſ. w. Berl. 1792.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Herausgegeben von Karl Reinhard. 4 Bde. Göttingen, 1796 — 98. Dieſe Ausgabe erſchien in verſchiedenem Format zu wiederholten Malen.
G. A. Bürgers ſämmtliche Werke. 6 Thle in 12. Göttingen, 1829. *)
Eine neue Ausgabe von Dr. Bohtz beſorgt, in einem Bande, iſt unter der Preſſe.

Im Verein mit Andern gab B. heraus:

Muſen-Almanach. — Göttingen, 1779—1794. 16.
Akademie der ſchönen Redekünſte. Bd. 1. St. 1—3. Berlin, 1790—91.
Einzelne Gedichte, Abhandlungen, Ueberſetzungen u. ſ. w. finden ſich in der deutſchen Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, im deutſchen Merkur, deutſchen Muſeum, Journal von und für Deutſchland, der Akademie der ſchönen Redekünſte, der Göttingiſchen poetiſchen Blumenleſe, dem Lauenburgiſchen Muſenalmanache, der Allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek und der Allgemeinen Literaturzeitung.

Nie ward ein Dichter ſo ſehr von den Verhältniſſen gedrückt, nie von ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen ſo ungleich beurtheilt, wie Bürger. Während er der Liebling eines großen Theils der Nation war, griff ihn Schiller *) von der anderen Seite auf das Strengſte an und verletzte den körperlich und geiſtig bereits ſchwer leidenden Sänger empfindlich dadurch. — Auch hier wie überall hat die Zeit gezeigt, daß die Wahrheit in der Mitte liege. Eine gewiſſe Rohheit und Derbheit, Anklänge niederer Sinnlichkeit, welche leicht in Lüſternheit umgewandelt werden können, Einſeitigkeit, Uebertreibung und ein irrthümliches Gefallen am Niedrigen, das er für volksthümlich hielt, ſind Vorwürfe, welche ſelbſt der mildeſte Kunſtrichter nicht von Bürger's Muſe abzuwenden vermag. Wie dem aber auch ſei, alle dieſe Flecken werden von den glänzenden Eigenſchaften, welche ſie beſaß, herrlich überſtrahlt. Wärme der Empfindungen, Gluth der Einbildungskraft, ſeltener Zauber des Wohlklanges, Tiefe und Innigkeit des Gefühls, Gewandtheit im Ausdruck und in der Wahl der Bilder, Wahrheit und Echtheit der Geſinnungen, Alles dies findet ſich im reichſten Maaße bei Bürger und erwirbt und bewahrt ihm gerechte Anſprüche auf die ungetheilte Neigung und Verehrung des Leſers. Werfen wir einen vergleichenden Blick auf die mannichfachen Leiden und Sorgen, unter deren Laſt er beinahe erlag, und die ſeinen irdiſchen Wandel durch eine dornige und rauhe Bahn führten, und betrachten wir zur ſelben Zeit, was er inmitten dieſes ſelbſt den begabteſten Geiſt lähmenden Jammers leiſtete, ſo müſſen wir ihm dankbar den reichſten Lorbeerkranz zuerkennen, der je einem Dichter auf das Haupt gedrückt wurde, denn einem ſo ſchwer geprüften Manne gegenüber ziemt nur Milde und Liebe. Seine Verdienſte um die deutſche Dichtung ſind lange nicht genug anerkannt worden; er war es, der mit allen Kräften die im Schulzwange eingeſchnürte deutſche Muſe zur Wahrheit und Natur zurückzuführen ſtrebte, der die tiefe und ſinnige, aus der vollſten Wahrheit des Lebens entſprungene engliſch-ſchottiſche Ballade in ihrer reichen und doch ſo einfachen Weiſe in Deutſchland einheimiſch machte, und deſſen Einfluß gewiß keinen geringen Antheil an der Vollendung und Schönheit jener herrlichen ſpäteren deutſchen Dichtungen dieſer Gattung hat, welche wir als eben ſo viel Perlen in dem Schatze unſerer Literatur betrachten dürfen. — Durch ihn ward das Sonnett mit ſeinem geheimen Zauber wieder bei uns erweckt und mit ſo entſchiedenem Erfolge behandelt; kurz, er hat faſt Unglaubliches gethan und würde unter günſtigeren Verhältniſſen beſtimmt noch weit Bedeutenderes hervorgebracht haben: aber zu einer Zeit, wo ſein Geiſt in voller Reife hätte wirken können, mußte der Aermſte für das tägliche Brot, im kleinlichſten Sinne des Wortes, ſchreiben, und doch ſtrebte er raſtlos nach Vollkommenheit und war unaufhörlich bemüht, ſeine Werke zu feilen und zu veredeln. —

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*) Ausgeſchloſſen von dieſen Ausgaben ſind jedoch B's **Actenſtücke über einen poetiſchen Wettſtreit.** Berlin, 1793; **Hauptmomente der kritiſchen Philoſophie.** Münſter, 1793; **Lehrbuch der Aeſthetik**, herausgegeben von K. Reinhard. Berlin, 1825. 2 Bde; und **Lehrbuch des deutſchen Styls.** Berlin, 1826.

*) Schiller's Recenſion findet ſich im 14. und 15. Stücke der Allgemeinen Literaturzeitung vom Jahre 1791.

Die richtigſte Würdigung Bürger's als Dichter bleibt immer die von A. W. von Schlegel gegebene (Characteriſtiken und Kritiken Bd. II. S. 1 ſgde): ſie möge hier folgen: „Bürger iſt ein Dichter von mehr eigenthümlicher als umfaſſender Phantaſie, von mehr biederer und treuherziger als zarter Empfindungsweiſe, von mehr Gründlichkeit im Ausführen, beſonders in der grammatiſchen Technik, als tiefem Verſtande im Entwerfen, mehr in der Romanze und dem leichten Liede als der höheren lyriſchen Gattung einheimiſch; in einem Theile ſeiner Hervorbringungen echter Volksdichter, deſſen Kunſtſtyl, wo ihn nicht Maximen und Gewöhnungen hindern, ſich ganz zu demſelben zu erheben, Klarheit, rege Kraft, Friſche und zuweilen Zierlichkeit ſeiner Größe hat." —

Bürger's Gedichte ſind in Aller Händen. Mehr als ein Monument des edeln Todten, das er ſich ſelbſt errichtete, als weil wir es für nöthig hielten, Auszüge aus ſeinen Schriften folgen zu laſſen, ſetzen wir ſein hohes Lied von der Einzigen, ſein ſchönſtes, tiefſtes Werk, hieher.

Das hohe Lied
von der
Einzigen,
in Geiſt und Herzen empfangen
am Altare der Vermählung *).

Se tu avessi ornamenti, quant' hai voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco, e gir infra la gente.
Petrarca.

Hört von meiner Auserwählten,
Höret an mein ſchönſtes Lied!
Ha, ein Lied des Neubeſeelten
Von der ſüßen Anvermählten,
Die ihm endlich Gott beſchied!
Wie aus hoffnungsloſen Banden,
Wie aus Nacht und Moderduft
Einer tiefen Kerkergruft,
Fühlt er froh ſich auferſtanden
In des Frühlings Licht und Luft.

Diademe, Purpur-Zonen,
Demant-Ringe hab' ich nicht:
Hätte gleich, ihr voll zu lohnen,
Schmuck, erkauft für Millionen,
Ein genügendes Gewicht.
Was ich habe, will ich geben.
Ihren Namen, den mein Lied
Lange zu verrathen mied,
Will ich in ein Licht erheben,
Welches keine Nacht umzieht.

Schweig, o Chor der Nachtigallen!
Mir nur lauſche jedes Ohr!
Murmelbach, hör' auf zu wallen!
Winde, laßt die Flügel fallen,
Raſſelt nicht durch Laub und Rohr!
Halt in jedem Elemente,
Halt in Garten, Hain und Flur
Jeden Laut, der irgend nur
Meine Feier ſtören könnte,
Halt den Odem an, Natur!

Glorreich, wie des Aethers Bogen,
Weich gefiedert, wie der Schwan,
Auf des Wohllauts Silberwogen
Majeſtätiſch fortgezogen,
Wall', o Lied, des Ruhmes Bahn!
Denn hinab bis zu den Tagen,
Die der letzte Hauch erlebt,
Der von deutſcher Lippe ſchwebt,
Sollſt du deren Adel tragen,
Welche mich zu Gott erhebt.

Jubelvoll auch offenbaren
Sollſt du deſſen Göttermuth,
Der entrückt nun den Gefahren,
Wie Ulyß nach zwanzig Jahren,
In der Wünſche Heimath ruht.
Sturm und Woge ſind entſchlafen,
Die durch Zonen, kalt und feucht,
Dürr und glühend, ihn geſcheucht.
Seines Wonnelandes Hafen
Hat der Dulder nun erreicht.

Seine Stärke war geſunken;
Lechzend hing die Zung' am Gaum;
Alles Oel war ausgetrunken,
Und des Lebens letzter Funken
Glimmt' am dürren Dochte kaum.
Da zerriß die Wolkenhülle,
Wie durch Zauberwort und Schlag.
Heiter lacht' ein blauer Tag
Auf die ſchöne Segensfülle,
Welche dürrend vor ihm lag.

Wonne weht von Thal und Hügel,
Weht von Flur und Wieſenplan,
Weht vom glatten Waſſerſpiegel,
Wonne weht mit weichem Flügel
Des Piloten Wangen an;
Wonne, deren Vollgenuſſe
Kein tyranniſches Verbot
Hinterher mit Seelennoth,
Oder Sturm und Regenguſſe
Strafender Gewitter droht.

Nah in dieſem Luftgefilde,
Allen ſeinen Wünſchen nah,
Waltet mit des Himmels Milde,
Nach der Gottheit Ebenbilde,
[illegible]-Urania.
Froh hat ſie ihn aufgenommen
In der Labungsregion,
Ihn, des Kummers müden Sohn,
Froh mit lieblichem Willkommen
Zu Adons Flötenton.

Ach, in ihren Feenarmen
Nun zu ruhen, ohne Schuld;
An dem Buſen zu erwarmen,
An dem Buſen voll Erbarmen,
Voller Liebe, Treu' und Huld:
Das iſt ſüßer, als der Kette,
Süßer, als der Geierpein
An Prometheus rauhem Stein,
Auf der Mühe Flammenbette
Durch ein Wort entrückt zu ſein.

Iſt es wahr, was mir begegnet?
Oder Traum, der mich bethört,
Wie er oft den Armen ſegnet,
Und ihm goldne Berge regnet,
Die ein Hahnenruf zerſtört!
Darf ich's glauben, daß die Eine,
Die ſich ſelbſt in mir vergißt,
Den Vermählungskuß mir küßt?
Daß die Herrliche die Meine
Ganz vor Welt und Himmel iſt?

Hohe Namen zu erkieſen,
Ziemt dir wohl, o Lautenſpiel!
Nie wird die zu hoch geprieſen,
Die ſo herrlich ſich erwieſen,
Herrlich ohne Maß und Ziel:
Daß ſie, Trotz dem Hohngeſchreie,
Trotz der Hoffnung Untergang,
Gegen Sturm und Wogendrang
Mir gehalten Lieb' und Treue,
Mehr als hundert Monden lang.

Und warum, warum gehalten?
Hatt' ich etwa Krösus Thron,
Krösus Schätze zu verwalten?
Prangt' ich unter Mannsgeſtalten
Herrlich, wie Latonens Sohn?
War ich Herzog großer Geiſter,
Strahlend in dem Kranz von Licht,
Den die Hand der Fama flicht?
War ich holder Künſte Meiſter? —
Ach, das Alles war ich nicht!

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*) Aus: Bürger's Werke. Göttingen, 1835. Bd. II S. 76 ſgde.

Zwar — ich hätt' in Jünglingstagen,
Mit beglückter Liebe Kraft
Lenkend meinen Kämpferwagen,
Hundert mit Geſang geſchlagen,
Tauſende mit Wiſſenſchaft.
Doch des Herzens Loos, zu darben,
Und der Gram, der mich verzehrt,
Hatten Trieb und Kraft zerſtört.
Meiner Palmen Keime ſtarben,
Eines mildern Lenzes werth.

Sie, mit aller Götter Gnaden
Hoch an Seel' und Leib geſchmückt,
Schön und werth, Alcibiaden
Zur Umarmung einzuladen,
Hätt' ein Beßrer leicht beglückt.
Sie vor ihren Schweſtern allen
Hätte Hymens Huld umſchwebt,
Und ein Leben ihr gewebt,
Wie es in Kronions Hallen
Hebe mit Alciden lebt.

Dennoch, ohne je zu wanken,
Wo auch Liebe ſinken läßt,
Hielt ſie an dem armen Kranken,
So mit Wünſchen und Gedanken,
Wie mit ihren Armen feſt.
Liebend, voller Kümmerniſſe,
Daß der Eumeniden Schaar,
Die um ihn gelagert war,
Nicht in Höllengluth ihn riſſe,
Bot ſie ſich zum Schirme dar. —

Macht in meiner Schuld, o Saiten,
Ihrer Tugend Adel kund!
Wahrheit knüpfe, des geweihten
Lautenſchlägers Hand zu leiten,
Mit Gerechtigkeit den Bund!
Manche Tugend mag er miſſen:
Aber du, Gerechtigkeit,
Warſt ihm heilig jederzeit.
Nein! Mit Willen und mit Wiſſen
Hat er nimmer dich entweiht.

Ruf' es laut aus voller Seele:
Schuldlos war ihr Herz und Blut!
Welches Ziel die Rüge wähle,
O ſo trifft ſie meine Fehle,
Fehle meiner Liebeswuth!
Geißle mich des [illegible] Tadel!
Welke ſich ob meiner Schuld
Selbſt die Stirne milder Huld!
Büß' ich nur für ihren Adel,
O ſo büß' ich mit Geduld.

Ach, ſie ſtrebte ſich zu ſchirmen,
Strebte, — das iſt Gott bewußt!
Doch was konnte ſie den Stürmen
Meiner Lieb' entgegen thürmen?
Was den Flammen meiner Bruſt?
Nur in Plutons grauſen Landen
Hätten mit der Bruſt von Erz,
Taub für Luſt und taub für Schmerz,
Unholdinnen widerſtanden:
Nicht der Holdin weiches Herz.

Unglücksſohn, warum entflammte
Deinen Buſen ſolche Gluth?
Sprich, woher, woher ſie ſtammte?
Welches Dämons Macht verdammte,
Frevler, dich zu dieſer Wuth! —
Eitle Frage! Nimm, Erkunder,
Nimm mein Herz und meinen Sinn
Ohne dieſes Fieber hin!
Staune dann noch ob dem Wunder,
Wie ich dieſer war und bin.

Nimm mein Auge hin und ſchaue,
Schau' in ihres Auges Licht!
Ah, das klare, himmelblaue,
Das ſo heilig ſein: Vertraue
Meinem Himmelsſinne! ſpricht.
Sieh die Blüthe dieſer Wange!
Luſt verheißend winke dir
Dieſer Lippe Frucht, wie mir!
Und dein heißer Durſt verlange
Nie gelabt zu ſein von ihr!

Sieh, o Blöder, auf und nieder,
Sieh in meinem Sinn den Bau
Und den Einklang ihrer Glieder!
Wende dann das Auge wieder!
Sprich: Ich ſah nur eine Frau!
Sieh das Leben und das Weben
Dieſer Graziengeſtalt,
Sieh es ruhig an und kalt!
Fühle nicht das Wonnebeben
Vor der Anmuth Allgewalt!

Hat die Milde der Camönen
Gütig dir ein Ohr verliehn,
Aufgethan den Zaubertönen,
Die in's Freudenmeer des Schönen
Seelen aus dem Buſen ziehn,
O ſo neig' es ihrer Stimme!
Und es iſt um dich gethan;
Deine Seele faßt ein Wahn,
Daß ſie in der Fluth verglimme,
Wie ein Funk' im Ocean.

Nahe dich dem Taumelkreiſe,
Wo ihr Liebesodem weht;
Wo ihr warmes Leben leiſe,
Nach Magnetenſtromes Weiſe,
Dir an Leib und Seele geht;
Wo die Letzten der Gedanken,
Wo in Ein Gefühl hinein
Sich verſchmelzen Dein und Mein, —
Ha, aus dieſen Zauberſchranken
Rette dich, und bleibe dein! —

Doch — dein Auge blickt bedenklich;
Und ich ahnde, was es ſchilt.
Irdiſch nennt es und vergänglich,
Was mit Luſt ſo überſchwänglich
Nur der Sinne Hunger ſtillt. —
Wohl! — Verachtend mag es ſchelten,
Was aus Erde ſich erhebt,
Und zur Erde wieder ſtrebt.
Nur der Himmelsgeiſt ſoll gelten,
Der den Erdenſtoff belebt.

Ach, nur Ein, nur Einmal ſtrahle
Ihn, der mich nicht faſſen kann,
Seele aus dem Götterſaale,
Nur von fern und Einmal ſtrahle
Dieſen kalten Tadler an!
Lebensgeiſt, von Gott gehauchet,
Odem, Wärme, Licht zu Rath,
Kraft zu jeder Edelthat,
Selig, was in dich ſich tauchet,
Frommer Wünſche Labebad!

Schmeichelfluth der Vorgefühle
Hoher Götterluſt ſchon hier
Wallet oft, bei Froſt und Schwüle,
Wie mit Wärme, ſo mit Kühle,
Lieblich um den Buſen mir.
Fühlet wohl ein Gottesſeher,
Wann ſein Seheraug' entzückt
In die beſſern Welten blickt,
Fühlt er ſeinen Buſen höher,
Unausſprechlicher beglückt?

O der Wahrheit, o der Güte,
Rein wie Perlen, echt wie Gold!
O der Sittenanmuth! Blühte
Je im weiblichen Gemüthe
Jeder Tugend Reiz ſo hold? —
Hinter ſanfter Hügel Schirme,
Wo die Purpurbeere reift,
Und der Liebe Nektar träuft,
Hat kein Fittich böſer Stürme
Dies Elyſium beſtreift.

Da vergiftet nichts die Lüfte,
Nichts den Sonnenſchein und Thau,
Nichts die Blum' und ihre Düfte;
Da ſind keine Mördergrüfte;
Da beſchleicht kein Tod die Au:
Da berückt dich keine Schlange,
Zwiſchen Moos und Klee verſteckt,
Da umſchwirret dich kein Inſekt,
Keins, das deiner Bruſt und Wange
Ruh' und Heiterkeit entneckt.

Alle deine Wünſche brechen
Ihre Früchte hier in Ruh:
Milch und Honig fließt in Bächen;
Töne wie vom Himmel ſprechen
Labſal dir und Segen zu —
Doch mein Lied fühlt ſich verlaſſen
In ſo hoher Region,
Lange weigern ſich ihm ſchon,
Das Unſägliche zu faſſen,
Bild, Gedanke, Wort und Ton. —

Er, dem ſie die Götter ſchufen
Zur Genoſſin ſeiner Zeit,
Iſt vor aller Welt berufen,
Zu erobern alle Stufen
Höchſter Erdenſeligkeit.
Ihm gedeihn des Glückes Saaten;
Seinem Wunſch iſt jedes Heil,
Ehre, Macht und Reichthum feil:
Denn zu tauſend Wunderthaten
Wird Vermögen ihm zu Theil.

Durch den Balſam ihres Kuſſes
Höhnt das Leben Sarg und Grab,
Stark im Segen des Genuſſes,
Giebt's der Fluth des Zeitenfluſſes
Keine ſeiner Blüthen ab.
Roſicht hebt es ſich und golden,
Wie des Morgens lichtes Haupt,
Seiner Jugend nie beraubt,
Aus dem Bette dieſer Holden,
Mit verjüngtem Schmuck umlaubt.

Erd' und Himmel! Eine Solche
Sollt' ich nicht mein eigen ſehn!
Ueber Nattern weg und Molche,
Mitten hin durch Pfeil' und Dolche
Könnt' ich ſtürmend nach ihr gehn.
Mit der Stimme der Empörung
Könnt' ich furchtbar: Sie iſt mein!
Gegen alle Mächte ſchrein;
Tempel lieber der Zerſtörung,
Eh' ich ihrer mißte, weihn. —

Ihrer Liebe Nektar miſſen,
Hieß in dürren Wüſtenei'n
Einſam mich verlaſſen wiſſen,
Und den Tod erſchmachten müſſen
In des Durſtes heißer Pein. —
Läßt die Strebekraft ſich dämpfen,
Wenn wir dann, ſo weit wir ſehn,
Nur noch Einen Quell erſpähn!
Gilt was anders, als erkämpfen,
Oder kämpfend untergehn!

Herr des Schickſals, deine Hände
Wandten meinen Untergang!
Nun hat alle Fehd' ein Ende.
Dich, o neue Sonnenwende,
Grüßet jubelnd mein Geſang!
Hymen, den ich benedeie,
Der du mich der langen Laſt
Endlich nun entladen haſt,
Habe Dank für deine Weihe!
Sei willkommen, Himmelsgaſt!

Sei willkommen, Fackelſchwinger!
Sei gegrüßt im Freuden-Chor,
Schuldverſöhner, Grambezwinger!
Sei geſegnet, Wiederbringer
Aller Huld, die ich verlor! —

Ach, von Gott und Welt vergeben
Und vergeſſen werd' ich ſehn
Alles, was nicht recht geſchehn,
Wann im ſchönſten neuen Leben
Gott und Welt mich wandeln ſehn.

Schände nun nicht mehr die Blume
Meiner Freuden, niedre Schmach!
Schleiche, bis zum Heiligthume
Frommer Unſchuld, nicht dem Ruhme
Meiner Auserwählten nach!
Stirb nunmehr, verworfne Schlange!
Längſt verheerteſt du genug!
Ihres Retters Adlerflug
Rauſcht heran im Waffenklange
Deſſen, der den Python ſchlug.

Schwing', o Lied, als Ehrenfahne
Deinen Fittich um ihr Haupt!
Und erſtatt' auf lichtem Plane,
Was ihr mit dem Drachenzahne
Pöbelläſterung geraubt.
Spät, wann dieſ' im Staubgewimmel
Längſt des Unwerths Buße zahlt,
Strahl' in dieß Panier gemahlt,
Mathilde, wie am Himmel
Dort die Palmenjungfrau ſtrahlt!

Erdentöchter, unbeſungen,
Neben Faunen Spiel und Scherz,
Seht, mit ſolchen Huldigungen
Lohnt die theuern Opferungen
Des geweihten Sängers Herz!
Offenbar und groß auf Erden,
Hoch und hehr zu jeder Friſt,
Wie die Sonn' am Himmel iſt,
Heißt er's vor den Edeln werden,
Was ihm ſeine Heldin iſt. —

Lange hatt' ich mich geſehnet;
Lange hat ein ſtummer Drang
Meinen Buſen ausgedehnet.
Endlich haſt du ſie gekrönet
Meine Sehnſucht, o Geſang! —
Ach! dies bange ſüße Drücken
Macht vielleicht ihr Gegenſtand
Nur der jungen Frau bekannt.
Trägt ſie ſo nicht vom Entzücken
Der Vermählungsnacht das Pfand?

Ah, nun biſt du mir geboren,
Schön, ein geiſtiger Adon!
Tanzet nun, in Luſt verloren
Ihr, der Liebe goldne Horen,
Tanzt um meinen ſchönſten Sohn!
Segnet ihn, ihr Pierinnen!
Laß, o ſüße Melodie,
Laß ihn, Schweſter Harmonie,
Jedes Ohr und Herz gewinnen,
Jede Götterphantaſie!

Nimm, o Sohn, das Meiſterſiegel
Der Vollendung an die Stirn!
Ewig, meiner Seele Spiegel,
Ewig ſtrahlen dir die Flügel,
Wie Uraniens Geſtirn!
Schweb', o Liebling, nun hinnieder,
Schweb' in deiner Herrlichkeit
Stolz hinab den Strom der Zeit!
Keiner wird von nun an wieder
Deiner Töne Pomp geweiht.

Chriſtian Karl Ernſt Wilhelm Buri

ward im Jahre 1758 zu Offenbach geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und ließ ſich dann als Advocat in ſeiner Vaterſtadt nieder. Später wurde er Regierungsrath daſelbſt und zuletzt Regierungsdirector des Landgrafen von Heſſen zu Homburg vor der Höhe. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 2[illegible] Juli 1820.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Gedichte. Offenbach, 1791. 2 Bde.
Skizzen und kleine Gemälde. Offenbach, 1792.
Taſchenbuch für 1815. Offenbach, 1814.
Der Sieg über den Welttyrannen. Frankf. 1815.
Harfenſchläge einer religiöſen Muſe. Frankfurt. 1816. 1818. 2 Bde.

B. iſt ein gemüthlicher, warm empfindender und zarter Dichter; ſeine religiöſen Gedichte athmen beſonders Reder Geſinnungen, Gluth der Andacht und tiefe Innigkeit und reihen ſich den beſten Erzeugniſſen dieſer Gattung würdig an.

Das Reich der Kräfte*).

Ein Geiſterreich umgibt mich, wo ich wandle:
In jeder Kraft erkenn' ich einen Geiſt.
Nicht bloß die Kraft, wodurch ich denk' und handle,
Auch die im Sandkorn wirkſam ſich beweiſt,
Gibt von dem großen Urgeiſt ſtille Kunde,
Ein Hauch aus ſeinem ſchöpferiſchen Munde.

Wie viel gewinnt mir jed Geſchöpf an Werthe,
Ahn' ich in ihm der ew'gen Allkraft Theil!
Als ob ſich mir die ganze Welt verklärte,
Entzückt mich neue Wonne, neues Heil;
Ein Gottesfriede, nie zuvor empfunden,
Umathmet mich, und heiligt meine Stunden.

Tief bet' ich an, wenn Sturm und wenn Geflüſter
Vom Wunderbaren, Nahen, mir erzählt.
Wir Menſchen ſind im großen Tempel Prieſter,
Wo dem geringſten Wurm nicht Freude fehlt.
Es webt im Stufengange der Organe
Des Geiſtes Leben, den ich gläubig ahne.

So ſchlingen zahllos ſich Verwandtſchaftsbande
Um's Heer der Weſen, die das All umſchließt.
Doch mit der Liebe brüderlichem Bande,
Geſchlecht der Menſchen! ſey du mir gegrüßt.
Ein Vater rief uns alle in das Leben;
Von ſeinem Geiſte hat er uns gegeben.

O welch ein Schauplatz wunderſamer Triebe,
An deren Seilen jedes Weſen kreiſ't!
Durſt nach Vereinung, ſehnſuchtsvolle Liebe
Zieht zum Unwandelbaren jeden Geiſt,
Zu Ihm die Herzen, die gen Himmel flammen,
So eilen Ström' ins Meer, dem ſie entſtammen.

Die Urkraft.

Wer in der Weihe hehren Stunden
Das ew'ge große Eins gefunden,
Die Urkraft, die das All bewegt,
Die millionenfach verwandelt,
Im Stäubchen ſchwebt, im Menſchen handelt,
Und alle Lebenspulſe ſchlägt:
Dem iſt zu höherem Berufe
Der Erdball nur die erſte Stufe,
Die einſt ihn zu der zweiten trägt.

Er lebt und ſchwebt im Urgeheimniß,
Und achtet alles für Verſäumniß,
Was, irdiſch, ſeinen Sinn zerſtreut.
Der ſtillen Morgenſtunden Stille
Weiht er zu ſeinem ew'gen Heile
In Gott gewählter Einſamkeit.
Dann tritt er unter ſeine Brüder,
Verrichtet treu, gerecht und bieder
Das Tagewerk der Menſchlichkeit.

Hoch lodern ſeiner Andacht Flammen
Dem Himmel zu, aus dem ſie ſtammen;
Beflügelt ſchwingt empor ſein Geiſt.
Doch ſeines Herzens Bruderliebe
Neigt erdwärts ſich mit mildem Triebe
Zu Allem, was menſchlich heißt.
Mit Erd' und Himmel ſo im Bunde,
Erwartet er die große Stunde,
Die ihn zurück zur Urkraft reißt.

Abendfeier.

Wenn an der buſchumkränzten Uferzunge,
Die weithin in den Fluß ſich ſtreckt,
Der heit're Niedergang der Abendſonne
Das Herz zur Andachtsfeier weckt:
Ahn' ich die Nähe geiſtiger Naturen,
Das Unſichtbare lebt in ird'ſchen Spuren.

Die Fluten liſpeln von des Weltbau's Seele,
Von ihr erzählt der Trauerweide Blatt;
Die Ephemer' im weißen Leichenkleide,
Die ſich der Pupp' entrungen hat,
Zu ſterben nach minutenlangem Leben,
Freut ſich des Odems, den ihr Gott gegeben.

„Hörſt du mein dankend Liedchen?" zirpt die Grille,
Vergnügt im ſpäten Strahl des Lichts.
Die Blume fragt: „Du ſiehſt mein Kleid von Seide,
Ahnſt du von meiner Seele nichts?"
Der Balſam nützt der Abendſtunden Kürze,
Zu hauchen durch die Gegend edle Würze.

Mitweſen! Ja, es knüpfen zarte Bande
Geheim euch an die Geiſterwelt.
Es gibt Verwandtſchaft, welche höhern Weſen
Des Staubs Gebilde beigeſellt.
Vielleicht begrüßet mich in dieſem Fächeln,
Das euch bewegt, der Unſichtbaren Lächeln.

Entreiß dich, o mein Geiſt, der Rohheit Wahne,
Und glaube ſtets das Geiſt'ge nah:
Wie einſt im Traumgeſicht der fromme Wandrer
Entzückt die Himmelsleiter ſah.
Er rief: (ſo ſprich ihm nach die ſel'gen Worte)
„Hier, hier iſt Gottes Haus, des Himmels Pforte!"*)

Die Welt der Erſcheinungen.

„Erwache, Sterblicher, und ſieh
„Rings um dich her der Welt Allegorie;
„Hör' was die Schöpfung, Geiſt im Körper, ſpricht!"
Herder.

Nichts iſt ohn' innern Sinnes Leitung,
Was Mutter Erde trägt und hegt;
Nichts ohne ſtille tiefe Deutung,
Was lebenvoll ſich regt und wegt.

Nicht ſinnlos und nicht ohne Weihe
Thürmt ſich, und ſtrebt im Schöpfungsraum
Hier Fels, dort Wald zur Himmelsbläue,
Dumpf träumend ihres Weſens Traum.

Es webet im Schmarotzermooſe,
Im Epheu, der den Baum umkreiſt,
Wie in der königlichen Roſe,
Verſchiedenartig Sinn und Geiſt,

Und gibt nur dem ſich zu erkennen
Der, liebevoller Achtſamkeit,
Die Schale ſtrebt vom Kern zu trennen,
Sein Ohr der Schöpfung Tönen leiht. —

Vernehmbarer weht's im Gebiete,
Wo der Inſtinct Bewegung lenkt,
Unfähig ſelbſterworb'ner Güte
Das Thier nur fühlt, nicht will, nicht denkt.

Das fromme Lamm kann nicht betrügen;
Die wache Schwalbe grüßt das Licht;
Der Maulwurf muß in Blindheit pflügen;
Die Taube weiß vom Würgen nicht.

Für ſich nicht, für die Weiblein ſodert
Das Gerſtenkorn der edle Hahn.
Getreue Mutterliebe lodert,
Sich opfernd, in dem Pelikan. —

Soll ſich der Späherblick verdunkeln
Da, wo der Freiheit Glanz ihm ſtrahlt,
Wo ſichtbarer der Gottheit Funkeln
Sich in Vernunft und Willen malt?

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*) Aus: C. C. C. W. Burt's Harfenſchläge einer religiöſen Muſe. Hanau, 1816.

*) 1 Moſ. 28, 17.

Wird, im unſeligen Gewirre
Von Heuchelſchein und Leidenſchaft,
Des Weltbetrachters Forſchung irre,
Durch Wahn und Trugſchluß hingeraft?

Durchſchleichen tückiſche Geſtalten
Der Freundſchaft trautes Gartenland;
Und blitzen Dolch' aus Mantelfalten,
Wo jüngſt des Bundes Roſe ſtand!

Und in Vertilgungsflammen rauchen
Die Völkerſchaften auf, wie Heu;
Und meilenlange Gräber hauchen
Den Faulqualm durch die Wüſtenei!

Erblick' ich ſchwarze Höllenlarven!
Wo ſtrahlt das [illegible] des Menſchenthums
Im Urſprungsglanz? Wo tönt, wie Harfen
Rein, klar, der Grundton ſeines Ruhms!

Soll da der Blick die Spur verlieren,
Wo höchſte Schöpfungsglorie flammt?
Irrlichter ihn zum Orkus führen,
Aus dem die Brut der Laſter ſtammt! — —

Wie? welch ein Tempel thut ſich offen!
Ein ſanftes Licht durchleuchtet ihn.
Was ich erblicke, läßt mich hoffen;
Ich ſehe Kant und Herder knie'n.

Die Tugend thront, bekränzt von Sternen,
Im Tempel der Humanität.
Laßt, Prieſterpaar! mich Aufſchluß lernen,
Von eurem Genius umweht.

Mich ladet in die Tempelbogen
Ein Wink, der in das Mark mich trifft.
Ich fühle mich ſanft hingezogen,
Leſ' am Altar die goldne Schrift:

„Daß Geiſter ſich entwickeln, hebet
„Den Zweck der Geiſterwelt nicht auf;
„Einſt der Gefallnen [illegible] ſtrebet
„Zu ſittlich höh'rer Würd' hinauf.

„Wie weit herab, vom Wahne trunken,
„Ein Geiſt in der Entwürd'gung ſinkt:
„Im rohen Buſen ſchläft der Funken,
„Aus dem einſt Himmelsflamm' entſpringt.

„Einſt wandeln glorreich alle Geiſter,
„Ein Chor, vereint durch Liebestrang,
„Errung'ner höh'rer Stufen Meiſter,
„Den ewigen Vollendungsgang."

Andacht.

Wem ahnend ſich der Sinn erſchloſſen
Für's Urgeheimniß der Natur,
Wem ſich Erleuchtungs-Strahl ergoſſen,
Der wandelt auf des Geiſtes Spur.
Still lebet alles um ihn her,
Nichts iſt für ihn bedeutungsleer.

Aus des Allgegenwärt'gen Munde
Ein Hauch beſeelt das große All.
Von Ihm gibt jedes Sandkorn Kunde,
Von Ihm der Sonne Feuerball.
Zög' Er den Lebensodem ab,
Würd' alle Welt ein ſtummes Grab.

Laß mich in der Geſtirne Wohnen,
Wie im Atom, das mich umſchwebt,
O Du Lebendiger! Dich ahnen
Mit Demuth, die ſich kindlich beugt;
Dir danken, daß Du, Herr der Welt!
Auf Geiſterſtufe mich geſtellt.

Dem Geiſt ſtrahlt Aetherlicht, und höher
Und immer höher [illegible] ! —
Die Heiligung bringt Dir ihn näher,
Doch keine [illegible] iſt ihm genug.
Selbſt eine Ewigkeit nicht ſtillt
Den Durſt, zu ſeyn Dein Ebenbild.

Andachtfeier.

„Hoch über mir Dein Sternenhimmel,
„Und Dein Geſetz, o Gott in mir,
„Erhebt den Geiſt vom Staubgewimmel
„Anbetungsvoll zu Dir, zu Dir!"

Hinauf, hinauf, Bewunderung,
Zum Sphärentanz und Sternenſchwung!
Im Anſchaun jener Myriaden
Verliert die Phantaſie den Faden,
Und der Verſtand verwirret ſich.
Ein Ocean von Harmonie
Umfließt, umrauſcht, umdämmert mich —
Ich ſink' aufs Knie!

Hinab, hinab ins eigne Ich,
O Seele! und erforſche Dich!
In Dir [illegible] ein [illegible] des Guten,
Umſpült durch des Irrthums Fluten.
Doch zeugt's vom Heiligen, der es gab,
Wie Himmelsthau vom Schöpfer ſpricht.
Ob Erd' und Himmel ſänk' ins Grab,
Vergeht es nicht.

Dort in dem Flammenmeer des Lichts
Erkennt des Staubes Sohn ſein Nichts,
Hier fühlt zerknirſcht und bang die Seele,
Wie viel zur Heiligung ihr fehle.
Allmächtiger, Allgütiger!
Bewund'rung, Demuth, Liebe Dir!
Urlicht, Urgeiſt, Allheiliger,
Anbetung Dir!

Das Wechſelloſe.

Uns umkreist der Ring der Ewigkeit,
Und wir Pilger [illegible] in ſeiner Mitte;
Zukunft, Gegenwart, Vergangenheit
Kommen, folgen, fliehn mit raſchem Schritte.
Die Sekunde überholt den Pfeil,
Abgeſchnellt von des Schützen Bogen.
Unbeſorgt, ob uns zum Weh, zum Heil,
Rauſchen immer fort des Zeitſtroms Wogen.

Ach! wo wäre nirgend ein Beſtand?
Wechſelt nur des Menſchen Loos auf Erden?
Glück und Ruh' auf ewig uns entwandt,
Oft im Nu, da ſie geboren werden!
Bange Fragen, müßt ihr ſie bejah'n?
Könnt' ein Gott im Grimme härter ſtrafen! —
Nein, o nein! Wir haben im Ocean
Einen Anker, einen Sicherhafen.

O Religion, du Diadem,
Du Verwandtſchaftsband mit höhern Weſen,
Du verknüpfeſt — o Wonne! — uns mit Dem,
Der zur Geiſterwürde uns erleſen.
Selig, ſelig, wer im Wechſelnden,
Wenn der Erde Blüthen all' erblaſſen,
Kleinod, das nur Geiſtesaugen ſehn,
Unvergängliches! dich weiß zu faſſen.

Selig! ihm entſchleiert Unſterblichkeit,
Und ſein Sinn iſt himmelwärts erhoben.
Ruhig blickt er in den Strom der Zeit,
Der ſich ſchäumend wälzt mit wildem Toben.
Seines irdiſchen Geſchickes [illegible]
Stört nicht ihn, [illegible]
„Tugend bleibt, und Gott iſt droben!"
Jauchzt er, wenn das Weltall ſich zertrümmert.

Das Bleibende.

„Die Jahre ſtrömen gleich den Bächen,
„Und pfeilſchnell eilt die Zeit davon.
„Indem von ihrer Flucht wir ſprechen,
„Iſt ſie auf ewig ſchon entflohn.
„O Immerkommen, Immerſchwinden,
„Da iſt kein Troſt für's Herz zu finden!

„Der Menſch ſelbſt wechſelt mit den Jahren,
„Und aus dem Kinde wird ein Greis.
„Wir ſind nicht, was wir geſtern waren;
„Das raſche Blut erſtarrt zu Eis.
„O Immerkommen, Immerſchwinden,
„Da iſt kein Troſt für's Herz zu finden!"

Biſt [illegible] müde, dich zu täuſchen?
O Sterblicher, lern' weiſe ſeyn!
Hör' deine inn're Stimme heiſchen:
Streb' wahren Gütern nach, ſtatt Schein!
Verwandter Ewigem zu werden,
Dieß ſey dein großes Ziel auf Erden!

„Was nennſt Du ewig?" hör' ich fragen.
Was uns mit Gott vereinigt, Freund! —
Forſch' in der Schrift, ſie wird Dir ſagen,
Wodurch man ſich mit Gott vereint:
Durch Herrſchaft über Sinnentriebe,
Durch Heiligung und Nächſtenliebe.

Denn dieß iſt nur ein geiſtig Leben,
Und Geiſtiges nur hat Beſtand.
Das Sinnliche, nach kurzem Streben,
Verläßt uns an des Grabes Rand.
O Thorheit, ſtets wie Blinde zielen,
Mit Tand und Flittern kindiſch ſpielen!

Was Sinnen genügt, iſt vergänglich;
Was Geiſt erkieſt mit weiſer Wahl,
Iſt jedes Wechſels unempfänglich,
Und geht mit uns durch's Todesthal.
D'rum laß uns, Freund, nur ſolches wählen,
Was nachfolgt in das Land der Seelen.

Des Weltalls Urgeiſt, Gott, iſt heilig:
Unheiliges ſchließt ſich aus von ihm,
An ſeinem Thron ein: Dreimal heilig!
In Demuth ſingt der Seraphim.
In Gottes heil'ges Reich zu kommen,
Gelingt nur Gott geweihten Frommen.

Der Schweſtergeiſt.

Schwebt um mich im Morgenſonnenſtrahle
Liebe ein Geiſt aus jener Welt,
Der für der Vollendung Ideale
Mein Gemüth in Glut erhält?
Traum' er ſchwebt. Woher ſonſt dieſe Feier,
Die mein Weſen hehr durchbebt?
Dieſe Sehnſucht, die durch Grabesſchleier
Ewiges zu ſchauen ſtrebt?

Schutzgeiſt! Engel! oder wie dich nennen
Darf ich? Wenn mein Staub zerfällt,
Dann erſt werd' ich freudig dich erkennen
An der Schwelle jener Welt.
Aber darf ich leiſer Ahnung glauben,
So biſt du's, verwandter Geiſt,
Der des Himmels amaranthenen Lauben,
Mich zu ſehen, ſich entreißt.

Ach! Du warſt das erſte liebe Weſen,
Das mein Herz erwachend fand.
Uns einander [illegible] zu erleſen,
Knüpft' uns zarter Freundſchaft Band.
Mit den Lämmern — unſerm Sinnbild — tanzten
Wir die Gartenwieſ' entlang;
Roſen, Erdbeer' und Jaſminen pflanzten
Wir längshin am Rebengang.

Kehrten Abends in der Stube Feſſel
Wir zurück zum Elternpaar:
Theilten traulich wir den großen Seſſel,
Der der Stube Prunkſtück war.
Meine Schweſter!! — — Ach, mir ſank im Malen
Jener ſel'gen Zeit die Hand,
Und ich fühle mich von Luſt und Qualen
Ueberwältigt, übermannt.

Hat, ſeit Rosmarin dein Grab beſchattet,
Schweſterlicher Liebe Flehn
Gott erhört, und deinem Geiſt geſtattet,
Wandeln mich im Staub zu ſehn?
Streuteſt du in mancher Morgenſtunde
Andachtsfunken mir ins Herz,
Weihteſt es zum neuen ſel'gen Bunde,
Hobſt es mächtig himmelwärts?

Ja, du biſt, du biſt der Geiſt der Schweſter,
Und mich täuſcht kein leerer Wahn!
O umſchling' mein geiſtig Weſen feſter,
Kräft'ge mich im großen Plan!
Mit der Liebe zärtlichem Erbarmen
Lenke meine Schritte hier!
Bald im Palmenhain, mit off'nen Armen,
Theure! ſchweb' entgegen mir!

Der Greis.

Was zaubert dich, Elyſium
Der Kindheit, mir zurück?
Was wandelt in ein Heiligthum
Die Erde meinem Blick?
Welch' holde Feierſtille ruht
Auf Halmenfeld und Wieſenflut!

Die reine Luſt an dir, Natur,
Der treuſten Führerin,
Schuf Eden aus der Blumenflur
Dem frommen Kindesſinn.
Und dieſer Sinn iſt wieder mein!
Unſchuldig ſchlägt mein Herz und rein.

Der Sonne Strahl, der um mich ſpielt,
Durchdringt mich himmliſch ſüß;
Der Quell verklärt das Gefilde
Zum Wonne-Paradies.
Was gab dem Herzen dieſes Bild,
Dieß Seligkeits-Gefühl zurück?

Geöffnet wurde Geiſt und Sinn
Für's Göttliche in mir;
Und Sehnſucht ſtrebt zum Kleinod hin,
Gottähnlichkeit, zu dir.
Das gab dem Herzen dieſes Glück,
Dieß ſel'ge Gefühl zurück.

Auch ſelbſt errung'ne Unſchuld gilt,
Wie die der Kinderflur,
Für ein getreues Ebenbild
Der höhern Natur.
Nur Kindeseinfalt, Kindesſinn
Führt uns zum Himmelreiche hin.

Ernſt Karl Ludwig Iſenburg von Buri

ward am 21. Juni 1747 zu Bierſtein im Iſenburgiſchen geboren, trat ſchon früh in Kriegsdienſte, war eine Zeit lang Hauptmann in einem gräflich-wied-runkelſchen Corps und kam ſpäter als Obriſtwachtmeiſter des weſterwaldiſchen Kreisbataillons nach Gießen, wo er am 7. März 1806 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Gedichte. Baſel, 1784.
Schauſpiele. Neuwied und Frankfurt, 1789–92. (meiſt einzeln wie: die Pflegetochter, die Matroſen, die Zerſtörung der Baſtille u. ſ. w.)
Anekdotenſammlungen von Friedrich II. (1786, 2 Thle) Joſeph II. 1790, und Anderen (1789–92) u. ſ. w.

J. von Buri gefiel eine Zeit lang dem Publicum, beſonders in ſeinen dramatiſchen Schriften, durch ſeinen populären Ton, ward aber ſchnell, und nicht mit Unrecht, vergeſſen, da es ſeinen Leiſtungen an Gehalt fehlt.

Johann Bürkli

ward am 26. October 1745 in Zürich geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Bildung und lebte als ein ſehr wohlhabender Mann vorzüglich den Wiſſenſchaften, da er ein öffentliches Aemtchen faſt ganz umſonſt bekleidete. Er war nämlich von 1773 bis 1780 Aſſeſſor des Stadtgerichtes und dann bis 1798 Mitglied des kleinen Raths in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Später privatiſirte er in Bern, wo er am 2. September 1804 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Amor's Reiſen. Bern, 1773.
Schweizeriſche Blumenleſe. Zürich, 1781–83. 3 Thle.
Kleine Phantaſieen und Rhapſodieen. Zürich, 1785.
Freuden des ſchönen Geſchlechts. Tübingen, 1791.
Neue ſchweizeriſche Blumenleſe. St. Gallen, 1798.
Auserleſene Gedichte. Bern, 1800.
Sämmtliche Gedichte. Bern, 1802.

Als Lyriker zeichnete er ſich nicht ohne Erfolg durch Wärme und Gefühl aus, doch tritt ihm eine gewiſſe Unbehülflichkeit im Ausdrucke oft ſtörend in den Weg. — Wir theilen hier einige Gedichte von ihm mit.

An die Andacht. *)

Andacht, holde Freundin weicher Seelen!
  Drückt des Erdenlebens Bürde mich,
Wen kann ich zur Muſe beſſer wählen,
  Als, o reine Himmelstochter, dich?

Möcht' empor mein Geiſt zum Lichte ſchweben,
  Von dem Pilger hier nur Funken ſehn!
Wonneſchauer, möcht' er mich durchbeben,
  Möcht' ich jetzt auf Tabors Höhen ſtehn!

Dieſes Thränenthal, giebt's ein Vergnügen,
  Das die Sehnſucht meines Herzens ſtillt?
Tränk' ich Wolluſt hier in vollen Zügen,
  Waſſer wär' mir's, das aus Sümpfen quillt!

Mich durchſchauerſt du mit Himmelsfreuden,
  Du erhöheſt den geſunknen Geiſt,
Troſtesbalſam träufelſt du im Leiden,
  Wenn dein Hauch Unſterblichkeit verheißt.

Wie ein Kind ruh' ich in Vaterarmen,
  Schmieg' ich mich an dich — mein Leben biſt du,
Üb' ich Tugend — Flüſterſt oft Erbarmen
  In durchweinter Nacht dem Sünder zu.

Wenn auch Feinde mich mit Füßen treten,
  Wenn das Laſter Blumennetze legt,
Zeigſt du mir in glühenden Gebeten
  Den, der mich auf ſeinen Händen trägt.

Wenn im matten Aug' auf welken Wangen
  Schon des innern Lichtes Strahlen glühn,
Weckt die Zukunft ſchmachtendes Verlangen,
  Und läßt Seligkeit in Hoffnung blühn.

Uns führſt du zum Urquell reiner Liebe,
  Schwingſt empor uns zur Vollkommenheit;
Und des bangen Herzens letzte Triebe,
  Andacht, dir allein ſind ſie geweiht!

Zwar zu ſchauen in dieß Meer der Klarheit
  Kann im Raupenſtand dieß Auge nicht;
Dämmernd ſehn wir hier den Glanz der Wahrheit
  Dort erſt leuchtet uns ihr volles Licht.

Uns ſchwingſt du zu hohen Jubelchören,
  Wo vor Gottes Thron die Cherubs ſtehn:
Wo wir Davids Silberharfen hören,
  Wo verklärt wir unſre Lieben ſehn.

Wenn beym nahen Tode der Verbrecher
  Zittert, wenn ihm Muth und Hoffnung ſinkt:
Honig gießen in den Wermuthsbecher
  Glaub' und Ruhe, wenn der Tod ihm winkt.

Mag von Leim und Thon die Hütte beben,
  Wächst nicht bald ein neuer Bau aus mir?
Glaub und Liebe blühn zum ſchönern Leben,
  Weih' der Tugend ich mein Herz und dir.

Erſter Pſalm.

Sey die Bahn auch hell und dunkel,
Wohin mich mein Schickſal führt;
Soll der vor Gefahren zittern
Welchen Gottes Rechte ſchützt?

Bey der Sonne Mittagshöhe,
Bey der Abendröthe Strahl,
Und der Lunens blaſſem Schimmer,
Und der Sterne hellerm Licht

Wacht er, wie die treue Mutter,
Ueber ihr ſanft ſchlummernd Kind;
Unter ſeinem Schild zu ruhen,
Iſt ſie denn zu groß die Welt?

Auf Aurorens Roſenſtirne
Lächelt deine Huld uns zu;
Und wenn Blitz auf Blitz ſich ſchlängeln,
Lächelt ſie gleich heiter uns.

Wer dich liebt, genießt das Leben,
Und ſchaut nicht des Grabes Nacht;
Einer ſchönern Welt Geſtirne
Sieht dann ſein Geiſt entzückt.

Aller Kummer wird dort ſchwinden,
Der hier den Gerechten quält;
Des Verbrechers ſtolze Siege
Nicht mehr trüben ſie ſein Glück.

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*) Aus Bürkli's auserleſenen Gedichten. Bern, 1800.

Quellen reiner Lieb' und Wonne
Strömen in den Becher hin,
Der der Seele Wünſche labet,
Ihre Freuden nie erſchöpft.

Und Jahrhunderte verfließen
Schneller als der ſchönſte Tag.
Unſers Wiſſens enge Grenzen,
Jede Stund' erweitert ſie.

Sey die Bahn auch ſteil und dunkel,
Wohin mich mein Schickſal führt;
Soll der vor Gefahren zittern,
Welchen Gottes Rechte ſchützt!

Mein Geheimniß.

Dank, Himmel, dir! du haſt mir einen Freund gegeben
Von heit'rer Laune — klug in Rath und That!
Der mit mir Hand in Hand durchwallt dieß Erdenleben,
In Freud' und Leid mich nie verlaſſen hat.
Ein Freund, der mit mir fühlt und denket,
Mich, ohne daß ichs merke, lenket;
Ein Freund, der mit mir lacht und weint,
Wenn Stürme droh'n, und wenn die Sonne ſcheint.

Auch eine Schweſter hat der Himmel mir gegeben,
Die, wie ich ſelbſt, in meiner Seele lieſt;
Wenn, wie ein Nebeldunſt, mich Sorgen rings umſchweben,
So trägt ſie, weil die Laſt dann leichter iſt,
Die Hälfte gern. — Wir theilen Freuden,
Sie ſchmecken ſüßer uns. — Die Leiden
Erhöhen ihren Reiz, wie Phöbus Licht,
Das dämmernd durch Gewitterwolken bricht.

Auch eine Schafferin hat mir das Glück gegeben,
Wie Martha flink, und wirthſchaftlich und treu.
Doch nicht bloß eingeengt auf dieſes Erdenleben
Weiß ſie was hier und dort das Beſte ſey.
Sie weiß, was ich bedarf in meiner kleinen Hütte,
Und die Erfüllung eilt zuvor der leiſen Bitte.
Mein Soll und Haben ſtört ſich nicht,
Ihr Auge hält's im Gleichgewicht.

Ein Liebchen hat mir auch des Himmels Gunſt gegeben.
Denn ohne Liebchen, ach! was iſt die Welt?
Der Liebe Sonnenſtrahl erhellt dieß Pilgerleben
Mehr als ein Diadem und Crösus Geld.
Der Liebe Flamme kühlt ſich ſanft im Freundſchaftstriebe,
Nicht Zeit, nicht Krankheit ſchwächet mir die treue Liebe,
Wenn ſchon nicht mehr ihr Auge glüht,
Sie nicht mehr friſch, wie Hebe, blüht.

Dank, Himmel, tauſend Dank dir für die ſeltnen Gaben,
Für Schweſter, Liebchen, Schafferin und Freund!
Was unter Tauſenden kaum Hundert einzeln haben,
Find't alles ſich in meinem Haus vereint.
Ihr Brüder, wollt ihr auch ein gleiches Glück genießen?
Ich wünſch' es Euch: Ihr ſollt mein ganz Geheimniß wiſſen
Seht, Schweſter, Liebchen, Schafferin und Freund
Sind alle vier in meinem Weib vereint.

Täuſchung.

Einſt, als die Morgenröthe glühte,
Irrt' ich durch's blumenreiche Thal,
Verſenkt in ſüßen Träumereyen.
Wie blickt hervor ein heller Strahl
Sanft zitternd aus dem Schlehenbuſche.
Iſt's ein Demant, iſt's ein Saphir?
Rief ich voll Hoffnung. Ihn zu haſchen
Eilt' ich — und was fand ich dafür!

O Hoffnung! giebſt du nur Chimären,
Und ſüße Träume für Genuß?
Mein Edelſtein war — eine Thräne,
Wie jeden Tag im Ueberfluß
Aurorens Thau den Fluren ſchenket.
Verſchwunden war ihr jede Spur!
Und des Demantes heller Schimmer —
Ein Tropfe Waſſer war er nur.

So klimpert' einſt auf ſeiner Leyer
Ein junger Dichter. Er beſang
Im Liebestaumel Phillis Reize,
Daß Berg und Thal und Hain erklang.
Bald war ſie Grazie, bald Muſe,
So ſchön war Juno, Cypris nie;
Nun ſingt er: Phillis liebt Damöten;
„Ach, höchſtens nur ein Weib war ſie!“

Der Weiſe.

„Des Glückes Zorn trotz' ich, nie werd' ich weibiſch zagen,
„Ich hülle mich in meine Tugend ein,“
Sprach jüngſt Ariſt. — „In dieſen Wintertagen
„Wirſt du (verſetzt' ich ihm) zu leicht gekleidet ſeyn!“

Gottlob Wilhelm Burmann

(eigentlich Bormann, doch änderte er ſpäter ſeinen Namen um) ward am 8. März 1737 zu Lauban in der Oberlauſitz geboren, beſuchte die gelehrten Schulen zu Löwenberg und Hirſchberg und ſtudirte ſeit 1758 die Rechte in Frankfurt an der Oder. Nach vollendeten Studien nahm er jedoch kein öffentliches Amt an, ſondern lebte in Berlin als privatiſirender Gelehrter, ſich ſeinen Unterhalt durch Unterricht und Schriftſtellerei erwerbend. — Vom Schlage getroffen brachte er die letzten Jahre ſeines irdiſchen Daſeyns im Elend und faſt an Allem Mangel leidend zu; er ſtarb am 5. Februar 1805.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Etliche Gedichte. Hirſchberg, 1764.
Spaziergänge. Frankfurt a. d. O. 1764.
Fabeln und Erzählungen. Berlin, 1773.
Lieder. Berlin, 1774.
Kleine Lieder. Berlin, 1777.
Auswahl einiger vermiſchten Gedichte. Berlin, 1785.
Liederbuch für das Jahr 1787. Berlin.
Gedichte ohne den Buchſtaben R. Berlin, 1788.
Badinagen. Berlin, 1796.
Viele einzeln gedruckte Gedichte u. ſ. w.

Burmann war ein Sonderling im hohen Grade und ſchien ſich darin zu gefallen. — Obwohl mit vielſeitigem Talent begabt und ſich beſonders eines großen Ideenreichthums und lebhafter Phantaſie erfreuend, gehorchte er doch zu ſehr in ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen augenblicklicher Laune und bekümmerte ſich weder um Bildung des Geſchmacks noch um Correctheit. Sein Liebling und Vorbild war der ſchleſiſche Dichter **Günther** (ſ. d. Art.). Bei größerer Sorgfalt und Gewiſſenhaftigkeit würde B. Ausgezeichneteres geleiſtet haben. — Wir theilen hier ſeine beiden gelungenſten Poeſieen mit.

Vgl. das in der Anm. angeführte Buch von Jördens.

Lied an meine Quaterne,

ſo gut als gewonnen*).

O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est,
Virtus post nummos.
Horat.

Willkommen, Tochter myſtiſcher Kabale!
Mein theurer Ruhm! mein goldnes Glück!

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*) Aus: K. H. Jördens Denkwürdigkeiten, Charakterzüge und Anekdoten aus dem Leben der vorzüglichſten Dichter und Proſaiſten. Leipzig 1812. 1. Bd. S. 67.

Vom Strohdach bis zum Götterſaale
Lacht mir nun aller Weſen Blick.

Da biſt du ja! o du, die meinen Tagen
Die Freude vor die Stirne prägt,
Und alle meine Bettelklagen
Auf ewig in die Urne legt!

Laß dich umarmen, göttliche Quaterne,
Die den Poet zum Kröſus macht!
Ei, ei! ſo ſchnell werd' ich zum Sterne?
Das hätt' ich ewig nicht gedacht!

O welche ſeltene Metamorphoſe!
Iſt's möglich! bin ich auch das Ding,
Bei dem ſogar die Tabacksdoſe
Des Stutzers jüngſt vorübergieng?

Bin ich das Weſen, das vor wenig Stunden
Nur Dint' und Feder vor ſich ſah?
Heil mir! die Sorgen ſind verſchwunden!
Der Hunger auch! und — Geld iſt da!

Und Geld iſt da! — Lebt wohl, ihr Pierinnen!
Wir hören auf, vertraut zu ſeyn.
Denn, wer Quaternen kann gewinnen,
Macht ſich mit euch nicht mehr gemein!

Ich habe Tauſende zu kommandiren!
Witz, Einſicht und Verſtand, lebt wohl!
Nun kann ich mich ganz anders rühren!
Nun hebt mich jeder Schritt zum Pol!

O Schade! daß ich noch ſo vieles denke! —
Das Denken paßt zum Reichthum nicht.
Genie! altväteriſch Geſchenke
Des Himmels, wenn gleich du Gewicht!

Da, mein glücklich Schickſal, laß mich tragen,
Und als ein [illegible] mich ſehn! —
Und will Verſtand und Witz mich plagen,
So laſſ' es nur mein Schlaf geſchehn!

Viktoria! nun kann ich mich erheben —
Und wär' ich dummer noch als dumm!
Denn Geld und Kleid kann alles geben;
Zum Herrn Johann dreht's Hanſen um.

Hervor mit euch, ihr breitbetreßten Kleider!
Steig' auf, gepuderte Friſur!
Ihr Götter, kommt! — euch mein' ich, Schneider! —
Macht mich zum Wunder der Natur!

Eilt, zaubert mir die feinſte Garderobe,
Daß Gallier und Britte ſtaunt;
Und daß zu meiner Kleider Lobe
Die Fama Sekula poſaunt!

Du Rock von Woll ſollſt Pudermantel werden!
Zu lang' warſt du mein Galakleid! —
Fort mit dem Kittel! O ihr Erden,
Seht mich in ſeidner Herrlichkeit!

Ha! welcher Rock mit ſeinem Scharlachfutter
Läßt ein ganz andres Thier mich ſeyn!
O ſäh' mich meine ſel'ge Mutter,
Sie würde ſich zu Tode freun!

„Ach, Junge!" würde ſie treuherzig ſprechen:
„Nun wird doch noch ein Kerl aus dir!"
Und ich, ich würde ſchön mich rächen —
Und ſchenkte die Quaterne ihr!

Lakaien! Kutſcher! Sekretaire! Läufer!
Portiers! Hunde! aufgepackt!
Den Wagen her! ich werde Reiter!
Vor Geld und Würden berſt' ich faſt!

Deckt mir die Tafel! Zwanzig arme Teufel
Verhungerter Genie's, ſeyd mit! —
Nur liegt an meinem Werth kein Zweifel,
Der bald auf Marmorpflaſter tritt!

Ha! welcher Epopäen [illegible]
Verkünden ſchon der Nachwelt mich!
In mancher Ode Rieſenplane
Bin ich das hohe Thema — ich!

Nun will ich frei'n! Ein Mädchen! deren Jugend
Ein unbemittelt Strohdach deckt;
Groß durch ein Herz, — das Purpurtugend,
Und Stadt und Mode nicht befleckt;

Ein armes Mädchen will ich glücklich machen — —
Was? — ruf' ich! — bin ich wohl geſcheidt? —
Nein, eine Dame ſoll mir lachen;
Mit einer Göttin Zärtlichkeit!

Drei Zofen ſollen ihre Schleppe tragen,
Und rechts und links Bediente gehn;
Geſchmack und Mode ſoll auf dem Wagen,
Wie Rittermacht und Stolz, ſtehn!

Kein Tag flieh' ohne Ball und ohne Feſte
Für mich Glückſeligen dahin!
Und ſtaunen ſollen meine Gäſte,
Daß ich der große Mogul bin! —

So viel Entzücken! — ich kann's nicht ertragen!
O Pluto! Jupiter! halt ein!
Ich möchte faſt im Glück verzagen,
Und ärmer als ein Dichter ſeyn! — —

Dank aber ſei dir, himmliſche Quaterne,
Die mich in ſolche Schwindel tunkt! — —
Ihr Galerie'n! zählt mich unter Sterne!
Seht's! ich bin nicht mehr ein Punkt!

Widerruf des Vorigen.

Velut aegri somnia, vanae
Fingentur species.
Horat.

Gewonnen? was? — ich hätte ſie gewonnen?
Bekanntes Deutſchland, glaub' es nie!
Quaternenglück — ach! ſchneller iſt's zerronnen,
Als ein Verſuch der Alchymie.

O ruft nur, ruft, ihr ſchmetternden Trompeten,
Und ihr Sirenen meines Harms:
Es iſt kein Glück für ehrliche Poeten,
Zumal für deutſche — Gott erbarm's!

Ich bin erwacht aus meinem ſüßen Schlummer;
Kein Geld iſt da, kein Kleid bedeckt.
Zerlumpte [illegible] zog mir kein Kummer —
Für eine Göttin herzlich ſchlecht! —

O ſchöner Traum! — wie bald biſt du verſchwunden!
Geſchmack und Moden, gute Nacht!
Der Mylord hat ſich ſchnell von mir entwunden,
Und keine Dame mir gelacht!

Lebt wohl, ihr breitbetreßten Kleider!
Komm her, du treuer Rock von Woll!
Ihr Götter, weicht! jetzt brauch' ich einen Schneider,
Der mir den Kittel borgen ſoll.

Und ihr, ach! ihr verſchmähten Pierinnen!
Sprecht immer wieder bei mir ein.
Ein Elend iſt's, Quaternen zu gewinnen:
Ihr ſollt mir meine Quinen ſeyn.

Sie kommen ſchon — O wie wird mein Gefühle
Von ihrem holden Einfluß groß! —
Bei ihrem neubeſpannten Lautenſpiele
Ruh' ich dem Himmel ſelbſt im Schooß;

Und lache nur der weltlichen Kabale,
Die mich aus ihrem Reiche treibt,
Indeß mein Geiſt aus ſeinem Hüttenſtalle
[illegible] zu der Sonne ſelber bleibt.

Lakaien, Kutſcher, Läufer, Sekretaire,
Portiers, Hunde, geht nur, geht!
Ich kehre jetzt zurück zur alten Sphäre,
Und habe nichts — bin ein Poet.

Ihr armen Schlucker hungernder Talente,
Sonſt anders war's: es iſt nichts da,
Als was ihr [illegible] habt, und man eſſen könnte,
Als Nektar und Ambroſia.

Jetzt ſeht, wie ich bei einer [illegible]
Einſt Dichter [illegible], wie Schwalben fett;
Denn [illegible] und [illegible] die [illegible],
Gewichen durch A, B, C.

Ich aber will dem Himmel ewig danken,
Daß ich der arme Hermann blieb.
So lange mir nur Kopf und Herz nicht wanken,
Bleibſt du mir, Armuth, lieb.

Vielleicht daß ich wohl gar in kühner Sphäre,
Zu welcher mich mein Glückstraum ſchwang,

Ein reicher [illegible] geworden wäre,
Wie [illegible] um mein Lied belang?

Schwer iſt's, im Glück, bei lauter guten Tagen,
Ein Weiſer ſein, ſehr gut zu ſein,
Wie mancher weiß ſein Glück nicht zu ertragen,
Und muß zuletzt es noch bereun!

Laß du mich nur, [illegible],
O Weisheit, nicht an deinen Gütern leer!
Daß in mir ſelbſt den Schatz ich finden lerne,
Und nicht beim blinden Ohngefähr.

Sie wird' alsdann, o Glück, ich von dir ſcheiden,
Mir keinem Altar Weihrauch ſtreun:
Und hat ſich [illegible] erſt mit mir verglichen,
O dann ſind hundert [illegible] mein!

Anton Friedrich Büſching,

der Gründer der neuern Geographie in Deutſchland, ward am 27. September 1724 zu Stadthagen im Schaumburg-Lippiſchen geboren, entfloh der ſtrengen Behandlung ſeines Vaters und erhielt ſeine Bildung im halliſchen Waiſenhauſe. Er ſtudirte darauf Theologie, ward nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn Privatdocent zu Halle und, nachdem er eine Zeit lang Hauslehrer geweſen, 1754 außerordentlicher Profeſſor zu Göttingen, worauf er ſich im folgenden Jahre mit der damals hochgefeierten Chriſtiane Dilthey, Ehrenmitgliede der göttingiſchen Geſellſchaft der Wiſſenſchaften und kaiſerlicher gekrönten Dichterin, vermählte. Seine theologiſchen Diſſertationen zog ihm Unannehmlichkeiten zu; er begab ſich, um dieſen zu entgehen, als Prediger nach Petersburg (1761), kehrte jedoch, da es ihm hier nicht ſonderlich gefiel, trotz der glänzenden Verſprechungen Katharina's II. nach Deutſchland (1765) zurück und ließ ſich als Privatgelehrter in Altona nieder. Bereits im folgenden Jahre ward er jedoch als Director der Schule des grauen Kloſters und Oberconſiſtorialrath nach Berlin berufen, wo er am 28. Mai 1793 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Erdbeſchreibung. Hamburg, 1754 folg. 8 Thle. ([illegible] Bände und der erſte Theil des 5. Bandes ſind von B.)
Nachrichten von dem Zuſtande der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften in den däniſchen Reichen. Kopenhagen, 1754–56. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der lutheriſchen Gemeinden im ruſſiſchen Reiche. Altona, 1766. 2 Thle.
Magazin für Hiſtorie und Geographie. Halle, 1767–93. 25 Thle.
Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Berlin, 1772–74. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte und Grundſätze der ſchönen Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften. Berlin, 1772–74. 2 Thle.
Neueſte Geſchichte der Evangeliſchen in Polen und Litthauen. Halle, 1784–87. 3 Thle.
Beiträge zur Lebensgeſchichte denkwürdiger Perſonen. Halle, 1783–89. 6 Thle.

Als Geograph und Pädagog hat ſich Büſching beſonders verdient gemacht; er war es, der zuerſt wiſſenſchaftliche Begründung und Genauigkeit in der Erdkunde und Erdbeſchreibung einzuführen ſuchte und die Bahn zu einer neuen Behandlung dieſer Fächer eröffnete. Obſchon ſeine dahin einſchlagenden Schriften längſt veraltet und unbrauchbar geworden ſind, da er nur den politiſchen Standpunkt im Auge hatte, ſo verlangt doch das, was er geleiſtet, mit Recht ehrenvolle und dankbare Anerkennung. In ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Schriften geht er mit Gründlichkeit und Umſicht zu Werke; eine gewiſſe Sicherheit und Behaglichkeit gediegener Kenntniß tritt uns überall in denſelben entgegen, verleitet ihn jedoch mitunter zu einer ermüdenden Breite.

Sein Verhalten gegen Seine Familie *).

Gegen Seine Familie hat Er ſich auf eine ſehr ungleiche Weiſe verhalten. Seinen Großvater, König Friedrich den Erſten, verachtete Er, wie aus Seiner Lebensbeſchreibung deſſelben bekannt iſt. In ſeinem Charakter findet Er nichts zu rühmen, als [illegible]. Selbſt die königliche Würde, die er Seinem Hauſe erworben hat, verdankt Er ihm nicht, ungeachtet Er ihre Erwerbung ein Meiſterſtück der Politik, und für eine große Sache erkennt, die es auch in Anſehung des Churhauſes Brandenburg wirklich war. In geſellſchaftlichen Unterredungen pflegte Er ihn wohl den [illegible] König zu nennen, der in Anſehung des eitlen [illegible] (en fait de faste) [illegible] den Charakter habe aufnehmen wollen. Das letzte war nun freilich ein Fehler, aber als der erſte König von Preußen war er beobachtungswürdig. Ganz anders hat Er von Seinem Vater, Friedrich Wilhelm dem Erſten, geſprochen und geſchrieben, ungeachtet der außerordentlichen Härte, die er an Ihm, als Er noch Kronprinz war, ausgeübt hatte. Ich nehme hier Gelegenheit, dieſe Härte bekannter zu machen, als ſie geweſen iſt, und zugleich ihre Urſachen anzugeben.

König Friedrich Wilhelm lebte mit ſeiner Gemahlin auf einem bürgerlichen Fuße. Er nannte ſie, wenn er von ihr ſprach, ſeine Frau, wohnte ganz nahe mit ihr zuſammen, und da [illegible] mit ihren Kindern umgeben war, ſo begab er ſich täglich [illegible] in dieſen Familienkreis. [illegible] folgende Probe [illegible]. Als die Königin die Prinzeſſin Amalia geboren hatte, und [illegible] war, [illegible] der König, und [illegible], legte ſie auf ſeinen [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] Königin [illegible] mit dem König [illegible] [illegible] Kammerfrau [illegible] der König [illegible] [illegible] Frau. [illegible] König [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Er [illegible] Seinem Vater [illegible] [illegible] der König [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] der Rathe, [illegible] der König, [illegible] Soldatenmantel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Soldaten [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dem König [illegible], der König [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Er [illegible] [illegible] Er [illegible] zu ſeinen [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Sohn, den Prinzen Auguſt Wilhelm, [illegible] gern in dem [illegible]

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*) Vgl. Dr. A. F. Büſching's Charakter Friedrichs des Zweiten, Königs von Preußen. Halle, 1788. 2. Ausgabe. S. 117.

miſſenſtreiſe war, und überhaupt ſich in allen Stücken dem König gefällig machte, der ihn deswegen zu ſeinem Nachfolger in der Regierung beſtimmte. Der König drang alſo von Zeit zu Zeit, wenn er über den Kronprinzen erbittert war, in denſelben, daß Er der Thronfolge entſagen, und ſie Seinem nächſten Bruder abtreten ſollte. Es iſt mir wahrſcheinlich, daß er dabey an das Beyſpiel des ruſſiſchen Kaiſers Peters des Erſten gedacht hat. Allein der Kronprinz erklärte, Er wollte ſich eher den Kopf abſchlagen laſſen, als dem König in ſeinem unrechtmäßigen Begehren willfahren. Seine letzte Erklärung ging dahin, daß wenn der König in einem öffentlichen Manifeſt, zur Urſache Seiner Ausſchließung von der Thronfolge, angeben wolle, daß Er kein leiblicher und ehelicher Sohn von ihm ſey, ſo möge er den Prinzen Auguſt Wilhelm zu ſeinem Nachfolger ernennen. Das konnte und wollte aber der König nicht, weil er dadurch die Königin, die er ſehr achtete und liebte, unverſchämlich beleidiget und gekränkt haben würde. Alſo beſchloß der Kronprinz 1730, Sich von Seinem harten Vater heimlich zu entfernen, und Sich in den Schutz des Königs Georg des Zweyten von Großbritannien nach London zu begeben. Dieſen Entſchluß ergriff Er deſto lieber, da zwiſchen Seinen Eltern auf einer, und Seiner Frau Mutter Bruder, dem König von Großbritannien, Georg dem Zweyten, auf der andern Seite, war verabredet worden, daß der Kronprinz von Preußen ſich mit einer Tochter des Königs von Großbritannien, und umgekehrt, der Kronprinz von Großbritannien ſich mit einer preußiſchen Prinzeſſin vermählen ſolle. Der Kronprinz ließ durch die jungen Officiere von Katt und von Keith, zu denen Er freundſchaftliches Vertrauen hatte, heimliche Anſtalten zu Seiner Flucht machen, es wußte auch Seine älteſte Schweſter, die Prinzeſſin Friederike Sophie, nachmalige Markgräfin von Bayreuth, um dieſes Geheimniß. Es ward aber verrathen; der König ließ den Kronprinzen und den jungen von Katt, Lieutenant bey den Gens d'armes, gefangen nehmen, Keith aber entfloh. Der Kronprinz wurde nach Cüſtrin auf die Feſtung gebracht, woſelbſt Er ein ſchlechtes Wohnzimmer bekam, und anfänglich ohne alle Bequemlichkeit war. Die erſte verſchaffte Ihm der damalige Präſident von Münchow, der durch den Boden über dem Arreſtzimmer ein Loch machen ließ, durch welches er mit dem Kronprinzen ſprach, Ihm ſein Mitleiden bezeigte, und ſeine Dienſte anbot. Er klagte über das ſchlechte Eſſen, Geſchirr und [illegible] u. ſ. w. Der Präſident verſprach Ihm beſſeres zu verſchaffen, ließ das letzte Ihm auch, ohne daß es die Schildwache bemerkte, in einem neuen Nachtſtuhle zubringen. Der Kronprinz, der voller misſmüthigen Gedanken war, ſagte zu dem Präſidenten, daß Er auf die Thronfolge Verzicht thun, und Sich von Seinem Vater eine Penſion, nebſt der Erlaubniß, dieſelbe außerhalb Landes, etwa in England, oder ſonſt irgendwo, verzehren zu dürfen, ausbitten wolle; und alsdenn möchte Sein Vater den Prinzen Auguſt Wilhelm immerhin zu ſeinem Nachfolger in der Regierung ernennen. Der Präſident widerrieth dieſes dem Kronprinzen, verſicherte, daß es Ihn gereuen, und viel Schlimmes daraus entſtehen werde, ermunterte Ihn alſo zur Geduld und Hoffnung.

Die Gefangenſchaft des Kronprinzen machte in ganz Europa großes Aufſehen, und bewog inſonderheit die proteſtantiſchen Staaten und Höfe, an den König zu ſchreiben, und Fürbitte für den Kronprinzen einzulegen. Diejenige, die König Friederich von Schweden abſchickte, iſt vorzüglich ſchön, und deswegen will ich ſie unten mittheilen *).

Der König ließ dem Kronprinzen eben ſowohl als dem Katt den Proceß machen. Die Commiſſion, die er zu ſeinem Verhör verordnete, beſtand vermuthlich aus eben denſelben Perſonen, die Ihm hernach den Eid abnehmen mußten, und unten vorkommen werden. Er bezeigte Sich in den Verhören gar nicht biegſam, und ſie erkannte zuletzt wirklich, daß Er geköpft zu werden verdiene *).

Als der gefangen genommene Lieutenant von Katt nach Berlin gebracht wurde, hatte er, anſtatt des Rocks, einen Kittel von Leinwand an, wie die Reuter von dem Regiment Gens d'armes, außer dem Dienſt, zu tragen pflegen, über der Weſte ſeiner Montur aber hing noch das Johanniter-Ordenskreuz. Bey ſeiner Ankunft in Berlin und auf dem königlichen Schloſſe, da er dem König vorgeſtellet wurde, riß ihm der Monarch erſt das Ordenskreuz ab, das er erblickte, und hierauf gab er ihm, unter den heftigſten Worten, einen Stoß mit dem Fuß, und ließ ihn wegführen. Nun ging er auf ſeine älteſte Tochter los, und gab ihr Fauſtſchläge ins Geſicht, denen ſie durch eine Kammerfrau der Königin entzogen, und dem König aus dem Geſicht gebracht wurde. Den Lieutenant von Katt, Sohn des Generalfeldmarſchalls von Katt, verdammte das Kriegsgericht nicht zum Tode, womit aber der König ſehr unzufrieden war, und am erſten Nov. 1730 das Urtheil dahin veränderte, daß, ob er gleich, wegen des begangenen Verbrechens der beleidigten Majeſtät, mit glühenden Zangen geriſſen und aufgehangen zu werden verdienet hätte, er doch, in Rückſicht auf ſeine Familie, geköpft werden ſolle. Am vierten Nov. ward er ſchon von dem von Schack, Major des Regiments Gens d'armes, von Berlin nach Cüſtrin geführet, woſelbſt der Kronprinz aus der Feſtung ſeine Hinrichtung anſehen ſollte. Er kam daſelbſt am fünften Nov. in Begleitung des Feldpredigers des Regiments, Joh. Ernſt Müller an, und am ſechſten ward er auf dem Wall der Feſtung enthauptet. Der Kronprinz ward an ein Fenſter geführet, aus welchem Er auf den Wall ſehen, und den Soldatenkreis erblicken konnte, der den Sandhaufen einſchloß, auf welchem Katt niederknien ſollte. Als Katt nach dem Kreiſe geführet und hingerichtet wurde, überfielen den Kronprinzen Ohnmachten, und Er konnte Sich des Vormittags von dem Schrecken nicht erholen.

Er konnte alſo auch mit dem Feldprediger Müller, den Er nach der Hinrichtung zu Sich rufen ließ, ſich nicht mit Verſtand unterreden; aber Nachmittags ließ Er ihn ſchon vor 2 Uhr wieder zu Sich kommen, und behielt ihn bis 5 Uhr bey Sich. Nun hörte Er an, was Katt dem Müller am Abend vor ſeinem Tode aufgetragen hatte, dem Kronprinzen vorzuſtellen **); geſtand zu, daß alles wahr ſey, und betheurete, daß er vom Anfang des Arreſts an eine herzliche Reue empfunden habe, die aber dem

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*) Sie lautet alſo:

Monſieur mon Frere!

Ayant appris, que le Prince Royal a eu le malheur de deplaire à Votre Majesté, et de s'attirer sa disgrace, je ne sçaurois m'empêcher de lui en marquer ma profonde douleur. Je me fais la plus triste image de la situation, où Elle se trouve en qualité de Roy et de Pere, et je compatis avec tous les sentiments, que les liens du sang m'inspirent, sur un evenement si imprévu. Mais ces mêmes sentiments me persuadent aussi, que Votre Majesté voudra bien me permettre de lui faire remarquer, qu'ayant à choisir entre les grandes obligations de Roy et de Pere, Elle trouve en même tems, l'occasion la plus eclatante et la plus belle, de se determiner, pourvû qu'Elle daigne écouter sa gloire et son coeur. Sa famille Royale, ses peuples, les Protestants et toute l'Europe, l'attend de sa bonté naturelle, et l'en conjurent, et l'amitié tendre et sincere, que je lui porte et à toute sa maison, me le fait souhaiter ardemment, et avec la derniere impatience. Je suis

de Votre Majesté
le bien bon Frere, ami et voisin
Stockholm,
ce 23 d'Aout 1730.
Friedrich

*) Der Kronprinz rächte ſich an den Perſonen, die dieſes Urthel geſprochen hatten, als König nicht. Eine derſelben war der Obriſt Chriſtian Wilhelm von Derſchau, den Er nicht nur in Dienſten behielt, und zum Generalmajor machte, ſondern deſſen Sohn Friedrich Wilhelm von Derſchau Er auch 1769 zum Staats- und Finanz-Miniſter beſtellte, und mit beſonderem Zutrauen beehrte. Die Inquiſitionsacten hat der Generalauditeur, Geheimerath Mylius, verſiegelt in das geheime Archiv geliefert. 1741 ließ ſich König Friedrich die wichtigſten Stücke von dem Staats- und Cabinets-Miniſter Grafen von Podewils überſenden, ſchickte ſie ihm aber verſiegelt zurück, und in dieſem Zuſtande werden ſie noch im geheimen Cabinetsarchiv verwahret. Die Zurückſendung iſt ſehr merkwürdig, und zeiget deutlich an, daß der König die Acten für ſeinen künftigen Geſchichtſchreiber habe aufheben laſſen, keinesweges aber das Andenken an dieſe Sache vertilget wiſſen wollen.

**) Nämlich, er ſchiebe die Schuld ſeines Todes nicht auf den Kronprinzen, und gehe nicht mit Widerwillen gegen Ihn aus der Welt, ſondern unterwerfe ſich dem in Demuth, was Gott wegen ſeines Ehrgeizes und um ſeiner Gottesverachtung willen über ihn verhänget habe. Der Kronprinz möge auch weder gegen den König darum, daß er ihn hinrichten laſſe, einen Groll faſſen, noch denken daß er, Katt, aus Mangel an Klugheit in dieſes Unglück gerathen: vielmehr möge Er Sich Seinem Vater und König unterwerfen, und der gleichlautenden Ermahnung erinnern, die er Ihm ehemals zu Brandenburg gegeben, Sich auch der beweglichen Vorſtellungen erinnern, die er Ihm im ſächſiſchen Lager gethan, woſelbſt die erſte Unterredung wegen des Weggehens vorgefallen ſey, und er Ihm den Ausgang der Sache vorhergeſagt, ſo wie er dieſes auch zuletzt in der Nacht wiederholet habe, da er Ihm zu Potsdam einen Beſuch gegeben u. ſ. w. Dieſes, und alles, was ich nun oben anführe, iſt aus dem Beytrag zur Lebensgeſchichte Friedrich des Großen genommen, der den Briefwechſel Königs Friedrich Wilhelm des Erſten mit dem Feldprediger Müller im November 1730, wegen des Kronprinzen, enthält, und erſt gedruckt erſchienen iſt (Berlin 1788, auf dritthalb kleine Octavbogen), als mein Buch in der erſten Ausgabe ſchon gedruckt war.

König nicht bekannt geworden ſeyn müſſe, weil Er ſonſt Ihn nicht würde haben die harte Hinrichtung anſehen laſſen. Er unterwarf Sich aber deſſelben Willen und Befehl in allen Stücken. Der König hatte Ihn die Hinrichtung anſehen laſſen, und dem Müller befohlen, gleich nach derſelben zu Ihm zu gehen, weil er hoffte, daß Sein Herz alsdenn gerühret und weich ſeyn, und Er auf beſſere Gedanken kommen werde: er hatte Sich aber auch den Fall gedacht, daß ſie keinen ſichtbaren Eindruck auf Sein Gemüth machen werde, und auf beyde Fälle dem Feldprediger Verhaltungsbefehle ertheilet; in dem erſten, ſoll er bey dem Kronprinzen bleiben, und Ihn zu bekehren und zu belehren ſuchen; in dem zweyten, Ihn verlaſſen, und nach Berlin zurückkehren. Der Feldprediger berichtete dem König am ſechſten, ſiebenten und achten November, daß der Kronprinz ſich bekehre, Gott und den König um Vergebung bitte, und in der Bibel leſe, ſich ſeiner Irrthümer in Anſehung der abſoluten Gnadenwahl und der Fatalität, benehmen laſſe, und das Folgende äußere. Er habe Sich in den Verhören der Seinetwegen verordneten Commiſſion ſehr vergangen; wäre Ihm aber vom Anfang an nur von einem Menſchen beweglich, und ohne harte Drohungen, zugeredet worden, ſo würde Er nicht in ſolche Ausſchweifungen gerathen ſeyn. Er fürchte, daß Er die Gnade des Königs nie wieder erlangen werde, denn Er habe ſie ſchon lange erbeten und erwartet, und ſehe noch nicht die geringſte Spur von derſelben. Er müſſe faſt aus des Feldpredigers Beſuch ſchließen, daß er Ihn auch zum Tode bereiten ſolle. Auf dieſen Bericht antwortete der König am achten November, er ſolle fortfahren, den Kronprinzen zu vermahnen, daß Er die Sünden, die Er gegen Gott, gegen Seinen Vater und König, und gegen Sich ſelbſt und Seine Honneur darinn begangen, daß Er Geld geliehen, das Er nicht wieder bezahlen könne, und deſertiren wollen, bereue. Und da er, der Feldprediger, auf ſein Gewiſſen verſichere, daß der Prinz ſich zu Gott bekehre, Seinen König, Herrn und Vater wegen alles Vergangenen und Verbrochenen um Vergebung bitte, auch verſichere, es thue Ihm von Herzen leid, daß Er Sich nicht allemal Seines Vaters Willen willigſt unterworfen habe: ſo ſolle er Ihm in ſeinem (des Königs) Namen andeuten, daß er Ihn zwar noch nicht ganz pardonniren könne; er werde Ihn aber doch aus unverdienter Gnade aus dem ſcharfen Arreſt entlaſſen, und Ihm Leute zugeben, die auf Seine Conduite acht geben ſollten.

Er ſolle in der ganzen Stadt Cüſtrin umher, aber nicht aus derſelben, gehen dürfen. Er werde Ihm auch Geſchäfte geben, mit welchen Er vom Morgen bis auf den Abend zu thun haben ſolle, nemlich, Er ſolle bey der Kriegs- und Domainen-Kammer, und bey der Regierung (zu Cüſtrin) in ökonomiſchen Sachen arbeiten, Rechnungen abnehmen, Acten nachleſen, und Auszüge (aus denſelben) machen. Ehe und bevor aber ſolches geſchehe, wolle er die Generallieutenants von Grumkow, von Borck, und von Röder, den Generalmajor von Buddenbrock, die Obriſten von Waldow und von Derſchau, und den Geheimenrath von Thulemeyer, zu Ihm ſchicken, die Ihm den Eid abnehmen ſollten, daß Er ſeinen Willen und ſeinen Befehlen in vollkommenem Gehorſam nachleben wolle. Dieſen Eid ſolle Er laut, deutlich und ſelbſt nachſprechen, und ehrlich halten. Werde Er aber wieder umſchlagen, und auf die alten Sprünge kommen, ſo ſolle Er Krone und Chur bey der Succeſſion, und nach den Umſtänden wohl gar das Leben verlieren.

In einer Beylage meldete der geheime Cabinetsrath Schumacher dem Feldprediger auf des Königs Befehl, daß er das königl. Schreiben dem Kronprinzen zeigen könne, wenn er es für rathſam achte. Das that er am neunten Nov., und der Kronprinz, der vorher ſtarken Zweifel äußerte, daß der König Ihm wieder gnädig ſeyn werde, wurde dadurch ſehr gerühret, verſicherte, daß Er ſich des Königs Befehl in allem gefallen laſſe, und inſonderheit den Eid mit Freuden und deutlichen Worten ablegen wolle; doch äußerte Er, Er habe das Vertrauen, daß der König in der Eidesformul Ihm nichts vorſchreiben werde, als was väterlich, und Ihm (dem Kronprinzen) möglich wäre, bat auch, daß die Eidesformul mit den dazu gehörigen Puncten, Ihm von den Commiſſarien zur vorläufigen Kenntniß und Ueberlegung vorgeleget werden möge. Dieſes wird auch ohne Zweifel geſchehen ſeyn.

Alle dieſe tragiſche Auftritte bezeugen auf Seiten des Vaters außerordentliche Härte, mit vermeynter Religion bemäntelt, und auf der andern Seite unzuverläſſige Beſſerung des Sohns, die durch Todesfurcht erzwungen worden.

Endlich, nachdem der Kronprinz faſt zwey Jahre in Cüſtrin zugebracht hatte, beſchloß der König, daß er durch deſſelben Zurückberufung an den Hof, das Feſt der Vermählung ſeiner älteſten Prinzeſſin Tochter, Friederike Sophie Wilhelmine, mit dem Erbprinzen Friedrich von Bareuth, verherrlichen, und inſonderheit ſeiner Gemahlin dadurch eine große Freude machen wolle. Er vertraute dieſes Vorhaben einer Kammerfrau der Königin an, die bey derſelben vorzüglich viel galt *). Dieſe ſtärkte ihn in der Ueberzeugung, daß er die Freude der Königin vollkommen mache, wenn er ſie an dieſem Hochzeittage auch ihren Liebling, den Kronprinzen, wieder ſehen laſſe, ſetzte aber weislich hinzu, wenn es nicht der Königin ganz unvermuthet geſchähe; denn die ganz unerwartete Erblickung des Kronprinzen könne ihr auch tödtlichen Schrecken bringen. Der König nahm dieſe Vorſtellung an, und bewilligte, daß die Kammerfrau der Königin einige Hoffnung dazu mache, am Hochzeitfeſt ihrer Prinzeſſin Tochter auch den Kronprinzen wieder zu ſehen; doch befahl er ihr, dafür zu ſorgen, daß ſonſt kein Menſch von ſeinem Vorhaben etwas erfahre. Die Vermählung geſchahe am 20. November 1731 auf dem Schloß zu Berlin. Der König ſetzte ſich des Mittags nicht mit an die Tafel, ſondern ging herum, und munterte die Gäſte zum Eſſen und Trinken auf. Die Königin ſaß in dem großen Saal oben an der Tafel, nahe bey ihrem Vorzimmer, in welchem ihre Kammerleute waren. Jene Kammerfrau gab genau acht auf die Ankunft des Königs mit dem Kronprinzen, um dieſelbe durch ein verabredetes Zeichen der Königin anzuzeigen. Als der König in Begleitung des Kronprinzen in den langen Saal trat, und denſelben hinauf nach der Königin ging, empfing dieſe von ihrer Kammerfrau das beſtimmte Zeichen, ſahe aber nicht auf, ſondern nur auf den vor ihr ſtehenden Teller, aß und ſprach mit ihren Nachbaren ſo lange, bis der König mit dem Kronprinzen vor ihr ſtand. Da ſahe ſie in die Höhe, ſprang von dem Stuhl auf, erhob die Hände, und rief erſtaunet und erfreuet aus: o mon fils! der König aber ſagte zu ihr: ſehet ihr, Madame! da iſt nun der Fritz wieder u. ſ. w. Da war und that die ganze Tiſchgeſellſchaft hoch erfreuet. Der König kaufte nicht lange hernach das Gut Reinsberg, ſchenkte es dem Kronprinzen, und ließ Ihn daſelbſt mit Seinen Büchern und Gelehrten, inſonderheit mit Seinen franzöſiſchen Hofleuten, machen was Er wollte.

Man hätte vermuthen ſollen, daß der Kronprinz an die Strenge und Härte Seines Herrn Vaters lebenslang unter unangenehmer Empfindung gedenken, und ſich bey allen Gelegenheiten über dieſelbige beklagen würde: das hat Er aber als König nicht gethan, ſondern iſt der ſtärkſte Lobredner Seines Herrn Vaters geweſen, und in Seiner Lebensgeſchichte deſſelben kommt ſogar folgende, auf dieſe Begebenheit zielende, ganz unerwartete Stelle vor: Nous avons de même passé sous silence, les chagrins domestiques de ce grand prince. On doit avoir quelque indulgence pour la faute des enfans, en faveur des vertus d' un tel pere. Ich nenne ſie mit Recht unerwartet, denn ſie hat außer andern den Herrn von Moſer ſo befremdet, daß er in ſeinem patriotiſchen Archiv Th. 3. S. 160 ſchreibet: man müſſe vielmehr ſagen, il faut pardonner la sévérité du pere, en faveur des vertus d'un tel fils. Man könnte denken, der König habe in einem gedruckten Buche ſo geſchrieben, damit man Seine Großmuth bewundern möchte: es iſt aber gewiß, daß Er auch in geſellſchaftlichen Unterredungen, wenn von Seines Herrn Vaters Härte und Heftigkeit die Rede geweſen, ſehr gelind und ſchonend von Ihm geſprochen hat. Es iſt auch offenbar, daß Sein Herr Vater in den wichtigſten Regierungsgeſchäften Sein Muſter geweſen iſt, außer daß Er in der Kriegeszucht und Kunſt ſtark von Ihm abgegangen, und eine neue eingeführet hat. Sein Herr Vater hatte, wie glaubwürdige Nachrichten verſichern, einige Stunden vor ſeinem Tode zärtlichen Abſchied von Ihm genommen, und Ihn ſeinen lieben Fritz genennet: dieſe letzte Handlung kann ſchon alle Bitterkeit des Andenkens an die ehemalige väterliche Strenge in Seinem Gemüth vertilget haben. Ob damals geſchehen ſey, was Er Selbſt erzählet hat, daß Er Seinem Vater den [illegible] habe angeloben müſſen, Ihn an dem Hauſe Oeſterreich zu rächen? muß ich dahin geſtellet ſeyn laſſen.

Daß Er Seine Frau Mutter bis an Ihren Tod verehren würde, war nicht nur wegen ihrer großen Liebe zu Ihm, ſondern auch um Seiner Gemüthsart willen zu erwarten. In der weiſen und lehrreichen Anweiſung, die Er 1744 dem jungen Prinzen Carl von Würtemberg gab, als derſelbe im Begriff war, die Regierung ſeines Herzogthums anzutreten **), ſchrieb er:

„Respectez en votre mère l'auteur de vos jours. Plus
„que vous aurez d'égard envers elle, plus vous serez

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*) und von deren Sohn ich alle dieſe Umſtände weiß.

**) Sie iſt nicht lange vor dem erſten Druck dieſer Stelle durch den göttingiſchen Profeſſor Herrn Spittler in dem vierten Stück des erſten Bandes des göttingiſchen hiſtoriſchen Magazins S. 663 f. bekannt gemacht worden, und die oben daraus angeführte Stelle ſtehet S. 669.

„estimable. Ayez toujours tort, quand vous pourriez „avoir quelque demêlé ensemble. La reconnoissance „envers ses parens, n'a point de bornes, on est blamé, „d'en faire trop peu, mais jamais d'en faire trop."

Wer ſo denket und räth, der wird gegen ſeine eigenen Eltern die pflichtmäßige Ehrerbietung zu beweiſen, nicht unterlaſſen.

Alle Seine Geſchwiſter haben Proben und Beweiſe von Seiner Bruderliebe genoſſen, wiewohl mit Unterſchied. Aus Seiner älteſten Schweſter zu Bayreuth machte Er vorzüglich viel, und ſie hatte es verdienet, weil ſie für Ihn etwas Hartes gelitten (Siehe oben). Er hat nach ihrem Tode, nahe bey Seinem neuen Schloß unweit Sanssouci, ihr den marmornen Tempel der Freundſchaft alſo gewidmet, daß er ihre ſchöne ſitzende Bildſäule enthält. Seine Schweſter, die Königin von Schweden, hat Er 1771 nach ihres Gemahls Tod, ſogar von Stockholm zu Sich eingeladen, und ungefähr ein halbes Jahr bey Sich behalten. Die regierende und nun verwittwete Frau Herzogin von Braunſchweig hat Er oft auch bey Sich geſehen, und ſie war Ihm äußerſt ergeben. Einmal feyerte Er ihren Geburtstag auf eine ſonderbare Weiſe. Er war, als er einfiel, am Podagra bettlägerig, ſtellte aber doch zu Potsdam ein Gaſtmal an, und lud ihren Herrn Sohn, den Herzog Friedrich, von Berlin dazu ein. Unmittelbar vorher, als Er ihn in Sein Zimmer rufen laſſen wollte, behing Er Sich, im Bette liegend, mit einem Stück koſtbaren Silberſtoffs, dergleichen zur inwendigen Ausſchmückung des neuen Schloſſes gebraucht worden, und als der Herzog zu Ihm kam, ſagte Er, ſehen Sie, wie Ich Mich am Geburtstage Ihrer Frau Mutter ſchmücke! *) Jn Seinem Teſtamente vermachte Er der Herzogin 50,000 Rthlr. und ein ſilbernes Tafel-Service. Er iſt vielleicht niemals nach Berlin gekommen, ohne Seine jüngſte Prinzeſſin Schweſter Amalia zu beſuchen. Jn Seinem Teſtament hat Er ihr ein ſilbernes Tafel-Service, und jährlich 10,000 Rthlr. vermacht, die ſie aber nicht lange genoſſen hat, weil ſie bald nach Ihm geſtorben. Er ſchenkte 1745, Seinem älteſten Bruder, dem Prinzen Auguſt Wilhelm, das Schloß zu Oranienburg, und es ſcheint nicht, daß er wegen deſſen, was oben erzählet worden, ein Mißtrauen in ihn geſetzet hat, es iſt auch zuverläſſig bekannt, daß dieſer großmüthige und edelgeſinnte Bruder ihn hochgeachtet, geliebet und geehret hat. Jn dem ſiebenjährigen Kriege vertrauete der König demſelben die bey Collin geſchlagene Armee an, war aber mit des Prinzen Rückzug, in die Gegend von Zittau, unzufrieden, und ſchrieb am 10. Julius einen harten Brief an ihn. Der Prinz verließ die Armee, und ging nach Dresden. Der damals zwiſchen ihm und dem König geführte Briefwechſel iſt 1769 in deutſcher Sprache unter dem Titel: **Anecdoten zur Erläuterung der brandenburgiſchen Geſchichte und des letzten Krieges**, gedruckt, und nimmt die Leſer ſehr für den Prinzen ein, weil daraus erhellet, daß er nichts ohne ſorgfältige Ueberlegung, und ohne Berathſchlagung mit den Generalen, die unter ihm ſtanden, gethan, daß aber einer derſelben, nemlich der General von Winterfeld, ihm den Unwillen des Königs zugezogen hat, der nach der Schlacht bey Collin natürlicher Weiſe ohnedem ſehr mißvergnügten Gemüths war. Der bekümmerte Prinz, der einen vortrefflichen Gemüthscharakter hatte, lebte hernach kein Jahr mehr, ſondern ſtarb ſchon im Mai 1758, nicht ohne Thränen des Königs. Jn Anſehung der beyden andern königl. Herren Brüder iſt mir nichts Beſonderes bekannt, als daß Er dem Prinzen Heinrich in Seinem Teſtamente 200,000 Rthlr., den Ring mit einem Chryſopras, von Brillianten umgeben, den Er Selbſt am Finger trug, einen ſchönen [illegible], und 50 Anker ungariſchen Wein, und der Gemalin deſſelben jährlich 6000 Rthlr.; dem Prinzen Ferdinand aber 50,000 Rthlr. und eine Kutſche, nebſt 6 Pferden, und ſeiner Gemalin 10,000 Rthlr. und eine koſtbare Doſe, vermacht hat.

Jn der Vermählung des Königs hat ſich Gottes Regierung auf eine verehrungswürdige Weiſe gezeiget. Es iſt oben ſchon geſaget worden, daß verabredet geweſen, Er ſolle eine großbritanniſche Prinzeſſin heirathen; allein der Graf von Seckendorf, den der Kaiſer Karl der Sechſte, gleich nach Königs Georg des Zweyten Gelangung zum großbritanniſchen Throne, nach Berlin ſendete, der auch den König Friedrich Wilhelm von der großbritanniſchen Parthey abzog, und mit dem Kaiſer verband, überredete ihn, den Kronprinzen mit der Prinzeſſin Eliſabeth von Braunſchweig-Bevern, Niece der römiſchen Kaiſerin, zu vermählen, welches am 12. Junius 1733 wirklich geſchahe. Der Kronprinz hatte zwar dieſe Prinzeſſin Sich nur in ſo fern Selbſt zur Gemalin erwählet, daß Er ſie zwo anderen, die Ihm Sein Herr Vater zugleich mit ihr vorgeſchlagen (unter welchen aber keine großbritanniſche war), vorgezogen; das war aber aus Gehorſam gegen den ihm bekannten väterlichen Willen geſchehen, dem ſich zu widerſetzen, Er nicht für rathſam hielt. Es hätten aber die geſammten königlichen Länder 1783 das Jubelfeſt dieſer Vermählung mit den größten und freudigſten Feyerlichkeiten begehen können, weil dieſe Königin ihnen zu einem ausnehmend großen Segen gegeben worden. Gott hat ihnen in derſelben eine unſchätzbare Wohlthat, ein Muſter der Gottſeligkeit, der chriſtlichen Tugenden überhaupt, und der Menſchenliebe insbeſondere, geſchenket und aufgeſtellet. Man kann ſich keinen edlern und vortrefflichern Character, als den ihrigen, gedenken. Sie iſt nun ſchon über 54 Jahre lang ein herrliches Vorbild dem königlichen Hauſe, die zweyte Krone deſſelben, welche die erſte an koſtbarem Werth unendlich übertrifft, die Freude aller Unterthanen, geweſen. Den Beobachtern und Kennern ihrer Tugenden gereichet es zum unbeſchreiblichen Vergnügen, daß der ſie verehrende König, ihr Neffe, ihr hohes Alter frey von Sorgen, und reich an Vergnügen machet, und ſchon deswegen wünſchen Ihm Seine Unterthanen die höchſte Glückſeligkeit in dieſer und in der künftigen Welt. Ich ſelbſt, ein dankbarer Zeuge ihrer ausnehmend großen Gnade, Leutſeligkeit und Herablaſſung, habe ihre mehr als funfzigjährige Zufriedenheit mit ihrem Zuſtand, und ihren zärtlichen Eifer für den Nutzen und Ruhm des Königs, [illegible] bewundert, und ehrfurchtsvoll geehret. Das iſt ein Beyſpiel einer [illegible]

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*) Von der Form der Briefe, die der König und Sein Schwager, der regierende Herzog Carl von Braunſchweig-Wolfenbüttel, an einander geſchrieben, habe ich eine kleine Probe zur Hand, welche ich mittheilen will; ſie iſt aber im Kanzleyſtil geſchrieben.

Ein Abbate, Namens Arcoli, zu Braunſchweig, bat den König 1752 um eine katholiſche Pfründe in Seinen Staaten. Der Herzog begleitete deſſelben franzöſiſche Bittſchrift mit folgendem Briefe.

Durchlauchtigſter großmächtigſter König,
Hochgeehrter, freundlich geliebteſter Herr Vetter,
Schwager, Bruder und Gevatter!

Ew. Königl. Majeſtät werden aus dem Originalanſchluſſe zu erſehen geruhen, wasmaßen bey Derſelben ein gewiſſer Abbate Arcoli, welcher ſich verſchiedene Jahre in Braunſchweig aufgehalten, und, ſo viel ich weiß, ein anſtändiges und ſittſames Leben geführet hat, um Ertheilung eines geiſtlichen Beneficii in E. K. M. Landen allerunterthänigſte Anſuchung thut. Es hat mich derſelbe dabey beſonders angelanget, dieſes ſein Memorial mit meinem ergebenſten Vorwort zu begleiten. So ungern E. K. M. ich darunter beſchwerlich falle, ſo habe ich dennoch den Supplicanten, in Anſehung des beſondern Vertrauens, ſo er darinn geſetzt, und ſeines oftmals wiederholten Geſuchs, damit nicht füglich entſtehen mögen. Wannenhero mir zu vieler Dankverbindlichkeit gereichen wird, wenn E. K. M. Impetranten die erbetene Wirkung davon angedeyen zu laſſen geruhen wollen. Womit zu E. K. M. hochgeſchätztem Wohlwollen ich mich beſtens empfehle, und in unabänderlicher wahren Hochachtung beharre, E. K. M. dienſtwilligſter, treu ergebenſter Vetter, Schwager, Bruder, Gevatter und Diener

Wolfenbüttel
den 16ten Oct. 1752. Carl, Herzog zu Br.

Die Staats- und Cabinets-Miniſter Grafen von Podewils und Finkenſtein überſchickten dieſes Schreiben dem König, und baten um Befehl, wie die Antwort lauten ſolle. Der König ſagte mündlich (vermuthlich zu Podewils), es ſolle obligeant geantwortet, und angeführet werden, daß, nach den hieſigen Landesgeſetzen und Gewohnheiten, die geiſtlichen Beneficia nicht anders als nach den Statuis jedes Stifts vergeben werden könnten, welche die Ausländer nicht mehr admittirten. Darauf wurde ſo eingeſtellet:

Ew. Durchl. ſind verhoffentlich nach Meiner Dero gewidmeten treuen Freundſchaft und Ergebenheit völlig verſichert, daß Ich alles dasjenige, was nur immer zu Derſelben Vergnügen gereichen kann, und von Mir dependiret, jederzeit willig und mit Freuden anzuwenden, gewiß nie entſtehen werde; und würde Ich daher keinen Anſtand genommen haben, die Wirkung Euer Durchl. vor den Abbate Arcoli bey Mir eingelegten Vorworts, denſelben thätig ſpüren zu laſſen. Gleichwie aber nach denen in Meinen Landen eingeführten Geſetzen und hergebrachten Gewohnheiten, die geiſtlichen Beneficia nicht anders, als wie deshalb in den Statuis eines jeden Stiftes diſponiret worden, vergeben werden können, dieſe aber keinen Ausländer admittiren; So werden Ew. Durchlaucht von ſelbſten leicht erachten, daß Ich in Ertheilung dergleichen Beneficiorum nicht allerdings freye Hände habe, mithin Mich außer Stande befinde, darunter beſagten Abbate zu gratificiren. Ich erſuche jedennoch Ew. Durchlaucht hiermit freundvetterlich, Mir in andern Fällen Gelegenheit zu geben, Meine Bereitwilligkeit, Ihro zu Gefallen zu leben, darzuthun, und zu gleicher Zeit die beſondere Hochachtung an den Tag zu legen, mit welcher Ich beſtändig verharre ꝛc.

Berlin, den 13ten Nov. 1752.

Der Auszug aus dem Teſtament des Königs, der in vieler Perſonen Händen iſt, enthält folgende Sie betreffende Stelle:

> Je vous prie, mon cher neveu Frederic Guillaume! de laisser à la reine mon epouse ce qu'elle a eu jusqu' à cette heure, savoir 41,000 Risdalers, et d'y ajouter 10,000 R. de rentes. Elle ne m'a jamais donné du chagrin pendant le cours de mon regne, et elle merite le respect, l'attachement, et les egards, par ses vertus inébranlables.

Die Familie Seines älteſten Herrn Bruders ſchränkte Er in Wohnung und Unterhalt noch mehr ein, als Sein Herr Vater Ihn eingeſchränket hatte. Es ſcheint aber, daß Er es aus dem Grunde gethan hat, weil ſie doch nach Seinem Tode alles, was Er hinterlaſſe, erbe und dadurch für die vergangene Zeit ſchadlos gehalten werde. Vielleicht hat Er die Worte Seines Teſtaments erſt lange im Sinn, und ſeit 1769, da Er ſie eigenhändig niedergeſchrieben, im Gedächtniß gehabt:

> „Je vous donne, mon cher neveu! mes pays hereditaires
> „et conquis, mes chateaux, mes jardins, mes galeries,
> „mes meubles, mes nipes:"

die gleich hernach ſo wiederholet werden:

> „mes états, mon bien, mes thresors, mon bon peuple,
> „est votre heritage."

Dem ſey aber wie ihm wolle, ſo verdienet doch dieſe Stelle Seines Teſtaments durch die feurigſten Wünſche Seiner ehemaligen Unterthanen unterſtützet zu werden; in welcher Er, nach den beſtimmten Legaten und Geſchenken, ſaget:

> „Je me flatte, qu'il n'y aura point de dispute entre
> „la famille, que la bonne intelligence regnera toujours
> „entre vous, pour l'honneur et la gloire de vos ancetres."

Betragen des Königs gegen Seine Bedienten.

Anfänglich hatte der König 8 Leibpagen, 8 Kammerlakeyen, 12 gemeine Hoflackeyen, 12 Hofjäger, 4 Leibjäger, 12 Hofpagen, 30 [illegible] in Berlin, 12 große Heyducken, 6 Läufer. Einige Zeit nach dem Antritt Seiner Regierung nahm Er noch 2, 3 bis 4 Kammerhuſaren an, und bey der Einrichtung des neuen Pallaſtes unweit Sansſouci, noch 6 gemeine Lackeyen. Läufer, Lackeyen und Jäger wurden an ihren Dienſttagen zum Ausſchicken gebraucht, und die Lackeyen blieben auch des Nachts zur Wache im Vorzimmer des Königs. Kammerherren hat der König, meines Wiſſens, nicht zur Aufwartung gebrauchet; an Vermählungsfeſten aber ſtanden Kammerherren und eine Hofdame oder Hofmeiſterin hinter dem fürſtlichen Brautpaar. In den letzten Jahren Seines Lebens behalf Sich der König mit 2 Leibpagen, die keine andere Verrichtungen hatten, als Ihm bey der Tafel aufzuwarten, und Ihm auf Reiſen und Spazierritten zu Pferde zu folgen. In des Königs Kammer hatten ſie gemeiniglich nichts zu thun, ſondern in derſelben ließ Er ſich von 2 Kammerhuſaren und 2 Kammerlackeyen bedienen. Dieſe mäßige Zahl Seiner Bedienten ſtach von dem Ueberfluß, den einige andere Könige Seiner Zeit an dergleichen Leuten hatten, eben ſo ſehr ab, als des Königs Weisheit und Sparſamkeit von der übrigen. Er kannte alle Seine Bedienten, und ging mehrentheils ſtrenge mit ihnen um. Ihre muthwilligen, und auch die von Ihm nur dafür gehaltenen Fehler, beſtrafte Er mit harten Worten, auch wohl mit Fauſt- und Stock-Schlägen; Vergehungen und Verbrechen aber auf eine weit härtere Art. In Kriegszeiten wurden ſie viel aus, und mußten wie die gemeinen Soldaten mit Gewalt zu Fuß gehen. Er hat vorzüglich unterſchiedene ganz unwiſſende Leute, die weder leſen noch ſchreiben konnten, zu Seinen Bedienten, und zum nicht gewöhnlichen Gebrauch, angenommen, in der Meynung, daß Er von ihnen nichts Nachtheiliges und Gefährliches zu befürchten hätte; ſich aber geirret. Ein ſolcher war der Kammerlakay Deeſen, für den er eine geraume Zeit viele Gunſt und Gnade hatte, dem er auch manches Geſchenk zuwandte, auf den Er aber zuletzt, als Er Ihm gleichgültig geworden war*), eine ſo große Ungnade warf, daß der Menſch darüber in Verzweiflung gerieth. Dieſes geſchahe 1775, wenn ich nicht irre, im Monat Julius, aufs heftigſte. Der König hatte damals Beſuch von Seinen Verwandten, und während deſſelben ließ Er es dabey bewenden, daß der Menſch Ihm nicht vor die Augen kommen durfte. Als der Beſuch geendet, und der König wieder zu Sansſouci war, ließ Er ihn an einem Vormittag vor ſich kommen, und übergab ihn dem Adjutanten, der den Rapport gebracht hatte, mit dem Befehl, ihn bey dem unrangirten Corps als Trommelſchläger anzuſetzen. Der Menſch that einen Fußfall vor Ihm, Er ſtieß ihn aber mit den Füßen von Sich; und als er ſich aufs neue an Seinen Knien feſt hielt, ließ Er ihn mit Gewalt losreißen. Dieſer bat den Adjutanten, der mit ihm fortging, ihm zu erlauben, daß er ſeinen Hut holen dürfe; und als er auf ſeine Stube kam, erſchoß er ſich mit einer auf dieſen Fall geladenen und in Bereitſchaft gehaltenen Piſtole. Als dieſes dem König berichtet wurde, ſagte Er erſt, wo hat der Kerl die geladene Piſtole her gekriegt! und hernach, Ich habe ihm ſo viel Courage nicht zugetrauet. Man bemerkte aber auch an dem König viel Unruhe des Gemüthes über dieſen Vorfall, und aus den Fragen, die Er wegen deſſelben an Seine Leute that, konnte man wohl erkennen, daß Ihm die Begebenheit ſehr unangenehm ſey. Es konnte dieſer Menſch zwar wenig leſen und ſchreiben, er ließ ſich aber wohl von einem andern etwas Geſchriebenes, das auf des Königs Tiſche lag, vorleſen.

Ein anderer Liebling des Königs, Namens Glaſow, den Er im Anfang des ſiebenjährigen Krieges, entweder 1756 oder 1757, der ſich in Sachſen hatte, war von ſehr verliebter Natur, und ließ ſich von einer Frauensperſon, die er liebte, und hinter welche ſich wieder andere ſteckten, bewegen, dem König einen Brief aus der Taſche zu ziehen, und ihr mitzutheilen; er ſoll ſich auch haben den Antrag thun laſſen, ſeinem Herrn in Caffé Gift beyzubringen. Als dieſes bekannt wurde, belegte ihn der König mit der gelinden Strafe, daß er ihn nach Spandau ſchickte, woſelbſt er etwa nach einem halben Jahre ſtarb. Man ſaget, Er habe ihn um dieſe Zeit ſeines Todes loslaſſen wollen, und ſey über denſelben betrübt geweſen, weil Er noch Gefühl für ihn gehabt.

Noch gelinder beſtrafte Er einen Kammerbedienten, Namens Pretſch, der Ihm einige tauſend Thaler geſtohlen hatte. Als er den Diebſtahl bemerkte, ließ Er dem Thäter aufs ſchärfſte nachſtellen, und da er entdecket wurde, ihn zur Strafe an das Füſilierregiment, das zu Königsberg in der Neumark lieget, abgeben*).

Es ſind auch Beyſpiele von gnädiger Nachſicht, die der König gegen Seine Domeſtiken bewieſen hat, vorhanden. Er hatte einen, der ein Säufer war, aber nicht dafür gehalten ſeyn wollte. Dieſem befahl Er, auf der Ritze zwiſchen zwey Dielen gerade einherzugehen, und wenn er es nicht thun konnte, lachte Er darüber**). Gegen Seine Lieblinge, die Er bloß um ihres Geſichtes und Wuchſes willen aus den Soldaten erwählte, ſo roh ſie auch ſeyn mogten, war Er ſo liebreich und freygebig.

Zu den Schwachheiten der Prinzen und Prinzeſſinnen pfleget zu gehören, daß ſie ſich gern in vertrauliche Geſpräche mit ihren Bedienten einlaſſen, und ihre Erzählungen anhören. Man hat mir verſichert, daß bey dem König dieſes ſelten ſtatt gefunden habe***).

Er machte Seinen Bedienten verſchiedener Klaſſen zuweilen Geſchenke, Er verſprach ihnen auch wohl dergleichen, und befahl, daß ſie Ihn daran erinnern ſollten. Dieſe Erinnerung war aber niemals nöthig, ſondern Er blieb Seiner Zuſage eingedenk, und erfüllte ſie wenige Tage hernach. Solche Geſchenke wurden hauptſächlich in den letzten Jahren Seines Lebens, nach ausgeſtandenen Krankheiten, und zu Weihnachten, gemeiniglich. Wer ſich Ihm gewiſſermaßen unentbehrlich gemacht hatte, bekam größere, und wer Sein Liebling war, die größeſten. Ueberhaupt ging Er in den letzten Lebensjahren mit Seinen Domeſtiken gelinder um, als ehedeſſen. Es war auch Sein Betragen gegen dieſelben anders in kranken, und anders in geſunden Tagen; in jenen war Er mehrentheils ſo wie geduldig und zufrieden, alſo auch ſanft und gelinde gegen ſie, ſo lange die Krankheit und der Schmerz währeten und zunahmen: wenn Er aber anfing, ungeduldig und unzufrieden, hart und heftig zu werden, ſo war es ein zuverläſſiges Kennzeichen Seiner wieder anfangenden Geneſung.

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*) Die große Menge ſchlechter Handlungen dieſes Menſchen, iſt dem König, allem Anſehn nach, unbekannt geblieben; er hat ſich aber ſelbſt dafür beſtraft.

*) Wenn in den Anekdoten und Charakterzügen aus dem Leben Friedrichs des Zweyten, Samml. 1. S. 72—74, von dem Diebſtahl des Pretſch die Rede iſt, ſo ſind die dabey angegebenen Umſtände eben ſo unrichtig, als die Summe, die nicht einmal zweytauſend Thaler, geſchweige zehntauſend, betrug. Die folgende Erzählung von S. 74 bis 76, iſt auch unrichtig. Erblich iſt wohl höchſt unwahrſcheinlich, daß ſich der König ſollte haben 10,000 Thaler ſtehlen laſſen, und dem Thäter, der es ſelbſt geſtanden, noch 2 bis 3000 Friedrichsd'or dazu geſchenkt haben. Jenes Haus, der Mann iſt zu dem Hauſe auf folgende Weiſe gekommen. Er wußte, daß der König im nächſten Jahr ein altes Bürgerhaus bauen laſſen werde, und kaufte es. Als es neu gebauet war, wandte er eine anſehnliche Summe an deſſelben innere Auszierung. Dieſes Geld hatte er von den Einkünften, die mit ſeinem Dienſt verknüpfet waren, und von eigenen Geſchenken des Königs. Ein Juwelierzimmer iſt nicht in dem Hauſe, der König hat auch das Haus nie betreten. Herr Geheimerath Schöning hat dieſes zur Berichtigung der Anekdoten bemerket.

**) Alles übrige, was in der erſten Sammlung S. 72 und 77 der Anekdoten ꝛc. erzählet wird, iſt unrichtig.

***) Eine ſolche Unterredung wird in der erſten Sammlung der Anekdoten S. 55 erzählet; und ſie iſt nicht unwahrſcheinlich, aber die S. 57 erwähnten hundert Thaler ſind es.

Nichts konnte Er weniger an Seinen Domeſtiken leiden, als Gemeinſchaft mit Frauensperſonen. Er verlangte, daß ſie nicht nur unverheirathet ſeyn und bleiben, auch keine Maitreſſen haben, ſondern nicht einmal mit Frauensperſonen ſprechen ſollten. Erfuhr Er von ihnen das Gegentheil, oder nahm Er es Selbſt wahr, ſo war entweder ihre Verabſchiedung, oder doch wenigſtens ihre harte Behandlung, die unausbleibliche Folge davon. Da Er nun dieſes Verbot dem ſtärkſten natürlichen Triebe entgegen ſetzte, ſo war die äußerſte Verheimlichung der Uebertretung deſſelben nur etwas gelindes, in Vergleichung mit den ſchlimmen Wirkungen, die es haben konnte, und nicht ſelten wirklich hatte. Ob der König durch dieſes Verbot nur die Nachläſſigkeit und Untreue in Seinem Dienſt verhüten wollen? oder ob Er ſonſt noch eine Urſache gehabt hat? mag ich nicht zu vermuthen.

Betragen gegen Sein Kriegsheer.

Dem Kriegesſtand zog Er den andern Ständen des Staats weit vor. Schon im erſten Jahr Seiner Regierung fing Er an, denſelben zur anſehnlichen Vergrößerung Seines Staats nützlich zu gebrauchen, und es zeigte ſich, daß Er zu dem Kriegeweſen ein großes Talent habe. Dieſes konnte Er ohne ein anſehnliches Heer nicht noch mehr beweiſen, und zu hoher Vollkommenheit bringen, Er konnte Sich auch ohne ein ſolches nicht auf der vorzüglichen Höhe, die Er unter den europäiſchen Monarchen erſtiegen hatte, erhalten; alſo wurde die Kriegeswiſſenſchaft Seine Hauptwiſſenſchaft, und das Kriegesheer der vornehmſte Gegenſtand Seiner Achtung und Fürſorge. Mit Generalen war Er öffentlich am meiſten umgeben, ihnen widmete Er vor allen andern den ſchwarzen Adlerorden, für die übrigen Officiere ſtiftete Er den Orden für das Verdienſt. Keiner der andern Stände muß dem Kriegesſtande dieſen Vorzug in der Ehre beneiden, weil er derjenige iſt, der für mäßige Beſoldung Geſundheit und Leben für den Staat wagt und aufopfert. Wer in der Lebensgefahr vor allen hergehet, der muß auch in der Ehre vor andern den Vorzug haben.

Er hatte auch zu den Officieren mehr Vertrauen, als zu Seinen Bedienten vom Civilſtande, und gebrauchte ſie ſogar in Kirchen-, Schul-, Rechts- und andern das Kriegesweſen gar nicht betreffenden Sachen. Seine Generale und Obriſten bekamen allein, wenigſtens die meiſten und größten Geſchenke an baarem Gelde, Landeshauptmannſchaften, Canonicaten und andern Pfründen *). Und dennoch war es ſchwer, ſich als General und Obriſter lange, ſo beſtändig in Seiner Gunſt zu erhalten **); ein geringes Verſehen konnte den Abſchied nach ſich ziehen, und ſogar um Gnadengehalt bringen; wenn ſie aber Penſionen bekamen, ſo waren ſie ſehr verſchieden. Officiere, die in Kriegs-Dienſten ſchwer verwundet, auch auf andere Weiſe ſchwach geworden waren, und ſonſt nicht verſorget werden konnten, machte Er zu Poſtmeiſtern, Inſpectoren verſchiedener Art, Oberforſtmeiſtern, Forſtmeiſtern, Forſträthen, Förſtern, Salzfactoren, Rentanten, Controlleurs, Caſſirern, Holzverwaltern, und andern Bedienten höherer und niederer Klaſſen; in welchen Aemtern und Dienſten ſie, insonderheit wenn ſie Edelleute waren, ſich noch von ihren Kriegesämtern benennen ließen. Es iſt auch mancher invalide Officier mit einer ſehr einträglichen Stelle und mit einem Civilamt verſehen, ja Miniſter geworden. In Kriegeszeiten ließ Er Sich auch zu den Unterofficieren und gemeinen Soldaten ſehr herab, hörete ihre unzufriedene Worte und Reden mit Geduld und Sanftmuth an, und machte aus ihren Vorwürfen etwas. Er erzählte nicht ſelten mit Vergnügen, daß die Soldaten Ihm oft zugerufen hätten: „alle Monat eine Schlacht der Rosbach gegen die Franzoſen; und alle Jahr eine Schlacht der Preuſſen gegen die Oeſterreicher." Er half auch den invaliden Unterofficieren und Soldaten gern zu allerley geringeren Dienſten, wie die oben angeführten Proben zeigen. Ein Feldwebel, Namens Gans, der 38 Jahre lang Kriegesdienſte geleiſtet hatte, war zum Rentanten bey dem Waiſenhauſe zu Züllichau beſtellet worden, bekam aber 1776 den Abſchied. Als er ſich darüber bey dem König beklagte, und auf Deſſelben Befehl der Staatsminiſter bey dem geiſtlichen Departement berichtete, daß es geſchehen ſey, weil die Ausgaben des Waiſenhauſes wegen ſeiner Schulden eingeſchränkt werden müßten, ſchrieb der König gleichſam klagend an den Rand des Berichts:

> „aber Sie jagen meine Invaliden weck (weg), das
> „is auch (iſt) nicht recht."

Aus manchem invaliden Feldwebel iſt ein angeſehener Mann geworden, dem Er etwas Großes anvertrauet hat. Ein Beyſpiel iſt der, noch in einem hohen Alter und wirklicher Dienſtleiſtung lebende, allgemein geehrte Joh. Auguſt Buchholz, Kriegs- und Domainen-Rath, Treſorier und Hof-Staats-Rentmeiſter, der zugleich die königliche Hand- und Dispoſitions-Gelder-Caſſe verwaltet, und durch deſſen Hände ſehr viele Millionen gegangen ſind. Ein geringeres Beyſpiel von des Königs Andenken an Soldatenverdienſt, iſt der Unterofficier Wolf, bey dem Regiment Prinz von Preuſſen. Der König erinnerte ſich, oder glaubte wenigſtens, ſich zu erinnern, daß bey Burkersdorf ein gemeiner Soldat von dieſem Regiment die feindlichen Palliſaden in Brand geſteckt habe, und dafür nicht belohnt worden ſey. Beim Nachforſchen wurde bekannt, oder doch angegeben, daß der genannte Unterofficier es ſey, der die Heldenthat verrichtet habe, und nun gab ihm der König nicht nur einige mal ein Geſchenk von 10 bis 12 Thalern, ſondern auch, entweder am Ende des 1784ſten, oder im Anfang des 1785ſten Jahrs, zwey Präbenden, eine von 30 und die andere von 50 Thalern Einkünften **).

Betragen gegen die Bauern.

Der König wußte, daß der Bauernſtand die Grundfeſte des Staats ſey, und achtete ihn alſo, ging auch ſo weit, daß Er in dem am 11ten December 1779 dictirten, und ſogleich gedruckten Protocoll wegen des Müllers Arnold ſagte:

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*) Ein ſolches Canonicat, wenn es in einem römiſch-katholiſchen Stifte war, bekam derjenige, welchem es geſchenkt wurde, mit der Erlaubniß, daß er es einem lebensfähigen Katholiken abtreten und verkaufen konnte. Es währete aber oft lange, ja mehrere Jahre lang, ehe er dazu Gelegenheit fand, ſtarb auch wohl darüber, und ſeine Erben ſuchten noch Gelegenheit zum vortheilhaften Verkauf derſelben. Beyſpiele ſind, der Generallieutenant von Bülow, dem er 1774 eine katholiſche Präbende im Domſtifte Minden ſchenkte, die deſſelben Erben nach 12 Jahren noch nicht verkaufen konnten, und der Obriſt von [illegible] vom [illegible] Regiment, dem er 1781 in einem [illegible] Stift eine katholiſche Präbende, 120 Thaler werth, ſchenkte, die auch 1786 noch nicht verkauft war. Er erlaubte zwar, daß der Obriſt von Köhler eine katholiſche Präbende einem Evangeliſchen (dem Herrn von N.) abtreten durfte, dieſen Fall wollte Er aber doch nicht zur Regel und Richtſchnur machen. Denn als die verwittwete Obriſtin von [illegible] 1786 bat, daß der König ihr erlauben möchte, die ihrem Manne (1781) verliehene katholiſche Präbende ihrem älteſten Sohn, dem Lieutenant, abzutreten: ſchrieb der König am 30. Januar 1786 an das geiſtliche Departement: Seine Abſicht ſey vom Anfang geweſen, daß der Verkauf dieſer Präbende auf alle nur mögliche Weiſe begünſtiget, und alle dagegen ſich hervorthuende Schwierigkeiten aus dem Wege geräumet werden ſollten. Dieſes müſſe auch noch in Anſehung der Wittwe und Erben, ohne alle Widerrede, geſchehen; wie aber ſolches am beſten einzurichten, und nach den Rechten in Richtigkeit zu bringen ſey, überlaſſe Er des Miniſters Ermeſſen, und erinnere nur, daß Er dabey die Familie, ſo viel nur irgend geſchehen könne, vorzüglich begünſtigt wiſſen wolle.

*) Von vielen Beyſpielen will ich nur eines erzählen. Der Generallieutenant von Lentulus verlor die lange genoſſene vorzügliche Gnade des Königs auf folgende Weiſe. Der Monarch ſchickte ihn 1776 zum Empfang des Großfürſten von Rußland nach Memel ab, und ließ ihm zu der Reiſe 1500 Thaler auszahlen, die, nach des Königs Abſicht, zu ſeiner und ſeines Gefolges (zu welchem einige Officiere von der Leibgarde gehörten) Beköſtigung bis Memel dienen ſollten. Der General aber ließ ſich und ſein Gefolge von der königlichen Küche ſpeiſen, die nach der Vorſchrift des Königs erſt in Memel zu ſpeiſen hätte anfangen ſollen. Als er mit dem Großfürſten zu Berlin ankam, legte er dem König die Rechnung der Unkoſten vor, und der Monarch bezahlte dieſelbe. Nachher wurden von den Provinzial-Kriegs- und Domainen-Kammern, und von den Kämmereyen der Städte, noch viele Rechnungen eingeſchickt. Dieſes fand der König mit Seiner Anordnung und Erwartung nicht übereinſtimmig, und ward alſo ſo ungnädig gegen den General, welches dieſen bewog, um ſeinen Abſchied zu bitten, den er auch empfing.

**) Es ſcheint dieſe Geſchichte in den Anekdoten-Samml. I. S. 19. gemeynet zu ſeyn, woſelbſt aber andere Umſtände erzählet werden. Herr geh. Kriegsrath [illegible].

> „Der geringſte Bauer, ja, was noch mehr iſt, der Bettler, iſt eben ſowohl ein Menſch, wie Se. Majeſtät, und es muß ihm alle Juſtiz wiederfahren."
> „Vor der Juſtiz iſt der Prinz dem Bauer gleich."

Es ſind oben viele Proben mitgetheilet worden, wie willig Er geweſen ſey, den Bauern, die zu Seinen Domainen gehöreten, die Wahl ihrer Prediger nachzugeben. Er verſtattete den Bauern, ihre Klage- und Bitt-Schriften unmittelbar an Ihn gelangen zu laſſen. Dieſe Freyheit, und des Königs Nachſicht und Geduld gegen die Bauern überhaupt, misbrauchten viele, und verurſachten dadurch den Güterbeſitzern, Beamten, Landräthen, Gerichten, Landescollegien und Staatsminiſtern oft groſſen Verdruß und ſehr beſchwerliche Mühe; ſie wurden auch wohl ſo dreiſt, frech und widerſpenſtig, daß Soldaten wider ſie ausgeſchicket werden muſten, an welchen ſie ſich ſogar vergriffen, wenn ſie bemerkten, daß ſie keinen Befehl hatten, ganz ernſtlich gegen ſie zu verfahren; und dieſe Widerſpenſtigkeit nahm in den letzten Jahren der Regierung des Königs merklich zu. Der Monarch ließ Sich aber durch nichts in Seinem Syſtem irre machen, ſondern beharrete in der Bereitwilligkeit, die Bauern unmittelbar zu hören. Als Ihn 1774 der damalige Großkanzler, Staats- und Juſtiz-Miniſter, Freyherr von Fürſt, von dem Ungrund der Beſchwerden eines Landmannes überzeugte, und bat, daß Er unmittelbar demſelben eine Strafe auflegen möge, lehnte Er es in Seiner Cabinetsantwort vom 22ſten Februar ab, und ſagte:

> „Es iſt Meinen Geſinnungen zuwider, dergleichen arme Bauersleute deshalb gleich ins Gefängnis werfen zu laſſen; und ob ſie ſchon öfters unrecht haben, ſo kann Ich ihnen doch als Landesvater das Gehör nicht verſagen."

Es wird zwar in dem bald folgenden Abſchnitt, der den König als Landesvater beſchreibet, der vielen Millionen Erwehnung geſchehen, die Er den durch Krieg, Ueberſchwemmung, Miswachs und auf andere Weiſe ſehr beſchädigten Kreiſen einiger Provinzen zu ihrer Wiederherſtellung zugewendet hat: man muß aber doch geſtehen, daß die Landleute der meiſten Provinzen, je länger je mehr verarmet ſind, und dazu haben die Verpflegung der Pferde der Reuterey in den Sommermonaten, die Kriegsfuhren und die geringe Bezahlung des nach und nach ſehr vermehrten Vorſpanns überhaupt, vorzüglich viel beygetragen.

Sein Betragen gegen die Bürger.

Auch die allergeringſten Bürger konnten ſich mit ihren Beſchwerden, Klagen und Bitten unmittelbar an Ihn wenden, und gewiß ſeyn, daß ihre ſämmtliche Eingaben entweder von Ihm geleſen, oder Ihm doch nach dem Inhalt vorgetragen wurden. Nur ein Beyſpiel anſtatt vieler tauſenden. Gegen meinem Garten über wohnte einer der geringſten Bürger, der einen ſehr kleinen Butterhandel hatte. Er entdeckte mir, daß er gewillet ſey, den König um ein Darlehn auf ſein Haus, und um Vorſchuß an Schafwolle zu bitten, damit er die angefangene Wollkämmerey weiter treiben könne, und bat, daß ich ihm einen Brief an den König ſchreiben möge. Ich ſagte ihm zwar voraus, daß der König ihm auf die Weiſe, als er es verlangte, nicht werde helfen können, ſchrieb aber den Brief, und er ward an einem Abend auf die Poſt nach Potsdam geſchickt. Am Anfang des zweyten Tages hernach bekam er aus dem Cabinet eine von dem König eigenhändig unterſchriebene Antwort, in der ihm gemeldet wurde, daß der König Seinem Generaldirectorium befohlen habe, über ſein Geſuch und ſeinen Zuſtand Bericht abzuſtatten. Das Generaldirectorium verfügte ſogleich nach empfangenem königlichen Cabinetsbefehl, daß die churmärkiſche Krieges- und Domainen-Kammer die nöthigen Nachrichten einziehen ſolle, und dieſe verlangte dieſelben von dem Magiſtrat. Am dritten Tage nach abgeſchickter Bittſchrift erſchien ſchon ein Rathmann in des geringen Bürgers Hauſe, und erkundigte ſich nach ſeinem Zuſtande und nach ſeinem Wunſch. Der Magiſtrat berichtete ſchleunig alles an die Kammer, dieſe an das Generaldirectorium, und dieſes an den König; von dieſem aber bekam der Bürger innerhalb der erſten acht Tage ſchon den zweyten Cabinetsbrief, in welchem ihm zwar das Darlehn, aus angeführten Urſachen, abgeſchlagen, wegen der Schafwolle aber befohlen wurde, ſich nach der Wollſchur wieder bey dem Könige zu melden. Das unterließ er nicht. Nun konnte ihm zwar der König auf die vorgeſchlagene Weiſe nicht helfen (wie ich ihm vorher geſagt hatte), aber der König hatte doch mit ſeiner gewöhnlichen Herablaſſung an ihn geſchrieben.

Engliſchen Manufacturiſten, Fabrikanten, Künſtler, Kaufleute, Bediente, Beamte, Gelehrte und Räthe von bürgerlichem Stande haben Zeichen, Proben und Beweiſe Seiner Achtung und Gnade genoſſen, und nur in drey Fällen hat Er den Bürgerſtand dem Adel nachgeſetzet, nemlich in Officiers-, Präſidenten- und Miniſter-Stellen. Es war ein ſeltener Fall, wenn Er bey einem andern, als bey einem Artillerie-, Beſatzungs- und Huſaren-Regiment, einen Bürgerlichen zum Oberofficier ernennete: und geſchahe es wegen vorzüglicher Kriegeskunſt und Geſchicklichkeit, ſo erhob Er ihn doch vorher oder zugleich in den Adelſtand, gleich als ob dieſer eine weſentliche Erforderniß zu einem Stabsofficier wäre. Doch es ſind auch, wo ich nicht irre, einige Beyſpiele vorhanden, daß Er bürgerlichen Officieren die Generalswürde ertheilet hat, als dem Generalmajor Möhring und Generallieutenant Salenmon, ohne ihnen zugleich einen Adelsbrief zu geben. Bloß die Präſidentenſtellen bey den Magiſträten der groſſen Hauptſtädte ſeiner Staaten konnten mit Perſonen vom Bürgerſtande beſetzet werden, in den Provinzial- und Landes-Collegien aber wurden nur Edelleute Präſidenten. Er hat auch nur einmal während Seiner langen Regierung einen bürgerlichen Mann zum Staatsminiſter gemachet, ohne ihm zugleich eine Adelsurkunde zu ertheilen, und dieſer war Friedrich Gottlieb Michaelis, Sohn eines Apothekers und Bürgermeiſters aus einer kleinen Stadt in der Neumark, der nach einander die Aemter eines Regimentsquartiermeiſters, eines Krieges- und Domainen-Raths, eines Directors der churmärkiſchen Krieges- und Domainen-Kammer und geheimen Finanzraths, verwaltete, und 1779 von dem König zum wirklichen geheimen Staats-, Krieges- und dirigirenden Miniſter beym Generaldirectorium ernannt wurde; ein Adelsdiplom aber gab ihm der König nicht, weil er unverheirathet, und für ſeine Perſon durch die Miniſterſtelle ſchon geadelt war. Ein ſolcher Adelſtand muß einem edelgeſinnten Bürger angenehmer ſeyn, als derjenige, den ein Adelsbrief giebet, ohne zugleich ein Rittergut zu ertheilen. In mündlichen Anreden nannte der König die bürgerlichen Perſonen bald ihr, bald er, je nachdem ſie waren, oder es Ihm beliebte. Hätte Er nicht das bürgerliche Gewerbe durch Monopolia und auf andere Weiſe eingeſchränket und vermindert, ſo würde Er wegen der vielen Millionen, die Er an die Wiederaufbauung und Verſchönerung vieler Städte einiger Seiner Provinzen gewendet hat, von dem Bürgerſtande ohne Maaß verehret worden ſeyn.

Sein Betragen gegen den Adel.

Den Adel zog Er den beyden andern Ständen weit vor, machte auch unter dem alten und neuen einen merklichen Unterſchied, hatte viel Kenntniß der alten Familien Seiner Länder, und äuſſerte nicht ſelten Zweifel an dem hohen Alter dieſer und jener adelichen Familie, von welcher ſich ein Officier benannte, nach deſſen Namen Er Sich erkundigte. In Seinen Cabinetsbriefen, Antworten und Befehlen wurden die verſchiedenen Stufen des Adels genau beobachtet, z. E. Mein lieber Etatsminiſter von Blumenthal! Mein lieber Etatsminiſter Freyherr von Fürſt, u. ſ. w. Für die Unterhaltung, Erziehung und Unterweiſung der jungen Edelleute ſorgete Er durch Vermehrung des adelichen Cadettencorps zu Berlin, durch die Anlage kleinerer von demſelben abhangender adelicher Anſtalten zu Stolpe in Hinterpommern und zu Culm in Weſtpreuſſen, durch die neuangelegte Ritterakademie zu Berlin, und durch die Verbeſſerung der Ritterakademie zu Liegnitz in Schleſien. Um den in Verfall und groſſe Schulden gerathenen adelichen Familien einiger Provinzen wieder aufzuhelfen, ſtiftete, unterſtützte und beſchenkte Er das ſogenannte landſchaftliche Syſtem, welches zuerſt in Schleſien errichtet wurde und die Pfandbriefe einführte; ſchenkete einzelnen verſchuldeten Perſonen anſehnliche Capitalien, und zur Wiederherſtellung der im Kriege ſehr beſchädigten adelichen Güter groſſe Summen, lieh auch groſſe zur Verbeſſerung der Güter unablöslich für ſehr geringe Zinſen, und dieſe Zinſen beſtimmte Er für arme adeliche Wittwen, ſuchte auch den letzten durch kleine Penſionen und durch Plätze in den weiblichen Stiftern, auch Armen- und Wittwen-Häuſern, zu helfen. Es war Ihm der Misbrauch, der mit den Plätzen in den weiblichen Stiftern getrieben wurde, nicht unbekannt, Er wollte ſie aber bloß den wirklichen Armen zuwenden, und um dieſe zu erfahren, machte Er 1763 folgenden Verſuch. Er ſchrieb am 11. April an den damaligen geheimen Rath und Kammergerichtsvicepräſidenten von Fürſt, es habe Ihm der Staatsminiſter Freyherr von Dankelmann ein Verzeichniß von Vacanzen in den Frauenſtiftern eingeſandt, und diejenigen, welche um dieſelbe anhalten, beygefüget. Er wolle ſie aber bloß an recht arme Perſonen weiblichen Geſchlechts vergeben, die des Mitleidens und der Hülfe wirklich benöthiget wären. Dieſe könne Er nicht unmittelbar und zuverläſſig erfahren; Er ſetze alſo das Vertrauen zu ihm, und trage ihm auf, pflichtmäßig zu unterſuchen, welche wirklich die ärmſten und hülfsbedürftigſten unter denſelben wären? Dieſer nahm wieder andere zu dieſer Unterſuchung zu Hülfe, und ſchickte dem König eine Liſte der bedürftigſten ein. Nun ſchrieb der König am 9. May an den Staatsminiſter von Danckelmann, Er habe aus eigener Bewegung für gut befunden, dem nunmehrigen Staatsminiſter Freyherrn von Fürſt unmittelbar aufzutragen, daß er ſich auf das ſorgfältigſte und genaueſte nach der Supplicantinnen um die erledigten Frauenſtifterſtellen wahren Umſtänden erkundigen ſolle, und Ihm dieſelben berichten, damit bloß die ärmſten und bedürftigſten Competenten mit den Stellen verſorget würden. Er ſchickte ihm die Liſte dieſer ärmſten Perſonen, die der Freyherr von Fürſt Ihm geliefert habe, genehmige dieſelbige, und er ſolle nun das Nöthige ausfertigen laſſen. An den Miniſter von Fürſt aber ſchrieb Er an demſelben Tage, es gereiche Ihm zum gnädigen Gefallen, daß er ſich auf Sein Verlangen alle Mühe gegeben habe, die eigentlichen Vermögensumſtände der Competenten zu erforſchen. Es durften die geringſten adeligen Wittwen unmittelbar an Ihn ſchreiben, und ſie konnten gewiß erwarten, daß Er ihnen entweder unmittelbar antworten, oder doch ihrentwegen an eines Seiner beyden Collegien ſchreiben werde. Von beyden Arten der Schreiben, deren unzählbare vorhanden ſind, können die folgenden zu Proben dienen.

An die Witwe von Ellert.

„Beſonders Liebe! Ich erſehe aus eurem Schreiben, was „ihr von der Bedürfniß eurer und eurer Kinder vorgeſtellt. Ich wünſche euch helfen zu können, und wenn „in den benannten Stiftern eine Vacance entſtehet, ſo „könnet ihr euch wegen eurer Tochter nur gerade bey Mir „melden. Ich bin euer wohlaffectionirter König. Berlin, „den 31. Jan. 1747."

Fr.

Die Wittwe des Unterofficiers Claus George von Below, bey dem prinzl. Ferdinandiſchen Regiment, eine geborne von Puttkammer, die ſchon ein Kind von ihm hatte, und mit einem andern ſchwanger ging, bat den König am 24. Jun. 1743 um Erbarmung und Hülfe. Er ſchrieb an den Staatsminiſter von Brand:

„Ich adreſſire (an) euch hiebey die Vorſtellung der Wittwe „von Below, mit deren kümmerlichem Zuſtande ich gnädige Compaſſion habe. Ihr ſollt alſo mit allem Ernſt „ſehen, wie ſie irgendwo zu ihrem Unterhalt, etwa in „einer Stiftung, Wittwenhauſe ꝛc. untergebracht, oder „ſonſt verſorget werden könne, und wird es Mir zu gnädigem Gefallen gereichen, wenn ihr damit zum Stande „kommet. Potsdam, den 30. Junius 1743."

Friedrich.

Durch dieſe und andere Gnadenbezeugungen wurde der Adel zum Theil für die Einſchränkungen einiger ſeiner alten Privilegien ſchadlos gehalten, die ihm von Perſonen, die Er in den verſchiedenen Zweigen des Finanzweſens gebrauchte, vorgeſchlagen, in Anſehung welcher auch gemeiniglich verſichert wurde, daß ſie unſchädlich, wenigſtens unumgänglich nöthig und leidlich wären. Denn daß Er den Wohlſtand des Adels gewünſchet habe, bezeugen dieſe Seine ausdrückliche Worte, die Er am 25. May 1786 mit eigener Hand ſchrieb:

„ich mach (mag) lieber Reiche Edelleute als Reiche Stifter „haben."

Wie Er die Klagen, die wegen der Einſchränkungen unmittelbar an Ihn gelangten, beantwortet hat, kann folgende ſehr leſenswürdige Probe zeigen, die Er augenſcheinlich einem Seiner Cabinetsräthe dictirt hat.

„Se. königl. Majeſt. von Preuſſen, unſer allergnädigſter „Herr, laſſen Dero hinterpommerſchen Landſtänden, auf „ihre Vorſtellung wegen der geordneten Verſteurung des „Weins und Caffé auf dem platten Lande, hierdurch zu „erkennen geben, daß ſie darüber wohl keine Urſach ſich zu „beſchweren haben: denn was den Caffé betrift, ſo iſt „dergleichen zu der Zeit, wie ſie ihre Privilegia gekriegt, „nicht da geweſen, ſondern erſt lange nachher aufgekommen. Ihren Privilegien geſchiehet alſo kein Eingriff, „vielmehr haben Höchſtdieſelben darunter ganz andere Abſichten, nemlich die gewaltige Conſumtion etwas einzuſchränken, und auch zu verhindern, daß unter ihrem Namen nicht ſo viel Caffé eingebracht, und ein contrebander „Handel damit getrieben wird. Es iſt erſchrecklich, wie „weit es mit der Conſumtion des Caffé gehet, und gehen „kaum 600,000 Rthlr., die dafür jährlich aus dem Lande „gehen, ohne was die andern Sachen ſind. Das macht, „ein jeder Bauer und gemeiner Menſch gewöhnet ſich jetzt „zum Caffé, weil ſolcher auf dem Lande ſo leicht zu haben iſt. Wird das ein bißchen eingeſchränkt, ſo müſſen die „Leute ſich wieder an das Bier gewöhnen, und das iſt ja „zum Beſten ihrer eigenen Brauereyen, weil ſie alsdenn „mehr Bier verkaufen. Das iſt alſo mit die Abſicht, daß „nicht ſo viel Geld für Caffé aus dem Lande gehen ſoll, „und wenn es auch nur 60,000 Rthlr. ſind, ſo iſt es immer ſchon genug. Was ſie hiernächſt von der Viſitation „anführen, ſo iſt ſolche um der Ordnung willen nöthig, „beſonders auch in Anſehung ihrer Domeſtiquen, und ſollten „ſie wie gute Unterthanen darüber nicht mahl was ſagen. „Uebrigens ſind Se. königl. Majeſtät Höchſtſelbſt in der „Jugend mit Bierſuppe erzogen, mithin können die Leute „dorten eben ſo gut mit Bierſuppe erzogen werden. Das „iſt viel geſunder wie der Caffé. Die Stände können ſich „alſo um ſo mehr bey der Sache beruhigen, zumahl denen „für beſtändig auf dem Lande wohnenden vom Adel, ſo viel „Wein und Caffé, wie ſie zu ihrer und ihrer Familien „Conſumtion nöthig haben, fernerhin freygelaſſen wird. „Nur ſoll kein Misbrauch dabey weiter vorgehen, daß die „Sachen unter ihren Namen hereingebracht werden, und „denn damit ein contrebander Handel getrieben wird, und „der Caffé verkaufet wird. Das kann durchaus nicht geſtattet werden. Potsdam, den 27. Aug. 1779."

Friederich.

In Cabinets-Schreiben und Befehlen hießen die Adlichen ſowohl als die Bürgerlichen, Ihr, und in mündlichen Unterredungen in deutſcher Sprache bekam kein Edelmann, Freyherr und Graf, wenn er auch General-Feldmarſchall und Staatsminiſter war, eine höhere Anrede, als er.

Johann Guſtav Büſching,

ein Sohn des Vorigen, ward am 19. September 1783 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudirte in Halle und ward 1806 Regierungsreferendarius in Breslau, vertauſchte jedoch dieſes Amt ſehr bald mit dem akademiſchen Lehrfach. 1811 erhielt er eine außerordentliche Profeſſur und die Verwaltung des Archives in Breslau, ſo wie 1822 eine ordentliche Profeſſur an derſelben Univerſität. Er ſtarb am 4. Mai 1829.

B. gab heraus:

Der Ameiſen- und Mückenkrieg. Leipzig, 1806.

Mit von der Hagen:

Deutſche Volkslieder. Berlin, 1807.

Altdeutſche Gedichte des Mittelalters. Berlin, 1808—20. 2 Thle.

Das Buch der Liebe. Berlin, 1809.

Literariſcher Grundriß zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie. Berlin, 1812.

Mit von der Hagen, Docen und Hundeshagen:

Muſeum für altdeutſche Literatur und Kunſt. Berlin, 1809—11. 3 B.

Sammlung für altdeutſche Lit. und Kunſt. Breslau, 1812.

Mit K. L. Kannegießer: Pantheon. Leipzig, 1810. 6 Hefte.

Theils mit von der Hagen, theils allein:

Götz von Berlichingen's Selbſtbiographie. Berlin, 1810. 2. A. 1813.

Der arme Heinrich von Hartmann von der Aue. Zürich, 1810.

Volksſagen, Mährchen und Legenden. Leipzig, 1812—18. 2 Thle.

Bruchſtücke einer Geſchäftsreiſe durch Schleſien. Breslau, 1813.

Zeitbücher der Schleſier. Breslau, 1813—23. 4 Thle.

Erzählungen, Dichtungen u. ſ. w. Breslau, 1814. 2 Hefte.

Lied der Nibelungen. Leipzig, 1815.

Wöchentliche Nachrichten für Freunde des Mittelalters. 3 Thle. Breslau, 1816—17.

Der Deutſchen Leben u. ſ. w. im Mittelalter. Breslau, 1811—19. 2 Thle.

Bild des Gottes Tyr. Leipzig, 1819.

Reiſe durch einige Münſter und Kirchen des nördl. Deutſchlands. Leipzig, 1819.

Hans Sachs's Schau- und Faſtnachtsſpiele. Nürnberg, 1819—24. 3 Thle.

Die heidniſchen Alterthümer Schleſiens. Nürnberg, 1820—24. 4 H.

Blätter für ſchleſiſche Alterthumskunde. Breslau, 1820—22. 4 H.

Begebenheiten des Ritters Hans von Schweinichen. Breslau, 1820—23. 3 Thle.

Einleitung in die Geſchichte altdeutſcher Bauart. Breslau, 1821.

Das Schloß der deutſchen Ritter zu Marienburg. Berlin, 1823.

Ritterzeit und Ritterweſen. Leipzig, 1823. 2 Bde.

Deutſche Alterthumskunde. Weimar, 1824.

Sagen und Geſchichten aus dem Schleſierthale. Breslau, 1826.

Der heilige Berg und deſſen Umgebungen in Oswitz. Breslau, 1824.

Grabmal des Herzogs Heinrich V. von Breslau. Breslau, 1826. u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Als Gründer des ſchleſiſchen Vereins für Alterthümer und Geſchichte, ſo wie als geſchmackvoller und gründlicher Forſcher durch die Herausgabe von Monumenten deutſcher Vorzeit hat ſich B. ſehr verdient um die Verbreitung und Wiederbelebung der Kunde des deutſchen Mittelalters in unſerem Vaterlande gemacht.

Encyclopädie

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Andreas Calagius,

ein zu ſeiner Zeit um die Cultur der deutſchen Sprache verdienter Mann, ward am 30. November 1549 zu Breslau geboren, wurde nach vollendeten Studien Magiſter der Philoſophie, Rector der Schule zu Glatz und ſpäter Profeſſor am Maria Magdalenengymnaſium in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, und kaiſerlicher gekrönter Poet. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 21. November 1609.

Er ſchrieb:

Suſanna, eine zumal luſtige und gar newe Comoedia. Geſtellet von M. Andrea Calagio Vratisl. Görlitz, 1604. 8.

zwar in den damals gewöhnlichen Verſen aber nicht ohne dramatiſches Leben und Talent.

Johann Heinrich Calisius

ward im Jahr 1633 in Wohlau bei Rheinsdorf geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, erhielt nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn ein geiſtliches Amt zu Limburg und ſpäter zu Sulzbach, wo er 1670 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Allerhand blauer Kornblumen dreifaches Bündlein. Ulm, 1655.
Andächtige Hauskirche. Ulm, 1655.

Von dem damaligen ſchlechten Geſchmack befangen verſuchte er ſich meiſt in ſüßlichen und gezierten Schäfergedichten, die weder Talent verrathen noch ſonſtigen Werth haben.

Franz Callenbach,

ein Jeſuit, der in der zweiten Hälfte des 17. und zu Anfange des 18. Jahrhunderts lebte und von deſſen näheren Verhältniſſen durchaus nichts bekannt iſt.

Er gab heraus:

Wurmland. Ohne Ort und Jahreszahl.
Eclipses politico-morales. O. O. u. J.
Quasi, sive mundus quasificatus. O. O. 1715.
Quasi vero, der hinkende Bott hat ſich wohl. O. O. 1715.
Genealogia Nisibitarum. O. O. 1715.
Puer centum annorum. O. O. u. J.
Almanach. Welt-Sitten-Staat-Marter-Calender. O. O. u. J.

Seine ſämmtlichen Schriften ſind dramatiſirte Satyren, zuweilen mit lateiniſchen Verſen und Redensarten untermengt, grob und plump, im Geſchmack der katholiſchen Geiſtlichen jener Zeit und in keiner Hinſicht ein Muſter des Styls, aber ſie verrathen eine genaue Welt- und Menſchenkenntniß, einen tüchtigen, redlichen Willen und große Lebendigkeit, ſo daß ſie einen getreuen Spiegel, der Ausartung und Uebertreibung in den damaligen geſellſchaftlichen Verhältniſſen gewähren und deshalb in mehr als einer Hinſicht merkwürdig und wichtig ſind.

Wir laſſen hier einige Proben folgen:

Lied.

Ach liebſter Gott, wie geht es zu,
Wie ſeynd wir doch betrogen,
Die Warheit liegt ſtill in der Ruh
Mit quasi überzogen.
Es iſt kein Gold, was nur ſo glanzt
Es iſt kein Freud, was ſpringet und danzet,
Was ſo glanzt, was ſo danzt,
Es iſt nur Gold vel quasi,
Es iſt nur Freud vel quasi.

Gekröntes Haupt der Sonnen gleich,
Doch hat es ſeine Mackel,
Verdunkelt wird in ihrem Reich,
Die ſchönſte Himmels-Fackel,
Den man ſo nennt, iſt kein Regent,
Der Nahm allein, iſt nur zum Schein,
Den man nennt, kein Regent,
Regiert doch nur ſo quasi,
Cron, Scepter, nur ſeynd quasi.

Ach wohl persona publica,
Sic tantum titulata,
Pro forma magna nomina,
Procedit res privata,
Ein groß Geſchrey pro publico
Cum interesse proprio,
Publicè Mammonicè,
Pro publico vel quasi
Nichts in der That als quasi.

Ein geiſtlich oder weltlich Wahl
Gehet aus ihren Schranken.
Majora Vota an der Zahl,
Muß man dem Simon danken.
Si nummus in peculio
Emuntur duae tertiae
Wer Geld zehlt, wird erwählt,
Electus est vel quasi
Wird installirt vel quasi.

So gehets in Academiis
Da giebt es viel Doctoren.
Plus tamen est in titulis,
Sunt sine fructu flores,
Gelehrte wenig, Doctoren viel
Das laß mir ſeyn im Quasi-Spiel,
Freche Stirn, ſchwacher Hirn
Doctores sunt vel quasi,
Sie leben nur ſo quasi.

So ſeynd Eccleſiaſtici,
Wohl auch Religioſi,
Pro intereſſe Clerici,
In Clauſtris otioſi,
Nachdem Praeſentz im Beutel klingt,
So mancher auch in Choro ſingt,
Louis d'Or macht den Chor.
Macht Clericum vel quasi
Macht Monachum vel quasi.

Foeminei sunt Generis
Jam plurimi Virorum,
Jus habet gens muliebris
Vir habet nihil horum,
Vir quasi Frau, Frau quasi Mann
Der Mann der duckt, ſo gut er kann
Quasi Mann, quasi Frau.
Sie Mann, er Frau vel quasi,
Sie Frau, er Mann vel quasi.

Ich quasi hat ſchon alle Stand
Nach ſeiner Art gezogen,
Das quasi Gift hat ganz behend,
Das Kind in Milch geſogen.
Man iſt vergnügt mit bloſſem Schein
Und ſollt es auch ein Derwiſch ſeyn,
Quid pro quo, litera Streich.
Jetzt lebt man nur ſo quasi
Und kommt in Himmel vel quasi. *)

Zweite Staats-Tortur. **)

Mademoiselle Amouretge, Mademoiselle Hardiesse, Mademoiselle Agreable, Mademoiselle Douceurge, Monsieur Allegro klagen über ihre Weltmarter.

Amouretge. Pfui Teufel Douceurge, was leiden wir der Mode zu lieb! Wir ſeynd ja veritable Teufels-Martyrer. Der Welt, der Eitelkeit, der Mode, dem Staat zu lieb plagen wir uns Tag und Nacht. Meine Pariſer Mode-Schuhe drücken mich, daß ich manchmal vor Schmerzen möcht überlaut rufen. Es frieret mich am Hals und an der Bruſt, daß ich zittere und Zähnklappere. Doch weils die Mode iſt, muß ich mich alſo expectoriren. Wir tragen gleichſam ein weiß Pergament als ein charta pianca offenherzig. Mode hin, Mode her, es iſt ſehr ungemächlich, man ſage was man wolle.

Douceurge. Amouretge, du haſt recht. Ich wollte, die Donners-Mode wäre, wo der Pfeffer wächſt. So gehts uns auch mit unſern Reifröcken. O daß doch alle Reifröck in Schweitzer Pumphoſen verwandelt würden! Der Kleider-Laſt iſt unten zu ſchwehr, und oben zu leicht. Wir ſpreitzen uns in dieſen Schanz-Körben, wie eine Krott auf der Hechel. Wir werden ja täglich ausgelacht, ſo oft wir in der Kirchen uns Zwerg in die Stühl müſſen eintringen. Jüngſt konnte ich kaum wieder heraus kommen, ſo breit hat ſich mein Rock gemacht.

Hardiesse. Und mich irrt, mich quält mein Aufſatz im Kopf. Die mehreſte Früh-Zeit geht mir darauf, bis ich alles mit meinem Spiegel collationirt hab, wirds gemeiniglich Mittag. Die Spiegel-Conferenz fängt an nach acht Uhr, oft auch ſpäter, nachdem ich den Abend zuvor mich in der Geſellſchaft hab aufgehalten.

Agreable. à propos, Hardiesse, vergeß deine Red nicht. In Geſellſchaften iſt mein gröſte Plag. Da ſteht Monsieur Allegro, der wird mir Zeugnuß geben, wo es nöthig wäre. Ich hab die Ehr, daß er mich wohl kan leiden. Darüber piquiren und ſticheln andere N N daß ich mich oft kaum mehr kan einhalten. Bald ſpiele ich nicht recht, bald bin ich ihnen zu Welterkenniſch, bald tanze ich zu oft, bald finden ſie was in meiner Anſtrich, bald treffen ſie meine Manieren. Das kan ich nicht, und thue es nicht: Dann es geht über mich. Ich, ſagen ſie, verderbe die Compagnien. Ich wäre zu hochmüthig, opiniastro, wiſſe nicht zu leben, und dergleichen Spott-Reden mehr. Auf ſolche Weis hat man in Geſellſchaft keine Diversion, ſondern Mortification, und möchte man wohl gar die Bleichſucht darüber bekommen. Bleibt man draus, iſts wieder nicht recht. Da heißt es, man wiſſe ſich nicht zu ſchicken unter die Leuth, man ſey Holzbockiſch. Ich ſag gut rund, wegen vieler Verdrießlichkeit, die man in der Welt zu leyden hat, kommen mir manchmal Nonnen-Gedanken, wiewol man einen ebenmäſſig auf Peltzer nicht ſezt; ſo ſieht man mirs auch an meinem veritablen Cloſter-Geſicht ſchon an, daß ich zu einer qualificirten Nonnen geſchickt genug wäre. So bald ich aber meinen lieben Monsieur Allegro merke, verſchwinden alle Cloſter-Concepten wie Rauch im Wind.

Mons. Allegro. Pardonné moy Mademoiselle, ich bin derjenige nicht, der ſie von ſo H. Gedanken ſollte oder wollte abwendig machen. Was ſie aber beliebt von Staats-Chagrin und Verdrießlichkeiten zu melden, hat ſie ganz recht. Ich hoffe auch ſchon ſo viel ausgeſtanden zu haben, daß ich ebenfalls meritire, ins Marter-Regiſter geſetzt zu werden. Ich befleiſſe mich, jedermann nach Standes-Gebühr zu bedienen, werde wiſſentlich gegen niemand jemalen den Respect vergeſſen. Mit aller dieſer Bemühung, mit all meiner Höflichkeit kan ich vieler Herz nicht gewinnen. Sie mocquiren ſich meiner, ſie affrontiren mich, wo ſie können. Die Fräuleins ſeynd ziemlich jaloux unter einander. Mach ich einer ein Reverenz, ſo verdrießts die andere. Ruf ich dieſe auf zum Tanz, murrt jene. Iſt dann eine oder andere, die mich gern ſieht, die und dort ein Scheu-Affection auf mich wirft mit den Augen. Oder wann ich dieſe oder jene bediene mit Heimführen, gibts ſo gar unter uns junge Herren, die ein ſcheeles Aug auf mich laſſen funckeln, ja wohl gar zum Degen greifen, unter dem Vorwand, es geſchehe ihm zum prejudiz, was ſoll ich thun? Gar abstract leben, ce n'est pas la mode. Iſt auch gegen mein Naturelle. Die Natur hat mich zu keinem Eremiten gemacht. Ich liebe honette Compagnie, wo treue Herzen den Vorzug haben.

Hardiesse. Mon Dieu, Ich glaube, der Herr vexirt ſich und uns. Est il possible, daß jemand ſollte gefunden werden, einen ſo lieben obligeanten Monsieur Allegro Tortur zu thun.

Amouretge. Sollte ich wiſſen, daß der Herr meinetwegen was müßte leyden, wollte ich gern (ſo lieb er mir auch iſt) auf alle amitié renunciren. Sein Wohlſeyn iſt mir lieber, als meine ſo empfindliche Freud ob ſeiner Conduite.

Allegro. Ich ſehe wohl, ſie mißgönnen mir die Glorie der Marter, deren ſie ſich doch ſelbſt rühmen.

Douceurge. Au contraire, er ſolle ſich deßwegen conſerviren, uns in unſerer unumgänglichen Marter deſto länger zu consoliren.

Allegro. Aber ohne Scherz, ich leide mehr, als ſie ſich etwan können einbilden. Ich werde manchmal tranchirt vom Kopf an bis zu den Füſſen. Ich ſchnupfe und rauche kein Toback; da begehe ich nun nach der Welt-Kinder Meinung ein groſſen Welt-Fehler. Dem iſt mein Perucken nicht recht, jenem der Hut, Hantkräglein, Handſchuh. Ein anderer lachet über mein Kleid. Bald findet einer was an Schuhen. En fin, man contracarirt mich bald da, bald dort. Der jetzigen Welt-Beſchaffenheit iſt nicht wohl mehr auszukommen.

Hardiesse. Hätte mir nichts weniger träumen laſſen, als die Ehre zu haben, den Herrn in der Geduld-, Schule- und Marter-Bank für ein Collegen zu erkennen. Ich war der ungezweifelten Meinung, der Himmel hange immer bey jungen Herren voll Geigen.

Allegro. Darum ſagt man, es ſey nicht alles Gold, was glänzt. Auch in ſo jungen Jahren finden wir unſere Marter-Portion. Es iſt nicht auszuſprechen, was ich in Universitäten ausgeſtanden. Ich hatte ſcharfe Ordre von meinem Hrn. Vatter, der war ein ſtrenger Mann, nur meinen Collegiis publicis und privatis abzuwarten, nicht zu debauchiren. Ich frequentirte anfänglich ſo gar die privatissima, die man wegen des Gewinns mehrentheils in Universitäten inventirt. Siehe, da wurde ich ordinari in die Compagnie geruffen, zu Wein-Bier-Toback-Spiel-Caresse-Debauche. Blieb ich aus, ſo hatte ich ein Richtsdiener über den andern; Ich mußte allerhand Spott-Praedicata hören, ich wäre ein Filz-Laus, ein [illegible] ꝛc. Wann ich zu Zeiten ganz vertieft war in meinem Corpore juris, überfiele mich ein Compagnon. Da konnte ich kein Mittel finden, ſie zu contentiren. Bald war der Wein nicht gut genug, bald murreten ſie übers Freſſen. Summa, ich werde um mein gut Geld bald da, bald dort Weidmäßig cujonirt. Mein Wechſel bliebe aus. Meine Creditores klagten beym Rectori Magnifico, der ließe mir per pedellum Universitatis ein Zahl-Termin ſetzen, bey Straf ad carcerem academicum geführt zu werden. Mein Hr. Vatter disputirte mir die Rechnung. Ich konnte ihm nicht genug vorlügen. Er war mir zu ſchlauch, alle Poſten unterſuchte er ſehr genau, ich ſtunde vor ihm ganz confus. Mein Credit war hin. Man borgte mir kein Pfeiffen Toback mehr. O wie manche Nacht lage ich ohn Schlaf; titulum de praxi acquirendi hatte ich noch nicht ausſtudirt.

Douceurge. O mein lieber Allegro, das wären bittere Pillulen. Das gieng auf Studenten-Banquerot. Wie gieng es dann mit den Collegiis?

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*) Das Quasi, sive Mundus quasificatus etc. Gedruckt in der Quasi-Welt.

**) Aus Almanach. Welt-Sitten-Staat-Marter-Calender u. ſ. w. S. 64 ff. —

Allegro. Ich da wär nichts zu thun. Ganze Nächt wäre ich manchmal gegen mein Willen auf der Debauch-Beiz. Andern Tags war ich kranck. Es ſchiene, ich wäre geſchickt auf die Univerſität nur das Frauenzimmer zu bedienen, Ducaten zu ſchmeltzen, Geſundheit Leibs und der Seelen zu hazardiren. O wie manch ſchön Buch verſoff und vertanzte ich, und ſollte es auch die H. Bibel geweſen ſeyn, mit Vorgeben, als wären ſie mir geſtohlen worden. Jezt ſchauen ſie, meine hochgeehrteſte Fräuleins, das ſind Academiſche Modi-Marter, wodurch Eltern, ja ganze Familien biß zum Verderben torquirt werden.

Amour. So höre ich wohl, unſer Monſieur Allegro iſt ein Erz-Martyrer. Der hat was ausgeſtanden. Wir alle müſſen ihm diſfalls das prae laſſen.

Allegro. Es hat würklich noch kein End. Ich gehe noch herum ohne accommodation. Ich bin allamodiſch gereiſt, bin graduirt. Es iſt zwar anjezo alles fort, es mangelt aber mir an Speeſen. Den Schaden hab ich, den Spott zum poſtſcripto. O mein liebſte Fräuleins, wie mancher galante homme ſtellt ſich aliért, macht ſein Figur, und liegt indeſſen an einer peinlichen Folter, die doch äuſſerlich nicht in die Augen fällt. Amis je vous en prie, was ich hier aus ſonderbaren Vertrauen geredt, wird hoffentlich hier bleiben, ohne weiter zu ſpargiren. Es thät ja nur unſere Zotten vermehren.

Agreable. Mons. Allegro, ſey ohne Sorg diſfalls. Ich garantire in aller Namen, daß alles werde ſecretirt bleiben. Es liegt uns allen dran. Mit dieſer allerſeits Verſicherung machen wir dieſem Marter-Discours ein End. Hat der Herr Luſt, uns in die Opera zu accompagniren, wird er uns obligiren.

Hardiesse. Es iſt allerdings nöthig, Monsieur; Es dient uns in etwas nach ſo traurig kläglichem Discours zu ſoulagiren.

Amouretge, Douceurge. Wir bitten ja ganz dienſtlich, uns ſämbtlich dieſe plaiſir zu machen. Sollte es auch ein oder andere verdrieſſen, n'import.

Allegro. Sie haben mit mir zu ſchaffen nach ihrem Belieben; Zu befehlen, nicht zu bitten. Es iſt mir ein ſonderbahre Ehr; Bitte mir nur aus, mich jederzeit bei deren Amitié zu erhalten. Je suis vostre Serviteur de tout mon coeur.

Joachim Heinrich Campe

ward im Jahre 1746 zu Deenſen im Herzogthum Braunſchweig geboren, erhielt ſeine Vorbildung auf der Schule zu Holzminden und ſtudirte dann in Halle und Helmſtädt die Theologie. Im Jahre 1773 wurde er Feldprediger bei dem Regimente des Prinzen von Preußen in Potsdam, verließ aber dieſe Laufbahn, um ganz ſeiner Neigung für das Erziehungsfach zu leben, ſchon 1777, und ging als Fürſtlich Deſſauiſcher Educationsrath und Vorſteher des Philanthropins, nachdem Baſedow dieſe Stelle aufgegeben, nach Deſſau. Er verweilte hier jedoch nur kurze Zeit und errichtete 1783 ein Inſtitut bei Hamburg, deſſen Leitung er 1783 dem Profeſſor Trapp übergab, um ungeſtört in Trittow bei Hamburg zu privatiſiren. Im Jahre 1787 ward er Herzogl. Braunſchweigiſcher Schulrath, Kanonikus und Eigenthümer der bisher mit dem Braunſchweigiſchen Waiſenhauſe verbundenen Buchhandlung, welche unter der Firma Schulbuchhandlung fortbeſtand und von ihm ſpäter an ſeinen Schwiegerſohn Vieweg abgetreten wurde. Nachdem er 1805 Dechant des Cyriakſtifts und von der theologiſchen Facultät zu Helmſtädt mit dem Doctordiplom beehrt worden, zog er ſich von allen Geſchäften zurück und lebte im Kreiſe der Seinigen in einer Gartenwohnung bei Braunſchweig, wo er am 22. October 1818 in ſeinem zwei und ſiebenzigſten Lebensjahre ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind in alphabetiſcher Ordnung:

- Briefe aus Paris, zur Zeit der Revolution geſchrieben. Braunſchweig, 1790.
- Commentar über die Worte des Plutarch; Die Tugend iſt eine lange Gewohnheit. Berlin, 1774
- Ueber Empfindſamkeit und Empfindelei. Braunſchweig, 1779.
- Die Empfindungs- und Erkenntnißkraft der menſchlichen Seele. Braunſchweig, 1779.
- Die Entdeckung von Amerika. 3 Thle. Hamburg, 1780. — 14. Aufl. Braunſchweig, 1831.
- Sammlung einiger Erziehungsſchriften. 2 Thle. Braunſchweig, 1778.
- An meine Freunde. Wolfenbüttel, 1780.
- Gemälde des Nordens. (Aus einer Sammlung merkwürdiger Reiſebeſchreibungen). Leipzig, 1823.
- Philoſophiſche Geſpräche. Berlin, 1773.
- Geographiſches Kartenſpiel von Deutſchland. Hamburg, 1784.
- Kleine Kinderbibliothek. 12 Bdchn. Hamburg, 1779 — 84. 14. Aufl. in 6 Bdn. Braunſchweig, 1833
- Sämmtliche Kinder und Jugendſchriften. 30 Thle. Braunſchweig, 1806 — 22.
- Klugheitsregeln für Jünglinge. Braunſchweig, 1806. 6. Aufl. 1821.
- Verſuch eines Leitfadens beim chriſtlichen Religionsunterricht. Braunſchweig, 1791. 8. Aufl. 1813.
- Neue Methode Kinder auf eine leichte Art leſen zu lehren. Hamburg, 1778.
- Ueber einige u. ſ. w. Mittel zur Beförderung der Induſtrie u. ſ. w. Wolfenbüttel, 1785.
- Moritz. Braunſchweig, 1789.
- Die Muſen in dem Gefolge würdiger Regenten. Helmſtädt, 1767.
- Väterlicher Rath an meine Tochter. Braunſchweig, 1789. — 10. Aufl. 1832.
- Reiſe durch England und Frankreich. 2 Thle. Braunſchweig, 1803. 2. Aufl. 1814.
- Reiſe von Braunſchweig nach Carlsbad. Braunſchweig, 1806.
- Sammlung merkwürdiger Reiſebeſchreibungen. 12 Thle. Hamburg, 1785 — 93 6. A. 1831.
- Neue Sammlung merkwürdiger Reiſebeſchreibungen. 7 Thle. Hamburg, 1802 — 6. 3 Aufl. 1831.
- Robinſon der Jüngere. 2 Thle. Hamburg, 1779 — 80. 25. Aufl. Braunſchweig, 1833
- Rückreiſe von Paris nach Braunſchweig. Braunſchweig, 1804.
- Der Schutzgeiſt von Berlin. 1788.
- Kleine Seelenlehre für Kinder. Hamburg, 1780. 9. Aufl. 1830.
- Sittenbüchlein für Kinder. Deſſau, 1777.
- Proben einiger Verſuche deutſcher Sprachbereicherung. Braunſchweig, 1791 — 92.
- Theophron. 2 Thle. Hamburg, 1783. 9. Aufl. 1832.
- Auszug aus Theophron. Braunſchweig, 1790. 2. Aufl. 1799.
- Wörterbuch zur Erklärung und Verdeutſchung der unſerer Sprache aufgedrungenen fremden Wörter. 2 Thle. gr. 4. Braunſchweig, 1801. 2. Aufl. 1813.
- Wörterbuch der deutſchen Sprache. 5 Bde. gr. 4. Braunſchweig, 1807 — 11.
- Ueber das Zweckmäßige und Unzweckmäßige in Belohnungen und Strafen. Braunſchweig, 1788. u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Campe hat ſich vorzüglichen Ruhm durch ſeine pädagogiſchen und beſonders durch ſeine Kinderſchriften erworben, einer Gattung in welcher ſeine Leiſtungen noch immer als unvernichtete Vorbilder gelten. Eine ſeltſame Gabe ſich zu dem Faſſungsvermögen der Jugend herabzulaſſen und dieſe eben ſo ſehr anzuregen und zu unterhalten als zu belehren, ein leichter, gefälliger, klarer und reiner Styl, warmes Gefühl und Lebendigkeit und Anſchaulichkeit der Darſtellung, ſo wie ſtets eine treffliche Wahl des Gegenſtandes, ſind nicht geringe Zierden derſelben und haben ihrem Verfaſſer unſterbliche Verdienſte um die Bildung unſerer Jugend erworben. Dies iſt jedoch jederzeit willig und dankbar anerkannt worden und Bücher wie der Campe'ſche Robinſon, die Entdeckung von Amerika, die Kinderbibliothek, fanden eine faſt unglaubliche Verbreitung und wurden vielfach benutzt und in die meiſten europäiſchen Sprachen überſetzt;

auch ſind dieſe Schriften unbedingt die beſte Lecture die man Kindern in die Hände geben kann. Die höheren Erziehungsſchriften des vortrefflichen Mannes athmen ebenfalls einen reinen Geiſt der Liebe und zeugen von ſeltſamer Umſicht, Vorſicht und Erfahrung. Als Sprachforſcher kommt ihm endlich auf gleiche Weiſe gerechte Anerkennung zu: Deutſchland verdankt ihm manche Belehrung und Bereicherung ſeiner Sprache, nur ließ er ſich durch ſeinen Eifer, dieſelbe von allem Fremdartigen zu reinigen, mitunter zu weit führen und gerieth zu Zeiten in einen Superpurismus, der ihn, da er an Uebertreibung ſtreifte, nicht immer vor dem muthwilligen Spott ſeiner Gegner bewahrte.

Seine Schriften ſind ſo allgemein zugänglich und bekannt, daß wir Mittheilungen aus denſelben für überflüſſig halten und den ohne dies beſchränkten Raum für anderweitige Auszüge ſparen. — Wo gäbe es wohl einen einigermaßen gebildeten Deutſchen, der in ſeiner Jugend nicht mit Entzücken den Robinſon Cruſoe, die Eroberung von Amerika, und in reiferem Alter den Theophron u. ſ. w mit Nutzen und Dankbarkeit geleſen hätte

Friedrich Rudolph Ludwig, Freiherr von Canitz

ward am 27. April 1654 zu Berlin geboren und erhielt, da er ſeinen Vater ſchon früh verlor, durch die Fürſorge ſeiner Großmutter, der Oberkammerräthin von Burgsdorf, einer in jeder Hinſicht ausgezeichneten Frau, die vortrefflichſte Erziehung. Im Jahre 1671 bezog er die Univerſität zu Leiden und begab ſich von hier im folgenden Jahre nach Leipzig, wo er die Rechtswiſſenſchaft ſtudirte und die Tüchtigkeit der erworbenen Kenntniſſe durch die öffentliche Vertheidigung einer akademiſchen Diſſertation bethätigte. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn kehrte er 1675 nach Berlin zurück und machte dann zu ſeiner Ausbildung eine große Reiſe durch Deutſchland, Frankreich und Italien. Familienverhältniſſe unterbrachen jedoch dieſelbe und riefen ihn wieder nach Berlin, wo er Kammerjunker und Legationsrath und von dem Churfürſt Friedrich Wilhelm während der Jahre 1681 bis 88 wiederholt in Staatsangelegenheiten verſandt ward. Dem Congreſſe zu Haag wohnte er 1698 als Miniſter ſeines Fürſten bei und ward vom Kaiſer Leopold mit dem Reichsadel beehrt. Nach einer ſehr glücklichen funfzehnjährigen Ehe (ſeit 1681) mit Dorothea von Arnim, welche durch den Tod der Gattin getrennt wurde, vermählte er ſich 1696 zum zweiten Male mit einem Fräulein von Schwerin, ſtarb aber bereits am 11. Auguſt 1698 als wirklicher geheimer Staatsrath in Berlin.

Seine Gedichte erſchienen erſt nach ſeinem Tode in folgenden Ausgaben:

Nebenſtunden unterſchiedener Gedichte, herausgegeben von Lange. Berlin, 1702. Neueſte Aufl. 1719.
Des Freiherrn von Canitz Gedichte, herausgegeben von J. U. König. Berlin, 1727. N. Aufl. 1765.
Dieſelben, herausgegeben von Bodmer. Zürich, 1737, mit Kupfern von S. H. G. (Geßner) Bern, 1770.

C's Gedichte waren zu ihrer Zeit außerordentlich beliebt, was auch ſchon die vielen Ausgaben derſelben beweiſen. Dies rührte vorzüglich davon her, daß er ſich von dem ſchlechten Geſchmack jener Zeit frei zu erhalten wußte und im Verhältniß zu der damaligen Bildung der Sprache und des Verſes äußerſt correct und elegant ſchrieb. Seine dichteriſchen Leiſtungen ſind jedoch meiſt ein Erzeugniß des Verſtandes, und obwohl es ihnen nicht an natürlicher Wärme reiner Empfindung fehlt, ſo entbehren ſie doch des Glanzes der Phantaſie und der belebenden ſchöpferiſchen Kraft, auch leiden ſie hin und wieder an unerträglicher Breite und rhetoriſchem Ueberfluß. Die Trauerode auf den Tod ſeiner Gemahlin, welche u. A. hier mitgetheilt iſt, wird mit Recht als die gelungenſte Arbeit der ganzen Sammlung betrachtet.

Vgl. Königs Leben des Freiherrn von Canitz, in der von ihm beſorgten Ausgabe.
Charaktere der vornehmſten Dichter aller Nationen. Bd. 3. St. 2. S. 443 — 467.
Varnhagen von Enſe's biographiſche Denkmale. Bd. 4.

Klag-Ode

über den Tod ſeiner erſten Gemahlin.*)

Soll ich meine Doris miſſen**)?
Hat ſie mir der Tod entriſſen!
  Oder bringt die Phantaſey
  Mir vielleicht ein Schrecken bey?
Lebt ſie? Nein, ſie iſt verſchwunden;
  Meine Doris deckt ein Grab.
Schneid, Verhängniß, meinen Stunden
  Ungeſäumt den Faden ab!

Sollt ich dich noch überleben!
Der ich mehr, als mir ergeben,
  Die ich in mein Herz gedrückt:
  Die, die du mich ſo beglückt;
Daß die Welt mit Kron und Reichen
  Mich zu keinem Neid gebracht,
Weil ich ſie, dir zu vergleichen,
  Niemahls groß genug geacht?

Doris, kannſt du mich betrüben!
Wo iſt deine Treu geblieben,
  Die an meiner Luſt und Gram
  Immer gleichen Antheil nahm?
Du eilſt zur beſtirnten Straſſen,
  Und haſt nun zum erſten mahl
Mich und unſern Bund verlaſſen;
  Deine Wonne ſchafft mir Qual!

Was für Wellen und für Flammen
Schlagen über mich zuſammen!
  Unausſprechlicher Verluſt,
  Wie beklemmſt du meine Bruſt!
Und wie kömmts? da ich mich kränke,
  Werd ich gleichſam wie ergötzt,
Wenn ich nur an die gedenke,
  Die mich in dieß Leid geſetzt.

Möchte mir ein Lied gelingen,
Sie nach Würden zu beſingen:
  Doch ein untermengtes Ach
  Macht mir Hand und Stimme ſchwach;
Worte werden mir zu Thränen,
  Und ſo muß ich mir allein,
In dem allergrößten Sehnen,
  Der betrübte Zeuge ſeyn.

Ihr, die ihr mit Schrifft und Dichten
Könnt die Sterblichen vernichten,
  Singt die Angſt, die mich verzehrt,
  Und der Doris ihren Werth;
Daß man ſie, nach langen Jahren,
  Mag bedauern, und auch mich.
Doch ihr könnt die Arbeit ſparen
  Wer kennt beydes ſo, wie ich!

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*) Aus des Freyherrn F. R. L. von Canitz Gedichten. Herausgegeben von J. U. König. Berlin und Leipzig. 1750. 3. Auflage.

**) Die erſte Gemahlin des Herrn v. Canitz hieß Dorothea Emerentia, und war eine geborne von Arnim.

Ihrer edlen Seelen Gaben
Hielt ſie zwar nicht als vergraben;
Nein, ſie waren Stadt und Land
Meiſtens, mir doch mehr, bekannt.
Manches Weib wird hoch geprieſen,
Das kaum ſo viel Tugend zehlt,
Als die Seligſte von dieſen
Aus Beſcheidenheit verhehlt.

Daß ſie wohl mit Gott geſtanden
Sieht man, da ſie von den Banden
Dieſes Lebens wird befreyt;
Seht, wie ſie der Tod bedräut,
Aber ſelbſt beginnt zu zittern!
Denn ſie zeigt ihm lächelnd an,
Daß, der die Natur erſchüttern,
Ihren Schlaf kaum hindern kann.

In dem eitlen Welt-Gedränge,
Ward von der verführten Menge,
Die man allenthalben ſpührt,
Doris dennoch nie verführt,
Niemahls hatte ſie erfahren
Einen Gifft, der Zucker hieß;
Weil ihr etwas angebohren,
Das ſofort die Probe wieß.

Doch, in Worten und in Werken,
Ließ ſie einen Umgang merken,
Der nicht fremdes Thun verhönt,
Und das Seinige beſchönt.
Was für kluge Tugend-Sätze
Macht indeſſen nicht ihr Mund,
Und für ungemeine Schätze
Noch vielmehr ihr Wandel kund!

Gütig, jedermann begegnen,
Lieb und Wohlthat laſſen regnen,
Das war ihre beſte Kunſt.
Auch der höchſten Häupter Gunſt *).
Und ihr innerſtes Vertrauen,
Hat ſie nie zum Stolz bewegt.
Wir und das, worauf wir bauen,
Sprach ſie, wird in Staub gelegt.

Durch verſtelletes Beginnen,
Fremden Beyfall zu gewinnen,
War ein zu verächtlich Spiel,
Das ihr niemals wohl gefiel.
Und was war es ihr vonnöthen?
Ihre Stirn, die nie betrog,
Machte ſo den Neid erröthen,
Als ſie Hertzen an ſich zog.

Von der Anmuth ihrer Sitten
Fand ich mich ſchon längſt beſtritten;
Doch in unſerm Eheſtand
Ward ich heftiger entbrannt:
Weil ich ſo ein Herz erleſen,
Das, wenn Unglück auf uns ſtieß,
Eben ein ſo ſanftes Weſen,
Als im Glücke ſpüren ließ.

Bei der liebſten Kinder Leichen **)
Gab ſie kein verzagtes Zeichen.
Hof und Haus verging in Glut ***).
Aber nicht ihr Helden-Muth.
Regung, Sinn und Muth zu brechen,
Nach des weiſen Schöpfers Rath,
Und mir tröſtlich zuzuſprechen,
Das war alles, was ſie that.

Mit was lieblichem Bezeigen
Gab ſie ſich mir ganz zu eigen!
Und wie ſehr war ſie bemüht,
Bis ſie meine Neigung rieth.
Alles das hab ich verlohren!
Ach! wie werd' ich Traurens-voll!
Hat mein Unſtern ſich verſchworen,
Daß ich ſterbend leben ſoll?

Selbſt das Pfand von unſerm Lieben,
Das von allem übrig blieben,
Wenn ichs in der Unſchuld ſeh,
Machet mir ein neues Weh;
Weil ſein aufgeweckt Geblüte
Seiner Mutter froher Geiſt,
Und ſein unverfälſcht Gemüthe
Ihren wahren Abdruck weiſt.

Was mir ehmals wohlgefallen,
Schmeckt itzund nach lauter Gallen,
Und mich beugt der kleinſte Wind,
Weil er mich verlaſſen findt;
Mir erweckt das Schau-Gerüſte
Großer Höfe nur Verdruß,
Und mein Haus ſcheint eine Wüſte,
Weil ich Doris ſuchen muß.

Ich durchirre Land und Seen,
In den Thälern, auf den Höhen,
Wünſch ich, wider die Gewalt
Meines Schmerzens, Aufenthalt.
Berg und Thal, ſamt See und Ländern,
Können auch zwar mein Geſicht,
Aber nicht mein Leid verändern;
Denn ich finde Doris nicht.

Euch ihr Zeiten, die verlaufen,
Könnt ich euch mit Blut erkaufen,
Die ich offt aus Unbedacht,
Ohne Doris zugebracht!
Sonne, ſchenck mir dieſe Blicke!
Komm, verdopple deinen Schritt!
Eilt, ihr Zeiten, eilt zurücke,
Bringt mir aber Doris mit!

Aber nein: Eilt nicht zurücke!
Sonſt entfernen eure Blicke
Mir den längſt begehrten Tod,
Und benehmen nicht die Noth.
Doch, könnt ihr mir Doris weiſen?
Eilet fort! Nein, haltet ſtill!
Ihr mögt warten. Ihr mögt reiſen.
Ich weiß ſelbſt nicht, was ich will.

Helfte meines matten Lebens,
Doris! iſts denn ganz vergebens,
Daß ich kläglich um dich thu?
Kannſt du noch, in deiner Ruh,
Die getreuen Seufzer hören?
Rühret dich meiner Schickung Grimm!
Ach, ſo laß dein Schlummern ſtören!
Sieh dich einmahl nach mir um!

Zeige dich mit den Geberden,
Die ſo manches mahl auf Erden
Mich von Sorgen los gemacht.
Gieb mir noch, zu guter Nacht,
Nur mit Winken zu verſtehen,
Daß du meinen Jammer kennſt,
Wenns der Himmel ſo verſehen,
Daß du dich auf ewig trennſt.

Laß in der Geſtalt dich ſchauen,
Wie dich in den ſeel'gen Auen
Eine Klarheit nun erleucht,
Der die Sonne ſelbſt nicht gleicht.
Oder ſcheint der Engel Freude
Nicht durch grober Sinnen Flohr;
Wohl! ſo ſtell in meinem Leide,
Dich auf andre Weiſe vor.

Dürft ich küſſend dich umfaſſen,
So, wie ich dich ſah erblaſſen,
Wie der werthen Augen Paar
Dir zuletzt gebrochen war,

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*) Churfürſt Friedrich erwählte ſie einsmahls, aus eigener Bewegniß, um mit Sr. Durchlaucht. Gemahlin nach Hannover auf den Carneval als Oberhofmeiſterin, zu reiſen. Von beiden aber ward ſie jederzeit eines ganz beſondern Vertrauens gewürdigt.

**) Von ſieben in ihrer Ehe erzeugten Kindern blieb ihr nicht mehr als ein einziger Sohn im Leben.

***) Sein ſchönes Landgut Blumberg, welches 1696 faſt ganz in Aſche gelegt ward.

Und der Angſt-Schweiß deiner Wangen,
Als mit Perlen angefüllt!
Denn ſo wäre mein Verlangen,
Sollt ich meinen, ſchon geſtillt.

Ja, obgleich die Träume trügen,
So will ich mich doch vergnügen,
Wenn du in der ſtillen Raſt
Meinen Wahn befriedigt haſt.
Iſt denn dieſes auch verboten,
Ey! ſo ſteht die Hoffnung feſt,
Daß der finſtre Weg der Todten
Mich zu dir gelangen läßt.

Dann will ich, nach langem Schmachten,
Dich in Zions Burg betrachten.
Brich, erwünſchter Tag, herein!
Und mein ſterbliches Gebein
Soll, bis künftig unſre Seelen
Wieder in die Cörper gehn,
Nebſt bey dir, in einer Höhlen,
Die Verweſung überſtehn.

Wie geſchicht mir? Darf ich trauen?
O du angenehmes Grauen!
Hör ich meine Doris nicht?
Die mit holder Stimme ſpricht:
Nur drey Worte darf ich ſagen;
Ich weiß, daß du traurig biſt;
Folge mir! Vergiß dein Klagen,
Weil dich Doris nicht vergißt.

Der drey und ſiebenzigſte Pſalm.

Gott wird Iſrael erfreuen,
Wenn es Ihn von Hertzen meint;
Und ſein Volk noch benedeyen,
Ob es gleich in Aengſten weint.
Das iſt ſicher; Unterdeſſen
Hätt ich es beynah vergeſſen,
Und gezweifelt: ob Er ſieht,
Was auf dieſer Welt geſchicht.

Denn ich konnt es nicht ergründen,
Daß wer dich, o Schöpfer, höhnt,
In dem höchſten Grad der Sünden
Wird mit lauter Glück bekrönt.
Daß er, wenn er mit Vergnügen
Seiner Jahre Zahl erſtiegen,
Endlich bläſet ohne Graus
Den verfluchten Athem aus.

Er erhebt ſich, gleich den Zinnen,
Die von Marmor aufgethürmt,
Und verzärtelt ſeine Sinnen,
Wenn ſonſt eitel Unglück ſtürmt.
Wenn ſein Wanſt von Hoffart ſchwillet,
Wird ſein Wünſchen gleich erfüllet;
Ja was er zuweilen träumt,
Wird ihm alles eingeräumt.

Er verläſtert alle Sachen,
Die nicht ſein Gehirn gebiert,
Und darf ſelbſt darüber lachen,
Wie ſein Arm den Scepter führt.
Wer mag ſeine Thorheit ſchelten?
Was er ſchaffet, das muß gelten,
Und ſoll, bildt er ſichs nur ein,
Uns gleich ein Orakel ſeyn.

Weil ihn nun kein Ziel beſchrenket,
Wird der Pöbel irr gemacht,
Daß er bey ſich ſelber denket:
Gott giebt nicht auf Menſchen acht,
Er ſchläft in dem Himmel oben,
Und läßt den Tyrannen toben.
Was hilft uns die Frömmigkeit?
Wir ſind arm, und er gedeyht.

Herr, ich muß die Wahrheit ſagen:
Mich verdroß der Lauf der Welt;
Darum hätt ich dieſen Klagen
Bald mein Ja-Wort zugeſellt,
Und geglaubt, daß, die dich preiſen,
Sich mit leerer Hoffnung ſpeiſen.
Zwar, ich dachte fleißig nach,
Doch war die Vernunft zu ſchwach.

Endlich ward in deinem Tempel
Mir eröffnet dieſer Schluß:
Daß der Böſen ihr Exempel
Nicht zur Folge dienen muß.
Denn, o Gott! du läßſt ſie wallen,
Daß ſie deſto härter fallen;
Es iſt eine Zeit beſtimmt,
Da ihr Stolz ein Ende nimmt.

Schrecklich werden ſie verſtieben,
Leichter, als ein Traum, vergehn,
Und was etwan übrig blieben,
Wird in keinem Segen ſtehn.
Du vertilgeſt ihren Saamen,
Und es wird auf ihren Nahmen,
Den man erſt ſo hoch geſchätzt:
Nun ein ſteter Fluch geſetzt.

War es möglich? konnt ich wanken?
War ich ſchlafend oder blind?
Durch was thörichte Gedanken
War ich dümmer als ein Kind?
Daß ich, was du gut gefunden,
Zu beklügeln mich erwunden;
Dieſes, was ich ausgeübt,
Macht mich ſchamroth und betrübt.

Künftig werd ich nicht mehr gleiten,
Weil ich dich zur Seiten hab;
Herr, du ſelber wirſt mich leiten,
Dein Rath iſt mein Wander-Stab.
Endlich nach viel Dornen-Hecken,
Wirſt du mir den Ort entdecken,
Da ich, aller Ehren voll,
Deine Wohlthat rühmen ſoll.

Könnte dieſes Rund der Erden,
Und ſein helles Sternen-Dach,
Meinem Willen dienſtbar werden,
Fragt ich wärlich nichts darnach.
Mag mir doch der Cörper ſchwinden,
Und die Seele Schmertz empfinden;
Du bleibſt doch, o Gott, mein Heyl,
Meines Hertzens beſter Theil.

Ich will mit der Böſen Haufen
Nicht auf einen fremden Pfad,
Noch dem Fall entgegen laufen,
Den ihr Thun verdienet hat.
Nur an dich will ich mich halten,
Dich laß ich in allem walten,
Und, ſo lang ich ſprechen kann,
Zeig ich deine Wunder an.

Die dritte Satyre.

Von der Poeſie.

Auf! ſäume nicht, mein Sinn, ein gutes Werk zu wagen,
Und aller Dichterey auf ewig abzuſagen;
Gieb weiter kein Gehör, wenn die Syrene ſingt,
Und ſuch ein ander Spiel, das beſſern Nutzen bringt.
Wie? ſprichſt du, ſoll ich ſchon den Zeitvertreib verſchwören
Dadurch ich bin gewohnt die Grillen abzukehren,
Der mir, in Sicherheit, bisher die Stunden kürzt?
An ſtatt, daß mancher ſich, aus Luſt, in Unluſt ſtürzt,
Und, weil ein ſchwartzer Punct im Würfeln ausgeblieben,
Zuletzt aus dem Beſitz der Güter wird getrieben.
Ich thu mir ſchon Gewalt, wenn ich viel Thorheit ſeh,
Die ich beſcheidentlich mit Schweigen übergeh;
Das aber bring ich aus, nicht zu des Nechſten Schaden,
Nein, ſondern nur mein Hertz der Bürde zu entladen,
Daß ich durch einen Reim, was ich den gantzen Tag
Geduldig angemerckt, mir ſelbſt vertrauen mag.
Da ſchenk ichs keinem nicht, kein Ort iſt, den ich ſchone,
Von ſchlechten Hütten an, bis zu des Königs Throne.
Ein bärtiger Heyduck, der, wie ein Cherubim,
Die Streit-Axt in der Hand, die Augen voller Grimm,

Der Auserwehlten Sitz verſchleußt für meines gleichen,
Muß, wie ein ſchüchtern Reh, von ſeiner Wacht entweichen,
Wenn mein gerechter Zorn erſt anzubrennen fängt,
Und ſich bis in den Schooß des blinden Glückes drängt,
Die Larve vom Geſicht des Laſters wegzureiſſen.
Weh dem, der thöricht iſt, und dennoch klug will heiſſen!
Denn wo ſein Nahme nur ſich in die Verſe ſchickt,
So wird er alſofort dem Mayer beygerückt,
In meinem Schüler-Stand, auf den beſtaubten Bäncken
Hub ſich die Kurtzweil an. Sollt ich auf Sprüche dencken,
Die man gezwungen lernt, und länger nicht bewahrt,
Als bis der kluge Sohn, nach Papageyen-Art,
Sie zu der Eltern Troſt, dem Lehrer nachgeſprochen,
So ward mir aller Fleiß durch Reimen unterbrochen,
Da mahlt ich ungeübt, in meiner Einfalt, ab,
Wenn Meiſter und Geſell mir was zu lachen gab;
Bis, nach und nach, die Zeit den Vorhang weggeſchoben,
Und mir, was ſcheltens-werth, hingegen was zu loben,
Was Hof und Kirch und Land und Stadt für Wunder hegt,
Und was mir ſelber fehlt, getreulich ausgelegt.
Das macht ich mir zu Nutz, und durch des Himmels Güte,
Werd ich je mehr und mehr beſtärckt, daß ein Gemüthe,
Wenn es der Tyranney des Wahnes obgeſiegt,
Und ſeine Freyheit kennt, gantz Peru überwiegt:
Das iſts, was offt mein Kiel ſchreibt in gebundnen Sätzen.
Was mich nun dergeſtalt in Unſchuld kann ergetzen,
Wozu mich die Natur... Halt ein, verführter Sinn,
Drum eben ſtraf ich dich, weil ich beſorget bin,
Es möchte, was itzund noch leicht iſt zu verſtören,
Sich endlich, unvermerckt, in die Natur verkehren,
Wo hat Juſtinian das ſtrenge Recht erdacht,
Durch welches ein Phantaſt wird Vogel-frey gemacht?
Und, da ein weiſer Mann dieß für was Groſſes ſchätzet,
Daß man noch keinen Zoll auf die Gedancken ſetzet,
Iſt wohl der beſte Rath, man ſeh und ſchweige ſtill,
Und ſtelle jedem frey, zu ſchwärmen, wie er will;
Indem es faſt ſo ſchwer, die rohe Welt zu zwingen,
Als mancher Prieſterſchafft das Beicht-Geld abzubringen.
Ein Spiegel weiſet uns der Narren Heßlichkeit,
Doch wird er offtermahls deswegen angeſpeyt.
Du meinſt zwar, was du ſchreibſt, ſoll nie das Licht erblicken,
Wie bald kann aber dieß auch dir eins mißgelücken?
Von deinem ſchönen Zeug, entdeck ich, wie mich deucht,
Schon manch geheimes Blatt, daß durch die Zechen fleucht;
So wirſt Du ein Poet, wie ſehr Du es verneineſt;
Wer weiß, ob du nicht bald in offnem Druck erſcheineſt!
Vielleicht wird dein Gedicht, des Müßigganges Frucht,
Noch bey der ſpäten Welt einmahl hervor-geſucht,
Und mit dem Juvenal in einem Pack gefunden,
Wenn man ihn ungefähr in Löſchpapier gewunden.

Schreibt dir dein beſter Freund, der deinen Rath begehrt,
So ſcheints, als hielteſt du ihn keiner Antwort werth;
Bringt jemand ein Gewerb, das auf dein Wohlergehen,
Auf Ehr und Vortheil zielt; du läſt ihn drauſſen ſtehen;
Triffſt du Geſellſchafft an, die ein Geſpräch ergetzt,
Wo der Bekümmertſte ſein Leid beyſeite ſetzt,
So runtzelſt du die Stirn in ſo viel hundert Falten,
Daß du offt für ein Bild des Cato wirſt gehalten.
Ein jeder wollte gern erfahren, was dich quält;
Indeſſen ſchleichſt du fort, weiſt ſelbſt kaum, was dir fehlt.
Dein Haus wird zugeſperrt, die Schlöſſer abgeſpannet,
Wie es ein Zaubrer macht, wenn er die Geiſter bannet;
Und da die halbe Welt von aller Arbeit ruht,
Weckſt du den Nachbar auf, den des Camines Glut
Und ſpäte Lampe ſchreckt, die dich im Fenſter zeigen,
Als wollſt du Thurm und Dach, aus Mondſucht, überſteigen.
Warum? Was ficht dich an? Was iſts? Was macht dich toll?
Ein Wort. Was für ein Wort? Das hinten reimen ſoll.
Verdammte Poeſie! Mein Sinn, laß dich bedeuten,
Eh ich die Nieſewurtz darf laſſen zu bereiten.
Greiff erſt die Fehler an, die du ſelbſt an dir ſiehſt,
Eh du der andern Thun durch deine Hechel ziehſt;
Dann ſollt ich hier die Müh, dich zu erforſchen, nehmen
Wir müſten, iſts nicht wahr! uns vor einander ſchämen,
Kurtz: Wer das Richter-Amt auf ſeine Schultern nimmt,
Der ſeh, ob ſein Geſetz mit ſeinem Wandel ſtimmt.
Wird doch die Cantzel roth, wenn ein erhitzter M..
Der geilen Heerde ſchwatzt, von Sodom, Rach und Feuer,
In Cloris Gegenwart, die noch verwichnen Tag
In dem verliebten Arm des treuen Hirten lag.

Iſts möglich, kann dir noch die Dichter-Kunſt gefallen?
Gieb Achtung, bitt ich dich, wie unſre Lieder ſchallen,
Und was für eine Brut man allenthalben heckt,
So weit ſich das Gebieth des Teutſchen Bodens ſtreckt.
Durch Opitz ſtillen Bach gehn wir mit trucknen Füſſen,
Wo ſieht man Hofmanns Brunn, und Lohenſteins Ströme flieſſen!
Und, nehm ich Beſſern aus, wem iſts wohl mehr vergönnt,
Daß er den wahren Quell der Hypocrene kennt!
Wer itzt aus Pfützen trinckt, tritt in Poeten-Orden,
So, daß der Helicon ein Blocksberg iſt geworden,
Auf welchem das Geheul des wilden Pans erthönt,
Der ſeine Sänger-Zunft mit Haſen-Pappeln krönt.
Vor Alters, wo mir recht, ward nie ein Held beſungen,
Wenn er nicht durch Verdienſt, ſich in die Höh geſchwungen;
Und eine Redens-Art, die Göttlich ſollte ſeyn,
Ward zu derſelben Zeit den Sclaven nicht gemein.
Wo lebt itzt ein Poet, der dieß Geheimnüß ſchonet?
So bald er einen merckt, der ihm die Arbeit lohnet,
Wird ſeinem Pegaſus der Sattel aufgelegt,
Der ein erkaufftes Lob bis an den Himmel trägt!
Den wir mit ſolcher Poſt ſo offt zum Zorne reitzen,
Und öffter noch vielleicht, als ſich die Sterne ſchneutzen.
Daß gröſſentheils die Welt in träger Luſt verdirbt,
Und ſich, um wahren Ruhm, ſo ſelten mehr bewirbt,
Iſt der Poeten Schuld. Der Weyrauch wird verſchwendet,
Und manchem Leib und Seel, um die Gebühr verpfändet,
Daß die Unſterblichkeit ihm nimmer fehlen kann,
Der, wie ein Erden-Schwamm, ſich kaum hervor gethan,
Und den doch anders nichts vom Pöbel unterſcheidet,
Als daß ein blöder Fürſt ihn an der Seite leidet;
Da er für jedes Loth, das ihm an Tugend fehlt,
Ein Pfund des eitlen Glücks und ſchnöden Goldes zehlt.

Man denckt und ſchreibt nicht mehr, was ſich zur Sache ſchicket,
Es wird, nach der Vernunfft, kein Einfall ausgedrücket,
Der Bogen iſt gefüllt, eh man an ſie gedacht,
Was groß iſt, das wird klein, was klein iſt, groß gemacht;
Da doch ein jeder weiß, daß in den Schildereyen
Allein die Aehnlichkeit das Auge kann erfreuen,
Und eines Zwerges Bild die Artigkeit verliehrt,
Wenn er wird in Geſtalt des Rieſen aufgeführt.
Wir leſen ja mit Luſt Aeneas Abentheuer.
Warum? Stoßt ihm zur Hand ein grimmig Ungeheuer,
So hat es ſein Virgil ſo glücklich vorgeſtellt,
Daß uns, ich weiß nicht wie, ein Schrecken überfällt.
Und hör ich, Dido, dich von Lieb und Undanck ſprechen,
So möcht ich deinen Hohn an den Trojanern rächen.
So künſtlich trifft itzund kein Dichter die Natur,
Sie iſt ihm viel zu ſchlecht, er ſucht ſich neue Spur:
Geußt ſolche Thränen aus, die Lachens-würdig ſcheinen,
Und wenn er lachen will, ſo möchten andre weinen.
Ein Teutſcher iſt gelehrt, wenn er ſolch Teutſch verſteht.
Kein Wort kömmt für den Tag, das nicht auf Stelzen geht,
Fällt das geringſte vor in dieſen Krieges-Zeiten;
So, dünckt mich hör ich ſchon die Wetter-Glocke läuten:
Ein Flammen-ſchwangrer Dampf beſchwärtzt das Lufft-Revier,
Der Strahl-beſchwäntzte Blitz bricht überall herfür,
Der grauſe Donner brüllt, und ſpielt mit Schwefel-Keilen.
Der Leſer wird betrübt, beginnet fort zu eilen,
Bis er ins Trockne kommt; weil doch ein Wolcken-Guß
Auf ſolchen harten Knall nothwendig folgen muß,
Und läßt den armen Tropf, der Welt zur Straffe, reimen,
Wie ein Beſeßner pflegt, in ſeiner Angſt, zu ſchäumen.
Geht wo ein Schul-Regent in einem Flecken ab,
Mein Gott! wie raſen da die Dichter um ſein Grab;
Der Tod wird ausgefiltzt, daß er dem theuren Leben
Nicht eine längre Friſt, als achtzig Jahr, gegeben;
Die Erde wird bewegt, im Himmel Lerm gemacht.
Minerva, wenn ſie gleich in ihrem Hertzen lacht,
Auch Phöbus und ſein Chor, die müſſen, wider Willen,
Sich traurig, ohne Troſt, in Flor und Boy verhüllen.
Mehr Götter ſieht man offt auf ſolchem Zettel ſtehn,
Als Bürger in der That mit zu der Leiche gehn.
Ein andrer, von dem Pfeil des Amors angeſchoſſen,
Eröffnet ſeinen Schmertz mit hundert Handel-Poſſen,
Daß man geſündern Witz bey jenem Täntzer ſpührt,
Den die Tarantula mit ihrem Stich berührt.
Was er, von Kindheit an, aus Büchern abgeſchrieben,
Das wird, mit Müh und Zwang, in einen Vers getrieben.
Die Seufzer, wie er meint, erweichen Kieſelſtein,
Die voll Gelehrſamkeit, und wohl beleſen, ſeyn,
Des Aetna Feuer-Klufft muß ſeiner Liebe gleichen,
Und aller Alpen Eis der Liebſten Kälte weichen.
Indeſſen aber wird das arme Kind bethört,
Und weiß nicht, was ſie fühlt, wenn ſie dergleichen hört;

Ja, wenn ihr Coridon, gebückt vor ihren Füßen,
Der Klage Bitterkeit ein wenig zu verſüßen,
Nichts anders als Zibeth und Ambra von ſich haucht,
Und ſie kein Bibergeil zum Gegenmittel braucht;
So mag des Werters Hand, was ihm von ſeinem Dichten
Noch etwan übrig bleibt, auf ihre Grab-Schrift richten.

Dore Caro v. Gerber.

Friedrich Wilhelm Carové

ward am 20. Juni 1789 zu Coblenz geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und erhielt, nachdem er 1809 Licentiat geworden, im Jahre 1811 eine Anſtellung als Conſeiller-Auditeur bei dem Appellationshofe zu Trier. Nachdem er ſpäter mehrere Aemter bei der Rhein-Octroi bekleidet, wurde er 1816 Schiffzoll-Einnehmer zu Andernach und kurz darauf penſionirt. Jetzt ſtudirte er von Neuem Philoſophie in Heidelberg, Berlin und Breslau, trat dann in letzterer Stadt als Privatdocent auf, entſagte jedoch ſchon im folgenden Jahre dieſer Laufbahn und lebte ſeit dieſer Zeit als Privatgelehrter zu Frankfurt am Main.

Er gab heraus:

Taſchenbuch für Freunde altdeutſcher Zeit und Kunſt. Mit E. v. Groote. Köln, 1816.
Romantiſche Blätter. Eiſenach, 1818.
Ueber das Recht und die Gegenſtände der öffentlichen Beurtheilung. Trier, 1825.
Religion und Philoſophie in Frankreich. Göttingen, 1827. 2 Thle.
Ueber die allein ſeligmachende Kirche. Göttingen, 1827 2. Abth.
Was heißt römiſch-katholiſche Kirche? Altenburg, 1828.
Die letzten Dinge des römiſchen Katholicismus in Deutſchland. Leipzig, 1832.
Ueber das Coelibatgeſetz des römiſchen Klerus. 2 Thle. Frankfurt, 1832—33.
Kosmorama, eine Reihe von Studien u. ſ. w. Frankfurt a. M. 1831.
Moosroſen zum Chriſtgeſchenk. Frankfurt a. M. 1831.
Der Saint-Simonismus und die neuere franzöſiſche Philoſophie. Leipzig, 1831.
Reden an und Abhandlungen über die Burſchenſchaft. Eiſenach 1817. (Einzeln erſchienen.)
Die beiden Freunde. Leipzig, 1821.
Der Meſſianismus, die neuen Templer u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1834.
Das römiſch-katholiſche Coelibatgeſetz in Frankreich und Deutſchland. Offenbach, 1834.
Rückblick auf die Urſachen der franzöſiſchen Revolution u. ſ. w. Hanau, 1834.
Ueber kirchliches Chriſtenthum u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1835.
Zur Beurtheilung des Buchs der polniſchen Pilgrimme u. ſ. w. Zürich, 1835.
Einzelne Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Carové iſt einer von den wenigen Schriftſtellern, welche mit ungetrübtem Blicke, ruhiger Beurtheilung, Scharfſinn und Geiſte, dem Laufe der Begebenheiten während der letzten Zeit folgten und ihre Einwirkung auf Kirche und Staat, ſo wie die daraus entſpringenden bereits eingetretenen, aber noch zu erwartenden Folgen, freimüthig und unpartheiſch zu entwickeln ſuchten. Er hat vorzüglich auf die Forderungen und Aeußerungen des Katholicismus ſein Augenmerk gerichtet und ihnen, unterſtützt von gründlichen und hiſtoriſchen Kenntniſſen, die ihm gebührende Stellung angewieſen, ſtets Bezug auf die übrigen mehr oder weniger hervortretenden religiöſen Erſcheinungen des Tages nehmend und dieſe von dem Standpunkte eines klaren und unbefangenen Denkers aus würdigend. Eine gewandte, allgemein verſtändliche und beredte Darſtellung herrſcht in ſeinen ſämmtlichen Leiſtungen vor, und macht ſie um ſo empfehlenswerther. —

Jakob Carpov,

ein zu ſeiner Zeit geſchätzter Redner, ward am 29. September 1699 zu Goslar geboren, beſuchte die beiden Schulen in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und zu Gotha, ſtudirte darauf während der Jahre 1721 — 1725 in Halle und Jena, und trat nach Ablauf dieſer Zeit an letzterer Univerſität als Privatdocent auf. Streitigkeiten, in welche er verwickelt wurde, bewogen ihn jedoch dieſe Laufbahn zu verlaſſen und 1736 nach Weimar zu gehen, wo er 1737 Rector, 1742 Profeſſor der Mathematik und 1745 Director des Gymnaſiums wurde. Die Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften in Berlin ernannte ihn ferner zu ihrem Mitgliede. Er ſtarb am 9. Juli 1768.

Von ihm erſchienen in deutſcher Sprache:

Trauerreden. Jena, 1736.
Der geſegnete Neujahrswechſel. Weimar, 1762.
Die glückſelige Einſamkeit. Weimar, 1763.
Feierliche Rede bei dem Regierungsantritt des Herzogs zu Sachſen-Weimar, Ernſt Auguſt Konſtantin. Weimar, 1756.

Carpov's Reden zeichnen ſich für jene Zeit vortheilhaft durch Einfachheit und Geſchmack aus. Seine theologiſchen Schriften und ſeine Bemühungen die Wolfiſche Philoſophie zu verbreiten, erwarben ihm damals jedoch noch größeren Ruhm.

Friedrich Auguſt Cartheuſer

ward am 6. Auguſt 1734 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte Medizin zu Frankfurt an der Oder, erhielt 1755 das Doctordiplom und trat 1766 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Arzneiwiſſenſchaft zu Gießen an. 1767 wurde er Heſſen-Darmſtädtiſcher Bergrath, 1772 Aufſeher des botaniſchen Gartens und 1778 Fürſtl. Naſſau-Uſingenſcher Kammerrath, doch mußte er bereits im folgenden Jahre wegen Kränklichkeit ſeine Aemter aufgeben. Er lebte von nun an als Privatmann auf einem ihm gehörigen Freigute bei Idſtein dann ſeit 1790 zu Bickenbach an der Bergſtraße und ſeit 1793 zu Schierſtein im Oberamte Wiesbaden, wo er am 12. December 1796 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Sinngedichte von F. A. Carthäuſer. N. A. 1763. O. O.

Der Herbſt, eine Ode. Frankfurt a. d. O. 1762. 4.

Einzelne Gedichte in Zeitſchriften.

C. iſt als Dichter durchaus unbedeutend; ſeinen Epigrammen fehlt es an Witz, Kraft und Schärfe.

Franz Xaver von Caspar,

am 15. October zu München geboren, trat nach vollendeten Studien in Staatsdienſte und ward K. Baierſcher Regierungsrath zu Straubingen — 1801 in Ruheſtand verſetzt, lebte er ſeitdem als Privatmann zu München.

Er gab heraus:

Der Sturm. Singſpiel. München, 1798.

Der 13. Julius. München, 1799.

Maximilian I. Kurfürſt von Baiern. Bamberg, 1820.

Aventin. Hiſtoriſches Drama. Leipzig, 1825.

v. C. hat das hiſtoriſche Drama mit Erfolg cultivirt und ſich, da es ſeinen Leiſtungen nicht an Wärme, Wahrheit und Leben fehlt, günſtigen Beifalls erfreut.

Johann Wilhelm Chriſtian Guſtav Casparſon

ward am 7. September 1729 in Gießen geboren, erhielt ſeine Ausbildung im Halle'ſchen Waiſenhauſe und ſtudierte dann Theologie, Geſchichte und ſchöne Literatur. Nachdem er eine Zeitlang Erzieher bei dem Staatsminiſter von Canngießer in Kaſſel geweſen und ſich durch einige poetiſche Verſuche ausgezeichnet hatte und demzufolge Mitglied der deutſchen Geſellſchaft zu Göttingen (1751) und (1755) der Geſellſchaft der freien Künſte zu Leipzig geworden war, beſuchte er, von ſeinem Landesherrn Ludwig Wilhelm VIII. unterſtützt, die Univerſität Göttingen, um ſich zu einer Profeſſur der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften vorzubereiten. Der ſiebenjährige Krieg zwang ihn jedoch zwei Jahre darauf dieſelbe bereits wieder zu verlaſſen und dem fürſtlichen Hofe nach Niederſachſen zu folgen. 1758 ward er Mitglied der deutſchen Geſellſchaft zu Bremen, und 1759 Profeſſor der Geſchichte und ſchönen Literatur am Collegium Carolinum zu Kaſſel, um deſſen Verbeſſerung er ſich ſehr verdient machte. Nachdem er ſtets wiſſenſchaftlich thätig, noch Profeſſor am Kadettencorps und Mitdirector des Lyceum Fridericianum, ſo wie beſtändiger Secretair der Geſellſchaft der Alterthümer und Fürſtl. Heſſiſcher Rath daſelbſt geworden, ſtarb er im hohen Alter, allgemein verehrt und geachtet, am 3. September 1802.

Er gab heraus:

Ankündigung eines epiſchen Gedichts der altſchwäbiſchen Zeit. Kaſſel, 1780.

Wilhelm der heilige von Oranſe. — Erſter Theil von Heinrich Turheim. Kaſſel, 1781. Zweiter Theil von Wolfram von Eſchenbach. Kaſſel, 1784. 4. Der dritte Theil iſt nicht erſchienen.

Gedichte. Kaſſel, 1767.

Die unbewohnte Inſel. Singſpiel. Kaſſel, 1762.

Zobeide. Trauerſpiel. Kaſſel, 1768.

Theodomal. Trauerſpiel. Kaſſel, 1771.

Alfonſo und Irene. Bürgerliches Drama. Kaſſel, 1784.

Geſchichte ſämmtl. Heſſen-Caſſel. Franzöſ. Colonieen. Kaſſel, 1785.

Geſchichte der alten Zeiten und Völker. Kaſſel, 1787.

Einzelne Abhandlungen und Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Als Dichter iſt C. nie von Bedeutung geweſen; er huldigte dem gereinigten Geſchmacke der ſogenannten Zweiten Sächſiſchen Schule zu ſeiner Zeit und ſuchte ſich in ſeinen Beſtrebungen den Koryphäen derſelben anzuſchließen, doch ſind ſeine lyriſchen und dramatiſchen Poeſieen längſt der Vergeſſenheit übergeben und verdienen es auch nicht, derſelben wieder entriſſen zu werden. Als deutſcher Alterthumsforſcher erwarb er ſich jedoch manches Verdienſt, das ſeinen Namen der Nachwelt würdig aufbewahren wird. —

Johann Ludwig Casper,

Dr. und Profeſſor der Medicin, Königl. Preuß. Medicinalrath und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens dritter Klaſſe in Berlin, ward daſelbſt am 11. März 1796 geboren, ſtudierte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und in Halle die Arzneiwiſſenſchaft, machte von 1820 — 22 eine größere Reiſe durch Frankreich und England und habilitirte ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr als Docent an der Berliner Univerſität.

Außer einer Reihe ſehr verdienſtvoller mediciniſcher Schriften, deren Nennung hier nicht an ihrem Platze wäre, ſchrieb er unter dem angenommenen Namen Till Balliſtarius:

Die Karfunkelweihe. Romantiſches Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1817,

eine geiſtreiche und witzige Verſpottung der falſchen Romantik, ſo wie mehrere einzelne, in Zeitſchriften verſtreute Gedichte, welche ein ſchönes und glückliches Talent beurkunden.

Johann Friedrich Caſtelli

ward am 6. März 1781 zu Wien geboren, privatiſirte daſelbſt bis zum Jahre 1812 und bekleidete ſeit dieſer Zeit die Aemter eines K. K. Ständiſchen Officials, Hofoperndichters und Redacteurs des Wiener Converſationsblattes.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Bären. Eine Sammlung Wiener Anekdoten 1 — 12. Wien, 1825 — 32.

100 vierzeilige Fabeln. Wien, 1822.

Gedichte in niederöſterreichiſcher Mundart. Wien, 1828.
Poetiſche Kleinigkeiten. 5 Bdchen. Wien, 1816—1826.
Wiener Lebensbilder. Skizzen. Wien, 1828.
Lebensklugheit in Hexametern. Wien, 1825.
[illegible]-Ungeheuer. Wien, 1829.
Gedichte. Einzige vollſtändige Sammlung. Berlin, 1835. 6 Bdchen.
Opern, größtentheils nach dem Franzöſiſchen: die [illegible]; die Schweizerfamilie; die Familie auf Isle de France; Demophoon; Alle fürchten ſich; Franciska de Foix; Ferdinand Cortez; Roderich und Kunigunde u. ſ. w.
Dramatiſche Dichtungen, größtentheils nach dem Franzöſiſchen: die Waiſe und der Mörder; Domeſtikenſtreiche; Guſtav; Raphael; Salmonie; der Marſchall von Luxemburg; der König und der Narr; die Waiſe aus Genf; der Schickſalsſtrumpf von den Brüdern Fatalis u. ſ. w.

C. gab ferner noch in Verbindung mit Anderen heraus:

Dramatiſches Sträußchen. Wien, 1815 fgde.
Huldigung der Frauen. Wien, 1822 fgde.
Wiener Converſationsblatt u. ſ. w. Außerdem lieferte er Gedichte und Aufſätze in die Abendzeitung, Zeitung für die elegante Welt, Almanache u. ſ. w.

Caſtelli's Muſe kann die Behaglichkeit genannt werden. Gewandtheit und Anmuth, ein gefälliges Spiel auf der Oberfläche des Lebens, leichte und glückliche Behandlung der Sprache wie der Gegenſtände, harmloſer Scherz und gemüthliche Freundlichkeit, Witz und Verſtand ſind ihm eigen; es fehlt ihm ſelbſt nicht an jener Würde als Dichter, welche Redlichkeit und Wohlwollen immer verleihen, aber Tiefe und Begeiſterung, ſo wie überhaupt alle höheren Eigenſchaften, welche Anſpruch auf die Verehrung und Bewunderung von Seiten der Zeitgenoſſen geben und ein Recht auf Ruhm bei der Nachwelt erwerben, vermißt man gänzlich bei ihm. Er iſt daher am glücklichſten im Komiſchen und Naiven, und ſeine öſtreichiſchen Lieder ſind Muſter von glücklicher und volksthümlicher ſchriftlicher Behandlung eines Idioms. In ſeinen dramatiſchen Arbeiten, die ſich mit wenigen Ausnahmen eines guten Erfolges auf der Bühne erfreuen und meiſt Nachahmungen und Bearbeitungen franzöſiſcher Vorbilder ſind, hat er leider zu ſehr dem ſchlechten Geſchmack des Tages gehuldigt und mehr den komiſchen Effect zu erreichen als die eigentlichen Anforderungen der Kunſt zu befriedigen geſucht.

Sankt Martin.*)

Eine Legende.

Sankt Martin mit viel Rittersblut'
Wohl über's Feld zum Jagen reit't,
Und als ſie kamen an einen Hag,
Ein nackter Mann an der Straße lag,
Dem klapperten vor Froſt die Zähne
Und an der Wimper fror ihm die Thräne. —
Er rang die Hände und bat mit Beben:
Sie möchten ihm ein Almoſen geben. —
Und alle die Ritter zogen fürbas,
Dem nackten Armen gab keiner was;
Sie wendeten von ihm das Angeſicht,
Die Jammergeſtalt zu ſchauen nicht. —
Der Martin aber ſein Roß hielt an:
„Von mir, du Armer, ſollſt was ha'n!" —
Er nimmt ſein Schwert und alſogleich
Haut er ſeinen Mantel — geſtickt reich
Mit Gold und Silber — entzwei in Eil'
Und giebt dem Nackten einen Theil,
Die andre Hälfte er ſelber behalt'
Und reitet den Andern nach in den Wald. —

Und wie den Martinus erblickt die Rott',
Ueberhäufen ſie ihn mit Hohn und Spott:
„Da ſeht nur einmal den Narren an,
„Theilt ſein Kleid mit dem Bettelmann;
„Der halbe Mantel ſteht ihm gar ſchön,
„Er kann damit zum Bankette gehn,
„Damit ihn künftig mag Jeder kennen,
„So woll'n wir den halben Ritter ihn nennen."
Sie lachten und ſpotteten noch gar viel,
Martinus war all' ihres Spottes Ziel. —

Doch wie der Abend zu dämmern beginnt,
Da weht ein kalter, ſchneidender Wind;
Die Ritter hüllten ſich alle fein
In ihre großen Mäntel ein,
Und wollten reiten ſogleich von hinnen,
Doch konnten ſie keinen Ausweg gewinnen,
Nur immer tiefer kommend in den Wald
Und ward der Wind noch einmal ſo kalt,
Sie jammerten ſehr und vermeinten ſchier,
Sie müßten vor Kälte heut' ſterben hier;
Martinus nur mit dem halben Kleid,
Empfindet's nicht, daß der Wind ſo ſchneid't,
Er lächelt über ihr Schnattern und Bangen
Und ſitzt auf dem Roß mit glühenden Wangen. —

Und jetzt ein roſenfarbiges Licht
Hervor aus der dunklen Wildniß bricht,
Und unter die Staunenden tritt heran
Herr Chriſt, mit dem halben Kleid angethan,
Das jenem Armen Martinus gegeben,
Und um ihn herum kleine Engelein ſchweben.
Und Jeſus ſich zu Martino wendet:
„Ja, wahrlich, was Ihr den Armen ſpendet,
„Das habet Ihr mir ſelber gegeben,
„Und Früchte trägt's Euch im Tod' und im Leben;
„Jedwede Wohlthat — noch ſo klein, —
„Wird Euch erwärmen und lohnend ſeyn." —

Sie fielen All' auf ihr Angeſicht
Und Jeſus verſchwand; — doch des Glaubens Licht,
Es leuchtete über dem heidniſchen Haufen,
Sie ließen ſich alle zu Chriſten taufen.

Des Bauerknaben Beſchreibung der Stadt.

Vater! laßt mich zu Athem kommen,
Das war was Prächtiges in der That.
Mein Pathe — Ihr wißt — hat mich mitgenommen
In die große, herrliche Stadt. —
Es iſt ja da drinnen gerad' wie im Himmel,
Im Kopf geht's mir immer noch um und um,
Man wird in dem ſchrecklichen Lärm und Getümmel,
— Ihr könnt mir es glauben — ordentlich dumm. —

Das iſt ein Thurm, — potz Donner und Hagel! —
Der reicht euch faſt in die Wolken hinein,
Der unſrige iſt gegen den nur ein Nagel,
Und inwendig ſoll er noch höher ſeyn. —
Die Häuſer ſeh'n alle aus wie die Schlöſſer,
Sie ſind — ſo wahr ich kein Lügner bin —
So groß als unſer Schloß, — wo nicht größer —
Da wohnen gewiß nur Verwalter darin. —

Doch hat mich gewundert, — das muß ich euch ſagen, —
Die Thüren von manchem Haus ſind ſo klein,
Da kann ja kein heubeladner Wagen,
Nicht einmal ein rechtſchaff'ner Ochſe hinein;
Auch hab' ich keine Gärten geſehen,
Nicht Wieſen, noch Aecker bei einem Haus:
So eingeſperrt, Vater, könnt' ich nicht beſtehen,
Sie ſehen auch alle ſo bleichwangig aus. —

Die Wagen ſind prächtig, mit Gold auch beſchlagen,
Doch Eins iſt närriſch, — das fiel mir mal auf, —
Die ſchlecht Gekleideten ſitzen im Wagen,
Und die Goldenen und Silbernen ſteh'n hinten auf, —
Und entweder müſſen's den Vater fragen,
Oder ſo ein Herr was gewichtig ſeyn,

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*) Aus J. F. Caſtelli's Gedichten.

Denn will er nur durch ein Paar Gaſſen fahren,
So ſpannen's ihm oft gar vier Pferde ein. —

Und Leute giebt's, Vater, in allen Straßen,
— Sie ſtoßen einen bald her, bald hin, —
Das hab' ich mir einmal nicht nehmen laſſen,
Es iſt ein ewiger Kirchtag da drin.
Jedoch erſchrack ich bei jedem Blicke,
All' Schritte kam mir ein Schulmeiſter in Lauf,
Sie tragen in Wien zwar keine Perücke,
Doch haben — wie unſ'rer — ſie Brillen auf. —

Ich bin mit dem Pathen im Wirthshaus geweſen,
Da hat man Speiſen und Braten vollauf,
Kein Menſch kann den ganzen Zettel durchleſen,
Doch das Beſte — die [illegible] — geh'n auch nicht drauf. —
Der Wein, lieber Vater, war ſchwer zu genießen,
's war der, den Ihr heißt den Drei-Männer-Wein,
Wo zwei den Dritten tüchtig halten müſſen,
Damit er ihn bringt in die Gurgel hinein.

Kurzum! die Stadt hat mir gut gefallen,
Doch bin ich wie närriſch zum Wagen gerannt,
Als ich hörte des Vaters Peitſche knallen
Und als er rief: „Es iſt angeſpannt!“
Und wie hinter mir war der [illegible],
Da ſchrie und jauchzte ich laut vor Luſt.
Jetzt, Vater, jetzt laßt auf die Wieſe mich laufen,
Denn immer noch iſt es mir eng' um die Bruſt.

Der Leibarzt des Fürſten.

Eine Anekdote.

Im Städtchen — ja der Nahm' entfiel mir ganz —
Ward von dem klugen Rath geboten:
„Daß in dem Buch' — in dem der Todten
„Nahm', Sterbetag und Krankheit aufgezeichnet war —
„Des Arztes Nahm' auch eingezeichnet werde,
„Der ſie durch ſeine Kunſt befördert in die Erde.“ —
Und dieß geſchah auch ſtets mit Pünktlichkeit,
— So, daß zu jeder Zeit
Dieß Sterb'regiſter auswies, wie viel Kranke
Ein jeder Arzt in dieſer Stadt
Zum Himmel ſchon befördert hat. —
— Fürwahr, nicht gar zu ſchlecht war der Gedanke! —

Einſt kam ein fremder Fürſt auf ſeiner Reiſe
Durch dieſes Städtchen; nach der Großen Weiſe
Hat er den eig'nen Leibarzt auch bei ſich; —
Der aber — 's iſt doch wunderlich,
Die Herren vermögen auch ſich ſelbſt nicht zu curiren —
Ging ſchnell hinüber in das beſſ're Land,
— Wo er viel' ſeiner Patienten fand,
Die vor ihm durch ihn mußten abmarſchieren —
Zu Preis ſeys geſagt: Es ſtarb der Medicus;
Das machte nun dem Fürſten viel Verdruß:
— Denn der Verblichne kannte ſchon
Die kleinen Uebel alle auf ein Haar,
Womit der Fürſt behaftet war,
Und wußt' ihm — wenn auch nicht ganz zu beſſer'n —
Doch mindeſtens ſie ihm aus den Sinn zu ſchwatzen. —

Bevor der Fürſt nun weiter reiſte,
Wollt' er die Leibarzt-Stelle neu beſetzen,
Er hörte von dem Buch und welchen Dienſt es leiſte,
Und gab Befehl, es ſchnelle zu durchſehn,
Und Jener, welcher von den Herren Doctoren
Durch Tod die wenigſten der Kranken noch verloren,
— Der Braune alſo unter dieſen Mohren —
Der ſollte künftig ihm zur Seite ſtehn. —

Man ging — man blätterte — man las die Nahmen,
Oft hatten Alle ſchon des Todes Thor
Den Leidenden geöffnet — wen'ge kamen
Nur unter tauſendmal im Buche vor,
Und unter Allen Einer nur erſchien,
Der zweimal erſt im Buche ſtand. —
Man ſtaunte — lief herum, bis man ihn fand,
Und führte vor den Fürſten ihn. —
Mit Huld empfing ihn dieſer, trug die Stelle
Des Leibarzt's dieſem Wundermann
Mit tauſend Thaler Jahrgehalte an. —
Der Arzt ergriff das Angebothne ſchnelle,
Und fragte nur, wie Er dazu denn käme,
Daß ihn der hohe Herr in ſeine Dienſte nähme?
„Weil Sie“ — verſetzt der Fürſt — „ſo wie man ſagt —
„Der beſte Arzt im Städtchen ſind,
„Der weiß, was er beginnt, und nicht bloß wagt,
„Und weil im Sterbebuch Ihr Nahm' nur zweimahl ſteht.“
Da ſprach — verneigend ſich — der Arzt geſchwind:
„„Ach, Durchlaucht! — welch ein Glück für mich, mit Danke
„„Erkenn' ich's, ach, wie ſchnell es mit mir vorwärts geht,
„„Erſt geſtern kam ich von der Univerſität,
„„Behandelte im Städtchen erſt zwei Kranke.““

Schwarz und Roſenfarben.

Schwarz.

Das Leben, ja! welch ein erbärmlich Spiel,
Es lernt ſich kaum, vom Guten es zu viel,
Was iſt denn ſein erhab'nes letztes Ziel? —
Zu eſſen und zu trinken, dann zu ſterben,
Um eine Hand voll Freuden
Unendlich viele Leiden,
Ein unerfüllbar Hangen
Nach unerreichbaren Dingen.
Ein kurzer Traum, geſtört durch Hoffnungs-Grün.
Ich will das Spielwerk nicht und werf' es hin. —

Roſenfarben.

Glückliches Leben! herrliche Welt!
Wo ſich die Luſt ſtets erneut,
Bahn, überwölbet vom Himmelsgezelt,
Rings um mit Blumen beſtreut,
Wo Wäld' und Wellen,
Lüften und Quellen,
Blüthen und Blumen
Freuden entkeimen,
Schöpfer! dies Himmelsgeſchenk dank' ich dir,
Gönn' es, ach gönn' es noch lange mir. —

Schwarz.

Durchwandeln muß in dieſem Thränenthal
Der Sterbliche viel traurige Strecken,
Mit Recht iſt Weinen ob der künft'gen Qual
Sein erſter Laut, wenn er an's Licht gekrochen,
Er ringt in ſeiner Kindheit;
Mit einer ſtet'n Blindheit,
Den Jüngling wird mit Lügen
Die Phantaſie betrügen,
Jetzt tritt er in des Wiſſens Kreis ein Mann. —
Bald Greis, führt er nicht aus, was er begann. —

Roſenfarben.

Der glückliche Lebenspilger durchläuft
Vier ſegenbringende Länder,
Im Ländchen der Kindheit, wohin er nur greift,
Hat alles goldene Ränder,
Die Phantaſie ſtrahlet
Dem Jüngling und mahlet
Ihm ſchöner und milder
Die häßlichen Bilder,
Den Mann leitet Hymen zum ſüßeſten Glück,
Der Greis führt in's Ländchen der Kindheit zurück. —

Schwarz.

Was dienet uns in Nöthen denn zum Stab,
Was ſind es denn für hochgeprieſ'ne Triebe,
Die uns das Schickſal hier zu leiten gab?
Der Glaube iſt's, die Hoffnung und die Liebe:
Der Glaub'! — gemaltes Feuer!
Die Hoffnung! — Nebelſchleier!
Die Liebe, — ha! — die Liebe!
Der ſchrecklichſte der Triebe.
Biſt du denn toll, — verblendet Menſchenherz, —
Daß du die Wonne ſuchſt in dem Schmerz!

Roſenfarben.

Ein Dreigeſtirn blinkert vom Himmel herab,
Erleuchtet die Bahn, wenn ſie trübe,
Uns freundlich vorſchreitend bis hin zu dem Grab:
Der Glaube, die Hoffnung, die Liebe.
Der Glaube, — die Säule
Dem ewigen Heile;

Die Hoffnung — der Schimmer
Durch Grauen und Trümmer,
Die Liebe, — die Liebe! die Seele der Welt,
Die Götter und Menſchen zuſammen hält. —

Schwarz.

Für ein Metall, das ihr der Erd' entwühlt,
Verwandelt ihr die Hand, das Recht, die Würde,
Der Weiſe mit dem Namen [illegible] ſpielt,
Und Liebe folgt allein der ſchönen Bürde.
Sind denn nicht alle Weſen
Zu gleichem Theil erleſen? —
Soll jener [illegible] und graben,
Und der die Grube haben!
Natur erlieh an Alle gleichen Ruf,
Die Habſucht nur [illegible] Zwang und Götter ſchuf. —

Roſenfarben.

Laßt die Thoren im irrigen Wahn
Um Zinnen und Schätze ſich raufen,
Viele der Freuden bieten ſich an,
Die darf man und kann man nicht kaufen:
Die ſchmeichelnden Töne,
Die würzigen Düfte,
Die labende Quelle,
Des Tages Helle,
Der grüne Teppich mit Blümlein geſtickt,
Dies wird dir von keinem Reichen entrückt. —

Schwarz.

Was iſt das Grab denn von aller Laſt,
Von Leiden und [illegible] Gedränge!
Ein Stückchen Erde, welches uns umfaßt,
Kalt, finſter, dumpf, verſchloſſen, klamm und enge,
Wohin kein Licht mehr dringet,
Wohin kein Ton mehr klinget,
Wo ſich kein Puls mehr regt,
Kein Lüftchen bewegt. —
Es lohnt dem Schreckenskönig ſich der Sieg,
Daß er ſo [illegible], [illegible] und ſchwierig. —

Roſenfarben.

Nach langer kümmerlicher Reiſe gab
Natur uns den ſchönſten Hafen.
Iſt gar ein heimliches Plätzchen, das Grab,
Wo man ungeſtört ruhig kann ſchlafen;
Da winket dem Müden
Ein ewiger Frieden,
Da weichet auch Kummer
Dem ſanften Schlummer,
Gar ſanft drückt der Tod uns die Äuglein zu,
Nach harter Arbeit lohnt uns die Ruh'.

Troſtgedicht für die Kleinen.

Es hat mich immer ſehr verdroſſen,
Wenn man mich nur die Kleine hieß,
Viel Thränen hab' ich ſchon vergoſſen,
Daß Gott ſo klein mich bleiben ließ;
Doch jetzt hab' ich mir Zeit genommen,
Und überdacht' mir es recht,
Da bin ich endlich d'rauf gekommen,
Es ſey denn doch nicht gar ſo ſchlecht. — —

Ihr Leidensſchweſtern! die der Himmel
Nicht hoch zu ſich empor geſtreckt,
Die darum, — weil ihr im Getümmel
Nicht vorragt, Mancher höhnt und neckt,
Bleibt hübſch am Boden, ſeyd beſcheiden,
Erheben ſoll euch dies Gedicht:
Hört an, was euch zum Troſt im Leiden,
Und um euch zu vertheid'gen ſpricht. — —

Es ſagt ein Wahrwort aller Zeiten:
Daß alles Kleine herzig iſt,
Weil man die Liebenswürdigkeiten
Ja niemals nach der Elle mißt. —
Ein jeder Menſch wird gut geboren,
Das Böſe ſchleicht ſich ſpäter ein,
Da ſind die Großen ganz verloren,
Bei Kleinen iſt der Platz zu klein. — —

Uns kümmern Wetter nicht und Stürme,
Wir kommen immer ruhig heim,
— Der Blitz ſchlägt öfter in die Thürme,
Als in die niedern Hütten ein. —
Mama Natur gab uns ganz nett
Im Duodezformat heraus,
Und ſchmückt' auf [illegible]
Gleich einem Taſchenbuch uns aus. — —

Wir wiſſen beſſer zu gefallen,
Wir ſchmiegen leichter uns in's Joch,
Und wenn wir manchmal etwa fallen,
So fallen wir ja nie ſo hoch. —
Wie oft geſchieht es bei dem Großen,
Daß er nicht g'rade gehen kann,
Wir haben's beſſer, — denn wir ſtoßen
Uns nicht ſo leicht die Köpfe an. — —

Die undankbaren Männer ſagen:
Ein Weib ſey eine Laſt ſogar,
D'rum wird ein Jeder lieber tragen
Die kleinere Laſt, das iſt doch klar; —
Die Kleine macht nur kleine Schmerzen,
— Der Mann iſt ſicher vor Betrug, —
Denn in dem kleinen kleinen Herzen
Iſt nur für Einen Raum genug. — —

Wir ſind nur Miniaturgeſchöpfchen,
— Und darum [illegible]; —
Zwar iſt es wahr, — das kleine Töpfchen
Wird viel leichter [illegible];
Das kommt daher: Es hat die Flammen
— Nicht weilend ſich im großen Haus —
Bei uns im engern Raum beiſammen,
Da brennt's denn gleich zum Dach hinaus. — —

Von all' den kleinen großen Leuten,
— Die ſchon gelebt, — red' ich nicht,
Und auch das Sprichwort alter Zeiten:
— Was groß iſt, das iſt — ſag' ich nicht, —
Sonſt könnte man den Text mir leſen,
Und ſagen: Macht die Kleine da
Von Kleinigkeiten nicht ein Weſen,
Als wäre gar kein Großer da. — —

Nur Eines drängt's mich noch zu ſagen,
— Das ſoll auch nicht verſchwiegen ſeyn;
Ich muß die Großen alle fragen:
Wen lud Gott ſelber zu ſich ein! —
Und hat ſein Sohn in Schutz genommen,
Sprach nicht der Spender alles Lichts:
Die Kleinen laſſet zu mir kommen!
Doch zu den Großen ſprach er nichts.

Lebensklugheits-Regeln.

Eine poetiſche Caprice.

Wenn dir's am Geld
fehlt; —
Wenn du nicht Raſt
haſt; —
Und dir dein Herz
Schmerz
Grauſam zerfleiſcht, —
heiſcht
Trotz dem Geſchick. —
Blick'
Bauend auf mich,
ich
Bleibe nicht fern; —
gern
Drückt Freundesarm
warm
Dich an die Bruſt; —
Luſt
Kündet dein Mund
und
Flieh'n wird der Gram
am
Buſen des Freund's. —
Scheint's
Leben dir grau,
ſchau'

Stets unter dich;
ich
Bürge dafür,
dir
Wird dann nicht ſchwer
mehr
Ebenen dein Loos; —
groß
Iſt ja die Welt, —
fehlt
Eins dir zum Glück,
pflück'
Dir in dem Raum'
ein
Andere Blum'
zum
Delicaten Etwas
aus.

Nichts und Etwas.

Wenn ich ein Liedchen mach' auf Nichts,
So mach' ich dann doch immer Etwas. —
So manch Gedicht enthält ja Nichts
Und doch ſchreibt man es aus für Etwas;
Von unſern [illegible] ſagt man Nichts,
[illegible] daraus zu lernen Etwas,
D'rum gilt mir Tod und Teufel Nichts
Und alle Tage lieb' ich Etwas.

Das Beiſpiel lehrt: Der kann Nichts,
Der plötzlich kommt von Nichts zu Etwas. —
Der Eine macht aus Etwas Nichts,
Der Andre macht aus Nichts ſchnell Etwas.
Man ärgert oft ſich über Nichts,
Wird wieder gut auch ohne Etwas.
Gott ſchuf die ganze Welt aus Nichts,
Und — Menſch! — Du glaubſt, Du ſeiſt Etwas!

Biſt arm Du und beſitzeſt Nichts,
So giebt Dir keine Seele Etwas;
Im Gegentheil, bedarfſt Du Nichts,
So bietet alle Welt Dir Etwas; —
D'rum hoffe von den Freunden Nichts,
Und lege Dir bei Seite Etwas;
Ich meine Geld nicht, das iſt Nichts,
Doch Wiſſenſchaften, die ſind Etwas.

Wer alles Andre hält für Nichts,
Die Jugend nur allein für Etwas,
Dem ſchmerzt und dem ſchadet Nichts,
In keinem Buſen fühlt er Etwas;
Du thateſt hier des Böſen Nichts,
Doch thateſt Du des Guten Etwas,
Und wirſt Du einſtens hier zu Nichts,
So hoffe, Jenſeits iſt ein Etwas.

Der Pfeil und der Adler.

Eine Fabel.

Ein Pfeil, — der eben abgedrückt —
Schnell, wie der Blitz, die Luft durchzückt,
Gerad' flog zu einer Vogelſchaar,
Die mitten d'rin im Fluge war:
„„[illegible], und laßt mich [illegible],
„„Ich kann, wie ihr, die Luft durchwallen.““ —
Da ſchrie ein alter Aar,
Gewaltſam: „Du kannſt nicht,
„[illegible] —
„[illegible],
„Und kannſt dich ſelber nicht erhalten!“ —

Wohlthätigkeit.

Bedarf ein Armer der Hülfe dein,
So laß dir nicht erſt ſeinen Lebenslauf leſen;
[illegible] muß man mittheilig ſein,
Dann prüfen, ob man's mit Recht geweſen.

Das Portrait des Schwätzers.

Der Schwätzer [illegible] zeigt dem Gemälde
Und ſchmäht, daß es gar nicht getroffen ſey; —
Wir aber danken dem Maler ſehr,
Denn Augen und Ohren hätten es ſchwer,
Wenn dieſer zum Sprechen getroffen wär'.

Celadon von der Donau u. Negelein.

Adalbert von Chamisso,

oder wie ſein ganzer Name lautet, Louis Charles Adelaide de Chamiſſo de Boncourt, ward auf dem Schloſſe Boncourt in der Champagne am 27. Januar 1781 geboren. Die franzöſiſche Revolution trieb ihn, noch ſehr jung, aus ſeinem Vaterlande nach Berlin, wo er 1798 als Page in Königl. Preuß. Dienſte trat und zwei Jahr ſpäter Lieutenant im Regimente Goetz ward. Mit großem Eifer wandte er ſich der Wiſſenſchaft und beſonders dem Studium der deutſchen Sprache, in welcher letzteren er, eine ſeltene Meiſterſchaft errungen hat, zu. Der Friede von Tilſit mit ſeinen Folgen löſte ſeine Dienſtverhältniſſe; er kehrte nach Frankreich zurück und ward auf kurze Zeit Profeſſor am Lyceum zu Napoleonville. Dieſer Beruf ſprach ihn jedoch nicht ſonderlich an, weshalb er ihm bereits 1812 wieder entſagte und ſich in Berlin dem Studium der Naturwiſſenſchaften widmete. Im Jahre 1813 ſchrieb er hier ſeinen „Peter Schlemihl“ ein höchſt eigenthümliches Buch, das 1814 von La Motte Fouqué herausgegeben wurde und in das Franzöſiſche, Engliſche, Holländiſche und Spaniſche überſetzt worden iſt. Von 1815—1818 begleitete er den Capitain von Kotzebue auf einer Reiſe um die Welt als Naturforſcher und ließ ſich darauf nach ſeiner Heimkehr gänzlich in Berlin nieder, wo er noch als Beamter bei den dortigen botaniſchen Sammlungen und Anſtalten lebt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Muſen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1804 (gemeinſchaftlich mit K. A. Varnhagen. — Leipzig, 1804. — 2. und 3. Jahrgang. Berlin, 1805–6.
Peter Schlemihls wunderſame Geſchichte. Herausgegeben von de la Motte Fouqué. Nürnberg, 1814. 2. A. 1835.
Bemerkungen und Anſichten auf einer Entdeckungsreiſe unternommen in den Jahren 1815–18. Weimar 1821 (bildet den dritten Band von Kotzebue's Entdeckungsreiſe).
Gedichte. 2. A. Leipzig, 1834.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.
Deutſcher Muſenalmanach. Gemeinſchaftlich mit G. Schwab. Leipzig, 1833–35.

Adalbert von Chamiſſo iſt einer der ausgezeichnetſten lebenden deutſchen Lyriker. Tiefer Ernſt, hervorgerufen durch Zorn über den Wahn und die Thorheiten der Welt, herrſcht in ſeinen Dichtungen vor, verherrlicht durch eine glühende Liebe für alles Edle und Große, und oft gemildert durch heitern Scherz, der jedoch zu Zeiten, wo es gilt Aberwitz und Thorheit zu bekämpfen, in ſchneidenden, bittern Spott übergeht. Die Herrſchaft, welche er über Sprache und Vers ausübt, iſt bewundernswürdig, um ſo mehr, als ſie nur eine Zugabe ſeiner Leiſtungen iſt, in welchen eine glühende Phantaſie, Tiefe und Gedankenreichthum den erſten Rang einnehmen. Etwas Mittelmäßiges iſt nie aus Chamiſſo's Feder gefloſſen. Der einzige Tadel, der ihn treffen möchte, beſteht darin, daß er ſich vorzüglich bei epiſchen Stoffen zu ſehr im Gräßlichen gefällt, und das Grauenhafte mit Vorliebe behandelt, mehr dem Anſcheine nach auf den Effect hinarbeitet, als eines ſo großen und glücklichen Dichters würdig iſt, um ſo mehr als er vielfach bewieſen hat, daß er auch die zarteſten und geheimſten Saiten des Gefühls, mit gefälliger und ſicherer Hand anzuſchlagen verſteht. —

Das Schloß Boncourt.*)

Ich träum' als Kind mich zurücke,
Und ſchüttle mein greiſes Haupt;
Wie ſucht ihr mich heim, ihr Bilder,
Die lang' ich vergeſſen geglaubt.

Hoch ragt aus ſchatt'gen Gehegen
Ein ſchimmerndes Schloß hervor,
Ich kenne die Thürme, die Zinnen,
Die ſteinerne Brücke, das Thor.

Es ſchauen vom Wappenſchilde
Die Löwen ſo traulich mich an,
Ich grüße die alten Bekannten,
Und eile den Burghof hinan.

Dort liegt die Sphinx am Brunnen,
Dort grünt der Feigenbaum,
Dort, hinter dieſen Fenſtern,
Verträumt' ich den erſten Traum.

Ich tret' in die Burgkapelle
Und ſuche des Ahnherrn Grab,
Dort iſt's, dort hängt vom Pfeiler
Das alte Gewaffen herab.

Noch leſen umflort die Augen
Die Züge der Inſchrift nicht,
Wie hell durch die bunten Scheiben
Das Licht darüber auch bricht.

So ſtehſt du, o Schloß meiner Väter,
Mir treu und feſt in dem Sinn,
Und biſt von der Erde verſchwunden,
Der Pflug geht über dich hin.

Sei fruchtbar, o theurer Boden,
Ich ſegne dich mild und gerührt,
Und ſegn' ihn zwiefach, wer immer
Den Pflug nun über dich führt.

Ich aber will auf mich raffen,
Mein Saitenſpiel in der Hand,
Die Weiten der Erde durchſchweifen,
Und ſingen von Land zu Land.

Tragiſche Geſchichte.

's war Einer, dem's zu Herzen ging,
Daß ihm der Zopf ſo hinten hing,
Er wollt' es anders haben.

So denkt er denn: wie fang' ich's an?
Ich dreh' mich um, ſo iſt's gethan —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da hat er flink ſich umgedreht,
Und wie es ſtund, es annoch ſteht —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da dreht er ſchnell ſich anders 'rum,
's wird aber noch nicht beſſer drum —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht ſich links, er dreht ſich rechts,
Es thut nichts Gut's, es thut nichts Schlecht's —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht ſich wie ein Kreiſel fort,
Es hilft zu nichts, in einem Wort —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Und ſeht, er dreht ſich immer noch,
Und denkt: es hilft am Ende doch —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Kleidermacher-Muth.

Und als die Schneider revoltirt, —
Courage! Courage!
Haben gar grauſam ſie maſſakrirt
Und klug am Ende parlamentirt:
Herr König, das ſollſt du uns ſchwören.

Und drei Bedingungen wollen wir ſtell'n. —
Courage! Courage!
Schaff' ab, zum Erſten, die Schneider-Mamſell'n,
Die das Brot verkürzen uns Schneider-Geſell'n:
Herr König, das ſollſt du uns ſchwören.

Die brennende Pfeife, zum Andern, ſei —
Courage! Courage!
Zum höchſten Aerger der Polizei,
Auf offener Straße uns Schneidern frei:
Herr König, das ſollſt du uns ſchwören.

Das Dritte, Herr König, noch wiſſen wir's nicht, —
Courage! Courage!
Doch bleibt es das Beſte an der ganzen Geſchicht,
Wir behalt's uns darum bis an's jüngſte Gericht.
Das Dritte, das ſollſt du uns ſchwören.

Minnedienſt.

Während laut im hellen Saale
Tanzbewegt die Gäſte wogen,
Hält ein Ritter vom Gedränge
Einſam ſich zurückgezogen.

Wie er von dem Sopha aufblickt,
Wo er ruhet in Gedanken,
Sieht er neben ſich die Dame,
Der er dienet ſonder Wanken.

Sind es Sterne, ſind es Sonnen,
Die in meiner Nacht ſich zeigen?
Sind's die Augen meiner Herrin,
Welche über mich ſich neigen?

Schmeichler, Schmeichler! Sterne, Sonnen
Sind es nicht, wovon ihr dichtet;
Sind die Augen einer Dame,
Die auf euch ſie bittend richtet. —

Herz und Klinge ſind euch eigen,
Schickt mich aus auf Abenteuer,
Heißt im Kampfe mich beſtehen
Rieſen, Drachen, Ungeheuer. —

Nein, um mich, mein werther Ritter,
Soll kein Blut den Boden färben;
Um ein Glas Gefror'nes bitt' ich,
Laſſet mich vor Durſt nicht ſterben. —

Herrin, in dem Dienſt der Minne
Wollt' ich gern mein Leben wagen,
Aber hier durch das Gedränge
Wird es ſchwer, ſich durchzuſchlagen.

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*) Aus Adelbert von Chamiſſo's Gedichten. 2. Aufl. Leipzig. 1836.

Und ſie bittet, und er gehet, —
Kommt zurück, wie er gegangen:
Nein! ich konnte, hohe Herrin,
Kein Gefrorenes erlangen.

Und ſie bittet wieder; wieder
Wagt er's, immer noch vergebens:
Nein! man dringt durch jene Thüre
Mit Gefahr nur ſeines Lebens.

Ritter, Ritter, von Gefahren
Sprachet ihr, von Kämpfen, Schlachten;
Und ihr laßt vor euren Augen
Ohne Hülfe mich verſchmachten.

Und in's wogende Gewühle
Iſt der Ritter vorgedrungen,
Dort verfolgt er einen Diener,
Hat den Raub ihm abgerungen.

Und die Dame ſchaut von Ferne
Wie mit hochgehalt'ner Schaale
Er ſich durch den Reigen windet
In dem engen, vollen Saale;

Sieht in eines Fenſters Ecke
Heimlich ſeinen Fang ihn bergen,
Sieht ihn hinter die Gardine
Ihren Augen ſich verbergen;

Sieht ihn ſelber dort gemächlich
Das Eroberte verſchlingen,
Wiſchen ſich den Mund und kommen,
Ihr betrübte Kunde bringen:

Gern will ich mein Leben wagen,
Schickt mich aus auf Abenteuer,
Heißt im Kampfe mich beſtehen
Rieſen, Drachen, Ungeheuer.

Aber hier, o meine Herrin,
Hier iſt alles doch vergebens,
Und man dringt durch jene Thüre
Mit Gefahr nur ſeines Lebens.

Der Bettler und ſein Hund.

Drei Thaler erlegen für meinen Hund!
So ſchlage das Wetter mich gleich in den Grund!
Was denken die Herrn von der Polizei?
Was ſoll nun wieder die Schinderei?

Ich bin ein alter, ein kranker Mann,
Der keinen Groſchen verdienen kann;
Ich habe nicht Geld, ich habe nicht Brot,
Ich lebe ja nur von Hunger und Noth!

Und wann ich erkrankt, und wann ich verarmt,
Wer hat ſich da noch meiner erbarmt?
Wer hat, wann ich auf Gottes Welt
Allein mich fand, zu mir ſich geſellt?

Wer hat mich geliebt, wann ich mich gehärmt?
Wer, wann ich fror, hat mich gewärmt?
Wer hat mit mir, wann ich hungrig gemurrt,
Getroſt gehungert und nicht geknurrt?

Es geht zur Neige mit uns zwei'n,
Es muß, mein Thier, geſchieden ſein.
Du biſt, wie ich, nun alt und krank,
Ich ſoll dich erſäufen, das iſt der Dank!

Das iſt der Dank, das iſt der Lohn!
Dir geht's, wie manchem Erdenſohn.
Zum Teufel! ich war bei mancher Schlacht,
Den Henker hab' ich noch nicht gemacht.

Das iſt der Strick, das iſt der Stein,
Das iſt das Waſſer, — es muß ja ſein.
Komm her, du Köter, und ſieh mich nicht an,
Noch nur ein Fußſtoß, ſo iſt es gethan.

Wie er in die Schlinge den Hals ihm geſteckt,
Hat wedelnd der Hund die Hand ihm geleckt,
Da zog er die Schlinge ſogleich zurück,
Und warf ſie ſchnell um ſein eigen Genick.

Und that einen Fluch, gar ſchauderhaft,
Und raffte zuſammen die letzte Kraft,
Und ſtürzt' in die Flut ſich, die tönend ſtieg,
Im Kreiſe ſich zog und über ihm ſchwieg.

Wohl ſprang der Hund zur Rettung hinzu,
Wohl heult' er die Schiffer aus ihrer Ruh,
Wohl zog er ſie winſelnd und zerrend her, —
Wie ſie ihn fanden, da war er nicht mehr.

Er ward verſcharret in ſtiller Stund',
Es folgt' ihm winſelnd nur der Hund,
Der hat, wo den Leib die Erde deckt,
Sich hingeſtreckt und iſt da verreckt.

Abba Gloſk Leczeka.

Es ſchallen gut im Liede der Purpur und das Schwert,
Doch hüllt ſich oft in Lumpen, was auch iſt preiſenswerth;
Ich führ' euch einen Juden und Bettler heute vor,
Den Abba Gloſk Leczeka, verſchließt ihm nicht das Ohr.

Er harrte vor der Thüre von Moſes Mendelsſohn
Gelaſſen und geduldig vor Sonnenaufgang ſchon;
Wie hoch im Himmelsraume zu ſteigen ſie begann,
Trat erſt aus ſeiner Wohnung der weltberühmte Mann.

Ihn grüßt der fremde Bettler, in polniſch jüd'ſcher Tracht,
Sein Gruß den Schriftgelehrten dem andern kenntlich macht,
Er aber geht vorüber: an Zeit es mir gebricht! —
Der Fremde weicht zurücke, doch von der Schwelle nicht.

Und Mittag ward's und Abend, und als zur Nacht es ging,
Die Stadt in ihren Straßen die Schatten ſchon empfing,
Kam heim zu ſeinem Heerde der weltberühmte Mann,
Da grüßt' ihn noch der Bettler, wie Morgens er gethan.

Er ſucht in ſeiner Börſe nach einem Silberſtück,
Ihm hält der fremde Bettler die milde Hand zurück:
Das nicht von dir begehr' ich, nur dein lebend'ges Wort,
Mich führet der Durſt nach Wahrheit allein an dieſen Ort. —

Du ſcheinſt der kleinen Gabe bedürftig mir zu ſein. —
Du hältſt mich für unwürdig der größern! — Tritt herein!
Suchſt redlich du die Wahrheit, die vielen ſo verhaßt,
So ſei dem Gleichgeſinnten ein liebgehegter Gaſt.

Beim wogenden Geſpräche, beim häuslich trauten Mahl,
Beim Becher edlen Weines, dem flüſſ'gen Sonnenſtrahl,
Erblüht dem fremden Bettler die Rede wunderbar,
Ein Gläub'ger und ein Denker, wie nie noch einer war.

Er hat des Wortes Feſſel geſprengt mit Geiſtes-Kraft,
Er hängt am Guten, Wahren ſo treu mit Leidenſchaft,
Er ſchüttet Lichtgedanken ſo machtvoll vor ſich hin,
So eig'nen Reiz verleiht ihm ſein heit'rer froher Sinn.

Und ob dem ſeltnen Manne verwundert und erfreut,
Der ſeine Neigung feſſelt und Ehrfurcht ihm gebeut,
Fragt Mendelsſohn ihn traulich: wie haben Schul' und Welt
So ſeltſam dich erzogen und deinen Geiſt erhellt?

D'rauf er: du lenkſt vom Lichte die Blicke niederwärts,
Zu forſchen nach dem Menſchen und ſchauen ihm in's Herz;
Ich zeige mich dem Freunde, und meinen Weg und Ziel,
Und melde, wie die Binde mir von den Augen fiel.

Mein Forſchen und mein Trachten, das bin ich ſelbſt und ganz;
Minuten, ſo wie dieſe, ſind meines Lebens Glanz;
Ich trage ſechzig Jahre, noch friſch und wohlgemuth,
Noch ſchmelzt den Schnee des Alters des Herzens inn're Gluth.

Zu Gloſk in unſern Schulen bekam ich Unterricht;
Der Talmud und der Talmud! ſie wußten And'res nicht;
Verhangen und verunſtaltet das göttliche Gebot,
Das lief aus tiefſtem Herzen ſich doch mir mahnend bei.

Wie hab' ich oft mit Schmerzen die ſtumme Mitternacht
Auf ihren todten Büchern verſtört herangewacht;
Wie hätt' ich fromm und willig den Lehrern nur geglaubt,
Und wiegte doch verzweifelnd mein ſorgenſchweres Haupt.

Und wenn ich Kunde lehrte, ſo wie ich ſelbſt belehrt,
Da hat ſich mir die Rotte der [illegible] verkehrt;
Da ſtieß man mir die Stirne mit [illegible] und Trug,
Dem Volke zu vergleichen, [illegible] den Glauben ſchlug.

Sie haben ſich entſetzt, ſie haben mich fortan
Verflucht und geächtet und in den Bann gethan;
Ich hatte mich gefangen, [illegible] war, der ich nun bin,
Ich folgte meiner Sendung mit [illegible], ſtreng'gem Sinn.

So wallt' ich, in der Heimath ein Fremder, nun hinfort
Verſtoßen, angefeindet, umher von Ort zu Ort,
Und forſchte, ſprach und lehrte, und trachtete doch nur,
Das arme Volk zu leiten auf eine beſſ're Spur.

Und [illegible] Bücher hatt' ich verfaßt mit allem Fleiß,
Die Bücher, ſie enthalten das Beſte, was ich weiß;
Im [illegible], ach! da waren ſie grauſam [illegible]
Die Aelteſten des Volkes, wie nirgends andre mehr.

Sie haben meine Bücher zerriſſen insgeſammt,
Und haben zu den Flammen ſie [illegible] verdammt;
Sie ſchürten den Holzſtoß beim [illegible]
Vor ihrer Synagoge im innern Heiligthum.

Da flackten in dem Rauche die Blätter hoch und blind,
Den Schlag auf ſie vertheilte ein wüth'ger Wirbelwind,
[illegible] ſchwang die Flamme ſich zu dem hehren Licht;
Den Geiſt, das Licht, die Sonne vermochten ſie doch nicht.

Ich ſelbſt ich ſollte ſterben, kaum heimlich war der Rath;
Doch fand ſich ein Mitleider, der um mein Leben bat,
Ich wurde bloß verſtoßen, und wie man frei mich gab,
So griff ich heitern Sinnes zu meinem Wanderſtab.

Der freud'ge, rüſt'ge Wandrer zieht über Berg und Thal,
Ihm ſcheinet, ihn erwärmet der lieben Sonne Strahl,
Der Schooß der grünen Erde empfängt mit reicher Luſt
Sein müdes Haupt am Abend, er ruht an Mutterbruſt.

Wer je von ſeinen Brüdern den Hunger ſelber litt,
Theilt ihm vom letzten Biſſen gern einen Brocken mit,
Er zieht durch Land und Städte und rühmt ſich reich und frei,
Und weiß von keiner Armuth und keiner Sklaverei.

Der Sprache und Stammverwandten entquillt an jedem Ort
Aus überfülltem Herzen ihm das lebend'ge Wort,
Zu lehren und zu hören, zu ſichten ſonder Scheu
Den Glauben von dem Wahne, den Waizen von der Spreu.

Iſt Felſen auch der Boden, die Saat verſtreue nur!
Es träufelt auf den Felſen, wie auf die grüne Flur,
Des Ew'gen milder Regen. [illegible]! Geduld!
Du zahleſt deinem Schöpfer ſo deines Lebens Schuld.

Und dennoch zog mich mächtig und ahnungsvoll mein Herz,
Wo deines Namens Klange ſchallt, du reines Erz;
Da iſt, ſo ich geahnet, da, der dem Wahne fern
[illegible] die ſeichte Schaale und ſucht nach ihrem Kern.

Das will auch ich, ſo reiche mir deine liebe Hand,
[illegible] hier und knüpfen ein unauflöslich Band;
Das Licht, das iſt das Gute, die Finſterniß, die Nacht,
Das iſt das Reich der Sünde und iſt der Böſen Macht.

Der Strom von den Lippen ein ruhig klarer Born,
Es lehrt gewalt'ge Worte nur oft ein heil'ger Zorn;
So laß von unſerm Volke zerreißen uns vereint
Des Aberglaubens Schleier, bis hell der Tag ihm ſcheint.

Nicht träge denn, nicht läſſig: die Hand an's Werk gelegt!
Verſammle du die Jünger, es tagt, die Stunde ſchlägt!
Wir hämmern an den Felſen, bis hell der Stein erklingt,
Und an das Licht der Sprudel lebend'gen Waſſers ſpringt.

Darauf mit Rührung lächelnd der Wirth zu ſeinem Gaſt:
Genügt dir nicht, du Guter, was du erduldet haſt?
Soll wiederum ſich ſchüren ein Scheiterhaufen? kann
Die Geiſſel nicht dich lehren? du [illegible] Mann!

Du forſcheſt nach der Wahrheit; erkenne doch die Welt,
Die feſter als am Glauben am Aberglauben hält:
Was je gelebt im Geiſte, gehört der Ewigkeit,
Nur ruft es erſt in's Leben die allgewalt'ge Zeit.

Bleib' hie und lerne ſchweigen, wo ſprechen nicht am Ort
Du magſt im Stillen forſchen, erwägen Schrift und Wort,
Und magſt das Korn der Furche der Zeiten anvertrau'n;
Vielleicht wird einſt dein Enkel die gold'nen Saaten ſchau'n.

Drauf er: du ſchweigſt, du Kluger, und ſchweigen ſoll mein Mund?
So ſprich: wer ſoll dann reden und thun die Wahrheit kund?
Du hellſter Licht der Geiſter ſelbſt leuchteſt freundlich mir:
Die Hand darauf! — wir ſcheiden! mein Pfad, der trennt ſich hier.

Er ging; dem Flammengeiſte, dem Flammenherzen galt
Für Feigheit jede Warnung, und freundlich zürnend ſchalt
Ihn Mendelsſohn verſtehend; er ging und lehrt' und ſprach,
Bis über ihn auf's Neue das Ungewitter brach.

Die Aelteſten des Volkes entrüſtet, luden ihn
Vor ihre Schranken: wie, was machſt du in Berlin? —
Ich ſprach' in dem [illegible], darüber ſprach ich auch
Mit andern Schriftgelehrten, nach hergebrachtem Brauch. —

Du ſtehſt in keinem Dienſte? haſt kein Gewerbe? — Nein!
Ich kann und will nicht handeln, und mag nicht Handwerker ſein! —
Und wir, nach heil'ger Ordnung, verbieten dieſe Stadt
Dem [illegible], der ſich geäußert hat.

Darauf erhob ſich Abba und ſprach: Hartherzigkeit,
Du biſt zur Ordnung worden, du herrſcheſt hier zur Zeit;
Und kennt ihr den Propheten Jeremia denn nicht,
Der ſo aus meinem Munde zu euch, ihr Starren, ſpricht:

„Die Miſſethat der Tochter von Zion, unerhört!
Verdunkelt Sodom's Sünde, die doch mein Grimm zerſtört."
Die Schrift und die Propheten, die leſ' ich Tag und Nacht,
Und hab' auch andre Worte zu eigen mir gemacht:

„Du ſollſt dich nicht entſetzen, und ſollſt, du Menſchenkind,
Vor denen dich nicht fürchten, die mir abtrünnig ſind;
Du wohnſt bei ſcharfen Dornen und Skorpionen dort,
Doch ſollſt du dich nicht fürchten, verkündeſt du mein Wort."

Sie hatten ihn am Abend noch mit der Polizei,
Ihn auf die Poſt zu bringen, er rief den Freund herbei,
Der [illegible] ihm einen Dukaten, geſtimmet war er ſo
Vor ſeinen Widerſachern, ſie waren deß nicht froh.

Und eine Rechnung reichten zur Zahlung ſie ihm dar,
Wo Poſtgeld nach der Stunden Gebühr verzeichnet war;
Er aber ſprach und lachte: geduldet euch, ihr Herrn,
Hier paßt wohl ein Geſchichtchen, und ich erzähl' es gern:

Den Juden wird zu Lemberg ein kummervolles Loos,
Die jungen Herrn, die Schüler ſind ganz erbarmungslos,
Den armen Unterdrückten mißhandeln ſie und ſchmäh'n,
Und werfen ihn mit Steinen, wo immer ſie ihn ſeh'n.

Als einer, den ſie ſchlugen, nah' am Verſcheiden war,
Vermaß ſich die Gemeinde, bedrängt von der Gefahr,
Den Jeſuiten [illegible] zu klagen ihre Noth;
Die haben unverzüglich erlaſſen ein Verbot:

Es dürfen nicht die Schüler aus eitlem Zeitvertreib
Die Juden ſo mißhandeln, daß ſie an ihrem Leib
Beſchädigt werden möchten; es wird auch unterſagt,
Blutrünſtig ſie zu ſchlagen, wie eben wird geklagt.

Ein [illegible] Schimpfen, Werfen, ein Stoß und ſolcherlei,
Das müſſen ſie erlauben und iſt den Schülern frei,
Weil mancher unter ihnen iſt guter Eltern Kind,
Und Juden doch am Ende nur eben Juden ſind.

Ein Jud' in ſolchen Tagen, der her die Straße kam,
Bemerkte, daß ein Schüler ihn recht zum Ziele nahm,
Er bückte ſich bei Zeiten, und wich dem Stein noch aus,
Der klirrend flog in's Fenſter dem nächſten Bürgerhaus.

Die Scheibe war zerbrochen; der Bürger ſäumte nicht,
Und zog, Erſatz zu fordern, den Juden vor Gericht:
Denn hätteſt du gehalten dem Wurf, wie ſich's gebührt,
So wurde von dem Steine mein Fenſter nicht berührt.

Ihr habt den Stein geworfen, ich habe mich gebückt,
So hat der Wurf die Scheibe des Nachbars nur zerſtückt,
Ich ſoll die Scheibe zahlen, das Recht, das eure, ſpricht's,
Doch hat das Recht verloren, denn, ſeht! ich habe nichts.

Als jene ſich entfernet, verblieben noch die Zwei
Im traulichen Geſpräche, ſie dachten laut und frei;
Begegnen ſich die Geiſter verwandt im Lichtrevier,
Das iſt des Lebens Freude, das iſt des Lebens Zier.

Und Abba zu dem Freunde: bin friedlich ja geſinnt,
Du ſiehſt, daß aller Orten ſich Hader um mich ſpinnt;
Frei muß ich denken, ſprechen und athmen Gottes Luft,
Und wer die Drei mir raubet, der legt mich in die Gruft.

Von hinnen will ich ziehen, den Wanderſtab zur Hand
Ein Land der Freiheit ſuchen, nach Holland, Engelland;
Der Druck hat hier den Juden Bedrückung auch gelehrt,
Wohl wird der Duldung üben, wo Duldung er erfährt.

Und Mendelsſohn dagegen und ſchüttelte das Haupt:
Du liebenswerther Schwärmer, der noch an Duldung glaubt,
Zeuch hin, dich bloß zu geben auch dort der Pöbelwuth!
Dein zugewog'nes Glückstheil, das iſt dein froher Muth. —

Mein zugewog'nes Glückstheil, das iſt die Liebe mein
Zu meinem Volk; mein Glaube, zu beſſern müſſ' es ſein;
Mein Hoffen, mitzuwirken dazu mit Gut und Blut;
Du nennſt die drei zuſammen, das iſt mein froher Muth.

Und frohen Muthes nahm er den Wanderſtab zur Hand,
Und zog wohl in die Fremde, nach Holland, Engelland;
Den blut'gen Welterob'rer verfolgt die Sage nur,
Vom Menſchenfreund und Bettler verlieret ſich die Spur.

Zurück nach manchen Jahren gleich frohen Muthes kam
Er nach Berlin gewandert, ſein rechter Arm war lahm;
Und blind ſein and'res Auge, vernarbt ſein Angeſicht,
Sein Herz allein, das alte, verändert war es nicht.

So trat er freundlich lächelnd vor Moſes Mendelsſohn:
Wie hart es mir ergangen, du Kluger, ſiehſt es ſchon;
Sie haben mich geſchmähet, mißhandelt und verbannt,
Wär ihnen Macht gegeben, ſie hätten mich verbrannt.

Und wieder frohen Muthes, da ihn Berlin verſtieß,
Zog er nach ſeiner Heimath, die Haß ihm nur verhieß,
Da wallt' er rüſt'gen Schrittes, ein Fremder, fort und fort,
Verſtoßen, haßbeladen, unſtät von Ort zu Ort.

Einſt ſucht' er wohl vergebens ſeit manchem Tag vielleicht,
Wer ihm von ſeinem Brote das dürft'ge Stück gereicht;
Der Schooß der Mutter Erde empfing zur letzten Ruh'
Sein graues Haupt, ihm fielen die müden Augen zu.

Die Verbannten.

1.

Woinarowſki.

— 1740 —

Nach dem Ruſſiſchen des Rylejeff.*)

Ein Reich des Winters ſtarrt das öde Land,
  Durch welches ſich die breite Lena windet
  Zu einem ewig eisumthürmten Strand.
Auf Schnee, auf froſterſtarrter Rinde findet
  Sich wegbar nur das ausgeſpannte Moor,
  Von dem die weiße Decke kaum verſchwindet.
Im weiten Kreiſe blickt daraus hervor
  Ein ſchwarzer Föhrenwald, und ſcheinet ſchier
  Auf kaltem Leichentuch ein Trauerflor.
Aus Balken grobgezimmert reihen hier
  Sich dunkle Jurten längs dem Fluß: die Stadt
  Des Schreckens in der Schreckniſſe Revier, —
Jakuzk, an Kerkers und an Grabes Statt
  Beſtimmt, die Unglückſeligen zu hegen,
  Die ſchon das Leben ausgeſpieen hat.
Wer iſt, der dort auf unbetret'nen Wegen
  So heimlich düſter durch die Nebel ſchleicht,
  Die kalt am Morgen auf das Moor ſich legen?
Mit kurzem Kaftan, Gurt und Mütze gleicht
  Er dem Koſaken von des Dniepers Auen;
  Das Alter nicht hat ſo ſein Haar gebleicht.
Und die zerſtörten Züge! welch ein Grauen
  Flößt dieſes Antlitz ein — des Henkers Maal
  Iſt aber auf der Stirne nicht zu ſchauen. —
Und dort am Walde hält er auf einmal,
  Er hebt gen Weſten ſchmerzenüberwunden
  Zugleich die Arme mit der Augen Strahl;
Und ſo wie Blut aus tiefen Herzenswunden,
  Entquillt ein Schrei: „o du mein Vaterland!“
  Er iſt im Waldesdickicht ſchon verſchwunden.
Wer iſt, wer war er, eh' der Unbeſtand
  Ihn des Geſchickes in den Abgrund raffte?
  Wie heißt der Waldbewohner? — unbenannt.
Wen der das ſchwarzgedeckte Fuhrwerk ſchaffte,
  Ein Sarg lebend'ger Todten, iſt verſchollen,
  Und Namen verhüllt ſich dieſer Räthſelhafte.
Um Opfer ſeinem Wiſſensdurſt zu zollen
  Hat Müller zu der Zeit dies Land bereiſt
  Und zu Jakuzk den Winter halten wollen.
In dürft'ger Hütte lebt' er und verwaiſt,
  Ein Menſchenfreund und Prieſter der Natur,
  Wofür die Nachwelt ſeinen Namen preiſt.
Erholung war die Luſt der Jagd ihm nur;
  Oft lockten in den Forſt ihn ſeine Hunde
  Auf leichtem Schneeſchuh auf des Renners Spur.
Des Weges einſt vergeſſen und der Stunde,
  Fand er am ſpäten Abend ſich allein,
  Verirrt, erſchöpft, erſtarrt im Waldesgrunde.
Die Kälte frißt am Leben, ohne Schein
  Hat über ihm der Himmel ſich bedeckt,
  Er hüllt gefaßt zum letzten Schlaf ſich ein;
Und bald hat ein Geräuſch ihn aufgeſchreckt:
  Ein flüchtig ſcheues Renn durchfliegt den Tann,
  Ein Schuß — es liegt zu Boden hingeſtreckt.
Und dort erſcheint er, der den Schuß gethan,
  Der Fremdling, deſſen Anblick ſonderbar
  Den Unerſchrockenſten verwirren kann.
Er ſtarrt ihn an und zweifelt, ob ſich dar
  Errettung bietet, oder ihn bedroht
  Vom wilden Schützen andere Gefahr?
Und ſchnell beſtimmt den Zweifelnden die Noth:
  Blick' her und übe du Barmherzigkeit,
  Ein Menſch wie du erwartet hier den Tod.
Gieb auf den Weg zur Stadt mir dein Geleit,
  Ich bin verirrt. D'rauf jener: hör' ein Wort:
  Die Nacht wird dunkel und der Weg iſt weit.
Nicht aber fern iſt meine Jurte dort;
  Geſchlagen hat auch dich des Schickſals Tücke,
  Es bietet dir mein Elend einen Port,
Da ruheſt du und hoffſt und träumſt von Glücke,
  Ich aber ruhe, hoffe, träume nicht,
  Und ſcheint der Morgen, führ' ich dich zurücke.
Und ob den Worten ſtaunend, die der ſpricht,
  Erhebet Müller ſich und folgt dem Alten,
  Der durch die Wildniß ihm die Bahnen bricht.
Beſchwerlicher wird ſtets der Pfad zu halten;
  Sie ſchreiten ſchweigend zu, der Urwald ſchweigt,
  Nachhallend nur von froſtgeriſſ'nen Spalten.
Die Nacht hat ſich geſenkt, die Kälte ſteigt,
  Und Müller entmuthigt den Glauben faſt,
  Als ſpät und einſam ſich die Jurte zeigt.
Sie treten ein; der Jäger ſorgt mit Haſt
  Des Feuers Macht auf's Neue zu beleben,
  Die kniſternd bald das dürre Reiſig faßt.
Und wie die Flammen lodernd ſich erheben,
  Erſchimmern an den Mauern Waffen blank,
  Die ringsher Wiederſchein der Lohe geben.
Der Wirth beſchickt die Lampe, rückt die Bank
  Dem Heerde näher und den Tiſch herbei,
  Den er verſorgend deckt mit Speiſ' und Trank.
Er grüßt den Gaſt; es ſetzen ſich die zwei,
  Der Wärme ſich zu freuen und der Speiſe,
  Und aus dem Herzen quillt die Rede frei.
Gar inhaltſchwere Worte läßt der Greiſe
  In dieſer weltvergeſſ'nen Wildniß hallen,
  Die Nachklang wecken möchten aus dem Eiſe:
Du biſt ein Deutſcher; alle Schranken fallen,
  In denen ich vor Ruſſen mich verbaut,
  Die Sprache meines Herzens darf erſchallen.
Und nun erſchreckt mich meiner Stimme Laut,
  Der halbvergeſſen ſpät herauf beſchwört
  Den Traum, dem jung und gut ich einſt vertraut.
Dich hat nicht ſo wie mich der Traum bethört,
  Doch träumt ihr auch im Schlaf, wann mächt'gen Klang,

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*) Das Gedicht Woinarowſki von Rylejeff, ſeinem Freunde Beſtuſhew zugeeignet, erſchien zu St. Petersburg im Jahre 1825. Rylejeff beſtieg bald darauf als Verſchworener und Empörer das Blutgerüſt und Beſtuſhew ward nach Sibirien verbannt.

Ihr Deutſche ſolches Wort erdröhnen hört.
Da wirſt mich faſſen. Freiheit! Freiheit! klang es
Im Innern durch die Ad'ern wundervoll;
Der Ton erweckte mich, mein Herz verſchlang es.
Des manngeword'nen Jünglings Buſen ſchwoll;
Ich fand dem Heldenwerke mich geſellt,
Aus deſſen Mund der mächt'ge Ruf erſcholl.
Erkenne, den das Elend ſo entſtellt, —
Ich war Mazeppa's Freund in meinen Tagen,
Und Weinarowſki nannte mich die Welt.
Nicht langſam ſchmerzlich will ich wieder ſagen,
Was in das Buch mit eh'rnem Griffel ſchon,
Der Genius der Zeiten eingetragen.
Man weiß genug, wie Karl, des Sieges Sohn,
Verwegen unſern Zwingherrn lang bekriegte,
Und faſt erſchütterte der Zaren Tron.
Wie noch mit unſerm Blut der Schwede ſiegte,
Als wir Ukrainer ſchlugen ſeine Schlachten
Und falſch die Hoffnung kurze Zeit uns wiegte.
Weh' über uns! daß wir an Fremde dachten,
Wo eig'ne Kraft für eig'nes Recht nur galt:
Ein Bund der Sünde war es, den wir machten.
Pultawa, deine Donner ſind verhallt,
Ein Flüchtling iſt der Schwede, wir vernichtet,
Erliegen zähneknirſchend der Gewalt.
Kein Kreuz ſteht auf dem Hügel aufgerichtet,
Worunter du, Mazeppa, moderſt nun,
Dem Türken um die Spanne Grund verpflichtet.
Mir ward es nicht zu Theil, bei dir zu ruh'n;
Der deinen letzten Hauch ich eingeſogen,
Ich hatte nichts bei'm Türken mehr zu thun.
Als ſich gelegt des wilden Krieges Wogen,
Wollt' ich zu meinem Weibe heim mich ſchleichen,
Von namenloſer Sehnſucht hingezogen.
Mein armes Land! ein Anblick ſonder Gleichen!
Rings lagen ausgeſtellt zum Fraß den Raben
Der Beſten meines Volks zertheilte Leichen.
Die Wuth ich bei dem Anblick weinte, haben
Die Schergen mich ergriffen, fortgeführt,
In dieſe Wüſtenei mich zu vergraben.
Ich glaube, daß du weinſt, du biſt gerührt;
Ich habe ſolchen Thau ſeit vielen Jahren
In dieſen dürren Hohlen nicht verſpürt.
Als ich gewürfelt mit dem großen Zaren,
Und Lieb' und Haß im Buſen noch geſtrebt,
Da hab' ich wohl gewußt, was Thränen waren.
Ich bin erſtorben nun, und kaum erhebt
Sich ſchweifend noch mein Blick nach Weſten hin,
Das Land begehrend, wo ich einſt gelebt.
Und doch, wie immer ich gebrochen bin,
Wie meine Bruſt erkaltet und zerriſſen,
Es glimmt der heil'ge Funken noch darin.
Du, Guter, haſt in meinen Finſterniſſen
Theilnehmend und gerührt auf mich geſehen;
Du ſollſt mein heimlich Heil'ges noch wiſſen.
Komm mit hinaus. — Dort, wo die Föhren ſtehen,
Des Mondes Sichel wirft den blaſſen Schein,
Dort wirſt das dunkle Kreuz du ragen ſehen.
Ich lade dich zur Luſt des Schmerzens ein,
Die letzte, heil'ge, ſo ich treu erfunden;
Du biſt am Ort, hier ruhet ihr Gebein.
Als von der Heimath ſpurlos ich verſchwunden,
Hat ſich mein Weib mit Liebes Heldenmuth
Mich in der Welt zu ſuchen unterwunden.
Und irreſchweifend hat ſie nicht geruht,
Zwei Jahre ſind der Dulderin verſtrichen,
Bis ſie gefunden ihr verlor'nes Gut.
Doch ihre ſchon verzehrten Kräfte wichen,
Und als der Winter kam, da ging's zu Ende,
Da iſt in meinen Armen ſie erblichen.
Hier haben aufgeriſſen meine Hände
Den harten durchgefror'nen Schooß der Erde,
Und ihr gegeben meine letzte Spende.
Und hier, bei meinem Lieb- und Lebensheerde,
Hier iſt es, wo ich dir auf heil'gem Grunde
Mein and'res Heiligthum vertrauen werde.
Die letzten Worte, die mit blaſſem Munde
Mazeppa vor dem ſtaunenden Genoſſen
Prophetiſch ausrief in der Sterbeſtunde:
„Was wir geträumt, noch war es nicht beſchloſſen;
Laß eine Zeit noch laden Schuld auf Schuld,
Sich dehnen und entkräften den Koloſſen.
Umfaſſen eine halbe Welt — Geduld!
Im Spiegelſchein der Sonnen eitel ſchimmern
Das Herz von Uebermuth geſchwellt — Geduld!
Ihn wird der Zorn des Himmels doch zertrümmern.
Gott heißt Vergeltung in der Weltgeſchichte
Und läßt die Saat der Sünde nicht verkümmern."
Der Alte ſchwieg. Auf ſeinem Angeſichte,
Dem ſchaurig wiederum erſtarrten, ſchwand
Der Strahl, der es erhellt mit flücht'gem Lichte.
Und Müller, wunderbar ergriffen, ſtand
Gedankenvoll zur Seite dem Gefährten,
Und drückte ſtumm dem Schweigenden die Hand.
Die Beiden endlich ſich beſinnend, kehrten
Zur Siedelei zurück, wo halbverglommen
Des Heerdes letzte Gluthen ſich verzehrten.
Da ſprach der Greis: laß mit den Schlaf dir frommen,
Der mich vergeſſen hat ſeit langen Jahren.
Die Nacht verſtreicht, der junge Tag wird kommen;
Der führt zurück dich zu der Menſchen Schaaren,
Wo dieſer Nacht Erinn'rung dir verbleiche;
Ich will im wunden Buſen ſie bewahren.
Vergeſſen mochte Müller nicht ſo leicht;
Er hat ihn oft beſucht, und oft dem Greiſe
Der Schmerzen lindernd mildern Troſt gereicht;
Hat vor der Zarin Anna's höchſtem Throne
Für ihn gebeten, und für ſich begehrt
Des Alten Gnade nur zu eig'nem Lohne.
Als wiederum der Winter wiederkehrt,
Wird Antwort von der Zarin ihm zu Theile:
„Dir iſt, was du gebeten haſt, gewährt."
Die Luſt des Glücklichen kennt keine Weile,
Nach jenem Walde hin! er hält ſich kaum,
Betreibend ſchnell die Fahrt mit freud'ger Eile.
Die Narte wohlbekannt durchfliegt den Raum,
Sie macht im Walde vor der Jurte Halt.
Er überläßt ſich noch dem ſüßen Traum.
Er ruft dem Freunde zu, der Ruf verhallt —
So ſchaurig ſtumm, die Thüre dort verſchneit! —
Er tritt hinein: das Inn're leer und kalt. —
Kein Feuer brannte hier ſeit langer Zeit!
Er ſchaut umher: des Jägers Waffen hangen
Vollzählig, wohlgeordnet dort gereiht.
Wo iſt, der hier gehauſt, hingegangen! —
Er ſuchet ihn mit düſtrer Ahnung Schauern
Am Grab, das ſeines Herzens Herz empfangen.
Wie Bilder auf der Fürſten Gräbern trauern,
So ſieht er ſonder Regung dort gebannt
Ein Jammerbild am Fuß des Kreuzes kauern.
Geſtützt auf beide Hände, hingewandt
Im Weſten, ſtarr das Angeſicht, das bleiche:
Das war, den Weinarowſki man genannt.
Schon halb verſchüttet hat der Schnee die Leiche.

2.

Beſtuſcheff.

— 1829 —

Ihn wird der Zorn des Himmels doch zertrümmern.
Gott heißt Vergeltung in der Weltgeſchichte,
Und läßt die Saat der Sünde nicht verkümmern.
So klang es zu Jakutsk beim Sternenlichte
In kalter Nacht. Ein rüſt'ger Jäger ſang,
Gar [illegible] Reiz verleihend dem Gedichte.
Ein fremdes Ohr belauſchte den Geſang,
Ein Mann, der jüngſt, der Wiſſenſchaft zu frohnen,
Bis hierher in das Reich des Winters drang:
Wer biſt du, der die Nacht belebt mit Tönen? —
Wer du, der du mich fragſt? das Lied iſt mein,
Du wirſt es nicht zu ſingen mich entwöhnen. —
Gefraget hat ein Fremder dich allein,
Weil ihn des Liedes mächt'ger Klang erfreute;
Es lag ihm fern, unfreundlich dir zu ſein. —
Sei mir gegrüßt, und nicht zum Argen deute
Der ungemeſſ'nen Rede flücht'ge Haſt,
Dieweil mir ſtolz zu ſein geziemet heute.
Komm in mein Haus, ſei des Verbannten Gaſt;
Ich werde dir berichten ſonder Säumen,
Was du zu wiſſen Luſt bezeuget haſt.
Ich bin in dieſes meines Grabes Räumen
Ein freier Mann, und bin die Nachtigall,
Die hier allnächtlich ſingt von ihren Träumen.
Mir bleibt der freien Stimme voller Schall,
Die volle Luſt des ungebroch'nen Muthes,
Und der ich bin, der bin ich überall.
Die Erde lehrt mich und der Himmel thut es,
Die Sterne, welche kreiſend zu mir ſagen:
Es treibt uns unabläſſig, nimmer ruht es.

Sieh' ſchnellrecht dort über dir den Wagen,
Noch lenkt er aufwärts, ſtrebt noch hinan,
Um zu der Tiefe jenſeits umzuſchlagen.
Ich bin zur Tiefe kommen meiner Bahn,
Ich oder And're müſſen wieder ſteigen,
Und was ich träumte, war kein leerer Wahn.
Das wird am Tag der Völker bald ſich zeigen,
Denn hält die Wage ſchwankend ſich noch gleich,
So muß die volle Schaale doch ſich neigen.
Gewürfelt hab' ich um ein Kaiſerreich;
Noch einmal iſt der kühne Wurf mißlungen, —
Er bot die Bruſt entblößt dem Todesſtreich!
Ich bin Beſtujeff, welchen viele Zungen
Rylejeff's Mitverſchworenen genannt,
Dem er ſein hohes Schwanenlied geſungen;
Das Lied von Woinarowski, wo entbrannt
Für Freiheit er ſein Heiligſtes gegeben,
Weil, ſcheint es, er ſein Loos vorausgekannt.
Noch hallt das Lied, zur Wahrheit wird es ſchweben,
Er aber hat das Blutgerüſt beſtiegen:
Ich muß ihn in Zukunft noch überleben!
Dein Woinarowski [illegible] dich unterliegen,
O mein Mazeppa, und bewahrt kein Wort
In ſeines Herzens Schreine [illegible].
Du und der Wälder ſteht am ſelben Ort,
Um ſolcher gleiche Bilder zu betrachten,
Die nimm du im Gedächtniß mit dir fort:
Und wenn die guten Götter dein gedachten,
So gib den Stoff dem Dichter zum Gedicht,
Er leb' im Lied, den ſie zu tödten dachten.
Das wird der and're Sang, der letzte nicht;
Weh aber, dem der dritte vorbehalten!
Der dritte heißt Vergeltung und Gericht.
Wie bebend noch Beſtujeff's Worte hallten,
Ward Licht am nord'ſchen Himmel ausgegoſſen
Und einen Bogen ſah man ſich geſtalten;
Und aus dem Bogen blut'ger Lichter ſchoſſen
Gen Süden wunderſame Funkengarben,
Die wogend ſich zum Horizont verfloſſen;
Mit Zitterſcheine wechſelten die Farben;
Die Sterne, wie die hohen Säulen ſtiegen,
Verloren ihre Strahlen und erſtarben.
Nach Norden ſtarrten beide hin und ſchwiegen.

Don Juanito Marques Verdugo de los Leganes, Spaniſcher Grande *).

Wie noch in ſeinem Stolz Napoleon
Den König Joſeph zu erhalten rang
Auf Spaniens unerhört geraubtem Thron,
Und durch die Lande unter hartem Zwang
Ein meuchleriſcher Volkskrieg ſich ergoß,
Der unabläſſig ſchnell ſein Heer verſchlang:
War einſt ein Feſt, ein Ball auf Menda's Schloß.
Marques de los Leganes! heut' ein Ball,
Und Spaniens Feind, du Grande, dein Genoß?
Bei rauſchender Muſik und Cymbeln-Schall
Bewegten Victor dieſes Schloſſes Mauern;
Der Boden wankt in Spanien überall.
Ihn ließ ein Blick von Clara tief erſchauern,
Und um ſich ſchauend in der Gäſte Reihen,
Sah er Verrath aus aller Augen lauern.
Den Saal verlaſſend ſchrie er auf im Freien:
O Clara, Clara! ſoll auch uns das Herz
Verbluten in dem Kampfe der Parteien?
Von der Terraſſe Rand ſah niederwärts
Er düſtern Muthes in das tiefe Thal;
Gedanken waren fern, er war nur Schmerz.
Die Felſenwand, die Gärten allzumal,
Die Stadt, das Meer darüber ausgeſpannt,
Erſchimmerten im klaren Mondesſtrahl.
Da weckt' ihn eine Stimme: Commandant,
Ich ſuche dich; befiehl, die Zeit iſt theuer,
Bevor uns die Empörung übermannt.
Es iſt im Rabenneſte nicht geheuer,
Sie feiern trotz'g die Johannisnacht,
Und wider Ordnung brennen ihre Feuer.
Sieh dort, was ſie ſo übermüthig macht.
Er wies hinaus auf's hohe Meer und ſchwieg:
Her ſegelten die Schiffe, Englands Macht.
Und ziſchend von des Schloſſes Zinnen ſtieg
Ein Feuerball, der rief mit argem Munde:
Auf, Spanier, auf! es gilt Vertheid'gungskrieg!
Ein Gegenruf erſcholl aus Thalesgrunde,
Und plötzlich ſtiegen wirbelnd Rauch und Flammen
Von allen Bergesgipfeln in der Runde.
Es fiel ein Schuß: Gott möge ſie verdammen!
Schrie taumelnd auf und ſterbend der Soldat;
Das Blei ſaß in der Bruſt, er ſank zuſammen.
Die Stadt iſt jetzt ein Schauplatz grauſer That;
Victor, der Pflicht gehorchend, die ihn band,
Will hin im Flug, es bleibt der einz'ge Rath.
Da hält ihn ſanften Druckes Clara's Hand:
Entflieh! die beiden Brüder folgen mir;
Dort hält ein Roß am Fuß der Felſenwand.
Sie ſtößt ihn fort, er hört ſie rufen: hier!
Hier, Juanito! Philipp, hier! ihm nach!
Die Stieg' hinab entfleucht der Offizier.
Die Kugeln ſauſten, während ſie noch ſprach,
Und ſtreben ſeine Flucht ihm zu beflügeln,
Ihm folgten auf den Ferſen Tod und Schmach.
Er ſchwang ſich zu Pferd' feſt in den Bügeln,
Dem Hauptquartier zujagend ſonder Raſt
Mit blut'gen Sporen und verhängten Zügeln.
So kommt er vor den General mit Haſt:
Ich bringe dir mein Haupt, mein Haupt allein,
Sonſt keines, das du mir vertrauet haſt. —
Mag minder Schuld vielleicht, als Unglück ſein;
Dem Kaiſer bleibt das Urtheil vorbehalten,
Der kann erſchießen laſſen und verzeih'n.
Nun iſt's an mir, die Rache zu verwalten.
Man ſah, wie erſt der and're Morgen graute,
Vor Menda die Colonnen ſich entfalten.
Die jüngſt auf's Meer ſo übermüthig ſchaute,
Die Stadt war eig'ner Ohnmacht überlaſſen,
Und nicht erfolgt die Landung, der ſie traute.
Die Tags zuvor ſo aufgeregten Maſſen
Der ſtolzen Bürger, ſtarr vor Schrecken, ließen
Den Rächer einzieh'n durch die ſtillen Gaſſen;
Und Blut begann ſogleich um Blut zu fließen:
Es boten ſelbſt die Schuldigen ſich dar,
Zweihundert ließ ſofort er niederſchießen.
In jenem Tanzſaal auf dem Schloſſe war
Sein Hauptquartier, umringt von ſeinem Stabe,
Befahl von dort er Blut'ges ſeiner Schaar.
Was immer Leganes auch verſchuldet habe,
Er ſelbſt ein Greis, ſein Weib, die Kinder alle,
Zwei Männer, zwei Jungfrauen und ein Knabe,
Ein Jammerbild des Stolzes nach dem Falle:
Gefeſſelt ſind ſie mit unwürd'gen Stricken,
Geſtellt an die Säulen dort der Halle;
Mit ihnen acht Bediente, die erſticken
In tiefſter Bruſt der eig'nen Klage Laut,
Wie voller Ehrfurcht ſie auf jene blicken.
Und blut'gen Werkes Vorbereitung ſchaut
Man auf der Schloßterraſſe mancherlei,
Da wird aus Balken ein Gerüſt erbaut;
Und der's vollſtrecken wird, der ſteht dabei,
Er ſcheint ſich ſelber ſchaudernd zu verachten,
Daß aufgeſpart er ſo Verruchtem ſei.
In ſtummer Haltung ſteh'n umher die Wachten,
Und hundert Bürger werden vorgeführt,
Verurtheilt, ſolches Schauſpiel zu betrachten.
Wohl ſieht man einen Franken, der gerührt
Und bleich und zitternd zu den Opfern ſchleicht,
Verachtung findend, wo er Mitleid ſpürt.
Ruft Clara nicht: Victor, du haſt's erreicht!
Doch nein, ſie ſpricht mit ihm, ſie flüſtern leiſe,
Indem ſie bald erröthet, bald erbleicht.
Mit Ingrimm ſchaut auf ſie der ſtolze Greiſe,
Es trübt und ſenkt ſich ihrer Augen Licht,
Sie winkt dem Freund auf würdevolle Weiſe.
Der tritt nun vor den General und ſpricht:
Ich bin, der keine Gnade hier begehrt. —
Du Gnade? — Ja! die letzte traur'ge Pflicht;
Laß richten die Leganes mit dem Schwerdte,
Nicht aber mit dem Strange. — Zugeſtanden. —
Der Beiſtand eines Prieſters ...? — Wird gewährt. —
Befreien laſſe ſie von ihren Banden;
Sein Wort, mein Wort wird Sicherheit dir geben. —
Biſt Bürge du, ſo bin ich einverſtanden. —
Noch wagt ein Gnadenruf ſich zu erheben:
Sein ganzes Gut, zu ſühnen, was geſchah!
Schenk' einem ſeiner Söhne nur das Leben! —
Des Königs iſt das Gut, was will er da
Noch feilſchen! Alle ſterben, alle. Nein! —

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*) Das ſpaniſche Wort Verdugo bedeutet: „Henker."

Und auch das Kind, der zarte Knabe! — Ja!
Wir ſind in Spanien. Wein her! ſag' ich, Wein!
Ihr Herrn, dem Kaiſer! laßt die Becher klingen! —
Und ſoll das harte Wort ſein letztes ſein! —
Das iſt's, und … nein! Mag Gnade ſich erringen
Und Leib und Gut erwerben, der es wagt
Den Blutdienſt an den Andern zu vollbringen.
Das iſt mein letztes Wort. So wie er's ſagt,
Da ſträubet Manchem ſich das Haar empor,
Der doch für tapfer gilt und unverzagt.
Man ſchweigt, er winkt gebietend, und Victor
Verläßt den Saal; er tritt, und möchte weinen,
Zu den Gefang'nen in der Halle vor.
Man ſchaut auf ihn, und Mancher dürfte meinen,
Daß nicht unmenſchlichen Befehl er brächte;
Entfeſſelt wird Leganes und die Seinen.
Er ſelber löſt zitternd das Geflechte,
Das Clara's zarte Hände hält gebunden;
Man übergiebt dem Henker dort die Knechte.
Du, Armer, ſage man mir unumwunden,
So fragt die hohe, herrliche Geſtalt,
Hat deine Stimme kein Gehör gefunden?
Und er, ſich neigend, kaum vernehmlich lallt
Ihr Worte zu, die ſchauerlich empören
Sein tiefſtes Herz, es überläuft ihn kalt.
Sie aber ſcheint ihm ruhig zuzuhören;
Zum Vater ſie: laß deinen Sohn und Erben
Dir Unterwerfung und Gehorſam ſchwören.
Gebiete du: ihn trifft es zu erwerben,
Was du begehrt, durch Thaten …. ſchauderhaft!
Wir haben's gut, wir haben nur zu ſterben.
O Juanito! du verjüngter Schaft
Der Eichen, die Leganes Schild beſchatten,
Steig auf in unſ'rer Väter Heldenkraft!
Rings um den hochergrauten Vater hatten
Sich ahnungsvoll gedrängt des Hauſes Glieder,
Geſtützt die Mutter an die Bruſt des Gatten;
Ihr Aug' erhellte ſich, ſie hoffte wieder;
Da ſprach die Maid das Gelübde zu Ende;
Sie ſank entſetzt, erſchreckt, ohnmächtig nieder.
Der Vater rief: o Juanito, wende
Die Schmach von uns, die ärger, als der Tod!
Er ſchüttelte das Haupt und rang die Hände.
Biſt du mein Blut, erfülle mein Gebot!
Du biſt des Hauſes Stamm. Er aber ſchrie:
Wer färbt in Vaterblut die Hände roth?
Und Clara warf vor ihm ſich auf die Knie:
O Bruder, wenn du mich zu lieben meinſt,
Berühre jener Schreckliche mich nie!
Du biſt ja, der zu mir geſprochen einſt:
Bevor du angehören ſollſt dem Franken,
Vor dem du nicht zurückzubeben ſcheinſt,
Vertilgt den unwürdigen Gedanken
Mein eigner Dolch in deiner falſchen Bruſt;
Nun laß den Tod mich deiner Liebe danken.
Und Philipp ſprach: du, armer Bruder, mußt,
Du mußt des Hauſes Schild empor noch tragen.
Daß ſonſt er untergeht, iſt dir bewußt.
Die jüng're Tochter und die Mutter lagen
Sich weinend in den Armen; jammernd ſchalt
Der Knabe ſeiner Schweſter weibiſch Klagen!
Die Stimm' erhob der Alte mit Gewalt:
War der vom ſpan'ſchem Adel, der allein
Das eig'ne Heil erwog, da's Thaten galt?
Du warſt mein Sohn nicht, darfſt es nimmer ſein,
Und dich verleugn' ich in der Sterbeſtunde.
Die Mutter flehte: ſtill! er willigt ein.
Ein Prieſter zeigte ſich im Hintergrunde;
Sie führten ihn zu Juanito gleich,
Und Clara gab ihm ſchnell von allem Kunde.
Wie ſonſt dem Sünder zu dem Todesſtreich,
Sprach Muth ihm ein zu leben jener Bote:
Er ſagte: ja! und wurde leichenbleich.
Die Friſt verſtrich, die Trommel rief und drohte
Von der Terraſſe her: ſie traten vor
Auf ihren Ruf dem Tode zu Gebote.
Sie hielten Schritt und blickten feſt empor,
Nicht Stolz und Haltung hatten ſie verlaſſen;
Da war nur Einer, der die Kraft verlor,
Der ſollte leben! Den nur mußte faſſen
Der Beichtiger und führen. Dort bereit
Der Block, das Schwerdt, ein Anblick zum Erblaſſen.
Da ſtand auch Einer, nicht vom Blocke weit,
Den zu vollſtrecken hier die blut'ge That
Das ſchauerliche Machtgebot befreit.
Und zu dem blutgewohnten Manne trat
Nun Juanito, leiſe flüſternd, leiſe
Sprach der ihm zu, und gab ihm ſeinen Rath.
Und ſieh', die Kinder knieten ſchon im Kreiſe,
Zunächſt der Mutter ſtand der Kapellan,
Und ſtolze Blicke warf umher der Greiſe.
Zum Bruder Mariquita nun begann:
Ich bin nicht ſtark, mein Bruder, wie ich ſollte;
Erbarme dich und fange mit mir an.
Er griff das Schwerdt, getrennt vom Rumpfe rollte
Ihr lock'ges Haupt, der Mutterbruſt entquoll
Ein Schrei, den ſie umſonſt erſticken wollte.
Kam Raphael, der fragte liebevoll,
Wie er das Haar ſich aus dem Nacken ſtrich:
Bin ich ſo recht, du Guter, wie ich ſoll?
Da fiel der Streich, und Clara rüſtete ſich.
Wie er in's Antlitz ſah der blonden, ſchönen:
Du weineſt? ſprach er. Sie: ich denk' an dich.
Er ſchwang das Schwerdt, da hörte man ertönen:
Halt! Gnade! Gnade! — Wird der Ruf auch wahr?
Wird er den Muth der Sterbenden verhöhnen? —
Hervor trat Victor aus der Franken Schaar
Und ſtellte bleich ſich, bebend und verſtört
Dem Auge des geliebten Mädchens dar:
Du, deren Herz, ich weiß es, mir gehört,
Sei mein, mein Weib! das eine Wort, o ſag' es;
Die Macht, die dich verfolgt, hat aufgehört!
Das Leben nur, o ſüße Maid! ertrag' es,
In meinem Arm, an meiner treuen Bruſt,
Zu weinen ob den Gräueln dieſes Tages.
Vertraue mir und trage den Verluſt;
Dir biet' ich zum Beſchützer mich und Retter,
Ich träume ſelbſt von keiner ſüßen Luſt.
Sie ſah ihn hellen Blickes an und heiter,
Und wandte ſich, nicht ſchwankend ob der Wahl,
Dem Blocke zu, und: Juanito, weiter!
Da fiel ihr Haupt und ſprang ein rother Strahl,
Das Herzensblut, dem mocht' er nicht entweichen;
Den Wankenden verbarg der Freunde Zahl.
Und Philipp nahm, nach weggeräumten Leichen,
Den Platz der Schweſter ein, und ſtarb geſetzt,
An Stärke nur den Andern zu vergleichen.
Der trat Leganes ſelbſt der Vater jetzt,
Um ſich berauſchend ſeiner Kinder Blut,
Und Juanito ſprang zurück entſetzt.
Doch er: ermanne dich und faſſe Muth!
Hört's, Spanier, hört's! und ſagt's dem Vaterlande!
Er iſt der Sohn, auf dem mein Segen ruht.
Marques de los Leganes, ſpan'ſcher Grande,
Triff ſicher nur! du biſt des Tadels bar;
Dem Feinde deines Landes bleibt die Schande.
Wohl traf er gut; im Röcheln ſonderbar
Hat aus der athemloſen Bruſt bezeugt,
Daß ſeine letzte Kraft geſchwunden war.
Wie nun die Mutter wartend, tief gebeugt,
Doch würdevoll, er ſie ins Auge faßte,
Da ſchrie er laut: ſie hat mich ja geſäugt!
Der Schrei erweckte Nachhall, es erblaßte
Im weiten Kreiſe jegliches Geſicht,
Das Volk verſtummte, wo der Franke praßte.
Sie ſprach ihm zu, er aber hörte nicht;
Da ſchritt ſie zu der Bruſtwehr und vollſtreckte
Hinab ſich ſtürzend, ſelbſt das Blutgericht.
Er lag in Ohnmacht.
Dort, der Blaſſe weckte
Wohl deine Neugier; deine Augen ſah'n es,
Wie Gramesnacht die hagern Züge deckte.
Die Furchen ſind die Spuren nicht des Zahnes
Der allgewalt'gen Zeit, das ſiehſt du ſchon;
Verdugo, heißt der Mann, de los Leganes.
Bewundert und bedauert und geflohn,
So ſchleicht und wird er ſchleichen allerwegen,
Bis ihm geboren wird der erſte Sohn;
Dann wird er zu den Uebrigen ſich legen.

Bogislaus Philipp von Chemnitz,

ein Enkel des bekannten ſtreng lutheriſchen Theologen Martin Chemnitz, ward am 9 Mai 1605 zu Stettin geboren, ſtudierte in Roſtock und Jena und nahm dann holländiſche Kriegsdienſte, die er ſpäter mit ſchwediſchen vertauſchte, wo er bis zum Hauptmann vorrückte. Die Königin Chriſtine ernannte ihn darauf zum Rath und Hiſtoriographen und erhob ihn in den Adelſtand, auch ſchenkte ſie ihm das Landgut Hallſtädt, auf welchem er 1768 ſein Leben beſchloß.

Er ſchrieb:

Schwediſcher Krieg. Stettin und Stockholm 1648 u. 1653. 2 Bde. Folio.

ſo wie unter dem Namen Hippolytus a Lapide, das berüchtigte Buch: De ratione status in imperio nostro Romano-Germanico, in welchem er Oeſtreichs Principat heftig bekämpfte.

Als Geſchichtſchreiber hat ſich Chemnitz mannichfaches Verdienſt erworben, doch iſt ſein Styl nach dem damaligen ſchlechten Geſchmacke rauh und hart, und wegen den vielen eingemiſchten fremden Wörtern und Redensarten keineswegs frei von Geſuchtheit.

Wilhelmine Christine von Chezy,

Schriftſtellerin bekannter unter dem Namen Helmina von Chezy, eine Enkelin der berühmten Karſchin (ſ. d.) *), ward am 26. Januar 1783 in Berlin geboren, und bereits, nachdem ſie eine vortreffliche Erziehung genoſſen, im 16. Jahre ihres Alters an den Freiherrn von Haſtfer verheirathet. — Ihre Ehe war jedoch keine glückliche und wurde bald wieder gelöſt. Sie lebte darauf, jedoch nicht in den angenehmſten Verhältniſſen, eine Zeitlang bei der Frau von Genlis in Paris, und vermählte ſich hier (1805) mit dem kürzlich verſtorbenen ausgezeichneten Orientaliſten de Chezy. Mit Bewilligung ihres Gatten kehrte ſie indeſſen nach Deutſchland (1810) zurück, und verweilte nun abwechſelnd in Heidelberg, Berlin, Dresden und Wien. — Nach dem Tode ihres Mannes begab ſie ſich wieder nach Paris, wo ſie ſich gegenwärtig noch befindet.

Sie gab heraus:

Leben und Kunſt in Paris. Weimar, 1805—1807. 2 Bde.
Gedichte. Aſchaffenburg, 1812. 2 Thle.
Gemälde von Heidelberg. Mannheim u. ſ. w. N. A. Heidelberg, 1821.
Neue auserleſene Schriften. 2 Thle. Heidelberg, 1817.
Emma's Prüfungen. Heidelberg, 1817.
Aurikeln. Berlin, 1818.
Iduna. Chemnitz, 1820.
Erzählungen und Novellen. 2 Thle. Leipzig, 1822.
Stundenblumen. Wien, 1824 folg. 3 Thle.
Der Wunderquell; dramatiſche Kleinigkeit. Wien, 1824.
Euryanthe von Savoyen; Oper. Wien, 1824.
Jugend Leben und Anſichten eines papiernen Kragens. Wien, [illegible]
Herzenstöne auf Pilgerwegen. Sulzbach, 1833.
Einzelne Aufſätze Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen,

Helmine von Chezy iſt eine der talentvollſten deutſchen Schriftſtellerinnen. Wärme des Gefühls, Reichthum der Phantaſie und ſeltene Anmuth der Sprache characteriſiren ihre ſämmtlichen Leiſtungen, unter dieſen aber vorzüglich ihre lyriſchen Gedichte. Als Erzählerin zeichnet ſie ſich ſowohl durch glückliche Erfindung, wie durch gewandte Ausführung höchſt vortheilhaft vor der Menge ihrer ſchreibenden Mitſchweſtern aus. —

Haugwitz und Contarini *).

Es war bei Anbeginn des Winters 1675, als der tapfere Oberſtlieutenant von Haugwitz mit ſiebenhundert Schleſiern in die Citadelle von Dachſtein im untern Elſaß einrückte, die durch den Anmarſch der Franzoſen, vom klugen und braven Marquis von Vaubrun angeführt, nahe und furchtbar bedroht war.

1633 hatten die Schweden den Ort erſtürmt, früher hatten ihn wechſelweiſe Straßburger und Lothringer eingenommen, 1640 hatten ihn die Schweden den Straßburgern beim Friedensſchluß wieder zurück gegeben, und er ſtand nun wieder unter des Stiftes Obhuth. Seine frühern Kriegsgeſchicke bewieſen, daß er ſchwer zu vertheidigen ſey; jederzeit nur der wichtigſten Obhuth anvertraut, hätte weder Klugheit noch Tapferkeit ihn vor dem Feinde ſchützen können. In einem Sumpf, von ſchlammichten Gräben umzogen, tief, öde und dumpf lag die Citadelle. — Haugwitz war es unheimlich zu Muth, als er ſeinen Einzug hielt; doch bald erheiterte ihn der fröhliche Bewillkommungsgruß, womit der lebensfreudige Girolamo Contarini, ſo wie Frescobaldi, Clercy und Rothkirch dem neuen Commandanten entgegen eilten.

Luſtig, mein ſchleſiſcher Kriegsheld! rief ihm der ſchöne Contarini entgegen, die trüben Sümpfe hier ſollen die Gruft der Feinde unſers Herrn und Kaiſers werden! Laßt ſie nur anrücken, die luſtigen Franzoſen! Wir ſchicken dem ſtolzen Ludwig auf's Höchſte Einen heim, der gut laufen kann, ihm zu verkünden, daß die Uebrigen geblieben ſind.

Herr Camerad, fiel Haugwitz ein, ich meine, blinde Zuverſicht iſt kein guter Bundesgenoſſe, und der gefährlichſte aller Feinde iſt der, deſſen wir nicht achten! Die Franzoſen haben leichten Sinn, aber das Herz am rechten Fleck; der Augenblick iſt ihre Gottheit; und was iſt dem Soldaten erſprießlicher, als ſich dem Augenblick hinzugeben!

Die Wahrheit dieſer Bemerkung machte Contarini einlenken, er ſagte abbrechend: Herr Bruder, die Franzoſen ſind noch nicht da; treffen ſie ein, und ſchlagen ſich gut, deſto mehr Ehre für uns, wenn wir ſiegen; jetzt aber wollen wir auf angenehmere Feindſeligkeiten bedacht ſeyn — wir alle gehen dieſen Abend nach Straßburg zu dem Ball des Herzogs von Lothringen, es wird dort glänzen; wie wär's, wenn Ihr mitkämt, edler Haugwitz?

Noch heute will ich die Feſtungswerke beſichtigen, ſagte Haugwitz, ernſt, und nur unvollkommen eine Regung des Unmuths verbergend, und ſetzte hinzu: Mir ſcheint es, daß wir die Freude nicht als Nahrung, ſondern nur als Würze des Lebens betrachten dürfen, die mit Sinn und Maß angewandt ſeyn will. Gleichwohl will ich meinen Antritt nicht damit beginnen, Freuden zu ſtören; der Commandant vergönnt ſeinen jungen Freunden den Ausflug nach Straßburg, und wünſcht ihnen viel Vergnügen und ſchöne Tänzerinnen!

Somit neigte ſich Haugwitz gegen die Officiere und zog ſich raſch in ſeine Zimmer zurück.

Ein Stock! rief der feurige Rothkirch ihm nach. Ein Bär aus dem deutſchen Norden! murmelte Frescobaldi; doch Contarini fiel ein: Nein, er iſt ein Ehrenmann und läßt mich heute mein Mädchen ſehn! Alle lachten. Sie eilten, um ſich zum Feſte zu ſchmücken, und der glühende Haß gegen franzöſiſche Macht und Nation, von dem ſie ſo viel ſprachen, hinderte ſie nicht, ſich mit Pariſer Eſſenzen zu beſprengen, und mit zierlichen Tändeleien von Paris auszuſchmücken, ſo, daß

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*) Nicht aber wie fälſchlich in der neueſten Ausgabe des Brockhausſchen Converſationslexicon ſteht. (Bd. 1. S. 548) „eine Tochter Friedrich von Klenkes aus Bremen und der berühmten Karſchin." — Die Karſch ſtarb am 12. October 1791 und hätte demzufolge in ihrem 61 Jahre die Welt noch mit einer unehlichen Tochter beglücken müſſen, denn ſie war nie mit Friedrich von Klenke vermählt, wohl aber ihre (der Karſchin) Tochter, die auch als Schriftſtellerin bekannte Karoline Luiſe von Klenke geſchiedene Hempel. (A. d. V.)

*) Aus Stundenblumen. Eine Sammlung von Novellen und Erzählungen v. Helmina v. Chezy, geb. Freyin v. Klenke. Wien. 1825.

ſie luſtig und prangend in die hell erleuchteten Säle traten, wo der Herzog von Lothringen ein prachtvolles Feſt gab.

Agnes, die ſchönſte und jüngſte der Hoffräulein der edlen Herzogin, war franzöſiſcher Abkunft, aus armem, durch frühe Mißgeſchicke gebeugtem Geſchlecht, die Letzte ihres berühmten Namens. Prangend in ihrer aufgeknospten Jugendfülle, ſchien ſie ein mit unendlichem Reiz begabtes Weſen, da die Kunſt, ihre Anmuth, ihre Talente ſich in ihr zu einem Ganzen vereinigten, deßgleichen jene Zeit kaum aufzuweiſen hatte. Reich geſchmückt mit den Geſchenken der Herzogin, die ihr mütterlich vor Allen hold war, überglänzte ſie alle anweſenden Damen, und nichts war der Grazie zu vergleichen, welche ſie beim Tanz entfaltete. Doch ſie ſchien nicht zu wiſſen, wie wunderlich ſie ſey, und dieſe unbewußte Beſcheidenheit war der entzückendſte ihrer Reize.

Wer den hochſchlanken, feurigen Contarini neben Agnes in den Reihen hinſchweben ſah, der hielt Beide für einander geſchaffen. Auch war Contarini als ein kühner, verwegener Kriegsheld berühmt, und alle Schönen blickten ihn günſtig an, denn Tapferkeit iſt der Schmuck des Mannes.

Auch Agnes ſchien dem ſchönen Italier Contarini den Vorzug vor allen Andern zu geben, die ſich um ihre Huld bewarben. Contarini mußte ſich für begünſtigt halten, da er der Einzige war, den Agnes nicht zurück ſtieß. Sein ganzes Weſen athmete ſelige Trunkenheit der befriedigten Liebe. Seine Ritterlichkeit machte ihm ſtrenge Ehrfurcht gegen die Dame ſeiner Gedanken zur Pflicht; je mehr er ſich für ausgezeichnet von Agnes ſah, je zarter und ernſter benahm er ſich gegen ſie. Meine Frauen haben Sinn für ein ſolches Betragen, und verſtehn es gar wohl; Agnes hielt deßhalb den Grafen nur höher; noch liebte ſie ihn nicht, allein er gefiel ihr beſſer, als die Uebrigen, und ſie wollte es ihm nicht verhehlen.

Contarini fand Agnes an dieſem Abend trübe geſtimmt, er wagte ſie zu fragen, was ſie beunruhige.

Meine Landsleute nahen ſich dem deutſchen Boden, ſprach Agnes, ſie werden dieß ſchöne Land mit Mord und Verwüſtung überziehn; ſie werden hier zu Grunde gehn, oder ſiegen, an einen milden Ausgang iſt nicht zu denken. Wie nun die Looſe auch fallen, ſo fällt mir das Meine nur zu Leid; denn hier habe ich eine zweite Heimath gefunden, und mein Herz hängt zugleich an Frankreich und ſeiner Waffen Ruhm. Wie ſollt' ich das gute, ſchöne Deutſchland nicht lieben! Es nahm mich Verlaſſene auf, es war die Wiege meiner fröhlichen Jugendtage, es gewährte mir Ruhe, Glück, Hoffnung, und alle Wonnen der Freundſchaft und Herzlichkeit. Während meine Landsmänninnen in düſtern Kloſtermauern ihre Kindheit und Jugend fern von Verwandten und Freundinnen durchſeufzten, bis eine Heirath, oft eine unglückſelige, ihnen die Pforten der großen Welt [illegible], habe ich hier glücklich meines Frühlings genoſſen, in [illegible] und Frieden, von Liebe und Treue umringt. Doch [illegible] Innern wünſche ich meinen Landsgenoſſen den Sieg [illegible] Deutſchen. Ich höre oft rühmend von deutſchen Frauen [illegible] haben ein deutſches Herz — wie nun, wenn ich [illegible] wäre, ein franzöſiſches Herz zu haben?

[illegible], entgegnete Contarini, doch Frankreich hat dieſen [illegible] rechtsweiſe begonnen. — Mag es ſeyn, unterbrach [illegible] mit Lebhaftigkeit, und doch meine Landsleute außer [illegible] ſie darunter leiden! O, nein! Möge ihr [illegible] Ausdauer, ihr Gewinn die Flecken der Unter[illegible]gen, denn zuletzt hat doch das Recht, wer das [illegible]

[illegible] Agnes den lieben Worten. Seltſames Mädchen, flüſterte Contarini. Doch, ihr ſelbſt ſcheint mir heute nicht fröhlich, fiel Agnes ein. Ich bin ſeltſam verſtimmt, ſagte Contarini, weil unſer neuer Commandant heut, wie ein Geſpenſt in meine heutige Erwartung hineingeblickt hat; Er konnte heute ſo glücklich ſeyn, wie wir, und er hat es ausgeſchlagen! Indeß wir hier in dem lieblichſten Kreiſe aus allen Hefen der Kriegsnoth und Qual unſerm Leben einen reinen Tropfen Honig abgewinnen — was ſag' ich, Honig! Lethe! allen Harm zu vergeſſen, windet ſich der arme Commandant mit Fackeln durch die engſten Schluchten des moraſtigen Dachsbaues und macht Berechnungen und Anſchläge, die alle ſo gut wie gar nichts ſind! Alles Grübeln iſt vergeb'ne Mühe, nichts können wir im Voraus berechnen; jedes Ereigniß, was da kommen ſoll, tritt unerwartet, und ganz anders, als wir es uns gedacht, vor uns hin, und des Augenblickes Eingebung iſt höher, als alle Grübeley.

Das iſt ja recht franzöſiſch gedacht, Girolamo, lächelte Agnes. Sie bot ihm nun freundlich die Hand und ſchwebte mit ihm durch die langen Reihen. Contarini blieb den Abend über ernſt und bewegt, denn tief hatten Agneſens Aeußerungen ihn ergriffen, doch fühlte er ſich glücklich in ihrer Nähe zu ſeyn. Die Nacht verging flügelſchnell.

Der nächſte Sonntag war zu einem neuen Ball angeſetzt. Denn der Herzog ließ ſich's angelegen ſeyn, dem Feinde zu zeigen, daß ſeine Annäherung den frohen Muth der Elſaſſer nicht beuge. Agnes hatte der Herzogin erläutern müſſen, warum ſie ſo lange und angelegentlich mit Contarini geſprochen, und daher von Haugwitz berichtet, deßhalb rief die Herzogin den [illegible] zu: Ihr Herren, bleibt uns am Sonntag nicht aus, und bringt dem Commandanten unſern gnädigen Gruß und Einladung zum Tanz! Wir lieben die Schleſier! Sie ſind ernſt und ſtreng, feſt und treu, [illegible], wie ihre Felſen, und klar und kräftig, wie ihre Quellen! Und wie ſollte ein Haugwitz ſeinen edeln Landsleuten nicht an Artigkeit gleichen!

Wörtlich verhieß Contarini den ehrenvollen Gruß auszurichten; er ſchied, glühend von Hoffnungen, die Agnes ſanfter Blick in ihm entzündet.

Die fröhlichen Genoſſen ritten ſcharf zu, daß ſie die beſchneiten Thürme der alten Citadelle noch geröthet vom Morgenſchein ſahen, als ſie eintrafen; ſie eilten ſogleich zu Haugwitz.

Ernſt und trüber kam ihnen der Commandant entgegen.

Eine ſchwere Aufgabe, rief er aus, dieß Neſt zu vertheidigen! Von allen Seiten iſt ihm beizukommen, und wir haben die Erfahrung, daß der Entſchloſſenheit und Uebermacht über Alles gelingen muß. Weh jeder Feſtung, die in einer Ebene liegt, und nicht wenigſtens von einer Seite mächtig geſchützt wird!

Laßt doch, Commandant! jubelte Contarini. Unſre Herzen ſollen die Wälle ſeyn, auf deren unüberwindlichen Wällen die Feſte thront! Ihr müßt die Schwierigkeiten nicht ſo hoch anſchlagen! Der Feind hat Arbeit unterwegens, die deutſchen Kriegsheere halten ihn in Maſſe auf, einzeln ſchlagen ihn die Bauern todt. Hier hält ihn die Wachſamkeit, dort der Hunger feſt, halb aufgerieben kommt er vor unſre Baſtionen, hier wollen wir ihm zu ſchaffen machen! Sonntag iſt wiederum ein Feſt in Straßburg, wir alle ſind geladen, von der gnädigen Herzogin ſelbſt, und auch Ihr, Commandant! Ich kann Euch unmöglich die allerliebſten Sachen wieder berichten, welche mir die Herzogin an Euch aufgetragen, denn ich bin ganz eiferſüchtig darauf. Wir Alle haben ſeit Monden mit unſern Betheurungen nicht den zehnten Theil von der Huld erlangt, die Ihr durch ein einziges Wegbleiben. Was ſagte die edle Herzoginn! fragte Haugwitz geſpannt. Was hilft's! entgegnete Contarini, ihr kommt nun einmal nicht! Ho, ho! rief Haugwitz, Ihr bildet Euch wohl ein, weil ich beherzt bin, hab' ich kein Herz! Dieſe Woche muß hier die dringendſte Arbeit gethan ſeyn, und dann geh' ich gern nach Straßburg an den Hof, und erhohle mich von der Laſt an ſchönen Blicken, denen ich Zeit meines Lebens nicht feind geweſen!

Ihr ſeyd vermählt, Commandant? fragte Contarini.

Wittwer bin ich, lieber Graf, und nie werd' ich meines Weibes vergeſſen, entgegnete Haugwitz, und ſein flammendes Auge funkelte feucht. Nie werd' ich ihres gleichen wiederfinden, nirgend lebt ſolch' ein hohes ſüßes Geſchöpf voll Anmuth und Klarheit, voll Muth und Schüchternheit, kindlich und heldenmüthig, wie meine Agnes — Agnes? unterbrach Contarini, hocherröthend. Kennt ihr eine Agnes? liebt Ihr eine? forſchte Haugwitz. — Ja, rief Contarini, ich kenne eine! Sie iſt die Blume von Lothringens Hof, ſchlank und hoch, wie die Lilie, und wie das Veilchen ſüß; ihre dunklen Locken, Zauberſchlingen, in denen die Seele ſich fängt, umwehen das blühende Angeſicht, des feinen zartgehaltenen Halſes Schnee. Ihr Wuchs iſt wonniglich und prachtvoll zugleich. Ihr kleiner Fuß ſcheint kaum die Erde zu berühren; ihre Hand iſt eine Frühlingsblüthe; doch, wovon kann man noch ſprechen, wenn man ihre Augen geſehn! kann man ſich ſchwarze Sonnen denken? Nein! doch das ſind ihre Augen. O, in dunkeln Augen wohnt das tiefſte Geheimniß der Schönheit!

Ihr werdet ganz zum Dichter, lächelte Haugwitz; doch das nimmt mich nicht Wunder, denn Ihr liebt!

Die jungen Officiere wurden durch ihres Commandanten Geſchäftigkeit ſo angeregt, daß ſie Straßburg und den Ball darüber bald vergeſſen hatten; bis zu ſeiner Ankunft in Dachſtein war die Sache mechaniſch betrieben worden, jetzt kam Geiſt und Leben in die Thätigkeit der Beſatzung der Citadelle, und Form und Norm in die Beihülfe der Bewohner des Städtchens. Eine unüberwindliche Schwierigkeit bot die Weſtſeite der Citadelle dar, tiefer liegend, als die übrigen Werke, war das der Weſtſeite zugleich von weit ſeichterer Fluth umſpühlt; es zu erheben, hätte einen Zeitraum erfordert, den der nahe Anmarſch der Franzoſen nicht geſtatten konnte, und die Beſatzung, welche hier an dieſen Punct geſtellt werden mußte, war ſo gut wie aufgeopfert.

Hätten wir hier den Niemandsfreund von Breyſach, rief ein ſilberlockiger Greis dem Commandanten zu, er würde uns gute Dienſte leiſten! — Wer war der Ehrenmann? fragte Baron Rothkirch, und woher kennſt du ihn, alter Freund? — Das war, berichtete der Greis, der Bruder vom Kellerlein von Enzheim, ſo die Feſtung Breyſach vor vierzig

Jahren gegen den mannhaften Bernhard von Weimar vertheidigen half, und ich bin mit dabey geweſen. Die Stücke hättet Ihr ſehen ſollen, edle Herren! Solche koſtbare Feldſchlangen, Hagelſtücke, Falkonetlein, Scharfetindlein, Quartierſchlangen und Feuermörſer, deren etliche über hundert Pfund warfen, macht man jetzt nicht mehr, es war eine Luſt, ſie ſpielen zu laſſen! Ueber 80,000 Mann hat dem Feind und dem Freund zuſammen die Belagerung gekoſtet; 1,100,000 Rthlr. ſind allein auf die Belagerungswerke verwendet worden, doch nach der Eroberung wurden ſie alle zerriſſen, zerſprengt und abgeſchleift. — War es nicht die entſetzliche Zeit, fragte Wanner mitleidig, wo die Hungersnoth ſo groß geweſen? — Das wollt' ich meinen, fiel der Alte ein; und mit Gottes Hülfe könnt' es in Dachſtein auch noch ſo weit kommen, wenn wir die ſchönen Stücke hätten! Eine Ratte kam einen Gulden, eine Kühhaut fünf Gulden; es ſind mehr als zweitauſend dergleichen Felle verkauft worden; kein armer Hund war ſeines Lebens mehr ſicher, und keine Katze wurde verſchont; für ein dreypfündiges Brot wurden Kleinodien hergegeben. Der Kalk wurde von den Mauern gekratzt und verzehrt; acht Kinder an einem Tage verſchwanden, und Niemand hat ſie wiedergeſehn — ja, zu Titus Belagerung von Jeruſalems Zeiten ſind nicht ſo jämmerliche Tage geſehen worden, als in meiner unglücklichen Vaterſtadt 1638 vom Junius bis October!

Wie konnte ein ſolcher Hauptplatz nicht beſſer proviantirt ſeyn, fragte Haugwitz.

Er war es über die Maßen wohl, berichtete der Alte, und nur durch allzugroße Vorſicht iſt er in das Elend gekommen. Die Breiſacher wußten, daß der Bernhard nicht zur Kurzweil Belagerung hielt; ſie gingen allzuknapp mit dem Proviant um, und die Soldaten hatten Hunger und Langeweile. Es beredeten ſich mehrere, in das Magazin einzubrechen und ſich privatim zu proviantiren. Sie kamen auch glücklich hin, und tappten, ſich mit Schwefelhölzern leuchtend, in den Gewölben umher; hier nahmen ſie etliche Fäßer wahr, von denen ſie glaubten, es ſey Mehl darin; ſie öffneten eines derſelben, es war Schießpulver; ein Funken flog hinein, das Schießpulver fing, und ſprengte das ganze Magazin mit 80 Tonnen Pulver und 400 Viertel Korn in die Luft. Der Schade war unermeßlich, vierhundert Menſchen waren das Opfer, vierzig Häuſer ſprangen in Stücke; zwölf der unglücklichen Soldaten, welche das Magazin eröffnet, wurden durch die Exploſion getödtet, zwey retteten ſich, doch der Commandant, Oberſt Reinach, ließ ſie hinrichten. Wenn die vierzehn armen Schelme gewußt hätten, daß ſie nur noch zwey Tage leben ſollten, ſie würden nicht ſo beſorgt um Proviant geweſen ſeyn. Ich habe noch ſelten größeres Uebel entſtehen ſehen, als durch übertriebene Vorſicht!

Das iſt's ja, rief Contarini beyfällig, was ich immer und immer ſage! — Und was *mich* nicht irre macht, fiel Haugwitz ein. Jene handelten pflichtvergeſſen, daher kam ihre Strafe ihnen gerechterweiſe zu; wir, die wir unſere Pflicht erfüllen, indem wir nichts aus der Acht laſſen, und keine Stunde verlieren, mögen nun ſiegen oder zu Grunde gehn, ſo geſchieht es mit Ehren. Nur hungern ſoll mir Niemand, darin tadle ich die Breiſacher, und dieß ſcheint mir die rechte Moral von des Alten Erzählung zu ſeyn. Wir ſind auch noch nicht umzingelt, bemerkte Frescobaldi. — Wohl! entgegnete Haugwitz, darum friſch an die Vorräthe, und neue herbeygeſchafft, damit die Arbeiter guten Muthes bleiben!

So tief ſchien Haugwitz in ſeine Geſchäfte verſenkt, ſo ganz von ſeinem Eifer hingenommen, daß ſeine jungen Waffengenoſſen erſtaunten, ihn am Sonntag recht angelegentlich mit den Zurüſtungen zum Ritte nach Straßburg beſchäftigt zu ſehn. Aus dem Wuſt der [illegible] und dem Schlamme der Caſematten ging der hohe Mann ſchön und freudig hervor, als hätte die helle Stirn nie eine Wolke getrübt. Seine Heldengeſtalt leuchtete in der ſchönſten Reife männlicher Kraft, und mächtig gebietend und unwiderſtehlich hinreißend ſtrahlte ſeines Geiſtes Feuer aus den großen tiefblauen Augen hervor. So trat er, kriegeriſch und würdevoll, mit früh erkämpften Ehrenzeichen geſchmückt, in des herzoglichen Schloſſes hellglänzenden Saal. Ein Flüſtern ging bey ſeinem Eintritt durch die Verſammlung, alle Blicke blieben auf der herrlichen Erſcheinung haften.

Agnes hatte vor ſeinem Eintritt ſchon oft nach der Thür hingelauſcht; ſie geſtand es ſich ſelbſt nicht, daß ſie Contarini erwarte, und fühlte ſich, da ſie den Fremdling ſtatt ſeiner kommen ſah, mächtig betroffen. Bald nach ihm ſah ſie Contarini und deſſen Freunde eintreten; die Vergleichung drängte ſich ihr unwillkührlich auf, alles um ihn her wurde durch Haugwitz verdunkelt. Agnes ſah ſeinen raſch umherirrenden Blick auf ſie verweilen, und ſein hochaufleuchtendes Auge ſchien zu ſagen: Dieſe, oder keine.

Haugwitz nahte der Herzogin, der ihn der Kämmerling vorſtellte; er bezeigte ihr dankbare Verehrung für die Huld ihrer Einladung, und die Ausdrücke gefälliger Sitte floſſen, wohlklingend von dem ernſten Munde, wie wenn ein friſcher Weſtwind, der gewaltigen Eiche Wipfel melodiſch durchſäuſelt.

Agnes ſtand innerlich bangend vor ſeinem Blick an ihrer hohen Pflegemutter Seite. Ihr ſeyd mir ein theurer Gaſt, edler Haugwitz, ſprach die Herzogin, und ich wünſche, daß es Euch hier in Straßburg behage. Möchtet Ihr hier Eures Dachſteines vergeſſen.

Wie wäre das möglich, Euer hochfürſtliche Gnaden? entgegnete Haugwitz, da Ruhm und Ehre, Leben und Heil an jenem Platze haften, da ich dort den erſten Kranz meiner Laufbahn erringen — oder — untergehen muß — ſetzte er dumpf hinzu, und ein Schauer durchzuckte ihn.

Welche Ahnung, rief unwillkührlich die Herzoginn, da ſie ihn plötzlich erbleichen ſah; auch Agnes wurde blaß. Haugwitz entging dieß nicht, und plötzlich, wie von einem Blitzſtrahl durchzuckt, hocherglühend rief er aus. Ja, edle Fürſtinn; Ihr habt Recht, in ſchönen Stunde ſoll man der ganzen Welt vergeſſen, oder wünſchen, daß es die letzte Lebensſtunde ſey; denn was ſoll noch das Leben, wenn ſchale hinterdreinkommen! Freudig blickt man, ausgerüſtet mit Erinnerung und Hoffnung den Feuerſchlünden entgegen, aus welchen uns die Looſe zu Glück oder Weh fallen. Der Krieg iſt das trefflichſte Hazardſpiel, und das Einzige, das nicht verboten iſt!

Und augenblicklich wandte ſich Haugwitz gegen Agnes, ſie um den erſten Tanz zu erſuchen; hocherröthend reichte ſie ihm die Hand. Es konnte ihm nicht unbemerkt bleiben, welch ein freudiges Gemurmel durch die Menge der Zuſchauer flog, als ſie an des Herrlichen Seite leicht, wie ein zartbewegtes Roſenblatt durch die Reihen ſchwebte. Wie hochſchlank Agnes auch war, mußte ſie noch hoch zu ihm hinaufblicken, ſein ſtrahlendes Auge ruhte feſt und innig auf ihrer Huldgeſtalt. Er ließ ſie für den Abend nicht mehr frey; u. gleichſam als riſſe eine unſichtbare Gewalt ſie unwiderſtehlich hin, blieb ſie gefeſſelt an ſeiner Seite. Sie fühlte ihr Herz an ſeinem Blicke ſich erſchließen, wie die Knoſpe im Sonnenlichte. Schmerz und Wonne, nie geahnt, durchzuckten ſie ſtürmiſch, das ganze Leben war ihr neu, ſie war, wie aus tiefem Schlaf erwacht, in eine Wunderwelt verſetzt, und wußte nicht wohin mit dem Andrang von mächtigen Gefühlen in dem jungen Herzen, das bis dahin ſo ſanft nur geſchlagen. Contarini hielt ſich, ſtreng ſie beobachtend, verborgen; Agnes gedachte ſeiner nicht mehr, als hätte ſie ihn nie gekannt.

Beym Scheiden nahm Haugwitz Agneſens Hand, hielt ſie in der Seinigen und ſprach: Euer Name, zartes Fräulein? — Agnes — flüſterte ſie und ſah ihn haſtig erſchrocken. — Agnes! wiederholte Haugwitz. Der Name iſt mir in die Seele geprägt; Leben, Liebe, Tod, Schmerz und Wonne haben ihn mit Flammenzügen in meine Bruſt geſchrieben. Ich hatte ein Weib, ſie war Euch ganz ähnlich, ſie hieß Agnes — auf Wiederſehn, Engelbild! — er drückte ihre Hand an die glühenden Lippen, an das hochſchlagende Herz, und enteilte; träumeriſch blickte ſie ihm nach.

Schweigend eilten die Krieger nach Dachſtein zurück durch die ſternhelle, ſtille Winternacht. Contarini ſuchte Haugwitz zu vermeiden, doch dieſer lenkte gefliſſentlich ſein Roß zu ihm heran.

Camerad, flüſterte er ihm zu, ich habe Euch nicht mit der Schönen geſehn, die ihr ſo feurig geſchildert hattet. — Den Spott duld' ich nicht! rief Contarini ganz empört. — Verſteht mich recht, fiel Haugwitz begütigend ein, ich habe beym Abſchiednehmen vernommen, daß meine holdſelige Tänzerinn Agnes heiße, doch der Agneſen gibt es mehr; und, wenn ich mich irgend heut nach Schönen umgeſehn, hätt' ich vielleicht noch eine ſchönere entdeckt, als dieſe.

Aeußerſt verbindlich für ſie, [illegible]nte Contarini, es würd' ihr ſchmeichelhaft zu hören ſeyn.

Ihr meint, ihre Schönheit habe mich angezogen, Contarini? Nicht doch, es war eine wunderbare, ganz vollendete Aehnlichkeit mit *meiner* Agnes, es war, als ſäh' ich ſie ſelbſt, lebendig vor mir ſtehn.

Die Aehnlichkeit, rief Contarini, iſt nicht ſchwer zu erklären, Agneſens Mutter war, wie ich mich erinnere, eine Elſaſſin aus dem Stamme der Hz., und Ihr habet mir geſagt, daß Eure Gattinn eine Hz. geweſen.

Der Name Agnes, den ſie mir nannte, als ich ſie beym Scheiden fragte, durchzuckte mich, wie ein Blitz; ich erinnerte mich alſo gleich Eurer Schilderung einer Agnes, die Euch theuer geworden, und die unverkennbare Aehnlichkeit mit meinem verklärten Engel machte mich wünſchen, daß ſie nicht dieſelbe ſey, die Ihr gemeint, Contarini. Sagt! wenn ſie Euch jemals Hoffnung gegeben, ſo tret' ich zurück.

Wenn Ihr ſanfte Blicke, holde Worte, minder ſtrenge als gegen Andere, *Hoffnungen* nennt, ſo dürft' ich mich rühmen, daß ſie mir viele gegeben, doch mehr nicht, als das, denn nie habe ich ſie, wie heut', geſehn außer ſich ſelbſt geſetzt, alles vergeſſend, allen entfremdet, glühend, bebend, hingenommen. Ich war in Verzweiflung, ich ſchwur Euch Untergang; doch, wenn Ihr's begehrt, treulich Rechenſchaft gebt, und es ſo ehrlich meint, wo ſoll ich denn hin mit meinem Groll!

Haugwitz ergriff Contarini's Hand, ſchüttelte ſie kräftig, und rief: Ihr habt, meiner Treu, ein deutſches Herz, und ich muß Euch lieben! Laßt uns eine ritterliche Abrede ſchließen! Keiner von uns ſage dem herrlichen Mädchen von Liebe, und ſtrebe ein Jeder, ihrer werth zu ſeyn. Ganz frei ſey ihre Wahl [illegible], wenn die Stunde ſchlägt, wo man mit Ehren wieder an ſolche Herzensangelegenheiten denken kann! — Es ſey! rief Contarini, und ein Handſchlag beſiegelte den Bund.

Haugwitz faßte den Entſchluß, Agnes nicht ſtärker aufzuſuchen, bis der Feind bezwungen. Näher rückte die verhängnißſchwangre Wolke.

Am 14. Januar lud der Herzog den Commandant und ſeine Offiziere ſo angelegentlich zum Feſte, daß es unmöglich fiel, auszuſchlagen. Er wollte vor der völligen Annäherung des Feindes noch einmal fröhlich ſeyn; ein köſtliches Bankett, wozu der ganze Adel der Stadt und Umgegend geladen, ſollte Zeugniß von dem frohen Muth der bedräuten Jugend ablegen. Nur ungern geſtand ſich Haugwitz, er müſſe erſcheinen.

Schon gegen Mittag ging es nach Straßburg; Haugwitz ward ſein Platz neben Agneſen angewieſen. Kaum wagte er, mit ihr zu ſprechen; doch ſein Erröthen, ſeine ſichtliche innere Bewegung, der milde Laut ſeiner Stimme, der von innerer Seligkeit Kunde gab, ſprach mehr, als Liebesworte.

Agnes war ſehr ernſt; ihr Weſen ſchien in allen Tiefen erſchüttert zu ſeyn; ſie war bleich, ihr Blick war beraubt ſeines himmliſchen Feuers. Wie ein ſchönes Marmorbild ſaß ſie unbeweglich, und ihr inneres Leid verklärte ſie wunderbar.

Haugwitz konnte ſich nicht enthalten, ſie zu fragen, was ihr widerfahren.

Sie flüſterte ihm zu: Nur Euch mögt' ich es ſagen, edler Mann. In Kurzem ſteht für mich Alles auf dem Spiele. Frankreichs Ruhm iſt nicht minder, als Deutſchlands Heil meinem Herzen theuer. Weh' den deutſchen Landen, wenn Frankreich obſiegte, gräßlich werden ihre Vertheidiger den unnützen Widerſtand entgelten müſſen, und unheilbare Wunden werden dem Lande geſchlagen werden, für welches ich gern mein Leben zum Opfer brächte. Weh' hingegen Frankreich, wenn die Deutſchen ſiegen, denn alsdann iſt ſein Ruhm dahin. Wie ſoll ich diejenigen lieben, die Schmach über meine Heimath bringen!

Eine edle Jungfrau, entgegnete Haugwitz raſch, gehört keinem Volke eigenthümlich zu; wo ſie auch ſeyn mag, gehört ſie der Tugend und der Pflicht. Der Mann muß oft furchtbar kämpfend mit Herz und Pflicht eine Wahl treffen; des Weibes mildere Beſtimmung iſt, ſich in die Nothwendigkeit zu fügen; wer ſich fügen muß, der geht nicht fehl, holde Agnes!

Was hilft jede Beſchwichtigung, ſeufzte Agnes, wenn ich fühle, daß ich ſterben muß — ja, ich muß in Gram vergehen, wenn nicht der Friede in Kurzem ohne Blut, ohne Schmach, das Entſetzliche löſt, das Feindliche einigt.

Ernſt und faſt mißbilligend betrachtete Haugwitz die immer mehr zum Marmorbild erbleichende Agnes.

Kaum hörbar flüſterte er endlich: Und die Ergebung einer kindlich frommen Seele in den Rathſchluß des Ewigen!

O, Gott! entgegnete Agnes, und ihre Lippen zuckten krampfhaft, noch vor wenigen Wochen ſchien es mir möglich, mich zu fügen, nun nicht mehr!

Betroffen blickte Haugwitz ſie an, ſie war zur Purpurroſe umgewandelt; ihr Auge ſtrahlte einen Himmel von Lieb' und Schmerzen auf ihn hin. Er verſtand dieſen Blick, doch von nun an war es um ihn geſchehen. Eben rauſchten vom Singchor her, betäubend hinreißend, gewaltige Harmonieen, Haugwitz neigte ſich näher zu der Stillgeliebten und flüſterte: Süße Agnes, laßt doch das Geſchick walten, laßt die Welt zu Trümmern gehn, aber Herz ſey dem Herzen eigen. Himmliſcher Engel, ſey mein, und dann laß kommen, was kommen muß!

Höher noch flammten des Mädchens Wangen, ihre Augen ſtrahlten in Thränen, ihr Herz klopfte ſichtlich ungeſtüm; ſie wollte die Augen am Boden geheftet halten, aber ſie fühlte die Gluth des Blickes, der den ihrigen ſuchte; ſie hob die Augenlieder auf und ihr ganzes Weſen ſchwamm hin im feuchten Liebeblick.

Agnes, flüſterte Haugwitz, der Feind iſt ganz nah, wir ſehen uns heut' vielleicht zum letzten Male — ich will bis morgen in der Dämmerung hier verweilen — du kennſt am Wall die kleine Kirche? Kannſt du das Schloß auf eine Stunde verlaſſen? Erſt am Altare mein Weib, dann, in ruhigern Zeiten vor der ganzen Welt. Sage mir, wer unſern Bund ſegnen kann, ich ſuche ihn auf, ich bring' ihn herbei! die Minuten ſind uns zugezählt, entſchließe dich, mein himmliſches Mädchen! O, wenn du mein biſt, dann klügelſt du nicht mehr, dein Geſchick und das deiner Liebe giebſt du Gott anheim, und in dir wird es Frieden.

Pater Bernhardus! flüſterte Agnes, und mit Beben wendete ſie ſich ab von Haugwitz. Ihm preßte ein unbekanntes Etwas die Bruſt zuſammen; er vermeinte, es ſey ſein Glück, doch es war ſein Wortbruch, die innere Stimme, die der Menſch ſtets belauſchen ſollte, ſprach durch den Sturm ſeiner Leidenſchaft hindurch, aber er verſtand ſie nicht. Alles um ihn her ging, wie ein verworr'ner Traum an ihm vorüber, er gedachte nur der Morgendämmerungsſtunde.

Sobald Haugwitz ſich unter einem ſchicklichen Vorwand entfernen durfte, eilte er zum Hofcaplan. Fern und einſamlich gen Oſten lag das Erkerzimmer des Pater Bernhards, weit hinausſchauend über das Gefild, das im Strahl der Abendſonne mit der hellgrünen Winterſaat glänzte; der ſchöne Jüngling war eben mit ſeinen Pfleglingen, den Blumen, beſchäftigt, die ſeine Fenſter umrankten; froh und fröhlich hüpften Vöglein in den Zweigen blühender Gewächſe, aus deren Schimmer das hohe ſchwarze Kreuz mit dem weißen Marmorbilde des Erlöſers ſo bedeutſam als mild hervorblickte.

Wohl umfing Haugwitz der Frieden dieſer Zelle mahnend und warnend, doch der heilſame Eindruck ging bald vorüber.

Er eröffnete dem Geiſtlichen ſeine Wünſche. Agnes ſelbſt ſendet Euch! fragte Bernhardus; wohl, ſo geſchehe, was ſie verlangt. Ich preiſ' Euch glücklich, ein ſolches Weib errungen zu haben.

Die Bereitwilligkeit des milden Geiſtlichen überraſchte Haugwitz, die Nähe ſeines Glückes berauſchte ihn. Er ſandte ein Entſchuldigungsſchreiben zur Herzogin, worinn er einer Unpäßlichkeit wegen um Urlaub bat, nicht mehr erſcheinen zu dürfen, und zog ſich in ein Zimmer zurück, in welches Bernhardus ihn führte.

Die Stunde ſchlug. Mit klopfendem Herzen, feſt in ſeinen Mantel gehüllt, nahm Haugwitz den Weg zum Kirchlein. Eine Ampel erhellte ſanft den einſamen Ort, und, ein Bild des Friedens und der Liebe, ſtand die Gnadenmutter am Altar.

Hier zum erſten Male ſeit der verhängnißvollen Stunde, wo er wie von unſichtbarer Gewalt hingezogen, Agnes im Sturm für ſich gewonnen, durchzuckte ihn der Gedanke an Contarini, an ſein Verſprechen ſtrafend und zerſchmetternd, ihm war zu Muth, als müßt' er aus der Kirche ſtürzen, und im Rheinſtrom ſein Wort durch ſeinen Tod löſen. Da ſchlug die dritte Stunde. An Bernhardus Hand trat verſchleiert die holde Agnes, deren unverhohlene mächtige Neigung ihn in dieß Labyrinth hineingeriſſen. Er ſtürzte zu ihren Füßen und bedeckte mit Küſſen ihre bebende Hand, er hörte ſie durch den Schleier leiſe ſchluchzen.

Wie kannſt du noch trauern, meine Agnes, rief er ihr zu, da du dein Geſchick der Liebe anheim geſtellt!

Mein Freund, mein mir wunderbar geſchenkter Gemahl, ſprach Agnes, verzeiht, wenn ich unſer Geheimniß in eine theure Hand gelegt. Ich bin nicht allein hergekommen, meine zweite Mutter hat mich zum Traualtar geleiten wollen, ſie wird ſogleich eintreten, um Zeuginn unſeres Bundes zu ſeyn — o, mein Haugwitz, ſie grüßt mein künftiges Glück! — Um ſo viel ſchöner dieſe Stunde, entgegnete Haugwitz. — Da iſt ſie ſchon, rief entzückt die junge Braut, und eilte, die Knie ihrer Wohlthäterin zu umfaſſen.

Hoch und mild, wie ein überirdiſches Weſen, die Augen leuchtend von wehmuthvoller Theilnahme, trat die edle Herzoginn in die Kirche. Sie hauchte einen Kuß auf der knieenden Agnes Stirn, und wendete ſich, die beiden Hände auf den Schultern des holden Mädchens ruhen laſſend, raſch zu Haugwitz. Ich komme ſelbſt, ſprach ſie, denn ohne mich wäre die Braut nicht hier erſchienen; ſie iſt mir mit Kindestreue ergeben, keine Regung ihres lieben Herzens blieb mir je verborgen. Alles hat ſie mir geſagt; und ſo ſeltſam und unbegreiflich raſch ſich alles zwiſchen Euch geſtaltet, erkenn' ich doch in Eurem Eifer zur Beſchleunigung Eures Glückes, ſo wie in Agnes hingebender Zärtlichkeit eine höhere Fügung. Haugwitz, Ihr ſeyd von edelm Geſchlecht, und habt den angebornen Glanz Eures Namens durch Eure Thaten erhöht; Ihr ſeyd makellos, redlich, ernſt und treu. Nehmet hier mein Liebſtes auf der Welt mit meinem beſten Segen; ſie folge Euch zum Altare, ſie reiche Euch den Trauring und den Kuß der Liebe; keine Macht der Erde entreißt ſie Euch mehr, deß ſeyd Ihr gewiß; ſie aber folgt ihrer Mutter zurück in die ſichre Obhuth, und nach abgeſchloſſenem Frieden führt Haugwitz ſein holdes Ehgemahl heim.

Haugwitz neigte ſich tief; liebevoll und ergeben zog er die milde Hand, die ihm in dieſer Stunde ſo liebend gab und ihn ſo weiſe beraubte, an ſeine Lippen.

Edle Fürſtinn, ſprach er, ich verſtehe Euch, ihr ſeyd mir wie ein guter Engel erſchienen. Ihr ſeyd der Schutzgeiſt meines beſſern Ichs. Mit Gott dann, ſüße Braut! ſprach er weiter, raſch zu Agnes gewendet, und führte ſie zum Altar.

Mit tiefer Rührung ſprach Bernhardus den Segen, die Ringe wurden gewechſelt, alles war ſtill umher, nur ein leiſes

Schluchzen verrieth die Gegenwart der ſtill und innig bewegten Herzogin.

Nach der Trauung ſchloß Haugwitz ſeine Agnes an die Bruſt und gab ihr den erſten Kuß. Es war, als könnte Herz vom Herzen, Mund von Mund nicht ſcheiden; doch plötzlich entriß ſich Haugwitz ſelbſt den Liebesarmen, die ihn umſtrickten, führte ſein ſüßes Weib zur Herzogin und ſprach: Hier, erhabene Fürſtinn iſt Euer Pflegekind, bewahret ſie mir treu, betet für mich — und wie ein Blitz war er verſchwunden.

Er iſt mein, rief bebend und dankend Agnes; die Thränen der Herzogin floſſen nun unaufhaltſam dahin. Wohl dem Helden, äußerte ſie, Agnes umfangend, dem ein Stern ſchöner Liebe leuchtet, wenn auch nicht lange.

Durch Sturm und Dämmerung war Haugwitz auf ſeinem Roß ganz allein nach [illegible] zurückgekehrt; nicht lange nach ihm trafen die übrigen Officiere der Beſatzung ein.

Contarini's Blicke vermochte Haugwitz nicht zu ertragen, zumal da er den vormals ſo lebensfreudigen Jüngling nun bleich und düſter ſah. Auch konnt' er deutlich bemerken, daß Contarini ihm auswich; er ſelbſt würde ſich ihm genähert haben, wenn er ſich keiner Schuld gegen ihn bewußt geweſen wäre; doch es thürmte ſich eine unſichtbare Scheidewand zwiſchen ihm und demjenigen, welchem er ſein Wort gebrochen, und er mußte ſich als die Urſache der Zerſtörung ſeines Liebesglückes betrachten. Daß Agnes Contarini geneigt geweſen, war Haugwitz bekannt, und er wußte, daß in einem ſchönen Herzen von der Neigung zur Liebe nur noch ein Schritt iſt.

Gleichwohl war es nicht Eiferſucht, nicht Argwohn, was Contarini trübte und bedrängte; es war der Anblick der leidenden Agnes, die zarte Sorge um ihre Ruhe. Er hatte ſie bleich, tief erſchüttert, von Gram verzehrt angetroffen; er kannte die Quelle ihres Harms und ſeine Lage war ihm entſetzlich. Er ſollte gegen die Landsleute ſeiner Geliebten in den Kampf! Oder ſollte er in Schmach untergehen, fruchtlos und rettungslos!

Kein Ausweg bot Heil und Rettung dar, eine dumpfe Muthloſigkeit bemächtigte ſich ſeiner; er haßte ſein Leben und wünſchte, es möchte ihn der Tod noch vor dem Kampf ereilen; denn eben ſo wenig vermochte er den Ruf der Ehre und Pflicht ſich zu verſagen, als Agnes betrüben, indem er gegen die Franzoſen focht, die, das fühlte er klar, all ihre ſtillen Wünſche für ſich hatte.

Haugwitz hingegen betrieb mit verdoppeltem Eifer die Maßregeln zur Sicherheit des Platzes, zur Vorſicht gegen den Feind; ſeine unermüdete Thätigkeit half ihm die innere Stimme übertäuben, die ihn bey Contarini's Anblick ſtrafend mahnte; wohl nöthig war dieſe Eil der Geſchäfte, denn Vaudran hatte jedes Hinderniß beſiegt, und rückte am 18. Januar in Eilmärſchen vor der Feſtung an.

Da ſitzen wir nun im ſchlammigſten Sumpf, rief Rothkirch erbittert, als er die Stellung der Franzoſen rings um [illegible] her von der ſüdlichen Sternſpitze des äußern Bollwerks erkannte.

An einen Ausfall iſt nicht zu denken, fiel Bonner ein; wir müſſen uns, wenn das grobe Geſchütz zu ſpielen anfängt, niederſchießen laſſen, wie die geſtellten Hirſche! Welcher Höllengeiſt hat nur zuerſt den Einfall gehabt, in dumpfigen [illegible] durch Schlammgraben die Wohnſitze der Menſchen zu verpeſten und zu Kerkern zu machen! Ich frage Euch, ob nicht ein ehrlicher Piſtolenſchuß, wobey man ſchnell und ſicher hinüber gelangt, ſolchem langweiligen Abquälen bey Hunger, Durſt, Kummer und Sorge vorzuziehen! So wahr der Himmel über mir, eh' ich hier Wochenlang an meinem eigenen Grimme zehrte, möcht' ich lieber hinaus, mich gegen dreyßig allein ſtellen.

Es kann eine Zeit kommen, entgegnete Haugwitz, wo die Herren und Bewohner ſolcher Feſten Eurer Meinung ſind, wo man all die mühſam aufgehöhlten Schluchten ausfüllt, die peinlich aufgeſchichteten Maulwurfshügel der Baſteyen abträgt, und auf dem geebneten Boden luſtige Gärten hinpflanzt; denn jede Zeit will ihre eigne Ruh', und es iſt die Neigung des Menſchen, leicht zu zerſtören, was mühſam aufgerichtet. — Das ſoll mich gar nicht befremden, fiel Rothkirch ein, wenn einmahl die geſammte Menſchheit anfängt, ſich nach freyer Luft zu ſehnen, und lieber im Kriege friſch dreinhauen will, als ſich, wie der Fuchs, einbauen!

Der Langenweile bey der ganzen Sache nicht zu gedenken, ſetzte Bonner hinzu. Komm ich an ſolch ein umſumpftes Neſt mit Zugbrücken und Einfahrtthoren, wie die Kirchen groß, endlos und dunkel, was habe ich für Mühe, Schutz und Befragung zu überwinden! Wie luſtig reitet es ſich dagegen ein in eine heitre, durchſonnte, friſche Stadt, wo Luft, Licht und Freude durch und durch ziehen können! die Menſchen müſſen ja zu Thieren werden, wo weder Mond noch Sonne ſie beſcheint!

Wer weiß, was Bonner noch alles geſagt hätte, wenn nicht der Donner des feindlichen Geſchützes ihn unterbrochen hätte. Dieſer Klang wirkte auf Contarini ſo gewaltig, daß er mit beflügelter Haſt nach ſeinem Poſten eilt, und alles Uebrige vergeſſend, ihn vertheidigte, wie ein Held.

Vaudran fand ſich in der Wirkung getäuſcht, die er von der Heftigkeit der erſten Attaque erwartet hatte. Seine Stücke hatten vergebens geſpielt, die Kugeln waren größtentheils in die Felder gefallen, und die doppelte Waſſerumgebung von der Nordſeite, allwo er den Angriff begonnen, hatte die Wirkung der Kugeln geſchwächt.

Erbittert über die Nutzloſigkeit des erſten Unternehmens beſchloß der franzöſiſche Feldherr Sturm zu laufen; doch die Geiſtesgegenwart und Entſchloſſenheit des tapfern Haugwitz vereitelte des Feindes Mühe; mit voller Kraft hatte er geſtürmt, mit beſonnener Verzweiflung ward er zurückgeſchlagen, die Leichen ſeiner Krieger füllten die Gräben.

Gleichwohl wagte Vaudran noch am dritten Tage einen neuen Angriff. Da zog ihm Haugwitz unerſchrocken aus der Feſtung entgegen, und ſchlug die Franzoſen in die Flucht. Die Beſatzung feyerte jubelnd ihren Sieg, der Name Haugwitz erfüllte die Lüfte, die Soldaten erglühten vor Liebe und Bewunderung für ihn; was unmöglich ſchien, war durch ihn wahr geworden.

Wie wird Agnes trauern und leiden, ſprach Contarini, als er das Auge ſeines Nebenbuhlers in Siegesluſt leuchten ſah.

Das mein' ich nicht, entgegnete Haugwitz; ihr ganzes Herz gehört nun der deutſchen Sache.

Das glaubt Ihr zu wiſſen? Woher wißt Ihr das? forſchte Contarini. — Ich meine es nur, ſagte Haugwitz, einlenkend. Deutſchland iſt ihre zweyte Heimath; an dem Sieg unſrer Waffen hängt das Heil ihres Wohlthäters; ihr reines Herz iſt mir Bürge dafür, daß dieſe Rückſichten ihr heilig ſind; und zudem, wenn ein Mädchen auch weint, darf uns Männer das in unſerer Freudigkeit der erfüllten Pflicht trüben!

Barbar! Ihr liebt ſie nicht, rief Contarini erglühend.

Ja, wie meine Seele lieb ich ſie, fiel Haugwitz ein, ich würde mein Leben für ihre Rettung einſetzen; aber die Pflicht ſteht am höchſten, und ich begreife nicht, wie nur der leiſeſte Zweifel obwalten kann, wo dieſe gebietet. Mein Herz weiß nichts von ſolchen Kämpfen, wie Dichter ſie ſchildern und zu verherrlichen ſtreben. Stimme der Pflicht, Stimme Gottes. In der Pflicht iſt das Licht; jeder Moment des Zweifels iſt Frevel und Sünde.

So liebt ihr auch nichts, als die Pflicht, fiel Contarini ein.

Eben, weil ich Agnes unausſprechlich, ewig, unendlich liebe, entgegnete Haugwitz, bin ich ſo feſt und klar in mir ſelbſt. Wie könnt' ich durch mein Schwanken, meine Ehrvergeſſenheit, die Makel meines Thuns auf ihre reine Seele laden? Je ſchöner ich zu handeln ſtrebe, je würdiger fühl' ich mich, ſie zu lieben: denn das iſt edeln Mannes Art, daß er durch Strenge und Reinheit der Geſinnung ſich der Ehre würdig zeigt, ein reines Frauenbild liebend im Herzen zu hegen.

Ich aber, unterbrach Contarini, halte Alles, was zarte Regungen in der Geliebten Seele verletzen kann, für eine Schmach, die man ihr und der Liebe zufügt. Ich liebe meine Gebieterinn, ſo muß ſie allwaltend ſein meine Handlungen lenken; denn ſie iſt höher, als irdiſche Rückſichten, und legt edlere Pflichten auf, als unſere Verhältniſſe uns auflegen können.

Ihr würdet alſo — forſchte Haugwitz.

Ja! ſprudelte Contarini heraus, ich würde, wenn Agnes geböte, ganz nach ihrer Stimme handeln!

Die Prüfung wird euch erſpart werden! äußerte Haugwitz aufgeregt durch eine eiferſüchtige Sorge, und nicht ganz ohne Hohn; doch kaum war das Wort entſchlüpfet, als er es tief bereute.

Contarini legte ſchon die Hand an den Degen, um Rechenſchaft zu fordern, doch plötzlich rief ihn der Adjutant zum Recognosciren ab. Er mußte fort; er fühlte wohl, daß dieß nicht der Moment ſey, die Sache auszumachen. Sinnend ſtreifte er auf den Wällen umher, als plötzlich ein Pfeil durch die Luft rauſchte und unweit vor ihm niederfiel. Er blickte hin, an den Pfeil war ein Brief, ganz ohne Aufſchrift, befeſtigt, er glaubte, dieſe Botſchaft könne nur an ihn gerichtet ſeyn, er brach den Brief und las:

„Der behutſamſten Sorge ſind dieſe Zeilen vertraut, mein edler Freund, möge ſie der Allgütige ſchnell und glücklich in Eure Hand gelangen laſſen. Ich ſchreibe Euch in Eil mit zitterndem Herzen; an wen, als an Euch

Wohin ſoll ich mich wenden in meiner höchſten Noth? Wißt Ihr denn, es lebt mir ein geliebter Bruder im franzöſiſchen Heer, wißt, daß er mit Vaubrun vor Dachſtein ſteht? Er lebt noch, ich habe davon gewiſſe Kunde, er weiß nicht, daß er mein Bruder iſt, und führt den Nahmen d'Aimery, doch die zärtlichſte Freundſchaft verknüpft unſere Herzen ſeit der frühſten Jugend, und mein Leben hängt an dem Seinen. Er iſt die Frucht einer zweiten, geheim geſchloſſenen Ehe meiner edeln, guten, herzlichen Mutter, ihr wehmuthsvolles Bild umſchwebt mich in Nächten, ſie fleht mich an, ihr den Sohn zu retten, ſo wenigſtens glaube ich ihren bebenden Blick zu verſtehen. O, rettet mir ihn, wenn Eure Agnes leben ſoll. Mir blieb auf dem Schloſſe niemals Zeit, Euch dieß zu enthüllen, auch wußt ich nicht, daß mein Bruder beſtimmt war, gegen Euch zu kämpfen! Ihr vermögt Alles — was Ihr für mein Glück thun könnt, weiß ich nicht, aber mein Herz ſagt mir, daß Ihr Alles thun werdet. Ich ſchreibe Euch mit voller Zuverſicht der Gewährung. Tod und Leben rangen in mir einen bittern Streit, eh' ich die Feder anſetzte, nun bin ich ruhig, denn ich habe mein Wohl und Weh in die Hand der Liebe gelegt."

A. v. Hg.

Mit H. begann Agneſens Familiennahme; daß ſie ſich hiemit als Vermählte von Haugwitz bezeichne, konnte Contarini nicht wiſſen. Er zweifelte keinen Augenblick, daß das Billet an ihn gerichtet ſey. Der Jäger, dem Agnes die Beſorgung anvertraut, war in der Entfernung durch eine gewiſſe Aehnlichkeit in der Geſtalt und durch die Gleichheit der Uniform getäuſcht worden, und hatte den Brief, vermeinend Haugwitz ſtehe auf dem Wall, zu Contarini's Füßen hingeſchleudert.

Ihn alſo, nicht Haugwitz liebte Agnes! Ihn hatte ſie zum Retter ihres Bruders erkohren! Und ernſt und feierlich bekennt ſie ſich zu ihrer Wahl! Trunken von ſchmerzlicher Wonne nahm Contarini den Boten ſeines vermeinten Glückes, den Pfeil, vom Boden auf, ſteckte ihn in ſeinen Buſen und eilte in ſeine Wohnung. Gott aber, wenn er nun alles überdachte, was war es, das Agnes von ihm verlangte! Was konnte ihm frommen, als Meineid und Verrath!

Endlich erſchienen war der Augenblick, den ſeine ſehnſuchtsvollen Wünſche vor einer Stunde herbeygerufen; war es doch als hätten feindliche Gewalten um ihn her gelauſcht, und wollten ihn nun beym Worte faſſen! Wie ſo anders ſtand es um die ſchnell dahin gewagte Aeußerung, und wie ſo anders um die That! Aber Agnes ging unter, wenn er nicht Rettung bot, ſie mußte ihn ewig haſſen! Was war die Feſtung, was die Welt gegen Agnes und ihre Liebe! Dieſe Vorſtellung überwog und Contarini ſchrieb:

> „Euer Leben, Chevalier, iſt einem Engel theuer. Schont es, denn auch mein Leben iſt fortan mit dem Eurigen verknüpft. Entzieht Euch dem neuen Angriff auf die Feſtung, die ich vertheidigen muß. Die Vertheidigung der Belagerten, von aller Bekanntſchaft der vorausgedachten Anſchläge, von aller Wuth der höchſten Verzweiflung beſeelt, wird verderbend ſeyn. O, rettet Euer Leben! Eure bisher unter dem Namen einer Freundinn von Euch ſo innig geliebte Schweſter fleht mich an, es ſchützen zu helfen; dieſer Befehl legt mir die Pflicht auf, für Euch noch mehr zu thun, als zu bitten, wenn es ſeyn muß — die Weſtſeite iſt die ſchwächſte — Gott ſey mit Euch!"

Durch einen treuen Boten wurden dieſe Zeilen ſchnell in d'Aimery's Hand überliefert. Er eilte beſtürzt und ergriffen wie er war, Vaubrun die wichtige Nachricht zu geben, die ihm von unbekannter Hand geſandt worden. Gebieteriſch und drohend erheiſchte der Feldherr den Brief, d'Aimery, ſeine Ueberraſchung wohl fühlend, mußte gehorchen. Vaubrun erkannte auf der Stelle Contarini's Hand, von welcher er bereits mehrere unterſchriebene Briefe aufgefangen hatte. Erfreut, einen mit einem ſo wichtigen Poſten bekleideten feindlichen Officier gleichſam zum Bundesgenoſſen zu haben, und deſſen Geſchick in ſeiner Hand zu wiſſen, traf nun Vaubrun ſeine Anſtalten, die Weſtſeite der Feſtung mit voller Gewalt anzugreifen. Durch einen blinden Angriff beſchäftigte er nördlich mit Anbruch der Nacht die Belagerten, und ließ unterdeß den Anfall auf die Weſtſeite für den folgenden Tag vorbereiten. — Die Beſatzung, ganz mit Zurückſchlagung der feindlichen Truppen beſchäftigt, wurde über die eigentliche Abſicht der Belagerer getäuſcht, und mit dem erſten Morgenſtrahl gingen urplötzlich acht halbe Karthaunen los, die eine ſolche Breſche ſchlugen, daß die Belagerten gleich, wie in offenem Felde, ſtanden.

Mit dem höchſten Entſetzen ſah Haugwitz ſich und ſeine Mannſchaft verloren. Ohne Zweifel war Verrath mit im Spiel geweſen; nur durch Kundſchafter konnte Vaubrun erfahren haben, daß die übrigen Kanten ſtärker beſetzt und an und für ſich dauerhafter gebaut und beſſer ausgeſtattet waren, als die Weſtſeite, auf welcher nach der urſprünglich angenommenen Stellung des Feindes kein Ueberfall zu befürchten geweſen. In höchſter Eil berief der Commandant ſeine Ingenieurs und Minirer, und ließ das Stadtthor untergraben, und durch eine Menge Raketen eine gräßliche Exploſion vorbereiten. Als die Franzoſen das Thor geöffnet ſahen, drangen ſie in voller Eil hinein, da wurde die Mine angezündet, die Raketen zugleich thaten ihre Wirkung, urplötzlich ſtand der Boden in Flammen und der offne Schlund empfing das taumelnde Heer. d'Aimery, kenntlich an der purpurnen Feldbinde und blau angelaufener Rüſtung, mit Gold ausgelegt, ſank mit ſeinen Genoſſen dahin; er war bereits weit vorgedrungen geweſen, als die Gewalt der Exploſion ihn erreichte. Einige Compagnien Arrièregarde der Franzoſen wollten ſich, da plötzlich Haugwitz ihnen den Weg durch die Stadt abſchnitt, über ein feſtgefrornes Gewäſſer retten; doch das Eis brach unter ihnen, ſie ſanken unter und nur wenige entrannen dem Verderben, das Rath und Muth, wie zum Heil der Deutſchen verbündet, dem Feinde bereitet.

Contarini hörte unter den Wehklagen, die bei mehreren Gefangenen laut wurden, den Namen d'Aimery ſchallen. Er klagte ſich als ſeinen Mörder an; hätte er auf der ſchmalen Bahn der Pflicht ſeinen Weg verfolgt, und alles dem Himmel anheimgeſtellt, ſo dürfte er ſich nicht als den Urheber dieſer furchtbaren Ereigniſſe anſehn.

Muthlos war Vaubrun mit dem Reſt ſeiner Truppen nach Molsheim gegangen; ſchon glaubten Dachſteins Bewohner ihrer entledigt zu ſeyn, ſie ſchöpften Odem, und wollten ſich ſchon ſorgloſer Ruhe überlaſſen. Das kaiſerliche Heer, zum Entſatz geſchickt, konnte nicht mehr fern ſeyn, doch Haugwitz trieb zu friſcher Thätigkeit an. Mögen ſie kommen oder nicht, rief er aus, möge der Feind fern bleiben, oder neue Angriffe wagen, wir wollen uns rüſtig halten; und ſollten wir zu Grunde gehen, ſo rufen wir wie Franz der Erſte, als ihn Carl der Fünfte gefangen nahm: Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur!

Das Heldenfeuer des edlen Haugwitz entflammte die Gemüther, mit friſcher Thatkraft regten ſich Herz und Hände, ſelbſt Contarini in ſeiner dumpfen Verzweiflung nahm ſich vor, den Tod zu ſuchen, da ihm das Leben nichts mehr zu bieten hatte.

In banger Erwartung, bey anhaltender Thätigkeit, vergingen zehn Tage. Alles ſchien ruhig; die Nachricht von der Annäherung des kaiſerlichen Heeres beſchwichtigte die Gemüther ganz. — Da, plötzlich, beym Anbruch des Tags am 23. Januar, während ein trüber Nebel die Landſchaft verhüllte, vernahmen die Dachſteiner das Blaſen der Trompeten; mit ungeheurer Macht hatte Vaubrun den Sturm begonnen, mit Aufbieten der höchſten Kraft ſchlug die Beſatzung den Sturm zurück. Wie ein Löwe hatte Contarini gekämpft; doch es bewährte ſich an ihm der Spruch, daß der Tod die am eifrigſten flieht, die ihn ſuchen, er blieb, und groß war ſein Antheil an der Herrlichkeit des Tages.

Einen Tag gönnte der franzöſiſche Feldherr der Ruhe, dann wollte er einen neuen Angriff beginnen; ſein ganzer Ruhm ſtand auf dem Spiele. Dieſem Angriff entgegenſehend, und mehr als je des Lebens müde, rieth Contarini dem Commandanten zu, durch einen furchtbaren Ausfall den Feind zu überraſchen und zu entkräften. Haugwitz hatte dieſen Gedanken ſchon gehabt und wieder verworfen: denn die Ueberlegung rieth ihm, die erſchöpften Kräfte ſeiner Mannſchaft zum Widerſtand aufzuſparen, und mühſam hatte er ſich, im Drang, den Feind anzufallen, bekämpft. Contarini machte ſeinen Entſchluß wieder ſchwankend, und riß ihn mit ſiegender Beredſamkeit zur That mit fort. Anfänglich begünſtigte das Glück den Ausfall; die Entſchloſſenheit der Schleſier brachte die Linien der Feinde zum Weichen; ſchon neigte ſich der Sieg den Deutſchen zu, ſchon drang Haugwitz, alles um ſich her vernichtend, wie ein Wetterſtrahl auf Vaubrun ſelbſt ein, und rief ihm zu, ſich zu ergeben: da traf eine Kugel ſein unbehelmtes Haupt und lautlos ſank er nieder auf die Leichen der Feinde. Dieſer Fall beugte den Muth der tapfern Schleſier; alle Herzen fühlten ſich getroffen von der Kugel, die den edlen Haugwitz in den Sand geſtreckt. Seit dieſem Moment nahm die Verwirrung überhand: alles ſtürzte in fürchterlicher Unordnung durch einander, und was dem Schwert entrann, floh, wie ſinnlos, in die Citadellen zurück. Der Jubelruf der Franzoſen bey des ſiegreichen Haugwitz Fall war das Grabgeläute des Muthes der Beſatzung geweſen; entſchieden war das Loos des Tages, wahrſcheinlich auch das der Citadelle.

Vergebens hatte Contarini in dieſem Gewühl ſeine Stimme erhoben, die Truppen zu ſammeln, zu ordnen, zur Rache zu befeuern; ſein Ruf verhallte fruchtlos; der Schmerz war zu furchtbar, das Ereigniß zu überraſchend geweſen. Nun aber, als des Commandanten mühſam dahin genommener Körper, mit Staub und Blut bedeckt, im Saal der Citadelle lag, als alte Krieger ſein Gewand küßten, und ſeine tapfere Hand mit Thränen netzten, nun vernahmen die Getreuen wieder die Stimme, die ſie zur Rache, zur Rettung der deutſchen Ehre aufrief; der alte Muth wurde wieder rege, und an der Gruft des edlen Haugwitz wurde Contarini einmüthig zum Commandanten der Feſtung erwählt. Tief beſchämt empfing er dieſe Ehre; der Glanz aller Freude und alles Ruhms war von ihm gewichen, und er wollte nur noch leben, um ſein Leben mit Ruhm aufs Neue zu wagen.

Am Morgen nach Haugwitz Leichenbeſtattung verlangte ein Mann, der ſich für einen Weſtheimer Bauer ausgab, beſonders Gehör beym Commandanten; es wurde geſtattet.

Graf Contarini, ſagte der Unbekannte, ſeht in mir den für todt gehaltenen d' Aimery, den Ihr retten wolltet. Meiner Schweſter dringendes Flehn hatte mich bewogen, eine unſcheinbare Rüſtung anzuziehen, und der die Meinige trug, war ein Lanzenknecht; ſie weiß, daß ich lebe, und auch Euch wollt' ich dieſe Beruhigung gönnen; denn ich kann nicht von Euch denken, was alle meine Cameraden, was der Feldherr denket, daß Ihr uns mörderiſch in die Falle locken wollen?

Ich? glühte Contarini hoch auf, und mein Schreiben? forſchte er plötzlich — Iſt in allen Händen, belehrte ihn d' Aimery; und glaubt mir, ſo weh es mir thut, ich konnte nicht anders, und jeden Augenblick bin ich bereit, Euch Genugthuung zu geben.

Agneſens Bruder, an dem ihr Leben und Heil geknüpft iſt, d' Aimery, Euer Wort genügt mir; Euer offenes Auge verbürgt es mir, die Mittheilung des Briefes wurde Euch abgezwungen.

Und dieſer Beſuch bey Euch nicht minder, fiel der Chevalier ein; glaubt mir, ich bin hier, weil ich muß, und nur gezwungen richt ich meinen Auftrag aus. Commandant! verwechſelt nicht Agneſens Bruder mit dem Feind, den ſein Oberer an Euch geſendet! Glaubt mir, in meinen Augen ſeyd ihr kein Verräther; doch Verrath habt Ihr geübt, und darum müßt ihr ihn wieder üben. Der Feldherr kennt Eure Handſchrift, die mir völlig unbekannt war. Ihr ſeyd verloren, wenn Ihr Euch nicht unzweideutig uns ergeben zeigt! O, Contarini, Eure Todtenbläſſe, Euer rollendes Auge ſagt mir Euren Schmerz! Möcht' ich doch lieber vor Eurem Leichnam ſtehen, bedeckt mit Wunden und Kränzen, wie Euer bewieſener Heldenmuth ſie verdient, als vor dem verrathenen Verräther Contarini! Doch, es iſt geſchehen, Eure That ſpricht gegen Euch; denn wie kommt ein guter Beweggrund in Anſchlag, wo Böſes verübt wird! Vaubrun erheiſcht, Ihr ſollt für uns handeln; ich hab' es Euch ſagen müſſen. Gott mit Euch!

Erſtarrt ſah Contarini dem Unbekannten nach; er ſtürzte auf ihn zu, ereilte ihn noch und rief: Und Agnes? — Agnes hat ein franzöſiſches Herz, entgegnete d' Aimery, entwand ſich dem Verfolgenden und entwich. Auf der entſetzlichen Folter von Gewiſſensqualen, Hoffnungen und Zweifeln blieb Contarini zurück. Drohend vor ihm ſtand das Bild der Geliebten, vergehend in troſtloſem Jammer, und die Schmach der Enthüllung ſeiner That. Lockend winkte ihm die Hoffnung, ſie durch Ergebenheit für Frankreichs Sache zu gewinnen; ſchmerzlich mahnte ihn die Ehre an Pflicht und Eid, und rief ihm zu, eine augenblickliche Vergehung durch fortdauernden Heldenmuth zu ſühnen, und wenn auch dadurch zu Grunde zu gehen, doch ſein beſſeres Selbſt zu retten.

Noch ſchwankte Contarini zwiſchen all dieſen Vorſtellungen, als die Offiziere hereindrangen und forſchten, was der Unbekannte berichtet? In Verwirrung durch dieſen Andrang geſetzt, ſtammelte Contarini eine Lüge, und keiner ſetzte Mißtrauen in ſeine Worte.

Der Tag verging ziemlich ſtill, der Feind ſchien ſich zum Abzug zu bereiten; doch des 30. Januars Morgenhimmel war nicht durch Sonnenaufgang ſo hoch geröthet, ſondern durch die Flamme der brennenden Stadt, die der Feind angezündet. Durch die dampfenden Straßen drang frohlockend das franzöſiſche Heer, und pflanzte neun halbe Carthaunen dicht an die Mauern des Caſtells, ohne daß es die Beſatzung hindern konnte.

Zwey Stimmen wurden in dieſem entſetzlichen Augenblick in Contarini laut; die eine rief: Hier handle als Mann, hier ſtirb als Held! die andere aber, ſtürmiſch und lockend, übertäubte den Ruf, ſchmeichelnd mit Hoffnung, drohend mit dem Unwillen und dem Haß der Geliebten, wenn im verzweifelten Kampf Agneſens Bruder fiel.

Ergriffen von dieſen Vorſtellungen berief Contarini den Kriegsrath. Er ſtellte die Unmöglichkeit einer ſiegreichen Vertheidigung, die Pflicht vor, Menſchenblut zu ſchonen; mächtig unterſtützten ihn ſeine nähern Freunde, Frescobaldi, Clercy Bonnet und Rothkirch. Ueberdem waren die Vorräthe erſchöpft, das kaiſerliche Heer ſchien noch entfernt. Die Ergebung wurde beſchloſſen.

Die Beſatzung, obwohl im Stillen murrend, ſo hohen Muth, ſo ausdauernde Tapferkeit und ſo edles Blut fruchtlos verſchwendet zu ſehn, fügte ſich in den Willen des Commandanten. Die Friedensfahne wurde unter heißem Schmerz auf die Thürme der Citadelle geſteckt, und ein Herold zu Vaubrun geſendet, um ihm die Ergebung der Belagerten kund zu thun. So leichten Sieg hatte Vaubrun nicht erwartet. Triumphirend zog Vaubrun in die Citadelle ein, geſenkten Blickes trat ihm Contarini entgegen.

Ihr habt viel Bravour bewieſen, Commandant, lächelte ihm der franzöſiſche Feldherr zweideutig und höhniſch zu, und reichte ihm gleichſam heimlich, doch ſo, daß es keinem entging, ein Blatt. Contarini erblaßte; es war ſein Brief an d' Aimery. Schnell entwand ihn Vaubrun wieder ſeiner bebenden Hand, und warf ihn in die Kaminflamme. Eine Ahnung von Verrath durchzuckte die Gemüther, und ſtrafende Blicke verkündeten ſie dem gefolterten Contarini. d' Aimery ließ ſich nicht ſehn, und er wagte nicht, nach ihm zu fragen.

Jetzt zeigte ſich der Sieger im vollen Uebermuth des vom Glück endlich Begünſtigten, der für langen Verzug Rache zu nehmen ſinnt. Die nämlichen Schleſier, die unter Haugwitz wie die Löwen gekämpft, wurden ruhmlos entwaffnet; einzeln wurde ihnen freyer Abzug gewährt; mit hohem Löſegeld mußten die Offiziere ihre Freyheit erkaufen, nur Contarini und ſeine vier verbündeten Freunde, die für die Uebergabe geſtimmt, wurden unbedingt frey gelaſſen.

Contarini, wie zerriſſen ſein Herz, wie verwirrt ſein Sinn, da ihm nicht anders zu Muth war, als trüge er ſeine Ehre als Leichnam auf den Schultern zur Schau, kannte jetzt gleichwohl einen Gedanken, einen Wunſch allein, er wollte Agnes ſehn, für die er ſo überſchwenglich viel gethan. Haugwitz war dahin, und ihm hatte ſie, wie er vermeinte, Liebe geſtanden; ihren Bruder hatte er gewarnt, der franzöſiſchen Sache Dienſte geleiſtet; Vaubrun mußte ihn ſchätzen, ihn befördern, und ihm mußte der Lohn ſeines Strebens werden.

In dieſer Stimmung erfuhr Contarini, daß der Herzog heut' ein Banquett in Straßburg gäbe. Er konnte hier Agnes ſprechen! Sein Herz rang nach Gewißheit; ſelbſt die gräßlichſte war ihm erwünſchter, als dieſer Erwartung Qual.

So wahrſcheinlich es Contarini und ſeinen Freunden dünkte, daß man in Straßburg von der ſchönen Uebergabe der Feſtung noch nichts wiſſe, wollten ſie doch nichts dem Ohngefähr anvertrauen; eine Nachricht konnte hingelangen, der gedemüthigte Commandant durfte ſich nicht im Schloſſe zeigen. So beſchloß er denn, ſich mit ſeinen Gefährten vermummt unter die Zuſchauer zu miſchen, wie es zu jener Zeit thunlich war. Er nahm weite ſpaniſche Mäntel, Federhüte mit tiefen Krempen und Masken mit, ſo ritten die Freunde da kein Augenblick zu verlieren war, durch Schneegeſtöber und Sturm der herannahenden Nacht nach Straßburg, wohl bewaffnet, und Lederkoller und Bruſtſchilde unter dem Mantel tragend.

Nicht ſo eilig war dieſer Ritt, nicht ſo ſtürmend die Pein der Erwartung, daß nicht Contarini, indem er von fern die Lichter der Stadt flammen und den hohen Münſter vom Widerſchein der Fackeln leuchten ſah, der Zeiten gedacht hätte, wo er mit reinem Herzen eilte, ſein Mädchen zu ſehen, und wie damals Alles ſo anders, ſo beſſer war. Was ihm nun das Glück auch noch zu bieten hatte, er fühlte es klar, dieſe Wonne der unſchuldigen Liebe bey frommem Bewußtſeyn konnt' ihm nichts mehr wiederſchenken, ſie war unwiederbringlich dahin. Seine Wehmuth ſtieg mit jedem Schritt, der ihn näher an das Ziel ſeiner Wünſche brachte.

Im Hirſch, wo ſie ſtets abzuſteigen pflegten, kehrten die Freunde auch dießmal, doch durch die Hinterthür, ein; nur der Wirth, der ihnen zugethan war, erfuhr um ihre Ankunft. Dieſe war um ſo leichter geheim zu halten, da ſchon ſein Hausgeſinde nach dem Schloſſe geeilt war, um das Feſt zu ſehn.

Der redliche Elſaſſer bewillkommte fröhlich die düſtern Krieger. Meine Freude iſt um ſo größer, ſprach er treuherzig, als ich Euch berichten kann, daß vier kaiſerliche curpfälziſche Regimenter, vom glorreichen Herrmann von Baden angeführt, morgen den Rhein paſſiren, um Dachſtein zu entſetzen. Wie ſeyd Ihr nur unbemerkt aus der Citadelle entkommen, und wie können Euer Gnaden ſich ſo wagen? — Alle wurden blaß und ſahen ſich höchſt verlegen an. Der Wirth hielt es für unbeſcheiden, weiter in ſie zu dringen, er ſprach: Es kommt zuletzt auf die Paar Stunden nicht an; Mitternacht iſt nicht weit, und gewiß waren Euer Gnaden wohl eſcortirt! — Wir müſſen eilen! rief Contarini, und die Freunde, nicht minder als er beklemmt und erſchüttert, eilten mit ihm hinaus.

Befremdet ſah der Wirth ihnen nach, und eilte dann, in ihrem Zimmer ein Kaminfeuer anzuzünden, und die Betten zu bereiten, da er vermuthete, ſie möchten vom Schloſſe kommend eine Stunde der Ruhe und einen Morgentrunk genießen wollen.

Contarini's Herz ſchlug freyer, als er das Schloß wieder ſah; ſüße Erinnerungen ſchwebten ihm entgegen, und die Hoffnung rief ihm zu: hier wohnt dein Glück!

Langſam zögernd in der Nähe des Schloſſes hielt Contarini, Cleven und Frescobaldi an der Hand, und blieb mit ihnen auf dem freyen Schloßplatze, Angeſichts der erleuchteten, von den Schritten der Tänzer erbebenden Fenſter ſtehn.

Sie wiſſen in Straßburg noch nichts, noch ſteht es in unſerer Macht, uns zu retten, flüſterte Contarini, indem er Banner und Rothkirch näher herbey winkte.

Darauf ſind wir auch ſchon bedacht, fiel Banner ein, und es wäre ein Leichtes, wenn deine tolle Liebesgluth uns nicht zuvor noch recht gefliſſentlich in das Netz führen wollte! Du weißt, was unſer mit Anbruch des Tages wartet; du kennſt des Prinzen Hermann von Baden unbezwinglichen Sinn. So wie er um unſere That erfährt, iſt unſer Urtheil ſchon geſprochen; er iſt der großmuthvollſte Feind, doch der furchtbarſte Richter. Ehre iſt ſein Licht und ſein Geſetz; er athmet nur für ſie; unſer Loos wird entſetzlich ſeyn!

Freunde! rief Contarini, ich habe Euch in das Verderben hinabgeriſſen, mein Gut und Blut iſt Euer zur Rettung. Brechen wir uns eine neue Lebensbahn! Ich bin reich, wir alle haben Jugend, Kraft und Muth, noch ſteht die Welt uns offen; wir flüchten zum franzöſiſchen Heere — Und kämpfen gegen Deutſchland! fiel Banner ein. O, nimmermehr; lieber den qualvollſten Tod erwählen! — Nein, wir haben Anſpruch auf Belohnung, auf Schutz, ſie müſſen ihn uns gewähren; doch ohne Agnes geh' ich nicht von hier.

Du biſt ein Thor, rief haſtig Rothkirch; erſt ſtell dich ſicher, dann denk' an das Freyen!

Alſo der Ungewißheit ſoll ich mein einziges Glück vertrauen, entgegnete Contarini! Nein, wahrlich, ich werde mich beſſer berathen! Schon längſt war ich im Stillen darauf bedacht, die Lage von Agneſens Zimmer und deren Umgebungen auszukunden. Sie bewohnt einige Zimmer im erſten Stockwerk, von denen ein Altan in den Garten hinab führt. Eine Niſche, von Pfeilern verdeckt, iſt auf dem abgelegenen Corridor ihrer Wohnung befindlich, und ſie wohnt allein mit ihrer freundlichen Kammermagd, deren Gunſt ich durch viele Geſchenke erworben. Wir warten unten den Zuſchauern verborgen, bis Agnes den Tanzſaal verläßt. Sobald wir ſie in ihren Zimmern wiſſen, benachrichtigt ein Zeichen, das ich Liesbeth geben will, dieß ſchlaue Mädchen von unſrer Ankunft. Liesbeth wird an die Thür kommen; wir dringen ein, wir bemächtigen uns beyder Frauen und führen ſie durch den Garten in den Wald. Einer von uns eilt zurück, unſere Pferde zu holen; wir flüchten und finden in Turennes Lager Schutz und Frieden.

Gewiß, doch am beſten, wenn die Weiber nicht dabey wären, fiel Cleven ein; denn ſie verderben Alles! Wie nun, wenn Fräulein Agnes, die Haugwitz ſo unverhohlen geneigt war, ſich um ſeinen Tod härmt und von Dir nichts wiſſen will?

Gleichwohl wird ſie mein, erwiederte Contarini dumpf. Haugwitz hat nun ſeine rechte Braut, die Kugel, von der kann ihn nichts mehr ſcheiden.

Will Agnes nicht, meinte Frescobaldi, nun, ſo iſt nur zu wünſchen, daß ſie in die tiefſte Ohnmacht fällt, um ſich den Widerſtand, uns die Mühe zu ſparen.

Wenn du nicht überzeugt biſt, daß ſie dich liebt, fiel Rothkirch ein, ſo laß um des Himmels Willen ab, du machſt uns alle elend!

Wenn auch ein Mädchen nicht liebt, entgegnete haſtig Contarini ein, ſo wird ſie durch einen ſolchen Sturm, durch ſolche Gluth geneigt und gewonnen! Laßt ſie in meiner Gewalt ſeyn, und jede ſchlummernde Regung für mich erwacht von Neuem! Sie muß die Meinige werden, ich habe zu viel für ſie gethan, um ſie zu laſſen.

Und du mußt mit uns, Tollkühner! rief Frescobaldi. — Ja, er muß! riefen einmüthig die Uebrigen. — Wir dürfen uns nicht zu Grunde richten laſſen, und dich ſelbſt durch deine Tollkühnheit, äußerte Carl von Cleven.

Contarini wurde todtenbleich; ein heftiges Zittern, ein gräßliches Funkeln ſeiner wildrollenden Augen, die Verzerrung ſeiner Geſichtszüge, und die krampfhafte Zuckung der Lippen entſetzte die Uebrigen, da ſie beym Fackelſchein wahrnahmen, was in ihm vorging. Er ballte die Fauſt, und wollte in ſinnloſer Verzweiflung ſeine Bruſt zerſchlagen; Banner fiel ihm in den Arm, Alle flehten ihn an, ſich zu ſchonen. Mitleid und Liebe bewegten nun die Gemüther der Freunde ausſchließlich; ſie baten ihn, ſich auf ihre Treue zu verlaſſen und über ſie zu gebieten. Nur ſchwer gelang es Allen, ihn zu beruhigen; zu allem Glück war der Plan menſchenleer und blieb es, da ſich jedermann in das Schloß zu drängen verſuchte.

Nachdem Contarini von ſeinen Freunden Handſchlag und Wort empfangen, ihm in Allem, was er vornehmen würde, getreulich Beyſtand zu leiſten, hüllten ſich die fünf Verbrüderten dichter in ihre Mäntel, drangten ſich durch die Menge und gelangten in die feſtlich erleuchteten Gallerien, von welchen man dem Tanze zuſehen konnte.

Hier ſchien die heitere Freude für immer ihren Sitz aufgeſchlagen zu haben; junge Schönen drangten im leuchtendſten Schmucke, ſchwebend in Strömen von Duft und Licht und in Weihrauchwolken begeiſterter Huldigungen. Süße ſchmelzende Töne begleiteten die Tänzer; alles Edle, Hohe und Schöne aus Stadt und Umgebung war hier auf einen Punkt hingezaubert in den Bann der geſelligen Luſt. Agnes war nicht zu ſehn.

Zerſtreut Euch unter die Zuſchauer nach verſchiedenen Richtungen, flüſterte Contarini ſeinen Freunden zu, zieht Nachricht von Agnes ein, oder ſeht, wo ſie ſeyn mag; hier wart' ich Euer!

Die Freunde eilten, ſeinen Wunſch zu erfüllen. Kaum waren ſie fort, als es ihm gereute, nicht ſelbſt den Ausweg genommen zu haben, den er ſeinen Gefährten angewieſen; er ſtand wie auf glühendem Eiſen, das Harren wurde ihm unerträglich. Auch hatte er kaum zehn Minuten lang ſein Herz bezwungen, ſo eilte er fort. Die Maſſe der Zuſchauer, welche glaubte, er wollte ſich ganz entfernen, machte dem Davoneilenden willig Platz; und ohne in ſeiner Betäubung zu wiſſen, welchen Weg er genommen, befand er ſich plötzlich in einem abgelegenen Corridor des Schloßgebäudes, das ganz einſam war. Hier blieb er, aufathmend, horchend ſtehn. Er vernahm nichts, als die Tritte einer fernen Schildwacht, die auf den Steingängen und in den Wölbungen wiederhallte, die nur ſpärlich von hängenden Lampen erhellt waren.

Ein Schauder durchzuckte Contarini, als er ſich hier ſo einſam, ſo trüb umgeben aus dem Gewühl in den tönenden Schloßſälen, wie durch einen Zauberſchlag verſetzt ſah. Sein forſchendes Auge begann nach und nach die Gegenſtände um ihn her zu unterſcheiden, er entdeckte mit glühenden Wangen ahnungsvoller Wonne, daß er im Corridor ſich befand, der dicht vor Agneſens Zimmer lag. Hieher alſo hatte ihn die dunkle Gewalt geleitet! Hier hatte ihm ſein Herz den Weg zum Ziele gewieſen! Er hatte Agnes nicht beym Feſte geſehen — wie, wenn Ahnung ſie auf ihrem Zimmer zurückgehalten? Wie, wenn er ſie fände!

Kaum hatte ihn dieſer Gedanke durchzuckt, ſo war er auch ſchon an der Thür von Agneſens Vorzimmer; ſie war nicht verſchloſſen. Contarini ging, den Odem an ſich haltend, weiter; auch die Thür ihres Putzzimmers war unverſchloſſen, doch herrſchte tiefe Stille ringsum. Ein helles Licht ſtrömt ihm entgegen; Agnes war alſo daheim. Entſchloſſen und dennoch von unbeſchreiblichem, unerklärbarem Schauer durchzuckt, trat er hinein; ein gewaltiger Lichtſtrom blendete ſein Auge; er ſah, und blickte zweifelnd von Neuem hin, einen Sarg mit einer Purpurdecke behangen, darauf das Wappen der von Haugwitz vereint mit dem Familienwappen Agneſens geſtickt war, über beide Wappen ſchwebte eine Sternenkrone.

Von Todeskälte durchrieſelt hob Contarini die Decke auf, da erblickte er Agnes in der Myrthenkrone, im weißen Todtengewande.

In dieſem Augenblicke erhob ſich der Prieſter, der zum Haupte der Leiche gebetet, von den Knieen. Er erſchrack heftig denn er ſah Contarini's ſtumme Verzweiflung. Gleichwohl wußte er ſich zu faſſen, und fragte mit ſanfter Stimme, was Contarini begehrte?

Seyd Ihr es, Pater Bernhardus, fragte Contarini mit ſchwankender Stimme. O, ſagt mir, ſagt mir Alles, meine Sinne verwirren ſich bey dieſem entſetzlichen Anblick.

Ihr ſeht, Graf Contarini, entgegnete Bernhardus ſanft und mitleidvoll, die entſeelte Hülle der edlen Frau Agneſe von Haugwitz. Der Tod ihres Gatten brach ihr das Herz.

Ihres Gatten! rief Contarini, und der würdige Bernhardus fiel ein: Ja dieß war ein ſeltſames und machtvolles Walten der Liebe, dunkel und geheimnißreich. Faßt Euch, Graf, nehmt Eure Verhüllung ab, und betet vereint mit mir um den Frieden ihrer Seele.

Ein gellendes Lachen unterbrach des frommen Bernhardus Rede. — Beten! rief Contarini, Frieden! und er nahte ſich mit Ungeſtüm der im Tode noch ſo unausſprechlich ſchönen Geſtalt. Er faßte ihre Hände und drückte ſie an Bruſt und Lippen; er wollte ihren bleichen Mund berühren — Frevler! donnerte Bernhardus, zurück! Zurück von dieſer unentweihten Lilie, deine Berührung iſt Makel für ſie! — Contarini ließ Agnes los, und ſprach hohl und dumpf Läſterworte vor denen der ſchaudernde Bernhardus ſein Haupt verhüllte. Jetzt ſtürzte Contarini fort, und eilte durch die Nacht allein in ſein Gaſthaus zurück, hier ſchloß er ſich ein, nahm zwey Piſtolen, ſetzte die eine an den Mund, die zweyte auf das Herz, drückte beyde zugleich los, und er war dahin.

Eben ſchlug die Glocke vom Münſter die vierte Morgenſtunde und die ſchmetternden Trompeten des kaiſerlichen Heeres, das mit fliegenden Fahnen über den Rhein kam, tönte durch die blaue Morgenluft. Heller Jubel empfing die wackern Oeſtreicher, die treuen Pfälzer, den ritterlichen Fürſten Hermann von Baden; ſchon freute ſich Alles des nahen Abzugs Baudruns, noch wußte Niemand, daß der bis dahin ſo kühn und ruhmvoll behauptete Platz übergeben ſey, doch die entſetzliche Botſchaft traf in Straßburg mit der Ankunft des Heeres zuſammen.

Contarini's Freunde wurden bey des Unglücklichen Leichnam gefunden, wo ſie jammernd und unentſchloſſen ſtanden, als Prinz Herrmanns Trabanten dort eindrangen. Ihre Degen wurden ihnen abgenommen, und ſie wurden zur Unterſuchung nach Freyburg geführt.

Der Prinz von Baden wollte an Contarini's entſeelter Hülle, zum Beyſpiel und Schrecken für Verräther, noch entehrende Strafen üben laſſen; doch Alle, die ihn gekannt, baten für ihn, und das edle Herz ließ ſich zur Milde für den Verirrten bewegen. Am andern Morgen in der Dämmerung trugen ihn vier Männer vor das Thor der Rheinbrücke, allwo er in aller Stille in eine Gruft verſenkt wurde, ohne Ehrenzeichen, Prieſter noch Gebet; doch vernahmen die Anweſenden vom Münſterthurm her, der eben die vierte Stunde ſchlug, gleich darauf das Todtengeläut, welches die Leichenbeſtattung Agneſens verkündete. Dem Leichenzuge folgten die Edelfrauen und Fräulein des Lothringiſchen Hofes unter Thränen und Gebet, und mochte manche ſanfte Seele, eingedenk, daß nun eben auch des unglücklichen Contarini irdiſche Hülle zurückkehrte in der Mutter Schoß, eingedenk ſeiner blühenden Jugendherrlichkeit, und ſo mancher durch ihn und ſeine Freudigkeit belebten Stunde und ſeines gräßlichen Endes hinüberblicken vom ſtillen umdufteten Sarge Agneſens nach der Gruft an der Rheinbrücke, und für den Frieden ſeiner Seele beten.

Wilhelm von Chezy,

ein Sohn der eben genannten Frau von Chezy, ward 1804 in Paris geboren, ging mit ſeiner Mutter nach Deutſchland, ſtudierte in Heidelberg und München, und ließ ſich darauf als Privatmann in Baden-Baden nieder.

Er gab heraus:

Wanda Wielopolska oder das Recht der Gewaltigen. Stuttgart, 1831.
Der fahrende Schüler. Roman. Zürich, 1835. 3 Bde.
Einzelne Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Spindlers Damenzeitung und Zeitſpiegel u. ſ. w.

W. v. C. hat in den beiden von ihm verfaßten Romanen, ein ſchönes und gefälliges Talent als Erzähler entwickelt, das bei größerer Ruhe und Reife, Vollendetes mit Recht erwarten läßt, da es mit reichen Gaben ausgeſtattet ſich jetzt noch zu ſehr in ſchneidenden Gegenſätzen gefällt und zu deutlich den Einfluß franzöſiſcher Vorbilder verräth.

Georg Karl Claudius

ward am 21. April 1757 in Zſchopau geboren, lebte nach vollendeten akademiſchen Studien als Doctor der Weltweisheit und Privatgelehrter in Leipzig und ſtarb daſelbſt am 20. November 1815. Er pflegte ſich als Schriftſteller auch wohl Franz Ehrenberg zu nennen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Unterhaltungen. Leipzig, 1780—83. 2 Thle.
Neue Unterhaltungen. Leipzig, 1799. 1800. 3. Thle.
Kindertheater. Frankfurt, 1782—84. 2 Thle.
Nachſpiele. Frankfurt, 1784.
Leonore Schmidt. Leipzig, 1789—91. 2 Thle.
Der Landthaler. Leipzig, 1789—92. 3 Thle.
Juſtus Graf von Ortenburg. Leipzig, 1792—1799.
Geſchichte Ewalds von Trimberg. Leipzig, 1795. 4 Bde.
Familienſcenen des Grafen Ortenburg. Leipzig, 1797.
Kinderwelt. Leipzig, 1794—1801. 4 Thle.
Peter der Große. Riga, 1805. 3 Thle.
Kleine Romane. Leipzig, 1806.
Des alten Jakobs Reiſebüchlein. 2 Thle. Leipzig, 1799.
Eduard, der Zögling der Natur. Leipzig, 1801—4. 2 Thle.
Kleine Erzählungen aus der Kinderwelt. Leipz. 1805—1807. 4 Bde.
Kinderſchriften, Sammlungen, Beiträge zu Zeitſchriften und Almanachen u. ſ. w. Er war auch Herausgeber des Taſchenbuchs für Frauenzimmer. Leipzig, 1786—1816.

C. war eine Zeitlang, vorzüglich als Erzähler nicht unbeliebt; er hatte ſich nach engliſchen Muſtern gebildet und baute das Feld des Familienromans, in Lafontaine's (ſ. d.) Weiſe, nicht ohne Erfolg und Geſchmack an. Ein leichtes und angenehmes Darſtellungstalent, Kenntniß des menſchlichen Herzens und Erfindungskraft ſind ihm nicht abzuſprechen, doch arbeitete er zu viel und flüchtig, und ſo hat ſich keines ſeiner Bücher, ſelbſt nicht ſein beſtes „Graf Ortenburg," lange im Andenken der Menge erhalten können. — Seine Kinderſchriften ſind leicht und faßlich und erfüllen ihren Zweck. —

Matthias Claudius,

bekannter unter dem Namen Asmus, der Wandsbecker Bote, ward am 15. Auguſt 1740 zu Reinfeld im Herzogthum Holſtein geboren, ſtudierte in Jena und lebte nachher als Privatmann in Wandsbeck, wo er unter dem eben angeführten Namen die äſthetiſchen und kritiſchen Artikel für die Zeitſchrift „der Wandsbecker Bote" lieferte. Im Jahre 1776 ward er nach Darmſtadt als Oberlandcommiſſair berufen, mit dem Auftrage eine Volkszeitung herauszugeben; die dortigen Verhältniſſe ſagten ihm aber nicht zu, und er kehrte bereits 1777 nach ſeinem früheren Wohnorte zurück. 1778 erhielt er das Amt eines erſten Reviſors bei der Schleswig-Holſteiniſchen Bank zu Altona, ohne daß er jedoch nöthig hatte ſeinen Aufenthalt deshalb zu verändern. Er ſtarb in hohem Alter bei ſeinem Schwiegerſohn dem Buchhändler, Friedrich Perthes, zu Hamburg am 21. Januar 1815.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Asmus omnia sua secum portans oder ſämmtliche Werke des Wandsbecker Boten. Hamburg, 1775—1812. 8. Th. N. A. 1819. 4 Bde.
Terraſſons Geſchichte des Königs Sethos. 2 Thle. Breslau, 1777—1778.
Ramſay's Reiſen des Cyrus. Breslau, 1780.

Fenelons Werke religiöſen Inhalts. Hamburg. 1800—1811. 3 Thle.
Das heilige Abendmahl. Hamburg. 1809.
Mehrere Flugſchriften wie: An den Naber mit Rath. 1801. — Predigt eines Laienbruders 1814. Urian, von der neuen Aufklärung u. ſ. w.

Ein höchſt talentvoller und origineller Schriftſteller, der unbekümmert um Regel und Form danach ſtrebte volksthümlich zu ſeyn, und dieſes Ziel mit ſeltenen Gaben ausgeſtattet, leicht erreichte. Tiefes Gefühl verbunden mit großer Einfachheit und Kunſtloſigkeit zeichnet vorzüglich ſeine lyriſchen Dichtungen aus, unter denen manche, wie z. B. das Abendlied ein wahres Meiſterſtück iſt. Bewußtſeyn der Würde des Menſchengeſchlechtes, Rechtſchaffenheit und Frömmigkeit, gehoben durch köſtliche Laune, glänzenden Witz, drollige Naivetät, und ſchlichter aber ſcharfer Verſtand herrſchen in ſeinen übrigen Leiſtungen, welche faſt alle Gattungen der Poeſie wie der Proſa berühren, vor. — Seine Sprache iſt zwar nicht immer correct, ſein Styl mitunter ſeicht und ſonderbar, Fehler die eben aus ſeinem Beſtreben den Volkston zu treffen, entſtanden, alle dieſe Mängel werden aber durch ſeine übrigen glänzenden Eigenſchaften, unter denen ſeine herzliche Natürlichkeit keine der geringſten iſt, verdeckt. Leider gab er ſich gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens zu ſehr einem befangenden Myſticismus hin, der ihn auf Abwege führte, doch hat er in dieſer Periode nur Weniges durch den Druck veröffentlicht.

Abendlied.*)

Der Mond iſt aufgegangen,
Die goldnen Sternlein prangen
Am Himmel hell und klar.
Der Wald ſteht ſchwarz und ſchweiget,
Und aus den Wieſen ſteiget
Der weiße Nebel wunderbar.

Wie iſt die Welt ſo ſtille,
Und in der Dämmrung Hülle
So traulich und ſo hold!
Als eine ſtille Kammer,
Wo ihr des Tages Jammer
Verſchlafen und vergeſſen ſollt.

Seht ihr den Mond dort ſtehen? —
Er iſt nur halb zu ſehen,
Und iſt doch rund und ſchön!
So ſind wohl manche Sachen,
Die wir getroſt belachen,
Weil unſre Augen ſie nicht ſehn.

Wir ſtolzen Menſchenkinder
Sind eitel arme Sünder,
Und wiſſen gar nicht viel.
Wir ſpinnen Luftgeſpinnſte
Und ſuchen viele Künſte,
Und kommen weiter von dem Ziel.

Gott laß dein Heil uns ſchauen,
Auf nichts Vergänglichs trauen,
Nicht Eitelkeit uns freun!
Laß uns einfältig werden,
Und vor dir hier auf Erden
Wie Kinder froh und fröhlich ſein!

Wollſt endlich ſonder Grämen
Aus dieſer Welt uns nehmen
Durch einen ſanften Tod!
Und wenn du uns genommen,
Laß uns in Himmel kommen,
Du unſer Herr und unſer Gott!

So legt euch denn, ihr Brüder,
In Gottes Namen nieder;
Kalt iſt der Abendhauch.
Verſchon uns, Gott! mit Strafen,
Und laß uns ruhig ſchlafen!
Und unſern kranken Nachbar auch.

Der glückliche Bauer.

Vivat der Bauer, Vivat hoch!
Ihr ſeht es mir nicht an;
Ich habe nichts, und bin wohl doch
Ein großer reicher Mann,

Früh Morgens, wenn der Thau noch fällt,
Geh ich, vergnügt im Sinn,
Gleich mit dem Nebel 'naus aufs Feld,
Und fliege durch ihn hin;

Und ſehe, wie er wogt und zieht,
Rund um mich nah und fern,
Und ſing dazu mein Morgenlied,
Und denk an Gott den Herrn;

Die Krähen warten ſchon auf mich,
Und folgen mir getreu,
Und alle Vögel regen ſich,
Und thun den erſten Schrei;

Indeſſen ſteigt die Sonn' herauf,
Und ſcheinet hell daher —
Iſt ſo was auch für Geld zu Kauf,
Und hat der König mehr?

Und, wenn die junge Saat aufgeht;
Wenn ſie nun Aehren ſchießt;
Wenn ſo ein Feld in Hocken ſteht;
Wenn Gras gemähet iſt ꝛc.

O, wer das nicht geſehen hat,
Der hat des nicht Verſtand.
Man trifft Gott gleichſam auf der That —
Mit Segen in der Hand;

Und ſiehts vor Augen: wie er friſch
Die volle Hand ausſtreckt,
Und wie er ſeinen großen Tiſch
Für alle Weſen deckt.

Er deckt ihn freilich, Er allein!
Doch hilft der Menſch, und ſoll
Arbeiten, und nicht müßig ſein.
Und das bekommt ihm wohl.

Denn, nach dem Sprichwort, Müſſiggang
Iſt ein beſchwerlich Ding,
Und ſchier des Teufels Ruhebank,
Für Vornehm und Gering.

Mir macht der Böſe keine Noth;
Ich dreſch' ihn ſchief und krumm,
Und pflüg' und hau' und grab' ihn todt,
Und mäh ihn um und um.

Und wirds mir auch bisweilen ſchwer,
Mags doch! Was ſchadet das!
Ein guter Schlaf ſtellt alles her,
Und Morgen bin ich baß!

Und fange wieder fröhlich an,
Für Frau und Kind. Für ſie,
So lang' ich mich noch rühren kann,
Verdrießt mich keine Müh'.

Ich habe viel, das mein gehört,
Viel Gutes hin und her. —
Du droben! haſt es mir beſcheert;
Beſcheere mir noch mehr.

Gib, daß mein Sohn dir auch vertrau,
Weil du ſo gnädig biſt;
Lieb' ihn, und gieb ihm eine Frau,
Wie ſeine Mutter iſt.

Nachricht von meiner Audienz bei'm Kaiſer von Japan.

Vorrede.

Der geneigte Leſer weiß aus dem erſten und zweiten Theile meiner ſämmtlichen Werke, was zwiſchen mir und dem Kaiſer von Japan für eine Connexion iſt, und wie ſich das angeſponnen hat. Wer hätte es aber denken ſollen, daß eine Art von Romanze, die ich hier oben auf der Weltkugel geſchrieben habe, mich hunten nach der andern Seite bringen würde? und da liegt doch Jedo, des Kaiſers ſeine Reſidenz, hier gerade unter Wandsbeck, und da bin ich geweſen. Wie geſagt, wer hätte das denken ſollen? Ich für mein Theil hab's nicht gedacht, wie ich auch damals in der Zueignungsſchrift geäußert habe. Aber, wenn etwas ſein ſoll, ſo muß ſich alles danach haben und fügen, und ſo ging's auch hier.

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*) Aus den ſämmtlichen Werken des Wandsbecker Boten.

Mein Vetter kam auf'm Morgen zu mir: „Hört Vetter, ich hab's auf dem feſten Lande ſatt; wollt ihr mit zur See gehen?“ Ich hatte eigentlich keine Luſt, aber ich kann ihm nichts ausſchlagen, und ſo zog ich mich an und ging mit ihm zur See. Als wir nun auf die Höhe von China kamen, ſie nennens nur Höhe, iſt aber eigentlich flache See, und einige Tage in den Zimmet- und andern Specerei-Gerüchen hin und her geſchifft waren, kam mein Vetter wieder: „Gelt, ſo was wird Euch zu Hauſe nicht geboten? aber hört Vetter, wir ſind nun nicht weit von Japan; der Kaiſer iſt ja Euer Patron; wollen wir nicht vollends hinfahren?“ ich ſagte wieder ja und wir fuhren hin, und auf dieſe Weiſe bin ich nach Japan gekommen, das die Einwohner Nipon nennen.

Ich mag die Leſer mit den Abentheuern unſerer Reiſe nicht aufhalten, 's wird auch ſchon in andern Reiſebeſchreibungen alles viel beſſer ſtehen. Die Hauptſache iſt, daß wir unterwegs gewaltig viel Waſſer angetroffen haben und mir für Freude der Schweiß ausbrach, als ich wieder Land unter'n Füßen fühlte. In einem Wirthshauſe unterwegens, Copfranz genannt, iſt der Wein ſehr gut, recht ſehr gut, das muß ich ſagen.

Die Schildwache in Japan hielt uns nicht lange auf und wir kamen bald in die Stadt. Sie liegt am Hafen und heißt auf Japaniſch Nagaſacki. Wir blieben acht Tage da und ſahen alles, was merkwürdig war, den Tag über an, ich habe auch noch verſchiedenes davon aufgeſchrieben und ordentlich die Conterfey's dazu gemacht, und des Abends ſtudirte mein Vetter die Japaniſche Mythologie und Philoſophie, und in den Japaniſchen Calender.

Unterdeß kam ein Gerücht in der Stadt auf, ich weiß nicht durch wen, ich will aber wohl glauben, daß mir mein Vetter ſelbſt dieſen Streich geſpielt habe, er hat ſeine Luſt an ſolchen Dingen, diesmal wäre es aber bald übel für uns abgelaufen; ich hab's ihm auch auf dem Rückwege oft recht ernſtlich zu Gemüthe geführt, und rund heraus zu ihm geſagt: Pamphile, Pamphile: es wäre bald übel abgelaufen. Er gab mir aber zur Antwort: „es wäre bald — alſo iſts doch gut abgelaufen. Wie kann denn etwas übel ablaufen? Ihr habt doch Japan gerne geſehen, nicht wahr Vetter!“; darin hat er nun recht, Japan hab' ich gerne geſehen, aber es kam alſo ein Gerücht aus, daß ein großer Gelehrter und Polyhiſtor aus Europa, der alle Schriften geleſen und geſchrieben, mit ſeinem Famulus in Japan angekommen ſei. Das Gerücht iſt vermuthlich weiter ins Land gegangen, und wir erhielten Ordre nach Hofe zu kommen.

Wir ahndeten bei dem allen nicht viel Gutes, aber mein Vetter lachte dazu, und nannte mich von nun an gewöhnlich, Ihre Magnificenz! Ich wollte mit ihm Abrede nehmen, was ich bei der Audienz, und was er ſagen wollte; er ließ ſich aber auf nichts ein, und ich mußte ihm ſehr lange gute Worte geben, bis er endlich noch d'rein willigte, daß, wenn der Kaiſer etwas fragte, was der große Polyhiſtor nicht wüßte, ich ihn dann anſehen und er mir die Antwort ins Ohr ſagen ſollte; „aber, ſetzte er hinzu, Ihre Magnificenz müſſen's höchſtens nicht mehr als zweimal thun, ſonſt ſag ich's dem Chan, warum Dieſelben mich anſehen.“ Ich hab's auch nur Einmal gethan, und alles lieber ſelbſt beantwortet, ſo gut ich denn gekonnt habe. Vieles von dem, was ich bei der Audienz vorgebracht habe, hatte ich vorher gelegentlich von meinem Vetter gehört, oder aus ſeinen Papieren behalten, und das übrige iſt zum Theil ſchlecht genug; aber bei dem allen war's doch nicht anders, als wenn ſein Geiſt bei der Audienz in mich gefahren wäre. Denn ſonſt hätt' ich das auch nicht vorbringen können, was ich noch vorgebracht habe.

Wir hatten ſchon in Nagaſacki gehört, daß der Chan ein guter Herr ſei, aber von lauter argen Schmeichlern umgeben, und daß ſonderlich ein gewiſſer Xibiboghei, der dem Chan ſeine Serailangelegenheiten beſorgte, und ohngefähr ſo viel als Hofjunker oder Hofmarſchall titulirt ward, von allen den argen Schmeichlern der ärgſte, und 'n rechter Ausbund und böſer Mann ſei, und gerade der introducirte uns bei der Audienz.

Auf dem Wege von Nagaſacki nach Jedo ſahen wir verſchiedene ſonderbare Japaniſche Thiere, als Kirim's, Kattſu's, Tatsdula's, Tatsmaki's, und gewaltig viel Hunde, die in Japan größtentheils keine Herren haben, und als Privatperſonen für ſich leben. Bei einem Walde, nicht weit von Jedo, trafen wir von den grünen Fibakarri's an, aus denen eine berühmte Arznei gemacht wird, und weiterhin auf einigen Bäumen am Wege verſchiedene Affen. Einer von dieſen hatte einen Menſchenſchädel und ſpielte damit. Mein Vetter warf einen Stein auf den Affen, und der Schädel fiel herunter; der Unterkiefer fehlte daran, ſonſt war er ganz. „Steckt ihn bei,“ ſagte mein Vetter zu mir, „wir wollen ihn begraben, wenn wir heimkommen, daß er wenigſtens nun Ruhe habe, der arme Junge iſt vielleicht genug in ſeinem Leben gehudelt worden.“ Das freute mich ſehr. Mein Vetter iſt 'n großer Liebhaber von Naturalien, und ich dachte gewiß, er würde den Schädel in ſeinen Muſchelſchrank legen wollen, und das wäre mir nicht recht geweſen. Aber ſo gehts mir immer, wenn ich ſeine Abſichten errathen will, er hat mich allemal zum Narren, und darum hab ich ihn eben ſo lieb. Ich ſteckte alſo den Schädel bei, und wir gingen vollends nach Jedo. Gleich den andern Tag holte uns der Xibiboghei ab zur Audienz, wie folget.

Ich habe zuweilen das Japaniſche mit beigeſetzt, damit man die gewaltige Energie dieſer Sprache ſehe, und ſonderlich des ' und der ; wegen, ſonſt wie ſo überall der spiritus asper ſteht, und nirgends ein kleines a ꝛc. ꝛc.

Es könnte zwar der Zweifel aufgeworfen werden: wie ich ſo geſchwind Japaniſch gelernt hätte; 's giebt aber bei dem ganzen Vorgang noch mehr Zweifel zu löſen, wer daran ſeine Luſt hat. Das iſt aber bei dieſer Nachricht meine Abſicht nicht geweſen, und ich bin überzeugt, daß um ihretwillen der Kaiſer von Japan ſelbſt, wenn ihm die Nachricht zu Geſicht kommen ſollte, mir nicht würde ungnädig werden; hab's auch nicht verdient, und ſo kann ſie der Leſer, dünkt mich, ſich auch gefallen laſſen. Uebrigens hatte ich bei der Audienz meine rothe Weſte an und ein langes Japaniſches Kleid, und mein Vetter trug mir die Schleppe.

Die Audienz.

Der Hofmarſchall Xibiboghi.

'LimaNell 'Haschma 'WaNechbok.

Ich habe die Ehre, Ew. Majeſtät den Sieur Asmus aus Wandsbeck unterthänigſt zu präſentiren.

(Ich machte hier eine tiefe Verbeugung vor dem Chan; er iſt lang und ſchön, und ſah gegen den Xibiboghei aus wie'n Engel.)

Der Chan.

'Tame, 'Haschma. ;'Portolabi 'Pascha.

Sei Er willkommen, Sieur Asmus.

(In der Grundſprache nannte der Chan mich eigentlich nicht Er, ſondern Sie, vermuthlich, weil er mich für'n Gelehrten hielt, und wenn ich das wäre, hätte ich auch gerade zu Sie überſetzt, denn 'n Gelehrter muß immer Sie heißen und nicht Er; ſo aber habe ich lieber Er ſagen wollen, damit man nicht meine, ich wolle groß damit thun, daß mich der Kaiſer von Japan Sie genannt hat.)

Es iſt mir angenehm, Ihn in meinem Lande zu ſehen. Aber wie iſt er auf den Einfall gekommen, mir eine Romanze zu dediciren?

Asmus. 'Mul 'PiaNell.

Ich habe von Natur einen beſondern Reſpect für die Potentaten, die weit weg ſind.

Der Chan.

'Tamiba 'Tamibo.

Kommt er durch Norden oder durch Süden zu uns?

Asmus. 'TamibaNu 'Karuſa.

Wird wohl durch Süden ſein, Sire, denn es iſt ſehr heiß geweſen.

Der Chan.

'HaifatuNell.

Hat er eine vergnügte Reiſe gehabt?

Asmus. 'Haifatuselem 'KofuNo.

Man hat allemal eine vergnügte Reiſe, wenn man hingeht, einen guten Fürſten und ein glückliches Volk zu ſehen.

Der Chan.

'Hol Lirwimme 'Ratesta. 'Heslobe 'Kopipi.

Ja, Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften werden hier im Lande geehrt. Ich liebe und belohne ſie. Er hat ſich, wie ich höre, beſonders der Poeſie gewidmet?

Asmus. 'Schamfufu.

Ich-bitte-E.-Maj.-unter-thä-nigſt um Vergebung.

(Ich ward bei dieſer Frage ganz verlegen, und wußte nicht, was ich dem Chan antworten ſollte. Sagſt du Nein, dachte ich, ſo könnte Er die Dedication ungnädig nehmen; und ſagſt du Ja, ſo iſts eine Reservatio mentalis, und ich hatte keine

Luſt auf Aſiatiſchem Grund und Boden zu ſpielen. Und in ſolchen Fällen iſt's wirklich recht gut, daß es Redensarten giebt, die weder Ja noch Nein ſagen.)

Der Chan.

'ANoti 'Piprase. 'WaNsebbock 'Neomo.

Ich habe mir ſeine Romanze vorleſen laſſen, und ſie mit Vergnügen geleſen. Das Wandsbeck muß ein angenehmer Ort ſeyn.

Asmus. **'Neomeo.**

Ganz angenehm, Sire.

Der Chan.

'Hussiput 'Pipis.

Giebt es viele Poeten in Europa?

(Ich ſah meinen Vetter an.)

Mein Vetter (mir in's Ohr.)

Poeten genug, große und kleine; und Ihr ſeyd einer von den kleinen.

Asmus. **'Pipise 'Bramme 'Miose 'Mioseti.**

Poeten genug, große und kleine; und ich bin einer von den kleinen.

Der Hofmarſchall.

'NipoNpi 'GaboNe 'FereNuzzi 'SchumfusiNu.

Der Japaniſche Poet Gaben iſt ohne Zweifel der größte von allen Poeten, denn er hat ſich an den größten Gegenſtand gewagt, und Ew. Majeſtät erhabenes Ich und Dero Serails und deſſen Glanz und Herrlichkeit allerunterthänigſt beſungen.

Mein Vetter (mir in's Ohr.)

Gaben heißt er, merkt Euch den Namen. Ihr könnt ihn künftiges Jahr in den Leipziger Muſenalmanach ſchicken, oder an das ſel. C. G. Jöchers Erben.

Der Chan.

'Helmore 'Missi.

Was ſind in Europa für Anſtalten ſich in der Poeſie zu perfectioniren?

Asmus. **'SchemiNa 'Bonte 'SchemiNto.**

Wir haben da einen ſchönen Himmel und eine ſchöne Erde, Sire, und eine heilige Religion.

Der Chan.

'Habuse 'Pipi.

Wie hängt das mit den Poeten zuſammen?

Asmus. **'Timsch.**

Ich meine, eigentlich ſehr nahe.

Der Chan.

'KermeiNe 'Lumpipi.

Was verſteht er denn eigentlich unter Poeten?

Asmus. **'WaruNe 'SchemiNa 'BoNto 'SeemiNto 'Hazitzit.**

Helle reine Kieſelſteine, an die der ſchöne Himmel, und die ſchöne Erde, und die heilige Religion anſchlagen, daß Funken herausfliegen.

Der Chan.

'Pizotto 'Borei 'Haquiria. 'Tim 'HaquirlieumaNo.

Er wird am beſten wiſſen, was er ſagt. Aber wie ſteht's mit der Philoſophie? Man ſagt hier, daß die Philoſophen in Europa auf allen Bäumen ſitzen.

Asmus. **'HuboKipufferzi.**

In ihren Schriften vielleicht, die hab ich nicht geleſen. In natura iſt mir doch eben noch keiner ſo begegnet. Es ſoll zwar vor einiger Zeit einer dieſen Gang in Vorſchlag gebracht haben; bei unſrer Abreiſe war er aber, ſo viel ich weiß, noch unter ihnen nicht eingeführt.

Der Chan.

'Lalla 'Haquiria 'Putosi. 'BumoNe. 'ScheminNto.

Es iſt ein gut Ding um die Philoſophie! Sie klärt ein Land auf, und iſt vortrefflich gegen Alfanz und Aberglauben, ganz vortrefflich. In meinem Lande ſteht ſie eben an, neben der Religion. A propos, macht man in Europa viel aus Religion?

Asmus. **'Priprasal.**

Viel und wenig, Sire, wie man's nimmt.

Der Chan.

'Ruzzi 'Haquirli 'BudodoNe.

Hier machen die Philoſophen den Prieſtern viel zu ſchaffen.

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Atulamai: 'MemiNolulo:, CramaiNe 'Ritozzo.

Ich muß bei dieſer Gelegenheit einen allerunterthänigſten Gedanken äußern, den ich ſchon oft gehabt habe: Ob nemlich Ew. Majeſtät einmal daran gehen wollen, eine neue brauchbare Religion zu machen? Die Zeiten ſcheinen da zu ſeyn. Der alte Aberglauben meckert wie ein Ziegenbock im Dunkeln, und ihm ſcheint ſelbſt nach Ew. Majeſt. erhabnen Lumieres die Zeit lang zu werden.

(Es lief mir eiskalt über den Leib, als ich ihn ſo leichtfertig von ſeiner Religion ſprechen hörte; und ich that heimlich einen Seufzer zu Gott, daß er ihm ſeinen Unverſtand nicht zurechnen wolle.)

Der Chan.

'Aika 'RumNa 'SemNilo 'Potokai Jettasch.

Wahr iſt es, die alten Fabeln von dem Geſchlecht der drei und ſieben himmliſchen Götter, die zuerſt, und von den fünf Halbgöttern, die nach ihnen Japan ſo viele tauſend Jahre regiert haben, von den zwölf Jettas oder Himmelsgeiſtern u. ſ. w. ſind wirklich wider alle geſunde Vernunft.

Asmus. **'Rambasito: 'Fitosai 'PuNi:.**

Es iſt der Weltlauf, Sire, daß einige Leute Fabeln und Anſtaunungen machen, und andre Leute darüber lachen und ſie wieder abſchaffen. In Europa hat man aber viele Beiſpiele daß die letzten nicht immer die klügſten geweſen ſind. Die Mißverſtändniſſe in der Welt kommen gewöhnlich daher, daß einer den andern nicht verſteht.

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Ormito Isitataki.

Ah! der Vogel Iſitataki! das iſt ein gar vernünftiger Vogel geweſen.

(Was der Chan da ſagte von den drei und ſieben himmliſchen Göttern, das ſagte er nicht ſo aus ſeinem Kopf her; das iſt wirklich die alte Tradition der Japaneſer; mein Vetter hat das alles in ihrer Mythologie gefunden. Es wird aber ſo erzählt: der erſte von dieſen Göttern ſei ein Sohn des Chaos geweſen, ſeine allerſubtilſte Kraft, als es zuerſt anfing ſich zu bewegen und hernach habe immer ein Gott den folgenden durch Hülfe der ober- und unterhimmliſchen Elemente auf eine verborgene Weiſe gezeugt, bis endlich der ſiebente, Iſanami, in ein leibliches Weſen übergegangen ſei, und die unter Menſchen gewöhnliche Art, ſein Geſchlecht fortzupflanzen, von dem Vogel Iſitataki gelernet habe. Weiter kamen nun fünf Halbgötter ꝛc.

Das iſt freilich dunkel; ich denke aber, wenn's deutlicher hätte ſein ſollen, hätten's die Leute ja wohl deutlicher geſagt.)

Der Chan.

'BisiNami 'Burro.

Aber der Iſanami muß ein gar einfältiger Herr geweſen ſein!

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Alo 'Roosi 'Sete.

Freilich Rooſi's Scharfſinn ſcheint ihm nicht beigewohnt zu haben.

(Rooſi iſt Stifter der einen berühmten Philoſophiſchen Secte in Japan, und Siaka der andern. Siaka lehrte, daß die Seele unſterblich, und die Tugend der Weg zur Glückſeligkeit ſei in dieſer und jener Welt. Rooſi aber war ein Bruder Studio; er lachte über die Tugend und über jene Welt, und ſtatuirte, daß man nichts Klügers thun könne, als ſich's in dieſer recht gut ſchmecken zu laſſen, und daß Leute von Verſtand und Bon Ton es von jeher auch ſo gehalten hätten. Der Mann hat auch den Stein der Weiſen geſucht, damit er und ſeine Geſellſchaft recht lange luſtig ſein könnten.)

Der Chan.

'BoNoNto 'Roosi 'Matodda.

In Europa kennt man vermuthlich den Rooſi und ſeine Lehre nicht. Hier findet ſie allgemeinen Beifall, Sieur Asmus.

Asmus. **'Hogsutj's 'Rosoli.**

Den finden ſie überall, Sire! und man wird ihn finden, ſo lange die Welt ſteht, denn ſie leuchtet jedem gar zu natürlich ein.

Der Chan.

'SomeNto 'Filete 'Oschsa PitnNi 'QuirlischemiNto.

Die Welt iſt, wie ich höre, ſich überall gleich. Es wird es auch wohl in Europa an Einwendungen und Zweifeln gegen die Religion nicht fehlen.

Asmus. 'LeschachoNg 'BalmaNeraka 'Tik.
Herr Leſſing hat noch ganz neuerlich in ſeinem vierten Beitrag verſchiedene Zweifel eines Unbekannten bekannt gemacht, davon einige recht gelehrt und artig ſind. Er hat ſie aber widerlegt.

Der Chan.

'Tik.
Hat er ſie widerlegt?

Asmus. 'Haire 'Palote.
Nicht eben förmlich; denn er iſt unpartheiiſch.

Der Chan.

'Butoquirlo.
Herr Leſſing gehört doch auf die Bank der Philoſophen?

Asmus. 'Rutor Habnasi 'Ruf.
Ich wollte aber doch rathen, daß Ew. Maj. ihm lieber ſeinen eigenen Stuhl ſetzten. Die gewöhnlichen Bänke paſſen nicht für ihn, oder vielmehr er paßt nicht für die Bänke, und ſitzt ſie alle nieder.

Der Chan.

'LamaiNowe.
Wie hat er's denn eigentlich bei den Zweifeln gemacht?

Asmus. ::Xipulxo:.
Wie er's immer macht, Sire. Er meint, wer Recht hat, wird wohl Recht behalten; der ſoll's aber auch behalten, und darf das freie Feld nicht ſcheuen! und alſo läßt er die Zweifel mit Ober- und Untergewehr aufmarſchieren: marſchiert ihr dagegen! So'n Trupp Religionszweifel iſt aber wie die Klapperſchlange, und fällt über den erſten und beſten wehrloſen Mann her; das will er nicht haben, und darum hat er gleich jedem Zweifel einen Maulkorb umgethan, oder wenn Ew. Maj. den Maulkorb etwa nicht leiden können, er hat jedwedem Zweifel 'n Felsſtück mit ſcharfen Ecken in den Hals geworfen, daran zu nagen, bis ſich irgend ein gelehrter und vernünftiger Theologe rüſte. Und, ſagt er, ehrlich gegen den Feind zu Werk gegangen! Und ſchreie Niemand Victoria, wenn er 'n alten roſtigen Muſquedonner Einmal mit looſem Kraut abgebrannt hat! Und beſetze keiner ein größer Terrain, als er ſouteniren kann, und als der Fuß der Religion bedarf! ꝛc. ꝛc.

Der Chan.

'HaloschachoNg 'Seira. 'Nipo Nipol.
Herr Leſſing gefällt mir. Sollte er wohl Luſt haben, nach Japan zu gehen?

Asmus. 'OrpauNer.
Ich weiß nicht, Sire! wenigſtens müßten Ew. Maj. ihm die Condition ſehr bündig und detaillirt vorlegen laſſen, denn er mag gern alles hell und klar mit ſeinen Augen ſehn.

Der Chan.

'TuNepioNe: 'Bambalte.
Ich würde ihm gewiß mehr halten, als ich ihm verſprochen hätte, und er vorher vermuthen könnte.
Die förmliche Widerlegung der Zweifel iſt alſo noch nicht gekommen?

Asmus. 'Sammatta 'Pammolo.
Noch nicht, ſo viel ich weiß, wird aber vielleicht noch kommen, vielleicht zögert ſie aber auch noch; das muß man abwarten, Sire.

Der Chan.

'Ropial.
Ihm ſcheint an dieſer Widerlegung nicht ſonderlich viel gelegen zu ſeyn?

Asmus. 'L.
Gar nichts, Sire.

Der Chan.

'Pipetol.
Die Poeten ſind gewöhnlich Spötter und ſchlechte Heilige; es geht hier auch ſo.

Asmus. 'AruNze:: 'PolPiter 'BreNbaNam.
Das iſt nun hier der Fall eben nicht. Ich ſehe aber, nach Herrn Leſſings electriſchen Funken, die Religion als eine Arznei an, und den Zweifler als den Doctor Peter, und den Widerleger als den Doctor Paul, die beiderſeits die Arznei vor ſich auf dem Tiſch liegen haben und darüber ſtreiten.

Der Chan.

'BreNzoha.
Und wozu will er die beiden Doctors brauchen?

Asmus. ::'XanPolPiter: 'RoboNu.
Wenn ich nun krank und elend neben dem Tiſch und den beiden Doctors ſtände, und gerne geholfen ſeyn wollte, und der Doctor Paul behielte Recht, ſo würde ich doch nicht geſund werden, wenn ich die Arznei nicht einnähme; und nähme ich ſie ein und ſie wäre gut, ſo würde ich geſund werden, und wenn auch der Doctor Paul Recht behielte. Und alſo iſt das Rechtbehalten nur für die Herren Auditores, das Einnehmen aber die eigentliche Sache, und ein einziger Patient, Sire, der geſund worden wäre, würde, auch für die Herren Auditores, mehr beweiſen und ſchaffen, als hundert Siege der Paul's über die Peters.

Der Chan.

'Aibapiero.
Das iſt wohl wahr, aber das Einnehmen iſt ſo unangenehm und genant.

Asmus. 'Bugodompo 'BaloNi.
Nun ſo bleibt man krank; aber das Gefühl der Geſundheit iſt doch ſo herrlich, Sire! und eines Verſuchs, und, ſonderlich für einen Mann, des bischen bittern Geſchmacks wohl werth.

Der Chan.

'Soibo Barballa.
Ich habe nichts dagegen. Aber auf etwas anders zu kommen; wie viele Weiber hat ein Mann in Europa?

Asmus. 'U.
Nur Eine, Sire.

Der Chan.

'SoNe'V.
Nur Eine? Damit kommen wir nicht aus, Herr Hofmarſchall.

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Hami 'NaperliNo.
Ich bin glücklich, daß ich einem Herrn diene, dem ich täglich neue Proben meiner Devotion geben kann.

Asmus. 'Umbatafo 'RaboNu.
's iſt auch 'n Volk in Europa, das nicht damit auskommt; aber wir halten es beſſer, nur Eine zu haben.

Der Chan.

'Talla 'Le Sulto.
Und warum denn das? Vier Canarienvögel ſingen doch mehr Töne als einer.

Asmus. 'Nasul: Xaremo:
Es iſt uns aber nicht um's Singen allein bei den Canarienvögeln; ſie müſſen uns auch den ganzen Tag auf Hand und Schultern hüpfen, und aus dem Mund eſſen und aus unſerm Becher trinken. Mit einem Wort, Sire, wir ſehen die Weiber auch als unſre Freunde an, und lieben ſie von ganzem Herzen: und kann der Kaiſer mehr als Eins von ganzem Herzen lieben?

Der Chan.

'Ip.
Es iſt etwas darin.

Asmus. 'SpaNaNamobo:: 'Homi.
Bei den Vielweibern hat auch ſelten ein Mann ſo viel Kinder, als bei uns, und gibt es was Schöneres und Herzlicheres in der Natur, als 'n Vater in einem großen Schwarm von Kindern, und neben ſich das Weib, das ſie ihm alle geboren hat?

Mein Vetter (bei ſich ſelbſt).

—οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον,
Ἢ ὅθ᾽ ὁμοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἶκον ἔχητον
Ἀνὴρ ἠδὲ γυνή· πόλλ᾽ ἄλγεα δυσμενέεσσι,
Χάρματα δ᾽ εὐμενέτῃσι· μάλιστα δέ τ᾽ ἔκλυον αὐτοί.

Der Chan.

'Cralmi 'Bogio.
Was ſagen Sie dazu, Herr Hofmarſchall?

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Puleato 'Baleanto 'WorwiNtt.
Für den Pöbel mags gelten; aber ein Fürſt muß in allen Stücken groß und frei ſeyn. Er iſt der Gärtner in ſeinem Garten, und wo er eine ſchöne Blume ſieht, wenn ſie auch ſchon an jemandes Buſen ſäße, da nimmt er ſie mit hoher Hand und geht weiter.

Mein Vetter (bei ſich ſelbſt).

God bless my soul, what does that rascal say.

(mir in's Ohr).

Fragt doch den Herrn Hofmarſchall einmal wie er das meint!

Asmus. 'Saimia 'Pup.
Wie meinen Ihre Excellence das?

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Saimo 'Tipo.
Hm, [illegible] — was meint er?

Asmus. **KeturNaba.**
Ja, ob es zum Exempel auch Recht iſt, wie Ihre Excellence zu ſagen belieben?

Der Hofmarſchall.

'JopetiNae 'TurNopa.
Was dem Fürſten gelüſtet, iſt Recht, und ſeine Neigungen ſind Winke der Götter.

Asmus. **'Mui.**

Die armen Unterthanen alſo?

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Amui 'Epurepez.
Arme Unterthanen! die braucht man, wozu ſie gut ſind, und wozu die Götter ſie gegeben haben.
Asmus. **'Saimi 'Repezzo 'Bi.**
Und wozu meinen Sie, daß die Götter ſie gegeben haben, ich bitte Ew. Excellence um Gottes Willen.

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Bialte 'PoluNho.
Wozu? — regiert zu werden; dem Fürſten zu Gebot zu ſtehen. Wozu ſonſt!

Mein Vetter (mir ins Ohr).

Sagt ihm, daß die Götter keine Hofmarſchälle ſind.

Asmus. **'Nepi Bugiosi.**

Die Götter ſind keine Hofmarſchälle, Ihre Excellence.
(Der Chan lachte, aber ich hätte das nicht ſagen ſollen. Es war doch ſpöttiſch, und ich merkt' es dem Albiboghoi auch wohl an, daß er mir deswegen keine Penſion geben würde, wie der geneigte Leſer auch gleich merken wird.

Der Chan.

'BamaNe, Jura.
Aber Sieur Asmus, was ſoll ich ihm für ſeine Dedication für eine Gnadenbezeugung machen?

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Ater 'Sioka 'Mavai.
Dürfte ich unterthänigſt vorſchlagen, ob Ew. Maj. ihm, nach der löblichen Gewohnheit einiger Ihrer großen Vorfahren, die Gnade wollten angedeihen laſſen, daß er ſich in Ihrer hohen Gegenwart den Leib aufſchneiden dürfe.

Asmus. **'Mavai 'Po.**

Den Leib aufſchneiden! ich verſtehe Ew. Excellence nicht.

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Ater 'Amave 'PioNha.
Der Kaiſer will ihm gnädigſt erlauben, daß er ſich hier in Seiner Gegenwart den Leib aufſchneiden darf.

Asmus. **'Ama.**

Was für'n Leib, Ihr Excellence?

Der Hofmarſchall.

'Blusima 'Remi No.
Einfältiger Europäer, ſeinen eignen, da unter der ſchönen rothen Weſte.

Asmus. **'Laimi 'Pi 'Zo Nti 'Korkuzo.**
Ich bitte Ew. Excellence, nehmen Sie mir das nicht ungnädig. Ich bin ein Königlich Däniſcher Unterthan, und will's mir gehorſamſt verbeten haben.

Mein Vetter.

'Bre 'Misre 'Burro 'Bar.
Hört Herr Hofmarſchall, treibt euern Muthwillen mit den Japanern, wenn ihr's nicht beſſer haben wollt, meinem Herrn habt Ihr nichts zu befehlen.

Asmus (leiſe zu meinem Vetter).
Vetter! Vetter! wir ſind in Japan.

Mein Vetter (zu mir).

So ſind wir ja am rechten Ort, närriſcher Kerl. Die Weiber müſſen ſich doch zuweilen den Kaiſerſchnitt gefallen laſſen, ſo werdet ihr wohl nicht bange ſein!

(Mir war gar nicht wohl. Mein Leib war mir lieb und dazu dacht ich: was wird Frau Rebecca ſagen? Der häßliche Kaiſerſchnitt iſt wirklich ſonſt in Japan Mode geweſen. Der Kaiſer Bures, der im ſechſten Jahrhundert regiert hat, pflegte den ſchwangern Frauen, zur Luſt mit eigner Hand den Leib aufzuſchneiden; er ließ Leute lebendig oben in den höchſten Bäumen aufſteigen, und denn mit Pfeilen nach ihnen ſchießen, oder auch die Bäume abhauen. In Siam iſt 1689 ein Prieſter aus Pegu an einen Pfahl geſchloſſen, und lebendig aufgeſchnitten worden, und große Hunde haben ihm die Därme aus dem Leibe freſſen müſſen u. ſ. w. Das alles ging mir im Kopf herum, und mir war, wie geſagt, gar nicht wohl.

In der Angſt fühlte ich, wie man bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten wohl thut, auf meiner rothen Weſte und in allen Taſchen herum, und zog von ungefähr den Schädel heraus, und als ich die Augen darauf ſchlug, fiel mir ein, was mein Vetter von „geſudelt werden" ſagt, und mir kam eine Empfindung ins Herz, die ich nicht beſchreiben kann, daß ich hätte mögen um mich hauen, und zu gleicher Zeit die Hände ſinken laſſen, und bitterlich weinen. Ich trat mit dem Schädel vor den Albiboghoi.)

Asmus. Wie gefällt er Ew. Excellence?

Der Chan.

Was hat er da! Sieur Asmus?

Asmus. Es iſt 'n Menſchenſchädel, lieber Kaiſer, der Unterkiefer fehlt daran, ſonſt iſt er ganz. Wir haben ihn auf dem Wege gefunden und wollen ihn begraben, wenn wir heimkommen, daß er wenigſtens nun Ruhe habe. Der arme Junge iſt vielleicht genug geſudelt worden.

Der Chan.

Mir graut, wenn ich ihn anſehe.

Asmus. Mir nicht. Ich habe dem Mann in ſeinem Leben kein Leid gethan.

Der Chan.

Wer war er, Albiboghoi? und leben noch von den Seinen?

Asmus. Es war 'n Menſch, lieber Kaiſer! und ſein Leben und Glück in dieſer Welt war Deiner Hand anvertraut. Alle Japaneſer ſind ſeine Brüder, und alle Siamer, und Chineſen und Malaien, und Mogulen, und wir Europäer auch. Ich ſage Dir Dank, im Namen der Europäer, für alles Liebes und Gutes, was Du ihm gethan haſt. Er iſt nun todt, und wenn er tugendhaft und fromm geweſen iſt, hat er's nun beſſer als wir. Wir müſſen aber alle ſterben.

Der Hofmarſchall.

Ihro Majeſtät dürfen ihn nicht länger in dem Ton fortreden laſſen. Die Hofetiquette leidets nicht.

Mein Vetter (bei ſich ſelbſt.)

Damn'd Courtier!

Asmus. Ja du lieber Kaiſer, alle Menſchen ſind Brüder. Gott hat ſie alle gemacht, einen wie den andern, und gab ihnen dieſe Welt, daß ſie ſich darin bis weiter wie Brüder mit einander freun und lieb haben, und glücklich ſein ſollten. Sie konnten ſich aber nicht vertragen, und thaten ſich unter einander allerhand Unrecht und Herzeleid an; da wählte Gott die beſten, die edelſten unter ihnen aus, die demüthig, weiſe, gerecht, reines Herzens, gütig, ſanftmüthig und barmherzig waren, und verordnete ſie, bei den übrigen Vaterſtelle zu vertreten. Und das ſind die Fürſten, Kaiſer und Könige.

Der Hofmarſchall.

Ihro Majeſtät erlauben Sie ihm doch —

Der Chan.

Was denn Herr Hofmarſchall?

Der Hofmarſchall.

Daß er ſich den Leib aufſchneide. Das wird ihn auch auf andre Gedanken bringen.

Der Chan.

Ihr habt ja gehört, daß er keine Luſt hat. Laßt mir aber zwanzig Goldbarren hereinbringen.
Sieur Asmus, ſeine Philoſophie gefällt mir; aber ein Fürſt hat doch Recht und Macht über ſeine Unterthanen, und ſie müſſen ihm gehorchen!

Asmus. Freilich müſſen ſie ihm gehorchen, in allen Stücken, ohne Widerrede, und nicht allein dem gütigen, gelinden, ſondern auch dem wunderlichen. Aber eben weil ſie das müſſen, wählt Gott gute Leute zu Fürſten, die keinem Menſchen etwas zu nahe thun können.

Der Chan.

Aber Zorn und die andern Leidenſchaften, Sieur Asmus! Und überhaupt, wie kann ein Menſch immer wiſſen und thun was Recht iſt?

Asmus. Ein guter Fürſt fürchtet Gott, und bittet von ihm Weisheit, daß er wohl regieren möge, und dann giebt ihm Gott Weisheit und ſalbt ihm ſein Herz mit hoher himmliſcher Geſinnung, und dann kann er alles, und achtet keiner Mühe, vergißt ſich und ſeine eigne Glückſeligkeit ganz und gar, und lebt und webt nur für ſein Volk.

Der Chan.

Aber was hätte man davon, Fürſt zu ſein?

Asmus. Frage die Sonne, was ſie davon hat, Tag und Nacht um die Erde zu gehen. Und ſiehe, ſie geht! fröhlich wie'n Bräutigam, und vom Aufgang bis zum Niedergang triefen ihre Fußtapfen von Segen. Der es ihr geheißen hat, wird ſie auch dafür zu belohnen wiſſen. Stelle Dir ein weites Land vor, lieber Kaiſer, wo in jeder kleinen Hütte vergnügte Leute wohnen, die ihren Fürſten lieb haben, alle Morgen 'n Abendſegen für ihn beten, und gerne ihr Leben für ihn ließen — möchteſt Du nicht der Fürſt ſein! Und das iſt nur ſo 'n kleiner Vorlaut des Lohns. Ein guter Fürſt ſoll und kann von Menſchen nicht belohnt werden; er ſitzt mit den Göttern zu Tiſche.

Der Chan.

Sind die Fürſten alle ſo in Europa?

Asmus. Kaiſer, ich bin zu gut, eine Lüge zu ſagen; ich weiß es nicht. Die aber ſo ſind, die haben ſanften Schlaf, und ſind angenehm im Himmel und auf Erden.

Der Chan.

Er hat wohl Recht, Sieur Asmus! Es muß ein Vergnügen ſein, wenn man den Unterthanen recht und wohlgethan, und bei jedwedem, der einem begegnet, einen Dank zu gute hat. So ein Schädel mag denn auch beſſer anzuſehen ſein. Ich hätte faſt ſelbſt Luſt —

Asmus. Gott ſegne Dich, Kaiſer, und walte über Dich. Du wirſt Dich zum glücklichſten Mann in Deinem Reich machen, das iſt gewißlich wahr! Und denk' an mich lieber Fürſt, wenn Du Dich einmal ſo ruhig und wohlgemuth in den Beinhäuſern Deines Reichs hinſetzen kannſt, als 'n Vater früh Morgens in der Schlafkammer ſeiner Kinder, wenn's kleine Geſindel noch in den Betten herum liegt und ſchläft.

Der Chan.

Aber warum wären denn nicht alle Fürſten ſo, und immer alle ſo geweſen?

Mein Vetter (bei ſich ſelbſt).

ἀλλά [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Asmus. Wer kann das ſagen, Sire! Weil ſie's nicht wiſſen, weil ſie's nicht können. Es hält bei jedem ehrlichen Mann ſchwer, klug zu werden, da unſer einer doch täglich und auf mancherlei Weiſe ſeiner Sterblichkeit erinnert, und ſo oft mit der Naſe darauf geſtoßen wird, — und nun dies und das und nun die Kratzfüßer und Schmeichler. O! die haben ſchon manchen guten Fürſten auf ihrer Seele.

Der Chan.

Wie könnte Schmeichelei ſo viel ſchaden?

Asmus. Haſt Du wohl eher eine Katze geſehen? Je mehr man der den Rücken ſtreichelt, deſto höher hält ſie den Schwanz.

Der Chan.

Und weiter.

Asmus. In jedem Menſchen iſt eine ſolche Katze, Sire; und klein und niedrig muß der Menſch zuvor ſein, ſonſt kann er nicht groß und gut werden. Die Schmeichler machen's umgekehrt, und es iſt ſchwer, ihnen zu entrinnen. Wir haben in Europa unter andern einen König, Kanut, den Großen genannt, nicht ſo wohl, weil er Länder erobert, als weil er einmal ſeine Hofleute, die ihm ſchmeichelten, öffentlich und ernſtlich geſcholten, und mit Verachtung von ſich gewieſen hat. Es iſt davon ein eigner Kupferſtich zu haben.

Laß Dich die Schmeichler nicht verführen, lieber Kaiſer, und glaube ihnen nicht. Sie ſagen Dir nicht, was Recht iſt, ſondern was Du gerne hörſt, und es wäre doch Schade um Deine ſchöne Krone, wenn Du ſie je durch Unrecht entehren ſollteſt. Sieh um Dich, und wenn Du einen Mann in Deinem Reich findeſt, lieber Kaiſer, der Dir immer die Wahrheit ſagt, auch wenn Du ſie nicht gerne hörſt, der iſt der rechte Mann, den wähle Du Dir zu Deinem Freund und ehr' ihn hoch, denn er iſt's werth, und achtet und liebt Dich mehr als ſie alle.

(Die Goldbarren werden hereingebracht.)

Der Chan.

Da, Sieur Asmus, ſind zwanzig Goldbarren, nehm er ſie zum Andenken von mir an.

Asmus. Ich danke Dir, Sire. Ich kann ſie nicht fortbringen, und überdem hab' ich Goldbarren genug zu Hauſe.

Der Chan.

Ich kann ihn nicht unbeſchenkt von mir laſſen; ſo bitte er ſich ſonſt von mir eine Gnade aus. Sie betreffe, was ſie wolle, bei meiner Krone! ich will ſie ihm gewähren.

Asmus. Weil der Kaiſer befiehlt, ſo will ich gehorchen. Dieſe Gnade betrifft aber den Albiboghoi, und ich bitte um eins von ſeinen Ohren.

Der Chan.

Er ſoll's haben.

(Der Chan klingelte, daß ſein Chirurgus gerufen würde.)

Der Hofmarſchall (zu mir).

'Opopi 'Laipu 'Oiemia 'Pipasi 'Piposi.

O du allerweiſeſter Europäer! Du allergrößter Philoſoph! und Poet! und Prophet! Ich bete dich in meinem Herzen an, und habe dich lange in meinem Herzen angebetet. Sei mein Freund, ich habe allerlei Kleinodien, und Diamanten, und ſchöne Mädchen, und Smaragden, und Landgüter, und Perlen. Komm doch, und ſieh es an und wähle.

Asmus. 'Aru Nba 'Terremeba 'Katalba 'Walta. 'Kirozzi.

Ich kann von Ew. Excellence nichts brauchen als das Ohr, und das will der Kaiſer mir geben. Uebrigens dauerſt du mich, Albiboghoi, weil du ſo'n ſchlechter Mann biſt, und könnteſt es ſelbſt ſo gut haben! — Das eine Ohr iſt nicht mehr zu retten, mache nur daß du das andere mit Ehren trägſt.

Der Hofmarſchall (ſehr heftig).

Quelle Bête! Cependant il attrapera mon oreille, Diable m'emporte. Diable, Diable! Mais mon Dieu, Sa Majesté Japonaise si eclairée a-t-elle pû accorder une grace comme ça à un Fanfaron d'Europe!

(Er konnte alſo franzöſiſch, und ſprach's recht gut aus, ſo viel ich davon verſtehe; doch kehrte er gleich zu ſeiner Mutterſprache zurück, und fuhr mit Ungeſtüm fort, und ſchlug dabei die Hände über'n Kopf zuſammen.)

'Pairozzo 'Krapo Nti.

Aber das iſt Unrecht, himmelſchreiendes Unrecht!

Mein Vetter.

'Jobeti Nos 'Tur Noba.

„Was dem Fürſten gelüſtet, iſt recht, und ſeine Neigungen ſind Winke der Götter.“

(Der Bediente ſagte an, daß der Chirurgus da ſei, und der Chan ging hinaus und hieß den Albiboghoi nachfolgen.

Der Chan (im Herausgehen).

'Capon No 'Aschma.

Will er den Kopf auch, Sieur Asmus?

Asmus. 'A 'Waita.

Nur das Ohr, Sire!

(Der Albiboghoi ſchien von meiner Antwort mehr erbaut zu ſein, als von der Frage des Kaiſers, und folgte ihm langſam, und wie es anzuſehen war, ſehr ungerne nach. Wie er nun ſo hinausging, dauerte er mich doch faſt; und wenn ich nicht geglaubt hätte, 'n Gotteslohn mit dem Ohr zu verdienen, ich hätte ſelbſt wieder dafür gebeten. Unterdeß war's mir ſehr lieb, daß die Operation draußen geſchah. Als ſie hinaus waren ließ mein Vetter die Schleppe fallen und trat vor mich hin: „Aber Vetter, ſo wahr ich Euer Famulus bin, Ihr ſeid „viel geſcheuter in Aſia als Ihr in Europa ſeid! Was doch „das Clima thut! Uebrigens habt Ihr einen Kuß bei mir zu „gut. Kommt, wollen's gleich abmachen.“ Indem kam der Chan wieder herein, und hinter ihm das abgeſchnittene Ohr in einer Porcellan-Doſe. Er nahm gleich Abſchied, und war ſo gnädig, mir ſeine Hand zu geben.

Der Chan.

Leb er wohl, Sieur Asmus! Er läßt einen Freund in Japan zurück. Grüß er Herrn Leſſing. — und hier iſt das Ohr des Albiboghoi!

Asmus. Lebe wohl, Gott ſegne Dich, und gebe Dir langes Leben!

(Ich ſteckte das Ohr bei, und blieb ſtehen und hielt auch des Sire ſeine Hand.

Asmus. Ich habe noch Eins auf dem Herzen, Sire, Wir haben in Nagaſaki ſo viele Soldaten und Kanonen geſehen; wenn Du irgend umhin kannſt, lieber, guter Fürſt, ſo führe nicht Krieg. Menſchenblut ſchreiet zu Gott, und ein Eroberer hat keine Ruhe.

(Und damit drückte ich ihm ſeine Hand, bückte mich und ging weg, und die Thränen ſtanden mir in den Augen.)

(So bald wir zurück nach Nagaſaki kamen, that ich das Ohr in Spiritus, und band das Glas mit einer Blaſe zu.)

Briefe an Andres.

Erſter Brief.

Es geht mir eben ſo, Andres, wenn ich in der Bibel von einem Alten und Neuen Bunde, von einer Connection und einem Verkehr zwiſchen dem HÖCHSTEN Weſen und unſerm Geſchlecht leſe; ich mache auch oft das Buch zu, und falte die Hände, daß die Menſchen vor Gott ſo hoch geachtet und werth ſind!

Es drückt einen das freilich wieder in den Staub; aber man kriegt zu gleicher Zeit Reſpekt für ſich ſelbſt, und wittert Morgenluft: — und man kann und kann den Mittler zwiſchen beiden nicht genug anſehen und lieben, und möchte ihn für andre mit lieben, die es nicht beſſer wiſſen.

Der Menſch kann die Wahrheit verkennen, verachten und aufhalten; aber wie umwegs oder verkehrt er es auch treibe, ſo irrt er ſich nur, und mitten in ſolchem Treiben ſuchet und meinet er ſie. Er kann ihrer nicht entbehren; und es iſt nicht möglich, wenn ſie ihm erſcheint, daß er ſein Haupt nicht vor ihr beuge.

Irren iſt menſchlich, Andres! Aber die Wahrheit iſt unſchuldig. Sie iſt immer bereit und werth, und wird auch wohl am Ende Recht behalten.

Aber es macht Dir graue Haare, ſchreibſt Du, unſern Herrn Chriſtus verkannt und verachtet zu ſehen. — Du liebe, gerechte Seele, mag es doch; wer ſie um ihn trägt, der trägt mit Ehren graues Haar.

Zwar ſeinetwegen brauchſt Du Dir keine wachſen zu laſſen. Er wird wohl bleiben, was er iſt. So viele ihrer die Wahrheit nicht erkennen und nutzen, die haben des freilich Schaden; aber was kann es Dir ſchaden, ob ſie erkannt oder genutzt wird, oder nicht? Sie bedarf keines, und es iſt die Größe und Herrlichkeit ihrer Natur, daß ſie immer bereit iſt, von Undank nicht ermüdet wird, und wie die aufgehende Sonne mit den Wolken und Dünſten ringt, um ſie zu reinigen und zu vergolden.

Laß ſie denn ringen, Andres; und brich Dir auch um was Du nicht ändern kannſt das Herz nicht.

Wer nicht an Chriſtus glauben will, der muß ſehen, wie er ohne ihn rathen kann. Ich und Du können es nicht. Wir brauchen jemand, der uns hebe und halte, weil wir leben, und uns die Hand unter den Kopf lege, wenn wir ſterben ſollen; und das kann er überſchwenglich, nach dem, was von ihm geſchrieben ſteht, und wir wiſſen keinen, von dem wir's lieber hätten.

Keiner hat je ſo geliebt, und ſo etwas in ſich gutes und in ſich großes, als die Bibel von ihm ſaget und ſetzt, iſt nie in eines Menſchen Herz gekommen, und über all ſein Verdienſt und Würdigkeit. Es iſt eine heilige Geſtalt, die dem armen Pilger wie ein Stern in der Nacht aufgehet; und ſein innerſtes Bedürfniß, ſein geheimſtes Ahnden und Wünſchen erfüllt.

Wir wollen an ihn glauben, Andres, und wenn auch niemand mehr an ihn glaubte. Wer nicht um der andern willen an ihn geglaubt hat, wie kann der um der andern willen auch aufhören, an ihn zu glauben?

Nur eine ſo zarte und überirdiſche Geſtalt iſt gar zu leicht verändert und verſtellt, und ſie kann von Menſchenhänden nicht berührt werden, ohne zu verlieren. Deßwegen iſt auch immer des Zankens und Streitens über ihn unter den Menſchen kein Ende geweſen.

Von allen den Streitern ſind die, welche die Bibel aufrecht halten und doch alles Uebernatürliche natürlich machen und mit ihrer Philoſophie belegen und reimen wollen, unſtreitig die ſchwächſten, denn ſie haben weder Verſtand noch Muth, und ſind nicht Fiſch noch Fleiſch. Dazu ſind ſie immer in Noth und kommen nicht zum Ziel, denn es iſt viel ſchwerer, die Vernunft gegen die Offenbarung als die Offenbarung gegen die Vernunft zu retten; und wenn ſie nicht zum Ziel kommen, ſo haben ſie nichts.

Wer menſchliche Weisheit ſeyn läßt, was ſie iſt, ſich aber beſcheidet, daß es eine größere gebe, und Gott Mittel und Wege haben könne, davon der Menſch nicht weiß, und daß es eine Offenbarung über unſre Einſichten ſeyn müſſe, und das Unbegreifliche an ihr kein Flecken, ſondern, wenn ſie ſonſt das Gepräge göttlicher Liebe trägt, grade ihr Wahrzeichen und ihre Schöne ſey, der iſt beſſer daran, und kann allen den Zänkereien unbekümmert zuſehen, und indeß in ſeine Scheuern ſammeln.

Alles muß allerdings zuſammen hängen, und wird ſich auch wohl reimen laſſen, wenn die data bekannt ſind. Die Spekulanten laſſen es ſich nicht träumen, daß das brillanteſte Feld der Spekulation hinter der Kirchmauer liege.

Doch, dem ſey wie ihm wolle, Andres; wir glauben der Bibel auf's Wort, und halten uns ſchlicht und recht an das, was die Apoſtel von Chriſtus ſagen und ſetzen.

Die ihn ſelbſt geſehen und gehört haben, und an ſeiner Bruſt gelegen ſind, die ſind ihm doch näher geweſen, als wir und die Gloſſe. Und was auch bisher unter den Gelehrten erfunden ſeyn mag, und wie gut ſie auch wiſſen und verſtehen mögen, ſo ſcheint es doch, die Wahrheit zu ſagen, daß die Apoſtel es beſſer wiſſen und verſtehen mußten.

Lebe wohl, Andres, und ſchreibe bald wieder.

Dein ꝛc.

Zweiter Brief.

Als die Leute in dem Markt der Samariter, bei denen unſer Herr Chriſtus Herberge beſtellen ließ, ihn nicht annehmen wollten, ſprachen ſeine Jünger Jacobus und Johannes: Herr, willſt du, ſo wollen wir ſagen, daß Feuer vom Himmel falle und verzehre ſie, wie Elias that. — Und das nimmſt Du ſo übel und kannſt es den beiden Jüngern nicht vergeben und vergeſſen! — Du freuſt einen, Andres! Aber ich kann auf meinen Jakobus und Johannes nichts kommen laſſen, und ich muß ihnen bei Dir das Wort reden und ihre Ehre retten.

Vorläufig darf man über das „Feuer vom Himmel fallen laſſen" ſo ängſtlich nicht ſeyn, denn es hat damit gute Wege; und wer es kann fallen laſſen, der wird ſchon wiſſen, was er zu thun und zu laſſen hat. Ueber Handlungen höherer Ordnung können wir nicht urtheilen, und ſo müſſen wir auch nicht darüber urtheilen wollen. Die Sache, wovon hier geredet wird, iſt bloß menſchlich, und da will ich, wie geſagt, verſuchen, die Donnerskinder mit Dir auszuſöhnen.

Erſtlich hatten ſie das Exempel des Elias vor ſich, den ſie noch kürzlich in ſehr glorreichen Umſtänden geſehen hatten; und dann ſuchten ſie ihres Meiſters Einwilligung, und natürlich auch ſeine Kraft. Doch, Du pflegſt zu ſagen: ſchweige von einem andern, oder ſetze dich an ſeine Stelle. Wir wollen uns dann hinſetzen. Es ſitzt ſich einmal an der Stelle ſo gut.

Chriſtus war mit den Jüngern auf der Reiſe nach Jeruſalem. Er reiſte hier eigentlich in Angelegenheiten der Samariter, und that dieſe Reiſe, wie alle das andere, um ſie und alle Menſchen ſanft zu betten, und ihnen ewige Herberge zu bereiten. Zwar das mochten die Jünger, ob er ihnen gleich verſchiedentlich darüber geredet hatte, doch vielleicht noch ſo ganz nicht begriffen haben. Aber ſie waren doch zwei, drei ganzer Jahre mit ihm herumgezogen, und hatten geſehen, daß er nicht ſeinetwegen umherzog, und nicht gekommen war, ſich dienen zu laſſen; daß er nichts als Gutes lehrte, und Gutes that, links und rechts, und ohne Anſehn der Perſon, und daß er ſich nicht zweimal bitten ließ, und jedem der ſein bedurfte, mit Liebe und Freundlichkeit zuvor kam. Dazu war es izt das letztemal, daß er ihre Herberge brauchte, denn die Zeit war erfüllt, daß er ſollte von hinnen genommen werden, und er ging hier der Schmach und dem Tode entgegen. — Und nun wird ihm das Nachtlager verſagt, und ſeine Boten werden abgewieſen... Andres, kannſt Du es den Jüngern übel nehmen, wenn ſie da unwillig wurden? Der iſt kein ſchlechter Mann, dem die Galle überläuft, wenn er ſo Gutes mit Undank belohnen, und Recht und Billigkeit mit Füßen treten ſieht!

Und nimm nun noch dazu die Anhänglichkeit und Liebe, womit die Jünger ihrem Herrn und Meiſter zugethan waren und anhingen. Wem alles gleichviel und einerlei iſt, der hat gut ſprechen. Aber, wem es an Etwas gelegen, und in der Bruſt nicht hohl iſt, dem iſt anders zu Muthe, als den Eiszapfen am Dache des Toleranz-Tempels. Das Herz hat auch ſeine Rechte, und läßt nicht mit ſich ſpielen wie mit einem Vogel. Ueberhaupt iſt es nicht Unrecht, Auge um Auge, Zahn um Zahn! Und ſchilt mir den Mann nicht, der für Recht und Billigkeit ſtehen bleibt, und die Hand an's Schwert legt. Etwas von dem Drei-Männer-Trotz, der ſich auf nichts in der Welt als auf ſich ſelbſt und ſeine gute Sache ſtützt, und doch vor der Gewalt und Menge nicht beugen will, iſt nicht ſo übel. „Unſer Gott,“ ſagten ſie, „kann uns wohl erretten; und wenn er es auch nicht thun will, ſo ſollt ihr dennoch wiſſen, daß wir das goldene Kalb nicht anbeten wollen.“

Kurz, wie es an den drei Männern edel war, daß ſie an Feuer nicht dachten, ſo war es an den beiden Jüngern nicht unedel, daß ſie daran dachten.

Freilich, Chriſtus bedräuete ſie; und wer das „Feuer vom Himmel“ in ſeiner Hand, unter ſeinem durch und durch gewürkten Rock zurückhalten und verbergen, und ſich vor Freund und Feind wie ein Verbrecher hinführen laſſen konnte, damit der Wille des Vaters im Himmel geſchehe, der konnte dräuen, und vor dem hatten die Jünger ſich zu ſchämen, daß ſie nicht wußten, wes Geiſtes Kinder ſie waren. Aber ich will auch wiſſen, daß ſie vor einem jeden andern Geiſt ſich nicht zu ſchämen hatten, und daß der Geiſt des Chriſtenthums nicht ohne Urſache ein Geiſt der Herrlichkeit genannt wird.

Gut iſt ein ander Ding als edel; und Frei-ſeyn ein ander Ding als an ſeiner Kette reißen und rütteln. Edle Menſchen gibt es von Natur, aber gut iſt Niemand, als der einige Gott, und wen der gut gemacht hat.

Dein x.

Dritter Brief.

Ich ſoll Dir das weiter aus einander ſetzen. —

Edel iſt: Ahnung der Heimath; das Gute in Feindes Land; der König im Gefängniß. Wer Freude am Guten hat und gerne gut wäre, und mit ſich kämpft und ſtreitet, daß er's ſey, der iſt ein edler Mann.

Was ſoll ich Dir viel aus einander ſetzen? Du weißt ja, beſſer als ich, wie es geht. Man will gern immer — das Eitle nicht lieb haben, unpartheiiſch ſeyn, nicht böſe werden, wenn man beleidigt wird, geiſtlich geſinnt ſeyn u. ſ. w.; aber man kann es nicht. Wenn auch auswendig, ſo geht es doch inwendig nicht rein ab. Und wenn auch das Feld behalten wird, ſo iſt darum doch kein Friede. Der Feind bleibt im Lande, und man muß mit dem Gefangenen ſich placken und plagen.

All Fehd ein Ende, und rein Haus machen, das iſt die Weisheit Gottes, welche die Edeln gelüſtet zu ſchauen, die Weiſen wiſſen, und die Thoren verachten.

Edel iſt alſo nicht gut; aber es iſt darum edel und nichts gemeines, und ihm gebühret Ehre und Achtung von Jedermann, wo es ſich ſehen läßt.

Von den Mund-Edeln, die nämlich nur von Edel und Gut ſprechen und ſchreiben, tiefgelehrt oder ungelehrt, iſt hier die Rede nicht. Die werden gar nicht mitgezählt.

Ohne Kampf und Verleugnung gibt es keinen Adel und wahren Werth für den Menſchen, und ohne Kampf kennet er die Kluft nicht, die in unſerm Inwendigen zwiſchen Wollen und Seyn, zwiſchen Edel und Gut befeſtigt iſt, und kann ſie nicht kennen. „Die auf dem Meer fahren, die ſagen von ſeiner Fährlichkeit. — Daſelbſt ſind ſeltſame Wunder, mancherlei Thiere und Wallfiſche; durch dieſelben ſchiffet man hin.“

Erfahrung machet den Meiſter. Und nur die, welche ſich in den Defileen und Labyrinthen jener großen Kluft verſucht, und mit den ſeltſamen Wundern und mancherlei Ungeheuern vor den Thoren des Friedes gekämpft und ſich ſelbſt daran gewagt haben, nur die können wiſſen, ob es dort Mühe und Fährlichkeit hat, und ob man dort eines heiligen Zweiges bedarf oder nicht. Und es wäre ſehr luſtig zu ſehen, wenn ein Stuben-Zeichner einen ſolchen edeln Ritter und Veteran, der unter den Waffen an Ort und Stelle grau geworden iſt, aus ſeinen Landkarten zurecht weiſen und eines beſſern belehren wollte.

Du ſiehſt denn, welchen Leuten die Religion gleichgültig und entbehrlich bedünken kann, und welchen Leuten ſie unentbehrlich und heilig iſt; und daß dieſe, alle Complimente bei Seite geſetzt, ſich ihrer Anhänglichkeit und Achtung nicht zu ſchämen brauchen.

Leb wohl, Andres.

Vierter Brief.

Du möchteſt gern den Sinn der unterirdiſchen Unternehmungen in der Mythologie der alten Völker wiſſen, und warum doch die großen herrlichen Menſchen, die feurigen Sucher und Liebhaber der Wahrheit, in die Unterwelt herunter geſtiegen ſind. —

Ich denke, Andres, weil ſie, was ſie ſuchten, hier oben nicht haben finden können. Wer hier ſeine Genüge findet, der muß mit unvollkommner, ſichtbarer, veränderlicher und vergänglicher Natur genug haben. Wenn alſo eine vollkommne, unſichtbare, unveränderliche und unvergängliche Natur der Freund war, den ihre Seele liebte, ſo mußten ſie ihn anderswo ſuchen gehen. Seine Fußſtapfen fanden ſie in dem ſichtbaren und vergänglichen wohl, aber ihn fanden ſie da nicht.

Doch, warum grade unter der Erde die Veredelung ſein ſelbſt ſuchen? —

Wird doch nichts in der Luft geſäet! Samen und Thierarten legen in der Erde die Schale ab, ehe ſie ihre neue Geſtalt und Exiſtenz erhalten. Gehen doch auch die Menſchen leiblich in die Erde, ihren Staub abzuſchütteln und der Wahrheit näher zu kommen. Vielleicht, daß daher ein Bild genommen iſt; oder weil das Weizenkorn, ehe es Frucht bringet, zuvor erſterben, und alſo einen Schritt rückwärts, herunter, thun muß; oder, weil die Weiſen ſich fügen wollten in die Ideen der Welt, die dort Schätze vermuthet und ſucht; oder, weil der übrige da gefunden wird, wo es Mühe koſtet, hinzukommen, und wo nicht ein jeder vom Hauſe aus hinſehen kann. Vielleicht iſt's auch noch anders, Andres, ich weiß nicht; aber, mich dünkt, wenn wir hätten erfinden ſollen, wir hätten auch, die Schwärmer in der Luft, und die wahren ernſthaften Liebhaber unter der Erde ſuchen laſſen.

Offenbar muß man von Erde und Himmel und von allem, was ſichtbar iſt, die Augen wegwenden, wenn man das Unſichtbare finden will. Nicht, daß Himmel und Erde nicht ſchön und des Anſehens werth wären; ſie ſind wohl ſchön, und ſind da, um angeſehen zu werden. Sie ſollen unſre Kräfte in Bewegung ſetzen, durch ihre Schöne an einen, der noch ſchöner iſt, erinnern und uns das Herz nach ihm verwunden. Aber, wenn ſie das gethan haben, dann haben ſie das ihrige gethan, und weiter können ſie uns nicht helfen.

Der Menſch iſt reicher als ſie, und hat, was ſie nicht geben können. Alles, was er um ſich her Leben haben ſieht, ſtirbt; und er weiß von Unſterblichkeit. Er ſieht in der ſichtbaren Natur nichts als Zeitliches und Oertliches, und er weiß von einem Ewigen und Unendlichen. Er ſieht nur Mannichfaltigkeit, lauter Zerſtreutes und Zerſtückeltes; und doch will er immer einen, unter Eins faſſen, aus Einem herleiten u. ſ. w.

Wie und woher könnten ihm ſolche heterogene und bewundernswürdige Dinge kommen, wenn ſie nicht aus ihm ſelbſt kämen, und in ihm nicht etwas Heterogenes und Bewundernswürdiges wäre.

Selbſt die Weisheit und Ordnung, die der Menſch in der ſichtbaren Natur findet, legt er mehr in ſie hinein, als er ſie aus ihr heraus nimmt. Denn er könnte ihrer ja nicht gewahr werden, wenn er ſie nicht auf etwas, das er in ihm hat, beziehen könnte, ſo wie man ohne Maaß nicht meſſen kann. Himmel und Erde ſind für ihn nur eine Beſtätigung von einem Wiſſen, des er ſich in ſich bewußt iſt, und das ihm die Kühnheit und den Muth gibt, alles zu meiſtern und aus ſich zu rectificiren. Und mitten in der Herrlichkeit der Schöpfung iſt und fühlt er ſich größer, als alles was ihn umgibt; und ſehnt ſich nach etwas anderm.

Andres, der Menſch trägt in ſeiner Bruſt den Keim der Vollkommenheit, und findet außer ihr keine Ruhe. Und darum jagt er ihren Bildern und Conterfey's in dem ſichtbaren und unſichtbaren Spiegel ſo raſtlos nach, und hängt ſich ſo freudig und begierig an ſie an, um durch ſie zu geneſen. Aber Bilder ſind Bilder. Sie können, wenn ſie getroffen ſind, ſehr angenehm überraſchen und täuſchen, aber nimmermehr befriedigen. Befriedigen kann nur das Weſen ſelbſt, nur freies Licht und Leben — und das kann ihm Niemand geben, als der es hat.

Gott befohlen, Andres.

Dein x.

Fünfter Brief.

„Und es begab ſich darnach, daß er in eine Stadt mit Namen Nain ging, und ſeiner Jünger gingen viel mit ihm, und viel Volks.

„Als er aber nahe an das Stadtthor kam, ſiehe, da trug man einen Todten heraus, der ein einiger Sohn war ſeiner Mutter; und ſie war eine Wittwe, und viel Volks ging mit ihr.

„Und da ſie der Herr ſahe, jammerte ihn derſelbigen, und ſprach zu ihr: weine nicht!

„Und trat hinzu, und rührte den Sarg an; und die Träger ſtunden. Und er ſprach: Jüngling, ich ſage dir, ſtehe auf!

„Und der Todte richtete ſich auf, und fing an zu reden. Und er gab ihn ſeiner Mutter.“

Man kann eine ſolche Geſchichte nicht leſen, ohne die Mutter ſelig zu preiſen, und den Todten und die Träger, und alle Menſchen, die dabei waren! aber doch ſonderlich die Mutter. Du weißt, Andres, wenn man ein Kind ſchwer krank hat, das man gerne behalten will, wie man da geht und die Hände ringt, und immer hofft, auch wenn man nicht mehr kann und ſollte. Man hofft noch immer, und hört auch nicht auf, ſo lange die Kranke noch lebendig und im Bette iſt. Wenn ſie aber auf dem Brett liegt, wenn der Sarg kommt und die Träger, und die Todte hinaus getragen wird, dann muß man wohl aufhören, und bleibt dann nichts übrig, als hinter dem Sarg herzugehen und zu weinen.

Die Wittwe zu Nain ſcheint auch keinen andern Rath gewußt zu haben, und ſie hoffte wohl auch nicht mehr, als ſie, hinter der Leiche her, aus dem Stadtthor ging. Und es würde ihr auch nicht anders, als uns andern ergangen ſeyn, ihr Kind wäre eingeſenkt und mit Erde beſchüttet worden, und ſie hätte allein wieder zurück gehen müſſen, wenn nicht unſer lieber Herr Chriſtus gerade des Weges hergekommen wäre, und ſie ihm mit der Leiche begegnet wären.

Und darum iſt es eben ſo groß und erfreulich, daß er einmal auf Erden geweſen iſt, und Menſchen das Glück haben konnten, ihm zu begegnen.

„Und als ſie der Herr ſahe, jammerte ihn derſelbigen, und ſprach zu ihr: weine nicht.“

Es iſt immer etwas über alle Maßen zartes und großmüthiges in dem Benehmen Chriſti. Wer nicht helfen kann, hat gewöhnlich Mitleiden, und wer Mitleiden hat, kann gewöhnlich nicht helfen. Auch iſt mancher mitleidig, weil die Reihe auch an ihn kommen kann; weil er den andern braucht, oder ihm Verbindlichkeit hat u. ſ. w. Hier iſt das alles ganz anders. Auch, nach dem erſten Anſehen hatte die Wittwe Recht, Mitleiden von Chriſtus zu erwarten und zu fordern; nach der Wahrheit aber war ein anderes Verhältniß zwiſchen ihm und ihr. Vor ihm war ſie, was wir alle ſind, undankbare Kinder, eine ungerathene Tochter, die ihres Vaters Haus muthwillig verlaſſen und ſich ſelbſt unglücklich gemacht hatte, und Chriſtus war der Vater, der ihr nachgegangen war, um das verlorne Kind aufzuſuchen, und der ſie nun hier in einer elenden Hütte mitten unter den bittern Folgen ihrer Vergehung antraf. Sie mußte ſich ſchämen, ihm vor die Augen zu kommen, und hatte nichts als Vorwürfe zu erwarten und verdient.

Aber, „als ſie der Herr ſahe, jammerte ihn derſelbigen, und er ſprach zu ihr: weine nicht!“

Und das war ihm noch nicht genug. Er wollte nicht allein vergeben und vergeſſen, ſondern auch in der gegenwärtigen Lage und Verlegenheit Rath ſchaffen.

„Und er trat hinzu und rührte den Sarg an, und die Träger ſtunden.“

Vermuthlich kannte die Wittwe den Herrn Chriſtus nicht, und wird alſo in ihrem Schmerz nach dem Rabbi und ſeinem: weine nicht! wohl nicht ſonderlich hingehört haben. Sie hat gewiß den Sarg mit keinem Auge verlaſſen, und von dem Rabbi nichts erwartet — noch nicht, als er hinzu trat, und den Sarg anrührte, und dem Jüngling aufzuſtehen gebot.

Als aber der Kopf aus dem Sarge empor kam, als der einzige Sohn ſich aufrichtete und anfing, zu reden, und ihr wieder gegeben wurde... Andres, wie wird ſie da den wunderbaren Rabbi angeſehen, ſich vor ihm auf die Erde hingeworfen, und ihm Hände und Füße geküßt haben!

Und wie meinſt Du von den Umſtehenden? — Lucas ſagt: „es kam ſie alle eine Furcht an, und preiſeten Gott u.;“ und das ſcheint mir ſehr natürlich. Denn ſo rührend die Scene auch immer ſeyn mochte, ſo mußte doch das höhere Intereſſe die Oberhand gewinnen. Man verliert die Wittwe aus den Augen, und zittert, und preiſet Gott, daß es alſo wahr iſt, daß im Tode nur das Gehäuſe und die Hülle zerfällt; daß der Geiſt des Menſchen nach dem Tode übrig bleibt, und man wahrhaftig auf Wiederſehen rechnen kann.

Andres, die in den Gräbern ſind, werden die Stimme des Sohnes Gottes hören und hervor gehen...

Aber auch die Todten, die nicht in den Gräbern ſind, werden die Stimme des Sohnes Gottes hören und hervor gehen.

Sein Reich war nicht von dieſer Welt. Ob er gleich Herr und Meiſter der ſichtbaren Natur war, und ſeine Lehre über alles wohlthätig auch für dies Leben iſt, und er ſelbſt, im leiblichen immer und bei aller Gelegenheit half und diente, ſo war doch dies eigentlich ſein Ziel und Geſchäft nicht. Er war geſetzt über das Unſichtbare, und ein Pfleger der heiligen Güter. Und alle ſeine ſichtbaren Werke und Wunder waren ſeine kleinern Nebenwerke, die er verrichtete und that, um die Menſchen über die größeren zu belehren, und ihnen, durch das was ſie ſahen, die Augen zu öffnen über das, was ſie nicht ſahen.

Als er dort zu dem Gichtbrüchigen ſprach: „Sey getroſt, mein Sohn, deine Sünden ſind dir vergeben,“ ſo wird der Gichtbrüchige ſelbſt zwar wohl inne worden ſeyn und gewußt haben, was das ſey, wenn Chriſtus einem Menſchen ſeine Sünden vergibt; aber, die Schriftgelehrten, die umher ſtanden, wußten es nicht, und hatten deswegen ihre Bedenklichkeiten. Und Chriſtus ſagte: „auf daß ihr wiſſet, daß des Menſchen Sohn Macht habe, auf Erden die Sünden zu vergeben, ſprach er zu dem Gichtbrüchigen: ſtehe auf, hebe dein Bette auf und gehe heim!“ Und er ſtund auf und ging heim.

So auch hier. Die Auferweckung eines Todten iſt freilich ein großes Werk; aber es gibt noch ein größeres. Wie Geiſt und Wahrheit größer und edler iſt, als Leib und Mechanismus, ſo iſt auch die Auferweckung des geiſtlichen Jünglings zu Nain, oder die Herſtellung unſeres Geiſtes in ſeine urſprüngliche Herrlichkeit ein ander Werk. Aber dies hohe und eigentliche Werk Chriſti iſt unſichtbar. Damit wir aber wüßten, daß er der von der Welt her erwartete, und von allen guten Menſchen begehrte, Heil und Helfer ſey, und Macht habe, den erſtorbenen Geiſt des Menſchen zu wecken, ſo weckte er leiblich Todte. Und die das hörten und um die Wahrheit bekümmert waren, die wußten, weil Niemand die Werke thun kann, daß er ſey ein Lehrer von Gott kommen; und gingen zu ihm, um bei ihm Rath und Troſt für ihre Seele zu holen.

Menſchen können keinen geben, was ſie auch ſagen und verſprechen. Sie können von der Leiche wohl reden, können ſie ſtellen und mit Blumen ſchmücken, ihr den Kopf und die Hände zu recht legen u.; aber todt iſt todt, und ſie bleibt ſtill und ſtumm im Sarge liegen. Wenn aber Chriſtus den Sarg anrührt, ſo richtet der Todte ſich auf, und fängt an zu reden.

Durch Worte und Floskeln wird aus dürrem Winterholz kein grünes; wohl aber durch ein gleichartiges Leben.

Sechſter Brief.

Es war einmal ein Edler, deß Freunde und Angehörige durch ihren Leichtſinn um ihre Freiheit gekommen, und in fremden Lande in eine harte Gefangenſchaft gerathen waren. Er konnte ſie in ſolcher Noth nicht wiſſen, und beſchloß, ſie zu befreien.

Das Gefängniß war feſt verwahrt, und von inwendig verſchloſſen, und Niemand hatte den Schlüſſel.

Als der Edle ſich ihn, nach vieler Zeit und Mühe, zu verſchaffen gewußt hatte, band er dem Kerkermeiſter Hände und Füße, und reichte den Gefangenen den Schlüſſel durch's Gitter, daß ſie aufſchlöſſen und mit ihm heim kehrten. Die aber ſetzten ſich hin, den Schlüſſel zu beſehen und darüber zu rathſchlagen. Es ward ihnen geſagt, der Schlüſſel ſey zum Aufſchließen, und die Zeit ſey kurz. Sie aber blieben dabei, zu beſehen und zu rathſchlagen, und einige fingen an, an dem Schlüſſel zu meiſtern, und davon ab- und zuzuthun.

Und als er nun ſo nicht mehr gehen wollte: waren ſie verlegen, und wußten nicht, wie ſie ihm thun ſollten. Die andern aber hatten ihren Spott und ſagten: der Schlüſſel ſey kein Schlüſſel, und man brauche auch keinen.

Siebenter Brief.

Es iſt immer ſo, Andres, die Hauptpunkte einer Religion ſind verhüllt und zugedeckt, und iſt das heilige Abendmahl allerdings ein Geheimniß. Dafür haben es die Anhänger Chriſti von Anfang an genommen, und dafür nimmt es auch Luther. Auch pflegten die erſten Chriſten es gerne im Geheim zu halten, und noch in den Zeiten des öffentlichen chriſtlichen Gottesdienſtes mußte die übrige Verſammlung abtreten.

Wie es nun überhaupt mit Geheimniſſen iſt; wer ſie nicht weiß, der erklärt ſie, und wer ſie erklärt, der weiß ſie nicht. Erzwingen und mit Gewalt nehmen laſſen ſie ſich nicht; wer ſie aber zu verdienen ſucht, und ſich dem Beſitzer zum Freunde zu machen weiß, der erfährt ſie bisweilen. Darum wollen wir ehrerbietig und demüthig vor der Thür dieſes hochheiligen Geheimniſſes ſtehen bleiben, und die Außen-Seite anſehen, ſchlecht und recht, und wie die Bibel ſie gibt. Sie liegt Jedermann offen, und iſt, ſo wie der ganze letzte Abend und Abſchied, — als in dieſer Welt nichts anders; wie denn auch ein ſolcher Abend und Abſchied in dieſer Welt nur Einmal geweſen iſt.

Wie Chriſtus ſelbſt ſagt, und die ganze Chriſtenheit glaubt, bezieht das Alte Teſtament ſich auf das Neue. So hohe geiſtige Ideen, als die, von himmliſchen Gütern, von einer unſichtbaren Befleckung und einem geiſtlichen Fall, die geſchehen waren, von unſichtbarer Reinigung und einem Wiederherſteller, der verſprochen war und zu ſeiner Zeit kommen werde ꝛc., konnten unter den erſten Menſchen, die den großen Begebenheiten näher waren, wohl von Mann zu Mann fortgepflanzt werden; ſie würden aber mit der Zeit für die Welt erloſchen und verloren geweſen ſeyn, wenn ſie nicht von den alten Weiſen und Propheten unter einer ſinnlichen Hülle öffentlich vor die Augen gebracht und beſtändig gehalten worden wären. Moſes war vor allen andern ein ſolcher Weiſe und Prophet, und er knüpfte dieſe Hüllen, um ihnen deſto mehr Intereſſe zu geben, an die politiſche Geſchichte ſeines Volks, damit es ihnen „ein Zeichen ſey in ihrer Hand und ein Denkmal in ihren Augen, auf daß des Herrn Geſetz ſey in ihrem Munde, daß der Herr ſie mit mächtiger Hand aus Egypten geführt habe.“ — Und man kann den Moſaiſchen Gottesdienſt, außer dem, was er in ſich war, als die allervollkommenſte Prophezeihung anſehen, die wir von Chriſtus haben. Die Schrift ſagt auch, daß hinfort kein Prophet aufgeſtanden ſey wie Moſe; und Moſes redete noch auf dem Berge mit Chriſtus über den Ausgang, welchen er ſollte erfüllen zu Jeruſalem.

Die heiligen Schriften des Neuen Teſtaments drücken ſich ſehr beſtimmt darüber aus, daß der Leib und das Blut Chriſti das Reinigungs- und Erlöſungs-Mittel für den gefallenen Menſchen ſey.

„Opfer und Gaben haſt du nicht gewollt, aber den Leib haſt du mir zubereitet.“

„Das Blut Jeſu Chriſti, ſeines Sohnes, macht uns rein von aller Sünde.“

„Nun aber hat er euch verſöhnet mit dem Leibe ſeines Fleiſches durch den Tod.

„Und wiſſet, daß ihr nicht mit vergänglichem Silber oder Gold erlöſet ſeyd von euerm eitlen Wandel, nach väterlicher Weiſe, ſondern mit dem theuern Blut Chriſti, als eines unſchuldigen und unbefleckten Lammes.“

„Moſes hat euch nicht Brod vom Himmel gegeben, ſondern mein Vater giebt euch das rechte Brod vom Himmel.“

„Ich bin das lebendige Brod, vom Himmel kommen; wer von dieſem Brod eſſen wird, der wird leben in Ewigkeit. Und das Brod, das ich geben werde, iſt mein Fleiſch, welches ich geben werde für das Leben der Welt.“ —

„Werdet ihr nicht eſſen das Fleiſch des Menſchenſohns, und trinken ſein Blut, ſo habt ihr kein Leben in euch.“

Wir mögen nun verſtehen oder nicht verſtehen, was der Leib und das Blut Chriſti ſey, nach der Bibel muß der Menſch ſie genießen und ihrer theilhaftig werden, wenn er geneſen will. Und ſo hatte Moſes ein Oſterlamm angeordnet, das genoſſen werden mußte, und mit deſſen Blut „beide Pfoſten an der Thür und die Oberſchwelle beſtrichen wurden, daß der Würgengel vorüber gehe.“ So waren Opfer, und ein Hoherprieſter, der am Verſöhntage mit Blut in's Heilige ging, u. ſ. w.

Dieſe Hüllen und Schatten der himmliſchen Güter beſtanden noch zu Chriſti Zeiten, und nun war die große Stunde gekommen, wo ſie ausgedient hatten, und das weſentliche Opfer, das durch jene bedeutet war, ſelbſt geopfert werden ſollte.

„Wir haben auch ein, Oſterlamm, Chriſtus für uns geopfert.“

„Am Ende der Welt iſt Chriſtus einmal erſchienen, durch ſein eigen Opfer die Sünde aufzuheben.“

„Chriſtus iſt kommen, daß er ſey ein Hoherprieſter der zukünftigen Güter, durch eine größere und vollkommnere Hütte, die nicht mit der Hand gemacht iſt, das iſt, die, die nicht alſo gebauet iſt. Auch nicht durch der Böcke oder Kälber Blut, ſondern er iſt durch ſein eigen Blut einmal — in den Himmel ſelbſt — eingegangen, und hat eine ewige Erlöſung gefunden.“

Entweder, oder! Wir müſſen die Bibel zerreißen, oder feſthalten an dem Bekenntniß: „Für euch gegeben und vergoſſen zur Vergebung der Sünden;“ wie es auch bisher beim Genuß geſagt und geglaubt wird.

Daß die ganze Sache über unſre Einſicht iſt, und wir ſie nicht verſtehen, iſt nicht wider ſie. Denn ſie ſoll nicht Menſchen Witz und Werk ſeyn; und wird, in unſerer und in den Traditionen aller Völker, wo davon dunkler oder heller geredet wird, als höheren Gehalts und Urſprungs gegeben. Und wenn in dieſer Sache ein Wille erſcheint, der mit unbegreiflicher Erbarmung will, ſo kann es nicht befremden, wenn kein Verſtand ihm gewachſen iſt.

Uebrigens genießen wir jeden Tag und Augenblick Wohlthaten, die wir nicht verſtehen. Wir werden geboren und geſäuget, und holen Odem und verſtehen nichts. Wir verſtehen auch die leibliche Medicin nicht, die wir einnehmen, und doch hilft ſie uns und rettet uns bisweilen das Leben. Der Kunſtverſtändige verſteht ſie, und weiß ſie zuzurichten. Und darum iſt ein Unterſchied zwiſchen einem Weiſen und einem — Nicht-Weiſen. Die Nicht-Weiſen mögen unwahr und ohne Grund ſeyn; aber die Sache kommt von guter Hand.

Aber ich komme wieder zu dem letzten Abend, wo er ſeinen Vertrauten über das, was bevor ſtand, und über das neue Geſetz und Teſtament die nöthige Auskunft geben, und Abſchied von ihnen nehmen wollte.

Andres, der Abſchied des Socrates aus der Welt war ſehr ſchön und rührend; auch als Socrates mit ſeinen Jüngern ausgeredet hatte und den Giftbecher nun anſetzte und trank, weinten ſie und warfen ſich an die Erde. Aber hier iſt es mehr, als Socrates; hier iſt die Herrlichkeit Gottes, und man will vergehen, ſo wie er, dem Tode geweiht und ſchon geſalbt zu ſeinem Begräbniß, in den großen gepflaſterten Saal herein tritt, und ſich neben dem Oſterlamm hinleget.

Mich hat herzlich verlangt, ſagte er zu den Zwölfen, dies Oſterlamm mit euch zu eſſen, ehe denn ich leide.

Wie er hatte geliebt die Seinen, ſo liebte er ſie an's Ende. Man kann ſich nicht ſatt daran leſen, wenn er, der ſolch ein Werk zu vollbringen und ſolch einen Kelch zu trinken vor ſich hatte, noch bei der letzten Mahlzeit den Johannes an ſeiner Bruſt zu Tiſche ſitzen läßt, und den Jüngern Biſſen eintaucht und giebt; wenn er ſo bekümmert von dem Jünger ſpricht, der ihn verrathen werde, den Verräther nicht nennen will, und nur ihn ſelbſt fühlen läßt, daß er ſein Geheimniß wiſſe; wenn er dem Petrus, der ſich vermaß, von dem Hahn ſagt, der nicht zweimal krähen werde; wenn er hingehen will, den Jüngern die Stätte zu bereiten; wenn er ſie ſeine Freunde nennt; wenn ſie ihn wieder ſehen ſollen, und ihr Herz ſich freuen und ihre Freude Niemand von ihnen nehmen ſoll ꝛc.

Doch in dieſem heiligen Kreiſe war nicht bloß von einem Abſchied von Freunden, ſondern von größern Dingen die Rede. Und er unterrichtete ſeine Boten und die künftigen Lehrer der Welt noch einmal von dem Geheimniß des Reiches Gottes. — Eins mit dem Vater, das iſt das Ziel; er ſey der Weg, die Wahrheit und das Leben, und Niemand komme zum Vater als durch ihn; wenn er nicht hingehe zum Vater, ſo komme der Tröſter nicht zu ihnen; wenn er aber hingehe, wolle er ihn ſenden, den Geiſt der Wahrheit, der vom Vater ausgehet und den die Welt nicht kennt und nicht empfahen kann; und der werde bei ihnen bleiben ewiglich, und in ihnen ſeyn, und ſie würden dann alles wiſſen, und ihre Bitten würden geſchehen.

Aber eine Lehre, die ſolche Verheißungen und Macht dem Menſchen giebt, konnte mißverſtanden werden. Damit aber die Jünger wüßten, was ſie meine und wes Geiſtes Kind ſie ſeyn, ſtand der Herr und Meiſter, als „er wußte, daß ihm der Vater alles hatte in ſeine Hände gegeben und daß er von Gott kommen war und zu Gott ging,“ auf, legte ſeine Kleider ab, nahm einen Schurz und umgürtete ſich, goß Waſſer in ein Becken und wuſch ihnen die Füße.

Wie wird Dir, Andres, wenn Du IHN ſo waſchen, mit dem Schurz und dem Becken in der Hand von einem Jünger zum andern gehen ſiehſt!

Und wenn man dann an die und jene denkt, die ſich nach ſeinem Namen nennen!

Aber ſie ſind auch nicht ſein, und können ſich nennen, nach wem ſie wollen.

Keiner, und hätt' er aller Sternen Lauf erfunden, und trüge Kron' und Scepter und wär' ein Herr der ganzen Welt, wenn er nicht das alles und ſein eigen Leben für ihn vergeſſen kann, der iſt ſein nicht werth.

Seine Lehre war nicht für dieſe Welt, und ihre Hauptſeiten ſind darüber hinaus und unſichtbar. Weil ſie aber doch in dieſer Welt ſeyn ſollte, ſo mußte ſie eine ſichtbare haben, und die Welt wiſſen, wes ſie ſich zu ihr zu verſehen habe. Und der Stifter gab dies Beiſpiel der Demuth und Entäußerung, und ſetzte die Liebe als das Kenn- und Wahrzeichen ſeiner Jünger.

So groß und hehr nun auch alle dieſe Belehrungen und Eröffnungen waren, und ſo viel erfreuliches Licht auch daraus den Jüngern über das neue Geſetz und Teſtament aufgehen mußte, ſo blieb doch der Stein auf ihrem Herzen, und es fehlte noch ein Aufſchluß.

Er hatte in der Schule zu Capernaum, als er von den Kräften ſeines Leibes und Blutes redete, den Genuß derſelben ausdrücklich als das Mittel des Lebens und einer ewigen Vereinigung mit ihm geſetzt; und nun wollte er hin gehen zum Vater, von ihnen weg und wo ſie ihm nicht folgen konnten.

Natürlich war ihr Herz, wie die Schrift ſagt, voll Trauerns worden, weil er ſolches zu ihnen geredet hatte. Und Du kannſt denken, Andreas, ſie ſaßen um ihn und ſahen ihn an, und ſehnten ſich nach ſeinem Leib und Blut.

Lege Deine Stirn auf die Erde.

Und „er nahm das Brod, dankete und brach's, und gab's den Jüngern, und ſprach: nehmet, eſſet, das iſt mein Leib."

„Und er nahm den Kelch, und dankete, gab ihnen den, und ſprach: trinket alle daraus, das iſt mein Blut des Neuen Teſtaments, welches vergoſſen wird für Viele, zur Vergebung der Sünden."

Das ſagte er, und mehr hat es ihm nicht gefallen zu ſagen.

Und darauf ging er hinaus, den Haß und die Verachtung der Welt zu verdienen und ihnen „das gute Werk zu erzeigen von ſeinem Vater, um welches ſie ihn ſteinigen."

Clauren s. Hauff, Heun und Herloſsſohn.

Christian August Clodius

ward im Jahre 1738 zu Annaberg geboren, wo ſein Vater Rector der dortigen lateiniſchen Schule war, ein Amt das derſelbe jedoch bald nachher mit dem Rectorat zu Zwickau vertauſchte, an welchem Orte ſein Sohn die erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung erhielt. Mit den gehörigen Kenntniſſen und einer vorherrſchenden Liebe zu den Dichtern des Alterthums ausgeſtattet, bezog dieſer 1756 die Univerſität Leipzig um daſelbſt Theologie zu ſtudieren, mußte jedoch zwei Jahre ſpäter, durch eine heftige Krankheit gezwungen, wieder in das elterliche Haus, zu ſeiner Geneſung kehren. Während ſeines diesmaligen Aufenthalts in Zwickau, machte er die Bekanntſchaft des Dichters von Kleiſt, der als Major dort im Winterquartier lag und wurde demſelben ſo werth, daß er ſich faſt beſtändig in ſeiner Geſellſchaft befand. — Clodius glückliche Anlagen veranlaßten Kleiſt ihn lebhaft zum Studium der Dichtkunſt und zur Ausbildung des eigenen Talentes anzuregen, weshalb der junge Mann, als er wieder nach Leipzig ging, von Gellert mit freundlichem Rathe unterſtützt und aufgemuntert, ſich vorzugsweiſe den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften widmete. Er ward 1759 Magiſter der freien Künſte, bald darauf Privatdocent, und ſchon im folgenden Jahre außerordentlicher ſo wie 1764 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie neuer Stiftung zu Leipzig und 1771 Collegiat des großen Fürſtencollegiums daſelbſt. Nachdem er ſeit 1778 dort die Profeſſur der Logik und ſeit 1782 die Profeſſur der Dichtkunſt bekleidet, ſtarb er am 30. November 1784 allgemein verehrt und betrauert.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Verſuche aus der Litteratur und Moral. 4 Stücke. Leipzig, 1767—69.
Medon oder die Rache des Weiſen. Leipzig, 1768. Aus dem Vorigen beſonders abgedruckt.
Neue vermiſchte Schriften. 6 Thle. Leipzig, 1780—87. Die beiden letzten Theile wurden nach ſeinem Tode von ſeiner Gattin herausgegeben, und beſtehen aus dem, mit neuem Titel verſehenen
Odeum. Zwei Theile. Leipzig, 1784.
Gedichte auf die Huldigung Sr. Durchlaucht des Churfürſten zu Sachſen. Leipzig, 1784.

Clodius würde bei großem Wiſſen, reger Phantaſie, und redlichem Streben weit mehr geleiſtet haben, wenn nicht die Sucht durch ſeinen Styl zu glänzen, ihn zu Abgeſchmacktheiten verleitet und nach Prunk und Schwulſt hätte ſtreben laſſen, gerade da, wo er durch Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit weit mehr würde gewirkt haben. Dieſe Uebertreibungen verſpottete nun W. Goethe als Jüngling, in einer Parodie, die er auch in ſeiner Autobiographie (Aus meinem Leben. Goethe's Werke. Ausgabe in 12 Bdn. 25. S. 137 fgde.) nebſt einigen Bemerkungen über Clodius mittheilt.

Vgl. Clodius, neue vermiſchte Schriften Th. 6. wo ſich eine von ſeiner Gattin geſchriebene Biographie deſſelben findet. — Sein Bildniß enthält der Leipziger Muſenalmanach für 1776.

Christian August Heinrich Clodius,

des Vorigen Sohn, ward 1772 zu Altenburg geboren, ſtudierte Philoſophie in Leipzig, habilitirte ſich daſelbſt, und wurde 1800 außerordentlicher, 1811 aber ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie an dieſer Univerſität.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Leipzig, 1794.
Der Madalenenkirchhof. Leipzig, 1800. 4 Bde.
Entwurf zu einer ſyſtematiſchen Poetik. Leipzig, 1804.
Fedor, der Menſch unter Bürgern. 2 Thle. Leipzig, 1805.
Lafontaine's Fabeln. 2 Thle. Leipzig, 1803.
Baurede. Leipzig, 1805.
Vaterlandshymne. Leipzig, 1807.
Grundriß der allgemeinen Religionslehre. Leipzig, 1808.
Fauſt's Schatten an die Univerſität Leipzig. Leipz. 1809. Fol.
Von Gott in der Natur, in der Menſchengeſchichte und im Bewußtſeyn. Leipzig, 1818—22. 2 Bde.
Klopſtocks Nachlaß. Leipzig, 1820. 2 Thle.
Stammtafel aller philoſophiſchen Hauptanſichten aus dem Bewußtſeyn. Fol. Leipzig, 1823.
Einzelne Cantaten, Gedichte u. ſ. w.

C. iſt ein als Dichter, Kritiker und Philoſoph, wie als Menſch allgemein geachteter und höchſt vortheilhaft bekannter Mann. Warmes Gefühl, Geſchmack, und eine edle Sprache zeichnen ſein poetiſches gründliches Wiſſen, ruhiges und ſcharfſinniges Forſchen, Klarheit und Wohlwollen ſeine proſaiſchen Leiſtungen aus. Als Philoſoph nähert er ſich F. H. Jacobi.

Julie Friederike Henriette Clodius,

des Vorigen Mutter, und Gattin von C. A. Clodius ward 1755 zu Altenburg geboren, wo ihr Vater, der Commiſſionsrath Stölzel lebte. Sie erhielt eine ſorgfältige Erziehung und vermählte ſich ſchon in früher Jugend. Nach dem Tode ihres Mannes gab ſie den fünften und ſechſten Theil von deſſen vermiſchten Schriften heraus, überſetzte Mehreres und hinterließ einen Roman in der Handſchrift, den ihr Sohn, zufolge ihrer ausdrücklichen Anordnung, zur Unterſtützung einiger Hülfsbedürftigen, erſcheinen ließ. — Sie ſtarb auf einer Beſuchsreiſe in Dresden am 3. März 1805, als eine äußerſt wohlthätige, vortreffliche und geiſtreiche Frau allgemein geliebt und beweint.

Von ihr erſchienen:

Gedichte von Eliſabeth Carter und Charlotte Smith. Leipzig, 1784.
Eduard Montreſeuil. Leipzig, 1806.

Warmes Gefühl, Lebenskenntniß, und eine ſeltene Herrſchaft über die Sprache, weiſen der liebenswürdigen Frau einen ehrenvollen Platz unter den deutſchen Schriftſtellerinnen an.

Herrmann Heimart Cludius

ward am 28. März 1754 zu Hildesheim geboren, ſtudierte ſeit 1774 Theologie in Göttingen und erhielt nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn, eine Anſtellung als Prediger an der St. Georgskirche zu Hildesheim. Im Jahre 1787 ward er daſelbſt Superintendent, und 1827, wo ihm das ſeltene Glück zu Theil wurde, ſein funfzigjähriges Dienſtjubiläum zu feiern, Kirchenrath.

Er gab heraus:

Poetiſche Werke. Altona, 1787. 1r Th.
Perimede oder Hippias und Agathons Klugheitslehre. Gotha, 1803.
Söder, Landſitz des Grafen von Brabeck. Ein maleriſches Gedicht. Hildesheim, 1805.
Der neue Plato. Athen, 1787. (Hannover bei Hahn.)
Grundriß der körperlichen Beredſamkeit. Hamburg, 1792.
Timarete oder von der Freundſchaft. Hamburg, 1802.
Abriß der Vortragskunſt. Hildesheim, 1810.
Zwei Sprachgedichte nebſt einem Anhange. Gotha, 1803.
Betrachtungen über die geſammten Lehren der Religion. 4 Thle. Bremen, 1783—87.
Bibliſch-practiſches Elementarbuch der Religion. Hildesheim und Leipzig, 1786.
Muhammeds Religion aus dem Koran dargelegt und erläutert u. ſ. w. Altona, 1809.
Uranſichten des Chriſtenthums. Altona, 1808.
Wahrheiten der chriſtlichen Religion. Bremen, 1782.
Cleanthes Geſang auf den höchſten Gott. Göttingen, 1786.

C's didactiſche Gedichte gehören zu ſeinen beſten Leiſtungen, da es ihm nicht an Ruhe, Klarheit, Scharfſinn, Fleiß und Herrſchaft über die Sprache, wohl aber an Phantaſie und Lebendigkeit fehlt. — Als theologiſcher Schriftſteller iſt er vortheilhaft bekannt.

Johannes Cochlaeus

hieß eigentlich Johann Dobneck und nahm den erſteren Namen von dem Orte Wendelſtein bei Nürnberg, wo er 1479 geboren wurde, an. Er ging 1509 nach Nürnberg und ward 1511 Rector zu St. Lorenz daſelbſt, gab jedoch bereits 1517 dieſes Amt wieder auf um eine Univerſität zu beſuchen. Nach vollendeten Studien ward er Dechant an der Kirche zu unſerer lieben Frauen in Frankfurt am Mayn, mußte aber wegen Religionsſtreitigkeiten 1525 nach Cöln flüchten. Nachdem er hinter einander mehrere geiſtliche Aemter in Mainz und Meißen bekleidet und ihn die Reformation aus der letztgenannten Stadt vertrieben hatte ward er Canonicus zu Breslau, wo er am 10. Januar 1552 ſtarb.

Außer mehreren lateiniſchen, vorzüglich gegen Luther gerichteten Schriften gab er heraus:

D. Joannis Cochlaei Lutherus Septiceps ubique sive contrarius. Lateiniſch und deutſch. 1529. in 4. ohne O.
Bockſpiel Martini Luthers. Mainz, 1531. — (Dieſe Schrift wird dem Cochläus von Riederer „Nachrichten zur Kirchen-, Gelehrten- und Büchergeſchichte St. VI. S. 226" beigelegt, doch iſt es nicht erwieſen, ſondern nur wahrſcheinlich, daß er der Verfaſſer derſelben ſei.) u. m. A.

Einer der heftigſten Gegner Luthers und der Reformation, nicht ohne Gelehrſamkeit aber ohne Witz, derb und plump. Seine Schmähſchriften ſind ſelten geworden.

Heinrich Joseph von Collin

der Sohn eines in Wien lebenden Arztes, ward am 26. December 1772 daſelbſt geboren und erhielt ſeit dem Herbſte des Jahres 1782 ſeine Bildung im Löwenburgiſchen Collegium, wo er ſich ſchon früh durch glückliche Anlagen und eifrigen Fleiß vortheilhaft auszeichnete. Später ſtudierte er die Rechte und trat dann 1795, als Practikant bei der K. K. Hofkanzelei ein. Zwei Jahre darauf ward er Hofconcipiſt bei der oberſten Finanz- und Commerzhofſtelle und bekleidete von nun an, als einer der gewiſſenhafteſten und arbeitſamſten Staatsdiener, von ſeinen Vorgeſetzten geachtet und geſchätzt, nach einander bedeutende Aemter, bis er 1809 Hofrath bei der Geheimen-Credit-Hofcommiſſion und Ritter des Leopoldordens wurde. — Sein unermüdlicher Eifer und der Gram über die Leiden welche ſein Vaterland trafen, untergruben ſeine Geſundheit und er unterlag am 28. Juli 1811, zu früh für den Staat, dem er vielfache Dienſte geleiſtet, wie für ſeine Freunde, einem Nervenfieber. Ihm ward ein Denkmal in der Karlskirche zu Wien geſetzt, für welches aus allen Provinzen der öſtreichiſchen Monarchie reichliche Beiträge einliefen, ſo daß aus dem nahe an 6000

Gulden betragenden Ueberſchuſſe, zum Andenken des trefflichen Mannes, ein Stipendium für arme Rechtsbefliſſene geſtiftet werden konnte.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Regulus. Trauerſpiel. Berlin, 1802.
Coriolan. Trag. Berlin, 1804.
Polyxena. Berlin, 1804.
Balboa. Berlin, 1806.
Bianca della Porta. Berlin, 1808.
Mäon. Berlin, 1809.
Die Horatier und Curiatier. Berlin, 1810.
Hoftheater-Taſchenbuch. Wien, 1807.
Wehrmannslieder. Wien, 1809.
Gedichte. Wien, 1812.
Sämmtliche Schriften, herausgegeben von ſeinem Bruder Matthäus von Collin. Wien, 1814. 6 Bde.

Collins poetiſche Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich höchſt vortheilhaft durch Würde, Anmuth, Reinheit der Geſinnungen und Correctheit aus; in ſeinen Tragödien waltet Einfachheit, rhetoriſche Kraft und verſtändige Characteriſtik vor, und wenn der Fleiß allein den Dichter machte, ſo würde er als der Erſten Einer zu betrachten ſeyn. — Dagegen fehlt es ihm an eigentlicher Genialität und Phantaſie: ſeine Schöpfungen ſind zu ſehr Erzeugniſſe des Verſtandes und er wirkt daher mehr durch dieſen, als durch das Gefühl auf das Gemüth des Zuſchauers oder Leſers. Der Schmuck mit dem er ſeine Werke ausſtattet iſt demzufolge auch mehr ein rhetoriſcher als ein eigentlich poetiſcher zu nennen. Unter ſeinen Dramen iſt „Regulus“ und nach dieſem „Balboa“ wohl das gelungenſte. Seine Oden, zu ſehr antiken Muſtern nachgebildet, ermangeln hin und wieder der Natürlichkeit. Höchſt glücklich aber traf er den richtigen Ton in ſeinen Soldatenliedern. Wir theilen hier, als ihn am geeignetſten characteriſirend, einige ſeiner vorzüglichſten lyriſchen Dichtungen mit. Eine ausführlichere Biographie des vortrefflichen Mannes findet ſich in der von ſeinem Bruder herausgegebenen Sammlung ſeiner Schriften.

Einſamkeit und Welt.*)

Ach, was ſoll der Welt das Feuer,
Das mir hell im Buſen brennt!
Nur den Freunden iſt es theuer,
Die der Feind nun von mir trennt.
Weicht hinweg, unheil'ge Schaaren!
Will das Feuer rein bewahren,
Will's, im Buſen tief verborgen,
Still und prieſterlich beſorgen.

Alſo klagt' ich, und entflohen
Jedem menſchlichen Verein,
Ließ die Dränger ich nun drohen,
Träumte ſchon ein Gott zu ſeyn.
Doch in abgeſchiedner Stille
Schwand mir bald des Herzens Fülle;
Und der Flamme mattes Blinken,
Wollt' in Aſche ſchon verſinken.

Und die Welt, ſo feindlich wüſte,
Wehte kalt mir Schauer zu,
Daß den Tod ich jubelnd grüßte
Als Geleiter zu der Ruh;
Daß ich rief: Ihr Himmelsmächte,
Reicht mir freundlich eure Rechte!
Dort bei euren lichten Thronen,
Nicht im Chaos, laßt mich wohnen!

Durch die goldnen Aetherwogen
Drang mein Sehnſuchtsruf empor!
Meine Muſe kam geflogen,
Leuchtend wie ein Meteor.
Ihre Augen ſtrahlten Feuer:
Zürnend ſcholl die goldne Leyer
Doch ſie tönt' in Harmonien —
Und ich konnte nicht entfliehen.

Staubvermählter Götterfunken,
— Rief die Göttin mich nun an —
Nicht in Weichlichkeit verſunken
Flieht des Lebenskampfes Bahn!
Erſt vom Stahl herausgeſchlagen,
Fängt der Funke an zu tagen.
Soll er ſeine Macht bewähren,
Muß er feindlich Stoff verzehren.

Ruht auch Zeus, umtanzt von Horen
Ewig unbeweglich ſtill,
Blitzt er doch zu Staub den Thoren,
Der ſich frech empören will.
Als im Wahnſinn die Giganten
Bergeſchleudernd auf ihn rannten,
Hob er höher ſich im Kriege,
Sich allmächtig in dem Siege.

Nicht für ſich der goldnen Sonne
Freuet ſich Hyperion;
Wetterleuchten iſt ihm Wonne,
Und er eilt vom Strahlenthron,
Lenket ſeine Flügelpferde
Unermüdlich um die Erde,
In dem Kampf mit Finſterniſſen
Seiner Gottheit zu genießen.

Wenn im grauſen Schlachtgewirre
Ares wilden Kampf erhebt:
Ha, wie ſich bei Schwertgeklirre
Seine Götterkraft belebt!
Strömt ſein Blut in Purpurwellen,
Fühlt der Gott die Adern ſchwellen,
Heißer ſeine Gottheit glühen,
Scheint das Leben ihm zu fliehen.

Mit geſenktem goldnem Speere
Läßt ſich Pallas himmelab;
Dummheit ſtellt ſich ihr zur Wehre,
Rohheit hebt den Knotenſtab;
Trägheit will ſich feig verkriechen,
Böſer Wille kommt geſchlichen:
Sieh im Kampf mit Orkusheeren
Ihre Schimmer ſich verklären!

Nicht zum ſelbſtiſchen Ergetzen
Stimm' ich meiner Lyra Klang;
Menſchenaugen ſanft zu netzen,
Tönt mein ſchmeichelnder Geſang.
Ring' ich ſtoffumfangne Seelen
Mit der Schönheit zu vermählen,
Fühl' ich ſelbſt dann, freudetrunken,
In dem Lichtquell mich verſunken.

Alſo ſchließt ein Prometide
Seiner Götterabkunft werth,
Nicht die Flamme, kampfesmüde,
In des Herzens Opferheerd;
Läßt hinaus ins freie Leben
Frei die Himmelsflamme ſchweben,
Daß ſie wärmend um ſich greife,
Holde Götterfrüchte reife.

Daß des Chaos dunkle Maſſe
Licht verkläre ſchon zur Welt,
Geiſt den rohen Stoff umfaſſe,
Bis er liebend ihn beſeelt.
Lodernd zeiget nur die Flamme,
Daß ſie vom Olympus ſtamme,
Hebt ſich aus dem Erdgetümmel
Liebelodernd nur zum Himmel.

Ewig muß das Ew'ge währen;
Darum ſinke nicht dein Muth,
Will den Altar ſelbſt verzehren
Deines Herzens Flammengluth.
Denn gelöſ't vom Sclavenbande
Fliegt ſie auf zum Vaterlande,
An des Lichtes ew'gen Quellen
Sich den Göttern zu geſellen.

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*) Aus v. Collins Gedichten. Wien, 1812.

Künſtlerentzückung.

Kunſt iſt das Höchſte!
Sieh, es verblüht die Blume der Schönheit
Mit dem Traume der Jugend;
Es zerfällt das Gebäude der Macht,
Und des Reichthums leuchtende Fülle
Woget im falſchen Wechſel umher. —
Herzerhebend, ewig, iſt nichts,
Was täuſchendes Glück aus goldenem Horne
Thöricht lechzender Habſucht verleiht. —
Mir hat die Kunſt
Der Menſchheit ſtrahlendes Siegel
Auf die heitre Stirne gedrückt,
In die getreuen, die liebenden Arme
Mich ſchützend gefaßt.
So ſchreit' ich feſt durch's Leben,
Und frei noch in das Grab. —
Wohlan, begeiſterte Seele!
— Und wären die Völker auch taub —
Hör' es, du Hain und du Fels!
Nachhall! tön' es dem Enkel
In das empfängliche Herz: —
Kunſt iſt das Höchſte!

Die Lyra, die Lyra herab
Reicht mir die Lyra!
Denn nicht länger vermag
Die vor Entzückung wirbelnde Seele
Sich zu verſchließen.
Begeiſterung! ha! treibt ſie mit Herrſchergewalt,
In des Rythmus freieſten Stürmen
Auszubrauſen die Fülle,
Sich mit Kühnheit zu ſtürzen
In der Dichtung unendliches Glanzmeer.

Bilder, wie ſie ſelig die Geweiheten erſah'n
In den beglückteſten Stunden,
Ha, ſie wogen vor mir
Rieſengeſtalten!
Durch die Lüfte den Sternen zu
Zieht mich ihr magiſcher Glanz, und ich ſchwebe
Schon auf den Höhen der Menſchheit!

Hammergetöſe durchſchallt
Wald und Felskluft. Ach, dort ſchmiedet Hephäſtos
Mit dem Stahlgurt grauſam Prometheus hin
An den Rücken der felſigen Wand.
Ihn doch ſtören die Qualen nicht, und er ſinnet
Der Erdumwandlung zum Himmel
Froh nach im ſchaffenden Geiſt.
Schlag auf Schlag zerreißt ihm den Leib; der Heros
Denkt das gelungene Werk.
Keine Klage tönet ſein Mund; verachtend
Straft des Gefeſſelten Blick die Gewalt; —
Die ſchleichet murrend weg,
Verläßt ihn unbezwungen.

Schon des erlittenen Unrechts theilnehmende Zeugen
Ruft er, menſchlich, der Menſchenbefreier,
An die heilige Gäa,
Und Okeanos auch, den liebenden Erdumgürter.
Mächtigen Ruf des Gerechten!
Er dringt durch die Tiefen der Erde.
Jetzt tönt Olympos ihn wieder,
Jetzt brüllt ihn Tartaros nach.

Sieh', den Horizont umzieht der Donn'rer; —
Flammen fahren herauf vom Orkus; —
Die Erde bebt! — noch rufet er laut,
Siegend ruft er empor.

Und es rollt, ſchmettert, kracht,
Näher und immer näher,
Tauſendſtimmiger Donnerhall.
Rings aus flammenden Wolken geſchlängelt glüht
Blitz auf Blitz!
Sturmwind heult laut!
Hu, wie ſchäumet und ſiedet und woget und brüllt,
Hochaufſtrudelnd, die Flut am ſteilen Geſtad'!

Weh in der weiten Natur der Lebendigen,
Gibt es kein Ohr für dich, Prometheus,
So hinhorchte deinem gewaltigen Ruf!
Der durch Donnergebrüll, durch Stürmegeheul,
Durch der wogenden Fluth betäubend Gebrüll
Vortönend, den Welterſchütterer Zeus
Anklagt unrecht verübter Gewalt.

Doch aus des Meeres tiefſtem Grunde
Woget empor, hebet ſich ſchon
Im wildumbrauſten Geſtade
Der Nereiden göttliche Schaar.
Schläft ja nie das heilige Mitleid
In der weiblichen Bruſt!
Und ſie nahen dem Dulder Prometheus,
Mit melodiſcher Laute Silbergeliſpel,
Süßeindringend ins Ohr, warnen ſie ihn:
„Nicht zu läſtern den im Olymp!
„Mächtiger ſey ja Zeus!“
Von Prometheus Felſenbruſt fließt leiſ' ab
Der lockenden Stimmen Getön.
Ungebändigt zürnet er fort:

„Schleudre, Zeus, den ſengenden Strahl
„In die Grau'nkluft ewiger Nacht,
„In des Phlegethons Flammengeſtrudel
„Stürz' mich hinab!
„Laß gethürmeter Felſen Gewicht
„Mir belaſten die Bruſt!
„Elende Macht!
„Kannſt du den Willen mir beugen,
„Daß ich verleugne Wahrheit und Recht! —
„Nimmer! nimmer!
„Vollbracht bleibt Menſchenbeglückung doch,
„Durch Prometheus vollbracht.
„Höre mich, Donnerer Zeus!
„Mächtiger wohl biſt du;
„Aber größer bin ich!“

Und der Nereiden zärtliche Schaar
Ob des Heros Frevelwort
Zittert, ſchaudert, verſtummt;
Aber es hängt der Staunenden Blick
Mitleidſchimmernd, mitleidthauend,
An des gefeſſelten Dulders Geſtalt.
Der Berge Haupt, der wolkenbekränzten,
Wankt, ha! ſtürzt, rollt,

Eichenzerſchmetternd, tempelzerſtörend
In des Meeres Tiefen hinab;
Und himmelan bäumt ſich die Fluth.
Weh! das Geſtade verſinkt.
Aus des Abgrunds gluthrothwirbelndem Pfuhl,
Durch des aufdampfenden Qualmes Gewölk
Steigen die ſchlangenbehaarten Töchter der Nacht
Langſam empor,
Fackelſchwingend, dumpfaufheulend:

„Qual, Thor, dir, der Recht anruft,
„Wo Gewalt vorherrſcht mit eiſernem Stab,
„Qual und Entſetzen!
„Tief engt, Frevler, dich bald
„Kluft ein in grau'nvoller Nacht.
„Heul', Ohnmächtiger, dort,
„Wo nicht aufdringt des Gefolterten Schrei
„Zu dem ewig heiteren Mahle des Zeus!

Schwer nun hebt Prometheus die Heldenbruſt;
Aber die letzte, die ſterbende Kraft
Rafft er noch auf zum Entſcheidungsruf:
„Stürzt mich hinab!
„Mächtiger preiſ' ich Zeus;
„Aber — größer bin ich!“
Hochemporend praſſelnde Fackelgluth
In grimmig geſchwungener Fauſt
Winken bedeutend die Töchter der Nacht
Den Nereiden, zu flieh'n,
Eh' noch einſtürze der Fels, ſie begrab'
In der rauchenden Tiefen Geklüft.

Aber ſie rufen einſtimmigen Lauts:
„Wo der Gerechte weilt, weilen wir auch,
„Wo die Gewalt herrſcht, laſſet uns flieh'n!
„Abgrund thue dich weit auf!
„Alle verſchling' uns mit!“

Jetzt vom Gipfel zum Fuße reißt,
Weitaufgähnend, die Felſenwand,

Ach, entfeſſelt Prometheus! — Er ſtürzt!
Die Nereiden, ſie fliehen!
Und ich allein, weh mir! ich bleibe! —
Nun, verſchlinge mich auch,
Düſtere Nacht, Weltenverſchlingerin!
O, wie haß' ich das Licht! —

Verſchwunden? Verſchwunden!
War es ein luſtiges Bild,
Das zum Gott mich erhob!
Das in empörter Bruſt gewaltig mir weckte
Die göttliche, ſchlummernde Kraft! —
Ruft ſie das Schickſal nicht
Trotzend heraus zum Kampf,
Schlummernd Wahrheit und Recht! —
Schauernd ergreift mich Jubelgefühl
Ich wag's, ich thu's! —
Groß iſt der Menſch! —
O der herrlichen, göttlichen Kunſt!
Du biſt das Höchſte!

Preis der Standhaftigkeit.

Hin auf dornigen Wegen
Wandelt der Menſch.
Schreckengeſtalten
Heben ſich drohend;
Leiden auf Leiden
Stürmen herbei!
Wolken verhüllen
Nächtlich den Ausgang.

Wie doch wähnt der Menſch
Sich von Göttern verlaſſen! —
Faßt er nur Muth,
Zu wandeln die Pfade,
Sieht er den Larven
Kühn in das Auge,
Klimmt er auf Klippen,
Dringt er durch Dunkel
Strebend empor: —
O dann reichen ihm Götter
Helfend den Arm;
Und er findet, entzücket,
Auf der Seligen Inſel,
Unter Heroen ſich wieder;
Ruhe durchſtrömet ſein Herz!

Jedem wohnet die Kraft
In der Tiefe der Bruſt;
Dem nur gehorcht ſie,
Der oft und herrſchend ihr ruft.
Weichlingen ſchwindet die Kraft
Bald im Schlummer dahin;
Dann im Kampfe —
Sinken ſie, heben ſich nicht!
Und es irren die Schatten,
Von den Heroen geſchieden,
Traurig und öd' am düſteren Strom.

Herzog Leupold vor Solothurn.
1318.
Romanze.

An Solothurns Mauern ein Herold naht,
Trommetet; dann ruft er die Worte:
„Nahmt Ludwig ihr ein in die Pforte,
„So büßet, Verräther, dem Kaiſer die That!
„Von Mittag und von Mitternacht
„Rückt Leupold an mit Heeresmacht,
„Entſchloſſen, die Wälle zu ſtürmen;
„Und ſollt' er zum Himmel ſie thürmen!

Noch ſchallt es, das ſtolze, drohende Wort,
Schon flattern der Reiſigen Glieder,
Ein Lanzenwald, von den Bergen nieder,
Und Fähnlein drängen die Fähnlein fort.
Wie Herzog Leupold, ſiegegewohnt,
Stolz auf dem bäumenden Rappen thront!
Jetzt vorn, jetzt mitten, und jetzt im Rücken,
Blitzt er umher mit wildem Entzücken.

An den Ufern der Aar mit lärmender Haſt
Entſchaaren ſich ſchlagfertig die Heere,
Und zimmern die Flöße und bauen die Wehre.
Nicht eher gönnen die Mannen ſich Raſt,
Bis wohlgefügt die Brücke ſteht,
Und jauchzend Heer zum Heere geht.
Laut ruft die Trommete mit mächtigem Halle:
Auf zu den Waffen! hin zu dem Walle!

Ob ſich die Luft von Pfeilen ſchwärzt,
Steinmaſſen die Kämpfer bedecken: —
Der Tod kann Helden nicht ſchrecken!
Wie Schlangen klug, mit Schilden bedeckt,
Stehen ſie im Graben auf Felſengrund,
Stoßen mit Widdern das Bollwerk wund,
Und drohend, raſtlos, nimmer müde,
Schüttert den Fels die wüthende Bleide.

Wo ſchäumend hoch die Zinne droht,
Trotzt jeder ein Thurm dir entgegen.
Wer's wagt auf dem Wall, ſich zu regen,
Der hat ſich dem Tode geweiht.
Weh, rings Verwüſtung, Mord und Graus!
Doch ſteht der Bürger, hält noch aus;
Aber vom Gipfel der Thürme behende
Schwingt der Belagerer flammende Brände;

Aufflackern die Dächer, und ſtürzen in Gluth! —
Da faßt Verzweiflung den Bürger.
Soll er die Wälle leeren dem Würger,
Und dämpfen des Feuers empörte Wuth?
Schwarz qualmt der Rauch in Wolken auf!
Ha, weithin mäht der Tod im Lauf!
Geſchrei, Geheul an dem Wall, in den Straßen —
Daß auch die Tapferſten ſelbſt erblaſſen!

Ernſt blickt Graf Hugo zum Himmel empor,
Vertrauend den ewigen Mächten.
Ihn preiſet die Stadt den Gerechten,
Und weiſe ſtehet der Greis ihr vor.
„Du, Gott, ſo ruft er, beugſt uns ſehr
„Uns kleine Schaar umbrauſt ein Meer;
„Hier würden ſich Helden nicht Sieg erwerben;
„Eins bleibt uns nur: — als Männer zu ſterben.

„Ein Freier, hab' ich in Ehren gelebt;
„Vor Schmach und Kerker und Ketten
„Wird dieſer Stahl mich retten;
„Nie hab' ich dem Tode gebebt!
„Der Kinder, Greiſe, Weiber Loos,
„Das leg' ich, Herr, in deinen Schooß;
„Willſt unſerem Fleh'n dich gnädig erzeigen,
„Muß endlich der Stolze ſich dennoch beugen!"

Als gläubig der Greis empor noch ſchaut,
Kommt, Wolk' an Wolke geſtiegen,
Daher ein Gewitter gezogen —
Daß jeder ſich kreuzt, daß jedem graut.
Hoch flattert die Saat, der Windsbraut Raub,
Und dunkel wirbelt vom Brand auf Staub;
Als wär' in Empörung Erd' und Himmel,
Blitzt es und kracht es im Sturmgetümmel.

Und ehe der Krieger es ſich verſieht,
Da wanken die Thürme; — ſie ſinken, ſie fallen,
Zertrümmert, zerſplittert, mit Donnerknallen.
Vergebens iſt Leupold zu retten bemüht.
Er ruft und ruft: — des Herrſchers Willen
Verhallet vor des Nordwinds Brüllen;
Als hätten die Mannen nicht Augen nicht Ohren,
So ſteh'n ſie geblendet, betäubt und verloren.

Die Wolken brechen, und Fluth auf Fluth
Platzt nieder mit rauſchendem Falle,
Brauſt ab mit reißendem Schwalle: —
Hoch hebt's der Belagerten Muth!
Die Brunſt erliſcht vom Waſſerfall,
Das Lager reißt mit der Wogen Schwall;
Und Ritter ſelbſt auf hohen Roſſen
Fallen wie Rohr den gewaltigen Schloßen.

„Schickſal, zürnt Leupold, du triffſt mich hart,
„Trotz biet' ich dir doch! die Stadt zu befreien,
„Laut will ich einſt der Ohnmacht dich zeihen.
„Nicht laß ich mir kürzen Haar und Bart,

„Bis die Verfluchten ich hingeſtreckt,
„In Trümmer und Schutt ihr Neſt gelegt!
„Tod und Verderben ſoll ſie ereilen,
„Und müßt' ich hier mein Leben verweilen!"

Nun erbrüllt die Aar in der engenden Kluft!
Wie ſie ringt, die Dämme zu ſprengen,
Wie die Wogen auf Wogen ſich drängen,
Und der Schaum zerſtäubt in die Luft! —
Die neue, dringende höchſte Gefahr
Nimmt Leupold mit Entſetzen wahr;
Denn Bäume, Laſten, Felſenſtücke
Schleudert die Fluth an die wankende Brücke.

Er aber, mit klugem Feldherrnſinn,
Läßt ſchnell ſie mit Steinen beſchweren;
Dem Andrang mit Stangen zu wehren,
Reiht ans Geländer die Mannen er hin.
Doch immer höher ſchwillt der Fluß,
Und pfeilſchnell fährt des Waſſers Guß.
Jetzt, jetzt zerberſtet die Brück' in Trümmer —
Aufſchallt der Armen Geheul und Gewimmer.

Abſtürzt ſich Leupold vom hohen Roß;
In die Fluth hinab ſtracks will er ſpringen,
Mit dem Schwall um die Seinigen ringen:
Ihn läßt der Treuen Gefolge nicht los.
Da ſtarrt er hinaus mit grauſem Schmerz,
Und ſchlägt verzweifelnd an Stirn und Herz,
Fleht: „Gott, mein Gott! o laß dich's erbarmen!
„Mich ſtrafe, mich! Nur rette die Armen!"

Und ſieh! aus der Stadt ſchon Kahn auf Kahn
Beherzt in den Strudel ſich wagen,
Mit Wogen und Scheitern ſich ſchlagen;
Graf Hugo rudert wacker voran.
Er ſchwanket her, er ſchwanket hin;
Ihm glückt's, den Erſten empor zu zieh'n.
Durch Feindeskraft, durch Feindesſorgen
Sind alle gerettet, ſind alle geborgen.

An den Ufern tönt auf ein Freudengeſchrei! —
Doch Leupold blickt dankend nach oben;
Stimmt: „Herr Gott, dich wollen wir loben!"
Gleich fällt ihm das Heer mit Rührung bei.
Kaum war der Jubelchor vollbracht,
Iſt ſchon der Löſung er bedacht:
Knechtſchaft von den Seinen zu wenden,
Will er zum Feinde Rüdigern ſenden.

Befiehlt: „Wenn ſich röthend der Tag erneut,
„Magſt du am Thor als Herold erſcheinen,
„Und fordern ſogleich vom Feinde die Meinen,
„Die ſpäter doch ſonſt mein Arm befreit.
„Er ſelbſt beſtimme das Löſegeld;
„Wie hoch es kommt, wie ſchwer mir's fällt:
„Sie früher zu retten vor Schmach und Qualen,
„Will ich es gern und redlich bezahlen."

„Nur daß ſich die Stadt nicht etwas vermißt,
„Will Freiheit für Freiheit bedingen;
„Ha, dazu ließe ſich Leupold nicht zwingen,
„Der nie geſchworener Rache vergißt!
„Wenn ſie mit unſrer Tode dräu'n,
„Sag' dann, ich könnt' auch grauſam ſeyn.
„Für der Gefangenen Leben und Leiber
„Bürgen mir Greiſe, Kinder und Weiber!"

Als kaum noch der Morgen dämmernd graut,
Da, horch, von der Stadt die Trommet' erklinget,
Und Leupold im Flug aufs Pferd ſich ſchwinget:
Und alles erwacht, und eilet und ſchaut:
Graf Hugo naht der edle Greis,
Der Retter in der Geretteten Kreis;
Die ſtürzen hervor, umarmen die Brüder,
Und jubeln: „O Glück! wir ſehen uns wieder!"

„Jetzt ſpricht der Graf den Herzog an:
„Ich ſegne die heilige Stunde!
„Wir ſtehn nicht mit Wogen im Bunde;
„Wehrloſe feſſelt kein Ehrenmann.
„Sie alle zu retten genoß ich das Glück:
„Drum nehmt auch frei ſie alle zurück!
„Was zwiſchen uns bleibt zu rechten,
„Laßt ſtärker uns Mann an Mann verfechten.

Und mit den Worten wandt' er ſich um,
Und ohne Zögern und Weilen
Sieht man ihn raſch zu den Mauern eilen.
Lang bleibt Leupold wie ein Marmorbild — ſtumm.
Jetzt wird er endlich wieder wach.
Und ſpornt ſein Roß und jagt ihm nach:
„Halt, ruft er, ein Wörtchen laß mich noch ſprechen!
„Ich muß mich an dir, du Stolzer, rächen."

„Du wagſt mir zu trotzen im Uebermuth,
„Willſt mich durch Großmuth bezwingen?
„Das ſoll dir, bei Gott, nicht gelingen!
„In mir wallt Rudolphs erlauchtes Blut.
„Der eignen Rache künd' ich Krieg;
„Und ſchon gewonnen iſt der Sieg!
„Ich ziehe nach Hauſe mit all den Meinen;
„Du bringe Frieden und Freiheit den Deinen!"

Vertrauen.

Fern und tief verborgen
Vor den irdiſchen Blicken
Schwebet die heilige Nacht,
Wo in hochaufwallenden Wogen
Sich, nach Ordnung der Götter
Menſchenſchickſal bewegt,
Wechſelnd und wechſelnd:
Trauriges jetzt,
Daß aus tiefſter Bruſt
Schreiet der Menſch auf,
Er die Olympier ſelbſt
Grauſam nennet und ungerecht.

Wie des Blitzes flammender Strahl
An dem Aether die Wolken zerreißt,
Oeffnet des Sehers forſchende Seele
Die heilige Nacht,
Auf Augenblicke!
Sieht — o Wunder! —
Sieht, das furchtbare Unglück
War des kommenden Glückes
Liebende Mutter;
Und der Götter Zorn
Flammt nun als Liebe!

Und wenn nun wieder
Wolken ſich thürmen,
Ihn Donner umbrüllen,
Hebt er aus Fluthen des Unglücks
Den Göttern entgegen
Vertrauend die Arme! —
Nennt die Hohen nicht grauſam,
Nimmer ſie ungerecht.
Wenn ihn die Wogen verſchlingen,
Flehet er noch
Den Göttern vertrauend.

Allwaltender Zeus!
Herrſcher der Götter und Menſchen!
Und auch ihr Vater!
Wer dir vertrauet,
Der hebt ſich furchtlos
In Lebensſtürmen,
Schauet ſelbſt dem finſteren Hades
Furchtlos ins Auge.

Maria's Erwachen.

Erde, bedecke
Mich leicht und kühl!
Engel, nicht wecke
Mich zum Gefühl!

Wie leiſ' und ſtill
Fühl ich im Herzen
Es neu ſich regen,
Sich ſanft bewegen,
So leiſ' und ſtill.
Schweigt ihr nun Schmerzen? —
Ins Grab
Hinab

Mußt' ich ja zeigen:
Ihr wolltet nicht ſchweigen!
Engel, dich ſchauen
Stillet den Schmerz,
Engel, dir trauen
Muß mein Herz!

Was hebſt mich nun in laue Lüfte?
Wie weh'n balſamiſch Roſendüfte!
Wie ſüß melodiſch tönt
Dein goldnes Flügelpaar!
Welch ſanfter Schimmer krönt
Dein lockenreiches Haar!
Wer biſt du, Engel, mild und licht? —
Wohl kannt' ich einſt dein Angeſicht.

So, Balboa, ſo war dein Angeſicht,
So lieblich ernſt, ſo freundlich licht!
Auch dieſes Lächeln kannt' ich ſchon!
Das iſt dein Seelenton!
Das iſt dein Engelsblick!
O ſüßes Glück!

Engel, erwecke
Dein Bild mir nicht!
Biſt du's? entdecke —
Mein Herz — es bricht!
„Hab dich gefunden,
„Bin dir verbunden,
„Selig, ſo ſelig!
„Ewig, ach ewig!
„Alles vergehet,
„Liebe beſtehet! —

Mutterliebe.

Mit leiſem Laute bricht
Heraus vom tiefſten Hain
Ein Trauerſang,
Der Philomele Sang!
Jetzt ſtrebt er auf,
Und ſchmettert laut,
Daß Fels und Wald erklingt
Dem Trauerſang!

Ihr theures Kind
Erwärmt an ihrer Bruſt,
Ernährt mit Mutterliebe,
Es flog dahin!
Dahin! —
Und ſchmerzlich fragt ihr Klageton,
Dem Fels und Wald erklingt,
Wohin! wohin!

Die Tochter fliegt von Baum zu Baum,
Iſt fröhlich!
Und wieget ſich von Zweig zu Zweig,
So ſelig!
Denn von dem nächſten Baume tönt
Herüber,
Des Gatten gleichgeſtimmter Sang:
Sie liebet!
Wohl iſt ſie glücklich!
Das weiß die theure Mutter nicht,
Und trauert!
Wild ſchmettert auf ihr Klageruf,
Dem Fels und Wald erklingt,
Ihr Klageruf!

Kaiſer Max

auf der Martinswand in Tyrol.

Romanze.

„Hinauf! hinauf!
„In Sprung und Lauf!
„Wo die Luft ſo leicht, wo die Sonne ſo klar,
„Nur die Gemſe ſpringt, nur horſtet der Aar,
„Wo das Menſchengewühl zu Füßen mir rollt,
„Wo das Donnergebrüll tief unten grollt:
„Das iſt der Ort, wo die Majeſtät
„Sich herrlich dem Herrſcherthron erhöht:
„Die ſteile Bahn
„Hinan! hinan!
„Dort pfeifet die Gemſe! Ha, ſpringe nur vor;
„Nachſetzt der Jäger, und fliegt empor!

„Gähnt auch die Kluft,
„Schwarz wie die Gruft;
„Nur hinüber, hinüber im leichten Schwung!
„Wer ſetzet mir nach? 'S war ein Kaiſer-Sprung!
„Klimm, Gemſe, nur auf die Felſenwand!
„In die luftige Höh', an des Abgrunds Rand,
„Brach ich mit Eiſen mir doch die Bahn.
„Nur muthig hinauf, und muthig hinan!
„Jetzt ohne Raſt
„Den Strauch erfaßt!
„Wenn tückiſch der Zweig vom Geſteine löſt,
„So hält mich im Fall' die Klippe noch feſt."

Der Stein nicht hält;
Der Kaiſer fällt
In die Tiefen hinab zwei Klafter lang;
Da ward Herrn Maxen doch gleichſam bang;
Ein Felſen hervor ein wenig ragt,
Das nennet er Glück — Gott ſey's geklagt!
Einbrachen die Kniee, doch blieb er ſteh'n,
Und taumelt ſich aus; da mußt er nun ſeh'n:
Hier half kein Sprung,
Kein Adlerſchwung:
Denn unter ihm ſenkt ſich die Martinswand,
Der ſteilſte Felſen im ganzen Land.

Er ſtarrt hinab
Ins Wolkengrab,
Und ſtarrt hinauf ins Wolkenmeer,
Und ſchaut zurück und ſchaut umher,
Da zeigt ſich kein Fleck zum Sprung handbreit,
Kein Strauch, der den Zweig dem Klimmer beut.
Aus harten Felſen wölbt ſich ein Loch
Schroff hinter ihm, wie ein Dom ſo hoch.
Der Kaiſer ruft
In taube Luft:
„Ei doch, wie hat mich die Gemſe verführt!
„Kein Weg zu den Lebenden niederführt."

Er war's gewillt,
Es iſt erfüllt!
Wo die Luft ſo leicht, wo die Sonne ſo klar!
Wo die Gemſe nur ſpringt, nur horſtet der Aar,
Wo das Menſchengewühl zu Füßen ihm rollt,
Wo das Donnergebrüll tief unten grollt,
Da ſteht des Kaiſers Majeſtät,
Doch nicht zur Wonne hoch erhöht.
Ein Jammerſohn
Auf luft'gem Thron,
Findet ſich Max nun plötzlich allein,
Und fühlt ſich, ſchaudernd, verlaſſen und klein.

Im Thalesgrund
Ein Hirte ſtund,
Und ſieht auf der Platte ſich's regen,
Und bücken und heben und ſchreitend bewegen.
„Den bannt' wohl hinauf des Satans Gewalt?
„Das iſt, bei Gott eine Menſchengeſtalt!"
So ruft er, und winkt die Hirten herbei,
Daß jeder ihm ſtaunend das Wunder ſeh!
„Gott ſey mit ihm!"
Iſt's Eine Stimm':
„Der ſtehet dort oben in großer Noth,
„Muß arg wohl erleiden den Hungertod."

Auf leichtem Roß
Ein Jägertroß
Kommt nun das Thal hereingeſprengt,
Wo ſich die Menge ſchon gaffend drängt,
Und rufet den nächſten Hirten an:
„Nahm wohl der Kaiſer anher die Bahn?
„Hoch auf den Alpen klomm er empor,
„Daß ihn des Jägers Blick verlor."
Der Hirte blickt
Auf die Wand, erſchrickt,
Hindeutend ſagt er zum Jägerſchwarm:
„Dann ſchaut ihn dort oben! daß Gott erbarm!"

Der Jäger blickt
Auf die Wand, erſchrickt,
Und hebet nun ſchnell ſein Sprecherrohr,
Und ruft, was Menſchenkraft mag, empor:
„Herr Kaiſer, ſeyd ihr's, der ſteht in der Wend',
„So werft herab einen Stein behend'!“
Und vorwärts nun woget das Menſchengewühl,
Und plötzlich ward es nun todtenſtill.
Da fällt der Stein
Senkrecht hinein,
Wo unter dem Felſen ein Hüther wacht,
Daß, zerſchmettert, das Dach zuſammenkracht.

Des Volks Geheul',
Auf eine Meil',
Im ganzen Umkreis zu hören,
Macht rings das Echo empören.
Und zum Kaiſer auf dringet der Jammerlaut,
Der kaum mehr menſchlicher Hülfe vertraut.
Er ſpannet das Aug', er ſtrecket das Ohr:
„Was wühlet dort unten? was rauſchet empor!“
Er ſieht und lauſcht;
Fort wühl'ts und rauſcht —
So harret er aus, ohne Murren und Klag',
Der edle Herr bis zu Mittag.

Durch Sonnenbrand
Die Felſenwand
Zurück mit glühenden Strahlen prallt;
Da wird unleidlich der Hitze Gewalt.
Erſchöpft von der mattenden Gemſenjagd,
Von Durſt gequält, von dem Hunger geplagt,
Fühlet ſich Max ganz matt und ſchwach: —
War's Wunder, daß endlich die Kraft ihm brach!
Das wünſcht er allein:
Gewiß zu ſeyn,
Eh' die Beſinnung ihm verfließt,
Ob Hülfe bei Menſchen noch möglich iſt?

Bald wußt' er Rath,
Und ſchritt zur That,
Und ſchrieb mit Stiften auf Pergament
Die Frag' ans Volk, und wickelt behend'
Mit goldenem Bande das Täfelein
Auf einen gewicht'gen Marmorſtein;
Ließ fallen die Laſt in die Tiefe hinab, —
Und horcht — kein Laut, der ihm Antwort gab —
Ach Gott und Herr!
Man liebt ihn ſo ſehr;
Drum findet vom Volke ſich niemand ein,
Dem Herrn ein Bothe des Todes zu ſeyn.

Der Kaiſer, (wie hart!)
Auf Antwort harrt,
Und ſendet den dritten und vierten Stein,
Doch immer wollt es vergeblich ſeyn.
Bis ſchon am Himmel die Sonne ſich ſenkt,
Und nun erſeufzend der Herr ſich denkt:
„Wär' Hülfe möglich, ſie riefen es mir,
„So harrt' ich nun ſicher des Tod's allhier.“
Da hob ſein Sinn
Zu Gott ſich hin;
Ihm entflammet das Herz der heilige Geiſt,
Daß er ſich ſchnell von dem Irdiſchen reißt;

Wegſtößt die Welt,
Zum Ew'gen hält.
Jetzt wieder ein Täfelein nimmt zur Hand,
Beſchreibt es eifrig. — Weil fehlte das Band,
So band er's am Stein mit dem goldenen Vließ:
Was ſollt's ihm? Er war ja des Todes gewiß!
Und aus dem erhöheten luftigen Grab
Wirft er den Stein in das Leben hinab.
Wohl peinlicher Schmerz
Durchwühlet das Herz
Jedem, der nun, was der Kaiſer begehrt,
Weinend vom weinenden Leſer hört.

Der Leſer rief:
So heißt der Brief:
„Viel Dank, Tyrol, für deine Lieb',
„Die treu in jeder Noth mir blieb.
„Doch Gott verſucht' ich mit Uebermuth;
„Das ſoll ich nun büßen durch Leib und Blut.
„Bei Menſchen iſt keine Rettung mehr;
„Gott's Wille geſchehe! Gerecht iſt der Herr!
„Will büßen die Schuld,
„Mit Muth und Geduld.
„Mit Einem wohl könnt ihr mein Herz erfreu'n,
„Ich will euch den Dank im Tode noch weih'n.

„Nach Zierlein eilt
„Nun unverweilt
„Ein Both' um das heilige Sacrament,
„Nach dem mir dürſtend die Seele brennt.
„Und wenn der Prieſter ſteht am Fluß,
„So kündet's mir, Schützen, durch einen Schuß.
„Und wenn ich den Segen nun ſoll empfahn,
„So deut' es ein zweiter mir wieder an.
„Sehr bitt' ich euch,
„Fleht dann zugleich
„Mit mir zum Helfer in aller Noth,
„Daß er mich ſtärk' in dem Hungertod.“

Der Bothe fleugt;
Der Prieſter keucht
Nun ſchon herbei, nun ſteht er am Fluß;
Schnell kündet's dem Kaiſer der Schützen Schuß.
Der ſchaut hinab, erblickt die Monſtranz;
Denn blitzend erglänzt ihr Demantkranz.
Und wirft ſich vor ihr auf die Knie hin,
Mit zerknirſchtem Herzen, mit gläubigem Sinn.
Die Menſchheit ringt,
Und ſiegt, und ſchwingt
Auf entfeſſelten Flügeln empor ſich ſchnell
Zu der ewigen Liebe hochheiligem Quell!

Und o wie fleht
Sein heißes Gebet!
„O Gott, du Vater allmächtig am Himmelsthron,
„Du Lieb' aus Lieb' entquollener Gottesſohn,
„Und du hochheiliger Gottesgeiſt,
„Der beide vereint, das Heil uns weiſt;
„O Gott, deß Lieb' auf jeder Spur
„Verkündet laut die weite Natur!
„O tauchte ſich ſchnell
„Im Liebesquell
„Mein liebender Geiſt, umfaßte die Welt,
„Die liebend am Herzen dein Arm erhält.“

„Vor meinem Tod
„Dein Himmelsbrod
„Wünſch' ich, Unwürdiger, o wie ſehr!
„O ſieh auf mich erbarmend her!
„O Chriſtus Lieb' tritt bei mir ein,
„Und führ' mich zurück in der Gläub'gen Verein,
„Die deine Lieb' ſo feurig beſeelt,
„Daß eines ſie werden mit Gott und Welt.
„Und weil ich nicht werth,
„Was ich begehrt,
„Ein einzig Wort aus deinem Mund
„Macht deinen Knecht auch wieder geſund.“

So will er im Fleh'n
Vor Liebe vergeh'n.
Da kündet ein zweiter Schuß ihm an,
Daß er den Segen nun ſoll empfahn.
Der Herr ſogleich auf Felſengrund,
Wirft ſich die Stirn' und die Hände wund.
Und der Jäger mit lautem Sprecherrohre
Sagt ihm des Prieſters Worte vor:
„Dich ſegnet Gott
„In deiner Noth,
„Der Vater, der Sohn, und der heilige Geiſt,
„Den Himmel und Erd' ohn' Ende preiſ't.“

Nun allgemahl
Im ganzen Thal
Das Volk auf den Knie'n harrt im Gebet,
Und laut für das Heil des Herren fleht.
Den Kaiſer rührt's; der Bethenden Schall
Bringt ihm zu Ohren der Wiederhall.
Auch er bleibt knieen im Gebet,
Und Gott für das Wohl der Völker fleht.
Schon flammt der Mond
Am Horizont,
Und herrlich das grünliche Firmament
Von funkelnden Sternenheeren brennt.

Des Himmels Pracht
Erweckt mit Macht
Die Sehnſucht zum himmliſchen Vaterland:
Ihm löſet ſich jedes irdiſche Band

Wo der Seraphim Harfe Jubel erklingt,
Der Seligen Chor das Heilig ſingt,
Wo das Leiden ſchweigt, die Begierde ſich bricht,
Zur ewigen Liebe, zum ewigen Licht,
Dahin, dahin
Schwingt ſich ſein Sinn,
Und mit hoch empor gehobenen Händen
Denkt er entfliehend ſein Elend zu enden;

Als ſchlank und fein
Ein Bäuerlein,
Wie der Blitz ihn blendend, nun vor ihm ſtund,
Und grüßt' ihn mit lieblich ertönendem Mund:
„Herr Max, zum Sterben hat's wohl noch Zeit,
„Doch folgt mir ſchnell. Der Weg iſt weit."
Der Kaiſer entſetzt ſich ob dem Geſicht,
Und trauet den Augen und Ohren nicht.
Und wie er ſchaut,
Ihm heimlich graut;
Denn es wallt' um den Knaben gar ſonderlich
Ein dämmernder Schein, der nichts Irdiſchem glich.

Doch der Kaiſer in Haſt
Sich wieder faßt,
Und fragt das Knäblein: „Wer biſt du? — Sprich!"
„„Ein Bothe, geſandt, um zu retten dich.""
„Wer zeigte dir an zur Klippe den Weg?"
„„Wohl kenn' ich den Berg und jeglichen Steg.""
„So hat dich der Himmel zu mir geſchickt!"
„„Wohl hat er dein reuiges Herz erblickt.""
Drauf er ſich dreht,
Zur Höhlung geht,
Und gleitet nun leicht durch den Riß in die Wand,
Den vorher ſein forſchendes Auge nicht fand.

Durch den Riß gebückt,
Der Kaiſer ſich drückt;
Sieh, da hüpfet das Knäblein leuchtend voran,
Durch ſteile Schluchten tief ab die Bahn.
Wo funkelnd das Erz an den Wänden glimmt,
In der Tiefe der Schwaden aufblitzend ſchwimmt;
Am Gewölb ertönt der Schritte Hall,
Fern donnert des Bergſtromes brauſender Fall
Tiefer noch ab,
Meilen hinab:
Da gleitet das Knäblein in eine Schlucht;
Die Fackel erloſch. — Mit den Händen bange nun ſucht

Max ſich den Weg hinvor,
Und dringt empor,
Und ſchaut aufathmend der Sterne Licht,
Und ſucht den Knaben — und findet ihn nicht.
Da faßt ihn ein Schauer. Nicht hat er geirrt.
Wohl war es ein Engel, der ihn geführt.
Und ſchon erkennt er Zierleins Thal,
Hört brauſen der Menge verworrenen Schall.
Mit bebendem Tritt
Er weiter ſchritt,
Wie oft, ermattet, er weilen muß,
Bis er naht dem weit erglänzenden Fluß.

Noch ſtand er weit,
Doch hocherfreut
Schaut er den Prieſter bei Fackelglanz
Stehn unermüdlich mit der Monſtranz.
Und noch die treuen Gemeinden knie'n,
Und heiß im Gebete für ihn glüh'n.
Sein Auge ward naß, ſein Herz hoch ſchwoll,
— 's war ja von tauſend Gefühlen voll.
Schnell tritt er vor,
Ruft laut empor:
„Lobet den Herrn und ſeine Macht!
„Seht! mich hat ſein Engel zurückgebracht."

An Joſeph Haydn,

bei Aufführung der Schöpfung im Univerſitäts-Saale zu Wien.

Du haſt die Welt in deiner Bruſt getragen:
Der Hölle düſtre Pforten ſtark bezwingen,
Den freien Flug in Himmelsräume wagen
Hört man dich auf der Töne kräft'gen Schwingen:
Drum ſollſt du, theurer Greis, nicht trauernd klagen,
Daß mit dem Alter deine Kräfte ringen.
Zwar weicht der Leib den düſtern Zeitgewalten:
Was du gewirkt, wird ewig nie veralten.

Wie nun in dieſes Muſentempels Hallen
Erwartungsvoll ſich frohe Schaaren drängen,
So ſieht man einſt die ſpäten Enkel wallen
Zu deiner Schöpfung hohen Himmelsklängen,
So hört man noch der Enkel Jubel ſchallen
Bei deiner Engel Hallelujahſängen.
Was rein der Menſch aus reiner Bruſt geſungen,
Iſt wohl nie leicht in Menſchenbruſt verklungen.

O lauſche lang' entzückt den eignen Tönen,
In deiner Freude dicht gedrängtem Kreiſe,
So wirſt du ſanft der Erde dich entwöhnen,
So froh dich rüſten zu der großen Reiſe.
Die Erde mit dem Himmel zu verſöhnen
War deiner Kunſt erhabne Lebensweiſe.
Noch ſchallt ihr Dank tief von der Erde Klüften,
Empfängt dich Hallelujah in den Lüften.

Ueber die Schauſpielkunſt.

Wenn zart ein Mahler uns die Liebesgöttin,
Auf Elfenbein, in hellem Goldgrund mahlte,
Ein Bildchen, nur vier Zolle hoch und breit;
Und dieſer Mahler hinge nun ſein Bild
Im Pantheon hoch in der Kuppel auf,
Daß jene Venus dann zur Mücke ſchwände:
Wie würde nicht der Arme ausgelacht!

Wie? Liſpeling lacht mit? — Er ſehe zu,
Daß er am Ende ſich nicht ſelbſt belache!
Ein Mahler, der ſein zartes Taſchenbild
In hoher Kuppel unſerm Blick entzieht,
Und Liſpeling, der auf der weiten Bühne
So leiſe wie im engen Zimmer liſpelt,
Sind wohl an Thorheit ſich ſo ziemlich gleich.
Bei jenem ſieht, bei dieſem hört man nicht.
Ich ſoll mit dir jetzt lachen, und jetzt weinen?
Recht gerne, Freund! nur ſag' mir erſt — worüber?
„Der Reiz, der Lieblichkeit, die Wahrheit ſelbſt
„Entflieht erſchrocken vor dem grellen Schallen,
„Der ſchneidend das Gehör verletzt." — Mag ſeyn! —
Wenn ihr, wie Stentor, ganz unbändig ſchreit.
Es gibt auch hier, wie überall, ein Maß.
Des Künſtlers feiner Sinn für Schicklichkeit
Vermeidet das zu Wenig, das zu Viel.

Dich, Max, läßt noch die volle Jugendkraft,
Dein Eifer für die Kunſt, der Bruſt nicht ſchonen.
Nur ſorge, daß dir, bei erhöhter Stimme,
Für jeden Stufengang der Leidenſchaft,
Ein reicher Wechſel noch an Tönen bleibe,
Daß dich ſelbſt auf der höchſten Stufe nie
Des Wohllauts ſüßer Zauber ganz verlaſſe.
Die ſchwere Kunſt magſt du von Iffland lernen,
Streng hauszuhalten mit der Töne Reichthum,
Im ſanften Wechſel eines Sylbentanzes
Dahinzuſchweben, durch der Pauſen Kraft
Den leiſern Ton zum ſtärkſten aufzuſteigern.
Dann — hätt' auch deine Stimme keinen Umfang,
Wird man ſie doch im ganzen Haus vernehmen.

Der Geiſt der Rolle, die du geben ſollſt,
Heißt dich den Ton nun zähmen, nun verſtärken.
Wie wankt und bebt des ſchwachen Greiſes Stimme;
Wie klingt des Jünglings Jagdruf durch den Wald!
Wie brauſ't der Zorn von ſchaumerfüllter Lippe!
Wie haucht ſich ſüße Liebe ſchmelzend aus!
Auch ſelbſt der Stand verdienet hier Erwägung. —
Ein Staatsmann, der in ſtiller Einſamkeit
Der Völker Wohl und Weh im Buſen wälzt,
Spricht leiſe, ſanft, und fährt nur ſelten auf.
Der Feldherr doch, gewohnt, in freier Luft
Muth und Befehl den Kriegern zuzurufen,
Spricht mit Gewalt aus offner voller Bruſt;
Und weckeſt du Alcidens Kraft zum Leben:
Dann ſey dein Wort ein Donnerſchlag, der trifft!

Ein weites Feld eröffnet ſich vor dir,
Wo tauſendfach die Pfade ſich durchkreuzen,
Wo tauſend Ziele winken. Willſt du, Freund,
Dein frohes Haupt mit Lorbeern einſt umkränzen,
Beſchränk' auf einen Pfad nicht deinen Lauf,
Und in der Wahl beſtimme dich für jenen,
Der mühſam dir vor allen ſcheint. — Gewiß!
Im Schweren nur kann ſich die Kunſt verſuchen.

Wohl mancher dünkt ein Künſtler ſich zu ſeyn,
Der ohne Müh' getreu nur wiedergibt,
Was die Natur ihm gab. Den eignet ſchon
Ein ſanfter Ton, der Herzensgüte Künder,
Und frohe Laune, die im Auge ſchimmert,
Beweglichkeit und reizende Geſtalt
Zur Sohnesrolle in Terenzens Brüdern.
Nun wohl; ich will ihn mit Vergnügen ſeh'n,
Und auch im Leben gern die Hand ihm reichen.
Allein, er wage ſich in andre Kreiſe;
Wie Brockmann, wank' er heut' als König Lear,
Verjünge ſich als Klingsberg morgen wieder,
Wenn ich als Meiſter ihn bewundern ſoll.

Was du auch immer darzuſtellen ringſt:
Es ſey in allen Theilen ein's und ganz;
Nie wird es deinem Bild' an Einheit fehlen,
Willſt du nur Jedes Denk- und Handlungsart,
Aus letzten Gründen, ſorgſam dir entwickeln.
„Was iſt des Mannes Wunſch, was ſeine Furcht?
„Welch ein Gedanke drängt ſich herrſchend vor,
„Und zieht wie Diener all' die andern nach?
„Durch welche Mittel ſtrebt er nach dem Ziel?
„Mit welchem Maß von Feigheit oder Muth?“ —
Wenn ſolche Fragen du dir deutlich löſeſt,
Bald ſpringt ein lebend Bild vor deinen Geiſt,
Das du ſogleich mit glüh'nder Seele faſſeſt,
Das unbewußt dich dann im Spiele leitet,
Und Ton und Gang und jede Regung lenkt.
Wer alſo ſich beſeelet, wird im Spiel
Uns immer wechſelnd, immer neu erſcheinen.

Flink wähnt, als Hofmann, Dank ſich zu verdienen,
Wenn er ſich jetzt auf ſeinen Zehen wiegt,
Die Damen jetzt durch ſeine Gläſer muſtert,
Jetzt tief ſich bückt, jetzt ſtolz ſich wieder hebt.
Nur, leider! fehlt dem allen noch der Halt;
Es fehlt der Lebenspunkt. Und alles liegt
Noch todt und unbelebt, ein Stückwerk, da.
Erſt muß die kleine Furcht, die kleine Freude
Sich des beengten Herzens ganz bemeiſtern,
Und dann verengen ſich von ſelbſt die Schritte,
Die ſo ein Wicht auf heißen Eſtrich ſetzt.

Wer ſeiner Rolle durchaus mächtig iſt,
Zeigt meiſtens ſchon bei ſeinem erſten Auftritt,
Was wir den Abend durch erwarten dürfen.
In Maske, Blick und Ton, und Gang und Haltung
Drückt ſchnell ſein innerſtes Gemüth ſich aus.
Dann tönt ein freudiges Gemurmel auf,
Das ſchöner lohnt, als wildes Händeklatſchen.
So, wenn in Iffland's Spielern unſer Koch
Als General erſcheint, raunt man ſich zu:
„Sieh' da, ein alter Degen, rauh und gut.
„Wie raſch er ſich bewegt! Sein Auge glüht!
„Sein kurzes Wort befiehlt! Und doch aus Allem
„Strahlt ſeine Güte ſiegend durch.“ — Ja wahrlich,
So mußte der ſich ſtellen, der ſodann
Gewaltſam, feurig, kräftig, liebevoll
An ſeine Bruſt den alten Kriegsfreund reißt,
Und dem auch noch, in der Umarmung ſelbſt,
In jedem Finger eignes Leben zuckt.

Sey ja beſorgt, daß nicht ſtatt Glanz und Licht
Dein Feuer wild nur Dampf und Rauch erzeuge,
Zu ſchnell aufpraſſelnd, ſich zu früh verzehre!
Ein Herkules, der, eh' er noch erſchien,
Heraus die Keule auf den Spielraum warf,
Ward einſt von Jung und Alt mit Recht verlacht.
Was will der Prahler in der Folge zeigen,
Der ſich beim Anfang ſchon ſo tönend kündet?
Es kreißt ein Berg, und eine Maus erſcheint.
Vergiß nicht, Freund, daß dich dieſelbe Kraft
Das ganze Stück hindurch beleben muß,
Daß, wenn ſie nicht von Act zum Acte ſteigt,
Der Hörer ſich entfernet oder gähnt.

Nur dann verdient dein Eifer Lob und Dank,
Wenn ihn die kältre Einſicht weiſe zügelt.
Ein Gaukler drängt ſich oft in Nebenrollen
Unzeitig vor; — ſoll ich dafür ihm danken
Daß er, anmaßend, uns die Harmonie
Des ſchönen Ganzen frevelhaft zerſtört?
Bis zu dem Winkel ziſchet ihn zurück,
Aus dem er frech ſein leeres Haupt erhob!
Wie in der Welt kein Mißlaut hörbar iſt,
Sich alles ſtimmet zum Zuſammenklang,
Der den Geweihten überraſcht, entzückt:
So öffnet uns die Bühne eine Schöpfung,
In der ein jeder noch ſo ſchwache Laut
Harmoniſch in das Ganze klingen muß.

Es nützt jedoch die tiefſte Wiſſenſchaft,
Die hellſte Einſicht jenem Künſtler nicht,
Dem noch der träge Körper widerſtrebt,
Der, ungerufen, immer, wie von ſelbſt,
In Mienen, Gang, in Haltung und Bewegung,
Sich nach des Spielers Abſicht fügen ſoll.
Wer ängſtlich auf der Bühne ſelbſt noch ſinnt,
Im Wellenſchwung den Arm emporzuheben,
Jetzt mahleriſch den Körper hinzuſtellen,
Verloren iſt er! — Wahrheit und Natur,
Und Grazie — entflieht. Sein Spiel wird ſteif,
Wir wenden mißvergnügt den Blick hinweg.

Darum, mein ſchöner Freund verſchmähe nicht,
Durch Fechten deinen Körper dir gewandt,
Durch höhern Tanz geſchmeidig ihn zu machen.
Oft übe dich, nach Art der Pantomimen,
Die Leidenſchaften alle auszudrücken,
Wie ſie entſtehen, wachſen und verlöſchen.
Und findeſt du den gleichgeſtimmten Freund,
So nehmt bald dieſen, und bald jenen Stoff,
Um aus dem Stegreif frei ihn durchzuführen.
Das lehrt dich ſchnell den Augenblick erfaſſen,
Was man dir gibt, im Nu zurückzugeben,
Die Leichtigkeit, die Harmonie des Spiels;
Und zeigſt du dich auch nur im Lebenskreiſe
Gefällig, artig, fein, als Mann von Welt,
So wird, wenn du die Bühne dann beſteigſt,
Dich Anſtand nie, dich Schönheit nie verlaſſen.

An der Jaquet hat man es laut gerühmt:
„Sie wäre vor der Gruppe Niobe's
„Entzückt, begeiſtert, lange dageſtanden,
„Um dann in Ayrenhof's Cleopatra
„Als Königin zu ſterben.“ Gut! Sie that's,
Um ihre Phantaſie mit jener Würde,
Mit jenem hohen Adel zu entflammen,
Der ſelbſt im Tod die ſtarke Seele hebt,
Gewiß doch nicht der bloßen Stellung willen.
Dem Künſtler kann ein Zeitpunkt nicht genügen,
Der Bild auf Bild in ſanftem Fluſſe zeigen,
Bei keinem ſtockend ſich verweilen ſoll. —
Denn einzeln, unverbunden, und zerſtreut,
Verrathen dieſe Bilder nur Gefallſucht,
Die ungeſchickt der Täuſchung uns entreißt.
Wie viele Klippen beut die Kunſt hier dar!
Doch wer ſie klug und feſt, wie Lange, meidet,
Dem ſchickt der Neid vergebens nach dem Kranze,
Der unverwelklich ihm die Stirne kühlt.

Nur gar zu oft verſinkt in größre Fehler,
Wer allzu ängſtlich die geringern meidet.
Der will natürlich ſpielen, wird gemein,
Der ſtrebt nach Zierlichkeit, vergißt die Wahrheit,
Der, dem Natur ein Ohr für Wohllaut gab,
Behorcht ſich ſelbſt, verfällt in Kanzelton;
Der überläßt ſich ſorglos der Empfindung,
Und ſeine Reue kreiſcht, es brüllt ſein Zorn;
Der, um ſein Spiel mit Feuer zu beleben,
Mahlt mit geſchäft'ger Hand uns Berg und Thal,
Und unbarmherzig klopft er im Affect
Sich Kopf und Bruſt, und auch — die Schenkel wund.
Der endlich, nur auf hohe Würde ſinnend,
Schwimmt wie ein Geiſt im Saale langſam her;
Und ſenkt, und hebt ſich doch ſein Arm zuweilen,
Es iſt, man ſieht's, ein Uhrwerk, das ihn treibt.
Zur Bühne glaubt ein jeder ſich berufen:
Doch ach! — wie Wenige ſind auserwählt!

Ob die Natur den großen Mimen ſchaffe,
Ob er durch Kunſt ſich bilde, wird gefragt.

Viel ſchenkt Natur, mehr noch erwirbt die Kunſt.
Die Wohlgeſtalt, die ſchöne Mittelgröße,
Und edle Züge, die ſich ſtärker heben,
Sich aus der Ferne noch bedeutend zeichnen,
Ein ſprechend Auge, das nun fröhlich glänzt,
Nun feurig rollt, nun düſter ſich verſenkt,
Ein biegſames, volltönendes Organ,
Das rein die ganze Scala hören läßt,
Beweglichkeit und Kraft der Muskeln: — Freilich,
Das alles dankt ein Mime der Natur,
Die eigenſinnig ihren vollen Reichthum,
So, wie an Brockmann, ſelten nur erſchöpft.

Allein, die Kunſt ſiegt über die Natur,
Der hohle Ton, die hagere Geſtalt
Hat uns an Schröder's Helden nicht beleidigt.
Als Adambergers Reize ſchon verblühten,
War ſie darum als Gurli und Chatinka
Dem edlen Wiener etwa minder werth?
Die Kunſt verhüllet liebend die Gebrechen;
Wo nicht, umſtrickt ſie uns mit ihrem Zauber,
Daß wir des kleinen Mangels ganz vergeſſen.

Weit ſchlimmer wär's, wenn in des Künſtlers Geiſt
Nicht alles ſich harmoniſch wirkſam einte,
Wodurch der Mimen Werk zum Leben kommt. —
Ein helles Auge, ſo das friſche Leben
Im ſchnellen Fluge über doch erhaſcht;
Die Phantaſie, die all' den ſchönen Reichthum
Vor ihren klaren Zauberſpiegel ruft;
Von Bild zu Bild auf freien Schwingen gaukelt,
Die Dichter[illegible]kraft, die Bilder zu verſchmelzen,
Was, abg[illegible]en, mager uns erſcheint,
Als voll, [illegible]s ganz, als lebend vorzuführen,
Zum Ideal die Einzelnheit zu heben,
Das Ideal zur Einzelnheit zu ſteigern,
Und ein Gefühl, das jedem Hauche klingt,
In jedem Ton ſich leicht und zwanglos ſtimmt,
Und dann der ſtrenge richtende Verſtand,
Der, ſich bewußt, das Unbewußte lenkt,
Der Drang nicht nur, der ach ſo viele täuſcht,
Nein, auch das immer rüſtige Vermögen,
Was vor des Mimen Geiſt lebendig wogt,
Im Bilde, jedem ſichtbar, darzuſtellen: —
Wer zählte wohl die Himmelsgaben alle,
Durch die ein Mime zaubernd auf uns wirkt?

O dreimal glücklich, wer mit reinem Sinn,
Mit ganzer Seele ſich Thalien weiht!
Sie bildet liebend ihn zum Menſchen aus.
Die goldne Zeit iſt lange ſchon vorbei,
Wo in des Lebens vielgeſchäft'gem Kreiſe
Der Menſch für jede Kraft den Spielraum fand,
Und alle übend alle auch genoß.
Von Eiſen ſcharfe Zeiten ſind gekommen,
Und ſie zerſtückten frech das Götterbild.
Von jenem heiſcht das Leben Körperkraft,
Von dieſem nur Verſtand, von keinem alles.
Da ließ die Kunſt erbarmend ſich hernieder:
Nur der, den ſanft ihr Odem neu belebt,
Hebt wieder ſich verjüngt als Menſch empor.

So ſegne deinen guten Genius,
Der, in der heißſten deiner Lebensſtunden,
Dir Luſt und Muth und Kraft zur Bühne gab!
Bewahre rein dein Herz! Laß dieſe Gluth,
Die dir für alles Große, alles Schöne
Im Herzen heilig flammt, ja nie erlöſchen!
Dem Tod iſt jedes Menſchenhaupt geweiht:
Wohl dem, der an ſo reiner Himmelsflamme
Sein Leben, ſich und Andern froh, verzehrt!
Was Göttliches im Menſchenbuſen lebt,
Was um die Welt den Sonnenglanz verbreitet,
Ans Licht die ſonſt wohl dunkeln Stellen fördert,
Daß hell und leicht der Lebensweg erſcheine,
Was gegen ein anſtürmend Unglücksheer
Dem Menſchen Muth und Kraft zum Kampfe beut,
Was ſelbſt im Tod' ihn frei noch ſinken läßt,
Das ruft, im Bilde, mächtig deine Kunſt
Aus jeder Zeit, aus jedem Stande vor;
Und ſey's ein König, ſey's ein Bauersmann,
Der nun in dir vor unſern Augen handelt,
Er zeige ſich in allem uns — als Menſch!

„Schon mancher, der als Held uns hoch erhob,
„War in dem Leben ein gemeiner Wicht.“

Es ſey: allein wie tief er ſinken mochte,
Er fühlte doch den Gott in ſeiner Bruſt;
Es flammte ſchon in ihm die Sehnſucht auf:
Was ſeiner Phantaſie ſo groß erſchien,
Aus ſich heraus in Wirklichkeit zu bringen,
Und weil die Kraft zum Handeln ihm verſagte,
Wollt' er als Bildner liebend es erreichen. —
Der Unglückſelige! Ihm ſchwanden trüb
Im ew'gen Widerſtreit die Tage hin,
In Luſt und Rauſch blieb doch das Herz ihm leer.
Du, Max, du gleiche jenem Roſcius,
Den auch ein Ehrenmann, wie Cicero,
Vor dem geſammten Volk als Freund erkennt;
Wie auf der Bühne, ſei im Leben groß!

„Nicht Helden nur erſcheinen auf den Brettern;
„Oft bringt ein Geck uns zum Gelächter hin,
„Oft ſchleichet leiſ' ein Böſewicht daher.
„Wie! holt auch hier der Mime ſich die Kraft
„Aus ſeinem reichen, liebevollen Herzen?“
Was zweifelſt du? Dadurch allein erhält
Zu ſolchem Spiel er Anlaß und den Reiz.
Nur, wer ein Ideal der höchſten Schönheit
Tief in dem ernſten Geiſte mit ſich trägt,
Er ſieht mit feinem Sinn, was unvermerkt
Aus ihren Kreiſen ſich hinaus verliert,
Und ſtellt das Feingefaßte fein uns dar;
Nur der mit Liebe an der Tugend hangt,
Entdeckt an ihrem Strahl mit voller Schwärze
Den Böſewicht, durchblickt ihm ſcharf das Herz,
Und wie er ihn aus voller Seele haßt,
Stellt er ihn haſſenswürdig Allen vor. —
Zeigt Scherz und Haß ſich in der ſchönen Kunſt
Wird Scherz vom Ernſt' und Haß von Lieb erzeugt.
Denn um das Zwerchfell zwecklos zu erſchüttern,
Und zum Gefühl den Stumpfen aufzureizen,
Bedarf man wahrlich nicht der Kunſt.

Wenn ſo daſſelbe höhere Gefühl
Dich jede deiner Masken wählen heißt,
Wird dich der Bühne Wechſel nicht zerſtreuen!
Und wenn du gleich von einer Leidenſchaft
Zur andern ſtürmſt, dich jetzt in dieſe Denkart,
Und nun in jene, wie ein Proteus, fügſt,
Dich auf der Bühne tauſendfach verwandelſt,
Verbleibeſt du im Leben doch ein Mann,
Gerade, feſt, und ohne Trug und Falſch,
Wie ſich Natur im ſteten Wechſel zeigt,
Und ewig doch ein' und dieſelbe bleibt,
Weil ſie nach ewigen Geſetzen wirkt.

Noch eines, Edler, und dann lebe wohl!
Soll dich dein neuer Prieſterſtand beglücken,
So lerne früh den Ueberfluß entbehren.
Dir quillt ein reicher Born von Seligkeit
Im Herzen auf, den Tauſende nicht kennen.
Bei dieſem Reichthum mißt man leicht den Tand,
Mit dem ſich Armuth ſelbſtgefällig ſchmückt.
Stets ſoll ſich frei und ſtolz ein Künſtler fühlen!
Drum, bläht vor dir ein reicher Geck ſich auf,
Und mißt er dich mit ſeinem dummen Blick,
Will er wohl gar als Gönner ſich bezeigen,
So ruf' ihm froh aus voller Bruſt entgegen:
„Behalt' dein Gold! die Kunſt belohnt ſich ſelbſt.“

Wehrmannslieder*).

Oeſtreichs Landwehr.

„Habsburg's Thron ſoll dauernd ſtehen:
„Oeſtreich ſoll nicht untergehen!
„Auf, ihr Völker! bildet Heere!
„An die Grenze! fort zur Wehre!“
Solchen Ruf ließ Franz erſchallen
Aus der Ahnen Kaiſerhallen.

„Stolze Fahnen, die euch führen,
„Sorgte meine Hand zu zieren;
„Wo nur Feindeswaffen blinken,
„Laßt zum Siege ſie euch winken!“

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*) Aus H. J. von Collin's Wehrmannsliedern. Wien, 1809.

Rief Ludwige, ließ dann fliegen
Stolz die Fahnen vor den Zügen.

Franzens und Ludwigens Brüder
Sanken vor dem Throne nieder,
Schwuren: „In des Kampfes Hitze
„Stehn wir an der Völker Spitze.“
Schnell zur That ſieht man ſie eilen,
In die Völker ſich vertheilen.

Helden, reichbedeckt mit Wunden,
Haben willig ſich gefunden,
Ordnen raſtlos, kriegserfahren,
Froher Völker tapfre Schaaren:
Wiſſen ihre Kraft zu ſtärken,
Bilden ſie zu Kriegeswerken.

Ihres Muthes Adlerflügen
Will nicht kaltes Wort genügen;
Froh entflammen ſich die Brüder
An dem Klange ſtolzer Lieder;
Was aus tapfrer Bruſt ſie ſingen,
Tapfer werden ſie's vollbringen.

Weſt und Oſt und Süd und Norden
Send' auf uns nun Feindeshorden:
Ha! des Reiches weite Grenzen
Werden Bürger rings bekränzen,
Mit den aufgepflanzten Speeren
Tyrannei den Eingang wehren!

Welches Volk ſich ſelbſt empfunden,
Ward vom Feind nie überwunden;
Welches Volk dem Tod ſich weihet,
Wird vom Siege ſtets erfreuet. —
Alles opfert hohem Streben:
In dem Tode liegt das Leben!

Habsburgs Thron wird dauernd ſtehen;
Oeſtreich wird nicht untergehen!
Auf, ihr Völker! bildet Heere!
An die Grenze! fort zur Wehre!
Daß dem Kaiſer in den Hallen
Siegesjubel einſt erſchallen.

Kriegseid.

Wir ſtehn vor Gott,
Der des Meineids Frevel rächt,
Weiſ' und gerecht,
O hör' uns, Gott!
Wir ſchwören:
Zu löſen die theure Wehrmannspflicht,
Wir bedenken den Eid, und beben nicht,
Und ſchwören!

Wir ſtehn vor Gott,
Der des Urahnherren Thron
Schützet dem Sohn.
O hör' uns, Gott!
Wir ſchwören:
Zu folgen des Kaiſers Herrſchermacht
Auf den Feind, in den Tod, zum Sturm, zur Schlacht;
Wir ſchwören!

Wir ſtehn vor Gott,
Der uns heil'ger Obrigkeit
Folgen gebeut.
O hör' uns, Gott!
Wir ſchwören:
Zu folgen der Helden Wink und Ruf,
Die des Kaiſers Geboth zu Führern ſchuf;
Wir ſchwören!

Wir ſtehen vor Gott,
Der die Treu' in Obhut hat,
Straft den Verrath.
O hör' uns, Gott!
Wir ſchwören:
Auch gefangen in Qual und Feindeshand
Nie verrathen wir treulos Herr und Land!
Wir ſchwören!

Wir ſtehn vor Gott,
Der die Tapfern mächtig hält,
Feige zerſchellt.
O hör' uns, Gott!
Wir ſchwören:
Nie wählen für Tod wir Schmach und Flucht;
Uns beſiege nie feige Lebensſucht;
Wir ſchwören!

Wir ſtehn vor Gott
In der Schlacht, in Noth und Tod
Stehn wir vor Gott.
O hör' uns, Gott!
Wir ſchwören:
Wir halten zur Fahn' in heißer Schlacht,
Bis es Gottes Gewalt durch uns vollbracht;
Wir ſchwören!

Gebet.

Allmächt'ger Gott!
Du hauchſt, und neue Sonnen flammen;
Du winkſt, der Weltbau ſtürzt zuſammen!
O wende hold dein Angeſicht
Auf uns, die für das Vaterland
Ein heil'ger Eid zum Kampf verband;
Geh mit den Feinden ins Gericht!
Erhör' uns, Gott!

Allmächt'ger Gott!
Frech dringt der Feind in unſre Lande,
Hält ſchon für uns bereit die Bande;
Doch du haſt uns mit Muth beſeelt;
Dein Werk iſt unſers Wehrbunds Macht!
Stärk' uns, daß auch in heißer Schlacht
Sich jeder Tod für Knechtſchaft wählt.
Erhör' uns Gott!

Allmächt'ger Gott!
Was auch des Feindes Wuth nun dräuet,
Wie er voraus des Siegs ſich freuet,
Erhören wirſt du mein Gebeth!
Und drängt des Stolzen grimmig Heer
Zahllos heran, wie Sand am Meer,
Ein Hauch von dir: — es iſt verweht!
Erhör' uns, Gott!

Allmächt'ger Gott!
Belohnen wirſt du mein Vertrauen,
Mein froher Muth darf auf dich bauen;
Du hältſt uns — wir verzagen nicht!
Uns ſchenke, Herr, uns ſchenke Sieg!
Gerecht iſt unſer Nothwehrkrieg!
Sie treibt der Stolz, uns führt die Pflicht.
Erhör' uns, Gott!

Allmächt'ger Gott!
In wilder Schlacht, im Kriegsgetümmel
Fleh' ich mit frommem Blick zum Himmel:
O ſende Sieg mir oder Tod!
Wenn Oeſterreich nur glorreich ſiegt,
Der ſtolze Feind nur unterliegt,
Preiſ' ich noch, ſterbend, preiſ' im Tod
Dich, großen Gott!

Allmächt'ger Gott!
Bewahr' mein Herz vor Schuld und Sünden;
Dann darf mein Muth auf dich ſich gründen!
O Gott, o meine Zuverſicht!
Und wenn auch plötzlich Erd' und Welt
Einbrechend auf mich niederfällt;
Noch lebt mein Muth, noch wank ich nicht,
Und hoff' auf Gott!

Und hoff' auf Gott!
Und wenn zur Rechten und zur Linken
Auch tauſend Brüder niederſinken;
Ich hoff' auf Gott, und fechte noch! —
Und fallend hoff' ich, daß mein Blut
Dem Enkel ſichre Thron und Gut;
Ihn rette vor der Feinde Joch. —
Erhör' uns Gott!

Der Greis.

Mein Aug' iſt matt, mein Haar iſt weiß;
Ich ſchwacher, abgelebter Greis
Kann nicht zu Felde ziehn,
Und ſehne mich doch hin.

Scharf iſt dein Aug', und ſtark dein Leib,
Du biſt ein Mann, du biſt kein Weib,
Sohn, ſollſt zu Felde zieh'n;
Stürz' auf die Feinde hin!

Die Flinte halt' in feſter Hand,
Trag' ſie zum Ruhme, nicht zur Schand';
Der Tod nur raub' ſie dir;
Ich ſegne dich dafür!

Grad auf den Feind nur immer an,
Dort ſuche ſchnell dir deinen Mann:
Nur vorwärts ſey dein Blick!
Nie ſoll' er feig' zurück!

Durch Muth erweck' der Andern Muth,
Dir brenn' im Auge düſtre Glut,
Ein Donner ſey dein Wort!
So jag' die Feinde fort!

O Sohn, ſoll fließen dann dein Blut,
Verkauf es theu'r dein Heldenmuth!
Daß nicht umſonſt du ſtirbſt,
Dir Heldenruhm erwirbſt.

Steh feſt, ein Fels an deinem Ort!
Und jeder Hieb, nun hier, nun dort,
Treff' ſicher einen Feind,
Um den ſein Vater weint.

Und liegſt du todt dann auf dem Feld,
Gewahrt man leicht, du warſt ein Held;
Die Wunden ſind von vorn,
Die Miene zeigt noch Zorn.

Und iſt dann frei dein Vaterland,
Ich kinderlos am Grabesrand,
So ſchwach ich Greis dann bin,
Eil' ich aufs Schlachtfeld hin.

Auf ſeinen Hügeln ruh' ich dann,
Und rufe jeden Wandrer an:
Hier fiel mein wackrer Sohn,
Hier fand er Heldenlohn.

Und ſeufze, weine, klage nicht,
Bis mir das Herz im Leibe bricht;
Und ich vor Gottes Thron
Dann finde meinen Sohn.

Der Bräutigam.

Jetzt iſt es Zeit, die Trommel ruft,
Lieb Mädel, laß mich ziehn;
Die Fahne flattert in die Luft,
Muß zu den Männern hin;

Muß fort, als Wehrmann, in das Feld,
Es iſt beſchworne Pflicht;
Und wer nun Wort und Schwur nicht hält,
Der bleibt ein feiger Wicht.

Was weinſt du dir die Augen aus,
Machſt mir das Herz ſo ſchwer?
Bald dränge dir der Feind ins Haus;
Eilt' ich nun nicht zur Wehr.

Den Aeltern raubt' er dann das Brot,
Tränk' euren guten Wein,
Stürzt' euch in Jammer, Angſt und Noth,
Ins Elend tief hinein.

Vom Schlimmſten red' ich gar kein Wort,
Wenn Schurken mit Gewalt — —
Es treibt mich wie mit Spornen fort,
Und überläuft mich kalt.

Wenn an des leeren Hauſes Thor
Du ſtündeſt jammervoll,
Wohl rückteſt du mir Feigheit vor,
Und riefſt mit tiefem Groll:

„O hätteſt du das Land beſchützt,
„Nicht würd' ich troſtlos ſeyn,
„Nun ſieh, was dir die Feigheit nützt:
„Ich kann dich nimmer frey'n."

Der Vorwurf bräche mir das Herz,
Weit würd' ich weg dann ziehn,
Mit Scham und Zorn, und Reu' und Schmerz
Durch Berg' und Thäler fliehn.

Und würd' es ohne mich vollbracht,
Und kamen ſie zurück,
Würd' ich dann bitter ausgelacht;
Dich höhnte Aller Blick.

„Schaut," riefen ſie, „den Burſchen an,
„Der heim beim Rocken ſaß;
„Iſt an der Dirn' wohl auch nichts dran,
„Die ſich der Wicht erlas."

Ach, wir ertrügen nicht den Spott,
Und härmten ſtill uns ab,
Bis uns vereinte dann der Tod
Unrühmlich in ein Grab.

So laß mich ziehn. Am Sieges-Mahl
Soll unſre Hochzeit ſeyn;
Bei Pauken- und Trompetenſchall
Will ich dich, Liebe, frey'n!

Dann rühmt dich' jeder ins Geſicht,
Weil dich ein Held erlas,
Der über ſeiner Liebe nicht
Des Vaterlands vergaß.

Ruf an den Feind.

Feind, ha, du wagſt es, und dräuſt uns verwegen?
Siedend empört ſich mein feuriges Blut!
Nieder gebeutſt du die Waffen zu legen? —
Alſo nicht, Stolzer! noch lebet uns Muth!
Wenn bald der Feldruf ſchallet,
Ringsum der Donner hallet,
Zahlſt du die Frechheit mit ſtrömendem Blut!

Wähneſt du Männer in Feſſeln zu ſchmieden?
Thörichte Hoffnung! Wir ſtehn dir im Krieg;
Kaufen nicht ſchimpflich mit Freiheit den Frieden,
Hoffen nur Rettung von Waffen und Sieg.
Der Stahl in unſern Händen
Soll Oeſtreichs Schickſal wenden!
Sieg oder Tod! Mit dem Ruf' in den Krieg!

Träumſt du, wir würden uns beugen und kriechen,
Küſſen die ſchwere, die eiſerne Hand?
Knechtſchaft verknirſchen in heimlichen Flüchen,
Schalten dich laſſen im köſtlichen Land?
Du ſollſt bei uns nicht wüthen,
Du ſollſt uns nicht gebieten!
Schüttelt die Waffen in tapferer Hand!

Beſſer als Helden nun fechten und ſterben,
Löſen im Tode die heilige Pflicht,
Als in dem Joche des Feindes verderben,
Fühlen ſich Knecht — ein erbärmlich Gezücht!
Wenn wir dem Tod nicht beben,
Dann werden frei wir leben.
Kämpfet und ſterbet, und löſet die Pflicht!

Trommeln gerühret und Fahnen geſchwungen!
Muthig geſtürmet! — So endet die Noth.
Immer gekämpfet, gefochten, gerungen,
Jagt in die Feinde nun Schrecken und Tod!
Ihr Feinde ſollt erliegen,
Bei Gott! wir werden ſiegen!
Sieg nur befreiet; Sieg endet die Noth

Jenſeits der himmelan ſtürmenden Berge
Suchet euch Rettung in ſchimpflicher Flucht!
Wo euch die dräuende Feſte verberge,
Wo euch der rächende Donner noch ſucht,
Hinein, ihr wackern Brüder!
Bald ſingt ihr Siegeslieder.
Nieder mit ihnen! Ha! jagt ſie in Flucht!

Marſch.

Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund
Werde bald den Feinden kund!
Wenn die Schanzen, die wir ſchirmen,
Tollkühn einſt die Frechen ſtürmen;
Stürzend von den hohen Wällen,
Sie die Köpfe ſich zerſchellen,
Und die hochgethürmten Leichen
Bis herauf zum Bruſtbett reichen:
Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund
Macht ſich dann dem Feinde kund.

Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund
Werde bald den Feinden kund!
Wenn, umpflanzet von Kanonen,
Sie auf ſichern Höhen thronen,
Wie's auch hagelt, wie's auch knallet,
Was auch ſinket, was auch fallet,
Auf zur Höhe wir uns ſchwingen,
In den Leib dem Feinde dringen:
Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund
Macht ſich dann dem Feinde kund.

Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund
Werde bald den Feinden kund!
Wenn im wilden Schlachtgetümmel
Aus dem dichteſten Gewimmel
Ihre Fahnen wir uns ſuchen;
Unter Heulen, unter Fluchen
Sie nun weichen, ſie nun fliehen,
Immer vorwärts wir dann ziehen:
Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund,
Macht ſich dann dem Feinde kund.

Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund
Werde bald dem Lande kund!
Wenn des Feindes Stolz nun ſchweiget,
Tief vor Oeſtreichs Kraft ſich neiget;
Wir geſchmückt mit Siegeskränzen
Heim dann kehren von den Grenzen,
In der Tempel heil'gen Hallen
Lobgeſänge hoch erſchallen:
Wehrmannsmuth und Wehrmannsbund
Ward dann auch dem Lande kund.

Schlachtruf

Zur Schlacht! zur Schlacht!
Oeſtreicher beugen nicht das Joch
Die alte Kraft — ſie lebet noch.
Ob's Ernſt euch war mit euerm Bund,
Macht nun die ernſte Stunde kund.

Zur Schlacht! zur Schlacht!
Ihr Männer, die ihr euch bewehret,
Zu ſchützen Weib und Kind und Herd.
Ha, jetzo gilt's! „Tod oder Sieg“
Iſt Wehrmannsruf im Wehrmannskrieg!

Zur Schlacht! zur Schlacht!
Mit Heldenmuth, mit Heldenkraft
Befreit das Land aus Feindeshaft!
Auf! Zahlt dem Feinde ſeinen Hohn!
Auf! Knechtſchaft iſt der Feigheit Lohn.

Zur Schlacht! zur Schlacht!
Vertraut der Kraft, vertraut auf Gott!
Entweder Sieger oder todt!
Und kommt der Tod, ſo kommt er gut;
Dir, Vaterland! dir Leib und Blut!

Wachfeuer.

Weib und Kind, ſchlaft wohl zu Haus!
Daß ihr ſchlafet, rückt' ich aus;
Wache hier in kalter Nacht,
Denk' an euch, ruf' ich mit Macht: —
Tod oder Freiheit!

Schon aus weiter Ferne klingt,
Tief ins Herz dem Krieger dringt
Brudergruß, den in der Nacht
Mann dem Manne ruft mit Macht: —
Tod oder Freiheit!

Wo die Wachenfeuer glühn,
Steht der Feind, und trotzt uns kühn;
Ruft hinüber durch die Nacht,
Wach' für Wache ruft mit Macht:
Tod oder Freiheit!

Wenn ihn Schauer dann befällt,
Bänger ſeine Bruſt ſich ſchwellt,
Schiebt er's auf die kalte Nacht,
Doch ihn ſchreckt des Rufes Macht:
Tod oder Freiheit!

Wenn bald Schlachttummult erbrauſt,
Kugelhagel ziſchend ſauſt,
Dann hinab in finſtre Nacht
Stürz' ihn unſers Rufes Macht:
Tod oder Freiheit!

Matthäus von Collin,

ein jüngerer Bruder des Vorigen, der auch auf ſeine Bildung einen vortheilhaften Einfluß ausübte, ward am 3. Mai 1779 zu Wien geboren und zeigte ſchon ſehr früh glückliche Anlage, ſo daß er bereits in ſeinem zwanzigſten Jahr den Text zu der Winter'ſchen Oper Calthon und Colmal lieferte. Er ſtudierte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, erwählte die Jurisprudenz zu ſeiner Berufswiſſenſchaft, widmete ſich aber nebenbei ſehr eifrig der Philoſophie und Geſchichte und ward 1804 Doctor der Rechte, doch verließ er nach Auflöſung des deutſchen Reichs die juriſtiſche Laufbahn gänzlich und nahm 1809 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Aeſthetik an der Univerſität zu Krakau an. Die Einnahme Krakaus durch die Ruſſen führete ihn 1810 nach Wien zurück, wo er von 1810 bis 1812 als K. K. Hofconcipiſt, dann aber als Profeſſor der Philoſophie an der dortigen Univerſität angeſtellt wurde. Im Jahre 1815 ward er Erzieher des Herzogs von Reichſtadt und widmete ſich dieſem ſchönen Berufe mit großem Eifer, ſo daß er ſich auch bewogen ſah, die Redaction der Wiener Literaturzeitung, (der nachherigen Wiener Jahrbücher) bald darauf niederzulegen. Ein gaſtriſches Fieber raubte ihn, zu früh für ſeine Freunde, am 23. November 1824.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Dramatiſche Dichtungen. Peſth, 1815–17. 4 Thle. (Enthaltend: der Tod Friedrich's des Streitbaren, der Cid, Marius, Calthon und Colmal, der Tod Heinrich's des Grauſamen, Bela's Krieg mit dem Vater, die feindlichen Söhne, Butes, der Streit am Grabe, die Küninger.) —

Cyrus und Aſtyages. Oper. Wien, 1818.

Nachgelaſſene Gedichte. Ausgewählt und mit biographiſchem Vorwort begleitet von J. v. Hammer. Wien, 1827. 2 Thle. 12. nebſt M. v. C's Portrait.

Einzelne Abhandlungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in den Wiener Jahrbüchern, von Hormayr's hiſtoriſchem Taſchenbuch u. ſ. w

M. v. Collin's Talent iſt, wie das ſeines Bruders, ebenfalls nur ein rhetoriſches; er ſteht in ſeinen Erzeugniſſen den Leiſtungen Heinrich Joſeph's von C. nach, obwohl der Dichter, mit Vorliebe vaterländiſche Stoffe zu ſeinen Dramen wählend, ſich vorzüglich nach Shakſpeare zu bilden und dieſem nachzuſtreben ſuchte. Es fehlt ihm nicht an Geſchmack und Würde, wohl aber an Leben und Wärme. Unter ſeinen kritiſchen Arbeiten ſind mehrere ganz vortrefflich, und er hätte hier Bedeutendes hinterlaſſen können, wenn er ſich dieſem Fache hätte hingeben und ihm alle ſeine Kräfte widmen wollen. — Wir theilen folgendes geiſtreiche Bruchſtück über Friedrich von Schlegel, bei dem der treffliche Verfaſſer leider vom Tode überraſcht wurde, als Beweis mit.

Ueber Friedrich von Schlegel. *)

Die in Folge der Ankündigung auf funfzehn Bände berechnete Sammlung beginnt in den erſten zwey Bänden mit den wichtigen Vorleſungen über die Literatur. Die drey folgenden Bände enthalten des Verfaſſers Studien über das klaſſiſche Alterthum und die Theorie und Kritik der alten und neuen Poeſie. Der ſechste Band gibt die ſo einflußreich gewordenen Anſichten und Ideen von der chriſtlichen Kunſt; der ſiebente romantiſche Sagen und Dichtungen des Mittelalters; der achte und neunte aber die Gedichte: ſeit ihrer erſten Erſcheinung ein theures Eigenthum der Freunde der Poeſie. Der zehnte Band, die vermiſchten Schriften enthaltend, durch die für das Verſtändniß der Geſchichte des Geiſtes des Verfaſſers ſo wichtigen Fragmente einer der intereſſanteſten, iſt noch nicht erſchienen. (Dieſe Erwähnung bezeichnet die Zeit, wo dieſer Anfang geſchrieben wurde. Der zehnte Band iſt bekanntlich jetzt ſchon ſeit einiger Zeit erſchienen.)

Wie dieß bey Werken, welche die Theilnahme der Nation im Ganzen erwarten laſſen, nunmehr herkömmlich wird, erſcheint die Sammlung in mehreren Auflagen, um auch diejenigen zu befriedigen, welche ſich zu ſchämen anfangen, daß die deutſche Literatur, der anſtändigen Ausſtattung fremder Auflagen gegenüber, von dem Auslande als im Schmutze nachläſſiger Preſſen groß geworden, ſich darzuſtellen genöthigt iſt. Es ſind nämlich durch die lobenswerthe Sorgfalt der Verlagshandlung fünf verſchiedene Auflagen des Werkes veranſtaltet, worunter drey von vorzüglicher Schönheit; aber auch die wohlfeilſte auf gewöhnlichem Druckpapier empfiehlt ſich noch durch Nettigkeit, und theilt den Vorzug ſtrenger Korrektheit mit den übrigen.

Es haben vielleicht manche, mit der Bildungsgeſchichte des Verfaſſers vertraute Freunde der Literatur gewünſcht, daß in dieſer Sammlung die Zeitfolge der Entſtehung der verſchiedenen Werke beobachtet würde, weil es von höchſtem Intereſſe iſt, einen ſo ſeltenen Geiſt in ſeiner Entwicklung ſelbſt zu beobachten, und die Stufenfolge einer ſo merkwürdigen Ausbildung mit ihm nochmals zu durchwandeln. Allerdings wäre dieß höchſt belehrend, und für die Geſchichte der deutſchen Literatur ſelbſt aufklärend geweſen; der Verfaſſer hat es aber vorgezogen, indem er mit den Vorleſungen über Literatur beginnt, das Reſultat unter ſich oft ſtreitender Anſichten, wie es ſich in ihm bey vollendeter Reife des Geiſtes feſtgeſtellt hatte, voraus zu ſenden, um damit allen Zweifel über das Eigentliche ſeiner Ueberzeugungen im Gebiete des Schönen ſchon im Beginn zu beſeitigen. Der Gewinn, welcher hieraus für das Verſtändniß des Geſammtſtrebens des Verfaſſers hervorging, iſt ſo groß, daß jener Wunſch dagegen billig verſtummt.

Als Friedrich Schlegel vereint mit ſeinem Bruder auf die deutſche Literatur einzuwirken anfing, war dieſe zwar keineswegs arm an rühmlichen Erzeugniſſen einer wahrhaft nationalen Poeſie und Kritik; aber theils ihrer eigenen Schätze unkundig, theils durch ein unziemliches einſeitiges Wohlgefallen an dem bereits erworbnen Beſitzthume im edleren Fortſchritten gehemmt und zu einer oberflächlichen nichtigen Selbſtüberſchätzung herabgeſunken. Das Uebel war durch die Gehaltloſigkeit der damaligen Kunſtkritik herbeygeführt worden, welcher die philoſophiſche Baſis fehlte; denn ſie hatte ſich von Muſterbildern der Poeſie ſowohl des Inlands als des Auslands, der neuern Zeit und des Alterthums willkürliche Begriffe des Schönen abgezogen, nach welchen ſie ſowohl die einheimiſchen Erzeugniſſe des Zeitalters beurtheilte, als auf die Bildung ſelbſt der Kunſtwerke nachtheilig und lähmend wirkte. Doch hatte die Nation, eine ſonderbare Erſcheinung, bey dieſem ſchlimmen Stande der Kunſtbeurtheilung im Allgemeinen, dennoch gerade im Fache der Kritik Heroen einziger Art aufzuweiſen, mit welchen ſich kein gefeyerter Geiſt der Nachbarvölker vergleichen durfte: Leſſing, Winkelmann und Herder. Die Kritik Leſſings hatte edle Früchte getragen, indem ſie manches ſchätzbare Dichtertalent, beſonders im Schauſpiele, auf eine edlere Bahn führte; für die Fortbildung des Geiſtes aber zur Begründung einer umfaſſenden Schönheitslehre blieb ſie aus mancher Urſache unfruchtbar, und die Geſammtheit des Strebens dieſes einzigen Geiſtes blieb, bis Friedrich Schlegel ſeinem großen Vorbilde eine eigene tiefſinnige Unterſuchung widmete, unbegriffen; er ſtand in der deutſchen Literatur als eine Autorität da, aus welcher jeder nach Maßgabe der eignen Einſicht unhaltbare Regeln abſtrahirte, die man als Geſetze aufzwingen wollte, ohne ihre Unanwendbarkeit zu ahnen.

Winkelmann hatte ſeine Anſichten über bildende Kunſt bey dem größten Reichthume gepflogener Studien endlich mehr aus unmittelbarer Anſchauung gewonnen, als philoſophiſch in ſich erzeugt und ausgebildet. Seine erhabenen Ausſagen über das Schöne, welche zunächſt die bildende Kunſt trafen, litten zwar die Anwendung auf die Kunſt im Allgemeinen, oder forderten vielmehr dazu auf; und man darf ſagen, daß durch ihn zuerſt die Ahnung des Weſens der Schönheit wie eine Morgenröthe nach langer Nacht in den Gemüthern wach wurde; die Natur ſeiner Unterſuchungs- und Darſtellungsweiſe ſelbſt aber brachte es mit ſich, daß, ehe nicht andere, vorbereitende oder erklärende Unterſuchungen von anders ausgeſtatteten Geiſtern der Nation durchgeführt und vollendet waren, ſeine Ideen nur von den Ausgezeichnetſten der Nation erfaßt werden konnten, da ſie, eine gleichſam unvermuthete und überraſchende, in ihrem innerſten Weſen iſolirte Erſcheinung mehr durch die Kraft einer edlen und gereinigten Phantaſie, wie die Natur begünſtigten Dichtern ſie mitgiebt, als auf dem Wege der Unterſuchung dem Leſer ſich aneigneten. Zu dieſer ſchwierigen Auffaſſung Winkelmanns, zu welcher ſelbſt Leſſing ſich nicht berufen zeigte, war nun Herder, obwohl in Manchem von Winkelmann abweichend, wahrhaft ausgerüſtet, und im edelſten Sinne reich und glänzend begabt. Wir irren wohl nicht, wenn wir behaupten, daß ohne den Vorgänger Winkelmann, wenn auch der das Denken ſo gewaltig aufregende Leſſing vorausgegangen war, kein ſo die Weſenheit des Schönen erfaſſender Denker, wie wir ihn in Herder beſitzen, zum Vorſchein gekommen wäre.

Die Art aber, wie Herder die Winkelmann'ſche Schönheitslehre in ſich aufnahm und fortbildete, war die eines durchaus ſelbſtſtändigen Geiſtes. Er war ſo weit entfernt von jener Einſeitigkeit, zu welcher Winkelmann durch die ihm natürliche Hinweiſung auf helleniſche Kunſtbildung verführen konnte, daß er vielmehr das Schöne im Umkreiſe der Dichtung der ganzen Erde aufſuchte, älterer deutſcher Poeſie, inſofern ſie ihm bekannt wurde, Anerkennung gewann, und die Unterſuchungen über die Schönheit der Dichtung mit jener über die Schönheit des Lebens ſelbſt verband, deſſen Eigenthümlichkeit er bey den verſchiedenen Völkern der Erde würdigte.. Die Idee der Menſchheit, welche in Folge dieſer rühmlichen Arbeiten in ſeinem Gemüthe ſich bildete, ſtärkte ſeinen Geiſt für die ganze Folgezeit ſeines Lebens zu raſtloſer Bemühung, das menſchliche Daſeyn in deſſen Tiefen zu ergründen. Er hat, dieſen Zweck verfolgend, ſowohl den Weg der Philoſophie als der Geſchichte eingeſchlagen, und die Poeſie der Völker vorzüglich in dieſer Hinſicht gewürdigt. Von einem ſo hohen Standpunkte aus hätte es, weil der Dichtung der würdigſte Inhalt und eigentliche Seele gegeben worden war, unmöglich bleiben ſollen, die Nichtswürdigkeit leerer Spiele für einen Gegenſtand der Poeſie zu betrachten, oder ſich in leeres Formelweſen zu verlieren. Wenn aber auch ein Kreis edler Geiſter aus dieſem neu aufgegangenen Lichte des Schönen Leben ſog, und andere durch das Studium Klopſtocks und der Griechen, oder dem Scharfſinne Leſſings folgend, gehaltvolle Werke gründeten oder beförderten, ſo war doch noch von den erſten falſchen Beſtrebungen nach einer Kritik des Schönen, der die Philoſophie fremd geblieben war, eine ſolche Maſſe der ſinnloſeſten Begriffe und ein ſolcher Wuſt inhaltsleerer Dichtung durch die Nation verbreitet, daß ihr Zuſtand in Hinſicht auf Poeſie troſtlos genannt werden durfte. Denn da man vor Leſſing und Klopſtock in der Literatur gleichſam nur verſuchsweiſe aufgetreten war, und mit jedem kleinen Produkte der Einbildungskraft einen mächtigen Sieg, des Apollo werth, feyern zu können glaubte, ließ ſich die Gewohnheit, große Freude an kleinen Dingen zu empfinden, nicht ſogleich beſeitigen — — —

Aus: Wiener Jahrbücher. Jahrg. 1824. S. 276.

Georg Friedrich Wilhelm Ferdinand von Cölln

ward 1766 zu Oertinghauſen im Lippe'ſchen, wo ſein Vater Prediger war, geboren, ſtudierte die Rechte und bekam nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn eine Anſtellung als Kammerreferendar in Minden. Nachdem er 1793 Kriegsrath zu Poſen und 1800 Kriegs- und Steuerrath zu Glogau, 1805 aber Aſſeſſor bei der Oberrechnungskammer in Berlin geworden, erhielt er ſeine Entlaſſung weil er ſich geweigert hatte, den von den Franzoſen geforderten Dienſteid zu leiſten. Er kehrte nun nach Glogau zurück, trat als politiſcher Schriftſteller auf und griff die preußiſche Regierung keck und rückſichtslos in ſeinen Schriften an. Deshalb in Unterſuchung verwickelt und nach der Feſtung Glatz gebracht, wußte er ſich, ſeine leidende Geſundheit vorſchützend, die Erlaubniß auszuwirken, die Bäder zu Landeck zu gebrauchen, und entzog ſich von hieraus weiteren Maßregeln durch die Flucht. Durch Vermittelung des Staatskanzlers von Hardenberg ward die Unterſuchung niedergeſchlagen, und ihm der Aufenthalt in Berlin ſo wie eine Penſion bewilligt. Nachdem er noch eine Zeitlang bei der Verwaltung der Kloſtergüter angeſtellt worden, ſtarb er am 31. Mai 1820.

Zu ſeinen Schriften, unter denen viele anonym erſchienen, gehören:

Schleſien wie es iſt. Berlin, 1806. 3 Thle.
Vertraute Briefe über die innern Verhältniſſe am preußiſchen Hofe ſeit dem Tode Friedrichs II. Amſterdam, 1807.
Neue Feuerbrände. 12 Hefte. Amſterdam, 1807.
Wien und Berlin. Amſterdam, 1808.
Der Feldzug der Franzoſen 1806 und 1807. Leipzig, 1809.
Fackeln. Leipzig, 1811.
Die neue Staatsweisheit. Berlin, 1812.
Freimüthige Blätter für Deutſche. 5 Th. Berlin, 1815—18.
Wanderungen im Geiſte der Zeit. Berlin, 1816.
Rückblicke auf die Literatur der Jahre 1816 und 1817. 3 Thle. Berlin, 1819.
Hiſtoriſches Archiv. 5 Hefte. Berlin, 1819—20.
Neue freimüthige literariſche Blätter. Berlin, 1820. 12 Hefte. u. ſ. w.

Ein berüchtigter politiſcher Schriftſteller und Journaliſt der mit ſeltener an Frechheit ſtreifender Kühnheit, und auf eine nichts weniger als gründliche Weiſe die Gebrechen ſeiner Zeit und ſeines Landes angriff, Unwiſſenheit mit Arroganz paarte und wenig Beachtenswerthes leiſtete. Auch ſind ſeine Schriften bereits der Vergeſſenheit übergeben.

Vgl. Actenmäßige Rechtfertigung des Kriegsrathes von Cölln. Berlin, 1811. (Eine Art von Autobiographie des Verfaſſers. —

Daniel Georg Conrad von Cölln,

des Vorigen Neffe, ward 1788 ebenfalls zu Oertinghauſen geboren, ſtudierte in Marburg, Tübingen und Göttingen von 1807 bis 1810, habilitirte ſich an der erſtgenannten Univerſität im Jahre 1811 und erhielt 1816 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Theologie daſelbſt. Im Jahre 1818 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie nach Breslau berufen, wirkte er hier mit großem Eifer und reger Thätigkeit. Er ſtarb als Conſiſtorialrath am 17. Februar 1833.

In deutſcher Sprache erſchien von ihm:

Zwei Antwortſchreiben an Schleiermacher. Leipzig, 1831.
Hiſtoriſche Beiträge zur Erläuterung und Berichtigung der Begriffe, Pietismus, Myſticismus und Fanatismus. Halberſtadt, 1830.
Ideen über den inneren Zuſammenhang der Glaubensvereinigung und Glaubensreinigung in den evangeliſchen Kirchen. Leipzig, 1824.
Ueber theologiſche Lehrfreiheit auf den evangeliſchen Univerſitäten u. ſ. w. (Gemeinſchaftlich mit D. Schulz.) Breslau, 1830.
Viele einzelne Abhandlungen in theologiſchen Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein ruhiger, gründlicher und gemäßigter Rationaliſt, hat ſich von Cölln vorzüglich um die altteſtamentliche Exegeſe und die geſchichtlichen Disciplinen der Theologie Verdienſte erworben, und ſtets mit Kraft und Würde ſich den Bemühungen der Finſterlinge in Sachen des Glaubens, entgegengeſtellt.

Conrad von Würzburg ſ. Minneſänger.

Carl Wilhelm Salice-Conteſſa,

ward am 19. Auguſt 1777 zu Hirſchberg in Schleſien geboren, erhielt eine ſorgfältige Erziehung im Vaterhauſe, beſuchte dann das Pädagogium in Halle, wo er ebenfalls ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn begann, die er ſpäter in Erlangen endete. Er widmete ſich jedoch nicht dem Staatsdienſte, ſondern zog es vor, anfangs in Weimar, dann in Berlin und zuletzt bei ſeinem Jugendfreunde Ernſt von Houwald auf Sellendorf in der Niederlauſitz und dann auf Neuhaus bei Lübben als Privatmann zu leben, doch beſuchte er häufig Berlin, wo er an den Folgen eines Lungenübels am 2. Juni 1825 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Das Räthſel und der unterbrochene Schwätzer. Luſtſpiele. Berlin, 1809.
Der Findling und der Talisman. Berlin, 1810.
Der Todesengel; Haushahn und Paradiesvogel. Zwei Erzählungen. Berlin, 1815.
Erzählungen. 2 Bde. Dresden, 1819.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinem Bruder:

Dramatiſche Spiele und Erzählungen. 2 Thle. Hirſchberg, 1811—1814.
Das Bild der Mutter u. ſ. w. Berlin, 1818.

Mit de la Motte Fouqué und Hoffmann:

Kindermährchen. 2 Thle. Berlin, 1816.
Einzelne Luſtſpiele, Scenen, Skizzen u. ſ. w., in Müllners dramatiſchem Almanach, der Abendzeitung u. ſ. w.

Eine Sammlung ſeiner Werke beſorgte E. von Houwald, Leipzig, 1826 flg. 9 Bde.—

Conteſſa war als Menſch höchſt liebenswürdig, anſpruchslos und gutmüthig und iſt in ſeiner anziehenden und beſcheidenen Perſönlichkeit vortrefflich von Hoffmann in deſſen Serapionsbrüdern unter dem Namen Sylveſter geſchildert worden. Als Dichter zeichnet er ſich vorzüglich im Luſtſpiel durch Natürlichkeit, Wahrheit, lebendige Auffaſſung und Entwickelung der Charactere und einen raſchen, witzigen und dabei äußerſt feinen Dialog aus. Seine Erzählungen erfreuen ſich einer äußerſt anmuthigen Darſtellung, warmer Empfindung, echten Gefühls und glücklicher Phantaſie. Aus allen ſeinen Schriften leuchtet überhaupt deutlich hervor, daß er den Dichter nicht von dem Menſchen trennte und ſein Inneres eine helle, reiche Quelle wohlwollender und edler Geſinnungen war. Sein Freund Ernſt von Houwald hat ihm ein würdiges biographiſches Denkmal geſetzt in dem fünften Bande der:

Denkmäler verdienſtvoller Deutſcher. Leipzig, 1830.

Der Todesengel.*)

Meiſter Tromms, des Goldſchmidts, Haus ſchaute nach dem freien Platz hin vor dem Dome. Der Wind hatte in der Nacht draußen ſein wildes Spiel, heulte durch die Thurmluken und warf den Regen an die Fenſter. Maria ſaß mit Frau Suſannen, ihrer Amme, beim Spinrad und ſang:

Der Wind fährt über die Haide
Wohl über ein offnes Grab:
Zwei blutige Herzen voll Leide
Die ſchaufeln ſie dort hinab.

„Was habt ihr denn heute mit euerm traurigen Liede?" unterbrach ſie Suſanne. „Singt was Luſtiges, daß die Zeit vergeht."

Maria holte tief Athem. „Mir iſt heut ſo bange," ſprach ſie, „als ſtünd' mir ein Unglück zu."

„Es iſt heut der Sterbetag eurer Mutter," entgegnete Suſanna, und blickte nach einem Bilde von Mariens Mutter empor, welches an der Wand hing. — „Da ſeid ihr von jeher traurig geweſen. Doch denkt auch daran, daß ihr eine Braut ſeid, ſo mögt ihr wohl fröhlich werden."

„Eine Braut, die ihren Bräutigam nicht kennt!" ſeufzte Maria.

Indem trat Meiſter Tromm langſam zur Thür herein, ſtellte die Lampe auf den Tiſch und ließ ſich ſchweigend in den Lehnſtuhl nieder.

„Was fehlt euch, Vater!" rief Maria: „Ihr ſeht ſo bleich aus."

Meiſter Tromm antwortete nicht, ſondern ſchaute ſtarr vor ſich hin. „Wieviel iſt es an der Zeit?" fragte er über eine Weile. — „Acht Uhr vorbei!" erwiederte Suſanne. — „Acht Uhr!" wiederholte er nachdenklich. „Vier Stunden alſo noch ſind dieſem Tage gegeben!"

„Wollt ihr nicht zu Nacht eſſen?" fragte Suſanne. „Oder ich ſollte wohl ſagen, zu Mittag; denn ihr ſteckt ja ſeit zwei Tagen wieder ohne Unterlaß in dem geheimen Kämmerlein und vergeßt Eſſen und Trinken bei euern über- oder unterirdiſchen Dingen."

Meiſter Tromm ſchwieg eine lange Weile; endlich ſtreckte er die Hand nach ſeiner Tochter aus und ſprach: „Maria, mein Kind, komm' zu deinem Vater!"

Maria ſtand ſchnell auf und ergriff die dargebotene Hand freudig, obwohl heimlich verwundert über des Vaters ungewohnte Milde und Freundlichkeit.

„Uns ſteht heute Wichtiges bevor," hub er hierauf an. „Das Schickſal klopft an unſere Thür; die Zeichen ſtellen ſich wunderbar; doch kann ich nicht erforſchen, ob uns zum Heil oder zum Verderben. Allein halt' ich ſie mit dem Traum in der vergangenen Nacht zuſammen, da ich meinen Tod ſichtbar über unſere Schwelle ſchreiten ſah, ſo kann ich nicht anders glauben, als daß die Sanduhr abgelaufen und heute noch mein Ende nahet. Vielleicht, daß in dieſem Augenblick, wo ich mit dir ſpreche, der Todesengel ſchon zu meinem Haupte ſteht!"

Das bange Gefühl, welches Marien ſchon lange das Herz zuſammenpreßte, brach jetzt in Thränen hervor, und die Amme rief: „Was iſt das denn heute für ein ſchwarzer Tag! Beinahe kommt mir ſelbſt ein Grauſen an vor eurem Todesengel."

Da ſchellte es draußen an der Hausthür. Maria ſchauderte ſichtbar zuſammen; Meiſter Tromm fuhr erſchrocken auf, und Suſanne nahm zögernd die Lampe und ging, nach dem ſpäten Beſucher zu ſehen. In dem Gemach blieb's todtenſtill, daß man den Holzwurm picken hörte. Die Hausthür ward endlich aufgeſchloſſen, eine fremde Stimme ließ ſich vernehmen, haſtige Schritte kamen die Treppe herauf, und Suſanne trat herein, einen Brief in der Hand.

„Da kommt euch Nachricht," rief ſie, „von euerm alten Freunde in Braunſchweig. Der Bote begehrt, euch ſelbſt zu ſprechen." Und hinter ihr herein ſchritt ein junger Mann von hohem Wuchs, wohlgekleidet, verneigte ſich und ſprach, zu Meiſter Tromm ſich wendend: „Herzlichen Gruß voraus von euerm werthen Freunde; was ſein und mein Begehr an euch iſt, das werdet ihr in dem Briefe finden."

Der Alte brach den Brief, und überlas ihn ſchnell; ſein Geſicht erheiterte ſich, ſeine Augen funkelten, er ſprang auf, ging mit großen Schritten ein paar mal hin und her, und las dann wieder. „Das war es alſo," rief er aus, „das war's! Nun, Gott ſei geprieſen! Ja, das kann wichtig werden. Die Zeichen ſtanden uns zum Heil. Seid mir willkommen!"

Er hieß Suſannen das Nachteſſen beſchicken, Marien für des Gaſtes Bequemlichkeit ſorgen. „Ihr begehrt bei mir zu arbeiten!" fuhr er dann wieder zu dem Fremden gewendet fort, doch öfters noch in den Brief ſchauend. „Nun wohl, ſeht zu, ob's euch bei mir gefällt. Meiſter Eckard weiß viel Gutes von euch zu ſagen. Ihr ſeid gern geſehen."

„Seitdem ich ſoviel von euern kunſtreichen Arbeiten vernommen," entgegnete der Fremde, „beſonders ſeit ich den goldnen Becher geſehen, den ihr für Herzog Chriſtian gefertigt, hatte ich nirgend Ruhe: ich mußte euch ſelber kennen lernen."

„Das werdet ihr nicht ſonderlich Gewinn haben," lächelte der Alte. „An einem rechten Kunſtwerk iſt allezeit mehr, als an dem Künſtler ſelbſt. Zudem iſt die Zeit ſchon ziemlich lange vorbei, wo ich mich ſolchem Treiben einzig ergeben hatte. Kinder vergnügen ſich an der Schaale, der reife Verſtand ſucht nach des Lebens goldnem Kern."

Indeß ſie alſo ſprachen und der Fremde mit Verwunderung des Alten letzte Worte vernahm, ging Maria, ihres Vaters Befehl vollführend, ab und zu, und muſterte mit verſtohlenen Blicken den ſpäten Gaſt. Es war ihr, als erhübe ſich ein ſeltſamer Streit in ihrem Innern, ſie fühlte ſich von ihm zugleich angezogen und zurückgeſtoßen; und ſo oft ſie das ſchöne, aber bleiche Geſicht, von dunkeln Locken umgeben, und die düſter glimmenden Augen betrachtete, konnte ſie ſich des Gedankens an den Todesengel nicht erwehren, von dem der Vater erſt geſprochen.

Seine Augen hafteten über Tiſche, wenn er ſich unbemerkt glaubte, einigemal auf ihr. Sie fühlte, wie das Blut ihr nach den Wangen ſtieg, und, gleich als erſchräck' es vor ſeinen Blicken, plötzlich wieder nach dem Herzen zurückfloh.

Meiſter Tromm war zerſtreut und eilte, und hatte kaum das Gebet geſprochen, als er Suſannen befahl, den Gaſt, der müde ſeyn werde von der Reiſe, nach ſeinem Schlafgemach zu geleiten. Er aber griff nach dem Schlüſſelbund, hieß ſeine Tochter zu Bette gehen und begab ſich nach dem Laboratorium.

Der Freund in Braunſchweig war auf höchſt wichtige Entdeckungen, und in der That dem ächten grün und güldiſchen Löwen auf die Spur gekommen, wie er dies vermöge ihres Vertrags und ihrer Freundſchaft in dem Briefe mitgetheilt, und Meiſter Trommen brannte das Herz vor Verlangen, die Wahrhaftigkeit jener Berichte durch den Schmelztiegel zu erproben, und vielleicht ſelbſt das Werk zur Ausrichtung zu bringen.

Als Frau Suſanne von der Begleitung des Gaſtes zurückkam, floß ihr Mund über von deſſen Lobe; ſie konnte kein Ende finden, ſeine Schönheit und Freundlichkeit zu preiſen; Maria aber ſeufzte u. ſchwieg, wandte Müdigkeit vor, und ſchlich nach ihrem Kämmerlein. Doch der ſchöne Todesengel hielt noch lange den Schlaf von ihren Augenlidern fern.

Alſo war nun Meiſter Tromms Hausſtand, der ſich ſeit dem Tode von Mariens Mutter immer mehr und mehr ins Enge gezogen hatte, wieder um eine Perſon vergrößert. Meiſter Tromm, der, andern Dingen ergeben, wenig Luſt mehr zur Betreibung ſeiner Kunſt verſpürte und dennoch ihrer bedurfte, war froh, einen willigen und geſchickten Arbeiter gefunden zu haben, deſſen Schultern er die läſtige Sorge für den Lebensunterhalt gänzlich aufladen konnte; Frau Suſanne freute ſich, daß nun wieder ein neuer Trieb in das abgeſtorbene Leben kommen ſollte; Maria aber, der Einſamkeit und Beſchränktheit ſeit lange gewohnt, fühlte durch die Gegenwart des Fremden ſich in ihrem bisherigen Weſen ſeltſam geſtört und behindert. Das widerſtreitende Gefühl, welches ſie bei ſeinem erſten Anblick ergriffen hatte, wollte auch bei öfterm Beiſammenſeyn nicht von ihr laſſen; und obgleich ſein beſcheiden ehrerbietiges Betragen, ſein ſtiller Eifer, ihr zu dienen und gefällig zu ſeyn, die Neigung, die ſie wider Willen zu ihm hinzog, mit jedem Tage vermehrte, ſo hielt doch die geheime Scheu, die ſich allzeit abwehrend vor ihm ſtellte, mit jener gleichen Schritt; ja es ſchien, als ob beide wechſelſeitig aus einander Kraft und Wachsthum ſchöpften.

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*) Aus C. W. Conteſſa's Erzählungen. Berlin, 1815.

So kam es denn, daß Wolf, der neue Hausgenoſſe, ſchon geraume Zeit mit Marien unter einem Dache lebte, ohne daß, außer Gruß und Gegengruß, oder etwa einem halblauten Dank für einen ſtumm geleiſteten kleinen Dienſt, irgend ein Wort zwiſchen beiden gewechſelt worden wäre. Ihm auf ſeiner Seite war Maria vom erſten Augenblick an als ein wundervolles Heiligenbild erſchienen, dem in ſtiller Andacht und frommer Ehrfurcht zu dienen, ſein Leben beſtimmt ſey, das ihm nun erſt zum wahren Leben aufgegangen dünkte. Die Vergangenheit, die ihm theils bei einem ſtrengen Vater, theils nach deſſen Tode, in drückender Abhängigkeit von der Außenwelt ziemlich freudenleer verſtrichen, kam ihm jetzt vor, wie ein ſtarrer Winter, ſeine Gegenwart aber wie ein herrlicher Lenz voll ſchwellender Knoſpen und Blüthen, voll Sehnſucht und heimlicher Ahnung, über dem Mariens Augen wie ein klarer blauer Himmel ſtanden, erweckend und belebend. Es war ihm, als ob ein neues Licht die Welt verklärte, und er wunderte ſich oft ſelbſt über die Bedeutung, die Alles um ihn her gewonnen hatte. Beſonders aber ſchien ihm in der Kunſt ein neuer Morgen aufgeſproßt. Die Art, wie er ſie bisher betrieben, genügte ihm nicht länger. Er fühlte, daß ſie höhere Zwecke haben müſſe, als lediglich die Dienerin des armen Lebens zu ſeyn; er ahnte den gemeinſamen Urſprung, das gemeinſame Ziel aller Künſte, und es ergriff ihn ein heißer Trieb, etwas Würdiges hervor zu bringen, und was in ſeinem Innern glühend lebte, auch außer ſich darzuſtellen.

Um deſto verletzender mußten daher jetzt gerade die wunderlichen Reden Meiſter Tromms auf ihn wirken, der an allen Dingen zu tadeln fand, und was jenem das Höchſte dünkte, mit Geringſchätzung anſah, oder ſpottend in den Schlamm irdiſcher Verhältniſſe herabzuziehen ſuchte.

„Das klingt gut,“ — ſagte er einſt, als Wolf einmal ſeine Gedanken laut werden ließ; — „es iſt aber eitel Klang und nicht ein Kind mag ſich daran ſatt eſſen. Und wenn ihr euer ganzes Leben an eure ſogenannte Kunſt ſetzt, kein Menſch bezahlt's euch! Sie danken's euch nicht einmal. — Es iſt aber nur Spielwerk“ — fuhr er fort — „der bunte Staub gleichſam auf den Flügeln der Welt und weit entfernt von dem innerſten Weſen, das freilich nur wenigen Auserwählten gegeben ward zu ergründen.“

Mit ſolchen und ähnlichen Worten erregte er oft in Wolfs Innerm Widerſtreit und Unzufriedenheit, die ſich zuletzt aber allzeit gegen ihren Urheber kehrten, vor deſſen entweihendem Blick jener nun Gedanken und Empfindungen ſorgfältig in ſeiner Bruſt verſchloß, und treu ſeinem Streben und ſeiner Liebe ergeben blieb.

So waren wohl drei Monden hingegangen, als Meiſter Tromm, eines Abends ſich zu Tiſche ſetzend, freundlich zu ſeiner Tochter ſprach: „Nun, Maria, rüſte dich, deinen Bräutigam zu empfangen. Er wird in wenigen Tagen hier ſeyn.“ Maria erblaßte und ſchwieg; und indem ſie nach einer Weile die Augen ſchüchtern emporſchlug, ſah ſie, daß Wolf mit geſenktem Haupt und ſtarrem Blicke regungslos wie ein Steinbild auf ſeinem Stuhl ſaß.

„Du kennſt ihn zwar nicht,“ fuhr der Alte fort, „allein ich kenne ihn und hoffe, du wirſt zufrieden ſeyn mit meiner Wahl. Er iſt von ſtattlichem Anſehn, iſt wacker, und, vor allen Dingen, er iſt reich. Ich denke, einer ſolchen Dreieinigkeit kann der Himmel in der Ehe nicht fehlen.“

Wolf ſtand haſtig auf und verließ das Gemach. Meiſter Tromm fuhr in dem Lobe des Bräutigams fort und ordnete mancherlei zu ſeinem Empfang an. Maria hörte mit gepreßtem Herzen zu; und als ihr Vater endlich, wie er pflegte, gleich nach dem Eſſen hinweggegangen war, umfaßte ſie ihre Freundin Suſanne, legte den Kopf an ihre Bruſt und brach in Thränen aus.

„Armes Kind,“ rief Suſanne, „ich weiß wohl, was dir das Herz bricht. Ach, deine Mutter dort“ — ſie zeigte auf das Bild an der Wand — „ſie wußte auch davon zu ſagen. Gott behüte dich vor ihrem Schickſal!“ — Und damit ſie noch einmal umarmend, ging ſie hinweg. Maria aber, von einem ihr unbekannten Gefühl bedrängt und verwirrt, warf ſich, Troſt und Hülfe ſuchend, vor dem Bilde der geliebten Mutter auf die Knie und ſtreckte die Arme flehend nach ihm aus.

Das Bild ſchaute mit trüben, wehmüthigen Blicken auf ſie nieder, und wie das zitternde Licht der Lampe darüber hinlief, kam es ihr vor, als finge es an zu leben und ſich zu regen, und je länger ſie hinſah, deſto gewiſſer ward es ihr; ja es ſchien endlich die Lippen zu öffnen und mit ihr zu ſprechen, ſo daß ſie ein leichter Schauder überlief. Indem öffnete ſich hinter ihr die Thür; Maria ſprang erſchrocken empor und vor ihr ſtand Wolf, die Blicke zur Erde geſenkt. Maria ſchlug gleichfalls die Augen nieder, als ſie ihn gewahrte; ihr Herz klopfte, als wollt' es aus der Bruſt ſpringen, und ſo ſtanden ſie beide eine Weile ſich gegenüber. Endlich trat Wolf näher und ſprach mit zitternder Stimme: „Ich komme, euch Lebewohl zu ſagen. Ich muß fort und bitte euch, ihr wollet dieſes Kreuzlein, das ich für euch gearbeitet, auch von mir annehmen und meiner zuweilen gedenken.“

Er überreichte ihr dabei ein kleines Crucifix von Silber und Ebenholz und von der kunſtreichſten Arbeit. Maria zögerte, es anzunehmen. „Ich bitte euch, nehmet es doch von mir,“ ſprach er flehend. „Für euch war es von Anfang an beſtimmt; der Gedanke an euch hat ſich unter der Arbeit tauſendfach damit vereinigt und verſchmolzen, ja ihr allein einigen Werth gegeben, und niemand anderm kommt es zu.“

Maria nahm es aus ſeiner Hand; unter ihren geſenkten Augenliedern drängten ſich Thränen hervor, und mit leiſer Stimme ſprach ſie: „Ihr wollt von uns ſcheiden?“

Als er ihre Thränen ſah, ergriff er ihre Hand und bedeckte ſie mit heißen ungeſtümen Küſſen; bei ihrer Berührung aber ſchlug die lang verhaltene Leidenſchaft in unbändiger Flamme empor. Er gebot ſeinem Herzen nicht länger, umfaßte Marien und rief: „Mein biſt du, Maria, mein! Kein anderer ſoll dich beſitzen! Du biſt mein, und ſollt' ich dich durch ein Verbrechen erkaufen!“ — Maria ſah ihn erſchrocken an, und vor der wilden Glut, die aus ſeinen Augen brach, zurückbebend, ſuchte ſie ängſtlich ſich von ihm loszumachen. Da warf er ſich vor ihr nieder und bedeckte ſein Geſicht; und indem Maria von Angſt, Liebe und Mitleid gleich heftig bewegt, ſich in der Verwirrung zu ihm herabneigte, ihn aufzuheben, ſchaute er empor, ihre Lippen begegneten ſich, und im erſten Kuſſe zuckte ihr Leben in einander.

In demſelben Augenblick entſtand an der Wand, wo das Bild von Mariens Mutter hing, ein heller heftiger Schall, wie von einem Schlage. — Maria riß ſich erſchrocken aus Wolfs Armen; auch Wolf ſprang auf und ſchaute mit verſtörten Blicken um ſich. Es war, als ob eine bange Ahnung ſich wie eine Kluft zwiſchen beide würfe: keines wagte mehr dem andern zu nahen.

„Das iſt mein Schickſal,“ ſprach Wolf mit Bitterkeit, „das überall ſtörend und zerreißend in mein Leben greift.“

Suſanne kam herein, des Vaters Rückkehr meldend; und da Wolf noch immer wie ein Gebannter auf ſeinem Platz blieb, nahm ſie ihn bei der Hand und zog ihn ſchnell durch eine Seitenthür mit ſich fort.

Meiſter Tromm trat mit ernſter Miene in das Zimmer, und nachdem er ſich geſetzt hatte, ſprach er: „Das war ein ſeltſamer Schlummer, der mich heute beim Leſen überfiel, als ich kaum angefangen. Mir träumte von deiner Mutter.“ Er ſah bei dieſen Worten nach dem Bilde empor. „Was iſt das?“ rief er aus, ſtand auf und trat mit Lampe vor das Bild.

Maria blickte hin und ſah nicht ohne Entſetzen, daß es, auf Holz gemalt, mitten von einander geſprungen war und die geliebten Züge der Mutter in ſeltſamer Entſtellung erſchienen. Meiſter Tromm ſchüttelte bedenklich den Kopf und ſprach: „Das trifft wunderlich zuſammen. Gott wende Unglück von uns!“

Die Ankunft des Bräutigams verzögerte ſich indeß von Tag zu Tage; von Wolfs Abreiſe war die Rede nicht mehr, und das Verhältniß der Liebenden ging im Verborgenen den gewöhnlichen Gang und wurde immer vertrauter. Denn obwohl die Scheu, welche Wolfs erſter Anblick erzeugt hatte, Marien auch jetzt noch, oft in ſeinen Armen ſelbſt, überfiel und ſie empor ſchreckte, ja, obgleich das Bild der Mutter ihr jeden Tag mit einer ſtillen Warnung entgegen zu treten ſchien, ſo diente dieß der einmal erwachten Leidenſchaft, weit entfernt ihr ein Hinderniß zu ſeyn, vielmehr nur zu Vergrößerung ihrer Gewalt, und die Liebe drang ſchmerzlich und nicht ohne Kampf aber eben darum nur deſto tiefer in Mariens Herz.

Eines Sonntags, da Meiſter Tromm am Fenſter ſtand und Maria eben aus der Kirche kam, traf es ſich, daß ſie einen Handſchuh verlor, und Wolf, der nicht weit hinter ihr ging, lief geſchwind hinzu, ihn aufzunehmen, und ſo kamen beide neben einander auf das Haus zu. Frau Suſanne aber wollte die Gelegenheit benutzen und ſagte: „Nun, Meiſter, ſchaut! Das gäb' ein feines Paar.“

Meiſter Tromm ſah ſie finſter an. „Nimmermehr!“ fuhr er heraus. „Meiner Tochter ſteht Beſſeres bevor, der Burſche aber iſt zur unglücklichen Stunde geboren.“

Indeſſen waren jene beiden ins Haus getreten und eine alte halb wahnſinnige Frau aus der Nachbarſchaft, die bei dem Volke für eine Wahrſagerin galt, blieb, eben vorbeigehend, unter dem Fenſter ſtehen, richtete ſich an ihrer Krücke empor und rief: „Gebt doch wohl Acht, Nachbar, daß euch der Wolf nicht das Lämmlein frißt!"

Meiſter Tromm ſchwieg; allein er beobachtete von nun an die Liebenden im Stillen und überraſchte ſie eines Tages Hand in Hand im vertraulichen Geſpräch. Sein Zorn entbrannte heftig gegen Marien, und auch Wolf würde ihm nicht entgangen, ſondern auf der Stelle aus dem Hauſe verwieſen worden ſeyn, wenn er nicht ſeiner noch ſo nothwendig bedurft hätte.

Ein reicher Kaufmann der Stadt nämlich hatte, an einer ſchweren Krankheit darniederliegend, dem heiligen Stephan, ſeinem Schutzpatron, ein ſilbernes Altarblatt gelobt und nach ſeiner Geneſung zu Verfertigung deſſelben den Meiſter Tromm erſehen, dieſer aber die ganze Arbeit Wolfen überlaſſen. Wolf war mit Eifer und Liebe daran gegangen, und der Alte hatte ihn noch mehr dadurch aufzumuntern geſucht, daß er ihm mehrmals während der Arbeit verſprach, den Lohn redlich mit ihm zu theilen, die Ehre aber ihm ganz allein zu überlaſſen. Das Werk war jetzt ſchon weit vorgerückt und der Vollendung nahe. Es ſtellte den Märtyrertod des Heiligen in halberhabener Arbeit dar, und zeigte bei einem großen Reichthum an Figuren eine ſehr geſchickte Anordnung und höchſt kunſtreiche und vortreffliche Ausführung.

Da nun Wolf unter dieſen Umſtänden nicht entfernt werden konnte, ſo mußte ſich Meiſter Tromm damit begnügen, daß er Marien allen Umgang mit ihm unterſagte und Frau Suſannen die ſtrengſte Aufſicht anbefahl. Wolf aber ſtand in der Gunſt der letztern viel zu hoch, als daß ſie den Liebenden in der That ein ernſtliches Hinderniß in den Weg gelegt hätte. So gewann ihr Umgang durch den leichten Zwang und die nöthige Verheimlichung nur neue Reize, und der Frühling der Liebe trieb, mitten unter winterlichen Umgebungen und von Sturm bedroht, in ihren Herzen ſeine üppigſten Blüthen empor, alle Sinne mit ſüßen Duft berauſchend.

Doch nur kurze Zeit war dieſem Frühling gegeben und kein Sommer ſollte ihm folgen. Die Ankunft des Bräutigams fiel plötzlich wie ein tödtender Nachtfroſt in jenen Blüthenhimmel.

Meiſter Tromm trat eines Nachmittags mit einem Fremden herein, in reicher Kleidung, von vornehmem Anſtand, dem Anſehn nach nicht über die dreißiger Jahre hinaus, den er freudig als den lang' Erwarteten ankündigte. Mariens Herz erbebte bei ſeinem Anblick. Sie zitterte. Der Fremde ſchritt auf ſie zu, und indem er freundlich ihre Hand faßte, ſprach er ſanft: „Ihr ſcheint zu erſchrecken vor mir. Erinnert ihr euch eines Freundes nicht mehr, der euch als ein Kind ſchon liebte und oft auf ſeinen Armen trug? Wahrlich, ſo viel auch die Knospe ſchon verſprach, ſo überraſcht mich doch die Anmuth der Roſe, die daraus emporgeblüht."

Marie war keines Wortes mächtig, und ihr Vater ſprach: Laßt ihr nur erſt Zeit, ſich ſelbſt in dem neuen Verhältniß wiederzufinden. Sie iſt des Umgangs mit Männern nicht gewohnt."

Der Freund zog einen Ring hervor und ſteckte ihn an ihren Finger. Es war ein Rubin in Form eines Herzens. „So vergönnt mir wenigſtens," lächelte er, „daß dieſer Ring durch ſeine Farbe und Geſtalt ein Wörtlein von mir zu euch ſpreche." Darauf entfernte er ſich mit ihrem Vater und ließ ſie in großer Verwirrung zurück. So hatte ſie ſich den Bräutigam nicht gedacht.

Herr Walter war ein fürſtlicher Diener und im Beſitz eines anſehnlichen Vermögens. Eine Beſtellung ſeines Herrn hatte ihn Meiſter Tromm bekannt gemacht, der gemeinſchaftliche Hang zu geheimen Wiſſenſchaften beide enger mit einander verbunden. Bei einem Beſuch vor mehreren Jahren ſah er Marien; und obwohl ſie damals erſt acht Jahr alt war, machte doch das wunderſchöne, fromme und freundliche Kind einen ſo lebhaften Eindruck auf ihn, daß ſelbſt eine lange mit ſeinem Herrn unternommene Reiſe denſelben nicht tilgen konnte, und er, nach ſeiner Rückkehr das Bedürfniß einer treuen Genoſſin in Freud' und Leid verſpürend, ſich geradezu an Meiſter Tromm mit dem Begehren nach ſeiner Tochter Hand wendete, welchen Antrag auch dieſer um ſo freundlicher zu willen geweſen war, da er ſeinem durch alchemiſtiſche Verſuche bereits gar ſehr zurückgekommenen Hausweſen mittelſt eines reichen Schwiegerſohns wieder aufzuhelfen hoffte.

Maria ſtand noch auf demſelben Platze, wo der Bräutigam ſie verlaſſen hatte, als Wolf mit verſtörtem Geſicht und wilden Blicken hereinſtürzte. „Maria," rief er, „iſt es wahr?" — Maria ſchwieg. Er faßte ihre Hand und ward des Ringes inne. Da ließ er ſie plötzlich los, wandte ſich ab und ſprach mit leiſer Stimme: „O ich Unglücklicher, ſo iſt es denn entſchieden! — Fahr' hin, Seligkeit!" fuhr er heftiger fort. „Der Himmel iſt verſchloſſen; die Hölle thut ſich auf." Er ergriff einen Seſſel, wie um ſich daran zu halten, ſank daran nieder und legte das Geſicht mit beiden Händen bedeckend, ſeinen Kopf auf den Sitz. Maria wußte nicht was ſie beginnen ſollte; ſie bat ihn aufzuſtehen und gab ihm die ſüßeſten Namen; da er immer noch in ſeiner Stellung verharrte, kniete ſie endlich neben ihm nieder, und den Arm um ſeinen Nacken ſchlingend, rief ſie ſchluchzend: „Ich bin ja dein, auf ewig dein!" — Wolf ſchaute ſie lange an, dann drückte er wild ſeine Lippen auf ihren Mund. „Ja, du biſt mein!" ſprach er. „Wer will dich mir entreißen?" — Er ſprang auf und zog ſie mit ſich empor. — „In deinem Herzen iſt mein Leben feſtgewurzelt; und wer dich von mir reißt, der tödtet mich! — Leben um Leben dann! Wohl, es gilt!"

Maria, die aus ſeiner wilden Geberde Arges fürchtete, hielt ihn ängſtlich feſt. Er aber ſprach mit einem ſeltſamen Lächeln: „Sey ruhig, mein Kind; ich will bei deinem Vater um dich werben." Er küßte ſie noch einmal auf Stirn und Augen, und verließ das Gemach.

Maria zitterte nun vor der Rückkehr des Bräutigams; indeß er kam bloß, um ihr Lebewohl zu ſagen. Ein wichtiges Geſchäft rief ihn noch deſſelben Tages von hinnen, doch hoffte er in zwei oder drei Wochen zurück zu ſeyn; der Tag der Vermählung wurde in ihrer Gegenwart feſtgeſtellt, und ihr Schweigen dabei für ihre Einwilligung genommen.

In dieſer Zeit traf es ſich, daß das Altarblatt eben vollendet war, und Wolf überlieferte es ſeinem Meiſter am andern Morgen nach des Bräutigams Abreiſe. „Es iſt gut und wohlgerathen," ſprach Meiſter Tromm, nachdem er es lange aufmerkſam betrachtet, und wollte ſich langſam hinwegbegeben; allein Wolf ſtellte ſich ihm düſter in den Weg und hielt um ſeiner Tochter Hand an. „Was ihr dort geſehen," ſagte er hinzu, „überzeugt euch ſattſam, daß ich ein Weib ernähren kann. Maria liebt mich, und ich vermag nicht ohne ſie zu leben. So ſtehe ich denn nun zwiſchen Himmel und Hölle: ich flehe zu euch, rettet mich von dem Abgrund, den ich zu meinen Füßen ſchaue. Sprecht ihr nein, ſo bin ich verloren — und ich nicht allein!"

Der Alte blickte ihn verächtlich an, ſein Geſicht überlief rothe Glut, dann wurde er wieder bleich. „Man muß in der Welt über manch Ding hinweg," ſagte er endlich, ſpöttiſch lächelnd, „ſo werdet ihr auch über mein Nein hinwegkommen. Meine Tochter iſt zu etwas Beſſerem beſtimmt, als die Frau eines armen Goldſchmidts zu werden. Du aber mein Bürſchlein, biſt als ein armer Schlucker geboren, und wirſt nimmer auf einen grünen Zweig kommen, mit all deiner Kunſt! Es war eine unglückliche Stunde, die dich zur Welt kommen ſah!" Und damit ließ er Wolfen ſtehen, durch deſſen Bruſt ſeine Worte wie glühende Schwerter zuckten.

Von dieſem Augenblick an ſchlich Wolf herum wie ein Träumender, erſchien nicht mehr bei Tiſch, ließ ſich überhaupt wenig im Hauſe ſehen, ſondern ſtreifte außerhalb der Stadt in Sturm und Schneegeſtöber umher; und ſo oft Marie ängſtlich beſorgt ihn fragte, was geſchehen ſey, gab er immer nur zur Antwort: „Sey ruhig, es ſoll alles noch gut werden."

Indeſſen hatte Meiſter Tromm das Altarbild abgeliefert; es war in der Kirche aufgeſtellt worden; von allen Seiten kamen Leute herbei, es zu beſchauen und zu bewundern, und dem kunſtreichen Verfertiger wurde großes Lob und reicher Lohn zu Theil. Meiſter Tromm aber, ſeines Verſprechens uneingedenk, fand für gut, beides allein für ſich daheim zu nehmen, und Wolfen wie einen gemeinen Arbeiter mit einem geringen Stück Geld abzufinden. Obwohl nun dieſem in ſeiner jetzigen Stimmung weder Ehre noch Geld der Beachtung werth ſchien, ſo konnte ihm doch das unredliche Verfahren nicht entgehen, ſondern ſchärfte den Stachel, den des Alten zurückweiſende Antwort in ſeine Seele geworfen, und trieb den Groll gegen ihn, der in ſeinem Innern glimmend lag, in raſcher Glut empor. — Allein mit einem Male ſollte die ganze Lage der Dinge eine gewaltſame Änderung erleiden.

Eines Morgens ſtellte ſich Meiſter Tromm nicht zum Morgenimbiß ein, wie er doch ſonſt pflegte; das Bett ſtand noch unberührt in ſeiner Kammer, und ob er gleich wohl öfters ſchon ganze Nächte in ſeinem Laboratorium zugebracht hatte, ſo machte doch jetzt ſein langes Ausbleiben Marien beſorgt, und ſie wagte ſich endlich, da es gegen Mittag ging, in Suſannens Begleitung nach dem Hinterhauſe, in welchem ſich die geheime Werkſtätte befand, und pochte an die Thür. Doch keine Antwort, keine Spur des Lebens innerhalb, wie lange ſie auch horchten, wie ſtark ſie auch klopften. Vergeblich wurde nun das ganze Haus durchſucht, Mariens Beſorgniß wuchs zur Angſt auf, und da auch Wolf nirgend zu finden war, mußte Suſanne endlich den Beiſtand eines Nachbarn erbitten, um die Thür des Laboratoriums mit Gewalt zu öffnen.

Nur einmal in ihrem Leben hatte Maria, faſt noch ein Kind, das Innere deſſelben geſehen, da ihr Vater einſt den Schlüſſel ſtecken gelaſſen; ſie erinnerte ſich, daß der Anblick zweier rieſenhaften Todtengerippe, mit großen Schwertern in der knöchernen Fauſt, ſie damals voll Entſetzen zurückgeſcheucht hatte, und in die bange Erwartung, mit welcher ſie jetzt der Oeffnung entgegen ſah, miſchte ſich ein geheimer Schauder.

Die von innen verſchloſſene Thür wich endlich der Axt, und wurde geöffnet. Unter einem ſchwarzen Vorhang, welcher im Hintergrunde des Gemachs den Eingang zu einem zweiten deckte, quoll ein dicker Rauch hervor, in demſelben Augenblick ſchlug auch die Flamme in die Höh', und die Todtengerippe zu beiden Seiten grinſeten, in Rauch und Feuer gehüllt, den Eintretenden gräßlich entgegen. Der Nachbar trat erſchrocken zurück, Maria bebte und faßte Suſannens Arm. Da kam plötzlich Wolf herbei, ein Gefäß mit Waſſer in der Hand; mit dem Geſchrei: „Feuer! Feuer! um Gotteswillen!" drängte er ſich bei ihnen vorüber, riß ſchnell den brennenden Vorhang herab, der Nachbar lief auch hinzu, und ſie gewältigten das Feuer mit leichter Mühe. Doch als ſie nun helle in das hintere Gemach drangen, ſtürzte Wolf ſogleich wieder heraus, eilte auf Marien zu, die zitternd an der äußern Thür ſtand, ergriff ihre Hände in heftiger Angſt, und rief mit wild rollenden Augen: „Maria, um Gotteswillen hilf mir, rette mich, bete für mich! Ich kann ihn nicht anſehen!" — Zu gleicher Zeit vernahm Maria den Angſtruf: „Um Jeſuwillen! er iſt todt!" ſie hörte das Geſchrei Suſannens, die indeß auch hinzugeeilt war, lief, ſich losreißend, nach der hintern Thüre, ſah ihren Vater mit gräßlich entſtelltem Geſicht leblos am Boden liegen und ſank ohnmächtig nieder. Suſanne und der Nachbar wußten nicht, wem ſie zuerſt beiſpringen ſollten und liefen in der Beſtürzung von einem zum andern, bis endlich dieſer hinwegeilte, um Hülfe herbei zu ſchaffen, und jene Wolfen, der in ſtarrer Betäubung daſtand, ihr beizuſtehen antrieb, worauf er, wie aus einem Traum erwachend, Marien haſtig auf ſeine Arme nahm, ſie nach ihrer Kammer trug und dort zu den Füßen ihres Bettes knieend liegen blieb, bis es Suſannen gelungen war, ſie wieder ins Leben zurück zu rufen.

Als ſie die Augen aufſchlug, ſprang er empor: „Das iſt mein Himmel!" rief er, „und keines andern bedarf ich weiter!" Und als Suſanne von ihm verlangte, er ſolle nun ſeinem Meiſter zu Hülfe eilen, ſprach er: „Verlang mein Leben! nur das nicht; ich kann ihn nicht anſehen."

Alle Bemühungen auch, Meiſter Tromm wieder zum Leben zu erwecken, waren unterdeß fruchtlos geweſen. Er war todt. Nach der Meinung des herbeigerufenen Arztes mußte er erſtickt ſeyn, und die Beſichtigung des Laboratoriums machte es wahrſcheinlich, daß der Tod ihn am Heerde bei Bereitung irgend einer verderblichen Materie getroffen, ſein Fall den Tiſch mit der brennenden Lampe umgeſtürzt und dadurch den darauf liegenden Teppich entzündet habe, an welchem das Feuer nun langſam fort glimmend, ſich bis zu dem Thürvorhang verbreitet und endlich durch den bei der Eröffnung der Thür entſtandenen Luftzug plötzlich in heller Flamme aufgeſchlagen ſey.

An ſeinem Begräbnißtage kehrte Herr Walter, Mariens beſtimmter Bräutigam, von ſeiner Reiſe zurück. Er begleitete wehmüthig ſeinen Freund zur Ruheſtätte, und da er bald inne wurde, wie nun die Sach' im Hauſe ſtand, trat er ernſt, doch freundlich vor Marien und ſprach: „Es war des Vaters Wille, mich mit eurer Hand zu beglücken, nicht der eure, wie ich jetzt erſt ſehe. Fern ſey es von mir, euch Zwang auflegen zu wollen. Das Glück der Ehe gedeihet nur im Sonnenſchein der Liebe. Möge es euch immer wohlgehen! möget ihr allezeit glücklich machend auch glücklich ſeyn!" — Maria ſah eine Thräne in ſeinen Augen blinken; er reichte ihr noch einmal die Hand und ſchied dann von dannen.

Der Schreck hatte Marien eine Unpäßlichkeit zugezogen. Wolf wich nicht von ihrem Bett, und ſogar am Begräbnißtage hatte Suſanne ihn nicht vermocht, es zu verlaſſen, um ſeinem Meiſter das letzte Geleit zu geben. In dem Gefühl, daß Maria nun ſein, daß nun jedes Hinderniß ſeiner Liebe entfernt ſey, ſchien er allein wie in einem befreundeten Elemente leben zu wollen, und jede Berührung mit der Außenwelt, ja ſelbſt jeden andern Gedanken als feindlich zu vermeiden und zurückzuſtoßen. Ueberhaupt wurde mit jedem Tage auffallender eine ſeltſame Unruhe an ihm bemerklich, die wie ein böſer Geiſt ſich an ſeine Ferſen heftete. Oft mitten im Geſpräch verſtummte er, ſaß in ſich ſelbſt verſunken, die Blicke ſtarr auf einen Fleck gerichtet, ohne Regung da; dann jagte ihn plötzlich wieder irgend ein unbedeutendes Geräuſch empor, er ſchaute mit wild rollenden Augen erſchrocken um ſich, das Entſetzen lag auf ſeinem Geſicht und ſchüttelte ſeine Glieder wie im Fieberfroſt, und in Marien regte ſich wieder das unheimliche Gefühl bei ſeinem Anblick, welches nur eine Zeitlang geſchlummert hatte. Doch in ſolchen Augenblicken flüchtete er allzeit an ihre Bruſt, wie zu einem rettenden Aſyl; in ihren Armen ſchien er ſich berauſchen, in den Wogen der Liebe untergehend ein gänzlich Vergeſſen ſeiner ſelbſt ſuchen zu wollen, und im Sturm der Leidenſchaft, in halbem Wahnſinn riß er das ſchwache Mädchen mit ſich fort.

Der Winter war indeß vergangen. Ein warmer Morgen lockte einſt Marien mit dem Geliebten aus dem engen Garten am Hauſe ins freie Feld. Der Frühling begann zu erwachen und ſchaute aus tauſend Knoſpenaugen ſchüchtern hervor, zu ihren Füßen und in den Lüften regte ſich überall junges Leben, die blauen Berge traten Marien wie alte Bekannte entgegen, die Bäume, traute Geſpielen ihrer Kindheit, nickten ihr freundliche Grüße zu, und in der Luft, die um ihre Wangen koſ'te, wehte der leiſe Athem der Erinnerung. Es war noch alles, wie ſonſt, und doch wieder wie ſo ganz anders, als damals, da ſie als fröhliches Kind, als unſchuldige Jungfrau auf dieſen Wieſen ſpielend und träumend ſich erging! Ihr Herz bebte in ſüßer Wehmuth und ſchmerzlicher Luſt. Sie zog den Gefährten zu ihrem Lieblingsplätzchen nieder, das ſchon im neuen Grün prangte, legte den Kopf an ſeine Bruſt und erleichterte das volle Herz in ſanften Thränen. Wolf ſchlang den Arm um ſie, blickte düſter hinaus in die freundliche Gegend und küßte von Zeit zu Zeit heftig ihre Hand.

„Wirſt du mich auch immer lieben?" fragte Maria endlich leiſe.

„Bis in den Tod!" entgegnete Wolf.

„Wirſt du auch allzeit bei mir bleiben?" — fuhr Maria fort.

Wolf ſchwieg und ſchlug die Augen nieder. „Wenn nur dein Vater wollte!" ſprach er endlich dumpf und leiſe.

Marie hob den Kopf und ſah ihn verwundert an. Indem erſchallte dicht hinter ihnen eine krächzende Stimme: „Laßt euch nicht von ihm anfaſſen, Jungfrau! Er macht euch blutig!"

Wolf ſprang erſchrocken empor. Die wahnſinnige Nachbarin ſtand vor ihm und ſchaute ihm grinſend ins Geſicht. — „Waſche deine Hände," fuhr ſie fort, „ſie ſind noch roth!"

„Wahnſinnige Hexe," ſchrie Wolf außer ſich, „was willſt du von mir?"

Die Alte zog unter ihrem Bruſttuch einige Veilchen hervor, reichte ſie ihm hin und ſprach: „Ich will dir Blumen ſchenken, die auf einem Grabe gewachſen ſind, daß du mir das Lämmlein da nicht frißt. Halte ſie wohl unter Gewahrſam, denn ſie plaudern gar wunderliche Dinge. Was der Winter begraben, bringt der Frühling ans Licht. Sieh dich wohl vor!"

Marien überfiel ein Grauen vor der Alten und ihren Worten, Wolf faßte mit verſtörtem Geſicht ihren Arm. „Fort!" rief er, „laß uns gehn! die Hexe macht mich ſelbſt noch wahnſinnig."

Mit gellender Stimme hub die Alte an zu ſingen:

„Drei Klaftern in die Erde
Hat ſich der Fuchs verſteckt:
Der Jäger mit den Hunden
Der hat ihn doch gefunden,
Der Jäger mit den Hunden
Der hat ihn doch entdeckt.

Am Himmel ſtehen zwei Augen,
Die ſehen alles klar.
Es kommt ein lichter Morgen
Und was die Nacht verborgen,
Es kommt ein lichter Morgen,
Wird alles offenbar."

Wolf zog Marien haſtig mit ſich fort, aber noch lange hörte ſie das gräßliche Krächzen hinter ſich drein erſchallen.

Seit dieſem Auftritte ſtieg Wolfs Unruhe mit jedem Augenblicke zu größerer Heftigkeit. Bald lag er zu Mariens Füßen und barg den Kopf in ihren Schooß, bald ſprang er wieder ängſtlich horchend auf, ſchaute aus dem Fenſter, als erwartete er jemand, und lief dann nach der Hausthür, um zu ſehen, ob ſie verſchloſſen ſey, und ſo trieb er es den ganzen Tag. — Am folgenden Morgen war er nirgend zu finden. Auf dem Tiſch in ſeiner Kammer lag ein Zettel mit folgenden Worten. Ich bin nicht mehr ſicher in deiner Nähe. Ich muß fort. Bleibe mir treu, Marie, ſonſt muß ich verzweifeln. Ich kehre bald zurück, dich als mein Weib heim zu führen. Gott beſchütze dich!" —

Marie erſtarrte in ihrem innerſten Leben, als ihr Suſanne den Zettel überbrachte. Sprachlos, ohne Thränen, ſaß ſie und ſchaute unverwandt das unglückliche Papier an. Erſt als ſich Suſanne in Klagen und Schmähungen gegen Wolfen ergoß, kehrte ihr die Sprache zurück. „Er kommt wieder," rief ſie mit ungewöhnlicher Heftigkeit, „ich weiß es, er muß wiederkommen!" — „Nun wenigſtens," fiel Suſanne beruhigend ein, „wenigſtens wird er uns doch bald Nachricht von ſich geben." —

Allein träge ſchlich eine Woche nach der andern bei der Harrenden vorüber, und Wolf kehrte nicht wieder und gab keine Nachricht. Und da die ſechste vorüber war, mehrte ſich Mariens ſtiller Schmerz und ihre bange Sehnſucht, denn unter ihrem Herzen fing ein junges Leben an ſich zu regen.

Scheu entzog ſie ſich von nun an jedem fremden Blick und hätte ſich gern vor ſich ſelbſt verborgen. Nur am frühſten Morgen verließ ſie täglich das Haus, und ging nach dem nahen Dome, dort zu beten. Und ſo oft ſie an dem Altarblatt von Wolfes Hand vorüber ging, fühlte ſie die Pfeile, die des Heiligen Bruſt durchbohrten, auch tief in ihrem Herzen.

Als ſich ihr Zuſtand nicht länger verbergen ließ, entdeckte ſie ſich Suſannen. Die geringe väterliche Verlaſſenſchaft wurde verkauft, und beide zogen nach der fürſtlichen Reſidenz, wo Suſanne Verwandte hatte. Hier wurde Maria von einem Knaben entbunden und nannte ihn nach ſeinem Vater Rudolph.

In ſtrenger Eingezogenheit lebten die beiden Frauen von dem Ertrag ihres kleinen Vermögens und von der Arbeit ihrer Hände lediglich der Erziehung des Kindes. In Mariens Bruſt war allmählich die Hoffnung auf Wolfs Wiederkehr faſt ganz erloſchen und alle Liebe ihres Herzens, jede Kraft ihres Gemüths von nun an dem Knaben zugewendet, der, in wunderbarer Miſchung des Vaters und der Mutter Züge in ſich vereinend, unter ihrer Pflege und Obhut anmuthig und herrlich emporwuchs. „Das Kind iſt zu ſchön und zu klug," ſagte Frau Suſanne manchmal, „als daß es lange leben könnte!" — „Wenn es Gott zu ſich nimmt," entgegnete Marie allezeit, „ſo iſt's zu ſeinem Heil, und ich hoffe zu ſeiner Gnade, daß er mich dann bald wieder mit ihm vereinen wird."

Oft wenn ſie dem Knaben in die großen blauen, von ſchwarzen Wimpern umſchatteten Augen ſchaute, floſſen die ihren über von ſchmerzlicher Sehnſucht, nur einmal, einmal noch den Geliebten zu ſehn, daß ſie ihm ſeinen Sohn zeigen möchte. Aber er kam nicht. „Hättet ihr doch damals Herrn Waltern Gehör gegeben!" ſprach Suſanne dann wohl. „Er war doch auch ein ſchöner Mann, und in ſeinen blauen Augen war ſo viel Treue und Gutmüthigkeit, und ſie ſchickten ſich beſſer zu euern, als Wolfs ſchwarze und düſtre. Gleich und gleich! ſo hab' ich mein Lebtag gehört: aus ſo ungleicher Paarung aber konnte kein Heil erwachſen," — Maria ſeufzte und ſchwieg.

Es waren mehr als drei Jahre ſeit Wolfs Verſchwinden ſtill und ohne beſondres Ereigniß vorüber gegangen, Mariens einzige Geſellſchaft, Suſanne, ihr Kind und die Erinnerung an ſeinen Vater; ihre einzige Erholung, wenn es die Jahreszeit erlaubte, ein Spaziergang nach einer einſam gelegenen Meierei unfern der Stadt.

Hier ſaß ſie einſt auf einem Hügel hinter dem Garten; der kleine Rudolph lief hin und wieder und trug ihr Blumen zu, die ſie ihm in Kränze zuſammenflocht, als er auf einmal mit einem Lilienſtengel auf ſie zugelaufen kam. — „Wo haſt du die ſchöne Blume her?" fragte Marie verwundert. „Da," ſprach der Knabe, „der Mann da hat ſie mir geſchenkt." Marie blickte hin und ein jugendliches, aber ſtark von der Sonne verbranntes Geſicht, mit wild um den Kopf hängenden ſchwarzen Haaren, guckte aus den Gebüſchen hervor. Maria erſchrak und ſtand haſtig auf. „Bleibt, Madonna, bleibt!" rufte der fremde Jüngling — „ihr habt nichts zu fürchten." Er trat heraus, kreuzte die Arme über die Bruſt und blieb ſo in demüthiger Stellung ſtehen. Maria betrachtete ihn mit Verwunderung. Es war eine ſchlank aufgeſchoſſene Geſtalt und doch ſchien er kaum den Knabenjahren entwachſen.

„Erlaubt ihr, mich zu nahen?" ſprach er endlich mit ſanfter Stimme. — Maria lächelte. Da ſchritt er auf ſie zu, ließ ſich vor ihr auf die Knie nieder und ſprach: „In meinem Vaterlande iſt ein Bild der heiligen Jungfrau, auf welchem ſie von Blumen rings umgeben dargeſtellt iſt, einen Lilienſtengel in der Hand. Als Knabe habe ich oft zu ihm gebetet. Ich ſah euch unter den Blumen ſitzen, und daß auch die Lilie euch nicht fehlen möchte, hab' ich ſie aus jenem Garten ſchnell geholt."

„Wer ſeyd ihr denn?" fragte Maria erröthend und verlegen, „und was führt euch hierher?"

„Ich heiße Antonio," entgegnete er lächelnd, „und was mich hierher geführt, das war mein Glück: ich habe gefunden, was ich ſuchte. Denn ihr ſeyd es oder keine. Ihr ſeyd Maria."

Indem kam Suſanne langſam den Hügel herauf. Antonio ſprang empor, und einen von Mariens Kränzen ergreifend rief er: das iſt der Oelzweig, den ich heim bringe! Alle Noth hat nun ein Ende. Gehabt euch wohl, Madonna, und wenn ihr glücklich ſeyd, ſo gedenkt meiner!" Er zog ſich ſchnell in das Gebüſch zurück. Maria ſah ihm voll Erſtaunen nach, und da ſie nach ihrer Heimkehr, der ſeltſamen Erſcheinung nachdenkend, am Fenſter ſtand, glaubte ſie ihn in der Dämmerung noch langſam vor ihrer Wohnung vorbeiſchreitend zu erkennen.

Eine Ahnung regte ſich in ihrem Buſen, die ſie, oft getäuſcht, ſich ſelber geſtehn mochte, und die geheime Hoffnung, ſie vielleicht dort erfüllt zu ſehen, trieb ſie am andern Tage unabläſſig zu einem neuen Spaziergang nach der Meierei an. Doch ſchon um Mittag ſchwärzte ſich der Himmel, ein Gewitter ſtieg auf und löſte ſich in einen anhaltenden Regen.

Es war Abend geworden, Maria mit dem Knaben allein, der heut gegen ſeine Gewohnheit gar nicht zu Bett gehen wollte. Sie hatte ſich einen Augenblick nach einer anſtoßenden Kammer begeben und ihn in der Stube ſpielend zurückgelaſſen, als er ihr ſchnell nachgelaufen kam, ſie bei der Hand ergriff und freudig ausrief: „Komm, Mutter, komm, der Vater iſt da!" Ein freudiger Schreck durchzuckte Marien. „Was träumſt du, Kind!" rief ſie; doch der Knabe zog ſie ungeſtüm nach der Thür. Sie erblickte einen Mann von hohem Wuchs und Anſtand, in reicher Kleidung. „Das iſt der Vater nicht, mein Kind!" ſprach ſie, und ſich gegen jenen wendend: „Wen ſucht ihr und was iſt zu euern Dienſten!" Doch dieſer breitete die Arme gegen ſie aus und rief mit bebendem Tone: „Maria, du kennſt mich nicht mehr!" Da erkannte ſie Wolfs Stimme; Gegenwart und Erinnerung, Freude und Leid griffen zu gleicher Zeit gewaltſam an ihr Herz, ihre Knie brachen ein, und ſie wäre niedergeſunken, wenn nicht Wolf hinzuſpringend ſie in ſeinen Armen aufgefangen hätte.

„Maria!" rief er ſchmerzlich aus, „kann dein reines Auge meinen Anblick nicht ertragen!"

Maria ſchlug die Augen auf, ſah ihn an, legte dann den Kopf an ſeine Bruſt und weinte heftig. „Du biſt lange geblieben!" ſprach ſie ſanft.

„Ach, woran erinnerſt du mich!" rief er. „Das war eine gräßliche Zeit, die hinter mir liegt. Ich habe mit ihr gerungen wie mit einem Tiger. Jetzt aber iſt mein blauer Himmel wieder offen und ein neues Leben beginnt."

„Nun ſiehſt du, Mutter," hub jetzt Rudolph an, „ich wußte wohl, daß es der Vater war. Es hat mir's jemand dieſe Nacht geſagt, daß er heute kommen würde."

„Und dieſer ſchöne Knabe!" rief Wolf, „Maria, dieſer Knabe!" — — —

„Er iſt dein," ſprach Maria leiſe und erröthend.

Da ſchloß Wolf den Knaben in ſeine Arme, hob ihn hoch empor und küßte ihn auf Mund und Stirne, und zwei große Thränen perlten über ſeine braunen Wangen. Er umfaßte die Mutter und das Kind zugleich; ſeine Augen, bald hierhin, bald dorthin gewandt, ſchienen ſich in ihrem Anſchaun zu berauſchen und er konnte ſeiner Luſt daran kein Ende finden.

Der Knabe lächelte freundlich und ſchlang, ledig aller Furcht und Scheu, ſeine Aermchen dem Vater und der Mutter um den Hals.

„O ihr Engel," ſprach Wolf, „ihr ſollt und werdet mich zurückführen in mein verlornes Paradies! Daß Gott mir dieſen Knaben ſchenkt, das iſt mir ein Zeichen, daß ich wiederum ſeiner Gnade theilhaftig werden ſoll."

Suſanne trat jetzt herein und auch ſie erkannte Wolfen nicht; denn mehr noch, als ſeine ſtolzere Haltung, veränderte Kleidung und ſein ſonnverbranntes Geſicht, machte ihn ein ſtarker Knebelbart am Kinn und Oberlippe unkenntlich.

Als die erſten ungeſtümen Wellen der Freude und Ueberraſchung ſich gelegt hatten, begehrte Frau Suſanne zu wiſſen, warum er ſie und auf ſo lange Zeit verlaſſen, und wo er indeß geweſen ſey.

„Es giebt mancherlei," entgegnete Wolf mit ſchnell verdüſtertem Geſicht, „was man wohl thun, aber nicht ſobald ausſprechen kann; und wenn jedes Warum eine genügende Antwort aus dem Menſchen zerren wollte, möchte die höll'ſche Meute leicht ſein Bischen Verſtand in Fetzen reißen."

„Ich führte ſonſt Hammer und Grabſtichel," fuhr er nach einer Weile fort, „jetzt führe ich das Schwert. Ich war ſonſt ein armer Schlucker und ſollte es bleiben" — er ſchlug ein wildes Gelächter auf — „nun, er hat gelogen, denk' ich! — doch weg damit! Ihr zwingt mich Galletropfen in meinen Freudenwein zu gießen."

„Nun nun," ſprach Frau Suſanne, „ich begehre ja nichts weiter zu wiſſen. Wenn ihr nur von nun an bei uns bleibt."

Er ſchloß von Neuem ſeinen Knaben in die Arme, herzte und küßte ihn und rief: „Gott hat mir hier ein Zeichen ſeiner wiederkehrenden Gnade gegeben. Das wüſte Leben hat nun ein Ende. Ich will mir eine Heimath ſuchen, auf daß ich mein Weib hinführen möge."

Der lockende Schlag einer Nachtigall ließ ſich dicht unter dem Fenſter vernehmen. „Das iſt mein Antonio!" ſprach Wolf zu Marien. „Du haſt ihn geſtern geſehen. Es iſt ein wackrer Burſch, mir treu ergeben, und auch du kannſt ihm vertrauen. Er ruft mich. Ich muß fort."

Maria wollte ihn nicht aus ihren Armen laſſen und Frau Suſanne rief: „Noch immer keine Ruh und Raſt!" — „Noch iſt es mir nicht vergönnt," rief Wolf, „zu kommen und zu gehen, wie meinem Herzen gelüſtet. Der Tieger iſt noch nicht todt. Doch morgen Abend bin ich wieder hier und hoffe länger zu bleiben."

Er nahm Abſchied von Marien und dem kleinen Rudolph; und da er ſchon an der Thür war, wandte er ſich noch einmal, kehrte zurück, küßte den Knaben auf die Stirn, drückte Mariens Hand an ſeine Bruſt und an ſeine Lippen und rief: „Ich bin ſolches Glücks nicht werth!" und verließ darauf eilig das Gemach.

Als Suſanna von ſeiner Begleitung zurückkam, ſprach ſie kopfſchüttelnd: „Er hat ſich viel verändert und will mir nicht recht gefallen; ja wenn ich ſo ſein ganzes Weſen bedenke, wird mir faſt unheimlich zu Muth." Aber Maria hörte nicht, was ſie ſprach, denn ſie kniete vor dem Bilde der Mutter Gottes, welches auf einem Hausaltar in der Ecke des Zimmers ſtand, und ſendete heiße Gebete zu der hehren Vertrauten aller nun geendeten Noth und Schmerzen. In dem Gefühl des Dankes und der Freude war in dieſem Augenblick jedes andre untergegangen, und nur wie fernes Wetterleuchten zuckte, von ihr ſelbſt kaum bemerkt, ein leiſes Weh vorbedeutend an dem heitern Himmel ihrer Seele hin.

Wolf kam nun faſt mit jedem Abend. Er war größtentheils ſanft und ſelbſt heiter, und wie nach einem warmen Frühlingstage, nach anhaltendem Sturm und Regen, die Blume freudig ihre Blätter entfaltet und die Strahlen der lange entbehrten Sonne begierig einſaugt, ſo gab ſich ſein Herz der Gegenwart ſeiner Liebe hin. Nur zuweilen ſchien ihn eine ängſtliche Mahnung an ſeine übrigen Verhältniſſe, oder eine ſchreckende Erinnerung aus der Vergangenheit zu überfallen, was ſich dann durch ein plötzliches düſteres Verſtummen, ſeltſame Unruhe, oder auch wohl durch eine wunderlich luſtige Laune und eine Art wilden Schmerz kund gab, die Marie nicht an ihm gewohnt war und ſie jederzeit bis ins Innerſte mit bangem Grauen erfüllte.

Dem kleinen Rudolph ſchloß er ſich mit der innigſten Neigung an, und ſeine Liebe zu ihm wuchs mit jedem Tage. Er ſpielte mit ihm, er erzählte ihm Mährchen und Geſchichten, und der Knabe fand um ſo mehr Gefallen daran, da ſeine geiſtige Entwickelung ſeinen Jahren weit voraus gegangen war.

„Soll ich auch etwas erzählen?" ſprach er einſt zu ſeinem Vater. „Von dem frommen Knaben, den Gott zu ſich nahm? Oder von dem böſen Räuber? Dem zerbrach die große Perle, die er geraubt hatte, und ſein Mund that ſich auf zum Fluch; da ſah er in der Perle ein Bild, das ſtellte den Sohn Gottes vor am Kreuze. Du kennſt es doch!" — Er lief nach der Kammer und kehrte mit einem kleinen Crucifix in der Hand zurück: es war daſſelbe, welches Maria einſt von Wolfen empfangen. — „Sieh, das iſt Gottes Sohn am Kreuze!" fuhr der Knabe fort. „Und der Räuber ging in ſich und bereuete ſeine Uebelthaten, und betete und that Buße zwanzig Jahr, und Gott hat ihm verziehen um ſeines Sohnes willen."

Wolf nahm das Crucifix, drückte es an ſein Herz und küßte es; Thränen ſtürzten aus ſeinen Augen, und er ſaß lange Zeit ſtumm in ſich ſelbſt verſunken. Endlich hob er das Kreuz in ſeinen gefaltenen Händen hoch empor, blickte zum Himmel und ſprach leiſe: „Um deines Sohnes Jeſu Chriſti willen!"

„Kennſt du es wohl noch?" hub Maria nach einer Weile an.

„Ach, das war eine glückliche Zeit," entgegnete er, „da ich noch an dem Kreuzlein arbeitete, und Andacht, Liebe und Begeiſterung wie eine heilige Dreieinigkeit in meinem Herzen wohnten! Mit meinem Blute möcht' ich ſie zurück erkaufen; dort aber ſteht der Engel mit dem Flammenſchwert und weigert die Rückkehr dem Gefallenen."

Frau Suſanne hielt das Geſpräch bei der Vergangenheit feſt, erinnerte Wolfen an manche kleine Begebenheit aus der erſten Zeit ſeiner Liebe, und wollte dabei, ſeine heutige Stimmung benutzend, einen nochmaligen Verſuch machen, ihm einige Erklärung, ſowohl über ſein bisheriges Leben und Treiben, als über die eigentliche Quelle der Geſchenke zu entlocken, die er faſt bei jedem Beſuche mit freigebigen Händen austheilte, die von Marien aber um ſo mehr mit einem geheimen Widerwillen angenommen wurden, da ſie in der That ſehr reich und koſtbar waren. Allein er wich allen Winken, Wendungen und verſteckten Fragen auch diesmal gefliſſentlich aus, und ſogar der Ort ſeines jetzigen Aufenthalts blieb fortwährend ein Geheimniß. Er kam allezeit in der Dämmerung, wohlbewaffnet, und entfernte ſich früher oder ſpäter, doch immer vor Mitternacht. Das Haus, worin Maria wohnte, lag in der Vorſtadt. Als Suſanne beim Weggehen fragte, ob er ſich denn nicht fürchte in der finſtern Nacht über Feld zu gehen, zumal da wieder ſtark von dem ſchwarzen Jäger geſprochen werde, und er ſich ſogar, wie verlauten wolle, in hieſiger Gegend habe ſpüren laſſen, ſah er ſie kopfſchüttelnd an und ſprach: „Mit dem iſt's vorbei! — Auch hat wohl," ſetzte er nach einer Weile hinzu, „der Menſch weit minder ſich vor Räubern zu fürchten, als vor den böſen Trieben ſeines eignen Herzens, die wie Gewappnete ihn auf der Straße des Heils überfallen und ihm ſein koſtbarſtes Kleinod den Frieden ſeiner Seele, rauben." —

Schon einigemal war bei heiterm Wetter die Meierei vor der Stadt zum Ort ihrer Zuſammenkunft beſtimmt worden, und ſo geſchah es auch heute für den andern Tag, da der Knabe großes Verlangen danach bezeigte. Am folgenden Tage indeß wandelte Marien eine beſondere Abneigung an, mit dem Knaben hinauszugehen, die noch dadurch verſtärkt wurde, daß dieſer ſchon vom Morgen an, ſich beklagt hatte und nur Suſannens Zureden und des kleinen Rudolphs anhaltende Bitten beſiegten endlich dieſen Widerwillen, welchem nicht bloß, wie ſie wohl fühlte, des Kindes Unpäßlichkeit zum Grunde lag, von dem ſie ſich aber ſonſt durchaus keine Rechenſchaft zu geben vermochte.

Wolf und Maria ſaßen auf dem Hügel hinter der Meierei. Ein lauer Wind wehte von dem bewölkten Himmel; der Abend ſpielte mit Wolkenſchatten und goldnen Lichtern in dem weiten grünenden Thale, und wiegte ſich auf dem Spiegel des Fluſſes, der ſeine Wogen mit leiſem Rauſchen am Fuß der Anhöhe vorüber trieb. Stiller Friede breitete ſich über die Landſchaft und zog auch in Wolfs Buſen ein. Er umſchlang Marien, der Knabe ſpielte zu beider Füßen. Er theilte ihr ſeine Hoffnung mit, nun bald, wenn auch fern von hier, eine Heimath zu erwerben, wohin er ſie führen könne; er ſprach von ihrer häuslichen Einrichtung, und ſchmückte das Bild der Zukunft mit reichen Farben aus. Da erſchallte ein Geſang über ihnen, wie aus der Luft herab. „Meine Nachtigall!" ſprach Wolf lächelnd. Maria ſchaute empor und erblickte den Antonio, der ſich ſingend in den höchſten Zweigen einer ſchlanken Tanne ſchaukelte. Er ſang:

Es wehen die Lüfte; wohin?
Es ziehen die Wolken; wohin?
Es ſchlägt die Sehnſucht die Flügel auf,
Gedanken und Wünſche beginnen den Lauf,
Es ſteht nach der Ferne wohl allen der Sinn
Und wiſſen doch alle nicht recht wohin.
Wohin? Wohin?

Bald darauf kam er herunter, begrüßte ſeinen Herrn und Marien und machte ſich mit dem kleinen Rudolph zu ſchaffen, dem er Blumen zutrug, Kränze flocht, in den dichten Laubkronen der Bäume ſchlanke Ruthen ausſuchte, und ſo, bald dahin, bald dorthin laufend, ſich immer weiter mit ihm entfernte. Wolf und Maria, im vertraulichen Geſpräch befangen, bemerkten es nicht. Plötzlich ſah Maria zwei bewaffnete Männer von wildem Anſehn aus dem Gebüſch hervortreten. Sie machte Wolfen aufmerkſam; er wandte ſich rückwärts, und halb erſchrocken, halb erzürnt, wie es ſchien, ſprang er empor und ging ſchnell den beiden Männern entgegen. Obgleich Maria wegen der Entfernung nichts von ihrem Geſpräch verſtehen konnte, ſo merkte ſie doch aus ihren heftigen Geberden, daß ſie mit einander ſtritten. Sie ahnte Schlimmes und wollte aufſtehen, den Antonio herbei zu rufen. Indem erſchallte von dem Ufer des Fluſſes herauf ein ängſtliches Geſchrei. Im ſelben Augenblick vermißte ſie mit Schrecken den kleinen Rudolph. Ihre Blicke flogen ſuchend nach allen Seiten. Auch Wolf hatte das Angſtgeſchrei vernommen; ſie ſah, daß er ſich umwandte, die Hände voll Entſetzen zuſammenſchlug und dann wie ein Pfeil den Hügel hinab nach der Gegend rannte, wo es herzukommen ſchien. Sie folgte ihm eilig und machte ſich Bahn durch das Geſträuch, welches ihr die Ausſicht hinderte. Als ſie ans Freie trat, ſah ſie, wie Antonio ſich aus dem Waſſer ans Ufer emporrang und mit Wolfs Hülfe, der gerade hinzukam, den kleinen Rudolph nach ſich zog. Sie ſchrie laut auf und flog hinab. Der Knabe ſchlug eben unter Wolfs Händen die Augen wieder auf. Sie warf ſich über ihn und hob ihn an ihre Bruſt; Wolf faltete die Hände und ſchaute dankend zum Himmel empor; gleich darauf aber, als würde das Gefühl des Verluſtes, der ihm gedroht, erſt lebendig in ihm, riß er den Dolch aus ſeinem Gürtel und ſah ſich mit funkelnden Augen nach Antonio um. „Unglücklicher," rief er, „was haſt du gemacht!" Erſchrocken fiel ihm Maria in den Arm; Antonio erzählte, wie er mit dem kleinen Rudolph am Ufer nach bunten Steinen geſucht, wie der Knabe plötzlich ausgeglitten und in den Strom gefallen, und wie er ihm auf der Stelle nachgeſprungen ſei und ihn bei den Haaren erfaßt habe. „Als ich das Kind ſchreien hörte," ſetzte er hinzu, „und mich umſah, war mir's juſt, als ſäh' ich eine ſchwarze Fauſt, die den Knaben in die Fluth hinunter zog; allein hier gab es nicht Zeit ſich zu fürchten, und ich hätte das Kind wohl dem Teufel ſelber abgerungen!" Maria ſchauderte. Wolf reichte ihm die Hand und Antonio drückte ſie an ſeine Bruſt. Der kleine Rudolph weinte und zitterte vor Froſt in den triefenden Kleidern. Hier war nicht Rath noch Hülfe zu ſchaffen; die Leute in der Mühle waren alle noch auf dem Felde, und es blieb nichts übrig, als ſich ſchleunigſt auf den Weg nach der Stadt zu machen. Wolf zog Antonio'n zur Seite und redete heimlich mit ihm; dann nahm er den Knaben auf den Arm und trat mit Marien die Rückkehr an.

Je näher ſie der Stadt kamen und je mehr der Knabe klagte, deſto haſtiger beſchleunigte Wolf ſeine Schritte, ſo daß Maria ihm zuletzt nicht mehr zu folgen vermochte. Und da er an die erſten Häuſer kam, dachte er nur an ſein Kind und vergaß ſeine bisherige Vorſicht gänzlich und ſchritt die große Straße hinab nach Mariens Wohnung. Alle Leute aber, die ihm begegneten und den ſtattlichen Kriegsmann ſahen mit dem weinenden Kinde auf dem Arme, blieben verwundert ſtehen und ſchauten der fremden Erſcheinung nach.

Als er das Haus erreichte, ſandte er Frau Suſannen ſogleich nach einem Arzt aus, entkleidete ſelbſt den Knaben und brachte ihn zu Bett. Hierauf empfahl er Marien, die indeß auch gekommen war, die größte Sorgfalt, nahm Abſchied von ihr, weil ihn ein wichtiges Geſchäft rufe, und konnte ſich gar nicht von dem Knaben trennen, zu dem er mehrmals wieder zurückkehrte und ihn küßte und herzte. Er verſprach den folgenden Tag wieder zu kommen.

Den kleinen Rudolph überfiel nun nach ſtarkem Froſt glühende Hitze. Der herbeigerufene Arzt erklärte, daß eine bedeutende Krankheit bevorſtehe, die zwar durch den heutigen Unfall nicht veranlaßt, in ihrer Heftigkeit aber ohne Zweifel dadurch vermehrt worden ſey.

Maria erinnerte ſich ihrer Abneigung gegen den Spaziergang, die ſie nun auf eine ſo traurige Weiſe gerechtfertigt ſah und machte ſich ſelbſt die bitterſten Vorwürfe. — Sie brachte mit Suſannen die Nacht ſchlaflos am Bette des kleinen Kranken zu, der in einem unruhigen Schlummer lag und von den ängſtlichſten Träumen gequält zu werden ſchien. Er ſprach im Schlafe und fuhr oft laut ſchreiend in die Höhe, bat dann, auf Augenblicke wachend, ſeine Mutter, ihm die Hand zu geben, und fragte nach ſeinem Vater.

Den andern Tag kam Antonio und brachte die Nachricht, daß ſein Herr nothgedrungen einige Zeit abweſend ſeyn werde, doch hoffe er, nicht länger, als acht Tage. Er ſchien unruhig und traurig, und als er ſcheidend Mariens Hand ergriff und ſie küßte, fühlte ſie eine Thräne darauf fallen.

Die Krankheit des kleinen Rudolph wuchs indeß mit jedem Tage. Ein wüthendes Fieber hatte ſeine ganze verzehrende Gluth über ihn ausgegoſſen; er lag meiſt ohne Beſinnung und der Arzt fing an, bedenklich den Kopf zu ſchütteln. In einzelnen hellen Augenblicken verlangte er beſtändig nach ſeinem Vater. „Schicke doch nach dem Vater, liebe Mutter" — ſprach er oft mit matter Stimme — „daß er kommt und ſieht, wie krank ſein Kind iſt." — Ein andermal ſagte er: „Iſt denn mein Vater bös auf mich, daß er nicht mehr zu mir kommen will. Was hab' ich denn gemacht!"

So verging ein Tag nach dem andern in Angſt und Sorge und ſchmerzlichem Verlangen. Schon war der ſiebente verſtrichen und Wolf ſäumte noch immer mit der Rückkehr. Auch Antonio kam nicht mehr. In den bangen Nächten, die Maria abwechſelnd mit Suſannen, bei dem Kranken verwachte, lag ſie oft ſtundenlang auf den Knieen vor dem Bilde der Mutter Gottes und flehte in Thränen und heißem Gebet, daß nur dieſer Kelch vor ihr vorübergehe. Das Leben des Kindes war durch tauſend Adern mit ihrem Herzen verwachſen, und wenn jener ſich löſte mußte dieſes verbluten.

In der Nacht vom achten auf den neunten Tag erwachte der Kranke mit einem Male aus der Bewußtloſigkeit, in welcher er ſeit mehr als acht und vierzig Stunden ununterbrochen gelegen hatte; er verſuchte ſich empor zu richten; Maria unterſtützte ihn. Er ſah befremdet in dem Gemach umher und ſprach: „Bin ich denn noch hier?" — „Weine doch nicht, mein Mütterlein," fuhr er nach einer Weile fort, als er Mariens Thränen ſah — „mir iſt recht wohl; ich bin geſund. Ich war in einem ſchönen Garten, es ſtanden viel herrliche Blumen darin, kleine Engel ſpielten mit mir und pflückten die Blumen für mich; ich wollte ſie dir mitbringen. Wo ſind denn die Blumen?" — Er ſah ſich darnach um. Maria konnte ihm nur durch Schluchzen antworten. Er legte ſich wieder auf ſein Kiſſen zurück. — „Hier iſt's ſo dunkel!" ſprach er. „In dem Garten war ſchöner Sonnenſchein. Komm mit!" — Er ſchloß die Augen und lag ſtill. Nach einer Weile ſchlug er ſie wieder auf und ſagte: „Wenn der Vater nicht bald kommt, wird er mich nicht mehr ſehen. Laß ihn doch holen. Er ſoll auch mit gehen." — Nun ſchloß er die Augen von Neuem und ſchien einzuſchlafen. Maria ſchöpfte friſche Hoffnung, da ſie ihn ſo ruhig ſchlummern ſah. Allein gegen Morgen zeigten ſich leiſe Zuckungen, die durch ſeine Glieder flogen und bald immer häufiger und ſtärker wurden. Maria weckte Suſannen. Der Knabe lag mit halb offenen Augen, doch, wie es ſchien, gefühl- und bewußtlos. Die Zuckungen ließen allmählig nach; Maria ſaß, von Angſt und Nachtwachen erſchöpft, faſt ohnmächtig im Lehnſtuhl; Suſanne trat von Zeit zu Zeit leiſe an das Bett und horchte auf den Athemzug des kleinen Kranken; alles war ſtill. Da, eben als das Morgenroth den Fenſtern gegenüber ſich entzündete, wurden die halb gebrochenen Augen des Knaben noch einmal lebendig und ſchauten glänzend um ſich. Er ſtrebte ſich aufzurichten; Suſanne wollte ihn unterſtützen, aber er ſank kraftlos zurück. „Iſt der Vater noch nicht da?" ſprach er mit kaum vernehmlicher Stimme. — „Ich gehe. Komm bald nach, Mutter!" Maria horchte und eilte an das Bett. Sein Blick hob ſich mühſam nach ihr, um ſeinen Mund flog ein leiſes Lächeln; er athmete tief auf, ſeine Augen brachen. Das Leben war noch einmal empor geflammt, ehe es ſich dem Tode ergab; jetzt aber zog der bleiche Friedensbote ſchweigend ein und breitete ſich ernſt und ſtarr über das freundliche Kindergeſicht.

Ein dumpfer Schrei des Schmerzes rang ſich aus Mariens Bruſt; ſie taumelte in den Lehnſtuhl zurück und bedeckte ihr Geſicht mit beiden Händen. Suſanne neigte ſich über den Knaben und drückte ihm ſanft die Augen zu, dann kniete ſie weinend vor dem Bett nieder, faltete die Hände und betete. Maria aber hatte keine Worte und keine Thränen; ein ſchneidendes Weh zuckte durch Kopf und Bruſt, ihr Herz zog ſich krampfhaft zuſammen, doch weinen konnte ſie nicht. — Indem fielen der Morgenſonne erſte Strahlen in das Gemach, Maria hob die Augen empor, und da ſie die Sonne ſo freundlich und doch ſo kalt herein ſchauen ſah in ihrem unendlichen Jammer, konnte ſie den Anblick nicht ertragen, ſprang auf und verhüllte die Fenſter, dann aber warf ſie ſich über den Leichnam ihres Kindes, küßte die bleichen Lippen, und der ſtarke Schmerz löſte ſich endlich in Thränen und Klagen.

„Gott hat ihn zu ſich genommen," ſagte Suſanne, „in den himmliſchen Garten, den er ihm ſchon voraus gezeigt. Er wandelt in Licht und ewiger Freude, wir aber ſind noch in Nacht und Trübſal befangen."

„So bitte Gott mit mir," entgegnete Maria, „daß ich meines Kindes letzten Wunſch erfüllen und ihm bald folgen darf!"

Als es gegen Abend ging, entkleideten beide unter tauſend Thränen den Knaben, wuſchen ihn und zogen ihm ein weißes Kleidchen an; darauf ſchnitt Maria alle Blumen von ihren Blumenſtöcken, die ſie ſonſt geliebt und gepflegt, und ſtreute ſie auf ſein Lager, einen Kranz aber von Rosmarin, Myrthen und Roſen wand ſie um ſein Haupt. Der Tod hatte das leiſe Lächeln um ſeinen Mund, den letzten Abſchiedsgruß an die Mutter, nicht auszulöſchen vermocht, und ſo lag er nur wie im Schlummer von ſüßem Traum bewegt und mitten unter den Blumen nicht wie eine verwelkte, ſondern nur wie die ſchönſte und zarteſte, die ihren Kelch geſchloſſen vor der rauhen Nacht des Lebens. Da ihn Maria nun ſo liegen ſah, konnte ſie es nicht glauben, daß er wirklich todt ſeyn ſollte; es war ihr jeden Augenblick, als müßte er jetzt die Augen aufſchlagen, und ſie faßte ſeine kalte Hand und beugte ſich über ihn und lauſchte auf einen Athemzug. Aber das Leben und die Liebe, die ſonſt dem mütterlichen Herzen entgegengeklopft hatten in der kleinen Bruſt, waren auf immer hinauf geflohen zu dem ewigen Vater, von dem ſie ſtammten; kein Athem regte ſich mehr darin, keine Wärme kehrte in die ſtarren Glieder zurück, und der Schmerz überfiel Marien von Neuem mit verdoppelter Gewalt.

Da klopfte es leiſe an die verſchloſſene Thür. Suſanna ging zu öffnen, und herein trat Wolf. Maria ſchrie laut auf bei ſeinem Anblick und wandte ſich händeringend ab. „Was iſt hier vorgegangen?" fragte er beſtürzt. „Was weint ihr? wo iſt mein Kind?" — Niemand antwortete ihm. „So iſt er wirklich krank?" fuhr er endlich fort. „Ach! ich wußte es wohl; mir war ſo bange." Er ſah in dem Zimmer umher und ſchritt dann auf das Bett zu. Indem erblickte er die Blumen auf dem Bett; eine gräßliche Ahnung zuckte durch ſeine Bruſt, er ſtand und wagte nicht weiter zu gehen; nur ſeine ſtarren Blicke flogen hinüber. Suſanna trat an ihn heran, faßte ſeine Hand und ſprach: „Sey ein Mann, Vater! Dein Kind hat dich verlaſſen. Es iſt bei Gott." Da ſtürzte er nach dem Bette hin und ſah die bleiche Lilie unter den Roſen, taumelte ſeitwärts an die Wand und verhüllte das Geſicht in ſeinen Mantel. So verharrte er lange Zeit. Endlich nahte ſich ihm Maria und ſchlang den Arm um ſeinen Hals, er hob den Kopf, ſah Marien an, dann zum Himmel empor, Thränen brachen aus ſeinen Augen, er neigte ſich ſchluchzend auf ihre Schulter, dann zog er ſie mit ſich an das Lager des Kindes und küßte die ſtarren kleinen Hände und die bleichen Lippen unzählige Mal. Maria kniete nieder und betete. Er warf ſich neben ſie und faltete gleichfalls ſeine Hände zum Gebet. Allein plötzlich verſiegten ſeine Thränen, eine wilde Glut loderte in ſeinen Augen auf, er ſchlug ſich heftig mit der Fauſt an die Bruſt und rief mit dumpfer gepreßter Stimme: „Nein, ich kann nicht beten! ich will nicht beten! ich darf nicht beten! Gott hat mich verworfen; er nimmt mir das Kind! Er will nicht meine Reue, noch mein Gebet! — Nun, du unerbittlicher Richter dort oben," fuhr er fort und ſprang auf: „ſo laß das Racheſchwert auf meinen Nacken fallen! ich halte ſtill." Er trat wieder an das Bett und betrachtete die Leiche. — „Ich hielt das Kind für ein Geſchenk von Gott, für ein Zeichen ſeiner wiederkehrenden Gnade und Verſöhnung. Ach, ich fühl' es, die Liebe zu dieſem Kinde hätte mich wieder zum Menſchen gemacht, ſie hätte mich gerettet dieſſeits und jenſeits! — Ich Wahnſinniger, hätt' ich's verdient? Ach, ich habe das Kind getödtet durch meine Nähe! Gott hat es weggenommen aus meinen blutbefleckten Händen, daß nicht mein Hauch ſeine Seele vergifte. Den letzten Stern hat er ausgelöſcht an ſeinem Gnadenhimmel und zeigt mir ſein Antlitz in dunkler Nacht."

Maria nahte ihm ängſtlich und ergriff ſeine Hand. Er entzog ſie ihr raſch: „Faſſe dieſe Hand nicht an," rief er, „du Reine! Ich bin ein Ungeheuer, von Gott verworfen und verflucht. Meine Nähe bringt Verderben. Faſſe meine Hand nicht; ſie zieht dich mit in den Abgrund. Der Himmel iſt verſchloſſen; die Hölle thut ſich jauchzend auf. Sieh, dieſe Hand" — er faßte Mariens Arm und zog ſie einige Schritte nach dem Fenſter mit ſich fort, ſeine Stimme arbeitete ſich keuchend aus der Bruſt — „dieſe Hand hat deinen Vater umgebracht!" — „Gott der Barmherzigkeit!" ſchrie Suſanne. Wolf ſtürzte wie ein Raſender aus dem Gemach.

Marien hatten ſeine letzten Worte bis ins innerſte Leben erſtarrt; ſie ſtand wie ein ſteinernes Bild des Entſetzens. Suſanne näherte ſich ihr endlich beſorgt, und führte ſie nach dem Lehnſtuhl. Sie ließ alles mit ſich geſchehen, ſaß ruhig und ſtumm, nahm an nichts mehr Antheil und antwortete auf keine Frage Suſannens. Eben ſo ließ ſie dieſe am folgenden Tage alle Anſtalten zu dem Begräbniß des Kindes treffen und bekümmerte ſich nicht weiter darum. Nur als der Sarg zugemacht und fortgetragen werden ſollte, ſtand ſie auf, küßte ihr Kind noch einmal, hob dann Augen und Hände zum Himmel empor und ſchien zu beten, bis der Sarg geſchloſſen war; darauf kehrte ſie zu ihrem Sitz zurück. — Dort blieb ſie fortwährend ruhig und ſtumm, die ſtarren Blicke auf einen Fleck gerichtet; jede Verbindung ihrer Seele mit der Außenwelt war abgebrochen, und nur mit Mühe konnte Suſanne ſie bewegen, einige Nahrung anzunehmen.

Wolf ließ mehrere Tage nichts von ſich hören; endlich erſchien Antonio und brachte die Bitte ſeines Herrn, daß es ihm vergönnt ſeyn möchte, Marien noch einmal zu ſehen, wenn ſie anders ſeinen Anblick noch ertragen könne. Da ſchien Maria wie aus einem ſchweren Traum zu erwachen, ein leiſes Roth ging an den blaſſen Wangen auf. „Er ſoll kommen!" ſprach ſie, „Ich will ihn nicht verlaſſen."

Und da Antonio, mit ſchmerzerfüllten Blicken ſie betrachtend, noch vor ihr ſtehen blieb, reichte ſie ihm wehmüthig lächelnd die Hand. Sein Mund haftete mit einem langen Kuſſe auf der Hand, dann drückte er ſie an ſeine Bruſt und eilte raſch hinweg.

„So wollt ihr auch jetzt noch nicht von ihm laſſen?" rief Suſanne aus. „Nach allem, was er euch geſtanden?" — „Ach, der Unglückliche!" ſprach Maria. „That er's nicht um meinetwillen? Drum bin ich feſt an ihn gebunden; der Himmel hat ſich von ihm abgewandt, die Welt ſtößt ihn aus, nirgends auf der weiten Erde iſt ein Plätzchen, da ſein Haupt ruhen könnte, als an dieſer Bruſt; d'rum will ich ihn nicht verlaſſen, ich will bei ihm bleiben, ich will ihn ſchützen vor Verzweiflung und ſeine Seele retten."

Bald darauf trat Wolf herein. Maria ſtand auf und ging ihm wankenden Schrittes entgegen; doch als ſie ihm in das bleiche und entſtellte Geſicht ſchaute, blieb ſie unwillkührlich ſtehen und bedeckte ihre Augen mit der Hand. — „Auch du wendeſt dich von mir, Maria!" begann Wolf. „Ach, laß mich nur einmal noch in dieſen Himmel ſchauen, da jener mir verſchloſſen, nur einmal noch laß mich deine Stimme hören, dann will ich ja gehen."

„Nein, Wolf," ſprach Maria leiſe, „wohin du gehſt, ich gehe mit, ich bleibe bei dir, bis ich ſterbe." — Sie reichte ihm die Hand: er ergriff ſie haſtig und drückte ſie an ſeine Bruſt; dann ſchaute er zum Himmel empor und rief: „Dank ſey dir, Gott der Gnade, du biſt kein unverſöhnlicher Richter! — Maria, du retteſt mich von Verzweiflung; du wirſt mich auch wieder auf den Weg leiten zu Gott." — Seine ſtarren Züge belebte ein Strahl von Hoffnung und Freudigkeit. Er entdeckte Marien, daß ſeines Bleibens nun hier nicht länger ſey; und wenn ihr Entſchluß feſte ſtehe, ihn zu begleiten als ſein rettender Engel, ſo ſolle ſie morgen ſich bereit halten; er werde kommen, ſie abzuholen.

Sie ſprachen noch einige Worte über die Reiſe; er gedachte ſich nach Italien zu wenden. Doch die gewohnte Vertraulichkeit war entwichen; ihre Blicke mieden ſich; eine Hand drängte ſich zwiſchen ihre Herzen. Wolf fühlte ſchmerzlich den bangen Zwang und ſchied bald von dannen.

Maria fragte Suſannen, ob ſie mitgehen oder bleiben werde. „Ich hätte es freilich lieber geſehen, ihr wär't auch geblieben," erwiederte Suſanne, „doch da ihr nun einmal euer Loos gezogen, ſo will ich's mit euch theilen, gleich viel, ob es ſchwarz oder weiß iſt. Ihr werdet einer treuen Freundin wohl bedürfen."

Am folgenden Tage war Suſanne geſchäftig, alles zu ordnen und zuzuſchicken zu der Reiſe. Maria half ihr dabei, doch verfiel ſie während dieſes Geſchäfts öfters wieder in denſelben Zuſtand von Geiſtesabweſenheit, der Suſannen ſchon früher geängſtigt hatte. Mitten in dem, was ſie eben thun wollte, hielt ſie plötzlich inne, blieb ohne Regung ſtehen, die Augen ſtarr auf einen Fleck gerichtet, und ſchien, gänzlich in ſich ſelbſt verloren, nichts mehr zu wiſſen von dem, was außer ihr war.

Da alles bereit ſtand, kleidete ſie ſich zum Ausgehen. „Wo wollt ihr hin?" fragte Suſanne. Heftiger, als ſonſt ihre Art war, rief ſie: „Du fragſt? Soll ich den keinen Abſchied nehmen von meinem Kinde?" — In dem Augenblick erhob ſich ein großes Getümmel auf der Straße. Suſanne öffnete das Fenſter und ſchaute hinaus. Ein Trupp Bewaffneter, von einer Menge Volk umgeben, bewegte ſich in langem Zuge die Straße herauf; mit jedem Augenblicke mehrte ſich der Haufe, aus allen Fenſtern und Thüren ſchauten Neugierige und weit voraus flog von Mund zu Mund die Nachricht, „Sie bringen den ſchwarzen Jäger! Sie haben den ſchwarzen Jäger gefangen." Auch Suſanne wandte ſich zu Marien und ſprach: „Den ſchwarzen Jäger haben ſie gefangen!" Maria erſchrack, ſie wußte ſelbſt nicht warum. Indeß war der Zug immer näher gekommen; Suſanne lehnte ſich weit zum Fenſter hinaus und immer weiter; auf einmal aber fuhr ſie zurück, ſchlug die Hände über ihrem Haupte zuſammen und ſchrie voll Entſetzen: „Gott ſey uns gnädig! Er iſt's! er iſt's! Da bringen ſie ihn!" — Maria flog nach dem Fenſter; ihr erſter Blick fiel auf Wolfen, der mit gebundenen Händen, von Soldaten umgeben, vorüber geführt ward. Er hob die Augen nach ihr — mit einem gräßlichen Schrei ſtürzte ſie zur Erde nieder.

Maria war, aus der langen Ohnmacht erwachend, in eine ſchwere Krankheit gefallen. Den ſo kurz hintereinander wiederholten Schlägen des Schickſals hatte die Natur endlich unterlegen.

Als der erſte Eindruck des Schreckens vorüber war, fing Suſanne an zu fürchten, daß die öftern Beſuche Wolfs nicht unbemerkt geblieben ſeyn, und deshalb ſie ſowohl als Maria in das gerichtliche Verfahren gegen jenen verflochten werden könnten. Schon vor einiger Zeit hatte ſie Herr Walthern, Mariens ehemaligen Bräutigam, auf der Straße begegnet, doch ohne deſſen gegen Marien zu erwähnen; jetzt erfuhr ſie auf ihre Nachfrage, daß er nach einer langen Abweſenheit vor Kurzem zurückgekehrt, und bei Hofe und in der Stadt hoch angeſehen ſey. Sie entſchloß ſich, nach einigen Tagen ihn aufzuſuchen, ihn zu Mariens Schutz, und wenn es möglich, zu Wolfs Rettung aufzufordern.

Herr Walther erſchrack heftig, als er das Schickſal Mariens vernahm. Er befragte Suſannen über alle nähern Umſtände, und verſprach, bei entſtehendem Verdacht ſein ganzes Anſehen zu ihrem Beſten zu verwenden, ja ſich ſelbſt im Nothfall mit Gut und Leben zum Bürgen ihrer Unſchuld zu ſtellen; zu Wolfs Rettung hingegen ſey wenig Hoffnung, doch wolle er ohne Verzug um eine Unterredung mit dem Gefangenen anhalten.

Dies geſchah noch an demſelben Tage. Als Herr Walther in das Gefängniß trat, ſaß Wolf auf ſeinem Strohlager, das Geſicht mit beiden Händen bedeckt. Bei dem Geräuſch des Eintretenden hob er den Kopf und ſah jenen lange ſtarr an, dann legte er die Hand an die Stirn, wie einer, der ſich auf etwas beſinnt: ein Strahl von Freude dämmerte in ſeinen Augen auf. „Seid ihr nicht Herr Walther?“ begann er mit matter Stimme. „Ach ja, ihr ſeid es, ich beſinne mich nun auf alles. Es gab eine Zeit, da ich euch nicht gern ſah; jetzt erfreut mich euer Anblick. Euch ſendet Gott. Nun darf ich nicht mehr in Sorgen ſeyn um Marien; ihr habt ſie einſt auch geliebt und werdet euch ihrer annehmen.“ — Herr Walther gab ihm das feierliche Verſprechen, daß er für ſie ſorgen werde, wie für eine geliebte Schweſter, und bezeigte dann ſein Verlangen, ihn zu retten, wenn es möglich ſey. Wolf ſchüttelte den Kopf. „Mein Leben könnt ihr nicht retten,“ ſprach er, „und ſollt es auch nicht verſuchen, wenn euch das Heil meiner Seele lieb iſt. Gott hat es verworfen; es muß vertilgt werden von der Erde. Ich will die Strafe dieſſeits dulden, daß der Tod mich rein waſche von meiner Schuld, und Gott mit Barmherzigkeit angeſehen laſſe jenſeits.“

Da er Walthers Wunſch bemerkte, die Geſchichte ſeiner letztern vier Jahre zu vernehmen, erwies er ſich nach einem kurzen Bedenken bereit, ihm zu willfahren, indem er äußerte, daß er ja nun nichts mehr zu verſchweigen habe.

Er erzählte hierauf ſeinen erſten Eintritt bei Meiſter Tromm, das Erwachen ſeiner Leidenſchaft für Marien und ſeiner Begeiſterung für die Kunſt, und wie Meiſters Tromms Geringachtung der letztern und ausſchließende Anbetung des Goldes zuerſt den Saamen des Widerwillens gegen denſelben in ſeine Bruſt geworfen, der ſpäter, da der Alte ſeine Abſicht auf Marien inne geworden, unter deſſen beſtändigen verächtlichen Aeußerungen über ſeine Armuth, ſchnell um ſich greifend, empor gewachſen, ſich bald in Haß verwandelt und endlich das Verbrechen als Frucht getragen habe; wie Walthers Ankunft ihn in Verzweiflung geſtürzt habe, die unerträgliche Vorſtellung von Marien in eines Fremden Armen ihn unabläſſig wie ein böſer Geiſt verfolgt, Mariens weiche Seele, zu jedem Widerſtand unfähig, ihm ihre endliche Einwilligung als gewiß befürchten laſſen, und wie ihm durch Vorſpiegelung der Hölle, der Tod des Vaters als einzige Rettung erſchienen ſey.

„Der Alte hatte mir,“ fuhr er in ſeiner Erzählung fort, „wie er denn öfters gegen mich mit ſeiner geheimen Wiſſenſchaft zu prahlen pflegte, einſtmals ein ſilbernes Büchslein gezeigt, darin war ein graues Pulver, deſſen Dämpfe, wie er ſagte, auf der Stelle tödteten. Nun mußte es ſich begeben, daß ich in einer Nacht, da ich auf meinem Lager keine Ruhe finden konnte, mich hin und wieder treibend auf den Hof des Hauſes gerieth und in dem Hintergebäude, wo des Meiſters Laboratorium befindlich, durch die halb vermauerten Fenſter noch Licht ſchimmern ſah. Eine Menge wild durch einander wirrender Gedanken erhob ſich alſobald in meinem Kopfe; es war mir, als hört' ich leiſe Stimmen vor meinen Ohren, die mich zu etwas antrieben, ohne daß ich recht vernehmen konnte, zu was; mein Herz klopfte wie ein Hammer, und faſt einem Betrunkenen gleich taumelte ich die Treppe hinan, die zu der geheimen Werkſtatt führte. Der Alte trat eben heraus, einen Korb und eine Laterne in der Hand. Ich drückte mich ſchnell in einen Winkel, und er ging an mir vorüber die Treppe hinab nach dem Kellergewölbe. Die Thür war offen geblieben; ich ſchlüpfte hinein. Einen deutlichen Willen hatte ich nicht.“

„Da ich bei dem düſtern Schein einer Lampe, die von der Decke herabhing, die wunderlichen Geräthſchaften rings umher an den Wänden und die Todtengerippe mit den blanken Schwertern ſah, da ſtutzte ich; mir däuchte, ich hörte die Gerippe vernehmlich fragen: was willſt du hier? — ein kalter Schauder überlief mich. Doch gegenüber ſtand noch eine Thür offen und es trieb mich mit Gewalt dahin; trotzig wollt ich antworten: was geht's mich an! aber die Stimme blieb mir in der Kehle ſtecken. Ich hätte gern laut gelacht über mich ſelber, aber ich konnte nicht. So ging ich mit ſchwankenden Schritten nach dem zweiten Gemach. Hier war der Heerd. Mancherlei Geräth lag umher; ein kleiner Tiegel, zu irgend einem Verſuche vorgerichtet, ſtand auf dem Heerde, doch war noch kein Feuer darunter. Indem ich nun ſo umher ſchaute, fiel mir plötzlich, auf einem Sims ſtehend, das ſilberne Büchschen in die Augen. Ich fuhr zuſammen bei dieſem Anblicke, eine große Angſt überkam mich, ich hielt mir die Augen zu und wollte fort, und doch ſtatt fortzugehen griff ich im ſelben Augenblick nach dem Büchslein; es war geöffnet, ich wußte ſelbſt nicht wie, und ich ſchüttelte des grünen Pulvers ein gut Theil in den Tiegel. Darauf aber wandte ich mich, und ſo ſchnell ich konnte, denn es war mir dunkel vor den Augen, tappt' ich nach der äußern Thür, ſchlüpfte hinaus und verbarg mich nicht weit davon. Ich hörte den Alten zurückkommen, und hörte wie er die Thür von innen verſchloß: da ſprach ich halblaut zu mir ſelbſt: „Er verſchließt ſein Grab!“ und erſchrack über meine eigene Stimme. Ich ſchlich nach meiner Kammer und warf mich auf mein Bett; doch wie hätte ich zu ſchlafen vermocht! Sobald es Tag war, ſprang ich auf und lief hinaus vor das Thor. Von meinem damaligen Zuſtand erinnere ich mich nichts weiter, als daß ich mich freute, weil die Sonne nicht ſchien. Da ich endlich nach Hauſe kehrte ſah ich ſchon von weitem dicken Rauch aus dem Schornſtein des Hintergebäudes empor wirbeln; ich lief hinzu, löſchte das entſtandene Feuer und fand den Alten mit gräßlich entſtelltem Geſicht todt vor dem Heerde liegen.“

Er erzählte weiter, wie dieſes gräßliche Geſicht ihm allzeit vor Augen geſtanden, ihm nirgend Ruh noch Raſt gelaſſen; wie ſeine Angſt immer unerträglicher geworden und ihn endlich ſogar von Marien weggetrieben. Sich ſelber zu entfliehen war er hierauf in Kriegsdienſte getreten, und das für ihn ganz neue Leben, der tägliche Wechſel der Gegenſtände und Begebenheiten hatten wirklich die Erinnerung des Vergangenen, die ihn verfolgte, wenn auch nicht vertilgt, doch wenigſtens betäubt. Bald darauf kam es zum Frieden; der größte Theil der geworbenen Mannſchaft wurde entlaſſen. Dies Loos traf auch Wolfen und ſeine Gefährten. Allein durch den langen Krieg verwildert, an raſtloſe Umherſchweifung und ſorgloſen Erwerb gewöhnt, mochten ſich viele Soldaten nicht wieder in die Schranken des bürgerlichen Lebens fügen und führten lieber ihr bisheriges Handwerk auf eigene Fauſt weiter. Wolf fürchtete in der Nähe die Rückkehr des Zuſtandes, dem er mit Mühe entflohen; er wollte auch ſo arm als er gegangen nicht wieder zu Marien zurückkehren; die verächtliche Art, mit der ihn der alte Tromm behandelt hatte, um ſeiner Armuth willen, ſo wie deſſen Vorherſagung, daß er nie auf einen grünen Zweig gelangen werde, lagen ihm noch oft im Sinne, und er wollte die letztere durch die That zu Schanden machen. So ſchloß er ſich alſo an einen von jenen Haufen an, machte ſich in Kurzem durch Muth, Entſchloſſenheit und Klugheit bemerklich, und ward endlich von ſeinen Gefährten zum Anführer erwählt, in welcher Eigenſchaft er mit ihnen einen großen Theil von Deutſchland durchzog und bald unter dem Namen des ſchwarzen Jägers berüchtigt wurde.

Obgleich er ſelber niemals ſeine Hände mit Raub und Mord befleckte, regte ſich doch ſein Gewiſſen von Zeit zu Zeit und nur indem er ſich noch tiefer in den Strudel des wilden Lebens ſtürzte, vermochte er ſeine leiſen Mahnungen zu beſchwichtigen. Ein alter Mönch, dem er aus den Händen ſeiner Leute Eigenthum gerettet, warf zuerſt wieder den Gedanken an Gott und an die Möglichkeit einer Verſöhnung mit dem Himmel, durch Reue und Gebet, in ſeine Bruſt. Zugleich erwachte die Sehnſucht nach Marien mit neuer Heftigkeit; er fühlte, daß nur ihre Hand ihn wieder auf den Weg zu Gott leiten könne, und ſo entfernte er ſich endlich in Antonio's Begleitung heimlich von ſeinen Gefährten. In ſeiner Abweſenheit riß wilde Zügelloſigkeit die Zurückgelaſſenen zu Gewaltthaten fort, wie er ſie nie geſtattet haben würde, die aber dennoch lediglich auf ſeine Rechnung kamen. Der Arm der Gerechtigkeit bewaffnete ſich gegen ihn, und da er um Mariens und ſeines Kindes willen ſeine Vorſicht vergaß, ward es leicht, ihn zu fangen.

„Was ſich noch ſonſt begeben, das mich angeht“ — ſo ſchloß er ſeine Erzählung — „das wißt ihr, oder werdet es von Marien erfahren. Zwei Bitten habe ich nur noch an euch: die erſte, daß ihr euch meines wackern Antonio annehmt, wenn er ſich, wie ich gewiß glaube, noch wieder bei Marien ſehen läßt, und ihn auf den rechten Weg zurück geleitet; daß ihr mir noch einmal euern Anblick gönnt, und mir dann Mariens Verzeihung mitbringt. Ich hoffe zu Gottes Barmherzigkeit, daß ich ſie jenſeits wiederſehen werde und bald, daß weiß ich gewiß.“

Da er hierauf noch großes Verlangen bezeigte, Mariens jetzigen Zuſtand zu erfahren, ſo begab ſich Walther ſogleich auf den Weg zu ihr. — Er fand ſie in der höchſten Glut der Krankheit, ohne Bewußtſeyn; Suſanne hielt ihr Ende für nahe; auch der Arzt gab wenig Hoffnung, und Walther mußte ſich mit ſchmerzlicher Wehmuth geſtehen, die größte Wohlthat, die Gott ihr ſenden könne, ſey allein der Tod.

Bei Gott aber war es anders beſchloſſen. Die Kraft des Lebens beſiegte die Krankheit: ſie genas, doch nur zu einem halben Daſeyn. In ihrer Seele war die Erinnerung alles deſſen, was in den letzten vier Jahren geſchehen, gänzlich ausgelöſcht; nur ihre frühe Jugend und die erſte Zeit ihrer Liebe ſtand ihr in lebhaften Farben gegenüber, und ſie ſprach von Wolfen als von ihrem Bräutigam, der bald kommen werde, ſie abzuholen. Ruhig ſaß ſie den ganzen Tag in ihrem Stuhle, flocht Kränze von Blumen, die ihr Suſanne täglich zutrug, mit welchen ſie ſich dann ſchmückte, und ſang zuweilen Lieder, die ſie oft ſonſt geſungen. Suſanne mußte ſie an- und auskleiden und ſie nähren wie ein Kind. Niemals bezeigte ſie ein Verlangen das Zimmer zu verlaſſen. „Er könnte ja kommen,“ ſagte ſie, „und mich nicht finden.“

Walther hatte, durch ein Geſchäft entfernt, ſeit dem Anfang ihrer Geneſung ſie nicht geſehen. Jetzt kehrte er zurück, und ſein erſter Gang war zu Marien.

Er fand ſie in einem weißen, leinenen Hauskleide mit blaßgrünen Schleifen geziert — ſie litt keine andere Farbe — das reiche, lichtbraune Haar floß aufgelöſt über Schultern und Buſen herab; auf dem Kopf trug ſie einen Blumenkranz, ein anderer lag noch nicht ganz vollendet auf ihrem Schooß; ein Körbchen mit Blumen ſtand neben ihr. Sie ſchaute empor als Walter eintrat, ſah ihn an und dann gleichgültig wieder auf ihre Arbeit nieder. Walther ſtand beſtürzt und erſchrocken. Nach einer Weile hob ſie ſich in die Höhe und ſprach: „Der iſt für meinen Bräutigam, wenn wir zur Kirche gehen.“

„So findet ihr ſie wieder!“ rief Suſanne weinend aus. Walther ſenkte den Kopf auf ſeine Bruſt; ein herber Schmerz ſchnitt tief durch ſein Innerſtes; er hörte nicht, was Suſanne noch weiter zu ihm redete. — Maria hub mit leiſer Stimme an zu ſingen:

Es ſaß ein Mägdlein feine
Verlaſſen an dem Raine,
Wie auf den Tod betrübt.
Es zog der Wind vorüber,
Sie fragt ihn: Kommt mein Lieber?
Doch Wind nicht Rede giebt.

Der Mond ſchlich aus dem Walde,
Sie fragt ihn: Kommt er balde?
Doch ſtumm iſt Mondenlicht.
Sie hört das Waſſer rauſchen,
Sie will auf Nachricht lauſchen;
Doch Nachricht bringt es nicht.

Der Morgen lugt von Bergen
Sie fragt: Siehſt du ihn nirgend?
Doch Morgen ſchweigt vor ihr.
Da kommt der Tod gegangen,
Spricht: Dort iſt dein Verlangen,
Dort oben! Komm mit mir!

„Das iſt nur ſo ein Lied,“ ſprach ſie und ſah Walthern an. „Mein Bräutigam kommt bald. Meint ihr nicht, daß er kommen wird?“ — Walther wandte ſich ab, ihr ſeine Thränen zu verbergen.

Da öffnete ſich die Thür, und Antonio trat herein. „Da bin ich!“ rief er. „Ich konnte es nicht länger ertragen; ich mußte euch ſehen.“ — Er trat mit lächelnden Blicken vor Marien; aber Maria ſah ihm ſtarr an und ſchwieg. Er ſchlug zurückwankend die Hände zuſammen voll Entſetzen. Maria ſenkte die Augen nieder und ſing wieder leiſe an zu ſingen:

Der Wind fährt über die Halde
Wohl über ein offnes Grab.

„Aber um Gottes willen,“ ſprach Suſanne, „was wollt ihr hier, Antonio? Sie werden euch fangen und euch thun wie euerm Herrn.“

„Immerhin!“ erwiederte Antonio. „Was ſoll das Leben mir noch jetzt?“

Maria heftete ihre Blicke von Neuem auf ihn, ſchüttelte den Kopf und legte die Hand an die Stirn; dann winkte ſie ihn zu ſich und ſagte: „Du biſt wohl auch ein Verlaſſener auf der Welt! Geh mit dem Mann dort, der ſieht gut und freundlich aus.“

Walther eröffnete ihm den Wunſch ſeines Herrn, daß er für ihn ſorgen und ihn retten möge, und bat ihn, ihm zu vertrauen. Antonio kniete vor Marien nieder, küßte ihre Hand, dann ſprang er auf und wandte ſich zu Walthern: „Auch ſie wünſcht es: ich bin euer. Macht mit mir, was ihr wollt!“ Und da jener Marien in tiefes Nachdenken, wie es ſchien, verſunken ſah und befürchtete, des Jünglings Anblick möchte die Erinnerung ihres entſetzlichen Schickſals aufregen, die Gottes Hand erbarmend mit wohlthätigem Vergeſſen gedeckt, ſo begab er ſich ſchnell mit ihm hinweg.

Er führte ihn zu Wolfen, der ſich freute, ſeinen treuen Antonio noch einmal wieder zuſehen. Antonio fand ſeines Schmerzes kein Maaß. Wolf tröſtete und ermahnte ihn, ſich ſelbſt als warnendes Beiſpiel aufſtellend. Er war ſehr bleich und entſtellt, und der Gefängnißwärter ſagte Walthern, wie ſeine Kräfte mit jedem Tage mehr dahin ſchwänden und er den Urtheilſpruch, ſo nahe er auch ſey, wohl kaum erleben werde.

Auch Maria wurde, ohne eigentlich krank zu ſeyn, doch allmählich immer ſchwächer. Ihr ſonſtiger Zuſtand blieb derſelbe. So oft Walther ſie beſuchte, nie zeigte ſich die leiſeſte Erinnerung, daß ſie ihn früher gekannt. Ihre Sehnſucht nach dem Bräutigam aber wuchs mit jedem Augenblick, und in der letzten Zeit ſchienen ängſtliche Zweifel in ihrer Seele zu erwachen, ob er wirklich kommen werde. Walther trug bange Beſorgniß, daß ihr vollſtändiges Bewußtſeyn zurückkehren möchte. Allein der Tag der Vereinigung war nahe.

An einem Morgen erwachte ſie ſehr früh, ſtand auf und begehrte von Suſannen ihr beſtes Kleid. Ihr Auge leuchtete mit ungewohntem Glanze; auf ihrem Geſicht ruhte ſtille Verklärung. „Heut kommt mein Bräutigam,“ ſprach ſie; „nun weiß ich es gewiß. Ein Engel war diese Nacht bei mir und hat es mir geſagt.“ Suſanne kehrte ſich ab und ſchluchzte; denn heut grade war der Tag, an dem Wolf zum Tode gehen ſollte.

„Ach der kleine Engel war wunderſchön!“ fuhr Maria fort. „Ich habe die goldnen Locken und blauen Augen mit den dunkeln Wimpern wohl ſonſt ſchon geſehn. Er nannte mich Mutter, und mein Herz ſchwamm in Freude und Wonne.“

Sie ließ ſich ſchnell ankleiden, trieb Suſannen, ihr friſche Blumen zu holen und flocht dann emſig an einem neuen Kranze. — Die Sonne ging auf. Maria blickte hin und ſagte: „So ſah ich ſie ſchon einmal durch die Fenſter lugen, aber damals — ach! es iſt wohl ſchon lange her! — damals war mein Herz voll Trauer; heute ſcheint die Sonne in meinen Freudentag.“

Indem ward es laut auf der Straße. Das Geräuſch nahm zu; verworrne Stimmen ließen ſich vernehmen. Maria horchte auf. „Der Bräutigam kommt!“ rief ſie! „Ich bin bereit.“ — Suſanne ſchaute aus dem Fenſter. Der Todeszug, Wolf in ſeiner Mitte, kam eben langſam die Straße herab. — Jetzt war er dem Hauſe ganz nahe gekommen. Da ſetzte Maria den Blumenkranz auf ihr Haupt, ſtand auf, nahm das kleine ſilberne Crucifix vom Tiſche, und mit dem lauten Ruf: Ich komme! eilte ſie zur Thür hinaus, die Treppen hinab auf die Straße, ehe Suſanne ſie aufhalten, ehe ſie ihr folgen konnte. Sie drang durch die Menge; alles wich erſtaunt zurück und machte willig Platz. So gelangte ſie in die Mitte, erſah Wolfen und lief mit freudeglühendem Geſicht auf ihn zu und rief: „Da bin ich, Wolf! nun laß uns gehen.“ Sie ſchlang die Arme um ſeinen Hals. „Sieh, dort ſteht unſer Kind!“ flüſterte ſie. „Es wartet auf uns.“ Ihre Hände glitten herab. Wolf fühlte ſie in ſeinen Armen erſtarren. Ihr Haupt ſank zurück; er ſah ſie erbleichen und ſah ihr Auge brechen. Ohne Schmerz, ohne bittre Erinnerung, im Entzücken des Wiederſehens war ihre Seele von dannen geſchieden, und nur im letzten Augenblick erſchien das Bild ihres Kindes, um als ein leitender Engel ſie hinüber zu führen in die Wohnung des Friedens. — Wolf legte ſie ſanft auf den Boden nieder und warf ſich neben ihr zur Erde, den letzten Kuß von ihren Lippen zu nehmen. Rings umher war Grabesſtille. Niemand regte ſich. Nur wenige Augen blieben ohne Thränen. Als endlich Wolf nicht wieder aufſtand, ging einer von den Begleitenden hinzu und wollte ihn aufheben: da ſahen alle, daß auch er kalt und ſtarr war. Gott hatte ſie jetzt im Tode vereinigt.

Walther brachte es durch ſein Anſehn dahin, daß beide neben einander in einer abgelegenen Ecke des Kirchhofs begraben wurden und pflanzte eine Trauerweide auf das Grab.

Chriſtian Jacob Salice-Conteſſa,

des Vorigen älterer Bruder ward am 24. Februar 1767 zu Hirſchberg in Schleſien, wo ſein Vater als Kaufmann lebte, geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Jugendbildung im elterlichen Hauſe, ſo wie auf dem Gymnaſium in Breslau und erlernte dann die Handlung in Hamburg. Im Jahre 1788 machte er eine große Reiſe durch Frankreich, England und Spanien und kehrte darauf nach Hirſchberg zurück, wo er nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters deſſen Geſchäft fortführte. Eine geſetzwidrige Verbindung in welche er von jugendlichem Eifer fortgeriſſen, mit mehreren Freunden getreten war, zog ihm (1797) einjährige Feſtungsſtrafe in Spandau und Stettin zu. Nachdem er ſeine Freiheit wieder erlangt hatte, dirigirte er die Zuckerraffinerie in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ward Schulvorſteher, ſo wie 1810 erſter Vorſteher der Stadtbehörde, in welcher Eigenſchaft er ſich um die Organiſation der Landwehr große Verdienſte erwarb. Später zog er ſich von allen Geſchäften zurück, ward mit dem Titel eines K. Pr. Commerzienrathes beehrt, und lebte im Sommer auf ſeinem Gute Liebenthal, im Winter in Hirſchberg litterärischen Beſchäftigungen. Nachdem er ſich auf einer Beſuchsreiſe bei ſeinem Freunde E. v. Houwald eine ſtarke Erkältung zugezogen, ward er von einem hitzigen Fieber ergriffen und ſtarb am 11 September 1825 auf ſeiner Beſitzung.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Das Grabmal. Roman. Breslau, 1792.
Dramatiſche Scenen. Breslau, 1794.
Hermann von Hartenſtein. Breslau, 1796.
Almanzor. 2. Aufl. Breslau, 1808.
Alfred. Hiſtoriſches Schauſpiel. Hirſchberg, 1809.
Der Freiherr und ſein Neffe. Breslau, 1824.
Drei Erzählungen. Frankfurt, 1822.
Gedichte, herausgegeben von Dr. W. F. Schmidt. Hirſchberg, 1826.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinem Bruder:

Dramatiſche Spiele und Erzählungen. Hirſchberg. 1811—13. 2 Thle.
Das Bild der Mutter und das blonde Kind. Berlin, 1818.

Mit ausgezeichneter Bildung und regem Sinn für alles Schöne ausgeſtattet ging der ältere Conteſſa ſeinen eigenen Weg und folgte in ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen meiſtentheils ſeinem Gefühl, das ihn ſelten irre leitete, wenn es ihm auch keine ſchwunghafte Begeiſterung geſtattete. Am glücklichſten iſt er in ſeinen lyriſchen Dichtungen, welche beſonders durch Klarheit, Gemüthlichkeit, reine Frömmigkeit und Wohllaut charakteriſirt werden. Im dramatiſchen Fache erfreute er ſich keines beſonderen Erfolges; ſeine proſaiſchen Darſtellungen zeichnen ſich dagegen durch Scharfſinn, Kraft, glückliche Erfindung und eine muſterhafte Reinheit und Anmuth des Styles höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Der Schiffbrand.*)

Die Sonne ſpiegelt ſich im Meer,
Der Wind haucht leiſen Athem drüber,
Nach Süden zieht von Norden her
Am Himmel leicht Gewölk vorüber;
Und wie die Wolken oben zieh'n,
Zieht unten flink ein Schiff dahin.
Das Schiff mit Allen, die es faßt,
Das Schiff trägt reiche ſchwere Laſt.

Schwer iſt das Herz, das noth gebeugt
Vom alten Vaterland ſich trennet;
Die Hoffnung, die zum neuen fleugt,
Die Hoffnung hab' ich reich genennet;
Und ſolcher Herzen trägt es viel,
— Das Schiff — zu ſolcher Hoffnung Ziel;
Weit hinten liegt das Vaterland,
Und vorwärts iſt der Blick gewandt. —

So ſtehn ſie — Frau'n und Männer — dort,
Und leichter will das Herz faſt ſchlagen;
Der friſche Wind hat nach dem Port
Die Hoffnung ſchon vorausgetragen;
Die ſchmückt das unbekannte Land
— Weit überm Meer — den fremden Strand
Mit ihren reichſten Farben aus,
Und baut der Lieb' ein neues Haus. —

„Glück auf zur heitern Fahrt, Glück auf!
„Schaut muthig vorwärts in die Ferne!
„Bald winken — grüßend eurem Lauf —
„Der neuen Heimath neue Sterne." — —
Glück auf! — Wer ſprach, hat's gut gemeint! —
Gut iſt der Wind, die Sonne ſcheint,
Und fromm zu ſpielen liebt das Meer; —
Doch anders kommt's von oben her.

„Gut iſt der Wind und fromm das Meer, —
„Glück auf zur Fahrt!" — — Weh! weh euch Armen!
Hört ihr den Ruf vom Raume her?
„Horch du! Was iſt das? Hab' Erbarmen,
„Herr Gott und Vater ſteh' uns bei!
„Der Ruf erklingt wie Feuerſchrei!
„Ja, Feuer ruft es unten dort —
„Jetzt oben! — Feuer! Schreckenswort!" —

Das Wort ſchlägt ein in jede Bruſt
Wie Wetterſtrahl aus heiterm Himmel;
Des grauſen Wort's ſich kaum bewußt,
Stürzt nach der Treppe das Getümmel:
Da wogt ſchon — wie ein Heer zum Kampf —
Herauf, heran der ſchwarze Dampf,
Da bricht — aus ſchwarzem Graus hervor —
Die Flamm' ihr roth Panier empor.

Zurück! Nicht Rettung mehr iſt hier!
Nach auf dem Fuße raſt das Feuer,
— Ein losgeriſſ'nes wildes Thier,
Ein hungrig wüthend Ungeheuer!
Hilf, Gott! jetzt wankt der große Maſt!
Jetzt krachend nieder ſtürzt die Laſt — —
Zertrümmert wird das große Boot,
— Der letzte Retter aus der Noth.

Da weicht dem Härteſten der Muth,
Verzweiflung ringt die bleichen Hände,
Ob Tod im Meer, ob in der Gluth,
Die grauſe Wahl nur bleibt am Ende.
„Doch halt! Was zagen, harren wir?
„Zwei Boote ja ſtehn uns noch hier!
„Hinab! hinein! Und faßt der Raum
„Zum dritten Theil die Menge kaum."

„Hier gilt die Kraft, hier gilt das Glück,
„Gilt's, wer das Leben ſich erränge!"
Und vorwärts wogt und wogt zurück
Im Kampf das wüthende Gedränge,

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*) Aus Ch. J. Salice-Conteſſa's Gedichten. Hirſchberg, 1826.

Und manchen trifft ſchon hier der Tod,
— Der bleiche Retter aus der Noth —
Durch Zufalls Hand, durch Bruders Hand;
Ein Richter lebt, dem iſt's bekannt. —

Und ſieh' dort! Mann und Weib, die ſtumm
Zum Himmel ihre Hände heben!
Zwölf Kinder halten ſie ringsum,
— Ein blaſſer Todtenkranz — umgeben.
Zwölf Kinder — Herr, daß du's gehört;
Was dort das ſtumme Fleh'n begehrt!
Gabſt du dem Weib den Muth, die Kraft? —
Aus ſtarrer Angſt emporgerafft.

Sieh', in's Gedränge ſtürzt ſie ſich,
Zwei Kinder hoch in ihren Armen;
„„Barmherzigkeit! ja nicht für mich,
„„Nur mit den Kindern habt Erbarmen!““
Das Mutterherz, es macht ihr Bahn,
Geborgen ſieht ſie in dem Kahn
Die Kleinſten ſchon, und eilt und faßt
Und trägt herbei die neue Laſt.

Der Vater folgt; das Glück hält Stand;
Die [illegible] jetzt nach den Kleinen!
Der Schiffsherr beut die Retterhand,
— Denn er gedenkt daheim der Seinen; —
Zwei Kinder nur ſind noch zurück,
Da wendet abwärts ſich das Glück;
Voll iſt die Barke; wild und kalt
Droht neuen Andrang die Gewalt.

„Die zwei!“ — ruft jener — „rett' ich doch!
„Schnell gebt ſie mir!“ — Doch feſter ketten
Die zwei ſich an die Aeltern noch;
„„Mit Euch nur wollen wir uns retten!
„„Nein, Vater, Mutter, nur mit dir,
„„Mit Euch nur leben, ſterben wir!““
Die Boote ſtoßen ab, und ſchwer
Und langſam rudern ſie in's Meer.

„„Fahrt hin! Fahrt wohl! Preis, Herr, ſei Dir,
„„Der ſie doch wahrt vor grauſem Ende!““
— So ruft die Mutter — und nach ihr
Dort ſtrecken weinend ſie die Hände,
Sie hört der Kleinſten banges Schrei'n:
„Zu mir, zu Dir, mein Mütterlein!“
Brich nur in Todesluſt und Schmerz,
Du reiches, armes Mutterherz!

Doch ſchneller wird der Boote Lauf — —
Ein Engel taucht dort aus den Fluthen,
— Ein weißbeſchwingter Engel — auf!
„Ja, Rettung aus den Todesgluthen
„Trägt es den Brüdern noch heran!
„Setzt euren letzten Athem dran,
„Raſch, raſcher ſchlagt die Ruder drein!
„Sie müſſen noch gerettet ſeyn!“

„Da, ſeht, es kommt, es fliegt herbei!
„Schon iſt es nah' — — da horch! im Rücken —
„Horch, dumpf und gräßlich war der Schrei!“ —
Und als ſie zitternd rückwärts blicken,
Da ſeh'n ſie über'm Schiff mit Grau'n
Den Rauch ſich hoch zur Säule bau'n,
Und glutheroth ſenken ſich zum Meer,
— Und jetzt ſeh'n ſie das Schiff nicht mehr. —

Und unten praſſelt's, glüht und brauſ't,
— Wie wenn ſich Gluth und Fluth gefunden, —
Jetzt hoch empor die Flamme ſauſ't,
Und jetzt im Nu iſt ſie verſchwunden —
Da wird es ſtille rings umher;
In weiten Kreiſen hebt das Meer,
Die ſchwarze Säule ſteht allein,
— Hoch über'm Grab der Leichenſtein. —

Und jetzt iſt auch das Fahrzeug nah',
— Im Flug zur Rettung iſt's gekommen,
Schon hat es hülfreich alle da
Die bleichen Schiffer aufgenommen,
Und nach der ſchwarzen Säule dort
Geht es im raſchen Laufe fort,
Und Furcht und Hoffnung lebt und ſtarrt,
Was hinter'm Vorhang auf ſie harrt.

Da rollt der Wind ihn in die Höh' —
Jetzt — Jetzt! — — Das Schiff, es iſt verſchwunden! —
Ein hell'rer Spiegel ruht die See,
Und keine Spur wird mehr gefunden,
Wohl kreuzt das Fahrzeug auf und ab,
Umſonſt! — Verſchloſſen bleibt das Grab.
— Des nimmerſatten Abgrund's Schooß
Läßt ſeine Beute nicht mehr los. — —

Die reichen Hoffnungen ſie ruh'n
Begraben dort mit Schiff und Habe;
Leicht ſind die ſchweren Herzen nun:
Noth, Schuld und Kummer liegt im Grabe. —
Vom Zeitſtrom waren ſie gejagt,
Und alles Irdiſche verſagt. —
Die Lieb' allein in deiner Bruſt,
— Du Aelternpaar — das ſich mit Luſt,

Mit Todesluſt dem Tode weiht,
— Auf daß die Kinder nur ihm leben —
Sie wird ſich über Ort' und Zeit
Aus dunkeln Abgrunds Schooß erheben.
Sie kam von Gott, ſie geht zu Gott,
Die ew'ge Liebe ſelbſt iſt Gott;
Und — Herz, laß keinem Zweifel Raum! —
Und Wiederſehn, es iſt kein Traum!

Jugend-Liebe.*)

Eine Zeichnung aus der wirklichen Welt.

„Halt!“ rief **Wilhelm Wallner** dem Kutſcher zu, als ſie einen Bergwald erreicht hatten, an deſſen Saume der Fahrweg hinlief. „Du kannſt nicht fehlen; der Weg führt „ins Dorf, welches du, wenn du um die Waldſpitze herum„biegſt, rechts vor dir liegen ſiehſt. Im Wirthshauſe neben „der Kirche fütterſt du und warteſt auf mich.“ Und mit dieſen Worten ſprang er vom Wagen und ſchlug einen Fußpfad ein, der ſich in das tiefſte Dickicht hineinwand.

Seine Seele war hochbewegt; er eilte die Thränen, die ſeine Augen netzten, in der grünen Nacht zu bergen. Auf eben dieſem Pfade hatte der Jüngling einſt, vor mehr als zwanzig Jahren, die Heimath verlaſſen, um in eine ihm fremde Welt zu treten, die ſich unermeßlich, wie die blauen Fernen, die er oft von dem Gipfel des Berges ſehnſüchtig überſchaut hatte, vor den Augen ſeines Geiſtes ausbreitete. Eine jugendlich geſchäftige Einbildungskraft hatte ſich bald mit den phantaſtiſchen Geſtalten ihrer Schöpfung bevölkert, und obſchon der Schmerz der Trennung heiß in ſeinem Herzen brannte, gieng er dennoch der Zukunft mit einer nicht ganz unfreudigen Spannung der Erwartung entgegen. Jetzt kam er aus dieſer weiten Welt zurück, reich an Erfahrung, aber arm an Freude, um in der engen Heimath wo möglich einen Reſt des Glückes zu finden, das er auf dem holden Erdenrund vergeblich geſucht hatte. — Wie damals blühte der Lenz über den Fluren, der ſtärkende Harzduft des luſtigen grünenden Waldes zog in ſeine aufathmende Bruſt, und die ſpielenden Sonnenlichter blitzten durch die Bäume und formten mit den wankenden Schatten wunderliche Gebilde. Aber damals waren es morgenröthliche Erwartungen der Zukunft, die ſich auf den wechſelnden Geſtalten bewegten, und der Schmerz der Trennung ward durch die Ahnungen einer freudemuthigen Jünglingsſeele bekämpft; jetzt wogten dort abendlich wehmüthige Erinnerungen, und die Wonne des Wiederſehens wurde durch die Schauer der Vergangenheit getrübt. Sein guter Vater ſchlief neben der vorausgegangenen Mutter ſchon längſt den langen Schlaf, und die Freude, die geliebten Eltern mit dem redlich erworbenen Gute, dem Ziele unruhigen Wirkens und Strebens, erquicken zu können, war ihm nicht beſchieden. Aber auch die Freunde, die Geſpielen ſeiner Kindheit und frühen Jugend: — wo hatten ſie die Stürme des Lebens hingeweht! mit welchen Geſichtern, mit welchen Zügen, welchen Spuren verlebter oder auch noch brennender Leidenſchaften darauf, werden ſie ihm entgegen treten! werden ſie dem Fremdgewordenen wieder traulich nahen, und wird er die Fremdgewordenen wieder liebgewinnen und unter ihnen die Hütte ſeines Alters hoffend erbauen können! Steht nicht alles, ſo bekannt und doch auch ſo fremd um ihn her, von Verklärung zu ſeiner Liebe! Die Zwiebeln, die er verließ, ſind zu prächtigen Blumen erwachſen, die haben allen Blumen [illegible] geholt, und hoffnungsvoller Jugend ſteht an ihrer Stelle. Wie ſollten denn die [illegible], wie könnten die Geſetze ſeiner Kraft, die Schöpfungen ihres Gemüthes [illegible] den [illegible] ſein!

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*) Aus Ch. J. Salice-Conteſſa's: „Zwei Erzählungen.“ Frankfurt a. M.

In dieſen Gedanken verſunken wandelte er bald raſch, bald zögernden Schrittes nach dem Orte. Von allen Bildern aus jener Zeit [illegible] das [illegible] vor ſeiner Seele, die [illegible] Marie, ſeine erſte unſchuldige Liebe, aber niemals die erſte unbefangene Ahnung der Liebe in ſeinem Herzen. Zu ihr ganz allein gelang es ihm, ſich in jene [illegible] zurückzuverſetzen. Er ſah das Kind mit dem Buche unter dem Arme aus der Schule kommen; er ſah das Mädchen [illegible] im Tanze ſchweben; er fühlte den [illegible] der [illegible] Jungfrau auf ſeinem Herzen, und es dünkte ihm, als wären die Blumen, die heute [illegible] Blumen [illegible], noch die Reihe jener, welche Marie damals an ſeinem [illegible] machte.

Von ihrem ferneren Leben wußte er nur, daß ſie verheirathet war. Leicht hätte er auf der Durchreiſe in dem nächſten Städtchen mehr ſowohl darüber, als überhaupt von ſeinem Geburtsorte [illegible] können; aber er ſcheute es, der Enthüllung vorzugreifen und wollte den Kelch, den ihm das Schickſal hier bieten würde, in vollen Zügen trinken, was er auch enthalten mag.

Jetzt war er dem Gipfel nahe, und als er aus der Waldung heraustrat, lag der alte ſo wohl bekannte liebe [illegible], von ſeinen jungen Blumen [illegible] in freundlicher Betrachtung vor ihm. Hier war das gewöhnliche Ziel ſeiner Knabenſpaziergänge geweſen, hier hatte er die ſeligſten Stunden ſeiner frühen Jugend mit Marien und Heinrich, dem liebſten ſeiner Geſpielen, verlebt; bis hieher hatten ihn Eltern und Freunde begleitet, als er in die Fremde hinauspilgerte, hier hatte er Abſchied genommen von allem, was ihm damals bekannt und lieb und theuer war in der weit und [illegible] vor ihm ausgebreiteten Welt. Seine Augen erhoben ſich ſehnſüchtig wie zum Gruße aller damals dort Verlaſſenen. Alles ſchien ihm unverändert geblieben. Eine ſchlanke weiße Geſtalt ſtand am Abhange und ſchaute in die Ferne. Sein Herz klopfte in raſchen Schlägen. Noch einige Schritte, und er ſtand, von dem überraſchendſten Zauber berührt. Zwanzig lange Jahre der Abweſenheit waren verſchwunden. Marie ſtand vor ihm in ſchlanker Jugendfülle, mit denſelben blonden Locken, mit denſelben ſchwimmenden blauen Augen, die ihn ſo oft freundlich begrüßten. So erſchien Alme, Königin von Golconda, dem Geliebten in den täuſchend nachgeahmten Fluren ihrer Jugendzeit. Wilhelm wunderte ſich nur, daß ihre Arme ſich ihm nicht entgegen breiteten zum freudigen Empfange. Er war im Begriff auf ſie zuzuſtürzen; — da hemmte der fremde Blick, der leiſe Schrei, der zur Flucht ſich hebende Fuß des Mädchens ſeine Schritte. Der ſüß verwirrende Zauber entfloh, eine Beſinnung kehrte wieder, und er ahnte ſchnell die Wirklichkeit. Traurig und mit einem halb wehmüthigen Lächeln über ſich ſelbſt, näherte er ſich beruhigend dem erſchrockenen Mädchen, ſie als Mariens Tochter zuverſichtlich begrüßend. Auch verhehlte er ihr nicht, wer er, der in die ſtille Heimath Zurückkehrende, ſei. Da glätteten ſich die verſcheuchten Züge des holden Kindes lieblich aus. Sie hatte oft von dem Jugendfreunde und Geſpielen ihrer Eltern gehört, wenn dieſe an heitern Feierabenden der Tage ihrer Kindheit und Jugend gedachten. Vertraulich hing ſie ſich an den Arm des ihr kurz vorher noch ſo befremdlich erſchienenen Mannes, und hüpfte an ſeiner Seite, emſig und freundlich erzählend, in das ſchöne Thal hinab. Noch ehe ſie im Dorfe anlangten, war er bereits über ihre häuslichen Verhältniſſe vollkommen unterrichtet. Marie war das glückliche Weib ſeines liebſten Jugendfreundes Heinrich, der ſeinem Vater in dem Amte als Oberförſter gefolgt war, und Wilhelmine die älteſte Tochter des geſegneten Paares. Da zog eine ſtille Ruhe mit erquickendem Odem durch ſeine bewegte Bruſt; es war ihm wunderlich zu Muthe, aber er fühlte ſich unbeſchreiblich wohl bei des Mädchens ſüßem Geſchwätz. Die Gleichheit ihrer Züge mit dem Bilde ihrer Mutter in ſeinem Gedächtniß milderte ſich zwar immer mehr, und ward zur bloßen Aehnlichkeit, aber es war ihm doch nicht, als ob ſie durch dieſe ihre verſchiedene Eigenthümlichkeit irgend etwas verlöre. Er hatte nicht leicht ein liebenswürdigeres Weſen geſehen.

Jetzt waren ſie in dem Gärtchen der Förſterei. Unter den Blumen beſchäftigt ſtand eine hübſche ſtattliche runde Frau, in ländlichem Hauskleide, ein wahres erquickendes Bild der Geſundheit und frohen Häuslichkeit; aber es war in dieſer Geſtalt nichts von Marien, ſo wie ſie in dem Spiegel ſeiner Erinnerung lebte, und ihm noch ſo eben erſt in ihrem Abbilde erſchienen war. Als ſie aber die vollen blauen Augen aufſchlug, und den vor ihr regungslos ſtehenden Mann befremdlich anſchaute: da blitzten ihm aus den lieben Augen, die ſich nun auf einmal befreundeten und verjüngten, alle Bilder der Vergangenheit entgegen, und er hatte die Freundin ſeiner Jugend mit allen Freuden wieder gefunden. Er wollte ſprechen, und konnte nicht. Aber ſeine Mienen, ſeine feuchtglänzenden Augen ſprachen, und Marie verſtand ihre Sprache, und fiel ihm mit dem Ausruf: „Gott! „Wilhelm! Iſt es möglich!" um den Hals. So eben trat der Oberförſter hinzu, und betrachtete eine Weile ſtaunend die ſonderbare Gruppe. Bald aber erkannte auch er den geliebten Jugendfreund, und begrüßte ihn mit lautem Jubel. Es war eine der ſeligſten Stunden, die das Menſchenleben ſchmücken können. Sie hatten ſich ſo lange nach einander geſehnt, ſo oft an einander gedacht, und endlich der Hoffnung ſchier entſagt: da ſtand mit einmal der ſchöne Traum ihrer Sehnſucht verkörpert vor ihren Augen! Sie hatten ſich ſo viel zu ſagen, zu fragen, und konnten wieder vor der [illegible] ihres Herzens gar nicht dazu kommen. Wer, der einen geliebten Freund lange und ſchmerzlich entbehrte, und nun endlich nach langer Trennung wiederſah, weiß es nicht, welchen Genuß es gewährt, aus dem gealterten Freundesantlitz die lieben bekannten Jugendzüge nach und nach wieder herauszuſpähen, und in ihren Veränderungen die Geſchichte ſeines Lebens, ſeiner Schickſale und ſeines Gemüths wie in einem aufgeſchlagenen Buche zu leſen! — Auch iſt der Moment gewöhnlich entſcheidend für das künftige Verhältniß der Freunde zu einander, ob es ſich wieder herſtellen kann in alter Treue und Herzlichkeit, oder ob fremde Gewalten für immer ſtörend dazwiſchen traten. Im überraſchenden Gefühl der Freude ſteigt die Seele in das unbewachte Antlitz, und eine ſchnelle richtige Ahnung durchfliegt warnend das bewegte Herz, das in dieſen ſchnell vorüber fliehenden Augenblicken gleichſam die Function des Verſtandes vertritt. Ach wie ſo manche treue Freundſchaft ging unter in den widerwärtigen Kämpfen des Menſchenlebens und ſeiner empörten Leidenſchaften, und hielt dieſe Prüfung nicht aus! Wie eine kalte Leiche ſinkt dann der Unwürdigte aus den Armen des Freundes, und der ſich Gebliebene muß den kaum Wiedergefundenen als einen Todten ſchmerzlich beweinen. Aber aus den offenen entzückten Geſichtern der drei Glücklichen ſprang keine ſchneidende Diſſonanz hervor. Treue ehrliche Liebe ſah aus den bewährten Augen und fand ſich in dem Freundesauge wieder. Ihre Züge waren gealtert und verändert, aber die Seele, die aus ihnen zu einander ſprach, war dieſelbe geblieben. Wohl war manches dunkel darin, aber nichts war fremd, bedenklich oder abſtoßend geworden. So genoſſen ſie denn ganz und ungetrübt das Glück, ſich wieder nahe zu ſeyn, und ſie würden die Zeit und ſich in der Zeit ganz vergeſſen haben, wenn nicht das gute verſtändige Minchen geſorgt hätte. Sie hatte in geſchäftiger Stille das Abendbrod beſchickt; die jüngeren Kinder, ein derber pausbackiger Knabe, und ein allerliebſtes kleines Mädchen wurden herbei gerufen, und reichten dem neuen Vetter treuherzig die Hand; der Oberförſter holte die köſtlichſte Flaſche aus dem Keller, und es ſaß eine in ſich ſelbſt ſo frohe und glückliche Geſellſchaft um den Tiſch, wie ſich in dieſer böſen Welt nur ſelten zu einander findet. Mit einer ſtillen Behaglichkeit gingen die Freunde in die Tage der Kindheit und frühen Jugend zurück, und lebten ſie in der Erinnerung [illegible] noch einmal durch. Die zarte geheime [illegible] Jugendliebe Wilhelms und Mariens mußte dabei oft berührt werden. Marie erröthete, [illegible], und auch Wilhelm konnte ſich nicht aller Verlegenheit erwehren. Aber Heinrich blickte offen und heiter drein, und ſprach mit lächelndem Munde: „Schäme dich nicht, gute Marie, deine Liebe zu dem Jugendgeſpielen zu bekennen! Deine Seele war immer lauter und rein, und war ich nicht ſelbſt der Vertraute deiner Liebe zu dem Jüngling? — Ja, Wilhelm, du biſt mehr geliebt worden, als du wahrſcheinlich vermuthet! Es dauerte lange, ehe ſie ſich von dem [illegible] Traumbilde ihres Herzens losreißen und einer Hoffnung entſagen konnte, die ſie ſich doch ſelbſt nicht zu geſtehen wagte. Da ich dein liebſter Freund geweſen war, ſo ſprach ſie auch am liebſten mit mir von dir, und ich that ſo tiefe Blicke in ihr Inneres, und ward ihr Vertrauter, ohne daß ſie es ſelbſt recht wußte noch wollte. Ich lernte da aus eigener Erfahrung, wie traurig und undankbar die Vertrauten-Rollen, in der Welt, wie im Schauſpiel, ſind. Ich liebte das Mädchen ſchon lange, ehe ich es wußte, aber auch nachdem ich es wußte, hütete ich mich wohl, es laut werden zu laſſen, denn ich hatte ihr Vertrauen [illegible], das mir ſo wohl that. Nun betrachtete ich ſie beinahe ſchon noch als dein Eigenthum, und ſo war ſie mir heilig, was ich auch darunter leiden mochte. Da lernte auch ich die Leiden der Liebe kennen, und ſo arg ſie mir auch damals mitſpielten, ſo glaub' ich doch jetzt, daß ſie mir ſehr heilſam geweſen ſind, denn ſie mäßigten die Hitze meines tollen Brauſekopfs. Aber an manchem vergeudeten ſchönen Schuſſe Pulver und Blei ſeyd ihr Schuld, das muß wahr ſeyn. Wenn ich ſo in dem Gedanken an Marien verloren auf dem Anſtande träumte, da geſchah es nur zu oft, daß ich den flüchtigen Haſen zu ſpät gewahr wurde, wie er aus dem Dickicht herausſchlüpfte, und ich knallte dann wohl erſchreckt und unbeſonnen hinter drein. Du, Wilhelm, entwirrteſt endlich den Knoten. Du thateſt ſogar nichts, die alte Zeit feſtzuhalten. Deine wenigen Briefe an deinen Vater ſprachen immer nur im allgemeinen und wie im Vorbeigehen von Marien, zwar freundſchaftlich herzlich, aber ſichtbar kalt und ohne Liebe, und nie erſchien ein erſehntes Brieflein an ſie ſelbſt. Das machte, daß ich mit meinem Gewiſſen fertig wurde, und den Muth faßte, mich um ſie zu bewerben. Aber ſchwerlich wäre ich wohl zum Ziele gekommen, wenn du nicht um dieſe Zeit nach Indien gegangen wäreſt. Da erloſch der letzte Schimmer des Hoffnungsſterns in ihrer Bruſt. Ihre Vernunft ſprach, ihr Herz ermuthigte ſich. Allmälig ſchob ſich der Liebhaber an die Stelle des Vertrauten. Nach dir war ich ihrem Herzen der Nächſte geweſen. Ich war damals meinem Vater adjungirt worden. Unſre Eltern hatten lange den Wunſch genährt. Was iſt da noch viel darüber zu ſagen? Die Abweſenden haben am Ende doch immer Unrecht. So geſchah denn, was geſchehen mußte, und die Folgen ſtehen in ſo leiblichen kräftigen Geſtalten vor dir, daß ſie gar nicht zu läugnen ſind. Auch hat es uns nie gereut. Die Alten ſind nun ſchon alle da drüben verſammelt, und ſind in der Freude an Kindern und Kindeskindern hinübergegangen. Wir aber gehen noch oft mit unſern Kindern zu deinem und unſerm Lieblingsplätzchen auf der Höhe, wo mir Marie den erſten Liebeskuß gab, und danken dem Himmel, daß alles ſo gekommen iſt. Daß dein Andenken dabei immer in Ehren blieb, mag dir der Name der jungen Waldnymphe beweiſen, deren Erſcheinung dich heute auf dieſem unſern Lieblingsplätzchen überraſchte."

Wilhelm war tief bewegt. „O ihr guten Menſchen, rief er aus: Hier ſchlagen noch zwei treue Herzen für mich, als ich vom Schickſal zermalmt allein in der weiten Schöpfung daſtand! — Aber da erinnert ihr mich an den ſonderbaren Eindruck, den jenes Plätzchen auf mich machte. Indem ſich mir faſt alles im Walde verändert zeigte, ſchien jenes Plätzchen allein daſſelbe geblieben zu ſein. Dieſelbe friſche Raſenbank, dieſelben ſchlanken jungen Bäume umher! Es wirkte auf mich mit unwiderſtehlichem Zauber, und hätte mich bald zu einem leichtverzeihlichen Irrthum verführt, als ich Wilhelminen dort erblickte. Wie geht das zu?"

„Das iſt ſo eine von meinen Spielereien," antwortete Marie, die Augen niederſchlagend, „die mein guter Heinrich gütig hätſchelt. Ich wollte doch irgend einen Punkt feſthalten, der mich ſo recht wahr und lebendig an die Tage der Jugend erinnerte, und das war jenes Plätzchen, wo wir ſo oft als Kinder ſpielten, und wo wir von Dir ſchieden, als Du in die Welt, die Dich verſchlungen hatte, hinauszogſt. Da hat denn mein Mann, der unſchuldigen Spielerei nachgebend, das Plätzchen immer alles Fleißes in jener alten lieben und bekannten Geſtalt zu erhalten geſucht, den Raſen alljährlich ausgebeſſert oder erneuert, und die alternden Bäume mit jungen vertauſcht, damit alles dort, wie die liebende Erinnerung in uns, immer ſcheinbar friſch und jung bleiben möge. Auch die Kinder haben die Vorliebe für das Plätzchen geerbt, und nehmen dort ihre liebſten Spiele und wichtigſten Verhandlungen vor."

„Wilhelm beugte ſich gerührt auf ihre Hand. Ihr weckt, ſprach er, ein Leben wonniger Erinnerung in mir auf, dem nichts auf meiner durchwallten Bahn an ſtiller Seligkeit gleicht. — Sagt mir, lebt der gute Pfarrer noch, der Lehrer unſrer Jugend, dem wir nicht nur die erſte Bildung unſeres Geiſtes ſondern auch, was noch unendlich mehr iſt, die Bildung unſerer Herzen verdanken! Was iſt aus ſeinem blonden Knaben geworden, den wir, damals ein blühendes Kind, uns faſt aus den Armen riſſen, um ihn zu liebkoſen!"

„Der Pfarrer lebt," antwortete Marie, „zwar mit gebleichtem Haupt, aber noch grüner friſcher Herzenskraft. Und der Knabe iſt ein trefflicher junger Mann geworden, dem wir, und beſonders unſere Wilhelmine, viel verdanken. Er iſt jetzt Gerichtshalter auf der nahen Herrſchaft Grünau, vielleicht wohl gar bald Herr der Herrſchaft ſelbſt. Doch davon ein andermal. Für heut mag es uns wohl erlaubt ſeyn, die erſten Stunden unſers Wiederſehns nur uns ſelbſt zu widmen."

Man drang in Wilhelm, um ſeinerſeits zu erzählen, wie es ihm auf dem vielfach bewegten Lebenswege ergangen ſey.

„Was verlangt ihr von mir, meine Freunde!!" ſprach der Tiefgerührte. „Faſt möcht' ich mit dem frommen Aeneas ausrufen:

„Den ungeheuren Schmerz gebeutſt du zu erneuern!"

„Doch, was könnte ich ſo liebevoller Theilnahme verweigern? — Die Geſchichte meines Lebens, ſo ſchmerzvoll ſie zum Theil iſt, und wie weit umher mich das Schickſal auch führte, gehört dennoch nicht unter die durch verwickelte Abentheuer anziehenden. Was ich von meinen Reiſen an Beobachtungen und Erfahrungen zur Ausbeute davon trug, und was auch wohl anſprechen und ergötzen könnte, kann nur nach und nach der freundliche Austauſch ſchöner geſelliger Abende wie der heutige, werden, und gehört für jetzt nicht hieher. Ich kann, darf und werde alſo kurz ſein."

„Ihr kennt meine einfach glückliche Kindheit. — Ich verlebte ſie hier mit euch, unter euren Augen, in euren Armen. Ihr ward unter den wenigen, die mich am Scheidemorgen geleiteten zu jener vertrauten Berghöhe, von wo aus ich damals, ein kleines Reiſebündel auf dem Rücken, meine einſame ärmliche Wallfahrt antrat in die weite fremde Welt, und von woher mich jetzt der Jugendfreundin liebliches Ebenbild wieder zurückführte in das Thal meiner Heimath. Mein guter Vater mußte es ſich verſagen, meine Erziehung für die Welt zu vollenden, die ihm ſelbſt wenig lächelte. Er übergab mich einem alten Freunde und Verwandten, der für mein Fortkommen zu ſorgen verſprochen hatte. Dieſer beſtimmte mich für den Handelsſtand und brachte mich zu dieſem Zweck in ein ſehr gutes und achtbares Haus in Lyon. — Ich befand mich hier wohl, lernte jedoch bald einſehen, daß dieſer Weg nach dem Hafen des Wohlſtandes und der häuslichen Glückſeligkeit lang und unſicher ſey. Die Träume meiner frühen Jugend, in denen Marie allerdings eine große Rolle ſpielte, traten immer mehr in den Hintergrund, und ich hielt es für ſtrenge Pflicht, alles zu vermeiden, was die geliebte Freundin in mein dunkles Schickſal hineinziehen, und ihr Glück an meine ungewiſſen Erwartungen binden könnte. Daher die gefliſſentliche Umgehung aller dahin einſchlagenden Beziehungen, und meine anſcheinende Kälte. Ich gelangte bald dahin, als ein brauchbares Mitglied meines Standes angeſehen zu werden, und in dem ruhigen Gange gewöhnlicher Verhältniſſe würde ich vielleicht früher, als ich es ſelbſt gehofft hatte, zu dem Glücke einer unabhängigen und anſtändigen, wenn auch nicht glänzenden Exiſtenz gelangt ſeyn, die das Ziel meiner Wünſche in ſich ſchloß. Aber die Bewegungen und Ereigniſſe, die gleich einem moraliſchen Erdbeben die halbe Welt erſchütterten, ſtürzten auch den kleinen Anbau meiner Hoffnungen zuſammen. Es war die Zeit des Anfangs der franzöſiſchen Revolution. Faſt jeder Jüngling von Geiſt, Herz und Kraft, der nicht von dem Panzer eines verjährten Standesegoism umerzt war, ward von ihr ergriffen, enthuſiasmirt und fortgeriſſen, und ſelbſt in den höchſten Klaſſen gab es Edle, die den Vorurtheilen ihrer Erziehung entſagten, um mit reinem Herzen die Ideale allgemeiner Veredelung und Glückſeligkeit zu erfaſſen. Der Menſchenfreund begegnete dem Philoſophen, und jeder wähnte, die Zeit ſey gekommen, die Träume ſeiner Weiheſtunden zu verwirklichen. Es wird euch nicht verwundern, daß auch ich von dem Strudel nicht verſchont blieb. Ich hatte mit glücklicher Leichtigkeit mich der Sprache und der Sitten meines neuen Vaterlandes bemächtiget, und betrachtete mich als völlig nationaliſirt. Auf demſelben Comptoir mit mir arbeitete auch ein junger Mann aus Marſeille, Namens Auguſtin, in deſſen Seele die Flamme der Revolution, in aller ſüdlichen Glut emporloderte. Er wirkte auf mich mit dem Einfluß, den gewöhnlich ſtarke, heftige, leidenſchaftliche Menſchen auf ruhigere, aber tief empfängliche Gemüther haben, und er riß mich oft ohne, ja ſelbſt gegen meine beſſere Ueberzeugung mit ſich fort. Der Herr des Handelshauſes, ein guter, rechtlicher verſtändiger Mann, aber ein entſchiedener Royaliſt, hatte die Richtung, die wir nahmen, mit Unwillen angeſehen, und als keine Vorſtellungen halfen, entließ er uns aus ſeinem Dienſte. Wir faßten ſogleich den Entſchluß, uns in die Reihen der republikaniſchen Heere zu ſtellen, und führten ihn ſofort aus. Nur ein Abſchied ward mir ſchwer, der von Lucien, der liebenswürdigen Tochter des Hauſes. Obſchon nur in weiteren Beziehungen zu ihr ſtehend, hatte doch ihr ſtiller Liebreiz recht wohlthätig auf mich gewirkt. Sie hatte von ihrer verſtorbenen Mutter, die eine Deutſche war, etwas von unſerer Sprache gelernt: dies brachte uns näher; ich verſchaffte ihr deutſche Bücher, erklärte ihr ſchwierige Stellen, und las ihr zuweilen des Sonntags auf der Villa vor, wohin wir jungen Leute vom Comptoir, wenn wir wollten, ein für allemal eingeladen waren, ſo wie wir denn überhaupt in dieſem trefflichen Hauſe als Mitglieder der Familie angeſehen und behandelt wurden, wenn unſer ſittliches Betragen dem gemäß blieb. Lucie war nicht ſowohl ſchön, als angenehm; ich liebte ſie nicht, aber ihr Bild hatte ſich in meiner Phantaſie allgemach neben Mariens Bild geſtellt, wenn ich mir irgend etwas Liebwerthes denken wollte. So hatten ſich zwiſchen unſere Herzen bald einige Fäden derjenigen zarten Freundſchaft angeknüpft, die unter verſchiedenen Geſchlechtern ſtets einigen Reiz von der Liebe erborgt. Auch Lucie war ganz insgeheim dem neuen politiſchen Evangelium zugewandt, ihr Weſen daher unglücklicher Weiſe in Liebe zu dem verehrten Vater und zu der Freiheit getheilt, und ſo gab es nicht leicht ein Ereigniß, das ſie nicht zugleich betrüben und erfreuen mußte. Sie glaubte in mir eine Stütze zu verlieren, und unſer Abſchied war, wie von einer dunklen Ahnung ergriffen, tief bewegt. Wir ſchwuren uns ewige treue unverbrüchliche Freundſchaft, und gelobten uns ſo oft und ſo viele Beweiſe davon zu geben, als es das Schickſal vergönnen würde."

„Ich gebe euch keine Schilderung meines kriegeriſchen und politiſchen Lebens in dieſer unruhigen, oft gräuelvollen Zeit. Mein Herz ward oft in ſeinen innerſten Tiefen empört. Ich hatte die Freiheit mit der Liebe eines jungen reinen deutſchen Gemüths umfaßt, und es ſchmerzte mich, ihr Heiligthum von den verworfenſten Leidenſchaften entweiht, und der niedrigſten Selbſtſucht geſchändet zu ſehen. Auch Auguſtin zeigte ſich mir nun in einem ganz andern, ach nur zu wahrem Lichte. Schon früher hatte ich ſeine Neigung zu Lucien bemerkt, der er ſich ſtets zu nähern und gefällig zu machen ſuchte. Da ich damals noch ohne alle Leidenſchaft für Lucien war, war ich auch ohne Eiferſucht gegen Auguſtin in meinem Herzen; vielmehr erhöhte das Mitleid noch meine Theilnahme an ihm, wenn ich mir die Qual hoffnungsloſer Liebe dachte; denn unnöthig ſchien es zu ſeyn, bei der Kluft zwiſchen den beiderſeitigen Verhältniſſen und Glücksgütern ſich mit Luciens möglichem Beſitz zu ſchmeicheln. Jetzt enthüllte ſich mir ſein Inneres und ich ſchauderte zurück. Es war nicht ſowohl Liebe zu Lucien, als vielmehr der unedle Durſt nach ihrem Vermögen, was ihn ſo hartnäckig zu ihr zog, und der Eifer, mit dem er ſich in die Arme der wüthendſten Jacobiner warf, entſprang nicht aus Ueberzeugung, ſondern aus dem durchdachten Plane, auf dieſem Wege dem eingeſchüchterten Royaliſten die Hand der Tochter abzutrotzen. Ich entfernte mich von dem moraliſch geſunkenen Freunde, und unſere einſt feurige Freundſchaft verwandelte ſich nach und nach in kühle Abneigung, und weiterhin ſogar in den ſtärkſten Haß. In den bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen ſtieg der Heuchler, der kein Mittel zum Ziele verſchmähte, bald weit über mich hinauf, und ich ſtand immer noch auf dem früh erreichten Grade eines Sergeantmajor, als er ſchon Capitän in demſelben Bataillon war."

„Ihr erinnert euch der damaligen Schickſale des unglücklichen Lyon. — Der aus Gewerbfleiß fließende Wohlſtand dieſer großen Fabrikſtadt war durch die Folgen der Revolution verſiegt; es war unmöglich, daß ihre Bewohner eine Veränderung der Dinge lieb gewinnen konnten, die ſie zu Bettlern zu machen drohte. Dagegen reizten die Ueberbleibſel ihrer in beſſerer Zeit erworbenen Reichthümer die Begier und die Wuth der Ohnehoſen. Der Kampf war ungleich. Das republikaniſche Heer drang ſiegend ein, und mit ihm alle lang gereizten und jetzt losgelaſſenen niedrigen Leidenſchaften, welche die Menſchennatur entwürdigen. Der Gräuel der Verwüſtung wälzte ſich von Straße zu Straße, von Haus zu Haus, und ihr werdet mir die Beſchreibung dieſer gräßlichen Auftritte erlaſſen. Das Bataillon, in dem ich ſtand, kam in die Gegend meiner ehemaligen Wohnung. Ich benutzte die Gunſt des Zufalls, dem Hauſe meines Lehrherrn zu Hülfe zu eilen, und war ſo glücklich noch gerade zu rechter Zeit zu kommen, um Lucien vor empörenden Mißhandlungen zu ſchützen. Ermattend ſchlug ich mich mit immer neu herbeiſtrömendem Raubgeſindel herum; da erſchien Auguſtin, der durch ſeine höhere Autorität die Ruhe wieder herſtellte und das Eigenthum in Schutz nahm, aber auch mit anſcheinend republikaniſcher Kälte und Strenge die Verhaftung des alten Menart und ſeine Abführung ins öffentliche Gefängniß anordnete. Lucie beſtand mit bewundernswürdiger Entſchloſſenheit darauf, ihren Vater nicht zu verlaſſen, und ſo ungern er es auch that, mußte Auguſtin doch darein willigen, wenn er ſein Spiel und ſeine Pläne nicht zu früh verrathen wollte. Ich kannte dieſe affectirte Kälte und Ruhe nur zu wohl, und wußte, welches verderblich glühende Lavameer unter dieſer dünnen republikaniſchen Eisrinde kochte. Es kam zu einem heftigen Wortwechſel zwiſchen uns, den nur die Umſtände für den Augenblick in Thätlichkeit auszubrechen verhinderten; aber wir betrachteten uns von nun an als völlig entſchieden erklärte Feinde. Der Schutz und die Freundſchaft des Bataillonskommandanten, dem ich einſt in einem Gefecht das Leben zu retten ſo glücklich geweſen war, hielten den klug berechnenden Auguſtin vor der Hand noch ab, offen gegen mich aufzutreten, aber er wirkte im Stillen durch die Clubbs der Jacobiner, bei denen er ſich in immer größeres Anſehn zu ſetzen wußte."

„Ich hatte mir Zutritt zu meinem alten Handelsherrn verſchafft, dem man ein nach damaligen Verhältniſſen und Anſichten ſehr leidliches Gefängniß eingeräumt hatte. So groß iſt die Wirkung der Jugend und anerkannter unbeſcholtener Rechtlichkeit, daß ſelbſt die verworfenen Gemüther, welche damals alle Gewalt an ſich geriſſen hatten, es nicht wagten, den ehrwürdigen Mann mit äußerer Härte und Unanſtändigkeit zu behandeln, wenn auch ſein Tod und Verderben in ihrem Innern feſt beſchloſſen war. In dieſen Mauern, wo ſonſt nur Jammer ertönte und die Verzweiflung wohnte, war mir das traurige Glück vorbehalten, der einzige Troſt dieſer Unglücklichen zu ſeyn. Herzen, die ſich im Sonnenſcheine des Lebens nur geahnet hatten, fanden ſich in der Nacht des Elends und ſchloſſen ſich in der Weihe des Unglücks aneinander. Lucie entwickelte in dieſen entſetzlichen Tagen einen Reichthum von Liebe, Edelmuth und Standhaftigkeit, der die Unglückliche in meinem Herzen weit über jenes Feenbild ſtellte, das ich im Nimbus des Glücks zwar bewundernd aber gleichgültig angeſchaut hatte. Ihr Vater bemerkte die Vereinigung unſerer Seelen mit ſtillem Wohlgefallen. Er ſah ſein Schickſal mit Beſtimmtheit und Ergebung voraus, und wies alle Hoffnungen von ſich, außer der einzigen, daß ich der Schutzengel ſeiner Tochter ſeyn würde. —" „Suche mich nicht," ſprach er zu mir, „mit Hoffnungen zu täuſchen, an die du ſelbſt nicht glaubſt, oder die meiner unwürdig ſind. Mein Verbrechen iſt erwieſen, denn ich bin reich. Auch du haſt dich den Phantomen hingegeben, mit denen der Dämon der Finſterniß, die Farben des Lichtes borgend, die Gemüther der Menſchen umnebelt hat, aber deine Seele iſt rein geblieben in der großen Verderbniß. Du wirſt jene Regeneratoren noch beſſer kennen lernen. Ihre Freiheit iſt Zügelloſigkeit, ihre Vaterlandsliebe der Durſt nach fremdem Gut, ihre Tugend Ehrſucht und Wolluſt. Sie zertrümmern Geſetz und Ordnung und der ſchmählichſte Despotismus wird ihr Lohn ſeyn. Doch weg damit! der Blick auf ſie ſoll dieſe Stunde nicht trüben. Ich fühle mich an meinem irdiſchen Ziele, und ich möchte es nicht verlängert wiſſen, um es zu erleben, alles, was mir heilig iſt, geſchändet zu ſehen. Lucie war meine einzige Sorge, ſie unter dieſen Scheuſalen zurücklaſſen zu ſollen, brach mir das Herz. Ein guter Engel führte dich uns zu. Der einſtmalige Millionär hat der Tochter jetzt nichts mit zu geben, als ſeinen Segen, aber der Segen eines unſchuldig Gemordeten iſt nicht ohne Kraft. Nimm ſie hin mit ihm, führe ſie in dein noch unbe[illegible] Vaterland und tröſte und verſöhne ſie mit dem Schickſal, [illegible] ich nicht mehr bin!" — „Dies war die Feyer unſerer Verlobung, nur von unſern heißen Thränen begangen."

„Auguſtin hatte geheime Unterredungen mit Luciens Vater. Er bot ihm Leben und Rettung, wenn er ihm Luciens Hand mit allen Anſprüchen auf ſein geſammtes Vermögen übergeben, und überdem zu verabredeten Ausſagen, Bekenntniſſen und Eröffnungen ſich verſtehen wolle, die den herrſchenden Jacobinern noch fehlten, um mehrere angeſehene Männer, denen man an den Leib wollte, mit einigem Anſcheine des Rechtes fangen und verderben zu können. In wie weit Auguſtin ſeine Zuſage hätte erfüllen können, wenn Menart auf ſeine Anträge eingegangen wäre, kann ich nicht mit Gewißheit beurtheilen. Ob es auch ſeine Abſicht war, es zu thun, mag Gott richten, der allein die Herzen prüft! Mir, als dem Feinde, kommt es nicht zu."

„Lucie war nicht nur ſogleich bereit den Vater zu retten, ſondern ſie drang ſogar in ihn dies Opfer anzunehmen, mit einem Ungeſtüm, der ihn erzürnte. Menart war durch keine Vorſtellungen zu täuſchen, durch keine Hoffnungen zu blenden, durch keine Furcht zu erſchüttern, durch keine Bitten zu gewinnen. Mit Abſcheu verwarf er Anträge, die ſein Gewiſſen empörten. Die Folge blieb nicht aus. Man riß ihn aus den Armen der verzweifelnden Tochter, um ihn unter die Guillotine zu ſchleppen."

„Auch Luciens Leben war in dringender Gefahr. Auguſtin hatte die Stirn, mit ſeinen Bewerbungen aufs neue hervor zu treten, und ward nun mit der ſchmerzendſten Verachtung abgewieſen. Seine Wuth kannte keine Grenzen. Es erforderte die größte Anſtrengung, ſie zu retten. Daß ich alles aufopfern mußte, was ich beſaß, koſtete mich nicht einen Augenblick Bedenken oder Bedauern; ich gab es hin mit dem Hochgefühl, mit dem es uns beſeligt, etwas für einen geliebten Gegenſtand thun zu können; aber daß ich meine gerade Seele bis zur Verſtellung erniedrigen mußte, ſchmerzte und erbitterte mich tief. Ich war endlich ſo glücklich, Lucien zu befreien, die ſich meiner Führung faſt willenlos überließ, denn der ſchreckliche Tod ihres geliebten Vaters hatte ihre Seelenkräfte in eine Apathie verſenkt, aus der ſie nur nach und nach im Arm der ſorglichſten Liebe erwachen konnte."

„Wir flohen der Schweiz zu. Zu mehrerer Sicherheit wanderten wir nur in der Nacht und verbargen uns den Tag über in Gebüſchen. Der Fluß, welcher die Grenze machte, war ſcharf bewacht, die Brücken waren beſetzt, und die Furte zu tief, um ſie durchwaten zu können. Ich ließ Lucien mit Anbruch des Tages in einer Höle, die wir in einem Hügel unfern des Fluſſes gefunden hatten, und ging aus, die Gegend zu erkundigen, und einige Lebensmittel für die Geliebte aufzutreiben. Man hatte mich erſpäht, und einige Nationalgarden waren mir, ohne daß ich es gewahr wurde, von weitem nachgefolgt. Kaum hatte ich meiner Geliebten ein kleines Brod überreicht, als ſich ein Mann am Eingange der Höle zeigte, der uns zurief, uns zu ergeben, und dabei ſeine Flinte auf uns anſchlug. Es war Auguſtin. Meichaniſch riß ich meinen Säbel aus der Scheide: da pfiff die Kugel dicht an meinem Ohre vorbei, und traf die hinter mir auf einer kleinen Erderhöhung ſitzende Lucie in die Bruſt. Der Schreck über den verirrten Schuß mochte den gewandten Auguſtin einen Augenblick beſtürzt haben, während dem ich ihn niederſtieß und gleich darauf zurückeilend neben Lucien hinſank, in der Meinung und Hoffnung, mich mit ihr auf ewig im Tode zu vereinigen. Ach, ich ſollte zu langer herzzerreißender Qual wieder erwachen!“

„Man brachte uns nach Lyon zurück. Lucie ſtarb unterwegs. Ich genaß langſam von einem heftigen Fieber im Spitale. Auguſtin war nicht tödtlich verwundet, aber er ward zum Krüppel geheilt, und ſeine kriegeriſche Laufbahn abgeſchnitten. Die Dankbarkeit meines Oberſten rettete mich vom ſchimpflichen Tode und gab mir ſogar Freiheit und Abſchied. Er wagte es auf ſeine Verantwortung, und konnte es, denn in den Zeiten der Unruhen und der Anarchie iſt das Daſein des Einzelnen von keiner Bedeutung, wo täglich Tauſende preisgegeben werden. Mit tief zerrütteten Sinnen ſchüttelte ich den franzöſiſchen Staub von meinen Füßen und — bettelte mich nach England. Ich ging nach Oſtindien, weil mir Europa verhaßt war. Geſchick, Treue, Fleiß, Ordnung empfahlen mich. Mäßigkeit und Nüchternheit, die ſo manchen wackern Europäer in dieſen zauberiſch lockenden Climaten verlaſſen, bei mir aber vielleicht nur Folge einer tiefen Trauer waren, welche alle Genüſſe gering ſchätzte, erhielten mir nicht nur das Leben, ſondern gaben mir ſogar nach und nach die Geſundheit wieder. Mit ihr aber erwachte wieder die ſtille Freude des Daſeins in meiner Seele. Ich dachte nun milder über den dunklen Gang der Schickſale, und reſignirte mich gläubig in die Hand der allwaltenden Vorſehung. Ich fand Gelegenheit thätig zu ſeyn, und mir nach und nach ein Vermögen zu erwerben, das zwar für jenen Welttheil nur unbedeutend, aber doch groß genug war, um damit in meinem armen Vaterlande faſt für reich zu gelten. Mit der dortigen Art zu leben konnte ich mich indeſſen nie befreunden. Die Contraſte der ausſchweifendſten Ueppigkeit und Vergeudung neben dem hartherzigſten Geize und der empörendſten Sklaverei; Bettlerarmuth neben Geldreichthum und Sinnengenuß, und die Sehnſucht nach meinen deutſchen Eichen ergriff mich unter den reichen Düften und Lebensbäumen des Orients. Ich erhielt keine Antwort auf viele meiner Briefe mit kleinen Geſchenken in die Heimath, die wahrſcheinlich verloren gegangen, oder von den habſüchtigen Ueberbringern unterſchlagen worden ſind; und ſo entſchloß ich mich denn, ſelbſt zuzuſehen, wie die Sachen hier ſtänden. Gottlob! Ich finde alles beſſer, als ich hoffen durfte. Zwar die guten Eltern ſchlummern ſchon lange im Frieden ihres Gottes; aber die Freunde meiner Jugend umſtehen mich liebend und treu, und der Odem der Heimath weht mir erquickend entgegen. Zwar bewahre ich wehmüthig heilige Erinnerungen in meiner Bruſt, und der Schmerz hat früh mein innerſtes Weſen vielleicht zu tief erfaßt: aber dennoch blieb mir ein Herz für die Menſchheit, und der Sinn für des Lebens einfache und vorwurfsfreie Genüſſe, die ſich mit jenen Erinnerungen recht wohl vertragen. Unter euch werd' ich völlig geſunden, und ihr duldet gern und liebreich den Schwachen, wenn auch wohl noch hie und da einmal eine wunde Stelle in ihm zuckt.“

So endigte Wilhelm die Erzählung ſeiner Schickſale, welcher der kleine Kreis der Freunde mit der innigſten Theilnahme zugehört hatte. Beſonders in Wilhelminens jugendlich offenen Zügen hatten ſich die angeregten Empfindungen, wie in einem treuen Spiegel abgebildet, und ihr bewegliches Spiel dem Erzähler ein ganz eignes wehmüthiges Vergnügen gewährt. Keine leidigen Troſtgründe floßen in breiten Gemeinplätzen über, und entweihten die feierliche Stunde. Es war weit in die Nacht hinein, die Lichter waren tief niedergebrannt, und die erſten dämmernden Ahnungen des Tages begannen ſchon über die öſtlichen Hügel zu ſtreifen. Heinrich und Marie wünſchten dem Gaſte gute Nacht, und Wilhelmine führte ihn in das kleine einfach zierliche Gaſtſtübchen, das ſie zu ſeiner Aufnahme bereitet hatte, und wo ſie ihn mit einem gleichen herzlichen Gruße und Wunſche verließ. Alles ſprach ihn ſanft und heimlich an, und er wußte den Gefühlen, die ihn beſchlichen, keine Geſtaltung zu geben. Langgeſchlummerte Schmerzen waren in ſeiner Bruſt erwacht, und die Erinnerung hatte ihnen neues Leben gegeben; aber es war nicht das ſtarre troſtloſe Weh, das ihn ſonſt in ähnlichen Augenblicken erfaßte. Ein milderndes faſt ſüßes Gefühl legte ſich wie ein Balſam auf das wunde Herz, er fühlte ſich durch die Mittheilung erleichtert, und entſchlummerte endlich in leichteren und ſchöneren Träumen, als je ſeit den langentſchwundenen Tagen der unbefangenen glücklichen Jugend ſein Lager begrüßt hatten.

Als die Freunde am Morgen wieder traulich zum Frühſtück bei einander ſaßen, erwähnte Heinrich, daß das Freigut, welches Wilhelms Vater ehemals beſeſſen hatte, und auf dem Wilhelm geboren und erzogen war, gerade wieder zum Verkauf ſtehe; eine Nachricht, die dieſer emſig aufgriff, und ſogleich Anſtalten traf, den Kauf zu ſchließen, und ſich ſchnell in den Beſitz deſſelben zu ſetzen. Es fehlte ihm nicht an Vermögen, Selbſteinſicht und guten Rath erfahrener Freunde, und ſo war er bald nach Wunſch eingerichtet. Sein Wunſch aber war, alles ſo viel als möglich, obſchon verbeſſert und verſchönert, dennoch in derſelben Art und Weiſe herzuſtellen und einzurichten, als es bei ſeinen Eltern in der glücklichen Zeit ſeiner Kindheit geweſen war, und ſeine größte Freude beſtand in dem Gelingen ſolcher Bemühung.

Er machte nun auch Bekanntſchaften in der Nachbarſchaft, die, wie man leicht denken kann, alle ſeine Schritte mit geſpannter Neugier beobachtete, und ſchon ſo manches ſonderbare Mährchen über ihn in fleißigen Umlauf geſetzt hatte. Wie hätte es auch anders ſeyn können! Ein unbedeutender längſt verſchollener Knabe, deſſen Eltern man in der größten Beſchränktheit, faſt Dürftigkeit gekannt hatte, erſcheint auf einmal, wie aus den Wolken gefallen, mit allen Zeichen eines gediegenen Wohlſtandes. Seine Kleider und ſonſtigen Umgebungen ſind von der allerfeinſten Art; ſein moderner Wagen wird von ſchönen Pferden gezogen, die ein bärtiger Kutſcher in ſtattlicher Livree regiert, und — ein Neger als Leibbedienter ſteht hinten auf. Er kauft, ohne lange zu handeln, das alte Gütchen ſeines Vaters wieder an ſich, und verbeſſert und verſchönert es mit einem haſtigen Aufwande, der als Verſchwendung erſcheint. Wie konnte er alles dies wohl thun und ausführen, ohne ein unermeßlich reicher, mit dem Blute der Indier gemäſteter Nabob zu ſeyn, und wenigſtens einen Griff in die Schatzkammer des großen Moguls gethan zu haben!

Unter den neuen Bekanntſchaften, welche Wilhelm Wallner gemacht hatte, waren ihm die angenehmſten: die verwittwete Geheimräthin Miller, und die Familie des Kammerherrn von Adelhorſt. Die Geheimräthin, eine ſchöne gebildete Frau im Sommer ihres Lebens, war eine nahe Anverwandte des alten Pfarrers. Noch ſehr jung war ſie von ihrer Familie vermocht worden, ihre Hand einem ältlichen Manne zu reichen, den ſie nicht liebte, aber achten mußte, und obſchon ſie ſich ſo gewiſſermaßen der Convenienz geopfert hatte, hatte ſie doch an der Seite ihres edlen Gatten dieſen Schritt nie bereut. Er bildete ihren Geiſt, und ließ ihr Herz frei in dem gewählten Wirkungskreiſe edler Wohlthätigkeit walten und ſchalten. So hatte ſie denn auch die Sorgen des guten Pfarrers erleichtert, und ſeinen älteſten Sohn Eduard auf ihre Koſten die Rechte ſtudieren laſſen, was der Vater bei ſehr dürftiger Stelle und zahlreicher Familie nicht vermocht hätte. — Jetzt war ſie Wittwe mit einem anſtändigen unabhängigen Vermögen. Eduard hatte ſie in ihren Erbſchaftsangelegenheiten treu und ſorglich unterſtützt, und war von ihr als Gerichtshalter in Grünau angeſtellt worden. Die Natur beſtand auf ihrem Rechte. Ihr in der Liebe noch neues Herz widerſtand dem Eindruck nicht, den der junge wohlgebildete, verſtändige und gefühlvolle Mann auf ſie machte. Es war in der Gegend allgemein dafür angenommen, daß es nächſtens zu Grünau eine Hochzeit geben würde, ja man hatte es ſogar, von der Liebenswürdigkeit der Braut beſtochen, faſt verziehen, und es kam aller Welt ſo vor, als könne es gar nicht anders ſeyn.

Der Kammerherr von Adelhorſt hatte in der Reſidenz des Landes ein Haus, und zwar ein glänzendes Haus gemacht. Darüber war ſein Vermögen zerrüttet worden, und die Hoffnung ſich durch einen hohen einträglichen Staatspoſten wieder zu entſchädigen, war durch mancherlei Verwickelungen und Verhältniſſe fehlgeſchlagen. Er hatte es daher für gut finden müſſen, ſich auf ſeine verſchuldeten Güter zurückzuziehen, und gab ſich das Anſehen eines Mannes, der in philoſophiſcher Ruhe den Abend eines Lebens genießen will, deſſen beſte Jahre dem Staate geopfert hatte, und dafür mit Undank belohnt worden war. In vertraulichem Geſpräche ſprach er gerne von mächtigen Cabalen, und in der That mochte der gewandtere Hofmann, der ihn aus ſeinen Aemtern verdrängt hatte, ſeines Poſtens wohl um nichts würdiger ſeyn, als der Verdrängte. Uebrigens war der Kammerherr in manchen feinen Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften umgetrieben, und ſein Charakter war weder gut noch ſchlecht, ſondern ganz von dem gewöhnlichen Gehalte, in welchem die Welt ihre Stempel auszuprägen liebt. Frau von Adelhorſt glich ihrem Gemahl, nur konnte ſie den Schmerz, mit dem ſie nach dem Glanze der Reſidenz zurückblickte, weniger unter einem erkünſtelten Stoicismus verbergen. Sie hatte indeß Verſtand genug, einzuſehen, daß ſie durch Pracht und Aufwand nicht mehr imponiren könne, und ſie nahm daher ihre Zuflucht zu einer einfachen Urbanität, wodurch ſie denn auch wirklich ihren Zweck erreichte, und als der

Mittelpunkt der feinen Welt in dieſem däniſchen Arkadien angeſehen und geſucht wurde, obſchon man ſich an ihrer Tafel bei aller Anmuthigkeit kaum ſatt aß. Den größten Reiz des Hauſes machten aber ihre drei Töchter aus. Auch ſie ſehnten ſich mit manchem geheimen Seufzer nach der Stadt zurück, aber ſie hatten ebenfalls ihre Partie genommen; ſie ſahen ſich in ihrem gegenwärtigen Zuſtande, wie Ovid unter den Hirten an, und bequemten ſich nach ihren Verhältniſſen, die Hoffnung nicht aufgebend, ſelbſt in ihnen Mittel und Wege zu finden, wieder in den Olymp hinaufzuſteigen. Fräulein Mathilde, in reifer aufgeblühter Jugend und von wenig blendender Aeußerlichkeit, hatte ſich ſchon früher einige Mühe gegeben, ihren Geiſt zu bilden, und trieb nun ihre Studien in ihrer jetzigen ländlichen Abgeſchiedenheit mit erneutem Eifer, und ihr Umgang und ihre Unterhaltung waren in der That angenehm zu nennen. Fräulein Fanny war etwas muſikaliſch, — und anerkannt die beſte Tänzerin in der ganzen Umgegend. Fräulein Seraphine aber war zu ſchön, um noch ſonſt etwas zu ſeyn. Doch gab ihr eben ihre Schönheit und ein gewiſſer feiner Takt, deſſen Frauenzimmer ſelten entbehren, Mittel genug an die Hand, jederzeit mit Leichtigkeit zu ſcheinen, was ſie gerade zu ſcheinen wünſchte.

Dies waren die geſellſchaftlichen Elemente, in welche ſich Wilhelm hineingelebt hatte. Er war oft in dem Hauſe des Kammerherrn, und die Dürftigkeit und Unzulänglichkeit, die aus allen Ritzen des ſpärlichen Ueberwurfs von Eleganz, aus Reſten ehemaligen Prunkes zuſammengeflickt hervorguckte, that ihm weh. Er ſah, wie die Mädchen ſo manches Bedürfniß der Mode entweder, heroiſch genug, entbehrten, oder mit kluger Berechnung durch Surrogate zu erſetzen bemüht waren, und er ergriff gern eine ſchickliche Gelegenheit, ihnen einige kleine Geſchenke von ſolchen Putznothwendigkeiten zu machen, wodurch er ſich bei der ganzen Familie ganz außerordentlich in Gunſt und Gnaden, zugleich aber auch in die Vermuthung großen Reichthums geſetzt hatte. Zuweilen wehte ihm aber auch in dieſem Hauſe trotz aller Philoſophie des Vaters, aller geſchliffenen Urbanität der Mutter, und aller Liebenswürdigkeit der Töchter ein fauler Odem innerer Mißmüthigkeit und ſtandesmäßiger Ausſchließlichkeit entgegen, daß er ſich ekelnd abwenden, und zu der einfach frommen Gelehrtheit des Pfarrers, oder zu der Geheimräthin flüchten mußte, die in wahrhaft edler, einfacher und doch viel umfaſſender Bildung den Geiſt eines trefflichen Mannes zurückſtrahlte, der ſich in ihrer Vervollkommnung gefallen, und ſie ſo für die Liebe entſchädigt hatte, deren beſeligendes Gefühl er nicht in ihr ſchaffen konnte.

Vor allem aber fühlte er ſich wohl und heimiſch in dem Hauſe und der Familie der alten Jugendfreunde. Hier kam ihm ſtets die alte Herzlichkeit entgegen, und die Geiſter der Erinnerung wurden in ſeiner Seele wach. Oft war es ihm, als verſänke der Zwiſchenraum vor der Lebendigkeit ſeiner Gefühle; Heinrich ſtand vor ihm, wenig verſchieden von der Geſtalt des Jugendgeſpielen; aber wenn er Marien vor ſeinem Gedächtniß ganz in dem Nimbus jener friſchen Jugendzeit geſtalten wollte, ſchob ſich jedesmal Wilhelminens Perſönlichkeit dazwiſchen, und verwirrte die Klarheit des Bildes, indem ſie ſeinen Glanz erhob. Die Liebe bleibt immerdar der größte Taſchenſpieler in der Welt.

So wenig auch Wallner daran dachte, ſeine Wünſche und Abſichten, gleich unverſchämten Freßzangen nach den holden Blüthen der hoch- und wohlgebornen Fräulein von Adelhorſt auszuſtrecken, ſo waren dieſe doch nicht nur völlig überzeugt, daß er dergleichen hochaufſtrebende Abſichten habe und hege, ſondern auch entſchloſſen, ihm auf die herablaſſendſte Art entgegen zu kommen. Die Sache ward ſehr ernſtlich in einem Familienrathe erwogen. Der Mutter ward es trotz aller Urbanität ſchwer, ſich an den Gedanken zu gewöhnen, auch die Fräulein hatten ihre wichtigen Bedenken, aber der Vater bewies mit den allereinleuchtendſten Erfahrungsgründen, daß Geld allein die beſte Adelsprobe ſey, welche vor den naſeweiſen Unterſuchungen des Zeitgeiſtes Stand halte. Mit Geld laſſe ſich alles kaufen, nur freilich nicht, wie er ſtolz lächelnd bemerkte, alter hoffähiger Adel; aber dieſer Mangel laſſe ſich zum Theil durch den Glanz der eigenen Abkunft zudecken, und es habe von einer anderen Seite auch ſein Gutes, wenn der ſteinreiche Herr Schwiegerſohn, aber neugebackene Edelmann doch immer ſeinen niedrigeren Standpunkt fühlen und anerkennen müſſe. Den perſönlichen Vorzügen Wallners ließ man übrigens alle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren. Fräulein Mathilde äußerte, daß er für einen Kaufmannsburſchen, der noch dazu die Hälfte ſeines Lebens in Indien zugebracht hatte, wirklich erſtaunenswürdige Kenntniſſe, und ſelbſt eine Art von Geſchmack beſäße, die ihn ſogar fähig machen könnte, ihren Bureaux d'eſprit, in welchen ſie ſchon im Geiſte als Präſidentin glänzte, beizuwohnen, und ſich dadurch immer mehr zu vervollkommnen. Fanny bemerkte, daß er ganz erträglich tanze, und wenigſtens bei Tanzpartien, wo man es nicht ſo genau nehmen müſſe, als Figurant zu gebrauchen ſey; auch zeige er ſich nicht ganz ohne Sinn für die Sprache edlerer Naturen, die himmliſche Tonkunſt. Seraphine jedoch erklärte ganz unumwunden, daß ſie ſich um Kopf und Beine ihres Mannes ſehr wenig kümmern würde, wenn nur ſein Geldbeutel immer voll, und ſeine Hand willfährig genug ſey, jede ihrer anwandelnden Launen, wie koſtſpielig ſie auch immer ſeyn möchten, zu befriedigen. Es kam alſo nun darauf an, in wie weit die Gerüchte von ſeinem großen Vermögen wirklich gegründet wären, denn es galt hier ganz das franzöſiſche Sprichwort: point d'argent, point de suisse! nur den Umſtänden gemäß ins Deutſche überſetzt, nämlich: „Keine Tonnen Goldes, kein Fräulein von Adelhorſt!“ — Hunderttauſend Thaler wurden als das Minimum beliebt, aber zu dieſem geringen Preiſe wollte ſich nur Fräulein Mathilde beſtimmt und unbedingt erklären, Fanny und Seraphine hingegen behielten ſich auf dieſen Fall noch weiteres nach Maßgabe der Umſtände bevor. Uebrigens verſprachen ſie ſich gegenſeitig, keiner Eiferſüchtelei Raum zu geben, ſondern das Schickſal gewähren zu laſſen, indem jede ihre Vorzüge im vortheilhafteſten Lichte erſcheinen zu laſſen ſtrebte.

Um der Sage von Wallners großem Vermögen näher auf den Grund zu ſchauen, ward beſchloſſen, Oberförſters Minchen, mit der die Fräulein in guter Bekanntſchaft lebten, auszuhorchen, da man vorausſetzte, daß ſie von der Sache genauer unterrichtet ſeyn müſſe. Das einfache, aber uneingenommene Landmädchen durchſchaute bald die Winkelzüge der verfeinerten Stadtdamen, und ſie konnte ſich die kleine Schalkheit nicht verſagen, ſie in ihren Ideen von Wallners Reichthum noch mehr zu beſtärken. Die Laufgräben gegen Wilhelms Herzensfeſtung wurden daher ſofort eröffnet. Fräulein Mathilde entwickelte alle Vorzüge ihres gebildeten philoſophiſchen Geiſtes, um den Liebhaber gänzlich zu unterjochen, und ſie gieng in ihrer Erhabenheit ſo weit, aller Vorurtheile zu ſpotten, ſelbſt ſolcher, die der ſchönen Menſchlichkeit angehören, und deren ſich ein weiblicher Menſch am allerwenigſten entäußern darf. So ward ſie aus einer angenehmen Geſellſchafterin, die ſie ſonſt geweſen war, eine Art von literariſch-philoſophiſcher Virago, die jeden Mann von geſundem Geiſte anwidern mußte. Fanny, mit der Wallner ſonſt im Genuß fröhlicher Laune wohl gern einen Walzer gemacht, und ihre leichte Zierlichkeit bewundert, oder auch ein einfaches Liedchen geſungen hatte, — zog nun jede Gelegenheit bei den Haaren herbei, ſich in ſchweren Arien, denen ſie nicht gewachſen war, hören zu laſſen, oder ſich in künſtlichen Tänzen zu zeigen. Seraphine aber ward nicht müde, in dem gewählteſten idealiſchen Putze in anziehenden Stellungen zu prunken und zu liebäugeln, und ſo wurden aus den ſonſt graziöſen Mädchen eitle anmaßliche Thörinnen. Wilhelm, anfänglich überraſcht, hatte jedoch bald den Schlüſſel zu dem Räthſel gefunden, das vor ihm aufgeführt wurde, und zu ernſt und gutmüthig, ſeinen ſcherzenden Spott damit zu treiben, wandte er ſich mit einem ſchmerzlichen Lächeln von den unangenehmen Auftritten ab.

In dem Zirkel der alten Jugendfreunde hatte er der läſterlichen Comödie bald vergeſſen, in der man ihm die Rolle des Schauſpielers wider Willen zugedacht hatte. Das Herz erweiterte ſich in ſeiner Bruſt, und eine Zukunft voll Blüthen und Früchte ging vor ſeinen Hoffnungen und Wünſchen auf. Er hatte bis jetzt im Gewühl der Menſchen und Geſchäfte allein gelebt; jetzt wollte er ſelbzweit in beſchäftigter Einſamkeit das Leben genießen und der Außendinge entbehren lernen. In Minchen zeigte ſich ihm die Gefährtin, wie ſie ſeyn ſoll. Ihr Geiſt war einfach aber wahrhaft gebildet, und jeder Entwickelung fähig; ihr Herz ſchien ihm eine noch unbeſchriebene Tafel. Er durfte ſich ſchmeicheln, ihr nicht unangenehm zu ſeyn. Sie lauſchte oft mit der herzlichſten Theilnahme den Erzählungen ſeiner Schickſale und Begebenheiten, die er den Freunden in traulichen Abendſtunden jetzt umſtändlich mittheilte, und er kam ſich mit ſeinen ſüdlich gebräunten Wangen neben dieſer zarten blonden Tochter Herthas oft wie eine Art von Othello vor, der ſeine Desdemona durch ſüße Mährlein gewinnt. Freilich konnte er nicht umhin, den Unterſchied der Jahre zu bemerken. Er durfte nicht hoffen, in ihrem Herzen jene ſtark auflodernde Flamme anzufachen, die bei der gegenſeitigen Berührung jugendlicher Gemüther oft unbezwinglich zuſammenſchlägt; aber er war noch in den Jahren des Muthes und der Kraft, und er glaubte hoffen zu dürfen, in ihr ein ſtilles wohlthätiges Feuer zu erhalten, welches leuchtet ohne zu blenden, und wärmt ohne zu verſengen. Es fehlte nicht an Beiſpielen, wo in ſolchen Ehen auf dem Boden der Freundſchaft das reinſte Glück erblühte, indeß Verbindungen, in dem heißeſten Entzücken der Leidenſchaft geſchloſſen, das Unglück zweier Menſchenſcheu machten, und in erſtarrende Gleichgültigkeit, oder feindſeligen Haß ausarteten. — So mit ſich ſelbſt philoſophirend, mitunter wohl auch ſophiſtiſirend, kam er zu dem Entſchluſſe, Marien ſeine Empfindungen, Anſichten, Hoffnungen und Abſichten vorzulegen, und ſie zu bitten, ihre Tochter als ſorgſam liebende aber in ihrer Liebe ſcharfſichtige Mutter in der Stille zu beobachten und zu erforſchen, indem er lieber jedes Drangſal ertragen, als dem theuren, zarten, reinen und edlen Herzen nur den allerleiſeſten Zwang angethan haben wolle. Marie liebte ihren Mann herzlich und aufrichtig; um alles hätte ſie nicht wünſchen mögen, daß es anders mit ihnen gekommen wäre, als es eben gekommen war; aber dennoch klang die Zeit der erſten Jugendliebe mit ſo ſüßen Tönen in ihr nach, und Wilhelms Bild ſtand von daher noch in ſo lieblichen Umriſſen vor ihr, daß ſie innerlich freudig aufjauchzte, ihrer Tochter ein Glück zu Theil werden zu ſehen, daß ihr einſt ſelbſt das Schickſal verſagt hatte. Sie konnte ſich gar nicht denken, daß Minchen die Sache mit andern Augen anſehen könnte, als ihre Mutter, und es bedurfte der ernſtlichſten und dringendſten Bitten, Vorſtellungen und Beſchwörungen von Wilhelms Seite, um ſie von Uebereilungen abzuhalten.

So ſtanden die Sachen, als Wilhelm einſt an einem ſchönen Herbſtabend das Lieblingsplätzchen auf der Berghöhe beſuchte. Er trug und erwog Manches in ſeinem zweifelnden Herzen, und ſuchte die Einſamkeit. Er glaubte eine Veränderung an Minchen wahrgenommen zu haben. Sie war noch immer freundlich, liebevoll und zutraulich, wie ſonſt, aber die offene heitere Unbefangenheit, mit der ſie bei ihrem erſten Zuſammentreffen an dieſem Orte neben ihm herhüpfte, war von ihr gewichen, und es ſchien ihm zuweilen ſogar, als zerdrücke ſie ein Thränchen in ihrem ſchönen blauen Auge. Er konnte kaum zweifeln, daß ſie nicht mit ſeinen Wünſchen und Hoffnungen vollkommen bekannt ſeyn ſollte, obſchon er es gefliſſentlich vermieden hatte, etwas davon in ihrer Gegenwart beſtimmt laut werden zu laſſen. Das Auge des unerfahrenſten Mädchens hat in ſolchen Dingen den Scharfblick eines geübten Feldherrn, und die Mutter war überdem zu ſehr von ihren Plänen eingenommen, um ſich nicht gegen die Tochter zu verrathen. War es nun bloß jungfräuliche Schüchternheit, die vor der Ahnung der Liebe erbebt, oder lag ein anderes Gefühl zum Grunde? — Dieß mußte er klar werden, ſo lieb ihm ihr und ſeine eigne Glückſeligkeit war, denn an dieſem Gifte konnte die ganze Saat ihrer Zukunft verderben.

Tief in ſich gekehrt lagerte er ſich, von der weiten Ausſicht, die man dort auf der Bank hat, abgewandt, in das junge Walddickicht dahinter, wo ein kleines Raſenbänkchen angelegt war. Man konnte da die große Bank ſehen, ohne von derſelben aus geſehen zu werden, und die Kinder pflegten ſich dieſes Plätzchens gern zu ihren Verſteck-Spielen zu bedienen. Hier war es, wo ihn bald bekannte Töne aus ſeinen Gedanken weckten. Er ſah zwiſchen den Zweigen hindurch, und erblickte Eduard Herrmann mit Wilhelminen Hand in Hand vor ſich ſitzend. Schreck und Erſtaunen lähmten ſeine Bewegungen. Er konnte jedes Wort verſtehen, und bald ward es ihm klar, daß er hier, um mehr als ſeines Selbſt willen, im Verborgenen nicht nur lauſchen dürfe, ſondern ſogar lauſchen müſſe.

„Ich danke Ihnen, mein theures Minchen,“ ſprach Eduard, „daß Sie Vertrauen genug zu mir hatten, meinem Rufe hieher zu folgen.“

„Hat der Freund und Lehrer meiner Kindheit wohl je etwas von mir verlangt, daß ich Urſache gefunden hätte, zu bereuen?“ antwortete Wilhelmine.

Eduard drückte leiſe ihre Hand, und fuhr mit zitternder Stimme fort: „Es iſt eine verhängnißvolle ſchwere Stunde für uns beide, liebe Wilhelmine!“ — „„Das fühl' ich tief im innerſten Herzen, guter Eduard! Eine ſchwere Stunde, und eine für die ganze Zukunft entſcheidende zugleich.““

Eduard nahm ſich zuſammen:

„Wenn ich in die Vergangenheit blicke, gehört es zu meinen ſeligſten Gefühlen und Erinnerungen, daß wir uns ſtets verſtanden, auch ohne Worte.“

„„Wir verſtehen uns auch jetzt, Eduard. Laſſen Sie uns daher mit frommer Reſignation, und ohne Worte von einander ſcheiden!““

„Nein, nicht ſo, Wilhelmine! Jetzt nicht ſo! Laſſen Sie der menſchlichen Schwäche auch ihr Recht! Jetzt, jetzt muß ich reden, oder mein Herz zerſpringt. Ich habe lange mit mir gekämpft, einen ſchweren Kampf, und ich habe überwunden. Aber mein Herz ſoll wahr und offen vor Ihnen liegen, und ich werde wenigſtens Ihr Mitleid, vielleicht ihre Achtung verdienen.“

„„Wir theilten Schuld und Kampf; wir theilen auch den Sieg.““

„Ich will und darf uns nicht weich machen. Ich vermeide es daher bei den glücklichen Jahren der Kindheit und der erſten Jugend zu verweilen, wo wir uns ſchon zu lieben anfingen. Die Jahre, welche ich vor Ihnen voraus habe, machten in den Verhältniſſen, in denen wir zu einander ſtanden, den Knaben zum Lehrer des Kindes, den jungen Mann zum Lehrer der knoſpenden Jungfrau. Vor mir entfalteten ſich die Blüthen Ihres Verſtandes in zarter Anmuth; aber bald ward der Lehrer zum Schüler, wo die Weisheit einer ſchönen Seele, eines edlen Herzens ſich ausſprach. — Mein Geiſt ſehnte ſich nach Wiſſenſchaft, die mir dieſe Umgebungen nicht geben konnten, und die Vermögensumſtände meines guten Vaters waren zu beſchränkt, um die nöthigen Koſten einer gelehrten Laufbahn für mich aufbringen zu können. Da trat eine wohlthätige Verwandte ins Mittel. Ich jauchzte unter den Thränen, die ich der Trennung von allem, was mir lieb war, weinte. Ich ſchied mit Gefühlen, Hoffnungen und Entſchlüſſen, denen ich keine Worte lieh, aber die mit unauslöſchlicher Schrift in mein Herz gegraben waren. Der letzte innige ſeelenvolle Blick Wilhelminens begleitete mich zu den neuen Pflichten meines Standes, und ſtärkte und bewahrte mich wie einen Talisman, von dem uns die anmuthigen Mährlein unſrer Kindheit erzählten, wenn mir der Welt verwirrende und unreine Geiſter nahen wollten. Meine Univerſitätsjahre waren beendigt, und ich glaubte, daß es mir nun bald erlaubt ſeyn würde, den Träumen meiner Hoffnungen Geſtaltung zu geben. Da ſtarb der Geheimrath. Ich ward der Couſine nöthig, ihre Stellung in der bürgerlichen Welt zu ſichern. Dankbarkeit geſellte ſich zu der hohen Achtung ihres Charakters und ihrer Tugenden, und gewiß würde die Liebe nicht fern geblieben ſeyn, wäre mein Herz noch frei geweſen. Aber ich kann und darf mir es nicht verhehlen, daß die treffliche Frau mich liebt, und nur auf meine Erklärung wartet, um mich, wie ſie meint und meinen muß, glücklich zu machen. Und würden es denn nicht Tauſende an meiner Stelle im höchſten Maße ſein! — Unglücklich, wie ich mich fühle, ſoll ich auch noch undankbar ſeyn? Soll ich ihr, der ich alles verdanke, was ich bin, mit der höchſten Qual lohnen, die ein weibliches Herz treffen kann? Lieber möge das meine in ſeinen innerſten Tiefen verbluten! — Ich habe lange und ſchwer gekämpft. — Da kam der zagenden zögernden Seele eine wohlthätige Erſcheinung zu Hülfe. Ein Mann zeigt ſich in unſerm Kreiſe, gut und edel, von trefflicher Bildung und in voller Manneskraft. Er iſt der Freund deiner Eltern, Erfahrung und Leiden haben ihn geprüft und bewährt. Er liebt dich. Er iſt in jedem Betracht beſſer als ich. Vertrauensvoll darf ich meine Wilhelmine, das Leben meines Lebens, an ſein edles Herz legen. Er wird ſie glücklich machen, glücklicher vielleicht, als ich es gekonnt hätte. Das entſcheidet. Edelmuth und Pflichtgefühl ſiegen. Mit blutendem aber gefaßtem Herzen ſage ich dir und meinen Hoffnungen Lebewohl, und morgen biet ich Carolinen meine Hand.“

„„Wallner iſt ein guter, edler, trefflicher Mann. Ich ſchätze ihn unendlich hoch; ich würde ihn lieben, wenn nicht ein Anderer meine erſte Jugendliebe geweſen wäre. Meine Eltern wünſchen es, es macht ſie glücklich, — und dennoch! Sollt' ich mich ſchämen, daß das nur in dem Heiligthum ihrer Gefühle lebende Mädchen ſchwächer iſt, als der Mann, dem alle Erfahrung und Weisheit der Welt zu Gebote ſteht? — Dennoch würd' ich mich nicht entſchließen können, wäre es nicht auch um dich und Carolinen zu thun. Obſchon mit zerknirſchtem Herzen, ſegne ich das Geſchick, daß es ſo kommen mußte, um mir Muth und Kraft zu verleihen. Gehen Sie hin, zu vollenden, was Pflicht und Edelmuth heiſchen! — Wilhelmine wird das Andenken reiner, ſtarker und dennoch entſagender Jugendliebe in ihrem Herzen bewahren, und mit ihm nie unglücklich ſeyn.““

„Zarte und edle, und doch auch wieder große und ſtarke Seele! Du erhebſt und tröſteſt, indem du verwundeſt. Auch an der Bruſt der Himmliſchen würde die Schöpfung mir traurig und öde ſeyn ohne dich! — Caroline iſt ſchön, edel und gut, ach aber Wilhelmine war meine erſte Jugendliebe!

„„Die Zeit iſt ja der ächten Liebe Schranke nicht. Die Empfindungen, die mit den erſten Gefühlen unſrer Weſen in uns aufblühten, reichen auch in eine andere Welt hinüber, und was wir wahr und rein und makellos in dem Heiligthum unſers innerſten Seyns bewahrten, dürfen wir alsdann auch ungeſcheut enthüllen. Zeit und Raum wird uns ſcheiden, aber unſre Herzen nicht einander entfremden, die wir von nun an zu Tempeln der Freundſchaft weihen.““

Sie ſtand bei dieſen Worten auf. Eduard umfaßte ſie mit ſchwer verhaltener Leidenſchaftlichkeit. Sie ſenkte das Köpfchen, und ließ es eine Weile ſtill weinend auf ſeiner Schulter ruhen. Dann hob ſie die ſchweren Wimpern zu ihm empor, drückte einen ſchnellen entſchloſſenen Kuß auf ſeine Lipgen, hauchte ein leiſes Lebewohl hervor, und entfernte ſich ohne Eil und ohne Zögern. Eduard ſchien ihr folgen zu wollen, aber ſie winkte ihm abwehrend zurück, und er eilte von der andern Seite in das Thal hinunter.

Du haſt, geliebter Leſer, oder ſchöne Leſerin, es wohl ſchon irgend einmal erlebt, beſonders wenn du Landwirthſchaft treibſt, oder auch ſonſt häufig, daß dir die Saaten deiner Hoffnung ſo ſchön reich und grün entgegenlachten und dein Herz mit Freude erfüllten; du haſt alsdann wohl auch ſchon die Erfahrung gemacht, daß irgend ein Froſt oder Hagelſchauer darüber hinfuhr, und alle Hoffnungen im Keime zerſtörte. Wenn du dich nun erinnerſt, wie dir dann zu Muthe war, ſo kannſt du es auch fühlen, wie es jetzt Wilhelms Herz zuſammenſchnürte. Es ſind furchtbare Augenblicke im Menſchenleben. Die Kraft des Widerſtandes iſt aus der Seele gewichen, aber die widerſtrebendſten Gedanken fahren mit Blitzesſchnelle durch ihre Erſtarrung hin. Himmel und Hölle ziehen wechſelſeitig an dem armen Menſchenherzen. So lag Wilhelm eine Weile in anſcheinend äußerer Fühlloſigkeit, aber ſchrecklicher innerer Empfindungsthätigkeit da. Aber nicht lange, da ermannte ſich ſein beſſeres Selbſt. Mit einer ſtillen Thräne blickte er dem ſchönen ſchnell entſchwundenen Traume nach, dann ging er, und zwar geradeswegs zur Geheimeräthin. Die Erhabenheit, mit der das ſonſt ſo einfache, faſt ſchüchterne Landmädchen gehandelt und geſprochen hatte, ſtand, ein leuchtendes Bild, vor ſeinem Gemüth. Die ſchöne Schwärmerei der heldenmüthigen Seele hatte auch ihn ergriffen und begeiſtert, und er verſprach ſich ſelbſt, nur für das Glück des jungen liebenden Paares zu leben.

Einer fühlenden Frau ſo unwillkommene Mittheilungen zu machen, mag wohl unter die kitzlichſten Geſchäfte gehören. Wilhelm war indeß ſelbſt zu ſehr ergriffen, um es mit beſonderer Künſtlichkeit zu handhaben, und vielleicht bewährte ſich die ſchlichte unumwundene Wahrheit, mit der er ihr die Scene ſchilderte, wovon er ſo eben erſt Zeuge geweſen war, als die beſte Art und Weiſe, in der ſie vorgetragen werden mochte. Caroline war kein gewöhnliches Weib. Sie kannte und ehrte Wilhelm genug, um ihm den lebhaften Schmerz, den ihr Herz fühlte, unverhohlen ſehen zu laſſen; aber über das, was ihr zu thun oblag, war ſie keinen Augenblick unſchlüſſig. Die beiden unglücklichen Vertrauten beſprachen ſich lange über die Führung dieſer Angelegenheit, und die gegenſeitige Mittheilung erleichterte die beklommene Bruſt. Es war ſchon tief in die Nacht hinein, als Wilhelm faſt beruhigt die eben ſo beruhigte verließ.

Die Geheimeräthin ſchützte Unpäßlichkeit vor, und umging dadurch die Erklärung, welche auf Eduards Lippen ſchwebte. Auch Wilhelm nahm keine Kenntniß von den Winken, die ihm Maria gab, und vermied alle Unterhaltung, die auf dieſen Gegenſtand Bezug hatte. Dagegen beſuchte er täglich das Haus der Geheimeräthin, mit der ihn nun die gemeinſchaftliche Sorge für das Glück der jungen Leute in mannigfaltige Berührung brachte. Sie tröſteten ſich gegenſeitig ſo lange, bis ſie tief im Innerſten fühlten, wie nöthig ſie einander nicht nur zum Troſt, ſondern auch zum Glück ihres Lebens geworden waren. Wilhelm, zu deſſen Lebensplänen dies vortrefflich paßte, machte die Entdeckung zuerſt, und freute ſich, ſo unvermuthet von den Dornen der Entſagung die ſüßeſte Frucht des Lebens zu brechen. Langſamer gelangte Caroline zu der richtigen Würdigung ihrer Gefühle. Eine Frau, die in der Liebe unglücklich geweſen, würde es für Verletzung der Pflicht gegen ſich ſelbſt anſehen, wenn ſie einer anſtändigen Verzweiflung nicht wenigſtens Zeit genug ließe, gleichſam die Wittwenſchleier abzutragen.

Die Vorbereitungen waren getroffen. Der Winter hatte ſeinen erſten Froſt über die Erde geworfen. Da erſchien eine Einladung von Seiten der Geheimeräthin an alle Familien von einiger Bedeutung in der Nachbarſchaft, die in irgend einigem Bezug zu ihr ſtanden. Niemand zweifelte daran, daß es die Verlobung der Geheimeräthin mit Eduard, vielleicht wohl auch Wallners mit Wilhelminen gelten würde, und alles fand ſich an dem beſtimmten Tage in den ſchönſten Feierkleidern, und mit einer gehörigen Doſis theilnehmend freundſchaftlicher Neugier ein. Wilhelm machte den männlichen Wirth, und war in ganz vorzüglich heiterer und fröhlicher Laune.

Als die Mittagstafel angerichtet war, bot Wallner, alle gegenwärtigen vornehmeren Damen übergehend, dem darüber höchſtbetroffenen Minchen den Arm, die Geheimeräthin aber folgte mit ihrem Gerichtshalter, den ſie dazu aufforderte, unmittelbar nach. „Da iſt es ja ganz klar, was wir längſt vorausgeſehen haben!“ ziſchelten die ſich paarenden Gäſte hinterdrein, verwunderten ſich aber gar ſehr, als Wallner und die Geheimeräthin Wilhelminen und Eduard an die Mitte der Tafel führten, und ihnen dort neben einander ihre Stellen anwieſen, worauf Wallner der Geheimeräthin die Hand bot, und ſie um den Tiſch herum geleitete, wo beide gerade gegenüber ebenfalls neben einander Platz nahmen. Die Gedecke waren mit Namen bezeichnet, und ſo kam die Oberförſterin neben Eduard, der alte Prediger neben Wilhelminen, der Oberförſter aber neben die Geheimeräthin zu ſitzen. Alle Blicke waren fragend geſpannt und ſchienen Aufſchluß zu erwarten. Wilhelm und die Geheimeräthin aber machten ganz unbefangen die Wirthe mit Aufbietung aller fröhlichen Laune, die ſie ſchon im voraus dazu in Bereitſchaft geſetzt hatten; es wollte ihnen jedoch nicht gelingen. Umſonſt entſiegelte ſich der Geiſt der feinſten Weine, die Geſellſchaft blieb geſpannt und ſtumm. Einige Witzfunken flogen hin und her, aber ſie zündeten nicht. Eduard und Wilhelmine glichen zwei peinlich Angeklagten auf dem Armenſünder-Bänkchen, und Mariens Augen ſchoſſen bohrende Bolzen auf Wilhelm hinüber. Dieſen dauerte und ermüdete endlich die allgemeine Unbehaglichkeit, und er erhob ſich deshalb früher, als es in ſeinem Plane geweſen war, die Geſellſchaft anzureden.

„Ich ſehe wohl,“ ſprach er lächelnd, „daß ich die Löſung des Räthſels nicht länger vorenthalten darf, das wir uns die Freiheit genommen haben, ſchweigend aufzugeben, und welches wie ich bemerke, die Gemüther unſrer lieben Gäſte ſo ſehr ſpannt, daß die nothwendigen Funktionen des Magens darunter leiden. Zuvor muß ich jedoch um die Erlaubniß bitten, eine kleine Abhandlung vorausſchicken zu dürfen, die mit der Löſung genauer zuſammenhängt, als es augenblicklich ſcheinen möchte. Es betrifft das Kapitel von der erſten Jugendliebe. Iſt einer unter uns, wie vergrämelt ihn auch Zeit und Schickſale haben mögen, der nicht wenigſtens mit kurzer freudiger Erinnerung in das Land der Jugend zurückblickte, wo wir unter Blumen und Blüthen ſorglos dahin wallten? Jugendliebe iſt die Idylle des Menſchenlebens. Wo ſie in edlen reinen Herzen Wurzel ſchlägt, heiligt ſie für eine Welt voll Sünde und Mängel. Aber nur ſelten wird die Blüthe zur Frucht, noch ſeltener gedeiht die Frucht zur Reife. Nur wenigen iſt es vergönnt die Wünſche der Jugend in dem bürgerlichen Leben gekrönt zu ſehen, und wieder nur wenigen, denen dies gelang, ward es auch gegeben, jene ſchönen Gefühle ihres Herzens mit hinüber zu retten. Der Wurm war bereits in die Frucht eingedrungen, und jene Glückſeligkeit, der Abglanz einer beſſeren Welt, ging unter in den empörten Leidenſchaften des Irdiſchen. Blicken Sie nun mit Wohlgefallen und Freude auf jenes junge Paar, das heute die Ehrenſtelle an unſerer Tafel einnimmt! Wir hoffen, es werde einer jener wenigen ſeyn. Eduard und Wilhelmine liebten ſich von zarter Jugend auf, mit heißer, reiner, verſchwiegener, heldenmüthiger, ſich ſelbſt hingebender Liebe. Aber ſie verloren ſich in ſeltener Verirrung, indem ſie glaubten, ihre Liebe der Pflicht der Dankbarkeit aufopfern, und dem Glück ihres Lebens entſagen zu müſſen, um das Glück anderer zu machen. Ihr und mein guter Genius führte mich zur Entdeckung ihrer Liebe, ihrer Kämpfe, ihrer Siege, und ihrer auf Tugend gegründeten, doch aus einer falſchen Anſicht hervorgehenden Entſchlüſſe. Gute, treffliche Menſchen! Ihr wolltet Glück und Leben ſpenden, ob auch euer Herz brache; aber ihr würdet nur Tod und Unglück verbreitet haben. Ein glücklicher Zufall, einer jener ſtummen Boten und Diener einer höheren Fügung, die wir nur in Demuth ehren, aber nicht erklären können, hielt uns Alle ab, in den geſuchten Irrgang zu verſinken. Uns tagt jetzt eine heitere Zukunft. Ihr werdet glücklich ſeyn, wenn Uebereinſtimmung der Herzen, wenn Eltern und Freundesliebe je auf Erden glücklich machen können. Die peinliche Verlegenheit der letztverwichenen Stunde ſey die Strafe, und die einzige Rache, die eure Freunde dafür nehmen, daß ihr kein Vertrauen zu ihren Herzen hattet. Ihr aber, geliebte Eltern des liebenden Paares! Ehrwürdiger Lehrer! Heinrich und Maria, ihr Freunde meiner Jugend! Werdet ihr es meiner Freundin und mir verzeihen, wenn wir uns anmaßten, hier ein wenig das Schickſal ſpielen zu wollen? Wir hoffen es, der Abſicht wegen. Nehmt uns auf in den Kreis elterlicher Liebe und vergönnt uns eure elterlichen Sorgen zu theilen! Dieſes Inſtrument, welches ich hiermit dem Gerichtsverweſer und Bevollmächtigten Herrmann im Namen meiner Nachbarin übergebe, enthält die Verſicherung eines hinlänglichen Auskommens, und die Ausſtattung Wilhelminens bitte ich um die Erlaubniß übernehmen zu dürfen. — Gedenkt der Zeit unſers eignen Lebensfrühlings! Nur ſelten wird erſter, reiner, ächter Jugendliebe die Erfüllung ihrer Wünſche; aber hier wenigſtens, wo wir nächſt Gott zu ſchalten haben, hier, wenn irgendwo, ſoll ſie nicht untergehen in den Verwirrungen der irdiſchen Verhältniſſe. Und ſo begrüßet nun mit uns eure Kinder, als Verlobte!“

Maria umarmte unter ſtillen Thränen den neben ihr ſitzenden Jüngling. Der ehrwürdige Prediger ſegnete Wilhelminen, die ſeine Hand küßte, und von ihren Gefühlen überwältigt, einer Ohnmacht nahe war. **Heinrich** aber dankte der Geheimeräthin mit ſtockenden Worten, und blickte zu dem Jugendfreunde mit leuchtenden beredten Augen hinüber. Die Geſellſchaft wollte ſich in Glückwünſchen ergießen.

Da machte **Wilhelm** auf's neue eine Bewegung, daß er reden wolle, und alles wurde ſtill.

„Es iſt dies ein Tag der Ueberraſchungen," ſprach er zu der Geheimeräthin gewandt. „Werden Sie mir es verzeihen, meine Freundin, wenn ich auch Sie zu überraſchen beabſichtige? Blicken Sie auf das junge Paar uns gegenüber! ſie wagen es nicht, ſich ihrer Freude zu überlaſſen; ſie werden es nicht wagen, glücklich zu ſein, ſo lange ſie uns nicht glücklich wiſſen. Bringen Sie ihnen das Opfer einer weiblichen Bedenklichkeit, die ich zwar ehre, die aber hier auch mit Ehren der wichtigeren Rückſichten zurücktreten darf. Verhehlen Sie es nicht, daß unſre Herzen ſich fanden, vielleicht auf einem Lebenspfade voll Dornen, aber in der Stunde der Prüfung, und daher gewiß für immer. Legen Sie ihre Hand vertrauensvoll in die Hand des Mannes, den Sie durch das Erdenleben geleiten wollen, und der die Wege der Vorſehung dankbar preiſt, indem er Ihnen und ſich ſelbſt redlich verſpricht, das Glück zu verdienen, das Sie ihm mit dieſer Hand gewähren!"

Caroline erröthete und ſtand eine kleine Weile an. Dann aber erhob ſie ſich mit Faſſung, und reichte ihm die Hand. „Ich glaube dem Drange des Augenblicks nicht widerſtehen zu dürfen", ſprach ſie, „wenn er gleich meine Handlungen mehr als ich wünſchte übereilt, und ich nehme keinen Anſtand öffentlich zu geſtehen, daß Vernunft und Herz mir in Ihnen den ferneren Gefährten meines Lebens angewieſen haben."

Wilhelmine flog um den Tiſch und ſank zu **Carolinens** Füßen; **Eduard** folgte ihr und lag in **Wilhelms** Armen. Der Jubel der Geſellſchaft brach aus. Alle verließen ihre Plätze, und drängten ſich glückwünſchend um die liebenden Paare herum.

Nicht ohne einige Mühe gelang es **Wilhelm** endlich, die Ordnung der Tafel wieder herzuſtellen. Die Geſellſchaft ward nun eben ſo offen und frei, als ſie anfänglich verſchloſſen und ſtill geweſen war. Kein ſcheelſüchtiger Blick fand einen andern, der ihm geantwortet hätte, und alles ward von dem Ausdruck wahrer Freude hingeriſſen. Das muntre Lied ward laut und die gelöſten Pfropfen der Champagnerflaſchen knallten luſtig zu dem harmoniſchen Geläute der Gläſer.

Auch die Fräulein von **Adelhorſt** waren zugegen. Obſchon nur mit der Abſicht gekommen, Stoff zur Satyre zu finden, wurden ſie dennoch von dem allgemeinen Strudel ergriffen. Ihre Herzen waren eigentlich gut, und ſo konnten ſie dem Zuge des Guten nicht widerſtehen. Als nun vollends ein Ball folgte, den mehrere Tänzer aus einer nahen Garniſon verherrlichten, ſöhnten ſie ſich mit **Wilhelm** und **Carolinen** bald völlig aus, und waren nun wieder die angenehmen Mädchen mit denen **Wilhelm** früher gern des Lebens Scherz getheilt hatte. Auch erndteten ſie den Lohn ihrer Gutmüthigkeit; denn es ſpannen ſich auf dieſem vergnügten Feſte Fäden an, die ſie, zwar nicht zu dem Glanze des Hofes, aber zu anſtändigen, ihre bisherigen Formen unverletzt laſſenden Verſorgungen führten.

Eduard und **Wilhelmine**, **Wilhelm** und **Caroline**, **Heinrich** und **Marie** fanden in ſich und ihren nächſten Umgebungen die unerſchöpflichſte Quelle menſchlicher Glückſeligkeit. Die unabwendbaren Uebel muthig tragend, genoſſen ſie in ſtiller Freude und Demuth die Gaben und Segnungen des Lebens. Oft noch beſuchten ſie das verhängnißvolle Lieblingsplätzchen, aber in dem Verſteck, wo **Wilhelm** einſt mit ſo ſchwerem Herzen weilte, ſuchen und jagen ſich jetzt fröhlich erjauchzende Kinder.

Carl Philipp Conz

ward am 28. October 1762 zu Lorch im Würtembergiſchen geboren, wo ſein Vater, den er leider frühzeitig verlor, Amtsſchreiber war. Seine Mutter vermählte ſich zum zweiten Male und ihr Gatte ward dem Sohne erſter Ehe mit ſolcher Liebe zugethan, daß er, trotz ſeinen beſchränkten Verhältniſſen, Alles aufbot, um des Knaben Wunſch, ſich dem geiſtlichen Stande zu widmen, erfüllen zu können. Der junge Conz erhielt demgemäß ſeine gelehrte Bildung auf der lateiniſchen Schule zu Schorndorf und in den theologiſchen Seminarien zu Blaubeuren, Bebenhauſen und Thübingen. Nachdem er hier 1783 Doctor der Philoſophie geworden, verwaltete er nach einander die Vicariate zu Adelberg, Welzheim und Horelſtein und erhielt 1789 die Stelle eines Repetenten am theologiſchen Seminarium zu Tübingen. Im Jahre 1790 ward er Prediger an der Karlsakademie in Stuttgart, 1793 Diaconus zu Vaihingen, 1798 Diakonus in Ludwigsburg, 1804 ordentlicher Profeſſor der klaſſiſchen Literatur an der Univerſität zu Tübingen, ſo wie 1812 Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit daſelbſt. Er ſtarb am 20. Juni 1827.

Von ihm erſchienen in deutſcher Sprache:

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Tiefe Gelehrſamkeit, Scharfſinn und Forſchergeiſt ſind allen Werken des auch als Menſchen achtungswerthen Mannes eigen. — In ſeinen poetiſchen Arbeiten, unter denen die philoſophiſchen und deſcriptiven Gedichte die vorzüglichſten ſind, offenbart ſich tiefe Frömmigkeit, ein reiches Gemüth, Gedankenſchärfe, Kraft und Phantaſie, aber es fehlt ihnen faſt durchgängig an Leichtigkeit der Darſtellung und Anmuth des Ausdrucks, die Herrſchaft über die Form war Conz nicht angeboren; dieſe ward ihm ſchwer und nicht ſelten hinderlich, wodurch denn ein beſtändiges Ringen mit derſelben und eine beengende Steifheit und Ungewandheit hervortritt, die er nur in ſehr glücklichen Momenten zu bemeiſtern vermag. Wir theilen hier einige ſeiner gelungenſten Poeſieen mit.

An meinem Geburtstage.*)

Den 28. Oktober 1814.

Jahreführende Sonnen ſind mir manche
Schon entſchwunden; des Schönen und des Edlen
Strahlte vieles mir, doch Gewölk umtrübte
  Oefter das Heitre,

Daß die Freude ſich in das Dunkel fortſchlich;
Daß umnachtendes Leid mein Innres faßte,

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*) Aus C. P. Conz Gedichten. Tübingen, 1792, 1818 — 1819. Ulm, 1824 u. ſ. w.

Und den flammenden Feind des Lebens oft ich
Rufte, den Tod mir.

Leid an Urnen, geliebten theuren Urnen!
Leid noch herberes (denn mit theuren Todten
Wird gelebt noch) um Deutſchlands tiefgeſunkene
Ehr' und des Räubers

Seiner Ehre Vergötterung, um des Stolzen
Kühn aufwachſendes Glück, wie's auf den Trümmer
Unſers Ruhmes ſich hob, wie mir, o Schande!
Groß ihn geſchmeichelt.

Doch heut ſei es vergeſſen, Leid und Ingrimm!
Mit dem köſtlichſten Nektar ſei der Becher
Mir gefüllt! Der Wiegenfeſte ſchönſtes
Iſt mir erſchienen.

Klinget, Freunde, mit an den wackern Kriegern!
Klingt dem heiligen Bund erwachter Fürſten,
Die veraltete Schmach im Blut der frechen
Höhner gewaſchen.

Heldentage vor Leipzig ſeid gefeiert!
Feſt, den Muſen geweiht, mit immer friſchem
Muſenlorbeer vereint ſchmückt jetzt dich ewig
Lorbeer der Schlachten.

Daß der Moloch, in deſſen Eiſenarmen
Tauſend ſtarben der Bräutigame Deutſchlands,
Tauſend ſtarben der Jüngling' und der Männer,
Endlich gebeugt ward.

Daß herzloſer Erobrer, finſtrer Dämon,
Dir, blutlechzender, deine Macht gebrochen,
Deine klirrenden Feſſeln von der Deutſchen
Armen gelöſt ſind.

Jubel deſſen beim hochgeſchwungenen Becher!
Jubel, Jünglingsluſt! Triumph! O ſchön iſt's
Jetzt zu leben auf's neu! Beglückt, wem Jüngling
Tage noch blühen!

Dir, Viktoria, raſche Flügelgöttin,
Sei geſpendet dies Naß! verlaß uns nimmer!
Treu dem Rechte, verleih, daß der geſunkne
Nimmer erſtehe!

Der Hain der Eumeniden.

Ein heilig Dunkel füllet den ernſten Hain;
Voll Andacht ſchweige, wer ſich dem Haine naht,
Dem unbetretnen, ſtillverehrten,
Daß nicht die Jungfrau'n des Haines zürnen.

Wer ſind die furchtbar heiligen Jungfrauen!
Es ſind die ſchrecklich blickenden, gnädigen
Und ſtrengen Eumeniden, ſind die
Töchter des Erebus und der Erde.

Sie walten hier, ſie walten und ſchauen hin
Allgegenwärtig; hinter dem Frevler rauſcht
Ihr ſchneller Fittig, Mord und Unthat
Späh'n ſie, gewaffnet zum Strafgerichte.

Sie zürnen nur dem Böſen, ihr Rächerarm
Faßt nur das Laſter; wär' es dem Angeſicht
Der Welt verborgen, doch ereilet
Auch das verborg'ne gewiß ihr Auge.

Wer reine Hände hebt zu den Heiligen,
Ein reines Herz erhebt zu den Heiligen,
Den unbefleckten, o dem lächelt
Gnädig ihr ſegnendes Antlitz nieder.

Sie folgen ihm in's einſame Schlafgemach,
Sie wecken ihn den kommenden Morgen auf,
Und rüſten ſeiner Hand zur guten
Freudigen That, ſo die Pflicht gebietet.

Auch wenden ſie vom reuigen Sünder weg
Ihr zürnendes Antlitz; heiße Gebete, mehr
Die Flucht des Laſters und der beſſ're
Wandel verſöhnen dich ihnen wieder.

Was ſcheuet ihr die Hehren, ihr Sterblichen?
Verehret ſie, und lernet von den Göttinnen
Die ew'ge Schrift in eurem Buſen
Achtend erkennen und fromm befolgen.

Ein heilig Dunkel füllt den ernſten Hain:
Voll Andacht ſchweige, wer ſich dem Haine naht,
Dem unbetretnen, ſtillverehrten,
Daß nicht die Jungfrau'n des Haines zürnen.

Abendphantaſie

nach einem ſchwülen Sommertage.

Die Sonne ſank, bangdrückende Schwüle goß
Sich um den Tag her, machte die Blumen der
Empfindung, machte deine Blumen,
Lächelnder Phantaſus, alle welken.

Du nahſt heran mit ſtärkenden Labungen;
Willkommen ſei, ambroſiſcher Abend, mir!
Von deinem Flügelſchlag gehoben,
Hebet ſich neu mir der Seele Flügel.

Und was beherrſcht ward, herrſchet in mir, und hat
Sein Recht, und ſchaut mit nimmer gebund'nem Blick
Hin durch der Schöpfung Weite, die ſich
Dankend und feiernd mit mir emporhebt.

O ſtiller Geiſt urheiliger reinerer
Natur! Willkommen ihr ſäuſelnden Lüfte, wer
Gab euch verſtummten euren Athem,
Erde, dein milderes Licht dir wieder!

So drückt die Leidenſchaft den entwürdigten
Umwölkten Geiſt, die Dämpfe verfliegen, wann
Mit ihrem ſtillen Mondenſchimmer
Weisheit am Arme des Friedens winket.

Du wandelſt dort, Selene, in herrlicher,
Beſcheidner ſtill genügſamer Glorie,
Und deine Silberleuchtung theilet
Freundlich die Wellen des nahen Stromes.

Der Bäume Wipfel tönen von Melodie'n;
Halb Trug, halb Wahrheit ſchwärmen Geſtalten durch,
Ein Bild des Lebens; immer wechſelnd
Kommen und geh'n ſie, wie unſ're Freuden.

Hat ihres Friedens ſchöne Geheimniſſe,
Des mildern Reizes beſſere Segnungen
Hier die Natur verbreitet! Sichtbar
Wallt die Unſichtbare durch die Dämm'rung.

Hörſt du die Geiſtertritte? der Gang iſt Gang
Der Gottheit; Götter-Nähe verkündet mir
Der reine Duft; in Duft und Ahnung
Schwebt und in magiſchem Glanz mein Weſen.

Wo von der Büſche dämmernden Wölbungen
Umſchirmt, der Strom ſich krümmet, da tauch' ich mich
Hinunter jetzt; in deinem Lichte
Theil' ich, Selene, mit dir die Wellen.

Dem Reinen ziemt das Reine; vom Quelle ſoll
Die erſte Spende dein, o Selene, ſein;
Die zweite dein, Najade, die mich
Lächelnd umſchlingt, und umſchlingend kühlet.

O ſüße Luſt, wie ſchmeichleriſch über mir
Die Wellen ſchlagen! Frohe Vergeſſenheit
Der Tagesmühen ſchlürf' ich, lange
Süßer nach drückender Laſt die Wolluſt.

Urreine Schönheit! wann dem entbundenen,
Dem feſſelfreien Geiſte dein Quell ſich voll
Entſchließet nur in deinem Schooſe
Werd' ich entzückter dereinſt mich fühlen.

Andenken.

1794.

Eine Strecke des Weges durch das Leben
Haſt du, Guter, mich jüngſt geleitet, hab' ich
Dich geleitet, und nun gingſt du den Weg, der
  Nimmer zurückführt,

Den umnachteten Weg des Todes, der alle
Früher, ſpäter der ſchönen Sonn' entwinket,
Wie's die Parce beſchließt: O ſeid ihm freundlich,
  Götter des Hades

Meinem Kallias! Reif zur Freundſchaft waren
Unſ're Seelen bereits, zur Wechſelliebe
Schloſſen beide ſich auf; da rauſchten deine
  Pfeile, Verhängniß!

Folgen über die Urnen, Theurer! ſoll die
Meine Liebe, die deine von den Urnen
Mir begegnen; der Herzen ſchönen Einklang
  Hemmet der Tod nicht.

Geiſterbündniß beſteht, der Liebe Hauch iſt
Ewig; waltet, wo Zeit nicht und nicht Raum knüpft.
Lehren ſoll mich dein Tod des Lebens Ernſt und
  Milde verſtehen.

Nimm zum Opfer die Locke! Nimm der Myrthe
Still bedeutenden Kranz! des Weines dunkle
Welle fließe darauf! Nur kurze Tage
  Trennt das Grab uns.

Enge zarte Vereinigung ſpricht die Locke,
Hoffnung deutet die Myrth', an Urnen Hoffnung!
Und der rinnende Wein der Freud' und Trauer
  Schnelles Zerrinnen.

An Klopſtock.

Zum Abſchied.

(Hamburg. September 1792.)

Ein Knabe war ich; unter den Dämmerungen
Der Eichen ging der Träumer an deiner Hand,
  Betrachtung, und von deinen Schauern,
    Heilige Einſamkeit, rings umfloſſen.

Der Erd' entriſſen ſchwebt' ich in höheren
Gefilden, auf den Flügeln des heiligen
  Geſangs getragen; mir geöffnet
    Sah' ich die Thore des Unſichtbaren.

Du ſahſt die Thränen, Quelle des Eichenhains!
Sie miſchten ſich oft deiner geheimen Fluth,
  Der tiefbewegten Seele Thränen,
    Die mir entlockte der hohe Sänger.

In ſeinen Liedern lernt' ich mich ſelbſt verſteh'n;
Hier lebten meine Träume, mein namenlos
  Zerfließendes Gefühl fand Sprache,
    Stand in Geſtalt mir vor'm trunknen Blicke.

Da reiften viel der Knoſpen des Geiſtes mir
Am goldnen Thau des hohen Geſanges auf,
  Entfaltet dufteten der Seele
    Blüthen mir ſchöner in ſeinen Strahlen.

„Ach!“ ſeufzt' ich oft in Stunden der Mitternacht,
„Daß ich ihn ſähe, daß ich von Angeſicht
  Zu Angeſicht ihm meines Herzens
    Segnungen dankend entgegen ſtrömte!“

Und viel der Monden kamen und gingen hin:
Mir ſchwand der Lenz der Jugend; doch ewig jung
  Blieb dieſer Wunſch, der meine Seele
    Immer mit ſteigender Hoffnung füllte.

Es reift im niedern Thale der Sterblichen
Nur wenig Hoffnung: Siehe! Noch bin ich kaum
  Ein Mann, und, wo ich hinſeh', hab ich
    Manches gewonnen; doch mehr verloren.

Heil denn und Dank dir, ewige Wärterin
Auch meines Lebens, die du mein ſehnend Herz
    Erquickt, des Jünglings ungeduld'ge
    Hoffnung, die ſtille des Mannes, krönteſt.

Im Schmuck der Silberlocken, der Liebe Blick
Und ſeiner Größe Ruh' in des Auges Blau
  Stand er vor mir, und ſeiner Weisheit
    Peitho behorcht' ich; da rief ich ſcheidend:

Sei dein des Himmels reinſte Wonne! Mild
Und ſchön, wie dort die ſcheidende Sonne geht,
  Wenn ſie des Tages große Arbeit
    Segnend, die Himmel hinab, vollbracht hat,

Soll deines Lebens goldener Abend ſein!
Ihn müſſen mit ambroſiſchen Labungen
  Umwehen die Kränze deiner Thaten,
    Wie ihn die Blumen des Danks umduften,

Des Danks der Tauſend, hier von dem Vaterland,
Vom Ausland dort, des Dankes der Enkelwelt!
  Viel lebteſt du, den ſchönern hellern
    Morgen der Deinen haſt du geſehen,

Den hellern Mittag ſelbſt mit herauf geführt;
Des Guten, Wahren, Schönen und Großen viel
  Entſproßte dir und durch dich; Freuden
    Gabeſt du viel' und genoſſeſt viele;

Doch blutet' auch verwundet dein Herz dir oft,
Als Meta ſtarb, die Freunde der Tod dir nahm;
  (Wer liebte, ward geliebt wie Du!) Und
    Schatte'ts auch jetzt nicht dir trüb vor'm Auge?

Da deiner ſchönen Hoffnung der Franke lügt,
Und dein Jahrhundert, irre vom Wahn gepeitſcht,
  Und von der raſenden Erynnis
    Fäuſten geſchleppt an den Abg[illegible] taumelt?

O möcht' ein rein'rer Morgen der nahenden
Der neuen Zeit dein Alter noch laben, und
  Erſt angelächelt von des Friedens
    Kehrender Sonne dein Auge ſinken.

In's Feſt der Jubel tönte dann herrlicher
Auch dein gefei'rter Name; wir weinten nicht
  An deinem Grabmal — ziemen Thränen
    Glücklichen? — ſängen nur: Er war unſer,

Und iſt's, und lebt im Munde der fernſten Welt!
Sein Herz, ſein Leben, ſeines Geſanges Kraft
  Weck' uns zum beſſern neuen Leben,
    Welches die Wunden des alten heile!

Die Geduld des Weiſen.

1793.

Stille, weiſe Geduld, die du dem leidenden
Sanfter betteſt der Noth Lager, und kühlendes
  Oel der Wunde des Schickſals
    Mit der helfenden Rechte beutſt!

Weiſer Dämon, der Müh'n Tröſterin, friedliche
Schmerzenſtillerin! Dich hat mit der Hoffnung noch
  Pſyche's ſchweifendem Leben
    Gutes Göttergeſchick gegönnt.

Du beſchwöreſt den Schmerz, holſt ihn beſprechend, ſtumpfſt
Seine Stacheln ihm ab; unter dem tobenden
  Grimm der Wetter, mit Menſchen,
    Bosheit, Neid und Natur im Kampf,

Gehſt du muthig und groß, hoher Entſagung voll,
Heldin Gottes, einher. Möge das buhlende
  Glück verſchwenderiſch der Falſchheit
    Gaben unter die Thoren ſtreu'n;

Neidlos achteſt du's nicht. In ihr verführender
Tand, ihr Silber und Gold und ihr Geſchleppe der
  Ehren, nimmer verlockten
    Sie vom Pfade des Guten dich.

Deine Loſung iſt Pflicht! Wo dir die Fahne der
Hehren winket, und wär's mitten durch blutigen
  Tod, da folgeſt du freudig
    Freies Sinnes, und Siegerin.

Ja, dein weiſerer Muth ſtehet dem wildeſten
Schrei der Lüſte; zurück bebet die Rotte; flieh'n
  Muß der Pöbel, der Sinne
    Täuſchung ſtirbt an der Wahrheit Licht.

Leucht', o Göttin, der Welt freundlich! Verlaß' uns nicht,
Wenn vom Sturm empört wilder die Erde tobt,
  Und in feindlichem Aufruhr
    Kämpfen Meinung, Gewalt und Recht.

Wenn an's fromme Geſtad ſtillerer Tugend jetzt
Unaufhaltbar daher rauſchen die Brandungen
  Toller Laſter, im Zeitmeer
    Keck der Nachen des Friedens treibt. —

Leucht', o Göttin, der Welt freundlich! Erhabenes
Schauſpiel, wenn, nicht vom Arm zwingender Noth gebeugt,
  Kämpft die Tugend, es leuchtet
    Werth des Himmels, der Erde Werth.

Oeta's waldige Höh'n ſahen den duldenden
Sohn Alkumena's, Zeu's edelſten Sproßling, ſah'n
  Ihn am Ziele der Mühen;
    Seht, die Flamme des Rogus dräut;

Hoch und kreiſend ob ihm ſchlägt die gewaltige;
Doch das Sterbliche nur ſinkt, das Unſterbliche
  Siegt; er ſteiget, befreiet
    Zu den ewigen Göttern auf.

Beim Sonnenuntergange.

Wem wollt ihr gleichen, Erdengewaltige,
Obherrſcher, Heerführer! Der Bilder viel
  Gleicht man euch an; Wählt euch das ſchönſte
    Selber, und werdet ihm folgend Vorbild!

O ſchaut die ſegenwaltende Sonne, ſchaut
Den ſtillen Gang der Herrlichen, Könige,
  Wie ſie aus ihrem Purpurbett ſich
    Hebet, und Leben und Licht verbreitend

Ihr frohes Taggeſchäfte verrichtet, nach
Vollbrachtem glanzvoll jetzt beim Niedergang
  Noch auf des Berges goldbeſäumtem
    Rande verweilend, durch's Thal umherſchaut;

Als überdächt' ihr Herz das Verrichtete,
Als labte ſie vor'm Scheiden die Blicke noch
  Am Dank der Weſen, die mit Wolluſt
    Trinken die letzten von ihren Strahlen.

„Du gehſt, o Mutter! Mutter verlaß uns nicht!
Komm wieder bald! Dein Auge verbürgt es uns,
  Dein ſcheidend Aug'; aus deinem Borne
    Schöpfen wir alle des Segens Fülle.

Die goldnen Wolken, die dich umhüllen, ſind
Die Boten uns, du bleibeſt uns treu geſinnt;
  Die Sterne, deine Brüder, zeugen's
    Nächtlich!" — Und, ſehet! ſie iſt hinunter,

Und ihre guten Thaten, wie Genien
Umſchweben ſie am Himmel noch weit umher,
  Und durch das grüne Netz der Bäume
    Singen ihr Scheidegeſang die Vögel.

Und wie ſie ſchied, ſo wird ſie mit freudiger
Erneuter Kraft am morgenden Tag erſtehn!
  O dieſe Segensmutter ahmet
    Könige nach! Nicht die wilden Bahnen,

Der Stürme dort, wenn aus dem erſchütterten
Luftkreis durch bange Meere, durch Länder hin,
  Mit Fluch belaſtet und mit Seuchen
    Brauſt, zum Verderben bewehrt, ihr Fittich.

Die Sonne dort, die nächtlichen Geiſter auch,
Die friedlich wandelnd Saaten der Liebe ſtreu'n
  Aus goldnen Händen, euer Vorbild
    Mögen ſie werden, des ſchönſten Segens.

Des wärmſten Dankes werdet ihr dann euch freu'n!
O nicht auf euren Wappen, Palläſten und
  Prunkmänteln — laßt aus eurem Leben
    Glänzen die Sonn' und erblüh'n die Sterne.

Hymne an das Licht.

1813.

Seliges, göttlich entſproſſenes, heiliges, herrliches, Heil dir!
Heil, unerforſchte, lebendige, Leben erzeugende Kraft, dir,
Weit durch den Aether verbreitet und weit durch die Wurzeln der Erde,
Und die freudig erregte Fluth, und ſelbſt durch des Abgrund
Nächtliche Tiefen umher! Sie alle, befruchtet von deinem
Samen, zeugen dir froh, verkündend dein himmliſches Weſen
Deiner Quelle zu nah'n iſt Sterblichen nimmer vergönnet,
Aber des Stroms ſich zu freu'n aus deiner Segnungen Fülle.
Was du mächtig durchwalteſt des Alls unermeßliche Weiten;
Doch auf der Erde verklärt ſich uns dein Segen am ſchönſten,
Wie am liebſten doch greift der Menſch nach der näheren Wohlthat.
Ja, du ſchmückeſt zum Garten uns ſchön die theure Behauſung,
Wo dein Auge zuerſt, dein mütterlich Aug' wir ſahen,
Und erzogen von dir und an dir gereift, wir des Lebens
Gaben genießen gemiſcht, und in Freuden erathmen und Mühen,
Immer beſeligt durch dich und doch in den Mühen getröſtet.
O wie beglückſt du die Erd', und o wie beglückſt du die Menſchen!
Schön iſt's, wenn ſich der Morgen erhebt und die Fürſtin des Tages,
Deine Fackel uns bringt in unſterblich erblühenden Händen;
Schön iſt's, erwachen durch dich, von deinem Strahle berühret.
O wie beglückſt du die Erd', und o wie beglückſt du den Menſchen!
Daß er mit neu geſtärktem Muth' an des Tages Geſchäfte
Schreitet und gerne vergißt, was oft ihm die Seele beſchweret.
Auch der kummerbeladene dort und der Krankheit Gefang'ner,
Die ſich härmen auf mühſamem Bett, von dem Balſam des Schlafes
Nimmer erquickt, wenn jetzt am Grauen der ſchweigenden Schatten
Wachſend nur ſteigt ihr Schmerz, und die Bilder der Qual, wie Geſpenſter,
Irr umſchweben ihr Haupt, ſie ſehnen nach dir ſich, ſie hoffen
Linderung der drängenden Qual durch dich, und du täuſcheſt ſie nimmer!
Deines Nahens erquickender Kuß erheitert ſie wieder,
Und zerſtreuet den Gram, und heitere lichte Geſtalten
Ruft du, freundliches, holdes, in's Herz den duldenden Armen.
O wie beglückſt du die Erd', und o wie beglückſt du den Menſchen!

Wenn, von flammenden Roſſen getragen, du höher und höher
Wandelſt am Himmel einher, und die Flur, ein Tempel der Gottheit,
Als von der Hohen lebendigem Strahl durchſchimmert, ſich aufthut,
Wenn die Gebirg' umdampfenden Nebel zerſchmelzen in deiner
Herrlichen Gluth, und der Thau in tauſendmal tauſend verjüngten
Sonnen ſchimmert empor, da regt das freudige Wild ſich.
Siehe! die Schenkel durchzuckt von dir, die höchſte der Klippen
Hat ſchon erſprungen die muthige Gems, und ſchauet nach dir auf,

Und der König der Luft brauſt jetzt mit gewaltigem Fittich
Ueber ihr hoch einher, und ſchwelgt in den Lüften des Aethers.
Laut jetzt werden die Stimmen der Berg' und die Stimmen der Thale,
Und die Bäche, ſie jauchzen darein, als freuten ſie trunken
Deines berührenden Kuſſes ſich all' in brünſtiger Liebe.
Doch am helleſten feiern dein Lob die Bürger der Zweige
Mit der Kehle Muſik in wunderbar klingenden Weiſen;
Sie, die freundlichen Kinder, entflammt aus dir, die beſchwingten
Lichten Bewohner der Auen der Luft, wie verkünden ſie herrlich
Deine befruchtende Kraft, und zeugen den himmliſchen Samen,
Den ſie tragen von dir, mit der regeren Fülle des Lebens,
Mit der Fittiche Glanz, die vielfach gefärbeten, bunten,
Mit dem bedenken, dem flatternden Sinn, unbeſchränkt von der Sorge,
Wie in dir nur leben die hell umſchauenden keiner
Regel getreu, erwachend mit dir und in Schlummer verſinkend,
Wenn du ſinkeſt zur Stunde des ſternentſpannenden Abends!
Auch die Pflanzen, wie feiern dein Lob mit heiterm, beredtem
Schweigen nicht all', und du hüteſt ſie treu in der friedlichen Enge.
Sehet die Blumen, Geſchlechter gereiht an Geſchlechter, wie Heerden
Ueber die Berge verſtreut, und weit durch die üppigen Thale,
Ueppig im Schmuck der beſcheid'nen nur, und in Gärten verpflanzet
Durch die pflegende Kunſt, ſie weiden im himmliſchen Lichte
Alle ſo gern. Wie heben die ſehnſuchttriefenden Häupter
Nahendes, ſeliges, dir ſich nicht mit dem Morgen entgegen!
Mächtiger Zug ja doch, der bald ſie entlocket der Erde,
Dort aus dem Bette der dunkelen Nacht, wo in Samen gehüllt noch
Einſam die Orgien ihrer Geburt verborgen ſie feiern!
O wie ſie hangen an dir, mit den kindlich liebenden Augen,
Treu, die frommen, der Mutter und treu dem Vater, dem Aether!
Was den Thieren voraus die Natur durch regebebenden
Sinn gab, haſt du den zarten erſetzt durch Tugenden andrer
Art, durch Farbe, durch Glanz und die heilungſtrömenden Düfte,
O wie beglückſt du den Menſchen, und o wie beglückſt du die Erde!

Auch in die nächtlichen Klüfte der Erde, in der alten Gebirge
Hölen, wo tief in unnahbar'n Behauſungen ſinnend die Geiſter
Walten der bildenden Mutter Natur, mit verborgenen Händen
Wirkend ihr ewiges Werk, in die fern abſinkenden Schachten
Dringeſt du nach, und webeſt dich ein den Schichten der Felſen.
Deines Glanzes Ströme den Stein abbildend, daß herrlich
Und in köſtlicher Farben Gepräng aufſchimm're der edle,
Jetzt am Finger und jetzt am Halſe der blühenden Jungfrau
Glänzt der ſchöne Topas und dort der Rubin, der Smaragd dort,
Und in der Krone der Königen prange der König, der Demant.
O wie beglückſt du den Menſchen, und o wie beglückſt du die Erde!

Als noch im gährenden feindlichen Kampf der Urelemente
Unter dem Zwang chaotiſcher Nacht dumpfbrütend die Welt lag,
Und in der Kräfte Gemeng ſich mit Rieſengewalten befehdend,
Wilde Geburten nur zeugt', ungeregelt, unförmliches Wuſtes,
Regteſt du, ſelig verborgenes, doch die göttlichen Schwingen,
Schon vorbildend die ſchöne Geburt harmoniſcher Welten;
Doch als das Streitende freundlich jetzt band allmächtige Liebe
Und Eintracht ſich erhub aus langer verzehrender Zwietracht,
Als an dem Aether die Sonnen herauf im geſonderten hohen
Lichte ſchritten, die Fackeln der Welt und die Ströme von Sonnen,
Die befruchtenden gold'nen, ſich weit durch die Himmel ergoſſen,
Und mit entzückendem Schmerz der lebendigen Augen du trafeſt,
Welche ſelige Wonn' haſt du durch die Erde verbreitet,
Daß ſie ein Tempel dir ward, und der Menſch, an deinen Altären
Dein Geheimniß zu feiern, dein ernſter, dein ſeliger Prieſter!
O wie beglückſt du die Erd', und o wie beglückſt du den Menſchen!

Ja, der Segnungen viele verleiht dein göttlicher Strahl ihm.
Schon ſein Gebild zeugt dir mit der hochaufſtrebenden Stellung,
Die dich ſuchet und freudig ergreift, wo du immer ihm naheſt.
Sieh'! die Pforten des Haupts, die weithin ſtrahlenden Augen,
Die, das Nah' und das Fern' anhaltend in Bildern der Seele
Senden, ſie zeugen, wie herrlich! von dir. Aus dem nämlichen Weſen,
Aus dem gleichen mit dir, hat die Mutter Natur ſie gebildet.
Wären ſie dir nicht verwandt, wie könnten ſie dich und in deinem
Glanz die Wundergeſtalten, die tauſend und tauſend, die immer
Aendernden, nahen und fernen der heiligen Iſis erkennen!
Ja, in dich, mit der Erde gemiſcht und der Luft und dem Waſſer,
Den Urſtoffen der Welt, hat, wie die lebendigen Alle,
So den Menſchen vor Andern getaucht im Uranbeginne
Die Unausſprechliche Kunſt der ewig verſchleierten Göttin.
Seine Kräfte durchreget dein Geiſt, dein electriſcher Hauch blitzt
Tief ihm vom ſinnigen Haupt, durchflammet das Mark ihm des Lebens,
Zuckt aus der Muskel Kraft, aus der Arm' und der Schenkel Bewegung.
O wie beglückſt du die Erd', und o wie beglückſt du den Menſchen!
Ja am herrlichſten ſtrahlſt du dich ab in des Sterblichen Seele,
Der, getroffen von dir, erkennend und freudig ſich ſelber
Seiner bewußt, umſchaut, entzückt von den Wundern der Allmacht;
Wenn er die Augen erhebt zum nächtlich beſtirneten Himmel,
Wo die Bilder des Ewigen ſteh'n, in nimmer verrückten
Bahnen, die ewigen Lichter, die Myriaden der Sphären
Feiern den ſeligen rhythmiſchen Chor zum Preiſe des Weltgeiſtes:
Wie erhellt und erhebt nicht ſein Herz der unendliche Lichtkreis!
O wie reden zu ihm nicht die Flammengedanken der Gottheit
Aus dem harmoniſchen Schwung, befeuernd ſein Wollen und Denken,
So des Lebens verwickelte Bahn mit Ernſte zu ordnen
Nach der hehren, die hier irrlos und unendlich ſich aufthut.
O wie beglückſt du die Erd', und o wie beglückſt du den Menſchen!

Seliges Licht! Abbild vom ewigen Licht dort oben!
Wie erhebſt du den Menſchen und regſt des Herzens Orakel
Zu lebendigem Wort und den Geiſt zu hellem Geſicht auf,
Wenn er von deinen Strahlen geführet, vor den Wundern der Allmacht
Selbſt ſich das erſte der Wunder, verliert in der Fluth der Betrachtung,
Wenn er vor allem Erſchaff'nen der feſt gegründeten Erde
Sich beſchauend im Spiegel des Alls dein göttliches wahrnimmt,
Und an dem Lichte der Erd', an dem deinigen ahnet dein Urbild,
Jenes ſelige, das in den Gärten des Himmels erblühet,
Das nicht Schranken beſchränkt, kein Nebel berührt, und die Nacht nicht
Kann erlöſchen, das ewig ſich ſelbſt wie die Welt erleuchtet!
Ja du heilige Kraft, unerforſchlich unſterbliche, höchſte!
Wem, vom Nebel des Wahnes befreit, dein himmliſcher Tag ſcheint,
Wem die gleiche Natur das Gleiche berührt, wem im Geiſte,
Geiſtiges, ſeliges, alſo du nahſt, als Sonne des Wahren
Schönen und Guten und Heiligen nahſt, die reinſte der Wonnen
Hat er auf Erden gepflückt und empfangen die Weihe des Lebens.
Was auch Banges die Erde noch drängt, wo unbändige Selbſtſucht

Ihr gorgoniſches Haupt aufſtreckt zu den Wolken und, trozend
Auf die unſichere Macht, des Rechtes Altar und der Freiheit
Niedertritt und heuchleriſch ſelber dich, Religion, nur
Schändend zum Frohn entweiht der frechen unmäßigen Begier,
Wenn ſie vom täuſchenden Glücke geſchmeichelt (im Bunde mit Jugend
Dau'rt nur das Glück), hohnlachend daher auf Hügeln der Todten
Ueber verſengte Gefild' und rauchende Trümmer von Städten
Raſt, ungerührt von der Tauſenden Noth und der Sterbenden Röcheln,
Daß nur Einem huldig' im Staub gebeuget der Erdkreis,
Eines Name nur werde von allen Landen vergöttert.
Was noch Entſetzliches plagt die Welt, was verworfner Begierden
Aufruhr ſchände die Welt, verkaufend den Menſchen dem Elend,
Alle die ſchrecklichen Bilder ſie flieh'n vor'm Auge des Weiſen,
Der im Lichte des Ewigen ſchaut in den Buſen der ſchwarzen
Nacht, die ſie zeugte, zurück in die dunkle Tiefe des Abgrunds,
Wie Phantome des Traums, die bangaufſchreckenden, fliehen,
Wenn der Morgen erſcheint, und der Sonne Gewalt ſie zerſtreuet.
Ja, wir halten an dir, feſt wie am Apfel des Auges,
Himmliſcher Glaube! Nie ſoll in uns erlöſchen dein Leuchten.
Wie ſchon das irdiſche Licht obſiegt den Schatten der Erde,
Das ein Bild nur, ein Schatte nur iſt vom unendlichen, herrlich
Muß obſiegen gewiß das weſentliche das hohe,
Aus ſich ſelbſt geborne, die Macht in dem Reich der Gedanken,
Was auch der finſtern Mächte Gewalt umgrauend die Erd' arg
Peinige noch und dem mächtigſten Strahl anrennend begegne!
Einſt wird kommen der Tag und in reich ausſtrömenden, goldnen
Fluthen der Morgen herauf der große des Ewigen nahen,
Wo nur die Sonne des ewigen Lichts wird herrſchen in Allem,
Und der verhüllete Gott ſich wird unausſprechlich enthüllen.

Todtenfeier.

Den Manen der für's Vaterland Gefallenen.

Erſte Stimme.

Wie iſt's ſo feierlich ſtill! Im Kreiſe der heil'gen Altare
Steh'n wir; den Roſen entquillt ihnen ſich der ſtille Duft.
Waffen prangen umher: Sinnbilder verſchlungener Hände
Winken. Schwerter geſenkt! Fahnen zuſammen gerollt!
Wie iſt's ſo feierlich ſtill! Im Kreiſe der heil'gen Altare
Steh'n wir; mit Blumen geſchmückt ſind ſie; doch hanget herum
Die Cypreſſe, die düſterlich mahnende; Trauererinnerung
Regt den Buſen uns auf; doch durch die Wolke des Ernſts
Streift hellſtrahlendes Licht, und erhebende große Gedanken
Drängen in's Ferne zurück herber Erinnerung Laſt.

Zweite Stimme.

Feiert die Todten, im Kampf für das Recht und die Ehre Gefall'nen!
Feiert die Todten, wie ſchön ſind ſie mit Wunden geſchmückt!
Wie glorreich iſt ihr Tod! Nach flüchtigen Schmerzen, wie trug nicht
In ſein himmliſch Gezelt herrlich der Ruhm ſie empor!

Chor.

Feiert die Todten im Kampf für das Recht und die Ehre Gefall'nen!
Feiert die Todten, wie ſchön ſind ſie mit Wunden geſchmückt!

Dritte Stimme.

Habt Dank, edle Genoſſen des Sieges! Mit den Helden der Vorzeit
Nennt euch, Spätere, jetzt ſpäteres Enkelgeſchlecht.
In den Thränen der Liebenden legt die Ehre den Lorbeer
Und er grünet bethaut ſchöner von ihnen herauf,
Und durchſtrahlet die Zeit. O heilige Weihe des Lebens,
Tod für das Vaterland! Tod für das heilige Recht!
Weihe des ſchönern, das obſiegend dem irdiſchen, welken
Glanze, und zur That noch ſpät ferne Geſchlechte befeu'rt.
Edles Streben errang den Helden Unſterblichkeit; Mütter,
Trocknet die Thränen, und du trockne die Thränen, o Braut!

Chor.

Edles Streben errang den Helden Unſterblichkeit; Mütter,
Trocknet die Thränen, und du, trockne die Thränen, o Braut!

Vierte Stimme.

Einen Stolzen kannt' ich; ihm träumt' es, als beugten die Völker,
Und die Fürſten der Welt, huldigend rings ſich vor ihm,
Nähmen die Krone vom Haupt und legten ſie ihm auf den Scheitel,
Und hoch ragte die ihm bis zu den Wolken hinauf.
Wie ein Gewitter durchzuck't er die Erd', und, wo er mit eh'rnem
Fuß hintrat, da verſank unter ihm Leben und Heil.
Tief aus den unterſten Tiefen, o Fluch.....

Fünfte Stimme.

Still! Hemme die Rede,
Und bei des Heiligen Feſt nicht das Unheil'ge genannt!
Aber preiſet den Gott, den Starken, den Herrlichen! Nimmer
Furchtbar iſt, wer ihn nicht fürchtet! Gebühr' ihm Lob!
Die des Maßes vergeſſen, die Frechen, er ſtürzt in die Nacht ſie,
Und des Tyrannen Glück dorrt auf ſein Winken dahin.

Chor.

Die des Maßes vergeſſen, die Frechen, er ſtürzt in die Nacht ſie,
Und des Tyrannen Glück dorrt auf ſein Winken dahin....

Sechſte Stimme.

Welcher die Völker erweckt und der Herrſchenden Rath hat gelenkt,
Und geſtillt ihr Herz, ihnen den ſtärkern Arm
Mit nicht wankender Stärke gegürtet, der Könige König
Lobet, ihr Völker, und nie ſchweig' euch im Herzen der Dank!
Der den Frieden uns ſandt' und unſere Schmach hat gewendet,
Und der Thränen ſo viel ſtillt und die Wunden uns heilt!
Danket dem Herrn! das iſt löblich und recht!

Eine Stimme aus dem Chor.

Wie ſollen dem Herrn wir Danken?

Siebente Stimme.

Durch Eintracht dankt und durch der Herzen Verein,
Durch demüthige Liebe zu ihm, durch Wahrheit und Stärke,
Wahrheit gegen uns ſelbſt, gegen den Freund und den Feind!

Chor.

Durch Eintracht ihm gedankt, durch Demuth, Wahrheit und Stärke,
Wahrheit gegen uns ſelbſt, gegen den Freund und den Feind!

Achte Stimme

Laßt die Todten jetzt ruh'n! Sie wirkten ſterbend dem Leben.
Ernten zeitigt ihr Tod weit in das Leben hinaus.
Dieſe Blumen, dieß heilige Maß noch ſpendet den Edlen,
Leben laßt uns wie ſie, ſterben auch, gilt es, wie ſie!

Chor.

Leben laßt uns wie ſie, ſterben auch, gilt es, wie ſie!

Weiſe Güte.

Weiſ' und gut! wen lockt nicht das Wort? Doch unter den Strudeln
Raſch entſtürzender Fluth und unter den Klippen des Lebens
Ach da verliert ihr Steuer ſo leicht die Vernunft und der Wille
Schwankt, uneins, von gewaltiger Noth und den Lüſten getrieben,
Daß er wählt, was er oft verwirft, der Umwandlung erledigt.
Rathet mir, die euch die Schule gelehrt, noch mehr, ihr des Lebens
Zöglinge, helfet mir an, ſagt, wo iſt zu finden das Richtſcheit,
Das abſondere ſcharf, auf das Haar, das Falſche vom Wahren!
„Wie es von innen gebeut der Natur hochheiliges Machtwort,
Uebe das Rechte, ja bleib' auch die That verborgen vor allen,
Oder es träfe dich Schimpf und Straf', verſchaff' es vollzogen!
Deckte dich Aias Schild und ſiebenfältige Nacht auch
Hüllte den Frevel dir ein, wie Gift ihn und Nattern geflohen!
Wenn ein Tyrann ihn gebot' und er dräut', er lockte mit Lohn dir,
Schnöden Gewinn du die Fülle von ihm, ſei wie Nattern geflohen!"
Alſo tönet, ich kenne die Stimme, des göttlichen Platon
Herrlicher Ruf, ſo tönen ihm nach die Hallen der Stoa
Strenge verdammend die Luſt und die Kunſt nur rühmend der Tugend.
Andere lächeln des Ernſts: der Menſch iſt aus Sinnen gemiſchet
Und aus Vernunft: Berathe die beiden, mit Weisheit verſteht ſich,
Daß du nicht über dich ſelbſt, dich zu hoch anſtrebend, vermeſſeſt:
Gieb dem Vergnügen ihr Theil und der Luſt! was den Sinnen gebühret,
Was der Vernunft, haushälteriſch theil' es und wäge das Leben,
Das hinſtrebt wie ein Strom und zurück, ungewiſſen, nicht ſtehet.
— Schulen geben nur Worte; lebendiger lehret das Leben,
„Ruft ein vielfach erfahrener Mann" auf das dringend merke!
Feind der Gerechtigkeit nennet ihr mich, nur auf ſchlauen Betrug und
Ränke bedacht, wie ihr mich verkennt! Im offenen Handeln,
Wo es raſchen Entſchluß und gemeinſam erſprießliche That gilt,
Anderes Maß dann iſt noth, als oft in der Schule Paläſtra.
— Netze zu knüpfen der Liſt, wo Netze der Liſt ſind vonnöthen,
Gut, ich rühme der Kunſt mich, wie wenig, und weiß zu umſtellen
Schlau mit dem Garn mein Wild; doch erheiſcht auch Anderes Anderes,
Wo es Gerechtigkeit gilt und offenen Adel der Seele,
Keinem weich' ich an Adel ſodann und Gerechtigkeit, „Hört ihn
Und erkennt ihr den Fuchs!" So ſagte der Sohn des Laertes
Zum [illegible] tadelnden Chor: So ſtrebt' er den wackern Gefährten,
Den mit ſich ſelbſt entzweiten Sproß des Peliden zu laden,
Daß er beginge die That, die als ſchändlich die beſſere Seele
Still verwarf, als er ſich die unſäglichen Leiden des Dulders,
Grauend: Verrath um gemeinſamen Nutzen es will, und gerecht dann,
Während den Einen [illegible], durch das übrige Leben [illegible]!
„Will er ihm ja" und ihr rühmt die Welt mit den Fürſten Achaias:
Dein iſt der Preis, wenn dein Ilion ſinkt, vom Verhängniß gezwungen!"
— So ihm verweiſt' er das [illegible], und [illegible] ihm die [illegible] des Pfeiles. —
[illegible] dem Frevler, er ſpricht das Eine für Alle, die [illegible]
[illegible] mit All' [illegible] Tugend und [illegible] Gerechtigkeit [illegible]
[illegible] Wille [illegible] ſtrömende [illegible]

Bleib' es als heilig Geſetz, was die ewigen Todten verkünden,
Und das unſichtbare Göttergebild in die Seele geſchrieben! —
Was als Erſtes euch nicht, als Einziges füllet den Buſen,
Was nach anderem nur nothdürftig ihr, wie man aus Großmuth
Etwas zu ehren vermeint, und ſträubend es dennoch geheim haßt,
Was von Gewinn beſtochen, von bangender Furcht ihr gezagt thut,
Achtet ihr das? Ihr ſpottet fürwahr verachtend nur ſeiner.
Euch iſt die Tugend Geräth für das Kleinſte, was euch das Höchſt' iſt,
Für verwerflichen Tand, für Gewinne der Ehr' und der Lüſte.
Wenn mit geringeren Waffen und ſchlechteren bald nur das ſchnöde
Ziel zu erobern ihr hofft, nicht ſchämt ihr euch dann der geringern,
„Aber die Meinung iſt doch und auch die Sitte zu ehren,
„Wenn des Leiblichen glänzender Schein mehr fördert zum Ziele.
— Nun dann ringt ihr mit Schein um den Schein, entfremdet dem Edlen,
Durſtig von innen, was auch ihr prangt in der gleißenden Larve.
So belauſcht' ich einmal [illegible], den knickigen Nachbar;
Dieſer vermurmelte ſo die Bitten des Vaterunſers.
„Vater unſer, begann er, das tägliche Brod das erhalte
Und vermehre du mir! Denn iſt ja die Kraft und das Reich dein!
Auch die Sünden vergebe mir, Herr, dann möge geheiligt
Immer dein Nam' auch ſeyn, und dein Will' im Himmel geſchehe,
Und auf der Erde an mir, und gieß du den irdiſchen Segen
Deinem Kind' reichlich, wird ihm auch der himmliſche bleiben."
So wie mein Nachbar, der Filz, der Wucher auf Wucher zu häufen
Nimmer ſich ſcheut, und zur Kirche geduckt mit jeglichem Sonntag
Schleicht und an jeglichem Feſt die Kommunion nicht verſäumet,
Ob ihn der Huſten auch plagt, und ſtets, daß er ihm doch der Acker
Segen bewahr' und den Acker beſtell' und baue den Weinberg,
Heiſcher ſich betet zu Gott; — wie Dieſer die Religion übt,
Liebt und übt ihr genau, ihr [illegible] Gemüther, die Tugend!
Auf denn und ohne geheimen Betrug mit dem Schlechten, das Gute
Frei und ehrlich geliebt, und ſo, wie geliebt, auch getrieben!
Beſſer als kritiſcher Imperativ und gedrechſelter Syſtem
Lehrt einfältiger Sinn und des Herzens feſte Geradheit,
Wenn ſie euch ſicher bewahret, euch bewahren das ſelige Kleinod.

Nicht Leſen!

Leſen bilde den Geiſt, mit der Weisheit Strömen erfriſch' es
Dürſtende Seelen, und ſchöpfe ſo dem erlechzenden Boden
Zu des Wachsthums Gedeih'n! Gut! wenn du der ſtärkenden Alten
Ewigen Büchern etwa und ihrer bejahrten Lehren
Früchten zu edel dich ſtärkſt: doch! welche Schulen der Bildung
Thun dir von Woche zu Woche nicht auf die neuen Autoren
Und der Gelehrten Betrieb! Sieh die glänzenden Berichte,
Die ſie in's Publikum ſtreu'n von ihrer herrlichen Waare!
Und wenn die Blumen der Kunſt, wenn die Früchte des Wiſſens dich locken,
Wähle! der Markt iſt breit, der Käufer hat viele, verlangt
Nicht der geizigen Momente! Doch machen bequem dir die Auswahl
Wenn dich [illegible] der [illegible] vergnügt, und du gerne nicht lange
[illegible] um Blume auf Blume, was die bunte [illegible], halt Ziele,
[illegible], die buntverſchiedenen Journale,
[illegible], [illegible], die dir in den wenigſten Blättern
[illegible] zu [illegible] geſucht hat.

Wie auch die fliegenden Blätter des Tags, die am Morgen, am Mittag,
Wie am Abend dir nahn, lehrreiche, gefällige Freunde,
Jetzt dem [illegible] Ernst, und Ergetzt im neusten Geschmacke.
Gut! Ich ehre dein Wort; doch gestatte den Satz mir zu mindern.
Auch nicht Leſen iſt Kunſt! Nicht Leſen, auch dieſes erziehet
Geiſt und Herz, und entreißt das Gemüth der Gefahr der Verwilderung.
Lies in dem offenen Buch der Natur, entrolle des eignen
Herzens verborgene Schrift, und, wenn du geſchriebene vermiſſeſt,
Weh dir! dann biſt du es werth, von Morgen bis ſpät in den Abend,
Bis dich der Schwindel ergreift, zu leſen, was immer die Meſſe
Von Schauſpielen, Romanen, Sonetten und kräftigem Volksſang
Für die Leihbibliothek und die ſchwelgenden Motten bereitet.
Hat vom Gedränge der Stadt dich freundlich dein Gärtchen empfangen,
Und dich umleuchtet der wolkenloſe Himmel, dir ſchatten die Lauben
Deiner umgrünten Bäum', und ihr balſamduftender Aushauch
Trägt auf den Flügeln der Weſte dir zu herzſtärkende Labung,
Und verſchleiert nur dringt in deine Verborgenheit, wie ein
Traumgebild die Welt, erhebe zum Geiſt der Natur dich!
Sieh und erforſch' die ſtillen Geſetz', der bildenden Hände
Mütterlich pflegende Spur in jeder ſproſſenden Pflanze,
Jedem Lebendigen, das dich umwebt, frohlockend des Daſeyns.
Schau, wie jetzt in der ſchwellenden Frucht, die vor ſich im Keime,
Sich in der Blüthe begeiſternd geregt, die Seele der Liebe,
Wandernd nach alter prophetiſcher Sag' und die Kräfte des Lebens
Leihend dem nächſten Bedarf, hülfreich, die beglückende waltet.
Oder auch tritt in dein eigenes Herz, erforſche die Tiefen
Deines Geiſtes in Dir, und das nimmer Vergängliche, Ew'ge,
Das im Elyſiſchen Hain des Gemüths dem Forſcher ſich aufthut,
Wenn dich ſchmerzlich berührt des Tages gewaltſames Schauſpiel,
Und das wüſte Getrieb unſinnlich ſchwärmender Willkühr,
Söhne dich aus mit der Thorin, der Zeit, und ihren Gebilden,
Mit dem prächtigen Nichts erlogener irdiſcher Hoheit,
Mit der Schwäche, die ſich andrängend für Ziel und Kraft giebt,
Und in der Zerrung die eigne Geſtalt nur ſo ſchmählicher kund thut:
Söhne dich aus mit dem winzigen Stolz anmaßender Thoren,
Mit der Verworfenheit ſelbſt! wo Hader und Kampf durch die Welt tobt,
Suche den Frieden in dir! In Feſſeln gebändigt die Lüſte!
So ermanne du dich zum wackeren Geiſte der Alten,
Jener Sprüche Verſicherungen wird dein Herz dir bejahen.
Deines Herzens Verſicherung wird, wenn jetzt zu den Büchern
Wieder ſich wendet dein Geiſt, ihr goldenes Wort dir bejahen.

Wort der Weihe.

Rein tritt vor die Natur! Dein Herz iſt ihr ewiger Spiegel,
Und dein Spiegel. Sie ſtellt rein ſich dem Reinen nur dar.
Auch begegnet dein Herz und dem Leben in ihrer kryſtallnen
Quelle dir wieder. Sie giebt dir dich verſchönert zurück.

Das Kind.

Aller befreiet die Hand des Kleinen; gläubig und furchtlos
Streckt er den tappenden Arm [illegible] hinaus.
Waſſer und Flamme, und Spielen und [illegible] möchte der zarte
Finger verſuchen, wie ihn drängt der lebendige Trieb.
An den Geſtalten des Seins übt ſo die Kräfte des Muthwills
Früh der Knab', und in ihm reifet der Glaub' an die Welt.
Seliges Kind! Noch erzieht die Natur dich ſpielend, und ſpielend
Folgſt du, gegängelt von ihr, ihrem gefälligen Zug.
Sicher vertrauſt du dich ihr. O lern' ihr dann auch vertrauen,
Wenn ihr lehrendes Wort einſt an dein Inneres ſpricht.
Daß den Menſchen in dir nicht künftig die Menſchen verderben,
Leite die Treue dich ſtets mit der verborgenen Hand.

Winter und Frühling.

Leicht befriedigt gerne geſammelte Herzen der Winter,
Wenn er zur Stille ſie zwingt und mit der Ruhe ſie paart.
Doch das regere Leben nur kann beſeelen das Leben,
Und was am ſchönſten ihm blüht, iſt die erneuende Zeit.
Wenn jetzt die Knoſpe ſie treibt und die Blüth', und ein Kind die Natur wird,
Blüthen treibt dann auf's neu ſelbſt auch die geiſtige Kraft.
Darum zürn' ich dir nicht, ich liebe dich, friedlicher Winter,
Aber ich preiſe dich doch herrlich vor allen, o Lenz!
Was du von Blumen mir bringſt aus dem Garten der Jugend, das ſammel' ich,
Und mit erneuetem Reiz ſchmück' ich mein Leben damit!

Rath.

Deine zertrümmerten Freuden, du klagſt ſie mit Thränen der Sehnſucht!
Sammle die Reſte dir friſch! Die ich um Vieles beneid',
Ahme die Kinder nur nach! Iſt auch zerbrochen ihr Spielzeug,
Mit dem zerbrochnen doch ſpielen ſie heiter noch fort.

Des Menſchen Sehnſucht.

So iſt der Menſch: Ein längſt vergeßnes Wort,
Ein Bild, ein dürftig Zeichen ihm vor's Ohr,
Vor's Auge, vor des Innern Geiſt gerückt:
Das Orte, der Zeiten trauliche Gemeinſchaft
Friſcht alles, jüngſt verwiſchtes wieder auf,
Und tauſend neue Bilder treten ihm
In jugendlichem Reize vor den Geiſt.
Aus ihrer Aſche lebt die Leidenſchaft,
Die längſt verglommene, ein Phönix, auf,
Und reißt ihn mit erneuter ſtarker Gluth
Auf ihrem Pfade fort; der Alpenſohn
In fernem Lande hört nach Jahren wieder
Den wohl bekannten Reihen: ſüß bethört
Sieht er der Kindheit Tage neu entblühn;
Es weckt ein Sinn den andern wunderbar;
Ein reineres, ein ſchöneres Blau umfließt,
Und friſcheres Grün umduftet ihn, wie einſt,
Er hört das Läuten ſeiner Kühe, ſieht
Am Felſenabhang ſeine Ziegen klettern,
Und ihn ergreift mit ſüßem Weh'n der Heimath
Gewaltige Begier; es wächſt die Flamme
In [illegible] Stufen hoch und höher auf,
Fort muß er, oder langes Harms verblühen.
So iſt der Menſch; an Bild und Zeichen hängt
Sein Wohl und Weh, in Zeichen hüllte ſelbſt
Die ew'ge Güte ſich, und that uns ſo
Des [illegible], ihrer Liebe Sinn
Und ihrer hohen Weisheit Wunder kund;
Und, was wir wiſſen und verſtehn, iſt Bild.
Er nur, der Ew'ge, Unvergängliche,
Der aus dem [illegible], der [illegible],
Aus dem Urſprung, der Unbegreifliche,
Aus Zeichen ſpricht, der Unbekannte,
Er nur iſt Weſen, Wahrheit, Sinn und Licht,
Und wir die Funken ſeines Lichts, und Töne
Der heiligen, der großen Harmonie.

Es ſtrebt hinauf der Funke zu dem Quell
Des Lichts, aus dem er ſtammt; es ſuchet ſich
Das Zartverwandte, das Getrennte liebt
Vereinigung, von Liebe ſüß gedrängt,
Und aus der Tiefe reißt's uns in die Höhe.
Das Wandelnde ringt nach dem Bleibenden;
Der Heimath zu mit Geiſterarmen ſtrebt
Das noch Gebundene. Wann ſinkt die Feſſel, wann
Erſcheint dem Aug' in ſonnenreiner Klarheit
Der große Tag der königlichen Wahrheit!

Maigewitter.

Schwüles Gewölk zieht
Um die Berge hin; mit des Waldes Dunkel dort,
Wo durch den Forſt
Niederſtürzet der Steig,
Wächſt es die Schatten.
Wie ſich Heere rüſten zum Streit,
Rüſten die Wolken ſich zur Schlacht.
Der Blitze Schlangen zucken ſchon röthlich weiß
Mit geflügelter Eile durch die Himmel dahin.

Fernher ſchallen ſchon Donner
Und der Berge Wiederhall
Brauſt aus der Tiefe ſie zürnend zurück;
Aber unten die Erde
Hingegoſſen liegt ſie im Blüthenſchmuck
Im Rauſche der Liebe,
Frühlingsbegeiſtert,
Wie Semele
Erwartet freudig ſie
Den donnerfrohen, den herrlichen, den olympiſchen Gott,
Und reckt die Arm' aus
Nach dem Umſchlingenden.

Luther.

Der Weltkunſt ſchon die Sinnen zugewendet,
Wallt über Land dort mit dem Freund der Freund,
Bei heit'rer Luft, als Dunkel ſie umrändet,
Und wolkig jetzt und trüb der Himmel ſcheint.
Ein Wetter, von den Bergen hergeſendet,
Mit dem bald Sturm und Hagel ſich vereint,
Bricht los, verſchlingt den Tag, wo durch die Engen
Des Thals ſich nur die Blitze hellend ſchlängeln.

Als beide jetzt die Tritte raſch beflügeln,
Ob nicht ein Dach zum Schirm ſich ihnen beut,
Indeß die Donner rollen von den Hügeln,
Und Furcht dem Grau'n grau'nvoll're Farben leiht,
Und Hand in Hand den Bund die Freunde ſiegeln,
Dem ſie für Tod und Leben ſich geweiht;
Da zuckt ein Blitz ſchon durch den Himmel wieder,
Und ſchlägt den Freund zu Luthers Füßen nieder.

Erſchüttert ſteht bis in das tiefſte Leben
Jetzt der; doch als den Schrecken Muth bezwang
Ruft betend er: „Wer will ihm widerſtreben!
Er iſt der Herr, auch herrlich bleibt ſein Gang
Im Todesgrau'n, ihm will ich mich ergeben.
Mein ganzes Leben ſei ihm Preisgeſang!"
— Die ernſte Stunde ward dem Bund der Treue,
Zum großen Werk die furchtbar hohe Weihe.

Und dieſer Blitz — er hat die Erd' entzündet,
Hat neu geſtärkt, wo er mit Macht erſchüttert.
Heilbringendes hat er der Welt verkündet,
Betrachtend ſie mit Segenskraft durchwittert,
Das Fremde theilend Gleiches ſich verbündet,
Vereiniget ſie in Lieb', als Haß erbittert,
Um durch verſchlaf'ner Kräfte Zwiſt und Streiten
Dem Lichte neu die Siegesbahn zu bereiten.

Was nun die [illegible], Luther, mag beſcheiden,
Dort [illegible] der [illegible] Verheerung;
[illegible]
Er mag in ſich den Namen der Verirrung
[illegible]
Der Baum aus Gott zu ewiger Verklärung.

Er wächſt und wächſt voll Blüthen und voll Früchte,
Und ſchattet weithin durch die Weltgeſchichte.

In dieſem Geiſt doch ſchwören deiner Fahne
Wir Huld'gung, Held Gottes, daß dein Wort,
Das göttliche, zum Göttlichen uns mahne,
Und kräftige zur Wahrheit fort und fort,
Uns ſcheidend von des Dünkels trübem Wahne
Hinführe zu der Wahrheit heil'gem Hort;
Nicht Namen ſollen uns, nicht Worte binden,
Dein heller Geiſt zu hellerm Geiſt entzünden!

Geſanges-Macht.

Der Sänger zieht am Liederfeſte
Mit wonnetrunk'nem heiterm Blick,
Bewundert von dem Schwarm der Gäſte,
An Ehrengaben reich zurück.
Ihn trägt ein Roß voll Muth und Feuer,
Der Hoffnung Farb' iſt ſein Gewand;
Von reicher Schärpe hängt die Leier
Herab am ſilberfarb'nen Band.

Noch ſchwärmen ihm um ſeine Ohren
Die Schmeichelreden ſüßer Frau'n;
In ihrer Reize Macht verloren
Kann man ſein irrend Auge ſchau'n.
Des Waldes Grund hat ihn empfangen,
Und in der Tannen Dämmergrün
Zieht rege ein ſehnendes Verlangen
Nach dem Verlaſſenen ihn hin.

O ſelig, wer zum Preis des Schönen
Die liebreiche Harfe weiht,
Und wen mit des Geſanges Tönen
Der Geiſt der Lieder ſich erfreut.
Er trägt ein Glück in ſeinem Herzen,
Und wie er Andre hold entzückt,
Iſt unter Freuden, unter Schmerzen
Er durch ſich ſelber doch beglückt.

Jetzt wird des Waldes Dunkel dichter,
Und öder rings die Einſamkeit;
Hin ſterben ſchon des Tages Lichter,
Matt durch den hohen Forſt verſtreut.
Da fällt ihn ein unheimlich Grauſen
Mit einmal ungelegen an;
Verworr'ne Stimmen hört er ſauſen
Seitab von der umengten Bahn.

Und plötzlich aus dem Dickicht ſpringen
Ein Räuber mit gezückter Wehr,
Und Schwerter blinken, Stöße dringen,
Und Flüche ſchwirren um ihn her.
Geraubt wird alle ſeine Habe,
Ihm abgeriſſen das Gewand;
Die Leier ſelbſt mit jeder Gabe
Der Ehre ſieht er ſich entwandt.

Und was er fleht um's nackte Leben,
Unmenſchlich ſchleppen ſie ihn fort,
Ihm ſelber noch den Tod zu geben;
Die Jäger rühret kein Schmeichelwort.
In ſeiner Blüthe ſoll er ſterben;
Des Waldes tiefſte Felſenkluft
Soll ihn verſchlingen, ihn verderben,
Von keinem Menſchentritt beſucht.

Dem Untergang jetzt zu entrinnen,
Am Rand der ungeheuern Kluft,
Schickt ihm entſchloſſener Beſinnen
Und ſchneller Rettung Rath ein Gott.
Er fleht, er ringt die wunden Hände:
„Was ſoll ich ſterben? Gönnt doch
[illegible] mir dem [illegible] Ende
Dem unſchuldvollen Sänger noch!"

„Die Leier, gebt ſie mir zurück!
Laßt ſie, nach Sitte, der Geſang
Im Tod auf kurze Augenblicke
Noch [illegible] meines Herzens Dank.

In seine Hut möcht' ich das Leben
Empfehlen, das mir [illegible];
In Jenem mög' es dann entschweben
Zum Schöpfer aller Harmonie'n."

„Ihr zögert? — Brecht das harte Schweigen!
Denkt an den Tod, an das Gericht!
Seid meines Schwanenliedes Zeugen,
Und zögert noch die Hände nicht?"
Sie reichen [illegible] ihm die Leier,
Und schließen dicht um ihn den Reih'n,
Und er mit wunderbarem Feuer
Greift in die Saiten muthig ein.

Und wie die Wirbelwinde rauschen,
Ertönt er schmetternden Gesang;
Die [illegible] harte Ohren lauschen,
Schon halb entzückt dem Zauberklang;
Und immer süßer rauscht die Fülle
Des Wohlklangs unter seiner Hand,
Und löst in des [illegible] Stille
Der ehrnen Herzen rauhes Band.

Als so die [illegible] sich entbreiten,
Schnell wechselt er so [illegible] als Klang,
Und stürmet mit einmal in die Saiten
Gebrochen kriegerischen Gesang;
Er singt des Krieges freies Leben,
Des grünen Waldes frische Luft,
Des Mannes unverdroßnes Streben,
Die brave That entschloßner Brust.

Er singet von den kühnen Recken,
Die in des Kampfes Ungemach
Die Schande nimmer durfte decken,
Die mit des Schwertes [illegible]
Die Unschuld wollten frank beschützen,
Und für sie ließen Gut und Blut,
Daß vor der [illegible] Bogen
Erblassen mußte frecher Muth.

„Nein! solchen Männern ohne Grauen
Will ich zu sicherm Unterstand
Mein junges Leben froh vertrauen!"
Ruft er, den Räubern zugewandt.
„Den frommen Sänger wollt ihr tödten! —
Es war nur Schimpf, was ihr gethan."
Da tritt sie alle Scham-Erröthen
Und helle Reue plötzlich an.

Ein wildes Hurrah hört man schallen;
Ganz umgewandelt ist ihr Sinn,
„Geh, zieh begleitet von uns allen,
[illegible], wie Du's verlangst, hin."
Sie füllen ihm aufs neu die Hände
Mit Geld und Gut im Augenblick,
Und führen an des Waldes Ende
Ihn im Triumphe froh zurück.

Die Silberhochzeit.

Aus stiller Kammer kommt gegangen
Die junge Braut, dem Tag erwacht
Auf dem verblühten Roth der Wangen,
Ruht das Geheimniß stiller Nacht
Sie steht in ihrer Schwestern Kreise,
Und senkt den Blick zur Erde, stumm;
Die, nach der [illegible] Weise,
Stehn festlich still um sie herum.

Sie möchten gerne manches fragen;
Doch wieder stockt im Mund das Wort,
Und keine will den Anfang wagen.
Da setzt die junge Frau sich fort,
Und eilt hinaus mit leichten Füßen,
Wo hold die Laube sie umhüllt;
Die Vögel und die Bäume grüßen
Mit Huldigung das schöne Bild.

Die Hyacinthen und die Rosen
Umschlingen sie mit süßem Duft;
[illegible] Weste schmeichelnd kosen
Um sie aus [illegible] Luft.

Sie sitzt und sinnt; bis [illegible]
Sinkt leis der Schlummergott herein,
Und, weichen Armes sie umfahend,
Wiegt er mit leisem [illegible] sie ein.

Da naht voll seltsamer Gestalten
Ein Bild vor dem geschlossnen Blick
In neuen Bildern sich entfalten
Ein fünfundzwanzigjährig Glück.
Sie geht auf lustig grünen Rain,
Die tief am schmalen Thal verengt,
Wo [illegible] sie umgrenzen,
Vom [illegible] Mittagsstrahl versengt.

Jetzt nimmt ein [illegible] sie wieder
In seine kühlen Schatten auf;
Von allen Zweigen tönt es wieder,
Und [illegible]
Dort sieht sie eine [illegible],
Die bald zum Sarge wird, ein Grab,
Des [illegible] frommen [illegible],
Senkt ihren schweren Blick hinab.

Doch hört! Verwandelt ist die Scene:
Aus einem ländlich heitern Haus
Gehn freudig aufgeblühte Söhne,
[illegible] junge Frauen geh'n heraus,
Mit Myrthenkränzen in den Locken;
Sie führt ein ältlich munter Mann.
Sie selbst, verwandelt, sieht erschrocken
Den Mann jetzt; dann die Kinder an;

Hört Mutter sich von Vielen grüßen;
Sie hangen ihr um Hals und Knie,
In Thränen will der Geist zerfließen,
Naht ihr, und weinend küßt er sie.
Ein Kranz von Enkelchen behende
Bringt Blumen aus dem Garten dar;
Sie drücken ihr die welken Hände
Und streuen ihr ins Silberhaar. —

Sie ist erwacht. — In frischem Leben
Steht alles heute vor ihr da.
So hat sich alles hier begeben,
Wie sie's verjüngt im Traume sah.
Drum bringen mit vereintem [illegible]
Der Braut [illegible] zum Kranze dar,
Und freu'n uns ob dem schönen Feste,
Und segnen das geliebte Paar.

Das heilige Land.

1814.

Wohin auf deinen morgenrothen Schwingen,
O Phantasie, trägst du aus trüber Zeit,
Die Seele nur aus [illegible] umringen,
Die Gräuel auf Gräuel und Schmach auf Schmach entweiht;
Wohin eilst du den Sänger hinzubringen,
Einmal dem Land der alten Herrlichkeit!
Wie [illegible], von dir [illegible]
Die Pforten alter Welten aufgeschlagen!

Empfangen mich die heiligen Gefilde
Der Griechen dort, wo sie in schönem Bilde
Der Himmel strahlt in [illegible] Milde,
Die hehre [illegible] umschwebt!
Erwachen sie, die herrlichen Gebilde,
Die glühen mit dem [illegible],
Die tapfer nur für Vaterland entbrannten,
Und keine Ehr' als solche Tugend kannten!

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

Die Miltiade, die Timoleone,
Und er, der Führer ſeiner kleinen Schar,
Leonidas, doch furchtbar Perſis Throne,
Nicht achtend des gewiſſen Tods Gefahr; —
Als Agis' großes Herz für große Sache
Hinblutend brach, ein Opfer ſchnöder Rache.

O fahret wohl, ihr kühnen Heldenſeelen,
Die ihr für Recht und Heimathland geglüht!
Nicht eure Thaten feiernd zu erzählen
Wählt euch, die Allgeprieſenen, mein Lied.
Die frommen Streiter Gottes möcht' es wählen;
Hinüber zu dem heil'gen Lande zieht,
Zur hehren Stadt, für die ſie kühn geſtritten,
Der Geiſt mich hin, wo Chriſt der Herr gelitten.

Ihr, was euch Land und Zung' und Sitte trennte,
Durch eine Flamme brüderlich vereint,
Im gleichen Heldenſtreben: Elemente
Durch Glaubensmacht und fromme Gluth befreundt,
Die kühn mit euch in wilde Schaaren rennte,
Und niederwarf des Chriſten-Kreuzes Feind;
O ihr des wunderbaren Heiles Helden,
Von eurem Ruhm die Welt wird ewig melden.

Und wäre mir die liederkühnſte Leyer,
Und alles Wohllauts Fülle mir verleih'n;
Ja hätt' ich Maro's Geiſt und Taſſo's Feuer,
Und dienten mir ſelbſt Orpheus Harmonie'n,
Die Felſen und des Waldes Ungeheuer
Nachzögen ihren Zaubermelodie'n,
Doch könnt' ich kaum nach Würden euch beſingen.
Die Armuth kann nur armes Opfer bringen.

Doch grüß' ich dich, du heil'ge Grabesſtätte,
Worin der Herr, der für die Welt ſein Blut,
Daß er vom Fluch der Sünden uns errette
Und bändige des Todes grimme Wuth,
Am Kreuz verſtrömt, wo, als im ſanften Bette,
Nach ſtürmiſchem Tag der Dulder geruht,
Doch triumphirend aus des Todes Banden,
Des Todes Sieger, glorreich auferſtanden.

Hier ſieht man Saba's Wohlgerüche wallen,
In lichten Wolken dampfen [illegible];
Vermiſchter Andacht Feiertönen ſchallen
Aus unterirdiſchen Grüften fromm herein;
Dem frommen Klang antworten ernſt die Hallen;
Wie ſchweigen ſie, der Beter heil'ge Reih'n.
Es hütet treuergebenes Gemüthe
Das Grab, dem einſt das Heil der Welt entblühte;

Das Grab, zu dem mit glaubensvollem Ahnen
Von allen Fernen, ſo die Sonn' umkreiſt,
Viel Tauſend wallten, von den trüben Banden
Der Sünde zu befreien ihren Geiſt,
Und Licht und Troſt für ihre Seele fanden,
Wo ſie das Herz mit Himmelsluſt geſpeiſt,
Hier, wo, ſich opfernd für der Menſchheit Leben,
Im Tod ſich ſelbſt das Leben hingegeben.

Das Grab, um das die Streiter Gottes fochten
In jenen Tagen frommer Heldenzeit,
Ob auch ſo ſehr die Sarazenen pochten,
Die Lanzen ſauſten in dem harten Streit,
Lorbeern ſich um ihre Stirne flochten,
Die [illegible] wie der Gottheit Fluch [illegible];
Hoch ſchwangen ſie des Glaubens ſtarke Fahne,
Und ihre Thaten leben im Päane.

Seht ihr von den Pilaſtern dort getragen
Die Särge Gottfried's und Balduins ſtehn?
Die einfach [illegible] Züge ſagen
Schon in den Namen, was durch ſie geſchehn;
Doch ſchienen ſie die Nachwelt zu verklagen,
Als könnten ſie den [illegible] Schmuck nicht ſeh'n.
Ihr Glücklichen mit eurer Tage [illegible],
[illegible]

Und Frieden euch in eurer frommen [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Sie melden es, daß, wie einſt eure Fahne,
Es lange noch zu gleicher Tugend mahne.

O ſchönes Land der Wunder, wo von Quellen,
Von Bergen, Thälern Gottes Stimm' erklang,
Und wie ein Regenbogen rings im hellen
Lichtkreiſe ſich die Huld des Ew'gen ſchwang;
Wo wie die Sonn' entſtürzt des Meeres Wellen,
Hochherrlich ſichtbar ſchritt des Höchſten Gang,
Wie ſo verſtummt ſind alle deine Zeichen!
Ach mußte dir der heitre Glanz erbleichen!

Die Stadt voll Volks iſt nun zur Wittwe worden,
Liegt in der Wildniß eine Wüſte da!
Auf wüſten Feſten jagen Räuberhorden,
Wo man einſt [illegible] wallen ſah:
Die Hügel, die von froher Luſt [illegible]
Im [illegible] erklangen fern und nah,
Von Oel und Wein ſo reich umlaubt, ſchweigen
Jetzt nackt und kahl, der herben Armuth Zeugen.

Als ob der Fluch mit giftgetränkten Wehen
Verheerend rings die Felder ausgebrannt,
Verödet muß der Gottesgarten ſtehen,
Die Luſt iſt hin und jeder Segen ſchwand,
Die Waſſer, noch [illegible] den fruchtbaren Höhen
Entquellend, ſind in ihrem Fels gebannt;
Der Jordan ſelbſt wälzt, matt nur fortgezogen,
Durch öden Sand die gelben traur'gen Wogen.

Nur mit dem Kranz, dem fremden alter Lieder,
Nicht mit des Oelbaums eig'nem mehr geſchmückt,
Trau'rt Thabor dort; vom hohen Gipfel nieder
Schaut er nach Tagen, die ihn einſt entzückt;
Wie [illegible] Heldengeiſter wieder,
Als dort der Sieg Deborens Arm geglückt,
Als jauchzend ſah der Berg zu ſeinen Füßen
Der Dränger Blut in hellen Strömen fließen.

Und Karmels Höh'n, wo einſt der Zukunft Späher,
Der Einſamkeit und Gottes Licht vertraut,
Die ew'gen Tafeln des Geſchickes näher,
Elias, frommgeweihten Aug's erſchaut,
Und als er lang dem Volk der hohe Seher,
Durch That und Wort und Wandel hell erbaut,
Lebendig ward auf ſchnellem Feuerwagen
Zu Gott von Flammenroſſen aufgetragen;

Und ſchwebend ſeinen Mantel noch zur Erde
Eliſa ſandt', ſeinem treuen Knecht,
Daß nie ſein Geiſt von ihm genommen werde,
Und ſtets in ihm auch wohne Gottes Kraft,
Und lange noch, der endliche Gefährte,
Der Wahrheit [illegible] und lehrt' ſein Geſchlecht;
Ach! Karmels Höh'n ſteh'n öd', und ſeine Klüfte,
Die Seherhöhlen ſind jetzt Räubergrüfte.

Wo iſt das Volk, das treu den Palmenſchatten,
Fromm, [illegible], ſich aus ſich ſelbſt erzeugt,
Wo die Natur und Kunſt die lebensvollen
Mit Himmelsmilch aus heil'ger Bruſt geſäugt!
Sie wallten nicht im heil'gen Dienſt ermatten,
Wie ſie zur Gruft des Alters Hand gebeugt,
[illegible], die, wie ſie des Glückes Welle
[illegible] verſchlang, erhöhten ihre Stelle.

Es iſt nicht mehr, es trauern ihre Stätten,
Der Schakal heult, wo ihrer frommen Sang
[illegible] in flammenden Gebeten,
Und zu Gefang des [illegible] Zither [illegible].
Und ihr, die einſt des herrlichſten Propheten
[illegible] in ſeines Wirkens Gang,
Wie ſchweigt ihr jetzt ihr Hügel, Seen, Thale,
[illegible] ihr von ſeinen Wunder Strahle!

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Wenn, aus der [illegible] Samen ausgeboren
Am eignen [illegible] die Zwietracht nun verdirbt;
Die uns [illegible], die Wuth hat ausgespien,
Am Uebermaß der Uebermacht erstirbt,
Und endlich wieder aus des [illegible] Thoren
Des Friedens Bote an reine Herzen winkt,
O möchten dann wir keine Schuld [illegible],
Und allem Fluch, [illegible] alle [illegible] —

Vertrauen.

Die dunklen Schwestern singend spinnen;
Furchtbar klingt's vom ehrnen Haus:
Ein Welt mit furchtbarem Beginnen
Sinnt sich ein großes Schicksal aus.

Des Glückes Buch liegt aufgeschlagen,
Der Geist, noch [illegible] und stumm,
Die ernsten Loose zu befragen,
Starr, wie ein Sturm, die Blätter um.

Und über Länder hergeschritten
Geht jetzt verhängnißvoll sein Fuß;
Die Erd' erdröhnet seinen Tritten
Hinab bis in den Orkus!

Darauf [illegible] Gewitter wallen
In wilden Schauern durch das Land
Ergriffen von dem Sturme muß fallen,
Was seit Jahrtausenden bestand!

Wie wenn der Feuerberge Wetter
Zerreißen sich mit Ungestüm,
Und [illegible] die unten [illegible] Götter
Verderbend [illegible] ihren Grimm.

Soll aus den Trümmern der Verheerung
Die Welt sich schöner jetzt erneun?
Was lang getrennt der Aufklärung,
Kann eine alte Mauer sein?

Wird schöner Sitt' und Kunst entblühen?
Sich näher der Vollendung [illegible]
Die Menschheit [illegible]? [illegible]
Die Musen vor dem wilden Spiel!

Und furchtbar durch die Erde winket
Des tollen Zwanges Schicksal?
Das Sonnenbanner sinket
Die Nacht der Barbarei herab?

Das Heiligste soll ich verderben,
Der Freiheit Wimpel untergeh'n,
Der Menschheit Blüthen soll ich sterben,
Mit ihnen [illegible] Blumen sehn! —

— Was kommen soll — in heil'ger Stille
Mit dunkel gewebtem Schleier deckt
Die Zukunft es; die ernste Hülle
Hat kein den Vorwitz noch geweckt.

Wenn auch der Erde [illegible] zittert,
Der unerschütterte Weise [illegible]
Der [illegible] Natur erschüttert;
Bewußt dem Waltenden vertraut!

Dem Willen und dem treuen Halten
Hat er die Macht der Natur
Im [illegible] selber [illegible],
Der [illegible] umwandelt ihn nur.

Bald ist der Sturm vorübergegangen,
Bald öffnet sich der Sonne Thor,
Und aus dem Schaum [illegible] Wogen
Steig [illegible] die Ruhe [illegible].

Das Orakel der Weisheit.

Unbegreiflicher!
Ewig [illegible] Schicksal [illegible] Sterblichen.
Ausgegossen über die unendliche Erde,
Unendlich für dich,
Aber der Schatten eines Dunkles
Vor dem, der das Unendliche schaut ist.
Du kommst, weißt nicht, woher?
Gehst, weißt nicht, wohin?
— Eingekerkert dein Wissen, krank dein Thun —

Ueber die festen Sonnen und Planeten
In ewiger Jugend,
Schalten und kommen und kennen die Zeit,
Und du, unaussterblich in deiner Gattung,
Lebst nur in diese lange Tage;
Dem Einzelnen ist
Nur ein Athemzug der Zeit vergönnt,
Und in des Lebens Keime
Trägt jeder schon des Todes Wurm.

Ueber dir hin
Wandelt ihren ernsten Gang,
Die Nothwendigkeit.
In ihren diamantnen Rädern
Sinnet sie den Faden des
Unabänderlichen Geschicks,
Und knüpft an ewigen Ketten das All:
Du aber über deinen gestirnten Gräbern
Deinen blumigen Träumen,
Weilest, wie sie will,
Flüchtige Tage,
Augenblicke, Hauche der Zeit,
Augenblicke, oft voll Müh' und Noth,
Die du dir mit Zweifeln [illegible],
Jetzt mit Sorg' und Angst,
Jetzt mit Thorheit verkümmerst und Laster.
Vor allen Kindern der grün geleckten Erde
Gab dir der Schöpfer
Den Blick vorwärts in das Kommende
Und rückwärts in's Vergangene
Und zwischen zwei Welten,
Gedrungen und [illegible],
Stehst du!
Doch Dämmerung nur füllet die Aussicht,
Und schüchterne Strahlen des Morgenrothes
Zittern aus der weiten Ferne.

Vermesse dich nicht, Halbgott zu sein,
Noch verkenne ganz erkennend deinen Blick!
Die vorwitzige Fliege
Schwirrt mit verwegenem Flügel
Nicht ungestraft über des Lichtes [illegible],
Wenn ihre Bahn [illegible]
Sie [illegible] ihren Flug sich giebt.
Trage, nur an die Erde gebunden,
Vom göttlichen Funken in dir nicht belebt,
Nicht höher [illegible] ihn [illegible],
[illegible] sich der Mensch,
Nicht zum [illegible], [illegible] jedes schändenden Thier.

Ich hörte viele Fragen
Vom Orakel der Weisheit;
Tausendmale fragen sie,
Tausendmale [illegible] sie über der Antwort:
Was kann ich wissen? was glauben? was thun?
Wo ist das Orakel der Weisheit?
Ich will den Felsen hinaufklimmen,
Und engen Klippen und Dornen den Pfad,
Ich will den Schweiß nicht scheuen, die Arbeit nicht scheuen,
Ich will die Klippen und Dornen
Dem Willen [illegible],
Am Ziele der [illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible] vom Munde der Himmlische
Die [illegible] Antwort der Worte!

Nicht draußen in der Welt!
Nicht im Dunkel des Hains,
Nicht über [illegible],
Im [illegible] der Worte nicht.
In dir, Mensch, ist das Orakel der Weisheit.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Suche grübelnd den Ewigen nicht,
Du möchteſt ihn ſuchend verlieren!
Glaub' ihn!
Er iſt dir nahe! iſt um dich, über dir! in dir!
Keine Namen bezeichnen ihn, nennen ihn,
Aber dein Herz, wenn du es rein hältſt,
Kündet ihn dir, verbürgt ihn dir,
Und den Regenbogen der Sehnſucht
Nach ihm, dem Unvergänglichen,
Hat er zum Zeichen ſeines Bundes mit dir,
Um die Bruſt dir gelegt,
Und ſein ſchönſtes Kind, die Liebe,
Mit ihrer Schweſter, der Hoffnung,
Zur Braut dir gegeben und Geſpielin.

Ihn ſingt dir die ganze Natur,
Und ſein feurigſter Pſalm
Iſt der wandelnde Sternenhimmel.
Wenig zu wiſſen, und Ihn zu verehren
Sei deine Weisheit!
Such' ihm zu gleichen durch Liebe,
Wie du, der Schwache, ſtark doch in ihm,
Immer vermagſt, und durch Adel reiner That!
Ringe darnach!
Seine Gebote der Liebe
Schrieb ſein Finger der Liebe
Dir in das Herz;
Und lohnte kein Jenſeits,
Und ſtrafte kein Jenſeits,
Gehorche dem warnenden, leitenden!
Das ſchönſte Edelgeſtein
In deiner Freiheit Krone
Iſt dieſer Gehorſam.
Bewahre die Krone,
Die du haſt,
Der Menſchheit Würde!
Ehre dies Diadem, wie es dich ehrt,
Vom Sinnenknechte wie ſo oft entweiht!

Fürchte den Tod nicht
(Daß ſeine Schrecken dich nicht ängſteten,
Ward dir ein holderes Bild von ihm,
Sein Bruder, der Schlaf,
Der Mühentröſter gegeben)
Fürchte den Tod nicht,
Aber veracht' ihn nicht,
Den großen Lehrer,
Den Heiland aus vieler Noth,
Der die Bande dir löſt,
Und vollendet mit dir!
Glaube gewiß, er wird's vollenden!
Glaub' an dich, und hoff' Unſterblichkeit!
Was drüben ſein wird,
Wenn du Gutes rein und treu geübt;
Wohl dir!
Du haſt Gott und dich!

Der Suchende.

Nach Wahrheit hab' ich viel gerungen,
Und frühe war ich nach ihr aus;
Doch iſt mir nicht der Fund gelungen,
Und matt und leer kam ich nach Haus.
Ich fragte groß' und kleine Meiſter,
Doch prüft' ich ſelten recht die Geiſter.

„Ihr Meiſter führt mich zu der Quelle,
Die meiner Seele Frieden ſchafft,
Und zeigt mir die rechte Stelle,
Und aller Weſen Art und Kraft;
Die Ruthe hab' ich in den Händen;
Wohin ſoll zuckend ſie ſich wenden?“

„Daß ſich der Brunnen mir erſchließe
Der Wiſſenſchaft und der Natur,
Und ich die Wahrheit ſelbſt begrüße
Die Wahre, nicht ihr Trugbild nur!“
Sie haben Worte mir gegeben,
Doch in den Worten war kein Leben.

Da ward mir's enge im Gemüthe,
Ich fühlte Pein und Bitterkeit;
Mir welkte des Geiſtes Blüthe
Und jedes Sinnes Heiterkeit:
Als ſo ſich alle Kräfte löſten,
Kam eine Stimme, mich zu tröſten.

„Was drängſt du dich an leere Namen?
Das Edle geht dem Stillen nach:
Suchſt außer dir der Weisheit Samen,
Und hältſt die Demuth gar für Schmach?
Auf, forſche nur bei Luſt und Schmerzen
Die Wahrheit ſtill in deinem Herzen!

„Und lernſt du dich nur ſelbſt verſtehen,
Und biſt nicht fremd im eignen Haus,
Hier wirſt du manches Wunder ſehen;
Hier theil' ich die Orakel aus,
Und die verworrenen Geſtalten
Des Lebens will ich dir entfalten.“

Behalte gläubig das Vertrauen!
Entſchwunden, wie die ferne Zeit,
Hebt mit andächtigem Beſchauen
Sich auf vor dir in Wirklichkeit:
Das Heilige in dem Gemeinen,
Der Geiſt der Welt wird dir erſcheinen.

Stiller Sinn.

Fromm mit liebendem Gemüthe
Feſt vertrau'n der ew'gen Güte,
Ob der Erde Stürme weh'n, —
In des Lebens irrem Treiben
Stets muß doch dies Eine bleiben,
Ohne Wank muß es beſteh'n.

Wenn ich Nachts am Himmel ſchaue
Nach der ſternbeſä'ten Au,
Wo die Wunderblumen blüh'n,
O wie fühl' ich mich beſchwichtigt,
Und den irren Sinn berichtigt,
Nur von reinen Flammen glüh'n.

Schöne Bilder aus der Ferne
Stehn ſie da die goldnen Sterne,
Bilder der Beſtändigkeit,
Bilder ſonnenlautrer Klarheit,
Ewig unverrückter Wahrheit,
Seliger Zufriedenheit.

Traue nur der ew'gen Güte!
Dieſe reine Himmelsblüthe
Blüht auch in der rauhſten Zeit.
Roſen mögen ſich entfärben,
Andre Blumen mögen ſterben,
Bis ſie ſpät der Lenz erneut.

Erde muß, was irdiſch, erben,
Dieſe Blüthe kann nicht ſterben,
Unvergänglich iſt ihr Mai,
Traue nur der ew'gen Güte!
Denn im liebenden Gemüthe
Zeigt ſie dir ſich ewig neu.

Menſchenleben.

Ein Räthſel iſt, ein Irrgewind das Leben!
So haben Weiſ' und Thoren viel geklagt:
Wo mag der Faden Ariadnens ſchweben,
Der aus dem Labyrinthe führt? wer wagt
Des Räthſels Wort uns offenbar zu deuten,
Und aus dem Netz befreiend uns zu leiten?

Durchſchwärmt von der Jugend Zauberſtätten,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Der junge Geiſt auf bis zur neuen Welt,
Im bunten Traum, der wechſelnden Geſtalten;
Er möchte ſie ſo gern auf ewig halten.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Verwandelt jetzt die vor'ge Luſt in Schmerz;
Der friſche Duft des Morgens iſt zerronnen,
Die Luft wird ſchwül, es kommen trüb're Sonnen.

Des Zaubers Reiz weicht bald vor dem Gemeinen
Alltäglichen der ſtarren Wirklichkeit;
Geſpenſter ſieht dein Auge bald erſcheinen,
Wo ſelige Geſtalten dich erfreut.
Umſonſt hinauf blickſt du nach jenen Höhen!
Im Tod will faſt das Leben untergehen.

Hohn wird und Trotz dem Edelſten geboten,
Am offnen Tag tobt zügellos die Macht;
Wo ſie nicht herrſcht, flicht ihre Schlangenknoten
Die Liſt, gehüllt in trügeriſche Nacht;
Die Falſchheit ſtrebt, ſich ſelber zu vergöttern,
Und in den Staub das Recht hinab zu ſchmettern.

Wer rettet uns vor'm eigenen Geſchlechte
Das, wie ſich ſelbſt, ſo mürriſch and're plagt?
O wer zerſtreut vor mir die trüben Nächte,
Und bannt den Gram, der meine Bruſt durchnagt
Daß vor den raubandrängenden Gewalten
Ich doch mir ſelbſt mich dürfte treu erhalten!

Die Wahrheit iſt's, die Schönheit, ihre Schweſter,
Mit jungem Maienlichte angethan,
Sie zieh'n in ſich die Seele wieder feſter,
Und machen ſo dem eignen Frieden Bahn,
Religion mit ihren Götterhänden
Muß der Verſöhnung heil'ges Werk vollenden.

Geebnet ſind des Streites wilde Wellen,
In neuer Klarheit ſiehſt du bald die Welt,
Und Luft und Erd' und Alles ſich erhellen,
Wenn in dem Kampf die eig'ne Luſt nun fällt,
Und haſt du ſie und ſo dich ſelbſt bezwungen,
Ein Himmel iſt aus deiner Bruſt entſprungen.

Ihr heil'gen Drei, aus Gottes Licht geboren,
Wer an ſein Herz euch brüderlich gedrückt,
Wer dort euch fromm die Freiſtatt hat erkoren,
Mit eurem Kranz ſich ſeine Schläfe ſchmückt,
Iſt auf des Lebens nachtumgrauten Straßen,
An eurem Licht vom Lichte nicht verlaſſen.

Im Zeitenſturm feſt ſteht er ohne Wanken,
Zur Höh' hinauf gerichtet ſeinen Blick,
In's Sonnenreich der göttlichen Gedanken,
Und Sorg' und Klag' eilt hinter ihm zurück.
In dieſer Hut, wie's unter ihm auch ſtürmet,
Sein Köſtlichſtes, ſein Glaube bleibt geſchirmet.

Gottlieb Siegmund Corvinus,

als Schriftſteller Amaranthes genannt, ward am 15. Mai 1677 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudierte die Rechte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtarb daſelbſt als Advokat und kaiſerlicher Notarius am 27. Januar 1746.

Von ihm erſchienen, theils unter ſeinem wirklichen Namen theils pſeudonym:

Proben der Poeſie. Leipzig, 1710—11. 2 Thle.
Nutzbares, galantes und curieuſes Frauenzimmerlexikon. Leipzig, 1715.
Reifere Früchte der Poeſie. Leipzig, 1720.
Deutſche Reden von unterſchiedener Gattung. Leipzig, 1734.

Ein Nachfolger und Nachahmer Hoffmannswaldau's und Lohenſteins, deſſen galante und verliebte Gedichte ſchwülſtig und wäſſerig, deſſen Satiren und Epigramme plump und derb ſind.

M. Cosmeli. s. Kosmeli.

Karl Ludwig Coſtenoble.

ward am 25. December 1773 zu Herford geboren, widmete ſich der Bühne und zeichnete als ſich Komiker vortheilhaft aus. — Früher Mitglied des Hamburgiſchen Stadttheaters, nahm er ſpäter einen Ruf als K. K. Hofſchauſpieler in Wien an, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt.

Er gab heraus:

Dramatiſche Spiele. Taſchenbuch für 1810. Hamburg, 1809.
Daſſelbe für 1816. Hamburg, 1816.
Luſtſpiele. Wien, 1829.

C. hat meiſt nur dramatiſche Kleinigkeiten geliefert, welche aber größtentheils ſich einer günſtigen Aufnahme bei ihrer Darſtellung erfreuten, da ſie ſich durch Bühnenkenntniß, Witz, Lebendigkeit und guten Dialog vortheilhaft auszeichnen.

Johann Andreas Cramer.

Dieſem um Deutſchland hoch verdienten Manne iſt von ſeinem Sohne dem vortrefflichen am 27. Februar 1833 zu Kiel verſtorbenen gelehrten Juriſten, Etatsrath A. W. Cramer, ein eben ſo würdiges als originelles Denkmal in deſſen Hauschronik (Hamburg, 1822, S. 225—241) geſetzt, daß wir daher, um ſo mehr als dieſes eigenthümliche Buch im größeren Publicum nur wenig bekannt geworden iſt, ſtatt der gewöhnlichen biographiſchen Notizen hier folgen laſſen, wobei wir uns nur geſtatten hie und wieder die fehlenden Jahrszahlen zu ergänzen. Die Schilderung des Sohnes lautet:

Mein Vater war, wie meine Mutter, aus Sachſen, geboren zu Jöhſtadt oder St. Georgenſtadt im Erzgebirge den 29ſten Januar 1723. Sein Vater war daſelbſt ein lutheriſcher Prieſter, aus Ungarn dahin verjagt. Mein Vater A., wie ich in der Folge, zu Grimma gebildet und in Leipzig ſeit 1742 unter Erneſti, Jöcher und Deyling, wohin er mit 1 Gulden in der Tasche ging und sich durch Hochzeit- und Leichen-Carmina, durch Correcturen bei dem älteren Breitkopf, so wie durch Unterricht seinen Unterhalt erwarb. Magister geworden 1745 las er eine kurze Zeit in Leipzig nicht ohne Beifall, bis er nach*) Crellwitz und Daswitz an der Elbe versetzt ward, auf eine Pönitenz-Pfarre, die ihren Namen von der Geringfügigkeit der Einkünfte hat. Hier heirathete er meine Mutter, nachdem Sprichworte, eine Pfarre will eine Quarre haben, obgleich das Einkommen noch keine 300 Rthlr. betrug und von Leipzig aus ihn seine Freunde, die Gellerte, Rabener, Schlegel, Klopstock fleißig besuchten. Hier wurde der Grund gelegt zu den Beyträgen zum Vergnügen des Verstandes und Witzes, und als diese aufhörten, den Bremischen Beyträgen, Wochenschriften, welche auf die Herstellung der schönen Wissenschaften in Deutschland einen entscheidenden Einfluß gehabt haben und damals um so mehr Leser fanden, als sie der insipiden Gottschedischen Schule entgegen und den Schweizerischen Streitern in die Hände arbeiteten. Hier wurde die Uebersetzung des Chrysostomus, woran auch J. A. Schlegel Antheil hatte, und der Vermischten Schriften angefangen und vollendet und für ihn eine Empfehlung bey den [illegible]. Man kann es nicht leugnen, daß die Theilnahme an dem Schicksale der schönen Literatur sehr allgemein verbreitet war, daß alles mit größerer Liebe aufgenommen wurde, als jetzt, dafür aber auch strenger gesichtet und einer scharfen Kritik unterworfen wurde, die es nicht erlaubte, durch den Klingklang hoher Worte den Kopf und das Herz zu bestechen. So in der schönen Morgenröthe der aufkeimenden Literatur dastehend machte er sich bald als Kanzelredner bekannt, und ein Buß- und Festtag, eine Eruption des Vesuvs oder ein Erdbeben zu Lissabon diente nur dazu, sein Talent zu erhöhen, und ihm den**) Ruf als Hofprediger nach Quedlinburg zu verschaffen. Die Aebtissinn hörte schwer, und was er der Gemeine vorgetragen, mußte er ihr im Kabinette wiederholen. Das lohnte sie ihm dankbar, als er 1754 nach Kopenhagen durch den älteren Bernstorff berufen, daselbst Hofprediger und Professor der Theologie ward. Schon früher war Kirchengeschichte sein Lieblings-Studium. Die Uebersetzung des Bossuet erfolgte, und, was freylich mehr sagen will, die Fortsetzung desselben. Sie ist sein Hauptwerk, ein Werk auf das sich Deutschland etwas zu Gute thun kann. Ein eiserner Fleiß gehörte dazu, sich durch die Nacht der Jahrhunderte durchzuarbeiten. Durch diese Theologaster und Philosophaster, ekelhaft in Hinsicht des Vortrages wie der Sprache und nur wenig anziehend durch ihren Inhalt, Schriftsteller, die, da sie fast insgesammt im Anfange der Buchdruckerkunst erschienen waren, sich zugleich nur wenigen zugänglich zeigten. Hätte nicht die Königliche Bibliothek in Kopenhagen, so reich an Prototypen, daß sie wohl nur noch durch die Mannheimer übertroffen wird, hätte diese, und dann die Helmstädter ihm nicht ihre Schätze freigebig geöffnet, er hätte nicht, und nicht so schreiben gekonnt. Vieles verdankte er jedoch auch der Thottischen, der reichsten Privat-Bibliothek in Europa, ihr, deren Ende so seltsam und traurig war. Man hat eigene Schriften über die Schicksale der Bibliotheken. Die Thottische liefert dazu einen merkwürdigen Beytrag, und da er nicht jedem bekannt ist, so verweile ich einige Augenblicke dabey. Der nun längst verstorbene Geheimerath und frühere Staats-Minister Graf von Thott gehört zu den entschiedensten Bibliomanen, die jemals gelebt haben. Er lebte nur in Büchereien und unter Büchern. Ueberall hatte er seine Emissäre und kein Preis war ihm zu hoch, um eine Seltenheit zu erstehen. Als einst im Haag eine Auction war, hatte er auf eine seltne Ausgabe des Cicero de Officiis unumschränkten Auftrag ertheilt, und sein Commissionär ging zusammen mit einem [illegible], der gleichen Auftrag hatte. Für mehrere Hunderte von Gulden verblieb es Thott, der über seinen Ankauf vergnügt war, und dieses Buch als das wohlfeilste seiner unermeßlichen Bibliothek dem Schaulustigen vorzuzeigen pflegte. Denn, setzte er hinzu, dieser Vorfall verschaffte mir und meinen Aufträgen ein solches Uebergewicht in Holland, daß sich nicht leicht jemand es einkommen ließ, meinen Procenten zu übertreiben. Wie Cujaz, hatte er in seinem Testamente den öffentlichen Verkauf seiner Bibliothek angeordnet, zum Besten, ich erinnere mich nicht mehr, welcher öffentlichen Anstalt: durch Magister der Universität sollte der Katalog angefertigt werden und der Erbe alle Kosten tragen. Da dieser nur auszuzahlen, die Anstalt nur einzunehmen hatte, so bekümmerte sich niemand um den Debit des 13 dicke Bände starken Kataloges, der jetzt eine Seltenheit geworden ist. Er war größtentheils Makulatur, und von auswärts erschienen keine Commissionen. Es wurden die Bücher verschleudert und ein Raub der [illegible]. Wem fallen hier nicht des Volusi cacata Volumina ein und Martial's

> Cordylas madida tegat papyro
> Vel thuris piperisque sit cucullus.

Zuletzt wurden ganze Blätter, ja Bogen auf einmal verkauft. Nur die Prototypen bis zum Jahre 1530, an der Zahl über 6000, wurden von dieser mehr als Babylonischen Zerstreuung gerettet und durch Vermächtniß ein Eigenthum der Königl. Bibliothek. Freilich müssen Bücher zuletzt aus der Welt kommen; wo blieben sie zuletzt. Hat doch Büsching ausgerechnet, daß das Preußische Staatsarchiv in wenig hundert Jahren mehr als den Umfang von Berlin einnehmen müßte. Aber verloren geht denn auch manches Buch, nach welchem man hernach vergebens fragt. Caspar von Barth, — niemand hat wohl mehr gelesen und geschrieben, als der, — Barth, der nebenher einen sonderbaren Bücher-Trödel betrieb, bietet in einem seiner Briefe an Daumius ein Exemplar vom Corpus juris aus, ganz beschrieben von Cujazens Hand. Wo ist es geblieben? Cujaz selbst in seinen Observationen bietet ein anderes aus, in welchem er die Glosse von Anfang bis zu Ende durchcorrigirt. Wo steckt es? Und wäre das nicht ein Fund, jetzt wo sie von so vielen auf jeder Seite citirt wird, so daß man fürchten müßte, in's zwölfte Jahrhundert zurückgesetzt zu werden, wenn's mit der Sache Ernst wäre. Aber die meisten haben sie nicht gelesen. Meinem Exemplare wird's nicht besser ergehen, und dem von Cujazens Operibus, die ich auch durchgekarrt habe und in denen mehr Druckfehler sind, als Tage im Jahre. Das, beste was ich besitze, schreibt sich aus der Thottischen Bibliothek her. Doch ich war ein pauvre diable, und konnte aus den zahlreichen Falten meines engen Geldbeutels kaum einige zwanzig Thaler zusammenscharren, den Durst zu stillen. Welche zahlreichen Vermehrungen würde die [illegible] und Carignansche und [illegible] Bibliothek erhalten haben, hätten sie aus diesem Meere schöpfen können. Bey dieser Unermeßlichkeit der Bücher, war gleichwohl ihr Besitzer so orientirt, daß auch damals, als schon der Krebs ihm das halbe Gesicht geraubt hatte, und eine grünseidene Gardine den Fehl deckte, er dennoch das kleinste Buch im Dunkeln finden konnte.

Aber ich kehre nach dieser Abschweifung zu meinem Vater zurück. Wenige werden ihm nachstudiren [illegible] wenn in der Folge Schröckh und Tennemann auf diesem Felde [illegible] geerntet haben, so darf man daran erinnern, auf welchen Schultern sie gestiegen waren, und daß, wenn mein Vater [illegible] hatte, in diesen [illegible] und Geschmack zu machen, durch jenen [illegible] Bände des [illegible] Staub wieder aufgeregt [illegible]. Für mich und meine Geschwister machten diese Bücher eine lehrreiche Schule der [illegible] [illegible] Allein es [illegible] gleichwohl nicht an [illegible] Oft [illegible] in der Gegenwart des [illegible] meines Vaters, bei [illegible] Neuigkeiten des Tages [illegible], sich gern auch da von Gegenständen der Litetatur unterhielt. Was ich da von dem natürlichen Scharfſinne jener Schriftſteller ausgebildet durch eine haarſcharfe, täglich geübte, Dialektik, hörte, das fand ich ſpäter beſtätigt, als ich mich auf das Studium der Gloſſatoren und Poſtgloſſatoren geworfen hatte, Schriftſteller, die nach dem Untergange der Cujaziſchen Schule man nur ſelten noch hörte und die jetzt als Paradepferde ihre Künſte [illegible] machen müſſen, jetzt, nachdem jene Schule wieder erweckt iſt und in Hugo und Haubold und Savigny und Thibaut und ihren Schülern. Ihr hört dieſe Namen oft von mir nennen. Das würdet Ihr, auch wenn ſie nur meine Freunde wären. Aber ſie ſind mehr; ſie ſind die Stammhalter unſers ganzen Studiums.

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*) 1748.

**) 1750.

Vos etiam seri laudabunt saepe nepotes
Claraque erit scriptis gloria vestra meis.
Hic quoque Sauromatae jam vos novere Getaeque
Et tales animos barbara terra probat.

Aber dennoch wird eine Zeit kommen, und mich dünkt, ſie dämmert ſchon am Horizont herauf, wo auch ſie vergeſſen ſind mit ihren Muſen, und wo über das Gebeine der Nachfolger die Namen der Feldherren verſchollen ſind. Oder erging's nicht ſo den Halbgöttern, Alciat, Duaren, Cujaz, Pithou, Giphanius, die unter den Scheffel geſteckt wurden, um den Treutlern und Lauterbachen, den Struven und Hellfelden Platz zu machen, Ereigniſſe eingeleitet durch das Zeitalter Ludwig des XIV, und durch das Allgemeinmachen der franzöſiſchen Sprache, bis Heineccius kam, mächtig eintrat und die Hyder zertrat, er ein zweiter Reformator, obgleich ſo bisher nicht gewürdigt, weil man zu ſehr an ſeinem Mantel gezupft hat, d. h. an ſeiner Methode. Solche Momente aber ſind es, an die ſich die Litterär-Geſchichte anknüpft, nicht Büchertitel und Namen, mit denen die Kompendien uns zu beſchwichtigen verſuchen. Denn leider treibt ſie ſich noch immer herum in der Kleinmahlerei, ohne die Fresco-Gemählde eines Raphael oder Correggio zu ahnden. Denn freilich an die Fresco-Gemählde wollt ich nicht erinnern, die, ich weiß nicht welche Zeitſchrift ausbietet, und die dennoch nichts als elende Zerrbilder ſind. Möchte ich übrigens mich auch eben ſo der Lectüre der Gloſſatoren des canoniſchen Rechts berühmen können, in die ich nur verſtohlen geblickt, eine von den wenigſten beachtete Fundgrube des hiſtoriſchen Rechts, verwüſtet und öde daliegend, bis es einem [illegible] einfällt, ſie in die Allegate ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen zu ſtoßen. Vah! quantum est, quod nescimus. Und wenn ich das ſo bedenke, ſo kann ich mich kaum des Wunſches enthalten, daß die Büchermacherei für die nächſten zwanzig Jahre geſchloſſen werden möge, durch ein in alle Welt ausgehendes Edict, um die Studien gezwungen rückwärts zu richten, und daß die [illegible] der Gegenwart zurückführe, nicht um es abzuleiten, welchen Ausgang das Repräſentanten-Weſen haben werde, denn wer der Geſchichte auf den Kamm gekommen, der weiß es auch, daß es mit dem ein [illegible] ihres ſchlechten werde, nein, ſondern um ein Heer noch ungeleſener Schriftſteller zu leſen, die nicht für ihre Zeit allein gelebt haben. Aber das ſind eitle Wünſche des ſehnſüchtigen Herzens

Magna nominibus non exaudita malignis.

Darum ſind mir ein Cujaz, und ein Scaliger und [illegible], ein Alciat und Pithou und Gothofred, aus neuerer Zeit ein Mosheim und mein Vater, denn wenige nur können ihnen zur Seite geſtellt werden, ſo ehrwürdige Namen, durch die Unvergleichlichkeit ihrer Doctrin, dadurch daß die Schriftſteller aller Zeiten, aller Zonen, aller Zungen, wie eine General-Karte vor ihnen lagen, wo überall ſie ihre Heimath fanden, fruchtbar für ihren eigenen Geiſt und nicht hemmend die Schärfe ihrer Beurtheilungskraft. Aber dazu bedarfs auch einer eigenen Kunſt des Leſens. Eine Anekdote fällt mir dabei ein, die Klopſtock gern zum Beſten gab. Mein Vater, obgleich im höchſten Grade kurzſichtig, neben ihm der ältere Bernſtorf, wurden allgemein für die ſchnellſten Leſer gehalten. Das Geſpräch verfällt auf dieſen Gegenſtand und eine Wette wird gelegt. Ein Schriftſteller, ein tüchtiger Quartband wird beſtimmt. [illegible] und ein zweiter müſſen ihn ſtudiren, um die Prüfung machen zu können. Die beiden Kandidaten werden eines Sonntags Morgens auf Bernſtorf eingeſperrt. Nach Tiſche iſt die Prüfung und Bernſtorf trägt den Sieg davon, obgleich mein Vater nur um weniges zurückgeblieben war. Unausgemacht blieb es, ob das Auge wirklich alle Buchſtaben erfaßte, oder ob es nur ſchnell die Hauptwörter auflas, um es dem Kopfe zu überlaſſen, den Sinn herauszufinden. Das Spiel hatte jedoch meinen Vater nicht zum Kalmäuſer oder Dintenklecker gemacht, der nur hinter den Schreibtiſch oder nur auf das Katheder gehört hätte. Wer, wie Er, mit der Feder, wie mit dem Pflug bekannt war, der konnte auch Allen Alles ſeyn, wie der Apoſtel will. Ein Geſpräch aus Küch und Keller oder aus dem Waſchhauſe, traf ihn eben ſo kundig, als eins aus dem Ariſtoteles oder dem Duns Scotus. Deshalb ward auch noch im Alter ſeine Unterhaltung vom ſchönen Geſchlechte geſucht. Etwas habe ich von ihm geerbt, und ob Eyer hart oder weich kochen werden, kann ich Euch eben ſo gut theoretiſch oder praktiſch beweiſen.

Der nordiſche Aufſeher, an dem unſre beſten Köpfe Theil nahmen, Klopſtock, der überall zuerſt genannt werden muß, Reſewitz, Schlegel, Baſedow, Gerſtenberg unterſtützten den ſchnell gewachſenen Ruf meines Vaters. Zahlreiche Predigten hatten ihn längſt als einen der erſten Kanzelredner Deutſchlands verehren laſſen, aber um den vollen Genuß ſeiner Beredſamkeit zu haben, mußte man ihn eifern hören über das Unweſen der Zeit, daß wohl ſelbſt Karten in der Kirche geſpielt würden, wie jetzt wohl Tabacksrauch in den Vorleſungen gerochen werden ſoll, gegen die praecepta juris: honeste vivere, neminem laedere, suum cuique tribuere, die ich einmal in ſeiner Dolmetſchung ſo überſetzen hörte: Betrüg' dich nicht, wirf die Fenſter nicht ein und bezahle deine Schulden, — man mußte ſeine ganze Perſönlichkeit vor Augen haben, dieſe ſchöne Stimme, dieſe Haltung, dieſe Mäßigung der Bewegung. Sie ſind verſchwommen im Strome der Zeit dieſe Reden, die manche Thräne ausgepreßt haben. Die Zeit verlangt nur neue Gewächshaus-Sprößlinge, [illegible] und taub, und während ich dieſes ſchreibe, nagt ſie ſich die Zähne ſtumpf an Sommer- und Winter-[illegible], die ſie nicht verdaut, wie jene Bauern. Ich war in einer Kirche, — ſo ward mir, es iſt nicht lange her, erzählt, — in der Nähe des Segeberger Kalkberges, deſſen bindende Kraft unſre Maurer durch die Verfälſchung mit Sand ſo trefflich zu hindern wiſſen. Der Prediger handelt von den Thranlampen der Vernunft im Gegenſatz zu den Fackeln der Bibel, die zu erhalten freilich etwas ſchwerer iſt, als zu [illegible]. Den Bauern ſchwirrte es vor den Ohren, ſie ſteckten die Köpfe zuſammen und fragten ſich, was wohl die Thranlampen bedeuten ſollten? Aber ſie waren bald darüber mit ſich einig, daß es nur ein Stich auf den Bauernſtand ſeyn könne, der ja Thran brenne, und ſchwerlich wird dieſe Predigt ſeinen Opferſtock vermehren, oder den Flachsertrag. Die Dichter werden an meinen Vater erinnert durch ſeinen Luther und Melanchthon, welche unübertroffen geblieben ſind, und ihn Klopſtock zur Seite legen. Seine übrigen Gedichte ſind zwar zahlreich, aber weniger ausgezeichnet durch den [illegible], als durch die Leichtigkeit und Reinheit des Reims und durch eine ungewöhnliche Gewandtheit, ein und denſelben Gedanken in ſtets wechſelnder Wendung und ſchöner Diction auftreten zu laſſen. Mit Recht möchte man ihn Deutſchlands Young nennen können, wenn nicht der Inhalt ſo verſchieden, und hätte dieſer mit gleich reinem Genie [illegible] gedichtet. In den Struenſeeſchen Händeln, in denen er ſeine Entlaſſung als Schloßprediger erhielt, nahm ihn Lübeck [illegible] als Superintendenten auf *). Das hatte

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*) 1771.

nicht, er hätte es gleich durch ſeine Antritts-Predigt verdorben. Denn auftretend mit den Worten: Hier, hier iſt die Quelle des Lebens, verſtanden die Bürger, Bier, Bier iſt die Quelle des Lebens, und konnten nicht begreifen, daß ihr Superintendent ſich zum öffentlichen Panegyriken des Gerſtenſaftes aufwerfe. Im Jahre 1774 folgte er dem Ruf nach Kiel als erſter Theologe, und als Prokanzler. Ihn reizten die vielen Einladungen auf andere Univerſitäten nicht, namentlich als Kanzler nach Göttingen an Mosheims Platz. Kiel, durch Umtauſch eine däniſche Univerſität geworden, ſollte gehoben werden und ſtand wirklich aus ſeiner langen Lethargie glänzend hervor. Auf ſeinen Rath wurden Zachariä, Geyſer, Eckermann, Fuhrmann, Weidenhaver, Trendelenburg, Muſäus, Janſen, Weber, wurden Berger und der Arzt Weber, wurden Tetens, Ehlers, Fabricius, Liangberg gerufen und ließen ein neues Leben erwachen. Das Seminarium der Schullehrer, mit ſeinem unvergeßlichen Müller, eine Buchdruckerei des Waiſenhauſes, ein neuer Landeskatechismus, ein neues Geſangbuch, die Grundlegung einer neuen Kirchenagende, die noch beſtehende Anſtalt zur Bildung und Uebung künftiger Religionslehrer iſt ſein Werk, und in der Schloßkirche ließ er ſich ſelbſt mehrmals hören. Verbeſſert wurden unter ihm die akademiſchen Geſetze und eine Baumſchule angelegt. Was aber dem Lande vorzüglich wohlthätig ward, war die ſtrengere Prüfung der Kandidaten der Theologie und des Rechts. Möchte gleiche Strenge den Medicinern werden, die in einem Rangſtreite mit den Juriſten noch immer ſich bedauern dürfen praecedere debere carnificem latronem. Nur das Gemein-Beſte war ſein Ziel. Starker Körperbau, breite Bruſt, geſunde Lungen unterſtützten ſeine unabläſſige Thätigkeit. Einbildungskraft, Gedächtniß, Beurtheilung, großer Verſtand und Umſichtigkeit ließen ſeinen Vorſchlägen nicht leicht was fehlen, erwarben ihm Eingang bei den Großen, Liebe bei den Untergebenen und Würde im Aeußern. Standhaft wie ein Mann, fühlte er tief und weich. Im Beſitz mehrerer Sprachen, ſprach er das Lateiniſche vorzüglich gut, das Däniſche nur mittelmäßig. Er ſchrieb eine ſehr kleine, dennoch ſchöne und ſehr leſerliche Schrift, und nur ſelten war eine Correctur zu bemerken. Mit Recht zählt man ihn den Beförderern einer gereinigten und aufgeklärten Theologie bey. Denn obgleich ſelbſt dem ältern Syſteme treu, war er gleichwohl der mildeſte Beurtheiler fremden Verdienſtes und miſchte ſich gern aber beſcheiden und duldend in die Streitigkeiten der Kirche. Man hat ſein Verdienſt wohl verkannt hie und da und möchte wohl gern hie und da dran rütteln: aber es wird nicht zurücktreten in das Dunkel der ſchweigenden Nacht, und fortwährend wird es ſeine tief geſenkten Wurzeln zu neuer Saat aufſchießen laſſen.

Mein Vater ſtarb am zwölften Junius 1788 nach einem langen Schmerzenslager an einer der leidenvollſten Krankheit, an der Bruſtwaſſerſucht, verkannt von ſeinen Aerzten, und nur erkannt von Weber, der wohl Freund, aber nicht Arzt des Hauſes war. Er ward es und wer unter uns verdankt ihm nicht ſeine Rettung? ihm, dem Heilkundigen durch Erfahrung, dem, der auf keines als der Natur Wort geſchworen hat, ihm, der auf eine merkwürdige Weiſe kurz darauf ſein eigner Arzt ward. Ein heftiges Nervenfieber hatte ihn auf's Siechbette geworfen, hatte ihn der Beſinnung beraubt. Berger wußte keine Cur und hatte ihn aufgegeben. Eine Mutter wachte die letzte Nacht bei ihm, nebſt jenem jungen Arzte. Der ſtets geübte Zuruf: Kaltes Waſſer auf den Kopf! machte letztern aufmerkſam, auf [illegible] von ihm ſelbſt noch als heilſam anerkannte Cur. Berger [illegible] noch [illegible] doch nichts mehr. Neue Symptome wurden entdeckt, und gerettet war der Kranke.

Mein Vater ſtarb, bis an den letzten Athemzug ſich beſchäftigend mit allem was [illegible] was [illegible] die [illegible] zumal [illegible] durch ſeinen

Reinheit ihre Strahlen verbreitend, beſchäftigte ihn vielfältig. Ich mußte ihm dieſe Cimmeriſchen Nächte vorleſen, abwechſelnd mit Ariſtoteles Politik, die er vorzüglich liebte. Von jener erinnerte er ſich die prima stamina ſchon in einem Schriftſteller des Mittelalters vorgefunden zu haben. Er endete, ſchon verklärt, mit einer Rede an ſeine Gattin und an mich gehalten, gehalten mit einer Beredſamkeit, mit einem Feuer, mit einem Reichthum der ſchönſten und gewählteſten Bilder, wodurch alles übertroffen wurde, was ich je gehört oder geleſen habe. Er endete, — wie komme es aus meinem Gedächtniſſe! — ſeine und meine religiöſen Ueberzeugungen, die er kannte und nie beſtritt, mit einander vergleichend, mit der Aeußerung, daß jenſeits nur der geprüften und überlegten Ueberzeugung, nur dem ernſten Willen und der That ihr Recht widerfahren. Möchten ihn alle gehört haben, die an Verketzerungsſucht kranken! Er endete, ein pietatis idoneus auctor, mit Ermahnungen. — —

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Cramer genoß während ſeines Lebens eines dreifachen Ruhmes als Dichter, Kanzelredner und theologiſcher Schriftſteller, doch ward er von ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen überſchätzt. Als Dichter ſchloß er ſich vorzüglich an Klopſtock an, der ſein vertrauter Freund war, und den er beſonders in ſeinen Oden und Liedern nachzuahmen ſuchte, doch keineswegs erreichte. Es fehlt ihm nicht an Geiſt und Gefühl, wohl aber an poetiſcher Kraft und Erhebung, und er weiß bei der Form [illegible] wo er den höchſten lyriſchen Schwung zu nehmen ſucht. Den größten Beifall erwarben ſich zu ihrer Zeit ſeine beiden Gedichte auf Luther und Melanchthon; doch ſind auch dieſe viel zu rhetoriſch gehalten. Sprache und Vers [illegible] ſich in allen ſeinen Ver-

[illegible]

Luther

eine Ode.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Nicht Zauberworte ſind es, die wir hören;
Mit unſrer Zunge ſpricht die Lehrerin
Vom Himmel, und nun ſtrömen ihre Lehren
Von ihren Lippen in den Sinn.
Germanien frolocke! denn ſie ſpricht
Die Sprache, welche dein iſt, welche nicht
Sich mit dem Raub undeutſcher Zungen brüſtet,
Durch keine Barbarey entweiht,
Reich durch ſich ſelbſt, und itzo zum Streit
Auch mit dem Chriſten gerüſtet.

Wie ſie, daß er nicht ſeines Zieles fehle,
Auch aller ihrer Feſſeln Zwang beſiegt,
Und frey den hohen Flug mit ſeiner Seele
Geflügelten Gedanken fliegt;
Bald Donner und bald ſanftre Melodey,
Und was er will! des Wahnes Barbarey
Betäubt nicht mehr mit fremden Zauberſtimmen!
Der Geiſt iſt feſſellos und [illegible]
Die Wahrheit ſelbſt, zwingt ihn zur [illegible]
Nicht feig mehr! Mag er doch ergrimmen!

Heil dem, der Gott will dienen! das verwundert
Europa ſich und glaubts kaum! Er iſt da,
Der Tag der Freyheit, den ſich manch Jahrhundert
Erſeufzet hätt, aber ihn nicht ſah!
Zürn oder traure; denn man wird nicht mehr
Gebein zu kaufen, als obs heilig wär,
O Rom, zu deinen Katakomben wallen!
Wo iſt nun, Völkerkönigin,
Dein Bann und Wucher und Gewinn?
Es iſt die Königin gefallen!

Geſtürzt! Obgleich in ihren Finſterniſſen
Gewitter brauſen, und auch Fürſten ſich,
Weil ſie nicht deinen Werth, o Wahrheit, wiſſen,
Zu Hauf verſammeln wider dich!
Da ſteht der Mann des Herrn, ein Fels im Meer,
Ragt über ſeine Wogen um ſich her
Und, Volk Thuiskons, über deine Fürſten;
Verläugnet nicht, wie Rom auch droht,
(Sein Trotz iſt Gott und ſein Gebot;)
Die ſo nach ſeinem Blute dürſten.

Er ſteht, ein Fels, und ſpricht, die ihn verdammen,
Vom Joche frey; der edle deutſche Mann!
Die Thronen ſtehn, und ſtürzen nicht zuſammen
Vom Interdikt aus Rom, vom Bann!
Der Glaub erhebt noch ſtrahlender ſein Haupt:
Germanien wird immer heller, glaubt
Und mit ihm glaubt der ferne Brudernorden.
Du biſt nicht mehr des Wahnes Sohn,
Biſt wieder, o Religion,
Der Jugend Licht und Troſt geworden.

Nicht mehr des Aufruhrs Fackel, der Empörer
Panier nicht, nur der Völker Sicherheit
Giebſt du den Königen, den Bürgern Lehrer
Der Treue, der Gerechtigkeit,
Zu deinen Füßen krümmt das Laſter ſich;
Der Tugenden Gefolg umringet dich
Und ſteigt mit dir herab von deiner Höhe!
Nun iſt nur fromm, was Gott gebeut,
Und Völkern nützt! Auch iſt der Eid
Feſt, heilig! Heilig iſt die Ehe!

Noch irren in den erſten Finſterniſſen
Der Völker viel und ſehn die Sonne nicht:
Doch ferner ſind auch da ſchon die Gewiſſen
Und fürchten weniger das Licht!
Und werden heller! Leichter wird das Joch
Des Wahnes, das ſie belaſtet, das ſie noch,
Als wär es durch ſein Alter heilig, ehren!
Das thuſt du, edler deutſcher Mann,
Das hat der Herr durch dich gethan,
Durch Wunder nicht, durch deine Lehren!

Und durch dein Leben! Wie haſt du [illegible],
Wie Glauben deine treue Bruſt erfüllt,
Daß keinem Irrthum je am Eifer [illegible]
Daß du ein Menſch warſt, [illegible]!
Als Vater, Mann und Freund und Unterthan,
Für deinen [illegible], glaubt [illegible]
Zu himmliſchen [illegible]
Glaubſt gern und [illegible]
Dein Glück hier, trotz des Wahnes Spott,
Ein keuſches Weib und eine Hütte!

Wer hatte mehr als du der hohen Gaben?
Wer flammte mehr fürs Evangelium?
Wie du voll Selbſtgefühl, und doch erhaben
Hoch über Stolz und Eigenruhm!
Wer war mehr Eifer! Mehr des Irrthums Feind?
Mehr kein Verfolger, und mehr Menſchenfreund!
Wer kämpfte ſo wie du, der Wahrheit Kriege!
Doch kämpfteſt du für ſie allein,
Und wollteſt gern vergeſſen ſeyn,
Vergeſſen gern in ihrem Siege.

Er wirds nicht ſeyn, er ſolls, er kanns nicht werden!
Sein Name ſpottet der Vergänglichkeit,
So noch ein Deutſcher iſt, ein Chriſt auf Erden,
Der frey und fromm zu ſeyn ſich freut.
Thuiskons Volk ſpricht keinem fremden Hohn,
Nach eine Stelle, eitel jede Nation,
Wenn auch der Neid von ſeinem Werthe ſchweiget;
Doch einen theurern edlern Mann,
Als Luther war, der edle Mann,
Hat keine Nation gezeuget.

Sein Name ſey dir heilig, ewig theuer:
Flieh, Volk, das Sklaverey mehr haßt, als Tod,
Des Spottes Frevel, fleuch dies Ungeheuer,
Das neue härtre Ketten droht!
Italien gehorcht, und Gallien
Hats aufgeleugt, und ach! Britannien,
Es waren Britten, die ihm Waffen gaben!
Zermalmt hätt er ſie; würd entbrannt
Vom Himmel dich, mein Vaterland,
Vor ſeiner Peſt beſchirmet haben!

Gedanken über die Frage: Warum die Schriften wider die Religion ſo viel Aufſehen machen?*)

Wenn man eine Menge freygeiſteriſcher Schriften mit Aufmerkſamkeit und mit unpartheyiſchen Augen geleſen hat, und von ihrem geringen Werthe überführet iſt, ſo ſollte man vielleicht glauben, daß eine Schrift wider die Religion gar kein Aufſehen machen könnte. Allein die Erfahrung lehret das Gegentheil. Eine Schrift wider die Religion, ſie mag ſo elend ſeyn, als ſie will, bleibt niemals oder nur ſehr ſelten in der Dunkelheit, worinnen ſie begraben ſeyn ſollte. Die allgemeine Urſache davon iſt freylich die natürliche Abneigung des menſchlichen Herzens wider die ſtrenge Tugend, welche die Offenbarung verlangt. Doch ſie iſt nicht die einzige, und man kann noch einige andre Urſachen angeben, die eben ſo viel als jene zu dem Aufſehen beytragen, das freygeiſteriſche Schriften machen. Dieſe ſind der Schein der Neuheit, der Schein der Verwägenheit, und die Seltenheit ſolcher Bücher.

Der menſchliche Verſtand, der nicht allezeit ſo ſtolz iſt, daß er ſich nicht in tauſend Dingen beherrſchen laſſen, und ein freywilliger und mehr als demüthiger Sclave werden ſollte, verlangt nur in Meynungen, welche die Religion angehen, eine Freyheit ohne Einſchränkung und Grenzen. Daher kömmt es, daß der Schein der Neuheit, wenn er wider die Religion iſt, ſo viel Gewalt über uns hat. In allen andern Dingen muß eine Meynung noch mehr als neu ſeyn, wenn ſie Beyfall finden ſoll. Sie veraltet mit der Zeit, ſie ſey auch noch ſo ungewöhnlich, und wenn ſie falſch iſt, verliert ſie ihr Anſehen ſehr bald und wird vergeſſen. Man mag ſie wieder hervorſuchen; man mag ihr eine neue Einkleidung geben; ſie bleibt alt, und hier iſt der menſchliche Verſtand allzu ehrgeizig, als daß er ſich mehr als einmal hintergehen laſſen ſollte. Nur in demjenigen, was die Religion angeht, vergißt er ſeinen Ehrgeiz, und ſeine [illegible], Einwürfe, ewiger Zweifel und Einfälle bleiben ihm immer neu und ungewöhnlich. Wie oft ſind ſie nicht widerlegt und beſchämt, wiederholt und doch nicht veraltet worden! Schon die Verſchiedenheit der Sprache iſt allein hinreichend, ihnen das Anſehen der Neuheit zu erhalten. Ein engliſcher Freygeiſt ſagt etwas wider die Religion, das iſt neu;

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*) Aus den vermiſchten Schriften Joh. And. Cramers. Kopenhagen und Leipzig. 1757.

ein ſcharfer Verſtand ſagt eben das, und zwar nicht einmal mit [illegible] und der Schönheit, als [illegible], und das iſt auch [illegible]. Wenn uns das nicht zeigt, wie klein unſer Verſtand iſt, ſo weiß ich nicht, was unſern Stolz demüthigen ſoll.

Es iſt wahr, der Betrug hat vielerley Geſtalten angenommen; aber es iſt doch allezeit eben der Betrug geweſen. Darum haben die Feinde der Religion ihre ungerechte Sache immer ſich aufrecht zu erhalten geſucht, daß ſie einiger Zweifel und Einwürfe nach der Mannichfaltigkeit der menſchlichen Gemüthsarten vielfältig zu verändern geſucht haben. Einige wählten ſich einen Betrug, der eine tiefſinnige Miene, und das Anſehen der Scharfſinnigkeit, Vernunft und Gelehrſamkeit hat, die alles aus dem Grunde zu unterſuchen ſcheint. Daher ſehen einige Schriften wider die Religion ſo metaphyſiſch und mathematiſch aus. Andre lieben den Betrug mit einem luſtigen und ſpottenden Angeſichte, der ihnen den ſchlüpfrigen Weg, den ſie gern betreten wollen, mit Blumen und Kränzen beſtreuen ſoll. Daher kommen die Spöttereyen über die Schrift, die Erdichtungen eines [illegible] Witzes, und die Allegorien, in welche ſie ihre Einwürfe als Räthſel einhüllen, damit ſie dieſelben in [illegible] und in einem [illegible] Schauſpiel erfüllen können. Ein Buch mit einem Schauſpiel! Können wohl die Vertheidiger der Offenbarung ſolche vortreffliche Werke aufweiſen! Man kann diejenigen, welche die Religion durch einen muthwilligen Scherz lächerlich machen wollen, mit den Prieſtern des Molochs vergleichen, welche der Grauſamkeit, womit ſie junge unſchuldige Kinder aufopferten, durch eine wilde jauchzende Muſik ein fröliches Anſehen zu geben ſuchten. Noch andre lieben einen ſcheinheiligen Betrug, der ihnen Tugend und ſo gar Frömmigkeit zu erzeigen ſcheint, und ſie doch von dem Gehorſame gegen die Offenbarung befreyt. Ein andächtiger Freygeiſt, das iſt etwas, das gar zu neu und ſeltſam iſt. Wenn man die Frömmigkeit von einem Freygeiſte lernen kann, wozu braucht man die Lehrer der Offenbarung? Was verlangen dieſe mehr? Eine neue Maske! nur Schade, daß es eine Maske iſt. In ſo viel neue Geſtalten haben die ausländiſchen Freygeiſter ihren Haß gegen die Religion zu verkleiden geſucht! Die deutſchen Deiſten geben ſich ſo viel Mühe nicht. Sie tragen ihre Einwürfe wider die Religion ſo ſchon vor, daß ein Tindal oder Collin durch einen Edelmann und andre ſolche deutſche Freygeiſter vielleicht am leichteſten hätten bekehrt werden können.

Das Anſehen der Verwegenheit, welches die Schriften wider die Religion haben, iſt auch eine Urſache, warum ſie bey denen ſo viel Eindruck machen, die entweder im Herzen ſchon mit der Religion unzufrieden ſind, und ſich nur nicht getrauen ihre Unzufriedenheit zu äußern, oder die zum wenigſten von der Religion noch keine recht feſte und gewiſſe Ueberzeugung haben. Die Verwegenheit erwirbt ſich allemal eine gewiſſe Ehrfurcht, wenn ſie auch tadelhaft iſt, und ſo gar wenn ſie beſtraft zu werden verdient. Sich wider Lehren aufzulehnen, die ſo viele und ſtarke Beweiſe der Wahrheit für ſich haben, das iſt dem menſchlichen Stolze ein angenehmes Schauſpiel. Er glaubt eine gewiſſe Größe des Geiſtes darinnen zu bemerken, die er bey der Unterwürfigkeit gegen den Glauben nicht zu entdecken glaubt. Mit dem Gehorſame gegen die Offenbarung ſcheint einige Furcht verbunden zu ſeyn; ein Freygeiſt hingegen ſcheint nichts zu fürchten. Man bildet ſich aber ein, daß der größer ſey, der nichts fürchtet. Doch man betrügt ſich ſehr, wenn man nur die Verwegenheit der Feinde der Religion näher kennen lernen will. Verdient ein Aufrührer und Rebell ſo viel Hochachtung, als ein getreuer Unterthan ſeines Fürſten? Es iſt zwiſchen einem Leichtgläubigen, und zwiſchen einem Ungläubigen kein andrer Unterſchied, als dieſer, daß die Raſerey des letztern vielleicht eine größre Unordnung im Körper anzeigt, als die Schwachheit und Ohnmacht des andern. Es wäre eben ſo lächerlich, die Kühnheit der Feinde der Religion für eine außerordentliche Stärke des Geiſtes zu halten, als es lächerlich wäre, die natürliche Stärke eines Raſenden zu bewundern.

Unterdeſſen iſt es dieſe falſche Ehre, welche ſowohl die Feinde der Religion zu ihren Unternehmungen antreibt, als auch eine allgemeine Verachtung ihrer Schriften verhindert. Die meiſten Menſchen wählen ſich eine Religion, die allgemein iſt, nicht [illegible], und wenn ſie auch falſch ſeyn ſollte. Wenn es aber andre thun, ſo ſehen ſie ſolches als einen Muth an, und [illegible] begriffen wollen ſich ihnen [illegible], daß ſie ihn zu bewundern und mit ihrem Beyfall zu [illegible] ſuchen. Wenn die Feinde der Religion und ihre Schriften nicht ſo bekannt wären, als ſie ſind, [illegible] die allgemeine Verachtung diejenigen, welche ſich der Wahrheit annehmen. Es würden [illegible] Schriften wider die Religion nicht ſo viel Aufſehen verurſachen, und in einer ewigen [illegible]dienten Dunkelheit begraben bleiben, wenn ſie entweder gar nicht, oder nicht zu zeitig widerlegt würden. [illegible] iſt nicht, daß ich ein Beyſpiel anführe, der Beweis, daß der Menſch eine Maſchine ſey, und wie viele haben ſich nicht gefunden, die denſelben einer Widerlegung würdig gefunden haben! Viele Schriften werden erſt verwegen, weil ſie für verwegen und kühn gehalten werden.

In der That ſind die Verfaſſer der Schriften wider die Religion nicht allezeit diejenigen, die viel Witz haben. Wie viele giebt es nicht, deren ganze Verwegenheit der Hunger iſt! Würde ihnen die Muth nicht von einer [illegible] Gewinnſucht beſeelt, ſo würden ſie vielleicht bey aller ihrer Unwiſſenheit ſo kühn, und ſchrieben für die Religion, wenn ſie nur wüßten, daß ſie eben ſo viel dabey gewinnen würden. Es iſt eine bekannte Wahrheit, daß die Freygeiſter in verdrießlichen Umſtänden die [illegible] Verfaſſer ſind. Sie ſind die ausſchweifendſten Leute nicht, die ſie zu ſeyn ſich einbilden, und weil geſehen, daß ſie ſich von dem großen Haufen abſonderten, weil ſie eine Religion nicht annehmen, die ſo ſehr beliebt iſt, daß ſie ſich vielmehr eben zu dem großen Haufen halten. Es iſt wahr, daß es mehr heimliche Verächter der Religion, als offenbare Feinde derſelben giebt. Das kommt aber nicht daher, daß ſo viel Muth und Verwegenheit dazu erfordert wird, ihre Wahrheit zu leugnen, und dieſe Verleugnung durch einige Zweifel und ſcheinbare Gründe zu rechtfertigen. Das kommt von der natürlichen Trägheit der Menſchen her. Die Freygeiſter haben eine große Menge von Laſterhaften und Gleichgültigen zu Geſellſchaftern, die eben ſo muthig ſeyn würden, als ſie, wenn ſie bey ihrem Unglauben nicht die Ruhe und Bequemlichkeit ſo ſehr liebten. Ein jeder Freygeiſt will nicht auch Autor ſeyn.

Doch man kann ſo freygebig ſeyn, und den Freygeiſtern den Ruhm der Verwegenheit laſſen, einen Ruhm, den niemals ein Vernünftiger ſuchen wird. So viel lehrt uns ihre Geſchichte, daß die Verwegenheit ihrer Meynungen und Einwürfe von Zeit zu Zeit abgenommen hat. Die Verfaſſer derſelben hatten weit größre Abſichten. Sie wollten alle Religion umſtürzen, und ſuchten allen Glauben eines Gottes aus der Welt auszurotten. Gegen dieſe Verwegnen ſind die jetzigen Ungläubigen mit allem ihrem Muthe nur Kinder. Die Atheiſten haben ſich in Deiſten verwandelt. Der Unglaube ſuchte den Verluſt des Muthes durch die Liſt zu erſetzen. Es ſchien, als wollte er ſich der Ehre der natürlichen Religion wider die geoffenbarte annehmen, indem er behauptete, daß jene zureichend, und dieſe falſch und ungegründet wäre. Er beredete ſich, daß der Umſturz der Offenbarung mit der Zeit auch den Umſturz der natürlichen Religion nach ſich ziehen würde. Als er verzweifeln mußte, bey dieſem Anfalle den Sieg davon zu tragen, weil alle Einwürfe und Zweifel ſo wohl wider die Geſchichte des Glaubens, als wider die darauf gebauten Lehren, unwiderleglich beantwortet wurden: ſo wandte er ſich auf eine andere Seite, gieng bey der chriſtlichen Religion, als einer unüberwindlichen Feſtung vorbey, und fiel die jüdiſche Religion und das Anſehen des erſten göttlichen Geſetzgebers an. Die Freygeiſter ſcheinen einzuſehen, daß auf dieſer Seite auch nichts auszurichten ſeyn werde, und aus Verdruß darüber wenden ſie die Waffen wider ſich ſelbſt, und meynen nun keine Seele, keine Vernunft und keinen Willen mehr haben. Sie gleichen denen, die in ihr eigen Schwerdt fallen, weil ſie ihren Gegner nicht überwältigen können. Das iſt die Geſchichte des Unglaubens der neuern Zeiten im Kleinen. Zeigt ſie nicht deutlich, daß die Feinde der Religion von Zeit zu Zeit kleinmüthiger und verzagter werden?

Ein Feind ſieht oft im Dunkeln und von weitem gefährlicher aus, als er iſt, wenn man ihn am Tage in der Nähe betrachten kann. Dieſes Schickſal haben die meiſten Schriften wider die Religion. Sie ſind ſelten, und man muß viel aufwenden, ehe man ihrer habhaft werden kann. Die Seltenheit ſollte eben ein Beweis von ihrem ſchlechten Gehalte ſeyn. Allein diejenigen, welche die freygeiſteriſchen Bücher aus Liebe zu ihren Seltenheiten aufſuchen, wollen weder ihre Mühe noch ihren Aufwand ganz verloren haben. Sie möchten ſich gern in ihren eignen Augen der Thorheit nicht ſchuldig wiſſen, vergeblich auf [illegible] gefallen, und einige Einwürfe für wichtige Gründe bezahlt zu haben. Sie nehmen ihren ganzen Witz zuſammen, einem Scharfſinne und Vortrefflichkeit [illegible] zu finden. Wie leicht betrügt man ſich, wenn man ſich betrügen will!

Die Sammlung der engliſchen Schriften enthält gemeiniglich [illegible]. Sie [illegible] nichts Wichtiges, ſie zu widerlegen. Denn wenn ſie gleich weder ſo gründlich noch ſo ſchön ſind, daß ſie bey vernünftigen Menſchen einen Eindruck machen ſollten, ſo iſt ſie doch [illegible] genug, unter dem unwiſſenden und leichtſinnigen Theil der Schüler angenehm, und die Zahl der gemeinen [illegible] zu ſtören. Eine gründliche Widerlegung iſt nicht allemal hinlänglich, dieſen Schaden zu verhindern. Denn ſie iſt ohne Nutzen, wenn ſie nicht geleſen wird. Eine obrigkeitliche Unterdrückung ſolcher Schriften iſt das kürzeſte und ſicherſte Mittel, einem allgemeinern Unheile vorzubauen. Ich will itzt nicht ſagen, daß es der Obrigkeit anſtändig iſt, gegen alles, was die Säulen der öffentlichen Ruhe und Sicherheit wankend machen kann, einen gerechten Unwillen zu äußern. Ich will nur ſagen, daß man in dem Falle die Obrigkeit nicht mit Recht einer Tyranney über die Gewiſſen beſchuldigen kann. Es iſt nicht erlaubt, der Freyheit zu denken mit dem weltlichen Arme Geſetze vorzuſchreiben. Dergleichen Unternehmungen würden auch fruchtlos ſeyn. Sie darf nicht mit Feuer und Schwerdt wehren, daß jemand irre. Aber das kann ſie von ihren Unterthanen verlangen, daß ſie ihre Irrthümer nicht ausbreiten, andre, die noch nicht irren, damit anſtecken, und das Laſter einführen. Allein indem einem größern Uebel geſteuert wird, kann die Obrigkeit einem geringern nicht ausweichen. Man vergißt, oder verleugnet die wahren Abſichten derſelben bey der Unterdrückung der Schriften wider die Religion, und man glaubt, daß man ſie unterſagt, weil man ſie nicht widerlegen könne. Man glaubt eine gute Gelegenheit zu haben, eine geheimnißvolle Miene wider die Religion anzunehmen; ſich vom böſen Gewiſſen der Geiſtlichen etwas ins Ohr zu ſagen; über die Einfalt der Obrigkeit, die ſich von der Herrſchſucht der Cleriſey verleiten laſſen, die edle Freyheit zu denken verbieten, die Achſeln zu zucken; das Anſehen zu gewinnen, als wenn ſich wider das Chriſtenthum viel Unbeantwortliches einzuwenden habe, wenn man nur laut reden dürfte, und nicht gleich verfolgt zu werden befürchten müßte. Je ſeltner alſo die Schrift eines Freygeiſtes iſt, und je dunkler die Finſterniß, in der ſie ſchleicht, deſto gefährlicher wird ſie denen, die die Gefahr lieben. Allein darum erlangt nichts den Vorzug der Gründlichkeit, weil es ſelten iſt, wie ein Schatten in der Nacht nichts Selbſtſtändiges wird, weil ſich auch wohl Herzhafte davor entſetzen.

Gedanken von der Gefälligkeit.*)

Die meiſten Menſchen lieben die Tugenden wegen des Nutzens, den ſie haben, und ſie ſind darüber nicht zu tadeln, wenn ſie nur ihre wahren Vortheile kennen, und ſich ſelbſt durch keine falſchen Vorſtellungen hintergehen. Denn man beſitzt erſt von dem weiten Umfange und eigentlichen Werthe ihrer Vollkommenheiten eine genaue Kenntniß, wenn man ihre glücklichen Folgen überſieht. Und dieſe vollkommene Kenntniß iſt zu einer wahren feurigen Liebe der Tugend unentbehrlich. Diejenigen alſo, welche die Gefälligkeit darum hochhalten, weil ſie nützlich iſt, verdienen ſo wenig Vorwürfe, ſo wenig ſie die verdienen, welche den Reichthum lieben, weil ſie mit ſeiner Hülfe auf eine bequeme Art ſowohl ihre eigene Glückſeligkeit, als auch die Wohlfarth ihrer Nebenmenſchen befördern können. Die Gefälligkeit iſt eine moraliſche Vollkommenheit, ohne welche andre geſellſchaftliche Tugenden kaum beſtehen, ſich äußern, und liebenswürdig ſeyn können. Wenn der Ausſpruch eines alten Weltweiſen wahr iſt, daß die Eintracht und die Freundſchaft die Urſachen des fortdauernden Daſeyns der Welt ſind: So iſt gewiß, daß ſie es nicht ſeyn können, wenn ſie nicht gefällig ſind. Eine Freygebigkeit ohne Gefälligkeit verdienet ein kleines Lob, und ſo verhält es ſich mit allen andern Tugenden, welche zur Glückſeligkeit der Menſchen unter einander nöthig ſind. Die Gefälligkeit iſt die Seele des Umganges, und das Vergnügen aller Geſellſchaften lebt mit ihr und ſtirbt mit ihr. Wie verdienen nicht die Vortheile einer ſolchen Tugend auf verſchiedenen Seiten gezeigt zu werden!

Man kann die Gefälligkeit entweder als eine Neigung und Eigenſchaft der menſchlichen Seele, oder als eine äußerliche Handlung betrachten. Sieht man dieſe Tugend als eine Neigung an, ſo iſt ſie eine Begierde, ſich durch ſein äußerliches Verhalten andern Menſchen angenehm zu machen. Betrachtet man die Gefälligkeit als eine Handlung, ſo iſt ſie das äußerliche Verfahren, durch welches man andern angenehm wird. Man kann nicht beſtimmen, worinnen dieſes äußerliche Verfahren beſtehe, weil es gar zu viele Arten giebt, angenehm zu ſeyn. Unterdeß iſt dieſe Erklärung des Wortes nach dem Gebrauche im gemeinen Leben richtig. Selbſt die weiſeſte und einem tugendhaften Manne anſtändigſte Gefälligkeit kann dieſe Erklärung billigen. Clorindo iſt ein junger Herr; er iſt wohlgewachſen, und dieſes iſt ſchon eine liebenswürdige Eigenſchaft für viele von dem ſchönen Geſchlechte. Er kann mit einem lächelndem Geſichte lange Zeit reden, ohne zu merken, daß er nichts geſagt hat; er bückt ſich mit einer hinreißenden Höflichkeit; er weiß das Schnupftuch, das einer Dame entfallen iſt, mit ſo vieler Welt aufzuheben, daß man entzückt wird; er giebt einer jeden in allem Recht, und wenn ſie auch die deutlichſten Unwahrheiten ſagen ſollte. Was iſt Clorindo nicht für ein gefälliger und artiger Herr, ſagt Lucinde! Wie er zu gefallen weiß! Und warum gefällt er doch Lucinden? Weil ihr ſein Aeußerliches angenehm iſt. Er hat ſie tauſendmal verſichert, daß alles, was ſie ſaget, einnehmend und vortrefflich iſt. Sie ſagt aber viel, und ſelten etwas, das aufrichtige Lobſprüche verdient. Es iſt keine Spitze, kein Schminkpfläſterchen, keine Geſchmeide an Lucinden, das er nicht zwanzigmal bewundert, das er nicht für beſſer und artiger, als den Schmuck anderer Damen ausgegeben hätte. Er ſchmeichelt mit einem Worte in allen ſeinen Geberden und mit jeder Sylbe, die er ſpricht, Lucindens Eitelkeit. Lucinde würde ihm ohne Zweifel den Ruhm der Gefälligkeit nicht ertheilen, wenn ſie wüßte, daß er eben die Schmeicheleyen, die er ihr vorſagt, andern Frauenzimmern auch vorſagte. Denn auf dieſe Art erhält ſie keinen Vorzug vor andern. Man ſieht, daß Clorindo die wahre Gefälligkeit nicht beſitzt, weil er den Ruhm einer ſo ſeltenen Eigenſchaft auch von andern eben ſo leicht erhalten kann, ohne Tugenden nöthig zu haben.

Fillidor iſt ein eingebildeter Junker vom Lande, der keine andern Verdienſte, als einige große Rittergüter hat. Es iſt andem, wenn das Gute allezeit wahr iſt, was man von ſich ſelbſt ſaget, ſo hat kein Menſch ſo viele rühmliche Eigenſchaften als er. Denn er redet allezeit das Beſte von ſich ſelbſt. Ohne Zweifel rühmen ihn andre nicht, weil ſie nicht ſo viel Schmeichelhaftes von ihm ſagen können, als er ſelbſt von ſich ſagt. Alle diejenigen, die keine Federbüſche tragen, ſind in ſeinen Augen verächtliche Geſchöpfe, und genießen nur das Daſeyn, damit ſie ſeine gehorſamen Diener heißen können, wie er ſich darum nur gebohren zu ſeyn einbildet, damit er der Bürger und vornehmlich ſeiner Bauern gnädiger und wohlgebohrner Herr ſeyn möge. Man begreift, daß ihn dieſer unedle Stolz nicht angenehm macht. Gleichwohl erhält er bey vielen Vornehmen den Ruhm eines gefälligen Herrn. Aber wodurch macht er ſich ihnen angenehm? Er iſt in einer Geſellſchaft Damen, welche nicht allein von Bürgern, ſondern auch von andern Abweſenden, die ihr höherer Stand vor ihrer Zunge ſchützen ſollte, ſo viel Böſes reden, als ſie wünſchen, daß man Gutes von ihnen ſagen möge. Man kann alſo leicht denken, daß ſie ſehr viel Böſes von ihnen vorbringen müſſen. Fillidor weiß das Geheimniß, ſo viel Bosheit zu haben, als ſie, und ihnen die Schmeicheleyen zu ſagen, die ſie wünſchen. Alle andre Leute ſind nicht ſo reich, ſo vornehm und ritterlich, wie dieſe ausgeſuchte Geſellſchaft. Sie kennen doch, ſagte die Frau von Sandbuſch, ſie kennen doch den Herrn, der nicht weit von Ihnen ein Gut beſitzt, das er wohl ſeiner Schulden wegen bald verkaufen wird! Was er nicht für eine armſelige Kutſche hat; und für einen armſeligen Jäger; was für eine armſelige Livrey! Sie haben Recht, gnädige Frau, antwortete Fillidor, es geht ſehr bürgerlich auf ſeinem Hofe zu. Sehen ſie einmal unſre Kutſchen an! Meine zum wenigſten koſtet mir mit den Pferden und Dienern tauſend Thaler; Aber was ſind das auch für Pferde! Pferde aus Polen! Ha ſo! aus Polen! Aber ſie kennen doch den Herrn . . . Den Herrn? fängt eine andere an. Der Sohn hat, glaube ich, eine Bürgerliche geheurathet. Geheurathet ſage ich. Ja, fängt Fillidor wieder an, ich habe ihm ſeitdem oft geſagt, daß er kein rechtſchaffener Edelmann mehr iſt. Allein er hat kein Herz mehr, nachdem er ſich mit Bürgern eingelaſſen hat. Dieſe Geſellſchaft nun rühmet den gnädigen Herrn Fillidor als einen gefälligen und artigen Herrn überall; weil er in ſeinem äußerlichen Betragen ihren Leidenſchaften ſchmeichelt. Freylich erhält er den Ruhm der Gefälligkeit bey andern nicht, welche mit ihren Verdienſten ihrer Geburt und ihrem Range Ehre machen, die aber ſeines unedlen Stolzes wegen ſeiner angebornen Vorzüge unwerth achten, und ſeiner ſpotten. Warum gefällt Aquila dem Timamet, dieſem hohlen Grübler in den Alterthümern, in Seltenheiten und Bildern? Weil er, wenn er bey ihm iſt, von Steinen, Marmorn, Kupferſtichen, Statuen, Amphitheatern, römiſchen Begräbniſſen und andern ſolchen Merkwürdigkeiten redet, denn ſie ſind die Leidenſchaft des Timamet. Aus dieſen Beyſpielen iſt gewiß, daß der Verſtand derjenigen, welche den Namen der Gefälligen erhalten, [illegible] angenehm gemacht ſeyn [illegible].

Dieſe Beyſpiele aber ſollen nur die Mühe erleichtern, die wahre Gefälligkeit von den ähnlichen [illegible] zu unterſcheiden. Eine Gefälligkeit, welche der Tugend [illegible] liegt, [illegible] und den [illegible] Eigenſchaften der [illegible] ſchen Liebkoſer, verdienet dieſen Namen nicht. Man vermengt die Gefälligkeit und Schmeicheley nur gar zu oft mit einander. Ein Schmeichler, welcher die niedrigſten Thaten ſeiner gnädigen Gönner für ruhmwürdige Handlungen ausgiebt, welcher Tugenden an ihnen erhebt, die er ihnen andichtet, deſſen Lobſprüche für ſo viel Beſchimpfungen hätten gehalten werden; der, welcher ſich nicht ſchämet, ein kriechender Lügner gegen diejenigen zu ſeyn, die ihn vor dem Hunger und Durſte ſchützen, entſchuldigt ſeine unedlen Handlungen damit, daß er ſagt, man müſſe ſich den Menſchen gefällig zu machen ſuchen. Man kann freylich den Laſterhaften nicht leichter den Ruhm eines Gefälligen erhalten, als wenn man ihnen im Umgange durch gleiche Laſter, Thorheit und Gewohnheit ähnlich wird, oder wenn man ihre unvernünftigen Thaten oder Schwachheiten erhebt, und gut heißt. Auf dieſe Weiſe erhalten [illegible], [illegible], Aquila und tauſend andre den Ruhm der Gefälligen. Allein ſie genießen und beſitzen ihn mit Unrecht. Nur diejenigen verdienen ihn, welche ſich den verſchiedenen Gattungen der Menſchen angenehm machen können, ohne niederträchtig zu werden. Es iſt ſchwer, auf dieſe Weiſe gefällig zu ſeyn, allein es iſt möglich. Das Beyſpiel des Alcibiades erläutert dieſe Möglichkeit. Alcibiades hatte alle Eigenſchaften von der Natur erhalten, welche nöthig ſind, ſich den Ruhm der Gefälligkeit zu erwerben. Er wußte ſich, wie Plutarch und Cornelius anmerken, in alle Gewohnheiten und Verrichtungen der Menſchen zu ſchicken. Er konnte ſich mit den [illegible] ſo gut, als mit den [illegible], mit den Hochmüthigen, wie mit den Beſcheidnen, mit den Verſchlagenen, wie mit den Einfältigen betragen. In Lacedämon lebte er hart und ſtrenge; war ſparſam und mäßig, und übertraf darinnen die Lacedämonier ſelbſt: Dadurch machte er ſich bey ihnen gefällig. Bey den Thraciern trank er und überließ ſich andern körperlichen Wolluſten, und übertraf ſie noch darinnen: Dadurch machte er ſich den Thraciern gefällig. In Perſien ging er oft auf die Jagd, lebte prächtig und fröhlich: Denn dieſes war die perſiſche Lebensart: Und dadurch machte er ſich bey den Perſern gefällig. Auf dieſe Art ward Alcibiades überall gelitten und angenehm. Er hielt nur ſeine Gefälligkeit nicht in den Schranken der Tugend; er ging in allem zu weit. Ein gefälliger Menſch muß nach den verſchiedenen Charakteren, mit welchen er umgeht, ſich in verſchiedenen Geſtalten zu zeigen wiſſen, ohne daß er die Würde eines redlichen und tugendhaften Mannes dadurch beleidigt und verunehrt. Er nimmt in vergnügten und fröhlichen Geſellſchaften keine ernſthaften und finſtern Minen an: Er iſt mit Vergnügten vergnügt, mit Ernſthaften ernſthaft; er zeigt vor denen, die auf Ehre halten, daß er gegen die wahre Ehre nicht unempfindlich iſt, ohne die Demüthigen durch Eitelkeit und Unbeſcheidenheit zu beleidigen. Ein Gefälliger ſcheint die vielfältigen und verſchiedenen Neigungen alle zu haben, ohne von einer beſonders beherrſcht zu werden. Er ſucht allen Menſchen, ſo weit ſie tugendhaft, oder Menſchen ſind, ähnlich zu ſeyn; ihre tugendhaften und menſchlichen Neigungen mögen ſich nun auf ſo verſchiedene Arten äußern, als ſie wollen. Man wird dieſes noch mehr begreifen, wenn man den Urſprung der Gefälligkeit betrachtet.

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*) Aus J. A. Cramer's vermiſchten Schriften u.

Die Gefälligkeit entſteht aus der Menſchenliebe, aus dem edlen Triebe, alle, denen er ſich nähern kann, ſo glücklich und vergnügt zu machen, als nur ein Menſch den andern machen kann. Vergebens wird einer ſich bemühen, angenehm zu werden, wenn ſeine Handlungen nicht durch dieſe göttliche Neigung belebt werden. Ein wahrer Menſchenfreund, welcher nicht ſo grauſam geartet iſt, daß er ſein Vergnügen in dem Mißvergnügen andrer haben ſollte, ſondern glücklich iſt, wenn andre glücklich ſind, wird durch alle ſeine Handlungen etwas zur Glückſeligkeit und Freude ſeiner Nebenmenſchen beyzutragen ſuchen. Er läßt ſich nicht von den Leidenſchaften, welche dem Charakter der Gefälligkeit am meiſten widerſtreiten, von dem Neide oder Geize beherrſchen, die nicht allein andere, ſondern auch den, welchen ſie beſitzen, mißvergnügt machen. Wer hat jemals einem, welcher Jedermann beneidet, weil ein andrer beſſer iſt, oder dem, welcher in der größten Armuth lebt, und andre in Dürftigkeit ſeufzen läßt, damit er reich ſterben kann, den Namen eines Gefälligen ertheilt? Eben ſo ſtreitet der Hochmuth, dieſe verwegene Begierde nach einer größern Ehre, als man verdienet, wider die Menſchenliebe. Kein Hochmüthiger läßt den Verdienſten eines andern Gerechtigkeit widerfahren. Er raubt lieber allen andern Menſchen ihre Ehre, um ſich mit ihrem Raube zu ſchmücken. Wie kann ein Hochmüthiger angenehm werden, da alle Menſchen eine ähnliche Liebe gegen ihre Ehre haben? Und muß er nicht mißfallen, wenn er andre neben ſich verachtet? Man kann hieraus erkennen, warum alle Tugenden, [illegible] [illegible] eines Menſchen [illegible] ſo ſehr [illegible]. Man ſieht aus der Erfahrung, daß die ſchönſten Tugenden mißfallen und verhaßt werden, ſobald ſie aus Hochmuth, und nicht aus Menſchenliebe entſpringen, daß ſie hingegen angenehm und liebenswürdig ſind, ſobald man urtheilen kann, daß ſie andern Menſchen zum Beſten ausgeübt werden. So entſpringt denn die Gefälligkeit, oder die Neigung angenehm zu werden, aus der Menſchenliebe. Allein dieſe Neigung kann man nicht anders, als durch die äußerliche Aufführung erkennen. Zu dieſem äußerlichen Verhalten gehören alle diejenigen Geberden, Minen, Stellungen, Verbeugungen und Bewegungen, welche man leutſelig, artig, höflich und verbindlich nennet. Finſtre und mürriſche Leute, deren Geſicht immer voll Falten und Runzeln iſt, werden den Namen der Gefälligen nie erhalten, ſo große Tugenden ſie auch beſitzen mögen. Daher kommt es, daß die Greiſe, welche immer ſeufzen und klagen, immer die vorigen Zeiten erheben, und die itzigen tadeln, der Jugend ſtets zur Laſt ſind, weil in der That ihr Herz gegen andre Menſchen eine bittere und feindſelige Gemüthsart zu verrathen ſcheint.

Theodotus iſt ein deutliches Beyſpiel davon. Dieſer mürriſche Greis hat alle Eigenſchaften, welche das Alter unangenehm machen. Vorzeiten, da er noch jung war, war alles beſſer. Vorzeiten war Geld im Ueberfluſſe vorhanden geweſen: Denn er hatte in ſeiner Jugend viel verſchwendet, das er nicht erworben hatte. Vorzeiten war das Frauenzimmer ausgeſuchter geweſen: Denn vorzeiten war er nicht alt, ſondern ein reicher und aufgeweckter junger Herr, welcher alle Stutzer zum wenigſten in der Pracht der Kleider übertraf. Itzt, da ihm weder eine Beutelperrücke, noch eine galonirte Weſte ein jugendliches Anſehen geben können, wenn ihn die Begierde galant zu ſeyn anfällt, vermeidet und verlachet ihn das Frauenzimmer, welchem er deſto lächerlicher wird, je coquetter er ſeyn will. Man wird mir ausländiſche Ausdrücke vergeben, da ich an Thorheiten gedenke, die auf keinem deutſchen Boden entſprungen ſind. Es iſt alſo kein Wunder, daß Theodotus ſeufzet: Vorzeiten war das Frauenzimmer nicht ſo ſtrenge, wie itzt. Nunmehr ſind ihm alle Ergetzlichkeiten, die er nicht genießen kann, Eitelkeiten und Thorheiten. Die Freude, welche die Jugend genießt, iſt der Vergänglichkeit unterworfen. Sie werden es, ſaget er, ſchon erfahren, wenn ſie ſo lange, als ich, in der Welt gelebt haben werden. Es iſt leicht zu begreifen, warum Theodotus der Welt mißfällig iſt, warum er für einen Menſchenfeind gehalten wird? Es iſt aber auch leicht zu begreifen, warum diejenigen Alten gefällig ſind, welche das Vergnügen der Jugend nicht mit mißgünſtigen Augen anſehen, weil ſie alt, und zu dem Genuſſe deſſelben zu ſtumpf ſind; die Alten, welche ſich Mühe geben, andre aufgeräumt und munter zu machen; welche ein Vergnügen bezeigen, daß andre die Ergetzlichkeiten genießen, die ihnen das Alter verbeut, und welche die itzigen Zeiten für eben ſo gut als die vorigen halten.

Ich habe geſagt, daß die Kennzeichen der Höflichkeit zu dem gefälligen Weſen gehören. Man muß ſich hüten, die Gefälligkeit nicht mit der Höflichkeit zu vermengen. Die Gefälligkeit kann nicht ohne die Höflichkeit, die Höflichkeit aber wohl ohne Gefälligkeit ſeyn. Der höfliche Mann kann mißfallen, ſo genau und ſo aufrichtig er auch das Ceremoniel der Worte, der Verbeugungen und Geberden beobachtet. Es gehöret zur Gefälligkeit einige Natur: Diejenigen ſind zu bedauern, welche ſo ohne ihre Schuld verunſtaltet worden ſind, daß ihnen das leutſelige Weſen nicht natürlich zu ſeyn ſcheint, wenn ſie ſich gleich nicht verſtellen. Gewiſſe Leute haben das Unglück, daß alles an ihnen bis auf die kleinſte Mine und ſelbſt auf ihren Ton in der Sprache lächerlich und unangenehm iſt. Was man an andern bewundert, wird an ihnen getadelt. Wenn andre wegen einer That, die doch nicht die edelſte und größte That iſt, einen allgemeinen Beyfall erhalten, ſo müſſen ſie eine ganze Menge edler und großer Thaten verrichtet haben, ehe ſie nur erträglich werden. Wie viele würden ſie alle nicht anſehen, wenn ſie ſolche bewundern ſollten! Andre hingegen empfangen die vortrefflichen Gaben von der Natur, zu gefallen. Sie brauchen nur wenig Unterricht und Umgang mit der Welt, die gefälligſten Perſonen zu werden. Man erkennet, daß ſie es in der Art zu leben, in der Leutſeligkeit und Gefälligkeit in kurzer Zeit weiter bringen, als andre in ganzen Jahren thun können. Ihre Sprache iſt leutſelig; ihre Geberden ſind angenehm; ihr Gemüth iſt lebhaft, ohne Stolz, ohne Verachtung der andern, ohne [illegible]. Alles, was von ihnen kommt, vergnügt: man [illegible] aus ihren Worten, die geringſte Mine iſt artig, und auch das [illegible], was ſie [illegible] thun. Man iſt [illegible] [illegible], ſo hält man ſie [illegible]. Man [illegible] [illegible], ihre [illegible] [illegible] aber ſo angenehm und liebenswürdig, als [illegible] ſeyn. [illegible] [illegible], man kann ſich [illegible] [illegible]. Das gefällige Menſchen, welche die [illegible] Weſen [illegible] der Natur zu danken haben, [illegible] zum [illegible] liebenswürdige Handlungen ſichere. Es geht in dieſem Falle, wie mit der Liebe gegen ein Frauenzimmer, welches bloß durch ihre natürlichen Reizungen gefällt.

Celimene hat die größten Reizungen erhalten, die nur nöthig ſind, junge Herren aufzumuntern, daß ſie die Aeltern über ihren Aufwand lieber verdrüßlich und mürriſch werden, als ſich in der Pracht von einander übertreffen laſſen. Sie iſt das ſchönſte Menſchengeſicht des weiblichen Geſchlechts, das man noch bewundert hat. Man iſt in der Verſuchung zu denken, daß die Natur nicht Zeit genug gehabt hat, ihre Seele ſchön zu machen, als ſie den Körper ſo reizend bildete. Ihr Verſtand iſt ſo einfältig, ſo angenehm ihre Geſtalt iſt. Witz und Geiſt iſt bey ihr ganz vergeſſen worden. Gleichwohl gefället alles, was ſie ſagt. Ihre Reden würden in dem Munde eines andern Frauenzimmers ungereimt ſeyn, und es brauchte noch lange nicht durch Häßlichkeit zu beleidigen. Allein bey Celimenen klopfet man über alles in die Hände. Sie darf nur die Lippen bewegen, ſo werden alle, die um ſie herum ſind, aufmerkſam. Wenn ſie ſchweigt, ſo werden die Anweſenden traurig, weil Celimene ſo etwas ſchönes, als ſie ſagen wollte, unterdrückt hat, da ſie es doch aus keiner andern Urſache nicht geſagt hat, als weil es ihr ſelbſt zu einfältig vorgekommen iſt. Die Menſchen müßten bey dem Aeſop in die Schule gehen, wenn ſie wie der Fuchs in der Fabel ſagen könnten, daß Celimene ein ſchönes Bild ohne Gehirn und Leben ſey.

Wie es mit der Liebe gegen Celimenen beſchaffen iſt, ſo verhält es ſich mit der Gewogenheit gegen diejenigen, welche gefallen, ohne wegen ihrer Verdienſte liebenswürdig zu ſeyn. Wie dieſe mit einem ſchönen und liebenswürdigen Frauenzimmer verglichen werden können, ſo kann man auch diejenigen, welche mißfallen, obgleich ihr tugendhaftes Herz und ihre edlen Thaten die größte Hochachtung verdienen, mit Clarinden vergleichen, welche bey allem ihrem Verſtande und Witze, und bey allen andern Verdienſten neben Celimenen vergeſſen zu werden pflegt, weil nur wenig Menſchen wahre Verdienſte zu ſchätzen wiſſen. Sie hat das Unglück, häßlich zu ſeyn. Ihre Bewegungen und Geberden ſind unangenehm. Wenn ſie lacht, ſo erſchrickt, und wenn ſie gleichgültig ausſieht, ſo erzittert man. Ihr Verſtand iſt freylich groß; ihr Witz iſt fein und reich; ſie hat die Gabe, die ſinnreichſten Einfälle zu ſagen: Allein es ſagt ſie kein ſchöner Mund. Sie gefällt nicht. Wären alle Frauenzimmer, wie die Morgenländerinnen, gekleidet, daß man ihr Geſicht nicht ſehen könnte, ſo würde ſie den größten Schönheiten die Herzen ſtreitig machen. Eben ſo ſind diejenigen Menſchen, welchen der Ruhm der Gefälligkeit verweigert wird, obgleich ihre Verdienſte mehr als dieſen Ruhm verdienen. Die Menſchen ſind unbillig, daß ſie mehr mit den Augen als mit dem Verſtande urtheilen. Allein da einmal dieſe Schwachheit allgemein iſt, ſo muß jeder ohne unnatürlich zu werden, in ſeinem Aeuſſerlichen ſo viel Anmuth zu haben ſuchen, als er kann, und ſich durch keine Vernachläßigung deſſelben ſelbſt verunſtalten.

Die Gefälligkeit verſchönert alles. Alle Handlungen des Menſchen, alle Ergötzlichkeiten und zugelaſſenen Wollüſte, und die Tugenden ſelbſt, werden durch dieſe Tugend reizender. Ein reicher und vornehmer Mann bittet mich zu ſich, und dieſes thut er aus Freundſchaft; alles iſt prächtig und vornehm bey ihm; alles, was man aufträgt, iſt koſtbar; die Speiſen ſind ungemein ausgeſucht und gut zugerichtet; ſeine Weine ſind die beſten; man kann ſich, ohne ein gezwungenes Ceremoniel zu beobachten, aller anſtändigen Freyheit und Bequemlichkeit bedienen; er giebt gern: Denn er iſt weder neidiſch noch geizig. Allein die Art, mit welcher er alles thut, iſt nicht gefällig: Man geht wohl zufrieden, aber nicht vergnügt und fröhlich von ihm. Ein anderer Freund bittet uns zu ſich; nichts iſt bey ihm außerordentlich; Allein man iſt bey ihm entzückt. Man weiß es, daß uns beyde zärtlich lieben: Woher kommt alſo der Unterſchied? Die Art, die Geberden und Mienen des andern ſind gefällig. Man kann es an der Freundſchaft und Freygebigkeit vornehmlich bemerken, wie angenehm alles durch die Gefälligkeit wird. Die Freundſchaft iſt durch ihre eigenen Vorzüge ſchon angenehm: Sie wird aber noch mehr entzücken, wenn ſie gefällig iſt. Nicht alle Freunde ſind gefällig. Dieſe Anmerkung, ſo richtig ſie auch iſt, wird vielen wunderbar zu ſeyn ſcheinen. Allein ſie wird täglich durch die Erfahrung beſtätiget. Ein Freund kann das redlichſte Herz von der Welt beſitzen: Er kann ſeinem Freunde nicht nur das größte Glück gönnen, ſondern auch ſich alle Mühe geben, ihm daſſelbe zu verſchaffen: Er kann alle Sorgen und Bekümmerniſſe mit ihm theilen, ſein Vergnügen größer machen, wenn er mit ihm vergnügt iſt, ſein Unglück erleichtern, wenn er mit ihm traurig iſt, und ihm allen Troſt geben, den ein Freund nur geben kann: Allein er kann uns unwillig machen, oder uns mißvergnügt zu machen, wenn ſeine äuſſerliche Aufführung nicht einnehmend genug iſt, wenn er durch einen Fehler der Erziehung, oder durch einen Mangel der Bekanntſchaft mit der großen Welt nicht zu leben weiß. Die Art, durch die er uns ſeine Freundſchaft zu erkennen giebt, kann mißfallen. Er kann beleidigen, ohne beleidigen zu wollen: Seine Zärtlichkeit kann zu wild und ungeſtüm, und nicht fein genug ſeyn. Wie viele beleidigen nicht ſchon dadurch die Gefälligkeit, daß ſie glauben, der äußerliche Wohlſtand gegen Freunde müſſe eben ſo genau nicht beobachtet werden! Indem ſie meinen, keine Weitläuftigkeiten und Umſtände mit ihren Freunden zu machen, werden ſie unartig. Sie bilden ſich ein, bey Freunden müſſe man ſich ſeiner Bequemlichkeit bedienen können, und das Ceremoniel halte ſie in einer allzugroßen Entfernung von ihnen. Dieſe Meynung verführt ſie, die Geſetze der guten Sitten aus der Acht zu laſſen, ihrem Freunde verdrüßlich zu werden, und ihm oft ſo nahe zu kommen, daß ſie ihm, ſo zu ſagen, auf den Leib fallen.

Es iſt faſt nicht nöthig, an mehr Tugenden zu zeigen, wie angenehm ſie durch die Gefälligkeit werden, da die Freundſchaft, die ſo reizend an ſich ſelbſt iſt, noch angenehmer durch die Gefälligkeit wird. Nur an der Freygebigkeit will ich zeigen, wie viel reizender ſie iſt, wenn ſie von dieſer Tugend geſchmückt wird. Es iſt ein großes Verdienſt, ſeine Reichthümer nicht zu vergraben, oder ſie durch einen gerechten Wucher nicht bloß zu vergrößern, ſondern den Dürftigen mit dem Ueberfluſſe, den uns das Glück ertheilet hat, beyzuſpringen, und ſie zum Dienſte des gemeinen Weſens fähiger und geſchickter machen. Dieſes Verdienſt wird um ſo viel größer, wenn die Abſichten bey der Freygebigkeit uneigennützig, rein, und Zeugniſſe einer wahren Menſchenliebe des Wohlthäters ſind. Denn die Freygebigkeit, welche aus dem Eigennutze, oder aus einem unedeln Ehrgeize entſteht, verdient Verachtung, und die Wohlthaten, welche nur abgedrungen zu ſeyn ſcheinen, ſind kaum des Dankes würdig. Sie ſind gleichſam mit der Hartnäckigkeit, mit welcher er ſie austheilt, und mit dem Verdruſſe, den er dem verurſacht, der ſich durch das Glück genöthigt ſieht, ſeine Wohlthaten anzunehmen, theuer genug bezahlt. Wenn aber auch dieſe Fehler bey der Freygebigkeit nicht angetroffen werden; wenn einen Wohlthäter entweder das Mitleid, oder bloß die Begierde, ſeine Reichthümer wohl anzuwenden, zu verleihen bewegen, ſo kann ſie doch nach der verſchiedenen Art, auf welche ſie ſich äußert, angenehmer und gefälliger werden.

Arant hat das edelſte und großmüthigſte Herz, welches nur zur Freygebigkeit erfordert wird. Er beſitzt ſeine Reichthümer nicht, ſie immer zu überzählen. Er weiß es, daß ſie ihm gegeben worden ſind, die Menſchen durch ihre Hülfe glücklich zu machen. Er hält ſich ein ordentliches Verzeichniß der Nothleidenden und Dürftigen in der Stadt, in welcher er lebet. Er bekümmert ſich, wie ſie in die Dürftigkeit gerathen ſind. Er erkundigt ſich nach ihrer Aufführung, nach ihren guten und ſchlimmen Eigenſchaften, damit er ſeine Wohlthaten nicht an Laſterhafte verſchwenden möge, welche dieſelbe vielleicht zu Mitteln, boshafte und ſchädliche Abſichten zu erreichen, gebrauchen könnten. Er richtet ſich alſo in ſeinen Wohlthaten, nach den unterſchiedenen Umſtänden der Dürftigen. Er theilet ſeine Wohlthaten aus, ohne den geringſten Eigennutz zu verrathen: Denn ſein Herz iſt ſo wenig eigennützig und gewinnſüchtig, daß er vielmehr durch alle ſeine Handlungen das Gegentheil zu beweiſen ſucht. Er begleitet ſeine Wohlthaten nicht ſelbſt mit einem unanſtändigen Geräuſche [illegible], weil er nur das Vergnügen Gutes gethan zu haben, nicht aber die Bewunderungen des großen Haufens ſucht. Der Werth ſeiner Wohlthaten wird durch keinen Eigennutz verringert. Allein da die Natur ſelbſt ſeine Geſtalt und ſein Geſicht ſehr ernſthaft und ſtrenge gebildet, und dieſelbe nicht durch eine natürliche Freundlichkeit aufgeheitert hat: So hat auch ſeine Miene und Geberden immer mehr ſtolzes, als heiters, mehr ernſthaftes, als leutſeliges. Man kann nicht ſagen, daß ſein Anſehen verdrüßlich ſey: Allein es fehlt ihm die Freundlichkeit. Er ermahnet diejenigen, denen er hilft, mit einem trockenen Geſichte, die Wohlthaten, die er ihnen ertheilt, zum Nutzen und Vergnügen ihrer [illegible] anzuwenden. Er verlangt keine Danksagungen: Allein er macht auch nicht viel [illegible], wenn man ſich dankbar und erkenntlich zeigt. Die [illegible] welche ihre [illegible] von dem [illegible] Glück verſagt werden, [illegible] mit einem völligen [illegible] zu ihm, ohne [illegible] zu können. Diejenigen aber, deren [illegible] nicht ganz rein und aufrichtig iſt, [illegible] mit einer [illegible] und [illegible] ſeine Wohlthaten. [illegible] zeigt ihnen [illegible]. Allein er hält es [illegible] wenn die [illegible] und [illegible] gut, ſo [illegible] zu [illegible], und ſie zu einer beſſern Aufführung zu ermuntern. [illegible] wird ſeiner Wohlthätigkeit wegen erhoben: Man bewundert ihn: Allein ſeine Wohlthaten ſind nicht ſo gefällig und angenehm, als Leanders Wohlthaten.

Leander iſt mit den großen Eigenſchaften geſchmückt, welche dem Arzt die Bewunderung der Menſchen erwerben: Er beſitzt aber noch dieſelben, noch die Kunſt zu gefallen. Seine Wohlthaten ſind daher weit angenehmer. Er läßt ſich nicht allein nicht lange bitten; denn Arzt thut dieſes auch nicht; ſondern Leander kömmt den Bitten der Dürftigen noch zuvor. Man ſoll ſeine Wohlthaten nicht als Wohlthaten, ſondern als Belohnungen unſerer Tugenden anſehen, die er bloß aus Pflicht ausübe. Sein Beutel iſt immer aufgeſchloſſen, und niemals hat ſich noch ſeine Stirne in finſtre Runzeln gezogen, wenn er Dürftige erblickt hat. Er bewundert allezeit mit einer gefälligen Traurigkeit die Schickſale, welchen redliche Männer ſo oft ausgeſetzt ſeyn müſſen. Er thut vielen Menſchen Gutes, ohne ſie erfahren zu laſſen, daß es von ihm kömmt. Er gewöhnt ſich die Vorſtellungen, daß er tugendhafte Frauenzimmer, die weniger [illegible], als alle Eigenſchaften beſitzen, von [illegible] ihrem Stande gebildet hat, ohne daß ſie ihren Wohlthäter kennen; daß er durch die Liebe und zärtliche [illegible] erhält, wie [illegible], daß ſie ihren [illegible] nicht merken, und ihm ihre Dürftigkeit nicht entdecken können. Er iſt viel zu beſcheiden und leutſelig, daß er diejenigen, welche durch ſeine Güte dem Elende [illegible] können, zu Dankſagungen kommen laſſen ſollte. Sie gehen in dieſer Abſicht zu ihm, und ſie gehen von ihm ganz entzückt, und zugleich ganz beſchämt wieder weg, daß ſie ihm nicht danken können. Diejenigen, welche das Glück gehabt hat, weil ſie die Tugenden beleidigt haben, welche ſeine Wohlthaten nach erſt durch ihre Aufführung verdienen wollen, läßt er nicht erſt empfinden, wie er ihnen Wohlthaten erzeigt, wie unwürdig ſie derſelben ſind. Er macht ihnen keine bittern Vorwürfe. Seine Erinnerungen ſind ſanft und fließen aus der Liebe. Er ſtellt ſich, als ob er die Erzählungen nicht alle glaube, die ihnen vielleicht von ihren Feinden nachgeſagt würden: Er glaubt, daß ihre Abſichten bey ihren Vergehungen gut und redlich geweſen: Er bittet ſie aber, ihre Feinde durch ihre weiſe Aufführung zu ſchanden zu machen, und ihn in der guten Meynung von ihnen zu beſtärken. Er entſchuldigt ſich auf eine höfliche und verbindliche Weiſe über die Freyheit, die er ſich nimmt, mit ihnen ſo vertraut und offenherzig zu reden. Bey allen Wohlthaten die er austheilet, wird man immer eine gewiſſe einnehmende Traurigkeit an ihm wahrnehmen, daß er nicht mehr thun kann, da er doch gemeiniglich ſo viel thut, als die Perſonen, denen er hilft. Eine [illegible] iſt nicht Leanders Freygebigkeit von Arzts Begierde, [illegible] Werke verlangen bewundert zu werden; Leanders Wohlthätigkeit iſt nur weit einnehmender und gefälliger. Gegen den Arzt empfindet man ſeiner Wohlthaten wegen nur Ehrfurcht und Hochachtung: Gegen Leandern aber empfindet man nicht nur eine ehrerbietige Hochachtung und Dankbarkeit, ſondern auch eine zärtliche Liebe, die man durch alle ſeine Handlungen äußert; nicht, weil man gegen Leandern mehr auch dazu genöthigt wäre, ſondern weil man es nur gar zu großer [illegible] nicht wagt, dieſelbe öffentlich zu beweiſen.

Vielleicht werden einige mit einem unwilligen Geſichte ſagen, daß ich mich zu lange bey den Charaktern Arzts und Leanders aufgehalten habe. Ich beruhige mich aber bey ihrem Unwillen damit, daß ſie entweder nicht freygebig, oder auf keine gefällige und angenehme Art freygebig ſind. Denn es giebt viele, welche auf eine ſo unhöfliche Art Gutes thun, daß bey ihnen eine jede Wohlthat entweder ſchon eine Beleidigung iſt, oder noch zu einer Beleidigung werden wird. Sie ſind nicht wie Leander und Arzt, welche eine Wohlthat ſogleich auch vergeſſen haben, ſobald ſie aus ihren Händen iſt. Sie danken ſich ſelbſt für ihre Wohlthätigkeiten, wenn ſie dieſelbe gegen andere nach der Reihe herzählen, und ihre Gnade auf allen Gaſſen zeigen. Derjenige, dem ſie geholfen haben, weiß bis oft nicht, wie er ſeine Wohlthäter wegen ihrer Freygebigkeit mehr loben und erheben ſoll, als ſie ſelbſt thun. Er muß [illegible], daß ſeine Wohlthäter [illegible]. Er würde ein undankbares Gemüth verrathen, wenn er ſo frey ſeyn und ſich entziehen wollte, er könnte die Worte der Wohlthaten ſeiner Gönner ſo gut, als ſie ſelbſt. Doch ich ſehe, daß ich immer noch von der Freygebigkeit rede, wie ſie gefällig und mißfällig wird.

Die Gefälligkeit kann ſich am meiſten im Umgange mit der Welt und in Geſellſchaften in aller ihrer Schönheit zeigen. Durch ſie wird der Umgang erſt vergnügt und reizend. Ein gefälliger und wohlgezogener Mann hat die herrliche Gabe Geſellſchaften gefällig zu machen. Daß die Gefälligkeit eine Kunſt iſt, [illegible] und [illegible] Eigenſchaften. [illegible] wenn ich die Folgen der Gefälligkeit der alten Tugenden, welche zum Umfange der geſelligen Pflichten erfordert werden, vorſtellen ſollte! Wie weitläufig müßte ich nicht werden! Es iſt kein Wunder, daß die Kunſt, zu leben, ſo ſchwer auszuüben iſt, da bey dem, welcher gefällig werden will, ſo viele gute Eigenſchaften zuſammen kommen müſſen, welche kaum einzeln und zerſtreut unter den Menſchen angetroffen werden. Diejenigen, welche zu leben wiſſen wollen, müſſen Herr über ihre Mienen, Gebehrden und Leidenſchaften ſeyn; es muß ihnen nichts entwiſchen, was andere beleidigen kann; ſie müſſen keinen Anlaß geben, mit Recht ſich über ihr Betragen zu beſchweren. Sie müſſen ein wenig Narrheit vertragen können, ohne ihre Freundſchaft zu verändern; ſie müſſen ihren Verdruß über die Thorheiten der Menſchen, mit welchen ſie umgehen, geſchickt zu verbergen wiſſen. Die Verſchwiegenheit iſt eine von den vornehmſten Tugenden eines guten Geſellſchafters. Allein wie leicht kann ein verſchwiegener Menſch nicht mißfallen, wenn er auch kein Plauderer iſt! Die Redner in Geſellſchaften, welche durch ihr ewiges Geſchwätz andere zum Stillſchweigen zwingen, welche dadurch unerträglich werden, daß ſie immer mit ihrem Witze ſchimmern wollen, welche eine gewiſſe Art von Tyranney ausüben, die ſie keinen zum Geſpräche laſſen, ohne im geringſten zu erinnern, daß man ſie mit Verdruß anhöre, [illegible] wie nöthig die Gefälligkeit zur Verſchwiegenheit ſey. Es ſind nur wenige Geſellſchafter Climenen ähnlich, welche [illegible] beſchreibt. „Niemand, ſagt er, redet in Geſellſchaft weniger, als Climene, wenn man ſie nicht dazu nöthigt: Niemand redet ſo richtig und mit ſo vieler Anmuth, als ſie, wenn man ſie anhört. Sie ſpielt weder die Rolle einer Gebieterinn, noch einer, die ſich gern Worte geben läßt. Sie ſagt ihre Meynung über alles, was geredet wird, es mag ſo gering ſeyn, als es will; allein ſie bringt ſich auch nicht mit einem großen Eifer dazu, ihre Wiſſenſchaft auszulegen, wenn von ſchönen Dingen die Rede iſt. Sie richtet ſich mit einer wunderbaren Geſchicklichkeit, nach den Menſchen, mit welchen ſie umgeht. So erhaben auch ihr Verſtand iſt, ſo ſcheint er doch nach ihrem Betragen, daß er nicht größer, als die Einſicht der andern ſey. Diejenigen, die Climenen beſuchen, gehen ganz zufrieden von ihr hinweg, und zwar mit ſich ſelbſt zufrieden, weil ſie ihnen Gelegenheit verſchafft hat, ihre kleinen Gaben und Geſchicklichkeiten ſehen zu laſſen.“ Ich will noch einige Züge zu Climenens Charakter hinzufügen. Sie widerſpricht mit keinem ungeſtümen Eifer; ſie tadelt nicht alles, was ihr nicht gefällt, ſie ſtreitet auch nicht alles in Geſellſchaften, was ihren Beyfall hat. Sie will nicht, daß ihre Meynung recht ſeyn ſoll, ſie mag recht ſeyn oder nicht. Sie [illegible] nicht in den Zeiten, Witz zu ſagen, wo andere [illegible]. Sie läßt es leicht auf den Ausſpruch der andern ankommen, und dieſe Beſcheidenheit, auszuüben, und nicht [illegible] eine Gabe zu beobachten, die viele vermiſſen, bewundert alle Welt an Climenen. Eine andre gute Eigenſchaft einer jeden und angenehmen Geſellſchafterinn iſt die Munterkeit und [illegible]. Allein alle Scherze verlieren ihre größte Anmuth, wenn ſie nicht von der Höflichkeit begleitet werden. Diejenigen, welche zu ſcherzen wiſſen, ohne die Hochachtung der Anweſenden zu verletzen; welche ſcharfſinnig genug ſind, zu ſcherzen, ohne anzüglich zu werden; welche luſtig ſind, ohne zu beleidigen, und ſich freylich beſtreben, [illegible] zu werden, ſind angenehme aber ſeltene Geſellſchafter. „Der [illegible] Menſchen, ſagt Bruyere, iſt es eins, zu reden und zu beleidigen: Sie ſind bitter und [illegible]. Ihre Spöttereyen ſind Beſchimpfungen. [illegible] Die Rechtſchaffenheit [illegible]. Sie hat nicht [illegible], daß ſie mit der größten Bitterkeit [illegible]: Sie greifen diejenigen an, [illegible]. Alles muß [illegible] ihre Zunge. [illegible] Sie [illegible]. Man muß ſich [illegible] dieſem Umgange entziehen, und [illegible] hüten ſich zu [illegible].“ Was hält [illegible] Climenen [illegible]? Die Gabe angenehm zu [illegible], die Gefälligkeit. [illegible] der Gelegenheit und der [illegible] der Begierde zu [illegible] iſt, ſo unentbehrlich iſt ſie allen andern Eigenſchaften, welche angenehme Geſellſchafter [illegible].

In keiner Geſellſchaft, welche die Glückſeligkeit der Menſchen befördern ſoll, iſt die Tugend der Gefälligkeit unentbehrlicher, als im Eheſtande. [illegible] daß die Eintracht und [illegible] vertrauteſten Freundin theilen kann, und das geringſte Gut muß ihr ſo lieb als das größte Glück ſeyn können, wenn ſie es mit ihrem zärtlichſten Freunde theilt. In einer zärtlichen Ehe müſſen die Schwachen ſtark, die Kranken geſund, und die Dürftigen reich werden; alle Tage, die ein zärtliches Ehepaar durchlebt, müſſen immerwährende Freuden aufheitern, wenn ſich eine abwechſelnde gegenſeitige Gefälligkeit unter den Perſonen findet, welche die Liebe vereinigt. Welch ein ſchöner Anblick iſt ein Mann, wenn ſein Herz, das von der Tugend und Zärtlichkeit ſeiner Geliebten verſichert und gerührt iſt, eine ruhige und milde Heiterkeit über ſein Geſicht ausbreitet! So wenig er vor der Ehe eine unanſtändige Unterthänigkeit verſprach, und eine Zuneigung zu erſchmeicheln ſuchte, welche er bloß einem freyen Entſchluſſe ihres Herzens verdanken wollte, ſo wenig iſt nun ſeine Mine ſtolz und gebietend; er beweiſt, daß er im Hauſe zu befehlen habe, nur dadurch, daß er ſie der Beſchwerlichkeiten und Laſten überhebt, welche zärtlichere Kräfte nicht ertragen können, ohne ſich zu erſchöpfen. Er iſt, ſeitdem er ſie die Seinige nennt, in der Beobachtung des Wohlſtandes gegen ſie, nicht nachläſſiger; er iſt inniger vertraut mit ihr, ohne weniger beſcheiden zu ſeyn; und eben ſo gewiſſenhaft als im Anfange ſeiner Liebe, ihre Sittſamkeit zu beleidigen. Wenn er glücklich iſt, ſo verkündigt jede Gebärde, daß er ſeine Freude nicht halb fühlen würde, wenn ſie nicht ihre Freude wäre. Er gebietet jedem Kummer, ſich in dem Innerſten ſeines Herzens zu verbergen, daß ſie keine Falte auf ſeiner Stirne ſehe, und ſeine Traurigkeit mehr für Ernſthaftigkeit als für Schmerz halten möge. Wenn er ſie bekümmert ſieht, welche Geſchäftigkeit, ſie aufzuheitern! Welch ein Reichthum von Zärtlichkeiten, ſie zu beruhigen, und welch ein Ueberfluß voll Troſt, der aus ſeinem liebenden Herzen ſtrömt! Und der ihr, welch ein ſüßes durchdringendes Lächeln in ihrem ſchönen oder anmuthigen Geſichte, dem die Liebe in jedem Auge eine neue Schönheit oder Anmuth mittheilt! Sie weiß ſo rührend an ſeinen Buſen zu ſinken, wenn er ſie in ſeinen Arm nimmt! Jeder Blick ſtrahlt mit einer ſolchen Freude, daß er ſie die Seinige heißt! Ihre Lippen ergießen ſich ſo in Liebe, als wenn ſie der Liebhaber wäre! Sie iſt gegen ſeine Zärtlichkeit ſo erkenntlich, als wenn ſie von ihm beneidet werden müßte; und ſie iſt ſo eifrig in der Erfüllung der Pflichten, welche ſie das Bewußtſeyn ſchwächerer Kräfte lehrt, als wenn ſie ſeine Bitte, oder den Rath, den er ihr giebt, für einen Befehl halten müßte. Welche zärtliche Wehmuth umwölket jede ihrer Neigungen, wenn ſie die Bekümmerniſſe erräth, die er ihr zu verbergen ſucht! Welch ein Balſam ſinkt mit der Thräne, die aus ihren Augen tröpfelt, auf ſein verwundetes Herz, und wie blühet jede Anmuth, die ſie hat, wieder auf, wenn ſie die Ruhe in ſein Geſicht zurückkommen ſieht! Was kann ihn, und was kann ſie elend oder troſtlos machen, als die Krankheit oder der Tod! Und wer kann beſchreiben, wie glücklich und beneidenswürdig ſie ſind! Derjenige, der zwo Perſonen findet, welche es für die erſte Pflicht halten, einander noch in der Ehe zu gefallen.

Wie unglückſelig ſind die meiſten nicht, weil die Perſonen, die durch ihre Bande mehr zuſammengefeſſelt als vereinigt ſind, mit ihrem Jaworte aufhören, gefallen zu wollen. Der Liebhaber gab ſich erſt alle Mühe, ſeiner Gebieterin angenehm zu werden; ſie war in allem, was ſie that, bewundernswürdig; es gab keine Schmeicheleyen, keine Liebkoſungen, keine Verſicherungen einer ewigen Treue und Zärtlichkeit, die er ihr nicht ſagte. Wie vielmal beſchwor er ſeine Zuſage ſie ewig glücklich zu machen! Wie konnte ſeine Geliebte, die ſich von ihm vergöttert ſah, glauben, daß ſie ſo bald wieder in eine Sterbliche verwandelt werden würde? Sie überließ ihm die Herrſchaft über ſich. Der Liebhaber ward ein Mann, und als Mann, glaubte er, daß er nicht nöthig habe, ihr zu gefallen. Sie ſah ſeine Gleichgültigkeit im Anfange mit Verdruſſe; ſie ward derſelben gewohnt; ſie glaubte, durch ſeinen Kaltſinn das Recht erlangt zu haben, ihm wieder zu mißfallen. Nun iſt er ihr Tyrann und ſie ſeine Peinigerin. Statt ihr beiderſeitiges Vergnügen zu befördern, ſuchen ſie einander unglückſelig zu machen. Er findet itzt die Luſt nicht bey ihr, deren Verlangen ihn erſt aufgemuntert hatte, ihr zu gefallen; er will ſeinen Verdruß zerſtreuen, und ſchweift aus. Sie rächt ſich mit gleichen Ausſchweifungen, und beyde treiben ihre Rache ſo weit, daß ſie das öffentliche Gelächter werden. Wie elend ſind ſie, daß ſie einander nicht gefallen wollen!

Man wird aus dieſen Betrachtungen leicht erkennen, wie nöthig die Gefälligkeit zu unſrer Glückſeligkeit ſey, obgleich dieſe ſo nöthige Tugend ſelten unter den Menſchen gefunden wird. Man wird fragen, woher es komme, daß ſo wenige gefällig ſind. Die meiſte Schuld fällt auf die gewöhnliche Erziehung der Kinder, wenn die Jünglinge durch ihre Ungebundenheit, die Männer durch ihren Stolz und die Alten durch ihr mürriſch Weſen mißfallen. Diejenigen, welche das Glück niederdrückt, können ihren Kindern die Erziehung nicht geben, welche erfordert wird, ſie liebenswürdig zu machen, und die meiſten Vornehmen und Reichen ſind zu nachläſſig, als daß ſie ſich bekümmern ſollten, die ihrigen ſo zu erziehen, daß ſie angenehm würden. Wie viele meynen nicht, daß ihre Kinder gefallen müſſen, weil ſie reich und vornehm ſind! Läßt man ſie nicht tauſendmal ſchließen, daß ſie mit großen Reichthümern Tugenden genug erben werden! So werden ſie von Jugend auf zu einem Stolze gewöhnt, der alle Menſchen wider ſie empört, ob man gleich durch ihren Stand und durch ihr Vermögen gezwungen ſeyn kann, ſie zu erdulden. Gewiſſe Menſchen erhalten ohnedies von der Natur eine große Wildheit und Rauhigkeit: Wenn nun dieſe nicht immer unterdrückt und gezähmet wird, wie können ſie geliebt werden? Nichts hindert die Gefälligkeit mehr, als die Eigenliebe. Menſchen, welche ſich vergöttern, und nichts, als ihre eignen oft eingebildeten Vollkommenheiten bewundern, können andrer gute Eigenſchaften weder erkennen noch hochſchätzen. Entziehen ſie ihnen aber eine Hochachtung, auf die ſie gerechte Anſprüche haben, ſo müſſen ſie unerträglich werden, da ſich niemand ungeahndet verachten laſſen will. Wenige werden gewöhnt, ſich ſelbſt zu überwinden, ſich nach andern zu richten, und in ihre Neigungen und Leidenſchaften zu ſchicken! Ihre Leidenſchaften wollen herrſchen, und niemand will ein Sclav des andern werden. Nachläſſigkeit wird mit Nachläſſigkeit, Gleichgültigkeit mit Kälte, Verachtung mit Verachtung geahndet, und ſo werden ſie das Opfer eines um ſo viel größern Haſſes, je weniger ſie ſich Mühe geben, gefällig zu werden.

Von der moraliſchen Nachahmung. *)

Die Sittenlehrer haben zwar den Menſchen viele Wege zur Tugend vorgezeichnet: ſie ſind aber faſt alle und zu allen Zeiten der Meynung geweſen, daß es keinen nähern und ſichrern Weg dazu gäbe, als den Unterricht durch Beyſpiele. Die größten Männer des Alterthums ſtellten nicht allein ſich, ſondern auch andern die Verdienſte und würdigen Handlungen ihrer Vorfahren als Muſter vor Augen, nach denen ſie ihre Thaten bilden müßten. So dachten ſie beſonders bey der Erziehung ihrer Kinder. Der alte Cato, die Stütze der römiſchen Republik zu einer Zeit, da Rom ſo weit ſchon von ſeiner erſten Tugend abgewichen war, glaubte, daß er ſeinem Sohne keine beßre Erziehung geben könnte, als wenn er ihn in ſeinen früheſten Jahren mit den größten Männern ſeines Vaterlandes bekannt machte, und ihn durch dieſe Kenntniß zu einer ruhmvollen Nachahmung ihrer Thaten anfeuerte. In dieſer Abſicht ſchrieb er ſelbſt eine Geſchichte für ihn, welche vielleicht der natürlichen Tugend wichtige Dienſte leiſten würde, wenn die Zeit ſie der Nachwelt aufbehalten hätte. Horaz verſichert, daß ihm ſein Vater die Liebe zur Tugend und den Haß gegen Ausſchweifungen auf eben dieſe Art eingeflößt habe. Die Dichter haben aus der Urſache beſtändig eine Ehre darinnen geſucht, die Tugenden ihrer Mitbürger durch ihre Geſänge zu verewigen, und Sittenlehrer ihrer Nachwelt zu werden, ein Lob, welches die über die Ehre andrer Nationen ſo ſehr neidiſchen Römer beſonders den Barden unſrer älteſten Vorfahren ertheilen mußten.

Der Unterricht durch Beyſpiele hat unſtreitig vor andern Anweiſungen zur Tugend, als der einzigen wahren Ehre des Menſchen, viele Vortheile voraus. Er beweiſt nicht allein, in was für Hochachtung einen Menſchen die Erfüllung ſeiner Pflichten ſetzt, ſondern lehrt auch die Möglichkeit ihrer Ausübung. Er hebt die gewöhnlichen Vorurtheile von der Beſchwerlichkeit der Tugend auf; er ertheilt häufige Vorſchläge, ihre Uebung zu erleichtern; er lehrt den Scheinwiderſpruch verſchiedner Pflichten verhüten; er verſchafft mannigfaltige Reizungen zum eifrigen Beſtreben nach ihrer gewiſſenhaften Erfüllung. Was entdeckt die unzählbaren glücklichen Folgen derſelben deutlicher, als die Kenntniß und Betrachtung derjenigen, welche wir von Tugendhaften gewirkt ſehen! Der bloße Anblick rechtſchaffner Handlungen erweckt Bewunderung, erfüllet mit Empfindungen eines innigen Wohlgefallens und Vergnügens, und bemächtigt ſich oft auch bey den Laſterhaftſten dieſes Beyfalls, erzwingt von ihnen eine ehrerbietige Hochachtung, und zum wenigſten den Wunſch, eben ſo beſchaffen zu ſeyn! Wie leicht kann oft ein ſolcher Wunſch wahr werden!

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*) Aus J. A. Cramer's vermiſchten Schriften II.

Ein Menſch müßte in die äußerſte Tiefe des ſittlichen Verderbens hinabgeſunken ſeyn, wenn die Kenntniß eines feurigen Eifers für das allgemeine Beſte, einer unverletzlichen Gerechtigkeit, einer beſcheidnen Mäßigung im Glück, einer außerordentlichen Gegenwart und Standhaftigkeit des Geiſtes in Gefahren, einer großmüthigen Uneigennützigkeit, einer werkthätigen Menſchenliebe, einer unverbrüchlichen Treue und Verſchwiegenheit bey andern nicht einmal einen unvorſetzlichen Entſchluß, ihnen gleich zu werden, in ſeiner Seele erzeugen ſollte. Eben ſo werden Laſter, die er bey andern wahrnimmt, wenn er zugleich ihre ſchädlichen und entehrenden Folgen kennen lernt, ſeinen Abſcheu erwecken, und wenn er ihrer auch ſchuldig iſt, ihn zum wenigſten zu einer geheimen Mißbilligung und Beſtrafung ſeiner Schwachheit mit ihnen zwingen. Man hat alſo recht gethan, daß man die Geſchichte dem menſchlichen Geſchlechte, als eine Quelle guter Rathſchläge, und als eine zuverläßige Lehrerin edler und erhabner Sitten angeprieſen hat.

Die Erfahrung beſtätigt dieſe Lehren. Die menſchliche Geſellſchaft hat der Nachahmung großer Beyſpiele viele löbliche Thaten zu danken. Sie hat Mitglieder genug, die ſie entehren; der größte Haufe irrt auf dem gebahnten Wege der Schande; es würde aber doch der Glieder, die ſich dem Laſter Preis geben, oder doch ein Leben, das blos der Tugend geheiligt ſeyn ſollte, in einem unedlen Müßiggange verſchwenden, eine ungleich größere Anzahl ſeyn, wenn nicht ſo viele von dem Geiſte der Nachahmung würdiger Beyſpiele ergriffen und in die Höhe erhoben würden. Carl, der neunte, ein König, welchem ſonſt die franzöſiſchen Muſen wenig zu danken haben, belohnte die Verdienſte des berühmten Amiots mit der Würde eines Großallmoſeniers von Frankreich; eine Großmuth, die unter die Pflichten der Könige gehört. Allein was würde er gethan haben, wenn ihm nicht die Dankbarkeit Carls, des fünften, gegen ſeinen Hofmeiſter, den er zum Pabſte gemacht hatte, von ſeinen Hofleuten ohne die Abſicht, den Gelehrten ſeines Reiches einen Dienſt zu erzeigen, ſo ſehr vorgerühmt worden wäre! Auch viele andre Könige würden die Augen der Gelehrten nicht auf ſich gezogen haben, wenn ſie nicht den glücklichen Einfall gehabt hätten, Julians und Antonine ihrer Zeit zu werden. Der Welt liegt daran, daß die Großen Menſchenfreunde, tapfer, wenn es die Beſchützung des Vaterlandes fodert, gerecht auch gegen Feinde, großmüthig und wenigſtens mäßig nach erhaltenen Siegen ſind. Allein daran liegt ihr dem Anſcheine nach nicht ſo viel, ob ſie dieſe Verdienſte beſitzen, bloß weil ſie von ihrem innerlichen Werthe überzeugt ſind, oder weil ſie geleſen haben, daß die Scipionen, die [illegible], und die Trajanen dergleichen Verdienſte beſaßen. Es wäre freylich beſſer, wenn die Menſchen mehr aus Grundſätzen, als durch bloße Nachahmung tugendhaft wären; allein wenn ſie doch einmal Copien ſeyn ſollen: ſo muß man der Welt Glück wünſchen, wenn ſie gute Copien von vortrefflichen Originalen ſind.

Freylich wird ein Philoſoph, der nicht an der äußerlichen Schaale der Dinge hängt, und über den Einfluß hinaus ſieht, den gewiſſe Handlungen in den Augen und die Ruhe der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft haben, ſich von Tugenden keine hohen Begriffe machen, welche bloß die Begierde, berühmten Beyſpielen ähnlich zu werden, erzeugt hat. Er, der keine Handlung für tugendhaft hält, welche nicht aus einer wahrhaften Ueberzeugung von ihrem innerlichen Werthe entſprungen iſt, wird wegen Amiots Belohnung wohl nicht Carls, des neunten, Lobredner werden. Wenn man ihn zum Richter darüber machen will: ſo wird er fragen, ob der König überzeugt war, daß Carl, der fünfte, bey der Erhebung ſeines vormaligen Lehrers auf den römiſchen Stuhl wirklich edel und groß gehandelt habe? War er gegen ſeinen Amiot darum eben ſo großmüthig, als der Kaiſer, weil er nicht allein begriff, daß der Unterricht eines Königes eine königliche Vergeltung verdiente, ſondern auch einſah, daß er durch die Belohnung eines vortrefflichen Gelehrten viele andre aufmuntern würde, Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften immer mehr anzubauen und dadurch ſeine Staaten glücklicher und blühender zu machen? Dergleichen Urſachen würden Carls, des neunten, Nachahmung ruhmwürdig gemacht haben. Allein ſie hatten keinen Einfluß in ſeine Großmuth gegen den Amiot. Man rühmt den Kaiſer gegen einen König von Frankreich, der eben ſo viel von ſich hält, als ein Kaiſer. Man iſt es von ihm nicht gewohnt, daß er den Gelehrten viele Gnadenbezeugungen erweiſt. Itzt, da man Carln, den fünften, vor ihm lobt, erklärt er ſich auf einmal, daß er wohl eben ſo viel thun wolle, wenn ſich ihm nur eine Gelegenheit dazu darbieten würde. Die Würde eines Großallmoſeniers wird ledig; er erinnert ſich ſeiner Zuſage, [illegible] zu ſeyn, und Amiot wird dazu beſtimmt. Wer ſieht nicht, daß alle dieſe Motive nichts als Eiferſucht über die Lobſprüche war, die man Carln, dem andern ertheilt hatte. Nicht die Achtung des innerlichen Werthes, ſondern bloß die Ehre dieſer Großmuth nöthigte ihm eine Handlung ab, die man ſonſt nicht unter ſeine rühmlichen Thaten zählen würde. Amiot hatte mehr Schrecken, als Vergnügen davon, und wenn der König nicht bis zur Raſerey eigenſinnig geweſen wäre: ſo würde der Kaiſer, bey allem dem Reize, welchen ſein Lob bey dieſem Könige erweckt hatte, unnachgeahmt geblieben ſeyn. Denn die Königin Mutter hatte ihre Urſachen, warum Amiot dieſe Würde nicht erhalten ſollte. Sie ließ ihn zu ſich kommen, und empfieng ihn mit dieſen fürchterlichen Drohungen: Ich habe die Guiſen und Chatillone, den Connetable und die Canzler, die Könige von Navarra, und die Prinzen von Condé gebeugt, und nun will ich an dich, du kleiner Pfaffe! Amiot, der ſehr gern dem Zorne der Königin und der Gnade ihres Sohnes ausweichen wollte, verbarg ſich. Er erſchien einige Tage nach einander nicht bey der Tafel. Der König erfuhr die Urſache ſeines Außenbleibens. Was! fieng er an, weil ich ihn zum Großallmoſenier gemacht habe, darum wird er unſichtbar? Er gerieth ſogleich, wie es in ſolchen Fällen ſeine Gewohnheit war, in eine ſo große Wuth, daß die Königin, damit ſie ihn nur beſänftigen möchte, den kleinen Pfaffen wider ihren Willen aufſuchen und ihm alle Sicherheit, die er zum Beſitze dieſer Würde verlangen konnte, geben ließ. Vielleicht war eben Carls, des fünften, That ſo edel nicht, als ſie das Lob der Hofleute machte. Wie viel mußte nicht einem Eroberer daran gelegen ſeyn, an dem geiſtlichen Gebieter Italiens und der Welt ſeine Creatur zu haben! Und von wem konnte er das eher hoffen, als von ſeinem ehemaligen Hofmeiſter! Doch wenn man auch ſeine Dankbarkeit nicht für verdächtig halten will: ſo iſt doch ſo viel unſtreitig, daß ſein Nebenbuhler weder die Wiſſenſchaften ehren, noch dem Amiot eine Wohlthat erzeigen, ſondern nur ein ähnliches Lob erbeuten wollte.

So gewiß iſt es, daß ein unpartheyiſcher Richter der Menſchen, unter denen es ſo viele künſtliche Betrüger giebt, gegründete Urſache hat, gegen die Tugenden, welche blos dem Geiſte der Nachahmung zu danken ſind, mißtrauiſch zu ſeyn. Wie nicht ſelten bey denen, die durch ihre Beyſpiele andre zur Nacheiferung aufwecken, der Ehrgeiz der einzige Antrieb zu gewiſſen Handlungen iſt, die dem Scheine und dem Namen nach Verdienſte ſind, und von aller Welt dafür erklärt werden: ſo iſt eben dieſe Leidenſchaft die meiſte Zeit die große Triebfeder, die die Menſchen bewegt, würdige Charaktere nachzuahmen. Das ſind unter den Tugendhaften falſche Münzer. Man bewundert große Beyſpiele; man ſieht den Enthuſiaſt, auf dem Wege einhergehen, der andre zum Ruhme und Glücke geführt hat; man entſchließt ſich aber, nicht weil man begierig iſt, wirklich ſo groß und rechtſchaffen, wie die zu werden, die man bewundert, ſondern bloß wegen der äußerlichen Ehre, die ihnen ihre Verdienſte erworben haben. Iſt der erſte, welcher auf einem löblichen Wege andern vorgeht, vielleicht wirklich tugendhaft: ſo iſt der andre nur ehrgeizig und lobſüchtig. Der Pöbel würde weniger Ehrfurcht gegen die Gemälde der Heiligen haben, wenn der Maler die Strahlen um ihre Häupter weggelaſſen hätte.

Die Handlungen der Großen ſind dieſem gerechten Mißtrauen gegen ihren innerlichen Werth am meiſten ausgeſetzt. Warum ſind ſie in ihrem Verhalten ſich ſelbſt ſo ſehr ungleich? Warum verurtheilt der Richter, der auf ſeinem Richterſtuhle auch gegen die kleinſten Verbrechen unerbittlich iſt, nicht ſeine eignen Ungerechtigkeiten in ſeiner Privataufführung? Warum iſt ein andrer in ſeinem Hauſe ein Tyrann, mürriſch und kalt gegen eine liebenswürdige Gattinn ſeines Lebens, ohne Nachſicht und ein Menſchenfeind gegen ſeine Bedienten, da er doch vor den Augen der Welt die Leutſeligkeit und die Güte ſelbſt zu ſeyn ſcheint? Gehört die Tugend allein ins Publicum? Und warum iſt noch ein andrer dienſtfertig gegen alle, die ihn um ſeine Hülfe bitten, und großmüthig gegen alle Nothleidende und Arme, da er doch ſeine Gläubiger nicht bezahlt? Kommt das nicht einzig und allein daher, daß die Großen ſelten andere Verdienſte kennen, als ſolche, welche viel Geräuſch und Aufſehen machen? Sie ſind nur im Angeſichte der Welt tugendhaft, weil ſie die Tugend nicht eigentlich ausüben, ſondern nur nachzuahmen gelernt haben. Sie ſind, wie die ſilbernen Bildſäulen der Alten. Der Kopf und der Rumpf waren nicht aus einem Stücke. Der Kopf des [illegible] ſchickte ſich eben ſo gut, als das Haupt des Jupiters darauf. Mancher Finanzenaufſeher bewahrt die ihm anvertrauten Schätze des Staats mit der größten Gewiſſenhaftigkeit, denn man rühmt in der Geſchichte diejenigen, welche der Republik oder ihren Königen treu waren; aber er betrügt ſeine Freunde und [illegible] auf [illegible] Privatleuten aus, als er kann.

O wie viel Mühe erwartet ein wahrer Philoſoph, wenn er auf die Großen hinabſieht! Sie haben [illegible] frühſten Jugend in die Hände der Schmeichler. Man ſchont ihren Verſtand, den ſie ſelbſt ſchon genug ſchonen würden, wenn man ihm auch in der Jugend einige Geſchäfte gäbe. Sie müßten denken lernen, wenn man ſie mit den Geheimniſſen einer geſunden Sittenlehre bekannt machen, und durch Gründe überzeugen wollte, daß ein Menſch ſeiner Natur ganz unwürdig iſt, wenn er keine Verdienſte beſitzt. Man erwecket das Gewiſſen nicht in ihnen; man lehrt ſie nicht, daß ſie bey aller ihrer Größe von Gott abhängig und verpflichtet ſind, ſeinen Geſetzen eben ſo demüthig zu gehorchen, als die Niedrigſten, oder man ſchwächt dieſen Unterricht durch Schmeicheleyen, an die ſie früh gewöhnt werden. Man zeigt ihnen den innerlichen Werth der Tugend nicht; nicht die Schönheit, womit ſie glänzen würde, wenn ſie auch von keinem Menſchen oder Engel bemerkt werden ſollte; nicht ihre Aehnlichkeit mit den Vollkommenheiten Gottes; nicht ihre Hoheit, noch den weitläuftigen Umfang ihres Nutzens. Man ſagt ihnen nur, daß ſie Ehre mache, oder wenn man deutlicher reden will, daß ſie von denen gelobt werde, die nicht mit Gewißheit beurtheilen können, aus was für einer Quelle ſie entſprungen iſt. Den Beweis davon führt man durch die Vorſtellung großer Beyſpiele. So lernen ſie die Welt betrügen, um von ihr mit Lobſprüchen, die eben ſo gründlich ſind, als ihre Tugenden, wieder betrogen zu werden. Jemand hat einige Sammlungen ſinnreicher Einfälle ſo oft durchgeleſen, daß er zuweilen etwas ſagt, das einem natürlichen guten Einfalle ähnlich ſieht. Iſt er darum wirklich ſinnreich? So verrichtet zuweilen ein Menſch eine Handlung, die man gern bewundern würde, wenn man nicht wüßte, daß ſie ein Einfall wäre, den er nicht ſelbſt gehabt, ſondern aus dem Unterrichte ſeines Sprachmeiſters auswendig behalten hat.

Was für Gegenſtände der Nacheiferung fallen weg, wenn man die Geſchichte mit dem reifen Urtheile lieſet, womit ſie geleſen werden muß! Wie lange iſt der Name des Auguſtus ein Lobſpruch oder vielmehr eine Ironie auf alle die Fürſten geweſen, denen die Dichter haben ſchmeicheln wollen! Man hat tauſendmal geſagt, daß ein Regent nicht, wie Alexander, ſondern, wie Auguſt, ſeyn müſſe; allein man muß den Sueton nicht geleſen haben, wenn man nicht weiß, daß es noch zweifelhaft iſt, ob die Griechen unter dem Alexander, oder die Römer unter dem Auguſtus unglücklicher geweſen ſind. So viel iſt unſtreitig, daß die Lobreden des römiſchen Volkes auf ihn eine ſklaviſche und die Oden des Horaz auf dieſen Bezwinger der Republik eine poetiſche Lüge geweſen ſind.

Wenn man Ciceros Rede für das maniliſche Geſetz und Lucans pharſaliſchen Krieg lieſet: wer ſollte nicht begierig werden, den Weg zu betreten, auf welchem Pompejus zu einem ſo allgemeinen Ruhme gelangt iſt! Aber was macht nicht eben dieſer Cicero in ſeinen vertrauten Briefen an den Atticus, wo er aufrichtig und ſo ſpricht, wie er denkt, dieſer ſo getreue Anhänger des Pompejus für einen Charakter von ihm! Er hat keine edlen und erhabnen, ſondern ganz niedrige und gemeine Eigenſchaften, ſagt er. Dieſes Urtheil wird durch eine ſtrenge und unpartheyiſche Prüfung ſeiner Thaten beſtätigt. Seine Geſchicklichkeit, den römiſchen Senat und das Volk alſo zu lenken, daß er, wenn andre Feldherrn ſchwere langwierige Kriege beynahe ganz geendigt hatten, ſie zurückrief, ſie der Ehre ihrer erſten Siege beraubte, ihm aber einen ſchon überwundenen Feind, der vielleicht zur völligen Niederlage nur noch einen Streich empfangen durfte, und den darauf folgenden Triumph in die Hände ſpielte, dieſe Kunſt, andre um die an ſich ſelbſt ſchon elende Belohnung ihres Muthes zu betrügen, war ſein größtes Verdienſt. Wie wenig iſt doch auf öffentliche und allgemeine Lobſprüche zu trauen! Die Nachwelt kann den Betrug nur allzuleicht entdecken, wenn ſie will, und wenn es auch durch einen oder den andern geheimen Brief geſchehen ſollte, der bis auf ihre Zeiten erhalten wird. Wer wird einen Held nachahmen wollen, der in ſeinem fünf und zwanzigſten Jahre den Beynamen des Großen erhielt, ſo viele Nationen beſiegte, faſt über drey Theile des Erdkreiſes triumphirte, und dennoch nichts Großes und Erhabnes, ſondern lauter niedrige und gemeine Eigenſchaften beſaß!

Die Liebe gegen das Vaterland und der Eifer für die Freyheit der Republik wurden unter den Römern nicht allein für nothwendige, ſondern auch für außerordentliche und herrliche Tugenden gehalten. Dieſe Geſinnungen wurden von allen Geſchichtſchreibern und Rednern bewundert. Sie erzeugten [illegible] Thaten, die wir auch in unſern Zeiten für groß erklären. Sie wurden durch die Nachahmung fortgepflanzt. Selbſt in denen Zeiten, in welchen Rom durch ſeine eigne Größe ſchon zu fallen anfing, und einen Monarchen nöthig hatte, wenn es in keinem Falle aufgerieben werden ſollte, wollten Cato, Cicero, Bibulus, Metellus, und andre, Rom [illegible] als den republikaniſchen Geiſt für die alte Einrichtung des römiſchen Staates, welche doch auf keine Weiſe mehr beybehalten werden konnte. Es iſt etwas leichtes, dieſen Patriotismus verdächtig zu machen. Man könnte mit ſtarken Gründen behaupten, daß er bey dem Cato nichts als ein philoſophiſches Vorurtheil und ein Eigenſinn war, den er theils von ſeiner Familie geerbt, theils in der finſtern Schule der Stoiker erlernt hatte. Ciceros Beyſpiel allein beweiſt, daß dieſer Eifer für die Republick nicht aus der vernünftigen Einſicht entſtand, daß das Beſte des römiſchen Volkes eine republikaniſche Einrichtung erforderte. Denn eine reife Ueberlegung aller Umſtände, worinnen ſich Rom zu dieſen Zeiten befand, würde dieſe Eiferer gelehrt haben, daß es vortheilhafter für ihre Mitbürger wäre, Einen Herrn, als viele Beherrſcher zu haben. Niemand konnte dieſes beſſer beurtheilen, als Cicero, und wie republikaniſch geſinnt war er nicht! Mit welchen Entzückungen preiſt er nicht einen Brutus, einen Fabius Maximus, einen Scipio, einen Lälius! Und wenn er Cäſars geheime Unternehmungen betrachtete, Roms Alexander zu werden: Was für bittre Wehklagen ſchüttete er nicht in den Schooß ſeines Atticus aus! Die Republick iſt in den elendeſten Umſtänden! Alles geht unglücklich! Die Republick iſt verlohren! Pompejus, der ſich dem Cäſar nicht eifrig genug widerſetzte, beſaß nichts Großes und Erhabnes. Alles dieſes ſind Ausrufungen, die uns alle Augenblicke in ſeinen vertrauten Briefen aufſtoßen. Ohne dieſen Eifer war niemand in ſeinen Augen rechtſchaffen. War aber dieſer Patriotismus Tugend? Aller dieſer Eifer war bloß die Eitelkeit eines Redners, welcher vorher ſah, daß bey einer monarchiſchen Verfaſſung des Staates ſeine Beredſamkeit unnütze werden würde. Dieſes erhellt unwiderſprechlich daraus, daß er bereit war, ſeinen Eifer für die Republik, worein er faſt alle Rechtſchaffenheit ſetzte, aufzuopfern, wenn ihm Cäſar das Augurat hätte geben wollen, eine Würde, welche ſeiner Eitelkeit ſchmeichelte, weil ein Augur ſich in alle öffentliche Angelegenheiten miſchen konnte. Das iſt das einzige, ſagt er zum Atticus, ich muß meine Schwachheit geſtehn, wodurch mich diejenigen, ſo itzt über die Republik herrſchen, gewinnen könnten. Die Stoiker mochten ſagen, was ſie wollten, in einer Religion, wo die Tugend für kein Geſchenk des Himmels gehalten wurde, mußte man die Ehre mehr, als die Tugend lieben. Erhellt daraus nicht, wie ſchwer es iſt, in der alten Geſchichte wirklich große Thaten zu finden, die man ohne alle Gefahr als Beyſpiele anpreiſen könnte! Man mag ſeine Augen vor dieſer Wahrheit verſchließen, wie man will, ſo wird man dennoch immer zu dem Geſtändniſſe gezwungen werden, daß alle die Griechen, und alle die Römer, die man uns als Muſter großer Tugenden vorſtellt, die meiſte Zeit ſehr kleine Thaten auf eine große und prahleriſche Art verrichtet haben.

Da die Geſchichtſchreiber gemeiniglich nur diejenigen Handlungen ihrer Helden beſchreiben, welche viel Geräuſch gemacht haben und weit geſehn worden ſind: ſo iſt leicht zu begreifen, daß man von allen den Tugenden, die in der Stille geſchehen müſſen, und ihren Werth verlieren, wenn derjenige, der ſie ausübt, ſie auch ſelbſt bekannt macht, wenig Beyſpiele finden wird. Und doch können eben dieſe ihrer Natur nach verborgnen Tugenden die erhabenſten, und der größte Schmuck der Menſchheit ſeyn. Diejenigen, welche durch Beyſpiele die Menſchen zur Tugend reizen wollen, mögen nur zuſehn, daß ſie ihnen nicht mit der Begierde der Nachahmung Eitelkeit und Stolz einflößen. Die Standhaftigkeit eines Märtyrers, der den Tod nicht aufſucht, aber auch nicht vor ihm erzittert, wenn er ergriffen wird, zu den grauſamſten Qualen geführt zu werden, iſt unſtreitig dem ſtolzen Tode des Cato weit vorzuziehen. Allein warum wird unſer Herz mehr erhoben, wenn wir die Thaten der Römer leſen, als wenn wir unſre Augen einmal auf eine Märtyrergeſchichte werfen? Geſchieht es nicht darum, weil hier alles die natürliche Eitelkeit des Menſchen demüthigt, in der römiſchen Geſchichte aber alles ſeine hochmüthige Einbildung reizt? Hier ſchimmert und blendet alles; alles ſcheint groß und edel zu ſeyn. Gleichwohl ſind die meiſten von dieſen prächtigen Thaten falſche und betrügliche Dünſte, die nur in der Nacht aufſteigen und leuchten, ſo bald aber, als der Tag anbricht, verſchwinden. Wer wird aber wohl einem Wandrer rathen, lieber in der Nacht bey dem verführeriſchen Lichte dieſer Dünſte, als am hellen Tage zu reiſen! Unterdeſſen iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß in einer finſtern Nacht ein kleiner Strahl das Auge weit mehr erfreut, als am Tage die ganze Sonne.

Beyſpiele von Handlungen in einzelnen beſondern beſtimmten Fällen. Ihre Nachahmung [illegible] alle eine außerordentliche Klugheit, und eine tiefe Ueberlegung. Wenn man mit einer ähnlichen Handlung, die ein andrer vor uns verrichtet hat, ein gleiches Ziel erreichen will, ſo muß man ſich nothwendig in eben dem Falle befinden. [illegible]

[illegible] der Nachahmung wird, und je größer [illegible] selbst seyn. [illegible] kann ganz besondere und eigne Verbindlichkeiten in einem gewissen Falle haben, die ein anderer nicht hatte, dem man gern in seinem Verhalten ähnlich seyn wollte, und, wenn [illegible] der Pflichten entsteht, so kann das bey uns ein Fehler seyn, was bey dem andern eine Tugend war. [illegible] Jugend [illegible]

[illegible] Anmerkungen! [illegible] dem Menschen [illegible] Aufmunterung [illegible] Handlungen [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Beyspiele [illegible]

Johann Friedrich Cramer

wurde am [illegible] 17[illegible] zu Quedlinburg geboren, studierte die Rechte zu Halle und ward nach vollendeten akademischen Studien [illegible] Referendär in Berlin, 1801 Auditeur bei dem Regimente Wartensleben in Erfurt, [illegible] in [illegible] und [illegible] im [illegible]. Von [illegible] bis 1818 verwaltete er das [illegible] in Halberstadt, nahm darauf seine Entlassung, und [illegible] daselbst.

Seine Schriften sind:

[illegible] Berlin, [illegible]

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Geschichte des Königreichs Westphalen. [illegible] 1814. [illegible]

[illegible]

Geschichte des Christenthums und der Kirche. 1. Th. 1. und 2. Abth. Halberstadt, 1829—30.

Zur Geschichte Friedrich Wilhelms I. und Friedrichs II. [illegible] Hamburg, 1829. [illegible] Leipzig, [illegible]

Außer diesen gab er heraus:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

J. F. Cramer iſt ein gewandter, geiſtvoller und kenntnißreicher Schriftſteller, zu deſſen gelungenſten Arbeiten vorzüglich ſeine Leiſtungen im biographiſchen Fache gehören. Als Dichter hat er dagegen nie einiges Aufſehen erregt, obwohl eine gebildete Sprache und Klarheit der Gedanken ihm zuerkannt werden müſſen.

Johann Friedrich Heinrich Cramer

ward am 2. September 1754 zu Dahlen bei Oſchatz geboren, ſtudierte Theologie in Leipzig, ward 1785 fünfter Diakonus an der Kreuzkirche in Dresden, und bekleidete nach und nach höhere geiſtliche Aemter daſelbſt, bis er am 4. September 1820 als Stadtprediger, Doctor der Philoſophie und Ritter des K. S. Civilverdienſtordens ſtarb.

Seine Schriften, welche ſämmtlich mehrere Auflagen erlebten, ſind:

Ueber die Nachahmung Jeſu. Dresden, 1791.
Beicht- und Communionbuch. Dresden, 1794.
Rathſchläge für junge Chriſten u. ſ. w. Dresden, 1794.
Chriſtliches Tagebuch zur häuslichen Erbauung. Dresden, 1796.
Predigten über die gewöhnlichen Epiſteln. Dresden, 1804. 2 Thle.
Andachtsbuch zur häuslichen Erbauung. Dresden, 1809.
Predigten über die gewöhnlichen Evangelien. Dresden, 1818. 2 Thle.

Ein ſehr beliebter und überaus gern geleſener aſcetiſcher Schriftſteller wußte J. F. H. Cramer auch als geachteter Kanzelredner ſegensreich zu wirken; ſeine Predigten zeichnen ſich durch Gemüthlichkeit, Wärme, Lebendigkeit und Würde äußerſt vortheilhaft aus.

Karl Friedrich Cramer,

ein Sohn von Johann Andreas Cramer, ward am 7. März 1752 zu Quedlinburg geboren, ſtudierte in Göttingen und erhielt 1775 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie an der Univerſität Kiel, welche 1780 in eine ordentliche Profeſſur verwandelt wurde. Seine politiſchen Meinungen und beſonders ſein großer Eifer für die franzöſiſche Revolution hatten 1794 ſeine Entlaſſung zur Folge. Er begab ſich nun nach Hamburg, lebte hier als Privatgelehrter und ging dann 1796 nach Paris, wo er ſich als Buchdrucker und Buchhändler niederließ. Falſche Speculationen brachten ihn um ſein ganzes Vermögen und zwangen ihn ſogar auf eine Zeit lang Paris zu verlaſſen, doch kehrte er ſpäter wieder dahin zurück und ſtarb dort am 8. December 1807.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Klopſtock. Er und über ihn. Hamburg, 1779—92. 5 Thle.
Menſchliches Leben. Altona und Leipzig, 1791—95. 16 St.
Ueber meine Schickſale. Altona und Leipzig. 1795.
Tagebuch aus Paris. 2 Thle. Paris, 1800.
Individualitäten. Amſterdam, 1806. 3 Hefte.
Viele Ueberſetzungen namentlich aus dem Franzöſiſchen ins Deutſche wie z. B. Rouſſeaus, neue Heloiſe. 4 Thle. Berlin, 1785—86. Emil. Braunſchweig. 1789—91. 4 Thle. Politik. Berlin, 1787. 2 Thle. Racine's Athalia. Hamburg, 1786. Chateaubriand's Atala. 2. Aufl. Leipzig. 1806. Villers, über die Reformation. Hamburg, 1805. Mercier's neues Paris. Paris, 1800. Grouvelle, über die Tempelherren. Leipzig. 1806. Raynouard's Tempelherren. J. Baillie's Leidenſchaften. Leipzig, 1806. 3 Bde. u. ſ. w., und aus dem Deutſchen in das Franzöſiſche, wie z. B. Bouterweks Graf Donamar, die Herrmannsſchlacht von Klopſtock, Schillers Jungfrau von Orleans u. ſ. w.

K. F. Cramer war ein Mann von reichen Kenntniſſen, glücklichen Fähigkeiten und nicht ohne Geſchmack, aber flüchtig, eitel und überſpannt, was ſich auch in allen ſeinen Schriften, welche ſich um ſeine Perſönlichkeit, als ihren Mittelpunkt bewegen, deutlich und entſchieden ausſpricht. Ein ſehr richtiges Urtheil über ihn findet ſich in dem Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände. Jahrg. 1808. No. 18. S. 72., wo es heißt: „C. hatte unzählige Verdienſte des Herzens, Kenntniſſe aller Art und gewiß in vielen Fächern mehr, als bloß oberflächliche; ſein einziger Fehler war Mangel an Menſchenkenntniß, oder was beinahe eben ſo viel heißen will, Ueberſpannung. Die franzöſiſche Revolution hatte ihn zu Irrthümern verleitet aber gewiß nicht zu Vergehungen; er hatte das mit vielen anderen Menſchen gemein, welche nachher die Ausſöhnung mit der alten Welt und mithin Ruhe des Lebens wiederfanden. Cramer, in der Unbefangenheit ſeiner Seele und mit ruhigem Gewiſſen, glaubte nicht einmal Feinde zu haben; er glaubte nicht einmal unglücklich zu ſeyn; er fand in ſich ſo viele [illegible]. Intriguante Menſchen ſollen ſeine Gutmüthigkeit gemißbraucht haben, Familienumſtände von der niederſchlagendſten Art trafen ihn; auch war er in Paris überhaupt außer ſeiner Sphäre." — Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen ſind unbedeutend, voll Enthuſiasmus zwar, der ſich aber meiſt nur in ekſtatiſchen Floskeln offenbart; am gewandteſten zeigt er ſich in ſeinen proſaiſchen Ueberſetzungen.

Karl Gottlob Cramer

ward am 3. März 1758 zu [illegible] bei Freiburg an der Unſtrut, [illegible] geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung in [illegible] und ſtudirte dann in Leipzig die Theologie. Nach [illegible] lebte er als Privatgelehrter in Weißenfels und Naumburg, wurde 1795 bei [illegible] [illegible] und wählte nun [illegible] [illegible] erhielt er eine [illegible] zu Dreißigacker, [illegible] er bis zu ſeinem Tod, der am 7. Juni 1817 erfolgte, [illegible]

Seine bekannteſten Romane ſind:

Karl Saalfeld. Leipzig, 1782.
[illegible]. Leipzig, 1785. 2 Thle.
Erasmus Schleicher. Leipzig, 1789. 4 Thle.
Der deutſche Alcibiades. Leipzig, 1791. 3 Thle.
Hermann von Nordenſchild. Leipzig, 1791. 2 Thle.
Paul [illegible]. Leipzig, 1791. 2 Thle.
Hasper a Spada. Leipzig, 1794. 3 Thle.
Adolf, Raugraf von Daſſel. Leipzig, 1792. 3 Thle.
[illegible]. Leipzig, 1792. 2 Thle.
Der lahme [illegible]. Leipzig, 1794. 2 Thle.
Der kluge Mann. Leipzig, 1795. 3 Thle.
Konrad von Kaufungen. Leipzig, 1795. 2 Thle.
Jacob [illegible]. Leipzig, 1795. 2 Thle.
Das Jägermädchen. Leipzig, 1798. 2 Thle.
Peter Schmoll. Leipzig, 1798. 2 Thle.
[illegible]. Leipzig, 1800. 2 Thle.
[illegible]. Leipzig, 1801. 2 Thle.
Der arme Flötenſpieler. Leipzig, 1802.
Der Domſchütz. Leipzig, 1804. 2 Thle.
[illegible]. Leipzig, 1807.
Das eiſerne Kreuz. Leipzig, 1815. 3 Thle. u. ſ. w.

Ein Vielſchreiber im Fach der Romane, nicht ohne Originalität aber ohne Bildung und Geſchmack, lange Zeit die Freude der Leihbibliotheken und der Nähterinnen und Ladendiener, jetzt beinahe verſchollen und vergeſſen. Treffend und wahr bemerkt Franz Horn (die ſchöne Literatur Deutſchlands während des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts. Berlin 1812. Th. II. S. 124) bei Gelegenheit Cramers: „Faſſen wir das geſammte ſchriftſtelleriſche Leben C.'s als ein Ganzes auf, ſo geht aus demſelben eine ſehr einfache aber wichtige Lehre hervor und zwar folgende: der ganz [illegible] rohe und verworrene Kopf kann eine Zeitlang wohl die Maſſe des Publicums erfreuen, denn er hält wenigſtens etwas feſt, das ein wirkliches [illegible] iſt und beſonders im [illegible] [illegible] Form leicht als [illegible] erſcheinen kann, ſo wie er ſich denn auch rühmen darf, daß ihm der trockene und geiſtloſe Kopf ſeine Gedanken und Phantaſieſprünge nicht nachmachen kann. Fängt er aber [illegible] und [illegible] an, ſich nach wahrer Bildung umzuſehen, läßt er ſich wohl gar in einen für Gemüthlichkeit [illegible] [illegible] hingeben, ſo tritt die [illegible] [illegible] ein und bereitet ſeinem Schaffen ein Ende, wie es jetzt die Cramerſchen bereits getroffen hat. —

August Friedrich Cranz

ward am 26. September 1737 in Marwitz geboren, und bekleidete in frühern Jahren das Amt eines K. Preußiſchen Kriegs- und Domainenrathes zu Cleve von dem er jedoch entſetzt wurde. Er privatiſirte nun abwechſelnd in Hamburg, Altona, Frankfurt am Main und ſeit 1788 in Berlin, wo er eine Penſion bezog. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 19. October 1801.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gallerie der Teufel. Frankfurt, 1776—78. 6 St.
Die [illegible]. Frankfurt, a. M. 1779.
[illegible]. Berlin, 1778. 4 Thle.
Neue Gallerie. Berlin, 1781.
Meine [illegible]. Berlin, 1779.
Charlatanerien. Berlin, 1780. 4 St.
Beiträge zur Chronik von Berlin. Berlin, 1781. 3 St.
[illegible]. Berlin, 1781.
Der Freund der Wahrheit. Berlin, 1782.
Kleine Schriften. Berlin, 1782—83. 3 Thle.
Cranz in Hamburg. Berlin, 1785. 2 Bde.
Ein Wort zur [illegible]. O. D. Berlin, 1791.
An mein Publikum. Hamburg, 1778.
Fragmente. Berlin, 1790—92. 12 St.
Die [illegible]. Hamburg, 1795.
Einzelne Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

C. machte ſich zu ſeiner Zeit einen Namen als Satyriker und war allerdings nicht ohne Witz, jedoch oft gemein und nach [illegible] parteiiſch, ſo daß viele ſeiner Schriften, bloße Pasquille ſind. — Schon während ſeines Lebens wurde er mehr gefürchtet als geachtet und ſeine Leiſtungen die nur ephemeres Intereſſe hatten, fielen gleich nach ſeinem Tode verdienter Vergeſſenheit anheim.

Karl Kasimir von Creuz,

ein ausgezeichneter Staatsmann und verdienſtvoller didaktiſcher Dichter, ward am 24. November 1724 zu Homburg vor der Höhe geboren, verdankte ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung ausſchließlich Privatlehrern und vollendete ſeine Studien durch ſeinen unausgeſetzten Fleiß im Selbſtunterricht. Eine Univerſität beſuchte er nie, ſondern ward [illegible] in ſeinem [illegible] Jahre 1746 Landgräflich Heſſen-Homburgiſcher Hofrath mit Sitz und Stimme in der Regierung. Von Moſer, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Periode des [illegible] und [illegible] Namen an und Creuz wird auch ſeines [illegible] Nachfolger, da ihm nach von Moſer's Abgang, die Leitung der Heſſen-Homburgiſchen [illegible] übertragen wurde. [illegible] ward er [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. 1751 auswärtiges Mitglied der Berliner Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften, ſo wie ſpäter der Akademien zu Mannheim und München. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Heſſen-Darmſtadt [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] den. Im Jahre 1756 als Heſſen-Homburgiſcher Geheimerath nach Wien geſandt, erwarb er ſich die Gunſt des kaiſerlichen Hofes in ſo hohem Grade, daß dieſer ihn zum Reichshofrath ernannte. Nachdem er die Irrungen zwiſchen Heſſen-Darmſtadt und Heſſen-Homburg vermittelt, und den Vermählungsvertrag zwiſchen ſeinem Fürſten und einer Heſſen-Darmſtädtiſchen Prinzeſſin abgeſchloſſen hatte, ſtarb er, von Anſtrengungen und Arbeiten aufgerieben, den 6. September 1770.

Er gab heraus:

Oden und Lieder. Frankfurt, 1750. — 4. A. unter dem Titel: Oden und andere Gedichte, auch kleine proſaiſche Aufſätze. 2 Thle. Frankfurt 1769.
Verſuch über die Seele. Frankfurt, 1753. 2 Thle.
Die Gräber. Ein philoſophiſches Gedicht. Frankfurt, 1760.
[illegible]. Frankfurt, 1760.

C. [illegible]

Diction und enthält manches wahrhaft Gelungene, ſowie einige auch in philoſophiſcher Hinſicht ausgezeichnete Stellen. Seine übrigen lyriſchen Dichtungen neigen ſich ebenfalls dem didactiſchen Tone zu und machen dem Geiſte des Verfaſſers Ehre, ob ſie auch gleich nicht gerade Neues enthalten. — In ſeinen proſaiſchen Schriften erſcheint er dagegen befangen und unſicher und man ſieht deutlich, daß er ein Autodidact iſt. Seine Trauerſpiele: Sokrates und Seneca ſind gänzlich mislungen. Wir theilen hier den vierten Geſang der Gräber als Probe mit.

Die Gräber.

Vierter Geſang.

Wo bin ich? weckt mich ſchon mein ungeſtümer Kummer?
Von welchem Traum bin ich erwacht!
Wo flog er hin, ach der unſtäte Schlummer?
Traurige Nacht!
Ach, ewig ſcheint mir deine ſchwarze Dauer?
O welch ein Traum! = = ich wach! und noch iſt er mein Schauer?
O Zukunft! = = = welch ein Traum von dir?
O Tod erſcheineſt du mit ſo viel Schrecken mir?

Ich fühle unter mir die fliehnde Erde wanken;
Vom letzten Tag ſah ich den blutgen Schein.
Welch eine Kluft ſah ich! = = Erſchrockene Gedanken!
O welch ein Wirbel ſchlung euch ein!
Wie? wird es dunkler? ach, von welchen Finſterniſſen
Wird meines Geiſtes Raum erfüllt!
Welch ſtarker Arm hat mich mir ſelbſt entriſſen?
Hin in das traurige Gefild,
Hin, wo des mächtgen Tods entzündte Lüfte ſauſen,
Wo der Vergeſſenheit einſame Waſſer brauſen,
Hin wo der Höllenfluß aus tiefen Gräbern quillt?

Wie? hör ich nicht ein Murmeln? = = Wie im Grimme
Des drohnden Tods unlaute tiefe Stimme?
Gott! zwiſchen Seyn und Nichts, welch eine Kluft!
Und ach, in dieſer Kluft ſoll meine Seele ſchweben?
Wenn du aus meiner Bruſt den Athem weggeruft,
Ach, giebſt du meinem Geiſt auch denn ein andres Leben?
Ach, ſoll ich ewig ſeyn? ich ewig? Ach! ich Staub!
Ich, jedes Sturmes Ziel? ich jedes Unfalls Raub!
Ich, ſoll ich ewig ſeyn, um ewig mich zu quälen?
Nur Unruh, oder Tod, ſonſt bleibt mir nichts zu wählen,
Und du, o Tod, biſt du nicht meines Weſens Ziel?
Und dauret noch nach dir mein langes Trauerſpiel?
Mein ewigs Trauerſpiel! O höre meine Klagen,
O höre ſie, verſchwiegne Nacht!
Ihr Gräber, öffnet euch! laßt mich die Schatten fragen,
Ob Sterben glücklich macht;
Erſcheinet mir, Bewohner der Grüfte!
Beſucht die längſt von euch verlaſſnen Lüfte!
Und einem Sterblichen, der euch, wenn alles flieht,
Mit unerſchrocknen Blicken ſieht!
Ihr zaudert? ach, euch hat vielleicht ein ewger Schlummer
Vom Seyn und von dem Kummer,
Von Zeit und Ewigkeit,
Zu gleichem Augenblick befreyt.
Ach hätt ich euch zurück, ach, euch, verlebte Stunden
Wo ich der Weisheit thöricht nachgedacht!
Wo ich die Ruh geſucht und nirgends ſie gefunden!
Hätt ich euch jugendlich in Scherzen zugebracht!
Hätt ich ein reines Blut durch ein zu ernſthaft Denken
Nicht ſelbſt vergiftet, und dem Kummer gleich gemacht;
Dem ſchwarzen Gram, in den ſich meine Freuden ſenken;
In deſſen Schlamm ſie untergehn!
Ich könnte ruhiger, ich könnte ſonder Klagen
Den letzten Augenblick von Wolluſt reichen Tagen,
Mit Lachen ſterbend, kommen ſehn!
Ich ſtürb den Geiſtern gleich, den großen Geiſtern gleich,
Die ſelbſt der Götter mächtigs Reich
Verheert, und ſie vom hohen Thron geſtürzet,
Und, wenn ein Unfall kam,
Der Freuden Feind, dem Gram,
Mit ihrem Seyn zugleich den ſchweren Lauf gekürzet.

Ach, ſchnell wie ein Geſpenſt ſind ſie der Hand verſchwunden,
Die kühn nach ihnen griff, des Lebens leichte Stunden!
Was quält ihr mich? verſchmäht den kleinen Raum der Zeit,
Ihr Sorgen, groß genug für eine Ewigkeit!
Was ſäumſt du, Unbeſtand? wirſt du auf deinen Schwingen,
Die Ruhe, die du nahmſt, mir einſt nicht wiederbringen?
Bleibt mir mein Gram allein, und wechſelt alles ab?
Iſt nur für meinen Leib, und nicht für ihn ein Grab?
Betrüglich iſt der Schluß, der aus dem Raum der Zeiten
Den Lauf von meinem Seyn führt in die Ewigkeiten,
Und meiner Tugend, hier im Leben unbelohnt,
Den Lohn vom Tod verſpricht, der ſelbſt den Geiſt nicht ſchont!
Des Laſters Leichenſtein läßt noch die Nachwelt leſen:
Hier ruht das Laſter ſanft, und iſt beglückt geweſen.

Wie elend wird der Menſch, der ſich im Stolz verlor?
Der Staub will ewig ſeyn? was hofft und baut der Thor?
Palläſte für den Blitz, und für den Donner Thürme?
Weiß er, daß vor dem Tod auch Allmacht nicht beſchirme?
O kleiner Unterſchied, der uns von Würmern trennt!
Sie ſterben unbeklagt; wir werden noch genennt.
Verächtlicher als Gras muß oft ein Held vergehen,
Und Heldenaſche ſich in Luft und Wellen drehen.
Die Erde = = ach, verwünſcht ſey ihre Fruchtbarkeit!
Daß ſie den Menſchen zeugt, hat nur den Tod erfreut.
Die Opfer ſind umſonſt, die wir den Leichen bringen,
Und im erſtarrten Blut war ihrer Seele Sitz;
Die Trauerlieder, die wir werthen Schatten ſingen,
Der Gräber Pracht, zeugt von der Thoren Witz.
Iſts wahr, was uns von finſtern Höllenflüſſen
Ein Wiegenlied, und das Geſchwätz der Fabel lehrt?
Wann hat die Augen, die wir ewig dunkel ſchließen,
Ein Tag noch wieder aufgeklärt!

Wie lang verliert ſich noch der Menſch in tiefen Sorgen,
Und eyfert der Vergänglichkeit?
Auf gleichem Flügel gleicher Zeit
Flieht unſrer Jugend Gram, und ein Gewölk am Morgen.
Ach, alles was wir ſehn,
Ach, alles iſt nur Schein! ein Blendwerk unſrer Sinnen!
Was Weiſe thun; was Helden ſtolz beginnen,
Wird mit der Thoren Thun, der Sklaven Thun vergehn!
Wie wann in ſchnellen Feuersbrünſten
Hier ein Palaſt, dort eine Hütte glüht,
Und nur in einem Rauch der Reſt von beiden flieht:
So miſchet die Vergeſſenheit,
Die Feindin von dem Unterſcheid,
Die Dummheit mit dem Witz, Unwiſſenheit mit Künſten.

Nur Schattenbilder ſinds, womit die Seele ſpielet,
Ihr ſchwaches Aug verträgt kein heller Licht.
Das Glück, das ihr geſehn, habt ihr es auch gefühlet?
Betrogne! Schatten fühlt man nicht.
Des Nachruhms ungehörter Schall,
O Held, iſt der der Grund von deinem Streit und Fall?
Und ſuchſt du deinen Tod auf ungebahnten Wegen!
Das Zauberwort des Ruhms, kann das den Sturm erregen,
Der tauſend niederſchlägt,
Und dann erſt ruhend ſich in Schooß der Grüfte legt?
Wir ſchweben dunkel in dem Land der Phantaſeyen,
Wo man ſtets wünſcht, und nie genießt,
Wo unſer eignes Herz von Circens Zaubereyen
Die fürchterliche Werkſtatt iſt.
Ach, ſind wir alle denn gleich ſterblich, gleiche Thoren,
Und ewig einſt, ſo bald des Schreckens Stimme ruft,
Im dunkeln Labyrinth der Gruft,
Zum Staub verdammt, vergeſſen und verloren:
So ſing auch künftig ich von Lieb und Wein,
Und meine Wiſſenſchaft ſoll nur die Thorheit ſeyn:
Und die Unwiſſenheit, des ſtolzen Hofmanns Zierde,
Belohnet mir vielleicht die lüſterne Begierde,
Mit unverdientem zwar, doch größerm Glück,
Die Reue ruft mich noch: komm, erſte Zeit zurück,
Und ſey der Luſt geweiht, vor der ein Weiſer fliehet,
Weil er Minervens Vogel gleich,
Nur in der Nacht, und nicht am Tage liebet;
O komm! und mache mich den andern Thoren gleich.
Doch wenn ſo oft auf mich ein Strom von Unglück rauſchet,
Und keine Stunde Ruh von Leiden unbelauſchet,
Mich noch verlaſſen hat:
Wann das Geſchick mir ſtets verſagte, was ich bath,
Wann mich im kurzen Schlaf der Sorgen Stürme ſtören,
Und dann ich gänzlich aufzuhören,
Beſtimmet und verwünſchet bin:

Wo find ich wahre Luſt? wo flieht mein Kummer hin?
Mir ekelt vor dem Ruhm: mir ekelt vor dem Lärmen;
Mir ekelt vor der Einſamkeit.
Ich lache, wenn die Thoren trunken ſchwärmen,
Und lächerlich ſcheint mir des Weiſen Nüchternheit.
Ja, wenn wir nie das Land, von dem wir träumen, ſehen,
Und in dem Meer des Nichts auch Seelen untergehen:
Unwürdig eines Gotts, des Zufalls würdiger,
Biſt du, o Welt für mich kein ernſter Anblick mehr!
Gleichgültiger, als ich, von Kindern aufgebauet,
Ein lockres Kartenhaus halb lächelnd angeſchauet,
Und Stunden, die beym Tanz in wilder Nacht vergehen,
Und manchem Poſſenſpiel der Bühne zugeſehn:
Will ich mein Leben ſehn, mit meinen Sorgen fliehen!
Kein Glück ſoll meinen Wunſch: mein Wunſch kein Glück bemühen!
Vom letzten Ruderſclav bis auf den erſten Held,
Bleibt alles mir verhaßt, bleibt alles mir vergällt.

Wo bin ich? ach, in welche Welt
Hat mich, Verborgener! dein mächtiger Schluß geſtellt?
Ich hab den Tag geſehn an dem die Bosheit ſiegte,
Und ohne Schutz die Unſchuld war.
An dem das Laſter ſich im Schooß des Glücks vergnügte;
Vor ihm vorbei ging die Gefahr.
Und keine Strafe kommt in einem andern Leben?
Und keine Zukunft ſoll den Lohn der Tugend geben!
O Gott, in welche Welt,
In welcher Dinge Reih hat mich dein Wink geſtellt?
Wo, irrend in noch unbeſtimmten Schranken,
Die Fäden zweifelnder Gedanken,
Die mir die Schwermuth eingeflößt,
Und, wann der Tag ſie ſcheucht, die Nächte wiederbringen,
Sich oft in einen Knoten ſchlingen,
Den nur der Tod, mein ewger Tod, einſt löſt!
O welche Welt,
Die dich, Allweiſeſter, für ihren Schöpfer hält?
Ich ſuch Vernünftige, die dir freywillig dienen:
Was find ich! Himmel, ach, anbethende Maſchinen!
Welch Aberglaube täuſcht uns unterm Schein,
Von deinem Dienſt, o Gott, die Wiſſenſchaft zu ſeyn!
O Sterbliche! ihr geht in ewgen Finſterniſſen,
Wo euch ein Strahl nur führt; das warnende Gewiſſen;
Doch dieſer Strahl, dem oft das Laſter ſcheu entwich:
In wie viel Farben theilt er ſich!
Nur ein Gewiſſen heißt den Königsmord begehen,
Und denn, als Märtyrer auf glühndem Holze ſtehen.
Gewohnheit lenkt das Vieh, die Menſchen Vorurtheil.
Ach, bin ich denn allein für dieſe Welt gebohren?
Im ewigen Gedräng von Bosheit und von Thoren?
Dem Ganges iſt das Blut; das Recht der Tiber feil,
Und von der Tugend bleibt einſt kaum der Name mehr,
Und alles, alles, ach! beweiſt ein Ungefähr!
Ein Ungefähr! ich zittre = = welch ein Schauer!
Mich deucht, ich ſeh ſelbſt die Natur in Trauer,
Daß ein Gedank entſtanden iſt,
Der dem, der ſie erſchuf, in dem ſie ſchwebt, vermißt,
Wo er allgegenwärtig iſt!

O Nacht! o Quelle meiner Trauerlieder!
Schlafloſigkeit! wie viel hab ich gedacht,
So oft du mir erſchienſt! du aber, bange Nacht,
Wie lange deckt mich noch dein zauderndes Gefieder!
Wie lange ſeufz ich noch, verworren, ungewiß,
Noch blinder, als die blinde Finſterniß?
Ach, Vorurtheil, du biſt ſchon unſrer zärtſten Jahre
Allmächtiger Tyrann!
Ach du begleiteſt uns bis zu der Todtenbahre!
Nun, frey von dir, ſeh ich, daß ich nichts hoffen kann,
Daß mit dem Athem auch der Geiſt vergeht,
Daß ihn mit unſrem Staub ein Wirbelwind verweht!
Ach, was der größte Geiſt von ſich noch übrig läßt,
Vom Leibnitz, welch ein Geiſt! ein Geiſt faſt ohne Schranken,
Von Newtons göttlichen Gedanken,
Was bleibt uns! ach, der Aſchen dunkler Reſt!
Der Aſchen, künftger Würmer Samen!
Und noch ein ſchwacher Schall von ehmals lauten Namen!

So wirſt auch du mir noch, mein letzter Troſt, geraubt!
Ich war! ich bin nicht mehr! ich werde niemals wieder?
Ein ſchwarzer Schrecken fließt durch die erſtorbenen Glieder.
Ach, warum trotzt ich oft, umringet von Gefahr,
Auf eine Künftigkeit, die ſchon vergangen war?
Ach, warum hoff ich noch, wenn Sorgen um mich ſchweben,
In dieſem Todtenthal ein auferſtehend Leben!
Wer leuchtet mir in dieſer Dunkelheit?
Wo iſt der Richter der den großen Streit entſcheid,
Und o, wie ungewiß ſind ſterbliche Gedanken!

Ein Zweifel macht den Schluß des tiefſten Weiſen wanken.
Das Merkmal ſucht er noch, wie man das Wahre kennt,
Und zittert, wenn man ihn der Zweifler Vater nennt,
Des Anaxarchs berühmten Schüler nennt.
Der urtheilt, fühlt und irrt nach ſtrengen Schulgeſetzen,
Und der bleibt ungewiß, aus Furcht ſie zu verletzen.
Der glaubet, weil mit ihm die gleich getäuſchte Welt
Aus gleichem Vorurtheil ein gleiches Urtheil fällt.
Der Lehrer Mund beſtimmt ſchon unſre künftigen Schlüſſe,
Und ihre Nächte ſind auch unſre Finſterniſſe.
Wir ſehn mit ihrem Aug, das öfters ſelbſt blind,
Und ſehn die Dinge ein, ſo, wie ſie wirklich ſind.
Gleich einem Schiffer, der an Klippen hangen blieben,
Wohin ihn See und Sturm, und nicht ſein Zweck getrieben,
Klebt unſer junger Wahn an ihrem Irrthum feſt,
Den mit der Jugend oft das Alter kaum verläßt.

Ja, die Vernunft hat mir zu ſehr geheuchelt;
Die Wiſſenſchaft hat mir zu ſehr geſchmeichelt;
Die Wahrheit fand ich nicht, die ich geſucht!
Und größre Zweifel ſind des Demonſtrirens Frucht.
O Einfalt und Natur! Du haſt oft überwunden,
Wo Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft das Mittel ſchwer gefunden!
Dort, glücklicher als ich, in einem Haus von Laub,
Wohnt ohne Witz ein Hirt, und glaubet, was ich glaub.
Um ſeine Ruh hat ihn kein Zweifel noch betrogen,
In ſein einfältges Herz iſt noch kein Wahn gezogen!
Wenn Paſcal ſelber ſich des Geiſtes Stärke raubt,
Und an des heilgen Dorns verlegne Wunder glaubt.
O Wahrheit, möchteſt du nur einen Strahl mir ſchenken,
Von deinem überirdſchen Licht!
Gelaſſen will ich überdenken,
Warum es mir an Ruh; an Zweifeln nie gebricht.
Ich habe mich in einen Wald verirret,
Wo eine ewge Nacht des Wandrers Aug verwirret,
Und ungewiß die dunkeln Tritte macht!
Ich ging, wo Pyrrho ging, den, oft dem Abgrund nahe,
Sein treuer Schüler hielt, und vor dem Fall bewacht*);
Der, wo die Sonne ſchien, die allerdickſte Nacht
Durchs falſche Glas des Zweifels ſahe.

O könnt ich fliehn, wo man nicht eine Stimme hört,
Wo Luft und Blätter ſchweigen,
Und die Gedanken, wann ſie aufwärts ſteigen,
In ihrem Sonnenflug nichts ſtört!
Wo auch kein Bach, der traurig murmelnd fließt,
Die Nahrung neuer Klagen iſt,
Und, wo befreyet von des Tages Lärmen,
Auch nicht der Nächte Schrecken ſchwärmen,
Wo die Gelaſſenheit,
Von dir, o ernſte Ewigkeit,
Ein Lied in ſtiller Andacht höret!
Wo mich, o Allerheiligſter,
Die Wunder deiner Macht, und deiner Weisheit Ehr
Auch bloß ein ſtummer Anblick lehret.
O heilge Einſamkeit! gewähre mir
Gedanken von Unſterblichkeit und dir!

Woher entſtehen ſie, die Zweifel, die uns quälen?
Ja ſolche Zweifel ſind nur Zweifel ewger Seelen!
Ein mächtiges Gefühl; wer kann ihm widerſtehn!
Der Thor nennts Vorurtheil; der Weiſe das Gewiſſen,
Zwingt uns ein helles Licht zu ſehn,
Das Blinde thöricht ſchmähn, und doch ſich wünſchen müſſen.
Auf! wagt in euren Geiſt nur einen tiefern Blick!
Wie viel Gedanken ſind nicht ſtets in ihm zurück,
Und warum ſollen ſie hier nicht entwickelt werden,
Sind ſie nur für den Raum von dieſer kleinen Erden?
Je mehr ich forſch, je weiter muß ich gehn;
Je mehr ich ſeh, je mehr verlang ich auch zu ſehn.
In unſres Geiſtes uns noch unbekannten Schranken,
In ſeiner Tiefe, die nur der ihn ſchuf, ergründt,
Sind Millionen dunkler Gedanken,
Die für die Ewigkeit nur ſind:

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*) Daß andere eine ſolche vollkommne Gleichgültigkeit oder faſt unnatürliche Zerſtreuung der Gedanken mit deren Begriffe, welchen ſie ſich von dem Pyrrho machen, nicht zu vereinigen wiſſen, beruhet auf Gründen, die ich hier zu unterſuchen für überflüſſig halte.

Gleich Samen, welche Stürme weit verwehen,
In einem andern Land beſtimmet aufzugehen.
Ich denke, bis mein Geiſt, der keine Ruhe hat,
Faſt ſtill zu ſtehn beginnt, vom ſchweren Denken matt,
Und doch wird mir ſtets etwas übrig bleiben,
Und niemals hab ich ausgedacht.
Gedanken, die einander treiben,
Wie ein Gewölk das andre flüchtig macht,
Die tragen mich mit ſchnellem Flügel
Auf ſchreckenvolle Höhn,
Auf andrer Welten höhre Hügel,
Wo größre Weiſen nach erhabnern Sternen ſehn:
Wo fremde Sonnen, die der Sonne Glanz verdunkeln,
Vor der ein Mohr anbethend niederfällt,
In den Palläſten reinrer Himmel funkeln,
Und Strahlen ſtreun auf eine höhre Welt.
Und ein Gedanken, welcher neue Erden,
Eh Böheim ſie entdeckt, vorher geſehn:
Soll deſſen Lauf vom Tod gehemmet werden?
Soll er vergeſſen untergehn!
Und ſollen wir umſonſt von unermeßnen Räumen,
Wo unſre Erde ſich verliert,
Wohin uns einſt der Kahn des Todes führet,
Ach, ſollen wir umſonſt von einer Zukunft träumen?
Nein, dieſe Träume ſind für jene kurze Nacht,
Vor deren Ende uns ſo bang
So bange wird! die uns oft ſo viel Unruh macht,
Sie ſind für ſie zu prächtig und zu lang.
Iſt unſer Geiſt ein Schiff von reichen Laſten ſchwer,
Das nie in Hafen kömmt, der ihm von ferne winket,
Und nur beladen für das Meer,
In ſeinen Abgrund unterſinket?
Ach, nirgends ſeh ich ja, mein höchſtes Gut, die Ruh;
Ich ſeh dem Lauf der Welt, wie einem Sturme, zu,
Der Maſten in der ferne Gegend führet,
Und ſich ſo unſ[illegible], als wie er kam, verlieret
In dieſer Welt ſoll ich mein gänzliches Ende ſehn?
Nein, heute noch kann ſie vergehn:
Zu gleichem Fall iſt nicht mein Geiſt erkohren.
Gedanken von der Ewigkeit.
Beweiſt, daß ich nicht nur für dieſe Zeit,
Für eine Zukunft auch gebohren.
Beweiſt, daß ihr vergeblich würdet ſeyn,
Dächt ich für dieſe Welt allein!
Ihr wäret Blumen gleich, die wir nur ſchauen ſollen,
Allein umſonſt genießen wollen,
Wer glaubt vom Wurme, deſſen träumend Seyn
In eines Tages Kreis die Vorſicht eingeſchränket,
Daß er, flieht nach und nach des Tages kurzer Schein,
Auf Ewigkeiten hofft? auf künftge Tage denket.
Ach, ſoll dann unſer Staub des Geiſts, der ihn gelenket,
Und der betrognen Hoffnung letztes Denkmal ſeyn?
Fällt hinter uns die Thür des Grabes ewig zu!
Iſt dort für uns kein Glück, hier keine Ruh!

Was ſind die Güter, welche Thoren lüſtern machen!
Gemalte Trauben, die die Vögel an ſich ziehn;
Von welchen ſie betrogen fliehn.
Getroſt! Wir werden all an einem Tag erwachen,
Von einem Traum, von einer Nacht;
Der heute fällt und den der Morgen fallen macht,
Der in dem Elend, der im Roſenbett des Glückes,
Sind in der Ewigkeit nur eines Augenblickes
Vergangene Geſchicht.
Entlegner Triften Furcht; das Schrecken aller Völker,
Des Helden Ehrgeiz irrt, und ſucht Pharſaliſche Felder;
Er findet ſie und Ruhm und Blut.
Der Thor bricht durchs Meer; des Schiffes Flügel rauſchen,
Für Thorheit Thorheit einzutauſchen,
Und beyde finden nicht der Ruhe höchſtes Gut.
Kommt, Thoren zu der Gruft! ſprecht, ob ihr ſie noch findt,
Die Wolluſt, die im Arm des Glückes lag, .
Und deren ſchönſte Frühlingstage
Nie ſicher vor dem Donner ſind.
Ach, Eitelkeit nur iſts, was ich in ihr erblicke!
Sie gleicht dem Blitze, der in gleichem Augenblicke
Das Aug ergötzet und verſehrt.
Es deckt ihr Roſenbuſch Gefahr und Schlangen,
Die ſie uns nach dem Biß erſt zeigt.
Wie treulos iſt ſie nicht! Wann ſie am höchſten ſteigt,
So iſt ſie ſchon vergangen.

Ihr Gräber thut euch auf! zeigt mir die Seltenheiten,
Den Schatz, den geizig ihr in euch verſchließt!
In euch verlor ſich ſchon ein Lauf von Künftigkeiten,
Der möglich war und nicht mehr möglich iſt.
Erweitert eures Reiches dunkle Schranken!
Sie ſind zu eng für Welten von Gedanken,
Die künftig in euch untergehn,
Und wieder künftig auferſtehn!
Hier kann man bey unausgedachten Siegen,
Zerſtörte Carnavals, zerſtreute Karten liegen,
Und ſchlummernd in den Armen einer Nacht,
Noch unvollkommen, noch unausgedacht,
Erhabene Theodiceen,
Und ungeſungne Opern ſehen.
Welch eine Decke fällt von meinen Augen ab?
Nun kenn ich erſt den Weg, der von der Wieg ins Grab,
Und von den Gräbern in die Ewigkeiten führet.
Bewundert ſeinen labyrinthſchen Lauf,
Ihr, die ihr forſchend euch in ihm verlieret!
Hier hört der Strom der Zeit zu rauſchen auf;
Hier wird vom Weltgetös ein Athem kaum geſpüret!
Die Weisheit hemmet hier zukünftger Dinge Lauf,
Die nicht zu dem Entwurf der beſten Welt gehören:
Läßt Archimedens Zirkel ſtören.
Stürzt Cäſars Stundenglas, weil ihm kein Sieg mislung,
Und ſo blieb unvollendt der Welt Eroberung.
Ihr Gräber, die ihr voll Verſchwiegenheit
Der ewgen Weisheit Werkſtatt ſeyd!
Ach, laßt mich tiefer in euch blicken!
Wo iſt ſie nun, des Thoren wilde Luſt?
Ach, warum rief ich ſie zurück in meine Bruſt?
Der Anblick eines Grabs kann mich weit mehr entzücken.
Ein Gram, in dem vielleicht mein künftige Wohl
Schon keimt; ein Gram, der mich nur weiſer machen ſoll,
Konnt er in meiner Bruſt, aufrühriſch und verwegen,
Der drohnden Zweifel Sturm, der Wünſche Krieg erregen?
Hier ſuch ich ja umſonſt die wahre Seelenruh,
Und auf mich ſtürmt ein Heer von Leidenſchaften zu,
Und warum gab ſie mir, die ewig weiſe Liebe,
Als für die Ewigkeit die ungemeßnen Triebe?
So manche mögliche Veränderung der Welt?
Soll ſie umſonſt in öder Gruft verweſen?
Und wann ein Held, noch eh er ſieget, fällt,
War dieſer große Geiſt allein zum Tod erleſen?
Nur für der fliehnden Zeiten Raub!
Für die Vergeſſenheit! zum Moder! für den Staub?
O ſiehet nur, ihr Sterne mit den Schatten,
Die mich umringet und verfinſtert hatten!
Mein Geiſt, der heller ſtrahlt, wird niemals untergehn,
Und euer Licht erloſchen ſehn.
So wie man unter ſtolzen Pyramiden,
Die Memphis Sclaven aufgebaut,
Wann Zeit und Schickſal ihren Fall entſchieden,
Noch unverweſte Leichen ſchaut:
So werden einſtens noch im Reſt verrauchter Erden,
Die Seelen unverſehrt gefunden werden.

Ihr Seufzer, wann vor mir im höhern Trauerſpiel
Roms Weiſer euch verſchwendt, und trauernd ſich gefiel:
Wann Young in ſtiller Nacht euch einſam zu ſich winket,
Und tief in ſeinem Gram, als in ein Meer verſinket;
O ſo kommt auch zu mir! mein Lied ſey nur von euch,
Und meine Traurigkeit ſey mir ein Königreich!
Durch ſie beherrſch ich mich, und ſeh die Eitelkeiten
Stolz, wie ein Ottoman der Sclaven Demuth an:
Erhaben übern Kreis der flüchtigen Zeiten,
Stolz, daß im Meer der Ewigkeiten
Ich keinen Schiffbruch leiden kann!

Dort wird mein Traum erfüllt, von Geiſtern und von Welten,
Dort, wo kein Schlummer mehr, doch ewig Ruhe iſt;
Wo nicht der Eitelkeit verrufne Münzen gelten;
Wo du, o Wahrheit, unſre Sonne biſt;
Wo keine Wolken mehr ſich um dich ſchlingen!
Da, wo die Flügel einer andern Zeit,
Mit leichterer Geſchwindigkeit
Und ohne Nacht uns Tage wiederbringen.
Dort fangen wir zuerſt das wahre Leben an,
Und unſre Scenen wird kein Zwiſchenfall verwirren:
Dort werden wir nicht mehr von Wiſſenſchaft zu Wahn,
Von Furcht zu Hoffnung, und von Wunſch zu Klagen irren:
Hier iſt ein Schritt nur von der Luſt zur Reu;
Dort gehen wir, auf ſchon gebahnten Wegen,
In das Unendliche, ſtets größerm Glück entgegen,
Und Frömmigkeit wohnt dort fern von der Heucheley!
Hier meſſen wir ein blutges Land nach Meilen,
Wann dort in Welten ſich die reichern Geiſter theilen!

In welcher Gegend irrt mein Blick?
Wer wünſcht ſich wohl den ſchweren Traum zurück,
Den Thoren wir das Leben nennen!
O Ewigkeit!
Abgründe! ſink ich ſchon? will ſich mein Geiſt ſchon trennen?
Und ſeh ich ſchon von meiner Sterbeſtätt
Den letzten Augenblick die ſchwarzen Flügel rühren?
Abgründe! ſoll ich mich in euch verlieren?
Dort ſeh ich Licht, und hier die tiefſte Dunkelheit!
O Ewigkeit!

Georg Friedrich Creuzer

ward am 10. März 1771 in Marburg geboren, ſtudierte daſelbſt und in Jena, lebte darauf eine Zeitlang in und bei Gießen, und bekleidete 1793 eine Hauslehrerſtelle in Leipzig, von wo er ſpäter nach Marburg zurückkehrte. Im Jahre 1802 ward er hier Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit, 1804 aber Profeſſor der Philologie und der alten Geſchichte in Heidelberg, wo er das noch unter ſeiner Leitung blühende philologiſche Seminar gründete. 1809 folgte er einem Rufe an die Univerſität Leyden, konnte jedoch das dortige Klima nicht vertragen und kehrte, noch ehe er daſelbſt als Docent aufgetreten war, zu ſeiner alten Stellung in Heidelberg zurück. Er erhielt 1818 die Ernennung zum geheimen Hofrath, 1825 zum Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften und 1826 zum Geheimerath.

Seine in deutſcher Sprache erſchienenen Werke ſind:

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Ueber einige mythologiſch-artiſtiſche Schriften u. ſ. w. Heidelberg, 1817.
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Symbolik und Mythologie der alten Völker. 4 Bde. Darmſtadt, 1810 — 22. (5. u. 6. Bd. v. Mone.)
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Einzelne Abhandlungen und Recenſionen u. ſ. w. in den Heidelberger Jahrbüchern u. ſ. w.

C. iſt ein gelehrter, ſcharfſinniger und geiſtreicher Philolog und Alterthumsforſcher, der vorzüglich in der Entwicklung und Behandlung der Mythologie des klaſſiſchen Alterthums neue Anſichten einführte (deren Darſtellung uns der beſchränkte Raum verwehrt) und heftige Gegner vorzüglich an Joh. Voß aber auch eben ſo eifrige Anhänger fand.

Creuzer's Selbſtbiographie.*)

Georg Friedrich Creuzer iſt mein ganzer Name auf den Titeln der früheren Schriften. Später habe ich mich begnügt, Friedrich zu ſchreiben. Wenn Meuſel dadurch verführt wurde, mein Individuum in zwei zu legen, ſo hatte ich von einem ſeiner, aber in bibliographiſchen Sachen ſehr ſtrengen Freunde dafür harte Vorwürfe zu hören. Ich machte ihn dagegen auf den ſichtbaren Vortheil für mich aufmerkſam, wenn auf dieſe Weiſe, ohne Nachtheil eines Dritten, die literariſchen Sünden meiner Jugend auf die Rechnung eines Georg Friedrich kämen, deſſen ich mich weiter nicht anzunehmen hätte. Da ich jetzt den Leſern mein kleines Geheimniß ſelbſt verrathe, hoffe ich hinwieder von ihnen, daß ſie um ſo williger meiner Verſicherung glauben: wie es hier ganz und gar nicht darauf angelegt ſei, mir eine Bedeutung unter den Zeitgenoſſen zu geben, die ich nicht habe. Um aber ganz aufrichtig zu ſein, ſo iſt die Sache ſeit einigen Jahren kein Geheimniß mehr, da mein Freund, der Conſiſt. Rath C. W. Juſti, einige kurze biographiſche Nachrichten von mir mit dem Verzeichniß meiner Schriften bereits hat abdrucken laſſen*).

Ich ward am 10. März 1771 zu Marburg im jetzigen Kurheſſen geboren. Mein Vater Leonhard ſtarb in meinem erſten Lebensjahre. Er hatte, nachdem er ſein Buchbinderhandwerk niedergelegt, die Stelle eines Steuereinnehmers verwaltet. Von väterlicher, wie von mütterlicher Seite waren meine Verwandte faſt ſämmtlich Prediger, unter denen ſehr würdige Geiſtliche ſich befanden. Die Vorfahren ſind im Iſeliniſchen Wörterbuche unter dem Namen Cruciger bemerkt. — Von früher Jugend beſuchte ich mit meinem Bruder, der noch jetzt in unſerer Vaterſtadt das väterliche Handwerk fortſetzt, die ſtädtiſche Schule. Wenn an kalten Wintertagen der Gottesdienſt in der lutheriſchen Marienkirche beſchwerlich fiel, ſo beſchäftigten mich der Anblick der Denkmale der alten Landgrafen und die Bilder aus der heiligen Geſchichte am ſchönen Hochaltar; und wenn ein Archidiakon oft weit über die Stunde hinaus predigte, ſo gewährte das alte Marburger Geſangbuch Unterhaltung, dem die Zerſtörung Jeruſalems nach Joſephus und dergleichen angehängt war. Viel mächtiger fühlte ich mich aber angeregt, wenn ich den Gottesdienſt zu St. Eliſabeth beſuchte. Dieſe ſchöne Kirche, in den beſten Formen des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts ganz vollendet, gehörte damals noch zur deutſchen Ordens-Commende, und iſt der Mittelpunkt anſehnlicher Gebäude, die, einer kleinen Stadt ähnlich, ſich der Oſtſeite von Marburg anſchließen. Der gelehrte und geiſtreiche Architekt Moller hat ſchon in ſeinen Denkmalen deutſcher Baukunſt den Anfang einer Reihe von Blättern gegeben, die dieſe Kirche im einzelnen, wie im Ganzen darſtellen werden. Es ließe ſich hiebei viel von der Macht der Baukunſt ſagen, und welche Fülle von geiſtigem Nahrungsſtoff ein einziges ſolches Gebäude der ganzen Folge von Geſchlechtern Jahrhunderte hindurch übergibt, zumal in den engen Umgebungen einer Mittelſtadt. Und wenn ich in jenen Jahren vom Größeren den Maßſtab noch nicht nehmen konnte, dergleichen man in Cöln, Straßburg und Freiburg ſieht, und deſſen Anblick mir jedesmal jene Jugendeindrücke wieder lebendig macht, ſo wird man den Ausdruck nicht übertrieben finden, wenn ich ſage, daß dieſe Eliſabetskirche damals für mich — eine Welt war: — die mit dem feinſten Laubwerk kunſtreich geſchmückte Vorhalle, die beiden mächtigen hohen Thürme, ſodann im Innern die Gänge unter den ſchlanken freiſtehenden Säulen, das Chor mit ſeinen Glasmalereien, die Rebenchöre mit den Denkmalen der Landgrafen, die Bildniſſe der Ritter, die Wappenreihe, die Basreliefs mit Heiligengeſchichten in den Niſchen, deren Flügelthüren in alten Malereien das Leben der canoniſirten Fürſtin Eliſabeth und ihres auf dem Zug ins heilige Land verſtorbenen Gemahls Ludwig darſtellten. Und wenn dann etliche Mal im Jahre die Thüren der Sacriſtei geöffnet wurden, und die vergoldeten Figuren der Maria mit dem Kinde und der zwölf Apoſtel in getriebener Arbeit vors Auge traten, und der Küſter den herbeiſtrömenden Landleuten den unſchätzbaren Werth und die wunderbare Kraft der daran befindlichen Edelſteine erklärte, und ihnen die ſteinerne Schwelle zeigte, von den Knieen der Pilger muldenförmig ausgehöhlt — dann hatte ich auf ganze Wochen Stoff zum Nachdenken und Phantaſiren. Damals machten mich auch die profanen Gegenſtände nicht irre, die auf jenen Gemmen und Cameen zu ſehen waren. Ich werde gelegentlich einmal davon ſprechen, da ich durch freundſchaftliche Mittheilung Siegelabdrücke beſitze, die man kurz zuvor davon genommen, als unter der weſtphäliſchen Regierung jenes Grabgehäuſe nach Caſſel wandern mußte.

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*) Aus Brockhaus Zeitgenoſſen. Neue Reihe. Nr. 7. Leipzig. 1822.

*) In Strieders Grundlage zu einer heſſiſchen Gelehrten- und Schriftſteller-Geſchichte. Bd. XVIII. S. 93 ff. Marburg, 1819.

Auf ſolchem Boden konnte der mir angeborne myſtiſche Keim nicht anders als fröhlich gedeihen, und wer weiß, ob nicht jetzt ſchon das Lutherthum, worin ich geboren, einen kleinen Stoß erlitt. Indem ich es Andern überlaſſe, aus dieſen Notizen die nöthigen pſychologiſch-hiſtoriſchen Vortheile zu ziehen, frage ich mich ſelbſt, was ich bei meiner natürlichen Lebhaftigkeit in Ermangelung jener Gegenſtände wohl hätte anfangen ſollen, da das ſonſt zu Marburg garniſonirende Regiment leider in Amerika war? Erſt nach einigen Jahren führte der Pariſer Frieden ein, wie ich meinte, noch ſchöneres in die Vaterſtadt zurück, — wo dann freilich keine Wacht- und Kirchenparade, kein Frühlings- und Herbſtmanövre — oft zum großen Leidweſen meiner Mutter — von mir verſäumt wurde. Die Erzählungen der Soldaten gaben der Wißbegierde erwünſchte Befriedigung, und da eben damals ein Verwandter mich mit einem Homanniſchen Atlas beſchenkt hatte, ſuchte ich mich, ſo gut es gehen wollte, auf den Schauplätzen des ſo eben beendigten Krieges einheimiſch zu machen. Zeitungen und Geſchichtsbücher halfen mit, und Waſhington, Rodney und andere Helden wurden mir ganz bekannte Namen.

Das hiſtoriſch-geographiſche Intereſſe gewann ſichtbar die Oberhand. Der kriegeriſche Geiſt des heſſiſchen Volks ſprach ſich auch in vaterländiſchen Schul-Feſten aus, die ein ganz militäriſches Gepräge hatten. Doch kamen uns Knaben dieſe viel zu ſelten, und wir füllten die Zwiſchenzeit mit eigenen Uebungen aus, wobei Feſtungen belagert und vertheidigt und Treffen geliefert wurden. Ein genaues Tagebuch meines Vaters, worin aus dem ſiebenjährigen Kriege die Unternehmungen der Alliirten in Heſſen mit eingeklebten gedruckten Planen, aufgezeichnet waren, trug bei mir nicht wenig bei, an ſolchen kriegeriſchen Uebungen Geſchmack zu finden. Dies konnte nun ohne Contuſionen und leichte Wunden nicht abgehen. Selten war meine Haut ganz heil, und einmal da ich eben von einem Armbruche noch die Binde trug, mußte mir ein Pflaſter am Kopf applicirt werden. Es fehlte nicht an andern Leibesbewegungen. Schwimmübungen waren, wo es irgend möglich, im Sommer an der Tagesordnung, das Schlittſchuhlaufen im Winter. Dieſes und das häufige Wandern in den herrlichen heſſiſchen Gebirgen, das Reiten auf dem Lande, wo ich die Ferien gewöhnlich bei meinen Verwandten zubrachte — Alles dies entwickelte und ſtärkte die phyſiſchen Kräfte, und ich durfte mir beim Sitzen und Studiren ſpäterhin ſchon etwas zumuthen. — Gerade der künftige Gelehrte ſollte in jungen Jahren vor vielem Stubenſitzen und klöſterlichem Zwange möglichſt bewahrt bleiben.

Ein anderes Buch meines Vaters enthielt geiſtliche Lieder in Abſchrift, auch eigene, denn er hatte ſich in dieſer Poeſie verſucht und war ein ſehr religiöſer Mann geweſen, nachgeſchriebene Predigten u. dgl. Jene abgeſchriebenen alten Kernlieder wollten mir damals ſchon beſſer gefallen, als die Gellertiſchen, die bei uns viel geſungen wurden. Sehr zuwider waren mir gewiſſe geiſtliche Geſpräche, die ich zuweilen mit anhörte, wenn einige fromme Frauen bei meine Mutter waren. Dann wurden auch wohl das Paradiesgärtlein und ähnliche Bücher im Kreiſe herum gereicht und mit einer Stecknadel im Schnitte geöffnet, um in Bibelſprüchen und andern Sentenzen ad aperturam Winke und Weiſungen für die individuellen Seelenzuſtände zu gewähren. Die Barometerſkale der dabei gepredigten Bußtheorien kam mir wunderlich, ja widerlich vor, und meine Mutter, die zu viel geſunden praktiſchen Verſtand beſaß, machte auch ſonſt keine Erwähnung davon. Wohl aber mußte ich ihr fleißig aus der Bibel vorleſen, wobei mir natürlich die hiſtoriſchen Bücher die liebſten waren. Dieſe Leſeſtunden und der volle Geſang der Gemeinde in unſern ſchönen alten Kirchen, mitten unter jenen bildlichen Monumenten, gewährten meinen religiöſen Bedürfniſſen mehr Genüge, als die trockenen Betſtunden, die ich im Gymnaſium mitmachen mußte.

Hier gewann ein Lehrer ſogleich mein ganzes Herz, und mein Dank bleibe ihm nach langen Jahren gewidmet! Er hieß Volmar und iſt nachher Hofprediger des Anhalt-Schaumburgiſchen Fürſtenhauſes geworden. Mit Strenge und Milde wußte er ſich Achtung zu erhalten und verſtand in ſeltenem Grade die Kunſt, eine große Anzahl von Knaben zweckmäßig zu beſchäftigen. Damals waren neben dem neuen Teſtamente zuerſt griechiſche Elementarbücher und in den obern Claſſen Xenophon, Homer und andere paſſende Schriftſteller eingeführt worden. Bei der Leichtigkeit des bloßen Exponirens hätte ich mir bald etwas einbilden gelernt. Dafür bewahrte mich der Bruder meiner Mutter, ein Landgeiſtlicher von ſeltenem Wiſſen in den alten claſſiſchen Sprachen, Johann Chriſtian Bang. In Halle von Jugend auf gebildet, hatte er unter Baumgarten und Semler die Grundſätze der philologiſch-hiſtoriſchen Exegeſe ſich ganz zu eigen gemacht. Er lehrte und ſtudirte ganz nach dem Erfahrungsſatze: Ex grammatica fit theologus. Weit höher als jene beiden Männer ſtand ihm J. A. Erneſti. Durch ſeinen Freund J. Daniel Wyttenbach war er dieſem großen Theologen empfohlen worden. Seine Verehrung gränzte faſt an Anbetung, und ſelbſt ein Brief von Joh. Reiske, der wegen ſeiner Ausgabe der griechiſchen Redner mit Bang correſpondirte und ſeinen Klagen über Erneſti freien Lauf gelaſſen, konnte meinen Oheim in ſeinem Gefühl von Ehrfurcht nicht wankend machen. Mit Wyttenbach blieb er fortdauernd in brieflichem Verkehr, erhielt von ihm die Fragen der holländiſchen Societäten, die er etlichemal glücklich beantwortete, und würde nach Wyttenbachs Wunſch eine anſtändige Stelle in Holland erhalten haben*), wären nicht Familienverhältniſſe in den Weg getreten. Dieſem Oheim mußte ich häufig Rede ſtehen, wobei die halleſche Grammatik und Fiſcher zum Weller und dergl. Lehrbücher nachgewieſen wurden; dazwiſchen ſchriftliche Aufgaben. So mußte ich z. B. griechiſche Texte (wie ich nachher bemerkte meiſt aus dem Demoſthenes) accentuiren und ins Latein überſetzen. Die deutſche Ueberſetzung, die ich gewöhnlich beifügte, wurde wenig berückſichtigt. Ganz mit Cicero vertraut, hatte der Mann nur die Nachbildung dieſes Römers vor Augen und copirte ihn gut. Eine deutſche Ueberſetzung war in ſeiner an Claſſikern reichen Bibliothek nicht anzutreffen; Garve über Cicero, der Abhandlungen wegen und dergleichen etwa. Und doch las er Gellert und die Zeitverwandten deutſcher Schriftſteller, vorzüglich Leſſing; auch wußte er ſich muſterhaft im Deutſchen auszudrücken. Als ich Student geworden, leitete er meine griechiſche und lateiniſche Lectüre. Es mußte Alles ſtufenweis gehen. Zuweilen mußte ich mit meinem Vetter, den ich in der Sprache des Herzens Bruder nenne, dem jetzigen Conſiſtorial-Rath und Profeſſor Leonhard Creuzer in Marburg, in lateiniſcher Sprache über Themata disputiren, die der Oheim uns zuvor eingeſandt hatte. Wyttenbachs bibliotheca critica wurde jetzt auch von mir geleſen und erhielt mich in einer heilſamen Stimmung von Demuth. Keinem meiner früheren Lehrer hatte ich ſo viel zu verdanken als ihm. Er ſtarb, da ich eben Profeſſor geworden und ſeines Rathes oft noch bedurft hätte. Sein älteſter Sohn, ganz von ihm bis zur Univerſität gebildet, Heinrich Chriſtian Lang, einer der würdigſten und gelehrteſten Prediger Heſſens, iſt ſein Nachfolger im Amte geworden.

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*) In Heſſen erhielt er ſie nicht. Wyttenbach ſpielt darauf in der Vita Ruhnkenii an, wenn er Pag. 163 ſagt: „I. Christ. Bangius, egregius vir et Antiquarum Literarum scientia, et Latinae orationis facultate, sed exteris magis quam civibus suis notus.“

Ich hatte mittlerweile meine Taxe bezahlt — denn ein Bürgersſohn mußte damals um die Erlaubniß zum Studiren höchſten Orts ſuppliciren, und war zu Oſtern 1789 Student auf der vaterländiſchen Univerſität Marburg geworden. Daß es dazu kommen werde, hatte ich erſt ſpät erfahren; denn meine Mutter, aus einer Predigerfamilie abſtammend, hegte freilich den Wunſch, in mir dereinſt einen Pfarrer zu ſehen und zu hören, ließ ſich dies jedoch nicht merken, ſondern machte jedesmal, wenn ich vom Studiren redete, die Gewährung dieſes Wunſches von den Zeugniſſen meiner Lehrer abhängig. So fing ich dann jetzt an, die zur Gottesgelahrtheit nöthigen Vorbereitungswiſſenſchaften zu hören, die ich mit dem übrigen Detail natürlich übergehe*). Zu denen über praktiſche Theologie iſt es nie gekommen, und aus dem Pfarrerwerden wurde überhaupt nichts. Dies ging ſo zu: Einmal hätte ich als Lutheraner nach den Landesgeſetzen wahrſcheinlich noch nach Rinteln gehen müſſen, wo damals nichts für mich zu lernen war — man hatte noch ſpäter dort ſogar eine erbliche Profeſſur; — ſodann machte mich ein Zufall früh in jenem Entſchluſſe wankend. Als primus unter den Primanern des Gymnaſiums, lernte ich einſt auf dem Lande einen Pietiſten kennen, einen braven, bibelfeſten und ſtrengen Mann. Dieſem mochte ich auf ſeine Frage, was ich werden wolle, wohl ziemlich leichtſinnig geantwortet haben: ein Pfarrer. Wie erſtaunte ich, als mir der Mann mit allem religiöſen Ernſte das Gewagte eines ſolchen Entſchluſſes zu bedenken gab, und was es auf ſich habe, dereinſt vor Gottes Throne für das Heil ſo vieler Seelen Rede ſtehen zu müſſen. Damals ging dies ſo vorüber; als ich aber im Laufe meines Studiums nachgerade eine Beute der Neologie geworden war und meine Schweſter oft durch meine freien Meinungen ärgerte, da trat in ſtillen Stunden jener pietiſtiſche Ermahner ſehr ernſt aus dem Hintergrunde meiner Seele hervor. Es dauerte nicht gar lange, ſo erſchien mir jene Neologie ſeicht, ſelbſt abgeſchmackt. Ich erinnere mich noch, wie ich nachher in die Vorleſungen eines Profeſſors, der die erhabenſten Pſalmen auf eine erbarmenswerthe Weiſe in wäſſerige Proſa verwandelte, den Wolfiſchen Homer mitnahm, um, mit Rettung meiner körperlichen Gegenwart, ein Antidotum gegen die Langeweile zu haben. In Jena, wohin ich im Herbſt 1790 mit meinem eben genannten Vetter gegangen, waren Collegia über die Kantiſche Philoſophie eine Hauptſache. Doch war mein Privatfleiß hauptſächlich auf Exegeſe und geſchichtliche Wiſſenſchaften gerichtet. Ich hörte unter Andern bei Griesbach, Schütz und Schiller. Die Schütziſchen Vorleſungen über die Literärgeſchichte erweiterten meinen Geſichtskreis, und der freundliche Umgang dieſes Mannes war mir ſehr belehrend. Schillers hohe Erſcheinung war ſchon erregend. Er ward mit Begeiſterung gehört und keine ſeiner Vorleſungen wurde von mir verſäumt. Auch hatte ich etlichemal das Glück ihn in Geſellſchaft zu hören, ohne je das Herz zu haben, ihn anzureden. Tiefe Ehrfurcht hatte ich vor dieſem großen Geiſte. Griesbach, in deſſen Hauſe wir wohnten, gab uns väterlichen Rath aus dem Herzen und dem Schatze ſeiner Erfahrung und aus ſeiner Bibliothek Bücher, namentlich die Semleriſchen über die Kirchengeſchichte. Ueberhaupt war der Jenaer Aufenthalt fruchtbar für uns und wohlthätig anregend, zumal bei der Bekanntſchaft mit tüchtigen Studenten, worunter Hardenberg-Novalis, mit dem etwas ſarkaſtiſchen, aber ſehr gutmüthigen Philoſophen C. C. E. Schmid, der nachher mit uns nach Gießen zog, und mit dem trefflichen Tennemann, der neulich in Marburg ſeinen allzugroßen Anſtrengungen erlegen. Auch wurde das Arabiſche ein wenig getrieben, was mir ſpäter beim Bochart und Salmaſius doch einige Dienſte leiſtete. Die Trennung von Jena ward uns ſchwer, beſonders auch wegen der freundlichen Aufnahme, die uns im Griesbachiſchen Hauſe geworden. Es war in Jena gewaltig ſtudirt worden — meine Mutter erſchrack nicht wenig über mein blaſſes hektiſches Ausſehen — aber zu vielerlei, und mir hatte die Kantiſche Philoſophie, in der ich doch nichts leiſtete, zu viel Zeit gekoſtet. Nun nahm mein Oheim von der Sache Notiz. Ich excerpirte mir in Gießen die ganze Kritik der reinen Vernunft; doch verſäumten wir Tiedemann's Vorleſungen nicht, und wenn er über Plato las, ſo hatten wir mehr Nutzen davon als andere, weil wir aus dem Ruhnkeniſchen Timäus das philologiſche Element ſuppliciren konnten. Ich las dieſes Buch damals ſogar ganz durch; daneben unter andern Michaelis Einleitung ins neue Teſtament und Erneſti's theologiſche Bibliothek; letztere excerpirte ich mir ganz. An der Art dieſer Auszüge merkte ich mir ſelbſt die überwiegende Neigung zur Philologie ab. Ich hatte faſt nur die hiſtoriſchen und philologiſchen Sachen ausgezogen.

Eine Stelle in dieſem Werke gereichte mir zum wahren Troſt. Es war die ehrenvolle Aeußerung über Leſſing, irre ich nicht, in der Recenſion von deſſen Berengarius. Nun ſah ich, wie doch ſelbſt der große Latiner vor einem deutſchen Schöngeiſt (wie ich den Leſſing in jenen Jahren nahm) Reſpekt habe, und damit war in meinen Augen gerechtfertigt, was mich im Stillen oft ſchwer gedrückt. Ich hatte erſchrecklich viele deutſche Bücher durch einander geleſen — von der Inſel Felſenburg an, die ich in der ganzen Nachbarſchaft herumgetragen — bis zu den neueſten Gedichten und Romanen. Damals war die ſentimentale Periode bei uns noch nicht vorüber. Kein junger Menſch konnte ſich dieſer Stimmung ganz entſchlagen. Ich muß ihr jetzt das Gute nachrühmen, daß ſie mich in meinen Schul- und Univerſitätsjahren vor Ausſchweifungen bewahrt hat. Vom Oheim hatte ich Leſſings Laokoon geliehen; dieſes Buch wurde geleſen und wieder geleſen und löſte mir viele Räthſel über das claſſiſche Alterthum, die mir vorher unauflösbar geſchienen. Mittlerweile war ich einigemal in Caſſel geweſen, hatte dort gute Antiken geſehen, und war dadurch zu den Winkelmanniſchen Schriften geleitet worden. Jetzt wurden Virgil und Homer mit ganz andern Augen von mir betrachtet, als ehemals im Gymnaſium. Jetzt kamen Pindar und die Tragiker an die Reihe. Vom metriſchen Verſtändniß der Chöre war keine Rede. Zur Muſik habe ich von Natur keine Anlage; und ſo ſehr guter Geſang und Kirchenmuſik noch jetzt mich ergreifen, ſo fehlt es doch an aller theoretiſchen Erkenntniß. In dieſem Gefühle habe ich auch die Metrik um ſo mehr zur Seite liegen gelaſſen, bis ich aus Hermanns Schriften, die ich ſpäter ſtudirte, erſehen hatte, wie mir die eigentlichen Geheimniſſe dieſer Wiſſenſchaft doch ewig verborgen bleiben würden. Warum ſollte ich Bedenken tragen, dieſes Geſtändniß abzulegen, da Heyne in der Vorrede zum Pindar daſſelbe gethan?

Die Hiſtorie hatte mich von jeher angezogen, und ſchon als Jüngling ſtellte ich meine Betrachtungen über die Naturgeſchichte der Sage an. Ich hörte als Kind ſehr aufmerkſam zu, wenn eine neunzigjährige Großmutter manchmal aus den Erzählungen ihrer Eltern vom dreißigjährigen Kriege ſprach. Die Hauptzüge waren in Strophen aus Volksliedern aufbehalten; und es iſt mir ſeitdem, was man auch gegen Niebuhr ſagen mag, die Ueberzeugung geblieben, wie ſogar bei ſchreibunden Völkern der geſchichtliche Grundſtoff in Liedern von Mund zu Munde übergeht. Chroniken und Reiſebeſchreibungen hatte ich ſchon in beträchtlicher Anzahl geleſen — Ehe ich melde, wie ich zum ernſteren, kritiſchen Studium der griechiſchen Geſchichtſchreiber und beſonders des Herodotus gelangte, muß bemerkt werden, daß ich zunächſt um der Sprache willen, neben Demoſthenes, den ganzen Xenophon, ſodann Theophraſt, Aelian, Lucian, Antonin, Theokrit, Chariton, hauptſächlich wegen der Commentare des Caſaubon, Perizon, Hemſterhuis, Gataker, Valckenaer und Dorville geleſen hatte. Jetzt lieferte mir die Univerſitäts-Bibliothek den Weſſelingiſchen Herodot, und nun wurden die Hiſtoriker der Reihe nach, bis auf Polybius einſchließlich, Tag und Nacht ſtudirt. Durch einen ungemeſſenen Fleiß ſuchte ich den Abgang des Genius zu erſetzen. Ich hatte faſt gar kein Vertrauen in meine natürlichen Kräfte. Wie konnte dies auch anders ſein, da mir die großen Alten immer vor Augen ſtanden, da ich Schillern ſelbſt gehört, und ſeine, wie Leſſing's, Winkelmann's und Göthe's geniale Werke als ewig unerreichbare Muſter mir beſtändig vor der Seele ſchwebten? In dieſen meinen Fleiß durfte ich aber damals um ſo mehr einiges Verdienſt ſetzen, je ausſchließender die Zeitgeſchichte alle Gemüther in Anſpruch nahm. Bei den Bewegungen in Frankreich fand ich in meinen Hiſtorikern täglich ungeſuchte Parallelen, und die Machthaber des Tages begegneten mir unter griechiſchen Namen im Thucydides, Xenophon und Demoſthenes. Endlich näherte ſich der Kriegsſchauplatz unſern Grenzen; wenn einigemal von der untern Lahn herauf der Kanonendonner an unſere Fenſter ſchlug, dann wußte ich auch hinaus. Einmal hätte ich dieſe praktiſchen Studien der Hiſtorie mit meinen Begleitern beinahe ſchwer büßen müſſen, da wir in der Wetterau zwiſchen die retirirende öſterreichiſche und die unter Hoche heranrückende franzöſiſche Armee geriethen. Einen andern weſentlichen Nutzen hatten ſolche Wanderungen für mich, den, daß ich dem Studiren nicht unterlag. Mein Vater war jung geſtorben, und ich, ſein jüngſter Sohn, hatte von ſeiner Leibesconſtitution nur zu viel geerbt. Vermuthlich war auch deswegen meine Mutter nachſichtiger gegen den wilden Knaben geweſen, der im Sommer oft nur zu Eſſen und zu Schlafen zu Hauſe kam. Sie ward uns um dieſe Zeit entriſſen, und ihr Tod war mir um ſo ſchmerzlicher, weil nicht nur kein Pfarrer, ſondern gar nichts zur Zeit aus mir geworden war. Doch hatte ſie noch geſehen, daß ſelbſt ältere Studenten bei mir Privatunterricht nahmen.

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*) Bei Strieder a. a. O. der heſſiſchen Gelehrtengeſch. S. 95 iſt meiner Lehrer dankbare Erwähnung geſchehen.

In einem herrlichen Kreiſe von Freunden fand ich die nöthige Erheiterung. Außer den genannten Vettern, gewährten mir Engelſchall, der Biograph des ältern Tiſchbein, C. W. Juſti, als gefälliger Ueberſetzer altteſtamentlicher Dichter und geſchickter Ausleger derſelben rühmlichſt bekannt, der Orientaliſt J. Melchior Hartmann, Ludwig Lindenmeyer, unſer Verwandter, der als Emigrant bei uns lebte und im Matthiſſonſchen Sinne dichtete, ein lieber gefühlvoller Mann, und dabei geſchickter Rechtsgelehrter, der Philoſoph Reinhard, Bruder des Grafen, ſpäter Profeſſor in Moskow und deſſen Schwager Hauf, jetzt Profeſſor in Gent (der letzte gab mir noch Privatunterricht in der Mathematik), durch ihren Umgang und freundliche Mittheilungen Erholung und vielfache Belehrung. Leonhard Creuzer, Hauf und ich hatten uns zu einer Privatlehranſtalt vereinigt, und eine Zeitlang unterſtützte ich auch meinen Freund und jetzigen Collegen, den Kirchenrath Schwarz in ſeinem Lehrgeſchäft auf dem Lande. Außer den alten Sprachen, Geographie und Geſchichte, wurde von mir nichts gefordert, weil man bei uns von jenen philanthropiniſchen Treiben nichts mehr hielt, und ich mir aus Geſner's Iſagoge und aus J. A. Erneſti's Initiis eine ganz andere Idee von dem Kreiſe des Unterrichts gebildet hatte. Gegenwärtig hat die Erfahrung längſt entſchieden, ich hörte es ſehr gern, als noch im vorigen Jahre der Geheime-Rath F. A. Wolf mit großem Lobe eines Schulplans gedachte, den Matth. Geſner einſt für das Gymnaſium zu Ilfeld ſelbſt entworfen hatte. Solche Männer ſollten eigentlich das geſetzgebende Corps der Gymnaſien bilden und das Ephorat verwalten. Tüchtige Lehrer mit anſtändigem Gehalt und ehrenvoller Stellung im Staate unter ihnen — das iſts, worauf es ankommt, nicht auf Tabellen und Organiſationen. Wir hatten auch mit einigen Lehrern in Gieſſen freundlichen und wiſſenſchaftlichen Verkehr und kamen im Sommer oft Sonntags mit dem obengenannten Schmid und mit den Profeſſoren Snell, Walther und andern auf der Grenze zuſammen, woraus uns einmal beinahe eine gefängliche Haft erwachſen wäre. Ein Offizier, der auf der Demarcationslinie cantonirte, hatte aus den lebhaften Geſprächen, wobei Manuſcripte vergliechen wurden, den Schluß gezogen, daß Jacobinismus dahinter ſtecke. Die Scripturen bezogen ſich auf das philoſophiſche Journal, welches Schmid und Snell zu jener Zeit herausgaben, und Jacobiniſches hatten wir weiter nichts an uns, als etwa die runden Hüte, die in Kur-Heſſen damals verboten waren.

Mich beſchäftigte jetzt ein anderer Gedanke. Ich hatte im Lucian Andeutungen gefunden, die, das Verhältniß zwiſchen Herodot und Thucydides berührend, wie von Niemand verſtanden zu ſein ſchienen. Die Sachen waren mir bald klar; da man mir aber gerathen hatte, mit einem deutſchen Büchlein hervorzutreten, ſo verurſachte mir die Form viel Mühe, und es koſtete viel Umſchreibens und Feilens. Die Kritik war damals in äſthetiſcher Hinſicht viel ſtrenger als jetzt. Ein junger Autor war verloren, wenn ein Recenſent in der Sprache und Diction viele Ausſtellungen zu machen hatte. Ein Buchhändler und alter Freund von mir, dem ich in der Literaturkenntniß viel verdanke, hat neulich wegen einer neuen Auflage bei mir angefragt und ſogar von Honorar geredet. Ich verneinte in meiner Antwort dagegen, das Verlangen des Publicums nach jenem Erſtlingsfrüchtchen werde wohl ſo gar heiß nicht ſein, und ſo möge er das Dingelchen in Gottes Namen ſchlafen laſſen. Ich hätte auch gern geſehen, man hätte neulich meine neulateiniſche Chreſtomathie mit der zweiten Ausgabe verſchont. Es war beſtellte Arbeit die ich in jenen Jahren auf Wenck's und anderer Wunſch zunächſt für die Heſſen-Darmſtädtiſchen Gymnaſien gemacht hatte. Ich habe ſie ſchon lange ſelbſt nicht mehr gebraucht, weil ich urſprünglich in der Auswahl der Stücke nicht frei war, ſondern einen Realzweck der griechiſchen und römiſchen Alterthümer damit hatte verbinden müſſen. Als Gewerbe habe ich die Schriftſtellerei nie betrachten können und es mir gefallen laſſen, wenn gelehrtere Leute mich manchmal mit dem gemeinen Sprichworte ſtrafen wollten: „Wenn es Brei regne, hätte ich keinen Topf." — Aber um auf jenes erſte Schriftchen zurück zu kommen, ſo war es in meiner damaligen Lage doch ein Ding, ja, Kantiſch zu reden, eine Art von Ding an ſich. Wie einſt Rouſſeau von dem Wurfe nach einem Baume ſich Prognoſtika für ſeine Zukunft ſtellte, ſo hatte ich mir in den Kopf geſetzt, von der Aufnahme des Büchleins ſolle mein Entſchluß: ob Pfarrer oder Schullehrer — abhängen. Denn ich hatte noch nicht entſchieden, ſondern vielmehr mittlerweile gepredigt, und das N. T. mit dem Grotius, (die Scholien des ältern Roſenmüller nannte mein Oheim einen verwäſſerten Grotius; dieſen mit dem griechiſchen N. T. und mit dieſem Ausleger ſtudirte er auf ſeine Predigten; — von Magazinen und dergl. war bei ihm nicht die Rede —) war ſeitdem immer meine Lectüre geblieben.

1798 führte mich eine Hauslehrerſtelle nach Leipzig. Auf einer früheren Wanderung von Jena aus, wo ich auch Wolfen zuerſt ſah, hatte ich Morus, Fiſcher, Platner, Weiße und Andere kennen gelernt. Nun war mir ein halbjähriger Aufenthalt gegönnt, den ich zu meiner Vervollkommnung in neueren Sprachen benutzte. Auch lernte ich in Gotha Jacobs, Schlichtegroll und manchen würdigen Mann kennen; in Leipzig Beck und Hermann, und konnte während einiger Monate erſteren über die Weltgeſchichte und letzteren über den Aeſchylus hören. Die Bekanntſchaft mit würdigen Buchhändlern erweiterte meine Kenntniß der Literatur. Auf dieſer Reiſe vernahm ich von Böttiger in Weimar das erſte freundliche Wort über mein armes Kind. Ein aufmunternder Brief deſſelben folgte mir bald nach Leipzig. Nun ſchrieb Heeren ebenſo, und Heyne's Zuruf blieb nicht aus. — Um den Leſer von der Angſt zu befreien, als würde ich eben ſo umſtändlich von meinen übrigen Büchern reden, will ich nur auch kurz bemerken, daß es mit den folgenden lateiniſchen Schriftchen über Xenophon den Geſchichtſchreiber, angehängt einige kritiſche Kleinigkeiten, ſchon auf eine Profeſſur in Marburg abgeſehen war, und wie es mich in Heyne's Recenſion der dritten Schrift (die hiſtoriſche Kunſt der Griechen, Leipzig, bei Göſchen, 1803) nicht wenig verdroß, daß er aus dem philoſophiſchen Kapitel nichts machen wollte. Er hatte ganz recht. Es war ein Kantiſch-Fichteſcher Lappen.

Im Herbſte deſſelben Jahres war ich wieder zu Hauſe — aber nicht in Amt und Brot. Das Liebſte und Angemeſſenſte wäre eine Stelle am Marburger Gymnaſium geweſen; dieſe war aber dem Lutheraner verſchloſſen. Mittlerweile war ich mit dem Herrn von Savigny näher bekannt geworden; durch ihn ordnete ſich Alles; er ermunterte mich zur akademiſchen Laufbahn, und hatte ich vorher über griechiſche und römiſche Schriftſteller ſogenannte privatissima gehalten, ſo ſollte ich nun die alte Geſchichte öffentlich vortragen. Die Hiſtoriker der Griechen und Römer waren mir bekannt, und die Werke der Engländer, ferner Perizonius, Gatterer, Schlözer, Beck und Heeren wurden fleißig benutzt. Es ging; bei der Fortdauer unſerer Privatlehranſtalt ward ſogar an den Eheſtand gedacht. Ich heirathete im folgenden Jahre Sophie Leske, geborne Müller aus Leipzig, Tochter eines dortigen Buchhändlers und Wittwe des in Marburg verſtorbenen Nathanael Gottfried Leske, Profeſſors der Naturgeſchichte. Neben Savigny lebten wir in einem Kreiſe von jungen Männern, größtentheils von Adel. Ich bin es der Wahrheit ſchuldig zu bemerken, daß ich faſt lauter erfreuliche Erinnerungen aus jener Zeit aufbehalten habe. Aber wo ſollte es endigen, wenn ich Savigny's Verdienſte um mich würdigen wollte? Ein ſehr lebhafter Ideenwechſel in ſchriftlicher und mündlicher Mittheilung füllte damals unſere Mußeſtunden; dazwiſchen Wanderungen und Reiſen — und die jungen Docenten wanderten gern und viel. Nachher laſen wir deſto friſcher. Dies ſpürten die Zuhörer. Pedanterie thut's nicht; und die Welt würde nicht untergehen, wenn der akademiſche Lehrer wöchentlich einmal das „hodie non legitur" an ſeine Thür ſchriebe. Von der Art des Studiums und Leſens war da auch viel die Rede, und wie man ſich Adverſarien anlegen ſolle. Ich machte mir drei dicke Bücher: Hellenica, Classica, Miscellanea fürs Grammatiſche, Kritiſche, für Sachkenntniſſe und äſthetiſche Bemerkungen u. ſ. w. Dieſe Methode habe ich bald aufgeben müſſen. Beſſer ſind einzelne Blätter, in Mappen gelegt; ſie ſtehen immer zu Gebote, und man kann ſie in Collectaneenhefte legen, zu Ausarbeitungen gebrauchen und wie man will; nur auf die Ränder einiger Autoren habe ich fortgeſchrieben, ſo daß Herodot, einige Bücher des Plato und Cicero jetzt ganz angefüllt und ſchwierig zu leſen ſind. — Einem Jeden, der mit Selbſtdenken einer Wiſſenſchaft ſich hingegeben, wird ſich in den Jahren des ernſthaften Studirens, wie von ſelbſt, eine Geſchichte ſeines Faches bilden. Da ich nun die Humaniſten ſeit dem 15. Jahrhundert las, und in den Commentaren mit dem Geiſte vieler Andern bekannt wurde, ſo bildete ſich in mir die Vorſtellung von vier innerlich verſchiedenen Perioden der Philologie aus. Ich habe ſie mit wenig Abänderung in dem Büchlein, über das akademiſche Studium des Alterthums, entworfen, und trage noch jetzt die Geſchichte der Philologie danach vor. Gruber in ſeinem leider nicht fortgeſetzten Wörterbuche der Aeſthetik und Archäologie und Andere haben dieſer Ideen Erwähnung gethan. —

Die Univerſitätsbibliothek war nicht übel im hiſtoriſchen Fache, die Savignyſche hatte ſchöne Werke in der römiſchen Literatur; aber was mir wichtiger, war die Bekanntſchaft mit den beſten Bearbeitern der römiſchen Rechtsgeſchichte und Rechts-Alterthümer. Nun gewöhnte ich mich, die Sigonius, Cujacius, Gothofrede, Everh Otto, Bynkershoek, Trekel, Franz Carl Conradi und Andere, als auch mich angehend, zu betrachten, und bei ſpäterer Fortſetzung dieſer Studien haben mich auch immer die Werke von Haubold, Savigny, Thibaut, Dirkſen u. A. intereſſirt. Damals kamen Savigny's mündliche und ſchriftliche Mittheilungen hinzu, und ich weiß es ſelbſt am beſten, was mir das Alles bei meinen Vorleſungen über die römiſchen Schriftſteller und Antiquitäten bis auf den heutigen Tag genutzt hat. — Kein wichtiger Auctionskatalog wurde verſäumt und vieles gekauft. Lehrreich war für mich auch die Bekanntſchaft mit den Literatoren Wachler, Münſcher, Weis, dem Juriſten; und der grundgelehrte Arnoldi war mir nützlich durch ſeine Bibliothek und Unterhaltung. In jenen Jahren lernte ich die Gebrüder Grimm aus Caſſel und den gelehrten und erfahrnen Archäologen Völkel kennen. Das Schlegelſche Athenäum hatte ich von Leipzig mitgebracht, und es blieb nicht leicht ein erhebliches Werk der ſchönen Literatur und Kunſt unbeachtet. Für mich war dies eine Periode der vielſeitigſten geiſtigen Anregung. Heyne bemühte ſich, mir eine feſte Anſtellung im Auslande zu verſchaffen; er ſchlug mich nach Lüneburg vor, woraus aber nichts wurde. Ich hatte dieſen berühmten Mann zweimal geſehen, und einmal hoſpitirend gehört, bei welcher Gelegenheit ich auch Gatterer, Schlözer, Spittler, Heeren, Eichhorn und Blumenbach hörte. Ich war alſo kein Schüler von Heyne, und dennoch hat dieſer Gelehrte vom Jahre 1798 an, bis zu ſeinem Tode, nicht nur den größeſten und thätigſten Antheil an meinem Schickſale genommen, ſondern mich auch mit ſeinem Rathe aufs freundlichſte jederzeit unterſtützt. Er äußerte ſich dabei oft mit großer Beſcheidenheit über ſeine Arbeiten, z. B. über die agrariſchen Geſetze, und ſpäter bat er mich, aus Veranlaſſung meines Dionyſus, ich möchte doch auf ſeine Commentationen über die Etrusker keinen ſo großen Werth legen.

Da ich Hoffnung hatte, Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit in Gießen zu werden, ſo machte man mich in Marburg zum Profeſſor der griechiſchen Sprache, eine Profeſſur die bis jetzt mit der orientaliſchen vereinigt geweſen. Dieſe Ernennung verſetzte mich, wie man leicht ſehen wird, in große Unruhe. Ich erklärte Homer, Xenophon, Cicero, Horaz und corrigirte gewiſſenhaft die wöchentlichen Stilübungen. Nun aber ſollte ich die Geſchichte der griechiſchen Literatur vortragen: das iſt leicht und ſchwer, wie man will. Erſteres, wenn man gemächlich den Fabricius ausſchreibt; Letzteres, wenn der Docent, wie billig, denkt, er ſolle doch wenigſtens über die Hauptſchriftſteller aus eigener Lectüre urtheilen; gerade damals aber waren Wolf's homeriſche Prolegomena erſchienen. Welch ein Buch! Ich hatte es ſtudirt und wieder ſtudirt und in meine Hellenica ꝛc. ausgezogen. Nachher wurden die Hauptſätze des gelehrten und ſcharfſinnigen Hug, Heinrich und Anderer beigefügt; ingleichen die mit Wolf's Lehre zuſammenhängenden Kunſttheorien der Brüder Schlegel excerpirt und durchdacht; auch wurde die Ariſtoteliſche Poetik nach Hermann's Ausgabe ſorgfältig geleſen und mit jenen Lehrſätzen verglichen. Bentley's Abhandlungen waren von mir früher ſtudirt worden; aber zur Zeit hatte ich den Euſtathius nur etwas durchgeblättert, und den Villoiſoniſchen Homer noch mit keinem Auge geſehen. Das iſt erſt hier in Heidelberg nachgeholt worden. Ich mußte alſo thun, was ich konnte, und ließ in zwölf Paragraphen eine chronologiſche Ueberſicht der griechiſchen Literaturgeſchichte zunächſt für die Zuhörer drucken. Es wundert mich, daß ziemlich lange nachher noch Mohnike in ſeiner ſehr fleißig gearbeiteten griechiſchen und römiſchen Literaturgeſchichte jenem unbedeutenden

Dinge die Ehre erwieſen, es des Plans wegen zu loben, der doch gar nichts Eigenthümliches hatte und ſich von ſelber gab. **Wolf's** großes Werk, ſo wie ſeine nachherigen Kritiken über einige Reden des Cicero jetzt noch rühmen zu wollen, wäre mehr als überflüſſig. Aber das darf ich doch wohl ſagen, daß nicht leicht ein einzelnes Buch mehr Einfluß auf mein Studium gehabt. Eben weil ich fühlte, welche ſeltene Gaben und Kenntniſſe dazu gehörten, die höhere Kritik auf eine ſolche Weiſe zu handhaben, blieb ich von der ſeitdem ziemlich herrſchend gewordenen Stimmung frei, der zufolge ein junger Philologe nicht eher etwas zu gelten glaubte — bis er irgend einen Capitalautor für untergeſchoben erklärt hatte. Jetzt hat dieſe Meinung ſich auch vieler Theologen bemeiſtert. Man verſtehe mich nicht unrecht. Habe ich doch ſelbſt einmal etliche ſogenannte orphiſche Hymnen für neuplatoniſch erklärt, weil ich plotiniſche Redensarten darin gefunden. Es iſt hier nur von dem Sturm und Drang die Rede, ſich durch dergleichen aus der Luft gegriffene Hypotheſen in aller Eile berühmt machen zu wollen. Darüber hat der geniale **Wolf** gewiß oft ſelber am meiſten gelächelt. —

Das Jahr 1799 brachte uns **Wyttenbachs** Leben des **Ruhnkenius**, und mit neue Schmerzen; oder ſollte ich nicht über ein Gemälde der Philologie und ihrer größten Meiſter erſchrecken, wenn ich in meinen Buſen griff? Zur Theologie war ich verdorben, und an philologiſchem Fleiße hatte ich's auch ſo wenig fehlen laſſen, daß ich gerade damals die körperlichen Folgen ſehr verſpürte. Freunde und Zuhörer, und **Heyne's** und **Herrmann's** Wohlwollen ermuthigten mich. Letzterer ſendete mir ſeinen Ariſtophanes (worüber ich darauf Vorleſungen hielt) und ließ ſich ſeine Zeit nicht dauern, mündlich angeknüpfte Geſpräche über epiſche und lyriſche Poeſie ſchriftlich fortzuſetzen. Doch ward meine nächſte Lage mit meinen Studirplänen immer unverträglicher. Es galt zunächſt den Vorleſungen, und zu dem Ende mußten noch große Studien gemacht werden. Man erkannte meinen Fleiß und guten Willen, und obwohl ich nichts von Belang geſchrieben, ſo wurde ich doch im December 1802 zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Eloquenz ernannt. Ich hatte dieſes Amt im Grunde auch ſchon mehrere Jahre verſehen, da mein Vorgänger **Curtius**, ein ſehr gelehrter Mann, ſich blos auf hiſtoriſche Vorleſungen beſchränkte, und bereits alt und ſchwächlich war. Hierbei kann ich eine Bemerkung nicht unterdrücken, die mir beachtenswerth ſcheint: Gewöhnlich fordern die Curatoren der Hochſchulen von einem angehenden Profeſſor ſogleich gelehrte Bücher; es ſoll geſchrieben ſein und zwar ſchnell mehreres hintereinander, damit der Docent Namen bekomme. Nun frage ich aber, um bei meinem Fache zu bleiben, hat denn der angehende Profeſſor nun auch ſchon alle Materialien zu ſeinen Vorleſungen fix und fertig? und erfordert es nicht Zeit, Uebung und Nachdenken, die rechte Methode des Lehrens zu finden? Oder was kann dabei herauskommen, wenn ein blutjunger Mann philologiſche Bücher aus den Regiſtern, aus den Theſauren und ähnlichen Sammlungen macht? Alſo gerade das Gegentheil. Die Curatoren ſollten einen jungen Profeſſor, wenn er ſonſt fleißig iſt, um ſo mehr loben, je weniger er ſchreibt. Wenn ich aber doch ſelbſt ſchon am Ende 1803 mit einer **hiſtoriſchen Kunſt der Griechen** hervortrat, ſo hatte ich aus meinem langjährigen Studium der griechiſchen Geſchichtsſchreiber ſchon Vieles beiſammen. Seit 1798 las ich auch viel über den griechiſchen und römiſchen Kunſtlehrern (Rhetoriker genannt) und notirte mir beſonders, was ſie über die hiſtoriſche Diction und Compoſition Feines bemerkten. Da ich zu gleicher Zeit Vieles in neueren Sprachen las, ſo ſtellten ſich von ſelbſt über den hiſtoriſchen Vortrag der Alten, in Vergleich mit **Boccaccio**, **Machiavelli**, den engliſchen Geſchichtſchreibern und den deutſchen **Möſer** und **Johannes Müller** manche Betrachtungen dar. Ich hätte das Buch auch jetzt noch nicht drucken laſſen, hätte ich nicht von Marburg weggewollt, oder vielmehr hätte ich nicht weggehen **müſſen**.

Dies hing ſo zuſammen: In Marburg mußte ich als Profeſſor der Eloquenz, faſt in Jahresfriſt zwei Programmata ſchreiben, zwei Reden halten und ſechs ſogenannte Memoiren abfaſſen. Wie gut war es da für mich, daß ich mit Cicero, mit Muret und andern Humaniſten ununterbrochenen Umgang gepflogen; aber das Alles wollte doch geſchrieben ſein. Wo blieb da das kritiſche Studium der griechiſchen und römiſchen Quellen? Dazu kam, daß jene Memorien oder Biographien verſtorbener Profeſſoren ein unfröhliches Detail von Familienpapieren, biographiſchen Notizen und dergleichen mit ſich führten, die ich mühſam ſammeln mußte; und dann ſollten es Lobſchriften ſein. Die Familien ſahen darauf. Bei manchen (wie bei Tiedemann, Baldinger, Stein und Andern) gab es reellen Stoff zum Loben genug; auch den übrigen wurde nachgerühmt, was nur irgend zu rühmen war. Man lief aber Gefahr, bei Manchem mit dem Lobe anzuſtoßen. Von einem Mitgliede des hochehrwürdigen Oberappellationsgerichtes in Caſſel hatte ich beifällig bemerkt, er ſei als Profeſſor der Theologie in Marburg von dieſem Fache zur Rechtswiſſenſchaft übergegangen, weil er jenes Lehramt mit ſeinen Ueberzeugungen unverträglich gefunden. Der verdiente Mann hatte Reiſen in Frankreich u. ſ. w. gemacht, **Voltaire's**, **Bahrdt's** und ähnliche Schriften geleſen und ward nun ein geſchickter Juriſt, vorzüglich im Praktiſchen. Nun lobte ich jenen Uebertritt, und meine noch jetzt, es ſei ſehr rechtſchaffen gehandelt, wenn heut zu Tage mancher theologiſche Profeſſor dergleichen thäte. — Das war Vielen nicht recht. — Welcher Mann von Ehrgefühl und Wahrheitsliebe möchte ſich dann dazu brauchen laſſen, beſtändig auf dem Paradepferde der Eloquenz zu ſitzen, oder das Hiſtrionenmetier eines öffentlichen Schmeichlers zu verrichten? Es iſt auch ein Irrthum, wenn man glaubt, dergleichen öffentliche Repräſentationen verliehen den Univerſitäten einen reellen Glanz. Das haben **Ruhnkenius**, **Valkenaer**, **Wyttenbach** und **Wolf** beſſer gewußt; und waren denn Leyden und Halle darum, weil jene Männer gar nicht oder ſelten paradirten, weniger berühmt? Nun konnte ich aber vollends gar nichts durch meine improviſirten Sächelchen zum Glanze meiner vaterländiſchen Univerſität beitragen? Und doch lag dieſer ganze Gamaſchendienſt auf meinen Schultern. Dort war an keine Erlöſung zu denken.

Doch wohin? Herr von **Savigny** hatte mir Ausſichten nach Würzburg verſchafft — aber aus dem dort projectirten philologiſchen Seminar wurde damals nichts. Ich hatte mich an Freund **Daub** nach Heidelberg gewendet, der mehrere Jahre zuvor dort angeſtellt war. Seine und **Mieg's**, wie auch **Jung-Stilling's** (letzteren kannte ich perſönlich, er war in der philologiſchen Facultät zu Marburg mein College geweſen) gemeinſchaftliche Wünſche verſchafften mir den Ruf dorthin. Ich erhielt den Lehrſtuhl der Philologie und alten Hiſtorie (zu Anfang 1804). Der Heſſen-Caſſeliſche Miniſter **Waiz** von **Eſchen** entließ mich ungern, aber freundlich. Er hatte mich immer mit der ihm eigenen Humanität behandelt und liebte die Gelehrten. Von dem würdigen **Böttel** vernahm ich brieflich gütige Abſchiedsworte. Es hielt mir ſchwer, aus dem Kreiſe meiner Verwandten und Freunde zu ſcheiden. Jedoch dachte ich, ein Profeſſor muß wie ein Offizier ſich ans wandernde Leben gewöhnen. Wirklich hatten einige tüchtige Offiziere kurz zuvor den heſſiſchen Dienſt mit dem badiſchen vertauſcht. Den nachherigen General von **Porbek**, der ſpäter bei Talavera fiel, beſuchte ich in Carlsruhe, und mit dem Major von **Keßler** erneuerte ich vor wenigen Jahren in Baden alte Bekanntſchaft von der Schule her. Der Frühling, der mich hierher führte, war für mich ein wahres Feſt. An einem fremden Orte habe ich die Gewohnheit, mich auf einſamen Gängen möglichſt ſelbſt zu orientiren, und ſo war ich wochenlang in einem großen Entzücken über die hohen Schönheiten der Natur, die hier auf allen Schritten vor mir ausgebreitet lagen. Da ward wenig ſtudirt, nachher deſto mehr, weil der drückende Alp der Eloquenzſtelle von mir gewichen. Geſchrieben wurde in faſt zwei Jahren nichts; das war ja eben mein Wunſch geſen. Ich hatte freilich mir erſt ein Auditorium zu bilden. Anfangs las ich Alles publice — ſo konnte ſich niemand über verlornes Geld beklagen. Im philologiſchen Fache war ſchon damals die hieſige Bibliothek beſſer; und welche Erinnerungen und Anregungen für mich, wenn ich da auf den Rändern der Bücher die Handſchrift der Saumaiſe, Gruter und Gräve vorfand! Man wird ſich vorſtellen, daß ich mich bald nach Friedrich Sylburg's Grab erkundigte. Es iſt zwar nur durch eine einfache Steinſchrift an der Mauer unſerer Peterskirche bezeichnet: aber die Kenner der griechiſchen Literatur wiſſen auch ohne Monument, was ſie dieſem Gelehrten des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts verdankt. Ich war auf dieſen heſſiſchen Landsmann früh aufmerkſam geworden; einmal durch die Scaligerana, ſodann dadurch, daß ich ſeine Ausgabe des Ariſtoteles, die eben ſo werthvoll, als ſelten vollſtändig zu haben iſt*), in einer Auction gekauft hatte. Ich hatte dieſen Helleniſten kurz vorher zum Gegenſtande einer akademiſchen Rede gemacht, die in Eichſtädt's Nov. Actis Societ. Latin. Jenensis abgedruckt iſt. Nachher hat Juſti, in der Fortſetzung von Strieder's heſſiſcher Gelehrtengeſchichte, genauer von ihm gehandelt. Ich beſitze durch die Güte meines Freundes, des Doctors Batt, einige ungedruckte Briefe Sylburg's und werde, neben andern Stücken zur Geſchichte der Philologie, gelegentlich ausführlicher von ihm Nachricht geben, kann aber vorjetzt den Wunſch nicht unterdrücken, daß ein pfälziſcher Gelehrter ſich entſchließen möchte, eine Geſchichte der älteren heidelbergiſchen Lehrer auszuarbeiten. — Die übrigen Fächer wurden hier allmählig vollſtändiger beſetzt, und wenn jetzt Männer von großem Ruhm und beträchtlichem Einkommen, ſich in ihrem Hausweſen aufs einfachſte einrichteten, ſo gab dies einen Ton in unſer akademiſches Sein und Leben, der ganz nach meinem Sinne war. — Keine Spur von jener Vornehmthuerei, die den Profeſſor verunziert und am Ende doch kleinſtädtiſch iſt. Nun kamen Böckh, Wilken und andere hieher, und in meinen und verwandten Fächern wurde Manches mehr durchgebildet und beſſer gelehrt, als ich es konnte. In den Studien, die ich mit Daub herausgab, fanden wir einen literariſchen Mittheilungspunkt. Wir hatten ſie aus vollem Herzen dem würdigen Karl Friedrich, damals Kurfürſt, gewidmet. Dieſer edle Regent nahm nicht nur an allem wiſſenſchaftlichen Leben und Wirken den größten Antheil, ſondern auch an dem Schickſale derer, die ſich den Wiſſenſchaften gewidmet hatten. So hatte auch ich, ſo wenig auf meinem Leben beruhete, mich dieſer gütigen Theilnahme zu erfreuen, da ich um dieſe Zeit gefährlich danieder lag; und wenn ich alſo jene Zeit als eine Periode ſchwerer Seelen- und Körperleiden ſtets in ernſter Erinnerung behalte, ſo erhielt ich auch gerade damals von mehreren Seiten die unzweideutigſten Beweiſe ächter Freundſchaft. Das Inſtitut der Studien gewann mir auch die Bekanntſchaft des vortrefflichen Hiſtorikers Schloſſer, der ſeitdem durch ein engeres Amtsverhältniß in bewährter männlicher Geſinnung mit mir verbunden iſt.

Bei den Vorarbeiten zu meinem Buche über die hiſtoriſche Kunſt der Griechen war ich praktiſch überzeugt worden, wie die Frage, was die Griechen in der Geſchichte geleiſtet? ſich nur genügend beantworten laſſe, wenn man eine möglichſt vollſtändige Sammlung der Bruchſtücke der vielen verlornen Werke dieſes Kreiſes vor Augen hätte. Die Heyne'ſche Bearbeitung des Apollodor, den ich mit den Anmerkungen mir ganz excerpirt hatte, ſo wie die Fragmentenſammlung, welche Sturz einigen Logographen ſo gelehrt gewidmet hatte, zeigten mir den Nutzen einer ſolchen Arbeit noch deutlicher. Sanguiniſch machte ich nun den Plan, die Fragmente ſämmtlicher griechiſchen Hiſtoriker zu ſammlen und zu ediren. Mein Freund, der hieſige Profeſſor Kayſer, gab mir aus ſeinen Papieren einen Beitrag zu einigen, und Lenz in Gotha, Köhler in Detmold, Matthiä in Frankfurt a. M. und Andere verſprachen thätige Theilnahme, ich hatte ſogar in Beck's Commentar. Societ. philol. Lips. eine Ankündigung drucken laſſen. Allein ſchon das Excerpiren einzelner Schriftſteller (aus Reſultaten ſoll doch nicht gearbeitet werden) verurſachte großen Zeitaufwand. Ich lernte einſehen, was ein ſo umfaſſender Plan erfodert, und war zufrieden mit den Fragmenten von beiden einigermaßen meinen Eifer zu bethätigen. Es war dies eine nützliche Vorarbeitung für den Commentar über Herodot. Nachher haben Lenz, und beſonders Siebelis, dann Marx und Müller einzelne ſchätzbare Ausgaben der Geſchichtsfragmente geliefert, und ich erwarte noch etliche der Art von einigen meiner jüngern Freunde. An meinem Büchlein hätte ich jetzt verſchiedene kritiſche Sectionen zu machen. Eine davon hat der ehrwürdige ältere Schweighäuſer ſehr nachſichtsvoll angedeutet.

Auf den Antrag des Miniſters von Reizenſtein wurde im Frühling 1807, unter andern neuen Inſtituten, hier ein philologiſches Seminar errichtet. Unſere Regierung, die mir die Direction deſſelben übertragen hatte, genehmigte meinen Plan, und ich ward veranlaßt, ihn in einer einleitenden Schrift: das akademiſche Studium des Alterthums, öffentlich bekannt zu machen. Ich habe dieſe Anſtalt unter beſonderer Begünſtigung der Umſtände eröffnet und bisher geleitet. Die freie Stellung, worein mich dabei unſere Regierung verſetzte, und das unwandelbare Zutrauen, das ſie mir ſchenkte, mußten dieſe Unternehmung begünſtigen. Gleich zu Anfang traten tüchtige Alumnen ein; zuerſt Moſer (jetzt Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Ulm) mit einigen wackern Landsleuten; und ſo habe ich in jedem Semeſter mehrere Mitglieder gezählt, welche Muth und Kraft genug hatten, den Dornenpfad der Philologie mit mir fortzuwandeln. Im In- und Auslande zähle ich noch jetzt unter ihnen einen ſchönen Kreis von Freunden. Verzeiht man es dem Schulmanne, wenn er in der Schule ſein Reich erblickt, ſo wird man auch mir vielleicht nachſehen, wenn damals mir Moſer als der erſte Grenz- hier unter den Commilitonen erſchien. Seine hohe Geſtalt und eiſerne Geſundheit erinnerten ohnedem daran. Nie habe ich in einem jungen Manne, bei großer Kraft, eine größere Vielſeitigkeit von Talenten und vorzüglich eine größere Gutmüthigkeit angetroffen. Ein feſter Mannesſinn drückte dem Allen das Siegel auf. Dieſer Freund hat mir in allen Verhältniſſen des Lebens redlich beigeſtanden. Sehr befördert wurde das Ganze durch die bald eintretende Mitwirkung von Böckh, der ſchon damals unter den deutſchen Philologen ſich ſeinen Ehrenplatz zu ſichern anfing, und noch jetzt erfreue ich mich der thätigen Beihülfe unſeres geſchickten Herrn Profeſſors Bähr.

Man hegte hier damals den Plan, die Jenaiſche Literatur-Zeitung mit ihrem jetzigen Redacteur nach Heidelberg zu verpflanzen. Es erhoben ſich mehrere Stimmen gegen dieſen Gedanken. Ich will Niemand compromittiren, aber auch ich erklärte mich dagegen. Das partheiloſe Publicum wird hieraus mein Verhältniß zu jenem Inſtitute beurtheilen können. Nun wünſchte aber das damalige Curatorium allhier eine literariſche Anſtalt der Art. Wollten wir alſo jene Lit.-Zeitung nicht haben, ſo mußten wir eine neue machen. Mit wiſſenſchaftlichem Eifer und Wahrheitsliebe wurde das Werk unternommen. Jenen Ehrenmännern, die ſich dabei thätig bewieſen, Daub, Schwarz, Thibaut, Heiſe, Ackermann, Langsdorf u. ſ. w. waren alle anderweiten Motive fremd; und was Wilken, Böckh, Schloſſer und Andere auf den mir bekannten Gebieten geleiſtet, wird ſich wohl immer als gründliche Arbeit erweiſen. Ein Mehreres von dem Ton und Geiſt der damaligen Heidelberger Jahrbücher zu ſagen, kommt mir als einem Theilnehmer nicht zu. Zwei Umſtände darf ich indeſſen berühren: Erſtens, daß das juriſtiſche Heft im erſten Jahre zweimal aufgelegt wurde; ſo denn folgendes Factum: Der Verleger der zahlreichen und geiſtvollen Schriften eines vornehmen Mannes, der damals bei unſerer Regierung in einem hohen Poſten ſtand, ſendete uns dieſe Werke ſämmtlich zu, vermeinend, nun würde doch wohl ein rechter Panegyricus erfolgen. Wir hatten aber das Geſetz gemacht, daß keines einheimiſchen Schriftſtellers Werke recenſirt werden ſollten. Anzeigen durfte er ſich ſelbſt mit Namensunterſchrift. — Mir koſtete indeß die Sache zu viel Zeit; und als mehrere Redactoren abtraten, und in der Perſon von **Wilken** ein ſehr geſchickter Stellvertreter gefunden ward, ſo war ich froh, wieder zu meinen andern Arbeiten zurückzukehren. — In meinen jüngern Jahren habe ich äußerſt wenig recenſirt. Das Wenige, was ich ſpäter in den Heidelb. Jahrb. gegeben, iſt mehrentheils mit meinem Namen unterzeichnet. Irre ich nicht, ſo habe ich ſeit dem Jahre 1810 nicht einmal eine Anzeige meiner eigenen Schriften in den Heidelb. Jahrb. geliefert, was doch die Verleger zuweilen wünſchten, und wozu jeder einheimiſche Autor das Recht hat. Früher hatte ich in andern Literaturzeitungen etliche Recenſionen gemacht. In der Leipz. L. Z. hatte ich einmal mit großer Milde einem angehenden philologiſchen Schriftſteller Sprachfehler nachgewieſen. Ich hatte keine Ruhe; es mußte heraus. Ich nannte mich dem Manne ſelbſt, als ſeinen Recenſenten, und täuſchte mich in meinem Zutrauen nicht. Der verdiente Mann hat es mich nie entgelten laſſen. —

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*) S. Brunet I. p. 107 und Ebert's allgemeines bibliographiſches Lexicon I. p. 98.

Es iſt oben bemerkt worden, wie ich mit **Winkelmann's** Werken Bekanntſchaft gemacht. Da man jetzt Vorleſungen über Mythologie und über Archäologie von mir wünſchte, ſo nahm ich dieſe Studien, zu denen mich auch meine Unterſuchungen über die Dionyſiſchen Religionen führten, wieder vor, und die Schriften **Visconti's**, **Zoega's**, **Böttiger's**, **Millin's** und Anderer kamen nun an die Reihe. Mein Freund **Welcker** (jetzt in Bonn) war eben aus Italien zurückgekehrt und hatte mich dem Freiherrn von **Schellersheim** bekannt gemacht. Die Geſpräche und Briefe dieſes Kunſtkenners gewährten mir manche Belehrung. Der rheiniſche Boden lieferte mir römiſche Medaillen und die Geſchenke griechiſcher Städtemünzen und anderer Anticaglie, die ich ſeitdem von H. v. **Schellersheim**, Fr. **Münter**, J. David **Weber** und andern Freunden empfangen, verbunden mit Ankäufen, wo ſich Gelegenheit ergab, haben dieſes archäologiſche Studium immer bei mir im Leben erhalten. Ich fing jetzt an, die antike Numismatik als eine nothwendige Hülfswiſſenſchaft ſelbſt zur Mythologie zu betrachten. Daneben hatte ſich meine Büchersammlung vermehrt; ich konnte nun ganz wieder meinen lieben Alten leben.

Unterdeſſen waren jedoch manche äußere Umſtände bedenklich geworden, und als damals ein zeitiger Prorector (er iſt nicht mehr unter uns) mir deswegen, weil ich auf den Wunſch des Curators einmal hier ein Programm geſchrieben, ſich berechtigt glaubte, mir nun wieder jährlich mehrere Programme und dergleichen aufzubürden, ſo glaubte ich, die ganze Marburger Eloquenz ſey wieder im Anzuge, und dann war es um mein Quellenſtudium geſchehen, das eben jetzt neue Richtungen nehmen mußte. Ich hatte dem Freiherrn von **Zentner** meine Wünſche eröffnet; **Savigny** hatte mich indeß nach Landshut empfohlen — als ich im December 1808 aus dem Haag folgenden Brief erhielt:

„Es wird Ihnen bekannt ſeyn, daß der Lehrſtuhl unſeres würdigen Luzac, auf der königlichen Univerſität zu Leyden bis jetzt noch unbeſetzt geblieben iſt. Würden Sie, wenn Ihnen derſelbe angetragen wird, ihn annehmen, auf eine Beſoldung von 3000 holländiſche Fl., außerdem was Ihnen Ihre Collegien ergeben, welche in dem Fache der alten Literatur jetzt ſehr frequentirt ſind? Auf dieſe Frage bitte ich Ihre baldigſte und beſtimmte Antwort. Ich muß Ihnen aber dabei eben beſtimmt erklären, daß in dem Fall, daß Sie, wie ich hoffe, mir eine bejahende Antwort werden zuſchicken, ich nur für meinen Vortrag beim Könige, nicht aber für die Vocation ſelber bürgen kann. Erfolgt dieſe nicht, ſo bleibe die ganze Sache unabgethan, aber auch zwiſchen uns beiden; denn es wiſſen bis jetzt weder Curatoren der Univerſität, noch auch Hr. Prof. Wyttenbach etwas von dieſem Schreiben an Sie; auch in Heidelberg würde in der Folge Niemand etwas davon erfahren. Ich aber von meiner Seite muß ſicher ſeyn können, daß, wenn ich Sie dem Könige vorſchlage, und die Vocation auf obgemeldeter Condition erfolgt, Sie dieſelbe annehmen werden, welche Verſprechungen man Ihnen nachher auch von der Seite Ihres jetzigen Gouvernements oder akademiſcher Direction und dergleichen machen würde. Es würde mir äußerſt angenehm ſein, wenn ich in Kurzem einen nicht abſchlagenden Brief von Ihnen hierüber erhalte, und ich ſchmeichle mich u. ſ. w. Ich unterſchreibe mich mit aller Hochachtung

Ihr ganz ergebenſter

J. v. **Meermann**

Directeur general des Sciences et
des Arts du Royaume de Hollande.“

Ich hatte von meinen frühern Geiſtesproducten eine ſo geringe Meinung und von **Wyttenbach** eine ſo hohe, daß ich mich erſt im Sommer 1808 entſchloß, ihm meinen Dionyſius zuzuſenden, und dies war auch mein erſter Brief an ihn, worin kein Gedanke an eine Profeſſur in Holland vorkam. Ich wußte ſelbſt nicht, daß des in der Pulvererploſion umgekommenen Profeſſors **Luzac** Stelle noch unbeſetzt ſey. Erſt ſpäter erfuhr ich, daß v. **Heusde** in Utrecht ſie ausgeſchlagen, und daß **Wyttenbach** mich vorgeſchlagen hatte; wie er denn auch ſogleich von jenem Meermanniſchen Briefe unterrichtet worden war. Schon die erſten Tage des Januar 1809 brachten mir einen **Wyttenbachiſchen** Brief und einen zweiten von **Meermann**, worin ein Wyttenbachiſches Urtheil über mich excerpirt war. Nun beſtimmten mich die oben bemerkten hieſigen Umſtände, der Gedanke an die Leydner Bibliothek, mit ihren gedruckten und geſchriebenen Schätzen, und die Hoffnung, in Wyttenbachs Umgang mich weiter auszubilden, ſehr bald; als **Meermanns** Antrag vom Könige genehmigt war, ſagte ich zu. Wyttenbach hatte mir geſchrieben: „Illud unum per hanc temporis angustiam Tibi declarare et possum et debeo, Te mihi gratissimum facturum oblata statione accipienda, Teque ad nos non ut ad peregrinos, sed ut ad tuos venturum. Et uxori tuae, si quid auguror, nova sedes placebit: certe ut placeat operam dabit neptis mea, mulier humanitatis. Tu modo fortunae tuae consule, easque paciscere conditiones, quarum Te in posterum ne poeniteat. Hoc ejusmodi est, ut Tibi luculentum salarium constituatur.“ — Aber dieſe Fortuna iſt immer meine letzte Sorge geweſen. Ich hatte, nach einem vergleichenden Ueberſchlag, nur 200 fl. mehr verlangen zu müſſen geglaubt, und erhielt ſie durch Wyttenbachs Fürſprache: „Operam dabo, ſchrieb er, ut Tibi 3200 conficiam, quando plus non licet, quum ipse ad eum Te modum demiseris.“ In der That hatte ich aber doch in **ſeinem** Sinne gehandelt, denn er ſelbſt bekümmerte ſich mehr um andere Güter, als um die zeitlichen. In einem andern Briefe äußerte er ſich ſo: „Et si haec est virtus, ut Stoici volunt, quorum est ὁ σοφὸς χρηματιστικός, hac me virtute carere lubens fateor.“ Wäre ich jedoch in Holland geblieben, ſo hätte ich ſeinem erſten Rathe folgen müſſen, der aus beſſerer Sachkenntniß gefloſſen war. Ich hatte zu wenig gefordert. —

Meine Entlaſſung erhielt ich nach wenigen Wochen mit freundlichen Worten unſeres damaligen Herrn Miniſters. Ich gedachte in den Oſterferien nach Holland abzureiſen. Mein letztes Programm wurde geſchrieben und die Antrittsrede ausgearbeitet. **Wyttenbach** hatte mir das Thema angegeben: de civitate Atheniensium omnis humanitatis parente. — Nun aber blieb das officielle Einberufungsſchreiben der Curatoren aus, welches verfaſſungsmäßig nothwendig war; ſtatt deſſen kamen beſorgliche Briefe. Ich hatte mich nicht angeboten und kein Wort davon gewußt, daß man dort an mich dachte; vielweniger konnte ich wiſſen, daß ein Holländer, der vielleicht würdiger als ich war, jene Stelle in Anſpruch nahm. Auf dieſe Weiſe war ich ruhig. Es mochte kommen, wie es wollte, mein Gehalt mußte mir werden. So kamen Oſtern herbei; ich reiſte ab, und wir verlebten in dem Kreiſe der Verwandten und Freunde in Darmſtadt angenehme Tage. Die dortige reiche Bibliothek, die mir bei der Gefälligkeit des Herrn Bibliothekars **Schleiermacher** vorher und nachher ſehr wichtig geworden, lieferte Stoff zur Arbeit. Ich excerpirte mir die ſämmtlichen Bände des Pellerin (Recueil des Medailles) — ſo weit Alles gut. — Jetzt aber erfuhr ich, daß meine heidelberger Freunde um ein Zeugniß für mich angegangen worden, und von einer andern Seite wurde mir geſchrieben: „Ich ſei als ein Mann dargeſtellt, qui a mis le feu au milieu de l'Allemagne." — Alſo nichts Geringeres, als eine Conſpiration! Wenn das Eins haben ſollte, ſo mußte es eine gegen die Franzoſen ſein; denn eben damals war Napoleon im Begriff, zum zweitenmal in das Herz der öſterreichiſchen Staaten einzudringen, und die Sache ſollte mir ja bei einem Napoleoniden ſchaden. Heute hätte ich alſo nichts zu verſchweigen, ja ich könnte mir durch ein ſolches Geſtändniß eine Art von Relief geben. Jedoch meine hiſtoriſche Muſe muß ganz demüthig berichten, wie der Profeſſor **Creuzer** damals zwar den Kopf voll von Numismatik, Leydner Bibliothek und holländiſcher Philologie hatte, aber gegen Napoleon und ſeine Alliirten eben ſo wenig conſpirirte, wie gegen den Kaiſer von China. Ich habe bei dem Lärm über die demagogiſchen Umtriebe manchmal an dieſe Geſchichte gedacht und ſetze ſie denen zur Nutzanwendung hierher, die dabei ſo geſchäftig waren. Oefter aber habe ich der Freunde gedacht, die damals für mich zeugten. Hierbei muß ich dankbar das Andenken des ſeligen Kriegsraths **Mieg** erneuern, der ganz Feuer und Leben war, wo er einem Gelehrten helfen konnte, und ſeine Verbindungen in Holland auf eine ſehr wirkſame Weiſe zu meinen Gunſten geltend machte. Ich habe niemals erfahren, wer jene ſaubere Erdichtung ausgeheckt; mir aber auch nie Mühe gegeben, einen ſo guten Freund kennen zu lernen. Im Grunde hatte der edle **Meermann** mehr Verdruß davon, als die Sache werth war. Er ſetzte ſeine Abſicht jedoch durch, und in Darmſtadt erhielt ich unter großem Siegel, in aller Form, das Schreiben der Curatoren. — Ich aber hatte bereits den Geſchmack an Holland verloren, und in Wisbaden, wo meine Frau einige Wochen die Cur brauchte, mir in dem warmen Waſſer den Magen vollends ruinirt. Doch Freund **Moſer** kam, der mich nach Holland begleitete, und wir begrüßten mit friſchem Muthe die Ufer des alten Rheins. In Coblenz konnte der Freund und Gevattermann **Görres** ſich noch immer nicht recht in meinen wunderlichen Entſchluß finden. Wir mußten mehrere Tage bei ihm und ſeiner liebenswürdigen Familie bleiben. Dem ehrwürdigen **Cöln** wurden, wie billig, auch zwei Tage gewidmet und in **Walrafs** Geſellſchaft lehrreich verwendet. Damals lernte ich die Herren **Boiſſerée** und **Bertram** kennen und ſah zum erſtenmal ihre Sammlung. Später ſind dieſe gelehrten und würdigen Männer in Heidelberg meine Freunde geworden. — In Holland dann — feine Städte, hübſche Leute: — aber ich konnte keinen mythologiſchen Gedanken faſſen in dem flachen Lande. Auch an dem Geſtade der einſt ſo poetiſchen See waren die franzöſiſchen Telegraphen keine Obelisken der Sonne, und die engliſchen Wachtſchiffe — keine Delphine. Dazu ſagten mir Luft und Lebensart nicht zu. Ich kränkelte immer mehr. So brachte uns der 12. Juli 1809 in unſeren künftigen Wohnort, wie **Moſer** meinte. Ich aber ſaß am andern Morgen, noch ehe ich einen der Curatoren oder künftigen Collegen geſprochen, ſchon früh am Schreibtiſch. Es war ein Brief nach Carlsruhe an den Herrn von **Reizenſtein**, der mittlerweile ins Miniſterium zurückgekehrt war: „Sey der Platz in Heidelberg noch offen, ſo ſtände ich zu Dienſt, um denſelben Gehalt, wie zuvor. Ich müſſe ja froh ſeyn, wenn man mich nur wieder haben wolle." — Nun gings hinaus zu **Wyttenbach**, der damals auf dem Lande wohnte. Es wurde uns ein ſehr freundlicher Empfang; von der Nichte, ſeiner nachherigen Frau, hatte er in ſeinen Briefen noch zu wenig geſagt. Sie iſt meiner Frau eine wahre Freundin geworden. Ihre gehaltreichen Geſpräche zeugten von einer ſeltenen Bildung. Sie hat ſpäterhin als Verfaſſerin des Theagenes und anderer Dialogen in Frankreichs und Hollands Zirkeln ein Publicum gefunden. — Wir waren Alle wöchentlich einigemal draußen. Belehrung die Fülle in **Wyttenbachs** Unterhaltung, Erheiterung in ſeinem ſchönen Garten. Seine Bibliothek ſtand mir offen. Ich bereitete mich jetzt, auf den Fall, daß ich bleiben mußte, zu den Vorleſungen über das N. T., die zu meiner Profeſſur gehörten, vor, und ich lernte damals **Valckenaer**'s noch ungedruckte Papiere über einige Bücher dieſer heiligen Urkunden kennen, die **Waſſenbergh** vor etlichen Jahren in einer ſehr guten Ausgabe geliefert hat. Ich ſah mich im Lande um und machte Bekanntſchaft, in Amſterdam mit **de Boſch**, in Utrecht mit **van Heuſde**, in Leyden mit **Te Water**, **van Voorſt**, **Kemper**, **Tollius**, **Hagemann**, **Borger**, **Bake**, **van Kampen**, **Donckermann** und andern theuern Namen, die ich niemals vergeſſen werde. Noch ſtehe ich mit mehreren dieſer Männer in brieflichem Verkehr; einige habe ich hier bei mir geſehen, **Wyttenbach** mit ſeiner Frau beſuchten uns noch in den letztern Jahren. Es ſprach mich dorten vieles an; vorzüglich die ſchlichten biederen Männer von tiefem Wiſſen, mit reinbürgerlich-einfachen Sitten, z. B. der General-Studien-Director und franzöſiſche Senator **Meermann** ſtand **Wyttenbach** als Herr **Meermann** gegenüber. Man ſaß mehrentheils nach holländiſcher Weiſe mit bedecktem Kopfe zuſammen. Da hieß es: „Herr **Wyttenbach**;" „Herr **Meermann**" — nichts weiter von deutſcher Alfanzerei. Und das war kein hoffärtiges Auflehnen gegen die Unterſchiede in der bürgerlichen Ordnung aus Gelehrtenſtolz, ſondern alte Gewohnheit. Denn wenn derſelbe **Wyttenbach** demſelben **Meermann** ein Buch widmete, ſo führte er ihn, wie billig, als Freiherrn mit allen ſeinen Titeln und Würden auf.

Das Ende der Ferien rückte heran, und die Heidelberger Sache war noch völlig unentſchieden. Nun ſollte ich meine Antrittsrede halten, welches dort eine officielle Beſitznahme des Amtes iſt. Ich verſchob es, und konnte es verſchieben, da ich immer unpäßlich war. Endlich kam das miniſterielle Zurückberufungsſchreiben, als ich eben damit beſchäftigt war, meine an demſelben Tage angekommenen Bücher und Möbeln in meine Wohnung ſchaffen zu laſſen. — Jetzt hatte ich einen ſauern Gang zu machen. Ich mußte **Wyttenbach** von meiner Rückkehr unterrichten. Man wird ſich zwar vorſtellen, wie ich ihm meinen Unmuth über jene Cabale niemals verhehlt (und er war ſelbſt indignirt genug) und über meine An- und Abſichten zeitig Winke gegeben hatte — gegen ihn konnte ich ja kein Geheimniß haben; — aber mit jenen Heidelberger Ausſichten ſtand alles noch ſehr im weiten. Jetzt mußte ich ihm den Rückruf melden. Er war recht ungehalten über mich; doch blickte allenthalben ſeine väterliche Geſinnung hindurch. Indeſſen wendete er ſich ſogleich an Meermann um mich zu halten, und er erhielt Auftrag, mir recht honette Bedingungen zu machen; vergebens. Wie hätte ich nun wieder andern Sinnes werden können? Und dann war ich um des Geldes willen nicht gekommen; ſo ſollten die Holländer, von denen manche alle Fremde gar zu leicht für enfans perdus oder für Glücksritter halten — nun auch gewahr werden, daß ich für Geld nicht bliebe. — Nun ward ich gar bettlägerig. Erhitzt von einem Spaziergang war ich in die franzöſiſch-reformirte Kirche zum Grabmal Joſeph Scaligers gewallfahrtet: als Folge der Erkältung, mußte ich mit einem geſchwollenen Geſichte wochenlang das Bette hüten. Da hatte ich Zeit, über den Glauben der Alten nachzudenken, wie es den ordinären Menſchen gefährlich ſey, ſich den Heroenmalen zu nähern. An dem Grabe eines Heros hatte ich aber geſtanden. In den beſſern Stunden excerpirte ich im Bette griechiſche Handſchriften, und Wyttenbach, wieder ganz voll von Liebe gegen mich, brachte mir ſelbſt von ſeinen Excerpten. Ich geizte mit den Stunden, je weniger ihrer mir noch gegönnt waren. Jedoch hat mir Freund Moſer, der ein Jahr länger dort blieb, und, hätte er gewollt, in einer anſtändigen Lage immer dort hätte bleiben können, (Wyttenbach ſchrieb mir, wie ungern er ihn entlaſſe) nachher noch weit Mehreres excerpirt. Ich mußte auf die Abreiſe denken, weil im Spätherbſt ein Fieber mich für den ganzen Winter würde zurückgehalten haben. Hierbei muß ich die thätige Verwendung des königl. holländiſchen Herrn Secretairs Wenckebach und des großherzogl. badiſchen Herrn Chargé d' Affaires von Beſſel rühmen, um mir die Entlaſſung auszuwirken. Sie erfolgte endlich. König Louis wußte ſelbſt am beſten, wie es einem kränklichen Manne in Holland zu Muthe ſey — und ſo hatte er ſich auch geäußert. Nun ließen es die Curatoren ihrer Seits nicht fehlen. Ich erhielt meinen vollen halbjährigen Gehalt — für nichts: denn ſo hoch konnte ich doch die Dedication meiner Rede nicht anſchlagen, die ich in Leyden drucken ließ, und ihnen, wie dem hochverdienten Meermann, der mich auch dort ſehr gaſtfreundlich behandelt hatte, widmete. Ich dankte ihm ſchriftlich für ſo viele Güte. Eben ſo erleichterte ich mir brieflich den Abſchied von Wyttenbach und ſeiner Familie — und ſo war ich dann noch im October in Heidelberg zurück, wo mich Freund Abegg mit offenen Armen empfing und bis zur neuen häuslichen Einrichtung gaſtlich bei ſich aufnahm. Dem Kreiſe der alten Freunde wiedergegeben, und mit geſtärkter Geſundheit konnte ich nun ſogleich meine Arbeiten wieder beginnen. Erſt im Sommer kamen die Keime eines Tertianfiebers zur Reife, die ich aus Holland mitgebracht. Durch gute ärztliche Hülfe ward ich jedoch bald wieder hergeſtellt. Während der Geneſung erſchütterte mich die plötzliche Nachricht von Hollands Vereinigung mit dem franzöſiſchen Reiche bis zur Ohnmacht. Ich hatte an ſo vielen edlen Männern dort Intereſſe genommen — und am Könige ſelbſt. Er war im Lande geliebt. Wie dieſes Ereigniß in Holland aufgenommen worden, mögen dem Leſer folgende Zeilen Wyttenbachs vom 25. Juni 1810 ſagen: „Saepe de te cogitans, mi Creuzere, nesciebam utrum faverem tibi, an irascerer. Nam et mutuus noster amor me favere tibi cogebat, et pungebat me quod nos reliquisses. Sed nunc plane tibi gratulor, quod discessu tuo communem hanc Bataviae genti miseriam effugisti. Ego quid aliud agam non habeo, nisi ut venientem tempestatem fortiter excipiam, et, si naufragium fecerimus, enatem, si possim, in Helvetiam. *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή*, cujus nunc imperium totam Europam, praeterquam vicinos nostros Britannos complectitur." — Der theure Mann erlebte noch die Reſtauration und ward dann im Frieden einer höheren Ordnung der Dinge beigeſellt, die er in ſeinem Commentar über Plato's Phädon ſo beredt vertheidigt hatte. Die Freundſchaft ſeiner edlen Wittwe hat durch das Geſchenk eines Bildes dafür geſorgt, daß mir die freundlichen Züge meines väterlichen Freundes immer in lebendiger Erinnerung bleiben. Der gelehrte Herr Profeſſor Mahne in Gent wird uns nächſtens eine Biographie dieſes ſeines berühmten Lehrers liefern.

Ich hatte ſeit einigen Jahren Vorleſungen über die Mythologie gehalten. Ein Handbuch wurde von mir gewünſcht, und ich hatte es verſprochen. Auch in Leyden hatte ich, nach H. v. Meermanns Abſicht, Mythologie und Archäologie zuweilen vortragen ſollen. Jetzt, nach meiner Rückkehr, ſchritt ich zur Ausarbeitung des Handbuchs, wozu bereits viele Materialien geſammelt waren. Bevor ich aber der Art etwas ſage, wie ſich mein mythologiſches Syſtem, wenn man es denn ſo nennen will, gebildet hat, muß ich auf die Anſchuldigungen antworten, die mir meine Vorleſungen und das gedachte Buch neuerlich zugezogen. Man hat nämlich dem Publikum inſinuiren wollen, wie meine Lehrvorträge den jungen Leuten ſchädlich, wie ſie und das Buch darauf angelegt ſeien, auf eine verſteckte Art nach und nach dem Katholicismus Jünger zu werben; wie ich endlich ſelbſt mit Kryptokatholiken und mit ſolchen, die zur katholiſchen Kirche übergetreten, in Verbindung ſtehe.

Ich hatte erwartet und war darauf gefaßt, daß meine Symbolik und Mythologie bei derjenigen Parthei eine ſehr unwillkommne Erſcheinung ſein werde, welche darauf ausgeht, und immer zu decomponiren und alles, was beglaubigte Geſchichte und religiöſes Bewußtſein, als ewig und unwandelbar beſtehend feſthalten, in eine unſichere Fluction zu verſetzen, damit man ihren ſcharfen Verſtand und heroiſchen Muth bewundern, und ſie nur über den allgemeinen Nihilismus den Thron ihres Egoismus aufbauen könnten. — Mein Buch zeigte ja auf allen Blättern, wie alle Civiliſation der Völker und der ganze Inbegriff der edelſten Güter, der ſich jetzt die fortgeſchrittene Menſchheit erfreut, nur auf dem Grunde und Boden des religiöſen Bewußtſeins erwachſen, und nur unter der Obhut der Religion und ihrer Diener gepflegt und gewartet — mit Einem Worte, wie alle ethiſche und politiſche Sittigung des Menſchengeſchlechts nur durch prieſterliche Inſtitutionen vererbt und veredelt werden. Alſo von jener Seite mußte ich einer heftigen Oppoſition gewärtig ſein. Daß man aber von den Vorleſungen und vom Lehrbuch auf die Perſon übergehen und mich ſelbſt, als ein Werkzeug der Proſelytenmacherei bezeichnen werde, daß, ich geſtehe es, hatte ich nicht erwartet. Auch war früher, als die Einrichtung des philologiſchen Seminars, wobei ich den Entwurf machen mußte, mir von derſelben Seite einen Angriff zuzog, von jenen Dingen noch gar nicht die Rede. Damals ſollte ich nur philologiſche Verdienſte in Zweifel gezogen haben. — Ich werfe zuverſichtsvoll meinen Blick auf dieſes Seminar, auf meine Alumnen aus demſelben, deren viele der katholiſchen Kirche zugehören und jetzt von Conſtanz herauf bis nach Löwen hinunter, an Gymnaſien und Univerſitäten angeſtellt ſind, und frage ſie: ob ich ihnen wohl ſo große Luſt eingepflanzet habe, ſich ihren Homer, Plato, Cicero nehmen, und ſich dafür Polticum, Logicum, Rhetoricum und den ganzen jeſuitiſchen Kram wieder aufbringen zu laſſen; und ob ſie wohl glauben, daß die neueren Obſcuranten ſo erträgliche Surrogate der claſſiſchen Quellen werden liefern können, als die alten gelehrten chriſtlichen Väter, ſeitdem Julian ihren Glaubensgenoſſen die Blumengärten der griechiſchen Poeſie und Kunſt verſchloſſen? — Alſo wer thut dem freilich aufs neue ſich regenden Jeſuitismus größeren Abbruch, der wilde Schreier, der in ſeinem blinden Eifer ſogar die chriſtliche Liebe vergißt, oder der Lehrer, der durch ſtilles Wirken in einer Schar claſſiſch gebildeter Schüler dem Jeſuitenkram einen Damm entgegenſetzen hilft? Aber das Schreien iſt bequemer, einträglicher und macht mehr Lärm.

Die Entſtehung der Heidelbergiſchen Jahrbücher, und die dadurch zerſtörten Plane einer Partei wurden oben berührt. Damals wurde in den Sitzungen der Redaction über die Wahl der Recenſenten berathſchlagt. Ich habe keinen Widerſpruch vernommen, die Herren A. W. und Friedrich v. Schlegel, Görres und Andere einzuladen; und die Leſer der Jahrbücher wiſſen, welche gelehrte und geiſtreiche Beiträge wir dieſen Männern zu verdanken hatten. Auch hat mein College Wilken mit Recht jene Verbindung mit Schlegel fortgeſetzt und unter andern die berühmte Kritik der Niebuhriſchen Geſchichte Roms aufgenommen. Jene Einladung ſetzte mich in Briefwechſel mit den Brüdern Schlegel. Görres lebte und lehrte damals hier. Er ward mein Freund, iſt es geblieben, und ich verdanke ihm viel. Wenn nachher die Herren Ludwig Tieck und v. Schlegel ſich verſchiedentlich hier aufhielten, ſo mußte ich es für einen hohen Gewinn halten, daß mir der Umgang mit ſo gelehrten, und theils katholiſchen, theils proteſtantiſchen, genialen Männern geſegnet war: um ſo mehr, da damals die Gemäldeſammlung meiner Freunde, der Herren Boiſſerée und Bertram, zu manchen intereſſanten Geſprächen über die Kunſt Veranlaſſung gab. Von Confeſſion war da überall keine Rede, und es gehört die ganze Bosheit eines Zeloten dazu, ſo etwas nur zu vermuthen. Ich rechne die Bekanntſchaft mit einigen Trefflichen katholiſcher Confeſſion zum Glück meines Lebens. Wo ich gründliches Wiſſen, Menſchenſinn und geniale Kraft vereinigt finde, ſei es bei Proteſtanten oder Katholiken, da gehe ich gerne in die Schule. Ich habe eben ſo gern die Gelegenheit ergriffen, mit den proteſtantiſchen Männern Schelling und Hegel, welcher damals eine Zeitlang mein innigſt verehrter Herr College war, in nähere Verbindung zu kommen. Daß der Name des Oberhofpredigers Stark in meiner Vorrede und im Buche ſelbſt vorkommt, hatte ganz natürlichen Anlaß. Stark hatte in Darmſtadt, wo die erſte Ausgabe der Symbolik gedruckt ward, die erſten Bogen derſelben geleſen. Er ſchrieb mir und übernahm aus freiem Antriebe zuweilen eine Reviſion des Drucks. Er unterſtützte mich auch mit Büchern aus ſeiner Bibliothek. Ich ſchrieb ihm wieder, beſuchte ihn, und fand in dem Umgange eines Mannes von großer Welterfahrung nicht wenig Unterhaltung. Was ging mich ſein vergeblicher oder wirklicher Kryptokatholicismus an? Ich darf auf den Ausſpruch aller ehrenvollen Männer in Darmſtadt provociren, ob irgend einer je gehört, daß zwiſchen Stark und mir Dinge vorgefallen, die mit religiöſer Confeſſion in der entfernteſten Verbindung ſtehen. Und iſt es nicht ſonderbar, daß gerade recht proteſtantiſch geſinnte Theologen mir ſchriftlich und mündlich ihre Zuſtimmung zu meinem Buche vielfältig bezeigt, und daß zwei verehrte Freunde, beide hier Profeſſoren der proteſtantiſchen Theologie, mir zum vierten Bande der zweiten Ausgabe mit Namensunterſchrift erwünſchte Beiträge geliefert? Daß mir ferner die hieſige proteſtantiſch-theologiſche Facultät nach Erſcheinung der Symbolik, wie es im Diplom heißt, zum Theil wegen dieſes Buchs, mit Einſtimmung aller Mitglieder derſelben, der Herren geheimen Kirchenräthe Paulus, Daub und Schwarz, aus eigener Bewegung die theologiſche Doctorwürde ertheilet hat? — Und endlich, im Begriff meiner religiöſen Grundſätze, habe ich, wenn ich gleich jenem Eifer keine Erklärung ſchuldig bin, doch dem deutſchen Publicum nichts zu verbergen. Sie ſind im Weſentlichen folgende: Mag es auch dem Humaniſten zu wünſchen geſtattet ſein, daß es dem großen Erasmus gelungen ſein möchte, eine Reformation auf friedlichem Wege zu bewirken; und fühle ich mich auch zu dem milden und gelehrten Melanchthon mehr hingezogen als zu dem ſtrengen Luther (des erſtern Briefe waren früher meine Lectüre, und ſeine Geburtsſtätte zu Bretten in unſerer Nähe habe ich mehrmals mit wahrer Verehrung beſucht), ſo erfreue ich mich doch der Ergebniſſe dieſer Kirchenveränderung im Ganzen und gedenke im evangeliſch-proteſtantiſchen Glauben ferner zu leben und auch zu ſterben. Vollends aber würde ich ein heimliches Untergraben des evangeliſch-proteſtantiſchen Lehrbegriffs um ſo mehr für unedel und undankbar halten, je lebhafter ich weiß und fühle, welche großen Verdienſte dieſelbe Kirche um meine Ausbildung als Menſchen und Gelehrten hat. — Soll ich nun den Weg andeuten, auf dem ich zu meinen mythologiſchen Unterſuchungen und Ergebniſſen gekommen, ſo wird man ſich erinnern, wie ich früher die griechiſchen Dichter geleſen. Damit verband ich das Studium der alten Mythologen, und beſonders des Apollodorus, ſo wie die Lectüre der Winkelmanniſchen Schriften. Da ich ſpäter im Plato, Plutarch und Athenäus ſehr überraſchende Aufſchlüſſe über einen Culturzuſtand der früheren Vorwelt fand, die einerſeits mit dem, was ich in der Bibel gefunden, und anderſeits in den Asiatic Researches und andern orientaliſchen, quellenmäßigen Berichten entdeckte, im innigſten Zuſammenhang erſchienen, ſo mußten mir die Urſachen klarer werden, warum ich immer mit der bisherigen Behandlung der Mythologie unzufrieden war. Es gehörte zu den ſchönſten Verdienſten Heyne's, daß er die Quellenkunde der griechiſchen Mythologie eröffnete und förderte. Aber wenn dieſe Bemühungen auf die Wichtigkeit der Sache aufmerkſam machten, ſo führten ſie doch nicht zum inneren Verſtändniß derſelben. Dagegen hatte mich ſchon in meinen Univerſitätsjahren die geiſtloſe Art empört, womit Meiners die Religionen der Alten behandelte. Verfuhren auch andere etwas beſſer, ſo nahmen ſie doch faſt alle an der Verſpottung Theil, die ſich aus den Reiſebeſchreibungen über die neue Welt und beſonders aus Cook's und ſeiner Gefährten Berichten gebildet hatte — als ob eben die ganze Menſchheit von der Brutalität angefangen. Anquetil's große Entdeckungen kamen da ſehr unwillkommen: und die Zend- und Pehlwiſchriften, deren Haupttheile jetzt die größten Orientaliſten, wie Silveſter de Sacy und von Hammer für alt und ächt erklären, mußten verdächtigt werden. Das fühlte Meiners und that es. Kleuker rettete jene Urkunden durch mühſame und gründliche Inductionen. Aber ſeine, wie Pleſſing's Stimme im Memnonium und anderwärts, waren Stimmen in der Wüſte, und wurden von Niemand gehört. Man war im großen Publicum von der Bibel abgekommen. Es läßt ſich nicht einmal denken, daß damals eine Mehrzahl von Originalurkunden, wie ſie ſeitdem die Engländer aus dem Morgenlande geliefert, oder ein ſo gelehrter Bibelcommentar, wie der des Geſenius über den Jeſajas iſt, eine Umänderung der Denkart hätten bewirken können. Das iſt ſo der Deutſchen Art. Jede große erfreuliche Entdeckung müſſen ſie ſich jedesmal erſt verkümmern — und darüber gehen oft einige Menſchenalter hin. Man erinnere ſich nur, als an ein Zeichen jener Zeit, wie entzückt damals manche unter uns über den Einfall waren, die ägyptiſchen Pyramiden ſeien nichts anders als Naturproducte. Jene Verkümmerungsluſt klebt uns noch an, und es iſt ohne Wagniß die Wette einzugehen, daß die Bemerkung, wie viel von Ptolemäern und Römern bis nach Nubien hinauf iſt gebaut und angebaut worden, bald irgend einen kritiſchen Kopf in Deutſchland zu dem Satze führen werde: es ſeien überall keine pharaoniſchen Denkmale mehr vorhanden.

Mir öffnete das Studium der Bibel und des Herodot über die Seichtigkeit der Menſchheitsgeſchichte Meiner's die Augen, und Herder's Geiſt der ebräiſchen Poeſie, den ich Jahre lang in Gedanken mit mir herumtrug, leitete mich auf andere Wege. Ich verglich die Sprüche der Propheten mit den Orakeln im Herodot, da ich fand, daß die Orakel, die dieſer Geſchichtſchreiber im fünften Jahrhundert vor Chriſti Geburt, als allgemein bekannt, ſeinen griechiſchen Zuhörern öffentlich zu erzählen wagen durfte, mit ihrer Bilderſprache zu den Abgeordneten aller Stämme, zum einen, wie zum andern, redeten, und daß die unverwerflichſten Fragmente der älteren griechiſchen Philoſophen, wie die des Heraklit u. A., bildlichen und ſymboliſchen Charakter hatten, ſo ergab ſich das Reſultat: Allegorie und Bilderſprache ſei ein allgemeines Organ der uns bekannten orientaliſchen und griechiſchen Vorwelt geweſen. Alle Unterſuchungen über die Mythen und Sagen der einzelnen griechiſchen Stämme werden uns auch nie auf einen rückwärts ſo hoch liegenden Standpunkt führen, um jenes univerſelle Ergebniß umzuſtoßen. Sie werden nur unweſentliche Varietäten, und ſo zu ſagen, Mundarten einer urſprünglichen allgemeinen Mutterſprache, d. h. der morgenländiſch-bildlichen, liefern, oder man mußte Herodots Geſchichtswerk mit dem A. T. umſtoßen. Das iſt aber durch die Entdeckungen in Aegypten und Indien, wie durch die Unterſuchungen vom Anquetil, Jablonski, Kleuker, Heeren, Beck, v. Hammer, Silveſtre de Sacy und Andern unmöglich geworden, und es iſt eine lächerliche Ausflucht, wenn man uns neuerlings den Herodot als einen Proſelyten ſchildern will, der an der Pietät der helleniſchen Cultur deswegen zum Verräther geworden — weil er bei den Pfaffen in Memphis die Zenſur genommen. Es geſchieht ja der griechiſchen Herrlichkeit nicht der geringſte Abbruch, wenn man erkennt, was ſie in ihrer Eitelkeit freilich ſelten ſelbſt geſtehen, daß ſie bei früher civiliſirten Völkern in die Schule gegangen. — Aber, um nicht über Worte zu ſtreiten, mag auch die Allegorie und Sinnbildnerei hergekommen ſein, woher ſie will, ſie war vorhanden, ſo weit die Geſchichte reicht — und es kann ſein, daß vormals ganz Europa, bis nach Irland hinüber, aſiatiſch geweſen. Die aſiatiſchen Palmen und Elephantengerippe im Innern unſerer Gebirge ſind ja noch früher dageweſen. —

Auf dieſem Wege war ich zu den angedeuteten Ueberzeugungen gelangt. Mittlerweile waren mythologiſche Sachen erſchienen, die auf die einfache Frage nach dem Sinn und Verſtand der Mythen eben ſo Beſcheid gaben, als ob man einen Bibelleſer, der über das Gleichniß vom Säemann Aufſchluß begehrte, eine Vorleſung über die morgenländiſchen Getreidearten und über die Einrichtung des Pflugs halten wollte; und dem man die Allegorie vom guten Hirten zu erklären glaubte, wenn man über die Race der paläſtiniſchen Schafe und über die Holzart ein Langes und Breites ſpräche, woraus die Hütte des Hirten zuſammengebaut geweſen. Andere glauben in der griechiſchen Mythologie Alles gethan zu haben, wenn ſie die Schriftſteller nach Zeitalter geordnet und die Mythen der verſchiedenen Volksſtämme regiſtrirt hatten. Da wurde geſondert, geſchnitten und mancherlei Fachwerk gemacht. Dies war verdienſtlich, hätte man nur den Sinn für das Ganze bewahrt; aber nun warf ſich nur allzuoft der Mythologie gegenüber der Verſtand in die Bruſt. Die Mythen, naſeweiſe, unmündige Kinder, ſollten es ſich für ein Glück ſchätzen, wenn der Schulmeiſter ſich ihrer annehmen und von ſeinem Lehrſtuhl herab ſich zu dem Geſchäfte herablaſſen wollte, ihre verworrenen Begriffe zu ordnen und zu berichtigen. Wie konnte da jene naive Reproduction gedeihen, die den Mythus in ſeinem natürlichen d. h. im poetiſchen Elemente hervortreten läßt? Die Gelehrten wollten weiſer ſein als der Gott unter den Philoſophen, als Plato, der ſehr oft, nachdem er ſchon viel Kluges dialektiſch vorgebracht und erörtert hat, die letzten und ſchwerſten Fragen beſcheiden in einem Mythus auswirft und beantwortet. Es laſſen ſich der Natur gegenüber verſchiedene Standpunkte denken. Ich will Niemand von dem Seinen vertreiben, habe auch ſelbſt ehemals ſpecielle Naturkunde nicht verſchmähet, und z. B. unter dem wackern **Mönch** Botanik ſtudirt und Herbarien geſammelt, bin auch niemals gleichgültig geweſen gegen **Schneider's**, **Sprengel's** und Anderer Arbeiten, welche die Naturkunde der Alten aufſtellen, und ſehr dankbar für die Belehrung und Hülfe, die mir mein verehrter Freund und College **von Leonhard** für die archäologiſchen Unterſuchungen aus dem reichen Schatze ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft und ſeiner Mineralienſammlung gewährt. — Aber es wird doch nicht leicht Jemand in Abrede ſtellen, daß es außerdem noch einen andern Standpunkt gibt. Es iſt der der älteſten Philoſophie, die uns das, was wir mit **Blumenbach** den Bildungstrieb nennen, als handelnde **Perſon** darſtellt und die **Schellingiſche** Weltſeele als ein mit Bewußtſein und Willen ausgerüſtetes Weſen. Schon früh waren mir, wenn ich in den anmuthigen Umgebungen meiner Vaterſtadt einſam wanderte, die wechſelnden Erſcheinungen der Natur als Lebensmomente eines beſeelten, fühlenden Weſens erſchienen, und in dem Flügelſchlage des ängſtlichen Zwiefalters ſah ich die Pulſe des ewig ſich verwandelnden Demiurgen. Hat man es nun dem Jünglinge verziehen, wenn nach ſeiner Würdigungsweiſe ſehr oft das Mikroſkop des Botanikers und die Retorte des Scheidekünſtlers dem Schmetterlingsauge des Knaben den Rang einräumen mußte, ſo wird man auch vielleicht den Mann entſchuldigen, wenn er über eine glückliche Allegorie, wie er ſie z. B. in der trefflichen Perſonification die **Wieſe** unſers allemaniſchen Dichters **Hebel** *) bewundert, in ein größeres Entzücken noch jetzt geräth, als über einen neu gefundenen Nebelfleck oder über eine neu entdeckte Luftart. Jederzeit ſind mir die Mythen als ewig perennirende Pflanzen erſchienen, die jedes Jahr wiederkommen und nur eines Gärtners bedürfen, der ſie wartet und zu einem Kranze flicht. In dieſem Gefühle habe ich auch meine mythologiſchen Vorleſungen jedes Jahr, ſo zu ſagen, ganz neu geben müſſen. Wenn auch die Hauptgrundſätze und das große Material ihres Inhalts dieſelbigen blieben, ſo gab es doch in der Darſtellungsweiſe nichts Stationäres, ſondern der mythologiſche Körper mußte jedesmal in andern Lagen gezeigt, und auf eine andere Weiſe wieder beſeelt werden. Da hierbei der geiſtige Blick bald heller, bald trüber, und die Auffaſſungsweiſe und Stimmung mehr oder minder günſtig waren, ſo mußte dabei ganz beſonders auf Geduld und Mitempfindung der Hörenden gerechnet werden. Das beſtändige Bewußtſein der Incongruenz der Aufgabe mit ſeinen Mitteln konnte den Lehrenden hierbei keineswegs befähigen, **in Orakeln zu reden**. — Iſt nun jene poetiſche Betrachtungsart der Natur des Menſchen ein Traum, ſo haben ihn die edelſten und geiſtreichſten Völker der Vorwelt geträumt. Allen ihren Gedichten und Gebilden liegt er zu Grunde; auf Vaſen, Reliefs, Münzen und geſchnittenen Steinen findet ſich dieſe Anſchauungsweiſe verkörpert. Im Allgemeinen ſei hier noch bemerkt, daß, wenn man die Mythologie eine hiſtoriſche Wiſſenſchaft neuerlich genannt, und damit die Methode ausgeſprochen zu haben glaubt; ich dieſes nur **in ſoweit** zugebe, als in Betreff der alten Völker ihr **Stoff ein gegebener** iſt, und man ſich deſſen auf dem Wege hiſtoriſcher Unterſuchungen und Beweiſe bemächtigen muß. Das Hauptgeſchäft, welches den Mythologen macht, beruhet auf einer ganz andern geiſtigen Thätigkeit, als die jener geſchichtlichen Operation — auf einer Apperception, die man weder lehren noch beſitzen kann, ſondern die von einem geiſtigen Organismus bedingt iſt, nicht unähnlich dem, welcher den Dichter ſchafft. — Sonach ſollte jeder gebildete Leſer den materiellen Inhalt der Mythologie kennen; aber nicht jeder ſollte über Mythologie mitſprechen wollen.

Ich füge einige Worte über eine ganz entgegengeſetzte Beurtheilung meiner Mythologie und Symbolik bei. Wenn ich nämlich jetzt von einer andern Seite hören muß, daß ich in der neuen Ausgabe des Buchs, wo man es doch erwartet hatte, nicht weit genug gegangen, ſo mag dies die Klage von jungen Männern ſein, die entweder eine reichere Ader von Witz oder mehr Muth, als ich, beſitzen. Es war bei mir niemals auf Paradoxien abgeſehen, und wenn ich von dem Satze eines urſprünglichen reinen Monotheismus, der ſich allmählig in Vielgötterei verfinſtert habe, ausgehe; ſo war dies im Grunde ein alter Satz, für den ich nur neue Beſtätigung geſucht und gefunden. Es ſind Facta, worauf ich meine Unterſuchungen gerne gründe; und wo mich die Beobachtung der Natur und des menſchlichen Geiſtes, wo Bibel und Geſchichte mich verlaſſen, da ziehe ich meine Schritte zurück. Meine hiſtoriſchen und mythologiſchen Verſuche waren von ſpecieller Kritik und philologiſcher Auslegung der alten Schriftſteller ausgegangen; und ſie mußten ſich in ihrer Anwendung auf die Schriften der Griechen und Römer für Kritik und Auslegung einzelner brauchbar zeigen. Auf welche Art und mit welchem Erfolg ſich dieſe Anwendung nun ergeben, werden gelehrte Leſer aus meinen neuen Schriften, aus dem Dionyſus, dem erſten Hefte der Meletemata, aus den Homeriſchen Briefen an **Herrmann**, aus den angefangenen Commentationen über Herodot und aus der Ausgabe von Cicero de natura Deorum beurtheilen. Da ich der Abfaſſung dieſer Schriften noch zu nahe ſtehe, ſo wird man über ſie von mir ſelbſt kein Urtheil erwarten. Aber zu einigen Nachrichten von den Förderungen, die meinen neueren Arbeiten zu gut kommen, und von den Richtungen, die ſie genommen, fühle ich mich hier verpflichtet.

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*) S. **Hebel's** allemanniſche Gedichte. Seite 11 in der fünften Ausgabe.

Die Fülle guter Ausgaben der Claſſiker, welche unſere beſten deutſchen und einige engliſche Philologen geliefert, verglichen mit der Seltenheit derſelben in meiner Jugend; die großen Entdeckungen der Franzoſen und Engländer in Aegypten, Indien und Griechenland; die Forſchungen eines Zoega, Lanzi, Niebuhr; die Werke von Inghirami und Andern; die bequeme Benutzung der Antikenſammlung des Herrn Grafen Franz zu Erbach; die gelehrten Mittheilungen von Münter, F. D. Weber, Schorn und Andern; die Lage des hieſigen Orts, welche mit den angeſehenſten Gelehrten und Künſtlern des In- und Auslandes Bekanntſchaften erleichtert, haben mir mannigfaltige Anregung und Belehrung gegeben. Da ferner durch die Verwendung der alliirten Monarchen uns ein Theil der Heidelberger Handſchriften *) wiedergegeben wurden, wozu mein Freund Wilken in ſeiner Geſchichte der hieſigen Bibliotheken das Verzeichniß geliefert, und zugleich auswärtige Gelehrte, namentlich Amati, Morelli, Kopitar, del Furia und Andere mit ihrer gelehrten Beihülfe widmeten; da mehrere meiner jüngern Freunde und Schüler **) in verſchiedenen Bibliotheken für mich thätig waren, und ſchätzbare Freunde wie Gurlitt, van Heuſde, Kemper und Andere mir durch ihre Fürſprache den Gebrauch von Handſchriften erwirkten, oder mir zum Gebrauch mittheilten, was ſie der Art ſelber beſitzen, wie der Herr Baron von Schellersheim, Görres u. ſ. f., ſo konnten die von mir in Holland angelegten Sammlungen ſich vermehren und mir das Vergnügen gewähren, wieder andern Gelehrten kleine Dienſte zu erweiſen. — Warum ich, während ſo oft Codices claſſiſcher Schriftſteller mir zugänglich waren, dennoch für meinen Theil auf die Neuplatoniker, Geld, Zeit und Kräfte verwende, darüber habe ich mich in der Zuſchrift von Wyttenbach vor der Ausgabe des Plotiniſchen Buchs vom Schönen ausführlich erklärt, und ich könnte davon ſchweigen, wenn ich nicht bemerkte, daß ſelbſt achtbare Männer dieſe Richtung meiner Beſtrebungen etwas ſonderbar fänden; zuvörderſt habe ich ja am Herodotus, mit deſſen Erläuterung ich mich beſchäftigt, einen unbezweifelt claſſiſchen Autor. Dann fand ich bei dem Studium des Plato, Ariſtoteles und Anderer bald, wie zu einer vollſtändigen Kenntniß der alten Philoſophie die Werke der Alexandriniſchen Philoſophen (welche neulich ein deutſcher Lehrer der Philoſophie nach Indien verbannt zu ſehen wünſchte!) höchſt nothwendig ſeien. Auch hatte ich vernommen, daß Caſpar Barth, Bentley, Hemſterhuis und ſeine Schüler die philologiſche Benutzung dieſer noch ſehr vernachläſſigten Schriftſteller nicht für überflüſſig gehalten. Wyttenbach ermunterte mich noch mehr dazu, und ruhte nicht, bis er mich wegen des Plotinus und Proclus mit ſeinen gelehrten Freunden Jacob Morelli und Thomas Gaisford bekannt gemacht hatte. Billigdenkende werden mir wohl zutrauen, daß ich auch mit größerem Behagen den Plato als die ſpäteren Platoniker leſe. Es gehört zu meinen wahren Lebensfreuden, wenn ich eben jetzt mich immer mehr überzeuge, welche gelehrten Dienſte unſer großer Helleniſt Immanuel Bekker den Platoniſchen Schriften geleiſtet. Aber wer eine quellenmäßige Kenntniß der griechiſchen Literatur ſich erwerben, weiß, wie viel Griechiſch man aus den Schriftſtellern bis zu den Zeiten Juſtinians hinab noch lernen kann. Es wäre wohl zu wünſchen, daß manche unſerer Philologen, zumal jüngere, ſich mehr um die unangebauten Gebiete der alten Literatur bekümmerten, ſtatt die Anzahl der oft ſehr dürftigen Ausgaben claſſiſcher Autoren ins Unendliche zu vermehren. Doch jeder muß wiſſen was er will und leiſten kann. Ich habe, im Gefühl geringerer Kräfte, das Gedräng um die großen Autoren nicht vermehren wollen; und wenn ein Kritiker, wie Jacobs, dem Achilles Tatius ſeine großen Talente zuwendet, und ein Boiſſonade dem Nicetas, ſo darf ich mich wohl nicht für zu vornehm halten, um mich mit Plotin und ſeinen Nachfolgern zu beſchäftigen *).

Die äußern Begebenheiten der nächſtverfloſſenen Jahre meines Lebens bieten nichts Bemerkenswerthes dar **). Sie beſchränken ſich auf einige Reiſen in Deutſchland und auf verſchiedene mir geſchehene Anträge, deren ich hierbei gedenke, um den Staatsmännern und Gelehrten, die dabei thätig geweſen, für ſo manche Beweiſe ihres Zutrauens hiermit öffentlich meinen ſchuldigen Dank abzuſtatten. Möge der Gedanke an die göttliche Verſehung, die mich bisher auf meinem Lebenswege geleitet, mir immer gegenwärtig bleiben! —

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*) Nicht aller, wie in der Biographie universelle, Tom. XVIII. p. 367 unter dem Artikel Creuzer geſagt wird, ſondern 890, nämlich 38 griechiſche und lateiniſche und 852 deutſche, wie aus Wilken's Schrift ſich ergiebt.

**) Ich fühle mich verpflichtet, hierbei den ſeligen Franz Xaver Werfer, ferner die Herren G. H. Moſer, Friedrich Wilhelm Rinck, Ludwig Döderlein, Franz Göller, Wilhelm Frommel, J. Korr, Philipp Carl Heß, Theodor Bimel, G. Joſeph Becker, Wilhelm Röther und Chr. Felix Bähr dankbar zu nennen.

*) Später gedenke ich, ſo Gott will, Plato's Gaſtmahl mit einem Commentar herauszugeben.

**) Das Verzeichniß meiner Schriften findet ſich am genaueſten in Strieder's Heſſiſcher Gelehrtengeſchichte, herausgegeben von D. C. W. Juſti, Bd. XVIII, p. 98 — 113. Es kommen hinzu, außer der zweiten Ausgabe der Symbolik und Mythologie: Initia philosophiae ac theologiae ex Platonicis fontibus ducta, sive Procli et Olympiodori in Platonis Alcibiadem commentarii. Ex codd. mss. nunc primum graece edidit itemque ejusdem Procli Institutionem theologicam integriorem emendatioremque adjecit Frid. Creuzer. Francofurti ad Moen. ap. Broenner 1820 — 25. 4 Tomi 8vo. major.

Johann Friedrich von Cronegk,

einer der beſſeren Dichter aus der Zeit Gottſcheds und einer der geiſtreichſten Gegner deſſelben, ward am 2. September 1731 zu Anſpach geboren, wo ſein Vater als Feldmarſchall-Lieutenant des fränkiſchen Kreiſes lebte. Nach einer ſorgfältigen Erziehung ſtudierte er in Halle und Leipzig (1749 — 51) die Rechte, wobei er jedoch ſeine Neigung für Poeſie und Literatur keineswegs in den Hintergrund treten ließ. Er ward ein Freund Gellerts ſo wie Gärtner's, Ebert's und Zachariä's, deren Bekanntſchaft er auf einer Reiſe nach Braunſchweig machte und mit denen er zu gleichen Zwecken wirkte. Nachdem er in ſeine Heimath zurückgekehrt und 1752 von ſeinem Landesfürſten zum Kammerjunker und Regierungsrath ernannt worden, unternahm er eine größere Reiſe durch Italien und Frankreich und beſchäftigte ſich in Paris beſonders mit dem Studium der dramatiſchen Poeſie. Als er im folgenden Jahre dieſe Reiſe beendet und ſich wieder in Anſpach niedergelaſſen hatte, widmete er ſich während ſeiner Mußeſtunden literariſchen Arbeiten und gab vereint mit Uz, Rabe und Hirſch eine moraliſche Wochenſchrift: **der Freund** heraus, von welcher drei Bände erſchienen. Der bekannte Buchhändler Nicolai, einer der Herausgeber der Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften ſetzte im Jahre 1757 einen Preis auf das beſte neue Trauerſpiel; von Cronegk ſandte anonym ſeine Tragödie **Codrus** ein und gewann ihn, hatte aber nicht die Freude ſeinen Sieg zu erleben, denn, von den Blattern befallen, ereilte ihn der Tod am 31. December 1758.

Seine Schriften erſchienen nach ſeinem Tode, unter dem Titel:

> Des Freiherrn von Cronegk Schriften (herausgegeben von Uz). 2 Bde. Anſpach, 1760 — 61. N. A. Leipzig, 1765 und 1771. Sie enthalten: die verfolgte Comödie, ein Vorſpiel. Der Mistrauiſche, Luſtſpiel. — Codrus, Trauerſpiel. Olint und Sophronia, Trauerſpiel. Die Klagen, Luſtſpiel. Einzelne Skizzen und Scenen. — Einſamkeiten, zwei didactiſche Gedichte. Oden und Lieder. Vermiſchte Gedichte u. ſ. w.

Cronegk's poetiſche Leiſtungen, zeichnen ſich durch warmes Gefühl, innige Wehmuth, Adel des Gemüthes und eine prunkloſe aber gebildete Sprache aus; manche ſeiner geiſtlichen Oden und Lieder ſtehen den beſten Arbeiten Gellerts in dieſem Fache nicht nach. In ſeinen dramatiſchen Erzeugniſſen zeigte er die meiſten Anlagen für das tragiſche Fach, beſonders erfreut ſich ſein **Codrus** einer regen fortſchreitenden Handlung, innerer Wärme, einer guten Diction und eines correcten Versbaues; ſeine Luſtſpiele ſind dagegen matt und langweilig. Bei längerem Leben, und ſchärferer Einſicht in das eigentliche Weſen der Poeſie und deren Forderungen würde er gewiß Vorzügliches geleiſtet haben, denn an Talent, Gemüth und redlichem Willen fehlte es ihm nicht. —

Einſamkeiten in zwei Geſängen.*)

Erſter Geſang.

Einſame Gegenden! wo die Natur mit ſchauerndem Ernſte
Schweiget! — Oede Gefilde, die nur die Schwermuth bewohnet!
Furchtbare Felſen! — Verbergt mich der Welt! die troſtloſe Seele
Sehnt ſich nach Stille. — Die Welt, mein Herz, und alles iſt öde.
Alles iſt ſtill, wie das Grab. — O du, die mit dichteriſchen Tönen
Ruh in die Seele zu ſingen vermagſt! O Leyer, die ſanften
Oft von den ſüßen leichtfliehenden Sorgen der Jugend geſungen!
Jetzt liegſt du vergeſſen im Staub; — tönt zärtliche Klagen
Hin durch die Wüſteneyen! — O Funke vom ewigen Lichte,
Sonne, verbirg den traurigen Strahl! Sieh, alles iſt öde.

Welche hohe Geſtalt kömmt langſam herab von den Hügeln
Mit nachdenkendem Blick in melancholiſcher Schönheit,
Mit Cypreſſen bekränzt! der Weſt ſpielt frey mit den Haaren:
Still mit olympiſcher Heiterkeit naht ſie ſich! Selber die Wüſten
Werden verſchönert, indem ſie ſich naht; den Himmliſchen gleicht ſie,
Oder, Amelia, dir! — O Jüngling, erkenne die Muſe,
Die die zärtlichen Herzen zu treffen vom Himmel beſtimmt war!
Zwar nicht jene, die ſonſt die weichlichen Klagen Ovidens
Und die Schmerzen Tibullens beſang. Nein, dieſe, die ernſtvoll
In unſterblichen Nächten den Brittiſchen Sänger begeiſtert.

Komm, o Muſe, begeiſtre mich auch! Doch ach! du entfliehſt mir!
Süßer Irrthum! Komm wieder zurück. — Die traurige Gegend
Liegt noch weit um mich her. Allein, die Muſe verſchwindet.
Könnte die Muſe mich tröſten; mich, den die Weisheit nicht tröſtet!

Irdiſche Weisheit, was biſt du? Das kurze leichtſchwindende Blendwerk
Flüchtiger Minuten — ein prächtiger Traum, der den hungernden Irus
Hoch auf den Thron der Könige ſetzt, doch wenn ſich Aurora,
Von roth ſchimmernden Wolken auf lächelnde Hügel herab läßt,
Wenn ſich die Schatten zerſtreuen, entflieht, und den König als Bettler
Und den Weiſen als Thoren zurück läßt. — Wie zaghafte Krieger,
Die vor dem Feinde, den Flüchtigen höhnen, dem Kommenden drohen,
Doch wenn er nah kömmt, erzittern und fliehn. So trotzeſt du prahlhaft
Künftigem Uebel; ſo hebt ſich dein Stolz, wenn du fliehende Schmerzen,
Die die Zeit, nicht die Weisheit, geheilt, zu bezwingen dich rühmeſt:
Doch ach! dem gegenwärtigem Unglück entfliehſt du. Der Weiſe
Zeigt nunmehr, was er iſt — ein Menſch, — was er werden wird — Aſche.

Aſche. — So biſt du nun Aſche, Serena! — So können der Freundſchaft
Zärtliche Thränen dich nicht mehr erwecken! Bis uns die Poſaune
Wieder verſammeln wird, ſchläfſt du! — Doch nein, du ſchläfſt nicht! Du ſiehſt
Hoch von leuchtenden Wolken herab; du höreſt mich klagen,
Nicht mit ſchmerzhaftem, irdiſchem, nein! mit himmliſchem Mitleid.
Ja, du lebſt — Ich aber bin todt — Todt winkenden Freuden,
Todt dem Ehrgeiz, der ſonſt mich trieb, in geheiligter Stille
Mitternächtlicher Lampen zu wachen, umringt von den Schriften
Ewiger Weiſen, die lebend im Tod, noch den Erdball belehren.
Auch ſie leben, ich lebe nicht mehr, und wenn auch die Stunde,
Melancholiſche lehrreiche Stunde, die künftig die Seele
Von dem Körper befreyet, erſcheint — dann werd ich in
Deinem ſtillen Schooße ſanft ruhen, vergeſſen, im friedſamem Erdreich.
Einſame Wüſte! kein Leichenſtein gebe dem Wandrer zu leſen,
Wer ich einſt war, ein künftiger Jüngling voll zärtlicher Wehmuth
Weine mir nach, und trage mich hin. — Mein Herz, was es werth war,
Bleibe den Sterblichen immer verhehlt, die feurige Seele
Schwingt ſich empor, ſonſt niemand bekannt, als ſich und den Engeln.

Unſichtbare Begleiter der Menſchen von höheren Sphären,
Um die Hüter der Jugend zu ſeyn vom Himmel geſendet,
Engel, Geiſter, wie ſoll ich euch nennen! Mit zärtlichem Mitleid
Steht ihr itzo vielleicht, zählt meine Thränen, und winkt euch
Unter einander Empfindungen zu. — Aetheriſche Weſen,
Sprecht, iſt Serena nicht unter euch? Iſt die theure nicht itzo,
Nach dem Tode mein Schutzgeiſt zu ſeyn, vom Himmel verordnet?
Seliger Geiſt! Serena! Serena! verhülle dich nicht mehr
Meinem ſchmachtenden Blick. Iſt gleich mein Auge zu irdiſch,
Um den nunmehr ätheriſchen Körper mit ſterblichem Blicke
Sehen zu können: Komm, erſchein mir in ſichtbarer Schönheit,
Zeige dich, mache die Wüſten mit deiner Erſcheinung zum Himmel.

Eitele Wünſche! vergeblicher Gram! o täuſcht mich nicht länger!
Laſſet die Seele nicht länger, in wilder fantaſtiſcher Hoheit
Kühn herum flatternd, ewig ſich betrügen, macht friedſamer Weisheit
Platz in meinem bekümmerten Buſen — die Ruh folgt der Weisheit.

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*) Aus Johann Friedrich von Cronegk's Schriften. Leipzig. 1760.

Du — wie man dich im Chore der ſeligen Geiſter iezt nennet,
Iſt der Erde verborgen! dich nennten die Menſchen Serena!
Glückliche Seele! du fühlſt nun nicht mehr die Schmerzen der Menſchheit!
Weit über dieſe verändernden Scenen des Lebens erhaben,
Lebſt du nunmehr in beſſern Welten, wo Freuden und Schmerzen
Nicht mehr ſo nah an einander gränzen: wo Tugend und Laſter
Sich nicht ſo leicht in einander verlieren; wo nicht mehr die Thränen
Sich mit der höchſten Empfindung der ſterblichen Freuden vermiſchen,
Und wo nicht mehr die äußerſte Wolluſt ein feuriger Schmerz iſt.

Welt, was biſt du! betrügriſcher Schauplaz: Die Stände der Menſchen
Sind nur Rollen, die göttliche Vorſicht zur Probe vertheilet.
Glücklich iſt der, der im Schauplaz der Welt das, was ihm geboten,
Munter verrichtet. — Der Tod zieht den Vorhang: Erhabnere Scenen
Warten auf uns. Wer die niedrigſten Rollen des menſchlichen Lebens
Würdig geſpielt, hat höhere dorten. Dich kannte die Welt nicht,
O Serena! Wie groß muß deine himmliſche Rolle,
Deine Hoheit nun ſeyn. Erſchaffen zu Kummer und Thränen
Irren wir hier in ſternloſer Nacht von Schatten umgeben:
Dorten jenſeits der Gräber iſts Tag. — Was nennſt du Vergnügen,
Elender Menſch! Laß mich ſchnell die blendenden Scenen durchlaufen,
Glänzend von fern, in der Nähe prachtlos gefärbete Leinwand,
Von dem Irrthum bemalt, von Thoren bewundert, von Weiſen
Ruhig betrachtet; ſie können ihn oft abwechſelnd vergnügen,
Doch nicht täuſchen. Er weiß, was ſie ſind — und daß ſie verſchwinden.

Hier verlebt ein blühender Jüngling die lächelnden Tage
Gramloſer Jugend, und denkt nicht, wie ſchnell mit ſchleichendem Schritte
Alter und Sorgen ſich nahen; ſein Ruhm iſt Freude, ſein Herz pocht
Nur nach Vergnügen; in fröhlichen Tänzen, mit Roſen bekränzet,
An dem Wolluſt athmenden Buſen ſanft ſchmachtender Mägdchen,
In verſchwiegenen Lauben, vergißt er die Lehren der Weisheit
Und die ernſthaften Sorgen der Vorſicht. Ihm winket Lyäus;
Amor mit ſeinem betrügriſchen Lächeln bekrönt ihn mit Myrthen.
Iſt er nicht glücklich? Er glaubt es zu ſeyn. Der zärtliche Hymen
Scheint ihm zu ernſthaft; ihn ſchrecken die Herz-erhebenden Schmerzen,
Die nur erhabenen Seelen erlaubt ſind zu fühlen; die ſtille
Zärtliche Thräne der kämpfenden Großmuth, der leidenden Tugend,
Die die wollüſtige Liebe beſiegt, iſt ihm zu romanhaft;
Pracht und Vergnügen nur ſcheint ihm die Zierde des menſchlichen Daſeyns.
Lächelnd höhnt er das Alter. — Das Alter kömmt ſchleichend näher.

Dort ſizt ein König von Sclaven umringt, die über ihn herrſchen,
Doch er glaubt über alles zu herrſchen, und zwingt ſich, ſich ſelber
Glücklich zu ſcheinen. Man ehrt was er ſpricht: er dünket ſich weiſe,
Gibt Geſetze, bricht andre, verſchmähet die ſchüchterne Tugend,
Höhnet die Weisheit, mit ſich zufrieden; der rauſchende Lärmen,
Der ihn umgiebt, ſcheint Freude zu ſeyn; er winkt, man gehorchet.
Seine Verſchwendung heißt Großmuth, und Kenntniß der Welt ſein Mißhandeln.
Doch er iſt glücklich. So nennt ihn die Welt! Er wälzt ſich in Freuden,
Schlachtet ſein Volk, verpraßt Provinzen. — Der arme Bedrängte
Weinet gen Himmel — ihn höret der Himmel; von fern rollt der Donner.

Univ. Bib. München

Und ſind dieß die Freuden der Menſchheit! Unglücklicher Jüngling!
Der nur zu früh entkräftete Körper wird ſchwach, die Unruh
Folgt dir auf dem Fuße, dein Herz iſt zu klein, die Freude zu fühlen,
Die du doch ſuchſt; die wahren Freuden ſind Töchter der Weisheit.
Küſſe für Liebe, und Lärm für Luſt, und Stolz für Verdienſte
Scheint dir ein Glück — doch biſt du nicht ruhig im Schooße der Wolluſt;
Immer ein unbefriedigter Wunſch, ein nagendes Sehnen
Bleibt dir zurück. — Sieh dorten im Staub die Blätter der Roſe,
Die dein Haupt am Morgen bekrönte. — Der Tod darf nur winken
Und der verwelkende Jüngling ſinkt hin zur ſterbenden Roſe.

Noch mit verdoppeltem Schrecken begleitet erſcheinet der Tod dir,
Dir, der ſtolz auf dem Throne die ſchweigende Tugend verachtet.
Blut, das vergoſſene Blut der Unſchuld ruft laut zum Himmel;
Ach wär es nur aus Irrthum vergoſſen und nimmer aus Vorſaz!
Niemand hört es, als eben der Himmel und du, dein Gewiſſen
Hört es, es zittert. Des ſchimmernden Glanzes, der andre verblendet,
Biſt du gewohnt, unglücklicher Herrſcher! Die traurigen Nächte
Quälen dich mit Bildern voll Schrecken, die Unruh der Tage.

Aber hat nicht die Menſchheit noch höhere Freuden? Sind alle
Gleich den Freuden des ſorgloſen Jünglings, des niedrigen Fürſten!
Nein, ſie kommen die ſtillen Freuden, Vertrauten der Tugend,
Zu dem einſamen Weiſen, der ſtill in ruhigen Thälern,
Fern vom Getümmel der Stadt, im Arme der zärtlichen Gattin,
Allzugroß für irdiſche Sorgen ſein Leben empfindet.
Froh wenn der Morgen die Fluren belebt, mit langſamen Schritten
Geht er entzückt in ſtiller Hoheit durch freudige Haine.
Friedſame Hütten lächeln ihn an; mit zufriedenem Lächeln
Sieht er wieder herab auf ſie; ihn leiten Geſchöpfe
Bis zu dem Throne des Schöpfers: der Geiſt ſteigt in feuriger Andacht
Ueber den ſtrafbaren Erdball hinaus. Bald kömmt die Geliebte,
Er umarmt ſie, ſie weinen beyde. — Die freudigen Thränen
Fließen herab auf die glänzenden Wangen; die Engel unſichtbar
Stehen herum, und ſehen voll himmliſcher Freude, daß Menſchen
Ihnen ſo ähnlich am Glücke zu werden, der Schöpfer erlaubte. —
Froh wenn der Abend das ruhige Feld mit ſchweigendem Thau netzt,
Eilt er durchs Thal und betrachtet den ſtillen Mond, der herab ſieht,
Und ſein Herz iſt ſtill, wie der Mond. Bald rühret er die Leyer;
Lauſchend ſtehn die nächtlichen Wälder; der Wiederhall tönet
Ihm das Lob des Ewigen nach, bis wieder ihn Doris
Aus dem Thale zurück ruft, vergnügt, wie der Abend, und heiter,
Wie die Nächte des Sommers. O glückliches Paar, ſey geſegnet!
Beyde ſchlummern im Schooße der Ruh; ſo ſchlummerte glücklich
Adam im Arme der ſchuldloſen Gattin, im ruhigen Eden
Von den Engeln bewacht. — O Bilder von Freuden der Menſchen
Selten erlaubt, wo ſeyd ihr? Wo lebt der glückliche Weiſe?
Ach, und wie lange noch währet ſein Glück! Vielleicht wird er troſtlos
Bald bey dem Grabe der zärtlichen Gattin in ſchweigendem Ernſt ſtehn,
Bald zum Himmel und bald auf die traurig gewordenen Fluren
Seine Augen voll Thränen wenden. Der Lenz blüht ihm nicht mehr;
Seine Leyer verſtummt; mit melancholiſchem Scheine

Sieht er den Mond ihn umſtrahlen; er ſeufzt und ruft der Minute,
Die ihn wieder mit Doris vereint, und dem Erdball entziehet.

Doch geſetzt, der Himmel verſchont ihn. Geſetzt, die Geliebte
Drückt die brechenden Augen ihm zu, die noch keine Zähre
Dunkler Schwermuth benetzt. — Geſetzt, der Weiſe ſey glücklich:
Wird er das Unglück des Nebenmenſchen nicht fühlen, nicht ſanfte
Menſchliche Thränen beym Unglück der Freunde vergießen, nicht ſeufzen,
Wann die Tugend verlaſſen im Staub liegt? Empfindet er dieſes,
O wie kann er hier glücklich ſeyn? Und bleibet er fühllos,
O wie kann er ein wahrer Weiſer, wie kann er ein Menſch ſeyn?
Ach nur für einen einzigen Auftritt des menſchlichen Lebens,
Einen einzigen glücklichen Augenblick, o wie viel tauſend
Traurige lange Scenen von Schmerzen erfüllen den Erdball!
Hier zerſtört ein wüthender Krieger die Werke des Künſtlers,
Der für die Ewigkeit glaubte zu machen: die Hoffnung des Landmanns
Geht im Rauch auf; er ſieht es und hebt die unſchuldigen Hände
Weinend zum Himmel in wilder Verzweiflung. Die ſchüchterne Jungfrau
Wird von ungezähmt wüthenden Kriegern dem Schooße der Mutter
Grauſam entriſſen. Sie ſeufzt verzweifelnd nach ihrem Geliebten,
Der ſie verlaſſen, in blutigen Feldern die Ehre zu ſuchen
Und den Tod zu finden. Noch denkt ſie die ſchmerzhafte Wolluſt,
Die ſie empfand, als er ſie verließ, voll muthiger Wehmuth,
Als er den erſten den letzten unſchuldigen Kuß von den Lippen
Zärtlich geraubt — mit fliegenden Haaren, mit ſehnlichen Blicken
Sah ſie ihm nach; er eilte dahin, er verſchwand vor dem Blicke
Und nun ward ihr die Welt zur Wüſte. Er ſinkt dort im Feld hin,
Und nennt ihren geliebten Namen mit ſterbendem Stammeln.
Hohe Verzweiflung begeiſtert ihr Herz; ein befreyender Dolch raubt
Ihre Seele dem Erdball, den Körper der drohenden Schande;
Jene ſteigt zum Himmel; der Körper ſinkt unentweiht nieder,
Ihn bedecket ein ruhiges Grab. — In beſſeren Welten
Findet die Seele den zärtlichen Geiſt des blühenden Jünglings.

Eine Mutter weint dort um den Sohn, der muthig ins Feld will:
Furchtbar, prächtig in glänzenden Waffen, verläßt er ſie ſchleunig:
Sie bewundert d[illegible] hohe Geſtalt, den ſiegenden Anſtand:
Eben dieſes vermehret den Schmerz; die langſame Thräne
Frommer Wehmuth fließt ſtill herab. Sie betet: Beſchützt ihn,
Himmliſche Mächte! beſchützet den Sohn mir! Ihr Seufzen, ihr Weinen
Flucht der un[illegible]ſchlichen Ehrſucht der Herrſcher, die Länder zerſtören
Tugend nennen, [illegible] niedrigen Sclaven zu Helden geſchmeichelt
Ach! wie wird dieſ[illegible]erren der Erde dieß Seufzen, dieß Weinen
Troſtloſer Mütter, verz[illegible]nder Bräute, verlaſſener Witwen,
Schrecklich ſeyn am Tag des [illegible]ichts, am Tage der Rache. —
Dorten wüthen verwüſtende [illegible]: der Engel des Todes
Senkt ſich herab vom trüben [illegible] und alles iſt öde.
Dort verzehret der nagende Hunge[illegible] der ha[illegible]rrte Provinzen;
Der verſchmachtende Greis, der begier[illegible] Brodt ſich zur Labung
Endlich gefunden, es ſchon [illegible]ernd zum Mund bringt,
Findet ſein weinendes Kind; er tröſtet es, [illegible]t und küſſet
Seine verwelkten Wangen, er drückt es [illegible]ftloſem Arme
An ſein Herz und reicht ihm ſein Brodt, [illegible] mit [illegible] ſterbend.
Wilde Verzweiflung zerfleiſchet ſich ſelbſt [illegible] Blute,
Um den unmenſchlichen Durſt zu ſtillen. — O [illegible], verhüll dich!
Sieh nicht den Abſcheu mit an. Mit noch un[illegible]erer Wildheit
Drücket ein boshaftes Weib den Dolch in das Herz ihres Kindes.
Sonne, verhüll dich, die Schande der Menſchheit nicht länger zu ſehen!

Aber warum, unglücklicher Jüngling, bemühſt du dich ferne
Dunkle Geſtalten von Elend und Schmerz empfindend zu ſchildern?
Ach haſt du nicht an den deinen genug, und willſt ſie mit fremden
Bloß erträumten Uebeln vermehren? Unglücklicher Jüngling!
Ach du biſt nicht der vorige mehr! Die reizenden Bilder,
Die die Jugend und Hoffnung in heitern Entfernungen zeigten,
Dich anglänzende Bilder von künftigem unſchuldigem Glücke
Sind verſchwunden. — Du rufſt umſonſt den ſchmeichelnden Irrthum.
Wie die Träume der Sommernacht fliehen die ſüßen Ideen,
Die dich beglückten, bald werden die blühend lächelnden Jahre
Deiner Jugend völlig dahin ſeyn, auf ewig dahin ſeyn.

Ach, ſie kommen, ſie nahn ſich, die traurigen Tage, von denen
Du auch bekennſt, ſie gefallen mir nicht, die Tage der Krankheit
Und der Sorgen. In trauriger Knechtſchaft, im Joch der Geſchäfte
Wirſt du den Reſt des Lebens verſeufzen, und unbekannt ſterben.
Ungerührt werden geſchäftige Thoren beym Grabe vorbey gehn,
Wo du ruhſt. Doch wenn wirſt du ruhen? Wie viele von Kummer
Und von Schwermuth verbitterte Tage, die dir noch bevorſtehn,
Werden dich quälen! Vielleicht entreißt dir das zürnende Schickſal
Oder das Alter den letzten, den ſüßeſten Labſal des Lebens,
Deine Leyer. — Lebt wohl, ihr Freunde! Verſaget dem Dichter
Nicht das letzte Zeichen der Freundſchaft, nur eine Thräne.

Leb wohl, o ſüße betrügliche Hoffnung; ihr dichtriſchen Hayne,
Ich verlaß euch, lebt wohl! nie werd ich voll ſüßer Schwermuth
Mehr in euch ruhn und einſam weinen; nie werd ich im Frühling
Süße wollüſtige Luft in euch ſchöpfen, entzückt von den Liedern
Eurer gefiederten Sänger, vom Murmeln des rauſchenden Baches.

Du auch vorige, werthe, beweinte, verlorene Freyheit,
Lebe nun wohl! Lebt wohl, ihr Büſche, die meine Klagen
Schweigend gehört! O wann einſt ein Jüngling in zärtlicher Schwermuth
Euch durchirrt, dann ſagt ihm rauſchend, ihr friedſamen Hayne,
Wenn ihn eure Stille zu dichtriſchen Träumen itzt einwiegt,
Wenn ihn ein heimlicher Schauer befällt: dann ſagt ihm, ihr Hayne,
Daß hier auch ein Jüngling geweint! — O der du voll Ernſtes
In tiefſinnigen hohen Gedanken verſenket einhergehſt!
Höre die leiſe Stimme, die dir aus der Ferne zuliſpelt:
Hier auf dem Platze, den du itzt betrittſt, hier wars, wo ein Jüngling,
Dem die Vorſicht gleich dir ein redliches zärtliches Herze,
Eine Seele verliehen zu hohen Begeiſterungen fähig,
Auf verſchwiegenem Mooſe ruhte, ſein Schickſal beſeufzend.
Liebſt du die Tugend, ſo biſt du ſein Freund. Beklag ihn! Sein Leben
Floß ihm hier melancholiſch und ſtill, wie der Bach hier vorbey fließt.
Itzt iſt ſein Geiſt in beſſeren Welten. O wenn ſich die fromme
Menſchliche zärtliche Thrän, indem du dieß denkſt, von den Wangen
Leiſe herabſchleicht, o wenn ſich ſeufzend dein fühlendes Herz hebt,
Sey geſegnet, dir gebe die Vorſicht ſein Herz, ſeine Leyer,
Doch ein beſſeres Glück! Sey geſegnet, kein heimlicher Kummer
Nage dein Herz, kein finſterer Gram verbittre dein Leben!

Fließt indeſſen in ſtiller Betrübniß, ihr Stunden vorüber!

Bringet bald dieſe Seele zur Wohnung der ſeligen Geiſter,
Wo Serena herab ſieht und mich zu empfangen bereit ſteht!
Komm denn, Tod, du erwünſchtes Ziel des menſchlichen Kummers. —

Welche Stimme erhebt ſich im Innerſten meines Herzens!
Welchen Schauer empfind ich! — Verbanne die ſtrafbaren Wünſche
Sterblicher Ungeduld, trauriger Jüngling, du klageſt, du rufeſt
Deinem Tod und warum! Was wünſcht die verwegene Sehnſucht!
Glücklich zu ſeyn — der Wunſch der Natur — zu groß für den Erdball.
Jenſeits des Grabs, o Menſch, ſey glücklich und diſſeits ſey weiſe.
Siehſt du viel tauſend Sterbliche leiden und glaubſt dich alleine
Würdig glücklich zu ſeyn! Du wirſt es werden. Erwarte
Was die Vorſicht beſtimmt. Erwarte geduldig die Stunden.
Leide, Serena ſieht auf dich herab und ſegnet dein Leiden;
Traurigkeit beſſre dein Herz, für Laſter ſind Schwermuth und Sorgen.
Jegliche Handlung und jeden Gedanken, der, deiner unwürdig,
Dich erniedrigt, ein jedes Vergehn des ſchwindelnden Hauptes,
Ungeborene Sünden der Seele, der Ungeduld Klagen
Sieht und hört und empfindet Serena. Willſt du ſie betrüben,
Sie, die dich über alles geliebt! Bey deiner Serena,
Deiner Begrabnen, bey jener betrübten erhabnen Empfindung,
Die dich ergriff, als die zitternde Hand ihr brechendes Auge,
Das ſich nach dir noch wandte, zudrückte, bey Himmel und Erde,
Bey dem Werthe der Seele, beſchwör ich dich, Jüngling, ſey weiſe!

Dir will ich folgen, unſterbliche Stimme des lauten Gewiſſens,
Dir gehorchen; ich will mein Unglück empfinden, und leiden.
Wenn mein Leiden der Vorſicht gefällt, ſind niedre Geſchäfte
Meine Beſtimmung allhier: die Ruh wohnt dort bey Serenen.
Hier iſt Knechtſchaft, doch dorten iſt Freyheit. Verſtummet, ihr Klagen!
Und wenn auch die menſchliche Schwachheit noch immer weinet,
Sey doch, meine Betrübniß, ſey ſtill — hier, wo mich der Lärmen
Eines unheiligen Pöbels nicht ſtört: Ihr Einſamkeiten
Schließet mich ein, beruhigt mein Herz, hier, wo die Natur ſchläft,
Alles hier ſtill iſt, außer der Quelle, die murmelnd herab fließt
Von unwegſamen Felſen, wo dunkle Gebüſche mit Schauer
Mich umfangen, hier will ich ſitzen, mit ſtarrem Blicke
Bald die murmelnde Quelle betrachten und bald den Himmel.
Weinen werd ich; wer kann ſich die Kummer lindernden Thränen
Ganz verſagen. — Von Ungeduld frey fließt ſittſam, ihr Thränen!
Auf den Gräbern in Marmor gehauen ſitzt ſchweigend vielleicht ſo
Still in der Traurigkeit fromme Geduld und lächelt den Schmerz an.

Zweiter Geſang.

Ruhe! die beſte, die ſeltenſte Gabe der ewigen Vorſicht:
Ach! wo biſt du! Gefährtin der ſpielenden Stunden der Jugend,
Biſt du verſchwunden! O Ruhe! wo biſt du! Wohin ſind die Jahre,
Die mir unmerklich entflohn? Verfloßne geliebte Minuten!
Jenſeits der Ewigkeit ſeyd ihr nunmehr, durch ſchmachtende Thränen
Nicht mehr zurück zu rufen. Verſenkt in ungränzbare Meere
Dunkler Unendlichkeit. Hin, und ſelbſt dem Gedächtniß entflohen.
Doch einſt find ich dich wieder — im Grabe, dort wohnet die Ruhe.
Laßt mich ſie finden, verfloßne Minuten; erſcheint mir nicht furchtbar;
Schreckt mich nicht am Tag des Gerichts. — Ein heiliger Schauer
Faſſet die Seele. — Vielleicht wird ſie bald zu der ſturmfreien Wohnung,
Wo nun Serena, vom Körper befreyt, auf den niedrigen Erdball
Sanft mitleidend herabſieht, ſich ſchwingen, die irdiſche Hülle,
Die mich umgiebt, wird vielleicht bald zerſtreut im Staube vergehen.
Dieſes Schauern verkündigt vielleicht der bebenden Seele,
Daß ſie den Körper verlaſſen ſoll. — Geiſt, der unſichtbar vielleicht itzt
Um mich ſchwebet, erblaßter Schatten der holden Serena,
Siehſt du mich! Kannſt du die Seufzer des zitternden Herzens empfinden! —
Sind nicht itzt deine Sinnen, vom Körper befreyt, nur Empfindung.
Siehſt du mich: o ſo ſtärke mein Herz, o hauche mir Ruhe,
Etwas von deinem itzigen Glück ein! — Betrügt mich kein Schlummer?
Iſt es ein Traum? — Nein, ich kenne ſie noch, ich höre die Stimme
Meiner Serena; ein heiliges Zittern erfüllt meine Seele:

„Jüngling! die himmliſche Vorſicht entzog mich dem niedrigen Wohnplatz
Sterblicher Sorgen, der lärmreichen Welt, um mich zu belohnen.
Ein empfindendes redliches Herz kann Gott nicht verſtoßen.
Nein; der unendliche Richter, der dich in der Zukunft erwartet,
Iſt nicht, wie knechtiſche Furcht ihn ſich ſchildert, ein zürnender Herrſcher,
Der das ſchmeichelnde leichte Vergehen von kurzen Minuten
Mit unendlichen Martern beſtraft. — Den Menſchenfeind haßt er
Und den Verruchten, der ungerührt bleibt, bey den Thränen der Waiſen,
Bey der Verzweiflung der troſtloſen Witwe, beym heimlichen Seufzen
Armer Bedrängten. Er ſtraft den Verbrecher, den Geiz oder Wolluſt
Trieb, das Geſetz der Natur zu verſtören. Dem, welcher den Nächſten
Strenge gerichtet, hochmüthig verſchmäht, dem iſt er ein Richter.
Den Verſöhnlichen iſt er verſöhnlich, den zärtlichen Herzen
Iſt er ein Vater. Ich wurde der Welt frühzeitig entriſſen
Glücklich! ich ſollte nicht mehr die Gefahren, die Deutſchland bedrohen,
Nicht die verderblichen Tage mehr ſehn, der furchtbaren Zukunft.
Wie wenn im Sommer fern drohende Wolken ſich langſam heraufziehn,
Um dem Tage das Licht, den Feldern die Farben zu rauben; —
Langſam ziehn ſie herauf, die Sonne verhüllt ſich, von ferne
Rollt ſchon der Donner. — Das flüchtige Heer geſiederter Sänger
Schweigt und erſchrickt vor der kommenden Nacht; es ſchließt ſich die Roſe
Früher, verliert die Farbe, ſie neigt zu der traurigen Erde
Ihr vom Thau noch geſchwängertes Haupt; die Schwalbe fliegt niedrig
Pfeilſchnell herum auf wallenden Teichen; die ſtaunenden Heerden
Stehen betrübt; die Natur erzittert beym kommenden Sturme:
So ſteht Deutſchland betrübt und erfüllt von feindlichen Heeren.
Ach mein Vaterland! Auch in der Wohnung der glücklichen Geiſter
Bebt mein Herz noch für dich. Wie lang, unglückliches Deutſchland,
Kehrſt du die ſiegende Fauſt auf dich ſelbſt! Die Ruhe, die Weisheit
Und die Muſen, die, dir noch halb fremd, hier zu wohnen gedachten,
Stiegen wieder zum Himmel empor. O glücklich, wer ſicher
Auf den unwegſamen Alpen und fern von dem prächtigen Getümmel
Stolzer Krieger, in wilder Hoheit die Ehre verachtet,
Die man durch Blut und Thränen erkauft, und ruhig herab ſieht
Auf die Sorgen der knechtiſchen Welt, die Müh der Monarchen,
Und die niedrige Ehre der Großen. — Mitleidend, doch ruhig,
Wie die Engel von leuchtenden Welten gelaſſen herabſehn,
Wenn auf der niedern Erde der Donner die Felſen zerſchmettert.
Glücklich der Greis, dem, der Baare ſchon nah, der zögernde Tod winkt!
Glücklich, denn er hat ſchon gelebt: die Jahre der Sorgen
Sind ſchon entflohn, vermiſcht mit kurzen betrüglichen Freuden.
Er wird nicht mehr die leidende Tugend, die ſiegende Bosheit,

Und das Unglück des Vaterlands ſehen; er ſtirbt, eh' die furchtbarn
Zeiten ſich nähern, die Tage des Krieges, die Nächte des Schrecken.
Glücklicher noch der blühende Jüngling, den ewige Weisheit
Früh dem Erdball entrückt! So pflückt ein lächelndes Mägdchen,
Unter vielen bunt glänzenden Blumen, die ſchüchterne Roſe,
Die das Licht der Sonne noch nicht erwärmend entfaltet.
Glücklich, wenn noch kein entzückender Traum ſireniſcher Wolluſt
Deinen unſchuldigen Buſen erhitzt, aufblühender Jüngling!
Schön wie der Morgen und heiter gleich ihm in ſittſamer Unſchuld,
Rein wie der Himmel von Wolken befreyt, vergnügt wie der Frühling,
Still wie das Veilchen im Thal, und leicht wie die ſcherzenden Weſte,
Die mit ſchmeichelndem Liſpeln die ſanften Gefilde durchſpielen.
Glücklicher Jüngling! Dich hat noch kein Wunſch unbefriedigter Ehrſucht,
Keine betrügliche Hoffnung getäuſcht; die Sorgen der Ehrſucht
Sind für dein Herz noch zu klein — Du fühlſt die Natur und den Frühling;
Alles ſcheint dir noch reizend und neu. Ein Gefilde mit Blümchen
Iſt dir ein Reichthum; die Welt iſt dir noch ein Himmel voll Wolluſt.
Glücklich, wenn dich ein befreyender Tod in beſſere Welten
Schleunig verſetzt! ſanft ſchleichſt du von einem Himmel zum andern.
Glücklich ſtirbt, wer deine Verwüſtung zu ſehen zu früh ſtirbt,
O mein Vaterland! — Deutſchland! — Schon rauſchen die furchtbaren Waffen.
Dort in dem unermeſſenen Raum, wo glänzende Welten
(Die ihr Sterblichen Sterne benennt) in ewigen Gleiſen
Rollend in unbegreiflicher Ordnung harmoniſch ſich drehen,
Lauft auch ein Stern, ich darf ihn nicht nennen, die himmliſche Vorſicht
Schränket der Sterblichen Wiſſenſchaft ein: verklärteren Geiſtern
Iſt es verboten, die Söhne der Erde die Wege zu lehren,
Die der Tod ſie wird lehren. — Dort hat der Schöpfer für Geiſter
Nur die Seelen der Menſchen geſchaffen, die tugendhaft lebten;
Dort erwarten ſie noch den Gerichtstag, um völlig verkläret,
Um vollkommen zu Engeln zu werden; Dort wohn ich, dort wart ich
Unter viel tauſend geſegneten Geiſtern, bis daß die Poſaune
Furchtbar ertönt, bis daß dein Wohnplatz, der Erdball, erbebet
Und zerberſtet, bis rächende Flammen die Schlöſſer zerſtören,
Wo die Verruchten gewohnt, bis zitternde Könige rufen:
Berge, fallt über uns, bedeckt uns! bis Felſen und Thäler
In den Flammen hinſchmelzen, und hoch in den glühenden Lüften
Sich das Zeichen des Menſchen=Sohnes in furchtbarem Glanz zeigt.
Tag, o Tag, für welchen der Erdball geſchaffen geworden,
Tag, nach dem die Heiligen ſeufzen, wann wirſt du dich nahen?
Siehe, die Märtyrer ſehnen ſich nach dir; ihr Blut ſchreyt zum Himmel.
Säume nicht länger, o Tag des Gerichts. — Erhabene Seelen,
Wartet, wartet! die ſchleunige Zeit bringt bald die Minute,
Die den ſtrafbaren Erdball zerſtört, wenn alle die Frommen,
Die gleich euch zu leiden beſtimmt ſind, zu euch ſich verſammeln.
Dorten in einer unnennbaren Welt lebt ihr Serena.
In dem Wohnplatz der ſeligen Geiſter erblickt ich den Schatten
Guſtav Adolphs; der kriegriſche Geiſt ſah herab auf die Erde;
Auf den Wangen des Helden erbebten ätheriſche Thränen.''
„„Alſo war es vergebens, (ſo ſprach er) daß Guſtav geſtritten,
Und für Freyheit und Glauben ſein Leben dahin gab — o Deutſchland!
Eilſt du muthwillig dich ſelbſt zu zerſtören? Gott, iſt denn kein Herz mehr,
In dem der Trieb zur Freyheit noch pocht? Iſt denn keine Seele,
Religion, die dich mehr empfindet? — Der Knechtſchaft gewohnet,
Fühlt ihr die Ketten nicht mehr, o Deutſchen? Ihr wart es alleine,
Die der Welt Ueberwinderin Rom nicht völlig gefeſſelt.
Ach! wohin iſt nun euer Muth! Ihr hattet Tarquine,
Aber nicht Brutus — vom Himmel erweckt für Freyheit und Glauben
Kam ich aus nordiſchen Gegenden her, verließ ich die Krone,
Um ſie mit furchtbaren Helmen zu tauſchen, um ſiegend zu ſterben,
Und für wen, für wen? Undankbare Deutſchen, für euch floß
Dieſes der Ewigkeit heilige Blut. — O Lützen, o Lützen!
Glückliches Feld! in dir fand ich die Ruh und ſiegte beym Tode.
Lützen! ich ſehe mit Thränen nach dir, mit himmliſchen Thränen;
Da war der Tod für die Freyheit mein Lohn; unſterbliche Palmen
Deckten dort mein ſiegreiches Haupt; ich ſah beym Erblaſſen
Himmliſche Geiſter um mich, und hörte das hohe Triumphlied,
Das mich empfing: wie ſüß iſt der Tod der leidenden Tugend!
Lützen! Was ſeh ich für einen Helden auf jenem Gefilde,
Wo ich ſtarb! — O ſey mir geſegnet! O könnte mein Geiſt doch
Um dich ſchweben! Du ſiehſt mit ernſtem erhabenem Blick hin
Auf den Platz, wo Guſtav erblaßt. O könnt ich unſichtbar
Mich dir nähern, dir danken und furchtbar im Heer dich begleiten,
Deine Feinde zerſtreun, und dich ſchützen. O ſey mir geſegnet!''''
„So ſprach Guſtav; mit ernſthaftem Blick ſah er aufmerkſam nieder:
Aber ich ſah den Schutzgeiſt, der Deutſchland zu ſchützen beſtimmt iſt,
Einen mächtigen Seraph, unnennbar den Sterblichen, fliegen,
Und ſich vom Throne des Höchſten herab in die Welt, wo wir wohnen,
Sanft mit ätheriſchen Flügeln ſenken: er nahte ſich Guſtav.“
„„Klage nicht (ſprach er mit himmliſcher Stimme) bey dem, was du ſieheſt.
Auch den Unſterblichen iſt es verborgen, was ewige Vorſicht
Ueber das zitternde Deutſchland beſchloſſen. Vielleicht zu der Freyheit
Oder vielleicht zu der niedrigſten Knechtſchaft beſtimmt ſie dein Deutſchland.
Doch ein Weiſer iſt niemals ein Knecht; erhabene Seelen
Bleiben bey jeder Veränderung groß. Der Ewige winket,
Und ein Reich geht unter: er winkt, und ein neues entſtehet.
Wie der Rauch in den Wolken vergeht, ſo vergeht auch der Frevler;
Seines Stolzes wird nicht mehr gedacht, wenn er ſtirbt und dahin fährt,
Und der Wandrer ſucht unter Ruinen nach ſeinen Palläſten.
Gott beſchloß es, ſo bebte die Welt, und Liſſabon ſtürzte
In den Abgrund; der goldreiche Tagus floß traurig von Leichen
Und von Aſche geſchwollen. Umſonſt glaubt der Bürger der Erde
Frevelnd, es ruhe die Rache des Herrn: der Herr iſt der Gott noch,
Der die Heere zerſtreut, und die Macht Mizraims geſchlagen;
Er wird es ſeyn. — O zittre nicht, Deutſchland; ich ſehe voll Mitleid
Auf dich herab. Unſchuldige Schaar! was weinſt du? die Vorſicht
Bleibet gerecht. — Verhülle dich, Guſtav, und bete mit mir an:
Lob ſey dem, der war, der iſt, der ewiglich ſeyn wird!''“

„Alſo der Seraph: Mehr können dir ſterbliche Worte nicht ſagen.
Suche die Ruhe, ſie flieht nicht vor dem, der mit redlichem Herzen
Und mit unſchuldiger Seele ſie ſuchet. Die Religion nur
Kann ſie dir geben: beklage mich nicht. Der Tod eines Weiſen
Sollte die Weiſen des Erdballs ermuntern, wenn anders noch Weiſe
Unter euch ſind. Die Klugheit iſt Alter, und unbefleckt Leben
Pflicht: Viel Reihen der Jahre durchleben iſt öfters nur Unglück.
Glücklich, wer bald zur Vollkommenheit reift! Das Ende des Weiſen
Sieht zwar der Thor, doch er merket es nicht, und dünket ſich glücklich.
Trau nicht, o Freund, dem Getümmel der Welt; bald wird es verſchwinden:
Traue der Vorſicht!'' —

Wo bin ich? wo fliehſt du hin, o Serena!
War es dein Schatten? Du fliehſt. O war es ein Traum? Komm zurücke;
Sanfte Begeiſterungen, reißet den Geiſt, der ſich ſelber empfindet,

Länger aus dieſer verdunkelten Welt! Es wallet mein Blut noch
Schneller, als ſonſt; noch pocht mir das Herz von der hohen Entzückung.
O Terena, wo biſt du? wo iſt der entflohene Guſtav,
Und die Wohnung des Friedens? — Umſonſt — eingekerkerte Seele,
Noch biſt du feſt mit dem Kerker vereint. — O flieh ihn von neuem;
Laß dich das Feuer erhabener Andacht zum Loblied erheben:
Lob ſey dir, Ewiger! Herr, du biſt Gott, o du, der den Erdball
Mit unbegreiflicher Weisheit erſchaffen! erſchaffe nun Weisheit
Meiner Seele. — Du ſendeſt die Ruh von dem himmliſchen Throne
Auf die bekümmerten Seelen herab: ſie kömmt und erquickt mich.
Vater der Engel und Menſchen! Beſchützer des zitternden Deutſchlands!
Sende den Frieden herab! Doch, Herr, dein Wille geſchehe.
Sollen wir ſiegen, ſo gieb uns Demuth: und ſollen wir leiden,
Herr, ſo gieb uns Geduld. Nimm dieſes ſterbliche Loblied
Eines Geſchöpfes, das tief im Staube dich zitternd verehret.
Du biſt der Gott, dem die Seraphim jauchzen, den brennende Schaaren
Betend verehren, den Himmel und Erde harmoniſch erheben,
Den die Natur anbetet, den brauſend das ſtürmiſche Meer lobt,
Den das Licht des Tages erhebt und die Schatten der Nächte.
Myriaden von hohen Geſchöpfen, von denen ich weiter,
Als vom Wurm noch, entfernt bin, der tief im Staube herum kriecht,
Preiſen dich, Herr! doch bin ich ſo wohl, als der brennende Seraph,
Als die Myriaden der Geiſter, als Himmel und Erde,
Dein Geſchöpf.

Lob der Gottheit.

Darf eine ſterbliche, noch ungeweihte Leyer
Sich in die Harmonie zu miſchen unterſtehn,
Womit die Sphären dich erhöhn:
So gieb ihr ungewohntes Feuer!

Dir, Schöpfer! ſingt mein Lied; dich preiſen meine Zähren,
Erpreßt von Luſt, erpreßt von Dankbarkeit!
Mein Lied trotzt der Vergeſſenheit;
Denn es ertönt zu Gottes Ehren.

Geiſt! den man überall in ſeinen Werken findet
Und nie begreift, erblicket oder kennt,
Den jede Gegend anders nennt,
Und den kein Sterblicher ergründet;

Wie groß biſt du, ſelbſt da wir dich nicht kennen!
Der iſt kein Gott, den Staub begreifen kann:
Der Menſchen allzuſtolzer Wahn
Kann dich nicht denken, will dich nennen.

Du rufſt dem Frühling zu: er kömmt, und junge Freuden
Umtanzen ihn vergnügt; es lächelt die Natur:
Der Weſt ſtreicht ſchmeichelnd durch die Flur,
Und kühlet die erhitzten Weiden.

Es neigen ſich vor dir der Blumen bunte Heere;
Das ſtille Veilchen preiſt des Schöpfers gütge Macht.
Vergnügte Stille füllt die Nacht,
Und herrſcht auf dem entſchlafnen Meere.

Du willſt, und ſchon, ſchon zürnt der Sturm von ferne,
Und miſchet mit Geräuſch der Wellen trübes Grün,
Der Tag entweicht, die Wolken fliehn,
Und Blitze leuchten ſtatt der Sterne.

Ein ſtürmiſcher Nord durchbrauſt die traurigen Gefilde:
Der Wandrer, ſchauervoll, erſchrocken und allein,
Sucht Höhlen im betrübten Hain,
Dem Aufenthalt vom ſcheuen Wilde.

Langſam entwurzelt ſinkt mit dröhnend ſchwerem Falle
Der Eichbaum furchtbar hin, der ſeit der Sündfluth ſtand:
Er ſinkt, ſein Fall erſchüttert das Land;
Es donnern ſeine Wiederhalle.

Ich ſeh bey ſtiller Nacht viel tauſend Welten ſchimmern;
Vielleicht ſind ſie bewohnt vom menſchlichen Geſchlecht,
Das deiner Vorſicht Hand gerecht
Beſtimmt zu beſſern oder ſchlimmern.

Wie viele rollen noch! Wie viele ſind vergangen,
Durch deinen mächtigen Wink im Augenblick zerſtört!
O Herr! wie lebt der Menſch bethört,
Getäuſcht vom Kummer und Verlangen!

Auch dieſer Ball wird einſt durch deinen Wink vergehen:
Dann kömmt im Siegsgepräng der Richter unſrer Welt.
Ihr, die das Grab umſchloſſen hält,
Ihr Todten, eilet, aufzuſtehen!

Es kömmt der ew'ge Tag, der Zweck von allen Tagen,
Der Tag, um den die Welt erſchaffen worden iſt;
Dann ſchweigt der Frevler Stolz und Liſt;
Dann ſchweigt der Frommen heilges Klagen.

Dann, Schöpfer! will ich dich mit beſſern Liedern ſingen;
Dann dien ich dir verklärt in deinem neuen Reich!
Ihr Stunden! o beflügelt euch,
Und eilt, mich bald dahin zu bringen;

Ihr Engel! ließt euch ſonſt zum Erdball freundlich nieder:
Erhebet meinen Geiſt und reißet ihn von hier.
O! ſingt der Gottheit Lob mit mir,
Lehrt meine Lippen eure Lieder!

Abendandacht.

Herr, es geſcheh dein Wille!
Der Körper eilt zur Ruh:
Es fallen in der Stille
Die müden Augen zu.
Vergieb der Schwachheit Sünden,
Verſchon mit Zorn und Straf.
Laß mich bereitet finden
Zum Tode, wie zum Schlaf.

Laß, fern von Schreckenbildern
Und wilder Phantaſey,
Die Seele ſich nichts ſchildern,
Was ihrer unwerth ſey!
Laß frey von eitlen Sorgen
Mich wieder auferſtehn,
Und auf den Kampfplatz morgen
Mit neuen Kräften gehn.

Doch, wenn mit feſtem Schlummer
Des Todes letzte Nacht
Den Freuden, ſammt dem Kummer,
Ein ſchnelles Ende macht;
Herr, ſtärk mich, wenn der Schrecken
Der letzten Stunde droht.
Mein Gott wird mich erwecken;
Ein Schlaf nur iſt mein Tod.

Dein Heil hab ich geſehen;
In Frieden fahr ich hin,
Weil ich, beym Auferſtehen,
In deinem Reiche bin.
Wohl dem, der bis ans Ende
Sich als ein Chriſt erweiſt!
Mein Gott, in deine Hände
Befehl ich meinen Geiſt!

Am zwanzigſten Geburtstage.

Der Tag erneuert ſich itzt, an dem ich die Strahlen des Lichtes,
Betäubt vom Gefühle, zum erſtenmal ſah:
Zum erſtenmal fühlt ſich der Wurm, er iſt, er empfindet, er denket,
Und grüßet mit Weinen die künftige Pein.

Noch nicht, o Schöpfer, dein Bild, noch unreif zu deinen Gedanken,
Von tauſend ihm neuen Begriffen durchirrt,
Erhob dich dazumal ſchon mein erſtes thieriſches Lallen,
O Gott, den nunmehro mein Saitenſpiel lobt!

Schon zwanzigmal drehtet ihr euch, ihr wirbelnd rollende Welten,
Seitdem ich des Erdballs Bewohner gemehrt;
Lobſingend genieſs ich dich, Welt: doch fühlt ſich die freyere Seele
Für andere beſſere Welten gemacht.

Wie bald verfloſſet ihr mir, durch Luſt und Irrthum und Kummer
Verflogene Zeiten, unmerkſam dahin!
Bald werdet ihr alle verfliehn, betrübte, ſterbliche Jahre!
Bald ſchwing ich zu meinem Urſprunge mich auf.

Verzeih, o Schöpfer, verzeih, wann ſich die unſterbliche Seele
Mit ihr angebornen Fehlern befleckt!
Als Menſch noch handl' ich als Menſch; es wird die verklärtere Seele
Dich einſt mit ſeraphiſchen Liedern erhöhn.

Wie ſchwer, wie öde ſeyd ihr, vergänglich irdiſche Glieder!
In dichteriſchen Träumen entflieh ich euch ſchon,
Und ſeh von der heitern Höh auf niedrig denkende Seelen
Mit ſtillem und zärtlichem Mitleid herab.

Mit dir, Eloa, mit dir will ich den Schöpfer beſingen:
Und mit uns beſing ihn der Seligen Heer!
Lobt, Seraphim! Lobt euren Gott mit ewigen Harmonien!
Er ſprach, und ihr wurdet; er winkt, ihr vergeht.

Vertrauen auf Gott.

Ich hoff auf keine Hülfe mehr,
Herr! als von deinen Höhen.
Bey Menſchen find ich kein Gehör;
Gott! höre doch mein Flehen!
Du biſt der Gott noch, der ſchon oft
Bey meinem Leiden unverhofft
Mit deinem Troſt erſchienen.

Du biſt der Gott noch, deſſen Macht
Mizraims Fürſten ſchreckte;
Der aus des Todes öder Nacht
Den Lazarus erweckte.
Herr, hilf mir! Ja, ein himmliſch Licht,
Das in die dunkle Seele bricht,
Verſpricht mir deine Hülfe.

Mit deinem Troſt erquickſt du mich,
Wenn mir ein Leid begegnet.
Herr, nimmermehr verlaß ich dich,
Bis daß du mich geſegnet.
Ich höre dich; mein Vater ſpricht:
Ich bin dein Schutz, dein Troſt, dein Licht:
Geh hin, mein Sohn, in Frieden!

Der Friede.

Verſtumme, betäubender Hall! entweichet, verwegne Trompeten!
Erſchrecket die Fluren nicht mehr mit Mordſucht erregendem Klang!
Die Schwerter weichen dem Pflug: weicht unſern fröhlichen Flöten,
Weicht unſerm Geſang.

Es kömmt des Himmels Geſchenk, es kömmt der Friede vom Himmel;
Und lächelnd kömmt mit ihm der Ceres fruchtbarer Sohn;
Die Freude flattert herab, die ſonſt vor dem wilden Getümmel
Der Waffen entflohn.

Aus Fluthen, die nicht mehr vom Blut, nicht mehr von Todten geſchwollen,
Erhebet die Gottheit des Rheins, mit mooſigtem Schilfe umlaubt,
Mit ſtarken Hörnern geziert aus grünlicht ſtrudelnden Wellen,
Das fruchtbare Haupt.

Den ſtille gewordenen Wald durchſäuſeln nur liebliche Winde;
Das Ufer erſchallet nicht mehr von blutiger Sieger Geſchrey;
Es murmelt die rauſchende Fluth; ſie küſſet das Ufer gelinde
Und liſpelt vorbey.

Was treibet der Menſchen Geſchlecht, ſich ſelbſten das Leben zu enden?
Was machet das ſterbliche Volk zum Opfer verbitterter Wuth?
Was wühlet der zornige Arm mit raſend verwegenen Händen
Im eigenen Blut?

Der Menſchen Kühnheit durchbricht die Gränzen der irdiſchen Sphäre,
Seitdem des Prometheus Fauſt geraubtes Feuer entbrennt.
Es hat die Vorſicht umſonſt durch nicht zu pflügende Meere
Die Ufer getrennt.

Der wächſerne Flügel erhob ſich zu den olympiſchen Höhen,
Wohin ein ſinnloſer Schwung des Icars Verwegenheit trug:
Doch Blitz und Rache brach los und ſtürzte zu ſalzichten Seeen
Den raſenden Flug.

Wie glücklich war nicht die Welt, als der beſtändigen Lenzen
Noch nie geſäetes Korn in gelblichen Fluren gewallt!
Jedoch das kühne Geſchlecht zerbrach die geſetzten Gränzen
Aus Bosheit zu bald!

Eh noch die Mordſucht gelehrt, ſich unter einander vernichten;
Eh Tugend, Treue und Recht von Gold und Stahle beſiegt;
Eh noch die Colchiſche Schaar, auf zitternd ſchwankenden Fichten,
Die Wellen durchflügt:

Eh noch das irdiſche Volk, ſich blindlings ſelbſten zu ſtrafen,
Die Freyheit muthwillig verſcherzt und herrſchenden Fürſten gefröhnt;
Eh noch Cyclopen geſchwitzt, eh noch vom Schwirren der Waffen
Der Aetna ertönt:

Da irrten, im ſchattigen Hayn, unſchuldig fröhliche Schaaren;
Es ſtörte kein ſehnender Wunſch die Einfalt der ruhigen Bruſt,
Befreyt von Sorgen und Furcht, geſichert vor künftigen Gefahren,
Erſchaffen zur Luſt.

Es floh die goldene Zeit mit bald verſchwindendem Flügel;
Die Laſter brachen hervor, um uns mit Kriegen zu drohn;
Nun iſt die traurige Treu längſt über die heiligen Hügel
Des Mondes entflohn.

An eine Freundin.

Wann die traurige Nacht dämmernde Fluren deckt,
Wann der Wandrer verirrt in dem betrübten Hayn
Keinen Stern mehr erblicket,
Und dem zögernden Tage ruft;

Wann mit einſamem Ernſt thauende Mitternacht
Schweigend feyerlich herrſcht, und der entwölkte Mond
Auf den Tanz der Dryaden
Heiter lächelnd herunter ſieht;

Wann das flüchtige Heer, das ſonſt die Luft durchirrt,
In den Büſchen verſtummet, und auf den Aeſten ruht:
Singt mit reizenden Tönen
Noch die zärtliche Nachtigall.

Hier, wo Dummheit und Stolz alles mit Nacht bedeckt,
Wo Verleumdung und Wahn ſchweigende Tugend drückt,
Singt die Freundin der Muſen,
Singt die göttliche Chloris noch:

Stets ſich ſelbſten nur gleich, bald wenn ihr heitrer Scherz
Frohe Reyhen belebt; bald wann mit edlem Ernſt
Eine zitternde Zähre
Einſam ſchweigender Schwermuth fließt.

Sing! verachte den Neid! bleib in erhabner Ruh!
Wenn mit hämiſchem Blick zornige Dummheit ſchielt!
Sing! es warten die Damen
An dem Ufer des N...ſtroms:

Sing! ſie warten gerührt auf dein begeiſtertes Lied!
So ſang Sappho vielleicht! Eben ſo hörten ihr
Die lesbiſchen [illegible]
Mit verſchwiegener Ehrfurcht zu.

An den Amor.

Oft beſungner Gott der Liebe,
Gott, den Dichter zärtlich ehren,
Den ich ſonſt vergnügt erhoben,
Jetzo laß mich mit dir zanken!
Iſt denn dieß der Lohn der Lieder,
Die ich dir ſo oft geweihet?
Iſt denn dieß der Lohn der Liebe,
Die ich Chloen zugeſchworen?
Sonſten war ich frey und fröhlich:
Das Geſchwätz müßger Thoren,
Und die ſtrengſten Sittenlehren,
Und die Predigten Tartüffens,
Und der finſtern Weiſen Schlüſſe,
Und der ganze Schwarm der Sorgen
Konnten mich nicht traurig machen.
Und du Vater, aller Freuden,
Und du, Amor, machſt mich traurig!
Seit als ich entfernt von Chloen,
Stunden und Minuten zähle,
Irr ich träumend hin und wieder,
Seufz ich öfter, als Tartüffe,
Seh ich finſtrer aus, als Zeno.
Alles, was mich ſonſt vergnüget,
Kann die Sinne nicht erheitern.
Bey dem neubelaubten Frühling
Riefen mich die jungen Weſte,
Die die Stauden ſanft durchſchlüpfen,
Mich im Thale zu ergötzen:
Aber ich blieb immer traurig.
Damon der mit ſchlauen Scherzen
Sonſt der Thoren Schwarm vertreibet,
Damon, der mich oft vergnügte,
Rief mir zu mit heitern Mienen:
Aber ich blieb immer traurig.
Selbſt der Bändiger der Sorgen,
Selbſt der mächtige Lyäus,
Winkte mir mit vollem Weinglas:
Aber ich blieb immer traurig.
Amor, Urſprung meiner Schmerzen,
Eile, ſie hinweg zu treiben!
Bringe Chloen bald zurücke;
Mach mich wieder froh und munter;
Oder ich will, ſtatt der Oden,
Nach der Art der Miethpoeten,
Leich- und Hochzeitverſe dichten;
Und dich lächerlich zu machen,
Will ich dich, wie Neukirch, loben.

Empfindungen einer Schäferin.

Ich will von Liebe nichts mehr wiſſen;
Die Sprödigkeit ſey meine Pflicht!
Aus Freundſchaft darf mich Thirſis küſſen:
Doch das iſt noch die Liebe nicht.

Roth werd ich, wenn ich ihn erblicke;
Ich ſeufze, wenn man von ihm ſpricht;
Oft flieh ich ihn, und ſeh zurücke:
Doch das iſt noch die Liebe nicht.

Im tiefſten Hayn bey meinen Heerden,
Den nie des Tages Strahl durchbricht,
Schlief ich jüngſt ein, geweckt zu werden:
Doch das iſt noch die Liebe nicht.

Jüngſt gieng ich irr, bloß weil ich wollte,
Im ſtillen Wald bey Mondenlicht,
Daß mich mein Schäfer ſuchen ſollte:
Doch das iſt noch die Liebe nicht.

Ich ſtehe traurig in Gedanken,
Wenn er mit andern Mägdchen ſcherzt;
Bald möcht ich weinen und bald zanken:
Doch das iſt noch die Liebe nicht.

Den Strauß, den Thirſis mir gebunden,
Küßt ich und drückt ihn an mein Herz:
Da weiß ich nicht, was ich empfunden:
Doch das war weiter nichts, als Scherz.

Muß er aus unſern Fluren gehen,
Wie lange wird mir da die Zeit!
Wie hüpft mein Herz beym Wiederſehen!
Doch das iſt nichts, als Zärtlichkeit.

Jüngſt küßt er mich; in meinem Herzen
Schlich ſich ein heimlich Feuer ein,
Ich weiß nicht, was für ſanfte Schmerzen!
Ach! ſollte dieſes Liebe ſeyn!

Der Morgen.

Komm, heiter wie der Morgen,
Der auf den Hügeln lacht!
Der Liebe ſüße Sorgen
Verlängerten die Nacht.
Komm, Doris! ſieh von fernen
Die Morgenröthe glühn:
Sieh, mit den blaſſen Sternen,
Nacht, Gram und Kummer fliehn!

Vom ſtillen Thau gekühlet,
Erwartet uns das Thal;
Was lebt, wird reg' und fühlet
Der Liebe ſüße Qual.
Laß uns der Stadt entfliehen;
Die Freude winkt uns zu:
Hier heißt du Roſen blühen,
Unſchuldig ſchön, wie du.

Die Stunden ſind verloren,
Die wir der Luſt nicht weihn!
Du biſt zum Glück geboren,
Sagt dir der ganze Hayn.
Mein Lied und unſre Triebe
Singt Echo leiſe nach.
Von Liebe, nur von Liebe,
Schwätzt murmelnd jener Bach.

Schau'ſt du nicht die Nelken,
Die dort dein Aug erblickt!
Sie ſinken, ſie verwelken,
Betrübt und ungepflückt.
Was nutzt das Glück des Lebens,
Wenn man es nicht genießt!
Die Jugend blüht vergebens,
Betrübt und ungeküßt.

O Doris, laß die Thoren
Uns ſchelten, ſauer ſehn!
Weil ſie dieß Glück verloren,
Läßt ſie die Rachſucht ſchmähn.
Du kannſt hier Täubchen ſehen;
Sie ſchnäbeln ſich im Hayn:
Du hörſt von fern die Krähen
Mit heiſrer Stimme ſchreyn.

Ihr Schmähn, ihr Prahlereyen,
Stört nicht der Täubchen Ruh:
Sie laſſen zanken, ſchreyen,
Und küſſen immer zu.
Umwölkt von Finſterniſſen,
Hat noch kein Thor geſchmeckt,
Was in unſchuld'gen Küſſen
Für eine Wolluſt ſteckt.

Laß ſtolze Fürſten ſtreiten,
Und prächtig elend ſeyn.
Zu wahren Zärtlichkeiten
Iſt ſtets ihr Herz zu klein.
Dem ſchönſten aller Triebe
Will ich die Jugend weihn;
Ich küſſe, was ich liebe:
Die ganze Welt iſt mein.

Karl Curths

ward im Jahre 1764 im Forſthauſe bei Calbe geboren, erhielt nach vollendeter Schulbildung eine Anſtellung in preußiſchen Dienſten und war zuletzt expedirender Secretair bei dem K. Preußiſchen Finanzminiſterium in Berlin. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 10. Juli 1816.

Von ihm erſchien:

Der niederländiſche Revolutionskrieg. Leipzig, 1808 u. 1809; auch unter dem Titel: Geſchichte des Abfalls der Niederlande von Schiller, fortgeſetzt von K. C. W. 2 u. 3.

Die Bartholomäusnacht. Leipzig, 1814.

Die Schlacht bei Breitenfeld und Lützen. Leipzig, 1814.

Kortez, der Eroberer Mexiko's. Herausgegeben von A. Rücker. Berlin, 1818.

C. erreichte zwar ſein Vorbild Schiller nicht, erwarb ſich aber durch ſeine hiſtoriſchen Darſtellungen manches Verdienſt und zeigte, daß er geſchichtliche Gegenſtände mit Talent, Sorgfalt und Treue zu behandeln wiſſe.

Amalie Curtius,

die Tochter eines angeſehenen Kaufmanns, Namens Kretzſchmar, ward am 14. December 1781 in Dresden geboren, und verheirathete ſich daſelbſt mit dem K. S. Appellationsrath D. K. F. Curtius. Als Schriftſtellerin nennt ſie ſich Amalie Clarus.

Sie gab heraus:

Antonie. Kiel, 1809. 2 Thle.
Fritz und Lottchen. Leipzig, 1815.
Franziska. Leipzig, 1815.
Die Flucht aus dem Vaterhauſe. Leipzig, 1815.
Abendunterhaltungen (gemeinſchaftlich mit W. Willmar). Leipzig, 1813.
Kleeblätter. 3 Thle. Chemnitz, 1816 — 18. } gemeinſchaftlich
Hyacinthen. Chemnitz, 1819. }
mit W. Willmar und A. Steinau.

Eine geiſtreiche und gemüthvolle Schriftſtellerin, welche die Ereigniſſe des bürgerlichen Lebens mit Scharfblick aufzufaſſen und mit Geſchmack und Talent darzuſtellen vermag; ihre Leiſtungen werden daher beſonders von dem weiblichen Publicum gern geleſen und verdienen mit Recht empfohlen zu werden. —

Michael Conrad Curtius

ward am 18. Auguſt 1724 zu Techentin, einem Dorfe im Mecklenburgiſchen geboren, erhielt ſeine Vorbildung auf den gelehrten Schulen zu Goldberg, Parchim und Schwerin, und ſtudirte ſeit 1741 Theologie in Roſtock. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn ward er Hauslehrer bei dem Superintendenten Rehfeld in Stralſund und kam dann in gleicher Eigenſchaft zu dem Hannöveriſchen Staatsminiſter von Schwichelde. 1759 erhielt er eine Profeſſur an der Ritterakademie in Lüneburg, welche er 1768 mit der Profeſſur der Geſchichte, Poeſie und Eloquenz an der Univerſität zu Marburg vertauſchte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt, als Heſſiſcher Geheimer Juſtizrath, Primarius der philoſophiſchen Facultät, Mitglied mehrerer gelehrten Geſellſchaften u. ſ. w. am 22. Auguſt 1802.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Philoſophiſches Lehrgedicht, von dem Schickſale der Seele nach dem Tode. Bützow, 1754.
Die Weſer, ein Gedicht, Hannover, 1760.
Kritiſche Abhandlungen und Gedichte. Hannover, 1760.
Abhandlung von den Gleichniſſen und Metaphern u. ſ. w. Wismar, 1750.
Hiſtoriſche und politiſche Abhandlungen. Marburg, 1783.
Geſchichte und Statiſtik der weltlichen fürſtlichen Häuſer in Deutſchland. Marburg, 1780.
Statiſtiſch-geographiſche Geſchichte von Heſſen. Marburg, 1793.
Grundriß der Univerſalhiſtorie. Marburg, 1789. 2. A. verb. v. F. Rehm, 1819.
Ariſtoteles Dichtkunſt, ins Deutſche überſetzt. Hannover, 1753.
Columella, von der Landwirthſchaft, ins Deutſche überſ. Bremen, 1769.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

C. war ein Mann von gründlichem Wiſſen, hellem, geſundem Verſtande und guter Urtheilskraft, der mit Eifer für die Begründung eines reinen und geläuterten Geſchmackes in der ſchönen Literatur arbeitete und manchen ſchätzenswerthen Beitrag geliefert hat. In ſpäteren Tagen widmete er ſich vorzüglich dem Studium der Geſchichte. Sein didactiſches Gedicht, die Weſer, enthält einzelne gelungene Stellen, ſeine beſte Leiſtung bleibt jedoch die Uebertragung der Poetik des Ariſtoteles mit den dazu gehörigen Excurſen; nur darf man bei der Beurtheilung ſeiner Arbeiten überhaupt nicht aus den Augen laſſen, wie weit man zu jenen Zeiten in Deutſchland im Allgemeinen noch in Sachen des Geſchmacks zurück war, und wie öde das Feld lag, deſſen Anbau Curtius ſeine jugendlichen Kräfte widmete.

Abhandlung von dem Theater der Alten.*)

§. 1.

Die Unterſuchung der Alterthümer grauer Zeiten, und Unfug verjährter Gewohnheiten verwüſteter Länder und Völker iſt ſeit vielen Zeiten das ſicherſte Mittel geweſen, die Gelehrten unſterblich zu machen. Gräv, Gronov, Gruter und Salenger, haben nur dadurch ihren Namen auf die Nachwelt gebracht. Sollte der Ruhm dieſer Männer nicht ein unumſtößlicher Beweis für die Wichtigkeit dieſer Art von Gelehrſamkeit ſeyn? Ich glaube es nicht, wenn man den Werth der Wiſſenſchaften nicht nach herrſchenden Vorurtheilen, ſondern in ſeinem wahren Lichte betrachtet. Denn hängt die Schätzbarkeit der Wiſſenſchaften nur von dem Einfluſſe ab, den ſie in die Verbeſſerung unſerer Seele und Leibeskräfte, und den Wohlſtand des gemeinen Weſens haben, ſo kann die Erforſchung der Kleidungen und Spiele der Alten keinen vorzüglichen Platz in dem Reiche der Wiſſenſchaften behaupten. Werke von dieſer Art ſind Geburten des Gedächtniſſes und der Beleſenheit; könnten dieſe wohl mit den Bemühungen des Verſtandes und Witzes in Vergleichung kommen? Und iſt es daher im Grunde nicht rühmlicher, der Urheber einer mathematiſchen oder oeconomiſchen Auflöſung, als der Verfaſſer der griechiſchen und römiſchen ſogenannten Schätze zu ſeyn. Allein, die Neugierde der Menſchen, welche ſie mehr zur Erkenntniß fremder als eigener Angelegenheiten treibt, hat den Gelehrten dieſe Arbeit angenehm gemacht; und die genaue Verknüpfung, womit die Alterthümer in die Geſchichte und philoſophiſchen Bücher voriger Zeiten gleichſam gewebet ſind, deren Erkenntniß uns unentbehrlich iſt, machet auch ihre Erkenntniß unentbehrlich für uns, und erhebet dadurch ihren Werth, zwar nicht in Abſicht ihrer eigenen Würdigkeit, aber doch in Betracht unſerer auf ſie zu verwendenden Bemühungen. Allein ich habe dem Anſehen nach meine Zeit ſehr übel gewählet, meine Galle gegen dieſe Wiſſenſchaft grauer Kleinigkeiten, welche nur in der Entfernung groß ſcheinen, auszuſchütten, da ich ſelbſt im Begriff bin, eine Abhandlung über einen Theil derſelben zu ſchreiben. Jedoch ich hoffe, der Zuſatz einer bedingten Unentbehrlichkeit wird diejenigen zufrieden ſtellen, welche meine vorhergebrauchten Ausdrücke als ſo viele Läſterungen anſehen; und die Vorwürfe einer Schrift, die zur Erläuterung des **Ariſtoteles** dienet, verlieren den Namen der Kleinigkeiten, und der Antheil, den ſie an einem ſo ſchätzbaren Verfaſſer haben, macht ſie ſelbſt ſchätzbar.

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*) Aus M. C. Curtius „Ariſtoteles Dichtkunſt“ Anhang. Hannover, 1753.

§. 2.

Wenn ich das Theater der Alten, und insbeſondere der Griechen, mir zum Augenmerk ſetze, ſo verlange ich nicht, eine ausführliche Geſchichte deſſelben zu geben; es iſt genug, den Urſprung davon mit wenigem zu zeigen. Es iſt eine Tochter der Freude und des Aberglaubens; und was man itzt als eine Schule der Tugend, und anſtändiger Sitten betrachtet, war in ſeiner erſten Beſtimmung ein üppiges Trinklied. Bacchus und der Wein waren ihre Quelle. Wer Bacchus geweſen, iſt nach tauſend Muthmaßungen der Gelehrten gleich unbekannt. Die Erforſcher der Mythologie haben ihn bald zum Heiligen gemacht, und aus der Bibel genommen; bald erſcheint er ihrem Geſichtspuncte als ein großer Bezwinger und Menſchenfreund, der, mit einer Großmuth ohne Beyſpiel, entlegenen Völkern vernünftige Sitten und Lebensart aufdringt: bald aber rauben ihm andere Leben und Thaten, alle ihm zugeſchriebene Handlungen ſind figürlich zu verſtehen; ſein Sieg über den Himmelſtürmer Rhöcus bedeutet ſodann nur etwa einen Rauſch, der den Rhöcus zu Boden geworfen, denn Bacchus, der Gott und Geſetzgeber, iſt der Wein. Iſt die Mythologie nur ein Chaos von Träumen, die ſich blos durch weniger oder mehr Unordnung unterſcheiden, ſo kann man ohne Gefahr den Traum wagen, den man am wahrſcheinlichſten findet. Bacchus ſey demnach der Name des erſten Erfinders des Weinbaues und Weintrinkens in Griechenland. Das in Entdeckung der den Wohlgeſchmack reizenden Dinge ſo ſcharfſichtige Auge der Menſchen läßt uns vermuthen, daß dieſe Erfindung nicht lange nach Bevölkerung des Landes bekannt geworden. Die wenige Bequemlichkeit, die die erſten Völker zum Umgange mit einander fanden, machte daß die Erfindung eines Volkes ſelten oder gar nicht zu dem andern überbracht wurden, ſondern eine jede Nation ſelbſt bedacht ſeyn mußte, ſich die Bedürfniſſe des Lebens zu verſchaffen. Der Indier und Perſer, der Aegypter und Araber hatte daher einen beſondern Erfinder des Weines in ſeiner eigenen Nation. Die Griechen, die einzigen Bewahrer der alten Geſchichte anderer Völker, tauften dieſe alle mit dem Namen des Bacchus, und die Unwiſſenden vermiſchten die Handlungen ſo verſchiedener Perſonen mit einander, und legten ſie einem einzigen bey. Die Verehrung verdienter Perſonen, die feyerliche Begehung ihres Gedächtniſſes verwandelte ſich in einen Gottesdienſt, und der Erfinder des Weins, ward, nach ſeinem Tode, auch der Beſchützer und Gott deſſelben. Um ihn an den Verwüſtern ſeiner Früchte zu rächen, ſchlachtete man ihm zu Ehren an ſeinen Feſten einen Bock, und ſang Lieder zum Ruhme des Bacchus, wovon die ganze Ceremonie Tragödie, d. h. ein Geſang des Bocks, genannt ward. Da keine Gebräuche ſich lange bey ihrer urſprünglichen Einfalt erhalten, ſo litten auch dieſe bald merkliche Veränderungen und Zuſätze. Hatten vorher nur die Acker- und Landleute Theil daran genommen, ſo ward es nun auch ein Feſt der Städte. Der Einfluß, den eine geſittete Lebensart in alle Handlungen hat, zeigt ſich auch hier. Auf dem Lande blieben die unordentlichen Geſänge; in den Städten wurden ſie ein wenig ordentlicher, und man führte die Chöre der Muſik ein. Daher kam es mit der Zeit, daß die mit Geſängen verknüpften Opfer des Bacchus, nur in den Städten ſich den Namen Tragödie anmaßten, auf dem Lande aber den Namen der Comödie erhielten. Von dieſer Zeit iſt es zu verſtehen, wenn **Diogenes Laërtius** und **Athenäus** ſchreiben, daß der Chor die ganze Tragödie geſpielet habe, weil nämlich die Tragödie nur aus Geſängen beſtund a). Allmählig ſetzte man an dieſen Feſten den Geſängen gewiſſe Preiſe, welche, im Anfange in Erhaltung des dem Bacchus geopferten Bockes beſtanden. **Horaz** ſaget noch vom **Theſpis**:

> Carmine, qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.

Wer der erſte Stifter dieſes Preiſes geweſen, iſt ungewiß. Einige ſchreiben es dem **Epigenes** von Sicyon zu, andere dem **Theomis**; und Kaleus ſoll die Chöre in Ordnung gebracht haben. Es iſt ſo wenig daran gelegen, daß ich mich in keine Entſcheidung des Streites einlaſſen werde.

Die allzugroße Einförmigkeit ward zuletzt den Athenienſern unerträglich. **Theſpis** führte eine redende Perſon zwiſchen den Geſängen der Muſik ein, und deßfalls wird er von vielen für den Erfinder der Schauſpiele gehalten. Allein **Plato** ſagt mit ausdrücklichen Worten b), daß Athen vor dem **Theſpis** und **Phrynichus** Schauſpiele gehabt. Die erſten Schaubühnen waren offene Wägen, auf welchen die ſpielenden Perſonen durch die Stadt fuhren, und, um unerkenntlich zu ſeyn, das Geſicht mit Weinhefen beſchmiereten. Nach der Zeit wurden öffentliche Schaubühnen angeleget. **Aeſchylus** brachte das Theater zu einer großen Vollkommenheit, und **Sophokles** und **Euripides** erhoben es auf die höchſte Stufe derſelben, ſo daß die meiſten Werke der Neuern nur ſchwache Copeyen der ihrigen ſind.

Damit aber der Begriff des Theaters der Alten deſto deutlicher werde, will ich abſonderlich von den Handlungen, den Perſonen, und den Gebäuden des Theaters reden.

§. 3.

Wir haben ſchon geſehen, daß die erſten Handlungen der Schauſpielkunſt Geſänge zum Lobe der Gottheit waren, und daß ſie ſich die Verehrung des Bacchus zum Ziele geſetzt hatten. Dieſe Feſttage waren zugleich Tage der Freude und Ergötzlichkeit. Das Singen iſt der Freude natürlich: man ſang alſo Lieder, und zwar Lieder, die ſich zu einer Verſammlung luſtiger Leute ſchickten. Sind die Neigungen der Menſchen ſich zu allen Zeiten ähnlich, ſo dürfen wir nur Achtung geben, was eine Verſammlung von Leuten aus einer luſtigen Nation z. B. der franzöſiſchen, bey einer ſolchen Gelegenheit thun würde. Man würde nämlich, ſobald als möglich, die gottesdienſtlichen Geſänge endigen: die Jünglinge würden, wo es ja geſungen ſeyn müßte, von Liebe und Vergnügen, die Alten von den Fehlern der Jugend, das Frauenzimmer aber von den Fehlern ihrer Nachbarn und Nachbarinnen ſingen. Waren die Athenienſer die Franzoſen des Alterthums, ſo können wir annehmen, daß es bey ihren Zuſammenkünften eben ſo zugegangen ſey. Dieſes iſt kein Traum. **Didymus** ſaget ausdrücklich: daß man allmählich angefangen habe, andere Vorwürfe als das Lob des Bacchus zu wählen, und **Ariſtoteles** ſchreibt daß die Schmählieder die Beſchäftigung ihrer Verſammlung geweſen. Alle dieſe Geſänge hießen mit einem allgemeinen Namen Tragödie.

Die erſte Veränderung der Tragödie fiel in die Zeiten des Theſeus. Dieſer verſammelte das Volk, welches vorher auf den Dörfern lebte, in die Stadt, verſahe daſſelbe mit Geſetzen und legte den Grund, es zum geſitteſten Volke Griechenlands zu machen. Die Tragödie folgte den Einwohnern in die Städte nach. Von dieſer Zeit an überließ man vermuthlich die Zoten den Dörfern, und ließ die Tragödien aus den Lobgeſängen des Bacchus mit untermiſchter Muſik und Tänzen beſtehen. Weil aber die übrigen Lieder mit gottesdienſtlichen Geſängen vermenget ſich auf den Dörfern erhielten, ſo gab man ihnen einen beſondern Namen, und hieß ſie Comödien. Hieraus erhellet, daß Tragödie und Comödie vormals eine Sache geweſen, der Name der Tragödie aber weit älter als der Name der Comödie ſey. **Scaliger** irret demnach, wenn er behaupten will, daß die Comödie eher als die Tragödie geweſen, und zwar aus dem Grunde, weil die Hochzeiten eher als der Tod, die Trunkenheit vor der Nüchternheit, die geheime Rede eher als

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a) Aubignac Pratique du theatre p. 11.

b) Minoe s. de lege.

der prächtige Ausdruck, und das Hirtenleben eher als das königliche geweſen. Denn es mag dieſer Kunſtrichter ſolches von dem erſten Urſprunge der Tragödie und Comödie, da beydes bloße Geſänge waren, oder von der weitern Einrichtung derſelben verſtehen, ſo hat er allemal das Zeugniß der Alten gegen ſich. Marcus Antoninus ſagt ausdrücklich c), daß die alte Comödie auf das Trauerſpiel gefolget ſey. Die Vergleichung des Alters der erſten Verbeſſerer der Tragödie leget es noch deutlicher vor Augen. Theſpis war in der ſiebenzigſten Olympiade ſchon verſtorben, und hingegen Epicharmus der erſte, in deſſen Ueberbleibſeln (nach Aubignacs Zeugniſſe) ſich eine redende Perſon findet, lebte in der neun und ſiebenzigſten Olympiade, und ſein Leben iſt die eigentliche Epoche der Comödie.

Theſpis that die erſten Schritte, das Trauerſpiel zur Vollkommenheit zu bringen. Um dem ſingenden Chore Zeit zu geben, ſich auszuruhen, ließ er zwiſchen den Geſängen derſelben eine Perſon auftreten, die redend einen Vortrag thun mußte. Verdienet der alte Scholiaſt Glauben, welcher ſaget, daß zu den Zeiten des Oreſtes Themis die tragiſchen Geſänge eingeführet, und nach ihm Minos, und ferner Auleas, ſo iſt zu bewundern, daß von da bis auf Theſpis, in einem Inbegriff von ſechshundert Jahren keiner auf dieſe ſo natürliche Neuerung gedacht.

In den Wiſſenſchaften iſt der erſte Schritt der ſchwerſte, nächſtdem koſtet der völlige Durchbruch nur wenig Mühe. Hatte Theſpis nur erſt den Begriff des Theaters und eine Art von theatraliſchen Handlungen gegeben, ſo folgten ihm ganze Schaaren theatraliſcher Dichter nach. Man fing an, gewiſſe Preiſe auf theatraliſche Stücke zu ſetzen. Der erſte Zeitpunkt dieſer Preiſe iſt nicht leicht zu beſtimmen. Plutarchus ſaget uns d), man habe zu Theſpis Zeit noch nicht um Preiſe geſtritten. Euſebius hingegen bezeuget in ſeiner Chronik, daß man in der 42 Olympiade, und alſo über 80 Jahr vor Theſpis angefangen habe, den Wettſtreitenden einen Bock zum Preiſe zu geben. Noch andere Schriftſteller aber verſichern uns, daß dergleichen Wettſtreite ſchon bey dem Grabe des Theſeus angeſtellt worden. Und Horaz ſcheint dem Plutarch gerade zu widerſprechen, wenn er ſaget:

> Carmine, qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,

wodurch man insgemein den Theſpis verſteht. Allein überhaupt kann Euſebius mit dem Plutarch in keine Vergleichung kommen, und Horaz ſcheint, in angeführter Stelle nicht eben vom Theſpis zu reden, wie Dacier auch aus dem Grunde wahrſcheinlich machet, weil Horaz eben denſelben, der um den Preis in der Tragödie geſtritten, auch die Erfindung der ſatyriſchen Stücke zuſchreibt, da wir hingegen, bei den Alten, keine Fußtapfen finden, daß Theſpis jemals ein ſatyriſcher Dichter geweſen.

§. 4.

Die vom Theſpis eingeführte Perſon, und deren Reden, hatten nichts mit dem Lobe des Weingottes gemein, ſo daß ſolches auch die Prieſter des Bacchus übel nahmen, wie Suidas aus dem Chamaeleon anführet: ſondern ſie erzählte eine Geſchichte oder Fabel, die das hörende Volk rühren oder beluſtigen konnte. Herr Aubignac glaubet zwar e), daß dieſe Perſon nicht allein geredet, ſondern ein Geſpräch mit jemandem aus dem Chore formiret, der ihm Gelegenheit gegeben, zu reden. Allein ich kann dieſer Meinung aus dem Grunde nicht beyfallen. Zu Theſpis, und Phrynichus ſeines Schülers Zeiten, machte das Lob des Bacchus noch den Inhalt der Geſänge des Chores aus, und hatte mit den Reden der vom Theſpis aufgeführten Perſon keine Verbindung. Nur wie Pratinas in der ſiebenzigſten Olympiade anfing, ſatyriſche Stücke zu machen, verloren ſich die gottesdienſtlichen Geſänge gänzlich aus der Tragödie. Es iſt alſo nicht leicht zu begreifen, wie einer aus dem Chore dieſer redenden Perſon Gelegenheit geben können, oder wollen, zu reden, und ihre Geſänge zu unterbrechen, da der Chor, welcher aus Prieſtern und andern gottesdienſtlichen Bedienten des Bacchus beſtund, dieſe neue Perſon mit ſcheelen Augen anſahen, und von ſeinem Vortrage zu ſagen pflegten: Hierinn iſt nichts vom Bacchus. Vielleicht hat Herr Aubignac die Gebräuche des Chores bey der bloß gottesdienſtlichen Tragödie, mit den Gewohnheiten der neuern und redenden Tragödie vermiſchet. Denn zu Zeiten des alten Chores befand ſich auf einer Erhöhung, die der Altar des Bacchus genannt ward, ein Sänger, der den Geſängen des Chores ſingend antwortete.

Die vom Theſpis eingeführte Perſon ward Epiſode oder ein nicht zum Werke gehöriges Stück genannt, weil damals die Geſänge des Bacchus das Hauptwerk waren. Nach der Zeit aber iſt die Bedeutung dieſes Wortes von den Perſonen auf die Sache gekommen.

Will man dem Caſtelvetro, Riccoboni, und andern glauben, ſo war die vom Theſpis aufgeführte Perſon eine luſtige, oder Arlequin, welche allein ſang, und zugleich tanzte, und auf Inſtrumenten ſpielte. Aeſchylus habe demnächſt zwo luſtige Perſonen eingeführet, und der einen das Tanzen, der andern aber das Singen und Spielen aufgetragen; worauf endlich Sophokles drey aufgeführet, um eine jede von dieſen Handlungen durch eine beſondere Perſon vollziehen zu laſſen. Aubignac hat dieſe, den Stellen der Alten ſo widerwärtige Meynung, gründlich widerleget. Er braucht weiter nichts, als das Zeugniß des Ariſtoteles. Dieſer ſaget: das Trauerſpiel ſey durch die drey Perſonen des Theſpis, Aeſchylus und Sophokles zur größten Vollkommenheit gebracht worden. Würde er dieſes von der Einführung dreyer luſtiger Perſonen geſaget haben, und zwar ſolcher Perſonen, deren Verrichtungen ſo weit von dem wahren Weſen des Trauerſpiels entfernet waren?

§. 5.

Aeſchylus war der wahre Vater der Tragödie, denn vorher war es kein Geſpräch, ſondern eine bloße Erzählung. Er führte noch eine Perſon ein, und theilte das Trauerſpiel in zwo Rollen ein, wovon der erſte Acteur die hauptſächlichſte ſpielte, und deshalb der Protagoniſte hieß, der zweyte ward der Deuteragoniſte, und der dritte, welchen Sophokles hinzu that, der Tritagoniſte genannt. Der Verſtand iſt nicht, daß nicht mehr als die Acteurs geweſen; die Stücke des Aeſchylus und Sophokles zeigen das Gegentheil, ſondern es wird dadurch der Antheil bezeichnet, den ein jeder bei der Haupthandlung gehabt. Doch ſcheint mir die Muthmaſſung des Herrn Brümoi auch ſehr vernünftig zu ſeyn, daß jeder Acteur unterſchiedene Perſonen vorgeſtellet, wie ſolches noch bey den Chineſen geſchieht.

§. 6

Auf die Tragödie folgte die Erfindung der Comödie. Es war natürlich, da man das Beyſpiel der Tragödie vor Augen hatte, daß man nicht lange ſäumte demſelben nachzuahmen. Die erſten Erfinder derſelben ſind unbekannt. Ariſtoteles ſelbſt unterfängt ſich kaum, hierin einen Ausſpruch zu thun. Die Sicilianer ſowohl, als die Griechen, ſchreiben ſich die Erfindung derſelben zu. Nach dem Ausſpruche des Clemens von Alexandrien f) wäre Suſarion der Ikarier der erſte Erfinder. In den Ueberbleibſeln aber, welche Athenäus von den alten Comödienſchreibern geſammelt, finden ſich keine Spuren zuſammenredender Perſonen vor dem Epicharmus. Nach dieſer Rechnung würde die Anfoderung der Sicilianer auf die Ehre der Erfindung ſo ungegründet nicht ſeyn. Solinus ſchreibt von Sicilien: Hic primum inventa comoedia, hic et cavillatio comica in scena stetit. Bey den Athenienſern war Suſarion der erſte, der die Comödie in Ordnung gebracht. Kratinus brachte ſie zur größern Vollkommenheit, indem er drey Perſonen einführete: und endlich legte Ariſtophanes die letzte Hand daran.

Das Alter der Comödie theilet ſich in drey Zeitpuncte, und eben dieſelben ſind der Maaßſtab des Wachsthums ihrer Vollkommenheit: die alte, mittlere, und neue Comödie.

Die alte Comödie bediente ſich einer ungebundenen Freyheit, die wirklichen oder vermeintlichen Fehler der Leute namentlich zu tadeln und durchzuziehen. Phrynichus, Eupolis, Theopompus, Archippus, Plato, Pherecides, Krates, u. a. m. waren in dieſem Zeitpuncte berühmt. Dieſe Art der Comödie ſchickte ſich wohl zu der damaligen Beſchaffenheit der Staaten, da durchgehends eine ungezähmte Freyheit herrſchte. Wie aber nach und nach die Großen das Haupt empor heben, ward ihnen der öffentliche Tadel des Geizes, der Ungerechtigkeit und Tyranney deſto unleidlicher, je mehr ſie denſelben durch ihre Sitten verdienten. Man beſchnitt alſo den Dichtern die vorher gehabte Erlaubniß des namentlichen Tadels. Wie Lyſander Athen eroberte, und die dreyßig Tyrannen die Oberherrſchaft erhielten, deren Gedächtniß ſie durch ſo viel Verbrechen verhaßt machten, ward von dieſen auch die

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c) Lib. XI. §. 6.

d) in vita Solonis.

e) Pratique du Theatre p. 137.

f) Stromat. Lib. I.

Freyheit der Bühne eingeſchränkt, und die namentliche Antaſtung der Perſonen verboten. **Kratinus** unterſtund ſich zwar, ſich der vorigen Freyheit zu bedienen, büßte aber ſeine Verwegenheit mit dem Leben. Zu Rom ahmte man, in den nachfolgenden Zeiten die Strenge der Griechen nach. Nach dem Zeugniſſe des **Cicero** war die Lebensſtrafe für diejenigen beſtimmt, welche andere namentlich durchziehen würden.

Die mittlere Comödie ſetzte zwar die Namen der Perſonen in Sicherheit, aber nicht ihre Perſonen ſelbſt, noch weniger aber ihre Laſter. Man malete die Perſonen ſo deutlich ab, daß es unmöglich war, ſie nicht zu erkennen. **Sokrates** ward in dem Luſtſpiele des **Ariſtophanes**, die Wolken genannt, ein Beyſpiel davon. Insbeſondere war der Chor dazu beſtimmt, die Fehler anderer auf das kenntlichſte durchzuziehen.

Zur Zeit Alexanders des Großen, da die Regierung zu Athen auf einen ganz andern Fuß geſetzet ward, erreichte auch die mittlere Comödie ihr Ziel. Man verſagte ihr alle Erlaubniß perſönlicher Beſchimpfung, und ſo entſtund die neue Comödie, welche gänzlich von der vorigen unterſchieden war. Man begnügte ſich, allgemeine Laſter und Thorheiten unter dem Bilde einzelner, aber erdichteter, Perſonen vorzuſtellen. Der Chor zog, ſtatt der Fehler der Perſonen, die Schriften anderer Dichter durch, und hörete endlich gar auf, und zwar, wie **Horaz** glaubet, aus der Urſache, weil ihm die Erlaubniß, zu ſchmähen, benommen war.

§. 7.

Die erſten Comödien waren ſämmtlich in Verſen. **Krates** war der erſte, der Comödien in ungebundener Rede auf die Bühne brachte. Sein Anſehen aber war nicht groß genug, die gebundene Schreibart von dem Theater zu verbannen. Die Versarten waren in der alten und mittleren Comödie willkührlich: in der neuern aber fanden nur trochäiſche und jambiſche Verſe Platz.

Die Theile der Comödie werden verſchiedentlich angegeben. **Diomedes** theilet ſie in Diverbium, Canticum und Chorum. Man ſieht leicht, eines Theils, daß dieſes die Eintheilung der öffentlichen Vorſtellung einer Comödie, und nicht der Comödie an ſich ſey, und daß überdem noch von der alten und mittleren Comödie die Rede ſey, weil noch des Chors Meldung geſchieht. **Scaliger** giebt dieſe Eintheilung. **Protaſis**, oder die Erklärung der Sache, ohne Meldung des Ausganges, Epitaſis, oder der Anfang der Verwirrung, Kataſtaſis, der höchſte Grad der Verwirrung, (ein Theil, welcher, ſeiner Meynung nach, nothwendig, aber wenig bemerket iſt) und endlich Kataſtrophe oder die Glücksänderungen. Da die Regeln für die Tragödie und Comödie, ſo fern beyde Handlungen vorſtellen, einerley ſind, ſo muß auch ihre Eintheilung auf gleiche Regeln gegründet ſeyn. Ich berufe mich auf dasjenige, was ich hievon in meinen Anmerkungen über den Ariſtoteles geſaget habe.

§. 8.

Wie der alten Comödie die Macht genommen wurde, ſich perſönlicher Anzüglichkeiten zu bedienen, ſollen an ihrer Stelle die Satyren eingeführet worden ſeyn. **Akron** ſchreibt ſie dieſer Bewegungsurſache zu, und giebt den **Kratinus**, als den erſten Urheber an. Es iſt dieſes aber von einer größern Vollkommenheit der ſatyriſchen Stücke zu verſtehen, denn ſonſt iſt die Satyre gleichen Urſprungs mit der Tragödie und Comödie. Weil man nämlich übel nahm, daß dem Lobe des Bacchus durch die redende Perſon etwas entzogen ward, ſo führte man die Satyren, als Bediente des Bacchus ein. Die Vorwürfe dieſer ſatyriſchen Stücke waren ihren Namen gemäß. **Diomedes** ſaget: Satyrica est apud Graecos fabula, in qua item tragici poetae non reges aut herois, sed Satyros induxerunt ludendi causa jocandique.

§. 9.

Ich darf von den Stücken des römiſchen Theaters nicht ausführlich handeln. Alle ihre Stücke waren nur Nachahmungen der Griechen. Zwar hatten dieſelben gleich im Anfange ſchon ziemlich viel Regelmäßigkeit, allein dieſes rührete daher, weil die Trauerſpiele und alle Stücke der Bühne von den Griechen erfunden worden, und folglich nur allmählich ihre Vollkommenheit erlanget, da hingegen die Römer die Muſter der Griechen ſchon vor ſich hatten.

§. 10.

Die Perſonen des Theaters beſtunden aus dem Chore, und den handelnden oder ſpielenden Perſonen. Von dem Chor habe ich in meinen Anmerkungen über den Ariſtoteles zureichend geredet. Die ſpielenden Perſonen unterzogen ſich dem Schauſpielen zuerſt freywillig, nächſtdem aber hielt die Obrigkeit die ſpielenden Perſonen auf ihre Koſten. Alle ſpielende Perſonen bedienten ſich der Masken, und zwar urſprünglich aus einer doppelten Urſache. 1. Die Alten hatten keine weiblichen Acteurs, weil aber doch bisweilen in den Schauſpielen Weiber vorgeſtellt werden mußten, ſo half man ſich durch die Masken. 2. Man zog zuerſt lebende und bekannte Perſonen durch. Um ſie den Zuſchauern deſto kenntlicher zu machen, bediente man ſich ſolcher Masken, die die Geſichtsbildung der vorgeſtellten Leute aufs natürlichſte ausdrückten. Da die perſönlichen Anzüglichkeiten abgeſtellet wurden, ſuchte man die Leidenſchaften der Menſchen durch Masken abzubilden, und kenntlich zu machen, welches zum Theil wegen der Größe des Theaters und der weiten Entfernung vieler Zuſchauer nothwendig war, damit ſie aus dem bloßen Anblick der Perſon ſeine Perſon und Charakter wahrnehmen konnten. So brachte **Neophron** zuerſt die Maske eines Schulmeiſters auf die Bühne, und **Aeſchylus** trunkene Leute.

In den Tragödien waren die Masken noch aus einer andern Urſache nothwendig. Schon damals machte man ſich von ſeinen Vorfahren und der Vorwelt überhaupt einen höhern Begriff als etwan in der Wahrheit gegründet ſeyn mochte. Man glaubte insbeſondere, daß die Helden des Alterthums viel größer geweſen, als die Menſchen in den nachfolgenden Zeiten. Dieſe Helden wurden in der Tragödie aufgeführet, man ſuchte daher, ihnen die Acteurs durch ungeheure Masken, und den berühmten Cothurn ſo viel möglich ähnlich zu machen.

Die Materie der Masken, da ſie erſt von Baumrinden, demnächſt von Leder oder Holz waren, und ihr Unterſcheid, da ſie entweder komiſche, tragiſche, ſatyriſche und orcheſtriſche waren, gehöret nicht eigentlich zum Weſen des Theaters, und war auch bey den Alten willkührlich. Eben ſo wenig waren die Kleidungen der ſpielenden Perſonen einerley, ſondern richteten ſich nach den veränderlichen Kleidertrachten der verſchiedenen Zeiten und Nationen.

§. 11.

Herr Boindin g) hat von den Gebäuden des Theaters der Alten gründlich gehandelt; der Riß, der ſich in der deutſchen Ausgabe findet, drücket dieſelben ziemlich genau aus, und weiß ich wenig zu demſelben hinzuzuſetzen. Ich habe alſo gut gefunden, meinen von den Gebäuden des Theaters der Alten ſchon verfertigten Riß zu unterdrücken, und den Leſer auf die Abhandlung des Herrn **Boindin**, und den **Vitruv** ſelbſt zu verweiſen.

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g) Memoires de l' Acad. des belles Lettres, T. I.

D.

Simon Dach,

einer der talentvollſten und correcteſten älteren deutſchen Dichter, ward am 29. Juli 1605 zu Memel in Preußen geboren. In der öffentlichen Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, die er ſchon in zarter Kindheit beſuchte, zeichnete er ſich durch Fleiß und glückliche Anlagen bereits vortheilhaft aus; denſelben Eifer bewies er ſpäter auf der Domſchule in Königsberg, von wo ihn jedoch die Peſt vertrieb, ſo wie auf den Gymnaſien zu Wittenberg und Magdeburg. Er kehrte 1626 über Hamburg und Danzig nach Königsberg zurück und ſtudirte daſelbſt Philoſophie und Theologie. 1633 ward er Collaborator, 1636 Conrector an der dortigen Domſchule, trug jedoch leider durch angeſtrengtes Arbeiten einen ſiechen Körper davon. Auf Veranlaſſung ſeines Freundes des bekannten Roberthin (S. d.) beſchäftigte er ſich mit poetiſchen Verſuchen, und ein Glückwunſch, welchen er dem Kurfürſten Friedrich Wilhelm dem Großen, bei deſſen Anweſenheit in Königsberg (1638) übergab, wurde ſo günſtig aufgenommen, daß Dach im folgenden Jahre die erledigte Profeſſur der Poeſie an der Königsberger Univerſität erhielt. Die Gnade ſeines Fürſten verblieb ihm; denn als er einſt denſelben in einer gereimten Supplick um etwas Ackerland bat, ward ihm das Gut Curheim zum Geſchenk gemacht. Nachdem er ſich 1641 verheirathet hatte, nahm ſein kränklicher, durch übertriebenen Fleiß herbeigeführter Zuſtand immer mehr zu, ſo daß er zuletzt nur wenige geſunde Augenblicke hatte, und ein ganzes Jahr lang vor ſeinem Tode das Bett hüten mußte. Er ſtarb an der Schwindſucht, den 15. April 1659.

Viele ſeiner poetiſchen Leiſtungen ſind Gelegenheitsgedichte und erſchienen einzeln. Dach ſelbſt ſammelte ſeine Gedichte nicht, wohl aber beſorgte nach ſeinem Tode ſeine Gattin eine (jedoch ſehr unvollſtändige) Ausgabe derſelben unter dem Titel:

Churbrandenburgiſche Roſe, Adler, Löw und Scepter von Simon Dachen poetiſch beſungen. Königsberg, ohne Jahrzahl, in 4.

Einzelne Gedichte Dach's finden ſich in folgenden gleichzeitigen gedruckten Sammlungen:

Heinrich Albert's Arien theils geiſtlicher, theils weltlicher Lieder. Königsberg, 1648. 8 Thle. (Dach's Lieder ſind hier gewöhnlich mit den Namen Chasmindo und Sichamond [Anagramme von Simon Dach] bezeichnet.)
Heinrich Albert's muſikaliſche Kürbshütte. Königsberg, 1651. Fol.
Gabriel Voigtländer allerhand Oden und Lieder mit Melodieen. Lübeck, 1650. Fol.
Herrn von Hoffmannswaldau und andrer Deutſchen auserleſener und bisher noch nie zuſammengedruckter Gedichte. 1.—6. Thl. Leipzig, 1697—1709.

Simon Dach iſt einer der glücklichſten und talentvollſten Dichter der Opitziſchen Schule. — Warmes Gefühl, im Herzen entſprungene Frömmigkeit und andächtiger Ernſt erwarben ſeinen geiſtlichen Poeſieen zu ihrer Zeit große Verehrung, ſo daß viele derſelben ſich noch lange als Kirchenlieder erhielten. In ſeinen weltlichen Dichtungen herrſcht eine ungeheuchelte, natürliche und wohlwollende Fröhlichkeit vor, welche belebend auf den Sinn des Leſers einwirkt; gewaltige poetiſche Begeiſterung darf man jedoch nicht bei ihm ſuchen. Seine Diction iſt einfach und wohlklingend, ſein Versbau correct und rein.

Auff Leßbien.*)

Leßbia, mein leben,
Hat ſich mir ergeben
Zu gewünſchter pflicht,
Ich will bey ihr ſtehen,
Biß ich werde gehen
Hin aus dieſem licht,
Was vor leid
Ich jederzeit
Um ſie hab ertragen müſſen,
Will ich itzt beſchlieſſen.

Die gewünſchten freuden,
So ſie vor mein leiden
Mir ertheilen will,
Soll kein leid beſchweren,
Ja ſie ſollen mehren
Ohne maaß und ziel:
Ihre zier
Will einig mir,
Ich in allen liebes-fällen
Zu gebothe ſtellen.

Aller pracht und prangen
Ihrer ſüſſen wangen,
Ihr corallen-mund:
Ihre zarten hände,
Ihrer armen bände
Sind mir nun vergunt:
Ehe muß
Ein überfluß,
Als ein mangel in den ſachen
Mich verdroſſen machen.

Sind im obſt viel kerne,
Viel am himmel ſterne,
Wirfft der Nord viel ſchnee:
Sind viel rauhe wellen
Wenn die winde bellen
Auff der wilden ſee:
Wehe ſind loß,
Ich weiß gewiß,
Die ſie mir zum liebes-zeichen
Wird mit willen reichen.

Solt ich ſolcher maſſen
Mich gereuen laſſen
Meiner ſorg und pein!
Wer auff ſein verdrieſſen
Diß hat zu genieſſen
Kan nicht elend ſeyn:
Elend kan
Nicht ſeyn der mann,
Dem ſein lied auff alles leiden
Lohnet mit ſolchen freuden.

An Dorinden.

Komm, Dorinde, laß uns eilen,
Nim der zeiten gut in acht,
Angeſehen das verweilen
Selten groſſen nutz gebracht,
Aber weißlich fortgeſetzt
Hat ſo manches paar ergötzt.

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*) Aus der Hoffmannswaldauſchen Gedichtſammlung. 5. Thl. Glückſtadt und Leipzig. 1704.

Wir ſind in den frühlings-jahren,
    Laſt uns die gelegenheit
Forn ergreiffen bey den haaren,
    Eben auf dieſe märzen-zeit,
Da ſich himmel, ſee und land
Knüpffen in ein heyraths-band.

Wenn ſich die natur verjünget,
    Liegt in liebe krank und wund,
Alles ſich zu nehmen zwinget,
    Thut ſie frey den menſchen kund,
Daß ſich er, die kleine welt,
Billich nach der großen hält.

Still zu ſeyn von faſt und rüſchen,
    Von dem leichten heer der lufft,
Da ſich jedes will vermiſchen,
    Jedes ſeines gleichen rufft,
Hört man in den wäldern nicht
Wie ſich baum und baum beſpricht.

An den Birken, an den Linden,
    An den Eichen nimmt man wahr,
Wie ſich äſt und äſte binden,
    Alles machet offenbahr
Durch das rauſchen, ſo es übt,
Daß es ſey, wie wir verliebt.

Luſt betrübt, die man verſchiebet,
    Dieſer eyfer, dieſer brand,
Dieſe jugend, ſo uns treibet,
    Hat nicht ewig den beſtand,
Zeigt ſich wind und vogel leicht,
Iſt geflügelt, kommt und weicht.

An eine Nymfe.

Nymfe, gib mir ſelbſt den mund,
Es wird mir dein hertze kund,
Nicht mit deiner armen band,
Der gewünſchten liebe pfand.

Denn ſo lange du noch nicht
Mir geberden wirſt, mein licht,
Wird dein lieben nur ein ſchein,
Und vor nichts zu achten ſeyn.

Treue lieb iſt jederzeit
Zu gehorſamen bereit,
Hat ihr thun gerichtet hin
Auf des liebſten hertz und ſinn.

Glut bricht von ſich ſelbſt hervor,
Und ſteigt ihre flamm empor,
Wo ſich rauch und dampf nur find,
Muß vergehn durch lufft und wind.

Schämſtu aber dich vor mir;
Es gedencke, meine zier,
Daß ich dein bin, was du biſt,
Und werd itzt nicht erſt erkieſt.

Wo ich mich, gleich wie du wohl,
Auch mit andern ſchämen ſoll;
Würde nicht die gantze welt
In gar kurtzer zeit gefällt!

Venus hat ſich, wie bekant,
Zum Adonis ſelbſt gewandt,
Und mit ihm ſo manche nacht
In der liebe zugebracht.

Komm, der mond am firmament
Hat ſich ſchon zu uns gewendt,
Komm, die nacht kömmt auch heran,
Da ſich küſſet, was nur kan.

Morgen, hör ich, wilſt du fort
Von uns an ein frembdes ort,
Und wer weiß auf welchen tag
Ich dich wieder ſprechen mag.

Darum hertz mich ohne ſcheu,
Daß ich deiner indenck ſey,
Ich bitt einmahl noch itzund,
Nymfe gib mir ſelbſt den mund.

An Dorinden.

Dorinde die verließ mit mir,
    Ich ſolt in dieſem garten
    Ein wenig ihrer warten,
So ſitz ich hier, verſchmachte ſchier,
Wo bleibſt du doch mein ſüſſes leben?
    Säum nicht, mein ſonnenſchein,
    Mit äpffeln wart ich dein,
Und trauben von den beſten reben.

Hie, wo der baum uns ſchatten giebt,
    Die winde lieblich wehen,
    Und meinen kummer ſehen,
Soll ſeyn was mir und dir beliebt,
Ich habe graß hieher getragen;
    Ich weiß von keiner ruh,
    Es mangelt nichts, als du,
Daß mich nicht über untreu klagen.

Ach mutter! haltet ihr ſie an,
    So will ich euch beſchweren
    Bey meiner gluth und zehren,
Bey allem, was euch lieb ſeyn kan,
Bey ihren ſittſamen geberden,
    Bey ihrem jungen blut,
    Und tugendhafften muth
Der alles zwingt, was lebt auf erden,

Biß daß ihr laſt mein troſt und licht;
    Ich aber will indeſſen
    Nur ihre zier ermeſſen,
Die mein und mich dazu zerbricht,
Betrügt mich aber mein verlangen,
    So ſoll nach langer noth
    An dieſem ort der tod
An ihrer ſtatt mich doch umfangen.

Lob der rechtzeitigen Heyrath.

Wohl dem, der ſich beyzeiten,
    Auf ſüſſe heyrath lenckt,
Und mit geehrten leuten
    Gern zu befreunden denckt,
Und faßt ein menſch zu hertzen,
Das wider alle ſchmertzen
    Ihm ruh und freude ſchenckt!

Der ſelbſt mit ſich vertragen,
    Und auch zugleich mit Gott,
Er trutzt in böſen tagen
    Der höllen gantze rott,
Und hält des glückes ſachen,
Die uns ſonſt irre machen
    Getroſt für einen ſpott.

Er ſchlieſſet ſich den armen
    Der liebſten hertzlich ein,
Und weiß hie zu erwarmen,
    Auch wär es ertzt und ſtein,
Läſt lufft und himmel ſtürmen,
Weil er ſich kan beſchirmen,
    Und fern von kummer ſeyn.

Gedult lehrt ihn geleiten
    Die angſt, die auf ihn fällt
Er weiß, daß nur mit leiden
    Kein ſtand ſich unterhält;
Wer alle müh und leiden
Aus zärtlichkeit will meiden,
    Der fliehe dieſe welt.

Der ſorgen ſchaar auf erden
    Umringt nur jederman;
Will ihm was ſchwerer werden,
    Als er ertragen kan,

Macht ihm den muth zu trübe;
Sein mitgenoß, die liebe
Tritt wacker mit ihm an.

Für ſeiner liebſten ſinnen,
Und was ihn ſonſt ergötzt
Wird er der noth kaum innen,
Wie ſtarck ſie an ihn ſetzt.
Er ſieht in luſt verſencket
Die alles, was ihn kräncket,
Ihm aus dem ſinne ſchwätzt.

Er macht mit dem beſcheide
Der heyrath feſten ſchluß,
Daß unmuth neben freude
Ihm ſtets begegnen muß,
Und weiß in zuvertrauen
Auf ſeinen Gott zu bauen,
Der hält auch bey ihm fuß.

Wer will, mag einſam bleiben,
Des armen lebens-ziel
Iſt dennoch: ſich beweiben.
Man ſey auch nicht zuviel!
Gott will ſein volck erhalten,
Den läßt ein weiſer walten,
Und freyt, wenn er will.

Lob der Liebe.

O liebe, hertzen-binder,
Du herr der freundlichkeit
Und aller guten zeit,
Du zwietracht überwinder,
Du groſſer wohlfahrt-heger
Wie daß die gantze welt
Dir hin zu fuſſe fällt,
Und folget deinem läger!

Wie weiſt du einzuſperren
Des ſcepters gantze macht!
Dir dient der cronen-pracht,
Der knecht auch ſamt dem herren.
Das alter wird geriſſen
Zwar an dein ſtrenges joch,
Die tugend pflegſt du doch
Im weiſſen einzuſchlieſſen.

Du wagſt dich in die wangen
Der frauen-bilder hin,
Und führſt den ſtarcken ſinn
Der männer ſo gefangen.
Was keine macht kann brechen,
Kein ſtrahl, kein fallend bley,
Was keine tyranney,
Weiſt endlich du zu ſchwächen.

Du haſt die welt gelehret
Das, was ſie gutes hat,
Daher auch dorff und ſtadt
Dir billich zugehöret:
Daß wir die felder bauen,
Nach ehr und gütern ſtehn,
Tief in das erdreich gehn,
Und wind und wellen trauen.

Wodurch wir zugenommen,
Ja aller pracht und zier
Muß eigentlich von dir,
Du weltbereicher, kommen.
Du endeſt angſt und leiden;
Greifſt du, o amor! an
Und hilffſt, ſo träget man
Des creutzes laſt mit freuden.

Durch dich muß alles werden
Was vieh und menſchen noth,
Ohn dich kommt weder brodt,
Noch weinwachs aus der erden:
Wie ſchön die vögel ſingen,
Wie fröhlich thut das meer,
Der wilde ſchaar, das heer
Der thier im walde ſpringen;

Wie luſtig ſich mit tantzen
Das volck der ſternen macht,
Wie helle bey der nacht
Sie um den mond her glänzen;
Wie ſchnell der ſonnenräder,
Wie lieblich lufft und wind,
Wie angenehm uns ſind
Die brunnen, flüſſe, bäder.

Doch wäre nichts zu ſpüren
Von allem, was man kennt,
Wenn du das regiment
Nicht, liebe, ſolteſt führen.
Glückſelig iſt die ſtunde,
Kriegt anders zeit die ſtatt
Da gott gezeugt dich hat,
Aus ſeines hertzen grunde.

Man hat von keinen plagen
Da irgends wo gewuſt
Und nur von lauter luſt
Und freude können ſagen;
Da war kein haß vorhanden,
Kein argwohn und kein ſtreit,
Fried und gerechtigkeit
Sind um dich her geſtanden.

Man ſieht noch itzund leben
Und groſſes wohlergehn
In allen ecken ſtehn,
Wo du dich hinbegeben.
So komm nun dein begnügen
Umſchließ auch dieſes paar
In eintracht immerdar,
Die ehlich itzt ſich fügen.

Du biſt es, den wir ſingen,
Du und das wahre guth,
Der uns das liebſte thut,
Gott ſelbſt für allen dingen:
Wir werden angetrieben
Zu ſagen: er allein
Muß ſelbſt die liebe ſeyn,
Die er ſo rein kan üben.

O ſeelig ſeelig wären
Wir menſchen allerſeit!
Die wir durch haß und ſtreit
Erbärmlich uns verzehren,
Wenn doch auch uns die liebe,
Die alles hie und da,
Und ſelbſt den himmel, ja
Im meiſten gott treibt, triebe.

Lob derſelben.

Es ſtünde mit der erden,
Wenn lieben ſolte werden
Von menſchen abgethan,
Als wenn der ſonnen-wagen
Dem leuchten wolt entſagen
Auf ſeiner himmels-bahn.

Denn, iſt auch zu ermeſſen,
Was täglich wird gefreſſen
Für volck, durch krieg und ſchwerdt,
Und was hierfür noch blieben,
Muß ſonſt, wie rauch verſtieben,
Durch peſt und brand verheert.

Man fährt in groſſen ſchaaren,
Nach ſo viel tauſend jahren,
Noch durch des Carons meer,
Doch ſind da keine wellen,
Die einen noch zur ſtellen
Hier brächten wieder her.

Die ſonne geht zwar nieder,
Kommt aber täglich wieder:
Der wald läßt ſeine tracht,
Doch wird er wieder glänzen,
So bald im friſchen lentzen
Die ſonn ihn angelacht.

Wie ſich der mond verlohren,
So wird er auch gebohren;
Das meer laufft ab und zu:
Der aber kommt nicht wieder,
Der ſich nur einmahl nieder
Legt zu der langen ruh.

Die welt wär untergangen,
Da ſie kaum angefangen,
In ihrer kindheit ſchon,
Daß aber ſie noch lebet,
Auch noch zu leben ſtrebet,
Diß iſt der liebe lohn.

Sie kan alleine machen,
Was nur von ſchönen ſachen
Wird irgend angeſchaut,
Durch ſie hat müſſen werden
Der himmel ſammt der erden,
Fluth, lufft und gluth erbaut.

Daß ſich ein wald verjünget,
Daß hie ein vogel ſinget,
Daß hie wird wild geſpürt,
Daß bäume früchte hegen,
Daß graß wächſt durch den regen
Die liebe ſolches rührt.

Wenn alles diß zuſammen
Durch hitz und macht der flammen
Wird werden rauch und wind,
Wird doch die liebe ſtehen,
Und ewig nicht vergehen,
Weil Gott ſie ſelbſt entzündt.

Er wird durch ſie getrieben,
Die ewiglich zu lieben,
Die er ihm hat erwehlt
Eh als die welt gegründet,
Mit allem was man findet,
Eh als man ſtunden zehlt.

Alsdenn wird man erkennen
Was wir nur traum itzt nennen,
Wie ſehr er uns geliebt
Wie er ſich uns verbunden,
Wenn er durch ſeine wunden
Uns ihm ſelbſt wieder giebt.

Was ſey vom himmel ſteigen,
Sich vor dem menſchen neigen,
Den er ſelbſt hat gemacht:
Was ſey froſt, hitz erleiden
Durſt, hunger, ſchmach und neiden,
Von ſündern ſeyn verlacht.

Demnach der ſich ergeben
Im liebes-joch zu leben,
Der irret gäntzlich nicht,
Wenn er ſich nur nicht müdet
Am joch der unzucht ziehet,
Die auſſer dieſer pflicht.

Die böſe luſt verſchwindet,
An welcher ſtatt ſich findet
Leid, ſeelen-weh und ſchand,
Ein ehlich leben bleibet,
Leid traurigkeit vertreibet,
Bringt gutt gerücht im land.

Ich acht halb derer leben,
Die ſich nicht weiter geben,
Und müſſen ſo davon:
Der ſeinen gutten nahmen
Hie erbt auff ſeinen ſamen!
Der lebt, und ſtirb er ſchon.

Phyllis Lobſpruch.

O Ihr vormals grünes feld,
O ihr büſch und auen,
Der mein pallaſt und gezelt,
Itzt ein ödes grauen,
O ihr bäche, die ihr klar
Hin zu rauſchen pfleget
Da, wo Pann der Nymphen-ſchaar
Offtmals hat verjaget.

Meine Phyllis zwingt mich euch
Gutte nacht zu geben,
Ihr ſeyd traurig, kalt und bleich,
Sie iſt gantz mein leben,
Euch iſt durch des herbſtes noth
Alle pracht vergangen,
Sie iſt weiß und ſonnen-roth
Auff den friſchen wangen.

Bey euch ſtürmt es ohne ruh
Und in allen holen,
Phyllis webt ein theil mir zu
Ihrer edlen ſeelen;
Bey euch muß ohn unterlaß
Sich die lufft ergieſſen,
Sie wird nur von thränen naß
Um die nachtzeit flieſſen.

Keine ſonne lacht mich an,
Ihr geſicht von fernen
Iſt: was mich ergetzen kan,
Trotz den lichten ſternen,
Ich will in der Phyllis ſchooß
Steten frühling führen,
Bey euch möcht ich nackt und bloß
In der kält erfrieren.

Darum ſoll nur ſie allein
Mir an ſtatt der felder
Und an ſtatt der berge ſeyn,
Hier ſind meine wälder:
Meine blumen ſind allhie,
Wo ich ohne leiden
Meine ſeele ſpät und früh
Sicher werde weiden.

Kein betrübtes ſinnen-weh
Soll mich hie erſchrecken,
Ihrer weiſſen armen-ſchnee
Wird mich treulich decken,
Mein verliebtes Hertze ſoll
Zwiſchen ihren brüſten,
Als den hügeln, welche voll
Süſſer freude, niſten.

Dieſes iſt mein kayſerthum,
Diß ſind meine ſchätze,
Was hat ſonſt bey mir den ruhm,
Daß es mich ergetze?
Dieſes iſt das rechte ziel
Meiner müh auff erden,
Was mein hertz gedenkt und will,
Muß mir Phyllis werden.

Zeugt ein kauffmann hin und her
Ueber ſtock und ſteine,
Durch die klippen, durch das meer,
Durch die wüſten haine,
Was er ſuchet für und für,
Und ich mag gedenken,
Muß mir meiner Phyllis zier
Reicher vorath ſchenken.

Viel erzwingen ihre luſt
Auff den wilden kriegen,
Da ſie offt in reiff und froſt
Unterm himmel liegen;
Unterm himmel darff ich nicht
Reiff und froſt ertragen,
Gleichwohl giebet mir mein licht
Warum ſie ſich plagen.

Die ſind über leut und land
Reich an ſchönen ſtädten,
Dieſe muß der flüſſe rand,
Die das meer anbeten;
Meine Phyllis, die mich hält,
Kan mich reicher machen,
Sie iſt mir die gantze welt
Bey gar ſchlechten ſachen.

Andre ſollen immer bis
In des glückes füſſen,
Es um ehr, aus eitlem ſinn
Freundlich zu begrüſſen,
Nun ſich meiner Phyllis gunſt
An mir hat verliebet,
Iſt mir aller ruhm ein dunſt,
Den das glücke giebet.

Bey der Phyllis hab ich mich,
Weisheit, dir vermählet,
Der hat alles, welcher dich
Klüglich ihm erwehlet,
Du bey meiner Phyllis biſt,
Die mich vor den blitzen,
So des glückes eigen iſt,
Kräfftig weiß zu ſchützen.

Phyllis, mein gewünſchtes guth,
Meine zier und krone,
Du, in derer milch und bluth
Ich am meiſten wohne,
Komm, uns will an ſolchen ort
Venus ſelber leiten,
Wo uns keines glückes mord
Soll noch kan beſtreiten.

Urſprung ſeiner Liebe
zu Galatheen.

Itzund beben wald und feld
Wieder an zu klagen,
Denn es will die grimme kält
Alle luſt verjagen,
Boreas pfeifft, ſaußt und rufft,
Hie und wieder in der lufft,
Fället alle blätter
Durch ſein ſtrenges wetter.

O wiewohl pflag mir zu ſeyn,
Wenn mich bey dem brunnen
Venus thäte vor dem ſchein
Und dem feur der ſonnen,
Wenn ich alles kummers loß
Lag in ihrer zarten ſchoß,
Wenn ich alles tichten
Pflag auff ſie zu richten.

Manchen ſchönen vers hat ſie
Selbſt mir vorgeſchrieben,
Amor hat mit mir allhie
Offt die zeit vertrieben,
Er warff ſeinen köcher hin
Sambt dem bogen in das grün,
Und ſaß bey mir nieder
Hörte meine lieder.

Ich ſang: wie vor ſeiner liſt
Jeder müſt erliegen,
Wie ſein reich und himmel iſt
Uber alles ſiegen,
Venus ſagt, Adonis ſein
Solte mein gedichte ſeyn,
Dem ſie ſich ergeben
Eh er kam umbs leben.

Ich empfing darauf von ihr
Einen kranz von myrten,
Hiemit trach mein lob herfür
Unter allen hirten,
Amor aber vor ſein theil
Drückt in mich ein ſcharffen pfeil,
Deſſen ich noch ſchmertzen
Fühl in meinem hertzen.

Galathee, du preiß und ehr
Aller ſchäfferinnen,
Dich muß ich je mehr und mehr
Damals lieb gewinnen:
Ach wie manche liebe nacht
Hab ich ſchlafflos hingebracht,
Und dir, o mein leben,
Mich zu Dienſt ergeben.

Meiner heerde hab ich nie
Wegen dein geachtet,
Und nur dir mit höchſter müh
Immer nachgetrachtet,
Ja es ſteht anitzt noch kaum
In dem wald, ein einig baum,
Da nicht iſt geſchrieben,
Wie ich pflag zu lieben.

Als ſich Venus mir verſprach
Hülffe zu gewehren,
So genß ich allgemach
Meiner augen zehren
Wuſch ſie ab mit eigner hand,
Und verlöſchte meinen brand,
Heilte meine wunden,
Die ich hatt empfunden.

Sonſten war mein auffenthalt
Nirgend nicht zu finden,
Als nur durch den grünen wald,
Bey den hohen linden,
Ein ſchön quell, ein friſches graß,
Liebet ich ohn unterlaß,
Da ich dann geſungen,
Daß die bäum erklungen.

Aber nun der Norden-wind
Alles hin will reiſſen,
Und mit froſt und ſchnee beginnt
Um ſich her zu ſchmeiſſen,
Muß in höchſter traurigkeit
Ich verbringen meine zeit
Weit von ſolchem leben,
Das uns Wälder geben.

Doch, Amintas, wer wie du
Sich ſo wohl verſehen,
Und ergreifft die ſüſſe ruh,
Der läſt immer wehen
Alles wetter zu ihm ein,
Nichts mag ihm beſchwerlich ſeyn.
Mitten in den winden
Kan er ruhe finden.

Darum muß dich jedermann
Für glückſelig halten;
Wer ſo liebt, derſelbe kan
Kaum im tod erkalten.
Rechte treue liebe macht
Hitz aus kälte, tag aus nacht,
Kehret alles leiden
In gewünſchte freuden.

Ermahnung zur Keuſchheit.

Die habt ihr, ihr jungfrauen,
Was ohne ſchein und liſt
Recht werth an euch zu ſchauen,
Und höchſt zu lieben iſt:
Ihr mögt durch ſchöne jugend
Gefallen, wenn ihr wollt,
Der keuſchheit güldnen tugend
Sind GOtt und menſchen hold.

Ihr lob kan feſt feſt beſtehen,
Und hält beharrlich feſt,
Wenn alle pracht vergehen,
Und flüchtig werden muß.
Der wangen farb und leben
Wird ausgeſtrichen ſeyn,
Wenn ehr und zucht wird geben
Den allerbeſten ſchein.

Legt die an dieſe wahre,
Die nicht verderben kan,
Das theure gold der jahre,
Die zarte jugend an,
Seht, daß ihr eure ſeele
Mit ihren farben mahlt,
Durch die des leibes höle
Wird ſonnen-klahr beſtrahlt.

Wiſt ihr heraus zu ſtreichen
  Den leib, der erde trägt,
So werd auch ſchmuck ingleichen
  Dem hertzen angelegt;
Daß nicht den ſack der motten,
  Die haut, und das gebein,
Das endlich muß verrotten
  Mehr als die ſeele ſeyn.

Er lobet Sie.

Mein kind, dich müſſen leute lieben,
  Vor welchen ich ein ſchatten bin;
  Drum wundert mich es, daß dein ſinn
Zu meiner einfalt wird getrieben;
  Es pfleget itzt ja zu geſchehn,
  Daß alle nur auff hoheit ſehn.

Ich weiß mich ſo nicht auszuputzen
  Wie itzt die geile jugend thut,
  Und die ihr väterliches gut
Im halben jahr offt gantz verſtutzen;
  Was hoch und über ſtands-gebühr,
  Da eckelt meiner ſeelen für.

Wie ſchlecht ich auch herein mag gehen,
  So ſchämeſt du dennoch, mein licht,
  Dich nimmer meiner liebe nicht;
Du darffſt es öffentlich geſtehen!
  Und ſagſt durch keines zwang und trieb:
  Ja, ja, mein kind, ich hab euch lieb.

Ich hab es Venus wiſſen laſſen,
  Sie hat es Amor kund gethan,
  Sie haben ihre luſt daran,
Und lieben dich auch beſter maſſen,
  Daß du, o frommer ſeelen luſt,
  So treu und redlich bey mir thuſt.

Gehabt euch wohl ihr ſtoltzen pfauen,
  Ich kenn und liebe wenig gold,
  Und dennoch iſt mir treu und hold
Die zier und krone der jungfrauen,
  Die mehr auff ein berühmtes lied,
  Als auff vergüldte kleider ſieht.

Die tugendhaffte Lidia.

Auff! ihr meine güldne ſeiten,
  Raffet meinen geiſt von hier,
  Lidia will neben mir
Über lufft und himmel ſchreiten,
  Iſt durch meiner ſinnen macht
  Auff ein ewigs lob bedacht.

Sie erkennt, daß pracht und jugend
  Wie ein dampff verrauchen muß,
  Darum ſtellt ſie ihren fuß,
Auff den pfad ſtandhaffter tugend,
  Wil durch meiner gaben ſchein
  Immer jung und ſchöne ſeyn.

Schau, ich reiſſe mich von hinnen!
  Sey befeelt, o meine hand!
  Fleuch, du feuriger verſtand
Über des geſtirnes zinnen,
  Suche da hinauff zu gehn,
  Wo diß ſchöne menſch ſoll ſtehn.

Ihre ſonnen-rothe wangen,
  Ihrer augen güldnes licht
  Und ihr himmel-rund geſicht,
Soll die neue pracht erlangen,
  Pracht, die ewig nicht verblüht
  Und nicht herbſt noch winter ſieht.

Freue dich, du preiß der ſchönen,
  Die ſoll deiner gaben ſchaar
  Sich vor aller zeit gefahr
Mit der ewigkeit bekrönen:
  Keine feindliche gewalt
  Soll dir rauben die geſtalt.

Dieſes, was ich von dir ſchreibe,
  Hebt mein Phoebus ſelber auff,
  Daß es von der zeiten lauff
Ewig unbetaſtet bleibe,
  Legt es bey, wo gluth und wind
  Erd und ſee verbannet ſind.

Starcke wälle, thürn und mauren
  Fallen mit den jahren ein,
  Ertzt und eiſen, ſtahl und ſtein,
Können vor der zeit nicht tauren,
  Aber deine pracht und zier
  Lidia, bleibt für und für.

An den leichtſinnigen Thyrſis.

  Was von mir dein leichter ſinn
Thyrſis, zu begehren ſcheinet,
  Geb ich dir, und keinem, hin,
Der mich nicht in ehren meinet,
  Keinem, der mich nur durch liſt
  Auffzuſetzen willens iſt.

  Schweine lieben ſchlam und koth,
Eulen, nacht und wüſte hölen;
  Was ſucht ihr gefahr und tod
Hie in meiner keuſchen ſeelen,
  Der, an ſtatt verfluchter luſt,
  Gott und tugend iſt bewuſt!

  Weg mit eurem ſeiten-ſpiel,
Welches ihr, mir zugefallen
  Auff der ſtraſſen ohne ziel
Laſſet abendlich erſchallen!
  Solche worte, ſolch gethön
  Führet die helliſche Syren.

  Iſt denn meiner haare gold
Meiner wangen licht und leben
  Euch zu dienen, wie ihr wollt,
Mir zu hohn und ſpott gegeben?
  Nein, der ſchönheit eigenthum
  Steht auff einer keuſchheit ruhm.

  Ey wie würde meine zier
So ein ſchönes lob erlangen,
  Solt ein ſolcher, gleich wie ihr,
Schon mit ihrem raube prangen:
  Was iſt deren roſen ſchein
  Welche ſchon berühret ſeyn!

Auff ihren Abſchied.

O ihr anfang meiner freuden!
  Dem mein hertz ſich untergiebt,
Müſt ihr eben von mir ſcheiden,
  Da euch meine ſeele liebt!
  Gebt ihr mir ſchon gute nacht,
  Nun ihr erſt mich auffgebracht!

Könnet ihr kein mittel finden,
  Das euch hie behalten kan?
Sagt was von den rauhen winden,
  Von dem kalten winter-mann,
  Der ſolch ungemach erregt,
  Und ſo ſehr zu ſtürmen pflegt.

Sollet ihr zu lande reiſen,
  So gedenckt der krieges-gluth.
Redet ſtets von brand und eiſen,
  Von der mörder wilden muth,
  Sagt: es ſey zu land und meer
  Itzt das gröſſeſte beſchwer.

Klaget über eure glieder,
  Sprecht: es ſey euch koſt und tranck
Zugenieſſen, gantz zu wider,
  Offt genöthigt und durch zwang!
  Viele hat zu ſeiner zeit,
  Kranck zu liegen nicht gereut.

Treue lieb iſt allermaſſen
Witzig, ſinnreich und gelehrt,
Kan mit jedem griff erfaſſen,
Was die klügſten auch bethört.
Wer nicht wohl zu dichten weiß,
Hat im lieben keinen preiß.

Er wünſchet zu heyrathen.

Soll denn mein junges leben,
Da alles liebt und freyt,
Alleine ſich ergeben
Der langen einſamkeit?
Bleibt denn die freud und luſt
Der ſchleyer-weiſſen bruſt
Nach der wir alle ſtreben
Mir ewig unbewuſt?

Die würme, die nur ſchleichen,
Die ſchnellen ſich im meer,
Das wild in den geſträuchen,
Der vogel leichtes heer,
Und was ſich in der welt
Durch lufft und fluth erhält,
Kriegt jedes ſeines gleichen,
So bald es ihm gefällt.

Nur ich muß nicht genieſſen
Worauff diß leben geht,
Das glück wil mir verſchlieſſen,
Was andern offen ſteht;
Der frühling meiner zeit
Iſt ferne ſchon von hier,
Gleich wie die bäche flüſſen,
So eilt mein herbſt zu mir.

Ich aber muß noch bleiben
So, wie ich vormahls war,
Soll nimmer mich beweiben,
Mit keiner ſeyn ein paar;
Das ſüſſe wangen roth
Soll nimmer mir die noth
Der einſamkeit vertreiben,
Solch leben iſt ein tod.

Du königin, Diane,
Von der es einig rühret,
Daß meiner zeiten krone
Mir keine luſt gebühret;
Iſt diß der liebe danck
Die ich mein lebenlang
Von dir und deinem ſohne
In meine laute ſang?

Es hat mich nie gefangen,
Was mir verbothen iſt,
Bin nie dem nachgegangen,
Was leib und ſeele büßt;
Mit keiner wilden brunſt
Nur eines menſchen gunſt
In ehren zu erlangen
Verſucht ich alle kunſt.

Soll ich mir denn erſt rathen,
Wenn ſchon mein winter ſchneit,
Was thu ich denn vor thaten
Im ſüſſen liebes-ſtreit?
Wer jung iſt, liebe den krieg,
Ein alter bleibt zurück,
Denn ſolcher art ſoldaten
Erhalten ſchlechten ſieg.

Nein, itzund will ich haben
Was auff mein leiden dient,
Weil noch die ſüſſe trauben
Und noch mein alter grünt;
Komm Grant, ſchenck mich ein,
Der liebſten, die ich mein,
Ich will von deinen gaben
Recht ſatt und truncken ſeyn.

Heyraths-Gedanken.

Soll ſich der menſch, die kleine welt,
Itzt nicht auff ſüſſe heyrath lencken,
Muß doch das prächtige gezelt
Der groſſen nur an liebe dencken!

Die erd iſt ſauber und beleckt
Durch den gewünſchten ſchein der ſonnen,
Iſt ihres winter-fells entdeckt,
Und wird vom himmel lieb gewonnen;

Der ſich herab in ihren ſchooß
Durch einen warmen regen machet,
Und ſchwängert ihren dürren kloß,
Daß alles fröhlich ſteht und lachet.

Was aus der lufft den ackersmann
Mit ſingen tröſtet und erfreuet,
Spricht lieblich eins das ander an,
Und wird zugleichen gleich getrauet.

Die heerde treibt den hirten fort
Der Galatheen nachzulauffen,
Nun braucht ſich itzt der beſten wort,
Ihr Nymphen, eure gunſt zu kauffen.

Das meiſte, welches auffenthalt
Nur in den wellen iſt zu finden,
In hügel, berge, wild und wald,
Muß itzt in liebe ſich verbinden.

Der menſch, ein auszug dieſer welt,
Wird vieler ſchuld entledigt bleiben
Wenn er ſich dem gemäß verhält,
Was lufft, ſee, erd und himmel treiben.

Die beſte Zeit zum lieben.

Die ſonne rennt mit prangen
Durch ihre frühlings-bahn,
Und lacht mit ihren wangen
Den runden welt-kreiß an.

Der himmel kömmt zur erden,
Er wärmt und macht ſie naß,
Drum muß ſie ſchwanger werden,
Gebiehret laub und graß.

Der weſt-wind läſt ſich hören,
Die Flora, ſeine braut,
Aus liebe zu verehren
Mit blumen, graß und kraut.

Die vögel kommen alle
Aus fremden ländern her,
Und hengen nach den lüſten;
Die ſchiffe gehn im meer,

Der ſchäfer hebt zu ſingen
Von ſeiner Phyllis an,
Die welt geht wie im ſpringen,
Es freut ſich, was nur kan.

Drum wer anitzt zu lieben,
Ein gutes mittel hat,
Der flieh es auffzuſchieben,
Und folge guten rath.

Weil alles, was ſich reget,
In dem es ſich verliebt,
Und ſich zu gleichen leget,
Hiezu uns anlaß giebt.

Braut-Tanz.

Die ihr itzt ſeyd erſchienen
Zu unſrer freundligkeit,
Was kann auch beſſer dienen
Bey dieſer kalten zeit,
Als daß ihr theils im tantzen,
Euch übt, wie ich zwar thu,
Theils auch mit güldner ſchantzen
Setzt auff einander zu!

Ihr jungfern und geſellen
Man fordert euch hervor,
Kommt, kommt euch einzuſtellen,
Es winckt der gantze chor,
Und ſagen die ſchallmeyen,
Daß diß der braut-tanz ſey,
Ihr ſteht im erſten reyen,
Kommt, findet euch herbey.

Hat jemand nun im hertzen
Beſchloſſen, die er liebt,
Der thu er kunt die ſchmertzen
Und was ihn nur betrübt,
Die mag er ſich beſprechen,
So gut er immer kan,
Er ſage ſein gebrechen
Getroſt der liebſten an.

Er rede mit den augen,
Mit ſeuffzen ohne ziel,
Und was zum vortrab taugen
Mag in dem liebes-ſpiel,
Durch ſüſſes hände-küſſen,
Und was ihm ſonſt bekant
Laß er der liebſten wiſſen,
Der liebe groſſen brand.

Dann euch ihr herrn und frauen,
Die ihr uns gutes gönnt,
Kommt, laſſet itzund ſchauen,
Daß ihr auch tantzen könnt,
Legt eurem gram was nieder,
Den ſchlauen lebens-dieb,
Offt haben alte glieder
Noch junge ſtarckheit lieb.

Die aber nicht zu lencken
Noch auffzubringen ſeyn,
Die laſſen ſich beſchencken
Mit gutem bier und wein,
Geht, Blaſien, ſchenckt die wandel
Der gläſer friſch und voll,
Ihr wiſt in dieſem handel
Des hofes ordnung wohl.

Verzeiht mir doch daneben
Ihr herren, daß ich geh,
Ihr ſeht, mir winckt mein leben,
Weil ich im tantze ſteh,
Ich geb euch zu erkennen,
Nehmt ihr es ab an euch,
Ob nicht mein hertz mag brennen,
Dem lattich-feuer gleich.

In der ſich meine ſeele
Hat gantz und gar verirrt,
Von der mich kaum die höle
Des grabes trennen wird:
Solt ich mit der nicht tantzen!
So hielt es dieſen ſchein,
Als ſolte ſchon das pflantzen
Der lieb erſtorben ſeyn!

So lang es, meine ſonne,
Mir warm zu hertzen geht,
Solt ihr ſeyn meine wonne,
Ich hab in mir erhöht
Ein ſchloß für euch, darinnen
Ihr ewig herrſchen ſolt,
Sie könnt ihr meinen ſinnen
Gebieten, wie ihr wolt.

So laſt euch nun zu ehren,
Uns, und der gantzen ſchaar
Ihr muſicanten hören,
Und macht es offenbahr:
Daß mich vor allem leiden
Die lieb iezt hat verſchanzt,
Und daß in ſolchen freuden
Ich nie vorhin getanzt.

Aria.

Himmel! was vor bitterkeit
Heget doch die ſüſſe liebe!
Heute helle, morgen trübe
Iſt ihr beſtes ehren-kleid.
Himmel, was vor bitterkeit
Heget doch die ſüſſe liebe!

Auff den Durchl. Hochgeb. Fürſten und Herrn, Georg Wilhelmen, Churfürſten zu Brandenburg ꝛc.

Was iſt Clio dein beginnen
Sambt den andern Pierinnen!
Was kömmt unſre ſeiten an!
Welcher held iſt, dem zu ehren
Phoebus ſich ſo ſcharff läſt hören,
Und ſo künſtlich als er kan!

Das biſt du, troſt unſrer zeiten,
Dich erhebet theils der ſeiten,
Theils der ſtimmen voller thon
Held Georg, dir zugefallen,
Läſſet Cinthius erſchallen
Seinen gantzen Helicon.

Mein lob, ſagt er, meine wonne,
Grünt durch deſſen gnaden-ſonne,
Wird durch deſſen gunſt gehegt,
Den ihm Brandenburg gebohren,
Und zum Fürſten-licht erkohren,
Der des reiches ſcepter trägt.

Deutſchland iſt für meinen orden
Jetzt zu rauch und öde worden,
Zwingt die kunſt verjagt zu ſeyn,
Sie in ſeinem werthen lande,
An des kühlen Pregels rande,
Räumt er ihr ein ort noch ein.

Diß ſein Königsberg und Preuſſen
Kan der Muſen wohnhauß heiſſen,
Seiner gnaden linder Oſt
Läſt hiedurch ein ſanfftes wehen,
Unſer rechtes wachsthum ſehen;
Schafft uns nahrung, hülff und troſt.

Hie muß ſich mit kühlen flüſſen
Hippocrene ſelbſt ergüſſen,
Mein Parnaß ragt hie hervor,
Hie kan Socrates gebiethen,
Und die kunſt des Stagiriten
Hebet hie das haupt empor.

Plato, Tullius, Euclides,
Maro, Flaccus, Aristides
Und der arzte Fürſt Galen
Kriegen hie ein neues leben,
Ja man ſieht hie ſich erheben
Paläſtinen, Rom, Athen.

Nun für ſolche huld und gnade,
Die mein ſchiff an das geſtade
Aus dem ſturm und wellen nimmt,
Wird ihm billich lobgeſungen,
Billich wird von unſern zungen
Ihm ein danck-lied angeſtimmt.

Laß in einfalt unſern willen,
Held, die dein gemüthe ſtillen,
Schau uns dießfalls gnädig an;
Götter, die ſchon alles haben,
Sind vergnügt mit ſolchen gaben
Die das hertz erzwingen kan.

Die Wald-Luſt.

Die luſt hat mich gezwungen,
Zu fahren in den wald,
Wo durch der vögel zungen
Die gantze lufft erſchallt.

Fahrt fort ihr freuden-kinder,
Ihr püſche-bürgeren
Und freyheits-volk nicht minder,
Singt eure melodey!

Ihr lebt ohn alle ſorgen,
Und lobt die gütt und macht
Des ſchöpfers, von dem morgen
Biß in die ſpäte nacht.

Ihr baut euch artig neſte,
Nur daß ihr junge deckt;
Seyd nirgends fremdt und gäſte,
Habt euren tiſch gedeckt.

Ihr ſtrebet nicht nach ſchätzen,
Durch abgunſt müh und ſtreit,
Der wald iſt eur ergetzen,
Die feder euer kleid.

Ach wolte Gott, wir lebten
In unſchuld, gleich wie ihr,
Nicht ohn auffhören ſchwebten
In ſorglicher begier.

Wer iſt der alſo trauet
Auff Gott, das höchſte gut,
Der dieſe welt gebauet,
Und allen gutes thut?

Wir ſind nicht zu erfüllen
Mit reichthum und gewin,
Und gehn um geldes willen
Offt zu der höllen hin.

O daß wir Gott anhingen,
Der uns verſorgen kan,
Und recht zu leben fiengen,
Von euch, ihr vögel an!

Mayen-Luſt.

Wie ſehr ſich itzt erfreuen,
Der Erden gantzes hauß,
Die ſchöne luſt des mayen
Lockt dorff und ſtadt hinaus.

Mein hertz beginnt zu wallen,
Wen ſich das lufftvolck ſchwingt
Und läſt ein lied erſchallen,
Daß berg und thal erklingt.

Die heerden gehn ſich weiden,
Ihr träger hirten-mann
Hebt hoch auff grüner heiden
Ein freyes waldlied an.

Seht, wie mit groſſen hauffen
Dort um der flüſſe rand
Die heerden ſich belauffen,
Und wünſcht ihm gleichen ſtand.

Indem daſelbſt vom weiten
Ein klares bächlein quillt,
Daß ſich von beyden ſeiten
In graß und laub gehüllt.

Der ſchertz herrſcht allermaſſen,
Die luſt bezwingt das leid,
Die welt iſt ausgelaſſen
Mit lieb und frölichkeit.

Auff! Venus die ich ſinge,
Füg mir auch itzund her,
Die willig in mich dringe,
Und meine liebſte ſey.

Ich habe gnug gepreiſen,
Zwar dich und deinen ſohn,
Mich dienſtlich gnug erwieſen,
Diß aber iſt mein lohn,

Daß ich ohn maß und ende,
Muß derer müßig gehn,
Die mir das hertz verpfände,
Mir treulich beyzuſtehn.

Was kreucht, was fleucht, was ſchwimmet,
Schmeckt itzt des vor-jahres koſt,
Iſt liebe voll und glimmet,
Nur ich klag über froſt.

Iſt denn in mir kein leben
Zu deiner freuden ſchein,
Daß ich ſo gut nicht eben
Wie heerd und laub kan ſeyn?

Lob der Freundſchafft.

Der menſch hat nichts ſo eigen,
So wohl ſteht ihm nichts an,
Als daß er treu erzeigen
Und freundſchafft halten kan,
Wenn er mit ſeines gleichen
Sol treten in ein band,
Verſpricht ſich, nicht zu weichen
Mit hertzen, mund und hand.

Die red iſt uns gegeben,
Damit wir nicht allein
Vor uns nur ſollen leben,
Und fern von leuten ſeyn;
Wir ſollen uns befragen,
Und ſehn auff guten rath,
Das leid einander klagen,
So uns betreten hat.

Was kan die freude machen,
Die einſamkeit verhelt?
Das giebt ein doppelt lachen,
Was freunden wird erzählt;
Der kan ſein leid vergeſſen
Der es von hertzen ſagt;
Der muß ſich ſelbſt auffreſſen,
Der in geheim ſich nagt.

Gott ſtehet mir vor allen,
Die meine ſeele liebt:
Dann ſoll mir auch gefallen,
Der mir ſich hertzlich giebt,
Mit dieſem bunds-geſellen
Verlach ich pein und noth,
Geh auff dem grund der hellen,
Und breche durch den tod.

Ich hab, ich habe hertzen,
So trewe, wie gebührt,
Die heucheley und ſchertzen
Nie wiſſentlich berührt,
Ich bin auch ihnen wieder,
Von grund der ſeelen hold,
Ich lieb euch mehr, ihr brüder,
Als aller erden gold.

Friedrich Christoph Dahlmann

ward am 13. Mai 1785 in Wismar, wo ſein Vater Bürgermeiſter war geboren, und erhielt, nach vollendeten Studien, im Jahre 1813 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Geſchichte an der Univerſität zu Kiel, wo er ſpäter auch Secretair der Deputation der holſtein-ſchleswig'ſchen Prälaten und Ritterſchaft wurde. Nachdem er daſelbſt mit ausgezeichnetem Beifall gelebt, nahm er 1828 einen Ruf nach Göttingen, als K. Hannöveriſcher Hofrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt, an.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Neocorus der Dithmarſche. Kiel, 1813.
Forſchungen aus dem Gebiete der Geſchichte. Altona, 1822—24. 2 Bde.
Joh. Adolfi's genannt Neocorus, Chronik von Dithmarſchen. Kiel, 1827. 2 Bde.
Lübeck's Selbſtbefreiung am 1. Mai 1226. Hamburg, 1823.
Quellenkunde der deutſchen Geſchichte. Göttingen, 1830.

D. hat ſich durch tiefes Quellenſtudium, Scharfſinn, Beredſamkeit und Klarheit, bereits als einen der gründlichſten und umſichtigſten deutſchen Geſchichtsforſcher gezeigt. Es iſt lebhaft zu wünſchen, daß er mit größeren, in ſeiner ruhigen und gediegenen Weiſe geſchriebenen Werken, die hiſtoriſche Literatur Deutſchlands bereichern möge.

Lübecks Selbſtbefreiung.

Als im Jahre 1201 König Waldemars des Erſten Söhne Holſtein eroberten, fielen auch Lübeck und Hamburg in ihre Hände, zwei mächtige, mit gräflichen, herzoglichen und kaiſerlichen Freiheiten ausgeſtattete Städte, und die am liebſten Niemandem gehorcht hätten. In Lübeck nahm König Knud die Huldigung der neu unterworfenen deutſchen und wendiſchen Gebiete an, und Waldemar II. folgte bald ſeinem Beiſpiele. Er beſtätigte der Stadt den Freiheitsbrief Kaiſer Friedrich Barbaroſſa, aber er riß ſie zugleich gänzlich los von aller Gemeinſchaft mit dem deutſchen Reiche, und nicht lange, ſo gab Kaiſer Friedrich II. ihm (1214) Brief und Siegel darauf. Jetzt war Lübeck unter däniſcher Reichshoheit die Stadt des neuen däniſchen Lehnsgrafen von Nordalbingen, Albert von Orlamünde, der auf des Königs Geheiß den wichtigen Beſitz ummauerte, ein feſtes Schloß in der Stadt erbaute, und feſte Schlöſſer an der Trave, namentlich zu Travemünde. Lübecks Bürger, früh mündig geworden, fühlten ſchwer, daß ſie fortan fremder Größe dienen mußten. Als in der Nacht vom 6ten auf den 7ten Mai 1223 König Waldemar in jene langwierige Gefangenſchaft fiel, die das Schickſal von Norddeutſchland umwandte, ſchrieb der Papſt (2. Nov.) den Lübeckern, ſie möchten, wie des Töpfers Werk im Ofen, jetzt ihre Treue dem Könige in der Widerwärtigkeit beweiſen. Wirklich auch, ſo erzählt man, unternahmen ſie nichts während der langen Gefangenſchaft Waldemars, theilten keine der Bewegungen in Holſtein und Mecklenburg, duldeten die däniſche Beſatzung in ihrem Stadtſchloſſe, wünſchten ſogar Glück zu der endlichen Befreiung des Königs; alles das nicht weil ihr Sinn von Deutſchland abgewandt war, ſondern weil ſie höher hinaus wollten. In aller Stille fertigten ſie an Kaiſer Friedrich eine Geſandtſchaft ab, ſprachen ihn um die Gewährung der Reichsunmittelbarkeit an, die er ihnen auch zu Parma unterm 14ten März 1226 urkundlich ertheilte. Jetzt erſt, am 1ſten Mai, ſchritten ſie zur Ausführung, lockten unter dem Scheine des herkömmlichen Maifeſtes den däniſchen Befehlshaber vor die Stadt hinaus, machten ihn zum Maigrafen und ſtellten Ergötzlichkeiten an, während eine Anzahl entſchloſſener Bürger ſich in die Burg begab, in die Jeder frei eintreten durfte, als man ſich ſtark genug glaubte, die verborgenen Waffen hervorzog und die arglose Beſatzung glücklich übermannte. Auf den Ruf dieſer Selbſtbefreiung fertigte Kaiſer Friedrich abermals, im Junius deſſelben Jahres, für Lübeck eine Urkunde der Reichsfreiheit aus, welche durch die Schlacht von Bornhöved im folgenden Sommer ihre Beſtätigung erhielt und in volles Leben trat.

Alſo lautet die Erzählung von Cranz und Petrus Olai, Reimar Kock und Hamsfort und unzähligen Andern, bis auf Becker hin, den neueſten Geſchichtſchreiber von Lübeck, ſo viel mir bewußt, ohne Ausnahme. Es erzählt ſich aber leicht, woher mir Schwierigkeiten in der Sache entſtanden ſind.

Ich las die beiden Verträge, welche König Waldemar zum Zwecke ſeiner Befreiung abſchloß, in Thorkelins bekanntem Diplomatarium, verglich jedoch dieſe wegen der Unverſtändlichkeit verſchiedener Stellen mit den Originibus Guelficis und fand wirklich, daß im thorkeliniſchen Abdrucke aus den Originibus nicht allein viele Stellen fehlerhaft ſind, ſondern auch ein paar Zeilen fehlen.

Der erſte Vertrag, datirt vom 4ten Juli 1224, enthält nicht allein die Verzichtleiſtung des Königes auf das überelbiſche Land und auf alles was durch ihn dem deutſchen Reiche entfremdet; nicht allein wird Jedermann in den abgetretenen Landen des Eides und der Huldigung gegen Dänemark entlaſſen, um unter Kaiſer und Reich zurückzukehren, ſondern Lübeck wird auch ausdrücklich als die Stadt bezeichnet, wo der König 25,000 Mark löthigen Silbers an die Geſandten des Königes von Jeruſalem und an die Brüder des deutſchen Hauſes auszahlen ſoll, wofern ſein Verſprechen, binnen zwei Jahren einen Kreuzzug zu unternehmen, unerfüllt bleiben ſollte. Sicherlich alſo war es nicht die Meinung, die Stadt Lübeck von der allgemeinen Beſtimmung der Abtretungen auszunehmen und dieſen wichtigen Platz in Dänemarks Händen zu laſſen. Aber, es iſt wahr, dieſer erſte Vertrag ging nicht in Erfüllung. Graf Albert, derweile Regent von Dänemark, hatte ſich eines Andern beſonnen. „Ich dachte zuerſt," ſchrieb er dem Papſte, „die Löſung meines Oheims ſchleunig zu bewirken, aber hernach hielt ich es für nützlicher für das gemeine Wohl, das Verbrechen zu ſtrafen, weil Trug Niemand dem frommen darf." Somit verwarf er um Michaelis vor der Reichsverſammlung zu Bardewik im Beiſein des römiſchen Königs den früher unbedingt beſchworenen Vertrag, und lieferte im Jan. 1225 die Schlacht bei Mölln, deren unglücklicher Ausgang ihn dem königlichen Gefangenen im Schloſſe Schwerin zugeſellte. Nun ſchloß Waldemar am 17ten November einen zweiten Vertrag für ſeine Befreiung, verzichtete abermals auf die genannten Gebiete, und zwar recht ausdrücklich auf alles Reichsland zwiſchen Eider und Elbe, von der Mündung der Eider bis zur Levensaue und von der Levensaue bis ans Meer, auf das Land des Fürſten Burewin und alles Slavenland, bis auf Rügen — alſo ſicherlich auch auf Lübeck. Dazu wird die Fortdauer der Handelsfreiheiten der Lübecker und Hamburger in Dänemark förmlich ausbedungen, was Niemand einfallen konnte, wenn Lübeck däniſch bleiben ſollte, und was ſchwerlich Jemandem einfiel, wenn nicht die Lübecker und Hamburger es ſelbſt betrieben; endlich wird in Abſicht des Löſegeldes ausgemacht, daß, wenn der König einen gewiſſen Zahlungstermin nicht halten kann, zwei oder drei angeſehne Dänen ſich als Geiſel nach Lübeck ſtellen ſollen (Lubeke intrabunt), eine Bedingung ohne Sinn, wenn Lübeck als däniſche Stadt betrachtet ward. Mir ſchien es daher, indem ich bloß auf die Vertragsurkunde ſah, nicht länger zweifelhaft, daß Lübeck ſchon vor dem zweiten Vertrage von den Dänen geräumt ſei, wahrſcheinlich vermöge der Schlacht von Mölln, vielleicht ohne weiteres dadurch, daß Graf Albert die Beſatzung herauszog, um deſto kräftiger ſeinen Feinden entgegentreten zu können; denn er hatte nicht mehr allein mit den Mecklenburgern zu ſchaffen, neuerlich war der Erzbiſchof von Bremen mit einer bedeutenden Macht über die Elbe gegangen und führte den jungen Grafen Adolf IV. von Holſtein, den rechtmäßigen Erben des Landes, mit ſich. Ja wollte man auch der Urkunde zum Trotze annehmen, die däniſche Beſatzung ſei noch länger in Lübeck geblieben und man habe es mit Lübeck gemacht wie mit Rendsburg, den König freigegeben, ehe die Beſatzung herausgezogen worden, immer blieb noch als Bürgſchaft der Erfüllung der jüngere König in der Haft zurück. Der Vater erlangte die Freiheit am 21ſten Dec. 1225. Den nächſten Oſtern trug man kein Bedenken dem Vertrage gemäß den jungen König freizugeben, alſo waren die Bedingungen des Vertrages bis dahin von Seiten Waldemars erfüllt, im ſpäteſten, doch unwahrſcheinlichen Falle alſo ward Lübeck vor Oſtern d. i. vor dem 19ten April 1226 erledigt, es war alſo auf keinen Fall nöthig die Liſt des erſten Mais anzuwenden. Solcher Liſt und Selbſtbefreiung wird aber auch bei keinem einzigen der gleichzeitigen Schriftſteller gedacht, weder Albert von Stade, noch Mönch Gottfried aus dem St. Pantaleons Kloſter zu Cölln haben ein Wort davon, und was wäre die Geſchichte unſrer Gegenden in dieſem an norddeutſchen und däniſchen Quellen armen Zeitraume ohne ſie? Eine dritte Quelle von großer Wichtigkeit iſt die lüneburgiſche Chronik, welche ſich bei Eccard in niederſächſiſcher Sprache findet. Dieſe allein läßt uns hier nicht im Stiche; gleich nach Erwähnung der möllner Schlacht nennt ſie Lübeck frei. Leider fehlt nachher ein Blatt derſelben, das die Begebenheiten von 1236 u. ſ. w. enthalten müßte. Wir verdanken aber dem verdienſtvollen Wedekind die Belehrung, daß dieſe Chronik nur eine abgekürzte Ueberſetzung der ungedruckten lateiniſchen Chronographie des Conrad von Halberſtadt iſt, der in der zweiten Hälfte des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts ſchrieb, und demnächſt die Nachricht, daß eine Abſchrift der Chronographie ſich in der königlichen Bibliothek in Hannover finde. Dieſer Umſtand veranlaßte mich an Herrn Doctor Pertz, mit welchem durch verwandte Studien verbunden zu ſein ich mir zur Ehre ſchätze, zu ſchreiben und ihn um eine Copie des unbekannten Blattes zu bitten. Ich fand den Inhalt, wie zu erwarten, von Lübecks Selbſtbefreiung im Mai 1225 ſchweigend, in Hinſicht des däniſchen Krieges aber von mannichfacher Wichtigkeit.

Was bleibt denn aber nach dem allen nun als Thatſache? Die Lübecker wurden frei durch die möllner Schlacht im Jan. 1225. Nun des ſtrengen Oberaufſehers entledigt, benutzten ſie den Augenblick, um, ehe der junge Landesherr, Graf Adolf, noch ganz zu Kräften käme, ihre Zukunft ſicher zu ſtellen. Sie ſchickten in aller Stille eine Geſandtſchaft an Kaiſer Friedrich II., legten ihm das Privilegium ſeines Großvaters vor und erlangten zuvörderſt die Beſtätigung desſelben in einer meines Wiſſens ungedruckten (und ich weiß nicht, ob überall noch vorhandlichen) Urkunde am 14ten März 1226 zu Parma ausgefertigt, und demnächſt in demſelben Sommer die berühmte Urkunde, worin der Kaiſer, nach der Art der Freibriefe ſeiner italieniſchen Städte, Lübeck gegen eine jährliche Zahlung von 60 Mark mit ſehr vermehrten Gerechtſamen zu einer freien kaiſerlichen Stadt erhebt. Sie iſt im Junius zu Borgo S. Donnino ausgeſtellt, wo der Kaiſer auch am 11ten Julius ſich befand. Man findet ſie öfter, unter andern bei Weſtphalen abgedruckt, doch ſo wenig fehlerfrei, daß ein diplomatiſch genauer Abdruck, oder am liebſten ein Facsimile von dieſen und den ältern Briefen mit ihren goldenen Bullen zu wünſchen wäre, ein Bedürfniß, welches der Herr Oberappellationsrath Hach in Lübeck ſelber ausgeſprochen hat und zu allgemeiner Zufriedenheit erfüllen würde. Der Freibrief wird dadurch noch wichtiger, weil ihn Herzog Albert von Sachſen ſelber mit unterſchrieben hat, er, deſſen Anſprüche neben denen der holſteiniſchen Grafen, am meiſten zu fürchten waren. Aber auch hier, wie in ſo vielen menſchlichen Fällen, waren die Begebenheiten wichtiger als alle Verbriefungen. In denſelben Junius-Tagen, in welchen die Lübecker bei dem Kaiſer zum Ziele kamen, erwarb ſich König Waldemar vom Papſte, der des Kaiſers Freund nicht war, die Losſprechung von dem Eide, den er bei ſeiner Loslaſſung geſchworen. Schon hatte Ditmarſchen, ſchon hatten die Grafen von Schwerin und Holſtein die Schärfe ſeines Schwertes an der Eider empfunden, Rendsburg, neuerdings erſt den Holſteinern übergeben, ging verloren. Da empfand Graf Heinrich von Schwerin, daß man noch mehrerer Helfer bedürfe, ſchloß am 18ten Febr. 1227 mit dem aus Italien zurückgekehrten Herzog Albert von Sachſen zu Lübeck ein Bündniß und nahm, ſo hochfahrend er war, ſeine Lande vom Herzoge zu Lehen; auch Graf Adolf erkannte den Anhalter als ſeinen Lehnsherrn an; wenn der Sieg gelänge, ſollte dem Herzog das Ratzeburgiſche und Lübeck gehören. Demgemäß ward auch nach der bornhöveder Schlacht verfahren, Albert von Orlamünde mußte ſeine Befreiung aus Ketten durch die Feſtung Lauenburg erkaufen, und dem Herzog gehörte das ratzeburger Land unbeſtritten. Auch rechnete er Lübeck zu ſeinem Herzogthum, und die Lübecker ließen es ſich gefallen, daß er ſie als ihr Herzog im Jahre 1234 mit Kramwände beſchenkte. Inzwiſchen kam Lübeck bald in den Fall, nicht mehr mit dem Plutus des Ariſtophanes fragen zu dürfen: „Wie mach' ich's, daß ich der Macht, die ich, wie ihr ſagt, beſitze, wirklich Herr werde?" Das Haupt der Hanſe konnte ſeinen kaiſerlichen Brief entfalten, ohne die Anſprüche der Anhalter zu fürchten.

Freilich hatte Graf Adolf IV. die Schwachheit, ſich mit ſeinem gefährlichſten Feinde zur Eroberung von Lübeck zu verbinden; — doch ehe wir dahin kommen, mögen einige Bemerkungen über ihn Platz finden. Sein Haus herrſchte ſeit dem Jahre 1110 (nicht 1106) in Holſtein und Stormarn, mit welchem Landen Adolf II., ein großer Fürſt im kleinen Gebiete, das erkaufte Wagrien (nicht vor 1142) verband, wo er Lübeck baute. Adolf III. ward vierzigjährig von Land und Leuten vertrieben (1201), fiel ſelber in däniſche Gefangenſchaft, aus der er nur gegen die Bürgſchaft ſeiner eignen Kinder nach 2 Jahren loskam (1203). Der Graf hatte mit ſeiner Gemahlin Adelheid 3 Söhne, Conrad, Adolf und Bruno. Chriſtiani möchte den Adolf zum jüngſten Sohne machen, allein, daß Bruno der jüngſte war, folgt auch daraus, daß er nach dem gewöhnlichen Looſe der jüngſten Söhne den geiſtlichen Stand erwählte. Er ſtarb als Biſchof von Olmütz. Der gefangene Graf mußte ſchwören, das Land dieſſeits der Elbe nie wieder zu betreten, noch für ſeine Wiederherſtellung, ſey es ſelber, oder durch Andere, etwas unternehmen zu wollen. Er ging in ſeine Stammgrafſchaft Schauenburg. Zwölf Geiſeln blieben als Bürgen ſeiner Treue zehn Jahre lang in Dänemark zurück, Söhne der angeſehenſten Männer, an ihrer Spitze zwei Söhne des Grafen. Vermuthlich war Bruno damals noch nicht geboren, auf allen Fall aber befand ſich, da die älteren Söhne die beſſeren Bürgen waren, der junge Adolf mit unter den Geiſeln, und hat ſonach die Jahre 1203 bis 1213 gezwungener Weiſe mit ſeinem ältern Bruder in Dänemark zugebracht. Als er loskam, mochte er 13 bis 14 Jahre zählen. Adolf kann nicht jünger als das Jahrhundert geweſen ſein, denn er konnte ſchon im J. 1237 ſeine Tochter Mechtild verheirathen. Nach dieſer Erörterung des Hergangs erſcheint als Fabel die Erzählung, die man allenthalben wiederholt findet, daß eine Adelsfrau, Deeſte von Kellingdorp, gleich nach der Eroberung von Holſtein durch die Dänen, das Grafenkind zu ſich in die Krempner Marſch genommen und in ihm den künftigen Befreier Holſteins auferzogen habe. Der bekannte Presbyter Bremenſis erzählt von der Sache, welche Cranz umgeſtaltet weiterträgt, von wo ſie dann zu Hamsfort und in Peterſens holſteiniſche Chronik übergegangen iſt. Der Presbyter wirft hier auf eine gräuliche Weiſe Zahlen und Thatſachen durch einander, läßt die Eroberung Holſteins im Jahre 1199 geſchehen ſein, und zwar hauptſächlich durch des däniſchen Königs Knud Mutter, die ſchwarze Margarethe, die auch das Danawerk gebaut hat (ſo viel Worte, ſo viel Irrthümer!); erzählt dann die bekannten Anekdoten von Itzehoe und dem Amtmanne in Segeberg, der das Jütſche Low einführen wollte, (das damals noch gar nicht geſchrieben war), bis endlich die Deeſte und zuletzt die Schlacht von Bornhövede, die er auf das Jahr 1218 ſetzt, alles wieder gut machen. Bei dem allen läßt der Presbyter den Adolf nicht bei der Deeſte von Kindheit an erzogen ſein; dieſen Umſtand und die von ihr bei dem alten Vater angewandte Rhetorik bringen erſt die Späteren hinein; ſie erbat, nach dem Presbyter, und erhielt vom Vater den Jüngling Adolf (adolescentem filium suum Adolfum), und um ihr Verdienſt nicht ganz untergehen zu laſſen, dürfen wir getroſt annehmen, daß ſie entweder unmittelbar oder durch die Dazwiſchenkunft des Erzbiſchofs von Bremen den alten Grafen entſchieden habe, ſeinen zweiten Sohn an die Wiederherſtellung ſeines Hauſes in Holſtein zu wagen, denn Conrad ſollte des Vaters Nachfolger in Schauenburg werden. Dieſe Sendung Adolfs ins überelbiſche Land iſt aber auf jeden Fall erſt zu der Zeit geſchehen, da durch die Gefangennehmung Waldemars dem Lande wieder Hoffnung aufging; ſie iſt auch nicht einmal gleich nach der Gefangennahme geſchehen, denn in dem erſten Vertrage, durch welchen Waldemar ſeine Löſung ſuchte, vom 4ten Juni 1224, wird der Schauenburger noch gar nicht gedacht, vielmehr dem Grafen Albert von Orlamünde Holſtein zugeſichert, nur daß er es fortan vom deutſchen Reiche zu Lehen nehme; ein ziemlich ſicherer Beweis dafür, daß damals die Holſteiner ſich noch nicht für ihren zurückgekehrten Landesherrn erhoben hatten. Und was bedarf es mehr? wir haben ja die beſtimmte Ausſage eines viel ältern und beſſern Zeugen als des Presbyter, des Verfaſſers der lüneburger Chronik. Es war ein halbes Jahr nach jenem erſten Vertrage, es war am Thomasabende, 20ſten December 1224, als der Erzbiſchof Gerhard mit ſeinem Schützling, dem Grafen Adolf, über die Elbe und gleich die Stör hinauf, wo die Deeſte ihren Anhang in der Nähe hatte, bis gen Itzehoe fuhr. Da erhob ſich das Land für ſeinen rechtmäßigen Herrn und nahm die Burgen Graf Alberts ein, der den Weſten des Landes preisgab, um den Oſten zu retten; den aber wenige Tage darauf die Schlacht bei Mölln (Jan. 1225) in Gefangenſchaft brachte. So wurde Holſtein frei, 23 Jahre nach der Gefangennehmung des alten Grafen Adolf. Damals befreite ſich auch Lübeck. Dieſes ſind nicht meine Worte, die lüneburger Chronik ſagt's, nur noch beſtimmter: „Do gaven oc de van Lubeke de Stat deme Rike;" und, nachdem ſie nun noch hinzugefügt, wie Graf Adolf um Faſtnacht die bei Hamburg durch Albert erbaute Feſtung erſtürmte, ſpricht ſie mit kluger Unterſcheidung: Do gaven oc de van Hamburch de Stat deme Greven Alve.

Solchergeſtalt ſpricht dieſes eine Zeugniß über beide hiſtoriſche Zweifelspuncte, die Zeit von Adolfs Ankunft in Holſtein, und die von Lübecks Befreiung, das Endurtheil. Ueber die Art der letzteren läßt ſich nur ſagen, daß ſie wahrſcheinlich ohne fremde Mitwirkung geſchah, denn ſonſt wäre es wohl nicht ſo leicht zu der Sendung an den Kaiſer gekommen, und wer die alte Erzählung einmal lieb hat, kann ſie auch ſo unterbringen und ſich freuen, daß die Lübecker ein Jahr früher ſo rüſtig und ihre Feinde, ſorglos im rings empörten Lande, noch viel einfältiger, als man dachte, geweſen ſind.

Nach ſolcher Wiederherſtellung, nach ſolchem Sturze, verdient es ſchweren Tadel, nicht eben daß Graf Adolf nach der Herrſchaft über ſo kühne und ehrenwerthe Bürger zu trachten fortfuhr, wie die Lübecker waren, denen ſein Großvater die Stadt gebaut hatte (wie ganz anders wäre es um Holſteins Wohlfahrt und Recht bewandt, wenn Lübeck und Hamburg dem Lande geſellt geblieben wären!), ſondern daß er es unbedacht, auf Norddeutſchlands und die eigene Gefahr hin, mit Waldemar verbunden, that. Doch nicht um des Tadels willen ſei dies geſagt, ſondern um auf dieſen den Mühſeligkeiten der Wiſſenſchaft gewidmeten Bogen noch eine hiſtoriſche Kritik zu bringen. Mehrere Erzähler bürden dem Grafen Adolf ſtatt einer Verkehrtheit deren zwei auf, laſſen ihn zweimal mit Waldemarn Lübeck belagern, einmal 1234 und abermals im nächſten Jahre. Und, was nun den Hergang betrifft, beide Bundesfreunde, wird erzählt, ſchließen im J. 1234 die Stadt zu Waſſer und zu Lande ein, der König ſchiffte die Trave hinauf, legte an jeder Seite einen feſten Thurm an, ſperrte den Fluß durch Pfahlwerk, durch verſenkte Schiffe, eine vorgezogene Kette; aber ein revaler Schiff, mit voller Gewalt hinanfahrend (gegen den Strom!), zerſprengte die Kette, und ſelbſt der eingeſperrte Fluß ſuchte ſich einen andern Weg ins Meer und fand ihn, ehe die Bürger noch ihren Vorſatz, ihm ein andres Bett zu graben, ganz vollführt hatten. Genug, Lübeck ward gerettet. Dieſes iſt aber nur die Summe der wunderbaren Sachen, die hier vorkommen. Wenig Kenner zwar der Waſſerbaukunſt, glaube ich, daß die von den Belagerern getroffenen Anſtalten lediglich auf die Sperrung der Schiffahrt berechnet waren, nicht aber auf eine Zudämmung, die den Fluß zu gewaltſamen Maßregeln genöthigt hätte, welche den Belagerern fürwahr die meiſte Gefahr drohten. Auch iſt nach der ganzen Oertlichkeit ſchwer zu begreifen, wie die ringsumſtellten Lübecker ſollen im Stande geweſen ſein draußen an einem andern Bette für den Fluß zu arbeiten, eben ſo wenig, wie ſie, von der See aus bloquirt davon für den Augenblick hätten Nutzen für ihre Verſorgung mit Lebensmitteln ziehen können. Abermals erſcheint allein glaubhaft der einfache Bericht der älteſten Gewährsmänner: der König und der Graf ſperrten die Trave und bauten an beiden Seiten des Fluſſes ein Feſtungswerk: ſo ſagt Albert von Stade, ſo die lüneburger Chronik, und wer konnte beſſer Beſcheid wiſſen als Abt Albert, der zwei Jahr ſpäter in Verbindung mit dem Grafen Adolf eine Urkunde unterzeichnete? Von einer Wiederholung des mislungenen Unternehmens im folgenden Jahre wiſſen beide kein Wort, auch Corners Chronik nicht, die ſonſt in der Zeit hier ſehr abirrt. Schon die Mahnung Papſt Gregors IX. hätte davon abhalten mögen; denn der befahl unterm 30ſten Aug. 1234 dem Capitel von Halberſtadt, den König mittelſt des Bannes zu zwingen den lübecker Hafen wieder zu öffnen, welchen er dem Vernehmen nach durch verſenkte Schiffe geſperrt hatte, zu nicht geringem Nachtheile des in Liefland neugepflanzten Chriſtenthums; denn über Lübeck ging beſtändig die Fahrt dahin. Uebrigens dürfte der Schlüſſel zu dem Gerede von dem gegrabenen Travebette in einer misverſtandenen Sage liegen, wie denn Sagen ſo oft in ihr Entgegengeſetztes überſpringen. Der Travehafen hatte vor Alters wirklich zwei Ausgänge, zu beiden Seiten der Inſel Priwald, die grade vor demſelben lag: ſie wird in der Urkunde Friedrichs II. der Stadt zum Eigenthum gegeben. Erſt im Jahre 1296 ließ die Bürgerſchaft mit großen Koſten die Durchfahrt rechts zudämmen, machte den Priwald landfeſt, wie er noch jetzt iſt. Später hatte man das vermuthlich vergeſſen und erzählte ſich im Gegentheil, zur Zeit der däniſchen Hafenſperre habe man den Priwald in eine Inſel verwandeln wollen, um ſich eine zweite Durchfahrt zu eröffnen.

Im Julius 1235, als Kaiſer Friedrich mit der engliſchen Königsſchweſter zu Worms Hochzeit hielt und vier Tage, vom 20ſten an, dort Feſte gab, ward der Streit zwiſchen den Schauenburgern und Lübeck abgethan. So erzählt Corners Chronik. Der Kaiſer muß in ſehr hochzeitlicher Laune geweſen ſein, als er aus ſeiner eigenen Taſche dem Grafen Adolf 5000 Mark Abſtandsgeld zahlte, ſtatt die Lübecker zahlen zu laſſen. Graf Adolf verzichtete dagegen für ſich und ſeine Erben auf alle ſeine und ſeiner Vorfahren Anſprüche auf die Stadt, ſo daß von nun an die Stadt mit Grund und Boden kaiſerlich war. Wie kam es denn aber, daß man hier nicht den kaiſerlichen Freibrief vom Jahre 1226 zum Grunde legte, welcher die Feſtung Travemünde eben wie Lübeck reichsunmittelbar macht, welcher die Anlage einer Travefeſtung oberhalb der Stadt männiglich unterſagt und den Bürgern ein Gebiet um Travemünde zuſichert? Warum vermochte man den Grafen nicht, Herzog Alberts Beiſpiele zu folgen und auch auf Travemünde zu verzichten? Wie kam es, frage ich, daß noch lange nachher die holſteiniſchen Grafen im Beſitz des feſten Schloſſes Travemünde blieben, bis endlich die Lübecker am 25ſten Dec. 1320 dem jungen Grafen Johann mit Bewilligung der Landſtände für 4000 Mark lübiſch die Feſtung abkauften und ſie ſchleiften? Es war aber das, glaube ich, nicht mehr die alte Feſtung Waldemars vom Jahre 1217. Dieſe ward vermuthlich von den Lübeckern bei ihrer Selbſtbefreiung geſchleift, es war der neue Bau von der Belagerung von 1234, in welchem Graf Adolf ſeitdem eine Beſatzung hielt, alſo daß das Unternehmen gegen Lübeck doch nicht ganz ohne Ausbeute für ihn blieb. Ich möchte weiter fragen: wie verträgt es ſich mit dem feierlichen und förmlichen wormſer Vergleiche, daß ein paar Wochen nachher nichts verglichen iſt, Graf Adolf vielmehr mit einem neuen Kriege gegen Lübeck umgeht? Der Beweis iſt leicht geführt. Am Bartholomäustage (24. Aug.) deſſelben Jahres 1235 giebt er ſeiner Stadt Oldenburg lübiſches Recht, doch ſolle ſie im Falle eines Krieges mit Lübeck das Recht ſeiner Stadt Hamburg gebrauchen. Eben dieſe Clauſel ſteht in der Acte, welche im folgenden Jahr 1236 den Plönern lübſches Recht verleiht; ſie ſteht dagegen nicht in der Kiel angehenden Urkunde vom J. 1242 und ſteht nicht mehr in der für Itzehoe vom Jahre 1238; denn zu dieſer Zeit traf Adolf ſchon Anſtalt, ſich aller weltlichen Herrlichkeit zu entäußern. Ich kann aber nicht umhin den Wunſch nochmals auszuſprechen, daß zum Zwecke der Ermittelung dieſer und mancher verwandten ſchwierigen Verhältniſſe die älteſten Freibriefe der ehrwürdigen Stadt Lübeck vollſtändiger und beglaubigter, als bisher geſchehen, ans Licht treten mögen. Es iſt kaum denkbar, daß hier noch ein anderes als das hiſtoriſche Intereſſe obwalten könnte; die vorliegende Unterſuchung, das darf ich verſichern, hat keinen andern Zweck.

Johann Friedrich Hugo, Freiherr von Dalberg

ward am 17. Mai 1760 zu Herrnsheim geboren, aus dem Geſchlechte der Kämmerer von Worms ſtammend, und war kurtrier'ſcher Geheimerath und Domcapitular zu Trier, Worms und Speier. Gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens hatte er ſeinen Aufenthalt zu Aſchaffenburg genommen, wo er am 26. Juli 1812 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber die Rechtſchaffenheit. Erfurt, 1776.
Ariſton. Erfurt, 1782.
Betrachtungen über die leidende Kraft des Menſchen. Mannheim, 1786.
Blicke eines Tonkünſtlers in die Muſik der Geiſter. Erfurt, 1787.
Vom Erfinden und Bilden. Frankfurt, 1791.
Ueber den Urſprung der Harmonie. Erfurt, 1800.
Die Aeolsharfe. Erfurt, 1803.
Gita Govinda. Erfurt, 1802.
Ueber die Muſik der Indier. Erfurt, 1802.
Fantaſieen aus dem Reiche der Töne. Erfurt, 1806.
Jamis Dabeiſtan oder von der Religion der Parſen. Aſchaffenb., 1809.
Geſchichte einer Druſenfamilie. Frankfurt, 1808.
Ueber Meteorkultus der Alten. Heidelberg, 1811.

Ein geiſtreicher und gelehrter Forſcher, der ſich mit beſonderer Vorliebe archäologiſchen und äſthetiſchen Studien zuwandte, doch nicht immer ſyſtematiſch zu Werke ging, und ſich zuweilen von ſeiner Einbildungskraft zu ſehr fortreißen ließ. Unter ſeinen Schriften hat ihm die Uebertragung der Gita Govinda den meiſten Ruf erworben.

Urania

oder

Blicke eines Tonkünſtlers

in die

Muſik der Geiſter. *)

Nie empfand ich den Zauber der Muſik mehr, als am geſtrigen Abend; Krankheit und finſtre Schwermuth hatten ſich meiner bemeiſtert, ich verſuchte vergebens, ſie zu verſcheuchen — eitles Beſtreben! — ſie kamen in tauſend Geſtalten wieder vor; ich gieng an das Klavier, und präludirte wilde, trauervolle Töne. — Da lag auf einmal, wie von einem Engel geſandt, Pergoleſi's **Salve Regina**, vor mir; ich ſang es, und das himmliſche „**O dulcis, O pia**“ erfüllte meine Seele mit einem ſo hohen Gefühl von Andacht und ſanfter Wehmuth, daß ich in Thränen zerſchmolz; es ward mir leichter, die geſpannten Fibern ließen nach, ich ſank in eine erquickende Ruhe, nicht heiter, aber wohl war mirs. Ich verließ das Klavier, legte mich auf mein Ruhebette, und dachte den mannichfachen, ſchnell veränderten Zuſtänden meiner Seele nach. Da umſchwebte der Genius der Harmonie mein Lager, und liſpelte mir Ahndungen aus den hohen Myſterien der geiſtigen Tonkunſt zu.

Wie hatt' ich einen himmliſchern Genuß! wie der Blick beim Schmelzen des lichthellen Silbers ſtand er und verſchwand. — Es war ein Traum, mir ſchwebt nur noch wie durch einen Nebel die Rückerinnerung davon vor.

Der irdiſche Schleier entfiel meinen Augen, ich verließ die Erde, und ſchwebte plötzlich in unermeßliche Räume des Weltalls, Sonnen, Planeten, Geſtirne um mich, unzählbar in unbeſchreiblicher Schönheit, welcher Zauber erfüllte mein Ohr! in oft geahndeten dem Menſchen zu reinen Melodien rollten die Sphären den erhabenſten Geſang. — Die größte Einheit in der reichſten Mannichfaltigkeit, nur hörbar einem geiſtigen Ohre. Zwar hat längſt der göttliche Pythagoras die Geſetze ihrer Zahlen berechnet, und die irdiſche Harmonie aus der himmliſchen entwickelt, aber ſeine Zahlen ſind nur die Hülle der geiſtigen Töne, ſie geben dem Ohr keinen Wohllaut — der Geiſt in den irdiſchen Schranken vermag ſie nicht zu hören.

Doch nicht die Körperwelt allein; und was der Raum einſchließt, ſprach der Genius, bewegt ſich nach Geſetzen der himmliſchen Harmonie, auch das Reich der Geiſter macht eine vollkommene Muſik, deren eigentlicher Ton und Einklang **Gott** ſelbſt iſt. Alle Seelen ſind Theile dieſer ewigen Symphonie, alle bewegen ſich nach einer ihnen vorgeſchriebenen zweckmäßigen Melodie, jedes iſt ein Ganzes, jedes zugleich Theil eines größeren Ganzen, und alle deſſen unendliche Theile bilden den großen Chor der Schöpfung, der in ewigen Lobgeſängen der Gottheit huldigt.

Ließ es unſere beſchränkte Sinnlichkeit zu, in das Reich der Geiſter zu blicken; wir würden erſtaunen, wie beſtimmt ſie den harmoniſchen Geſetzen folgen; wir würden ſehen, daß unſre irdiſche Muſik nur Bild, Hülle, Emblem der ewig geiſtigen iſt.

In allen Verhältniſſen des Menſchen zum **Univerſum**, zu **Gott**, zur **Geſellſchaft**, zu **ſich ſelbſt**, oder ſeiner innern Natur handelt er nach Geſetzen der Tonkunſt. Das Verhältniß und die Stufenfolge der Geiſter zu dem Weſen, das ſie alle umfaßt, aus dem ſie alle quellen, in deſſen Schoos ſie zurückkehren; ohne es ſelbſt zu werden, weil ſie ſeiner **Reinheit** und **Einfachheit** nie empfänglich ſind, liegt vollkommen im Bilde des Monachords, aus dem alle Töne entſpringen.

Wie die Töne nur Modifikationen eines und des erſten Grundtons, zwar nicht er ſelbſt, aber aus ihm entſprungen und abgeleitet ſind, ſo die Seelen in Rückſicht **Gottes** des erſten, ewigen, einzigen reinen Grundtons.

Jedes einzelne Geſchlecht, jede Gattung, jedes Individuum der Geiſterwelt iſt ein **Ton** dieſer einzigen Saite, mehr oder minder ähnlich ihrem Grundton.

Man weiß, wie die Verſchiedenheit der Töne entſtehet: aus der Schwere des an eine Saite gehangenen Gewichts, und der ſchnellern und ſchwächern Vibration der Saiten; je geringere Oszillation in einem gegebenen Zeitraume, deſto tiefer und weicher der Ton; je größer die Oszillation, deſto ſchärfer der Ton. So entſteht allmählig die Sekunde, die Terze, die Quarte, die Quinte ꝛc.

Je entfernter vom Grundtone deſto ſchärfer; je näher demſelben, deſto weicher, deſto mehr Ruhe in der Saite, in der phyſiſchen Vibration des Gehörs, in der Empfindung der Seele; wahre Ruhe iſt nur im Grundton, und ſeinem harmonirenden Dreiklange.

Laßt die Saiten uns ein Bild der geſchaffenen Geiſter ſeyn, laßt uns in den Vibrationen die Leidenſchaften vorſtellen, die die Seelen in immerwährender Melodie erhalten: ſo werden diejenigen Seelen am reinſten; d. h., phyſiſch zu reden, am wenigſten ſcharf und ſchneidend ſeyn, die am wenigſten durch Leidenſchaften getrieben ſich dem **Urtone**, dem Sitz der Ruhe und ſeinem harmoniſchen Dreiklange, d. h. der moraliſchen Harmonie nähern.

Wie der Dreiklang die höchſte Vollkommenheit der Muſik iſt, ſo im Menſchen das Ebenmaaß und richtige Verhältniß ſeiner Seelenkräfte.

Wie die Töne alle wieder zum Grundtone ihrer Urquell ziehen; ſo die Geiſter zur Gottheit; — doch nähern ſie ſich ihr nur, werden nie ſie ſelbſt.

Dieſe Annäherung geſchieht durch eine Reinigung, d. h. durch Verminderung des irdiſchen Gewichts, das zu heftige Vibrationen (den Sturm der Leidenſchaften) in uns hervorbringt.

Dann iſt der einzelne Ton Bild des Urtons, dann die Seele Bild ihres Schöpfers: wenn ſie ein reiner Abklang der **Einheit im Dreiklange** wird; wenn ſie ſich der himmliſchen Ruhe des Urtons nähert.

Wie die Stimmung einzelner Töne ganze Accorde rein, und dieſer ihre Reinheit die Vollkommenheit des ganzen Klanggeſchlechts ausmacht, ſo reinigen ſich durch allmählige individuelle Vervollkommnung und Aufſtufungen Arten, Gattungen, Geſchlechter der Geiſter, bis ſie alle zu jener hohen Reinheit reif ſind, daß ſie der irdiſchen Hülle entſchwinden, in die Intellektualwelt zurückkehren, und da die Saiten jener himmliſchen Leier werden, welcher nur die Gottheit lauſcht.

Jedes Weſen hat einen eigenen ihm beſtimmten Ton. Aber einzelne Töne geben weder Melodie noch Zuſammenſtimmung; ohne **Rhythmus** und **Harmonie** iſt keine wahre Muſik.

Die Beſtimmung der Geiſter ſollte nicht ſeyn, einzelne iſolirte Laute zu geben, ſondern als verwandte, obgleich ſelbſtſtändige Töne in einander zu fließen, und ein harmoniſches Ganze, **Geſellſchaft**, zu bilden.

Harmonie iſt ſo alt, als der Geſang. Geſellſchaft iſt mit der Schöpfung entſtanden.

Harmonie beſteht aus Wohllauten und Diſſonanzen, jene ſind dem Ohre gefällig, dieſe flieht es, und findet nur Befriedigung, wenn ſie ſich in Wohllaute auflöſen.

Wie kein Licht ohne Schatten, ſo der Reiz der Konſonanzen nicht ohne Mißlaute.

Konſonanzen ſind **Liebe**, Diſſonanzen **Haß**. Aus Liebe und Haß, ſagt eine alte Dichtung, ward die Schöpfung gebildet. Sie bekriegen ſich immer, doch löſt Haß ſelbſt ſich endlich in Liebe auf. Es iſt Iſis und Oſiris, Oromazes und Ariman der Fabel.

Terzen und Dreiklänge ſind dem Ohre am lieblichſten, ſo dem Geiſte die Gefühle der Liebe; aber Septen und Quarten, der Urſprung der Diſſonanzen oder ſchmerzhafter Empfindungen, ſind nöthig, um den Werth der **Terzen** zu erhöhen; um Reiz zu bewirken, um den Eckel der Monotonie zu vermeiden, Schmerz und Mißvergnügen ſind in der Schöpfung ſo nöthig als Freude.

Das iſt ſo wahr, daß ſelbſt eine zu lange Reihe vollkommener Konſonanzen, Terzen, Quinten, Sexten das Ohr beleidigt und den harmoniſchen Geſetzen zuwider iſt, ſo daß die ſchärfſten Diſſonanzen das Süße der Auflöſung in Konſonanzen am meiſten fühlen machen.

Um vollkommene Zuſammenſtimmung und reine Muſik in geſellſchaftlichem Verbande zu bewirken, muß jeder den ihm beſtimmten Ton rein anſtimmen, und der ihm eigenen Melodie folgen; ohne allein herrſchen und die andern Stimmen unterdrücken zu wollen; er iſt als Theil beſtimmt, ſich dem Ganzen, ſo viel möglich, zu opfern, mit und durch Liebe in andere Töne über zu fließen.

Die Neigungen ſind der animaliſchen Beſchaffenheit, was die Saiten dem Inſtrumente ſind: wenn ſie auch unter ſich das gehörige Verhältniß haben, und das Inſtrument iſt zu hoch geſtimmt, ſo bricht es, oder giebt nur Mißlaute.

Sind manche Töne geſtimmt, andere nicht, ſo kann kein reiner Geſang entſtehen; die verſchiedenen Syſteme und Ge-

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*) Aus: Fantaſien aus dem Reiche der Töne von F. H. von **Dalberg**. Erfurt. 1806.

ſchlechter der Weſen verhalten ſich wie die Inſtrumente; jedes hat ſeine eigne ihm zukommende Melodie und Tonhaltung, jedes ſeine eigne Saiten. Die Stimmung, die dem einen zuträglich iſt, würde dem andern manche Saite rauben, vielleicht das ganze Inſtrument zertrümmern, der Ton, der in dem einen ein leiſer Zephyrs-Hauch iſt, würde in dem andern ſcharf und ſchneidend ſeyn.

Nichts iſt ſchwerer, als die Stimmung der mannichfachen Inſtrumente; wie tief muß man hiezu in ihre Natur gedrungen ſeyn! Wer hat den Schlüſſel zu einem jeden Inſtrumente! Wer hat das Ohr rein genug, alle erforderliche Temperaturen und Schwebungen zu meſſen? Gibts einen richtigen Tonmeſſer der Seelen?

Manche hat ſo verſtimmt, daß die geſchickteſte Hand nichts hilft; oft iſt's nur ein falſcher Ton, der dem ganzen Inſtrument einen Mißlaut giebt. Glückt es dir, ihn auszuſpüren, und ihm eine andere Richtung zu geben, ſo iſt die Harmonie wieder hergeſtellt.

Jeder ſollte ſein Inſtrument am beſten kennen; doch wie wenige kümmern ſich darum; die meiſten wollen in fremde Töne einſtimmen, und verlieren ihren eigenen darüber.

Wage es nicht, andere Inſtrumente zu ſtimmen, ſo lange du mit dem deinigen noch nicht im Reinen biſt, du theilſt ihnen ſonſt deine Mißlaute mit; dringe deine Temperatur keinem andern auf, jeder hat ſeine eigene, die Kunſt iſt, ſie zu ordnen.

Weiche Inſtrumente müſſen weiche Töne, ſchneidende, ſcharfe Laute hervorbringen.

So ſind den moraliſchen Weſen, die mehr zur Liebe und zu weichen Neigungen geſtimmt ſind, ſolche Töne oder Empfindungen nöthig, die damit übereinſtimmen.

Stärker organiſirten Weſen gebührt keine ſolche weiche Melodie, auch fühlen ſie ſie nicht.

Könnten wir die mannichfachen Töne und Moden der Leidenſchaften beſtimmen und erblicken, welch reizend belehrende Erkenntniß wäre dieß!

Wir ſind wahre Inſtrumente, und die Leidenſchaften unſre Töne; Nur gleichmäßige Stimmung iſt den Inſtrumenten zuträglich.

Bei Narren iſt der Ton zu hoch geſtimmt und überſchreit. Bei Dummen zu tief, das Inſtrument wird taub, die Melodie klanglos.

Genialiſche Seelen geben Töne von ſich, die die andern in ihrem Klanggeſchlechte nicht auffinden können, darum ſtimmen ſie ſo wenig zur gewöhnlichen Lebensmuſik, ſie haben ihre eigne Gamme, es iſt thöricht, ſie nach dem gewöhnlichen Tonmeſſer abzuwägen. Wird ein wohlgeſtimmter Ton berührt, ſo macht er die Saiten des ihm nächſten Inſtruments, wenn ſie mit ihm einſtimmen, vibriren, und dieſe Saite alle andere, die mit ihnen harmoniren.

Schönes Bild der Verwandtſchaft moraliſcher Neigungen, und ihres magiſchen Einfluſſes auf die Seelen, beſonders der ſchönen und zarten Empfindungen, die weit ſchneller ſich mittheilen, und der Seele viel wohlthuender ſind als Mißlaute; durch ſie wird begreiflich, wie Liebe gleich dem elektriſchen Funken wirkt, wie eine ſchöne Handlung in ſo vielen Seelen zugleich eine völlige Umſtimmung hervorbringt.

Auch die innere Beſchaffenheit und Regierung der Seele iſt wahre Muſik, und gründet ſich auf harmoniſche Geſetze.

Der Gegenſtand der Muſik iſt der Ton, ihr Zweck das Wohlgefallen des Gehörs.

So iſt das Objekt der Seelenmuſik: den einem jeden Weſen eigne Ton; ihn rein anzuſtimmen, ihn immer mehr zu läutern; ihn mit den verwandteſten Tonarten zu miſchen.

Die Beſtimmung der Seelenmuſik iſt reines Vergnügen für das Gehörorgan des Geiſtes. Die höchſte Weisheit kann der Seele nichts beſſeres zurufen, als: Suche Vergnügen; und in der vollkommenſten Uebereinſtimmung der Theile zum Ganzen wirſt du ſie finden.

Sokrates, Plato, Epikur ſchrieben der Seele dieſen ſittlichen Rhythmus vor, ſo wie Pythagoras und Ariſtoteles die Geſetze der Tonkunſt in Verhältniſſen und in Wohllauten fanden.

Ordnung, Symmetrie, Uebereinſtimmung iſt die Seele des Weiſen, iſt das, wobei er das reinſte Vergnügen empfindet. Es iſt der Genuß in der Muſik, es iſt die Blume des Schönen und Gefälligen, es iſt der Reiz des ſittlich-Schönen.

Die Seele iſt ein Ton, der ſich immer reiner ſtimmen ſoll; jeder Ton hat etwas vom Grundtone in ſich, je mehr er ſich dieſem nähert, je reiner und geiſtiger wird er. Die Seele muß erſt ihre Laufbahn durchwandern, wie der Ton des Monochords die Octav, eh ſie zur Vollendung gelangt. Darum hat ſie einen doppelten Trieb zur Thätigkeit und Ruhe, zur Trägheit und Bewegung, beide ihr weſentlich nöthig.

Die Schwingungen der Saite (die Leidenſchaften der Seele) ſind alſo nicht ſchädlich, ſie ſind es vielmehr, die den Geiſt immer weiter in der Melodie ſeines Daſeyns führen.

Darum ward ihm ein eigenes Gegengewicht gegeben, Wille und Selbſtbeherrſchung. Dieſer iſt das Ebenbild, der wahre Nachklang des Grundtons, das, wodurch er ihm ähnlich wird. Aber nicht Melodie allein, auch Harmonie gebeut die Forderung, daß ähnliche Töne ſich aufſuchen und anziehen.

So ſtrebe die Seele rings um ſich her nach denen ihr verwandteſten homogenen Tönen, nicht um Einklang mit ihnen zu machen, ſondern einen ſüßen Wohllaut hervor zu bringen, ſich mit und durch ſie zu reinigen; holde Liebe! ſüße Freundſchaft! ſanfte Gefälligkeit! wer ahndet, erkennt, fühlt nicht tief hier deine zauberiſche Macht!

Es giebt Seelen, wie Töne, die ſich mit mehreren miſchen können, andere nur mit wenigen; jedes handle hierin nach den Geſetzen ſeines Weſens, ſuche nicht zu vereinigen, was die Natur ſchon trennte.

Die Muſik wechſelt in zwei Tonarten ab; die eine ein Kind der Freude, die andere der Ausdruck des Leidens. So auch das ewige wechſelnde Konzert des Lebens, und dieſe Miſchung kündet die Weisheit ihres Urhebers an, bald in Dur, bald in Molltönen; bald in ſchneller, mäßiger, langſamer Bewegung ſchreitet der Pulsſchlag der Natur in immer neuen, immer abwechſelnden Veränderungen fort.

Dem einen iſt mehr von dieſer, dem andern mehr von jener Tonart beſchieden; das Schickſal vertheilt die Stimmen dieſes Konzerts!

Sind dir viele Trauertöne zum Loos geworden, armer Sterblicher! bemühe dich, dein Gehör darnach zu gewöhnen.— Es kommt viel auf deinen guten Willen an, viele Molltöne werden ſich dann in freudige Schwingungen verwandeln.

Die Seele hat eine Begierde, Verhältniſſe zu entdecken und zu ordnen, je reiner und einfacher dieſelben ſind, je mehr gefallen ſie ihr.

Sie hat zugleich vermöge ihrer Natur, die alle Beſchränkung von Raum und Zeit haßt, die Begierde, viele Verhältniſſe in möglichſt kurzer Zeit zu ſchauen.

Was die Seele in der Muſik reizt, iſt eben die Anſchauung und Vergleichung der Verhältniſſe. Was ſie mehr an den entzückenden Pergoleſi, den ſeraphiſchen Händel und Mozart, den erhabenen Gluck, als einen von den vielen andern mit Harmonie luxurirenden Tonſetzern hinzieht, iſt das Einfache, Große, Erhabene, was jene beſitzt, und die Seele in eine gröſſere Sphäre verſetzt.

Was in zuſammengeſetzten Stücken den Reiz der Seele macht, iſt eben der verſchaffte Reichthum von Ideen in einem kürzern Zeitraume.

Es iſt die ſo wenigen Menſchen, Künſtlern, Tonſetzern eigene Gabe der Seele, nur den Weg anzudeuten, den ſie gehen ſoll, und das übrige dem freien Schwung der Einbildungskraft zu überlaſſen. So auch in der Muſik des Lebens.

Der große einzige Genuß der Seele iſt, Verhältniſſe zu entdecken und zu ordnen.

Die einfachſten Verhältniſſe ſind ihr die liebſten, die ſchönſten, die nützlichſten, ſie ſuche ſie alſo immer auf.

Sie ſtrebe nach großem Reichthume von Ideen in möglichſt kurzem Zeitraume, das heißt: ſie werde immer geiſtiger, ihre Melodie reiner, und wohlklingender ihre Harmonie mit andern Tönen.

Karl Theodor Anton Maria, Freiherr von Dalberg,

aus dem alten Geſchlecht der Kämmerer von Worms, ward am 8. Februar 1744 in Herrnsheim bei Worms geboren, genoß eine vortreffliche Erziehung, ſtudirte darauf in Heidelberg und Göttingen und trat dann in den geiſtlichen Stand. Hier ſtieg er bald von Würde zu Würde, und erhielt 1772 die Ernennung zum wirklichen Geheimrathe und Statthalter von Erfurt, wo er ſich durch unermüdliche Thätigkeit, allgemeines Wohlwollen und ſtrenge Gerechtigkeit bald äußerſt beliebt machte. Ein eifriger Freund und Beförderer der Wiſſenſchaften, trat er zugleich in ein genaueres Verhältniß mit den ausgezeichneten Männern, welche zu jener Zeit Weimar zierten. Im Jahre 1787 ward er Coadjutor und dereinſtiger Nachfolger des damals regierenden Kurfürſten von Mainz, und noch in demſelben Jahre Coadjutor des Hochſtiftes Worms, doch blieb er fortwährend Statthalter in Erfurt. Das folgende Jahr begrüßte ihn als Coadjutor und Nachfolger des Erzbiſchofs von Conſtanz, auch ward er in Bamberg als Erzbiſchof von Tarſus conſecrirt, und 1797 Probſt des Domcapitels von Würzburg. Er folgte dem Fürſtbiſchof von Conſtanz 1799, behielt aber dieſes Bisthum nur bis 1802, wo er Kurfürſt von Mainz und des heil. römiſchen Reiches Erzkanzler wurde, doch hatte ſein Kurfürſtenthum durch die Zeitverhältniſſe bedeutend an Gebiet eingebüßt, und die von der Regensburger Reichsdeputation zugeſprochene Entſchädigung wog dieſen Verluſt nicht auf. Im Jahre 1806 ward er Fürſt Primas und ſouverainer Herr, jener bereits erwähnten durch Frankfurt am Main vermehrten Beſitzungen und 1810 Großherzog von Frankfurt. Nachdem ſich 1813 die politiſchen Verhältniſſe umgeſtaltet, entſagte er jedoch ſeinem Fürſtenthum und begab ſich nach Regensburg, wo er als Erzbiſchof bis an ſeinen Tod, der am 10. Februar 1817 erfolgte, ſegensreich waltete und wirkte.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Beiträge zur allgemeinen Naturlehre. Erfurt, 1773. 4.
Betrachtungen über das Univerſum. Erfurt, 1777. 7te A. Mannheim, 1821.
Gedanken von der Beſtimmung des moraliſchen Werthes. Erfurt, 1782 N. A. 1784.
Erfurt, eine Cantate. Erfurt. 1786.
Grundſätze der Aeſthetik. Erfurt, 1791. 4.
Von dem Bewußtſeyn, als allgemeinem Grunde der Weltweisheit. Erfurt, 1793.
Verhältniſſe zwiſchen Moral und Staatskunſt. Erfurt, 1786.
Perikles. Erfurt, 1793.
Von Erhaltung der Staatsverfaſſungen. Erfurt, 1795. 4.
Betrachtungen über den Character Karls des Großen. Frankfurt a. M., 1806.
Einzelne Aufſätze im deutſchen Merkur, den Horen, dem Morgenblatt u. ſ. w.

Ein großartiger Mann, der nicht bloß als Fürſt mit ſeltener Liebe für Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte wirkte, ſondern durch eigene ſelbſtſtändige Forſchungen und Arbeiten bethätigte, welchen hohen Werth er auf dieſelben legte. Seine Schriften zeichnen ſich durch vielſeitiges Wiſſen, Scharfſinn, Feinheit des Geſchmacks, Gründlichkeit und regen Eifer für das Wahre und Gute, ſo wie durch einen gebildeten und gefälligen Styl höchſt vortheilhaft aus. Die abfälligen Meinungen über ſeine politiſche Wirkſamkeit zu würdigen, gehört nicht in das Bereich unſeres Unternehmens. Wir verweiſen in dieſer Hinſicht auf folgende Arbeiten:

A. Krämer, Gedächtnißſchrift auf K. Th. A. M. Freiherrn von Dalberg. Regensburg, 1817.
Karl Theodor, von F. Lipowsky. Sulzbach, 1829.
Zeitgenoſſen. Bd. 6. Heft 3. S. 33 folg.

Von den Grundſätzen der Aeſthetik.

Viele fürtreffliche Schriftſteller haben in verſchiedenen Theilen der Aeſthetik Meiſterwerke geliefert; aber in den Grundbegriffen dieſer Wiſſenſchaft ſcheint noch immer einige Verworrenheit zu liegen. Das Schöne wird als ein Gegenſtand der ſogenannten ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften betrachtet, und der Grund dieſer Einſchränkung wird darinn geſucht, daß das Schöne eigentlich dasjenige iſt, was gefällt. Allein dieſer Grund iſt ganz irrig. Denn in den ſo genannten gründlichen Wiſſenſchaften ſind unzählige Gegenſtände, die dem Kenner eben ſo gefallen. Und ganz gewiß hat die Größenlehre eben ſo lebhaften Reiz für den Meßkünſtler, als die Dichtkunſt für den Dichter. Selbſt der Handwerksmann findet in ſeinem Handwerke ein großes Vergnügen, wenn er darinn die Vollkommenheit ſucht und erreicht. Auch das Werk ſeiner Hände wird von jedem ſchön geprieſen, wenn es in ſeiner Art würklich vollkommen iſt. Einige glauben den Knoten dadurch zu löſen, daß die ſogenannten ſchönen Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften deswegen ihre Benennung erhalten, weil ſie ſich mit dem moraliſchen Menſchen beſchäftigen, die Leidenſchaften der Menſchen darſtellen, und ihr Würkungskreis mithin der menſchlichen Glückſeligkeit näher liegt. Aber auch dieſer Grund iſt irrig, denn dieſemnach müßten auch Rechtswiſſenſchaft und Moral zu ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften gerechnet werden.

Dieſe irrige Benennung und Verworrenheit der Begriffe, haben unterdeſſen ihre nachtheiligen Folgen, ſo wie alles dasjenige, was unwahr und dunkel iſt. Die bildenden Künſte und ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, werden von manchem ernſthaften Manne als Spielereien verſchmäht; weil man ſie von nützlichen Wiſſenſchaften unterſcheidet. Die ſogenannten ernſtlichen Wiſſenſchaften findet die Jugend und manche muntere Geiſter langweilig, unangenehm, pedantiſch und ekel, weil ſie glauben, daß aller Reitz der Schönheit denſelben fehle. Die bildenden Künſte verlieren ihren weſentlichen Zweck, nämlich Bezeichnung und verewigtes Andenken der Thatſachen, weil ſie als Spielereien des Luxus angeſehen werden. Die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften verlieren ihre erhabene Beſtimmung, Begriffe mitzutheilen, und Begeiſterung zu erregen, ſobald man ſie zum bloſen Zeitvertreib herabwürdiget. Die ſogenannten Handwerker verlieren die verdiente Hochſchätzung, ſobald man ihren Arbeiten alle Einwürkung des Geiſtes und des Schönheitsgefühls abſpricht. Die vollſtändige Theorie der Aeſthetik kann weder gründlich noch zuſammenhängend ſeyn, ſobald man ihr allzuenge Gränzen ſetzt. Denn der nachdenkende Geiſt kann alsdann keinen vollſtändigen Grundſatz faſſen, welcher ſich in allzuenge Gränzen einſchließen ließe. Eben ſo gewiß iſt es aber auch auf der andern Seite, daß Aeſthetik ſich in unrichtige unbeſtimmte Begriffe verirren muß, wenn man ihr allzuweite Gränzen ſetzen ſollte.

Es iſt mithin ein würdiger Gegenſtand, die Grundſätze der Aeſthetik zu prüfen. Der ſicherſte Gang iſt: analytiſch bis zu dem Bewußtſeyn aufzuſteigen, weil hier der Urkeim alles menſchlichen Denkens und Empfindens liegt; von da kann man ſynthetiſch ſchließen. Der Zweck dieſes Aufſatzes iſt: eine ſolche Ausführung vorzulegen.

Wenn Aeſthetik eine gründliche, vollſtändige Wiſſenſchaft iſt, ſo muß ſie ihren Begriff genau angeben, damit man ihren Zweck erkenne. Sie muß ihre Theile vollſtändig aufzählen, damit man erkenne, auf welche Gegenſtände ſie anwendbar iſt. Sie muß ihren ganzen Umfang darſtellen, damit man die Verbindung ihrer Theile wahrnehme, und damit ſie ſelbſt alle innere Widerſprüche vermeide. Sie muß ihre Geſetze vorlegen, und aus den Verhältniſſen der Dinge herleiten, damit man von ihrer wiſſenſchaftlichen Gründlichkeit überzeugt werde. Sie muß ihre Gränzen ſorgfältigſt bezeichnen, ſonſt ſcheitert ſie an der gewöhnlichſten Klippe ſo vieler Syſteme, welche ihre Grundſätze viel zu weit ausdehnen, und dadurch Irrthum und Unrichtigkeit erzeugen. Sie muß die Kennzeichen angeben, nach welchen ſie die Befolgung und Nichtbefolgung ihrer Geſetze mit Gewißheit prüft. Sie muß ihre wechſelſeitige Verbindung mit andern Wiſſenſchaften zeigen; ihren Nutzen beweiſen; ihren Ausſichten mögliche Erweiterung geben; ihren gegenwärtigen Zuſtand vorlegen; die nothwendigſten Folgen ih-

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*) Aus Carl von Dalberg's: „Grundſätze der Aeſthetik" Erfurt, 1791.

der Grundſätze erörtern, und den Weg der practiſchen Anwendung durch Beyſpiele erläutern.

Dieſer Aufſatz iſt ein Verſuch: ob und in wie weit die Aeſthetik alle dieſe Bedingniſſe einer vollſtändigen und gründlichen Wiſſenſchaft erfüllen könne! Wenn ſie wirklich erfüllt werden, ſo fallen diejenigen anſcheinenden Widerſprüche weg, die zu dieſer Ausführung Anlaß gaben.

Aeſthetik iſt Wiſſenſchaft des Schönen. Das Schöne iſt das, was im hohen Grad gefällt. Das Gefallen beſteht allemal im angenehmen Bewußtſeyn angewandter Fähigkeit; die ſeltne höchſte Stufe dieſes angenehmen Bewußtſeyns, heißt Schönheitsgefühl. Das Gefallen hat Beziehung auf Selbſtheit, und auf Verbindungen. Selbſtheit iſt Inbegriff der Eigenſchaften, welche die Menſchheit beſtimmen. Verbindungen ſind diejenigen Würkungen, welche die Kräfte in der Welt wechſelsweiſe in einander hervorbringen. Jeder weiß, daß ſeine ſchlafenden Fähigkeiten erſt durch Einwürkung der äußern Sinnenwelt in lebende Kraft übergehen. Die Natur hat jedem Bewußtſeyn dieſer Kraft ein Gefühl von Wohlgefallen beygelegt, welches nur in gewiſſen Verhältniſſen in Mißfallen ausartet. Dieſes Wohlgefallen iſt Gegenſtand der Aeſthetik, ſo oft ſie einen hohen Grad von Stärke hat. Die wechſelsweiſe Verbindung der Seele mit der Sinnenwelt, iſt von Lebensfreuden und Leiden unzertrennlich.

Die wohlgefallenden Empfindungen der Selbſtheit ſind Bewußtſeyn der Seelenkräfte, des Willens, Denkens, Erkennens, Vorſtellens u. ſ. w. Das Wohlgefallen, das aus den wechſelſeitigen Verbindungen unſerer Seele mit dem Körper, mit der Welt und mit Gott entſteht, iſt eben ſo verſchieden, als unſere Fähigkeiten verſchieden ſind, und als die äuſſern Kräfte verſchieden ſind, welche auf die Seele würken.

Bewußtſeyn aller ſelbſteigenen Seelenkräfte, in ihrer würklichen und möglichen Ausbildung, und alle würkliche und mögliche äuſſere Verbindungen mit der Seele, ſind für uns Quellen des Gefallens und Mißfallens; Zweige und Knoſpen der Aeſthetik, ſo oft das Wohlgefallen ſtark und daurend iſt. Das Wohlgefallen der Selbſtheit iſt ſtark oder ſchwach, demnach als eigene Seelenkräfte ſtark oder ſchwach ſind. Dieſe Verbindungen ſind ſtark oder ſchwach, demnach als die äuſſern Kräfte ganz oder zum Theil, einzeln oder vereinigt, auf die Seele würken. Das Gefallen hat ſeine Stufen: des Behagens, des lebhaften Gefallens, des Entzückens; und die ſelbſteigne oder äuſſere Gegenſtände, welche dieſe Gefühle erregen, heißen angenehm, ſchön, vollkommen ſchön, erhaben. So hat das Mißfallen auch ſeine Stufen: des Mißbehagens, des innigſten Mißfallens, des Schmerzes; und die ſelbſteigne oder äuſſere Gegenſtände, die das Mißfallen erregen, heißen unangenehm, häßlich, abſcheulich. In dem innern Bewußtſeyn, und in den Verbindungen zwiſchen äußern Gegenſtänden und der Seele, ſind gewiſſe Verhältniſſe, in welchen das Gefallen am längſten und ſtärkſten beſtehet. Dieſe Verhältniſſe ſind äſthetiſche Geſetze. In dem Gefallen der Selbſtheit liegt es, daß die Seele ſich ſelbſt eine Quelle von Glückſeligkeit iſt, daß ſie ihre innere eigene Kräfte zu entwickeln und zu bilden ſucht. In der wechſelsweiſen Verbindung äuſſerer Gegenſtände mit der menſchlichen Seele, liegt es, daß die Welt zu des Menſchen Glückſeligkeit beyträgt, und daß der Menſch die äuſſern Dinge zu ſeinen Bedürfniſſen und Lebensfreuden ordnet und bildet. Je mehr die Seele ihre Kräfte entwickelt, bildet, anwendet: um ſo mehr wächſt das Wohlgefallen der Selbſtheit. Nebſtdem ſtrömen ihr von außen die Freuden durch die Sinnen zu, werden geläutert und veredelt durch weiſe Anwendung der Geiſtesorganen. Demnach als ihr Erkenntnisvermögen ſich entwickelt und ausbildet, wird ſie auch empfänglich für das äuſſere reine Wohlgefallen des wahren Schönheitsgefühls. Sie wird im innern vollkommner, und wendet auch ihre Kräfte an, um ſolche äuſſere Unternehmungen zu Stande zu bringen, welche ihre gefallende Empfindungen vermehren. Und ſo entſtehen ſchöne Handlungen, Geiſteswerke, Kunſtwerke. Die beſte Stärkung zu Erreichung innerer Vollkommenheit und das mit verbundenes reines Wohlgefallen des eigenen Bewußtſeyns, iſt die Liebe Gottes. Sie iſt unter allen möglichen Verbindungen diejenige, die am meiſten beglückt. Weil ihr Gegenſtand unendlich, unerſchöpflich iſt; weil ſie alle andere Lebensfreuden veredelt, derſelben mäßigen Gebrauch verſtattet, und den Keim aller quälenden Leidenſchaften erſtickt. Auch wird Erkenntnis des Daſeyns Gottes als ein äſthetiſcher Begriff beſtätiget. Die Aeſthetik muß nämlich immer in Erklärung der Verbindungen aus empfundenen ſichtbaren Würkungen, auf das Daſeyn unſichtbarer innerer Urſachen und Kräfte ſchlieſen. Die lezte Urſach der Urſachen und Urkraft, iſt Gott. Das Bewußtſeyn der Selbſtheit verläßt die Seele niemals. Die Sinnenwelt umgiebt den Menſchen von allen Seiten, und erregt immer neues Wohlgefallen in ihm. Das Bewußtſeyn der Selbſtheit iſt erſte weſentliche Eigenſchaft der Seele. Die unvermeidlichſte Verbindung der Seele iſt diejenige, die ſie an ihre innere Seelenorganen des Gedächtniſſes, der Vernunft, der Vorſtellung, des Willens, knüpft. Jene Sinnen kann ſie manchmal verſchlieſen, aber die innere Organen kann ſie im wachenden Zuſtande nicht entfernen. Auch iſt dieſe Quelle der Leiden und des Gefallens, die ſtärkſte von allen.

Dieſes ſind die Grundbegriffe von der Aeſthetik. Sie iſt Wiſſenſchaft desjenigen, was gefällt. Sie heißt aber iſt hauptſächlich Wiſſenſchaft des Schönen, weil Schönheitsgefühl die ſtärkſte kenntlichſte Stufe des Wohlgefallens iſt. Zu bemerken iſt insbeſondere, wie ſehr die Gegenſtände des Schönheitsgefühls zahlreich ſind. Da nämlich das Schönheitsgefühl in dem hohen Bewußtſeyn angewandter Fähigkeiten beſteht, und die Fähigkeiten der Seele ſehr mannichfaltig ſind, ſo iſt auch das Schönheitsgefühl ſehr mannichfaltig. Mit einem Wort: was in uns und außer uns äſthetiſch vollkommen iſt, und äſthetiſch vollkommen werden kann, muß als mögliche Quelle des Schönen betrachtet werden. Aber das äſthetiſch Uebel, Fehlerhafte, Mangelhafte, Häßliche, kann, vermöge ſeiner Natur, keine Quelle des Schönheitsgefühls ſeyn. Und wenn auch der Menſch ſich über das beſcheidene Erkenntnis eigener Fehler freut: ſo kommt dieſe Wonne von dem Bewußtſeyn der Demuthstugend, nicht von dem Bewußtſeyn der Fehler, die ſie ihm vorhält. Wenn Laſter und Ungeheuer meiſterhaft gemahlt werden, ſo gefallen weder Laſter noch Ungeheuer, ſondern Kraft des Pinſels und Anſchauung des Gemähldes. Herzerhebend iſt die Wahrheit, daß die Quellen des Schönen ſo viel und mannichfaltig der menſchlichen Seele zuſtrömen, und daß es von ihr abhängt, das reine Schönheitsgefühl zu genieſen, ſo oft ſie es in Erkenntnis des Aeſthetiſchvollkommenen ſucht. Ihr eigener Glückſeligkeitstrieb ermuntert ſie wirklich zu dieſem Beſtreben: und wer einmal dieſes edle Vergnügen genoſſen hat, wird demſelben nicht mehr entſagen. Alles und alles ladet ihn dazu ein, von außen die ſchönen Geſtalten, Kraft, Dauer, Gelenkſamkeit, Farbe des Thierreiches; der ſchlanke Wuchs unermeßlicher Mannichfaltigkeiten des Pflanzenreichs, bunte Farben und Wohlgerüche ihrer Blumen; die Feſtigkeit, Biegſamkeit, Glanz und zweckmäßige Brauchbarkeit des Mineralreichs, und über alles, die erhabene harmoniſche Zuſammenwürkung aller Theile des Weltalls. Durch alle Sinne ſtrömen in die Seele die Reize hoher Farben, voller Töne, würzenden Geſchmacks, reizender Gerüche, und ſanfter Gefühle. In ſich ſelbſt findet der Menſch die Kräfte des Vorſtellungsvermögens, des Verſtandes, der Ausbildung eigner Begriffe, des Gedächtniſſes; die Kräfte des Willens in Entſchlieſungen der Seele und Bewegungen des Körpers; der unzähligen geiſtigen und gemiſchten Gefühle, welche durch Wellenlinien, Muſikmodulationen, Diſſonanzen und Konſonanzen, und Mitteltinten, ſo unerſchöpflich mannichfaltige und angenehme Eindrücke geben. Noch weit inniger als alles das, fühlt der Menſch den unwiderſtehlichen, ſo ſehr beglückenden Drang, ſelbſt etwas Schönes durch Unternehmungen, Geiſteswerke, oder Kunſtwerke hervor zu bringen.

Wahr iſt es, daß unter allen dieſen Anſchauungen, Empfindungen, Gefühlen, nur wenige das vollkommene Gepräge der Schönheit tragen. Sie erregen meiſtens nur einen geringeren Grad des Wohlgefallens, welcher den Namen des hohen Schönheitsgefühls nicht verdient: aber ſie ſind der Stoff des Schönen, in ſo weit, als ſie durch Anwendung äſthetiſcher Geſetze zu vollkommenen ſchönen Gegenſtänden gebildet, zuſammen geordnet, und erhoben werden können, wie dieſer Aufſatz zeigen wird. In dieſer Hinſicht empfindet man die Unmöglichkeit, einen beſtimmten Begriff von der Summe derjenigen Gegenſtände zu geben, welche den Stoff der Schönheit enthalten.

Der Geiſt verliert ſich in die Zahl der Schönheitsquellen, die in der Natur und der Kunſt liegen. Die Fluten, die ſich in Tropfen ſammlen, und nun in Bächen als Flüſſen vereinigt, ſtrömen, und dann das Weltmeer erzeugen, ſind ſchwaches Bild der Fülle von Schönheiten, welche in der Natur und in der Kunſt liegen. Dieſe Fülle von Schönheitsquellen umgiebt den Menſchen von jeder Seite, verläßt ihn ſo wenig, daß er allenthalben, und in jedem Augenblicke, ſein Verlangen nach Glückſeligkeit daran befriedigen kann. Nur muß er mit weiſer Mäßigung genieſen, damit nicht grenzenloſes Schwelgen in ihm ſelbſt geiſtige und körperliche Mängel erzeuge! Dieſe Mängel ſind von ihren häßlichen Folgen, von Schmerzen und innern Vorwürfen unzertrennlich.

Ferner muß der Menſch das Gefallende und Schöne niemals außer den Gränzen ſeiner Kräfte ſuchen. Vergeblich und verlohren würde die Bemühung ſeyn, wenn er der innern Weſenheit der Dinge nachſinnen wollte, da er nur von ihren äuſſern Würkungen Begriffe hat. Er würde dem Blinden vergleichbar werden, der von Farben ſprechen wollte. Es kann höhere Schönheiten geben, für andere Weſen, die mehrere Sinne und eindringendern Scharfſinn haben; aber man würde ſich in Träume verirren, und das Würkliche verlaſſen, wenn man ſolchen Muthmaßungen nachſpüren wollte. Die Zahl der erreichbaren Schönheitsquellen iſt ſchon für jeden Menſchen ſehr groß; die Sonne und der kleinſte Käfer drücken ihr Bild in ſeine Seele. Reichthum der Natur wird durch Reichthum der Kunſt vermehrt, und des Menſchen Seele iſt bildliches Weltall, Alles würkt auf ihn, und aus der Würkung des Schönheitsgefühls entſtehet in ihm der Drang der Rückwürkung. Dieſer Drang iſt das, was man Genie, bildende Kraft nennt. Dieſe bildende Kraft drückt ein Pichler dem kleinen Kieſel ein; Phidias dem Marmor, ein Palladio dem Steinhaufen, und ein Plutarch verewigt die Seelenbilder großer Männer der Vorzeit. Die Menſchheit iſt geliebte Tochter des Schöpfers. In jedem Menſchenalter vermehren ſich die Schönheitsquellen der Kunſt; und die Schönheitsquellen der Natur bleiben die nämlichen, immer verjüngt. Begreiflich iſt es daher, wie reich wir ſeyn müſſen, auch ſind, da die Menſchheit ſeit Jahrtauſenden Meiſterwerke auf Meiſterwerke häufet. Der weitere Zuwachs an ſolchen Reichthümern iſt unaufhaltbar; der Drang dazu liegt in den erneuerten Urkräften künftiger Menſchen. Kunſtwerke werden ſeltener durch Menſchen zerſtört, als ſie erzeugt werden. Im Ganzen alſo wächſt die Zahl der Kunſtwerke, und die Welt wird ſchöner.

Die Erkenntnis dieſer Wahrheit wird durch genaue Charakteriſtik des Schönen am beſten befördert. Das Schönheitsgefühl iſt ein freudiger Zuſtand der menſchlichen Seele. Die Verhältniſſe, unter welchen dieſer Zuſtand beſtehet, ſind äſthetiſche Geſetze; beſtimmen die Eigenſchaften und Charakteriſtik des Schönen.

Der Menſch iſt zuſammengeſetzt aus einer Seele, die grenzenloſes Verlangen nach dem äſthetiſch Vollkommen und Schönen hat, und aus einem organiſchen Werkzeuge, dem Körper, welcher ſehr begränzte Mittel hat, das Verlangen der Seele zu befriedigen. Die äſthetiſchen Geſetze ſtehen daher im zuſammengeſetzten Verhältniſſe des unendlich großen Wunſches der Seele, und den beſtimmt kleinen Kräften des Körpers. Das allgemeine äſthetiſche Beſtreben gehet alſo dahin, das unendliche Verlangen der Seele ſo vollkommen zu erreichen, als es die Schwäche des Körpers geſtattet.

Die äſthetiſchen Geſetze, deren Erfüllung zu dieſem Zwecke führen, ſind dreyfach. Die erſten haben Beziehung auf Stärke des Schönheitsgefühls. Die andern auf deſſen Dauer. Die übrigen auf deſſen Vollkommenheit.

Das erſte und wichtigſte von allen iſt das Geſetz der Einheit in dem Gegenſtande der Geiſtesbeſchäftigung. Wenn der Geiſt anhaltend richtet, ſo wird ſeine Kraft und deren Bewußtſeyn, mit jedem Streben der Aufmerkſamkeit, mehr und mehr geſpannt. Die Seele umfaſſet das Bild des Gegenſtandes immer inniger, eben ſo, wie in der Körperwelt die anziehende Kraft mit der Annäherung immer wächſt. Die Seele wünſcht zwar ſogleich ihr Verlangen zu erfüllen, allein in ihrem jetzigen Zuſtande kann ſie nur durch anhaltendes ausſchließendes Ausharren an einem einzigen Gegenſtande, das möglichſt hohe Bewußtſeyn ihrer angewandten Fähigkeiten erhalten. Dieſes Bewußtſeyn iſt vollſtändiges Wohlgefallen. Das Ausdauern an einem Gegenſtande, iſt Fundgrube des Genies, Leitſtern zu dem Schönen, Gepräge hoher Geiſter. Hierher gehören alle Regeln, in Entwerfung einfacher, zweckmäßiger Plane; die Regeln der Einheiten in dramatiſchen Werken; in Geiſteswerken; in bildenden Künſten. Dahin gehören die Vorſchriften des Gemeinſinnes, der da gebietet, den eifrigen Fleiß nur einem Hauptgegenſtande zu widmen, und darinn unermüdet fortzufahren.

Das zweite Geſetz iſt die Sammlung und Anwendung mehrerer und verſchiedener Kräfte zu einem nämlichen Zwecke. Da nämlich, wo eine einzige geſpannte Kraft nicht hinreicht, um den möglichſten Reiz des Schönen hervorzubringen, da müſſen mehrere Kräfte dergeſtalt vereinigt werden, daß keine die Würkung der andern hindert, ſondern befördert. Die Anwendung dieſes Geſetzes kommt bey allen großen Unternehmungen häufig vor. Ein tägliches Beyſpiel davon findet man auch in Vereinigung mehrerer Künſte, z. B. der Tonkunſt und Dichtkunſt, im Singſpiel; der bildenden Künſte, in Verzierung der Baukunſt. Dahin gehören ferner die wohlverflochtenen Epiſoden in Geiſteswerken; die Nebengruppen in Zuſammenſetzung eines großen Gemähldes. Der vorzügliche Reiz des Großen, der großen Unternehmungen, großer Gebäude, großer Naturgegenſtände, beſtehet in Erfüllung dieſes Geſetzes. Da iſt nämlich eine große Fülle geſammleter Kräfte auf einen Zweck vereinigt. So gefallen das alte Rom, die egyptiſchen Pyramiden, der Picus in Teneriffa, und das Firmament auch ſchon durch Größe, wenn man andere Verhältniſſe wegrechnet.

Dieſe zwey erſten Geſetze haben die Stärke des Schönheitsgefühls zum Gegenſtand. Deſſen Dauer wird nun durch die zwey folgenden erzielt.

Das dritte Geſetz verordnet Sparſamkeit im Gebrauche der Organen. Das Fühlen, Denken und Handeln erfordert nämlich eine körperliche Mitwürkung der Hirnzaſern, Nerven und Glieder, welche bald erſchöpft werden. Wenn nun die Seele keine organiſche körperliche Kraft verſchwendet, ſo können dieſe Organe als Werkzeuge der Seelenkräfte, länger ausdauern, und ſie genieſſet länger das angenehme Bewußtſeyn ihrer angewandten Fähigkeiten. Beyſpiele, die hierher gehören, ſind: die Freude an allem, was deutlich und leicht zu faſſen iſt, z. B. die Symmetrie, indem durch dieſe Anordnung das Ganze geſchwinder überſehen wird; die Schönheit der Abkürzungsformeln in Vernunftſchlüſſen, im Rechnen, in tabellariſcher Ueberſicht. Hierher gehört ferner die Schönheit in körperlichen Bewegungen, im Reiten, Tanzen, Fechten, welche immer lediglich darauf hinaus gehet, mit dem leichteſten und geringſten Aufwande körperlicher Kräfte, den nämlichen Zweck zu erreichen.

In den größten Gegenſtänden der Kunſt und Natur iſt Geſetz der Sparſamkeit beobachtet. In der Peterskirche zu Rom ſind die Mauern nicht dicker, die Verzierungsglieder nicht ſtärker, als zu ſolchem Gebäude nöthig iſt. Die Geiſtesſtärke des Grundriſſes, und die Willenskraft der Ausführung, werden in dem ungeheuren Werke angeſtaunt. Das aber, was darinn als vollkommen gefällt, iſt Sparſamkeit des Ebenmaaßes, das ohne plumpe Verſchwendung entbehrlicher Mauern kühn und frey emporragt. Die Alpen und das Weltmeer erregen als ungeheure Fülle der Naturkräfte, Erſtaunen. Aber der Kenner der Natur wird dadurch äſthetiſch entzückt, daß dieſe große Maſſen durch einfach ſparſame Geſetze der Attraction und Adhäſion verbunden ſind.

Das vierte Geſetz: Abwechslung der Beſchäftigung befördert auch die Dauer des Schönheitsgefühls. Indeſſen daß ein anderes Organ gebraucht wird, ſammlet das erſte die ſchon erſchöpften Kräfte wieder, erhält nun neue Lebensgeiſter, und die Seele bleibt fortdaurend würkſam in dem angenehmen Bewußtſeyn ihrer Kräfte. Von Erfüllung dieſes Geſetzes rührt die ſo nöthige Abwechslung in Beſchäftigung, und die Zerſtreuungen her, welche der Gemeinſinn einem jeden Menſchen und bey jeder Unternehmung, als unentbehrlich vorſchreibt. Hierher gehören ferner die Regeln der Mannichfaltigkeit in Geiſteswerken und in der Schreibart. Dahin gehören gleichfalls die nöthigen Kontraſte in bildenden Künſten, nebſt der ſchönen Würkung ihrer Wellenlinien. Hieher gehören die meiſten Regeln der Landſchaftmahlerey und der ſchönen Gartenkunſt. Dahin gehört auch in der Tonkunſt die angenehme Abwechslung der Konſonanzen und Diſſonanzen. Der Reiz der Modeveränderungen iſt auch eine Folge dieſes Geſetzes.

Nun iſt der Weg geöffnet, um diejenigen Geſetze zu entdecken, von deren Erfüllung die Vollkommenheit abhängt. Wenn nämlich einmal das Gefühl des geiſtigen Schönen in der Seele entflammt iſt, dann gehet ihr Verlangen nach dieſem Gefühl, ſo weit es gehen kann. Zu Bewürkung dieſes Zwecks hat ſie zwey Wege. Der erſte iſt: alle Mittel zugleich anzuwenden, um ſich hohes Bewußtſeyn ihrer angewandten Fähigkeiten zu verſchaffen. Der andere Weg iſt: diejenigen Gegenſtände der Beſchäftigung und des Genuſſes zu wählen, in welchen die edelſten und würkſamſten Kräfte enthalten ſind. Der erſte Weg iſt das äſthetiſche Geſetz der Harmonie. Der andere iſt das Geſetz des Ideals.

Das fünfte Geſetz, der Harmonie und Ordnung, iſt Zuſammenſtimmung und Vereinigung der vier erſten Geſetze, durch welche Stärke und Dauer des Schönheitsgefühls erzeugt werden. Die Harmonie vereinigt nämlich Einheit des Gegenſtandes mit Manichfaltigkeit in der Behandlung; Fülle der Kräfte, mit weiſer Sparſamkeit in deren Anwendung. Und ſo beſtehet alsdann der hohe Geſchmack des Vollkommenen in dem Zuſammenklange der Kraft, Anmuth, Reichthum und Mäßigung.

Das ſechſte Geſetz des Ideals wählt unter dem Schönen das Schönſte, bildet es nach dem Geſetze der Harmonie in ein Ganzes zuſammen, und erreicht alsdann die höchſte Stufe des Vollkommenen: das Erhabene. Die Meiſterwerke, welche durch Befolgung dieſes Geſetzes zu Stande kommen, ſind die beſten klaſſiſchen Muſter der Nachahmung. Sie ſind ſchöner, als alltägliche Natur, weil dort die hohen Schönheiten nur zerſtreut, und hier geſammelt wird.

Der Inbegriff aller äſthetiſchen Geſetze führt auf folgende allgemeine Bemerkungen: Das Geiſtige iſt Weſenheit des Schönen; das körperliche iſt deſſen Außenhülle: die äſthetiſchen Geſetze verlangen ſo viel geiſtiges, als möglich iſt; ſo wenig körperliches als unentbehrlich iſt. Ohne Geiſtiges iſt kein Daſeyn des Schönen; ohne Körperliches iſt kein Anſchauen des Schönen. In Sparſamkeit und Abwechslung des Körperlichen, liegt Anmuth des Schönen; Vereinigung der Kraft und Anmuth, iſt Inbegriff des Schönen für den Menſchen.

Dieſes ſind nun die äſthetiſchen Geſetze, deren Beobachtung zu dem Schönen, äſthetiſch Vollkommenen und Erhabenen führt. Aber wenn ſie über die Gränzen der Wahrheit und Weisheit mißbraucht werden, ſo iſt es hierinn, wie mit allem in der Welt. Das Mittel, zum Schönen zu gelangen, kann durch Mißbrauch eine Quelle des Fehlerhaften und Häßlichen werden. Der Mißbrauch des erſten Geſetzes: der Einheit, führt auf Ueberſpannung, Leidenſchaft, Wahnſinn. Der Mißbrauch des zweyten Geſetzes: geſammleter Kräfte, führt auf üppiges, Lebenzerſtöhrendes Schwelgen. Mißbrauch des dritten Geſetzes: der Kräfteſparung, führt auf unwürkſame Schwachheit. Mißbrauch des vierten Geſetzes: der Abwechslung, führt auf leichtſinnige Tändeley. Mißbrauch des fünften Geſetzes: harmoniſcher Ordnung, führt auf kalte kraftertödtende Methode. Mißbrauch des ſechsten Geſetzes vom Ideal; führt auf Ziererey und Empfindeley. Vernunft und Wahrheitsgefühl müſſen Richtſchnur und Gränzen beſtimmen. Im Grunde liegen dieſe Gränzen des Schönheitsgefühls zwiſchen dem ſchwächeren Wohlgefallen an demjenigen, welches blos behaglich iſt, ohne noch ſchön zu ſeyn; und zwiſchen dem Beſtreben und überſpannten Anſtrengen nach dem Bewußtſeyn einer Kraft, welche der Menſch nicht beſitzt, und die mithin unerreichbar iſt. Dieſes Beſtreben iſt eben darinn fehlerhaft, weil es die Gränzen des Schönen überſchreitet. Das hohe reine Bewußtſeyn angewandter Fähigkeiten, iſt im eigentlichſten Verſtande die wahre Quelle menſchlicher Glückſeligkeit. Und wenn die Uebertretung eines einzelnen äſthetiſchen Geſetzes, den Menſchen in den Abgrund der Leidenſchaften ſtürzt, ihn geiſtig oder körperlich unglücklich macht, ſo geſchiehet dieſes, weil dieſe Geſetze nicht im Zuſammenhange, nicht harmoniſch befolgt werden; weil vernünftige Moral und Wahrheit den Weg zu dem würklich Schönen nicht prüfen; weil ſie dasjenige innere Häßliche nicht erforſchen, welches durch einige ſchöne Außenſeiten bedeckt iſt; und weil manche Menſchen, mit einem Worte, vergeſſen, oder nicht wiſſen, daß die Seele erſt durch Ausbildung ihres Erkenntnißvermögens, für das wahre Schönheitsgefühl empfänglich wird.

Das weſentliche Verhältnis des Schönen beſtehet darinne, daß es die menſchliche Seele durch das holde Band der Liebe mit Gott und der Natur zuſammen knüpft. Erkenntnis des Angenehmen erzeugt Neigung; Erkenntnis des Schönen erzeugt Liebe. Die einzelnen Schönheiten der Natur führen die Seele auf deren Urquelle, auf den ewigen unendlichen Innbegriff aller Vollkommenheiten, auf Gott. Nur in dieſem höchſten Gefühl kann das grenzenloſe Verlangen der Seele ruhen, weil da Vollkommenheit ohne alle Mängel, Glückſeligkeit ohne Ende iſt. Alle dieſe Verhältniſſe des Schönen, ſind nicht zufällig, nicht vorübergehend. Sie flieſen aus den urſprünglichen Eigenſchaften der menſchlichen Natur; durch vernünftigen Gebrauch ſeines Willens, und beſtändiges Streben nach äſthetiſcher Vollkommenheit, kann der Menſch in Ausbildung und entzückendem Bewußtſeyn angewandter Fähigkeiten, weit kommen. Die Menſchheit im Ganzen genommen, iſt hierinnen ſchon weit gekommen, und wird immer weiter fortrücken. Und das Ziel iſt: gröſere Glückſeligkeit durch reines Schönheitsgefühl.

Da nunmehr die Charakteriſtik des Schönen angegeben worden, ſo wird es zweckmäßig ſeyn, auch die beſtimmten Kennzeichen anzugeben, welche dem Nichtſchönen eigen ſind. Wo kein hohes Bewußtſeyn angewandter Fähigkeit iſt, da empfindet die Seele kein vorzüglich lebhaftes Wohlgefallen, kein Schönheitsgefühl. Diejenigen Gegenſtände verdienen mithin die Benennung des Schönen nicht, welche kein hohes intenſives Schönheitsgefühl erregen können.

Das Nichtſchöne iſt entweder häßlich oder gleichgültig, oder wenig gefallend, oder übertrieben. Das tiefe mißfallende Gefühl des äſthetiſch Fehlerhaften, welches demjenigen gar nicht entſpricht, vielmehr entgegen ſtrebt, was man nach deſſen Zweck zu erwarten hatte, iſt Würkung und Kennzeichen des Häßlichen. Dasjenige, was bey vorübergehender Bemerkung in der Seele weder einen angenehmen, noch unangenehmen Eindruck hinterläßt, iſt für die Seele in dieſem Augenblick gleichgültig. Das Behagliche erregt wahres Wohlgefallen in der Seele, aber dieſes Wohlgefallen iſt weit ſchwächer, als dasjenige, welches durch den ſtärkern Eindruck des Schönen erregt wird. Das Uebertriebene mißfällt deswegen, weil es die Vollkommenheit ſucht, wo ſie nicht iſt, und weil das Streben jenſeits des Ziels, eben auch ein häßlicher Fehler der Beurtheilungskraft iſt.

Es iſt natürlich, daß die Empfindung des Wohlgefallens und Mißfallens, ihre Stufenleiter hat. Alle einfache abgezogene Begriffe, alle einfache Gefühle und Empfindungen, haben die ihrigen. Eben ſo natürlich iſt es, daß eine äuſerſte Stufe des höchſten Wohlgefallens da ſeyn muß, denn ſonſt gieng dieſes Aufſteigen ins Unendliche; und der Menſch iſt ein endliches Weſen von beſtimmt-beſchränkten organiſchen Kräften. Der vollkommenſte Punkt auf der Stufenleiter des Wohlgefallens, heiſt Schönheitsgefühl.

Jede Stufe des Nichtſchönen hat ihre Abſtufungen. Das blos Gefällige, und das einigermaßen Uebertriebene, gränzen von beyden Seiten am nächſten an das Schöne. Das Häßliche ſtehet am allerweiteſten von dem Schönen ab. Es erregt ein unangenehmes Gefühl, das die Seele von ſich zu entfernen ſucht, weil es ihrem unauslöſchlichen Triebe nach Glückſeligkeit entgegen würkt, und ihm den hohen angenehmen Genuß des Schönheitsgefühls entziehet. Ein auffallendes und wichtiges Beyſpiel, wird die Folge des Häßlichen deutlich entwickeln. Das Bewußtſeyn nämlich moraliſcher Mängel und Laſter, erregt Gewiſſensbiſſe. Das Bewußtſeyn geiſtiger und körperlicher Mängel, erregt Mißmuth. Die Seele hat zwey Wege, aus dieſem unangenehmen Zuſtande zu kommen: der eine iſt der wahre; beſtehet in Selbſtbeſſerung, und in dem Beſtreben, andere gute Anlagen in ſich auszubilden. Dieſes Beſtreben ſchaffet Troſt und Erſatz, und öfnet neue Quellen des Moraliſch- und Aeſthetiſchſchönen. So wird der Verführte durch Reue und Beſſerung, ein edler, rechtſchaffener Mann. Und bey groſen körperlichen Mängeln, kann eine Perſon durch Anmuth und Tugend, auch äſthetiſch liebenswürdig werden, indem ihre Geiſtesvorzüge gefallen. Der andere Weg: das eigene Bewußtſeyn des Häßlichen zu entfernen, beſtehet darinn, daß man das Schöne in äuſſeren Gegenſtänden und Perſonen zu verdecken, zu mißſtellen, zu zerſtöhren ſucht, ſie ſelbſt weghaßt, damit ihre äſthetiſchen Vollkommenheiten nicht an eigene Häßlichkeit erinnert. Dieſer Weg des Haſſes, des Neids, der Verläumdung, der Bosheit, verfehlt ſeinen Zweck; denn da wird das Häßlichere zum Häßlichen gehäuft; böſes Gewiſſen und Mißmuth rufen nun immer lauter, und ihre Stimme erregt bittres inneres Mißfallen.

Moral und Aeſthetik treffen in dem Punkt zuſammen, wo angenehme und unangenehme moraliſche Gefühle entſtehen; wo in der Moral Gefallen und Mißfallen vorkommen; denn Gefallen und Mißfallen ſind das eigentliche Gebiete der Aeſthetik.

In Beziehung auf die lebloſe Natur, folgt der Menſch immer ſeinem Triebe, das Häßliche zu entfernen. So werden Sümpfe abgeleitet, Wüſteneyen urbar gemacht, dürre Anger bepflanzt; und ſo keimt das Aeſthetiſchſchöne zuweilen mitten aus dem Häßlichen hervor; in moraliſcher Beziehung, durch Reue, Demuth, Geiſtes- und Herzensbildung, und auch durch beſſernde Warnungen und Strafen; in pſychologiſcher Beziehung durch Unternehmungen, Geiſteswerke und Kunſtfleiß.

Im Ganzen iſt es aber wahr, daß das Häßliche oft ſtark und andaurend ſiegt; und es iſt daher Tugend und äſthetiſche Wohlthat für die Menſchheit, demſelben entgegen zu arbeiten. Dieſes iſt um ſo nöthiger, als das Häßliche durch das Häßliche ſehr oft verbreitet und fortgepflanzt wird. Neid, Haß, Verfolgung, Bosheit, Habſucht, Rohheit und Laſter, werden durch Nachahmung herrſchend; durch Gewohnheit eingewurzelt. Der abgehärteten Bosheit iſt Unſchuld unerträglich; Verführung und Mittheilung eigener Häßlichkeit, iſt ihre Wonne. Selbſt in der phyſiſchen Natur wird das Häßliche von dem Häßlichen erzeugt. Stockende Sümpfe, modernde Wälder, dumpfige Thäler, verpeſten die Luft, verkrüppeln die Pflanzen, entſtellen die Thierarten. Mit einem Worte: Gefühl des Häßlichen iſt Bewußtſeyn des äſthetiſch-Fehlerhaften und Mangelhaften. Alle Gräuel und Schandauftritte der phyſiſchen und moraliſchen Welt, ſind Folgen des Fehlerhaften und Mangelhaften; ſind zugleich phyſiſch, moraliſch und äſthetiſch häßlich. Und da der Haß mit Gegenhaß, Zerſtöhrung mit Zerſtörung, Bosheit mit Bosheit, mehrentheils vergolten wird, ſo keimen Uebel aus Uebel, Häßlichkeit aus Häßlichkeit. Die Geſchichte zeigt groſe Gegenden, ganze Jahrhunderte des Jammers, und häßliche Entehrung der menſchlichen Natur, deren Würkungen ſo äuſerſt mißfallen müſſen. Oft hörten ſie nicht eher auf, bis die Stimme eines aufgeklärten tugendhaften Mannes, ſich unter den Trümmern der Verwüſtung erhob, oder bis durch zufällige Zuſammenſtimmung beſonderer Umſtände, das Edle und Schöne wieder aufkeimen konnte. An Beyſpielen, noch beſtehender Gräuel, fehlt es unſern Zeiten ſelbſt nicht. Sittenverderbnis, politiſche Ränke, habſüchtige Kriege, Negerhandel, und mancher despotiſche Mißbrauch rechtmäßiger Gewalt, werfen manchen moraliſch und äſthetiſch häßlichen Schatten auf das Gemälde unſers Jahrhunderts, und müſſen jeder unverdorbenen Seele äuſerſt mißfallen.

Doch niemals wird der Keim des Vollkommenen und Schönen in der menſchlichen Natur ganz erſtickt. Die Funken davon liegen tief in der Seele. Und im Grunde iſt das mißfallende Bewußtſeyn eigener Fehler und Häßlichkeit, ein gewaltſamer Zuſtand für die Menſchheit, den ſie nur durch tugendſames und äſthetiſches Beſtreben nach dem Vollkommenen und Moraliſch-äſthetiſchſchönen, entfernen kann. Bildung, Erziehung, Künſte, Wiſſenſchaften, Kriminalgeſetze, bürgerliche Ordnung, ſind weſentliche Mittel zu dieſem Zwecke. Im Ganzen geſchehen Fortſchritte, und dieſer Sieg des Lichts über Finſternis, iſt würkliche Verminderung des Moraliſch-phyſiſchen und Aeſthetiſch-häßlichen.

Die beſtimmten Kennzeichen des Schönen, ſind in den äſthetiſchen Regeln enthalten; der ächte Probierſtein iſt die Anwendung dieſer Regeln, in Beurtheilung und Prüfung eines jeden Gegenſtandes. Dieſe Prüfung wird noch viel einleuchtender und ſicherer, wenn man zu gleicher Zeit ſolche Gegenſtände prüfet und vergleicht, deren klaſſiſche Vollkommenheit ganz ungezweifelt iſt. Die Schönheit nämlich hat auch ihre engern Stufen, und wenn man erkennen will, in welchem Grade ein Gegenſtand ſchön iſt, ſo iſt es zweckmäßig, ihn mit einem andern von erkanntem Werthe zuſammen zu ſtellen, der ihm alsdann zum Maaßſtabe dienet.

Wohlgeordnete Sammlungen, vollkommene Muſter nach verſchiedenen Stufen ihrer Schönheit, ſind daher von weſentlichem Nutzen, zu Bildung des Geſchmacks, und Beſtimmung eines richtigen Urtheils. Solche Sammlungen ſind ein äſthetiſcher Maaßſtab, deſſen Grade in ihren verſchiedenen geſammelten Werken zu ſuchen und zu ordnen ſind

Auch Beyſpiele des Unvollkommenen, Häßlichen, Uebertriebenen, ſind nicht ohne Nutzen. Sie zeigen, welche Klippen zu meiden ſind; doch iſt es nicht rathſam, ſich viel damit zu beſchäftigen, weil der Geſchmack ſich nach und nach ſelbſt an das Häßliche gewöhnt.

Jeder Theil der Aeſthetik hat Muſter und Sammlungen. Nur iſt zu wünſchen, daß ſie beſtens geordnet, und unermüdet benutzt werden. Das höchſtdenkbare Muſter möglichſter ſittlichſter und moraliſch-äſthetiſcher Vollkommenheit, iſt der Sinn des Evangeliums. Die Weltgeſchichte iſt Bilderſammlung von Tugenden und Laſtern. Schriftſteller aller Zeiten, Kunſtwerke von allen Gattungen, Naturerzeugniſſe aus allen Reichen und Ländern, ſind geſammlet und aufgeſtellt.

Auch die allgemeine Stufenleiter des äſthetiſchen Gefühls des Gefallens und Mißfallens, läßt ſich einigermaßen mit Worten ausdrücken. Abſcheu iſt Würkung des Häßlichen, Fehlerhaften; Abneigung des Mangelhaften; Gleichgültigkeit des Unbedeutenden; Neigung des Behaglichen; Beyfall des Angenehmen; Liebe des Vollkommenen und Schönen; Entzücken des Erhabenen. Der Drang zum Würken, Nachahmen und Bilden, iſt Folge der innig andaurenden Liebe zum Schönen. Die mißlungenen Werke der Ueberſpannung erregen Mißfallen, Spott oder Mitleiden, demnach als übler Geſchmack, Uebermuth oder Wahnſinn, daran Hand anlegten. Jeder merkliche Grad des äſthetiſchen Gefühls hat untrügliche Kennzeichen ſeines Daſeyns, in äuſſeren Gebärden, und inneren Gemüthsbewegungen, des Verlangens, Zudringens, Beyfalls, Entzückens, und der Aufmerkſamkeit. Jede genaue Aufzeichnung hiervon, würde Semiotik der äſthetiſchen Gefühle ſeyn.

Jeder ſchöne Gegenſtand ſtehet auf einer Stufe der Schönheit, die dem Innbegriffe ſeiner äſthetiſchen Vollkommenheiten gleich iſt. Scharfſinnige Vergleichung der Meiſterwerke in jedem Fache; fleißige Prüfung derſelben nach den Geſetzen der Aeſthetik; und dann Verzeichnis nach den Stufen ihres äſthetiſchen Werths, iſt gewiß das beſte Beförderungsmittel zur Bildung des Geſchmacks; durch Vergleichung ſchöner Gegenſtände, und Anordnung äſthetiſcher Geſetze, werden die Gränzen des Schönen am ſicherſten erkannt. Der gute Geſchmack wird gleich andern Fähigkeiten entwickelt, und vollkommen durch Uebung.

Wer ſich nach fürtreflichen Muſtern bildet, und ſich die Anwendung äſthetiſcher Geſetze eigen macht, wird in Erkenntnis des Schönen, und in deſſen Darſtellung, fortſchreiten, gleich einem hellen Fluß, der ſich immer ſelbſt gleicht, und unaufhaltbar zwiſchen feſten Ufern hinwallt, indeſſen der ungebildete Geiſt ſchwärmiſch, ſchäumend und verwüſtend, über Fluren, Klüfte und Felſentrümmern hinſtürzt.

Das hohe Gefühl des Schönen entflammt die Begierde, ſelbſt Kunſtwerke zu erzeugen, die jenen Muſtern in Manchem nahe kommen, ſie in Manchem übertreffen. So wird das Schönheitsgefühl verfeinert, erhöhet, verbreitet; ſo wird äſthetiſche Schönheit der Tugend, durch äſthetiſch ſchöne Tugend, ſo wird Geiſt durch Geiſteswerke, Kunſt durch Kunſtwerke fortgepflanzt. Die Vermehrung, Verbreitung äſthetiſcher Muſter, iſt möglich, und zum Theil ausgeführt. In neueren Zeiten ſind unermeßliche Beförderungsquellen geöffnet; in Geiſtesſachen durch Buchdruckerey; in Kunſtſachen durch Kupferſtiche, Gyps-Schwefel- und Thonabdrücke. Die Geſetze der Aeſthetik werden täglich genauer und beſtimmter erkannt; der Maaßſtab des Schönen wird vollkommener, und der Erfolg iſt, daß allgemeine Erkenntnis des Schönen wächſt.

Die Charakteriſtik des Schönen zeigte bisher deſſen innere Verhältniſſe; nun werden deſſen äuſſere Verhältniſſe, Verbindungen, Würkungskraft gezeigt werden.

Jedes Schönheitsgefühl hat ſein beſtimmtes Maaß von Stärke, und Dauer des Wohlgefallens. Kommt es über dieſes Maaß, dann iſt es überſpannt. Bleibt es unter dieſem Maaße, dann iſt es zu ſchwach, um ein würkliches hohes Schönheitsgefühl zu ſeyn. So auch hat wieder jeder äuſſere ſchöne Gegenſtand ſein beſtimmtes Maaß von Würkungskraft; und der möglichſtſchöne höchſtwohlgefallende Eindruck, den er auf die menſchliche Seele machen kann, ſtehet in gleichem Verhältnis mit dem Inbegriffe ſeiner eigenen äſthetiſchen Vollkommenheit. Dieſes iſt wahr, in Beziehung auf alle ſchöne, höchſtwohlgefallende Gegenſtände. Dieſe Verhältniſſe und Anlagen zu Verbindungen, liegen in den Grundeigenſchaften aller Weſen, die würklich und möglicher Weiſe in den wechſelſeitigen Würkungskreis, mit der menſchlichen Seele kommen können. In der Seele liegen unzählige Fähigkeiten, von denen ſie keinen Begriff hat; deren Daſeyn ihr oft unbekannt iſt, und die nur alsdann mit dem Bewußtſeyn des Schönheitsgefühls, in ihr aufleben, wenn äuſſere Weſen, oder deren Zuſammenſtimmung, einen Eindruck des äſthetiſch Vollkommenen machen, den ſie noch nicht kannte. Wenn die Seele durch geſpannte Aufmerkſamkeit für einen vollkommenen Eindruck empfänglich iſt, und dieſen Eindruck erhält: dann entſtehet in ihr, wie in jedem Weſen, wie in jeder erregten Kraft, der Drang der Rückwürkung. Sie beſtrebt ſich durch Handeln, Würken, Bilden, etwas zu erzeugen, das dem empfangenen Eindrucke gleich iſt, und auch Wohlgefallen erregt. Wenn aber Fülle und Erhabenheit des äuſſeren Gegenſtandes ſo groß iſt, daß die Seele deſſen Ganzes nicht faſſen kann: dann iſt ihre Lage unangenehm und mißfallend, weil ſie zu der Ueberſpannung ihrer Kräfte gereizt wird. Wenn im andern Falle der Gegenſtand ſichtbar fehlerhaft oder mangelhaft iſt, da macht er ſchwachen und widrigen Eindruck; der Zuſtand der Seele wird nun auch unangenehm und mißfallend; ein Theil ihrer Kraft iſt abgeſpannt, und ſie hat doch das Bedürfniß in ſich, daß ihr Bewußtſeyn dem ganzen Maaße ihrer möglichſt anwendbaren Fähigkeit gleich werde. Da entſtehet nun in ihr Langeweile, Mißfallen und Abſcheu des Häßlichkeitsgefühls. Es iſt bereits bemerkt worden, daß das Schönheitsgefühl zwiſchen mißfallender Ueberſpannung, und dem ſchwachen Wohlgefallen am blos Behaglichen, mitten inne liege. Das Schönheitsgefühl hat alſo ſein genau begränztes Maaß. Eine gleichmäßige Einrichtung beſtimmter Gränzen, bemerkt man in allen andern unäſthetiſchen Beziehungen des Schöpfungsſyſtems. So z. B. können Thiere und Pflanzen nur im mittleren Verhältniſſe zwiſchen Kälte und Wärme beſtehen. Durch beſtändigen Froſt würde das Waſſer auf ewig erſtarrt, und die Erde für die Pflanzenaufkeimung verſchloſſen ſeyn. Durch größere Hitze würde das Waſſer verdünſten, die Erde verglaſen. Bey ſchnellerer Bewegung würden die Weltkörper durch Schwungkraft zerplatzen; bey langſamerer Bewegung würden ſie in die Sonne zuſammenſtürzen. Heftigere Empfindungen würden für den Menſchen ſchmerzhaft ſeyn; leiſere Empfindungen wären ohne Reiz. Schön ſind daher die Worte der Bibel: Gott ſchuf Alles nach Maaß und Gewicht. Die Belege zu dieſer Wahrheit ſind eben ſo unzählig, als die Theile des Weltalls.

Harmoniſch ſchön iſt es, daß die nämlichen Geſetze der Aeſthetik, die in der Natur der menſchlichen Seele liegen, auch in der Zuſammenordnung des ganzen Weltbaues beobachtet ſind. Und wie wären auch die Geſetze des Weltalls allumfaſſend, wenn die Geſetze der Aeſthetik nicht darinn enthalten wären. In dem Weltall iſt allenthalben Fülle der Kräfte; aber Sparſamkeit der Anwendung, in Erreichung der Zwecke — eine Wahrheit, welche Leibnitz, König und Maupertuis, in der Grundlehre von möglichſt geringer Kraft, erwieſen haben. Allenthalben iſt Einheit, ſich ſelbſt gleicher Typus. In jedem Geſchlechte der drey Naturreiche, und allenthalben, unendliche Mannichfaltigkeit, kein Blatt dem andern gleich, kein Geſicht dem andern ganz ähnlich, und der Spielraum dieſer Mannichfaltigkeit, liegt in der Zuſammenſetzung minder weſentlicher Theile. Alle dieſe Geſetze, im Größten und im Kleinſten, in der Geiſterwelt und Körperwelt, in Formen und Subſtanzen, ſind harmoniſch in das Ganze des Weltalls zuſammenfließend. Wer noch zweifelt, daß Gott der menſchlichen Seele ſein Ebenbild eindrückte, der denke noch an jene höchſte Wohlthat: Er gab ihr nämlich Schönheitsgefühl, Bildungstrieb und Tugendſtreben: und ſo legt die Menſchheit durch Tugend, Wiſſenſchaft, nützliche und ſchöne Künſte, die letzte Hand an, um die ſchöne Welt ihres ewigen Vaters noch ſchöner zu machen. Ihm iſt das Lob, denn aus ihm quoll dieſe Kraft.

Wenn das moraliſch-äſthetiſche Schönheitsgefühl durch Vernunft geprüft, feſt, und von aller Ahndung nachfolgender mißfallender Gewiſſensbiſſe rein iſt: dann wird es zugleich ſicherſte Gewährleiſtung für den Menſchen, daß er auf dem Wege der Tugend, Wahrheit und Glückſeligkeit wandelt. Denn Tugend iſt beſtändigſte Anwendung eigner Fähigkeiten, und Schönheitsgefühl iſt deren wohlgefallendes Bewußtſeyn. So wie der Schmerz für körperlicher Zerſtöhrung warnet: eben ſo warnet der übertäubte mißfallende Abſcheu des Häßlichen für Fehlern und Laſtern; und eben ſo warnet Mißmuth für Mangel der Geiſtesbildung.

Die Kenntnis des Schönheitsgefühls, ihrer Weſenheit und ihrer Zwecke, können mehr und mehr entwickelt, vollkommen und verbreitet werden. Die Fortſchritte der Aeſthetik werden dazu mitwürken, und das reine, durch Vernunft geprüfte Schönheitsgefühl, iſt alsdann für den Menſchen ſicherer Leitſtern zu der Tugend und Glückſeligkeit.

Die ſtärkere Kraft des äußeren ſchönen Gegenſtandes, iſt die Urſache ihrer Würkungen auf die menſchliche Seele. Der Eindruck, den ein ſchöner Gegenſtand bewürkt, verſetzt die Seele in den ſehr angenehmen Zuſtand des Wohlgefallens. Dieſer Zuſtand iſt, wie bereits oben geſagt worden, das gefallende Bewußtſeyn ihrer angewandten Fähigkeiten. Nach Verſchiedenheit der ſchönen Gegenſtände wird das Bewußtſeyn eigener Thatkraft, oder des Erkenntnisvermögens, oder Empfindungsvermögens, oder Willensvermögens, in hohem Grade belebt. Mit einem Wort: das Schöne weckt in dem Menſchen ſeine ſchönſten und beſten Anlagen. Und da in ſeiner Wißbegierde die Veranlaſſung liegt, von Würkungen auf Urſachen zurück zu gehen, ſo führt ihn das Schönheitsgefühl auf Gott, der die Urquelle alles Schönen, und derjenige Mittelpunkt iſt, auf welchen alle reinen Gefühle geiſtiger Liebe am Ende ſich hindrängen. Wenn die Seele die Schönheit und Vollkommenheit des Schöpfers nach dem ganzen Maaße ihrer Kräfte empfindet, und wenn dieſes Gefühl einmal in ihr herrſchend wird, dann iſt ſie fähig, jedes Schöne in der ganzen Natur in ſeiner Reinheit und wahren Verhältniſſen zu fühlen. Denn alles dieſes iſt nur Würkung und Ausfluß des unendlich Schönen. Der reine Eindruck des Schönen alſo, beglückt die menſchliche Seele, entwickelt, bildet, veredelt den Menſchen. Aber dieſer Eindruck kann die innern Fähigkeiten der Seele nicht vermehren, ſondern nur entwickeln und bilden. Er erregt, ſeiner Natur nach, angenehmes wohlgefallendes Bewußtſeyn, ſo wie im entgegen geſetzten Falle der Eindruck des Häßlichen, ein ſehr mißfallendes Bewußtſeyn verurſacht.

Der Eindruck des Schönen würkt auf verſchiedene Menſchen, nach der beſondern Anlage eines jeden verſchiedentlich. Durch ihn keimen in dem Helden Thatkräfte; in dem Denker Vernunftſchlüſſe; in dem Dichter und Künſtler Bilder; jedes in ſeiner Art höchſt ſchätzbar. Die Art der Würkungen hängt hier, wie in der ganzen Natur, von der Beziehung ab. Aber jeder ſchöne Gegenſtand hat ſeine beſtimmte Würkungskraft, und jede Seele hat ihren beſtimmten Grad von Empfänglichkeit, doch ſo, daß jeder ſchöne Gegenſtand fähig iſt, auf alle Seelen zu würken, und daß jede Seele für den Eindruck aller ſchönen Gegenſtände, Anlage hat. Nur in der Art und dem Maaß des Eindrucks, liegt Verſchiedenheit. Alter, Geſchlecht, Beſchäftigung, Umſtände, Mangel an Ausbildung, verurſachen Einſchränkung und Mannichfaltigkeit, nicht Aufhebung des Verhältniſſes.

Die Empfindſamkeit der Seele für das Schöne, muß der Wahrheit prüfender Vernunft, untergeordnet bleiben, wenn die Eindrücke des Schönen in reinen und richtigen Verhältniſſen würken ſollen. Sonſt entſtehen Anhänglichkeit, ungerechte Partheylichkeit, Leidenſchaften mit ihrem verwüſtenden Gefolge. Der Glückſeligkeitstrieb legt nämlich großen Werth auf den ſchönen Gegenſtand, weil er die Seele in ſehr angenehmen Zuſtand verſetzt. Die Fantaſie giebt ihm einen ausſchweifenden Vorzug, den er nicht hat; ſchmückt ihn mit der erdichteten Einbildung höchſter Vollkommenheiten aus, und ätzt nun dies ſchöne Traumbild mit Flammenzügen in das Herz. Wenn nun der Gegenſtand der Leidenſchaft jedes Erwarten der Hofnung nicht erfüllt, nicht erfüllen kann, dann wird die Seele von allen Ideen geträumter Glückſeligkeit getäuſcht. Dies iſt Geſchichte aller Leidenſchaften, aller leidenſchaftlichen Liebhabereyen, für Künſte, Wiſſenſchaften, Ruhm, Macht u. ſ. w. Dieſe Ueberſpannung wird nur dadurch vermieden, wenn die prüfende Vernunft den wahren Werth jedes ſchönen Gegenſtandes anerkennt, und dem übermäßigen und ausſchließenden Werthe widerſpricht, und die Seele ſich dem Bewußtſeyn anderer reinen Schönheitsgefühle offen erhält.

Der Sitz des menſchlichen Verlangens, das, was man Herz nennt, wird von Eindrücken des Schönen auf die Seele, veredelt, gebildet, und im Zuſtande der Glückſeligkeit erhalten. Das Vorſtellungsvermögen und Gedächtnis erneuern, erhöhen anhaltend die Bilder derjenigen innigſt gefallenden Vollkommenheiten, die die Seele in einem geliebten Gegenſtande würklich entdeckt hat. Und ſo entſtehen die ſelbſten Verbindungen, Freundſchaft und Liebe! Sie ſind anhaltend, wenn ſie auf Schönheitsgefühl wahrer Vollkommenheiten befeſtigt ſind. Sie ſind unauflösbar, wenn wechſelſeitige Tugendbeſtreben, immer höhere Vollkommenheiten, neue Quellen des Wohlgefallens, in beyden verbundenen Seelen erzeugt.

Die Liebe zum Schönen kann niemals allzulebhaft, allzuinnig ſeyn, wenn ſie in den Gränzen der Wahrheit bleibt: und es iſt zu wünſchen, daß ſie das Empfindungsvermögen einer jeden Seele ganz ausfülle. Und ſo iſt es auch Pflicht eines jeden Lehrers, durch Bilder des Schönen zu reizen, und durch Forſchungen der Vernunft ihren wahren Werth zu beſtimmen. Jeder Regent, der Vater ſeines Volks iſt, erzeigt Wohlthat, wenn er die Weisheit der Geſetze durch verbreiteten Genuß des Schönen würzet; wenn bildende Künſte den Geiſt der Innwohner ergötzen, wenn die Natur durch Kunſt verſchönert wird, und Muſen und Tugenden einander wechſelsweiſe die Hände bieten. Wer die wohlgefallende Würkung des Schönen nicht zu befördern, zu verbreiten ſucht, der verdient den Nahmen eines Weiſen nicht. Wahr iſt es, daß die Vernunft den Genuß der Freude nach ſittlichen Regeln der Lebensweisheit ordnen muß; aber wahr iſt es auch, daß die edelſten Freuden in demjenigen Eindrucke beſtehen, den die Schönheit auf die menſchliche Seele macht.

Das Schönheitsgefühl hat ſeine eigenen Würkungen, deren Wichtigkeit und Nutzen eine ausführlichere Darſtellung verdient. Dieſe Würkung nämlich iſt dasjenige, das der Menſch zu Stande bringt, aus Antrieb des in ihm erregten Schönheitsgefühls. Alle große Handlungen, hohe Thaten der Kriegskunſt, der Staatskunſt, der moraliſchen Vollkommenheit, wiſſenſchaftliche Entdeckungen, ſchöne Geiſteswerke, Meiſterſtücke bildender Künſte, Entwicklungen körperlicher Fähigkeiten, lebten alle vorher, als innigſt gefallende ſchöne Bilder, in der fühlenden Seele ihres Unternehmers, der in ſich den Drang empfand, dieſen Lieblingsbildern durch Ausführung Würklichkeit zu geben. Er erzeugt nun etwas neues, das denjenigen ſchönen Gegenſtänden in Theilen oder im Ganzen ähnlich iſt, deren Schönheit und Vollkommenheit einen tiefen wohlgefallenden Eindruck auf ſein Schönheitsgefühl gemacht hatte.

Ausgeführte ſchöne Unternehmungen, Handlungen, Kunſtwerke, ſind Aeußerungen des Willensvermögens, nicht des Schönheitsgefühls. Aber Verlangen und Wollen werden beſtimmt durch Gefühle, und Wohlgefallen des Schönheitsgefühls iſt der veranlaſſende Trieb zur Beſtimmung des Willens, und Ausführung ſchöner Unternehmungen giebt dem Willen die Stärke zum Ausdauern, und zur Ueberwindung der Hinderniſſe. Schönheitsgefühl der Tugend drängt und ſtärkt im Kampfe gegen Laſter. Schönheitsgefühl der Kunſt drängt und ſtärkt in Vollendung ſchöner Kunſtwerke. Willen und Schönheitsgefühl, ſind verſchiedene Eigenſchaften der Seele; aber in dieſer Verſchiedenheit haben ſie doch ihren Vereinigungspunkt, und dieſer iſt hier gezeigt worden.

Der Drang der Ausführung würckt gleichfalls nach verſchiedenen Anlagen, auf verſchiedene Weiſe. Der eine fühlt ſich zu Thathandlungen angefeuert; der andere bildet aus Vernunftſchlüſſen wiſſenſchaftliche Lehrgebäude; ein anderer ſtellt das Gemählde der Wahrheit als Schriftſteller dar; und wieder ein anderer drückt ſein Gefühl der ſchönen Natur durch bildende Künſte aus. Jeder ergreift denjenigen Weg, ſeinen Drang zu der Ausführung zu befriedigen, für den er ſich beſtimmt fühlt. Der Grund zu dieſer Verſchiedenheit liegt in der Mannichfaltigkeit der Organiſation, zum Theil auch in jugendlicher Uebung und erſten Eindrücken. Bey dem einen ſind Muth und Willensvermögen; bey dem andern iſt Vorſtellungsvermögen, Fantaſie, überwiegend, ohne daß er darum von andern Eigenſchaften ganz ausgeſchloſſen wäre.

Alle ſolche ausgeführte Unternehmungen ſind Geiſteskinder des Schönheitsgefühls. Aber hierher gehören nicht die ängſtlichen mühſeligen Werke des Eigennutzes und der Nebenabſichten; nicht die kalten Anwendungen geſammelter Kunſtregeln; nicht das ſchleichende Bemühen mechaniſchen Fleißes; nicht jene Nachahmungen, denen Kraft und Leben fehlt. Vernunft iſt Kompaß des menſchlichen Lebens; mechaniſcher Fleiß iſt das Ruder. Allein weder Kompaß noch Ruder, ſind die Kräfte, durch welche das Schiff, in großen Seereiſen, die Meeresfluthen durchſchneidet. Friſche günſtige Winde ſpannen die Seegel an, und treiben es, mit der Schnelligkeit des Vogelfluges, nach ſeinem Zwecke. Innigſt gefallende Gefühle ſind die Kräfte, welche edle, ſchöne, große, menſchliche Unternehmungen zu Stande bringen. Die hohe Seele, in welcher der göttliche Funken des Genies glimmt, beobachte, fühle die Vollkommenheiten des ſchönen Gegenſtandes; wenn ſie kraftvoll, ausdauernd, erhaben, das Ganze des Ideals umfaßt; wenn die Liebe zu dem Urſprünglichen, das darinn liegt, ſie gleichſam durchglühet, dann wird ſie den Drang empfinden, ſelbſt etwas Aeſthetiſchvollkommenes auszuführen, zu ſchreiben, oder zu bilden.

Dieſem Drange, und nur dieſem Drange folge ſie, er iſt einziges untrügliches Kennzeichen aller guten Würkungen des Schönheitsgefühls. Ihr unermüdeter Eifer erzeuge in anhaltendem Beobachten vollkommen ſchöne Gegenſtände. Schönheitsgefühl, und deſſen ausführende Würkungen, ſind natürliche unzertrennliche Folgen dieſes Forſchens, denen ſie ſich in ihrem eigenen Gange überlaſſen muß, wenn hohe Schönheit in ihren Werken reifen ſoll. So mancher edle Funken des Genies wird durch Mißbrauch der Kunſtregeln und deren mechaniſchen Anwendung, erſtickt, und es würde wahre Wohlthat ſeyn, den ächten Gang des Genies in ſeinen ſtufenweiſen Schritten aufzuſpüren und darzuſtellen. Dieſe Grundlehre der Empfindung würde Organen des Genies ſeyn, mithin ein wichtiges Geſchenk. Gewiß iſt es, daß genialiſche Uebung des Empfindungsvermögens, eine Fertigkeit giebt, und den äſthetiſch fähigen Mann bildet. Gewiß iſt es, daß mechaniſche Uebung nichts anders erzeugt, als die Fertigkeit des elenden mechaniſchen Nachahmens. In jeder Beſchäftigung ohne Ausnahme, läßt ſich ein Ideal der Vollkommenheit denken. Die Führer und Lehrer der Menſchheit ſollten das Gefühl des wahren Schönen, in ihren Untergebenen und Zöglingen erregen. Größere allgemeine Glückſeligkeit würde die Folge ſeyn, und das Geſchäft eines Jeden würde beſſer gehen. Das Weſentliche aller Würkungen des Schönheitsgefühls, beſtehet darinn: daß durch edle Thaten der Menſchen, durch ihre Geiſtes- und Kunſtwerke, die Menſchheit gewinnt, und die Welt ſchöner und beſſer wird. Wiſſenſchaft, Kunſt und Thatkraft ſind einander wechſelsweiß Stütze, Beförderung, Anfeuerung; und wenn Achill einen Homer begeiſtert, ſo begeiſtert Homer einen Alexander. Kunſt ſteigt durch entflammte Bewunderung der Kunſtwerke, von Stufe zu Stufe, zu hohen Idealen empor. Man vergleiche den Wilden und den Innwohner des gebildeten Staates, bey gleicher Naturanlage und Herzensgüte. Bedürfniſſe, Rohheit, Unwiſſenheit des Einen; mannichfaltigen Genuß, entwickelte Begriffe, Kenntniſſe des Andern. Der Abſtand wird zeigen, welchen Schatz von Verbeſſerungen und Verſchönerungen das Schönheitsgefühl der Menſchen ſeit Jahrtauſenden aufgehäuft hat

Die Würkung des Schönheitsgefühls würde alsdenn ſeine höchſtdenkbare Stufe erreichen, wenn jeder Menſch ſo viele edle ſchöne Thaten, Geiſtes- und Kunſtwerke zu Stande brächte, als ſeine Kräfte erlauben. In jeder Beſchäftigung ohne Ausnahme, kann jeder Menſch nach dem höchſten Ideal ihrer Vollkommenheit ſtreben. Dieſes Ideal iſt in jeder nützlichen Beſchäftigung ſchön, und jedes Streben dieſer Art, iſt mit entzückender Herzensfreude verbunden.

Die Möglichkeit der beſten Würkung des Schönheitgefühls, hängt davon ab: daß der Menſch die höchſtdenkbare äſthetiſche Vollkommenheit des Gegenſtandes, der ihn beſchäftigt, tief und innigſt fühlt. Die Vollkommenheit ſeiner Werke, wird der Stärke, dieſes Gefühls gleich ſeyn. Rückwürkung iſt der Stärke der Würkung gleich, und von der Stärke einer jeden Urſache, hängt die Stärke ihrer Würkung ab. Dieſer Grundſatz iſt eben ſo gewiß, in Betreff der Geiſterwelt, als in Betreff der Körperwelt.

Solches Beſtreben eines jeden Menſchen, kann und wird ihn, auf dieſem ſchönen Wege der äſthetiſchen Vollkommenheit, Glückſeligkeit, Würkſamkeit, ganz gewiß weiter bringen.

Wer das Schöne fühlt, würkt und handelt ſchön. Das höchſte Ziel, wohin Aeſthetik führen kann, iſt Erkenntnis der göttlichen Vollkommenheit.

In reinen und ſchönen Augenblicken ſchwingt ſich die Seele von Höhen zu Höhen empor; rückt weiter und weiter die Gränzen der Zeit und des Raums, und nun ſtehen die Gedanken: Unendlichkeit und Ewigkeit, da. Da ſucht die Seele die Quellen ihres Daſeyns, die Kräfte des Weltalls; und dieſe Quellen füllen das das Ganze der Unendlichkeit, das Ganze der Ewigkeit aus. Da ſchwebt Daſeyn Gottes ihr vor. Da ſchwinden die Kinder der Beſchränkung, Mangel und Fehler. In Gott iſt Bewußtſeyn unendlicher Kraft, mithin unendliche Schönheit. Da ſchwillt das menſchliche Herz von reiner Liebe. Unauflösliche grenzenloſe Liebe iſt in Gott; in ihm iſt keine Verminderung der Kraft und Schönheit, denn er iſt ewig; in ihm iſt keine Ausnahme der Vollkommenheit, denn er iſt unendlich. Wer Gott ſo liebt, der liebt ihn wahrhaft. Er iſt Geber alles Guten, und ganz Güte; Geber alles Schönen, und höchſte Schönheit und Vollkommenheit. Dieſes Gefühl iſt höchſtes Ideal des Schönheitsgefühls; ſeine Weſenheit iſt: den Menſchen ſo gut und ſo glücklich zu machen, als möglich iſt. Das Leben des Gott liebenden Menſchen, wird nun ein anhaltendes Beſtreben, jede Tugendpflicht zu erfüllen; jede in ihm ſelbſt liegende gute Fähigkeit zu erwecken, und nach den Zwecken des ewigen Vaters aller Weſen, harmoniſch-wohlthätig zu verwenden, und eben dadurch Gott näher zu kommen. Und nun ſtrömen Gewiſſensruhe und Himmelswonne in das Herz des Menſchen. Qualen der Leidenſchaften, Reize des Laſters, ſind nicht mehr für ihn Verführer und Tirannen. Erheben ſie die Sprache wieder, ſo ſiegen von neuem ſeine Seelenerhebungen zu Gott. Doch nur alsdann wird das höchſte Schönheitsgefühl, Liebe Gottes, ſiegend, wenn es durch göttliche Wohlthat, Grundtrieb aller ſeiner Handlungen wird; wenn er dies höchſte Weſen durch menſchenfreundlichen Gebrauch aller ſeiner Kräfte verehrt; wenn er den unauslöſchlichen Reiz des Laſters unermüdet und ſiegend bekämpft; und wenn er mit menſchlichſchwachen, aber doch allen ſeinen Kräften, ſtrebt, ſich nach dem höchſten Ideal zu bilden; nach dem göttlichen Weſen mit der Menſchheit vereinigt; nach dem höchſten Vorbilde: Chriſtus.

Seinen Lohn wird er finden in dem höchſten Bewußtſeyn, daß Liebe Gottes durch das höchſt beglückende Vollkommenheits- und Schönheitsgefühl erzeugt iſt.

Nebſt dem höchſtmöglichſten Schönheitsgefühl, welches die Folge der Erhebung der Seele zu Gott iſt, giebt es unzählige weit unvollkommenere Quellen des Schönheitsgefühls, welche ſelbſt und unmittelbar auf die Seele würken. Dahin gehören alle diejenigen Gegenſtände der Natur und der Kunſt, in deren Weſenheit die Erfüllung äſthetiſcher Geſetze enthalten iſt. Die Sinnen ſind offene Kanäle, durch welche die Bilder ſolcher Gegenſtände in die Seele ſtrömen, und ein ſolches Bild erregt nach Verhältnis ſeiner Vollkommenheit, in ihr das Schönheitsgefühl. Der Menſch iſt rund umgeben von dem Weltall, in welchem ſo viele Schönheiten der Kunſt, ſo viele Vollkommenheiten der Natur enthalten ſind, welche alle abwechſelnd auf ihn würken. Daher bietet ſich ihm ein unermeßlicher Reichthum von mannichfaltigem Geiſtesgenuß dar; würkt ſanfter oder ſtärker, oder verſchiedentlich auf ihn, nach Verhältnis ſeiner Organe, Gemüthsſtimmung und ausgebildeten Erkenntnisvermögen, und wird Quelle der Glückſeligkeit für ihn. Dieſe Quelle wird jedoch oft unterbrochen, getrübt und zerſtört; wenn die weſentlichſten Mängel aller Theile der Schöpfungswerke ſich zeigen. Der Grund aller dieſer Mängel, erſter Urkeim aller Fehler, alles Häßlichen und aller Mängel, liegt in der weſentlichen Beſchränktheit und Vergänglichkeit aller Dinge der Körperwelt, und in leidenſchaftlichen Verirrungen der Geiſterwelt.

Wenn die Folgen davon eintreten, wenn phyſiſcher Schmerz quälet; wenn Gewiſſensbiſſe, Mißmuth, Leidenſchaft und Vorurtheil eintreten, dann empfindet die Seele die mißfallend drückende Laſt der Menſchheit. Aber wenn ſie im Genuß der Sinnenwelt durch Weisheit und Tugend geleitet wird; wenn ſie ihre Aufmerkſamkeit mit wahrem Geſchmack auf Schönheit der Natur und der Kunſt richtet, dann wird in dem daraus entſtehenden äſthetiſchen Gefühle, reine Lebensfreude, hohes Wohlgefallen erzeugt werden. Das äuſſere Einſtrömen ſinnlicher Bilder in die Seele, giebt ihren Fähigkeiten Leben, ihren Grundbegriffen Farben, ihren Meinungen die ſichere Stütze der Erfahrung. Dieſe Bilder, und ſelbſt einſtrömende Würkungen äuſſerer Gegenſtände auf die Sinne, ſind eigentlich der reiche unerſchöpfliche Stoff, aus welchem die Seele ihre Begriffe formt, beſtimmt und ordnet. Ihrer Natur nach unaufhaltſam denkend, und vergleichend, mißt ſie dieſen Stoff anſchauender Erfahrung; beſtimmt ſeine Eigenſchaften, und erkennt deren äſthetiſche Verbindung; wiederholtes Aufmerken auf das Bewußtſeyn dieſer ſinnlichen Erfahrungen, beſtätigt deren möglichſte Gewißheit. Die Gelegenheit hierzu bietet ſich von allen Seiten ſelbſt an, und iſt unvermeidlich, weil der Menſch rings um von der Sinnenwelt umgeben iſt, die unaufhörlich auf ihn würkt. In dieſem Geſichtspunkte iſt es wahr, daß der Stoff des Schönheitsgefühls ſich dem Menſchen von allen Seiten ſelbſt zudringt.

Nebſtdem liegen in dem innern Menſchen ſelbſt unerſchöpfliche Quellen des Schönen. Dieſe Quellen ſind die Organen des Empfindens, Denkens und Wollens. Darſtellungen, Erkenntniſſe, Erinnerungen, ſind ihre Folgen. Der Menſch beſitzt in ſich ſelbſt eine bildliche Welt; dieſe iſt ſein größter Schatz, der ihn allenthalben begleitet, den ihm niemand rauben kann, und der in ſeinem ganzen Leben unzertrennlich von ihm iſt; in ihm ſelbſt liegt eigentlich die vorbereitende Werkſtatt des Schönheitsgefühls. Durch Bildung ſeiner Begriffe, durch Entwicklung ſeines Kenntnisvermögens, wird die Seele empfänglich für diejenigen Schönheiten, die durch äuſſere Gegenſtände oder innere Gedankenbilder und Erinnerungen, in ihr aufleben. Die innere Bearbeitung, Aufzählung, Zuſammenſtellung vorhergegangener ſinnlicher Eindrücke, ſind dem Menſchen eigen. Die erworbenen Kenntniſſe werden alsdann unabhängig von denjenigen äuſſeren Gegenſtänden, die den erſten Eindruck verurſacht hatten. Ihre Schönheit würkt nun auf die Seele durch Erinnern, Nachdenken und Bewußtſeyn ihrer äſthetiſchen Vollkommenheit. Der Probierſtein ihrer Schönheit liegt gleichfalls in ihrer Erfüllung äſthetiſcher Geſetze. Im wachenden Zuſtande würken die innern Organe immer auf die Seele, und erregen Erinnerung, Gedanken, Gefühle, und die Seele kann ſich von dieſem ſo ganz und enge umgebenden Organen nicht trennen. In dieſem Sinne iſt es wahr, daß die Quellen des Schönen, die im innern Menſchen liegen, nothwendig und unaufhaltbar auf ſeine Seele würken.

Die Weſenheit der Seele iſt nun Urſache, daß dieſe im innern Menſchen erregte Gefühle ihr angenehm oder unangenehm ſind; daß ſie für ihr Ich mißfallend häßlich, oder gefallend ſchön ſind. Erinnerungen von Laſtern, Fehlern, moraliſch= und äſthetiſchen Unvollkommenheiten, erregen in ihr Gewiſſensbiſſe, Mißvergnügen, Wehmuth. Erinnerungen und Bewußtſeyn von ausgeübten Tugenden, äſthetiſchen Vollkommenheiten, Talenten, ſind ihr Wonne, Glückſeligkeit, Beruhigung. Aus dieſen angenehmen und unangenehmen Gefühlen, entſtehen Entſchließungen, Handlungen, Unternehmungen. Die Seele ſucht die Quellen der erſtern zu erweitern, die Quellen der letztern zu erſticken, zu beſſern, oder durch Zerſtreuung zum Schweigen zu bringen. Die äſthetiſchvollkommenſte Selbſtbildung, iſt mithin äuſerſt wichtig für den Menſchen, weil er alsdann einen unerſchöpflichen Schatz von Schönheit und Glückſeligkeit in ſich beſitzt, den ihm weder äuſere Zufälle, noch die Laune des Schickſals rauben können; und weil das Verhältnis der menſchlichen Natur die Seele, nothwendig oft, und immer von neuem, in den innern Menſchen zurück führt.

Das ganze menſchliche Leben ſollte ein Beſtreben moraliſch= und äſthetiſchvollkommener Selbſtbildung ſeyn. Und dann wird es zugleich möglichſtvollſtändige Erregung des Schönheitsgefühls.

Die Aeſthetik iſt bisher in ihren verſchiedenen Anwendungen und Verbindungen mit andern Wiſſenſchaften, dargeſtellt worden. Wenn ſie nun eine gründliche Wiſſenſchaft iſt, ſo müſſen ihre Grundſätze ein eigenes Lehrgebäude der reinen Aeſthetik ausmachen, aus welcher alle Wahrheiten der angewandten Aeſthetik geſchöpft werden. Der Stoff zu ſolchem Lehrgebäude, liegt auch wirklich im Verhältnis der Dinge. Jede Wiſſenſchaft entſteht auf folgende Weiſe: Erſtlich wird der Begriff ihres Gegenſtandes abgezogen, (abſtrahirt); zweytens wird er beſtimmt (definirt); drittens wird er unter allen denkbaren (categoriſchen) Geſichtspunkten, durch logiſche Schlußfolge (corollaria) erörtert, durch Erfahrung geprüft, durch Beyſpiele erklärt. Viertens: Durch Syſtem (Syntheſis) zuſammen geordnet.

Die Veranlaſſung zu der Abziehung des äſthetiſchen Begriffs, kann man ſich auf unzähliche Weiſe denken. Ein Beyſpiel kann die Sache darſtellen: Ein Freund der ſchönen Natur ergötzt ſich an einem heitern Frühlingstage am Anblick des atmoſphäriſchen Himmels. Das Gold und Purpur der Wolken, das Lazurblau des Firmaments, ſind ihm entzückende Anblicke, und er nimmt ſich vor, eine ganze Stunde dieſem Anſchauen zu widmen. Aber ſein Wohlgefallen erkaltet, ſein Wohlgefallen erliſcht; der fortgeſetzte Anblick wird ihm läſtig. Und nun betrachtet er, was in ihm ſelbſt vorgehet. Sein Wohlgefallen war nicht die Anſchauung ſelbſt, denn die Anſchauung dauret noch, und das Wohlgefallen hört auf, hat ſich in Mißfallen verändert. Er ſchließt daraus, daß die Empfindung des Gefallens und Mißfallens in der Seele etwas beſonderes iſt. Dieſer logiſche Schluß iſt Abziehung (Abſtraction) des äſthetiſchen Begriffs.

Nun ſucht er dieſen beſondern Begriff zu beſtimmen (definiren) und ſein Bewußtſeyn zeigt ihm, daß die Empfindung des Wohlgefallens eine beſondere Aeuſſerung der Seelenkraft iſt.

Dieſer beſtimmte Begriff nun iſt Grundſtoff der ganzen äſthetiſchen Wiſſenſchaft. Um nun ſein Lehrgebäude gründlich aufzuführen, ſammlet er ſogleich alle Wahrheiten, die in dem Begriffe ſelbſt liegen, und entwickelt ſie durch logiſche Schlußfolgerungen. Dieſe Schlüſſe ſind folgende: Erſtlich, das Vermögen, Wohlgefallen und Mißgefallen zu empfinden, iſt eine Kraft; alſo ſind die allgemeinen Geſetze der Kraft, in der Aeſthetik anwendbar. Zweytens: Dieſes Vermögen iſt eine Seelenkraft: alſo ſind die allgemeinen Geſetze der Seelenkraft hier anwendbar. Drittens: Das würkliche Empfinden des Wohlgefallens, iſt eine Aeuſſerung äſthetiſcher Seelenkraft; alſo ſind die allgemeinen Geſetze von Aeuſſerung der Seelenkraft, hier anwendbar. Viertens: Die äſthetiſche Kraft des Gefallens und Mißfallens, iſt eine beſondere Kraft, mithin können zu deren Unterſcheidung von andern Kräften, die allgemeinen Geſetze der Unterſcheidungskunſt (Kritik) angewendet werden. Aus dieſen vier Schlüſſen entſpringen eben ſo viele Gattungen (Klaſſen) von Lehrſätzen der reinen Aeſthetik.

In die erſte Gattung kann man z. B. folgende rechnen: 1) Das Vermögen, das Wohlgefallen und das Mißfallen zu empfinden und zu erregen, heißt äſthetiſche Kraft. 2) Die Eigenſchaft der äſthetiſchen Kraft, iſt die Art (Quale) ihres Daſeyns. 3) Sie hat ihre Kennzeichen. 4) Sie ſtehet in Verbindung mit andern Kräften. 5) Sie hat ihre Würkungen. 6) Sie hat ihre Rückwürkungen. 7) Sie hat ihre Gränzen. 8) Sie hat ihre Aeuſſerung. 9) Ihre Aeuſſerung iſt Folge einer Veranlaſſung, und verurſacht ſelbſt Folgen. 10) Stärke und Dauer ſind ihr vereinigter Maaßſtab. 11) Was an Stärke gewonnen wird, nimmt an Dauer ab; 12) und ſo wechſelsweiſe. 13) Je weniger dieſe Kraft getheilt iſt, um ſo ſtärker würkt ſie. 14) Mehrere vereinigte äſthetiſche Kräfte würken ſtärker als eine. 15) Eine ſtärkere äſthetiſche Kraftanwendung, als der Zweck erfordert, überſpringt und verfehlt im Fall ihrer Anwendung, das Ziel. 16) Die Vernichtung äſthetiſcher Kraft, iſt Zerſtöhrung der gegenwärtigen Art ihres Daſeyns.

In die zweyte Gattung gehören z. B. folgende Sätze. 17) Die äſthetiſche Seelenkraft iſt dem unauslöſchlichen Verlangen nach Glückſeligkeit, als Quelle der Thätigkeit untergeordnet, und wird mithin von dem menſchlichen Willen aufgeſucht, wenn ſie Wohlgefallen empfindet. 18) Sie wird vermieden, wenn ſie Mißfallen empfindet, oder erregt. 19) Das Kennzeichen des Gefallens und Mißfallens, iſt Bewußtſeyn. 20) Beyde haben innere und äußere (ſubjective und objective) Beziehungen; denn Objecte erregen ſie, und im Innern der Seele werden ſie empfunden. 21) Beyde haben Würkungen auf Glückſeligkeit der Menſchen, 22) und Rückwürkungen auf ſeine Handlungen. 23) Beyde haben ihre Gränzen. 24) Sie äuſſern ſich bey hinreichender Veranlaſſung würklich. 25) Und verurſachen nothwendige Folgen in demjenigen Weſen, mit dem die menſchliche Seele in würkſamer Beziehung ſteht. 26) Die äſthetiſche Seelenkraft muß ſich nach dem Verhältnis der körperlichen Organen richten. 27) Die Würkſamkeit körperlicher Organe hat einen beſchränkten Grad von Stärke und Dauer.

Zu der dritten Gattung gehören z. B. folgende Lehrſätze. 28) Das würkliche Empfinden und Erregen des Wohlgefallens und Mißfallens, ſind Aeuſſerungen der äſthetiſchen Seelenkraft. 29) Dieſe Aeuſſerungen haben Schranken und Stufen. 30) Dieſe Schranken und Stufen werden bezeichnet in der Moral, Dichtkunſt und Redekunſt, durch Worte; in der Tonkunſt durch Zahlen und Noten; in der bildenden Kunſt durch Zahlen und Linien, u. ſ. w. 31) Das Daſeyn äſthetiſcher Aeuſſerung, wird erkannt durch Bewußtſeyn. 32) Ihre Stufen haben Beziehungen, nach Verhältnis ihrer Kraft und Dauer. 33) Dieſes zeigt ſich in ihren Würkungen; 34) in ihren Rückwürkungen. 35) Die Aeſthetik iſt alsdann eine vollkommene Wiſſenſchaft, wenn ihre Schranken ſo weit ausgedehnt ſind, als es die Wahrheit erlaubt. 36) Und wenn die Zahl ihrer Stufen ſo ſehr vermehrt iſt, und dieſe Stufen mithin ſo enge zuſammengerückt ſind, als es möglich iſt. 37) Durch Ausbildung der Aeſthetik werden dieſe Stufen vermehrt und enger, die Zahl der Schranken genauer beſtimmt, und bis auf die Gränze der Wahrheit erweitert. 38) Die denkbare Vermehrung der Stufen iſt Aſymtot, weil man immer und immer neue Zwiſchenſtufen denken kann. 39) Die Fortſchritte der Aeſthetik ſind in ſo weit gewiß, als neue Bemerkungen den alten zugeſetzt werden.

In die vierte Gattung kann man folgende Lehrſätze bringen. 40) Die Unterſcheidungskunſt (Kritik) trennt von der Aeſthetik, was nicht dazu gehört. 41) Das Kennzeichen unäſthetiſcher Kräfte, iſt Bewußtſeyn nicht angewendeter Kräfte. 42) Dahin gehören eigene ſchlafende Kräfte, 43) und alle äuſſere Kräfte, die mit der Seele in keiner gegenwärtigen Beziehung ſtehen. 44) Das Kennzeichen äſthetiſcher Begriffe iſt, daß ſie entweder Stufen oder Schranken des Gefallens oder Mißfallens darſtellen. So z. B. ſind Freude, Troſt, Liebe äſthetiſche Begriffe. 45) Alle Begriffe, die weder Stufen noch Schranken des Wohlgefallens und Mißfallens darſtellen, ſind keine äſthetiſchen Begriffe. So z. B. ſind Zeit, Raum u. ſ. w. keine äſthetiſchen Begriffe, obgleich alle äſthetiſchen Empfindungen in Zeit und Raum vergehen. 46) Solche unäſthetiſche Begriffe gehören alle in das Gebiet anderer Wiſſenſchaften. 47) Dieſe Unterſcheidung trennt von der Aeſthetik alles Fremde, Zweckwidrige, Unnöthige, Verwickelte; 48) giebt Vorſchrift an, was in der Aeſthetik zu meiden iſt. 49) Bemerkt das Unvollkommene der Kunſtwerke. 50) Beſtimmt den Unterſchied zwiſchen dem, was gefällt und mißfällt. 51) Beſtimmt den Unterſchied zwiſchen jeder höhern und niedern äſthetiſchen Stufe. 52) Die Empfindung des Wohlgefallens und Mißfallens entſteht niemals allein in der Seele, ſondern nur in Begleitung des Fühlens, Denkens, Wollens oder Handlens.

Dieſe Lehrſätze ſind aus andern Wiſſenſchaften entlehnt; ob ſie auf Aeſthetik paſſen, ob der Grundbegriff richtig iſt, der dieſe allgemeinen Sätze auf Aeſthetik leitet, das muß geprüft werden, und dieſe Prüfung geſchiehet durch Erfahrung. Dieſe Erfahrung beſtehet darinn, daß die Seele ſich ſelbſt beobachtet, in allen denkbar (categoriſch) verſchiedenen Augenblicken, wo ſie Wohlgefallen und Mißfallen empfindet. Dieſe prüfende Erfahrung beſtätigt nun die Wahrheit aller dieſer Lehrſätze. Sie entdeckt zugleich einige neue Lehrſätze, die nun erſt den äſthetiſchen Grundbegriff vollſtändig machen.

Dieſe Lehrſätze der fünften Gattung ſind folgende. 53 Die Anwendung aller Seelenkräfte, ohne Ausnahme, iſt äſthetiſch, mithin alles Anſchauen, Empfinden, Fühlen, Denken, Wollen, Würken, iſt gefallend, oder mißfallend. Dieſes wird entdeckt durch vollſtändige Aufzählung (Induction). 54) Mäßige Anwendung aller Kräfte, iſt gefallend. Uebermäßige oder allzuſchwache Anwendung der Kräfte iſt mißfallend. 55) Die engere, mithin feinere Stufen des Wohlgefallens und Mißfallens, können nur auf einen gewiſſen Grad beſtimmt angegeben werden. Die Urſachen davon liegen in der Armuth der Sprache, und der Bezeichungskunſt überhaupt, welche ihre Worte und Zeichen nicht ins Unendliche vervielfältigen kann. Und dann liegen ſie in der Stumpfheit der Sinnen, welche dasjenige nicht beſtimmt unterſcheiden kann, was für ihre beſchränkte Schärfe undurchdringlich iſt. Z. B. allzufeine Farbenabſtufung ſcheint einfarbig; allzuſchnell auf einander folgende Töne, ſind für das Ohr nicht mehr verſtändlich; das Monokord theilt die Oktave in ganze und halbe Töne, aber das Ohr würde eine feinere Eintheilung in Viertels- oder Achtelstöne, nicht beſtimmt unterſcheiden können. Doch überhaupt iſt es wahr, daß da, wo die Beſtimmung unmöglich iſt, die Seele noch bis auf einen gewiſſen Grad ein dunkles Gefühl hat, welches feinere, unbeſtimmtere Verſchiedenheiten bemerkt. In dieſes dunkele, aber zartere Gefühl feinerer unbeſtimmter Stufen, gehört die Empfindung des namenloſen Schönen. Dieſes namenloſe Schöne iſt Pedanten und rohen Menſchen ganz unbekannt; iſt aber die Blüte der reinſten und ſüßeſten Empfindungen, für die edelſten Seelen. Da ſchweigen die Regeln und das Gefühl würkt; lenkt die Thaten des vortreflichen Mannes, der unausſprechlich ſchön handelt; führt die Feder des Schriftſtellers, der weit mehr durch empfindungsvolle Stellung ſeiner Worte ausdrückt, als in ihrem gewöhnlichen Sinne liegt; und eben ſo leitet dieſes Gefühl die Hand des Künſtlers. Z. B. der Steinhauer bringet nach Senkel und Punkten eine Geſtalt hervor, aber Leben und namenloſen Geiſt legt das Gefühl des Bildhauers hinein.

Dieſe fünf Gattungen von Lehrſätzen enthalten die Grundzüge der reinen Aeſthetik. Durch Beweiſe, Schlußfolgen und Erklärungen, können ſie zu einem vollſtändigen Werke ausgebildet werden.

Die anſchauliche Darſtellung des Ganzen, iſt der vorhergehende Gegenſtand dieſer Abhandlung. Auch iſt es angenehm und natürlich, die Säulen, Glieder, Wölbung und Ausladung in ihrer harmoniſchen Zuſammenwürkung zu zeigen, ehe man Pfeiler, Widerlagen, und Grundlagen des Gebäudes erklärt.

Die ſechs Geſetze des Schönheitsgefühls, ſind Anwendungen von dem 13ten, 14ten, 15ten, 25ſten, 27ſten, 54ſten und 55ſten Lehrſatze. Sie betreffen blos die einzelne höchſte Stufe des Wohlgefallens; aber die Aeſthetik umfaſſet das ganze Gebiet des Gefallens und Mißfallens. Sie heiſt Schönheitslehre, nach dem Sprachgebrauch; eben ſo wie der Thermometer Wärmemeſſer heiſt, da er doch auch den Gefrierpunkt angiebt. Auch kann man das Schönheitsgefühl als einzelne Stufe des Wohlgefallens nicht erklären, wenn man es nicht mit andern Stufen der nämlichen Kraftäußerung vergleicht.

Nebſt der allgemeinen reinen Aeſthetik, hat jede Kunſt ihre beſondere Aeſthetik. Ihre Grundſätze liegen wie Goldkörner zerſtreut, in ſo vielen fürtreflichen Schriften jeder Kunſt. Dieſe beſondern Aeſthetiken, ſind denen Lehrſätzen der allgemeinen Aeſthetik untergeordnet.

Der Knauel der Begriffe über die Theorie der Aeſthetik, iſt nunmehr entwickelt. Nun iſt zu wünſchen, daß dieſer Aufſatz von Sachkennern geprüft werde; daß man erforſche, ob alle Theile zuſammen hangen, ob der Gegenſtand aus allen Geſichtspunkten betrachtet worden; ob er vollſtändige Ueberſicht verſchaft; ob er unnöthige Dämme zwiſchen engverbundenen Wiſſenſchaften eingeriſſen hat; ob es nicht gewiß iſt, daß alle Theile der Natur und der Kunſt durch goldne Ringe der Wahrheit und Blumenketten der Schönheit, zuſammen geknüpft ſind; ob es wohl geſchehen? daß der Aeſthetik das ganze Gebiete der Empfindungen angewieſen worden; in der Maaße nämlich, als jede Empfindung von dem Bewußtſeyn eines Wohlgefallens oder Mißfallens, unzertrennlich iſt; ob es nicht nöthig iſt, künftig die Lehre der Empfindungen vollſtändiger zu bearbeiten? Es iſt ferner zu wünſchen, daß man prüfen möge, ob der hier angenommene Begriff des Schönheitsgefühls nicht dem allgemeinen Sprachgebrauche gemäß iſt; ob die Worte ſchöne Seele, ſchöne That, ſchöner Beweis, ſchöner Begriff, nicht eben ſo üblich ſind, als die Worte: ſchöne Rede, ſchönes Gemälde u. ſ. w.? Ich wünſche, daß man erwägen möge, ob dieſer Ausdruck nicht im bildlichen, ſondern im eigentlichen Sinne genommen wird; ob dieſer Sprachgebrauch nicht beſtätiget, daß man bisher die Grenzen des Schönen, in philoſophiſchen Schriften zu ſehr einſchränkte; ob der Gemeinſinn, welcher die Sprachen bildet, nicht große Wichtigkeit hat, in Gegenſtänden des Gefühls, worinn jeder Menſch der beſte Richter iſt.

Es iſt zu wünſchen, daß man die Lücken prüfen möge, welche gegenwärtiges Syſtem übrig läßt, und daß man weiter erforſchen möge, ob die Gränzen beſtimmt angegeben ſind; ob ſie nicht zu weit ausgedehnt worden, welches offenbar die gefährlichſte Klippe für alle neue Lehrgebäude iſt; ob die vorgetragenen Geſetze auf alle denkbare Fälle anwendbar ſind; ob ſie ſicherer Probierſtein alles Schönen ſind; ob ſie in dem Beſtreben der Selbſtbildung, in Unternehmungen, in Verfertigung der Kunſtwerke, als Leitfaden dienen können; ob dieſes Syſtem, alle Fälle von dem höchſten bis auf den kleinſten umfaßt; ob es von wirklichen Begriffen, und nicht von hypothetiſchen Muthmaßungen ausgeht; und ob aus den Vorderſätzen keine muthmaßlichen, keine gewagten, ſondern nothwendige Schlüſſe, gefolgert worden?

Ein Anderer kann dieſes weit richtiger beurtheilen, als der Verfaſſer; welcher überdies blos einen kleinen Grundriß verfertigt zu haben glaubt, und kein vollſtändiges Werk ausgeführt hat. Wenn einſtens eine vollſtändige Aeſthetik zu Stande kommt, ſo muß es durch Mitwürkung, und wechſelſeitige Prüfung aller Hauptwiſſenſchaften geſchehen. Ueber dieſen Gedanken folgt hier nähere Erklärung.

Die Wiſſenſchaften befördern und prüfen einander wechſelsweiſe in derjenigen Beziehung, in welcher ſie wechſelsweiſe in einander greifen. Es giebt vier Hauptwiſſenſchaften: Mathematik, Metaphyſik, Verbindungslehre und Empyrik. Alle ſind der Vernunft untergeordnet, auf das Bewußtſeyn des Wahrheitsgefühls gegründet. Mathematik mißt, berechnet und beſtimmt die Größe der Theile, aus welchen eine jede Wiſſenſchaft beſtehet, zählt wenigſtens die Menge ihrer Theile auf. Metaphyſik beſtimmt die Eigenſchaften eines jeden Begriffs und Theils, aus welchem eine jede Wiſſenſchaft beſtehet. Die Verbindungslehre prüfet, ob alle Theile einer jeden Wiſſenſchaft, in möglichſt ſchönſter Ordnung verbunden ſind, und auf den Geiſt des Studierenden zuſammen würken. Die Empyrik beſtätigt die Grundlehren einer jeden Wiſſenſchaft, durch Erfahrung, Geſchichte, Beyſpiele und ſinnliche Anſchauung. Dieſe vierfache Ineinanderwürkung und Prüfung dieſer vier Wiſſenſchaften iſt nicht willkührlich, ſondern ihre Gründlichkeit und Vollſtändigkeit wird dadurch erkannt, weil ſie mit allen möglichen Arten, einen Gegenſtand zu betrachten, vollkommen zuſammen trift, und mithin den denkbaren Umfang einer Wiſſenſchaft ganz ausfüllt. In jedem guten Bilde eines Mahlers muß Ebenmaas der Theile, Karakter der Zeichnung, Schönheit der Kompoſition, und Lebhaftigkeit der Farben, zuſammen treffen. In dem Weltall, deſſen Bild in unſerer Seele liegt, beſtimmt die Mathematik das Ebenmaas; die Metaphyſik den Karakter; Verbindungslehre die Kompoſition; Empyrik durch ſinnliches Anſchauen, giebt dem Bilde Leben, Farben und Wahrheit. Wenn alſo jemand das vollſtändige Gebäude der Aeſthetik aufführen will, ſo muß die wechſelsweiſe und gemeinſame Mitwürkung dieſer vier Wiſſenſchaften, das Ganze befördern und prüfen. Unvollſtändige, dunkle Begriffe, ſchiefe kurzſichtige Blicke, gewagte Hypotheſen, kleinliche Einſchränkungen, und überſpannte Lehrſätze, werden alsdann vermieden werden, und dabey würde gewiß die Wahrheit gewinnen. Dieſe Prüfung und Beſtätigung durch Ausmeſſung und Aufzählung, durch Beſtimmung, durch Ueberſicht und durch Erfahrung, muß mit möglichſter Sorgfalt und ſtrenger Genauigkeit geſchehen. Der gegenwärtige Vorrath beſtimmter Begriffe, iſt hierzu hinreichend; und es iſt zu vermuthen, daß ein warmer Freund der Wahrheit, ein ſolches Werk ausführen kann, wenn ſein Beruf ihm erlaubt, ſich demſelben ganz zu widmen.

In dieſer Ausführung kommt eine Fülle von Beyſpielen vor, die aus der Moral und Phyſik; aus der Geiſterwelt und Sinnenwelt, und aus den verſchiedenſten Wiſſenſchaften entlehnt ſind; und doch iſt Aeſthetik keine allumfaſſende Wiſſenſchaft, ſie hat ihr beſonderes, genau beſchränktes Gebiet. Da wo keine Beziehung des Gefallens oder Mißfallens vorkommt, da ſchweigt Aeſthetik. Dieſes iſt deswegen möglich, weil Aeſthetik eine ſolche Wiſſenſchaft iſt, die mit allen andern Wiſſenſchaften in Beziehung ſtehet. Dieſe beſondere Eigenſchaft der Aeſthetik liegt in den Verhältniſſen des Gefallens und Mißfallens. Alle Wiſſenſchaften entſtehen aus dem Fühlen, Denken und Wollen der menſchlichen Seele. Aber alles Fühlen

Denken und Wollen, iſt von der äſthetiſchen Empfindung des Wohlgefallens oder Mißfallens, unzertrennlich begleitet. Die Seele kann weder anſchauen, denken, noch wollen, ohne zugleich ein Wohlgefallen oder Mißfallen zu empfinden; obſchon an ſich Wohlgefallen und Mißfallen weder Anſchauung, noch Gedanken, noch Willensäußerung ſelbſt ſind. So oft die Aeſthetik das Wohlgefallen oder Mißfallen, als ihr Gebiet durchforſcht, und ihre Begriffe in ein Lehrgebäude ordnet: ſo ſtehet es ihr nun frey, ihre Beyſpiele in den Gränzen des Fühlens, des Denkens, oder des Wollens, aufzuſuchen. Sie finden ſich allenthalben.

Wenn man über die Verbindung der Aeſthetik mit andern Wiſſenſchaften und Künſten, nachdenkt, ſo bemerkt man, daß ſie zwar mit allen Wiſſenſchaften und Künſten in Verbindung ſteht, doch nur in ſo weit, wie bereits geſagt worden; als in jeder Kunſt oder Wiſſenſchaft, ausſchließend oder beſtimmend, ſolche Gegenſtände vorkommen, welche Gefallen oder Mißfallen erregen.

Mit der Moral hat ſie die wichtigſte Verbindung. Dieſe beſtimmt nach dem Zweck des menſchlichen Daſeyns, die Gränzen, wie weit ſich der Menſch dem Reiz der Schönheit überlaſſen darf und ſoll. Dagegen findet die Moral in der Aeſthetik die Quelle vieler liebevollen Gefühle, die den Menſchen zu tugendhaften Thatſachen antreiben. Die Aeſthetik entdeckt zugleich der Moral im Gebiete des Gefälligen, Empfindungen, die Irrlichter der Leidenſchaften, gegen welche die Moral nur warnen kann.

Nebſt dem ſtehet die Aeſthetik mit folgenden Wiſſenſchaften in vorzüglicher Verbindung. Die Logik giebt ihr, wie allen Wiſſenſchaften, Richtigkeit im Ausdruck, Bildung und Vergleichung ihrer Begriffe; dagegen werden nun dieſe Begriffe Grundſtoff richtiger äſthetiſcher Schlüſſe.

Die Aeſthetik borgt von der Mathematik die Zahlen und Maaßſtäbe, um ihre Theile auszuzählen, und die ſinnlichen Außenſeiten ſchöner Gegenſtände, in ihren Verhältniſſen auszumeſſen. Dagegen öffnet die Aeſthetik eines der weiteſten Felder angewandter Größenlehre, beſonders in der Tonkunſt, Baukunſt, Gartenkunſt, und Ebenmaaß bildender Künſte.

Die Cosmologie giebt die Summe aller Gegenſtände an, in welchen die Aeſthetik das Verhältniß des Gefallens und Mißfallens entdeckt. Dagegen geben die äſthetiſchen Begriffe dem harmoniſchen Weltall den entzückenden Schmuck der Schönheit.

Die Aeſthetik ſchöpft ihre Geſetze in der Dinamik, und beſtätigt dagegen durch ihr Beyſpiel die Allgemeinheit dinamiſcher Geſetze.

Die Aeſthetik dankt der Metaphyſik das Vernünftige und Gründliche aller ihrer Begriffe, und vermehret dagegen die Zahl metaphyſiſchrichtiger Wahrheiten.

Die Kritik leihet der Aeſthetik ihre Vorſchriften des Prüfens und Vergleichens, und erhält dagegen ein weites Feld ihrer Anwendung, in Prüfung des Schönen.

Aus der Verbindungslehre ſchöpft die Aeſthetik die einleuchtende Ordnung in Zuſammenkettung ihrer Theile, und giebt dagegen Anlaß zu neuen Verbindungen der Dinge und Begriffe.

Die Geſchichte giebt der Aeſthetik in allen Theilen Beyſpiele an. Erhält dagegen Aufklärungen über die Urſachen vieler Thatſachen.

Die Antropologie leitet die Aeſthetik, in nützlicher Anwendung ihrer Grundſätze. Sie ſelbſt wird dagegen vollſtändiger durch richtige Begriffe des Schönheitsgefühls, und der Verhältniſſe des Gefälligen und Mißfälligen.

Die Theologie giebt der Aeſthetik den Begriff von dem Daſeyn Gottes, und erhält dagegen den Begriff ſeiner höchſten Schönheit und Vollkommenheit.

Die Phyſik zeigt der Aeſthetik, welche Körper, und welche körperlichen Eigenſchaften auf den Menſchen würken; dagegen zeigt die Aeſthetik, welche Verbeſſerungen der Menſch in der Körperwelt, aus Antrieb des Schönheitsgefühls, hervorbringt, durch Urbarmachung, Veredlung der Thierarten und Pflanzen, Reinigung der Mineralkörper, Kunſtwerke u. ſ. w.

Die Pſychologie giebt der Aeſthetik den Gang ihrer Empfindungen und Begriffe an; wird dagegen durch die Grundlehre von dem Gefallen und Mißfallen vollſtändiger.

Dieſe rhapſodiſche Aufzählung verdient vollſtändig und ſyſtematiſch bearbeitet zu werden. Gegenwärtig diene ſie als ein Wink auf die Hülfswiſſenſchaften der Aeſthetik, und als Setzung einiger Gränzſteine, in encyklopediſcher Beziehung. Solche Vermarkung iſt im Lehrgebäude einer jeden Wiſſenſchaft nützlich. Alles dasjenige, was nicht auf Empfindung des Gefallens und Mißfallens Beziehung hat, ſteht mit der Aeſthetik in keiner Verbindung.

Es läßt ſich eigentlich nicht erklären, was Gefallen und Mißfallen iſt. Es fühlt ſich. Und einfache Gefühle können nicht erklärt werden. Aber man kann bemerken, bey welchen Gegenſtänden die Empfindungen des Gefallens vorkommen. Und das geſchiehet allemal bey Anwendung eigener Fähigkeit. Da ſind wir nun wieder auf dem Punkte, von dem wir ausgingen, und der Kreis äſthetiſcher Begriffe iſt vollendet.

Empfindung des Wohlgefallens, und mäßige Anwendung der Fähigkeiten, ſind unzertrennlich verbunden. Dies iſt der einzige Grundſatz der ganzen Aeſthetik; der feſte Ruhepunkt, auf welchem das ganze Gebäude aufgeführt werden; der Schlußſtein, nach welchem ſich alle Theile des Gebäudes zuſammen drängen. Dieſes löſt auch alle Zweifel auf, die in den bisherigen Begriffen der Aeſthetik Widerſprüche verurſachen, und gegenwärtige Ausarbeitung veranlaßten.

Der Umriß dieſes Gebäudes iſt nun von allen Seiten geſchloſſen. Das Gerüſte zu der innern Ausführung iſt zugerichtet. Die äußern Zugänge ſind angegeben; und nun iſt es Zeit, den Schlußſtein in ſeiner ganzen zuſammenhaltenden Kraft darzuſtellen.

Die Empfindung des Wohlgefallens, des Schönheitsgefühls, iſt niemals allein fühlbar, ſondern es iſt für die Seele die eigentliche Anmuth ihres eigenen Anſchauens, Denkens und Wollens. Das äſthetiſche Gefühl des Gefallens und Mißfallens, iſt mit allen Seelenkräften unzertrennlich verbunden. Dieſe Verbindung äußert ſich bey jeder Anwendung der Seelenkräfte; bey jedem Fühlen, Denken und Wollen. Die Stufen des Schönheitsgefühls, der Wonne, der Freude, des Entzückens, der Neigung, entſtehen nur alsdann, wenn die Seele über einen innern oder äußern Gegenſtand fühlt, nachdenkt, beſchließt; geiſtig oder körperlich würkt. Mithin nur alsdann, wenn ſie ihre eigenen Kräfte anwendet. So oft ſie ihre Kräfte auf einen mäßigen Grad anwendet, ſo empfindet ſie jedesmal Wohlgefallen; das Bewußtſeyn eines jeden ſinnlichen Menſchen, eines jeden Denkers, eines jeden thätigen Mannes, wird dieſes bezeugen. Jeder Augenblick des menſchlichen Lebens iſt Beſtätigung dieſer Wahrheit. Das äſthetiſche Gefühl des Gefallens oder Mißfallens, begleitet ihn unaufhörlich. Das Wohlgefallen wird empfunden bey jeder mäßigen Anwendung der Seelenkräfte; das Mißfallen, bey jeder Ueberſpannung, Verſchobenheit, Mißbrauch der Seelenkräfte.

Die Verbindung der äſthetiſchen Empfindungen des Gefallens und Mißfallens, mit den Kräften der menſchlichen Seele, beſtehet in Beziehung auf alle Seelenkräfte ohne Ausnahme, und ihr Umfang iſt ſo groß, als der Umfang der Seelenkräfte ſelbſt iſt. Der Menſch verſetze ſich in alle mögliche Lagen, ſo wird der Zuſtand ſeiner Seele jedesmal angenehm oder unangenehm, mithin ſelbſtgefallend oder mißfallend ſeyn.

Dieſe Verbindung des Wohlgefallens mit dem Seelenvermögen, iſt nichts anders, als Vereinigung der innern Kraft mit der innern Anmuth, welche der Schöpfer in das Daſeyn der menſchlichen Seele unzertrennlich zuſammen knüpfte.

Wenn der freye Menſch ſeine Kräfte mißbraucht; die Gränzen der Mäßigung überſchreitet; den Leitſtern der Vernunft verläßt; ſich in Irrgänge der Leidenſchaften verirrt, dann empfindet er Mißfallen. Aber ſelbſt dieſes Mißfallen iſt wohlthätige Würkung der Verbindung äſthetiſcher Gefühle mit dem Seelenvermögen. Es warnet den Menſchen, wenn er auf unrechtem Wege iſt. Er empfindet den Drang, in die Bahn der Glückſeligkeit zurück zu treten, und ſo leitet das äſthetiſch Ueble, ſelbſt auf das äſthetiſch Gute zurück, und die Diſſonanzen löſen ſich in Konſonanzen auf.

Die Verbindung äſthetiſcher Gefühle, mit dem Seelenvermögen, hat zweyfache Beziehung; die eine mit der innern Selbſtheit, die andere mit dem äußern Weltall. Die Selbſtheit beſtehet in der unauslöſchlichen Begierde der Seele, ihren Zuſtand zu verbeſſern. Die anſchaulichen Gegenſtände des Weltalls haben die Kraft, auf die Seele, durch den Weg der Sinne, einen Eindruck zu machen. Nun iſt der Menſch thätig, weil Thätigkeit ihn glücklich macht; weil Anwendung ſeiner Kräfte, mit der angenehmen Empfindung des Wohlgefallens verbunden iſt. Nun ſtrebt er nach jeder Gelegenheit, ſeine unbekannten Kräfte zu verſuchen und anzuwenden, weil er die dunkle Erwartung hat, daß mit Anwendung mehrerer Kräfte, auch Vermehrung angenehmer Empfindung verbunden iſt. Das Springen und Lallen des Kindes; das Forſchen des Denkers; das raſtloſe Bemühen des Weltumſeglers, ſind Folgen dieſes Triebes. Hierinn liegt der Keim der Menſchen veredlenden Vollkommenheit (Perfectibilität).

Die angenehme Würkung äußerer Gegenſtände auf die Seele, iſt harmoniſcher Zuſammenklang des äußern Schönen, mit dem innern Schönheitsgefühl. Ein Beyſpiel ſtatt tauſender: Die Statue des Apollo, im Belvedere, entzückt den Kenner; in dieſem ſchönen Kunſtwerke iſt Kraft und Anmuth vereinigt; und in der Seele des Kenners iſt Kraft des Anſchauens und Erkennens, mit unzertrennlicher Anmuth des Wohlgefallens an ſeiner eignen Erkenntnißkraft, vereinigt. Durch edle Unternehmungen und neue Kunſtwerke, entſtehen neue Quellen dieſer äſthetiſchen Harmonie. Aber nichts auf Erden iſt derjenigen Harmonie vergleichbar, welche aus dem Ineinanderſpiegeln zweyer ſchönen tugendhaften Seelen entſpringt. Da iſt ſchönſte Blüte der Freundſchaft.

Die Verbindung des Wohlgefallens mit dem Seelenvermögen, wird allemal zu dem Schönheitsgefühl erhöhet: ſo oft der Menſch die Stärke und Fülle ſeiner Kräfte, auf eine dauerhafte Weiſe anwendet; und dieſes geſchieht, wenn er die ſechs äſthetiſchen Geſetze befolgt.

Verbindung des Wohlgefallens mit dem Seelenvermögen, iſt Grundbegriff der Aeſthetik. Dieſer Grundbegriff wird verkannt, weil er allenthalben liegt; weil er mit dem ganzen Weſen des Menſchen verwebt iſt. Das ſeltene erweckt Aufmerkſamkeit; das Gewöhnliche wird überſehen. Im Grunde iſt dieſe Verbindung nothwendig. Wenn die Anwendung der Seelenkräfte nicht ſelbſtgefallend wäre, ſo müßte ſie gleichgültig oder mißfallend ſeyn. Was könnte in ſolchen Verhältniſſen den freyen, nach Glückſeligkeit dürſtenden Menſchen, anreizen, ſeine Kräfte anzuwenden! Er würde ſeine Fähigkeiten, unentwickelt, dem Todesſchlummer überlaſſen.

Lebende Kraft der Menſchheit, höchſte Zierde der Schöpfung ſproſſet mithin aus der Empfindung des Wohlgefallens mit dem Seelenvermögen; aus dem angenehmen Bewußtſeyn jeder mäßig angewandten Fähigkeit. Und dieſes iſt der Schlußſtein des äſthetiſchen Lehrgebäudes.

Das Ganze beweiſt: daß Schönheit und Schönheitsgefühl in Vereinigung der Kraft und Anmuth beſtehen.

Nachdem der theoretiſche Theil der Aeſthetik erörtert worden, ſo ſind hier zum gänzlichen Beſchluß dieſes Aufſatzes, einige Blicke auf praktiſche Befolgung der Geſetze äſthetiſcher Vollkommenheit.

Dieſe Geſetze verlangen, wie geſagt worden, die vollſtändigſte Vereinigung der Anmuth und Kraft.

Die Befolgung dieſer Geſetze geſchiehet in allen Wiſſenſchaften, wenn Vollſtändigkeit, Gründlichkeit der Wahrheiten, mit lichtvoller Ordnung, leicht zu faſſender Darſtellung, lebhaft angenehmen Vortrag eingekleidet werden. Sie geſchiehet in Künſten, wenn das Zweckmäßige, Gründliche, Gute, mit dem äuſſern Glanz der Reinheit und Vollendung geſchmückt iſt. Sie geſchiehet in Geiſteswerken, wenn Stärke und Fülle der Gedanken, durch Gewandtheit des Ausdrucks, und eingemiſchter Zartheit feiner Gefühle, einen ſanftern Reiz erhalten. Sie geſchiehet in bildenden Künſten, wenn das beſtimmte Kraftvolle der Natur, mit der Lieblichkeit ihrer blühenden Auſſenſeiten und ſanft in einander fließenden Umriſſen, dargeſtellt wird. Sie zeigt ſich in Handlungen, wenn männliche Thatkraft und feſte Entſchloſſenheit mit der Sanftmuth wohlthätiger Empfindungen vereinigt ſind. Sie zeigt ſich in Reden, wenn ſtarker Sinn in einfachedlem Ausdrucke liegt. Sie zeigt ſich in Begriffen, wenn Wahrheit des Erkenntniſſes, durch Feinheit der Empfindungen beſtätigt wird. Sie zeigt ſich in körperlichen Bewegungen, durch Vereinigung der Stärke, mit der Leichtigkeit der Bewegungen, und ſanften Biegſamkeit ſchlanker Glieder.

Mit einem Wort: Kraft, vereinigt mit Anmuth, iſt höchſte Zierde der Schönheit, in allen denkbaren Verhältniſſen. Und in Anwendung dieſer Geſetze liegt die ganze praktiſche Aeſthetik: denn alle andere äſthetiſche Geſetze ſind in dieſen enthalten.

Nach allgemeiner Erfahrung verſchaft die Anwendung dieſer Geſetze den Wiſſenſchaften gelehrige Schüler; den Künſten dauerhaften Beyfall, den Geiſteswerken entzückte Leſer; den Werken bildender Künſte, freudige Bewunderung; den großen Unternehmungen, Verehrung; denjenigen, der in Anwendung dieſer Geſetze die Zierde ſeiner Lebensweisheit ſucht, machen ſie liebenswürdig, erwerben ihm allgemeines Wohlwollen.

Zurückſcheuchend ſind die gründlichſten Wahrheiten, wenn ſie durch verworrenen, undeutlichen, holprenden Vortrag, mißſtellt ſind. Unangenehm, unſcheinbar, herabgewürdiget, ſind die Werke der Künſte, wenn ihnen äuſſere Zierde und Vollendung fehlen. In Geiſteswerken und bildenden Künſten, ſind Gewandtheit des Vortrags und Vollendung, ganz unentbehrlich. In dem täglichen Leben kann der rauhe Mann voll wilder Thatkraft, Furcht und Schrecken erregen; gewiß keine Liebe und Zuneigung. Auch wenn er tugendhaft iſt, wünſcht ihm jeder, daß ſeine Tugenden durch Sanftmuth gemildert würden. Aber wenn Kraft ohne Anmuth rauh iſt, ſo iſt dagegen Anmuth ohne Kraft, weichlich. Wozu glatte, fließende Worte, ohne gründlichen Sinn? Wer ſchätzet Flittergold und Silberſchaum, wenn morſches Holz damit überkleiſtert iſt? Wem ekelt am Ende nicht vor Blumen der Fantaſie und Tändeleyen des Witzes, wenn ſie nicht die Wahrheit zieren, ſondern üppig und zwecklos verſchwendet werden! Wer kann den Anblick ertragen, wenn Unſchuld und Sanftmuth, mit Schwachheit vereinigt, ſich von Laſtern und Bosheit ohne Widerſtand drücken und zertreten laſſen! Alſo, nicht Kraft allein, nicht Anmuth allein; die Vereinigung von beyden erzeugt äſthetiſche Vollkommenheit.

Kraft beſtimmt den innern weſentlichen Werth, erzeugt Hochachtung, befriedigt den Verſtand. Die Mäßigung und Anmuth, in Aeuſſerung der Kraft, erweckt Zuneigung, Liebe, ergötzet das Herz. Da, wo Kopf und Herz vereinigten Beyfall geben, da iſt Kennzeichen äſthetiſcher Vollkommenheit; da ſind äſthetiſche Geſetze befolgt worden. Der Unendliche ſchrieb dieſe Geſetze in jede Seele. Vorurtheil oder Laſter verwiſchen ſie manchmal.

Die geiſtvolle Anwendung dieſer Geſetze, wird durch öftere Wiederholung leicht, gehet in Gewohnheit über. Der edle Mann, der nach äſthetiſcher Vollkommenheit ſtrebt, wird mit dieſer Vollkommenheit vertraut, ſie wird ſeine beſtändige holde Geleiterin, und giebt ſeinem ganzen Weſen ein Gepräge von beſcheidener Größe, die ihm zugleich Liebe und Achtung erwirbt. Er ahndet, erkennt, ergreift, und ſtellt das Schöne dar, mit derjenigen ſchnellen Sicherheit, die man guten Geſchmack nennt.

Dieſer Geſchmack iſt das Licht der äſthetiſchen Kritik, in Beurtheilung des Schönen. Dieſe ſucht und erkennt allenthalben die Vereinigung der Kraft und Anmuth; beſtimmt die Stufen ihrer Vollkommenheit; giebt ihre Mängel an; prüft und ſucht das Schöne in Werken der Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte; iſt ſcharfe Kennerin menſchlichen Verdienſtes, und weiſe Rathgeberin bey der wichtigen Auswahl der Freundſchaft.

Dieſer Geſchmack leitet unvermerkt den Ideengang des wiſſenſchaftlichen Denkers, auf den Pfad des Schönen. Er lenket die Hand des Künſtlers; führet die Feder des guten Schriftſtellers; ermuntert die Schüchternheit; ſchränkt die Begeiſterung in Gränzen des Schönen ein, und bey jeder Unternehmung flüſtert er ſeinen Vertrauten in die Seele: handle ſo, und nicht anders.

Bey der Anwendung dieſer Geſetze verehrt der Menſch, mit dankbarem Herzen, in Gott die höchſte Vereinigung der Allmacht und Güte. Es entzückt ihn, daß jener Gott, der Welten gründet, dem Meere Gränzen ſetzt, in Wolken donnert, zugleich für Nahrung und Wohlſtand des kleinſten Vogels ſorget; daß er die Menſchheit, als Königin der Natur, mit Kräften des Geiſtes und Körpers ausrüſtet, und zugleich mit den milden Empfindungen des Wohlwollens und ſanften Reitzen der Anmuth ziert. Dieſes Schönheitsgefühl entzündet die Andacht, erhebt die Seele zu Gott.

Die Anwendung äſthetiſcher Geſetze bemerkt in der ganzen Natur die Vereinigung der Kraft und Anmuth. Die unerſchöpflichfruchtbare Erde, ſelbſt unſcheinbar, und in ihrem Innern voll ſchauderhafter Klüfte, iſt von auſſen mit üppiger bunter Pracht der Blumen und Kräuter gekleidet. Das Innere der Thiere und Pflanzen, iſt zweckmäßig eingerichtet, aber nicht angenehm anzuſchauen, und von auſſen iſt in ihren Geſtalten blühende mannichfaltige reizende Schönheit. Die Naturkraft, die alles durch Tod und Verweſung zermalmet, verhüllt dieſen grauſenvollen Schlund durch ſchönes, jugendliches, immer von neuem wieder aufſproſſendes Leben.

Die Anwendung äſthetiſcher Geſetze beſtätigt den Menſchen in der Erfahrung, daß er bey allen Gaben der Gefälligkeit verächtlich iſt, wenn er keinen feſten Grundſatz hat; daß er bey hohem Sinn und unerſchütterlichem Muth, gehaßt wird, wenn es ihm an wohlwollender, ſanfter Theilnehmung mangelt. Er überzeugt ſich, daß ſeinem Gemüthe die Vereinigung der Kraft, des Wahren, des Nützlichen, mit dem Sanften, Wohlmeinenden, Angenehmen, nothwendig iſt; wenn er das Bewußtſeyn eigner äſthetiſcher Vollkommenheit, und die beglückende, achtungsvolle Zuneigung ſeiner Mitmenſchen erhalten will. Er fühlt, wie wahr es auch in dieſer Beziehung iſt, was ein großer Kenner des Schönen ſagt: Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

Wolfgang Heribert, Freiherr von Dalberg,

des Vorigen jüngerer Bruder, ward im Jahre 1750 zu Herrnsheim geboren, erhielt gleichfalls eine vortreffliche Erziehung, ſtudirte die Rechtswiſſenſchaft, und ward anfangs Kämmerer von Worms, ſpäter aber Kurpfälziſcher Geheimerath und Kämmerer, Hofkammerpräſident und darauf Präſident des Oberappellationsgerichtes in Mannheim. Bei der Krönung Leopolds II. erhielt er 1791 in Frankfurt am Main die Würde eines deutſchen Reichsritters. 1803 wurde er Badiſcher Oberhofmeiſter und Staatsminiſter. Er ſtarb am 27. September 1806 in Mannheim.

Von ihm erſchien:

Walwais und Adelaide. Mannheim, 1778.
Kora. Mannheim, 1780.
Elektra. Mannheim, 1780.
Shakſpeares Julius Cäſar. Mannheim, 1785.
Cumberlands Koleriſcher. Mannheim, 1786.
Die Brüder. Mannheim, 1785.
Oronoko. Mannheim, 1786.
Monteſquieu. Mannheim, 1787.
Der weibliche Eheſcheue. Naumburg, 1787.
Der Mönch von Karmel. Berlin, 1787.
Einzelne Aufſätze zu den Rheiniſchen Beiträgen, u. ſ. w.

Ein eifriger Gönner und Beſchützer der Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte, erwarb er ſich große Verdienſte um dieſelben vorzüglich als Präſident der Mannheimer deutſchen Geſellſchaft und als Intendant der dortigen Bühne, welche zu jener Zeit die bedeutendſte in Deutſchland und eine Pflanzſchule unſerer vorzüglichſten Schauſpieler war. Seine eigenen, meiſt dramatiſchen Arbeiten zeichnen ſich durch eine gebildete Sprache aus, ſind aber übrigens unerheblich. —

Johann Georg Darjes,

ein ſeiner Zeit ſehr geſchätzter Philoſoph, ward im Jahre 1714 zu Güſtrow geboren, ſtudirte in Roſtock und Jena, und habilitirte ſich 1733 an letzterer Univerſität, Vorleſungen über die Wolfiſche Philoſophie haltend. 1744 ward er daſelbſt Profeſſor, und nahm 1763 einen ſehr vortheilhaften Ruf nach Frankfurt an der Oder an, wo er am 17. Juli 1791 als Geheimerath, Profeſſor der Philoſophie, Ordinarius der juriſtiſchen Facultät und Director der Univerſität ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Anmerkungen über einige Sätze der Wolfiſchen Metaphyſik. Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1748. 4.
Philoſophiſche Nebenſtunden. Jena, 1749—52. 4 Sammlungen.

Erſte Gründe der philoſophiſchen Sittenlehre Jena, 1755.

Weg zur Wahrheit. Jena, 1776.

D. erwarb ſich großen Ruhm in jenen Tagen der Kindheit deutſcher Philoſophie, durch ſeinen Eklekticismus, welcher das Beſte aus den Syſtemen von Wolf und Cruſius umfaßte und durch einen klaren und verſtändlichen Vortrag beſeelt, viele Anhänger fand.

Karl Wilhelm Daßdorf

ward am 2. Februar 1750 zu Stauchitz im Königreich Sachſen geboren, beſuchte von 1762 bis 1768 die hohe Schule zu Meißen und ſtudirte dann in Leipzig Theologie, wo er ſich 1772 die Magiſterwürde erwarb. Im Jahre 1773 ward er Erzieher der Kinder des Geheimeraths von Ferber in Dresden, und auf deſſen Empfehlung 1775 dritter, 1786 zweiter und 1806 erſter Bibliothekar der dortigen Bibliothek. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 28. Februar 1812.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Andromache. Ein muſikaliſches Drama. Dresden, 1777.
Schilderung einer Nationalſcene. Dresden, 1782.
Beſchreibung der u. ſ. w. Merkwürdigkeiten von Dresden. Dresden, 1782.
Numismatiſch-hiſtoriſcher Leitfaden zur Ueberſicht der ſächſiſchen Geſchichte. Dresden und Leipzig, 1801.
J. Winkelmanns Briefe an ſeine Freunde, mit Zuſätzen und literariſchen Anmerkungen Dresden, 1777—81. 2 Thle.
Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen und Franzöſiſchen u. ſ. w.

Ein fleißiger und gründlicher Gelehrter, der ſich jedoch den meiſten Ruf erwarb durch den Eifer und die Bereitwilligkeit mit welcher er als Bibliothekar den Gelehrten bei ihren Forſchungen behülflich war.

Karl von Decker,

als belletriſtiſcher Schriftſteller unter dem Namen Adalbert vom Thale bekannt, ward am 21. April in Berlin geboren, trat 1797 in preußiſche Kriegsdienſte und wohnte in den Jahren 1806—7 den Feldzügen in Oſtpreußen und der Schlacht von Preußiſch-Eylau bei; ſein tapferes Benehmen im Laufe derſelben wurde mit dem Orden pour le merite belohnt. Während der trüben Zeit die darauf ſein Vaterland heimſuchte, ging er als Rittmeiſter, in die engliſche Armee über, kehrte aber 1813 als Hauptmann zu dem preußiſchen Heere zurück, und nahm thätigen Antheil an den Kriegen gegen Napoleon, in welchen er ſich den Wladimirorden 4ter Klaſſe und das eiſerne Kreuz 2ter Klaſſe erwarb. Nach dem Frieden wurde er 1816

Dirigent einer Vermeſſungs-Abtheilung bei dem topographiſchen Bureau, 1817 Major bei dem großen Generalſtabe in Berlin, 1818 Lehrer bei der königlichen Kriegsſchule und bei der Artillerie- und Ingenieur-Schule. Gegenwärtig lebt er als Obriſt im activen Dienſt in Königsberg in Preußen.

Außer vielen (nicht hieher gehörigen) kriegswiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften gab er heraus:

Freie Handzeichnungen nach der Natur. Berlin, 1818.
Geburtstagsſpiele und andere kleine dramatiſche Dichtungen. Berlin, 1821—23. 2 Bdchen.
Marget Stofflet, hiſtoriſch-romantiſches Gemälde. Berlin, 1828.
Viele kleinere Aufſätze, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Journalen, z. B. dem Geſellſchafter, der Abendzeitung u. ſ. w.

Rühmlich bekannt als Tactiker, hat ſich v. Decker auch als ein gefälliger und gewandter belletriſtiſcher Schriftſteller bewährt, der in gebildeter und anmuthiger Sprache die gewählten Stoffe mit Geſchick zu behandeln verſteht. Vorzüglich zeichnen ſich ſeine dramatiſchen Dichtungen durch Wahrheit, Lebendigkeit und Intereſſe aus; ſein Drama „Marget Stofflet" erfreute ſich bei dem Erſcheinen auf der Bühne einer ſehr günſtigen Aufnahme.

Der Landprediger im Bade.*)

1.

In der Reſidenz hatte ich mich nur aufgehalten, um die „Prima Donna" — nämlich die vom Herrn von Voß — zu ſehen und zu hören, und Tages darauf fuhren wir weiter. Wenn ich ſage: wir, ſo meine ich damit mich und mein Roſinchen, meine vor Gott und Menſchen ſeit 13 Monden rechtmäßig angetraute Gattin. — Ich ſchämte mich eigentlich, in der Poſſe ſo unbändig gelacht zu haben, weil es ſich für einen Verbreiter der wahren apoſtoliſchen Lehre gar nicht ſchickt; indeſſen mein Roſinchen hat ja auch mitgelacht und ganz vornehme Leute mit blanken Ordensſternen obenein, und da hebt es ſich, wie man in hieſiger Gegend zu ſagen pflegt. Neben mir ſtand ein Mann mit Kennermiene und Konſervations-Brille auf der Naſe, den elfenbeinernen Stockknopf gegen die Oberlippe gequetſcht und den Rücken gegen das Theater gekehrt; der zuckte jedesmal mitleidig beide Achſeln, wenn die Weltkinder mit Jubelgebrüll zu erkennen gaben: daß ihnen der Schöpfer ein fröhliches Daſeyn und offene Kehlorgane verliehen hatte, und zuletzt brach er unwillig murmelnd in den Grimmſpruch aus: „Ich begreife nicht, wie man über ſo etwas lachen kann!" — Mein Nachbar zur Linken — ein ſogenannter Krauſhaariger, er ſchien mir ein Rückſtand vom Wollmarkt zu ſeyn — entgegnete mit ehernem Baßton ganz lakoniſch: „Und ich begreife nicht, wie man nicht darüber lachen kann!" — Die beiden Leute waren freilich in ihrer Meinung faſt ſo weit von einander, wie einſt Calvin von Huß. Der baſſiſche Wollmenſch ſchob überdies noch die Deduktion ein: „Ich kann für meine ſechzehn Groſchen thun, was ich will!" — „Verzeihen Sie" — war die Gegenantwort — „ich hab' bezahlt mein Geld ſo gut wie Sie, und will mich ärgern!" — „Still da!" — rief der Polizei-Beamtete oder vielmehr: „Seyn Sie ſo gütig, meine Herren, und halten Sie das Maul!" ſetzte er höflich hinzu.

Wir fuhren über B... mit Lohnfuhre; der Weg iſt recht langweilig. Hinter einem Dorfe — wie es heißt, weiß ich nicht, und auf meinem Homannſchen Atlas ſteht es auch nicht — begegnete uns ein Offizier zu Pferde. Ich wäre ihm gern aus dem Wege gefahren, denn ich liebe die Offiziers nur bei Paraden, da ſtehen ſie in Reih und Glied und dürfen keine Alotria treiben. Dieſe Herren wollten ſich gar zu gern über Unſereinen vom Lehrſtande, noch dazu, wenn wir eine hübſche Frau bei uns haben; Roſinchen aber hat viel Intereſſe für die Herren Offiziere, das habe ich ſchon gemerkt, als ſie noch zu Hauſe war.

Ich wäre alſo gern aus dem Wege gefahren; aber leider konnte ich nicht, weil zu beiden Seiten tiefe Gräben gezogen ſind. Der Offizier kam an den Wagen und fragte mich: wo ich hin wollte? und als ich mit grazieuſer Selbſtgefälligkeit entgegnete: Wir reiſen da und da hin in's Bad, ſchlug er eine Lache auf und ſagte: „Da hätten Sie auch etwas Geſcheidteres thun können, als über B... zu fahren." — „Wie ſo!" fragte Roſinchen ſchnippiſch und ſteckte den Kopf aus dem Wagen; ich aber zupfte ſie leiſe in die linke Ecke zurück, ehe ihr der Offizier unter den großen Reiſehut ſehen konnte, denn das iſt ſo die Mode dieſer Herren. — „Weil der Weg unter aller Kritik iſt, noch dazu für ſolche Katzen!" war die Antwort und dabei zeigte er auf unſere Pferde. — Ein logiſcher Menſch iſt der Offizier, denn er bewies mir: daß die Wege in hieſiger Gegend jetzt doppelt ſo langweilig wären, als ehemals, weil man ſie jetzt mit der Schnur in meilenlangen geraden Linien abzuſtecken anfange. Da hat er Recht. Roſinchen meinte: im Sande ſchliefe es ſich gut; da hat ſie auch Recht; und der Offizier verſtand den Wink und ſprengte davon wie ein Sturmwind, was ich meiner Gattin zu bemerken nicht unterlaſſen konnte. Dieſe aber ſingſangte vor ſich hin: „O könnt ich freilich mit ihm ziehn, durch Tannenwald und Fichtengrün!" — „Wie, mit dem Offizier?" — fragte ich ganz erſchrocken. — „Ach was! ich meine den Sturmwind!" ſagte ſie verdrießlich und legte ſich in ihrer Ecke zum Schlafen zurecht. Das war nicht nur unfreundlich geantwortet, ſondern auch unlogiſch; doch ſie macht es immer ſo und in der Ehe muß man das gewohnt werden, weil die Frauen eine ganz aparte Logik haben.

Am Thore von B... hielt unſer Wagen ſtill und Roſinchen erwachte. „Geſchlafen hat mein Schätzchen wahrhaftig wie ein Kätzchen! ſagte ich liebkoſend und wollte ihr die roſenrothen Wangen ſtreicheln; doch ſie wehrte meiner Hand und meinte: ich verböge ihr nur den Hut. Die großen Hüte ſind wahrhaftig ſchuld, wenn die Männer ihre Frauen nicht mehr ſo lieb haben können wie ehemals. — Da ſteckte ein Mann mit einer ungeheuern Naſe dieſe ſammt dem ganzen Kopf in den Wagen. Roſinchen ſagte vorſchnell: „Ich habe nichts zu veraksiſen!" — „Wir" — verbeſſerte ich — „wir ſind Badegäſte." — „Iſt auch nicht meine Abſicht!" entgegnete er freundlich; die Thor-Akziſe iſt ſchon ſeit dem erſten Januar bei uns abgeſchafft; was denken Sie von der Kultur unſres Vaterlandes! Nein, mit dergleichen illiberalen Schnüffeleien inkommodiren wir die Herren Reiſenden nicht mehr, und ſind nur mit Wartegeld und Ausſicht auf Zivilverſorgung konſervirt, um den geehrten Paſſanten den beſten Gaſthof zu rekommandiren. Selbiger iſt hieſigen Orts zwiefach geſpalten, nämlich der bleumourante Hering oder auch das Vorgebirge der guten Hoffnung. Sie haben nun die Wahl." — „Wie wär's mit der guten Hoffnung?" fragte ich mein Roſinchen; „oder zögeſt Du vielleicht den Hering vor?" — „Ich kenne beides nicht, alſo hängt es von Dir ab!" liſpelte ſie. — „Nun denn mit Gott in die gute Hoffnung! Fahren Sie zu, Kutſcher!" — „Fehlen können Sie nicht!" rief uns der dienſtfertige Ex-Offiziant nach; „da wo der Ziegenbock ſteht!"

Am Vorgebirge der guten Hoffnung meckerte uns der empfohlene Wegweiſer den Willkommen zu. Indem ich noch an der Wagenklinke drehe, iſt der Herr Offizier auch ſchon da und will Roſinchen aus dem Wagen heben. Aber ich ſpielte ihm das Prävenir, faßte mein Kleinod mit der Rechten, machte mit der Linken eine abwehrende Windmühlen-Pantomime und ſagte: „Mit Permiſſion, Sie könnten ſich nur verbrechen!" — Da lachte er in den Bart, muſterte meine ſchlanke Figur gleichſam höhniſch und beſtellte ſich einen Havannah-Zigarro. — Der Menſch hatte eine recht mokante Phyſiognomie und wurde mir immer fataler; aber ich dachte: er weiß hier Beſcheid, der Kutſcher wenig und ich gar nicht, item man nutze ihn und ſtoße ihn nicht vor den Kopf. Auch Roſinchen war, faſt zum erſten Mal ſeit der Trauung, derſelben Meinung, und da das Vorgebirge nur eine anſtändige Stube hatte, nöthigte ich den Kriegshelden herein. Er hat überdies vielleicht unter den Freiwilligen gedient, iſt alſo feiner Leute Kind, und da muß man als Patriot ſchon ein Uebriges thun. — Roſinchen hatte das Eſſen beſtellt. Sie hat eine häßliche Angewohnheit, nämlich ſie ſpricht immer in der erſten zeitwörtlichen Perſon — ich — ſtatt in der vierten — wir. So auch jetzt: „Wollen Sie mit mir vorlieb nehmen?" — Der Offizier antwortete ſüßfreundlich: „Ey, warum dieſes nicht!" — Das hat ſie davon, ſie wurde roth bis zum Ohrzipfel.

2.

Nach Tiſche fragte Roſinchen: „Wollen wir ſchlafen gehen?" — Diesmal hätte ſie in der erſten Perſon fragen können und deshalb verbeſſerte ich: „Du, mein Kind, denn Du wirſt müde ſeyn; wir aber, wir wollen, wenn es dem Herrn Lieutenant anders recht iſt, eine kleine Promenade machen." — Wir promenirten drei Mal um die Stadt, im Ganzen beinahe eine Viertelmeile Weges, und ich nahm Gelegenheit, dem Offizier einen Theil meiner Lebensgeſchichte zu erzählen. Er muß meine Schwieger-Eltern kennen, und konnte gar nicht begreifen: wie ich zu der hübſchen Frau gekommen wäre. So etwas kitzelt, denn es macht unſerm Geſchmack Ehre; und hübſch iſt

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*) Aus v. Deckers: Freie Handzeichnungen nach der Natur.

Roſinchen, das muß wahr ſeyn; in der ganzen Umgegend hieß ſie des reichen Amtmanns ſchöne Roſine.

Als wir wieder in das Wirthshaus einſprachen, war Geſellſchaft angekommen. — Ein junger Mann mit Schnurrbart und eiſernem Kreuz von Sammet auf grünem Oberrock, und eine engelſchöne Frau ſaßen am Kaffeetiſch und Roſinchen dabei. Der Offizier that ganz bekannt mit den Fremden und ziſchelte dem Grünen vielerlei in's Ohr. Später erfuhr ich, er ſey ein bleſſirter Oberſtlieutenant, der auch in's Bad reiſe; was ich anfangs nicht glauben wollte, da die Oberſtlieutenants ſonſt nicht ſo jung zu ſeyn pflegen, auch, ſo viel mir bekannt iſt, ex officio Troddeln auf den Schultern tragen müſſen. Doch ich vernahm: der Fragliche habe in der Adjutantur gedient, und auf Jagden, Land- und andern Parthieen ſey es den Herren Kriegsleuten erlaubt, gewöhnliche Menſchenkleider zu tragen. — Der Offizier, nämlich mein Begleiter, ſtellte mich den Angekommenen mit den Worten vor: „Herr Anaſtaſius Möhrenſaft, berühmter Theologe, Mitglied einiger gelehrten Vereine und namentlich der Bibelgeſellſchaft, auch Pastor ordinarius.“ Woher wußte dieſer Menſch meinen Namen, Titel und meine Würden!

Kluge Hühner legen auch zuweilen in die Neſſeln, das habe ich nun ſelbſt recht deutlich erfahren; denn der grüne Oberſtlieutenant kam gerade da her, wo ich her kam, wollte gerade da hin, wo ich hin wollte, und war auch den unkritiſchen Weg über B... gefahren. Es wurde endlich der beſte nach dem Bade ausgepunktet, und zwar über Prellwitz und Pätermühle; da mir aber ſelbiger unbekannt war, ſo bat ich um die Erlaubniß, hinterher fahren zu dürfen. Roſinchen, mein Queckſilber-Mäulchen, ſagte wieder etwas vorſchnell: „Aber daß Sie es nur ſo einrichten, daß ich nicht umwerfen kann.“ — „Wir“, verbeſſerte ich abermals; „denn ich bin ja auch mit dabei, und davor mag uns der gütige Himmel bewahren.“ — Im Wagen wollte ich ihr einige Reprimanden über die böſe Angewohnheit geben, und fing alſo an: „Nur egoiſtiſche Menſchen ſtreuen das Wörtlein ich allzu häufig in den Fluß ihrer Rede und werden deshalb nach dem neueren Sprachgebrauch Ichler oder Ichlinge genannt; Mann und Weib aber ſind ein Leib und eine —“ — „Das iſt nicht wahr“ — unterbrach ſie mich ſchnippiſch — „und wenn es wahr iſt, ſo ſchweige Du mit Deinem halben Leibe ſtill, denn die andere Hälfte will ſchlafen!“ — Das war nach der von mir gegebenen Prämiſſe wirklich logiſch richtig und ich vermochte ihr nichts darauf zu antworten.

Sie ſchlief, mir aber ging der Offizier im Kopfe herum. Es war augenſcheinlich und wurde mir immer klarer: daß ſie ſich nicht von geſtern kennen; auch war ſie in ſeiner Gegenwart noch ſchnippiſcher gegen mich als gewöhnlich. In ihrer Eltern Hauſe hat ſie es eben ſo gemacht; ihr Vater liebt Alles, was einen Säbel trägt und hält ſich ſogar mit ſchweren Koſten das Militär-Wochenblatt. Darum war auch ſein Haus ein wahrer militäriſcher Taubenſchlag, nur mit dem Unterſchiede: daß ſtatt der Tauben ſchwarze Huſaren-Offiziere hinein-, und ſeine Rüdesheimer Eilfer-Bouteillen hinausflogen. — Aber ich weiß, was ich thue. Ich bitte die ſchöne ſanfte Frau vom grünen Oberſtlieutenant: daß ſie im Bade mein Roſinchen unter ihren Schutz nimmt, ſonſt habe ich keine ruhige Badeſtunde, die laut Programm in der Zeitung ohnehin nur 50 Minuten dauern ſoll.

3.

Das Bad bekommt mir recht gut, und Roſinchen findet das auch; ſie wird täglich freundlicher gegen mich, aber dabei bleibt es. Sonſt gab ſie mir doch zuweilen einen Kuß, hier aber muß ich mich mit der Hand und im Freien ſogar mit dem Handſchuh begnügen, den ſie des Sonnenbrandes wegen höchſtens bei Tiſche auszieht. — Ich habe übrigens richtig prophezeiht: Berg und Thal kommen nicht zuſammen, aber Menſchen; man könnte noch hinzu ſetzen: abſonderlich im Bade. Roſinchen und der Offizier ſind eine alte Connoiſſance; er hat einmal dort im Quartier gelegen, und geht auch ganz ohne Gêne mit ihr um, zu meinem größten Aerger. — Ich könnte hier recht vergnügt ſeyn, denn das Leben iſt nicht allzu theuer, bis auf den Wein, der noch dazu ſchlecht iſt; die Gegend iſt ſchön, die Geſellſchaft gut, leider aber zankt ſich Roſinchen alle Tage mit mir. Sie kann ſich immer noch nicht in ihren neuen Stand finden, und das luſtige Leben in ihres Vaters Hauſe liegt ihr noch gar zu ſehr in den Gliedern. Wenn ich ihr nun zuweilen ihre ausgelaſſene Luſtigkeit verhalte, ſo ſchmollt ſie und nennt mich grämlich, und meint: ich ſähe noch viel ehrbarer aus wie mein ſchwarzledernes Geſangbuch. Sind das wohl Reden, die ſich für eine angetraute Predigersfrau ſchicken! Ich klagte neulich der ſchönen grünen Oberſtlieutenants-Frau meine Noth; aber da kam ich gut an. Die meinte: ich ſey ſelbſt ſchuld, weil ich immer den Hofmeiſter ſpiele, und das vertrage keine junge Frau; ich ſollte ihr mehr den Willen laſſen und nicht gleich ſauer ſehen, wenn Roſinchen hell auflacht. Aber, lieber Gott, ſie lacht beſtändig und das ſchickt ſich nicht oder höchſtens hier im Bade, und wenn ſie ſpäter mit mir auf der Pfarre von Diſteltrude ſitzen wird, hat ſie ſich's einmal angewöhnt. „Liebe, ſchöne Frau,“ ſagte ich; „ich kenne die Damen und abſonderlich die lebensluſtigen Amtmanns-Töchter; ja, wenn ſie Alle ſo engelgut wären wie Euer Gnaden!“

Der Offizier geht Roſinchen faſt nicht von der Seite, und mich betrachten ſie, ſo zu ſagen, wie das fünfte Rad am Wagen. Ich werfe zwar hin und wieder mit Sprüchen um mich; aber davon wollen ſie nichts wiſſen und meinen: alle ernſthaften Gedanken wären der Badekur hinderlich. — Neulich ſpielten ſie auf dem Brunnen, unter andern heimlichen Spielen, auch Sprüchwörter und lebendige Charaden. Sie führten zum Beiſpiel den Pygmalion auf, den machte er, und ſie ſollte die Statue vorſtellen. Das hätte ihm gefallen [illegible]; aber zum Glück kannte ich die Hiſtorie aus dem „Konverſations-Lexikon“ und hinderte es noch zur rechten Zeit, indem ich mich ſelbſt zur Galathea anbot. Daraus wurde nichts; der Offizier wollte ſogar auf ſeinem Willen beſtehen, Roſinchen beſchwichtigte ihn jedoch durch einen recht freundlich bittenden Blick, und ich ſagte zu ihm: „Ich, ſo viel Sie wollen und was Sie wollen; aber Roſinchen laſſen Sie mir mit ſolchen Komödianten-Stückchen zufrieden.“ — „Topp“ ſagte er, „ich halte Sie beim Wort!“ — Im Saale wurden ſchnell Tiſche und Stühle umher geſetzt und die Hälfte der Gäſte mußte Buden-Halter vorſtellen; die andere Hälfte aber ſollte rathen, was das Spiel für einen Namen hat. Ich mußte, ſo gab es der Offizier an — mit noch Einigen herum gehen und ſo thun, als ob wir viel und Mancherlei einkauften, wobei ich jedoch immer am höchſten bezahlte; Andere, die hinter uns gingen, drückten darüber ihre Verwunderung, und noch Andere ihren Spott aus, aber Alles durch Pantomime. Kaum war ich bei der dritten Bude, ſo rief ſchon die ganze Gegenparthei wie aus einem Munde: „Ach, das iſt ja mit Händen zu greifen: der Gimpel auf der Meſſe!“ — und gleich darauf erſcholl ein unbändiges Gelächter. Anfangs ärgerte ich mich raſend, denn ich ſtand gleichſam unglücklich da, und gelobte mir innerlich: dem Offizier den Streich nicht zu vergeſſen; aber zuletzt ſchien es mir am beſten, daß ich ſelbſt mitlachte, und das that ich nun auch und bekam von Roſinchen einen hellen Blick dafür.

4.

Nun iſt es aus, nun hat er ſie gar geküßt, und da will ich jeden Unpartheiiſchen fragen, ob ich das zu leiden brauche! So lange ich Roſinchen meine Frau nenne, iſt ein Kuß von ihr die höchſte Gunſt geweſen, der ich mich in ſeltenen gnädigen Augenblicken zu erfreuen hatte. Er aber bekam ihn gleichſam ſpielend, während ich jedesmal darum bitten und betteln muß, wie um ein Allmoſen. Die Sache war ſo: wir ſpeiſten an Table d'Hote auf dem Brunnen und waren recht vergnügt. Links neben mir ſaß eine reiche Banquier-Wittwe, die einen Mann für ihre Geſchäfte ſucht; dann kam ich, dann Roſinchen und dann ein alter Forſtrath; folglich war Roſinchen diesmal ganz in Sicherheit. Bei dem Deſſert werden Küß-Geſundheiten ausgebracht. Ich drehe mich gemüthlich und halb mechaniſch zu meiner Wittwe, die ſich etwas zierte und mit dem einen Auge nach einem verunglückten Advokaten ſchielte, der ihr ſo zu ſagen den Hof macht. Mit einem Male kichert es ja zu meiner Rechten: es war Roſinchen, denn ich kenne ihren Kicher; ich ſehe mich um, und denke, der Schlag ſoll mich rühren! Verſchwunden iſt der Forſtrath, mein Herr Offizier ſitzt an ſeiner Stelle und wiſcht ſeinen Schnurrbart mit ihren Purpurlippen. — „Proſit, Paſtoribus!“ ſagte er, „ſo geht es, wenn man links ſcharmuzirt und die rechte Flanke bloß giebt.“ — Mein Gott, der Forſtrath ſollte mir ja dieſe decken, und dick genug iſt er ja dazu. — Der Aerger hatte mich ſo übernommen, daß ich Roſinchen zornig bei dem [illegible] an mich zog und ſtrafend ausrief: „Aber Roſina!“ — Sie fragte ziemlich empfindlich: was es gäbe? und ſchickte bald leiſe einen albernen Peter, der keinen Takt habe, in mein rechtes Ohr. Das war ſtark. — Jeder, ſelbſt der dicke Forſtrath, nahm Parthei gegen mich und meinte: wenn ich damit nicht zufrieden wäre, möchte ich die Geſundheit, ſo friſch wie ich ſie links bekommen würde, meiner Nachbarin rechts wieder zuſtellen. Alles lachte über den Witz — lieber Gott, jetzt wird ja Alles Witz genannt! und meine blonde Wittwe machte auch gleich Anſtalt dazu. Roſinchen hat mir nie einen ſo ſchlechten Kuß gegeben, wie dieſes Mal, und doch verſteht ſie es recht gut, denn in ihrer Eltern Hauſe wurde viel geküßt, abſonderlich wenn Einquartierung da war.

Der Tag war überhaupt ein wahrer Unglückstag für mich. Gegen Abend regnete es und wir mußten im Saal bleiben. Man ſpielte die ſogenannte Judenſchule, wobei die Köpfe wie die Pagoden wackeln. Der Offizier hatte es wieder ſo zu karten gewußt, daß Roſinchen neben ihm ſaß. Nun merkte ich aber: daß, während wir Andern ganz ehrbar unſer: Schellen Fünfe, Eckern Ober, Schippen Sieben und ſo weiter uns zumauſchelten, er ihr allerhand ins Ohr flüſterte, das mit keiner einzigen Karte aus dem ganzen Spiele Aehnlichkeit hatte. Was es aber war und was ſie ihm zur Antwort zuziſchelte, konnte ich nicht verſtehen; denn ſo wie ich ein halbes Wort erwiſcht zu haben glaubte, donnerte das gewaltige „Auweih! Auweih!“ zwiſchen durch, daß man ſich hätte die Ohren zuhalten mögen. Einiges ſchnappte ich aber doch auf, zum Exempel: „Schöne Frau — übermorgen — Schützenplatz — Hampelmann.“ Das klang beinahe wie ein Stelldichein, und der Hampelmann ſollte wahrſcheinlich auf mich zielen. Nun, der Hampelmann möchte bei dem Stelldichein den Dritten machen! — Als wir zu Hauſe waren, fragte ich Roſinchen ſehr ernſthaft nach der Bedeutung der vier ſeltſam apoſtrophirten Worte; ſie aber lachte wie gewöhnlich laut auf und erzählte mir ganz treuherzig: Der Offizier habe ſie gefragt: ob wir auch nach dem Schützenplatz gehen würden! Den Hampelmann läugnete ſie keck ab und meinte: ich müßte mich verhört haben. So wird es auch wohl geweſen ſeyn.

5.

Aus dem Schützenplatz iſt nichts geworden, denn es regnete an dem Tage wie mit Kannen. Die Geſellſchaft hielt außerordentliche Sitzung im Brunnen-Saale, und ein hieſiger mechaniſcher Künſtler — bei uns heißen ſolche Kerls Taſchenſpieler — machte ſeine Gaukelkünſte. — Diesmal hatte ich mich beſſer vorgeſehen und Roſinchen zwiſchen mir und einem hektiſchen Poſtmeiſter placirt. Der Offizier nahm an dem Tage, ganz gegen alle Regel, wenig Notiz von ihr; aber beinahe ſah es ſo aus, als dachte er bei ſich: Ich weiß, was ich weiß. — Zuletzt forderte der Taſchenſpieler eine Taſchenuhr. Roſinchen häkelte ihre Uhr vom Buſen los, was wieder logiſch Unrecht war, denn er hatte ja eine Taſchenuhr gefordert und unſere modernen Damen tragen bekanntlich keine Taſchen. Von der andern Seite betrachtet, war es wieder recht; denn heut zu Tage vertritt das Buſentuch der Damen auch die Stelle der Taſche, wenn ſie nämlich etwas Theures recht ſicher verbergen wollen. — Genug, vor unſern ſichtlichen Augen thut der Kerl Roſinchens Uhr in einen Apotheker-Mörſer, zerſtampft ſie zu Pulver, ladet die Krümel in eine Piſtole und bittet den Offizier, ſie wie nichts dir nichts zum Fenſter hinaus zu ſchießen. Bis dahin hatte ich Kontenance gehalten, nun aber riß mir die Geduld und ich wollte zuſpringen, weil ich die Uhr mit neun Carolin bezahlt hatte. Aber Roſinchen zog mich bei dem Rockſchoß auf den Stuhl zurück und flüſterte mir ins Ohr: „Blamire Dich nicht, man nennt das eine Metamorphoſe, die Uhr kommt wieder; bei uns zu Hauſe ſind manchmal viel koſtbarere Sachen metamorphoſirt worden.“ — Da krachte auch ſchon der Schuß: einige Nervenkranke vom zweiten Geſchlecht quiekten und der Saal roch nach Pech und Schwefel. Ganz gelaſſen und mit Pathos ſagte der Hexenmenſch: Die Uhr hängt im dritten Zimmer am Fenſterladen! Roſinchen wollte aufſpringen und ſie holen; aber zum erſten Male thaten mir meine langen Beine gute Dienſte, ich machte einige Siebenmeilen-Schritte und — richtig, am beſagten Fenſterladen hing die Uhr heil und ganz, wie ſie geweſen war. Indem ich ſie herunternehme, fällt ein Papierſpitzchen aus dem Gehäuſe hervor; Roſinchen, die dicht hinter mir war, will ſie mir wegreißen, ich aber roch den Braten und ſagte mit vieler Würde: „A votre place, Madam, hernach ſprechen wir uns!“ und damit brachte ich das Papierchen in Sicherheit. — Nun war mir Alles klar: darum hatte der Offizier immer neben dem Zauberer geſtanden, darum Roſinchen die Uhr ſo flink hergegeben! Ein Billet doux, zu deutſch: Süßzettelchen, wollte er ihr hinein praktiziren, das ſchien erwieſen.

Ich ſaß wie auf glühenden Kohlen, bis die Komödie aus war. Endlich konnte ich mich an einen ſtillen Ort ſchleichen und den Zettel entfalten. Auf demſelben ſtand: „Es bleibt dabei!“ — „Es bleibt dabei!“ wiederholte ich kopfſchüttelnd und ſtarrte die drei Worte an, die ſo viel wie gar nichts ſagten und doch gewiß ſo inhaltsſchwer waren. Ich rief Roſinchen auf die Seite, hob den Zettel bedeutungsvoll empor und fragte: „Unglückliche, wobei bleibt es?“ — „Daß Du ein Märrchen biſt!“ antwortete ſie lachend und riß mir den Zettel fort. Ein alberner Peter und ein Märrchen! das iſt zuviel an einem Tage, Madam, das muß den Hausfrieden ſtören!

6.

Der grüne Oberſtlieutenant mit dem eiſernen Sammet-Kreuze und der ſchönen Frau iſt abgereiſt. Das thut mir recht leid, denn ich verliere einen guten Billard-Spieler und Roſinchen iſt nun ganz ohne Aufſicht. Aber — Gottlob! — der Offizier iſt auch abgereiſt. — Eigentlich ſollte das mir Ruhe und Troſt gewähren und den Frieden in mein verödetes Innere zurückführen; allein bei dem Abſchied kam es mir gerade ſo vor, als wüßte Roſinchen im Voraus: daß er wieder kommen würde. Man ſoll zwar ſeinem Nebenmenſchen nichts Böſes wünſchen und abſonderlich ſollte es Unſereiner nicht thun; aber wenn der Offizier gelegentlich Hals und Beine bräche, wäre es ſo übel nicht; denn Unſereins bleibt auch ein Menſch, abſonderlich wenn es auf den Hausfrieden und die eheliche Reputation ankommt. — Roſinchen fährt fort, in ihrem Gott vergnügt zu ſeyn, folglich muß ſie auf etwas hoffen, denn nur der Hoffende iſt vergnügt. Sonderbar bleibt es: daß dieſer Jean Paul'ſche Lehrſatz auf mich durchaus nicht paſſen will; denn auch ich habe recht viel zu hoffen und kann doch nicht vergnügt dabei ſeyn; im Gegentheil, ich bin gleichſam verdrießlich und ärgere mich, wenn ich fröhliche Geſichter ſehe. So geht es mit der romantiſchen Logik: ſie iſt wie eine Seifenblaſe, man darf nur daran tippen, ſo zerplatzt ſie.

Ich bin ſeit vier Tagen mit keinem Tritt aus dem Hauſe geweſen, den Brunnengang abgerechnet, und da habe ich abſichtlich die Stunde von fünf bis ſechs gewählt, wo Roſinchen noch ſchläft und ich nicht ſchlafen kann. Bis geſtern hat ſie's ausgehalten, aber da brach das Unwetterchen los und ſie fragte mich: ob ſie eine Gefangene oder meine Frau ſey? und ob ſie mir darum die ſchönſten Schätze und Blüthen ihrer Jugend geopfert habe, daß ich die lammfrommſten ihrer Freuden wie ein beißiger Wehrwolf würgen ſollte? — Ob zwar mir von den großen Opfern eben nicht viel bewußt war, konnte ich ihr doch eben ſo wenig etwas entgegenſtellen, weil der Begriff von Freude relativ iſt und auf Meinungen beruht, dieſe aber höchſtens in Glaubensſachen dem freien Willen des Menſchen als Fußſchemel dienen. — Mein Schweigen hatte Roſinchen dreiſt gemacht; ſie behauptete: ſie hätte in ihrer Eltern Hauſe ein ganz anderes Leben geführt als jetzt, ja das ganze Amt, bis auf den letzten Kornmeſſer, hätte, ſo zu ſagen, nach ihrer Pfeife tanzen müſſen; und wenn ſie das vorher gewußt, daß ich ſie gleichſam wie eine Indianerin behandeln würde, hätte ſie mich gar nicht geheirathet, und wenn das ſo fort ginge, ſo wüßte ſie ſchon, was ſie thun würde. — Man kommt mit ihr nicht aus, denn ſie hat auch nicht eine Idee von Logik, wie ſchon oft geſagt. Ueberhaupt iſt es um den Eheſtand eine böſe Sache; er hat weder Theorieen noch haltbare Prämiſſen oder höchſtens falſche, und doch ſo manche Konſequenzen, ſo manches Reelle, das keine Hypotheſen duldet. Und nun vollends ein ſo verzogenes Mädchen wie Roſinchen, und ein Mann wie ich, der von kleinauf an ſchulgerechte Theorieen gewöhnt und in der praktiſchen Erfahrung ein Lehrling iſt.

7.

Um Roſinchen wieder gut zu machen, erbot ich mich zu einem Spaziergange. Diesmal war mein Kalkül richtig, denn die Wolken auf ihrer Stirn waren wie durch einen Zauberſchlag verſchwunden. Wir gingen in dem Park einen Fußſteig, welcher der Dohnenſtrich genannt wird, und befanden uns, ohne daß ich es eigentlich wollte, am Brunnen. — Es waren Fremde angekommen, die ich aber nicht kannte. Auch ein Tyroler Hauſirer hatte ſich etablirt und eine ſogenannte Glücksbude aufgeſchlagen. Ehe ich es mir dachte, war Roſinchen hinzu getreten; ich mahnte ſie leiſe an meinen und ihren Stand, nannte das Spiel um Gewinnſt einen gottmißfälligen Zeitvertreib, predigte aber wie gewöhnlich tauben Ohren und das Fatum hatte wieder einen Poſſenſtreich vor.

An jenem verhängnißvollen Abend handhabte mein Roſinchen das Becherchen des Tyroler Glücksbudners mit einer Geläufigkeit, die mich innerlich ſchaudern machte. — „Sechszehn!“ ſagte Roſinchen und wollte nach einer ſilbernen Nadelbüchſe greifen; da erſcholl hinter mir eine bekannte Stimme: „Sechszehn mit!“ Ich ſehe mich um und denke in die Erde zu ſinken — der Offizier ſteht leibhaftig da und ruft mir ganz luſtig und guter Dinge zu: „I guten Abend, Paſtoribus, morgen ſollen Sie mir erzählen, wie Ihnen das Bad bekommt; jetzt aber laſſen Sie mich heran, denn ich bin am Wurf!“ — Roſinchen gewann die Nadelbüchſe, drehte ſie mit erhobenem Finger mir vor der Naſe herum und ſagte fröhlich: „Sieh einmal, Anaſtaſius, wie niedlich, und gar nicht theuer!“ — Mir war ſo unheimlich dabei zu Muthe, daß ich Kopfſchmerz empfand und nach Hauſe zu gehen verlangte. Roſinchen ſah mich erſt finſter, dann freundlich und dann wieder finſter an. Endlich zog ſie mich auf die Seite und ſagte ſchalkhaft: „Du wollteſt heute einen Kuß haben, mein Täubchen, ich gebe Dir zwei, aber bleibe noch hier!“ — Was ſollte ich machen? Nach einer flüchtigen Ueberlegung nahm ich die Küſſe und blieb. — Aber von nun an muß ich noch viel mehr aufpaſſen, denn daß allerlei Umtriebe obwalten, wird immer klarer.

8.

Schmerzerfüllt rufe ich zum zweiten Mal aus: „O wäre ich im Diſteiwode geblieben!“

Mir die gewünſchte Ueberzeugung zu verſchaffen, nahm ich Roſinchen zeitlich vor und ſagte ihr ein Einverſtändniß mit dem Offizier auf den Kopf zu. Sie läugnete, wie ich dies nicht anders erwarten ließ, und es kam zu harten Auftritten; denn ob zwar ich lange gut bin, ſo kann ich auch fürchterlich böſe werden, wenn ich einmal anfange. — Erſt ſetzte ich ihr ſanftmüthig auseinander: wie ich ſie mittelſt der Weihe des goldenen Ringes aus der Sklaverei einer böſen Stiefmutter befreit und ihr den Frauen-Rang verſchafft hätte, den ſie, wenn ſie ſonſt wollte, mit Ehre und Ruhm bekleiden könnte; ferner wie ich ſie ſo zu ſagen innerlich auf den Händen trüge, auch nicht abgeneigt wäre, ihr dann und wann ein kleines Vergnügen zu gönnen, ſofern es mit den Geſetzen des geiſtlichen Wohlſtandes und der chriſtlichen Mäßigkeit überein käme. Ich ſprach lange und mit Wärme, auch nicht ganz ohne Wirkung; indeſſen kann ich doch nicht ſagen: daß der Fluß meiner Rede völlig den gehofften Zugang zu dem etwas verwilderten Gemüth des lieben Weltkindes gehabt hätte. Das liebe Weltkind meinte nämlich in aller Kürze: es ſey, was die Stiefmutter anlange, ſo zu ſagen bei mir aus dem Regen in die Traufe gekommen; ferner ſey es nur einmal jung und wolle das Leben genießen, ſo lange ihm der Mai deſſelben blühe; ich aber ſey ein pedantiſcher Schulmenſch, welcher in der praktiſchen Sprache Philiſter heiße, ein grämlicher Mentor, ſo zu ſagen ein Ruprecht oder eine Kinderfürchte; endlich, daß das Bischen, was es von dem heiligen Eheſtand erfahren, keineswegs mit dem Himmelreich auf Erden, vielmehr mit dem Fegefeuer vergleichbar wäre, und ſo weiter.

Lieber Gott, Ordnungsliebe, regelmäßig Aufſtehen, die lieben Gottesgaben pünktlich genießen, zur rechten Zeit wieder zu Bett gehen, das nennen die Frauen Pedantismus, und der Sinn für ſtille, gemüthliche Freuden fängt an, ihnen immer mehr und mehr abzugehen, in dem Maaße, wie ſie an ſogenannter höherer Bildung zunehmen. Sie ſind meiſtens nur für rauſchende Freuden, und fröhnen allzu ſehr der Variation, das heißt: ſie verlangen Tanz und Spiel und alle Tage neue Geſichter, ſo lange ſie jung und hübſch ſind. Späterhin, oder wenn ihnen der Himmel kein glattes Angeſicht gab, wenden ſie auch wohl das Zünglein flink und gewandt gegen den lieben Nächſten und vertreiben ſich die Langeweile mit Hülfe des ſogenannten böſen Leumunds. So iſt nun zwar Roſinchen nicht, weil ſie weltbürgerliche Grundſätze und ein gutes Herz hat; ſie ſagt: leben und leben laſſen; ich ſage das auch, verſtehe aber darunter: leben in meinem Sinn und nicht in dem ihren.

9.

Neulich war ſogenannter Ball. Der Name ſchon bringt mich in Konvulſionen; Roſinchen warf aber mit argen Spitzen um ſich, und ſelbſt die ganze Brunnen-Geſellſchaft erklärte den Ehemann, der ſeiner Hälfte dieſe unſchuldige Freude verſagen wollte, einſtimmig für eine Art Cerberus, ſo daß ich leider nachgeben und zwei Einlaß-Karten mit ſchwerem Gelde löſen mußte.

Wir leben im July und hatten am Balltage 32° Reaumur, folglich war es ſchon a priori eine halbe Tollheit, in dieſer Hitze zu tanzen. — Bei dem zweiten Schnellwalzer troff ſchon Alles, und die Atmoſphäre im Saal benahm Einem gleichſam die Luft; ein leidlich geſchickter Phyſiker, mit einem pneumatiſchen Apparat verſehen, hätte alle möglichen Luft-Arten hier für ein Spottgeld entwickeln können. — Roſinchen tanzt ſehr ſchön, das muß wahr ſeyn, und hat in der Reſidenz manche niedliche Manieren angenommen; bei dem Länderer, wie ſie es nennen, ſchmiegt und biegt ſie ſich zum Beiſpiel, daß, wer das Ding nicht beſſer verſteht, meinen ſollte: ſie würde mit ſammt ihrem Tänzer zuſammen knicken wie ein Taſchenmeſſer. Das Zuſehen machte mir in der That Vergnügen, und ſo hielt ich das Schwitzbad aus und weidete mich an dem angenehmen Anblick.

Die jetzigen Tänze ſind ſo zu ſagen für Verliebte gemacht, abſonderlich der Kotillon, den ſie auch deswegen wohl „den göttlichen" zu nennen pflegen. Man ſollte meinen, es tanzten nichts als Brautleute; denn ſie laufen zuweilen quer durch den ganzen Saal gleichſam furioſo einander in die Arme. Mein Roſinchen und der Offizier — denn daß er nicht fehlen durfte, verſteht ſich wohl von ſelbſt — kamen beinahe nicht vom Platze. Roſinchen ſah allerliebſt aus: eine Spanne unter dem rechten Knie hatte ſie eine Roſe angeſteckt, die nannte ein Ingenieur-Lieutenant, der hier bei dem Chauſſeebau angeſtellt iſt, ein detaſchirtes Außenwerk. Ich weiß zwar nicht, was er damit ſagen wollte; aber das weiß ich, daß ſie ihr ungemein gut ſtand.

Neben mir ſtand ein junger Altdeutſcher, etwa in den Vierzigern, mit langen Haaren, die ſickerten in der Hitze wie eine Thränenweide, wenn es geregnet hat; dem bejahrten Jüngling ſchien auch die ſchwarze Jacke nicht wenig zur Laſt zu fallen. Da er nun beſtändig auf ſeinem Platze blieb — denn die jungen Damen nahmen keine Notiz von ihm — ſo machte ich mich an ihn und fragte: warum er denn heute und immer ſtill ſtehe, da ich doch bemerkte, daß Andere — und namentlich Alles, was Uniform trug — ſofort in den Kreis geholt wurden? — „Alles beſtellte Arbeit" — fuhr er mich in einem Anfall von Vandalismus an und zeigte dabei mit Fingern in den Kreis — „da kommt Unſereins nicht daran. Darum heißt ja der Tanz Kotillon, zu deutſch: Unterrock, weil die Schürzen hier das Regiment führen. Sehen Sie nur: Mamſell A. holt Herrn B. und führt ihn zu Fräulein C., und dieſe bringt ihr aus Dankbarkeit das nächſte Mal den Herrn D. und ſo geht es wie eine Zwickmühle. Wer keine Konnexionen hat, wie ich und Sie zum Beiſpiel, muß da ſtehen sans comparaison wie ein Maulaffe und zuſehen, und wenn die Tour an uns kommt, ſo haben die Andern die Damen ſchon ſo müde getanzt, daß man Noth hat ſie fortzuſchleppen." — Mir gerann bei dieſer heilloſen Beſchreibung das Blut in den Adern. Nein, ich konnte mein Roſinchen keinen Augenblick länger in dieſem verdammten göttlichen Kotillon laſſen und wenn es mir hätte das Leben koſten ſollen. Ich eilte demnach zu ihr und ſagte: „Roſina, wenn Dir Deine und meine Ehre lieb iſt, ſo entfernſt Du Dich aus dieſem Hexentanz." — „Austreten!" ſagte ſie und warf die Oberlippe gegen das Stumpfnäschen; „ich, austreten! Wo denkſt Du hin!" — „An Dein Seelenheil denke ich!" entgegnete ich ihr mit weicher Stimme; ſie aber lachte laut auf und meinte: die Hitze wäre mir wohl auf die Verſtandes-Nerven gefallen. — Der Herr Offizier mußte Wink von meinem Plänchen bekommen haben, denn gleich war er da und profitirte; hielt dem Tanze eine ſchwülſtige Lobrede, nannte ihn einen Freundſchafts-Tanz, meinte: es käme nun die letzte Tour, die nicht nur allerliebſt, ſondern ſogar wundervoll wäre, und indem ich noch balancire, welche Sorte von Grauſen ich ihm entgegenſetzen will, iſt mein Roſinchen ſchon wieder mitten darunter. — Nun, dachte ich, einmal und nicht wieder; du haſt A geſagt, du mußt auch B ſagen und den Kelch leeren bis auf die Hefen. Mit geſpannter Neugierde paßte ich jetzt auf die verheißene letzte und zugleich wundervolle Tour. Wer aber malt mein Erſtaunen, als ich die Leute ſich bei den Händen faſſen und mit ausgeſpreizten Beinen wie raſend und beſeſſen ſeitwärts einher ſpringen ſah; und das ging ſo immer im Saale herum und immer wieder von vorne an. Das nennen die Menſchen in der Tanz-Kunſt-Sprache eine Galopade und belegen ſie obenein mit dem Prädikat: wundervoll. Daß es Gott erbarme! Faſt glaube ich ſelbſt: daß der Weltuntergang vor der Thür iſt, denn Alles geht konträr und verkehrt. Die Menſchen hüpfen wie Poſtpferde, und dieſe haben kaum Luſt, die Füße zu rühren, und ſchleichen einher mit Menuett-Schritten. — Roſinchen ſank jetzt auf einen Stuhl; ſowohl die Roſe an ihrer Bruſt wie auch das detaſchirte Außenwerk hüpften beide wie die großen Hämmer auf dem Hüttenwerke. Ich ſetzte mich auch und wollte ihr ſo eben logiſch beweiſen: daß die Welt ſich in ein großes Irrenhaus zu verwandeln drohe, als ſie ſich fächelnd zurück lehnte, eine Taſſe Thee verlangte und ſchmelzend ausrief: „O Gott, das Leben iſt doch ſchön!" — „Für den Liebhaber!" murmelte ich vor mich hin, „für ſolch ein Leben aber lieber gar keins!"

10.

Roſinchens Spruch: das Leben ſey doch ſchön, hat ſie irgendwo aus einem poetiſchen Leſebuche aufgeſchnappt; ich für mein Theil möchte über die ſeit den letzten vier Tagen genoſſene Sorte Leben aus der Haut fahren; ja wäre ich nicht ein rechtgläubiger Chriſt, ſo hätte Satanas jetzt die beſte Gelegenheit, den teufliſchen Gedanken des Selbſtmordes in meine fromme Seele zu jagen. Doch nein, ich will ausharren und dulden, oder vielmehr bloß ausharren, denn geduldet habe ich ſchon, was ein Ehemann nur zu dulden vermag.

Ich bin gegenwärtig um einen Schatz ärmer und um eine Erfahrung reicher. Wenn der Böſe Unkraut unter den Waizen zu ſäen geſonnen iſt und das Fatum es nicht durchaus anders beſchloſſen hat, ſo kann es ein Weib am beſten ſäen: iſt nun ebenfalls ein Offizier dabei behülflich, und wirkt zum Ueberfluß der Zufall vermittelnd ein, ſo geht alle Weisheit in Scherben, der allergeſcheidteſte Ehemann iſt ohne Rettung betrogen, und der beſte Philoſoph kommt gerade ſo weit und um nichts weiter, als der ſimpelſte Empiriker, den man im gemeinen Leben einen dummen Dorfteufel zu nennen pflegt. — Der verlorne Schatz iſt ſehr ſüßer Natur und heißt mit einem Wort — Roſinchen.

Die Feder zittert in meiner ſonſt ſo feſten Hand, wenn ich den ſüßen Unglücksnamen niederſchreibe. Aber mag ſie immerhin zittern! Das Büchlein ſey nun zur Warnung für alle meine lieben Brüder und achtungswerthen Collegen, die mit mir im gleichen oder ähnlichen Falle ſind oder noch dahin kommen könnten, will ich den ſchmerzlichen Vorfall und die ganze ſchauderhafte Begebenheit mit dem Stoicismus eines Zeitungsſchreibers hiermit aufzeichnen. Wäre es möglich, daß die Menſchen durch den Schaden Anderer klug würden, meine traurige Geſchichte müßte alle klugmachenden Penſions-Anſtalten außer Curs ſetzen.

Erſt will ich drei Mal um die Stadt gehen, um mich zu ſammeln, und dann der Vergeſſenheit zum Trotz ſchreiben, als ob ich es für die „Abendzeitung" oder den „Geſellſchafter" thäte.

11.

Am Morgen nach dem Schwitzbade ſchlief Roſinchen länger als gewöhnlich, das heißt: faſt bis zum hellen Mittag. — Aus Langeweile und ohne alle Abſicht ſtöbre ich ihr Necessaire durch und ſtoße auf die ſilberne Nadelbüchſe, die ſie jüngſt im Würfel-Lotto gewann. Mechaniſch öffne ich ſie, und wie weiland aus der Uhr, blinzelt mir ein Papierchen entgegen. Ich entfalte es in aller Unſchuld, und erkenne dieſelbe Hand, welche das fatale: „Es bleibt dabei!" geſchrieben hatte, nur diesmal war der Inhalt etwas weniger unbeſtimmt. — Sobald ich Faſſung gewonnen hatte, las ich unter lautem Herzklopfen Folgendes:

„Schöne Frau! — Der nächſte Sonnabend muß unſer Glück machen. Ihr klapperdürrer Haustyrann ſtudirt dann eine Sonntags-Predigt, um nicht aus der Gewohnheit zu kommen. Punkt halb ſechs Uhr bin ich mit Pferd und Wagen an der bewußten Einſiedelei im Liebespark. Laſſen Sie nicht zu lange warten

Ihren Sie anbetenden F . . . ."

Ich war im erſten Augenblick faſt unſchlüſſig, was ich thun ſollte, weil mir der Fall durchaus neu war. Zuletzt kalkulirte ich aber ſo: Ad Eins: Hältſt du ihr den Zettel vor, ſo riskirſt du, daß ſie läugnet; denn wo ſteht wohl geſchrieben: daß gerade ſie mit der ſchönen Frau gemeint iſt? Es giebt ja viele ſchöne Frauen in der Welt, zum Beiſpiel die von dem grünen Oberſtlieutenant — die war freilich nicht damit gemeint, Gott bewahre mich vor dem unheiligen Gedanken! — allein eben ſo viel bleibt ausgemacht, die Beweisgründe ſind in keinem Fall zureichend. F. kann ein Jeder heißen, und der klapperdürre Haustyrann könnte ganz füglich auf einen geliebten Collegen zielen. — Ad Zwei: Behältſt du den Zettel, ſo vermißt ſie ihn, und das ganze Project geht wahrſcheinlich gar nicht vor ſich; das wäre zwar im Ganzen gut, allein letzteres nicht radical, ſondern nur palliativ. — Ad Drei: Steckſt du ihn aber wieder da hin, wo du ihn gefunden haſt; thuſt du ferner, als ob gar nichts vorgefallen wäre: verbirgſt du dich endlich in der bewußten Eremitage, warteſt dort den Briefſteller ab und erwiſcheſt ihn ſammt der Invitirten bei dem Kragen, und zwar in dem Augenblick, wenn beide den Fuß in den Wagen ſetzen wollen, ſo iſt der Beweis nach aller Form Rechtens ad oculos geführt. Dann haſt du außerdem noch die Wahl: Entweder dein dich ärgerndes Auge auszureißen und von dir zu werfen, oder deinen Feinden zu vergeben, auf daß dir wieder vergeben werde und das Himmelreich zu dir komme. — Nach dieſem Kalkül-Monolog war es an mir, im ſtolzen Selbſtvertrauen auszurufen: Es bleibt dabei!

12.

Dem Folgenden muß ich das Motto vorſetzen: „Der Menſch denkt und Gott lenkt!" Ich bin ein Menſch und dachte, der Himmel aber es anders machte.

An dem beſprochenen Sonnabend ſchloß ich mich in meinen dreieckigen Erker-Käfig ein, welchen ich bei den theuren Badewohnungen zur Studirſtube mit ſchwerem Gelde gemiethet habe. Dies geſchah, um die Strafbaren ſicher zu machen. — Punkt drei Viertel auf drei Uhr — um die Zeit ja nicht zu verpaſſen — ſchlich ich vom hohen Olymp herunter, über den Hof bei dem Hühnerſtall vorbei, quer durch den Stadtgraben — der in jetziger Jahreszeit trocken iſt — über das Feld nach der bewußten Einſiedelei im Liebespark. Dieſer Park iſt ein Wäldchen, das zuweilen von den Badegäſten zur Promenade benutzt wird, abſonderlich wenn der Vollmond ſcheint. — Bei der Einſiedelei fand ſich von Pferden und Wagen keine Spur. Die Einſiedelei iſt gar nichts weiter, als ein großer, runder, hohler Baum mit einer Drehthür, ungefähr wie in den Nürnberger Chriſtbuden die Büchſen ſind, worin das erſte Menſchenpaar vom Baume der Erkenntniß ſpeiſet. — Ich ſchlüpfte unbemerkt hinein, und da ich noch ein Paar Stündchen vor mir hatte, ſo ſah ich mich nach einem Geſäß um. Der Thür gegenüber ſtand ein hölzerner Armſeſſel à la Campagne, und, nichts Arges ahnend, ſetze ich mich hinein. So wie aber das Gewicht meines Leibes in den Seſſel drückt, ſinke ich platt zur Erde, die Beine glitten mir ſo zu ſagen unter dem Leibe weg, und ſchnurre! geht es wie ein ungeſchmiertes Spinnrad. Zu gleicher Zeit umgiebt mich egyptiſche Finſterniß. — Den ungeheuren Schreck abgerechnet, hatte ich mir keinen Schaden gethan, und ich forſchte nun nach der Urſache dieſer auffallenden Erſcheinung. Da fiel es mir plötzlich wie Schuppen von den Augen, aber beſſer ward es darum doch nicht um mich her — der Seſſel war ein ſogenannter Vexirſtuhl; ich erinnerte mich, auch ſchon auf dem Brunnen von ihm gehört zu haben, ohne damals zu denken: daß er mich einſt ſo nahe angehen würde. Aber wahrer Fieberſchauer durchzuckte meine Adern, als ich die Entdeckung machte: daß jenes niedergedrückte Geſäß mit einer geheimen Springfeder in Verbindung ſtand, welche zu gleicher Zeit die Thür verdrehte, und den Sitzenden dadurch aller Gemeinſchaft mit der Außenwelt beraubte. — Vergebens tappte ich an dem verwünſchten Seſſel umher, rüttelte und ſchüttelte ihn, wackelte bald an der Lehne, bald an den Füßen, und verſuchte alles Mögliche, die Springfeder auszumitteln, welche die Thür ins Schloß gedreht hatte — alle meine Mühe war umſonſt. — Zum erſten Mal in meinem Leben wußte ich mir durchaus gar nicht zu helfen, und nachdem ich wohl eine gute Stunde und darüber wie ein gejagtes Eichhörnchen in dem hohlen Baume umher geſprungen war, ſo daß mir der Angſtſchweiß über das Geſicht lief, löſte ſich mein immer wachſender Verdruß in einen bitterlichen Thränenſtrom auf. Guter Gott, Arndt behauptet: die Thräne und die Rede unterſcheide den Menſchen vom Thiere; ich war im Beſitz von beiden, und im Grunde doch wenig beſſer daran wie der Tanzbär im Käfig.

Ich habe die Phantaſie niemals leiden mögen, weil ſie zur Verderbtheit der Welt ſicherlich am meiſten beigetragen hat; ich habe mir auch deshalb von Kindesbeinen an alle mögliche Mühe gegeben, das Bischen Phantaſie zu unterdrücken, was ich von meiner ſeligen Mutter geerbt habe; allein auch dieſer ſchwache Reſt, der kaum zu einem Nibelungen-Liede hingereicht haben würde, fiel mir jetzt zur Laſt und wurde in meiner Dubliette mein bitterer Peiniger. Kraft deſſelben ſah ich nämlich im Geiſte den Wagen vorfahren, jetzt ſtieg Roſinchen mit ihrem frevelhaften Lieutenant ein, ſchmiegte ſich höchſt wahrſcheinlich ſanft und zärtlich an ſeinen Dollmann, und von dannen fuhren ſie unter dem Gezwitſcher lang entbehrter Küſſe und mit Hohngelächter der Hölle über den armen betrogenen Schäfer, der in ſeiner Eremitage ſteckte wie der Gänſekiel im Pennal. — Hier wäre ſelbſt der Gläubigſte zu fragen geneigt: Schickſal, biſt du gerecht?

Ich bemühte mich, meiner einbildungsreichen Phantaſie Daumſchrauben anzulegen, und endlich behauptete die Natur ihre Rechte: ich ſchlief ein.

Es mochte Mitternacht ſeyn, als ich erwachte; von Neuem fing ich meine Experimente an, die Thür zu öffnen, und ſiehe da! meine unſtät umher greifende Hand erfaßte einen Knebel, bei deſſen Drehung die Thür mit dem nämlichen Geräuſch zurück ſchnurrte und — offen war mein Käfig. So ſchien es denn erwieſen, daß mich geſtern Nachmittag ein böſer Geiſt oder irgend eine andere Art boshafter Dämon geäfft haben mußte; denn warum hätte ich den Knebel nicht früher und abſonderlich damals finden können, als Roſinchen ſich noch auf dem Brunnen-Territorio und ſo zu ſagen in meinem Weichbilde befand!

Der Regen ſchoß in Strömen vom Himmel. Ich durchrannte den verrätheriſchen Liebespark, nur mit einem dünnen, ziemlich abgetragenen Fräckchen auf dem Leibe, und eilte nach Hauſe. Hier gerieth ich in neue Noth. Das Haus war verſchloſſen; ich mußte den ſchlafenden Nachtwächter aus dem Spritzenhauſe heraus klopfen, und während er meine Hausthür aufſchloß, die gloſſirenden Redensarten und Anſpielungen dieſes ſchlaftrunkenen Volkspoeten ruhig mit anhören, der da glaubte: ich kehrte von irgend einer ſtrafbaren nächtlichen Wanderſchaft zurück.

Da ſtand ich endlich vor Roſinchens Bett; es war ſchneeweiß, aber leer, und ich fing von Neuem bitterlich zu weinen an. Auf dem Kopfkiſſen des meinigen, neben der Nachtmütze, lag ein offener Brief, den man, wahrſcheinlich aus Mangel an Siegellack, wie eine Brezel zuſammen geſchlungen hatte. Die Handſchrift war wiederum die nämliche, mir bereits aus der Uhr und der Nadelbüchſe bekannte, und der Inhalt lautete alſo:

„Wundern Sie ſich nicht, allerwertheſter Herr Anaſtaſius Möhrenſaft, wenn ich das zuckerſüße Röschen von Ihrem dürren Stock abpflücke, und leihen Sie meiner Rechtfertigung ein geneigtes Ohr. — Daß Roſinchen Sie heirathete oder vielmehr ſich Ihnen antrauen ließ, geſchah aus purer Verzweiflung, um der Knechtſchaft einer böſen Stiefmutter zu entgehen. Ich, ihr treuer Fernando, dem ſie lange vor der Bekanntſchaft mit Ihnen den Schwur ewiger Liebe gelobt hatte, war damals einer Ehrenſache wegen gezwungen, mein Vaterland eine Zeitlang zu verlaſſen, und vermochte ſie nicht zu retten. Zum Ueberfluß war Röschens Stiefmutter auf mich erbittert — warum? geht Sie nichts an — ſo daß keine Einwilligung von dieſer Seite zu hoffen war. — Endlich war meine Sache beigelegt, es gelang mir, die erzürnte Mutter zu verſöhnen; Nordchen ſelbſt aber war indeſſen achtzehn Jahr und nach unſerm Landrecht mündig geworden, was ich Ihnen um deswillen in Erinnerung bringe, damit Sie nicht etwa das Gelüſten bekommen, Ihre langen dürren Finger nach dem Vermögen meiner Braut auszuſtrecken. Uebrigens ſteht dieſes im Auslande und dahin reicht Ihr chriſtlicher Klingelbeutel nicht. — Sie dachten eine reiche und ſchöne Frau wohlfeilen Kaufs zu erwiſchen, und meine Abweſenheit baute Ihnen zufällig die Brücke. Jetzt, Herr Anaſtaſius Nöbenfaſt, hat ſich das Blatt gewendet, aber tröſten Sie ſich! Ich rufe mit Schiller: „Nur die Liebe iſt der Liebe Preis!" — und Nordchens Reiz viel zu göttlicher Natur, um den Abend eines pädagogiſchen Lebens zu verſüßen. — Sie haben während des Jahres Ihrer Kandidaten-Zeit mein Nordchen tüchtig geplagt, mithin kann Ihnen ein kleiner Denkzettel nicht ſchaden. Indeſſen haben Sie das Glück gehabt, ein Moriſtat zu durchleben, das, wenn Sie es gut zu nutzen wiſſen, Ihnen und Ihrer zukünftigen Frau dereinſt viel Heil und Segen bringen kann; mithin ſind Sie uns noch Dankbarkeit obendrein ſchuldig. — Seyn Sie nunmehr vernünftig; legen Sie der Scheidung keine Hinderniſſe in den Weg, die Ihnen doch zu nichts helfen würden, denn ſowohl das Römiſche als das Naturrecht iſt auf Nordchens Seite. — Beſtellen Sie Ihre Badekur mit dem beſten Erfolge, und ſollte der Streich, den ich geſpielt habe, Ihre Galle reizen, ſo ſteht Ihnen mit Degen und Piſtolen zu Dienſten

Ihr ergebenſter

Fernando v. Eiſenbarth."

Da ſtand ich nun in unſerm Schlafzimmer am geöffneten Grabe meines irdiſchen Himmelreiches, der Traum war ausgeträumt, und ich erwachte als Ehemann, ohne je zu der Gatte geweſen zu ſeyn. — Was ſollte ich machen? — Der Philoſoph trat in ſeine Rechte, geſunde Logik an die Stelle verliebter Declamation, und bei genauer Erwägung des ganzen Falles ergab ſich als ſonderbares Reſultat: daß Nordchen am Ende doch keine Frau für mich geweſen wäre.

Um wenigſtens die Ehre zu retten, gab ich vor, meine Frau ſey mit Extrapoſt voraus gereiſt; bezahlte mein ziemlich angeſchwollenes Conto im Gaſthof, das alle Haus- und Frauen-Gelder auf mehr denn ein volles Jahr verſchlang, und ſchickte eine Fuhre nach Doberan. Diesmal nahm ich aber nicht den Weg über B...; auf der That ſoll mich kein Menſch wieder zu ſehen bekommen, und, ſo Gott will, werde ich mich vor Weibern, Bädern und Officieren hüten wie vor der Sünde.

Conſtantin Chriſtian Dedekind,

ein Reimer im Geſchmack der Hoffmannswaldauſchen Schule, von deſſen Leben weiter nichts bekannt iſt, als daß er kurſächſiſcher Steuerkaſſirer in Dresden und Kaiſerlicher gekrönter Poet war. Er ſtarb 1715.

Von ihm erſchien:

Heilige Myrthenblätter. Dresden, 1665.
Aitaniens werthester Hirtenknabe Filareto. Dresden, 1665.
Neue geiſtliche Schauſpiele. Dresden, 1670–1676.
Heilige Arbeit, über Freud und Leid. Dresden, 1675.
Davidiſche Herzensluſt. Leipzig, 1680.
Altes und Neues in geiſtlichen Singſpielen. Dresden, 1681.
Tägliche Uebung mächtig wahrer Gottſeligkeit. Dresden, 1683.

Als ein merkwürdiges Beiſpiel des Aftergeſchmackes jener Periode möge ſtatt des weiteren Urtheils über Dedekind hier eine Arie mit Chor aus ſeinen: „Neuen geiſtlichen Schauſpielen, bekwehmet zur Muſic und herausgegeben 1670." (Himmel auf Erden. Fünften Begriffs, fünfter Auftritt) folgen. Sie lautet diplomatiſch genau:

Aria.

Maria. Sauſe! Sauſe! liebes Kind!
Sauſe! Söhnchen! ſauſe!
Schlaff, weil ſich nuhn Liebe findt,
in dem ganzen Hauſe.
Die da ſchmäheten dich und mich
bitten um ſchön Wetter;
die geſtürmet, auf mich und dich
nännen dich Erretter.

Joſeph. Der uns heute von ſich ſtieß
heiſcht dein Huld-Verleihen;
die den Stall uns räumen hieß
hoffet auf Verzeihen.
Weil nun dich mit Furchten ehrt,
was dihr widerſtande:
ſo werd' ich dadurch gelehrt,
daß du Herr im Lande.

a 2. Dahrüm, ſauſe liebes Kind
Sauſe! Söhnchen! ſauſe!
Schlaff, weil ſich nuhn Liebe findt,
in dem ganzen Hauſe.

Engel Kohr. Aria.

Du, des Himmels Luſt und Herze!
Du, der Erden Aug und Kerze!
liegſt hier im Ochſen-Haüſe:
Schlaff wohl! auf deiner Straüe.

Du der'r Engel Zier und Wonne!
Du, der'r Männichen Licht und Sonne
machſt alles Dunkel helle:
Schlaff wohl! du Männich Geſelle.

Du, der ewign Gottheit Ehre,
Du ô Prieſter reiner Lehre,
liebſt die Erlöſungs Mühe:
Schlaff wohl! beim dummen Viehe.

Du ô König deiner Jüden!
Du ô Troſt der'r Hoffnungs-Müden!
bringſt Heil mit bittren Leiden
Schlaff wohl! Ob wihr gleich ſcheiden.
(Fliegen ab.)

Schau - Platz schleusst sich.

Friedrich Dedekind

ward um 1530 zu Neuſtadt geboren, ſtudirte in Wittenberg Theologie, erlangte dann 1550 daſelbſt die Magiſterwürde und erhielt darauf 1551 eine Pfarre zu Neuſtadt am Rübenberge. 1575 kam er als Prediger an die Michaelisſkirche zu Lüneburg. Er ſtarb als Inſpector der Kirchen des Biſtoums Lübeck am 27. Februar 1598.

D. wählte ſich nach damaliger Sitte die lateiniſche Sprache als Gewand für ſeine vorzüglich ſatyriſchen Dichtungen. Sein ausgezeichnetſtes Werk in dieſer Gattung iſt der Grobianus. De morum simplicitate libri tres. Frankfurt 1549; Leipzig 1552; Frankfurt 1554, 1564, 1584 u. ö., deutſch von K. Scheidt. Worms 1551. 4. von Hellbach 1567 (o. O.) und W. Scherffer. Brieg, 1640. n. A. 1708.

In deutſcher Sprache verfaßte er mehrere Komödien. Unter andern:

Der chriſtliche Ritter. Uelzen, 1690.
Neu chriſtlich Spiel von einem bekehrten Papiſten. Hamburg, 1596.

Dieſe letzteren ſind durchaus im damals herrſchenden Geſchmack geſchrieben und ohne ſonderlichen poetiſchen Werth, deſto mehr Talent, Witz und Leben zeigt ſich in ſeinen Satyren, welche früher, wie die vielen Auflagen beweiſen, mit großem Vergnügen geleſen wurden.

Johann Friedrich Degen

ward am 16. December 1752 zu Affalterthal im Baireuthiſchen geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und Philologie und erhielt 1775 eine Collaboratur in Erlangen. 1776 wurde er Lehrer am Anspachiſchen Gymnaſium, 1791 Director der hohen Schule zu Neuſtadt an der Aiſch und 1803 Profeſſor und Conſiſtorialrath zu Baireuth, wo er 1821 ſeine ehrenvolle Entlaſſung in den Ruheſtand nahm.

In deutſcher Sprache ſchrieb er:

Verſuch über die Philoſophie des Anakreon. Erlangen, 1779.
Deutſche Anthologie der römiſchen Elegiker. Nürnberg, 1784.
Bemerkungen über Gegenſtände der Unterweiſung und Erziehung auf Schulen. 1. St. Hof, 1804.
Epiſtel an Euſebio. Ansbach, 1805.
Epiſteln. Altenburg, 1793.
Epiſteln an Freund Cramer. Ansbach, 1786.
Einige Gedanken über den Roman. Augsburg, 1777.
Gedichte. Ansbach, 1786.
Ueber die redende Grazie. 3 St. Ansbach, 1779—83.
Verſuch einer vollſtändigen Literatur der deutſchen Ueberſetzungen der Römer. 4 Bde. Altenburg und Erlangen, 1794—99.
Literatur der deutſchen Ueberſetzungen der Griechen. Altenburg, 1798—99. N. A. d. 2. Bde. 1809. Nachtrag. Erlangen, 1799.
Schulreden, zu Neuſtadt an der Aiſch gehalten. Erlangen, 1800. N. A. 1818.
Ueber den Tibull, nebſt einigen ſeiner Elegieen. Ansbach, 1780.
Ueber Vorſehungsbegriffe. Bayreuth, 1806.
Ueber die Wahl der Gattin. Ansbach, 1778.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Programme, Ueberſetzungen, u. ſ. w.

Ein tüchtiger, im Leben wie in der Wiſſenſchaft durchgebildeter Pädagog und Philolog, der die in die bürgerlichen Verhältniſſe hinübergreifenden Gegenſtände ſeines Fachs mit Geiſt und Geſchick zu behandeln und mit geſundem Sinne und großer Klarheit zu entwickeln verſtand. — Seine Epiſteln und Gedichte können zwar nicht auf großen poetiſchen Werth Anſpruch machen, doch enthalten ſie manche, in anmuthigem Gewande vorgetragene Lehre und Wahrheit, welche rege Beherzigung verdient.

Johann Ludwig Deinhardſtein,

ein Sohn des K. K. Hof- und Gerichtsadvokaten Alois Deinhardſtein wurde zu Wien im Jahre 1794 geboren. Nach den auf der dortigen Univerſität zurückgelegten juridiſchen Studien, widmete er ſich allen Theilen der politiſchen Civil- und Criminalpraxis, wurde im Jahre 1824 Criminalcommiſſär, 1827 proviſoriſcher Profeſſor der Aeſthetik, der klaſſiſchen Literatur und der Geſchichte der Künſte an der Wiener Univerſität und im Jahre 1829 ordentlicher Profeſſor jener Lehrfächer an der Thereſianiſchen Ritterakademie, ſo wie 1832 Vicedirektor der Hofbühne und außerdem 1834 K. K. wirklicher Regierungsrath. Zugleich bekleidet er ſeit 1829 die Stelle eines erſten Redacteurs der Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur. Unter den Ritterorden, welche ihm von mehreren ausländiſchen Höfen verliehen wurden, befindet ſich auch der Hausorden vom Falken oder zur Wachſamkeit, den er von S. K. H. dem jetzt regierden Großherzoge von Sachſen-Weimar in Berückſichtigung ſeiner Verdienſte um die deutſche Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft erhielt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Dichtungen für Kunſtredner. Wien, 1815.
Dramatiſche Dichtungen. Wien, 1816.
Eheſtandsqualen. Luſtſpiel. Wien, 1820.
Theater. Wien, 1827.
Hans Sachs. Dramat. Gedicht. Wien, 1828.
Skizze einer Reiſe von Wien über Prag u. ſ. w. Wien, 1831.
Erzherzog Maximilians Brautzug. Dramat. Ged. Wien, 1832.
Garrick in Briſtol. Luſtſpiel. Wien, 1834.
Kritiken, Erzählungen, Dramen und Gedichte in den Wiener Jahrbüchern, dem Morgenblatte, der Aglaja, der Fortſetzung des Kotzebueſchen Almanachs u. a.

D. hat hat ſich vorzüglich als dramatiſcher Dichter durch ſeine Charakteriſtik, echte komiſche Kraft, treue Auffaſſung des Lebens, geſchickte Oekonomie und eine edle, gebildete und anmuthige Sprache Ruf erworben; ſelbſt in jenen ſeiner Leiſtungen, in welchen der Stoff nur eine mehr oberflächliche Darſtellung der Verhältniſſe und kein tieferes Eindringen in die Welt der Leidenſchaften geſtattete, tritt dennoch eine meiſterhafte Vollendung der Form dem Leſer und Zuſchauer wohlthuend entgegen. Hans Sachs wird allgemein als ſeine gelungenſte Arbeit in dieſer Gattung betrachtet. Als Aeſthetiker und Kritiker zeichnet er ſich durch Gründlichkeit, Klarheit und Geſchmack aus, und die Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur haben unter ſeiner Leitung den wohlverdienten Ruhm, eine der beſten kritiſchen Zeitſchriften zu ſeyn, nicht allein erhalten und bewährt, ſondern noch vergrößert. — Er bereitet gegenwärtig die Herausgabe ſeiner lyriſchen Gedichte, ſo wie eines Handbuches der Aeſthetik vor.

Das diamantene Kreuz.*)

Original-Luſtſpiel in zwei Acten

von

Deinhardſtein.

Perſonen.

Der Baron.
Thereſe, ſeine Frau.
Thereſe von Eichdorf, ſeine Mündel.
Wilhelmine von Erben.
Herr von Steinau.
Guſtav von Brand.
Ein Bedienter des Barons.

Die Handlung geht vor auf dem Landgute des Barons.

Erſter Act.

(Garten des Barons. In der Mitte ein großer dichtbelaubter Baum, unter ihm ein Tiſch und Gartenſtühle. Im Hintergrunde die Gartenmauer, und eine kleine verſchloſſene Thür. Zur Seite erblickt man eine Leiter an einem Baume lehnend).

Erſte Scene.

Der Baron (einen Brief in der Hand haltend, in dem er lieſt).

„Am beſten iſt's, Sie kommen ſelbſt, lieber Onkel, denn ich habe viel mit Ihnen zu reden, was ſich ſchwer einem Briefe anvertrauen läßt. Wir haben uns ohnedies ſeit acht Monaten nicht geſehen. Ihre dankbare Nichte Thereſe von Eichdorf."

(er faltet den Brief zuſammen)

Sie ladet mich ein, nach der Reſidenz zu kommen, ſie hat mir viel zu ſagen, was man einem Briefe nicht anvertrauen kann, — ſie nennt ſich meine dankbare Nichte, was brauch' ich noch zu meinem Glücke! Endlich hat ſie nachgegeben, aber es hat auch Mühe gebraucht. Ein ganzes Heer von Schmeicheleien aller Art hab' ich vor ihr ausgebreitet; kein weibliches Herz wäre widerſtanden, und doch war bei ihr alles bisher vergebens. Lang' hätt' ich ſie aufgegeben, wäre die kleine Hexe nicht ſo überaus niedlich, daß man ſie lieben muß. — Hab' ich nun nicht Recht gehabt, mich immer ſo entgegen zu ſetzen, wenn Heirathsgedanken in ihr wach wurden? Ein Onkel in meinen Jahren, der eine hübſche Nichte verheirathet, iſt, gering geſagt, — ein Narr. — Darin hätt' ich aber auch nicht nachgegeben. Nach dem Teſtamente ihres Vaters hab' ich ſie in den Händen, und jeder Heirathsplan, mit dem ſie mir vor dem dreißigſten Jahre kommt, wird verworfen. — Ich will ihr gleich antworten, und alle Zärtlichkeiten in den Brief legen, die mir Amor in die Feder dictiren wird. (er geht ab).

Zweite Scene.

Die Baronin. Wilhelmine von Erben (von der entgegengeſetzten Seite auftretend).

Baronin. Du kannſt nicht glauben, Wilhelmine, wie mir die Ueberraſchung wohl gethan hat, Dich, du liebe, ſo lang vermißte Jugendfreundin auf einmal wieder zu ſehen. Nun laß ich dich aber auch nimmer von mir, du magſt anfangen, was du willſt.

Wilhelmine. Haſt du vergeſſen, liebe Thereſe, daß die ſchönſten Stunden zugleich die kürzeſten ſind. Ich muß nach der Reſidenz noch heute, ſpäteſtens morgen. Nur die Freude, dich in meine Arme zu ſchließen, konnte mich zu einem Verweilen bewegen, das vielleicht bedeutender iſt, als du denkſt. Ich ſollte eigentlich ſchon dort ſein, und wär' es auch, beträfe die Sache mehr, als eine Heirath.

Baronin. Eine Heirath? Doch nicht die deinige?

Wilhelmine (ſeufzend). Allerdings.

Baronin. Du ſeufzeſt dazu!

Wilhelmine. Wenn man von ſeiner Heirath ſpricht, pflegt man's ja immer zu thun. Man muß ſich dabei anſtellen, als läg Einem nicht viel daran.

Baronin. Kenn' ich deinen Bräutigam?

Wilhelmine. Ich glaube kaum. Er lebt in der Reſidenz, wo er nun einen reichen Onkel beerbt hat. Wir wollen uns in der Nähe ankaufen. Die Erbſchafts-Angelegenheiten fordern ſeine Gegenwart, und halten ihn zurück. Er erwartet mich ſpäter, aber die Tante, eine Freundin von Ueberraſchungen, führt mich ihm, unerwartet, entgegen. Sie iſt im Gaſthofe abgeſtiegen, und kaum wird mir's gelingen, ſie bis morgen hier zu halten.

Baronin. Es muß dir gelingen. Wie heißt denn dein künftiger Eheherr?

Wilhelmine. Steinau.

Baronin (erſtaunt). Steinau — Karl von Steinau?

Wilhelmine. Ja! — Kennſt du ihn?

Baronin. Sehr genau. Er iſt ein Jugendfreund meines Mannes, und gerade jetzt hier auf ſeinem Landgute.

Wilhelmine. Steinau hier? Das iſt allerliebſt.

Baronin (gedehnt). Der iſt dein Bräutigam?

Wilhelmine (etwas beleidigt). Warum ſagſt du denn das der ſo bedeutend? Der — der — —

Baronin. Ich meinte nur —

Wilhelmine. Was meinteſt du? Haſt du etwas gegen Steinau, ſo ſag' mir's grade heraus; haſt du nichts gegen ihn, ſo quäle mich nicht mit einem der, ich meinte nur, und dergleichen.

Baronin. Aufrichtig geſtanden, Wilhelmine, mein Mann wäre Steinau nicht. Er hat — ich will nicht ſagen — viele Fehler, doch gewiß viele Eigenheiten, die mir — unausſtehlich wären.

Wilhelmine. Und worin beſtehen ſie, dieſe unausſtehlichen Eigenheiten?

Baronin. Erſtens iſt er überaus neugierig, das ſchickt ſich doch nicht für einen Mann.

Wilhelmine. Die Männer ſind vor der Ehe alle neugierig. Erſt im Eheſtande werden ſie geſetzter.

Baronin. Dann iſt er, mir wenigſtens, etwas zu ſchlau —

Wilhelmine. Das macht ſeinem Verſtande Ehre.

Baronin. Dann, — und dieß, liebes Kind, iſt ſein eigentlicher Hauptfehler, ſpielt er gern die Rolle des Zwiſchenträgers; immer weiß er die Leute unter einander zu hetzen, ohne daß ſie ſich's verſehen, und wo er ein Flämmchen findet, ſäumt er niemals, etwas Oel darein zu gießen, und freut ſich im Stillen darüber, wenn's ordentlich brennt.

Wilhelmine (beleidigt). Wer den Mann nicht näher kennen würde, den du da ſchilderſt, der ſähe einen läppiſchen, verſchlagenen bösartigen Menſchen vor ſich, und von allen dem findet man an Steinau auch nicht eine Spur. — Was du Neugierde nennſt, iſt gut beſehen, Wißbegierde, — was dir Schlauheit ſcheint, Verſtand — und was Hang zur Zwiſchenträgerei ſeyn ſoll, iſt nichts, als ein lebhafter Muthwille, der ſich gern hier und dort was zu ſchaffen macht, und den er übrigens ſchon verlieren ſoll, wenn er mein Mann iſt.

Baronin. Du ſcheinſt beleidigt, Wilhelmine, und haſt Unrecht, wenn du's biſt. Ich mußte dir ſagen, was ich wußte, es iſt eine Pflicht, die mir die Freundſchaft auferlegt. Auch beurtheile ich ihn vielleicht zu ſtreng; es iſt aber leicht verzeihlich — wer einen Mann hat, wie ich —

Wilhelmine (ſie lächelnd anſehend). Wie du — und was iſt das für ein Mann?

Baronin. So ordentlich — ſo männlich — ſo gut — ſo treu — ſo —

Wilhelmine. So — weiter — biſt du ſchon fertig?

Baronin. Die Eigenſchaften ſind mir genug.

Wilhelmine. Mir wären ſie's auch, wenn er ſie alle hätte — und keine andern dabei.

Baronin. Keine andern! — doch nicht etwa gar —

Wilhelmine. Böſe Eigenheiten — etwas Leichtſinn — etwas Eitelkeit — etwas Zerſtreuung — etwas Eiferſucht —

Baronin. Du willſt mir Gleiches mit Gleichem vergelten, aber es geht nicht. Die Eiferſucht geb' ich dir zum Theil zu — aber ſie iſt eine Folge einer zu heftigen Liebe, die ſich ertragen läßt.

Wilhelmine. Wenn nur der ohne Grund eiferſüchtige Mann nicht dir ſelbſt öfters Grund zur Eiferſucht gäbe.

Baronin (beleidigt). Wilhelmine! — doch, wie kann's mich kränken, daß du einen Mann beſchuldigſt, den du nicht einmal vom Sehen kennſt.

Wilhelmine. Man kennt ſeine Leute denn auch vom Hören. Die öffentliche Meinung hat nie ganz unrecht —

Baronin. Die öffentliche Meinung — Wilhelmine! Du wirſt unartig.

Wilhelmine (die Baronin parodirend). Ich mußte dir ſagen, was ich wußte, es iſt eine Pflicht, die mir die Freundſchaft auferlegt. Du haſt mir die Augen geöffnet, ich will dir ein Gleiches thun. Weißt du was, liebe Thereſe, ich will dir einen Beweis davon geben, daß ich wahr ſprach. Ich bleibe bis morgen hier — und verbinde mich, deinen Mann bis dahin in mich verliebt zu machen, daß er brennen ſoll durch und durch.

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*) Aus Kotzebue's: Almanach dramatiſcher Spiele. Vier und zwanzigſter Jahrgang. Leipzig. 1826.

Baronin (ſteht ſchnell auf). Wenn dir das gelingt, dann will ich dir glauben, doch früher nicht. Es wird dir aber nicht gelingen, davon kannſt du überzeugt ſeyn, ich kenne meinen Mann.

Wilhelmine. Nur mach' ich's zur Bedingung, daß er mich hier nicht eher gewahr wird, bis ich es für nöthig finde, und daß er überhaupt vor der Hand nicht erfährt, daß wir uns kennen.

Baronin. Wie du willſt — wie du willſt. — (In die Scene blickend). Da kommt er eben den Baumgang herauf. Ich will dich bei dem Gartenthürchen hinauslaſſen, damit du ihm nicht begegneſt.

Wilhelmine. Mir iſt's recht.

Baronin (geſpannt). Mach nur, daß du fortkommſt.

Wilhelmine. Wo iſt die Thüre?

Baronin (darnach zeigend — witzig). Dort. — Ich danke dir noch recht warm für deine freundſchaftliche Güte, aber ich fürchte, ich fürchte, dein alter Fehler — die Eitelkeit, Wilhelminchen — hat dich ein wenig zu weit geführt.

Wilhelmine (mit Ironie). Wir wollen ſehen. Es geſchieht übrigens vom ganzen Herzen, du kennſt ja das Sprichwort, Dienſt um Dienſt. — Schluß zu, daß er mir nicht nachkommt.

(Die Baronin geleitet Wilhelminen zur Gartenthüre, ſchließt auf, und läßt ſie durch — unter der Thüre umarmen ſie ſich noch einmal. Der Baron tritt ein, und blickt ſchnell nach der Gartenthüre, welche die Baronin eben verſchließt, er hat einen Brief in der Hand).

Dritte Scene.

Baron. Die Baronin.

Baron (für ſich). Was um alle Welt thut meine Frau dort? Sie hat Jemanden zur Thüre hinausgelaſſen, wie es ſcheint — auch hat ſie ſich ſo hinausgebückt, daß es ausſah, als hätte ſie Jemanden umarmt.

(Die Baronin kommt zurück).

Baron (ihr entgegen tretend). Du haſt Beſuche gehabt, mein Kind!

Baronin (etwas verlegen). Beſuche nicht ſo eigentlich —

Baron. Und wie, uneigentlich?

Baronin. Ich meinte es war nicht das, was man gewöhnlich Beſuch nennt. Meine Putzhändlerin hat mir einige Kleinigkeiten aus der Stadt mitgebracht.

Baron (ſie ſcharf anblickend). Kleinigkeiten! Sie müſſen beſonders klein ſein, denn ich ſehe ſie nicht.

Baronin. Sie hat ſie wieder mitgenommen, weil ich Manches daran geändert haben will.

Baron. Und da haſt du ſie zum Dank dafür umarmt?

Baronin (verlegen). Umarmt? — was fällt dir ein? — (den Brief des Barons erblickend) Correſpondenzen?

Baron. Väterliche Ermahnungen an meine Nichte in der Reſidenz. (Er ſteckt den Brief ein — für ſich.) Sie iſt äußerſt verlegen, darüber muß ich ins Klare kommen. (Laut). Was haſt du da für einen Schlüſſel?

Baronin. Zur Gartenthüre.

Baron (immer genauer forſchend). Warum haſt du denn gerade heute ſo genau zugeſchloſſen — es iſt doch ſonſt deine Art nicht.

Baronin (ihm die Hand auf die Schulter legend). Man hat mir geſagt, daß du mir zuweilen weniger Vertrauen ſchenkſt, als ich verdiene. Das glaub' ich nicht, und damit ich mich davon recht genau überzeuge, nehm' ich den Schlüſſel mit; übrigens kannſt du ganz ruhig ſein, es iſt nichts dahinter, was dir unlieb ſeyn könnte.

(ſie geht ab).

Vierte Scene.

Baron (allein).

Das geht zu weit! — Sie läßt Jemanden aus der Gartenthüre, — ich bemerke die Ueberreſte einer Umarmung — ich ſtelle ſie darüber zur Rede — ſie iſt verlegen — entſetzlich verlegen — ſie nimmt den Schlüſſel mit — geht fort — und ich ſoll ruhig ſeyn. (überlaut) Ich will nicht ruhig ſeyn — ich kann's nicht ſeyn mit geſunden Sinnen. — (Die Gartenthüre betrachtend). Da ging Jemand hinaus — das iſt gewiß — das hat ſie mir ſelber eingeſtanden — ſo viel weiß ich alſo — wer aber hinausging, das weiß ich nicht — das will ich aber gleich erfahren. — (Er verſucht an der Thüre zu rütteln) Die Thüre iſt richtig verſchloſſen — und — (er verſucht es noch einmal) das Ding iſt von einer unglaublichen Solidität — einbrechen kann ich ſie nicht — (er ſucht in den Taſchen) — Schlüſſel habe ich nicht bei mir, — mach' ich den Umweg durch's Haus, — ſo iſt der Kerl lang über alle Berge — ich muß gleich hinter ihm her ſein. — (Er blickt ängſtlich umher und gewahrt die Leiter). — Ah! Du kommſt erwünſcht — (er holt ſie ſchnell herbei, lehnt ſie an die Mauer, und ſteigt auf die Sproſſen) — richtig! — hab' ich's nicht gedacht — dort geht er noch — wart! ich will dich — mit einem kühnen Sprunge bin ich im Freien — beſſer einen Fuß weniger als einen Schmuck auf dem Kopfe zu viel! — (Er ſchwingt ſich auf die Mauer, ſo, daß er in reitender Stellung erſcheint).

Fünfte Scene.

Baron. Brand (etwas altmodiſch gekleidet).

Brand (der eine Weile verwundert zugeſehen hat, und kaum ſeinen Augen traut, rufend). Baron!

Baron (erſchrocken). Was iſt?

Brand (verwundert). Seyd Ihr's wirklich?

Baron. Das ſeht Ihr ja!

Brand. Was macht Ihr denn auf der Mauer?

Baron (verlegen). Ich — voltigire.

Brand. Auf der Mauer?

Baron. Warum nicht! Eine Höhe iſt wie die andere.

Brand. Darf ich Euch nicht bitten, Eure Uebungen ein wenig einzuſtellen. Ich habe Euch Dinge von der größten Wichtigkeit zu ſagen.

Baron (immer ins Freie blickend, für ſich). Dort geht der Kerl noch — ich muß ihm nach, ſonſt kommt er mir aus den Augen. — (Zu Brand) Vergebt lieber Freund, aber ich habe jetzt keine Zeit, Euch anzuhören — ein andermal ſteh' ich ganz Euch zu Dienſten. —

(er ſpringt über die Mauer.)

Sechste Scene.

Brand (allein, ihm verwundert nachblickend).

Träum' ich oder wach' ich! Er iſt über die Mauer geſprungen. — Der Mann iſt wohl manchmal etwas ſonderbar, vergeßlich und dergleichen — aber Spuren von wirklicher Geiſtesverwirrung hab' ich noch nie an ihm bemerkt. Er kann bedeutenden Schaden genommen haben. — Ich will doch nachſehen — (er ſteigt auf die Leiter und ſchaut über die Mauer). Da läuft er hin! — Weiß Gott! — er geberdet ſich wie ein Verrückter. — Davon muß ich gleich Thereſen in Kenntniß ſetzen; der Umſtand kann auf unſer Verhältniß eine verdrüßliche Wirkung haben — Leute von ſolcher Art — ſind keiner Einwilligung fähig. (er ſteigt herunter.)

Siebente Scene.

Brand. Steinau.

Steinau (der bei den letzten Worten Brands eingetreten iſt). Was iſt das? Wie kamſt du auf die Leiter?

Brand. Dem Baron habe ich nachgeſchaut. Mir iſt bang' um ihn. Stell' dir vor, wie ich eintrete, ſitzt er — (auf die Mauer zeigend) da oben, und voltigirt. Plötzlich ſpringt er in's Freie hinunter und rennt durch die Wieſen, daß ihm die Kleider vom Leibe fliegen.

Steinau. Das iſt in der That ſeltſam! Haſt du gar keine Vermuthung, warum er ſich ſo benahm?

Brand. Nicht die geringſte. Ich bat ihn herunter zu kommen, denn ich hatte Wichtiges mit ihm zu reden.

Steinau (neugierig). Wichtiges? — und worin beſtand's? —

Brand. Es war im Grunde nichts Wichtiges für Andere, bloß für mich. — — Es — — es iſt, aufrichtig geſagt, ein Geheimniß —

Steinau. Ein Geheimniß! — (für ſich) das muß ich wiſſen. — (Zu Brand) Alſo haſt du auch vor deinen Freunden Geheimniſſe!

Brand. Das nicht, lieber Steinau, aber ſieh,! D tereſſir's nicht — und dann iſt auch noch Jemand drei flochten. —

Steinau. Mich intereſſirt's nicht! Wie kannſt du ſo reden. Mich intereſſirt Alles, was meine Freunde intereſſirt. — Lieber, guter Brand! — gieb mir einmal einen Beweis deines Vertrauens. — Nicht daß ich dich daran erinnern will, aber ich glaube, ich hab's verdient um dich. Unter Freunden muß gar nichts geheim ſeyn. Was für ein Geheimniß wollteſt du dem Baron entdecken?

Brand (lächelnd). Du biſt doch ſonderbar! — — Was nützt dir's, wenn ich dir's ſage, du kannſt mir doch nicht helfen.

Steinau. Nicht helfen. — Es iſt alſo etwas, wo du Hülfe brauchſt. — Jetzt mußt du mir's ſagen — jetzt kann ich darauf beſtehen, denn dir muß geholfen werden — und deine Freunde ſind verbunden, dir zu helfen.

Brand. Du biſt in der That ein herzensguter Menſch — (ſeine Hand ergreifend — gutmüthig). Wenn dir damit ein Gefallen geſchieht — will ich dir's wohl entdecken. — Es wird dir, wie du mich kennſt, etwas ſeltſam ſcheinen, aber's iſt doch einmal ſo — ich bin verliebt.

Steinau (mit der geſpannteſten Neugierde). Nur weiter — weiter —

Brand. Ich werde auch wieder geliebt. — Aber meine Geliebte —

Steinau. Nun — deine Geliebte — du ſpannſt deine Freunde ordentlich auf die Folter —

Brand. Meine Geliebte iſt wohl Herr ihres Herzens, aber nicht Herr ihrer Hand.

Steinau. Wer iſt aber Herr ihrer Hand?

Brand. Der Baron —

Steinau (verwundert). Der Baron — wie heißt denn deine Geliebte?

Brand. Das kann ich dir nicht ſagen, — jetzt wenigſtens nicht — aber ich hoffe, du ſollſt's bald erfahren. —

Steinau. Iſt ſie aus der Reſidenz oder —

Brand. Alles das kann und darf ich dir vor der Hand nicht entdecken. Es ſind ja Dinge, die meine Geliebte betreffen —

Steinau. Kenn' ich ſie?

Brand. Du frägſt umſonſt, Schatz! Alles, was ich dir ſagen durfte, hab' ich dir geſagt; drum quäle mich nicht weiter.

Steinau. Gut! Damit du ſiehſt, daß ich nicht zudringlich bin, ſollſt du nicht ein Wort mehr darüber hören. Jetzt komm' mit mir, wir wollen den Baron aufſuchen — ich muß erfahren, wie das Ding mit der Mauer zuſammenhängt.

Brand. Jetzt kann ich nicht, lieber Steinau — (er ſieht nach der Uhr) es iſt bald 9 Uhr, aber in einer Stunde bin ich bereit.

Steinau. Jetzt kannſt du nicht, das werden auch wichtige Geſchäfte ſein, die dich zurückhalten.

Brand. Sehr wichtige.

Steinau. Zum Beiſpiel?

Brand. In einer Stunde ſag' ich ſie dir.
(er will fort).

Steinau. Nichts da! Du kommſt mir nicht fort, bis ich weiß, wohin du gehſt, oder ich mach's kurz, ich begleite dich — ich gehe nicht von deiner Seite, da will ich dann doch bald ſehen, wo du hingehſt.

Brand (ängſtlich). Um's Himmelswillen thu das nicht, das gäbe eine ſaubere Geſchichte. — Du biſt doch wie die Kinder, Steinau! man hat keine Ruhe vor dir, bis man dir deinen Willen gethan hat. (heimlich) Ich muß allein ſeyn. — (laut, und in Bangigkeit ſeufzend) Mich ruft ein Rendezvous mit der Perſon, von der ich vorhin ſprach.

Steinau. Und gleich —

Brand. In einer halben Stunde —

Steinau. Das läßt ſich hören. Siehſt du, wie nöthig Vertrauen zwiſchen Freunden iſt. Wär' ich das nun nicht, ich hätte dir den ganzen Spaß verderben können, und ohne meinen Willen. — Wie leicht kam ich in eure Nähe, ohne daß ich's gewußt hätte, und ſo was braucht keine Zeugen. — Wo kommt Ihr denn zuſammen?

Brand. Im Lindenwäldchen hinter dem Schloß, bei der Laube.

Steinau. Der Ort iſt prächtig, wie gemacht für derlei Zuſammenkünfte. —

Brand. Er iſt ruhig und ſicher —

Steinau. Vollkommen, vollkommen. Du biſt doch ein durchtriebener Vogel — das hätt' ich nicht hinter dir geſucht.

Brand. Nimm die Sache nur nicht etwa ſchief. Es geht alles in der größten Ordnung dabei her.

Steinau. Dafür kenn' ich dich ja! — doch geh' jetzt an deinen Poſten, — ich will dich nicht länger aufhalten. Deine Geliebte iſt vielleicht ſchon im Anzuge.

Brand. Du haſt Recht. Leb wohl, Steinau. Alſo in einer Stunde ſehen wir uns wieder. Wenn du den Baron triffſt, ſo ſuch ihn ein wenig auszuforſchen. Es iſt bei ihm nicht Alles, wie es ſeyn ſollte.

Steinau. Sey außer Sorgen. (Brand ab.)

Achte Scene.

Steinau (allein).

Verliebt! — Brand verliebt — ſeine Geliebte hier — und mit ihm in einem zärtlichen Rendezvous — das muß ich ſehen, und wenn ich die Augen darüber verlieren ſollte. Aber allein — das geht nicht, es könnte mir denn doch falſch gedeutet werden. Er hat ſich mir entdeckt — es mußte Alles mehr zufällig geſchehen, und ich dabei im Hintergrunde bleiben — Halt! Der Baron ſoll mit, das iſt der Mann für Abentheuer ſolcher Art.

Neunte Scene.

Der Baron. Steinau.

Baron (tritt gedankenvoll auf, ohne Steinau zu bemerken, für ſich). Ich muß mich an der Perſon getäuſcht haben, der Menſch, dem ich nachlief, war mein alter Gärtner, und den hätte ſie doch ſicher nicht umarmt. — (Steinau gewahr werdend) Guten Abend, Steinau.

Steinau. Saubere Dinge muß ich hören von dir.

Baron. Wie ſo?

Steinau. Biſt du denn toll geworden? Auf der Mauer zu voltigiren, und darauf athemlos durch die Felder zu rennen.

Baron (etwas verlegen). Ich hatte einige Tage wenig Bewegung gemacht — da wollt' ich heute das Verſäumte einholen — und zugleich mich etwas zerſtreuen.

Steinau. Den Zweck ſcheinſt du nicht ganz erreicht zu haben; wie ich bemerke, biſt du ziemlich verſtimmt.

Baron. Verſtimmt eben nicht, aber die Migräne hat ſich eingefunden — auch hab' ich mir beim Sprunge den Fuß verrenkt. Ich will nach Hauſe geh'n, und mich zu Bette legen.
(er will fort).

Steinau. Das thut mir herzlich leid. — Du kommſt dabei um ein paar köſtliche Unterhaltungen.

Baron. Ich bin heute nicht aufgelegt dazu.

Steinau. Erſtens ſind vor einigen Stunden zwei Damen im Gaſthofe abgeſtiegen, von denen die eine, wenigſtens ein Engel ſeyn ſoll. Mein Bedienter, ein Teufelskerl, hat ſie mir beſchrieben. Höchſtens 18 Jahre alt, gebaut wie eine Grazie, ſchwarzes Haar, Augen wie Sterne.

Baron (hält ſich die Ohren zu). Hör' auf!

Steinau (fortfahrend). Und ein Fuß, mein Jakob konnte ihn mit gehöriger Aufmerkſamkeit würdigen. Wie er mir ſagte, ließ ihn die Dame beim Ausſteigen auf dem Wagentritt ausruhen. Ein Fuß ſoll es ſeyn, daß ihn die Chineſen für klein halten würden.

Baron (mit der wärmſten Theilnahme). Dieß Geſchöpf iſt abgeſtiegen — hier — auf meinem Gute — im Gaſthofe!

Steinau. Iſt abgeſtiegen — und wohnt mit ihrer Mutter dort — ſie heißt Bernardine Senden und reiſt morgen wieder fort.

Baron. Woher weißt du das alles?

Steinau (geſchäftig). Ich habe mich gleich im Gaſthofe darnach erkundigen laſſen. Du kennſt mich, ich bin darin ein wenig genau.

Baron. Ah! das iſt was anders, die Migräne kann ich morgen ausſchlafen, und mein Fuß wird merklich beſſer. Wir wollen gleich hingehen, als Gutsherr bin ich den Fremden dieſe Aufmerkſamkeit ſchuldig.

Steinau. Nichts da — vor der Hand weiß ich noch einen beſſeren Beſuch.

Baron (feurig). Iſt Eine da, die noch ſchöner iſt?

Steinau. Das nicht — aber — (lachend) du glaubſt's nicht — wenn ich dir's ſage. Die Welt hat ihre alte Ordnung verändert — du kannſt noch einmal das Muſter eines guten Ehemannes werden. — Brand — der ſtille, ſittſame — ſcheue — häßliche Brand iſt verliebt — und hat in dieſer Stunde eine heimliche Zuſammenkunft mit ſeiner Geliebten. —

Baron (beſtimmt). Das iſt nicht möglich!

Steinau. Es iſt. — Eben war er da, und hat's ſelber mir unter tauſend Aengſten entdeckt. In der Laube hinter dem Schloſſe iſt die Zuſammenkunft. Wer ſeine Geliebte iſt, und wie ſie heißt, hat er mir verſchwiegen. Wir müſſen ſie kennen lernen. Wir müſſen hin.

Baron. Das verſteht ſich.

Steinau. Es muß ein eigenes Exemplar von Liebhaberinnen ſein, ich kann ſie mir kaum vorſtellen.

Baron. Wenn ſie ſo zurückgezogen iſt, und ſo häßlich wie er, ſo kommen ſie vor lauter Complimenten zehn Tage nicht von einander.

Steinau. Das ſoll einen köſtlichen Spaß geben. Du gehſt wie zufällig an der Laube vorüber, ich ſtelle mich an, als wollte ich dich zurückhalten. — Auf jeden Fall müſſen wir die Dame zu Geſicht bekommen. Was Brand betrifft, mußt du ihn ganz auf dich nehmen, denn ich erſcheine in dieſer Angelegenheit als eine Gattung Vertrauter, und darf nicht aus der Rolle fallen.

Baron. Komm nur. Wir wollen rechts über die Wieſe geh'n, damit wir ihm noch den Vorſprung abgewinnen.

Steinau (die Uhr ziehend). Halb zehn Uhr — jetzt iſt's gerade Zeit, wir müſſen uns ohnedies ein Bischen maskiren, damit man uns nicht gleich erkennt.

(ſie gehen ab.)

(Wäldchen, mit einer Laube im Vordergrunde. — Im Hintergrunde ein Theil des Schloſſes — die Scene iſt vom Monde erleuchtet).

Zehnte Scene.

Brand (tritt auf, er blickt ängſtlich umher).

Dem Himmel ſey Dank! ſie iſt noch nicht da. Schon hab' ich gefürchtet, ich käm zu ſpät. Es iſt ein wahres Glück, daß ich Steinau von meinem Verhältniß geſagt habe; er hat Recht, ſein Weg führt ihn hier vorüber, er hätte uns überraſchen können, ohne daß er's gewußt hätte. Ich glaube, ich wäre des Todes geweſen. Nun ſind wir doch vollkommen ſicher.

Eilfte Scene.

Brand. Thereſe von Eichdorf.

(ſie trägt einen Schleier, den ſie zurückgeſchlagen hat, und am Halſe ein diamantenes Kreuz an einem goldenen Kettchen. Sie tritt von Brand ungeſehen auf, und klopft ihn auf die Schulter).

Thereſe. Guſtav!

Brand (fährt erſchrocken zuſammen, und zieht ehrerbietig den Hut, in höchſter Verlegenheit). Mein Fräulein! —

Thereſe. Legen Sie doch jetzt die Complimente ab, wir haben wahrhaftig keine Zeit dazu.

Brand. Vergeben Sie mir. Es iſt mir wunderbar zu Muthe. So ein Rendezvous hat doch in der That etwas ganz Eigenes an ſich, zumal ein erſtes. Ich bin an derlei Dinge nicht gewöhnt.

Thereſe. Das hat gar nichts zu bedeuten. Den Mangel ſolcher Erfahrungen ſehen wir den Männern gern nach. Haben Sie mit meinem Oheim geſprochen?

Brand. Ja und nein! Er war eben ſehr beſchäftigt, als ich kam und konnte mir kein Gehör geben.

Thereſe. Sie müſſen wieder hin. Sie wiſſen ja, von ihm hängt mein ganzes Schickſal ab. Er hat nach dem Teſtament meines Vaters unbedingt meine Hand zu vergeben, wenn ich nicht einen bedeutenden Theil meiner Erbſchaft verlieren ſoll.

Brand. Was iſt mir alles Geld der Erde ohne Ihren Beſitz!

Thereſe. Sehr artig, vielleicht auch mehr, aber beſſer iſt beſſer. Mein Beſitz mit dem Gelde iſt doch immer mehr werth, als mein Beſitz ohne Geld.

Brand. Ach! was ſind Sie für ein Engel, Thereſe! ſchön, gut, verſtändig: ich kann nur mit Zittern an den Augenblick denken, in dem ich Sie um den erſten Kuß erſuchen werde.

Thereſe. Denken Sie jetzt lieber an den Augenblick, der Sie mit meinem Oheim zuſammenbringt.

Brand. Das iſt bald geſchehen. — Was kann er meiner Bitte entgegenſtellen?

Thereſe. Ich fürchte mehr, als Sie denken. Ich weiß nicht warum, aber er will durchaus nicht, daß ich mich verheirathe, und hat ſich oft darüber ausgeſprochen.

Brand. Das wär' entſetzlich! ich will das Aeußerſte wagen; denn aufgeben kann ich Sie nicht.

Thereſe. Unſer Plan, daß ich zu meinem Onkel reiſen ſoll, iſt ſeit zwei Stunden erfüllt, und ich verſpreche mir viel davon. Sie ſehen mich hier. Er glaubt mich in der Reſidenz, und iſt auf mein Hierſeyn nicht vorbereitet, das kann uns nützen. Schlägt alles fehl, ſo wend' ich mich an die Baronin, ſie iſt eine vortreffliche Frau. — (in die Scene blickend) Treten wir in die Laube, bis die Leute vorüber ſind, die dort nahen.

Brand (mit einer Verbeugung). Wie Sie befehlen.

(ſie treten in die Laube.)

Zwölfte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Der Baron. Steinau.

(Beide in Mäntel gehüllt.)

Steinau (heimlich zum Baron). Sie ſind in der Laube. — Verſuch's, ob du Etwas hören kannſt.

(Der Baron tritt hinter die Laube und horcht auf — die Liebenden ſind in einem Geſpräche begriffen, er kommt zurück).

Baron (zu Steinau). Nicht eine Sylbe hab' ich verſtanden. Man hört wohl, daß ſie zuſammen ſprechen, aber es geſchieht ſo ſtill, daß man kein Wort unterſcheiden kann.

Steinau. Das iſt doch fatal — ich will nur ſelber hin — (er naht ſich der Laube und horcht auf — zum Baron zurückkehrend.) Du haſt Recht! ſie liſpeln und ziſchen durch einander, wie es mir in meinem Leben nicht vorgekommen iſt.

(Brand kniet vor Thereſen nieder).

Baron. Am beſten wär's, wenn man ein wenig in die Laube hineinſchauen könnte.

Steinau. Ich will's verſuchen.

Baron. Doch nimm dich in Acht, daß ſie dich nicht erblicken.

Steinau. Sey außer Sorgen, auf ſolche Dinge verſteh ich mich in der Perfektion.

(er geht nach der Laube und verſucht auf verſchiedene Art durchzublicken).

Baron (für ſich). Ich bin nur auf die Donna neugierig, wie ſie ausſieht. — (zu Steinau, der zurückkommt) Haſt du was geſehen?

Steinau. Nicht ein Sandkorn. Das iſt ohne Zweifel die dichteſte Laube in Europa. Die Zweige ſind wie zuſammengeleimt. — (ärgerlich) Wie kannſt du ſo was auf deinem Gute dulden?

Baron. Morgen laß ich das Ding niederhauen. Was iſt anzufangen? — Weißt du was, da wir drinnen nichts entdecken können, wollen wir ſuchen, ſie herauszukriegen. Wir machen Lärm, nähern uns immer mehr der Laube — und wenn ſie davon laufen, ſetzen wir ihnen nach.

Steinau. Das iſt ein köſtlicher Einfall; wir wollen ihn gleich in's Werk ſetzen.

Baron. Thun wir, als ob wir zankten.

(ſie treten in einiger Entfernung von der Laube, und rufen wie im Streit begriffen, laut)

He! holla! he! — Laß ab!

Brand (ſpringt ſchnell empor, — im Tone großer Angſt zu Thereſen). Um Gotteswillen! Ich glaube gar, da raufen ſich zwei —

Thereſe (heimlich). Halten Sie ſich nur ſtill. Vielleicht gehen ſie vorüber.

Steinau und der Baron (der Laube näher tretend, mit verſtärkter Stimme). He! holla! he! — zu Hülfe!

Brand (immer ängſtlicher). Hören Sie — ſie kommen immer näher — Ich dächte, das Beſte wäre, wir machten uns fort. —

Thereſe. Was fällt Ihnen ein, um ihnen in die Hände zu fallen? Schweigen Sie nur, damit man uns nicht gewahr wird. (ſie ſchlägt den Schleier über)

Brand (für ſich). Das ſind die Folgen eines Rendezvous.

Steinau, Baron (an die Laube klopfend, mit verſtellter Stimme). He! holla! — heraus da! wer iſt hier verſteckt?

(Brand faßt Thereſen ſchnell am Arme und läuft aus der Laube).

Steinau (ihnen nacheilend — mit verſtellter Stimme). Sieh da! ein Mädchen — (er will Thereſen zurückhalten). Halt, liebes Kind, ſo leicht kommen Sie uns nicht los.

Brand (faßt Thereſen ſtärker an, und zieht ſie fort — zu Thereſen). Es ſind Trunkenbolde! Laufen Sie, was Sie können. (Beide ſchnell ab).

Dreizehnte Scene.

Der Baron. Steinau.

Steinau (nach einer Pauſe). Fort ſind ſie — und wir haben das Nachſehen —

Baron. Warum haſt du ſie nicht zurückgehalten?

Steinau. Ich konnte doch keine Gewalt brauchen.

Baron. Man hätte denn doch —

Steinau (der ſich indeſſen der Laube genähert hat und ein am Boden liegendes Kreuz aufhebt, zum Baron). Halt! der Zufall iſt uns mehr günſtig, als wir's verdienen. Schau her, die Dame hat uns ein feines Merkzeichen zurückgelaſſen.

Baron. Was iſt das?

Steinau. Ein diamantenes Kreuz, welches ſich, wahrſcheinlich als Folge des Schreckens, vom Halſe der Donna losriß. Das ſoll uns bald auf die Spur führen; es ſcheint von Werth zu ſeyn, und der Eigenthümer wird ſich wohl melden.

Baron. Gib her —

(Steinau gibt ihm das Kreuz.)

Baron (betrachtet es. — für ſich — im Tone des höchſten Entſetzens). Alle Teufel! was muß ich ſehen — das iſt das Kreuz meiner Frau, ſie war in der Laube.

Steinau. Was haſt du denn mit einmal! — Kennſt du das Kreuz?

Baron (ohne auf ihn zu hören, immer im Anblicke des Schmucks verſunken). Zehn Diamanten — vier Smaragden — die Faſſung — die Kette — es iſt kein Zweifel mehr — ich hab es ja ſelber gekauft; geſtern noch ſah ich's an ihr.

Steinau (ihn rüttelnd). Karl! — komm doch zur Beſinnung.

Baron (auffahrend). Was iſt?

Steinau. Bald werd' ich dem Brand glauben müſſen, daß es nicht ganz richtig bei dir iſt.

Baron. Wer hat dir das geſagt? Brand?

Steinau. Durch ihn weiß ich, daß du auf der Mauer warſt, und über die Felder ranntſt; das ſind allerdings verdächtige Anzeigen.

Baron. Wie hat er mich ſehen können — da er im Garten ſtand, als ich lief, und uns die Mauer trennte.

Steinau. Er ſtieg auf die Leiter und ſah dir nach.

Baron (ihn anſtarrend). Nachgeſehen hat er mir — jetzt iſt's entſchieden. — Was ging es ihn an, was ich that, wenn er nicht der Schuldige war, aber da feierte er die Gewißheit ſeines Triumphes. — Es war auch eine verdammt lächerliche Scene. Ich laufe athemlos einem Menſchen nach, der ruhig hinter mir auf der Leiter ſteht.

Steinau (im Tone höchſter Verwunderung). Dem Brand biſt du nachgelaufen? — du mußteſt ja wiſſen, daß er im Garten war, da du mit ihm geſprochen haſt.

Baron (ohne darauf zu hören). Du haſt ſie zuvor beſſer geſehen dieſe Perſon, als ich, — du ſtandeſt ihr näher — was haſt du geſehen? — Das Kleinſte iſt von Bedeutung — verſchweige mir nichts — wie ſah ſie aus?

Steinau. Ich ſah nur die Figur — die war groß und ſchlank gebaut — ſchöne Taille —

Baron (dringend). Weiter — weiter —

Steinau. Weiter — ſah ich nichts —

Baron. Nichts! es iſt genug! Die Gartenthüre, die Umarmung, ihre Verlegenheit, ihr eigenes Geſtändniß, Brand, ſein Stehen auf der Leiter, das Rendezvous, das Entlaufen, die Taille, das Kreuz, (er hält alle Finger, an denen er die angeführten Stücke abzählte, hoch in die Höhe) — auf jeden Finger hab ich einen Beweis und alle ſtehen in einem gräßlichen Zuſammenhange. — Jetzt iſt es zu ſpät — ſie hat ſich wahrſcheinlich eingeſchloſſen, aber morgen, des Tages, will ich zu Beiden — (er faßt Steinau an der Bruſt, der erſchrocken ſich loszumachen ſucht) — — ihn will ich ſo faſſen, und ihn dann zertreten, wie einen Wurm, ihr aber dieß Kreuz vor die Augen halten, und wenn die Verrätherin athemlos hinſinkt, die herrlichſte Stunde meines Lebens genießen. (er ſtürzt ab.)

Steinau (ihm nachſehend). Das iſt ein Unglück! Er iſt wirklich von Sinnen.

(Ende des erſten Acts).

Zweiter Act.

(Im Garten des Barons).

Erſte Scene.

Die Baronin. Steinau.

Steinau (mit verſtellter Verwunderung). Und in der Nähe der Laube hörten Sie den Lärm?

Baronin. Ganz deutlich. Es war ein durchdringendes Geſchrei, gerade ſo, als ob Jemand angefallen würde; es müſſen ein paar Spitzbuben geweſen ſeyn.

Steinau (verlegen). Das wohl nicht.

Baronin. Es hat ſich doch kein Unglück dabei ereignet?

Steinau. Nichts, das ich wüßte.

Baronin. Ah! dann iſt auch nichts geſchehen, ſonſt wüßten Sie's gewiß.

Steinau (für ſich). Den Stich ſollſt du mir entgelten. — Vielleicht weiß der Baron etwas darum.

Baronin. Der Baron!

Steinau (geheimnißvoll). Er war um dieſe Zeit bei der Laube.

Baronin. Uebles iſt ihm dort zum Glücke nichts widerfahren; denn vor einer Stunde iſt er ausgeritten, und war, ſo viel ich vom Fenſter bemerkte, friſch und geſund.

Steinau. Fragten Sie nicht, wohin er geritten iſt?

Baronin. Darnach frag ich nie.

Steinau. Sie ſind doch ein Muſter einer nachſichtsvollen Frau. — Andere thun darin zu wenig, Sie aber zu viel.

Baronin. Wie verſtehen Sie das?

Steinau (lächelnd). Der Herr Baron haben einen empfänglichen Sinn für das Schöne.

Baronin. Das iſt mir lieb; es zeigt von ſeinem Geſchmack.

Steinau. Es iſt geſtern ein Mädchen im Wäldchen abgeſtiegen mit ihrer Mutter. — Das Mädchen ſoll von ausnehmender Schönheit ſeyn. —

Baronin. Nun!

Steinau (ſie forſchend anblickend). Der Baron weiß, daß ſie hier iſt. — Sie verſtehen mich.

Baronin. Ich verſtehe Sie nicht —

Steinau (heimlich). Sein Spazierritt hängt mit ihrem Hierſeyn zuſammen, und wahrſcheinlich auch mit der Scene von geſtern Abend. Es ſollen ein paar Liebende aus der Laube geſchreckt worden ſeyn.

Baronin. Sie ſagten mir ja vorhin, Sie wüßten nicht was bei der Laube geſchah —

Steinau (verlegen). Ich ſagte, es ſoll geſchehen ſeyn — genau weiß ich es allerdings nicht — ich ſpreche vom Hörenſagen —

Baronin. So will ich mich darnach beſſer erkundigen. Ich will meinen Mann darum fragen. Er muß bald zurück ſeyn. — Auf Wiederſehen. (ſie verneigt ſich vor ihm, was Steinau äußerſt höflich erwiedert, und geht ab).

Steinau (ihr nachſehend). Gehorſamer Diener!

Zweite Scene.

Steinau (allein).

Ihren Mann will ſie fragen? Da muß ich vorbeugen. — Wenn ſie dem Baron alles das wieder ſagt, ſteh ich vor ihm in einem ſauberen Lichte. Ich muß ihn gleich aufſuchen, und der Sache eine Wendung geben, die mich aus der Verwickelung wieder herausreißt. Mit den Weibern iſt doch gar nichts anzufangen, wenn man auch in die Schläfrigkeit der ehelichen Verhältniſſe etwas Leben und Regſamkeit bringen wollte, es geht nicht, der Ehemann iſt ihr Orakel, und die Ruhe geht ihnen über Alles.

Dritte Scene.

Steinau. Der Baron.

(Baron tritt haſtig auf).

Steinau. Guten Morgen, Carl!

Baron (mürriſch). Guten Morgen — (er geht raſch auf und nieder).

Steinau (ihn betrachtend). Sag' mir nur, Carl, was dir fehlt? Ich kenne dich ſeit geſtern Abend nicht mehr. Schau mich doch nur an.

Baron (tritt vor ihm hin). Recht gern — recht gern. — Weißt du nicht — iſt meine Frau ſchon aufgeſtanden?

Steinau. Sie ging eben fort.

Baron. So! — Vergieb mir, lieber Steinau, daß ich dich allein laſſe, — aber ich muß gleich zu ihr.

Steinau. Familien-Geſchäfte!

Baron. So was dergleichen.

Steinau (lächelnd). Sie wird dich ausfragen, wegen geſtern Abend.

Baron (ſchnell gegen ihn gewendet). Meinſt du?

Steinau. Wenigſtens mir hat ſie ein Langes und Breites darüber vorgeredet. Sie weiß, daß du bei der Laube warſt. — Sie hat mich darüber zur Rede geſtellt — und auf eine Art, daß ich ihr's nicht geradezu läugnen konnte.

Baron. Hat nichts zu bedeuten. — (bitter lachend) Ich glaub' es gern, daß ſie es weiß.

(er reibt ſich, wie im Zorn, die Hände).

Steinau. Ich hab dir's nur darum geſagt, damit du nicht etwa glaubſt, daß ich aus Zwiſchenträgerei — oder —

Baron. Sey ohne Sorgen, ich kenne meine Leute.

Steinau. Sie glaubt auch, daß die bewußte Scene mit der Ankunft der Fremden zuſammenhängt?

Baron. Hat ſie das geſagt?

Steinau. Sie ließ mich's merken —

Baron. Frechheit ohne Gleichen! Ich ſage dir, das glaubt ſie nicht —

Steinau. Die Weiber ſagen ſelten das, was ſie glauben — und glauben ſelten das, was ſie ſagen.

Baron. Da haſt du Recht.

Steinau. Sag mir doch gelegentlich, wie ſie das angelegt hat, dich darüber zur Rede zu ſtellen. Ich komme gewiß dabei auf's Tapet, denn unſere Freundſchaft war ihr immer ein Dorn im Auge.

Baron. Wird nichts anlegen. — Leb wohl indeß!

(er will fort).

Steinau (ihn zurückhaltend). Nein! lieber Carl — ich ſtör' Euch nicht — bei Verhandlungen von Familien-Dingen darf kein Dritter im Hauſe ſeyn, nicht einmal 100 Schritte drum herum. Du weißt, wie ich darüber denke. — Ich gehe — (heimlich) vielleicht ſchlendr' ich ein wenig am Gaſthofe vorbei, um etwas Näheres über unſere ſchöne Fremde zu erfahren. — (lachend) Wir müſſen ja die Meinungen deiner Frau zu Ehren bringen. (er geht ab).

Vierte Scene.

(Baron allein).

Wie auf dieſe Weiſe meint ſie die Sache zu wenden — mich will ſie zur Rede ſtellen — ich ſoll der Schuldige ſeyn und ſie mein Richter. — Der Gedanke iſt nicht übel; wir wollen ihr indeß das Richteramt ein wenig erſchweren, der guten Frau! (Er zieht das diamantene Kreuz aus der Taſche, und betrachtet es aufmerkſam) — Du ſollſt mir meine Ehre wieder verſchaffen — den Beweis kann ſie mit aller Freiheit nicht umſtoßen. — Ich bin beiſpiellos betrogen worden, aber ich will mich auch beiſpiellos rächen; mein Name ſoll in der Geſchichte genannt werden neben Otello und Gutierre. — (er will ab, plötzlich bleibt er ſtehen und blickt in die Scene) Wer geht dort? ein Mädchen! — Ein allerliebſtes Ding, das iſt gewiß die Fremde, die geſtern ankam. So wahr ich lebe, die iſt hübſch und ganz nach meinem Geſchmacke. — Sie kommt auf mich zu, was ſucht ſie bei mir — (er ordnet die Kleider, und ſteckt ſchnell das Kreuz in die Taſche, ängſtlich umherſehend). Wenn wir nur nicht geſtört werden.

Fünfte Scene.

Baron. Wilhelmine von Erden.

Wilhelmine (mit artigem Verneigen). Vergeben Sie, ich ſuche den Herrn dieſes Schloſſes.

Baron (ſich gleichfalls verneigend). Er hat die Ehre vor Ihnen zu ſtehen. (Er holt eilig einen Stuhl, und ſetzt ihn vor Wilhelminen hin)

Wilhelmine. Es freut mich ſehr einen Mann perſönlich kennen zu lernen, von dem ich ſchon ſo viel Rühmenswerthes gehört habe.

Baron. Sie beſchämen mich. — (für ſich) Sie iſt ungemein liebenswürdig.

Wilhelmine. Ich komme als eine Bittende zu Ihnen, Herr Baron. Ich reiſe mit meiner Tante nach der Reſidenz. In der Nähe Ihres Landgutes wurde mein Wagen ſtark beſchädigt. Er kann erſt in einigen Tagen hergeſtellt werden, und übermorgen ſoll ich in der Reſidenz ſeyn. Sie würden mich ungemein verbinden, wenn ſie mir einen von Ihren Wägen leihen wollten. Ich ſende ihn mit Dank zurück, wie ich angekommen bin.

Baron. Befehlen Sie über meine Wägen, meine Pferde, meine Dienerſchaft, mein Landhaus, und über mich ſelbſt ganz ſo wie es ihnen beliebt.

Wilhelmine (aufſtehend). Ich bin Ihnen ungemein verbunden, Herr Baron, und eile, ſogleich meiner Tante von Ihrer Güte Nachricht zu geben.

Baron (der ſie auf die artigſte Weiſe zurückhält). Eilen Sie nicht — dieß iſt die einzige Bitte, die ich mir an Sie erlaube. Bekanntſchaften wie die Ihrige giebt man nicht ſo leicht auf.

Wilhelmine. Sie würden dabei nur ein Mädchen kennen lernen, die ſich wenig für Sie und Ihre Verhältniſſe ſchickte.

Baron. Scheinen Ihnen meine Verhältniſſe von ſo trauriger Art, daß Jugend und Liebenswürdigkeit ſich nicht dazu ſchicken?

Wilhelmine. So hab ich's nicht gemeint — aber — (für ſich) es iſt ein artiger Mann.

Baron (holt ſich einen Stuhl, und ſetzt ſich neben ſie, ſie wohlgefällig betrachtend). Iſt Ihre Reiſe wirklich ſo dringend, daß ſie ſich nicht um einige Tage aufſchieben ließe? Muß ich ſo früh wieder verlieren, was ich kaum gewann — — iſt gar nichts, was Sie zurückhalten könnte?

Wilhelmine. Ich kann über mein Hierbleiben nicht um eine Stunde verfügen, das gehört ganz in's Departement meiner Tante.

Baron. Ihrer Tante? — Iſt ſie ſchon bei guten Jahren, dieſe Tante?

Wilhelmine. In den Funfzigen —

Baron. So! — und wahrſcheinlich von einer großen Strenge der Grundſätze?

Wilhelmine. Von der größten —

Baron. Das gefällt mir; das bringen eigentlich die Jahre mit ſich. Man kann nicht genug ſtrenge ſeyn in dieſer verderbten Zeit. Sie hat Recht, die Tante. Solche Güter, wie das, welches ſie zu bewachen hat, ſind von großem Belange. Eine Hand wie dieſe — (er ergreift ihre Hand), ein Auge, wie dieſes — ein Herz, welches, wahrſcheinlich ihrer Vorſchriften ſpottend, für einen Glücklichen ſchlägt —

Wilhelmine. Ich verſtehe Sie nicht —

Baron (überraſcht). Wirklich — frei — ganz frei wären Sie? — (für ſich) Da muß ich raſch zu Werke gehen, ſonſt kommt ſie mir aus den Händen, ich weiß nicht wie!

Wilhelmine (verſchämt). Wie kommen Sie zu der Frage?

Baron. Sie entſcheidet über mein Glück. — (nach einer Pauſe, in der er ſie ſehnſuchtsvoll anblickt) Ich muß es Ihnen geſtehn, ſchöne Unbekannte, Sie haben mir ein großes Räthſel gelöſt. Bei Ihrem erſten Anblicke wurde mir klar, was ich bis jetzt von der unſichtbaren, blitzähnlichen Gewalt des Augenblicks dachte, der oft über unſer ganzes Leben entſcheiden ſoll. Ich glaubte nie daran. Sie haben mich bekehrt.

Wilhelmine. Herr Baron!

Baron. Das Gefühl, das Sie in mir erweckten, iſt von einer Art und von einer Tiefe, die ich nicht beſchreiben kann. — Ich bin ein ſtiller einfacher Mann. — Ich habe nie geliebt — bis auf dieſen Augenblick, in welchem jene Leidenſchaft alle Dämme der Vernunft, der Grundſätze und der Convenienz durchbricht, und — (indem er vor ihr niederkniet) mich zu Ihren Füßen legt.

Wilhelmine. Stehen Sie auf, Herr Baron. — Wenn man uns überraſchte.

Baron (ſich ſchnell aufraffend). Daran hab' ich nicht gedacht.

Wilhelmine. Sie ſind alſo gleichfalls noch frei?

Baron (wehmüthig lächelnd). Ja!

Wilhelmine (ſeine Hand betrachtend). Wie kommt dabei der Ehring an Ihren Finger?

Baron (verlegen — nach einer kleinen Pauſe). Ein Erbtheil meines ſeligen Bruders. — Ich trage ihn zur ſteten Erinnerung an ſeine brüderliche Liebe und an ſein häusliches Glück.

Wilhelmine. Sie ſcheinen etwas verwirrt zu ſeyn.

Baron. Wer wäre es nicht, Ihnen gegenüber — dann vermengt ſich damit auch ein wehmüthiges Gefühl für meinen Bruder. — Wir haben uns ſehr lieb gehabt, und ich habe ein äußerſt weiches Gemüth.

(Wilhelmine ſieht ſchweigend zu Boden).

Baron (ihre Hand ergreifend). Ich erblicke da auch ein Ringelchen, das mich unruhig machen könnte —

Wilhelmine (lächelnd). Ein Geſchenk meiner Tante.

Baron (zieht ihr einen kleinen Ring langſam vom Finger, ſie läßt es geſchehen. — Er ſteckt den Ring an ſeinen Finger, und hält ihn Wilhelminen vor's Auge). Darf ich?

Wilhelmine (verſchämt). Herr Baron!

Baron (wie außer ſich). Der Bund iſt geſchloſſen. (für ſich) Könnt' ich ihr nur auch gleich etwas geben. Ha! das kommt erwünſcht; meine Frau verdient's ohnedies nicht wieder. — (er zieht das diamantene Kreuz hervor, und legt ihr's um den Nacken) Geſtatten Sie mir, das ſchöne Geſchenk Ihrer Huld zu erwiedern — (ſie weigert ſich Anfangs, indem ſie zurückweicht, läßt es aber darauf geſchehen) — Sie dürfen mir's aber nicht verſagen, wenn Sie mich nicht namenlos unglücklich machen wollen.

Wilhelmine (das Kreuz betrachtend). Ein Geſchenk von ſolchem Werthe — wahrſcheinlich für Jemand Andern beſtimmt?

Baron. Nein — nein, es war mein Kreuz — (mit einem leiſen Seufzer) es iſt mein Kreuz —

Wilhelmine. Dann, was würde die Tante dazu ſagen?

Baron. Ich werde mich ihr vorſtellen. — Ich werde mich vor ihren Augen rechtfertigen. — Bringen Sie mich zu ihr — ich ſelbſt will ſie nach der Reſidenz bringen, es ruft außerdem ein wichtiger Brief mich hin.

Wilhelmine. Was denken Sie? Noch darf ſie nichts davon erfahren, daß wir uns kennen. Ich werde Ihnen meine Gründe ſagen, wenn wir uns wiederſehen.

Baron. Auch gut! Laſſen wir die Tante aus dem Spiele, das iſt mir noch lieber. — Wann aber ſeh' ich Sie wieder?

Wilhelmine. Der Diener, welcher den Wagen zurückbringt, übergiebt Ihnen ein Zettelchen, das Ihnen meinen Namen und meine Verhältniſſe nennen ſoll. (ſie will gehen).

Baron (drückt ſtürmiſch ihre Hand an ſeine Lippen). Unvergleichliches Mädchen!

Wilhelmine. Nicht ſo ungeſtüm, lieber Baron — (ſie geht ab — im Abgehen, wie für ſich) Nun, Thereſe, brennt er genug! (ab

Sechste Scene.

Baron.

Unſchuldiges Leiden wird doch immer vergolten! Kaum, daß ich erfahre, wie ſchwer meine Frau mich gekränkt hat, giebt mir das Schickſal einen billigen Erſatz an dieſem liebenswürdigen Weibe. Ich will ihr gleich den Wagen zuſenden, und noch einige Polſter hineinlegen laſſen, damit ſie hübſch bequem ſitzt. (Er geht gegen die Scene und bleibt plötzlich ſtehen) — Iſt's möglich! Brand! Er wagt's noch, mir unter die Augen zu treten! Elender Menſch! Ha! wie mir bei ſeinem Anblicke das Blut in den Adern kocht. — Wahrhaftig, er kommt. — Komm nur, du kommſt mir eben recht — ich will dich abfertigen, daß du zeitlebens an mich denken ſollſt.

Siebente Scene.

Der Baron. Brand.

Brand. Dem Himmel ſey Dank, treff' ich Euch endlich!

Baron. In der That, habt Ihr mich geſucht!

Brand. Im ganzen Hauſe. Eure Frau wies mich zu Euch —

Baron (mit Mühe an ſich haltend). Meine Frau! Wirklich!

Brand. Es iſt doch ein wahrer Engel von einem Weibe, ſo gut, ſo gefällig —

Baron. Gefällig — habt Ihr Beweiſe davon?

Brand. Und von ausnehmender Schönheit — man wird gar nicht fertig von ihr zu reden, wenn man einmal angefangen hat.

Baron. Und alles das ſagt Ihr mir in's Geſicht?

Brand. Warum nicht? Es wird Euch doch nicht beleidigen, wenn ich Euch die Vollkommenheiten Eurer Frau ins Gedächtniß führe; es fällt doch immer einiger Schimmer auch auf Euch zurück.

Baron (der nimmer an ſich zu halten vermag). Jetzt hab ich's ſatt. Wofür haltet Ihr mich! —

Brand (zögernd). Für —

Baron. Heraus mit der Sprache —

Brand. Wofür ich Euch halte! — (für ſich) Was ſoll ich ſagen! — Ich halte Euch für den Baron Carl von Erlach meinen Freund — den Gatten einer liebenswürdigen Frau —

Baron (wüthend). Laßt meine Frau aus dem Spiele, ſonſt dreh' ich Euch den Hals um.

Brand (zurückſpringend). Gott ſteh' mir bei! — jetzt bricht's los!

Baron (auf einen Platz zeigend). Da kommt her —

(Baron tritt einige Schritte vor)

Baron. Noch näher.

Brand nähert ſich wieder etwas mehr dem Baron, aber mit mehr Vorſicht).

Baron (tritt ihm hart an den Leib, faßt ihn eine Weile ins Auge, dann wie ausholend). Wo ſeyd Ihr geſtern Abend geweſen?

Brand (verlegen). Geſtern Abend —

Baron. Ja! zwiſchen 9 und 10 Uhr?

Brand (für ſich). Er weiß Alles! — dieß alſo der Beweis ſeines Benehmens gegen mich. — Ich muß mich auf's Bitten legen, er iſt denn doch einmal der Oheim —

Baron. Nun! Werdet Ihr mir Antwort geben, oder werdet Ihr's nicht?

Brand. Ja, lieber Baron; ich ſehe es ein, es wäre thöricht von mir, es Euch länger zu verſchweigen, da ihr von Allem unterrichtet ſeyd. Ihr habt Recht. Ich liebe Thereſen, nehmet aber meine Verſicherung, daß ich bloß aus dem Grunde hergekommen bin, Euch Alles zu entdecken, und Euch um Eure Einwilligung zu bitten.

Baron. Das iſt zu viel! — Sind Sie von Sinnen?

Brand. Häuft allen Euren Zorn auf mich, wenn Ihr wollt, aber laßt's Thereſen nicht entgelten. — Auf mein Ehrenwort, ſie iſt an Allem unſchuldig — und nur ich allein habe ſie zu dem fatalen Rendezvous überredet. Sie hat lange Zeit nicht gewollt.

Baron. Vor Allem ſtellen Sie das vertraute Euch ein — Sie hören daß ich's auch nicht mehr gegen Sie gebrauche.

Brand. Seyd gerecht; hab ich wirklich Euren Zorn in einem ſo hohen Grade verdient? — Ihr habt ja auch geliebt — was habt Ihr denn gegen die ſchuldloſe Leidenſchaft; mein Stand und meine Einkünfte ſtehen, mein' ich, der Sache auch nicht entgegen —

Baron (ſeiner nicht mehr mächtig). Nicht entgegen! — einem ſolchen Verhältniße! In einer Stunde will ich die Antwort geben mit dem Degen in der Hand — hinter dem Park im Gehölz. Bis dahin fort aus meinen Augen.

Brand (beleidigt). Herr — Ihr — Sie gebrauchen da Ausdrücke —

Baron. Wie ſie dir zukommen, frecher — nichtswürdiger Menſch.

Brand (losbrechend — mit immer ſteigender Hitze). Das iſt zu viel. — Ich bin ein Mann von Erziehung und weiß recht gut, wie weit ein Wort gehen darf, wie weit nicht. Ich laſſe mir Vieles gefallen, aber zu viel iſt zu viel. Ihr — Sie müſſen nicht glauben, daß ich ein Haſe bin, weil ich den Degen nicht immer auf der Zunge führe, wie Sie. Den nichtswürdigen Menſchen geb' ich Ihnen zurück. — Sie verdienen ihn mehr als ich, der Sie einen harmloſen Mann beleidigt, der Sie ihn gemißhandelt, der Sie ihn bis zu einem Grade von Zorn gereizt haben, deſſen er ſich in ſeinem ganzen Leben nicht zu entſinnen weiß.

Baron. Sparen Sie die Worte, — Sie wiſſen, wo wir uns finden.

Brand (überlaut ſchreiend). Laſſen Sie mich ausreden — ich bin jetzt im Zuge. Ich werde kommen, ſorgen Sie nicht. Vor dreizehn Jahren hab ich fechten gelernt ſo gut wie Sie, und obſchon mir die nöthige Uebung mangelt, der Himmel wird den Schuldloſen beſchützen. — Dieß aber ſage ich Ihnen, ob Sie Ihre Einwilligung geben oder nicht, daran liegt mir nichts; die Gerichte ſollen darüber entſcheiden, wie weit ſich Ihre Gewalt erſtreckt über eine Perſon, die unter Ihrer Leitung unglücklich iſt.

Baron (vor Zorn bebend). Unglücklich — unter meiner Leitung. Nein! ich ärgere mich nicht mehr. Sie werden der Strafe nicht entlaufen, die Ihnen gebührt. Ich will Sie durcheinander rütteln, daß man Ihre Gebeine am jüngſten Tage nicht zuſammenfinden ſoll. Zuvor aber will ich zu meiner Frau und ihr ein paar Worte ins Ohr ſagen, von einem Gewicht und von einer Bedeutung, wie ſie vielleicht nie über die Lippen eines beleidigten Ehemannes gekommen ſind.

Achte Scene.

Brand (ihm nachſehend).

Der Menſch iſt fürchterlich in ſeinem Zorne. Was er vorhin von meinen Gebeinen geſprochen hat, war entſetzlich. Etwas verrückt iſt er auf jeden Fall, — denn was hat wieder der beleidigte Ehemann mit meinem Verhältniſſe zu Thereſen zu thun. Es iſt doch ſeltſam, weber er das Mädchen nicht verheirathen will. — Sie hat mir's zuvor geſagt, daß ich darin ein ſchweres Spiel haben würde. — (Nach einer Pauſe.) Das hätt' ich mir doch niemals gedacht, daß ich je mich würde ſchlagen müſſen. Ich bin gewiß nicht feige, aber ich kann mich bei derlei Dingen eines eigenen Gefühls nicht erwehren. Es geht mir durch den ganzen Körper mit einem ſeltſamen Drücken und Ziehen, und dabei fangen die Knie an zu zittern, und das Herz klopft ſo ſtark, als ob es zur Bruſt herausſpringen wollte. Bei all' meiner Herzhaftigkeit könnte man in einem ſolchen Augenblicke von mir haben, was man wollte. — Aber was iſt zu thun? Er hat mich ſchwer beleidigt — auch hab ich's ihm zugeſagt, ich kann nicht mehr zurück. — Ich will mir den Degen holen, und meinen letzten Willen in Ordnung bringen. (er geht ab).

Neunte Scene.

(Zimmer im Hauſe des Barons).

Baronin (tritt auf).

Es iſt doch ein abſcheulicher Menſch dieſer Steinau. Er ſteht in den freundſchaftlichſten Verhältniſſen mit meinem Mann, und ſucht ihn hinter ſeinem Rücken bei mir zu verkleinern. — Etwas unruhig hat es mich doch gemacht. — Wenn er mir gerade mit Wilhelminen untreu würde, wär' mir's doppelt fatal. Vielleicht iſt er aber auch unſchuldig.

Zehnte Scene.

Baronin. Baron.

Baron (athemlos hereinſtürzend). Sind wir allein?

Baronin (umherblickend). Wie Sie ſehen. —

(er geht zur Thüre und verſchließt ſie).

Baronin. Was machen Sie da?

Baron. Ich ſchließe die Thüre. Obſchon Sie's nicht um mich verdient haben, will ich Ihnen die Beſchämung vor Zeugen erſparen.

Baronin. Die Beſchämung? mir? und wofür, wenn ich bitten darf!

Baron. Das ſollen Sie gleich erfahren.

Baronin. Ich bin begierig darnach. — Fangen Sie nur an.

Baron. Keine Frechheit, Madame! ſie empört mich noch mehr. Auch iſt das Läugnen und alle Verſtellung umſonſt, denn ich bin hinlänglich von meinem Unglücke und von meiner Schande unterrichtet. — Was hatten Sie geſtern in der Laube hinter meinem Schloſſe zu thun? — ich begehre darauf beſtimmte und genaue Antwort.

Baronin. Ich verſtehe Sie nicht.

Baron. Ich wiederhole es Ihnen, jedes Läugnen iſt vergebens. Ich weiß Alles, weiß, wen Sie geſtern im Garten geſprochen, wen Sie zur Thüre hinausgelaſſen, wen Sie umarmt haben — mit wem Sie in der Laube geweſen ſind. — Alles, alles.

Baronin. Wie oft verwies ich Ihnen Ihre grundloſe Eiferſucht, wie oft haben Sie mir Beſſerung verſprochen, und immer fallen Sie wieder in den alten Fehler zurück.

Baron. Nicht ich, Madame! Sie ſind gefallen, in die Hände eines Verführers ſind Sie gefallen, den ich nur zu lange Freund genannt habe.

Baronin. Carl! Sie werden mich aufbringen!

Baron. Sie winden ſich nicht heraus, weder mit Blicken, noch mit Worten. Diesmal hab ich Beweiſe gegen Sie — verſtehen Sie mich — Beweiſe.

Baronin. Worüber haben Sie Beweiſe?

Baron. Worüber? Nun! weil Sie es denn durchaus wiſſen wollen, darüber, daß Sie Brand im Garten geſprochen, daß Sie Brand in der Laube umarmt haben, daß Sie mit Brand in der Laube geweſen ſind.

Baronin (lachend). Mit Brand — ich — darüber haben Sie Beweiſe — die wünſcht' ich zu ſeh'n.

Baron. Wünſchen Sie's nicht. Ich könnte ſie Ihnen früher vorhalten, als Sie's vermuthen.

Baronin. Sie ſehen ich bin ziemlich gefaßt darauf.

Baron (kaum ſeiner mächtig). Ich könnte — (für ſich) Narr, der ich war, das Kreuz aus der Hand zu geben.

Baronin. Ich ſehe noch immer nichts.

Baron (hart an ſie tretend, und ihre Kleidung betrachtend). Wo haben Sie Ihr diamantenes Kreuz?

Baronin. Welches?

Baron. Das mit den Emaragden, welches ich Ihnen vor zwei Jahren zu Ihrem Geburtstage ſchenkte.

Baronin. Bevor ich Ihnen darauf antworte, müſſen Sie mir erklären, wie das Kreuz mit dem Verdachte zuſammenhängt, den Sie auf mich geworfen haben.

Baron. Das will ich Ihnen haarſcharf erklären. Der Zufall iſt zuweilen ungalanter gegen die Damen, als ihre Liebhaber. — Er ließ Sie in der Laube, in welcher Brand mit einer Dame war, die man troz Nacht und Schleier nur zu gut erkannte, Ihr diamantenes Kreuz verlieren, und brachte es — zittern Sie — in meine Hände.

Baronin (nach einer Pauſe). Ich höre und zittere nicht — Sie aber, mein Herr, Sie ſollen zittern, und dies noch ehe fünf Minuten vergangen ſind.

(ſie geht ins Nebenzimmer).

Eilfte Scene.

Baron (allein).

Ich bin doch neugierig, zu erfahren, wie ſie ſich da herausbringen wird. Ich wollte wetten, ſie weiß, daß ich das Kreuz weggegeben habe, wie wäre ſie ſonſt zu der erſtaunlichen Sicherheit gekommen, die mich ſelbſt bald irre gemacht hätte. Was ſie wohl thun mag? — (Er geht zur Seitenthüre, durch welche die Baronin ging, und blickt durch's Schlüſſelloch.) Sie ſteht an ihrer Toilette — ſie nimmt ein Blatt heraus, mir ſcheint gar, ſie ſchreibt. — An wen hat ſie zu ſchreiben? — (Es wird an der Mittelthüre geklopft, der Baron fährt zurück). Man hat geklopft! Verdammte Zudringlichkeit! gerade jezt. — (Er ſchließt auf. Die Baronin tritt aus dem Seitenzimmer).

Zwölfte Scene.

Die Baronin. Der Baron. Ein Bedienter.

Bedienter (zur Baronin gewendet). Fräulein von Erben.

Baronin (etwas verlegen). Ich —

Baron (heimlich zur Baronin). Warum zögern Sie, das Fräulein kommen zu laſſen. Wer iſt ſie? Darf ich ſie nicht ſehen?

Baronin. O ja! — doch —

Baron (ſchnell zum Bedienten gewendet). Das Fräulein iſt meiner Frau willkommen.

(Bedienter ab).

Dreizehnte Scene.

Baron. Baronin.

Baronin (lächelnd). Sie haben nicht ganz gut gethan, ſo auf die Bekanntſchaft meiner Freundin zu dringen.

Baron. Das wollen wir bald erfahren.

(Die Erben tritt ein, ſie hat das Kreuz, das ihr der Baron gab, am Halſe hängen).

Baron (geht ihr raſch etwas entgegen, und fährt darauf erſchrocken zurück). Alle Wetter! die Fremde.

(Die Damen umarmen ſich).

Vierzehnte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Wilhelmine von Erben.

Baron (mit erzwungener Faſſung, zur Baronin). Ihre Freundin! —

Baronin (Wilhelminen dem Baron vorſtellend). Fräulein Wilhelmine von Erben, von dem ich Ihnen ſo oft erzählt habe.

Baron (ſich überaus tief verneigend). Welch' intereſſante Bekanntſchaft.

Wilhelmine. Wir kennen uns ja ſchon. Ich und meine Tante danken Ihnen recht ſehr für Ihre Güte. Der Wagen iſt ſo eben angekommen.

Baron (äußerſt verlegen). Es freut mich — daß — (er macht Wilhelminen verſchiedene Zeichen, auf die ſie nicht zu achten ſcheint).

Baronin. Ihr kennt Euch, und woher?

Wilhelmine. Der Baron war ſo artig, uns einen Wagen zu leihen, da unſrer beſchädigt wurde.

Baronin. Mein Mann!

Wilhelmine (mit verſtelltem Staunen). Mann — der Baron verheirathet — ich dachte, er ſey dein Bruder.

Baron (zu Wilhelminen tretend, heimlich). Wenn wir allein ſind, werde ich Ihnen den ganzen Zuſammenhang aufklären.

Wilhelmine (beleidigt). Nichts da, mein Herr — jezt begehr ich die Aufklärung, in Gegenwart meiner Freundin.

Baron (heimlich und dringend). Machen Sie mich nicht unglücklich.

Wilhelmine (wie vom Schmerz ergriffen). Nicht mehr, als Sie's verdienen. Sind Sie verheirathet, oder ſind Sie's nicht? Ich begehre nur ein Ja oder Nein —

Baron (ſchnell, und ſcheinbar über die Frage verwundert). Ja! — Wie können Sie darüber zweifeln?

Wilhelmine. Wie ich zweifeln kann! Weil Sie ſich vor einer Stunde im Garten für unverheirathet ausgegeben, und zu meinen Füßen um meine Liebe geworben haben.

Baronin. Carl! iſt das wahr?

Baron (nach einer Pauſe, in der er nachzudenken ſcheint). Ich kann mich nicht beſtimmt daran erinnern, aber es iſt möglich; Sie kennen ja meine Zerſtreuung.

Wilhelmine. Dießmal muß ſie etwas lange gedauert haben, wenn man Pfänder wechſelt.

Baron (für ſich). Beleidigte Liebe treibt ſie zum Aeußerſten. — (heimlich zu Wilhelminen) Schonen Sie mich doch.

Wilhelmine (mit ſcheinbar immer ſteigender Kränkung). Schweigen Sie, Baron. — Sie haben ein Herz zertreten, das ſchwer jemals wieder geneſen wird. Geben Sie mir meinen Ring zurück.

(Baron zieht ſchnell einen Ring vom Finger und giebt ihn Wilhelminen).

Wilhelmine (indem ſie ſich das Kreuz vom Halſe löſ't, und es dem Baron überreicht). Nehmen Sie auch Ihr Geſchenk wieder. Sie übergaben mir's als Verſicherung Ihrer ewigen Liebe; unter den jezigen Verhältniſſen kann ich keinen Gebrauch davon machen.

Baronin (ſinkt in einen Stuhl und verhüllt ſich das Geſicht). Carl! Carl! hab ich das um Sie verdient?

Baron. Sparen Sie Ihre Thränen, und triumphiren Sie nicht zu früh. Es iſt wahr, ich habe gefehlt, aber Sie — Sie haben mich dazu gebracht. Eben dies Kreuz, das wir verzaubert immer wieder zu mir zurückkommt, zeugt wider Sie — (er hält ihr's vor)

Baronin. Elende Ausflucht — was geht mich dieß Kreuz an?

Baron. Sehen Sie's doch etwas genauer — ſechs Diamanten, vier Smaragde. — Es iſt Ihr Kreuz, Madame! Daſſelbe, das ich Ihnen gab — daſſelbe, um welches ich Sie befragte, bevor (auf Wilhelminen zeigend) — dieſe gutmüthige [illegible] kam — daſſelbe, das Sie geſtern beim Rendezvous mit Brand in der Laube verloren haben.

Baronin (lächelnd). Nein, mein Herr! der Sie [illegible] aufs Äußerſte treiben — dieß Kreuz, was Sie mir vorhalten, kenn' ich nicht — jenes aber, das Sie mir ſchenkten, iſt hier — (ſie giebt ihm ein Käſtchen, welches ſie bisher in der Hand verborgen hielt).

Baron (öffnet es ſchnell — nimmt ein diamantenes Kreuz heraus, und läßt erſchreckt die Hände ſinken, für ſich). Ich bin verloren!

Wilhelmine (zur Baronin, geheim). Hab' ich recht gehabt?

Baronin (zu Wilhelminen, geheim). Ja — aber auch ich, denn, wenn ich mich nicht ſehr täuſche, iſt Steinau am ganzen Mißverſtändniſſe Schuld. Er ſuchte mich gegen meinen Mann aufzuhetzen, und wahrſcheinlich auch meinen Mann gegen mich.

Baron (für ſich). Es bleibt mir nichts übrig, ich muß den Reuigen ſpielen — (er kniet vor der Baronin nieder) Liebe Thereſe! vergieb mir nur dießmal noch. Große Krankheiten bedürfen großer Kuren, wenn Sie vom Grund aus geheilt werden ſollen. — So auch meine Eiferſucht. Jetzt erſt bin ich geneſen. Hätte nicht die Scene im Garten — mit dem Schlüſſel — (erſchreckt) Du weißt!

Baronin (auf Wilhelmine zeigend). Meine Freundin ſprach ich dort, — ihr öffnete ich die Gartenthüre, ſie habe ich umarmt.

Baron. Warum haſt du mir das nicht gleich geſagt?

Baronin. Weil Wilhelmine Ihnen unbekannt bleiben wollte, bis ihr's gelungen war, Sie gehörig verliebt zu machen, und einer zu gläubigen Hausfrau die Augen zu öffnen.

Baron (aufathmend). Das war alſo Plan (zu Wilhelminen) Ich bin Ihnen ſehr verbunden, mein Fräulein.

(Wilhelmine erwiedert die Verneigung).

Baronin. Sie iſt Steinaus Braut.

Baron (ſchnell). Steinau's — der Menſch iſt an allem Schuld. Er machte mich zuerſt (zu Wilhelminen) auf Sie aufmerkſam, er führte mich zur Laube, er hat heute ſeltſame Reden über meine Frau fallen laſſen.

Baronin (zu Wilhelminen, heimlich). Hab' ich recht gehabt?

Wilhelmine (zur Baronin). Er iſt ein Mann, wie der andere. — Sie taugen Alle nicht viel.

Baron. Was meine kleine Untreue betrifft, Thereſe, ſo denke, es war meine letzte, wie es meine erſte war. Wer wie ich, außer dir, nie irgend einem weiblichen Geſchöpfe etwas von Liebe auch nur vorſagte, wer in Rückſicht ſeiner Sprödigkeit in der Reſidenz den Namen [illegible] getragen, dem mein' ich, kann man eines Fehltrittes ungeachtet, immerhin trauen.

Baronin (ihm die Hand reichend). Ich will's noch einmal verſuchen — aber gewiß zum letztenmal. (Der Baron ergreift ihre Hand und küßt ſie).

Wilhelmine (für ſich). Sie iſt doch wieder angeführt.

Fünfzehnte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Thereſe von Eichdorf. Brand (er trägt etwas Verhülltes unter dem Arme).

Baron (auf Brand zugehend). Lieber Brand — (er ſtutzt, wie er die Eichdorf blickt). Meine Nichte! Die hat noch gefehlt.

Baronin (zu Thereſe). Sie hier, liebe Eichdorf, wir glaubten Sie in der Reſidenz.

Thereſe. Vergeben Sie, gnädige Frau, daß ich ſo unvermuthet Sie überraſche, aber ich wurde zur Reiſe gezwungen, 's betrifft eine Sache von Belang.

Baron (mit erzwungenem Ernſt). Es iſt nicht fein, Fräulein Nichte, ſo allein in der Welt herumzuſtreifen, und ehrliche Leute zu erſchrecken. Was verſchafft uns die [illegible]

Thereſe. Ich komme, Sie, lieber Onkel, um Ihre Einwilligung zur Heirath mit Ihrem Freunde Brand zu bitten.

Baron (etwas verlegen). Mit Brand! — Davon weiß' ich ja gar nichts. Wie lange iſt denn das her, daß Ihr Euch liebt?

Brand (zum Baron im Hintergrunde, halb ſcheu, halb trotzig). Seit vorigem Jahre, wo wir uns in der Reſidenz kennen lernten.

Thereſe (zum Baron). Nach der Behandlung, die Brand von Ihnen erfahren, kann ich nur auf ein Mißverſtändniß ſchließen, denn ehdem Sie immer dagegen waren, daß ich mich verheirathe —

Baron (immer verlegener). Dagegen! was fällt Ihnen ein!

Thereſe. So hat ſich doch Ihr Unwille nie ſo laut, und ſo heftig ausgeſprochen —

Brand (im Hintergrunde, laut und heftig). Das weiß der Himmel!

Baron. Vergieb mir Freund, — ich war damals etwas im Irrthume. (er geht zu Brand und reicht ihm die Hand).

Brand (raſch). Vergeben! Von ganzem Herzen. (er legt das Päckchen auf den Tiſch). — Da werd' ich doch das fatale Inſtrument, meinen Degen, los. Er hat wie Feuer unter meinem Arme gebrannt.

Baron (zu Brand und der Eichdorf). Alſo Ihr Beide Nachts in der Laube!

Brand. Freilich. Es war ein theures Rendezvous.

Thereſe. Mich koſtet's wenigſtens einen ziemlich koſtbaren Schmuck. — (zum Baron) Jenes diamantene Kreuz, welches Sie mir vor zwei Jahren geſchenkt haben!

Baron (für ſich — heftig überraſcht). Verdammt! die hat auch ein Kreuz von mir — daran hab' ich nicht gedacht.

Baronin (zur Eichdorf). Sie erhielten das Kreuz von meinem Manne — (in die Hände klatſchend). Das iſt allerliebſt.

Baron (zur Baronin, nach einer Pauſe, in der er, ſeine Verlegenheit bergend, nachzudenken ſcheint). Da können Sie ſich einen Begriff von meinen Zerſtreuungen machen, daß ich darauf vergaß. Es iſt richtig; jetzt fällt mir's ein. Ich kaufte vor zwei Jahren zwei Kreuze, beide einander gleich. Ich wollte keines einem fremden Kaufe überlaſſen, und ſo waren ſie mir die Zeichen der edelſten Gefühle, (auf die Baronin zeigend) der Liebe, und (gegen die Eichdorf gewendet) der Freundſchaft, — nicht wahr?

Eichdorf. Sie ſagten doch auch dabei —

Baron (ihr ins Wort fallend). Laſſen wir das jetzt. (Er legt die Hände Thereſens und Brands ineinander). Nehmt einander hin, lieben Kinder, und — (indem er der erſten das diamantene Kreuz giebt) empfangen Sie hier auch das Kreuz wieder zurück; als Ehefrau müſſen Sie ſich daran gewöhnen. (zur Baronin, ſeufzend) Es iſt doch ein ſüßes Geſchäft, Glückliche zu machen.

Sechzehnte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Steinau.

Steinau. Vortrefflich! da hätt' ich ja — (Wilhelminen erblickend) Wilhelmine, Sie hier!

Wilhelmine. Ich nahm mir vor, Sie ein wenig näher kennen zu lernen, lieber Steinau, darum mußt' ich mich im Hintergrunde halten. Sie können nicht glauben, was man da für Erfahrungen macht.

Steinau (verlegen). Was mich betrifft —

Baron (dem Steinau Thereſen vorſtellend). Meine Nichte, Thereſe von Eichdorf.

Brand. Meine Braut, ſetz' ich Glücklicher dazu.

Baron (zu Steinau heimlich, indem er an ihm vorüber geht). Sie war in der Laube.

Baronin (zu Steinau, auf Wilhelminen zeigend.) War dieß die Fremde, die mein Mann auf ſeinem Spazierritte beſuchte?

Steinau. Bewahre der Himmel, man ſagte mir von einer gewiſſen Bernardine Zinken.

Wilhelmine. Die iſt mit mir ein und dieſelbe Perſon. Meine Tante, um die Ueberraſchung vollkommen zu machen, wollte, daß wir unter fremden Namen reiſeten.

Steinau (ſich die Stirne trocknend). Ein excellenter Gedanke! (er wendet ſich in ſeiner Verwirrung zu Brand). Nimm meinen Glückwunſch, Freund!

Brand. Geh mir aus dem Wege. Ich laſſ' mir's nicht nehmen, Du haſt uns alle ſo durcheinander gebracht.

Steinau. Warum nicht gar.

Baron (lächelnd). „[illegible]“ (zur Baronin, ſie umſchlingend) Nicht wahr, liebes Weib!

Brand (Thereſen an der Hand faſſend). Wie glücklich bin ich durch Sie.

Steinau (ſich Wilhelminen nähernd). Der guten Dinge ſind drei; (auf die zwei Paare zeigend) hier ſeh ich zwei wollen wir die Zahl voll machen?

Wilhelmine. Wenn Sie zuvor drei böſe Dinge werden abgelegt haben: Schwatzhaftigkeit, Zwiſchenträgerei und Neugierde.

Steinau. Was ſagte der Baron? Allen Sündern ſey vergeben, und darunter gehöre auch ich.

(Der Vorhang fällt.)

Friedrich Ferdinand Delbrück

ward im Jahre 1772 in Magdeburg geboren, erhielt nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn eine Collaboratur und 1802 eine Profeſſur am Cölniſchen Gymnaſium zu Berlin. Im Jahre 1810 ging er als Schulrath und außerordentlicher Profeſſor an der Univerſität nach Königsberg, ward 1816 Regierungs- und Schulrath in Magdeburg und 1818 ordentlicher Profeſſor der ſchönen Literatur in Bonn, wo er noch lebt.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

- **Chriſtenthum: Betrachtungen und Unterſuchungen.** Bonn, 1822. 2 Thle.
- **Ein Gaſtmahl. Reden und Geſpräche über die Dichtkunſt.** Berlin, 1809.
- **Gedächtnißrede auf Paul Sargl.** Berlin 1809.
- **Lyriſche Gedichte mit erklärenden Anmerkungen** u. ſ. w. 1. Bd. Berlin, 1800. (Mit einem Titel: Klopſtocks auserl. Oden. 1800.)
- **Ueber die Humanität.** Magdeburg, 1796.
- **Lehrſätze, Rathſchläge und Fragen über Erziehung und Unterweiſung der Jugend.** Bonn, 1823.
- **Predigten.** Berlin, 1816.
- **Reden, veranlaßt durch die Ereigniſſe der Zeit.** Königsb. 1814.
- **Reden, aus den Jahren 1807—30.** Bonn, 1831.
- **Sokrates. Betrachtungen und Unterſuchungen.** Köln, 1819.
- **Xenophon, zur Rettung ſeiner durch B. G. Niebuhr gefährdeten Ehre.** Bonn, 1829.
- Viele einzelne Reden, Abhandlungen, u. ſ. w.

Als Forſcher auf dem Gebiete der Philoſophie und beſonders der Aeſthetik hat ſich D. durch Klarheit, Tiefe, Geſchmack und Würde einen ſehr gefeierten Namen erworben. Eines gleichen Rufes erfreut er ſich als Redner, wo er reines Gefühl, Tiefe und Wärme, mit großer Beſonnenheit und Eleganz zu verbinden weiß. Nur in ſeinen theologiſchen Streitſchriften ſcheint er ſich auf einem ſeiner Perſönlichkeit und Eigenthümlichkeit weniger zuſagenden Felde zu bewegen, und iſt hier dem Tadel ſeiner Gegner nicht entgangen.

Hermann Christoph Gottfried Demme,

als Romanſchriftſteller bekannt unter dem Namen Carl Stille, ward am 7. September 1760 zu Mühlhauſen geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Theologie und ward darauf Subconrector in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und 1796 ebendaſelbſt Superintendent. Im Jahre 1801 nahm er einen Ruf als Generalſuperintendent in Altenburg an, wo er bis zu ſeinem am 21. December 1822 erfolgten Tode, höchſt ſegensreich wirkte.

Von ihm erſchien:

- **Der Pächter Martin und ſein Vater.** Leipzig, 1793. 2 Thle. 3 A. 1802. 3 Th.
- **Erzählungen.** 2 Thle. Riga, 1793. N. A. 1797.
- **Beiträge zur reinen Gottesverehrung.** Riga, 1798.
- **Sechs Jahre aus Karl Burgfelds Leben.** Riga, 1793.
- **Pächter Martin über die moraliſche Anwendung der franzöſiſchen Revolution.** Göttingen, 1795.
- **Neue chriſtliche Lieder.** Gotha, 1799.
- **Abendſtunden.** Gotha, 1804—5. 2 Thle.
- **Predigten.** Gotha, 1808.
- **Predigten und Reden.** Neuſtadt, 1813.
- **Neun Reden.** Gotha, 1817.
- **Gebete und Betrachtungen.** Gotha, 1818—23. 2 Thl.
- **Leben Franz. A. Sachſes des Blinden herausgeg.** v. D. Gotha 1819.

D. war ein Mann, den die Reinheit und das vortreffliche Streben ſeines Herzens, die Tüchtigkeit ſeiner Geſinnungen, und ſeine gediegene Welt- und Menſchenkenntniß eben ſo hoch ſtellten, wie ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen im Fache des Romans und der Kanzelberedſamkeit. Sein Styl iſt einfach und edel, ſein Zweck Belehrung und Beſſerung; meiſterhaft ſind in ſeinen erzählenden Arbeiten die Schilderungen und Entwickelungen der einzelnen Charactere, die er mit großer Innigkeit und Wahrheit dem Leſer vorzuführen verſteht. Als practiſcher Geiſtlicher hat er ſich vorzüglich ein bleibendes Verdienſt um ſeine Gemeinen durch die Einführung zeitgemäßer verbeſſerten Kirchengeſänge erworben.

Peter Denaisius

ward am 1. Mai 1561 zu Straßburg geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte, erwarb ſich die Doctorwürde in denſelben und ging dann in Pfalzgräfliche Dienſte, in welchen er als Rath und Geſandter nach Polen und England geſchickt wurde. Später erhielt er eine Stelle als Aſſeſſor des Kammergerichtes zu Speier. Er ſtarb am 20. September 1610 in Heidelberg.

Von ſeinen Gedichten, welche nicht geſammelt wurden, iſt nur ein einziges, ein Hochzeitslied bis zu uns gekommen, daß ſich im dritten Bande des neunten Stücke der Sammlung Zürcheriſcher Streitſchriften S. 7—9 abgedruckt findet.

D. wird gewöhnlich als Opitz Vorgänger betrachtet und neben Meliſſus (S. d. A.) und Weckherlin genannt;

er behandelte Sprache und Vers mit Geſchmack und Correctheit und zeichnete ſich dadurch zu ſeiner Zeit rühmlich aus; weiter iſt jedoch, nach dem bereits angeführten Hochzeitsgedichte zu urtheilen, nichts Erhebliches an ihm zu loben.

Michael Denis,

ein zu ſeiner Zeit um die Ausbildung der ſchönen Literatur und der deutſchen Sprache, in den öſtreichiſchen Staaten ſehr verdienter Mann, ward am 27. September 1729 zu Schärding am Inn geboren, wo ſein Vater als Rechtsgelehrter lebte. Er erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung auf dem Jeſuitengymnaſium zu Paſſau und trat darauf 1747 zu St. Anna in Wien in den Jeſuitenorden. D. zeichnete ſich hier durch Eifer und Fähigkeiten aus und ward mehrere Jahre in verſchiedenen Provinzen Oeſtreichs als Jugenderzieher und Prediger beſchäftigt. 1759 wurde er Lehrer am Collegium Thereſianum zu Wien und unterrichtete daſelbſt in den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, der Literargeſchichte und der Bücherkunde. Nach Aufhebung ſeines Ordens ſowohl als der eben genannten Akademie ward er 1784 zweiter Cuſtos der Kaiſerlichen Bibliothek, 1791 aber erſter Cuſtos und K. K. Hofrath. Er ſtarb am 29. September 1800 und ward ſeinem Wunſch zufolge in dem zwei Stunden von Wien entfernten Hütteldorf begraben.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Einige Bardengeſänge und geiſtliche Lieder. Wien, 1774.
Beſchäftigungen mit Gott. Wien o. J.
Poetiſche Bilder der meiſten kriegeriſchen Vorgänge in Europa, ſeit 1756. 2 Thle. Augsburg, 1768.
Wiens Buchdruckergeſchichte. Wien, 1782; nebſt Nachtrag. Wien, 1793.
Einleitung in die Bücherkunde. 2 Thle. Wien, 1777. N. A. 1795—96.
Leſefrüchte. 2 Bde. Wien, 1797.
Die Merkwürdigkeiten der Garelliſchen Bibliothek. Wien, 1780.
Oſſians und Sineds Lieder. 5 Bde. Wien, 1784 in 4.
Bardenfeier am Tage Thereſiens. Wien, 1770.
Zurückerinnerungen. Wien, 1794.
Literariſcher Nachlaß, herausgegeben von J. F. von Retzer. 2 Thle. Wien, 1801. in 4.
Einzelne Gedichte, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in mehreren Zeitſchriften.

Ueber Denis Werth als Menſch war bei ſeinem Tode nur eine Stimme. In einem kurzen Nekrologe, welcher gleich nach ſeinem Tode in der Wiener Zeitung Jahrgang 1800. Nr. 79. S. 3129 erſchien, heißt es u. A. „Unentweihte Herzensreinigkeit, frommer Eifer in Beobachtung ſeiner prieſterlichen Pflichten, die er nur gegen ſich ſtrenge und liebevoll gegen ſeine Mitmenſchen erfüllte, ein ſanfter gütevoller Character, angenehmer lehrreicher Umgang, raſtloſe Sorgfalt für den Unterricht und die ſittliche Veredlung der Jugend, längſt entſchiedene ſeltene Verdienſte um deutſche Sprache, Literatur und Dichtkunſt, die ihm unter den Gelehrten und Dichtern Deutſchlands einen der vorzüglichſten Plätze erwarben und wovon ſeine Werke hinlänglich zeugen, machen ihn jedem biedern Deutſchen unvergeßlich."

Ueber Denis Leiſtungen als Dichter und Schriftſteller fällt einer der competenteſten Richter, Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Bd. 11. S. 296) folgendes Urtheil, das wir um ſo lieber hier mittheilen, als unſere Anſichten vollkommen mit demſelben übereinſtimmen: Seine eifrige Anhänglichkeit an den Glauben ſeiner Kirche hinderte ihn nicht, in Sachen, die der Kirche nicht angehen, auch von Proteſtanten zu lernen, und ſich beſonders für die proteſtantiſchen Dichter zu intereſſiren, die, wie Gellert und Klopſtock, ſein moraliſches Gefühl anſprachen. Seine ſanfte und bildſame Phantaſie und eine Feinheit des Geſchmacks, die damals in den öſtreichiſchen Staaten ſehr ſelten war, machten ihn fähig, die Muſter nachzuahmen, die er vorzüglich liebte. Klopſtocks Patriotismus hatte auch ihn ergriffen. Mit den enthuſiaſtiſchen Vorſtellungen, die er ſich von deutſcher Bardenpoeſie machte, ſtimmten die oſſianiſchen Gedichte überein, die damals bekannt wurden. Er war einer der Erſten, die dieſe Gedichte in das Deutſche übertrugen. — In ſeiner Ueberſetzung der oſſianiſchen Gedichte harmonirt der Hexameter nicht mit dem Tone der erſiſchen Bardenpoeſie; aber die Ueberſetzung hat ein wahrhaft poetiſches Colorit und übertrifft in dieſer Hinſicht die Verſuche, deren bald mehrere folgten, die dem Oſſian zugeſchriebenen Werke nach Macpherſon ohne Vers in die deutſche Literatur zu verpflanzen. Den Wiederhall der oſſianiſchen Poeſie und der Oden und Bardiete von Klopſtock, erkennt man auch leicht in den eigenen Gedichten von Denis, oder wie er ſich vor dem Publicum nannte, **Sined dem Barden**. Originale Züge haben ſie nicht; aber ein warmes und edles Gefühl und eine lyriſche Phantaſie die mehr mit Idealen, als mit einer wirklichen Welt beſchäftigt war, reden in dieſen Gedichten eine kräftige und ſehr gebildete Sprache. Mehrere die zu den vorzüglichſten Gelegenheitsgedichten des Zeitalters gehören, haben ein öſtreichiſches Nationalintereſſe. Sie verewigten die öſtreichiſchen Generale Daun und Laudon und den Kaiſer Joſeph II. auf eine ähnliche Art, wie die preußiſchen Dichter ihren Friedrich zu beſingen nicht aufhören konnten.

Vgl. Michaelis Denisii, Commentariorum de vita sua liber V. im Nachlaß. Deutſch. Winterthur 1802. — Biographieen öſterreichiſcher Dichter, Bd. 2. Heft 1. S. 37 flgde. — D's Bild erſchien 1778 zu Wien, von Mansfeld und Jakob Adam geſtochen, ferner vor dem 13. Bande der Allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek und vor dem Leipziger Muſenalmanache für 1776.

Thereſia die Weiſe.*)

Gutrath der Barde.

Hat mir jemal ein Lied unter Gewaltigen
In dem Flügel der Schlacht, oder im nächtlichen
Siegesmahle gelungen,
Oder, wenn ich des thauenden

Morgens Kommen beſang, oder das Abendroth,
Oder, wenn ich den Fall eines der blühenden
Heldenſöhne beſeufzte,
Dem im Felde ſein Hügel ſtieg:

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*) Aus: Bardenfeyer am Tage Thereſiens. Wien, 1770.

O ſo ſey mir auch heut unter den feyernden
Liederkoniginn hold, göttliche Bardenkunſt!
Denn ich ſinge die Weisheit
Unſerer groſſen Gebietherinn.

So wie tagender Stral, wenn er in Oſten bricht,
Falbe Nebel verzehret, welche die Krümmungen
Heller Bäche bedecken,
Und das reizende Blumenfeld;

So ſchwand trägender Durſt, welcher auf Wiſſenſchaft,
Und auf jeglicher Kunſt menſchlicher Hände lag,
Als vom Stuhle der Väter
Sich dem Volke die Fürſtinn wies.

Müßigbrütender Wiz, luftiges Wortgezänk
Nicht nach Wahrheit bemüht, nicht der Natur getreu,
Scholl vom lärmenden Saale
Wahngetäuſchter Druiden aus.

Deinen Barden erzürnt war der Geſänge Geiſt,
War das ächte Gefühl, Donau! von dir geflohn
Zu den Quaden und Sachſen,
Zu den Katten und Brennen hin.

Denn ſie ſangen nicht deutſch, ſangen dem Volke nach,
Deſſen drückendes Joch Hermann in Stücke ſchlug,
Mengten weichliche Namen
Fremder Götter in jedes Lied.

Auch der ſinnende Fleiß, er der Beförderer
Jeder nüzlichen Kunſt wohnte beym Fremdlinge,
Macht' ihn ſtolzer, und zog ihm
Unſre Schäze zur Beute zu.

Nun nicht länger! ſo rief unſre Gebietherinn,
Schwang den goldenen Stab über die Dämmerung.
Sieh, da ſchwanden die Schatten!
Eifer flammte die Geiſter an.

Männer traten hervor, hoher Erkenntniß voll,
Auf der Fürſtinn Geboth; jeglicher Wiſſenſchaft
Kam und jeder der Künſte
Glanz und Nuzen durch ſie zurück.

Und ein thürmender Bau ſtieg auf Thereſiens
Machtwort prächtig empor, öffnete lernenden
Weite Thore. Sie ſaſſen,
Hörten Weisheit und liebten ſie.

Und der Barde gerührt langte das Harfenſpiel
Seiner Väter hervor, ſpannte die Saiten um,
Vaterländiſche Lieder
Sang die Tochter der Felſen nach.

Und der ſchlummernde Fleiß riß ſich beſchämet auf,
Griff zum Werke. Der Schall arbeitergebener
Hände ſchwang ſich in Städten,
Schwang vom Lande ſich himmelan.

Tiefſinn faßte den Sohn fremder Gebiethe; kaum
Glaubt' er, was er vernahm. Aber die Söhne Teuts
Sahn den rühmlichen Fortgang,
Sahn und freuten ſich brüderlich.

Und bald ſchwebte der Ruhm über Thereſiens
Weiſen. Einer, gelehrt alle Bewegungen
Heitrer nächtlicher Himmel,
Zog zum fernesten Norden hin.

Von dem Herrſcher erwählt, welcher, dem Vater gleich,
Weisheit liebt und belohnt, und dem erhabenſten
Unſrer Barden, vom Belte
Ueber Meere gerufen, horcht.

Dorthin zog er, und fand günſtigen Himmel dort,
That dem Herrſcher genug, kehrte von ihm geehrt,
Und nicht ohne Geſchenke
Deinem Himmel, o Wien! zurück.

Ha, du glückliches Wien! Unter Thereſiens
Mildem Strale wie ſchön ſiehſt du die Wißbegier
Zu der Reife gepfleget,
Süßer, nährender Früchte voll;

Siehſt du, wie die Gewalt weiſerer Lehren auch
Herz und Sitten erhöht, Umgang und Sprache bildet,
Und von ſpielenden Bühnen
Rohheit bannet und Afterwiz;

Siehſt du, wie ſie das Haupt unter den Künſten hebt,
Sie die männlichſte Kunſt, Waffengeſchicklichkeit,
Einem Helden vertrauet,
Der vom Lenze des Alters an

In dem Flügel der Schlacht rühmliches Eiſen trug,
Der von Joſeph geliebt, und vom erfahrenen
Brennenherrſcher geſchäzet
Ganz ſich Oeſterreichs Ehre weiht!

Aber ſiehſt du nicht auch, glückliches Wien! wie ſehr
Deines reifenden Ruhms Dauer Thereſien
Deiner weiſeſten Fürſtinn
An dem ſorgenden Herzen liegt?

Menſchen ſchwinden hinweg. Laſſen ſie Thaten nach,
Dann nennt Trümmer und Lied Thaten und ſie zugleich;
Aber Trümmer und Lied ſtirbt,
Gleichen Söhne den Vätern nicht.

Heil dir, ſorgendes Herz unſerer Gebietherinn!
Vätern gleichen durch dich Söhne. Du rufeſt ſie
Von entferneten Gränzen
Deiner Reiche zur Kaiſerſtadt.

Da quillt Lehre für ſie jeglicher Wiſſenſchaft,
Da wird jedes Gefühl zeitlich der Tugend wach,
Da grünt Hoffnung der Zukunft,
Deutſches Vaterland! Hoffnung dir!

Jeden löblichen Schritt, welchen ein Heldenkind
Fortgeht, zeichnet das Aug ſeiner Beherrſcherinn,
Und Ihr Zuſpruch erwecket
Rühmlich Eilender Eiferſucht.

Und am Ziele der Bahn warten Belohnungen,
Jedem Sieger beſtimmt, welcher im Frühlinge
Seines Lebens, o Weisheit!
Deinem Reize ſich ganz ergab.

Weisheit, Weisheit! wie viel biſt du Thereſien
Schuldig! Weit iſt das Reich, dem du mit Ihr gebeutſt,
Zahlreich ſind die Verehrer,
Die Sie deinen Gehägen ſchafft!

O ſo flamme den Geiſt deiner Verehrer an,
Daß ihr treffender Kiel, daß ihr beredter Mund,
Ihres Harfenſpiels Ausklang
Deine Freundinn verewigen!

Thereſia die Freygebige.

Sineds der Barde.

Zieret, eh der Herbſt euch bleichet,
Zieret Sineds Harfenſpiel,
Friſche Blätter, die der Barde
Von der ſchönſten Eiche ſchnitt,
Zu Thereſiens
Ehre ſchnitt!

Tönet, eh der Tag ſich neiget,
Durch den hohen Fürſtenſaal,
Friſche Saiten, die der Barde
Seiner Feyerharfe lobe,
Zu Thereſiens
Ehre lobe!

Von der Güte ſollt ihr tönen,
Saiten, die der Barde lobe
Von der Güte, die die Fürſtinn
Zu der nahen Aehnlichkeit
Des unendlichen
Weſens hebt.

Gütig iſt Allvater. Gnade
Geht von ſeinem Antlitz aus;
Und aus ſeinen Händen ſtrömet
Immer Segen auf die Welt.
Iſt Thereſia
Nicht ſein Bild!

Wenn aus lauen Frühlingswolken
Wachsthum und Gedeihen träuft,
Trinken nicht nur Cedernwipfel,
Und der ſonnenreiche Strauch;
Auch das niedrigſte
Veilchen trinkt.

Alſo breiten Gnadenquellen
In der Fürſtinn weites Reich
Sich von Ihres Sitzes Stufen
Durch der nächſten Diener Schaar
Bis zum fernſten
Pflüger aus.

Männern, die mit treuem Rathe
Für das allgemeine Wohl
Ihre Sorgen unterſtützten;
Die nun Laſt der Jahre beugt,
Folget reicher Lohn
Bis ins Grab.

Männern, die mit kühnem Eiſen
In das blutige Gewühl
Sich für Ihre Rechte ſtürzten;
Die nun Greiſenalter drückt,
Folget reicher Lohn
Bis ins Grab.

Männer, die für Sie zu ſterben
Wünſchten; aber unerhört
Nur mit ſchweren Wunden kehren
Aus dem Sturme wüſter Schlacht,
Danken Ihrer Huld
Troſt und Heil.

Gattinnen am frühen Steine
Der Geliebten thränenvoll,
Hilfelos, von Noth gequälet
Eilen an der Fürſtinn Herz,
Finden Linderung dort
Ihrer Noth.

Kinder, die noch unerzogen
Der Erzeuger Leichen ſahn,
Jedem Mangel hingeworfen,
Oder auch des Laſters Raub,
Rettet und verſorgt
Dieſes Herz.

Denn voll zärtlichen Erbarmens
Iſt das Herz Thereſiens.
Lange ſchuf Allvater keines
Unter Menſchenherzen ſo,
Wie von ſeiner Hand
Dieſes kam.

Kaum erreicht der Fürſtinn Erbſtuhl
Laut gerüfter Menſchlichkeit,
Fühlet Sie, gleich eignen Uebeln,
Eignem Leide, fremdes Leid;
Strecket Sie den Arm
Hilfreich aus.

Jedes fürſtliche Vermögen,
Das Ihr von dem Himmel ward,
Glaubet Sie Sich nur gegeben
Ihres Volkes Glück zu ſeyn,
Vielen Tauſenden
Wohl zu thun.

Jeder Tag mit Huld bezeichnet
Wird ein unſchätzbarer Ring
An der langen goldnen Kette,
Die von Ihren Hallen auf
Bis an deinen Sitz,
Gottheit! reicht.

Sonne blicket niemals heller
Auf den Hain, auf Dach und Flur
Als nach ſanftem Frühlingsträufeln,
Wenn ihr ſtralend Angeſicht
Jeder Tropfen ihr
Wieder giebt.

Niemal klären ſo die Freuden
Unſrer Fürſtinn Antlitz auf,
Als nach milden Herrſcherthaten,
Wenn Ihr des Begnadeten
Mund und Angeſicht
Troſt verräth.

Soll ſich mein Geſang verbreiten
In dem weiten Erbe Teuts,
Manche Stimme wird ſich heben:
„Wahrheit iſt, was Sined ſang!
Kinder! ich erfuhr,
Was er ſang.

Immer ſchwebt vor meinem Geiſte
Jener Stunde Seligkeit,
Da ich in der Tochter Habsburgs
Menſchenholden Augen ſtand,
Da ich gnadenvoll
Schied von Ihr.

Kein betrachtender Druide
Fühlt am ſtillen Hügel ſo,
Wenn er von der Sonne kehret,
Die nun mild im Weſten ſchied.
Ewig bleibt in mir
Diß Gefühl!

Kinder! dienet dieſer Fürſtinn!
Niemand dient ihr unbelohnt;
Und die Dienſte, die ihr leiſtet,
Sind das Maaß des Lohnes nicht.
Nein! des Lohnes Maaß
Iſt Ihr Herz.

Alſo tönen manche Stimmen
In dem weiten Erbe Teuts.
Bardenvolk! und ſollten dieſe
Nicht auch deine Stimme ſeyn?
Liebt und lohnet Sie
Barden nicht!

O ſo laſſet Ihren Namen,
Und die Wunder Ihrer Huld
Unſrer Harfen Arbeit bleiben,
Bis im Felde keine Spur
Unſrer Städte mehr
Sichtbar iſt.

Berg und Ebne ſoll ſie nennen,
Und des Eichenhaines Graun,
Und die Donau ſie verwälzen;
Und der Städte thürmend Haupt
Schaure jedesmal
Freudig auf.

Lehren wollen wir die Jugend
Jedes nachweltwerthes Lied,
Das uns in den Weihestunden
Von Thereſien gelang.
Durch der Jugend Mund
Leb' es fort!

Wenn im Mahle ſeiner Starken
Einſt ein Menſchenherrſcher ſitzt.
Und die Kraft des Weines kreiſet
Und der Barde dann erſteht,
Und Thereſiens
Preiſe ſingt;

Dann befeure ſich des Herſchers
Wange, dann erhebe ſich
Seine Seele zu dem großen
Wunſche, wie Thereſia,
Deutſchlands ewiger
Ruhm zu ſeyn.

Leopold, Graf von Dernath

ward im Jahre 1784 zu Wien geboren, machte als kaiſerlicher Page ſeine Studien in der Thereſianiſchen Ritterakademie mit ſolcher Auszeichnung, daß derſelbe ſchon 1803 zum Kämmerer und im Jahre 1806 zum Hofſecretair ernannt wurde. In dieſen Zeitraum fallen deſſen kleinere Aufſätze in verſchiedenen Journalen und die Herausgabe des hiſtoriſchen Schauſpieles Gonſalvo von Cordova, welches auf mehreren Bühnen mit Beifall gegeben wurde. Später hat ſich Graf von D. ganz auf ſeine Güter zurückgezogen und ſcheint ſich auf das „Otium cum dignitate“ und auf wiederholte Luſtreiſen in das Ausland zu beſchränken.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gonſalvo von Cordova. Ein hiſtoriſches Schauſpiel in fünf Aufzügen. Zweite Ausgabe. Kaſchau, 1827.

Eine ſehr gebildete Sprache, Lebendigkeit und Wahrheit des Dialogs, gute Entwickelung der Charactere und ein reges dramatiſches Intereſſe ſind lobenswerthe Eigenſchaften dieſes Schauſpiels und laſſen es lebhaft bedauern, daß der talentvolle Verfaſſer deſſelben es bei dieſem einzigen Verſuche bewenden ließ, oder die Früchte ſeiner Muße der Oeffentlichkeit vorenthält.

Die Beſchränktheit des Raums und der Umſtand, daß jede größere Mittheilung doch nur ein abgeriſſener Theil eines zuſammenhängenden Ganzen wäre, veranlaſſen uns, aus dem eben erwähnten Drama, nur folgendes äußerſt gelungene Bruchſtück (Act. 5. Sc. 8.) als Probe mitzutheilen. —

Pedro.

Triumph, Triumph, Triumph!
Mein Herr hat einen Sieg erfochten, wie
Noch keiner je erfochten ward, und wie
Auch keiner mehr erfochten werden wird.
Nun bin ich wieder jung, nun hab ich Kraft,
Ich möchte tanzen, ſpringen wie ein Knab;
Gonſalv' hat Alamar beſiegt, Gonſalv',
Gonſalvo hat geſiegt, o daß ich es
Mit einem Laut der ganzen weiten Welt
Erzählen könnte! — (Erblickt die Königin.) Glorwürd'ge Fürſtin!
Wenn ich vor ungeſtümer Freude Euch
Nicht ſah, verzeiht's dem kind'ſchen alten Mann,
Ihr hättet ſehen ſollen dieſen Kampf,
Von weitem riefen ſie ſich ſchon, doch ſo
Wie Alamar Gonſalven rief, ſo wird
Dereinſt der Engel Gottes beim Gericht
Den böſen Alamar anrufen. Als
Sie näher ſich gekommen waren, war's
Als wären alle gleich verſtimmt, gelähmt;
Denn jeglicher ließ ab vom eignen Kampf,
Und es verbreitete ſich Todtenſtille.
Sieh' da erhob die Keule Alamar,
Die tapf're Klinge ſchwang Gonſalvo hoch,
Und keiner weicht dem Schlag des andern aus,
Weil ihre Rache ihnen Zeit nicht gönnt,
Ihr Leben zu erhalten, und ſie nur
Auf die Vernichtung ihres Gegners ſich
Beſchränken. Schwer trifft beyder Streich, der Helm
Gonſalvo's iſt dahin, die Schlangenhaut,
Die der Araber ſtatt des Panzers trägt,
Durchſchnitt Gonſalvo's Schwertſtreich, Alamar
Durch ſeine Wunde ſchon geſchwächt, erliegt;
Gonſalvo hebt ihn frey und kühn empor,
Dann ſchleudert er ihn todt zur Erde hin,
Und kaum erliegt ihr Haupt, ſo unterwirft
Sich gleich der wilden Zegris ſtolzer Stamm,
Granada fällt, mein Herr erobert es.

Ewald Christian Victorin Dietrich,

als Schriftſteller gewöhnlich nur Ewald Dietrich ſich nennend, ward am 19. Juli 1785 zu Gründarn geboren, widmete ſich zuerſt dem Studium der Rechtsgelehrſamkeit, vertauſchte aber bald dieſelbe mit der Arzneiwiſſenſchaft und ging 1809 als Chirurg in ſächſiſche Kriegsdienſte. Als ſolcher begleitete er die Armee bei den Feldzügen in Polen, Rußland, den Niederlanden und Frankreich, ward 1815 Oberchirurg und trat darauf, als Sachſen einen Theil ſeiner Beſitzungen verlor, als Oberarzt in preußiſche Dienſte. Nachdem er eine Zeitlang in Scheibenberg und Moritzburg practicirt hatte, ward er 1820 Oberchirurgus in der K. Oeſtreichiſchen Armee und zog mit derſelben nach Italien. — Später nahm er jedoch ſeinen Abſchied und lebte ſeitdem als Privatgelehrter und Dr. med. in Dresden.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Annaberg 1812. 2. A. Meißen, 1820.
Der Brunnen von Auſchwitz. Zittau. 1819.
Die romantiſchen Sagen des Erzgebirges. Annaberg, 1822—25. 3 Bde. (gemeinſchaftlich mit A. Tetter.)
Jutta von Duben. Pirna, 1822.
Kuno und Mathilde. Meißen, 1822.
Des Arztes Lehr- und Wanderjahre auf Reiſen und im Felde. Meißen, 1823.
Erzählungen im Kreiſe guter Kinder. Dresden, 1824.
Des Jägers Waffenglück und Minne. Dresden, 1826.
Vaterländiſche Sagen. Dresden, 1826.
Die Vorzeit oder Volks- und Ritterſagen Böhmens. Dresden 1826. 2 Thle.
Katharina della Bandiera. Meißen, 1827. 2 Thle.
Die Verlobung am Hochgerichte und des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhein. Meißen, 1829.
Die Bergchronik des K. S. Erzgebirges. Annaberg, 1818.
Die guten Brunnen von Niederzwönitz. Annaberg, 1818.
Griechenland und die Türkei. Annaberg, 1821.
Allgemeiner Haus- und Wirthſchaftsſchatz. Meißen, 1826—27. 2 Thle.
Hausarzneikunde. Meißen, 1829.
Teplitz und ſeine Umgebungen. Pirna, 1827.
Sächſiſche Vaterlandskunde. Leipzig, 1829.
Darſtellung der Heilquellen u. ſ. w. Sachſens, (gemeinſchaftlich mit F. D. Reichel) Dresden, 1824.

Ein gewandter Darſteller und Erzähler, der vorzüglich in ſeinen Volksſagen den rechten Ton zu treffen wußte; noch größeres Verdienſt erwarb er ſich jedoch durch ſeine populairen mediciniſchen und ſtatiſtiſchen Schriften.

Friedrich Diez,

ward am 15. März 1794 in Gießen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und in Göttingen von 1811 bis 1817 erſt Philologie, dann nach einjähriger Unterbrechung, durch Theilnahme an dem Feldzuge von 1814, neuere Literatur. Nachdem er von 1819 bis 1820 als Privatlehrer in Utrecht gelebt, ward er 1822 Lehrer der ſüdlichen Sprachen und 1830 ordentlicher Profeſſor der neueren Literatur an der Univerſität zu Bonn.

Er gab heraus:

Beiträge zur Kenntniß der romantiſchen Poeſie. 1tes Heft. Berlin, 1825.
Die Poeſie der Troubadours. Zwickau, 1826.
Leben und Werke der Troubadours. Zwickau, 1829.
Altſpaniſche Romanzen. Frankfurt a. M., 1818.
Altſpaniſche Romanzen, beſonders vom Cid u. ſ. w. Berlin, 1821.
Grammatik der romaniſchen Sprachen. 1r. Th. Bonn, 1836.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher als geiſtreicher Kenner der ſüdlichen Literaturen des Mittelalters, der das ſeltene Talent beſitzt, die Ergebniſſe ſeiner gelehrten Forſchungen auf eine eben ſo geſchmackvolle als feine und allgemein faßliche Weiſe darzuſtellen und deſſen Schriften jedem Gebildeten, vorzüglich aber jungen Gelehrten als Muſter zu empfehlen ſind, wie in unſern Zeiten die Wiſſenſchaft zu behandeln ſey. D. Verdienſte und ſchriftſtelleriſche Eigenſchaften würden in Deutſchland noch weit mehr Anerkennung gefunden haben, wenn das Feld, deſſen Bearbeitung er ſich vorzugsweiſe widmete, nicht der größern Menge zu ferne läge. Als Ueberſetzer provenzaliſcher Lieder und ſpaniſcher Romanzen hat er ſich ebenfalls durch Gründlichkeit, Geſchmack, Herrſchaft über die Sprache und Wohllaut höchſt vortheilhaft ausgezeichnet.

Peire Vidal.*)

Die provenzaliſche Nachricht über dieſen merkwürdigſten aller Hofdichter, der ungeachtet jener wunderlichen Miſchung von Geiſt und Thorheit, die ſeinen Charakter bezeichnet, in der Geſchichte der Kunſtpoeſie eine der vornehmſten Stellen einnimmt, klingt ſo abenteuerlich, daß man geneigt ſeyn könnte, ihr allen Glauben zu verſagen, wenn nicht gerade die unwahrſcheinlichſten Umſtände durch die Aeußerungen des Dichters ſelbſt oder anderer Troubadours beſtätigt würden. Vidal war der Günſtling der ausgezeichnetſten Männer und Frauen ſeiner Zeit; ſie wußten ſeine Dichtergaben zu ſchätzen, nicht ohne ſich über ſeine bis zur wirklichen Verrücktheit geſteigerte Selbſtverblendung zu beluſtigen, ſo daß er in der That die Rolle des Hofdichters und Hofnarren zugleich ſpielte. Die Doppelſeitigkeit ſeines Weſens ſpaltete die Meinungen, welche ſeine Kunſtgenoſſen über ihn hegten; bei einigen galt er geradezu für einen Narren, während die Einſichtigen das reine Metall von den Schlacken zu ſcheiden wußten. Bei den Späteren tritt ſein Anſehen ungetrübt hervor und ſie führen ihn unter den Meiſtern der Poeſie und Erotik auf. Wir verſuchen ſein Leben ſo kritiſch zu erzählen, wie möglich: bei ihm iſt es nicht der Mangel an Nachrichten, der uns in Verlegenheit ſetzt, denn ſeine Lieder ſind mit hiſtoriſchen Beziehungen überſäet, wie denn das bunte Verweben mannichfaltiger Stoffe dieſem Dichter eigenthümlich iſt — wohl aber die Schwierigkeit, in die zerſtreuten Nachrichten und Winke, die von einer unſtäten Lebensweiſe Zeugniß geben, Licht und Ordnung zu bringen.

Er war aus Toulouſe, der Sohn eines Kürſchners. Nachdem er ſich in der Kunſt des Dichtens geübt hatte, fing er an, die Höfe der Großen zu beſuchen; doch ſetzte er ſich nirgends feſt, er zog das Wanderleben vor und rühmte ſich ſeiner abenteuerlichen Lebensweiſe geradezu: es iſt daher nicht möglich, ſeinen beſtändigen Kreuz- und Querzügen zu folgen. Schon frühe ſcheint er einen großen Theil von Südfrankreich, Spanien und Oberitalien durchſtreift zu haben; zahllos ſind daher auch ſeine Liebesverbindungen.

Wir ſehen ihn zuerſt im Dienſte einer Dame zu Monteſquieu, einem Schloß im Toulouſaniſchen, allein ſie nennt er ſchon eine neue Gebieterin, in deren Liebe ihm Roſen im Froſt erſcheinen und klares Wetter bei trübem Himmel, ihre Worte ſchmecken ihm wie Honig und er nennt ſie eine Taube ohne Galle. In der letzten Strophe des Liedes, welches dieſe Lobpreiſungen enthält (P. O. 182) geſteht er zugleich ſeine Liebe zu einem jungen Fräulein von Caſtilien, das ihm mehr werth ſey, als hundert mit Gold beladene Kameele nebſt dem Reiche Manuels. Dieſer berühmte byzantiniſche Kaiſer regierte bis 1180; wahrſcheinlich iſt alſo das galante Lied noch vor dieſem Zeitpunkte entſtanden. Wenn der Dichter in dem Geleite bei dem heiligen Jakob von Compoſtella ſchwört, zu Luzia hauſe ein Michael, der den des Himmels übertreffe, ſo giebt er uns hiermit eine weitere Andeutung zur Geſchichte ſeines Lebens. Miquel von Luzia, ein angeſehener ſpaniſcher Edelmann, gehörte zu der nächſten Umgebung des Königs Alfons II. von Aragon; er fiel nachher unter den Fahnen Petro's in der Schlacht bei Muret. Wir vermuthen aus dieſer Stelle, daß Vidal ſchon damals Catalonien und den Hof des Königs von Aragon geſehen hatte.

Dieſem warmen Verehrer und mächtigen Beſchützer der Dichtkunſt bringt der Troubadour bei mehreren Gelegenheiten ſeine Huldigungen dar, ja er ſtand mit ihm in unmittelbarer Berührung und nahm den lebhafteſten Antheil an ſeinen Unternehmungen. Auch der Hof des Königs von Caſtilien wurde von ihm beſucht; er, der Bürgersſohn, nannte ſich ſogar den Hofritter des Königs, und zwar in einer ſeiner bekannteſten Canzonen, die von einem andern Dichter als muſterhaft hervorgehoben wird. „Um euretwillen — ſagt Vidal zu einer gefeierten Hofdame — liebe ich das Narbonneſiſche nebſt Molina und Saverdun ſo wie Caſtilien und den edlen König Alfonſo, deſſen Ritter ich bin um euretwillen." Daß er den Ritterſchlag wirklich empfangen habe, brauchen wir bei ihm nicht vorauszuſetzen; auch ſagt der Mönch von Montaudon, Vidal habe ſich ſelbſt zum Ritter geſchlagen. In dieſer Canzone wird das Betragen der Genueſer gerühmt, die ſtets höflich ſeien und ſich nur gegen ihre Feinde ſtolz zeigten.

Zunächſt verſuchte ſich Vidal in Dienſten des Vizgrafen von Marſeille, Barral von Baux, deſſen Gunſt auch der Troubadour Folquet von Marſeille genoß. Wir ſehen ihn an dem Hofe dieſes Großen ungefähr ſeit dem Jahre 1180. Ihn bezauberte Barral's Gattin Azalais von Roquemartine, welche Folquet unter dem Namen Magnet feierte. Dieſe Frau iſt faſt nur aus der Geſchichte der provenzaliſchen Poeſie bekannt; indeſſen iſt es gewiß, daß ſie Barral's erſte Gattin war, der ſie kurz vor ſeinem Tode verließ, um mit Maria, Tochter Wilhelms VIII. von Montpellier, ein neues Eheband zu knüpfen. Vidal wurde der Liebling des Hofes und beſonders liebte ihn der Vizgraf; ihrem Gatten zu Gefallen zeigte ſich auch Azalais freundlich gegen ihn und that ihm die ſchönſten Verſprechungen, die der arme Sänger zu ernſtlich nahm.

In einer Canzone klagt er daher über ihre Wortbrüchigkeit und wünſcht, ſie möge ſich, ſtatt ihn mit ſüßen Mienen zu locken, lieber gleich anfangs hartherzig gezeigt haben; er verhalte ſich gegen ſie, wie ein verrückter Hirt, der einem ſchönen Hügel flehe. Das Lied iſt an die Königin von Aragon gerichtet, die in einer eigenen Strophe gelobt wird; ohne Zweifel iſt Sancha gemeint, Tochter Alfonſos VIII. von Caſtilien, ſeit 1174 an Alfons II. von Arragon vermählt. Ihm, dem erhabenſten der Könige, ſagt der Dichter, gebühre wohl eine ſolche Gattin. Für Alfons ergriff er nun auch die Waffe des Sirventes; eins dieſer Lieder kann zur Charakteriſtik ſeines Verfaſſers dienen.

„Hätte ich nur ein gutes Kampfroß — hebt er an (P. O. 187) — wie wollte ich meine Feinde jagen! Sie fürchten mich mehr ſchon bei dem Klange meines Namens, als die Wachteln den Sperber, und geben keinen Pfennig für ihr Leben; denn ſie kennen meine Stärke und meinen Ungeſtüm."

„Hätte ich nur einen ſchlanken Renner, der König ſollte ruhig ſchlafen; ich wollte Provence und Montpellier in Ordnung halten, daß die Räuber und Freibeuter Venaiſſin und Crau nicht mehr ausplündern ſollten!"

Es iſt zu erinnern, daß der ewige Krieg zwiſchen Alfons und dem Grafen von Toulouſe ganze Schaaren von Räubern in das Land gezogen hatte; Raimund bediente ſich ihrer ſogar gegen ſeinen Feind; Graf Wilhelm VIII. von Montpellier aber war mit Alfons verbündet.

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*) Aus: D's. Leben und Werke der Troubadours. Zwickau 1829.

„Wenn ich — fährt der Dichter fort — meinen blanken Küraß angelegt und das Schwert, das mir Guige neulich gab, umgegürtet habe, ſo bebt die Erde unter meinen Füßen. Ich habe keinen noch ſo mächtigen Feind, der mir nicht die Straße und den Weg überließe, ſo ſehr fürchtet man mich, wenn man meine Fußtritte hört."

„An Kühnheit bin ich ein Roland und Olivier, an Artigkeit ein Berart von Montdidier; man lobt mich, weil ich mich edel benehme. Oftmals kommen mir Boten mit goldenen Ringen, mit weißen und ſchwarzen Bändern, mit Grüßen, die mein ganzes Herz entzücken."

„Wenn ich die Zänker und Verläumder einmal erreiche, die mit falſchen Rathſchlägen anderer Klugheit verderben und jedes Vergnügen offen und heimlich zu Grunde richten, ſo ſollen ſie erfahren, von welcher Art die Streiche ſind, die ich austheile. Hätten ſie Hälſe von Eiſen oder Stahl, ſie nützten ihnen keine Pfauenfeder."

„In allen Dingen erſcheine ich als Ritter, ja ich bin es und kenne die Kunſt der Minne und alles, was zu Liebſchaften gehört; nie gab es im Schlafgemach einen angenehmeren, nie in den Waffen einen grimmigeren und überlegeneren Mann! Mancher fürchtet mich, der mich weder ſieht, noch hört."

„Wenn der König wieder vor Toulouſe auf dem Kampfplatz erſcheint, und der Graf mit ſeinen elenden Schützen auszieht und alle das Schlachtgeſchrei erheben, ſo weiß ich gewiß, ich werde den erſten Streich thun, und nicht eher ruhen, als bis ſie haufenweiſe hinein fliehen, ich hinterher, wenn man die Pforte nicht verſchließt."

Dieſes letzte zeigt, daß das Gedicht nach dem Jahr 1181 geſchrieben iſt: denn damals war Alfons in das Toulouſaniſche eingefallen, hatte mehrere Schlöſſer erobert und ſich ſelbſt vor den Mauern von Toulouſe gelagert. Das Gedicht iſt Vierna, d. h. (wenn wir richtig vermuthen) der Vizgräfin von Marſeille zugeeignet.

Was des Dichters eingebildete Unwiderſtehlichkeit bei den Frauen betrifft, — anderswo ſagt er, die Ehemänner fürchteten ihn mehr, als Feuer und Schwert — ſo iſt es nur zu wahrſcheinlich, was die Lebensnachricht verſichert, daß dieſe ihn zum Beſten hatten, und ſelbſt Adalaſia möchte von dieſem Vorwurf nicht zu befreien ſein. Vidals Prahlſucht in dieſem Punkte aber verwickelte ihn einmal in ein unglückliches Abentheuer. Zu St. Gilles gab er ſich für den Liebhaber einer Edelfrau aus; der beleidigte Gatte ließ den Unvorſichtigen ergreifen und ihm eine ſymboliſche Strafe leiden, indem er ihm die Zunge durchbohren ließ; die Lebensnotiz ſpricht von Abſchneiden. Der Mönch von Montauden erwähnt der Sache gleichfalls, indem er ſagt, Vidal habe ſeine Glieder nicht mehr ganz, ihm thue eine Zunge von Silber noth.

Adalaſia war nicht die einzige, bei welcher Peire den Liebhaber machte; er erwähnt mehrerer Liebeshändel, die zum Theil in dieſen Abſchnitt ſeines Lebens fallen. Zufolge eines Liedes (P. O. 189) beſuchte er das albigenſiſche Gebiet, wo ihn ein böſer Schütze in dem Schloſſe Gaillac ſchwer verwundete. Er begab ſich hierauf nach dem Bezirk Carcaſſonne; dort rühmt er die Schlöſſer Gaillac, Fanjau, welches ihm ein Paradies ſcheint, und Montrial, das er ein kaiſerliches Schloß nennt. Hier und anderswo preiſt er die Höflichkeit der Ritter und Frauen von Carcaſſonne; der Vizgraf Roger II. (1167 — 1194) ſcheint einen glänzenden Hof unterhalten zu haben, ſeine Gattin Adalaſia iſt als Beſchützerin Arnaut's von Maruell bekannt; unter den Baronen der Gegend wird Bertrand von Saiſſac als Dichterfreund gerühmt.

Einer der Frauen von Carcaſſonne gedenkt Vidal hier mit Auszeichnung, ihr ſüßes Lächeln wohnt in ſeinem Herzen. Er nennt ſie Loba (Wölfin), und die Handſchriften verſichern in dem Leben Raimon's von Miraval, der ſie gleichfalls beſang, ſie ſey die Tochter des R. (Raimund) von Penautier und die Gattin eines angeſehenen Ritters von Cabaret geweſen. Dieſe reizende Frau machte einen merklichen Eindruck auf Vidal; ſpäter wurde er um ihretwillen zum Narren. Am Schluſſe des Liedes ſagt er dem Carcaſſonne Lebewohl und erklärt, zu Barral zurückkehren zu wollen; die Provenzalen, mit welchen kein anderes Volk ſich vergleichen könne, ſollten ihn wieder beſitzen.

In der Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte finden wir noch eine Canzone, die er wahrſcheinlich damals auf dem Rückwege nach Marſeille dichtete: er tadelt die Barone als Verläumder, die nach ſeinem Verderben trachteten; er freut ſich, eine redliche Freundin (Adalaſia?) gefunden zu haben; er bedauert den Verfall der Hoffeſte und der Gaſtfreiheit und kommt endlich auf ſeinen Lieblingsgegenſtand, ſein eigenes Ich.

„Ich finde mein Herz erhoben, denn Barral wird mich wieder haben, gelobt ſei Gott und wer mich erzog! Ich bin von der Art, daß mir täglich tauſend Grüße aus Catalonien und Lombardei zukommen, denn von Tag zu Tag erhebt ſich mein Ruhm und faſt ſtirbt der König (Alfons II.?) vor Neid; denn mit Frauen treibe ich meine Luſt und meinen Scherz."

„Es iſt bewieſen und bekannt, wie ritterlich und wacker ich bin, und da der Herr mich ſo erhoben hat, ſo darf ich mich nicht unwürdig benehmen. Hundert Frauen kenne ich, die mich bei ſich haben möchten, wenn ſie mich kriegen könnten; ich bin einer, der ſich nie etwas einbildete, noch zu viel von ſich ſelbſt redete, aber es iſt wahr, Frauen küſſe ich und Ritter ſtrecke ich zu Boden."

„Gar manches herrliche Turnier habe ich auseinander geſprengt; denn ich theile ſo tödtliche Streiche aus, daß alles ruft: das iſt Herr Peire Vidal! er, der Frauendienſt und Liebeshändel aufrecht hält und ſeiner Freundin zu Liebe edle Thaten vollbringt; er, der Schlachten und Turniere mehr liebt, als der Mönch das Brot; ihm dünkt es ungeziemend, zu lange an einem Orte zu weilen!"

Er wanderte alſo wieder nach Marſeille und verſuchte ſein Glück von neuem bei Adalaſia, die ſeine Lobgedichte doch nicht ungern hören mochte. Allein an einen andern Lohn, als den, welchen die Hofdichter für ihre Arbeiten gewöhnlich empfingen, war bei ihr nicht zu denken. Vidal beſchwert ſich daher in einer Canzone, daß ihr keins ſeiner Werke gefalle, daß ſie ihn weder ſehen noch hören wolle; gleichwohl könne er ſie nicht verlaſſen, und werde es machen wie der luſtige Pilger, der bitte und bitte, und aus dem kalten Schnee entſtehe zuletzt der Kryſtall, aus dem man brennendes Feuer ziehe — ein auch von andern benutzter Zug aus der fabelhaften Naturgeſchichte des Mittelalters. Die Zuſchrift lautet an den Grafen von Poitiers. „Ueber euch" — ruft der Dichter aus — „beklage ich mich bei Gott, und Gott bei mir; er wegen ſeines Kreuzes und ich wegen meines Geldes." Das Lied muß alſo gleich nach 1187, wo Richard noch als Graf von Poitiers das Kreuz nahm, ohne den Zug anzutreten, geſchrieben ſein. Dieſe Stelle giebt uns zugleich einen Fingerzeig, daß Vidal eine Zeit lang in Richards Dienſt geſtanden hatte, oder auf irgend eine Weiſe für ihn thätig geweſen war. Das Gedicht ſchließt mit einem Lobſpruch auf den Grafen.

Eines Tages, erzählt die Lebensnachricht, als Vidal wußte, daß Barral aufgeſtanden und die Dame allein in ihrer Kammer war, trat er herein an ihr Bett. Als er bemerkte, daß ſie ſchlief, kniete er vor ihr nieder und küßte ſie. Sie erwachte und in der Meinung, es ſei ihr Gatte geweſen, lächelte ſie und erhob ſich aus dem Bette. Da erkannte ſie den thörichten Hofdichter und fing an zu ſchreien und zu rufen. Bei dem Lärm ſtürzten ihre Mädchen herbei; man ruft den Vizgrafen, allein Vidal hatte ſich davon gemacht. Adalaſia erhob vor ihrem Gemahl die bitterſte Klage gegen den verwegenen Troubadour, und bat mit weinenden Augen um Genugthuung. Barral dagegen fand die Sache ſcherzhaft und tadelte ſeine Gattin, daß ſie um einer Kleinigkeit willen einen ſo großen Lärm erhob; allein er fand ſie unbeweglich, ſie beſtand auf der ſtrengſten Genugthuung. Der Frevler war unterdeſſen entſprungen und beſtieg ein Schiff, das eben nach Genua abfuhr.

Dieſer romantiſche Vorfall läßt ſich aus des Troubadours Canzonen bedeutend berichtigen. Der Raub des Kuſſes wird von ihm ſelbſt auf das wärmſte gefeiert. Eines Morgens, erzählt er, ſtahl er ſich in der Geliebten Wohnung (er wohnte alſo nicht im Schloſſe) und küßte ihr verſtohlener Weiſe Mund und Kinn. Ihr Rachedurſt und Vidals ſchnelle Flucht iſt ein verſchönernder Zuſatz des Schreibers, der nur zu geneigt war, die Geſchichte zur Novelle zu machen. Eine Canzone bezeugt, daß ſich der Dichter fortwährend in Marſeille aufhielt und ſich an Adalaſias täuſchenden Verheißungen weidete. (III. 319).

„So wie der Kranke, der in dem reichen Schloſſe liegend nie ſich beklagt, wie groß auch ſein Schmerz iſt: denn er fürchtet den Herrn zu reizen, ſo wage auch ich meinen tödtlichen Schmerz nicht auszuſprechen. Wohl muß ich Schmerz empfinden, da Sie, die ich auf dieſer Welt am meiſten liebe und verlange, ſich ſtolz gegen mich zeigt. Dennoch aus Furcht, ſie zu reizen, wage ich nicht, um ihre Gnade zu flehen."

„So wahr mir Gott helfe, meine ſchöne Herrin begeht ein peinliches Verbrechen, weil ſie mir nicht beiſteht; ſie weiß doch, daß ich in ihr mein Herz und meine Liebe habe, ſo daß ich an nichts anderes mehr denke. Gott! warum redet ſie ſo freundlich mit mir und nimmt mich ſo huldreich auf, da ſie mir doch das nicht gewährt, weßhalb ich am meiſten leide? Vielleicht denkt ſie, mich ſo zu vertreiben, allein lieber will ich dulden, wie ich ſtets geduldet habe."

„Wißt ihr, warum ich ihr eine ſo herzliche Liebe widme? Weil ich nie etwas ſo Schönes, Holdes und Gutes geſehen; es iſt mein Stolz, eine Frau zu lieben, die ſo erhaben iſt. Ach, wenn ich es erlebte, daß ſie ſich neben mir entkleidete, ich wäre glücklicher, als der Herr von Eſtduell, welcher mit Ruhm beſteht, wenn andere erſchlaffen; mehr ſage ich nicht, aber ſo denke ich von Gottfried."

„Wie einer, der ein Glasfenſter anſtarrt, daß er im Sonnenglanze ſchön findet, ſo fühle ich ſolche Süßigkeit im Herzen, wenn ich ſie betrachte, daß ich mich um ihretwillen ſelbſt vergeſſe. Wohl ſchlägt mich Liebe mit den Ruthen, die ich binde, denn einmal ſtahl ich ihr in ihrem königlichen Schloſſe einen Kuß, den mein Herz nicht vergißt. Ach wie elend lebt, wer das nicht ſieht, was ihm lieb iſt!“

Der Dichter würzt ſeine Minnelieder gern mit politiſchen Rügen; dießmal ſchließt er mit einem Blick auf Spanien.

„Den vier Königen von Spanien ſteht es übel, daß ſie keinen Frieden unter ſich halten können; denn ſonſt ſind ſie von großen Vorzügen, offen und bieder, höflich und redlich, nur ſollten ſie ſich vereinigen und ihre Waffen gegen jenes Volk richten, das unſer Geſetz verwirft, bis ganz Spanien eines Glaubens wäre.“

Bald nachher verbannte ihn Azalaïs, welcher ſeine Huldigungen läſtig werden mochten, aus ihrem Angeſicht und nun begab er ſich zur See, wie uns berichtet wird, nach Genua. Dort blieb aber die Vizgräfin, für die er doch eine herzliche Neigung gefaßt haben muß, der Gegenſtand ſeiner Wünſche und Klagen. Ein Lied, welches damals entſtanden zu ſeyn ſcheint, möge in getreuer Ueberſetzung hier ſtehen; das Ganze haucht Sehnſucht nach Azalaïs Heimath Provence, die hier nach allen Weltgegenden eng abgegrenzt wird. (III. 318).

Aus der Luft ſaug' ich Erquicken,
Die mein Land Provence ſendet,
Alles freut mich, was es ſpendet,
Ja, ich höre mit Entzücken,
Was man Gutes von ihm ſpricht,
Frage und ermüde nicht:
So kann mich ſein Lob erfreuen.

Solch' ein Land hat's nie gegeben,
Wie vom Rhonestrom nach Vence
Und vom Meer bis zur Durance,
Noch ein ſo vergnügliches Leben.
Drum ließ ich in lauter Glück
Froh mein Herz bei Ihr zurück,
Die den Trübſinn kann zerſtreuen.

Nichts darf uns des Tags beſchweren,
Wo wir ihrer uns beſonnen,
Da ſie Urquell aller Wonnen,
Und wer redet ihr zu Ehren,
Ihr, der beſten ohne Streit
Und der ſchönſten weit und breit,
Was er ſagt, er kann nicht lügen.

Was ich dicht' und ſonſt vollbringe,
Ihr verdank' ich's, da ſie Kenntniß
Mir verliehen und Verſtändniß;
Darum bin ich froh und ſinge,
Und was Schönes mir gelingt,
Selbſt was mir das Herz durchdringt,
Dank ich ihren holden Zügen.

Seine Abweſenheit ſcheint von kurzer Dauer geweſen zu ſeyn, wiewohl die Lebensnachricht ihn von Italien aus mit Richard Löwenherz nach dem heiligen Lande ziehen und nach einem „langen Aufenthalte“ daſelbſt auf Barral's Ruf nach Marſeille zurückkehren läßt, ohne Rückſicht darauf, daß Richard 1190 ſeinen Kreuzzug antrat, und Barral 1192 ſtarb. Wir ſetzen ſeine Rückkehr mit größerem Rechte auf das Jahr 1189, indem wir ein Lied, worin er ſagt: Liebe habe ihn auch über dem Meere erreicht, drum ſey er zurückgekehrt, um vor Kummer und Schmerz zu ſterben, wenn die Freude ihm nicht beiſtehe, auf ſein Verhältniß zu Azalaïs und die Worte der Zuſchrift: „Herr Graf von Poitiers, es freut mich, daß ihr die höchſte Stufe erſtiegen habt“ auf Richards Thronbeſteigung (1189) beziehen; Barral, der des Troubadours Geſellſchaft nicht entbehren konnte, möchte ſeine Gattin verſöhnt und ihn aus Italien zurückgerufen haben. Außer ſich vor Freuden feierte dieſer ſeine Rückkehr in mehreren werthvollen Liedern.

„Da ich nach Provence zurückgekehrt bin — hebt eins derſelben an (III. 321) — und meine Dame ſich deſſen freut, ſo muß ich wohl edle Canzonen dichten, ſey es auch nur aus Dankbarkeit: mit Dienſt und Ehrenbezeigung erringt man ſtets des guten Gebieters Gaben, Wohlthaten und Ehren, die wir ſchätzen müſſen; drum will ich mich deren befleißen.“

„Nun habe ich einen Fehltritt gethan, drum darf ich hoffen, daß die Unterhandlungen mir zum Vortheil ausſchlagen, da das Gute ſo ſchön anfängt. An mir können ſich alle Liebenden [illegible], wenn ſie ſehen, wie ich durch angeſtrengte Mühe helles Feuer aus kaltem Schnee und ſüßes Waſſer aus dem Meere gewinne.“ …

„Wer langes Harren tadelt, verſündigt ſich; haben die Bretonen doch jetzt ihren Artus, dem ſie Treue gelobt hatten. Auch ich habe durch langes Warten große Wonne errungen; früher ſtahl ich ihr im Drang der Liebe einen Kuß; jetzt muß ſie mir einen bewilligen.“

„Ohne Verbrechen that ich Buße, ohne Unrecht bat ich um Gnade, aus einem Nichts mache ich ein freundliches Geſchenk, aus Unwillen ziehe ich Wohlwollen, vollkommene Freude aus Thränen, ſüßes Behagen aus Leiden; ich bin kühn aus Furcht, weiß im Verlieren zu gewinnen und ſchon beſiegt zu überwinden.“

Schließlich wendet er ſich an den Vizgraf, den er nach der Verſicherung der Lebensnachricht Rainier nannte.

„Lieber Rainier, bei meiner Treue ich kenne nicht euren Gleichen; alle wackern Barone ſind wacker, weil ihr es ſeyd, und da Gott euch ohne Gleich erſchuf und mich zu eurem Diener beſtimmte, ſo will ich euch dienen mit Lob und allem, was in meinen Kräften ſteht, Rainier, denn ihr ſeyd ohne Gleichen.“

Azalaïs ließ ſich endlich bewegen, ihm mit Barral's Bewilligung den erſehnten Kuß zu geben. Er drückt ſeine Freude darüber in einer künſtlich eingerichteten Canzone aus, worin gewiſſe Reimwörter ſich in allen Strophen wiederholen. Er beſingt hier ſein inneres Aufblühen, ſeit Vierna, die lieblichſte unter dem Himmel, (provenzaliſch: unter Gott, ähnlich ſub divo) ihm ihre Huld wiedergeſchenkt hat und nennt die Blätter und Blüthen ſeines Herzens dauernder, als die der Natur.

Wenn ſich Peire Vidal wirklich, wie uns berichtet wird, dem Kreuzzuge Richards angeſchloſſen, ſo muß dieß ſchon im Sommer des folgenden Jahres in Marſeille geſchehen ſeyn, wo ſich der engliſche König mit ſeiner Macht einſchiffte. Wir dürfen annehmen, daß Richard den Troubadour perſönlich kannte. Von den Thaten des Letzteren iſt wenig zu ſagen; weiter als Cypern folgte er dem Zuge nicht. Dort aber vermählte er ſich, dem Berichte zufolge, mit einer Griechin und kehrte ſofort nach Europa zurück. Man wußte ihn zu überreden, ſeine Gattin ſey die Tochter des Kaiſers von Conſtantinopel und gebe ihm Anſprüche auf den griechiſchen Thron. Dieſe Anſprüche beſchloß er zu verfolgen, er ſparte jeden Pfennig zur Ausrüſtung einer Flotte, nahm einſtweilen das kaiſerliche Wappen an, ließ ſich Kaiſer nennen und bediente ſich eines Thrones. Dieſe ziemlich gemeine Poſſe beſtätigt ein Sirventes, das der italieniſche Markgraf Lanza gegen den Prätendenten ſchleuderte. (V. 208).

„Wir haben einen Kaiſer ohne Vernunft, Verſtand und Beſinnung. Nie hat ein ſolcher Trunkenbold auf dem Throne geſeſſen, nie ein ſolcher Feigling Schild und Lanze geführt, nie ein ſolcher Wicht Sporen angeſchnallt, nie ein ſolcher Schelm Verſe und Canzonen gemacht, es fehlt noch daß er mit Steinen um ſich wirft.“

„Man ſollte ihm den Kopf mit dem Degen ſpalten, ihm den Bauch mit ſtählernem Speer durchbohren und ihm die Augen mit Haken ausreißen; dann ſollte man ihm Wein geben und zur Auszeichnung einen alten ſcharlachrothen Hut ohne Bänder aufſetzen; ſeine Lanze müßte ein langer Stecken ſeyn, ſo könnte er aber von hier nach Frankreich wandern.“

Dieſen liebreichen Gruß beantwortete Vidal in gleichem Tone; er wirft dem Gegner Armuth und Elend vor und vergleicht ihn mit dem Buben, der alle Scham verloren habe und auf offener Straße thue, was ihm einfalle. (V. 340).

Unterdeſſen (1192) war Barral geſtorben. Der Troubadour gab ſein Verhältniß zu Azalaïs auf und wandte ſich wieder nach Carcaſſonne, wo ihn beſonders Loba von Penautier anzog. Um ihretwillen ließ er ſich Wolf nennen, ja in einem Anfall von Narrheit kleidete er ſich in ein Wolfsfell und ließ ſich in dem Gebirge von Cabaret von den Hirten mit Hunden jagen; dieſe aber ſpielten ihm ſo übel mit, daß er für todt in Loba's Wohnung getragen wurde; der Herr von Cabaret, Loba's Gatte, nahm ſich ſeiner an, ſchickte nach einem Arzt und ließ ihn heilen. Kaum ſollte man dieſe Stelle der Lebensnachricht glauben, wenn nicht auch Matfre Ermengaus in ſeinem Breviari d'amor, welches 1257 angefangen wurde, dieſen Vorfall erzählte, ja Vidal ſelbſt ſcheint ihn deutlich zu verſichern, indem er in einer Canzone (III. 305) ſagt: „Ihr mögt mich Wolf nennen, ich nehme dies für keinen Schimpf; die Hirten mögen mich anſchreien oder Jagd auf mich machen. Wälder und Gebüſche ſind mir lieber als Paläſte und Häuſer; in Wind, Froſt und Schnee lebe ich mit Freuden.“ Im Eingang drückt der Dichter ſeinen Schmerz über ſeinen Herrn den treuen aus, und erklärt, nur die Bitten des Königs von Aragon könnten ihn zum Geſang bewegen; der Graf von Toulouſe Raimund V. ſtarb 1194.

Daß Vidal mitten in ſeinen Verirrungen Dichter blieb und ſich ſelbſt zu weſentlichen [illegible] zu erheben vermochte, bezeugen mehrere Rügelieder. Unter dieſen finden wir eins von umfaſſenderem Inhalt, das zu Anfang 1194 oder noch 1193 entſtanden ſeyn muß, da der Gefangenſchaft Richards als noch dauernd gedacht wird. Nach einem allgemeinen Eingang heißt es hier (IV. 105):

„In ſolches Elend haben die Apoſtel (die Päpſte) und falſchen Doctoren die heilige Kirche verſetzt, daß ſie Gottes Zorn reizen; durch ihre Thorheit und ihr ſündiges Leben haben ſie die Ketzerei hervorgerufen; da die Sünde von ihnen ſelbſt ausgeht, ſo iſt es ſchwer, ihr zu widerſtehen, doch ich will kein Ankläger ſeyn."

„Das ganze Unheil kommt aus Frankreich von denen ſelbſt, die ſonſt die Beſten waren; denn der König iſt nicht treu noch wahrhaftig gegen Gott und Ehre; er hat den Graf im Stich gelaſſen, kauft, verkauft und ſchachert wie ein Knecht oder Krämer, darum ſind ſeine Franzoſen beſchimpft."

„Die Welt geht quer, war ſie geſtern ſchlecht, ſo iſt ſie heute noch ſchlechter. Seitdem er das Gottesgeleite brach, haben wir nicht gehört, daß der Kaiſer an Ruhm und Hoheit zugenommen, und doch wenn er Richard wie ein Narr entſchlüpfen läßt, da er ihn einmal gefangen hält, ſo werden ihn die Engländer auslachen."

„Auch über Spaniens Könige habe ich zu klagen, weil ſie ſich ſelbſt bekriegen und den Mohren aus Furcht röthliche und braune Pferde ſenden: ſie haben den Hochmuth ihrer Feinde verdoppelt und ſie ſelbſt ſind beſiegt worden; beſſer wäre es, ſie hielten Frieden, Treue und Glauben unter ſich."

Nachdem der Troubadour den Fürſten dieſe Strafpredigt gehalten, gedenkt er ſeiner Geliebten in Ehren: „Wollt ihr wiſſen, wo ſie iſt — fährt er fort — fragt in der Gegend von Carcaſſonne."

Plötzlich erblicken wir ihn auf einem andern Schauplatz, in Montferrat an dem Hofe des freigebigen Markgrafen von Bonifaz. Mit ihm beginnt eine Canzone, allein der Dichter erklärt ſogleich die lügenhaften Sänger, die nur in dieſem Punkte wahr ſeyen, hätten deſſen Lob bereits erſchöpft, ſo daß er nichts weiter über ihn zu ſagen wiſſe. Wenn er nunmehr bemerkt, der König von Aragon habe ihm ſeine Freude geraubt, ſonſt würde er ſich mit den Frauen von Carcaſſonne unterhalten, ſo iſt dieß eine räthſelhafte Antwort auf unſere Frage, was ihn von Loba vertrieben habe. Indeſſen gefällt er ſich in der Lombardei, man nennt ihn cor messier, und ſchon ſingt er eine neue Freundin, gegen deren Augenpfeile es keinen Schild giebt, und deren Vorzüge ſich in dem Maße vervielfältigen, wie die Rechnung des Schachbretts.

Auch in Italien, dem Vaterlande der Politik, vergaß er die Welthändel nicht. In einem Sirventes jubelt er über den Sieg, welchen Piſa über das ſtolze Genua davon getragen. Der Haß zwiſchen beiden Freiſtaaten, der durch den Wetteifer im Handel erzeugt, durch den Streit über den Beſitz von Sardinien geſteigert worden, entbrannte ſeit Heinrichs VI. Eroberung von Sicilien (1194) in hellen Flammen. Damals errangen die Piſaner, die bei dem kaiſerlichen Hofe beſſer angeſchrieben waren, manche Vortheile über die Genueſer, ſo daß der Podeſta der letzteren vor Kummer darüber ſtarb; allein bald darauf (1195) rächten ſich die Genueſer auf das nachdrücklichſte. Die Deutſchen, welche der Troubadour in Italien Gelegenheit hatte kennen zu lernen, findet er unhöflich, ihre Rede gleich dem Hundegebell, er möchte drum nicht Herr von Friesland ſeyn, (das er unter allen deutſchen Ländern wegen ſeines Reichthums hervorzuheben ſcheint); er zieht es vor, unter den Lombarden, in der Nähe ſeiner blonden Dame zu leben. Ihm gehört Montferrat und Mailand, drum kann er Allemannen und Deutſchen, wie er ſagt, Hohn ſprechen; ja er wünſcht, daß Richard von England zur Rache wegen ſeiner Haft das Reich Palermo und Friesland umſtoßen möge. Er fügt die räthſelhaften Worte hinzu: „Von mir ſelbſt kann ich ſagen, wenn es um des Markgrafen willen nicht wäre, ich ſchätze ein zerriſſenes Hemd keine fünf Mark." Hier, wie anderwärts, zeigt ſich Vidal als den Gegner der Deutſchen; es war die Wirkung ſeines Aufenthaltes in Italien, wo Heinrich IV. Freunde wie Feinde mit grauſamer Politik mißhandelte. Nachdem der Dichter ſich noch einmal Glück gewünſcht hat, daß Gott und Sanct Julian und das ſüße Land Canavez (in Montferrat) ihn herberge, ſo daß er nicht wieder nach Provence noch zum König Alfons zurück verlange, ſondern hier dem Dienſt der Schönſten ſeine Verſe und Canzonen widmen wolle, äußert er den Wunſch, Mailand und Pavia möchten ſich vereinigen und die Lombardei ſich vor den Freibeutern ſicher ſtellen. „Lombarden — ruft er am Schluß — denkt, als Apulien erobert ward, an das Schickſal der Barone, wie man ſie in die Macht von Buben gab; mit euch kann man noch ſchlimmer verfahren."

Vidals Aufenthalt in der Lombardei war nicht von Dauer. Alle Reize, welche dieſer für die Dichtkunſt ſo günſtige Boden enthielt, konnten den unruhigen Sänger nicht feſſeln. Eins ſeiner Lieder iſt in Ungarn an dem Hofe des Königs Emmerich geſchrieben. Es beginnt mit dem Lobe des beſten Herrn, wodurch der Dichter ſich bewogen fand, nach Ungarn zu ziehen. Es iſt kaum zu bezweifeln, daß er Alfonſo II. meint, der 1196 ſtarb; Emmerich, der in demſelben Jahr den Thron beſtieg, war Alfonſos Schwiegerſohn; ſeiner Gattin Conſtanze konnte der Dichter bekannt ſeyn, und dieß war Grund genug für ihn, dieſes neue Aſyl zu ſuchen. Der König nahm ihn, nach der Canzone zu ſchließen, gütig auf, wofür ihm der Dichter verſprach, ſein Diener und Freund zu ſeyn und ſeinen Namen in aller Welt zu verbreiten. Das Lied wird über Luch zu dem Kern von guter Lehre, d. h. zu Alfonſo's Nachfolger Petrus geſendet und ſchließlich den Deutſchen ihre Undankbarkeit (gegen gewiſſe lombardiſche Städte) vorgerückt.

Wie lange ſich Vidal in Ungarn aufgehalten, erfahren wir nicht. Als ſich Bonifaz von Montferrat im Jahre 1202 zum Kreuzzug entſchloſſen hatte, erließ Vidal einen poetiſchen Aufruf zu dieſem Unternehmen (IV. 118). Gelegentlich erhebt er den König der Catalanen und Aragoneſer (Petrus II.), tadelt aber ſeine Nachſicht gegen die Hofdiener, die ſich hochmüthig und zankſüchtig bewieſen, wonach wir vermuthen, daß der Troubadour Spanien von neuem beſucht hatte.

Ein ſpäteres Gedicht iſt in einem Badeort entſtanden, vielleicht zu Aix oder Avignon. (P. O. 191). Hier freut ſich Vidal, der Ruhe zu genießen und rühmt ſich, die Herberge des Grafen Heinrich zu theilen; er nennt ihn freigebig, kühn und artig, den Stern der Genueſer, der zu Land und zu Waſſer alle ſeine Feinde in Schrecken ſetzt. Wer iſt dieſer Heinrich? Ohne Zweifel jener Graf von Malta, der 1205 als Admiral der Genueſer den Piſanern Syracus abnahm, auch ſpäter den erſteren wichtige Dienſte leiſtete. Ferner rühmt ſich Vidal der Geſellſchaft des Grafen Arman; „er beſitzt — ſagt er — die Kühnheit des Aragoneſers, die Geſelligkeit des Blaneſers, meine Artigkeit gegen Frauen und die Freigebigkeit des Königs von Leon," (Alfons IX. den er auch ſonſt erhebt). Offenbar iſt Graf Alemanni, einer der erſten genueſiſchen Staatsmänner, gemeint. In dieſer ausgezeichneten Geſellſchaft fühlte ſich der Troubadour behaglich; auch ſeinen Gönnern konnte es bei ihm nicht an Zeitvertreib fehlen. Noch hatte ihn ſeine ſeltſame Verblendung nicht verlaſſen, noch prahlt er in dieſem Gedichte: „Wenn ich bewaffnet zu Roſſe ſitze, ſo zertrete und zermalme ich alles, was mir im Wege ſteht; hundert Ritter habe ich ganz allein gefangen und hundert andern die Rüſtung abgenommen; hundert Frauen habe ich weinen und hundert andere lachen und ſcherzen gemacht."

Dieſe thörichte Einbildung, welche der Troubadour von ſich ſelbſt hegte, verließ ihn auch im Alter nicht; noch immer hoffte er die ſchönſten Frauen für ſich einzunehmen. Der Widerſpruch, welchen Sinn und Unſinn in ſeinem Charakter bildeten, bewog einen andern Dichter, Blacaz, ihn ſelbſt um die Auflöſung dieſes Räthſels zu bitten. „Verargt mir's nicht — ſagt Blacaz in einer Canzone — wenn ich euch frage, warum ihr in manchen Dingen ſo wenig Verſtand zeigt und doch im Dichten Verſtand und Geſchick beſitzet? Wer im Alter noch, wie in der Jugend, ſeine Hoffnung auf hohe Frauen richtet, der iſt übler dran, als wenn er nie geboren wäre." In der Antwort beſchwert ſich Vidal über die ungeziemende Frage, behauptet aber den Satz, daß er in allen Dingen klug und gewandt ſey und auch in der Liebe noch Glück zu machen hoffe. (IV. 23). Später lieferte Zorgi ein ganzes Sirventes zu Vidals Rechtfertigung. „Die allergrößte Thorheit begeht — ſagt er hier — wer Peire Vidal einen Thoren nennt, denn ohne wahren Verſtand könnte man ſeine Verſe nicht hervorbringen." Dieſes Urtheil wird nun mit Sentenzen aus einer Canzone des Angeſchuldigten belegt. (P. O. 214).

Peire Vidal gehört unter die fruchtbarſten Troubadours; von ſeinen Liedern haben ſich ungefähr ſechzig erhalten. Doch müſſen wir ihm einige der ihm zugeſchriebenen Lieder abſprechen, wenn wir nicht annehmen wollen, daß er hundert Jahre erreicht und in dieſem Alter immer noch gedichtet habe. Das eine (P. O. 190) ſingt das Lob Spaniens und des Königs und Kaiſers Alfonſos; der Verfaſſer nennt ſich zwar hier alt, arm und gebrechlich, allein gleichwohl paßt das Lied nicht in Peire Vidals Lebenszeit, denn Alfons wurde erſt 1257 zum deutſchen Kaiſer erwählt. — In einem andern Liede wird Alfons getadelt, weil er den Pfaffen vertraut, von falſchen Rathgebern bewogen die Fahne des Kaiſerthumes ergriff und den Dürftigen ſeine Hände nicht öffnet. Noch härter wird der franzöſiſche König (Ludwig IX.) angegriffen: er, den man für gerecht halte, tauge wenig und ſpende wenig. Dagegen wird König Manfred gerühmt: er habe den Clerus überwunden, Toscana habe ſeine Macht erfahren und in kurzem werde auch Genua ſie erfahren. (V. 360). Michael IV. nämlich Deſpot von Aetolien, Epirus und Corfu, Manfreds Schwiegervater war von dem Kaiſer von Nicäa, Michael Comnenus Paläologus geſchlagen worden und kam (1260) Hülfe flehend zu Manfred. Man möchte wohl glauben, daß dieſer ihn rächen würde, allein Italien machte ihm zu viel zu ſchaffen. Noch wird unſerm Troubadour ein halbes Sirventes zugeſchrieben, das gleichfalls Manfred's Ehre ſingt. (IV. 186). Der Verfaſſer frohlockt über die Niederlage der ſtolzen Florentiner. „Ha, König Manfred — ruft er aus — ihr ſeid ſo mächtig, daß ich den für thöricht halte, der mit euch anbindet! Hat doch ein einziger eurer Barone die Florentiner zu Boden geſchlagen! Schwerlich möchte einer auf freiem Felde oder im Gebirge euch fortan Hohn ſprechen: auch rathe ich es denen vom Capitol nicht, daß ſie gegen euch ausziehen." Die Begebenheit iſt kurz folgende. Die Ghibellinen von Florenz hatten ſich nach Siena zurückziehen müſſen; dieſe Stadt wurde daher von Florenz gedrängt. Auf den Rath des durch Dante's Hölle berühmten Farinata degli Uberti, des Oberhauptes der Flüchtlinge, ſchicken dieſe eine Geſandtſchaft an Manfred und bitten um Hülfe. Der König ſchickt ihnen erſt hundert Deutſche, die nach einer großen Heldenthat aufgerieben werden, ſodann den Grafen Giordano da Anglone mit 800 Pferden, wozu ihre eigene Macht ſammt der von Siena und Piſa kam. Nun läßt Farinata die Florentiner benachrichtigen, die Saneſer würden ihnen für eine Geldſumme eins der Thore öffnen; wirklich nähern ſie ſich mit einer Macht von wenigſtens 30,000 Mann und leiden, bei Montaperti überfallen, eine furchtbare Niederlage, 4. September 1260. Kurz nachher zieht der Graf mit den Vertriebenen in Florenz ein.

Peire Vidal hat ſich auch im Fach der erzählenden Dichtkunſt verſucht und auch hier Talent gezeigt. Einer ganz hübſchen allegoriſchen Novelle, in welcher Liebe, Gnade, Scham und Redlichkeit perſonificirt erſcheinen, fehlt leider der Schluß; eine kürzere, verlorene Erzählung findet ſich in altitaliäniſcher Ueberſetzung oder Bearbeitung; eine dritte ihm zugleich zugeſchriebene ſcheint nicht ihm, ſondern Raimon Vidal zu gehören.

Guſtav Friedrich Dinter,

ein um die Volksbildung in Deutſchland, vorzüglich in Preußen und Sachſen, hochverdienter vortrefflicher Mann. Er ward am 29. Februar 1760 zu Borna in Sachſen geboren, erhielt ſeine Vorbildung auf der hohen Schule in Grimma und ſtudirte dann in Leipzig Theologie. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn wurde er Prediger in Kitſcher bei Borna, dann 1797 Seminar-Director zu Dresden und ſpäter Pfarrer in Görnitz. Am erſteren Orte ſchon begann er ſich vorzüglich dem Berufe zu weihen, zu dem ihn eigene Neigung, ſo wie das Bedürfniß ſeiner Zeit und ſeines Landes beſonders hinlenkten, der Verbeſſerung des Volksunterrichtes und der Bildung von Landſchullehrern nämlich, indem er in ſeinem Hauſe und während ſeiner Mußeſtunden zwei junge Männer für dieſes Fach gewiſſermaßen erzog. Nachdem er jene Aemter mit großem Erfolge verwaltet, ward er 1817 als Schulrath nach Königsberg in Preußen berufen, und 1819 zum Doctor und Profeſſor der Theologie an der dortigen Univerſität ernannt. Mit unermüdlichem Fleiße und immer gleichem Eifer wirkte er hier als Prediger, Profeſſor und Schulinſpector, im echteſten Sinne des Wortes ein wahrhaft frommer Mann, bis an ſeinen Tod, der am 29. Mai 1831 in Königsberg erfolgte. Dieſelbe heitere Laune, mit der er ſein Leben (ſ. unten) ſchildert, und welche die Frucht ſeines trefflichen Charakters und ſeines reinen Strebens war, verließ ihn nicht bis zu ſeinem letzten Augenblicke. Er entſchlummerte umgeben von geliebten Freunden und dankbaren Schülern.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- ABC und Leſebuch. Neuſtadt a. d. Orla, 3 A. 1829.
- Letzte Anrede eines Lehrers an ſeine Katechumenen. Neuſtadt, 1827. 3 A.
- Anſichten und Bilder des Heiligen, Wahren und Schönen, (geſammelt von J. G. C. Schinke) 2 Bd. 12. Neuſtadt, 1833.
- Anweiſung zum Gebrauch der Bibel in Volksſchulen. 3 Th. Neuſtadt, 1814—17.
- Anweiſung zum Rechnen für preußiſche Bürger- und Landſchulen. Neuſtadt, 1830. 2 A.
- Anweiſung zum Rechnen für ſächſiſche Dorfſchulen. Neuſtadt, 1833. 6 A.
- Auszug aus dem Dresdner Katechismus. Weblſ. A. Neuſtadt, 1825.
- Belehrungsblätter. Neuſtadt, 1813—23.
- Die Bibel als Erbauungsbuch (in Gemeinſchaft mit Brockmann und Fiſchers 5 Bde. Neuſtadt, 1832.
- Schullehrerbibel 9 Thl. Neuſtadt 1826—28.
- Reden an künftige Volksſchullehrer. Halle und Leipzig, 1803—5. 2 A. 1820. 4 Thle.
- Unterredungen über den lutheriſchen Katechismus. Neuſtadt, 1806—23. 13 Thle.
- Predigten zum Vorleſen. 3 A. Neuſtadt, 1820.
- Predigten. Neuſtadt, 1815.
- Predigten auf alle Sonn- Feſt- und Bußtage. Neuſtadt, 1821.
- Malvina, Buch für gebildete Mütter. Neuſtadt, 2 A. 1824
- Die Schulconferenzen zu Ulmenhain. Neuſtadt, 1821.
- Das Gefühl an die Vernunft und die Vernunft an das Gefühl. Neuſtadt, 1828. 2 A.
- Liederhomilien. Neuſtadt, 1829.
- Selbſtbiographie. Neuſtadt, 1829.

Ein äußerſt practiſcher Sinn, Herzlichkeit, Ruhe, Klarheit und Faßlichkeit befähigten D. vorzüglich ſo ſegensreich auf die Bildung des Volkes durch ſeine Schriften wie durch ſeinen Unterricht und ſeine perſönliche Leitung und Theilnahme zu wirken, als er es gethan. Der Nutzen, den er dem Kirchen- und Schulweſen namentlich in Sachſen und Altpreußen gebracht hat, iſt unberechenbar und unvergeßlich, denn ſeine Werke befinden ſich in den Händen eines jeden nach höherem Ziele ſtrebenden Volksſchullehrers, und können nicht genug empfohlen werden. Wir entlehnen, um ein vollſtändiges Bild des vortrefflichen Mannes zu geben, deſſen Denkweiſe eben ſo ſehr ſeinem Herzen als ſeinem Verſtande Ehre macht, hier ein größeres Bruchſtück aus ſeiner Autobiographie, einer Schrift, in welcher ſich der fromme Ernſt ſeines Wirkens eben ſo lebendig wie ſeine ruhige Beſonnenheit und die Schärfe ſeines Verſtandes, zugleich mit der ganzen Liebenswürdigkeit ſeines heitern kindlichen Charakters offenbaren.

- Vergl. Dinters Leben. (Aus dem homiletiſch liturgiſchen Correſpondenzblatte beſonders abgedruckt). Nürnberg, 1831.
- Dinters Todtenfeier im Sächſiſchen Erzgebirge. Neuſtadt, 1831.

Mein Hauslehrer-Leben.*)

Von dieſem will ich nur wenig ſagen, weil ich nur wenig Wichtiges davon zu ſagen habe. Ich fühlte mich nicht glücklich, aber durch eigene Schuld. Ich habe nie ſo gut gegeſſen und getrunken als in jenen Jahren. Meine Stube hatte eine herrliche Ausſicht in den herrſchaftlichen Garten. Das Schloß, das ich bewohnte, war eins der prächtigſten Landgüter der Gegend. Ich hatte nur anderthalbe Stunde bis zu meinem Vater, und eben ſo weit auf der andern Seite bis zu meinem im Jahre 1825 verſtorbenen Bruder, der kurz vor meinem Anzuge in Wendorf Pfarrer in Bocka geworden war.

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*) Aus: Dinters Leben. Neuſtadt a. d. Orla. 1829.

Ich hatte hundert Thaler Gehalt, was damals für ungemein viel galt. Auch fehlte es nicht an Weihnachtsgeſchenken. Der Kammerherr von Pöllnitz hatte etwas Kaltes und Steifes in ſeinem Umgange. Aber ſein Charakter war ſehr gut. Seine Gemahlin, eine geborne von Ponikau, war eine treffliche Frau, die meinen Zögling, ihren Stiefſohn, den Tod der leiblichen Mutter nicht vermiſſen ließ. Mein Zögling hatte nicht eine Ader von Falſchheit und Bosheit, und — ich war nicht glücklich! Durch eigene Schuld. Ich hatte mir ein hohes Ideal gebildet: Das muß dein Schüler erreichen! Aber er erreichte es nicht. Zum Theil konnte Mangel an Talent und Luſt daran Urſache ſeyn. Aber zum Theil, ja ich will's mit Beſchämung geſtehen, größten Theils lags an mir, daß mein Werk nicht gelang. Ich regte allerdings ſeine Thätigkeit an. Aber ſobald er eine Sache nur begriffen zu haben ſchien, ging's weiter. Ich wiederholte etwa monatlich einmal, und fand das meiſte vergeſſen. Ich fühlte nicht, daß ich hätte langſamer fortſchreiten, öfter wiederholen ſollen, nicht, daß mein Zorn den guten Knaben furchtſam machte. Ich züchtigte ihn nie mit einem Inſtrumente, nie auf eine der Geſundheit gefährliche Weiſe. Aber ich biß vor Grimm mich in den Ballen des rechten Daumen ſo oft und ſo ſtark, daß ich erſt als Pfarrer die harte Haut, die daher entſtand, verlor. Ihn ſelbſt ſtieß ich mit der geballten Fauſt ins Geſicht, ſo daß er bisweilen blaue Flecken davon bekam. Das wußten die Aeltern. Der Augenſchein lehrte es, und ich wundere mich noch heute, daß ſie mich nicht verabſchiedeten. Aber ſie ſahen, daß der Knabe doch an Kenntniſſen zunahm. Sie ſahen, daß er dennoch an mir hing, daß er ihnen ſelbſt geſtand, er habe das verdient. Und von dieſen Rückſichten beſtimmt, hatten ſie eine Geduld mit mir, die ich unter ihren Verhältniſſen ſchwerlich mit meinem Hauslehrer gehabt haben würde. Genug, ſie ließen mich walten. Außer den Stunden waren Ludwig und ſein Lehrer die beſten Freunde. Sie ſpielten im Garten, im Winter auf dem Gange mit einander; badeten mit einander; der Lehrer nahm den Junker oft auf ſeinen Spaziergängen mit, und Ludwig war bei dem Magiſter immer noch lieber, als bei dem für ihn zu kalten Vater.

Summa: Als Erzieher und Geſellſchafter war ich gut, nur als Lehrer nicht. Ich fühlte es, daß ich anders ſeyn ſollte. Ich machte einmal ein Gedicht an mich ſelbſt, in dem die Zeilen vorkamen:

Da ſtürmen ſie wie brauſende Orkane,
Die Leidenſchaften durch einander hin!
Hinabgeſtürzt, hinaufgeſchleudert wagſt du,
Und denkſt, und wankſt, und fühlſt nicht Gott, nicht dich,
Nur deinen Grimm!

Weiter hin:

Was kann dich ſo entmannen?
Der Fehler eines Knaben, der zu neu
Für Welt und ſich die Thaten ſeines Lebens
Noch freilich nicht mit Männerwage wägt.
Das, was in heil'ger Ruhe ſtiller Stunden
Du ſelbſt dir ſelbſt nur allzu leicht verzeihſt,
Kann Funk' im Pulverthurm' dein Herz entflammen?

Dann eine Ermahnung zur Milde, und der Schluß:

Geh' beſſre dich,
Und, kannſt du's nicht, ſo flieh', ſo eile, wähle!
Sei, was du willſt! Nur ſey nicht Pädagog!

Ich hatte das ganze Gedicht noch lange nachher. Ich weiß aber nicht, wohin es gerathen iſt. Obige Stellen aus demſelben habe ich aber im Gedächtniſſe behalten. Solche Vorſtellungen wirkten, bis Pöllnitz wieder einmal das Vorgetragene vergeſſen hatte.

Erſt, da mein Zögling reifer wurde, beſſer faſſen und behalten lernte, änderte ſich die Scene, wozu auch wohl der früher erzählte Todesfall, der milde Leidenſchaften an die Stelle der heftigen ſetzte, das Seinige beitragen mochte. Summa: Ich hätte in dieſem trefflichen Hauſe nützlicher und glücklicher ſeyn können, wenn ich minder hitzig geweſen wäre.

Uebrigens brachte ich ſchon damals viele grammatikaliſche Regeln in Knüttel-Verſe, wie es vor Zeiten Sitte geweſen war, und jetzt wieder Sitte wird. Ich ließ z. B. ſingen:

Unus, ullus, nullus,
Solus, totus, alius,
Uter, alter, neuter,
(Unſer alter Schneider)
Genitiv ius, Dativ i,
Sonſt biſt du ein Bärenhäuter.

Ich reimte die Regeln vom Genus der dritten Declination:

O, or, os, er, es, wenn's wächſt,
Masculina! Sonſt wirſt du bekleckſt.
A, is, aus und x,
Macht da Weibchen einen Knix.
S, wenn ein Conſonans vorher geht,
Us, wenn's u im Genitiv noch ſteht,
Es, wenn's nicht wächſt,
Setz's Weibchen, Burſch, ſonſt biſt du behext.
A, e, c,
l, n, t,
ar, ur, us, wenn's u nicht bleibt,
Ludwig unter die Neutra ſchreibt,

Aus einer Operette hatte ich genommen, was dort ein Schullehrer ſingt:

Panis, piscis, crinis,
Lapis, ignis, civis,
Wenn ſich Hans nicht wohl bewahrt,
Wenn er ſich mit Greten paart,
(Tunis, fustis wird dann hart),
'S nimmt ein böſes Finis.

Daß wenig Gedanke darin war, ſchadete nicht. Genug, Ludwig behielt die Regeln. Mein Zögling kam nach Halle in's Pädagogium, dann nach Freiberg. Schriftſteller wurde er im Fache der Thierarzneikunſt.

Seine Schweſter, Lottchen, jetzt Frau von Engel, war ein liebes Kind, an dem meine ganze Seele hing. Da ſie von einer Gouvernante erzogen wurde, ſo hatte ich Wenig mit ihr zu thun. Vielleicht lieſet ſie dieſe kleinen Späßchen, und ſieht daraus, daß ſie mir damals ſchon Freude machte, und daß ihr Gedenken in mir noch lebhaft iſt. L. Vater, warum gehen denn dieſe Leute betteln? V. Weil ſie kein Brod haben, mein Lottchen. L. Wenn ſie kein Brod haben, warum eſſen ſie denn nicht Semmel?

Die Mama hatte Lottchens Weinglas zu voll geſchenkt. V. Das iſt zu voll für Lottchen! L. Lieber Vater, ich will Etwas abtrinken, dann iſt's nicht mehr zu voll.

Nach dem Butterbrode kam noch Torte. V. Lottchen, du kannſt Nichts davon bekommen. Dein Magen iſt ſchon geſchloſſen! L. Das ſchadet nichts. Die Torte ſtecke ich noch durch's Schlüſſelloch hinein.

Wir waren nach Eichefeld zum Pfarrer Richter gefahren. Die Frau Pfarrerin hatte ein niedliches Bologneſerhündchen. Fräulein Lottchen war überredet worden, vom Kaffeetrinken bleibe man klein. Kaffee ſollte ſie nicht trinken, und klein bleiben ſah ſie für ein Unglück an. L. Wie alt iſt denn das Hündchen? Pf. Schon ſehr alt. L. Und wächſt nun nicht mehr? Pf. Nein! So klein bleibt's immer! L. Ach, du armes Thierchen! Du mußt einmal viel Kaffee geſoffen haben.

Ich glaubte meine Candidatenjahre nicht beſſer anwenden zu können, als wenn ich die Pfarrer, die Schullehrer und das Volk beobachtete. Dieſe Beobachtungen haben mich dann oft erheitert, belehrt, ermuntert, gewarnt. Ich kannte einen alten ehrwürdigen Pfarrer, der ſeine Predigten las. Einſt fand er's doch für nöthig, ſeine Gemeinen einmal auszuſchmälen. Er las auf dem Filiale die Strafpredigt ab, und ſetzte hinzu: Da habet ihr's nun, ihr Filialsleute. Aber denkt nicht, daß es denen drüben beſſer gehen ſoll. Die in der Mutterkirche ſollen es gleich eben ſo kriegen.

Bei einem andern Pfarrer hat ein Vater den Schullehrer verklagt, daß er ſeinen Sohn zu hart gezüchtigt hatte. Der Pfarrer kannte den Schullehrer und den Bauer. Er ſagt ruhig: Morgen früh um 8 Uhr komme ich in die Schule. Komme Er auch und ſehe Er, wie es dem Schullehrer geht. Der Pfarrer kommt. Der Bauer auch. Pfarrer. Herr Schullehrer, warum haben Sie den Sohn dieſes Mannes ſo hart gezüchtigt? Sch. Er hat ſich mir in Gegenwart aller Kinder widerſetzt. Die Kinder wiederholen es mit Ausdruck des Abſcheues. Pf. Welches Werkzeug haben Sie bei der Züchtigung gebraucht? Der Schullehrer zeigt ein dünnes, geſchmeidiges Stäbchen hervor, mit welchem er wohl Schmerzen verurſachen, aber nicht Schaden anrichten konnte. Pf. Herr Schulmeiſter! Was haben Sie gethan? Eine ſo grobe Widerſetzlichkeit nur ſo gelinde zu beſtrafen! Das iſt arg. Hier, Vater, nehme Er dieſes Stäbchen und gebe Er in Gegenwart aller Schulkinder ſeinem ungezogenen Sohne noch ſechs derbe Hiebe. Nachher erſt wollen wir Alle ſeinem Sohne vergeben. Der überraſchte Vater that's. Und nicht leicht verklagte wieder Jemand den Schullehrer, wenn er nicht wichtige Urſachen hatte.

Ich hatte es als Anekdote gehört, aber nie geglaubt, daß nach dem ſiebenjährigen Kriege ein Pfarrer im Wittenberger Kreiſe gepredigt habe: „Ihr Bauern! Gott hat euch nun wieder Frieden geſchenkt. Aber ihr habet euch immer noch nicht gebeſſert. Wenn es ſo fortgeht, ſo muß Gott wieder Krieg ins Land ſchicken, dann geht es wieder: Prrrumpumpumpum,

„Perrumeumeumeum.“ Der Schullehrer auf dem Chore nimmt die Hand vor den Mund und trommetet: Tettengtengtengteng. Der Pfarrer ſchreit erſchrocken: Herr Schulmeiſter iſt Er ein Narr! Der Schulmeiſter antwortet unerſchrocken: Herr Magiſter, wo Infanterie iſt, muß auch Cavalerie ſeyn. Dieß erzählte ich beim Kirchmeßſchmauſe eines benachbarten Pfarrers, ohne etwas Arges zu denken. Auf einmal läuft die Hauswirthin weinend davon. Ich: Um Gottes willen, was widerfuhr der Frau Wirthin? Antw. Ja, wiſſen Sie denn das nicht? Den Streich, den Sie erzählten, hat ihr Vater in der Kirche gemacht.

Ein heftiger Pfarr-Adjunkt ſieht ſeiner Kanzel gegenüber einen Bauerknecht ſich unanſtändig während der Predigt hinlegen. Er ſchreit ihn an: Richtet euch auf! Solche Stellungen mit anſehen kann ich nicht. Der Knecht bleibt unbeweglich liegen. Der Pfarrer ärgert ſich, ſchließt bald, und läßt den Herrn des groben Menſchen kommen. Dieſer ſieht das Ungewitter voraus, will ihm entgehen und ſendet zum Knechte: Jetzt iſt Neujahr. Ich bekomme einen andern Knecht, du einen andern Herrn. Ziehe ab. Um deinetwillen werde ich mir meinen Pfarrherrn nicht zum Feinde machen. Der Knecht zieht ab. Der Pfarrer iſt befriedigt. Aber Jener breitet in Altenburg am nächſten Markttage die Sage aus: Der Pfarrer in N. habe ſich gehängt. Der Ruf wird allgemein. Aber an einigen Orten ſagt man, der Emeritus, (male meritus, der um Branntweins willen remotirt war) habe es gethan, an andern der Adjunkt. Jeder hört's als Gerücht, das dem Andern übel anſtehe. Ich war dabei, als Emeritus ſeine Penſion forderte. Subst. Für mich wär's gut, wenn Sie gethan hätten, was Ihnen die Welt Schuld giebt. Em. Sie giebt mir gewiß nichts Schlimmeres Schuld als Ihnen. Adj. Sie wiſſen es alſo nicht? Man erzählt überall, Sie hätten ſich gehängt. Em. Bewahre Gott, Herr Amtsbruder, Sie ſollen es gethan haben! Beide ſtanden wie aus den Wolken gefallen, bis ich ihnen die mir bekannte Sache aufklärte.

Zu viel Hitze iſt dem Pfarrer nicht gut. Zu viel Kälte wahrlich auch nicht. Der angeführte male meritus hatte eine Säuferin zur Frau, die ihn durchaus zum Saufen verleiten will. Ein benachbarter Pfarrer giebt ihm den Rath, hier helfe Nichts, er müſſe einmal zuſchlagen. Er verſpricht das zu thun. Nach einigen Wochen klagt er demſelben Freunde ſeine Noth. Dieſer: Ihnen iſt nicht zu helfen! Warum folgen Sie mir nicht? Em. (ganz ruhig:) Ja, Herr Amtsbruder, ich hab's ja verſucht. Es hat ſich aber umgekehrt. Ich habe die Schläge bekommen.

Das höchſte Ideal männlicher Ruhe ſtellte derſelbe Pfarrer bei folgender Gelegenheit auf: Das böſe Weib will ihn, da er ſich eingeſchloſſen hat, um Ruhe zu haben, nicht ſtudieren laſſen. Es iſt Winter. Sie heizt ſo fürchterlich ein, daß er alle Fenſter öffnen und nur bitten muß, ſie möge das Haus nicht anbrennen. Sie ſtellt ſich vor das Fenſter und ſchimpft in pöbelhaften Ausdrücken. Und er? Er ſetzt ſich an den Studiertiſch, und ſchreibt gelaſſen alle ihre Schimpfreden nach, um ſie dem kurfürſtlichen Conſiſtorium einzuſenden.

Ein anderer (ſonſt ſehr achtungswerther) Mann im Fürſtenthume Altenburg ſtand in dem Rufe der Einbildung auf ſeine Verdienſte. Den mußt du doch kennen lernen, dachte ich. In einem ſehr trockenen Sommer beſuchte ich ihn Sonntag Nachmittags. Unmittelbar nach dem Eintritte begann er: Herr Candidat, Sie kommen zu rechter Zeit. Ich muß Ihnen doch gleich das Gebet um Regen vorleſen, das ich ausgearbeitet, und meiner Gemeine vorgeſprochen habe. Ein junger Mann, wie Sie, muß hören, wie wir Erfahrenere es machen. Das Gebet war wirklich ſchön und kräftig. Aber das Selbſtlob empörte mich.

O, ſagte mein Bruder, das darf dich bei ihm nicht wundern. Er hat mir's nicht beſſer gemacht. Ich mußte, als ſeine Gattin geſtorben war, für einen Bauer ſeiner Gemeine eine Leichen-Predigt halten, auf die ich mich gar nicht hatte vorbereiten können. Ich extemporirte und gefiel. Er hatte das gehört, und machte mir das Compliment: Ihre extemporirte Predigt hat gefallen. Das macht Ihnen viel Ehre, in einer Gemeinde Beifall zu finden, die an ſehr gute Predigten gewöhnt iſt.

So beobachtete ich die Schwächen Anderer, wahrlich nicht um zu lachen, ſondern um mich warnen zu laſſen. Für gefährlich hielt ich nur Einen, bisher noch nicht Erwähnten. Dieſer wußte genau, was ich bei meinem letzten Zuſammenſeyn mit ihm geredet hatte. Er hielt ſich ein Buch, in welches er (wie er mir ſelbſt ſagte) an jedem Abende eintrug, wo er den Tag über etwas Merkwürdiges gehört hatte, um gelegentlich Gebrauch davon zu machen. Ich kam nicht wieder zu ihm.

Meine liebſten Freunde waren mein Bruder und Pfarrer Richter zu Eſchefeld. Von ihnen lernte ich Caſuiſtik. Sie erzählten dem lernbegierigen Dinter gern, was bisher in ihren Aemtern vorgekommen war, Ernſtes, Trauriges, Fröhliches. Sie lieferten mir Manches, was ich noch jetzt meinen Studenten als Beiſpiel erzähle, neben dem, was mir ſelbſt widerfahren iſt. Ich hörte, wie ſie den Katechumenen-Unterricht hielten, welche Grundſätze ſie dabei befolgten; was ſie bei den Krankenbetten, im Beichtſtuhle und bei andern amtlichen Handlungen für Erfahrungen machten. Ich verdanke Jenem, der noch lebt, und Dieſem, der längſt ſchläft, manche gute Lehre. Der Unerfahrene nahm ſich in Acht, dem Erfahrenen zu widerſprechen, und vermied dadurch die Pillen, wie ſie ein anderer etwas anmaßender Candidat verſchlucken mußte, der einen Pfarrer belehren wollte, was in dem oder jenem Falle zu thun ſey. Herr Candidat, ſo ſprach ein alter Prediger zu ihm, ſo reden Sie, ſo lange Sie ſich in drei Wochen einmal [illegible]. Wenn Sie ſich, wie jetzt ich, in Einer Woche dreimal [illegible] werden, dann urtheilen Sie gewiß anders.

Nur was ich etwa erfahren hatte, theilte ich ihnen mit. Z. B. Von Behauptung der Prieſterwürde erzählte ich das, was ein, Beiden bekannter, Mann gethan hatte. Er hatte einen Streit wegen einer unbedeutenden Geldangelegenheit, und legte ſich, indem er ſeinem Kirchenpatrone die Sache recht demonſtriren wollte, wohl Etwas zu horizontal auf ſeines Patrons Tiſch. Dieſer, der ihm vielleicht eher eine Lüge, als dieſe Unanſtändigkeit vergeben hätte, ſteht ernſt auf und ſpricht: Herr Pfarrer, Sie vergeſſen, daß Sie mir Ehrfurcht ſchuldig ſind! Ich bin Ihr Kirchen-Patron. Pf. in demſelben Tone: Herr Kirchen-Patron, Sie vergeſſen, daß Sie mir Ehrfurcht ſchuldig ſind. Ich bin Ihr Beichtvater!

Mit den Schullehrern kam ich damals ſehr wenig in Berührung. Der, welcher mir am Nächſten lebte, war ein ehrlicher, aber unbedeutender Mann. Er verſicherte mich ſelbſt, er werde müſſen einen Subſtituten annehmen, weil ihm das Glied ſteif würde, das der Schullehrer am Nothwendigſten brauche. Ich: Welches? Er: Die rechte Hand, dieſe brauche ich zum Orgelſpielen, zum Vorſchreiben, zum Zuſchlagen. Als ihm der nachherige Pfarrer verbot, die Bußpſalmen ſagen zu laſſen, gehorchte er nicht. Der Pfarrer kommt dazu, als der 51. Pſalm hergeſagt wird. Der Pfarrer ärgert ſich und wird unruhig. Doch hält er's aus bis zu den Worten: Baue die Mauern zu Jeruſalem. Bei dieſen ſpringt er auf und ſchreit: Ei, meinetwegen bauet Ihr ſie! Ich gebe keinen Groſchen dazu! Bauet Ihr dafür Eure Kirchhofsmauer! Das wäre klüger und nothwendiger! Von Stund an waren die Bußpſalmen abgeſchafft.

Einen anderen, ziemlich dicken Schullehrer fand ich bei einem Spaziergange nach meiner Vaterſtadt am Wege ſitzen in guter Ruhe. Ich fragte ihn: Ihre Kinder machen Ihnen wohl wenig Verdruß, da Sie ſo zunehmen? Er: was ſoll ich mich denn viel über die Kinder ärgern! Ich thue das meinige und denke: Ihr dummen Jungen, wenn Ihr nichts lernen wollet, es iſt mein Schade nicht. Ich bekomme mein Schulgetraide doch.

Der Cantor Bart und der Baccalaureus Koch, jener durch ſein Eingehen in die neuen Ideen der Zeit, dieſer durch die Herzlichkeit, die er in die alten Formen zu bringen wußte, waren mir vor vielen Andern achtbar.

Im Umgange mit dem Volke fühlte ich mich ſehr glücklich. Ich konnte nicht leicht vor Jemanden auf der Straße vorbeigehen, ohne ihm ein Geſpräch abzugewinnen. Ich lernte das Volk kennen. In der Zedlitzer Flur fuhr ein Bauer am Sonntage, in einer allerdings feuchten Zeit, Heu ein. Ich fragte ihn: Es iſt heute Sonntag und er fährt Heu ein. Wie will er das bei Gott verantworten? B. Ei was? Der Herr Jeſus hat geſagt, ich ſoll einen Eſel aus dem Waſſer ziehn am Sabbathtage. Mein Futter Heu iſt mehr werth als ein Eſel. Ich hatte nichts einzuwenden.

Das Volk, das doch mit mir in keiner Verbindung ſtand, liebte mich, hatte Vertrauen zu mir, weil es mich gern predigen hörte, und weil ich mit jedem Kinde, das mir begegnete, freundlich ſprach. Man fragte mich oft um Rath. Eine Jungfer fragte mich, ob ſie den Meiſter Schmidt heirathen ſollte? Ich gab ihr den Rath, zu bedenken, daß der Mann ſechs Kinder habe. Das habe ich ſchon bedacht, ſagte ſie. Ich meine nun ſo: Wenn er ſie ſchon hat, ſo brauche ich ſie nicht erſt zu kriegen. Sie nahm ihn, wurde aber leider bald Wittwe. Warum? Die Sache iſt arg. Der baumſtarke Mann, der längſte im Dorfe, litt am Fieber. Ich wurde gebeten, ihn doch einmal (nicht als Geiſtlicher, ſondern als Freund) zu beſuchen. Ach, ſagte er, mir kann keine Arznei helfen! Ich: Woher weiß Er das ſo gewiß? Er: da meine erſte Frau ſo lange krank war, wechſelte ſie immer mit den Arzneien. Ich habe nun die Reſte alle aufgehoben, und jetzt, da ich krank wurde, habe ich's mit einem nach dem andern verſucht. Ich dachte, Eins muß doch das Rechte für meine Krankheit ſeyn. Aber nein! Es will mir keins helfen! Er ſtarb. Ich habe dieß nachher oft meinen Bauern erzählt, um ſie vor ähnlichen Thorheiten zu warnen.

Daß ich, verſteht ſich mit Genehmigung, aber ganz ohne Mitwirkung des Pfarrers, als Candidat einen Anhang neuer Lieder zum alten Geſangbuche einführte, will ich mir nicht zum Verdienſte anrechnen. Ich war Hauslehrer des Gutsherrn und Sohn des Gerichtshalters. Das gab allerdings meinen Worten Anſehen.

Aber Folgendes bleibt mir unvergeßlich. Ein ſiebenzigjähriger Mann hängt ſich, bloß weil ihn ein anderer, dem er zehn Thaler ſchuldig war, einen Spitzbuben geſcholten hatte. Die Schwiegertochter muß (um etwas Vergeſſenes nachzuholen), zurück ins Haus, und findet den Hängenden. Er wird losgeſchnitten und zum Leben gebracht. Zwei Tage nachher bitten mich ſeine Söhne, ihn zu beſuchen und aufzurichten. Ich: Das thue ich nicht, das iſt unſeres Herrn Pfarrers Sache. Er würde es für Eingriff in ſein Amt anſehen, wenn ich ihn beſuchen wollte. Sie: Eben darum brauchen wir Sie. Der Pfarrer hat ihn beſucht, und hat ihn ſo in die Hölle geworfen, daß er ſich, wenn der Pfarrer wieder kommt, gewiß noch einmal hängt. Hier war's nun freilich nöthig, daß ich hinging. Es galt Menſchenleben. Ich nahm die Sache von der natürlichſten Seite: Alter, Gott muß ihn doch ſehr lieb haben, da er die Umſtände ſo gelenkt hat, daß ſeine Schwiegertochter zurückkommen mußte, um ihn zu retten. Das fiel ihm auf. Genug, der Mann wurde beruhigt, und hat mich noch, da ich Pfarrer war, einigemal dankbar beſucht. Ich ging zum Pfarrer, um ihm zu ſagen, was ich gethan hatte, auch meine Verwunderung darüber nicht zu bergen, daß er den Mann ſo ſtreng behandelt habe. Pf. Wie ihr jungen Männer das verſteht! Erſt mußte ich ihn mit dem Geſetze angreifen. Nach einigen Tagen hätte ich das Evangelium ſchon nachkommen laſſen. Ich: Ja, wenn er ſich zum zweiten Male gehängt hätte.

Bisweilen nahm ich meinen Zögling mit zu den feinern Bauern-Familien, Göllnitz, Weiske und zum Müller. Er ſollte das Volk achten und lieben lernen.

So ging ich nicht ganz übel durch's Hauslehrer-Leben vorbereitet ins Pfarramt über. Im Ganzen iſt der Hauslehrerſtand als Mittel zwiſchen Akademie und Pfarrei nicht zu verachten. Der junge Mann entwöhnt ſich vom Studententone, lernt ſich fügen, lernt beſonders auf dem Lande ſich an's Volk anſchmiegen, beobachtet Pfarrer und Landadel, und ſammelt tauſend Erfahrungen, die ihm im Pfarramte nützlich ſind. Nur muß er ſich nicht zu einſeitig an das hohe Haus anſchmiegen, ſonſt gewöhnt er ſich an Bedürfniſſe, die er nachher nie befriedigen kann, fühlt ſich unter den Landleuten nicht glücklich, weil ſie den Hofton weder haben, noch erwiedern, noch verſtehen. Die Stunden, die ihm das Hauslehrer-Amt übrig läßt, muß er den Pfarrern, den Schullehrern, dem Volke widmen.

Einige Nebenperſonen, die mir in dieſem Zeitraume merkwürdig wurden, muß ich noch erwähnen: Die ehrwürdigen Großältern meines Zöglings, das Pflugkiſche Haus in Ehrenhayn, eine Familie, die an Humanität, an echtem Chriſtenſinne Wenige ihres Gleichen hatte. Sie ſtarben beide in der Zeit, da ich Führer ihres Enkels war. Sie wurden in ihrem Garten begraben, und die letzten Verſe der ihnen zu Ehren von mir gedichteten Geſänge, waren Zeugen meiner innigſten Empfindung. Der Eine:

So, wenn hinter'm Ulmenhaine nieder
Matter ſtrahlend uns die Sonne ſinkt,
Jauchzen jenſeits neue Jubellieder
Einer Welt, die Morgenſtrahlen trinkt.

Der andere, Anrede an die Laube, wo der Edle ruht:

Grün' unentweiht, ein Heiligthum für Alle,
Die dir ſich nahn.
Des Enkels Enkel ſtaun' in deiner Halle
Ihr Bildniß an.
Voll heil'ger Ehrfurcht ruf' er: Ach, ſie haben
Vor langer Zeit
Hier einen edlen, edlen Greis begraben!
Grün' unentweiht.

Neben dem Ernſten ſtehe etwas Luſtiges. Ich beſuchte mit meinem Zöglinge die Ställe des Gutes an einem der Feiertage. Auf einem Futterkaſten ſaß ein feſtlich gekleideter, bildſchöner Bauerjunge von ungefähr vierzehn Jahren. Ich frage ihn: Wer biſt du, mein Sohn? Er, faſt im Tone der gebildeten Welt: Ich habe die Ehre der Saujunge vom Hofe zu ſeyn. Der erſte Mann des Staates hätte mir ſeinen Stand nicht feierlicher ankündigen können, als hier der — Saujunge.

Auf dem dritten ſeiner Güter hatte mein Principal einen Pfarrer, der im 95ſten Jahre ſtarb, nachdem er drei Subſtituten gehabt hatte. Der letzte Subſtitut ſchreibt einmal an des Alten Stubenthür: Dieſer Jünger ſtirbt nicht. Der Alte ſchreibt darunter: So will ich, daß er bleibe, bis ich komme; Narre, was geht's dich an! Dieſer Alte hatte, um die Wäſche zu ſchonen, von jeher ſtatt der Tiſchtücher und Servietten die blauen Umſchläge der Zuckerhüte gebraucht.

Der Pfarrer in Ehrenhayn erzählte mir, er ſey als Gymnaſiaſt einſt von der Kanzel herab ein Hundsfott genannt worden. In N. bei Altenburg war ein alter Pfarrer geweſen, der immer etwas Halblächerliches in ſeine Predigten verwebt hatte. Die Gymnaſiaſten erfahren an einem Ferientage: Der Pfarrer zu N. hält heute eine Leichenpredigt. Sie gehen hinaus. Die Predigt ſelbſt geht ohne etwas Auffallendes hin. Der Schluß aber war: So viel mit euch, liebe Leichenbegleiter. Nun aber einige Worte mit Euch, ihr jungen Leute, die ihr gekommen ſeyd, um euch über einen alten Mann luſtig zu machen. Hierauf folgt eine derbe Strafpredigt, die ſich mit den Worten ſchließt: Da ich in Altenburg vom Gymnaſium abging, habe ich in fünf Sprachen valedicirt. Ihr Hundsfötter, was könnet Ihr! Amen.

Dem Altenburgiſchen Superintendenten L. war es bei demſelben Manne noch ſchlimmer gegangen. Der Superintendent will doch auch den berüchtigten Mann einmal predigen hören und zugleich ſich um den Zuſtand des dortigen Kirchenweſens bekümmern. Er kommt gerade am erſten Advents-Sonntage. Der Pfarrer predigte: Damals zog Jeſus ein mit Hülfe eines Eſels. Heutzutage kommt er zu ſeiner Gemeinde durch die chriſtlichen Lehrer und Prediger. Nun gibt es von ihnen verſchiedene Arten: kleinere, wie ich bin. Aber Chriſtus hat auch in ſeinem Kirchendienſte große Kirchen-Eſel, dergleichen wir einen heute in unſerer Gemeine zu ſehen die Ehre haben. — Wer preiſet nicht unſere Zeiten glücklich, in denen ſolche Dinge unerhört, ja faſt unmöglich ſind. Die Nachricht iſt aus des Superintendenten Munde, der die Sache meinem Principale erzählt hat.

Meinen Schulkindern habe ich, um ihnen zu beweiſen, daß Fehler gegen die Rechtſchreiberei oft den ganzen Sinn entſtellen, erzählt, was damals ſich wirklich zutrug. Eine Dame äußert in einer Geſellſchaft, wo von Mantel-Krähen*) die Rede iſt, ſie habe noch nie einen ſolchen Vogel geſehen, und wünſche wohl einmal ein ſo ſchönes Thier ausgeſtopft zu erhalten. Der Hauswirth, ein reicher Gutsbeſitzer, ſchreibt unverzüglich an einen Jäger in der Lauſitz, und bittet, er möge ihm doch ſobald als möglich einige Mandel Krähen ſchicken. Dieſer befolgt den Befehl genau und ſendet mit der ordinären Poſt (nicht einige Mantel-Krähen), ſondern, wie es geſchrieben ſtand, 45, alſo drei Mandel Krähen, die ein ziemliches Porto koſteten.

Wie ein witziger Einfall bisweilen einen Fehler bedecken kann, davon habe ich meinen Bauernknaben oft auch ein in Bendorf mir vorgekommenes Beiſpiel erzählt. Der ſogenannte Kuhjunge, ich glaube er hieß St., ſchlief bei der Heerde ein. Der Herr Kammerherr reitet aus, um nach ſeiner Wirthſchaft zu ſehen, und findet das Vieh auf der Saat, und den jungen Menſchen ſchlafend. Er will nicht abſteigen, ſondern denkt: Auf den Abend ſoll er ſchon ſeine Strafe erhalten. Der Abend kommt. Ich ſtehe neben dem mit dem Straf-Inſtrumente bewaffneten Gutsherrn in der Hausthür des Schloſſes. Mein St. treibt ſo dicht als möglich an der entgegengeſetzten Seite des Hofes hin. P. St—ch! Komm her, ich will dir Etwas ſagen! St. Ach, gnädiger Herr, ſo ein dummer Junge, wie ich bin, braucht nicht Alles zu wiſſen! Und ſogleich ſchleicht er in den Kuhſtall. Der Herr lachte laut über den Einfall und gab ihm ſtatt der Strafe einen Species-Thaler. (1⅓ Thlr. Preuß.)

Einem Bauer dagegen wäre ſeine witzig ſeyn ſollende, aber wirklich unwitzige Grobheit beinahe ſehr übel bekommen, wenn nicht eine Fürbitte des Superintendenten die Strafe abgewendet hätte. Es war Kirchenviſitation. Pfarrer und Schullehrer verklagten einen Bauer, daß er ſeinen 12jährigen Sohn ſo ſchlecht zur Schule halte. Der Knabe rücke dem Confirmanden-Alter entgegen, und könne noch nicht leſen. Der Mann wurde herbeigeholt. Anfangs war der Bauer bei allen Anklagen ſtumm. Nachher, als man in ihn drang, rief er: Mein Junge weiß die zehn Gebote. Mehr braucht er nicht zu wiſſen. Sp. Aber er kann noch nicht leſen! B. Kann wohl leſen! Sch. Das iſt nicht wahr! B. Kann wohl leſen. Steine lieſt er immer vom Felde weg. Der Kirchen-Patron rief erzürnt: Sollteſt du dem Hohenprieſter alſo antworten? und wollte ihn arretiren laſſen. Bloß des Superintendenten Fürwort rettete ihn.

Meinen Schulknaben in Dresden, von denen Viele die Ausſicht hatten, Herrenbediente zu werden, gab ich die Watnung: Wenn ihr in ein vornehmes Haus kommt, ſo bekümmert euch ja um die fremden Worte, die in der Sprache der Vornehmen vorkommen. Thuet ihr das nicht, ſo werdet ihr ausgelacht! Der Schreiber H. in Bendorf mußte, wenn große Geſellſchaften da waren, mit den zwei übrigen Bedienten bei Tiſche aufwarten. Einſt rief die Frau Kammerherrin: Präſentire Er die Sauce herum. — Mein H. wußte nicht, was für ein Ding das ſey, und ſah ſich verlegen um. Der Kammerherr merkt, wo es ihm fehlt und ſchreit: Die Tiſche H., die Tiſche! Freilich verſtand es nun H., aber er wurde laut ausgelacht. Ein andermal reichte er die Kerne der Melone als eßbar herum und die genießbaren Theile derſelben wollte er als Futter für Schweine in die Küche tragen. Von dieſer Zeit an wendete ſich H. an den ältern Bedienten Buch, einen geweſenen preußiſchen Soldaten. Dieſer wies ihn an, was zu thun und zu laſſen ſei, und H. wurde nicht mehr ausgelacht.

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*) Manche heißen Mantel-Krähen weil die Farbe ihres Gefieders faſt das Anſehen eines Mantels hat.

Dieſer Buch war ſtolz darauf, dem alten Fritz (wie er mit Ehrfurcht ihn nannte), gedient, und mehrmals bei ihm Schildwache geſtanden zu haben. Er war ſelbſt Zeuge der Derbheit geweſen, mit welcher der Kutſcher Pfund den König behandelt hatte. Er erzählte: Einſt rief der König ungeduldig von dem obern Stockwerke herab: Nun, Pfund, wird's bald! Der Kutſcher antwortete: Nun, nun, Ew. Majeſtät, ich kann nicht blaſen! Der König ließ ſich's gefallen und wartete.

Hans Karl Dippoldt

ward am 26. März 1783 in Grimma geboren, erhielt daſelbſt ſeine Schulbildung und ſtudirte darauf zu Leipzig und Jena. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn, wurde er 1809 Kuſtos der Univerſitätsbibliothek zu Leipzig und nahm im folgenden Jahre einen Ruf als Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Geographie am Gymnaſium zu Danzig an, wo er am 30. September 1811 in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Geſchichte des Grafen Egmont. Leipzig, 1810.
Leben Kaiſer Karls des Großen. Tübingen, 1810.
Skizzen der allgemeinen Geſchichte. Berlin, 1812, 2 Bde. (erſchien erſt nach ſeinem Tode.)
W. Coxe's Geſchichte des Hauſes Oeſtreich (mit Ad. Wagner.) Amſterdam und Leipzig, 1810—12, 2 Bde.
Allgemeines hiſtoriſches Archiv. Tübingen, 1811. 2 Hefte (gemeinſchaftlich mit F. A. Koethe.)

D's hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen fehlt vorzüglich tieferes Forſchen und ein gründliches Quellenſtudium; ein Mangel, der durch den ihm eigenthümlichen anmuthigen Styl und ſeine lebendige und beſeelte Darſtellung nicht erſetzt wird.

Johann Samuel Diterich

ward am 15. December 1721 in Berlin geboren, ſtudirte Theologie zu Frankfurt an der Oder und Halle und bekleidete nach einander ſeit 1748 die drei Predigerſtellen an der Marienkirche in Berlin. Im Jahre 1763 wurde er zum Beichtvater der Königin und 1770 zum Oberconſiſtorialrath ernannt. Er ſtarb in ſeiner Vaterſtadt am 14. Januar 1797.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Zwei und vierzig neue Lieder und 23 Nachahmungen oder Bearbeitungen älterer Lieder in den Liedern für den öffentlichen Gottesdienſt und dem Geſangbuch für die häusliche Andacht. Berlin 1765 und 1787.
Unterweiſung zur Glückſeligkeit. N. A. Berlin, 1788.
Andachten für Chriſten die zum heil. Abendmahl gehen. Berlin, 1775.

Ein würdiger Diener des göttlichen Wortes, der ſich zu ſeiner Zeit, ſowohl durch eigene Productionen, wie durch talentvolle Umſchmelzungen älterer geiſtlicher Geſänge, ausgezeichnete Verdienſte um die Verbeſſerung des Kirchenliedes erwarb.

Johann Christoph Döderlein,

einer der berühmteſten deutſchen Theologen des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts ward am 20. Januar 1746 zu Windsheim geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und wurde nach kaum zurückgelegter akademiſcher Laufbahn 1768 Diakonus an der Hauptkirche ſeines Geburtsortes. Im Jahre 1772 erhielt er einen Ruf als Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Altdorf, und ging 1782 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Jena, wo er am 2. December 1792 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:

Auserleſene theologiſche Bibliothek. 4 Bde. Leipzig, 1780—92; fortgeſetzt unter dem Titel Theologiſches Journal. 1. Bd. Nürnb., 1793.
Ueber die chriſtliche Facultät. Jena 1781.
Unterweiſung in den Lehrwahrheiten der chriſtlichen Religion. 2 Thle. Nürnb., 1791.
Predigten. Halle, 1777.
Chriſtlicher Religionsunterricht nach den Bedürfniſſen unſerer Zeit. 2 Thle. Nürnberg, 1785—1803. — (Die 5 erſten nur ſind von D.)
Kurzer Entwurf der chriſtlichen Sittenlehre. Jena, 1789.
Fragmente und Antifragmente u. ſ. w. 2 Thl. Nürnberg, 1782.
Einzelne theologiſche Abhandlungen. Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

Döderlein's Verdienſte als Theolog zu charakteriſiren wäre hier am unrechten Orte, es genüge daher, zu bemerken, daß er zu einer Zeit, wo die Gottesgelehrtheit ſich in engen Banden befand, einer der thätigſten gründlichſten und einſichtigſten Beförderer der Entwickelung des vernunftgemäßen Chriſtenthums in Deutſchland war, und in dieſer Hinſicht einen eben ſo wichtigen als heilbringenden Einfluß auf ſeine gelehrten wie auf ſeine ungelehrten Glaubensgenoſſen ausübte. Als Kanzelredner fehlte es ihm jedoch an Kraft und Feuer; er verfiel in ſeinen Predigten zu oft in eine gewiſſe ſüßliche Sentimentalität, welche in jenen Tagen wohl den Beifall Einzelner ſich erwarb, aber ohne dauernden Eindruck auf die Menge blieb.

Christian Wilhelm von Dohm,

berühmt als Staatsmann wie als Schriftſteller, ward am 11. December 1754 zu Lemgo geboren. Der frühe Verluſt ſeiner Eltern erſchwerte ſeine Jugend. Doch überwand er glücklich alle Hinderniſſe, zeichnete ſich bereits auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt durch Fleiß und Talent aus und bezog 1769 die Univerſität Leipzig, um ſich der Theologie zu widmen, die er indeſſen bald mit der Jurisprudenz vertauſchte. Ohne die ſogenannten Brodſtudien zu vernachläſſigen, beſchäftigte er ſich während ſeiner akademiſchen Jahre eifrig mit Philoſophie, Mathematik und Geſchichte, und begab ſich dann 1771 zu Baſedow, um denſelben bei deſſen philanthropiſchen Bemühungen zu unterſtützen. Im folgenden Jahre kehrte er zur Vollendung ſeiner Studien nach Leipzig zurück und ging darauf 1773 als Pagenhofmeiſter bei dem Prinzen Ferdinand von Preußen nach Berlin. Dieſes Amt gab er aber ſehr bald wieder auf, beſchäftigte ſich eine Zeitlang mit literäriſchen Arbeiten und beſuchte darauf noch Göttingen, um ſich in ſeinen juriſtiſchen und publiciſtiſchen Kenntniſſen völlig auszubilden. Hier verband er ſich 1776 mit Boje zur Herausgabe des deutſchen Muſeums und arbeitete an einer Geſchichte der Engländer und Franzoſen in Oſtindien, welche jedoch unvollendet blieb. Im Herbſte 1776 nahm er einen Ruf als Profeſſor am Collegium Carolinum in Kaſſel an und lehrte hier mit großem Erfolge drei Jahre lang Finanzwiſſenſchaften und Statiſtik. Endlich ging ſein Wunſch, in preußiſchen Staatsdienſt zu treten, in Erfüllung; er ward 1779 im geheimen Archiv zu Berlin mit dem Titel eines Kriegsrathes angeſtellt und zu manchen wichtigen Verhandlungen gebraucht. Schnell ſtieg er nun von Stufe zu Stufe, ward preußiſcher geheimer Kreisdirectorialrath, Geſandter im niederrheiniſch-weſtphäliſchen Kreiſe, Miniſter am kurkölniſchen Hofe und in den Adelſtand erhoben und wirkte mit Kraft und Beifall auf dieſem verwickelten Poſten. Nachdem ihn der Revolutionskrieg zwei Mal aus den Rheingegenden vertrieben hatte, nahm er ſeinen Wohnſitz 1795 zu Halberſtadt und ging 1797 als dritter preußiſcher Geſandter nach Raſtadt, wo er den bekannten Bericht über die Ermordung der franzöſiſchen Geſandten (1799) entwarf. Nach dem Luneviller Frieden beauftragte ihn ſein Staat mit der Organiſirung der Reichsſtadt Goslar und ernannte ihn bald darauf (1804) zum Präſidenten der eichsfeld-erfurtiſchen Kriegs- und Domainenkammer in Heiligenſtadt. Hier blieb er auf ausdrücklichen Befehl auch nach der Schlacht von Jena und trat darauf 1807 in den Staatsdienſt des Königs von Weſtphalen, der ihn 1808 zum Geſandten am Hofe zu Dresden ernannte. Eine ſchwere Krankheit bewog ihn zwei Jahre ſpäter ſeinen Abſchied zu nehmen; er zog ſich auf ſein Gut Puſtleben bei Nordheim zurück und verbrachte den Reſt ſeiner Tage mit literäriſchen Beſchäftigungen. Sein Tod erfolgte am 29. Mai 1820.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Geſchichte der Engländer und Franzoſen im öſtlichen Indien. Leipzig, 1776. 1. Thl.
Materialien zur Statiſtik und neueſten Staatengeſchichte. Lemgo, 1777–85. 5 Liefrgn.
Geſchichte des bairiſchen Erbfolgekriegs. Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1779. 4.
Ueber die deutſche Literatur. Berlin, 1780.
Ueber die bürgerliche Verbeſſerung der Juden. Berlin, 1781–83. 2 Thl.
Ueber den deutſchen Fürſtenbund. Berlin, 1785.
Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit. Lemgo und Hannover, 1814–19. 5 Thle.
Einzelne Abhandlungen und Aufſätze im deutſchen Muſeum u. ſ. w.

D. war einer der edelſten und kräftigſten Männer ſeiner Zeit, der in ſeinen Schriften ſtrenge Wahrheitsliebe, Scharfblick, gründliche Kenntniſſe und große Gewandtheit mit einer reinen und vortrefflichen Darſtellung verband und einer der Erſten zeigte, wie der Deutſche Wiſſenſchaft und Leben verbinden müſſe. Sein mit Wohlwollen und ſchöner Freiſinnigkeit abgefaßtes Werk, über die bürgerliche Verbeſſerung der Juden, verdiente größere Beherzigung in unſeren Tagen, nicht bloß die Anerkennung, die ihm zu Theil geworden iſt.

Vgl. Gronau, Dohm nach ſeinem Wollen und Handeln. Lemgo, 1824.

Jakob Dominikus

ward am 10. Nov. 1764 zu Rheinbergen geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und Jurisprudenz und erhielt 1790 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie an der Univerſität Erfurt. Im Jahre 1802 wurde er ordentlicher Profeſſor daſelbſt und nach Aufhebung der Univerſität 1810 Kammerdirector, Finanz- und Domainenrath. 1817 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Coblenz verſetzt, ſtarb er dort am 17. Juli 1819.

Er gab heraus:

Ueber Weltgeſchichte und ihr Princip. Erfurt, 1790.

Erfurt und das erfurtiſche Gebiet. Gotha, 1793. 2 Thle.
Don Emanuel, König von Portugal. Leipzig, 1795.
Ferdinand, Herzog von Alba. Leipzig, 1796. 2 Thle.
Heinrich IV. König von Frankreich. Zürich, 1797. 2 Thle.
Der Kampf um Europens Stiefel. Erfurt, 1800.
Ueber die Feier der Geburtstage bei den Alten. Erfurt, 1807.

Ein talentvoller Hiſtoriker, deſſen biographiſche Arbeiten ſich vorzüglich durch gute Darſtellung, Scharfſinn und gründliches Wiſſen vortheilhaft auszeichnen.

Georg Christian Wilhelm Asmus Döring

ward am 11. December 1789 in Kaſſel geboren und erhielt früh daſelbſt eine Anſtellung als Hoftheaterdichter. Im Jahre 1815 verließ er jedoch ſeine Vaterſtadt und nahm 1815 ſeinen Wohnſitz in Frankfurt am Main, von wo er 1818 die Schweiz und Italien beſuchte. 1820 begleitete er den Prinzen Alexander von Witgenſtein nach Bonn und kehrte darauf wieder nach Frankfurt am Main zurück, wo er (Dr. phil., H. Meiningiſcher Legationsrath und Fürſtl. Sayn-Witgenſtein'ſcher Hofrath) am 10. October 1833 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Weißagung der Pythia. Kaſſel, 1814.
Die Halle des Ruhms. Kaſſel, 1814.
Die Weihe des Siegers. Frankfurt, 1815.
Die freie Flur am Main. Frankfurt, 1818.
Das Kaleidoſcop. Frankfurt, 1819.
Cervantes. Drama. Frankfurt, 1819.
Offenbacher Taſchenbuch für 1820—22.
Ludwig XVI. Frankfurt, 1820.
Poſa. Trauerſpiel. Frankfurt, 1820.
Phantaſiegemälde. Frankfurt, 1822 fgde., fortgeſetzt von C. Deller.
Der treue Eckart. Trauerſp. Frankfurt, 1822.
Frühlingsklänge. Leipzig, 1822.
Zenobia. Frankfurt, 1823.
Freikugeln. Kaſſel, 1824.
Das Geheimniß des Grabes. Frankfurt, 1824.
Zwei Luſtſpiele. Amberg, 1825.
Frauentaſchenbuch. Nürnberg, 1825.
Alpenroſen. Kaſſel, 1826.
Albrecht der Weiſe. Nürnberg, 1826.
Stimmen des Lebens. Frankfurt, 1827.
Sonnenberg. Novelle. Frankfurt, 1828. 3 Thle.
Wanderleben. Kaſſel, 1828.
Dichterbündniß. Kaſſel, 1829.
Drei Nächte. Novellen. Leipzig, 1829. 2 Thle.
Die Mumie von Rotterdam. Frankf. 1830. 2 Thle.
Der Hirtenkrieg. Frankfurt, 1830. 3 Thle.
Freundeskreis. Kaſſel, 1830.
Novellen. 4 Thle. Frankfurt, 1831.
Das Kunſthaus. Novelle. Frankfurt, 1831. 3 Thle.
Van Speyck. Frankfurt, 1831.
Das Opfer von Oſtrolenka. Frankfurt, 1832. 3 Thle.
Roland von Bremen. Frankfurt, 1832. 3 Thle.
Tage der Vorzeit. Dramat. Gedichte. Frankfurt, 1833.
Erzählungen. 4 Thle. Frankfurt, 1833.
Die Geiſelfahrt. 3 Thle. Frankfurt, 1833.
Dramatiſche Novellen. Frankfurt, 1833. 4 Thle.

Als dramatiſcher Dichter ſtrebte D. beſonders dem Vorbilde Schillers nach, doch fehlte es ihm zu ſehr an Kraft und Tiefe, und ſeine tragiſchen Arbeiten, durch nichts als eine gebildete Sprache ausgezeichnet, ſind daher als die ſchwächſten Leiſtungen ſeiner Muſe zu betrachten. Größeren Beifalls erfreuten ſich einige kleinere Luſtſpiele, in welchen ſich Leben und Bühnengewandtheit beurkundet. Am Glücklichſten war er als Erzähler, beſonders in denjenigen ſeiner Romane, in welchen er geſchichtliche Gegenſtände behandelte und ſich Walter Scott zum Muſter nahm. Unter dieſen möchte ſein Sonnenberg als die gelungenſte Leiſtung zu betrachten ſeyn. — Im Allgemeinen beſaß D. ein hübſches und gefälliges Talent, Gewandtheit, Phantaſie und Erzählungsgabe. Doch ſchadete ihm wie ſo Vielen in Deutſchland unendlich, daß er für den Erwerb ſchreiben und deshalb unabläſſig ſchaffen mußte, wobei ihm keine Muße blieb, ſeinen Productionen Ruhe und Reife angedeihen zu laſſen.

Heinrich Döring

ward den 5. May 1789 in der ehemaligen freien Reichsſtadt Danzig geboren. Sein Großvater väterlicher Seite war der dortige Rathsherr und Kämmerer Johann Georg Döring, deſſen Verdienſte Schlichtegroll gewürdigt hat;*) ſein Großvater mütterlicher Seite der Rathsherr und nachherige Bürgermeiſter Michael Groddeck, den Friedrich Wilhelm III. 1798 in den Adelsſtand erhob.**) Seinem Vater, dem Kaufmann Johann Samuel Döring, verdankte er eine ſorgfältige Erziehung durch Privatlehrer, die ihn beſonders in den ältern und neuern Sprachen unterwieſen. Früh gewann er die engliſche und franzöſiſche Literatur lieb. Neigung für Poeſie und wiſſenſchaftliche Beſchäftigungen entfremdete ihn dem Handelsſtande, welchem er ſich, dem väterlichen Wunſche gemäß, einige Jahre gewidmet hatte. Im J. 1811 trat er in das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Unter ſeinen Lehrern gewannen beſonders F. Th. Rink und der zu früh verſtorbene Hiſtoriker H. K. Dippoldt einen entſchiedenen Einfluß auf ſeine Bildung. Seit dem Jahre 1814 widmete er ſich zu Jena dem Studium der Theologie, beſchäftigte ſich aber, durch Goethe, Falk und Knebel, beſonders durch letzteren mehrfach angeregt, vorzugsweiſe mit den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Die Bekanntſchaft mit Ludwig Wieland, dem Sohn des Dichters, veranlaßte ihn 1817 nach Weimar zu gehen, wo er, in Bertuchs Hauſe wohnend, Antheil nahm an der Herausgabe des Weimariſchen Oppoſitionsblattes. Mit dem Schluſſe des genannten Jahres kehrte er jedoch wieder nach Jena zurück, wo er ſeitdem als Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter lebt.

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*) S. deſſen Nekrolog auf d. J. 1792. Bd. 2. S. 198 u. ſ. w.

**) G. Löſchin's Geſchichte Danzigs. (Danzig 1823) Th. 2. S. 123. Vergl. S. 248. 258. 269. 272. 318.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Jena, 1816.
London und ſeine Bewohner. Aus d. Franzöſiſchen. Weimar, 1818.
Hulda, ein Taſchenbuch. Jena, 1818.
Kleine Romane und Erzählungen. Jena, 1818.
Satyriſch-humoriſtiſche Gedichte. Leipzig, 1820.
Manfred, Trauerſpiel von Lord Byron. Zwickau, 1821.
Denkwürdigkeiten der geheimen Geſellſchaften in Unteritalien, insbeſondere der Carbonari. Weimar, 1822.
Friedrich v. Schillers Leben. Weimar, 1822. 2. Aufl. Ebd. 1824.
Bibliſche Gemählde, Legenden, Balladen und vermiſchte Gedichte. Danzig, 1822.
Der Seeräuber, von W. Scott. Zwickau, 1822. 5 Bdchn. N. A. Ebd. 1825.
Ipſiboé. Roman von Arlincourt. Leipzig, 1823. 3 Bde.
Pflicht und Gewiſſen. Trauerſpiel von A. Freih. v. Seckendorff. Metriſch bearbeitet. Leipzig, 1823.
Der Alterthümler, von W. Scott. Zwickau, 1823. 4 Bdchn. N. A. Ebd., 1826.
J. G. v. Herders Leben. Weimar, 1823. 2. Ausgabe Ebd. 1829.
Das Schloß von Pontefract. Hiſtor. Roman. Leipzig, 1824. 3 Bde.
Quentin Durward, von W. Scott. Zwickau, 1824. 5 Bdchen. N. A. Ebd. 1827.
Redgauntlet, von W. Scott. Jena, 1824. 3 Bde.
Sardanapal. Trauerſpiel von Lord Byron. Zwickau, 1825.
Der Giaur. Bruchſtück einer türkiſchen Erzählung von Lord Byron. Zwickau, 1825.
Klopſtocks Leben. Weimar, 1825.
Lebensbeſchreibungen berühmter brittiſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten, von W. Scott. Leipzig, 1826.
Erzählungen der Kreuzfahrer, von W. Scott. Zwickau, 1826. 6 Bdchen. N. A. Ebd. 1828.
J. P. Fr. Richters Leben. Gotha, 1826. (Vermehrt und erweitert, Leipzig, 1830 — 1832. 2 Bde.)
Der letzte der Mohikaner, von Cooper. Frankf. a. M. 1825. 6 Bdchen.
Macduffs Kreuz, Drama von W. Scott. Zwickau, 1826.
G. A. Bürgers Leben. Berlin, 1826.
Die Schule der Frauen, Luſtſpiel von Molière. Zwickau, 1827.
Schwänke, ſcherzhafte Gedichte und Poeſien ernſterer Gattung. Danzig, 1828.
J. W. v. Goethe's Leben. Weimar, 1828. N. verm. Ausgab. Ebd. 1833.
A. v. Kotzebue's Leben. Weimar, 1830.
Die deutſchen Kanzelredner des 18. u. 19. Jahrhunderts. Neuſtadt a. d. O. 1830.
Gallerie deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten. 1. Bd. Gotha, 1832.
Die gelehrten Theologen Deutſchlands, im 18. u. 19. Jahrhundert. Neuſtadt a. d. O. 1831 — 1835. 4 Bde.
C. F. Gellerts Leben. Greiz, 1833.
Fr. v. Matthiſſons Leben. Zürich, 1833.
Joh. Heinr. Voß. Nach ſ. Leben u. Wirken dargeſtellt. Weimar, 1834.
Fr. v. Schillers auserleſene Briefe. Zeitz, 1834. N. verm. Ausgabe, Ebd. 1835. 3 Bdchen.
Nachleſe zu Fr. v. Schillers ſämtlichen Werken. Zeitz, 1835.
Rußlands Helden. Leipzig, 1835. *).
Joh. v. Müllers Leben. Zeitz, 1835.
Zu der deutſchen Ueberſetzung von Shakspear's Werken in Einem Bande (Schneeberg 1835) hat D. 11 Stücke geliefert; außerdem Beiträge zu dem Weimarſchen Modejournal, der Frauenzeitung, der Thusnelde, den Zeitſchwingen, der Abendzeitung, dem Geſellſchafter, dem Zeitgenoſſen, dem deutſchen Ehrentempel, der Erſch-Gruberſchen Encyclopädie, dem Taſchenbuch für Lieb' und Freundſchaft, dem Coburger Taſchenbuch u. a. m.

(B's hieher von Hrn. D. Döring ſelbſt mitgetheilt.)

H. Döring hat ſich vorzügliches Verdienſt durch ſeine Biographieen berühmter Männer, beſonders deutſcher Dichter erworben, da er in denſelben emſigen Fleiß, zarte Diſcretion, Unpartheilichkeit und Würde mit anmuthiger Darſtellung zu vereinen wußte. — Als Ueberſetzer arbeitet er mit Kenntniß und Geſchmack. Als lyriſcher Dichter zeigt er ein glückliches Talent für das komiſche Genre, das er mit großer Gewandtheit zu behandeln verſteht, doch findet ſich unter ſeinen ernſten Poeſien ebenfalls manches Gelungene.

Carl Auguſt,*)

Großherzog von Sachſen-Weimar.

Schwer iſt's, auf dem Throne das rein Menſchliche zu ergreifen und feſtzuhalten — auf den Höhen irdiſcher Gewalt ſich den ſichern und klaren Blick in die verſchlungnen Verhältniſſe und mannigfachen Anfoderungen des bürgerlichen Lebens zu gewinnen. Daher zeigt uns die Geſchichte eher zehn ruhmvolle Eroberer, Geſetzgeber und Neubegründer mächtiger Staatsverhältniſſe, als Einen milden Genius, der Geiſteshoheit und weiſen Machtgebrauch mit dem ſanftern Zauber friedlichen Wohlwollens vereinigt und in dem Fürſten nie den Menſchen vergeſſen hätte.

Einem ſolchen Genius begegnen wir in Carl Auguſt, und wenige thatſächliche Umriſſe werden genügen, einem Fürſten, deſſen ganzes Daſeyn That war, und dem längſt das ſchönſte Denkmal in aller Herzen errichtet iſt, auch hier eins zu ſetzen.

Glorreichen Ahnen entſproſſen (den 3. September 1757), hatte Carl Auguſt das Schickſal, ſeinen Vater nie kennen zu lernen. Schwächlich, zur Auszehrung geneigt, verſchied Ernſt Auguſt Conſtantin bereits den 28. Mai 1758, als ſein erſtgeborener Prinz Carl Auguſt erſt neun bis zehn Monden zählte. Ihn — das erſte Hoffnungspfand eines faſt erlöſchenden Fürſtenhauſes — begrüßte zwiefacher Jubel, und bald nachher ward er zum Herrſcher berufen.

Die Obervormundſchaft über das Land war theils durch ſeines Vaters Teſtament, theils durch kaiſerlichen Spruch (den 3. Auguſt 1759) der in dieſem Augenblicke ſelbſt noch unmündigen Herzogin Anna Amalia zugefallen. Sechzehn Jahre hindurch führte dieſe, durch Geiſt und Herz gleich ausgezeichnete Fürſtin, das Miniſterium ihres verſtorbenen Gemahls beibehaltend, die obervormundſchaftliche Regierung. Ihre angeborne Weisheit, Milde und Beſonnenheit zeigte ſich beſonders in jener furchtbaren Periode des ſiebenjährigen Krieges, wo Theurung, Hungersnoth und Seuchen wetteiferten, das Land zu erſchöpfen. Jene Uebel aber hatte ſie durch ihre ſeltne Klugheit und durch ihr weiſes Benehmen gegen den damaligen Hauptfeind ihres Landes, Friedrich II, der ihr mütterlicher Oheim war, wo nicht abzuwenden, doch zu erleichtern geſucht. Mit der Zärtlichkeit einer Mutter und der Sorgfalt einer Fürſtin leitete ſie die Erziehung Carl Auguſts und ſeines Bruders Conſtantin, der erſt nach ſeines Vaters Tode geboren worden war. Beiden wurde von Friedrich II. der Graf Görz als Oberhofmeiſter empfohlen. Ihm ſtanden als Lehrer und beſtändige Aufſeher der Prinzen die beiden ſchätzbaren Gelehrten Seidler und Hermann zur Seite**). Wie Fenelon einſt für Frankreichs Dauphin ſeinen Telemach ſchrieb, ſo dichtete Wieland für Carl Auguſt und deſſen Bruder den goldnen Spiegel oder die Könige von Scheſchian, als Inbegriff alles Nützlichen und Edlen, was die Großen aus der Geſchichte der Menſchheit zu lernen haben. Auch mit der Wahl des Herkules, die er damals ſchrieb, verband Wieland einen pädagogiſchen Zweck.

Unter ſolchen Männern ward Carl Auguſt zu perſönlicher Aufopferung und vorurtheilsfreiem Streben, zur

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*) Bei Ueberreichung dieſes Werks an Ihre Kaiſerliche Hoheit, die Frau Großherzogin von Sachſen-Weimar, erhielt der Verfaſſer eine goldene Doſe, begleitet von einem eigenhändigen Handſchreiben.

*) S. den Deutſchen Ehrentempel. Herausgegeben von Wilhelm Hennings. Bd. XI. S. 44. flg.

**) Beide beſchloſſen, jener als Conſiſtorialrath, dieſer als Legationsrath und Aufſeher des Münzkabinets rühmlich und geachtet ihre Laufbahn zu Weimar.

Liebe für Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft und zu jeder menſchlich-ſchönen Tugend herangebildet. Frühzeitig hatte ſich ſein lebhafter Geiſt entwickelt, und ſchon in ſeinem jugendlichen Alter mußte man die Schnelligkeit bewundern, womit er jede Idee auffaßte und in das Innerſte eines Gegenſtandes eindrang. Ihm, dem mehr an dem Weſen der Dinge als an ihrer Form lag, mochte wohl die Lehrmethode jener Zeit nicht immer zuſagen, und es iſt wohl glaublich, was die Tradition von ihm überliefert: daß er ſich zuweilen die Unzufriedenheit ſeiner Lehrer zugezogen habe. Wohl aber verdient es erwähnt zu werden, daß **Carl Auguſt** ſchon in ſeinem vierzehnten Jahre dem großen **Friedrich** das Urtheil abgewann: „er habe noch nie einen jungen Menſchen von dieſem Alter geſehen, der zu ſo großen Hoffnungen berechtige.“ *)

Geſundheit und eine treffliche Conſtitution begünſtigte die Entwickelung ſeines Geiſtes, die ſelbſt durch die zwangvolle Etikette nicht gehemmt werden konnte, die damals am Weimariſchen Hofe ſowohl im äußern Benehmen, als in der Kleidung herrſchte. Dieſe beſtand, nach noch vorhandenen Gemälden **Carl Auguſts** aus jener Periode, in einem ſtark geſtickten Rocke mit langen Schößen und Aufſchlägen, in einer eben ſo geſtickten langen Weſte, in einem Degen mit einer Menge Bandſchleifen, in einem großen Federhut unter'm Arm und in ſeidnen Strümpfen mit abgeſtumpften Schuhen und großen ſilbernen Schnallen. Der Kopf war mit einem hohen, wellgekräuſelten Toupet und zwei dicken Locken, beide mit Puder und Pommade reichlich durchknetet, geſchmückt und den ganzen Putz vollendete ein großer Haarbeutel.

Den weſentlichſten und heilſamſten Einfluß auf ſein ganzes Leben hatte eine Reiſe, die **Carl Auguſt**, gegen das Ende ſeiner Minderjährigkeit, von dem Grafen v. **Görz** und dem nachmaligen Oberſtallmeiſter v. **Stein** begleitet, in's Ausland machte. Sie dauerte vom Herbſt 1774 bis zu Johannis 1775. Wichtig für **Carl Auguſts** höhere Geiſtesausbildung war die in Paris angeknüpfte Bekanntſchaft mit **d'Alembert**, **Diderot** und andern berühmten Gelehrten. Auch beſuchte er die trefflichen Anſtalten für Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte, die ſich damals ſchon in der Hauptſtadt Frankreichs befanden, und eignete ſich manches davon an. Den Geſchmack für eine wohleingerichtete Bühne hatte er gleichfalls ſeinem Aufenthalte in Paris zu danken.

Auf der eben erwähnten Reiſe lernte **Carl Auguſt** die Landgräfin **Louiſe** von **Heſſen-Darmſtadt** kennen, und ihr ſanfter, liebenswürdiger Charakter, verbunden mit einem zarten Sinn für Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt, bewog ihn, ſich bald nachher um ihre Hand zu bewerben.

In Frankfurt am Main öffnete ſich ſein, nicht nur für Liebe, ſondern auch für Freundſchaft empfängliches Herz einem hochgeſinnten jungen Manne, deſſen geniale Schriften, ungeachtet einer gegen Wieland gerichteten Satire **), ihm mit lebhafter Achtung erfüllt hatten. Herzlich lud **Carl Auguſt** den jungen Autor im December 1774 zu ſich ein, und bald nachdem er die Regierung angetreten (den 3. September 1775) und den 3. October des genannten Jahres ſeine Vermählung gefeiert hatte, gewann er (den 7. November 1775) an **Göthe** fürs ganze Leben den treueſten Diener und vertrauteſten Freund, ja einen ausgezeichneten Schmuck ſeiner Regierung, wie kein anderes Land ihn aufzuweiſen vermag.

Ein ſolcher Gewinn mußte ihm einigermaßen Erſatz bieten für das bittere Gefühl, womit **Carl Auguſt** ein Jahr zuvor (d. 6. Mai) das Weimariſche Schloß mit einer Menge von Kunſtſchätzen, namentlich vielen Gemälden von Lucas Kranach, hatte in Flammen auflodern ſehen.

Kaum hatte **Carl Auguſt** ſeine Regierung angetreten, als er ſich aus eigner Einſicht von der Nothwendigkeit überzeugte, manche veraltete und unbrauchbar gewordene Einrichtungen abzuſchaffen. Sein erſtes Beſtreben war daher dahin gerichtet, geiſt- und talentvolle Männer um ſich zu verſammeln, um ihm bei der Ausführung ſeiner Ideen in Staats- und Kirchenangelegenheiten behülflich zu ſein. Wie ſehr er das für einen Regenten unſchätzbare Talent beſaß, Menſchen gehörig zu würdigen und ihnen gerade da, wo ſie am meiſten nützen können, ihren Platz anzuweiſen, zeigte **Carl Auguſt**, als ſeine Wahl auf **Herder**, **Griesbach**, v. **Knebel** u. a. ausgezeichnete Männer fiel, die er aus der Ferne zu ſich berief. Die Geheimen Räthe der vormundſchaftlichen Regierung v. **Fritſch**, **Greiner** und **Schmidt** behielt der junge Fürſt in gerechter Anerkennung ihres Werths und ihrer Kenntniß in der Geſchäftsführung bei. Ihr Rath unterſtützte ihn, als ſich ſein Hauptaugenmerk auf die Verwaltung der Rechtspflege lenkte. Schon im December 1775 erſchien eine neue Proceßordnung, und zwei Jahre ſpäter ein Reſcript zur Sicherſtellung des Vermögens der Abweſenden. Daran knüpften ſich manche wohlthätige Einrichtungen für das Wohl des Landes in geiſtiger, wie in phyſiſcher Hinſicht. **Carl Auguſt** kam zuerſt auf den Gedanken (1784) das Waiſenhaus ſeiner Reſidenz in ein Waiſeninſtitut abzuändern, wodurch die öffentliche Erziehung verlaſſener Kinder in Familienkreiſen bewirkt wurde. Gleichzeitig mit dieſem Schritt zur Wohlfahrt des Weimariſchen Landes ſah man dort die halb alberne, halb barbariſche Kirchenbuße abſchaffen. Neben den neuen Einrichtungen zur Verſorgung der Armen, wodurch dem Bettelweſen geſteuert wurde, traten auch die erſten vervollkommneten Löſchungsanſtalten ins Leben, deren Wirkſamkeit ſich oft unter den Augen des jungen Herrſchers erprobte, wenn Feuerruf in der Gegend Weimars erſcholl. Auch die Schwierigkeiten, mit denen die Errichtung eines Hebammeninſtituts zu Jena, unter **Loders** Leitung, verknüpft war, wurden ſtandhaft beſiegt. Die Idee eines Schullehrer-Seminars, welche ſchon die Herzogin Amalie gefaßt hatte, wurde unter **Carl Auguſts** Regierung ausgeführt. Gleich zu Anfange derſelben war der einſichtsvolle Fürſt bedacht geweſen, die Landwirthſchaft, Wald- und Gartencultur in allen ihren Zweigen zu verbeſſern. Unter Mitwirkung des thätigen und unterrichteten Oberforſtmeiſters v. **Wedel** verbeſſerten ſich durch Anpflanzungen die Wälder. Auch die Schätze der Bergwerke und Salzquellen blieben nicht unbeachtet. Mit beſonderer Vorliebe betrieb **Carl Auguſt** den Gartenbau, und der von ihm, unter Mitwirkung **Bertuchs**, angelegte Park bei Weimar, iſt ein ſprechender Beweis, wie er in ſeinen Anſichten der Natur treu blieb, und nur nach dem wahren Großen und Schönen ſtrebte.

Erweiterung ſeiner Kenntniſſe war überhaupt das Ziel, das er nie aus dem Auge verlor. Um in keiner Art des Wiſſens zurück zu bleiben, trat er den 5. Februar 1782 in den Freimaurerorden, dem er ſtets als ächter Anhänger treu blieb und ihn mit fürſtlicher Huld beſchützte. Um ſeine Wißbegierde zu befriedigen, unternahm er öftere Reiſen. Eine der merkwürdigſten war die in die Schweiz, die er in Gothes Geſellſchaft machte. Durch die rüſtigen Fußwanderungen in allen Theilen der himmelanſtrebenden Alpen hatte der junge Fürſt die Pflanzenkunde und Mineralogie lieb gewonnen, die ihm zeitlebens die reinſten Genüſſe verſchaffte. Er brachte es in dieſem Zweig des Wiſſens ſo weit, daß er ſich ſpäterhin nicht nur die gewöhnlichen Kenntniſſe eines Liebhabers, ſondern auch die gründlichen eines Gelehrten darin erwarb. Wie leidenſchaftlich er Botanik liebte, beweiſen die Einrichtungen des bereits erwähnten Parks und des bei Weimar befindlichen Luſtſchloſſes Belvedere.

Unter dieſen friedlichen Beſchäftigungen regte ſich in **Carl Auguſts** Seele der Wunſch nach kriegeriſchem Ruhm und einer militäriſchen Laufbahn, als er ſeinen Großoheim Friedrich II. zum erſten Mal in Berlin beſuchte. Von dem großen König mit mannigfachen Zeichen hoher Achtung empfangen, ließ er ſich ſeitdem ſehr angelegen ſein, mit Eifer alles zu ſtudiren, was auf die Kriegskunſt Bezug hatte. Sie practiſch zu üben, hatte ſich ihm, bei der allgemeinen Ruhe, die in ganz Deutſchland während der erſten Jahre ſeiner Regierung herrſchte, keine Veranlaſſung geboten. Indeß näherte ſich die Verfaſſung des deutſchen Reichs täglich mehr ihrer Auflöſung. Die beabſichtigten Pläne Joſephs II., die kaiſerliche Macht im Bayeriſchen Erbfolgekriege zu vergrößern, vereitelte Friedrich der Große. Die unter ihm zu einem Ganzen vereinigten Herrſcher ſchloſſen den bekannten Fürſtenbund ab, und **Carl Auguſt**, durch Bande der Verwandtſchaft an Preußen gekettet, entſprach dem Vertrauen, das Friedrich in ihn ſetzte, durch die wichtigſten perſönlichen Dienſtleiſtungen bei der Abſchließung jenes Bundes. Schon damals mochte ſein hellblickender Geiſt eine Vorahnung haben von den furchtbaren Kämpfen, die Deutſchland bevorſtanden. Aber ſein von Natur kraftvoller Körper, geſtärkt, durch häufige Jagdübungen, durch manche beſchwerliche Reiſen, theils zu Pferde, theils zu Fuß, die ihn gelehrt hatten, jeder Witterung Trotz zu bieten, hatte ihn längſt auf jene furchtbaren Kämpfe vorbereitet. Er der Sprößling eines uralten Heldenſtammes ſah ſich daher ſehnſuchtsvoll nach einer Schule um, wo er das Practiſche des Kriegsweſens gründlich erlernen konnte.

Eine ſolche Schule ward ihm, als er, in Königl. Preußiſche Dienſte tretend 1787 als Freiwilliger den Feldzug nach Holland mitmachte. Friedrich Wilhelm II. ernannte ihn ſpäterhin zum Generalmajor und übergab ihm das zu Aſchersleben ſtehende Cüraſſier-Regiment, das ſeit der Zeit ſeinen Namen führte. An der Spitze dieſes Regiments, bei welchem er ſich durch ſeinen Dienſteifer, durch ſeine militäriſche Kenntniß und durch zweckmäßige Strenge allgemeine Achtung erworben hatte, ſtand er auch im Jahre 1790 in Schleſien. Aber die Gelegenheit, Ruhm einzuerndten, bot ſich ihm nicht, da die zu Reichenbach abgeſchloſſene Convention den Ausbruch der Feindſeligkeiten zwiſchen Preußen und Oeſterreich wieder vereitelte. Eine Art von Entſchädigung gewährte ihm die Inſpection über die ſogenannte Magdeburger Cavallerie, die ihm der König vor dem Rückmarſch aus Schleſien übertrug, und dadurch ſeinen militäriſchen Wirkungskreis einigermaßen erweiterte.

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*) S. die hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Denkwürdigkeiten des Grafen von Görz. Th. 1. S. 8.

**) Götter, Helden und Wieland. Eine Farce. Leipzig. 1774.

Bald aber, nach dem Ausbruch der franzöſiſchen Revolution, bot ſich Carl Auguſt eine Gelegenheit, jenem Wirkungskreiſe noch eine größere Ausdehnung zu geben. Als die ſämmtlichen verbündeten Armeen Deutſchlands ſich im Mai 1792 zu ihrem Marſche an den Rhein in Bewegung ſetzten, ſchloß ſich auch Carl Auguſt jener großen Weltbegebenheit als thätiger Theilnehmer an. Der ſchreckliche Feldzug in der Champagne hatte für die Geſundheit der Meiſten, welche Carl Auguſt begleitet hatten, ſchlimme Folgen gehabt. Daß er ſelbſt dieſem Uebermaaße von Beſchwerden nicht erlag, verdankte er nur ſeiner kräftigen Natur. Von einer ſehr liebenswürdigen Seite zeigte ſich ſein Character durch den Eifer und die Sorgfalt, die er ſeinem leidenden Gefolge widmete; ja er ſetzte ſich ſelbſt oft dem Mangel aus, damit es keinem der Seinigen an der nothwendigen Nahrung fehlen möchte.

Im Jahr 1793 wohnte er an der Spitze ſeines Regiments mehreren hitzigen Gefechten bei, die während der Belagerung von Mainz, in der Nähe von Pirmaſens vorfielen. Bei dem nächtlichen Angriffe auf Bitſch in den Vogeſen, der freilich mißglückte, ſtand Carl Auguſt mit der ganzen Armee in der Nähe, um die errungenen Vortheile zu benutzen. Während er zu Pirmaſens ſtand, raubte ihm ein bösartiges Fieber ſeinen einzigen Bruder Conſtantin (d. 6. September 1793). Dieſer ſchmerzliche Verluſt mochte nebſt ſeinem Mißmuth über die Art, wie jener Krieg geführt wurde, der Grund ſein, weshalb er damals nach einem kurzen Aufenthalte zu Landau, wo ſeinem Regimente die Blokade übertragen war, nach Weimar zurückkehrte. Dort langte er den 3. December, nur von ſeiner Gemahlin erwartet, in der Mitternachtsſtunde an, um dem lauten Jubel ſeiner Unterthanen vorzubeugen. Daß der Plan, Ruhe und Ordnung in Frankreich wieder hergeſtellt zu ſehen, faſt gänzlich vereitelt ſchien, ſchmerzte Carl Auguſt tief. Seine fehlgeſchlagenen Erwartungen, verbunden mit manchen perſönlichen Unannehmlichkeiten, wirkten nachtheilig auf ſeine Geſundheit. Es vergiengen mehrere Monate, ehe das geſtörte Gleichgewicht ſeiner Kräfte wieder hergeſtellt werden konnte. Unter ſolchen Umſtänden bat er den König von Preußen um die Entlaſſung aus ſeinem Dienſte, die ihm der Monarch unter Zuſicherung ſeiner fortwährenden Freundſchaft und Hochachtung gewährte.

Dem Lande gereichte dieſer Schritt, beſonders in ökonomiſcher Hinſicht, zu weſentlichem Nutzen. Bei den ungeheuern Anforderungen des Kaiſers an die Stände des Reichs hatte Carl Auguſt damals das Dreifache ſeines Contingents ins Feld ſtellen müſſen, und der ihm damals angeſonnene Beitrag zur Erhaltung der preußiſchen Armee am Rhein hätte ſich, wenn die ganze Forderung bewilligt worden wäre, auf eine jährliche Summe von 1[illegible]000 Thaler belaufen. Auch der durch ſeinen Aufenthalt im Felde vergrößerte Aufwand mag den Herzog zum Dienſtaustritt bewogen haben.

Die vermittelſt des Baſeler Friedens (1795) für das nördliche Deutſchland eingetretene Waffenruhe hatte ſeinem Feldherrnleben ebenfalls ein Ziel geſetzt, und Carl Auguſt benutzte dieſe Muße, um ſowohl in Weimar als in der Umgegend, vielen aus Frankreich gewanderten Franzoſen ein Aſyl zu eröffnen. Zu denen, die in der herzoglichen Reſidenz ſelbſt Aufnahme fanden, gehörte der ehrwürdige Erzbiſchof von Rheims, der Graf Narbonne, die Mitglieder der franzöſiſchen Nationalverſammlung Montmorency, Mounier und Camille-Jordan; andere ausgezeichnete Männer aus dem weltlichen und geiſtlichen Stande ungerechnet. Auch Frau v. Staël hatte dort für ihr vielbewegtes Leben einen ruhigen Zufluchtsort gefunden.

In dieſe Periode gehört das ſchon früh begonnene aber mit doppeltem Eifer fortgeſetzte Streben Carl Auguſts, Weimar zu einem Sitze der Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft zu machen. Förderlich war ihm hierin vor allen Göthe's Leitung, an den er ſich durch die Bande inniger Freundſchaft gefeſſelt fühlte. Während Wieland durch ſeinen fürſtlichen Gönner in eine von allen Geſchäften befreite Lage verſetzt, nur der Dichtkunſt und den Wiſſenſchaften lebte, fuhr Herder mit ernſtem Sinne fort, über Kirchen und Schulen zu walten und außerdem durch mannigfache Schriften zum Guten und Schönen anzuregen. Mit Schiller, der damals aus Jena nach Weimar gerufen ward, vollendete ſich der unſterbliche Kranz großer Geiſter, wie ſie kein Land, geſchweige eine verhältnißmäßig nur kleine Stadt je aufzuweiſen gehabt hat. Aber daß Weimar in geiſtiger Hinſicht das Höchſte und Schönſte in ſich vereinigte, kann ſo wenig vergeſſen werden, als der Fürſt, der zu ſo hochſinnigen Streben und zu ungeſtörter Entwicklung ſeltener Talente Gelegenheit bot.

Auch unter denen, die an Carl Auguſts Hofe angeſtellt waren, befanden ſich Männer, die Gelehrſamkeit und ernſtes Wiſſen mit der Neigung zur heitern Dichtkunſt verbanden. Unvergeßlich bleiben in ſolcher Hinſicht die Namen eines v. Seckendorff, v. Einſiedel, v. Knebel u. a. Auch Bode, Muſäus, Bertuch, Böttiger trugen zum Glanze Weimars nicht wenig bei. Vorzüglich aber hatte die Academie zu Jena, nicht ohne große Aufopferungen von Seiten Carl Auguſts, damals ihren höchſten Flor erreicht. Wenig andere Univerſitäten Deutſchlands konnten ſich rühmen, eine ſo bedeutende Zahl berühmter Gelehrten in den verſchiedenartigſten Fächern zu beſitzen. Hier mögen nur die Namen eines Griesbach, Paulus, Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, Thibaut, Feuerbach, Loder, Schütz, Hufeland, Voß und Schlegel ſtehen.

Um dieſe Zeit ward auch das Hoftheater in Weimar eine Muſterſchule für die dramatiſche Kunſt in Deutſchland. Mit geringen Mitteln war wirklich Unglaubliches geleiſtet worden, und die herbeiſtrömenden Fremden vermißten nicht in dem kleinen Saale den Prunk der größern Bühnen. Neben Göthe, unter deſſen Leitung das Weimariſche Theater ſtand, entwickelte auch bald nachher Schiller ſein dramatiſches Talent, und brachte ſeinen Wallenſtein, ſeine Maria Stuart, Jungfrau v. Orleans u. a. ſeiner dramatiſchen Werke zur Aufführung.

Auch für die Verſchönerung der Reſidenz durch neue Straßen und Plätze ſorgte damals der Herzog mit regem Eifer. Der Wiederaufbau des eingeäſcherten Schloſſes, von Göthe in artiſtiſcher, und von dem Geh. Rath v. Voigt in finanzieller Rückſicht geleitet, kam unter Mitwirkung der tüchtigſten Künſtler des In- und Auslandes damals zu Stande. Kaum war er beendigt, als der Herzog die Freude hatte, ſeinen erſten, am 8. Februar 1783 geborenen Prinzen, den jetzigen Großherzog Carl Friedrich an der Seite der Ruſſiſchen Großfürſtin Maria Paulowna, Alexanders I. Schweſter, die ihm am 3. Auguſt 1804 anvermählt ward, in Weimar einziehen zu ſehen.

Aber ein ſo frohes Ereigniß wurde nur zu bald durch eine Reihe von Stürmen getrübt, welche, nachdem ſie ſchon ſeit 1792 in den ſüddeutſchen Ländern gewüthet, auch in noch ungleich höherem Grade die norddeutſchen trafen. Schon im Jahre 1797 hatte Carl Auguſt unter Friedrich Wilhelm III. Fahne wieder die 1793 verlaſſene Laufbahn als Generallieutenant betreten. Seinem ſcharfen Blicke konnte die Ueberzeugung nicht entgehen, daß Deutſchland noch mancher ſchwere Kampf bevorſtehe. Er bereitete ſich daher im Stillen darauf vor, daran Theil zu nehmen und eine ſeiner würdige Rolle darin zu ſpielen. Schon im Jahre 1805 drohte eine ſchwarze Gewitterwolke, die immer düſterer am politiſchen Himmel heranzog, ſich über das nördliche Deutſchland zu entladen, und Preußen hatte ſchon, um Oeſterreich beizuſtehen, ein mächtiges Heer zuſammengebracht. Dieſe Armee, die in der Nähe von Erfurt, das unterdeß an Preußen gekommen war, ihren Sammelplatz aufſchlug, erhielt, ungeachtet der damals herrſchenden Theuerung, durch Carl Auguſts früher getroffene Vorkehrungen, Alles, was ſie zu ihren Bedürfniſſen brauchte.

Nach der Schlacht von Auſterlitz ſah ſich der König von Preußen durch die Herrſchſucht Napoleons in die nicht mehr zu vermeidende Nothwendigkeit verſetzt, im Herbſt 1806 Frankreich den Krieg zu erklären. Am 14. October des genannten Jahres wurde die Schlacht bei Jena geliefert und während die Feinde durch alle unbeſetzt gebliebenen Schluchten und Gebirgspäſſe mit Sturmesmacht gegen Weimar vorrückten, hatte dieſe Stadt die unglückſeligen Folgen von der gänzlichen Niederlage der preußiſchen Armee in allen ihren Schreckniſſen zu ertragen. Indeß Carl Auguſt mit dem ſeiner Führung übertragenen Corps bei Ilmenau am Thüringer Walde ſtand, wurde ſeine Reſidenz geplündert, ſein Land verheert. Was erhalten wurde, verdankte er nur ſeiner edelmüthigen Gemahlin, der Herzogin Louiſe, die während dem wilden Kriegsgetümmel, unerſchrocken und mit Seelenſtärke dem übermüthigen Sieger in ihrem Schloſſe entgegentrat, und ihm durch ihre Faſſung und ihren Geiſt Achtung abnöthigte. Der Herzog befand ſich indeß in einer höchſt bedenklichen Lage. Aber die Idee, den Dienſt Preußens zu verlaſſen und jenem edlen Königshauſe jetzt im Unglück den Rücken zuzuwenden, konnte in ſeinem hochherzigen Gemüthe auch da nicht Raum finden, als er durch ſeine Räthe die dringendſte Aufforderung zur Rückkehr in ſein Land erhielt. Von dieſer ſchweren Wahl befreite ihn auf ſein eingereichtes Schreiben Friedrich Wilhelm III. indem er ihn der Pflichten gegen Preußens Dienſt entließ. Noch im Jahre 1806 konnten die Weimariſchen Abgeordneten zu Poſen den 14. December einen Frieden und den Beitritt zum Rheinbunde abſchließen, der freilich zu den auf 2,300,000 Thlr. angeſchlagenen Opfern des Kriegs noch neue Laſten hinzufügte.

So war die dem Namen nach erworbene Souverainität des Herzogs für ſein edles und gefühlvolles Herz zu einer neuen Bürde geworden, deren Druck noch der Tod ſeiner würdigen Mutter, der Herzogin Amalia (den 10. April 1807) vermehrte. Sie hatte den damals geglaubten Untergang des uralten und berühmten Stammhauſes, indem ihr Bruder, Herzog Ferdinand von Braunſchweig in dieſem Kriege den Heldentod fand, nicht überleben können. Für einen ſo ſchmerzlichen Verluſt, den Carl Auguſt vor allen ſeinen Unterthanen, ſo groß deren Trauer auch war, doppelt tief fühlen mußte, war der Beſuch der beiden mächtigſten Kaiſer Europa's Alexanders I. und Napoleons von dem nahe gelegenen Erfurt aus, immer nur eine geringe Entſchädigung, zumal bei den immer neuen Opfern, die die Verpflichtungen des Rheinbundes von ihm erheiſchten. Nachdem Carl Auguſts Truppen (1807) der Belagerung Colbergs beigewohnt hatten, vergoſſen ſie (1809) ihr Blut in Tyrol, mit den von edler Freiheit begeiſterten Bewohnern jenes Landes kämpfend. Spaniens heißes Klima wurde ihnen ſpäterhin noch verderblicher, als das Schwert der Feinde, und als ſie (1812) gegen das durch die Bande des Bluts mit ihrem Fürſtenhauſe verwandte Rußland ausrücken mußten, ſahen viele ihre Heimath nie wieder.

Auch in dieſen ſtürmiſchen Zeiten verlor Carl Auguſt nie den Glauben an eine baldige Rettung, und beugte ſich daher nie vor dem Uebermuthe Napoleons. Aber bei jeder Gelegenheit, wo er mit dem Kaiſer Frankreichs zuſammenkam, namentlich 1808 und 1812 in Dresden, erwarb ſich der Herzog durch die Characterſtärke, Offenheit, Einſicht und Unerſchrockenheit, die Achtung, ja das ſcheinbare Vertrauen Napoleons, unter deſſen Augen der jüngere Prinz Bernhard in der Schlacht bei Wagram unter den Sachſen rühmlich kämpfte und ſich den Orden der Ehrenlegion erwarb.

Jene düſtern Tage, welche die ſtürmiſch bewegte Zeit für Carl Auguſt herbeigeführt hatte, wurden durch einzelne Sonnenblicke wieder erhellt. Im J. 1808 begrüßte den Herzog das Lächeln der erſten Enkelin, 1811 das einer zweiten. Ein Jahr früher hatte er ſeine einzige Tochter Caroline an den Erbprinzen von Mecklenburg-Schwerin vermählt. Leider trennte dieſe Verbindung, von der ſich in jeder Rückſicht die ſchönſte Zukunft erwarten ließ, ſchon im Jahr 1816 der Tod der Prinzeſſin, der ihr Gemahl bald in's Grab nachfolgte.

Zwei Jahre früher war dem Herzog indeß die Freude geworden, Deutſchlands Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit durch die Völkerſchlacht bei Leipzig erkämpft zu ſehen. Zwar mußten die Weimariſchen Lande noch einmal alle jene Schreckniſſe erfahren, die ein hindurchſtürmendes, geſchlagenes Heer nach allen Seiten hin verbreitete; ſie mußten allen Forderungen genügen, welche die nachfolgende ſiegende Armee machte. Aber die Hoffnung half dieſe neuen Kriegslaſten muthig tragen; ſie machte Anſtrengungen möglich, die früher unerträglich geſchienen hätten. Deutſchlands Jugend erhob ſich, um an dem Kampfe für Wahrheit und Recht, für Fürſt und Vaterland Theil zu nehmen. Auch in Weimar hatte ſich ein Corps von Freiwilligen gebildet, das den 31. Januar 1814, theils zu Fuß, theils zu Pferde auszog. Carl Auguſt nahm an dem Feldzuge als ruſſiſcher General Antheil. Das aus Sachſen, Heſſen und Ruſſen beſtehende Corps, welches er commandirte, beſtand aus 25 bis 30,000 Mann. Mit dieſen Truppen zog er nach den Niederlanden, um die dortige Feſtungskette und den General Maiſon zu beobachten. Der anfänglichen Beſtimmung nach hatte der Herzog mit ſeinem Corps zu der Hauptarmee ſtoßen ſollen. Da aber die Schweden, die dort ſeine Stelle einnehmen ſollten, nicht herbei kamen, blieb ihm nichts übrig, als durch Wachſamkeit und kräftige Maßregeln alle Pläne des thätigen Feindes zu vereiteln. Das von ihm auf höhern Befehl verſuchsweiſe unternommene Bombardement von Maubeuge blieb, ungeachtet Carl Auguſt in mehreren bedeutenden Affairen den Sieg davon trug, ohne Erfolg. War es ihm indeß überhaupt nicht vom Schickſal gegönnt, glänzenden Waffenruhm einzuernten, ſo konnte er doch mit dem Bewußtſein, nach Kräften an dem Befreiungskampfe Deutſchlands Theil genommen zu haben, in dem eroberten Paris die Erinnerung an die in ſeiner Jugend dort verlebten Tage erneuern. Aus der Hauptſtadt Frankreichs begab er ſich nach England, deſſen Betriebſamkeit und Gewerbfleiß für ihn ſehr anziehend war, und von da nach Wien, wo der berühmte Congreß im October 1814 begonnen hatte. Als Erſatz für die nicht kleinen Opfer, die er der Errettung Deutſchlands gebracht hatte, ward ihm mit dem Titel eines Großherzogs eine bedeutende Vergrößerung ſeines Gebiets zuerkannt.

Nicht lange war Carl Auguſt indeß als Mitglied des Deutſchen Bundes und als völliger Souverain in ſeine Lande zurückgekehrt, als Napoleon durch ſeine Flucht von Elba abermals die äußerſten Anſtrengungen aller verbündeten Mächte nöthig machte. Obgleich Carl Auguſt diesmal nicht dem Rufe der Kriegstrommete folgte, ſo ſtanden doch ſeine Linientruppen (1815) ebenfalls im Felde und zeichneten ſich beſonders bei der Belagerung von Mezieres aus. Dazu bot ſich beſonders ſeinem Sohne Bernhard in der blutigen und für immer entſcheidenden Schlacht bei Belle-Alliance erwünſchte Gelegenheit.

Ungeſtört konnte ſich Carl Auguſt wieder der Regierung ſeines Landes widmen, nachdem der Friede zu Paris abgeſchloſſen und Napoleons Herrſchaft für immer vernichtet war. Die ſämmtlichen Kriegslaſten, die ſeit 1805 ſich übermäßig gehäuft hatten, zu vergüten, war freilich nicht möglich, doch wurde durch die Zahlungen, welche Frankreich zufolge des Friedensſchluſſes zu leiſten hatte, durch das, was England an Subſidien zahlte, Rußland und Preußen vergüteten, eine Summe von 800,000 Thaler an die am meiſten betheiligten Unterthanen entrichtet. Zwar mußten noch gegen 130,000 Thaler unvergütet bleiben; aber das baldige gänzliche Verſchwinden der Spuren früherer Drangſale und der immer mehr ſich verbreitende Wohlſtand, bewieſen die weiſe Vorſorge des Großherzogs.

Wie in allen frühern Perioden ſeines Lebens, widmete auch in dieſer Carl Auguſt die Rechtspflege einer beſondern Aufmerkſamkeit. Neue und heilſame Geſetze wurden gegeben, die Strafanſtalten zweckmäßig verbeſſert, und beſondere Gerichte eingeſetzt, wodurch den Stadträthen die Juſtizpflege entnommen ward. Die Landesverwaltung wurde gänzlich von der Verwaltung der Gerechtigkeit getrennt, und in Jena vereinigten ſich ſämmtliche erneſtiniſche Lande zu einem Appellationsgerichte. Für die in der eben genannten Stadt befindliche Academie ſorgte Carl Auguſt durch freigebige Dotirung einzelner Anſtalten und durch die zweckmäßigſten Einrichtungen in der Adminiſtration der Finanzen. Die Gehalte der Lehrer nicht nur an den Landſchulen, ſondern auch auf den Gymnaſien zu Weimar und Eiſenach wurden erhöht. Zu den zweckmäßigſten Anſtalten, welche Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften fördern ſollten, gehörten beſonders die freien Zeicheninſtitute zu Weimar und Jena, die Sternwarte und die reichen wiſſenſchaftlichen Sammlungen an dem letztgenannten Orte. Die Oberaufſicht darüber führte Carl Auguſts Freund Göthe.

Wohlthätige Anſtalten wurden überall im Lande errichtet. Dazu gehörten, außer den Almoſencaſſen auch noch diejenigen, aus denen arme Knaben bei Handwerken aufgedungen und losgeſprochen wurden. Für die Wittwen und Waiſen verſtorbener Staatsdiener wurde durch das Penſionsgeſetz vom 6. April 1821 geſorgt. Auch das Medicinalweſen hatte Carl Auguſt zu einem beſondern Gegenſtande ſeiner Aufmerkſamkeit gemacht. Schon im Jahre 1801 war die Kuhpockenimpfung im Lande eingeführt worden. Im Jahre 1821 wurde das ſchon früher in Jena beſtehende Irrenhaus in ein allgemeines Landesinſtitut verwandelt. Als nicht minder wichtig verdient das daſelbſt befindliche Krankenhaus angeführt zu werden, das durch Erweiterung und Aufführung neuer Gebäude einen größern Umfang erhielt.

Der Landescultur und Landwirthſchaft widmete Carl Auguſt, aus angeborener Neigung, eine fortwährende Aufmerkſamkeit. Unter den vielen, zum Beſten der Landwirthſchaft erlaſſenen Verfügungen mögen hier nur das Hut- und Triftgeſetz vom 3. April 1821 erwähnt werden, das Geſetz zum Schutz der Waldungen, ein anderes zur Ablöſung der Frohnen und zur Ablösbarkeit der Zwangsgeſindedienſte. Im Weimariſchen und Eiſenachiſchen bildeten ſich landwirthſchaftliche Vereine, deren Zweckmäßigkeit Carl Auguſt anerkannte und beſtätigte.

Nicht nur für die Anlegung von Kunſtſtraßen und Chausſeen, die unter Carl Auguſts Regierung blos im Fürſtenthume Eiſenach über 300,000 Thaler koſteten, ſorgte er mit unermüdlichem Eifer, auch die Reſidenz Weimar hat ihm an innerer Verſchönerung viel zu danken. Die uralten innern Stadtthore wurden abgebrochen, die alten Stadtgräben ausgefüllt und der ſchöne Carlsplatz angelegt. Auch der bereits erwähnte Park bei Weimar gehört zu den ſchönſten Zierden dieſer Reſidenz.

Alle Zeugniſſe von dem Streben Carl Auguſts, das Wohl des Landes zu fördern, nur einzeln aufzuzählen, würde den Raum dieſer Darſtellung überſchreiten. Alles lag ihm am Herzen, was darauf Bezug hatte. Er konnte mit Zarenz ſagen: Homo sum; nil humani a me alienum puto; und bezeichnender hätten ihn die Bewohner Maylands, als er 1817 ihre Stadt beſuchte, nicht ehren können, als durch den Zuruf: il principe buono.

Zum höchſten Ruhm gereicht es Carl Auguſt, daß er einer der erſten deutſchen Fürſten war, welcher das dem geſammten Volke 1815 gegebene Wort einer landſtändiſchen Verfaſſung bald und ungeſchmälert löſte. Er verſammelte 1816 eine Auswahl aus den Rittergutsbeſitzern, den Bürgern und dem Bauernſtande; mit ihnen wurde das Grundgeſetz vertragsmäßig verabredet. Am 5ten May des genannten Jahres trat die Verfaſſungsurkunde in's Leben, und 1817, 1820, 1823 und 1826 ſind demnach die Landtage gehalten worden.

Auch die Preßfreiheit fand an Carl Auguſt einen kräftigen Beſchützer. Leider war indeß dieſe verſprochene Frucht des deutſchen Völkerkampfes, durch Verleumdung und Bosheit, wie durch den Mißbrauch, den einige Individuen aus zu übertriebenem Eifer von dem heilreichen Geſchenke machten, wieder zur Chimäre. Dem edlen Fürſten blieb nichts übrig, als dem Genius des Böſen nach Kräften entgegen zu arbeiten. Aber auch die Wartburgsfeier (1817) und der zwei Jahre ſpäter verübte Mord A. v. Kotzebues führten für Carl Auguſt manche unangenehme und ſtörende Verhältniſſe herbei.

Entſchädigung bot ihm dafür die Geburt eines Enkels am 24. Juny 1818. Auch der mit Ida von Meinigen (d. 30. May 1816) vermählte Prinz Bernhard ward Vater von drei Söhnen und einer Tochter. Selbſt der unglückliche Theaterbrand im März 1825 hatte nur die Folge, daß Jeder ſich anſtrengte, durch Geldbeiträge und Arbeitſamkeit die Aufführung einer neuen Bühne zu beſchleunigen, deren erſte Vorſtellung den Großherzog an ſeinem 50jährigen Regierungsjubiläum (den 3. September 1825) überraſchte.

An jenem Tage und den folgenden ſah man alle Häuſer in Weimar und in der Umgegend mit Kränzen und Blumen geſchmückt. Dies Feſt, deſſen ausführliche Schilderung wir in einem eignen Werke erhalten haben*), aus vollem Herzen zu feiern, wie es ein ſo allgeliebter Fürſt verdiente, war ſchon einige Jahre früher die ſchönſte Hoffnung des Weimariſchen Landes geweſen. Aber dieſe ſeltene Feier zu begehen, ſchien das Schönſte nicht ſchön genug, und jeder wetteiferte, den Andern zu übertreffen. Jenes Feſt war um ſo ergreifender, da Er, dem es galt, jugendlich kräftig daſtand, als wolle er noch manches Jahr zu den funfzigen geſellen, in denen er ſo weiſe und mild regiert hatte. Um das Feſt auch bei der Nachwelt für immer zu verewigen, wurden zwei Bürgerſchulen zu Weimar und Eiſenach bei dieſer Veranlaſſung geſtiftet. Bei dem bald darauf (den 7. Novemb.) gefeierten Jubiläum Göthe's, bot ſich dem edlen Fürſten erwünſchte Gelegenheit, durch eine goldne Medaille, mit ſeinem, ſeiner Gemahlin und des Dichters Bildniſſe geſchmückt, der Nachwelt zu ſagen, welch ein zartes Band ihn an ſeinen treuſten Freund und Diener knüpfe.

Im Sommer 1826 hatte Carl Auguſt die Freude, ſeinen Sohn Bernhard von einer beſchwerlichen, aus regem Wiſſensdrang unternommenen Reiſe aus Amerika wiederkehren zu ſehen. — Bald aber nach ſeiner Jubelfeier, bei welcher ſein körperliches Wohlbefinden zu den ſchönſten Hoffnungen berechtigt hatte, ward eine Abnahme ſeiner Kräfte ſehr ſichtbar. Die ſonſt gewohnten Beſchwerden und Bewegungen ertrug er minder leicht. Noch auffallender zeigte ſich dies, als Carl Auguſt ſein ſiebzigſtes Jahr erreicht hatte. Der veränderliche Winter von 1827—1828 war beſonders für ſeinen Geſundheits-Zuſtand ſehr nachtheilig geweſen. Als Arzeneien und Mineralwaſſer denſelben zwar erleichterten, doch keine eigentliche Geneſung herbeiführten, hoffte er dieſe in Teplitz zu finden. Zuvor aber wollte er noch den von der Prinzeſſin-Enkelin Carl von Preußen ihm gebornen Urenkel küſſen, und nebenher die mannigfachen Verſchönerungen in Augenſchein nehmen, welche in Berlin während ſeiner Abweſenheit ſtatt gefunden hatten. Eine nach Jena und Dornburg unternommene Luſtfahrt, die ihm ſehr wohl bekommen war, beſtimmte ihn den 29. May 1828 Weimar zu verlaſſen. Aber dieſe Reiſe wurde ihm durch mancherlei körperliche Beſchwerden, beſonders durch kurzen Athem und Schlafloſigkeit verbittert. Doch nöthigte ihm das Wiederſehen der Seinigen in Glienecke bei Potsdam, wo er den 1. Juny unerwartet eintraf, das Geſtändniß ab, nie in ſeinem Leben einen ſchönern Augenblick genoſſen zu haben. Begleitet von dem Gemahl ſeiner Enkelin, dem Prinzen Carl, Alexander v. Humboldt und dem Major von Staff, verweilte Carl Auguſt, um alle Merkwürdigkeiten Berlins kennen zu lernen, acht Tage lang in dieſer Reſidenz. Während dieſer Zeit nahm die Erſchöpfung ſeiner Kräfte zu, und als er noch Abends ſpät der Vorſtellung der Eumeniden im Opernhauſe beiwohnte, führte der Dunſt und die Hitze in der darauf folgenden Nacht heftige Bruſtkrämpfe für ihn herbei. Nachdem er von Berlin den 13. Juny abgereiſt war, langte er den 14. Mittags von Wittenberg in dem bei Torgau gelegenen Schloſſe Graditz an, wo er die große Stuterei in Augenſchein nehmen wollte. Ungeachtet er ſich dort wohler zu fühlen ſchien, als ſeit zwei Tagen, ſo war ihm doch ſein Ende näher, als er es vielleicht ahnen mochte. Denn ein Schlagfluß raubte ihm den 14. Juny 1828, Abends nach 8 Uhr das Leben, als er am Fenſter ſtehend, friſche Luft ſchöpfen wollte.

Die ſterbliche Hülle des geliebten Todten wurde nach Weimar geſchafft und fand dort ihren Ruheplatz. Denn als ſchon einige Jahre zuvor in der Reſidenz ein Gottesacker angelegt und vom Stadtrathe zu Weimar Stellen zu Erbbegräbniſſen veräußert wurden, hatte auch Carl Auguſt anfragen laſſen, ob ihm eine ſolche zu Theil werden könne. Und als er ſie nun bauen laſſen, wurden Schillers Gebeine zur Linken des Raumes gelegt, den ſeine Hülle jetzt bedeckt. Ihm zur Rechten wird einſt Göthe ruhen und ſo auch noch im Grabe das Wort wahr werden, welches einſt der Dichter der Jungfrau von Orleans in prophetiſchem Geiſte ſprach:

„Es ſoll der Sänger mit dem Fürſten gehen;
Sie beide wohnen auf der Menſchheit Höhen.“

Vor vielen Fürſten hatte Carl Auguſt es verdient, vom Engel des Todes ſo ſchmerz- und leidenlos zur beſſern Heimath abgerufen zu werden.

Daß er mit dem Gedanken an eine ſolche ſich nicht ſelten vertraut gemacht hatte, und außer ſeinen mannigfachen Tugenden auch die der Frömmigkeit beſaß, iſt durch glaubwürdige Mittheilungen hinlänglich verbürgt. „Ein Thor iſt,“ äußerte er einſt, „wer keinen Gott glaubt,“ und als ihm einmal die Frage vorgelegt wurde, auf welchen Anlaß er ſich dem Studium der Botanik ſo eifrig zugewandt habe, gab er zur Antwort: „In den unglücklichen Jahren 1806 und 1807, wo ſo Viele an Gottes Weltregierung zu zweifeln anfingen, wankte auch mein Glaube. Da wandt' ich mich von den Menſchen zu den Pflanzen, um mir meinen Glauben zu erhalten, und mich in ihm aufzurichten.“

Aus den einfachen Berichten der Evangeliſten hatte er ſich ein Bild von Jeſu entworfen, vor welchem er die tiefſte Achtung empfand, und ſich freute, dies Bild in der von dem Generalſuperintendenten Dr. Röhr in Weimar herausgegebenen Schrift: Paläſtina ꝛc. wiederzufinden. Noch in ſeinen letzten Lebensjahren ſtudirte er das Leben Jeſu von Dr. Paulus. Aber nur in vertraulichen Herzensergießungen pflegte er ſich über den geheimnißvollen Zuſammenhang der überſinnlichen und ſinnlichen Welt zu äußern. Er erklärte dabei Vieles für nicht beſtreitbar, was Andere dafür halten, z. B. die Theilnahme der Abgeſchiedenen an irdiſchen Dingen, die Einwirkung der Ahnen auf ihre Nachkommenſchaft u. ſ. w. Bei einem ſolchen Anlaſſe gedachte er einmal eines ſehr intereſſanten Geſprächs, das er mit dem verſtorbenen Dalberg über die ſichtbare Rückkehr Vorausgegangener auf einer Abendreiſe nach Erfurt gehabt hatte. Solche Gegenſtände indeß öffentlich zu verhandeln und förmlich zu vertheidigen oder zu widerlegen, hielt er für ſo wenig angemeſſen, daß er ſelbſt eine neuere Schrift, die darüber ſichern Aufſchluß verſprach, geradezu für abgeſchmackt erklärte. „Wer,“ ſagte er, halb unwillig, „kann etwas darüber wiſſen.“

An dem öffentlichen Gottesdienſte nahm er aus innerm Andachtstriebe oft Theil, und die Confirmationshandlungen ſeiner fürſtlichen Enkelinnen waren für ihn ſehr rührende Feſte. Nur beklagte er öfters, daß Harthörigkeit ihm die Theilnahme an der öffentlichen Erbauung erſchwere. Mit deſto größerer Aufmerkſamkeit las er einzelne gedruckte Predigten anziehenden Inhalts. Auch die neuſten Bewegungen auf dem Gebiete des Liturgiſchen verfolgte er mit vielem Intereſſe und erklärte ſich nur für das Zweckmäßige und Bewährte, mitunter wohl auch mit Hinzufügung einer witzigen Bemerkung über die darin geſchehenen Fehlgriffe. Nichts that ihm mehr leid, als wenn es an Mitteln fehlte, den kirchlichen Bedürfniſſen einzelner Gemeinden und ihren Wünſchen zu genügen, z. B. eine eigene Kirche und einen eigenen Geiſtlichen zu beſitzen.

Bei der raſtloſen Thätigkeit ſeines Geiſtes, für das Wohl ſeines Landes zu ſorgen, geſtattete er ſeinem Körper nur wenig Ruhe. In ſeinen frühern Jahren genoß er regelmäßig nur zwei bis drei Stunden Schlaf, und auch in den ſpätern geſtattete er ſich, wenn er anders wohl war, wenig mehr. Nichts war ihm verdrießlicher, als Aufſchub von Geſchäften, welche für den Augenblick abgethan werden konnten und mußten. Hatte er den ganzen Vormittag in anhaltender Arbeit zugebracht, ſo fragte er, wenn die Stunde kam, wo er ſich im Freien zu erholen wünſchte, ſtets: „Iſt noch etwas abzuthun?" Hieß es: Ja, aber es kann anſtehen! ſo war ſtets die Antwort: „Nein! Nur her damit! ich habe Zeit!"

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*) Weimars Jubelfeſt am 3. September 1825. 2 Abtheilungen. M. 6 Kupfertafeln. Weimar 1825—26. gr. 8.

Zu jeder Stunde des Tags, ſelbſt in den allerfrüheſten Morgenſtunden, hatten ſeine Staatsdiener freien Zutritt bei ihm, und wie nachſichtig und billig er gegen diejenigen war, welche körperliche Schwäche allmälig unfähig machte, ihren Platz mit der frühern Thätigkeit auszufüllen, davon ließen ſich zahlloſe Beiſpiele anführen. „Man muß," pflegte er in ſolchen Fällen zu äußern, „bei alten Leuten mehr auf dasjenige ſehen, was ſie gethan haben, als auf das, was ſie noch thun können."

Bei der angebornen Milde ſeines Herzens wirkte nichts tiefer auf ihn, als die Nothwendigkeit, ein Todesurtheil unterſchreiben zu müſſen. Pflicht und Gefühl kämpften in ſolchen Augenblicken aufs heftigſte in ihm. „Ich kann nicht hart ſeyn," äußerte er in ſolchen Fällen. „Selbſt meine niedrigſten Diener mögen mir ein Zeugniß geben, wie ich mich gegen ſie benehme. Ich höre gern, ich verzeihe gern. Nur unter zufriedenen, frohen Geſichtern mag ich ſelbſt leben!" Und ſo finden wohl auf **Carl Auguſt**, den Unvergeßlichen, bei dem man unentſchieden bleiben muß, ob er größer als **Fürſt** oder als **Menſch** war, jene Worte ihre Anwendung, welche **Göthe** einſt am Grabe der Herzogin **Amalie** ſprach:

„Dies iſt der Vorzug edelſter Naturen, daß ihr Hinſcheiden in höhere Regionen ſegnend wirkt, wie ihr Verweilen auf der Erde; daß ſie uns von dorther gleich Sternen entgegenleuchten, als Richtpunkte, wohin wir unſern Lauf bei einer nur zu oft durch Stürme unterbrochenen Fahrt zu lenken haben; daß diejenigen, zu denen wir uns als zu Wohlwollenden und Hülfreichen im Leben hinwendeten, nun die ſehnſuchtsvollen Blicke nach ſich ziehen, als Vollendete, Seelige."

Der Schwanenritter *).

Auf dem Schloß zu Cöln, in trautem Kreiſe,
Saß vor Alters edler Ritter Zahl,
Würzte, nach der biedern Väter Weiſe,
Durch Geſpräch und Scherz das heitre Mahl.
Fröhlich in die Runde
Gieng von Mund zu Munde
Weingefüllt der goldene Pokal.

Sieh: da traten einige der Gäſte
Auf den hohen Söller hin, und ſahn
Hoch verwundert zu dem frohen Feſte
Einen unbekannten Ritter nahn;
Auf des Rheines Wogen
Kam er hergezogen,
Und ſein Fahrzeug lenkt ein weißer Schwan.

Und in ſeiner Rüſtung, die ihn düſter,
Wie ein dunkles Nachtgewölk, umfloß,
Nahm er ſchweigend, unter dem Geflüſter
Der Verſammlung, Platz als Tiſchgenoß.
Rings herum im Kreiſe
Forſchte Neugier leiſe,
Weſſen Antlitz das Viſir verſchloß.

Und er ſchien die Freude nicht zu theilen,
Dumpf verſchloſſen ſaß er da, und ſchwieg;
Aber als, nach flüchtigem Verweilen,
Er ſein Schifflein wiederum beſtieg,
Griff er in die Saiten,
Sang vergangener Zeiten
Stilles Glück und Heldenruhm und Sieg.

Und ſo kam er oft dahergezogen,
Stets begleitet von dem treuen Schwan;
Da empörte brauſend einſt die Wogen
Unter Blitz und Donner ein Orkan;
Mit gewalt'gem Krachen
Borſt der leichte Nachen,
Und die Fluth verſchlang den Rittersmann.

Sanft verhallte noch der Klang der Cither,
Als der Fremdling ſchon dem Blick entſchwand;
Doch es hob, im leuchtenden Gewitter
Schnell der Schwan ſich auf des Thurmes Rand;
Und er ziert noch immer
Jener Warte Trümmer,
Die man drum den **Schwanenthurm** genannt.

Die Königswahl. *)

Ein König lag, erſchöpft und bleich,
Faſt in den letzten Zügen,
Und wollte über Thron und Reich
Nach ſeinem Tod verfügen;
Doch unerbittlich trieb Freund Hein
Die ernſte Schuld des Lebens ein,
Und ließ ſich nicht bewegen,
Aus Achtung für der Aerzte Cur,
Ihm auch ein Viertelſtündchen nur
Großmüthig zuzulegen.

Noch war kein Mond verfloſſen, ſeit
Der Landesfürſt verſchieden
Da ſtörte blut'ger Zwiſt und Streit
Den lang bewahrten Frieden.
Zwei tapfre Söhne, rauh und wild,
Eröffneten dies Kampfgefild,
Um durch die Macht der Waffen
Den, ſeit uralten Zeiten ſchon
Dem Erſtling zuerkannten Thron
Sich ſelber zu verſchaffen.

Da ſprach, als lange hin und her
Des Sieges Glück ſich neigte,
Und ſich, bei tapfrer Gegenwehr,
Kein froher Ausgang zeigte,
Ein Ritter: „Hört des Greiſes Wort,
Der lang' ein treuer Schirm und Hort
Des Königreichs geweſen!
Ich will den Knoten, der geſchürzt,
Euch troſtlos in's Verderben ſtürzt,
So ihr mir's gönnet, löſen."

Faſt ſchien's, als ob das rohe Paar
Des Greiſes Warnung rührte;
Sie folgten willig ihm ſogar,
Als er in's Schloß ſie führte.
Hier ſahn, in Purpur eingehüllt,
Sie ihres Vaters Mumienbild
Auf einem Seſſel prangen;
Die Krone ſchmückt ſein Silberhaar,
Und über'm Haupt des Todten war
Sein Bogen aufgehangen.

Der Alte nahm ihn von der Wand,
Und ſprach, da an der Pforte
Das Kleeblatt in Verwirrung ſtand,
Mit ernſtem Ton die Worte:
„Wehrt nicht das Blut, ſo leider floß,
Und gönnt, durch dieſes Jagdgeſchoß,
Euch gütlich zu vergleichen.
Die Krone werde **dem** verliehn,
Dem's glückt, den ſtrahlenden Rubin
Der Krone zu erreichen."

Und wirklich — o Entſetzen! nahm
Der Aelteſte den Bogen,
Und raſch die Sehne ſpannend, kam
Der Pfeil herabgeflogen,
Der aber, fern vom güldnen Reif
Der Krone, an des Kragens Streif
Halb matt vorüber ſchwirrte;
Allein noch ſchlechter war der Schuß
Des Zweiten, der gar bis zum Fuß
Des Todten ſich verirrte.

Der jüngſte Bruder aber ſtand
Betroffen, und erblickte,

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*) Aus den bibliſchen Gemälden, Legenden u. ſ. w. Danzig. 1822. S. 61 u. 63.

*) Aus den bibliſchen Gemälden, Legenden u. ſ. w. S. 56. u. f.

Als jetzt auch ihm des Greiſes Hand
    Den Schickſalsbogen reichte.
Er warf ihn fort, und ſprach: „Verzeiht
Dem Jüngling, der in hartem Streit
    Mit kindlichen Gefühlen
Sich nicht ſo leicht entſchließen kann,
Wie ſeine Brüder raſch gethan,
    Auf's — Vaterherz zu zielen.

Nein, lieber will ich Reich und Staat
    Für immerdar entſagen,
Als das Bewußtſeyn ſolcher That
    Qualvoll im Buſen tragen!“ —
„Dein iſt das Reich, und dein der Thron!“
Rief jener, mit bewegtem Ton
    Und freudetrunk'nem Blicke:
„Heil jedem, der den Vater ehrt
Wie du, o Prinz, denn er iſt werth,
    Daß ihn der Scepter ſchmücke.“

Dem alten Buch in Quart, woher
    Wir dies Gedicht entlehnen,
Beliebt's, mit keiner Sylbe mehr
    Der Brüder zu erwähnen;
Allein die Folge macht es klar,
Daß Reue wohl das kecke Paar
    Zu mildrer Denkart führte,
Weil unſre Quelle deutlich ſagt,
Daß der Gekrönte hochbetagt
    In Ruh' und Glück regierte.

Der Wunderthäter *).

Wer Gutes wirkt, empfängt als Lohn
    Nicht ſelten Tadel und Verdruß.
Erfuhr dies doch vor Zeiten ſchon
    Der heilige Ambroſius,
Der, auf des Höchſten Wink und Rath,
Als treuer Knecht manch Wunder that,
Und öfters ungeſtüm und hart
Vom Biſchof drob geſcholten ward.

Einſt, nach vollbrachtem Meßgebet,
    Verließ den dunkeln Zellengang
Der Heilige, und ſtrich noch ſpät,
    Wie öfters ſchon, die Stadt entlang.
Da ſcholl ein Ruf zu ſeinem Ohr;
Er ſah verwundert raſch empor,
Und ſieh' es glitt ein armer Tropf
Herab vom hohen Kirchthurmsknopf.

Und überwältigt von dem Maaß
    Des Mitgefühls bei Andrer Noth,
Stand Sankt Ambroſius, vergaß
    Des Biſchofs drohendes Gebot,
Der jüngſt noch, zornig und entflammt,
Als Wunderthäter ihn verdammt,
Und rief, indem er ſeinen Stab
Dreimal emporſchwang: „Komm herab!“

Und jener ſtand, mit leichtem Schwung,
    Geſund auf ſeinen Füßen da,
Zur höchlichen Verwunderung
    Der Menge, die das Schauſpiel ſah.
Doch ach: ſein Retter ahnte nicht,
Daß ſchon ein ſchadenfroher Wicht,
Der längſt ihm abhold war, im Flug
Die Wundermähr zum Biſchof trug.

Der, ſtreng und zornig, wie er war,
    Fuhr mit den Uebelthäter an,
Und äußerte voll Wuth ſogar
    Ein Wort von Acht und Kirchenbann,
Doch milderte der Bitten Kraft
Dies Urtheil bis zur Kloſterhaft,
Vereint mit dürrem Faſtenmahl,
Worauf der Schuld'ge ſich empfahl.

Wie froh war unſer Wundermann,
    Als endlich er der Haft entflog:
Er ſchloß der muntern Schaar ſich an,
    Die eben hin zur Kirmeß zog.
Der Biſchof ſelbſt, vom ſüßen Wein
Gelockt, beſtieg ſein Eſelein,
Ein Thier, das mit bedächt'gem Tritt
Bequem und ſicher vorwärts ſchritt.

Es brachte glücklich ihn an's Ziel,
    Bis ſpät, nach manchem Flaſchenſieg,
Der Biſchof, müde vom Gewühl,
    Sein Leibroß wiederum beſtieg,
Das trägen Schrittes vorwärts ging,
Indeß ſein Herr im Sattel hing,
Und bald, vom ſüßen Rebentrank
Berauſcht, in tiefen Schlummer ſank.

Doch auf der nahen Brücke Pfad
    Stand ihm ein ſchlimmes Loos bevor:
Hier trieb ein mächtig Mühlenrad
    In raſchem Schwung die Fluth empor,
Und ach! ſein Thier, das ſtets ſo treu
Sich ihm erwies, ward plötzlich ſcheu,
Und warf, wie einen Federball,
Den Reiter in der Wogen Schwall.

Der Schwimmer kämpfte, fortgerafft
    Vom Strudel, mit Verzweiflungsmuth;
Doch es entwich der Arme Kraft
    Beim Rudern durch die wilde Fluth;
Und da im lauten Wogendrang
Sein Ruf nach Hülfe dumpf verklang,
So blieb, in dieſer höchſten Noth,
Zuletzt kein Wunſch ihm, als der Tod.

Da plötzlich ließ das Brauſen nach,
    Es ſtockt des Mühlwerks raſcher Lauf,
Und eine ſanfte Stimme ſprach
    Das ſüße Troſtwort: „Komm herauf!“
Der Biſchof ſchwamm, mit neuem Muth,
Zur Brücke durch die ſtille Fluth,
Wo ſich ein Arm hinunterbog,
Und rettend ihn an's Ufer zog.

Wie beugt' ihn tief der Schaam Gewicht,
    Als — Sankt Ambroſius vor ihm ſtand!
Doch ſanft, mit lächelndem Geſicht,
    Ergriff der Heilge ſeine Hand,
Und ſprach, als ihn des Biſchofs Lob
Bis zu den Sternen ſchier erhob:
„Laßt das, und gönnet mir dafür
An euch ein ernſtes Wörtlein hier.

Misdeutend Gottes Wink und Rath,
    Beſtraftet ihr, voll Leidenſchaft,
Was ich an eurem Nächſten that,
    Mit Faſtenkoſt und ſtrenger Haft.
Denkt jetzt, Hochwürdiger, zurück
An euer eignes Misgeſchick,
Und zürnt, wo Menſchenkraft gebricht,
Der Wunderhülfe künftig nicht.“

Der Freiersritt. *)

Julchen war ein holdes Mädchen
    Von ſo reizender Geſtalt,
Daß ſie rings herum im Städtchen
    Wohl für eins der ſchönſten galt.
Viel verliebte, eitle Gecken
    Nahten ſich von hier und dort
Doch ſie ſcheuchte, halb mit Necken,
    Dieſe Schmetterlinge fort.

Bakel nur, der Dorfſchulmeiſter,
    Werde hier allein genannt;

Aus den bibliſchen Gemälden, Legenden u. ſ. w. Danzig. 1822. S. 47 u. fg.

Aus den Schwänken, ſcherzhaften Gedichten u. ſ. w. Danzig. 1820. S. 9. u. fg.

Er bewarb vor allen dreiſter
Sich ſchon längſt ums Julchens Hand.
Doch nicht hold war ſein Erſcheinen,
Denn er ſchritt, ein dicker Zwerg,
Keck einher auf Säbelbeinen,
Und den Rücken ziert' ein Berg.

Julchens ſpröden Sinn zu beugen,
Spart' er weder Geld noch Zeit;
Spitzen, Bänder waren Zeugen
Seiner Lieb' und Zärtlichkeit.
Doch er kam, trotz den Geſchenken,
Nimmer an's erſehnte Ziel,
Bis er nach gar vielem Denken,
Auf ein neues Mittel fiel.

„Gebt mir euren Rappen, Vetter!“
Sprach er einſt; „o ſagt nicht nein!
Seht es lockt das Frühlingswetter
Morgen mich nach Wildenhain.“ —
Auguſt ſprach: „Er ſteht zu Dienſten!
Aber nehmt euch wohl in Acht,
Weil mein Leibroß oft die kühnſten,
Wunderlichſten Sprünge macht.“ —

„Habt doch darum keine Sorgen!“
Sprach vergnügt der kleine Mann;
„Ich bin froh, daß ich mich morgen
Recht im Glanze zeigen kann.
Man erblickt mich in der Ferne,
Sieht des edlen Roſſes Lauf
Und — zwei lichte Augenſterne
Schauen mild zu mir herauf“

Auguſt lächelte ein wenig,
Nahm dann Abſchied, und verließ
Ihn, der froher als ein König,
Sein beglücktes Schickſal pries. —
Tags darauf ſaß er zu Pferde,
Stattlich, ehrenfeſt und breit,
Sah mit Stolz bald hin zur Erde,
Bald auf ſein beſetztes Kleid.

Zierlich war es zugemeſſen
Von erfahrner Schneiderhand,
Und ſo reich verbrämt mit Treſſen,
Daß es ihm vortrefflich ſtand.
Feſtlich waren Hut, Perücke,
Dieſe groß und jener klein —
Kurz, im erſten Augenblicke
Nahm der Reiter jeden ein.

Angelangt bereits im Städtchen,
Schaute Bakel unverwandt
Nach dem vielgeliebten Mädchen,
Das ſchon vor der Thüre ſtand.
Plötzlich wich ſein Gaul voll Tücke,
Von des Weges ebner Bahn,
Und es kamen Hut, Perücke
Früher, als er ſelber, an.

Und er ſah, daß ach! der Vetter
Neben Jener Schönen ſtand,
Und er drückt' ihr — große Götter!
Zärtlich drückt' er ihr die Hand.
Starr ſtand Bakel eine Weile,
Seinem Mund entfloh kein Laut.
Jener ſprach: „Für eure Eile
Dank' ich euch, nebſt meiner Braut.

Euer Unfall war zum Glücke
Nicht gefährlich; faſt nur Muth!
Die verlorene Perücke
Finden wir, zuſammt dem Hut.
Labt euch drum in meinem Hauſe,
Gönnt den müden Gliedern Raſt,
Und bei meinem Hochzeitſchmauſe
Seid wie ein willkomm'ner Gaſt.

Conterfey einer ehr- und tugendſamen Jungfrau *).

(Aus den Archiven eines alten Kloſters.)

Zum Erſten ſoll eine Jungfrau ſein
Wie die Glocken am Charfreitag ſeyn:
Wesmaßen das iſt ein ſelten Spiel
Soll ein Weibsbild ſich laſſen nit hören viel.

Zum Andern ſoll eine Jungfrau ſein
Wie eine Orgel in der Kirchen ſeyn;
Wesmaßen man ſolche gar leiſlich berührt,
Alsbald ſie ein mächtig Geſchrei vollführt.

Zum Dritten ſoll eine Jungfrau ſein
Auch ferner wie eine Spitalſuppe ſeyn:
Die reizet eines Theils nicht zu ſündigem Spiel,
Und hat darneben der Augen nit viel.

Zum Vierten ſoll eine Jungfrau ſein
Vornehmlich auch wie eine Schildkröt ſeyn;
Die hütet ihr Haus, wie's gebühren thut,
Wesmaßen es ihr auf dem Rücken ruht.

Zum Fünften ſoll eine Jungfrau ſein
Gar wie eine finſtere Nachteulen ſeyn,
So freilich faſt abſonderlich klingt:
Ich mein', weil die nimmer an's Tageslicht dringt.

Solch Conterfey hab' ich, Hubertus, geſtellt
Zu Nutz und Frommen der chriſtlichen Welt,
Im Jahr, da man ſchrieb Zwölfhundert und zehn; —
Die Herrlichkeit Gottes wird ewig beſtehn.

Der Charlatan. **)

Von ſeiner Bühne rief ein Charlatan:
„Jetzt werden Sie, verehrte Herrn und Frauen —
Erſchrecken Sie nur nicht — den Teufel ſchauen.“
Erſtaunt ſah alles rings den Prahlhans an.
Drauf zog eine Börſ', im Auf- und Niedergehen,
Behend hervor, die ziemlich breit und tief
Dem äußern Schein nach war, und rief:
„Nun, wem beliebt es, hier hineinzuſehen!“ —
Ein Herr bog, mit der Breite des Geſichts
Sich drüber hin, und ſah mit off'nem Mund
Gewiſſenhaft hinab bis auf den Grund.

„Was ſehen Sie? nicht wahr, Sie ſehen nichts?“
Das leider,“ ſprach der Andre, „keinen Zweifel.“
„Nun,“ rief der Charlatan,“ das iſt der Teufel,
Wenn man, ſo viel man ſich bemüht,
Die Börſe leer und immer leer nur ſieht.

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*) Aus den ſatyriſch humoriſtiſchen Gedichten. Leipzig. 1829. S. 115. u. 63.

**) Aus den Schwänken, ſcherzhaften Gedichten u. ſ. w. Leipzig. 1828. S. 317.

Johann Heinrich Bernhard Dräſeke

ward am 18. Januar 1774 in Braunſchweig geboren, ſtudirte von 1792 bis 1794 Theologie auf der Univerſität zu Helmſtädt und wurde ſchon im folgenden Jahre zum zweiten Prediger in Mölln erwählt. Drei Jahre ſpäter rückte er in die erſte Stelle, nahm jedoch 1804 das Pfarramt auf dem St. Georgsberge bei Ratzeburg an und verweilte hier bis 1814, wo er dritter Prediger an der St. Ansgarii-Kirche in Bremen ward. Im

Jahre 1817 erhielt er die Würde eines Licentiaten, 1819 die eines Doctors der Theologie. Nachdem er einen Ruf als Generalſuperintendent in Coburg abgelehnt hatte, von dem Herzoge von Sachſen Gotha aber aus beſonderer Hochachtung zum Herzoglich Sächſiſchen Kirchenrathe ernannt worden war, folgte er 1832 der Berufung als K. Preußiſcher Biſchof und Generalſuperintendent der Provinz Sachſen, nach Magdeburg, wo er noch gegenwärtig lebt, und in voller Kraft ſeines edeln Geiſtes ſegensreich wirkt.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:

Zur Beförderung wahrer Religioſität. Schwerin, 1796.
Schilderungen für denkende Chriſten. Lüneburg, 1805.
Predigten für denkende Verehrer Jeſu. Lüneburg, 1804 folg. N. A. 1807. 5 Thle.
Hinweiſungen auf das Eine was Noth iſt. Lüneburg, 1812.
Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung. Lüneburg, 1813. 4. A. 1824.
Deutſchlands Wiedergeburt. Lüneburg, 1814. 2. A. 1818. 2 Thle.
Predigten über die letzten Schickſale unſeres Herrn. Lüneburg, 1816—22. N. A. 1826. 4 Thle.
Chriſtus an das Geſchlecht dieſer Zeit. Lüneburg, 1819.
Gemälde aus der heiligen Schrift. Lüneburg, 1821.
Drei Feſtpredigten. Bremen, 1827.
Jeſus und Nikodemus. Lüneburg, 1828.
Lazarus Auferweckung. Lüneburg, 1828.
Die Gottesſtadt und die Löwengrube. Lüneburg, 1829.
Letzte Predigt vor der Ansgarii Gemeinde. Bremen, 1832.
Erſte Predigt vor der Domgemeinde in Magdeburg. Magdeburg, 1832.
Hirtenbriefe. Halle, 1832.
Viele einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

D. wird als einer der ausgezeichnetſten deutſchen Kanzelredner betrachtet und dies mit Recht. Da er eben ſo eigenthümlich als bedeutend iſt. — Glühende Begeiſterung, erhabene Würde, Reichthum der Anſchauungen, Kraft verbunden mit Zartheit und Anmuth, glänzende Diction und eine wahrhaft kunſtvolle Ausbildung ſind ſeinen Vorträgen eigen. Das oft Ueberraſchende ſeiner Einkleidungen, Uebergänge und Wendungen iſt von ſeinen Gegnern hin und wieder mit dem Tadel der Geſuchtheit belegt worden, ein Vorwurf, der aber als haltlos wegfällt, wenn man bedenkt, daß ein ſo reicher und tiefer Geiſt, oft wieder Willen zu Ungewöhnlichem greifen muß, um die Fülle ſeines Herzens und ſeiner Gedanken bemeiſtern und ordnen zu können.

Predigt am 24. Sonntage nach Trinitatis.*)

Im Jahr 1810 gehalten.

Wie kommt es, meine Brüder, daß wir ſo oft, und ohne es zu wollen, Andern unangenehm werden? Wie kommt es, daß wir ſie ſo häufig bald durch Reden, bald durch Schweigen, bald durch eine Annäherung, und bald durch ein Zurücktreten, bald durch unſere Fehltritte, und bald ſogar durch unſere Verdienſte in Verlegenheit ſetzen? Wie kommt es, daß wir ihnen keine Wohlthat erzeigen können, ohne ſie zu demüthigen, und keinen Dank abſtatten, ohne ihnen peinlich zu ſein; daß wir ſie zur Mißgunſt reizen, wenn wir ihnen unſere Vorzüge enthüllen, und gegen uns erbittern, wo wir ſie tadeln müſſen? Und wenn nun, zum Beiſpiel, Kranke beſonders uns nicht gern um ſich ſehen, wenn Unglückliche in unſerer Nähe ſich noch elender fühlen, wenn Schüchterne zu uns kein Herz haben, wenn Fehlerhaften bei uns aller Muth entſinkt, wenn reizbaren Naturen unſer Weſen widerſteht, wenn höher gebildete, wenn feiner geſittete Perſonen bei ſo mancher Gelegenheit an uns Anſtoß nehmen, — — wie kommt das? — —

Eine Antwort erklärt dies Alles: es fehlt uns an Zartgefühl.

Zartgefühl! — So Manche nennen dich! So Wenige kennen dich! — Wiſſen wir auch, was Zartgefühl ſei, meine Brüder! —

Gott hat uns fähig gemacht, Eindrücke aller Art zu empfangen, und uns derſelben bewußt zu werden; wir haben Gefühl. Nehmen wir nun die Eindrücke, die auf uns geſchehen, gleichwohl nicht wahr, ſo ſind wir ohne Gefühl. Bemerken wir nur die ſtärkeren, ſo iſt unſer Gefühl ſtumpf. Wenn man dagegen mit Wenigem auf uns wirken kann, ſo haben wir ein weiches Gefühl; wenn ſelbſt leiſe Anregungen dazu hinreichen, ein feines Gefühl; wenn ſie uns auffallend bewegen, ein lebhaftes Gefühl; wenn ſie gern in unſer Innerſtes dringen, ein tiefes Gefühl; wenn ſie zu ſchönen Anſtrengungen uns begeiſtern, ein edles Gefühl; wenn ſie uns geneigt machen zu helfen, zu ſegnen, ein menſchenfreundliches Gefühl; wenn wir endlich keinen Eindruck, es ſei von Innen oder von Außen her, empfangen können, ohne auf der Stelle zu bemerken: was uns gerade nun zieme, damit unſere Würde unverletzt bleibe, und dem Nächſten durchaus wohl, ja nicht wehe ſei — ſo haben wir Zartgefühl.

Es kommt daher beim Zartgefühl auf mehr an, als auf ein blos gefühlvolles Herz. Man kann bei aller Lebendigkeit, Weichheit, Stärke und Tiefe des Gefühls, doch ſehr unzart empfinden. Das Zartgefühl bezieht ſich lediglich auf Vermeidung von Uebelklängen in der Seele. Reiner Wohllaut ſoll ſein in uns, und in des Mitbruders Herzen. Keine Saite, die dieſen Wohllaut ſtören würde, ſoll berühret werden; vielmehr ſoll immer nur das Paſſendſte, das Edelſte, das Würdigſte geſchehen. Dazu gehört aber ein ſicheres, und in den meiſten Fällen zugleich ein ſchnelles Entſcheiden, damit der Augenblick, auf den es vielleicht ankommt, nicht vorübergehe. Hat ein Menſch dieſen reinen Wohlklangsſinn, ſo, daß er nun weder in ſeine eigene, noch in des Nächſten Empfindung widrig eingreift, vielmehr jederzeit ſchnell und richtig, mit Thaten und Worten, das Angemeſſenſte trifft: ſo beſitzt er Zartgefühl.

Ueber dieſes Zartgefühl laſſet mich heute reden. Es fehlt vielen Menſchen von Natur; aber kein Guter iſt, der nicht darnach ſtrebte. Denn es iſt eine der vornehmſten Zierden des Chriſten; es war der ſchönſte, der liebenswürdigſte Schmuck im Betragen unſers Herrn.

Merket nur auf die Belehrungen, die das heutige Evangelium über dieſen Gegenſtand uns ertheilen wird, und laſſet uns ſie für unſere Veredlung nützen.

Gott aber, der es uns geſetzt hat, das herrliche Ziel, darnach wir ringen, — der es erklärt hat, daß über Gemeines und Niedriges immer mehr unſer Weſen ſich aufſchwingen ſoll, — er ſtärke uns, und bereite für die Aufnahme alles Wahren und Guten unſere Seelen.

Text,

Matth. 9, 18—26.

Indem Jeſus alſo mit ihnen redete, — ſiehe da kam der Oberſten Einer, fiel vor ihm nieder, und ſprach: Herr, meine Tochter iſt geſtorben; aber komm und lege deine Hand auf ſie, ſo wird ſie in's Leben zurückkehren. Jeſus ſtand auf, und folgte ihm mit ſeinen Jüngern.

Unterwegs trat von hinten zu ihm ein Weib, das ſchon zwölf Jahre lang den Blutfluß gehabt, und rührete ſeines Kleides Saum an, weil ſie dachte: „Könnte ich ſein Kleid nur berühren, ſo würde ich geſund werden.“ Jeſus wandte ſich um und bemerkte ſie. „Sei getroſt, meine Tochter, ſprach er, dein Glaube hat dir geholfen.“ Und das Weib ward geſund zu derſelben Stunde.

Jetzt kam er in des Oberſten Haus. Und als er hier nun die Pfeifer ſahe und das Getümmel des Volkes, ſprach er: gehet aus einander. Das Mägdlein iſt nicht todt; ſondern es ſchläft. Da verlachten ſie ihn. Die Leute wurden jedoch entfernt, und er ging hinein, ergriff des Mägdleins Hand, und — es richtete ſich lebend auf.

Die Nachricht davon verbreitete ſich in der ganzen umliegenden Gegend.

Denkenden Menſchen kann es nicht entgehen, wie mannigfaltige und befriedigende Aufſchlüſſe über das Zartgefühl dieſer Abſchnitt darbietet. Wir wollen daher die einzelnen Punkte, die uns hier beſonders lehrreich ſind, hervorheben, und bei ihnen verweilen.

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*) Aus der Bibliothek deutſcher Canzelberedſamkeit. 1. Bd. Gotha und New-York, 1837.

Es tritt zu Jeſu ein Oberſter und flehet inſtändig Hülfe für ſein Kind.

„Herr, meine Tochter iſt jetzt geſtorben. Aber komm' und lege deine Hand auf ſie, ſo wird ſie wieder leben." Unzarte Seelen, wenn eine Bitte an ſie ergeht, ſträuben ſich erſt gegen deren Erfüllung, wollen eine Wiedervergeltung derſelben erwarten, machen dem Bittenden gern ſeine Hülfloſigkeit und Abhängigkeit, vielleicht auch ſeinen Unwerth in ihren Augen möglichſt fühlbar. Hier heißt es dagegen: „Und Jeſus ſtand auf und folgte ihm." Dies iſt Zartgefühl. Nicht eine Bürde will der Edle denen auflegen, die ſich bedürfend an ihn wenden, dem Empfänger ſoll wohl ſein, wie dem Geber.

Sodann verdient ein Weib unſere Aufmerkſamkeit. Mit einem geheimen Uebel behaftet, das ſie bereits zwölf Jahre duldete, ſchmachtete ſie nach endlicher Rettung. Gleichwohl ſcheut ſie ſich, laut zu werden. Es vertragen nicht alle Leiden das Licht. Auch ihr Gebrechen hüllt ſie ſchamhaft in tiefes Dunkel. — Ueberdies ſieht ſie den Meiſter ſchon auf die Rettung Anderer bedacht, und für Unglückliche, die ihr zuvorgekommen ſind, gewonnen. Wie dürfteſt du, denkt ſie, ſeine Sorgfalt noch mehr theilen, und auch für dich jetzt eine Bitte wagen! Nein, bemerkt will ſie gar nicht werden; nur ihm nahe möchte ſie einen Augenblick ſein, nur ſein Kleid einmal berühren, um zu geneſen. So tritt ſie von hinten heran; und es genügt ihr, damit ſie auf keine Art die ihm ſchuldige Ehrerbietung verletze, ſeines Kleides Saum. Dies iſt Zartgefühl, meine Brüder. Nicht beläſtigen will ein ſolches Gemüth irgend Jemand; nicht ſich aufdringen mit ſeiner Noth; nicht Geräuſch machen vor den Menſchen; am wenigſten Gebrechen, die ein keuſcher Sinn zu verſchleiern gebietet, zur Schau tragen. Keinen Begriff hat es von jener Entartung, die durch rückſichtsloſes Preisgeben ekelhafter Anblicke das Mitleid der Menſchen zu erregen ſucht.

Jeſus aber bemerkt deſſen ungeachtet, was vorgeht. Und wie äußert er ſich! — Er hätte ſeine Wahrnehmung ganz verhehlen können; und dies wäre nicht unzart geweſen. Er handelt aber noch zarter; er erſcheint edel und wahr zugleich. Er wendet ſich um, ſiehet das Weib und ſpricht: „Sei getroſt, meine Tochter! dein Glaube hat dir geholfen." Es bedarf keiner Bitte von Seiten des Weibes; ihr Auge bittet, ihr Betragen bittet, ihr Zuſtand bittet, dies iſt genug. Es bedarf weiter keiner Erklärung über die Beſchaffenheit ihres Uebels in Gegenwart der Menge; er weiß ja, was ſie wünſcht, dies iſt genug. Es bedarf weiter keines Zuredens von ihm, um die Schüchterne zu ermuthigen; er ſpricht: ſei getroſt, dies iſt genug. Es bedarf weiter keines Dankes von ihr, um den Herrlichen zu belohnen; er legt den Erfolg ihrem eigenen Glauben bei. Nur, daß nirgend anders her, als aus dem Glauben, die Hülfe komme und kommen könne, meint er ihr betheuern zu müſſen. Dies iſt genug. So handelt das Zartgefühl.

Er kommt endlich in des Oberſten Wohnung. Was findet er da? gemeinen, rohen Sinn. Wie? wenn noch jetzt Menſchen geladen werden zu einer Leichenfeier, und kaum, daß der Todte in ſeine Ruhekammer geſenkt, und die Worte des Ernſtes und Troſtes zu ſeinem Andenken geſprochen und die letzten Klänge des Sterbeliedes verſtummt ſind: ſiehe, ſo ſtrömen die Gedankenloſen dahin, um ſich in unmäßiger Luſt zu berauſchen. Dem ähnlich iſt dieſer Auftritt. Es ſollte feierliche Stille herrſchen im Trauerhauſe; und Getümmel umdrängt das Lager der Verblichenen. Es ſollte deshalb ein Jeder das Ungeziemende anerkennen, als der Heiland darauf hinweiſet; und „ſie verlachen ihn." — Wie groß, wie liebenswerth neben dieſen der Göttliche! „Das Mägdlein ſchläft" ſpricht er. Nicht mehr ſcheinen, als es iſt, ſoll das, was er thun wird. Anſpruchslos ruhig, geſammelt, tritt er zu des Kindes Bette, ergreift es bei der Hand, und — es erwacht. Die Eltern kommen, ſtaunen, wiſſen nicht, ob ſie auch ſchon ſich hingeben dürfen dem Entzücken ihrer Seele; und während ſie alle Seligkeit des Wiederhabens, mit ihrem Lieblinge ſchmecken, hat der Retter, wie es ſcheint, ſich ihrem Dank entzogen. Denn nichts ſagt der Evangeliſt hinzu, als die Worte: durch die ganze umliegende Gegend habe ſich das Gerücht ſeiner helfenden Liebe verbreitet.

Doch weicht der Erlöſer nicht jedes Mal den Aeußerungen der Dankbarkeit aus. Auch würde dies nicht immer zart heißen können. Es laſſen ſich ſogar Fälle denken, wo gerade das Zartgefühl einem Wohlthäter gebietet, ſich die Ergießungen des ihm verpflichteten Herzens gefallen zu laſſen, ſie freundlich aufzunehmen, ſie ſelbſt zu erwarten. Hören wir nicht auch den Heiland einſt ſagen, als der dankbare Samariter zu ſeinen Füßen ſinkt: „Sind ihrer nicht zehen rein worden? Wo ſind aber die Neun?" *) —

So giebt es überall eine Grenze zwiſchen dem Zuviel und dem Zuwenig. Man ſtößt an, wenn man dieſe Grenze überſpringt. Und ſie wahrzunehmen, ihre feinſten Linien zu entdecken, bei jeder vorkommenden Gelegenheit und in jedem eintretenden Verhältniß ſie zu bemerken, und darum alle Mal auf der Stelle zu entſcheiden, was nun das Rechte, das darin Gehörige ſei, was geſchehen müſſe, was nicht, was zu verſchweigen, was zu ſagen, was zu dulden, worauf ein Gewicht zu legen, was unbemerkt zu laſſen, ob zu bleiben, oder zu gehen ſei, damit Keiner ſich unangenehm durch uns berührt finde: das eben iſt des Zartgefühls Natur und Weſen, das iſt die Kunſt, die es übt.

Wollet ihr von der Art, wie es ſich darlegt, der Beiſpiele noch mehr haben? hier ſind ſie. Nur, wo ſoll man beginnen, wo enden!

Du alſo etwa verwalteſt ein Geſchäft, das mit größerer Mühe, als du wohl anfangs gedacht, verbunden iſt; und die Menſchen, für welche du arbeiteſt, ſchätzen dies herzlich. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo läſſeſt du ihnen das Saure, Harte, Peinliche deiner Anſtrengungen nie abſichtlich in die Augen fallen, weil du ihnen dadurch drückend werden würdeſt.

Du wirſt beſchenkt: und die Gabe, wiewohl gutmeinende Einfalt ſie darreicht, iſt dennoch nicht ſehr paſſend für dich, vielleicht überall nicht brauchbar. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo hältſt du dein Urtheil über ihren Unwerth zurück, weil ein Solches zu wehe thun müßte, und nimmſt ſie, um des liebenden Gebers willen, freundlich an.

Du erblickſt einen Bekannten, der vormals über dir ſtand, nach langen Jahren in weniger ehrenden Verhältniſſen; und ſollſt nunmehr ihm Befehle ertheilen, ſtatt daß er ſonſt dir gebot. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo iſt es dir nicht möglich, an dieſen Wechſel ihn mit Uebermuth zu erinnern, denn dies würde ihn beugen; ſondern du verſchleierſt den Uebelſtand, ſo gut du vermagſt.

Du findeſt Gelegenheit, dem einen großen Dienſt zu leiſten, der dir einſt eine kleine Hülfe verweigerte. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo giebſt du nicht nur zu jenem Dienſte dich hin; du thuſt es zugleich fröhlich und anſpruchlos; ja du deuteſt nicht ein Mal von fern auf ſeine frühere Ungefälligkeit zurück, weil daraus ja Wille und Abſicht hervorging, ihn zu beſchämen.

Du biſt Vater eines verlornen Sohnes, aber bei all' deinem Unglück doch ſo glücklich, daß er wiederkehrt, und beladen mit dem Gefühl ſeines Unrechts, und geläutert durch bittere Erfahrungen, und veredelt durch fromme Reue, zu deinen Füßen, oder, ehrender noch für dein Vaterherz, in deine Arme ſinkt. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo ſtürmſt du nicht mit neuen Vorwürfen auf den armen Zerknirſchten ein, ſondern leiteſt gütig den Schüchternen, ſeinen Blick auf eine beſſere Folgezeit, die ein tugendhafter Wandel ſchaffen werde, ſprichſt indeß zu Allen, die in deinem Hauſe ſind: Freuet euch mit mir! der todt war, lebt; den ich verloren, hab' ich wieder funden!

Du biſt in der traurigen Nothwendigkeit, deinen Gatten, dein Kind, deinen Verwandten auf einem langwierigen Krankenlager zu verpflegen. Ein Heer von Beſchwerden und Sorgen wächſt dir dadurch zu, und vielleicht wird überdies noch durch des Leidenden Ungeduld deine Laſt dir vergrößert. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo rückſt du ihm, ſelbſt wenn du dazu manchmal verſucht werden ſollteſt, deine Entbehrungen nicht vor; du wacheſt, wenn du ſeinem Bette dich naheſt, ſogar über deine Mienen; du zeigſt, neben der Theilnahme der Liebe, ihm immer auch eine Heiterkeit, damit er beruhigt glaube: die Bürde ſei für dich gar nicht ſo groß, als ſie ihm ſcheint. Wirſt du aber ſelbſt einmal Gegenſtand fremder Pfleg' und Wartung, ſo hüteſt du dich um ſo mehr, ſie durch Unmuth den Deinigen zu erſchweren, und belohnſt ihre Opfer, indem du ſie verſüßeſt.

Du kommſt mit Menſchen, die du als über dir erkennen, vor welchen du Ehrfurcht hegen, gegen die du dich demüthig beweiſen ſollſt, mit Vater, Mutter, Lehrer, Vorgeſetzten etwa, in den Fall, daß ſie gegen dich Unrecht haben, oder von dir eine Wohlthat anzunehmen genöthigt ſind. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo erſparſt du ihnen nicht nur das Erröthen über dieſe Lage, und vermeideſt Geſtändniſſe; du ſtellſt ſogar dich, wenn nur dadurch das rechte Verhältniß wieder eintreten kann, abſichtlich in Schatten; du nimmſt, wenn es angeht, auf dich die Schuld des Fehlers; du ſtelleſt deine Wohlthat ſo, daß ſie mehr ein Beitrag zu deinem, als ihrem Glücke, erſcheinen müſſe.

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*) Luk. 17, 17.

Du könnteſt in einer Geſellſchaft, wo man hier dieſe, dort jene Anſprüche an dich macht, und Einer hierdurch verwundbar, der Andere dadurch es iſt, — leicht könnteſt du da etwas thun, etwas unterlaſſen, was beleidigen dürfte. Haſt du nun Zartgefühl: ſo wägſt du Alles, Worte, Blicke, Thaten. Du benimmſt dich bei dieſer Sorgfalt nicht ängſtlich, nicht ſchwerfällig, nicht kleinlich, nicht in's Ungewiſſe tappend. Du bemerkſt leicht und ſchnell, was jedem Einzelnen gebührt, und welche Beziehungen vorhanden ſind zwiſchen dir und ihm. Und darum ſprichſt du im Beiſein eines Dritten nie flüſternd in's Ohr; ſprichſt nicht vor Unkundigen, damit du ſie ausſchließeſt, in fremder Zunge; ſprichſt nicht vor Gebrechlichen von körperlicher Verkrüppelung; nicht vor Verarmten von heruntergekommenen Familien; nicht vor Menſchen, denen der Tod tiefe Wunden ſchlug, von Gegenſtänden, daraus ihr vielleicht eingeſchlummerter Gram neue Nahrung ſchöpfen würde. Du bleibſt dann nicht, wo man darauf rechnet, daß du geheſt. Du redeſt nicht, wo es ſchicklicher wäre, daß du ſchwiegeſt. Du zögerſt nicht, wo du ſieheſt, daß Alles eilt. Du drängſt dich nicht hervor, wo kein Verhältniß es eher mit ſich brächte, daß man dich aus beſcheidenem Hintergrunde herbeirufen müßte. Du machſt kein Geräuſch, wo der Ort, der Zweck, die Handlung, die Stunde ſtilles Weſen verlangt. Du erhebſt kein Gelächter über fremde Zurechtweiſung, wo du noch gar nicht weißt, ob ſie nicht vielmehr deine Folgſamkeit verdiene und deinen Dank. Du vergiſſeſt nie die kluge, die feine, die ſchonende, die liebevolle Rückſicht auf den Nächſten, auf ſeinen Stand, ſein Alter, ſeine Stimmung, ſeine Schickſale, ſeinen Charakter, ſeine Verdienſte um dich, und ſelbſt ſeine Fehler.

Soll ich noch länger fortfahren in dieſer Schilderung, meine Brüder? Ich denke, das Bild, das hier zu zeigen war, müßet ihr Alle erkannt haben. Ihr müßet ſeine Züge nun wiederfinden können im Leben, und wiederherſtellen können in eurem Leben, wenn es euch damit ein Ernſt iſt. Zartgefühl, das haltet feſt, Zartgefühl will nie beleidigen, will ſtets ſchonen, will mit Jedem es ſo machen, daß ihm wohl ſei, recht wohl. Darum faſſet es auf, was für jeden Augenblick und für jedes Verhältniß das Wohllautendſte und Lieblichſte ſei, faſſet es ſchnell auf, und handelt dieſer Entſcheidung gemäß.

So thut endlich ein zartfühlender Menſch nicht blos in Beziehung auf Andere und in Gegenwart Anderer: ſo thut er nicht minder in Beziehung auf ſich ſelbſt, und wenn er mit ſich allein iſt. Wie ließe ſich dies auch trennen! — Freilich, es giebt Solche, die das Zartgefühl in ſeinen gewöhnlichen Aeußerungen blos nachmachen, weil ſie ſich das Anſehen deſſelben zu geben wünſchen. Ihr Zartgefühl wohnt nicht in reinem Herzen; es prunkt auf ihren Lippen und in ihrer angenommenen Manier. Blendwerk iſt die züchtige Sitte, die holde Freundlichkeit, die feine Schonung, die ſie geſchickt erkünſteln. Ihr Weſen verhält ſich zum ächten Zartgefühl, wie das betrügliche Kupferſtück eines Falſchmünzers gegen vollwichtiges, rein ausgeprägtes Gold. Da ihnen nun blos daran liegt, für zartfühlend zu gelten, vielleicht um ihre Anſprüche an die Umgebung deſto höher ſteigern zu dürfen: ſo iſt es natürlich, daß ſie beim Austritt aus den Kreiſen der Geſellſchaft die täuſchende Maske gern abwerfen, und das eitle, mühſame, zwangvolle Spiel nur erſt bei der Rückkehr dahin wieder beginnen. Für ſich ſelbſt wiſſen ſie nichts von dem, was ſie bei Andern ſcheinen. Alles geht da gemein her und roh. — Wer es hat, wer es wahrhaft hat, das zartfühlende Herz: wie kann er jemals etwas Anders, als dieſes Herz zeigen? Es iſt ſeine Natur; wie könnte er es irgendwo, wenn gleich unbemerkt, verläugnen? Verſchönernd dringt es in alle Zweige ſeines Lebens, und iſt die Feder ſeines ganzen Thuns. Nie bietet ein Solcher ſich ſelbſt, was er gegen Andere aus Achtung ſich nicht erlauben möchte. Nie vernachläſſigt er ſich, wär's auch nur in der Hauskleidung. Nie ziert er ſeinen Körper auf eine Art, die mit ſeinem Alter, ſeinem Berufe, ſeinen ſonſtigen Verhältniſſen im Widerſpruch ſtände. Und ſelbſt von der herrſchenden Weiſe, die ſo gern blindlings über den Geſchmack der Einzelnen gebietet, nimmt er, mit heiliger Schaam, nur das an, wobei auch nicht die leiſeſte Verletzung ſeine Würde bedrohet. Sie treten ja Alle ſo öffentlich, ſo frei, ſo laut zu unſerem Heilande hin, die ihn um etwas zu bitten haben. Warum erſcheint das Weib im Evangelio nicht eben ſo? Gefühl ihrer Frauenwürde, Gefühl der Schonung, welche für geheime Gebrechen die Natur erheiſcht, Gefühl der Achtung gegen ſich ſelbſt, Zartgefühl iſt es, was die Sittſame zurückhält.

Dächtet ihr aber, daß der Menſch mit dem zartfühlenden Herzen nun gar nicht kräftig auftreten könne, oder dürfe? ſo würdet ihr irren. Es bezweifelt doch gewiß des Meiſters Zartgefühl Niemand. O wahrlich! es hieß von dieſem Herrlichen mit Recht: „er wird nicht zanken noch ſchreien, und man wird ſein Geſchrei nicht hören auf den Gaſſen. Das zerſtoßene Rohr wird er nicht zerbrechen, und nicht auslöſchen den glimmenden Docht"; *) deſſen ungeachtet aber predigte eben dieſer zarte Geiſt ſo gewaltig, daß ihrer Viele ſich über ſeine Rede entſetzten; ſtemmte ſich ſo ſtark den Anmaßungen des Wahns und der Bosheit entgegen, daß die Machthaber unter den verblendeten Zeitgenoſſen beſchämt zurücktraten; deckte ſo kühn die Gebrechen ſeines Volks auf, und nannte die Verführer deſſelben ſo laut „Heuchler und Schlangen und Otterngezüchte, denen nichts bevorſtände, als hölliſche Verdammniß", daß ihr tiefſter Ingrimm, wohin er ging, ſeinen Schritten folgte. Iſt nicht auch im Evangelio, als er eintritt „in des Oberſten Haus, und ſiehet die Pfeifer und das Getümmel des Volks", ſein erſtes Wort gleich ein Machtwort an die geräuſchvolle Menge: „gehet auseinander; denn das Mägdlein iſt nicht todt, ſondern es ſchläft!"

Meine Brüder! Warum auch müßte Schwäche eine Begleiterin des Zartgefühls ſein? Zartgefühl will ja nur Andern nicht unedel in den Weg treten; ſeinen Weg will es aber gehen und behaupten. Zartgefühl will ja nur ſchonend die Menſchen behandeln, Jeden nach ſeiner Eigenthümlichkeit; Unterſchiede will es aber gerade deshalb anerkennen und geltend machen. Zartgefühl will ja nur nicht kränken, wenn es tadeln, und nicht aufhören, zu lieben, wenn es ſtrafen muß; ſchweigen aber zu Allem, und in Alles ſich ſchlaff ergeben, will es nimmer. Eben in ſeinem Weſen liegt es, daß es jede Abweichung von der Regel des Schönen mit Scharfblick entdeckt, daß es alles Unedle tief verabſcheuet, daß es das Urbild alles Guten und Erhabenen möglichſt treu im Leben darzuſtellen wünſcht. Ja, bei ächtem Zartgefühl kann und darf ſo wenig ſittliche Schwäche wohnen, daß vielmehr in tauſend Fällen die höchſte Selbſtverläugnung, und folglich eine große, eine ſeltene innere Stärke dazu gehört, nicht unſanft zuzugreifen, und ſelbſt in Augenblicken der Leidenſchaft und der Begeiſterung auf dem Pfade des Würdigen und Schönen ſich zu bewahren. — Auch wollen ja nicht alle Naturen auf gleiche Art behandelt ſein. Vielmehr, während man dieſe zärtelnd gewinnen, ſanft erinnern, freundlich unterſtützen, ermunternd leiten muß, ſoll man jene ernſtlich warnen, drohend erſchrecken, ſtrenge beſchränken, eigener Uebung überlaſſen. Hier iſt Geben, dort Verſagen, hier ſind Lobſprüche, dort Vorwürfe; hier dieſes Maaß und dieſes Mittel, und dort wieder andere Weiſe und anderes Verhalten nöthig. Sehet, in dem Allen das Rechte zu treffen, das iſt Zartgefühl. Wie ließe es ſich denken, außer in einem kräftigen Gemüthe? —

Manche Menſchen kommen mit ſehr glücklichen Anlagen zum Zartgefühl in die Welt, geliebte Brüder. Ihr Weſen iſt Liebe, Schonung, Freundlichkeit. Die Natur hat es ihnen unmöglich gemacht, Jemanden hart und herbe anzulaſſen. Der Unterſchied zwiſchen dem, was ziemt, und dem, was anſtoßen, kränken, wehe thun würde, liegt ihnen, als kleinen Kindern ſchon, hell vor Augen, und dies giebt ihrem Benehmen jene Anmuth, und ihrer Anmuth jene Natürlichkeit und Sicherheit, die, in der Art, durch Fleiß und Kunſt ſchwerlich erlangt wird, und die man feinen Takt nennt.

Andere dagegen haben von dieſer Zartheit nicht eine Spur. Sie kennen keine Rückſichten. Sie treten in roher Unbefangenheit zu dir heran, und wiſſen's nicht anders, als daß du ſie nehmen müſſeſt, wie ſie einmal ſind. Sie bewegen ſich nicht, ohne anzuſtoßen, und öffnen den Mund nicht, ohne unſchicklich zu ſein. Sie machen dich ein Mal über das andere erröthen, bald durch die Art, wie ſie ſich ſelbſt erniedrigen und verunſtalten. Sie ſchonen weder durch die Anblicke, die ſie gewähren, dein Auge, noch durch die Reden, die ſie führen, dein Ohr, noch durch die Anträge, die ſie dir machen, deine Tugend, noch durch die Unſitte, womit ſie dir begegnen, deinen Sinn für Zucht und Wohlſtand. So verwunden ſie dein Innerſtes tauſend Mal, ohne es ein Mal zu ahnen. Sie ſehen nicht, wie dich ihre Schmeicheleien anekeln. Sie berechnen nicht, was du bei ihren Beluſtigungen empfindeſt. Sie fragen nicht, ob ihre Erzählungen dich langweilen. Sie achten's nicht, ob ſie durch ihre Unbeſonnenheit Gedanken, Erinnerungen, Bilder, Auftritte in dir hervorrufen, die vielleicht Wochen lang deine Ruhe ſtören. Und bei all' dieſer zurückſtoßenden Widrigkeit meinen ſie es, zum Theil, nicht gerade übel. Der Wille, dir wehe zu thun, kommt vielleicht in ihre Seele nicht. Es iſt wohl ſelbſt mit ihrer Rohheit ſo viel Gutmüthigkeit gepaart, daß du nicht umhin kannſt, ihnen auf der Stelle zu verzeihen. — Genug, wenn Zartgefühl manchmal ſchon aus dem Betragen eines Kindes uns anſpricht: ſo

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*) Matth. 12, 19. 20.

ſcheinen, auf der andern Seite, Manche dafür überall nicht empfänglich zu ſein.

Wir reden hier indeſſen vom Zartgefühl nicht als von einer Gabe der Natur, die der Menſch ohne ſein Zuthun habe, oder nicht habe. Wir reden von chriſtlichem Zartgefühl, meine Brüder. Wir reden vom Zartgefühl als von einem Gegenſtande des Strebens, und zwar als von einer Tugend, die Jeder, in gewiſſem Maaße, erwerben könne, wenn er will. Es gereicht Niemandem zur Schande, wenn ihm bei ſeiner Geburt ſtumpfe Sinne zu Theil worden ſind; aber das ſchändet ihn, wenn er dieſen Naturmangel nicht durch treue Sorgfalt zu verbeſſern ſucht. So ehrt es noch Keinen, daß der Schöpfer ihn feiner begabet, und ſchöner für das Schöne gebildet hat; es ehrt ihn nur das, was er aus dieſen Talenten mit freier Thätigkeit ſchafft; es ehrt ihn nur die Höhe, zu welcher er es vervollkommnet, und die Treue, mit welcher er es benutzt.

Was für eine Natur uns geworden ſei, theure Brüder, — ein Geſchenk der ewigen Liebe iſt ſie immer. Laſſet uns die reich ausgeſtattete ehren; laſſet uns die rohere hinaufſtimmen und die gemeine adeln durch frommen Fleiß. Chriſtliches Zartgefühl iſt gerade nur die Feinheit und Würde des Sinnes, die wir uns aus Liebe zu Gott, aus Ehrfurcht gegen unſern Meiſter, aus Wohlwollen gegen die Brüder, aus Achtung für das Schöne überhaupt aneignen. Es iſt die Fertigkeit in Allem, „was ehrbar und keuſch und lieblich iſt und wohllautet,“ deren wir uns befleißigen, weil wir fühlen, daß dies recht iſt und das Gegentheil verächtlich; weil wir als Kinder Gottes uns betrachten und als Nachfolger Jeſu; weil wir es anerkennen, daß die Menſchheit eine große, in Eintracht und Liebe zuſammenſtimmende, Familie ſein ſoll; weil eine Welt uns erwartet, deren zarte Freuden kein rohes Gemüth ſchmecken kann. Es iſt endlich die göttliche Geſinnung und Gewohnheit, die an dem Mitbruder nichts mit ſo ehrfurchtsvoller Rückſicht glaubt behandeln zu dürfen, als — ſein Gewiſſen; die den Gläubigen in ſeinem Glauben nicht verwirren, die dem Unſchuldigen auch nicht das kleinſte Aergerniß geben, die keine Seele verderben, vielmehr gern „ſelig machen möchte, Alle,“ die ſich ihr nahen.

Dieſes Zartgefühl äußert Jeſus, wo er auftritt, es ſei redend, oder handelnd. Sehet in unſer Evangelium, oder blicket wohin ſonſt in ſeiner Geſchichte: wie er hier die Kinder zu ſich kommen läßt und ſie herzt, und dann wieder umherwandelt, und die zerſtreuten Küchlein nach Mutterart ſammeln will unter ſeinen Flügeln; wie er hier annimmt, was die Dankbarkeit einer gebeſſerten Sünderin ihm bereitet, und dort eine Gefallene gegen ihre Verdammer ſchützt; wie er hier ſeinen Jüngern aus Schonung, „was ſie noch nicht tragen können,“ verhehlt, und dort in einen Blick auf Petrus alle Wehmuth über ſeine verſchmäheten Warnungen legt.

Es iſt klar, meine Brüder. Es giebt nicht nur noch ein anderes Zartgefühl, als das angeborne, ein Zartgefühl höherer Gattung, ein Zartgefühl, zu dem man ſich erheben, darin man fortſchreiten kann, wie in jeder Tugend, ein chriſtliches. Man darf noch weiter gehen. Man darf ſagen, das ganze Leben Jeſu ſei eine Reihe von Gemälden, aus welchen Zartgefühl, als herrſchender Geiſt, uns entgegenhauche. Man darf behaupten, daß die Religion, die uns zur Würde der Kinder Gottes erhebt, die uns den Rang einer heiligen und unbefleckten Gemeine anweiſet, die uns mit allen Menſchen auf Erden durch das Band des gegenſeitigen Liebens und Helfens verbrüdern will, recht eigentlich eine Religion des Zartgefühls zu heißen verdiene.

Wie aber bildet ſich für ein ſolches Zartgefühl unſer Herz?

Am beſten iſt es, wenn gleich die erſte Kindheit dazu benutzt wird. Die Keime dieſer köſtlichen Pflanze ſind dann vorhanden. Sie dürfen ſich nur entfalten, ehe ſie unter den Dornen der Begier erſtickt, oder durch der Menſchen und ihres Beiſpiels Rohheit zertreten werden. Nur Raum gebet der reinen, ſittlichen Natur, o ihr, die ihr von Gott zu Schutzengeln der Unſchuld erkoren ſeid, Pflegerinnen der Säuglinge, Erzieher der Jugend, Eltern und Lehrer allzumal! Nur nicht ſelbſt ausſtreuen möge eure Hand den Saamen der Unduldſamkeit, der Zankſucht, des Neides, des Haſſes. Wecket dagegen und unterhaltet die Regungen der Liebe, der Theilnahme, des Mitleids, der Scham, wenn ſie in der jungen Seel' erwachen. Wähnet ihr: angepredigt, oder angeſcholten und angezürnt und angeſtraft werde ein zarter Sinn dem Kinde? Das kann er nicht. Im Keime ſterben wird er da. Euer Beiſpiel muß Alles thun. Behandelt eure Kleinen ſelbſt mit Würde und Feinheit. Nie ſehet hart und ungeſtüm ſie an. Seid gegen ſie ganz Schonung, Zutrauen, Sorgfalt, Zärtlichkeit. Erweiſet euch untereinander, vor ihren Augen, die ehrende, die gütige, zarte Rückſicht, durch welche der Sinn milde und das Leben ſchön wird. Es werde nie die edlere Sitte hintangeſetzt. Es werde nie, auch über Fremdes, anders als im Geiſte der Gerechtigkeit, der Mäßigung, des Wohlmeinens geurtheilt. Und verlaſſet euch darauf! Er wird gedeihen, herrlich wird er gedeihen, und euch ſchon früh durch liebliche Früchte überraſchen, der Sinn, der Niemand wehe thun, nie ſeine Würd' entweihen kann.

Vor allen, Mütter! iſt es euch gegeben, der Kinder Herz für Zartgefühl zu bilden. Euch iſt's nicht ſchwer. Seid nur ſelbſt gute Menſchen, und wollet nie mehr, nie minder ſein. Liebet nur immer, und lehret lieben. Hauchet nur, wo möglich im Wiegenliede ſchon, den Sinn für Wohllaut und die Luſt am Recht in die noch unentwickelten Seelen. Wendet dem unſichtbaren Kinderfreunde ſchon frühe ihr Herz zu. Sorgt, daß ſie, lallend noch, von ihm ſchon hören, von ihm ſtammeln mögen, und daß die Sehnſucht nach ſeiner Liebe der Haupttrieb ihres ſchönen Lebens ſei. Wahrlich, ſie werden bald nicht anders können, als — zart empfinden.

Iſt der Menſch, meine Brüder, entwachſen eines ſolchen Mutter Schooß, noch überdies, vielleicht als Kind bereits, mit mancher Erdennoth bekannt geworden; haben Leiden, die er ſahe, die er tragen half, die wenigſtens ſein Auge mitbeweinte, für die ſein Seufzer auf zum Himmel flog, oder, die er auch ſelbſt ſchon zu bekämpfen hatte, ſein Herz erweicht, und, weil er Schmerzen kennt, des Bruders Schmerz auch achten ihn gelehrt: ſo wird ihm das beſonders vortheilhaft. Des Zartgefühles übungsreichſte Schule iſt — die Trübſal.

Wer jedoch über die frühere Lebenszeit hinwegkam, ohne für dieſen Sinn gebildet zu werden; bei wem die Neigung, Denkart, Sitte ſich ſchon gerichtet, ſchon entſchieden hat: dem iſt's dann ſchwerer, daß er zart empfinden lerne; — zumal, wenn ihn die Natur vielleicht aus groberm Thone ſchuf, oder wenn er heranwuchs unter rohen Menſchen, oder wenn ſein Beruf allmählich ihn noch ſtumpfer, rauher machte. Seid aber darum nicht muthlos, Chriſten, auch wenn ihr euch in dieſer Lage fändet. In eurer Würde liegt eure Hoffnung. Es iſt ein nichtiges Vorurtheil, als gäb' es Zartgefühl in höhern Ständen nur. Auch in der Hütt' und unter ſchlechter Hülle ſchlug oft ein Herz, das würdiger empfand, als mancher [illegible] Große neben ihm. Fühlt euch als Chriſten; und ihr könnt Alles werden, wozu der Menſch berufen iſt. Oeffnet dem heiligen Geiſte eure Herzen. Sammelt euch oft vor dem Vater in frommer Inbrunſt. Entfernt von euch, was ſie nicht wandeln mag. Suchet die Edleren auf. Laſſet erweicht werden an ihrer Milde eure Härte. Lernet von Jeſus, wie man zartfühlende Seelen behandeln müſſe. Vollbringet dann, was liebenswerth euch dünkt, und unterdrücket, was zu Schlechtem reizt. Denn nur in dem Maaße gedeihen edlere Regungen, als wir die gröbere Sinnlichkeit feſſeln, und nichts führt ſicherer zu ächtem Zartgefühl, als Liebe Gottes, Ehrfurcht gegen Jeſum, und Luſt und Treue zu ſeinem Wort.

Und, o! wie iſt's des Fleißes doch ſo werth, dahin zu ſtreben! In einem Hauſe, wo Gatte und Gattin, wo Eltern und Kinder, wo Herrſchaft und Dienſtboten, wo Jung und Alt mit zartem Sinne ſich behandeln, wo Keinem Weh geſchieht, wo Aller Wohlſein Allen wichtig iſt, wo ſtets dem Wunſch ein Blick, der ihn bemerkt, entgegenkommt, wo Niemand unbeſcheiden fordert und ungetröſtet klagt, wo Jeder getragen mit ſeinen Fehlern, und verſtanden wird in jeder leiſen Regung ſeines Herzens, wo Liebe wohnt, und Tadel ſelbſt und Strafe Liebe haucht: da, da! wer möchte da nicht ſeine Hütte bauen!

Trachtet dahin, meine Brüder! Ringet nach dieſem geruhigen und ſtillen Leben in aller Gottſeligkeit und Ehrbarkeit. Es kann geführt werden mitten im Kriege. Es kann behauptet werden unter Drang und Sorg' und Entbehrung!

Fürchtet auch nicht, wo Zartgefühl ſei, ſei es ängſtlich, zwangvoll, unheimlich. Da athme Niemand frei vor lauter Rückſicht, der Frohſinn lieb' ein ungebundnes Weſen. Meine Brüder! Das iſt nicht Zartgefühl, was Andre peinigt und beſchwert, was ihre Lebensluſt verkümmert; was kräftige Natur willkürlich hemmt, und bei jedem ungewohnten Anblick oder Ton in eine vorgegebne Ohnmacht ſinkt. Verwöhnung iſt's, und Launenweſen, und Mißverſtand, und eitel Zärtelei.

Wie das Kind erſt das Gängelband gebraucht, um bald ſicher aufzutreten: ſo muß das Herz durch freiwillige Befangenheit zur ächten Unbefangenheit gelangen. Es muß ſich binden an des Lebens Regel, um nachher wahrhaft frei zu ſein. Es muß den niedern Regungen Gewalt thun, um bald nur edle Triebe zu empfinden.

O laßt dies eure Andacht und euer Bemühen werden, meine Geliebten! Zartgefühl wird euch dann nicht Bürde dünken. Es wird eure beſſere Natur, es wird die Würze eurer Verbindungen, es wird euch Vorgenuß des Himmels ſein. Amen.

Georg Leonhard Bernhard von Dreſch

ward am 20. März 1786 in Jerchheim geboren, ſtudirte Jurisprudenz, Philoſophie und Geſchichte und habilitirte ſich 1808 mit dem Profeſſorscharacter als Privatdocent in Heidelberg. Im Jahre 1811 wurde er ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Würtembürgiſcher Bücher-Fiscal in Tübingen, 1823 Profeſſor der Rechte zu Landshut und von hier 1826 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach München verſetzt, wo er 1831 als Deputirter der Univerſität in der Kammer lebhaft für die Beſchränkung der Preßfreiheit in Baiern wirkte. Er lebt fortwährend in München als K. Baieriſcher Hofrath, Oberbibliothekar, ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Ritter des Ordens der Würtembergiſchen Krone.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber die Dauer der Völkerverträge. Landshut, 1808.
Syſtematiſche Entwickelung der Grundbegriffe des Privat-, Staats- und Völkerrechts. Heidelberg, 1810–17.
Ueberſicht der allgemeinen politiſchen Geſchichte. Weimar, 1814. 3. Th. N. A. 1826.
Ueber die Anſprüche der Juden auf das Bürgerrecht. Tübingen, 1816.
Napoleons Wiederkehr. O. O. 1815.
Ueber die Hauptſtaaten des europäiſchen Staatenſyſtems. Tübingen, 1817.
Ueber den methodiſchen Unterricht in der allgemeinen Geſchichte. Weimar, 1818. N. A. 1824.
Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte. 2 Curſus. Weimar, 1818. N. A. 1821–26.
Oeffentliches Recht des deutſchen Bundes. Tübingen, 1820–21. 2 Thle.
Naturrecht. Tübingen, 1822.
Baieriſches Staatsrecht. Ulm, 1823.
Schmidts Geſchichte der Deutſchen; fortgeſetzt. B. 23–25. Ulm, 1824–26.
Rede bei Eröffnung der Univerſität München. München, 1826.
Kleine Schriften. Ulm, 1827.
Abhandlungen aus verſchiedenen Theilen des Rechtes. München, 1830.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Ein bedeutender Rechtsgelehrter zeigt D. bei ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Schriften ſeine Stärke, beſonders in dem politiſchen Scharfblick, den gründlichen Kenntniſſen und dem lebendigen, würdevollen Vortrage, ſo wie in der methodiſchen Klarheit der Auffaſſung und Darſtellung des von ihm behandelten Gegenſtandes.

Johann Matthias Dreyer

ward 1716 in Hamburg geboren, lebte daſelbſt, mit dem Titel eines Fürſtlich Holſteiniſchen Secretairs, größentheils als Privatgelehrter und ſtarb 1769 in dürftigen Umſtänden.

Von ihm erſchien:

Schöne Spielwerke beim Wein, Punſch und Krambambuli. Hamburg 1763. — (Selten, da es ſeiner Obſcönität wegen, bald nach dem Erſcheinen öffentlich von Henkers Hand verbrannt wurde.)
Vorzüglichſte deutſche Gedichte. Altona, 1771.

Ein ſehr witziger aber leichtfertiger Kopf, der ſich in ſeinen poetiſchen Verſuchen der Gottſchediſchen Schule anſchloß und die Sprache mit Correctheit zu behandeln wußte. Anderen Werth haben ſeine Leiſtungen nicht, auch iſt er berühmter durch ſeine treffenden Repliken und originellen Einfälle, welche ſich in Hamburg traditionell erhalten haben. Mehreres dieſer Art, theilt Jördens in ſeinen: „Denkwürdigkeiten, Characterzüge und Anecdoten aus dem Leben der vorzüglichſten deutſchen Dichter und Proſaiſten. Leipzig, 1812. 3 Bde.“ mit.

Karl Friedrich Drollinger,

ward am 26. December 1688 zu Durlach geboren, ſtudirte von 1704 bis 1710 die Rechte zu Baſel, und ward im letzteren Jahr Dr. juris utriusque und Regiſtrator des geheimen Archivs in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. 1722 ernannte ihn der Margraf von Baden-Durlach zum Hofrath und 1726 zum geheimen Archivhalter. In Folge der Kriegsunruhen begleitete er ſeinen Fürſten nach Baſel, führte mit großem Eifer deſſen Angelegenheiten und ſtarb daſelbſt, von überhäuften Arbeiten und Anſtrengungen erſchöpft, am 1. Juni 1742.

Eine Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte erſchien erſt nach ſeinem Tode unter dem Titel:

Herrn K. F. Drollinger's weiland Hochfürſtl. Baden-Durlach'ſchen Hofraths und geh. Archivhalters Gedichte, ſammt andern dazu gehörigen Stücken, wie auch einer Gedächtnißrede auf denſelben ausgefertiget, von J. J. Sprung u. ſ. w. Baſel, 1743. Mit neuem Titel. Frankfurt a. M. 1745.

D's Gedichte zeichnen ſich zu einer Zeit, wo die deutſche Poeſie noch ſo ſehr in Banden lag, durch Reichthum und Tiefe der Gedanken, Kraft und Würde und eine ſeltene Correctheit aus.

Eduard Duller

ward 1809 in Wien geboren, und ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Philoſophie und Jurisprudenz. Er entwickelte ſchon ſehr früh äußerſt glückliche Anlagen und verfaßte bereits in ſeinem ſechzehnten Jahre ein Schauſpiel, Meiſter Pilgram, das 1828 ſich auf der Bühne außerordentlichen Beifalls zu erfreuen hatte. Um ſeine dichteriſchen Fähigkeiten noch mehr auszubilden, begab er ſich 1829 nach München und kehrte dann auf kurze Zeit wieder nach Wien zurück. Im Jahre 1830 ging er von Neuem nach München und von dort nach Baden-Baden, wo er thätigen Antheil an dem von Spindler redigirten Journal, der Zeitſpiegel nahm. Nachdem er ſpäter eine Zeitlang, mit literäriſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt, in Trier verweilt, zog er nach Frankfurt am Main, wo er ſich gegenwärtig noch als Dr. phil. und Redacteur der von ihm gegründeten Zeitſchrift, „der Phönix" befindet.

Er ſchrieb:

Meiſter Pilgram. Schauſpiel. Wien, 1829.
Die Wittelsbacher. Balladen. München, 1831.
An Könige und Völker. Canzonen. Stuttgart, 1831.
Berthold Schwarz. Novelle. Stuttgart, 1832.
Der Antichriſt. Novelle. Leipzig, 1833. 2 Thle.
Freund Hain. Stuttgart, 1833.
Franz von Sickingen. Dramatiſches Gedicht. Frankfurt a. M. 1833.
Erzählungen und Phantaſieſtücke. Frankfurt, 1834. 2 Bde.
Die Feuertaufe. Erzählung. Frankfurt, 1834. 2 Bde.
Phantaſiegemälde. Frankfurt, 1835. 1836. 2 Bde.
Geſchichten und Mährchen für Jung und Alt. Frankfurt, 1835. 2 Bde.
Der Rache Schwanenlied. Schauſpiel. Stuttgart, 1835.
Kronen und Ketten. Roman. Frankfurt, 1835. 3 Bde.
Erzählungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in verſchiedenen Zeitſchriften, Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Außerdem gab er heraus:

Erheiterungsſtunden. Frankfurt, 1834. 12 Hefte.
Der Phönix. Zeitſchrift. Frankfurt, 1835 — 1838.

Unter den jüngern deutſchen Dichtern iſt D. unzweifelhaft einer der reichſten und talentvollſten. Im Beſitz einer glühenden, ſtets raſtlos wirkenden und ſchaffenden Phantaſie, voll Innigkeit und Feuereifer für das Gute und Schöne, beurkundet er in jeder neuen Leiſtung, welch hohes Ziel er ſich geſteckt und wie unabläſſig und ernſt er demſelben zuſtrebe, aber es fehlt ihm noch jene Ruhe und Beſonnenheit, welche allein das Leben giebt, und die der Kampf mit ſchweren Verhältniſſen, bisher in ihm auszubilden verhinderte. Als dramatiſcher Dichter erſcheint er am Glücklichſten; ſein Franz von Sickingen enthält viele wahrhaft ſchöne Scenen und ein reges, der Natur entblühtes Leben. In ſeinen lyriſchen Productionen, ſo künſtleriſch dieſelben auch meiſtens gehalten ſind, läßt er ſich zu ſehr von dem Strome ſeiner Gedanken und Anſchauungen fortreißen, und behauptet nicht jene Klarheit und Rundung, die zur Beurtheilung eines Kunſtwerkes unerläßlich ſind, auch ſchlägt er zuweilen, im Drange Gewaltiges zu ſchaffen, die Sprache in zu ſchwere Feſſeln. Als gewandter erfindungsreicher Erzähler bewährt er ſich mit jedem neuen Werke immer mehr und mehr und hat beſonders in einigen kleinern Arbeiten ſehr glückliche Anlagen für das echt Komiſche beurkundet. Hätte der talentvolle D. eine ſorgenfreie, reiche Jugend verlebt, oder gewährte ihm ein günſtiges Geſchick jene ſorgenloſe, feſſelloſe Muße, in der allein ein Dichter vollkommen arbeiten kann, ſo würde er gewiß Großes ſchaffen, und ſich mit der Zeit den gefeiertſten Namen in der Geſchichte deutſcher Literatur begründen können.

Der Auferſtehungsmann.*)

Novelle.

Der Doctor Bechthilar war eben von einer kleinen Landreiſe wieder nach London zurückgekehrt. Um ſeine junge Frau noch am ſelben Abend, da er nicht mehr erwartet wurde, zu überraſchen, hatte er dem alten James befohlen, mit dem Wagen bei einem Univerſitätsfreunde [illegible], deſſen Haus er eben betreten hatte. Der [illegible] war nicht [illegible]; nichts deſtoweniger wurde des Doctors [illegible] in der [illegible] bekümmert. Bechthilar wünſchte ſeinem James gute Nacht, drückte den Hut tief in die Stirne, knöpfte den langen weißen Ueberrock bis an den Hals zuſammen, zog den [illegible] herauf bis zur Naſe, ſteckte die Hände in die Seitentaſchen des Ueberrocks und wanderte nunmehr, unter der [illegible], ſeiner noch etwas weit davon entlegenen Wohnung zu.

Er befand ſich ſeit noch nicht allzulanger Zeit in London — er hatte die erſte Zeit ſeiner ärztlichen Praxis in Oxford, wo er geboren war und ſtudirte, zugebracht; — das krumme Labyrinth der Weltſtadt war ihm daher noch nicht ganz geläufig. Am Ausgang einer engen Gaſſe, die von mehrern andern durchſchnitten war, blickte er überlegend um ſich, in Zweifel, welchen Weg er einſchlagen wollte. Ein ſchmutziger Kerl, kurz, in einer Matroſenjacke, mit breitkrempigem Hut, ein Seemann unſtreitig, ſtand plötzlich vor dem Doctor, ſo unvermuthet, als wäre er eben aus der Erde emporgewachſen, wie der Teufel, vor dem uns Gott behüte.

„Herr! habe ich Euren Willen errathen?" fragte der Zudringliche, an der langen Geſtalt des Doctors mit [illegible] emporblickend. Der Doctor [illegible] war etwas verblüfft über den zudringlichen Kerl, deſſen ſtämmige Beine den kurzen, dicken, [illegible] Rumpf kaum tragen zu wollen ſchienen. „Ich weiß nicht," . . . . . ſtotterte er, nicht ſonderlich verlegen, als vielmehr zerſtreut, faſt bewußtlos, ohne Zweck und Abſicht. „Und dann!" verſetzte der Matroſe, „Ihr ſollt ſehen, daß ich ſo viel Billigkeit im Leibe habe, als irgend ein Faſhionable. Beim luſtigen Teufel und ſeiner [illegible] Großmutter! [illegible] ich mit Euch, weil Ihr der ehrenwertheſte Herr ſeid, der [illegible] je mit [illegible] in ein [illegible] kam, ſo [illegible] in Altengland [illegible] wurde. [illegible] an einem der beſten [illegible] wollen, wenn ich, was den Preis betrifft, einen [illegible] Juden mache." „Was willſt du von mir? was ſoll ich?" fragte Sir Bechthilar, der während der Rede des Matroſen [illegible] war. „Herr," erwiederte der Matroſe, „ich bin [illegible] als irgend einer meiner Kameraden, die je auf einem [illegible]. Euer Geſicht iſt mir wohl bekannt; ich ſah Euch damit bei Kurzem oft in die alte [illegible] und habe es auch, als ein [illegible], der mit freien Augen eine halbe Meile weit ſieht, nicht vergeſſen, [illegible] Ihr mich aber bemerktet. Es iſt Niemand hier in der Nähe, Sir! und wir können ungeſtört [illegible]. Im Voraus müßt Ihr mir glauben, daß Ihr mich nicht verlachen werdet, wenn [illegible] an allerlei Krankheiten in Greenwich [illegible]." „Kerl," rief der Doctor, „ich glaube, du biſt dem [illegible] von Bedlam entſprungen." — „Wie Ihr meint!" erwiederte der Matroſe demüthig, „ich habe, Gott ſei Dank! noch etwas Hirn in meinem Kopfe, freilich, wer weiß, welcher Schurke meinen armen Schädel mit ſeinem geringfügigen Inhalt ſchon bei meinem Lebzeiten verkauft hat. Nun! das geht eben von Einem zum Andern. Herr! unter uns [illegible] verkauft ſich wohlfeil [illegible] für den [illegible], James, [illegible] Tomas [illegible] James, John. Wir und ſo weiter nicht Alle. Aber zur Sache, Herr! [illegible] wir wollen [illegible], [illegible] zu [illegible]."

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*) Aus: Erzählungen und Phantaſieſtücke. Von Eduard Duller. 1. Bd. Frankfurt am Main. 1834.

— Dem guten Doktor Goodfridan ging plötzlich ein Licht auf, als er das Wort: Reſurrections-Man hörte. Das Benehmen des heimtückiſchen, zudringlichen Kerls wurde ihm begreiflich. Er beſchloß, ihm zu folgen, und in die Höhlen des Verbrechens einen forſchenden Blick zu werfen, da ihm der Zufall hiezu ſo günſtig die Hand bot. Er fühlte nur noch in ſeine Seitentaſche, worin ſeine Reiſepiſtolen ſteckten, und ſtellte ſich an, als ob er mit Toms Polecat längſt Abrede getroffen und alles in's Reine gebracht hätte.

„Ehrlicher Toms Polecat!“ ſprach der Doktor, während er an der Seite des Reſurrections-Man weiter ging, „ich bewund're Eure ausnehmende Betriebſamkeit und Euren lobenswerthen Eifer zum Beſten der leidenden Menſchheit. Denn indem Ihr es nicht ſcheuet, den guten Todten die Erde ſehr leicht zu machen und dem jüngſten Tag im vorhinein etwas in's Handwerk zu pfuſchen, ſtraf' mich Gott! ſo unterſtützt Ihr die Wiſſenſchaft eben ſo gut, als irgend ein Protektor der mediciniſchen oder mediciniſch-chirurgiſchen, oder phrenologiſchen Geſellſchaft; und es iſt gewiß nicht Eure Schuld, wenn in England die Oſteologie noch nicht ganz klar entwickelt iſt, wenn die Myologie von unſern jungen Aerzten zuweilen mit der Mythologie verwechſelt wird, wenn das Polyneſien der Splanchnologie noch manche unentdeckte Länder enthält, und die Neurologie noch auf eine Nervoſität der Forſchung wartet.“ „Herr!“ verſetzte Toms, „ich würde mir ein Vergnügen daraus machen, die ganze mediciniſche Geſellſchaft zu verkaufen, zu gerben, in Alkohol zu ſetzen oder mit Firniß zu überziehen, wenn ich der chirurgiſchen Geſellſchaft dadurch einen Gefallen erweiſen könnte; oder die letztere ſelbſt abzuliefern, wenn ich der phrenologiſchen damit meine Ergebenheit und Dienſtbefliſſenheit bezeigen dürfte. Unter andern, Sir! weil wir gerade ſo im beſten Vertrauen uns beſprechen und unterhalten, ſo ſagt mir gefälligſt, was Ihr mir für den Jungen bezahlt, den ich mit Lebensgefahr übernommen habe. Ich ſag' es deshalb, damit ich weiß, wie wir künftig unſern Handel einrichten; denn ich habe heute zum erſten Mal die Ehre, Ew. Lordſchaft zu grüßen. Ich will übrigens zu allen Zeiten billig ſein, Herr! und Ihr ſollt ſehen, daß ich immer friſche Waare liefere, geſunde Burſche, bei denen Einem das Herz im Leibe vor Vergnügen hüpft.“

Dem Doktor bebte das Herz im Leibe vor Grauen ob des ungeheuren Frevels, der ſein Gewerbe über die rieſige gleißende Weltſtadt verbreitete, in der nicht einmal der Todten heilige Ruheſtätte vor Entweihung und Raub ſicher ſind, in der tauſend und aber tauſend Mutterherzen zittern müſſen, wo Mord und Gewalt in jedem Winkel lauern, wo aus den düſtern Häuſern wie aus Gefängniſſen, die Freude und Unſchuld entfliehen. Obgleich der Doktor vor dieſem Bilde, das in ſeiner Seele plötzlich aufdämmerte, zurückſchauderte, ſo hatte er dem Teufel bereits den Finger gereicht und mußte daher zuſehen, wohin dieſer ihn an der ganzen Hand fortſchleppen würde. Er tröſtete ſich zugleich mit dem Gedanken, nach Beſichtigung der gräulichen Schlupfwinkel des Verbrechens in den Armen ſeiner Familie ein heiteres Bild der Jugend, Unſchuld und des ſtillen Glückes zu finden, und entſchloß ſich daher, um ſeine Neugier zu ſtillen und ſeine Gemahlin mit der ſchaurigen, mährchenhaft klingenden Beſchreibung derſelben unterhalten zu können, dem Reſurrections-Man weiter zu folgen und den Handel einzugehen. Bei der in England herrſchenden Schwierigkeit, Leichname zu erhalten, konnte es übrigens ihm, der ſich ſeiner Kunſt leidenſchaftlich hingab, nicht gleichgültig ſein, ſeine anatomiſchen Kenntniſſe wieder einmal durch eine Zergliederung zu ſchärfen.

„Was meinſt du zu fünf Pfunden?“ fragte der Doktor, um mit dem Leichenverkäufer Handel eins zu werden. „Sir!“ antwortete Polecat, indem er ſtehen blieb, die Hände auf den Rücken legte, eines ſeiner krummen Beine über das andere kreuzte, und an dem Doktor hinaufſah: „Sir!“ ſprach er mit einem rauhen Tone: „Sehe ich etwa aus wie ein ſtinkender Kabeljau, wie ein ausgebluteter Seehund, wie ein ungetheerter, lecker Schiffsraum, aus dem man eben die naſſe Contrebande abgehoben? Sehe ich ſo aus, daß Ihr mir fünf Pfunde bietet! Fünf Pfund!! Ich will auf der Stelle an einem Galgenſtrick erſticken, wenn der Junge, den ich Euch bringe, nicht viermal ſo viel werth iſt. Herr! der Burſche wiegt ſeine vollen 20 Pfund Sterling, wie keiner in Altengland; ein ganz kerngeſunder Burſche, zart wie ein Küchlein, noch weiß und roth, wie aus einem Ei geſchält.“

„Kerl!“ rief der Doktor Goodfridan, eine grauenhafte Ahnung unterdrückend: „male deine Waare mit nicht allzu lebhaften Farben; ich wäre ſonſt verſucht, dich für etwas mehr zu halten, als für einen bloßen Auferſtehungsmann. Wie kommt es, daß die Leiche kein Gebrechen hat? An welcher Krankheit verſchied der Arme, von dem du ſprichſt?“

Toms ſah, daß der Doktor Goodfridan nicht Spaß verſtand, lockerte ſich mit dem Finger die Halsbinde, hüſtelte verlegen und ſprach: „Ew. Lordſchaft müſſen wohl verſtehen, daß ich, der zeitlebens auf Maſtbäumen auf- und abgeklettert, zum Todtenbeſchauer verdorben bin. Was weiß ich, wie meine Leute ſterben! Gott habe ſie alle ſelig und mich nicht weniger. Lieber Sir! es kann nicht ein Menſch wie der andere ſterben. Das intereſſirt uns auch nicht. Ich verſichere, um fünfzehn Pfund iſt er nicht zu theuer bezahlt.“

„Kerl!“ donnerte der Doktor, den Matroſen an der Bruſt packend, „ich will wiſſen, von welchem Kirchhof du das Mutterſöhnchen geſtohlen haſt.“ Toms Polecat bemühte ſich, von der nervigen Fauſt des Doktors loszukommen. „Verfluchtes Seekalb!“ rief der Doktor unwirſch, zog eine Piſtole aus der Taſche und ſetzte ſie dem Kerl auf die Bruſt. „Geſtehe!“ rief er, „du Dieb, der dem Strick nicht entgehen wird.“ „Herr!“ ſtöhnte Polecat, „um ſechs Pfund ſollt Ihr die Leiche haben. Seit Eva zum erſten Mal ſchwanger wurde, kam kein Doktor zu einem wohlfeilern Kauf. Ihr ſeid ein ausgelernter Händler. Aber der Teufel ſoll mich holen, wenn ich in dieſer Sache nicht wenigſtens fünf Pfund baaren Verluſt habe.“

Der Doktor lächelte unwillkürlich über die komiſche Geiſtesgegenwart des abgefeimten Spitzbuben und ſteckte die Piſtolen wieder in die Taſche. „Sind wir noch nicht bald an Ort und Stelle?“ fragte er, nachdem er ſchweigend eine geraume Weile neben ſeinem Begleiter durch allerlei verrufene Kreuz- und Querſtraßen weiter gewandert war. „Redet nicht ſo laut, edler Herr!“ flüſterte ihm Toms zu, „ich ſehe dort um die Ecke Schatten, welche dem des Sheriff und der Herren Polizeiofficiers ſehr ähnlich ſcheinen. Habt nur noch ein wenig Geduld. — Nur noch zehn Schritte! So! hier iſt mein Haus.“ — „Wie!“ ſprach der Doktor, erſtaunt, ein alterthümliches, jedoch von außen ganz anſtändig dekorirtes Haus vor ſich zu ſehen, deſſen Fenſterläden geſchloſſen waren; — „ich hatte mich auf eine ſchmutzige Kneipe gefaßt gemacht.“ Sein Vertrauen wurde wieder rege. „Sir!“ verſetzte ihm Polecat mit einer Art von Stolz: „ich hoffe nicht, daß Ihr uns für lumpiges Geſindel haltet. Ihr ſollt einen Salon ſehen, wie nirgends im Weſtende, und eine Geſellſchaft von Faſhionables, die ihres Gleichen ſucht. Doch bedenkt Euch nicht länger und tretet ein, damit wir nicht die Aufmerkſamkeit jener alten Herren erregen, die uns ſchon ſeit einer Viertelſtunde, wie Bediente, auf der Ferſe folgen. Nehmt an der Dunkelheit kein Aergerniß; reicht mir die Hand! Bald ſpricht Toms Polecat: es werde Licht! und es wird Licht werden.“ Dem Doktor ſchlug das Herz höher, als er neben dem großen Thor durch eine kleine, niedere Pforte in den dunkeln Hofraum trat. „Geh voran, Toms!“ ſprach er leiſe und faßte die Piſtolen im Sacke feſt an. Toms ſchloß vorſichtig die Pforte zu und geleitete hierauf den Doktor über eine Treppe in ein hellerleuchtetes Vorzimmer, in welchem er ihn einlud, Hut und Ueberrock abzulegen, und ſich dann entfernte.

Der Doktor Goodfridan befand ſich bereits eine Viertelſtunde in einem ſehr geſchmackvoll dekorirten Salon und konnte vor Befremden, Zweifel und Ueberraſchung noch immer nicht recht zu ſich kommen. Das ganze Abentheuer hatte bis jetzt ſo einen entgegengeſetzten Eindruck auf ihn gemacht, daß die plötzliche Verſetzung in die Formen des anſtändigſten Weltlebens ihn unheimlich, mährchenhaft anregte. Dieſer geheimnißvolle Eingang, die in der Nähe ſchleichenden Schergen, die engverſchloſſenen Fenſterläden des alterthümlichen und, wie es anfänglich ſchien, verlaſſenen Palaſtes, der Aufgang über eine prächtige, aber unerleuchtete Treppe und nun die zahlreichen Spiegel an den Wänden des Gemaches, der blendende Kerzenſchimmer, die Uniform der Männer, die rauſchenden Seidenkleider der Damen, — Alles zuſammen verſetzte den Doktor in eine Stimmung, von deren eigentlichem Grunde er ſich nicht Rechenſchaft abzulegen vermochte. Polecat riß ihn aus ſeinem ſtarren Hinbrüten. Polecat! ja! er war's, und doch traute der Doktor kaum ſeinen Augen, als er das widerwärtige, von Pockennarben verunſtaltete, von einem mächtigen Backenbart umkränzte Geſicht ſeines nächtlichen Begleiters zwiſchen zwei blendend weißen Halskrägen eine bedeutend hohe Cravate überragen ſah, als er die mißgeſtaltige Figur mit den krummen Beinen in einem braunen Frack, ſchwarzſammtnem Gilet, kurzen Seidenhoſen und grau melirten Seidenſtrümpfen, zierlich wie die Figur eines vollſtändigen Elegants, eines lebendigen Modejournals, plötzlich gemacht wurde. „Ihr ſeid heute unſer Gaſt!“ flüſterte ihm Polecat zu; „nennet mich Baronet. Wie findet Ihr unſern Salon?“ — „Kerl!“ erwiederte der Doktor, unwillkürlich halblaut ausrufend, noch immer von Erſtaunen gefeſſelt, „träum' ich denn, oder iſt das Alles Wirklichkeit? Spielt mir nur meine aufgeregte Phantaſie ſolche Narrenspoſſen, oder ſchleicht ſich in der That einer der gemeinſten Kirchhofdiebe in einen der beſten Zirkel des Weſtendes?“

„Ihr nehmt ſehr lebhaft," ſprach Poleat etwas mißmuthig, aber doch mit einer Art von feinem Ton. „Befehlt Ihr, daß man Euch Eis bringe? Ihr ſeid [illegible] [illegible]!" — „Wer ſind denn dieſe ſchönen und anmuthigen Damen?" fragte der Doktor etwas verwirrt. Der unbekannte Baronet gab ihm mit ſchnell geläufiger Zunge [illegible] Beſcheid: „Sir! es ſind Damen aus den benachbarten [illegible]. [illegible] hat Niemand zu [illegible] kann. Allen Frauen [illegible], der ſich nicht ganz [illegible] [illegible] kann, ... wenn ſie nun [illegible] und immer, iſt hier der [illegible] [illegible] Zeitvertreib aufzufinden. [illegible] Ihr [illegible] [illegible] im [illegible] [illegible] Worte zu [illegible] der [illegible] [illegible] ausgeſuchten Leckerbiſſen bilden. [illegible] Ihr ein [illegible] nach ausgeſuchten [illegible] [illegible] Buchſtaben, und der [illegible] [illegible] nur ein [illegible] [illegible]. Wollt Ihr mit dem [illegible] [illegible] im [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] hält der [illegible] König [illegible] eine [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] Toilette, zeigt ſich [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] nach Gott! Sir, [illegible] er [illegible] im [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] Bei meinem Wappen! Sir, Ihr ſeid [illegible] nicht genug! [illegible] Aber in's Geheimnamen! und mein Gut [illegible] [illegible], daß dem [illegible] es [illegible], wir wollen [illegible] mit Genehmigung [illegible]. [illegible] gibt es Kammern und Kammern [illegible] [illegible] eingeſtellt. [illegible] ich [illegible] eine Krone gegen eine [illegible], daß den [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nicht [illegible] hat. Sir! ich bin in [illegible] der Türkei geweſen und habe das [illegible] des mohamedaniſchen [illegible] mitgebracht. Kommt, [illegible] Sir! laßt uns in eine Nebenſtube gehn und an einen Tiſch ſitzen. Wir finden dort wohl anmuthige Geſellſchaft."

Dem Doktor ſchwindelten die Sinne; er hatte ſich wohl ſeit den wenigen Jahren ſeiner Praxis ſchon in [illegible] [illegible] Kreiſen bewegt; ſo eine ausgezeichnete Geſellſchaft aber, in deren Mitte er wie durch Zauberſchlag verſetzt worden war, lähmte die Schnellkraft ſeines Bewußtſeins. Es war ihm, als wandle er [illegible] [illegible] im [illegible] Schooße der Erde, in den wunderbaren Schachten und [illegible] [illegible] Sälen, wo Gnomen und Salamandrinen [illegible] [illegible] der gewöhnlichen Welt anſehen und durch [illegible] [illegible] das Auge des Zauberers [illegible], [illegible] Metamorphoſen das Auge des Zauberers [illegible], der nun mit einem Male, im [illegible] ſeiner [illegible] [illegible] Herrſchergewalt, unter ſie tritt.

„Möge ich wo immer ſein," ſprach er endlich in [illegible] Wallung, indem er dem [illegible] Baronet die Hand reichte — „ich will dieſe Gelegenheit nicht unbenutzt entrinnen laſſen, die tolle Faſtnacht, die hier, wie es ſcheint, [illegible] [illegible] wird, ſo [illegible] zu [illegible], als es [illegible]. [illegible] bin ich ſchon [illegible], trunken von meiner [illegible] und [illegible], in Träume gewiegt von tauſend [illegible] der Phantaſie, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] und der Luſt."

„Wir wollen auch vor der Hand nichts denken als [illegible]," ſprach Baronet Poleat, indem er den Doktor an ein Tiſchchen zog, an welchem bald nachher zwei Damen die noch übrigen zwei Plätze einnahmen. „Seht Euch um, Sir! [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] Liebenswürdigkeit [illegible] rings in dieſem [illegible] [illegible]. Jetzt, mehr Wein herbei! — Auf Euer Wohl, meine Damen!"

Poleat hob das Glas, der Doktor [illegible], die Damen thaten Beſcheid. „Wer ſind dieſe zwei Herrn dort an dem [illegible]?" fragte der Doktor [illegible] ſeinen [illegible]. „Es [illegible]?" verſetzte Poleat; „ich will mich auf [illegible], Sir!" [illegible] [illegible], wenn Ihr dieſelben nicht [illegible] [illegible] werden laſſen, wenn Ihr [illegible] nicht kennet." Die zwei [illegible], welche ſich erhoben, und nun Hand in Hand im Zimmer auf und ab [illegible], [illegible] den [illegible] [illegible], kamen gerade in die Nähe des Tiſchchens, [illegible] und Poleat mit den Damen ſaßen. „Was [illegible] Gottfried(?) und Poleat [illegible] den Damen [illegible]? [illegible] die Schöne?" [illegible] Poleat an, welcher ihnen, ohne viele Complimente, etwas [illegible] antwortete: „Wie immer zu dieſer [illegible] Jahreszeit, wenn es noch nicht recht Winter werden will! Wäre es doch ſchon November, daß wir [illegible] [illegible], was unſer [illegible] Freund, der [illegible] [illegible] Stunden [illegible] [illegible] an [illegible] [illegible] zuſammennimmt!"

Poleat's [illegible] in Ernſt übergehende Rede war für Gottfried wie ein [illegible] Zugwind, der den Trunkenen plötzlich im Freien anweht. „Was iſt das für ein [illegible] Geſicht, Sir?" fragte Poleat, als er bemerkte, daß der Doktor mit ernſter Miene [illegible]. Eine der Damen ging an einen andern [illegible] Flügel und ſpielte in leiſem, [illegible] Piano eine italieniſche Melodie. „[illegible] mich [illegible], ihr [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!" dachte der Doktor, [illegible] [illegible]. Ein [illegible] Märchenanblick [illegible] ihm jedoch im [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] die Schulter. „Poleat!" ſagte der Doktor in [illegible], „bringt mich aus dieſem [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!" — „Dachte ich [illegible]," verſetzte Poleat [illegible] und [illegible]. „Euch einen angenehmen Abend zu bereiten und [illegible] den Anfang unſerer Geſchäfte fröhlich zu begehen. Wie Ihr es hier findet, könnet Ihr ſehen, daß wir auf gutem Ton halten. Der Teufel ſoll mich [illegible] auf ein [illegible] Boot kommandiren, zu [illegible] Segeln, wenn ich nicht die Abſicht hatte, Euch einen vergnügten Abend zu bereiten." „Schönen Dank!" murrte der Doktor; „die ganze Art ſagt mir eben ſo wenig zu, als es mir ziemt, [illegible] mitzumachen." „Nun!" meinte Poleat, „es ſind hier lauter [illegible] Leute, lauter [illegible] Herren, alte [illegible], [illegible] von dem [illegible] kann [illegible] oder [illegible], ein paar [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], und dann auch [illegible] [illegible] Aerzte, [illegible] [illegible] man eben zur Zukunft gehört. Um Euch die Herren [illegible] zu machen, führe ich Euch zuerſt den Dreiſter(?) Gut [illegible] an; — ferner...." „Wie!" unterbrach Gottfried den Redſeligen, — „der Dreiſter Gut! — [illegible] ja, ich habe [illegible] kennen gelernt, dieſen Gut! Wer iſt die Dame, mit der er ſich ſo angelegentlich unterhält, daß ich [illegible] Geſichtszüge gar nicht gewahr werden kann?" Poleat verſetzte: „Er brachte ſie heute zum erſten Mal, — [illegible] [illegible], wie ich hörte, in unſern Zirkel. Ich will Euch ſpäter den Zuſammenhang mittheilen. Sir! der Dreiſter Gut hat den Teufel im Leibe; denn er [illegible] von [illegible] und [illegible], um, [illegible] und geizig, wie er iſt, [illegible] von [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] Augen, ich meine, — [illegible] [illegible], zu [illegible]. Doch, wie geſagt, davon ſpäter bei einer [illegible] Wein! Nun, Gott [illegible] [illegible] das [illegible] Leben!"

Der [illegible], daß ſich der Dreiſter, ſein [illegible] Feind, in dieſen Räumen befinde, warf einen [illegible] [illegible] in des Doktors Gottfried Bruſt. „Wie wär's," dachte er, „wenn dieſer Poleat.... Ich zweifle nicht, daß ich Poleat [illegible] [illegible] machen würde, mehr als einen [illegible] [illegible] abzugeben, wenn es dem [illegible] [illegible] bezahlt wird ... Pfui! welche gräßliche Gedanken! — [illegible] im Keim, verdorrt an den Wurzeln, ihr [illegible] Träume! Bin ich ein Greis, und darf mich von ſolchen [illegible] überraſchen laſſen? [illegible] ich nicht Weib und Kind!? Der Satan hat mich heute bei meiner Neugierde und Unerfahrenheit in dieſem [illegible] feſtgemacht." „Sir, Ihr ſeid ein [illegible] Gaſt!" unterbrach Poleat den Gedankenlauf des Doktors. Es ward [illegible] in dem kleinen Zimmer; eine rothwangige Blume [illegible] ſich im [illegible] dicht an Gottfried, [illegible] andere [illegible] Damen in [illegible] Kleidern [illegible] ihm [illegible] Blicke zu. Das Geigengeſchirr eines [illegible] drängte ſich durch die Menge. „Sir!" flüſterte Poleat dem Doktor zu, „[illegible] Euch durch Eure [illegible] Miene [illegible] den Blicken der [illegible] Welt aus. Beliebt es Euch [illegible] [illegible], unſern Handel früher abzumachen und meine [illegible] zu beſehen: auch gut! Nach geſchehener Arbeit iſt gut [illegible]. Ihr ſeid, wie ich ſchon bemerkt habe, in Geſchäften ſehr accurat, und wir wollen daher gehn, um meine [illegible] Barke zu beſchauen." Dem Doktor, einem Neuling in dieſen Kreiſen [illegible] [illegible], ſchauderte die Haut bei dem Gedanken an die [illegible] [illegible], durch deren Verkauf die [illegible] Geſellſchaft in den Stand geſetzt war, [illegible] zu machen. Er wandte ſich im Stillen [illegible], das [illegible] der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], welche ihm morgen [illegible] durch [illegible] für die [illegible] [illegible] wurde, die er heute [illegible]. Poleat zog ihn aus dem Gedränge. „Auf baldiges Wiederſehen, meine ſchönen Damen!" rief er den Frauen zu; dem Doktor flüſterte er, während ſie ſich entfernten, in's Ohr: „Nicht wahr, unſre ſchöne Welt [illegible] der [illegible] im [illegible] in keinem Stücke nach!"

„In des Himmels Namen, Sir Gut!" flehte die Dame zum Dreiſter; „habt Erbarmen, mißhandelt mich nicht länger mit dieſen ſchrecklichen Worten und [illegible]; [illegible] mich aus dieſer grauſamen Ungewißheit! Wo iſt mein Mann?" Der Dreiſter lachte [illegible], zuckte die Achſeln und ſprach: „Stille, ſchöne [illegible]! Ihr macht mir ſo viel Verdruß [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Gott Vater. Bin ich [illegible]? [illegible] ich, in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]! Er liebte von jeher, ſchon in Dover, wo wir zuſammen [illegible], das Gemeine." „Um Gotteswillen!" rief die Dame [illegible], „ich bin gräßlich betrogen. Ihr wißt nicht, wo mein Gemahl iſt, und ſagtet mir vor einer halben Stunde: Ihr wolltet mich zu ihm bringen, um ihn zu überraſchen. Ihr ſeid verſchwunden, aber [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible] meinem [illegible] und Euch vermiethet und vergeſſen, ſagtet Ihr, und [illegible] nun in Ausdrücken von wem in Gemahl, die ich nicht [illegible] haben mag." „Nennt Euch die [illegible] zuſammen, [illegible] es Euch beliebt," [illegible] der Dreiſter [illegible]. „Wie [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Was Ihr wollt." — „[illegible]! Ihr ſeid [illegible]!" ſprach die Dame; „Ihr lockt mich vor [illegible] mit [illegible] [illegible] vom Hauſe fort, und bringt mich in eine wildfremde, unheimliche Geſellſchaft, in der Ihr mir Hohn ſprechet. Wenn Ihr einen Funken von Menſchlichkeit im Herzen habt, ſo beſchiedet Ihr den Kutſcher, daß er mich wieder heimfahre, daß ich mich an der unſchuldigen Liebe meines Sohnes von den Mißhandlungen erhole, die mir Eure Zudringlichkeit und Euer gräßlicher Hohn zufügten." „Ihr verſetzt Euch in unnöthige Sorge, meine Schönſte!" erwiederte der Diſſektor; „Euer Sohn befindet ſich hier in Eurer Nähe, ich habe für Alles geſorgt." „Wo iſt er, wo?" ſtöhnte die bekümmerte, entſetzte Mutter, nichts Gutes ahnend. „Folget mir in jenes Gemach," entgegnete Cut, „dort habe ich ihn hinbringen laſſen, um Euch durch ſeinen Anblick zu erfreuen." Die Dame drängte ſich durch die Geſellſchaft in das bezeichnete Gemach, daſſelbe, durch welches Goodfridan und Polecat geſchritten waren, als ſie ſich in die Keller begaben, woraus eine kleine Seitenthüre führte. Mit triumphirendem wollüſtigem Lächeln ſchritt ihr der Diſſektor in das von magiſchem Helldunkel erleuchtete Zimmer nach.

Der Doktor hatte in gerechter Beſorgniß, unbemerkt von Allen, ein Tiſchmeſſer heimlich zu ſich geſteckt, und war dann mit Toms Polecat, der offenbar einen der Aktionäre und Zuangeber jener ſaubern Geſellſchaft vorſtellte, eine ſchmale dunkle Wendeltreppe hinabgeſtiegen, an Polecat's Hand forttappend. Wohl regte ſich in des Doktors Bruſt immer mehr und mehr das Grauen, je tiefer ſie ſtiegen; aber es drängte ihn zugleich gewaltſam, alle Schlupfwinkel und Waarenlager der Leichendiebe kennen zu lernen. Endlich gelangten die Beiden in eine Art von Kellerhalle, in welcher eine Lampe dürftiges Licht verbreitete. Einige Kienſpäne lagen am Boden. Ein Paar Thüren des Gewölbes führten zu ſehr kalten, trock'nen Kammern. „Sind wir am Ziel?" fragte der Doktor, leiſe aufathmend. „Wir ſind's," erwiederte Polecat; „das ſind unſere Magazine." Er ſchloß dem Doktor die Thüren auf und leuchtete mit einem angezündeten Span in die Kammern, der Reihe nach. „Seht Ihr, Sir!" erläuterte Polecat, der, hier in ſeiner eigentlichen Sphäre wieder in ſeinen plumpen Matroſenton verfiel, „es ſind lauter honette Kerls, die hier aufgeſpeichert liegen. Nummer eins: ein delikater Gentleman, robuſt wie von Eichenholz, ein ausgedienter Roſtbeaf-Eſſer; nebenan ſein Freund Pudding, etwas ſchwammig, doch noch immer ein edles Bild für einen Sektionstiſch, ganz geſund bis auf einige ſchwarze Flecken am Halſe; Nummer drei: ein magrer Vikar. God dam! die Welt iſt ſo verderbt, daß die Diener der Kirche eigentlich als lebendige Skelette herumwandeln. Es iſt ein gutes Werk, ſo einen ausgehungerten Vikar abzuthun." „Kerl!" ſchrie der Doktor, und faßte Polecat an der Gurgel, „dein Frevel ſelber verräth dich! Ungeheurer Gräuel! nicht genug, daß Ihr die heiligen Ruheſtätten des Friedens erbrecht und daraus die Perlen der Erde ſtehlt; nein, es iſt gräßlich! die Habſucht mordet! Geſtehe oder ich erwürge dich!" „Sachte!" erwiederte Polecat, und zog liſtig aus ſeinem weiten Frack eine feſte Schlinge hervor. Im ſelben Augenblick ſaß ihm des Doktors Meſſer hart an der Kehle. Polecat ſchüttelte ſich wie im Fieber und ſprach dann kaltblütig: „Der Vikar iſt für die Frenologen beſtimmt; ich glaube, ſie werden ihn brauchen können. Ew. Lordſchaft ſind mit Permiß entweder der Teufel ſelbſt oder klüger, als ich. Daß Ew. Lordſchaft aber als Arzt nicht wiſſen ſollten, wie wir arme gedrängten Ehrenmänner es mit den Leichen halten, nimmt mich wunder. Sir! es geſchieht in allen Ehren und Unſchuld, wenn wir ſie abmurkſen. Thut doch das Meſſer von meiner Kehle weg! — Es verurſacht ihnen keinen Schmerz, höchſtens ein wenig Kitzeln, ſie ſterben gewöhnlich an einem gelinden Erſticken; denn was das Seitenſtechen oder dergleichen betrifft, das läßt ſich im Allgemeinen nicht verheimlichen. Sir! wir armen Leute müſſen doch auch leben; und Ihr vor Allen, als Arzt, ſolltet eben ſo viel Einſehen und Nachſicht bei dieſer Angelegenheit haben, ſtraf' mich Gott! als mehrere Eurer Collegen. Ihr habt gewiß nicht in London promovirt. Gott erhalte Euch ein langes Leben, Sir! da ich nun einmal in Eurer Gewalt ſtehe. — Sir! ich höre, Ihr ſeid ein honetterer Mann, als der Diſſektor Cut. — Sir! es iſt nicht nothwendig, daß Ihr mir mit dieſem Meſſer ein Leid anthut!" Der Doktor hielt Polecat noch immer bei der Gurgel; er wollte die Gelegenheit, manchen Aufſchluß zu erhalten, nicht ungenützt vorüberſtreichen laſſen, und fragte daher: „Ihr ſteht wohl, wie es ſcheint, in gutem Einvernehmen mit Sir Cut, dem Diſſektor?" „Wie Ihr's nehmt," erwiederte Polecat; „empfehlt nur Eurer werthen Fauſt weniger Faſſungskraft. Schaut, Sir! der Teufel ſoll mich gleich nach Oſtindien verſchachern, wenn ich den Diſſektor Cut nur um ein Quentchen weniger haſſe, als die Peſt, die ſeine Lade. Er war früherhin immer meine gute Kundſchaft, ſowohl was Beſtellung und Kauf anbelangt, als auch dadurch, daß er ſelber zuweilen Gelegenheit fand, aus vornehmen Häuſern Waaren abzuliefern. Vor einiger Zeit aber ließ er ſich's beifallen, eine eigene Reſurrections-Faktorei anzulegen. Obgleich dieſelbe in Zeit von zwei Monaten, zu Grunde ging, weil meine Agenten wack're Burſche ſind, ſo hat er mir doch in jener Friſt manches Pfund baaren Verluſt verurſacht. Iſt er vielleicht Euer Freund, Sir! ſo bitte ich Euch vielmals um Vergebung." „Was ſagſt du?" donnerte der Doktor, „mein Freund! Ich haſſe ihn wie die Sünde!" „Ich darf Euch's wohl ſagen," flüſterte Polecat zutraulich, — „aber thut doch einmal das ſpitzige Meſſer weg! — ich darf Euch's wohl ſagen (denn Ihr habt mich heute ganz zu Eurem ergebenen Knecht gemacht), daß er ſchon auf der Liſte ſteht!" — „Wie?" fragte Goodfridan, geſpannt horchend. „Sir!" gab Polecat Beſcheid, „ſeitdem es mit meinem Lordherrn Burke vorbei iſt, und ich den Großhandel allein treibe, weiß ich mich ſchon in meine Feinde zu finden. Freilich iſt's wahr, daß Cut, ſeit ſeine Faktorei zu Grunde ging, ſich wieder zu uns hält und uns Wild in's Netz jagt; was nützt das aber! wir müſſen ihm dafür die Leichen um die Hälfte wohlfeiler ablaſſen. Ich habe alſo noch immer baaren Verluſt. Aber, wie geſagt, er ſteht auf der Liſte, und es ſoll ihm nichts helfen, wenn er auch noch zehnmal zuthunlicher wäre. Mir wird nichts an ihm abgehen, wenn es einmal mit ihm aus iſt, als ſeine Kunſt, die Weiber kirre zu machen. Ich verſprach Euch oben, Euch manches über die Lady mitzutheilen, mit der er ſich heute unterhält. Wißt, es iſt ein Teufelskerl, und er verſteht es, wie geſagt, trefflich, die Weiber ſo zu betrügen und durch tauſenderlei Liſt kirre zu machen, daß ſie willenlos werden und ihm blind in's Netz folgen. Nun ſprach er mir ſchon vor ein Paar Tagen im ſtrengſten Vertrauen, daß er einen Streich vorhabe, der auch mir Vortheil bringen ſollte, — einen kerngeſunden weiblichen Cadaver nämlich und eines Kindes Leiche. Er hatte ſchon längſt die Abſicht, eines Doktors Frau in's Netz zu locken und auf dieſe Art das Söhnlein zugleich, einen fetten Biſſen für mich, ein kerngeſundes Jüngelchen von fünf bis ſechs Jahren. — Sir, drückt doch nicht ſo mörderiſch an meiner Gurgel! Ihr ſeht ja, daß ich ohnehin im Zug bin und Euch alle meine Heimlichkeiten vertraue, weil Ihr ja doch ſo befohlen habt, und weil der Junge eben der iſt, den ich Euch für den billigen Preis von ſechs Pfund heute Abend verkauft habe." — „Weiter!" ſtammelte der Doktor. — Polecat fuhr in ſeinem Berichte fort: „Nun hört, Sir! es iſt zum Tollwerden, wie pfiffig der Höllenhund, der Diſſektor, war; in Altengland gibt es keinen ärgern Halunken mehr. Der Doktor, von dem die Rede iſt, — ein gar gutmüthiges Schaf, — ein Patron, der in der Provinz aufgewachſen iſt und in ſeiner Frömmigkeit keine Ahnungen von unſerm Handel hat, — wie Ihr, ein Todfeind des Sir Cut, — iſt eben jetzt auf dem Lande zu Beſuch. Indeſſen hat der edle Diſſektor der ſchönen Doktorsfrau weißgemacht: ihr Gemahl habe ſich mit ihm verſöhnt, ſei heute vom Lande zurückgekehrt (er kömmt erſt übermorgen), habe ihn (den Diſſektor) zu ihr geſendet, und ſie bitten laſſen, ihm zu einem Freunde entgegen zu fahren, wo ſie den Gemahl in der Geſellſchaft treffen würde. Sie läßt ſich bethören und folgt dem Schlauen, der, längſt in ſie verliebt, ſie eben zu ſeinem Willen bringen wird. Indeſſen die Frau ſich hier befindet, läßt der pfiffige Diſſektor das Söhnlein ſtehlen und liefert es mir zu billigem Preis. Ich vermuthe, er wird nun eben mit der Doktorsfrau luſtig ſeyn. Hat er den Spaß gehabt, ſo kömmt ſie auch nicht mehr lebend aus meinem Hotel. Für des Diſſektors Leiche ſtehe ich, da ich weiß, daß er ohnehin viele Feinde hat, wie z. B. Euch, edler Sir! Aber Ihr müßt mir geloben, mich als Kundſchaft nicht weiter zu geben, und thut vor Allem das garſtige Meſſer da weg!" Goodfridan ſtöhnte: „Gräßlich! und der Sohn, was iſt's mit dem Sohn?" „Ihr drängt ja ganz ſchauderhaft!" nahm Polecat wieder das Wort; — „in der Kammer Nummer 4, den hab' ich Euch aufgehoben. Wahrhaftig, ein delikater Biſſen für eine Sektion!" „Todt!" ſtöhnte Goodfridan. Polecat lachte und — heulte im nächſten Augenblick; denn das Meſſer des Doktors ſaß ihm plötzlich tief in der Bruſt, er ſank röchelnd zuſammen. Der Doktor ſtürzte mit dem brennenden Kienſpan gegen die Kammer, ſchob den ſchweren Riegel zurück und fand darinnen auf einem Strohlager — ſein Söhnchen. Mit einem Schrei der Verzweiflung warf er ſich über den theuren Leib.

Polecat raffte ſich mit letzter Kraft auf und ſchleppte ſich bis zum Doktor hin, zog dann, noch im Augenblick des Todes ein Verbrechen erſinnend, die Schlinge aus der Taſche, und warf ſie dem Doktor um den Hals. „Betrogen!" ſtammelte er röchelnd, während er ſich bemühte, die Schlinge feſt zu ſchnüren, „ich hatte es mir vorbehalten. Ich würde doch nicht ſo ein Eſel geweſen ſeyn, meine beſten Waaren auf's Gerathewohl im Geheimen zu ſchlachten, vermodern und verſchimmeln zu laſſen. Ich hatte mir's aufgeſpart, ihn abzuthun, wenn wir Handels eins waren. Nun verſchlägt's mir nichts; Drei für Eins.“

Mit einem kräftigen Griff ſchleuderte Goodfriday die Schlinge vom Halſe und ſtieß den ſtarrenden Mörder mit dem Fuß von ſich. Er faßte den Knaben in ſeinen Arm, befühlte ſeinen Puls, horchte an ſein Herz. „Herr, mein Gott! er lebt!“ rief er, erſchüttert von Hoffnung und Freude. „Das Entſetzen, die dumpfe Kellerluft hat ihn nur betäubt. Er lebt! mein Kind lebt! Gott, ich danke dir!“ Er warf ſich auf die Kniee; ein inbrünſtiger Dank flog geflügelt zum Himmel empor. Polecat hauchte neben ihm ſeine Seele aus.

Der Knabe ſchlug die Augen auf und ſchmiegte ſich, als er den liebenden Vater erkannte, an deſſen Bruſt. Der Doktor, von Freude und Sorge beſtürmt, drückte den Knaben an's Herz, faßte einen brennenden Kienſpan und ſchritt die dunkle Wendeltreppe empor. Dumpfes Getöſe drang ihm entgegen, welches lauter und lauter wurde, je mehr er aufwärts drang und ſich den Gemächern nahte, die er früher verlaſſen hatte. Neue Beſorgniſſe durchſchnitten ſeine Bruſt. „Erbarmer im Himmel!“ betete er leiſe, „ſoll ich noch an der Schwelle der Rettung mein Liebſtes verloren ſehen? Und mein Weib! mein Weib! mein ſchuldloſes, betrogenes Weib!“

Als der Doktor, mit ſeinem Sohn auf dem Arm, in das erſte jener vom verführeriſchen Helldunkel umfloſſenen Gemächer trat, ſah er, daß ſich vier bis fünf Kerls um ſeine Frau und den Direktor zu ſchaffen machten. Das Entſetzen machte ihn beinahe im Boden einwurzeln. Die Kerls waren beſchäftigt, ſeine Frau zu binden und zu knebeln; der Direktor wollte ſich aus den Armen der Matroſen losringen, und auf ſeine Beute ſtürzen. „Verdammte Landratte!“ polterte einer; „die lange Zögerung bringt Gefahr. Maſter Polecat hat uns geheißen, nicht ſo lange zu zaudern, ſondern die Sache ſchnell abzuthun.“ Der Direktor wollte ſprechen. Einer der Matroſen verhielt ihm den Mund. „Nicht gemuckſt!“ flüſterte er leiſe; „wenn Ihr ein Wort ſprecht, ſitzt Euch das Meſſer im Bauch. Wo nur Polecat ſteckt! Sträubt Euch nicht länger. — Folgt uns Mylady! ſonſt ſoll Euch der Tod hier erfaſſen.“ „In's Teufelsnamen!“ ſchrie der Direktor außer ſich; „ich habe meinen Tribut noch nicht empfangen, des Weibes raſende Gegenwehr iſt ſchuld daran. Es war ausgemacht, daß ihr das Weib nicht früher anfaſſen ſolltet, als bis ich es euch überlieferte.“ — „So ſoll dich!“ gellte ein Matroſe; „der Gentlemann führt durch ſein mörderiſches Geſchrei die verfluchten Policeofficiers auf unſere Spur.“ Das Wort Policeofficiers weckte wie ein Blitz in des Doktors Bruſt die Erinnerung an das Erſcheinen derſelben in der Gegend des Hauſes. Er barg den Knaben hinter eine Ottomane und gebot ihm, ſich ruhig zu verhalten. „Hunde!“ donnerte er mit Löwenſtimme den Betroffenen zu, „laßt die Frau los! die Policeofficiers ſind auf euern Ferſen.“ Die unerwartete Dazwiſchenkunft, die mit aller Kraft laut gerufene Rede erſchütterte die Mörder. Der Direktor Gut ſtürzte wie toll auf ihn zu. „Gott!“ riefen die Matroſen, „Sir Gut! Ihr habt uns verfallen, verkauft und verrathen. Mit Euch iſt's bald alle.“ Ein Paar Handfeſte ergriffen den ſich Sträubenden; die andern wollten ſich der Frau bemächtigen. Der Doktor rang, mit dem Meſſer in der Hand, kräftig wie ein hungernder Tiger, mit den Mördern. Indeſſen entſtand in den andern Gemächern verworrenes Getöſe; Leuchter wurden umgeworfen, Herren und Damen ſuchten in wilder Flucht zu entrinnen. Umſonſt!

Eine bedeutende Schaar von Policeofficiers hatte das Neſt umringt; zehn bis zwölf traten in das Gemach, wo ſich Goodfriday mit ſeiner Frau und der Direktor ſammt den Mördern befanden. Des Doktors Frau war, erſchüttert von dem Vorgang, ohnmächtig zu Boden geſunken. Die Matroſen und der Direktor wurden gefeſſelt.

„Ellis!“ rief der Doktor mit ſanfter Stimme, bekümmert ſein bleiches Weib anblickend, das ohnmächtig in ſeinen Armen lag.

„Mutter!“ liſpelte der Knabe, der aus ſeinem Verſteck hervorgeeilt war und ſich liebkoſend an ihre Bruſt ſchmiegte. „Mutter!“ liſpelte er nochmals. Der ſüße Namen erweckte das tief erſchütterte Weib. „Er lebt!“ rief ſie, in die Kniee ſinkend, und preßte den Sohn an's hochklopfende Herz. „Gott, ich danke dir! Er lebt! er lebt!“

Johann Jakob Duſch

ward am 21. Februar 1725 in Celle geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften zu Göttingen, lebte darauf geraume Zeit als Hofmeiſter in mehreren Familien und ward dann Profeſſor am akademiſchen Chriſtianeum in Altona, nachdem er bis 1756 daſelbſt als Privatgelehrter ſich aufgehalten hatte. Im Jahre 1766 erhielt er das Amt eines Directors an dieſer Anſtalt und 1780 den Charakter eines K. Däniſchen Juſtizrathes. Er ſtarb am 18. December 1787.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:

Sämmtliche poetiſche Werke. Altona, 1765—67. 3 Bde.
Moraliſche Briefe. Leipzig, 1759. 1772. 2 Thle.
Briefe zur Bildung des Geſchmacks. Leipzig, 1764 fgde. 6 Thle.
Geſchichte Karl Ferdiners. Breslau, 1776 fgde. 6 Thle.
Der Verlobte zweier Bräute. Breslau, 1785.
Die Pupille. Altona, 1798. 2 Thle.

Was ſich in der Poeſie, nach den Geſchmacksforderungen ſeiner Zeit ohne Phantaſie und eigentliche Productivität mit dem Verſtande allein erreichen ließ, das hat D. auch wirklich erreicht, denn er beſaß reiche Beleſenheit, Geſchmack und Correctheit. Am Glücklichſten iſt er daher in ſeinen didactiſchen Poeſieen, welche eine Fülle von tiefen und edeln Gedanken enthalten. Seine komiſchen Epopeen ſind dagegen nur ſchwache Nachahmungen engliſcher Vorbilder, und ſeine Romane obwohl zu ihrer Zeit gern geleſen, und durchaus nicht ohne moraliſchen und pſychologiſchen Werth, fielen längſt der Vergeſſenheit anheim.

Cleone an den Eneas*).

Soll ich noch länger vergebens eine Zeile erwarten? Soll ich ewig leiden, fürchten und ſchweigen? Ach, Eneas! ich kann meiner Sorge nicht mehr gebieten, ich muß endlich mein Herz mit meinen Thränen vor Dir ausgießen. Wir haben keine andere Zuflucht, wir Unglücklichen, als Klagen und Thränen. Weinen iſt das letzte arme Vergnügen der Leidenden. Wenn Du ſelbſt mich nicht tröſten willſt, ſo darfſt Du mir wenigſtens dieſe Erleichterung meines Herzens nicht verbieten.

Noch liebe ich, noch ſegne ich Dich, und meine unglückliche Liebe, die ich nicht vergeſſen, die alle meine Thränen nicht haben verlöſchen können. Vergieb mir, daß ich Dir einen Augenblick verderbe, den Du vielleicht an den Lippen einer andern Geliebten in Entzückungen zubringen könnteſt. Einen Augenblick, einen Seufzer kannſt Du mir wohl ſchenken. Ich habe ein Recht, ihn zu fordern; ich habe dieſes Recht mit dem Verluſte der Ruhe meines ganzen Lebens erkauft. Jede Stunde, die ich Dir nicht verſchönern konnte, war für mich ſonſt eine Stunde, die ich nicht zu leben wünſchte. In Deinen Augen ſuchte ich mein Schickſal; Freude oder Schmerz, Leben oder Tod hingen von Deinen Blicken ab. Ich fordere nur eine leichte Vergeltung, nur einen Seufzer.

Fürchte Dich nicht vor dem Inhalte dieſes Briefes. Was mußteſt Du von der fürchten, die Dich liebt! Ich will mich nicht über Untreue beſchweren, will nicht Vorwürfe einer beleidigten Liebe, nicht Verwünſchungen zuſammenhäufen. Wie könnte ich dem fluchen, in dem ich allein meine Glückſeligkeit zu finden wünſche!

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*) Aus Duſch moraliſchen Briefen. Leipzig 1759.

Zwar dieſe Hoffnung iſt verloren: aber meine Liebe nicht. Dieſe ſchlägt noch in jedem Pulsſchlage, fließt noch in jeder Thräne aus, athmet noch in jedem Seufzer. — Laß mich denn klagen; laß mich in meine Thränen meine Feder tauchen, und niederſchreiben, was mein Herz mir vorſagt. Es iſt voll; es kann ſeine Fülle nicht mehr faſſen. Es hat die Schmerzen eines ganzen Jahres geſammelt, und auf einen Tag zuſammengeſpart.

Schon ein Jahr lebe ich in dieſer traurigen Einſamkeit. Ich wünſche, ich weine, ich hoffe, ich verzweifle, wünſche von neuem, und ein Tag geht wie der andere hin. Ich weiß nicht, ob Du noch lebſt! Wenn Du noch lebſt, ſo haſt Du Deine Unglückliche vergeſſen. Du ſchreibſt nicht, Du tröſteſt ſie nicht. Was haben auch die Todten mit den Lebendigen, oder die Elenden mit den Glücklichen für Gemeinſchaft! Vielleicht haſt Du dem Willen Deiner unverſöhnlichen Mutter endlich nachgegeben, und genießeſt jetzt in den Armen einer glücklichen Geliebten alle die Freuden, die ich Dir geben konnte. Ich ſegne Deine neue Verbindung, und fordere Dich nicht in meine Arme zurück, wenn nicht Liebe das einzige iſt, was Dich glücklich machen kann. Denn was kann ich Dir ſonſt verſprechen, als Liebe, als ein zärtliches Herz! —

Ach, was ſage ich! — Ich fordere Dich nicht zurück? Nein, meine Thränen ſtrafen mich Lügen! Sie fließen blos aus Verlangen nach Dir! Alles habe ich verloren; Ehre, Ruhm, Freude und Eltern: alle dieſe würde ich in Dir wiederfinden. Aber ſoll ich auch Dir entſagen, ſo entſage ich aller Glückſeligkeit, verliere alles, was ich noch hoffen konnte. —

Und warum nicht zugleich mein Leben? dieſes ſo unglückliche, beſchwerliche Leben! Seinen Freuden bin ich ſchon abgeſtorben! Die Welt iſt für mich ſo öde, wie das Grab; alles iſt traurige, lebloſe Einſamkeit. Der Tod allein iſt meine einzige, beſte Hoffnung, mein einziger, gewiſſer Troſt. Täglich ſeufze ich ihm entgegen. Was ſoll ich in einer Welt, worin mein Erneas für mich nicht mehr ſein will! In einer Welt, die mich mit Mitleiden, oder Verachtung anſieht! — Mitleiden oder Verachtung! Welches von beiden iſt dem am härteſten zu ertragen, der ſo glücklich war! — Warum und wozu ſollte ich leben! Um zu ſeufzen, um Thränen zu vergießen, um jeden Tag den Tod zu wünſchen? O wäre ich nie glücklich geweſen, hätteſt Du mich nie geliebt! — Aber Du liebteſt mich; unſre Väter billigten unſre Liebe, der Himmel ſelbſt billigte ſie. Ein heiliger Hymen zündete für uns die hochzeitliche Fackel an; der Altar ſtand bereit. Bald, bald ſollten wir vor demſelben verbunden werden. Wir durften lieben, wünſchen und hoffen, und keine Zärtlichkeit, kein Wunſch, keine Hoffnung war uns verboten: noch ein Schritt, welche Freuden, o welche Glückſeligkeiten! — Aber wie kurz war die Hoffnung; wie gefährlich für meine Unſchuld, wie verderblich für meine Ehre! Der Tag kommt — Erinnerung voll Qual! Strömet hin, meine Thränen! Der ſchönſte Tag meines Lebens ward der unglücklichſte. — Der Tod des Vaters entreißt mir den Sohn, löſcht die Kerzen aus, und reißt den Brautkranz von meinen Schläfen: die hochzeitlichen Freuden, den Altar, die Fackeln, die uns leuchten ſollten, das ganze Gefolge der Luſtgötter — dieſe entzückenden Phantaſieen alle, verſchwinden! —

Wie ſo ſchnell ſeid ihr entflohen, ihr ſüßen, ihr angenehmen Träume! Mit welcher Dunkelheit habt ihr euch geendigt, ihr Frühlingstage meines Lebens! Wo ſind die geliebten Phantaſieen einer Zukunft, wo jede Minute gülden, jede Sorge unbekannt, jeder Wunſch erhört ſein ſollte? — Alle, alle dahin! Wenige Augenblicke haben mir dieſe Welt der Freuden auf das grauſamſte zerſtört, haben mein Eliſium in eine Einöde, in eine traurige Wüſte verwandelt. Die Liebe — ach, ich hoffte, ich Thörichte hoffte alle meine Glückſeligkeit in ihr; hoffte, wenn's möglich wäre, einen Himmel auf der Welt zu finden: dieſen Himmel in ihren Entzückungen! Unglückliche Verblendung! Dieſe ſelig geprieſene Liebe hat Schmerzen für Freuden, Verachtung für Ehre, Gram für Entzückung, Verzweiflung für Hoffnung geboren. Meine Augen ſehen ſehnſüchtig nach einem Troſte umher; ſie finden ihn nirgends, und fließen von Thränen über!

Wo ſollte ich ihn finden? Sage, wo ſollte ich einen einzigen finden? In der Zeit, die vergangen iſt? — Darf ich dahin zurückſehen, ohne vor Scham zu brennen, ohne vor mir ſelbſt zu erröthen! Da ſah ich mich für die Deinige an, ließ mich durch die Liebe verrathen, that den erſten Fehltritt, der mich ſo weit, ſo weit von der Ruhe des Lebens entfernte, — als ich nun bin! — Oder ſoll ich Troſt in meinem gegenwärtigen Zuſtande finden? Wo iſt die einzige Freude, auf welche mein Herz ein Recht hat? Was darf ich hoffen, und was muß ich nicht befürchten! Reue, Verfolgung, Sorge, Elend iſt alles, was ich empfinde, erfahre, denke und erwarte.

Selbſt die Erinnerung der glückſeligſten Stunden meines Lebens dient mir nur zum Maaß meines gegenwärtigen Unglücks. Ich blicke mit Thränen nach der Höhe zurück, wovon ich herabfiel, und ſehe ſo erſt die Tiefe worin ich liege.

Wenn ich an jenen Tag denke, wo mein gar zu ſicheres Herz von ſanften Entzückungen überwallte, wo ich, von Deinen Armen umſchlungen, an Deinen Lippen hing, wo mein Herz an dem Deinigen ſchlug, wo Freudenthränen von meinen Wangen ſchlichen; wenn ich an die Stunden denke, wo wir bald, bald an den Altar treten ſollten, wo die keuſche Liebe mit allen ihren Freuden, uns erwartete: wie ganz fühle ich alsdann mein jetziges Unglück! Wie wünſche ich, nie glücklich geweſen und im Unglücke gehärtet zu ſein! Wie das Licht den benachbarten Schatten in tieferer Schwärze zeigt, ſo erhebt die Erinnerung empfundener Glückſeligkeit die Farbe des gegenwärtigen Elends. Ich liebte Dich, ich durfte Dich lieben, ich wurde geliebt, ich beſaß Dich, ich durfte alles wünſchen, alles hoffen, alles empfinden: jetzt — ach! wo iſt von tauſenden eine Freude, eine ſichere Hoffnung! Was, weiß ich gewiß, was darf ich wünſchen? — wünſchen zwar alles, aber hoffen — wie wenig!

Eilet, ihr Tage, die ihr der traurigen Eleone ſo langſam verſchleicht, eilet! der letzte ihres Lebens iſt der erſte ihrer Ruhe! — Aber wie weit ſind Ruhe und ich vielleicht noch entfernt! Möchte ſilbernes Haar mein Haupt, Bläſſe und Verfall meine Wangen bedecken! Dann könnte ich mich, dann wollte ich mich tröſten. Was weineſt Du, Thörichte! könnte ich zu mir ſelbſt ſagen. Du ſiehſt das Ende deines Grams, was weineſt Du! Die untergehende Sonne meldet Dir die ruhige Nacht; Du ſtehſt an der Quelle der Glückſeligkeit. Noch ein Schritt, dann biſt Du da, wo Du zu ſein wünſcheſt!

Aber der Gram wird thun, was mein Alter verſagt. Erſchöpft von Thränen und verzehrt von Seufzern, werde ich vor dem Herbſte meiner Jahre ſchmachten, verblühen, hinſinken. — Der Himmel wird ſich derer erbarmen, welche die Menſchen verſtoßen haben.

O Erneas, vereine Dein Gebet mit dem meinen; erbitte der wenigſtens den Tod, der Du das Leben nicht geben willſt! Sterbend will ich Dich ſegnen; und Du haſt meinen Segen nöthig. Wenn eine Gerechtigkeit die Handlungen der Menſchen richtet, ſo haſt Du ihn nöthig! Unauflösliche Ketten hatten uns verbunden. Der Tod allein kann ſie auflöſen. Dann mag, dann darf eine zweite Liebe die Feſſeln von meiner Hand um eine Geliebtere legen. Du darfſt dann die vergeſſen, die Du lange nicht mehr liebteſt. Hältſt Du es für lieblos, der den Tod zu erbitten, die nur wünſchte, daß Dein ganzes Leben glückſelig ſein möchte? Es iſt weit liebloſer, wenn Du mich verlaſſen haſt, mir das Leben zu wünſchen: ein kummervolles, beſchimpftes, verachtetes Leben — ein Leben, wie das meinige, ohne Hoffnung, ohne Troſt, ohne Stütze, ohne — Dich.

O, konnteſt Du Deine Braut ſo bald vergeſſen! — Wir Unglücklichen! Man vergißt uns, wenn wir glauben, das heiligſte Recht erkauft zu haben, am zärtlichſten geliebt zu ſein! Unſre Thränen, anſtatt unſre unbeſtändigen Verehrer zu rühren, ſchrecken ſie dann von uns weg! Sie fliehen von der Gemeinſchaft des Grams in den Schooß neuer Vergnügen, und wollen mit ihren Geliebten von der Liebe nichts theilen, als ihre Freuden. — Sie fragen nicht, ob wir ſo leichtſinnig ſind, als ſie, und wollen, daß wir dann aufhören, ſie zu lieben, wenn es ihnen gefällt, ungetreu zu werden. Unſre Thränen werden ihnen verdrießlich, und unſre gerechteſten Klagen halten ſie für Verfolgungen.

Aber ich muß, ich muß mein Herz vor Dir ausſchütten, und durch ein Gemälde meines Elends Dich wenigſtens erinnern, daß ich noch lebe. Ja, noch lebe ich. — Wenn von aller Gemeinſchaft der Freuden und der Lebendigen ausgeſchloſſen, leben heißt: ſo lebe ich. — Aber wie? Ein Spott meines Geſchlechts, und ſelbſt derer, die ſich bewußt ſind, wie ſehr ſie eine gefallene Unſchuldige mit ihrer Verachtung beleidigen; ein Schimpf meiner Verwandten, die mich verſtoßen; ein Fluch meiner Eltern, die mich nicht kennen wollen; von Wenigen bedauert, die mir nicht helfen können; von Allen verlaſſen, bei denen ich Troſt finden ſollte, und von Dir vergeſſen. Ich verberge meine unglücklichen Tage, meinen Schimpf und meine Thränen, aus Scham, vor den Augen der Welt und meiner frohlockenden Feinde; verbanne mich aus dem Angeſichte meiner Freundinnen, um in einer armſeligen Hütte einſam zu weinen, und fürchte täglich, von denen entdeckt zu werden, bei welchen Natur und Herz mich heißen Troſt und Schutz zu ſuchen. — Welch ein Schickſal iſt unglücklicher, als wenn wir ſelbſt vor der Hülfe fliehen müſſen! Eine arme Unglückliche, die das Leben empfing, um von ihrer Mutter dereinſt ihr Elend zu erben, lernt in meinen Armen, an meiner Bruſt, an meinem Herzen von mir weinen, und das Geſchäft beginnen, wozu ſie geboren wurde. —

Ach, von mir empfing ſie dieſes Leben, dieſe traurige Erbſchaft — und von Dir. Hat ſie einen Vater? — Ein Vater würde ihre Mutter nicht vergeſſen. Wenn er ſie auch vergeſſen konnte, ſo würde ihn die Tochter an die Mutter erinnern. Aber die Bande des Bluts ſind dem nicht mehr heilig, der die Verbindung der Liebe vergeſſen hat.

Wäreſt Du nur getreu, wie gern wollte ich mehr, als dieſes dulden, wenn noch mehr zu dulden ſeyn kann! Die Hoffnung, dieſe göttliche Stärkung, die den ſchmachtenden Elenden erquickt, aufrichtet, ins Leben zurück weiſet, wie der Thau der Morgenröthe das von der Hitze des Mittags hingewelkte Kraut, würde mir alles, alles erleichtern. Ich könnte die Achtung der Menſchen entbehren: denn ich weiß, der Himmel hat mir vergeben. Ich könnte den Schimpf der Welt ertragen; unſre Verbindung würde ihn auslöſchen. Ich könnte mich mit dem Bewußtſeyn meiner Tugend gegen die Verachtung meiner Feinde tröſten. Aber Du haſt mich verlaſſen, letzte, letzte Hoffnung meines Lebens, auch Du! —

Doch ich will Deine Untreue Deinem Herzen nicht zuſchreiben. Du biſt nicht grauſam genug, unglücklich zu machen. Du biſt zu edel, ein Vergnügen in den Thränen einer Betrogenen zu finden. Du biſt nicht ſo undankbar, eine unausſprechliche Liebe mit Gram und Schande zu belohnen. Du ſelbſt haſt oft den Fluch über die Verführer meines armen Geſchlechts geſprochen, welche mit der Hölle die Freuden über den Fall einer Unſchuldigen theilen. In Deinen Augen brannte ein ſchöner Eifer, und jede Deiner Geberden entſprach der Heftigkeit Deiner Worte, womit Du Deinen Abſcheu ausdrückteſt. Ich ſah edle Thränen über Deine Wangen gleiten. Ich hing ſtarr an Deinen Blicken, mein Herz klopfte, ich weinte mit Dir — denn wann habe ich nicht mit Dir geweint! — Ich ſah — und ſeufzte in einer frohen Wehmuth — Deine Bewegung, wenn Du von ſolchen Geſchichten redeteſt, — als nun die unſrige iſt.

Wie liebte ich Dich um dieſes edlen, dieſes fühlenden Herzens willen! Mein thränendes Auge — ich weiß nicht, ob es mehr aus Mitleid für die Unglücklichen, oder aus Zärtlichkeit für Dich weinte — war auf Dich geheftet. Ich ſah den Himmel in Deinen Blicken. Dann ſank ich an Dein Herz, dann drückte ich Dir die Hand, konnte nicht reden, weinte meine Empfindungen, drückte Dich voll Inbrunſt an meine Bruſt. — Wie ſollte ich einem ſolchen Herzen mißtrauen! Wie konnte ich glauben, daß Deine Thränen ohne Empfindung und erkünſtelt floſſen! Thränen hat die Natur dem Elende und der Tugend gegeben, die ſich des Elends erbarmt. Der ſpottet der Natur und verlacht ihren Schöpfer, wer dieſe heiligen Thränen nachahmt, um zu verführen und unglücklich zu machen. Die Bosheit hat keinen höhern Grad, als die Heucheley, die die Larve der Tugend mißbraucht, um die Unſchuld unter die Füße zu treten.

Granens Fall, was für Thränen zwang er aus meinen Augen! Ach, haſt Du es vergeſſen? Du fluchteſt ihrem Verführer. — Sie fiel, wie ich nun gefallen bin. Wie blutete mein Herz bei dem Unglück meiner Freundin! Es weiſſagte ſich vielleicht ſein eignes Schickſal. Du empfandeſt ein gleiches Mitleiden, und ſuchteſt mich umſonſt zu tröſten. Arme Grane! ſeufzte ich noch glückliches Mädchen, in Deinen Armen, an Deiner Bruſt. Ich wußte nicht, daß dieſer Seufzer mir ſelbſt gelten würde. Grane bedurfte ihn nicht: der Tod entriß ſie der Schande und dem Gram. Aber über die, welche lebt, um beides zu empfinden, wer wird über die ſeufzen! Wer bezahlt ihr mit einer mitleidigen Thräne den Tribut, den ſie keiner Unglücklichen verſagte! Unglücklicher Zuſtand, wenn wir Mitleiden verdienen! Solche Thränen ſind Zeugniſſe, wie ſehr elend wir ſind! Ach, ich hoffte ein ganz anderes Schickſal. Nicht Zähren, die die Barmherzigkeit fallen läßt: Glückwünſche hoffte ich, ich hoffte, beneidet zu werden.

Wäre Dein Herz ſchuldig; wäre es ſolcher Verſtellung und dieſer Untreue ſchuldig, elender Grenas! Dein Fluch, dein Fluch! — Du wärſt noch unglücklicher, als ich! — Nein, ich will Dich, auch wenn Du mich verläſſeſt, nicht ſchuldig glauben. Ich will mich bereden, daß ein unvermeidliches Schickſal Dich mir entreißt. Wie könnte ich Dich boshaft denken, ohne mein Unglück durch eine neue Qual zu vergrößern!

Oft geh' ich am Abend, wenn Dunkelheit und Stille die Gegenden ſo öde macht, als mein Herz, in's Einſame, wo keine Menſchen die Seufzer des Unglücklichen behorchen, und überlaſſe mich, unter [illegible] Gedanken, meinem Gram. Ein traurig rauſchender Bach murmelt in meine Klagen; der thauende Himmel ſcheint mit mir zu weinen, die Gebüſche beantworten meine Seufzer, und die Landſchaft rings um mich her ſcheint in melancholiſcher Stille meine Schwermuth zu empfinden. Den Unglücklichen trauert und weint alles. Wo findet er eine Freude? Die Freuden flüchten vor ihm; er bringt allenthalben ſeinen Kummer mit; er ſteckt die ganze ſchöne Natur mit ſeiner Traurigkeit an.

Oft ruft mich der Morgenſtern erſt unter der feuchten Laube, welche die einfältige Hand des Landmanns aus Linden geflochten, aus meinem Tiefſinn. Da denke ich, wer ich war, und wer ich ſeyn konnte; alle goldne Stunden meiner glücklichen Liebe, alle Freuden, die ich genoß, alle Entzückungen, die ich hoffen konnte, gehen da durch meine Gedanken. Mein Herz klopft, meine Wange glüht, ich vergeſſe mich, aber nur einen Augenblick! Dann erwache ich wieder, fühle, wer ich bin, falle aus der Freude in meine Verzweiflung zurück, und meine Thränen tränken mit dem Thaue die Blumen, die zu meinen Füßen verwelken.

Oft, wenn ich ſo ſitze, wenn ich meine Hände falte, wenn mein Herz keine Seufzer, und mein Auge keine Thränen mit dem erſten Morgenweihrauch, der von dem Opferaltare der Natur aufwallt, gen Himmel geſendet; wenn dann mein verwachtes Haupt, gleich der entſchlummernden Blume, hinſinkt auf meine Hand; wenn die Müdigkeit den Schlaf ruft, und die Gedanken ſich tief in meine Seele zurückziehen: ſo ſpielen Träume um mich, und geben mir meinen Geliebten zurück, den Du mir verſagſt. Ich ſehe ſeinen werthen Schatten, rufe ihn, ſtrecke meine Hände nach ihm aus, umfaſſe ihn, drücke ihn an mein Herz. Ach, kurze Freude! Er entflieht; die Angſt weckt mich aus einem ſchönen Traume zu einem unglücklichen Leben, und meine Augen fangen ihr trauriges Geſchäft wieder an.

Auch wachend betrügt mich oft die Einbildung. Oft glaube ich, wenn in der Stille der Mitternacht die Gebüſche um mich rauſchen, wenn der Mond ſeine Silberſtrahlen durch die zerſtreuten Bäume wirft und ſeltſame Geſtalten aus Licht und Schatten bildet, welche die Phantaſie auszeichnet, Dich von ferne zu ſehen, oder Deine Fußtritte zu hören. Ich ſehe begierig dahin, ich lauſche; jedes Geliſpel der Blätter, die der ſterbende Athem des Weſtes bewegt, gießt Schauer auf mich herab. Mein Herz klopft ſtärker, und mein ſchmachtendes Auge ſucht den, den meine Sehnſucht ſich wünſcht. Aber umſonſt! die Geſtalt verſchwindet, ſobald der Mond ſeine Stellung verändert; die Winde ruhen, alles wird melancholiſche, öde Stille und Einſamkeit.

Wann wird kein Traum mich mehr betrügen? Wann werde ich Dich wiederfinden? Jenſeit des Grabes? — Ach, werde ich ſtark genug ſeyn, dieſen öden, dieſen vielleicht langen Zwiſchenraum des Lebens, mit ſtandhafter Geduld zu ertragen? Werde ich nie über Dich ſeufzen?

Wenn Du mich verlaſſen willſt, ſo ſollteſt Du mich doch nicht ganz vergeſſen. Bin ich Dir ſo gleichgültig, daß auch kein Gedanke Dich an Deine Eleonore, oder an die troſtloſe Mutter Deiner Tochter erinnert? Wenn der Name Eleonore das Herz des Liebhabers kalt läßt: ſo ſollte doch der Name Mutter den Vater rühren. Bin ich keiner Zeile würdig, oder bedarf ich vielleicht Deinen Troſt nicht? Wie ſehr würde eine Zeile mich aufrichten! Dieſen Troſt ſollteſt Du mir nicht verſagen, wenn Du mich nicht mehr liebſt. Ach, wie wenig iſt nicht ein Troſt für diejenige, welche Liebe hoffen und fordern durfte!

Wenn Du noch — Aber was hoffe ich? Ich bin vergeſſen, wie ein Todter, vergeſſen! Ich ſehe keine Zeile, ich höre keine Nachricht von Dir. Meine Liebe forſcht umſonſt: und was entgeht der Nachforſchung der Liebe? Das Gerücht ſcheint Deinen Namen, oder doch den Winkel der Erde nicht zu kennen, wohin mein Schickſal mich verbannt hat. Wir ſind ſo getrennt, wie die, welche Erdſtriche und Meere trennen; getrennt, wie die Lebendigen und Todten.

Aber Du weißt, wo ich bin: Du weißt, wie verlaſſen, wie elend! Wenn mein Zuſtand Dich rührte, ſo würde nichts Dich zurückhalten können, Deine weinende Eleonore zu ſehen. Keine Gewalt iſt ſtark genug, die Liebe zu überwinden. Berge und Ströme ſind geringe Hinderniſſe für ſie. Wenn Ketten ihre Hände feſſeln, ſo weiß ſie ſich der Ketten zu entledigen, oder wenigſtens ihren Seufzern den Kerker zu öffnen. Und nur ein Seufzer, wie viel redet er nicht!

Warum höre ich nichts von Dir? Wenn ein eiferſüchtiges Auge über Deine Handlungen wacht; wenn Du nicht wagen darfſt, zu ſchreiben: haſt Du denn keinen Freund, dem Du einen Gruß an Deine Eleonore anvertrauen kannſt? Warum kommt nicht einer von Dir, der mir in Deinem Namen ſagt, daß Du mich liebſt? Ich verlange keine weitläuftige Erzählung Deines Schickſals, keine lange Entſchuldigung Deines Schweigens! Ach, ich verlange nur eine kurze Verſicherung

ung von Deiner Liebe, nur einen Seufzer verlange ich, nur die wenigen Worte: Cyneas liebt ſeine Cleone.

Aber wenn Du auch keinen Freund um Dich haſt, wenn jedes Aug Dich bewacht: ſo iſt doch die Liebe reich genug an unſchuldigen Erfindungen, alle Wächter zu hintergehen. Ein ganzes Jahr hat leicht einen freien Augenblick; und mehr als einen Augenblick bedarfſt Du nicht, um dieſe wenigen Worte auf ein Blatt zu werfen: ich liebe. Die Menſchen ſind nicht alle fühllos, ſind nicht alle ohne Mitleiden. Und wenn gleich alle, die um Dich ſind, fühllos wären, ſo könnteſt Du aus ihrem Eigennutze den Vortheil ziehen, den Du von ihrer Freundſchaft nicht zu fordern wagſt. Iſt Deine Liebe ſo arm an Empfindungen, wie kaltſinnig muß ſie ſein!

Ach, ſchweige nicht länger: eine einzige Zeile wird alles entſchuldigen. Für einen Seufzer will ich Dir alles vergeben: alle meine Sorgen, alle meine Thränen, alles was ich gelitten habe und noch leide, will ich Dir für die zwei Worte vergeben: ich liebe. Sieh, wie ſehr ich noch liebe! Reiße mich aus meinen tödtlichen Zweifeln, richte mich endlich durch eine Hoffnung wieder auf. — Oder wenn Du mich nicht mehr liebſt, ſo hintergehe mich wenigſtens, und gewöhne mich nach und nach an mein Unglück. Alles, auch das will ich Dir verzeihen, daß Du mich verläſſeſt; nur vergiß Deine Tochter nicht.

Cyneas an Cleone.

Ungeduldig riß ich den oft geküßten Brief auf, deſſen Siegel mir ſagte, daß er von meiner Cleone kam. Meine Begierde verſchlang den traurigen Inhalt; mein Herz beantwortete Seufzer mit Seufzern, und mein Auge vergalt Thränen mit Thränen. — Welch ein Gemälde! Welch ein Abriß des Jammers! Ach unſchuldige Unglückliche! Du leideſt, und ich war der Sträfliche.

Nein, verſchweige mir nichts; ſchreibe mir Alles, laß mich die geringſten Deiner Sorgen empfinden, laß mich eine traurige Gemeinſchaft an Deinem ganzen Kummer haben; gieß alle Deine Klagen, alle Deine Thränen aus: mein Herz iſt geöffnet: es fordert mehr als ſeinen Theil; es wollte lieber Alles für Dich leiden. —

Aber wie konnteſt Du glauben, daß ich ſo boshaft ſei, Dich zu verlaſſen, oder ſo leichtſinnig, Dich nicht mehr zu lieben! O, Du Einzige, in der alle meine beſten Wünſche ihr Ende finden, in der alle meine Hoffnungen einer Glückſeligkeit ihr Ziel haben, in der mein unruhiges Verlangen ſeine Ruhe findet, jeder meiner Seufzer, den an Deiner Bruſt nicht die Liebe, jede Thräne, die nicht die Zärtlichkeit erzwang, ſei von den Unſterblichen, die unſichtbar uns bewachten, mir zum Fluch angeſchrieben!

Wie unglücklich iſt Dein Zuſtand, arme, bedauerte, theure Cleone! Aber wie viel unglücklicher machſt Du ihn durch den widrigen Gedanken, daß ich ein Treuloſer ſein könnte. Ich fühle die ganze Verzweiflung, mit der Du in dieſen unglücklichen Augenblicken kämpfſt. Ich ſehe Dich leiden, weinen, Deine Hände ringen, höre Deine Klagen, höre Deine Seufzer alle, und laſſe nicht einen unbeantwortet. Vielleicht ſeufzeſt Du über mich, den Urheber Deines Unglücks — ein ſchrecklicher Seufzer, wenn ich ihn verdiente! Vielleicht klagſt Du mich bei der göttlichen Gerechtigkeit an, die das Flehen der Unſchuldigen immer erhört; ja vielleicht — o, kann ich daran denken, ohne zu zittern? — vielleicht entwiſcht Deiner Ungeduld ein Fluch! Weh' mir, wenn ich nicht unſchuldig wäre! Aber der, der die Welt richtet, erhöre ihn, wenn ich Dich jemals verlaſſe!

Dich verlaſſen? — Wie kannſt Du ſo denken? Seitdem ich von Dir ſchied, bin ich der Freude unbekannt geworden. Mein Herz hebt ſich mühſam unter einer drückenden Laſt. Gram und Sorge verbannen die Heiterkeit aus meinem Geſichte, wie die Ruhe aus meiner Seele. Ich quäle mich unaufhörlich mit den nagenden Vorwürfen, Dich unglücklich gemacht zu haben; und nichts kann mich beruhigen, als der feſte Entſchluß, Dein Unglück zu endigen, oder es mit Dir zu theilen.

Ach, erinnerſt Du dich nicht mehr an die Proben, die ich Dir vormals von meiner Liebe gab? Haſt Du vergeſſen, wie demüthig ich mich Deinem ſtolzen Vetter zu Füßen warf, wie ich die Zwiſtigkeiten und die Eiferſucht unſerer beiden Familien vergaß, und meiner Liebe und Dir alle die Achtung aufopferte, die die Ehre meines Hauſes von mir fordern konnte! Mein eigener Stolz lehnte ſich wider dieſe Demuth auf; meine Scham bedeckte meine Erniedrigung: aber meine Liebe überwand alles. Ich umfaßte dem die Kniee, den ich verachtete, und bat mit Thränen einen Hochmüthigen um ſeine Einwilligung, den ich haßte. — Weißt Du noch, wie ſchwer ſein ſtolzes, ſein hartes Herz mir dieſen Sieg machte? Weißt Du noch, mit welcher Geduld ich mich zu allen Erniedrigungen herabließ, wodurch er mich führte, um ſeinen Hochmuth ganz an mir zu ſättigen? Ich koſtete ſeine Verachtung und überwältigte alle meine widerſpenſtigen Leidenſchaften: denn Du warſt der Preis für dieſe Demuth. Erinnere Dich doch an die Stunde, wo ich endlich ſeine Einwilligung theuer genug erkauft hatte! Wie dankte ich Deinem Vetter, wie inbrünſtig ſchloß ich Dich an meine Bruſt, wie ſtrömten mein Herz und meine Augen vor Freude und Zärtlichkeit über! Erinnere Dich daran, meine Cleone, und glaube, daß dieſe Hinderniſſe, die uns jetzt trennen, mein Verlangen, Dich zu beſitzen, nur geſtärkt haben.

Nein, meine Geliebte, die Tochter darf nicht an die Mutter erinnern; ich liebe die Tochter nur in der Mutter. Ihr Bild iſt immer vor meinen Augen, ſie lebt in meinem Herzen, ſie lebt in jedem meiner Gedanken. Die Bande des Bluts ſind mir nicht heiliger, als die Bande der Liebe. Du biſt die Meinige, und keine Macht, keine Zeit, keine Leiden ſollen mich Dir entreißen.

Warum wollteſt Du denn die Liebe bereuen, die Du mir bezeugt haſt? Warum erröthest Du, wenn Du an den Tag zurückdenkſt, der mein glücklichſter war? Wenn eine Liebe, die ſich auf Zärtlichkeit des Herzens, auf harmoniſche Empfindungen gleichgeſtimmter Seelen gründet; eine Liebe ohne alle Nebenabſichten, die nichts von Eigennutz, nichts von eitler Weltklugheit, nichts von Stolz wußte; eine Liebe unter Herzen, die ſich für einander geſchaffen fühlen, ſo rein und unſchuldig, wie ſie der Schöpfer eingepflanzt hat, ſo geſetzlich, daß unſere Vorgeſetzten ſie billigen: wenn eine ſolche Liebe die unſrige war: ſo haben wir nichts zu bereuen. Unglücklich kann ſie ſein; aber wer ſie ſträflich nennt, beleidigt die Unſchuld.

Wenn auch die Welt erſt unſre Empfindungen billigen, wenn der Beifall der Verwandten erſt die Liebe heiligen und das Ceremoniell ihre Banden erſt ſchließen muß, ehe wir uns frei derſelben überlaſſen können; das Ceremoniell, das oft verkaufte Hände in eiſerne Ketten zuſammen feſſelt, und Herzen trennt, die ſich lieben, Herzen verbindet, die ſich haſſen: wer iſt auch alsdann ungerecht genug, unſre Liebe zu verwerfen? Du biſt längſt die Meinige durch den Beifall derer, die über unſern Willen gebieten wollen. Längſt haben unſre Väter den Segen über unſre Liebe geſprochen. Schon in der Kindheit waren wir für einander beſtimmt. Mit inniger Freude ſahen ſie uns zuſammen erwachſen, und vereinigten zwei unmündige Seelen, die dereinſt eine der andern Glück machen ſollten. Unſer Band war in der Welt und im Himmel ſchon unterſchrieben. Du warſt meine Braut, und der Augenblick, der uns ungertrennlich verbinden ſollte, rückte heran. Einige Tage — wie hatten wir nach dieſer Zeit geſeufzt! — ſollten nur noch unſre vollkommene Glückſeligkeit verſchieben. Sie ſchienen uns Jahrhunderte; und ich eilte, mich in den Beſitz meiner irdiſchen Glückſeligkeit zu ſetzen. Vergieb mir, daß ich Dich an den Tag erinnere, der der Urſprung alles Deines Leidens und meiner Qual iſt. — Habe ich da Dich und den Himmel beleidigt, ſo geſchah es aus einer Unwiſſenheit deſſen, was der Vorhang der Zukunft vor uns verdeckte.

Gütiger Himmel! Wie viel verbirgt eine Stunde vor den Augen der Menſchen! Wie viel hängt von einem Augenblicke ab! Morgen ſollte ich am Altare Deine Hand empfangen; Dein Herz hatte ich längſt; und zu Deinem Unglücke war ſchon der Grund gelegt, unvermeidlich gelegt. Du warſt ſchon die Mutter eines künftigen Zeugen unſrer Liebe, als das Schickſal die volle Schaale ſeiner härteſten Prüfung über uns ausgoß. Welch ein Tag war der, der vor dem Tage hergieng, woran wir ſo glücklich zu werden hofften; o Cleone, welch ein Tag. In Deinen Armen in Entzückungen berauſcht, ſah ich die Sonne über mir aufgehen, und Thränen des Kummers floſſen, als ſie unterging. Mein zärtlicher Vater! wie hart war der Streich, der Dich von meiner Seite riß! So lange mein mühſames Leben dauert, werde ich auf Deinem Grabe weinen! Er ſtarb! Ströme von Thränen ſind zu wenig für dieſen Verluſt. In ihm fiel unſere Hoffnung, unſer Schutz, unſre Glückſeligkeit! — Umſonſt gieng die folgende Sonne für uns auf, umſonſt hatten wir endlich dieſen Tag herbeigeſeufzt; er forderte andre Thränen, als die wir gehofft hatten; er ſollte uns trennen, nicht verbinden. Der Tod ſtürzte den Altar um, an dem wir vereinigt werden ſollten. Ach, Cleone, welch eine Veränderung! Unſre Liebe ſah nun wieder ein Jahrhundert zwiſchen unſre Glückſeligkeit gelegt! Jetzt trennte uns der Wohlſtand auf Monate, hernach der Zwiſt unſrer Familien auf ewig! — Auf ewig? Nein, bei der heiligen Aſche unſrer Väter, ewig ſoll er uns nicht trennen!

Glaube nicht, Cleone, daß menſchliche Hände dieſe heiligen Bande wieder zerreißen ſollten, die ſchon vor dem Auge Gottes feſt geſchloſſen ſind. Keine Gewalt ſoll ſie zerreißen, keine als — Gottes! — Ach, wie oft habe ich zu Dir hingeſeufzt! wie oft war ich entſchloſſen, alle andre Vortheile zu verachten, und bei Dir mein ganzes Glück zu ſuchen! Aber — ſoll ich Dir noch Dein hartes Schickſal unerträglicher machen! Soll ich ſagen, wie unglücklich Du mit mir ſein wirſt? Mein Herz blutet, wenn ich mich der ſchrecklichen Betrachtung überlaſſe, daß ich ſo gar unglücklich bin, mich bei Dir nicht entſchuldigen zu dürfen! Nein, Cleone, mit der Entſchuldigung müßte ich Dein Herz durchbohren, Dein Herz, das ſchon zu viel gequält wird. Wüßteſt Du, wie grauſam mein Schickſal iſt! Aber laß mich dieſe Erzählung für eine beſſere Stunde aufbehalten, wo meine Standhaftigkeit alle dieſe Hinderniſſe überwunden hat, und wo ich meine Cleone in meine Arme, an mein Herz ſchließe!

Der Zorn meiner Mutter iſt unverſöhnlich und unerbittlich; die Thränen ihres Sohnes fließen alle umſonſt. Vergebens bemühe ich mich, die Feindſchaft beizulegen; alle Vorſtellungen ſind umſonſt; ſie ſchätzt die Eide, die ihr in der Hitze des Zornes entfuhren, viel zu heilig, um unſere Verbindung zu erlauben, und umſonſt ſtelle ich ihr die Eide vor, die mich mit Dir verbinden. — Welche Eide ſind heiliger, o Himmel! die der Feindſchaften oder der Liebe! Sie droht mir den Fluch! Der Fluch einer Mutter iſt ſchrecklich: aber kann er den treffen, der tugendhaft handelt!

Sieh, Cleone, das iſt das Schickſal Deines unglücklichen Erneſts! Von ſolchem Kampfe wird mein Herz zerriſſen! Soll ich mich von allem Gehorſam gegen eine Mutter losreißen! Wirſt Du leiden, daß ſie über mich ſeufze! — Zwar ungerechte Seufzer; aber doch Seufzer einer Mutter! Ach, flehe mit mir den Himmel an, liebſte Cleone, der uns nur prüft, daß er die Prüfung endige! und laß mich arbeiten, daß ich die Feindſchaft endlich beilege. Dann kann ich Dich mit ruhigerem Gewiſſen beſitzen; dann kann auch kein Engel unſere Verbindung ſträflich halten.

Doch ich weiß, ſie iſt unſträflich; ſie iſt mehr als unſträflich, ſie iſt gerecht; und ſträflich würde es ſein, ſie zu trennen. Ich weiß auch, ſelbſt der Fluch einer Mutter, der ſie im Zorne entwiſchte Fluch, den ſie vielleicht bereut und doch für unverletzlich hält, müßte kraftlos ſein, und der Himmel würde ihn nicht achten; aber ſoll ich des Vergnügens beraubt ſein, Dich durch meine Verbindung glücklich zu machen! Soll ich unſre Vereinigung mit Sorge für die Zukunft anfangen, und Dich vielleicht — denn wer ſieht alle Zufälle voraus — in Armuth an dem nöthigen Mangel leiden ſehen! Mangel und Armuth ſind ſchreckliche Feinde der menſchlichen Glückſeligkeit! Je mehr wir uns lieben, je ſtärker würden wir uns drücken. Zwar auch nicht die Armuth ſelbſt ſollte mich abhalten, redlich zu handeln, und es wäre eine elende Entſchuldigung, wenn ich dieſe anführen wollte, um unſre Vereinigung auf ewig aufzuheben. Ein redliches Herz hat keine andere Entſchuldigung, die von ſeinem Verſprechen losmachen, als eine unüberwindliche Unmöglichkeit. Es verlangt keine Entſchuldigung, und verwirft alle Vorſchläge des Eigennutzes oder Geizes mit Verachtung; aber wenn es hoffen kann, durch einen kurzen Aufſchub der Erfüllung ſeines Verſprechens, ſich in den Stand zu ſetzen, ſein Wort vollkommen erfüllen zu können und demjenigen, dem dieſer Aufſchub Thränen gekoſtet hat, dieſe Thränen durch überwiegende Glückſeligkeit zu vergüten: ſo ſage: was darf es wählen! — Schreibe es keinem Mangel an Liebe zu, daß ich ſo weit ſehe: ich weiß es, meine Geliebte, Liebe, heftige Liebe iſt kurzſichtig: ſie reißt ſich von den Feſſeln der Vernunft los, und wenn ſie durch einen Abgrund müßte, ſo fliegt ſie ihrem Gegenſtande zu. Aber glaube nicht, daß ich nicht zu kämpfen hätte: was ich thue, das thue ich mit Gewalt, dem Wunſche und Entſchluſſe meines Herzens entgegen. Zähle es jetzt, daß meine Liebe meiner Vernunft ſo viele Gewalt erlaubt; ich hoffe, ſie ſoll Dir die Strenge vergüten, wenn ſie Dich mit Ruhe und deſto größerer Glückſeligkeit vergnügen wird. Heftige Liebe, die ſich blos ihren Wünſchen überläßt, mag brünſtiger ſein: Liebe, der Grundſätze und Vernunft zu Hülfe kommen, iſt dauerhafter. Sie vermeidet die Sorgen, und beugt dem harten Schickſal vor, das Uebereilung und Unvorſichtigkeit gern zu bereiten pflegt; ſie legt einen feſten Grund zu einer dauerhaften Zufriedenheit, und entfernt von dem Tempel der Zufriedenheit den Verdruß und die Reue, welche auch die glücklichſte Vereinigung und die zärtlichſte Liebe ſtören und ſchwächen können. Sieh, meine Cleone, das iſt dieſe Vernunft, der ich jetzt eine Gewalt über mein Verlangen einräume, nicht weniger Liebe für Dich: und Liebe und Vernunft müſſen endlich alles überwinden.

Was könnte uns vor einem unglücklichen Leben ſchützen, wenn ich mich jetzt blos dem Wunſche meiner Liebe überlaſſen wollte? Meine Mutter hat geſchworen, mich zu enterben, wenn ich ihrem Willen zuwider lebe. Sie muß durch Güte gewonnen werden, wenn ihr Schwur aufgehoben werden ſoll. Folge ich meiner Neigung, ach Cleone, ſo würde ſie ewig unverſöhnlich, ſo daß ich ſie erzürne, und ihr Zorn, nun ihr [illegible] iſt [illegible]. — Ich werde ſie endlich durch Güte gewinnen, wenigſtens muß mein Gehorſam ſie rühren. Ich weiß ſchon, daß ihr Eigenſinn nachläßt. Vormals drang ſie mit größerer Heftigkeit in mich, und forderte von mir — — darf ich es ſagen! — einen Schwur, Dich zu vergeſſen! Aber wenn ich jemals vergeſſen habe, daß ſie meine Mutter war, unwillig, ſo war es in dieſem Augenblicke! da war ich meiner nicht mächtig, und goß frei mein ganzes Herz vor ihr aus. Was ſie beleidigt, ſo muß mich ihr Antrag entſchuldigen. Man kann nicht ohne alle Beleidigung reden, wenn man uns ein Laſter zumuthet.

Vielleicht wurde ſie gerührt: denn ſeit der Zeit hat ſie ſich geſcheut, eine Untreue von mir zu begehren. Sie verlangt keinen Eid mehr, und meine Bitten werden endlich noch ihren Eigenſinn überwinden. Aber wie lange werde ich noch nach Dir ſeufzen! Wie lange, meine Cleone, wirſt Du mir entgegen ſeufzen! — Ach, daß ich dieſe Frage zu Deiner und meiner Beruhigung nicht beantworten kann. — Vielleicht werde ich ſelbſt dieſen grauſamen Zwang nicht lange mehr ertragen können. Jeder Tag vermehrt meine Liebe und meine Ungeduld! Ich bin wie ein Gefangener; jeder merkt auf meine Handlungen, jeder ſucht meine Abſichten auszuforſchen und verfolgt mich auf allen Tritten. Ich habe keinen Freund um mich: alles iſt Verräther. Könnte ich noch frei mein Herz ausgießen und alle meine Empfindungen und Gedanken ſchreiben, ſo würde mir dieſe noch ein Troſt, und Dir eine Erleichterung ſein. Aber wem ſoll ich meine Geheimniſſe vertrauen! Durch wen ſoll ich meiner Cleone meine Seufzer überſchicken! — Aber laß uns die Prüfung des Himmels erwarten; es wird gewiß eine deſto größere Glückſeligkeit darauf erfolgen. O, wie entzückt mich der Gedanke, wenn ich mir das Vergnügen vorſtelle, das uns unſre Verbindung einſt erfreulich geben wird! Wie werde ich meiner Cleone entgegeneilen und ihr getreues Herz an mein Herz drücken! Wie wird ſie mir mit Freudenthränen im Auge und mit offenen Armen entgegenfliegen. Und wie wird eine der erſten Stunden, wann wir uns wiederſehen, Jahre voll Kummer und Sorgen bezahlt machen!

Kann nicht dieſes noch eine Beruhigung für Dich ſein, meine Geliebte, daß unſre Trennung nicht lange mehr dauern ſoll; ich habe noch meinen letzten Entſchluß und vermuthlich daraus meine Liebe. Wenn ich ſehe, daß meine Bitten das Herz meiner Mutter nicht rühren und daß ſie vielleicht ſich zu lange meiner gehorſamen Forderung entziehen würde, ſo will ich Gelegenheit ſuchen, mich auf einige Tage, unter einem anſtändigen Vorwande, zu entfernen; und dieſe Tage einer ſoll meine Liebe durch heilige Bande unzertrennlich machen. Nur um Dich zu beruhigen und Dir allen Zweifel zu nehmen, Cleone, habe ich dieſen Entſchluß feſt gefaßt. Ich kehre ſodann zu meiner Mutter zurück und unſere Verbindung bleibt bis auf den glücklichen Augenblick verborgen, wo ich endlich ihren Eigenſinn überwunden habe. Erwarte bald entweder dieſe Stunde, oder die Nachricht, daß wir ganz glücklich ſind.

E.

Karl Egon Ebert

wurde im Jahr 1801 zu Prag in Böhmen geboren. Sein Vater (Doctor der Rechte, Landesadvokat und Fürſtlich Fürſtenberg'ſcher Hofrath), ein Mann von ausgezeichneter Bildung und vorzüglichem Charakter, verwendete alle Sorgfalt auf die erſte Entwicklung ſeines Sohnes, die von einem eigenen Erzieher geleitet wurde, bis der Knabe, mehr durch Zufall als Abſicht, während eines Aufenthaltes mit ſeinem Vater in Wien, in ein dort befindliches öffentliches Erziehungsinſtitut gerieth, welchem Geiſtliche aus dem Orden der P. P. Piariſten vorſtanden. Hier erwachte zuerſt in dem 14 jährigen E. der Trieb zur Poeſie, welcher aber ſo wenig berückſichtigt wurde, und ſo vielen Hemmungen ausgeſetzt war, daß E. ſich glücklich pries, als er nach 2 Jahren wieder in ſein Vaterland und Vaterhaus zurückkehren konnte, wo er neben den Schulſtudien ſeiner Lieblingsbeſchäftigung ungeſtört nachhängen durfte. Die Jahre von 1817 bis einſchließlich 1819 waren es, in denen er, in jugendlichem Uebermuthe ſeinem Talente und der bis dahin ſich angeeigneten Bildung vorgreifend, ſich an das Höchſte wagte; er ſchrieb innerhalb dieſes Zeitraums an 20 Dramen, worunter ſogar Ausführungen der in Schillers Nachlaß vorhandenen Pläne zu „Warbeck, und den Malthesern“ ſich befanden. Später verwarf er zwar dieſe Verſuche als unreife Jugendarbeiten gänzlich; doch waren ſie, in Bezug auf Erlangung einiger Sprachgewandtheit nicht ohne Vortheil für ſeine ſpätern Erzeugniſſe geblieben. Zu der Ueberzeugung gelangt, daß das Drama für ihn noch eine zu hohe Aufgabe ſey, wendete er ſich mehrere Jahre hindurch ausſchließlich der lyriſchen Poeſie zu, für die er in einem ungebundenen, dem Genuß der ſchönen Natur mit inniger Vorliebe hingegebenen Leben Stoff und Farben fand. Eine Auswahl der in jener Periode entſtandenen Poeſien bildete nachher den Inhalt der im Jahr 1824 bey Kronberger in Prag erſchienenen „Gedichte“ welche, um einen Band vermehrt, im Jahre 1828 als zweite Auflage unter dem Titel „Dichtungen“ bei Calve aufgelegt wurden. Während dieſer Zeit aber, und ſchon ſeit dem Jahre 1823 beſchäftigte ſich E. mit der Bearbeitung eines böhmiſch-nationalen Heldengedichtes „Wlaſta“, welches im Jahr 1829 bei Calve erſchien, und in dieſe Periode fällt auch das dramatiſche Gedicht „Bretislaw und Jutta, welches auf der Prager Bühne im Jahr 1828 zuerſt dargeſtellt wurde, und dort noch ſtets mit gleichem Intereſſe gegeben wird. Im Jahr 1829, nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters, unternahm E. eine Reiſe durch Süddeutſchland und die Schweiz. Dieſe Reiſe und ein früherer Aufenthalt in einem einſamen Mönchskloſter auf dem Lande, wo er einige Zeit zubrachte, um das dritte Buch der Wlaſta ganz ungeſtört zu ſchreiben, gaben Anlaß zu dem im Jahr 1832 bei Brodhag in Stuttgart erſchienenen idylliſchen Erzählung „das Kloſter.“ Im Jahr 1835 aber kam ſein Trauerſpiel „Czeſtmir“ in Prag zur Aufführung und ſoll nächſtens im Druck erſcheinen. Auch bereitet E. eine poetiſche Reiſe durch Süddeutſchland und die Schweiz zur Herausgabe vor, die blos aus Gedichten beſtehen wird, wie ſie eben von intereſſanten Oertern oder Perſonen angeregt wurden.

E. wurde nach geendeten philoſophiſchen und juridiſchen Studien im Jahr 1825 als Bibliothekar und Archivar bei dem in Donaueſchingen reſidirenden, regierenden Fürſten Karl Egon zu Fürſtenberg angeſtellt, der auch in Böhmen bedeutende Beſitzungen hat. Im Jahr 1829 wurde E. zum Rath und Archiv-Director ernannt, in welcher Stelle er ſich noch befindet. Sein angenehmes Verhältniß zu dem durch Eigenſchaften des Geiſtes und Herzens gleich ausgezeichneten, wegen ſeines edlen Liberalismus ſo hoch gefeierten Fürſten, darf Bürge ſeyn, daß E's Muſe, ungehemmt von Außen, in der Folge fruchtbarer ſeyn wird, als es in den letzten Jahren der Fall war, in welchen ſeine Kraft von einem innern Leiden geiſtiger oder körperlicher Art gefeſſelt zu ſeyn ſchien.*)

E's Dichtungen zeichnen ſich ſämmtlich durch Innigkeit, Reichthum der Phantaſie, Wärme und Kraft der Gedanken aus; wenn er ſich auch in ſeinen erſten Leiſtungen hin und wieder zu ſehr von ſeinem jugendlichem Feuer fortreißen ließ, und vorzüglich jener Ruhe und Beſonnenheit ermangelt, welche das reifere Alter verleiht, ſo iſt doch Großes und Gelungenes von ihm zu hoffen, um ſo mehr als jede ſpätere Arbeit beurkundet, wie ernſt ſein Streben iſt, bei dem Beſitze reicher Mittel, das vorgeſteckte Ziel möglichſter Vollkommenheit zu erreichen. Sein epiſches Gedicht „Wlaſta“ enthält manches überaus Gelungene, ſo wie ſich in ſeinen lyriſchen Dichtungen viel Zartes und Tiefes, das er mit großer Anmuth auszuſprechen weiß, findet. Daß ſein dramatiſches Gedicht, „Bretislaw und Jutta“ ſich bei ſeinem Erſcheinen auf der Bühne dauernden Beifalls erfreute, ward bereits oben erwähnt.

Die Ruine.**)

Spätabend. Eine Anhöhe mit den Trümmern einer Veſte. Kurd, Gottwald und Guido klimmen herauf.

Kurd.

Wir ſind am Ziel, doch welche Täuſchung zeigte,
Als wir vom tiefen Thal emporgeſchaut,
Auf dieſer Höh' uns einen Wunderbau!
Entfernung ſchmolz die Theile in einander,
Das gier'ge Auge füllte jede Lücke,
Und goß die einzlnen Stücke in ein Ganzes,
Das als ein Ungeheuer uns erſchien.
Nun ſtehn wir hier, und ſehn mit bangem Blick
Ein ärmliches, verwittertes Gemäuer,
Zerfallne Thürme, eingerollte Bogen,
Drein blöde Eulen dumpf'ge Neſter bau'n,
Drinn ſich der Sturm verirrt, drauf trockne Diſteln
Vergelbtes Riedgras und verkrümmte Föhren,
Die einz'gen lebenden Geſchöpfe, ſchwanken.

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*) Bis hierher von einem Freunde des Herrn Rath Ebert mitgetheilt.

**) Aus: Dichtungen von K. E. Ebert. 2. Bd. Prag. 1828

O mußt' ich hierher gehn, den alten Gram
Um die Vernichtung alles Herrlichen,
Um alles Ird'ſchen Loos, der Dinge Wandel
Durch ſolchen Anblick neu mir zu erwecken!
Was ſeh' ich hier, als ein erbärmlich Bild
Der furchtbar waltenden Vergänglichkeit,
Und ihres Schergen, des geſchäft'gen Todes?
Was ſeh' ich hier, als eine morſche Leiche
Der Kraft, ein elend Grabmal des Erhabnen,
Als einen Gottesacker großer Zeit!
O daß der Menſch es liebt, ſein eigen Loos
In Bildern der Zerſtörung anzuſtaunen,
Daß ich es liebe, meinen düſtern Sinn
An der Betrachtung ſolchen Grauns zu weiden!

Gottwald.

Du ewig trüber, ewig bitterer Freund,
Was dachteſt du zu finden hier, als Trümmer,
Erinnerungen an verrauſchte Zeit,
An Thaten, die empor aus ſolchen Mauern,
Wie Eichen aus dem heim'ſchen Boden wuchſen?
Mir blüht bei ſolchem Anblick die Geſchichte,
Die Sag' erhält mir Grund, die graue Vorzeit
Erdämmert mir, und die Geſtalten drinn
Gewinnen Klarheit, Farbe und Bewegung.
Jedweder Stein ſpricht von Geſcheh'nem mir,
Die morſchen Bogen, die, im Grund gelöſt,
Sich zu einander neigen, ſcheinen mir
Von alter Zeit ſich heimlich zu beſprechen,
Der greiſe Thurm der Föhr' auf ſeinem Haupte
Ein wundervolles Mährchen zu erzählen,
Indeß dort die verſunkene Kapelle
Sich in das ſchöne Sonſt zurückerträumt,
Da noch Geſäng' in ihren Hallen tönten.
Wo iſt das Trübe da, das dich ergreift?
Geſchehn muß, was geſchieht, und mich erfreut's,
Zurückzuſchaun in die verſunknen Tage,
In das gewalt'ge Meer gelungner Thaten,
Geſpannten Strebens, und gebrochner Kräfte,
Das hinter uns in ew'ger Oede liegt.
Wem dies nicht Hochgewinn, den nenn' ich arm,
Denn der Genüſſe höchſter iſt ihm fremd.

Guido.

Ich rühme mich weit reicher doch, denn du.
Indeß der Anblick der Ruine dir
Die Wiſſenſchaft belebt, den regern Geiſt
Zurückeleitet zum Geweſenen,
Belebt er mir die Phantaſie, und bildet
Zur Gegenwart mir die Vergangenheit.
Ich ſehe keine Trümmer mehr vor mir,
Nein, eine mächt'ge unverſehrte Veſte
Mit glatten Zinnen, rieſ'gen Thürmen ſteigt
Vor meinem Blick im Abendnebel auf.
Dort ſchlängelt ſich der ſchmale Burgweg hin,
Dort liegt die Brücke, dran das Gitterthor,
Drinn ſteht der Pförtner mit dem Schlüſſelbunde,
Gewalt'ge Doggen lagern rings um ihn.
Auf hoher Mauer ſchreiten ernſte Wächter
In blanken Waffen langſam hin und her,
Indeß ein Andrer, hoch am Thurm erſcheinend,
Die rothen Fahnen abnimmt, und verſchwindet.
Doch auf dem Söller droben, der ſo kühn
Ob jähem Abgrund ſchwebt, ſitzt ſtillerfreut
Der alte Ritter; ihm zur Seite ſteht
Der junge Sohn in herrlich buntem Wams,
Und am Geländer lehnt das Töchterlein,
Und ſchaut weitum in's tiefe Land, und ſpielt
Mit ſchnee'gen Fingern in den goldnen Locken.
Da tönt mit einem Male Glockenklang,
Und mit entblößtem Haupte kniet der Greis,
Und Sohn und Tochter, Wächter, Pförtner, knie'n,
Und ſprechen leiſ' und fromm den Abendſegen.

Gottwald.

Du ſchwärmſt, wie ſtets: doch dich beglückt dein Schwärmen,
Und was beglückt, iſt gut. Doch auf nun, auf!
Schon breitet tiefes Dunkel ſich ringsum,
Und noch, Gedanken tauſchend, ſtehn wir da,
Vergeſſend, die Ruine zu beſchauen.

Guido.

Laß uns noch weilen, bis der Sterne Licht
Zum Gang uns leuchtet. Sieh, ſchon klärt ſich leicht
Das tiefe Grau dort hinter dem Gemäuer;
Schon lichtet ſich ein Kreis, der ſichtlich wächſt,
Schon drängt der Nebel flüchtend ſich hinweg,
Schon dringen einz'le Strahlen raſch hervor,
O ſeht, ſchon ſteigt der volle Mond empor!
Jetzt, ob mir gleich die ſchöne Täuſchung weicht,
Als ſteig' ein feſtes Schloß hier in die Lüfte,
Genieß' ich doch ein neues Bild, da hell
Der Mond ſich in die ſchwarzen Trümmer ſenkt,
Die er durchfließt mit zauberiſchem Glanze.

Kurt.

Ja, ſchauerlich erſcheinen nun die Maſſen
Des vielgeſtalt'gen, ewigen Geſteines,
Das ordnungslos und ſeltſam hier ſich häuft,
Dort, weit zerſtreut, nur hier und dorten ragt.
Durch alle Fugen, alle leeren Räume,
Durch die zerfallnen Fenſter, durch die Riſſe
Zerſprungner Wände ſcheint der bleiche Mond:
Wie durch ein mächtig rieſiges Gerippe.
Das iſt das wahre Bild nun der Vernichtung,
Die mich empört; doch wunderbar, daß mich
Ein ſonderlich Gelüſte immer treibt,
Dem, was mir in der tiefſten Seele widert,
Mit ſtets erneutem Triebe nah' zu gehn! —
Kommt, Brüder, laßt uns die Ruine ſehn.

Sie wollen in die Ruine, als plötzlich aus derſelben ein zweiſtimmiger Geſang ertönt. Sie bleiben beſtürzt ſtehn.

Erſte Stimme.

Die Zugbrück' nieder, auf das Thor,
Mir däucht, es naht mein Sohn,
Mir ſchlägt ſo ſüß an's dumpfe Ohr
Bekannter Stimme Ton.

Ach, könnt' ich doch vom Lager auf,
Dran mich das Alter ſchließt!
Doch horch, die Treppen kommt's herauf —
O Sohn, ſey mir gegrüßt!

Zweite Stimme.

Den Gruß, o Vater, dreifach dir,
Bei dir nun ruh' ich aus,
Es ward wohl heiß und ſchwülig mir,
Ich kämpfte harten Strauß.

Erſte Stimme.

Gewiß, ich ſeh's an deinem Blick,
Gewiß, du haſt geſiegt,
Du bringſt die Tochter mir zurück,
Der freche Räuber liegt.

Zweite Stimme.

Im Harme fiel das Ungethüm,
Von ew'ger Nacht umflort,
Doch ach, Ottilie neben ihm,
Von ſeinem Dolch durchbohrt.

Erſte Stimme.

Ach weh! mein Kind, der Roſe gleich,
Verbannt iſt deine Glut!
Doch, Sohn, um Gott, auch du wirſt bleich,
Aus deinem Wams quillt Blut!

Zweite Stimme.

Bringt einen Sarg mir, einen Sarg,
Geſchmückt mit Schild und Schwert,
Ich war wohl kühn, ich war wohl ſtark,
Und bin der Ahnen werth.

O Vater, mir verſinkt das Licht,
Und Stimmen rufen hohl,
Die Kraft iſt hin, das Leben bricht,
O Vater mein, leb wohl.

Erſte Stimme.

Zwei Särge bringt, zwei Särg' herauf,
Für Sohn und Töchterlein,
Und einen dritten noch thut auf
Und legt mich ſelbſt hinein.

Mein alter Stamm, du biſt nun aus,
Du ruhſt in dunkler Truh',
So ſtürz' auch du, mein altes Haus,
Und deck' uns Todte zu!

Gottwald (ſchaudernd).

Was war das? welcher ſchauerliche Sang
Aus dieſen öden Mauern!

Kurd.

Mir erbebte
Das Herz im Buſen.

Guido.

Seht, was ſchreitet dort
Aus den Ruinen! zwei Geſtalten, bleich
Gleichwie der Mond, mit langen Silberbärten,
Gehüllt in dunkle, ſchleppende Talare.
Das ſind der Ahnengruft entſtiegne Geiſter,
Die ihren eingeſtürzten Sitz durchwandeln.
Flieht! flieht! ſie ſchreiten her!

Gottwald.

Laß fort uns eilen!
Sey's, was es ſey, es iſt nicht gut hier weilen.

Zwei Einſiedler nähern ſich, der Eine ruft:

Erſter Einſiedler.

Ihr Wandrer, fürchtet nichts; wir ſind nicht Schatten,
Nicht Geiſter, wie ihr meinen mögt, wir fühlen
Wie ihr, in unſern Adern rollet Blut,
Ob träg' auch, da uns Greiſenjahre drücken.
Zwei Klausner ſind wir, die in dieſe Trümmer,
Das ächte Bild der ird'ſchen Nichtigkeit,
Sich ihre Klauſe bauten, unbekümmert,
Ob über Nacht vielleicht die Mauer ſtürzt,
Ob ſie ein Sturm aus loſer Fügung reißt,
Und ihre Hütte, und ſie ſelbſt zerſchmettert.
Den Augenblick erſehnend, der uns ſanft
Hinüberleite zu dem Ewigen,
Schau'n wir ringsum in die Vergänglichkeit,
Uns über ſie in heil'gem Stolz erhebend;
Das Leben ſcheint uns Tod, der Tod uns Leben,
Die weite Erd' uns eine Stufe nur,
Auf der wir betend auf zum Himmel ſteigen.
Von ſolchen Greiſen fürchtet nichts, und tretet
Getroſt uns näher, und in unſre Klauſe.

Kurd.

O welche ſeltne, heitre Anſicht deſſen,
Was mir ſo finſter, ſo entſetzlich ſcheint!

Guido (mit den Uebrigen näher kommend).

Sagt an doch, welcher räthſelhafte Sang
Erſcholl ſo eben, wie aus Geiſtermund!

Zweiter Einſiedler.

Was ihr gehört, das war die düſtre Sage
Vom Untergang des Stammes dieſer Burg.
Viel andre Sagen wiſſen wir von ihr,
Die wir in Liedern uns und Wandrern ſingen,
Wie wir das Lied euch ſangen, das euch ſchreckte.
Es thut uns wohl, in den verlaßnen Mauern
Vergang'nes Leben wieder aufzurufen,
Uralten Sinn im Neuen zu bewahren,
Und gleichſam Stimmen todter Zeit zu ſeyn.
Beliebt's euch, einzugehn in unſre Hütte,
So werd' euch Alles, was wir wiſſen, kund.

Gottwald.

Die Trümmer wollen wir zuerſt durchgehn,
Dann ſollt ihr uns in eurer Klauſe ſehn.

Erſter Einſiedler.

So geht, indeß wir unſre Glocke ſchwingen,
Gebete ſprechen, und das Nachtlied ſingen.

Alle gehn in die Ruinen. Bald darauf ertönt die Glocke der Einſiedelei, und der Einſiedler Nachtlied:

Alles ruht und ſchweigt hienieden,
Nur der milde Vater wacht,
Sendet Labung aus und Frieden,
Hüllet lind und kühl die Müden
In die ſtille Nacht.

Aus des Himmels blauem Bogen
Blickt ſein liebend Aug' als Mond,
Der, von ſanftem Schein umzogen,
In des Aethers leichten Wogen
Ruhverheißend thront.

Vater, heut auch wolle lindern
Jedem Trüben ſeine Pein,
Laß auch dieſe Nacht den Sündern,
Laß ſie allen deinen Kindern
Süßes Labſal ſeyn!

Der Schild.

Poetiſche Erzählung in zwei Geſängen.

Erſter Geſang.

Der Morgen hob aus dunklen Meereswogen
Sein roſig dämmernd Angeſicht hervor,
Die Stern' erblaßten, und die Nebel zogen,
Ein dünner Silberſchleier, hoch empor,
Und Strahlen drangen auf zum Himmelsbogen,
Zerſtäubt entwich der letzte Wolkenflor,
Und, ſteigend durch der Lüfte blaue Fluten,
Zog ſtolz die Sonn' empor in gold'nen Gluten.

Und ſchon war's laut im hohen Königsſchloſſe
Von Männertritten und vom Stimmendrang,
Da ſprengten ſchmucke Ritter, hoch zu Roſſe,
Zum Thor hinein mit luſt'gem Panzerklang,
Dort eilten Reiſige und Dienertroſſe
Mit ſchwerem Schritt den weiten Hof entlang,
Hier ſcholl Geſtampf von hundert Pferdehufen,
Dort lauter Sang, und dort ein jubelnd Rufen.

Die Ritter aber eilen nach den Hallen,
Wo hoch am Thron der greiſe König ruht,
Sein Haupt iſt tief zur Bruſt herabgefallen,
In ſeinen Wangen iſt kein Tropfen Blut,
Und nur aus ſeiner Fäuſte feſtem Ballen,
Die immer zucken, wie vor Grimm und Wuth,
Und aus der dunklen Augen wildem Brennen
Iſt, daß er lebt und fühlet, zu erkennen.

Lang bleibt es ſtill und bange in der Runde,
Kein Laut ertönet, keine Lippe bebt,
Bis ſich, als hätt' er eine tiefe Wunde,
Der König ſchmerzlich auf vom Sitze hebt —
„Vernehmt, ihr Edlen," ruft er, „trübe Kunde,
Das Härt'ſte, Schrecklichſte hab' ich erlebt;
O, wär' ich früher doch, von Freuden trunken,
Und frei von Schmach, in's kühle Grab geſunken!

Ihr kennt den Schild, der ſtets nach alter Sitte
Sich fortgeerbt in unſerm Königshaus,
„Bewahr' ihn treu!" war meines Vaters Bitte,
Er ſprach's, und haucht' in meinen Armen aus;
Ihr kennt den Schild, es ſtrahlt in ſeiner Mitte
Ein großer Demant Silberflammen aus,
Der Rand iſt Gold, beſetzt mit edlen Steinen,
Die ſchön zum Kranz ihr buntes Licht vereinen.

Dies edle Kleinod hatte meinem Ahnen
Aſtur, der mächt'ge Zaubrer, einſt geſchenkt,
Und jeden Vorfahr hat auf allen Bahnen
Der theure Schild zum ſichern Ziel gelenkt.
Er brachte Ruhm und Ehre unſern Fahnen,
Die ſtets geſiegt, wohin man ſie geſchwenkt,
Die Aehren trugen ſiebenfachen Segen,
Und Fruchtbarkeit und Glück war allerwegen.

Drei Tage ſind's, da mich der heitre Morgen
Hinausgelockt zur muntern Eberjagd,

All meiner Bürde frei und aller Sorgen,
Hatt' ich mich tiefhin in den Forſt gewagt,
Wo, rings von ſchroffen Felſen wohl geborgen,
Des Rieſen Oliver hohe Veſte ragt.
Dort ſank ich müde hin, in's Moos mich drückend,
Und Schlaf umfing mich ſtärkend und erquickend.

Doch hatt' ich kaum der Ruhe Luſt empfunden,
Als mich ein ſchwerer Druck vom Schlummer weckt,
Ich fühle wie von Schlangen mich umwunden,
Und will empor mich reißen, tief erſchreckt;
Doch meine Glieder ſind wie feſtgebunden,
Und meine Augen noch von Nacht bedeckt,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer, ich glaube zu erſticken —
Jetzt ſchau' ich auf — was mußt' ich da erblicken!

Den Rieſen ſeh' ich ſtehn, der mit der Rechten
Mich niederpreßt voll ſchrecklicher Gewalt,
Von ſeiner Linken fühl' ich mich umflechten,
Die mir den Schild gewandt vom Arme ſchnallt,
Und jetzt, wie wenn der Alp in ſchweren Nächten
Uns plötzlich losläßt, war ich aufgeprallt,
Weg war der Schild, und aus der Veſte Hallen
Hört' ich des Rieſen Hohngelächter ſchallen.

Euch ruf' ich auf nun, daß ihr nicht dem Hohne
Des frechen Räubers Preis mich geben wollt,
Und weil der Schild nur Jenem wird zum Lohne,
Der Sieg nur Jenem nach der Sage hold,
Der anverwandt iſt dieſem alten Throne,
In deſſen Adern Blut der Ahnen rollt,
So ruf' ich die, ſo theilhaft dieſes Glückes,
Den Zorn zu löſen meines Mißgeſchickes."

Kaum hat des Königs Rede ausgeklungen,
Da nahn dem Throne Ulf und Waldemar.
Der Erſte ſcheint von finſt'rem Geiſt durchdrungen,
Des Andern Auge leuchtet frei und klar.
Des Einen ſchwarz Gelock hängt wirr verſchlungen;
Geglättet fließt des Andern gold'nes Haar.
Der Ein' iſt ſchwarz vom Haupt zum Fuße nieder;
Ein blau Gewand umſchließt des Andern Glieder.

„Verwandt ſind wir dem Thron, und deine Schmerzen,"
So ſprechen ſie, „mag löſen unſer Blut,
Und läg' es hinter ſiebenfachen Erzen,
Des Frevlers Herz trifft unſer friſcher Muth!"
Der König hört das Wort mit leichterm Herzen,
In ſeine Wangen drängt ſich wieder Glut —
„Dem Sieger," ruft er freudig, „ſey zum Lohne
Der Tochter Hand, und einſt die Königskrone."

Giſelda ſtand am Thron, in ſich verſunken;
Nun irrt nach Waldemar ihr feuchter Blick,
Der aber gibt, von ſüßer Hoffnung trunken,
Ihr einen treueflammenden zurück.
Den Augen Ulf's entſprühen düſtre Funken;
Er ſinnt, zu feſſeln ſich das hohe Glück.
Der König ruft: „Nun folgt mir zum Gelage,
Zum Kampfe zieht hinaus am nächſten Tage."

Bei reichem Mahl, bei frohem Klang der Becher,
Der Morgen, Mittag und der Abend flieht,
Gefeiert wird der Muth der beiden Rächer
Durch vieler Harfner kräftig tönend Lied.
Die Nacht erſcheint, da heben ſich die Zecher,
Und ſuchen Ruh', von Wein und Rede müd',
Und bald umwebt der Schlummer, ſüß und ſtille,
Ein jeglich Aug' mit ſeiner linden Hülle.

Giſelda nur in ihrer Halle oben
Iſt wach noch, ſpähend Fenſters Höh',
Ihr Auge überglänzt die Sterne droben,
Den Mond verdunkelt ihres Buſens Schnee.
Die Hände hält gen Himmel ſie erhoben,
In Seufzern kündet ſie ihr tiefes Weh,
Die leichte Luft bewegt des Herzens Klopfen,
Die Lippe bebt, und heiße Thränen tropfen.

Da tönt es plötzlich durch die nächt'ge Ruhe,
Ein Ton, wie einer einzlnen Saite Klang,
Und raſch vom Fenſter eilt ſie, was ſie thue,
Sie weiß es kaum, ſie folgt nur ihrem Drang;
Vom Fuße zieht ſie flink die goldnen Schuhe,
Und ſteht ſchon draußen in dem Bogengang,
Und eilt hinab und ſteht dann lauſchend wieder,
Und ſchleicht mit leiſerm Tritt die Treppe nieder.

Schon iſt ſie unten, tritt mit bangem Zagen
Zum Garten ein, ſchon reut ſie ihr Entſchluß,
Da fühlt ſie kräft'ge Arm' um ſich geſchlagen,
Auf ihren Lippen brennt ein glüh'nder Kuß,
Und all' vergeſſen iſt ihr kühnes Wagen,
Hin gibt ſie ſich dem ſeligen Genuß,
Und Alles ſchwimmt und flirrt vor ihren Blicken
In Luſt und Rauſch, in Wonne und Entzücken.

Fort zieht ſie Waldemar mit ſanftem Dringen,
Hin, wo von tiefem Dunkel rings geſchützt,
Die Bäume ſich zu einer Laube ſchlingen,
Die hie und da der Mondſtrahl nur durchblitzt.
Daran ein klarer Quell mit frohem Springen
Die nahen Blumen wie im Scherz beſpritzt,
Dabei im Buſch mit wundervollen Tönen
Die Nachtigall von Liebe ſingt und Sehnen.

Doch ſüßer, als der Sang der Nachtigallen,
Ertönt Giſeldas zarter Roſenmund,
Mit ſchmelzenderm, mit lieblicherm Schallen,
Gibt ſie ihr Lieben und ihr Leiden kund:
„O Holder," ruft ſie weinend, „wirſt du fallen,
Was hielte mich am weiten Erdenrund!
Könnt' ich dein Aug', dein liebes, nimmer ſehen,
Wie Blume ohne Sonn', müßt' ich vergehen!

Noch biſt du mein, noch halt' ich dich im Arme,
Noch drück' ich dich an meine treue Bruſt,
Noch faß' ich deine Hand, die liebewarme,
Noch ſtreichl' ich deine Lock' in ſtiller Luſt;
Und morgen — weh, daß Gott ſich mein erbarme!
Und morgen — weh, daß du zum Kampfe mußt!
Vielleicht auf deiner Leiche halt' ich morgen
Mein warmes an dein kaltes Herz geborgen!

Und dreifach Weh, wenn Ulf als Sieger kehrte,
Der Finſtre, aller beſſern Regung bloß,
Er, den Natur die Liebe nimmer lehrte,
Ihm heimzufallen, welch ein ſchrecklich Loos!
Ha, eh' ich mich dem Schändlichen gewährte,
Verſchlinge mich des Meeres tiefer Schooß,
Eh' ſey dieß Herz, von hartem Schmerz gebrochen,
Mit ſcharfem Dolch, dem Schwure treu, durchſtochen!"

Sie ruft's, und reicher ihre Thränen ſtrömen,
Doch muthig blickt und tröſtet Waldemar:
„O wolle, Theure, dich ſo ſchwer nicht grämen,
Der Himmel ſchützt ein redlich liebend Paar;
Er wird dem kalten Ulf die Arme lähmen,
Mich führen aus der rühmlichen Gefahr —
Mich leiten Glaube, Hoffnung und die Liebe,
Kein Gott iſt, der da ungerührt verbliebe."

So tröſtet er, und ſaugt von ihren Lippen
Mit weichen Küſſen jeden Seufzer fort,
Die Thräne weiß vom Aug' er weg zu nippen,
Zu löſen all ihr Leid mit trautem Wort;
Indeß ergeht ſich Ulf auf öden Klippen,
Die hoch emporgethürmt am Meeresbord,
Verſtörten Blicks, gefaltet ſchwer die Stirne,
Im Herzen Eis, und Feuer im Gehirne.

Und eben kommt ein Sturm heraufgezogen,
Den Mond umhüllt ein ſchauriges Gewand,
Ein ſchwarz Gewölk bedeckt des Himmels Bogen,
Und dunkler ſtets und dunkler wird das Land,
Mit dumpfem Rauſchen heben ſich die Wogen,
Von ihren Schlägen widerhallt der Strand,
Doch lauter noch, als Sturm und Meer im Grimme,
Tönt durch das Brauſen Ulfs gewalt'ge Stimme.

„Ha, tobe, See, und ſauſe, Sturm, dein Flügel,
Ihr Elemente alle, lehnt euch auf,
Zerreißt, beherrſchte Kräfte, eure Zügel,
Und ſtürmt entgegen eurem alten Lauf,
Ihr Felſen, berſt, zerſchmettert euch, ihr Hügel,
Ihr Flammen in den Tiefen, ſchießt herauf,
Begrab' in deinen Trümmern mich, du Erde,
Soll es geſchehn, daß ich nicht Sieger werde!

Wornach als Ziel, als höchſtem Erdenlohne,
Mein hochgemuthet Herz von je erſchwoll,
Der Zepter liegt vor mir, die Königskrone,
Die nun mein Muth, mein Schwert erringen ſoll;
O ſtählt die Kraft mir, mächtige Dämone,
Zur Seite ſteh' mir euer ew'ger Groll,
Stürzt Waldemar'n, laßt mich den Preis erjagen,
Und, dienſtbar euch, will ich den Purpur tragen.

Ja, dieſer Sturm iſt Stimme der Erhörung,
Denn Schrecken nur und Graus iſt euer Reich,
Und in der Fluten, in der Luft Empörung,
Verkündet ihr den ird'ſchen Blicken euch!"
Er ruft's, doch plötzlich ſchweigt der Wogen Gährung,
Der Sturm verzieht ſich, und die See wird gleich,
Die Wolken reißen, und in hellem Lichte
Erſcheint der Mond mit klarem Angeſichte.

Bald aber wird er blaß und ſchwindet wieder,
Verglimmend in der Dämm'rung grauem Schein,
Des Morgenrothes glänzendes Gefieder
Taucht Alles ſchon in ſeine Farbe ein,
Da ſchreitet raſch zur Veſte Ulf hernieder,
Tritt düſter in die hohe Halle ein,
Darin der König in der Ritter Kreiſe
Schon ungeduldig harrt der bald'gen Reiſe.

„Wohlauf denn!" ruft der Greis in hoher Freude,
Und legt auf's Haupt der Kämpfer ſeine Hand,
„Wohlauf denn! kräft'ger Segen leit' euch Beide,
Wird Einem auch der Sieg nur zugewandt;
Für welchen von euch das Geſchick entſcheide,
Er ſey ein Gott hinfort dem Vaterland,
Die zweite Sonne ſey er dieſem Reiche,
Die ſelbſt dem König nicht an Glanze weiche."

Die Kämpfer heben ſich mit kühnem Sinnen,
Und gehn, und wünſchend folgt der ganze Schwall,
Und nieder von den Thürmen und den Zinnen
Begrüßt ſie ſchmetternder Drommeten Schall;
Sie jagen fort, als trieb' ſie Sturm von hinnen,
Im Flug ſchon überſchritten iſt der Wall,
Schon ſieht man fern der Helme hell Gefunkel,
Und ſchon verſchwinden ſie im Waldesdunkel.

Hin ſchreiten ſie durch hohe Eichenhaine,
Dann an gewalt'ger Berge jähem Hang,
Dann über kahle ſteinige Geſteine,
Dann mitten durch Geſträuche führt ihr Gang,
Doch Jeder geht, als wär' er nur alleine,
Denn Waldemar ergötzt ſich mit Geſang,
Indeß der Andre, brütend und verſchloſſen,
Mit Schweigen wandert neben dem Genoſſen.

Schon ſteht die Sonne hoch, und ihre Tritte
Verdoppeln Beide nun zu ſchnellerm Lauf,
Und immer nimmt, bei jedem weit'ren Schritte,
Sie eine tief're, öd're Wildniß auf,
Oft ſtehn ſie ſtill in rieſ'ger Felſen Mitte,
Und ſpähn umſonſt nach einem Pfad hinauf,
Und kehren um, und kommen immer wieder
In unwirthbare, enge Klüfte nieder.

Doch plötzlich öffnet ſich vor ihren Blicken,
Weithin ſich ſtreckend, eine tiefe Schlucht,
Die Berge weiter auseinander rücken,
Und laufen aus in eine Meeresbucht,
Und dort, gethürmt auf rieſ'gen Felſenſtücken,
Erſehn ſie freudenvoll, was ſie geſucht,
Des Rieſen Oller Veſte liegt vor ihnen,
Von hellem Strahl der Mittagsgluth beſchienen.

Die Helden ſtehn mit feſtgebannten Beinen:
Ihr Aug' erlabt ſich an der ſelt'nen Schau,
Die Mauern, ſchwer gefügt aus rohen Steinen,
Deckt eine Felſenplatte dick und rauh,
Zwei ſchmale Gitterfenſter nur erſcheinen,
Dem Tage Einlaß gönnend, in dem Bau,
Und eine ungeheure eh'rne Pforte
Gewähret Sicherheit dem Schauerorte.

Mit einem Mal bricht Ulf die lange Stille —
„Zuerſt gebühret mir Aelterem der Strauß,
Daß ſo die alte Sitte ich erfülle,
Ruf' ich zuerſt das Ungethüm heraus!"
Und Waldemar darauf: „Geſcheh' dein Wille,
Erſt zwingen wir den Hühnen aus dem Haus,
Dann kämpfe du, ich aber harrend wende
Zurücke mich bis zu des Kampfes Ende."

Und vor die Veſte eilen raſch die Ritter
Ihr Horn erdröhnt, ſie ſchleudern Stein' an's Thor,
Da murmelt's droben, wie ein fern Gewitter,
Allmählig wachſend aus der Höhl' hervor;
Ein rieſig Haupt erſcheinet am Gegitter,
Und donnernd ſchlägt es an der Kämpfer Ohr:
„Wer wagt's, wer wagt's, vom Schlafe mich zu wecken?
Was wollt ihr hier, wer ſeyd ihr, ſchmale Recken!

„Wir wollen dich!" ſchreit Ulf, „du Ungeheuer,
Wir wollen dich, komm nieder, ſchmählich Thier!
Und wär' dein Leib von Erz, dein Athem Feuer,
Du wälzeſt heut im Sand dich noch vor mir!
Des Schelmes Raub, fürwahr, er kommt dir theuer,
Du gibſt dein Blut, dein ſchwarzes Blut dafür.
Komm nieder, daß dich meine Waffen lehren,
Mit deinem zott'gen Haupt den Staub zu kehren!"

Er ruft es, und mit furchtbar lautem Höhnen
Erſchallt es droben: „Warte, kleiner Wicht!"
Es ſchlägt an's Thor, daß mit gewalt'gem Dröhnen
Zerſchmettert, gleich aus Band und Angel bricht;
Der Rieſ' erſcheint, ſein Haar gleicht Löwenmähnen,
So flammt ſein Blick, wie eines Blitzes Licht,
Sein Leib iſt moos'gem Felſen zu vergleichen,
Sein knorr'ger Arm dem ſtärkſten Aſt der Eichen.

Er ſteht, und lacht: „Dreihundert ſolcher Klingen,
Dreihundert ſolcher Knäblein ſendet her,
Und einen pfünd'gen Stein will ich verſchlingen,
Wenn einer ſich erfreut der Wiederkehr!"
Er lacht's, und hebt den Speer mit mächt'gem Schwingen,
Und, fehlend, eine Tanne trifft der Speer,
Die ächzt im tiefſten Mark, und fällt zerſplittert,
Die Luft erbrauſ't, der Boden bebt erſchüttert.

Zurück in's Haus ſpringt Oller jetzt in Eile,
Und eilig iſt er wieder rückgekehrt,
In ſeiner Rechten eine eh'rne Keule,
Die Linke mit des Königs Schild bewehrt;
Er brüllt: „Wohlan, wir kämpfen ohne Weile,
Erhebe, Zwerg, dein federleichtes Schwert,
Du führſt es wahrlich heut zum letzten Male!"
Und ſpringt von Fels zu Fels, und ſteht im Thale.

Er dringt auf Ulf, dem, eh' er ſich bereitet,
Die Keul' im Falle Haupt und Schulter ſtreift,
Sein Arm zuſammt dem Schwert heruntergleitet,
Und dunkles Roth aus Helm und Schiene träuft,
Und kaum daß er zwei Schritte rückwärts ſchreitet,
Und taumelnd nach dem nächſten Baume greift,
Als ihn die Kraft verläßt, die Füße weichen,
Er ſtürzt dahin mit ſchrecklichem Erbleichen.

Die Waffe ſchwingt der Rieſe wild zurücke,
Da eilt zur Seite Waldemar heraus,
Und haut, und trifft ihn ſchmetternd in's Genicke,
Und hochauf ſpringen blut'ge Quellen draus;
Der Rieſe wendet ſich mit wildem Blicke,
Die Keule fällt mit ſchrecklichem Gebraus,
Doch Waldemar iſt ſchnell dem Schlag entſprungen,
Die Keule tief im Boden eingedrungen.

Und eh' der Wunde ſich vermag zu wenden,
Springt Waldemar am Rücken ihm empor,
Umklammert ſeinen Hals mit nerv'gen Händen,
Und ſticht den Dolch ihm bis an's Heft in's Ohr.
Der Rieſe will zurück die Keule ſenden,
Doch jener ſpringt herab, und eilt hervor,
Und wie die Keule rückwärts ſauſet eben,
Trifft vorn der Ritter in des Rieſen Leben.

Das gute Schwert durchbohrt's, nah' dem Herzen,
Des Starken Leib, dem jetzt die Keul' entſinkt,
Den Dolch dem Ohre entreißt er, brüllt vor Schmerzen,
Indeß ſein ſtrömend Blut die Erde trinkt;
Noch einmal will er vor, doch ſieht er ſchwärzen
Die Sonne ſich dem Blick, der Tag verſinkt,
Und plötzlich, wie ein Felsblock, ſtürzt er nieder,
Und ſtreckt noch rieſiger die rieſ'gen Glieder.

Das Schwert entreißt nun Waldemar der Wunde,
Und haut vom Rumpf das ſtarre, blut'ge Haupt,
Und ſinkt auf's Knie, und ruft aus ſel'gem Munde:
„Ich hab' geliebt, gehofft, und geglaubt!
Giſelda, du wirſt mein zu ew'gem Bunde,
Und nun und nimmer wirſt du mir geraubt!“
Er ruft's, und faßt des Königs Schild voll Wonne,
Und ſtreckt ihn dankend auf zur goldnen Sonne.

Indeß bewegt ſich Ulf, erwacht zum Leben,
Nur leicht verwundet, eine Schulter lahm,
Er ſchaut, was geſchehn, mit inn'rem Beben,
Sein Herz durchſtürmen Wuth und bittrer Gram;
Dem Feinde ward, nicht ihm, der Preis gegeben!
Er ſteht im Stillen, er vergeht vor Scham,
Doch ſchweigt er, daß ſein Inn'res ſich verhehle,
Ein ſchwarzer Plan ſteigt auf in ſeiner Seele.

Mit heiterm Blick dem Sieger zugewendet,
Reicht er die Hand ihm: — „Ritter in Gefahr,
Vergib, vergib mir, wenn ich, arg verblendet,
Verführt vom Argwohn, ſonſt dir hold nicht war,
Mein Herz iſt mit dem Handſchlag dir verpfändet,
Ich muß dich theurer lieben, Waldemar,
Und du auch, Edler, ſollſt mich Freund noch nennen,
Und keine Macht der Erden ſoll uns trennen!“

Und Waldemar umarmt ihn mit den Worten:
„Ein ſchöner Tag, der alſo uns vereint,
Mir iſt, als ſäh' ich in des Himmels Pforten,
Draus Lieb' und Freundſchaft ſtrahlend niederſcheint;
Doch auf nun hier, mein Heil erblüht nur dorten,
Wo bang vielleicht um mich die Traute weint;
Ihr reich' ich dann den Siegeskranz, den grünen!“
Er ſagt's, und faßt den Schild, das Haupt des Hünen.

Doch ſchnell erwiedert Ulf: „Auf and'rem Wege,
Als den wir gingen, laß' zurück uns ziehn,
Als Jüngling wallt' ich oft auf beſſ'rem Stege,
Dort ſchlängelt er ſich auf, noch kenn' ich ihn,
Wir wandern da durch ſchattige Gehege,
Dann über eine weite Eb'ne hin:
So bring' ich früher dich zum ſchönen Ziele,
Da deine Ungeduld ich mit dir fühle.“

Fort eilet Waldemar, von Ulf geleitet,
Den Berg empor, dann über eine Au,
Dann liegt ein mächtig Flachfeld ausgebreitet,
Gleich einer Steppe, unfruchtbar und rauh,
Der Himmel ſelbſt, der ſich darüber ſpreitet,
Iſt, wie die weite Eb'ne drunten, grau,
Der Boden rings von tiefem [illegible] Lande
Iſt doch bedeckt mit feinem Staub und Sande.

So weit die Ritter vor- und rückwärts ſpähen,
Iſt rings derſelbe öde, todte Raum;
Beſchränkt von keinem Thal, von keinen Höhen,
Erreicht das müde Aug' ein Ende kaum,
Kein lebend Weſen iſt weitum zu ſehen,
Kein Halm erhebt ſich rings, kein Strauch, kein Baum;
Inmitten nur erblickt man ein Gemäuer,
An Höh' gering, an Breite ungeheuer.

Begegnend eilig des Genoſſen Frage,
Spricht Ulf: „Ich ſeh' wornach dein Blick mich fragt,
Dieß iſt ein uralt Denkmal früher Tage,
Da rohe Kraft noch mehr, als jetzt, gewagt;
Der Rieſen Schloß hat dort, ſo geht die Sage,
Mit mächt'gen Zinnen himmelan geragt;
Und was du ſiehſt, zerſtört vom Zeitenſturme,
Es iſt der Reſt von einem mächt'gen Thurme.

Zwar ſiehſt du nichts, als Trümmer, die da liegen
Zerſtreut und hingeworfen rings im Rund,
So hoch doch, als der Thurm einſt aufgeſtiegen,
So tief noch reicht er in der Erde Schlund;
Drinn ſoll noch manch ein lang Gewölbe liegen,
Oft ſieht man Lichtlein flammen auf dem Grund,
Daß ſich die leichten Gnomen ſtatt der Hünen
Seit ihrem Sturz zum Aufenthalt bedienen.“

Und ſieh, ſteht er nun ſchon an den Trümmern,
Und lehnt ſich über den zerfall'nen Rand. —
„Ei ſieh, mir däucht, ich ſeh' es drunten ſchimmern,
Dort drüben, links hin an der feuchten Wand;
Jetzt ſcheint es tief im Grunde aufzuflimmern,
Es glimmt, wie vieler Leuchten trüber Brand,
Und gleich Geſtalten ſchwebt es hin und wieder,
Bald hebt es ſich empor, bald ſinkt es nieder.“

Begierig naht ſich Waldemar der Mauer,
Und lehnt beiſeite den erkämpften Schild,
Er bückt ſich hin, und ſpricht: „Von Nacht und Schauer
Erblick' ich wohl die Tiefe rings erfüllt,
Doch grauer wird's, je mehr ich ſchau', und grauer,
Und nirgend ſeh' ich Licht und Schattenbild;
Dich täuſcht die Phantaſie, die Wunderſage
Macht träumen deinen Geiſt am hellen Tage.“

„O nein,“ erwiedert Jener, „was ich ſehe,
Geſtalt und Form gewinnt es üb'rall ſchier,
Je unverwandter ich hernieder ſpähe,
Je klarer, deutlicher erſcheint es mir;
Nur tiefer neige hin dich von der Höhe,
Des Tages Schein beirrt das Auge dir!“
Er ſagt's, und Waldemar, mit ſcharfen Blicken,
Bemüht ſich, tiefer ſich hinabzubücken.

Da ſtreckt ſich plötzlich Ulf — zurücke ſpringend,
Faßt den Genoſſen er mit ſtarker Hand,
Der will beſtürzt empor, ſich rückwärts ringend,
Vergebens doch iſt hier ſein Widerſtand,
Denn, den Gebückten ſtärker noch umſchlingend,
Drängt Ulf ihn nieder von dem jähen Rand,
Er gleitet, ſtürzt, und ſchwer von ſeinem Falle
Erdröhnt der tiefe Grund mit dumpfem Halle.

Zweiter Geſang.

Der Tag verſank, der Himmel ſah erblaſſend
Herab auf das getrübte Gefild,
Die Sonn', in Purpur jede Wolke faſſend,
Lag am Gebirg, von dunklem Glanz erfüllt,
Und, mählig auch die Gipfel ſchon verlaſſend,
Verſank ihr tröſtlich liebevolles Bild,
Und nur ihr Wiederſchein, nach oben glänzend,
Durchdrang die Luft noch, Fels und Wald umgränzend.

Noch wogt vor dem Königsſchloß die Menge
Des bunten Volks erwartend hin und her,
Und Jedem iſt um's Herz ſo bang und enge,
Und Furcht und Sorge wachſen mehr und mehr;
Und hie und da ſchon ruft es durch's Gedränge:
„O fruchtlos Harren! keiner kommt wohl mehr;
Gewiß erſchlug der grimme Rieſe Beide,
Des Königs Luſt, des Vaterlandes Freude.“

Auf ſamm'tnem Thron, im Freien ſich erhebend,
Der König ſitzt, ſchon aller Hoffnung baar,
Und ſeine Hand, von inn'rem Schauder bebend,
Durchwühlt im Krampf ſein ſilbern Greiſenhaar;
In weitem Kreis, zur Rechten ihn umgebend,
Sucht Troſt ihm zu der Prieſter heil'ge Schaar,
Die Ritter aber, die zur Linken ſtehen,
In ſtummem Leid zur Erde niederſehen.

Doch bänger iſt, als All' im ganzen Schwarme,
Giſelda, die am Thurme droben ſteht,
Und deren Auge, naß von bitt'rem Harme,
Durch Thränen in die düſtre Weite ſpäht;
Auf mildbewegter Bruſt gekreuzt die Arme,
Spricht ſie ein leiſe ſchmerzliches Gebet,
Verzweiflung aber tobt mit herben Schmerzen,
Da ihre Lippe betet, ihr im Herzen.

Da ſprengt ein Reiter plötzlich durch die Reihen,
In vollem Flug, das Schwert geſchwenkt, heran; —
„Heil! Heil dem König!“ ruft er, „Heil dem Treuen,
Der das gewalt'ge Siegeswerk gethan!
Nun wird dem Reich der Segen ſich erneuen,
Bald wird der Sieger mit dem Schilde nahn,
Schon könnt ihr ihn dort niederſteigen ſchauen,
Doch, ihn zu krönen, [illegible].“

Wie ſpringt der König da von ſeinem Sitze,
Voll neuen, friſchen Lebens, wieder auf,

Wie drängt ſich da, die Prieſter an der Spitze,
Dem Sieger zu des Volkes mächt'ger Hauf',
Bald hier, bald dorthin eilt in froher Hitze
Der Ritter Schaar in unſtät wirrem Lauf,
Giſelden doch, bei ſchreckenvollem Harren,
Will alles Blut in ihren Adern ſtarren.

Nicht lange währt's, als, wie vom Sturm verſchlagen,
Des Volkes Strom zurücke wieder ſchwillt,
Und Ulf erſcheint, bald ſchreitend, bald getragen,
Die Miene kühn, das Auge ſtolzerfüllt,
Und prangend läßt den Schild er hochauf ragen,
Den ſeine aufgelöſ'te Schärp' umhüllt,
Und naht ſich ſo, umjauchzt von Jubelrufen,
Umrauſcht von Lob, des Thrones hohen Stufen.

Der König eilt herab, ihn zu umſchließen —
„Willkommen, hoch willkommen, junger Held!“
Er ruft's, und ſeine Freudenthränen fließen,
Sein Herz erpocht, von Luſt emporgeſchwellt;
Das Volk, es hört nicht auf mit Jubelgrüßen,
Die Harfen klingen, die Drommete gellt.
Giſelda doch liegt ſtarr und bleich am Thurme,
Die zarte Blume, hingeknickt vom Sturme.

Und Ulf erhebt ſich jetzt mit ſolcher Rede:
„Nun, königlicher Herr, es iſt vollbracht.
Ich bringe dir aus grauſenhafter Fehde
Den Schild zurück, mit ihm die alte Macht;
Mein Kampfgefährte endete ſo ſchnöde,
Daß ich zu ſiegen ſelbſt nicht mehr gedacht —
Empfangt, ihr Prieſter, hier die Siegeszeichen,
Mit heil'ger Hand dem König ſie zu reichen.“

Das Haupt des Rieſen gibt er ſammt dem Schilde
Entſchleiert in der Prieſter fromme Hand:
Was ſteht da plötzlich, wie ein Steingebilde,
Der König ſtarr — die Miene ſtraff geſpannt?
Was ſtiert der Prieſter Blick ſo groß und wilde,
Was hüllen ſie das Haupt in ihr Gewand,
Und rufen zu des Königs tiefen Stöhnen
Ein furchtbar „Weh!“ in grauſen Jammertönen?

„Was iſt's, was iſt's?“ ſo ruft's von allen Seiten,
Und Ulf entſetzt: „Was faßt euch für ein Wahn?“
Die Prieſter aber weit die Arme breiten,
Und heben hoch den blanken Schild hinan,
Und jammern auf: „Was hilft's, ihn zu erbeuten,
Er frommt uns nicht, es fehlt der Talisman,
Der Diamant, durch den er Kraft bekommen,
O ſeht! o ſeht! ſein Licht iſt ausgeglommen!“

Und alles Volk erblickt nun mit Entſetzen
In Schildes Mitte den verglühten Stein,
Und jeglich Auge bittre Thränen netzen,
Und Jeder ſtimmt zum Weh der Prieſter ein;
Zuletzt zerſtreun ſich All' von ihren Plätzen,
Heim wandert Jeder traurend und allein,
Auch Ulf verläßt mit ſtarkem Schritt die Stelle,
Im Herzen kocht ihm eine ganze Hölle.

Den König aber führen heim die Seinen,
Erſt geht er ſtill, dann bricht er aus und ruft:
„O Götter, keinen Tag mehr laßt mir ſcheinen;
In ew'ger Nacht verſchließet mir die Luft,
Und ungeſehn will ich mich elend weinen,
Hinunter weinen in der Väter Gruft,
Der Letzte meines Stammes, der in Schande
Mit greiſem Haupte ſtürzt zum Grabesrande!“

Und ohne Labungstrank und ohne Speiſe,
Berathend ob des göttlichen Gerichts,
Durch deſſen Spruch ſo wunderbarer Weiſe
Erloſchen im Demant der Strahl des Lichts,
Verweilt die Nacht er in der Prieſter Kreiſe,
Sie rathen lange und errathen nichts,
Bis ſie zuletzt ein Opferfeſt beſchließen,
Sobald der Tag die Erde würde grüßen.

Indeſſen tobt und raſt in ihrer Halle
Giſelda, ihrer Sinne nicht bewußt,
Die Wölbung tönt von ihres Jammers Schalle,
Sie reißt ihr leicht Gewand, ſie ſchlägt die Bruſt;
Bald ſinkt ſie hin, dann hebt ſie ſich vom Falle,
Und lacht empor, als wär' ihr Herz voll Luſt,
Bald ſtarrt ſie brütend hin, das Auge trocken,
Bald ſchreit ſie auf, und rauft die weichen Locken.

Schon faßte ſie den Dolch, ſich zu durchbohren,
Die Zofen doch entriſſen ihr den Stahl,
Sie nöth'gen ſie zum Sitz, und, tiefverloren
In dumpfes Sinnen, ſitzt ſie ſtarr und fahl;
Doch hat die Glut darum nicht ausgegohren,
Auf ſpringt ſie, faßt den Dolch zum zweiten Mal,
Doch ihr entreißen ihn die Zofen wieder,
Und drücken kräftig ſie auf's Lager nieder.

Vergebens iſt der Troſt aus mildem Munde,
Kein Flehen, kein Beſchwören bringt Gewinn,
Ach, Worte heilen keine Herzenswunde,
Kein Balſam iſt für den zerſtörten Sinn;
Sie wüthet fort, bis daß die letzte Stunde
Der dunkeln Nacht ſchon zieht am Himmel hin,
Und der Erſchöpften matte, glüh'nde Augen,
Vom Schlaf beſiegt, der Ruhe Labung ſaugen.

Es ſinkt ihr Haupt in die gerungnen Arme,
Und ſchlaffer wird die Sehne, ſtill das Blut,
Der Puls wird ſtill, das ſchrecklich warme,
Schon leiſer pocht es in gedämpfter Glut;
Die Seele nur, erſchüttert noch vom Harme,
Nur Phantaſie, die gaukelnde, nicht ruht,
Und eilig flieht ſie mit Giſelda's Sinnen,
Aus ihr heraus ſie führend, weit von hinnen.

Giſelden däucht, ſie werde fortgeleitet
Von unſichtbarer Hand durch eine Au;
Dann liegt ein mächtig Flachfeld ausgebreitet,
Gleich einer Steppe, unfruchtbar und rauh;
Der Himmel ſelbſt, der ſich darüber ſpreitet,
Iſt, wie die weite Eb'ne drunten, grau,
Der Boden rings von dieſem öden Lande
Iſt hoch bedeckt mit feinem Staub und Sande.

So weit ſie vor- und rückwärts möge ſpähen,
Iſt rings derſelbe öde todte Raum,
Beſchränkt von keinem Thal, von keinen Höhen,
Erreicht das müde Aug' ein Ende kaum;
Kein lebend Weſen iſt ringsum zu ſehen,
Kein Halm erhebt ſich rings, kein Strauch, kein Baum,
Inmitten nur erblickt ſie ein Gemäuer,
An Höh' gering, an Breite ungeheuer.

Da iſt's, als wenn ihr eine Stimme riefe:
„Giſelda, geh' zu jener Mauer Rand,
Und blickſt du dort herunter in die Tiefe,
Wird plötzlich all dein Kummer dir entwandt!“
Ihr iſt, als ob ſie eilig weiter liefe,
Schon auf die Mauer ſtützt ſie ihre Hand,
Schon neigt ſie ſich herunter von der Trümmer,
Und ſieht hinab, und ſpäht und ſpähet immer.

Mit einem Mal erfüllet das Gemäuer
Mit flüchtigem Schweben lichter Nebelſchein,
Und dämmernd weicht es üb'rall, wie ein Schleier,
Wie Mondlicht dringt es in die Tiefe ein,
Ihr Auge blickt nun ſicherer und freier
Die Kluft hindurch und bis zum Grund hinein,
Dort ſieht ſie Strahlenglanz am Boden flirren,
Und hierhin bald, bald wieder dorthin irren.

Und nun gewahrt ſie, daß dieß irr' Geſtrahle
Von einer Rüſtung kommt, die unten ruht,
Ein Ritter liegt, umfaßt von blankem Stahle,
Im Grunde hingeſtreckt, in ſeinem Blut;
Sein ſtarres Angeſicht, das leichenfahle,
Bedeckt des gold'nen Haares dichte Flut,
Er regt ſich nicht, er iſt wohl eine Leiche,
Und ſeine Seele ſchon im Geiſterreiche.

Da tönet unten plötzlich eine Stimme,
Als ſchalle ſie aus tiefem Fels hervor:
„Auf, hebt ihn, den der Feind, in ſeinem Grimme,
Zum Opfer ſeiner Herrſchbegier erkohr!
Noch möglich iſt's, daß neues Leben glimme
Aus der zerſchlag'nen, blut'gen Bruſt empor,
Wir Kleinen wollen ſanft und ſüß ihn betten;
Vielleicht gelingt's, den Edlen noch zu retten!“

Und wie dieß tönt, da theilen ſich die Wände,
Und aus dem Riſſe quillt ein blendend Licht;
Ein zwergig Männlein ſchlüpft herein behende,
Mit weißem Bart, mit lächelndem Geſicht,
Ein Demantgürtel ſchließt um ſeine Lende,
Die Haare eine goldne Kron' durchflicht;
Den Silberzepter hat er hoch geſchwungen,
Ein Purpurmantel hält den Leib umſchlungen.

Ihm folgen viele winzige Geſtalten,
Ein Lämpchen flammt in einer Jeden Hand;
Sie drehn ſich eilig mit geſchäft'gem Walten;
Die Leuchten hangen Viele an die Wand,
Den Ritter mühn ſie ſich emporzuhalten,
Und And're löſen ihm des Panzers Band;
Noch Andre bringen Waſſer klar und helle,
Und Moos, für eine Lagerſtatt, zur Stelle.

Sie ziehn den Starren nun zum weichen Pfühle,
Sie rütteln ihn, ſie waſchen Glied um Glied,
Sie reiben ihm die Stirn, die todeskühle,
Sie ſalben ſeine Wunden, nimmer müd',
Am Herzen horchen ſie, ob nicht Gefühle
In den verglühten Buſen wieder zieht,
Und pflegen ſorgſam ihn auf alle Weiſe,
Und trippeln um ihn her und ſingen leiſe:

„Wir Gnomen, wir lieben,
Das Mitleid zu üben;
Wir helfen dem Trüben,
Dem Leidenden gern;
Und wem nur nicht grauet,
Und wer uns vertrauet,
Der ſuchet, der ſchauet
Die Hülfe nicht fern.

Uns liegen Arzneien,
Die Kraft zu erneuen
Dem Guten und Treuen
In blinkendem Schacht.
Und was wir beſitzen,
Wir müſſen es nützen,
Den Frommen zu ſchützen
Durch himmliſche Macht!"

Kaum hat das Lied, das freundliche, geendet,
Da ſtreckt der Ritter ſeine Rechte dar;
Er athmet auf, er regt ſich — ſtaunend ſendet
Den Blick er ringsum in der Gnomen Schaar;
Und wie das Angeſicht er rückwärts wendet,
Erkennt Giſelda ihren Waldemar. —
Auf ſchreit ſie, — und der Traum, er iſt zerronnen
Mit allem Glanz, mit allen ſeinen Wonnen.

Vom Lager ſpringt ſie auf, noch ſieht ſie irre,
Befangen von dem zaub'riſchen Geſicht,
Ans Fenſter eilt ſie, ſieht, wie mit Geflirre,
Die Sonne Bahn ſich aus den Wellen bricht.
Der Vögel Chor in ſchallendem Gewirre
Begrüßet das erſehnte neue Licht;
Die Bäume rauſchen und die Lüfte wehen
Den Thau vom Gras, den Nebel von den Höhen.

Da hebt gen Himmel ſie, bewegt, die Hände, —
„Du, ew'ger Geiſt, der aus der Sonne blickt,
Der, was er ſchuf, vom Anbeginn zum Ende,
Erhält, vermehrt, ſegnet und beglückt, —
Ich fühl's, du biſt's, zu dem ich jetzt mich wende,
Der das Geſicht, das ſel'ge, mir geſchickt;
Ich fühl's am Tag, der neu die Welt entzündet,
Du haſt im Traum die Wahrheit mir verkündet!"

Ihr Auge leuchtet auf, vom Hoffnungsſtrahle
Geröthet, glänzt die bleiche Wange neu.
Sie eilt hinab, wo ſchon beim Opfermahle
Die Prieſter betend ſtehn, ſie eilt herbei,
Den König zieht ſie fort zum ſtillen Saale,
Bekennt ihm dort, mit jungfraulicher Scheu,
Wie ſie ſeit lange Waldemar ſchon liebte,
Wie ihre Seele ſich um ihn betrübte.

Den Traum erzählt ſie dann, in haſt'ger Eile,
Und fleht: „O theurer Vater, ordne gleich,
Daß alle ſich verſammeln ohne Weile,
Die angeſehn und groß in deinem Reich;
Dann folget mir — gleich einem ſchnell'n Pfeile,
Der nach dem Ziele ſchwirrt, geleit' ich euch,
Das Räthſel löſend, hin auf ſchnellen Wegen,
Zur Rettung mir, dem Land und dir zum Segen."

Doch ordne auch, daß nicht der Sieger fehle,
Daß Ulf auch mit ſey in dem feſt'nen Zug;
Ich ahne Böſes, ſchwarz iſt ſeine Seele,
Sein Herz zu jeder Schandthat hart genug.
Er folge mit dem Schilde mir, doch hehle
Den Zweck des Zuges ihm mit leichtem Trug.
Die Götter ſind mit mir, ich darf es hoffen!
In wenig Stunden liegt das Wunder offen!

Der König läßt ſein Machtgebot ergehen,
Erfüllt von ſüßen Glaubens neuem Licht;
Und als verſammelt die Beruf'nen ſtehen,
Tritt feierlich er unter ſie und ſpricht:
„Was hundert ſcharfe Augen oft nicht ſehen,
Erblickt der reinen Unſchuld klar Geſicht;
Und was nicht weiſer Rath vermag zu löſen,
Thut oft ſich kund dem unbedachten Weſen.

Ein Traum wies meiner Tochter eine Stelle,
Dort hinter jenen Wäldern, wo, den Groll
Der Götter ſühnend, auf zur Himmelsſchwelle
Der Rauch von unſrem Opfer ſteigen ſoll.
Dann, ſprach der Traum, erglänzet doppelhelle,
Des Schildes Diamant, und ſegenvoll
Wird das verlaſſ'ne Land hinfort gedeihen,
Und alles Heil ſich, alle Luſt erneuen.

Drum laßt zum Zuge eilig uns bereiten;
Zu frühe nicht wird ſolch ein Glück gewährt.
Giſelda wird uns nach der Stelle leiten,
Wie ſie der Traum, der himmliſche, gelehrt.
Der Sieger mit dem Schild ſoll uns begleiten,
Ihm lohn' ich herrlich dann ſein tapfres Schwert!"
Er ſpricht es, und Giſelda kommt mit Prangen,
Gar feſtlich ausgeſchmückt, einhergegangen.

Da ordnet ſich der Zug in einz'ne Schaaren,
Giſelda ſchreitet königlich voran,
Ihr folget Ulf in rauſchenden Talaren,
Schließt ſich der Prieſter lange Reihe an.
Dann geht der greiſe König, und, in Paaren,
Der Hauf der ſchmucken Ritter hinterdran.
Den Zug beſchließen Diener, Roß und Wagen,
Und Knaben, die Geräth zum Opfer tragen.

Giſelda, die den Weg hier, dort Geſträuche,
Die Wieſe da, die noch ſo üppig blüht,
Die Quelle an dem Pfad, und dort die Eiche,
Wie ſie's im Traum erblickte, wieder ſieht,
Entladet ihre Bruſt, die wonnereiche,
Nun in ein herrlich klingend heilig Lied;
Und wie die Prieſter es und Ritter hören,
Da ſtimmen ſie dazu in vollen Chören.

Fort geht der Zug, durch Au'n und ſchatt'ge Haine,
Bis plötzlich auf der dunkle Forſt ſich thut,
Und vor den Blicken, weit in grauem Scheine,
Die öde Eb'ne, fern ſich dehnend, ruht.
Da ſinkt Giſelda knieend hin am Raine,
Und jubelt auf, erfüllt von ſel'gem Muth:
„Ich bin am Ziel, darnach ſo heiß ich flehte;
Glück auf! der Traum wird wahr, dieß iſt die Stätte!"

Entzückend tönt der Jubelruf für Alle,
Den finſtern Ulf nur grauſer Schreck erfaßt,
Wohl ahnt er nichts von ſeinem nahen Falle,
Sein Herz doch zittert ohne Ruh und Raſt.
Fort muß er mit der Andern dichtem Schwalle,
Giſelden folgend, die, gedrängt von Haſt,
Von Sehnſucht glühend, mit verſtärktem Schritte
Den Trümmern zueilt in der Eb'ne Mitte.

Schon ſteht ſie dort, ſie faſſet Ulf am Arme,
Vernichtet ſcheint er, ſeine Wang' erbleicht,
Sie aber ruft dem zugedrängten Schwarme:
„Das Ziel des Traumes, der Wahrheit, iſt erreicht!
Mich zu befrein und euch von ſchwerem Harme,
Mit einem einz'gen Worte kann ich's leicht!"
Sie ſagt's und neigt ſich von der Mauer nieder,
Ruft: „Waldemar!" und mächtig hallt es wieder.

Da tönt's: „Wer ruft mir?“ dumpf herauf von innen,
„Ach, rettet mich an's Tageslicht hinauf!“
Und Ulf erſtarrt, ſein Blut, es will gerinnen;
Schon will er ſinken, rafft ſich wieder auf,
Und reißt ſich los, und will bebend von hinnen;
Die Ritter doch erfaſſen ihn im Lauf,
Und halten ihn, und winden aus den Händen
Den Dolch ihm, der ſein Leben ſollte enden.

Und wieder ruft Giſelda ſtark hinunter:
„Giſelda iſt es, Trauter, die dir ruft:
In Luſt und Wonne geht das Herz ihr unter;
Dich wieder zu erſchaun aus dumpf'ger Gruft,
Ein Hängſeil laſſen flugs wir dir herunter;
D'ran ſchwinge dich empor zur reinen Luft!“
Und wie ſie's ruft, da kommen ſchon in Eile
Die ſtarken Diener mit dem langen Seile.

Nicht lange währt's, da ziehn, mit freud'gem Bangen,
Den Ritter ſie an's Tageslicht hervor.
Er ſpringt heraus, vom Jubelgruß empfangen,
Giſelda ſchlingt am Hals ſich ihm empor;
Die Freunde all' an ſeinen Lippen hangen,
Der Ritter keiner fehlt in dieſem Chor;
Der Königsgreis bedeckt ihn heiß mit Küſſen,
Ihn, den ein Wunder nur erretten müſſen.

Doch plötzlich wendet Waldemar die Blicke,
Erſchauet Ulf, und raſet auf ihn ein: —
„Ha, Mörder, dich entlarvte das Geſchicke,
Und Gnomen mußten meine Schützer ſeyn;
Doch du, Verworfner, büße deine Tücke;
Her mit dem Schilde, Frecher, er iſt mein!
Dein Schwert heraus, ich will dich niederkämpfen,
Den glüh'nden Haß auf ewig dir zu dämpfen!“

Den Schild entreißt er ihm, ihn hoch erhebend,
Dem König und den Prieſtern zugewandt,
Da ſchallt Gejauchz', die weite Luft durchbebend:
„O ſeht, nun iſt er in der rechten Hand!“
Wie eine Sonne, ob dem Haupt ihm ſchwebend,
Erglänzt im Schilde feurig der Demant;
Und rings am Rande die Geſteine flammen,
Und fließen all' in eine Glut zuſammen.

Erwacht, erholt vom erſten freud'gen Schrecken,
Beginnt der König: „Zähme deine Wuth,
O Waldemar! du ſollſt dich nicht beflecken,
Dich ſchänden nicht mit Baſiliskenblut.
Den Niedrigen ſoll ew'ge Nacht bedecken,
Verzehren mag ihn gift'ge Schlangenbrut;
Hinab mit ihm; zur Luſt den ew'gen Göttern,
Soll ſein Gebein am Grunde ſich zerſchmettern!“

Erfüllt wird das Gebot, und wund' am Grunde
Liegt der Verräther. Sterben kann er nicht;
Die Gnomen ätzen täglich ihm die Wunde,
Die immer auf, mit neuen Schmerzen, bricht;
Denn Gnomen ſind mit Guten nur im Bunde,
Doch grimmig haſſen ſie den Böſewicht.
So walten ſie im Dunkel, ſtreng und milde,
Wie ihr vernommen habt im Lied vom Schilde.

Christian August Gottlob Eberhard

ward im Jahre 1769 zu Belzig im preußiſchen Herzogthume Sachſen geboren, und erhielt ſeine Bildung in Halle, wo ihn die Familie von Madai, nachdem er im zwölften Jahre ſeines Alters ſeinen Vater verloren hatte, als Pflegeſohn zu ſich nahm. Er ſtudirte nun, jedoch ohne beſondere Neigung, Theologie und beſchäftigte ſich dagegen vorzugsweiſe gern mit Kunſtſtudien und belletriſtiſchen Arbeiten. Mit dieſen Letzteren, welche er ohne Nebenabſicht, nur zu ſeinem Vergnügen verfaßt hatte, trat er erſt ſpäter und zu Anfange anonym hervor, machte dann von dem Honorar, welches ihm dieſelben eingetragen hatten, eine Reiſe an den Rhein, im Sommer 1793, und widmete ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr beſonders phyſiologiſchen und pathologiſchen Forſchungen. In der Folge nannte er ſich bei ſeinen dichteriſchen Arbeiten, zeichnete ſich vorzüglich als erzählender Schriftſteller aus, und hatte thätigen Antheil an den von ſeinem Freunde Becker herausgegebenen periodiſchen Schriften, ſo wie er auch gemeinſchaftlich mit Lafontaine die Zeitſchrift **Salina** herausgab. Nach dem Tode eines anderen Freundes, des Buchhändlers Schiff, übernahm E. die Leitung der Renger'ſchen Buchhandlung, ſo wie er ſeit 1818 ſeine Mußeſtunden dazu anwandte, eine Felſenhöhe zwiſchen Giebichenſtein und Halle anzubauen und in eine ſchöne Gartenanlage umzuwandeln. Hier lebt er noch jetzt in einem anmuthigen Landhauſe, allgemein geſchätzt und verehrt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Yſop Lafleur's Werke. Halle, 1796.
Ferdinand Werner. Halle, 1802. N. A. 1805. 2 Th.
Prinz Fet-Elof. Halle, 1804.
Geſammelte Erzählungen. Leipzig, 1806—7. 4 Thle.
Die Wittwe. Luſtſpiel. Halle, 1805.
Federzeichnungen. Halle, 1805.
Iſcharioth Krall. Halle, 1807.
Sankt Sylveſter. Halle, 1810.
Flatterroſen. Halle, 1817.
Weſtfeld und ſein Freund. Halle, 1823. 2 Thle.
Hannchen und die Küchlein. Idylliſches Gedicht. Halle, 1822 und öfter.
Der erſte Menſch und die Erde. Idyll. Ged. Halle, 1828.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Halle, 1830. 20 Bde.
Gemeinſchaftlich mit Lafontaine: Salina. Halle, 1812—1816. 5 Thle.
Einzelne Erzählungen Gedichte u. ſ. w. in den Zeitſchriften: Idas Blumenkörbchen. Becker's Erholungen, u. ſ. w.

Geſunder und treffender Witz, Kenntniß der Welt und des Lebens, feine Characteriſtik, Anmuth und Lebendigkeit der Darſtellung, bei edler Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit, verleihen Eberhard's erzählenden Leiſtungen einen dauernden Werth und weiſen ihm ſeinen Rang neben den beſten deutſchen Schriftſtellern in dieſem Fache an. Hinſichtlich ſeiner übrigen dichteriſchen Leiſtungen hat ihm ſeine echte ungeſchminkte Herzlichkeit und ſein reiner Sinn viele Herzen gewonnen, und wenn er hier auch mehr nachahmend als originell erſcheint, ſo verdient doch vieles, das aus ſeiner Feder floß, namentlich ſein „Hannchen und die Küchlein,“ mit vollem Rechte die Anerkennung die ihm in ſo reichem Maaße zu Theil ward.

Nur keine Mesalliance! *)

Erzählung.

In dem ſchönen Dorfe Aſſelheim liegen die Höfe zweier Rittergüter dicht neben einander. Auf dem ſogenannten **alten** Hofe reſidirte Jahr aus Jahr ein die Wittwe des hochſeligen Herrn Kammerjunkers von Roßbeck. Der ſogenannte **neue** Hof war an den Regierungsrath Wengold verkauft, weil der Herr Kammerjunker die letzten zwanzig Jahre ſeines Lebens oft viel Unglück gehabt hatte, nicht beim Feldbau und bei der Viehzucht, ſondern beim Haus- und Gartenbau.

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*) Aus Eberhard's geſammelten Erzählungen. Halle u. Leipzig. 1806.

Die Frau Kammerjunkerin fand ſich in ihr Schickſal mit möglichſtem Anſtande; und wenn ſie auch aufhören mußte, auf eine vornehme Weiſe zu leben: ſo that ſie deswegen doch nicht darauf Verzicht, vornehme Geſinnungen zu äußern. Sie betheuerte allen ihren ritterfähigen Bekannten, der Verluſt ihres ſchönſten Gutes würde ihr nur wenig ſchmerzlich ſeyn, wenn es nur wieder das Eigenthum irgend einer ritterfähigen Familie geworden wäre; und als der bürgerliche Regierungsrath zum erſten Male den Frühling dort genießen wollte, nahm ſie nicht allein für ihre eigne Perſon die zweckmäßigſten Maßregeln, mit dem neuen Nachbar in keine Gemeinſchaft zu kommen, ſondern ſie gab auch innerhalb ihrer Dienerſchaft die gemeſſenſten Befehle; und mit Junker Rudolph, ihrem einzigen Söhnlein, nahm ſie ein beſonderes Exercitium vor, um ihm die vornehmen Manieren recht geläufig zu machen, mit denen er die etwaigen, bürgerlichen Annäherungen gewiſſer Leute von ſich abzuweiſen habe.

Alle dieſe Anſtalten ſchienen indeß nicht nöthig geweſen zu ſeyn; denn der Regierungsrath hielt ſich und die Seinigen von ſelbſt in beſcheidner Entfernung von ſeiner nahen Nachbarin, ohne daß es ihm deshalb an geſellſchaftlichem Verkehr gefehlt hätte. Er galt für einen Mann von bedeutendem Einfluß in der Reſidenz; er war ein unterhaltender Geſellſchafter; er war galant, er führte einen ſehr guten Tiſch, und er geizte ganz und gar nicht mit ſeinem vortrefflichen Weine: es fehlte ihm alſo keineswegs an vornehmen Gäſten mit Ordenskreuzen und Kammerherrn-Schlüſſeln.

Als die Frau Kammerjunkerin dieſes ein Paar Sommer hindurch, erſt mit großem, und dann mit immer geringerem Erſtaunen, beobachtet hatte, konnte ſie nicht länger unterlaſſen, auch ein wenig mit dem Strome zu ſchwimmen; und um nicht inconſequent zu erſcheinen, ſetzte ſie es ſich und ihrem Rudolph von Zeit zu Zeit aus einander, daß man den Regierungsrath gewiſſermaßen für nobilitirt könnte gelten laſſen, erſtens, weil er ein ſo altadeliges Rittergut beſitze, und zweitens, weil er ein adeliges Amt bekleide.

Dem Junker Rudolph, der nun ſchon bei einem Dragonerregimente in Reihe und Glied geſtellt war, kam dieſe neue Lehre gar nicht ungelegen, denn er litt bei ſeinem Urlaub, trotz der vielfältigen Liebkoſungen ſeiner Mutter, und trotz des vertraulichen Umgangs mit ſeinem Reitknechte, gar gewaltig an Langerweile. Er ſehnte ſich daher mit ganzer Seele nach anderweitiger geſellſchaftlicher Zerſtreuung, wo er ſeine Uniform und ſeine kleine Galanterie zeigen und nebenbei ſeinem äußerſt geſunden Appetit bei etwas Beſſerem, als der gewöhnlichen Hausmannskoſt freies Spiel laſſen könne. Der große Tag erſchien, und der ſtattliche Junker ſaß während des Schmauſes in der vollen Pracht und Glorie ſeiner knappen Uniform und ſeines weißen Stutzbartes neben Sophien, der aufblühenden Tochter vom Hauſe, deren bürgerliche Geburt er gänzlich überſah und vergaß, nicht ſowohl wegen ihrer lieblichen Schönheit und geiſtigen Anlagen, als vielmehr wegen der Menge von herrlichen Speiſen und Getränken, welche ihn dermaßen ergötzten und beſchäftigten, daß ihm zum Betrachten und Unterhalten ſeiner Nachbarin wenig oder gar keine Zeit übrig blieb. Doch als er recht durch und durch ſatt war, und, ungeachtet ſeines beſten Willens, nichts mehr genießen konnte, erinnerte er ſich dankbar der Vorſorge, welche Sophie ſich um ihn durch freundliches Nöthigen zum Zulangen erworben hatte, und gewiſſenhaft ſetzte er nun alle ihm zu Gebote ſtehenden Künſte der Galanterie in Bewegung. Er erzählte von Bällen und Duellen, denen er in der Garniſon ſchon beigewohnt, ſchilderte mit Enthuſiasmus die Schönheit der Pferde und der Töchter ſeines Obriſten, und ſetzte zuletzt den ganzen Schatz ſeiner Ehre zum Pfande, daß die eine der Letzteren, und zwar die nämliche, um welche ſich noch kürzlich erſt zwei Kornets, zur Probe, wer von Beiden am verliebteſten in ſie ſei, auf Tod und Leben geſchlagen hätten, Sophien ſo ähnlich ſei, als ob ſie ihr aus den Augen geſchnitten wäre.

Sophie wollte ihm das nicht glauben, weil ihr bis dahin noch kein Menſch geſagt hatte, daß ſie ſchön ſei. Ihre Gouvernante, die oft gerade das Gegentheil geäußert hatte, ſollte den Streit entſcheiden. Da erſchrak der Junker, und wußte dem Unwillen der Gouvernante keine beſſere Entſchuldigung entgegen zu ſetzen, als die Verſicherung, daß er nur geſpaßt habe. Sobald er aber mit Sophien wieder einmal allein war, ſchwur er ihr hoch und theuer, daß ſeine erſte Ausſage ſein vollkommenſter Ernſt geweſen ſei, und damit ſie ſich von der Wahrheit derſelben mit eignen Augen überzeugen möchte, drückte er ihr ein niedliches Taſchenetuis mit einem kleinen Spiegel in die Hand, zum recht nahen und genauen Betrachten ihres Geſichtchens, wenn die großen Wandſpiegel in den Zimmern ihres Hauſes ihr etwa zu hoch hingen.

Sophie war hoch erfreut über das allerliebſte Geſchenk, und betrachtete ſogleich ihr Geſicht recht gewiſſenhaft in dem kleinen Spiegel, um zu ſehen, ob Rudolph oder die Gouvernante recht habe. Ehe ſie indeſſen hierüber noch mit ſich einig werden konnte, hatte die Gouvernante ſchon das grauſame Urtheil ausgeſprochen, daß ein ſo gefährliches Geſchenk nicht behalten werden dürfe; und ohne Barmherzigkeit ward es in die Hände, aus denen es gekommen war, wieder zurück geſchickt.

Bei der nächſten Zuſammenkunft ließ es der Junker nicht undeutlich merken, daß ſein Herz gekränkt und ſeine Ehre beleidigt ſei. Die Gouvernante that freilich, als ob ſie hiervon nichts merke; aber Sophiens Gutmüthigkeit ergriff die erſte Gelegenheit, die ſich ihr darbot, um ihm zu ſagen, daß ſein Geſchenk ihr recht viele Freude gemacht, und daß es ihr ſehr leid gethan habe, ihn durch die Zurückgabe deſſelben kränken zu müſſen.

Nun hielt der Junker eine gar ſchöne Rede gegen die Kabalen des Neides, der ſich mit ſeinem tyranniſchen Scepter und ſeinen Basiliskenklauen zwiſchen ſympathiſirende Herzen werfe, um ſie von einander zu reißen und auf das Grauſamſte zu zerfleiſchen. Die tragiſchen Geſten, welche er hiezu machte, beſtanden theils aus einigen kühnen Griffen an das Gefäß ſeines Säbels, theils aus einigen tüchtigen Schlägen, die er mit geballter Fauſt gegen ſeine Stirn that. Sophie verſtand von Allem nichts, und lief verſchüchtert mit der Nachricht zu ihrer Gouvernante, daß der Junker ganz gewaltig betrunken, wo nicht gar verrückt ſein müſſe. Sie fürchtete und vermied ihn von nun an, ſo oft er ſich ihr auch wieder nähern wollte, und wenn ſie ihn nicht ſah, dachte ſie auch faſt gar nicht an ihn. Auf einmal aber ward ſie auf's neue ſehr lebhaft an ihn erinnert, denn ſie fand eines Abends ganz unvermuthet das bewußte Etuis wieder in ihrem Strickbeutel, und auf einem dabei befindlichen Zettel las ſie von der Hand des Junkers folgende Verſe:

An Sophiens Spiegel.

„Als dich Sophiens Blick beſtrahlte:
Da lacht' aus dir, in wunderbarer Pracht,
Von einem Engel angelacht,
Ein Engelsbild, wie kein Corregg' es malte.

Sag' an, wo iſt das Bild geblieben,
Das dir ein günſt'ger Augenblick geliehn!
O, hätteſt du's nicht laſſen fliehn:
Wie zärtlich würd' ich, kaltes Glas, dich lieben!

Fruchtloſer Wunſch! — Doch blüht im Herzen
Wie nicht ihr Bildniß, göttlich ſchön und hehr?
Ja, hier, hier blüht es! Nur zu ſehr
Empfind' ich das an meiner Sehnſucht Schmerzen! —

Wie wandelt ſeliges Entzücken
So plötzlich ſich in namenloſe Pein!
Die Herrliche! Nur ſie allein
Kann ungeſtraft ihr ſchönes Bild erblicken.“

Dicht unter dieſen Verſen ſtand Vor- und Zuname des Junkers nebſt Monatstag und Jahrzahl vorzüglich leſerlich geſchrieben, und zwiſchen dieſem proſaiſchen Anhang war das große von Roſſbeck'ſche Familienwappen mit möglichſter Präciſion, zum Zeichen der elegiſchen Stimmung des Schreibers, auf ſchwarzes Siegellack gedrückt.

Sophie wußte ſchlechterdings nicht, was ſie ſah und las, bis die Gouvernante, welche ihr über die Schultern ſah, mit lebhaftem Erſtaunen ausrief: „Est-il possible? Er macht Verſe auf Sie!“

„Verſe!“ ſtotterte die erſchrockene Sophie — „Ich habe wahrhaftig keine beſtellt!“ — Im Nu war das Blatt ihrer Hand entriſſen, und nun erſt war ſie recht neugierig, zu wiſſen, was ſie geleſen habe. Doch unerbittlich eilte die Gouvernante mit ihrer poetiſchen Beute hinweg, um ſie dem Regierungsrath mitzutheilen. Nach einigem Beſinnen ging auch Sophie nach dem Zimmer ihres Vaters, und da ſie hörte, daß die Gouvernannte ihn im Garten aufſuche, nahm ſie ebenfalls ihren Weg dorthin. Doch ſtatt Derer, die ſie ſuchte, erblickte ſie an einer dichten Heckenwand höchſt unerwartet den poetiſchen Junker, der ſie ſo ſchüchtern, als ob er ein recht böſes Gewiſſen hätte, begrüßte.

„Ach!“ ſtotterte Sophie erſchrocken und verlegen — „Sie haben Verſe auf mich gemacht — —“

Eigentlich wollte ſie noch hinzuſetzen, daß er das hätte ſollen bleiben laſſen; aber ſie vergaß dies augenblicklich, weil er blutroth ward und ſie mit ſehr gerührter Stimme fragte, ob die Verſe auch nicht zu ſchlecht für ſie wären. Sie war zu redlich, als daß ſie ihm nicht hätte geſtehen ſollen, wie wenig ſie bis jetzt davon wiſſe, und wie unwahrſcheinlich es ſei, daß ſie das eingebüßte Blatt wieder werde in ihre Hände bekommen. Da erbot ſich der Junker auf's Großmüthigſte zum Schadenerſatz, bat Sophien, ein wenig zu warten, und lief ſpornſtreichs davon, ehe ſie dazu kommen konnte, ſeine Höflichkeit zu verbitten. Ihm laut nachzurufen, hielt ſie aber aus mehr als einem Grunde nicht für rathſam.

Während ſie noch unſchlüſſig und unwillig nach der Stelle ſah, wo er verſchwunden war, und als ſie eben von ganzem Herzen wünſchte, daß er nicht wieder zurückkehren möchte, hörte ſie hinter ſich in dem Heckengange ihren Vater und die Gouvernante vorübergehen, die ſich eben über die poetiſche Neuigkeit beſprachen. Sophie wollte hervortreten, denn ſie hatte ja ſelbſt ihren Vater von dem Vorgefallenen benachrichtigen wollen; allein der Schreck über die ſchon begonnene, ernſtliche Anklage der Gouvernante machte, daß ſie mit klopfendem Herzen unſchlüſſig ſtehen blieb. Der Regierungsrath, der die große Neuigkeit nur erſt im Allgemeinen gehört hatte, ſchien nicht viel daraus zu machen, und ſuchte ſie auch der eifernden Erzieherin als unbedeutend vorzuſtellen, indem er ihr halb ſcherzhaft ſagte, ein Mädchen müſſe ſich ſo früh als möglich an poetiſche Galanterien, ſo gut als an Thee und Waſſerkuren, gewöhnen, denn auf welches blonde oder braune Gänschen würden heut zu Tage nicht einige Dutzend ſchlechte Verſe gemacht!

Die Gouvernante hatte eine entſchiedene Schwäche für die Kunſt des Verſemachens, ohne deswegen aus einer ſtrengen poetiſchen Schule zu ſein, und nahm es dem Regierungsrath ein wenig übel, daß er die Verſe des Junkers, ohne ſie geleſen zu haben und leſen zu wollen, für ſchlecht hielt. Mit dem Tone der Kennerin verſicherte ſie daher, daß ſie vortrefflich wären, und der Junker gar nicht ſo dumm, wie er ausſähe, ſondern ein guter Kopf und ein ſchöner Geiſt ſei, wie irgend einer in den Ehrentempeln der vergoldeten deutſchen Taſchenbücher.

Sophie hatte nach dieſem Geſpräch nicht abſichtlich hingehorcht, ſondern es nur gehört, weil es ihr an Muth fehlte, hervorzutreten, oder davon zu laufen, und weil es ihr nicht eingefallen war, ſich die Ohren zuzuhalten. Und daß ſie für's erſte nichts weiter hörte, hatte ſeinen Grund bloß in dem Umſtande, daß die Sprechenden ſich jetzt auf ihrem Spaziergange weiter von der Hörerin entfernten. Aber die Wirkung deſſen, was ſie gehört, war bei ihr nichts weniger, als vorübergehend. Sie hatte ihre Gouvernante und manche Andere zu oft mit Ehrfurcht und Begeiſterung von den poetiſchen ſchönen Geiſtern in und außerhalb Weimar ſprechen hören, als daß ihr der Junker nicht auf einmal in einem neuen, herrlichen Lichte hätte erſcheinen ſollen, ſeit er von ſeiner größten Widerſacherin für eine Art von Weimaraner erklärt worden war. Sie hielt ihn nun für ein Weſen höherer Art, deſſen Aufmerkſamkeit ihr im höchſten Grade ſchmeichelhaft ſein mußte. Sie machte ſich bittere Vorwürfe darüber, einen ſo ausgezeichneten Junker bisher ſo unverantwortlich verkannt und geringgeſchätzt zu haben. Sich zu entfernen, eh' er zurückkehrte, fiel ihr jetzt nicht mehr ein; ſie erwartete ihn vielmehr mit recht freudiger Ungeduld, und ſann ernſtlich darauf, wie ſie ihn recht fröhlich empfangen, und wegen des Vergangenen verſöhnen wolle.

Endlich kam der Junker halb außer Athem wieder herbei gerannt. Sophiens kunſtmäßigſter Knix begrüßte ihn ſchon von weitem, und ſie wartete mit Ungeduld nur auf die Frage aus ſeinem Munde, was ſie von den Dichtern halte, um ihnen allen, und ihm ins Beſondere, in der allerehrfurchtsvollſten Antwort zu huldigen. Doch der Junker ſchien dieſe Geſinnungen ſchon bei ihr vorauszuſetzen, denn er ſtellte darüber weiter kein Examen an, ſondern fragte ſie bloß, welche von den beiden verunglückten Abſchriften des Gedichts, die er herbeigeholt hatte, ſie ſtatt der dritten, fehlerfreien, die ihr entwendet war, haben wolle. In der erſten war nur eine einzige Zeile ausgelaſſen; in der andern waren ein Paar Wörter doppelt geſchrieben, und am Ende noch ein großer Klex zur Zugabe gemacht. Der Junker ſtimmte für Nro. 1, weil da das Ganze beſſer abgedruckt war, und weil man nach ſeiner Meinung, das Fehlen einer Zeile weniger bemerke, als den unwillkührlichen Ueberfluß in Form von Buchſtaben oder von einem Klexe.

Sophie neigte ſich deſſen ungeachtet zu Nro. 2; doch ehe ſie noch ihre Gründe dafür auseinander ſetzen konnte, hörte ſie, daß ihr Vater und die Gouvernante ſich wieder in dem Heckengange näherten. Das junge Paar verſtummte augenblicklich erſchrocken vor dem ältern, das noch immer den vorigen Stoff zur Unterhaltung lebhaft verarbeitete. — „Ihr Urtheil, mein Herr Regierungsrath," ſagte die Gouvernante eben laut und vernehmlich, „Ihr Urtheil über das Gedicht, als Gedicht, ſei dann, welches es wolle: ſo müſſen Sie mir doch in dem einen Punkte Recht geben, daß ſich eine ſehr zärtliche Liebe zu Sophien darin ganz unverkennbar ausſpricht."

„O ja!" erwiederte der Regierungsrath — verliebt mag er wohl in ſie ſein, wie es ſo ein Junker nun eben zu ſein pflegt; aber wer wird darüber in die große Lärmtrompete ſtoßen. Thun Sie ja, als merkten Sie davon gar nichts!"

Er ſetzte noch hinzu, daß Sophie auf dieſe Art am ſicherſten in ihrer kindlichen Unbefangenheit zu erhalten und der Junker von ſeiner Narrheit zu heilen ſei, da im Gegentheil durch ein ſtürmiſches Entgegenkämpfen eine ſolche Poſſe oft ſehr bedeutend werde. — Von dieſem wichtigen Zuſatze hörte das junge Paar aber kein Wort mehr, theils weil die Sprechenden ſich ſchon wieder entfernten, theils weil die wenigen Worte, welche deutlich zu verſtehen waren, einen ſo gewaltigen Eindruck auf die beiden betroffenen Hörer machten, daß ihnen auf eine Weile faſt gänzlich das Hören und Sehen verging.

Ein leiſes: „Ach, Herr Jeſus!" war Sophiens Lippen unwillkührlich entflohn, als ſie hörte, daß der Junker in ſie verliebt ſei. Sie war erſchrockener, als wenn neben ihr Feuerlärm geſchrieen würde; aber zugleich hatte ſie eine Empfindung, als ob der Lärm nur einem prächtigen Freudenfeuer gelte. Ihr Geſicht glühte; ſie konnte vor Schaam kein Auge aufſchlagen, und das gewählte Blatt entſank ihrer zitternden Hand.

Auch der Junker war nicht wenig betreten. Doch als die Sprechenden vorüber waren, ſuchte er ſich zu ermannen, und machte der langen, ängſtlichen Pauſe ein Ende, indem er das hingefallene Blatt aufhob, und Sophien ſchüchtern fragte, ob ſie es nun etwa doch noch wegen des Klexes verwerfe!

„Ach nein! darum nicht;" war ihre Antwort — „allein es ſoll ja etwas von Liebe darin ſtehen!"

Wenige Augenblicke nur ſtand der Junker an, was er hierauf erwiedern und thun ſolle. Dann war ſein Entſchluß gefaßt. Er that einen verzweifelten Fußfall; er verſicherte, daß es wörtlich wahr ſei, was eben von ihm in dem Heckengange geſprochen worden, und daß er bereit ſei, ſich eben ſo tapfer, wie die beiden Kornets um die Tochter des Obriſten, um Sophien zu ſchlagen; und er beſchwor ſie, ihn nun ein für allemal als ihren Liebhaber anzuerkennen. Sophie war dieſem Antrage gar nicht abgeneigt, da ſie es, nach der Ausſage der Gouvernante, nicht nur mit einem ſchönem Geiſte zu thun hatte, ſondern auch ihr Vater ſelbſt, wie ſie meinte, die Liebe des Junkers gebilligt hatte. Sie bat dieſen daher, ſich nur noch höchſtens ein Jahr zu gedulden, binnen welcher Zeit ſie gewiß hoffe konfirmirt zu werden, denn früher ſchicke es ſich doch wohl für ein Mädchen nicht, einen förmlichen Liebhaber zu haben.

Gegen dieſen altmodiſchen Aberglauben ſtellte ihr der Junker eine Menge von Beiſpielen neumodiſcher Liebesgeſchichten auf, theils aus der wirklichen Welt, theils aus allerhand moraliſchen Romanen und Erzählungen, in welchen die kleinen Mädchen, unbeſchadet ihrer Kindlichkeit und Unſchuld, gleich aus den Armen ihrer alten Wärterinnen, von denen ſie laufen gelernt haben, in die Arme ihrer jungen Liebhaber hüpfen, von denen ſie nun kunſtmäßig küſſen lernen. Solchen überwiegenden Gründen vermochte Sophie nicht zu widerſtehen. Sie reichte dem Junker die Hand zum Aufſtehen, ließ ſich zwei- oder dreimal von ihm küſſen, verſprach ihm, auf ſein wiederholtes Bitten, ewige Treue und ſtrenge Verſchwiegenheit gegen Jedermann, bis er Officier wäre und ſie heirathen könne; und ſo war dann wieder ein Liebesbund geſchloſſen, ſo ſchön, als in irgend einem moraliſch-verliebten Hiſtorienbuche.

Seit dieſer wichtigen Stunde gab ſich die gewiſſenhafte Sophie recht ernſtlich Mühe, in ihren Liebhaber verliebt zu ſein; und ſo ungeſchickt ſie ſich hiezu auch anfangs anſtellte, ſo ging es jedoch nach und nach immer beſſer mit ihren zärtlichen Gedanken an ihn, wenn ſie getrennt waren, und mit ihren verſtohlenen Blicken, Winken und Händedrücken, wenn ſie ſich in Geſellſchaft ſahen. Selbſt zu manchen geheimen Zuſammenkünften, bei denen ſie immer dreiſter ſchwatzen und küſſen lernte, wußte ſie Rath zu ſchaffen, ohne daß die Gouvernante ſie ertappte; denn ſie war überhaupt nichts weniger als auf den Kopf gefallen, und das Romanhafte eines geheimen Einverſtändniſſes mit einem poetiſchen Liebhaber, der ihr von Zeit zu Zeit ein Paar zärtliche Verſe als Konterbande zuſteckte, gewann immer mehr Reiz für ſie, und entwickelte jetzt manche Anlage in ihr, die ſonſt vielleicht noch lange geſchlummert hätte.

Was die Gouvernante wirklich nicht ſah, und was der Regierungsrath als eine kindiſche Poſſe belachte, das entging deswegen der ernſthaften Beachtung vieler Anderen nicht. Es gab in Rheinheim, ſo gut als anderwärts, Leute, die, nach der Erfahrung eigner Liebesintriguen, wie Spürhunde, den

Intriguen Anderer aufzuwarten, um, was ſie ſich ſelbſt ſehr leicht vergieben, aber bei Jedermann ſorgfältig zu verhehlen ſuchten, an ihrem Freund und Nachbar ſo ſtreng als möglich zu rügen, und die Kunde davon, ſo weit nur ihr Wirkungskreis reichte, zu verbreiten. So ward dann Sophie von Leuten, gegen welche ſie ein wahrer Engel der Unſchuld war, ohne Barmherzigkeit beklatſcht und verdammt; und das gelindeſte Urtheil, was man über den Junker ausſprach, war dieſes, daß er darauf ausgehe, das Gut, das ſein Vater am Spieltiſche verloren habe, mit der Zeit am Traualtare wieder zu gewinnen.

Es konnte nicht fehlen, daß die Kunde von dem Allem endlich durch ein Paar dienſtfertige Zungen auch bis zu den Ohren der Gouvernante und der Frau von Rollbeck drang, die beide dadurch nicht wenig überraſcht und erſchüttert wurden. — Die Rückwirkung hievon auf das verrathene Liebespaar war von ſehr verſchiedener Art. Während Sophie in Thränen der Angſt und Beſchämung faſt zerfloß, trat der Junker gegen ſeine Frau Mama ſehr keck in die Schranken, und berief ſich, zur Behauptung ſeiner Freiheit im Felde der Liebe, auf die glorreichen Beiſpiele ſeines hochſeligen Herrn Papa's und ſeines eben ſo hochſeligen Herrn Onkels, die es bis an ihren Tod, oft genug bei einer Flaſche Wein erzählt und belacht hatten, was ſie, weiland als heranwachſende Buben, mit den Töchtern des Schulmeiſters und Verwalters für verliebte Scherze getrieben. — Frau von Rollbeck ſetzte darauf ſehr gründlich auseinander, daß Plaiſanterien dieſer Art gewöhnlich von gar keinen, oder doch nur von leicht zu überſehenden Folgen, und daher einem jungen Cavalier wohl zu verzeihen wären; dahingegen eine Liebesgeſchichte mit einer Demoiſelle, wobei man ſich zu ſchriftlichen Erklärungen mit Namensunterſchrift und Beifügung des Wappens verführen laſſe, zu den allerverdrüßlichſten dummen Streichen gehöre, deren ſich ein junger Edelmann ſchuldig machen könne.

Bei genauerer Unterſuchung ergab ſich nun freilich, daß Junker Rudolph kein Eheverſprechen, ſondern nur zärtliche Verſe ſchriftlich von ſich gegeben habe, und dieſes beruhigte ſeine Frau Mama nicht wenig; doch auch gegen die Verſe wußte ſie ſehr erhebliche Einwendungen vorzutragen. — Sie dachte nämlich über das Versmachen ungefähr, wie die Türken über das Muſikmachen, und meinte, daß ein Cavalier wohl ein Hochzeit- oder ein anderes Carmen mit allen Ehren annehmen, leſen und bezahlen könne, daß aber die Verfertigung ſolcher Waare ſich nur für Schulmeiſter, Magiſter und dergleichen ärmliche und ſchmachtende Leute ſchicke.

Das wirkte ſehr ſtark auf den Junker, denn trotz ſeiner verbotenen Liebe hatte er ſich doch noch nicht von allen nobeln Geſinnungen entfremdet. In ſeiner Erbitterung geſtand er daher, daß er die Verſe nur aus gedruckten Büchern abgeſchrieben, und daß er längſt ſelbſt bemerkt habe, wie wenig das Verfertigen derſelben ſich für einen Junker paſſe, indem er nie aus eigenen Mitteln welche habe zu Stande bringen können. — Dieſes vertrauliche Geſtändniß, das aber für jeden Andern ein Geheimniß bleiben ſollte, trug wieder etwas zur Beruhigung der Frau von Rollbeck bei, und ſie mißbilligte an dem ganzen Verhältniß für jetzt nichts weiter, als die dabei geſchehene Veruntreuung ihres großen Familienwappens.

Da ſie aber erfahren hatte, daß Sophie thöricht genug geweſen wäre, ſich vorzüglich durch den Glauben an das poetiſche Genie ihres Sohnes zu einem geheimen Liebesverſtändniß verführen zu laſſen, ſo faßte ſie darauf augenblicklich den Plan zur gänzlichen Heilung derſelben. Sie ließ die Gouvernante zu ſich kommen, theilte dieſer unverholen ihre Meinung über die [illegible] Geſchichten mit, und entdeckte ihr zugleich, nicht ohne Schadenfreude, das heilige Geheimniß von den geſtohlenen Verſen, denn für die zukünftige Unverletzlichkeit ihres Stammbaums gab ſie ſehr gern den poetiſchen Lorbeer ihres Sohnes Preis.

Mit vieler Genugthuung über den erlittenen Betrug verkündigte die Gouvernante Sophien, daß der Junker kein poetiſches Genie, ſondern nur ein [illegible], und alſo im Grunde wirklich ſo dumm ſey, als er ausſehe. Die ſchon mit ſich ſelbſt uneins gewordene Sophie ward es nun förmlich auch mit dem Junker. Bei der erſten Gelegenheit, da er ſie mit der alten Vertraulichkeit wieder anredete, hielt ſie ihm ſehr empfindlich ſeine Betrügerei vor, und ſagte ihm die bisherige Liebesverbindung mit dürren Worten auf. Weil er nun mit Schrecken ſah, wie treulos ſeine Mutter ihn verrathen habe, und daß die ganze Ehre ſeines Kopfes nebſt ſeinem ſchönen Liebesroman auf dem Spiele ſtehe: ſo faßte er auf der Stelle einen heldenmüthigen Entſchluß, und ließ Sophien ohne Bedenken [illegible], daß er mit jener Ausſage nur ſeine Mutter belogen habe, weil ſie ein unbändiges Vorurtheil gegen das Versmachen habe.

Sophie war, zur Ehrenrettung ihres eignen Verſtandes, nur zu ſehr geneigt, ſich durch dieſe Vorſpiegelung auf's neue hintergehen zu laſſen; doch war ſie auch vorſichtig genug, ſich dieſe Schwäche nicht geradezu merken zu laſſen: und da ſie ihrem Vater und der Gouvernante heilig verſprochen hatte, von ihrer bisherigen Verirrung zurück zu kehren: ſo blieb ſie ſtandhaft bei ihrer Erklärung, daß ſie den Junker nicht mehr zum Liebhaber verlange.

Dieſer ſchrieb die Unwirkſamkeit ſeiner zärtlichen Bitten und verzweifelten Zufälle einzig und allein der Verrätherei ſeiner Mutter zu, und ſein Dichten und Trachten war nun darauf gerichtet, ſich zu rächen, und den Fehler ſeiner voreiligen Offenherzigkeit wieder gut zu machen. Er rannte daher noch an dem nämlichen Tage zwei Stunden lang in arger Sonnenhitze hinter einem Haſen, einem Eichhörnchen und noch einem Haſen her, ſtürzte dann mit glühendem Geſicht und halb außer Athem in das Zimmer ſeiner Mutter, und nahm eilig aus ihrem Schreibtiſch das Petſchaft mit dem großen Wappen.

„Je Rudolphchen!“ ſagte die erſtaunte Dame — „Du ſchwitzeſt ja, wie ein Braten! Was haſt Du denn gemacht?“

„Verſe!“ war ſeine Antwort — „Das ſehen Sie ja wohl, daß ich Verſe gemacht habe. Ich kann mir nicht helfen: ich muß das Wappen darunter drücken.“ Mit dieſen Worten flog er zur Thür hinaus und auf ſein Zimmer.

Die Mutter rief hinter ihm her; aber er hörte nichts davon, oder that wenigſtens ſo. Wie er erwartet hatte, kam die Mutter ihm nun nachgelaufen, um eine nähere Erklärung zu fodern. Und dieſe gab ihr der Schelm dann, ſo [illegible] und boshaft, als es ihm nur möglich war. — Mit einem ziemlich grell gemalten Ausdruck von Beſchämung auf der einen und Enthuſiasmus auf der andern Seite, ſagte er, daß er neulich, aus kindlicher Gutmüthigkeit, ſeine liebe Mama, um ſie nicht auf einmal ſo ſchwer zu kränken, ein wenig belogen habe, daß er es aber jetzt offenherzig geſtehen wolle, er erliege faſt unter den allerunadeligſten Talenten und Neigungen, denn er hange mit giftiger, unbezwinglicher Leidenſchaft an dem Versmachen und an Verſen.

Frau von Rollbeck war ganz außer ſich über den bedauernswürdigen Gemüthszuſtand ihres einzigen, geliebten Sohnes, und wußte ſich die traurige Verwahrloſung deſſelben nicht anders zu erklären, als daß ſie meinte, ſich an dem Magiſter, dem ſie am Tage nach ihrer Hochzeit für ſein großes Gratulationscarmen einen Speciesthaler in die Hand gedrückt hatte, höchſt unglücklicher Weiſe verſehen zu haben. Sie vergoß die bitterſten Thränen hierüber, und empfand mehrere Tage lang beim Anblick ihres Sohnes den heftigſten Kummer und Aerger.

Eines Abends legte ſie ſich bald krank zu Bette, und durchwachte, voll der unruhigſten Gedanken, den größten Theil der Nacht. Erſt gegen Morgen ſchlummerte ſie ein; aber nicht, um ſich zu erholen, ſondern nur, um ſich noch mehr zu ängſtigen, denn der lebhafteſte und [illegible] Traum ihres ganzen Lebens quälte ſie unbarmherzig bis zum Erwachen.

Es kam ihr nämlich vor, als ob ſie ernſtlich krank und immer kränker würde, als ob ſie nach langer Qual endlich ſtürbe, und wegen harter Anklagen von Seiten ihres ſeligen Gemahls, der nichts weniger als ſelig, ſondern tief in der Hölle mit Zähneklappen beſchäftigt war, nur mit genauer Noth in den Himmel käme.

Hier ward ſie auf mannichfache Weiſe erſt überraſcht, dann ein wenig entzückt, und endlich recht bitter gekränkt.

Der Himmel war, wider Vermuthen, gar nicht voll Geigen, ſondern blos voll von ſtillen Seligen, die ſich, vermuthlich Anſtands halber, von ihrer Seligkeit nicht das Mindeſte merken ließen. Ueberall war Glanz und Pracht und ſchweigende Feierlichkeit, wie bei der großen Cour des fürſtlich S**ſchen Hofes, wo Frau von Rollbeck weiland Hofdame geweſen war. Auch der alte, ehrwürdige Herr, welcher, dem Haupteingange gegenüber, auf einem prächtigen Throne ſaß, glich dem hochſeligen Fürſten von S** auf's Haar; und der Engel, welcher die neue Selige in der majeſtätiſchen Vorhalle empfing, unterſchied ſich durch nichts, als die langen Flügel, von einem [illegible] geputzten S**ſchen Kammerherrn, welches in ihr manche ſehr angenehme, wiewohl etwas weltliche Erinnerungen erweckte.

Um zur großen Mittelthür, die bloß für den ſtiftsfähigen Adel geöffnet wurde, eingehen zu dürfen, und um am Throne förmlich präſentirt werden zu können, mußte ſie durchaus eine ſeidene Robe anhaben, an deren Vordertheile ihr Stammbaum in Gold geſtickt war. Sämmtliche Kammerfrauen brachten auch ſehr bald den Stoff zu der Robe, und erboten ſich zur ſchnellen Verfertigung der Stickerei. Nur verlangten ſie, was ſehr billig war, daß Frau von Rollbeck die Namen ihrer Ahnen genau dazu angebe. Wie ſehr ſie ſich hier an manchen Stellen wegen ihres, zum erſten Male von dieſer Seite untreuen Gedächtniſſes faſt auf's neue halb todt ärgerte, und zurück in's Grab ängſtete, ehe ſie ſich nach und nach auf alle Namen beſann — das gehörig zu ſchildern, ſoll keine Zunge oder Feder eines Erdenbürgers im Stande ſein.

Doch die Stickerei wurde endlich glücklich zu Stande gebracht; die große Feierlichkeit der Präſentation ging, etwas ängſtlich und langweilig, doch höchſt ehrenvoll vorüber, und die neue Himmelsbewohnerin ward in einen glänzenden Kreis von lauter vornehmen Herren und Damen geführt, die alle auf himmelblauen, damaſtenen, ſtark vergoldeten Stühlen ſaßen, und mit himmliſch-ſeligem Wohlgefallen ihre Wappen betrachteten, die groß und prachtvoll zu ihren Füßen in den koſtbaren Teppich gewirkt waren.

Frau von Rollbeck wurde von dem Engel, der ſie empfangen hatte, auf den für ſie beſtimmten Platz geführt, und von dem ganzen Kreiſe höchſt achtungsvoll begrüßt. Sobald ſie ſich geſetzt hatte, bat ſie der Engel, ihre nächſten Nachbarn zur Rechten und zur Linken zu betrachten. Sie that es, und ſah mit Entzücken, daß ſie ſich in der Mitte ihrer früh verſtorbenen Kinder befand, deren jedes auf einem verhältnißmäßig kleineren Stuhle ſaß, damit es mit den Füßen ſein Wappen berühren konnte, wie die großen Leute.

Die zärtliche Mutter überhäufte die geliebten Kleinen mit Liebkoſungen; doch die erwiederten dieſes keinesweges, und wollten ſie theils gar nicht kennen, theils warfen ſie ihr vor, daß ſie von ihr auf Erden bald zu warm und bald zu kalt gehalten, und überfüttert und todt gedrückt wären.

Vergeblich verſicherte die Gekränkte, daß ſie das Alles nur aus zärtlicher Liebe gethan habe; ſie konnte die Herzen der kleinen himmliſchen Starrköpfe durchaus nicht erweichen, und rief daher im bittern Gefühl ihres Schmerzes aus: „Ach wenn doch mein Rudolph hier wäre! Kommt denn mein Rudolphchen nicht bald?“

„Nimmer in dieſen würdigen Kreis!“ donnerte ihr der Engel in's Ohr. Auf ihre ängſtliche Frage erhielt ſie die troſtloſe Antwort, daß ein Cavalier, der ſich bis zu einer Meſalliance erniedrigt habe, auf keinen dieſer vornehmen Plätze Anſpruch machen könne, ſondern die ganze, lange Ewigkeit hindurch auf der entfernten, elenden Gallerie, wo die einfältige, bürgerliche Frömmigkeit abgefunden werde, vorlieb nehmen müſſe.

Da that die erſchrockene Mutter einen lauten Schrei des Entſetzens; doch ſtatt eines tröſtlichen Wortes, lachte der Engel laut auf, und ihre eigenen Kinder und endlich der ganze vornehme Kreis folgten ſeinem ſchadenfrohen Beiſpiele, und trieben die Arme mit immer lauterem, gräßlicherem Hohngelächter zu einer Verzweiflung, wie ſie die Hölle nicht ſchrecklicher kennt. —

Frau von Rollbeck erwachte im heftigſten Fieberſchweiße aus dieſem quälenden Traume, ohne das Mindeſte von der Sehnſucht zu fühlen, mit welcher viele andere Träumer an ihrem geträumten Himmel hangen. Vielmehr brach ſie in ein inbrünſtiges Dankgebet aus, als ſie mit klarem Bewußtſein wieder ihren irdiſchen Betthimmel erkannte, um den ſie mit Freuden jenen, und vielleicht jeden, überirdiſchen hingab. Aber ſo quälend und ſo albern ihr Traum auch geweſen war: ſo konnte ſie doch nicht unterlaſſen, ſich noch wachend mit den Bildern deſſelben zu beſchäftigen. Und je länger und ernſthafter ſie darüber brütete, deſto bedeutender erſchien ihr dies und jenes darin. Sie hielt ihn endlich wirklich für das Werk einer höhern Macht, um ihr ſelbſt ihren nahen Tod anzukündigen, und ihren Sohn vor der allerunglücklichſten Verirrung zu warnen. — Was nun ihren eigenen Tod betraf: ſo ergab ſie ſich, mit einigem Vertrauen zu ihrer guten Natur, in ihr Schickſal; aber ſobald ſie an ihren Sohn dachte, ſeufzte ſie immer mit gepreßtem Herzen: „Ach, Alles! Alles! nur keine Meſalliance!“

In einer trüben Abendſtunde, da dieſer Gedanke, bei vermehrter Krankheit, mit ganz beſonderer Lebhaftigkeit und Aengſtlichkeit vor ihr ſtand, trat unvermuthet der Regierungsrath in ihr Zimmer, um ſich nach ihrem Befinden zu erkundigen. Sie hielt ſeinen Beſuch für eine Schickung des Himmels, und ſprach mit ihm in vertraulichem Tone von ihrem nahen Tode. Und als der Regierungsrath ihr voll warmer Theilnahme Muth und Hoffnung einſprach, ward ſie immer vertrauter, und platzte endlich mit der Erzählung ihres ganzen Traums heraus. Nur mit Mühe konnte der Regierungsrath das Lachen unterdrücken. Doch ward er ernſthafter, als ſie zuletzt in den Seufzer ausbrach: „Ach, nur keine Meſalliance!“ und ihn dann fragte, ob er nicht auch, als ein ſo verſtändiger Mann, eine Meſalliance für eine höchſt unglückliche Thorheit halte, und es ſich zur Gewiſſensſache machen werde, ſeine Tochter davon zurück zu halten.

Er verzieh der kranken, an Geiſt und Körper ſchwachen Frau das Alberne und Unſchickliche, was in dieſer Frage lag, und verſicherte nur mit ernſtem, feſtem Tone, daß er nie in eine Meſalliance ſeiner Tochter willigen werde.

„Gewiß nie? nie?“ ſtammelte Frau von Rollbeck, und ſtreckte ihm ihre Hand entgegen. — „Können Sie mir das mit einem Handſchlage, an Eides Statt, wohl verſprechen?“

Der Regierungsrath war großmüthig genug, auch jetzt jede Empfindlichkeit zu unterdrücken, und mit der Schwäche der Kranken Nachſicht zu haben. Er legte ſeine Hand in die ihrige, und wiederholte mit Nachdruck ſeine vorige Verſicherung. Da ſah ihn Frau von Rollbeck noch mit einem unausſprechlich dankbaren Blicke an, und ſank dann erſchöpft in einen leichten Schlummer, wobei ein ſo heitres Lächeln um ihren Mund ſchwebte, als ſähe ſie ihren Rudolph ſchon groß und breit auf einem der himmelblauen, damaſtenen Stühle ſitzen.

Junker Rudolph war fromm genug, mehrere Tage lang an die prophezeiende und warnende Bedeutſamkeit jenes Traumes zu glauben. Er hielt den nahen Tod ſeiner Mutter für gewiß, und fing an, ſeine geliebte Verirrung für eine Verſündigung an ſeinem ſchönen Stammbaume zu halten. Doch als ſeine Mutter, anſtatt zu ſterben, wieder friſch und geſund aus dem Krankenzimmer trat, und alſo der Traum von dieſer Seite zum Lügner geworden war: ſo verſchüttete er das Kindlein gänzlich mit dem Bade, und glaubte auch an die Warnung des Traumes nicht mehr. Und weil es ſeinen Stolz nun bitter kränkte, ſich von einem ſolchen Hirngeſpinſt auf einige Zeit haben bethören zu laſſen: ſo ſteuerte er jetzt mit doppelten Segeln auf das Ziel ſeiner Liebe los, vielleicht weit weniger aus Verliebtheit, als aus Trotz. Und da Sophie, ſtets eingedenk des Verſprechens, das ſie ihrem Vater gegeben hatte, ſich durchaus zu keiner Gemeinſchaft mit dem Junker weiter verſtehen wollte: ſo that er ganz deſperat, und faßte den abenteuerlichen Entſchluß, ſeine Schöne, mit Liſt oder Gewalt, zu entführen, um, ihren und ſeinen Verwandten zum Aerger, mit ihr ſo ſelig, wie im dritten Himmel, zu leben.

Der franzöſiſche Revolutionskrieg war eben ausgebrochen, und der Junker erwartete täglich die Ordre, zu ſeinem Regimente zurück zu kehren, um mit demſelben zu Felde zu ziehen. Er hielt dies für eine glückliche Begünſtigung ſeines Planes, denn er hatte gehört, daß bei einem bevorſtehenden Feldzuge ſelbſt dem ärmſten Soldaten das Heirathen ſehr leicht erlaubt werde; er, als ein Junker, hoffte nun, hierauf um ſo mehr rechnen zu können, da ihn die nächſte Bataille unfehlbar wenigſtens zum Kornet machen mußte. Aber um dieſe günſtigen Umſtände gehörig zu nützen, war auch keine Zeit zu verlieren, und er entſchloß ſich daher zu einer möglichſt raſchen Ausführung ſeines herrlichen Plans.

Die Haupthülfe hiebei ſollte freilich ſein Reitklepper leiſten, der zu dieſem Zwecke vor ein leichtes Cabriolet geſpannt werden ſollte. Da ſich der Klepper indeſſen ein wenig widerſpenſtig beim Ziehen zeigte, und auch von Sophien nicht viel Willfährigkeit, ſich ziehen zu laſſen, erwartet werden konnte: ſo bedurfte der Junker durchaus noch eines Gehülfen mit geſunden Armen und Beinen in der entſcheidenden Stunde.

Weder Kutſcher noch Großknecht wollten anbeißen bei dieſem kitzlichen Unternehmen, ob er ſie gleich mit den ſchönſten Verſprechungen zu erangeln ſuchte. Der Einzige, auf den er nun noch ſeine Hoffnung ſetzen zu können glaubte, war Hermann, des verſtorbenen Schulmeiſters Sohn, den ſein Herr Vetter und Pathe, der Prediger des Orts, unter dem Vorwande, ihn zu einem tüchtigen Schulmeiſter zu bilden, als Kammerdiener und Kutſcher und Gärtner und Abſchreiber und Ratten- und Mäuſefänger in ſeinem Hauſe möglichſt löblich beſchäftigte und kleidete. — Hermann war ein munterer, rüſtiger Burſche von neunzehn Jahren, der genug Gutmüthigkeit und Sinn für etwas Beſſeres beſaß, um, trotz des eigennützigen Mißbrauches, den man mit ſeiner unermüdlichen Dienſtfertigkeit trieb, dennoch den Prediger, wie ſeinen Vater zu ehren, und ſich reichlich belohnt und glücklich zu fühlen, wenn er nur von Zeit zu Zeit in einer freien Stunde ein belehrendes Geſpräch mit anhören, oder ein nützliches Buch, vorzüglich hiſtoriſchen oder mathematiſchen Inhalts, leſen konnte. Dabei fehlte es ihm aber auch nicht an Muth und Laune zu den keckſten Unternehmungen, und der Junker, der ihm vorſichtiger Weiſe ſeinen Plan nicht als eine ernſthafte Entführung, ſondern nur als einen vorübergehenden Scherz vortrug, fand bei ihm ſogleich ein williges Ohr. —

Alle Veranſtaltungen waren getroffen, und der Augenblick der Ausführung rückte heran. Der Junker hielt mit ſeinem Cabriolet in einem dichten Gebüſch unweit des Wangoltſchen Gartens, gerade ſo, wie es in hundert Romanen beſchrieben iſt. Sophie war, wie gewöhnlich um dieſe Zeit, bei ihrem Blumenbeete, Hermann ging ganz ehrbarlich zu ihr, und lockte ſie durch eine vorgeſchriebene Lüge zum Garten hinaus in das Gebüſch. Er kam mit ihr glücklich bis an das Cabriolet. Doch als nun Rudolph hinter dem Klepper hervortrat, warf ſie einen Blick voll Unwillen auf Herrmann, und mit den Worten: „Pfui! das iſt eine ſchlechte Betrügerei!“ wandte ſie ſich um, und wollte entfliehen.

Jetzt [illegible] Herrmannen geſchwind das Pferd, um Sophien aufzuhalten, und trug ihr inſtändig ſeinen Plan vor, ſie nach ſeiner Garniſon zu entführen, und dort über [illegible] glücklich zu machen. Anfangs erwiederte ihm Sophie hierauf nichts, daß er nicht geſcheut ſei, als ſie ſich aber überzeugte, daß ſein Antrag ganz ernſtlich gemeint ſei, riß ſie ſich ſo heftig von ihm los, daß er um und um [illegible], und dann lief ſie ſo ſchnell ſie konnte, davon. Nach wenigen Secunden war ſie ſeinen Augen entſchwunden, und der Junker, von Zorn und Rache entbrannt, zog ſie, trotz ihres Weinens und Bittens und Schreiens, mit Gewalt nach dem Wagen zurück. Herrmann, der ſich dieſe Scene noch nicht zu deuten wußte, und Sophien mit in den Wagen ziehen ſahe, kam entrüſtet herzugeſprungen, und rief: „Junker, Sie treiben den Spaß zu weit!“ — Nun hörte er mit Abſcheu, daß eine ernſtliche Entführung im Werke ſei, und daß er des Junkers goldene Uhr zur Belohnung haben ſollte, wenn er hülfreiche Hand leiſtete. Das brachte ihn in Feuer und Flammen. Nach wenigen Secunden hatte er Gewalt durch noch ſtärkere Gewalt vertrieben; Sophie war frei, und er hielt den Junker zurück, daß er der Flüchtenden nicht wieder nachjagen konnte. Darob ergrimmt, riß der Ueberwundene [illegible], und um ſeine Ritterehre zu retten und zu rächen, riß er, ſobald er dazu kommen konnte, ſein Hirſchfänger aus der Scheide. Doch Herrmann, der ſich noch nicht für reif zum Tode hielt, faßte ſchnell und kräftig den gegen ihn aufgehobenen Arm. Eine leichte Verwundung, die er dabei bekam, begeiſterte ihn nur zu noch größerem Heldenmuthe. Im Nu hatte er das Mordinſtrument erobert, und gegen einen Stein geſchleudert, daß es in zwei Stücken zerſprang, und gleich darauf war auch der Junker ſo kräftig zu Boden geworfen, daß er ebenfalls beinahe mitten entzwei brach, und heulend und ſchreiend vor Schmerz und ohnmächtiger Wuth auf ſeinem harten Lager liegen blieb. —

Sophie war entflohen; der Klepper mit dem Cabriolet davon gegangen, und ſo entſchloß ſich denn Herrmann gleichfalls, ſich davon zu machen, und zwar je weiter, je lieber. So unſchuldig er dies Abenteuer auch begonnen, und ſo [illegible] er es auch geendet hatte: ſo fürchtete er doch das Schlimmſte von der Strenge des Predigers und von der Rache und dem Zorne des Junkers und der Frau von Kellbeck. Sehr bald war daher ſein Entſchluß gefaßt, nicht wieder nach Ahlheim zurück zu kehren, ſondern Soldat zu werden; und mit raſchen Schritten ging er vorwärts, um auf die Landſtraße zu gelangen.

Ehe er noch aus dem Gehölze kam, begegnete ihm Sophie, die ſich in der erſten Beſtürzung verirrt hatte, und nun ſchüchtern auf einem weiten Umwege zurück kam. Herrmann ward ſogleich ihr Begleiter, um ſie, nöthigen Falles, zum zweiten Male zu ſchützen. Er bat ſie mit Thränen um Vergebung, wegen der Angſt, die er ihr mit hatte bereiten helfen, und ſie dankte ihm mit Thränen für ihre Rettung, beſonders da ſie ſah, daß er um ihretwillen verwundet war. Er ließ ſich in ihrem Hauſe verbinden, erquicken, belohnen ließ er ſich: doch am Eingange des Dorfes nahm er traurig und wehmüthig von ihr Abſchied; alle ihre Bitten vermochten nicht, ihn zurück zu halten, und erſt nach langem Sträuben nahm er von ihr die wenigen Groſchen, die ſie bei ſich hatte, und ihm mit unwiderſtehlichen Bitten aufdrang, damit er unterwegs nicht Noth litte. —

Gegen den Junker zeugte in Ahlheim nicht Sophie allein, ſondern auch das zerbrochene Cabriolet, und ein im Holz [illegible] Wagen, den der [illegible] Klepper in einen tiefen Sumpf geſchleppt hatte. Der Regierungsrath führte ſehr ernſthafte Beſchwerde bei der Frau von Kellbeck: doch ehe dieſe noch über eine zweckmäßige und anſtändige Beſtrafung ihres Lieblings mit ſich einig werden konnte, kam das Schickſal mit einer eiligen [illegible] dazwiſchen. Da wandelte der mütterliche Zorn ſich in [illegible]; die Beleidigten nahmen mit der plötzlichen Entfernung des Liebesritters vorlieb, und dieſer zog ſtill und heimlich von dannen, um ſich einſtweilen, ſtatt eines Myrthenkranzes, mit einem Lorbeerkranze zu behelfen.

Noch größer, als der Unwille gegen den Junker, war im Wangel'ſchen Hauſe die Sorge um Herrmann, dem man gleich am Tage ſeiner Flucht vergeblich mehrere Boten nachgeſchickt hatte. Einige Wochen ſpäter kam endlich ein Brief von ihm an den Prediger, worin er fröhlichen Muthes meldete, daß er eben im Begriff ſei, mit dem P*ſchen Artilleriecorps in's Feld zu ziehen, daß er das Glück gehabt habe, die beſondere Gunſt ſeines braven Obriſten zu erwerben, und daß er mit allem Fleiße ſtrebe, ſich dieſelbe zu erhalten und ein recht tüchtiger [illegible] und [illegible] zu werden. Außerdem war der Brief voll des wärmſten Dankes gegen ſeinen ehemaligen Wohlthäter und voll der aufrichtigſten Reue über die Veranlaſſung zu ſeiner Flucht. — Der Prediger ward verſöhnt, und Sophie in hohem Grade gerührt und erfreut. Der Regierungsrath aber ſchrieb ſogleich an den Obriſten, der ſein alter Freund war, empfahl ihm den jungen Menſchen auf's Angelegentlichſte, und ſetzte demſelben eine monatliche Zulage aus. Er hatte das feſte Zutrauen zu Herrmann, daß er in ſeiner jetzigen Lage auf ſeinem rechten Platze ſei, und ſich unter ſeinen Kameraden bald vortheilhaft auszeichnen werde, und Herrmann rechtfertigte in vollem Maße, ſein ganzes Leben hindurch, jenes ehrenvolle Vertrauen ſeines neuen Wohlthäters.

Der Regierungsrath kehrte nach der Reſidenz zurück mit ſehr ernſthaften Betrachtungen über die [illegible] Lebensepoche, welcher Sophie ſich allmählig näherte. Er wußte, daß ſie ihr Herz aus dem Rudolph'ſchen Romane ganz rein und unbefleckt erhalten hatte; allein dennoch war er [illegible] nicht ohne Sorgen, weil er ſelbſt, in dem Gewühle ſeiner Geſchäfte, ſie zu ſehr aus den Augen verlor, und die Gouvernante ihm zu viele Beweiſe von Unfähigkeit zu der wichtigen Aufgabe, die ſie als Erzieherin löſen ſollte, gegeben hatte. Das beſtimmte ihn, nach ſehr reiflicher Ueberlegung, zu einer zweiten Heirath, und er gab Sophien eine der trefflichſten, gebildetſten Frauen zur Stiefmutter, welche, lebhaft durchdrungen von der Würde und Heiligkeit ihres Berufs, ihre neuen Pflichten mit der gewiſſenhafteſten und zärtlichſten Treue erfüllte.

Sophiens Geiſt und Herz entwickelten ſich auf das Beſte [illegible] unter dieſer weiſen und liebevollen Lehrerin und Leiterin, und ſie reifte in jeder Hinſicht zu der ſchönſten Liebenswürdigkeit heran. Der Regierungsrath ſah das mit lebhafter Dankbarkeit und Freude. Sorgenfreier, und daher auch thätiger und mit glücklicherem Erfolge, als jemals, konnte er ſich nun den Geſchäften ſeines Amtes widmen. — Nach Jahr und Tag war die Folge davon, daß ihm die oberſte Stelle in der Behörde, bei welcher er angeſtellt war, mit dem Titel eines wirklichen Geheimenraths und dem damit verbundenen Adel von ſeinem Monarchen angetragen ward. Er konnte und mochte dieſe Belohnung und Aufmunterung zu einer noch ausgebreiteteren Wirkſamkeit nicht ablehnen; nur verbat er das neue Adelsdiplom als überflüſſig, indem er den ſehr alten Adelsbrief ſeiner Familie vorzeigte, der nur von ſeinem verarmten Großvater bis auf beſſere Zeiten als unnütz bei Seite gelegt worden war.

Dieſe Neuigkeit erregte weit umher faſt ſo viel freudige Theilnahme, als Aufſehen. Eine der auffallendſten Wirkungen davon zeigte ſich indeſſen im nächſten Frühling, da Frau von Kellbeck ihren Nachbar als Geheimrath von Wangeln begrüßen konnte. Freundlicher und herzlicher hatte man ſie noch nie geſehen; ſie ließ nicht undeutlich merken, daß ſie von jeher eine altadelige Natur in den Wangel'ſchen gewittert habe, und in Sophien ſchien ſie faſt ſo vernarrt zu ſein, wie weiland ihr Sohn Rudolph. —

Einer der geiſt- und kenntnißreichſten Männer, der Aſſeſſor [illegible], bewarb ſich in jener Zeit ſehr eifrig um die Gaſtfreundſchaft des Wangel'ſchen Hauſes, und war dort auch, wie es ſchien, ſehr gern geſehen. Er war wirklich, was Rudolph nur zu ſein ſcheinen wollte: ein Dichter, und ſein Name glänzt ſehr ausgezeichnet unter den trefflichen Sängern im deutſchen Muſentempel. Er war zu fein, Sophien mit plumpen Liebesreimen zu beſtürmen, wie jener Afterpoet; aber aus ſehr niedlichen, vergoldeten Büchelchen lachten ihr ſeine Laune und ſein Witz, in das zierlichſte poetiſche Gewand gehüllt, ſo anziehend entgegen, und ſeine geſellſchaftlichen Scherze und Urtheile waren immer ſo geiſtvoll, unterhaltend und belehrend, daß ſie ſich nach und nach weit mehr über ſeine Beſuche freute, als vor Zeiten über die romantiſchen Zuſammenkünfte mit dem romantiſchen Junker.

Frau von Kellbeck fand für gut, hierüber gegen eine Freundin eine kleine Anmerkung hinzuwerfen. Die Freundin wiederholte, mit etwas veränderter Wortſtellung, dieſe Anmerkung gegen Frau von Kellbeck. Nun hatte dieſe nichts Eiligeres zu thun, als Sophien bei der nächſten Gelegenheit, welche ſie dazu aber ein wenig vom Zaun abbrach, mit recht tantenmäßiger Bedenklichkeit in's Ohr zu flüſtern, daß Stadt und Land die gründlichſten Anmerkungen über die häufigen Beſuche des Aſſeſſors machten.

Sophie verſicherte mit unverſtellter Unbefangenheit, daß ſie nicht begreifen könne, wie Stadt und Land ſich ohne Noth mit dieſer Gründlichkeit in Koſten ſetze. — Das hörte Frau von Kellbeck nicht ohne Troſt; und um ſich gänzlich zu beruhigen, ging ſie noch einen Schritt weiter, und brach ebenfalls die Gelegenheit ein wenig vom Zaune, um den Geheimrath [illegible] Regierungsrath an [illegible], über die [illegible] denke. — Auch hier war das Reſultat ihrer Bemühung das allererwünſchteſte. Der Geheimrath verſicherte ſo ernſthaft, als damals, daß er, nach ſeinen Grundſätzen, nie eine wirkliche Meſalliance ſeiner Tochter zugeben werde.

Nun war Frau von Rollbeck wegen der möglichen Anſprüche des bürgerlichen Aſſeſſors durchaus beruhigt; und ſo angenehm ihr ehemals jene Verſicherungen aus dem Munde des bürgerlich geglaubten Regierungsraths wegen der künftigen Unbeflecktheit ihres Stammbaums geweſen waren, eben ſo erfreulich klangen ſie ihr jetzt aus dem Munde des altadeligen Geheimraths, durch deſſen reiche Tochter der verloſchene Glanz ihres Hauſes mit der Zeit herrlich wieder herzuſtellen war. — „Denn“ ſagte ſie zu ſich ſelbſt, „darüber kann man wohl ein Auge zudrücken, daß Sophiens Mutter nicht adelig war. Den Vater mag das, nach ſeinen jetzigen Grundſätzen, freilich ärgern, aber den Gefallen kann ich ihm ſchon thun, eine Verheirathung meines Rudolphs mit ſeiner Tochter für keine wirkliche Meſalliance, wie er ſich ausdrückt, zu halten. Hat ſie doch einen Vater von guter, alter Familie. Wer wird dem guten Mädchen noch wegen der ſeligen Mutter einen Vorwurf machen!“ —

Man ſieht hieraus, daß ſich Frau von Rollbeck in den letzten Jahren ein wenig von den revolutionären Grundſätzen, die über den Rhein gekommen waren, hatte anſtecken laſſen. — Seit jenem Geſpräch mit dem Geheimrath führte ſie nun einen ſehr lebhaften Briefwechſel mit ihrem Sohne; jeden Schritt, um welchen er dem Feldmarſchall (von dem er freilich noch ziemlich weit entfernt war) näher rückte, notificirte ſie triumphirend im Wangoldſchen Hauſe; ſie ſprach viel von ſeiner jetzigen ſoliden Reue über ehemalige jugendliche Verirrungen, und Sophien flüſterte ſie nicht ſelten ins Ohr, daß alte Liebe nicht roſte, und daß ihr Rudolph in ſeiner martialiſchen Bruſt das allertreueſte Schäferherz mit ſich herum trage.

Sophie ließ deutlich merken, daß nicht jede Liebe von Roſt befreit bleibe, und daß ihr Herz noch von keiner ſchäferlichen Treue den Beweis ſtellen könne. Deshalb wünſchte Frau von Rollbeck nichts ſo ſehnlich, als eine recht baldige Rückkehr ihres Sohnes, denn ſie war überzeugt, daß er, um zu ſiegen, nur zu kommen und in ſeiner Offiziersuniform geſehen zu werden brauche.

Doch die zärtliche Mutter ſollte dieſe Freude nicht erleben. Ehe der Donner jenes unſeligen Krieges mit ſeinen nachfolgenden, vielfachen Echo's verklungen war, überraſchte ſie ein unerwarteter Schlagfluß, der ſie augenblicklich in den Stand ſetzte, nun — wenn er anders noch für ſie leer ſtand — auf dem himmelblauen Stuhle, den ſie einſt im Traume geſehen hatte, gebührendermaßen für die Ewigkeit Platz zu nehmen. —

Erſt im Mai des künftigen Jahres kehrte die Armee in ihre Heimath zurück, und faſt zu gleicher Zeit traten Rudolph und Herrmann wieder in Aſſelheim auf, wo kurz zuvor auch die Wangoldſche Familie angekommen war.

Rudolph erſchien zuerſt. Aus dem Junker war ein Lieutenant, aus dem Milchbart war ein ernſthafter Stutzbart, und aus der ganzen, weiland etwas läppiſchen, Jünglingsgeſtalt war ein reifer junger Mann mit kräftigem, ſoldatiſchem Anſtande geworden. Ohne daß er den Mund zu öffnen brauchte, flößte er den Meiſten durch ſein Aeußeres ſchon eine gewiſſe Achtung ein. Die Blicke aller jungen Frauen und Mädchen in Aſſelheim ruhten mit ſichtbarem Wohlgefallen auf ihm, und ſelbſt Sophie fühlte ſich durch die vortheilhafte, äußere Veränderung, die mit ihm vorgegangen war, ſehr angenehm überraſcht.

Eine größere Ueberraſchung war indeſſen doch Herrmanns Erſcheinung. Er trat ebenfalls als ein wohlgebildeter junger Mann mit ſehr gutem Anſtande auf, und gab Jenem an ſoldatiſchem Range nichts nach, denn Muth und ausgezeichnete Kenntniſſe hatten auch ihn zum Lieutenant gemacht, obgleich ſein Beſchützer, der brave Obriſt, gleich zu Anfange des Krieges durch eine feindliche Kugel getödtet worden war. Man behandelte daher den Emporgekommenen jetzt nicht allein in dem Hauſe des Predigers, wo er ſonſt ziemlich gemißhandelt ward, als einen ſehr ehrenwerthen Gaſt, ſondern man nahm ihn auch in dem Wangoldſchen Familienkreiſe mit großer Achtung und Freundlichkeit auf, und beſonders die dankbare Sophie ehrte ihn durch die feinſte Aufmerkſamkeit als den Mann, der einſt, ſo redlich als muthig, ihr Retter geweſen war, und ſein Geſchick dem ihrigen ohne Furcht und Klage zum Opfer gebracht hatte.

Man war bei ſeinem erſten Erſcheinen im Wangoldſchen und in dem Predigerhauſe etwas beſorgt wegen ſeines Zuſammentreffens mit Rudolph. Doch dieſer trug ſchon ſeit einigen Monaten, durch ſeine Schuld, einen neuen Beweis von Herrmanns perſönlichem Muthe in einer langen Narbe an ſeinem Arme; daher war der alte Streit zwiſchen Beiden gänzlich ausgeglichen, und ſie gingen nun, beſonders weil Nachſucht nicht in Rudolphs Charakter lag, ohne Zwiſt und Neckerei ruhig neben einander hin.

Auffallend war aber die große Verſchiedenheit in ihrem geſellſchaftlichen Benehmen, vom erſten Augenblick ihres Wiedererſcheinens an. — Herrmann trat in jedem neuen Kreiſe zuerſt mit einer gewiſſen, unbezwinglichen Schüchternheit auf, die nahe an Blödigkeit grenzte, und eine natürliche Folge ſeiner früheren, höchſt beſchränkten Lage und ſeiner angebornen Beſcheidenheit war. Hatte er indeſſen, auch unter den fremdeſten Menſchen, nur erſt ein wenig ruhig Athem geſchöpft, ſo ward er ein immer unterhaltenderer Geſellſchafter, und jedem guten, gebildeten Manne, Weibe oder Mädchen ward immer wohler neben ihm. — Rudolph hingegen trat überall ſogleich mit dreiſter Sicherheit auf, und imponirte Jedem, der ihn zum erſten Male ſah; doch er hielt ſchwerlich eine ſeiner ſchnellen Eroberungen feſt, denn nach den erſten abgethanen Höflichkeitsformeln, war es, als ob Blei ſeine Zunge belaſtete, und ſeine Unbefangenheit nützte ihm faſt zu nichts weiter, als zu einer faſt heroiſchen Ertragung und Mittheilung der drückendſten Langeweile.

Man war im Wangoldſchen Hauſe anfangs aufmerkſam genug, die Urſache hievon in ſeiner beſchämenden Rückerinnerung an manche Jugendthorheiten zu ſuchen, und man bemühte ſich daher recht ſehr, ihm zu zeigen, daß ſeine jetzige Beſcheidenheit alle ehemaligen, böſen Eindrücke gänzlich verwiſcht habe. Doch alle ihm entgegenkommende noch ſo feine Höflichkeit und Schonung machte ihn zu keinem beſſeren Geſellſchafter, ſondern gab ihm nur den Muth, endlich mit einer ſchriftlichen Bewerbung um Sophiens Hand auf das Unerwartetſte hervor zu treten.

An dem nämlichen Tage erſchien der poetiſche Laura in Perſon, und meldete, daß er Kriegsrath mit einem guten Gehalte geworden ſei. Man ſah an ſeinem ganzen Thun und Weſen, beſonders an ſeiner auf's Höchſte geſteigerten Aufmerkſamkeit gegen Sophien, daß er im Begriff war, ſo ernſtlich, wie Rudolph, mit einem Heirathsantrage heraus zu rücken. Da zog der Geheimrath Herrmannen, der eben auch ſeinen Beſuch, wie alle Tage, machen wollte, in ein Nebenkabinet, machte ihn aufmerkſam auf des neuen Kriegsraths unverkennbare Abſichten, und bat den äußerſt Betroffenen, ſich ja bis zu Abend nicht von der Geſellſchaft zu entfernen, damit der Kriegsrath keine Gelegenheit zu einer zärtlichen Erklärung fände. „Denn“ ſetzte er in vertraulichem Tone hinzu — „das liefe auf eine wirkliche Meſalliance hinaus, und ich bleibe bei dem Grundſatze, den ich mit der ſeligen Frau von Rollbeck zweimal im Duett abgeſungen habe: „„Alles; nur keine Meſalliance!““

Der Geheimrath faßte bei dieſen Worten Herrmannen ſehr ſcharf ins Auge, und ſah, daß Herrmann eine Anwandlung von Stick- oder Schlagfluß haben mußte, denn das Blut ſchien ihm alle Adern des Geſichts ſprengen zu wollen, und er ſtotterte und ſchnappte nach Luft, als ob ihm die Kehle zugeſchnürt würde. Der Geheimrath war aber hartherzig genug, hiebei nicht die mindeſte Theilnahme zu zeigen, oder nur zu thun, als ob er etwas davon bemerke, ſondern ſchob den armen Patienten ſo bald als möglich zum Schilderhäuschen in das Geſellſchaftszimmer zurück.

In der gefährlichſten Batterie war Herrmannen nie ſo böſe zu Muthe geweſen, als auf dem Poſten, welcher ihm heute angewieſen war. Als ein braver Soldat blieb er freilich bis zum Augenblick der Ablöſung darauf ſtehen, ohne ſich um einen Schritt zu weit zu entfernen; aber hundertmal war er im Begriff, ſich mit der Fauſt gegen die Stirn zu ſchlagen, denn auf einmal war es ihm klar geworden, daß er ein Narr und Dummkopf ſei; und als ein ſolcher war er dann auch bis zum Abend ein gar erbärmlicher Geſellſchafter, der weder ein Geſpräch einzuleiten noch fortzuſetzen verſtand, und in gedankenloſer Zerſtreuung oft halbe und ganze Viertelſtunden lang auf eine und die nämliche Stelle des Fußbodens oder der Decke des Zimmers ſah. Doch füllte er ſeinen Platz ſo gut aus, als irgend eine an ihren Ort geſtellte Null, und machte es dem Kriegsrath unmöglich, eine vertraulichere Erklärung anzubringen. Sobald er dieſen aber durch ſeine läſtige Gegenwart hinweggeärgert hatte, blieb auch er keine Minute länger, ſondern eilte auf die Pfarre, und es war ſein heißer Wunſch, daß er recht bald wieder in den Krieg ziehen möchte, um ſeinen halbverlornen Kopf entweder ganz wieder zu erhalten, oder ganz verlieren. —

Als der Geheimrath mit Frau und Tochter allein war, redete er die letzte, ſehr überraſchend, alſo an: „Liebe Sophie, Du biſt neunzehn Jahr alt, und haſt drei Liebhaber. Herr von Rollbeck hat ſich ſchon ſchriftlich erklärt, dem Kriegsrath ſchwebte den ganzen Nachmittag die allerpoetiſchſte Liebeserklärung auf der Zunge, und Herrmann, der mir ſchon längſt verdächtig geweſen iſt, hat ſich dieſen Mittag durch Rothwerden und Stottern vollends verrathen, als ich ihm beiläufig ſagte, daß ich kein Freund von wirklichen Meſalliancen ſei. —

Welchen von dieſen Dreien würdeſt Du wohl wählen, liebe Sophie?"

Die arme Sophie erröthete und ſtotterte, ſo ſehr, als es Hermann gethan hatte, und wich, ſo lange ſie konnte, einer Erklärung aus. Endlich, [illegible] nach einer vertraulichen Aufmunterung, gab ſie zur Antwort, ſie liebe wohl den Einen von jenen Dreien, aber ſie könne ſich nicht ganz in die [illegible] ihres Vaters finden, und darum wiſſe ſie nicht, ob er ihre Liebe wohl billigen würde.

„Wie wär' es möglich," erwiederte der Geheimrath — „daß meine Sophie anders, als nach meinem Sinne, ſollte gewählt haben! Der eine, [illegible] iſt ganz ungebildet und nur [illegible] brav, der Andere iſt [illegible] und gebildet, der Dritte iſt [illegible] gebildet, aber durchaus nicht brav. [illegible] Du das nicht herausgefühlt haben, ſo gut, als ich? Und ſicherlich Du kannſt auch gewählt haben!"

„Ich nun!" [illegible] Sophie [illegible] ins Wort — „[illegible] meine, Hermann iſt ſehr brav und gebildet, darum hab' ich ihn lieben müſſen, und hat er auch mich lieb, hat [illegible] durch die Art, wie er mir manch [illegible] den Gedanken zeigte, die ich ihm nur [illegible] mit auf den Weg gab, und die er ſo ſorgſam [illegible] gehegt hat. Ich habe auch immer geglaubt, daß Du dieſe meine Liebe billigen würdeſt, nur das Wort Mesalliance hat mich einen Augenblick irre gemacht. — Oder hätteſt Du es vielleicht in einem andern, als dem gewöhnlichen Sinne gebraucht haben?"

„O, Triumph!" rief der Geheimrath, und ſchloß Sophien freudig in die Arme. — „Daran erkenn' ich meine Tochter und das Werk der trefflichen Stiefmutter und Erzieherin! — Ja, Sophie, Du verſtehſt mich, und haſt ganz nach meinem Sinne gewählt! — Wie hätt' ich das Wort Mesalliance brauchen können in dem gemeinen veralteten Sinne! Ich wollte nur damit bei der alten Dame und bei Deinem Hermann, um Jene in ihrer Schwachheit zu [illegible], und um Dieſen auf eine entſcheidende Art auszuforſchen. — Meine wahre Meinung war, und iſt, und bleibt, daß nicht ein kleiner Abſtand der Geburt, wohl aber ein weſentlicher Unterſchied in geiſtiger und moraliſcher Bildung eine wirkliche Mesalliance macht, bei der kein edles häusliches Glück gedeihen kann. Unſer inneres Ich iſt wichtiger und heiliger, als die veralteten, äußeren Formen der Geſellſchaft. Dieſe ſind nur zufällig und beſchränkt, aber Jenes iſt etwas Ewiges, und die Anforderungen ſeiner Veredlung und Vervollkommnung ſind unendlich. — Dank ſei es Deinen glücklichen Naturanlagen und Deiner trefflichen Erzieherin: Dein Herz iſt kindlich rein und gut, und Dein Geiſt ſteht auf einer ſchönen Stufe edler Bildung! Und eben, weil ſie echt iſt, wollt' ich Deine Hand nicht zur eitlen Waare machen, wie es ſo viele Halbgebildete und Verbildete ſind. — Wie könnteſt Du die rohe Unwiſſenheit und geiſtige Langweiligkeit eines Rittmeiſters, und wenn er auch der reichſte Reichsgraf wäre, ein ganzes Leben hindurch mit Gleichmuth ertragen? Wie würde die Herz- und Sittenloſigkeit eines [illegible], und wenn er auch von allen Seiten [illegible] mit Lorbeerkränzen geſchmückt würde, Dein Gefühl mit jedem Tage unleidlicher verwunden! Mit Jedem von dieſen Beiden wäre Deine Verbindung durch eine wirkliche, höchſt unglückliche Mesalliance. Aber Hermann, der arme Schulmeiſterſohn, der nie einen Vers gemacht hat, beſitzt Kopf und Herz, und Kenntniſſe und Charakter genug, um Deiner Liebe vollkommen werth zu ſein, und wird gewiß Dich glücklich machen!" —

Mit dankbaren Freudenthränen umarmten einander Vater und Mutter und Tochter. Schon am folgenden Tage wurde dieſe rührende Gruppe durch den glücklichen Hermann wiederholt und vergrößert. — Viele nannten auf einige Zeit den Geheimrath einen thörichten Sonderling, und zuckten mitleidig die Achſeln über das verſcherzte Glück ſeiner Tochter. Aber die ungetrübte Dauer deſſelben, die ſteigende Achtung, welche ſich Hermann erwarb, und die Verachtung, zu welcher ſpäterhin [illegible] und [illegible] — Jener durch ſeine Rohheit, und Dieſer durch ſeine Schlechtheit — hinabſanken, rechtfertigten hinlänglich des Geheimraths Grundſätze und Sophiens Wahl.

Das Waiſengrün.*)

O Hamburg, alte Hafenſtadt,
Mit vielen Gaſſen krumm und eng,
Voll Schmutz, [illegible] und Volksgedräng,
Wer [illegible] hat,
Der komm' und ſeh' dein Waiſengrün,
Und ſeh' in einem Schmuck dich blüh'n,
Den man — wie weit man fährt und ſchifft —
Wohl nirgends, nirgends ſchöner trifft!
Und wenn ihm dann das Herz dann ſchlägt:
So bitt' er's ab dir, tief bewegt,
Daß erſt er dich verkannt hat,
Du alte, wackre Hafenſtadt!

Wohl groß und herrlich dehnt um dich
Der Elbe breiter Spiegel ſich,
Mit ſeinem ſtolzen Maſtenwald
[illegible] auf das große Meer;
[illegible] in hellem Farbenglanz;
[illegible] um dich her ein ſchöner Kranz
Von Gärten, Baum- und Blumenreich,
Die blühen, hellen Sternen gleich,
[illegible] ſchöne Landhaus, ſchöne Frau'n
In hundert Stellen ſind zu ſchau'n.
[illegible]
Als mancher Wanderer, ſich gefreut,
Nicht [illegible] können ſie da,
Denn Hamburgs Schönſtes [illegible]
[illegible]
Das feiern ſie das Waiſengrün.

Es iſt der Waiſen feſtliche Zeit,
Das man ſie jährlich feiern läßt;
Doch wird ein Feſt für ſie allein,
Ein Feſt iſt's für die ganze Stadt,
Für Arm und Reich, für Groß und Klein,
Für Jeden, der ein Herz nur hat.

Im Roſen-Monat, früh hervor
Tritt aus des Waiſenhauſes Thor
Der armen Waiſen große Schaar,
So Knab' als Mägdlein, Paar bei Paar,
Mit neuen Kleidern angethan,
Ihr kleiner Hauptmann voran,
In ſeiner Hand ein Ehrenſtab,
Den man, als Kleinen, ihm gab,
Bei dem der Ehrenname ziert,
Und Alt' in ſeiner Knaben Zier;
[illegible] Väter und [illegible],
Daß, in der frommen Stiftung Sinn,
Auch beim Umzuge [illegible] und treu,
Stets Ruh' und gute Ordnung ſei. —
So ziehet lang und länger ſich
Der Zug daher, gar feierlich,
Der Straßen [illegible] entlang,
Mit frommem, fröhlichem Geſang,
Der rührender das Herz durchdringt,
Als mancher, der viel ſchöner klingt.

Um milde Gaben zu empfah'n,
Ziehn ſie hin die lange Bahn,
Doch Wen'ge ſind die Sammler nur
Auf dieſer frommen [illegible],
Und reichen, mit vergnügtem Sinn,
So rechts als links, die Büchſen hin,
Die Übrigen erwarten's ſtill,
Ob man auch ſie bedenken will,
Und ſtecken Münzen, noch ſo klein,
In ihre Taſchen dankbar ein. —

Frag' Einer nun: „Iſt ſolch ein Brauch
Des reichen Hamburgs würdig auch?
Verdirbt man nicht der Kinder Sinn
Durch ſolch' Umherzieh'n nach Gewinn?"
So [illegible]: „Fremder, frage da,
[illegible] Hamburg [illegible],
Und ſieh' mit eignem Aug' ein Feſt,
Das ſchwer ſich nur beſchreiben läßt!
Wo man, wie hier, das Geben liebt,
Mit Luſt und Hochmuth Keiner giebt;
Das Geben fromme [illegible]
Nur höhern Gab' ein Scherflein weiht;
Und unbefangner Kindesſinn
Nimmt ſolche Gabe freudig hin,
Und wird, [illegible],
[illegible] und [illegible] Erziehung nicht." —

Und wenn es ein Triumphzug wär'
Von einem großen Siegesheer,

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*) Aus A. G. Eberhard's Schriften.

Es würd' ihm größre Achtſamkeit,
Als dieſem Zug', wohl kaum geweiht.
Die Wachen treten in's Gewehr,
Dem kleinen Kapitain zur Ehr',
Der nie nach Geld die Hand ausſtreckt,
Weil man's ihm in die Taſchen ſteckt.
An allen Fenſtern, ſpiegelblank,
Die groß' und kleinſte Straß' entlang,
Wenn dieſer Zug vorüberzieht,
Man Kopf an Kopf gereihet ſieht.
Auch quillt in Eil aus jedem Haus,
Wo Alt als Jung, zur Thür heraus;
Gedrängt auf allen Treppen ſteh'n
Die Leut', um ſolchen Zug zu ſeh'n.

Da ſteh'n ſelbſt reiche Handelsherrn —
Gar hochgeachtet nah und fern —
Vergeſſen für den Augenblick
Des Handels Flor und Mißgeſchick,
Um reiche Mildthat auszuſtreu'n,
Die armen Waiſen zu erfreu'n.
Behagliche Matronen ſchau'n
Hinab mit ihren geputzten Frau'n,
Und ihren frommen [illegible],
Mit mildem, lächelndem Geſicht.
Auch Knab' und Mägdlein eilen hin,
Mit angeborenem, gutem Sinn,
Und theilen, was ſie haben, aus,
Ihr Geld und ihren Blumenſtrauß.
Es giebt der Knecht, es giebt die Magd;
Es reicht die Wittwe, hochbetagt,
Mit ſchwacher Hand ihr Scherflein dar,
Wie ſie's gehalten jedes Jahr,
Und manche Mutter hebt geſchwind
Hinauf an's Herz ihr liebes Kind,
Und danket Gott, indem ſie's küßt,
Daß es nicht früh verwaiſt ſchon iſt,
Und lehret es, wie Groß und Klein
Zum Geben heut bereit muß ſein,
Indem ſie, frommen Dankes voll,
Durch ſeine Hand giebt ihren Zoll.
In grobem oder feinem Kleid
Denkt Mancher auch der alten Zeit,
Wo er, als arme Waiſe, mit
Einher in dieſem Zuge ſchritt,
Denkt an des Vaters frühen Tod
Und an der armen Mutter Noth,
Denkt, wie der erſte Schilling ihn
Entzückt beim erſten Waiſengrün!
Wär' da die Straß' auch noch ſo eng:
Er drängt ſich durch das Volksgedräng,
Geht langſam mit dem Zug dann fort,
Singt mit im Herzen, Wort vor Wort,
Das wohlbekannte, fromme Lied;
Und wo er eine Waiſe ſieht,
So blaß und ſchwach, wie er es war,
Da wird das Aug' ihm thränenklar;
Er wird des Gebens nimmer ſatt,
Bis, was er in der Taſche hat,
Und ohne daß er's zählt und mißt,
In Waiſenhand gewandert iſt.

Doch freu'n die armen Kinder ſich
Auf ihrem Zug herzinniglich.
Es macht der vielen Geber Hand
Sie mit der ganzen Stadt verwandt.
Es iſt, als ſagte Jedermann:
„Ihr All' gehört uns Allen an!“
Die, eltern- und geſchwiſterlos,
Sonſt waren hungrig, nackt und bloß,
Die ſeh'n ſich nicht verlaſſen mehr;
Sie geh'n, wie durch ein ganzes Heer
Von Eltern und Geſchwiſtern, hin,
Sie fühlen, mit vergnügtem Sinn,
Sich nicht mehr arm, nicht mehr verwaiſt,
Kaum wiſſend noch, was ſolches heißt. —

Auf ihrer langen, langen Bahn
Sie All' Erquickung auch empfah'n,
Wie Elternhand ſie Kindern reicht,
Damit die Wandrung werde leicht.
Es wehren Milch und weißes Brod
Der Furcht vor Durſt und Hungersnoth.
Iſt auch dazu kein Tiſch gedeckt:
Das Frühſtück doch vortrefflich ſchmeckt;
Und rinnt auch von der Stirn der Schweiß:
Sie achten's nicht um ſolchen Preis,
Und Jeder ißt vergnügt und trinkt,
Bis ihn der Führer weiter winkt.

Mit friſcher Kraft beim Lobgeſang
Geht's wieder Straß' an Straß' entlang,
Bis endlich gar zur Stadt hinaus,
Zum ſpäten, frohen Mittagsſchmaus.
Auf grüner Wieſ', im langen Zelt,
Sind lange Tafeln aufgeſtellt,
Vollauf beſetzt mit Speiſ' und Trank,
Auf beiden Seiten Bank an Bank.
Da legt nun Jeder an den Tag,
Was ihm am Eßtiſch er vermag;
Da Mancher aus dem Waiſenchor
Thut's einem Rathsherrn faſt zuvor,
Und zeigt die ungeſchwächte Kraft
Im Biß, im Zahn, und Magenſaft,
Die mancher Millionenmann
Gern zeigte, doch nicht zeigen kann.

Wie werden bleiche Wangen roth
Bei ſolchem, frohem Mittagsbrod;
Vergnügt iſt Jeder, Keiner zankt!
Auch wird dem lieben Gott gedankt,
Der jedem Raben Futter giebt,
Und väterlich die Waiſen liebt.

Doch iſt geendet auch der Schmaus,
Iſt d'rum die Freude noch nicht aus.
Das ſchöne Feſt, das Waiſengrün,
Das ſieht man jetzt erſt ganz erblüh'n
Denn auf dem grünen Wieſenplan
Geht erſt der Waiſen Luſt recht an.
Gefreut hat ſich die ganze Schaar
Auf dieſe Stund' ein ganzes Jahr,
Und wogt nun fröhlicher umher,
Als wenn die Wieſ' ein Prachtſaal wär'.
Da wird geſprungen, wird geſcherzt;
Wer ſchüchtern war, er wird beherzt;
Der Schatz der Taſche wird gezählt,
Und an der Bude wird gewählt
Ein ſchönes Kleinod, bunt bemalt,
Wird auf der Stelle baar bezahlt
Mit Sechsling- und mit Schilling-Stück,
Und hoch gejauchzt ob ſolchem Glück. —

Wie zeigt es da ſich unverhüllt,
Daß Kindeshand iſt leicht gefüllt,
Daß Armuth leicht zu tröſten iſt,
Wenn man mit Lieb' ihr Leid ermißt.

Sechshundert Waiſen voller Luſt,
Genährt an Hamburgs Mutterbruſt —
Wem ſcheuchte ſolch ein Anblick nicht
Die finſtern Falten vom Geſicht? —

Des Wohlthuns ſchöner Blüthenbaum,
Er wurzelt tief in Hamburgs Raum,
Und breitet aus die Aeſte weit
In immer höh'rer Kräftigkeit!
D'rum laut geprieſen ſei die Stadt,
Die ſolch ein Feſt zu zeigen hat;
Sie feir' es froh noch tauſend Jahr,
Sie ſei geſegnet immerdar!

Dresden.*)

(Vorgeleſen im dortigen Liederkreiſe, am 12. April [illegible]).

Das Dresden, wahrlich, that's mir an,
Daß ich davon nicht laſſen kann!
Seit dreißig Jahren bin ich jetzt
Zum zehnten Mal hinein verſetzt,
Und immer neu erſcheint es mir.
Doch frag' ich mich: „Was willſt du hier,
Du alter, fremd gewordner Gaſt?“
So ſteck' ich bei der Antwort faſt.
Der friſche Kunſt- und Schönheit-Sinn,
Der ſonſt mich warm belebt, iſt hin,

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*) Aus A. G. Eberhard's Schriften.

Wenn auch nicht ganz — da Gott vor sei! —
Doch großentheils; denn frank und frei
Bekenn' ich, mit Verzicht auf Ruhm,
Mein [illegible] Philisterthum.
Das liebt ich nicht um Weib und Kind,
Und nicht für Vater Land und [illegible].
Was doch den [illegible] erhält,
Ist mir dem [illegible] verhaßt;
Denn Dem [illegible], [illegible] Dank,
Im Leben [illegible] und in der Kunst.

Und [illegible] ich durch das Paradies,
So [illegible], was ich [illegible]
[illegible] das [illegible], mit [illegible] [illegible],
Denn [illegible] hat' ich gar nicht mehr,
Und [illegible] hat ich [illegible],
Daß mir zum [illegible] die Lust vergeht!

Wie mancher schöne Jugendtraum,
Den ich so lange [illegible] so gern,
[illegible], ach! mit seiner [illegible] Pracht
[illegible] ganz in des Grabes Nacht!
Wie manche, [illegible] so [illegible] Frucht,
Mit [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] und [illegible],
Ist [illegible] gebracht, und dort [illegible]
Den [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible]!
Zwar [illegible], [illegible] gar [illegible]
Ist [illegible] [illegible] genannt,
Und grüßt mich [illegible] mit Hand und Kuß;
Doch sagen muß ich's mit Vertrau'n,
Und wenn es auch gefährlich wär':
„Es ist der alte Kuß nicht mehr,
Der im [illegible] [illegible]
Mich [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!"

Und lebt' in der Männerwelt,
Da ist es [illegible] noch bestellt!
[illegible] Freund — hilf Himmel! — nicht
Den [illegible] Glück noch Glück im Glück!
Die Treue — das ist Gott geklagt! —
Wird von der [illegible] Frau gepflegt.
Und [illegible] das [illegible] Instrument
— Das uns [illegible] man Mund nicht nennt —
[illegible] [illegible] zum Sinn,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
Den Dritten, [illegible] zum Dach
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Den [illegible] ich [illegible] [illegible],
Der [illegible] zum [illegible] [illegible]!
Der [illegible] — — doch, es ist
[illegible] [illegible]!
Warum [illegible], was Jedermann
[illegible] [illegible] kann!
[illegible] mit [illegible] Haar um Haar,
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible], und [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible], [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible].

Und wenn ich [illegible] [illegible]:
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] Welt und Thal,
[illegible] [illegible] Frau und Kind,
[illegible] [illegible] auf Erden hat,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Ja, [illegible] [illegible] jetzt
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] und Kunst
[illegible] [illegible] Dank,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Im Freundschaftsmantel, der umschlingt
Mit Immergrün, [illegible] [illegible],
Und wenn, von [illegible] [illegible] erhellt,
Sich überall [illegible] die Welt,
Mit treuen Freunden, [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]:
[illegible] mit in [illegible] [illegible]
Ist mir erschienen [illegible].
Ein Stübchen, der [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible] [illegible],
Zu Freunden und zu Freunden [illegible],
Die [illegible] [illegible] ich längst [illegible]!

Doch thät ich nun die Frag' an mich:
„Warum [illegible] du nicht für dich
Im [illegible] [illegible] Glück,
Und [illegible] gar [illegible] zurück,
[illegible], du [illegible], armer Tropf,
[illegible] langer Zeit am [illegible] hing?"
[illegible]: „Ei, man thut, was man
[illegible] [illegible] hat, nicht lassen kann."

Nun möcht' ich [illegible], das Worte nicht
Im [illegible] [illegible] zum [illegible],
[illegible] in der Brust sich [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] zu [illegible] zu mir [illegible],
Was mich ergötzt, das macht es nicht!
[illegible] hab ich manchen [illegible] Strom,
Und manchen [illegible], [illegible] Dom,
Und manchen [illegible] Bergesbildung
Mit [illegible] Begeisterung,
Und [illegible] der [illegible] schönes Thal
Mit [illegible] im Mond- und Sonnenstrahl;
Nach manchen [illegible] nach [illegible] Thurm,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Und [illegible] nach dem [illegible] [illegible]
Im [illegible] [illegible],
Und [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Lust;
Nach manchen [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] und [illegible],
Im [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible] [illegible] —
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]! —
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible]!

Doch jetzt, ich sag' es frank und frei,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible] Welt,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Traum.
[illegible] [illegible] Raum!

[illegible] [illegible] auf's Feld,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Welt
[illegible], mit [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] Frühling [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] Kind,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible]:
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] und Thal,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Plan,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Der überall gewiſſenhaft
Dem Freudeluſt'gen Freude ſchafft,
Doch nie und nirgend, übereilt,
Zu wenig und zu viel vertheilt.

Und alſo hat auch Gott gewollt,
Daß nirgendwo es fehlen ſollt'
(In Deutſchland mein' ich) an Genie
Zur edlen Kunſt der Poeſie;
Und darum — Heil dir, Deutſchland! — hat
Krähwinkel ſelbſt, die gute Stadt,
Ihr München, das, als Stadtpoet,
Auf's Verſemachen ſich verſteht,
Und mit gewandter Geiſteskraft
Die Honoratiorenſchaft,
Bei jedem Luſt- und Trauerfeſt
Sein Mitgefühl vernehmen läßt.
Ja jedes Städtchen nicht allein
Kann ſolches Kleinods ſich erfreu'n,
Selbſt manches Dorfes Kantor macht
Dem Herrchen, daß es klappt und kracht,
Verſtändlich uns zum neuen Jahr,
Welch' Wetter in dem alten war.

Angeben endlich ſollt' einmal
Ein Steuerrath mit ſcharfer Zahl,
Wie viel in jedem deutſchen Staat,
Auf jede Meile im Quadrat,
Zu rechnen ſei Poetenthum,
Mit vielem oder wen'gem Ruhm.
Dann ſäh'n die Steuerräthe gleich,
Was für ein Geldquell, neu und reich,
Jetzt wär' ein tücht'ger Steuerſatz
Auf's Dichten, für des Staates Schatz;
Und in die Augen ſpräng' es dann
Recht deutlich erſt für Jedermann,
Daß mancher Staat, wer weiß wie ſtark,
An Junker- und Kanonen-Mark,
Und reich an ſonſt'ger Induſtrie,
Doch Prieſter für die Poeſie
Nicht halb ſo viel zu zeigen hat,
Als Dresden, die geprieſ'ne Stadt.
Denn, wie der prächtige Veſuv
So manchen Berg, der großen Ruf
Erhielt durch Bild und Red' und Schrift,
An innerm Leben übertrifft,
Das ewig brauſ't und ewig glüht,
Und auf in Feuerſäulen ſprüht:
So thut es Dresden auch zuvor
Dem ganzen deutſchen Städte-Chor
An innern Lebens reger Kraft
Und künſtleriſcher Meiſterſchaft,
Die auf in tauſend Blumen blüht,
Von Himmelsflammen überglüht.
Es iſt, umlacht von heitrer Flur,
Ein großer Muſentempel nur,
Und Haus bei Haus iſt ein Altar,
Und zahllos iſt die Prieſterſchaar,
Die täglich ihre Opfer bringt,
Und nach der Muſe Beifall ringt,
Indem der Eine, ſeelenvoll,
Ergreift die Leier des Apoll,
Sein Glück bejauchzt, ſein Leiden klagt,
Von Mit- und Vorwelt ſingt und ſagt;
Der Andre, mit gemeſſnem Schritt,
Dem Erſten an die Seite tritt,
Mit Flöten- und mit Geigenklang
Zu ehren, was der Dichter ſang;
Ein Dritter von der Staffelei,
Greift mit dem Pinſel Zauberei
Und bannet auf die Leinwand hin,
Was ihm bewegt Herz und Sinn;
Ein Vierter, mit dem Meißel, macht,
Daß aus dem Stein ein Gott erwacht;
Ein Fünfter zu der Trauerurn'
Uns führt auf tragiſchem Kothurn;
Ein Sechſter, durch Apollo's Gunſt,
Das Leſen ſelbſt erhebt zur Kunſt;
Ein Siebenter — ein Zehnter gar —
Allein genug! 's iſt offenbar! —
Wer zweifeln wollte, wäre blind! —
Apollo und die Muſen ſind —
Aus ihrer alten Tempel Pracht,
In ſturmbewegter Zeiten Nacht,
Durch rohe Barbarei verſtört —
In Dresdens Mauern eingekehrt,
Daß an der Elbe möcht' entſtehn
Ein neues, geiſtiges Athen.

Als alte Heiden, werden ſie
Sich freilich ganz bekehren nie,
Und lang verlacht ſie Kreuz und Knie
[illegible]
Doch finden ſie ſich jetzt darein,
Und laſſen Chriſten Chriſten ſein,
In Wort und That, in Schrift und Bild,
Und keiner ſchmollt, und keiner ſchilt,
Wenn Maler und Poet, verzückt,
Mit Blumen ſeinen Glauben ſchmückt.

Hochvornehm wandeln ſie noch ſo,
Wie ſonſt, einher incognito,
Und bergen ſich ſo gut, daß man
Sie ahnen nur, nicht kennen kann.
Wer weiß, ob nicht Apoll als Hirt
Auch hier manchmal die Flur durchirrt,
(Beſonders ſeit ſich Bock und Schaf
Veredelt und vermehrt ſo brav);
Und wenn auch Jungfraun-Sprödigkeit
Vor ihm nicht mehr um Hülfe ſchreit,
Und keine mehr ſich, angſtgepreßt,
In einen Baum verwandeln läßt:
Iſt mancher Jungfrau hier das Haupt
Mit Lorbeern doch ſo ſchön umlaubt,
Daß man wohl merkt, an weſſen Hand
Sie ſolche edle Zierde fand.
Wer weiß auch, ob er nicht mit Stern
Und Band ſich ſchmückt, wie große Herrn,
Und als Horaz und als Mäcen
Gleich ehrenvoll weiß da zu ſtehn?
Wer weiß denn, ob nicht dieſer Kreis
(Zu ſeinem und der Muſen Preis
Geſtiftet) Manchen oft als Gaſt,
Vielleicht als Mitglied gar, umfaßt?
Daß holde Grazien hier ſind,
Wer das nicht ſieh', der wäre blind,
Und die ſind ſtets, als blutsverwandt,
Den Muſen nahe, wie bekannt.
Ich armer, leſender Poet,
Verlegen bin ich, doch discret,
Und zeige, ſo geſpannt ich bin,
Nach Keinem doch mit Fingern hin,
Wenn gleich ich fragen möchte: „Wer
Iſt Der und Die, und Der und Der?"
Bei Gott, ich trau' am Ende nicht
Des beſten Freundes Angeſicht!
Wer weiß, ob er, ob Frau und Kind,
Nicht auch nur Menſchenaffen ſind,
Die mich, aus bloßer Neckerei,
Hieher gelockt zur Leſerei?
Ich ſage hier für Keinen gut,
Denn höchſtens werf' ich noch mit Muth
Die ehrliche Behauptung hin,
Daß ich nicht Gott, nicht Muſe bin:
Und alſo bleibt's mein letztes Wort:
Das Dresden iſt ein Zauberort!

Johann Georg Eccard, ſpäter von Eckhart

ward am 7. September 1674 zu Duingen im Hannöverſchen geboren, bekam ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der Kloſterſchule Pforta und bezog dann die Univerſität Leipzig. Nach vollendeten Studien ward er Secretair des Feldmarſchall von Flemming in Dresden und erhielt dann (1706) eine Profeſſur der Geſchichte in Helmſtädt. Von hier 1713 als Rath und Hiſtoriograph nach Hannover berufen, folgte er 1717 Leibniz im Bibliothekariat und wurde vom Kaiſer Karl VI. geadelt. Seine zerrütteten Vermögensumſtände zwangen ihn jedoch heimlich nach Corvey und von hier nach Cöln zu fliehen, wo er 1723 zur katholiſchen Religion übertrat. Auf Veranlaſſung des Fürſtbiſchofs von Würzburg wurde er als wirklicher Hofrath, ſpäter Geheimrath, Bibliothekar in Würzburg, wo er am 9. Febr. 1730 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Monatliche Auszüge aus allerhand Büchern. Hannover, 1700—1702. 3 Bde.
Historia studii etymologici linguae Germanicae. Hannover, 1711.
Hymnus magnus ecclesiae quem Te Deum laudamus vulgo vocant. Helmſtädt, 1713. 4.
Incerti Monachi Weissenburgensis Catechesis theotisca. Hannover, 1713.
Poetiſche Nebenſtunden. Braunſchweig, 1721.
Corpus historicum medii aevi. Leipzig. 1723. 2 Bde. Fol.
Commentarii de rebus Franciae orientalis. Würzburg, 1729—1731. 2 Bde. Fol.

E. erwarb ſich vorzügliches Verdienſt durch ſeine Bemühungen, das Studium der deutſchen Sprache zu verbreiten, ſo wie durch ſeine Bekanntmachung, Vergleichung und Erklärung alter Sprachdenkmäler, zu einer Zeit, als dieſes Feld des Wiſſens noch ſehr unangebaut lag und ſich nur höchſt geringes Intereſſe für daſſelbe, bei der Nation beurkundete. Seine eigenen poetiſchen Leiſtungen ſind im Geſchmack jener Tage und ſchon an und für ſich unbedeutend.

Eckhard I. der Mönch von St. Gallen.

Notkers Oheim und Lehrer, ſtarb 973. Er ſchrieb ein Gedicht von Walthers Flucht und deſſen Kämpfen mit den Wormſer Helden, in lateiniſchen Hexametern, wahrſcheinlich nach einem deutſchen Original, das zuerſt von Fiſcher herausgegeben ward unter dem Titel:

De prima expeditione Attilae reg. Hun. in Gallias ac de rebus gestis Waltharii Aquitan. principis. 1780 u. 1792. 4

Gustav Edinhard, s. W. Fink.

Johann Augustin Egenolff

wurde im Jahr 1683 in Dresden, wo ſein Vater als Rector lebte, geboren, beſuchte die Kloſterſchule Pforta und ſtudirte darauf in Leipzig, wo er 1705 Magiſter wurde, Philologie. Dann ging er nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt zurück und machte darauf mit dem Grafen Moriz von Sachſen eine Reiſe nach Holland, auf welcher er bei der Belagerung mehrerer Feſtungen gegenwärtig war. Nach ſeiner Heimkehr ward er Tertius an der Fürſtenſchule zu Grimma, wo er 1729 ſtarb.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Hiſtorie der teutſchen Sprache. Leipzig, 1716. 12. — Zweiter Theil, Leipzig, 1720. 12.
Kaiſer Karls des Großen Lebensbeſchreibung. Durch Eginharten u. ſ. w. ins Deutſche gebracht und mit Anmerkungen verſehen. Leipzig, 1728. 12.
Chronologiſche Zeittafel vom Anfang der Welt, bis auf gegenwärtige Zeit. Leipzig, 1722. Fol.

Ein wackerer Schulmann, deſſen Geſchichte der deutſchen Sprache ein für jene Zeit ſehr verdienſtliches Werk war und von ſeinen Nachfolgern viel benutzt worden iſt. Wir theilen hier als Probe ſeiner Behandlungsweiſe die erſten drei Capitel dieſes Werkes mit.

Das erſte Capitel.

Von den gelehrten Leuten, ſo von der Hiſtorie der Teutſchen Sprache geſchrieben.

Obgleich unterſchiedene Gelehrte Nachricht von der Teutſchen, und nicht weniger derjenigen Sprache, aus welcher ſie meiſt ihren Urſprung [illegible], gegeben: ſo iſt doch meines Wiſſens keiner unter denſelben, welcher auf ſolche Art, wie mir [illegible] ich zu thun gewonnen bin, davon geſchrieben. Denn ich werde mir angelegen ſeyn laſſen, derſelben Natur und äuſſerliche Geſtalt, nebſt den Veränderungen, welchen ſie von Noahs Zeit an, bis auf die jetzige unterworfen geweſen, zu unterſuchen. Bei den Alten, ſowol Griechiſchen als Römiſchen Geſchicht-Schreibern findet man [illegible] nichts mehr, als dieſe Merkmahle und Zuſtänden, daß ſie bekennen, daß ſie ihren Gottesdienſt und Sprache von den Barbarn, als Scythen, Phrygiern, Thraciern, und andern dergleichen Völkern bekommen haben; woraus wir [illegible] ziehen wollen. Unter denen, ſo in den neuern Zeiten davon gehandelt, hat Goropius Becanus das Eis gebrochen, und in ſeinen unterſchiedenen Schriften gar deutlich erwieſen, daß die Cimbriſche, Celtiſche, oder Scythiſche Sprache, welcher [illegible] Töchter die Teutſche, Holländiſche, Schwediſche, Däniſche, und andere ſind, die allerälteſte von Europa und eine Mutter der übrigen ſey. Es gedenket zwar der Herr Schottel eines Gelehrten, mit Namen Annius [illegible], ſo der erſte Gründer dieſer Sätze ſeyn ſoll, welche Becanus hernach weiter bewieſen, und führet aus dem [illegible] an, daß [illegible] und [illegible] valtus wider den Annius geſchrieben. Aber ich habe weder ſeine, noch ſeiner Widerſacher Schriften jemals zu ſehen bekommen, finde auch nirgends, daß einiges Werk von ihm ſey gemachet worden. Auf unſern Becanus aber wieder zu kommen, ſo gehet es demſelben, wie faſt allen Gelehrten und Künſtlern, ſo ſich in eine Wiſſenſchaft verliebt haben, und daher insgemein aus derſelben alles, was nur in der Welt vorgehet, herzuführen pflegen. Alſo, da Becanus ſiehet, daß viele Griechiſche, Lateiniſche, Franzöſiſche, Italiäniſche, und andere Wörter aus der alten Cimbriſchen Sprache herkommen, ſo ſchlieſſet er, wie man in den Schulen redet, a particulari ad universale, und ſuchet darzuthun, daß alle Wörter der Europäiſchen, ja gar der Orientaliſchen Sprachen unmittelbar aus der Cimbriſchen müſſen hergeleitet werden. [illegible] bringet ſo wunderliche und lächerliche Grillen vor, daß er mit Recht von den Gelehrten verlachet wird, [illegible] iſt. [illegible] als Lipſius und Julius Cäſar Scaliger, wie ihn denn der letztere einen Marktſchreier und Narren über den andern heiſſet, wovon ein weitläuftig Exempel Chabotius angeführet. Es hat auch ſolches Becanus wohl gewußt, daher er zum öftern, ſonderlich in dem andern Buche ſeiner Hermathene, viel wider den Scaliger ſchreibet, und demſelben ſeine Fehler zeiget. Der ſeelige Herr Dr. Auguſt Pfeiffer, der wegen ſeiner großen Wiſſenſchaft ſo wol in Europäiſchen, als Morgenländiſchen Sprachen, hierinnen nicht ungeſchickt urtheilen können, widerlegt zwar die Gedanken, ſo Becanus von der Ebräiſchen Sprache hat, läßt ihn aber im übrigen ſeyn, wer er iſt. Morhof verlacht an vielen Orten ſeine Grillen, an andern aber giebt er ihm ſein gebührendes Lob: ja Chr. Gryphius weiſet, daß einige Gelehrte, ſo ein großes Licht ſeyn wollen, als Bochart, und Chiflet ſelbſt, zu weilen mit dieſes Mannes Kalbe gepflüget, und unterſchiedene ihre Erfindungen ihm zu danken haben. Dieſem Becanus giebt an ſeltſamen Herleitungen wenig oder nichts nach, Joh. Conrad Wackius in ſeiner Anzeigung, wie nemlich die uralte Teutſche Sprache meiſtentheils ihren Urſprung aus dem Celtiſchen oder Chaldäiſchen habe, und das Perſiſche aus dem Teutſchen herkomme: Regensburg 1713. 8. Denn ob er wol in Hiſtoriſchen Dingen, ſo lange er dem Morhof nachgehet, nicht unrecht urtheilet, auch vielen Fleiß und Zeit zu Erlernung der Morgenländiſchen Sprachen mag angewendet haben; ſo iſt doch kaum glaublich, daß er ſeine Herleitungen ſelbſt in ſeinem Gemüthe billigen, oder vor wahr halten ſollte. Nichts iſt im ganzen Werke lächerlicher, als wenn er p. 23 den Geſang: Herr Bohere was nicht ſteht im Streit? der Streich hält, und p. 26 die Redensart des gemeinen Pöbels: in die Lateiniſche Kunſt kommen, vom Ebräiſchen eres, Chaldäiſchen aras, und Syriſchen arso, welches ſo viel als ein Sarg heiſſet, herleitet; wiewol er im übrigen an einigen Orten hart wider die redet, ſo ſeine Meynungen nicht annehmen wollen, und ſie vor tumme Kerl und lächerliche Böcke hält, als die z. E. mühſelig von andern Wörtern als vom Teutſchen misel, geben, herführen. Aber wir laſſen dieſe Grillen, und kommen wieder auf unſern Becanus. Dieſer, nachdem er den Weg gebahnet, haben ſich einige bemühet, ſo wol von den Galliern, bey welchen noch heute zu Tage die unmittelbaren und gleichſam leiblichen Töchter der Celtiſchen Sprache gebräuchlich, als auch von andern, welcher Sprachen die Lateiniſche hauptſächlich zur Mutter haben, dieſe Wahrheit weitläuftig auszuführen. In Italien hat einer, Namens Antonio Riccardi, in einem Buche, welches er della precendenza delle lingue genennt, behauptet: daß die Cimbriſche Sprache alle am Alterthume übertreffe, welches Werk mir aber ſelbſten niemals zu Geſichte kommen iſt. Der Herr Morhof gedenket unter andern deſſelben in ſeinem Buch von der Teutſchen Poeſie. Was aus dem großen Werke, ſo jetzt ein Gelehrter in Venedig unter den Händen hat, in welchem er die Hiſtorie der Alphabeter, und der bekannten Sprachen ſelbſt vorſtellen will, werden wird, und was an des Joh. Chamberlayne in Amſterd. ſeiner ganz neuen Schrift von eben dieſen Dingen ſey, muß die Zeit lehren. So mißgünſtig als viele unverſtändige Franzoſen auf unſere Nation ſeyn, und die Teutſche Sprache lieber, nach dem Ausſpruch Carls des V., zu einer Pferdeſprache machen wollten; ſo hat ſich doch ein verſtändiger Mann unter ihnen gefunden, welcher alle obbenannte Federn, ſo jemals hiervon etwas ungleiches geurtheilet, genugſam widerleget, und das rühmliche Alterthum unſers Volks und Sprache ſo gut vorgeſtellet, daß es kein Teutſcher hätte beſſer machen können. Es iſt ſolches der Abt Pezron in ſeinem Werkchen, ſo er von dem Alterthume der Celtiſchen Nation und Sprache geſchrieben: Antiquité de la nation et de la langue des Celtes: welches Buch billig jeder Teutſcher ſeiner Vortrefflichkeit halber leſen ſollte. Die Herren Holländer, Engeländer, Dänen, (und unter denſelben ſonderlich Olaus Wormius,) und Schweden haben in Unterſuchung ihrer Mutterſprache, und des Alterthums derſelben, mehr Fleiß angewendet, als wir Teutſchen, und viele Bücher davon heraus gegeben, die vom Herrn Morhof und andern häufig angeführet werden. Wie denn ſonderlich die Schweden alle Winkel ihres Landes durchkriechen, um einige Nachricht von ihres Volks Alterthum und Sprache zu haben, auch in dieſer Abſicht eine eigene Geſellſchaft aufgerichtet, und in Upſal einen Profeſſor der Septentrionaliſchen Sprachen eingeſetzt. Das meiſte und fürnehmſte, was von ſolcher Schwediſchen Sprache und ihren Alterthümern angeführet werden kann, findet man bei dem Herrn Rudbeck in ſeiner Atlantica. Sonſt hat auch ein gelehrter Mann in Engeland, Namens George Hickes, alles, was nur von Nordiſchen Alterthümern übrig iſt, mit großer Mühe und Geſchicklichkeit zuſammen geſuchet, und heraus gegeben, unter dem Titel: Thesaurus linguarum septentrionalium, Oxf. 1705, fol. 2 Tom., in welchem Werke wir Teutſchen ſehr beſchämet werden, daß wir einen Ausländer alle Alterthümer, ſo nur von unſerm Volke und Sprache zu haben, mit ſolcher Geſchicklichkeit ſammlen laſſen, daß wir uns bey demſelben Raths erholen müſſen, und keinen von unſern Landsleuten aufweiſen können, der hierinnen ſo nützlichen Fleiß angewendet. Unter uns iſt ſo wol der Zeit, als den Verdienſten nach, vor allen zu rühmen der Herr Philipp Cluver, ein Danziger, welcher, indem er in ſeinem Alten Teutſchlande (Germania Antiqua) das Alterthum des Teutſchen Volks unterſuchet, auch zugleich hin und wieder gar löblich (ob er wol ſeine Fehler und Irrthümer auch hat) von ihrer Sprache urtheilet, und ſich ſonderlich in Erklärung der Namen der Völker, Flüſſe, Länder und Dörfer nützlich bemühet, auch umſtändlich weiſet, daß die erſten Einwohner von ganz Europa, den Sprachen nach wenig oder gar nicht unterſchieden geweſen. Nach ihm folget der bekannte Herr Schottel, welcher in unterſchiedenen Schriften, ſo er von dieſer Materie geſchrieben, viel, aber nicht alles angeführet, was zur Teutſchen Sprache Ruhm und Eigenſchaft gehöret. Aber alles, was in deſſen Schriften weitläuftig vorgetragen wird, findet man kürzlich in den Grundſätzen des Herrn Joh. Bödikers, welche mit guten Beweisthümern befeſtiget, und worinne immer eine und die andere Anmerkung, ſo zur Hiſtorie unſerer Mutterſprache gehöret, mit eingerücket. Das einzige, ſo mir an dieſem Werke mißfällt, iſt, daß die Grundſätze von der Eigenſchaft der Sprache, und die Hiſtorie derſelbigen unter einander gemenget, gleichſam über einen Haufen liegen. Sonſten haben ſeine Gedanken auch in Hiſtoriſchen Dingen ihre Richtigkeit und Grund, weswegen wir ihn denn zum öftern anführen werden, als einen Mann, der in dieſen Wiſſenſchaften großen Verſtand gehabt, und viel Zeit darauf gewendet: beklagen auch, daß ſeine übrige Schriften, ſo er verſprochen, noch nicht an den Tag gekommen. Am ausführlichſten hat hiervon geſchrieben der gelehrte Herr Morhof, in ſeinem Buche, von der Teutſchen Sprache und Poeſie. Denn ob wol die Menge der Sachen, welche er im berühmten nützlichen Werke abgehandelt, nicht zugelaſſen, eine ausführliche Hiſtorie unſerer Mutterſprache zu ſchreiben, ſo hat er doch den Weg gezeigt, welchen einer, der hierinnen etwas thun wollte, halten müßte; weswegen wir uns auch ſeiner zum öftern bedienet, und in ſeine Fußſtapfen zu treten geſuchet haben. Wie hoch übrigens dieſes ſein angezogenes Buch von den Gelehrten gehalten wird, findet man in der Vorrede ſeines ſogenannten Polyhistoris p. 46: und iſt zu beklagen, daß der vortreffliche Verfaſſer dieſes Werks, von welchem Teutſchland eben ſowohl, als Frankreich von ſeinem Salmaſius ſagen kann: Non illi, sed scientiis defuit, quod ignoravit: ſeine übrigen Schriften, ſonderlich aber die verſprochenen Origines Germanicas, nicht hat zu Ende bringen können. Wir übergehen hier, weder aus Verachtung noch Unwiſſenheit viele andere, ſo ihren Fleiß zur Unterſuchung und Ausbeſſerung der Teutſchen Sprache angewendet, wie wir auch zum Theil ſelbſt in dieſem Buche angezogen, und begnügen uns diejenigen hier angeführet zu haben, derer Gedanken wir entweder gebilliget, und weiter ausgeführet, oder widerleget.

Das zweite Kapitel.

Von der großen Veränderung, welcher die Sprachen unterworfen ſind, und derſelben vornehmſten Urſachen.

Iſt eine Sache in der Welt, ſo der Veränderung unterworfen; ſo ſind es die Sprachen der Menſchen, wie ſolches von vielen gelehrten Leuten, in unterſchiedenen Schriften, iſt erkannt und bewieſen geworden. Wer es nicht gläubet, halte die Teutſche Sprache, ſo zu des Großen Carls Zeiten geredet worden, und unſere heutige; das Griechiſche, ſo Demoſthenes gebrauchet, und das ſo jetzt in den Griechiſchen Landen gebräuchlich; das Latein, wie es Cicero und Ennius geredet, nebſt dem jetzigen Italiäniſchen, ſo daraus entſprungen, gegen einander: ſo wird er befinden, daß die Veränderung ſo merklich und groß ſey, daß Leute, ſo von einerley Volke herkommen, und bey einerley Volk erzogen worden, deren einer aber geboren geworden, da der andere ſchon vor etliche 100 Jahren geſtorben geweſen, ſich nicht verſtehen würden, wenn ſie zuſammen kommen ſollten, und jeglicher die Sprache reden, die zu ſeiner Zeit gebräuchlich geweſen. Siehe hiervon Wormii Fastos Danicos, und Morhoff. Phil. Germ. Ob nun wol eine Sprache mehr, die andere weniger, ſolcher Veränderung unterworfen, ſo kann ſich doch aus natürlichen Urſachen keine davon ausſchließen. So lange die Menſchen fortfahren werden, in Speiſen und deren Zubereitung, in Kleidern und dergleichen Dingen, die Veränderung und neue Mode zu lieben: ja ſo lange ſie nicht aufhören werden, neue Dinge nicht ihren Namen zu erfinden; ſo lange wird die Veränderung der Sprachen nicht können vermieden werden. Es iſt zu allen Zeiten dieſer Gebrauch in der Welt geweſen, daß ſich die Leute bemühet, demjenigen Volke, das vor andern berühmet geweſen, wie andere Sitten und Gewohnheiten, alſo auch deſſen ſeine Sprache abzuſehen, [illegible] zu reden, und viel daraus in ihre Mutterſprache zu [illegible]. Zu [illegible] Zeiten [illegible] andere der [illegible] man [illegible], und da die Römer faſt die Welt der bekannten Länder bezwungen, wurde die lateiniſche Sprache überall eingeführet, woran noch heute zu Tage ihre Töchter die Zeugen übrig ſind. Zu den [illegible] Zeiten [illegible] V. bemühete ſich ganz Europa Spaniſch zu [illegible], eben wie man jetzt ſich [illegible] die Franzöſiſche Sprache zu befleißen, und aus derſelben etwas in ihre Mutterſprache mit einzubringen; welches denn zu Veränderung der Sprache kein geringes beyträgt. So verurſacht auch nicht weniger der Umgang mit andern Völkern eine große Veränderung in derſelben, weil dadurch nicht allein viele fremde Wörter in das Land gebracht werden, ſondern auch viele der einheimiſchen Wörter ſich wegen von den Ausländern anders, als ſonſt gewöhnlich, ausſprechen laſſen, welche ſich denn nach und nach die Einheimiſchen auch mit angewöhnen. Daher ſiehet man, daß die Sprachen derjenigen Völker, bey welchen die Handlung ſehr getrieben wird, und welche am meiſten mit andern Nationen zu thun haben, auch vor allen der Veränderung unterworfen, und mit fremden Wörtern angefüllt ſind. Es macht auch viel [illegible] der Unterſchied des Landes und Erdbodens, der Luft und des Gewäſſers, dahero ſiehet man, daß einerley Volk, welches ſich zu einer Zeit in zweyen unterſchiedenen Ländern niederläßt, in kurzem einander unverſtändlich wird. Gleichwie man ſchwerlich 20 Meilen reiſen kann, ohne eine merkliche Veränderung in den Dingen, ſo aus der Erde hervor wachſen, anzutreffen, welches daher entſtehet, daß der Erdboden entweder fett oder mager, leimicht oder ſandicht iſt: alſo muß daraus nothwendig in den Einwohnern der Länder und den Wirkungen ihrer Leibeskräfte, auch ſelbſt in [illegible] und der Rede, ein Unterſchied erfolgen. Man weiß, daß die Schweizer, ob ſie wol eine Art der Deutſchen Sprache reden, dennoch dieſelbe ſo langſam und übel ausſprechen, daß ſie andern Völkern mehr zu heulen, als zu reden ſcheinen. Einige, ſo von der Arzneykunſt geſchrieben, halten dafür, daß die Urſache ſolcher übeln Ausſprache keine andere ſey, als die Kröpfe, mit welchen dieſe Nation, und ſonderlich die Weibsperſonen, geplaget iſt; weil durch dieſelben die Werkzeuge der Rede alſo gedruckt und gezwungen werden, daß nothwendig dergleichen unangenehme Sprache daraus erfolgen muß. Von den Kröpfen aber ſelbſt ſagen ſie, daß ſie von dem ſchlechten Waſſer des Landes herrühreten. Es ward in allen römiſchen Provinzen einerley lateiniſche Sprache eingeführet, wie uns ſolches Terentius, Seneca, Martialis, Prudentius, und viele andere, durch ihre Schriften lehren, die als Ausländer eben ſo gut Latein geſchrieben, als die gebohrnen Römer, und doch entſtund bald darauf in den Ländern, wo die Römer als Ueberwinder ihre Sprache eingeführet, eine ſolche Veränderung, daß heute zu Tage kein Franzoſe weder einen Spanier noch Italiener verſtehet, ob wol ihre Sprachen die lateiniſche eben ſo wol zur Mutter haben, als die ſeinige. Ja man erfähret nicht täglich, daß jegliches Land, wo nicht gar jegliche Stadt, eines Königreiches oder Landes ihre beſondere Mundart oder Dialect habe? die oft ſo ſehr von einer andern unterſchieden iſt, daß ſich Leute von einerley Volk nicht verſtehen: wie wir ſolches an den Weſtphalen und Schwaben, Meißnern und Oeſterreichern ſehen. Daher kommt es auch, daß einige Buchſtaben und Wörter gewiſſer Sprachen den Ausländern auszuſprechen unmöglich ſind. Von der Aethiopiſchen Sprache hat ſolches Herr Ludolf und von der Lappländiſchen Hr. Scheffer, von andern andere angemerkt. Ich habe auch ſolches ſelbſt an einem gebohrnen Hottentotten zum öftern wahrgenommen, der ſich in Holland aufhielt, deſſen Wörter, die er aus ſeiner Mutterſprache beybrachte, uns Europäern nachzuſagen und recht auszuſprechen unmöglich waren. Wir wollen hier nicht anführen, wie durch [illegible] aufgerichtete Geſellſchaften und gelehrte Leute manche Sprache ſich von Zeit zu Zeit verbeſſert, und eben dadurch verändert habe, da bald dieſes bald jenes Wort abgeſchafft, und wieder gebräuchlich wird, wie Horatius ſaget:

Ut sylvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit aetas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.

Und an einem andern Orte:

Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere, cadentque,
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et vis, et norma loquend.

Noch wollen wir nicht beſchreiben, wie ein Volk, das von einem andern angefallen und überwunden wird, weder ſeine vorige, noch des Ueberwinders Sprache behalte, ſondern daß eine neue daraus entſtehe, wie wir aus dem Exempel der Spanier, die weder die Gothiſche, Lateiniſche, noch Saraceniſche Sprache behalten, und anderer abnehmen; oder wenn ſich Leute von unterſchiedenem Volk mit einander verbunden, oder [illegible], was da vor eine Vermiſchung daraus erfolge? wie Nehem. XIII. zu erſehen: ſondern wir ſchließen aus dem bisher geſagten nur ſo viel, daß, da die Natur der Menſchen vor der Sündfluth eben alſo, wie nach derſelben beſchaffen geweſen, die Welt aber vor der Sündfluth 1656 Jahr geſtanden, auch mit Menſchen ſehr angefüllt geweſen, nothwendig folgen müſſe, daß die Sprache, welche von Adam bis auf Noah fortgepflanzet worden, einiger Veränderung ſey unterworfen geweſen, oder, daß noch vor der Sündfluth unterſchiedene Mundarten entſtanden. Dieſes hat auch [illegible] Calaminus in ſeinem kleinen, aber gelehrten Werke von der ebräiſchen Sprache p. 3. angemerkt. Es kann zwar hiewider eingewendet werden, daß dergleichen Veränderung mit dem langen Leben der erſten Menſchen [illegible] nicht heute zu Tage, daß ſich die Alten niemals nach der neuen Weiſe richten, und ihre vorige Gewohnheiten behalten? Auch von dieſen Zeiten [illegible] zum Gebrauch des menſchlichen Lebens, unterſchiedene neue Dinge erfunden worden, welche ſie zum Unterſchied anderer Sachen mit neuen Namen haben belegen müſſen: zu geſchweigen, daß ſie nicht alle nach einander an einem Orte leben können, ſondern durch Veränderung ihrer Wohnungen zur Veränderung der Sprachen Anlaß gegeben. Und wenn keine Veränderung aus angeführten natürlichen Urſachen nicht erfolget, ſo müßte Gott ſolches durch ein ſonderbares Wunderwerk bewerkſtelliget haben, wovon aber die heilige Schrift nichts meldet. Jedoch wollen wir deswegen mit niemand einen Streit anfangen, ſondern laſſen hierinnen einem jeglichen ſeine Meynung. Wer mehr von der nothwendigen Veränderung der Sprachen, und derſelben Urſachen nachleſen will, ſchlage nach, was Salmaſius zu Ende ſeiner ſogenannten Helleniſtica, und [illegible], wie auch Gl. [illegible] Disput. de Causis diversitatis linguarum angemerkt hat. Zum Beſchluß dieſes Capitels wollen wir anhängen die Worte des ſpaniſchen Saavedra. Er ſagt derſelbe: La naturaleza distinguio las provincias, y las cercò ya con murallas de montes, ya con fosos de rios, y ya con las soberbias olas del mar, para difficultarnos intentos ala ambicion humana: con este fin constituyo la diversidad de climas de naturales, y de lenguas. Das iſt: Die Natur hat die Länder von einander abgeſondert, und ſie nicht allein mit Bergen gleich als Mauren, ſondern auch mit Flüſſen, ja den ſtolzen Wellen des Meeres umgeben, um die Begierden des menſchlichen Ehrgeizes im Zaum zu halten. In dieſer Abſicht hat ſie den Unterſchied der Länder und Erdbodens, wie auch der Neigung des Menſchen und der Sprachen eingeführet.

Das dritte Capitel.

Ob aus angeführten Urſachen eine Sprache könne ſo ſehr verändert werden, daß in ihren Töchtern keine einzige Gleichheit oder Anzeigung der Mutter zu finden?

Wir halten zwar mit dem berühmten Ludolf dafür, daß noch viele Völker und Sprachen in der Welt ſind, von welchen wir keine Wiſſenſchaft oder Nachricht haben. Es möchte auch Herr Stiernhielm, wenn er noch lebte, ſeine Meynung beweiſen, da er ſagt: „es ſey wahrſcheinlich, daß gleich wie aus einer Sprache die andern alle hergekommen, ſie alſo wieder zu derſelben könnten gezogen werden.“ Dieſes aber ſcheint natürlich, daß es in Anſehung der Veränderung (per analogismum) nothwendig einer Sprache wie der andern gehen müſſe. Da nun alſo die Veränderung den Sprachen gemein und gleichſam natürlich iſt; ſo fragt ſichs: ob aus oben angeführten Urſachen eine jüngere Sprache der ältern, aus welcher ſie entſtanden, dermaßen unähnlich werden könne, daß man von dieſer nicht das geringſte Merkmaal und Anzeigung in jener finden könnte? worauf wir allerdings mit Nein antworten. Es verhält ſich mit den Sprachen eben als wie mit den Metallen. Dieſe laſſen ſich durch das Feuer alſo zwingen, und zuſammen ſchmelzen, daß aus Kupfer und anderen [illegible] Metallen eine Maſſe wird, welche dem [illegible] Anſehen und Farbe keiner von den Metallen gleich iſt, aus welchen ſie zuſammen geſchmelzet. Wenn aber ein kluger Künſtler, der die Scheidekunſt wohl verſtehet, darüber kommt;

ſo kann er faſt einem jeglichen Metalle ſeine eigene Natur und Anſehen wieder geben. Ja er hat ſeine gewiſſe Handgriffe und Merkmahle, aus welchen er urtheilen, und noch vor der Zertheilung gewiß ſagen kann, von welchem Metall weniger oder mehr in dem zuſammengeſchmolzenen Klumpen zu finden ſey. Alſo mag eine Sprache, ſo ſehr mit andern vermengt und verderbt ſeyn als ſie will; ſo wird doch allezeit derjenige, ſo die Wortforſchung recht gelernet, und genugſame Wiſſenſchaft von denjenigen Sprachen hat, von deren Töchtern einer er handelt, bald ſagen können, woher jedes Wort und Redensart genommen ſey. Hierbey iſt noch dieſes gewiß, daß, wie immer ein Metall von dem andern leichter oder ſchwerer zu theilen iſt; alſo ſind die Stammwörter in dieſer oder jener Sprache leichter oder ſchwerer zu finden, als in einer andern. Wer nun hierinnen was hauptſächliches thun will, muß vor allen Dingen die in Wiſſenſchaften ſo ſchädlichen Vorurtheile abſchaffen, ſich gewiſſe Grundregeln vorſetzen, und ſich derer, ſo ihm ſchon von andern gelehrten Leuten an die Hand gegeben worden, bedienen. Die Sache mit Exempeln zu erörtern; ſo ſollte vielen lächerlich ſcheinen, wenn ich ſage: das Teutſche Wort Claus, ſo man ausſpricht Kohlaus, käme von Clavis, der Schlüſſel, her; aber ich will es beweiſen. Von dem Lateiniſchen Clavis iſt das Italieniſche Clave gemacht worden. Die Piemonteſer können el neben einander nicht ausſprechen, verwandeln derowegen l in i, werfen auch das letzte e weg, ſo wird aus ave Ai, und alſo aus clave Ciau. Bey unſerer Mutterſprache zu bleiben, ſo iſt das Lateiniſche Wort Homo nichts anders als das Teutſche Wort Mann oder Men mit dem Articul ho oder he, wie er noch bey den Holländern gebräuchlich. Denn es hat Morhof zur Gnüge erwieſen, daß die uralten Lateiner nicht geſagt: homo, hominis; ſondern homon, homonis. Ich kann nicht umhin, hier ein weitläuftiger Exempel anzuführen, um zu zeigen, wie ich mich im 2. Theile bey der Wortforſchung verhalten werde. Es iſt ein alt Japhetiſch oder Europäiſch Stammwort, Ut, welches im Niederſächſiſchen, Engliſchen, Jütländiſchen, Norwegiſchen, Schwediſchen, Däniſchen und andern Mundarten, ſo viel, als das Hochteutſche aus und Holländiſche uyt bedeutet. Daher ſagt man in Niederſachſen ſcherzweiſe, das Lateiniſche ex habe im Genitivo ut-is, aus iſts. Aus dieſem kleinen Wörtchen ſind in den Europäiſchen Sprachen durchgehends ſehr viel Worte entſtanden, welche auf den erſten Anblick gar keine Verwandtſchaft mit demſelben zu haben ſcheinen. Durch die Vorſetzung des Hauchs (Spiritus), von welchem in dem 2. Theile dieſes Werks viel wird zu reden ſeyn, iſt daraus geworden hut. Dieſes alte Japhetiſche Wort heißt ſowol in der Hochteutſchen als derſelben verwandten Sprachen 1) alles äußerliche, ſo uns zur Bedeckung oder Beſchützung dienet. In ſolchem Verſtande wird es oft in der Bibel gebraucht, auch im Liede: er hält über uns Hut und Wacht. Hievon kömmt: hütten, hüten, behüten, verhütet, Obhut ꝛc. 2) heißt es die Decke unſers Fleiſches, Schwediſch Hud oder Hut, Hochteutſch Haut. Einige Nachkommen Japhets haben, wie in andern, ſo auch in dieſem Worte den Hauch verdoppelt, oder denſelben in C oder K verwandelt. Daher iſt aus Hut das Cappadociſche Kutis, und Finniſche Keto, ſo eine ausgeſpannte Haut, oder auch eine Hütte und Bauerhaus heißt, wie auch nebſt der Lateiniſchen Endung Cutis geworden, wovon intercus, recutitus, ich dürfte auch bald ſagen Custos entſtanden. Auf gleiche Weiſe iſt aus Halm, Helle, Hert Holländiſch Herte, Schwediſch und Däniſch Hierta, Horn, Hals, mit der Zeit geworden Calamus, Cattus, Kardia, Cornu, Collus. Die Sclavoniſchen Völker haben, nebſt der Verwandelung des h in k, auch aus t ein z oder s gemacht, wie man etwa in unterſchiedenen Mundarten twe und zwee, Tom und Zohm oder Zaum, Torg oder Zorg zu ſagen pfleget. Alſo iſt auch Hut, Kuz, Koze, Kose, entſtanden, welches in Polniſcher, Böhmiſcher und andern Sclaviſchen Sprachen die Haut bedeutet, woher auch das Poln. Cassar oder Kozak ſeinen Urſprung hat. Hiermit ſcheinen auch verwandt zu ſeyn das Franzöſiſche Casaque, Spaniſche Casaca, Italiäniſche Casacca, Schwediſche Kaſa oder Kaſel, Griechiſche [illegible], ſo alle faſt einerley bedeuten. Ja es iſt auf gleiche Art daraus entſtanden, Kutte, Kittel, wo nicht auch Cucullus etc. Von Hut iſt auch das Griechiſche Wort [illegible] oder [illegible] die Haut, woran abermal das Wörter herkommen, wie jeglicher leicht nachſprechen kann. Hut heißt 3) eine Hütte, Schw. Hydda, Fr. la hutte, Engliſch hut, eine Hütte, ein Haus. Als man gelernet die Hütten größer zu machen, iſt aus Hut, das Schwediſche, Jütländiſche und Tartariſche Hus, Hus, Huus, Däniſche Huus, Engliſche House und Deutſche Haus geworden. Was iſt gemeinſchaftlicher, als das in unterſchiedenen Sprachen s und t verwechſelt werden? als Gatte, Water, ὕδωρ, Hoſe, Waſſer, aquam. Aus dieſem Haus, Hus iſt entſtanden Casa, wie auch Franz. buys, buyssier, Ungariſche hazzia, gleichſam hausartig, der ſich unter der Hütte verbirget und bedeckt, ein Soldat, Huſar ꝛc. Hut heißt auch 4) die Decke des Haupts (Pileus) Schw. Engliſch und Däniſch Hatt ꝛc. Wir übergehen die verblümten Bedeutungen dieſes Worts, da es die Freyheit und dergleichen heißt. Im andern Theile werden wir zeigen, wie mit der Zeit die Stammwörter durch vorgeſetzte Buchſtaben verlängert, und dadurch ihre Bedeutungen verändert geworden ſind. Alſo bedeutet der vorgeſetzte Buchſtabe a oder ar ſo viel als das Lateiniſche ex. Von Arm (Brachium) kömmt das Niederländiſche ſchirmen, d. i. den Arm aufheben oder fechten. Daher iſt das Ital. Schermire, Fr. escrimer, Spaniſche esgrimer, Teutſche Beſchirmen, wie es die Alten geſchrieben. Da man vor Hut ſc geſetzt worden, ſo iſt daraus entſtanden Skut, Schwediſch Skit, Hocht. Schutz, Lat. Scutum, Ital. Scuto, Fr. escu etc. ferner: ſchütten, ſchützen, ſchotten, ſchieſſen Scytha, [illegible], Schut, Kornſchütte ꝛc. Ich könnte noch weiter gehen; aber wieder auf mein Vorhaben zu kommen, ſo würde auf den erſten Anblick niemand leichte darauf fallen, daß zum Exempel [illegible], hoarse, [illegible] von ut, herkäme, ſondern vielmehr darüber lachen, wenn er ſähe, daß es ein anderer davon herleitete. Aber wenn einer mit genugſamer Wiſſenſchaft verſehen, ohne Vorurtheile dieſer Herleitung nachdenken wird, ſo wird er allerdings befinden, daß ſie der Vernunft und Wahrheit gemäß, und nicht zu verlachen ſey.

Chriſtian Ulrich Detlev von Eggers

ward am 11. Mai 1758 zu Itzehoe im Herzogthum Holſtein geboren und begann nach vollendeten Studien, ſeine Laufbahn im Staatsdienſt als Aſſeſſor der däniſchen Rentekammer in Copenhagen. Er erhielt darauf das Amt eines Bevollmächtigten in dem deutſchen und oſtindiſchen Secretariat, bei dem Commerzcollegium daſelbſt, und ward 1785 Profeſſor an der dortigen Univerſität. Im Jahre 1799 wurde er Legationsrath und Deputirter der deutſchen Staatskanzlei und 1802 Oberprokurator der Herzogthümer Schleswig und Holſtein, ſo wie 1806 in den deutſchen Freiherrnſtand erhoben. Er ſtarb als Dr. jur., K. Dän. Conferenzrath, Ritter des Dannebrogordens und Oberpräſident der Stadt Kiel, auf ſeinem Gute Garz bei Kiel, nach einem ſehr thätigen Leben am 21. Nov. 1813.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

- Gedächtnißrede auf Max. Julius Leopold von Braunſchweig. Copenhagen, 1785.
- Skizzen und Fragmente zu einer Geſchichte der Menſchheit. Copenhagen, 1786 folg. 3 Theile. N. A. 1805.
- Deutſches gemeinnütziges Magazin. Leipzig, 1788—1803.
- Denkwürdigkeiten der franzöſiſchen Revolution, in Rückſicht auf Staatsrecht und Politik. Copenhagen, 1795—1806. 6 Thle.
- Probirſtein für ächte Freimaurer. Copenhagen, 1786. 2 Thle.
- Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben des Grafen A. P. von Bernſtorff. Copenhagen, 1800.
- Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe durch das ſüdliche Deutſchland, durch Elſaß und die Schweiz. Copenhagen, 1801—1809. 7 Thle.
- Beiträge zur Kenntniß von Holſtein. Schleswig, 1805—7. 2 Thle.
- Reiſe durch Franken, Baiern, Oeſtreich, Preußen und Sachſen. Leipzig, 1810. 4 Thle.

E's Schriften zeichnen ſich beſonders durch den Scharfblick, die Beobachtungsgabe und die feine lebendige

Darſtellung aus, welche den erfahrenen, wiſſenſchaftlich gebildeten Staatsmann beurkunden. Seine Geſchichte der Menſchheit ſteht dem Herder'ſchen Werke um ſo mehr nach, als es ihr im Verhältniß zu jenem an philoſophiſcher Tiefe mangelt. Doch bietet ſie manches höchſt Gelungene und Durchgearbeitete, in glücklicher Form dar. — Die Reiſen gewähren noch jetzt eine eben ſo angenehme als belehrende und anregende Lectüre. Ein wichtigeres und bedeutenderes Werk bleibt indeſſen die Denkwürdigkeiten der franzöſiſchen Revolution.

Gœrsli von Ehenheim, ſ. Minneſänger.

Martin Ehlers

ward am 6. Januar 1732 in der Wilſtermarſch im Holſteiniſchen geboren, ſtudirte in Kiel, bekleidete darauf eine Zeitlang das Rectorat an der Schule zu Segeberg und erhielt dann die ordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie in Kiel, wo er am 9. Januar 1800 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Sammlung kleiner Schriften. Flensburg, 1776.
Von der menſchlichen Freiheit. Deſſau, 1783.
Ueber die Zuträglichkeit der Vergnügungen. Flensburg, 1790. 2 Thle.

Ein klarer und verſtändlicher Styl, ſo wie geſunde Moral und Lebensweisheit iſt ſeinen populärphiloſophiſchen Schriften eigen, welche zu ihrer Zeit ſehr gern geleſen wurden.

Friedrich Ehrenberg

ward am 6. Dec. im Jahre 1776 zu Elberfeld geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und wurde dann reformirter Prediger zu Plettenberg, ſpäter zu Iſerlohn in der Grafſchaft Mark und 1806 nach Berlin berufen, wo er noch jetzt als Doctor der Theologie, K. P. Oberconſiſtorialrath, erſter Hof- und Domprediger und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens, eben ſo hoch geehrt, als innig geliebt, von Allen, die ihn kennen, lebt.

Seine zahlreichen Schriften ſind:

Andachtsbuch für Gebildete des weiblichen Geſchlechts. Leipzig, 1816. 4. Auflage. Leipzig, 1826.
Betrachtungen über die wichtigſten Angelegenheiten des religiöſen Sinnes und Lebens in Predigten für gebildete Chriſten. Berlin, 1812.
Bilder des Lebens. 2 Bde. Elberfeld, 1811. N. A. 1830. 3 Bde. Daraus beſonders abgedruckt: **Agathons ländliche Stunden.** Elberfeld, 1815.
Blätter, dem Genius der Weiblichkeit. Berlin, 1809.
Der Charakter und die Beſtimmung des Mannes. Elberfeld, 1798. 2. A. 1822.
Ueber Denken und Zweifeln. Halle, 1802.
Euphranor über die Liebe. 2 Thle. Elberfeld, 1805—1806. N. A. 1809—17.
Feſtpredigten. Leipzig, 1807.
Für Frohe und Trauernde. Leipzig, 1818. N. A. und 2. Thl. Leipz. 1820—26.
Geiſt der reinen Sittlichkeit. 1. Thl. Lemgo, 1802.
Handbuch für die äſthetiſche, moraliſche und religiöſe Bildung des Lebens. Elberfeld, 1809.
Die practiſche Lebensweisheit. 2 Bde. Leipzig, 1805—1806.
Reden an gebildete Menſchen u. ſ. w. 2 Thle. Düſſeldorf, 1802.
Reden über die wichtigſten Gegenſtände der höheren Lebenskunſt. Elberfeld, 1804.
Reden an Gebildete des weiblichen Geſchlechts. 2 Bde. Elberfeld. 1804. 4. Aufl. 1827—29.
Das Schickſal. Elberfeld, 1804.
Seelengemälde. 2 Bde. Berlin, 1811—12.
Weiblicher Sinn und weibliches Leben. 2 Thle. Berlin, 1809. 2. A. 1819.
Die Veredlung des Menſchen u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1803. 2 Bde.
Das Volk und ſeine Fürſten. Reden. Leipzig, 1815.
Wahrheit und Dichtung über unſere Fortdauer nach dem Tode. Leipzig, 1803.
Viele einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

Ein wahrhafter Diener des göttlichen Wortes, in der ſchönſten und reichſten Bedeutung dieſes Ausdruckes, hat E. durch ſeine vielen, ächte Religioſität und Sittlichkeit befördernden Schriften, außerordentlichen Nutzen in Deutſchland, vorzüglich bei den Frauen geſtiftet, da er es vor Allem durch ſeltene Anmuth des Vortrages, tiefe Menſchenkenntniß und einen klaren, practiſchen Blick verſtand, in weiblichen Gemüthern die höchſten Intereſſen anzuregen, ohne das wirkliche Leben mit allen ſeinen Gegenſätzen, aus den Augen zu verlieren. Mit Unrecht hat man ihm vorzüglich in Schriften dieſer Art, eine gewiſſe Süßlichkeit und Geziertheit vorgeworfen, da es ihm gerade darum zu thun war, die zarteſten Verhältniſſe eben ſo zart zu behandeln, und ſchon von vorn herein durch ſeine feine und ſaubere Auffaſſung und Darſtellung den ſo leicht verletzlichen weiblichen Gemüthern Vertrauen einzuflößen. Doch nicht allein auf dieſem Felde hat ſich E. ſo ausgezeichnet bewährt, ſeine übrigen theils für ein allgemeineres Publicum, theils für Männer geſchriebenen moraliſchen und aſcetiſchen Werke haben ſich durch ihre Vortrefflichkeit einen bleibenden Werth erworben, vorzüglich ſein: der Charakter und die Beſtimmung des Mannes, aus welcher wir hier mehrere Auszüge mittheilen. Als Kanzelredner zählt E. durch ſeine tiefe Religioſität, ſeine philoſophiſche Klarheit und Ruhe, ſeine Weltkenntniß und ſeinen ſchönen, würdigen Vortrag gleichfalls zu den Beſten ſeiner Zeit.

Ueber die Behandlung der Einbildungskraft.*)

Die Einbildungskraft hat ſehr großen Einfluß auf den Geiſt, den Charakter und das Leben des Mannes. Nicht genug, daß ſie einen bedeutenden Theil ſeiner Freuden und ſeiner Leiden beſtimmt; ſie kann auch den Verſtand erleuchten und verwirren, das Gemüth ſtählen und verweichlichen, die Gefühle läutern und verunreinigen, die Thätigkeit unterſtützen und hemmen; ſie kann ihm ſeine Beſtimmung lebhafter vergegenwärtigen und ſie ihm aus den Augen rücken, ſie kann ihn für die Tugend und für das Laſter begeiſtern; ſie kann Verſuchungen herbeiführen, und ihn gegen die ſtärkſten Verſuchungen waffnen; ſie kann ſein Leben erheitern und ihn elend machen. Laſſen Sie mich daher über *diejenige Behandlung derſelben, wodurch ſie der Bildung eines ächt männlichen Sinnes und Thuns möglichſt förderlich wird*, jetzt einige Winke geben.

Auf keine Weiſe darf die Einbildungskraft zum Vortheile anderer Kräfte des Geiſtes unterdrückt oder geſchwächt werden. Die Natur hat nichts hervorgebracht, deſſen ſie nicht bedurfte. Auf die Einbildungskraft wollte ſie, bei dem, was ſie mit dem Menſchen überhaupt und mit dem Manne insbeſondere beabſichtigte, vorzüglich rechnen. So lange ſie nicht aus dem Verhältniſſe tritt, in welchem ſie zu den übrigen Kräften des Geiſtes ſtehen ſoll, iſt ſie ein herrliches Vermögen, in welchem der Adel des menſchlichen Weſens mächtig hervorſtrahlt, und das zu keiner wahrhaft menſchlichen Verrichtung entbehrt werden kann.

Von der Einbildungskraft empfängt der Verſtand die meiſten Stoffe, an welchen ſeine Thätigkeit im Bilden von Begriffen und Urtheilen ſich äußert. Muß ſie gleich ſelbſt alles von den Sinnen entnehmen; ſo würde uns doch der bei weitem größte Theil von dem, was ſich unſern Sinnen darſtellt, verloren gehen, wenn uns nicht die Einbildungskraft im Bilde wieder vergegenwärtigte, was jenen bereits entrückt worden. Nur ſelten iſt dem Verſtande, was er verarbeiten ſoll, in unmittelbarer Anſchauung gegeben: faſt immer muß jene ihm vorhalten, was ſie aus dieſen ſich zu eigen gemacht. Wenn andere uns ihre Gutachten mittheilen, ſo iſt ſie es, die uns in den Stand ſetzt, dieſelben aufzufaſſen, indem ſie dem gehörten Worte ſeinen Begriff zugeſellt, und dieſem den Gegenſtand unterlegt. Sie führt den Verſtand von einem Gedanken zum andern hinüber, und wenn ſich dieſer zwar in den meiſten Fällen genöthigt ſieht, mit denſelben ganz andere Verknüpfungen vorzunehmen, ſo findet er ſich doch nicht ſelten von ihr durch die glücklichſten Combinationen überraſcht. Ihr verdanken wir die Einfälle, in denen oft die Keime großer Entdeckungen verborgen liegen.

Zu unſern feinſten und ſtärkſten Gefühlen wirkt die Einbildungskraft mit; und das vielgeſtaltete innere Leben, das ſich in den menſchlichen Stimmungen offenbart, das im Gemüthe eine ſo große und wunderbare Welt entfaltet, und ſich wie ein mächtiger Strom in die Thaten des Mannes ergießt, würde gar nicht ſein, wenn die Phantaſie nicht wäre.

Mittelſt der Einbildungskraft halten wir die Zwecke feſt, die wir in unſern Beſtrebungen verfolgen; durch ſie enthüllen ſich uns die Dinge, aus welchen wir die zu Erreichung derſelben erforderlichen Mittel wählen. Ihr gehört zu einem nicht geringen Theile der Enthuſiasmus an, mit dem der Mann erfüllt ſein muß, um ſich an das Große und Schwere zu wagen, der Gefahr Trotz zu bieten, und zu verachten, was das Vorurtheil und der kleine Sinn der Welt immer hoch hält.

Soll das, was über die ſichtbare Welt hinaus liegt, dem ſich aber doch das Gemüth gläubig und ſehnend zuwendet, wornach der Wille greift, damit er ſich halte im Sturme, für das Herz Bedeutung gewinnen, und ſich des Lebens bemächtigen: dann muß es die Phantaſie im Symbole zeigen. Sollen die Ideen der Vernunft auf unſer Thun Einfluß erlangen: dann müſſen ſie, in das Gewand der Phantaſie gekleidet, als freundliche Ideale vor uns hintreten. Und was ſind die Werke, wodurch die Kunſt uns entzückt, anders, als Erzeugniſſe der Phantaſie, vom Geiſte geſtaltet, in den Formen der Vollendung?

Endlich darf auch nicht vergeſſen werden, wie die Phantaſie oft das enge Leben erweitert, über ſeine Noth tröſtet, in ſeine Dunkelheit Licht ſendet, ſeine Bitterkeiten verſüßt, und ſeine Täuſchungen vergeſſen macht.

Wir haben deswegen zunächſt Sorge zu tragen, *daß wir die Einbildungskraft bereichern, und zwar, ſo viel als möglich, mit wahren, edeln und fröhlichen Bildern.* Sie kann nichts geben, was ſie nicht empfangen hat, und ſoll doch viel geben. Was ſich in ihr geſammelt, iſt freilich noch eben ſo wenig Gedanke, als es die Gewandtheit und das Leben des Verſtandes verbürgt; aber aus ihm bildet ſich der Gedanke, von ihm muß die denkende Kraft Stoff, Reiz und vielfältige Hülfe erhalten. Reichthum der Phantaſie iſt wenigſtens eine Bedingung des Gedankenreichthums. Menſchen, deren Einbildungskraft leer iſt, verſtehen ſich eben ſo ſchlecht darauf, von andern Belehrung anzunehmen, als ſelbſt Gedanken zu erzeugen. Die Einbildungskraft muß aus dem, was ſie ſich angeeignet, dem Witze das Aehnliche, der Ueberlegung das Zutreffende, der Wahl die Gegenſtände mit ihren Eigenſchaften darſtellen. In einer reichen Phantaſie entſtehen oft zufällig die Reibungen der Ideen, aus welchen große Wahrheiten, glückliche Plane und herrliche Werke hervorgehen. Je reicher die Phantaſie iſt, deſto beſſer kann ſie uns ſchadlos halten für die Armuth der Welt, und deſto mehr findet man in ſich ſelbſt, wenn man ſonſt überall leer ausgeht.

Die Bilder aber, womit Sie Ihre Einbildungskraft bereichern, ſeien *wahr, d. h., der Natur getreu.* Nur in einer gewiſſen Sphäre iſt ihr verſtattet, zu verſchönern, und auch in dieſer erſt dann, wenn ſie ſchon hinlänglich geſammelt, und ſich des Wirklichen gehörig verſichert hat. Das Leben hat Zwecke, welche verlangen, daß es ſich auch in der Phantaſie finde, wie es iſt. Aus dem Wahren erzeugt ſich das Schöne, aber ungetrübt gehe das Wahre erſt in uns ein, damit es ſich auch in ſeiner Wahrheit geltend machen könne. Wo die Phantaſie den Stoff zu Kenntniſſen hergeben ſoll, da liegt alles daran, daß ſie jedes in ſeiner echten Geſtalt zeige. Zu verhüten iſt deswegen, daß irgend ein Intereſſe zu ſehr hervor hebe, was ihm zuſagt, und dagegen verdunkle, was mit ihm in keiner Berührung ſteht.

Mit der Wahrheit jedes beſondern Bildes verträgt ſich indeß wohl das Beſtreben, der Einbildungskraft vorzüglich *edle und fröhliche Bilder* zuzuführen.

Aus der Einbildungskraft zieht das Herz größtentheils ſeine Nahrung. Iſt in ihr wenig des Großen und Würdigen: ſo werden auch die Gefühle ſelten ſein, die den Sinn für das Große und Würdige beleben. Iſt ſie mit Gemeinem, Ekelhaftem, Verächtlichem angefüllt: ſo iſt ſchwer zu vermeiden, daß die Geſinnung nicht davon angeſteckt werde; das Zartgefühl wird auf keinen Fall unverletzt bleiben. Sind es Gedanken des Vortrefflichen, was ſie in freien Spielen ſich äußert, dem Geiſt vergegenwärtigt: dann wird die Liebe zum Vortrefflichen, durch jede freie Regung derſelben geſtärkt, und das Vortreffliche ſelbſt dem Gemüthe immer mehr eingewohnt.

Haben Sie Ihrer Einbildungskraft viele fröhliche Bilder gewonnen, und alles, was ſie aufgenommen, ſo viel als möglich fröhlich geſtaltet: dann werden Sie immer mit Wohlgefallen den Beſchäftigungen des Geiſtes, bei welchen ſie vorzüglich wirkſam ſein muß, ſich hingeben können, die Erweiterung Ihrer Kenntniſſe und die Anſtrengungen des Nachdenkens werden ſich immer mehr zur leichten und friſchen Thätigkeit ſtimmen, der Ernſt des ſpätern Lebens wird ſich mildern, und es wird Ihnen nie an Mitteln der Erheiterung fehlen. Eine trübe Phantaſie vergiftet die Quelle des innern Lebens. Finſtre Bilder, die ſich ihr eingedrückt haben, verlieren ſich nie ganz aus dem Gemüthe, und theilen dieſem faſt immer eine bleibende unglückliche Stimmung mit. Aber alles Traurige gewinnt eine gefällige Geſtalt, wenn es vom Schimmer einer fröhlichen Phantaſie beleuchtet wird, beſonders wenn dies der Morgenſchimmer des Lebens iſt.

Darum ſoll es ſich ſchon die Erziehung eine wichtige Angelegenheit ſein laſſen, die Einbildungskraft mit edeln und fröhlichen Bildern zu bereichern, wie denn auch *ſie* hierin das Meiſte zu leiſten vermag. Willig und frei öffnet ſich der jugendliche Sinn den Dingen, die ſich ihm darſtellen, leicht entfernt man von ihm, was widrige Eindrücke machen würde, und bringt ihm nahe, was man zuträglich findet, und am liebſten eignet ſich das jugendliche Gemüth das Edle und Fröhliche an, weil dies ſeiner Stimmung in höherm Grade zuſagt, während mit den Jahren für ſo manches der Sinn ſich verſchließt, manches andre ſich uns mit einer Gewalt aufdringt, welcher zu widerſtehen ſchwer fällt, und die Seele oft mit Ernſt und Trauer erfüllt, von dem was ihr das Wohlthätigſte iſt, ſich wegwendet. Doch müſſen eigne Bemühungen das Angefangene fortſetzen; und ſie können viel des Verſäumten nachholen.

Hier darf aber nicht vergeſſen werden, daß es etwas anderes iſt die *Phantaſie* — und etwas anderes das *Gedächtniß bereichern.* Die Phantaſie ergreift das Bild im Leben, und trägt es über in das eigenſte Leben. Das Gedächtniß faßt es auf in ſeinem Schatten; es bleibt ihm immer etwas Todtes — und behält immer dieſelbe Geſtalt, in welcher es von ihm aufgenommen wurde. Eine reiche Phantaſie bringt von neuem hervor, ein reiches Gedächtniß giebt nur wieder. Wer das Wahrgenommene, oder ſonſt ihm Mitgetheilte bloß ſeinem Gedächtniſſe einprägt, gewinnt wohl allerlei Kenntniſſe, ohne jedoch dadurch in ſeinem Innern vermögender zu werden.

Die Einbildungskraft wird nicht anders bereichert, als durch den freien, vielſeitigen Blick in die Welt. Man muß indeß nicht ſehen, um etwas Beſonders von ihr zu erfahren, ſondern um ſie ſelbſt ſich anzueignen, nicht um Kenntniſſe zu ſammeln, ſondern um Geſtaltungen in ſich aufzunehmen, nicht mit der Aufmerkſamkeit der Wißbegierde, ſondern mit Innigkeit des Gemüthes, mit Anregung des Intereſſes, welches jedes rein geſtimmte Gemüth an die Natur feſſelt.

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*) Aus Ehrenberg's: der Character und die Beſtimmung des Mannes. Elberfeld 1818.

Dabei iſt noch zu bedenken, daß die Bereicherung der Phantaſie nur Mittel zu deren Zwecken iſt, und daher dies nicht hindern ſoll. Am wenigſten darf ſie dem denkenden Betrachten, der Bildung des Lebens und einer reinen Thätigkeit in den Weg treten, die von ihr vielmehr Unterſtützung und Förderung erwarten. Weder der Geiſt noch das Herz wird von einer ſolchen Phantaſie Gewinn ziehen, wenn über der Bereicherung derſelben eine andere Kraft verſäumt worden iſt.

Außer der Bereicherung der Einbildungskraft nimmt die Art, wie ſie ſich thätig erweiſt, die für die Geiſteskultur und den Charakter des Mannes von gleich großer Wichtigkeit iſt, unſere Sorge in Anſpruch. Hier haben wir beſonders die Reizbarkeit und Beweglichkeit, die Lebhaftigkeit, das Feuer, die Stärke und die Kühnheit derſelben zur nähern Betrachtung zu ziehen.

Reizbarkeit und Beweglichkeit der Einbildungskraft ſind nahe mit einander verwandt. Die Einbildungskraft iſt reizbar, wenn ſie leicht angeregt wird; ſie iſt beweglich, wenn ſie die angeregte Thätigkeit ſchnell und anhaltend fortſetzt. Die reizbare Einbildungskraft vergegenwärtigt uns faſt bei allem, was ſich uns in der Anſchauung darſtellt oder unſer Nachdenken beſchäftigt, irgend ein Bild, das, nach ihren Geſetzen, damit zuſammenhängt. Die bewegliche Einbildungskraft eilt von einem Bilde zum andern, immer bieten ſich ihr neue Verknüpfungen dar, und ſie muß mit Gewalt zu dem Zwecke der jedesmaligen Geiſtesbeſchäftigung zurück gelenkt werden.

Allerdings hat dies ſchätzbare Vorzüge. Durch ſie wird der Reichthum der Einbildungskraft erſt etwas werth. Das Talent, eine Sache ganz zu überſehen und zu durchdenken, jeden Gegenſtand nach ſeinen verſchiedenen Beziehungen zu faſſen, die Gabe, ſchnell ein richtiges Urtheil zu fällen, und in Verlegenheiten ſchnell das Zweckmäßige zu treffen, die Fertigkeit ſich mitzutheilen und das von andern Mitgetheilte gleich zu verſtehen, und vorzüglich der das Verſchiedene in ſeinen Aehnlichkeiten zuſammenfaſſende Witz, hangen hauptſächlich von einer reizbaren und beweglichen Einbildungskraft ab.

Doch iſt es von großem Nachtheil, wenn die Reizbarkeit und Lebhaftigkeit der Einbildungskraft ihr Maaß überſteigen, ſie geſtatten uns dann nicht, eine Sache ſcharf in das Auge zu faſſen, und bei ihr lange genug zu verweilen, ſie ziehen unaufhörlich unſere Aufmerkſamkeit von dem ab, was uns jetzt eben beſchäftigt — und in mancherlei Zerſtreuungen umher, und laſſen uns keiner Unterſuchung auf dem geraden Wege nachgehen; ſie erfüllen den Geiſt mit einer Unruhe, bei welcher nichts mit Sammlung und Energie betrieben wird, und bringen in das ganze Weſen eine Veränderlichkeit und Flüchtigkeit, bei welcher es nie zu einem entſchiedenen Wollen kommt. [illegible] und Feſtigkeit des Charakters wird man bei einer zu reizbaren und beweglichen Einbildungskraft meiſt immer vergebens ſuchen.

Reizbarkeit und Beweglichkeit der Phantaſie kann man ſich zwar nicht verſchaffen: ſie ſind Geſchenke der Natur. Aber man kann ſie, wo ſie zu ſtark ſind, ſchwächen; und das iſt wichtiger, darauf haben alle zu denken, die nach einem männlichen Charakter ſtreben. Nichts wirkt ſicherer dahin, als daß man es ſich mit jeder Sache, mit welcher man ſich beſchäftigt, Ernſt ſeyn läßt, und ein möglichſt lebhaftes Intereſſe für ſie in ſich erweckt; daß man ſich hütet, der Trägheit, welche die Spiele der Phantaſie ſo ergötzlich findet, nachzugeben, und daß man nur die Gewalt, die man über ſeine Gedanken beſitzt, welche die größte iſt, die dem Menſchen verliehen ward, und ſeine Freiheit am Meiſten verherrlicht, gehörig anwendet. Die Gewohnheit bringt es endlich dahin, daß ſich die Thätigkeit der Phantaſie den Geſetzen des Verſtandes unterwirft, und die Nachtheile ihrer Reizbarkeit und Beweglichkeit vermeidet, ohne uns von den Vortheilen derſelben zu entziehen.

Die lebhafte Einbildungskraft ſtellt alles in individueller Beſtimmtheit — oder doch in individueller Beziehung, die feurige alles in großen Umriſſen und ergreifenden Verhältniſſen dar. Jene vergegenwärtiget den Gegenſtand ſelbſt in anſchaulicher Klarheit oder Innigkeit des Gemüthes; dieſe deutet ihn nur an in einzelnen, aber treffend bezeichnenden Zügen. Jene verweilt bei ihm in ſtiller Betrachtung, dieſe ſtrömt gewaltig dahin — an allem nur berührend vorüber. Jene führt ins Leben herab, dieſe über das Leben hinauf.

Feuer der Einbildungskraft iſt für die männliche Natur eben ſo charakteriſtiſch, wie die Lebhaftigkeit derſelben für die weibliche. Zum Entwerfen großer Plane, zum Faſſen großer Ideen und zum Bilden erhabener Entſchließungen muß die Meiſten eine feurige Einbildungskraft in den Stand ſetzen. Bei wenigen wird der Verſtand ihrer Unterſtützung entbehren können, nie aber darf er ihre Vorbereitungen verſchmähen. Was die bewegliche Phantaſie für die [illegible] Thätigkeit, das iſt die feurige für das theoretiſche Wirken. Auf den Grad der Erhitzung kommt wenig an — mehr auf das lebendige Eingreifen, auf das gedankenvolle Hinſtellen, auf das ruhige und doch kräftige Fortſchreiten. In dieſem Sinne muß die lebhafte Phantaſie ſich zur feurigen erheben, um die Genialität der erſten Kunſt zu erreichen. Selbſt der philoſophiſchen Forſchung ſind die Andeutungen einer feurigen Phantaſie nützlich, indem ſie bald derſelben einen höhern Schwung geben, bald ſie auf bisher unbekannte Gebiete leiten, bald ſie mit wirklich wahren Ideen bereichern: daß ſie nur nicht die Vernunft aus ihrem Reiche verdrängen, Entſcheidungen ſich anmaßend, welche dieſer allein gebühren, und myſtiſche Sprüche ausbietend für gediegene Weisheit!

Unbewacht iſt eine feurige Phantaſie nicht ohne Gefahr für den intellectuellen und ſittlichen Charakter. Leicht tritt ſie dem ruhigen Denken in den Weg; leicht begnügt ſie ſich mit einem dunkeln Ahnen, wo ein deutliches und genaues Wiſſen möglich und nöthig iſt; leicht verleitet ſie, Schimmer der Bilder mit Gehalt der Gedanken zu verwechſeln; leicht drängt ſie in wilden Stürmen den Menſchen aus der Einheit ſeines Weſens; leicht läßt ſie in brauſendem aber ſchnell niedergeſchlagenem Streben die Kraft erſchöpfen; nicht ſelten erhitzt ſie einzelne Gefühle zur zerſtörenden Gewalt; nicht ſelten endlich ſtürzt ſie in die wildeſten Ausſchweifungen.

Es iſt ein großer Unterſchied, ob das Feuer der Phantaſie vom Temperamente oder von irgend einer Leidenſchaft entzündet ſei. Im erſten Falle ergreift es mehr gleichmäßig den ganzen Menſchen, und hat noch mancherlei Kräfte der Mäßigung in ſich ſelbſt. Im zweiten ſtürzt es auf die Leidenſchaft zurück, von der es ausging, und treibt ſie über alle Grenzen hinaus.

Oft erglüht auch die Phantaſie von einer großen Idee. Dann iſt vor allem der ſittliche und der rein menſchliche Gehalt dieſer Idee zu unterſuchen, damit man bei Zeiten traurigen Verirrungen zuvor komme, und im übrigen dieſe Idee mit den andern Zwecken des Lebens in Harmonie ſetze.

Nie bedarf die feurige Phantaſie mehr der ſorgfältigen Bewachung als im Jünglingsalter. Hier lodert ihr Feuer am ſtärkſten; hier bekommt es die gefährlichſte Nahrung; hier greift es ſo leicht verwüſtend um ſich, und hindert ſo oft die wohlthätigſten Beſtrebungen. Die edelſten Gefühle und Neigungen werden nicht ſelten von der Gluth einer wilden Phantaſie verzehrt. Die Beſchäftigung mit ſolchen Wiſſenſchaften, welche die Anſchauung und den Verſtand in Anſpruch nehmen, das Leſen ſolcher Schriften, die zum Nachdenken nöthigen, ſtrenge Selbſtbeobachtung, alles ſcharf zu beſtimmen, genau zu prüfen und bis auf den Grund zu erforſchen, ſorgfältige Pflege der ſittlichen Anlagen, ernſte Blicke auf das Leben, und eifriges Bemühen, ſich für ſeine Beſtimmung tüchtig zu machen, ſind die beſten Mittel, dies zu verhüten — Mittel, deren Anwendung nicht ſelten auch in ſpätern Jahren noch erfordert wird, das zu ſtarke Feuer der Einbildungskraft zu dämpfen, damit ein gediegener, in ſich abgeſchloſſener und in ſeinem Gleichgewichte ruhender Charakter zum Vorſchein komme.

Eine ſtarke Einbildungskraft bedarf wenig der Unterſtützung von außen. Zwar muß auch ſie von der Erfahrung ihren Stoff haben, wie den erſten Reiz; aber, mit jenem bereichert und von dieſem berührt, bewegt ſie ſich feſt und frei auf eigenem Boden, und bildet ſich aus dem, was ſie empfangen hat, ihre eigne Welt. Einmal von der Erfahrung losgeriſſen, hält ſie ſich lieber über derſelben empor, und gießt es aus in wunderbare, große, gewaltige Schöpfungen, während die ſchwache jeden Augenblick zu ihr zurück muß, und nichts zu Stande bringt, wozu ſie nicht von ihr die Umriſſe und die ſchon zubereiteten Materialien empfing. Menſchen von ſtarker Einbildungskraft ſind es, die eine Idee lange feſthalten, von allen Seiten ausgeſtalten, und ſich ganz in ſie verlieren können.

Eine ſtarke Einbildungskraft gehört dazu, um die Vernunft in ihrer Selbſtſtändigkeit mit dem Leben zu [illegible], und ſich dem hinzugeben, was das Höchſte des Menſchen iſt. Sie iſt aber auch nöthig, wo mehr als Gemeines zum Vorſchein kommen — und namentlich, wo dem gegenwärtigen Zuſtande der Dinge ein bedeutender Umſchwung gegeben werden ſoll. Nur ſeien die übrigen Kräfte des Geiſtes ihr gewachſen; nur ſtehe mit ihr im Bunde der helle Gedanke, feſtes

Einwurzeln im wirklichen Leben, offener Sinn für ſeine Angelegenheiten und Trieb zum Handeln. Ohne das führt ſie entweder zu leeren Grübeleien oder zu phantaſtiſchen Träumen.

Wehe dem Zeitalter, wo körperliche und geiſtige Erſchlaffung eine größere, unnatürliche Stärke der Einbildungskraft erzeugt hat! Dieſe Stärke ermangelt des echten Lebens, weil der gute Menſch ſeiner ermangelt; und es bleibt ihr nichts übrig, als in wenigen mißgeſtalteten Formen zu erſtarren. So ſinkt ſie von ihren ohnmächtigen Flügeln bald als roher Aberglaube zu Boden.

Auf Stärke der Einbildungskraft hat es die Natur in dem Manne angelegt; und ſie findet ſich hier, freilich mit Unterſchied des Grades, überall, wo nicht das Phlegma jede ſtärkere Regung ausgetrieben, oder frühe Verbildung ſie unterdrückt hat. Es bedarf ihrer zu einem thatenvollen Leben.

Die Einbildungskraft wird kühn, wenn ſie in ihrer Stärke über jede Schranke hinausdringt, welche ihr die Wirklichkeit anlegen will. Die kühne Einbildungskraft verſchmäht auch die einengende Regel, unter welcher die Erfahrung ihr immer ihre Stoffe anbietet; ihr gelten nur diejenigen Geſetze, welche aus dem höchſten Vermögen der Menſchen ſtammen. Der Verſtand kann ihr nicht folgen, weil er an den Feſſeln der Sinne liegt; dafür meiſtert er ſie denn ohne Ende. Es iſt die Idee des Unendlichen, was ihr immer vorſchwebt, und ob ſie ſich bewußt iſt, dieſes nie erreichen zu können, ſo ſtrebt ſie doch, in beſtändigen Erweiterungen des Endlichen, ſich ihm zu nähern, oder es in Symbolen anzudeuten.

Sie kann aber eben ſo wohl das Gefühl zerreißen, als den Geiſt erheben. Das Erſte vorzüglich dann, wenn ſie im Dienſte einer düſtern Stimmung ſteht. Der Künſtler bedarf ihrer; aber in ihm wird ſie vom Genie beſeelt und geregelt, daß ſie nur in ſchönen und großen Geſtalten, die zugleich in ihrer Schönheit und Größe wahr ſind, darſtellen kann. Wo es ihr hierin fehlt, da muß ihr aus allem Vermögen entgegen gearbeitet werden. Die Kraft iſt verderblich, wenn ihr nicht das Geſetz einwohnt.

Die kühne Einbildungskraft wird auf dieſe Weiſe eine regelloſe, eine Dienerin roher Leidenſchaft. Sie verachtet unter den Geſetzen der Erfahrung auch die Bildung der Vernunft. Von wollüſtigen Paradieſen bis zu Höllen voll ſchauderhafter Qual ſteht ihr ein unermeßliches Gebiet offen. Durch ſie wird die Schwärmerei zum Unſinne, der Aberglaube zum Fanatismus. In allen Verhältniſſen des Lebens richtet ſie Zerrüttungen an; jede Ordnung der Dinge ſucht ſie zu verkehren. Der Seele raubt ſie ihre Kraft, dem Gemüthe ſeinen Zuſammenhang, dem Handeln ſeinen Zweck. Der Charakter geht gänzlich durch ſie zu Grunde, und alles, was im Herzen Schlimmes iſt, kann durch ſie zum Ungeheuern geſteigert werden.

Noch iſt übrig, daß wir uns für den Gebrauch der Einbildungskraft, weil dieſer nicht von der natürlichen Beſchaffenheit derſelben allein beſtimmt wird, und doch für das Leben und die Erreichung der Zwecke, die dem Manne angewieſen ſind, von ſo großer Wichtigkeit iſt, einige Regeln merken.

Vor allem hüten Sie ſich, daß Sie der Einbildungskraft nicht einen zu großen Einfluß auf die Angelegenheiten des Lebens geſtatten. Sie darf, ja ſie ſoll Ihnen zur Beſorgung derſelben und zur Verſchönerung der Wirklichkeit, von der Vernunft geleitet, Ideale geben. Aber ſie darf ſich nicht in Ihre Anſichten, in Ihre Erwartungen miſchen. Die Welt, wie ſie iſt, nicht wie ſie im Schmucke der Phantaſie erſcheint, empfängt ihr Wirken, und giebt Ihnen zurück, was daraus entſteht. Jener gehören Ihre Zwecke an, jener ſind die Bedürfniſſe eigen, denen Sie abhelfen ſollen, aus jener müſſen Sie Ihre Mittel nehmen. So lange es Ihnen auch gelingen mag, ſich in ſüßer Täuſchung zu erhalten: einmal wird ſich Ihnen doch die Wahrheit aufdringen, ſei es in verfehlten Abſichten oder in bittern Erfahrungen. Sie werden kennen lernen die Güter, die Ihnen einen unbezahlbaren Werth zu haben ſchienen, die Verhältniſſe, die Sie in einem ſo ſanften Schimmer erblickten, die Menſchen, denen Sie ſo herrliche Geſinnungen andichteten, die Schwierigkeiten, die Sie im Rauſche des Entzückens überſahen, die Klüfte, die Sie in begeiſterter Sehnſucht nicht gewahr wurden. Wie unglücklich werden Sie ſein, wenn Sie zu ſpät merken, daß Sie ſich verrechnet haben, und nun vor der letzten Berührung der Wahrheit, die Stützen Ihrer Zufriedenheit zuſammenſinken! Einmal gewohnt, ſich mehr von der Einbildungskraft als vom Verſtande leiten zu laſſen, wird es Ihnen ſchwer werden, nicht in das andere Extrem zu verfallen, und in düſterer unheilbarer Schwermuth allen Glauben und alle Hoffnung aufzugeben.

Ueber das Mittelmäßige kommt auf Erden wenig hinaus. So oft Ihre Urtheile und Erwartungen gegen dieſen Grundſatz verſtoßen: ſo oft haben Sie Urſache mißtrauiſch zu ſein und näher zu forſchen, ob nicht Ihre Phantaſie hier vergrößert habe. Denn meiſten Theils geſchieht dieſes ſo unvermerkt, daß man ohne ſorgfältige Prüfung nichts davon wahrnimmt. Die jugendliche Einbildungskraft verſchönert ſo gerne. Es mag Ihrem Herzen wehe thun, den angenehmen Traum zu zerſtören; aber es iſt doch nothwendig, wenn Ihnen nicht der ganze Gewinn des Lebens verloren gehen ſoll. Der Schmerz kommt Ihnen doch; je ſpäter, deſto herber. Geben Sie zur rechten Zeit dem Verſtande ſein Recht, damit er nicht einſt das lange vorenthaltene deſto ſchrecklicher zurück fordre.

Doch dies nicht allein in den Angelegenheiten des Lebens, ſondern auch in den Beſchäftigungen des Nachdenkens. Nur vom Verſtande kann das Wahre entdeckt und richtig aufgefaßt werden; nur deſſen iſt man ſicherer, was man durch ihn gewonnen hat. Auch hier maßt ſich die Phantaſie an, was ihr nicht gebührt. Schwankende, dunkle Bilder fließen in einander, ſie regen das Gemüth mächtig auf; ſie vereinigen ſich zu einem ſtarken Totaleindrucke; man iſt davon ergriffen, und glaubt begriffen zu haben; man ſieht dämmernde Umriſſe, und glaubt die Sache ſelbſt zu beſitzen; man ahnet, und glaubt zu verſtehen, man bildet ſich ein zu denken, während man nicht einmal träumt, und bald iſt das allmächtige Zauberwort gefunden, das alles mit Einem Schlage hervorbringt.

Das iſt meiſt das Weſen des jetzt ſo vielfältig und laut geprieſenen Myſticismus — ein Gähren und Brauſen beginnender Gedanken, mit denen es nie zur Scheidung kommt. Bei vielen hilft ſich nachher der geſunde Verſtand von ſelbſt; aber viele gehen auf dieſem Wege für die Einſicht verloren. Der Rauch verdirbt ihnen die Augen, daß ſie vergeſſen, was klares Sehen iſt. Aus den dunkeln Regungen läßt ſich alles bilden, worauf Neigung oder Laune verfällt. Und da man auf das Urtheil des Verſtandes wenig achtet, da dieſer ſelten einmal zum Sprechen kommt, da man ſo lebhaft fühlt, ſo iſt jedem Unſinne die Thür geöffnet. Geſellt ſich nun dazu, wie es gewöhnlich geſchieht, jugendlicher Dünkel — auch ein Kind der Phantaſie mit dem Egoismus erzeugt: — dann iſt kaum noch Rettung zu hoffen.

Deutliche Begriffe führen allein zur echten Weisheit, und zum rechten Handeln. Die ſichere Probe, daß man dieſe beſitzt, iſt, wenn man ſie in ihre Merkmale zerlegen und andern mittheilen kann. Was man deutlich gedacht hat, läßt ſich auch verſtändlich bezeichnen. Das Vorgeben: man fühle wohl, wie etwas ſei, aber man könne es nicht ſagen, iſt immer ein Beweis, daß man phantaſirt.

Die Phantaſie ſucht oft auch durch ſinnreiche Verknüpfungen den großen und erſten Zuſammenhang zu vertreten, den der Verſtand in die Gedanken bringt. Was auf dieſe Weiſe entſteht, ſtimmt nicht ſelten wunderbar mit andern Erſcheinungen und Gedankenverbindungen überein. Durch dieſes Uebereinſtimmen geblendet, unbekümmert um das viele, was doch nicht übereinſtimmt, ohne Sorge, ob ſich dieß auch mit ausgemachten Wahrheiten vertrage, zimmert man ſolche Einfälle zu Syſtemen aus, denen es weniger an gläubigen Jüngern als an Grund und Boden fehlt. So iſt das Weſen der Schwärmerei.

Laſſen Sie ſich nicht blenden durch den Glanz ſolcher Meteore, die jeder Tag auf- aber auch wieder untergehen ſieht. Die Wahrheit müßte ſich trauernd von Ihnen wenden.

Vermeiden Sie nicht weniger ſorgfältig jede einſeitige Richtung der Phantaſie. Sie folgt gerne irgend einem Zuge: rühre er von einem intereſſanten Gedanken, oder von einer beſondern Stimmung des Gemüthes, oder von einer Neigung des Herzens, oder von der Gewohnheit einer beſondern Beſchäftigung her. So empfängt der Geiſt in ſeiner weitern Ausbildung Geſtalt und Richtung, die er aus ſeinem urſprünglichen Weſen nehmen ſollte, von Zufälligem; die Harmonie der Gemüthskräfte iſt zerſtört — die Klarheit der Seele, die das Licht des Lebens iſt, wird getrübt. Ein oft ſehr verſchrobenes Intereſſe wird zum herrſchenden erhoben, dem jede Thätigkeit des Geiſtes gehorchen muß. Die fixe Idee der Phantaſie entſcheidet über den Gedankenlauf und über den Charakter.

Iſt es eine beſtimmte Vorſtellung, was ihr vorſchwebt: ſo wird alles auf ſie gezogen, alles mit ihrem Lichte beleuchtet, und jedes Dinges Werth nach dem Verhältniſſe entſchieden, worin es zu ihr ſteht. Zu den traurigſten Verirrungen des Verſtandes führt dieſer Weg.

Steht die Phantaſie im Dienſte einer düſtern Stimmung: dann iſt es unvermeidlich, daß dieſe immer düſterer werde, bis zum dumpfen Hinbrüten und zum gänzlichen Lebenshaſſe.

Hat eine Leidenſchaft ſich ihrer bemächtigt: ſo muß dieſe bis zu einer faſt unbezwinglichen Stärke hinanwachſen. Ihre natürliche Kraft iſt unbedeutend gegen die Vermehrung, welche dieſelbe von der Phantaſie erhält. Das Verlangen wird immer brennender, der Genuß in immer höherem Grade unerſättlich, das Ziel immer weiter hinausgerückt. Jeder andere Trieb des Herzens weicht entweder dieſer Leidenſchaft oder wird ihr, die ſich alles zu unterwerfen und anzueignen weiß, was uns ſonſt als wünſchenswerth erſcheinen möchte, dienſtbar.

Die Geſundheit der Seele und die Vollkommenheit des Lebens verlangt, daß die Phantaſie nach allen Seiten ſich verbreite, allen Reichthum der Natur ſich aneigne, und für die ganze Summe menſchlicher Gedanken, Gefühle und Neigungen thätig ſey.

Man werde ſie aber erhalten vom Unſittlichen. Kein unreines Bild werde von ihr aufgefaßt, und mit Wohlgefallen unterhalten [illegible]. Gefährlicher, als was die Sinne zeigen, iſt, was die Einbildungskraft ahnet — gefährlicher, als was die Wirklichkeit lehrt, was jene dichtet — gefährlicher, als die ſchlimme That, die ruhige verführeriſche Betrachtung. [illegible] iſt die Sünde nicht, wie die Phantaſie ſie darſtellt. [illegible] Geſtalten, Gelegenheiten, Gewohnheiten, Zeugen, Gemeinſchaft, Lauben, die mit dieſer verbunden [illegible]. Was die Einbildungskraft gewonnen hat, das findet bald den Weg zum Herzen; der lebhafte, zur Fertigkeit gewordene Gedanke geht leicht zur That. Der Verſuchung, die ſchnell und gewaltig auf uns eindringt, bietet ſich auch ein ruhiger Widerſtand entgegen; aber mit nachgiebigen Unterhaltungen zeigen ſich gewöhnlich die ſtillen Kämpfe, in die wir uns leicht verwickeln. Durch die Phantaſie faßt die Sünde den Menſchen an ſeiner größten Schwäche.

Iſt es Ihnen darum zu thun, ein reines Herz zu bewahren und in einem reinen Herzen ruhig das edle Bewußtſeyn, die Kraft und die friſche That des Mannes: — dann bewachen Sie ſorgfältig die Regungen der Einbildungskraft; dann unterdrücken Sie ſchnell, was das Gewiſſen verurtheilt; dann hüten Sie ſich, durch ſie mit der Sünde in eine Gemeinſchaft zu treten, die ſo bald ein unauflösliches Bündniß geworden iſt.

Endlich wird es auch nöthig ſeyn, daß Sie ſich nur ſelten und mit großer Vorſicht den müßigen Träumen der Phantaſie überlaſſen. Schwer würden Sie in dem Augenblicke von ſich fern halten, was das Laſter begünſtigt. In der ſüßen Verirrung wird die Stimme des Gewiſſens überhört, und wo alles eine ſo gefällige Geſtalt trägt, wo alles dem Herzen ſo angenehm ſchmeichelt, wer ſollte das Arge vermuthen? Wird das Arge ſich der Phantaſie nicht oft erſt dann in ſeiner wahren Geſtalt zeigen, wann es das Herz ſchon gewonnen und getödtet hat? Auch iſt der Menſch nicht zum Träumen geboren, ſondern zum Handeln. All ſein Thun, vornehmlich das, wobei die ſtärkſten Kräfte angewendet ſind, ſoll entweder in ſich ſelbſt Werth, oder einen vernünftigen Zweck haben.

So mag man ſich denn wohl zur Erholung angenehmen Beſchäftigungen überlaſſen. Aber dieſe ſind dieſe Beſchäftigungen [illegible]: nie ſeyn ſie mehr als unterhaltende Spiele, denen man ſich immer entziehen kann; nie müſſen ſie das Gemüth verſtimmen oder verweichlichen; nie müſſen ſie den Traum an die Stelle der Wahrheit ſetzen, nie die Beſchäftigung mit dem ſüßen ſeyn, die uns mit Menſchen und Umgebungen in Widerverhältniß ſetzen, mit jene [illegible] Zuſtände erzeugen, die den Geiſt ſchwächen und der Kraft, die immer verlangt und nie erreicht, weil ſie nur betrachten, nie etwas thun will.

Dem höchſten Intereſſe des Lebens gehorche auch die Einbildungskraft. Sinn für das Wahre, Schöne und Gute regle immer ihren Gebrauch, dann wird er nie Mißbrauch ſeyn.

Ueber den moraliſchen Charakter des Mannes.

Der Mann ſoll unter der Idee des Sittlich-Guten einen Charakter haben, oder vielmehr das Sittlich-Gute ſoll in ihm einen Charakter bilden; das iſt eine der erſten Forderungen, die an ihn gemacht werden, und nimmer wird man in dem Charakterloſen den Mann anerkennen. Ueber den Inhalt und Grund dieſer ſo gerechten Forderung wollen wir uns jetzt zu verſtändigen ſuchen.

Unter Charakter verſteht man das ſich Gleichbleibende in der Gemüthsart und dem Thun des Menſchen. Man ſagt von Jemand, er habe keinen Charakter, wenn es ihm an Haltung in ſeinem geiſtigen Seyn, an Uebereinſtimmung in ſeinem Wünſchen, Streben und Handeln fehlt. Des Charakterloſen Gemüth iſt an nichts befeſtigt, durch nichts in ihm ſelbſt beſtimmt. Das Spiel der Dinge, die mit veränderlicher Stärke auf ihn wirken oder der Empfindungen, die in ihm ſich wechſelnd regen, beſtimmt er ſo und anders, wie er ſich auf dieſe Weiſe regt, häufig im Widerſpruche mit ſich ſelbſt, ohne es zu merken, weil der gegenwärtige Augenblick nur in Vergeſſenheit gebracht hat, was das Intereſſe des zunächſt vorhergehenden war. Es hält ſchwer, auch nur im Wechſel ſeines Fühlens und Wollens eine Regel zu finden.

Keinen Charakter hat der Leichtſinnige; denn er hängt ganz von dem jedesmaligen Eindrucke ab. Zwar könnte die fröhliche Luſt, auf die er immer ausgeht, eine gewiſſe Einheit in ſein Leben bringen. Aber er berechnet nicht darnach; er verfolgt ſie nicht conſequent; er unterſcheidet nicht unter den verſchiedenen Arten derſelben; er nimmt ſie, wie ſie ihm kommt, er gleitet von Einem zum andern, und kaum hat man ihn auf einer Stelle gefaßt, ſo iſt er ſchon nicht mehr da. Wenn auch in der Seele des Leichtſinnigen ein Intereſſe mächtiger wird, als die übrigen, ſo wird es doch nie mächtig genug, um dieſe an ſich zu ziehen, ſich zu unterwerfen, und darauf ein Syſtem des Lebens zu erbauen.

Keinen Charakter hat der Launiſche. Er ſteht unter der Herrſchaft veränderlicher, oft entgegengeſetzter, Stimmungen, von denen er ſelbſt nicht weiß, wie ſie ihm kommen, und was ſie wollen. Wäre bei ihm ein überwiegendes Intereſſe vorhanden: er würde ihm doch nur dann folgen, wenn das Gefühl ſeines gegenwärtigen Zuſtandes ihn nicht überwältigt, und das iſt äußerſt ſelten. Er denkt, begehrt, verabſcheut und handelt, wie ſeine Stimmung es ihm eingibt. Niemand ergründet ihn, weil aller ſichere Grund bei ihm fehlt. Er ſelbſt vermag nicht zu beſtimmen, wie er im nächſten Augenblicke handeln werde, weil er nicht weiß, wie ihm im nächſten Augenblicke zu Muthe ſeyn möge. Wenn ſich bei jedem andern noch einigermaßen vertrauen läßt, auf den Werth, den gewiſſe Dinge in der Regel für die menſchliche Natur haben, ſo fällt auch das bei ihm weg, weil ſeine eigne Natur nie dieſelbe iſt, und dieſe gerade in ihrer Eigenheit das Meiſte vermag.

Keinen Charakter hat der Wankelmüthige. Ihm iſt es Bedürfniß, in ſeiner Liebe und in ſeinem Treiben ſchnell zu etwas anderm überzugehen. Für ihn giebt es keinen Werth, als den der Abwechſelung und der Neuheit. Er verläßt ſchnell, dem er ſich ergeben hatte, weil der Reiz alles Bleibenden und Feſten entflohen war. Auf einen ſo lockern Grund kann kein Charakter gebaut werden. Es iſt allerdings ein Princip in ſeiner Seele, was ihn beſtimmt, jetzt dies, dann jenes zu wollen; aber dieſes ſtrebt eben dahin, ihn ins Unendliche aus einander zu werfen.

Charakterlos iſt nicht weniger der Eigenſinnige. Er hat wohl einen Willen, und weiß ſich bei demſelben zu behaupten und Widerſtand zu leiſten, wo man ihn zu hindern oder für etwas Anderes zu gewinnen ſucht; aber das Feſte zeigt ſich nur in den einzelnen Willensbeſtimmungen, was dieſe erzeugt, iſt immer etwas Zufälliges — der erſte oder lebhafteſte Gedanke über eine Sache, oder der Umſtand, daß andre ſich ſchon für das Entgegengeſetzte erklärt haben. Dem Eigenſinnigen gebricht es an den Anlagen des Verſtandes und des Gemüthes, die man zu einem Charakter erfordern muß, wenn man nicht ſo nachgiebig ſeyn will, das für Charakter zu nehmen, was ſich der Menſch mit den Jahren in den Formen befeſtigt hat, die ihm über ſeinem eigenſinnigen Treiben am meiſten bequem geworden; wobei man freilich die Unvereinbarkeit der auf dieſe Weiſe zu einem Ganzen zuſammengeworfenen Theile überſehen hätte.

An Charakter fehlt es endlich auch denen, deren Gemüth zwiſchen Intereſſen getheilt iſt, ohne daß ſie darüber mit ſich einig werden können, wie dieſe Intereſſen gegen einander auszugleichen ſeien; die daher bald dieſem, bald jenem folgen, wie ſich ihnen Eins als das vorzüglichere darſtellt, oder lebhafter wie die andern angeregt wird.

Zum Charakter gehört vor allem, daß das Gemüth auf etwas ruhe, woran ſeine Beſtrebungen die Richtung empfangen, oder daß ihm etwas einwohne, wodurch alle ſeine Aeußerungen beſtimmt werden, und woraus ſich das Leben des Menſchen, ſo wie es aus dem Innern kommt, erklären läßt. Der Mann von Charakter kann wohl mehr als ein Intereſſe haben, wovon er ſtärker bewegt wird, wenn nur die Dinge, die ihn treiben, eins unter dem andern in feſten Beſtimmungen neben- und untergeordnet ſind, und deswegen nicht mit einander in Streit gerathen können. In dem Thun des Mannes von Charakter iſt nichts Zufall, jedes kann vielmehr in ſeiner Nothwendigkeit und in ſeinem Zuſammenhange mit einem letzten Princip erkannt werden. Wer in ſein Inneres tief genug eingedrungen wäre, würde ſein Handeln für jeden beſondern Fall mit der größten Zuverſicht vorher zu ſagen im Stande ſeyn.

Feſtigkeit und Uebereinſtimmung im Leben des Menſchen ſind an ſich noch kein Charakter; ſie ſind es erſt dann, wenn ſie ſich als Eigenſchaften des Willens kund thun. Der Charakter iſt die wahre Kraft des Menſchen, die Energie hat der Menſch aber allein in ſeinem Willen; wer noch keinen Willen hat, beſitzt ſich ſelbſt noch nicht, und in ſeinem conſequenten Handeln zeigt ſich nichts, als verſtändige Thierheit. Die Perſönlichkeit haftet am Willen, und der Charakter iſt nichts anders als Behauptung der Perſönlichkeit.

Manche Menſchen ſind von Jugend auf an eine gewiſſe Form angewöhnt worden, andern hat ein dunkler Trieb eine beſtimmte Richtung gegeben, noch andere haben ſich ſelbſt zufällig und unbewußt eine eigenthümliche Weiſe des Denkens, Strebens und Handelns angebildet. Auch dieſen kann man keinen Charakter zugeſtehen, weil an dem, was ſie ſind, der Wille keinen Antheil hat, und es nicht ſelten mit dem, was die Natur bei ihnen beabſichtigte, im Widerſpruche iſt, niemals aber dieſem völlige Genüge leiſtet.

Der Wille iſt nie ohne Einſicht; dem Wollen geht vorher das Ueberlegen und Wählen, nach der Erkenntniß, die man von den Gegenſtänden der Wahl und ihrem Verhältniſſe zu ſeinem Intereſſe gewonnen. Die Wahl aber kann ſich darauf beſchränken, unter mehreren ſinnlichen Begierden für die ſtärkern zu entſcheiden, wobei der Wille ein *gebundener* bleibt; ſie können ſich dagegen auch über alle ſinnliche Begierden erheben, um in völliger *Freiheit* der Selbſtbeſtimmung zwiſchen dieſen und dem Geſetze der Vernunft die Entſcheidung zu treffen. Im letztern Falle iſt der *natürliche* Charakter in einen *freien, moraliſchen* — entweder *böſen* oder *guten* — verwandelt worden.

Soll der Wille den Namen des Charakters verdienen: dann muß er in ſich ſelbſt feſt werden, ſich zu einem Syſtem des Wollens bilden, ſich nach einem Geſetze in allen Thaten geltend machen, und allenthalben ſtetig durchgreifen. Das bloße Wogen und Wünſchen, das Entſchließen mit geheimem Vorbehalt und immer zögerndem Aufſchub, ſind das Zeichen einer Schwäche, bei welcher kein Charakter aufkommen kann. Entſchieden und rüſtig vom Gedanken eilend zur That, haltend am Beſchloſſenen, wie an einer unabwendlichen Nothwendigkeit, zeigt ſich immer der Mann von Charakter.

Ueber das Handeln nach Grundſätzen.

Daß man nach Grundſätzen handeln müſſe, iſt ein beinahe verbrauchter Gemeinſpruch; kopf- und herzloſe Menſchen, denen kaum ahnen kann, was damit geſagt ſei, führen ihn im Munde; raffinirender Eigennutz, kalter Ehrgeiz, geiſtesarmer Dünkel, eigenwilliger Querſinn und träges Phlegma pflegen ſich täglich auf ihn zu berufen; daher man ſich faſt ſcheuen ſollte, ihn wieder ins Andenken zu bringen. Gleichwohl bleibt ihm ſeine hohe Wahrheit; und je mehr der Mißbrauch ihn entweiht und verunſtaltet hat, deſto mehr thut es Noth, ihn in ſeinem Ernſte, in ſeinem echten Gehalte und ſeinem Einfluſſe auf das Leben darzuſtellen.

Im ſtrengen Handeln nach Grundſätzen bewährt ſich der männliche Charakter. Grundſätze müſſen dieſem Charakter Einheit und Haltung geben. In Grundſätzen muß ſich die Vernunft ſeiner bemächtigen, um ihn zu retten aus unſeligem Schwanken und der Herrſchaft verderblicher Leidenſchaft. Durch Grundſätze gelangt man erſt dahin, daß man weiß, was man will, daß man dieſes Eine kräftig erfaßt, immer vor Augen hat, und conſequent verfolgt.

Wo es an Grundſätzen fehlt, da ſind zahlloſe Irrthümer und Täuſchungen unvermeidlich. Es fehlt da auch an Principien des Wahren und Rechten; und es bleibt nichts übrig, als daß man blindlings ergreife, was ſich gerade ſcheinbar zu machen weiß, was den Launen des Augenblickes gefällt, was den jetzt regen Abſichten und Wünſchen am meiſten zuſagt — oder nach Vorurtheilen und herrſchenden Neigungen zu entſcheiden. Im erſten Falle wird man Eines und Daſſelbe bald annehmlich, bald verwerflich finden — im andern wenigſtens eben ſo oft das Wahre verfehlen, als deſſelben theilhaftig werden. Menſchen ohne Grundſätze ſehen meiſt nur die Außenſeite der Dinge, und dieſe ſelten einmal ganz. Sie finden ſich täglich betrogen, und ſind nicht im Stande es zu ändern.

Noch unſicherer wird ohne Grundſätze das Handeln. Man läßt ſich entweder von Einfällen, oder von Gefühlen, oder von Neigungen beſtimmen. In keinem dieſer Fälle iſt eine mit ſich ſelbſt übereinſtimmende Thätigkeit möglich. Einfälle erkennen kein Geſetz; Gefühle wechſeln unaufhörlich; die Neigungen liegen faſt immer mit einander im Streite. Für Augenblicke macht ſich die Eine geltend, um es bald bereuen zu laſſen, daß die andre verſäumt worden iſt. Während man auf der einen Seite gewinnt, verliert man auf der andern, und weiß nicht, ob der Gewinn oder der Verluſt höher anzuſchlagen ſei. An feſtes in einander greifendes Hinwirken auf einen Zweck iſt nicht zu denken. Wenn man ſich auch eines ſolchen bewußt iſt, kennt man doch ſein wahres Intereſſe und ſein Verhältniß zu den übrigen Zwecken des Lebens nicht; man iſt nicht im Stande, Kräfte und Mittel gehörig zu berechnen und ſeine Anſtrengungen zweckmäßig einzurichten. Die Ueberlegung wird von nichts gehalten: die größte Klugheit greift unaufhörlich fehl, weil ſie nur nach dem entſcheiden kann, was der Zufall ihr anbietet.

Es giebt wohl Menſchen, die, indem ſie bloß dem Zuge einer mächtigen Leidenſchaft mit einiger Beſonnenheit zu folgen ſcheinen, in ihren Bemühungen nicht ganz unglücklich ſind. Aber in der That werden doch dieſe Bemühungen von nur nicht entwickelten und durchdachten Grundſätzen geleitet: und ſo ſehr es ihnen auch mit dem, wozu die Leidenſchaft ſie treibt, gelingen mag, nie werden ſie das geſammte Intereſſe ihrer Natur befriedigt, ſtets werden ſie ſich von Einſeitigkeit peinlich gedrückt finden.

Nach Grundſätzen muß man ſich im Leben mit ſeinen mannigfaltigen Angelegenheiten orientiren, um alles zur Einheit deſſelben zu bilden, und in dieſer Einheit ſich ſelbſt zu genügen.

Nach Grundſätzen muß man handeln, um Geiſteswürde an ſich zu bewähren, denn dieſe allein können die That dem Naturzwange entreißen und in das herrliche Gebiet der Freiheit leiten.

Auch die Tugend kann in der männlichen Natur nicht anders als nach Grundſätzen gebildet werden. Nur, wenn ſie vom Willen in Grundſätzen gefaßt und in das Leben eingeführt worden, vermag ſie ſich in der Eigenthümlichkeit ihres Weſens zu entfalten und zu behaupten. Wer ſie nicht auf Grundſätze richtet, da kömmt ſie auch nicht in ihrer Selbſtſtändigkeit zum Vorſchein. Einzelne Maximen, eine Frucht der Angewöhnung, einzelne pflichtmäßige Handlungen, ein Werk der Neigung oder zufälliger Gewiſſensregung, einzelne ſchöne Aufwallungen, in die das Temperament ſich ergießt: das iſt alles, was man hier erwarten kann — keine herrſchende und durchgreifende Geſinnung, kein beſtändiger Wille, keine gleichförmige Handlungsweiſe, ohne welches für — was es auch ſei, der Name der Tugend vergebens in Anſpruch genommen wird.

Das Erſte der Sittlichkeit iſt Lauterkeit des Sinnes, Liebe des Guten um ſein ſelbſt willen; wie ſoll dieſes aber erreicht werden, wenn nicht der Grundſatz in urſprünglicher Heiligkeit feſt ſteht? Das Zweite iſt Freiheit des Entſchluſſes; iſt daran aber zu denken ohne Grundſätze? Sind es nicht dieſe, in welchen allein man ſich über die Herrſchaft der Sinnlichkeit erheben, und etwas ſeyn kann in ſich ſelbſt? Das Dritte iſt, daß ſie ein abgeſchloſſenes, innig zuſammenſtimmendes Ganze ſei: wie iſt das möglich, wenn nicht Grundſätze ihre Theile zu einander ordnen, und ihre Anwendung auf alle Kräfte des Gemüthes beſtimmen? Das Vierte iſt, daß ſie Plan des Lebens werde: wird ſie das aber je, wenn nicht Grundſätze ihre Ausführung leiten? Das Fünfte iſt, daß nichts vermöge, ſie zu erſchüttern: womit ſie ſich aber auch ſonſt noch bewaffnen möge; nichts wird ihr hinlängliche Sicherheit gewähren, wenn nicht Grundſätze ihre Schutzwehr ſind. Grundſätze lehren das Gefährliche vermeiden, und der Verſuchung Widerſtand leiſten. Sie geben Stärke des Willens, die ſich ſiegreich behauptet, während, was Neigung und Gefühl hervorgebracht haben, jeden Augenblick zerſtört werden kann. Durch ſie wird die Tugend eigenthümliche Kraft des Gemüthes, während, was anderswo her erzeugt worden iſt, immer etwas Anklebendes bleibt, welches ſich ohne viel Mühe wieder abtrennen läßt.

Der ganze Werth der Grundſätze beruht darauf, daß *nach denſelben gehandelt werde.* Menſchen, die viel von ihren Grundſätzen ſprechen, haben gewöhnlich gar keine, und wenn ſie welche haben, ſo werden dieſe, eben dadurch, daß ſie dieſelben immer im Munde führen, ihrer Wirkſamkeit beraubt. Wer mit Grundſätzen Gepränge treibt, der verſteht ſich gewiß nicht auf ihre innere Würde. Dieß iſt auch ſo gemein geworden, daß der Beſonnene deſſen ſich ſchämt.

Aber immer nach Grundſätzen zu handeln, ſie gegen jeden mächtigen Antrieb der Sinne und der Leidenſchaft durchzuſetzen, ſie zu einer unabwendbaren Nothwendigkeit des Lebens, die zugleich Freudigkeit des Gemüthes iſt, zu erheben: das iſt allerdings keine geringe Aufgabe.

Vor allem thut ſich hier die Schwierigkeit hervor, daß *unſre Grundſätze uns nicht ſtets gegenwärtig ſind.* Offenbar wird denſelben oft bloß deswegen entgegen gehandelt, weil wir uns ihrer nicht erinnern. Dieß geſchieht nicht bloß in den Augenblicken, wo die Umſtände drängen, und die Leidenſchaft fortreißt, ſondern oft auch in ſolchen, wo wir mit Ruhe und Ueberlegung unſre Entſchließungen faſſen. Auf mancherlei wird da wohl Rückſicht genommen, nur nicht auf Grundſätze. Umſonſt würde man dieſes zur Pflicht machen: denn es könnte uns ja auch begegnen, daß wir uns auf die Pflicht gerade nicht beſännen.

Der Erinnerung läßt ſich nicht gebieten, ſie folgt ihren eignen Geſetzen. Aber es laſſen ſich Anſtalten treffen, daß die

Erinnerung von ſelbſt komme; und das iſt es, was uns für die Fälle, wo wir unſern Grundſätzen zuwider handelten, weil wir nicht an ſie dachten, verantwortlich macht. Schon der feſte Wille, etwas nie zu vergeſſen, leiſtet viel. Dieſer Wille greift gewiſſermaßen durch alle geiſtigen Thätigkeiten hindurch, und wird nur ſelten von ſtärkern Gefühlen überwältigt; er hält den Gedanken wach, daß er ſich an jede Vorſtellung anſchließt. Wenn man ſelten an ſeine Grundſätze denkt: ſo rührt das meiſtentheils daher, daß man gleich Anfangs nicht recht an ſie gedacht hat. Man beſchäftigt ſich mit ihnen, wie mit Wahrheiten, die für den Verſtand gehören; man gewinnt ihnen blos ein ſpeculatives Intereſſe ab. Einzig beſorgt für ihre Richtigkeit oder für ihren Schimmer, überhört man ihr praktiſches Weſen, und verſäumt, ſie dem Willen zu übergeben, ſie in einem kräftigen Entſchluſſe zu ergreifen. Höchſtens bringt man es zu dem Wunſche, daß immer nach ihnen gehandelt werden möchte. So iſt es kein Wunder, wenn ſie das Schickſal aller dieſer Vorſtellungen haben, endlich unter der Menge von hinzuſtrömender Bilder und Gedanken begraben zu werden.

Doch nicht genug, daß uns unſre Grundſätze erinnerlich bleiben: ſie müſſen auch Kraft haben. Zwar iſt die Befolgung derſelben das Geſchäft des Willens. Aber der Wille iſt nicht ganz gleichgültig gegen den Antrieb. Er bedarf der Anſtrengung weniger, wo dieſer mächtiger iſt. Den Grundſätzen gegenüber ſtehen die heftigen Triebe der Sinnlichkeit. Dieſe werden den Willen oft fortreißen, wenn nicht auch die Grundſätze eine eigenthümliche Gewalt haben. Ueberdieß wird vieles gethan, wozu der Wille nicht mitwirkt, weil er nicht angeregt wurde, oder weil es dazu an der vollen Beſinnung fehlt. Hier kämpfen Grundſatz und Neigung gegen einander, und dem Stärkern bleibt der Sieg. Zwar ſoll es unſer Beſtreben ſeyn, daß dieß immer ſeltener geſchehe, und die That immer mehr aus klarem Bewußtſeyn und freier Willkraft hervortrete. Aber es wird viel erfordert, damit es dahin komme, und Kraft der Grundſätze iſt dazu eben das wirkſamſte Mittel.

Bei den meiſten muß die natürliche Kraft der Grundſätze verſtärkt werden, wenn es mit der Befolgung derſelben gelingen ſoll.

Dieß ſteht dadurch zu bewirken, daß man ſie mit wichtigen Betrachtungen, mit großen Gefühlen und tiefen Bewegungen des Herzens in Verknüpfung bringt. Vorzüglich iſt hier auf das Gefühl der moraliſchen Achtung und der religiöſen Erhebung zu rechnen. Indeß ſind auch die innern Wirkungen und die äußern Folgen einer ſtandhaften Befolgung wichtiger Grundſätze nicht aus der Acht zu laſſen. Man vergegenwärtige ſich ihren Ernſt und ihre Bedeutung, ihren ordnenden und verſchönernden Einfluß auf alle Angelegenheiten des Lebens, die Ehre, die ſie verſchaffen, die Verdienſte, die ſie erwerben, die Ruhe, die ſie gewähren, das Gelingen, zu welchem ſie führen, die Uebereinſtimmung, in welche ſie uns mit der Ordnung der Welt ſetzen, und die Erwartungen, welche ſie begründen. Man heilige ſie durch den Glauben an Gott und Ewigkeit. Man betrachte ſie oft in ihrer Verbindung mit einer über alles ehrwürdigen und erhabenen Beſtimmung. Man ſorge, daß die Zuſtände, in welche ſie uns bei ihrer Befolgung und Uebertretung verſetzen, nicht zu ſchnell vorüber gehen; man überlaſſe ſich vorzüglich der ſtillen Freude, die das Bewußtſeyn, ihnen nachgelebt zu haben, gewährt. Man waffne ſich gegen die Verführung, und ſtärke ſich durch beſtändiges Betrachten edler Beiſpiele. Man übe ſich endlich in der Bezwingung der Leidenſchaft, und ſuche die Macht der Sinnlichkeit durch freiwillige Entbehrungen, Entſagungen und Anſtrengungen zu ſchwächen.

Sollen Grundſätze endlich einen feſten Charakter bilden, und über das ganze Leben eine unumſchränkte Herrſchaft führen: dann müſſen ſie bleibende Form des Willens werden. Dieß iſt nicht anders zu erlangen als durch Gewöhnung. Je öfter man die Befolgung derſelben ſich ſelbſt gleichſam abgerungen hat: deſto leichter wird ſie; deſto mehr drängt ſie ſich uns unwillkürlich auf; deſto mehr wird es uns eigen, in ihrem Dienſte zu denken und zu handeln.

Es iſt überaus wichtig, ſich die Uebertretung ſeiner Grundſätze nie zu geſtatten. Solche Nachſicht entkräftet ihr Anſehen, vermehrt die Macht der Sinnlichkeit und die Trägheit des Willens. Muthiges Aufbieten des ganzen Vermögens, entſchiedener Widerſtand gegen den gefährlichen Reiz gibt kaum zu berechnenden Zuwachs der Kraft, und iſt dadurch noch mehr werth, als durch die Erreichung des beſondern Zwecks, wozu es verhilft.

Iſt man einmal gewohnt, nach Grundſätzen zu handeln: dann kann man bald nicht anders; die Leidenſchaft fügt ſich dem vernünftigen Willen; die Sinnlichkeit gehorcht nicht allein ſeinen Geſetzen, ſondern ſie nimmt auch die Geſtalt deſſelben an. So vollendet ſich die Einheit, und in ihr die Würde und der Friede des Lebens.

Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff,

einer der liebenswürdigſten und talentvollſten lebenden deutſchen Dichter, ward am 10. März 1788 auf dem Gute ſeines Vaters, Lubowitz bei Ratibor in Oberſchleſien geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung durch Hauslehrer und auf dem katholiſchen Gymnaſium in Breslau und ſtudirte dann von 1805 bis 1808 die Rechte in Halle und Heidelberg. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn ging er auf Reiſen, lebte mehrere Jahre in Wien und nahm alsdann 1813 als freiwilliger Jäger am Befreiungskriege Theil, in welchem er zum Offizier avancirte. 1816 ward er Referendarius bei der Regierung zu Breslau, 1821 Regierungsrath zu Danzig und 1824 Regierungs- und Oberpräſidialrath zu Königsberg in Preußen. Dieſen letzteren Wohnſitz vertauſchte er ſpäter mit Berlin, wo er gegenwärtig, im Dienſte ſeines Staates beſchäftigt, noch verweilt. Seine erſten poetiſchen Leiſtungen erſchienen unter dem erdichteten Namen Florens.

Er gab heraus:

Ahnung und Gegenwart. Ein Roman (herausgegeben von de la Motte Fouqué). Nürnberg, 1815.
Krieg den Philiſtern. Dramatiſches Mährchen. Berlin, 1823.
Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts und das Marmorbild. Zwei Novellen. Berlin, 1826.
Meyerbeths Glück und Ende. Berlin, 1828.
Ezelin von Romano. Trauerſpiel. Königsberg, 1828.
Der letzte Held von Marienburg. Trauerſpiel. Königsberg, 1830.
Dichter und ihre Geſellen. Roman. Berlin, 1835.
Einzelne Beiträge in Zeitſchriften, Muſenalmanachen u. ſ. w.

E. kann mit Recht als einer der ſpäteſten aber talentvollſten und eigenthümlichſten Jünger der ſogenannten romantiſchen Schule betrachtet werden. Er verbindet mit einer Tiefe und Innigkeit des Gefühls, wie man ſie ſelten findet, überaus große Anmuth der Geſtaltung, Reichthum, obwohl nicht eben Wechſel der Phantaſie, einſchmeichelnden Wohllaut, Friſche und Beweglichkeit und einen leichten, ſchalkhaften Witz. Nur Wenige wiſſen den Reiz der Natur, wie ſie ihn auf ein empfängliches Herz ausübt, mit ſolchem Zauber, und Farbenſchmelz wiederzugeben, als er es thut. Dieſer Zauber wird noch erhöht durch ſeine echte, aus ſeinem reinen Inneren hervorſpringende, nie ſich vorlaut an das Licht drängende, aber ſtets ſeinen Schöpfungen eine wohlthätige Begleiterin bleibende Nationalität. Am Glücklichſten iſt er in ſeinen lyriſchen Erzeugniſſen, deren inniges Gefühl, deren Lieblichkeit und Zartheit ſich mit einſchmeichelnder Anmuth der Seele des Leſers bemächtigen und noch lange in ihr nachklingen. — Sein

Roman „Ahnung und Gegenwart“, war das Kind einer trüben Zeit, und ward daher nicht ſo bekannt und gewürdigt, als er es zu ſeyn verdient, weshalb wir hier die Aufmerkſamkeit des Leſers von Neuem auf ihn lenken. In ſeinen Trauerſpielen herrſcht E's lyriſche Subjectivität zu ſehr vor; ſie ermangeln daher, jener Kraft und Schärfe, welche das Drama vor Allem fordert, obwohl ſie große und unerreichte Schönheiten enthalten. E. iſt ein Dichter auf den ſeine Nation ſtolz ſeyn darf, um mit wenigen Worten ſchließlich ſeinen Werth zuſammen zu faſſen.

Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts.*)

Erſtes Capitel.

Das Rad an meines Vaters Mühle brauſte und rauſchte ſchon wieder recht luſtig, der Schnee tröpfelte emſig vom Dache, die Sperlinge zwitſcherten und tummelten ſich dazwiſchen; ich ſaß auf der Thürſchwelle und wiſchte mir den Schlaf aus den Augen, mir war ſo recht wohl in dem warmen Sonnenſcheine. Da trat der Vater aus dem Hauſe; er hatte ſchon ſeit Tagesanbruch in der Mühle rumort und die Schlafmütze ſchief auf dem Kopfe, der ſagte zu mir: „Du Taugenichts! da ſonnſt Du Dich ſchon wieder und dehnſt und reckſt Dir die Knochen müde, und läßt mich alle Arbeit allein thun. Ich kann Dich hier nicht länger füttern. Der Frühling iſt vor der Thüre, geh auch einmal hinaus in die Welt und erwirb Dir ſelber Dein Brodt.“ — „Nun,“ ſagte ich, „wenn ich ein Taugenichts bin, ſo iſt's gut, ſo will ich in die Welt gehen und mein Glück machen.“ Und eigentlich war mir das recht lieb, denn es war mir kurz vorher ſelber eingefallen, auf Reiſen zu gehn, da ich den Goldammer, der im Herbſt und Winter immer betrübt an unſerem Fenſter ſang: „Bauer, mieth' mich, Bauer mieth' mich!“ nun in der ſchönen Frühlingszeit wieder ganz ſtolz und luſtig vom Baume rufen hörte: „Bauer, behalt Deinen Dienſt!“ Ich ging alſo in das Haus hinein und holte meine Geige, die ich recht artig ſpielte, von der Wand, mein Vater gab mir noch einige Groſchen Geld mit auf den Weg, und ſo ſchlenderte ich durch das lange Dorf hinaus. Ich hatte recht meine heimliche Freud', als ich da alle meine alten Bekannten und Kameraden rechts und links, wie geſtern und vorgeſtern und immerdar, zur Arbeit hinausziehen, graben und pflügen ſah, während ich ſo in die freie Welt hinausſtrich. Ich rief den armen Leuten nach allen Seiten recht ſtolz und zufrieden Adjes zu, aber es kümmerte ſich eben keiner ſehr darum. Mir war es wie ein ewiger Sonntag im Gemüthe. Und als ich endlich ins freie Feld hinaus kam, da nahm ich meine liebe Geige vor, und ſpielte und ſang, auf der Landſtraße fortgehend:

Wem Gott will rechte Gunſt erweiſen,
Den ſchickt er in die weite Welt,
Dem will er ſeine Wunder weiſen
In Feld und Wald und Strom und Feld.

Die Trägen, die zu Hauſe liegen,
Erquicket nicht das Morgenroth,
Sie wiſſen nur vom Kinderwiegen,
Von Sorgen, Laſt und Noth um Brodt.

Die Bächlein von den Bergen ſpringen,
Die Lerchen ſchwirren hoch vor Luſt,
Was ſollt' ich nicht mit ihnen ſingen
Aus voller Kehl' und friſcher Bruſt!

Den lieben Gott laß ich nur walten;
Der Bächlein, Lerchen, Wald und Feld
Und Erd' und Himmel will erhalten,
Hat auch mein' Sach' auf's Beſt' beſtellt!

Indem wie ich mich ſo umſehe, kömmt ein köſtlicher Reiſewagen ganz nahe an mich heran, der mochte wohl ſchon einige Zeit hinter mir drein gefahren ſeyn, ohne daß ich es merkte, weil mein Herz ſo voller Klang war, denn es ging ganz langſam, und zwei vornehme Damen ſteckten die Köpfe aus dem Wagen und hörten mir zu. Die eine beſonders ſchön und jünger als die andere, aber eigentlich gefielen ſie mir alle beide. Als ich nun aufhörte zu ſingen, ließ die ältere ſtill halten und redete mich holdſeelig an: „Ei, luſtiger Geſell, Er weiß ja recht hübſche Lieder zu ſingen.“ Ich nicht faul dagegen: „Ew. Gnaden aufzuwarten, wüßt' ich noch viel ſchönere.“ Darauf fragte ſie mich wieder: „Wohin wandert Er denn ſchon ſo am frühen Morgen?“ Da ſchämte ich mich, daß ich das ſelber nicht wußte, und ſagte dreiſt: „Nach W.“; nun ſprachen beide mit einander in einer fremden Sprache, die ich nicht verſtand. Die jüngere ſchüttelte einigemal mit dem Kopfe, die andere lachte aber in einem fort und rief mir endlich zu: „Spring Er nur hinten mit auf, wir fahren auch nach W.“ Wer war froher als ich! Ich machte einen Reverenz und war mit einem Sprunge hinter dem Wagen, der Kutſcher knallte und wir flogen über die glänzende Straße fort, daß mir der Wind am Hute pfiff.

Hinter mir gingen nun Dorf, Gärten und Kirchthürme unter, vor mir neue Dörfer, Schlöſſer und Berge auf; unter mir Saaten, Büſche und Wieſen bunt vorüberfliegend, über mir unzählige Lerchen in der klaren blauen Luft — ich ſchämte mich laut zu ſchreien, aber innerlichſt jauchzte ich und ſtrampelte und tanzte auf dem Wagentritt herum, daß ich bald meine Geige verloren hätte, die ich unterm Arme hielt. Wie aber denn die Sonne immer höher ſtieg, rings am Horizont ſchwere weiße Mittagswolken aufſtiegen, und alles in der Luft und auf der weiten Fläche ſo leer und ſchwül und ſtill wurde über den leiſe wogenden Kornfeldern, da fiel mir erſt wieder mein Dorf ein und mein Vater und unſere Mühle, wie es da ſo heimlich kühl war an dem ſchattigen Weiher, und daß nun alles ſo weit, weit hinter mir lag. Mir war dabei ſo kurios zu Muthe, als müßt' ich wieder umkehren; ich ſteckte meine Geige zwiſchen Rock und Weſte, ſetzte mich voller Gedanken auf den Wagentritt hin und ſchlief ein.

Als ich die Augen aufſchlug, ſtand der Wagen ſtill unter hohen Lindenbäumen, hinter denen eine breite Treppe zwiſchen Säulen in ein prächtiges Schloß führte. Seitwärts durch die Bäume ſah ich die Thürme von W. Die Damen waren, wie es ſchien, längſt ausgeſtiegen, die Pferde abgeſpannt. Ich erſchrack ſehr, da ich auf einmal ſo allein ſaß, und ſprang geſchwind in das Schloß hinein, da hörte ich von oben aus dem Fenſter lachen.

In dieſem Schloſſe ging es mir wunderlich. Zuerſt wie ich mich in der weiten kühlen Vorhalle umſchaue, klopft mir Jemand mit dem Stocke auf die Schulter. Ich kehre mich ſchnell herum, da ſteht ein großer Herr in Staatskleidern, ein breites Bandelier von Gold und Seide bis an die Hüften übergehängt, mit einem oben verſilberten Stabe in der Hand, und einer außerordentlich langen gebognen kurfürſtlichen Naſe im Geſicht, breit und prächtig wie ein aufgeblaſener Puter, der mich frägt, was ich hier will. Ich war ganz verblüfft und konnte vor Schreck und Erſtaunen nichts hervor bringen. Darauf kamen mehrere Bedienten die Treppe herauf und herunter gerannt, die ſagten gar nichts, ſondern ſahen mich nur von oben bis unten an. Sodann kam eine Kammerjungfer (wie ich nachher hörte) grade auf mich los und ſagte: ich wäre ein ſcharmanter Junge, und die gnädige Herrſchaft ließe mich fragen, ob ich hier als Gärtnerburſche dienen wollte! — Ich griff nach der Weſte; meine paar Groſchen, weiß Gott, ſie müſſen beim Herumtanzen auf dem Wagen aus der Taſche geſprungen ſeyn, waren weg, ich hatte nichts als mein Geigenſpiel, für das mir überdies auch der Herr mit dem Stabe, wie er mir im Vorbeigehn ſagte, nicht einen Heller geben wollte. Ich ſagte daher in meiner Herzensangſt zu der Kammerjungfer: Ja, noch immer die Augen von der Seite auf die unheimliche Geſtalt gerichtet, die immerfort wie der Perpendikel einer Thurmuhr in der Halle auf und ab wandelte, und eben wieder majeſtätiſch und ſchauerlich aus dem Hintergrunde heraufgezogen kam. Zuletzt kam endlich der Gärtner, brummte was von Geſindel und Bauerlümmel unterm Bart, und führte mich nach dem Garten, während er mir unterwegs noch eine lange Predigt hielt: wie ich nur fein nüchtern und arbeitſam ſeyn, nicht in der Welt herumvagiren, keine brodtloſen Künſte und unnützes Zeug treiben ſolle, da könnt ich es mit der Zeit auch einmal zu was Rechten bringen. — Es waren noch mehr ſehr hübſche, gutgeſetzte, nützliche Lehren, ich habe nur ſeitdem faſt alles wieder vergeſſen. Ueberhaupt weiß ich eigentlich gar nicht recht, wie doch alles ſo gekommen war, ich ſagte nur immerfort zu allem: Ja, — denn mir war wie einem Vogel, dem die Flügel begoſſen worden ſind. — So war ich denn, Gott ſey Dank, im Brodte. —

In dem Garten war ſchön leben, ich hatte täglich mein warmes Eſſen vollauf, und mehr Geld als ich zu Weine brauchte, nur hatte ich leider ziemlich viel zu thun. Auch die Tempel, Lauben und ſchönen grünen Gänge, das gefiel mir alles recht gut, wenn ich nur hätte ruhig drinn herumſpaziren können und vernünftig diskuriren, wie die Herren und Damen, die alle Tage dahin kamen. So oft der Gärtner fort und ich allein war, zog ich ſogleich mein kurzes Tabackspfeifchen heraus, ſetzte mich hin, und ſann auf ſchöne höfliche Redensarten, wie ich die eine junge ſchöne Dame, die mich in das Schloß mitbrachte, unterhalten wollte, wenn ich ein Kavalier wäre und mit ihr hier herumginge. Oder ich legte mich an ſchwülen Nachmittagen auf den Rücken hin, wenn alles ſo ſtill war, daß man nur die Bienen ſumſen hörte, und ſah zu, wie über mir die Wolken nach meinem Dorfe zuflogen und die Gräſer und Blumen ſich hin und her bewegten, und gedachte an die Dame, und da geſchah es denn oft, daß die ſchöne Frau mit der Guitarre oder einem Buche in der Ferne wirklich durch den Garten zog, ſo ſtill, groß und freundlich wie ein Engelsbild, ſo daß ich nicht recht wußte, ob ich träumte oder wachte.

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*) Novelle v. J. v. Eichendorff. Berlin. 1826.

So ſang ich auch einmal, wie ich eben bei einem Luſthauſe zur Arbeit vorbei ging, für mich hin:

Wohin ich geh' und ſchaue,
In Feld und Wald und Thal
Vom Berg' in's Himmelsblaue,
Viel ſchöne gnäd'ge Frau,
Grüß' ich Dich tauſendmal.

Da ſeh' ich aus dem dunkelkühlen Luſthauſe zwiſchen den halbgeöffneten Jalouſien und Blumen, die dort ſtanden, zwei ſchöne junge friſche Augen hervorfunkeln. Ich war ganz erſchrocken, ich ſang das Lied nicht aus, ſondern ging, ohne mich umzuſehen, fort an die Arbeit.

Abends, es war grade an einem Sonnabend, und ich ſtand eben in der Vorfreude kommenden Sonntags mit der Geige im Gartenhauſe am Fenſter und dachte noch an die funkelnden Augen, da kommt auf einmal die Kammerjungfer durch die Dämmerung dahergeſtrichen. „Da ſchickt Euch die vielſchöne gnädige Frau was, das ſollt Ihr auf ihre Geſundheit trinken. Eine gute Nacht auch!" Damit ſetzte ſie mir fix eine Flaſche Wein auf's Fenſter und war ſogleich wieder zwiſchen den Blumen und Hecken verſchwunden, wie eine Eidechſe.

Ich aber ſtand noch lange vor der wunderſamen Flaſche, und wußte nicht, wie mir geſchehen war. — Und hatte ich vorher luſtig die Geige geſtrichen, ſo ſpielt' und ſang ich jetzt erſt recht, und ſang das Lied von der ſchönen Frau ganz aus und alle meine Lieder, die ich nur wußte, bis alle Nachtigallen draußen erwachten und Mond und Sterne ſchon lange über dem Garten ſtanden. Ja, das war einmal eine gute ſchöne Nacht!

Es wird keinem an der Wiege geſungen, was künftig aus ihm wird, eine blinde Henne findet manchmal auch ein Korn, wer zuletzt lacht, lacht am beſten, unverhofft kommt oft, der Menſch denkt und Gott lenkt, ſo meditirt' ich, als ich am folgenden Tage wieder mit meiner Pfeife im Garten ſaß und es mir dabei, da ich ſo aufmerkſam an mir herunter ſah, faſt vorkommen wollte, als wäre ich doch eigentlich ein rechter Lump. — Ich ſtand nunmehr, ganz wider meine ſonſtige Gewohnheit, alle Tage ſehr zeitig auf, eh' ſich noch der Gärtner und die andern Arbeiter rührten. Da war es ſo wunderſchön draußen im Garten. Die Blumen, die Springbrunnen, die Roſenbüſche und der ganze Garten funkelten von der Morgenſonne wie lauter Gold und Edelſtein. Und in den hohen Buchen-Alleen, da war es noch ſo ſtill, kühl und andächtig, wie in einer Kirche, nur die Vögel flatterten und pickten auf dem Sande. Gleich vor dem Schloſſe, gerade unter den Fenſtern, wo die ſchöne Frau wohnte, war ein blühender Strauch. Dorthin ging ich dann immer am früheſten Morgen und duckte mich hinter die Aeſte, um ſo nach dem Fenſter zu ſehen, denn mich im Freien zu produziren hatt' ich keine Courage. Da ſah ich nun allemal die allerſchönſte Dame noch heiß und halb verſchlafen im ſchneeweißen Kleide an das offne Fenſter hervortreten. Bald flocht ſie ſich die dunkelbraunen Haare und ließ dabei die anmuthig ſpielenden Augen über Buſch und Garten ergehen, bald bog und band ſie die Blumen, die vor ihrem Fenſter ſtanden, oder ſie nahm auch die Guitarre in den weißen Arm und ſang dazu ſo wunderſam über den Garten hinaus, daß ſich mir noch das Herz umwenden will vor Wehmuth, wenn mir eins von den Liedern bisweilen einfällt — und ach das alles iſt ſchon lange her!

So dauerte das wohl über eine Woche. Aber das einemal, ſie ſtand gerade wieder am Fenſter und alles war ſtille rings umher, fliegt mir eine fatale Fliege in die Naſe und ich gebe mich an ein ſchreckliches Nieſen, das gar nicht enden will. Sie legt ſich weit zum Fenſter hinaus und ſieht mich Aermſten hinter dem Strauche lauſchen. — Nun ſchämte ich mich und kam viele Tage nicht hin.

Endlich wagte ich es wieder, aber das Fenſter blieb diesmal zu, ich ſaß vier, fünf, ſechs Morgen hinter dem Strauche, aber ſie kam nicht wieder an's Fenſter. Da wurde mir die Zeit lang, ich faßte ein Herz und ging nun alle Morgen frank und frei längs dem Schloſſe unter allen Fenſtern hin. Aber die liebe ſchöne Frau blieb immer und immer aus. Eine Strecke weiter ſah ich dann immer die andere Dame am Fenſter ſtehn. Ich hatte ſie ſonſt ſo genau noch niemals geſehen. Sie war wahrhaftig recht ſchön roth und dick und gar prächtig und hoffärtig anzuſehen, wie eine Tulipane. Ich machte ihr immer ein tiefes Kompliment, und, ich kann nicht anders ſagen, ſie dankte mir jedesmal und nickte und blinzelte mit den Augen dazu ganz außerordentlich höflich. — Nur ein einzigesmal glaub' ich geſehn zu haben, daß auch die Schöne an ihrem Fenſter hinter der Gardine ſtand und verſteckt hervorguckte. —

Viele Tage gingen jedoch ins Land, ohne daß ich ſie ſah. Sie kam nicht mehr in den Garten, ſie kam nicht mehr an's Fenſter. Der Gärtner ſchalt mich einen faulen Bengel, ich war verdrüßlich, meine eigne Naſenſpitze war mir im Wege, wenn ich in Gottes freie Welt hinaus ſah.

So lag ich eines Sonntags Nachmittag im Garten und ärgerte mich, wie ich ſo in die blauen Wolken meiner Tabackspfeife hinausſah, daß ich mich nicht auf ein anderes Handwerk gelegt, und mich alſo morgen nicht auch wenigſtens auf einen blauen Montag zu freuen hatte. Die andern Burſche waren indeß alle wohlausſtaffirt nach den Tanzböden in der nahen Vorſtadt hinausgezogen. Da wallte und wogte alles im Sonntagsputze in der warmen Luft zwiſchen den lichten Häuſern und wandernden Leierkaſten ſchwärmend hin und zurück. Ich aber ſaß wie eine Rohrdommel im Schilfe eines einſamen Weihers im Garten und ſchaukelte mich auf dem Kahne, der dort angebunden war, während die Veſperglocken aus der Stadt über den Garten herüberſchallten und die Schwäne auf dem Waſſer langſam neben mir hin und her zogen. Mir war zum Sterben bange. —

Während deß hörte ich von weitem allerlei Stimmen, luſtiges Durcheinanderreden und Lachen, immer näher und näher, dann ſchimmerten roth' und weiße Tücher, Hüte und Federn durch's Grüne, auf einmal kommt ein heller lichter Haufen von jungen Herren und Damen vom Schloſſe über die Wieſe auf mich los, meine beide Damen mitten unter ihnen. Ich ſtand auf und wollte weggehen, da erblickte mich die ältere von den ſchönen Damen. „Ei, das iſt ja wie gerufen," rief ſie mir mit lachendem Munde zu, „fahr' Er uns doch an das jenſeitige Ufer über den Teich!" Die Damen ſtiegen nun eine nach der andern vorſichtig und furchtſam in den Kahn, die Herren halfen ihnen dabei und machten ſich ein wenig groß mit ihrer Kühnheit auf dem Waſſer. Als ſich darauf die Frauen alle auf die Seitenbänke gelagert hatten, ſtieß ich vom Ufer. Einer von den jungen Herren, der ganz vorn ſtand, fing unmerklich an zu ſchaukeln. Da wandten ſich die Damen furchtſam hin und her, einige ſchrien gar. Die ſchöne Frau, welche eine Lilie in der Hand hielt, ſaß dicht am Bord des Schiffleins und ſah ſtill lächelnd in die klaren Wellen hinunter, die ſie mit der Lilie berührte, ſo daß ihr ganzes Bild zwiſchen den wiederſcheinenden Wolken und Bäumen im Waſſer noch einmal zu ſehen war, wie ein Engel, der leiſe durch den tiefen blauen Himmelsgrund zieht.

Wie ich noch ſo auf ſie hinſehe, fällt's auf einmal der andern luſtigen Dicken von meinen zwei Damen ein, ich ſollte ihr während der Fahrt Eins ſingen. Geſchwind dreht ſich ein ſehr zierlicher junger Herr mit einer Brille auf der Naſe, der neben ihr ſaß, zu ihr herum, küßt ihr ſanft die Hand und ſagt: „Ich danke ihnen für den ſinnigen Einfall! ein Volkslied, geſungen vom Volk in freiem Feld und Wald, iſt ein Alpenröslein auf der Alpe ſelbſt, — die Wunderhörner ſind nur Herbarien, — iſt die Seele der National-Seele." Ich aber ſagte, ich wiſſe nichts zu ſingen, was für ſolche Herrſchaften ſchön genug wäre. Da ſagte die ſchnippiſche Kammerjungfer, die mit dem Korbe voll Taſſen und Flaſchen hart neben mir ſtand und die ich bis jetzt noch gar nicht bemerkt hatte: „Weiß Er doch ein recht hübſches Liedchen von einer vielſchönen Frau." — „Ja, ja, das ſing Er nur recht dreiſt weg," rief darauf ſogleich die Dame wieder. Ich wurde über und über roth. — Indem blickte auch die ſchöne Frau auf einmal vom Waſſer auf, und ſah mich an, daß es mir durch Leib und Seele ging. Da beſann ich mich nicht lange, faßt' ein Herz, und ſang ſo recht aus voller Bruſt und Luſt:

Wohin ich geh' und ſchaue
In Feld und Wald und Thal
Vom Berg' hinab in die Au:

Viel ſchöne, hohe Fraue,
Grüß ich Dich tauſendmal.

In meinem Garten find' ich
Viel Blumen, ſchön und fein,
Viel Kränze wohl d'raus wind' ich
Und tauſend Gedanken bind' ich
Und Grüße mit darein.

Ihr darf ich keinen reichen,
Sie iſt zu hoch und ſchön,
Die müſſen alle verbleichen,
Die Liebe nur ohne Gleichen
Bleibt ewig im Herzen ſtehn.

Ich ſchein' wohl froher Dinge
Und ſchaffe auf und ab,
Und ob das Herz zerſpringe,
Ich grabe fort und ſinge,
Und grab' mir bald mein Grab.

Wir ſtiegen ans Land, die Herrſchaften ſtiegen alle aus, viele von den jungen Herren hatten mich, ich bemerkt' es wohl, während ich ſang mit liſtigen Mienen und Flüſtern verſpottet vor den Damen. Der Herr mit der Brille faßte mich im Weggehen bey der Hand und ſagte mir, ich weiß ſelbſt nicht mehr was, die ältere von meinen Damen ſah mich ſehr freundlich an. Die ſchöne Frau hatte während meines ganzen Liedes die Augen niedergeſchlagen und ging nun auch fort und ſagte gar nichts. — Mir aber ſtanden die Thränen in den Augen, ſchon wie ich noch ſang, das Herz wollte mir zerſpringen von dem Liede vor Schaam und vor Schmerz, es fiel mir jetzt auf einmal alles recht ein, wie Sie ſo ſchön iſt und ich ſo arm bin und verſpottet und verlaſſen von der Welt, — und als ſie alle hinter den Büſchen verſchwunden waren, da konnt' ich mich nicht länger halten, ich warf mich in das Gras hin und weinte bitterlich.

Zweites Capitel.

Dicht am herrſchaftlichen Garten ging die Landſtraße vorüber, nur durch eine hohe Mauer von derſelben geſchieden. Ein gar ſauberes Zollhäuschen mit rothem Ziegeldache war da erbaut, und hinter demſelben ein kleines buntumzäuntes Blumengärtchen, das durch eine Lücke in der Mauer des Schloßgartens hindurch an den ſchattigſten und verborgenſten Theil des letzteren ſtieß. Dort war eben der Zolleinnehmer geſtorben, der das alles ſonſt bewohnte. Da kam des einen Morgens frühzeitig, da ich noch im tiefſten Schlafe lag, der Schreiber vom Schloſſe zu mir und rief mich ſchleunigſt zum Herrn Amtmann. Ich zog mich geſchwind an und ſchlenderte hinter dem luſtigen Schreiber her, der unterwegs bald da bald dort eine Blume abbrach und vorn an den Rock ſteckte, bald mit ſeinem Spazierſtöckchen künſtlich in der Luft herumfocht und allerlei zu mir in den Wind hineinparlirte, wovon ich aber nichts verſtand, weil mir die Augen und Ohren noch voller Schlaf lagen. Als ich in die Kanzlei trat, wo es noch nicht recht Tag war, ſah der Amtmann hinter einem ungeheuren Dintenfaſſe und Stößen von Papier und Büchern und einer anſehnlichen Perücke, wie die Eule aus ihrem Neſt, auf mich und hob an: „Wie heißt Er? Woher iſt Er? Kann Er ſchreiben, leſen und rechnen?" Da ich das bejahte, verſetzte er: „Na, die gnädige Herrſchaft hat Ihm, in Betrachtung Seiner guten Aufführung und beſondern Meriten, die ledige Einnehmerſtelle zugedacht." — Ich überdachte in der Geſchwindigkeit für mich meine bisherige Aufführung und Manieren, und ich mußte geſtehen, ich fand am Ende ſelber, daß der Amtmann Recht hatte. — Und ſo war ich denn wirklich Zolleinnehmer, ehe ich mich's verſah.

Ich bezog nun ſogleich meine neue Wohnung und war in kurzer Zeit eingerichtet. Ich hatte noch mehrere Geräthſchaften gefunden, die der ſelige Einnehmer ſeinem Nachfolger hinterlaſſen, unter andern einen prächtigen rothen Schlafrock mit gelben Punkten, grüne Pantoffeln, eine Schlafmütze und einige Pfeifen mit langen Röhren. Das alles hatte ich mir ſchon einmal gewünſcht als ich noch zu Hauſe war, wo ich immer unſern Pfarrer ſo kommode herumgehen ſah. Den ganzen Tag, (zu thun hatte ich weiter nichts) ſaß ich daher auf dem Bänkchen vor meinem Hauſe in Schlafrock und Schlafmütze, rauchte Taback aus dem längſten Rohre, das ich nach dem ſeligen Einnehmer gefunden hatte, und ſah zu, wie die Leute auf der Landſtraße hin- und hergingen, fuhren und ritten. Ich wünſchte nur immer, daß auch einmal ein paar Leute aus meinem Dorfe, die immer ſagten, aus mir würde mein Lebtage nichts, hier vorüber kommen und mich ſo ſehen möchten. — Der Schlafrock ſtand mir ſchön zu Geſichte, und überhaupt das alles behagte mir ſehr gut. So ſaß ich denn da und dachte mir mancherlei hin und her, wie aller Anfang ſchwer iſt, wie das vornehmere Leben doch eigentlich recht kommode ſei, und faßte heimlich den Entſchluß, nunmehr alles Reiſen zu laſſen, auch Geld zu ſparen, wie die andern, und es mit der Zeit gewiß zu etwas Großem in der Welt zu bringen. Inzwiſchen vergaß ich über meinen Entſchlüſſen, Sorgen und Geſchäften die allerſchönſte Frau keinesweges.

Die Kartoffeln und anderes Gemüſe, das ich in meinem kleinen Gärtchen fand, warf ich hinaus und bebaute es ganz mit den auserleſenſten Blumen, worüber mich der Portier vom Schloſſe mit der großen kurfürſtlichen Naſe, der, ſeitdem ich hier wohnte, oft zu mir kam und mein intimer Freund geworden war, bedenklich von der Seite anſah, und mich für einen hielt, den ſein plötzliches Glück verrückt gemacht hätte. Ich aber ließ mich das nicht anfechten. Denn nicht weit von mir im herrſchaftlichen Garten hörte ich feine Stimmen ſprechen, unter denen ich die meiner ſchönen Frau zu erkennen meinte, obgleich ich wegen des dichten Gebüſches Niemand ſehen konnte. Da band ich denn alle Tage einen Strauß von den ſchönſten Blumen, die ich hatte, ſtieg jeden Abend, wenn es dunkel wurde, über die Mauer, und legte ihn auf einen ſteinernen Tiſch hin, der dort inmitten einer Laube ſtand; und jeden Abend wenn ich den neuen Strauß brachte, war der alte von dem Tiſche fort.

Eines Abends war die Herrſchaft auf die Jagd geritten; die Sonne ging eben unter und bedeckte das ganze Land mit Glanz und Schimmer, die Donau ſchlängelte ſich prächtig wie von lauter Gold und Feuer in die weite Ferne, von allen Bergen bis tief ins Land hinein ſangen und jauchzten die Winzer. Ich ſaß mit dem Portier auf dem Bänkchen vor meinem Hauſe, und freute mich in der lauen Luft, und wie der luſtige Tag ſo langſam vor uns verdunkelte und verhallte. Da ließen ſich auf einmal die Hörner der zurückkehrenden Jäger von Ferne vernehmen, die von den Bergen gegenüber einander von Zeit zu Zeit lieblich Antwort gaben. Ich war recht im innerſten Herzen vergnügt und ſprang auf und rief wie bezaubert und verzückt vor Luſt: „Nein, das iſt mir doch ein Metier, die edle Jägerei!" Der Portier aber klopfte ſich ruhig die Pfeife aus und ſagte: „Das denkt Ihr Euch juſt ſo: Ich habe es auch mitgemacht, man verdient ſich kaum die Sohlen, die man ſich abläuft; und Huſten und Schnupfen wird man erſt gar nicht los, das kommt von den ewig naſſen Füßen." — Ich weiß nicht, mich packte da ein närriſcher Zorn, daß ich ordentlich am ganzen Leibe zitterte. Mir war auf einmal der ganze Kerl mit ſeinem langweiligen Mantel, die ewigen Füße, ſein Tabacksſchnupfen, die große Naſe und alles abſcheulich. — Ich faßte ihn, wie außer mir, bei der Bruſt und ſagte: „Portier, jetzt ſchert Ihr Euch nach Hauſe, oder ich prügle Euch hier ſogleich durch!" Den Portier überfiel bei dieſen Worten ſeine alte Meinung, ich wäre verrückt geworden. Er ſah mich bedenklich und mit heimlicher Furcht an, machte ſich, ohne ein Wort zu ſprechen, von mir los und ging, immer noch unheimlich nach mir zurückblickend, mit langen Schritten nach dem Schloſſe, wo er athemlos ausſagte, ich ſei nun wirklich raſend geworden.

Ich aber mußte am Ende laut auflachen und war herzlich froh, den ſuperklugen Geſellen los zu ſeyn, denn es war grade die Zeit, wo ich den Blumenſtrauß immer in die Laube zu legen pflegte. Ich ſprang auch heute ſchnell über die Mauer und ging eben auf das ſteinerne Tiſchchen los, als ich in einiger Entfernung Pferdetritte vernahm. Entſpringen konnt' ich nicht mehr, denn ſchon kam meine ſchöne gnädige Frau ſelber, in einem grünen Jagdhabit und mit nickenden Federn auf dem Hute, langſam und wie es ſchien in tiefen Gedanken die Allee herabgeritten. Es war mir nicht anders zu Muthe, als da ich ſonſt in den alten Büchern bei meinem Vater von der ſchönen Magelone geleſen, wie ſie ſo zwiſchen den immer näher ſchallenden Waldhornsklängen und wechſelnden Abendlichtern unter den hohen Bäumen hervor kam, — ich konnte nicht vom Fleck. Sie aber erſchrack heftig, als ſie mich auf einmal gewahr wurde, und hielt faſt unwillkührlich ſtill. Ich war wie betrunken vor Angſt, Herzklopfen und großer Freude, und da ich bemerkte, daß ſie wirklich meinen Blumenſtrauß von geſtern an der Bruſt hatte, konnte ich mich nicht länger halten, ſondern ſagte ganz verwirrt: „Schönſte gnädige Frau, nehmt auch noch dieſen Blumenſtrauß von mir, und alle Blumen aus meinem Garten und alles was ich habe. Ach könnt' ich nur für Euch in's Feuer ſpringen!" — Sie hatte mich gleich anfangs ſo ernſthaft und faſt böſe angeblickt, daß es mir durch Mark und Beine ging, dann aber hielt ſie, ſo lange ich redete, die Augen tief niedergeſchlagen. So eben ließen ſich einige Reiter und Stimmen im Gebüſch hören. Da ergriff ſie ſchnell den Strauß aus meiner Hand und war [illegible], ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, am andern Ende des Bogenganges verſchwunden.

Seit dieſem Abend hatte ich weder Ruh' noch Raſt mehr. Es war mir beſtändig zu Muthe, wie ſonſt immer, wenn der Frühling anfangen ſollte, ſo unruhig und fröhlich, ohne daß ich wußte warum, als ſtünde mir ein großes Glück oder ſonſt etwas Außerordentliches bevor. Beſonders das fatale Rechnen wollte mir nun erſt gar nicht mehr von der Hand, und ich hatte, wenn der Sonnenſchein durch den Kaſtanienbaum vor dem Fenſter grüngolden auf die Ziffern fiel, und ſo fix vom Transport bis zum Latus und wieder hinauf und hinab addirte, gar ſeltſame Gedanken dabei, ſo daß ich manchmal ganz verwirrt wurde, und wahrhaftig nicht bis drei zählen konnte. Denn die Acht kam mir immer vor wie meine dicke enggeſchnürte Dame mit dem breiten Kopfputz, die böſe Sieben war gar wie ein ewig rückwärts zeigender Wegweiſer oder Galgen. — Am meiſten Spaß machte mir noch die Neun, die ſich mir ſo oft, eh' ich mich's verſah, luſtig als Sechs auf den Kopf ſtellte, während die Zwei wie ein Fragezeichen ſo pfiffig drein ſah, als wollte ſie mich fragen: Wo ſoll das am Ende noch hinaus mit Dir, Du arme Null? Ohne Sie, dieſe ſchlanke Eins und Alles, bleibſt Du doch ewig Nichts!

Auch das Sitzen draußen vor der Thür wollte mir nicht mehr behagen. Ich nahm mir, um es kommoder zu haben, einen Schemel mit heraus und ſtreckte die Füße darauf, ich flickte ein altes Paraſol vom Einnehmer, und ſteckte es gegen die Sonne wie ein chineſiſches Luſthaus über mich. Aber es half nichts. Es ſchien mir, wie ich ſo ſaß und rauchte und ſpekulirte, als würden mir allmählig die Beine immer länger vor Langeweile, und die Naſe wüchſe mir vom Nichtsthun, wenn ich ſo ſtundenlang an ihr herunter ſah. — Und wenn denn manchmal noch vor Tagesanbruch eine Extrapoſt vorbeikam, und ich trat halb verſchlafen in die kühle Luft hinaus, und ein niedliches Geſichtchen, von dem man in der Dämmerung nur die funkelnden Augen ſah, bog ſich neugierig zum Wagen hervor und bot mir freundlich einen guten Morgen, in den Dörfern aber ringsumher krähten die Hähne ſo friſch über die leiſewogenden Kornfelder herüber, und zwiſchen den Morgenſtreifen hoch am Himmel ſchweiften ſchon einzelne zu früh erwachte Lerchen, und der Poſtillon nahm dann ſein Poſthorn und fuhr weiter und blies und blies — da ſtand ich lange und ſah dem Wagen nach, und es war mir nicht anders, als müßt' ich nur ſogleich mit fort, weit, weit in die Welt. —

Meine Blumenſträuße legte ich indeß immer noch, ſobald die Sonne unterging, auf den ſteinernen Tiſch in der dunklen Laube. Aber das war es eben; damit war es nun aus ſeit jenem Abend. — Kein Menſch kümmerte ſich darum: ſo oft ich des Morgens frühzeitig nachſah, lagen die Blumen noch immer da wie geſtern, und ſahen mich mit ihren verwelkten niederhängenden Köpfchen und darauf ſtehenden Thautropfen ordentlich betrübt an, als ob ſie weinten. — Das verdroß mich ſehr. Ich band gar keinen Strauß mehr. In meinem Garten mochte nun auch das Unkraut treiben, wie es wollte, und die Blumen ließ ich ruhig ſtehn und wachſen, bis der Wind die Blätter verwehte. War mir's doch eben ſo wild und bunt und verſtört im Herzen.

In dieſen kritiſchen Zeitläuften geſchah es denn, daß einmal, als ich eben zu Hauſe im Fenſter liege und verdrüßlich in die leere Luft hinausſehe, die Kammerjungfer vom Schloſſe über die Straße daher getrippelt kommt. Sie lenkte, da ſie mich erblickte, ſchnell zu mir ein und blieb am Fenſter ſtehen. — „Der gnädige Herr iſt geſtern von ſeiner Reiſe zurückgekommen," ſagte ſie eilfertig. „So?" entgegnete ich verwundert — denn ich hatte mich ſchon ſeit einigen Wochen um nichts bekümmert, und wußte nicht einmal, daß der Herr auf Reiſen war, — „da wird ſeine Tochter, die junge gnädige Frau, auch große Freude gehabt haben." — Die Kammerjungfer ſah mich kurios von oben bis unten an, ſo daß ich mich ordentlich ſelber beſinnen mußte, ob ich was Dummes geſagt hätte. — „Er weiß aber auch gar nichts," ſagte ſie endlich und rümpfte das kleine Näschen. „Nun," fuhr ſie fort, „es ſoll heute Abend dem Herrn zu Ehren Tanz im Schloſſe ſeyn und Maskerade. Meine gnädige Frau wird auch maskirt ſeyn, als Gärtnerin — verſteht Er auch recht — als Gärtnerin. Nun hat die gnädige Frau geſehen, daß Er beſonders ſchöne Blumen hat in ſeinem Garten." — Das iſt ſeltſam, dachte ich bei mir ſelbſt, man ſieht doch jetzt faſt keine Blumen mehr vor Unkraut. — Sie aber fuhr fort: „Da nun die gnädige Frau ſchöne Blumen zu ihrem Anzuge braucht, aber ganz friſche, die eben vom Beete kommen, ſo ſoll Er ihr welche bringen und heute Abend, wenn's dunkel geworden iſt, damit unter dem großen Birnbaum im Schloßgarten warten, da wird ſie dann kommen und die Blumen abholen."

Ich war ganz verblüfft vor Freude über die Nachricht, und lief in meiner Entzückung vom Fenſter zur Kammerjungfer hinaus. —

„Pfui, der garſtige Schlafrock!" rief dieſe aus, da ſie mich auf einmal ſo in meinem Aufzuge im Freien ſah. Das ärgerte mich, ich wollte auch nicht dahinter bleiben in der Galanterie, und machte einige artige Kapriolen, um ſie zu erhaſchen und zu küſſen. Aber unglücklicher Weiſe verwickelte ſich mir dabei der Schlafrock, der mir viel zu lang war, unter den Füßen, und ich fiel der Länge nach auf die Erde. Als ich mich wieder zuſammen raffte, war die Kammerjungfer ſchon weit fort, und ich hörte ſie noch von Ferne lachen, daß ſie ſich die Seiten halten mußte.

Nun aber hatt' ich was zu ſinnen und mich zu freuen. Sie dachte ja noch immer an mich und meine Blumen! Ich ging in mein Gärtchen und riß haſtig alles Unkraut von den Beeten, und warf es hoch über meinen Kopf weg in die ſchimmernde Luft, als zög' ich alle Uebel und Melancholie mit der Wurzel heraus. Die Roſen waren nun wieder wie ihr Mund, die himmelblauen Winden wie ihre Augen, die ſchneeweiße Lilie mit ihrem ſchwermüthig geſenkten Köpfchen ſah ganz aus wie Sie. Ich legte alle ſorgfältig in einem Körbchen zuſammen. Es war ein ſtiller ſchöner Abend und kein Wölkchen am Himmel. Einzelne Sterne traten ſchon am Firmamente hervor, von weitem rauſchte die Donau über die Felder herüber, in den hohen Bäumen im herrſchaftlichen Garten, neben mir ſangen unzählige Vögel luſtig durcheinander. Ach, ich war ſo glücklich!

Als endlich die Nacht hereinbrach, nahm ich mein Körbchen an den Arm und machte mich auf den Weg nach dem großen Garten. In dem Körbchen lag alles ſo bunt und anmuthig durcheinander, weiß, roth, blau und duftig, daß mir ordentlich das Herz lachte, wenn ich hinein ſah.

Ich ging voller fröhlicher Gedanken bei dem ſchönen Mondſchein durch die ſtillen, reinlich mit Sand beſtreuten Gänge über die kleinen weißen Brücken, unter denen die Schwäne eingeſchlafen auf dem Waſſer ſaßen, an den zierlichen Lauben und Luſthäuſern vorüber. Den großen Birnbaum hatte ich gar bald aufgefunden, denn es war derſelbe, unter dem ich ſonſt, als ich noch Gärtnerburſche war, an ſchwülen Nachmittagen gelegen.

Hier war es ſo einſam dunkel. Nur eine hohe Eſpe zitterte und flüſterte mit ihren ſilbernen Blättern in einem fort. Vom Schloſſe ſchallte manchmal die Tanzmuſik herüber. Auch Menſchenſtimmen hörte ich zuweilen im Garten, die kamen oft ganz nahe an mich heran, dann wurde es auf einmal wieder ganz ſtill.

Mir klopfte das Herz. Es war mir ſchauerlich und ſeltſam zu Muthe, als wenn ich jemanden beſtehlen wollte. Ich ſtand lange Zeit ſtockſtill an den Baum gelehnt und lauſchte nach allen Seiten, da aber immer Niemand kam, konnt' ich es nicht länger aushalten. Ich hing mein Körbchen an den Arm und kletterte ſchnell auf den Birnbaum hinauf, um wieder im Freien Luft zu ſchöpfen.

Da droben ſchallte mir die Tanzmuſik erſt recht über die Wipfel entgegen. Ich überſah den ganzen Garten und grade in die hellerleuchteten Fenſter des Schloſſes hinein. Dort drehten ſich die Kronleuchter langſam wie Kränze von Sternen, unzählige geputzte Herren und Damen, wie in einem Schattenſpiele, wogten und walzten und wirrten da bunt und unkenntlich durcheinander, manchmal legten ſich welche ins Fenſter und ſahen hinunter in den Garten. Draußen vor dem Schloſſe aber waren der Raſen, die Sträucher und die Bäume von den vielen Lichtern aus dem Saale wie vergoldet, ſo daß ordentlich die Blumen und die Vögel aufzuwachen ſchienen. Weiterhin um mich herum und hinter mir lag der Garten ſo ſchwarz und ſtill.

Da tanzt Sie nun, dacht' ich in dem Baume droben bei mir ſelber, und hat gewiß lange wieder Dich und Deine Blumen vergeſſen. Alles iſt ſo fröhlich, um Dich kümmert ſich kein Menſch. — Und ſo geht es mir überall und immer. Jeder hat ſein Plätzchen auf der Erde ausgeſteckt, hat ſeinen warmen Ofen, ſeine Taſſe Kaffe, ſeine Frau, ſein Glas Wein zu Abend, und iſt ſo recht zufrieden; ſelbſt dem Portier iſt ganz wohl in ſeiner langen Haut. — Mir iſt's nirgends recht. Es iſt, als wäre ich überall eben zu ſpät gekommen, als hätte die ganze Welt gar nicht auf mich gerechnet. —

Wie ich eben ſo philoſophire, höre ich auf einmal unten im Graſe etwas einherraſcheln. Zwei feine Stimmen ſprachen ganz nahe und leiſe miteinander. Bald darauf bogen ſich die Zweige in dem Geſträuch auseinander, und die Kammerjungfer ſteckte ihr kleines Geſichtchen, ſich nach allen Seiten umſehend, zwiſchen der Laube hindurch. Der Mondſchein funkelte recht auf ihren pfiffigen Augen, wie ſie hervorguckten. Ich hielt den Athem an mich und blickte unverwandt hinunter. Es dauerte auch nicht lange, ſo trat wirklich die Gärtnerin, ganz ſo wie mir ſie die Kammerjungfer geſtern beſchrieben hatte, zwiſchen den Bäumen heraus. Mein Herz klopfte mir zum Zerſpringen. Sie aber hatte eine Larve vor und ſah ſich, wie mir ſchien, verwundert auf dem Platze um. — Da wollt's mir vorkommen, als wäre ſie ganz nahe an den Baum und nahm die Larve ab. — Es war wahrhaftig die andere ältere gnädige Frau!

Wie froh war ich nun, als ich mich vom erſten Schreck erholt hatte, daß ich mich hier oben in Sicherheit befand. Wie in aller Welt, dachte ich, kommt die nur jetzt hierher? wenn nun die liebe ſchöne gnädige Frau die Blumen abholt, — das wird eine ſchöne Geſchichte werden! Ich hätte am Ende weinen mögen vor Aerger über den ganzen Spektakel.

Indem hub die verkappte Gärtnerin unten an: „Es iſt ſo ſtickend heiß droben im Saale, ich mußte mich ein wenig abkühlen gehen in der freien ſchönen Natur.“ Dabei fächelte ſie ſich mit der Larve in einem fort und blies die Luft von ſich. Bei dem hellen Mondſchein konnt' ich deutlich erkennen, wie ihr die Flechſen am Halſe ordentlich aufgeſchwollen waren; ſie ſah ganz erboſt aus und ziegelroth im Geſichte. Die Kammerjungfer ſuchte unterdeß hinter allen Hecken herum, als hätte ſie eine Stecknadel verloren. —

„Ich brauche ſo nothwendig noch friſche Blumen zu meiner Maske,“ fuhr die Gärtnerin von neuem fort, „wo er auch ſtecken mag!“ — Die Kammerjungfer ſuchte und kicherte dabei immer fort heimlich in ſich ſelbſt hinein. — „Sagteſt Du was, Roſette?“ fragte die Gärtnerin ſpitzig. — „Ich ſage, was ich immer geſagt habe,“ erwiederte die Kammerjungfer und machte ein ganz ernſthaftes treuherziges Geſicht, „der ganze Einnehmer iſt und bleibt ein Lümmel, er liegt gewiß irgendwo hinter einem Strauche und ſchläft.“

Mir zuckte es in allen meinen Gliedern, herunter zu ſpringen und meine Reputation zu retten — da hörte man auf einmal ein großes Pauken und Muſiciren und Lärmen vom Schloſſe her.

Nun hielt ſich die Gärtnerin nicht länger. „Da bringen die Menſchen,“ fuhr ſie verdrüßlich auf, „dem Herrn das Vivat. Komm, man wird uns vermiſſen!“ — Und hiermit ſteckte ſie die Larve ſchnell vor und ging wüthend mit der Kammerjungfer nach dem Schloſſe zu fort. Die Bäume und Sträucher wieſen kurios, wie mit langen Naſen und Fingern hinter ihr drein, der Mondſchein tanzte noch fix, wie über eine Klaviatur, über ihre breite Taille auf und nieder, und ſo nahm ſie, ſo recht wie ich auf dem Theater manchmal die Sängerinnen geſehn, unter Trompeten und Pauken ſchnell ihren Abzug.

Ich aber wußte in meinem Baume droben eigentlich gar nicht recht, wie mir geſchehen, und richtete nunmehr meine Augen unverwandt auf das Schloß hin; denn ein Kreis hoher Windlichter unten an den Stufen des Einganges warf dort einen ſeltſamen Schein über die blitzenden Fenſter und weit in den Garten hinein. Es war die Dienerſchaft, die ſo eben ihrer jungen Herrſchaft ein Ständchen brachte. Mitten unter ihnen ſtand der prächtig aufgeputzte Portier wie ein Staatsminiſter, vor einem Notenpulte, und arbeitete ſich emſig an einem Fagot ab.

Wie ich mich ſo eben zurecht ſetzte, um der ſchönen Serenade zuzuhören, gingen auf einmal oben auf dem Balkon des Schloſſes die Flügelthüren auf. Ein hoher Herr, ſchön und ſtattlich in Uniform und mit vielen funkelnden Sternen, trat auf den Balkon heraus, und an ſeiner Hand — die ſchöne junge gnädige Frau, in ganz weißem Kleide, wie eine Lilie in der Nacht, oder wie wenn der Mond über das klare Firmament zöge.

Ich konnte keinen Blick von dem Platze verwenden, und Garten, Bäume und Felder gingen unter vor meinen Sinnen, wie ſie ſo wunderſam beleuchtet von den Fackeln, hoch und ſchlank da ſtand, und bald anmuthig mit dem ſchönen Offizier ſprach, bald wieder freundlich zu den Muſikanten herunter nickte. Die Leute unten waren außer ſich vor Freude, und ich hielt mich am Ende auch nicht mehr und ſchrie immer aus Leibeskräften Vivat mit. —

Als ſie aber bald darauf wieder von dem Balkon verſchwand, unten eine Fackel nach der andern verlöſchte, und die Notenpulte weggeräumt wurden, und nun der Garten rings umher auch wieder finſter wurde und rauſchte wie vorher — da merkt' ich erſt alles — da fiel es mir auf einmal auf's Herz, daß mich wohl eigentlich nur die Tante mit den Blumen beſtellt hatte, daß die Schöne gar nicht an mich dachte und lange verheirathet iſt, und daß ich ſelber ein großer Narr war.

Alles das verſenkte mich recht in einen Abgrund von Nachſinnen. Ich wickelte mich, gleich einem Igel, in die Stacheln meiner eignen Gedanken zuſammen; vom Schloſſe ſchallte die Tanzmuſik nur noch ſeltner herüber, die Wolken wanderten einſam über den dunkeln Garten weg. Und ſo ſaß ich auf dem Baume droben, wie die Nachteule, in den Ruinen meines Glück's die ganze Nacht hindurch.

Die kühle Morgenluft weckte mich endlich aus meinen Träumereien. Ich erſtaunte ordentlich, wie ich ſo auf einmal um mich her blickte. Muſik und Tanz war lange vorbei, im Schloſſe und rings um das Schloß herum auf dem Raſenplatze und den ſteinernen Stufen und Säulen ſah alles ſo ſtill, kühl und feierlich aus; nur der Springbrunnen vor dem Eingange plätſcherte einſam in einem fort. Hin und her in den Zweigen neben mir erwachten ſchon die Vögel, ſchüttelten ihre bunten Federn und ſahen, die kleinen Flügel dehnend, neugierig und verwundert ihren ſeltſamen Schlafkameraden an. Fröhlich ſchweifende Morgenſtrahlen funkelten über den Garten weg auf meine Bruſt.

Da richtete ich mich in meinem Baume auf, und ſah ſeit langer Zeit zum erſtenmale wieder einmal ſo recht weit in das Land hinaus, wie da ſchon einzelne Schiffe auf der Donau zwiſchen den Weinbergen herabfahren, und die noch leeren Landſtraßen wie Brücken über das ſchimmernde Land ſich fern über die Berge und Thäler hinausſchwangen.

Ich weiß nicht wie es kam — aber mich packte da auf einmal wieder meine ehemalige Reiſeluſt: alle die alte Wehmuth und Freude und große Erwartung. Mir fiel dabei zugleich ein, wie nun die ſchöne Frau droben auf dem Schloſſe zwiſchen Blumen und unter ſeid'nen Decken ſchlummerte, und ein Engel bei ihr auf dem Bette ſäße in der Morgenſtille. — Nein, rief ich aus, fort muß ich von hier, und immer fort, ſo weit als der Himmel blau iſt!

Und hiermit nahm ich mein Körbchen, und warf es hoch in die Luft, ſo daß es recht lieblich anzuſehen war, wie die Blumen zwiſchen den Zweigen und auf dem grünen Raſen unten bunt umher lagen. Dann ſtieg ich ſelber ſchnell herunter und ging durch den ſtillen Garten auf meine Wohnung zu. Gar oft blieb ich da noch ſtehen auf manchem Plätzchen, wo ich ſie ſonſt wohl einmal geſehen, oder im Schatten liegend an Sie gedacht hatte.

In und um mein Häuschen ſah alles noch ſo aus, wie ich es geſtern verlaſſen hatte. Das Gärtchen war geplündert und wüſt, im Zimmer drin lag noch das große Rechnungsbuch aufgeſchlagen, meine Geige, die ich ſchon faſt ganz vergeſſen hatte, hing verſtaubt an der Wand. Ein Morgenſtrahl aber, aus dem gegenüberſtehenden Fenſter, fuhr grade blitzend über die Saiten. Das gab einen rechten Klang in meinem Herzen. Ja, ſagt' ich, komm nur her, Du getreues Inſtrument! Unſer Reich iſt nicht von dieſer Welt! —

Und ſo nahm ich die Geige von der Wand, ließ Rechnungsbuch, Schlafrock, Pantoffeln, Pfeifen und Paraſol liegen und wanderte, arm wie ich gekommen war, aus meinem Häuschen und auf der glänzenden Landſtraße von dannen.

Ich blickte noch oft zurück; mir war gar ſeltſam zu Muthe, ſo traurig und doch auch wieder ſo überaus fröhlich, wie ein Vogel, der aus ſeinem Käfig ausreißt. Und als ich ſchon eine weite Strecke gegangen war, nahm ich draußen im Freien meine Geige vor und ſang:

Den lieben Gott laß ich nur walten;
Der Bächlein, Lerchen, Wald und Feld
Und Erd und Himmel thut erhalten,
Hat auch mein Sach' auf's Beſt' beſtellt!

Das Schloß, der Garten und die Thürme von Wien waren ſchon hinter mir im Morgenduft verſunken, über mir jubilirten unzählige Lerchen in der Luft; ſo zog ich zwiſchen den grünen Bergen und an luſtigen Städten und Dörfern vorbei gen Italien hinunter.

Drittes Capitel.

Aber das war nun ſchlimm! Ich hatte noch gar nicht daran gedacht, daß ich eigentlich den rechten Weg nicht wußte. Auch war rings umher kein Menſch zu ſehen in der ſtillen Morgenſtunde, den ich hätte fragen können, und nicht weit von mir theilte ſich die Landſtraße in viele neue Landſtraßen, die gingen weit, weit über die höchſten Berge fort, als führten ſie aus der Welt hinaus, ſo daß mir ordentlich ſchwindelte, wenn ich recht hinſah.

Endlich kam ein Bauer des Weges daher, der, glaub ich, nach der Kirche ging, da es heut eben Sonntag war, in einem altmodiſchen Ueberrocke mit großen ſilbernen Knöpfen und einem langen ſpaniſchen Rohr mit einem ſehr maſſiven ſilbernen Stockknopf darauf, der ſchon von weitem in der Sonne funkelte. Ich frug ihn ſogleich mit vieler Höflichkeit: „Können Sie mir nicht ſagen, wo der Weg nach Italien geht?" — Der Bauer blieb ſtehen, ſah mich an, beſann ſich dann mit weit vorgeſchobener Unterlippe, und ſah mich wieder an. Ich ſagte noch einmal: „Nach Italien, wo die Pommeranzen wachſen." — „Ach was gehn mich Seine Pommeranzen an!" ſagte der Bauer da, und ſchritt wacker wieder weiter. Ich hätte dem Manne mehr Conduite zugetraut, denn er ſah recht ſtattlich aus.

Was war nun zu machen! Wieder umkehren und in mein Dorf zurückgehn! Da hätten die Leute mit den Fingern auf mich gewieſen, und die Jungen wären um mich herumgeſprungen: „Ei, tauſend willkommen aus der Welt! wie ſieht es denn aus in der Welt! hat er uns nicht Pfefferkuchen mitgebracht aus der Welt?" — Der Portier mit der kurfürſtlichen Naſe, welcher überhaupt viele Kenntniſſe von der Weltgeſchichte hatte, ſagte oft zu mir: „Werthgeſchätzter Herr Einnehmer! Italien iſt ein ſchönes Land, da ſorgt der liebe Gott für alles, da kann man ſich im Sonnenſchein auf den Rücken legen, ſo wachſen einem die Roſinen ins Maul, und wenn einen die Tarantel beißt, ſo tanzt man mit ungemeiner Gelenkigkeit, wenn man auch ſonſt nicht tanzen gelernt hat." — „Nein, nach Italien!" rief ich voller Vergnügen aus, und rannte, ohne an die verſchiedenen Wege zu denken, auf der Straße fort, die mir eben vor die Füße kam.

Als ich eine Strecke ſo fort gewandert war, ſah ich rechts von der Straße einen ſehr ſchönen Baumgarten, wo die Morgenſonne ſo luſtig zwiſchen den Stämmen und Wipfeln hindurchſchimmerte, daß es ausſah, als wäre der Raſen mit goldenen Teppichen belegt. Da ich keinen Menſchen erblickte, ſtieg ich über den niedrigen Gartenzaun und legte mich recht behaglich unter einem Apfelbaum ins Gras, denn von dem geſtrigen Nachtlager auf dem Baume thaten mir noch alle Glieder weh. Da konnte man weit in's Land hinausſehen, und da es Sonntag war, ſo kamen bis aus der weiteſten Ferne Glockenklänge über die ſtillen Felder herüber und geputzte Landleute zogen überall zwiſchen Wieſen und Büſchen nach der Kirche. Ich war recht fröhlich im Herzen, die Vögel ſangen über mir im Baume, ich dachte an meine Mühle und an den Garten der ſchönen gnädigen Frau, und wie das alles nun ſo weit lag — bis ich zuletzt einſchlummerte. Da träumte mir, als käme dieſe ſchöne Frau aus der prächtigen Gegend unten zu mir gegangen oder eigentlich langſam geflogen zwiſchen den Glockenklängen, mit langen weißen Schleiern, die im Morgenrothe wehten. Dann war es wieder, als wären wir gar nicht in der Fremde, ſondern bei meinem Dorfe an der Mühle in dem tiefen Schatten. Aber da war alles ſtill und leer, wie wenn die Leute Sonntags in der Kirche ſind und nur der Orgelklang durch die Bäume herüberkommt, daß es mir recht im Herzen weh that. Die ſchöne Frau aber war ſehr gut und freundlich, ſie hielt mich an der Hand und ging mit mir, und ſang in einemfort in dieſer Einſamkeit das ſchöne Lied, das ſie damals immer frühmorgens am offenen Fenſter zur Guitarre geſungen hat, und ich ſah dabei ihr Bild in dem ſtillen Weiher, noch viel tauſendmal ſchöner, aber mit ſo ſonderbaren großen Augen, die mich ſo ſtarr anſahen, daß ich mich beinah gefürchtet hätte. — Da fing auf einmal die Mühle, erſt in einzelnen langſamen Schlägen, dann immer ſchneller und heftiger an zu gehen und zu brauſen, der Weiher wurde dunkel und kräuſelte ſich, die ſchöne Frau wurde ganz bleich und ihre Schleier wurden immer länger und länger und flatterten entſetzlich in langen Spitzen, wie Nebelſtreifen, hoch am Himmel empor; das Sauſen nahm immer mehr zu, oft war es, als blieſe der Portier auf ſeinem Fagot dazwiſchen, bis ich endlich mit heftigem Herzklopfen aufwachte.

Es hatte ſich wirklich ein Wind erhoben, der leiſe über mir durch den Apfelbaum ging; aber was ſo brauſte und rumorte, war weder die Mühle noch der Portier, ſondern derſelbe Bauer, der mir vorhin den Weg nach Italien nicht zeigen wollte. Er hatte aber ſeinen Sonntagsſtaat ausgezogen und ſtand in einem weißen Kamiſol vor mir. „Na," ſagte er, da ich mir noch den Schlaf aus den Augen wiſchte, „will Er etwa hier Poperenzen klauben, daß Er mir das ſchöne Gras ſo zertrampelt, anſtatt in die Kirche zu gehen, Er Faulenzer?" — Mich ärgerte es nur, daß mich der Grobian aufgeweckt hatte. Ich ſprang ganz erboſt auf und verſetzte geſchwind: „Was, Er will mich hier ausſchimpfen? Ich bin Gärtner geweſen, eh' Er daran dachte, und Einnehmer, und wenn Er zur Stadt gefahren wäre, hätte Er die ſchmierige Schlafmütze vor mir abnehmen müſſen, und hatte mein Haus und meinen rothen Schlafrock mit gelben Punkten." — Aber der Knollfink ſcherte ſich gar nichts darum, ſondern ſtemmte beide Arme in die Seiten und ſagte bloß: „Was will Er denn? he! he!" — Dabei ſah ich, daß es eigentlich ein kurzer, ſtämmiger, krummbeiniger Kerl war, und vorſtehende glotzende Augen und eine rothe etwas ſchiefe Naſe hatte. Und wie er immer fort nichts weiter ſagte als: „He! — he!" — und dabei jedesmal einen Schritt näher auf mich zukam, da überfiel mich auf einmal eine ſo kurioſe grausliche Angſt, daß ich mich ſchnell aufmachte, über den Zaun ſprang und, ohne mich umzuſehen, immer fort querfeldein lief, daß mir die Geige in der Taſche klang.

Als ich endlich wieder ſtill hielt, um Athem zu ſchöpfen, war der Garten und das ganze Thal nicht mehr zu ſehen, und ich ſtand in einem ſchönen Walde. Aber ich gab nicht viel darauf acht, denn jetzt ärgerte mich das Spektakel erſt recht, und daß der Kerl mich immer Er nannte, und ich ſchimpfte noch lange im Stillen für mich. In ſolchen Gedanken ging ich raſch fort und kam immer mehr von der Landſtraße ab, mitten in das Gebirge hinein. Der Holzweg, auf dem ich fortgelaufen war, hörte auf und ich hatte nur noch einen kleinen wenig betretenen Fußſteig vor mir. Ringsum war Niemand zu ſehen und kein Laut zu vernehmen. Sonſt aber war es recht anmuthig zu gehn, die Wipfel der Bäume rauſchten und die Vögel ſangen ſehr ſchön. Ich befahl mich daher Gottes Führung, zog meine Violine hervor und ſpielte alle meine liebſten Stücke durch, daß es recht fröhlich in dem einſamen Walde erklang.

Mit dem Spielen ging es aber auch nicht lange, denn ich ſtolperte dabei jeden Augenblick über die fatalen Baumwurzeln, auch fing mich zuletzt an zu hungern, und der Wald wollte noch immer gar kein Ende nehmen. So irrte ich den ganzen Tag herum, und die Sonne ſchien ſchon ſchief zwiſchen den Baumſtämmen hindurch, als ich endlich in ein kleines Wieſenthal hinaus kam, das rings von Bergen eingeſchloſſen und voller rother und gelber Blumen war, über denen unzählige Schmetterlinge im Abendgolde herum flatterten. Hier war es ſo einſam, als läge die Welt wohl hundert Meilen weit weg. Nur die Heimchen zirpten, und ein Hirt lag drüben im hohen Graſe und blies ſo melancholiſch auf ſeiner Schalmei, daß einem das Herz vor Wehmuth hätte zerſpringen mögen. Ja, dachte ich bei mir, wer es doch ſo gut hätte, wie ſo ein Faulenzer! unſereiner muß ſich in der Fremde herumſchlagen und immer attent ſein. — Da ein ſchönes klares Flüßchen zwiſchen uns lag, über das ich nicht herüber konnte, ſo rief ich ihm von weitem zu: wo hier das nächſte Dorf läge? Er ließ ſich aber nicht ſtören, ſondern ſtreckte nur den Kopf ein wenig aus dem Graſe hervor, wies mit ſeiner Schalmei auf den andern Wald hin und blies ruhig wieder weiter.

Unterdeß marſchirte ich fleißig fort, denn es fing ſchon an zu dämmern. Die Vögel, die alle noch ein großes Geſchrei gemacht hatten, als die letzten Sonnenſtrahlen durch den Wald ſchimmerten, wurden auf einmal ſtill, und mir fing beinah an angſt zu werden, in dem ewigen einſamen Rauſchen der Wälder. Endlich hörte ich von ferne Hunde bellen. Ich ſchritt raſcher fort, der Wald wurde immer lichter und lichter, und bald darauf ſah ich zwiſchen den letzten Bäumen hindurch einen ſchönen grünen Platz, auf dem viele Kinder lärmten, und ſich um eine große Linde herumtummelten, die recht in der Mitte ſtand. Seitwärts an dem Platze war ein Wirthshaus, vor dem einige Bauern um einen Tiſch ſaßen und Karten ſpielten und Tabak rauchten. Von der andern Seite ſaßen junge Burſche und Mädchen vor der Thür, die die Arme in ihre Schürzen gewickelt hatten und in der Kühle mit einander plauderten.

Ich beſann mich nicht lange, zog meine Geige aus der Taſche, und ſpielte ſchnell einen luſtigen Ländler auf, während ich aus dem Walde hervortrat. Die Mädchen verwunderten ſich, die Alten lachten, daß es weit in den Wald hineinſchallte. Als ich aber ſo bis zu der Linde gekommen war, und mich mit dem Rücken dran lehnte, und immer fort ſpielte, da ging ein heimliches Rumoren und Gewiſper unter den jungen Leuten rechts und links, die Burſche legten endlich ihre Sonntagspfeifen weg, jeder nahm die Seine, und eh' ich's mich verſah, ſchwenkte ſich das junge Bauernvolk tüchtig um mich herum, die Hunde bellten, die Kittel flogen, und die Kinder ſtanden um mich im Kreiſe, und ſahen mir neugierig ins Geſicht und auf die Finger, wie ich ſo fix damit hantierte.

Wie der erſte Schleifer vorbei war, konnte ich erſt recht ſehen, wie eine gute Muſik in die Gliedmaßen fährt. Die Bauernburſchen, die ſich vorher, die Pfeifen im Munde, auf den Bänken reckten und die ſteifen Beine von ſich ſtreckten, waren nun auf einmal wie umgetauſcht, ließen ihre bunten Schnupftücher vorn am Knopfloch lang herunter hängen und kapriolten ſo artig um die Mädchen herum, daß es eine rechte

Luſt anzuſchauen war. Einer von ihnen, der ſich ſchon für was Rechtes hielt, knöpfelte lange in ſeiner Weſtentaſche, damit es die andern ſehen ſollten, und brachte endlich ein kleines Silberſtück heraus, das er mir in die Hand drücken wollte. Mich ärgerte das, wenn ich gleich dazumal kein Geld in der Taſche hatte. Ich ſagte ihm, er ſollte nur ſeine Pfennige behalten, ich ſpielte nur ſo aus Freude, weil ich wieder bei Menſchen wäre. Bald darauf aber kam ein ſchmuckes Mädchen mit einer großen Stampe Wein zu mir. „Muſikanten trinken gern," ſagte ſie, und lachte mich freundlich an, und ihre perlweißen Zähne ſchimmerten recht ſcharmant zwiſchen den rothen Lippen hindurch, ſo daß ich ſie wohl hätte darauf küſſen mögen. Sie tunkte ihr Schnäbelchen in den Wein, wobei ihre Augen über das Glas weg auf mich herüber funkelten, und reichte mir darauf die Stampe hin. Da trank ich das Glas bis auf den Grund aus, und ſpielte dann wieder von friſchem, daß ſich alles luſtig um mich herumdrehte.

Die Alten waren unterdeß von ihrem Spiel aufgebrochen, die jungen Leute fingen auch an müde zu werden und zerſtreuten ſich, und ſo wurde es nach und nach ganz ſtill und leer vor dem Wirthshauſe. Auch das Mädchen, das mir den Wein gereicht hatte, ging nun nach dem Dorfe zu, aber ſie ging ſehr langſam, und ſah ſich zuweilen um, als ob ſie was vergeſſen hätte. Endlich blieb ſie ſtehen und ſuchte etwas auf der Erde, aber ich ſah wohl, daß ſie, wenn ſie ſich bückte, unter dem Arme hindurch nach mir zurückblickte. Ich hatte auf dem Schloſſe Lebensart gelernt, ich ſprang alſo geſchwind herzu und ſagte: „Haben Sie etwas verloren, ſchönſte Mamſell?" — „Ach nein," ſagte ſie und wurde über und über roth, „es war nur eine Roſe — will Er ſie haben?" — Ich dankte und ſteckte die Roſe ins Knopfloch. Sie ſah mich ſehr freundlich an und ſagte: „Er ſpielt recht ſchön." — „Ja," verſetzte ich, „das iſt ſo eine Gabe Gottes." — „Die Muſikanten ſind hier in der Gegend ſehr rar," hub das Mädchen dann wieder an und ſtockte und hatte die Augen beſtändig niedergeſchlagen. „Er könnte ſich hier ein gutes Stück Geld verdienen — auch mein Vater ſpielt etwas die Geige und hört gern von der Fremde erzählen — und mein Vater iſt ſehr reich." — Dann lachte ſie auf und ſagte: „Wenn Er nur nicht immer ſolche Grimaſſen machen möchte, mit dem Kopfe, beim Geigen!" — „Theuerſte Jungfer," erwiederte ich, „erſtlich: nennen Sie mich nur nicht immer Er; ſodann mit dem Kopftremulenzen, das iſt einmal nicht anders, das haben wir Virtuoſen alle ſo an uns." — „Ach ſo!" entgegnete das Mädchen. Sie wollte noch etwas mehr ſagen, aber da entſtand auf einmal ein entſetzliches Gepolter im Wirthshauſe, die Hausthüre ging mit großem Gekrache auf und ein dünner Kerl kam wie ein ausgeſchoſſener Ladſtock herausgeflogen, worauf die Thür ſogleich wieder hinter ihm zugeſchlagen wurde.

Das Mädchen war bei dem erſten Geräuſch wie ein Reh davon geſprungen und im Dunkel verſchwunden. Die Figur vor der Thür aber raffte ſich hurtig wieder vom Boden auf und fing nun an mit ſolcher Geſchwindigkeit gegen das Haus loszuſchimpfen, daß es ordentlich zum Erſtaunen war. „Was!" ſchrie er, „ich beſoffen? ich die Kreideſtriche an der verräucherten Thür nicht bezahlen? Löſcht ſie aus, löſcht ſie aus! Hab' ich Euch nicht erſt geſtern über'n Kochlöffel balbirt und in die Naſe geſchnitten, daß Ihr mir den Löffel morſch entzwei gebiſſen habt? Balbieren macht einen Strich — Kochlöffel, wieder einen Strich — wieviel ſolche hundsföttiſche Striche wollt Ihr denn noch bezahlt haben? Aber gut, ſchon gut! ich laſſe das ganze Dorf, die ganze Welt ungeſchoren. Lauft meinetwegen mit Euren Bärten, daß der liebe Gott am jüngſten Tage nicht weiß, ob Ihr Juden ſeid oder Chriſten! Ja, hängt Euch an Euren eignen Bärten auf, Ihr zottigen Landbären!" Hier brach er auf einmal in ein jämmerliches Weinen aus und fuhr ganz erbärmlich durch die Fiſtel fort: „Waſſer ſoll ich ſaufen, wie ein elender Fiſch? iſt das Nächſtenliebe? Bin ich nicht ein Menſch und ein ausgelernter Feldſcheer? Ach, ich bin heute ſo in der Rage! Mein Herz iſt voller Rührung und Menſchenliebe!" Bei dieſen Worten zog er ſich nach und nach zurück, da im Hauſe alles ſtill blieb. Als er mich erblickte, kam er mit ausgebreiteten Armen auf mich los, ich glaube der tolle Kerl wollte mich ambraſſiren. Ich ſprang aber auf die Seite, und ſo ſtolperte er weiter, und ich hörte ihn noch lange, bald grob bald fein, durch die Finſterniß mit ſich diskuriren.

Mir aber ging mancherlei im Kopf herum. Die Jungfer, die mir vorhin die Roſe geſchenkt hatte, war jung, ſchön und reich — ich konnte da mein Glück machen, eh' man die Hand umkehrte. Und Hammel und Schweine, Puter und fette Gänſe mit Aepfeln geſtopft — ja, es war mir nicht anders, als ſäh' ich den Portier auf mich zukommen: „Greif zu, Einnehmer, greif zu! jung gefreit hat Niemand gereut, wer's Glück hat, führt die Braut heim, bleibe im Lande und nähre Dich tüchtig." In ſolchen philoſophiſchen Gedanken ſetzte ich mich auf dem Platze, der nun ganz einſam war, auf einen Stein nieder, denn an das Wirthshaus anzuklopfen traute ich mich nicht, weil ich kein Geld bei mir hatte. Der Mond ſchien prächtig, von den Bergen rauſchten die Wälder durch die ſtille Nacht herüber, manchmal ſchlugen im Dorfe die Hunde an, das weiter im Thale unter Bäumen und Mondſchein wie begraben lag. Ich betrachtete das Firmament, wie da einzelne Wolken langſam durch den Mondſchein zogen und manchmal ein Stern weit in der Ferne herunterfiel. So, dachte ich, ſcheint der Mond auch über meines Vaters Mühle und auf das weiße gräfliche Schloß. Dort iſt nun auch ſchon alles lange ſtill, die gnädige Frau ſchläft, und die Waſſerkünſte und Bäume im Garten rauſchen noch immer fort wie damals, und allen iſt's gleich, ob ich noch da bin, oder in der Fremde, oder geſtorben. — Da kam mir die Welt auf einmal ſo entſetzlich weit und groß vor, und ich ſo ganz allein darin, daß ich aus Herzensgrunde hätte weinen mögen.

Wie ich noch immer ſo ſitze, höre ich auf einmal aus der Ferne Hufſchlag im Walde. Ich hielt den Athem an und lauſchte, da kam es immer näher und näher. Bald darauf kamen auch wirklich zwei Reiter unter den Bäumen hervor, hielten aber am Saume des Waldes an und ſprachen heimlich ſehr eifrig miteinander, wie ich an den Schatten ſehen konnte, die plötzlich über den mondbeglänzten Platz vorſchoſſen, und mit langen dunklen Armen bald dahin bald dorthin wieſen. — Wie oft, wenn mir zu Hauſe meine verſtorbene Mutter von wilden Wäldern und martialiſchen Räubern erzählte, hatte ich mir ſonſt immer heimlich gewünſcht, eine ſolche Geſchichte ſelbſt zu erleben. Da hatt' ich's nun auf einmal für meine dummen frevelmüthigen Gedanken! — Ich ſtreckte mich nun an dem Lindenbaum, unter dem ich geſeſſen, ganz unmerklich ſo lang aus, als ich nur konnte, bis ich den erſten Aſt erreicht hatte und mich geſchwinde hinaufſchwang. Aber ich baumelte noch mit halbem Leibe über dem Aſte und wollte ſo eben auch meine Beine nachholen, als der eine von den Reitern raſch hinter mir über den Platz daher trabte. Ich drückte nun die Augen feſt zu in dem dunklen Laube, und rührte und regte mich nicht. — „Wer iſt da?" rief es auf einmal dicht hinter mir. „Niemand!" ſchrie ich aus Leibeskräften vor Schreck, daß er mich doch noch erwiſcht hatte. Insgeheim mußte ich aber doch bei mir lachen, wie die Kerls ſich ſchneiden würden, wenn ſie mir die leeren Taſchen umdrehten. — „Ei, ei," ſagte der Räuber wieder, „wem gehören denn aber die zwei Beine, die da herunter hängen?" — Da half nichts mehr. „Nichts weiter" verſetzte ich, „als ein paar arme, verirrte Muſikantenbeine," und ließ mich raſch wieder auf den Boden herab, denn ich ſchämte mich auch, länger wie eine zerbrochene Gabel da über dem Aſte zu hängen.

Das Pferd des Reiters ſcheute, als ich ſo plötzlich vom Baume herunterfuhr. Er klopfte ihm den Hals und ſagte lachend: „Nun wir ſind auch verirrt, da ſind wir rechte Kameraden; ich dächte alſo, Du hülfſt uns ein wenig den Weg nach B. aufſuchen. Es ſoll Dein Schade nicht ſeyn." Ich hatte nun gut betheuern, daß ich gar nicht wüßte, wo B. läge, daß ich lieber hier im Wirthshauſe fragen, oder ſie in das Dorf hinunter führen wollte. Der Kerl nahm gar keine Raiſon an. Er zog ganz ruhig eine Piſtole aus dem Gurt, die recht hübſch im Mondenſchein funkelte. „Mein Liebſter," ſagte er dabei ſehr freundlich zu mir, während er bald den Lauf der Piſtole abwiſchte, bald wieder prüfend an die Augen hielt, „mein Liebſter, Du wirſt wohl ſo gut ſeyn, ſelber nach B. vorauszugehn."

Da war ich nun recht übel daran. Traf ich den Weg, ſo kam ich gewiß zu der Räuberbande und bekam Prügel, da ich kein Geld bei mir hatte, traf ich ihn nicht — ſo bekam ich auch Prügel. Ich beſann mich alſo nicht lange und ſchlug den erſten beſten Weg ein, der an dem Wirthshauſe vorüber vom Dorfe abführte. Der Reiter ſprengte ſchnell zu ſeinem Begleiter zurück, und beide folgten mir dann in einiger Entfernung langſam nach. So zogen wir eigentlich recht närriſch auf gut Glück in die mondhelle Nacht hinein. Der Weg lief immerfort im Walde an einem Bergeshange fort. Zuweilen konnte man über die Tannenwipfel, die von unten herauflangten und ſich dunkel rührten, weit in die tiefen ſtillen Thäler hinausſehen, hin und her ſchlug eine Nachtigall, Hunde bellten in der Ferne in den Dörfern. Ein Fluß rauſchte beſtändig aus der Tiefe und blitzte zuweilen im Mondſchein auf. Dabei das einförmige Pferdegetrappel und das Wirren und Schwirren der Reiter hinter mir, die unaufhörlich in einer fremden Sprache mit einander plauderten, und das helle Mondlicht und die langen Schatten der Baumſtämme, die wechſelnd über die beiden Reiter wegflogen, daß ſie mir bald ſchwarz, bald hell, bald klein, bald wieder rieſengroß vorkamen. Mir verwirrten ſich ordentlich die Gedanken, als läge ich in einem

Traum und konnte gar nicht aufwachen. Ich ſchritt immer ſtumm vor mich hin. Wir müſſen, dachte ich, doch am Ende aus dem Walde und aus der Nacht herauskommen.

Endlich flogen hin und wieder ſchon lange röthliche Scheine über den Himmel, ganz leiſe, wie wenn man über einen Spiegel haucht, auch eine Lerche ſang ſchon hoch über dem ſtillen Thale. Da wurde mir auf einmal ganz klar im Herzen bei dem Morgengruße, und alle Furcht war vorüber. Die beiden Reiter aber ſtreckten ſich, und ſahen ſich nach allen Seiten um, und ſchienen nun erſt gewahr zu werden, daß wir doch wohl nicht auf dem rechten Wege ſeyn mochten. Sie plauderten wieder viel, und ich merkte wohl, daß ſie von mir ſprachen, ja es kam mir vor, als fürchte ſich der eine vor mir, als könnt' ich wohl gar ſo ein heimlicher Schnapphahn ſeyn, der ſie im Walde irre führen wollte. Das machte mir Spaß, denn je lichter es ringsum wurde, je mehr Courage kriegt' ich, zumal da wir ſo eben auf einen ſchönen freien Waldplatz herauskamen. Ich ſah mich daher nach allen Seiten ganz wild um, und pfiff dann ein paarmal auf den Fingern, wie die Spitzbuben thun, wenn ſie ſich einander Signale geben wollen.

„Halt!“ rief auf einmal der Eine von den Reitern, daß ich ordentlich zuſammenfuhr. Wie ich mich umſehe, ſind ſie beide abgeſtiegen und haben ihre Pferde an einen Baum angebunden. Der Eine kommt aber raſch auf mich los, ſieht mir ganz ſtarr ins Geſicht, und fängt auf einmal ganz unmäßig an zu lachen. Ich muß geſtehen, mich ärgerte das unvernünftige Gelächter. Er aber ſagte: „Wahrhaftig, das iſt der Gärtner, wollt' ſagen: Einnehmer vom Schloß!“

Ich ſah ihn groß an, wußte mich aber ſeiner nicht zu erinnern, hätt' auch viel zu thun gehabt, wenn ich mir alle die jungen Herren hätte anſehen wollen, die auf dem Schloß ab und zu ritten. Er aber fuhr mit ewigem Gelächter fort: „Das iſt prächtig! Du vacirſt, wie ich höre, wir brauchen eben einen Bedienten, bleib bei uns, da haſt Du ewige Vacanz.“ — Ich war ganz verblüfft und ſagte endlich, daß ich ſo eben auf einer Reiſe nach Italien begriffen wäre. — „Nach Italien?!“ entgegnete der Fremde, „eben dahin wollen auch wir!“ — „Nun, wenn das iſt!“ rief ich aus und zog voller Freude meine Geige aus der Taſche und ſtrich, daß die Vögel im Walde aufwachten. Der Herr aber erwiſchte geſchwind den andern Herrn und walzte mit ihm wie verrückt auf dem Raſen herum.

Dann ſtanden ſie plötzlich ſtill. „Bei Gott,“ rief der Eine, „da ſeh' ich ſchon den Kirchthurm von B.! nun, da wollen wir bald unten ſeyn.“ Er zog ſeine Uhr heraus und ließ ſie repetiren, ſchüttelte mit dem Kopfe, und ließ noch einmal ſchlagen. „Nein,“ ſagte er, „das geht nicht, wir kommen ſo zu früh hin, das könnte ſchlimm werden!“

Darauf holten ſie von ihren Pferden Kuchen, Braten und Weinflaſchen, breiteten eine ſchöne bunte Decke auf dem grünen Raſen aus, ſtreckten ſich darüber hin und ſchmausten ſehr vergnüglich, theilten auch mir von Allem ſehr reichlich mit, was mir gar wohl bekam, da ich ſeit einigen Tagen ſchon nicht mehr vernünftig geſpeiſt hatte. — „Und daß Du's weißt,“ ſagte der Eine zu mir, — „aber Du kennſt uns doch nicht?“ — ich ſchüttelte mit dem Kopfe. — „Alſo, daß Du's weißt: Ich bin der Maler Leonhard, und das dort iſt — wieder ein Maler — Guido geheißen.“

Ich beſah mir nun die beiden Maler genauer bei der Morgendämmerung. Der Eine, Herr Leonhard, war groß, ſchlank, braun, mit luſtigen feurigen Augen. Der Andere war viel jünger, kleiner und feiner, auf altdeutſche Mode gekleidet, wie es der Portier nannte, mit weißem Kragen und bloßem Halſe, um den die dunkelbraunen Locken herabhingen, die er oft aus dem hübſchen Geſichte wegſchütteln mußte. — Als dieſer genug gefrühſtückt hatte, griff er nach meiner Geige, die ich neben mir auf den Boden gelegt hatte, ſetzte ſich damit auf einen umgehauenen Baumaſt, und klimperte darauf mit den Fingern. Dann ſang er dazu ſo hell wie ein Waldvögelein, daß es mir recht durch's ganze Herz klang:

Fliegt der erſte Morgenſtrahl
Durch das ſtille Nebelthal,
Rauſcht erwachend Wald und Hügel:
Wer da fliegen kann, nimmt Flügel!

Und ſein Hütlein in die Luft
Wirft der Menſch vor Luſt und ruft:
Hat Geſang doch auch noch Schwingen,
Nun, ſo will ich fröhlich ſingen!

Dabei ſpielten die röthlichen Morgenſcheine recht anmuthig über ſein etwas blaſſes Geſicht und die ſchwarzen verliebten Augen. Ich aber war ſo müde, daß ſich mir die Worte und Noten, während er ſo ſang, immer verwirrten, bis ich zuletzt feſt einſchlief.

Als ich nach und nach wieder zu mir ſelber kam, hörte ich wie im Traume die beiden Maler noch immer neben mir ſprechen und die Vögel über mir ſingen, und die Morgenſtrahlen ſchimmerten mir durch die geſchloſſenen Augen, daß mir's innerlich ſo dunkelhell war, wie wenn die Sonne durch rothſeidene Gardinen ſcheint. Come è bello! hört' ich da dicht neben mir ausrufen. Ich ſchlug die Augen auf, und erblickte den jungen Maler, der im funkelnden Morgenlicht über mich hergebeugt ſtand, ſo daß beinah nur die großen ſchwarzen Augen zwiſchen den herabhängenden Locken zu ſehen waren.

Ich ſprang geſchwind auf, denn es war ſchon heller Tag geworden. Der Herr Leonhard ſchien verdrießlich zu ſeyn, er hatte zwei zornige Falten auf der Stirn und trieb haſtig zum Aufbruch. Der andere Maler aber ſchüttelte ſeine Locken aus dem Geſicht und trällerte, während er ſein Pferd aufzäumte, ruhig ein Liedchen vor ſich hin, bis Leonhard zuletzt plötzlich laut auflachte, ſchnell eine Flaſche ergriff, die noch auf dem Raſen ſtand und den Reſt in die Gläſer einſchenkte. „Auf eine glückliche Ankunft!“ rief er aus, ſie ſtießen mit den Gläſern zuſammen, es gab einen ſchönen Klang. Darauf ſchleuderte Leonhard die leere Flaſche hoch ins Morgenroth, daß es luſtig in der Luft funkelte.

Endlich ſetzten ſie ſich auf ihre Pferde, und ich marſchirte friſch wieder neben her. Gerade vor uns lag ein unüberſehliches Thal, in das wir nun hinunter zogen. Da war ein Blitzen und Rauſchen und Schimmern und Jubiliren! Mir war ſo kühl und fröhlich zu Muthe, als ſollt' ich von dem Berge in die prächtige Gegend hinausfliegen.

Viertes Capitel.

Nun Adjes, Mühle und Schloß und Portier! Nun ging's, daß mir der Wind am Hute pfiff. Rechts und links flogen Dörfer, Städte und Weingärten vorbei, daß es einem vor den Augen flimmerte; hinter mir die beiden Maler im Wagen, vor mir vier Pferde mit einem prächtigen Poſtillon, ich hoch oben auf dem Kutſchbock, daß ich oft ellenhoch in die Höhe flog.

Das war ſo zugegangen: Als wir vor B. ankommen, kommt ſchon am Dorfe ein langer, dürrer, grämlicher Herr im grünen Flauſchrock uns entgegen, macht viele Bücklinge vor den Herren Malern und führt uns in das Dorf hinein. Da ſtand unter den hohen Linden vor dem Poſthauſe ſchon ein prächtiger Wagen mit vier Poſtpferden beſpannt. Herr Leonhard meinte unterwegs, ich hätte meine Kleider ausgewachſen. Er holte daher geſchwind andere aus ſeinem Mantelſack hervor, und ich mußte einen ganz neuen ſchönen Frack und Weſte anziehen, die mir ſehr vornehm zu Geſicht ſtanden, nur daß mir alles zu lang und weit war und ordentlich um mich herumſchlotterte. Auch einen ganz neuen Hut bekam ich, der funkelte in der Sonne, als wär' er mit friſcher Butter überſchmiert. Dann nahm der fremde grämliche Herr die beiden Pferde der Maler am Zügel, die Maler ſprangen in den Wagen, ich auf den Bock, und ſo flogen wir ſchon fort, als eben der Poſtmeiſter mit der Schlafmütze aus dem Fenſter guckte. Der Poſtillon blies luſtig auf dem Horne, und ſo ging es friſch nach Italien hinein.

Ich hatte eigentlich da droben ein prächtiges Leben, wie der Vogel in der Luft, und brauchte doch dabei nicht ſelbſt zu fliegen. Zu thun hatte ich auch weiter nichts, als Tag und Nacht auf dem Bocke zu ſitzen, und bei den Wirthshäuſern manchmal Eſſen und Trinken an den Wagen herauszubringen, denn die Maler ſprachen nirgends ein, und bei Tage zogen ſie die Fenſter am Wagen ſo feſt zu, als wenn die Sonne ſie erſtechen wollte. Nur zuweilen ſteckte der Herr Guido ſein hübſches Köpfchen zum Wagenfenſter heraus und diskurirte freundlich mit mir, und lachte dann den Herrn Leonhard aus, der das nicht leiden wollte, und jedesmal über die langen Diskurſe böſe wurde. Ein paarmal hätte ich bald Verdruß bekommen mit meinem Herrn. Das einemal, wie ich bei ſchöner, ſternklarer Nacht droben auf dem Bock die Geige zu ſpielen anfing, und ſodann ſpäterhin wegen des Schlafes. Das war aber auch ganz zum Erſtaunen! Ich wollte mir doch Italien recht genau beſehen, und riß die Augen alle Viertelſtunden weit auf. Aber kaum hatte ich ein Weilchen ſo vor mich hingeſehen, ſo verſchwammen und verwickelten ſich mir die ſechzehn Pferdefüße vor mir wie Filet ſo hin und her und übers Kreuz, daß mir die Augen gleich wieder übergingen, und zuletzt gerieth ich in ein ſolches entſetzliches und unaufhaltſa nes Schlafen, daß gar kein Rath mehr war. Da möcht' es Tag oder Nacht, Regen oder Sonnenſchein, Tyrol oder Italien ſeyn, ich hing bald rechts, bald links, bald rücklings über den Bock herunter, ja manchmal tunkte ich mit ſolcher Vehemenz mit dem Kopf nach dem Boden zu, daß mir der Hut weit vom Kopfe flog, und der Herr Guido im Wagen laut aufſchrie.

So war ich, ich weiß ſelbſt nicht wie, durch halb Welſchland, das ſie dort Lombardey nennen, durchgekommen, als wir an einem ſchönen Abend vor einem Wirthshauſe auf dem Lande ſtillhielten. Die Poſtpferde waren in dem daranſtoßenden Stationsdorfe erſt nach ein paar Stunden beſtellt, die Herren Maler ſtiegen daher aus und ließen ſich in ein beſonderes Zimmer führen, um hier ein wenig zu raſten und einige Briefe zu ſchreiben. Ich aber war ſehr vergnügt darüber, und verfügte mich ſogleich in die Gaſtſtube, um endlich wieder einmal ſo recht mit Ruhe und Kommodität zu eſſen und zu trinken. Da ſah es ziemlich liederlich aus. Die Mägde gingen mit zerzottelten Haaren herum, und hatten die offnen Halstücher unordentlich um das gelbe Fell hängen. Um einen runden Tiſch ſaßen die Knechte vom Hauſe in blauen Ueberziehhemden beim Abendeſſen, und glotzten mich zuweilen von der Seite an. Die hatten alle kurze, dicke Haarzöpfe und ſahen ſo recht vornehm wie junge Herrlein aus. — Da biſt Du nun, dachte ich bei mir, und aß fleißig fort, da biſt Du nun endlich in dem Lande, woher immer die kurioſen Leute zu unſerm Herrn Pfarrer kamen, mit Mauſefallen und Barometern und Bildern. Was der Menſch doch nicht alles erfährt, wenn er ſich einmal hinterm Ofen hervormacht!

Wie ich noch eben ſo eſſe und meditire, wuſcht ein Männlein, das bis jetzt in einer dunkeln Ecke der Stube bei ſeinem Glaſe Wein geſeſſen hatte, auf einmal aus ſeinem Winkel wie eine Spinne auf mich los. Er war ganz kurz und bucklicht, hatte aber einen großen grauſlichen Kopf mit einer langen römiſchen Adlernaſe und ſparſamen rothen Backenbart, und die gepuderten Haare ſtanden ihm von allen Seiten zu Berge, als wenn der Sturmwind durchgefahren wäre. Dabei trug er einen altmodiſchen, verſchoſſenen Frack, kurze plüſchene Beinkleider und ganz vergelbte ſeidene Strümpfe. Er war einmal in Deutſchland geweſen, und dachte Wunder wie gut er deutſch verſtünde. Er ſetzte ſich zu mir und frug bald das, bald jenes, während er immerfort Taback ſchnupfte: ob ich der Servitore ſey? wenn wir arriware? ob wir nach Roma gehn? aber das wußte ich alles ſelber nicht, und konnte auch ſein Kauderwelſch gar nicht verſtehn. „Parlez vous françois?" ſagte ich endlich in meiner Angſt zu ihm. Er ſchüttelte mit dem großen Kopfe, und das war mir ſehr lieb, denn ich konnte ja auch nicht franzöſiſch. Aber das half alles nichts. Er hatte mich einmal recht auf's Korn genommen, er frug und frug immer wieder; je mehr wir parlirten, je weniger verſtand einer den andern, zuletzt wurden wir beide ſchon hitzig, ſo daß mir's manchmal vorkam, als wollte der Signor mit ſeiner Adlernaſe nach mir hacken, bis endlich die Mägde, die den babiloniſchen Diskurs mit angehört hatten, uns beide tüchtig auslachten. Ich aber legte ſchnell Meſſer und Gabel hin und ging vor die Hausthüre hinaus. Denn mir war in dem fremden Lande nicht anders, als wäre ich mit meiner deutſchen Zunge tauſend Klafter tief ins Meer verſenkt, und allerlei unbekanntes Gewürm ringelte ſich und rauſchte da in der Einſamkeit um mich her, und glotzte und ſchnappte nach mir.

Draußen war eine warme Sommernacht, ſo recht um paſſatim zu gehn. Weit von den Weinbergen herüber hörte man noch zuweilen einen Winzer ſingen, dazwiſchen blitzte es manchmal von ferne, und die ganze Gegend zitterte und ſäuſelte im Mondenſcheine. Ja manchmal kam es mir vor, als ſchlüpfte eine lange dunkle Geſtalt hinter den Haſelnußſträuchern vor dem Hauſe vorüber und guckte durch die Zweige, dann war alles auf einmal wieder ſtill. — Da trat der Herr Guido eben auf den Balkon des Wirthshauſes heraus. Er bemerkte mich nicht, und ſpielte ſehr geſchickt auf einer Zither, die er im Hauſe gefunden haben mußte, und ſang dann dazu wie eine Nachtigall.

Schweigt der Menſchen laute Luſt:
Rauſcht die Erde wie in Träumen
Wunderbar mit allen Bäumen,
Was dem Herzen kaum bewußt,
Alte Zeiten, linde Trauer,
Und es ſchweifen leiſe Schauer
Wetterleuchtend durch die Bruſt.

Ich weiß nicht, ob er noch mehr geſungen haben mag, denn ich hatte mich auf die Bank vor der Hausthür hingeſtreckt, und ſchlief in der lauen Nacht vor großer Ermüdung feſt ein.

Es mochten wohl ein paar Stunden ins Land gegangen ſeyn, als mich ein Poſthorn aufweckte, das lange Zeit luſtig in meine Träume hereinblies, ehe ich mich völlig beſinnen konnte. Ich ſprang endlich auf, der Tag dämmerte ſchon an den Bergen, und die Morgenkühle rieſelte mir durch alle Glieder. Da fiel mir erſt ein, daß wir ja um dieſe Zeit ſchon wieder weit fort ſeyn wollten. Aha, dachte ich, heut iſt einmal das Wecken und Auslachen an mir. Wie wird der Herr Guido mit dem verſchlafenen Lockenkopfe herausfahren, wenn er mich draußen hört! So ging ich in den kleinen Garten am Hauſe dicht unter die Fenſter, wo meine Herren wohnten, dehnte mich noch einmal recht ins Morgenroth hinein und ſang fröhlichen Muthes:

Wenn der Hoppevogel ſchreit,
Iſt der Tag nicht mehr weit,
Wenn die Sonne ſich aufthut,
Schmeckt der Schlaf noch ſo gut! —

Das Fenſter war offen, aber es blieb alles ſtill oben, nur der Nachtwind ging noch durch die Weinranken, die ſich bis in das Fenſter hineinſtreckten. — Nun was ſoll denn das wieder bedeuten? rief ich voll Erſtaunen aus, und lief in das Haus und durch die ſtillen Gänge nach der Stube zu. Aber da gab es mir einen rechten Stich ins Herz. Denn wie ich die Thüre aufreiße, iſt alles leer, darin kein Frack, kein Hut, kein Stiefel. — Nur die Zither, auf der Guido geſtern geſpielt hatte, hing an der Wand, auf dem Tiſche mitten in der Stube lag ein ſchöner voller Geldbeutel, worauf ein Zettel geklebt war. Ich hielt ihn näher ans Fenſter, und traute meinen Augen kaum, es ſtand wahrhaftig mit großen Buchſtaben darauf: für den Herrn Einnehmer!

Was war mir aber das alles nütze, wenn ich meine lieben luſtigen Herren nicht wieder fand! Ich ſchob den Beutel in meine tiefe Rocktaſche, das plumpte wie in einen tiefen Brunn, daß es mich ordentlich hinten über zog. Dann rannte ich hinaus, machte einen großen Lärm und weckte alle Knechte und Mägde im Hauſe. Die wußten gar nicht, was ich wollte, und meinten, ich wäre verrückt geworden. Dann aber verwunderten ſie ſich nicht wenig, als ſie oben das leere Neſt ſahen. Niemand wußte etwas von meinen Herren. Nur die eine Magd — wie ich aus ihren Zeichen und Geſtikulationen zuſammenbringen konnte — hatte bemerkt, daß der Herr Guido, als er geſtern Abends auf dem Balkon ſang, auf einmal laut aufſchrie, und dann geſchwind zu dem andern Herrn in das Zimmer zurückſtürzte. Als ſie hernach in der Nacht einmal aufwachte, hörte ſie Pferdegetrappel. Sie guckte durch das kleine Kammerfenſter und ſah den bucklichten Signor, der geſtern ſo viel mit mir geſprochen hatte, auf einem Schimmel im Mondſchein quer übers Feld galoppiren, daß er immer Ellen hoch überm Sattel in die Höhe flog und die Magd ſich bekreuzte, weil es ausſah, wie ein Geſpenſt, das auf einem dreibeinigen Pferde reitet. — Da wußt' ich nun gar nicht, was ich machen ſollte.

Unterdeß aber ſtand unſer Wagen ſchon lange vor der Thüre angeſpannt und der Poſtillon ſtieß ungeduldig ins Horn, daß er hätte berſten mögen, denn er mußte zur beſtimmten Stunde auf der nächſten Station ſeyn, da alles durch Laufzettel bis auf die Minute voraus beſtellt war. Ich rannte noch einmal um das ganze Haus herum und rief die Maler, aber Niemand gab Antwort, die Leute aus dem Hauſe liefen zuſammen und gafften mich an, der Poſtillon fluchte, die Pferde ſchnaubten, ich, ganz verblüfft, ſpringe endlich geſchwind in den Wagen hinein, der Hausknecht ſchlägt die Thüre hinter mir zu, der Poſtillon knallt und ſo ging's mit mir fort in die weite Welt hinein.

Fünftes Capitel.

Wir fuhren nun über Berg und Thal Tag und Nacht immer fort. Ich hatte gar nicht Zeit, mich zu beſinnen, denn wo wir hinkamen, ſtanden die Pferde angeſchirrt, ich konnte mit den Leuten nicht ſprechen, mein Demonſtriren half alſo nichts; oft, wenn ich im Wirthshauſe eben beim beſten Eſſen war, blies der Poſtillon, ich mußte Meſſer und Gabel wegwerfen und wieder in den Wagen ſpringen, und wußte doch eigentlich gar nicht, wohin und weswegen ich juſt mit ſo außnehmender Geſchwindigkeit fortreiſen ſollte.

Sonſt war die Lebensart gar nicht ſo übel. Ich legte mich, wie auf einem Kanapee, bald in die eine, bald in die andere Ecke des Wagens, und lernte Menſchen und Länder kennen, und wenn wir durch Städte fuhren, lehnte ich mich auf beide Arme zum Wagenfenſter heraus und dankte den Leuten, die höflich vor mir den Hut abnahmen, oder ich grüßte die Mädchen an den Fenſtern wie ein alter Bekannter, die ſich dann immer ſehr verwunderten, und mir noch lange neugierig nachguckten.

Aber zuletzt erſchrak ich ſehr. Ich hatte das Geld in dem gefundenen Beutel niemals gezählt, den Poſtmeiſtern und Gaſtwirthen mußte ich überall viel bezahlen, und ehe ich mich's verſah, war der Beutel leer. Anfangs nahm ich mir vor, ſobald wir durch einen einſamen Wald führen, ſchnell aus dem Wagen zu ſpringen und zu entlaufen. Dann aber that es mir wieder leid, nun den ſchönen Wagen ſo allein zu laſſen, mit dem ich ſonſt wohl noch bis ans Ende der Welt fortgefahren wäre.

Nun ſaß ich eben voller Gedanken und wußte nicht aus noch ein, als es auf einmal ſeitwärts von der Landſtraße abging. Ich ſchrie zum Wagen heraus, auf den Poſtillon: wohin er denn fahre? Aber ich mochte ſprechen was ich wollte, der Kerl ſagte immer bloß: „Si, ſi, Signore!“ und fuhr immer über Stock und Stein, daß ich aus einer Ecke des Wagens in die andere flog.

Das wollte mir gar nicht in den Sinn, denn die Landſtraße lief grade durch eine prächtige Landſchaft auf die untergehende Sonne zu, wohin wie in ein Meer von Glanz und Funken. Von der Seite aber, wohin wir uns gewendet hatten, lag ein wüſtes Gebirge vor uns mit grauen Schluchten, zwiſchen denen es ſchon lange dunkel geworden war. — Je weiter wir fuhren, je wilder und einſamer wurde die Gegend. Endlich kam der Mond hinter den Wolken hervor, und ſchien auf einmal ſo hell zwiſchen die Bäume und Felſen herein, daß es ordentlich grauſig anzuſehen war. Wir konnten nur langſam fahren in den engen ſteinigten Schluchten, und das einförmige ewige Geraſſel des Wagens ſchallte an den Steinwänden weit in die ſtille Nacht, als führen wir in ein großes Grabgewölbe hinein. Nur von vielen Waſſerfällen, die man aber nicht ſehen konnte, war ein unaufhörliches Rauſchen tiefer im Walde, und die Käuzchen riefen aus der Ferne immerfort: „Komm mit, komm mit!“ — Dabei kam es mir vor, als wenn der Kutſcher, der, wie ich jetzt erſt ſah, gar keine Uniform hatte und kein Poſtillon war, ſich einigemal unruhig umſähe und ſchneller zu fahren anfing, und wie ich mich recht zum Wagen herauslegte, kam plötzlich ein Reiter aus dem Gebüſch hervor, ſprengte dicht vor unſern Pferden quer über den Weg, und verlor ſich ſogleich wieder auf der andern Seite im Walde. Ich war ganz verwirrt, denn, ſoviel ich bei dem hellen Mondſchein erkennen konnte, war es daſſelbe bucklige Männlein auf ſeinem Schimmel, das in dem Wirthshauſe mit der Adlernaſe nach mir gehackt hatte. Der Kutſcher ſchüttelte den Kopf und lachte laut auf über die närriſche Reiterei, wandte ſich aber dann raſch zu mir um, ſprach ſehr viel und ſehr eifrig, wovon ich leider nichts verſtand, und fuhr dann noch raſcher fort.

Ich aber war froh, als ich bald darauf von fern ein Licht ſchimmern ſah. Es fanden ſich nach und nach noch mehrere Lichter, ſie wurden immer größer und heller, und endlich kamen wir an einigen verräucherten Hütten vorüber, die wie Schwalbenneſter auf dem Felſen hingen. Da die Nacht warm war, ſo ſtanden die Thüren offen, und ich konnte darin die hellerleuchteten Stuben und allerlei lumpiges Geſindel ſehen, das wie dunkle Schatten um das Heerdfeuer herumhockte. Wir aber raſſelten durch die ſtille Nacht einen Steinweg hinan, der ſich auf einen hohen Berg hinaufzog. Bald überdeckten hohe Bäume und herabhängende Sträucher den ganzen Hohlweg, bald konnte man auf einmal wieder das ganze Firmament, und in der Tiefe die weite ſtille Runde von Bergen, Wäldern und Thälern überſehen. Auf dem Gipfel des Berges ſtand ein großes altes Schloß mit vielen Thürmen im hellſten Mondſchein. — „Nun Gott befohlen!“ rief ich aus, und war innerlich ganz munter geworden vor Erwartung, wo ſie mich da am Ende noch hinbringen würden.

Es dauerte wohl noch eine gute halbe Stunde, ehe wir endlich auf dem Berge am Schloßthore ankamen. Das ging in einen breiten runden Thurm hinein, der oben ſchon ganz verfallen war. Der Kutſcher knallte dreimal, daß es weit in dem alten Schloſſe wiederhallte, wo ein Schwarm von Dohlen ganz erſchrocken plötzlich aus allen Luken und Ritzen herausfuhr und mit großem Geſchrei die Luft durchkreuzte. Darauf rollte der Wagen in den langen, dunklen Thorweg hinein. Die Pferde gaben mit ihren Hufeiſen Funken auf dem Steinpflaſter, ein großer Hund bellte, der Wagen donnerte zwiſchen den gewölbten Wänden, die Dohlen ſchrieen noch immer dazwiſchen — ſo kamen wir mit einem entſetzlichen Spektakel in den engen gepflaſterten Schloßhof.

Eine kurioſe Station! dachte ich bei mir, als nun der Wagen ſtill ſtand. Da wurde die Wagenthür von draußen aufgemacht, und ein alter langer Mann mit einer kleinen Laterne ſah mich unter ſeinen dicken Augenbraunen grämlich an. Er faßte mich dann unter den Arm und half mir, wie einem großen Herrn, aus dem Wagen heraus. Draußen vor der Hausthür ſtand eine alte, ſehr häßliche Frau in ſchwarzem Kamiſol und Rock, mit einer weißen Schürze und ſchwarzen Haube, von der ihr ein langer Schnipper bis an die Naſe herunterhing. Sie hatte an der einen Hüfte einen großen Bund Schlüſſel hängen und hielt in der andern einen altmodiſchen Armleuchter mit zwei brennenden Wachskerzen. Sobald ſie mich erblickte, fing ſie an tiefe Knixe zu machen und ſprach und frug ſehr viel durcheinander. Ich verſtand aber nichts davon und machte immerfort Kratzfüße vor ihr, und es war mir eigentlich recht unheimlich zu Muthe.

Der alte Mann hatte unterdeß mit ſeiner Laterne den Wagen von allen Seiten beleuchtet und brummte und ſchüttelte den Kopf, als er nirgend einen Koffer oder Bagage fand. Der Kutſcher fuhr darauf, ohne Trinkgeld von mir zu fordern, den Wagen in einen alten Schoppen, der auf der Seite des Hofes ſchon offen ſtand. Die alte Frau aber bat mich ſehr höflich durch allerlei Zeichen, ihr zu folgen. Sie führte mich mit ihren Wachskerzen durch einen langen ſchmalen Gang, und dann eine kleine ſteinerne Treppe herauf. Als wir an der Küche vorbeigingen, ſtreckten ein paar junge Mägde neugierig die Köpfe durch die halbgeöffnete Thür und guckten mich ſo ſtarr an, und winkten und nickten einander heimlich zu, als wenn ſie in ihrem Leben noch kein Mannsbild geſehen hätten. Die Alte machte endlich oben eine Thüre auf, da wurde ich anfangs ordentlich ganz verblüfft. Denn es war ein großes ſchönes herrſchaftliches Zimmer mit goldenen Verzierungen an der Decke, und an den Wänden hingen prächtige Tapeten mit allerlei Figuren und großen Blumen. In der Mitte ſtand ein gedeckter Tiſch mit Braten, Kuchen, Salat, Obſt, Wein und Confect, daß einem recht das Herz im Leibe lachte. Zwiſchen den beiden Fenſtern hing ein ungeheurer Spiegel, der vom Boden bis zur Decke reichte.

Ich muß ſagen, das gefiel mir recht wohl. Ich ſtreckte mich ein paarmal und ging mit langen Schritten vornehm im Zimmer auf und ab. Dann konnte ich aber doch nicht widerſtehen, mich einmal in einem ſo großen Spiegel zu beſehen. Das iſt wahr, die neuen Kleider vom Herrn Leonhard ſtanden mir recht ſchön, auch hatte ich in Italien ſo ein gewiſſes feuriges Auge bekommen, ſonſt aber war ich grade noch ſo ein Milchbart, wie ich zu Hauſe geweſen war, nur auf der Oberlippe zeigten ſich erſt ein paar Flaumfedern.

Die alte Frau mahlte indeß in einem fort mit ihrem zahnloſen Munde, daß es nicht anders ausſah, als wenn ſie an der langen herunterhängenden Naſenſpitze kaute. Dann nöthigte ſie mich zum Sitzen, ſtreichelte mir mit ihren dürren Fingern das Kinn, nannte mich poverino! wobei ſie mich aus den rothen Augen ſo ſchelmiſch anſah, daß ſich ihr der eine Mundwinkel bis an die halbe Wange in die Höhe zog, und ging endlich mit einem tiefen Knix zur Thür hinaus.

Ich aber ſetzte mich zu dem gedeckten Tiſch, während eine junge hübſche Magd hereintrat, um mich bei der Tafel zu bedienen. Ich knüpfte allerlei galante Diſcurſe mit ihr an, ſie verſtand mich aber nicht, ſondern ſah mich immer ganz curios von der Seite an, weil mir's ſo gut ſchmeckte, denn das Eſſen war delikat. Als ich ſatt war und wieder aufſtand, nahm die Magd ein Licht von der Tafel und führte mich in ein anderes Zimmer. Da war ein Sopha, ein kleiner Spiegel und ein prächtiges Bett mit grünſeidenen Vorhängen. Ich frug ſie mit Zeichen, ob ich mich da hineinlegen ſollte? Sie nickte zwar: „Ja,“ aber das war denn doch nicht möglich, denn ſie blieb wie angenagelt bei mir ſtehen. Endlich holte ich mir noch ein großes Glas Wein aus der Tafelſtube herein und rief ihr zu: „Feliciſſima notte!“ denn ſo viel hatt' ich ſchon Italieniſch gelernt. Aber wie ich das Glas ſo auf einmal ausſtürzte, bekam ſie plötzlich ein verhaltenes Kichern, wurde über und über roth, ging in die Tafelſtube und machte die Thüre hinter ſich zu. „Was iſt da zu lachen?“ dachte ich ganz verwundert, „ich glaube die Leute in Italien ſind alle verrückt.“

Ich hatte nur immer Angſt vor dem Poſtillon, daß der gleich wieder zu blaſen anfangen würde. Ich horchte am Fenſter, aber es war alles ſtill draußen. Laß ihn blaſen! dachte ich, zog mich aus und legte mich in das prächtige Bett. Das war nicht anders, als wenn man in Milch und Honig ſchwämme! Vor den Fenſtern rauſchte die alte Linde im Hofe, zuweilen fuhr noch eine Dohle plötzlich vom Dache auf, bis ich endlich voller Vergnügen einſchlief.

Sechstes Capitel.

Als ich wieder erwachte, ſpielten ſchon die erſten Morgenſtrahlen an den grünen Vorhängen über mir. Ich konnte mich gar nicht beſinnen, wo ich eigentlich wäre. Es kam mir vor, als führe ich noch immer fort im Wagen, und es hätte mir von einem Schloſſe im Mondſchein geträumt und von einer alten Hexe und ihrem blaſſen Töchterlein.

Ich ſprang endlich raſch aus dem Bette, kleidete mich an, und ſah mich dabei nach allen Seiten in dem Zimmer um. Da bemerkte ich eine kleine Tapetenthür, die ich geſtern gar nicht geſehen hatte. Sie war nur angelehnt, ich öffnete ſie, und erblickte ein kleines nettes Stübchen, das in der Morgendämmerung recht heimlich ausſah. Ueber einen Stuhl waren Frauenkleider unordentlich hingeworfen, auf einem Bettchen daneben lag das Mädchen, das mir geſtern Abends bei der Tafel aufgewartet hatte. Sie ſchlief noch ganz ruhig und hatte den Kopf auf den weißen bloßen Arm gelegt, über den ihre ſchwarzen Locken herabfielen. Wenn die wüßte, daß die Thür offen war! ſagte ich zu mir ſelbſt und ging in mein Schlafzimmer zurück, während ich hinter mir wieder ſchloß und verriegelte, damit das Mädchen nicht erſchrecken und ſich ſchämen ſollte, wenn ſie erwachte.

Draußen ließ ſich noch kein Laut vernehmen. Nur ein früherwachtes Waldvöglein ſaß vor meinem Fenſter auf einem Strauch, der aus der Mauer heraus wuchs, und ſang ſchon ſein Morgenlied. „Nein,“ ſagte ich, „Du ſollſt mich nicht beſchämen und allein ſo früh und fleißig Gott loben!“ — Ich nahm ſchnell meine Geige, die ich geſtern auf das Tiſchchen gelegt hatte, und ging hinaus. Im Schloſſe war noch alles todtenſtill, und es dauerte lange, ehe ich mich aus den dunklen Gängen ins Freie heraus fand.

Als ich vor das Schloß heraus trat, kam ich in einen großen Garten, der auf breiten Terraſſen, wovon die eine immer tiefer war als die andere, bis auf den halben Berg herunter ging. Aber das war eine liederliche Gärtnerei. Die Gänge waren alle mit hohem Graſe bewachſen, die künſtlichen Figuren von Buchsbaum waren nicht beſchnitten und ſtreckten, wie Geſpenſter, lange Naſen oder ellenlange ſpitzige Mützen in die Luft hinaus, daß man ſich in der Dämmerung ordentlich davor hätte fürchten mögen. Auf einige zerbrochene Statuen über einer vertrockneten Waſſerkunſt war gar Wäſche aufgehängt, hin und wieder hatten ſie mitten im Garten Kohl gebaut, dann kamen wieder ein paar ordinaire Blumen, alles unordentlich durcheinander, und von hohem wilden Unkraut überwachſen, zwiſchen dem ſich bunte Eidechſen ſchlängelten. Zwiſchen den alten hohen Bäumen hindurch aber war überall eine weite, einſame Ausſicht, eine Bergkoppe hinter der andern, ſo weit das Auge reichte.

Nachdem ich ſo ein Weilchen in der Morgendämmerung durch die Wildniß umherſpaziert war, erblickte ich auf der Terraſſe unter mir einen langen ſchmalen blaſſen Jüngling in einem langen braunen Kaputrock, der mit verſchränkten Armen und großen Schritten auf und ab ging. Er that als ſähe er mich nicht, ſetzte ſich bald darauf auf eine ſteinerne Bank hin, zog ein Buch aus Taſche, las ſehr laut, als wenn er predigte, ſah dabei zuweilen zum Himmel, und ſtützte dann den Kopf ganz melancholiſch auf die rechte Hand. Ich ſah ihm lange zu, endlich wurde ich doch neugierig, warum er denn eigentlich ſo abſonderliche Grimaſſen machte, und ging ſchnell auf ihn zu. Er hatte eben einen tiefen Seufzer ausgeſtoßen und ſprang erſchrocken auf, als ich ankam. Er war voller Verlegenheit, ich auch, wir wußten beide nicht, was wir ſprechen ſollten, und machten immerfort Complimente vor einander, bis er endlich mit langen Schritten in das Gebüſch Reißaus nahm. Unterdeß war die Sonne über dem Walde aufgegangen, ich ſprang auf die Bank hinauf und ſtrich vor Luſt meine Geige, daß es weit in die ſtillen Thäler herunter ſchallte. Die Alte mit dem Schlüſſelbunde, die mich ſchon ängſtlich im ganzen Schloſſe zum Frühſtück aufgeſucht hatte, erſchien nun auf der Terraſſe über mir, und verwunderte ſich, daß ich ſo artig auf der Geige ſpielen konnte. Der alte grämliche Mann vom Schloſſe fand ſich dazu und verwunderte ſich ebenfalls, endlich kamen auch noch die Mägde, und Alles blieb oben voller Verwunderung ſtehen, und ich fingerte und ſchwenkte meinen Fiedelbogen immer künſtlicher und hurtiger und ſpielte Kadenzen und Variationen, bis ich endlich ganz müde wurde.

Das war nun aber doch ganz ſeltſam auf dem Schloſſe! Kein Menſch dachte da ans Weiterreiſen. Das Schloß war auch gar kein Wirthshaus, ſondern gehörte, wie ich von der Magd erfuhr, einem reichen Grafen. Wenn ich mich dann manchmal bei der Alten erkundigte, wie der Graf heiße, wo er wohne? da ſchmunzelte ſie immer bloß, wie den erſten Abend, da ich auf das Schloß kam, und kniff und winkte mir ſo pfiffig mit den Augen zu, als wenn ſie nicht recht bei Sinne wäre. Trank ich einmal an einem heißen Tage eine ganze Flaſche Wein aus, ſo kicherten die Mägde gewiß, wenn ſie die andere brachten, und als mich dann gar einmal nach einer Pfeife Taback verlangte, ich ihnen durch Zeichen beſchrieb, was ich wollte, da brachen Alle in ein großes unvernünftiges Gelächter aus. — Am verwunderlichſten war mir eine Nachtmuſik, die ſich oft, und grade immer in den finſterſten Nächten, unter meinem Fenſter hören ließ. Es griff auf einer Guitarre immer nur von Zeit zu Zeit einzelne, ganz leiſe Klänge. Das einemal aber kam es mir vor, als wenn es dabei von unten: „pſt! pſt!“ herauf rief. Ich fuhr daher geſchwind aus dem Bett, und mit dem Kopf aus dem Fenſter. „Holla! heda! wer iſt da draußen?“ rief ich hinunter. Aber es antwortete Niemand, ich hörte nur etwas ſehr ſchnell durch die Geſträuche fortlaufen. Der große Hund im Hofe ſchlug über meinem Lärm ein paarmal an, dann war auf einmal alles wieder ſtill, und die Nachtmuſik ließ ſich ſeitdem nicht wieder vernehmen.

Sonſt hatte ich hier ein Leben, wie ſich's ein Menſch nur immer in der Welt wünſchen kann. Der gute Portier! er wußte wohl was er ſprach, wenn er immer zu ſagen pflegte, daß in Italien einem die Roſinen von ſelbſt in den Mund wüchſen. Ich lebte auf dem einſamen Schloſſe wie ein verwunſchener Prinz. Wo ich hintrat, hatten die Leute eine große Ehrerbietung vor mir, obgleich ſie ſchon alle wußten, daß ich keinen Heller in der Taſche hatte. Ich durfte nur ſagen: „Tiſchchen deck' Dich!“ ſo ſtanden auch ſchon herrliche Speiſen, Reis, Wein, Melonen und Parmeſankäſe da. Ich ließ mir's wohlſchmecken, ſchlief in dem prächtigen Himmelbett, ging im Garten ſpazieren, muſicirte und half wohl auch manchmal in der Gärtnerei nach. Oft lag ich auch Stundenlang im Garten im hohen Graſe, und der ſchmale Jüngling (es war ein Schüler und Verwandter der Alten, der eben jetzt hier zur Vakanz war), ging mit ſeinem langen Kaputrock in weiten Kreiſen um mich herum, und murmelte dabei, wie ein Zauberer, aus ſeinem Buche, worüber ich dann auch jedesmal einſchlummerte. — So verging ein Tag nach dem andern, bis ich am Ende anfing, von dem guten Eſſen und Trinken ganz melancholiſch zu werden. Die Glieder gingen mir von dem ewigen Nichtsthun ordentlich aus allen Gelenken, und es war mir, als würde ich vor Faulheit noch ganz auseinander fallen.

In dieſer Zeit ſaß ich an einem ſchwülen Nachmittage im Wipfel eines hohen Baumes, der am Abhange ſtand, und wiegte mich auf den Aeſten langſam über dem ſtillen, tiefen Thale. Die Bienen ſummten zwiſchen den Blättern um mich herum, ſonſt war alles wie ausgeſtorben, kein Menſch war zwiſchen den Bergen zu ſehen, tief unter mir auf den ſtillen Waldwieſen ruhten die Kühe auf dem hohen Graſe. Aber ganz von weitem kam der Klang eines Poſthorns über die waldigen Gipfel herüber, bald kaum vernehmbar, bald wieder heller und deutlicher. Mir fiel dabei auf einmal ein altes Lied recht aufs Herz, das ich noch zu Hauſe auf meines Vaters Mühle von einem wandernden Handwerksburſchen gelernt hatte, und ich ſang:

Wer in die Fremde will wandern,
Der muß mit der Liebſten gehn,
Es jubeln und laſſen die Andern
Den Fremden alleine ſtehn.

Was wiſſet Ihr, dunkele Wipfel
Von der alten ſchönen Zeit?
Ach, die Heimath hinter den Gipfeln,
Wie liegt ſie von hier ſo weit.

Am liebſten betracht' ich die Sterne,
Die ſchienen, wenn ich ging zu ihr,
Die Nachtigall hör' ich ſo gerne,
Sie ſang vor der Liebſten Thür.

Der Morgen, das iſt meine Freude!
Da ſteig' ich in ſtiller Stund'
Auf den höchſten Berg in die Weite,
Grüß Dich Deutſchland aus Herzensgrund!

Es war, als wenn mich das Poſthorn bei meinem Liede aus der Ferne begleiten wollte. Es kam, während ich ſang, zwiſchen den Bergen immer näher und näher, bis ich es endlich gar oben auf dem Schloßhofe ſchallen hörte. Ich ſprang raſch vom Baume herunter. Da kam mir auch ſchon die Alte mit einem geöffneten Pakete aus dem Schloſſe entgegen. „Da iſt auch etwas für Sie mitgekommen,“ ſagte ſie, und reichte mir aus dem Paket ein kleines niedliches Briefchen. Es war ohne Aufſchrift, ich brach es ſchnell auf. Aber da wurde ich auch auf einmal im ganzen Geſichte ſo roth, wie eine Päonie, und das Herz ſchlug mir ſo heftig, daß es die Alte merkte, denn das Briefchen war von — meiner ſchönen Frau, von der ich manches Schriftſtück bei dem Herrn Amtmann geſehen hatte. Sie ſchrieb darin ganz kurz: „Es iſt alles wieder gut, alle Hinderniſſe ſind beſeitigt. Ich benutzte heimlich dieſe Gelegenheit, um die erſte zu ſein, die Ihnen dieſe freudige Botſchaft ſchreibt. Kommen, eilen Sie zurück. Es iſt ſo öde hier und ich kann kaum mehr leben, ſeit Sie von uns fort ſind. Aurelie."

Die Augen gingen mir über, als ich das las, vor Entzücken und Schreck und unſäglicher Freude. Ich ſchämte mich vor dem alten Weibe, die mich wieder abſcheulich anſchmunzelte, und flog wie ein Pfeil bis in den allereinſamſten Winkel des Gartens. Dort warf ich mich unter den Haſelnußſträuchern ins Gras hin, und las das Briefchen noch einmal, ſagte die Worte auswendig für mich hin, und las dann wieder und immer wieder, und die Sonnenſtrahlen tanzten zwiſchen den Blättern hindurch über den Buchſtaben, daß ſie ſich wie goldene und hellgrüne und rothe Blüthen vor meinen Augen in einander ſchlangen. Iſt ſie am Ende gar nicht verheirathet geweſen? dachte ich, war der fremde Offizier damals vielleicht ihr Herr Bruder, oder iſt er nun todt, oder bin ich toll, oder — „Das iſt alles einerlei!" rief ich endlich und ſprang auf, „nun iſt's ja klar, ſie liebt mich ja, ſie liebt mich!"

Als ich aus dem Geſträuch wieder hervorkroch, neigte ſich die Sonne zum Untergange. Der Himmel war roth, die Vögel ſangen luſtig in allen Wäldern, die Thäler waren voller Schimmer, aber in meinem Herzen war es noch viel tauſendmal ſchöner und fröhlicher!

Ich rief in das Schloß hinein, daß ſie mir heut das Abendeſſen in den Garten herausbringen ſollten. Die alte Frau, der alte grämliche Mann, die Mägde, ſie mußten alle mit heraus und ſich mit mir unter dem Baume an den gedeckten Tiſch ſetzen. Ich zog meine Geige hervor und ſpielte und aß und trank dazwiſchen. Da wurden ſie alle luſtig, der alte Mann ſtrich ſeine grämlichen Falten aus dem Geſicht und ſtieß ein Glas nach dem andern aus, die Alte plauderte in einem fort, Gott weiß was; die Mägde fingen an auf dem Raſen mit einander zu tanzen. Zuletzt kam auch noch der blaſſe Student neugierig hervor, warf einige verächtliche Blicke auf das Spektakel, und wollte ganz vornehm weiter vorbeigehen. Ich aber nicht zu faul, ſprang geſchwind auf, erwiſchte ihn, eh' er ſich's verſah, bei ſeinem langen Ueberrock, und walzte tüchtig mit ihm herum. Er ſtrengte ſich nun an, recht zierlich und neumodiſch zu tanzen, und füßelte ſo emſig und künſtlich, daß ihm der Schweiß vom Geſicht herunterfloß und die langen Rockſchöße wie ein Rad um uns herum flogen. Dabei ſah er mich aber manchmal ſo kurios mit verdrehten Augen an, daß ich mich ordentlich vor ihm zu fürchten anfing und ihn plötzlich wieder losließ.

Die Alte hätte nun gar zu gern erfahren, was in dem Briefe ſtand, und warum ich denn eigentlich heut auf einmal ſo luſtig war. Aber das war ja viel zu weitläufig, um es ihr auseinanderzuſetzen. Ich zeigte bloß auf ein paar Kraniche, die eben hoch über uns durch die Luft zogen, und ſagte: „ich müßte nun auch ſo fort und immer fort, weit in die Ferne!" — Da riß ſie die vertrockneten Augen weit auf, und blickte, wie ein Baſilisk, bald auf mich, bald auf den alten Mann hinüber. Dann bemerkte ich, wie die beiden heimlich die Köpfe zuſammenſteckten, ſo oft ich mich wegwandte, und ſehr eifrig mit einander ſprachen, und mich dabei zuweilen von der Seite anſahen.

Das fiel mir auf. Ich ſann hin und her, was ſie wohl mit mir vorhaben möchten. Darüber wurde ich ſtiller, die Sonne war auch ſchon lange untergegangen, und ſo wünſchte ich allen gute Nacht und ging nachdenklich in meine Schlafſtube hinauf.

Ich war innerlich ſo fröhlich und unruhig, daß ich noch lange im Zimmer auf und nieder ging. Draußen wälzte der Wind ſchwere ſchwarze Wolken über den Schloßthurm weg, man konnte kaum die nächſten Berggipfel in der dicken Finſterniß erkennen. Da kam es mir vor, als wenn ich im Garten unten Stimmen hörte. Ich löſchte mein Licht aus, und ſtellte mich ans Fenſter. Die Stimmen ſchienen näher zu kommen, ſprachen aber ſehr leiſe mit einander. Auf einmal gab eine kleine Laterne, welche die eine Geſtalt unterm Mantel trug, einen langen Schein. Ich erkannte nun den grämlichen Schloßverwalter und die alte Haushälterin. Das Licht blitzte über das Geſicht der Alten, das mir noch niemals ſo gräßlich vorgekommen war, und über ein langes Meſſer, das ſie in der Hand hielt. Dabei konnte ich ſehen, daß ſie beide eben nach meinem Fenſter hinaufſahen. Dann ſchlug der Verwalter ſeinen Mantel wieder dichter um, und es war bald alles wieder finſter.

Was wollen die, dachte ich, zu dieſer Stunde noch draußen im Garten? Mich ſchauderte, denn es fielen mir alle Mordgeſchichten ein, die ich in meinem Leben gehört hatte, von Hexen und Räubern, welche Menſchen abſchlachten, um ihre Herzen zu freſſen. Indem ich noch ſo nachdachte, kamen Menſchentritte, erſt die Treppe herauf, dann auf dem langen Gange ganz leiſe, leiſe auf meine Thür zu, dabei war es, als wenn zuweilen Stimmen heimlich mit einander wisperten. Ich ſprang ſchnell an das andere Ende der Stube hinter einen großen Tiſch, den ich, ſobald ſich etwas rührte, vor mir aufheben, und ſo mit aller Gewalt auf die Thüre losrennen wollte. Aber in der Finſterniß warf ich einen Stuhl um, daß es ein entſetzliches Gepolter gab. Da wurde es auf einmal ganz ſtill draußen. Ich lauſchte hinter dem Tiſch und ſah immerfort nach der Thür, als wenn ich ſie mit den Augen durchbohren wollte, daß mir ordentlich die Augen zum Kopfe heraus ſtanden. Als ich mich ein Weilchen wieder ſo ruhig verhalten hatte, daß man die Fliegen an der Wand hätte gehen hören, vernahm ich, wie Jemand draußen ganz leiſe einen Schlüſſel ins Schlüſſelloch ſteckte. Ich wollte nun eben mit meinem Tiſche losfahren, da drehte es den Schlüſſel langſam dreimal in der Thür um, zog ihn vorſichtig wieder heraus und ſchnurrte dann leiſe über den Gang und die Treppe hinunter.

Ich ſchöpfte nun tief Athem. Oho, dachte ich, da haben ſie mich eingeſperrt, damit ſie's kommode haben, wenn ich erſt feſt eingeſchlafen bin. Ich unterſuchte geſchwind die Thür. Es war richtig, ſie war feſt verſchloſſen, eben ſo die andere Thür, hinter der die hübſche bleiche Magd ſchlief. Das war noch niemals geſchehen, ſo lange ich auf dem Schloſſe wohnte.

Da ſaß ich nun in der Fremde gefangen! Die ſchöne Frau ſtand nun wohl an ihrem Fenſter und ſah über den ſtillen Garten nach der Landſtraße hinaus, ob ich nicht ſchon am Zollhäuschen mit meiner Geige dahergeſtrichen komme, die Wolken flogen raſch über den Himmel, die Zeit verging — und ich konnte nicht fort von hier! Ach, mir war ſo weh im Herzen, ich wußte gar nicht mehr, was ich thun ſollte. Dabei war mir's auch immer, wenn die Blätter draußen rauſchten, oder eine Ratte am Boden kratzte, als wäre die Alte durch eine verborgene Tapetenthür heimlich hereingetreten und lauere und ſchliche leiſe mit dem langen Meſſer durch's Zimmer.

Als ich ſo voll Sorgen auf dem Bette ſaß, hörte ich auf einmal ſeit langer Zeit wieder die Nachtmuſik unter meinen Fenſtern. Bei dem erſten Klange der Guitarre war es mir nicht anders, als wenn mir ein Morgenſtrahl plötzlich durch die Seele führe. Ich riß das Fenſter auf und rief leiſe herunter, daß ich wach ſei. „Pſt, pſt!" antwortete es von unten. Ich beſann mich nun nicht lange, ſteckte das Briefchen und meine Geige zu mir, ſchwang mich aus dem Fenſter, und kletterte an der alten, zerſprungenen Mauer hinab, indem ich mich mit den Händen an den Sträuchern, die aus den Ritzen wuchſen, anhielt. Aber einige morſche Ziegel gaben nach, ich kam ins Rutſchen, es ging immer raſcher und raſcher mit mir, bis ich endlich mit beiden Füßen aufplumpte, daß mir's im Gehirnkaſten kniſterte.

Kaum war ich auf dieſe Art unten im Garten angekommen, ſo umarmte mich Jemand mit ſolcher Vehemenz, daß ich laut aufſchrie. Der gute Freund aber hielt mir ſchnell die Finger auf den Mund, faßte mich bei der Hand und führte mich dann aus dem Geſträuch ins Freie hinaus. Da erkannte ich mit Verwunderung den guten langen Studenten, der die Guitarre an einem breiten ſeidenen Bande um den Hals hängen hatte. — Ich beſchrieb ihm nun in größter Geſchwindigkeit, daß ich aus dem Garten hinaus wollte. Er ſchien aber das alles ſchon zu wiſſen, und führte mich auf allerlei verdeckten Umwegen zu dem untern Thore in der hohen Gartenmauer. Aber da war nun auch das Thor wieder feſt verſchloſſen! Doch der Student hatte auch das ſchon vorbedacht, er zog einen großen Schlüſſel hervor und ſchloß behutſam auf.

Als wir nun in den Wald hinaustraten und ich ihn eben noch um den beſten Weg zur nächſten Stadt fragen wollte, ſtürzte er plötzlich vor mir auf ein Knie nieder, hob die eine Hand hoch in die Höh', und fing an zu fluchen und zu ſchwören, daß es entſetzlich anzuhören war. Ich wußte gar nicht, was er wollte, ich hörte nur immerfort: Idio und cuore und amore und furore! Als er aber am Ende gar anfing, auf beiden Knieen ſchnell und immer näher auf mich zuzurutſchen, da wurde mir auf einmal ganz grauſlich, ich merkte wohl, daß er verrückt war, und rannte, ohne mich umzuſehen, in den dickſten Wald hinein.

Ich hörte nun den Studenten wie raſend hinter mir drein ſchreien. Bald darauf gab noch eine andere grobe Stimme vom Schloſſe her Antwort. Ich dachte mir nun wohl, daß ſie mich aufſuchen würden. Der Weg war mir unbekannt, die Nacht finſter, ich konnte ihnen leicht wieder in die Hände fallen. Ich kletterte daher auf den Wipfel einer hohen Tanne hinauf, um beſſere Gelegenheit abzuwarten.

Von dort konnte ich hören, wie auf dem Schloſſe eine Stimme nach der andern wach wurde. Einige Windlichter zeigten ſich oben und warfen ihre wilden rothen Scheine über das alte Gemäuer des Schloſſes und weit vom Berge in die ſchwarze Nacht hinein. Ich befahl meine Seele dem lieben Gott, denn das verworrene Getümmel wurde immer lauter und näherte ſich immer mehr und mehr. Endlich ſtürzte der Student mit einer Fackel unter meinem Baume vorüber, daß ihm die Rockſchöße weit im Winde nachflogen. Dann ſchienen ſie ſich alle nach und nach auf eine andere Seite des Berges hinzuwenden, die Stimmen ſchallten immer ferner und ferner, und der Wind rauſchte wieder durch den ſtillen Wald. Da ſtieg ich ſchnell von dem Baume herab, und lief athemlos weiter in das Thal und die Nacht hinaus.

Siebentes Capitel.

Ich war Tag und Nacht eilig fortgegangen, denn es ſauſte mir lange in den Ohren, als kämen die von dem Berge mit ihrem Rufen, mit Fackeln und langen Meſſern noch immer hinter mir drein. Unterwegs erfuhr ich, daß ich nur noch ein paar Meilen von Rom wäre. Da erſchrak ich ordentlich vor Freude. Denn von dem prächtigen Rom hatte ich ſchon zu Hauſe als Kind viele wunderbare Geſchichten gehört, und wenn ich dann an Sonntags-Nachmittagen vor der Mühle im Graſe lag und alles ringsum ſo ſtille war, da dachte ich mir Rom wie die ziehenden Wolken über mir, mit wunderſamen Bergen und Abgründen am blauen Meer, und goldnen Thoren und hohen glänzenden Thürmen, von denen Engel in goldenen Gewändern ſangen. — Die Nacht war ſchon wieder lange hereingebrochen, und der Mond ſchien prächtig, als ich endlich auf einem Hügel aus dem Walde heraustrat, und auf einmal die Stadt aus der Ferne vor mir ſah. — Das Meer leuchtete von weitem, der Himmel blitzte und funkelte unüberſehbar mit unzähligen Sternen, darunter lag die heilige Stadt, von der man nur einen langen Nebelſtreif erkennen konnte, wie ein eingeſchlafener Löwe auf der ſtillen Erde, und Berge ſtanden daneben, wie dunkle Rieſen, die ihn bewachten.

Ich kam nun zuerſt auf eine große, einſame Haide, auf der es ſo grau und ſtill war, wie im Grabe. Nur hin und her ſtand ein altes verfallenes Gemäuer oder ein trockener wunderbar gewundener Strauch; manchmal ſchwirrten Nachtvögel durch die Luft, und mein eigener Schatten ſtrich immerfort lang und dunkel in der Einſamkeit neben mir her. Sie ſagen, daß hier eine uralte Stadt und die Frau Venus begraben liegt, und die alten Heiden zuweilen noch aus ihren Gräbern heraufſteigen und bei ſtiller Nacht über die Haide gehn und die Wanderer verwirren. Aber ich ging immer grade fort und ließ mich nichts anfechten. Denn die Stadt ſtieg immer deutlicher und prächtiger vor mir herauf, und die hohen Burgen und Thore und goldenen Kuppeln glänzten ſo herrlich im hellen Mondſchein, als ſtänden wirklich die Engel in goldenen Gewändern auf den Zinnen und ſängen durch die ſtille Nacht herüber.

So zog ich denn endlich, erſt an kleinen Häuſern vorbei, dann durch ein prächtiges Thor in die berühmte Stadt Rom hinein. Der Mond ſchien zwiſchen den Paläſten, als wäre es heller Tag, aber die Straßen waren ſchon alle leer, nur hin und wieder lag ein lumpiger Kerl, wie ein Todter, in der lauen Nacht auf den Marmorſchwellen und ſchlief. Dabei rauſchten die Brunnen auf den ſtillen Plätzen, und die Gärten an der Straße ſäuſelten dazwiſchen und erfüllten die Luft mit erquickenden Düften.

Wie ich nun eben ſo weiter fort ſchlendere, und vor Vergnügen, Mondſchein und Wohlgeruch gar nicht weiß, wohin ich mich wenden ſoll, läßt ſich tief aus dem einen Garten eine Guitarre hören. Mein Gott, denk' ich, da iſt mir wohl der tolle Student mit dem langen Ueberrock heimlich nachgeſprungen! Darüber fing eine Dame in dem Garten an überaus lieblich zu ſingen. Ich ſtand ganz wie bezaubert, denn es war die Stimme der ſchönen gnädigen Frau, und dasſelbe welſche Liedchen, das ſie gar oft zu Hauſe am offnen Fenſter geſungen hatte.

Da fiel mir auf einmal die ſchöne alte Zeit mit ſolcher Gewalt auf's Herz, daß ich bitterlich hätte weinen mögen, der ſtille Garten vor dem Schloß in früher Morgenſtunde, und wie ich da hinter dem Strauch ſo glückſelig war, ehe mir die dumme Fliege in die Naſe flog. Ich konnte mich nicht länger halten. Ich kletterte auf den vergoldeten Zierrathen über das Gitterthor, und ſchwang mich in den Garten hinunter, woher der Geſang kam. Da bemerkte ich, daß eine ſchlanke weiße Geſtalt von fern hinter einer Pappel ſtand und mir erſt verwundert zuſah, als ich über das Gitterwerk kletterte, dann aber auf einmal ſo ſchnell durch den dunklen Garten nach dem Hauſe zuflog, daß man ſie im Mondſchein kaum füßeln ſehen konnte. „Das war ſie ſelbſt!“ rief ich aus, und das Herz ſchlug mir vor Freude, denn ich erkannte ſie gleich an den kleinen, geſchwinden Füßchen wieder. Es war nur ſchlimm, daß ich mir beim Herunterſpringen vom Gartenthore den rechten Fuß etwas vertreten hatte, ich mußte daher erſt ein paarmal mit dem Beine ſchlenkern, eh' ich zu dem Hauſe nachſpringen konnte. Aber da hatte ſie unterdeß Thür und Fenſter feſt verſchloſſen. Ich klopfte ganz beſcheiden an, horchte und klopfte wieder. Da war es nicht anders, als wenn es drinnen leiſe flüſterte und kicherte, ja einmal kam es mir vor, als wenn zwei helle Augen zwiſchen den Jalouſien im Mondſchein hervorfunkelten. Dann war auf einmal wieder alles ſtill.

„Sie weiß nur nicht, daß ich es bin,“ dachte ich, zog die Geige, die ich allezeit bei mir trage, hervor, ſpazierte damit auf dem Gange vor dem Hauſe auf und nieder, und ſpielte und ſang das Lied von der ſchönen Frau, und ſpielte voll Vergnügen alle meine Lieder durch, die ich damals in den ſchönen Sommernächten im Schloßgarten, oder auf der Bank vor dem Zollhauſe geſpielt hatte, daß es weit bis in die Fenſter des Schloſſes hinüber klang. — Aber es half alles nichts, es rührte und regte ſich Niemand im ganzen Hauſe. Da ſteckte ich endlich meine Geige traurig ein, und legte mich auf die Schwelle vor der Hausthür hin, denn ich war ſehr müde von dem langen Marſch. Die Nacht war warm, die Blumenbeete vor dem Hauſe dufteten lieblich, eine Waſſerkunſt weiter unten im Garten plätſcherte immerfort dazwiſchen. Mir träumte von himmelblauen Blumen, von ſchönen, dunkelgrünen, einſamen Gründen, wo Quellen rauſchten und Bächlein gingen, und bunte Vögel wunderſam ſangen, bis ich endlich feſt einſchlief.

Als ich aufwachte, rieſelte mir die Morgenluft durch alle Glieder. Die Vögel waren ſchon wach und zwitſcherten auf den Bäumen um mich herum, als ob ſie mich für'n Narren haben wollten. Ich ſprang raſch auf und ſah mich nach allen Seiten um. Die Waſſerkunſt im Garten rauſchte noch immerfort, aber in dem Hauſe war kein Laut zu vernehmen. Ich guckte durch die grünen Jalouſien in das eine Zimmer hinein. Da war ein Sopha, und ein großer runder Tiſch mit grauer Leinwand verhangen, die Stühle ſtanden alle in großer Ordnung und unverrückt an den Wänden herum; von außen aber waren Jalouſien an allen Fenſtern heruntergelaſſen, als wäre das ganze Haus ſchon ſeit vielen Jahren unbewohnt. — Da überfiel mich ein ordentliches Grauſen vor dem einſamen Hauſe und Garten und vor der geſtrigen weißen Geſtalt. Ich lief, ohne mich weiter umzuſehen, durch die ſtillen Lauben und Gänge, und kletterte geſchwind wieder an dem Gartenthor hinauf. Aber da blieb ich wie verzaubert ſitzen, als ich auf einmal von dem hohen Gitterwerk in die prächtige Stadt hinunter ſah. Da blitzte und funkelte die Morgenſonne weit über die Dächer und in die langen ſtillen Straßen hinein, daß ich laut aufjauchzen mußte, und voller Freude auf die Straße hinunter ſprang.

Aber wohin ſollt' ich mich wenden in der großen fremden Stadt? Auch ging mir die confuſe Nacht und das welſche Lied der ſchönen gnädigen Frau von geſtern noch immer im Kopfe hin und her. Ich ſetzte mich endlich auf den ſteinernen Springbrunnen, der mitten auf dem einſamen Platze ſtand, wuſch mir in dem klaren Waſſer die Augen hell und ſang dazu:

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär',
Ich wüßt' wohl, wovon ich ſänge,
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Ich wüßt' wohl, wohin ich mich ſchwänge!

„Ey, luſtiger Geſell, du ſingſt ja wie eine Lerche beim erſten Morgenſtrahl!“ ſagte da auf einmal ein junger Mann zu mir, der während meines Liedes an den Brunnen heran getreten war. Mir aber, da ich ſo unverhofft Deutſch ſprechen hörte, war es nicht anders im Herzen, als wenn die Glocke aus meinem Dorfe am ſtillen Sonntagsmorgen plötzlich zu mir herüber klänge. „Gott, willkommen, beſter Herr Landsmann!“ rief ich aus und ſprang voller Vergnügen von dem ſteinernen Brunnen herab. Der junge Mann lächelte und ſah mich von oben bis unten an. „Aber was treibt Ihr denn eigentlich hier in Rom?“ fragte er endlich. Da wußte ich nun nicht gleich, was ich ſagen ſollte, denn daß ich ſo eben der ſchönen gnädigen Frau nachſpränge, mocht' ich ihm nicht ſagen. „Ich treibe,“ erwiederte ich, „mich ſelbſt ein bischen herum, um die Welt zu ſehn.“ — „So ſo!“ verſetzte der junge Mann und lachte laut auf, „da haben wir ja ein Metier. Das thu' ich eben auch, um die Welt zu ſehn, und hinterdrein abzumalen.“ — „Alſo ein Maler!“ rief ich fröhlich aus, denn mir fiel dabei Herr Leonhard und Guido ein. Aber der Herr ließ mich nicht zu Worte kommen. „Ich denke,“

ſagte er, „Du gehſt mit und frühſtückſt bei mir, da will ich Dich ſelbſt abkonterfeien, daß es eine Freude ſein ſoll!" — Das ließ ich mir gern gefallen, und wanderte nun mit dem Maler durch die leeren Straßen, wo nur hin und wieder erſt einige Fenſterladen aufgemacht wurden und bald ein paar weiße Arme, bald ein verſchlafenes Geſichtchen in die friſche Morgenluft hinausguckte.

Er führte mich lange hin und her durch eine Menge konfuſer enger und dunkler Gaſſen, bis wir endlich in ein altes verräuchertes Haus hineinwuſchten. Dort ſtiegen wir eine finſtere Treppe hinauf, dann wieder eine, als wenn wir in den Himmel hineinſteigen wollten. Wir ſtanden nun unter dem Dache vor einer Thür ſtill, und der Maler fing an in allen Taſchen vorn und hinten mit großer Eilfertigkeit zu ſuchen. Aber er hatte heute früh vergeſſen zuzuſchließen und den Schlüſſel in der Stube gelaſſen. Denn er war, wie er mir unterwegs erzählte, noch vor Tagesanbruch vor die Stadt hinausgegangen, um die Gegend bei Sonnenaufgang zu betrachten. Er ſchüttelte nur mit dem Kopfe und ſtieß die Thüre mit dem Fuße auf.

Das war eine lange, lange große Stube, daß man darin hätte tanzen können, wenn nur nicht auf dem Fußboden alles voll gelegen hätte. Aber da lagen Stiefeln, Papiere, Kleider, umgeworfene Farbentöpfe, alles durch einander; in der Mitte der Stube ſtanden große Gerüſte, wie man zum Birnenabnehmen braucht, ringsum an der Wand waren große Bilder angelehnt. Auf einem langen hölzernen Tiſche war eine Schüſſel, worauf, neben einem Farbenkleckſe, Brod und Butter lag. Eine Flaſche Wein ſtand daneben.

„Nun eßt und trinkt erſt, Landsmann!" rief mir der Maler zu. — Ich wollte mir auch ſogleich ein Paar Butterſchnitten ſchmieren, aber da war wieder kein Meſſer da. Wir mußten erſt lange in den Papieren auf dem Tiſche herumraſcheln, ehe wir es unter einem großen Pakete endlich fanden. Darauf riß der Maler das Fenſter auf, daß die friſche Morgenluft fröhlich das ganze Zimmer durchdrang. Das war eine herrliche Ausſicht weit über die Stadt weg in die Berge hinein, wo die Morgenſonne luſtig die weißen Landhäuſer und Weingärten beſchien. — „Vivat unſer kühlgrünes Deutſchland da hinter den Bergen!" rief der Maler aus und trank dazu aus der Weinflaſche, die er mir dann hinreichte. Ich that ihm höflich Beſcheid, und grüßte in meinem Herzen die ſchöne Heimath in der Ferne noch viel tauſendmal.

Der Maler aber hatte unterdeß das hölzerne Gerüſt, worauf ein ſehr großes Papier ausgeſpannt war, näher an das Fenſter herangerückt. Auf dem Papiere war bloß mit großen ſchwarzen Strichen eine alte Hütte gar künſtlich abgezeichnet. Darin ſaß die heilige Jungfrau mit einem überaus ſchönen, fröhlichen und doch recht wehmüthigen Geſichte. Zu ihren Füßen auf einem Neſtlein von Stroh lag das Jeſuskind, ſehr freundlich, aber mit großen ernſthaften Augen. Draußen auf der Schwelle der offnen Hütte aber knieten zwei Hirtenknaben mit Stab und Taſche. — „Siehſt Du," ſagte der Maler, „dem einen Hirtenknaben da will ich Deinen Kopf aufſetzen, ſo kommt Dein Geſicht doch auch etwas unter die Leute, und will's Gott, ſollen ſie ſich daran noch erfreuen, wenn wir beide ſchon lange begraben ſind und ſelbſt ſo ſtill und fröhlich vor der heiligen Mutter und ihrem Sohne knieen, wie die glücklichen Jungen hier." — Darauf ergriff er einen alten Stuhl, von dem ihm aber, da er ihn aufheben wollte, die halbe Lehne in der Hand blieb. Er paßte ihn geſchwind wieder zuſammen, ſchob ihn vor das Gerüſt hin, und ich mußte mich nun darauf ſetzen und mein Geſicht etwas von der Seite, nach dem Maler zu, wenden. — So ſaß ich ein paar Minuten ganz ſtill, ohne mich zu rühren. Aber ich weiß nicht, zuletzt konnt' ich's gar nicht recht aushalten, bald juckte mich's da, bald juckte mich's dort. Auch hing mir gerade gegenüber ein zerbrochener halber Spiegel, da mußt' ich immerfort hineinſehn, und machte, wenn er eben malte, aus Langeweile allerlei Geſichter und Grimaſſen. Der Maler, der es bemerkte, lachte endlich laut auf und winkte mir mit der Hand, daß ich wieder aufſtehen ſollte. Mein Geſicht auf dem Hirten war auch ſchon fertig, und ſah ſo klar aus, daß ich mir ordentlich ſelber gefiel.

Er zeichnete nun in der friſchen Morgenkühle immer fleißig fort, während er ein Liedchen dazu ſang und zuweilen durch das offne Fenſter in die prächtige Gegend hinausblickte. Ich aber ſchnitt mir unterdeß noch eine Butterſchnitte und ging damit vergnügt im Zimmer auf und ab und beſah mir die Bilder, die an der Wand aufgeſtellt waren. Zwei darunter gefielen mir ganz beſonders gut. „Habt Ihr die auch gemalt?" frug ich den Maler. „Warum nicht gar!" erwiederte er, „die ſind von den berühmten Meiſtern Leonardo da Vinci und Guido Reni — aber da weißt Du ja doch nichts davon!" — Mich ärgerte der Schluß der Rede. „O," verſetzte ich ganz gelaſſen, „die beiden Meiſter kenne ich wie meine Taſche." — Da machte er große Augen. „Wie ſo?" frug er geſchwind. „Nun," ſagte ich, „bin ich nicht mit ihnen Tag und Nacht fortgereiſt, zu Pferde und zu Fuß und zu Wagen, daß mir der Wind am Hute pfiff, und hab' ſie alle beide in der Schenke verloren, und bin dann allein in ihrem Wagen mit Extrapoſt immer weiter gefahren, daß der Bombenwagen immerfort auf zwei Rädern über die entſetzlichen Steine flog, und" — „Oho! Oho!" unterbrach mich der Maler, und ſah mich ſtarr an, als wenn er mich für verrückt hielte. Dann aber brach er plötzlich in ein lautes Gelächter aus. „Ach," rief er, „nun verſteh' ich erſt, Du biſt mit zwei Malern gereiſt, die Guido und Leonhard hießen!" — Da ich das bejahte, ſprang er raſch auf und ſah mich nochmals von oben bis unten ganz genau an. „Ich glaube gar," ſagte er, „am Ende — ſpielſt Du die Violine?" — Ich ſchlug auf meine Rocktaſche, daß die Geige darin einen Klang gab. — „Nun wahrhaftig," verſetzte der Maler, „da war eine Gräfin aus Deutſchland hier, die hat ſich in allen Winkeln von Rom nach den beiden Malern und nach einem jungen Muſikanten mit der Geige erkundigen laſſen." — „Eine junge Gräfin aus Deutſchland?" rief ich voller Entzücken aus, „iſt der Portier mit?" — „Ja das weiß ich alles nicht," erwiederte der Maler, „ich ſah ſie nur einigemal bei einer Freundin von ihr, die aber auch nicht in der Stadt wohnt. — Kennſt Du die?" fuhr er fort, indem er in einem Winkel plötzlich eine Leinwanddecke von einem großen Bilde in die Höhe hob. Da war mir's doch nicht anders, als wenn man in einer finſtern Stube die Laden aufmacht und einem die Morgenſonne auf einmal über die Augen blitzt, es war — die ſchöne gnädige Frau! — ſie ſtand in einem ſchwarzen Sammtkleide im Garten, und hob mit der einen Hand den Schleier vom Geſicht und ſah ſtill und freundlich in eine weite prächtige Gegend hinaus. Je länger ich hinſah, je mehr kam es mir vor, als wäre es der Garten am Schloſſe, und die Blumen und Zweige wiegten ſich leiſe im Winde, und unten in der Tiefe ſähe ich mein Zollhäuschen und die Landſtraße weit durch's Grüne, und die Donau und die fernen blauen Berge.

„Sie iſt's, ſie iſt's!" rief ich endlich, erwiſchte meinen Hut, und rannte raſch zur Thür hinaus, die vielen Treppen hinunter, und hörte nur noch, daß mir der verwunderte Maler nachſchrie, ich ſollte gegen Abend wieder kommen, da könnten wir vielleicht mehr erfahren!

Achtes Capitel.

Ich lief mit großer Eilfertigkeit durch die Stadt, um mich ſogleich wieder in dem Gartenhauſe zu melden, wo die ſchöne Frau geſtern Abend geſungen hatte. Auf den Straßen war unterdeß alles lebendig geworden, Herren und Damen zogen im Sonnenſchein und neigten ſich und grüßten bunt durcheinander, prächtige Karoſſen raſſelten dazwiſchen, und von allen Thürmen läutete es zur Meſſe, daß die Klänge über dem Gewühle wunderbar in der klaren Luft durcheinander hallten. Ich war wie betrunken von Freude und von dem Rumor, und rannte in meiner Fröhlichkeit immer grade fort, bis ich zuletzt gar nicht mehr wußte, wo ich ſtand. Es war wie verzaubert, als wäre der ſtille Platz mit dem Brunnen, und der Garten, und das Haus bloß ein Traum geweſen, und beim hellen Tageslicht alles wieder von der Erde verſchwunden.

Fragen konnte ich nicht, denn ich wußte den Namen des Platzes nicht. Endlich fing es auch an ſehr ſchwül zu werden, die Sonnenſtrahlen ſchoſſen recht wie ſengende Pfeile auf das Pflaſter, die Leute verkrochen ſich in die Häuſer, die Jalouſien wurden überall wieder zugemacht, und es war auf einmal wie ausgeſtorben auf den Straßen. Ich warf mich zuletzt ganz verzweifelt vor einem ſchönen großen Hauſe hin, vor dem ein Balkon mit Säulen breiten Schatten warf, und betrachtete bald die ſtille Stadt, die in der plötzlichen Einſamkeit bei heller Mittagsſtunde ordentlich ſchauerlich ausſah, bald wieder den tiefblauen, ganz wolkenloſen Himmel, bis ich endlich vor großer Ermüdung gar einſchlummerte. Da träumte mir, ich läge bei meinem Dorfe auf einer einſamen grünen Wieſe, ein warmer Sommerregen ſprühte und glänzte in der Sonne, die ſo eben hinter den Bergen unterging, und wie die Regentropfen auf den Raſen fielen, waren es lauter ſchöne bunte Blumen, ſo daß ich davon ganz überſchüttet war.

Aber wie erſtaunte ich, als ich erwachte, und wirklich eine Menge ſchöner friſcher Blumen auf und neben mir liegen ſah! Ich ſprang auf, konnte aber nichts Beſonderes bemerken, als bloß in dem Hauſe über mir ein Fenſter ganz oben voll von duftenden Sträuchern und Blumen, hinter denen ein Papagei unaufhörlich plauderte und kreiſchte. Ich las nun die zerſtreuten Blumen auf, band ſie zuſammen und ſteckte mir den Strauß vorn ins Knopfloch. Dann aber fing ich an, mit dem Papagey ein wenig zu diskuriren, denn es freute mich, wie er in ſeinem vergoldeten Gebauer mit allerlei Grimaſſen herauf und herunter ſtieg und ſich dabei immer ungeſchickt über die große Zehe trat. Doch ehe ich mich's verſah, ſchimpfte er mich „furfante!“ Wenn es gleich eine unvernünftige Beſtie war, ſo ärgerte es mich doch. Ich ſchimpfte ihn wieder, wir geriethen endlich beide in Hitze, je mehr ich auf Deutſch ſchimpfte, je mehr gurgelte er auf italieniſch wieder auf mich los.

Auf einmal hörte ich Jemanden hinter mir lachen. Ich drehte mich raſch um. Es war der Maler von heute früh. „Was ſtellſt Du wieder für tolles Zeug an!“ ſagte er, „ich warte ſchon eine halbe Stunde auf Dich. Die Luft iſt wieder kühler, wir wollen in einen Garten vor der Stadt gehen, da wirſt Du mehrere Landsleute finden und vielleicht etwas Näheres von der deutſchen Gräfin erfahren.“

Darüber war ich außerordentlich erfreut, und wir traten unſern Spaziergang ſogleich an, während ich den Papagey noch lange hinter mir drein ſchimpfen hörte.

Nachdem wir draußen vor der Stadt auf ſchmalen ſteinigten Fußſteigen lange zwiſchen Landhäuſern und Weingärten hinaufgeſtiegen waren, kamen wir an einen kleinen hochgelegenen Garten, wo mehrere junge Männer und Mädchen im Grünen um einen runden Tiſch ſaßen. Sobald wir hineintraten, winkten uns alle zu, uns ſtill zu verhalten, und zeigten auf die andere Seite des Gartens hin. Dort ſaßen in einer großen, grünverwachſenen Laube zwei ſchöne Frauen an einem Tiſch einander gegenüber. Die eine ſang, die andere ſpielte Guitarre dazu. Zwiſchen beiden hinter dem Tiſche ſtand ein freundlicher Mann, der mit einem kleinen Stäbchen zuweilen den Takt ſchlug. Dabei funkelte die Abendſonne durch das Weinlaub, bald über die Weinflaſchen und Früchte, womit der Tiſch in der Laube beſetzt war, bald über die vollen, runden, blendendweißen Achſeln der Frau mit der Guitarre. Die andere war wie verzückt und ſang auf italieniſch ganz außerordentlich künſtlich, daß ihr die Flechſen am Halſe aufſchwollen.

Wie ſie nun ſo eben, mit zum Himmel gerichteten Augen, eine lange Kadenz anhielt, und der Mann neben ihr mit aufgehobenem Stäbchen auf den Augenblick paßte, wo ſie wieder in den Takt einfallen würde, und keiner im ganzen Garten zu athmen ſich unterſtand, da flog plötzlich die Gartenthüre weit auf, und ein ganz erhitztes Mädchen und hinter ihr ein junger Menſch mit einem feinen, bleichen Geſicht ſtürzten in großem Gezänke herein. Der erſchrockene Muſikdirektor blieb mit ſeinem aufgehobenen Stabe wie ein verſteinerter Zauberer ſtehen, obgleich die Sängerin ſchon längſt den langen Triller plötzlich abgeſchnappt hatte, und zornig aufgeſtanden war. Alle übrigen ziſchten den Neuangekommenen wüthend an. „Barbar!“ rief ihm einer von dem runden Tiſche zu, „Du rennſt da mitten in das ſinnreiche Tableau von der ſchönen Beſchreibung hinein, welche der ſelige Hoffmann, Seite 347 des „Frauentaſchenbuchs für 1816,“ von dem ſchönſten Hummelſchen Bilde giebt, das im Herbſt 1814 auf der Berliner Kunſtausſtellung zu ſehen war!“ — Aber das half alles nichts. „Ach was;“ entgegnete der junge Mann, „mit Euren Tableau's! Mein ſelbſt erfundenes Bild für die andern, und mein Mädchen für mich allein! So will ich es halten! O Du Ungetreue, Du Falſche!“ fuhr er dann von neuem gegen das arme Mädchen fort, „Du kritiſche Seele, die in der Malerkunſt nur den Silberblick, und in der Dichtkunſt nur den goldenen Faden ſucht, und keinen Liebſten, ſondern nur lauter Schätze hat! Ich wünſche Dir hinfüro, anſtatt eines ehrlichen maleriſchen Pinſels, einen alten Duca mit einer ganzen Münzgrube von Diamanten auf der Naſe, und mit hellem Silberblick auf der kahlen Platte, und mit Goldſchnitt auf den paar noch übrigen Haaren! Ja nur heraus mit dem verruchten Zettel, den Du da vorhin vor mir verſteckt haſt! Was haſt Du wieder angezettelt? Von wem iſt der Wiſch, und an wen iſt er?“

Aber das Mädchen ſträubte ſich ſtandhaft, und je eifriger die Andern den erbosten jungen Menſchen umgaben und ihn mit großem Lärm zu tröſten und zu beruhigen ſuchten, deſto erhitzter und toller wurde er von dem Rumor, zumal da das Mädchen auch ihr Mäulchen nicht halten konnte, bis ſie endlich weinend aus dem verworrenen Knäuel hervorflog, und ſich auf einmal ganz unverhofft an meine Bruſt ſtürzte, um bei mir Schutz zu ſuchen. Ich ſtellte mich auch ſogleich in die gehörige Poſitur, aber da die Andern in dem Getümmel ſo eben nicht auf uns Acht gaben, kehrte ſie plötzlich das Köpfchen nach mir herauf und flüſterte mir mit ganz ruhigem Geſicht ſehr leiſe und ſchnell ins Ohr: „Du abſcheulicher Einnehmer! um Dich muß ich das alles leiden. Da ſteck' den fatalen Zettel geſchwind zu Dir, Du findeſt darauf bemerkt, wo wir wohnen. Alſo zur beſtimmten Stunde, wenn Du in's Thor kommſt, immer die einſame Straße rechts fort! —“

Ich konnte vor Verwunderung kein Wort hervorbringen, denn wie ich ſie nun erſt recht anſah, erkannte ich ſie auf einmal: es war wahrhaftig die ſchnippiſche Kammerjungfer vom Schloß, die mir damals an dem ſchönen Sonntags-Abende die Flaſche mit Wein brachte. Sie war mir ſonſt niemals ſo ſchön vorgekommen, als da ſie ſich jetzt ſo erhitzt an mich lehnte, daß die ſchwarzen Locken über meinen Arm herabhingen. — „Aber, verehrteſte Mamſell,“ ſagte ich voller Erſtaunen, „wie kommen Sie“ — „Um Gotteswillen, ſtill nur, jetzt ſtill!“ erwiederte ſie, und ſprang geſchwind von mir fort auf die andere Seite des Gartens, eh' ich mich noch auf alles recht beſinnen konnte.

Unterdeß hatten die Andern ihr erſtes Thema faſt ganz vergeſſen, zankten aber untereinander recht vergnüglich weiter, indem ſie dem jungen Menſchen beweiſen wollten, daß er eigentlich betrunken ſey, was ſich für einen ehrliebenden Maler gar nicht ſchicke. Der runde fixe Mann aus der Laube, der — wie ich nachher erfuhr — ein großer Kenner und Freund von Künſten war, und aus Liebe zu den Wiſſenſchaften gern alles mitmachte, hatte auch ſein Stäbchen weggeworfen, und flankirte mit ſeinem fetten Geſicht, das vor Freundlichkeit ordentlich glänzte, eifrig mitten in dem dickſten Getümmel herum, um alles zu vermitteln und zu beſchwichtigen, während er dazwiſchen immer wieder die lange Kadenz und das ſchöne Tableau bedauerte, das er mit vieler Mühe zuſammengebracht hatte.

Mir aber war es ſo ſternklar im Herzen, wie damals an dem glückſeligen Sonnabend, als ich am offnen Fenſter vor der Weinflaſche bis tief in die Nacht hinein auf der Geige ſpielte. Ich holte, da der Rumor gar kein Ende nehmen wollte, friſch meine Violine wieder hervor und ſpielte, ohne mich lange zu beſinnen, einen welſchen Tanz auf, den ſie dort im Gebirge tanzen, und den ich auf dem alten, einſamen Waldſchloſſe gelernt hatte.

Da reckten ſie alle die Köpfe in die Höh. „Bravo, braviſſimo! ein deliziöſer Einfall!“ rief der luſtige Kenner von den Künſten, und lief ſogleich von einem zum andern, um ein ländliches Divertiſſement, wie er's nannte, einzurichten. Er ſelbſt machte den Anfang, indem er der Dame die Hand reichte, die vorhin in der Laube Guitarre geſpielt hatte. Er begann darauf außerordentlich künſtlich zu tanzen, ſchrieb mit den Fußſpitzen allerlei Buchſtaben in den Raſen, ſchlug ordentliche Triller mit den Füßen, und machte von Zeit zu Zeit ganz paſſable Luftſprünge. Aber er bekam es bald ſatt, denn er war etwas korpulent. Er machte immer kürzere und ungeſchicktere Sprünge, bis er endlich ganz aus dem Kreiſe heraustrat und heftig puſtete und ſich mit ſeinem ſchneeweißen Schnupftuch unaufhörlich den Schweiß abwiſchte. Unterdeß hatte auch der junge Menſch, der nun wieder ganz geſcheut geworden war, aus dem Wirthshauſe Caſtagnetten herbeigeholt, und ehe ich mich's verſah, tanzten alle unter den Bäumen bunt durcheinander. Die untergegangene Sonne warf noch einige rothe Wiederſcheine zwiſchen die dunklen Schatten und über das dunkle Gemäuer und die von Epheu wild überwachſenen halb verſunkenen Säulen hinten im Garten, während man von der andern Seite tief unter den Weinbergen die Stadt Rom in den Abendgluthen liegen ſah. Da tanzten ſie alle lieblich im Grünen in der klaren ſtillen Luft, und mir lachte das Herz recht im Leibe, wie die ſchlanken Mädchen, und die Kammerjungfer mitten unter ihnen, ſich ſo mit aufgehobenen Armen wie heidniſche Waldnymphen zwiſchen dem Laubwerk ſchwangen, und dabei jedesmal in der Luft mit Caſtagnetten luſtig dazu ſchnalzten. Ich konnte mich nicht länger halten, ich ſprang mitten unter ſie hinein und machte, während ich dabei immerfort geigte, recht artige Figuren.

Ich mochte eine ziemliche Weile ſo im Kreiſe herum geſprungen ſeyn, und merkte gar nicht, daß die andern unterdeß anfingen müde zu werden und ſich nach und nach von dem Raſenplatze verloren. Da zupfte mich Jemand von hinten tüchtig an den Rockſchößen. Es war die Kammerjungfer. „Sei kein Narr,“ ſagte ſie leiſe, „Du ſpringſt ja wie ein Ziegenbock! Studiere Deinen Zettel ordentlich, und komm bald nach, die ſchöne junge Gräfin wartet.“ — Und damit ſchlüpfte ſie in der Dämmerung zur Gartenpforte hinaus, und war bald zwiſchen den Weingärten verſchwunden.

Mir klopfte das Herz, ich wäre am liebſten gleich nachgeſprungen. Zum Glück zündete der Kellner, da es ſchon dunkel geworden war, in einer großen Laterne an der Gartenthür Licht an. Ich trat heran und zog geſchwind den Zettel heraus. Da war ziemlich kritzlich mit Bleifeder das Thor und die Straße beſchrieben, wie mir die Kammerjungfer vorhin geſagt hatte. Dann ſtand: „Elf Uhr an der kleinen Thüre.“

Da war noch ein paar lange Stunden hin! — Ich wollte mich demungeachtet ſogleich auf den Weg machen, denn ich hatte keine Raſt und Ruhe mehr; aber da kam der Maler, der mich hierher gebracht hatte, auf mich los. „Haſt Du das Mädchen geſprochen?“ frug er, „ich ſeh' ſie nirgends mehr; das war das Kammermädchen von der deutſchen Gräfin.“ „Still, ſtill!“ erwiederte ich, „die Gräfin iſt noch in Rom.“ „Nun, deſto beſſer,“ ſagte der Maler, „ſo komm und trink' mit uns auf ihre Geſundheit!“ und damit zog er mich, wie ſehr ich mich auch ſträubte, in den Garten zurück.

Da war es unterdeß ganz öde und leer geworden. Die luſtigen Gäſte wanderten, jeder ſein Liebchen am Arm, nach der Stadt zu, und man hörte ſie noch durch den ſtillen Abend zwiſchen den Weingärten plaudern und lachen, immer ferner und ferner, bis ſich endlich die Stimmen tief in dem Thale im Rauſchen der Bäume und des Stromes verloren. Ich war nur noch mit meinem Maler, und dem Herrn Eckbrecht — ſo hieß der andere junge Maler, der ſich vorhin ſo herum gezankt hatte — allein oben zurückgeblieben. Der Mond ſchien prächtig im Garten zwiſchen die hohen dunklen Bäume herein, ein Licht flackerte im Winde auf dem Tiſche vor uns und ſchimmerte über den vielen vergoſſenen Wein auf der Tafel. Ich mußte mich mit hinſetzen und mein Maler plauderte mit mir über meine Herkunft, meine Reiſe, und meinen Lebensplan. Herr Eckbrecht aber hatte das junge hübſche Mädchen aus dem Wirthshauſe, nachdem ſie uns Flaſchen auf den Tiſch geſtellt, vor ſich auf den Schoß genommen, legte ihr die Guitarre in den Arm, und lehrte ſie ein Liedchen darauf klimpern. Sie fand ſich auch bald mit den kleinen Händchen zurecht, und ſie ſangen dann zuſammen ein italieniſches Lied, einmal er, dann wieder das Mädchen eine Strophe, was ſich in dem ſchönen ſtillen Abend prächtig ausnahm. — Als das Mädchen dann weggerufen wurde, lehnte ſich Herr Eckbrecht mit der Guitarre auf der Bank zurück, legte ſeine Füße auf einen Stuhl, der vor ihm ſtand, und ſang nun für ſich allein viele herrliche deutſche und italieniſche Lieder, ohne ſich weiter um uns zu bekümmern. Dabei ſchienen die Sterne prächtig am klaren Firmament, die ganze Gegend war wie verſilbert vom Mondſchein, ich dachte an die ſchöne Frau, an die ferne Heimath, und vergaß darüber ganz meinen Maler neben mir. Zuweilen mußte Herr Eckbrecht ſtimmen, darüber wurde er immer ganz zornig. Er drehte und riß zuletzt an dem Inſtrument, daß plötzlich eine Saite ſprang. Da warf er die Guitarre hin und ſprang auf. Nun wurde er erſt gewahr, daß mein Maler ſich unterdeß über ſeinen Arm auf den Tiſch gelegt hatte und feſt eingeſchlafen war. Er warf ſchnell einen weißen Mantel um, der auf einem Aſte neben dem Tiſche hing, beſann ſich aber plötzlich, ſah erſt meinen Maler, dann mich ein paarmal ſcharf an, ſetzte ſich darauf, ohne ſich lange zu bedenken, grade vor mich auf den Tiſch hin, räuſperte ſich, rückte an ſeiner Halsbinde, und fing dann auf einmal an, eine Rede an mich zu halten. „Geliebter Zuhörer und Landsmann!“ ſagte er, „da die Flaſchen beinah leer ſind, und da die Moral unſtreitig die erſte Bürgerpflicht iſt, wenn die Tugenden auf die Neige gehen, ſo fühle ich mich aus landsmänniſcher Sympathie getrieben, Dir einige Moralität zu Gemüthe zu führen. — Man könnte zwar meinen,“ fuhr er fort, „Du ſeiſt ein bloßer Jüngling, während doch Dein Frack über ſeine beſten Jahre hinaus iſt; man könnte vielleicht annehmen, Du habeſt vorhin wunderliche Sprünge gemacht, wie ein Satyr; ja, einige möchten wohl behaupten, Du ſeiſt wohl gar ein Landſtreicher, weil Du hier auf dem Lande biſt und die Geige ſtreichſt; aber ich kehre mich an ſolche oberflächliche Urtheile nicht, ich halte mich an Deine feingeſpitzte Naſe, ich halte Dich für ein vacirendes Genie.“ — Mich ärgerten die verfänglichen Redensarten, ich wollte ihm ſo eben recht antworten. Aber er ließ mich nicht zu Worte kommen. „Siehſt Du,“ ſagte er, „wie Du Dich ſchon aufbläſt von dem bischen Lobe. Gehe in Dich, und bedenke dieſes gefährliche Metier! Wir Genie's — denn ich bin auch eins — machen uns aus der Welt eben ſo wenig, als ſie aus uns, wir ſchreiten vielmehr ohne beſondere Umſtände in unſern Siebenmeilenſtiefeln, die wir bald mit auf die Welt bringen, grade auf die Ewigkeit los. O höchſt klägliche, unbequeme, breitgeſpreizte Poſition, mit dem einen Beine in der Zukunft, wo nichts als Morgenroth und zukünftige Kindergeſichter dazwiſchen, mit dem andern Beine noch mitten in Rom auf der Piazza del Popolo, wo das ganze Säkulum bei der guten Gelegenheit mitwill und ſich an den Stiefel hängt, daß ſie einem das Bein ausreißen möchten! Und alle das Zucken, Weintrinken und Hungerleiden lediglich für die unſterbliche Ewigkeit! Und ſiehe meinen Herrn Collegen dort auf der Bank, der gleichfalls ein Genie iſt; ihm wird die Zeit ſchon zu lang, was wird er erſt in der Ewigkeit anfangen?! Ja, hochgeſchätzter Herr College, Du und ich und die Sonne, wir ſind heute früh zuſammen aufgegangen, und haben den ganzen Tag gebrütet und gemalt, und es war alles ſchön — und nun fährt die ſchläfrige Nacht mit ihrem Pelzärmel über die Welt und hat alle Farben verwiſcht.“ Er ſprach noch immerfort und war dabei mit ſeinen verwirrten Haaren von dem Tanzen und Trinken im Mondſchein ganz leichenblaß anzuſehen.

Mir aber graute ſchon lange vor ihm und ſeinem wilden Gerede, und als er ſich nun förmlich zu dem ſchlafenden Maler herum wandte, benutzte ich die Gelegenheit, ſchlich, ohne daß er es bemerkte, um den Tiſch, aus dem Garten heraus, und ſtieg, allein und fröhlich im Herzen, an dem Rebengeländer in das weite, vom Mondſchein beglänzte Thal hinunter.

Von der Stadt her ſchlugen die Uhren Zehn. Hinter mir hörte ich durch die ſtille Nacht noch einzelne Guitarrenklänge und manchmal die Stimmen der beiden Maler, die nun auch nach Hauſe gingen, von ferne herüberſchallen. Ich lief daher ſo ſchnell, als ich nur konnte, damit ſie mich nicht weiter ausfragen ſollten.

Am Thore bog ich ſogleich rechts in die Straße ein, und ging mit klopfendem Herzen eilig zwiſchen den ſtillen Häuſern und Gärten fort. Aber wie erſtaunte ich, als ich da auf einmal auf dem Plaze mit dem Springbrunnen heraus kam, den ich heute am Tage gar nicht hatte finden können. Da ſtand das einſame Gartenhaus wieder, im prächtigſten Mondſchein, und auch die ſchöne Frau ſang im Garten wieder daſſelbe italieniſche Lied, wie geſtern Abend. — Ich rannte voller Entzücken erſt an die kleine Thür, dann an die Hausthür, und endlich mit aller Gewalt an das große Gartenthor, aber es war alles verſchloſſen. Nun fiel mir erſt ein, daß es noch nicht Elf geſchlagen hatte. Ich ärgerte mich über die langſame Zeit, aber über das Gartenthor klettern, wie geſtern, mochte ich wegen der guten Lebensart nicht. Ich ging daher ein Weilchen auf dem einſamen Plaze auf und ab, und ſetzte mich endlich wieder auf den ſteinernen Brunnen voll Gedanken und ſtiller Erwartung hin.

Die Sterne funkelten am Himmel, auf dem Plaze war alles leer und ſtill, ich hörte voll Vergnügen dem Geſange der ſchönen Frau zu, der zwiſchen dem Rauſchen des Brunnens aus dem Garten herüberklang. Da erblickt ich auf einmal eine weiße Geſtalt, die von der andern Seite des Plazes herkam, und grade auf die kleine Gartenthür zuging. Ich blickte durch den Mondſchimmer recht ſcharf hin — es war der wilde Maler in ſeinem weißen Mantel. Er zog ſchnell einen Schlüſſel hervor, ſchloß auf, und ehe ich mich's verſah, war er im Garten drinn.

Nun hatte ich gegen den Maler ſchon von Anfang eine abſonderliche Pike wegen ſeiner unvernünftigen Reden. Jezt aber gerieth ich ganz außer mir vor Zorn. Das liederliche Genie iſt gewiß wieder betrunken, dachte ich, den Schlüſſel hat er von der Kammerjungfer, und will nun die gnädige Frau beſchleichen, verrathen, überfallen — Und ſo ſtürzte ich durch das kleine, offengebliebene Pförtchen in den Garten hinein.

Als ich eintrat, war es ganz ſtill und einſam darin. Die Flügelthür vom Gartenhauſe ſtand offen, ein milchweißer Lichtſchein drang daraus hervor, und ſpielte auf dem Graſe und den Blumen vor der Thür. Ich blickte von weitem herein. Da lag in einem prächtigen grünen Gemach, das von einer weißen Lampe nur wenig erhellt war, die ſchöne gnädige Frau, mit der Guitarre im Arm, auf einem ſeidenen Faulbettchen, ohne in ihrer Unſchuld an die Gefahren draußen zu denken.

Ich hatte aber nicht lange Zeit, hinzuſehen, denn ich bemerkte ſo eben, daß die weiße Geſtalt von der andern Seite ganz behutſam hinter den Sträuchern nach dem Gartenhauſe zuſchlich. Dabei ſang die gnädige Frau ſo kläglich aus dem Hauſe, daß es mir recht durch Mark und Bein ging. Ich beſann mich daher nicht lange, brach einen tüchtigen Aſt ab, rannte damit grade auf den Weißmantel los, und ſchrie aus vollem Halſe „Mordjo!“ daß der ganze Garten erzitterte.

Der Maler, wie er mich ſo unverhofft daherkommen ſah, nahm ſchnell Reißaus, und ſchrie entſetzlich. Ich ſchrie noch beſſer, er lief nach dem Hauſe zu, ich ihm nach — und ich hätt' ihn beinah ſchon erwiſcht, da verwickelte ich mich mit den Füßen in den fatalen Blumenſtöcken, und ſtürzte auf einmal der Länge nach vor der Hausthür hin.

„Alſo Du biſt es Narr!“ hört' ich da über mir ausrufen, „haſt Du mich doch faſt zum Tode erſchreckt!“ — Ich raffte mich geſchwind wieder auf, und wie ich mir den Sand und die Erde aus den Augen wiſche, ſteht die Kammerjungfer vor mir, die ſo eben bei dem letzten Sprunge den weißen Mantel von der Schulter verloren hatte. „Aber,“ ſagte ich ganz verblüfft, „war denn der Maler nicht hier?“ — „Ja freilich,“ entgegnete ſie ſchnippiſch, „ſein Mantel wenigſtens, den er mir, wie ich ihn vorhin am Thore begegnete, umgehangen hat, weil mich fror.“ — Ueber dem Geplauder war nun auch die gnädige Frau von ihrem Sopha aufgeſprungen, und kam zu uns an die Thür. Mir klopfte das Herz zum Zerſpringen. Aber wie erſchrack ich, als ich recht hinſah und, anſtatt der ſchönen gnädigen Frau, auf einmal eine ganz fremde Perſon erblickte!

Es war eine etwas große korpulente, mächtige Dame mit einer ſtolzen Adlernaſe und hochgewölbten ſchwarzen Augenbraunen, ſo recht zum Erſchrecken ſchön. Sie ſah mich mit ihren großen funkelnden Augen ſo majeſtätiſch an, daß ich mich vor Ehrfurcht gar nicht zu laſſen wußte. Ich war ganz verwirrt, ich machte in einem fort Komplimente, und wollte ihr zuletzt gar die Hand küſſen. Aber ſie riß ihre Hand ſchnell weg, und ſprach dann auch italieniſch zu der Kammerjungfer, wovon ich nichts verſtand.

Unterdeß aber war von dem vorigen Geſchrei die ganze Nachbarſchaft lebendig geworden. Hunde bellten, Kinder ſchrien, zwiſchendurch hörte man einige Männerſtimmen, die immer näher und näher auf den Garten zukamen. Da blickte mich die Dame noch einmal an, als wenn ſie mich mit feurigen Kugeln durchbohren wollte, wandte ſich dann raſch nach dem Zimmer zurück, während ſie dabei ſtolz und gezwungen auflachte, und ſchmiß mir die Thüre vor der Naſe zu. Die Kammerjungfer aber erwiſchte mich ohne weiteres beim Flügel, und zerrte mich nach der Gartenpforte.

„Da haſt Du wieder einmal recht dummes Zeug gemacht,“ ſagte ſie unterwegs voller Bosheit zu mir. Ich wurde auch ſchon giftig. „Nun zum Teufel!“ ſagte ich, „habt Ihr mich denn nicht ſelbſt hieher beſtellt!“ — „Das iſt's ja eben,“ rief die Kammerjungfer, „meine Gräfin meinte es gut mit Dir, wirft Dir erſt Blumen aus dem Fenſter zu, ſingt Arien — und das iſt nun ihr Lohn! Aber mit Dir iſt nun einmal nichts anzufangen, Du trittſt Dein Glück ordentlich mit Füßen.“ — „Aber,“ erwiederte ich, „ich meinte die Gräfin aus Deutſchland, die ſchöne gnädige Frau“ — „Ach“ unterbrach ſie mich, „die iſt ja lange ſchon wieder in Deutſchland, mit ſammt Deiner tollen Amour. Und da lauf Du nur auch wieder hin! Sie ſchmachtet ohnedieß nach Dir, da könnt' Ihr zuſammen die Geige ſpielen und in den Mond gucken, aber daß Du mir nicht wieder unter die Augen kommſt!“

Nun aber entſtand ein entſetzlicher Rumor und Spektakel hinter uns. Aus dem andern Garten kletterten Leute mit Knüppeln haſtig über den Zaun, andere fluchten und durchſuchten ſchon die Gänge, desperate Geſichter mit Schlafmützen guckten im Mondſchein bald da bald dort über die Hecken, es war, als wenn der Teufel auf einmal aus allen Hecken und Sträuchern Geſindel heckte. — Die Kammerjungfer fackelte nicht lange. „Dort, dort läuft der Dieb!“ ſchrie ſie den Leuten zu, indem ſie dabei auf die andere Seite des Gartens zeigte. Dann ſchob ſie mich ſchnell aus dem Garten, und klappte das Pförtchen hinter mir zu.

Da ſtand ich nun unter Gottes freiem Himmel wieder auf dem ſtillen Platze mutterſeelen allein, wie ich geſtern angekommen war. Die Waſſerkunſt, die mir vorhin im Mondſchein ſo luſtig flimmerte, als wenn Englein darin auf und nieder ſtiegen, rauſchte noch fort wie damals, mir aber war unterdeß alle Luſt und Freude in den Brunnen gefallen. — Ich nahm mir nun feſt vor, dem falſchen Italien mit ſeinen verrückten Malern, Pommeranzen und Kammerjungfern auf ewig den Rücken zu kehren, und wanderte noch zur ſelbigen Stunde zum Thore hinaus.

Neuntes Capitel

Die treuen Berg' ſteh'n auf der Wacht:
„Wer ſtreicht bei ſtiller Morgenzeit
Da aus der Fremde durch die Haid'?“ —
Ich aber mir die Berg' betracht'
Und lach' in mich vor großer Luſt,
Und rufe recht aus friſcher Bruſt
Parol und Feldgeſchrei ſogleich:
Vivat Oeſtreich!

Da kennt mich erſt die ganze Rund,
Nun grüßen Bach und Vöglein zart
Und Wälder rings nach Landesart,
Die Donau blitzt aus tiefem Grund,
Der Stephansthurm auch ganz von fern
Guckt übern Berg und ſäh mich gern,
Und iſt er's nicht, ſo kommt er doch gleich,
Vivat Oeſtreich!

Ich ſtand auf einem hohen Berge, wo man zum erſtenmal nach Oeſtreich hineinſehen kann, und ſchwenkte voller Freude noch mit dem Hute und ſang die letzte Strophe, da fiel auf einmal hinter mir im Walde eine prächtige Muſik von Blasinſtrumenten mit ein. Ich dreh' mich ſchnell um und erblicke drei junge Geſellen in langen blauen Mänteln, davon bläſt der Eine Oboe, der Andere die Klarinett, und der Dritte, der einen alten Dreiſtutzer auf dem Kopfe hatte, das Waldhorn — die akkompagnirten mich plötzlich, daß der ganze Wald erſchallte. Ich, nicht zu faul, ziehe meine Geige hervor, und ſpiele und ſinge ſogleich friſch mit. Da ſah einer den Andern bedenklich an, der Waldhorniſt ließ dann zuerſt ſeine Pausbacken wieder einfallen und ſetzte ſein Waldhorn ab, bis am Ende Alle ſtille wurden, und mich anſchauten. Ich hielt verwundert ein, und ſah ſie auch an. — „Wir meinten,“ ſagte endlich der Waldhorniſt, „weil der Herr ſo einen langen Frack hat, der Herr wäre ein reiſender Engländer, der hier zu Fuß die ſchöne Natur bewundert, da wollten wir uns ein Viatikum verdienen. Aber, mir ſcheint, der Herr iſt ſelber ein Muſikant.“ — „Eigentlich ein Einnehmer,“ verſetzte ich, „und komme direkt von Rom her, da ich aber ſeit geraumer Zeit nichts mehr eingenommen, ſo habe ich mich unterwegs mit der Violine durchgeſchlagen.“ — „Bringt nicht viel heut zu Tage!“ ſagte Waldhorniſt, der unterdeß wieder an den Wald zurückgetreten war, und mit ſeinem Dreiſtutzer ein kleines Feuer anfachte, das ſie dort angezündet hatten. „Da gehn die blaſenden Inſtrumente ſchon beſſer,“ fuhr er fort; „wenn ſo eine Herrſchaft ganz ruhig zu Mittag ſpeiſt, und wir treten unverhofft in das gewölbte Vorhaus und fangen alle drei aus Leibeskräften zu blaſen an — gleich kommt ein Bedienter herausgeſprungen mit Geld oder Eſſen, damit ſie nur den Lärm wieder los werden. Aber will der Herr nicht eine Collation mit einnehmen?“

Das Feuer loderte nun recht luſtig im Walde, der Morgen war friſch, wir ſetzten uns alle rings umher auf den Raſen, und zwei von den Muſikanten nahmen ein Töpfchen, worin Kaffee und auch ſchon Milch war, vom Feuer, holten Brod aus ihren Manteltaſchen hervor, und tunkten und tranken abwechſelnd aus dem Topfe, und es ſchmeckte ihnen ſo gut, daß es ordentlich eine Luſt war anzuſehen. — Der Waldhorniſt aber ſagte: „Ich kann das ſchwarze Gesöff nicht vertragen,“ und reichte mir dabei die eine Hälfte von einer großen übereinander gelegten Butterſchnitte, dann brachte er eine Flaſche Wein zum Vorſchein. „Will der Herr nicht auch einen Schluck?“ — Ich that einen tüchtigen Zug, mußte aber ſchnell wieder abſetzen und das ganze Geſicht verziehn, denn es ſchmeckte wie Dreimännerwein. „Hieſiges Gewächs,“ ſagte der Waldhorniſt, „aber der Herr hat ſich in Italien den deutſchen Geſchmack verdorben.“

Darauf kramte er eifrig in ſeinem Schubſack und zog endlich unter allerlei Plunder eine alte zerfetzte Landkarte hervor, worauf noch der Kaiſer in vollem Ornate zu ſehen war, den Zepter in der rechten, den Reichsapfel in der linken Hand. Er breitete ſie auf dem Boden behutſam auseinander, die Andern rückten näher heran, und ſie berathſchlagten nun zuſammen, was ſie für eine Marſchroute nehmen ſollten.

„Die Vakanz geht bald zu Ende,“ ſagte der Eine, „wir müſſen uns gleich von Linz abwenden, ſo kommen wir noch bei guter Zeit nach Prag.“ — „Nun wahrhaftig!“ rief der Waldhorniſt, „wem willſt Du da was vorpfeifen? Nichts als Wälder und Kohlenbauern, kein geläuterter Kunſtgeſchmack, keine vernünftige freie Station!“ — „O Narrenspoſſen!“ erwiederte der Andere, „die Bauern ſind mir grade die liebſten, die wiſſen am beſten wo einen der Schuh drückt, und nehmens nicht ſo genau, wenn man manchmal eine falſche Note bläſt.“ — „Das macht, Du haſt kein point d'honneur,“ verſetzte der Waldhorniſt, „odi profanum vulgus et arceo, ſagt der Lateiner.“ — „Nun, Kirchen aber muß es auf der Tour doch geben,“ meinte der Dritte, „ſo kehren wir bei den Herren Pfarrern ein.“ — „Gehorſamſter Diener! ſagte der Waldhorniſt, „die geben kleines Geld und große Sermone, daß wir nicht ſo unnütz in der Welt herumſchweifen, ſondern uns beſſer auf die Wiſſenſchaften appliciren ſollen, beſonders wenn ſie in mir den künftigen Herrn Konfrater wittern. Nein, nein, Clericus clericum non decimat. Aber was giebt es denn da überhaupt für große Noth? die Herren Profeſſoren ſitzen auch noch im Karlsbade, und halten ſelbſt den Tag nicht ſo genau ein.“ — „Ja, distinguendum est inter et inter,“ erwiederte der Andere, „quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi!“

Ich aber merkte nun, daß es Prager Studenten waren, und bekam einen ordentlichen Reſpekt vor ihnen, beſonders da ihnen das Latein nur ſo wie Waſſer vom Munde floß. — „Iſt der Herr auch ein Studirter?“ fragte mich darauf der Waldhorniſt. Ich erwiederte beſcheiden, daß ich immer beſonders Luſt zum Studiren, aber kein Geld gehabt hätte. — „Das thut gar nichts,“ rief der Waldhorniſt, „wir haben auch weder Geld, noch reiche Freundſchaft. Aber ein geſcheuter Kopf muß ſich zu helfen wiſſen. Aurora musis amica, das heißt zu deutſch: mit vielem Frühſtücken ſollſt Du Dir nicht die Zeit verderben. Aber wenn dann die Mittagsglocken von Thurm zu Thurm und von Berg zu Berg über die Stadt gehen, und nun die Schüler auf einmal mit großem Geſchrei aus dem alten finſtern Collegium herausbrechen und im Sonnenſcheine durch die Gaſſen ſchwärmen — da begeben wir uns bei den Kapuzinern zum Pater Küchenmeiſter und finden unſern gedeckten Tiſch, und iſt er auch nicht gedeckt, ſo ſteht doch für jeden ein voller Topf darauf, da fragen wir nicht viel darnach und eſſen, und perfectioniren uns dabei noch im Lateiniſchſprechen. Siehſt Du, Bruder, ſo ſtudiren wir von einem Tage zum andern fort. Und wenn dann endlich die Vakanz kommt, und die Andern fahren und reiten zu ihren Eltern fort, da wandern wir mit unſern Inſtrumenten unterm Mantel durch die Gaſſen zum Thore hinaus, und die ganze Welt ſteht uns offen."

Ich weiß nicht — wie er ſo erzählte — ging es mir recht durch's Herz, daß ſo gelehrte Leute ſo ganz verlaſſen ſein ſollten auf der Welt. Ich dachte dabei an mich, wie es mir eigentlich ſelber nicht anders ginge, und die Thränen traten mir in die Augen. — Der Waldhorniſt ſah mich groß an. „Das thut gar nichts," fuhr er wieder weiter fort, „ich möchte gar nicht ſo reiſen: Pferde und Kaffee und friſchüberzogene Betten, und Nachtmützen und Stiefelknecht vorausbeſtellt. Das iſt juſt das Schönſte, wenn wir ſo frühmorgens heraustreten, und die Zugvögel hoch über uns fortziehn, daß wir gar nicht wiſſen, welcher Schornſtein heut für uns raucht, und gar nicht vorausſehen, was uns bis zum Abend noch für ein beſonderes Glück begegnen kann." — „Ja," ſagte der Andere, „und wo wir hinkommen und unſere Inſtrumente herausziehen, wird Alles fröhlich, und wenn wir dann zur Mittagsſtunde auf dem Lande in ein Herrſchaftshaus treten, und im Hausflur blaſen, da tanzen die Mägde mit einander vor der Hausthür, und die Herrſchaft läßt die Saalthür etwas aufmachen, damit ſie die Muſik drin beſſer hören, und durch die Lücke kommt das Tellergeklapper und der Bratenduft in den freudenreichen Schall herausgezogen, und die Fräuleins an der Tafel verdrehen ſich faſt die Hälſe, um die Muſikanten draußen zu ſehn." — „Wahrhaftig," rief der Waldhorniſt mit leuchtenden Augen aus, „laßt die Andern nur ihre Kompendien repetiren, wir ſtudiren unterdeß in dem großen Bilderbuche, das der liebe Gott uns draußen aufgeſchlagen hat! Ja glaub nur der Herr, aus uns werden grade die rechten Kerls, die den Bauern dann was zu erzählen wiſſen und mit der Fauſt auf die Kanzel ſchlagen, daß den Knollfinken unten vor Erbauung und Zerknirſchung das Herz im Leibe berſten möchte."

Wie ſie ſo ſprachen, wurde mir ſo luſtig in meinem Sinn, daß ich gleich auch hätte mit ſtudiren mögen. Ich konnte mich gar nicht ſatt hören, denn ich unterhalte mich gern mit Studirten, wo man etwas profitiren kann. Aber es konnte gar nicht zu einem recht vernünftigen Diskurſe kommen. Denn dem einen Studenten war vorhin angſt geworden, weil die Vakanz ſo bald zu Ende gehen ſollte. Er hatte daher hurtig ſein Klarinett zuſammengeſetzt, ein Notenblatt vor ſich auf das aufgeſtemmte Knie hingelegt, und exercirte ſich eine ſchwierige Paſſage aus einer Meſſe ein, die er mitblaſen ſollte, wenn ſie nach Prag zurückkamen. Da ſaß er nun und fingerte und pfiff dazwiſchen manchmal ſo falſch, daß es einem durch Mark und Bein ging und man oft ſein eigenes Wort nicht verſtehen konnte.

Auf einmal ſchrie der Waldhorniſt mit ſeiner Baßſtimme: „Topp, da hab' ich es," er klopfte dabei fröhlich auf die Landkarte neben ihm. Der Andere ließ auf einen Augenblick von ſeinem fleißigen Blaſen ab, und ſah ihn verwundert an. „Hört," ſagte der Waldhorniſt, „nicht weit von Wien iſt ein Schloß, auf dem Schloſſe iſt ein Portier, und der Portier iſt mein Vetter! Theuerſte Condiſcipels, da müſſen wir hin, machen dem Herrn Vetter unſer Compliment, und er wird dann ſchon dafür ſorgen, wie er uns wieder weiter fortbringt!" — Als ich das hörte, fuhr ich geſchwind auf. „Bläſt er nicht auf dem Fagott?" rief ich, „und iſt von langer, gerader Leibesbeſchaffenheit, und hat eine große vornehme Naſe?" — Der Waldhorniſt nickte mit dem Kopfe. Ich aber embraſſirte ihn vor Freuden, daß ihm der Dreiſtutzer vom Kopfe fiel, und wir beſchloſſen nun ſogleich, alle miteinander im Poſtſchiffe auf der Donau nach dem Schloß der ſchönen Gräfin hinunter zu fahren.

Als wir an das Ufer kamen, war ſchon Alles zur Abfahrt bereit. Der dicke Gaſtwirth, bei dem das Schiff über Nacht angelegt hatte, ſtand breit und behaglich in ſeiner Hausthür, die er ganz ausfüllte, und ließ zum Abſchied allerlei Witze und Redensarten erſchallen, während in jedem Fenſter ein Mädchenkopf herausfuhr und den Schiffern noch freundlich zunickte, die ſo eben die letzten Pakete nach dem Schiffe ſchafften. Ein ältlicher Herr mit einem grauen Ueberrock und ſchwarzem Halstuch, der auch mitfahren wollte, ſtand am Ufer, und ſprach ſehr eifrig mit einem jungen ſchlanken Bürſchchen, das mit langen ledernen Beinkleidern und knapper, ſcharlachrother Jacke vor ihm auf einem prächtigen Engländer ſaß. Sie ſchienen mir zu meiner großen Verwunderung, als wenn ſie beide zuweilen nach mir hinblickten und von mir ſprächen. — Zuletzt lachte der alte Herr, das ſchlanke Bürſchchen ſchnalzte mit der Reitgerte, und ſprengte, mit den Lerchen über ihm um die Wette, durch die Morgenluft in die blitzende Landſchaft hinein.

Unterdeß hatten die Studenten und ich unſere Kaſſe zuſammengeſchoſſen. Der Schiffer lachte und ſchüttelte den Kopf, als ihm der Waldhorniſt damit unſer Fährgeld in lauter Kupferſtücken aufzählte, die wir mit großer Noth aus allen unſern Taſchen zuſammengebracht hatten. Ich aber jauchzte laut auf, als ich auf einmal wieder die Donau ſo recht vor mir ſah; wir ſprangen geſchwind auf das Schiff hinauf, der Schiffer gab das Zeichen, und ſo flogen wir nun im ſchönſten Morgenglanze zwiſchen den Bergen und Wieſen hinunter.

Da ſchlugen die Vögel im Walde, und von beiden Seiten klangen die Morgenglocken von fern aus den Dörfern, hoch in der Luft hörte man manchmal die Lerchen dazwiſchen. Von dem Schiffe aber jubilirte und ſchmetterte ein Kanarienvogel mit darein, daß es eine rechte Luſt war.

Der gehörte einem hübſchen jungen Mädchen, die auch mit auf dem Schiffe war. Sie hatte den Käfig dicht neben ſich ſtehen, von der andern Seite hielt ſie ein feines Bündel Wäſche unterm Arm, ſo ſaß ſie ganz ſtill für ſich und ſah recht zufrieden bald auf ihre neuen Reiſeſchuhe, die unter dem Röckchen hervorkamen, bald wieder in das Waſſer vor ſich hinunter, und die Morgenſonne glänzte ihr dabei auf der weißen Stirn, über der ſie die Haare ſehr ſauber geſcheitelt hatte. Ich merkte wohl, daß die Studenten gern einen höflichen Diskurs mit ihr angeſponnen hätten, denn ſie gingen immer an ihr vorüber, und der Waldhorniſt räuſperte ſich dabei und rückte bald an ſeiner Halsbinde, bald an dem Dreiſtutzer. Aber ſie hatten keine rechte Courage, und das Mädchen ſchlug auch jedesmal die Augen nieder, ſobald ſie ihr näher kamen.

Beſonders aber genirten ſie ſich vor dem ältlichen Herrn mit dem grauen Ueberrocke, der nun auf der andern Seite des Schiffes ſaß, und den ſie gleich für einen Geiſtlichen hielten. Er hatte ein Brevier vor ſich, in welchem er las, dazwiſchen aber oft in die ſchöne Gegend von dem Buche aufſah, deſſen Goldſchnitt und die vielen darin eingelegten bunten Heiligenbilder prächtig im Morgenſcheine blitzten. Dabei bemerkte er auch ſehr gut, was auf dem Schiffe vorging, und erkannte bald die Vögel an ihren Federn; denn es dauerte nicht lange, ſo redete er einen Studenten lateiniſch an, worauf alle drei herantraten, die Hüte vor ihm abnahmen, und ihm wieder lateiniſch antworteten.

Ich aber hatte mich unterdeß ganz vorn auf die Spitze des Schiffes geſetzt, ließ vergnügt meine Beine über dem Waſſer herunterbaumeln, und blickte, während das Schiff ſo fortflog und die Wellen unter mir rauſchten und ſchäumten, immerfort in die blaue Ferne, wie da ein Thurm und ein Schloß nach dem andern aus dem Ufergrün hervorkam, wuchs und wuchs, und endlich hinter uns wieder verſchwand. Wenn ich nur heute Flügel hätte! dachte ich, und zog endlich vor Ungeduld meine liebe Violine hervor, und ſpielte alle meine älteſten Stücke durch, die ich noch zu Hauſe und auf dem Schloß der ſchönen Frau gelernt hatte.

Auf einmal klopfte mir Jemand von hinten auf die Achſel. Es war der geiſtliche Herr, der unterdeß ſein Buch weggelegt, und mir ſchon ein Weilchen zugehört hatte. „Ei," ſagte er lachend zu mir, „ei, ei, Herr ludi magiſter, Eſſen und Trinken vergißt er." Er hieß mich darauf meine Geige einſtecken, um einen Imbiß mit ihm einzunehmen, und führte mich zu einer kleinen luſtigen Laube, die von den Schiffern aus jungen Birken und Tannenbäumchen in der Mitte des Schiffes aufgerichtet worden war. Dort hatte er einen Tiſch hinſtellen laſſen, und ich, die Studenten, und ſelbſt das junge Mädchen, wir mußten uns auf die Fäſſer und Pakete ringsherum ſetzen.

Der geiſtliche Herr packte nun einen großen Braten und Butterſchnitten aus, die ſorgfältig in Papier gewickelt waren, zog auch aus einem Futteral mehrere Weinflaſchen und einen ſilbernen, innerlich vergoldeten Becher hervor, ſchenkte ein, koſtete erſt, roch dran und prüfte wieder und reichte dann einem Jeden von uns. Die Studenten ſaßen ganz kerzengrade auf ihren Fäſſern, und aßen und tranken nur ſehr wenig vor großer Devotion. Auch das Mädchen tauchte bloß das Schnäbelchen in den Becher, und blickte dabei ſchüchtern bald auf mich, bald auf die Studenten, aber je öfter ſie uns anſah, je dreiſter wurde ſie nach und nach.

Sie erzählte endlich dem geiſtlichen Herrn, daß ſie nun zum erſtenmale von Hauſe in Condition komme, und ſo eben auf das Schloß ihrer neuen Herrſchaft reiſe. Ich wurde über und über roth, denn ſie nannte dabei das Schloß der ſchönen gnädigen Frau. — Alſo das ſoll meine zukünftige Kammerjungfer ſeyn! dachte ich und ſah ſie groß an, und mir ſchwindelte faſt dabei. — „Auf dem Schloſſe wird es bald eine große Hochzeit geben,“ ſagte darauf der geiſtliche Herr. „Ja,“ erwiederte das Mädchen, die gern von der Geſchichte mehr gewußt hätte; „man ſagt, es wäre ſchon eine alte, heimliche Liebſchaft geweſen, die Gräfin hätte es aber niemals zugeben wollen.“ Der Geiſtliche antwortete nur mit: „hm, hm!“ während er ſeinen Jagdbecher vollſchenkte, und mit bedenklichen Mienen daraus nippte. Ich aber hatte mich mit beiden Armen weit über den Tiſch vorgelegt, um die Unterredung recht genau anzuhören. Der geiſtliche Herr bemerkte es. „Ich kann's Euch wohl ſagen,“ hub er wieder an, „die beiden Gräfinnen haben mich auf Kundſchaft ausgeſchickt, ob der Bräutigam ſchon vielleicht hier in der Gegend ſey. Eine Dame aus Rom hat geſchrieben, daß er ſchon lange von dort fort ſey.“ — Wie er von der Dame aus Rom anfing, wurd' ich wieder roth. „Kennen denn Ew. Hochwürden den Bräutigam?“ fragte ich ganz verwirrt. — „Nein,“ erwiederte der alte Herr, „aber ſoll ein luſtiger Vogel ſeyn.“ — „O ja,“ ſagte ich haſtig, „ein Vogel, der aus jeden Käfig ausreißt, ſobald er nur kann, und luſtig ſingt, wenn er wieder in der Freiheit iſt.“ — „Und ſich in der Fremde herumtreibt,“ fuhr der Herr gelaſſen fort, „in der Nacht paſſatim geht, und am Tage vor den Hausthüren ſchläft.“ — Mich verdroß das ſehr. „Ehrwürdiger Herr,“ rief ich ganz hitzig aus, „da hat man Euch falſch berichtet. Der Bräutigam iſt ein moraliſcher, ſchlanker, hoffnungsvoller Jüngling, der in Italien in einem alten Schloſſe auf großem Fuß gelebt hat, der mit lauter Gräfinnen, berühmten Malern und Kammerjungfern umgegangen iſt, der ſein Geld ſehr wohl zu Rathe zu halten weiß, wenn er nur welches hätte, der“ — „Nun, nun, ich wußte nicht, daß Ihr ihn ſo gut kennt,“ unterbrach mich hier der Geiſtliche, und lachte dabei ſo herzlich, daß er ganz blau im Geſichte wurde, und ihm die Thränen aus den Augen rollten. — „Ich hab' doch aber gehört,“ ließ ſich nun das Mädchen wieder vernehmen, „der Bräutigam wäre ein großer, überaus reicher Herr.“ — „Ach Gott, ja doch, ja! Confuſion, nichts als Confuſion!“ rief der Geiſtliche und konnte ſich noch immer vor Lachen nicht zu Gute geben, bis er ſich endlich ganz verhuſtete. Als er ſich wieder ein wenig erholt hatte, hob er den Becher in die Höh und rief: „das Brautpaar ſoll leben!“ — Ich wußte gar nicht, was ich von dem Geiſtlichen und ſeinem Gerede denken ſollte, ich ſchämte mich aber, wegen der römiſchen Geſchichten, ihm hier vor allen Leuten zu ſagen, daß ich ſelber der verlorene glückſelige Bräutigam ſey.

Der Becher ging wieder fleißig in die Runde, der geiſtliche Herr ſprach dabei freundlich mit Allen, ſo daß ihm bald ein Jeder gut wurde, und am Ende alles fröhlich durcheinander ſprach. Auch die Studenten wurden immer redſeliger und erzählten von ihren Fahrten im Gebirge, bis ſie endlich gar ihre Inſtrumente holten und luſtig zu blaſen anfingen. Die kühle Waſſerluft ſtrich dabei durch die Zweige der Laube, die Abendſonne vergoldete ſchon die Wälder und Thäler, die ſchnell an uns vorüberflogen, während die Ufer von den Waldhornsklängen wiederhallten. — Und als dann der Geiſtliche von der Muſik immer vergnügter wurde und luſtige Geſchichten aus ſeiner Jugend erzählte: wie auch er zur Vakanz über Berge und Thäler gezogen, und oft hungrig und durſtig, aber immer fröhlich geweſen, und wie eigentlich das ganze Studentenleben eine große Vakanz ſey zwiſchen der engen düſtern Schule und der ernſten Amtsarbeit — da tranken die Studenten noch einmal herum, und ſtimmten dann friſch ein Lied an, daß es weit in die Berge hineinſchallte:

Nach Süden nun ſich lenken
Die Vöglein allzumal,
Viel' Wandrer luſtig ſchwenken
Die Hüt' im Morgenſtrahl.
Das ſind die Herrn Studenten,
Zum Thor hinaus es geht,
Auf ihren Inſtrumenten
Sie blaſen zum Valet:
Ade in die Läng' und Breite
O Prag, wir ziehn in die Weite!
Et habeat bonam pacem,
Qui sedet post fornacem!

Nachts wir durch's Städtlein ſchweifen,
Die Fenſter ſchimmern weit,
Am Fenſter dreh'n und ſchleifen
Viel ſchön geputzte Leut.
Wir blaſen vor den Thüren
Und haben Durſt genug,
Das kommt vom Muſiciren,
Herr Wirth, einen friſchen Trunk!
Und ſiehe über ein Kleines
Mit einer Kanne Weines
Venit ex sua domo —
Beatus ille homo!

Nun weht ſchon durch die Wälder
Der kalte Boreas,
Wir ſtreichen durch die Felder,
Von Schnee und Regen naß,
Der Mantel fliegt im Winde,
Zerriſſen ſind die Schuh,
Da blaſen wir geſchwinde
Und ſingen noch dazu:
Beatus ille homo
Qui sedet in sua domo
Et sedet post fornacem
Et habet bonam pacem!

Ich, die Schiffer und das Mädchen, obgleich wir alle kein Latein verſtanden, ſtimmten jedesmal jauchzend in den letzten Vers mit ein, ich aber jauchzte am allervergnügteſten, denn ich ſah ſo eben von fern mein Zollhäuschen und bald darauf auch das Schloß in der Abendſonne über die Bäume hervorkommen.

Zehntes Capitel.

Das Schiff ſtieß an das Ufer, wir ſprangen ſchnell ans Land und vertheilten uns nach allen Seiten im Grünen, wie Vögel, wenn das Gebauer plötzlich aufgemacht wird. Der geiſtliche Herr nahm eiligen Abſchied und ging mit großen Schritten nach dem Schloſſe zu. Die Studenten dagegen wanderten eifrig nach einem abgelegenen Gebüſch, wo ſie noch geſchwind ihre Mäntel ausklopften, ſich in dem vorüberfließenden Bache waſchen, und einer den andern raſiren wollten. Die neue Kammerjungfer endlich ging mit ihrem Kanarienvogel und ihrem Bündel unterm Arm nach dem Wirthshauſe unter dem Schloßberge, um bei der Frau Wirthin, die ich ihr als eine gute Perſon rekommandirt hatte, ein beſſeres Kleid anzulegen, ehe ſie ſich oben im Schloſſe vorſtellte. Mir aber leuchtete der ſchöne Abend recht durchs Herz, und als ſie ſich nun alle verlaufen hatten, bedachte ich mich nicht lange und rannte ſogleich nach dem herrſchaftlichen Garten hin.

Mein Zollhaus, an dem ich vorbei mußte, ſtand noch auf der alten Stelle, die hohen Bäume aus dem herrſchaftlichen Garten rauſchten noch immer darüber hin, ein Goldammer, der damals auf dem Kaſtanienbaume vor dem Fenſter jedesmal bei Sonnenuntergang ſein Abendlied geſungen hatte, ſang auch wieder, als wäre ſeitdem gar nichts in der Welt vorgegangen. Das Fenſter im Zollhauſe ſtand offen, ich lief voller Freuden hin und ſteckte den Kopf in die Stube hinein. Es war Niemand darin, aber die Wanduhr pickte noch immer ruhig fort, der Schreibtiſch ſtand am Fenſter, und die lange Pfeife in einem Winkel, wie damals. Ich konnte nicht widerſtehen, ich ſprang durch das Fenſter hinein, und ſetzte mich an den Schreibtiſch vor das große Rechenbuch hin. Da fiel der Sonnenſchein durch den Kaſtanienbaum vor dem Fenſter wieder grüngolden auf die Ziffern in dem aufgeſchlagenen Buche, die Bienen ſummten wieder an dem offnen Fenſter hin und her, der Goldammer draußen auf dem Baume ſang fröhlich immerzu. — Auf einmal aber ging die Thüre aus der Stube auf, und ein alter, langer Einnehmer in meinem punktirten Schlafrock trat herein! Er blieb in der Thüre ſtehen, wie er mich ſo unverſehens erblickte, nahm ſchnell die Brille von der Naſe, und ſah mich grimmig an. Ich aber erſchrack nicht wenig darüber, ſprang, ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, auf, und lief aus der Hausthür durch den kleinen Garten fort, wo ich mich noch bald mit den Füßen in dem fatalen Kartoffelkraut verwickelt hätte, das der alte Einnehmer nunmehr, wie ich ſah, nach des Portiers Rath ſtatt meiner Blumen angepflanzt hatte. Ich hörte noch, wie er vor die Thür herausfuhr und hinter mir drein ſchimpfte, aber ich ſaß ſchon oben auf der hohen Gartenmauer, und ſchaute mit klopfendem Herzen in den Schloßgarten hinein.

Da war ein Duften und Schimmern und Jubiliren von allen Vöglein; die Plätze und Gänge waren leer, aber die vergeſſenen Wipfel neigten ſich im Abendwinde vor mir, als wollten ſie mich bewillkommnen, und ſeitwärts aus dem tiefen Grunde blitzte zuweilen die Donau zwiſchen den Bäumen nach mir herauf.

Auf einmal hörte ich in einiger Entfernung im Garten ſingen:

Schweigt der Menſchen laute Luſt:
Rauſcht die Erde wie in Träumen
Wunderbar mit allen Bäumen,
Was dem Herzen kaum bewußt,
Alte Zeiten, linde Trauer,
Und es ſchweifen leiſe Schauer
Wetterleuchtend durch die Bruſt.

Die Stimme und das Lied klang mir ſo wunderlich, und doch wieder ſo altbekannt, als hätte ich's irgend einmal im Traume gehört. Ich dachte lange, lange nach. — „Das iſt der Herr Guido!“ rief ich endlich voller Freude, und ſprang ſchnell in den Garten hinunter — es war dasſelbe Lied, das er an jenem Sommerabend auf dem Balkon des italieniſchen Wirthshauſes ſang, wo ich ihn zum letztenmal geſehn hatte.

Er ſang noch immer fort, ich aber ſprang über Beete und Hecken dem Liede nach. Als ich nun zwiſchen den letzten Roſenſträuchern hervortrat, blieb ich plötzlich wie verzaubert ſtehen. Denn auf dem grünen Platze am Schwanenteich, recht vom Abendroth beſchienen, ſaß die ſchöne gnädige Frau, in einem prächtigen Kleide und einem Kranz von weißen und rothen Roſen in dem ſchwarzen Haar, mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen auf einer Steinbank und ſpielte während des Liedes mit ihrer Reitgerte vor ſich auf dem Raſen, grade ſo wie damals auf dem Kahne, da ich ihr das Lied von der ſchönen Frau vorſingen mußte. Ihr gegenüber ſaß eine andere junge Dame, die hatte den weißen runden Nacken voll brauner Locken gegen mich gewendet, und ſang zur Guitarre, während die Schwäne auf dem ſtillen Weiher langſam im Kreiſe herumſchwammen. — Da hob die ſchöne Frau auf einmal die Augen, und ſchrie laut auf, da ſie mich erblickte. Die andere Dame wandte ſich raſch nach mir herum, daß ihr die Locken ins Geſicht flogen, und da ſie mich recht anſah, brach ſie in ein unmäßiges Lachen aus, ſprang dann von der Bank und klatſchte dreimal mit den Händchen. In demſelben Augenblick kam eine große Menge kleiner Mädchen in blüthenweißen kurzen Kleidchen mit grünen und rothen Schleifen zwiſchen den Roſenſträuchern hervorgeſchlüpft, ſo daß ich gar nicht begreifen konnte, wo ſie alle geſteckt hatten. Sie hielten eine lange Blumengirlande in den Händen, ſchloſſen ſchnell einen Kreis um mich, tanzten um mich herum und ſangen dabei:

Wir bringen Dir den Jungfernkranz
Mit veilchenblauer Seide,
Wir führen Dich zu Luſt und Tanz,
Zu neuer Hochzeitfreude.
Schöner, grüner Jungfernkranz,
Veilchenblaue Seide.

Das war aus dem Freiſchützen. Von den kleinen Sängerinnen erkannte ich nun auch einige wieder, es waren Mädchen aus dem Dorfe. Ich kneipte ſie in die Wangen und wäre gern aus dem Kreiſe entwiſcht, aber die kleinen Schelme ließen mich nicht heraus. — Ich wußte gar nicht, was die Geſchichte eigentlich bedeuten ſollte, und ſtand ganz verblüfft da.

Da trat plötzlich ein junger Mann in feiner Jägerkleidung aus dem Gebüſch hervor. Ich traute meinen Augen kaum — es war der fröhliche Herr Leonhard! — Die kleinen Mädchen öffneten nun den Kreis und ſtanden auf einmal wie verzaubert, alle unbeweglich auf einem Beinchen, während ſie das andere in die Luft ſtreckten, und dabei die Blumengirlanden mit beiden Armen hoch über den Köpfen in die Höh hielten. Der Herr Leonhard aber faßte die ſchöne gnädige Frau, die noch immer ganz ſtill ſtand und nur manchmal auf mich herüberblickte, bei der Hand, führte ſie bis zu mir und ſagte:

„Die Liebe — darüber ſind nun alle Gelehrten einig — iſt eine der couragiöſeſten Eigenſchaften des menſchlichen Herzens, die Baſtionen von Rang und Stand ſchmettert ſie mit einem Feuerblicke darnieder, die Welt iſt ihr zu eng und die Ewigkeit zu kurz. Ja, ſie iſt eigentlich ein Poetenmantel, den jeder Phantaſt einmal in der kalten Welt umnimmt, um nach Arkadien auszuwandern. Und je entfernter zwei getrennte Verliebte von einander wandern, in deſto anſtändigern Bogen bläſt der Reiſewind den ſchillernden Mantel hinter ihnen auf, deſto kühner und überraſchender entwickelt ſich der Faltenwurf, deſto länger und länger wächſt der Talar den Liebenden hinten nach, ſo daß ein Neutraler nicht über Land gehen kann, ohne unverſehens auf ein Paar ſolche Schleppen zu treten. O theuerſter Herr Einnehmer und Bräutigam! obgleich Ihr in dieſem Mantel bis an den Geſtaden der Tiber dahinrauſchtet, das kleine Händchen Eurer gegenwärtigen Braut hielt Euch dennoch am äußerſten Ende der Schleppe feſt, und wie Ihr zucktet und geigtet und rumortet, Ihr mußtet zurück in den ſtillen Bann ihrer ſchönen Augen. — Und nun dann, da es ſo gekommen iſt, Ihr zwei lieben, lieben närriſchen Leute! ſchlagt den ſeligen Mantel um Euch, daß die ganze andere Welt rings um Euch untergeht — liebt Euch wie die Kaninchen und ſeid glücklich!“

Der Herr Leonhard war mit ſeinem Sermon kaum erſt fertig, ſo kam auch die andere junge Dame, die vorhin das Liedchen geſungen hatte, auf mich los, ſetzte mir ſchnell einen friſchen Myrtenkranz auf den Kopf, und ſang dazu ſehr neckiſch, während ſie mir den Kranz in den Haaren feſtrückte und ihr Geſichtchen dabei dicht vor mir war:

Darum bin ich Dir gewogen,
Darum wird Dein Haupt geſchmückt,
Weil der Strich von Deinem Bogen
Öfters hat mein Herz entzückt.

Dann trat ſie wieder ein paar Schritte zurück. — „Kennſt Du die Räuber noch, die Dich damals in der Nacht vom Baume ſchüttelten?“ ſagte ſie, indem ſie einen Knix mir machte und mich ſo anmuthig und fröhlich anſah, daß mir ordentlich das Herz im Leibe lachte. Darauf ging ſie, ohne meine Antwort abzuwarten, rings um mich herum. „Wahrhaftig noch ganz der Alte, ohne allen welſchen Beiſchmack! aber nein, ſieh doch nur einmal die dicken Taſchen an!“ rief ſie plötzlich zu der ſchönen gnädigen Frau, „Violine, Wäſche, Barbiermeſſer, Reiſekoffer, alles durcheinander!“ Sie drehte mich dabei nach allen Seiten, und konnte ſich vor Lachen gar nicht zu Ruhe geben. Die ſchöne gnädige Frau war unterdeß noch immer ſtill, und mochte gar nicht die Augen aufſchlagen vor Scham und Verwirrung. Oft kam es mir vor, als zürnte ſie heimlich über das viele Gerede und Spaßen. Endlich ſtürzten ihr plötzlich Thränen aus den Augen, und ſie verbarg ihr Geſicht an der Bruſt der andern Dame. Dieſe ſah ſie erſt erſtaunt an, und drückte ſie dann herzlich an ſich.

Ich aber ſtand ganz verdutzt da. Denn je genauer ich die fremde Dame betrachtete, deſto deutlicher erkannte ich ſie, es war wahrhaftig niemand anders, als — der junge Herr Maler Guido!

Ich wußte gar nicht was ich ſagen ſollte, und wollte ſo eben näher nachfragen, als Herr Leonhard zu ihr trat und heimlich mit ihr ſprach. „Weiß er denn noch nicht?“ hörte ich ihn fragen. Sie ſchüttelte mit dem Kopfe. Er beſann ſich darauf einen Augenblick. „Nein, nein,“ ſagte er endlich, „er muß ſchnell alles erfahren, ſonſt entſteht nur neues Geplauder und Gewirre.“

„Herr Einnehmer,“ wandte er ſich nun zu mir, „wir haben jetzt nicht viel Zeit, aber thu mir den Gefallen und wundere Dich hier in aller Geſchwindigkeit aus, damit Du nicht hinterher durch Fragen, Erſtaunen und Kopfſchütteln unter den Leuten alte Geſchichten aufrührſt, und neue Erdichtungen und Vermuthungen ausſchüttelſt.“ — Er zog mich bei dieſen Worten tiefer in das Gebüſch hinein, während das Fräulein mit der, von der ſchönen gnädigen Frau weggelegten Reitgerte in der Luft focht und alle ihre Locken tief in das Geſichtchen ſchüttelte, durch die ich aber doch ſehen konnte, daß ſie bis an die Stirn roth wurde. — „Nun denn,“ ſagte Herr Leonhard, „Fräulein Flora, die hier ſo eben thun will, als hörte und wüßte ſie von der ganzen Geſchichte nichts, hatte in aller Geſchwindigkeit ihr Herzchen mit Jemandem vertauſcht. Darüber kommt ein Anderer und bringt ihr mit Prologen, Trompeten und Pauken wiederum ſein Herz dar und will ihr Herz dagegen. Ihr Herz iſt aber ſchon bei Jemand, und Jemands Herz bei ihr, und der Jemand will ſein Herz nicht wieder haben, und ihr Herz nicht wieder zurückgeben. Alle Welt ſchreit — aber Du haſt wohl noch keinen Roman geleſen?“ — Ich verneinte es. — „Nun, ſo haſt Du doch einen mitgeſpielt. Kurz: das war eine ſolche Konfuſion mit den Herzen, daß der Jemand — das heißt ich — mich zuletzt ſelbſt ins Mittel legen mußte. Ich ſchwang mich bei lauer Sommernacht auf mein Roß, hob das Fräulein als Maler Guido auf das andere und ſo ging es fort nach Süden, um ſie in einem meiner einſamen Schlöſſer in Italien zu verbergen, bis das Geſchrei wegen der Herzen vorüber wäre. Unterwegs aber kam man uns auf die Spur, und von dem Balkon des welſchen Wirthshauſes, vor dem Du ſo vortrefflich Wache ſchliefſt, erblickte Flora plötzlich unſere Verfolger.“ — „Alſo der bucklige Signor?“ — „War ein Spion. Wir zogen uns daher heimlich in die Wälder, und ließen Dich auf dem vorbeſtellten Poſtkurſe allein fortfahren. Das täuſchte unſere Verfolger, und zum Ueberfluß auch noch meine Leute auf dem Bergſchloſſe, welche die verkleidete Flora ſtündlich erwarteten, und mit mehr Dienſteifer als Scharfſinn Dich für das Fräulein hielten. Selbſt hier auf dem Schloſſe glaubte man, daß Flora auf dem Felſen wohne, man erkundigte ſich, man ſchrieb an ſie — haſt Du nicht ein Briefchen erhalten?“ — Bei dieſen Worten fuhr ich blitzſchnell mit dem Zettel aus der Taſche. — „Alſo dieſer Brief?“ — „Iſt an mich,“ ſagte Fräulein Flora, die bisher auf unſere Rede gar nicht Acht zu geben ſchien, riß mir den Zettel raſch aus der Hand, überlas ihn und ſteckte ihn dann in den Buſen. — „Und nun,“ ſagte Herr Leonhard, „müſſen wir ſchnell in das Schloß, da wartet ſchon Alles auf uns. Alſo zum Schluß, wie ſich's von ſelbſt verſteht und einem wohlerzogenen Romane gebührt: Entdeckung, Reue, Verſöhnung, wir ſind alle wieder luſtig beiſammen, und übermorgen iſt Hochzeit!“

Da er noch ſo ſprach, erhob ſich plötzlich in dem Gebüſch ein raſender Spektakel von Pauken und Trompeten, Hörnern und Poſaunen; Böller wurden dazwiſchen gelöſt und Vivat gerufen, die kleinen Mädchen tanzten von neuem, und aus allen Sträuchern kam ein Kopf über dem andern hervor, als wenn ſie aus der Erde wüchſen. Ich ſprang in dem Geſchwirre und Geſchleife Ellenhoch von einer Seite zur andern, da es aber ſchon dunkel wurde, erkannte ich erſt nach und nach alle die alten Geſichter wieder. Der alte Gärtner ſchlug die Pauken, die Prager Studenten in ihren Mänteln muſicirten mitten darunter, neben ihnen fingerte der Portier wie toll auf ſeinem Fagot. Wie ich den ſo unverhofft erblickte, lief ich ſogleich auf ihn zu, und embraſſirte ihn heftig. Darüber kam er ganz aus dem Concept. „Nun wahrhaftig und wenn der bis ans Ende der Welt reiſt, er iſt und bleibt ein Narr!“ rief er den Studenten zu, und blies ganz wüthend weiter.

Unterdeß war die ſchöne gnädige Frau vor dem Rumor heimlich entſprungen, und flog wie ein aufgeſcheuchtes Reh über den Raſen tiefer in den Garten hinein. Ich ſah es noch zur rechten Zeit und lief ihr eiligſt nach. Die Muſikanten merkten in ihrem Eifer nichts davon, ſie meinten nachher: wir wären ſchon nach dem Schloſſe aufgebrochen, und die ganze Bande ſetzte ſich nun mit Muſik und großem Getümmel gleichfalls dorthin auf den Marſch.

Wir aber waren faſt zu gleicher Zeit in einem Sommerhauſe angekommen, das am Abhange des Gartens ſtand, mit dem offnen Fenſter nach dem weiten tiefen Thale zu. Die Sonne war ſchon lange untergegangen hinter den Bergen, es ſchimmerte nur noch wie ein röthlicher Duft über dem warmen, verſchallenden Abend, aus dem die Donau immer vernehmlicher herauf rauſchte, je es ſtiller ringsum wurde. Ich ſah unverwandt die ſchöne Gräfin an, die ganz erhitzt vom Laufen dicht vor mir ſtand, ſo daß ich ordentlich hören konnte, wie ihr das Herz ſchlug. Ich wußte nun aber gar nicht, was ich ſprechen ſollte vor Reſpekt, da ich auf einmal ſo allein mit ihr war. Endlich faßte ich ein Herz, nahm ihr kleines weißes Händchen — da zog ſie mich ſchnell an ſich und fiel mir um den Hals, und ich umſchlang ſie feſt mit beiden Armen.

Sie machte ſich aber geſchwind wieder los und legte ſich ganz verwirrt in das Fenſter, um ihre glühenden Wangen in der Abendluft abzukühlen. — „Ach,“ rief ich, „mir iſt mein Herz recht zum Zerſpringen, aber ich kann mir noch alles nicht recht denken, es iſt mir alles noch wie ein Traum!“ — „Mir auch,“ ſagte die ſchöne gnädige Frau. „Als ich vergangenen Sommer,“ ſetzte ſie nach einer Weile hinzu, „mit der Gräfin aus Rom kam, und wir das Fräulein Flora glücklich gefunden hatten, und mit zurückbrachten, von Dir aber dort und hier nichts hörten — da dacht' ich nicht, daß alles noch ſo kommen würde! Erſt heut zu Mittag ſprengte der Jokey, der gute flinke Burſch, athemlos auf den Hof und brachte die Nachricht, daß Du mit dem Poſtwagen kämſt.“ — Dann lachte ſie ſtill in ſich hinein. „Weißt Du noch,“ ſagte ſie, „wie Du mich damals auf dem Balkon zum letztenmal ſahſt? das war grade wie heute, auch ſo ein ſtiller Abend, und Muſik im Garten.“ — „Wer iſt denn eigentlich geſtorben?“ frag ich haſtig. — „Wer denn?“ ſagte die ſchöne Frau und ſah mich erſtaunt an. — „Der Herr Gemahl von Ew. Gnaden,“ erwiederte ich, „der damals mit auf dem Balkon ſtand.“ — Sie wurde ganz roth. „Was haſt Du auch für Seltſamkeiten im Kopf!“ rief ſie aus, „das war ja der Sohn von der Gräfin, der eben von Reiſen zurückkam, und es traf grade auch mein Geburtstag, da führte er mich mit auf den Balkon hinaus, damit ich auch ein Vivat bekäme. — Aber deshalb biſt Du wohl damals von hier fortgelaufen?“ — „Ach Gott, freilich!“ rief ich aus, und ſchlug mich mit der Hand vor die Stirn. Sie aber ſchüttelte mit dem Köpfchen und lachte recht herzlich.

Mir war ſo wohl, wie ſie ſo fröhlich und vertraulich neben mir plauderte, ich hätte bis zum Morgen zuhören mögen. Ich war ſo recht ſeelenvergnügt, und langte eine Hand voll Knackmandeln aus der Taſche, die ich noch aus Italien mitgebracht hatte. Sie nahm auch davon, und wir knackten nun und ſahen zufrieden in die ſtille Gegend hinaus. — „Siehſt Du,“ ſagte ſie nach einem Weilchen wieder, „das weiße Schlößchen, das da drüben im Mondſchein glänzt, das hat uns der Graf geſchenkt, ſammt dem Garten und den Weinbergen, da werden wir wohnen. Er wußt es ſchon lange, daß wir einander gut ſind, und iſt Dir ſehr gewogen, denn hätt' er Dich nicht mitgehabt, als er das Fräulein aus der Penſions-Anſtalt entführte, ſo wären ſie beide erwiſcht worden, ehe ſie ſich vorher noch mit der Gräfin verſöhnten, und alles wäre anders gekommen.“ — „Mein Gott, ſchönſte, gnädigſte Gräfin,“ rief ich aus, „ich weiß gar nicht mehr, wo mir der Kopf ſteht vor lauter unverhofften Neuigkeiten; alſo der Herr Leonhard?“ — „Ja, ja,“ fiel ſie mir in die Rede, „ſo nannte er ſich in Italien; dem gehören die Herrſchaften da drüben, und er heirathet nun unſere Gräfin Tochter, die ſchöne Flora. — Aber was nennſt Du mich denn Gräfin?“ — Ich ſah ſie groß an. — „Ich bin ja gar keine Gräfin,“ fuhr ſie fort, „unſere gnädige Gräfin hat mich nur zu ſich auf's Schloß genommen, da mich mein Onkel, der Portier, als kleines Kind und arme Waiſe mit hierher brachte.“

Nun wars mir doch nicht anders, als wenn mir ein Stein vom Herzen fiele! „Gott ſegne den Portier,“ verſetzte ich ganz entzückt, „daß er unſer Onkel iſt! ich habe immer große Stücke auf ihn gehalten.“ — „Er meint es auch gut mit Dir,“ erwiederte ſie, „wenn Du Dich nur etwas vornehmer hielteſt, ſagt er immer. Du mußt Dich jetzt auch eleganter kleiden.“ — „O,“ rief ich voller Freuden, „engliſchen Frack, Strohhut und Pumphoſen und Sporen! und gleich nach der Trauung reiſen wir fort nach Italien, nach Rom, da gehn die ſchönen Waſſerkünſte, und nehmen die Prager Studenten mit und den Portier!“ — Sie lächelte ſtill und ſah mich recht vergnügt und freundlich an, und von fern ſchallte immerfort die Muſik herüber, und Leuchtkugeln flogen vom Schloß durch die ſtille Nacht über die Gärten, und die Donau rauſchte dazwiſchen herauf — und es war alles, alles gut!

Gedichte *)

von

Joſeph Freiherrn von Eichendorff.

Winterlied.

Mir träumt', ich ruhte wieder
Vor meines Vaters Haus
Und ſchaute fröhlich wieder
In's alte Thal hinaus,
Die Luft mit lindem Spielen
Ging durch das Frühlingslaub,
Und Blüthen-Flocken fielen
Mir über Bruſt und Haupt.

Als ich erwacht, da ſchimmert
Der Mond vom Waldesrand,
Im fahlen Scheine flimmert
Um mich ein fremdes Land,
Und wie ich ringsher ſehe:
Die Flocken waren Eis,
Die Gegend war vom Schnee,
Mein Haar vom Alter weiß.

Das Ständchen.

Auf die Dächer zwiſchen blaſſen
Wolken ſcheint der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf der Gaſſen
Singt vor ſeiner Liebſten Thür.

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*) Aus: Deutſcher Muſenalmanach für das Jahr 1833. Leipzig.

Und die Brunnen rauſchen wieder
Durch die ſtille Einſamkeit
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
Wie in alter ſchöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab' ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geſchlagen
Und manch luſt'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der ſtillen Schwelle
Trugen ſie mein Lieb' zur Ruh —
Und du, fröhlicher Geſelle,
Singe, ſing' nur immer zu!

Frühlingsklänge.

Vom Münſter Trauer-Glocken klingen,
Vom Thal ein Jauchzen ſchallt herauf.
Zur Ruh ſie dort dem Todten ſingen,
Die Lerchen jubeln: wache auf!
Mit Erde ſie ihn ſtill bedecken,
Das Grün aus allen Gräbern bricht,
Die Ströme hell durch's Land ſich ſtrecken,
Der Wald ernſt wie in Träumen ſpricht,
Und bei den Klängen, Jauchzen, Trauern,
So weit in's Land man ſchauen mag,
Es iſt ein tiefes Frühlingsſchauern
Als wie ein Auferſtehungstag.

Kriegslied.

Nicht mehr in Waldesſchauern
An jäher Klüfte Rand,
Wo dunkle Tannen trauern,
Siehſt du die Brut mehr lauern
Auf wüſter Felſenwand.

Die Greifen nicht mehr fliegen,
Lindwürm' auf heißem Sand
Nicht mehr mit Löwen kriegen,
Auf ihren Bäuchen liegen
Die Drachen im platten Land.

Doch wo das Leben ſchimmelt,
Soweit man reiten kann,
Von Würmern es noch wimmelt,
Und was auf Erden himmelt,
Sie hauchen's giftig an.

Noch hatten ſie in Schlingen
Die wunderſchöne Braut,
Bei Nacht hört man ihr Singen
Die ſtille Luft durchdringen
Mit tiefem Klagelaut.

Das iſt die Brut der Natter,
Die immer neu entſtand:
Philiſter und ihre Gevatter,
Die machen groß Geſchnatter
Im deutſchen Vaterland.

Sankt Georg, du blanker Streiter,
Leg' deine Lanze ein,
Und wo ein wackrer Reiter,
Dem noch das Herz wird weiter,
Der ſteche friſch mit drein!

Guter Rath.

Springer, der in luft'gem Schreiten
Ueber die gemeine Welt,
Kokettirt mit den Leuten,
Liederlich vom Seile fällt.

Schiffer, der nach jedem Winde,
Blaſ' er witzig oder dumm,
Seine Segel ſtellt geſchwinde,
Kommt im Waſſer jämmerlich um.

Weiſen Sterne dich die Richtung,
Hörſt du Nachts den fernen Klang,
Dorthin liegt das Land der Dichtung,
Fahre zu und frag' nicht lang.

Der alte Held.

Tafellied zu Goethe's Geburtstag 1831.

„Ich habe gewagt und geſungen,
Da die Welt noch ſtumm lag und bleich,
Ich habe den Bann bezwungen,
Der die ſchöne Braut hielt umſchlungen,
Ich habe erobert das Reich."

„Ich habe geforſcht und ergründet
Und that es euch treulich kund:
Was das Leben dunkel verkündet,
Die heilige Schrift, die entzündet
Der Herr in der Seelen Grund."

„Wie rauſchen nun Wälder und Quellen
Und ſingen vom ewigen Port:
Schon ſeh' ich Morgenroth ſchwellen,
Und ihr dort, ihr jungen Geſellen,
Fahrt immer immerfort!"

Und ſo, wenn es ſtill geworden,
Schaut er vom Thurm bei Nacht
Und ſegnet den Sänger-Orden,
Der an den blühenden Borden
Das ſchöne Reich bewacht.

Dort hat er nach Luſt und Streiten
Das Banner aufgeſtellt,
Und die auf dem Strome der Zeiten
Am Felſen vorübergleiten,
Sie grüßen den alten Held.

Heimkehr.

Der Wintermorgen glänzt ſo klar,
Ein Wandrer kommt von ferne,
Ihn ſchüttelt Froſt, es ſtarrt ſein Haar,
Ihm log die ſchöne Ferne,
Nun endlich will er raſten hier,
Er klopft an ſeines Vaters Thür.

Doch todt ſind, die ſonſt aufgethan,
Verwandelt Hof und Habe,
Und fremde Leute ſehn ihn an
Als käm' er aus dem Grabe;
Ihn ſchauert tief im Herzensgrund,
Ins Feld eilt er zur ſelben Stund.

Da ſang kein Vöglein weit und breit
Er lehnt' an einem Baume,
Der ſchöne Garten lag verſchneit,
Es war ihm wie im Traume,
Und wie die Morgenglocke klingt,
Im ſtillen Feld er niederſinkt.

Und als er aufblickt vom Gebet,
Nicht weiß wohin ſich wenden,
Ein ſchöner Jüngling bei ihm ſteht,
Faßt mild ihn bei den Händen:
„Komm' mit, ſollſt ruhn nach kurzem Gang." —
Er folgt, ihn rührt der Stimme Klang.

Nun durch die Wintereinſamkeit
Sie wie zum Himmel ſteigen,
Kein Glockenklang mehr reicht ſo weit,
Sie ſehn im ew'gen Schweigen
Die Länder hinter ſich verblühn,
Schon Sterne durch die Wipfel glühn.

Der Führer jetzt die Fackel ſacht
Erhebt und ſchweigend ſchreitet,
Bei ihrem Schein die ſtille Nacht
Gleichwie ein Dom ſich weitet,
Wo unſichtbare Hände baun —
Den Wandrer faßt ein heimlich Graun.

Er ſprach: was bringt der Wind herauf
So fremden Laut getragen,
Als hört' ich ferner Ströme Lauf,
Dazwiſchen Glocken ſchlagen?
„Das iſt des Nachtgeſanges Wehn,
Sie loben Gott in ſtillen Höh'n."

Der Wandrer drauf: ich kann nicht mehr —
Iſt's Morgen, der ſo blendet?
Was leuchten dort für Länder her?
Sein Freund die Fackel wendet:
„Nun ruh zum letztenmale aus,
Wenn du erwachſt, ſind wir zu Haus."

Johann Gottfried Eichhorn

ward am 16. Oct. 1752 zu Dörenzimmern im Hohenloheſchen geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und Philologie in Göttingen und ward dann Rector der Schule zu Ohrdruf im Herzogthum Gotha. Er vertauſchte jedoch dieſe Laufbahn mit der eines akademiſchen Docenten und wirkte als Profeſſor der orientaliſchen Sprachen, von 1775 — 1788 an der Univerſität Jena, darauf erhielt er einen Ruf nach Göttingen, das er ſeitdem nicht wieder verließ und wo er am 25. Juni 1827 als Doctor der Theologie und Philoſophie, geheimer Juſtizrath, Ritter des Guelphenordens, erſter Profeſſor der Philoſophie und Mitdirector der Societät der Wiſſenſchaften ſtarb.

Seine in deutſcher Sprache verfaßten Werke ſind:

Geſchichte des oſtindiſchen Handels vor Mohamed. Gotha, 1775.
Der Naturmenſch. Berlin und Stettin, 1783.
Joh. David Michaelis. Göttingen, 1791.
Urgeſchichte, herausgegeben von J. P. Gabler. Altdorf, 1791 — 93. 2 Thle.
Allgemeine Geſchichte der Cultur und Literatur des neueren Europa. Göttingen, 1796—99. 2 Thle.
Literärgeſchichte. Göttingen, 1799. N. A. 1812—14. 3 Thle.
Weltgeſchichte. Göttingen, 1799 — 1814. 3 A. 1818—20. 4 Thle.
Geſchichte der drei letzten Jahrhunderte. Göttingen, 1803—4. 6 Th. 3 A. Hannover 1817—18.
Die franzöſiſche Revolution. Göttingen, 1797. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der Literatur u. ſ. w. Göttingen, 1805—12. 12 Thle. N. A. 1818 flgde.
Urgeſchichte des erlauchten Hauſes der Welfen. Hannover, 1817.
Hiob. Leipzig, 1810. N. A. 1823.
Die hebräiſchen Propheten. Göttingen, 1816—1819. 3 Thle.

E's Verdienſte um die Wiſſenſchaft in Deutſchland ſind nicht zu berechnen und können nie dankbar genug anerkannt werden. Er war es, der durch ſeine Kenntniſſe und ſeine Schriften vorzüglich die Verbreitung einer geſunden und gründlichen Kritik der bibliſchen Schriften beförderte und hier den rechten Weg zeigte. Eben ſo klar, ſcharfſinnig und umſichtig verfuhr er auch in ſeinen übrigen hiſtoriſchen und literärhiſtoriſchen Werken, in welchen er die genaueſte Forſchung mit wahrem Pragmatismus und einer edeln und gebildeten Darſtellungsweiſe zu vereinigen wußte. Vorzüglich ſchätzbar iſt unter dieſen ſeine „Geſchichte der drei letzten Jahrhunderte", ſowohl durch ihre klare Ueberſicht, als durch die genaue Angabe der einzelnen hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Verhältniſſe und Veränderungen.

Friedrich Hildebrand von Einsiedel

ward am 30. April 1750 zu Lumpzig bei Altenburg geboren und ſeit ſeinem eilftem Jahre dem Pageninſtitut zu Weimar übergeben, wo er ſich durch ſeine Munterkeit und ſeine Schelmſtücke, welche ſpäter Kotzebue zu ſeinen Pagenſtreichen benutzt haben ſoll, ſchon früh als ein heller Kopf auszeichnete. Später ſtudirte er in Jena die Rechte mit großem Fleiß ohne jedoch die Ausbildung ſeines Körpers darüber zu vernachläſſigen und erhielt 1770 eine Anſtellung als Regierungsaſſeſſor in Weimar. 1775 ward er daſelbſt Hofrath, fand jedoch nicht ſonderliches Wohlgefallen an ſeiner Laufbahn und gab ſich oft einer eigenthümlichen Zerſtreutheit hin, die ihn häufig im Geſchäftsleben ſtörte, und welche mit den Jahren eher zu- als abnahm, ſo daß ſich noch manches komiſche Ereigniß dieſer Art traditionell auf die Nachlebenden verpflanzt hat. Als er jedoch im folgenden Jahre zum Kammerherrn der verwittweten Herzogin Amalie von Sachſen Weimar ernannt wurde, befand er ſich vollkommen in ſeiner Sphäre und trug nicht wenig theils durch ſeine perſönliche Liebenswürdigkeit, theils durch ſeine intellectuelle Bildung dazu bei, den auserleſenen Kreis von Männern und Frauen, welchen die geiſtreiche Fürſtin um ſich verſammelt hatte, zu ſteten, und thätigen, ſelbſtſtändigen Antheil an Allem zu nehmen, was hier zur Veredlung und Verſchönerung des Lebens in das Daſeyn gerufen wurde. Im Jahre 1787 begleitete er die Herzogin auf einer Reiſe nach Italien und ſtieg nach Weimar zurückgekehrt von Würde zu Würde. — Als ihm ſeine erhabene Gönnerin durch den Tod entriſſen wurde, ernannte ihn die regierende Herzogin zu ihrem Oberhofmeiſter, eine Charge, die er bis zu ſeinem Tode bekleidete. Er ſtarb am 9. Juli 1828 als Geheimerath, Oberhofmeiſter, Präſident des Oberappellationsgerichtes zu Jena und Comthur des G. S. Hausordens vom Falken u. ſ. w.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ceres. Ein Vorſpiel. Weimar, 1774.
Die eiferſüchtige Mutter. Luſtſpiel. Weimar, 1774.
Neueſte vermiſchte Schriften. (Anonym). Deſſau, 1783—84. 2 Thle.
Grundlinien zu einer Theorie der Schauſpielkunſt. Leipzig, 1797.
Die Brüder. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig, 1802.
Luſtſpiele des Terenz. 2 Bde. Leipzig, 1806.

Reiche Bildung, Grazie, Sittlichkeit und feiner Geſchmack, waren, wie im Leben, ſo auch in ſeinen Schriften v. Einſiedels unzertrennliche Begleiterinnen, obwohl er mehr theilnehmend und anregend, als eigentlich ſelbſtſchaffend wirkte. Am Gelungenſten erſcheint ſeine Bearbeitung des Terenz für die Bühne; zu bedauern iſt daher, daß eine ähnliche Behandlung von ſechs Komödien des Plautus, welche ſein Nachlaß in der Reinſchrift enthielt, bis jetzt keinen Herausgeber gefunden hat.

Einige Lieder von Einſiedel *).

Die Hoffnung.

Ach! ohne Hoffnung
Wäre nichts das Leben.
Zwar, Schatten gleich,
Kann bald entſchweben
Was wir gehofft,
Geträumt — der Strahl
Des ſchönſten Lichts,
Verdämmern in ein leeres Nichts.

Doch ſonder Hoffnung
Wäre hin für immer
Des Lebens Glück!
Ein Glanz — ein Schimmer,
Lockt unſern Wunſch.
Die Roſe: Täuſchung,
Hier verweht,
Dort neu, und reizender entſteht.

Ein ſüßes Wähnen
Iſt des Menſchen Wonne;
Mit Adler Flug'
Empor zur Sonne
Getragen, wünſcht
Ein jeder ſich,
Was ihm gefällt:
Und wird der Schöpfer einer Welt.

Auf dem Waſſer.

Beim Abſchied von Fanny.

Dunkler, trüber,
Ferne vorüber
Schwindet das Ufer im Lauf.
Nächtliche Hülle,
Schauerlich ſtille,
Sinkt — O! Schifflein halt auf.

Schreckliche Eile! —
Säume, ach! weile,
Hemm' im beflügelten Lauf!
Kaum da ſie kennen;
Grauſam zu trennen
Herzen! — O! Schifflein halt auf.

Harre. Dort ſchwellen
Fürchterlich Wellen
Dräuend zu Wolken hinauf;
Kehr' in den Hafen
Wieder: — es ſteuern
Götter den frevelnden Lauf.

In der letzten Nacht im Jahre.

Nächtlich Dunkel hüllt den Morgen
Neuen Jahres, neuen Lebens,
In geheimnißvolle Schleier.
Was vergangen, iſt entſchwunden;
Was da kommt, iſt uns verborgen.
So verſchlingen unvermerkt
Jahre ſich — ein Tag den andern,
Daß wir kaum den Wechſel ahnend,
Bald auf raſcher Wünſche Schwingen
Vorwärts eilen,
Bald in Träumen aus der Vorzeit
Uns verweilen. — —
Liebe Freundin, reinen Herzens,
Schöner Seele, holder Reiz!
Du, nur Du kannſt mir gewähren,
Was nicht wechſelt, nicht entſchwindet,
Was in jedem Augenblicke,
Gleich dem Athem, den wir ſchöpfen,
Daſeyn iſt und Daſeyn giebt.
Was wir wachend immer träumen,
Was wir träumend gerne wachten;
Was nicht Spiel bethörter Sinne,
Täuſchung nicht, noch Schatten iſt:
Denn Du Göttliche! kannſt geben
Liebe dieſem Herz — und Leben.

Schlaf-Lied

Schlafe ſanft mein Herz,
Schlafe ſanft und mild;
Schlaf iſt des ſchönen Todes Bild;
Wer reinen frommen Herzens lebt,
In Ahnung froher Zukunft ſchwebt,
Den ſchreckt nicht Dunkelheit, noch Nacht,
Ein Engel freundlich um ihn wacht. —
Schlafe ſanft mein Herz,
Schlafe ſanft und mild!
Schlaf iſt des ſchönen Todes Bild.

Schlafe ſanft mein Kind,
Schlafe ſanft mein Held!
Der Himmel iſt der Liebe hold;
Mit milder, lieber Vater-Hand,
Schirmt er vertrauter Seelen Band.
Nicht ewig wird dein treues Herz
Erdulden trüber Leiden Schmerz. —
Schlafe ſanft mein Kind,
Schlafe ſanft mein Held!
Der Himmel iſt der Liebe hold.

Schlafe ſanft mein Herz,
Schlafe ſanft und mild.
Schlaf iſt des ſchönen Todes Bild.
Wenn hingeſchlummert iſt die Zeit,
Wenn ausgeharrt ſo mancher Leid:
Dann ſchmückt uns, ſtatt dem Myrthen-Kranz,
Der ſchönſten Sternen-Krone Glanz. —
Schlafe ſanft mein Herz,
Schlafe ſanft und mild.
Schlaf iſt des ſchönen Todes Bild.

Auf einer Reiſe im Winter.

Umſchwebſt Du mich, Götter-Bild;
Fühl' ich nicht Nord und Froſt,
Mild iſt das Schneegeſtöber
Das des Tannen-Waldes
Stolze Wipfel beugt.

Umſchwebſt Du mich, Götter-Bild,
Schaut mein kühnerer Blick
Von der Felſen-Höh' furchtlos hinab,
Wo der Abgrund droht.

Neben Dir, o Götter-Bild,
Ruht' ich einſt ſanfter im Thal:
Als Mai-Luft uns wehte,
Als roſiger Duft
Unſer Lager bethaute. —

Holdere Göttin der Zeit,
Eil' im Blumen-Gewande
Bald, ach! balde zurück. —
Einſam wandeln wir dann
Wieder im Buchen-Hain,
Himmliſches Götter-Bild!

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*) Aus: Neueſte vermiſchte Schriften. 2r Th. Deſſau und Leipzig. 1784.

Die Hoffnung.

Vollen Segels, treibt der Nachen
Jungen raſchen Lebens fort,
Auf dem unbegränzten Meere
Sorglos, ohne Ziel und Port.

Wolken thürmen ſich zu Donner,
Blitze kreuzen ferne ſchon;
Doch es glänzen helle Sterne
Noch am blauen Himmels-Thron.

Decket Eis die hohen Berge,
Schnee die felſenharte Flur;
Blüht doch Immergrün und Myrthe,
Mildern Frühlings holde Spur.

Liegt der Erdkreis rund umſchleiert
Von dem Dunkel ſchwarzer Nacht;
Hofft er, daß am Morgen-Himmel
Phöbus lichter Strahl erwacht. —

Trübte Schwermuth meine Sinne,
Drückte Kummer dieſes Herz;
Sandteſt du, des Himmels Tochter,
Hoffnung, Balſam meinem Schmerz.

Deine freundliche Gefährtin,
Phantaſie, erſchien mir dann,
Führte mich auf Blumen-Pfaden
Manche hohe Sternen-Bahn.

Aber, wird der Zauber-Nebel
Grauſam ach! von Dir zerſtäubt;
Fühl' ich, daß der lecke Nachen
Schüchtern auf dem Meere treibt.

Ohne Anker, ſo zu ſteuern,
Raſtlos in der Stürme Noth
Wilden Wellen preis gegeben:
Fanny — bringt dem Schiffer Tod!

Ich und Sie.

Gleich geſchaffne Seelen ahnden
Suchen und ereilen ſich.
Auf dem ſtillen Pfad' des Lebens
Fand ich Fanny, Fanny mich.

Wo ſie wandelt, geh' ich gerne;
Meine Schritte ſpäht ſie leicht,
Wünſch ich: wird nur Fanny Wille,
Will ſie: nur mein Wunſch erreicht.

An den Mond.

Schönes Licht, du eilſt vorüber,
Säume deinen Wolken-Tanz!
Daß mein Auge länger ſpähe
Dich, im holden Silberglanz.

Daß ich meiner trüben Seele
Flehe Troſt von dir herab; —
Bald nützt milden Thaues Balſam
Nimmer mir, im frühen Grab!

Sey mir Bild, und hohes Deuten
Meines Erde-Wallens hier;
Werd' ich jene Nebel-Hüllen
Auch durchgleiten — ähnlich dir?

Werd' ich über Wolken wallen?
Nicht, wie Wolken, einſt verwehn?
Soll ich Staub — ein Staub der Erde,
Ewig mich, gleich Welten, drehn! —

Doch es bleibe unentfaltet
Jener Schleyer meinem Blick;
Möchte hier ein Strahl des Hoffens
Sanft entdämmern mein Geſchick?

Wüßt' ich, Fanny, ob Dein Auge
Je mir holder lächeln wird? —
Jahre ſchon um Gegenliebe
Seufzend, meine Bitte girrt!

Sollen Thränen nie vertrocknen,
Milder Troſt mir werden nie!
Soll der Leiden ſteter Kummer
Mich zu Grabe tragen früh!

Wohl! auch ſterbend will ich lieben
Noch Dein unerbittlich Herz:
Eine Zähre, mitleidsvoller,
Weinſt Du dann in ſtillem Schmerz.

Sprichſt: „Hier ruht ein treuer Schatten,
„Ach! daß er noch mein gedenkt
„Sonder Zürnen; da ich grauſam
„Ihn ſo lang — ſo hart gekränkt!“

Bringſt von Roſen und Cypreſſen
Dann der Sterbe-Kränze zwey:
Roſen, meine Liebe deutend,
Und Cypreſſen, Deine Reu.

Beim Erwachen.

Begrüßt! Blick nicht ſo ſcheu herauf
Aus deinem feuchten Thal;
Beginne deinen Himmels-Lauf,
Du früher Morgen-Strahl!

Lang' bin ich wach; und ſanft entfiel
Des Schlummers Binde mir:
Denn ich, des ſchönſten Traumes Spiel,
Sah' meine Fanny hier.

Nicht reizender, des Meeres Schaum
Entſchlüpft, ſtand Venus da;
Als ich, im ſüßen Wonne-Traum,
Die holde Zaubrinn ſah.

Ein freundlich Lächeln war ihr Mund,
Ihr Auge war ſo mild!
Die Hand ſo weiß, der Arm ſo rund —
Ihr Bau der Grazien Bild.

Es ſchlang ein perlenfarbnes Band
Sich um ihr lockig Haar,
Und ſchalkhaft ſchürzte ihr Gewand
Der Liebes-Götter Schaar.

Ich ſahe Lippen roſenroth
Zum wärmſten Kuſſe glühn!
Vor Augen ſah' ich ſichern Tod,
Und doch konnt' ich nicht fliehn! —

Hinweg o Schleyer! ſeufzt' ich laut —
Zu hohen Reiz du deckſt!
Sieh' ein Verräther mir vertraut,
Was nimmer du verſteckſt.

Ja, ja! dieß warme Herz ſich regt,
Und drängt ſich hoch empor;
Sag, wem es ſo entgegenſchlägt,
O Fanny! mir ins Ohr. —

Du zögerſt? Nun ich rath es ſchon,
Treib immer deinen Spott!
Mir winkt von ſeinem Roſen-Thron
Triumph! der Liebes-Gott.

Eis-Lied.

Die Bahnen der Flüſſe,
Die Bahnen des Lebens,
Durchgleiten wir eilend —
Und ſäumen vergebens

Den ſinkenden Taumel
Am Rande, wenns bricht.
Der Feige nur, wendet
Hinweg das Geſicht!

Wenn Luna mir leuchtet
Zum wechſelnden Stahl,
Und ſenket mir Schimmer
Ins dämmernde Thal;
Leicht kann ich die Bahnen
Der Sternen durchgleiten —
Auf Bahnen des Lebens
Soll Liebe mich leiten!

Lebens-Lied.

Blumen hab ich mir geſtreut
Auf den Pfad des Lebens;
Liebe giebt mir ſüß Geleit,
Muth, der Geiſt des Lebens.

Noch glänzt Sonne mir ſo ſchön,
Auch wird Mond mir ſcheinen,
Muß ich — dämmerts — ſchlafen gehn;
Mögt ihr Andern weinen!

Trink-Lied.

Reiche mir den vollen Becher,
Daß ſie weichen meine Sorgen;
Denn wer ſagt mir, ob ich Morgen
Trinken noch, und ſingen kann!

Fülle jede hohle Flaſche!
Gram und Kummer zu beſiegen
Soll die letzte Drachme fliegen;
Euch, ihr Erben, lach' ich an.

Trinkend, ſoll mich Epheu kränzen,
Lorbeer, ſieg ich, mich umſchlingen;
Reime, wird der Rauſch mir bringen,
Schwung, der Sterne Sonnen-Bahn! —

Mag der Parze Faden reißen;
Wo Silen und Bachus zechen,
Wirds an Trauben nicht gebrechen:
Froh beſteig ich Charons Kahn.

Des Nachts.

Sanft Du ſchläfſt,
Und deinen Schimmer
Späh' ich leiſe,
Seufzend, fern;
Ach! ich trage
Leid und Kummer,
Willig immer
Still und gern.

Bald auch mir
Wird Morpheus Binde
Aug' und Sinne
Dämmern zu:
Ach! ich Armer
Such' und — finde
Träumend nur —
Die ferne Ruh.

Am Abend.

Gute Nacht, geliebte Holde,
Süße Ruh' und Frieden Dir!
Ach daß Du in Deinem Herzen
Hätteſt Raum — und gäb'ſt ihn mir!

Mir, dem wärmſten und getreuſten
Aller, die in bunter Schaar
Dir, vom Morgen bis zum Abend,
Huldigen das ganze Jahr.

Dürft' ich ſo ein Herz bewohnen,
Und verriegeln jede Thür:
Gerne gäb' ich Dir, für immer,
Mich zum Eigenthum dafür. —

Willſt Du meines? ſo beachte
Gieb' ich ſeine Dirs ſogleich.
Auch iſt wenig Zins zu geben,
Tags ein Kuß — und ich bin reich!

Ueberreich ſogar, ich gebe
Auch ſie doppelt einſt zurück,
Und ſind Küſſe Dir zu theuer!
Tauſche ſie um einen Blick;

Doch um einen, der bedeutend
Einem wärmern Wunſch entſpricht,
Blicke, wie Du täglich ſpendeſt,
Solche, Freundin, gelten nicht.

Am erſten Winter-Morgen.

Ha! blaſſer Winter biſt du da
In deinem Schnee-Gewand!
Willkommen, traulich reiche mir
Die kalte dürre Hand!

Meinſt du, ich würde, Wölfen gleich,
Mit Heulen dich empfahn!
Nein, nein! — Ich liebe deine Pracht
Auf rauher Silber-Bahn.

Zu Bergen thürme ſich empor
Der Flocken Wolken-Heer,
Es ſtarre, rund um mich, die Welt
In deinem Panzer ſchwer;

Ich acht' es wenig! wohl bei Muth
Lach' ich ob deiner Macht,
Und blieſe ſiebenfacher Nord
Mich an, in ſchwarzer Nacht.

Mir duftet Frühling mild und grün,
Ich athme Sommer-Gluth;
Und rege Geiſter tummeln ſich
In meinem heißen Blut.

Denn wo Sie wallt, iſt Roſen-Mond,
Und ew'ge Blüthen blühn —
Was ſoll mir ferner Sonnen-Strahl!
Wo Jannes Augen glühn!

Am Weihnachts-Abend.

Es kam in dürftigem Gewand
Das Kindlein Chriſt, und wundernd ſtand
Der Hirte — dürftig an Verſtand —
Da er's ſo arm und kindiſch fand.

So man ein Kind und kindiſch iſt,
Schafft große Freud' der Heil'ge-Chriſt;
Da leuchten bunte Kerzen mehr,
Als itzt ein ganzes Fackel-Heer.

Ein grüner Baum der deutet an:
Daß man einſt wachſe hoch heran —
Des Baumes Deuten trifft wohl zu,
Ach! hin iſt Kindheit, Glück, und Ruh.

Dem Jüngling ſchlägt ein reges Herz;
Er tauſcht ſich Freud' um Leid, mit Schmerz,
Und mancher Wunſch in ihm verweilt,
Dem Glück und Zeit zu raſch enteilt.

Bald kömmt die Welt — als ein Orkan —
Die dürrt uns zum geſetzten Mann.
Und löſt ſich einſt der Pilger-Schuh —
So geht man heim zur ew'gen Ruh.

Du Zauberin! mit milder Hand,
O! leite mich am Gängel-Band
Zurück, in froher Kindheit Land;
Und gleit' ich — reiche mir die Hand!

Ein Neujahr-Wunſch.

Vom Götter-Sitz da komm ich her,
Und bringe ſchöne neue Mähr
Am erſten Tag im Januar;
Euch drob zu freun das ganze Jahr.
Sie iſt kein feiler Mode-Traum,
Und paßt für eines Jeden Gaum. —

Der alte Zevs von ſeinem Thron
Grüßt freundlich jeden Erden-Sohn,
Und macht — durch meinen ſichern Mund —
Dem Erd-Ball ſeinen Rathſchluß kund:

Zeither wars der Brauch bei ihm
Deſpot zu ſeyn, aus Staats-Maxim;
Von armer Sterblichen Beſchwerden
Von unſern Wünſchen hier auf Erden,
Vom Klagen über Injuſtiz
Nahm er bekanntlich nie Notiz,
Und gouvernirte ſtets die Welt,
Als wär' er blos auf's Ganze geſtellt. —

Doch anders itzt! Der alte Gott
Will thun dieß Jahr, als ſey er todt,
Er will die Dinge laufen laſſen,
Sie mögen gut oder übel paſſen,
Es ſoll kein Murren ſeyn auf Erden,
Einem jeden ſolls nach Sinne werden;
Was einer wähnet gut und recht —
Es ſey ſo ſchielig oder ſchlecht,
So ſelbſtiſch, ſchief und unerhört —
Das ſoll ihm alsbald ſeyn gewährt.

Dieweil nun alle Wünſche meiſt
Sich ſtimmen faſt in einem Geiſt,
Und Geld und Gut ſammt langem Leben
Die Puppe iſt, wonach wir ſtreben;
So wirds geſchehn in kurzer Zeit
Daß es überall Dukaten ſchneit,
Der Tod frißt fort kein Menſchen-Kind,
Und Aerzte nimmer nöthig ſind.
Ein Jeder wird erlangen Recht,
Kein Menſch wird ſeyn des andern Knecht.
Dem Trinker ſoll nie mangeln Wein,
Dem Liebenden nie Mondenſchein.
Ein jedes Mädchen bekommt einen Mann,
Was einer will, er alsbald kann.
Die Erde roh und ungedüngt
Den ſchönſten, fettſten Waizen bringt —
Mit einem Wort, die ganze Natur
Wird dirigirt durch Wünſche nur,
Und ſollten Wünſche ſich durchſchneiden
So mögen plurima entſcheiden,
Wie's in Collegien der Brauch. —
Indeſſen wird den rundſten Bauch
Sich Zevs auf ſeinem Berg erzielen,
Und ſehn, wie wir die Farce ſpielen.
— — — — — — —

Bei ſo geſtalltem Lauf der Sachen
Wär's thörig, viele Wünſche machen;
Da jeder alſobald erhält,
Was wünſchend ſeinen Buſen ſchwellt,
Auch ganzer Facultäten Rath
Verfehlt, was einer vonnöthen hat!

Fragmente einer coſmopolitiſchen Speculation.

Auch mir erſcholl in meinem litterariſchen Kerker die Nachricht:

Ein wohldenkender Menſchenfreund ſey auf den Gedanken gerathen, über die Möglichkeit und über die Mittel den Kindermord zu verhüten, die Meinungen Anderer zu hören; und es ſey zu dieſem Ende, eine, mit einer Prämie begleitete Preisfrage, von ihm in die Welt gegangen.

Da ich für meine Perſon keine Anſprüche mache, weder die Frage aufzulöſen, noch den Preis zu gewinnen; (und da ich das ſogenannte Speculiren gewiß nicht aus Ruhmſucht treibe, vielmehr — obſchon unſer achtzehntes Jahrhundert ein ſehr aufgeklärtes Jahrhundert, und die Köpfe dieſes Jahrhunderts ſehr aufgehellte Köpfe ſeyn ſollten; — mich aller Vorſicht und Behutſamkeit eines Schleichhändlers dabei bedienen muß) ſo brauche ich mich ſo genau an die Gränzen, und an den vorgeſchriebenen Zweck nicht zu binden, und ich darf nach Maßgabe und Reihe meiner Hipotheſen und Folgerungen, mehr von dem reden: was meinem Bedünken nach künftig erſt, möglicher Weiſe erlangt werden könnte; als von dem, was gegenwärtig wirklich erreicht werden ſoll.

Die Sache ſelbſt ſtellt ſich mit folgender Geſtalt dar.

Je unnatürlicher ein Verbrechen iſt, deſto ſchwerer iſt es auslangend politiſche Vorkehrungen dagegen zu treffen.

Denn wo Inſtinkt — dieß mächtige Geſetz der Natur — ſich vergebens empört; da ſind Pönalverordnungen und Strafen das unwirkſamſte aller Mittel.

Ueberhaupt wird durch Strafen nicht gebeſſert, ſondern blos geſchreckt. Schrecken iſt ein momentaner vorübergehender Eindruck — was ſoll, was kann der wirken! Höchſtens Vorſicht, ausgeklügeltere Hüllen zu künftigen Verbrechen. Sollte der Anblick, das Beiſpiel der Strafen, eine bleibendere Wirkung hervorbringen, und alſo dadurch minder geſchreckt als gebeſſert werden; ſo müßte man das vorübergehende des Eindruckes durch immerwährendes Wiederholen zu erſetzen ſuchen, und noch obendrein (da bekanntlich der Anblick des Schauderlichſten uns bald gewöhnlich werden kann) gleichſam ſtufenweis von Grauſamkeit zu Grauſamkeit dabei ſteigen, um die wiederholten Eindrücke nicht frucht- und kraftlos werden zu laſſen. Wer wollte ſich aber zum erſten die Schlauigkeit eines Denuncianten, und zum letzteren das Raffinement eines Inquiſitoren wünſchen?

Der Kindermord — in ſo fern er von Müttern begangen wird, wie dieß der gewöhnliche Fall iſt — dieſer gehört zu der erwähnten Art unnatürlicher Verbrechen; wo Strafen und Strafgeſetze vergebens angewendet werden, denſelben zu ſteuern.

Nichts iſt leichter beantwortet als die Frage: warum kommen Beiſpiele von Kindermord vor, da es ein ſo unnatürliches Verbrechen iſt?

Darum, weil die Begriffe von Ehre und Schande, womit wir Keuſchheit und Unkeuſchheit bei dem weiblichen Geſchlecht bezeichnen, einmal unſerer Vorſtellungsart eigen geworden ſind, und weil ſich dadurch, in der bürgerlichen Verfaſſung ſehr weſentliche, ſehr wichtige Vortheile und Nachtheile damit verbunden haben.

Welche Mutter würde ſonſt auf den Gedanken gerathen, ihr Kind umzubringen, wenn ſie nicht unvermeidliche Schande und Nachtheile, die ihre eigne Exiſtenz für immer und ohne Wiedererſatz untergraben, zugleich damit vertilgen wollte?

Indeſſen iſt man durch das Wiſſen der Grundurſachen eines Uebels, nicht ſogleich in den Stand geſetzt, daſſelbe hinwegräumen zu können, obwohl ſolche Nachforſchungen zu denen erſten Schritten gehören, welche (mindeſtens zur Verhütung, oder zur Milderung ſo mancher Anomalie die Natur und Verhältniſſe — im ununterbrochenen Kampf gegen einander — erzeugen) gethan werden müſſen, um heller und klarer zu ſehen, wo es dunkel iſt, und wo es auch, ganze Epochen lang, gut ſeyn mag, daß es dunkel bleibe.

Unter einer Million erwachſener Menſchen ſind kaum zehen ſo glücklich organiſirt, daß ſie eine Empfänglichkeit für irgend eine neue, ihnen ungewöhnliche Vorſtellungsart haben, und es iſt ſchon um deswillen überhaupt ſchwer, auf die Menſchen zu wirken.

Wer ſein Vertrauen auf Wahrheit ſetzt, und durch dieſe in die Meinungen, Begriffe, Phantaſien, und Glaubens-Formeln der Menſchen eindringen will, um ſie zu einem veränderten Geſichtspunkt zu lenken, der erkennt bei den erſten Verſuchen bald ſeinen Irrthum. Durch Wahrheit iſt noch nie auf den großen Haufen gewirkt worden, und es wird nie durch ſie darauf gewirkt werden. Der Grund liegt immer wieder darin: daß die Menſchen, in einem gewiſſen Alter, unfähig ſind, ſo manigfaltige Vorſtellungsarten, und ſo vielſeitige Geſichtspunkte anzunehmen, um zu erkennen, was wirklich wahr iſt, und darnach alle relativirende Seitenbegriffe nebſt den mehr oder weniger partiellen Folgerungen daraus, mit der ganzen Summe ihrer Ideen und aufgefaßten Eindrücke in Harmonie zu ſetzen, und dieſes Gewebe mit Leichtigkeit ſo oft gleichſam umſpinnen und umwirken zu können, als es neu erhaltene Vorſtellungsarten, und neu erblickte Geſichtspunkte erforderlich machen.

Dieſe Operationen ſind den meiſten Menſchen ganz unmöglich, einigen zu beſchwerlich — daher iſt Täuſchung von je her ſo mächtig, und Wahrheit von je her ſo unwirkſam geweſen! — und nur wenige mögen ſich damit abgeben, der nackten Jungfrau Wahrheit nachzuſtreben, die, ſittſam, ſtets unſerem Blick entſchlüpft, und den Pfad ihres leiſen Trittes nur von ferne ſpähen läßt.

Aber angenommen, man könne über die Begriffe und Vorſtellungsarten der Menſchen mehr Herrſchaft ausüben als es wirklich möglich iſt; auch dann würde ein Uebel nicht immer hinweggeräumt werden können, obſchon man die Grundurſachen nicht allein wüßte, ſondern auch ſolche zu heben im Stand ſich befände.

Das Hinderniß kann nemlich in dem Wohl des Ganzen liegen; dieſes heiſcht nicht immer ganz willkührliche Einrichtungen, und oft iſt es rathſam, daß man bei politiſchen Colliſionen, ſo wie bei moraliſchen, ein geringeres Uebel dulde, wenn das Wegſchaffen der Grundurſachen deſſelben, ein größeres allgemeineres Uebel nach ſich ziehen würde.

Es wäre in dem vorliegenden Fall höchſt unverſtändig zu ſagen: man hebe die Begriffe von Ehre und Schande auf, womit zeither Keuſchheit und Unkeuſchheit bezeichnet worden ſind, ſo wird kein Beiſpiel von Kindermord mehr vorkommen.

Welche Zerrüttung würde ein ſolcher Vorſchlag, wenn er auch der Ausführung fähig wäre, in der bürgerlichen Verfaſſung anrichten!

Eben ſo füglich könnte man ſagen: man hebe die Begriffe vom Eigenthum, vom Mein und Dein auf; ſo kann niemand nach des Andern Hab' und Gut ſtreben — und allem Diebſtahl iſt vorgebeugt.

Es bedarf keines Beweiſes, daß die Ehen die Grundveſte häuslicher Glückſeligkeit ſind, und daß Ruhe und Eintracht der Familien allein das Wohl des Ganzen gründen und befördern muß. Alſo iſt es nöthig und wichtig, daß jungfräuliche Reinheit bei dem Werth und bei der Hochſchätzung erhalten werde, womit die Menſchen ſie zu belegen gewohnt ſind; denn die, aus der Zahl der Jungfrauen erwählte Frau, muß dieſes Vorzuges würdig ſeyn, wenn ununterbrochenes Vertrauen, den Mann, der ſie ſich zur Gefährtin des Lebens beſtimmte, in allen Zeiten und unter allen Umſtänden begleiten ſoll.

Es mag Wahn und Grille hier ins Spiel kommen; allein wie oft trägt nicht Wahn und Grille mehr zu unſerer Ruhe und Glückſeligkeit bei, als alle anvernünftelte Ueberzeugung, die, als ein Kind unſerer Vorſtellungskraft, ſo mannigfaltig an Gewand und Farbe ſeyn kann, als irgend ein Kind unſerer Phantaſie es iſt! Auch mag Selbſtverblendung und Täuſchung, für eine Zeit lang, die Stelle des Vertrauens zuweilen erſetzen; allein wer iſt Bürge, daß argwöhniſche Vermuthungen und nagende Zweifel nicht früher oder ſpäter das eheliche Glück untergraben — daß dieſe durch Saamen des Zwieſpaltes zerſtöhren, was Eintracht binden, halten, und befeſtigen ſollte?

Ich übergehe vorſätzlich eine ganze Reihe von bekannten Allgemeinplätzen, um dem Hauptgegenſtand dieſer Spekulation — nemlich dem wirkſamſten Mittel zu Verhütung des Kindermordes — näher zu kommen.

Die Natur hat ſchon in jeder Mutter Bruſt ſo viel inſtinktartige Liebe für ihr Kind gelegt, daß keine ihre Hände mit dem Blute deſſelben beflecken würde, wenn nicht in gewiſſen Augenblicken dieſe Liebe durch die Furcht der Strafe und Schande, durch die ſchreckliche Ausſicht ihr ganzes Daſeyn beſchimpft zu ſehen, durch die Gefahr allem Glück des Lebens, den ſchönſten Hoffnungen, den von Jugend auf geträumten und genährten Hoffnungen und Wünſchen nun für immer entſagen zu müſſen, überwunden und überwogen würde.

Man muß daher von der Strafe und Schande, von den Beſorgniſſen und der Gefahr, die ein Mädchen unter dieſen Umſtänden bedrohen, ſo viel abnehmen, bis die natürliche Mutterliebe damit ins Gleichgewicht gebracht, und wo möglich noch um etwas überwiegend gemacht werde.

Daß dadurch dem Kindermord gewiß vorgebeugt werden würde, und daß in dieſer Modification das zuverläſſigſte Mittel erhalten ſey, alle Beiſpiele dieſes ſo unnatürlichen, die Menſchheit entehrenden Verbrechens zu verbannen, daran wird niemand zweifeln, und ich kann füglich alle Beweisgründe für die unfehlbarſte Wirkung dieſes Vorſchlags übergehen; allein die Möglichkeit denſelben in Anwendung zu bringen, und die Art und Weiſe, das Uebergewicht, das gegenwärtig ſo ſehr auf der Seite des politiſchen Nachtheiles für ein ſolches Mädchen iſt, auszugleichen, und noch dazu auf die andere Seite des angebornen Inſtikts zu bringen, ohne dem häuslichen Glück, ohne dem Wohl des Staats, und ohne den Grundſätzen der bei uns eingeführten chriſtlichen Religion dabei entgegen zu handeln; dieſes bedarf einer genaueren Betrachtung, und muß näher beſtimmt und eingeſchränkt werden, um in dem wahren Geſichtspunkt zu erſcheinen.

In unſerer Art zu empfinden mag es einige Hauptzüge geben, welche überall und zu allen Zeiten vorkommen, und welche der Menſchheit überhaupt gemein ſind; in unſerer Art zu denken aber da iſt alles willkührlicher.

Wenn auch unſere Empfindungskraft durch Individualität determinirt wird, ſo kann ſie ſich dennoch nie ganz unähnlich werden: dahingegen ſind die Phänomene der menſchlichen Denkkraft ſo mannigfaltig, daß man in Anſehung dieſer, keine charakteriſirenden immer wieder erſcheinenden Hauptzüge angeben kann, ihre Regeln ſind conventionelle Wortſchälle, und ihre Richtſchnur eben ſo zufällige Begriffsformeln ſammt deren Verbindungen.

Unſere Vorſtellungsart bildet ſich zum Theil nach unſerer Empfindungskraft, zum Theil aber auch nach unſerer Denkkraft; ſie iſt in dem letzten Fall einer größeren und leichteren Modification fähig als in dem erſten Falle — wie dieß aus dem eben angeführten von ſelbſt erhellt.

Will man auf die Menſchheit wirken, ſo muß man der Vorſtellungsart des großen Haufens dieſe oder jene Richtung zu geben ſuchen; und dieß iſt möglich, in ſo fern man der Empfindungskraft auf keine Weiſe Gewalt anthut, ſondern einzig ſolche Modificationen zu erreichen ſucht, welche ihren Grund in der weit maniabileren Denkkraft nehmen ſollen.

Ein blos flüchtiges Studium der Menſchenkunde beweiſt, wie ähnlich und wie unähnlich ſich die Menſchen ſind, wie ähnlich in der Vorſtellungsart ſo ein Reſultat ihrer Empfindungen iſt, wie unähnlich in der, die ein Reſultat ihrer Denkkraft geworden iſt. Wie abweichend, wie heterogen ſogar erſcheint da die Vorſtellungsart der letzten Gattung!

Das Ideal der Schönheit, bald der reinſte reizendſte Bau, bald die groteskeſte Unform, eben ſo widerſinnig der Geſchmack in Kleidung und Schmuck! Was einer hochſchätzt, das verachtet der andere. Eine Ehrenbezeugung hier, iſt dort eine Beleidigung. Alle religiöſe Meinungen, wie erbaulich Tauſenden, und eben ſo vielen ein Aergerniß. Lebensgebräuche, wie verſchieden! Sogar Lebensgewohnheiten, bei welchen ſich Nationen ſeit Jahrhunderten wohl befinden, die ſich andere — ob ſie ſchon um kein Haar breit beſſer daran ſind — zum höchſten Unglück anrechnen würden, u. ſ. w.

Kurz, ſchön und häßlich, ſchicklich und unſchicklich, ſchätzbar und verächtlich, anſtändig und unanſtändig, üblich und anſtößig, ſittlich und unſittlich, behaglich und mißfällig — alles wird durch Meinung und durch Convention, determinirt; beide ſind Töchter unſeres Gehirns, oder Puppen vielmehr: denn ſie können nicht nur in unzählige Hüllen gekleidet, ſondern in eben ſo mannigfaltigen eigenthümlichen Geſtalten producirt und reproducirt werden.

Die Menſchen ſind indeſſen ſo gewandt eben nicht, mit dieſen Puppen ganz nach Willkühr zu ſpielen, und ohngeachtet es ihnen anfangs gleich geweſen wäre, welche der Zufall ihren Händen zugeführt hätte; ſo werden ſie dennoch in der Folge mit dieſer oder jener derſelben ſo bekannt und vertraut, daß ſie ſich davon weder ſcheiden können, noch mögen. Es verbinden und verweben ſich die Vorſtellungsarten, welche blos Reſultate ihrer Denkkraft ſind, und an ſich willkürliche zufällige Begriffscombinationen waren, ſo eng, ſo feſt mit jenen wenigen einförmigeren, und dem was Menſchheit primitiv bezeichnet an- und zugehörigen Vorſtellungsarten, welche dem Herzen entkeimen, und Töchter der Empfindungskraft ſind, daß ſie wirklich ſchwer von einander zu unterſcheiden ſind, und gleichſam Theile ihrer Individualität werden.

Will man alſo dem großen Haufen der Menſchen eine modificirte Vorſtellungsart über irgend einen Punkt der urſprünglich ſeine Richtung von der menſchlichen Denkkraft nimmt, geben; ſo muß man die Jugend, ja die Kindheit ſogar zum Gegenſtand nehmen, deren noch freies Gehirn und noch unbefangene Denkkraft vorzüglich — ich möchte ſagen: einzig — zu ſeinem Wachsthums- und Wirkungskreis wählen, und dem Einfluß auf Erwachſene im Allgemeinen entſagen.

Um alles dieß auf den hier vorliegenden Fall anzuwenden, nemlich: um die Begriffe von Schande zu modificiren, womit ein Mädchen, daß außer der geſetzlichen Verbindung Mutter wird, für immer gleichſam gebrandmarkt iſt — um dieſe Begriffe ſo weit zu modificiren, und dahin zu mildern, daß das intendirte Gleichgewicht zwiſchen politiſchem Nachtheil, und angebornenem Inſtinkt, als das zuverläſſigſte Mittel dem Kindermord vorzubeugen, erlangt werde — und ſelbige der Vorſtellungsart der Menſchen allgemein zu machen; muß man bei Erziehung der Jugend, zwar keine Gleichgültigkeit über Ehre und Schande lediger Frauensperſonen zu wirken ſuchen, jedoch aber dieſe Begriffe gar ſehr gemildert beibehalten, und denſelben dahin modificirt beizubringen ſuchen: daß das Ertragen und Dulden des Zwanges der Enthaltſamkeit, immer eine achtungswerthe Jugend bliebe, die Selbſtbeherrſchung, Kraft und Reinheit des Geiſtes, lobenswerthe Bewahrung körperlichen Reizes, Zeichen einer verſtändigen Aufführung, Beweis des Gehorſams gegen göttliche und menſchliche Geſetze, Folgſamkeit dem Willen und Wünſchen der Eltern gemäß zu handeln, andeute, die der Jugend auf das ernſtlichſte und wärmſte anzupreiſen und einzuſchärfen wäre. Ferner müßte man ſich hüten, die Verletzung der Keuſchheit, und den Mangel der Enthaltſamkeit nicht in dem tiefen Grad der Verachtung, wie es gewöhnlich iſt, zu zeigen; ſondern blos als ein menſchliches Vergehen — das Schwäche und Unreinheit des Geiſtes, beklagenswerthen Leichtſinn, Sorgloſigkeit für eignes Glück und Beſtes, Verletzung der Pflicht gegen Gott, die Obrigkeit und Eltern, Folge blinder Leidenſchaft, unverſtändige Uebereilung, bewieſe — der Jugend ebenfalls mit gleichem Ernſt und mit gleicher Wärme vorſtellen und dieſelbe dafür warnen.

Auf dieſe Art halte ich es für möglich, die Vorſtellungsart der Menſchen durch die Erziehung ſo weit zu mildern, daß die zum Mittel gegen den Kindermord vorgeſchlagene Modification unſerer Begriffe über Keuſchheit und Unkeuſchheit und der damit verknüpften Ehre und Schande, erlangt, und daß der in jeder Mutterbruſt liegende Naturtrieb wiederum in das gehörige Verhältniß und Gleichgewicht mit den politiſchen Nachtheilen, die denſelben bisher überwogen, gebracht würde.

Man darf nicht fürchten, daß der Jugend dadurch allzugroße Gleichgültigkeit über die Begriffe von Ehre und Schande, eingeflößt würden, und daß dieſe Modification auf Sittlichkeit und Jugend nachtheilig wirken möchte. Keuſchheit und Reinheit ſoll und muß ihren Werth immer behalten, und Verletzung dieſer Pflichten ſoll und muß nach wie vor, als eine moraliſche Unvollkommenheit angeſehen werden, nur unter dem billigern menſchlichern Geſichtspunkt: daß eheloſer Stand hinfür als ein unnatürliches Verhältniß, und Unkräftigkeit denſelben zu ertragen als eine unglückliche Schwachheit, die ſich ſelbſt durch die Folgen ſtraft, bei der Erziehung vorgeſtellt werde.

Um mich eines Beiſpiels zu bedienen, ſo vergleiche man hier die Begriffe, welche wir von Armuth und Reichthum empfangen.

Jedes Kind wird zu Arbeitſamkeit und Fleiß angemahnt, reichliches Auskommen, ehrlicher Gewinn wird ihm als etwas ſeines eifrigſten Strebens und Bemühens werthes anempfohlen und geprieſen, aber wer würde es billigen, wenn man der Jugend, um dieſen Zweck zu erreichen, Mangel der Glücksgüter, Verluſt des Vermögens, wäre es auch Schuld des Dürftigen, ſo verächtlich ſchildern wollte, als man über den leichtſinnigen Fehltritt eines Mädchens zu ſprechen pflegt? Würde es nicht für eine rohe, unverſtändige Erziehung gehalten werden, wenn man darum die Armuth, als einen Gegenſtand des Hohns und Spottes, der Jugend preis geben wollte?

Schon die Veranlaſſung dieſer Frage zeigt genugſam, wie tief und feſt dieſe Begriffe von Ehre und Schande in der Vorſtellungsart der Menſchen liegen: und alles Bemühen, ſie zu modificiren wird das geſuchte Verhältniß ohnehin mit Mühe erreichen, es werden noch immer eine Menge Inconvenienzen die aus der bürgerlichen Verfaſſung fließen, unvermeidlich bleiben und bleiben müſſen, die jedem Mädchen die Erhaltung ihres jungfräulichen Werthes hoch und heilig achten lehren; zu geſchweigen, daß Schätzung dieſer Vollkommenheit überhaupt mit Cultur immer verbunden und der Menſchheit natürlich ſeyn wird.

Man findet in der Geſchichte, daß ähnliche Modificationen menſchlicher Begriffe und Vorſtellungsarten, gar oft möglich geweſen ſind; und daß weder dem Staat noch der Religion durch ſolche Milderungen Nachtheil erwachſen iſt. So hat man zum Beiſpiel allerlei Aberglauben abgeſchafft, ohne deswegen dem Unglauben dadurch Platz zu machen. Man hat die Menſchen zur Toleranz gewöhnt, und es iſt grade daraus weder Gleichgültigkeit noch Verachtung der Religion erfolgt.

Es ſind dem aufrühreriſchen Geiſt ganzer Nationen Schranken geſetzt worden, und Muth und Tapferkeit ſind dadurch nicht erloſchen. Warum ſollte es gefährlicher ſeyn, die Menſchen nachſichtiger gegen ein Vergehen zu machen, das von allen das verzeihlichſte iſt? Warum ſollte gerade dieß mit Schimpf und unverlöſchlichem Makel bezeichnet bleiben, und ewig ſo tiefer Verachtung Preis gegeben werden, daß man mit Schauder den reinſten der Inſtinkte, die Mutterliebe, ſich in Grauſamkeit verwandeln ſieht? Warum ſollte es bedenklich ſeyn, der Jugend hierüber wahrere und dadurch zugleich gemildetere Begriffe beizubringen, und allmählig durch Erziehung die Vorſtellungsart der Menſchen ſo weit zu modificiren, daß die gegenwärtig allzuharten und nachtheiligen Folgen in unſerer bürgerlichen Verfaſſung vermindert und weniger überwiegend gemacht würden! —

Ellopoſkleros, v. Fiſchart.

Franz von Elsholtz,

urſprünglich aus einer angeſehenen holländiſchen Familie ſtammend, ward am 1. Oct. 1791 zu Berlin geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der Schule zum grauen Kloſter daſelbſt, und nahm 1813 als Freiwilliger in der preußiſchen Armee am Befreiungskriege Theil, in welchem er zum Cavallerieofficier avancirte. Nach dem Frieden wurde er Regierungsſecretair in Köln und machte, ſowohl während dieſes Verhältniſſes, als auch ſpäter, ſeit 1823 größere Reiſen nach Holland, England und Italien. Als er 1825 wiederkehrte, hatte vorzüglich ſein geiſtreiches dramatiſches Spiel „Komm her“ bereits viel zur Verbreitung ſeines Namens beigetragen, er wurde demzufolge 1827 zur Organiſation des H. Sachſen Koburg-Gothaiſchen Hoftheathers berufen und zum Legationsrath ernannt. Dieſes Amt legte er jedoch 1830 wieder nieder, und lebte ſeitdem mit literäriſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt, ohne feſten Wohnort.

Er gab heraus:

Wanderungen durch Köln und deſſen Umgegend. Köln, 1820.
Der neue Achilles. (Anonym). Köln, 1821.
Denkblätter. Berlin, 1827.
Schauſpiele. Stuttgart, 1830.
Anſichten und Umriſſe aus der Reiſemappe zweier Freunde. Berlin, 1830. 2 Thle.
Schauſpiele. (N. A. mit einem zweiten Thle. vermehrt). Leipzig, 1835. 2 Thle.

Lebenskenntniß, Herrſchaft über die Sprache und feiner Geſchmack ſind dieſem Verfaſſer eigen, und haben ihn vorzüglich einen entſchiedenen Beruf für das höhere Luſtſpiel beurkunden laſſen, ſo daß auf dieſem Gebiete noch viel von ihm zu erwarten iſt.

Komm her![*]

Dramatiſche Aufgabe in Einem Act.

Perſonen.

Der Schauſpieldirector.
Die Schauſpielerin.
Der Theaterdiener.

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[*] Aus: Schauſpiele von Elsholtz. Leipzig. 1835.

Zimmer im Hauſe des Schauſpieldirectors.

Erſte Scene.

Director
(vor einem mit Papieren bedeckten Tiſche).

Ein Dutzend Briefe voll der glänzendſten Talente!
Vortrefflich, wenn man nicht die Schreiberinnen kennte,
Vortrefflich, wenn uns nicht Erfahrung oft gelehrt,
Was briefliches Talent auf dem Theater werth!
So ſeh' ich um den Platz, der hier vacant, mit Fragen
Und Floskeln aller Art mich täglich wie erſchlagen.
Empfehlung, Fleiß, Kraft, Gedächtniß, Bildung, Geiſt,
Geſchmack, [illegible] und wie es weiter heißt,
Hat Jede, ſchwört ſie mir, ohn' alles Uebertreiben;
Doch keine Einzige kann — orthographiſch ſchreiben. —
Wer bleibt, bei ſo viel Kunſt, an Kunſtſinn gern zurück?
Drum ſchreib' ich morgen gleich und — danke für das Glück,
Womit man mich beehrt und die Theatercaſſe,
Denn Waſſer trug' ich eh'r im Danaidenfaſſe,
Als Beifall, Ruf und Geld in dieſer Schönen Netz!
Bei neuer Künſtler Wahl iſt einmal mein Geſetz,
Nie zu vertrau'n, bevor ich Proben nicht geſehen,
Und Proben, die nicht leicht den Kenner hintergehen.
Die wahre Kunſt iſt nicht auf jedem Markt zu Kauf;
Nur ſelten iſt ſie da, noch ſeltner tritt ſie auf;
Und wie viel Dinge muß das Glück zuſammenſtellen,
Soll dem geheimen Born ihr heil'ger Strom entquellen!
Wie ſeh'n wir wider ſie die Mißgunſt oft empört,
Wie oft die ſchönſte Saat vom Lebensfroſt zerſtört,
Den rechten Platz verfehlt, der Beſſern Muth erkalten
Und rohe Stümper ſich für die Beruf'nen halten!
Die Kunſt des Mimen, ſo bewunderswerth, ſo groß,
Theilt mit des Dichters Kunſt ein eigen ſeltſam Loos.
Zu beiden hält ſich leicht, eh kaum des Tempels Stufen
Er je erklimmen mag, der Schüler für berufen.
Wer ſchreiben kann, der meint, leicht ſchreib' er ein Gedicht;
Es ſind ja Worte nur, die man zuſammenflicht,
An Worten fehlt es nicht; — was fragt man nach Gedanken!!
Und ſo erſcheint man dreiſt als Dichter in den Schranken.
Von gleichem Muthe fühlt vor unſrer Bretterwelt
Der Schüler ſich entflammt, der nichts für leichter hält,
Wie droben ſchön geputzt, als König zu erſcheinen
Und nach Bedarf zu ſchrei'n, zu raſen und zu weinen.
Gedächtniß hab' ich wol, ſo denkt er, Arm und Bein
Und Lunge kann auch bei Keinem beſſer ſein;
Das Andre findet ſich. — So ſind wir nun berathen,
Wir armen Lenker in Thalien's bunten Staaten;
Und wenn auch wahre Kunſt ſich hier und da noch zeigt,
Wird der verdiente Kranz doch ſelten ihr gereicht:
Denn jetzt entzückt uns mehr der Ton gemeiner Rollen,
Als der [illegible] Bild und Wahrheit der [illegible].
Man will genießen, — doch genießen ohne Müh',
Und kommt einmal der Ernſt, er kommt doch ſtets zu früh.

Zweite Scene.

Theaterdiener (tritt auf).
Ein Frauenzimmer wünſcht den gnäd'gen Herrn zu ſprechen.

Director.
Sie komme!
(Diener ab.)
Was ſie will, begehrt kein Kopfzerbrechen.
Gewiß ſo ein Talent für jedes Fach gerecht,
Das Unterkommen ſucht; doch hier ergeht's ihr ſchlecht!
Ich werd' ihr [illegible] den Muth zu Boden ſchlagen,
Daß ſie zum zweitenmal ſich hütet, mich zu plagen.

Dritte Scene.

Schauſpielerin (mit Hut und Shawl).
Mein Herr —

Director.
Ergeb'ner Knecht! Mit wem hab' ich das Glück —

Schauſpielerin.
Mein Herr —
(für ſich)
Sein Blick [illegible] mir faſt den Muth zurück.
(laut)
Ich bin —

Director.
Doch wer? mir ſind die Stunden zugemeſſen

Schauſpielerin (für ſich).
Er kennt mich nicht; — die Zeit der Kindheit ſcheint vergeſſen.
(laut)
Mein Name gilt hier nichts, drum gleich, weshalb ich kam,
Weshalb ich, Sie zu ſeh'n, mir die Erlaubniß nahm.
Auf dieſer Bühne iſt, — vernimmt man, — ſo eben
Das Fach der Heldinnen und Mütter zu vergeben.
Wenn mein Talent dazu mich würdig machen kann,
So biet' ich meinen Dienſt der Anſtalt freudig an.

Director.
Verbunden! Doch ich darf es Ihnen nicht verhehlen,
Daß dieſem Platze nicht Bewerberinnen fehlen;
Nur keine that bis jetzt der Forderung genug,
Und Zeuge war ich hier von manchem Selbſtbetrug.
Ich ſah, wie ſtolze Frau'n, ſich Königinnen ſpreizen,
Naivität erborgt von abgeblüh'ten Reizen;
Ich ſahe Rachegluth und haßentflammten Sinn
Sich äußern, — wie den Zorn von einer Wäſcherin.
So hab ich's gar zu oft, ja, ſchlimmer noch erfahren,
Und möchte gern davor in Zukunft mich bewahren.

Schauſpielerin.
Nach Wunſch, mein Herr, obwohl, ich muß es frei geſteh'n,
Man nicht wohl richten kann, bevor man nicht geſeh'n.

Director.
So glauben Sie vielleicht dem Anſpruch zu genügen,
Und hätten Luſt, ſich in mein Probeſtück zu fügen?

Schauſpielerin.
Vielleicht!

Director.
Ich ſchmeichle nicht und ſag' es gleich vorher,
Mir bangt vor dem Erfolg, denn, was ich will, iſt ſchwer.

Schauſpielerin.
Die Schwierigkeit bewegt mein inn'res Widerſtreben,
Zu welchem Ihr Empfang wohl Anlaß konnte geben.
Sie ſeh'n, mein Herr, auch ich nicht ſchmeichle,

Director.
Nein! fürwahr,
Das ſeh' ich! —
(für ſich).
Nur Geduld, dir ſtech' ich bald den Staar,
Womit die Eitelkeit das Auge dir umwoben.
(laut)
So unterzieh'n Sie denn ſich jeder meiner Proben?

Schauſpielerin.
Ja wohl!

Director.
Nur Eines noch, bevor wir weiter geh'n;
Ich will nicht die Perſon, will Charaktere ſeh'n.

Schauſpielerin.
Doch welche? Wollen Sie mir ſelbſt die Wahl vergönnen?

Director.
O nein.

Schauſpielerin.
Nur weiß ich kaum, Sie wohl befried'gen können,
Da mir zum Theil vielleicht die Stücke nicht bekannt!

Director.
Verzeihen Sie, was Noth, iſt gleich hier bei der Hand.
Sie brauchen nur das Wort: Komm her! ſich einzuprägen.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her?

Director.
Und in dies Wort den Sinn und Ton zu legen,
Nachdem es Lage, Stand, Charakter mit ſich bringt.
Dies iſt das Probeſtück, wodurch der Platz bedingt.

Schauſpielerin.
Sehr ſonderbar!

Director.
Warum? Hier ſind nicht große Phraſen.
Die Roll' iſt leicht ſtudirt und Niemand braucht zu blaſen.

Schauſpielerin (Hut und Shawl ablegend).
Wohlan, ich bin bereit!

Director.
So ſtellen wir uns vor,
Daß eine Königin aus ihrer Frauen Chor
Gewillt, zu ihrem Dienſt ſich eine zu berufen;

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director.
Und ferner, daß zu ihres Thrones Stufen
Sie einem Höfling winkt, der fern ſteht.

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt!

Director.
Auch wie
Sie einen Feldherrn ruft, für ſeine Thaten nie

Belohnt, der nun durch ſie mit goldner Gnadenkette
Geſchmückt ſoll werden.

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt!

Director.
Des Vaters Sterbebette
Bewachend, — deſſen Thron ihr Erbtheil werden ſoll, —
Erblickt ſie den Arzt und — der Gefühle voll,
Die Ehrfurcht, Kindespflicht und Schmerz in ihr erregen,
So trete ſie dem Mann, — der helfen ſoll, — entgegen.
(als ſie zögert)
Nun?

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt, o kommt!

Director.
Madam, Sie haben mich gelehrt,
Daß, was uns unbekannt, zunächſt der Prüfung werth.
Doch ſchreiten wir voran! Vor einer Mutter ſtehen
Zwei junge Liebende, die um ihr Jawort flehen.
Der Bräutigam iſt arm, — ſie kämpft, — es wird ihr ſchwer,
Doch endlich breitet ſie die Arme aus —

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt her!!

Director.
Es ruf ihr Töchterlein die Mutter, dem ſie ſchmollet.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director.
Ihr Stiefkind nun.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director.
Ein Wagen rollet
Vorüber und erfüllt mit Angſt das Mutterherz.
Sie ruft dem Kinde zu:

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director.
Im tiefſten Schmerz,
Sieht vor der Schlacht die Frau den Gatten von ſich ſcheiden.
Ihr bleibt ein einz'ger Troſt in ihrem Seelenleiden, —
Die Kinder, die ſie ruft und preßt an ihre Bruſt:

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt her!

Director.
Der Gatte kehrt zurück. Voll ſel'ger Luſt,
Ruft ſie den Kindern zu, da ſie ihn ſieht erſcheinen:

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt her, kommt her!

Director.
Als Mund und Mund ſich nun vereinen,
Erblickt den Diener ſie, der mitzog mit dem Herrn,
Und ruft, — mit Allen theilt ſie ihre Freude gern, —
Auch ihn herbei.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director.
Der Mutter Proben laſſen
Mich von der Künſtlerin ſehr günſt'ge Meinung faſſen.
Nun aber zeige ſich, wie, der Verzweiflung nah,
Ein Weib, die all' ihr Gut in Aſche ſinken ſah,
In Jammer ausbricht bei dem Leichenbett des Gatten,
Den ihre Noth verbeut, zur Erde zu beſtatten,
Als ſie den Gläubigern, die nicht ihr Gram erweicht,
Ihr ganzes Hab' und Gut, — des Gatten Reſte zeigt.

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt her!

Director.
Und wie ein Weib, die einen Mann erſchlagen,
Von dem ihr zarter Leib ein Liebespfand getragen,
Und der ihr Spott und Hohn, ſtatt Hülfe gab und Rath,
Der Häſcher Schar, die ſie zur Haft zu führen naht,
Entgegentritt und ſelbſt ſich giebt in ihre Hände.

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt her!

Director.
Ich weiß genug, — und hier der Trübſal Ende:
Von einem Böſewicht entriſſen dem Gemahl,
Erträgt ein edles Weib des tiefſten Kerkers Qual,
Um, ihrer Pflicht getreu, den Räuber nicht zu lieben.
Doch endlich ſinkt ihr Muth, — ein Dolch iſt ihr geblieben;
Sie ruft, — als wolle ſie des Unholds frecher Luſt, —
Ihn zu ſich und verſenkt den Stahl in ihre Bruſt.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director.
Ich muß geſteh'n: Sie wußten zu bekunden
Des Schmerzes Macht, als ob Sie ſelbſt ihn ſchon empfunden.
Doch weiter: Vom Geräuſch und Prunk der Städte fern,
Bemerkt ſchön Röschen doch die Nähe eines Herrn,
Des Blicke bald auf ſie, bald auf ein Blatt ſich wenden.
Einſt überraſcht ſie ihn und ſieht in ſeinen Händen
Ihr eignes Bild! — Sie ſtaunt, das Athmen wird ihr ſchwer, —
Dann ruft ſie im Triumph die Nachbarn:

Schauſpielerin.
Kommt, kommt her! —

Director.
Voll Eiferſucht entdeckt, nach kaum ſechs Monden Ehe,
Ein Weibchen, daß ihr Mann auf Nebenwegen gehe,
Sie weint, — er läugnet kalt; doch einſt, — o Unglückstag!
Enthüllt ein Billet-doux der Damen ihre Schmach.
Noch zweifelnd hört ſie jetzt den Ungetreuen kommen.
Nun bricht ſie los: der Mann ſpielt abermals den Frommen;
Jedoch mit kräftigerm Beweis verſeh'n als er,
Entfaltet ſie den Brief und ruft:

Schauſpielerin.
Da komm! — komm her!

Director.
Das nenn' ich Eiferſucht! —
(halb gegen die Zuſchauer gewendet)
Hier kann man Vorſicht lernen,
Um gleiches Loos von ſich im Nothfall zu entfernen —
Doch hören wir nun auch den Ton der jungen Braut,
Die mit verſchämtem Blick auf den Geliebten ſchaut,
Der einen Kuß ihr ſtahl und, drum von ihr geſcholten,
Von weitem ſteht!

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director.
Ihr Schmollen wird vergolten;
Er kommt nicht.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm denn her!

Director.
Nicht weichet ſein Verdruß,
Bis endlich ſie ihm ſelbſt die Wange reicht zum Kuß.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her!

Director (die dargereichte Wange küſſend).
Vortrefflich.

Schauſpielerin.
Wie? gehört das auch zur Probe?

Director.
Verzeihung, mein Verſtoß ſpricht ſehr zu Ihrem Lobe!
Und nun verkünde noch mir dieſer holde Mund
Des Bauermädchens Ruf, dem Spitz, der Schäferhund,
Ihr Brot hat weggeſchnappt, das ſie ihm möcht' entreißen,
Wenn ſie nicht fürchtete, es würde Spitz ſie beißen.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm hier, mein Hündchen, komm, komm hier, komm hier, komm hier!

Director.
Nachdem der Raub verzehrt, gehorcht dem Ruf das Thier.
Sie glaubt, nun beiß' es ſie, da ſieht ſie Jürgen kommen,
Und wird, auf ihr Geſchrei, von ihm in Schutz genommen.

Schauſpielerin.
Komm her, komm her, komm her!

Director.
Es zankt mit ſeiner Frau
Sich Hans und drohet ihr, er ſchlag' ſie braun und blau.
Der Zorn erſtickt ſie faſt; ſie greift nach einem Beſen
Und ſchreit:

Schauſpielerin.
Ja, — komm nur her!

Director.
Doch ohne Federleſen
Zerbläut er ſie, daß faſt der Athem ihr vergeht,
Nur nicht der Trotz. Sie keucht, da er den Rücken dreht:

Schauſpielerin.
Ja komm nur — du —

Director.
Madam', Sie zeigen mir das Leben;
Natur iſt hier die Kunſt! Wie kann ich mir vergeben,
Daß ſolch Talent ſich ſo von mir empfangen ſah.
Ich war, — vergeſſen Sie, was hier zuvor geſchah!
Sie haben überreich mir Ihre Kunſt bewieſen

Und daß ſie ſich enthüllt, dafür ſei Gott geprieſen!
Ich bin entzückt, — erſtaunt! — was kann ich für Sie thun?

Schauſpielerin.

Was eine Kleinigkeit!

Director.

Was iſt's?

Schauſpielerin.

Sie laſſen —

Director.

Nun?

Schauſpielerin.

Sie laſſen ungeſtört mich meinen Wegen gehen.

Director.

Sie wollten, — nimmermehr! Sie wollten mir entfliehen!

Schauſpielerin.

Nichts anders, denn zu ſehr bin ich durch Sie verletzt.

Director.

Ich mache Alles gut.

Schauſpielerin.

Das wär's! Selbſt noch jetzt
Beleidigen Sie mich.

Director.

Wie ſo?

Schauſpielerin.

Mich nicht zu kennen,
Da ſonſt Sie ſtets gewünſcht, ſich nie von mir zu trennen.

Director.

O Himmel! — Wie? Schon längſt war eine Aehnlichkeit
Mir ſichtbar, — doch — fürwahr! Geſchäfte, Menſchen, Zeit, —
Man wird verwirrt. — Ich weiß kaum ſelbſt, wie mir geſchieht!
Ihr Anblick, — Ihr Talent, — der Kuß von einſt, — es zieht
Wie eine Zauberwelt im Innern mir vorbei.

Schauſpielerin.

Doch ſagt der Zauber nicht, daß ich — Eliſe ſei!

Director.

Die Spielgenoſſin, — Sie! Nun fängt es an zu tagen!
Was hielt Sie, Theure, ab, mir das ſogleich zu ſagen!

Schauſpielerin.

Ei! die Empfindlichkeit, daß Sie mich nicht gekannt.

Director.

Wie konnt' ich ahnen!

Schauſpielerin.

Still! Empfindlichkeit ſei verbannt.
Wir bleiben Freunde drum; nur laſſen Sie mich gehen.

Director.

Das laß' ich nicht, ich muß vielmehr darauf beſtehen,
Auf eine Probe noch zu ſtellen Ihre Kunſt.
Ein Mann von guter Art bewirbt ſich um die Gunſt
Der liebenswürdigſten Frau, ſo ſchön, als voll Talente,
Die, wenn er ſie nicht ſchon ſeit frühſter Jugend kannte,
Ihm dennoch theuer wär', wo immer er ſie fand.
Er giebt ihr, was er hat, — ſein Herz und ſeine Hand,
O möchte ſie dafür ihm ihre Liebe geben!
Er wartet auf Beſcheid; — ſie ſpricht:

Schauſpielerin.

Komm her!

Director (ſie umarmend).

Fürs Leben!

Hieronymus Emſer,

einer der heftigſten Gegner Luthers und der Reformation, ward am 26. März 1477 in Ulm geboren, ſtudirte in Tübingen und Baſel Theologie und canoniſches Recht, und bekleidete dann zwei Jahre das Amt eines Secretairs bei dem Cardinal Raymund von Gurk, den er auf ſeinen Reiſen durch Italien und Deutſchland begleitete. Darauf ward er Magiſter in Erfurt und lehrte daſelbſt Humaniora. Von hier ging er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Leipzig und ward daſelbſt Baccalaureus der Theologie und Licentiat des canoniſchen Rechtes, worauf ihn Herzog Georg 1504 zu ſich als ſeinen Secretair und Orator nach Dresden berief. Im Jahre 1510 ward er nach Rom geſandt, um die Heiligſprechung des Benno zu bewirken. Nach ſeiner Heimkehr erhielt er mehrere Präbenden in Dresden und Meißen und zog ſich in den Privatſtand zurück. Er ſtarb am 8. November 1527 in Dresden.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Wider das unchriſtliche Buch Martini Luthers, Auguſtiners, an den teutſchen Adel ausgangen u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1521.

An den Stier zu Wittenberg. O. O. u. J.

Auf des Stiers zu Wittenberg wiedende Replica O. O. u. J. Beides Flugſchriften gegen Luther.

Der Bock tritt frey auff dieſen plan hat wider Ehren nye gethan. O. O. 1525. 4.

Anfangs Luthers Freund ward er nach der Disputation zu Leipzig (27. Juli 1519) deſſen eifrigſter Feind, wobei ihm denn auch Luther freilich, in der Derbheit ſeiner Tage, nichts ſchuldig blieb. — Seine Satyren haben übrigens durchaus keinen äſthetiſchen Werth und ſind nur plumpe, in ſchlechtem Deutſch geſchriebene Schmähungen. —

Johann Enenkl (Jannſen Enikel),

aus adelichem Geſchlecht, ward 1227 (nach Anderen 1190) zu Wien geboren, lebte daſelbſt als Domherr und ſtarb um 1250 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er ſchrieb:

Fürſtenbuch von Oeſtreich und Steyerland (in mittelhochdeutſchen Reimen), herausgegeben von Hier. Megiſer. Linz, 1618. N. A. 1740. 8.

Univerſalchronik (in Proſa und Verſen), wovon Proben in Pez Script. rer. austr. II. S. 636 — Voß und in Magnus Haus bibliothekariſchem Verſuche über Enikels Univerſalchronik. Fr. Mannheim, 1788. — Eine vollſtändige Ausgabe wird in Wien, dem Vernehmen nach, vorbereitet.

Beide Werke haben mehr ſprachlichen als hiſtoriſchen Werth. —

Johann Jakob Engel

ward am 11. September 1741 zu Parchim im Mecklenburgiſchen, wo ſein Vater als Prediger lebte, geboren. Nachdem er im elterlichen Hauſe und dann in der dortigen Stadtſchule ſeine erſte Bildung erhalten, beſuchte er das Gymnaſium zu Roſtock, von dem er ſpäter zu der Univerſität daſelbſt überging. Er beſchäftigte ſich hier vorzüglich mit den theologiſchen Wiſſenſchaften und widmete ſich dann zu Bützow und zu Leipzig mit Vorliebe dem Studium der Philoſophie und der Sprachenkunde. Mehrere Predigten, welche er während dieſes Zeitraums theils in Bützow theils in Parchim gehalten, hatten ihn bereits in ſeinem Vaterlande ehrenvollen Ruf erworben, und er würde ſich wohl dem Predigtamte gewidmet haben, wäre er nicht durch ſein Verhältniß zu dem pietiſtiſchen Superintendenten Zachariä, der alle Andersdenkenden verketzerte, davon zurückgeſchreckt worden. Er blieb daher in Leipzig, wo er ſich ſeinen Unterhalt durch literäriſche Arbeiten und Vorleſungen verſchaffte und ſich bald einen ſehr ehrenvollen Namen in der gelehrten Welt zu erwerben wußte. Unter vier, zu gleicher Zeit ihm gewordenen Anträgen, zog er, dem Wunſche ſeiner Mutter folgend, einen Ruf als Profeſſor am Joachimsthalſchen Gymnaſium allen übrigen vor. Er begab ſich dem zufolge 1776 nach Berlin, lebte hier mit dem größten Beifall, ward Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften, und hatte bald darauf die Ehre, dem jetzigen Könige von Preußen und mehreren Prinzen und Prinzeſſinnen des königlichen Hauſes Unterricht zu ertheilen. Dadurch mit dem damals regierenden Könige Friedrich Wilhelm II. bekannt geworden, erhielt er von dieſem die Oberdirection des Berliner Theaters, welche er bis 1794 verwaltete, dann aber, da ſeine wankende Geſundheit zu ſehr von dem mannichfachen, mit einer ſolchen Stelle verknüpften Aerger litt, niederlegte. — Er begab ſich nun nach Schwerin, wo er ſich mit literäriſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigte, ward aber bald von ſeinem erhabenen Zöglinge, gleich nach deſſen Regierungsantritt, auf das Wohlwollendſte eingeladen zurückzukehren, um unter Zuſicherung ſeines Gehaltes als Mitglied der Akademie und einer anſehnlichen Penſion, ohne alle amtliche Verpflichtung, dort ſeiner Neigung und den Muſen zu leben. Engel folgte dieſer ehrenvollen Aufforderung im Jahre 1798, arbeitete jedoch zu angeſtrengt und untergrub ſeine leidende Geſundheit immer mehr. Er ſtarb auf einer Beſuchsreiſe zu ſeiner bejahrten Mutter, am 28. Juni 1802 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der dankbare Sohn. Leipzig, 1770 und öft.
Die Apotheke. Oper. Leipzig, 1771.
Der Edelknabe. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig, 1774 und öft.
Der Philoſoph für die Welt. 2 Thle. Leipzig, 1775—1777 und öft.
Lobrede auf den König. Berlin, 1781.
Kleine Schriften. Berlin, 1795.
Fürſtenſpiegel. Berlin, 1798.
Herr Lorenz Stark. Berlin, 1801.
Schriften. 12 Thle. Berlin, 1801—1806.
Anfangsgründe einer Theorie der Dichtungsarten. Berlin, 1783.
Mimik. Berlin, 2 Bde.

Als Menſch wie als Schriftſteller verdient Engel gleiche Achtung. Er war ein wohlwollender, redlicher, wahrheitsliebender, das Gute und Schöne nach beſten Kräften befördernder Mann, ein dankbarer, guter Sohn, ein unveränderlich treuer Freund. Als Schriftſteller zeichnete er ſich beſonders durch ſeinen feinen Geſchmack, ſein gründliches Wiſſen und ſeine ſcharfe Beobachtungsgabe aus. Vorzüglich verdankte ihm die populäre Philoſophie in Deutſchland große Fortſchritte. Sein proſaiſcher Styl iſt glänzend, leicht, witzig und correct, und daher ein Muſter wahrer Eleganz, obwohl hier und da in der von ihm erſtrebten Natürlichkeit zu künſtlich. Leſſing blieb fortwährend ſein Vorbild doch erreichte er ihn nie, da ihm Leſſing's ſelbſtſtändiger Scharfſinn mangelte, auch beſaß er für einen Dichter nicht genug Phantaſie. Seine äſthetiſchen und kritiſchen Bemühungen ſind durch die ſpäteren Fortſchritte der Philoſophie überflügelt worden, doch hat ſeine **Mimik** ſich ein bleibendes Anſehn zu bewahren gewußt, da ſie einen reichen Schatz feiner pſychologiſcher Bemerkungen umfaßt. — Seine Luſtſpiele erhielten ſich lange auf der Bühne, um ſo mehr, als ſie ſich durch ſcharfe Charakterzeichnung, Wahrheit und Lebendigkeit des Dialogs und vortreffliche komiſche Oekonomie auszeichneten. Als ein Meiſterwerk, in jedem Sinne des Wortes, iſt indeſſen ſein vortreffliches Charaktergemälde „Herr Lorenz Stark" als die Perle aller ſeiner Schriften zu betrachten.

Das ähnlichſte Portrait Engels ward von **Freidhof** nach einem Oelgemälde von **Weitſch** geſchabt, und hat auch in künſtleriſcher Hinſicht großen Werth.

Vergeltung *).

Bei dem ſteten, oft ſo ſchrecklichen Wechſel der Dinge, können Perſonen vom ſichtbaren Anſehen in den Fall kommen, daß ſie des Erbarmens der Geringſten bedürfen. Wohl denen dann, die ſelbſt, in den Tagen ihres Glücks, Erbarmen geübt haben, ſie werden die guten Folgen davon, in den Tagen ihres Unglücks, empfinden.

Was in unſeren Tagen geſchehen iſt, woran, nur wenige Jahre zurück, noch niemand die Ahnung hatte, bedarf keiner Erwähnung. Man weiß, daß auch von dem raſchen, ergrimmteſten Pöbel, mitten in der wildeſten Wuth des Aufruhrs, Unterſchiede gemacht wurden, die ihren Grund in einer dankbaren Erinnerung des Vergangenen hatten. Die ältere Geſchichte hat uns ähnliche Beiſpiele hinterlaſſen. —

In Sicilien war, um die Zeit des Aufruhrs der **Gracchen**, das Elend der dort befindlichen Sclavenmenge, die faſt die Hälfte der Bevölkerung dieſer Inſel ausmachte, bis aufs Höchſte geſtiegen. Einer der fühlloſeſten Gebieter war ein gewiſſer **Damophilus** aus Enna, der alle ſeine Sclaven mit glühenden Eiſen an der Stirne hatte brandmarken laſſen, ſie Nachts in enge Kerker zuſammenpreßte, und mit anbrechendem Morgen ſie bei der magerſten Koſt, die kaum für das Leben zu friſten hinreichte, auf die Felder zur Arbeit jagte. Sein Weib **Megallis** war gegen den weiblichen Theil des Geſindes nicht minder grauſam. Die geringſten Fehler wurden mit den entſetzlichſten Züchtigungen beſtraft, und die kaum zu erzwingenden Tagewerke mit unerbittlicher Strenge gefordert.

Unter dieſen unerträglichen Leiden, war der einzige Troſt der Elenden die junge Tochter des Hauſes, deren Herz für die Gefühle der Menſchlichkeit eben ſo offen, als das Herz ihrer Aeltern dafür verſchloſſen war. Durch ihre flehenden Fürbitten bewegte ſie oft die wüthende Mutter zur Schonung; durch ihre innige Theilnahme machte ſie Qualen, die ſie nicht hatte abwenden können, erträglicher; und durch ihre geheime Wohlthätigkeit erſetzte ſie, ſo viel ſie konnte und durfte, die den Sclaven verſagten Nothwendigkeiten.

Es kam zum Aufruhr, der ſich bald, wie eine Flamme unter feuerfangendem Stoff, bis in alle drei Spitzen der Inſel verbreitete. Auf den Feldern des **Damophilus** brach er aus: er ſelbſt, dieſer Nichtswürdige, ſein Weib, ſeine Tochter, da ſie ſich eben in einem Garten der Vorſtadt ſorglos erluſtigten, fielen in die Hände der Sclaven. Nach dem Willen des Anführers, eines gewiſſen **Eunus**, ſollte über den **Damophilus** ein förmliches Verhör gehalten werden, bei welchem Ankläger und Zeugen auftreten, und die Menge Richter wäre; aber die unaufhaltſame Wuth zweier Sclaven, die vorzüglich grauſam waren behandelt worden, machte dieſem Scheingerichte ein Ende: ſie ſtürzten über ihren Tyrannen her, und ſchlugen ihn mit wiederholten mörderiſchen Streichen zu Boden. Das Schickſal ſeines Weibes war fürchterlicher: denn ſie fiel in die Hände ihrer Sclavinnen, die erſt mit Tyrannenwolluſt jede Art von Marter und von Mißhandlung an ihr erſchöpften, und ſie dann, mit geſättigter Rache, auf eine Anhöhe ſchleppten, um ſie in die Tiefe zu ſtürzen.

Mitten unter dieſen Stürmen der empörteſten, ſinnloſeſten Wuth blieb die Tochter nicht allein verſchont, ſondern erhielt auch die unverkennbarſten Beweiſe der Dankbarkeit, der Liebe und Ehrerbietung. Ihr ſo oft bewieſenes Erbarmen war in

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*) Aus Engels Fürſtenſpiegel. Berlin, 1798.

Aller Herzen; daß ſich ihre Menſchlichkeit, ihre Tugend, auf Aller Lippen. Das geringſte Vergehen gegen ſie mit Wort oder That würde auf das [illegible] werden. Man [illegible], ſie von dem grauſamen Orte, wo ihre Retter gelandet hatten, und zugleich von dem Schauplatze des herrſchenden wüthenden Krieges zu entfernen; durch ein ſicheres Gefolge brachte man ſie [illegible] nach Catania, und [illegible] ſie lief, unberührt, in die Hände ihrer [illegible]. — —

Die Geſchichte hat uns ſo manche verabſcheuungswürdige Namen, auch die eines Dionyſius und einer [illegible], aufbehalten; warum hat ſie uns doch den Namen dieſer Guten, dieſer Edlen verſchwiegen? Doch auch ohne Namen wandert der Freund der Menſchheit [illegible], und freut ſich der ſo ſchön an die heiligen [illegible]: daß auch über die roheſten und furchtbarſten Gemüther die Tugend ihr göttliches Recht behauptet.

Geſchichte.

Die Geſchichte iſt für Könige eine prächtige Lehrerin, die aber ſo unglücklich iſt, immer unaufmerkſame Schüler zu haben. — Würden wir ſonſt die ehemaligen Fehler mit den ehemaligen Folgen immer zurückkommen ſehen? Würden ſo oft neue Beyſpiele zur Warnung dienen, wenn die Warnung älterer Beyſpiele gefruchtet hätte? —

Könige! ruft ſo laut die Geſchichte, wagt es nicht, gegen den [illegible] Geiſt eurer Zeit anzukämpfen: er iſt durch eine Folge von Jahrhunderten eben ſo unwiderſtehlich herbeigeführt, als es durch die [illegible] Umwälzungen des Himmels die Jahreszeiten ſind: es iſt gleich thöricht, dieſe oder jenen aufhalten zu wollen; und das geringſte Uebel, was für euch daraus erwachſen kann, iſt, daß man an eurem [illegible] [illegible]. — Könige! laßt endlich ab von dem Glauben, als ob ihr durch die Erweiterung eurer Grenzen immer mächtiger würdet: der geſchloſſene, ſittliche Staatskörper iſt ſtärker, als der aufgeſchwollene, [illegible]: und wollt ihr mächtiger werden, ſo ſorgt für Tüchtigkeit, Sparſamkeit, Sitten, Gerechtigkeit. — Könige! verlaßt euch nie gegen eine einfache, geſchloſſene Macht, auf eine vielfache, zuſammengeflickte: Uneinigkeit, Ungehorſam, Eiferſucht, Neid, treiben euch mit Zerrüttung eurer durchdachteſten Plane; und am Ende werdet ihr nicht, was ihr wolltet, Provinzen gewonnen, aber Provinzen verloren haben. — Könige! verhütet, wenn immer möglich, daß nicht [illegible] Druck und innere Unruhe [illegible]: beſchäftigt die Gemüther durch Herſtellung der alten Ordnung, [illegible] in dem Streit [illegible]; [illegible] den Frieden, [illegible] Zwietracht in den Eingeweiden des Staats, und dieſe Wunden kann [illegible] den Tod. — Aber leider, und was viel mehr! ruft ſo laut die Geſchichte [illegible], aber [illegible] nicht in das Ohr ihrer [illegible] [illegible] ſie [illegible] erfahren haben, [illegible] Beyſpiele ſie nicht [illegible] zu brauchen. — —

Pilotenfiſche.

Es giebt unter den Bewohnern des Meers einen ſehr merkwürdigen, wie z. B. [illegible] beſchreibt, der einen ungeheuren Rachen zum Verſchlingen, aber durchaus keinen Verſtand hat, ſich zu bedienen. Dieſer [illegible] ſteht unter einem oder zwei Dienern, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Die Matroſen, die bei Benennung dieſer [illegible] Fiſche im Geiſte ihrer gewohnten Begriffe blieben, haben ſie Pilotenfiſche genannt; man könnte ſie ſonſt, mit gutem Fug und Recht, auch Miniſterfiſche nennen.

Zeitvertreibe.

Es iſt wohl traurig, daß [illegible] den Fürſten ſo viel Unluſt von ihren Völkern erhalten. Man ſollte ſich Glück wünſchen, daß man ſie hat, und man will nicht müde, ihrer zu ſpotten und ſie in den Augen der Welt herabzuſetzen.

„Was dünkt euch dazu," ſagt das eine Volk, „daß unſer durchlauchtigſter Herr den ganzen Tag nichts thut, als an der Drechſelbank ſtehn?" — „Da mag ihm weniger [illegible] als dem unſrigen werden," erwiedert das andre, „denn deſſen ganze Luſt iſt, am Clavier zu ſitzen und Paſſagen zu machen." — „Der unſrige," ruft ein drittes, „iſt ein ganz anderer Mann; der verſteht [illegible] von ganz fremden heraus, ein ſchöneres [illegible], oder einen künſtlichern [illegible] zu machen, als er."

Iſt es zu begreifen, was dieſe Unbeſonnenen wollen? — Soll denn etwa der Fürſt, gleich dem letzten [illegible], die ganzen Tage im Bette verträumen, oder gleich dem wilden Jäger, der noch jetzt durch die Forſten ſpukt, Feld und Wald mit ſeinen Hunden durchſtreifen, und alle Saaten, alle Ernten zu Schanden reiten? Soll er auf jeder [illegible], wenn [illegible] ein Dorf nicht [illegible] hat, die [illegible] ſchlagen laſſen? Soll er [illegible] Summen am Spieltiſche vergeuden; oder in ſchändlichen Ausſchweifungen allen ſeinen Verſtand, ſeine Kräfte [illegible]?

Regieren, ſchreit man, regieren ſoll er; denn wofür ſonſt iſt er da? — Als ob es um das Regieren eine ſo leichte Sache wäre! Er iſt zum Fürſten geboren: das iſt ihm wohl; aber die Kunſt zu regieren iſt nicht mit ihm geboren; und was man in jüngern Jahren hätte lernen können, [illegible], das iſt nun einmal verſäumt. Zum Lernen, weiß man, hatte der junge Prinz niemals Luſt, und wirklich auch niemals Zeit: denn das Muſter der Fürſtenmütter konnte durchaus nicht leiden, daß der geliebte Erbe bei irgend einer Gelegenheit fehlte; und da ſie ſelbſt von einer zur andern unaufhaltſam fortſchwärmte, ſo kam auch der gute Knabe aus dem betäubenden [illegible], aus den [illegible] Zerſtreuungen, und aus den [illegible] Erwartungen immer ſchönerer Vergnügungen nie heraus.

Aber, ſchreit man von neuem, wenn er denn nicht regieren kann, und nur denn einmal an [illegible] verkauft ſeyn muß, ſo ſoll er uns wenigſtens mit dem Vorwurfe verſchonen, daß wir einem Drechsler, einem Koch, einem Schmiede [illegible]: er ſoll ſich edler und würdiger beſchäftigen, als er thut. — Edler und würdiger? — Lieber Gott! — Wenn man nun dieſen Beſchäftigungen nachfragt; ſo wird gewiß heraus kommen, daß der Prinz ſich an [illegible] Unterhaltungen ergetzen, Bücher leſen, wohl gar, wie ein Cäſar und Antonin, ſelbſt die Feder in die Hand nehmen ſoll. — Aber wenn er nun, von ſeiner [illegible] an, vor allen ſolchen Beſchäftigungen einen Ekel hat! wenn auch jetzt der Anblick [illegible] in die Zähne tritt, ſo bald er nur eine halbe Seite [illegible] herableſen ſoll? wenn man [illegible], was er wohl [illegible], das [illegible] daß Schreiben keine Sache [illegible] nicht iſt. — Kann man ihm da als [illegible], was für ihn die grauſamſte Marter wäre? Oder [illegible] man denn nicht, daß, wenn der Prinz zu ſolchen Beſchäftigungen Luſt hätte, er zur Regierung nicht untauglich wäre? — Zu zeichnen, oder ein Inſtrument zu ſpielen, iſt, wenn es ſchlecht geſchieht, [illegible] nicht ſo viel werth, als gar zu [illegible] oder zu [illegible]; und daß doch übrigens der Herr von dem [illegible] einige Kenntniß hat, das erhellt aus der [illegible] und Anmuth, womit er tanzt. Auch nennt er, in der [illegible], [illegible] als einem Gemälde den Namen des Meiſters, und iſt ein großer eifriger Bewunderer der italiäniſchen [illegible] Oper. —

Kurz, es iſt unverantwortlich, wie man den armen Großen [illegible]. Man ſcheint die [illegible] Abſicht zu haben, ihn vor lauter langer Weile umkommen zu laſſen; aber man bedenkt nicht, was für ein Schickſal man da [illegible] umgebenden Dienerſchaft bereiten möchte. In einer mürriſchen Laune würde nichts ihnen recht gemacht werden; ſie würden [illegible], [illegible], [illegible]: und noch ein Glück, wenn es beim bloßen Schelten bliebe! Kammerdiener wiſſen von Prinzen zu erzählen, die in Anwandlungen ihrer böſen Laune mit Füßen [illegible] um ſich geſchlagen, wohl gar mit Zähnen um ſich gebiſſen haben.

Nein, ihr guten, lieben, ſanftmüthigen Prinzen, bleibt, wenn ihr einmal Beruf dazu fühlt, bei eurer Drechſelbank, eurem [illegible], und eurem Ambos! Laßt euch durch das Geſchrei von Menſchen nicht irre machen, die auf ihre Unterthanenpflicht: zu ſchweigen, ſich wenigſtens um nichts beſſer verſtehen, als ihr euch auf eure Fürſtenpflicht: zu regieren! Laßt euch, für [illegible] [illegible]. Wenn ihr das [illegible] Tagewerk vollbracht habt, und eure Perſonen fürs Schickſal [illegible] gerathen hat; wenn eure

Paſteten einen feinern Geſchmack, als die Hanauer oder Straßburger, oder ſelbſt als die Pariſer, haben; wenn eure Schlüſſel in ihre Schlöſſer vollkommen paſſen: dann tretet ihr aus eurer Werkſtätte hervor, ſo froh und ſo heiter, ſo wohlgeſinnt und ſo mildthätig: — wir könnten uns gar keinen gnädigern Fürſten wünſchen als wir, dem Himmel ſey Dank! an euch haben.

Müßiggang.

Ein einfältiger Reichsſtädter ſah in X.. den Landesherrn mit einem äußerſt raſchen Geſchirre und einer Eile vorbeijagen, daß die Pferde ſtürzen mochten. — Guter Gott! fragte er einen Einwohner des Orts, der ihn herumführte; was muß er vorhaben, der Herr?

„Er! — Er iſt müde, auf ſeinem Schloß in der Stadt zu gähnen, und fährt nun hin, um draußen in ſeinem Belvedere zu gähnen."

Das wär' es Alles? fragte der Reichsſtädter erſtaunt.

„Das iſt's dein Alles! Er jagt immer die Pferde todt, um zu rechter Zeit an dem Orte zu ſeyn, wo er nichts zu thun hat."

Aber ich bitte Sie, Freund, wenn der Herr auch auf ſeinen glücklichen weitern Reiſen ins Bad und auf die Meſſe ſo ganz entſetzlich fährt —

„Anders niemals."

Da müßten ja, dächt ich, ihm ganze Ställe voll Pferde fallen.

„Ihm wohl nicht, aber den Unterthanen."

Hm! — Und er hätte wirklich nichts zu verſäumen?

„Nichts in der Welt."

Man ſollte aber doch glauben: bei den mancherlei Regierungsgeſchäften — —

„Die beſorgen die Räthe."

Und bei der anſehnlichen Armee, die er hält — —

„Die beſorgen die Generale."

Und bei der weitläuftigen vielen Correſpondenz — —

„Die beſorgen die Secretäre."

Hm! Hm! — Aber ſehen Sie doch! ſehen Sie! Da iſt er ſchon die ganze lange Straße hinunter; da iſt er ſchon draußen vor dem Thor auf der Höhe. Man ſollte glauben, alles Geſchirr müßte reißen. — Und daß der gute Herr nicht vor Schwindel vom Sitz fällt!

„Das hat nichts auf ſich. Er hat feſte Gehirnnerven."

Je nun — er nutzt ſie eben nicht ab. — Aber auf jenen weitern Reiſen, mein Freund, da bekommen doch wohl die Unterthanen etwas, wenn ihnen die Pferde fallen?

„Verſteht ſich. Etwas für ihre Pferde, und auch wohl etwas für ſich."

Nun, das iſt denn doch gnädig! Auch etwas für ſich?

„Prügel." — —

Ob Geſpräche dieſer Art, ganz ſo hämiſch und bitter, unter den Geringern wirklich vorfallen? iſt nicht die Frage. Es wäre zu wünſchen, daß Fürſten ihre Unterthanen belauſchen, oder daß ſie Blicke bis in ihr Innerſtes werfen könnten: ſie würden finden, daß ſie nur allzu häufig von ihnen verachtet, und oft dann am meiſten verachtet werden, wenn ſie am meiſten vor ihnen zu glänzen wähnen.

Nachruhm.

Für den Menſchen, das Geſchöpf der Zeit, iſt die Gegenwart immer wenig, die Zukunft Alles. In ſie hinein ſtrebt jeder ſeiner Wünſche, in ſie die meiſten ſeiner Gedanken. Für ſie nur lebt er, ſorgt er, arbeitet er; ſie ſich aufzuhellen, horcht er auf Wahrſager, Zeichendeuter, Beſchwörer; ſie ſich zu verſchönern, opfert er Kräfte, Vergnügen, Geſundheit, Leben.

Größere Seelen hangen mit ihren Wünſchen und Gedanken nur an der nächſten Zukunft; ſchweifen, ſchweifen damit hinaus, bis über das Grab. Wenn alles Uebrige aufhört, ſoll der Nachruhm noch dauern; wenn Alles Trümmer iſt, was das Leben gebaut hat, ſoll die Ehrenſäule noch da ſtehen.

Es hilft nichts, daß man den Ruhmſüchtigen fragt: wird das Lob, das im Tode hinter dir bleibt, zu deiner Kenntniß gelangen? Wird die Bewunderung einer noch ungebornen Nachwelt dein Ohr, das Blatt der Geſchichte, das dich den Göttern zuzählt, dein Auge entzücken? — Entweder ſieht er, wie jener Römer, aus der Liebe des Nachruhms ſelbſt, einen Beweis der Unſterblichkeit und des fortdauernden Zuſammenhanges mit dem Erdenleben; oder er gibt wenigſtens, durch die Allmacht der Phantaſie, entfernten Jahrhunderten Gegenwart, hört Töne, zu denen die Organe noch in unentwickelten Keimen ſchlafen, lieſt Werke, zu denen die Schriften noch in ungeöffneten Schachten ruhen. —

Aber, möchte man ausrufen: prophetiſcher Träumer! wie kannſt du Urtheile deiner Eitelkeit mit Urtheilen der Nachwelt verwechſeln? Sind denn jene ſchon eines mit den Urtheilen der Zeitgenoſſen? — Schmeichler, weißt du, ſind gerne Lügner; und der größte Schmeichler iſt immer der Menſch ſich ſelbſt.

Oder achteſt du vielleicht der Wahrheit deiner Vorſtellungen nicht, und erfreuſt dich nur an ihrer Lieblichkeit, ihrer Schönheit? Würdeſt du den, der dich vom Wahne heilte, als einen Feind deiner Zufriedenheit haſſen? — Dann biſt du der Mittheilung des Geheimniſſes unwerth, wie man ſich die Zukunft gewiß macht. Dann träume!

Die Nachwelt iſt unpartheiiſch, unbeſtechlich, gerecht. Ihr Urtheil kann anfangs ſchwanken; aber bald werden die Weiſeſten und Stärkſten ihm Feſtigkeit geben. — Du ſelbſt kannſt dein unpartheiiſcher Richter nicht ſeyn; das duldet deine Eigenliebe nicht: und doch mußt du dir die Zukunft von der Gegenwart borgen. Gut, und ſuche dir unter den Mitlebenden einen der Weiſeſten, Gütigſten aus: ſuche ſeiner Freundſchaft würdig zu werden; und haſt du, in der ſeligſten Minute deines Daſeyns, dieß Ziel erreicht, dann freue dich in dem Ruhme, den Er vielleicht dir giebt, deines Nachruhms! Aus ihm, dem offenen, bedächtigen, biedern Beurtheiler, tönt dir eine Stimme der unpartheiiſchen, unbeſtechlichen, gerechten Zukunft.

Zwar iſt er Freund; und Freundſchaft hat ihre Schwächen für den Geliebten. Aber ſie wahrhaft ruhmwerth; und meinſt du, nicht auch die Nachwelt werde ſie haben? Keine volle Unpartheilichkeit giebt's einmal nicht, als im Gerichte des Himmels. — Mit kälter, ſtrenger Richtermiene naht ſich der Beurtheiler einem Charakter; nicht Würden, Geſchlechtstafeln, Schätze, Kronen, können ihn blenden: das Alles iſt im Tode dahin; was ihn noch einzig anzieht, iſt der Geiſt und das Herz; denn deren Rechte ſind ewig. Laß ihn zu loben, zu bewundern, zu lieben finden; und ſeine Kälte erwärmt ſich, ſeine Strenge wird milder; er wägt jetzt ängſtlich am Tadel, und weniger ängſtlich am Lobe: ſein Scharfſinn wird erfinderiſch an Entſchuldigungsgründen. Ohne daß er es weiß, daß er es will, hat er Flecken überſehen, hat er Schönheiten hinzugeliehen. —

O, eure Eitelkeit, euer Stolz, ihr Fürſten, den ihr ſo ungerne ablegt! Den Durſt nach Unſterblichkeit habt ihr; aber wo iſt an eurer Seite der Freund, deſſen ſtrenges Urtheil ſie euch verbürgte?

Sittenwerth.

Laſter, die unbedeutenden Privatperſonen Schande machen, machen ſie unfehlbar auch Fürſten. Große Regententugend kann allerdings den perſönlichen Fehler ſo überglänzen, daß wir kaum ihn gewahr werden, aber doch würde das Licht von jener, ohne den Schatten von dieſem, ſicher in größerer Reinheit, in größerer Fülle ſtrahlen.

Jener ruhmvolle Fürſt, ſagen wir, war ein trefflicher Feldherr, an deſſen Märſchen, Stellungen, Belagerungen, Schlachten, Rückzügen, noch jetzt alle Krieger lernen; warum befleckte er doch ſeinen Ruhm durch ſchändliche Wolluſt? Dieſer Andere war ein muſterhafter Staatswirth, der Handel, Ackerbau, Gewerbe, Kunſtfleiß, mit bewunderungswürdiger Thätigkeit und Klugheit emporbrachte; warum entehrte er doch ſo viel Verdienſt durch Zornwuth, durch barbariſche Grauſamkeiten? Hier ein Dritter war eifriger Beförderer der Wiſſenſchaften, nach deſſen Namen die Nation ihr goldenes Zeitalter benennt; warum verfiel er doch in eine Verſchwendung, wovon man die traurigen, verderblichen Folgen noch jetzt empfindet?

Cimon, Scipio, Lucull, ſind Namen, die im Tempel der Unſterblichkeit glänzen. Aber eben die Geſchichte, die uns die Thaten dieſer Helden erzählt, ſetzt hinzu: daß dem Einen ſeine Liebe zu dem Weine, dem Andern ſein Hang zum Schlafe, dem Dritten ſeine verſchwenderiſche Tafel zum Vorwurf gereicht hat.

Man urtheile: wenn ſchon ſolche, in Vergleichung nur kleine, Fehler den Ruhm großer Männer verdunkeln können; was wird erſt volle Laſterhaftigkeit, volle Unwürdigkeit thun? Kein Verdienſt um den Staat, wie wichtig es immer ſey,

[illegible]

Aber, ſagt man vielleicht, muß denn der Fürſt, was er ſich ſelbſt erlaubt, darum auch Andern geſtatten? Iſt er nicht Herr, um durch weiſe Geſetze die Unordnungen einzuſchränken und dem Verderben zuvorzukommen? Hat er es nicht in ſeiner Macht, mit unerbittlicher Strenge über dieſe Geſetze zu halten? — Wie! Seine eigenen Handlungen ſoll er verdammen? Soll mit jedem Geſetze dem Volke ein Licht anzünden, woran es die Schande ſeines Fürſten erkenne? Soll mit ſeinen Untugenden allein ſtehen wollen, um ihren Anblick deſto auffallender, deſto empörender zu machen? — Laſter hat immer gern Geſellſchaft von Laſter; es zieht ſich vor der Tugend mit gleichem Widerwillen, wie die Häßlichkeit vor der Schönheit, zurück; es findet in Beiſpielen Entſchuldigung, und fürchtet, durch Unduldſamkeit noch verhaßter, noch verabſcheuter zu werden. — Und was für Kraft könnten denn auch Geſetze haben, die auf dem Throne ſelbſt und rings um den Thron verlacht und verſpottet werden? Nein, wenn Ordnung, Sittlichkeit, Tugend, in ihrer Würde bleiben oder darin zurücktreten ſollen: ſo muß der Fürſt ſelbſt ein Edler ſeyn, der zu jedem ſeiner Geſetze das Beiſpiel gebe; ſo muß das Laſter nicht blos zittern ſich ihm zu nähern, es muß auch erröthen; ſo muß das gezüchtigte Verbrechen nicht Grund haben, mit Unmuth entgegen zu treten oder zu knirſchen: es muß ſich gedrungen fühlen, ſein eigenes Verdammungsurtheil zu billigen, und die Hand, die es ſchlägt, zu verehren.

Sicherheit.

Nur zu oft mochten Fürſten, in dieſer letzten aufrühreriſchen Zeit des Jahrhunderts, für ſich ſelbſt oder für ihre Kinder zittern. Jenes ſchwarze Gewitter im Weſten, mochten ſie ſagen, hat ſich bis über die Alpen gewälzt; was kann es hindern, ſich auch über den Rheinſtrom zu wälzen?

Das Rathſamſte bei dieſer ſchrecklichen Möglichkeit wäre wohl das: daß man nicht zu ſorglos im gegenwärtigen Sonnenſtrahl ſchliefe, ſondern dem fürchterlichen Phänomen, um es von ſeinem Horizont entfernt zu halten, mit aller der Kraft entgegenwirkte, die dem Menſchen in der ſittlichen Natur ſo viel mehr, als in der körperlichen, zu Theil ward.

Daß es mit dieſem Entgegenwirken gelingen werde, wenn es nur durch weiſe Mittel und mit ausdauerndem Ernſte geſchieht, das ſcheint die Sinnesart des Volks zu verbürgen. Ruhig, ſtandhaft, bieder, treu, muß es guten, und wenn auch nur erträglichen, Fürſten weit weniger Sorge, als die übrigen Völker, machen. Es hat von ſeiner Anhänglichkeit an gerechte, menſchenliebende Herrſcher die ſprechendſten, rührendſten Beweiſe gegeben; aber am Ende freilich hat auch das lammherzigſte Geſchöpf ſeine Galle: und zu ſehr oder zu lange gereizt, geängſtigt, gemartert, braucht es, inſtinctmäßig, alle ihm verliehene Kraft, um ſich der Angſt und der Qual zu entladen.

Wie ſchon hieraus erhellt, ſo wäre kein Mittel, ſich zu ſichern, gewagter und alſo ſinnloſer, als wenn man Strenge und Druck vermehrte, und die Zügel der Regierung auf einmal ſo kurz faßte, als möglich. Eben dieſer ängſtliche, zuletzt unerträgliche Zwang könnte zu einer Wuth verleiten, die das ſonſt gutmüthige Volk über alle Schranken hinausriſſe, und den unweiſen Führer von ſeinem Sitz herab unter die Räder ſeines eigenen Wagens würfe. Ein noch wenig denkendes, wenig gebildetes Volk mag ſich bis zu dumpfem Sclavenſinne erniedrigen laſſen; mit einem ſchon aufgeklärten, zum Nachdenken erwachten, mit dem Deutſchen, wird ſo ein Verſuch ſchwerlich glücken.

Gleich unweiſe, und bei grauſamen Mitteln gewiß auch gleich gewagt, wird das Bemühen ſeyn, der Aufklärung ſelbſt entgegenzuarbeiten, und dadurch, daß man Dummheit und Aberglauben an ihre Stelle ſetzte, dem Sclavenſinne den Weg zu bahnen. Wer einmal von den Phantomen, womit die Menſchheit in den Kinderjahren gegängelt ward, die Seele frei hat, der verſchmäht es auf immer, ſie wieder anzunehmen. Ihm ſie aufdringen wollen, kann keinen andern Erfolg haben, als ihn in Harniſch zu jagen und zu erbittern. Herrſcher, die zu andern Zeiten ſich für höhere, von Gott geheiligte Weſen gaben, und in dieſer Eigenſchaft blinde Verehrung, blinden Gehorſam verlangten, würden ihren Zweck ſo ganz verfehlen, daß ſie nur verhaßter und verächtlicher würden.

Alſo auf dieſem Wege, daß man den Zuſtand des Volks oder ſelbſt das Volk verſchlechtert, ſcheint das Ziel, nach dem man ſtrebt, nicht erreichbar. Und ſo ſchlage man denn lieber den andern beſſern Weg ein, der nicht, wie jener, im Sumpfe, ſondern auf trockener lichter Höhe liegt, und wo man ſich weder zu fürchten hat, daß man verſinken, noch, wenn man glücklich hindurchkömmt, von Schande triefen werde. Man kehre die Grundſätze und die Verfahrungsweiſe, mit denen es nicht hat gelingen wollen, gerade um, und ſehe zu, ob es dann eher gelingt. — Läßt ſich nichts von Verſchlechterung erwarten: ſo verſuche man es mit Verbeſſerung; will die einmal angebrannte Fackel ſich nicht wieder auslöſchen laſſen: ſo trage man ſie mit eigener Hand dem Volke vor; ſteht der Thron auf Furcht und auf Elend nicht ſicher: ſo ſtelle man ihn hin auf Dankbarkeit und auf Wohlfahrt, — vielleicht, daß er dann weniger wankt.

Was wollen denn Völker, wenn ſie ihrem angeſtammten Herrſcher den Gehorſam aufkündigen, und das Panier des Aufruhrs erheben? Wollen ſie in die Wälder zurück, in denen ihre Urväter, als einzelne, nackte, bei aller Freiheit elende Wilde umherſchweiften? Wollen ſie wieder die Eichel zu ihrer Koſt machen, und ihren Trunk mit hohler Hand aus dem Bache ſchöpfen? Oder wollen ſie Völker bleiben, und alſo in Geſellſchaft, in bürgerlicher Vereinigung fortleben? — Wenn ſie, wie Niemand zweifelt, dieſes letztere wollen: ſo müſſen ſie denn auch fortfahren wollen, Führer zu haben, nur kluge und gute Führer; Geſetzen Folge zu leiſten, nur weiſen und milden Geſetzen; gemeinſchaftlich Laſten zu tragen, nur mäßige, nicht erdrückende Laſten. Sich ein Volk zu denken, das zwar das Eine, aber nicht das Andere wollte, das die Vortheile geſellſchaftlicher Vereinigung, aber zugleich die volle Freiheit des Wilden wünſchte; das hieße, ſich ein Volk von lauter Wahnwitzigen denken.

Angenommen nun, die erſehnte Verbeſſerung des Zuſtandes biete ſich freiwillig dar; der kluge gute Führer, dem man zu folgen wünſcht, ſey in der eigenen Perſon des Fürſten vorhanden; die mildere Geſetzgebung, die Erleichterung der Laſten, nach der man ſtrebt, ſey von ſeiner eigenen Weisheit, Volksliebe, Sparſamkeit, Staatswirthſchaft zu hoffen: iſt es denkbar, daß ein Volk nicht lieber in Ruhe dieſe Wohlthaten ſollte entgegennehmen, als durch blutigen, gefahrvollen Kampf ſie erringen wollen? daß es den eben hervorbrechenden ſchönen Frühling mit allen ſeinen Lieblichkeiten verachten, und ſchlechterdings auf die Schöpfung eines neuen Himmels, einer neuen Erde beſtehen ſollte? Ohne vorhergehendes wüſtes, finſteres Chaos gibt es ſolche Schöpfungen nicht: alle Elemente des aufgelöſten Staats würden erſt in fürchterlicher Unordnung durch einander gewirbelt werden, und dann würde in Angſt zu erwarten ſtehen, was für ein neuer Staatskörper aus der gährenden, brauſenden Maſſe nach langem Kampf ſich entwickeln möchte. Möglich immer, daß es ein beſſerer; aber auch eben ſo möglich, daß es ein ſchlechterer wäre, als der zerſtörte. Und auf dieſe Gefahr hin ſollte ein Volk es wagen, und den ganzen langen, oft ſo unſeligen Zeitraum zwiſchen Umſturz der alten und Feſtſtellung der neuen Verfaſſung durchleben wollen! ſollte mitten in der ſchönſten Hoffnung, die ein weiſer guter Fürſt ihm gibt, Entſchließung faſſen, wie ſie nur die äußerſte Noth, nur die wildeſte Verzweiflung entſchuldigt? — Mag eine ſo traurige Hirnepidemie unter Völkern auch möglich ſeyn; unter dem unſrigen, das einen ſo gemäßigten Himmel und einen ſo ruhigen Puls hat, iſt ſie gewiß wenig wahrſcheinlich.

Verſuche es nur der deutſche Fürſt, der mitten unter den jetzigen Stürmen ſeine Nächte ruhig durchſchlafen möchte — ruhig, nicht wegen der Raſereien fremder Völker, deren Folgen auch ihn treffen können, oder wegen der Geſinnung des eigenen — verſuche er's, ſich wahrhaft weiſe und gut, und mit dieſer Weisheit und Güte unabläſſig thätig zu zeigen; kenne er durchaus keinen Unterſchied zwiſchen ſeinem eigenen perſönlichen, und zwiſchen dem Vortheile des Volks: ſuche er jeden gerechten Wunſch zu befriedigen, jede gegründete Klage abzuſtellen; erleichtere er durch Beſchränkung der eigenen Ausgaben, durch beſſer berechnete Staatswirthſchaft, durch ſorgfältige Aufmerkſamkeit auf jede Nahrungs- und Reichthumsquelle, den Unterthanen die Laſt; verleihe er, ohne Anſehen der Perſon, kräftigen Schutz gegen gewaltthätige Unterdrückung, und ſey er ſelbſt von allen Unterdrückungen fern; zerbreche er jede der Menſchheit unwürdige Feſſel, und gönne allen die volle Freiheit, welche die Freiheit der Uebrigen zuläßt; befehle er nie ohne Gründe, und nie ohne wahre, einleuchtende, vom eigenen Beſten des Volks entlehnte Gründe; treffe er Anſtalten, um das von ihm bewirkte Gute auch für die Zukunft zu ſichern; und um Alles zuſammen zu faſſen, zeige er in jeder ſeiner Handlungen Gemeinſinn, Bürgerſinn, Vaterſinn: er wird inne werden, daß, je länger er dieſes Weges fortgeht, deſto mehr ihn alle Unruhe verläßt, daß, je würdiger er ſich des Vertrauens vom Volke macht, deſto mehr ſein eigenes Vertrauen zum Volke zunimmt. Nur zaudere er nicht, bis ſich ſchon die erſten Spuren anhebender Gährung zeigen, und ſeine Tugend das Anſehen von Furcht hat; denn Furcht macht verächtlich, und Verachtung iſt gefahrvoller, als Haß: freie, edle, großmüthige Wirkungen ſeines Geiſtes und Herzens müſſen all jene Wohlthaten ſcheinen; und dann laß immer, nahe an ſeinen Gränzen, furchtbare Gewitter toben! Ueber dieſe Grenzen hinüber zieht keines; kein eigener Thron wird von keinem Donner erſchüttert, kein eigenes Zepter durch keinen Blitzſtrahl ihm aus der Hand geſchlagen. Wenn ſchon jedem Wohlthäter geringerer Art ein Grad von Verehrung folgt: ſo muß einem nun ſo großen fürſtlichen Wohlthäter unausbleibliche Verehrung folgen.

Soll dieſe Verehrung höher ſteigen, ſo daß ſie Anbetung werde — und das wird ſie, wenn ſie ſich innig mit Liebe miſcht: — ſo verbinde der Fürſt mit jenen erſten, weſentlichen Regententugenden noch die: daß er gegen Alle, auch die Niedrigſten im Volke, Zuneigung und Achtung beweiſe; daß er den Zutritt zu ſich Jedem offen laſſe, den Natur oder Wichtigkeit ſeines Anliegens zur eigenen Perſon des Fürſten hinführt; daß, wenn er Bitten bewilligt, es nicht mit Stolz, ſondern mit Güte; wenn er ſie abſchlägt, es nicht mit Härte, ſondern mit Bedauern geſchehe; daß er Liebesbeweiſe des Volks freudig dankbar erwiedere, und oft und gern, ohne blendenden Prunk, ohne durch ſeine Gegenwart zu beläſtigen, mit Vertrauen, aber zugleich mit Würde, vor den Unterthanen erſcheine. Ein Fürſt von anerkanntem hohem Verdienſt, der ſo den Fürſten verbirgt, und ſich ſo ganz nur als Menſch zeigt, wandelt eben darum als ein Gott unter den Menſchen. Ihn begleitet die Herrlichkeit, ihn umgibt die Sicherheit eines Gottes.

Der Edelknabe. *)

In einem Aufzuge.

Perſonen:

Der Fürſt von ***
Frau von Detmund.
Friedrich von Detmund, ihr älterer Sohn.
Der Edelknabe, ihr jüngerer Sohn.
Hauptmann von *** ihr Bruder.
Der Direktor des fürſtlichen Gymnaſiums.
Ein Kammerdiener.

(Die Scene, ein Vorzimmer. Durch zwei offne Flügelthüren ſieht man in ein Kabinet, worin ein Feldbette ſteht. Vor dem Bette befindet ſich auf einem Tabouret eine brennende Lampe und eine Uhr.)

Erſter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt (liegt beinahe völlig angekleidet, mit über ſich geworfenem Mantel, auf dem Feldbette). Der Edelknabe (hat ſich im Vorzimmer in einen Seſſel geworfen und ſchläft).

Der Fürſt (erwachend). Das heißt geſchlafen! — O Gottlob, daß es Friede iſt! Nun ſchläft man wieder, von Sorgen und vom Lerm unerweckt. — (Nach der Uhr ſehend) Zwei Uhr! Erſt zwei Uhr? — Es muß weiter ſeyn. Ich habe länger gelegen. — (Er ruft). Page! Page!

Der Edelknabe (fährt in die Höhe und fällt wieder zurück). He! he! Dieſen Augenblick! — Gleich!

Fürſt. Keiner da! Keine Antwort!

Edelknabe (wirft ſich herum und murmelt). Ich bin ja nur jetzt — nur ſo eben — Ich habe ja noch ſo wenig — —

Fürſt. Das ſpricht doch. Wer wäre denn das? — (Indem er den Schirm von der Lampe zurückſchlägt und hinſieht): Ah! iſt's möglich! Das Kind! — Hat das bei mir, oder hab' ich bei ihm wachen ſollen? Was hat man gedacht?

Edelknabe (iſt aufgetaumelt, und reibt ſich die Augen): Gnädigſter Herr! —

Fürſt. Komm, komm, Kleiner! Ermuntere Dich! — Zieh Deine Uhr heraus! Meine hier iſt abgelaufen.

Edelknabe (hält ſich an der Armlehne des Seſſels und nickt). Wie — wie, gnädigſter Herr?

Fürſt (lachend). Du biſt trunken vor Schlaf. Du machſt die drolligſte Figur von der Welt. Ich möchte Dich gleich ſo gemalt haben. — Die Uhr, ſag' ich, die Uhr ſollſt Du herausziehn. Du ſollſt ſehn, was die Zeit iſt.

Edelknabe (indem er langſam näher tritt). Die Uhr, gnädigſter Herr! — Ach verzeih'n Sie! Ich habe keine.

Fürſt. Du träumſt noch. Was wollteſt Du keine Uhr haben?

Edelknabe. Ich habe noch nie eine gehabt.

Fürſt. Noch nie? Das iſt viel. — Dein Vater ſchickt Dich hieher, und gibt Dir nicht einmal das Nothwendigſte! das Einzige, was Du zu meiner Aufwartung brauchſt! —

Edelknabe. Ja, wenn ich noch einen Vater hätte!

Fürſt. Du haſt keinen mehr? —

Edelknabe. Er iſt geſtorben, eh' ich zur Welt gekommen. Ich hab' ihn niemals gekannt.

Fürſt. Du armer Knabe! — Aber ſo konnte doch Deine Mutter, Dein Vormund —

Edelknabe. Meine Mutter, gnädigſter Herr! — Ach! Sie wiſſen nur nicht. Die iſt ſo unglücklich, ſo arm! Sie hat an mich ihr Letztes gewandt, und zu einer Uhr war nichts übrig. — Mein Vormund ſagte, ich brauchte eine; aber — (gähnend) er hat mir noch keine geſchafft.

Fürſt. Wer iſt Dein Vormund? —

Edelknabe. Mein Vetter, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt (lächelnd). Sehr wohl! Aber der Vettern gibt's viel in der Welt. — Alſo wer iſt Dein Vetter? —

Edelknabe. Er iſt hier — Hauptmann unter der Garde. Er hat hier heute die Wache.

Fürſt. Ach ja! Ich erinnere mich. Eben der, von deſſen Händen ich Dich erhalten habe. (Ihm das Licht gebend). Da nimm, Kleiner! Halt feſt! In dem Kabinet, dort zur Seite (indem er darauf hinzeigt) müſſen zwei Uhren unter dem Spiegel hangen. Bring mir die zur Rechten, und nimm dich in Acht mit dem Licht!

Edelknabe (abgehend). Ja, gnädigſter Herr.

Zweiter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt (allein).

Ein guter Knabe! So aufrichtig, ſo freundlich, ſo dreiſt! — Ich glaube wenn ſein kleines Herz Geheimniſſe hätte; ich wollte ſie alle von ihm herausfragen. — O ſo ein Mann für ein Kind, und ſo ein Mann dann mein Freund! — Was will ich? Ich träume wohl gar! — Nein, das Schickſal hat den Fürſten der kleinern Glückſeligkeiten zu viel geſchenkt, es wär' ungerecht, wenn es ihnen auch die größte gewährte. — Schade nur, daß das Kind mir zu klein iſt! Ich kann es nicht brauchen. Ich muß es der Mutter wieder zurück ſchicken.

Dritter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt. Der Edelknabe.

Edelknabe (mit Uhr und Licht). Es iſt um fünf, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt. Alſo bald Morgen! Ich dacht' es — (die Uhr ihm abnehmend). Aber iſt denn das die Uhr die ich Dir ſagte, die Uhr, die zur Rechten hing?

Edelknabe. Nicht? — Ich glaubte es doch.

Fürſt. Und wäre ſie's auch geweſen, Kleiner! Hätteſt Du Deinen Vortheil verſtanden; Du hätteſt nach der andern gegriffen. Denn die hier, voll Brillanten — was macht wohl die einem Kinde aus? — Oder haſt Du vielleicht Deinen Vortheil ſo gut verſtanden? Iſt Dir's gegangen, wie manchem, der alles verliert, weil er zu viel gewinnen will? — Sprich!

Edelknabe. Wie das? Ich verſtehe Sie nicht.

Fürſt. So muß ich deutlicher reden. — Du weißt doch, was Rechts und Links iſt?

Edelknabe (ſich beſinnend, indem er auf ſeine Hände ſieht). Rechts und Links, gnädigſter Herr? —

Fürſt (die Hand auf ſeiner Schulter). Geh, geh, guter Knabe! Du magſt es noch eben ſo wenig, als Gutes und Böſes, zu unterſcheiden wiſſen. Und daß Du den Unterſchied nie erfahren möchteſt! — Aber jetzt lauf! Weck mir Deinen Vetter, den Hauptmann! Er ſoll hereinkommen. Hier herein vor mein Bette. Sage ihm das!

Vierter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt (wieder allein).

Sehr unſchuldig! Sehr liebenswürdig! Um deſto mehr ſoll er fort. — Der Hof ſagt man, iſt der Ort der Verführung. Ich kann nicht zugeben, daß er verführt werde. — Aber fort ſoll er? Wohin? — Wenn die Mutter ſo arm wäre, wie er ſie macht; ſo außerordentlich arm, daß ſie das Kind nicht mehr erziehen konnte. — Ich muß das hören. Der Hauptmann muß mir das näher ſagen.

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*) Der Edelknabe, Luſtſpiel von J. J. Engel. Leipzig 1774.

Fünfter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt. Der Edelknabe.

Edelknabe. Er kommt, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt. Nun? Wie ſteht's denn? Wie iſt's? — Du ſprichſt ja mit einer ſo trübſeligen Stimme. Biſt Du noch müde?

Edelknabe. Ach ja! — Ein wenig!

Fürſt. Wenn es weiter nichts iſt! Wirf Dich immer wieder in Deinen Seſſel! — Ich bin ein Kind geweſen, wie Du. Ich weiß, wie ſüß in der Kindheit der Schlaf iſt. — Wirf Dich hinein, ſag' ich! Ich erlaube es Dir. (Indem der Knabe geht, und ſich wieder in die Stellung zum Schlafen hinwirft) Dachte ich's nicht! Er läßt ſich das nicht umſonſt geſagt ſeyn.

Sechſter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt. Der Edelknabe (der gleich wieder einſchläft). Der Hauptmann.

Hauptmann. Ihre Durchlaucht! —

Fürſt. Treten Sie her, Herr Hauptmann! — Was dünkt Ihnen von dem kleinen Boten, den ich Ihnen geſchickt habe? Wozu, glauben Sie, daß ich ihn brauchen könnte? — Zur Aufwartung? —

Hauptmann (die Achſel zuckend). Er iſt freilich zu klein.

Fürſt. Oder zum Ausſchicken? Zum Wegreiten? —

Hauptmann. Ich fürchte wahrlich, er würde nicht wieder kommen.

Fürſt. Oder des Nachts hier zu wachen?

Hauptmann (lächelnd). Je nun — Wenn Ew. Durchlaucht nur ſelber ſchlafen —

Fürſt. Alſo wozu, Herr Hauptmann? Zu nichts? Das iſt klar. — — Doch Sie wollten auch nicht, daß er mir, ſondern daß ich ihm nützte. Sie wollten ihm hier Erziehung verſchaffen. Sie ſagten mir von der Armuth der Mutter. — Iſt ſie denn wirklich ſo arm?

Hauptmann (die Hand vor der Bruſt). Wirklich! wirklich, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt. Und geworden? Wodurch? —

Hauptmann. Durch eben den Krieg, wodurch andre reich wurden. — Frei von Schuld war ihr Gut wie geweſen; jetzt iſt es völlig in fremder Hand; alles iſt abgebrannt, ausgeplündert, zu Grund und Boden geriſſen; kein Ziegel auf dem Dache gehört mehr ihr. — Dazu kommen Proceſſe, gnädigſter Herr; die ſind hinter dem Kriege drein, wie die Peſt hinter dem Hunger, und ehe ſie aus werden, da müſſen Kindeskinder verderben. — Zum größten Glück für ſie, ſind ihre Söhne verſorgt; der Jüngſte iſt hier bei Ew. Durchlaucht; der Aelteſte iſt Fähndrich unter der Garde: Sie hilft ſich dann durch, wie ſie kann. —

Fürſt. Sehr elend vermuthlich?

Hauptmann. Das erlaſſen Ew. Durchlaucht. — (Kalt) Sie lebt da in einer armſeligen Hütte; ganz allein und verlaſſen; ich komme nie zu ihr hin; ich bin ihr Bruder, und es würde mich jammern, wenn ich es anſähe.

Fürſt. Ihr Bruder ſind Sie?

Hauptmann. Leider, gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt (verdrießlich). Leider! Und kommen nie zu ihr hin? — Ich verſtehe, Herr Hauptmann. Sie würden ſich ihres Elends nur ſchämen, oder wenn Sie ſich rühren ließen, würden Sie Unkoſten haben. (Der Hauptmann geräth in Verwirrung). — Wie heißt Ihre Schweſter?

Hauptmann. Von Detmund, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt (nachſinnend). Von Detmund! Von Detmund? — Hatt' ich nicht unter meinen Truppen einen Major von Detmund? —

Hauptmann. Ganz recht, gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. Der gleich im erſten Feldzug blieb? —

Hauptmann. Im erſten Feldzuge. Ganz recht! — Das war der Vater des Fähndrichs und dieſes Kleinen. — Es war ein herzhafter Mann. Er ſtieg auf eine Sturmleiter, als wenn er zum Tanze ginge. Er hatte Herz, wie ein Löwe.

Fürſt. Und war ein Menſch! Das will noch mehr ſagen, Herr Hauptmann. — Ich erinnere mich ſeiner ſehr wohl, und ich wünſchte —

Hauptmann (einen Schritt näher tretend). Was wünſchten Ew. Durchlaucht? —

Fürſt. Mit ſeiner Wittwe zu reden.

Hauptmann. Das können Sie dieſen Augenblick. Sie iſt hier.

Fürſt. Wie iſt hier? — Schicken Sie zu ihr, Herr Hauptmann! — Ich will ſie ſehn, und will ihr das Kind wieder zurück geben.

Hauptmann (bittend). Gnädigſter Herr —

Fürſt. Doch darf ſie das nicht geſagt werden. Gehen Sie! (der Hauptmann geht ab).

Siebenter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt. Der Edelknabe (ſchlafend).

Fürſt. So arm! Durch den Krieg! — Wie viel Elend macht doch der Krieg! Wie viel Familien mögen nicht über ihn ſeufzen? Gut, daß ſie nur über ihn, und nicht über mich ſeufzen! Ich nahm aus Nothwendigkeit Theil daran; nicht aus Neigung — (aufſtehend). Doch heraus! Es iſt Tag. — Der Friede hat immer auch ſein Schlimmes. Er macht wohllüſtig und träge. — (Nach einigem Auf- und Niedergehen bleibt er an dem Seſſel ſtehen, in welchem der Knabe ſchläft). Ein holder Knabe! — Wie unbekümmert er da liegt! Wie ſanft! — Er dünkt ſich in dem Hauſe eines Freundes zu ſeyn, mit dem es keiner Umſtände braucht. Er iſt die lautre Natur — (wieder umhergehend). Seine Mutter — Aber wahrhaftig! ich thäte nicht viel für ſie, wenn ſie ſo, wie der Hauptmann, wäre. Ich muß ſie ausforſchen. Ich muß ſie prüfen, und dann — dann iſt's immer noch Zeit, meinen Entſchluß zu faſſen. (Er ſtützt ſich auf die Rücklehne des Seſſels, und indem er den Knaben mit Wohlgefallen betrachtet, wird er ein Papier gewahr, das ihm aus der einen Taſche hervorſieht.) Was iſt das? Ein Brief wie es ſcheint. — (Er nimmt es und lieſ't die Unterſchrift). „Deine ewiggetreue Mutter von Detmund." — Ha, von der Mutter! — Da ich ihn leſe! — — Ich wünſchte doch, ihren Charakter zu kennen. Gegen das Kind wird ſie ſich nicht verſtellt haben. — Ich will ihn leſen. —

„Mein liebſter Moriz!"

„So viel Mühe Dir noch das Schreiben macht, ſo haſt Du Dich doch meiner Bitte erinnert, und mir ſogar mehr geſchrieben, als ich verlangt hatte. Ich erkenne darin Deine Liebe, und ich umarme Dich dafür. — Du ſchreibſt mir, daß Du dem Fürſten vorgeſtellt worden; daß Er die Gnade gehabt, Dich anzunehmen; daß er der beſte, der freundlichſte Herr ſey, und daß Du ihn von Deinem ganzen Herzen liebſt — — — (Den Knaben anſehend). Nein, wirklich? Das ſchreibſt Du, Kleiner! — Nun, ſo iſt's ja wohl Pflicht, daß ich Dich wieder liebe; daß ich Dir's zu beweiſen ſuche." —

„Du haſt das wohl Urſache, mein Kind; denn ohne ſeinen Beiſtand, was würde wohl in der Welt Dein Schickſal ſeyn! — Du biſt nicht allein eine vaterloſe, ſondern, wenn ſchon Deine Mutter noch lebt, auch eine mutterloſe Waiſe; denn mich hat das Glück außer Stand geſetzt, meine Pflicht an Dir zu erfüllen. Das war immer mein größtes, mein ſchmerzlichſtes Leiden. Bei jedem Unfalle, der mich betraf, blieb ich ſtandhaft, ſo lange ich nur an mich dachte; die Thränen kamen erſt dann, wenn ich auf Dich ſah." —

Viel Zärtlichkeit! Viel Gefühl, wie es ſcheint! — Und wenn ſie nur eine eben ſo gute Frau iſt, als Mutter. — Doch warum nicht? — Gewiß! Ganz gewiß!

„So gern ich nun wollte, ſo kann ich Dich nicht ſelbſt den Weg zur Glückſeligkeit führen. Ich muß hier in der Entfernung ſtehen bleiben; aber mit aller Kraft, die mir die Liebe giebt, will ich Dir nachrufen, ſo lange ich Dich erreichen kann und will Dich bitten, daß Du die rechte Straße gehſt. — Liebſtes Kind! Mit dem Gehorſam, den Du mir ſtets erwieſen haſt, trage dieſen Brief immer bei Dir!" — (Einen Blick auf den Knaben). Er war gehorſam. Er hat es ehrlich gethan.

„Und wenn Du Deine Pflicht übertreten, wenn Du die Ermahnungen vergeſſen willſt, die ich noch mit dem letzten Abſchiedskuſſe, mit den letzten Thränen Dir zurief; — o dann, mein Kind, dann erinnere Dich dieſes Briefes, und überlies ihn! erinnere Dich einer Mutter, die in ihrer Einſamkeit keine Freude kennt, als die Hoffnung, die Du ihr giebſt." —

Keine ſonſt? — Hat er nicht einen Bruder?

„Erinnere Dich, daß Du ſie vor Kummer in's Grab bringen, daß Du eben das Herz durchbohren würdeſt, das Dich auf Erden am meiſten liebt. —

Sie fühlt ſeine Gefahr. — Sie hat ſehr Recht; denn er iſt in Gefahr. — Und konnte ſie's wagen? Konnte ſie den Entſchluß faſſen? —

„Ich ſchreibe das nicht aus Mißtrauen zu Dir; Dein Betragen hat mir keine Urſache dazu gegeben. — Nein, mein Kind! nein! Du haſt meine Thränen um Deinen Bruder geſehen; Du wirſt mir den Kummer nicht machen, den Er mir machte."

Alſo, der Aeltere! der Fähndrich! — Das muß ich näher erfahren.

„Du warſt immer gut, immer gehorſam, immer kindlich geſinnt; dieſes Zeugniß gebe ich Dir mit Freudenthränen. Fahre ſo fort, wie Du anfängſt, und werde ein rechtſchaffner

Mann! Dann haſt Du keine arme und unglückliche Mutter mehr; Du haſt eine frohe und eine glückliche Mutter.“

Sehr wohl! Sie gefällt mir. — Das Unglück, ſcheint's, hat ſie nur erhoben, ſtatt ſie niederzuſchlagen.

„Zu Ende Deines Briefes ſchreibſt Du, daß alle Deine Mitpagen Uhren hätten. Ich merke Dir's an, wie ſehr auch Du eine zu haben wünſchteſt; aber Du brichſt davon ab, und unterdrückſt Deinen Wunſch. Eben um dieſer Beſcheidenheit willen geht mir's ans Herz, daß ich ihn nicht ſoll erfüllen können. Aber vergib mir, mein Kind! Ich kann nicht. So eben zeigt ſich eine Reiſegelegenheit, nach der Hauptſtadt zu gehn; das wird mir alles das Wenige hinnehmen, was ich noch habe. Doch laß nur dieſe Ausgabe nur überſtanden ſeyn, und ich will mich aufs äußerſte einſchränken; ich will mir alles verſagen, um, wo möglich, Deinen Wunſch zu befriedigen. Was nur immer in meinen Kräften iſt, das will ich für meinen Liebling thun, damit es ihm nie an Ermunterung zur Tugend und zum Gehorſame fehle. — Ich [illegible] Dich nun wieder, und bin“ — —

Vortreffliche Frau! — Ich will den Brief meiner Gemahlin zeigen. Ich will ihn bei mir behalten. — Doch nein! Es iſt der ganze Reichthum des Knaben. (Er ſteckt ihn wieder in die Taſche, aus der er ihn gezogen hatte.) — Wie tief er noch ſchläft! — Seinen Kindern, ſagt man, gibt der Himmel ihr Glück im Schlafe, und bei ihm wird das wahr werden. Sein Glück iſt gemacht. — (Er nimmt ihn bei der Hand.) Kleiner! — Kleiner! — (Der Knabe erwacht, und ſieht den Fürſten eine Weile mit verſchlafnen Augen an. Der Fürſt ihn wieder.) Sehr drollig, beim Himmel! — Komm! Ermuntre Dich Kleiner! Es iſt jetzt Tag, und Du kannſt hier nicht länger ſchlafen. Steh auf!

Edelknabe (langſam aufſtehend). Ja, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt. Deine beiden Augen ſind noch voll Schlafs. — Da geh hin in mein Kabinet! (der Knabe geht). Löſch die Lampe aus! Stoß die Läden auf! (Er löſcht die Lampe aus, und wirft die Läden auf). — Nun geh' nach dem, wo die Uhren liegen! [illegible] Schnell! — Nein, nein! nach jenem dort gegen über! Schlafmütze! — Komm wieder hieher! Komm zurück! — Biſt du nun munter?

Edelknabe. Ach ja, gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. Sage mir doch — denn ich halte Dich für einen fleißigen und geſchickten Knaben. — Kannſt Du ſchon Briefe ſchreiben?

Edelknabe. O wenn ich will! — Schon ganzer zwei hab' ich geſchrieben.

Fürſt. Und die zwei! — An Deine Mutter vermuthlich.

Edelknabe (ſehr freundlich). An meine Mutter, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt. Die Freude funkelt Dir aus den Augen, wenn ich nur von ihr rede. — (Vor ſich). Wie lieb ſie das hat, weil es arm iſt! — Und iſt ſie denn eine ſo gute Frau, Deine Mutter?

Edelknabe (ſtreichelt des Fürſten Hand mit ſeinen beiden). Ach, wenn Sie ſie kennen ſollten!

Fürſt. Das möcht' ich, Kleiner.

Edelknabe. Sie iſt ſo herzlich, ſo gut —

Fürſt. Dann möcht' ich aber nur wünſchen, daß ſie auch gute Kinder hätte. — Der Fähnrich, ſagt man, ſoll nicht der Beſte ſeyn; aber Du —

Edelknabe (den Kopf ſchüttelnd). Ach, der Fähnrich! der Fähnrich!

Fürſt. Man ſagt wirklich, daß er ihr vielen Kummer mache. — Iſt das wahr?

Edelknabe. Ja nun, gnädigſter Herr — Man hat mir nur verboten, davon zu reden. Wenn der Obriſt erführe — — der Hauptmann. O das iſt ein harter, ſchlimmer Mann, der Obriſt.

Fürſt (die Hand erhebend). Behüte! Kein Wort muß er erfahren! — Was iſt denn aber vorgefallen? Was hat's denn gegeben?

Edelknabe. Allerhand! Ich weiß ſelbſt nicht recht, was! — So viel weiß ich, daß ich meine Mutter ſehr und darum geſehn, daß ſie ſich ſchon einmal ganz, ganz gegrämt, um es nur bei Seiten zu unterdrücken. — (Näher an ihn hinantretend und leiſe.) Sie hätte, ſagte ſie, unglücklich werden können, er hätte vom Dienſt kommen können.

Fürſt. Vom Dienſt! Ei, wie das!

Edelknabe. Ja, das kann ich nicht ſagen, gnädigſter Herr.

Fürſt. [illegible] —

Edelknabe. [illegible] nicht geſagt.

Fürſt (lächelnd). Da hat man Dir was geſagt. Das iſt denn freilich ein anders. — Aber wieder auf Dich zu kommen: Du hatteſt vorhin keine Uhr. Haſt Du wohl Deiner Mutter um eine geſchrieben?

Edelknabe. Ein einzig's mal, aber nicht wieder!

Fürſt. Ich merk's. — Ganz gewiß hat ſie Dir einen Verweis gegeben?

Edelknabe. Ach nein, gnädigſter Herr! Sie will ſich behelfen, ſchreibt ſie, um mir eine zu erſparen, und ſie behilft ſich ſo ſchon ſo elend. — Das jammert mich viel zu ſehr.

Fürſt. Das muß Dich auch jammern. Ein guter Sohn ſollte ſeiner Mutter nicht neue Sorgen machen; er ſollte wünſchen, daß er ihr helfen könnte. — — Und eine Uhr. — Wenn's nur um eine Uhr zu thun iſt! die wäre ja wohl noch ſonſt zu bekommen. — (Indem er eine Börſe herauszieht.) Sieh' her, kleiner Moritz! Da hätte ich zwölf Dukaten erübrigt, die ich verſchenken könnte, — und — ich will ſie verſchenken. Her Deine Hand! (Der Knabe hält die Hand hin, und indem der Fürſt zählt).

Edelknabe. Sollen ſie mein, gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. Dein! Allerdings! — Aber ſprich, was beginnſt du nun mit dem Gelde?

Edelknabe (freudig). Könnt' ich nicht eine Uhr dafür haben? —

Fürſt. O ja! Eine recht ſchöne! — In meinem Lande gemacht, und deinen Namen darauf geſchrieben; aber — wenn wir's beim Lichte betrachten — Du brauchſt keine Uhr. Ich ſelbſt habe ja Uhren genug. — (Indem der Knabe ihn aufmerkſam anſieht.) Wär' ich wie Du, wüßt' ich ſchon, was ich thäte. Ich machte einen ganz andern, ganz beſſern Gebrauch von dem Gelde. — Doch, wie Du willſt! wie Du willſt! — Jetzt geh ich, um mich ankleiden zu laſſen. Du bleibſt hier, bis ich wieder komme.

Edelknabe (ihm nach). Gnädigſter Herr —

Fürſt. Was iſt's? Was beliebt?

Edelknabe. Meine Mutter iſt hier. Sie fährt den Morgen wieder zurück und ich möchte ſo gerne noch von ihr Abſchied nehmen. — (Schmeichelnd). Darf ich? Erlauben Sie mir's?

Fürſt. Nein, guter Kleiner! Diesmal ſoll Deine Mutter hieher kommen. Sie ſoll zu Dir kommen. Geduld! (Er geht ab).

Achter Auftritt.

Der Edelknabe (allein).

Hieher kommen! Zu mir! Ei, wie das! — Aber was geht das mich an! Wenn ſie nur kommt! — Eins, zwei, drei — (er zählt leiſe weiter bis zwölf). Zwölf Dukaten zu einer Uhr! — O Himmel! Wie freue ich mich! Es iſt, als ob ich die Uhr ſchon hätte, ſchon gehen hörte, ſchon aufzöge. — Aber — was ſagte der Fürſt! Er wüßte ſchon, was er thäte, wenn er wie ich wäre! Was denn? — — Ja, Er! Er, der Uhren die Menge in allen Zimmern hat; Er weiß viel, wie's einem andern thut, der in ſeinem Leben noch keine gehabt hat. — Aber — ich ſagte er auch, ein guter Sohn ſolle ſeiner Mutter zu helfen ſuchen. Gewiß dacht' er nur wieder an meine Mutter. — Zwölf Dukaten! (indem er ſie anſieht). Das iſt freilich viel Geld! Gewaltig viel Geld! wenn ſie die hätte, davon könnte ſie lange, lange leben. — (Er drückt das Geld mit beiden Händen gegen die Bruſt.) Ach, eine Uhr! eine Uhr! — (und indem er die Hände wieder ſinken läßt.) Aber auch eine Mutter! eine ſo gute Mutter — Sie war noch geſtern ſo niedergeſchlagen. Sie ſah ſo blaß aus, ſo krank. Ich glaube, wenn ich das Geld ihr wollte geben, ſie wär' auf einmal geſund — Soll ich's denn thun! Soll ich's ihr geben! — (entſchloſſen). O ja! O ja! — — Aber bald muß ſie kommen; denn ſonſt gereut's mich wieder. Die Uhr liegt mir zu ſehr am Herzen. (Den Zeigefinger an den Lippen). Horch! Still! Wer kommt! —

Neunter Auftritt.

Der Edelknabe. Frau von Detmann. Der Hauptmann.

Edelknabe (ihr entgegen). Liebe Mama —

Frau von Detmann (ſich ſchüchtern umſehend und ohne auf das Kind zu achten). Ich weiß nicht; — ich bin ſo außer mir, mein Bruder. — Wenn ich nur ſeine Abſichten wüßte! Wenn ich nur gleich vorher wüßte — —

Hauptmann. Seine Abſichten! — Da ſieh das Kind an! Das [illegible] es Dir wieder. — [illegible] Was ſoll er dem Knaben! — Die andern Edelknaben, die werden groß und gehen in Dienſt;

aber der — (verächtlich die Hand gegen ihn hinwerfend) der iſt zu allem verdorben! den drückt der Kummer und der Gram nieder, womit Du ihn aufgeſäugt haſt! der wird in ſeinem Leben nicht wachſen!

Frau von Detmund (ſchmerzlich). Mein Bruder! —

Hauptmann. Kurz: wenn ja der Fürſt auf Dich hört, ſo laß Dich nur nicht auf das Kind ein! Das iſt umſonſt. — Sprich ihm lieber wegen des Fähndrichs zu Gute! Der hat doch noch Wachsthum! Der ſieht doch noch einem Manne ähnlich!

Frau von Detmund. Wie ſagſt Du? Wegen des Fähndrichs?

Hauptmann. Nun ja! Er hat ja ihm geſchickt.

Frau von Detmund. Ich erſchrecke. Sollt' Er erfahren haben — —

Hauptmann (immer noch kalt). Doch wohl! Wahrſcheinlicher Weiſe! — (Den Stock in die Seite und gegen die Erde lehnend, indem er mit dem Kopf dazu ſchüttelt). Und wenn Er nun hätte; was meinſt Du? Wenn Er nun wüßte, daß der Bube hat durchgehen wollen? daß er Gelder untergeſchlagen? daß er nur durch meine Vermittelung — (ſtößt den Stock vor ſich niederſchlagend). O bei Gott! Es bringt mich noch ſelbſt in die Wuth. Ich wollte, ich hätte mich nie um Deine Kinder bekümmert. Nie ein Haar! Und ich will auch nicht weiter! — (Er geht murrend ab, und ſieht ſich noch einmal um). In meinem Leben nicht wieder!

Zehnter Auftritt.

Frau von Detmund. Der Edelknabe.

Edelknabe (da er ihre Unruhe ſieht). Der Vetter iſt immer böſe. — Laſſen Sie ihn reden, und fürchten Sie nichts, liebe Mama!

Frau von Detmund. Ach ſchweig, Kind! Du weißt nicht — —

Edelknabe. Ei, ja! Ich weiß mehr als der Vetter. — Der Fürſt iſt gar nicht ſo, wie er ſagt; Er thut gewiß keinem Menſchen Uebels; Er hat mich nur eben beſchenkt. — (Ihr die Hand mit dem Gelde vorhaltend). Seh'n Sie nur! Seh'n Sie! Das hat er mir alles geſchenkt.

Frau von Detmund (beſtürzt). Iſt es möglich? Der Fürſt — —

Edelknabe (indem er die Hände in weiter Entfernung über einander hält). Aus einem großen, großen Beutel voll Geld. Eben jetzt, eh' Sie herkamen. — Ach, wenn der wollte, Mama! Wenn der wollte! Der hat! —

Frau von Detmund. Aber wie? Ich begreife das nicht. — Er mußte doch eine Urſache, eine Veranlaſſung haben — —

Edelknabe. Ei freilich! Seine Uhr ſtand ihm ſtille. — Er hatte geſtern den ganzen Tag über gejagt, da mochte er vergeſſen haben, ſie aufzuziehen; und heut den Morgen — (indem er zum Kabinet läuft und den einen Flügel öffnet). Sehn Sie nur hier! Er lag da hier auf dem Bette — — da winkte er in mich hinein, ich ſollte nach meiner Uhr ſehn; und da — weil ich nun keine hatte — —

Frau von Detmund. So gab er Dir dies?

Edelknabe. So gab er mir's, daß ich mir eine ſchaffen ſollte. — — (das Geld wieder hinzeigend). Zwölf Dukaten, liebe Mama.

Frau von Detmund. Sieh mich an! Darf ich's glauben?

Edelknabe. Gewiß! Gewiß! Glauben Sie's immer! — Aber die Uhr thut mir nicht noth, und es wird ſchon noch ſonſt eine geben. — (nach ihrer Hand greifend). Stecken Sie ein! Nehmen Sie hin!

Frau von Detmund (gerührt). Wie, mein Kind! — Wie?

Edelknabe. Es geht mir ſo nahe, daß ich Sie immer weinen ſehe. — O ich wollte, daß ich nur viel hätte, recht viel! da ſollten Sie nie wieder weinen. — Alles, alles, was ich nur hätte, das wollte ich Ihnen geben.

Frau von Detmund (ſich über ihn bückend). Wollteſt Du das?

Edelknabe. Und ach! da ſollten Sie ſo vergnügt ſeyn! ſo glücklich! —

Frau von Detmund (ihn küſſend). Ich bin es, mein Kind. Ich gäbe dieſen Augenblick nicht um alles Geld Deines Fürſten. — (ihn noch einmal küſſend). O Du weißt nicht, wie viel Elend eine Mutter über der Freude an ihrem Kinde vergißt!

Edelknabe (wieder nach ihrer Hand greifend). Sie nehmen's doch aber? — Nehmen Sie's ja, liebe Mama!

Frau von Detmund. Ich will es nehmen. Ich darf Dich nicht ſelbſt kaufen laſſen; denn Du würdeſt betrogen werden. Ich will für Dich kaufen, mein Kind.

Edelknabe. Für mich? Eine Uhr? —

Frau von Detmund. Du wirſt hier bleiben; da brauchſt Du eine.

Edelknabe. Ach nicht doch! nicht doch! Wozu? — Der Fürſt hat ja Uhren, wo man nur hinſieht. Er hat mir ja ſelbſt geſagt, ich brauchte keine.

Frau von Detmund. Und hat Dir doch eine geſchenkt?

Edelknabe. Wirklich! wirklich! Er hat's geſagt.

Frau von Detmund. Du betrügſt mich, mein Kind. Du redeſt die Unwahrheit, und das ſollſt Du nie, auch nicht aus Liebe zu Deiner Mutter.

Edelknabe. Die Unwahrheit? Sie glauben mir nicht? — Nun, ſo wollte ich, daß der Fürſt nur da wäre, daß er nur käme! — (ſich umſehend). Er kommt auch.

Eilfter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Der Fürſt.

Edelknabe (ihm mit ausgeſtrecktem Finger entgegen). Nicht wahr, gnädigſter Herr! Sie haben mir zwölf Dukaten zu einer Uhr geſchenkt?

Fürſt (lächelnd). Das hab' ich, Kleiner.

Edelknabe. Sie haben mir geſagt, daß ich die Uhr nicht nöthig hätte?

Fürſt. Ja wohl! Das hab' ich geſagt.

Edelknabe (ſchnell herum). Nun, Mama? Nun?

Frau von Detmund (in Verlegenheit). Mein Kind — (laut). O verzeihen Ihro Durchlaucht! Verzeihen Sie der Einfalt eines Kindes, das der Ehrerbietung vergißt!

Fürſt. Vergeben, Madame! — Dieſe Einfalt entzückt mich. — Ich wollte, ich könnte in dieſer Einfalt mit allen Menſchen leben. Sie iſt ſo ſehr in der Natur. — Immer ſprich, Kleiner! Was war's? Wollte Dir Deine Mutter vielleicht nicht glauben?

Edelknabe (halb ärgerlich). Nein, gnädigſter Herr! — Erſt wollte ſie mir nicht glauben, und nachher auch nicht nehmen.

Fürſt. Was hör' ich? Nicht nehmen — Alſo haſt Du wohl gar mein Geſchenk ſo verachtet, es weiter wegzuſchenken! — Ich will nicht hoffen!

Edelknabe (betreten). Gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. In der That; das würde mir wenig Luſt machen, Dir mehr zu ſchenken. — Nur gleich bekannt! Haſt Du's gethan?

Edelknabe (ſich entſchuldigend, indem er auf ſeine Mutter zeigt). Sie iſt ſo arm, gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. Du guter Knabe! (ihm unter's Kinn greifend). — — Und alſo haſt Du Deinen einzigen Wunſch, Deine liebſte Begierde aufgeopfert, um Deiner Mutter zu helfen! — O wahrhaftig! Dann wäre es Jammer, wenn Du Deine Uhr ſollteſt verloren haben. — (Indem er ſeine eigne Uhr hervorzieht). Aber ſieh! Und wenn ich nur dieſe einzige hätte; — um Deine Zärtlichkeit zu belohnen: — (Er gibt ſie ihm). Du ſollteſt ſie dennoch haben!

Edelknabe (freudig zugreifend). Ach gnädigſter Herr! — Iſt ſie im Gange?

Fürſt. Sey ruhig! In vollem Gange. — (Indem der Knabe zu ſeiner Mutter läuft, ſie ihr zu zeigen). Aber wenn man's bedenkt: iſt es nicht ſchlimm in der Welt! Die meiſten Reichthümer werden von Schwelgern beſeſſen, die ſie verſchwenden, oder von Geizhälſen, die ſie verſchließen. Männer, wie Du, ſollten reicher ſeyn; da würde die Welt ſich beſſer ſtehen. — Und was hindert mich denn, Dich reicher zu machen? — Komm! Steck' die Uhr ein! Geſchwind! — Und weil Du ſo gut mit dem Wenigen umgingſt — (ihm eine Börſe gebend). — Da nimm! Da ſind für zwölf Dukaten über hundert.

Edelknabe (erſtaunt ihn anſehend). Ach gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. Du bedenkſt Dich? So nimm doch!

Edelknabe. Beutel und alles! — (im Begriff es zurück zu geben). Das iſt ja wirklich zu viel.

Fürſt. Wenn's für Dich wäre! Eben recht! — Aber ich gab es Dir, daß Du es anlegen ſollteſt. Und wer meinſt Du wohl, der es brauchen könnte?

Edelknabe. Brauchen? — (vom Fürſten auf ſeine Mutter, und dann wieder auf den Fürſten ſehend). Da, liebe Mama!

Frau v. Detmund (ſich ihm nähernd). Ihro Durchlaucht —

Fürſt. Keine Danksagung, Madame! Sie werden hieden, daß es ſehr wenig iſt, und daß ich weit mehr wieder verderbe, als ich gut gemacht habe. — Aber — (die Hand gegen den Edelknaben) Sie ſehen ihn, [illegible] man es Ihnen ſagt — Das Kind iſt viel zu ſchwach für mich, viel zu klein. Es iſt in einem Alter, worin man andern noch keine Dienſte leiſten kann; worin man ſelbſt ihrer noch braucht, und kurz — Sie werden es [illegible] Schwierigkeit wieder annehmen, hoff' ich. — — Sie [illegible]!

Frau von Detmund ([illegible]). Ich habe Unrecht, Ihre Durchlaucht!

Fürſt. Wie ſo? [illegible]! —

Frau von Detmund. Ich habe Unrecht — daß ich mich einer Armuth ſchäme, die ich ſelbſt nicht verſchuldet habe. — Aber ich will mich [illegible] nicht ſchämen. Ich will ſie frei in der Gegenwart meines Fürſten bekennen. (ihm näher tretend und in die Augen ſehend) Ja, Ja, Ihre Durchlaucht; ich bin zu arm, mein Kind zu erziehen. Ich habe ſchon längſt für die Zukunft geſorgt; nur zu bald werd' ich anfangen, auch für den heutigen Tag zu ſorgen; und wenn dann mein größter Kummer geheilt iſt; — wenn Ew. Durchlaucht dieſes unmündige, unſchuldige Kind verſtoßen — (ſie will ihre Thränen zurückhalten) [illegible] zu früh Rath. — O verzeihen Sie meiner Schwachheit!

Edelknabe. Sie weint! (des Fürſten Hand ergreifend und wehmüthig) Gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. Nun, wenn auch Du kommſt! — Was iſt's?

Edelknabe (bittend). Sie werden doch mich nicht verſtoßen! —

Fürſt. Nicht? Willſt Du nicht? — Nun wohlan denn! Um Deines Zutrauens willen! — Er mag bleiben, Madame. — (verſtellt) Es wäre zwar freilich Jammer, wenn ſeine Unſchuld — Doch nein! Das wird ſo bald keine Gefahr haben.

Frau von Detmund (äußerſt aufmerkſam). Seine Unſchuld, Ihre Durchlaucht?

Fürſt (wie verlegen). Nein nein! Sie könnten glauben, als wenn ich zurückzöge. Laſſen Sie's gut ſeyn, Madame!

Frau von Detmund (verlegen). Aber doch — wenn es nicht zu kühn von mir wäre — dürft' ich wohl um die Gnade einer Erklärung bitten?

Fürſt (immer verſtellt). Ich wollte nur ſagen, Madame — ich bin ſchon längſt mit meinen Edelknaben ſehr unzufrieden; ich finde, daß ſie der Auswurf des jungen Adels ſind — in allen Laſtern und Schelmſtücken ausgelernt; und vielleicht — vielleicht könnte ihr Umgang, ihr Beiſpiel — — Doch Sie ſehen: das iſt ein bloßes Vielleicht. Auf ein Vielleicht wollen wir's wagen.

Frau von Detmund (etwas zu hitzig des Kindes Hand ergreifend). Nein, gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt (ſehr bedächtig). Nicht? — Wie Sie meinen, Madame.

Frau von Detmund. Das Herz meines Kindes iſt mir zu wichtig. Ich [illegible], wenn ich es hätte [illegible] können.

Fürſt. Aber bedenken Sie doch — —

Frau von Detmund. Ich darf nichts bedenken. Ich ſehe mein Kind im [illegible]; und wenn ich's nur [illegible] — ob ich es machen will! —

Fürſt. Ohne Vermögen! ohne Unterricht! ohne Erziehung! Wie ſoll das werden? Was ſoll herauskommen, Madame?

Frau von Detmund. Was Gott will! Mir ſoll es gleich ſeyn. — Kann er ſeinen Stand nicht behaupten; ſo mag er das Feld bauen, und mag in Armuth [illegible]!

Fürſt. Das heißt viel gewagt! Ich ſehe, Madame, Sie verkennen mich, und ich [illegible] Sie thun kann. — ([illegible]) — Wie ſoll ich reden? Wie ſoll ich Ihre Umſtände wiſſen! — Sagen Sie! Zeigen Sie! Es iſt Ihr Freund, der mit Ihnen ſpricht.

Frau von Detmund ([illegible] verwirrt und gedemüthigt). O Ihre Durchlaucht! — —

Fürſt. Sagen Sie mir vor allen Dingen: Wie iſt der Zuſtand Ihres Vermögens? — Ihr Gut? — —

Frau von Detmund. Ich darf es nicht zu nennen.

Fürſt. So groß iſt die Armuth? — Aber Sie haben Freunde, wie man mir ſagt. — Geben denn die keine Hoffnung?

Frau von Detmund. Keine gnädigſter Herr! — Außer dem Einen, denn ich nenne einen gewiſſen [illegible] [illegible] — [illegible] — es hat mir [illegible].

Fürſt. Deſto beſſer für Sie! So müſſen Sie ſich, [illegible], zu Ihrem Rechte kommen. Ich helfe. — Nehmen Sie überdies noch hundert Louisd'or zum Zuſchuſſe an! Das wird Sie, hoff' ich, über alle Bedürfniſſe hinausheben.

Frau von Detmund (ſich niederwerfend). So viele Gnade! — Kann ich ſie je —

Fürſt (hält ſie zurück). Was ſoll das? Stehen Sie auf! Stehen Sie auf! — Ich thue ja nichts, als was ich dem Andenken des Mannes ſchuldig bin, deſſen Witwe Sie ſind; als was ich für jeden thun müßte, deſſen Verdienſte ich ſo, wie die Ihrigen, ſchätzte. — Sagen Sie mir: Würden Sie jetzt noch Bedenken haben, das Kind wieder zurück zu nehmen?

Frau von Detmund. Wie könnt' ich, Ihre Durchlaucht!

Fürſt. Und Du, Kleiner! — Gingſt Du wohl gerne mit Deiner Mutter?

Edelknabe (die Uhr in der Hand). Mit meiner Mutter? O ja!

Fürſt. Aber ich weiß doch, Du liebſt mich. Du bliebſt auch wohl gern hier bei mir?

Edelknabe. Sehr gern, gnädigſter Herr!

Fürſt. Nun denn! — Wenn das iſt — — Schick' ich Dich fort, ſo hätt' ich Dich doch immer verſtoßen, und Du haſt mich ſo dringend gebeten, Dich nicht zu verſtoßen. Auch hat Dich Deine Mutter nun einmal in meine Arme geworfen. Ich muß denn ſchon auf Anſtalten denken. — Bleiben Sie da! Ich komme wieder Madame.

Zwölfter Auftritt.

Frau von Detmund. Edelknabe.

Frau von Detmund. Gütiger Gott! (indem ſie ſich in den Seſſel wirft). Was war das?

Edelknabe (fröhlich um ſie herum). Nun? Nun? — Iſt's nun recht? Iſt's nun gut?

Frau von Detmund (ihn zärtlich zu ſich ziehend). O liebſtes Kind! — —

Edelknabe. Aber Sie freuen ſich ja nicht! Sie müſſen ſich freuen, liebe Mama!

Frau von Detmund. Ich bin beſchämt über mein Glück. — Ich denke an mein Mißtrauen gegen die Vorſicht, an den tödtlichen Kummer den ich fühlte, als Du zur Welt kamſt. Es war in eben der Stunde, es war unmittelbar auf den Augenblick, da ich den Tod Deines Vaters erfuhr. — Mit welchem Jammer ſah ich Dich an! Mit welchem Schmerz, Dich geboren zu haben! (indem ſie ihn küßt und die Arme um ihn herumſchlägt). Und warſt Du der, der mir dies ſein, der ſchon in ſeiner frühen Kindheit meine Thränen alle trocknen ſollte! — — Gott! Was fehlt mir nun noch! — Nichts! Nichts, als Nachricht von Deinem Bruder! Dann bin ich glücklich.

Edelknabe. Von meinem Bruder! Wie das, liebe Mama!

Frau von Detmund. Wenn der Fürſt ſein Verbrechen wüßte — —

Edelknabe. Ah wenn auch! Es hat ja nichts zu bedeuten. — Sie ſehn ja wohl, wie liebreich, wie freundlich er iſt.

Frau von Detmund. Gegen uns, mein Kind. — Weil wir unſchuldig ſind.

Edelknabe. Und er hat mir ja verſprochen, es ſollte geheim bleiben. Der Oberſt ſollte nichts davon wiſſen.

Frau von Detmund (auffahrend). Was! Dir verſprochen? —

Edelknabe. Ganz gewiß! Ganz gewiß! Daß Sie ſich alſo deswegen nicht ängſtigen!

Frau von Detmund. Ich erſtaune. Du haſt ihm geſagt? —

Edelknabe (indem er Verrath merkt). Ich nicht viel! — Was ich wußte. — Er fragte mich nach meines Bruders Aufführung, und da konnt' ich doch nicht Unwahrheit reden. Das haben Sie ja ſelbſt mir verboten.

Frau von Detmund (ängſtlich). Aber, Kind! — liebſtes Kind! — Konnte denn Deine Einfalt —

Edelknabe. Wie? Sind Sie unruhig darüber?

Frau von Detmund. Ob ich's bin! Ob ich unruhig bin! — Wenn er nun mehr forſcht? Wenn er erfährt? — O Du kannſt mich, deinen Bruder, uns alle ins Unglück bringen.

Edelknabe (im Begriff zu weinen). Ins Unglück bringen!

Frau v. Detmund. Ah! da höre ich ihn — (ſich auf ihn werfend und ihn [illegible]). Sei nur ſtill! und ruhig! — Thränen würden das Uebel nur ärger machen. Sey ruhig!

Dreizehnter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Der Fürſt. Hinter ihm der Fähndrich und der Hauptmann.

Fürſt. Nur herein! Nur mir nach, meine Herren! — (zum Fähndrich). Sie ſind alſo Detmund? Ein Sohn des wackern Majors von Detmund?

Fähndrich (ſich tief verbeugend). Ja, Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürſt. Eine große Empfehlung! Sie hatten einen ſehr rechtſchaffnen Vater. — Vermuthlich reizt Sie ſein rühmliches Beyſpiel zur Nachfolge! Sie beſtreben ſich, ſeiner würdig zu ſeyn!

Fähndrich (wie vorher). Ich thue nur meine Pflicht, Ihro Durchlaucht. —

Fürſt. Dann thun Sie *alles*. Der rechtſchaffenſte Mann thut nicht mehr. — Da, Herr Fähndrich! da ſehen Sie Ihre Mutter, eine ſehr hochachtungswürdige Frau; auch Ihren Bruder, einen ſehr liebenswürdigen Knaben. — Ich bin außerordentlich von der Familie eingenommen; und um ſie hier ganz beyſammen zu ſehen — —

Fähndrich (ſich immer verbeugend). Ew. Durchlaucht haben viel Gnade.

Fürſt. Doch wohl nicht mehr, als ich ſollte? —

Fähndrich. Ew. Durchlaucht urtheilen ſehr gnädig.

Fürſt. Wirklich; es fehlt nur an der Ueberzeugung, daß ich richtig urtheile, und Ihr Glück iſt gemacht. — Doch dieſe freie, zuverſichtliche Miene, die Ihnen ſo wohl ſteht —

Fähndrich. O Ihro Durchlaucht —

Fürſt. Ja, ja! Die zeigt entweder ein ſehr edles oder ein ſehr verderbtes Herz an; und das letzte — nein, das wird der Sohn ſolcher Eltern nicht haben. Das wird er nicht haben! — — Was meinen Sie daß ich thun ließe, Herr Fähndrich? *Ein* Schritt weiter, brächte Sie in der That nicht viel weiter. Was dünkt Ihnen? —

Fähndrich (die Hände reibend). Freilich, Ihro Durchlaucht — —

Fürſt. Aber wenn wir nun dieſen einen Schritt überhüpften? wie da? — Eine Kompagnie! Kapitain! Das iſt doch immer ſo das erſte Ziel ſolcher Herren, und dem wären wir dann ſchon ziemlich nah im Geſichte. — Doch vorher — (indem er ſich ſchnell gegen den Hauptmann kehrt). Was denken Sie zu ihrem Vetter, Herr Hauptmann?

Hauptmann (etwas betreten). Ich? — Was ich denke? —

Fürſt. Viel Böſes, ſollte man glauben.

Hauptmann. O nein! Eher Gutes, Ihro Durchlaucht — Ich denke immer, er hat Herz; er wird brav thun.

Fürſt (mit Beifall auf den Fähndrich ſehend). Doch? In der That? —

Hauptmann. Und da er auch ziemlich gewachſen iſt — —

Fürſt. Nun ja wohl! Da iſt er der gemachteſte Menſch von der Welt. Das iſt ſicher. — Aber in ſeiner Aufführung, in ſeinen Sitten Herr Hauptmann. — Ich muß mich ſchämen, daß ich nach ſo einer Kleinigkeit frage, — wie iſt er in ſeinen Sitten beſchaffen?

Hauptmann Je nun — (lächelnd), dann und wann ein wenig zu luſtig, zu aufgeräumt; aber — wie Ew. Durchlaucht ſchon wiſſen — das gehört zum Soldaten.

Fürſt. Wie ich ſchon weiß! Sie lehren mich in der That etwas Neues. — Es fehlt nur noch an *Ihrem* Zeugniſſe, Madame. Was ſagen denn Sie mir von Ihrem Sohne? — — (nach einer Pauſe) Gar nichts? —

Frau von Detmund. Was ſollte ich ſagen?

Fürſt. Was Sie denken — die Wahrheit!

Frau von Detmund. Und kann ich das, Ihro Durchlaucht? — Wenn ich meinen Sohn *loben* müßte; würden Sie wollen, daß ich ihn in ſeiner Gegenwart lobte? Oder wenn ich ihn *tadeln* müßte, daß ich ihn in der Gegenwart *deſſen* tadelte, der ſein Schickſal in ſeiner Gewalt hat?

Fürſt (lächelnd). Vortrefflich, Madame! Sie ſind gütig, wie eine Mutter, und fein, wie ein Frauenzimmer. Ich bewundere Sie ganz — — (ernſthaft). Ein jeder, mein Herr Fähndrich, hat ſeine Weiſe, und ich habe die meinige. Wenn ich einen Offizier befördern will, ſo fange ich damit an, daß ich ihn in die Wache werfe. Was dünkt Ihnen dazu?

Fähndrich (erſchrocken). Ihro Durchlaucht — —

Fürſt. Ja, ja! Das iſt nun nicht anders. Geben Sie Ihren Degen dem Hauptmann! — Ein beſcheidneres Benehmen hätte alles entſchuldigt; aber dieſe Zuverſicht, dieſe Dreiſtigkeit — — Was kann man von einem Menſchen erwarten, der mit einem Gewiſſen, wie Ihres, ſo frech iſt? der es fühlen muß, daß er meine Ungnade verdient; der es weiß, wie nichtswürdig er gegen die gütigſte Mutter gehandelt, und der dennoch — — In die Wache mit ihm! Auf einen Monat, Herr Hauptmann! — Ich will das, was vorgefallen, nicht näher wiſſen; und das um Ihretwillen, Madame! — um der Art willen, wie ich's erfahren habe; um der Größe des Verbrechens willen, daß ich aus allen Umſtänden errathen kann. — — Aber, Herr Hauptmann! — (In ſeinem ſtrengſten Tone). Sobald wieder das Allergeringſte vorfällt; gleich Bericht an mich! Auf der Stelle! — Ich habe mir's in den Kopf geſetzt, ich will den jungen Menſchen erziehen, und weder Sie, Herr Hauptmann — (gelinder) noch Sie, Madame, ſollen mir meine Erziehung verderben. — (Beſonders zu Frau von Detmund). Daß Sie ihm nie womit aushelfen! nie! auch nicht mit der mindeſten Kleinigkeit! auch nicht unter dem Namen eines Geſchenks! Durchaus nicht! — — Er kann von ſeinem Gehalte leben, und der mag ſich einſchränken lernen. — (Eine Bewegung mit der Hand). Fort! In die Wache, Herr Fähndrich! (Die beiden Offiziere treten ab).

Vierzehnter Auftritt.

Der Fürſt. Frau von Detmund. Der Edelknabe.

Fürſt (ſie anſehend). Nun? — So niedergeſchlagen, Madame!

Frau von Detmund (beſcheiden). Ich bin Mutter, Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürſt. Aber doch nicht von den weichlichen, die lieber ihre Kinder nicht beſſern, um ſie ja nicht zu kränken?

Frau von Detmund. Wie falſch wäre dann meine Liebe! — Nein, ich fürchte nur, daß mein Sohn Dero Gnade auf immer verloren hat.

Fürſt. Fürchten Sie das? — Und doch habe ich ihn für's erſte der Gnade nur würdig machen wollen, die ich ihm aufbewahre. — Jugend und Unbeſonnenheit — denen verzeih' ich ſo leicht, Madame; aber ich darf nur nicht immer. Was bei dem einen Bewegungsgrund zu Beſſerung iſt, wird bei dem andern Einladung zu größern Verbrechen. — Sorgen Sie indeſſen nur nicht! Der junge Menſch wird ſchon klüger, und nach eben dem Maaße werde ich gütiger werden. — (Sich gegen den Edelknaben wendend). Was den Kleinen betrifft — — Wiſſen Sie, welche Abſichten ich mit ihm habe?

Frau von Detmund. Nein, Ihro Durchlaucht. — — Aber wie ſie auch ſeyn mögen, ſie werden die großmüthigſten ſeyn. — So ſehr ich auch immer meinen Fürſten verehrt habe, ſo überzeugt mich doch dieſer Tag, daß ich ihn noch zu wenig verehrt.

Fürſt. Was wollen Sie denn? Sie kennen mich nicht. — Bloß um dem Staat einen rechtſchaffnen Mann, um mir ſelbſt einen nützlichen Diener, um meinem Sohn einen Freund zu erziehen, der einſt ſo willig für ihn ſterbe, wie ſein Vater für mich ſtarb; — — bloß deswegen. —

Funfzehnter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Ein Kammerdiener.

Kammerdiener. Der Direktor, Ihro Durchlaucht!

Fürſt. Eben da? laßt ihn vorkommen! (der Kammerdiener geht ab). — Ich hoffe, Madame, Sie werden meine Abſichten nur hören dürfen, um ſie zu billigen.

Sechzehnter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Der Direktor.

Direktor (ſich verbeugend und mit der Stimme zitternd). Auf Ew. Durchlaucht höchſten Befehl —

Fürſt. Näher her, Herr Direktor! Mit Männern wie Sie, muß man nicht bloß von weitem bekannt ſeyn. — Man hat mir viel Gutes von Ihnen geſagt. Man hat Sie mir als einen Mann von großen Kenntniſſen und Verdienſten gerühmt.

Direktor (äußerſt verwirrt). Mich, Ihro Durchlaucht?

Fürſt. Auch habe ich mich ſelbſt von der Wahrheit dieſes Lobes überzeugt. Ich habe Ihr Buch von der Erziehung geleſen. — Was haben Sie ſonſt noch geſchrieben?

Direktor (zitternd). Ich! — Nichts, das — — Gar nichts, das — —

Fürſt. Das für mich wäre, wollen Sie ſagen?

Direktor. Nein — Ja, Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürſt. Ja? Und warum nicht für mich? — Vielleicht, weil es einen *ganzen* Gelehrten fodert, und ich nur ein *halber* bin? Hab' ich's getroffen?

Direktor (erschrocken zurücktretend). Gütiger Gott! — Könnt' ich so kurz seyn! — —

Fürst. Nun, nun! Das wäre so schlimm eben nicht. Allzuviel Gelehrsamkeit ist eben keine Ehre für einen Fürsten. — Also warum nicht für mich?

Direktor (stotternd). Weil — weil — weil es zu unvollkommen, — zu unwürdig — zu — —

Fürst. Hören Sie auf! Sie beschämen mich sonst. — Ich wollte schon sagen, daß die Rede ganz vortrefflich wäre, daß es viel Belesenheit, viel Kenntniß des Menschen, viel warmen Eifer für Rechtschaffenheit und Tugend verriethe. — Aber was ist Ihnen? Sie zittern ja ganz!

Direktor. Die hohe Gnade — die hohe Ehre — —

Fürst (nach einigem Stillschweigen und verdrüßlich). Sie sind ein Deutscher. Nicht wahr?

Direktor (schüchtern zurückweichend). Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürst (wieder gütig, indem er ihm näher tritt). Nun, was thut's? Bin ich doch auch einer! Schämen Sie sich darum nur nicht! Ich wollte nur wünschen, Sie hätten den alten Franzosen gekannt: das alte Erbstück von meinem Vater, das hier am Hof lebte. — Oder haben Sie ihn etwa gekannt?

Direktor. Einigermaßen. Von Ansehen.

Fürst. Nicht näher?

Direktor. Nein, Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürst. O Schade! Das war ein trefflicher Mann. — Wenn man das Bißchen Witz und Sentiment von der Oberfläche schöpfte, so war das Uebrige seines Gehirns eben nicht viel; aber sich geltend zu machen, sich ein Ansehn zu geben — darin war es der erste Kopf von Europa. — Frei, frei, Herr Direktor! Bescheidenheit ist mir lieb; aber das, was man Demuth nennt — unerträglich! — — Um zur Sache zu kommen: Was macht die vornehmste adeliche Pension auf dem Gymnasium?

Direktor. Die vornehmste! — Das ist verschieden, Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürst. Aber so im Ganzen! so ohngefähr!

Direktor. Ohngefähr! — Zwischen drei und vier Hundert.

Fürst. Was es sey! — Ich habe hier einen Knaben, den ich hinaufgeben will, und es versteht sich, wenn ich gleich kaum sein Vater werde, daß ich ihn nicht schlechter halten kann, als der beste Edelmann seinen Sohn hält. — Doch das Wichtigste noch! Wer führt die Aufsicht über die Knaben?

Direktor. Die Lehrer, Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürst. Wackre Männer vielleicht! aber ich kenne sie nicht. — Sie allein, Herr Direktor kenne ich, und habe Vertrauen zu Ihnen. — Würden Sie wohl, wenn ich sie bäte —

Direktor (einfallend). Ihro Durchlaucht!

Fürst. Würden Sie wohl die unmittelbare Aufsicht über dieses Kind übernehmen?

Direktor. Es ist ja meine Pflicht, Ihro Durchlaucht.

Fürst. Nein! Als Pflicht will ich es nicht betrachtet haben. — Würden Sie's gerne; würden Sie's mit Vergnügen thun?

Direktor (sich verbeugend). Ich habe in meiner Pflicht mein Vergnügen.

Fürst. Wohl! und es ist natürlich, daß ich mich erkenntlich dafür beweise. — (Zu dem Edelknaben, indem er ihn bei der Hand nimmt.) Komm her, Heinrich! Komm! Du siehst, das ist ein würdiger, freundlicher Mann, zu dem ich Dich führe. Hast Du nicht Vertrauen zu diesem Manne? Möchtest Du nicht mit ihm gehen und bei ihm leben?

Edelknabe (den Direktor einen Augenblick ansehend). O ja, gnädigster Herr.

Fürst. Aber dann mußt Du auch wissen, was dieser Mann Dir [illegible] seyn wird. Dein zweiter [illegible], Dein Lehrer. Du wirst ihm den willigsten Gehorsam, die zärtlichste Ehrerbietung schuldig seyn; und wenn er über Dich klagte — —

Edelknabe. Nein, nein! Das soll er nie, gnädigster Herr.

Fürst. Du hast ein Beispiel gesehen, daß ich eben so strenge seyn kann, als ich gut bin. — Also, wenn er je über Dich klagte — —

Edelknabe (zum Direktor, dem er ehrerbietig die Hand küßt). Nein, nein! Das sollen Sie nie, Herr Direktor.

Fürst (zum Direktor). Wie gefällt Ihnen das Kind?

Direktor (gerührt). O Ihro Durchlaucht! — [illegible] [illegible] sein [illegible] Sohn ist. — [illegible] Er könnte er dann mit Ihnen gehen. — Sind Sie zufrieden, Madame?

Frau von Detmund (mit Feuer). Gütiger Gott! — Nur zufrieden!

Fürst. Nun so geh' denn! So geh! (Die Hand auf seinen Kopf legend.) Werde ein rechtschaffener, ein kluger, ein glücklicher Mann! Und was das Uebrige anbetrifft: — da sey Du froh und getrost! Es soll Dir nie an etwas gebrechen. — (Ihn ansehend.) Nun, Heinrich? So wehmüthig?

Edelknabe (sich tief verbeugend und nach seiner Hand greifend). Leben Sie wohl, gnädigster Herr!

Fürst (mit Rührung). Ist es das? (Ihn aufhebend und küssend.) Und auch Du lebe wohl! auch Du, guter Knabe! Du hast das dankbarste Herz. — Ich beurlaube Sie, Herr Direktor. — Und Sie Madame, gehen Sie ihm nach, und sehen Sie, wo Ihr Kind bleibt!

Frau von Detmund (sich niederwerfend, mit Feuer). Kann ich geh'n, Ihro Durchlaucht — —

Fürst. Was soll das? Ich liebe das nicht.

Frau von Detmund. Kann ich gehn, eh' ich mein Herz, — —

Fürst (sie aufhebend). Nein sage ich! Stehen Sie auf! Stehen Sie auf! — Ich kann es nicht haben, daß irgend ein Mensch vor mir kniee.

Frau von Detmund. Nun denn! Ich gehorche und gehe. — (Die Hand erhebend.) Aber vor Gott will ich knieen, und will ihn bitten, daß er ewig den großmüthigsten Fürsten segne.

Fürst (einige Schritte nach und gnädig). Leben Sie wohl! Leben Sie glücklich, Madame!

Siebenzehnter Auftritt.

Der Fürst (allein, indem er sich umsieht).

Ein schöner Morgen! Ob ich mir denn noch ein kleines Vergnügen mache? Das größte hab' ich nun einmal gehabt. — Nein, arbeiten, arbeiten will ich! Es wird mir trefflich von Statten gehen. Ich bin zufrieden mit mir. — —

Tobias Witt *).

Herr **Tobias Witt** war aus einer nur mäßigen Stadt gebürtig, und nie weit über die nächsten Dörfer gekommen. Dennoch hatte er mehr von der Welt gesehen, als Mancher, der sein Erbtheil in Paris oder London verzehrt hat. Er erzählte gern allerhand kleine Geschichtchen, die er sich hie und da aus eigener Erfahrung gesammelt hatte. [illegible] Verdienst hatten sie wenig oder [illegible] mehr [illegible], und das Besondere an ihnen war, daß ihrer je zwei und zwei zusammengehörten.

Einmal lobte ihn ein junger Bekannter, Herr Till, seiner Klugheit wegen. — [illegible] der alte Witt zu und [illegible] gelte. Was ich [illegible] so klug!

Die ganze Welt sagte, Herr Witt. Und weil ich es auch gern würde — —

Je nun! wenn Er das werden will, das ist leicht. — Er muß nur fleißig Acht geben, Herr Till, wie es die Narren machen.

Was! wie es die Narren machen?

Ja, Herr Till! Und muß es dann anders machen, wie sie.

Wie zum Exempel?

Wie zum Exempel, Herr Till: Da lebte sonst in meiner Jugend ein [illegible] [illegible], ein kleiner, grämlicher Mann, [illegible] mit Namen. Der ging immer herum [illegible] und [illegible]; in seinem Leben [illegible] er mit [illegible]. — Und einem [illegible] [illegible] er [illegible] — Was meint Er nun wohl, Herr Till, daß die Leute ihn hießen?

Wie? — Einen lustigen Kerl.

Ja, es hat sich wohl! Einen Narren! — [illegible] — [illegible] — Das ist nicht wie der Herr [illegible] muß man's nicht machen. [illegible] — Ja [illegible] den Leuten [illegible]! — Nun, was sagt [illegible] Herr Till, [illegible] ich [illegible]? —

[illegible]!

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*) Aus Engels „der Philosoph für die Welt". Berlin, 1775 — 1777.

Aber ich weiß nicht. So ganz doch wohl nicht. — Denn da lief noch ein Anderer herum; das war der Tanzmeiſter Herr Flink: der guckte aller Welt ins Geſicht, und plauderte mit Allem, was nur ein Ohr hatte, immer die Reihe herum. Und den, Herr Fill — wie meint Er wohl, daß die Leute den wieder hießen?

Einen luſtigen Kopf? —

Beinahe! Sie hießen ihn auch einen Narren. — Hui, dacht' ich da wieder; das iſt doch drollig! Wie mußt du's denn machen, um klug zu heißen? — Weder ganz, wie der Herr Falt, noch ganz, wie der Herr Flink. Erſt ſiehſt du den Leuten hübſch dreiſt ins Geſicht, wie der Eine, und dann ſiehſt du hübſch bedächtig in dich hinein, wie der Andre. Erſt ſprichſt du laut mit den Leuten, wie der Herr Flink, und dann insgeheim mit dir ſelbſt, wie der Herr Falt. — Sieht Er, Herr Fill? So hab' ich's gemacht, und das iſt das ganze Geheimniß.

Ein andermal beſuchte ihn ein junger Kaufmann, Herr Flau, der gar ſehr über ſein Unglück klagte. — Ei was! fing der alte Witt an und ſchüttelte ihn: Er muß das Glück nur ſuchen, Herr Flau: Er muß darnach aus ſeyn.

Das bin ich ja lange; aber was hilft's? — Immer kommt ein Streich über den andern! Künftig leg' ich die Hände lieber gar in den Schooß, und bleibe zu Hauſe. —

Ach nicht doch! nicht doch, Herr Flau! Gehn muß Er immer darnach, aber ſich nur hübſch in Acht nehmen, wie Er's Geſicht trägt.

Was? Wie ich's Geſicht trage? —

Ja, Herr Flau! Wie Er's Geſicht trägt. Ich will's Ihm erklären. — Als da mein Nachbar zur linken ſein Haus baute: ſo lag einſt die ganze Straße voll Balken und Steine und Sparren: und da kam unſer Bürgermeiſter gegangen, Herr Trick: damals noch ein blutjunger Rathsherr; der rannte, mit von ſich geworfnen Armen, ins Gelag hinein, und hielt den Nacken ſo ſteif, daß die Naſe mit den Wolken ſo ziemlich gleich war. — Pump! lag er da, brach ein Bein, und hinkt noch heutiges Tages davon. — Was will ich nun damit ſagen, lieber Herr Flau? —

Ei die alte Lehre! Du ſollſt die Naſe nicht allzu hoch tragen.

Ja ſieht Er? Aber auch nicht allzu niedrig. — Denn nicht lange darnach kam noch ein Andrer gegangen: das war der Stadtpoet, Herr Schall: der mußte entweder Verſe oder Hausſorgen im Kopfe haben; denn er ſchlich ganz trübſinnig einher, und guckte in den Erdboden, als ob er hineinſinken wollte. Krach! riß ein Seil! der Balken herunter, und wie der Blitz vor ihm nieder. — Vor Schrecken fiel der arme Teufel in Ohnmacht, ward krank, und mußte ganze Wochen lang aushalten. — Merkt Er nun wohl, was ich meine, Herr Flau. — Wie man's Geſicht tragen muß? —

Sie meinen, ſo hübſch in der Mitte. —

Ja freilich! daß man weder zu keck in die Wolken, noch zu ſcheu in den Erdboden ſieht. — Wenn man ſo die Augen fein ruhig nach oben und unten und nach beiden Seiten umherwirft: ſo kommt man in der Welt ſchon vorwärts, und mit dem Unglück hat's ſo leicht nichts zu ſagen.

Noch ein andermal beſuchte den Herrn Witt ein junger Anfänger, Herr Wills; der wollte zu einer kleinen Speculation Geld von ihm borgen. — Viel, fing er an, wird dabei nicht herauskommen; das ſeh' ich vorher: aber es rennt mir ſo von ſelbſt in die Hände. Da will ich's doch mitnehmen.

Dieſer Ton ſtand dem Herrn Witt gar nicht an. — Und wie viel, meint Er denn wohl, lieber Herr Wills, daß Er braucht?

Ach nicht viel! Eine Kleinigkeit! Ein hundert Thälerchen etwa. —

Wenn's nicht mehr iſt, die will ich Ihm geben. Recht gern! — Und damit Er ſieht, daß ich Ihm gut bin, ſo will ich Ihm obendrein noch etwas Anders geben, das unter Brüdern ſeine tauſend Reichsthaler werth iſt. Er kann reich damit werden. —

Aber wie, lieber Herr Witt? Obendrein! —

Es iſt nichts. Es iſt ein bloßes Hiſtörchen. — Ich hatte hier in meiner Jugend einen Weinhändler zum Nachbar, ein gar drolliges Männchen, Herr Grell mit Namen: der hatte ſich eine einzige Redensart angewöhnt; die brachte ihn zum Thore hinaus.

Ei, das wäre! Die hieß? —

Wenn man ihn manchmal fragte: Wie ſteht's, Herr Grell? Was haben Sie bei dem Handel gewonnen? — Eine Kleinigkeit, fing er an. Ein fünfzig Thälerchen etwa. Was will das machen? — Oder wenn man ihn anredete: Nun Herr Grell? Sie haben ja auch bei dem Bankerott verloren? — Ach was! ſagte er wieder. Es iſt der Rede nicht werth. Eine Kleinigkeit von ein hundert fünfe. — Er ſaß in ſchönen Umſtänden, der Mann; aber wie geſagt! die einzige verdammte Redensart hob ihn glatt aus dem Sattel. Er mußte zum Thore damit hinaus. — Wie viel war es doch, Herr Wills, daß Er wollte?

Ich! — ich bat um hundert Reichsthaler, lieber Herr Witt.

Ja recht! Mein Gedächtniß verläßt mich. — Aber ich hatte da noch einen andern Nachbar; das war der Kornhändler, Herr Tomm: der baute von einer andern Redensart das ganze große Haus auf, mit Hintergebäude und Waarenlager. — Was dünkt Ihm dazu? —

Ei, ums Himmels willen! Die möcht' ich doch wiſſen. — Die hieß? —

Wenn man ihn manchmal fragte: Wie ſteht's, Herr Tomm? Was haben Sie bei dem Handel verdient? — Ach, viel Geld! fing er an, viel Geld! — und da ſah man, wie ihm das Herz im Leibe lachte; — ganzer hundert Reichsthaler! — Oder wenn man ihn anredete: Was iſt Ihnen? Warum ſo mürriſch, Herr Tomm? — Ach! ſagte er wieder: ich habe viel Geld verloren, viel Geld! Ganzer fünfzig Reichsthaler. — Er hatte klein angefangen, der Mann; aber, wie geſagt, das ganze große Haus baute er auf, mit Hintergebäude und Waarenlager. — Nun, Herr Wills? Welche Redensart gefällt Ihm nun beſſer?

Ei, das verſteht ſich. Die letzte!

Aber — ſo ganz war er mir doch nicht recht, der Herr Tomm. Denn er ſagte auch: viel Geld! wenn er den Armen oder der Obrigkeit gab; und da hätt' er nur immer ſprechen mögen, wie der Herr Grell, mein anderer Nachbar. — Ich, Herr Wills, der ich zwiſchen den beiden Redensarten mitten inne wohnte, ich habe mir immer beide gemerkt: und da ſprech' ich nun, nach Zeit und Gelegenheit, bald wie der Herr Grell, und bald wie der Herr Tomm.

Nein, bei meiner Seele! Ich halt's mit Herrn Tomm. Das Haus und das Waarenlager gefällt mir.

Er wollte alſo! —

Viel Geld! viel Geld, lieber Herr Witt! Ganzer hundert Reichsthaler!

Sieht Er, Herr Wills? Es wird ſchon werden. Das war ganz recht. — Wenn man von einem Freunde borgt, ſo muß man ſprechen, wie der Herr Tomm; und wenn man einem Freunde aus der Noth hilft, ſo muß man ſprechen, wie der Herr Grell.

Traum des Galilei *).

Galilei, der ſich um die Wiſſenſchaften ſo unſterblich verdient gemacht hatte, lebte jetzt in einem ruhigen ruhmvollen Alter, zu Arcetri im Florentiniſchen. Er war bereits ſeines edelſten Sinnes beraubt, aber er freute ſich dennoch des Frühlings: theils um der wiederkehrenden Nachtigall und der duftenden Blüthen willen, theils um der lebhaften Erinnerung willen, die er an ehemalige Freuden hatte.

Einſt, in ſeinem letzten Frühling, ließ er ſich von Viviani, ſeinem jüngſten und dankbarſten Schüler, in das Feld von Arcetri führen. Er merkte, daß er ſich für ſeine Kräfte zu weit entfernte, und bat daher im Scherz ſeinen Führer, ihn nicht über das Gebiet von Florenz zu bringen. Du weißt, ſagte er, was ich dem heiligen Gericht habe geloben müſſen. — Viviani ſetzte ihn, zum Ausruhen, auf eine kleine Erhebung des Erdreichs nieder; und da er hier, von Blumen und Kräutern umher, gleichſam in einer Wolke von Wohlgeruch ſaß, erinnerte er ſich

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*) Galilei ward zweimal vor die Inquiſition in Rom geladen, weil er das Syſtem des Copernicus vertheidigte, das der heiligen Schrift entgegen ſchien. Das zweitemal ſaß er lange gefangen, und in größter Ungewißheit wegen ſeines Schickſals; endlich gab man ihn unter der Bedingung frei, daß er nicht aus dem Herzogthume Florenz weichen ſollte. Seine wichtigſten aſtronomiſchen Entdeckungen, die er theils allein, theils mit Andern zugleich machte, ſind diejenigen, deren in dieſem Traume erwähnt wird. Er lebte nach ſeiner letzten Gefangenſchaft auf ſeinem Landhauſe zu Arcetri, verlor ſein Geſicht, und genoß in den letzten Jahren bis an ſeinen Tod der Geſellſchaft des Viviani, der nachher ſein Leben beſchrieb, und ſeinen Namen nie anders als mit dem Zuſatze zu unterzeichnen pflegte: Schüler des Galilei. Mit dieſen wenigen Anmerkungen wird in dem nachfolgenden Aufſatze hoffentlich nichts mehr dunkel ſeyn. Umſtändlichere Nachrichten findet man in Montucla Histoire des Mathématiques, Heumanni Acta Phil. und andern bekannten Büchern. — (Man ſehe vor allen die jetzt erſchienene Lebensbeſchreibung des Galilei von Herrn Jagemann.)

der heißen Sehnſucht von Freiheit, die ihn einſt zu Rom, bei Annäherung des Frühlings befallen hatte. Er wollte jetzt eben den letzten Tropfen Bitterkeit, der ihm noch übrig war, gegen ſeine grauſamen Verfolger ausſchütten, als er ſchnell wieder einhielt, und ſich ſelbſt mit den Worten bedeutete: Der Geiſt des Copernicus möchte zürnen.

Viviani, der noch von dem Traume nichts wußte, auf den ſich Galilei bezog, bat ihn um Erläuterung dieſer Worte. Aber der Greis, dem der Athem zu kurz und für ſeine kranken Nerven zu ſchwach ward, wollte erſt ausgeruhet ſeyn, eh' er ſie gäbe.

Du weißt, fing er dann nach einer kurzen Erholung an, wie hart mein Schickſal in Rom war, und wie lange ſich meine Befreiung verzögerte. Als ich fand, daß auch die kräftigſte Fürſprache meiner Beſchützer, der Medici, und ſelbſt der Widerruf, zu dem ich mich entſchloß, noch ohne Wirkung blieben, warf ich mich einſt, voll ſchwermüthiger Betrachtung über mein Schickſal und voll innerer Empörung gegen die Vorſehung, auf mein Lager nieder. — So weit du nur denken kannſt, rief ich aus, wie unfruchtbar iſt dein Leben geweſen! Wie mühſam biſt du, im Eifer für deinen Beruf, die Irrgänge einer falſchen Weisheit durchwandert, um das Licht zu ſuchen, das du nicht hatteſt kannteſt! Wie haſt du alle Kraft deiner Seele dran geſetzt, um hindurch zur Wahrheit zu dringen, und ſie alle vor dir zu Boden zu ſtürzen, die verjährten mächtigen Vorurtheile, die dir den Weg vertraten! Wie karg gegen dich ſelbſt haſt du oft die Taſel geflohn, nach der dich gelüſtete, und den Becher, den du austeeren wollteſt, von deinen Lippen gezogen, um nicht träge zu den Arbeiten des Geiſtes zu werden! Wie haſt du mit den Stunden des Schlafs gekargt, um ſie der Weisheit zu ſchenken! Wie oft, wenn Alles um dich her in ſorgloſer Ruhe lag, und den ermüdeten Leib zu neuen Geſchäften ſtärkte; wie oft haſt du vor Froſt gezittert, um die Wunder des Firmaments zu betrachten, oder in trüben umwölkten Nächten beim Schimmer der Lampe gewacht, um die Ehre der Gottheit zu verkündigen, und die Welt zu erleuchten! — Elender! Und was iſt nun die Frucht deiner Arbeit! Was für Gewinn haſt du nun für alle Verherrlichung deines Schöpfers und alle Aufklärung der Menſchheit! — Daß der Gram über dein Schickſal die Säfte aus deinen Augen trocknet; daß ſie dir täglich mehr abſterben, dieſe treuſten Gehülfen der Seele; daß nun bald dieſe Thränen, die du nicht halten kannſt, ihr dürftiges Licht auf ewig vertilgen werden!

So ſprach ich zu mir ſelbſt, Viviani, und dann warf ich einen Blick voll Neids auf meine Verfolger. — Dieſe Unwürdigen, rief ich, die in geheimnißreiche Formeln ihren Aberwitz hüllen, und in ehrwürdiges Gewand ihre Laſter hüllen, die zur ſträflichen Ruhe für ihre Trägheit ſich menſchliche Lügen zu Ausſprüchen Gottes heiligten, und den Weiſen, der die Fackel der Wahrheit empor hält, während zu Boden ſchlagen, daß nicht ſein Licht ſie aus ihrem wollüſtigen Schlummer ſtöre: dieſe Niederträchtigen, die nur thätig für ihre Lüſte und das Verderben der Welt ſind: wie lachen ſie, in ihren Palläſten, des Kummers! wie genießen ſie, in ununterbrochenem Taumel, des Lebens! wie haben ſie dem [illegible] Alles geraubt, auch das heiligſte ſeiner Güter, die Ehre! wie dürſt nach ihnen andächtig das Volk hin, das ſie um die Frucht ſeiner Aecker betrügen, und ſich Freudenmahle von dem Fett ſeiner Heerden und dem Moſt ſeiner Trauben bereiten! — Und du, Unglücklicher! der du nur Gott und deinem Berufe lebteſt; der du nie in deiner Seele eine heitere Luſt aufkommen ließeſt, als die reinſte und heiligſte, für die Wahrheit; der du, ein beſſerer Prieſter Gottes, ſeine Wunder im Welt-Syſtem, ſeine Wunder im Wurm erforſchteſt: mußt du jetzt auch das Einzige miſſen, wornach du ſchmachteſt? das Einzige, was ſelbſt den Thieren des Waldes und den Vögeln des Himmels gegeben iſt — Freiheit! Welches Auge wacht über die Schickſale der Menſchen! Welche gerechte unparteiiſche Hand theilt die Güter des Lebens aus? Den Unwürdigen läßt ſie Alles an ſich reißen; dem Würdigen Alles entziehen!

Ich klagte ſo, bis ich einſchlief; und alsbald kam es mir vor, als ob ein ehrwürdiger Greis an mein Lager träte. Er ſtand, und betrachtete mich mit ſtillſchweigendem Mitleiden, indeß mein Auge voll Verwunderung auf ſeiner denkenden Stirne und den ſilbernen Locken ſeines Haupthaars ruhte. — Galilei! ſagte er endlich: was du jetzt leideſt, das leideſt du um Wahrheiten, die ich dich lehrte; und eben der Aberglaube, der dich verfolgt, würde auch mich verfolgen, hätte mich der Tod nicht in jene ewige Freiheit gerettet. — Du biſt Copernicus! rief ich, und ſchloß ihn, noch eh' er mir antworten konnte, in meine Arme. — O ſie iſt ſüß, Viviani, die Verwandtſchaft des Geiſtes, die kein Band der Natur ſich [illegible] Wie viel feſter und inniger, als ſelbſt die Bande der Freundſchaft, ſind die Bande der Wahrheit! Mit wie ſüßen Vorgefühlen des erweiterten Wirkungskreiſes, der erhöhten Denkkraft, der freien Mittheilung aller Schätze der Erkenntniß, eilt man dem Freunde entgegen, der an der Hand der Weisheit herantritt!

Liebe! ſprach nach erwiederter Umarmung der Greis: ich habe dieſe Hülle zurückgenommen, die mich ehemals umſchloß, und will dir ſchon jetzt ſeyn, was ich dir künftig ſeyn werde — dein Führer. Denn dort, wo der entfeſſelte Geiſt in raſtloſer Thätigkeit unermüdet fortwirkt; dort iſt die Ruhe nur Tauſch der Arbeit: eigenes Forſchen in den Tiefen der Gottheit wechſelt nur mit dem Unterricht, den wir den ſpätern Ankömmlingen der Erde geben; und der Erſte, der einſt deine Seele zu der Erkenntniß des Unendlichen leitete, bin Ich — Er führte mich bei der Hand zu einer niedergeſunkenen Wolke, und wir nahmen unſern Flug in die unermeßliche Weite des Himmels. Ich ſah hier den Mond, Viviani, mit ſeinen Anhöhen und Thälern; ich ſah die Geſtirne der Milchſtraße, der Plejaden und des Orion; ich ſah die Flecken der Sonne, und die Monde des Jupiter: Alles, was ich hienieden zuerſt ſah, das ſah ich dort beſſer mit unbewaffnetem Auge, und wandelte am Himmel, voll Entzückens über mich ſelbſt, unter meinen Entdeckungen, wie auf Erden ein Menſchenfreund unter ſeinen Wohlthaten wandelt. Jede hier durchgearbeitete mühevolle Stunde ward dort fruchtbar an Glückſeligkeit, an einer Glückſeligkeit, die der nie fühlen kann, der leer an Erkenntniß in jene Welt tritt. Und darum will ich nie, Viviani, auch nicht in dieſem zitternden Alter, aufhören nach Wahrheit zu forſchen: denn wer ſie hier ſuchte, dem blüht dort Freude hervor, wo er nur hinblickt; aus jeder beſtätigten Einſicht, aus jedem vernichteten Zweifel, aus jedem enthüllten Geheimniß, aus jedem verſchwindenden Irrthum. — Siehe! ich fühlte dieß Alles in jenen Augenblicken der Wonne; aber auch nur das Eine, daß ich es fühlte, iſt mir geblieben: denn meine zu überraſchte Seele verlor jede einzelne Glückſeligkeit in dem Meere ihrer aller.

Indem ich ſo ſah und ſtaunte, und mich in deſſen Größe verlor, der dieß Alles voll allmächtiger Weisheit ſchuf, und durch ſeine ewig wirkſame Liebe trägt und erhält, erhob mich das Geſpräch meines Führers zu noch höhern Begriffen. — Nicht die Grenzen deiner Sinne, ſagte er, ſind auch die Grenzen des Weltalls, obgleich aus unendlichen Fernen ein Heer von Sonnen zu dir herüberſchimmert: noch viele Tauſende leuchten, deinem Blick unbemerkbar, im endloſen Aether; und jede Sonne, wie jede ſie umkreiſende Sphäre, iſt mit empfindenden Weſen, iſt mit denkenden Seelen bevölkert. Wo nur Bahnen möglich waren, da rollen Weltkörper, und wo nur Weſen ſich glücklich fühlen konnten, da wallen Weſen! Nicht Eine Sonne blieb in der ganzen Unermeßlichkeit des Unendlichen, wo der ſparſame Schöpfer nicht Leben hinſchuf, oder brauchbaren Stoff für das Leben; und durch dieſe ganze zahlloſe Mannigfaltigkeit von Weſen hindurch herrſcht, bis zum kleinſten Atom herab, unverbrüchliche Ordnung: ewige Geſetze ſtimmen Alles von Himmel zu Himmel, und von Sonne zu Sonne, und von Erde zu Erde in entzückende Harmonie. Unergründlich iſt für den unſterblichen Weſen in die Ewigkeit aller Ewigkeiten der Stoff zur Betrachtung, und unerſchöpflich der Quell ſeiner Seligkeiten. — Aber, was ſag' ich dir das ſchon jetzt, Galilei! Denn dieſe Seligkeiten faßt doch ein Geiſt nicht, der, noch geheftet an einen trägen Körper, in ſeiner Arbeit nicht weiter kann, als der Körper mit ausdauert, und ſich ſchon zum Staube zurückgezogen fühlt, wenn er kaum anfing ſich zu erheben!

Er mag ſie nicht faſſen, rief ich, dieſe Seligkeiten, nach ihrer ganzen göttlichen Fülle, er kennt ſie, Copernicus, nach ihrer Natur, ihrem Weſen. Denn welche Freuden kennt nicht, ſchon in dieſem irdiſchen Leben, die Weisheit! Welche Wonne fühlt nicht, ſchon in dieſen ſterblichen Gliedern, ein Geiſt, wenn es nun anfängt in ſeiner ungewiſſen Dämmerung hinter ſich zu tagen, und ſich immer weiter und weiter der volle Schimmer verbreitet, bis endlich das volle Licht der Erkenntniß aufgeht, das dem entzückten Auge Gegenden zeigt, voll unendlicher hoher Schönheit! — Erinnre dich, der du ſelbſt ſo tief in die Geheimniſſe Gottes ſchauteſt, und dem Licht ſeiner Schöpfung enthüllteſt; erinnre dich jenes Augenblicks, als dir dein erſter kühner Gedanke in die Seele ſtieg, und ſich freudig alle Kräfte deiner Seele hinzudrängten, ihn zu faſſen, zu bilden, zu ordnen: erinnre dich, als nun Alles in herrlicher Uebereinſtimmung vollendet ſtand, mit wie trunkener Liebe du noch einmal das Ganze mit Blick deiner Seele überſchauteſt, und deine Verwandtſchaft mit dem Unendlichen fühlteſt, dem du nachdenken konnteſt! — O ja, mein Führer! Auch ſchon hienieden iſt die Weisheit an himmliſchen Freuden reich; und wäre ſie's nicht: warum liebt [illegible] allen Glücklichen der Welt [illegible] — —

Die Wolke, die uns trug, war indeß zur Erde geſunken, und hielt ſich jetzt, wie es mir ſchien, auf einem der Hügel bei Rom nieder. Die Hauptſtadt der Welt lag vor uns; aber voll tiefer Verachtung ſtreckt' ich aus meiner Höhe die Hand hin, und ſprach: Sie mögen ſich groß dünken, die ſtolzen Bewohner dieſer Paläſte! weil Purpur ihre Glieder umhüllt, und Gold und Silber auf ihren Tafeln das Koſtbarſte beut, was Europa und Indien tragen! Aber, wie der Adler auf die Raupe im Seidengeſpinnſt, ſo ſieht auf dieſe Wilden der Weiſe herab; denn ſie ſind Gefangene an ihrer Seele, die über das Blatt nicht hinaus können, an dem ſie kleben: indeß der freie Weiſe auf ſeine Höhen tritt und die Welt überſchaut, oder ſich auf Flügeln der Betrachtung hinauf zu Gott ſchwingt, und unter Sternen einhergeht.

Da ich ſo ſprach, Viviani, da umwölkte ſich mit feierlichem Ernſt die Stirn meines Führers; ſein brüderlicher Arm ſank von meinen Schultern herab, und ſein Auge ſchoß einen trübenden Blick bis ins Innerſte meiner Seele. — Unwürdiger! rief er: ſo haſt du ſie ſchon auf Erden gefühlt, jene Freuden des Himmels? haſt deinen Namen herrlich gemacht vor den Weiſen der Nationen? haſt ſie alle erhöht, deine Seelenkräfte, daß ſie bald freier und mächtiger fortwirken in Erkenntniß der Wahrheit, eine Ewigkeit durch? Und nun dich Gott würdigt, Verfolgung zu leiden, nun die deine Weisheit Verdienſt werden ſoll, und dein Herz ſich mit Tugenden ſchmückt, wie dein Geiſt mit Erkenntniß: nun iſt es ohne Spur vertilgt, das Gedächtniß des Guten, und deine Seele empöret ſich wider Gott! — — Hier erwacht' ich von meinem Traum, ſah mich aus aller Herrlichkeit des Himmels in mein ödes Gefängniß zurückgeworfen, und überſchwemmte mit einer Fluth von Thränen mein Lager. Dann erhob ich, mitten durch die Schatten der Nacht, mein Auge, und ſprach: O Gott voll Liebe! Hat das Nichts, das durch dich Etwas ward, deine Wege getadelt! Hat der Staub, dem du Seele gabſt, hat er auf die Rechnung ſeiner Verdienſte geſchrieben, was Geſchenke deiner Erbarmung waren! Hat der Unwürdige, den du in deinem Buſen, an deinem Herzen nähreteſt, dem du ſo manchen Tropfen Seligkeit reichteſt aus deinem eigenen Becher; hat er deiner Gnaden und ſeiner Vorzüge vergeſſen! — Schlage ſein Auge mit Blindheit! laß ihn nie wieder die Stimme der Freundſchaft hören! laß ihn grau werden im Kerker! Mit willigem Geiſte ſoll er's tragen, dankbar gegen die Erinnerung ſeiner genoſſnen Freuden, und ſelig in Erwartung der Zukunft! —

Es war meine ganze Seele, Viviani, die ich in dieſem Gebete hingoß: aber nicht das Murren des Unzufriedenen, nur die willige Ergebung des Dankbaren, hatte der Gott vernommen, der mich zu ſo viel Seligkeit ſchuf! Denn ſiehe! ich lebe hier frei zu Arcetri, und nur heute noch hat mich mein Freund unter die Blumen des Frühlings geführt.

Er langte nach der Hand ſeines Schülers, um ſie dankbar zu drücken; aber Viviani ergriff die ſeinige, und führte ſie ehrerbietig an ſeine Lippen.

Die Cur-Methoden.

Der Menſch iſt von Grund aus verderbt — ſagte Dümmler, mein ſtiller Nachbar, und ſchlug die Augen gen Himmel. — Da iſt nichts übrig, als daß er ſich ſelbſt ertödte; daß er ganz neu werde, eine ganz andere Creatur.

Und was denn für eine! — ſchrie Drangſturm, mein wilder Nachbar, und ſtemmte ſeine Fäuſte in beide Seiten. — Der Menſch iſt gut, wie er iſt, nur daß er zu zahm geworden: Aufſchlagen, Herr, zeigt ein wackres Herz an, und je muthiger und je unbändiger, deſto geſünder!

Der ſtille Nachbar gab mir einen wehmüthig freundlichen Blick, und der wilde ſchlug mich mit der Fauſt auf die Schulter. Beide forderten mich auf zu entſcheiden. — Der Eine, merkt man wohl, war ein Frömmler, der ſich über den Menſchen härmt, daß er kein reiner Geiſt; der Andre, ein Kraftgenie, das in ſeiner Einfalt den leidenſchaftlichſten Menſchen, dieſes Ideal des Dichters, für das Ideal des wirklichen Charakters anſieht, und uns nun im ganzen Ernſt darnach umbilden möchte.

Sie Beide, fing ich an, halten den Menſchen für krank, meine Herren, und ich denke, Sie haben Recht; aber über die Art der Krankheit und über die Methode der Cur ſind Sie nicht einig, und da kann nur Einer von Ihnen Recht haben, oder auch alle Beide Unrecht. — Ihr Streit erinnert mich an eine Geſchichte, die ich Ihnen erzählen könnte, wenn Sie Luſt hätten mich anzuhören. — Sie waren's Beide zufrieden.

In einer Stadt alſo — in welcher des lieben Vaterlandes! gilt gleich — lebten einſt drei vornehme Herren, alle Drei gleich ſchwach und gleich krank. Ob ſie der Ceres oder dem Bacchus oder irgend ſonſt einer Gottheit zu viel geopfert hatten, oder ob auch das Gift aus dem Blute ihrer edlen Ahnen in ſie übergegangen war, kann ich nicht ſagen. Genug, es waren dieſe Geſtalten von Menſchen. Herr von Schlaff ſah aus, wie das Fieber; Herr von Quabb, wie die Auszehrung und Herr von Hemm, wie die Schwindſucht.

In eben dieſer Stadt lebten drei vorzüglich berühmte Aerzte, Doctor Süß, Doctor Mark, Doctor Sinn. Die beiden Erſtern waren nicht viel mehr als Empiriker oder Aerzte vom Hörenſagen, und hatten ſehr viel zu thun; der Letztere war ein Mann voller Einſicht, aber es fehlte an Praxis. Doctor Süß galt bei dem ſchönen Geſchlecht und bei den Liebhabern der alten Leier; Doctor Mark machte ſein Glück bei der Jugend und bei den Bewunderern des Neuen; Doctor Sinn ward von den Klugen gebraucht, und ging zu Fuße; die andern Beiden aber fuhren in Kutſchen.

Herr von Schlaff fiel durch den Rath ſeiner Tanten in die Hände des Doctor Süß. Doctor Süß fand in ſeinem Kranken nichts, als ſcharf gewordene Säfte, die er verſüßen, Schleimichte, die er verdünnen, und überhaupt nichts als Verdorbene, die er früh oder ſpät herausſchaffen müßte. Er griff alſo friſch zum Werke, verſüßte, verdünnte, führte ab und aus, durch alle Wege und Oeffnungen der Natur. Morgens nahm Herr von Schlaff, auf Verordnung, eine gute Portion Manna, Mittags ſah man ihn bei einem Teller voll Tamarindenmuß, und vor Schlafengehen nahm er Cremor mit Zucker. Sein gewöhnliches Getränk war Mandelmilch, und beſonders Tiſane von ſüßen Wurzeln. Um die heilſame Ausdünſtung zu befördern, lag er wohl zugedeckt zwiſchen Flaumbetten, und aus dem Zimmer zu kommen, war ihm bei Strafe der Apoplexie verboten. — Ein Paar Wochen vergingen, ſo war von dem ganzen Herrn von Schlaff nichts mehr auszuführen, als ſeine Seele: und auch die ſchickte der Doctor Süß mit dem letzten Mannatränkchen gen Himmel.

Herr von Quabb, der nun auch anfing auf ſeine Cur zu denken, ließ ſich durch dieſes Beiſpiel warnen, und ſetzte ſein Vertrauen auf die Methode des Doctors Mark. Doctor Mark dachte an keine Reinigung ſeines Kranken; er ſchüttelte nur den Kopf über die Schwachheit des Pulſes, und verordnete Stärkungsmittel. Alle Morgen tauchte er ihn bis über den Kopf in Stahlbad; Quaſſia mit ſpaniſchem Weine trat an die Stelle des Thees, und roher Schinken mit einem Schnitte Pumpernickel an die Stelle des Frühſtücks. Kurz vor dem Eſſen ward ein Schluck bitterer Magen-Eſſenz genommen, und vor Schlafengehen verſchlang Herr von Quabb noch eine derbe Portion China, nicht in Extract, ſondern in Subſtanz. Das Lager war eine harte Matratze, mit Pferdehaaren geſtopft, und das Oberbette eine ganz leichte dünne Decke, mit Baumwolle durchnäht. Auf dieſe Art, glaubte Doctor Mark, müßte aus ſeinem Kranken, ſo ſchwach er jetzt wäre, noch ein Mann wie ein Herkules werden. So etwas ward denn auch wirklich aus ihm; aber ein Herkules auf dem Oeta: denn der zu geſchwächte Herr von Quabb fiel plötzlich in eine Raſerei, worin er ein geladenes Piſtol erhaſchte und ſich über dem rechten Auge eine Kugel durch den Kopf ſchoß. — Seine China hatt' er noch eingenommen: Emilia Galotti lag auf dem Pulte aufgeſchlagen.

Durch beide Beiſpiele gewitzigt, wandte ſich nun Herr von Hemm an den bedächtigen Zauderer, den Doctor Sinn. Doctor Sinn ſah gar bald, wo es fehlte. Die feſten Theile, ſagte er, ſind geſchwächt, und die Säfte übel gemiſcht: Herr von Hemm hat nur immer genoſſen und nichts gethan; er hat gewiſſe Kräfte der Natur zu viel und andre zu wenig geübt. Ihn ſo auf einmal reinigen zu wollen, das hieße bei ſeiner Schwachheit ihn über den Haufen werfen; und ihn unmittelbar ſtärken wollen, das hieße bei der ſchlechten Beſchaffenheit ſeiner Säfte, das Uebel noch feſter binden. Ich ſehe wohl, ich muß auf Beides zugleich bedacht ſeyn, und vor Allem muß mein Kranker ſich gehörige Bewegung machen, und gute Diät halten. Jenes wird nach und nach den geſchwächten Faſern ihren Ton, und dieſes den verderbten Säften ihre gehörige Miſchung geben. — Zum guten Glück war Herr von Hemm ſeinem Arzte folgſam; er hielt die ihm vorgeſchriebene Diät, machte ſich die ihm empfohlene Bewegung, und ſo lebt er noch jetzt; nicht zwar von allen Zufällen frei, aber im Ganzen denn doch geſund und zufrieden. — —

Da ſieht man Gottes Gnade! ſagte der ſtille Nachbar; denn der wußte doch allein das Gedeihen geben. — Ja, das gab er auch, ſagte der wilde; denn er gab dem Doctor Verſtand in's Hirn, daß er von keiner Ertödtung und keiner neuen Creatur phantaſirte. — So ging der alte Streit wieder an: der Eine behauptete, daß die Natur grundverderbt, der Andere, daß ſie ſehr gut ſey. Jener wollte ſie nichts als reiner, dieſer ſie nichts als ſtärker haben. An die Anwendung meines Geſchichtchens ward nicht gedacht, und ich ſah zu ſpät, daß es gleich vergebliche Arbeit iſt, Mohren zu waſchen, und Leute, die einmal Partei genommen, auf andre Gedanken zu bringen.

Proben rabbiniſcher Weisheit *).

1.

„Wer ſich der Gerechtigkeit annimmt, richtet das Land auf; wer ſich ihr entzieht, iſt Schuld an ſeinem Verderben."

Rabbi Aſſi war krank, lag auf dem Bette, von ſeinen Schülern umgeben, bereitete ſich zum Tode. Sein Neffe trat zu ihm heran, und ſah, daß er weinte. — Was weinſt du, Rabbi? fragte er. Muß nicht jeder Blick in dein vollbrachtes Leben dir Freude bringen? Haſt du etwa das heilige Geſetz nicht genug gelernt, nicht genug gelehrt? Siehe, deine Schüler hier ſind Beweiſe vom Gegentheil. Haſt du etwa verſäumt, Werke der Gottſeligkeit auszuüben? Jedermann iſt einen Beiſern überlegen. Und die Demuth war die Krone aller deiner Tugenden! Niemals wollteſt du erlauben, daß man dich zum Richter der Gemeinde wählte, ſo ſehr auch die Gemeinde es wünſchte.

Eben das, mein Sohn, antwortete Rabbi Aſſi, betrübt mich jetzt. Ich konnte Recht und Gerechtigkeit unter den Menſchenkindern handhaben, und aus mißverſtandener Demuth hab' ich es unterlaſſen. „Wer ſich der Gerechtigkeit entzieht, iſt Schuld an dem Verderben des Landes."

„Den Menſchen und dem Viehe hilft der Herr."

2.

Auf ſeinem Zuge, die Welt zu bezwingen, kam Alexander, der Macedonier, zu einem Volke in Afrika, das in einem abgeſonderten Winkel in friedlichen Hütten wohnte, und weder Krieg noch Eroberer kannte. Man führte ihn in die Hütte des Beherrſchers, um ihn zu bewirthen. Dieſer ſetzte ihm goldene Datteln, goldene Feigen, und goldenes Brod vor. — Eſſet ihr das Gold hier? fragte Alexander. — Ich ſtelle mir vor, antwortete der Beherrſcher: genießbare Speiſen hätteſt du in deinem Lande wohl auch finden können. Warum biſt du denn zu uns gekommen? — Euer Gold hat mich nicht hieher gelockt, ſprach Alexander, aber eure Sitten möchte ich kennen lernen. — Nun wohl, erwiederte Jener, ſo weile denn bei uns, ſo lange es dir gefällt.

Indem ſie ſich unterhielten, kamen zwei Bürger vor Gericht. Der Kläger ſprach: Ich habe von dieſem Manne ein Grundſtück gekauft, und als ich den Boden durchgrub, fand ich einen Schatz. Dieſer iſt nicht mein: denn ich habe nur das Grundſtück erhandelt, nicht den darin verborgenen Schatz; und gleichwohl will ihn der Verkäufer nicht wieder nehmen. — Der Beklagte antwortete: Ich habe ihm das Gut, ſammt Allem, was darin verborgen war, verkauft, und alſo auch den Schatz.

Der Richter wiederholte ihre Worte, damit ſie ſähen, ob er ſie recht verſtanden hätte; und nach einiger Ueberlegung ſprach er: Du haſt einen Sohn, Freund? Nicht? — Ja! — Und du eine Tochter? — Ja! — Nun wohl! dein Sohn ſoll deine Tochter heirathen, und das Ehepaar den Schatz zum Heirathsgute bekommen. — Alexander ſchien betroffen. Iſt etwa mein Ausſpruch ungerecht? fragte der Beherrſcher. — O nein, erwiederte Alexander, aber er befremdet mich. — Wie wäre denn die Sache in eurem Lande ausgefallen ſeyn? fragte Jener. — Die Wahrheit zu geſtehen, antwortete Alexander, wir würden beide Männer in Verwahrung gehalten, und den Schatz für den König in Beſitz genommen haben. — Für den König! fragte der Beherrſcher voller Verwunderung.... Scheint auch die Sonne auf jene Erde? — O ja! — Regnet es dort? — Allerdings! — Sonderbar! Gibt es auch zahme, krautfreſſende Thiere dort? — Von mancherlei Art. — Nun, ſprach der Beherrſcher, ſo wird wohl das allgütige Weſen, um dieſer unſchuldigen Thiere willen, in eurem Lande die Sonne ſcheinen und regnen laſſen. Ihr verdientet es nicht.

3.

Aeußerer Feind und innere Verräther.

Aus einer Eiſenſchmiede fuhr ein mit neugeſchmiedeten Aexten beladener Wagen durch den nahe gelegenen Wald. Die Sonne glänzte auf den Stahl, und die Bäume des Waldes erzitterten ob der Erſcheinung. — Wer wird vor ihnen beſtehen? Dieſe Eiſen fällen uns alle! — So klagte ihr Angſtgeräuſch. Aber eine bejahrte Eiche rief ihnen zu: Fürchtet nichts! So lange Keiner von euch dieſen Aexten Stiele leiht, kann auch dieſe Schärfe nicht ſchaden.

4.

Der Wein in irdenen Gefäßen.

Je mehr die Kaiſertochter *) mit dem Rabbi Joſua, dem Sohn Ananias, ſich unterhielt, deſto mehr ergötzte ſie ſein Scharfſinn, erfreuten ſie ſeine Kenntniſſe, erbauten ſie ſeine Tugendlehren. Doch entſchlüpfte ihr einſt, gleichſam unwillkührlich, das Wort: Welche ſchöne Seele und welche widrige Hülle! Konnten ſo liebliche Tugenden nicht in einem ſchöneren Körper wohnen! — Sage mir, große Fürſtentochter, fragte ſie der Rabbi nach einer Weile: worin wird der Rebenſaft deines edlen Vaters aufbewahrt? — In irdenen Gefäßen. — Unmöglich! Darin bewahrt ja den ſeinigen jeder Bürger. Man ſollte doch des Kaiſers Weine in goldenen und ſilbernen aufbehalten. — Du haſt nicht Unrecht, erwiederte die Fürſtin: das wäre ſchicklicher, und das ſoll von nun geſchehen. — Der Wein verdarb; ſein Geiſt entwich. — Du haſt mich übel berathen, ſagte nach einiger Zeit die Fürſtentochter. In den Prachtgefäßen iſt der Wein meines Vaters verdorben. — Sehr möglich! erwiederte Joſua: auch Tugend und Kenntniſſe gedeihen am beſten in wenig glänzenden Körpern.

Der Aetna.

Ein Malteſerritter von der neuen Ordenszunge in Baiern, der Graf von T**, machte aus ſeiner Reiſe der Pflicht nach Valetta eine Reiſe des Unterrichts und Vergnügens, und nahm auf ſeinem Wege dahin die vornehmſten Merkwürdigkeiten Italiens und Siciliens in Augenſchein. Ein Tagebuch dieſer Reiſe, das er an ſeinen Freund in München, den Freiherrn von Th**, überſchrieb, empfiehlt ſich durch genaue Schilderungen mancher noch nicht genug beachteten Werke der Natur und Kunſt, vorzüglich aber durch die überall eingeſtreuten, weiſen philoſophiſchen Betrachtungen. Ich habe Erlaubniß, von folgender Stelle, die aus einem von Catania datirten Briefe gezogen iſt, öffentlich Gebrauch zu machen.

„— Von Nicoloſi aus, ging jetzt die Reiſe über weite Strecken wüſte liegender Lava, und war ſehr unangenehm und beſchwerlich. Hie und da eine Ausſicht in ferne blühende Thäler, und auf ſchön bekränzte Hügel; aber wir waren unfähig, ſie zu genießen: die Natur litt zu ſehr über der erſtickenden Hitze, die durch keinen Anhauch von Lüftchen gemäßigt, durch keinen wohlthätigen Schatten eines Baumes auch nur einen Augenblick gemildert ward. Endlich, da wir uns der zweiten waldichten Region des Aetna näherten, ſtärkten uns dann und wann kühle Lüftchen entgegen, mit erquickenden Wohlgerüchen geſchwängert: und wie ſehnſuchtsvoll eilten wir nun jenem ſchönen Dunkel zu, das uns ſo einladend entgegenwinkte! In der Erwartung liegt ſonſt immer mehr als in der Erfüllung, aber langes Schmachten der Begierde erhöht auch den Werth des Erlangten unmäßig: aber hier, mein Freund, war es anders: wir betraten kein bloßes Juan Fernandez, das nur durch einen Anlaß mit der verlaſſenen öden Wüſte des Meers ein Paradies geſchienen hätte, ſondern in der That einen Garten Eden."

„Und dieſes entzückende Eden, mit Blumen von dem weichlichſten Wuchſe, auf deren Zweigen überall ſingende Vögel hüpften, mit den mannichfaltigen duftenden Blüthen und den balſamiſchen Kräutern übergoſſen: auf welchem Grunde, glauben Sie, daß die Hand der Natur es angelegt habe? — Eben auf jener verglühten Lava, die vor undenklicher Zeit Verderben und Entſetzen verbreitete, und die nun, nach einer Folge von Jahrhunderten, zu dem fruchtbaren Boden der ſchönen weiten Erde geworden. — Dieſe Umwandlung verheerender Feuerſtröme zu Paradieſen: ſollte ſie nicht ein eben ſo gefälliges Bild von dem Gebrauche werden, den die Vorſehung früher oder ſpäter vom Böſen macht, als es der Schmetterling, der aus ſeinem Grabe hervorgeht, von der Unſterblichkeit der Seele geworden iſt?"

„Wir hatten noch einen [illegible] Weg bis zur [illegible] höhle, dem gewöhnlichen Nachtlager, vor uns; aber wir konnten doch unmöglich der Verſuchung widerſtehen, unſre Maulthiere zu verlaſſen, und auf dem weichen buntfarbigen Teppich der Blumen zu ruhen. Der Wein, den unſer mitgenommener Vorrath hergab, löſchte bald unſern Durſt; alle unſre Sinne waren geſtärkt und wacker: der Geiſt des Geſprächs und des Lachens, der uns ſo ganz ſchien verlaſſen zu haben, kam mit neuer Munterkeit wieder; und wir fühlten uns gewiß auf dieſer herrlichen Naturſcene nicht minder glücklich, als der Menſch in ſeiner natürlichen Unſchuld. Auch war in der That unſre Reiſe ſo unſchuldig, und ich darf ſagen, ſo fromm; es war eine Art von heiliger Wallfahrt; nicht um abergläubiſch Sünden zu büßen, die nur ein künftiges beſſeres Leben austilgt; ſondern nur dem ewig liebreichen Vater der Natur, in dem weiteſten Blick auf ſeine unausſprechlich herrliche Schöpfung, zu genießen und zu bewundern."

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*) Aus dem Talmud und dem Midraſch gezogen. Die Erzählungen beziehen ſich auf Sprüche der Schrift, die eben darum voranſtehen.

*) Vermuthlich die Tochter Antonius des Frommen.

„Doch ſo wollüſtig auch unſre gewählte Lagerſtätte war, ſo verließen wir ſie bald ohne Reue; denn, wie auf Verabredung, riefen wir Alle mit Einer Stimme: Weiter! weiter! Dieſes Weiter blieb die Loſung, ſo lange es die Höhe hinanging: die Erwartung noch ſchönerer Scenen, die vor unſerer Einbildung ſchwebten, ſpornte uns bald von jedem reizenden Anblick hinweg, und ſelbſt der reizendſte konnte uns nicht über Minuten feſſeln. — Jetzt waren wir an der Höhle angelangt, auf deren dürrem Laube wir ruhen, und zum Fortſetzen der Reiſe die Mitternachtsſtunde erwarten wollten. Aber ſo einzige, ſo entzückende Ausſichten um uns her; wie wäre es möglich geweſen, uns vor dem vollen Anbruch der Dunkelheit einer trägen Ruhe zu überlaſſen! So wie ich mich fühlte, war ich doch nie bei der aufgehenden Sonne wach und heiter geweſen, als ich es jetzt bei der untergehenden war. Unſere ganze Geſellſchaft ſchweifte umher, der Eine hierhin, der Andere dorthin; und mich beſonders führte mein Weg auf einen der nahe liegenden Berge, vielleicht eben denjenigen, deſſen Ausſicht der brittiſche Reiſende mit ſo viel Entzücken beſchreibt. Er hatte wohl Urſache zu dieſem Entzücken: denn die unſägliche Mannigfaltigkeit von Gegenſtänden, die ſich hier auf einmal dem Blicke aufſchließt, eine Tempe Griechenlands, und eine thebaiſche Wüſte, auf eine einzige Fläche gezeichnet, und beide durch ihren ſchneidenden Gegenſatz einander ſo mächtig hebend; hier Fluren, mit unzähligen Wohnſitzen durchflochten, und von Gewäſſern durchſtrömt, die ſich hundertfach in ſchöner Unordnung ſchlängeln; dort Ruinen ehemals blühender Städte und prachtvoller Tempel, die jetzt ihr ſinkendes Haupt aus der Mitte langen, eiſenfarbigen, felſenharten Lava hervorſtrecken — ein trauriges Denkmal der Vergänglichkeit irdiſcher Pracht! — dann wieder das gränzenloſe, die krummen Ufer beſpülende, Meer mit hie und da einem Eiland; die bald ſandigen, bald felſigen, bald fruchtbaren Küſten, von unzähligen Segeln, wie von Bienen umſchwärmt — und was ſoll ich das große, alles vollendende Bild bis in ſeine kleinern Partien zeichnen? — Alles dieß macht auf die Seele den tiefſten und zugleich den unverbarſten Eindruck: einen Eindruck, wovon ſich die Wolluſt dem nicht mittheilen läßt, der nie ſelbſt etwas Aehnliches fühlte. Die Phantaſien, welche die Luſtgärten der Feen ſo reizend und die Wildniſſe der Hölle ſo ſchrecklich ſchuf, hat noch nie ein Gemälde hervorzaubern können, wie es hier die große Künſtlerin, die Natur, dem erſtaunten Auge ſo frei und ſo unnachahmlich hinwirft." —

„Nach ſo viel Genüſſen eines einzigen Tages, mein Freund, und jetzt noch zum Beſchluß eine Wolluſt ſchmeckend, wie Tauſende in ihrem ganzen Leben nicht einmal ahnen, viel weniger fühlen: hätt' ich da noch fortfahren ſollen zu wünſchen? Hätt' ich nicht zufrieden nach meiner Höhle kehren, und die Begierde nach Mehr wenigſtens bis auf morgen verſparen ſollen? Aber kaum war mein Auge von dem unendlich ſchönen Anblick nur halb geſättigt; ſo wandt' es ſich ſchon gegen die ſchneebedeckte Kuppe des Aetna, die ſich noch Meilen weit über mir emporhob. — Wenn ſchon hier, dacht' ich, auf der Hälfte der Höhe, dieſer Blick in die Natur hinab ſo groß und ſo herrlich iſt! wie mag er erſt dort, am Rande jenes furchtbaren Schlundes ſeyn, wo auch im Rücken kein Gebirge mehr irgend eine Gegend Siciliens oder des Meeres oder des Himmels verbaut, wo alle benachbarten Höhen bis zu Maulwurfshügeln verſchwinden, und vielleicht der ſtolze Geſichtskreis ſich bis an die Wohnung der Barbaren hin, bis hin an die Ufer eines fremden Welttheils erweitert? — Ich verlor mich in der Fülle und Majeſtät dieſer Bilder, die meine Phantaſie um ſo leichter und kühner entwarf, da ſchon von dem wirklichen Genuß meine Sinne ſo trunken waren; und nun, in der zunehmenden Hitze meiner Begeiſterung, ward jeder Gedanke zum lauten Worte. — O, rief ich aus, wenn nicht dort ſo wilde, ſo ungezähmte Orkane toſten; wenn nicht dieſer traurige, unvertilgbare, ewige Winter den Gipfel unbewohnbar machte, nicht Feuerflammen und Schwefeldämpfe und Aſchengüſſe und emporgeſchleuderte Felſenſtücke jeden Augenblick mit Tod und Verderben drohten; dort eine Warte zu bauen! dort auf dieſer Spitze Siciliens und Europens, im ungeſtörteſten Anſchauen einer ſo überherrlichen Schöpfung, Sinne und Herz zu erquicken, und auf die Thorheiten der Menſchen hinabzuſehen, wie die Gottheit von ihrem Himmel darauf hinabſieht: welch ein Gedanke! welch ein großer, ſtolzer Gedanke! und muß er denn mehr nicht, als das; muß er nur Gedanke, nur Traum ſeyn!"

„Ich hatte hohe Zeit, mich zu mäßigen und meinem Entzücken Grenzen zu ſetzen; denn ſchon brach die Dämmerung an, und nur eben mit ihrem letzten Schimmer fand ich mich zu meiner Höhle zurück. Meine Gefährten waren über mein Ausbleiben ſchon Alle in Unruhe; ſie riefen ſo oft und ſo laut, daß es ihnen unmöglich werden mußte, meine Antwort zu hören. — Wir begaben uns jetzt unverzüglich zur Ruhe, und ſetzten dann unſre Reiſe zwar etwas ſpäter fort, als wir gewollt hatten, aber doch noch frühe genug, um beim Aufgang der Sonne auf dem Gipfel zu ſeyn. Die ringsumgebende, vom Sternenlicht nur ſehr ſparſam erhellte Finſterniß, das dann und wann vernommene dumpfe hohle Aechzen des Berges, das vom Winde geſchüttelte Waldlaub, die ſteilen Felſenſtücke, die unſre Maulthiere mit langſamem, bedächtigem Schritte hinankeuchten; und was nun noch unſre aufgereizte, zu Schreckbildern geſtimmte Phantaſie hinzuthat: die unermeßlichen Höhlenſchlünde, über denen vielleicht dieſes ganze koloſſaliſche Gebirge nur eine leicht hingewölbte Brücke von ſchon baufälligen Bogen iſt: dieſe Eindrücke und dieſe Bilder hielten uns Alle in ſchweigender Furcht, und übergoſſen uns mit eiskalten Schaudern. Aber noch unendlich ſchlimmer ward dieſer Zuſtand, als plötzlich der Cyklop, unſer Führer, uns zurief: er verliere den Weg; er fürchte, uns an Oerter zu führen, von denen wir in unabſehliche Tiefen ſtürzen könnten; er beſchwöre uns, ſo lieb uns das Leben ſey, keinen Schritt weder vor- noch rückwärts zu thun. Wir mußten alſo, ungewiß ob nicht am Rande der Vernichtung, auf unſern Maulthieren halten; ohne Muth, nur ein Glied zu bewegen, ohne Muth, auch nur Athem zu ſchöpfen: in einer Lage, deren Peinliches und Grauenvolles zu ſchildern ich keine Worte habe. Nur zu ſehr erkannten wir, als die Dämmerung ſich endlich einſtellte, die Wirklichkeit unſrer Gefahr, aber auch zugleich die Mittel, ihr auszuweichen: wir erſtiegen glücklich die Höhe, und unſer Entzücken war grenzenlos, obgleich die beſte unſrer Hoffnungen, leider! dahin war; die ſchöne Hoffnung: früher, als der erſte Strahl der Sonne, auf dem Gipfel zu ſeyn, und in dem großen Concerte der ganzen ſie begrüßenden Natur die erſten Stimmen zu werden."

„Eben daß dieſes fehlſchlug, zeigt mir den Gedanken als völlig thöricht, in der Beſchreibung der Ausſicht vom Aetna mit dem Britten zu wetteifern; denn gerade das Schönſte, Hervorſtechendſte, Herrlichſte ſeiner Schilderung würde der meinigen fehlen. Indeſſen trauern Sie über den Verluſt, den Sie hiedurch erleiden, nur nicht zu ſehr; an einer Schilderung durch bloße Worte, und wenn ſie von der erſten Meiſterhand käme, iſt bei Gegenſtänden dieſer Art immer ſo wenig, ſo nichts verloren. Selbſt ſich aufzumachen, ſelbſt den Aetna zu erklettern, iſt der hohe aber heilige Preis, womit man einen der erſten Genüſſe des Erdenlebens, und ein Bild für die Phantaſie erkauft, das alle übrigen Bilder nicht bloß niederſchlägt, ſondern ſie auslöſcht. Die Natur iſt in ihrer Einrichtung gerecht! ſie will nicht, daß der Gemächliche, der auf den weichen Polſtern ſeines Ruhebettes bleibt, und den dringendſten Bitten ſeines Freundes, auch auf dieſer Reiſe ihn zu begleiten, ſo hartnäckig widerſtand; ſie will nicht, daß er die Wonne des Unternehmenden theile, der den mühevollen Weg über Alpen und Apenninen entſchloſſen antrat, dem Gifthauch der pontiniſchen Sümpfe und dem tödlichern des Sirocco Trotz bot, ſich in die Nähe der berüchtigten Scylla wagte, und jetzt weder Hitze noch Froſt, weder Gefahr noch Ermüdung ſcheute, um an einen Gipfel hinanzuklimmen, der von jeher das Erſtaunen der Welt war."

„Aber — frag' ich mich jetzt ſo oft, indem ich den Berg, auf welchen meine Fenſter die Ausſicht haben, betrachte — iſt es möglich, daß ich mit dieſer Zufriedenheit mich wieder hier in Catania habe! daß die am Vorabende der Erſteigung ſo glühende, ſich ſelbſt ſo unauslöſchlich dünkende Begierde bis zu dieſem Grade der Kühle gedämpft iſt! daß ich jenen Standort, auf dem ich ſo viel Seligkeit hoffte, und ſo viel Seligkeit fand, mit dieſer — — nicht Gleichgültigkeit; denn nie werd' ich ohne Wonne der dort verlebten Stunden gedenken, und ſo oft meine Einbildung ſchwärmt, wird ſie am liebſten auf jener Höhe ſchwärmen — aber mit dieſer Stille, dieſem Gleichgewichte der Seele, anblicken kann! Wahrlich! wenn jetzt die Warte gebaut ſtände, die ich mir dort zum ewigen Sitze wünſchte, wenn kein Schnee und kein Eis ſie bedeckte, kein Sturm ſie umheulte, kein hervorbrechender Lavaſtrom ſie bedrohte; ja, wenn der Weg hinan ſo gefahrlos und leicht wäre, wie auf unſre vaterländiſchen

Hügel: ich würde dennoch — — etwa wie ſie betreten! wie in der unausſprechlich großen Anſicht mich wieder verlieren, und den erhabenen Schöpfer in ſeiner Schöpfung anbetend bewundern! — O wie oft noch! wie oft! und immer mit erneuerter Wolluſt! Aber ſie wirklich zu meinem Wohnſitz erwählen, mich ganz und gar in die Herrlichkeit der großen Anſicht verſenken, und nur für ſie leben, in ihr ruhen, an ihr genug haben wollen! — Nein, mein Freund! ſo hat der Schwärmer einmal geſchwärmt, und ſo kann er ewig nicht wieder ſchwärmen. Noch war ich, bei der natürlichen Hitze meines Bluts, vor Froſt nicht erſtarrt; noch trieb mich keine Furcht, den Augenblick meiner Rückkehr zu weit hinauszuſchieben, vom Gipfel noch ſchreckten mich keine Ausbrüche des ſo milden, keine Dämpfe ſo ruhig [illegible] Kraters. Anfang von Erkältung war's, allmähliges Schwinden geſtillter Begierde war's, was den übrigen zu matten Antrieben Kraft gab, was mich, zwiſchen Wollen und Nichtwollen, zwiſchen Verluſt und Reue, von den Gipfeln hinab in den Wald, in die Frühlingsthäler, in die Mauern von Catania brachte."

„Und ſo hätt' ich denn, auf jener geſegneten Höhe, außer dem herrlichſten Bilde für die Phantaſie, auch noch eine der wichtigſten Wahrheiten für den Verſtand erbeutet, oder wenn nicht ſie ſelbſt, dieſe Wahrheit, da ich ſie in der That ſchon hatte, wenigſtens eine Anſicht, eine Ueberzeugung von ihr, wie ſie auf keinem andern Standpunkt ſo leicht möchte gewonnen werden. Fragen Sie, wen Sie wollen, den Schlemmer, den Wollüſtling, den Denker, den Jugendfreund, um das Erſte und Höchſte in jeder Gattung: um den lieblichſten Gaumenkitzel, die bezauberndſte Schönheit, die einnehmendſte der Erkenntniſſe, die entzückendſte der Empfindungen; und Alle werden mit ihren Antworten anſtehen, werden ſchwanken, zurücknehmen, beſſern. Aber fragen Sie den Freund ſchöner Natur, der, von glühender Liebe für ſie getrieben, faſt ganz Europa durchſtrich, und Helvetiens und Italiens romantiſchſte Anſichten kennt: fragen Sie ihn um den weiteſten, erhabenſten, ſtolzeſten Blick auf die Schöpfung; und ohne Bedenken wird er Ihnen antworten: es giebt nur Ein Sicilien, und nur Einen Blick von dem Aetna. — Wie! Und auch dieſes Erſte, Einzige eines ganzen Welttheils konnte den lüſternen Zauber nicht feſſeln? nicht ſo ihn feſſeln, daß es ihm den Wunſch nach ſtetem ungeſtörtem Genuſſe entlockte? Welcher andere Blick, von welchem Pik, welchem Ophir*), welchem Rieſen Peru's oder Chili's herab, wird ihm dann dieſen Wunſch entlocken! — Keiner, keiner, mein Freund! Denn eben das iſt's, woran der erſtiegene Aetna mir eine ſo tiefe, lebendige Ueberzeugung gab: daß nicht Haben und nicht Beſitzen des Menſchen Seligkeit macht, ſondern Streben, Erreichen."

„Aber, läßt ſich hier fragen, warum wähnt denn gleichwohl der Menſch, wenn er irgend einem höhern erſehnten Ziele zuſtrebt, daß er, dort angelangt, ruhen, daß keine Leidenſchaft weiter ihn dem Schooße der Zufriedenheit entlocken werde, in welchen eben jetzt die Hoffnung ihn zu ſo ſüßem, ſo entzückendem Schlummer bettet? Weil die Begierde, ſo lange ſie währt, ihm für keinen andern Gegenſtand Sinn läßt, als für den ihres Strebens; weil die Phantaſie ihrem Gegenſtande eine Schönheit, Fülle, Liebenswürdigkeit leiht, wie er ſie in der Wirklichkeit niemals hat; weil auch ſelbſt die Vernunft wenigſtens darin einſtimmt: daß die Idee voller Seligkeit nicht in dem Gefühle des Mangels liegt, welches uns zu Thätigkeit treibt, nicht in der Mühe und Arbeit, welche dieſe Thätigkeit koſtet, ſondern allerdings im Beſitz, in der Ruhe. Aber, ſetzt die Vernunft, wenn man ſie ausfragt, hinzu: eben darum iſt dieſe Seligkeit nicht für dich, Endlicher, der du bei unbeſchränktem Triebe immer in ſo beſchränktem Kreiſe wirkſt, und zum Schöpfen aus dem Strome, deſſen ganze Fülle deinem Durſt kaum genügt, nur den Becher des Augenblicks haſt, der nie mehr als einzelne dürftige Tropfen auffaßt: ſie iſt einzig für den, der vor ſeinem Blick alle Möglichkeit hält, und in ſeiner Hand alle Wirklichkeit trägt, deſſen Unermeßlichkeit keine Erweiterung, deſſen Ewigkeit keinen Zuſatz geſtattet. Du, in deiner Endlichkeit, deiner Beſchränktheit, der du des erreichbaren Guten immer ſo viel mehr ſiehſt, als des erreichten: wie kannſt du anders, als Wünſche auf Wünſche erzeugen? als Beſtrebungen an Beſtrebungen reihen? als unabläſſig an den Schranken drängen, die dich umgeben, und nie zufrieden mit dem Raume, den du gewannſt, nur an ſeiner Erweiterung arbeiten, nur im Gelingen dieſer Erweiterung deine Zufriedenheit finden? Und daß doch ja dieſer Trieb deiner Natur nicht matt werde, erlöſche, erſterbe! Er iſt für deine Glückſeligkeit das, was für dein Leben der Herzſchlag. Jene Seelenleere, die der nichts mehr wünſchende, nichts mehr hoffende Menſch empfindet, iſt der traurigſte aller denkbaren Zuſtände, mehr zum Selbſtmorde hinneigend, als die drückendſte Sorge oder der peinlichſte Schmerz; denn in Sorge und in Schmerz offenbart ſich ein Gut, das höchſt anlockend, höchſt begehrungswürdig iſt, und alſo die Seele in Wirkſamkeit, das Leben im Werth erhält: die Erlöſung." —

„Ich blicke auf meine Aetnareiſe zurück, und ich finde dieſe Ausſprüche der Vernunft nicht allein beſtätigt, ſondern auch ins Licht geſetzt und erweitert. — Gewiß waren die Tage, da ich den Berg erſtieg, die mühevollſten, beſchwerlichſten meines Lebens; das empfind' ich noch jetzt an dieſer Trägheit, dieſer Steifheit und Zerſchlagung dieſer Glieder, die ich zwar nach jeder Bergreiſe mehr oder minder, aber noch nie ſo ſtark oder ſo anhaltend empfand. Doch wie nichts war mir alle Beſchwerde gegen das große Ziel, dem ſie mich näher brachte, und wie belohnt ward ſie mir, ſchon durch die ſüßen Augenblicke des Ausruhens, in dem ſchattichten Walde hinter der Lava von Nicoloſi, auf dem himmliſch-ſchönen Berge in der Nachbarſchaft unſrer Ruheſtätte! Das Andenken dieſer Augenblicke wird mir nie aus der Seele weichen, und ſehr oft werd' ich aus dem Schooße der Ruhe, die ich mir als das Glück meines Alters träume, auf ſie zurückſehen, um durch Erinnerung ehemaliger Freuden den Abgang von gegenwärtigen zu erſetzen. Aber wenn ich ſie nun näher erforſche, dieſe Augenblicke, um das eigentlich Anziehende in ihnen gewahr zu werden; war es nicht mehr der Blick in die Zukunft, als die Empfindung der Gegenwart, mehr das innere ruhige Fortſtreben der Phantaſie, als die Pflege und Erquickung der Sinne, was ihnen den höhern, den empfindlichern Reiz gab? — Als ich auf jenem ſchwellenden Raſen, unter Blumenduft und Nachtigallentönen, mir den Schweiß von der Stirn trocknete, und den lechzenden Gaumen mit ſüßem Nektar erfriſchte; labte mich da nicht mehr, als der Nektar ſelbſt, der Gedanke: ſo viele Mühe ſchon überſtanden, ſo viel Wegs ſchon gewonnen! ſo viel ſchon näher dem großen Ziele! War nicht das: Weiter! Weiter! womit wir uns ſo ſchnell wieder aufrafften und auf unſre Maulthiere zurückwarfen, ein lautes Zeugniß, wie viel ſchwächer uns die Gegenwart feſthielt, als die Zukunft anzog? wie viel mehr Antheil an der Fröhlichkeit, die unter uns herrſchte, die Hoffnung hatte, als die Empfindung? — Und auf dem wonnevollen Berge in der Nähe der Geißhöhle; war es nicht mehr das über, als das unter mir, der Blick zur Kuppe hinauf, als in die Ebene hinab, mehr was kommen ſollte, als was ſchon war, wodurch ich meine Bruſt ſo erweitert, meinen Geiſt ſo gehoben fühlte? Würd' ich, wenn ich mehr mit dem Sinne genoſſen, als mit der Phantaſie geſchwärmt hätte, die einbrechende Dämmerung nicht beachtet, die Nothwendigkeit der Rückkehr nicht erwogen, meinen wartenden Gefährten die Unruhe nicht erſpart haben, die ihnen mein Ausbleiben machte?"

„Doch noch lauter, als dieſe ſchönen Augenblicke der Reiſe, zeugt von dem ſteten Vorwärtsſtreben der Seele jener ſchreckliche Augenblick, wo der Ruf des Gefährten uns feſt auf unſre Maulthiere bannte, daß auch Stimme und Athem in unſrer Bruſt, und ſelbſt der Gedanke in unſrer Seele, ſtillſtand. Freilich war das erſte Schreckbild, das uns hier vorſchwebte, der Tod, dieſes volle ſchleunige Abreißen alles Bewußtſeins, Fortgehens, Strebens, und eben darum das ſchwärzeſte und gräßlichſte unter den Uebeln. Aber auch bei wiederkehrender Faſſung, als wir uns zwar vom Tode gerettet, doch immer noch in der Nothwendigkeit dachten, jede Hoffnung des Weitergehens aufzugeben, und zufrieden mit der ſchon erreichten Höhe an den Fuß des Berges zurückzukehren: wie wenig wollte ſich dieſe Zufriedenheit finden! wie hielten wir unſre ganze Aetna-Reiſe für ſo vereitelt, verloren, verunglückt! und doch hatten wir Undankbaren ſchon einen der fröhlichſten, feſtlichſten Tage gelebt, hatten mit gierigem, entzücktem Auge der reichſten, mannigfaltigſten Schönheiten ſchon ſo viele verſchlungen! Aber das lag nun einmal hinter uns, und war Nichts; nur was vor uns lag, und was ein neidiſches feindſeliges Geſchick uns zu nehmen drohte, war Alles."

„Aber, darf ich Sie fragen, Sie erreichten doch endlich die Höhe, und als nun mit dem letzten Fußtritt, der ſie erſtieg, alles Weiterdringen gehemmt war, und Sie nichts mehr über ſich ſahen als Luft und Aether; war denn da mit der Begierde, die hier freilich erſterben mußte, auch Ihre Wonne dahin? — Sie war, wie ich, auf dem Gipfel! — Ich geſtehe Ihnen, mein Freund: dieſes Erreichen eines lange erſehnten, mühſam errungenen Zieles, das ſich des Sehnens und des Erringens durch ſeine Herrlichkeit werth zeigt: dieſes erſte Umfaſſen eines ganzen Reichthums von Schönheit, der jetzt in der Wirklichkeit liegt, wo vorher nur der Phantaſie, mit [illegible] dieſes augenblickliche Entzücken und Verweilen der überraſchten, faſt über ihre Kräfte erhöheten und erweiterten Seele: — es iſt ein Annähern an die Freuden der Gottheit, ein kurzes flüchtiges Berühren jener Seligkeit in allumfaſſender Ruhe; ein Kuß, möchte ich ſagen, den die Zeit der Ewigkeit raubt. Aber falſch iſt's, daß die Begierde ſo ſchnell erſterbe, oder der Fortgang ſo frühe gehemmt werde. Jene war nicht auf Mühe und Schweiß des Strebens, nur auf Wonne des Genuſſes gerichtet; und Genuß iſt für Menſchen nicht Ruhe, Stillſtand, Ekſtaſe: es iſt dauernder, aber ungehinderter, leichter, wolluſtig-ſanfter Fortgang von einem Bilde, einer Empfindung zur andern. Die aus ihrem Wonnetaumel erwachte Seele ſchwärmt entzückt in dem ganzen ihr dreingegebenen Ueberfluſſe umher, ohne nur noch zu ahnen, daß ſie ermüden, daß ſie in dieſer Fülle der Wolluſt ſich je erſättigen könne; aber nur zu bald kehren Bilder und Empfindungen wieder, und werden durch Wiederkehr ſchwächer. Die Seele genießt noch fort, aber ſchon ſinkt ſie allmählich zum Mangel und zum Bedürfniß, dem gewöhnlichen Zuſtande der Menſchheit, zurück: und durch dieſen ſo entgegengeſetzten Weg, da es jetzt von Reichthum zu Armuth geht, ſtatt vorher von Armuth zu Reichthum, wird der Gegenſtand des Genuſſes immer weniger anziehend, ſo wie der des Strebens es immer mehr ward. Unterbrechung und Wechſel geben dann jenem den Reiz der Neuheit noch auf Augenblicke zurück: aber endlich offenbart ſich zu ſehr die Erſchöpflichkeit auch des größten, des umfaſſendſten Gegenſtandes: die Begierde läßt nach, und der Fortgang hört auf; die Ewigkeit nimmt Flügel der Zeit und verſchwindet."

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*) Ophir heißt ein Berg in Sumatra, der nach einer Berechnung von Marsden, ſo viel höher als der Pik iſt, daß er, nächſt dem Montblanc, der höchſte der alten Welt ſeyn würde.

„In dieſer allgemeinen Geſchichte aller menſchlichen Genüſſe, haben Sie auch die des meinigen auf dem Aetna. — Wie war der erſte Blick, den wir auf die unermeßliche Weite unſers Geſichtskreiſes warfen, ſo ſtolz, ſo wonnevoll, ſo entzückend! Wie fühlten wir uns über alles Irdiſche ſo emporgehoben, und der Gottheit ſo nahe! — Dieſes vor uns ausgeſpannte, unendlich ſcheinende Meer, dieſes gegenüberliegende maleriſche Calabrien, dieſe Liparen mit ihrem ewig dampfenden, ewig funkenſprühenden Stromboli; dieſes Königreich mit allen ſeinen Häfen, Städten, Bergen, Thälern, zu unſern Füßen: — — es iſt unmöglich, mein Freund, daß die Seele eines Sterblichen mehr geſpannt, gehoben, erweitert werde, als es die unſrige war. — Wenn, nach der Meinung jener Weiſen des Alterthums, nicht umſchließende Mauern, ſondern freie Höhen von weiter Ausſicht die beſſern Anbetungsplätze einer allgegenwärtigen, allwirkenden Gottheit ſind; ſo befanden wir uns hier auf dem erſten, dem erhabenſten unſrer Erde, und die heiligen Schauder, von denen wir übergoſſen wurden, ſchienen es zu verkündigen. Wir riefen einander in allen Ausdrücken, welche die Sprache nur hat, unſer Erſtaunen, unſer Entzücken entgegen; und dieß ſo lange, bis ein wiederholter lauter Donner des Berges uns gleichſam abrief, nun auch ſeinen Krater, den Urſprung ſo vieler Schrecken ſeit ganzen Jahrtauſenden, zu betrachten.

Wir fanden, als wir von dieſer Betrachtung zurückkehrten, die Ausſicht in der That noch verherrlicht; die höher heraufgeſtiegene Sonne zeigte Alles in vollerm verklärenderm Lichte, und wir ſahen die Gegenſtände, mit bloßem, wie mit bewaffnetem Auge, weit ſchärfer: aber der Eine Reiz, ohne welchen alle übrigen unkräftig ſind, der Reiz der Neuheit, war hin; die Gegenſtände, ſo groß und herrlich ſie waren, fielen zu wenig mir auf. Wir bemerkten jetzt zuerſt, wie unerträglich ſtrenge die Luft in dieſer Höhe über der Meeresfläche ſey; erinnerten uns zuerſt, wie viel wir ſie milder im Walde, trotz des noch winterhaften Anſehens ſeiner äußerſten Gegend, wie einladend und erquickend wir ſie tiefer hinab, zwiſchen den Blumen und Blüthen gefunden; und nun? — erfolgte, was Sie ſich denken können: daß wir zwar immer noch ſtanden, bedauerten, zweifelten, neue Blicke hinabwarfen, um das große, nie wiederkehrende Bild deſto tiefer in die Seele zu drücken; aber denn doch, von der Kälte getrieben, uns endlich zu dem erſten und hiemit zu allen nachfolgenden Schritten entſchloſſen: denn jenen gethan, erlaubte die Glätte des Bodens keine Aufmerkſamkeit mehr, als auf die Sicherheit unſers Fußtritts. — Hätt' ich gezaudert, bis die volle Erſättigung eingetreten wäre, und hätte mich dann auf der Höhe ſelbſt der Gedanke ergriffen: daß ich hier ewig weilen, daß ich in ſtetem Anſchaun dieſer überſchwenglichen Schönheiten meine Tage beſchließen ſollte; ich glaube, daß er mich mehr hätte erſtarren machen, als das umgebende Eisfeld. — Wenn der Weiſe von Agrigent auf der Höhe des Aetna wirklich gelebt, und wenn er Urſachen gehabt hat, zu ſeinen Mitbürgern nicht wieder zurückzukehren; ſo iſt der Selbſtmord, den er an ſich verübt haben ſoll, nur aus einem beſſern Grund erklärbar, als daß er ſich für einen Gott hat wollen gehalten wiſſen: er war ermüdet von dem ewig einförmigen, obgleich unausſprechlich großen, unausſprechlich erhabenen Anblick, und wollte ſich lieber in den bodenloſen Schlund ſtürzen, als noch länger ein Daſeyn ſchleppen, das ihm zur Laſt und Qual ward." —

„Das alſo, hör' ich Sie hier mit ſpöttiſchem Lächeln ſagen, der Erfolg Ihrer Aetna-Reiſe! das der Gewinn von ſo viel übernommener Mühſeligkeit, Arbeit, Gefahr! — Ja, mein Freund! Wenn Sie die Bereicherung meiner Phantaſie und einige Zuſätze zu meinen Naturkenntniſſen abrechnen; das und nichts anders! Ich habe gelernt, daß die Glückſeligkeit eine ſpröde Geliebte iſt, die, bei aller holden Geſinnung für uns, der vollen vertrauten Umarmung ſich ſchlau entwindet, durch ſtrenge Blicke, wenn wir ſie feſthalten wollen, uns ſcheinbar ungütig abſchreckt, und dann doch wieder, aus näherer oder weiterer Ferne, uns ſüße Hoffnungen lächelt. Doch ich ſollte vielleicht in einem andern, als dieſem ſpielenden, ſcherzenden Tone eine Erzählung ſchließen, aus welcher ſich Wahrheiten ableiten laſſen, die für das Leben von der größten Wichtigkeit ſind."

„Ich berühre hier nur zwei dieſer Wahrheiten, weil eben ſie aus dem Uebrigen am deutlichſten hervorzuſpringen ſcheinen. Die erſte iſt: daß, um wahrhaft glücklich und um dauernd glücklich zu ſeyn, man ſich eine Höhe zum Ziel ſetzen muß, wo das Ausruhen der Kräfte immer ſüßer, der Rückblick auf die vollendete Bahn immer gefallender, der Trieb zum Vorwärtsdringen immer lebhafter, das Herz zum Ertragen der Mühſeligkeit immer freudiger werde; eine Höhe, die ſich unabſehbar emporhebe, oder (um dieſem Gedanken ſeine Vollendung zu geben) deren Gipfel über das Grab hinaus bis in die Ewigkeit reiche. Der Weiſe, der dieſe Wahrheit erkennt, kann alſo unmöglich zu ſeinem letzten Ziele körperliche Wolluſt machen; kann unmöglich ſeine Glückſeligkeit in einem gähnenden, langweiligen Fortſchleichen von Hügelchen zu Hügelchen ſuchen: wo die Ausſicht nie, weder ihre Dürftigkeit noch ihre Beſchränktheit verliert; wo ein ermüdendes Einerlei mit kaum zu rechnenden Abänderungen ewig wiederkehrt: die Begierde ſtatt zu wachſen, ſinkt: die Kraft, ſtatt neues Leben und Feuer zu gewinnen, ſich ſchwächt, abſtumpft, verzehrt; wo die Empfindung des Daſeyns, ſtatt wacher und wonnevoller zu werden, nur träger, dumpfer, träumender wird. Als minder verächtliche Ziele erſcheinen aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte, Macht, Ehre, Einfluß, Geſchicklichkeit, Kunſt; als der erſten und würdigſten eines: Wiſſenſchaft, Erkenntniß der Wahrheit; weil hier, nach Popens ſchönem Bilde, ſich Alpen über Alpen erheben, und die Begierde nie geſättigt, aber durch neue Freuden immer genährt, befeuert, geſchwellt wird.

Die zweite nicht minder wichtige Wahrheit iſt: daß man ſich eine Höhe zum Ziel ſetzen muß, auf welche ſich ein gangbarer Pfad hinanwinde, der, wenn auch ſteil und mühſam, doch nirgend durch unüberſteigliche Hinderniſſe verſperrt ſey; eine Höhe, von welcher kein feindſeliges Schickſal uns mit rauher Cyklopenſtimme ein Halt! entgegendonnern könne, das vielleicht alle unſere Kräfte plötzlich lähme, alle unſere Erwartungen ſchrecklich zu Boden ſchlage. Durch dieſe zweite Wahrheit werden, als höchſte und letzte Ziele, auch jene entfernt, welche die erſte zwar nichts weniger als empfahl, aber doch zuließ; und nur ein Einziges bleibt, wenn wir wahrhaft weiſe ſeyn wollen, zu wählen übrig. Verlegen wir nämlich das letzte Ziel, nach welchem alle unſere Wünſche und Beſtrebungen, wie nach ihrem Mittelpunkte, ſich hinrichten, entweder außer uns, oder wenn auch in uns, doch in eine ſolche Kraft der Seele, die zu ihrem glücklichen Fortſtreben und Weiterbilden äußerer Gegenſtände, Vortheile, Hülfen bedarf: ſo ſind und bleiben wir in den Händen des Schickſals, und dieſer tückiſche Dämon kann, nach Gefallen, ſein neckendes oder ſein grauſames Spiel mit uns treiben. Aber verlegen wir es in das Einzige, was von allem Aeußern ewig unabhängig bleibt, in den Willen ſelbſt; ſetzen wir zum höchſten Punkt unſers Beſtrebens die grenzenloſeſte Vervollkommnung und Veredlung dieſer beſten Kraft unſrer Natur: ſo haben wir nicht allein ein Ziel, das in der That nie erreicht werden kann und nie erreicht worden iſt — denn wo hätte noch der Weiſe und der Gute gelebt, über den kein Weiſerer und kein Beſſerer möglich geweſen wäre! — ſondern was mehr heißt, unſere Abhängigkeit vom Schickſal hört auf: ſeine ſchlimmſten Tücken können nichts, als unſern Fortgang zum Ziele befördern; als uns Anlaß zu einem Verhalten geben, in welchem der Adel unſerer Seele ſich immer ſchöner, immer glänzender zeigt; als uns glücklicher eben da machen, wo wir der Glückſeligkeit am fähigſten ſind, in unſerm eigentlichſten, unſerm innerſten Selbſt.

Daß dieſes Selbſt mehr noch in unſerm Willen, als in unſerer Denkkraft beſtehe, davon belehrt uns ein unwiderſprechliches Gefühl; und eben hieraus erklärt es ſich, warum das Anſchauen der Vollkommenheiten unſers Geiſtes, wenn es mehr als kalte Zufriedenheit, wenn es wahre innige Wolluſt bewirken ſoll, ſich mit Erinnerung der Arbeiten, Anſtrengungen, Aufopferungen verbinden muß, die uns jene Vollkommenheiten geleiſtet haben. Würden wir, wie die kunſtvollen Inſekten, mit vollendeten Fertigkeiten, nicht mit bloßen Anlagen und Fähigkeiten, geboren: ſo würden wir an den vorzüglichſten Kräften unſerer Seele kaum ein höheres Wohlgefallen haben, als etwa an den ſchönen Umriſſen unſers Geſichts, oder dem regelmäßigen Wuchſe unſerer Glieder; aber daß es freie eigne Thätigkeit war, wodurch wir die nackten unbeſtimmten Anlagen und Fähigkeiten erſt zu wirklichen Kräften und Fertigkeiten erhoben: das iſt es, was uns dieſe Kräfte und Fertigkeiten am meiſten werth macht, warum wir auf ſie ſo vorzüglich ſtolz ſind. Wir haben durch jene Thätigkeit ſie gleichſam zu unſerm vollen Eigenthume geſtempelt, ſie in unſer wahres Selbſt mit hineingezogen; und da es allgemeines Geſetz iſt, daß die Vollkommenheiten eines Gegenſtandes uns immer um ſo mehr rühren, je nähere Verwandtſchaft mit unſerm Selbſt dieſer Gegenſtand hat: ſo iſt nun die Freude an unſern Geiſteskräften weit inniger, als wenn ſie bloße Geſchenke der Natur, bloße zufällige Vortheile geblieben wären. Die höchſte reinſte Quelle der Freude aber muß, nach eben dieſem Geſetze, die unmittelbar an dem Willen ſelbſt erkannte Vollkommenheit ſeyn, oder mit einem völlig gleichbedeutenden Worte: die Tugend.“ — —

„Doch ich vergeſſe, daß ich an einen Mann ſchreibe, der ein wenig nach den Grundſätzen der neuern Epikureer hinhängt, und der meine etwas ernſthaften Betrachtungen ſchwerlich nach ſeinem Geſchmack finden wird. Laſſen Sie mich alſo geſchwind mit der Verſicherung der Hochachtung und Ergebenheit ſchließen, die ein ſo wilder Stoiker, wie ich, gegen einen ſo edlen Epikureer, wie Sie, noch immer hegen darf. Ich bin u. ſ. w.“

Karl Chriſtian Engel,

des Vorigen jüngerer Bruder, ward am 12. Auguſt 1752 zu Parchim geboren, ſtudirte die Heilkunde und ließ ſich als Dr. med. und ausübender Arzt in Schwerin nieder, wo er am 4. Januar 1801 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

- **Vandalia und ihr Genius.** Ein Gedicht. Schwerin, 1785. 4.
- **Der Abſchied.** Vandalia an Charlotte. Schwerin, 1785. 4.
- **Wir werden uns wiederſehn.** Eine Unterredung nebſt einer Elegie. Göttingen, 1787. N. A. Leipzig, 1797.
- **Biondetta.** Ein allegoriſches Schauſpiel mit Geſang. Berlin, 1792.
- **Der Geburtstag.** Ein Luſtſpiel. Berlin, 1796.
- **Das Mutterpferd.** Luſtſpiel. Berlin, 1799.
- **Der kleine Irrthum.** Luſtſpiel. Berlin, 1799.
- **Einzelne kleine Aufſätze und Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.**

K. C. E. war nicht ohne Talent, doch erreichte er bei weitem ſeinen Bruder nicht. Seine zu ihrer Zeit nicht ungern geſehenen Luſtſpiele ſind gänzlich von der Bühne verſchwunden.

Karl Auguſt Engelhard,

als Dichter **Richard Roos** genannt, ward am 4. Februar 1769 in Dresden geboren, ſtudirte in Leipzig und erhielt darauf eine Anſtellung als Acceſſiſt, bei der K. Bibliothek in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Im Jahre 1807 ward er Archivſecretair und 1811 K. S. wirklicher Archivarius der geheimen Kriegskanzlei. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 28. Januar 1834.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- **Geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſche Reiſe durch Italien.** 4 Thle. Dresden, 1794.
- **Geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſche Reiſen.** Dresden, 1794. 4 Bchen.
- **Maleriſche Wanderungen durch Sachſen.** Leipzig, 1795.
- **Der neue Kinderfreund.** Leipzig, 1794. 6 Bde
- **Denkwürdigkeiten aus der ſächſiſchen Geſchichte.** Dresden, 1797 flgde. 4 Th.
- **Briefwechſel der Familie des neuen Kinderfreundes.** Leipzig, 1798. 2 Thle.
- **Darſtellungen aus der deutſchen Geſchichte.** Leipzig, 1799.
- **Beſchreibung von Kurſachſen** (gemeinſchaftlich mit d. J. Merkel). Dresden. N. A. 1804—1818. 9 Bde.
- **Handbuch der Erdbeſchreibung der ſächſiſchen Lande.** Dresden, 1801. 4. A. 1813.
- **Geſchichte der ſächſiſchen Lande.** Dresden, 1802 flg. 2 Thle.
- **Karl Bruckmann.** Görlitz, 1803. 5 Thle.
- **Der Fluch des Ehebettes.** Görlitz, 1803.
- **Die beſtrafte Korbflechterin.** Görlitz, 1803.
- **Beiträge zu einer Schaubühne für die Jugend.** Görlitz, 1803.
- **Tägliche Denkwürdigkeiten aus der ſächſiſchen Geſchichte.** Dresden, 1809. 3 Thle.
- **Tharands heilige Hallen.** Dichtung. Leipzig, 1815.
- **Erzählungen.** Dresden, 1820.
- **Gedichte.** Dresden, 1820.
- **Bunte Steine.** Leipzig, 1821. 2 Thle.
- **Dietrich von Harras u. ſ. w.** Leipzig, 1822.
- **Einzelne Beiträge, Gedichte u. ſ. w.** in Zeitſchriften, namentlich in der Abendzeitung.

E's hiſtoriſche und geographiſche Schriften, obwohl in einer untergeordneten Sphäre ſich bewegend, verdienen das Lob großer Genauigkeit und Gründlichkeit. Als Dichter erhebt er ſich nicht über das Mittelmäßige und zeigte das meiſte, wenn gleich immer nur ein beſchränktes Talent, im komiſchen Genre.

Caroline Engelhard,

eine Tochter der bekannten lyriſchen Dichterin, Philippine Engelhard (S. d. A.) ward im J. 1781 zu Kaſſel geboren und lebt gegenwärtig in Berlin.

Sie ſchrieb:

- **Juliens geſammelte Briefe.** 4 Bde. Leipzig, 1806—1809. 3. A. 1830.
- **Der Oberförſter Kraft und ſeine Kinder.** Leipzig, 1818.
- **Lebensbilder.** Leipzig, 1818. 2. A. 1824.
- **Erzählungen.** Braunſchweig, 1821.
- **Bunte Reihe.** Magdeburg, 1823.

Ihre Leiſtungen gehören zu den lehrreichſten und geiſtvollſten Werken deutſcher Schriftſtellerinnen, da ſie mit

Anmuth und Würde, einen tiefen moraliſchen Zweck, eine elegante Darſtellungsweiſe und vortreffliche Charakterſchilderungen zu verbinden weiß. Namentlich verdienen „Juliens geſammelte Briefe“ als eine der beſten, aus weiblicher Feder gefloſſenen Schriften empfohlen zu werden.

Magdalene Philippine Engelhard,

der Vorigen Mutter und eine Tochter des berühmten Hiſtorikers Gatterer ward am 21. Oct. 1756 in Nürnberg geboren und vermählte ſich im Jahre 1780 mit dem damaligen Kriegsſecretair (nachherigen Geheimerathe) J. P. Engelhard in Kaſſel, wo ſie am 29. Juli 1820 ſtarb.

Sie gab heraus:

- Gedichte von Philippine Gatterer. Mit Kupfern von Chodowiecki. Göttingen, 1778.
- Gedichte von Philippine Engelhard geb. Gatterer. Zweite Sammlung. Göttingen, 1782.
- Neujahrsgeſchenk für liebe Kinder. Göttingen, 1787.
- Gedichte. Dritte Sammlung. Nürnberg, 1821.
- Einzelne Gedichte in Muſenalmanachen, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Leichte Natürlichkeit, echtes Gefühl, Naivetät, doch nicht ohne Flüchtigkeit und zu große Tändelei ſind ihren poetiſchen Verſuchen eigenthümlich, und wieſen ihr zu ihrer Zeit, einen ehrenvollen Rang unter den deutſchen Schriftſtellerinnen an.

Joſeph Friedrich Engelſchall

ward am 16. Dec. 1739 zu Marburg geboren, erhielt eine ſorgfältige Erziehung, hatte aber das Unglück ſchon im vierzehnten Jahre das Gehör zu verlieren und mußte ſeine Neigung für die ſchönen Künſte durch eigene Hülfe auszubilden ſtreben. Er privatiſirte lange in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, mit literäriſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt, bis er endlich 1788 außerordentlicher Profeſſor und Zeichnenlehrer an der dortigen Univerſität wurde. Zu große Anſtrengung zerſtörte jedoch ſeine Geſundheit, er ſtarb am 18. März 1797.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Gedichte von J. F. Engelſchall. Leipzig, 1788.
- Joh. Heinrich Tiſchbein, als Menſch und Künſtler dargeſtellt. Nürnberg, 1797.
- Kleine Schriften von J. F. Engelſchall (herausgegeben von K. W. Juſti). 2 Thle. Göttingen, 1815.

Ein angenehmes Talent, das bei günſtigen Verhältniſſen, Bedeutenderes würde geleiſtet haben. Seine Biographie Tiſchbeins iſt meiſterhaft.

Ulrich von Eſchenbach, ſ. Minneſinger.

Wolfram von Eſchenbach, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Joachim Eſchenburg

ward am 1. Dec. 1743 in Hamburg geboren, beſuchte die dortigen gelehrten Anſtalten und ſtudirte dann in Leipzig und Göttingen Theologie und Philologie. Im Jahre 1768 ward er Hofmeiſter am Collegium Carolinum in Braunſchweig 1773 Profeſſor, 1786 Hofrath daſelbſt. In ſpäteren Zeiten ertheilte man ihm die Direction dieſer Anſtalt gemeinſchaftlich mit Buhle. Er ſtarb in hohem Alter, am 29. Februar 1820 als geheimer Juſtizrath, Ritter des Guelphenordens und Mitdirector des Carolinum zu Braunſchweig.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- Theodorus an Klemens. Heroide. Leipzig. 1765.
- Lucas und Hannchen. Operette. Braunſchweig, 1768. 4.
- Komala. Braunſchweig, 1769. 4.
- Sedaine's Deſerteur. Mannheim, 1772.
- Robert und Kalliſte. Breslau, 1775.
- Das gute Mädchen. Leipzig, 1772.
- Racine's Eſther. Hamburg, 1772.
- Die Wahl des Herkules. Braunſchweig, 1773. 4.
- Voltaire's Zaire. Leipzig, 1776.
- Altengliſche und altſchottiſche Balladen. Berlin, 1777.
- Brittiſches Muſeum. Leipzig, 1777–1781. 7 Thle.
- Handbuch der klaſſiſchen Literatur. Berlin und Stettin, 1783.
- Theorie und Literatur der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Berlin und Stettin, 1783.
- Beiſpielſammlung zur Theorie. Berlin und Stettin, 1788–1795. 8 Thle.
- Lehrbuch der Wiſſenſchaftskunde. Berlin und Stettin, 1792.
- W. Shakeſpear's Schauſpiele. Zürich, 1798–1806. 12 Thle.
- Denkmäler altdeutſcher Dichtkunſt. Bremen, 1799.

E's eigene poetiſche Leiſtungen ſind unbedeutend, glücklicher war er in ſeinen Ueberſetzungen, zu einer Zeit, als man dieſen Zweig der Literatur noch nicht ſo angebaut hatte, wie das in ſpäteren Tagen in unſerm Vaterlande geſchah; vorzüglich erwarb ſich E. das Verdienſt, der Erſte zu ſeyn, welcher den Shakespear vollſtändig und treu verdeutſchte, und wenn auch ſeine Ueberſetzung der Eleganz und Kräftigkeit entbehrt, die ſich ſeine Nachfolger anzueignen wußten, ſo kann ihr doch das Lob nicht ſtreitig gemacht werden, mit dem gewiſſenhafteſten Fleiße ausgearbeitet zu ſeyn. Denſelben raſtloſen Fleiß und Eifer zeigte E. auch bei ſeinen Bemühungen die Kenntniß der engliſchen und altdeutſchen Literatur in unſerm Vaterlande zu verbreiten und zu befeſtigen. Ueberhaupt hat er Großes als Lehrer, wie als Schriftſteller zur Bildung des Geſchmacks der Nation beigetragen und ſeine verſchiedenen Hand- und Lehrbücher behaupteten lange ein wohlverdientes Anſehen, ſelbſt noch dann, als die großen Fortſchritte der Philoſophie auf die von ihm behandelten Wiſſenſchaften ihren Einfluß äußerten und dieſelben in reichem Maße förderten, und über das von ihm geſteckte Ziel hinaus führten.

Chriſtoph Adam von Eſchenmayer

ward am 4. Juli 1770 zu Neuenbürg im Würtembergiſchen geboren, und ließ ſich nach vollendeten mediciniſchen Studien als Arzt zu Kirchheim unter Teck nieder, von wo er auf eine kurze Zeit nach Sulz ging, dann aber 1800 als Stadt- und Amtsphyſikus nach Kirchheim zurückkehrte, bis er 1811 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und Medicin nach Tübingen berufen wurde. Gegenwärtig iſt er ſeit 1818 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und Ritter des Königl. Würtembergiſchen Civilverdienſtordens daſelbſt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber die Enthauptung. Tübingen, 1797.
Sätze aus der Naturmetaphyſik. Tübingen, 1797.
Verſuch, die Geſetze magnetiſcher Erſcheinungen aus der Naturmetaphyſik zu entwickeln. Tübingen, 1797. 2. Aufl. 1798.
Die Philoſophie in ihrem Uebergange zur Nichtphiloſophie. Erlangen, 1803.
Der Eremit und der Fremdling. Erlangen, 1805.
Einleitung in Natur und Geſchichte. Erlangen, 1806.
Pſychologie. Tübingen, 1817. 2. A. 1822.
Syſtem der Moralphiloſophie. Stuttgart, 1818.
Religionsphiloſophie. Stuttgart, 1818—1822. 2 Thle.
Normalrecht. Tübingen, 1819. 2 Thle.
Die einfachſte Dogmatik, aus Vernunft, Geſchichte und Offenbarung. Tübingen, 1826.
Myſterien des inneren Lebens. Tübingen, 1830.

Eſchenmayer iſt einer der geiſtreichſten Naturphiloſophen, der jedoch von dem Syſteme Schellings abwich, indem er ein Gebiet des Glaubens aufſtellte, in welchem alle Philoſophie ein Ende fände, und nach dieſen Grundſätzen eine eigne myſtiſche Glaubenslehre annahm. Sein Syſtem zu entwickeln iſt hier nicht der Ort, es genüge zu bemerken, daß bei ihm Phantaſie und Gefühl ein vorherrſchendes Uebergewicht über Denkkraft und Scharfſinn ausüben, in allen ſeinen Werken aber ein ſehr edler und tiefer frommer Geiſt waltet.

Der Schulmeiſter von Eßlingen, s. Minneſinger

Ewald, s. Ewald Hering.

Friedrich Ewald

ward 1727 in Spandau geboren, lebte eine Zeitlang in Berlin, wurde dann 1757 Heſſendarmſtädtiſcher Hofrath und ging 1767 nach Rom, wie man ſagt in ein Karthäuſerkloſter, wo er zu Anfange des 19. Jahrhunderts ſoll geſtorben ſeyn.

Von ihm erſchien:

Sinngedichte und Lieder. Berlin, 1755. N. A. von K. H. Jördens. Berlin, 1791.

Ein in kleinen, tändelnden oder epigrammatiſchen Gedichten glücklicher geſchmackvoller, aber bereits ganz vergeſſener Dichter.

Johann Ludwig Ewald

ward am 16. September 1747 in Hayn bei Offenbach geboren, ſtudirte in Marburg Theologie und erhielt dann eine Pfarre in Offenbach. Im Jahre 1781 ging er als Generalſuperintendent nach Detmold, 1796 als Prediger an der Stephanskirche nach Bremen, 1805 als reformirter Kirchenrath und Profeſſor der Moral nach Heidelberg. Von hier kam er 1807 als geiſtlicher Miniſterialrath nach Karlsruhe, wo er am 19. März 1822 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

- Predigten. Lemgo, 1787–1792. 12 Hefte.
- Predigten. Leipzig, 1789. 2 Thle.
- Predigten. Lemgo, 1806. 2 Thle.
- Urania. Hannover, 1793–1795. 2 Thle.
- David. Leipzig, 1795. 2 Thle.
- Chriſtliches Hand- u. Hausbuch. Hannover, 1797–1798. 4 Thle. N. A. 1806. 2 Thle.
- Die Kunſt, ein gutes Mädchen u. ſ. w. zu werden. Bremen, 1798. 2 Thle. 4. A. 1807. 3 Thle. 5. A. von Jacobs 1825.
- Salomon. Gera, 1800.
- Kommunionbuch. Bremen, 1801.
- Chriſtliche Sonntagsfeier. Bremen, 1803.
- Erbauungsbuch für Frauenzimmer. Hannover, 1803. 2 Thle.
- Der gute Jüngling u. ſ. w. Hannover, 1804.
- Mehala, die Jephthaitin. Drama. Mannheim, 1808.
- Eheliche Verhältniſſe u. ſ. w. Elberfeld, 1810. N. A. 1821. 4 Thle.
- Menſchenbeſtimmung und Lebensgenuß. Elberfeld, 1814. 2 Thle.
- Ueber die Erziehungslehre u. ſ. w. Mannheim, 1817. 3 Thle.
- Chriſtliche Betrachtungen u. ſ. w. Frankfurt, 1818. 2 Thle.
- Chriſtenthumsgeiſt und Chriſtenſinn. Winterthur, 1819. 2 Thle.
- Viele einzelne Flugſchriften, Predigten, Beiträge zu Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ein vortrefflicher aſcetiſcher Schriftſteller und Kanzelredner, deſſen Leiſtungen allgemein bekannt ſind und viel Gutes gewirkt haben. Sie zeichnen ſich durch echte Frömmigkeit, Toleranz, Lebensklugheit und einen eleganten, reinen Styl vorzüglich aus und werden noch immer in ihrem Kreiſe gern geleſen.

Albrecht von Eybe oder Ybe

ward in den erſten Decennien des 15. Jahrhunderts geboren und war Doctor beider Rechte, Archidiakonus zu Würzburg, Domherr zu Bamberg und Eichſtädt, und Kämmerling des Pabſtes Pius II. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1485.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

- Ob einem manne ſey zu nemen ein eelichs Weib oder nicht. Folio. o. O. u. J.; ferner Nürnberg, 1472. 4. Augsburg, 1474. Folio, und öfter.
- Spiegel der ſitten u. ſ. w. Augsburg, 1511. Folio.
- Zwo Comedien des ſinnreichen poeten Plauti u. ſ. w. Augsburg, 1518. 4. Frankfurt, 1550. Folio, 1557. 8.

Ein tüchtiger kräftiger Moralphiloſoph, deſſen Styl für die damaligen Zeiten eben ſo tüchtig iſt, wie ſeine geſunden Anſichten und ſeine erprobte Welt- und Menſchenkenntniß.

Ruleman Friedrich Eylert

ward am 5. April 1770 zu Hamm in der Grafſchaft Mark geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte dann in Halle Theologie. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn ward er anfangs dritter, darauf zweiter Prediger und Nachfolger ſeines Vaters in Hamm. Mehrere Anträge zu Aemtern im Auslande lehnte er ab und ging 1806 als Hof-, Garde- und Garniſonprediger nach Potsdam, wo er gegenwärtig noch als Dr. theol. u. philos., evangeliſcher Biſchof, Mitglied des Staatsrathes, des Miniſteriums der geiſtlichen und Schulangelegenheiten ſowie des Oberrenſurcollegiums und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens II mit dem Sterne, höchſt ſegensreich wirkt.

Er gab heraus:

- Betrachtungen über die u. ſ. w. Wahrheiten des Chriſtenthums u. ſ. w. Dortmund, 1803 flg. 5 Thle. N. A. 1806.
- Ueber Geiſteskrankheit und Gemüthsruhe. 2 Thle. Braunſchweig, 1805.
- Homilieen über die Parabeln Jeſu. Halle, 1806. N. A. 1819.
- Gedächtnißfeier der verewigten Luiſe von Preußen. Berlin, 1812.
- Predigten über Bedürfniſſe unſeres Herzens. Halle, 1813.
- Neueſtes Magazin von Feſt- und Gelegenheitsreden (mit Dräſeke und Hanſtein). Magdeburg, 1816. flgde.
- Viele einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ein überaus geſchätzter Kanzelredner und aſcetiſcher Schriftſteller, der die wichtigſten, geiſtigen Intereſſen klar und würdevoll zu behandeln und vor Allem mit ſeltener Kraft und Wärme, und edelm tiefem Gefühl zu den Herzen ſeiner Zuhörer zu reden und ſie für das Wahre und Gute zu entflammen und zu begeiſtern weiß.

Das Bild der chriſtlichen Liebe zu Gott *).

Wenn ich mit Menſchen und mit Engelzungen redete und hätte der Liebe nicht, ſo wäre es mir Nichts nütze. Amen.

Die Epiſtel am erſten Sonntage nach Trinitatis, welche wir auch unſerer heutigen Betrachtung zum Grunde legen, ſtehet geſchrieben im 1. Briefe des Johannes im 4. Cap. und lautet vom 16. bis zum 21. Verſe alſo:

> Gott iſt die Liebe, und wer in der Liebe bleibet, der bleibet in Gott, und Gott in ihm.
> Daran iſt die Liebe völlig bei uns, auf daß wir eine Freudigkeit haben am Tage des Gerichts; denn gleichwie Er iſt, ſo ſind auch Wir in dieſer Welt.
> Furcht iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus; denn die Furcht hat Pein. Wer ſich aber fürchtet, der iſt nicht völlig in der Liebe.
> Laſſet uns ihn lieben; denn Er hat uns zuerſt geliebet.
> So jemand ſpricht: Ich liebe Gott, und haſſet ſeinen Bruder, der iſt ein Lügner. Denn wer ſeinen Bruder nicht liebet, den er ſiehet, wie kann er Gott lieben, den er nicht ſiehet!
> Und dies Gebot haben wir von ihm, daß wer Gott liebet, daß der auch ſeinen Bruder liebe.

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*) Predigt von Dr. R. F. Eylert. Frankfurt a. d. Oder, 1822.

Theure Mitchriſten!

Wie oft iſt es doch der Fall, daß wir gerade von dem, was wir am häufigſten im Munde führen, die unvollſtändigſten Begriffe haben! Wir brauchen dieſes oder jenes Wort täglich und ſtündlich, wir führen fort und fort dieſe oder jene Redensart im Munde, ohne von ihrer tiefern Bedeutung, ohne von ihrer Vorſtellung, welche ſie uns zuruft, ergriffen zu ſeyn. Ich erinnere Euch nur an das Wort Liebe. Wie oft werdet Ihr im Ganzen Leben, im Ganzen täglichen Umgange mit Bekannten und Freunden dies Wort ſelbſt hören, ſelbſt ausſprechen — ohne daß Ihr an die tiefe, an die umfaſſende Bedeutung dieſes Wortes gedacht habt oder denkt. Und wie es mit einem Worte ſich verhält, ſo ergeht es auch mit ganzen Sätzen und Gefühlen. Manche Sätze, welche von Jugend an Euch am nachdrücklichſten und unvergeßlichſten eingeſchärft und eingeprägt worden, verlieren im täglichen Leben ihre Bedeutung, die in ihrem ganzen umfaſſenden Sinne, in ihrer unmittelbaren Kraft, ſo daß Ihr merkt, auch am Ende nicht in der ſtillen Andacht, ſo daß nur Eurem Gedächtniß die Worte noch anhangen. So iſt keine Pflicht Euch von Jugend an mehr eingeſchärft worden, als die: Gott über Alles zu lieben. Jedem Verſtändigen hat ihr Gewiſſen [illegible] eingeprägt, wie die Macht der Liebe zu Gott als das höchſte Gebot und Ziel, daß die Befolgung dieſes und des geſammten Geſetzes ſey, [illegible] ſollte. Gott über Alles lieben, [illegible] dies Gebot Gottes; denn wer möchte wohl Gott zum Feinde haben! — aber habt Ihr — wenn Ihr die Hand auf's Herz legt — dieſem Wunſche Eures eigenen Herzens, dieſer erſten chriſtlichen Tugend wohl immer das ſo nachgelebt, daß Ihr der Liebe Gottes Euch gewiß halten könnt? Habt Ihr in der Freude und im Kummer, im Glück und im Unglück, in trüben und in frohen Tagen immer nur zuerſt an Gott gedacht? Hat die Liebe Gottes Euch ſo geleitet, ſo beſeligt, ſo ſtark gemacht, daß Euch nichts von ihm und von ſeiner Liebe je trennte, je trennen konnte? Ja! laßt mich weiter fragen, m. Th.! Habt Ihr von der wahren chriſtlichen Liebe zu Gott wohl einen ſo deutlichen Begriff, daß dieſer Euch das Verhältniß, in welchem wir zu Gott ſtehen, ohne Täuſchung, ohne Uebertreibung angeben könnte? Haben nicht Zerſtreuungen, haben nicht Sorgen, hat nicht Weltluſt Euch dieſen Begriff verdunkelt? Denkt Ihr Euch, wenn Ihr auch täglich die Worte: „Denen, die Gott lieben, müſſen alle Dinge zum Beſten dienen" — im Munde führet, wohl dabei als Euer eigenes Leben zu derſelben [illegible] — fühlt Ihr den hohen Sinn der Worte, wenn Ihr einmal beim Aufgang der Sonne, oder bei einer unerwarteten Freude gerührt ausruft: ja Gott iſt die Liebe! — Ich ſehe um mich und ich erblicke auf Eurem Antlitz die Antwort auf meine Frage. Euer eigenes Herz gebietet es Euch in dieſem Augenblick, daß Ihr Gottes Liebe zwar oft empfandet, aber doch noch nicht ſo erkannt habt, daß dadurch das Bild der chriſtlichen Liebe zu Gott in Eurer Seele recht lebendig und wirkſam geworden wäre; daß Euer ganzes Leben dadurch die ſchönſte Richtung erhalten hätte, welche keine Sorgen, keine Freuden und Zerſtreuungen hemmt, als die der Liebe zu Gott zu [illegible]. So laßt mich denn verſuchen, Euch in der gegenwärtigen Stunde dieſes Bild zu entwerfen. Vielleicht daß es unter Gottes gnädigem Beiſtande dazu beiträgt, Euch zu dem freudigen Ausruf zu bewegen: ja wir haben erkannt und geglaubt die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat — und Euch zu dem feſten Entſchluß zu veranlaſſen: ja wir wollen ihn lieben, denn er hat uns zuerſt geliebt!

Hört zu dieſem Endzweck noch einmal mit frommem Sinne und mit geſammelter Aufmerkſamkeit unſere heutigen Textesworte:

Gott iſt die Liebe, und wer in der Liebe bleibet, der bleibet in Gott und Gott in ihm. Daran iſt die Liebe völlig bei uns, auf daß wir eine Freudigkeit haben am Tage des Gerichts; denn gleichwie er iſt, ſo ſind auch wir in dieſer Welt. Furcht iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus; denn die Furcht hat Pein. Wer ſich aber fürchtet, der iſt nicht völlig in der Liebe. Laſſet uns ihn lieben; denn er hat uns erſt geliebt. So Jemand ſpricht: Ich liebe Gott, und haſſet ſeinen Bruder, der iſt ein Lügner. Denn wer ſeinen Bruder nicht liebet, den er ſiehet, wie kann er Gott lieben, den er nicht ſiehet? Und dies Gebot haben wir von ihm, daß wer Gott liebet, daß der auch ſeinen Bruder liebe.

Kann man, theure Mitchriſten, dieſe Worte hören, ohne nicht gleich von dem erhabenen Gedanken: ja Gott iſt die Liebe! wunderbar ergriffen zu werden? Wie ein milder Frühlingshauch, der nach langem, öden Winter durch die neuerwachte Natur wehet und Alles mit ſeinem erquickenden Odem belebt und erfriſcht, ſo treten unſerer geiſtigen Natur dieſe Worte des [illegible] Johannes entgegen. Gott iſt die Liebe! Wie wird unſer Herz, durch dieſes Wort ſo freudig bewegt, wie [illegible] unſere Seele nicht bei dieſem Gedanken! Was jene himmliſche Braut, was die Cherubim und Seraphim als das Höchſte und Seligſte erkannten und preiſen, die Liebe, die Nähe Gottes ſoll uns zu Theil werden, wenn wir ihn, der uns zuerſt geliebt hat, wieder lieben, wenn wir uns Dem [illegible], der die Wohnung der Engel verließ, und auf die Erde kam, die Sünder zu erlöſen, wenn wir uns durch Jeſus Chriſtus Gottes Liebe erwerben. Denn daran iſt ja erſchienen die Liebe Gottes gegen uns, daß Gott ſeinen eingebornen Sohn geſandt hat in die Welt, daß wir durch ihn leben ſollen.

Wohl möchte uns bange ſeyn, wohl müßten wir zittern und zagen können, ob der Gott, der [illegible] das furchtbare Wort geſprochen: verflucht iſt der Acker um deinetwillen, mit Kummer ſollſt du dich darauf nähren dein Leblang. Dornen und Diſteln ſoll er dir tragen — im Schweiß deines Angeſichts ſollſt du dein Brod eſſen, bis daß du wieder zu Erde werdeſt, davon du genommen biſt — Liebe [illegible] Gedanken, [illegible] den Gefallenen ſchenken könnte, wenn er nicht eben durch ſeinen Sohn [illegible] ſelige und beſeligende Verheißung uns gegeben hätte! Er ſah an die Menſchen in ihrem Jammer, und erbarmte ſich unſer. Ich will euch erretten von eurem Elend, ſprach der Herr, ich will mit euch einen neuen Bund machen, einen Bund, der auf Liebe, auf gegenſeitige Liebe gegründet und geheiligt ſeyn ſoll. Und in dieſem Sinne ſchreibt der fromme Joh. die großen Worte nieder: Gott iſt die Liebe! Seht da, m. Z., abgefallen und doch begnadigt — verſtoßen und doch angenommen — elend und doch geliebt! In welche Höhe hat es Gott gefügt, ſeine Liebe von neuem uns zu erkennen — er will von neuem ſeine Liebe in einem noch höhern, größern Maße uns zuwenden, wenn wir ihn lieben in Chriſto Jeſu, ſeinem Sohne. Denn welcher bekennet, daß Jeſus Gottes Sohn iſt, in dem bleibet Gott, und er in Gott. So laßt mich denn jetzt

das Bild der chriſtlichen Liebe zu Gott

1) in ihrem Grunde,
2) in ihren Aeußerungen, und endlich
3) in ihrem Lohne

eurem Verſtande klar, und eurem Herzen theuer machen.

I.

„Gott iſt die Liebe — er hat uns zuerſt geliebt." Sehet da, m. Z., den Grund der chriſtlichen Liebe zu Gott. Gott iſt die Liebe, ruft uns der Aufgang der Sonne entgegen, Gott iſt die Liebe — ſo jauchzet die ganze Natur. Durch ſein Walten in's Leben gerufen, trägt und hält ſeine Hand uns auch im Leben — was wir haben und ſind, hat uns [illegible] wir durch ihn — jede gute Gabe, jede Freude, jeder Lebensgenuß iſt ſein Geſchenk. Und aus welchem Grunde giebt er uns dieſe Freude, oder jenes Glück? Haben wir vielleicht etwas gethan, weshalb Gott ſchuldig wäre, uns dieſe oder jene That zu belohnen? Können wir vielleicht Rechenſchaft mit ihm halten? Können wir irgend etwas von ihm fordern? O Ihr antwortet Euch alle ſelbſt auf dieſe Frage, theure Mitchriſten, daß es nur die Liebe iſt, die Gott bewegt, uns dies Alles zu ſchenken, daß er nur aus Liebe zu uns die reichen Gaben, welche wir täglich genießen, für uns ausgeſtreuet hat. Aber mehr als Sonne, mehr als Natur, mehr als alle die Gaben, welche unſer leibliches und irdiſches Wohlſein befördern, muß uns die Sendung ſeines Sohnes von ſeiner unendlichen Liebe überzeugen. Nach Gottes Bild geſchaffen hatte die Sünde uns Gott unähnlich gemacht, und auf daß das verlorene Ebenbild wieder hergeſtellt und der Zugang zu ſeinem Heiligthum uns wieder geöffnet würde, giebt Gott uns Den, der ſeiner Herrlichkeit Glanz von Ewigkeit war, auf daß er ſich opfere für unſere Sünden! Und der Grund dieſer unendlichen, unbegreiflichen Wohlthat war nur wiederum die reinſte Liebe zu uns! Und wie wäre es nun möglich das Bild der chriſtlichen Liebe zu Gott in ihrem Grunde anders darzuſtellen, anders ſich zu denken als Johannes es thut.

Gott iſt die Liebe — er hat uns zuerſt geliebt — folgt daraus nicht von ſelbſt, daß wir ihn wieder lieben ſollen, wieder lieben müſſen — und zwar zuerſt — mit ganzem, ungetheiltem Herzen, mit aller Inbrunſt, mit voller Seele! Wo wäre ein Menſch, der da hadern könnte, wo er geliebt, und [illegible] geliebt würde — der den nicht wieder lieben müßte, der für vergangene Wohlthaten, für Sünden Segnungen ihm bereitete! Mein Sohn! rufe dir das Bild deines Vaters zurück, der dich ſchwachen Säugling mit Liebe empfing, als nur Thränen deine Sprache waren; deſſen Liebe annahm, als du anfingſt ihm ſchon Kummer zu machen, und der mit der höchſten Liebe dir nachblickte, als [illegible] dich umfaßt hatte. [illegible] ſeine Liebe dich nicht ergriffen, hat ſeine Liebe dich nicht [illegible] auf dem Wege der Tugend? Theure Jugend! denk an deine Mutter. Kannſt du ſie zählen die ſchlafloſen und kummervollen Nächte, welche ſie deinetwillen gewacht, kannſt du ſie meſſen die Thränen, welche ſie um dich geweint? Aber hat dich ihre ſorgſame, ſtille, unausgeſetzte Liebe nicht gerührt, konnteſt du ein Mutterherz brechen, konnteſt du die Mutter nicht lieben, die dich zuerſt geliebt! Und wir wollten unſern Gott nicht lieben, den Gott aus vollem Grunde unſers Herzens nicht lieben, der uns ehe als Vater und Mutter, ehe denn dieſe Erde gegründet war, ſchon liebte, deſſen Augen uns ſahen, da wir noch unbereitet waren, der über uns war im Mutterleibe! der ſeines eigenen Sohnes nicht verſchonte, ſondern dem Kreuzestod ihn übergab, auf daß wir leben ſollten! der für dieſen Reichthum der Gnade, für dieſe Fülle von Liebe nicht Opfer, nicht Entſagung aller Freuden, nicht Tilgung jeder heitern Lebensfröhlichkeit, ſondern nur Liebe, Liebe um Liebe fordert! O laßt uns ihn lieben m. Fr.! denn er hat uns ja zuerſt geliebt — laßt uns bei jeder Freude, die uns zu Theil wird, bei jedem Kummer, der uns drückt, bei jedem Gedanken, der uns bewegt, ſeine Liebe nie vergeſſen — laßt der Liebe zu ihm jeden Tag, den wir erleben, jede Stunde, jeden Augenblick geweihet ſeyn — laßt uns von dieſer Liebe Alles hoffen, laßt uns dieſer Liebe Alles vertrauen — laßt uns mit ganzem Herzen, mit ganzer Seele, mit ganzem Gemüthe ihn lieben, denn er hat uns zuerſt geliebet! Aber wie nun dieſe Liebe äußern! Höret die Worte des Johannes:

II.

„Furcht iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus; denn die Furcht hat Pein. Und dies Gebot haben wir von ihm, daß wer Gott liebet, daß der auch ſeinen Bruder liebe."

Sehet da theure Mitchriſten! die chriſtliche Liebe zu Gott in ihren Aeußerungen! Wenn die Liebe zu Gott, wenn ſie, wie wir eben ſie darzuſtellen bemüht waren, in der That und Wahrheit aus dem lautern Grunde, Gott zu lieben, weil er uns zuerſt geliebt hat, entſprang, ſchöner und erfreulicher im Leben ſich äußern, als Johannes dieſe ihre Aeußerungen angiebt. Laßt uns dieſe beiden Punkte näher erwägen. Wo Liebe iſt, Liebe zu Gott aus lauterm Grunde, da iſt keine Furcht ſagt Johannes. Und wie wahr, wie beglückend iſt dieſe Aeußerung der chriſtlichen Gottesliebe. Denket Euch einen Menſchen, deſſen Herz kalt und ungerührt gegen Gottes Liebe wäre, in deſſen Bruſt nur Eigenliebe herrſchte, deſſen Seele nie von Gottes unendlicher Liebe bewegt würde. Sehet, wie unruhig ſind ſeine Blicke, wie ängſtlich irrt ſein Auge umher, wie ſchwankend ſind ſeine Schritte! Wie berechnet er jedes Wort, ob es ihm Ehre oder Schande bringen könne, wie überlegt er jede That, ob ſie in die Augen der Menſchen falle, oder verborgen bleibe! Wie zählt er jede Stunde, ob er auch recht ſie genieße und wie hat er doch am Ende ſeines Lebens ſo wenig Freude gehabt! Welche Pläne macht er, um Alles in feſter Regel um ſich zu geſtalten und wie wird er doch gleich einem Rohre von allerlei Lehre und Täuſcherei der Menſchen hin und her bewegt! Wie müht er ſich ab, ſeinen Namen zu verherrlichen, und wie ſchnell iſt er vergeſſen, ſobald er die Augen geſchloſſen! Wie zittert er bei jedem Unglück — wie ängſtigt er ſich bei jeder Freude, daß ſie vielleicht nur von kurzer Dauer ſeyn und größerer Schmerz darauf folgen könnte; wie bebt er bei der Nähe des Todes und des ihm bevorſtehenden Gerichts, und ſo iſt ſein ganzes Leben eine Furcht und in dieſer Furcht eine lange Pein. Nach Menſchengunſt nur ſtrebend, auf Menſchen ſich verlaſſend, ſteht er da wie ein unfruchtbarer Feigenbaum, den der Herr verfluchte! Er will geehrt ſeyn und man verſpottet ihn — er ſucht ein Amt und man ſpeiſet ihn ab mit leeren Hoffnungen. Er bietet ſeine Kräfte und Talente an, und man will ſie nicht — er will ſich geltend machen und man ſtößt ihn zurück, oder läßt ihn in allerlei Freuden untergehen! Da fängt er an zu verzweifeln, da ruft er aus in Zorn und Wuth: Verflucht iſt, wer ſich auf Menſchen verläßt, und ſo ſündigt er auch — denn Gott ſtraft Sünden mit Sünden — gegen die zweite Aeußerung der chriſtlichen Gottesliebe. Aber wie ganz anders verhält es ſich mit dem Menſchen, der Gott liebt. Er iſt wie ein Baum gepflanzet an den Waſſerbächen und alles, was er macht, geräth wohl. Er iſt geſchmücket wie eine Braut, deren Antlitz von Freude und Liebe ſtrahlt! Sein Auge iſt ruhig, denn es iſt nach oben gerichtet, wenn auch das Leben ſtürmt, oder die Freude ihn übermannen will. Er hofft Alles, aber fürchtet Nichts. Weder der thörichte Haß der Menſchen, noch ihre blinde Liebe beunruhigt ihn — denn er liebet den, der ihn zuerſt geliebt. Gerathen ſeine Pläne nicht, ſcheitern ſeine Hoffnungen, er weiß, daß Gottes Liebe Alles zum Beſten wendet; werden Andere ihm vorgezogen, läßt man ihn warten — trägt er unverſchuldet einen ſchweren, geheimen Kummer — Nichts kann ihn ſo tief beugen, daß er die Freudigkeit darüber verlöre, die ſeines Lebens höchſter Schmuck iſt — denn er weiß, daß wie Er iſt, ſo ſind auch wir in dieſer Welt; — die Freudigkeit iſt ſein Eigenthum, die ihn ſelbſt bei dem Gefühle der Schuld nicht verläßt, da ſeine Liebe zu Gott auf den Glauben an Jeſus gegründet und gebauet iſt, der ihm Gott nicht als einen ſtrafenden, ſondern als einen liebenden, als einen verſöhnten Gott gezeigt und ihm auch dadurch eine Freudigkeit am Tage des Gerichts bewirkt hat. Und ſo erhellet dieſe Freudigkeit ihm die Nacht des Grabes, welche dem, der Gott nicht liebt, Furcht und Pein bereitet; vor dieſer innern, ſeligen Freudigkeit verſchwinden die Schatten des Todes wie die Nebel beim Aufgang der Sonne; und ſo ſiehet der, welcher Gott liebt, nur neue Liebe in dem Uebergang zu einer beſſern Welt, da wo das kleinmüthige, traurige und doch ſo verzagte Herz, das Gott nicht liebt, nur Vernichtung und Untergang erblicken kann; und ſo bleibt er ſtets gewurzelt in dem Glauben, in der Hoffnung und in der Liebe — und wie ganz von ſelbſt zeigt ſich nun auch die zweite Aeußerung ſeiner chriſtlichen Liebe zu Gott, nämlich die Liebe gegen die Brüder.

Denn wie wäre es theure Mitchriſten! anders möglich, als daß die innige, ungetheilte Gottesliebe nicht auch zugleich eine wahre ungeheuchelte Bruderliebe bewirkte! Wie könnte der, welcher den Vater aller Menſchen liebt, nicht auch zugleich die Menſchen ſelbſt lieben! Wie könnten unſere Augen, wenn ſie uns aufgegangen ſind über unſern eigenen Zuſtand, nicht auch zugleich uns aufgehen beim Anblick fremder Noth — wie könnten wir Hülfe, Rath und Troſt unſern Brüdern verſagen, wenn wir erkannt haben, daß Gottes Liebe uns ſchon ſo oft aus Trübſal und Noth geholfen hat — wie könnten wir der Schwachen uns nicht annehmen wollen, wenn wir mit ganzer Seele an dem hängen, welcher um unſerer Schwachheit willen jede Erniedrigung freudig mit uns theilte! Wie könnten wir eine Freudigkeit haben an jenem Tage des Gerichts, an welchem des Menſchen Sohn kommen wird in aller ſeiner Herrlichkeit, zu richten über Lebendige und Todte, wenn der Herr dann nicht zu uns ſagen könnte: Was ihr dem Geringſten meiner Brüder gethan habt, das habt ihr mir gethan! Ja wahrlich, ſchreibet theure Mitchriſten! die Worte des Johannes: So jemand ſpricht: ich liebe Gott, und haſſet ſeinen Bruder, der iſt ein Lügner; denn wer ſeinen Bruder nicht liebet, den er ſiehet, wie kann er Gott lieben, den er nicht ſiehet, tief, tief in eure Seele, und vergeſſet die Worte des Herrn nicht, der mit der innigſten Liebe, aber auch mit dem feierlichſten Ernſte Euch zuruft: an euern Früchten will ich euch erkennen!

O wohl Euch, wenn Eure chriſtl. Liebe zu Gott im täglichen Leben, in eurem Hauſe, im Umgang mit Eltern, Geſchwiſtern, Verwandten ſowohl, als auf dem Schauplatz des öffentlichen Lebens ſich auch als eine Liebe darſtellt, die da, wie der Apoſtel Paulus ſagt, langmüthig und freundlich iſt, die nicht eifert, nicht Muthwillen treibet und ſich nicht blähet; die ſich nicht ungeberdig ſtellt, die nicht das Ihre ſuchet, die nicht ſich erbittern läßt, die nicht nach Schaden trachtet, die aber Alles verträgt, Alles glaubet, Alles hoffet, Alles duldet. Dann werdet Ihr nicht mehr durch einen Spiegel in einem dunkeln Wort ſehen — nicht mehr ſtückweiſe erkennen, ſondern erkennen, gleichwie ihr erkannt ſeid — dann wird der Lohn, den Liebe Euch verheißen, Liebe Euch zugeſichert hat, der Eurer Liebe ſchönſtes Ziel iſt, Euch auch zu Theil werden!

Und dieſer Lohn? Höret die Worte des Johannes:

III.

„Wer in der Liebe bleibet, der bleibet in Gott, und Gott in ihm." Sehet da, m. F., den Lohn der chriſtl. Liebe zu Gott! Wohl iſt er ſchwer der Kampf, den Gottesliebe gegen Weltliebe zu kämpfen hat; wohl iſt ſie lockend die Verſuchung, welche Eigenliebe ſtets uns legt — denn ach! hier iſt ja bei uns allen der faule Fleck, den der böſe Feind zu verwunden nicht nachläßt — wohl mag uns vor einer Selbſtverläugnung bangen, die mit der, uns leider ſchon von unſerer Geburt an zur andern Natur werdenden Selbſtliebe im ſteten Widerſpruche ſteht — aber herrlich iſt der Lohn, welcher dem vorbehalten iſt, der aus dieſem Kampfe ſiegreich hervorgeht. Wer in der Liebe bleibt, der bleibt in Gott und Gott in ihm! Was kann dies anders heißen, theure Mitchr.! als daß er in der Theilnahme an der Heiligkeit und Seligkeit Gottes bleibt. Theilnehmen an der Heiligkeit und Seligkeit Gottes *). Laßt uns dies näher erwägen.

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*) 1. Joh. C. 4. V. 16.

Wer in der Liebe bleibt, der bleibt in der Theilnahme an der Heiligkeit Gottes — er beharrt auf dem Wege Gott ähnlich zu werden. Eine der erhabensten Eigenschaften Gottes sprechen wir aus, wenn wir von seiner Heiligkeit reden; wir betrachten ihn dann als das Wesen, welches unbedingt das Gute will und befördert und das Böse verabscheut [illegible] — als den Vater des Lichts, bei welchem ist kein Wechsel des Lichts und der Finsterniß. Und wir? Wir sollen nicht nur, wir können auch an der Heiligkeit Gottes Theil nehmen durch die Liebe. [illegible]

Doch nicht bloß Theilnahme an der Heiligkeit Gottes bleibt der, welcher in der Liebe bleibt, er bleibt auch in der Theilnahme an der Seligkeit Gottes.

Theilnahme an der Seligkeit Gottes. — Zwar können wir uns hier auf Erden nicht in einen durchaus seligen Zustand versetzen, eben so wenig als wir jemals Gott werden, uns zu dem heiligen Wesen uns erheben können. — Aber der Weg der Annäherung zur Seligkeit Gottes ist uns mit der Liebe geöffnet, so lange wir in ihr beharren. [illegible]

[illegible] wird uns einführen in den Kreis der vollendeten Gerechten, die durch Liebe selig sind, und enger uns verbinden mit Gott, der die Liebe ist, und mit Christus!

Und ist dieser Lohn der christlichen Liebe zu Gott nicht köstlicher als Alles, was die Erde kann zu bieten und zu geben vermag? [illegible]

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*) Röm. 8, V. 31—39.

ihn für uns alle dahin gegeben; wie ſollte er uns mit ihm nicht Alles ſchenken? Wer will die Auserwählten Gottes beſchuldigen? Gott iſt hier, der da gerecht macht. Wer will verdammen? Chriſtus iſt hier, der geſtorben iſt, ja vielmehr, der auch auferwecket iſt, welcher iſt zur rechten Gottes, und vertritt uns. Wer will uns ſcheiden von der Liebe Gottes? Trübſal, oder Angſt, oder Verfolgung, oder Hunger, oder Blöße, oder Fährlichkeit, oder Schwert? Wie geſchrieben ſtehet: Um deinetwillen werden wir getödtet den ganzen Tag, wir ſind geachtet wie Schlachtſchafe. Aber in dem Allen überwinden wir weit, um deswillen, der uns geliebet hat. Denn ich bin gewiß, daß weder Tod noch Leben, weder Engel noch Fürſtenthum, noch Gewalt, weder Gegenwärtiges noch Zukünftiges, weder Hohes noch Tiefes, noch keine andere Creatur, mag uns ſcheiden von der Liebe Gottes, die in Chriſto Jeſu iſt, unſerm Herrn. Amen.

F

Johann Heinrich Faber,

wahrſcheinlich um die Mitte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts zu Straßburg geboren, war eine Zeitlang kurmainziſcher Hofgerichtsrath und Profeſſor der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und der Rechte an der Univerſität zu Mainz, ſpäter aber Secretair des kaiſerlichen Geſandten Grafen von Neipperg zu Frankfurt am Main. Er ſtarb 1791 als Privatmann in Mainz.

Von ihm erſchien:

- **Anfangsgründe der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zum Gebrauch akademiſcher Vorleſungen.** Mainz, 1767.
- **Julie und Harike.** Trauerſpiel. Frankfurt am Main, 1768.
- **Die Schnitterin**, Luſtſpiel nach Favart; **Jenneval**, Schauſpiel von Mercier; **die engliſche Waiſe**, Schauſpiel aus dem Franzöſiſchen; **Zemire und Azor**, Singſpiel aus dem Franzöſiſchen u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. Seine ſämmtlichen dramatiſchen Ueberſetzungen und Bearbeitungen finden ſich in „**Sammlung der komiſchen Operetten, ſo wie ſie von der kurpfälziſchen deutſchen Hofſchauſpielergeſellſchaft unter Direction Marchand's aufgeführt wurden.** 6 Thle. Frankfurt a. M., 1770–78.
- **Ueber Gellerts Abſterben.** Frankfurt a. M., 1770.
- **Winterabende.** Frankfurt a. M. 1781–83. 3 Thle.
- **Der Sammler**, eine Monatsſchrift. Frankfurt a. M., 1786. 6 Hefte.
- **Der Illuminat**, eine Monatsſchrift. Frankfurt a. M., 1788. 12 Hefte.
- **Poetiſche und proſaiſche Aufſätze über Aufklärung.** Frankfurt a. M., 1789.
- **Luiſe oder der Sieg weiblicher Tugend.** Frankfurt, 1792. 2 Thle.

Seine Vorleſungen über die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften waren mehr eine fleißige Compilation als ein ſelbſtändiges Werk, erwarben ſich jedoch bei ihrem Erſcheinen wegen ihrer Unpartheilichkeit ſowohl wie des in denſelben niedergelegten Reichthums von Kenntniſſen, das Lob der Zeitgenoſſen. Faber's übrige Leiſtungen, beſonders die poetiſchen erhoben ſich nie über die Mittelmäßigkeit und hatten nur ephemeren Werth und Ruf.

Johann Andreas Fabricius

ward im Jahre 1696 zu Dodendorf bei Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und Philologie in Leipzig und habilitirte ſich daſelbſt als Docent. Später wurde er Adjunctus der philoſophiſchen Facultät in Jena und dann Profeſſor am Carolinum und Rector des Catharineum in Braunſchweig. 1753 vertauſchte er dieſe Aemter mit dem Rectorat zu Nordhauſen, wo er am 28. Februar 1769 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

- **Philoſophiſche Oratorie.** Leipzig, 1724. N. A. unter dem Titel: Philoſophiſche Redekunſt. Leipzig, 1739.
- **Vernünftige Grundregeln zum Parentiren.** 2. A. Wolfenbüttel, 1739.
- **Regeln der geiſtlichen Beredſamkeit.** Leipzig, 1748.
- **Wie man ſeinen Verſtand recht gebrauchen ſoll.** Weimar, 1755.
- **Verſuche in der deutſchen Rede-, Dicht- und Sprachkunſt.** Jena, 1737.
- **Leichenreden.** Wolfenbüttel, 1739.
- **Allgemeiner Abriß der Hiſtorie der Gelehrſamkeit.** Leipzig, 1752–53. 3 Bde.

Ein tüchtiger Schulmann, zeichnete er ſich zu ſeiner Zeit auch als Theoretiker und Literärhiſtoriker aus; ſeine Lehrbücher der Redekunſt haben zwar ihren Werth gänzlich verloren, ſein Abriß der Gelehrtengeſchichte wird dagegen von Sachverſtändigen noch mit Achtung genannt und hat ſich den einmal erworbenen Ruf ſelbſt bis zu unſeren Tagen bewahrt.

Juſt Friedrich Erdmann Fabricius

ward in den erſten Decennien des 18. Jahrhunderts zu Diesdorf bei Magdeburg geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten Studien eine Lehrerſtelle an der Schule zu Kloſterbergen und wurde dann Prediger zu Alleringersleben und Morsleben, ſpäter zu Neuhaldensleben, wo er 1784 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

- **Vermiſchte Gedichte von J. F. E. Fabricius.** Halle, 1754. **Zweiter Theil.** Magdeburg, 1763.
- **Moraliſches Lehrgedicht über den Frieden.** Magdeburg, 1763.

Ein mittelmäßiger [illegible] Dichter, der sich in einer für seine Zeit ziemlich correcten Schreibart bewegt, und nicht ohne Geist und Würde ist, dem es aber durchaus am eigentlichen Beruf zur Poesie mangelt, weshalb er auch nur von sehr Wenigen gekannt und selbst von diesen sehr bald wieder vergessen wurde.

Johann Daniel Falk

ward im Jahre 1770 in Danzig geboren, wo sein Vater, ein armer Perückenmacher, ihn ebenfalls für denselben Stand erziehen wollte. Die [illegible] Liebe und Wißbegierde, welche ihn frühe antrieben, seinen Eltern zu entlaufen, um sich den ihm verhaßten Beschäftigungen zu entziehen, trugen endlich den Sieg davon und es gelang ihm mit Bewilligung seiner Verwandten und von Wohlthätern unterstützt, das akademische Gymnasium seiner Vaterstadt zu besuchen, wo er sich [illegible] Jahren, die er dort verweilte, durch Fleiß [illegible] und gute [illegible] auf der [illegible] auszeichnete. Er [illegible] darauf [illegible] Jahre die Universität Halle mit der Absicht dort Theologie zu studiren, gab jedoch diesen Beruf bald auf und widmete sich mit Vorliebe der schönen Literatur. Durch einige gelungene satyrische Gedichte ward Wieland besonders aufmerksam auf den jungen, vielversprechenden Mann gemacht und [illegible] über ihn [illegible]. Falk [illegible] sich nun mit Vorliebe dem Satyrischen auf, und ließ sich, da ihm Halle nicht mehr zusagte, 1798 als Privatmann in Weimar nieder, „mit [illegible] Mitteln [illegible]". Nach der Schlacht von Jena eröffnete sich ihm hier jedoch eine neue Laufbahn; durch Wieland empfohlen, erhielt er eine Anstellung bei den französischen Behörden, und [illegible] durch seine Vermittlung [illegible] und seinen Mitbürgern großen Nutzen. In Anerkennung seiner [illegible] Verdienste ernannte ihn der Großherzog von Weimar bald nachher zum Legationsrath und sicherte ihm einen Jahrgehalt zu. Er beschäftigte sich nun weiter mit [illegible] Arbeiten. [illegible] 1813 [illegible] des Krieges [illegible] obgleich ihn [illegible] in jener Zeit [illegible]; er verlor nämlich in kurzer Zeit vier seiner Kinder an dem damals herrschenden Fieber. Dieser schwere Verlust [illegible] eine neue, [illegible] Richtung; er faßte den Gedanken auf, sich der, durch den Krieg verwaisten und verwilderten Kinder im Weimarischen anzunehmen und gründete im Verein mit dem [illegible] Christen [illegible] in Weimar, die Gesellschaft der Freunde in der Noth [illegible] war, [illegible] zu [illegible]. [illegible] mit großer Freude, [illegible] als er [illegible] geistliche Opfer brachte und es ihm gelang den von den Zöglingen selbst ausgeführten Bau eines Betund Schulhauses, so weit [illegible], daß dieses bei dem [illegible] am [illegible] 1825 [illegible]. [illegible] durch die [illegible] untergraben; eine [illegible], [illegible] Krankheit warf ihn im September 1825 auf das Lager und machte seinem Leben am 14. Februar 1826 ein Ende.

Seine Schriften sind:

Die heiligen Gräber zu Rom und die [illegible]. 1796. [illegible]
Taschenbuch für Freunde des Scherzes und der Satire. Leipzig, 1797—1803. [illegible]
Prometheus. Dram. Gedicht. Tübingen, 1803.
Neueste Sammlung kleiner Satiren, Gedichte und Erzählungen. Berlin, 1804.
Amphitruon. Lustspiel. Halle, 1804.
Leben, wunderbare Reisen und Irrfahrten des Johannes von der Ostsee. Tübingen, 1805.
Elysium und Tartarus. Zeitschrift für 1806. Weimar. 4.
[illegible] Theater der Engländer und Franzosen. Bd. 1. Amsterdam, 1811.
[illegible]. Amsterdam, 1811.
Sammlung satyrischer Werke. Leipzig, 1817. 7 Bde.
Auserlesene Werke, alt und neu. Herausgeb. von B. Wagner. Leipzig, 1819. 3 Bde.
[illegible]. Leipzig, 1825.
Falks [illegible] herausg. v. B. Wagner. Altenburg, 1827.
Dr. Martin Luther und die Reformation. Leipzig, [illegible].
Kleine Abhandlungen, die Poesie und Kunst betreffend. Weimar, 1803.
Goethe aus näherem persönlichen Umgange dargestellt. Leipzig, 1832. 12.

Falk erregte, wie dies bereits schon weiter oben bemerkt wurde, bei seinem ersten Auftreten als Schriftsteller große Hoffnungen. Das Feld der eigentlichen Satyre war [illegible] mit [illegible] Erfolg in Deutschland [illegible] worden, und man glaubte seine [illegible] ersten Leistungen [illegible] in ihm mit der Zeit einen ausgezeichneten deutschen Satyriker begrüßen zu können. Wieland hatte ihm durch seine empfehlenden Beurtheilungen die Bahn geebnet und geöffnet; Wieland's Stimme galt damals Gewicht, und die deutschen Kritiker beeilten sich um die Wette, den jungen Dichter zu loben und zu ermuntern, dem [illegible] Ziele [illegible]. Allerdings besaß Falk in hohem Grade manche dem Satyriker nothwendige Eigenschaften; eine feine Beobachtungsgabe, richtigen Verstand für das Lächerliche, schnelle Auffassung des Eigenthümlichen und den Muth [illegible]; Witz und Laune, eine gebildete kräftige Sprache, reiche Kenntnisse und tiefe Ehrfurcht vor dem Guten und Wahren, aber er [illegible], daß er von der Satyre [illegible] machen wollte. Er [illegible] mit dem [illegible] Reichthum seiner Ideen die Welt [illegible], da der Satyriker sich [illegible] gebildet werden, und so [illegible] F. vom rechten Wege ab, ward [illegible] in der Wahl seiner Stoffe, statt [illegible] vorwärts zu schreiten und den Ruhm [illegible], den er bei der Nation als Satyriker erworben hatte, [illegible]. Er wandte sich nun ganz einem andern [illegible] zu; seine praktischen [illegible] Leben als seine [illegible] Erfahrungen, eine gewisse [illegible] und eine zu sehr [illegible] Neigung zum Mysticismus entzogen ihm die Neigung der [illegible] seine Leser mehr, und seine Werke wurden daher bald vergessen. — Unter seinen Schriften möchten die [illegible], die heiligen Gräber zu Rom, [illegible] und [illegible] Roman „Johannes von der Ostsee" eine Art von Autobiographie, besonders hervorzuheben seyn. Im Ganzen fehlte es ihm an wahrer Tiefe; dies iſt auch wohl eigentlich der Grund der ihn hinderte, ſich als Satyriker eine bedeutendere Stellung in ſeinem Vaterlande zu erwerben und zu erhalten. — Als Menſch und Bürger verdient er die ehrenvollſte Anerkennung und das geſammte Großherzogthum Weimar iſt ihm beſonders innigen und bleibenden Dank ſchuldig, denn er hat viel für daſſelbe gethan.

Der Ocean und die Seinen *).

O ihr, deren Rücken die Undankbaren
Stolz auf furchendem Kiel durchfahren,
Ihr Kinder des alten Ocean,
Hört leiſe
Die Weiſe,
Welche den Gram mir beſänftiget, an!
Da in verborgener Felſenkrümme
Traurig flüſternde Quellenſtimme,
Quelle, du Bergeinſiedlerinn,
Kleine vertrauliche Plauderinn,
Beginn, Beginn
Du den Geſang unabläſſiger Klage!
Daß des alten Oceanus
Immer ein Fluß dem andern Fluß,
Eine Quelle der andern ſage,
Wenn ihr auf eurer Wanderſchaft
Euch einander im ſchattigen Hage,
Wo im Walde das Reh ſich beäſt,
Und vom ſingenden Fiſchergelage
Widerhallendes Ufer ertönt,
Oder da, wo vom Hammerſchlage
Dumpf wiederhallend das Bergwerk dröhnt,
Und nur tröpfelnder Tropfſtein regnet,
Unter Erzſtufen begegnet.

(Stimmen im Wogengeräuſch).

Iſt uns, des Ocean
Zahlreiche Söhne,
Flüchtige Töchter,
Wolkenbewohner,
Felſengeſchlechter:
So viel nur immer
Dem Vater, dem alten
Geliebten, entriſſen
In Strömen, in Flüſſen,
Hin und zurück
Wandern und irren,
Und ihn nicht finden:
Iſt uns zuſammen
Leiden und Dulden
Jammern und Sehnſucht
Des gleichen Geſchicks!
Doch, wie uns armen
Quellen, von allen
Iſt unglücklicher
Keine zugefallen
Der unglückſeligſten Looſe des Glücks!
Kleine tückiſche Erdengeiſter,
— Die oben nennen ſie Brunnenmeiſter —
Die kommen mit Bohrern und Schaufeln zu Hauf,
Und lauern heimlich im Dunkeln uns auf,
Uns abzuſtechen,
Uns abzugraben —
Und wenn ſie uns haſchen,
Und wenn ſie uns haben:
Dann — leb wohl, Vater Ocean!
Wir ſehn dich nicht wieder! Um uns iſt's gethan,
Gefangen ſind deine armen Kinder,
Und kommen nun nimmer und nimmer los.
Im tiefſten, finſterſten Kellergeſchoß
Da betten ſie uns im Waſſercylinder,
Da müſſen wir dann im Gewölbe von Stein,
Zwiſchen den bleiernen Brunnenröhren,
Mit heiſerem Geräuſch unſer Leben verſchrein,
Wo wir nichts ſehen und nichts hören,
Und nur zuweilen viergebeint
Die garſtige Waſſereidechſ' erſcheint.
Hoch über uns ziehn der Mond und die Sterne!
Stille ringsum! Kein Blumenduft!
Kein Bienchen, das ſummt! Kein Guguk, der ruft!
Nur deine klagende Stimm' aus der Ferne,
Vater, dringt immer und immerdar
Zu uns herab in die dumpfe Ciſterne.
So vergeht uns manch trauriges Jahr. —
Auf einmal werden wir ihn gewahr,
Unſern alten Kerkermeiſter,
Ihn, und ſeine dienſtbaren Geiſter.
Weh uns! Daß er nur etwa nicht gar
Uns noch größeres Unheil bereite,
Und zum geräuſchvollen Markt uns leite!
Auf und ab, und quer und krumm,
Führt er im Bauch der Erd' uns herum.
Plötzlich ein Lichtſtrahl aus finſterer Weite!
Und ein Gebrumm!
Ein Geſumm!
Ein verworrenes Volk von Kannen, die klappern,
Von Schwengeln, die knarren, von Mägden, die plappern!
Weh uns! Ein Rohrtrog iſt nun nah!
Schon kommen in Haufen
Die Feinde gelaufen!
O großer ſteinerner Vater Neptun,
Schütz uns, ſchütz uns mit deinem Harpun!
Was nur zu thun!
Wohin uns wenden?
Zurück! Zurück!
Die Eimer, die Krüge,
In ihren Händen,
Verrathen zur Gnüge
Uns unſer Geſchick!
Haben nun nimmer
Ruh und Frieden;
Müſſen immer
Kochen und ſieden;
Und früh und ſpät
Am Schüſſelbrett
Kochtöpfe,
Suppennäpfe,
Chocoladkannen,
Kaffeekannen,
Gläſer und Flaſchen
Spülen und waſchen. —
Aber der allerhärteſte Stand
Für uns iſt der bey einem Brand,
Wo jeder Lump von Wagenknechte
Mit ſeiner Spritze der erſte ſeyn möchte.
Sauf ab, Sauf' auf
Schwappern die alten Sturmgefäße!
Iſt das am Brunnen ein Geſchrey', ein Gelauf
Um ſo eine alte Feuereſſe,
Als ginge die Welt in Flammen auf!
Feuer!
Feuer!
Aus jeglichem Haus
Fährt ein ſchwankender Schlafrock heraus,
Und wird mit von den Haſtigen
Fortgeriſſen, er mag wollen,
Oder nicht! Hier geht Gewalt für Recht,
Und hinter ihm ſteht der Hausknecht.
So fehlt es auch nicht an Diebsgeſellen,
Die, als wollten ſie retten, ſich ſtellen:
Aber fragt eben Niemand: wohin?
Huſch mit Bett und Bettgeſtellen,
Und ganzen Körben voll Meſſing und Zinn
In ein verborgenes Quergäßchen hin!
Ding Dang! Ding Dang!
Der Thürmer zerreißt den Glockenſtrang;
Dazu das Gebrumm der Lärmkanonen,
Zwiſchen drein das Geplärr der Matronen:
„Herr ſtraf uns nicht in deinem Zorn!"
Und das gellende Nachtwächterhorn,
Und der Qualm, und die platzenden Fenſterſcheiben:
Nein! das läßt ſich nicht ſo beſchreiben.
Genug! wir ſind es am End' allein,
Welche die Stadt vom Verderben befrei'n!
Doch meint ihr, es fiele dem Menſchen nur ein,
Uns dieſen Dienſt belohnen zu wollen!
Da irrt ihr! Er ſperrt zum Dank in Caſtrollen
Uns, zwiſchen dem eiſernen Dreyfuß, ein.
Aber wir ſpotten ſeiner Feſſel!
Wir löſchen ziſchend die Flammen aus,
Und ſtehlen uns leiſ' aus dem Kupferkeſſel
Zum ſchwarzqualmenden Rauchfang hinaus. —

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*) Aus: Falks „Prometheus."

Und droben erwarten ſchon mit Frohlocken
Uns unſre Schweſtern von Land und Meer;
Doch fahren wir Flüchtlinge über den Brocken
Und über's Alpengebirge daher,
Bis, früh oder ſpäter,
Uns alle der Aether
Erbarmend vereint,
Und, Klein und Groß,
Uns all' in den Schooß
Vater Oceans niederweint.

Die Ströme und Wellen.

Vater Ocean, woll' es den Quellen,
Unſern geliebteſten Schweſtern, doch ſagen,
Daß ſie nicht alle in Jammer verzagen,
Sondern lieber, ſtillend ihr Klagen,
Sich in Ruh' zu uns geſellen!
Denn auch wir, deine Kinder, haben
Viel Leid's unverſchuldet
Vom Menſchen erduldet.
Da thürmt er Dämme,
Zu Pfeilerbrücken,
Auf unſern Rücken;
Baut Dämm' und Graben!
Baut Marmorſchleuſen,
Und ſchiebt, mit Rudern
Und Angelruthen,
Die Silbergeſchwader
Aus unſern Fluthen.
Der Mühlenräder
Schaufeln wir treiben,
Und denn entweder
Das Korn zerreiben,
Womit die Polacken
[illegible] und Schmacken
Im Frühling beladen,
Oder in Laden,
Und auf Schebecken,
Zum Kaffee und [illegible],
Zum Thee und [illegible],
Bis zu den [illegible],
[illegible] verführen;
Wozu wir nichts ſagten,
Wenn nur nicht ſo oft uns
Die Zollämter plagten,
Und ganz unverhofft uns
Den Durchgang verſagten.
Da ſetzen ſie mächtige Schlagbäume vor,
Und ſtellen, in einen blauen [illegible]
[illegible], denn irgend ſo eine
[illegible] hatte,
Und am Ufer auf und ab zu ſpazieren,
Und was an Waaren paſſirt, zu plombiren.
Kein Nachen, in dem er die Naſe nicht ſteckt;
Keine Kiſte, worauf er ſein Siegel nicht ſteckt!
Und [illegible] unermüdlichem Eifer,
Den etwa [illegible] weckt,
Daß er zu verlaut [illegible], dem reckt
Ein großer, furchtbarer Doppeladler,
Mit einem „Von Gottes Gnaden, Wir Paul
Der Erſte“ — „Wir Friedrich Wilhelm der Zweite.“
Es wieder, an der [illegible],
Die Krallen entgegen, und ſperrt ihm das Maul.
Doch nach gewiſſen [illegible] Tagen,
Und hat mit der Winter die Länder mit Eis
Erſt verbrannt, und ſilberne Brücken geſchlagen,
Daß in der Wogen ſchäumigem Gleis,
Wo ſonſt nur ruhige Kähne glitten,
Nun Frachtwagen, Schlitten und Jagdſchlitten fluten;
Wenn feſtgebannt die Mühle den Zecher hält
Fern von der Heimath traurem Gebiete,
Und krachender Froſt die Fenſter zerſchellt
An der rothbemahlten [illegible]:
Dann nahen ſich uns, zu Rädern beſtellt,
Die Thauwinde. — Muthige Feuerwerker
Zerſprengen unſern kryſtallnen Kerker
Mit Bomben! — ha, wie er nun donnert und bellt
Der entfeſſelte Strom! Hoch angeſchwellt
Hebt er aus ſeinen Pfählen das Blockwerk;
Hier nagt er Hütten mit Ufer und Strauch,
Mit ſchüchternem Vieh, und ſinkendem Rauch,
Und ſtürzenden Mauern im ſchwarzen Stockwerk,
In brauſender, wüſter Verwirrung: und dort
Den Fährmann, zuſammt ſeiner Fähre fort. —
Gebirge verſinken in ſchlagenden Wellen;
Weit umher
Ein trümmerbedecktes, unendliches Meer;
Im Wipfel des Ahorns wohnen Forellen;
Mit rothbeinten Augen durchblickt der Stör
Die Zweige zerſtreuter Ulmen und Erlen:
Wo Hänflinge hüpften, glotzen nun Schmerlen;
Das flüchtige Reh, das dem Jagdzeug entrann,
Erklettert zackige Tannenäſte,
Und gafft von oben die neuen Gäſte
Des Waldes voller Verwunderung an;
Die Seemew' und der verſchwindende Taucher
Durchſtreichen die Lucken geſunkener Sträucher;
Das Waſſerhuhn niſtelt am Schornſteinrohr,
Und Tauben beherbergt das Teichſchilfs Rohr. —
Und dennoch darf noch die Rache nicht raſten:
Schon reißen die Anker der Boote vom Stoß
Zuſammengeborſtner Schollen ſich los.
Und ganze Wälder gebrochener Maſten
Treiben dem offenen Meere zu.

Der Ocean.

Tag der Wiedervergeltung du,
Willkommen, willkommen vom Mittag ihr Stürme!
Ihr führt mit vollem Gewicht ihn herbei,
Den Rächer! Was will er ſo emſig um Speere
Durch einander kriechende Erdgewürme,
Das jetzt in den Abgrund ſich wühlt, und jetzt,
Um einiger Silberſtangen willen,
Zwiſchen meinen Korallen und Perlen
Und ſich ein ſchwerfällig Boot nur ſetzt,
Das bald, in verrätheriſchen Taucherglocken,
Nach Perlen meine Tiefen durchwühlt;
Bald, mit der Begeiſterung wildem Frohlocken,
Die Todesloſe des Seegefechts miſcht,
Bis, ob der ſchrecklichen Anblick erſchrocken,
Ihr Ufer, das ſie ſo lange benetzt,
Die flüchtige, klagende Welle verläßt.

Die Wellen.

Alle ſtehen wie traurig [illegible],
Und das meerumgürtete ſchöne Milet!
Kaum daß noch Kornfeld' und Muſchelſchale
Ihre Stätte dem Wand'rer verräth!
Wo der [illegible] Waſſen Signale
Manch [illegible] unterging:
Da hüpft nun, im ſchwankenden Abendſtrahle,
Auf blühender Diſtel manch lockender Fink.

Der Ocean

Willkommen, willkommen zum zweiten Male,
Die ihr vernahmt meiner Rache Schwur,
Geſchöpfe der alten Mutter Natur,
Die ihr die Luft, ohne Compaß und Charte,
Mit ſchwirrender Jagdluſt durchkreiſt,
Und die Straße verirrten Kranichen weiſ't,
Ihr Kinder des Boreas, die ich erwarte,
Willkommen! — Ein unſichtbarer Geiſt,
Der tauſend das Tauwerk, wie Fäden zerreißt,
Die Anker, wie Glas, an Klippen zerſchmeißt,
Fährt daher,
Ueber Land und Meer. —
Herbei, herbei nun zum Todtenmahl,
Kommt allzumahl,
Grauſchuppigt', amphibiſche Ungeheuer
Des ſchwarzen Abgrund's, mit Floßfedern ihr,
Und ihr mit Springbrunnen, eben zur Zier
Des Hauptes eröffnet: ſo viel nur euer,
Dem Harpunier
In Grönland entrinnen,
An Küſten ſich ſonnen,
Oder im kühlenden Meergras ſchlummern,
Ihr Robben, ihr Krokodill' und ihr Hummern,
Du Schwertfiſch, und du gefräßiger Hai,
Herbei, herbei! — —
Sie haben's vernommen;
Sie kommen
Geſchwommen;
Sie zerren;
Sie ſchnappen
Nach ihnen; zerlegen

Mit Schweſtern, mit Bögen
Die Hände, die Leiber,
Die Arme der Räuber. —
Und nach geendigtem Todtenſchmauſe:
Da ſchlaf' ich, mit [illegible] von Sonnenſcheine
Und Winde geflochtenen Schläfen, mit meine
Geräumigen Vorrathskammern aus.

Cerberus und ſeine drei Köpfe *).

Cerberus. Erſter Kopf, Dogmatismus.

Ich bin der Dogmatismus genannt,
War gründlich bekrittelt vom alten Kant;
Er mochte kein Hund ſo länger leben:
Drum bin ich dem Scepticismus erlegen,
Der mir vielleicht, durch ſeinen Mund,
Kein Geheimniß würde kund;
Allein es geht mir nur ſchlecht von Hume,
Und immer ſchiefer im Kopf herum;
Denn wer die Ding' an ſich nicht erkennt:
Der Kopf ob jenem Verfall brennt:
Da hat wohl Einer und ſpricht jetzunder,
Und meint, er verzehrte Fleiſch und Gemüſ'
Beim ſelbſt bezahlten [illegible];
Doch ſchluckt er nur eigne Ideen herunter:
Denn iſt, wenn Gedärme nagen,
Als hört' er eine Glock' erklingen;
Und wenn er ein Stück Zwiebel ißt,
Als läs' er in Klopſtocks Meſſias was;
Der Oberon ſchmeckt ihm wie Koriander;
So geh'n die Ding' ihm untereinander;
So hat ihm alle fünf Sinne [illegible]:
Ob weiß die Kerz', ob brennt? ob rußig!
Ob ſchwarz das Eiſen? ob grün der Klee?
Ob flüſſig das Waſſer? ob weiß der Schnee?
Er könnt' und kann' es nicht ergründen,
Und wollt' er tauſend Kerzen anzünden.
Und wie auch ſollt' es anders ſeyn,
Da kein Stück Kreide, kein Stück Eiſen
Von außen kommt in ihn hinein!
Da alles Idee nur iſt im Kopf,
Rein abgezogen vom Kirchthurmknopf,
Rein abgezogen an ſich vom Dinge,
Was draußen erſchein' auch, oder erklinge.
O goldne Peripatetiſophie,
Dein's Gleichen ſah ich auf Erden nie!
O edler Consensus Gentium,
Wo biſt du hingewandert, durch Hume!
War kein Stück Fleiſch doch, kein Stück Brod,
Woraus man ſonſt nicht ſchmeckte Gott,
Kein Trank, woraus man früh und ſpät
Erweiſen des Höchſten Ehr' nicht thät:
Geſchmort, gebäht, geſtaubt und geraſpt:
Was hilft's? Excessit, erupit, evasit,
Was lehrten Katheder, mit großem Fleiß,
Der phyſikotheologiſche Beweis!
Wenn A nicht wär', und wenn B nicht wär':
Wär C und wär' K auch nimmermehr:
Dergleichen Beweis' und gelehrte Brocken
Sind gut nun, den Hund vom Ofen zu locken!
O gebt an den Erkenntnißplatz
Mir einen tücht'gen Erfahrungsſatz:
Mit Witz beweiſ't ich euch ſo ein Dictum,
Wie zum Beiſpiel: „Constum non est pictum,"
Wodurch man „quod dum eadem
Non dantur" im Kopf hat, ohne Syſtem. —
Weiß jedes Weib, das wäſcht am Faß,
Doch, „waſch mir den Pelz, und mach ihn nicht naß!"
Sie kennt's, und ſchiert ſich wenig drum,
's Principium Indiscernibilium.
„Wo kein Geld, keine Muſikanten,"
Das wiſſen, wie Strumpfwirker, ſo Fabrikanten,
Und tragen in ihrem Kopf ſo gratis
's ganze Principium causalitatis.
Mir — ſetzt ſich eine Flieg' auf die Naſ',
Und frag' ich wißbegierig: was
Von ihrem Setzen die Urſach ſey?
Erwiedern ſogleich ſie, mit großem Geſchrey
So wie der Kopf die Naſ' gelegt:
So ſetz' die Naſ' die Fliege jetzt;
Sey jedes ein Individuum;
So ſetz' der Bär der Biene Geſumm;
Der Wolf das Lamm; der Jäger die Sau;
Das Weib das Kind und der Mann die Frau:
So lügnen ſie mit den Sensus communis:
Da ſchlage drein doch der Dey zu Tunis!
Oft kommt's, zu Tripeln und zu Quadrupeln,
Mir aufgeſtiegen im Kopf von Scrupeln;
Da iſt mir die Henn' ein Gerſtenkorn;
Weiß weiter, was hinten iſt, noch, was vorn;
Kann weder den Kopf, noch Schwanz, noch beiden
Zuſtänd' Körpern mich hier unterſcheiden! —
Zuweilen wohl bringt es mit Behagen,
Mich zum Skepticismus zu ſchlagen:
Ich nehm' zwei Köpf' — drei Ohren an —
Einen Schwanz — was man glauben kann:
So was nur geben mag, und beſtehen,
Und was auch Weltlauf' eingeſehen;
Z. B. Marcus Cicero:
Allein da nennen ſie mich einen Pedant,
Das wurmt mir dann gewaltig im Kopf:
Ich krieg' mich ſelber ergrimmt bei'm Schopf:
Was, da 'n Pedant! da 'n [illegible] nur!
So ein Papi, pour faire l'amour?
So 'ne „Petite Menuette, encore encore!"
Auf Uhr' und vor'm Jahrmarktsfieber?
So wollt' ich, es ſchlüge mir Einer jetzunder
Die andern beiden Köpf' herunter.
Glaubt man dem Hume: ſo kriegt ich mit dem
Die Einheit in meinem Denkſyſtem!
Denn mit drei Köpfen ich ſagen kann,
Wie ſchwer Ein'm kommt das Denken an.
(heult)

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Was heulſt du, Memme, Ahi! Ahi!
Man trifft dich, was du vermißt am Genie!
In ſeiner ſchlichten Camera
Obscura da unten, wo niemand dich ſah,
In Plutos altem Hundehaus',
Wo Zeit' du brüteſt zu Tauſenden aus:
Da warſt du doch niemals zu beſſen müßig;
War keiner von uns, wie du, ſo billig:
Verführteſt ein ſo vermünſcht Gebell,
Daß es heraus vom Cocytus hell
Erſcholl, bis zum Ufer der Spree und der Oder
Willſt'n Rachen halten, Canaille! oder
Ich ſchlag' dir die Zähn' ein — kuſch!

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

(der den 2ten vertraulich auf die Seite nimmt)
Jacob!

2. Kopf, Spinozismus

Was beliebt?

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Mach's auch nicht allzugrob!
Denn iſt's der Philoſophen auch Keiner:
Iſt's ſtets ein Hund doch, wie Unſereiner.
(laut)
Ich, Dogmatismus, an deinem Platz,
Erwählte mir einen Glaubensſatz:
Mit einem tücht'gen Poſtulat
Ein Fundament das Wiſſen hat.

1. Kopf, Dogmatismus.

Da liegt ja eben der Haſ' im Pfeffer:
Hol' euch der Henker, ihr Aeffer und Kläffer!
Vermaledeit, ihr kritiſchen Hunde!
Legt da mir Poſtulate zum Grunde!
Schnellt einer aus ſolchem Rohr mir Pfeifen!
Ich will ja nicht glauben: ich will begreifen.
Z. B. ſag' mir einer ein Mal:
Iſt Eins eine Zahl, und Drei eine Zahl:
Wie meine drei Köpf' hier Eins ſeyn können?
Das will ich nicht glauben; das will ich erkennen.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Wie iſt es möglich, armer Tropf,
So wenig wurmt dir ſchon im Kopf?
Daß Eins zugleich auch Drei ſein kann,
Das Bischen Glauben ſteht dich an!

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*) Aus Falk's „Prometheus."

Im Gegentheil, was mich verwundert,
Iſt, daß es nicht Tauſend iſt, und nicht Hundert!
Du biſt, vom Kopfe bis zur Pfot',
[illegible] [illegible], ja nichts als Gott:
So wirſt du mächt'gen Donners Knall
Im Wald, Diſcant und im Concertſaal,
Gleich wie in deines [illegible] [illegible],
Ein Theil derſelben [illegible],
[illegible] Mücken- und [illegible];
Doch du, [illegible],
Erkennſt gar wenig nur davon:
Biſt zum [illegible] jetzt angeſchloſſen,
Mußt jetzt, als Thier, mit [illegible] Roſen;
Und bellſt ein andres Mal, am Kahn
Von Charon, unten die Todten an:
So wirkſt, dir ſelber unbewußt,
Du Freud' und Leid da — was du mußt:
Was heut' an's ſchwarze Bret ſchlägt Ideen:
[illegible] morgen Menſchen im [illegible];
Was ſingt Barbaren im Klopſtock kühn:
Schreibt morgens: „Er und über Ihn."
Du meinſt, das, was du ſingſt, biſt du!
Narr, du ſtehſt hinten nur, und ſiehſt zu:
Ein andrer ſtreicht die [illegible],
Und commentirt im [illegible] Schale:
Was hinter'm Stall das Huhn hat,
Iſt, was ihr Klopſtock nennt und Schad'.

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Du wirſt ſo hohe [illegible]
Noch lang' ihm nicht begreiflich machen:
Spezifiſches Gewicht und Laſt
Iſt, was ein Kopf, wie der, nur faßt;
Es muß ihm alles ſeyn gar klar,
Verwandelt in klingende Münze gar;
Doch will ich nächſtens ihn überführen,
Ihn aus ſich ſelbſt ihm conſtruiren,
Damit er aus ſeinem Ich ermißt,
Was für ein armer Tropf er iſt.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Thu' das! Verdienſt 'n Gotteslohn!
Nun weiter in unſerer Concluſion!

1. Kopf, Dogmatismus.

Mit eurem verwünſchten Raiſonnement!
Sagt mir nur, währt das Ding noch lang'?

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Und immer gründlich, und immer ſchön,
Und niemals wird's zu Ende gehn!

1. Kopf, Dogmatismus.

O weh mir, wie meine drey Köpf' mir ſchwindeln,
Wie's drinn mir 'rumgeht, wie hundert Spindeln!

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Da iſt kein Rath, als mußt dich ganz
Vergeſſen in ew'ger Weltſubſtanz;
Dein armes Ich, wie die Perſon,
In Gott — die Mortification.

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Halt ein! Was räthſt du ihm vermeſſen,
Sein Ich im Nicht-Ich zu vergeſſen!
Nein! halten muß er jenes feſt;
Dann aus ſich ſelbſt erſchaffen den Reſt:
Denn ſo hab' ich es angefangen,
Um zum Bewußtſeyn zu gelangen.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Haſt ſo der Dinge Lauf verkehrt?

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Nicht im geringſten, Brüder, hört!
Sechs Tauſend Jahre ſind's, daß ich, mit Menſch und Affen,
Mit Thier und Pflanzen, dieſe Welt erſchaffen.
Wenn ich die Wahrheit rein geſtehen ſoll,
Kenn' ich das mich zwar nicht allzuwohl;
Doch hat es damit ſeine Richtigkeit,
Und der Beweis iſt eben, daß ihr ſeyd: —
Wer ſonſt, als Ich auch, hätt' euch ſchaffen können!
Ich nur bin Ich, und ſchaffen hieß erkennen! —
So hab' ich unten, in der alten Nacht,
Kronen nun bereits gelacht — gedacht!
Was hab' ich nicht gemacht? was werd' ich nicht noch machen! —
Der Höllenfluß — Mercur — die Todten — Charons Nachen —
Auch die zwey Köpfe da auf eurem Rumpf
Sind [illegible] meines [illegible] Triumphe;
Denn das nur iſt die [illegible] aller Dinge:
Ich war's, der dem Saturn einſt ſeine Ringe,
Der zu dem Monde ſeine Strahlen wog;
Und was im Äther [illegible],
Den Schatten Cäſars — und Alexander,
Und Moſes: ich ſchuf ſie alle mit einander;
Nur kann ich mir ein ſchlechtes Schickſal aus:
Denn ich erwählte mir des Pluto Hundehaus.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Das war nicht wohlgethan, wie ich bemerke,
Vom Herrn und Meiſter der ſechs Tagewerke;
Der's „[illegible]!" am erſten Tag ſprach:
Kriecht ein am letzten unter's Hundedach!
Pfui! Cerberus, das war brutal [illegible];

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Was hilft's? Die Laun' iſt mir nun ein Mal angewandelt:
Es iſt's, mein Freund, das Nicht-Ich iſt bedingt:
Im Ich nur rein die Schöpfungskraft erklingt.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Dir ſcheint, wie Schaffen, Denken eins zu ſeyn,
Und doch iſt jen's nur Wahrheit; dieſes Schein:
Ein Spiel mit Formen, die kein Seyn erreichen.
Sonſt nichts iſt des Gedankens Wetterleuchten.

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Du irrſt. Es deckt, ein Blitz, der Schöpfung Abgrund auf:
Materie iſt nichts, als Schaum und Dampf,
Umnebelnd Licht und ew'ge Himmelsglut:
Geſättigt lebet nur, wer in Gott geruht.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

So wagſt du's, die Natur mir abzuläugnen!

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Und du, mein eignes Ich dir anzueignen!

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Nein, im Bewußtſeyn, ewig unzertrennt,
Iſt, wie das Ich's, des Nicht-Ichs Element.

3. Kopf, Idealismus.
(trotzig)

Ich trenn's!

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Wie wirſt du dich bewirken können?

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Ich ſeh' es.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

Gut! das heißt: du willſt es trennen:
Dieſelbe Freyheit wirſt du mir vergönnen!
So ſeh' ich auch, und ſehe die — Natur.

3. Kopf, Idealismus.

Der Mißverſtand liegt hier in Worten nur:
Zum Beiſpiel, ſiehſt du jenen Floh!

1. Kopf, Dogmatismus.
(hitzig)

Ein Floh? wo iſt die Beſtie? Sagt mir! Wo!
Nur gleich gegriffen, gleich gefaßt!
Denn ich crepir' vor Flöhen faſt.

2. Kopf, Spinozismus.

So geſchwinde kömmſt du nicht davon:
Hör' aus erſt die Demonſtration!

Der Flohſtich verurſacht dir ein Jücken,
Und ein Gelüſten dem Nagel zum Knicken:
Nun iſt die Frag' hier die: gebt Acht!
Ob der Nagel den Floh, oder der Floh den Nagel macht?

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Ich ſag', es macht den Nagel der Floh.

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.

Ich aber läugne, daß dieſem ſo;
Denn da der Nagel den Floh geknickt:
So wär' ihm ſein Machwerk ſchlecht geglückt.

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Das thut im Grunde hier nichts zur Sache;
Geſetzt, daß der Floh den Nagel auch mache:
Iſt immer doch es nur ein Gott,
Im Floh, ſo wie in der [illegible]:
Der dir erſchlägt den Vater der Sohn:
Weil mit dem Sohn der Vater im Floh'n.

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.

Haſt Recht! 's iſt eine [illegible],
Von Floh'n zu Gott, und von Gott zu'n Floh'n.

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

Ich will des Henkers ſeyn, wenn ich's verſteh'!
Macht's mit dem [illegible] ein End',
Und gebt mir den Floh, ſonſt ſchwör' ich Jeder:
Der Floh vom Flohſtich wird [illegible] röther,
[illegible] ihr demonſtrirt ihn zum Gott:
Schlagt ihn todt, ſchlagt ihn todt, ſchlagt ihn todt!

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Seht eins den ungeſchlachten Geſellen,
Wie ungeberdig er ſich mag ſtellen!
O du deutſcher Cerberus!
Da hat er ihn richtig erwiſcht beim Fuß,
Und jetzo iſt es ihm damit geglückt,
Daß er mit dem Nagel zu todt ihn geknickt.

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

Nun geſtichelt nur fort! Er hat den Reſt,
Und das iſt bey der Sache das Beſt'.

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Wie ſchwer die Schöpfung war einſt zu vollbringen,
Wie mit Materie ſie zwang den Geiſt zu ringen:
Das ſtellt ſich dir nun, hell und klar,
An dieſem neuen Beiſpiel dar,
[illegible], zweiköpfiger Gelehrte;
Von Jenem thu' ich nicht, ob er zu uns gehörte,
Und wird er weiter nicht von uns geſetzt:
So hört ſein Daſeyn auf wohl gar zuletzt.

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.

So wohl gegründet, wohlgeſpeculirt,
Hat uns der Zweifel eines Weg's geführet.

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

So wohlgethan, ſo oft und viel bedacht,
Hab' ich die Welt, wie doch die Welt gemacht;
Wie du verkörpert Geiſt zum Material:
Hat Stoff verklärt zu Geiſt mein Ideal;
Wie du Product dir biſt, mit Mond und Sonnen,
Sind aus Ideen ſie bei mir geronnen;
Dir, Freund, iſt jede Schildkröt' Gott,
Ein Stück Materie, wie die zehn Gebot',
Und die Gedanken weiß tingirt und roth:
Eins iſt dir Schiffspatron und Takelage;
Koch, Suppenlöffel, Gaſtwirth und Potage;
Idee, was Tiſchtuch und was Teller mir vertritt!
Idee, worauf, ſtatt Pferd, der Reiter ritt;
Idee, ſtatt Haber, frißt's im Stall mir profitabel;
Idee, woraus erbaut einſt ward der Thurm zu Babel;
Idee, was führt Aegyptens Volk heraus;
Idee, die Zauber Pharao's und — die Laus,
Idee, was Nicht-Ich ſetzt und [illegible]:
Wie du ein Theil von Gott, bin ich es ganz:
So laß' ich kühn den Sturm der Schöpfung toben,
Und ſchwebe mit lebendigen Winden droben;
Und wenn das Lebensſchifflein würd' zerſchellt,
Bau' ich aus Geiſt mir eine neue Welt.

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.

Ich denke, wir ſind ziemlich einig.

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

So gehen wir zuſammen, mein' ich.

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.

Hier iſt ein Scheideweg am [illegible].

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

Ich gehe rechts.

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Und ich geh' links.

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

So werden wir uns wohl müſſen trennen!
Gut Diener! [illegible] euch gönnen:
Lebt wohl, ihr Vettern!

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.
(kalt)
[illegible]!

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.
(wehmüthig)
Wir ſehn uns ſchwerlich auf Erden mehr.

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.

Ei nun, wer weiß auch; wie's noch kommt!

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

Weiß nicht, was mir das Herz ſo beklemmt:
Geh', lieber Spinoziſmus, mit mir.

2. Kopf, Spinoziſmus.

Mag gar nicht weiter verkehren mit dir;
Haſt deinen Vater im Floh'n erſchlagen:
Dein Umgang bringt mir wenig Behagen.

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

So komm du mit, lieber Idealiſm!

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Nein, allerchriſtlichſter Dogmatiſm!
Mit dieſem in Zukunft zuſammen hier treibt
Mich Einheit im [illegible]!

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

Was bleibt
Mir mit meinem Kopf denn übrig, ihr Denker?

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Der Zweifel!

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

So geht denn, und hol' euch der Henker!
(will fort, kann aber nicht)
Was blökſt du, ſpinoziſtiſches Thier,
Wie meine Vorderfüße hier?
Und du, muß dich der Henker plagen,
Mir rein den Vortritt zu verſagen!
Du, Idealiſmus, geh' doch grad!
Und du, Spinoziſmus, halt dich ſtät!
Was zerrt ihr, als ob ein Krebs ich wär',
Mich lang und breit und kreuz und quer?

3. Kopf, Idealiſmus.

Wir gehen weit', um Glauben zu finden:
Willſt du nicht mit, ſo bleib dahinten!

1. Kopf, Dogmatiſmus.

Hört, ſag' ich, auf mit ſolchen Practiken!

Aphorismen*)

I.

[illegible]

II.

[illegible]

III.

Nur dem ruhig beſonnenen Verſtande blieb es vorbehalten, von Jahrhundert zu Jahrhundert eine furchtbare Herrſchaft über das Menſchengeſchlecht auszuüben. [illegible]

IV.

[illegible]

V.

Wäre es nicht ein beklagenswerthes Ereigniß, wenn eben jetzt, da die Poeſie im Begriff iſt, eine [illegible], wahrhaft [illegible] Herrſchaft über die Herzen wieder anzutreten, es einer Handvoll Phantaſten und Imaginanten gelingen ſollte, ſie uns wieder in die [illegible] Regionen des Abſtrakten und Weſenloſen hinüber zu ſpielen!

VI

Es wurde irgendwo, bey Gelegenheit des Bardale von Klopſtock bemerkt, daß ſchwerlich wohl ein Künſtler, wie Göthe, ſich eine ſo arge Verzeichnung, wie die iſt, welche die Einmiſchung einer rauhen, nordiſchen Mythologie in dem naiven Charakter des Ganzen hervorbringt, erlaubt haben würde. Und in der That fällt es nicht nur auf, daß die [illegible] Sängerin ſo genau von Monat und Datum weiß; ſondern noch mehr, wie ſie zu Walhall und Iduns goldner Schaale kommt. [illegible]

VII.

[illegible]

VIII.

Homer und Klopſtock ſind beyde [illegible]

IX.

Jeder Zuſtand, wo uns unſre Vorſtellungen [illegible] zu Dingen werden, iſt [illegible] — meine Vorſtellungen ſelbſt ſind mir zu Dingen geworden.

X.

[illegible]

XI.

Im Ganzen gebührt der dramatiſchen Dichtungsart, wegen der großen Innigkeit, mit der uns durch ſie unſre Vorſtellungen nicht nur von innen zu Dingen werden, ſondern mit der ſie auch dieſe Erſcheinungen, dem äußern Auge bemerkbar verkörpert, der Vortritt noch vor der Epopöe, wiewohl den Griechen die Kunſt der [illegible] ihr dieſen Vorzug ſtreitig machen konnte. — Es giebt Schriftſteller, die, ohne Dichter zu ſeyn, das Talent einer lebendigen, ächt poetiſchen Darſtellung ſich im höchſten Grade anzueignen wußten. Hierhin gehören beſonders Tacitus und Thucydides.

XII.

Das Talent [illegible] und [illegible] Zeitenmahlerey grenzt ſo innig an einander, daß daraus allein die Leichtigkeit erklärbar wird, mit der Racine aus einigen Gemählden des Tacitus ſeinen Britannicus zuſammenſetzte.

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*) Aus: Kleine Abhandlungen, die Poeſie und die Kunſt betreffend, von J. D. Falk. Weimar, 1803.

XIII.

Neben dem hohen Talent einer großen idealiſchen Charakterzeichnung, kenne ich nichts, was ihm an die Seite geſetzt zu werden verdiente, als das Talent einer getreuen, aber dennoch verſchönten Naturzeichnung. Auf dieſe Art, glaub ich, läßt ſich der zwiſchen Leſſing, Hurd und Diderot lebhaft geführte Streit „ob die Tragödie Individuen und die Comödie nur Arten habe?“ zur völligen Befriedigung auflöſen. Nemlich ſo. Jedes Individuum das die Tragödie aufſtellt, muß, durch die Kunſt des Dichters, zur Art: und jede Art, die die Comödie aufſtellt, durch die Kunſt des Dichters, zum Individuum werden. Wo die Tragödie dieſen Uebergang verfehlt, und den allgemeinen Charakter ſo zu ſagen, im Individuo begräbt, wird ſie ſtatt Poeſie, Geſchichte, und gibt uns ſtatt einen poetiſchen Alexander, Julius Cäſar, Wallenſtein nur einen hiſtoriſchen. Aeußerſt fein hat ſchon Ariſtoteles dieſe Gränzlinie gezogen, wo er bemerkt, daß die Poeſie die Menſchen καθόλου (idealiſch), die Geſchichte aber ſie καθ' ἕκαστον (ſtreng individuell) ſchildre; daher denn auch der erſten vor der letzten, als einer lehrreichen, philoſophiſchern Kunſt der Vorzug gebühre. φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποίησις ἱστορίας ἐστίν. Lehrreicher iſt ſie, weil ſie den Menſchen über den engen Kreis einer individuellen Wirklichkeit hinaus hebt; philoſophiſcher, weil ſie nicht nur, wie jene, einen richtigen Beobachtungsgeiſt, ſondern auch eine tiefgehende, geſchärfte Abſtraction vorausſetzt. — — Eben ſo das Luſtſpiel! Wer hier umgekehrt die Art durch's Individuum nicht zu mildern weiß, ſondern nur den Begriff einer allgemeinen Thorheit, einer allgemeinen Leidenſchaft darſtellt, ſcheitert an der Klippe des Abſtracten. So Plautus und Molière in ihrer grillenhaften Schilderung des Geizigen, die durch geſliſſentliche Vernachläſſigung der Mitteltinten, wie Hurd ſehr richtig bemerkt, überall an's Harte, an's Uebertriebne gränzt. Die Natur gibt nichts rein, nichts unvermiſcht, und ein ſo ganz in ſeine Leidenſchaft verwachſener Geizhals iſt ein Kathederbegriff, aber nun und nimmermehr ein Menſch. Daher bin ich ſo wenig geneigt, mit Diderot, den Terenz, oder vielmehr den Menander, wegen des ſeinem Heautontimorumenos ſo eigenthümlich zukommenden Falle zu tadeln, daß ich es vielmehr für die größte Aufgabe der komiſchen Darſtellung halte, einen allgemeinen Charakter dergeſtalt zu individualiſiren, daß das Gepräge der Allgemeinheit, ſelbſt für das Auge des Kenners, auf einige Augenblicke verloren ſcheint.

Shakeſpear, wie in vielen andern, iſt auch hierin ein unübertrefflicher Meiſter. Nie ſieht man ihn, einen Lieblingscharakter und deſſen Entwicklung zu gefallen, entfernten Situationen nachlaufen, oder gar einen Menſchen für einen Kathederbegriff und ein kleines Spiel des Theaters aufgeben. Stufenweis ſchreiten die Geſtalten fort, und ſcheinen durch die Handlung uns, auf die ungezwungenſte Art, zuzuwachſen. Selbſt die griechiſche Comödie, die wie Ariſtoteles am angezogenen Orte andeutet, vom ſtreng Individuellen ausging, zeigte doch bald das Beſtreben, durch die ihren Perſonen beygelegten Namen das Allgemeinere zu bezeichnen. Capitain Eiſenbrecher umfaßte nun die ganze Claſſe militäriſcher Prahlhänſe, nicht mehr einen Einzelnen aus ihrer Mitte. Das letzte konnte ohne dieß nicht anhaltend genug beluſtigen.

Dieß fühlte Ariſtophanes wohl, da er, wie Leſſing ſagt, in den Wolken, nicht den einzelnen Socrates, ſondern alle Sophiſten, die ſich mit Erziehung junger Leute bemengten, lächerlich und verdächtig machte. Der gefährliche Sophiſt überhaupt war ſein Gegenſtand, und er nannte dieſen nur Socrates, weil Socrates, als ein ſolcher, verſchrieen war. Daher eine Menge Züge, die auf den Socrates gar nicht paßten: ſo daß dieſer im Theater getroſt aufſtehen, und ſich der Vergleichung Preis geben konnte. Aber wie ſehr verkennt man das Weſen der Comödie, wenn man dieſe nicht treffenden Zügen, für nichts als muthwillige Verläumdungen, erklärt, und ſie durchaus dafür nicht erkennen will, was ſie doch ſind, für Erweiterungen des einzelnen Charakters, für Erhebung des Perſönlichen zum Allgemeinen.

XIV.

Was iſt der ſchönſte Band Oden, Satyren und Schäfergedichte, im Vergleich mit der reichen Werkſtatt des Genies, die uns im Drama oder Epos aufgethan, zu immer neuer Belehrung winkt! An dem Feuer eines Macbeth kann ſich wechſelweiſe Klopſtock zu einer Ode, Voß zu einem Liede, und Bürger zu einer Romanze erwärmen. In dem berühmten Catalogus der Hunde gibts Stoff zu mehr als einem archilochiſchen Jambus. Ja ſelbſt der ſpätere Luſtſpieldichter wird, wenn ihm auch alles andere gleichgültig iſt, ſich doch lange an den herrlichen Umriſſen ergötzen, und dem unnachahmlichen Künſtler die Feſtigkeit ſeiner Zeichnung ablernen. Wie anders bey den Werken eines bloß genialiſchen Kopfs! Man zeige mir eins derſelben, das bey allen glänzenden Vorzügen im Einzelnen, nicht auf die Länge eine nur einſeitige Bildung gewährte!

XV.

Der Charakter jedes Affects, jeder Leidenſchaft, des Zorns, des Schmerzes, wie der Liebe, iſt, in Rückſicht des Ausdrucks, ebenfalls einer dreyfachen Behandlung fähig. Auch hier findet die in den Charakteriſtiken gemachte Eintheilung ihre unbedingte Anwendung. Der Künſtler ſtellt entweder ſolche Zorn, Schmerz, und Liebe bloß nach der Erfahrung d. h. nach der Natur dar. Dieß iſt das Charakteriſtiſche der niedrigſten Art. — So würde Laokoon ſeyn, wenn, wie einige gewollt haben, die Wirkung des Giftes, der Schlangenbiß, die [illegible] u. ſ. w. darin zur Anſchauung gebracht wären; — oder der Künſtler ſtellt zweytens nach der Idee und der Erfahrung d. h. nach einer gewählten Natur, wohl mit einem Uebergewicht für die letztere dar. — Dieß iſt das Charakteriſtiſche der zweyten Gattung, und von dieſer Art ſcheint mir der ſchon oben erwähnte Ausdruck des Wahnſinns im König Lear. Auch der Ausgang in der Maria Stuart hat mehr von einem hiſtoriſchen als poetiſchen Eindruck, woran freylich die Schuld weit weniger am Dichter, als an der Wahl des Stoffes liegt. Das Aufgeben aller Harmonie, das Vernichtende, Zerſtörende, Verödende der Leidenſchaft iſt häufig von neuern Künſtlern, die ausſchließlich auf Erregung heftiger Empfindungen und Effect hinarbeiten, namentlich auch vom Shakeſpear, mit dem höchſt Charakteriſtiſchen verwechſelt, das heißt für die höchſte tragiſche Wirkung, wiewohl mit Unrecht, genommen worden. Die erheiternden Ausgänge der griechiſchen noch ſo ſchrecklichen Trilogien, das Verklingen aller Diſſonanzen, die ſich in ihnen meiſtens nur in der Stille verlieren, und wovon ich hier als Beyſpiele nur die Trachinierinnen des Sophokles und die Oreſtias des Aeſchylus in Erwähnung bringe, können dazu dienen, uns auf dieſem Felde einen ganz andern, wiewohl noch wenig genug betretenen Weg zu zeigen. — Es verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, daß dem eigentlichen hohen Tragiſchen, wie jene Meiſterwerke der Alten hinlänglich beweiſen, dadurch [illegible] Eintrag geſchieht.

Das Charakteriſtiſche der höchſten Art im Ausdruck, eines Affects, einer Leidenſchaft, eines Gemüthszuſtandes wird drittens erreicht, wenn der Künſtler mehr nach einer Idee, als nach der Natur und Erfahrung darſtellt: ich ſage mehr, nicht ohne Natur und Erfahrung; denn dieſe ſind und bleiben das Element des Charakteriſtiſchen. Wo ſie der Künſtler aufgibt, läuft er unausbleiblich Gefahr ſich entweder in flaches Schönheitsgeklingel (Idealismus) zu verlieren; oder einem regelloſen Imaginationismus in die Hände zu fallen, der die Kunſt, aus einem Spiel anmuthiger Phantaſien, zu einem Spiele wilder und oft ganz unzuſammenhängender Fieberträume umſchafft. Dieß iſt die zweyte falſche Tendenz, die in der neuern Kunſt liegt, und für die ſich der Künſtler vielleicht noch mehr, als für den Idealismus zu hüten hat. Beyſpiele vom höchſt Charakteriſtiſchen im Ausdruck eines Schmerzes, einer Leidenſchaft, wo der Affect auf ſeiner Höhe, in ſeinem reinen Element mehr als eine Idee erſcheint, als daß er der Sinnenwelt angehört, gibt uns, außer der Niobe mit ihren Kindern, beſonders auch der Laokoon. Der beſonnenere Künſtler hat in beyden mit weiſer Mäßigung einen Moment gewählt, der uns weit über den peinlich abſpannenden Eindruck der Wirklichkeit erhebt. — Daß dieſer wie das Element ſeyn kann, worin ſich das wahre Schöne vorzugsweiſe bewegt, braucht nach allem Vorhergegangenen, wohl keiner weiteren Erläuterung. Es ſind nicht die Thränenfiſteln, die Nerven: die Idee, die Phantaſie ſind es, denen ein echtes Kunſtwerk etwas zu ſagen hat. Eben dadurch, daß es uns in einen Zuſtand des Nachdenkens, der Contemplation, nicht in den des Leidens verſetzt, entſteht das Vergnügen der Beſchauung. Werke, wie der Laokoon, zergliedern heißt, ſich noch ein Mal in den Standpunct verſetzen, worin der Urheber ſie empfing, und das Kunſtwerk mit dem Künſtler gleichſam zum zweyten Mal erſchaffen. Freylich kann dieß kein Geſchäft des bloßen müßigen Angaffens, ſo wenig wie der gelehrten antiquariſchen Neugierde ſeyn; es kommt hier auf nichts geringeres an, als den Genius in ſeiner geheimſten Werkſtatt zu belauſchen, und, mit völliger Dahingebung, wenn nun unſer eignes Innere durch ſeine Anſchauung plaſtiſch wird, ſeine und unſre eigene Göttlichkeit zu ahnden. Daher läßt ſich begreifen, wie einige Kunſtrichter ſich ſo äußerſt angelegen ſeyn laſſen, dem ſentimentalen Zeitgeiſt gemäß, Werke, worin der ganze Tiefſinn der bildenden Kunſt des Alterthums ſichtbar iſt, aus Gegenſtänden der Contemplation und Betrachtung zu Gegenſtänden eines ledigen und gedankenloſen Empfindens herabzuziehn.

Das höchste Element des Schönen ist zugleich das höchst Charakteristische, und muß und erfordert ein höheres Nachdenken. Da das höchst Charakteristische mehr nach einer Idee als der Erfahrung hervorgebracht wird: so folgt daraus, daß der Verstand allein, der meist nach Combinationen der Erfahrung geht, so wenig der Hervorbringung des Schönen als des höchst Charakteristischen gewachsen ist. Da ferner das höchste Schöne eine große Mannichfaltigkeit von Begriffen in uns rege macht, [illegible] auf der einen Seite an einem gewissen Gegenstande angeknüpft, und auf der andern vom [illegible] deutlich dann gedacht werden kann: so folgt daraus, daß zwischen dem höchst Charakteristischen, das, wie aus dem obigen erhellt, mit dem Verstande in Verbindung, in die dunkeln Regionen der Phantasie übergeht, und dem höchsten Schönen abermals eine innige Verwandtschaft statt findet! indem das erste, zur Bewirkung eines solchen [illegible], wie das andere in uns erweckt, ich meine den der Contemplation und der Selbstthätigkeit, am tauglichsten ist. Nach der Bestimmung, daß das Schöne unsre Phantasie, in Verbindung mit dem Verstande beschäftigt, und thätig erhält, ist nicht ohne Grund. Nimmt man sie weg, so sinkt uns der [illegible] Imaginationen von der [illegible] — so wie durch das bloße [illegible] der Idealismus sogleich [illegible], ohne das Charakteristische, [illegible] auf uns eindringt. Das [illegible] Verband in der Kunst [illegible], und das Schöne an sich und ohne [illegible] Charakter die Zweck der Kunst seyn kann, ist [illegible] eben bemerkt worden. So setzt sich demnach der Charakter und [illegible] die Grenze, die Linie, wenn er gehört, sieht im Ausdruck die Grenze, [illegible] alsdann das Uebertriebene und Sentimentale von selbst [illegible]. Beispiele von [illegible] Haltung, in Rücksicht des Affects und der Leidenschaft, und außer der schon erwähnten milden Behandlung des Wahnsinns von Orest in der Iphigenie, auch die schon durch Dichtkunst gemilderte Katastrophe [illegible] im Egmont, und die [illegible].

Christian Ferdinand Falkmann

ward am 2. Juli 1782 zu Schötmar im Fürstenthum Lippe geboren, studirte zu Göttingen und wurde dann Instructor der Prinzen zu Lippe, später aber F. L. Rath, Bibliothekar und Lehrer am Gymnasium zu Detmold, wo er noch lebt.

Er schrieb:

- Poetische Versuche. Göttingen, 1816.
- Methodik der Stilübungen für höhere Schulanstalten. Hannover, 1818. N. A. 1823.
- Neues Hülfsbuch der deutschen Stilübungen. Hannover, 1822. N. A. auch unter dem Titel: Practische Rhetorik, u. s. w. Hannover, 1831.
- Stilistisches Elementarbuch. Hannover, 1825. 2. A. 1831.

Seine poetischen Versuche beurkunden eine gebildete Sprache und ein angenehmes doch keineswegs hervorstechendes Talent. Höchst schätzbar sind seine Lehrbücher und in vielfacher Hinsicht sowohl bei dem Schulunterricht, wie für das Selbststudium zu empfehlen, da sie eine leichte, faßliche und zugleich gründliche und genaue Theorie mit trefflichen practischen Hülfsmitteln verbinden.

David Faßmann

ward 1683 zu Wiesenthal im Königreich Sachsen geboren und studirte 1703 zu Altdorf. Da ihn jedoch die ärmlichen Umstände zwangen, sich den nöthigen Unterhalt zu erwerben, so nahm er als Schreiber Dienste in der Kriegs- und Landpflegstube in Nürnberg, machte mehrere durch die damaligen Zeitverhältnisse bedingte Reisen und wurde während der Jahre 1705—[illegible] bei mehreren Gesandten in Geschäften gebraucht. [illegible] 1709 ward er Quartiermeister bei der Chevaux[illegible] des Königs von Polen und blieb hier bis [illegible], wo er den sächsischen Kurprinzen zur Kaiserwahl nach Frankfurt am Main begleitete. Darauf ward er Secretair eines vornehmen Engländers, mit welchem er die Universität Utrecht besuchte und Frankreich, England, Irland und Italien bereiste. Nach dessen Tode begab er sich nach Halle, wo er Unterricht im Englischen und Französischen ertheilte und dann nach Leipzig. — Hier nährte er sich durch Schriftstellerei. Er starb am 14. Juni 1744 in Lichtenstadt an der böhmischen Grenze auf einer Reise nach Carlsbad.

Seine Schriften sind:

- Gespräche im Reiche der Todten. Leipzig, 1718—1740. 16 Bde.
- Der gelehrte Narr. Leipzig, 1729. 4.
- Die [illegible]. Leipzig, 1733 folg. 5 Thle.
- Der reisende Chineser. Leipzig, 1744. 4 Thle.
- Das angenehme Passe-tems. Leipzig, 1734. 6 Thle.
- Leben König August's II. in Polen. Leipzig, 1734.
- Leben König Friedrich Wilhelms I. von Preußen. Leipzig, 1735. 1741. 2 Thle.
- Mehrere Uebersetzungen aus dem Französischen, u. s. w.

Seine Gespräche im Reiche der Todten, welche sich auf damalige Lebens- und Staatsverhältnisse bezogen, wurden zu ihrer Zeit gern gelesen und vielfach nachgeahmt, haben aber uns fast ganz ihren Werth verloren und sind nur für den Literator und literarischen Curiositätensammler von Interesse. — F. war allerdings nicht ohne Witz und Laune, hatte viel erlebt und gesehn und wußte daher über Manches mitzusprechen, artete jedoch zu leicht in Gemeinheit aus und kann eigentlich nur zu den literarischen Abentheurern gezählt werden, welche damals hin und wieder in Deutschland ihr Wesen trieben.

Jacob Friedrich Feddersen

ward am 31. Juli 1736 in Schleswig geboren, erhielt seine erste Bildung auf der hohen Schule seiner Vaterstadt und studirte dann in Jena Theologie. Im Jahre 1760 ernannte ihn der Herzog von Holstein-Augustenburg zu seinem Cabinetsprediger. Doch blieb er in diesem Amte nur bis 1765, wo er Pfarrer der evangelisch lutherischen Gemeinen zu Ballenstädt, Bernburg und Harzgerode und zugleich Hofprediger der damaligen Fürſtin von Anhalt Bernburg ward. Von hier ging er 1769 als dritter Prediger an der Johanneskirche nach Magdeburg, verließ jedoch auch dieſe Stadt bald wieder und folgte 1777 einem Rufe als Domprediger nach Braunſchweig. 1785 ward er daſelbſt Hofprediger der verwittweten Herzogin. 1788 als däniſcher Conſiſtorialrath und Probſt in Altona angeſtellt, ſtarb er früh für ſeine Gemeine dort bereits am 31. December deſſelben Jahres.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Nachrichten von dem Leben und Ende gutgeſinnter Menſchen. Halle, 1778—90. 6 Thle.
Betrachtungen und Gebete über Arndt's wahres Chriſtenthum. Frankfurt, 1780—98. 3 Thle.
Unterhaltungen mit Gott in beſonderen Fällen und Zeiten. N. A. von J. Witſchel, Hannover, 1816.
Leben Jeſu, für Kinder. Halle, 1817.
Bibliſches Leſebuch. Leipzig, 1786.
Beiſpiele der Weisheit und Tugend aus der Geſchichte. Halle, 1777—80.
Chriſtliches Sittenbuch für den Bürger und Landmann. Hamburg, 1783. 3. A. 1790.
Andachten in Leiden und auf dem Sterbebette. Magdeburg, 1772.
Der Andächtige. Sonntagsblatt. Halle, 1773—74. 4 Thle.
Viele einzelne Predigten, Reden, Abhandlungen, u. ſ. w.

Ein wahrhaft frommer Mann, der durch ſeine Bemühungen echte Religioſität und Sittlichkeit, beſonders unter dem Volke zu verbreiten, außerordentlich viel Gutes zu ſeiner Zeit geſtiftet hat. Seine Schriften für Kinder zeichnen ſich vorzüglich durch ſein glückliches Talent, den wichtigen der Jugend angemeſſenen Ton zu treffen, ſo wie ſeine Erbauungsbücher und Predigten durch Herzlichkeit, Einfachheit und Würde höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Maximilian Julius Leopold Herzog von Braunſchweig und Lüneburg *)

— — —

Denn Ihm war das Erbtheil edler Welfen,
Immer reger Trieb, wohlzuthun, zu helfen,
Ihm der Geiſt der Ahnen angeſtammt.
Holde Sanftmuth, ſprach aus Seinen Blicken;
Aber durch die Ausſicht, Menſchen zu beglücken,
Ward Ihm Herz und Auge ſchnell entflammt.
Eſchenburg.

Es iſt ein uralter erklärter, wohlverdienter Ruhm des Braunſchweigiſchen Fürſtenhauſes, daß es ſich durch warme wirkſame Religionsliebe, durch gemeinnützige Wohlthätigkeit, biedermänniſchen Sinn, und wahren Heldenmuth immer vorzüglich ausgezeichnet hat.

Den Geiſt dieſer großen Tugenden hatte auch Leopold geerbt. Sein chriſtliches gutes ſchönes Leben, ſo kurz es auch war, iſt mit den herrlichſten Thatbeweiſen davon angefüllt. Darum verdient es in der Geſchichte edelmüthiger nützlicher verehrungswerther Menſchen eine auszeichnende Bemerkung. Schon aus dem Grunde iſt es meine Pflicht,

den Guten und Lieben

in dieſer Sammlung, als ein Muſter großer und edler Geſinnungen, guter und gemeinnütziger Thaten, meinen Leſern darzuſtellen. Sein Beyſpiel iſt ſo merkwürdig, ſo einzig in ſeiner Art, daß es vorzüglich, alle die nützlichen Wirkungen hervorbringen kann, welche die aufmerkſame Betrachtung guter Beyſpiele ſtets in Gemüthern hervorbringt, die alles was Gott gefällig, recht, tugendhaft, edel und löblich iſt, empfinden, werthſchätzen und mit innerem ſtarken Antrieb nachahmen.

Das Andenken an Ihn — an die großen Grundſätze der Religion und Menſchlichkeit, denen er unverbrüchlich folgte — an die liebevollen Geſinnungen die Ihm ganz eigenthümlich waren — an die Menſchen beglückenden Handlungen, die Er ſo gern, ſo oft übernahm — an die letzte Heldenthat der Menſchenliebe, in welcher Er ſein tugendreiches Leben endigte, iſt nicht nur ſehr unterrichtend, — es iſt auch ſehr rührend und begeiſternd zu chriſtlichen, menſchenfreundlichen edelmüthigen Empfindungen und Thaten.

Aber noch habe ich aus pflichtmäßiger Ehrerbietung und Dankbarkeit gegen Sein großes wohldenkendes Fürſtenhaus, den beſondern Bewegungsgrund — Ihm hier ein kleines Denkmal — mit ſchwacher Hand — aber aus treuem Herzen zu ſetzen.

Es ſtehe unmittelbar dem Gedächtnißmal des Königs Guſtav Adolph zur Seite, weil dieſer unſtreitig Einer von den wichtigen Männern des vergangnen Jahrhunderts war, deren Charakter Er ſchon früh ſchätzte, und liebgewann und immer überaus werth achtete.

Maximilian Julius Leopold *)

wurde ſchon früh durch den Unterricht in der Religion zu guten tugendhaften Geſinnungen geleitet. Er empfing dieſen Unterricht, von einem der erſten chriſtlichen Weiſen, und gründlichſten Religionslehrer — von unſerm Jeruſalem. Der verehrungswürdige Greis giebt Ihm das Zeugniß: „daß ſein Herz für den Unterricht in der Religion und Tugend immer gleich offen und empfindlich geblieben ſey; daß Er ſich durch ſeine anhaltende Aufmerkſamkeit derſelben, richtige Erkenntniſſe und gegründete Ueberzeugungen von der Wahrheit und Wohlthätigkeit der chriſtlichen Religion erworben; daß Er wahres Gefühl derſelben gehabt, und dieſes durch einen gottesfürchtigen Sinn bewieſen habe."

In Seinem ſiebzehnten Jahre legte Er Sein Glaubensbekenntniß mit einer Ueberzeugung und Freudigkeit ab, welche alle Zuhörer erbaute. Mit lebhafteſter Rührung erinnern ſich itzt noch manche Verehrer der Religion daran.

Er iſt nicht gewichen von den Grundſätzen des Chriſtenthums, die Er in der Jugend auch als die Seinigen feierlich erklärt; Er iſt ihnen im reiferen Alter als einer heiligen Regel gefolgt, und treu geblieben, bis Er im Opfertode ſtarb **).

Zeugniſſe wahrheitliebender Männer, wie Seine eignen chriſtlichen Reden, frommen Geſinnungen und Thaten beweiſen es, daß im größeren Geräuſch der Welt, bey allen Gefahren des Chriſtenthums, womit junge Männer, von Seiner Lebhaftigkeit, von Seinem Stande und in Seinem Beruf umringet ſind, tiefe Ehrfurcht vor Gott und Religion Sein Herz beſtändig erwärmt habe.

Er bezeugte es heilig — und Seine Worte waren Zeilen — Er bezeugte zu mehreren Malen, Seinem ſtetſten geliebteſten Lehrer, daß Er von der Wahrheit der chriſtlichen Religion gewiß überzeugt ſey — daß Er ſie für das größte Geſchenk Gottes — für das größte Gut der Menſchheit achte, und daß Er ſie für alles in der Welt nicht hingeben wolle. Einem andern verſicherte Er: Er würde das Chriſtenthum hochſchätzen, wenn es auch nicht ſolche Gründe für ſeine Wahrheit hätte, weil er ſich dabey beſſer befände, als bey den Subtilitäten der Chriſtusverächter.

Er erkannte den Werth der Religion aus dem rechten Geſichtspunkt, und ſuchte ſie zu dem rechten Zwecke zu nutzen.

Er hatte von derſelben die gegründete wahrhafte Vorſtellung: „die Religion muß mich gehorſam gegen Gott, getreu gegen meinen König, aufrichtig, liebreich gegen meinen Nebenmenſchen und ſo viel ich nur immer Vermögen dazu habe, wohlthätig, thätig und treu in meinem Beruf, und in allen meinen Handlungen redlich, gerecht, billig und mäßig machen. Jede Religion die dieſes nicht kann, muß in den Augen Gottes ein Greuel ſeyn, wenn ich auch übrigens, für die ſogenannte Ehre Gottes mein Vermögen, oder auch ſogar mein Leben verſchwendete."

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*) Aus Fedderſen's Nachrichten von dem Leben und Ende gutgeſinnter Menſchen. Halle, 1785.

*) Er wurde am 11. Octob. 1752 zu Wolfenbüttel geboren. Mit Seinem Lehrer dem Herrn Oberſten von Warnſtädt hielt Er ſich ein Jahr in Straßburg auf, und nutzte daſelbſt den Unterricht der geſchickteſten Lehrer in militäriſchen und andern Wiſſenſchaften, die zur Bildung eines Generals nöthig ſind. Mit ihm reiſete er in Leſſings Geſellſchaft nach Italien, beſuchte alle durch Alterthümer, Gelehrſamkeit und Kunſtwerke berühmten Oerter, und nutzte ſie als Kenner. Sein größtes Vergnügen auf Seinen Reiſen war — nach Seinem eignen Geſtändniß — berühmte und gute Menſchen kennen zu lernen. Im Jahre 1776 trat Er in preußiſche Kriegsdienſte, und erhielt als Oberſter das Infanterieregiment, welches den Generalmajor von Düringshofen, und vor demſelben den ehrwürdigen Held — Generalfeldmarſchall Grafen von Schwerin zum Chef gehabt. Im Jahr 1782 wurde Er zum Generalmajor ernannt. Nachdem Sein ganzes Leben nichts als thätige Herzensgüte geweſen war, ſtarb Er am 27. April 1785 in der Oder, als Er Menſchen retten wollte.

**) Das Glaubensbekenntniß Sr. Durchlaucht des Prinzen Leopold von Braunſchweig, hat der Herr Vicepräſident Jeruſalem 1769 herausgegeben, und iſt ſchon oft wieder aufgelegt worden.

Er glaubte — — lernet, o lernet ihr Erzieher, die ihr es noch nicht wißt, die rechte Art, Kinder in der Religion zu unterweiſen, von einem Prinzen! — daß der Jugend ſolche Begriffe von der Religion müßten beygebracht werden, wenn dieſelbe ihren Verſtand aufklären und ihr Herz bilden ſolle. Er gab einem Soldaten mit dem Er ſich über den Unterricht der chriſtlichen und bürgerlichen Tugenden, in Rückſicht gegen den Staat unterredete, von den beſten Hausſchriften Seines Religionsunterrichts, darin die angezeigte Stelle ſteht, ein Exemplar, mit den Worten: Vielleicht können Sie Nutzen damit ſtiften, laſſen Sie Ihr Kind, damit es gut wird, darnach unterrichten!

Er dachte zu aufgeklärt, um nicht jeden Fortſchritt in Licht und Wahrheit gern zu ſehen. Er hörte gern Männer, die verſchiedener Meinungen in Religionsſachen waren, mit einander reden. Er gab der Wahrheit, ſobald Er überzeugt wurde, gern ſo bereitwillig Beyfall, als Er es ſich zur großen Pflicht machte, dabey, als bey der wichtigſten Sache ernſthaft und vorſichtig zu verfahren.

Feſte und ſichere Ueberzeugung hatte Er insbeſondere von der Verſöhnung und Unſterblichkeit. Dieſe, ſagte Er mehrmals*), muß mir nur niemand wegzunehmen, denn die kann ich nicht miſſen.

Er dachte daher auch oft und ernſtlich an die Verſöhnung und Unſterblichkeit. Mit Seinen Vertrauten unterredete Er ſich gern darüber; mit Wärme und mit Feuer ſprach Er davon, gewöhnlich waren Ihm dieſe Gegenſtände ſo lieb, daß kein einziger andrer neben ihnen Seine Aufmerkſamkeit zu verdienen ſchien. Fleißig und ſehr andächtig feyerte Er den öffentlichen Gottesdienſt; mit tiefer Ehrfurcht genoß Er das heilige Abendmahl, und hielt auch ſorgfältig darauf, daß Seine Soldaten den Gottesdienſt nicht verſäumten. Er that dies im Frieden und Kriege. — „Er war den Soldaten des Krieges, die mich beym Vortrag im Felde umgaben, beſtändig ein Muſter der frommen Andacht und Erweckung, und erweckte bey denſelben das ſtille Gefühl und die empfindungsvolleſte Hochachtung für die Religion.**) — — Er hatte ein warmes lebendiges Gefühl für alles, was Gottesdienſt und Religion betrifft. Wir ſahn Ihn in der größten Andacht in der Kirche und am Altare, ſehr oft in den niedrigen Ständen, mitten unter dem großen Haufen, da er ſich dann ohne Unterſchied zu dem erſten beſten geſellte. Abneigung war Ihm in [illegible] der Zeitengeiſt und die Grundſätze, der ſeichte aufgeklärte Religionsverächter war Ihm in einer jeden Rückſicht gleich ſchädlich***)."

Verbeſſerung des öffentlichen Gottesdienſtes lag Ihm ſehr am Herzen. —

„Er wünſchte, über den gottesdienſtlichen Verſammlungen eine zweckmäßigere Einrichtung, und bedauerte die Hinderniſſe, die ſich noch immer dawider entgegen ſtellten. Bey dem Hofprediger, daß die Einführung des neuen Geſangbuches in Frankfurt fand, war Er äußerſt angelegen. Auf Seinen Befehl mußte ſchon ſehr Jahre vorher, eine Sammlung auserleſener Geſänge für die Garniſongemeine veranſtaltet werden. Der Vortrag wußte dem Gottesdienſt mit einem Anſtand der, der ohne gelehrte Form ſeinen Eindruck auf die jungen Männer machte, die ihn dann ſahen****)."

So bemerkt auch ihr, welche viel um Ihn geweſen ſind, daß Er an jedem Morgen und Abend ſehr andächtig gebetet habe; daß Er es nie verſäumt, ſo früh auch Seine Geſchäfte anfingen; ſo ſpät und ermüdet von denſelben Er ſich auch niederlegte. Da Ihm nichts erhabener und heiliger als Religion und Tugend war, ſo beleidigte Er niemals durch das allergeringſte leichtſinnige Wort, die allerſtrengſte Beobachtung der Pflichten. Immer ſprach Er mit der tiefſten Ehrfurcht von Gottes und der Bibel. Eben ſo litt er auch durchaus nicht, daß in Seiner Gegenwart, über die Religion geſpottet wurde.

Als Er zum letztenmal hier in Braunſchweig war, gab Er davon ein lautes öffentliches Zeugniß. Es wurde auf dem Schloßplatz ein Luftball zubereitet, Er half dabey mit der großen Dienſtfertigkeit; unter andern Reden der umſtehenden Zuſchauer, ſagte während dem ein Leichtſinniger: — „Wenn nun der Luftball in die Höhe ſteigt, kann man ſich vorſtellen, wie Elias gen Himmel gefahren iſt.“ —

Leopold wandte ſich gleich, mit edlem Unwillen im Geſicht, nach der Seite hin, wo der ſtand, der den loſen Scherz vorbrachte, und ſagte ihm, wie den Uebrigen über denſelben, in ſehr ernſtem Ton: Kein vernünftiger Mann muß über die Bibel ſpotten und lachen. Einer Seiner ehemaligen Lehrer erzählte mir dieſes voll Freude und rief aus: ach unſer lieber Leopold iſt noch immer der gute Fürſt, der Er allezeit war!

Von Seinem thätigen Eifer, diejenigen, die den Troſt der Religion in Leiden nicht kannten und fühlten, auf denſelben aufmerkſam, und darnach begierig zu machen, hat mein Freund D. A. mir folgendes merkwürdige Beyſpiel mitgetheilt.

„Der Lieutenant G. von dem Herzogl. Braunſchweigiſchen Leibregiment, welchem der Prinz Leopold damals als Obriſter vorſtand, war aus Mangel des hinreichenden Religionsunterrichts in der Jugend und durch Leſung vieler Schriften von Voltaire, Spinoza und de la Mettrie, ein Religionsſpötter geworden. Er fiel in eine tödliche Krankheit. Er hatte große Furcht vor dem Tode und konnte ſich durch ſeine freygeiſteriſchen Meinungen nicht beruhigen. Er klagte mir ſeine Angſt, forderte Troſt, ſchien jeden Strahl der Beruhigung, den ich ihm aus Gründen der Religion darzubieten vermochte, freudig anzunehmen, nur von ſeinem Gewiſſen, der ihm ſtärker dieſe Troſtgründe ſagen konnte, wollte er etwas hören. Der gute Prinz erfuhr den Zuſtand des an Körper und Seele leidenden jungen Mannes, trug es dem Garniſonprediger K. auf, denſelben als Freund zu beſuchen, und ließ den Kranken bitten, ihn als einen ſolchen gern bey ſich anzunehmen. Gerührt von der vortrefflichen Fürſten Fürſorge, nahm er ihn gütig auf, und entdeckte ihm ſeine Zweifel wider die Religion. Herr K. wies ihm deren Ungrund, und überzeugte ihn von Zeit zu Zeit immer mehr von der Wahrheit der chriſtlichen Religion. Er erkannte es ſelbſt mit lebhaftem Vergnügen, daß er zum Beweiſe ſeiner neuen Ueberzeugung das heilige Abendmahl genoß — und nun erwartete er ſein Ende mit chriſtlicher Gelaſſenheit und ruhiger Ergebung in den Willen Gottes.“

Auf ſeinem Sterbebette dankte er dem frommen jungen Fürſten, als dem Retter ſeiner Seele, und erbauete durch ſein Beyſpiel die Umſtehenden. Der gottesfürchtige Leopold, freute ſich über den guten Erfolg Seiner Fürſorge für des Sterbenden Beruhigung, aber aus Demuth wollte Er nicht, daß man Seiner bey dieſem Vorfall erwähnte. Dies wurde befolgt, ſo lange Er lebte. „Aber jetzt noch ferner dieſe im Stillen verrichtete chriſtliche Handlung zu verſchweigen, würde Partheylichkeit heißen, und Verſäumung der öffentlichen Belehrung gegen Seine fromme chriſtliche Geſinnungsart ſeyn, nach welcher Er auch andre durch die Religion ruhig und glücklich zu machen ſuchte, die Sein größtes Gut war.

Grundzüge Seiner religiöſen Denkungsart waren:

Chriſtliche Demuth vor Gott. — „Er legte ein demuthsvolles Bekenntniß in Seine Tugenden, ſagte oft: ich weiß wohl, ich bin noch nicht ganz gut, ich möchte aber gern recht gut werden.

Freudiges Vertrauen zu Gott. Im ſtarken Gefühl deſſelben, wagte Er ſich zur Rettung Nothleidender, mitten in die furchtbarſten Gefahren. Wenn aus treuer Liebe und Beſorgniß, wie unſchätzbar Sein Leben für Tauſende ſey, manche Ihn baten: Sich nicht ſo großer Gefahr auszuſetzen; ſo pflegte Er bald kurz zu antworten, aber wie ein Held der ſich auf Gott verläßt und Gewißheit des Erbarmens hat, antwortete Er: ich vertraue der göttlichen Vorſehung, — ich bin ein Menſch und muß meinen Beyſtand haben!

Seine Religion, war ein thätiges praktiſches Chriſtenthum, denn er übte ſie immer thätig aus — —

Jn Rechtſchaffenheit gegen jedermann.

Von Seiner Jugend an, liebten Ihn Seine Aeltern und Verwandte, Brüder und Lehrer, Unterthanen und Diener, darum weil er ſo rechtſchaffen und aufrichtig war. Im Stande der Großen, ſind manche Verſuchungen zur Verſtellung der Geſichte, und zur Erfindung lieblicher Worte, wo denen das Herz ungleich denkt. Leopold blieb immer ein biedergeſinnter Fürſt, ohne Larve vor dem Geſicht, ohne Falſchheit in Seinen Worten, offen und gerade in Seinem ganzen Betragen. Was Er als wahr, recht und gut erkannte, behauptete Er auch immer freymüthig, und was unrecht und ſtrafbar war, tadelte Er laut und mit Nachdruck.

Frey von Menſchenfurcht und Partheylichkeit, mißbilligte Er die Fehler der Großen mit gleicher Gerechtigkeitsliebe, als Er die Tugenden und Verdienſte der Geringen im Volke ſchätzte und pries.

Jn Berufstreue.

Mit Ernſt und nicht zu ermüdender Thätigkeit, erfüllte Er alle eigentlichen Pflichten Seines Standes, wie jede andre

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*) **) ***) ****) Zeugniſſe des Herrn Conſ. Raths Prozen, und des Herrn Feldpredigers Krüger.

Pflicht des Menſchen, wozu ihm derſelbe Gelegenheit gab. Er hielt auf Ordnung, Pünktlichkeit und Genauigkeit im Kriegsdienſt; aber Er litte auch durchaus nicht, daß der Soldat ohne Noth beläſtigt, und ohne gegründete Urſache hart behandelt wurde.

Auch in Ihm lebte der große Geiſt und edle Muth, der Sein ganzes Geſchlecht unter den erſten Helden dieſes Jahrhunderts in der Geſchichte ſo merkwürdig gemacht hat.

Er hatte, zeugt von Ihm Einer derſelben, gründliche Kriegswiſſenſchaften, und ſtudirte ſie noch immer mit Fleiß; Er zeigte den thätigſten Dienſteifer, Er fühlte Patriotismus fürs Vaterland, und kannte wahre Tapferkeit und Ehre. — Er wäre Einer der brauchbarſten Generale geworden. — Sein hoher Sinn war immer der: — Gott, dem König und Vaterland treu ergeben, bis auf den letzten Blutstropfen! —

In warmer ſtets wirkender Menſchenliebe zeigte Herzog Leopold, Seinen Chriſtusſinn.

In Seiner zarten Kindheit und frühſten Jugend, hatten ſchon alle Seine liebenswürdigen Neigungen und kleinen Handlungen das Gepräge der Gutmüthigkeit. Er fand frühzeitig Vergnügen an Wohlthun und Fürbitte für Hülfsbedürftige. Oft bat Er als Kind Seine Erzieherinn, wenn eine ſtrenge Kälte war, der Schildwache unter Seinem Fenſter etwas geben zu dürfen — „ach den armen Soldaten friert wohl!" — oder wenn Er Alte und Elende ſahe, die vor Kälte zitterten, that Er dieſe Bitte. — Freudig lief Er dahin und gab; — gab oft alles was Er bey ſich hatte. — Er theilte armen Kindern, die nackt, barfuß und jammernd in ſchlechtem Wetter giengen, als Er ſelbſt kaum zehnjährig wurde — Kleidungsſtücke aus Seiner Garderobe. Er ließ, noch ſelbſt ein Jüngling, arme verlaßne Kinder in die Schule gehen, damit du nicht, ſagte Er einem, ſo müßig heranwachſeſt und ein unnützer Menſch werdeſt.

Drey gültige Zeugniſſe, für Seine Gutherzigkeit, die Er im frühen und reifern Alter zeigte, will ich anführen. —

Der verehrungswürdige Abt Jeruſalem, der den Keim, die Blüthe und Früchte derſelben ſahe, ſprach über Seinem Sarge das ſo aus:

Seine einzige herrſchende Leidenſchaft war Menſchenliebe, und dieſe beherrſchte Ihn ſo, daß alle andre Neigungen davon gleichſam verſchlungen wurden; dieſe auszuüben war das einzige Vergnügen was Er kannte, und dieſe immer noch thätiger zu machen, die höchſte Glückſeligkeit, die Er ſich zu denken wußte.

Sein Lehrer, der Herr Hofrath Gärtner — ein ſtrenger Freund der Wahrheit — bezeugte: Sein Charakter war, uneingeſchränkte Menſchenliebe — Er brauchte alle Seine Kenntniſſe, Arme und Unglückliche aufzuſuchen, alle Kräfte und Mittel, ihnen völlig zu helfen, oder doch ihre Noth zu erleichtern. Er häufte gute Thaten auf gute Thaten, und war recht eigentlich darauf bedacht, Sich Schätze im Himmel zu ſammlen. —

Und — wohl allen Kindern! Herrlich iſt ihr Ruhm im Himmel und auf Erden! denen die bey ihrem Tode weinende Mutter, ein ſolches Zeugniß mütterlicher Achtung und Liebe giebt, als Leopold mit ſich ins Grab nahm:

Er hat mich nie betrübt als durch Seinen Tod! Ach Er dachte gut gegen alle Menſchen! Sein Herz war unſchuldig und redlich. —

Seine Thaten reden für die Wahrheit dieſer Zeugniſſe. Seine Thaten beſtätigen es übereinſtimmend, daß aufgeklärte, warme ſtets wirkſame Menſchenliebe, eine Haupttugend Seines Lebens geweſen iſt. Daher kam Sein Wunſch und Streben, alle Menſchen glücklich zu machen, die Er glücklich machen konnte; Gutes zu wirken und Nutzen zu ſtiften, wo Er es möglich fand; daher Seine Menſchlichkeit, mit der Er an den frohen und traurigen Schickſalen Seiner Mitmenſchen Theil nahm; daher Seine helfende Güte, gegen Arme und Nothleidende. Daher auch Sein Grundſatz und Streben, Seine Wohlthaten und Hülfen, gemeinnützig zu machen.

Sein eigentlicher Beruf, der manches für Eindrücke menſchlichen Gefühls offne und weiche Herz dafür verſchließet und härtet, gab Ihm manche neue Gelegenheit und Ermunterung, Seine Herzensgüte thätig zu beweiſen.

Die frühe Zucht des Krieges ſtählte
Seine Bruſt, verhärtete Sie nicht
Dem Gefühl, das immer Ihn beſeelte,
Dem Gefühl der Menſchlichkeit und Pflicht.
Laut verkündigt's Seiner Krieger Zähre:
„Du warſt Pfleger, Freund und Vater unſerm Heere,
Leopold! Ganz unſer! Ganz wir dein!
O wer kann um dich die Sehnſucht lindern?
Wer wird das, was du warſt, uns und unſern Kindern,
Wer ihr Pfleger, Freund — Verſorger ſeyn!"

Für die Wohlfahrt Seines ganzen Regiments ſorgte Er unabläßig. — Er that es mit einer Geſchäftigkeit, Heiterkeit, und mancher Aufopferung, die allen Befehlshabern im Kriegsſtande zum Muſter zu empfehlen iſt.

Vorzüglich ließ Er ſich die Verſorgung der Invaliden deſſelben, mit einer außerordentlichen Wärme und Betriebſamkeit angelegen ſeyn. Zu ihrem Beſten unterhielt Er einen ſehr ausgebreiteten Briefwechſel. Es konnte kaum eine Stelle für ſie ledig werden: ſo erfuhr Er es ſchon, und dann bemühte Er ſich unermüdet, ihnen dieſelbe zu verſchaffen. Erhielt einer eine Kaſſenbedienung, und konnte die erforderliche Sicherheit nicht beſtellen: ſo machte der Herzog die Bürgſchaft für denſelben, oder lieh und ſchenkte ihm oft die Summe dazu.

Vielen andern gab Er zu dem königlichen Gnadengehalt noch monatliche Zulage.

So hat Er auf viele Art manchem braven Vertheidiger des Vaterlandes, dem ein großer Theil von dem Tage ſeines Lebens in blutigen Schlachten und ſauren Feldzügen vergangen war — den, empfangne Wunden, geſchwächte Geſundheit, und das im treu ausgeharrten Dienſt erlangte Alter, dazu nicht länger fähig machten, einen ruhigen heitern Abend verſchafft. Der Kranken in Seinem Regiment, nahm Er ſich mit einer väterlichen Sorgfalt an. Er beſuchte nicht nur Seine Soldaten ſelbſt in ihrer Krankheit, ſondern auch die Kranken in ihrer Familie. Oft hat Er, wenn Sie oder die Ihrigen, außer dem Arzt des Regiments, ſich noch einen andern wünſchten, denſelben für ſie angenommen, ihn belohnt, und die Arzeneyen bezahlt. —

Auch die Kranken des Herzoglich Braunſchweigiſchen Leibregiments, deſſen Commandeur Er ehemals war, behielt Er immer im liebreichen Andenken. Als Er in preußiſche Dienſte ging, ſchrieb Er dem Arzt deſſelben*) „Iſt Ihnen mein Andenken lieb: ſo will ich es Ihnen beſonders dadurch empfehlen, daß Sie ferner fortfahren, für die armen Kranken, des bisher von mir commandirten Regiments, als ihr Arzt zu ſorgen."

Sobald der Herzog zum Regiment gekommen, beſorgte Er für die jüngern Officiere und Junkers Lehrſtunden, in der Orthographie, Geſchichte, Geographie, Mathematik und franzöſiſchen Sprache. Sie zum Fleiß bey dieſem Unterrichte zu ermuntern, war Er ſelbſt dabey zugegen, und damit ſich keiner ſchämen möchte, gut und richtig ſchreiben zu lernen, ſetzte Er ſich mitten unter ſie, ſchrieb alles mit, was ihnen vom Lehrer dictirt ward, und war der Erſte, der demſelben ſein Papier zur Korrectur vorlegte. Dieß hatte nun die vortrefflichſte Wirkung auf Betriebſamkeit, und Zeitanwendung dieſer jungen Krieger, und war ein herrlicher Anblick. —

„Ich muß geſtehen, daß mich allemal eine tiefe Ehrfurcht durchdrang, wenn ich den mit allen Arten von Kenntniſſen bereicherten Herzog — mitten unter den jungen Leuten, ſitzen und arbeiten ſah, um ihrem falſchen Ehrgeiz eine beſſere Richtung zu geben"**).

Dieſer Unterricht dauerte bis zum Feldzug im Jahr 1778. Er äußerte von Zeit zu Zeit, daß Er denſelben wieder veranſtalten wolle; aber unbekannte Hinderniſſe hielten Ihn noch von der Ausführung ab.

Indeſſen hatte Er ſchon einen berühmten Gelehrten ermuntert, eine Schrift zur Bildung des Geſchmacks auszuarbeiten, um darüber im Winter den Officiers und den Junkern Vorleſungen zu halten. Er war Willens die Daktyliothek und ſämmtliche Paſten von Lippert aus Dresden zu dieſem Behuf zu kaufen.

Eben ſo hatte Er den menſchenfreundlichen Entſchluß gefaßt, ein Verſorgungshaus zu ſtiften, darin der Soldaten Wittwen und Kinder, um ſie zugleich zu ernähren und nützlich zu beſchäftigen, ſtets Arbeit für guten Lohn finden ſollten. Erſt war Er willens, eine Wittwenkaſſe für die armen Hinterlaßnen der verſtorbnen Soldaten zu errichten, aber nachdem Er in einer Zuſammenkunft mit den Vorſtehern der Armenanſtalten ſich darüber berathſchlagt: ſo wurde Er überzeugt, daß durch ein ſolches Verſorgungshaus, mehreren Perſonen, und auf eine gemeinnützigere Art geholfen werden könne.

Als Er im vorigen Jahre, Braunſchweig zum letztenmal mit Seiner Gegenwart erfreute, erkundigte Er ſich aufs ſorgfältigſte nach unſern wirklich muſtermäßigen Armenanſtalten, und beſonders nach den größern und kleineren Einrichtungen des Arbeitshauſes; Er ſchrieb die erhaltenen Nachrichten auf, „um in Frankfurt, ſo viel als möglich, den nützlichſten Gebrauch davon zu machen."

Das unvergeßliche Denkmal der fruchtbarſten Wohlthätig-

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*) Dem Herrn Hofmedicus du Roi.
**) H. C. R. Protzen.

keit gegen Sein Regiment — wir können kaum gegen die Menſchheit — iſt — die zweckmäßige Schulanſtalt, die Er geſtiftet hat.

Wie rühmvoll für Herzogs Leopold Verſtand und Herz! — wie erklärt wäre! — und wie würdig daher, von allen Männern Seines Standes beherzigt und mit allen Kräften befolgt zu werden, iſt folgende Bemerkung von Ihm! —

„Eine Nationalarmee, ſo wie die ſiegende Schwediſche, der Leipzig und Lützen, welche mit Religion, Liebe für ihren König, Vaterland und [illegible] verband, dieſe zog Er allen andern vor. Von ihr erwartete Er mehr entſcheidende Thaten, wenn ſie auch, gleich den Truppen der [illegible] und [illegible], geringe an Anzahl wäre, als von den fürchterlichſten Armeen. Dieſe Tugenden ſollte der Unterricht hervorbringen. Die Kinder der Ausländer, welche ſie ins Land brachten, erhielten gleichen Unterricht, und ſo wurden ſie den Landeskindern an Tugenden gegen das Vaterland vollkommen ähnlich. Hiermit erhielt in künftigen Zeiten ein Nationalregiment, das aus Pflicht und Beruf ſein Leben dem Vaterland als freiwilliges Opfer darbrächte."

„Ähnliche Regimentsſchulen hatte Guſtav Adolph von Schweden, und ſie folgten ſogar der Armee im Kriege nach*)."

Aus ſolchen richtigen edelmüthigen Grundſätzen, half Er dann auch ſo bald Er nach Frankfurt kam, den weſentlichen Mängeln der Garniſonſchule ab.

Statt der alten dumpfen ſehr engen Schulwohnung, die kaum dreißig Kinder faſſen konnte, ließ Er ein ganz neues, ſchönes zweckmäßig eingerichtetes — geräumiges Schulhaus auf Seine Koſten bauen. Zugleich ließ Er darin eine bequeme Wohnung für zween Lehrer einrichten, und neben demſelben einen recht artigen kleinen Garten anlegen. Dieſer Bau koſtete Ihm über viertauſend Thaler.

Er beſtellte einen neuen Lehrer bey dieſer Schule, und ſorgte für deſſen recht anſtändigen Gehalt. Die Compagnie-Chefs gaben demſelben monatlich zwölf Thaler, ermuntert durch Ihres Durchlauchten Beyſpiel, der ihm acht Thaler gab, auch immer alle nöthigen Bücher und Schreibmaterialien ſchenkte.

Das Schulhaus wurde den 26. Jenner 1778 öffentlich eingeweiht. [illegible] fünfhundert Soldatenkinder, die vorher ohne allen Unterricht geweſen waren, erhielten denſelben nun gänzlich frey. Die immer wachſende Anzahl der Schüler — denn auch andre Arme durften ihre Kinder in die Schule ſchicken — machte einen zweyten Lehrer nothwendig. Er beſtellte ihn an der [illegible] Anfang deſſelben, und gab ihm eben ſowohl, freye Wohnung, vier Thaler monatlich, und einige andre Vortheile.

Er ſorgte bey der Stiftung dieſer Schulanſtalt für die beſte Einrichtung des Unterrichts in derſelben. Er hatte ſelbſt viel Schriften über die Erziehung geleſen, am meiſten gefiel Ihm die Methode des edlen Rochow, und er wählte dieſelbe. — Welche Wahl!

Er ſandte Seinen damaligen Feldprediger, den Herrn C. F. [illegible] nach Rekahn, um ſich mit den dortigen Anſtalten näher bekannt zu machen. Er reiſte ſelbſt nach Rekahn, nahm alles in Augenſchein, forſchte jedem kleinen Umſtand von der vortreflichen Rochowſchen Lehrart nach, ließ ſich von allen Punkten derſelben unterrichten, und führte alles für Seine Regimentsſchule Zweckmäßige und Anwendbare darin ein.

Mit welcher Emſigkeit, ſagt jemand, der bey dieſem Schulbeſuch zugegen war, mit unausgeſetzter Sorgfalt, kann kein eigentlicher Erzieher und Schulmann alles bemerken, und erforſchen, als dieſer menſchliche Fürſt that.

Es iſt gewiß auch die [illegible] und Wärme, mit welcher Er den [illegible] Fortgang Seiner Erziehungsanſtalt zu befördern ſuchte, ein großes — ein ſchönes Muſter für alle, deren eigentlicher Beruf es iſt, für die gemeinnützigſte Beförderung des Schulweſens zu ſorgen. Er wählte und brauchte die rechten Mittel dazu. —

1) Von Seinem Schulplan war Sein Hauptzweck — das größte Glück der Menſchheit — die Bildung des Verſtandes und Herzens, durch Religion, Tugend und nützliche Kenntniſſe.

2) Er gab dem Lehrer alle Ermunterung und Freudigkeit zu ſeinem mühſamen Geſchäfte. Er bezeigte ihm bey jeder Gelegenheit, daß Er ſeine Rechtſchaffenheit, Thätigkeit und Geſchicklichkeit erkenne, und ihn darum ſehr werthſchätze; Er begegnete ihm immer mit aller Freundlichkeit. Noch am Morgen des Ausmarſches in den Krieg wegen der Baieriſchen Erbfolge, beſuchte Er ihn, und ſprach ihm, da er betrübt war, den Muth zu: Es iſt zwar ſehr leicht möglich, daß ich nicht wiederkomme, und in meinem Beruf ſterbe, ich habe aber Verfügungen getroffen, daß Sie drey Jahre Unterhalt haben, und binnen dieſer Zeit wird Gott ſchon für Sie ſorgen.

Bald nach der Zurückkunft aus dem Feldzuge, ging Er zu ihm, und beſchenkte ihn, mit den liebreichen Worten: Sagen Sie mir, ob Sie mit der Zulage, und ihrem ordentlichen Gehalt auskommen können, ich weiß, in einer Wirthſchaft wie die ihrige gehört viel, ſonſt will ich ihnen noch mehr zulegen. — — und nachher: —

Mein lieber [illegible], ich weiß, daß Sie bey ihrer [illegible] Arbeit ihre Kräfte zuſetzen müſſen, aber ich will auf ihre unvermögenden Tage für ihren anſtändigen Unterhalt, auch nach ihrem Tode für ihre Frau und Kinder ſorgen.

Als der Herzog ihm den Garten neben der Schule anlegen ließ: —

Es iſt doch einige Aufheiterung nach ihrem täglichen ſauern Kampf, wenn ſie hier herumgehen, und die Natur betrachten können.

Auch dadurch gab Er ihm die größte Aufmunterung, daß Er:

3) die Schulkinder zum Fleiß und Gehorſam ermunterte. Er that dieſes auf manche Weiſe. Er bekümmerte ſich ſorgfältig um ihr Zunehmen in Kenntniſſen und guten Sitten. Er beſuchte die Schule oft und unvermuthet, war [illegible] bey den öffentlichen Prüfungen der Kinder mit Seinem [illegible] gegenwärtig, fragte die Kinder ſelbſt, und theilte zur Ermunterung ihres Fleißes, den Guten und Fleißigen, nützliche Bücher und kleine Denkmünzen.

Auch ermahnte Er ſie ſelbſt, liebreich und väterlich, zum Fleiß und zur guten Aufführung. Er kannte jedes Kind, nannte es mit Namen, und [illegible] ihnen die [illegible]. — Ein ſtarkes Ermunterungsmittel für Schulkinder, wenn Fürſten, bey öffentlichen Prüfungen, ſie bey Namen nennen, und ſich liebreich gegen ſie bezeigen, ſie gewinnen Zutrauen und Liebe zu dem Manne, der es ihnen zeigt, daß er auf ſie merke und ihnen gut ſey.

Wenn Er durch Sachkenner, die die Schule beſuchten, rühmliche Zeugniſſe, von der Treue des geſchickten Lehrers, und von dem Fleiß der Zöglinge erhielt, o wie freute Er ſich dann!

Als am ſechſten Jenner 1783, bey einer öffentlichen Prüfung, der gute Fortgang dieſer Schulanſtalt, recht ſichtbar geworden war, ſchrieb Er gleich an dieſem Tage einen Brief an einen Seiner alten geliebten Lehrer in Braunſchweig, voll [illegible] Zeugniſſe, wie eine wichtige Angelegenheit dieſelbe Seinem Herzen ſey — welche große Belohnung Er in der guten Frucht ſeiner [illegible] und mühſamen Arbeit fand.

„Ich muß Ihnen von einer Freude, die ich heute gehabt habe, Nachricht geben, weil Sie gewiß daran Antheil nehmen. — — Meine Regimentsſchule hat ſie mir verurſacht, die ich vor fünf Jahren eingerichtet habe. Ich hatte viele [illegible] Hinderniſſe der Stiftung derſelben zu überwinden. Der vornehmſte Widerſpruch war dieſer: die Kinder würden zu klug, und daher untauglich zu ihrer künftigen Beſtimmung, Soldaten zu werden. — Da ich das Werk angefangen und durchgeſetzt hatte: ſo war es für mich eine unbeſchreibliche Freude, mit meinen Ohren zu hören, daß eine große Menge Kinder einen gründlichen Unterricht in der Religion gehabt, — geläufig leſen, ſchreiben und rechnen konnten, die erſten Gründe der Geographie wußten. — Welche Vorwürfe hätte ich mir machen müſſen, wenn dieſe Kinder durch meine Nachläßigkeit in ihrer Unwiſſenheit geblieben wären!" —

Welche Vorwürfe hätte ich mir machen müſſen x. Köſtliche Worte! [illegible] Schonung! In der Moral der Fürſten, Obrigkeiten und Herrſchaften, müßten ſie gleich auf der erſten Seite, mit großen Buchſtaben geſchrieben ſtehen.

Er hatte in Seiner Denkungsart die Eigenthümlichkeit, welche den Mann von Weisheit ganz eigentlich bezeichnet: — thätige Güte des Herzens, und aufrichtiges Wohlwollen gegen alle Menſchen: — und nach dieſem Grundtrieb ſeiner Handlungen, ſtrebte Er Gottes Stelle auf Erden, durch Gutes wirken und Nutzen ſtiften, ſo viel er nur konnte, zu vertreten, — Seine Gutthätigkeit ſo gemeinnützig zu machen als es Ihm nur möglich war.

„Er gab am liebſten Geld zu ſolchen Abſichten die ins Allgemeine gehen, Er hatte für jede Art der Noth ein weiches gefühlvolles Herz, und gerührt zu werden, und zu Hülfe zu eilen, war bey Ihm gemeiniglich Eins. Jeder hatte bey Ihm freyen Zutritt — Er ſprach mit jedem, und hörte die kleinſten Umſtände der Klagen mit bewunderungswürdiger [illegible] an. Den meiſten, die Seine Hülfe ſuchten, half Er. Viele denen Er nicht helfen konnte, wurden getröſtet, durch die liebreiche Art mit der Er zu ihnen ſprach."

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*) H. Fr. Hauſens hiſtoriſche Denkſchrift. S. 25 f.

Tauſende in Braunſchweig und Frankfurt, aus allen Ständen, ſind deß Zeugen, daß Er zur chriſtlichen Dienſtfertigkeit, Thathülfe, Empfehlung und Fürſprache bereit geweſen iſt.

Auch außer dem groſſen Wirkungskreis Seiner Schulanſtalten, war Er thätig, gute Erziehungen zu befördern. Er unterſtützte manche fähige Jünglinge, die ſich den Wiſſenſchaften und ſchönen Künſten gewidmet hatten, auf Schulen, Akademien und Reiſen. Er ließ viele arme verwaiſete Kinder, auf Seine Koſten Handwerke lernen, und zu guten brauchbaren Menſchen erziehen. Einſt fand Er in Frankfurt zwey Kinder die ganz verlaſſen umherirrten und bettelten. Er nahm ſich ihrer an und ſchickte ſie an die Braunſchweigiſchen Armenanſtalten. Bey ihrer Abreiſe ging Er Morgens um fünf Uhr bey einer rauhen Witterung ſelbſt zum Fuhrmann, um zu ſehen, ob ſie auch gut vor dem Wetter verwahrt wären. Als er dieß nicht fand, zog Er Seinen eignen Ueberrock aus, wickelte ſie in denſelben, ſahe ſie erſt abfahren und ging dann im Regen ohne Ueberrock nach Hauſe.

Bey Seiner letzten Anweſenheit in Braunſchweig, ging Er ſelbſt aufs Waiſenhaus, ließ die Kinder, deren Namen Er genau behalten hatte, rufen, erkundigte ſich nach ihrem Betragen, und ermahnte ſie fleißig zu ſeyn, und ſich in allen Stücken gut aufzuführen, dann wolle Er weiter für ſie ſorgen.

Des Herzog Leopolds allgemeines Wohlwollen gegen alle Menſchen zeigte ſich vorzüglich wirkſam: in Barmherzigkeit gegen Arme und Nothleidende.

Die feſtgeſetzten Allmoſengelder, welche Er in Frankfurt an beſtimmte Arme monatlich austheilen ließ, betrugen nach der Verſicherung deſſen, der ſie ausgetheilt, 240 Thaler, und alſo jährlich faſt dreytauſend Thaler. Außerdem haben hier in Braunſchweig und an andern Oertern, viele Nothleidende, Wohlthaten von Ihm empfangen, auch gab Er gern durchreiſenden Dürftigen; ſo daß gewiß der gröſſere Theil ſeiner Einnahme zu Werken der Liebe angewandt worden iſt.

Um ſich von dem Elende der Leidenden deſto näher zu überzeugen, und daſſelbe deſto gewiſſer völlig zu heben oder doch erleichtern zu können: ſo erforſchte Er es ſelbſt. Er beſuchte die Unglücklichen in ihrer Hütte, ging ſelbſt an ihr armſeliges Krankenlager, und veranſtaltete für ſie dann mit vielem Eifer, nach ihren Umſtänden und Bedürfniſſen, zweckmäßige Hülfsmittel und erforderliche Pflege.

„Wie oft ging Er nicht auf Böden und Kammern viele Treppen hinauf, um Elende und Kranke, deren Noth Er erfahren hatte, aufzuſuchen, nie zufrieden, als bis ihnen geholfen war; — wovon ich mehrmalen, da Er mich als Arzt zur Hülfe aufforderte, das Glück gehabt habe, Augenzeuge zu ſeyn *).“

Einſt taufte Herr Propſt, am Abend drey Kinder, von denen eine Arme auf der Durchwanderung nach Schleſien begriffene Soldatenfrau entbunden wurde. Als er am folgenden Morgen, die Kranke beſuchte, erfuhr er von ihr, daß ein Officier da geweſen ſey, und ihr verſprochen habe für die Pflege und Erhaltung ihrer Kinder zu ſorgen, — dieß war der Herzog geweſen.

An einem andern Abend, geht der Gute bey einem Hauſe vorüber, hört ein ängſtliches Stöhnen — geht herein, erfährt, daß eine verlaßne Arme, mit den empfindlichſten Schmerzen auf ihrem Strohlager ringt. Gleich geht Er zum Arzt, der ſchon ſchläft, und bittet ihn, aufzuſtehen, und der Leidenden Kranken zu Hülfe zu kommen. — An dem Tage als man den Leichnam des Herzogs wiedergefunden, begegnete der Pr. H. in Frankfurt, der Wittwe Peters, einer neunzigjährigen blinden Frau. Auf deſſen Frage wohin ſie ſich leiten laſſen wolle, antwortete ſie: „zu dem Herzog.“ — „Aber was will ſie denn da, ſie kann Ihn ja nicht ſehen!“ — „Kann ich Ihn nicht ſehen: ſo will ich Ihm doch noch die Hand küſſen. — Ach Gott fuhr ſie fort, und helle Thränen ſtürzten ihr dabei aus den Augen, nun iſt mein Vater todt! Er brachte mir ſelbſt, alle Wochen zwey Gulden.

Oft that Er dieſes — daß Er den Nothleidenden ſelbſt das Geſchenk brachte.

Auf einem Spazierritt, ſah Er eine alte arme Frau, mit einem Bündel Holz, das ſie ſich zuſammengeleſen, auf dem Rücken, in einem moraſtigen Wege beinahe hinſinken. Er ſteigt vom Pferde, wadet durch den Moraſt zu ihr hin, hilft ihr auf, bringt ſie auf den trocknen Weg, und giebt ihr freundlich die Erinnerung: „ein andermal Mütterchen nehmt euch beſſer in Acht!“

Reich war auch Sein Leben, an den Tugenden, die die Früchte unumſchränkter thätigſter Herzensgüte ſind. Er begegnete einem jeden, auch denen die weit unter Ihm waren, mit Höflichkeit, Herablaſſung und Leutſeligkeit. Mit den ärmſten und geringſten Leuten ſprach Er freundlich.

Wie richtig getroffen iſt der Zug in Seinem Bilde! — *) „Erinnert euch nur an die freundliche liebevolle Miene, die auf Seinem menſchenfreundlichen Geſicht wohnte; die der ſo ſichtbare Abdruck Seines Herzens war, die Er jedermann entgegen trug, und die ſich ſo tief in die Züge Seines Geſichts eingegraben hatte, daß ſelbſt der alles entſtellende Tod ſie nicht verwiſchen konnte! Erinnert euch an die herablaſſende Güte, mit der Er jedem zuvorkam, um ihm Offenheit und Vertrauen einzuflößen, und den Abſtand zu mildern, der ſich zwiſchen Ihm und uns befand; an die eifrige Bereitwilligkeit, mit der Er jedem und auch dem Geringſten gefällig zu werden und ihm Freude zu machen ſtrebte!“

Seinem guten Herzen war es nicht möglich, mit Vorſatz einem Menſchen eine mißvergnügte Stunde zu machen. Er hatte viele Lebhaftigkeit und Gabe des Witzes, aber nie mißbrauchte Er dieſelbe zum kleinſten Spott über Seinen Nebenmenſchen.

Eine edeldenkende Fürſtinn, gab Ihm unter Thränen, die Sie bei der Nachricht Seines Todes vergoß, das laute Zeugniß —, das ich ſelbſt mit anhörte: —

„Ach der gute Prinz! Nie habe ich aus Seinem Munde ein Wort zum Schaden und bittern Tadel andrer Leute gehört, das meiſte, was ich von Ihm gehört habe, war, daß Er andre vertheidigte, alles zum Beſten kehrte, und für Leute, die Hülfe nöthig hatten, bat und ſprach.“

Selig und würdigſt geprieſen iſt der Mann, dem dieß Lob in die Gruft nachſchallt! —

Bei Seinem lebhaften Gefühl der Menſchlichkeit, empfand Er immer lebhafte Mitfreude über alles Glück und Gute, das Er bei andern erkannte, und das andre gewirket hatten.

Er ſelbſt kannte kein gröſſres Vergnügen, als Wohlthun und Helfen. Er empfand dieß Vergnügen immer aufs neue, ſo oft Er eine That der Menſchenliebe verrichtete. Hatte Er bei der Ausführung derſelben mit manchen Hinderniſſen kämpfen müſſen, dieſe aber durch Seine unerſchütterte Feſtigkeit, und Beharrlichkeit in der Ausführung eines angefangnen guten Vorhabens — (ein altes Tugendeigenthum des braunſchweigiſchen Hauſes) überwunden, wie innig froh und aufgeheitert war Er dann!

Daß Er das gröſte Vergnügen darin ſuchte — Wohlthäter und Helfer der leidenden Menſchheit zu ſeyn, beweiſet Sein eignes ſtarkes Zeugniß davon, daß Er Seinem theuren Jeruſalem gab, der auch in Seine Seele ſchon früh Grundſätze und Empfindungen aufgeklärter warmer Menſchenliebe prägte.

„O was iſt es für eine Freude helfen und dienen zu können! Könnte ich es nur noch mehr thun, als ich thue: ſo wäre meine Freude noch gröſſer! die gröſte Freude, die ich mir denken kann, iſt die, einem Menſchen das Leben retten; ach wollte mir Gott doch noch einmal in meinem Leben, dieſe Freude ſchenken!“

Iſt dieß nicht ganz die Sprache eines Edlen, der Geiſtesſtärke und Heldenmuth in ſeinen gutthätigen Beſtrebungen für die Menſchheit offenbart?

Stärke der Menſchenliebe, zeigte Leopold; da Er, um deſto mehrere glücklich zu machen und öfterer Menſchenelend zu erleichtern, Seine eignen Ausgaben einſchränkte — ſich manche Bequemlichkeiten und Vergnügungen des Lebens verſagte: — Er lebte nicht fürſtlich, um wohlthätig ſeyn zu können.

Kraft und Ausdauern Seiner Güte war es, daß Er feſt in Seinen menſchenfreundlichen Entſchließungen blieb, wenn ſich denſelben Hinderniſſe widerſetzten, und nicht ruhete, bis Er ſie ausgeführt hatte.

Gewiß ſehr ſelten, und darum deſto preiswürdiger, iſt eine ſolche Anſtrengung aller Kräfte, ein ſolcher beſtändiger, raſtloſer nie zu ermüdender Eifer, der Menſchheit Dienſte zu leiſten, als man bei Ihm fand.

Heroismus der Menſchenliebe war es, daß Er den furchtbarſten Gefahren beherzt entgegen ging, wenn Menſchenrettung und Beſchützung ihrer Wohlfahrt es erforderten.

In allgemeinen Nöthen der Stadt Frankfurt, war Er der Erſte und Thätigſte der zu helfen ſuchte. Bei mancher Feuersbrunſt brachte Sein großer und edler Eifer, ſelbſt zur Rettung zu wirken, Ihn oft in augenſcheinliche Lebensgefahr; und noch wenige Monate vor Seinem Rettertode, hatte Er ſich bey einem Brande ſo weit gewagt, daß Er nur mit vieler Mühe gerettet werden konnte. Das war damals, als man Ihn bat, in Zukunft Seines unſchätzbaren Lebens doch mehr zu ſchonen; der heldenmüthige Menſchenfreund aber und

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*) Zeugniß des Herrn Prof. Meier.

*) Aus H. Pr. Löfflers Gedächtnißpredigt. S. 19.

wortete: Ich vertraue der göttlichen Vorſehung, ich bin ein Menſch und muß meinen Brüdern helfen.

Durch Seine wachſame Sorgfalt, durch Seine trefflichen Rettungsanſtalten, durch Sein aufmunterndes Beyſpiel, Zureden und Bitten, mit Ihm zu helfen, wurde manches Feuer gleich gedämpft, das der Blitz anzündete, oder das Unglück wurde doch nicht ſo groß, als es hätte werden können. Und bey jedem Brande, wie emſig ſorgte Er dafür — wie genau ſahe Er ſelbſt allenthalben umher, daß nicht von dem geretteten Hab und Gut der Unglücklichen geſtohlen würde!

Bey der Waſſerflut im Jahr 1780, verdanken es die Frankfurter, gleich nächſt Gott, Seinem unermüdeten Eifer, daß die Vorſtadt nicht überſchwemmt wurde. Er war die ganze Nacht auf dem Damm der durchbrechen wollte, und arbeitete gemeinſchaftlich mit Seinen Soldaten, den Durchbruch zu verhindern. —

Nicht um von Menſchen geſehen und geprieſen zu werden that Er ſo viel Gutes. Er hatte einen wirklich demüthigen Sinn. Am liebſten [illegible] Er Wohlthaten in der Stille. Man ſahe Ihm immer eine Verlegenheit an, wenn Ihm jemand für empfangene Wohlthaten dankte, und das Gefühl der Beſcheidenheit ſprach in der [illegible] Schamröthe Seines Geſichtes, wenn Er Sein Lob hörte.

Daß Er nicht aus eitler Ruhmſucht, oder um Aufſehen zu machen, große und gute Handlungen verrichtete, dieß zeigte Er auch, als man über die Thüre, des auf Seine Koſten erbauten Schulhauſes die Aufſchrift geſetzt — Leopoldiſche Garniſonſchule. — Er befahl, daß ſie wieder weggenommen werden mußte, und ließ das Haus mit dem einzigen Worte — Garniſonſchule — bezeichnen.

Er überließ ſich keiner ſtrafbaren herrſchenden Leidenſchaft, ſondern lebte beſtändig in weiſer Mäßigkeit und Strenge gegen ſich ſelbſt.

Gegen Seine Aeltern empfand Er die zärtlichſte kindliche Liebe. — Seinen Erziehern und Lehrern bewies Er unveränderte Dankbarkeit. Mit einigen derſelben unterhielt Er ununterbrochen, einen vertraulichen Briefwechſel; und immer ſprach Er von ihnen mit Werthſchätzung und Freude. Alle die das Glück gehabt, Seine Freunde zu ſeyn, werden bis ſie Ihn einſt wieder ſehen, mit Wehmuth, ſich der ſüßen vertraulichen und beſtändigen Freundſchaft erinnern, die Er wider die Hofſitte vieler Großen, gegen ſie ausübte.

Wenn er nach Braunſchweig kam, beſuchte Er liebreich alle Seine alten Bekannten; und diejenigen, welche Ihm in Seiner Kindheit und Jugend Dienſte geleiſtet — waren Sie auch ſehr weit unter Ihm — ließ Er zu ſich kommen, oder ging ſelbſt zu ihnen, und unterredete ſich mit ihnen ſehr leutſelig.

Für Seine Bedienten ſorgte Er wie ein Vater — Er gab Ihnen ein beſtändiges gutes Beyſpiel: Er antwortete einem Manne der Ihm ſeine Verehrung wegen Seiner guten Geſinnungsart, aufrichtig bezeugte:

„Ich darf nicht anders thun — es wäre für mich gedoppelt unrecht, denn ich habe ſo gute redliche Leute um mich, ich würde ſie betrüben oder verſchlimmern."

Angelegentlich bekümmerte Er ſich um die Verſorgung derſelben nach Seinem Tode.

Angelegentlich bat Er oft die Seinen um dieſe Wohlthat —

Bereitwillig iſt die Fürbitte des guten Herrn erfüllt worden.

Als Weltbürger ſchätzte Er den Mann von Tugend und Verdienſt, ohne Anſehen des Standes, der Perſon und Religionsparthey. Gern redete Er von guten Menſchen, und wurde oft [illegible] vom Wohlgefallen und Vergnügen an ihren edlen Handlungen. —

Wahr iſt das Lob:

„Wo ſahe Er Edelmuth, ſelbſt im ſchlechten Gewand und Kittel, den Er nicht ehrte."

„Den, welchen Er treu gegen Gott und König, fleißig in ſeinem Beruf, ohne alle Nebenabſichten, Wahrheit liebend und liebreich gegen andre fand, würdigte Er vorzüglich Seines Beyfalls."

Er liebte die Wiſſenſchaften, ſtrebte immer nach neuen Kenntniſſen, hatte Achtung für gelehrte Männer, unterhielt Sich gern mit ihnen — [illegible] die Profeſſoren in Frankfurt [illegible] und beſuchte dieſelben. Große Verdienſte erwarb Er ſich um die Akademie und Er hat den Wiſſenſchaften auch dadurch manchen wahren Dienſt erwieſen, daß Er viele arme [illegible] junge Leute mit Geld und Empfehlungen unterſtützte, [illegible].

[illegible] vor Seinem Tode, ſchrieb Er noch zum Beſten eines armen Jünglings an den Prof. [illegible] einen Brief, daraus folgende Stelle bekannt gemacht zu werden verdient. — — — „Der Ueberbringer iſt völlig von Geld entblößt, hat keine Ausſichten, ſein Glück zu machen, aber iſt fromm und tugendhaft. Gehen Sie ihm mit Rath und That an die Hand, damit er ſeinen Endzweck erreiche; und ſagen Sie mir, ſo wie es nur Ihre vielen Geſchäfte erlauben, wie ich helfen ſoll. Gott wird Sie dafür ſegnen; und Sie helfen durch Ihren Rath keinem Unwürdigen, keinem Undankbaren*)."

Herzogs Leopold

glorreicher Tod.

Sein ganzes Leben war die würdigſte Zubereitung zum Tode, denn Sein Herz war von Ehrfurcht für die Religion erwärmt und in Seinen Handlungen folgte Er ihren Anweiſungen, chriſtlich und gut, rechtſchaffen und menſchenfreundlich zu ſeyn. Er beſchäftigte ſich oft, mit ganz eigentlichen Gedanken an den Tod und die Ewigkeit. In Braunſchweig ſagte jemand zu Ihm: Seine Schulanſtalten machten Ihm viele Koſten und Mühe, Er antwortete:

Ach dieſe übernehme ich gerne! denn wir Menſchen müſſen uns beſtändig zum Tode bereiten, und die allerbeſte Zubereitung iſt, wenn wir beſtändig Gutes zu wirken bemüht ſind! — Herrliche Worte! Fromme Geſinnungen! Das iſt ja ganz genau Chriſtus Sinn und Ausſpruch. Joh. 9, 4.

Als auch hier eine würdige Chriſtinn bey einem Geſpräch, darin Er ganz Sein gutes Herz zeigte, Ihm ſagte: Er wäre noch jung, und würde noch viel Nützliches zu Stande bringen — erwiederte Er:

Ach Theure, ich kann aber auch jung ſterben. Mein Stand iſt voll Gefahren. Ich denke täglich an den Tod, mitten unter den Zerſtreuungen und Vergnügungen des Lebens denke ich daran.

Kurze Zeit vor Seinem Tode, ſchrieb Er in einem Briefe an Seinen Herrn Bruder, den Herzog Friedrich unter andern großen Gedanken eines chriſtlichen Helden, auch dieſen:

— „Sollte es nicht zum Kriege kommen, ſo lange ich lebe: ſo werde ich dieſe Zeit um deſto mehr anwenden, mich zur großen Reiſe nach jener Welt gefaßt zu machen."

Am Tage vor Seinem Tode, war noch Seine letzte Unterhaltung bey der Tafel, von der Unſterblichkeit und dem Zuſtande der Seele nach dem Tode, davon Er ſo oft und ſo gern ſprach.

Am Morgen Seines Todestages zeigte Er wider Seine ſonſt gewöhnliche Lebhaftigkeit, eine außerordentliche Ruhe des Geiſtes. Es befremdete dieß Seine Bedienten, da die Gefahr der Waſſerfluth ſich immer vergrößerte und viele Einwohner der Vorſtadt ſchon in hoher Noth waren. Als einer derſelben deswegen ſagte: „ſo ruhig habe ich Ew. Durchlaucht noch nie geſehen," antwortete Er: dieß iſt gut, man muß oft ruhig ſeyn. Vorzüglich muß man bedachtſam ſeyn und alles wohl überlegen, wenn Gefahr da iſt." Daß Er nach Seinen Worten auch hier gehandelt, daß Er die Gefahr, welche der Stadt drohete, bedacht, alle dabey zu bemerkenden Umſtände wohl überlegt, die wirkſamſten Rettungsmittel gewählt, und Verfügung getroffen, daß ſie an dem Orte, wo ſie am nöthigſten waren, ſollten gebraucht werden, — dieß beweiſt der Brief, den der auf Menſchenwohl immer Sinnende, an den Herrn Oberſten von Frankenberg, kurz vor Seinem Hingang zum Rettertode geſchrieben, und den man auf Seinem Schreibepult fand. Es iſt durchaus in demſelben, die Sprache einer ruhigen Seele; mit reifer Ueberlegung iſt darin Befehl gegeben, wie die Soldaten, welche an dem Ort wo die Waſſerflut am gefährlichſten, wohnten, ihre Sachen ſchleunig retten, und dann helfen ſollten, den Damm zu ſchützen.

Dieſe beſondre ruhige Gemüthsverfaſſung an Seinem letzten Morgen, giebt eine große Aufklärung über den Grund, Antrieb und das [illegible], darum Er Sich in Todesgefahr wagte. Wahrlich nicht aus raſcher Unbedachtſamkeit. Seine Seele war gerade auf das Gegentheil geſtimmt. Auch waren ſchon einige Leute ſicher über den ausgetretenen Strom gekommen, und Er befahl den Schiffern, gerade deren Weg zu nehmen. Er brauchte alſo alle bedachtſame Vorſicht, und durch edle Bewegungsgründe wurde Er zu dem Entſchluß und wirklichen Unternehmen, das Ihm Sein Leben koſtete, angefeuert. — —

„Drang Seines großen und guten Herzens, das ſo ganz von mitleidigem Gefühl durchfloß, ſtarkes Vertrauen auf Gott, das Er immer in Gefahr empfand, und gewiſſe Erwartung, durch Sein vorleuchtendes Beyſpiel, Mehrere zu bewegen, brachten Ihn zu dem Entſchluß, den Nothleidenden mit Beiſeiteſetzung aller eignen beſorglichen Gefahren zu Hülfe zu eilen.“ — Immer ſtärker wurde Sein Mitleidsgefühl: ſo wie mit der Flut die Noth der Unglücklichen ſtieg. Länger widerſtehen konnte Er demſelben nicht, als eine Mutter vor Ihm niederfiel, und Ihn händeringend anflehte, Er möge Ihre Kinder retten laſſen. — Nun Er, wie ein Held, der ſich aus den Armen ſeiner weinenden Familie, die ihn nicht, von ſich laſſen will, losreißt, und zu Siegesthaten hineilt, aus dem Kreiſe Seiner ſich um Ihn drängenden und zitternden Getreuen hinweggeeilt, zum Ufer hin; immer noch flehen ſie Ihn, Sich nicht in die Gefahr zu begeben, aber Er antwortet: Was bin ich mehr, wie ihr? Ich bin ein Menſch wie ihr, und hier kommt es auf Menſchenrettung! — Nach dieſen Worten, — die werth ſind, mit goldnen Buchſtaben in den Zimmern aller Großen zur beſtändigen Erinnerung angeſchrieben zu ſtehen, ſteigt Er in den Nachen — und will empfinden, die Freude — die Er ſich immer als die größte aller Freuden gedacht, und von Gott als eine Wohlthat erflehet hatte — will Menſchen vom Tode retten. Entſchloſſen und herzhaft wagt ſich der Menſchenretter in die tiefen Flut — grüßt zuletzt noch heiter und freundlich, die am Ufer Ihm zitternd nachſehen — —

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*) Gedächtnißſchrift. S. 25.

— — Gott! Heiliges Dunkel verbirgt uns itzt noch deine weiſen Rathſchlüſſe — in Seinem menſchenfreundlichen Heldengeſchäfte — ſinkt Er in die Tiefe — und ſtirbt in dem Augenblick des Sinkens. — — — —

* * *

Leopold

ſtirbt im Sinn und Vorſatz, im wirklichen edelmüthigen Beſtreben, Retter unglücklicher Menſchen zu werden. — Er ſtirbt aus mächtigem untilgbarem Gefühl des Mitleidens. — —

Er ſtirbt nach unſers Heilandes Jeſu Lehre und Beiſpiel, den Rettertod.

Sein Leben hatte Er gewidmet dem Nutzen der Menſchheit, Sein Leben läßt Er im Dienſte der Menſchheit.

Die große Handlung womit Er Sein tugendreiches Leben im wahren Chriſtusſinn und Chriſtusgeſchäfte ſo rühmlich beſchloß, bringt Ihm gewiß ewige Würde und ſeligſte Belohnung, dort, wo der höchſte Richter das Scherflein der gutthätigen Wittwe, und den Trunk kaltes Waſſer, womit der menſchenfreundliche Arme den verſchmachteten Wanderer erquickte, reichlich vergilt.

Ein jeder, deſſen Herz verſteht, was wahre Größe, und fühlt, was liebenswürdige Tugend iſt — wird in Ihm den großen und guten Mann verehren.

Seine Todesart giebt Ihm in der Geſchichte der Menſchheit, einen ſo preiswürdigen nutzbaren und unſterblichen Ruhm, als Er ſich nicht darin erworben hätte, wenn Er im Getümmel einer blutigen Schlacht auf dem Siegesfeld geblieben wäre. — —

Die großen Empfindungen der Wehmuth, die lauten Klagen des Schmerzes, die bedauernden Stimmen der Liebe und Ehrerbietung, die Sein Verluſt allgemein verurſacht — die mit dem deutſchen Biedermann, alle Edle in andern Nationen fühlen und erheben, — — ſind ein merkwürdiger Beitrag zu dem Beweiſe, daß Gottes Regierung noch immer das allgemeine Gefühl für das Gute und Edle unter ſeinen Menſchen, fortdauern und fortwirken läßt. Ein ſchätzbarer Beitrag dazu, iſt das wetteifernde Bemühen, nicht nur der öffentlichen Sprecher für das Beſte der Menſchheit, ſondern auch vieler Tauſende, die im Stillen darüber arbeiten, Leopolds Andenken den Nachkommen ehrwürdig zu erhalten und wichtig zu machen.

Vielleicht richten auch wohl einige Wenige, über Leopolds letzte That, ſtrenge oder empfinden ihren Werth nicht. Leſer, der du wäreſt von dieſen Wenigen — der du verkennen könnteſt, des Edelmüthigen menſchenfreundliche Abſicht — —

Gott bewahre mich vor deinen Grundſätzen, und laſſe mein Herz nie ſo unempfindlich für eine große und gute That werden!

Die Hauptquelle dieſer Characteriſtik ſind —

Ungedruckte Briefe und ſichre Nachrichten.
Die Aufſätze in der berliniſchen Monatsſchrift, von Hr. C. R. Proßen und Hr. Feldprediger Krüger.
Max. Julius Leopold, eine hiſtoriſche Denkſchrift von Hauſen.
Herzog Leopold der Menſchenfreund, von Frem.

Barthold Feind,

der Sohn eines Schullehrers zu Hamburg, ward daſelbſt im Jahr 1678 geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Rechtsgelehrſamkeit, und erhielt nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn, das Diplom eines Licentiaten d. R. Nachdem er Italien und Frankreich bereiſt, practicirte er eine Zeit lang als Advocat in Hamburg, trat dann in ſchwediſche Dienſte und ſtarb 1721 als Staatsgefangener (weil er gegen Dänemark geſchrieben hatte) zu Rendsburg.

Er gab heraus:

Deutſche Gedichte. Erſter Theil. (Mehr erſchien nicht.) Stade, 1708.
Das Lob der Geldſucht. Aus dem Holländiſchen. Hamburg, 1704. 8. Cöln, 1709.
Das verwirrte Haus Jakob u. ſ. w. Hamburg, 1704. 4. Naumburg, 1708. 4.
Der heldenmüthige Monarch von Schweden, Karl XII. Stade, 1707. 4.
Römiſches Aprilfeſt u. ſ. w. Hamburg, 1716. 4.
Carneval der Liebe. Hamburg, 1702. 4.
Character eines großen Regenten. Hamburg, 1711. 4.
Echo und Serenata an dem Luis und Genthumiſchen Vermählungsfeſte. Hamburg, 1714. 4.

Ein treffendes Urtheil über Barthold Feind, einen Nachfolger der zweiten ſchleſiſchen Schule, fällt Franz Horn („Poeſie und Beredſamkeit der Deutſchen,“ Th. II, S. 112) mit folgenden Worten: „dieſer Schriftſteller, der, wo möglich, die Lohenſtein'ſche Art und Kunſt noch zu ſteigern verſuchte, gehörte zu den ſeltſamſten Erſcheinungen in unſerer Literatur, obgleich er nur ſehr wenig gekannt iſt. Bei einer nicht gemeinen Anlage zum Studium der Philoſophie und der ſteten Hinneigung zu einer oft ſich ſelbſt misverſtehenden Myſtik, ſcheint ſich zuletzt noch ein mit jenen Beſtrebungen ſchwer zu vereinigender unglückſelig verworrener Enthuſiasmus für die Politik ſeiner bemächtigt zu haben, der bei der Ohnmacht, in der er ſich befand, ſeinen Träumen Realität zu geben — eine Art von Wahnſinn in ihm erzeugen mochte, von dem ſich einige leiſe Spuren in ſeinen Gedichten antreffen laſſen.“ — Uebrigens war er durchaus nicht ohne Talent für didactiſche Poeſie und wußte die Sprache mit Kraft und Gewandtheit zu beherrſchen, doch ließ er ſich überall zu ſehr vom Phantaſtiſchen in dem damaligen ſchlechten Geſchmack hinreißen und behandelte aus Mangel an Tact, oft die wunderlichſten Dinge, mit großer Selbſtgefälligkeit. Mehr als eine literäriſche Kurioſität, als um ihres Werthes willen, theilen wir hier eine Abhandlung über die Oper und zwei Hochzeitsgedichte von ihm, mit.

Gedanken von der Opera.*)

Niemand darff mich eben für einen Miſantrope ausruffen, wenn ich ſage: daß eine Opera, Drama per Musica, oder Muſicaliſches Schauſpiel, ein unnatürliches Ding und prächtige Gauckelei ſey, worinnen die Poeſie mit der Muſic, ſo wol Singe- als Spielkunſt, in der höchſten Vortrefflichkeit pflegt angetroffen zu werden. Ein jeder wird leichtlich abnehmen, daß allhier von guten Opern, ſo wol was die Muſic und Poeſie, als das Theatrum, die Acteurs und die Verwandlungen betrifft, die Rede ſey. Jedwede Nation hat hierinnen vor den andern den Vorzug, die Italiäniſche vor den Frantzöſiſchen, die Frantzöſiſche vor den Italiäniſchen, die Teutſche vor den Frantzöſiſchen hinwiederum, aber nicht vor den Italiäniſchen, und die Frantzöſiſche vor den Teutſchen. Die Frantzöſiſche **Folie** übertrifft alle andre in unnatürlichen Dingen. Die Italiäniſche Thorheit in natürlichen, und die Teutſche Bauchſery in Einfalt: ſo daß jene nicht den Horizont der Thorheiten überſteigen, und auf den höchſten Gipfel klimmen; dieſe aber, aus Schwachheit, ſo weit nicht kommen, weil ſie keine ſolche **beaux esprits** haben. Die Frantzoſen haben jedoch die Unterhaltung zu hoffen, daß ſie von den Italiänern und Teutſchen zu ihrer **pompeuſen** Schwachheit verführet und geleitet worden: Denn alle ihre Opern ſind viel jünger, als die Italiäniſche und Teutſche, welches aus dem **Privilegio**, ſo der ietzige König der **Academie de Musiciens**, wie ſich das Pariſiſche Opern-**Collegium** nennet, ertheilet, ſattſam in der Anführung erhellen würde, wenn es nicht eine bekandte Sache. Vor 1671 iſt, meines Wiſſens, keine **Opera** jemals in Franckreich aufgeführet worden, ſeitdem man nunmehr der 80 **Pieces** bey nahe zehlet, alle von verdammten Göttern, Griechiſchen Fabeln, tapffern Amadis-Rittern, Balletten oder andern ſelbſt **inventirten** Sachen, zu Ehre ihres Monarchen, und meiſt lauter der kläglichſten **Tragedies**, worinnen ſie ſehr glücklich, wie die beſten Scribenten treffen. Die **Verto** ihrer **Virtuoſen**, ſo viel ich derſelben geſehen und gehöret, iſt ſo mittelmäßig, daß man kaum einen Unterſchied unter dem ordinairen, natürlichen und künſtlichen Geſang vernehmen kan. So ſehr different ſind ſie von den Italiänern, und (anietzo wenigen) Teutſchen, bey welchen die Kunſt höher geſtiegen, und zwar ſo hoch, daß ſie faſt ohne Vergleich. Es iſt auch eine lautere **Pasquinade**, wenn man ſagt: **Dolet Italus, Hispanus flet, Germanus boat, Flander ululat, solus Gallus cantat**, womit ſich die müßigen Mönche divertiren. Der weiſe **St. Evremont**, ſo unpartheyiſch dieſen auch ſeine **Raisonnemens** dünken möchten, kan ſich, meinem Urtheil nach, ſo ſehr der **Affection** gegen ſeine Landesleute nicht entäuſſern, daß man nicht etwas menſchliches aus ſeiner Meinung zu ſchlieſſen Urſache hätte, wenn er ſeiner Nation allein die rechte Manier der Singekunſt in dieſen Worten zuſchreibt: **Pour la maniere de chanter, que nous appelons en France** Execution, welches die groſſe Vollkommenheit, **je croy sans partialité, qu' aucune Nation ne sçauroit raisonnablement la disputer à la nostre.** Die angenehme und künſtliche Italiäniſche tadelt er auf folgende Art: **Les Italiens ont l' expression fausse, ou du moins outrée, pour ne connoistre pas avec justesse la nature, ou le degré des passions; c'est eclater de rire, plûtôt que de chanter, lors qu'ils expriment quelque sentiment de joye; S'il veulent soûpirer, on entend des sanglots qui se forment dans la gorge avec violence, non par des soûpirs qui échapent secretement à la passion d' un coeur amoureux; d' une reflexion douloureuse, ils font les plus fortes exclamations; les larmes de l' absence sont des pleurs de Funerailles: le triste devient si lugubre dans leurs bouches, qu'ils font des cris au lieu de plaintes dans la douleur; et quelquefois ils expriment la langueur de la passion, comme une defaillance de la nature.** Von den Engelländern ſagt er: **J'ay veu des Comedies en Angleterre où il y avoit beaucoup de Musique; mais pour en parler plus discretement, il m'est impossible, je n'ay pû m' accoustumer au chant des Anglois.** Vernünfftige und erfahrne Muſici mögen hier den Ausſpruch geben, da **Evremont** wider den gemeinen **Gout** und **Approbation** faſt des gantzen Europa von den Italiänern redet, und die Frantzoſen allein zu Sänger macht. Je ſeltner uns der Begriff eines Dinges fürkommt, je eher ſtimmen wir ſolchem, zumahl wenn es eine Kunſt, bey; Und dieſes, wenn man es erräht, möchte wol die fürnehmſte Urſache ſeyn, warum viele einen **Gout** an der Frantzöſiſchen **Vocal-Music** finden, indem die Italiäniſche ihnen, weil ſie künſtlicher, zu ſchwer. Ich habe von vielen verſtändigen Leuten die Opern beurtheilen, wo nicht gar verwerffen, doch wenigſtens ſcharff tadeln hören, weil man alles abſinget. **St. Evremont** in ſeinem **Discours sur les Opera** ſagt p. 268. **Tom. 2: Il y a une autre chose dans les Opera tellement contre la nature, que mon imagination en est blessée, c'est de faire chanter toute la Piece depuis le commencement jusqu' à la fin, comme si les personnes qu'on represente, s' estoient ridiculement ajustées à traiter en Musique, et les plus communes, et les plus importantes affaires de leur vie. Peut on s' imaginer qu' un Maître appelle son Valet, ou qu'il luy donne une commission en chantant, qu' un amy fasse en chantant une confidence à son amy, qu' on delibere en chantant dans un conseil, qu'on exprime avec du chant les ordres qu'on donne, et que melodieusement on tue les hommes à coups d' épée, et de javelots dans un combat:** Mich däucht, ein Knabe, wenn er zum erſtenmahl eine **Opera** ſiehet und höret, fället gleich ein ſolches Urtheil, wenn man ihn, wie alle Zuſchauer, zu überreden trachten würde, daß ſolches wahr, und der Poet durch ſeine **Acteurs** ſolches für etwas gantz natürliches ausgeben wollte, was eine **Fiction** ſeyn ſoll. Die Wahrheit wird in den Schauſpielen durch **Fictiones** vorgeſtellt, denn ſonſt müſſen es keine Verſe ſeyn, die man redet und abſinget. Man ahmet nur der Natur einiger maſſen nach, und wer was gantz natürliches ſehen will, dem giebt der groſſe Schauplatz der Welt täglich neue **Praesentationes**, nicht aber der kleine, in Opern und Comedien. Ein Schauſpiel iſt, ſo zu ſagen, nur ein Schattenſpiel, allwo man zwar etwas ſiehet, aber kein Fleiſch und Bein berühret, und wenn man bey hellem Tage einige hundert Lichter anbrennet, und der Zuſchauer im Finſtern in die **Opera** tritt, wer will ihn überreden, daß die **Acteurs** verlangen, er ſolle glauben, daß es Nacht ſey, da noch die Sonne übern Horizont ſtehet? **Statuen, Fontainen, Cascaden etc.** ſind und bleiben deshalb etwas Natürliches, ob ſie gleich kein Geiſt beſeelet, und die Natur dahin verordnet; dennoch hört man nicht, daß die Einbildung, ſo wir davon haben, mit verkleinert werde. Das **Recitativ**, von allerhand Sorten, ſo in den Opern abgeſungen wird, iſt von den ordinairen Melodien der Arien, Lieder und Geſänge ſehr weit abgeſondert. Wenn etwas gefraget, erzehlet, anbefohlen oder abgeleſen wird, ſo hat ein jedes in der Muſic ſeine eigene Regel, Ton und Harmonie. Ein **Semicolon, Punctum, Signum interrogandi, Exclamationis, Colon** und **Comma** hat ſeine Weiſe und **Cadence**, die, wie Feuer und Waſſer, differiren, und wenn ein **Acteur** einen Brief ſingend ablieſet in einer, von einem **exquisiten Musico** verfertigen, **Opera**, wie von Reinhard Keiſern, ſo wird man faſt ein **tertium quid** unter Singen und Sprechen bemercken, welches man vom gantzen Recitativ ſagen muß; es ſey denn, daß man daſſelbe die gantze **Opera** durch, ſo ſtarck als die **Arien accompagnirte**, wie im Haage ſolche ſeltſame Gewohnheit im Schwange gehet, die nicht anders als verdrießlich ſeyn kan, weil man kein **Changement** hat, und faſt durch das **continuirliche** durcheinander Schwermen der Inſtrumenten betäubt wird. Ich weis wohl, daß man zuweilen ein **Recitativ Arioso** oder **obligato** ſetzet; Allein, es muß ſolcher entweder auch **al Arioso** von dem Poeten componiret ſeyn, wie in dem **Antiochus** und **Stratonica Act. 1. Sc. 3**, oder ein ſonderlicher Affect ausgedruckt ſeyn, als eine Raſerey, zitterndes Gewiſſen ꝛc. Ich glaube auch nicht, daß ein vernünfftiger Menſch leicht in Abrede ſeyn werde, daß man nicht im Singen einer Rede zehnmahl mehr Nachdruck geben könne, als in der Declamation und ſimplen Sprache. Denn was iſt wohl das Singen anders, als die Erhebung der Rede und Stimme mit der höchſten Krafft und Nachdruck? Eine erhöhete Rede aber bleibt darum doch eine Rede, ob ſie gleich in einem andern Thon recitirt wird, und gar nicht etwas unnatürliches. Ich geſtehe willig, daß es offt einen etwas albernen Nachdruck habe, wenn man keinen Unterſcheid in den **Expressionen** unter Erzehlungen, Ableſungen, Fragen, Antwort ꝛc. machet, wie die Anfänger und Idioten in der Muſic ihrer Singſpiele, die nicht einmahl recht wiſſen, was das Wort **Opera** in ſeinem wahren Verſtande ſagen will. Allein, wie ſolches der Kunſt der Virtuoſen unnachtheilig; alſo benimmt die Unwiſſenheit der Kunſt nichts, und man darff nicht ſagen, daß ſie unnatürlich ſey. Wenn man in der Poeſie der Muſicaliſchen Schauſpiele die Könige, Käyſer und Käyſerinnen von einem Wichten duzen läſt, und nach der wahren Eigenſchafft der Poetiſchen Schreib-Art keinen Unterſcheid unter Du, Er, Ihr und Sie macht, es rede ein Printz zu ſeinem Bedienten, oder ein Printz zum andern, ſo duzen zwar **in vita civili** die Fürſten ſich nicht; aber es iſt darum üblich in der Poeſie, vornehmlich in Schauſpielen, und nicht unnatürlich. So unterredet man ſich auch nicht im gemeinen Leben **carmine**, und kein Herr befiehlet ſeinem Knechte die Schuhe zu putzen in Verſen, dennoch habe ich in dieſem Stücke keinen ſich ſonderlich über die Opern beſchweren hören. Solte man aber Opern in Proſa machen, ſo blieben ſie keine Opern mehr. Denn eine **Opera** iſt ein aus vielen Unterredungen beſtehendes Gedicht, ſo in die Muſic geſetzet, als welche der Verſe wegen allhier gebraucht wird, nicht aber umgekehret, weil der Poet den **Musicum** zu allerhand **Inventionen** veranlaſſet, und der **Musicus** dem Poeten folgen muß. **Il y en** ſagt **Mr. B.** in den **Remarques Critiques, Morales et Historiques p. m 36. qui pretendent détruire l' Opera, en disant qu'il n'est pas naturel de s' entretenir en rimant? Je trouve même que le premier est plus naturel que le dernier. Les enfans chantent en leur maniere, dès le Berceau, et aussi tôt qu' ils commencent à parler, mais nous ne les entendons pas parler en faisant des vers:** welches letztere aber auch keinen Stich hält; denn die Kinder reden offt ſo wol, als alte Leute, unwiſſend und von Natur Verſe, auch manchesmahl Reime. Ich weis auch nicht, ob **S. Evremont** ſich nicht einiger maſſen contradicire, wenn er **c. l. p. 271.** ſagt: **Je conseillerois de reprendre le goust de belles Comedies, où l' on pourroit introduire des danses, de la Musique, qui ne nuiroient en rien à la representation: on y chanteroit un Prologue avec des accompagnemens agreables; dans les Intermedes le chant animeroit des paroles qui seroient comme l' esprit** de ce que l'on auroit representé; la representation finie, on viendroit à chanter une Epilogue, ou quelques reflexion sur les grandes beautes de l'ouvrage, etc. etc. Denn wenn man das Vor- und Nachſpiel abſingen darff, ohne etwas unnatürliches zu begehen, warüm denn nicht das gantze Schauſpiel? In dem Prologue und Epilogue kommen ja eben ſolche Unterredungen vor, als in der Opera ſelber, und man theilt darinnen ſo wol Befehle aus, als man ſich wegen einer unvermuhteten Ankunfft erdichteter Gottheiten beſpricht, davon alle Prologuen vor den Frantzöſiſchen Opern Exempel abgeben. Ob aber St. Evremont andre Inventiones darinnen würde angebracht haben, davon hätte gerne eine Probe geſehen. Solche Meinung, daß alles nemlich ſingend zu recitiren, unnatürlich ſeyn ſoll, zieht auch mehr Folgerungen nach ſich, für deren Application die Päbſtliche Clerisey, ſeine Glaubensgenoſſen, ihm übel würde verbunden geweſen ſeyn, wenn er ſolche hätte dürffen mercken laſſen. Denn wie viel Gebehter, und wie viel Redensarten, die faſt unümgänglich ſolten declamiret werden, hört man nicht abſingen? Es iſt ſolches eine, von uhralten Zeiten her übliche, Gewonheit, die eben ſo wenig unnatürliches inferiret, und ich möchte wol wiſſen, ob St. Evremont an gewiſſen Feſttagen ſeiner Kirche der Schüler abite fratres nach vollendetem Gottesdienſt, inſonderheit bey den Jeſuiten in Brabant, am Donnerſtage vor dem 1 Advent, auſſer ſeinen Reflexions über die Opera, abſingen hören können? Von den alten Barden und Druiden iſt bekandt, daß ſie alle Heroiſche Thaten ihrer berühmten Generalen und Helden in Verſen abgefaſſet, und ſolche öffentlich bey der Taffel abgeſungen. Daß der gröſſeſte und vollkommenſte Poet der Welt, der blinde Homerus, auf dergleichen Art durch ſeine Gedichte ſein Brodt ſich erworben, weis ich nicht, ob es eine Pasquinade, oder ein warhafftes Vorgeben. Ich ſolte vielmehr davor halten, daß es eine, nicht eben abgeſchmackte, Invention von ſeinen Feinden, Neidern, oder der Poeſie Unkündigen, und alle Ubelwollenden ſey. Insgemein ſuchen die Unverſtändige ſich über die Wiſſenſchafften und derſelben Erfahrungen zu mocquiren, und muſte ich mich, wenn es wahr, nicht ſo ſehr über die Gedult der Zuhörer verwundern, als daß Homerus ziemlich lange hätten aushalten können. Dieſes weis ich aber wohl, daß Aristoteles von den Scythen erzehlet: daß Agathyrsis ihnen ſeine Geſetze in Verſen gegeben, wie Tacitus von den Geſchichten und Annalibus der alten Teutſchen vermeldet, wovon denn auch der ſeelige Herr von Lohenſtein in ſeinem Arminio viel Exempel einflieſſen laſſen.

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*) Aus: Barth. Feind's deutſchen Gedichten.

Aber es wird nicht nöhtig ſeyn, in einer unnützen Critique ſich länger auffzuhalten. Man hat weit gröſſere Mängel bey den Opern, ſo wol in Anſehung der Sujets, der Acteurs, und der Poeſie, als des Theatri, und deſſen Einrichtung und Verwandlungen. Ein für allemahl wird es von der vernünfftigen Welt des approbiret, Bibliſche Geſchichte auf dem Theatro zu bringen, und heilige Sachen auf dem Schauplatz der höchſten und prächtigſten Eitelkeiten zu profaniren. Man wird es mir nicht abſtreiten können, daß, nach dem Zuſtande und Beſchaffenheit itziger Zeiten, in welchen die Chriſtliche Sitten von den alten ſo ſehr different, viele herrliche Geſchichte aus der Bibel und die vollkommenſte Materie zu den Schauſpielen an die Hand geben könnten, üm die Heydniſche Götterfratzen wegzuſchaffen, und ſolche mit Einführung der Engel, oder, wie es der ſeelige Herr Lic. Poſtell in Hamburg im Gebrauch hatte, mit Schutzgeiſtern zu ergäntzen. Allein man erwehle auch nur ein indifferentes Sujet, ſo wird ſich doch ein Chriſtliches Gemüht daran ärgern, oder entweder eine einfältige Meinung davon haben, oder gar in ſeinem Glauben und Gewiſſen ſehr indifferent ſeyn, wenn er die faiblesses der heroum Scripturae auf dem Theatro ohne Eckel ſo deutlich ſiehet. Man möchte muhtmaſſen, als ſuchte ich einigen Leuten, die aus keiner übeln Abſicht dergleichen Stücke zu Schauſpielen erwehlet, Tort zu thun, und ihre, bey der Welt erworbene, und wohlverdiente Reputation zu verkleinern. Allein, üm dieſes Argwohns mich zu befreyen, gründe mich auf das vernünfftige Urtheil und Beyfall des Evremonts, deſſen Gedancken folgender maſſen Tom. 3. ſeiner Oeuvres melées p. 67. entworffen ſind: Le Theatre perd tout son agrément dans la representation des choses saintes, et les choses saintes perdent beaucoup de la religieuse opinion qu'on leur doit, quand on les represente sur le Theatre. Wiewohl er führet mehr Gründe an, und ſagt, daß die Paſſagen mit dem rohten Meer, Simſons Eſels-Kinnbacken, Joſuä Gebohte wegen Stillſtehung der Sonnen ꝛc. ꝛc. auf dem Theatro nicht würden für wahr gehalten werden, und vermeinet daher, daß, wenn man erſtlich auf dem Theatro daran zu zweifeln anfienge, auch nachmahls in dergleichen Casibus leicht ihre Wahrheit in der Bibel würde im Zweifel gezogen werden: welche letztere Raison mir aber nicht allerdings ſuffiſant fürkömmt. Die Italiäner halten ſich mehrentheils, aus Liebe zu ihrem Vaterlande, mit Römiſchen und Griechiſchen Sujets auf, welcher Genie ſie auch fürtrefflich auszuführen wiſſen, wie der unvergleichliche Noris erwieſen. Die Frantzoſen aber mit faſt lauter Ovidianiſchen Fabeln, und von ſelbſt, zur Ehre ihres groſſen Ludwigs, inventirten Sachen, bey welchen letztern ſie insgemein mehr auf die Individua der tantzenden Perſonen, zumahl wenn es fürnehme Herrn, und derſelben Qualité reflectiren, als auf die Materie und Character deſſen, ſo die Acteurs vorſtellen ſollen: Nicht zu gedencken der unerhörten Schmeicheleyen und Allegorien, zumahl, wenn ſie von den Thaten ihres Monarchen prahlen, wovon Limn. in Not. Regn. Fr. l. 1. c. 3. in fin. p. 35. und Schardius T. 2. Hist. Germ. p. 841. nachzuleſen, noch beſſer aber alle ihre Balets, Prologuen, Panegyrici etc. als die deutlichſte und unümſtößlichſte Exempel. Ob auch gleich die Frantzoſen glücklicher in Ausführung und Execution erdachter Inventionen ſind, als in der Selbſterfindung, ſo muß man ihnen doch auch ein glückliches Naturell in Ausſinnung und Anordnung der [illegible] zuſchreiben. Damit aber wird nicht geſagt, daß die Italiäner ihnen darinnen weichen, eben ſo wenig, als es ihnen die Teutſche gleich thun, von welchen letztern ich kein Exempel, auſſer ein eintziges von dem ſeligen Lic. Poſtell, geſehen, welches anzuführen würdig. Wolte ich dem Leſer einen Eckel machen, ſo müſte ein Dutzend ſolcher Gattung aus Weiſſenfels holen müſſen. In Hamburg iſt man gantz degoutiret für die Heydniſche Götterfabeln, und wüſte ich kein eintziges Exempel von dieſer Sorte, welches wol reuſſiret: Wiewohl ich der ſichern Meynung bin, daß daſelbſt kaum 20 anzutreffen, die die Delicateſſe einer Opera, oder derſelben Vertu und Beſchaffenheit, aus dem Grunde inne haben, und aus dieſer ſo geringen Zahl iſt offt keiner zugegen. In Venedig und Paris hat man deſto ſtrengere Auffmercker, welche die Poeten animiret, üm deſto mehr, da einer 400 Rthlr. Species, und in Londen manchesmahl bey 800 Rthlr. vor der Composition zu erwarten hat, ja wol gar offt 200 Guineen, über 2000 Marck Hamburger ſchwerer Müntze, indem das andre oder dritte mahl vor dem Poeten geſpielet, und in ſolchem casu der Preis der Entrée verdoppelt wird. Man nehme nun ein Sujet her, wo man wolle, ſo müſſen doch allemahl die Caracteres der auffzuführenden Perſonen mit ihren Gemühtsbeſchaffenheiten für andern unterſchieden, und genau in Obacht genommen werden. Zum Exempel: Wenn man einen groſſen König und den weiſeſten Regenten von der Welt praeſentiret, hat man ſich allerdings in acht zu nehmen, daß er nicht alles glaube, was ihm ein vorſetzlicher Bothe fürbringe, und darnach ein Urtheil fälle: Dergleichen Exempel, weil ſie noch nicht alt, mir ſo gar ſchwer nicht beyzubringen fallen würden, ſo ferne ich dazu Luſt hätte. Ein Philoſophus, Ehrsüchtiger, Verliebter, Verzweifelnder, Raſender, [illegible], Eiferſüchtiger, Zweifelmühtiger, ꝛc. muß nach ſeiner Gemühtsbeſchaffenheit ſeine Perſon praeſentiren, und ſeine eigne, von den andern weit abgeſonderte, Reden vorbringen: worzu aber ſehr viel und eine groſſe Capacité erfodert wird, da denn nicht hundert, ſondern tauſenderley Veränderungen vorkommen, darnach die Zeiten, die Lebensart und Sitten allerhand Nationen differiren.

Solte ich dieſes durch Exempel beſtätigen, müſte ich mir fürgeſetzt haben, einen weitläufftigen Tractat beſonders hievon zu ſchreiben, welcher jedoch denen Connoisseurs nicht ſo gar verdrieslich zu leſen fallen würde. Die Obſervantz des Spatii XXIV horarum iſt heute zu Tage nicht mehr im Gebrauch, und hat der Jeſuit Masenius deſſen Nichtigkeit ſattſam erwieſen. Man weis auch nicht einmahl, ob Aristoteles, in Beſchreibung der Zeit von einem Tage, einen natürlichen Tag von 24 Stunden, oder einen künſtlichen, von 12 Uhr, wolle verſtanden haben, worüber ſich ſo viele die Köpffe zerbrochen. Der hochberühmte Frantzöſiſche Tragicus Mr. P. Corneille ſagt in ſeinem, dem 3. Tomo vorgeſetzten, Praeliminar Discours hievon: Pour moy je trouve qu'il y a des sujets si malaisez à renfermer en si peu de temps, que non seulement je leur accorderois les vingt quatre heures entieres, mais je me servirois meme de la licence que donne ce Philosophe de les exceder un peu, et les pousserois sans scrupule jusqu' à trente. Er führet hernach einige Exempel aus dem Euripide und Aeschylo an, wodurch er beſtättiget, daß dieſe groſſe Griechiſche Poeten ſelber dawider gefehlet. Allein, es iſt ſolches nicht nöhtig. Methodus iſt und bleibt allemahl arbitrarie, und wer einem andern ſo groſſe Auctorität geſtändig ſeyn will, dem wird es niemand verwehren. In redenden Trauerſpielen, wovon Aristoteles und Corneille reden, iſt freylich die Freyheit ſehr eingeſchrenckt, und die Griechen und Lateiner, ja auch die jüngern Teutſchen, als Lohenſtein, Gryph, Halman und Haugwitz, haben ſich an dieſe Regel gar ſehr gehalten: Allein in den Opern, davon allhie die Frage, läſt man ſich nicht gerne ſo enge Geſetze vorſchreiben. Ich habe mir die Freyheit genommen, im Masagniello furioso eine Zeit von 6 bis 7 Tage zu erwehlen, und ich will nicht zürnen, wenn ein anderer 10 nimmt. Aber ganze weitläufftige Geſchichte von 7 biß 8 Monathen, ja wohl gar von ſo viel Jahren, in 3 Stunden auf dem Schauplatz zu präſentiren, [illegible] zuſammen, und weil es ſogar wider alle Wahrſcheinlichkeit, ſo kan ich mich nicht entbrechen zu ſagen, daß es ungereimt. Wenn man die Sonne auf dem Theatro auffgehen läßt, ſo wird ſie in einer Viertel Stunde mitten am Horizont ſtehn, worinne ein Tag von 30 Minuten muß gerechnet werden. Und auf die Art könnte man ein Sujet von 6 Tagen geben. In [illegible] Masagniello habe ich, die Unwahrſcheinlichkeit der Abreiſe und Ankunfft des D. Pedro [illegible] nach Neapel zu vermeiden, [illegible] aufgehalten, und [illegible] D. Velasco und Aloysia [illegible]. Mariane und D. Antonio [illegible] Vesuvium [illegible] in ſo kurtzer Distance [illegible] der Mariane darff ſich niemand wundern, [illegible] Barquen gebraucht: und weil es [illegible] des Antonio [illegible] zur Abreiſe prepariren zu [illegible] Wenn ich in einer Opera 3. [illegible] Intriguen in einander [illegible] Fictionen, [illegible] Changement des Theatri [illegible] Sc. 3. in das andre Sc. 4. [illegible] auch nicht gerne in [illegible] Præsentationes [illegible] Der Poet [illegible] insinuiren. Er muß des Theatri kündig ſeyn, [illegible] Opera [illegible] changirt werden, [illegible] Repreſentationes [illegible] in Hamburg [illegible] neuer Pieces [illegible] Theatri [illegible] was von unten herauf kommen könne.

Er muß die [illegible] Force des Schauplatzes [illegible] Verkleidungen [illegible] in Braunſchweig, Hannover, Hamburg, und [illegible] à parte [illegible] das Hamburgiſche das weitläufftigſte, das Braunſchweigiſche [illegible] Theatrum [illegible] in regard der Logen, [illegible] Italiäner, Vigarani, [illegible] Amphitheatro [illegible] Par terre [illegible] Ancona. [illegible] St. Caſſiano [illegible] St. Marco in [illegible] Theatrum [illegible] Par-terre [illegible] aptirt, [illegible] magnifique [illegible] Orcheſtre [illegible] Das ordinaire [illegible] Theatrum [illegible] Palais Royale, [illegible] en regard [illegible] Conſideration kommen. [illegible] daß man [illegible] 30 [illegible] Frauenzimmer, und [illegible] Mannsperſonen in den [illegible] daß man [illegible] in einem Augenblick, [illegible] 12, 16 bis 20 [illegible] Opera [illegible] Actiones und [illegible] Liebes-Intriguen [illegible] Intereſſes und Devoirs [illegible] Menſchengeſtalt aufftreten und tantzen laſſen [illegible] Maſchinen zu erdencken, [illegible] mal herab ziehen, [illegible] Actu [illegible] Tragedien [illegible] aufs Theatrum [illegible] ridicules halten würde. [illegible] Recitativ, [illegible] Aria vor, [illegible] Recitirung [illegible] Auditorium [illegible] Frauenzimmer, [illegible] Actrice [illegible] Cantorin [illegible] Zierrath [illegible] Glorien [illegible] Natur, [illegible] Horizont, [illegible] Kuntzprie[illegible] Wolcken [illegible] Raiſon, [illegible] Theatraliſche Kuntzgriffe machen, [illegible] Theatro [illegible] abſurd [illegible] Approbation hat, [illegible]

[illegible] Auffritte [illegible] daß [illegible] Acteur [illegible] Urſache [illegible] Action und Aufführung [illegible] Worten zu erkennen gebe. Zum Exempel: [illegible] Amour macht, [illegible] Raiſon [illegible] 2 biß 3 Perſonen nach einander, aufftreten [illegible] Connexion hat, [illegible] Octavia [illegible] Faute begangen, [illegible] Theatri, [illegible] Intrigue [illegible] Acteurs [illegible] Zum Exempel: [illegible] Tarcus Herdonius [illegible] in der Lucretia Act. 2. Sc. 5. [illegible] Act. 3. Sc. 4. [illegible] præſuppponirt, [illegible] Collatinus Act. 1. Sc. 5. [illegible] Lucretia [illegible] Act. 4. Sc. 1. [illegible] præſuppponirt, [illegible] Critikis [illegible] in einer Opera den Collatinum [illegible] Regle de l'unité de jour [illegible] exact obſerviret.

[illegible] 5 Actus gehören zu einem [illegible] Schauſpiel, und zu Tragedien nimmt man gerne [illegible] Lucretia. [illegible] Theatraliſche Regeln, [illegible] 3, 4 oder 5 Actus [illegible] Scaliger [illegible] Actus [illegible] in einem Actu 10, [illegible] Lucretia [illegible] Das Ende des erſten Actus [illegible] tan werden, daß weder der Zuſchauer noch Leſer des Poeten

Abſehen errahten kann. Solche Verwirrung muß nicht allein den gantzen 2. Actum durch, ſondern auch bis zum allerletzten Auftritt continuiren, damit der Zuſchauer bey der Attention beybehalten werde. Ich rede hier von Zuſchauern, welche der Opera wegen, und nicht der Conversation halber, in die Opera kommen, worunter es etliche gibt, die offt nicht wiſſen, was für ein Stück aufgeführet worden, wenn ſie zu Ausgang deſſelben darüm befraget werden. Und ſolche ſind insgemein dergleichen Leute, die weder die Musique, noch Poeſie, noch Mahlerey, noch Architectur verſtehen, welche vier Stücke ein essentielles Weſen von der Opera, und daher kömmt es dann, daß viele mehr an einer teutſchen Comedie von Dr. Fauſt und einem Holländiſchen Klucht-of Bly-Spel van Jan Claassen, de Vreyer in de Kist, of de dry boose Grieten haar Vermaack finden, ſo man einem von Hertzen gönnet. Der erſte Actus in Masagniello ſchlieſſt ſich mit der gedoppelten Erzürnung der Mariane und Antonio, daß ſie, ohne Beziehung, von einander ſcheiden, und mit dem Abſchiede des Don Pedro, welcher ſich von ſeiner Geliebten und deſſen Hertzensfreunde beurlaubet, um dieſen beyden in der Liebe keinen Eintrag zu thun, da beide doch von ſeiner Amour nichts wiſſen. Der II. Actus endiget ſich mit der Verwechſelung der Perſonen im Gefängnis, da Mariane an ſtatt des Antonio zur Geiſſelin bleibet, und ihr die Ketten, ſo er getragen, wieder angeleget werden. Und die Wiedervereinigung aller Perſonen bleibt bis an der letzten Aria ausgeſetzt, wie es immer ſeyn ſolte. Das taugt aber nicht, wenn der Leſer und Zuſchauer ſchon das Ende und den Zweck des Schauſpiels und des Poeten errahten kan, wenn er einen oder 2 Actus geleſen und geſehen. Solches rührt von einer Schwachheit und Unerfahrenheit Oratoriſcher Figuren her; denn ein kluger Redner bringet allemahl, ſo viel möglich, ſeine Kunſt und Figuren.

Was den Anfang eines Singſpiels betrifft, ſo muß freilich geſtehen, daß es kein geringes lustre ſey, wenn bey Aufziehung der Decke viele Perſonen auf dem Schauplatz ſich rangirt, und mit einem Chor beginnen; allein, es ſteht ſehr pouvre und übel, wenn man eine Gewonheit daraus macht, und alle Opern mit Choren anfängt, und die Zuſchauer ſchon wiſſen, ehe das Theatrum geöffnet wird, daß ſie 10 bis 12 Perſonen ins Geſicht kriegen, die eine Chor-Aria abſingen. Dieſes iſt die Urſache, warüm ich mich allemahl, auſſer in der Octavia, dafür gehütet, und jeder Opera einen beſondern Anfang gegeben, davon der in der Lucretia der künſtlichſte und verwirrteſte, in Masagniello der ſchwereſte, in Sueno der prächtigſte, und in Antiochus und Stratonica der ſeltſamſte und koſtbarſte, wiewol ich die beyde letzte ſelber nicht geſehen.

Die Arien ſind faſt in der Opera die Erklährung des Recitatifs, das zierlichſte und künſtlichſte der Poeſie, und der Geiſt und die Seele des Schauſpiels. Ich habe ſchon geſagt vor 3 Jahre, daß dieſelbe nicht durch das bloſſe Metrum oder gröbern Druck vom Recitatif müſſen unterſchieden werden, ſondern, daß dieſelbe ein Morale, Allegorie, Proverbium und Gleichnis im Antecendente haben müſſen, und die Application im Consequente, entweder auf das, was im Recitatif geſaget worden, oder ihm eine neue Lehre, Unterricht oder Raht zu geben. Mangelt dieſes, ſo muß ſie entweder in einer Bitte beſtehen, oder von tendren, und vom ordinairen Recitatif abgeſonderten Expressionen ſeyn, oder auch eine force in ſich haben. Eine Arie iſt ſonſt entweder simple, ein duet, trio, quaternare, wol gar ein Sestin, und offt wol mehr. Von vorbeſagten will ich, mehrer Deutlichkeit halber, ein Exempel von meinen eigenen geben. Eine Aria nun die ein Morale von der Eitelkeit der Ehrſucht in ſich hält, iſt in Masagniello Act. 1. Sc. 1. zu finden, dieſes tenors:

Ein leichter Wind füllt die Trompete,
Die das Gerüchte thönen läſt.
Ein hoher Geiſt gleicht der Raquete,
Die ſtrahlend in die Lüffte reiſt,
Doch uns nach ihrem Sincken zeigt,
Daß nur ihr Weſen Dampf geweſt.

Eine Aria von einer Allegorie, iſt in der Lucretia Act. 4. Sc. 11. anzutreffen:

Die Liebe hat in meinem Hertzen
Ein neues Ungeſtühm erregt.
Die Triebe ſind das Schiff der Schmertzen,
Das Ruder die Gedancken
So hin und wieder wancken.
Dis Ungeſtühm hat keine Stille,
Bis mich der Wille
Ans Ufer ſüſſer Hoffnung ſchlägt.

Eine Aria von einem Proverbio und simplen Gleichnis in Masagniello Act. 2. Sc. 3.

Wenn die Gedult zu hart verletzet,
Wird ſie zu Wüten angehetzt.
Es ſtreitet ein beherzter Leu,
Eh man ihn in den Kefiche ſperrt,
Und wer ihn zerrt,
Dem bricht er offt das Gnick entzwey.

Zwey Exempel von der vierten Art ſind folgende. Sueno Act. 1. Sc. 10.

Ich laß mir mein Gelübde nur,
Wenn du ja, wider die Natur,
Dein Kind, dein eigen Blut kanſt haſſen!
Soll ich mein Urtheil ſelbſt abfaſſen,
So will ich auf der Bruſt erblaſſen,
Die mir zum Leben zeigt die Spur.

Von einem Furore, in der Lucretia Act. 5. Sc. 3.

Ihr brüllenden Wolcken von Donnern und Wittern,
Schießt glimmende Schloſſen mit Blitzen herab!
Stürtzt Altar und Tempel durch ſtarckes Erſchüttern
Mit grauſamen Krachen ins brennende Grab!
Denn kan ich ein Troja in Flammen ſehen,
So will ich mit Freuden zum Tartarus gehen.

Die übrige, von der Zahl der recitirenden Perſonen, können mit geringer Mühe ſelbſt aufgeſucht werden, und man könnte davon ſo viel Exempel beybringen, als die Affecten, die Caracteres der Perſonen, und die Beſchaffenheit der Materien es erfodern, wenn man nicht befürchtete, der Leſer würde durch allzugroſſe Weitläufftigkeit degoutiret werden. Das Genus der Arien hat anders keine Regul, als daß man nicht groſſer Alexandriniſchen Verſe zu ſelbigen ſich bediene, aus keiner andern Urſache, als dem Musico zu gefallen, welches auch wegen der Länge zu regardiren, die zum höchſten über 8 Zeilen ſich nicht erſtrecken darff. Ob aber 2, 3, 4 männliche oder weibliche Verſe in denſelben auf einander folgen: Ob man Trochaiſche, Anacreontiſche, Dactyliſche, Anapäſtiſche ꝛc. unter einander miſchen: Ob man mit oder ohne Da Capo ſolche ſetzen, und auf alle reimen dürfe, ſolches ſteht in des Poeten Willkühr, wie er es gut findet, und niemand wird ſich von andern darinnen Geſetze vorſchreiben laſſen. Zu furieusen Gedancken ſchicken ſich jedoch allemahl die Dactyliſche und Anacreontiſche am beſten, und zu Rejouissancen pflegt man gerne flieſſende und prächtige Wörter auszuſuchen, worinnen viele Vocales, inſonderheit a und o vorkommen. Zum Exempel, in Sueno Act. 1. Sc. 12.

Ein tapfres Gemühte von Eiffer entflammet,
Ahmt ſelber mit Donnern dem Jupiter nach.
Der ſtürzte die Rieſen, und hat ſie verdammet
Durch Donner und Hagel vom blitzenden Dach:
So ſoll ſich mein Eiffer in Blitzen verkehren,
Die Rache dem Spötter nur Donner gewehren.

Dannenhero pflege ich mich dieſes Metri auch ordinair in den Italiäniſchen Rejouissancen zu bedienen, ob dies Genus gleich bey ihnen, ſo viel mir bekandt, nicht im Gebrauch. Die meiſten Exempel, ſo mir am beſten in dieſer Sprache gerahten, wird man in Sueno finden.

Das Recitatif wird auch am beſten und leichteſten ſeyn, wenn es in kurtzen Verſen beſteht, denn die Alexandriniſche ſind vor dem Musico nicht allein verdrießlich zu componiren, ſondern die Opera wird auch nur dadurch auf eine verdrießliche Art verlängert, wofür ſich niemand beſſer vorzuſehen gewuſt, als der ſeelige Herr Lic. Poſtell, in deſſen Opern man auch nicht einen eintzigen Alexandriniſchen Vers antreffen wird. Dieſer hat auch die ordentlichſte, geſchickteſte, und regelmäſſigſte Recitatifs gemacht, worinnen der ſeelige Breſſand auf dem prächtigen Schauplatz zu Braunſchweig, und andere von den jüngern mehr, weit von ihm abgewichen. Ich erinnere mich vor etwa 2 Jahren eine Cantata, ſo ein Kirchenſtück ſeyn ſolte, und von einem Studioso in Kiel componirt war, geleſen zu haben, in welchem Arien von 8 bis 12 Alexandriniſchen Verſen geſetzt, und das Recitatif aus gleichem genere beſtand. Solche Poeten ſind der [illegible] Gärtnerey. Im Recitatif nun kan man allerhand generum ſich bedienen, die Rythmos weiter, als in den Arien, trennen, auch wol gar, wenn es ſich ſo bald nicht fügen will, weglaſſen, in welcher Freyheit die Italiäner ausſchweiffen, deren Recitatif oft kaum halb gereimet wird. Keine Nation von der Welt aber iſt hierinnen accurater, glücklicher und geſchickter, als die Frantzoſen, auf welche Art ſie dasjenige in ihren Schauſpielen erſetzen, was ihnen an Arien abgeht.

Von dem Style der Opern wäre viel zu ſagen, wenn es die noch übrige enge Grentzen dieſer Blätter geſtatteten. So viel kan ich gleichwol nicht verſchweigen, daß, wie die Rede, als des Hertzens Dolmetſcher, die Beſchaffenheit des Gemüthes andeuten ſoll, ſelbige auch nothwendig nach dem Character der eingeführten Perſon eingerichtet ſeyn muß, und nach der Passion, davon ſolche beherrſcht wird. Ein Hochmühtiger prahlent, ein Großmuͤhtiger praͤchtig, ein Weltweiſer mittelmaͤßig, ein Verliebter tendre und [illegible], eine [illegible] Erzehlung eines Poͤbels gemein, und ſo ferner. Hieran hangt ſehr viel, und kan man daraus den Genie und Jugement eines Poeten bald errahten, wenn man nur 2 bis 3 Scenen durchgeht. Und weil in einer Opera verſchiedene Perſonen von verſchiedenen Caracteres und Passionen eingefuͤhret werden, ein jeder aber bey ſeinem Character ſeinen Willen und Thun nach dem Decoro exprimiren muß, ſo iſt dieſes eine der fuͤrnehmſten Urſachen, warum man ein Drama fuͤr das ſchwerſte und artigſte Gedicht haͤlt. Harsdoͤrffer ſagt in ſeinen Geſpraͤch-Spielen Part. 5. p. 21, daß die Trauer- und Freudenſpiele das letzte Meiſterſtuͤck und hoͤchſte Vollkommenheit der Dichtkunſt ſeyn, und Saint Amant, in der Preface ſeiner Gedichte, nennet ſie le plus noble effort de l' imagination. Dieſes recht zu erkennen, muß man die Sujets und ordinaire Materien der Dichtkunſt in Betrachtung ziehen, welche entweder auf Lobſpruͤche, Unterrichtungen, Geſchichte und Thaten, Liebesſachen, Verlangen nach einer Wiederkunfft, oder Beſchwerungen uͤber eine Abweſenheit und Entfernung, ſo die Franzoſen regrets nennen, oder auf einen Verweis und Beſtraffung, (reproches), ihre Abſicht haben. Lobſpruͤche und eine Art gewiſſer Lieder und Pſalmen, davon uns die heilige Schrifft ſelber Beyſpiele genug fourniret; die Hymnos des Orpheus, Homerus, und [illegible] anderer, wohin auch der Roͤmer ſo genandte Carmina secularia, oder Lob- und Danckſagungen ihrer Goͤtter, gehoͤren. Pindarus, Stesichorus, Tyrtaeus etc. ihre Oden, worinnen ſie die Tugenden und tugendhaffte Perſonen geruͤhmet, ſind von der Gattung ebenfals. Das Buch Hiob iſt ein Werck von der andern Gattung, der Unterrichtung naͤmlich, um uns die wunderbare Wercke Gottes und deſſen unbegreifliche Macht erkennen zu geben, inſonderheit in der Natur. Die Gedichte Theognis, Simonides, Phocilides, und die, unter dem Nahmen Pythagoras, heraus gekommen, ſo erſtlich vor etwa 5 bis 6 Jahren der neuen, vom beruͤhmten Herrn Prof. Schurtzfleiſch in Halle edirten Philosophiae Italicae beygefuͤgt, handeln von der Sittenlehre. Das erſte Buch des Hesiodi und die Libri Georgicorum des Virgilii handeln vom Ackerbau. wie Lucretius die ſchwerſte Sachen in der natuͤrlichen Wiſſenſchafft, inſonderheit des Epicuri Philosophie, tractiret. Die Geſchichten ſind insgemein das Argument der Heldengedichte, wie die Iliada Homeri und Aeneides Virgilii. Fabeln, oder erdichtete Geſchichte, ſind ein Stuͤck der Hiſtorie, wie Ovidii Verwandlungs-Buͤcher. Die Poemata Lyrica, Poesie Lyrique, oder in Strophen abgetheilte Gedichte, ſind eigentlich verliebte Gedichte, aber offt auch Lobgedichte. In Pastoralen Schaͤfergedichten, Eclogen oder Hirtengeſpraͤchen, handelt man fuͤrnemlich von Liebesſachen, davon wir beym Theocrito, Virgilio, Horatio etc. Exempel genug haben. In Elegien beklagt man ſich uͤber verſchiedene Zufaͤlle, uͤber Untreu, Verraͤthereyen in der Liebe ꝛc. und die Beſtraffungen der Laſter nennet man Stachelſchrifften, oder insgemein Satyren. Alle dieſe sujets ſind mit einander in den Schauſpielen combiniret, und ihr Endzweck iſt: entweder unter einer Fabel, Verbluͤmung einer erdichteten Begebenheit, oder allein natuͤrlicher Vorſtellung wahrhaffter Geſchichte, das Volck auf eine angenehme Art zu unterrichten und zu beleben, anbey hauptſaͤchlich den Nutzen mit, durch und in der Beluſtigung zu verknuͤpffen. Das iſt aber eine gantz andre Frage, ob einer deswegen in die Comoedie und Opera gehe? Wenn demnach ein Kaͤyſer oder Koͤnig redend eingefuͤhret wird, ſtehet es in des Poeten Belieben, ob er in singulari oder plurali von ſich reden ſolle, welcher letztere casus doch mehr bey Ausfertigung der Befehle observiret wird, am wenigſten aber bey Unterredungen, weil man ſo genau eben im Cabinette ſeinen Reſpect nicht in acht zu nehmen pfleget. Die Liebes-Erklaͤrungen geſchehen entweder ſchlecht weg, oder verbluͤmt, durch fremde Exempel, Hyperbolen, Raͤhtſel, oder auf andre Art, nach dem Character der Perſonen, davon wir im nachfolgenden allerhand Exempel finden werden. Je tendrer, verliebter und beweglicher ſie ſind, je beſſer; wiewol das Auditorium ſolche alsdann ſelten begreifft. Wo viele Perſonen auf einmahl auf das Theatrum ſich zeigen, muß man ſich der Gelegenheit der Choere und Entréen bedienen, inſonderheit bey neuen Zeitungen von Siegen, Friede, bey Opfferungen, Schlachten, Zaubereyen, Trauerbegaͤngniſſen, und Freudenmahlen, ꝛc. Die Entréen haben dieſe Abſicht, daß ſie durch gewiſſe Figuren und Stellungen des Leibes allerhand gute und boͤſe Actiones, ſo in vita civili vorkommen, auf dem Schauplatz abbilden: Bey Jaͤgern, Hochzeiten, Morgenlaͤndiſchen Opfferungen naͤmlich die Ceremonien des Opfferprieſters: Bey [illegible] die [illegible] Bey [illegible] die Actiones der [illegible] die Schmiedegeſellen: Bey Soldaten die Actiones der Tamerlanen oder Todtengraͤber, und ſo ferner.

Dieſe Gedancken fuͤhren mich auf den Mimum, oder ſo genandte luſtige Perſon. Noch einmahl mein Bedencken davon zu ſagen, wie offt geſchehen, ſo gehoͤren dieſelbe gar nicht in die Opera, und das Theatrum wird nur dadurch proſtituiret, denn es laͤſt, als wann man mit Fleiß die Leute zum Lachen wolte reitzen, welches nicht allein allen ehrbaren Sitten zuwider, ſondern auch eine Verachtung involvirt, und nicht ein wahres Plaisir; denn was mir gefaͤllt, da erfreue ich mich wol uͤber, aber ich verlache es nicht. Nur das belachet man, was einem veraͤchtlich fuͤrkommt. In Hamburg iſt die uͤble Gewohnheit eingeriſſen, daß man ohne Arlechin keine Opera auf dem Schauplatz fuͤhret, welches warlich die groͤſſeſte bassesse eines mauvait gout und ſchlechter Esprit des Auditorii an den Tag leget. Was bey der gantzen reinen Welt fuͤr abgeſchmackt und ridicul passiret, findet daſelbſt die groͤſte Approbation: Wie man denn erſt neulich im verwichenen Jahr, eine Opera, le Carneval de Venise benahmt, praeſentiret, von ſo abſurden Zeug und abgeſchmackten Fratzen, daß ſie faſt eine Peter-Squentz-Opera kan genannt werden. Man ſolte auch nichts einfaͤltigers erſinnen. Dennoch hat das Sujet eine ſo allgemeine Approbation und Zulauff gehabt, daß es faſt unglaublich. Die Bauerknechte ſelber muſten ihr Geld dahin tragen, darum kan man wol gedencken, daß dieſes Venetianiſche Carneval nicht le Carneval de Venise ſey, ſo in Franckreich praeſentiret worden. Daß ich aber einen Mimum eingefuͤhret, hat man allemahl ausdruͤcklich verlanget, um dem Auditorio zu gefallen, da ich ſonſt dergleichen Actiones deren herumvagirenden Quackſalbern und Arlechino Italiano anſtaͤndiger halte, als ſelbige bey einer weit honnetern Gemuͤhtsbeluſtigung Muſicaliſcher Schauſpiele applicable zu machen. Doch glaube ich, daß ich die Geſetze des Decori nicht uͤberſchritten, weil ich mich gehuͤtet, das ὀνειδος τῷ κόσμῳ ἀπὸ τῶν σκανδάλων zu vermeiden, und wuͤnſche daher, daß der geneigte Leſer die Entſchuldigungsgedancken, welche Nicolo Bertini der Ausfertigung der Gedichte des Pietro Michiele hat, hieher appliciren moͤge, da deſſen Psiche mit dergleichen Zuſatz wider des Autoris Willen gedruckt worden: Questa fù stampata con tre o quattro scene piene di concetti di burla, per allettare la plebe; aggiuntevi da altri non hauendo il Autore inclinatione di buffoneggiare ne i Theatri etc. Wenn es endlich ein unumgaͤnglicher Zwang, luſtige Perſonen einzufuͤhren, ſo thut man am ſicherſten und beſten, daß man ſelbige das Amt eines Satyrici vertreten, und die gemeine, im Schwange gehende Laſter, durchziehen laͤſt. Die uͤbrige Actiones der Agenten werden nicht ſo wol nach den Regeln der Oratorie, als nach der Natur der Passion, die ausgedruckt wird, und nach der Capacité des Virtuosen beurtheilet, worinnen die Italiaͤner alle Nationen uͤbertreffen. Der Poet muß die Vertu eines jeden Subjecti wol inne haben, und wiſſen, was er ihm fuͤr einen Caracter in der vorzuſtellenden Perſon beylegen koͤnne, auſſerdem der Affect unmoͤglich kan ausgedruckt werden. Aber es laͤſt ſehr ennuyant, wenn einem geſchickten Acteur keine Gelegenheit von dem Poeten gegeben wird, ſeine Vertu zu erweiſen, ſondern nur lauter simple Declarations d' amour in den Mund gethan werden, ohne Action, Passiones und Actiones ſo ohne alle Bewegung. Eine Action, ſo von der gemeinen Art etwas abgeht, iſt zu finden in der Octavia bey der Perſon des Nero Act. 1. Sc. 1. und Act. 3. Sc. 8 et 9. In der Lucretia Act. 1. Sc. 1 et 3. Act. 2. Sc. 1 et 2. und Sc. 6 in der Perſon der Valeria, und faſt die Opera gantz durch, in der Perſon der Cornelia, des Tarquin, und einigermaſſen des Sextus und der Lucretia. Masagniello furioso giebt den Acteurs Gelegenheit genug, ſich zu erweiſen in jedem Auftritt faſt, und in Sueno ſind die Action des Sueno, der Angelina und des Thales etwas [illegible], und von den andern leicht zu unterſcheiden. In Antiochus und Stratonica hat erſtgedachter genug zu thun, und die Ellenia einen ſtarcken und hefftigen Affect zu exprimiren und vorzuſtellen. Die beſten Affectus, worzu aber eine lange Erfahrung und Kunſt erfodert wird, ſind die verſtellende, der Rede nach zu verſtehen, worinnen man mehr durch eine [illegible] Bewegung in der That, als in der Sprache redet und agiret, und der Zuſchauer mehr in der Stille und heimlich, als durch Worte bewegt wird, oder wenn ein Acteur mehr durch eine Action, ſo auf ſeine eigene Perſon zielet, oder durch eine Rede, die nicht ihr ſelbſt, ſondern einen andern angehet, dennoch die Leute zum Mitleiden reitzet. Ob in dem Antiochus und Stratonica Seleucus Act. 3. Sc. 10. davon ein Exempel gebe, davon mag ein Verſtaͤndiger urtheilen. Wo ſonſt keine Affecten ſind, da ſind auch keine Actiones, und wo keine Actiones ſind, da wird es auf dem Theatro ſehr frieren. Je natuͤrlicher der Poet ſich eine Idée von der vorzuſtellenden Sache und Affect macht, und ſo genauer er ſolche in dem [illegible] [illegible] deſto mehr der Affect ſeyn. Aus dieſer Urſache bin ich mit den Frantzoͤſiſchen Tragicis, die [illegible] die alten Griechen und

Lateiner imitiren, nicht einerley Meynung, daß ſie in den Tragedies die fürnehmſten Thaten nur erzehlen laſſen, ſo, daß die fürnehmſte Action der Acteurs in einer wehmühtigen Erzehlung allein beſtehet, hauptſächlich wenn es den Untergang einer Perſon betrifft, worinnen die Engelländer abermahl von ihnen gantz different. Etlichen wehmühtigen kömmt es cruel vor, eine Perſon auf dem Theatro erſtochen zu ſehen, und dennoch ſind bey den grauſamſten Executionen alle Märkte, Gaſſen und Richtplätze voll. Und was iſt doch wol grauſames daran, wenn man ſiehet, wie eine Perſon ſich erſticht, auf dem Stuhle in der Ferne ſitzet, wie in der Lucretia, und den Kopf ſincken läſt? Ich glaube, die Handwerksleute bilden ſich ein, es müſſe in ſolchem Caſu, wie auf der Schaubühne der Arlechins, ein hauffen klares Blut aus der Wunde des ermordeten rinnen, und den Schauplatz färben. Solche naturalia ſind keine Mode in den Opern, aber wol auf dem Marionetten-Theatro. Die Erzehlung macht mir kaum eine halbe ſo gute Idée, als die wahre Vorſtellung eines Dinges: zu geſchweigen, daß man der Erzehlung nicht allemahl Glauben beymiſt, und überdem gehen lange Narrationes von etlichen Seiten endlich in der Comedie, nimmermehr aber in Opern, an, allwo weder der Zuſchauer ſo lange Gedult es abſingen zu hören haben würde, noch der Sänger es aushalten könte. In den Frantzöſiſchen Opern iſt ordinair der Beſchluß die Ermordung einer oder mehr Perſonen, ungeachtet ich glaube, daß das Pariſiſche Auditorium ſo delicat, als eines von der Welt. Das ſtehet aber garſtig, wenn man die Leute auf dem Schauplatz hencket, wie den Haman; oder wenn man ſie in den Backofen ſteckt, und verbrennet: oder ſie in Bären und Monſtra verwandelt, und an ſtatt des Singens brummen und brüllen läſſet. Solches iſt wider das Opern-Decorum, wovon auf ein andermahl mehr zu gedencken ſeyn wird. Ich erinnere mich, von jemand tadeln gehört zu haben, daß es übel ſtehe, wenn man jemand auf dem Bette präſentiret, da dieſer Criticus doch ſelber eine Perſon in vollenkommener langer Poſtur auf einem groſſen Parade-Bette vorſtellen laſſen. So blind iſt die Eigenliebe, und ſo gefallen den Affen ihre hübſche Geburthen. Ein anders iſt jedoch, auf dem Bette der Buhlſchafft wegen, ein anders, der Ruhe oder Kranckheit halber, liegen. Die Umſtände erfodern offt etwas, worinnen zwar kein Cato, aber doch ein politiſcher Moraliſt wol durch die Finger ſiehet. Ich weis, daß die Erzehlung von der Erſtechung der Lucretia bey weiten den Effect nicht würde gehabt haben, als man bey der That ſelber verſpühret; welches die fürnehmſte Action, worinnen die gantze Geſchicht beſtehet, und ihr beſter Affect, den ſie auf dem Theatro zu exprimiren hat, auſſer welchem die Geſchicht nur verſtümmelt ſeyn würde. Dergleichen Gelegenheit läſt ein Poet gar ſelten vorbey ſtreichen, üm das Auditorium zu afficiren. Bey der Stürtzung des Turnus in eben derſelbigen Opera, wird der Zuſchauer am längſten bey der Furcht, Verlangen und Attention behalten, und allemal erhält der Poet ſeinen Zweck, wenn er den Affectum natürlich darſtellet. Das heiſt nun natürlich darſtellen, wenn der Leſer oder Zuſchauer bey der Durchleſung oder Praesentation gerühret wird: wenn ihm die Sache in der That wahr zu ſeyn vorkömmt, und er entweder zum Zorn, Furcht, Hofnung, Mitleid oder Rache geleitet wird. Und dieſe Kunſt iſt es auch, die man in der Poeſie divinum quid nennet, an welchem Ovidius Schuld, dem einige flatteurs und adorateurs der Poeten darinnen gefolget, da es doch gar was natürliches, aber auch gleichwol dabey etwas geiſtliches, weil ſolches aus hohen, und mit einander combinirten, Gedancken beſtehet, die Gedancken aber pur was geiſtliches ſind, indem ſie untheilbar, und unermeßlich. Mr. le Chevalier Temple in ſeinem mehrmahls angeführten Essai de la Poësie erzehlet p. 374. daß etliche, wenn ſie des renommirten Engliſchen Tragici Shakespear Trauerſpiele verleſen hören, offt lautes halſes an zu ſchreyen gefangen, und häuffige Thränen vergoſſen. In der Comedie zu Paris, wenn Mad. Dancourt die Andromache oder Medée agirt, ſiehet man nicht allein das Frauenzimmer, ſondern auch die galanteſte und chamerirte Kriegeshelden, wenn ſie aus der Campagne kommen, bitterlich weinen, und mit rohten Augen aus der Par-terre und vom Theatro nach Hauſe gehen. Ich erinnere mich, bey Vorleſung einer groſſen Untreu, ſo ein Amant an ſeiner vormahls Hochgeliebten begangen, daß ein gewiſſes Frauenzimmer dabey in dieſe Worte ausbrach: Das iſt ein Schelm geweſen. So natürlich kam ihr die Begebenheit vor. Dergleichen Exempel könte ich mehr vorbringen, wenn ich dazu Belieben hätte. Vielleicht, daß ſich einige, bey Durchleſung dieſer oder jener Passage, deſſen noch erinnern.

Von den Vorſtellungen noch etwas zu gedencken, ſo zeigt es ein ſchlecht Genie eines Poeten an, wenn er nichts als einen Wald, Gallerie, Cabinet, Saal, Vorgemach, Garten, Gaſſen ꝛc. zu inventiren weis, weil ſolche faſt in allen Schauſpielen vorkommen. Einer geht der Music, der andre der Praeſentationen, der dritte des ſujets und der Action wegen, etliche gar der Narrenpoſſen und Kleider halber, hinein, welche insgeſammt vor ihr Geld vollenkommen contentiret ſeyn wollen. Durch ſchöne Vorſtellungen ſondert ſich ein Opera Theatrum von dem andern, inſonderheit von der Comedien-Bühne ab, daher ein Poet auch hierinnen ſeine Erfahrung kan ſehen laſſen, und billig ſolte er etwas von der Achitectur und Mechanic verſtehen. Er muß aber nicht prahlen, wie die Comoedianten, und ſeinen Vorſtellungen keine Beywörter von ſehr prächtig, unvergleichlich, ſehr koſtbar und wunderſchön geben, denn ſolches läſt ſehr niedrig, und hat es das Anſehen, als wenn er dadurch ſeine Opera recommendiren wolle. Das Hamburgiſche Theatrum kan wol die mehreſte Repräſentationes zeigen, indem daſelbſt die Seiten-Scenen 39 mahl können verändert werden, und ich glaube, der übrigen Mittel-Vorſtellungen könte man etliche hundert beyſammen bringen. Das iſt aber ein groſſer Fehler, daß alda kein gutes Waſſer praeſentiret wird, und ein Seeſturm würde annoch ſehr einfältig ausfallen, der doch bey Lebzeiten des ſeligen Herrn Schotts, als Stiffters des Opern-Hauſes, in Heinrich der Leu faſt surprenant heraus kam. Einen Abtritt, Schindanger, Backofen, Miſthauffen ꝛc. zu präſentiren, iſt wol nicht vergönnet, weil ſich nur die Zuſchauer mit Schnauftüchern, Biſambüchſen, oder Schnupftobac verſehen müſſen, ja ohne dem die Naſe genug incommodiret wird, wo man viele Lampen brennet. Ein Catarakte pflegt zwar ſonſt eine delicate und gute Praesentation zu formiren. Allein es iſt Schade, daß es nunmehr zu gemein geworden, ſo gar, daß die meiſte Opern damit ausſtaffiret. Jemehr man auch in den Vorſtellungen der Natur nachahmet, je beſſer ſind ſie, wie es gegentheils einfältig und armſelig läſſet, wenn man il ponte Rialto aus Venedig präſentiret, und eine ordinaire Brücke bauet, oder, wenn man die Römiſche Flammiſche Pforte vorſtellen, und an ſtatt deſſen die Hamburgiſche Brack-Brücke zeigen wolte. Der ſelige Herr Schott in Hamburg war darinnen ſehr accurat, wovon der Lüneburgiſche Kalckberg, das Römiſche Capitolium, und der weltberühmte Tempel Salomonis, ſo bey funfzehn tauſend Rthlr. alleine koſten laſt, ſattſam Exempel ſind. Sehr übel läſſet es hinwiederüm in den Opern, wenn man einer jeden bagatelle wegen einen Vorhang muß ſchieſſen laſſen, oder das Theatrum ſo abgenutzet, daß bey den Verwandlungen kaum die helffte Scenen zum Vorſchein kommen. Es kan den Zuſchauer nichts mehr degoutiren, inſonderheit wo Bezauberungen vorgehen, und es auf eine Secunde ankömmt, welches die Frantzoſen und Italiäner genau obſerviren, und worinnen in Braunſchweig ſehr gute Ordre geſtellet, die aber in Hamburg ſehr negligiret wird, ſo jedoch zu excuſiren, vieler wichtigen Umſtände wegen. Ein ſujet zu einer Opera zu erwehlen, in welchem man immer in einem Palais oder in einer Stadt bleibet, iſt zwar wol accurat, aber nicht eben Regelmäßig, und noch weniger nothwendig. Es würde nur ſolche Einſchränckung dem Schauſpiel ein groſſes lustre benehmen, und zu vielen Verdrießlichkeiten Anlaß geben, und wenn ſich der Poet ſo ſehr binden wolte, müſte offt manche ſchöne Praesentation weg bleiben, dadurch doch der Zuſchauer gewonnen wird, welchem zu gefallen man alle Opern aufführet. Ein kluger Mann wird ſich dennoch ſchon vorſehen, daß er nicht ſo gleich von der Erde im Himmel, und vom Himmel in die Hölle fliege, ſonſten könte die eine Seite des Theatri den Himmel, und die andre die Hölle vorſtellen. So würde es auch lächerlich heraus kommen, wenn ich in einem Auftritt in Nürnberg, und im andern in Augsburg ſeyn würde, und wenn auch Dr. Fauſt es ſelber wäre.

In Teutſchland und Italien pflegen ſich die meiſte Opern ordinär mit einem Chor zu ſchlieſſen, wobey auch faſt alle Perſonen zugegen ſind. Solches hat ein gutes Abſehen, das wohl gegründet, indem es prächtig läſt, und eine allgemeine Freude involviret, womit man den Zuſchauer gerne zur recompense nach Hauſe wieder gehen läſt. Aber in den Frantzöſiſchen Opern achtet man dieſes für keine Nohtwendigkeit, die es auch in der That nicht iſt, und wenn ich meinem willen folgte, ſo wolte ich ſolches gar abſchaffen, weil es zu gemein, und alle Zuſchauer ſchon wiſſen, daß der rangirung der Agenten, in Geſtalt eines Viertelmondes, die Schluß-Aria folgen werde, ohne ins Buch zu gucken. In Trauerſpielen ohne dem darff man dieſer Gewonheit ſich gar nicht bedienen, und läſt es beſſer, wenn man, nach den Regeln der alten Criticorum, etliche Perſonen ſich verlieren läſſet, und nur 2 bis 3 der vornehmſten ſolche in der gräulichſten Beſtürtzung beſchlieſſen. Welchem Zuſchauer ſolches misfällt, der kan ſein Geld vor die Entrée bis zu einem Luſtſpiel verſpahren. Mancher ſiehet lieber eine Comedie, als eine Opera, wowider ich nichts einzuwenden, als dieſes, daß ſie ſich ſolches mercken laſſen, öffentlich geſtehen, und dadurch nicht allein eine ſchlechte Connoisance der Muſic, einen depravirten goût und mauvais esprit an den Tag legen, ſondern auch, als halbe Mysantropen ſich verdächtig machen.

Mr. de Vigneul-Marville leget dem verstorbenen de la Bruyere den Namen eines Mysantrope bey, weil er saget: Je ne sai comment l'Opera avec une Musique si parfaite et une depense toute Royale a pû reussir a m'ennuyer. In seinen Melanges d'histoire et de litterature p. 339. du premier Volume. Aber der Auteur de la Defense de Mr. de la Bruyere contre les Accusations [illegible] Marville bemühet sich, ihn von diesem Namen frey zu sprechen, und saget er zu seiner Entschuldigung an: Es könne, ungeachtet der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], der allerreichsten Kleider, und kostbarsten [illegible], eine Opera verdrießlich fallen, wenn die Poesie nicht gut ist. Zwar kan er [illegible] ein Chateau auch in die Musik legen, und wenn er nicht so fürtreffliche Expressions hat. Ob aber der [illegible] [illegible] mit Plaisir thue, und ob es einen solchen Nachdruck haben werde, als starcke Affecten, die von der Composition [illegible] [illegible] rühren, ist eine Frage, die die Erfahrung [illegible] [illegible]. Was sonsten der [illegible] Gedancken noch remarquable, muß man [illegible] und [illegible] in den [illegible] haben, und die Betrachtung einer Opera zu [illegible] Ursache geben, daß solche in einem luxurieusen Staat nicht zum [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible], aber auch vielen Künstlern und Handwerckern ihre Verdienst zu gönnen, erfunden, die [illegible] mit [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], wie ein [illegible], Tournir, Carrousel und andere Freudenbezeugungen, so nicht allein indifferent, sondern auch allerdings [illegible]. Solche zu [illegible], ist auch so unrichtig, als ohne Grundlage, und ob sie von den Untertugenden der Poesie, Malerey und Musik unter die [illegible] gezehlet werden, so Christen nicht geziemen, solches geht mich in Verfertigung derselben wenig an, weil ich vielleicht in der Morale andre Principia in diesem Stück, als sie haben, auf sothane Art ich mich aber in einen weitläufftigen Streit mit ihnen einzulassen hätte. Fast die halbe Welt, ich will auch sagen, die klügsten, approbiren sie, oder lassen sie wenigstens, als ein Mittelding, zu. Uebrigens muß man auch aus Heil. Schrifft wissen, daß die Weltkinder klüger in ihren Geschäfften, als die Kinder des Lichts.

Die verfestete Venus.

Als Mr. F. v. E. sich mit Mad. G. D. ehlich verbinden ließ, den 21. Mar 1703.

Aurora mahlete die Lufft als Rosenblätter,
Der kühle Morgenthau lag auf der Felder Kleid,
Der Sonnen Purpur-Licht verhieß ein gutes Wetter,
Doch Flora brachte mit die beste Lenzenzeit,
Als Phöbus [illegible] an [illegible] hohen Stuffen
Auf einen Urtheils und Gerichts-Tag ausgeruffen.

Mercur berieff die Schaar der Fürsten und Fürstinnen,
Auf deren [illegible] [illegible] und Himmel neigt,
Sie hatten sich gesammt [illegible] [illegible] Parnassus Zinnen,
[illegible]
Die Schaar [illegible]
Man sah mit Wunder an der Kläger grosse Menge.

Die Götter satzten sich, Gerechtigkeit zu sprechen,
Auf deren Wink das Welt [illegible] [illegible] gestellt,
An dem sich jedermann mit Augen wollte [illegible],
So [illegible] [illegible] vom Gottes der Gerichts angemeldt,
[illegible] [illegible] des Lichtes vom Gerichte,
Da sahe jedermann die Venus vor Gerichte.

Der kühne Zoilus eröffnete die [illegible],
Die [illegible], der Venus zu [illegible], hatt' erdicht,
Er zeigte dem [illegible] mit [illegible] Stück
Der [illegible] an, [illegible]
Sie hätte [illegible]
Wenn sie [illegible] manches Herz [illegible] gelegt.

Ihr Herz sey angefüllt mit unerhörter Ränke,
Die sie durch List, durch Schmuck und Schmeicheley verhieß,
Sie nehme jeden ein durch ihre schlaue Schwenke,
Wenn sie die Neigungen aus ihrem Gürtel ließ,
Er wollte solche noch mit grössern Nachdruck weisen,
Damit man ihn gerecht, als Klägern, möchte preisen.

Es wären nicht aus Rom die Könige vertrieben,
Wenn sie nicht [illegible] [illegible] entzündt,
Es [illegible]
Wenn sie [illegible] [illegible] gegründt,
Und Troja wäre nie im Staube [illegible],
Wenn nicht ihr Sohn von ihr die Wissenschafft eingesogen.

Sie hätte gar bestrickt die allerkühnsten Helden,
Und [illegible] der Tapferkeit die Fessel angelegt,
Er wolle von Anton und Caesarn nichts melden,
Und was ihr Trieb vor Brunst in Helden erregt,
Der Held in Israel must' ein Gefangner werden
Durch Thamars Liebes-List und schmeichelnde Geberden.

Wo solchem Unheil nicht hinfort gesteuret würde,
So müß' Olympus noch aus seinem Angel gehn,
Die Götter müßten sich entladen dieser Bürde,
Und ein so freches Weib nicht mehr im Himmel sehn,
Drum bäte, er Fiscal, im Rechten zu erkennen:
Der Buhlerinn das Haupt vom Leibe abzutrennen.

Hierauf fing Phöbus an: Auf des Fiscals Verlangen,
Nimmt man die Klag allhier vor recht und gültig an,
Doch weil das Recht auch muß an [illegible] Schaalen hangen,
Daß man nicht diesem mehr, als jenem, zugethan,
Drum rede, Venus, kanst du dich nicht [illegible],
So wird man dich hinfort nicht mehr im Rathe halten.

Die Venus fing zwar erst gar hönisch an zu lachen,
Doch [illegible] sie dem hernach die [illegible] Reden aus:
Zu dem ich Donner-Keil' aus Pfeilen könnte machen,
Ich schlüge den Fiscal, und schmettert' ihn zu Graus,
Darf sich ein schlechter Mensch, ein Sclave wol unterfangen,
Die Venus vor dem Rath der Götter zu belangen?

Ich kan des Sieges-Palm so allenthalben führen,
Davon giebt Erde, Meer und Himmel mir den Preiß,
Mein Trieb regiert so gar in allen wilden Thieren,
Man schmälert meinen Ruhm der Kläger Wort-Geschmeiß!
Wär mein Cupido hier mit Bogen und mit Flitzen,
Ich wollte euch zur Straff und Pein die Brüste schlitzen.

Zeus, bist du Donner-Gott, und kanst den Frevel dulten,
Daß meine Majestät von Würmern wird verklagt?
Ihr Götter, die ich mir verpflicht mit Gunst und Hulden,
Und denen ich niemahls den Liebes-Dienst versagt,
Auf, nehmt euch meiner an, errettet mich von Ketten,
Bestrafft der Kläger Trotz, helfft eure Göttin retten.

Sie wollte noch was mehr von ihrer Unschuld sagen,
Allein, der Kläger Ruf, der allzuheftig war,
Ließ' ihre Predigten nicht länger mehr ertragen,
Darum ersuchten sie der Götter grosse Schaar,
Nach angehörter Klag' ein Urthel abzufassen,
Und dieser Buhlerinn das Haupt abschlagen lassen.

Da Venus alles sah, daß alles war verlohren,
Und keine Hoffnung ihr zur Rettung übrig blieb,
Sprach sie: Ich rede ja vor so viel Götter Ohren,
Ist denn der Himmel taub, dem, was gerecht ist, lieb?
Will mich Olympus nun durch einen Spruch verdammen,
Den ich so offt entbrannt durch meine Glut und Flammen!

Hört, was ich heute noch für Thaten ausgeübet,
Wovon Hammonis euch Nachricht geben soll,
Da ein beliebtes Paar in treuer Brunst sich liebet,
Und ein Vermählungs-Fest begeht in süßem Wohl,
Ein angenehmer [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible],
Will ihnen einen Bund beglückter Seelen machen.

Und hierin müßt ihr mich als Göttinn erkennen,
Drum sprechet mich nur bald der nichtgen Klagen loß,
Wo nicht, so schwer' ich euch, sie wiederum zu trennen,
Und wenn der Liebes-Trieb bey ihnen noch so groß.
Daß [illegible] [illegible] sie nicht, Rufft nach, auf Befragen
Die Hochzeit-[illegible], ihr [illegible] Urtheil sagen:

In angestellter Klag des Peinlichen Fiscalen,
Die wider Venus geht, erkennen wir vor Recht,
Daß, weil gefangene zu unterschiednen Mahlen
Durch tausendfache List das menschliche Geschlecht,
Und offt die Götter selbst zur Buhlschafft angetrieben,
Auch Pluto nicht von ihr unangefochten blieben,

Wie sie denn manches Herz geraubt und weggestohlen,
So manchen Staat gestört durch ihr Buhlen,
[illegible]
Daß, sagen wir, sie [illegible] nicht zu [illegible],
Doch aber, ihr zur Straff, und andern zum [illegible],
Von Rechtes wegen sey aus ewig zu verstossen!

Hiernechſt ſo wollen wir den Dichtern anbefehlen,
  Daß keiner nicht hinfort die Nahmen brauchen ſoll,
Die man der Venus pflegt in Verſen bey zuzehlen,
  Weil unter ſolchem Schein offt mancher raſend toll
So viel unehrbahres in den Gedichten ſetzet,
Das manches frommes Hertz ſehr ärgert und verletzet.

Damit wir aber auch das edle Paar verehren,
  So in der Hammonsburg ſein Hochzeit-Feſt vollzieht,
So wollen wir hiemit, die Freude zu vermehren,
  Daß zur Beluſtigung ein wohlgeſetztes Lied
Von unſrer Muſen-Zunfft noch heut werd' übergeben,
Wir aber wünſchen ihm ein recht vergnügtes Leben.

Gleich muſte Venus fort. Die klugen Kaſtalinnen
  Erhoben insgeſammt der Saiten reine Gluht,
Sie ſungen viel vom Schertz und Luſt verliebter Sinnen,
  Wenn Amors reicher Thau auff ſüſſen Lippen ruht,
Sie ſchwatzten viel von Krafft, von Nacht, von Bett-Küſſen,
Von Küſſen ſag' ich nichts: Denn Venus iſt verwieſen.

Die appellirende Venus.

Bey eben der Gelegenheit.

Die Erde war beſtürzt, gantz Amathunt betrübt,
  Was Unglück hatte doch der Venus Schimpff erreget
Bey denen, die ſich offt in ihrem Thun geübt!
  Sie hatte nunmehr ſelbſt die Trauer angeleget.
Kein Weyrauch brannte mehr in Paphos ihr zur Ehr,
Ihr Bogen war entzwey, die Köcher hiengen leer.

Ihr Mund, aus welchem ſonſt ſo viel Anmuth bließ,
  Sprach mit gebrochner Stimm: Verworffene Diane!
Adon, um den ich vor Olympus Zinnen ließ,
  Starb jüngſt, nun weiſt man dich von deinem Reich und Throne!
Hilff, Himmel, welcher Fall! was Noht! was Ungemach!
(Die Echo ſeuffzte mit, und ſchall't' ein traurigs Ach!)

Wo iſt mein Arm? beſchimpfft. Wo meine Macht? geſchwächt.
  Wo meine Majeſtät, die jedermann geprieſen?
Verletzt. Wo iſt mein Sohn, mein liebſtes Kind? verjächt.
  Wo meine Göttlichkeit? verlacht. Und ich? verwieſen.
Ihr Sternen, die ihr ſonſt nichts ungerechtes ſeht,
Beſtraffet doch die Schuld verletzter Majeſtät.

Idalia, zur Wacht! es muß gebrochen ſeyn,
  Der Grundſtein deines Reichs will ſich auff Triebſand gründen,
Die Strahlen deiner Ehr verliehren ihren Schein,
  Du muſt dich heute noch was groſſes unterwinden.
Getreue, gebet Raht, wie wird mein Thron geſchützt,
Wie wird der Schlag zertheilt, der auff Diane blitzt?

So redte Cypria die Schaar der Nymphen an,
  Die gleich auff ihr Geheiß in Amathunt erſchienen,
Aglaja ſprach beſtürtzt: Iſt Venus in den Ban
  Vom Götter-Raht gethan, die Fürſtin, der wir dienen!
Hör' an geſchwinden Raht, beſteige deinen Thron,
Verwirff den Urthels-Spruch durch Appellation.

Der Raht war allen lieb, und Venus ſtimmte ein,
  Sie hätten ſich geſammt in einem Wahn verglichen,
Die Götter müſten nicht zu hauff geweſen ſeyn,
  Das Urthel ſey durch Liſt und falſche Bitt' erſchlichen,
Da kaum der halbe Raht dem Urthel beygewohnt,
Da hätte man ſie ſchnell und liſtiglich enttrohnt.

Der Götter meiſter Theil hätt' einen Groll auff ihr,
  Sonſt würden ſie ja nicht ihr eignes Mitglied haſſen,
Sie ſtellten ſich diß Thun ſo leicht und wichtig für,
  Daß ſie nun Amathunt beſchloſſen zu verlaſſen,
Sie machten ſich auch gleich zur ſchnellen Fahrt bereit,
Und ſahn die Himmels-Burg in gar geſchwinder Zeit.

Sie kamen ohn Verzug im Raht der Götter an,
  Woſelbſt ein ſchröcklicher Tumult darob entſtanden,
Es lieſ, als wenn das Thun ein böſes Ende gewan,
  Dieweil die gantze Zahl der Götter war verhanden,
Denn Pallas und Neptun, Mars, Bachus und Bellon
Erſchienen allzumahl auff ihrem Himmels-Thron.

So bald ſich nun der Raht an ſeinen Ort geſetzt,
  Bath Venus um Verhör, das man ihr auch gewehrte,
Drauf fing ſie klagend an: Hier komm ich, doch verletzt,
  Beſchimpfft, ich Cypria, ich freventlich entehrte!
Es iſt vermuthlich ſchon bekandt dem groſſen Raht,
Wie man Idalia, O Schimpff! verwieſen hat.

Weil aber Zeus durch Liſt und Unwahrheit bethört,
  Da alle Götter nicht einmahl beyſammen waren!
Da man auch nicht einmahl die Zeugen abgehört,
  Und alſo, wider Recht, gantz nulliter verfahren:
Als werde ich hiemit, durch Unrecht, Spott und Hohn
Und Noht gemüßigt zur Appellation.

Darum erſuche mich der Götter hoher Chor,
  Mit zugethaner Gunſt, und löſe mich vom Bann,
Damit ich meines Reichs und Herrſchafft nach wie vor
  In ungeſtörter Ruh mich widerum bemanne,
Und dann beſtraffe man Zoil, der mich verjagt,
Und mir auf mein Gebiet Apollo hat verſagt.

Die Reden unterbrach ein ſchallendes Gelaut,
  Das eine groſſe Zahl verſchiedener Poeten
Im Zulauff angeregt, weil ihnen anvertraut,
  Wie auff dem Helicon ihr Ruhm faſt untertreten,
Die Freyheit doch gekränckt, da ihnen das Gebiht
Verbothen, Venus nie zu nennen im Gedicht.

Weil ſolches Urthel nun den Hoffmann ſehr entrüſt,
  So hub er alſo an: Durchlauchte Majeſtäten,
Wiewohl es eurem Raht nicht ſehr zu wider iſt,
  So hört, wie man uns unſchuldige Poeten
Von wegen [illegible] verdammet im jüngſten Raht,
Weil mancher etwas frey von ihr geſchrieben hat.

Wie ſchläfft Zoil doch, wenn er Ovid erſucht,
  Gedichte von der Lieb' gantz ſchändlich zu verdichten,
Noch Zeno, weil die Natur den keuſchen Trieb verflucht,
  Wohl aber unterläßt, nichts natürlich auszudrücken.
Nicht nennen ſolches Gut, das Moſes heilig nennt.
Wer hat wol ſolchen Ding für thöricht nicht erkennt?

Verwirfft man Auguſtin und andre Väter auch,
  Sind ihre Schrifften dann vom Lieben nicht zuwidern?
Man unterſcheidet nicht den Nahmen von dem Brauch,
  Schilt man die Aertzte wol, wenn ſie den Leib zergliedern?
Wer unkeuſch etwas lieſt, und nicht von Wolluſt frey,
Der meß' ihm ſelbſt die Schuld, und nicht dem Dichter, bey.

Wo ein unſchuldigs Wort den Leſer ärgern kan,
  So muß er nicht das Lied des Salomonis leſen:
Wer ſich an Worte ſtößt, von ſolchem glaubet man,
  Er ſey im Haupt verwirrt, und könne ſchwer geneſen;
Wenn ein Theologus von Liebes-Händeln ſchreibt,
So hört man nicht, daß ſich ein Läſtrer an ihm reibt.

Hüllt ſich die Andacht bloß in ſchwartze Kleider ein,
  Urtheilt die blinde Welt alſo nur nach Perſonen!
So mag ich nunmehr auch kein Dichter weiter ſeyn,
  Nehmt hin, die mir von euch ertheilte Lorbeer-Kronen.
Iſt eines Dinges Nahm nun wider die Vernunfft?
Wo will Delanere hin, wohin der Aertzte Zunfft!

Verfällt die Trefflichkeit des edelſten Flamin,
  Wenn er der Welt ein Buch von Liebes-Händeln ſchencket!
Wie öffters kommt mir noch die Schutz-Schrifft in den Sinn,
  Die Renaud Sanchez Buch vom Eheſtand angehencket!
Verwirfft man hier ein Wort vom Liebes-Trieb ſo leicht,
Hat mans doch Fürſten wol in Kupffern überreicht.

So iſt der Welt Gebrauch, ſie ſaugt aus Blumen Gifft,
  Und läſt durch falſchen Schein der Andacht ſich bethören,
Unglücklich, wen alſo ein widrigs Urtheil trifft,
  Woran ein Weiſer ſich doch nicht viel pflegt zu kehren!
Macht man die Redens-Art verhaſter Thais kund,
Legt man ihr keinen Spruch aus Pſalmen in den Mund.

Urtheile dann hieraus, allſehender Jupiter,
  Ob das Gericht mit recht der Freyheit uns beraubet,
Urtheile, groſſer Fürſt, ob man nicht allzuleicht
  Und leider der Spöttereyen des Zoilus geglaubet!
Urtheile, ob ich nicht zur Leuteration
Mit Recht gemüßigt ſey vor deiner Hoheit Thron!

Und hiemit brach er dann die Reden endlich ab,
  Worauf der Götter Rath, der alles recht erwogen,
Nach reiflichem Bedacht ein ſolches Urthel gab:
  „Wir Jovis, ſammt dem Rath des grünen Himmels-Bogen
Nachdem wir allzumahl bedächtlich angehört,
Die Appellantin meint, ſie fände ſich beſchwert,

Indem ſie darthun kan der Handlung Nichtigkeit,
  Und ſo gemüßigt ſey, an uns zu appelliren;
Als geben wir hiemit ihr Klage zum Beſcheid:
  Beklagtes Urthel iſt zwar nicht zu annulliren,
Doch wird daſſelbe noch alſo von uns erkläret:
Wenn Venus zeugen kan, ſie ſey durch Liſt geführet,

Die Zeugen nicht gehört, ſie boßhafft angeklagt,
  Nur bloß, damit Zevs möcht ihre Gewalt ſchwächen,
Daher er ihr den auch Apoſtolos verſagt:
  So ſey Beklagte zwar von allen los zu ſprechen,
Doch mit dem Vorbehalt, nach reiffem Ueberſchlag,
Ein Probe-Stück ihrer Macht zu legen an den Tag.“

Es ward Italia des Bannes wieder los,
  Dagegen Aeolus zum Widerruff verdammet,
Der Jungfern Freude war hierüber treflich groß,
  Weil ihre Liebes-Glut von neuem angeflammet,
Denn wann wir nur von hier nach Hamburg wollen gehn,
So werden wir davon ein klares Beyſpiel ſehn.

Die Dichter hielten nun auch um ihr Urthel an,
  So ihnen alſobald, des Inhalts, ward gegeben:
„Dieweil der Götter Rath gar nicht ergründen kan,
  Wie man der Dichter Zunfft um leere Worte eben
Durch neulichen Befehl die Freyheit hat gekränkt,
Wird ihnen ſelbige aufs neu hiemit geſchenkt.“

Was frohe Luſt entſtund in eines jeden Sinn!
  Ein jeder war bemüht den Danck ihr abzuſtatten,
Doch, ich gedencke ſchon nach Hamburg wieder hin,
  Und werde dieſe Zunfft in ihrem Himmel laſſen,
Man murmelt ja daſelbſt von einem Liebes-Blick,
Gelt! Venus zimmert da ihr neues Meiſterſtück.

Es iſts, ich irre nicht, ſie wird, geehrtes Paar,
  Die ſchönſte Prob' an dir zuerſt erweiſen,
Ich wünſche nicht ſonſt, damit wir übers Jahr
  Dich vermehrt und vergnügt, und recht geſegnet preiſen,
Auch wenn die Sonne wird zum Krebſe niedergehn,
Ein kleines Söhngen in deinen Wiegen ſehn.

Carl Ludwig Fernow

ward am 19. November 1763 zu Blumenhagen, einem Dörfchen bei Paſewalk in der Ukermark geboren, wo ſein Vater als Knecht auf dem dortigen Edelhofe diente. Die Gutsbeſitzerin, eine Frau von Necker, nahm ſich des hoffnungsvollen Knaben an, konnte jedoch nur bis zu ſeinem zwölften Jahre für ihn ſorgen, wo er als Schreiber zu einem Notar kam. Ein Jugendſtreich brachte ihn jedoch von hier fort, und er ward nun als Lehrling zu einem Apotheker in Anclam gethan, deſſen Kunſt er mit großem Fleiße erlernte. Nach beendigten Lehrjahren kam er als Gehülfe nach Lübeck und machte hier die Bekanntſchaft des Maler **Carſtens**, durch den ſein ganzes Leben eine neue Richtung bekam. Er entſagte nun ſeinem frühern Beruf und beſchloß ganz der Kunſt, für die er große Neigung in ſich fühlte, zu leben. Nachdem er eine Zeitlang in Ratzeburg gelebt und ſich durch Zeichenunterricht und Portraitiren ernährt hatte, begab er ſich in gleichen Abſichten nach Ludwigsluſt, und von da nach Weimar, wo er durch falſche Verſprechungen angelockt, eine glückliche, ſeinen Wünſchen entſprechende Zukunft zu finden hoffte. Er ſah ſich jedoch ſchwer getäuſcht und ging nach Jena; dort führte ihn die Neugier in Reinhold's Vorleſungen, welche ihn ſo entzückten, daß er ſich entſchloß da zu bleiben. — Ein näheres Verhältniß zu dem vortrefflichen Lehrer geſtaltete ſich bald, durch ihn lernte er Baggeſen kennen und dieſer machte ihm den Antrag, auf einer Reiſe durch die Schweiz und Italien ſein Begleiter zu ſeyn. Fernow's heißeſter Wunſch ſollte dadurch in Erfüllung gehn; leider aber ward Baggeſen als ſie nur erſt einen kleinen Theil Italiens beſucht hatten, durch Familienverhältniſſe zurückgerufen; Fernow fand jedoch die Unterſtützung wohlwollender Gönner, namentlich des Grafen Purgſtall und des Baron Herbert und ſo gelang es ihm 1794 Rom zu beſuchen und es für längere Zeit zu ſeinem Aufenthaltsorte zu wählen. Er beſchäftigte ſich hier, im vertrauten Umgange mit ſeinem Freunde Carſtens vorzüglich mit Studien über Kunſt und Literatur, vermählte ſich mit einer Römerin und kehrte 1803 nach Deutſchland zurück. An der Univerſität zu Jena als außerordentlicher Profeſſor angeſtellt, verweilte er hier jedoch nicht lange, ſondern nahm 1804 die Stelle eines Bibliothekars der verwittweten Herzogin Amalie in Weimar an. Er ſtarb hier, an den Folgen einer Pulsadergeſchwulſt am 4. December 1808.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- Arioſto's, des Göttlichen Lebenslauf. Zürich, 1809.
- Ueber Canova und deſſen Werke. Zürich, 1806.
- Leben des Künſtlers A. J. Carſtens. Leipzig, 1806.
- Francesco Petrarca. Herausgegeben von L. Hain. Leipzig, 1818.
- Italieniſche Sprachlehre. 2 Thle. Tübingen, 1804. N. A. 1815.
- Römiſche Studien. 3 Bde. Zürich, 1806—1808.
- Gemälde von Rom. Gotha, 1802.
- Außerdem beſorgte F. Ausgaben von Winkelmann's Werken, Dante, Petrarca, Taſſo, u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ein eifriges, redliches Streben nach Wahrheit und Gründlichkeit, innige Liebe und Anerkennung des Schönen, und eine edle, ſorgfältige Darſtellungsweiſe ſind kein geringer Schmuck von Fernow's kunſtgeſchichtlichen und literariſchen Leiſtungen, und haben denſelben einen dauernden Werth erworben. Um die Verbreitung und tiefere Kenntniß der italieniſchen Sprache und Literatur in unſerem Vaterlande hat er ſich unbeſtreitbar verdient gemacht; ſeine italieniſche Sprachlehre, ſowie ſeine Ausgaben italieniſcher Dichter reihen ſich dem Beſten an, was in dieſem Fache von deutſchen Gelehrten geleiſtet worden iſt. —

Francesco Petrarca.*)

Erſter Abſchnitt.

Ueber den Rang des Petrarca unter den Dichtern ſeines Jahrhunderts, über ſeine lateiniſche Poeſie und über ſeine Krönung.

Die Rangordnung der drei Dichter des XIV. Jahrhunderts hat das Zeitalter ſelbſt beſtimmt: Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio.

Vom Boccaccio wird hier nicht weiter die Rede ſeyn. Seine Romane und ſein [illegible] habt. Nur die Proſe des Decamerone lebt noch, und wird immer leben, als das ſchönſte und vollkommenſte Muſter der reinen und zierlichen Schreibart. Die Canzoni, welche jede Giornata dieſes berühmten Werks ſchließen, erhalten ſich bloß durch das Anſehen deſſelben, und verrathen nur einen mittelmäßigen Dichter.

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*) [illegible] von C. L. Fernow. Herausg. von L. Hain. Leipzig 1818.

Ich zweifle ſehr, ob Petrarca mit dem Platze zufrieden geweſen iſt, den ſein Jahrhundert ihm in der Dreizahl ſeiner Dichter anwies. Es iſt ein Brief von ihm vorhanden, in welchem er zu zeigen ſucht, daß er auf Dante nicht eiferſüchtig ſei; aber die Mühe, die er ſich deshalb giebt, und die Länge des Briefes ſelbſt ſcheinen mir vielmehr das Gegentheil zu beweiſen. Er geſteht, daß Dante's Ideen edel, aber ſeine Schreibart gemein ſei, und erkennt ihm den Preis der Wohlredenheit in ſeiner Mutterſprache zu, ohne zu ahnden, daß er ihm dadurch alles einräumt, und ihm das höchſte Lob ertheilt.

Dieſe Eiferſucht blickt aus einem ſeiner Sonette hervor, wo er ſagt:

S'io fossi stato fermo alla spelunca,
Là dov' Apollo divento profeta,
Fiorenza avria fors' oggi il suo poeta,
Non pur Verona, e Mantova ed Arunca.
Son. CXXXIII.

Blieb ich einſt ſtandhaft in der Höhle ſtehen,
Da, wo Apollo wurde zum Propheten,
Hätt' auch Florenz vielleicht ſeinen Poeten,
Nicht bloß Verona, Mantua, geſehen.

Wie? hatte denn Florenz nicht bereits vor ihm ſeinen Dichter gehabt? und war Dante nicht Dichter von Florenz? Aber vielleicht wollte er bloß von lateiniſchen Dichtern reden; das würde ihn entſchuldigen, und dieß könnte wohl, genau beſehen, wirklich der Fall ſeyn.

Die drei großen Schriftſteller des XIV. Jahrhunderts wurden von einem Vorurtheile beherrſcht, das ſie zugleich mit ihrer gelehrten Bildung eingeſogen hatten, und welches der damalige Zuſtand der italieniſchen Literatur in ihnen nährte. Sie hielten die gelehrten Sprachen allein für würdig, in denſelben zur Nachwelt zu reden, und glaubten, daß in den lebenden Sprachen nur ein gemeiner und vorübergehender Ruhm zu erwerben ſei. Sie hatten eine zu geringe Meinung von der italieniſchen Sprache: ſie hielten ſie für untauglich, etwas Schönes und Großes auszudrücken; und obgleich ſie ſelbſt dieſelbe bildeten, verſchönerten und vervollkommneten, ſo ſchämten ſie ſich doch beinahe, ſie für die ihrige zu erkennen.

Dante hatte zuerſt ſein großes Gedicht in lateiniſchen Hexametern begonnen, aber weislich gab er dieſen Vorſatz auf. Petrarca und Boccaccio hingegen errötheten über ihre italieniſchen Werke wie über nichtige Kinderſpiele, ja einigemal fühlten ſie ſich verſucht, dieſelben den Flammen zu opfern, und wünſchten ſtets, ſie vernichten und aus dem Gedächtniß der Menſchen vertilgen zu können.

Petrarca jammert, daß ſein Canzoniere, ſein einziges Werk in der Volksſprache, zu allgemein bekannt geworden ſei, und beklagt bitterlich, daß er mit Dante das Unglück theilen müſſe, ſeine Gedichte durch Aller Mund gehen zu ſehen. Wahrlich ein ſonderbares Unglück für Dichter! Seinen wahren Ruhm hoffte er von ſeinen lateiniſchen Schriften; und kaum ließ die Stimme der Zeitgenoſſen, welche ſchon ſeinen italieniſchen Gedichten den Preis zuerkannte, ihn ahnden, daß die ſchönen Augen der Laura aus ſeinen Gedichten noch den künftigen Geſchlechtern funkeln würden; zur deutlichen Einſicht ihres wahren Werthes gelangte er nie. Bloß, wie es ſcheint, um Lauren zu rühren, ſagt er Son. CLXX.

Quant' ardor mio, di che vi cal si poco,
E i vostri onori in mie rime diffusi
Ne porian infiammar fors' ancor mille:

Ch' io veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,
Fredda una lingua, e duo begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.

Dieß mein Glühn, das Euch ſo wenig theuer,
Und Ruhm durch meine Verſ' ergoſſen,
Könnten noch Tauſende vielleicht entzünden;

Im Geiſte ſeh' ich, wie mein ſüßes Feuer
Hat eine froſt'ge Zung' und, feſt verſchloſſen,
Ein Augenpaar noch aus viel Gluth entbinden.

Aber nach dem Tode Laura's nimmt ſeine Ahndung zu:

S'io avessi pensato, che si care
Fossin le voci de' sospir miei in rima — —
Son. CCLII. vergl. mit Son. CCLIV. am Ende.

Hätt' ich gedacht, daß jemals ſich bewährte
Im Lied ſo theuer meiner Seufzer Stimmen ꝛc.

Forse averrà, che'l bel nome gentile
Consacrerò con questa stanca penna.
Son. CCLVI. vergl. Son. CCLVII.

Vielleicht daß ich den ſchönen, hohen Namen
Verherrliche mit dieſem ſchwachen Kiele.

E se mie rime alcuna cosa ponno,
Consecrata fra i nobili intelletti
Fia del tuo nome qui memoria eterna.
Son. CCLXXXIII. vergl. Canz. XXIX.

Und wenn es meinen Reimen ward beſchieden,
Sei doch geehrt unter edeln Geiſtern
Hier ewig deines Namens Angedenken.

Endlich ſagt er auch in einem Briefe an Malateſta von ſeinen rime vulgari: Leguntur que libentius, quam quae serio postmodum validioribus annis scripsi. Sen. Lib. XIII. 10.

Die Nachwelt hat endlich dieſes Vorurtheil zerſtört. Die lateiniſchen Schriften des Petrarca ruhen mit denen des Dante und Boccaccio im Staube, während die divina Commedia, das Decamerone, und die Verſe, zu denen Laura ihren Sänger begeiſterte, als ewige Denkmäler der Sprache und Poeſie glänzen.

Die lateiniſchen Gedichte Petrarca's beſtehen in zwölf Eklogen, in verſificirten Epiſteln und in der Africa oder Scipiade, nebſt einigen andern kleinen Gedichten.

Obgleich der Genius eines ſolchen Dichters ſich nie durchaus verläugnen kann, ſo fließt hier doch ſeine Ader nicht mit derſelben Fülle und Leichtigkeit. Sprache und Vers wollen ſich ſeinen oft ſehr ſchönen Gedanken nicht anbequemen, und auch wenn er ſeinen Gegenſtand wohl gewählt hat, ſo iſt's als ob er ihn mit einem ſtumpfen Werkzeuge bearbeite. Sein Latein, obgleich über ſein Zeitalter erhaben, ſchmeckt doch nach dem Roſt deſſelben; es iſt weder rein noch richtig; ſein Vers iſt gezwungen hart, und verſtößt nicht ſelten gegen die erſten Regeln der Proſodie.

Aber eine ähnliche Liebe, wie die, welche Eltern gewöhnlich für ihre mißgeſtalteten oder mißrathenen Kinder haben, empfand Petrarca für ſein Africa, das ſein geliebteſtes, aber zugleich verzogenes Schooßkind war. In der That verdarb er dieß Gedicht aus übergroßer Zärtlichkeit und Beſorgniß für deſſen Schickſal. Seit dem Jahre 1339, wo er zu Vaucluſe den Plan deſſelben entwarf, und während der 35 Jahre ſeines übrigen Lebens ward er nicht müde, daran zu feilen, und es, wie er fälſchlich wähnte, zu vervollkommnen; deſſungeachtet hinterließ er es nach ſeinem Tode nicht nur unvollendet, ſondern unvollkommener, als es je geweſen war.

Petrarca glaubte damals, daß des Silius Gedicht vom puniſchen Kriege unwiederbringlich verloren ſei, und ahndete nicht, daß es im Anfange des folgenden Jahrhunderts (1416) aus dem alten Thurme der Abtei St. Gallen hervorgehen würde, um ſein Africa, das ſchon einen Theil ſeines Anſehens verloren hatte, völlig zu verdunkeln. Poggio, der die Handſchrift jenes alten Gedichts aus dem Staube hervorzog, konnte dem Ruhme Petrarca's keinen ſchlimmeren Dienſt leiſten. Denn, wenn auch Silius kein Dichter vom erſten Range iſt, ſo hat er doch den Vertheidiger und den Ueberwinder Karthago's in einem weit edlern Tone beſungen; und zwiſchen der Scipiade und dem Gedichte des Silius iſt ein größerer Abſtand, als zwiſchen dieſem und der Aeneide.

Und doch war ſie das Werk, von welchem Petrarca ſeine Unſterblichkeit erwartete. In der Prüfung, welche er vor dem Könige Robert in Neapel beſtand, ehe dieſer ihn der Dichterkrone würdig erklärte, las er demſelben einen Theil ſeines Gedichts vor. Und nachdem er dieſe Krone feierlich empfangen hatte, glaubte er ſie doch nicht eher verdient zu haben, als bis ſein Gedicht vollendet wäre.

Er legte ſowohl auf dieſe unbedeutende Arbeit, als auf jene eitle Ehre einen zu hohen Werth; doch das letztere iſt zu entſchuldigen. Wo iſt der Dichter, deſſen Ehrgeiz es nicht ſchmeicheln würde, zu gleicher Zeit von der pariſer Univerſität und vom römiſchen Senat zur Krönung eingeladen zu werden, und die Krone auf dem Kapitol zu empfangen, wo dieſe Ehre ſeit dem Statius keinem Dichter mehr widerfahren war? Aber man führt noch zwei Beweggründe an, welche ihn vermochten, nach dieſer Ehre zu ſtreben, oder die ihm dieſelbe unendlich ſchätzbar machten.

Erſtlich glaubt man, daß er dadurch gegen die Verfolgungen ſich zu ſichern geſucht, welchen er als Dichter ausgeſetzt war. Da er in der Meinung des Innocenz VI. und der Anhänglinge ſeines Hofes für einen Zauberer galt, ſo habe er, ſagt man, öffentlich und in Rom ſelbſt die Weihe der Poeſie empfangen wollen, um ſich dem Verdachte zu entziehen, und unter ſeinem Lorbeer vor dem Bannſtrahle der Kirche geſichert zu ſeyn. Aber in den Nachrichten von ſeinem Leben findet ſich, daß dieſe Gefahr ihm erſt nach ſeiner Krönung drohte; es iſt alſo nicht wahrſcheinlich, daß dieſelbe darauf Einfluß gehabt habe.

Gegründeter war vielleicht der andere Bewegungsgrund, den man ihm zuſchreibt: je phantaſtiſcher dieſer ſcheint, deſto mehr war er geeignet, auf ſeine Phantaſie zu wirken. Es war nämlich nichts anders, als die Beziehung des Lorbeers auf den Namen Laura, und die Aehnlichkeit ſeiner Liebe zu derſelben mit der des Apollo zur Daphne; auch umarmten beide, ſtatt ihrer Geliebten, nur den Baum, der ihren Namen führte, und ſuchten blos den [illegible] Troſt, ihre Stirne, ihre Leier und ihren Köcher mit dem heiligen Laube derſelben zu ſchmücken. Auch läßt ſich an dem Einfluſſe dieſes Bewegungsgrundes auf Petrarca's Geiſt um ſo weniger zweifeln, da er ſelbſt es ausdrücklich geſteht:

Con costor colsi 'l glorioso ramo,
Onde forse anzi tempo ornai le tempie
In memoria di quella, ch' io tant' amo.
Trionfo d'amore Cap. IV.

Mit dieſen ich den Zweig des Ruhmes pflückte,
Womit ich, der Geliebten zum Gedächtniß,
Mir vor der Zeit vielleicht die Schläfe ſchmückte.

Am wenigſten aber ahndete ihm wohl, daß ſeine ſchöne Provenzalin allein ihm in der That die rechtmäßigen Anſprüche auf den Lorbeer gab, und daß die geringſte ſeiner Canzoni, die er zu ihrem Lobe ſang, denſelben unendlich mehr verdiene als ſeine [illegible] und ſeine andern lateiniſchen Gedichte. Dieſe letztern konnten ſeinen Lorbeer nicht vor dem Verwelken ſchützen; jene hingegen erhalten ihn in ewiger Friſche, und durch ſie wird er noch in den ſpäteſten Jahrhunderten fortgrünen.

Was iſt übrigens dieſe Krönung anders als ein eitles Gepränge, das weder poetiſches Talent geben, noch deſſen Daſeyn beglaubigen kann! An wie viele Köpfe iſt nicht ſeitdem dieſe feierliche Handlung unnütz und unverdient verſchwendet worden, und faſt iſt Petrarca der einzige ſeiner Nation, der ſeiner Krone Ehre gemacht hat. Dadurch, daß man dieſelbe ohne Unterſchied auch an Unwürdige verſchwendete, kam ſie bald um ihren Ruf und fiel in allgemeine Verachtung, wie wir zu ſeiner Zeit ſehen werden.

Zweiter Abſchnitt.

Ueber Petrarca's italieniſche Poeſie.

Doch wir wollen uns hier nicht mit Petrarca's lateiniſcher Poeſie beſchäftigen. Durch ſeine italieniſchen Dichtungen ragt er über Alle hervor, und auf ſie iſt ſein ganzer Ruhm gegründet.

Obgleich Dante für die Bildung ſeiner Mutterſprache ſehr viel gethan hat, indem er ſie mit dem Hauche ſeines Genius belebte, ſo muß man doch bekennen, daß eigentlich Petrarca das Werk ihrer Veredlung vollendete. Er iſt der [illegible] und [illegible] poetiſchen Schriftſteller ſeines Jahrhunderts, das Vorbild aller künftigen Dichter, der Liebling der Muſen, Grazien und Liebesgötter.

Ihm verdankt die lyriſche Poeſie der Italiener ihren ſchönſten Glanz. Cino und Dante, welche beide vor ihm dieſe Gattung bearbeiteten, und von denen beſonders der letzte ſie ihrer Vollkommenheit um vieles näher brachte, [illegible] dennoch ihre Leier vor der ſeinigen. Er brach ſich in dieſer Gattung eine neue Bahn, oder vielmehr er ſchuf in derſelben eine neue Art, von der man vor ihm keinen Begriff hatte.

In dieſer Dichtungsart, zu der ſein Talent und die zarte Empfindſamkeit ſeiner Seele den Keim enthielten, der durch die ſonderbaren Ereigniſſe ſeines Lebens und ſeiner Liebe bloß entwickelt wurde, hat er alles erſchaffen, was ſeine ſchöne Phantaſie dichtete, aber ſein reich geſchmücktes Gedächtniß ihm darbot, ſo daß ſelbſt [illegible] Gedanken bei ihm durch die Art und Weiſe, wie er ſie ſeinem Hauptgedanken beymiſcht und verſchmelzt, einen Anſtrich von Originalität erhalten.

Uebrigens ſchöpfte er aus guten Quellen des Alterthums, die er zum Theil ſelbſt wieder aufgefunden hatte. Man weiß, daß er weder Mühe noch Koſten ſparte, um die alten lateiniſchen Klaſſiker wieder zu entdecken, welche durch die Barbarei der Zeiten unter Schutt und Trümmer verborgen lagen. Ihm verdankt man die Briefe des Cicero, und die erſte Handſchrift des Quintilians. Auch des Erſtern Abhandlung de Gloria beſaß er, aber ſie ging wieder verloren, dadurch daß er ſie unvorſichtiger Weiſe einem Freunde lieh, der ſie dringender Bedürfniſſe wegen verſetzte. Mit nicht geringerer Wißbegierde beſuchte er die Trümmer und Denkmäler des alten Roms, die Rom ſelbſt nicht mehr kannte. Mit einem Worte, er war der Wiederherſteller der Wiſſenſchaften und der Künſte des XIV. Jahrhunderts.

Von der tiefſten Achtung für den Virgil durchdrungen, bezeugte er dem Geburtsorte deſſelben ſeine Huldigung und beſuchte ſein Grabmal, gleichſam um den Schatten des alten Dichters zu beſchwören. Dante glaubte, ſeinem großen Lehrer und Führer eine beſondere Gunſt zu erweiſen, indem er die Seele deſſelben in den Limbus verſetzte; aber Petrarca war geneigt zu glauben, daß derſelbe auch aus dem Limbus erlöſet ſei, und ſich unter denen befunden habe, die Chriſtus daraus befreite, als er die Pforten der Hölle zerbrach.

Die Muſe, welche das Zeitalter des Auguſt verſchönte, herrſcht durchaus in den italieniſchen Verſen Petrarca's; und es iſt zu bewundern, daß er in dieſen weit glücklicher iſt, und den Virgil und Horaz weit beſſer, als in ihrer eignen Sprache nachahmt, wo ſeine Nachahmungen immer ein gewiſſes fremdartiges Anſehen haben, ſtatt daß ſie in ſeiner Mutterſprache gleichſam naturaliſirt erſcheinen.

Weniger war er im Stande, aus griechiſchen Schriftſtellern zu ſchöpfen, deren Sprache ihm, wie ſeinem Zeitalter überhaupt, noch unbekannt war; doch hatte er den lobenswürdigen Trieb, ſie zu erlernen, ohne daß er denſelben befriedigen konnte. Der berühmte Mönch Barlaam war eine Zeit lang ſein Lehrer im Griechiſchen, aber ohne Erfolg; denn noch im Jahre 1354 bekannte Petrarca, daß er kein Griechiſch verſtehe; und, daß er es auch im Jahr 1366 noch nicht verſtanden habe, beweiſt die außerordentliche Freude, welche ihm die lateiniſche Ueberſetzung der Iliade und eines Theiles der Odyſſee von Leon Pilatus verurſachte. Doch auch in dieſer ſchlechten Ueberſetzung erkannte er das Hauptverdienſt Homers, und nannte ihn den größten Maler der Vorwelt.

— — — quell' ardente
Vecchio, a chi fur le Muse tanto amiche,
Ch' Argo, e Micene, e Troja se ne sente.

Questi cantò gli errori e le fatiche
Del figliuol di Laerte e della Diva,
Primo pittor delle memorie antiche.
Trionfo della Fama, Cap. III

— — — Nebſt dem feur'gen Greiſe,
So werth den Muſen, daß davon berichten
Argos, Mycene, Troja gleicher Weiſe;

Irrſaal und Mühen ſang er in Gedichten
Von des Laertes und der Göttin Sohne;
Der erſte Maler Er alter Geſchichten.

Die Beſchuldigungen, daß er die provenzaliſchen Dichter, und vornehmlich einen gewiſſen Moſſen Jordi (Monſieur George) geplündert habe, der um die Mitte des XIII. Jahrhunderts am Hofe König Jakob II., des Eroberers, lebte, übergehe ich hier. Noch weniger will ich ihm zum Vorwurfe machen, daß er die ſicilianiſchen, [illegible] und toscaniſchen Dichter, die vor ihm gelebt, beſonders den Cino von Piſtoja und Dante, benutzt hat, von denen er, ſeiner Gewohnheit ungeachtet, doch öfter ganze Redensarten und ſelbſt Gedanken entlehnt hat.

Was iſt natürlicher, als daß ein Dichter in einer Sprache, die ſich gebildet hat, die Bemerkungen derer benutzt, welche ſie zuerſt bearbeiteten, und auch fremder verwandter Sprachen benutzen ſollte! Das waren gemeinſame Schätze, deren Petrarca ſich bedienen konnte und mußte. Warum hätte er darin bedenklicher ſeyn ſollen, als ſpäterhin Bembo, Caro, Arioſto, Taſſo und die andern Dichter des XVI. Jahrhunderts in Hinſicht ſeiner verfahren haben, wo doch die Sprache bereits den Gipfel ihrer Vollkommenheit erreicht hatte, und welche dennoch nicht verſchmähten, ganze Verſe von ihm zu entlehnen, wie ſich ſehr leicht nachweiſen läßt. Endlich haben wir ſchon bemerkt, daß er die Kunſt beſaß, das vom andern Entlehnte zu verſchmelzen und ihm den Anſtrich der Originalität zu geben.

Noch müſſen wir bemerken, daß er denen, welche er für die Väter der italieniſchen Poeſie und Sprache anerkannt, volle

Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren läßt. In einer ſeiner Canzoni beweiſt er ihnen ſeine Achtung auf eine ſeltſame Weiſe dadurch, daß er jede Stanze derſelben mit dem Anfangsverſe eines ihrer Gedichte ſchließt (Canz. VII.). Dieſe Dichter ſind der Provenzale Arnaldo Daniele, Guido Cavalcanti, Dante, Cino von Piſtoja und er ſelbſt; dagegen hat er ſowohl hier, als in der Aufzählung der berühmten Ausländer, deren Lob er ſingt, den Meſſen Jordi vergeſſen. Unter ſeinen Sonetten iſt noch eines vorhanden, worin er den Tod Cino's von Piſtoja mit zärtlichem Schmerze beklagt (Son. LXIX.), und ein anderes auf den Tod ſeines Freundes Sennuccio (Son. CCXLVI.), in welchem er denſelben beſchwört, in ſeinem Namen alle die großen Dichter zu grüßen, die er in der Sphäre der Venus verſammelt finden werde.

Die Italiener erheben ſehr die Kunſt und den Mechanismus in Petrarca's Verſen und zeigen das Vortreffliche derſelben auch in den kleinſten Theilen; ſeine äußerſte Feinheit in der Stellung der Wörter, um für jeden Gegenſtand den angemeſſenſten Fall und Klang zu treffen; ſeine geſchmackvolle Wahl in der Anwendung der Freiheiten, woran die Sprache der italieniſchen Poeſie nicht minder reich iſt als die griechiſche, beſonders in der Freiheit, die Wörter am Anfange, in der Mitte und am Ende um eine Sylbe zu kürzen; eine Sylbe in zwei auszudehnen, oder zwei Sylben in eine zuſammenzuziehen; und in der Freiheit, zwei Vocale zuſammenſtoßen zu laſſen, deren mäßiger und wohlgewählter Gebrauch oft große Wirkung thut, wie z. B. in dem Verſe Virgils:

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelion Ossae.

Sie bemerken ferner das Ueberſchreiten der Verſe, wodurch zuweilen der Sinn aus einer Stanze in die folgende fortgeführt wird; welches man in den italieniſchen Oden oder Canzoni gewöhnlich für einen Fehler hält, obgleich es in den Oden der Griechen und Lateiner nicht dafür gehalten wurde. Beim Petrarca iſt dieß keine Nachläſſigkeit, kein Vergeſſen, ſondern eine vorſetzliche Uebertretung der Regel, wo das Genie die Schranken derſelben durchbricht, um dadurch größere Schönheiten zu erreichen, indem es den ſchicklichen Moment kennt, wo es ſich ihres läſtigen Joches, das ſeinen Flug hemmen würde, entledigen darf.

Endlich haben auch die Dilettanti, welche ſich einer beſondern Zartheit des Geſchmacks rühmen, einen bemerklichen Unterſchied zwiſchen den Sonetten, welche bei Laura's Lebzeit gedichtet worden, und denen, welche ihren Tod betrauern, zu finden geglaubt. In den erſtern herrſcht jene Würde mit Lieblichkeit gemiſcht, welche einen gemäßigten Styl bilden, in den letztern herrſcht die Würde vor und gibt dem Style einen erhabenern Charakter.

Man kann alles dieſes zugeben, ohne darum anzunehmen, Petrarca habe dieß mit kleinlicher Sorgfalt vorſetzlich geſucht; der wahre Dichter thut das nie. Es findet ſich, ihm ſelber unbewußt, in ſeinem Genius, in dem zarten Gewebe ſeiner Nerven, in der harmoniſchen Stimmung ſeines Ohres; es iſt ein Geſchenk der Natur, das aus keiner Poetik geſchöpft, ſondern nur durch Uebung nach großen Muſtern gebildet wird.

Die Versarten, deren ſich Petrarca bedient, ſind nicht von ſeiner Erfindung. Er nahm ſie von den Sicilianern und Provenzalen, aber gab ihnen eine beſſere Geſtalt. So z. B. veredelte er die Form der Canzoni dadurch, daß er nur Verſe von elf und von ſieben Sylben dazu nahm. Es ſind ungefähr dreißig ſolcher Canzoni von ihm vorhanden, faſt ſämmtlich Meiſterſtücke. In dieſer Dichtungsart iſt er beſonders vortrefflich, ja man kann ſagen, unnachahmlich. In ſeinen Sonetten, welche den größten Theil ſeiner Gedichte ausmachen, findet ſich Treffliches, minder Schönes und Mittelmäßiges unter einander; noch geringeren Werth haben ſeine Balladen und Madrigale, aber glücklicher Weiſe iſt ihre Anzahl nur klein.

Aber man möchte wünſchen, daß er ſich gewiſſer ſeltſamer Formen gänzlich enthalten hätte, welche kein anders Verdienſt haben, als das der Schwierigkeit, wenn dieſe je ein Verdienſt ſeyn kann, und welche durch den unglaublichen Zwang, den ſie dem Dichter auflegen, nur falſche oder froſtige Gedanken, ſchielenden Ausdruck, Lückenbüßer und gehaltleere Verſe erzeugen.

Dergleichen ſind die Corone, oder Sonettenkränze, wo der Sinn ſich durch mehrere mit einander verbundene Sonetten hindurch windet; obgleich Petrarca ſich zum Theil der Feſſeln entledigt hat, womit die Geſetze dieſer ſchon an ſich abgeſchmackten Dichtungsart den Dichter binden.

Dergleichen ſind ferner eine Art von Canzoni, wo die Reime nur von Stanze zu Stanze wiederkehren, ſo daß die Verſe der erſten Stanze gar keinen Reim haben, alle folgenden aber auf die Endſylben der erſten reimen, die man nach einem Zwiſchenraume von ſieben bis acht Verſen bereits vergeſſen hat. Ein Beiſpiel davon bietet die Canz. III. dar.

Dergleichen ſind endlich die Seſtine, die mühſamſten und nichtswürdigſten unter den Gedichten Petrarca's, die er füglich hätte dem Erfinder derſelben, dem Arnaldo Daniele, laſſen können, ſtatt ſeinen Genius auf die Folter zu ſpannen, um eine Dichtungsart, die kein Erzeugniß der Poeſie, ſondern eine Mißgeburt der Geſchmackloſigkeit iſt, in ſeine Sprache zu verpflanzen.

Dritter Abſchnitt.

Ueber den Gegenſtand ſeiner italieniſchen Gedichte, über den Hauptgegenſtand derſelben und über den Charakter dieſer Poeſie.

Die Gedichte Petrarca's, die man auch unter dem Geſammttitel il Canzoniere begreift, haben nur einen Gegenſtand, von dem er ſich ſehr ſelten entfernt; und ſelbſt die Gedichte, wo dieß der Fall iſt, haben davon noch einen ſo ſtarken Anſtrich, daß ſie kaum für Ausnahmen gelten können.

Ich zähle ungefähr zwölf Sonette, in denen er ſeinen Liebesgegenſtand verläßt, und unter dieſen ſind vier, in denen er ſeinem heftigen Zorne gegen den päpſtlichen Hof Luft macht, den er eine Metze, ein Babylon, einen Aufenthalt des Laſters und der Verworfenheit, dem rächenden Strahle des Himmels preisgegeben, nennt. (Son. XCI, CV, CVI, CVII.) Aber ſelbſt in dieſen Sonetten wird Laura nicht ganz vergeſſen. Zu ihnen rechne ich ferner noch das Sonett, welches er bei dem falſchen Gerüchte von ſeinem eigenen Tode verfertigte, ein anderes zum Preiſe der Freundſchaft; ein drittes über die verderblichen Wirkungen des Zorns und ein viertes, in welchem er dem Giovanni Dondi über ſeinen Kummer, deſſen Urſache unbekannt iſt, Rath und Troſt zuſpricht. (Son. XCVI, CVIII, CXCVI, CCVI). In einem andern beklagt er die Verachtung der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften, welche der Schwelgerei, dem Müßiggange und dem niedrigen Eigennutze aufgeopfert werden:

Povera e nuda vai, Filosofia — — —
Son. VII.

Arm mußt und nackt, Philoſophie, du ſchreiten.

Ein anderes ſehr ſchönes Sonett richtet er an einen berühmten Mann aus dem Hauſe Colonna:

Gloriosa colonna, in cui s'appoggia
Nostra speranza e 'l gran nome Latino — —
Son. X.

Glorwürd'ge Säul, o unſ'rer Hoffnung Stütze,
An der empor ſich Römerherzen richten — —

Petrarca fordert ihn auf, den Prunk der Paläſte und den eitlen Glanz der Hoheit zu verlaſſen, und mit ihm im Schatten der Fichten und Buchen am Hügel des Parnaſſes freier zu athmen, wo tauſend bezaubernde Gegenſtände die Seele zum Himmel erheben, während die ſüße, zärtlich klagende Stimme der Nachtigall in einem nahen Gebüſche ſie wieder zur Erde herabruft und mit Gedanken der Liebe erfüllt.

Dieß Sonett iſt viel ſchöner als ein anderes, worin er gleichfalls einen Colonna, und vielleicht den nämlichen, auffordert, den ſo eben über das ihm befeindete Haus Orſini erfochtenen Sieg mit aller Macht zu verfolgen, und nicht eher zu ruhen, bis er ſeinen Feind aufs äußerſte gebracht habe. (Son. LXXXII.) Es iſt unſtreitig rühmlicher, ſeine Freunde zum unſchuldigen Genuß der Vergnügungen des Landlebens einzuladen, als zu Rache und Blutvergießen anzureizen.

Das unmittelbar folgende Son. (LXXXIII) enthält eine Nachahmung der ſchönen Ode des Horaz (Lib. IV. Ode 8.), in welcher das Vermögen der Dichtkunſt, große Männer unſterblich zu machen, über die Kunſt des Phidias und Praxiteles erhoben wird; ſo iſt in einem andern Sonett auf den Tod des Cino von Piſtoja (Son. LXIX) die rührende Elegie Ovids auf den Tod des Tibull nachgeahmt, der wie Cino ein Sänger der Liebe war, und ſeine Delia und Nemeſis, wie Petrarca ſeine Laura hatte, obgleich unter etwas verſchiedenen Verhältniſſen.

Unter den Canzoni ſind nur zwei, die ihrer übrigen Gefährten und der Nachwelt unwürdig ſind; die eine iſt ein Miſchmaſch von Sprichwörtern, deſſen Zweck man nicht einſieht; die andere eine nicht weniger dunkle Allegorie (Canz. XI u. XII).

Aber drei dieſer Canzoni verdienen, daß wir bei ihnen verweilen, es ſind nicht die minder vorzüglichen der Sammlung.

obgleich ſie nicht von Liebe handeln: ſie gehören alle drei zur patriotiſchen Gattung. (Canz. II, VI, XVI.)

Die erſte, der ein dazu gehöriges Sonett vorhergeht, ermahnt die Fürſten zu einem Kreuzzuge, zu dem man ſich zu derſelben Zeit rüſtete, als Papſt Johann XXII. Avignon wieder verlaſſen und den heiligen Stuhl nach Rom zurückbringen ſollte. Weder das eine noch das andere erfolgte: aber da beides dem Dichter gleich ſtark am Herzen lag, ſo ſpricht er mit außerordentlichem Eifer davon.

Aber auch hier kann der Dichter nicht enden, ohne in ſeine verliebten Schwachheiten zurückzufallen. Um ganz Italien zu dieſem Kreuzzuge aufzufordern, ſendet er ſein Gedicht dahin; er würde ſelbſt kommen, wenn ihn nicht die Liebe mit unüberwindlicher Gewalt und unzerreißbaren Banden wider Willen in der Provence zurückhielte.

In der zweiten dieſer Canzoni beſchwört Petrarca einen römiſchen Senator, oder einen andern angeſehenen Mann, der damals über Rom waltete, den alten Glanz dieſer Stadt wiederherzuſtellen, und die Zwietracht und Verwirrung zu erſticken, die daſelbſt herrſchten. Er beſchwört ihn in den dringendſten und kräftigſten Ausdrücken, indem er ein lebhaftes Gemälde von den Drangſalen entwirft, welchen damals das unglückliche Rom erlag, indem er vor ſeinen Augen die Schatten der Scipionen und Brutus und des Fabricius hervorruft, welcher letztere, dieſe große Unternehmung ahnend, mit Entzücken ausruft: ich erkenne mein Rom wieder, das ſich zu ſeiner ehemaligen Schönheit verjüngen wird:

Come cre', che Fabrizio
Si faccia lieto udendo la novella
E dice, Roma mia sarà ancor bella.

Dann wird mit froh'm Munde
Fabricius auch, die große Kunde zu preiſen,
Rufen: „Nun wird mein Rom ſchon wieder heißen.“

Er zeigt ihm endlich die Heiligen und Märtyrer, welche aus der Höhe des Feuerhimmels herab ihn bitten, für die Sicherheit der Tempel zu wachen, wo ihre ſterblichen Hüllen ruhen, damit die Gläubigen ſie ohne Furcht beſuchen, und ihre heiligen Reſte verehren können.

Die dritte Canzone iſt von nicht geringerer Kraft. Sie athmet die Liebe zum Vaterlande, die ihn dazu begeiſterte.

Italien ward zwiefach verheert: theils durch die Spaltungen, welche in den verſchiedenen Staaten herrſchten, und durch innere Kriege, theils durch die Horden deutſcher Söldner, welche Ludwig der Baier daſelbſt zurückgelaſſen hatte. Dieſe Miethlinge waren jedem meiſtbietenden feil, und gingen bald aus dem Solde eines Herrn in den des andern über, bald verheerten ſie die Länder für eigne Rechnung, und lebten auf Koſten der Provinzen, deren ſie ſich bemächtigen konnten.

Nachdem Petrarca dieſen unglücklichen Zuſtand ſeines Vaterlandes beweint hat, ermahnt er die Fürſten Italiens, ihrem Haß und ihren Zwiſten zu entſagen, um ſich gegen jene fremden Landſtreicher zu vereinigen, die dann nicht länger furchtbar, und leicht vom vaterländiſchen Boden zu vertreiben ſeyn würden:

Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l'arme, e fia 'l combatter corto,
Che l'antico valore
Negl' italici cor non è ancor morto.

Und gegen Wuth wird Tugend,
Sich rüſten, bald der Kampf zum Ziel gelangen;
Iſt in Italiens Jugend
Ja noch der alte Muth nicht untergangen.

Die Trionfi des Petrarca ſind ein unvollendetes Werk, an das der Tod ihn die letzte Hand zu legen hinderte. Sie beſtehen in einer Folge von allegoriſchen Träumen oder Geſichten von der Liebe, der Keuſchheit, dem Tode, dem Ruhme, der Zeit und der Ewigkeit.

Der Inhalt dieſer Dichtungen iſt gemiſchter Art, doch herrſcht auch hier die Liebe; und man kann ſagen, daß alle dieſe Triumphe nur ein einziger, nehmlich Laura's Triumph, ſind.

Die Liebe triumphirt über den Dichter. Laura's Keuſchheit triumphirt über die Liebe. Der Tod triumphirt über Lauren und Laura über den Tod. Der Ruhm, welcher nebſt der Liebe des Dichters Herz theilte, triumphirt über dieſes Herz, aber die Zeit zerſtört die Trophäen des Ruhms, doch auch ſie wird zuletzt von der Ewigkeit vernichtet. Dieſer letzte Triumph, der einzig wahre, wird im Himmel, im Schooße der Gottheit, gefeiert. Dort auch wird er ſeine Geliebte wiederfinden, und wenn er ſchon in ihrer Liebe auf Erden ſo glücklich war, wie glücklich wird er ſeyn, wenn er ſie in den ewigen Wohnungen wiederſieht!

Dieſe Trionfi ſind voll ſchöner Stellen, voll trefflicher Sinnſprüche, voll großer poetiſcher Züge; ſchade, daß er nicht mehr Muße hatte, ihnen die letzte Feile zu geben, und daß Versbau und Stil darin zu ſehr vernachläſſigt ſind.

Wir nähern uns nun dem großen Gegenſtande, um welchen die Gedichte Petrarca's ſich drehen, der ſein Herz und ſeine Leier beherrſcht, und der uns zugleich den Menſchen und den Dichter näher bekannt machen wird.

Außer dem Charakter der Ueberlegenheit, durch den geniale Menſchen ſich von andern auszeichnen, haben ſie auch noch ihren eigenthümlichen Charakter, durch den ſie ſich von einander unterſcheiden. Daher kommt es, daß ſie in der nemlichen Dichtungsart, oder dem nemlichen Gegenſtande verſchiedene Anſichten faſſen, denſelben ihre eigne Form aufdrücken, wodurch dieſe Verſchiedenheit merklich und hervorſtechend wird.

Aber es iſt darum nicht weniger ſchwer zu ſagen, worin dieſe Eigenthümlichkeit beſteht. Wir haben von derſelben nur dunkle Gefühle, und können ſie nur durch allgemeine Ausdrücke bezeichnen. Schön, groß, erhaben, anmuthig, zärtlich, rührend, ſind Ausdrücke dieſer Art, aber man kann dieß alles auf tauſenderlei Weiſe ſeyn; und jeder geniale Menſch hat ſeine eigne, welche gerade ſeinen Charakter bezeichnet; aber die Beſtandtheile dieſes Charakters ſind ſo zart, ſo innig verbunden, daß ſie jeder genauern Zergliederung entſchlüpfen. Es iſt ſchon genug, wenn wir nur dahin gelangen, die größern Maſſen zu unterſcheiden; ich meine gewiſſe Hauptbeſtandtheile, gewiſſe ſtark gezeichnete Eigenſchaften; aber ihre Grade, ihre Schattirungen, die Verhältniſſe ihrer Miſchung zu beſtimmen, dazu haben wir weder Zahl, noch Gewicht, noch Maß.

Dieſen Grundſätzen zufolge werde ich einen Verſuch wagen, den Canzoniere, oder die Sammlung italieniſcher Gedichte des Petrarca, genauer zu unterſuchen. Ich weiß wohl, wie oft derſelbe bereits erklärt, zergliedert und durch die Hechel der Kritik gezogen worden, und wie viel Bände man zuſammentragen könnte, wenn man alles ſammeln wollte, was über dieſes kleine Bändchen geſchrieben worden; aber ich gebe hier bloß meine eigenen Bemerkungen. Ich habe mich bemüht, ſelbſt den Petrarca verſtehen, und ich darf wohl ſagen, fühlen zu lernen, und ich werde ihn ſo ſchildern, wie ich ihn verſtanden und gefühlt habe; ich werde mir die Idee ſeines poetiſchen Charakters aus den Zügen bilden, welche in ſeinem Werke den ſtärkſten Eindruck auf mich gemacht haben.

Aber hier fühle ich auch ſehr wohl das Nachtheilige meiner Lage. Mir, dem Fremdling, muß ohne Zweifel ſo manches verborgen bleiben, was ein Einheimiſcher des Bodens, der dieſe Werke hervorgebracht hat, auf den erſten Blick entdeckt: und in dieſer Hinſicht fodert das Urtheil der italieniſchen Kenner meine größte Achtung. Aber vielleicht wird dieſer Nachtheil mir in anderer Hinſicht wiederum etwas vergütet. Werke des Geiſtes wollen eben ſo wie ſichtbare Gegenſtände, aus einem gewiſſen Abſtande, in der rechten Mitte zwiſchen Ferne und Nähe, betrachtet ſeyn. Ich würde mich ſehr glücklich ſchätzen, wenn ich mich auf dieſem Standpunkte befände. Jede Nation muß wünſchen, daß ihre vorzüglichen Schriftſteller auch von unparteiiſchen Kennern anderer Nationen geſchätzt werden. Jenes enthuſiaſtiſche Vorurtheil, welches den Geſchmack unſerer Nation zur allgemeinen Regel des Geſchmacks, und die vaterländiſchen Geiſteserzeugniſſe zum unbedingten Maßſtabe des Schönen und Vollkommenen erhebt, iſt eine Schwachheit, und wird leicht, durch einige Uebertreibung, eine Lächerlichkeit, gegen die man ſich verwahren muß. Ich habe auf dieſen Umſtand bei allen meinen Unterſuchungen beſondere Rückſicht genommen, und mir immer für die Literatur der Alten und der Neueren eine freie Anſicht zu erhalten geſucht. Und welcher Partheilichkeit könnte ich in der Schätzung der italieniſchen Dichter verdächtig ſeyn?

Es iſt bekannt genug, daß der Hauptgegenſtand der Gedichte Petrarca's erotiſcher Natur iſt, oder von der Art, welche die Italiener durch amatorio oder amoroso bezeichnen; und daß er in dieſer Gattung ſelbſt ſich, ſo zu ſagen, eine neue Gattung oder Art geſchaffen hat, für die er keinen Vorgänger unter den Alten fand, und daß er nur ſehr ſchwach und ſchlecht von denen nachgeahmt worden, die in ſeine Fußſtapfen traten, und deßhalb mit dem Zunamen Petrarchiſten belegt wurden.

Indem ich nun das Charakteriſtiſche dieſer Dichtungen zu erforſchen ſuchte, ſchien es mir aus folgenden drei Quellen zu entſpringen: 1) aus der beſondern Beſchaffenheit der Liebe des

Dichters ſelbſt; 2) aus ſeiner Frömmigkeit, und 3) aus ſeiner Philoſophie. Dieſe drei Punkte alſo werde ich vornehmlich, ſowohl einzeln, als in ihrer Verbindung, zu entwickeln ſuchen.

Vierter Abſchnitt.

Ueber die Liebe Petrarca's.

Wer iſt, fragen wir vor allen Dingen, der Gegenſtand dieſer dauernden, ſo zärtlichen Leidenſchaft? Wer iſt dieſe Laura, deren wohlklingender ſüßer Name alle gefühlvolle Herzen anzieht, und ſich auf Flügeln der Liebe zu den fernſten Zeitaltern ſchwingt?

Iſt es nicht wunderſam, daß wir ſo wenig von dieſer ſeltnen Schönheit wiſſen, welche einen noch ſeltenern Verehrer hatte, der durch ſo köſtliche Verſe ihrem Namen Unſterblichkeit gab!

Noch im 15ten Jahrhunderte verloren die Italiener ſich in eitlen Träumen über eine Perſon, die den Dichter, der ſie beſang, zu ſo lieblichen Träumen begeiſterte.

Mehrere unter ihnen wollten ſie ſogar aller Perſönlichkeit entkleiden, und ſie zu einem bloß idealiſchen Weſen, zu einem lieblichen Luftgebilde machen. Andere machten, was noch ärger war, ein allegoriſches Weſen aus ihr, die Religion, die Buße, die Philoſophie, die Tugend, und wer weiß, was ſonſt noch. Endlich, als Gipfel der Albernheit, gab es einige, die ſie in die Jungfrau Maria verwandeln wollten, die alſo, ihnen zufolge, in der Provence geboren, und im Jahre 1348 daſelbſt an der Peſt geſtorben ſeyn müßte. Und in der Canzone an die heilige Jungfrau würde er ſie um Verzeihung, daß er ſie geliebt habe, bitten, und um die Gnade, ſeine Seele von einer ſo ungeheuern Sünde zu reinigen (Canz. XXIX).

Auch in den folgenden Jahrhunderten wußten die Italiener nichts mehr von der Geliebten ihres großen Dichters, obgleich, ſie ihr die Perſönlichkeit wieder zugeſtanden. Einem Franzoſen war es vorbehalten, ſie zuerſt über Laura's Perſon und Familie aufzuklären und darzuthun, daß ſie aus dem Geſchlecht de Noves, eine Tochter des Ritter Audibert, Herrn von Noves, einem Flecken zwei Meilen von Avignon, ſei. Aber das Wichtige in ſeiner Entdeckung, und was Gesualdo und Caſtelvetro nur dunkel geahndet hatten, iſt, daß Laura ſchon zwei Jahre lang verheirathet, und wahrſcheinlich auch ſchon Mutter war, als Petrarca ſie zum erſten Male ſah, und die erſte Regung der Liebe für ſie empfand.

Dieſer Umſtand iſt um ſo weniger zu überſehen, da er großen Einfluß ſowohl auf Petrarca's Leidenſchaft, als auf die Gedichte haben mußte, in welchen er die Gluth dieſer Leidenſchaft ausſtrömte, und dieſer den eigenthümlichen Charakter gab, deſſen wir oben bereits erwähnt haben.

Laura war verheirathet. Sie war ihren Pflichten und Grundſätzen getreu; Tugend, Ehre, und eine zarte und ſtrenge Sittſamkeit leiteten ihr Betragen. Aber ſie war Weib; ſie hatte kein Felſenherz; ſie war nicht mit Tigermilch aufgezogen worden. Und da Empfindſamkeit das Erbtheil ſchöner Seelen iſt, wie konnte ſie gegen die Huldigungen eines Liebhabers gleichgültig bleiben, der mit einer blühenden Jugend und mit einer höchſt einnehmenden Bildung alle Reize des Geiſtes verband, in dem ſich zu ſo großen Talenten auch die Gabe zu gefallen geſellte, der ein Liebling der Muſen, ja der erſte Mann ſeines Jahrhunderts war, und der zu lieben wußte, wie man nie liebte, und nie mehr lieben wird! Mußte ſie ſich durch eine ſolche Eroberung, durch den Glanz, der davon auf ſie zurückſtrahlte, durch den Ruhm, den dieſelbe ihr verſprach, nicht geſchmeichelt fühlen?

Laura wußte die Anſprüche ihres Herzens und ihrer Eigenliebe mit den Grundſätzen der Klugheit und der Tugend zu vereinigen, indem ſie ſich ſo vorſichtig und wohlgemeſſen betrug, daß ſie die Leidenſchaft des Dichters unterhielt und fortwährend verſtärkte, ohne dieſelbe zu befriedigen, ja ohne ihr auch nur das Mindeſte zu geſtatten. Nur ſelten, und nur an öffentlichen Orten, wozu er die Gelegenheit noch beſonders aufſuchen mußte, hatte er das Glück, ſie zu ſehen, und noch ſeltener das, ſie zu ſprechen; und nie wagte er es, ihr von ſeiner Liebe zu reden (Canz. I. St. 4). Abwechſelnd bald ernſt, bald milde, wußte ſie ihre Reden, ihre Blicke und Mienen ſo zu beherrſchen, daß ſie, wann er zu viel wagte, entweder ſeine Kühnheit niederſchlagen, oder ſeine ſinkende Hoffnung erheben und ihn wieder an ſich ziehen konnte, dergeſtalt, daß ſie ihn ein und zwanzig Jahre lang in ihren Feſſeln hielt, in ſtetem Wechſel zwiſchen Sturm und Ruhe, und allen Bewegungen eines leidenſchaftlichen Gemüths hingegeben, wo er in langen Zügen jenes Bitterſüß, wie er es nennt, ſchlürfte, jenen Trank von Honig und Wermuth, den die Liebe in ihren Zauberbecher miſchte.

Heutiges Tags, wo man in der Liebe raſcher zu Werke geht, wo unſere Lungen nicht mehr Athem genug haben, um vier Luſtra hindurch zu ſeufzen, würde dieſes Betragen Laura's für eine über die Gebühr verfeinerte Coketterie ausgelegt werden. Schon Petrarca klagt mehr als einmal, daß ſie im Grunde nur ſich allein liebe, daß nur ſie der letzte Zweck aller ihrer Wünſche ſei, daß die Qualen, die er erdulte, ſie wenig beunruhigen, ja im Gegentheil nur ihrem Stolze ſchmeicheln.

Se forse ogni sua gioja
  Nel suo bel viso è solo,
  E di tutt' altro è schiva.
Canz. XIII.

Kann Luſt ihr und Behagen
  Nur eigne Schönheit bringen,
  Iſt Alles ihr zuwider ꝛc.

Veggendo in voi finir vostro desio.
Son. XXXVIII.

Er ſchwieg. Iſt er vernommen,
Wie in euch ſelbſt ſich eure Luſt beſchränket.

Quella che sol, per farmi morir, nacque,
  Perch' a me troppo, ed a se stessa, piacque.
Canz. XXI.

Sie, die nur mich zu tödten, trat ins Leben,
  Weil ſie ſich ſelbſt, ich ihr zu ſehr ergeben.

Er tadelt ihre Neigung zum Putz, verwünſcht den Spiegel, in dem ſie ſich ſo gern betrachtet, und ſtellt ihr das warnende Beiſpiel des Narciß vor. Dieſer verrätheriſche Spiegel wurde in dem Abgrunde der Hölle verfertigt, und in den Fluß des Vergeſſens getaucht:

— — I micidiali specchj — —
  Questi fur fabbricati sopra l'acque
  D'abisso, e tinti nell' eterno oblio.
Son. XXXVII u. XXXVIII.

— — Doch mehr den böſen Spiegeln muß ich klagen,
  Die ihr durch Liebesäugeln wollt ermüden.
  — — — — —
  Gefertigt wurden ſie am Strand der Lethe,
  Mit ewiger Vergeſſenheit getränket ꝛc.

Vielleicht waren dieſe Klagen nicht ganz ohne Grund. Wo iſt die ſchöne Frau, welche nicht ein wenig Eigenliebe beſäße, welche ſich nicht im Bewußtſeyn ihrer Reize und der durch ſie erregten Bewunderung gefiele? Aber nur ſelten und im Uebermuth ſeiner Leiden entſchlüpft dem Dichter dieſe Aeußerung. Er fühlt ſogleich ſchmerzliche Gewiſſensbiſſe darob, kehrt unter das gewohnte Joch zurück, ſegnet ſeine Qualen, und verehrt ſeine Ketten.

Wir dürfen hier nicht nach den Sitten unſerer Zeit urtheilen. Was uns romanhaft ſcheinen würde, war damals wirklich. Die Liebe war das ernſthafteſte Geſchäft des Lebens; und dieſer Heldenſinn der Liebe, des Ritterthums köſtlicher Ueberreſt, lebte noch in edlen Gemüthern, und nährte in ihnen die zarteſte Geſinnung. Dieß war Laurens Geſinnung im höchſten Grade; durch den Strahl der Sittſamkeit geläutert, war ſie rein wie die heilige Flamme, welche auf dem Altar der Veſta lodert.

Gleiche Geſinnung wußte ſie auch ihrem Liebhaber einzuflößen; und wenn es ihr auch nicht gelang, alle irdiſchen Begierden aus ſeinem Herzen zu verbannen, ſo wußte ſie dieſelben doch dergeſtalt zu mäßigen und im Zaum zu halten, daß ihre Gegenwart ihm eben ſo viel Achtung als Liebe einflößte, und daß er noch mehr von den Schönheiten ihrer Seele, als von den Reizen ihrer Geſtalt bezaubert ward.

So walteten Tugend, Klugheit und Sittſamkeit über dieſem Liebeshandel. Laura's Zurückhaltung war keine Grimaſſe der Coketterie; ſie glich nicht der Galatee des Virgil, welche hinter die Weiden floh, aber ſo, daß man ihre Flucht entdeckte:

Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.

Dieſe Zurückhaltung war die Frucht reiflicher Erwägung deſſen, was ſie ſich ſelbſt ſchuldig war (Son. CCXXIV). Die größten Begünſtigungen, deren Petrarca ſich rühmen konnte, beſchränkten ſich auf einige wenige Worte, die ſie ihm mit größerer Freundlichkeit als gewöhnlich ſagte, die er aber in ſeiner Entzückung für auszeichnende Gunſtbezeugung hielt, und die ihn auch in der That für den Augenblick glücklich machten.

Nur einmal iſt von einem Geheimniß unter den beiden Liebenden die Rede, dem er eine ganz beſondere Wichtigkeit beiſeyn; aber auch das Höchſte, was man darunter muthmaßen kann, geht auf nichts weiter hinaus, als daß Laura ſeine Hand berührt, oder ihm die ihrige gereicht hatte:

Alla man, ond' io scrivo, è fatta amica
A questa volta, e non è forse indegno:
Amor se 'l vede, e sai Madonna, ed io.
Son. CCXXI.

Der Hand, mit der ich ſchreibe, ward es *) freundlich
Diesmal, die wohl nicht unwerth ſolchen Preiſes;
Amor, der ſah's, ich und Madonna weiß es.

Aber auch nur zu vermuthen, daß er einen Kuß auf ihre Hand zu drücken gewagt habe, würde eine ſo ungeheure Verwegenheit ſeyn, daß man bei dem bloßen Gedanken daran zittert.

Die Dauer und Beſtändigkeit ſeiner Liebe ſprechen zu Laura's Ruhme. Dieſe Liebe würde ſchwächer geworden, erloſchen, geſchwunden ſeyn, wenn ſie gefälliger gegen ihn geweſen wäre, und noch mehr, wenn ſie ſich ihm hingegeben hätte. Nur eine ſtrenge, tugendhafte Frau iſt im Stande, eine ſo ſtarke, ſo lebendige, ſo dauernde Flamme anzufachen und zu nähren; eine Flamme, die, ſo lange Laura lebte, und noch zehn Jahre nach ihrem Tode, mit gleicher Gluth brannte, die weder ein feindliches Geſchick noch das Grab auszulöſchen vermochten, die ſie im Gegentheil nur noch ſtärker entzündeten.

Wäre es eine unlautre Liebe geweſen, wie iſt zu glauben, daß der fromme Dichter gewagt hätte, dieſelbe bis in den Himmel dauern zu laſſen, und Lauren daſelbſt mit denſelben Geſinnungen, die ſie auf Erden für ihn gehabt, ſo wie ſich ſelbſt, ihr denſelben Tribut der Bewunderung und Zärtlichkeit darbringend, zu ſchildern! Dieß iſt der Triumph einer reinen, von allem Irdiſchen geläuterten Liebe.

Les désirs innocens, et les chastes attraits
Passent dans l'Elysée, et ne meurent jamais.

Dieß waren, wenn ich nicht irre, die Urſachen, welche eine Liebe ſo ungemeiner Art erzeugten und nährten, von der man ſchon zu Petrarca's und Laura's Zeiten ſagte, daß die Sonne nie zwei ſolche Liebende beſchienen habe:

Non vede un simil par d'amanti il sole.
Son. CCVII.

Nicht ſah ein gleiches Liebespaar die Sonne.

Dieſe Worte laſſen ſich mit gleichem Rechte auf die Poeſie anwenden, die jene Liebe ihm eingab; ſie iſt eben ſo einzig in ihrer Art, und wir haben geſehen, wie ſie es werden mußte; dadurch nämlich, daß die Seele Petrarca's und Laura's, die zwiſchen ihnen obwaltenden Verhältniſſe und die daraus entſpringenden Gefühle treu in ihnen abgeſpiegelt ſind. Aus dieſem allen geht der herrſchende Charakter der 10141 Verſe hervor, die ſie enthält, und die bis auf wenige Ausnahmen, die wir bereits angezeigt haben, ſämmtlich Lauren angehen. Dieſer Charakter bleibt unter allen Veränderungen derſelbe: er beherrſcht alle Empfindungen und Gedanken des Dichters, ſchließt ſeine Frömmigkeit und ſeine Philoſophie, und zieht ſie mit ſich fort in ſeine mächtige Sphäre.

Um dieſen Charakter noch beſſer zu entwickeln, wollen wir die Spuren deſſelben in der ſinnlichen Anlage, in der Einbildungskraft, im Herzen, im Verſtande, kurz in allen Gemüthsvermögen des Dichters verfolgen.

Die Liebe dringt durch die Sinne ins Gemüth, und erregt in ihm Begierden, wie ſie unſerer Organiſation gemäß ſind. Aus ſinnlichem Stoffe geformt, wie die andern Menſchen, empfand auch Petrarca eine Begierde nach Laura's Beſitz; und wie ſtrenge auch ſeine Liebe war, ſo bricht ſie doch an zwei oder drei Stellen dieſen Zwang ab. In einer dieſer Stellen wünſcht er eine Nacht mit Lauren zuzubringen, ohne andre Zeugen als die Sterne, und daß dieſer Nacht kein Morgenroth folge. In andern Stellen beneidet er den Pygmalion und den Endymion auf eine etwas zweideutige Weiſe (Seſtin. I, Son. LVIII, und Seſt. VII am Ende). Aber gewiß hat Laura dieſe unbeſcheidenen Gedichte entweder nie geleſen, oder ſie hat ihn dieſelben ſchwer büßen laſſen.

Man weiß überdieß, daß er Lauren nicht immer treu war. Sein heftiges Temperament, durch Alter und Liebe noch mehr entflammt, riß ihn zu Ausſchweifungen hin, und ließ ihn anderswärts die Befriedigungen ſuchen, die ſie ihm verſagte: zwei natürliche Kinder, Giovanni und Francesca, waren die Früchte und lebenden Beweiſe derſelben. Vielleicht hatte Laura auch ſelbſt an dieſen Vergehungen einigen Antheil; vielleicht glaubte er zuweilen diejenige, die er überall ſuchte, gefunden zu haben, und es ging ihm, wie jener Prinzeſſin Colonna, welche während des Jubeljahres in Rom einen Pilger ſah, der eine auffallende Aehnlichkeit mit ihrem verbannten Gemahl hatte, und von der Macht dieſer Täuſchung ſo hingeriſſen wurde, daß der Pilger ſie ſchwanger hinterließ.

Aber dem Menſchen genügt dieſer rohe Naturtrieb nicht, welcher den bloß ſinnlichen Genuß zum Gegenſtand und Zweck hat; wenigſtens kann dieß nur bei denen Statt finden, welche durch das Laſter zur Thierheit hinabgeſunken ſind. Man würde den Namen der Liebe entweihen, wenn man ihn darauf beſchränken wollte. Unſere geiſtige Natur hat auch auf die Begierden Einfluß, die wir mit den Thieren gemein haben, und bewirkt dadurch den hohen Rang, den wir auf der Stufenleiter der Weſen einnehmen. Die Thiere haben keine Vorſtellung von Schönheit und Vollkommenheit; ſie werden nicht wie wir durch Ebenmaß, richtiges Verhältniß der Formen, Regelmäßigkeit der Züge, Anmuth der Geberden, des Anſtandes, der Bewegung angezogen. Denn dieß ſind nicht mehr ſinnliche Eindrücke, ſondern Vorſtellungen, von jenen abgezogen, und durch die Einbildungskraft verſchönert, wo ſchon die Eigenſchaften der Seele wie hinter einem durchſichtigen Schleier erſcheinen. Die Thiere begehren bloß, der Menſch allein iſt der Liebe fähig.

In dem Verhältniſſe, worin Petrarca zu Lauren ſtand, ahndet man, welchen Flug ſeine Einbildungskraft nehmen mußte. Ihr Beſitz war ihm verſagt; er konnte ſie nur ſelten ſprechen, ja die meiſte Zeit konnte er ſie nicht anders ſehen, als durch jenes Vermögen, welches in ſolchen Fällen nur ſeine Kraft verdoppelt, um das Gemälde ſeines Gegenſtandes ſchöner und vollkommner darzuſtellen.

Und mit welchem Pinſel, mit was für Farben ſtellt ſie ihm nicht die körperlichen Reize Laura's dar, welche zuerſt ihn feſſelten, aber ihm zugleich auch Reize höherer Art enthüllen: ihre edle Miene; ihre herrliche Stirne; ihr ſchlanker Wuchs; ihr Haar vom Gott der Liebe gebildet; ihr engliſcher Mund mit Roſen und Perlen geſchmückt; ihre weißen und zarten Hände; ihre weichen rundlichen Arme; ihr Hals weißer als Schnee; ihr Buſen, der in der Blüthe der Jugend ſtrahlt, und zugleich der Sitz eines tiefen und erhabenen Verſtandes iſt!

Le man bianche sottili,
E le braccia gentili,
E 'l bel giovenil petto,
Torre d'alto intelletto.
Canz. XIII.

Die Hände zart geſtaltet,
Der Arme Reiz entfaltet,
— — — —
Den Bau, in dem ſo Stolz als Demuth waltet,
Des Buſens Jugendfülle,
Erhabner Geiſter Hülle,
Verbergen dieſe Augen mir, die rauhen.

Man kann wohl glauben, daß die Augen Laura's nicht vergeſſen werden: die Italiener haben viel über die Farbe derſelben geſtritten; aber, ſie mögen blau oder ſchwarz geweſen ſeyn, ſie ſpielen in ſeinen Gedichten eine große Rolle. An ſie hat Petrarca jene berühmten Canzoni gerichtet, die den Namen der drei Schweſtern führen, welche für unnachahmliche Meiſterwerke gelten, vor denen ganz Italien die Knie beugt.

Mit einem Worte, Laura iſt ein Wunder, ein Meiſterwerk, in deſſen Hervorbringung Himmel und Natur ſich erſchöpften. Seit Adam zuerſt ſeine Augen dem Lichte öffnete, iſt nichts ſo Vollkommenes aus des Schöpfers Händen hervorgegangen (Son. CLV u. CCCXVI).

Ihr Gang iſt nicht der einer Sterblichen; ihre Stimme klingt ſchöner als Menſchenſtimmen; ihr Athem iſt Hauch des Paradieſes. Laura iſt kein Weib; ſie iſt eine Gottheit, ein himmliſcher Geiſt in weiblicher Geſtalt. Wer ſie nicht geſehen hat, hat keine Vorſtellung von übermenſchlicher Schönheit.

Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d'angelica forma; e le parole
Sonavan altro, che pur voce umana.
Son. LXIX.

Ihr Gang war nicht, wie andre Erdenliebe,
Sondern von Engelart, und ihrem Munde
Entſtiegen Worte, nicht wie Menſchenſprache.

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*) das Schickſal.

Uno spirto celeste, un vivo Sole —

ebendaſ.

Ein Himmelsgeiſt, ein Bild lebend'ger Sonnen
War, was ich ſah. —

O vera mortal Dea.

Trionfo della Morte, Cap. I.

Wahrhaft ſterbliche Göttin —

Quasi un spirto gentil di Paradiso.

Son. LXXXVI.

Ein holder Geiſt aus Paradieſeshöhe.

Per divina bellezza indarno mira
Chi gli occhj di costei giammai non vide.

Son. CXXVI.

Nach Himmelsſchönheit blickt umſonſt im Kreiſe,
Wem nimmermehr ihr Auge noch getagt.

Was ſind gegen Lauren jene geprieſenen Heldinnen der Fabel und Geſchichte! Keine iſt würdig, ihr verglichen zu werden, weder Polyxena, noch Hypſipyle, noch Argia, noch die treuloſe Schöne, welche den Griechen Verderben und den Trojanern den Untergang brachte; noch die keuſche Römerin, welche ihre Bruſt durchbohrte, um nicht ihre Schmach zu überleben:

Non si pareggi a lei, qual più s'apprezza
In qualch' etade, in qualche strani lidi:
Non chi recò con sua vaga bellezza
In Grecia affanni, in Troja ultimi stridi:

Non la bella Romana, che col ferro
Apri 'l suo casto e disdegnoso petto:
Non Polissena, Issifile, ed Argia.

Son. CCXXII.

Nicht kann vor ihr das Herrlichſte beſtehen,
Was fremde Land' und ferne Zeiten hegen,
Nicht, die gebracht einſt ihrer Schönheit wegen
Den Griechen Noth, Troja die letzten Wehen:

Ihr weicht das ſchöne Römerweib, deß Eiſen
Die keuſche, zorn'ge Bruſt durchſtach, ingleichen
Hypſipyle, Argia, Polyxene.

Alle Weiber, die je waren und ſeyn werden, ſollen ſich in Lauren ſpiegeln, und nach ihr ſich bilden. Klugheit, Muth, feine Sitte, gefälliges Weſen, der Weg wahren Ruhmes, der Weg des Himmels, wie man Gott lieben, wie man ſprechen, wann man ſchweigen ſoll, jene Heiligkeit der Sitten, die keine menſchliche Sprache würdig zu ſchildern vermag: zu allem dieſem iſt Laura Beiſpiel und Muſter. Aber was keine andere ihr nachahmen kann, iſt ihre übermenſchliche Schönheit, welche alle Augen blendet, alle Herzen bezaubert, und die keine Kunſt zu erreichen fähig iſt (Son. CCXXIII).

Wenn es im Himmel eine ähnliche Schönheit giebt, ſo ſehnt ſich der Dichter, ſeinen irdiſchen Kerker zu ſprengen, und ihr ſeine Huldigung darzubringen. Indeß dankt er dem Himmel, und ſegnet den Tag ſeiner Geburt, daß ſein Leben in die Zeit fiel, wo Laura lebte, und daß es ihm vergönnt ward, ſie hienieden zu ſehen und zu lieben:

Io penso, se lassuso,
Onde 'l motor eterno delle stelle
Degnò mostrar del suo lavoro in terra,
Son l'altre opre sì belle:
Aprasi la prigion, ov' io son chiuso,
E che 'l cammino a tal vita mi serra.

Canz. IX.

Oft ſprech' ich in Gedanken:
Wenn er, der ob den Sternen ewig waltet,
Der ſeine Macht ſchon gnädig zeigt hienieden,
Gleich Schönes dort entfaltet,
So öffnet euch, ihr meines Kerkers Schranken,
Die mich vom Pfad zu ſolchem Glück geſchieden!

Eilt alle herbei, ruft er aus, um ſo viel Vollkommenheit in einer Perſon vereinigt zu ſehen, ehe der Tod ſie in das Reich der Himmel verſetzt, wo ſie erwartet wird. Aber ſäumet nicht, das Schönſte iſt von kurzer Dauer, und ihr würdet ewig bereuen, ihren Anblick verfehlt zu haben. Habt ihr ſie erblickt, ſo werden meine Verſe euch ſtumm und kalt ſcheinen, und mein Genius wird verſchwinden vor dem Glanze dieſes herrlichen Lichtes (Son. CCX).

Der Enthuſiasmus des Dichters beſchränkt ſich nicht auf Laura's Perſon allein; er verbreitet ſich auch über alle Gegenſtände, ja ſelbſt über lebloſe Dinge, die ſie berühren, die ihr nahen, ſie umgeben, und in näherer oder entfernterer Beziehung zu ihr ſtehen. Das ganze Weltall verſchönt ſich durch Laura's Reize.

Die Wirkung dieſer Reize war ſchon ſeit ihrer Kindheit, ja ſeit ihrer Geburtsſtunde merklich. In dieſer glücklichen Stunde ließ der Einfluß der ſchädlichen Geſtirne nach, und die wohlthätigen Sterne blickten einander liebevoll an. Die Sonne ſtrahlte mit ſchönerem Glanze, die Winde ſchwiegen, die empörten Wogen legten ſich, alle Elemente bezeugten ihre Freude; es war ein Feſttag für die Natur.

Wenn Laura als Kind an der Erde kroch oder ſtrauchelte, und ſie mit ihren zarten Händchen berührte, ſo grünten die Pflanzen, die Quellen wurden klarer, der Raſen ſproßte; ihre Blicke lockten Blumen aus der Flur; ihr kindliches Stammeln beſänftigte die Stürme (Canz. XXV. Str. 6).

Die Kräuter und Blumen drängen ſich unter ihren Tritt, und wetteifern, von ihrem zarten Fuß berührt zu werden. Ein Blick von ihr erheitert den Himmel, der ſich durch ſie eines neuen ſchöneren Glanzes erfreut:

Come 'l candido piè per l'erba fresca
I dolci passi onestamente move,
Virtù, che 'ntorno i fior apra e rinnove,
Delle tenere piante sue par ch' esca.

Son. CXXXII.

So oft ihr weißer Fuß durch friſche Wieſen
Die ſüßen Schritte ehrbarlich beweget,
Scheint, was in Gras und Blumen rings ſich reget,
Nur zu entſtrömen ihren zarten Füßen.

L'erbetta verde, e i fior di color mille
Sparsi sotto quell' elce antica e negra,
Pregan pur, che 'l bel piè li prema o tocchi;
E 'l ciel di vaghe e lucide faville
S'accende intorno; e 'n vista si rallegra
D'esser fatto seren da sì begl' occhj.

Son. CLIX.

Die tauſendfarb'gen Blumen flehn, die Kräuter,
Bei alter, grauer Eich' umhergeſtreuet,
Daß ſie der ſchöne Fuß berühr' und drücke;
Und es erglüht der Himmel rings dem Blicke
Von hellen, lichten Funken, und erfreuet
Sieht er, wie ſchönes Aug' ihn machte heiter.

Avventuroso più d'altro terreno,
Ov' Amor vidi già fermar le piante,
Ver me volgendo quelle luci sante,
Che fanno intorno a se l'aere sereno.

Son. LXXXV.

Du glücklichſte von allen Erdenſtellen,
Wo Amor ich vor Zeiten ſahe ſtehen
Und jene frommen Lichter nach mir drehen,
Die um ſich her im Kreis die Luft erhellen!

Laura iſt abweſend. Die Luft trübt ſich, es donnert, ſchneit, regnet; die Erde ſcheint in Thränen zu ſchwimmen, die Sonne birgt ſich, Saturn und Mars bedräuen mit verderblichem Einfluß; der zürnende Orion zerreißt die Taue und zerſchellt die Ruder des bangen Schiffers; der Gott der Winde zerwühlt das Reich des Neptun und der Juno.

Laura kehrt zurück. Ihr mildes Lächeln ſtellt die Ruhe wieder her, und entreißt den Händen Jupiters den Blitzſtrahl. Die Sonne ſtrahlt wieder ihren Glanz umher und erleuchtet den Mond. Der ſanfte Hauch des Weſtwindes ſchwellt die Segel des Schiffers, entfaltet die Blumen und kleidet die Wieſen mit Grün. Die feindſeligen Geſtirne fliehen von der Feſte des Himmels (Son. XXXIII u. XXXIV).

Welch reizendes Gemälde, wo Laura an einer klaren Quelle unter einem blühenden Baume ſitzt! Die Blüthen, vom Weſt herabgeweht, regnen rings umher auf ſie nieder, die unter ſo vielem Glanze in ihrer Beſcheidenheit da ſitzt, u. ſ. w.

Da be' rami scendea
Dolce nella memoria
Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea
Umile in tanta gloria,
Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo:
Qual fior cadea sul lembo

Qual sulle trecce bionde;
Ch' oro forbito e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle:
Qual si posava in terra, e quali sull' onde;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando parea dir: qui regna Amore!
Canz. XIV. str. 4.

Es quoll von zarten Zweigen —
Noch denk' ich's mit Entzücken —
Herab auf ihren Schooß ein bunter Regen.
In demuthvollem Schweigen
Und Hoheit in den Blicken
Saß überdeckt ſie von der Blüthen Segen,
Die um den Saum ſich legen,
An blond Gelock ſich ſchmiegen,
So Golde zu vergleichen,
Dem Perlen hell entſteigen;
Zur Erde die, auf Wellen jene fliegen,
In ſchwebendem Getriebe
Umkreiſend rufen andr': „Hier herrſcht die Liebe!"

Dieß ſind keine Gedankenſpiele einer eingebildeten Liebe, keine Stilübungen eines angehenden Dichters, der ſich eine Geliebte erdichtet, um ihr ſeine ſchönen Redensarten und ſeinen faden Weihrauch zu opfern. Es iſt die poetiſche Begeiſterung der wahren Leidenſchaft, die Schwärmerei eines gefühlvollen Herzens, das Amor mit ſeinen Pfeilen verwundet hat. Das Herz des Dichters iſt der Brennpunkt, der ſeine Einbildungskraft entzündet, und auf den ſie wieder zurückwirkt, um die Gluth deſſelben zu nähren und zu vermehren.

Der erſte Anblick Laura's hatte tiefe, unauslöſchliche Eindrücke in demſelben hinterlaſſen, welche durch alle nachherigen Verhältniſſe ſeines Lebens, vornehmlich aber durch Laura's Betragen gegen ihn ſtets neu belebt und verſtärkt wurden. Die Wechſelzuſtände, die verſchiedenen und entgegengeſetzten Gemüthsbewegungen, in die ſie ihn verſetzt, ſind in ſeinem Canzoniere, wie in einem Tagebuche treulich verzeichnet; man folgt darin dem Dichter auf allen Gängen des mannigfaltig verſchlungenen Irrgartens, durch den Amor ihn führt.

Funfzehn Jahre ſind ſeit dem Entſtehen dieſer ſchickſaligen Leidenſchaft verfloſſen, ohne daß er näher zum Ziele gelangt iſt; ſein Zuſtand bleibt der nämliche, wie er (1342) ſeinem Freunde Sennuccio im Vertrauen ſchreibt (Son. LXXXIX).

Dieſer ſtete Wechſel, dieſes verſchiedene Betragen, dieſe Launen oder Einfälle Laura's, wie man ſie nennen mag, waren eben ſo viel neue Lockung und neuer Zunder für des Dichters Flamme, die allmählig ſich ſeiner ganzen Seele bemächtigte, ſie unumſchränkt beherrſchte und jedes andere Gefühl daraus verbannte. Er ſieht nichts als Lauren, träumt nichts als ſie; bei ihrem Anblick, bei dem Ton ihrer Stimme, iſt er nicht mehr ſelbſt, ſein Herz ſchmilzt wie Schnee am Strahle der Sonne (Canz. X); ſie hat den Schlüſſel zu ſeinem Herzen, das jede Stimmung annimmt, die ſie ihm geben will.

— — — il petto,
Che forma tien dal variato aspetto.
Canz. IX.

Dem Herzen Linderung zu bringen,
Das ſtets ſein Weſen ändert mit den Dingen.

Alle Gaben der Liebe und des unbeſtändigen Glücks wiegt ein Blick von Lauren auf. Ihr Auge verdunkelt jedes Licht; wenn ihr Blick in ſeine Seele ſtrahlt, ſo ſchwindet jeder andere Gedanke; Laura und die Liebe füllen ſie ganz. Dieß alles drückt die Canz. IX, eine der drei Schweſtern, aus, von der wir hier nur die nachſtehenden Verſe anführen:

Vaghe faville, angeliche, beatrice
Della mia vita, ove 'l piacer s'accende,
Che dolcemente mi consuma e strugge,
Come sparisce e fugge
Ogni altro lume, dove il vostro splende,
Così dal mio core,
Quando tanta dolcezza in lui discende,
Ogni altra cosa, ogni pensier va fore,
E sol' ivi con voi rimansi Amore.

Ihr Himmelsfunken, meines Seyns Genoſſen,
Ihr lichten, milden, wo ſich Freud' entzündet,
Die meines ſüßen Jammerlebens Quelle!
Wie jede andre Helle
Verſiegt und flieht, wo eure ſich entbindet;
So, wenn ſo viel des Süßen
In's Herz mir ſtrömt, wohl alles Andre ſchwindet,
Und alle andern Wünſch' im Nu zerfließen;
Nur Amor will mit euch ſich drin verſchließen

Von dem milden Strahle dieſer Augen allein hofft der Dichter das Ende ſeiner Leiden, von ihnen das einzige Heilmittel für die Wunde, die ein grauſames Schickſal ihm ſchlug; ſie ſind die Polarſterne, welche den Lauf ſeiner Verhängniſſe auf dem ſtürmiſchen Meere des Lebens leiten; und wann die Verzweiflung ihn den Tod zu ſuchen treibt, ſind ſie der Zaum, der ihn zurückhält, und ihm neue Lebenskraft gibt:

Certo il fin de' miei pianti,
Che non altronde il cor doglioso chiama,
Vien da' belli occhj al fin dolce tremanti,
Ultima speme de' cortesi amanti.
Canz IX.

Soll meine Klage ſchweigen,
Die nirgend ſonſt aus ſchwerem Herzen tönet,
Geſchieht's zuletzt durch ſüßer Augen Neigen,
Adlicher Seelen letzter Hoffnung Zeichen.

E credo dalla fasce e dalla culla
Al mio imperfetto, alla fortuna avversa
Questo rimedio provvedesse il cielo.
Ebendaſ.

Und ſeit den Windeln, glaub' ich, und der Wiege
Hat gegen Unvollkommenheit und Leiden
Der Himmel ſolches Mittel mir geſchenket.

Come a forza di venti
Stanco nocchier di notte alza la testa
A duo lumi, ch' ha sempre il nostro polo:
Così nella tempesta,
Ch' io sostengo d' amor, gli occhj lucenti
Sono il mio segno, e'l mio conforto solo.
Canz. X.

Wie müd' ein Lootſ' im Dunkel
Durchſtürmter Nacht erhebt ſein Haupt nach oben,
Den Lichtern zu, die ſtets am Pol ſich zeigen,
So iſt in Sturmes Toben,
Den Lieb' erregt, der Augen Lichtgefunkel
Mein einz'ger Troſt, mein einzig Rettungszeichen.

A lor sempre ricorro,
Come a fontana d'ogni mia salute;
E quando a morte desiando corro,
Sol di lor vista al mio stato soccorro.
Ebendaſ.

Bei ihnen will ich weilen,
Die meines Heiles lang erprobte Quelle;
Und treibt mich Sehnſucht, in den Tod zu eilen,
Kann nur ihr Anblick Hülfe mir ertheilen.

Auch kennt der Dichter kein anderes Vergnügen, als dieſe Augen anzuſchauen; neben ihnen ſcheint nichts ihm ſchön; ihr Glanz ſtrömt Frieden und Seligkeit des Himmels in ſeine Seele. O dürfte er einen Tag lang in der Nähe und unverwandten Blicks ihrer Augen holde Bewegungen, die Amor ſelbſt zu leiten ſcheint, betrachten, und die ganze Welt und ſich ſelbſt in dieſer Betrachtung vergeſſen! und o möchten die Sphären ihren Lauf hemmen, damit dieſer Tag ewig daure!

Tutti gli altri diletti
Di questa vita ho per minori assai,
E tutt' altre bellezze indietro vanno.
Pace tranquilla senz' alcuno affanno,
Simile a quella che nel ciel eterna,
Move dal lor innamorato riso.
Così vedess' io fiso
Come amor dolcemente gli governa,
Sol uno giorno d'appresso,
Senza volger giammai rota superna,
Nè pensassi d'altrui, nè di me stesso,
E 'l batter gli occhj miei non fosse spesso.
Canz. X.

Vor ihnen muß verſchwinden
All' andrer Reiz des Lebens; aller Schimmer
Erbleichet vor dem Schein der lichten Kerzen.
Wohl einen holden Frühling ſonder Schmerzen,
Des Himmels ew'gem Frieden zu vergleichen,
Ihr liebeſelig Lächeln freundlich ſpendet.
Drum möcht' ich unverwendet
Nur einen Tag, deß Strahlen nie erbleichen,
Den Blick nach ihnen lenken,
Zu ſehn, wie ſie in Liebe hold ſich neigen.
Nicht Andrer würd' ich dann, noch meiner denken,
Und häufig nicht das Auge niederſenken.

Kurz, von tauſend Gegenſtänden umgeben, ſieht er doch bloß Lauren; es giebt in der Natur keinen andern Gegenſtand für ihn:

Dico, che perch' io miro
Mille coſe diverſe attento e fiſo,
Sol una Donna veggio, e 'l ſuo bel viſo.
Canz. XV.

Drum wiſſt, was auch dem Auge mag erſcheinen,
Doch ſeh' ich ſtets die Reize nur der Einen.

— che ſola a me par Donna.
Canz. XIV.

Der Einz'gen, die mir Herrin ſcheinet.

Wenn auch abweſend ſeinem Blicke, ſo iſt ſie doch darum nicht minder ſeinem Geiſte gegenwärtig; ſein Herz entreißt ſich ſeiner Bruſt, um ihr zu folgen; ihr angebetetes Bild erfüllt alle Vermögen ſeiner Seele (Son. XV).

Alle Orte, wo er ſie geſehen, ſtellen es ihm wieder dar. An dieſem Fenſter zeigte ſie ſich beim Aufgange der Sonne; an jenem gegen Norden erſchien ſie zur Mittagszeit, um friſche Luft zu ſchöpfen; auf dieſer ſteinernen Bank ſaß ſie; dort ging ſie, und drüben ihr Schatten; ſelbſt in dieſen Schatten iſt er verliebt (Son. LXXXVII); dort zeigt der Boden noch die Spur ihrer Tritte. Vor allen aber erneuet jener Ort und jener Frühlingstag, wo er Lauren zum erſten Mal erblickte, ſowohl bei jeglicher Wiederkehr, als in der bloßen Erinnerung daran, die Wunden ſeines Herzens, und entlockt ſeinen Augen Ströme von Thränen (Son. LXXVI und an andern Stellen).

Auch ſolche Gegenſtände, die keinen Bezug auf Lauren haben, rufen nicht weniger ihre Perſon in ſeiner Einbildungskraft hervor; ſie erſetzt jede andere Beziehung und ſtellt ſie ihm überall gegenwärtig dar. Sie zeichnet ihm auf Steinen und an Felſenwänden, in dem Spiegel klarer Fluthen, auf dem grünen Raſen, an dem Stamm einer Buche, im ſchwebenden Lichtgewölk des Himmels ihre Geſtalt. Alle Jahreszeiten, der Auf- und Niedergang der Sonne erwecken ihr Bild in ihm:

Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

Dich mit dem kommenden Tag, dich mit dem ſcheidenden
ſang er!

So lange dieſe ſüßen Träume dauern, fühlt Petrarca ſich vollkommen glücklich und erflehet vom Himmel keine andere Gunſt, als daß dieſe Täuſchung immer daure:

Ove porge ombra un pino alto, od' un colle
Talor mi arreſto, e pur nel primo ſaſſo
Diſegno con la mente il ſuo bel viſo.
— — — — — — — — —
In tante parti e ſi bella la veggio,
Che ſe l'error duraſſe, altro non cheggio.
Io l'ho più volte (or chi fia che mel creda)
Nell' acqua chiara, e ſopra l'erba verde
Veduta viva, e nel troncon d'un faggio,
E 'n bianca nube, ſi fatta, che Leda
Avria ben detto, che ſua figlia perde,
Come ſtella, che 'l Sol copre con raggio.
Canz. XVII.

Wo Pinien- ſich und Bergesſchatten breiten,
Da ruh' ich, und gleich auf dem nächſten Steine
Entwerf' ihr ſchönes Bild ich in Gedanken.
— — — — — — — — — — —
So oft, ſo ſchön erſcheint ſie mir, die Werthe,
Daß, blieb der Wahn, ich Anders nicht begehrte.
So ſah ich ſie (wer glaubt, was ich verkünde?)
Wohl oft im klaren Quell, auf grünen Matten,
In Silberwölkchen, unter Buchenzweigen,
So wunderſchön, daß Leda ſelbſt geſtünde,
Der Tochter Schönheit ſteh' vor ihr im Schatten,
Wie Sterne vor der Sonne Strahl erbleichen.

Je wilder und öder die Gegend iſt, die ihn umgiebt, deſto reizender und ſchöner malt ſie ihm Laura's Bild:

E quanto in più ſelvaggio
Loco mi trovo, e 'n più deſerto lido,
Tanto più bella il mio penſier l'adombra.
Ebendaſ.

Je öder rings das Schweigen,
Je dunkler mich des Waldes Nächt' umweben,
So mehr erſcheint ſie mir in lichter Klarheit.

Mit völliger Sicherheit durchreiſet er den Ardennenwald, und iſt unter tauſend Gefahren, die ihn umringen, nur mit Laurens Andenken beſchäftigt. Er läßt in dieſen Wildniſſen die Echo ihren Namen wiederholen; in einer Gruppe von Fichten und Buchen ſieht er Lauren von ihren Gefährtinnen umgeben. Im Rauſchen des vom Winde bewegten Laubes, im Murmeln der Bäche, die durch den Raſen hinrollen, im Gezwitſcher der Vögel, in allen Tönen, die ſein Ohr berühren, glaubt er Laura's Stimme zu hören. Seine verliebte Schwermuth gefällt ſich in dieſer tiefen Stille der Natur und im ſchauerlichen Dunkel dieſer Wälder (Son. CXLIII u. CCXL).

Aber die Wonnen und Entzückungen ſeiner betrachtenden Liebe wurden öfter unterbrochen und geſtört. Ihr Mangel an Gehalt, die geringen Fortſchritte, die er in Laura's Gunſt machte, ſo viel Sorgen und Seufzer, ſo viele verlorene Verſe, verurſachten ihm große Qualen und brachten ihn zuweilen der Verzweiflung nahe. Dann werden ſeine Klagen Vorwürfe; einmal droht er ihr mit den Verwünſchungen aller derer, die ſeine an ſie gerichteten Verſe liebgewonnen haben, wann dieſe ſehen werden, daß ſeine durch ſie getäuſchten Hoffnungen ihm ſein Genie und ſeiner Muſe die Luſt zu ſingen geraubt haben (Son. XLVI); aber in demſelben Augenblick vergißt er, daß ſie ſein Genie nicht geraubt, ſondern vielmehr geweckt hat. Ein andermal will er den Gleichgültigen fliehen und droht ſie zu verlaſſen (Son. LXI u. LXII).

Man wird leicht glauben, daß ein ſolcher Liebhaber auch alle Qualen der Eiferſucht fühlen mußte. Alles erregt ſeinen Argwohn. Er fürchtet, daß ſie einen andern liebe, und ihn einem glücklichern Nebenbuhler opfere:

Sempre pien di deſire e di ſoſpetto;
Pur come donna in un veſtire ſchietto
Celi un' uom vivo, o ſott' un picciol velo.
Son. CXLIX.

Immer voll Argwohn ſo, als voll Verlangen,
Ganz wie ein Weib, das lieben Mann, umfangen
Mit kleinem Schleier, birgt und Florgewande.

D'amor, di geloſia, d'invidia ardendo
Trionfo d'amore, Cap. III.

Von Liebe glühend, Eiferſucht und Neide.

Er iſt auf die Verwandten der Laura, oder auf ihren Gatten ſelbſt, eiferſüchtig (Son. CLXIII); er iſt eiferſüchtig auf den König von Frankreich, oder den Grafen von Provence, oder einen andern großen Herrn, der in einer Verſammlung der ſchönſten Frauen Avignons nur Lauren ausgezeichnet, und ihr Augen und Stirne geküßt hatte (Son. CCI). Selbſt auf die Sonne iſt er eiferſüchtig, theils weil dieſelbe ſchöner iſt als er, theils weil es ihm ſcheint, daß ſie zu verliebt auf Laura's Geſtalt weile (Son. XCII). Auch Laura ſcheint nicht von aller Eiferſucht frei geweſen zu ſeyn, als man ſie überreden wollte, daß Petrarca eine andere Geliebte habe, welche der wahre Gegenſtand ſeiner Poeſien ſei, denen ſie bloß zum Vorwande diene. Dieſer Eiferſucht Laura's verdanken wir die ſchöne Canzone, in der er ſich ſo eifrig und ſtark gegen dieſe ſchreckliche Beſchuldigung vertheidigt:

Se 'l diſſi mai, ch' io venga in odio a quella, etc.
Canz. XIX.

Sagt' ich's, will ihrem Haß ich unterliegen ꝛc.

Doch alle Qualen der Liebe, die Petrarca leidet, knüpfen ihn nur feſter an den Gegenſtand, der die Urſache derſelben iſt, und ſtatt ihn von ſeiner Leidenſchaft zu heilen, nähren und verſtärken ſie vielmehr die Gluth derſelben. Er kann ſeine Bande nicht zerſprengen, kann den Pfeil nicht aus ſeinem verwundeten Herzen reißen, und würde es auch nicht wollen, wenn er es wirklich könnte. Er gefällt ſich in ſeinen Qualen, er zieht ſie allen Freuden der Welt vor:

Mille piacer non vaglion un tormento.
Son. CXCV.

Ein Weh iſt beſſer, denn viel tauſend Wonnen.

Laura's Strenge und Zurückhaltung, die ehrfurchtsvolle Entfernung, die dieſe ihm auflegen, erzeugen die ſeltſamſten Wünſche und Plane in ihm. Er möchte, daß ſie bereits alt geworden ſei, und will bis dahin warten, um ihr ſeine Leidenſchaft zu geſtehen, wenn die Zeit ihrer Befriedigung längſt vorüber iſt. Dieß wird wenigſtens ein ſpäter Troſt für ſeine Leiden ſeyn (Son. XI).

Aber in Erwartung dieſes Alters überläßt er ſich nicht minder allen Verirrungen ſeiner Leidenſchaft. Seine Vernunft verläßt ihn; er kann die Blicke nicht abwenden von der ſüßen Urſache ſeiner Qual; nur von ihr mag er reden hören; nur der Name Laura, der ſeinem Ohre ſo lieblich tönet, füllt die Luft; ſeine Füße kennen nur einen Weg, den, der zu ihr hinführt; ſeine Hände ſchreiben nur zu ihrem Lobe; ſein Geiſt denkt einzig nur ſie:

Che 'l fren della ragione ivi non vale — —
Nè mi lece ascoltar chi non ragione
Della mia morte; che sol del suo nome
Vo empiendo l'aere, che sì dolce suona:
Amor in altra parte non mi sprona;
Nè i piè sanno altra via, nè le man, come
Lodar si possa in carte altra persona.
Son. LXXVI.

Nichts hilft da des Verſtandes Widerſtreben —
— — — — — — —
Ich haſſ', wer meines Todes nicht gedenket,
Nicht hören, und nur ihres Namens Süße,
Des lieblich tönenden, ruf' ich den Lüften.
Nach andrer Seit' Amor mich nimmer lenket,
Und keinen andern Weg kennen die Füße,
Noch weiß die Hand, wen ſonſt zu lob' in Schriften.

Hoc igitur unum scito, me aliud amare non posse: assuevit animus illam adamare, assueverunt oculi illam intueri, et quicquid non illa est, inamoenum et tenebrosum dicunt. — — Petr. de Cont. mundi dial. III.

Die Liebe zu Lauren hat ihn von der Liebe zu Gott abgezogen, ja um ihretwillen hat er ſich ſelbſt vergeſſen:

Questi m' ha fatto men' amare Dio
Ch' io non doveva, e men' curar me stesso?
Per una donna ha messo
Egualmente in non cale ogni pensiero.

Er ließ an Gott mich minder liebend hangen,
Als recht, und minder mich mir ſelber leben;
In Wind hab' ich gegeben
Mein Denken all' im Dienſte einer Frauen.

Er unterliegt endlich der Laſt ſeiner Leiden; er ſieht den Tod gegen ihn die mörderiſche Hippe erheben; ſchon hat die Stimme des letzten Tages in ſeiner Seele getönt; dennoch hält ihn die Liebe noch immer in ihren Feſſeln:

E già l' ultimo dì nel cor mi tuona:
Per tutto questo Amor non mi sprigiona.
Son. LXXX.

Schon tönet in's Herz die Letzte mir der Stunden;
Doch läßt mich Amor immerdar gebunden.

Endlich ſtirbt Laura; aber Petrarca's Liebe ſtirbt nicht mit ihr. Noch zehn Jahre lang ſtimmt ſeine [illegible] in [illegible] und nachdem ſpäterhin die Zeit ein wenig Balſam in ſeine Wunden gegoſſen, und einige Ruhe in ſein Gemüth zurückgebracht hat, hört er dennoch nie auf, ſich mit Lauren zu beſchäftigen; ihr Bild begleitet ihn noch in den letzten Augenblicken ſeines Lebens.

Der zweite Theil des Canzoniere, der ſeinen Gram, ſeinen Schmerz, ſeine Verzweiflung malt, iſt dem edlen [illegible] geweiht. Er enthält eine Folge rührender Klagen, deren tiefe Trauer uns mit Schwermuth durchdringt, und deren klagende Töne im Innerſten des Herzens wiederhallen.

Petrarca befand ſich in Italien, als Laura zu Avignon ſtarb. [illegible] Träume, ſchwarze Ahndungen hatten ihm [illegible] Verluſt verkündet; wenigſtens ſchien es ihm ſo. Seine aufgeregte Einbildungskraft ſtellte ſie ihm dar, wie er ſie am Abende vor ſeiner Abreiſe von Avignon geſehen hatte, glänzend zwar unter ihren Geſpielinnen, wie die Roſe unter den andern Blumen, aber nicht mehr fröhlich, lachend und ſingend, ſondern unbekränzt, ſchmucklos, mit ernſtem Anſtande und ernſter Miene, ſchweigend, in ſich gekehrt. Ein andermal erſcheint Laura ihm, um ihm anzukündigen, daß er ſie auf Erden nicht wiederſehen wird. Er möchte gern noch an der Wahrheit ſeines Verluſtes zweifeln, aber [illegible] (Son. CCXI, CCXII u. folg.).

Bald nachher empfängt er die Botſchaft von ihrem Tode. Welcher Schlag für ihn! was erhält nun hinfort ſein Leben noch? er lebte nur in Lauren und für ſie; ſeine Seele ſcheint mit der ihrigen entflohen zu ſeyn; er ruft den Tod, um ihn mit Lauren wieder zu vereinigen; er würde ſich ſelbſt den Tod geben, hielte ihn nicht der Gedanke zurück, daß ein ſolches Verbrechen vielmehr ihn ewig von ihr trennen, als mit ihr vereinigen würde (Canz. XXII.).

Seit dieſem ſchrecklichen Augenblick erſcheint ſeine Muſe nie anders als in Trauer; die ganze Natur iſt vor ſeinen Blicken mit einem ſchwarzen Flor umhüllet; die Welt iſt jetzt eine wüſte Einöde für ihn. Vergebens erfüllt der wiederkehrende Frühling die Herzen mit Wonne, vergebens weckt er das Lied der Vögel und belebt alle Elemente durch das Feuer der Liebe; vergebens ſchmücken die Fluren, erwärmt vom Hauch der jungen Weſte, ſich mit Kräutern und Blumen. Für ihn giebt es keinen Frühling mehr; ſein Herz iſt hinfort jeder Freude verſchloſſen und der Liebe abgeſtorben. Nur Laura's Liebe lebt noch darin und preßt tiefe Schluchzen und ſchmerzliche Seufzer aus ſeiner Bruſt. Der klagende Geſang der Nachtigall, welche ihre Jungen oder ihren Gatten im Dunkel der Nacht beweint, begleitet und wiederholt ſeine Klage (Son. CCLXIX und CCLXX). Aber man kann von dem klagenden Geſange Petrarca's wie von dem der Nachtigall ſagen:

Il remplit de douceur et la terre et le ciel.

Was iſt nun aus jenen Orten geworden, die ſo bezaubernd waren, als noch Laura's Reize ſie verſchönten? Die Gegenſtände ſelbſt haben noch ihre vorige Geſtalt; aber die Seele des Dichters iſt nicht mehr dieſelbe; ſie hat ihre Geſtalt verändert, er ſieht die Dinge nicht mehr mit denſelben Augen. Sein geliebtes Vaucluſe, der Fluß, der es netzt, ſeine ſchönen Ufer, dieſer Hügel, wo er oft wonnetrunken ſeinen ſüßen Träumereien nachhing, ſind nicht mehr dieſelben, ſie haben ihre Reize verloren (Son. CCLX).

Doch liebt er immer noch dieſe einſame Gegend, weil er in ihr ungehindert ſeinem Schmerze nachhängen kann. Dieſer geliebte Aufenthalt, der ſo oft von Laura's Namen wiederhallte, dieſer Hügel, dieſe Ufer, dieſer Bach, deſſen Murmeln ſich in ſeine Klagen miſcht, dieſer Lorbeer, den er an ſeinem Ufer gepflanzt, ſind noch ſein trauriger, aber einziger Zufluchtsort vor ſeinem Kummer. Così — ſo ſang er einſt:

Così cresca 'l bel lauro in fresca riva,
E chi 'l piantò, pensier leggiadri, ed alti
Nella dolce ombra al suon dell' acque scriva.
Son. CXVI.

So wachſ' der Lorbeer ſchön auf Ufers Matten,
Und was ſein Pflanzer Hohes und Holdes ſinnet,
Schreibt er beim Laut des Bachs im ſüßen Schatten.

Nun ruft er an demſelben Orte, auf demſelben Felſen, aus welchem die Sorga entſpringt, ſeine Laura, und beſchwört ſie, einen tröſtenden Strahl auf ihren Geliebten herabzuſenken, der nur von ihrem Andenken und ſeinem Schmerze lebt:

Mira 'l gran sasso, donde Sorga nasce,
E vedravi un, che sol tra l'erbe e l'acque
Di tua memoria e di dolor si pasce.
Son. CCLXIV.

Schau' an den Felſen, wo die Sorg' entquillet;
Du ſiehſt da einen, den bei Gras und Wellen
Erinnerung und Schmerz, den Hunger ſtillet.

Endlich erfüllt und beglückt der Gedanke an ſie ihn dermaßen, daß ſeine Phantaſie ihm Lauren erſcheinen läßt. Bald erſcheint ſie Nachts vor ſeinem Lager, bald ſetzt ſie ſich neben ihn, bedauert ihn und trocknet ſeine Thränen mit ihren [illegible], ſtatt durch den Tod entriſſen zu ſeyn, [illegible]. Bald erſcheint ſie ihm am Tage, den Fluthen der Sorga entſteigend, in Geſtalt einer Nymphe oder Göttin, oder [illegible] (Son. CCXL. CCXLI. CCXLII).

Sich Laura's Bild entwerfen, alle ſeine Gedanken auf ſie beziehen, ſich in die Betrachtung ihrer Reize, ihrer Tugenden, ihrer ſeltenen Eigenſchaften verſenken, ſie bewundern, feiern, ſie in ſeiner Einbildungskraft hervorrufen, und ſeinem Geiſte vergegenwärtigen, das ſind die einzigen Freuden, welche Amor und die Muſen dem Ueberreſte der Tage und dem treueſten der Liebenden gewähren.

Schon zu Laura's Lebzeiten ſagte er ihr alles, was er [illegible] mag und iſt, alles [illegible] al piacere, si piacea, tuum est [illegible] nun noch Laura's [illegible] iſt es ſein einziger Troſt, ſein Geliebte zu erneuern.

Sie allein hat ihn auf der Bahn der Pflicht erhalten, hat ihn vor den Lockungen des Laſters bewahrt, ſeinen Geiſt geſchmückt, ſeine Sitten gebildet. Ihre Augen, dieſe lebendigen Spiegel ihrer ſchönen Seele, haben ihn angefeuert recht zu handeln, ſich auszuzeichnen, dem Ruhme nachzuſtreben, und ſich über den großen Haufen der Sterblichen emporzuſchwingen; ſie ſind die Leuchten, welche ſeinen Pfad durchs Leben erhellen und ihm den Weg zum Himmel zeigen:

Gentil mia donna, io veggio
Nel mover de' vostri occhj un dolce lume,
Che mi mostra la via, ch' al ciel conduce;
E per lungo costume
D' entro là dove sol con Amor seggio,
Quasi visibilmente il cor traluce.
Questa è la vista; ch' a ben far m' induce,
E che mi scorge al glorioso fine;
Questa sola dal volgo m' allontana.
Canz. IX.

Euch, edle Herrin, ſchimmert
Im Aug' ein Licht, holdſelig zu gewahren,
Das mir den Weg hinan zum Himmel kläret.
Und durch ein lang Erfahren
Seh' ich das Herz, wie da hindurch es ſchimmert,
Wo ich allein mit Amor eingekehret.
Der Anblick iſt es, der mich Tugend lehret,
Daß ruhmvoll einſt ich von der Erde ſcheide;
Nur er hat mich erhoben ob der Menge.

Durch und aus ſich ſelbſt iſt er nur ein dürrer, unfruchtbarer Boden, der nichts hervorbringt, als was ſie in denſelben geſäet hat:

Onde, s' alcun bel frutto
Nasce da me, da voi vien prima il seme:
Io per me son quasi un terreno asciutto,
Colto da voi, e 'l pregio è vostro in tutto.
Canz. VIII.

Drum reift an meinen Zweigen
Geſunde Frucht, ſo hab' ich's euch zu danken!
Ich ſelbſt bin einer Oede zu vergleichen;
Ihr baut ſie und der Preis iſt euer eigen.

Unum hoc non sileo, me quantulumcumque conspicis, per illam esse — — — Quae me a vulgi consortio segregavit, quae dux viarum omnium, torpenti ingenio calcar admovit, ac semisopitum animum excitavit. De Cont. mundi, Dial. III.

Laura und die Liebe haben ſeinen Geiſt und ſein Dichterfeuer entzündet; er hat ſich in ihrer Schule gebildet; ohne ſie würde er vielleicht ein beſſerer Schreiber des Gerichtshofes, ein Menſch wie andere im großen Haufen geworden ſeyn. In den nachſtehenden Verſen ſpricht Amor:

Salito in qualche fama
Solo per me, che 'l suo intelletto alzai,
Ov' alzato per se non fora mai.
— — — — — — — —
Ed a costui di mille
Donne elette eccellenti n' elessi una,
Qual non si vedrà mai sotto la Luna,
Benchè Lucrezia ritornasse a Roma.
— — — — — — — —
E sì alto salire
Il feci, che tra caldi ingegni ferve
Il suo nome, e di suoi detti conserve
Si fanno con diletto in alcun loco:
Ch' or saria forse un roco
Mormorador di corti, un uom del vulgo:
I' l' esalto e divulgo
Per quel ch' egli imparò nella mia scola,
E da colei, che fu nel mondo sola.
Canz. XXVIII.

War je ſein Ruhm zu preiſen,
Bin ich's, der ſeinen Geiſt erhob nach oben,
Wohin er ohne mich ſich nie erhoben.
— — — — — — — — —
Er weiß, daß ich Achill und den Atriden,
— — — — — — — — — —
Wie einem Jeden ſeine Stern' es ſandten,
In nied'rer Mägde Liebe gab hienieden,
Und dieſem nur beſchieden
Eine von tauſend auserleſ'nen Frauen,
Wie ſie nicht wieder unterm Mond zu ſchauen,
Wenn auch zurück nach Rom Lucretia kehrte.
— — — — — — — — — —
Ich ließ ſo hoch vor Allen
Ihn ſteigen, daß ſein Nam' in lichten Schaaren
Erglänzt' und, ſeine Sprüche zu bewahren,
An manchem Ort ſich fanden milde Sammler.
Der jetzt ein heiſ'rer Stammler
Vielleicht an Höfen wär', ein Mann der Menge,
Dem ward die Welt zu enge
Durch das, was er bei mir nur konnt' erlernen,
Oder bei ihr, die einzig unter Sternen.

Auch ruft er nie die Muſen um ihren Beiſtand an; nur Laura kann ihn begeiſtern. Er vergißt alle Leiden, die Amor ihm verurſacht hat, wenn er des Vergnügens gedenkt, das er empfunden, wenn er ſie beſang; ein Vergnügen, das er höher als allen Ruhm, ja als die Unſterblichkeit ſelbſt erhebt.

Warum ſteht es nicht in ſeiner Macht, ihr alle dieſe Wohlthaten zu vergelten! Gern möchte er ihren Namen durch alle Weltgegenden verbreiten. Aber da er ſeinen Genius zu ſchwach findet für eine Unternehmung, an der die trefflichſten Genien Griechenlands und Roms geſcheitert ſeyn würden, ſo beſchränkt er ſich, ihn von einem Ende Italiens zum andern erſchallen zu laſſen, d. h. ihn in der Volksſprache zu beſingen:

Si dirà ben: Quello, ove questi aspira,
E cosa da stancar Atene, Arpino,
Mantova e Smirna, e l'una e l'altra lira.
Lingua mortale al suo stato divino
Giunger non pote — — — — —
Son. CCIX.

Und heißen wird es dann: Wonach er ringet,
Athen wohl konnt' es und Arpinum quälen,
Mantua und Smyrna, ein' und andre Leier.
Irdiſcher Sprache ziemet nicht die Feier
Der Göttlichen.

Del vostro nome, se mie rime intese
Fosser sì lunge, avrei pien Tile e Battro,
La Tana, il Nilo, Atlante, Olimpo e Calpe
Poi che portar nol posso in tutte quattro
Parti del mondo, udrallo il bel paese,
Ch' Apennin parte, e 'l Mar circonda, e l' Alpe.
Son. CXIV.

Von eurem Namen, wenn ſo weit verſtanden
Ich würde, ſollte Bactriana ſingen,
Donn, Tule, Nil, Atlas, Olymp und Calpe.
Nun aber ich ihn nicht vermag zu bringen
Der ganzen Welt, tön' er den ſchönen Landen,
Die Apennin trennt, Meer umgiebt und Alpe.

Dieß beruhet auf jenem Vorurtheile des Dichters, von dem bereits oben die Rede geweſen. Laura hat nichts dadurch verloren, daß ſie in der Landesſprache beſungen worden; in dieſer iſt ihres Namens Unſterblichkeit weit beſſer geſichert, als ſie es in einer gelehrten Sprache geweſen wäre.

Fünfter Abſchnitt.

Ueber die Frömmigkeit Petrarca's.

Bisher habe ich die Liebe des Petrarca, welche den erſten und vornehmſten Charakterzug ſeiner Poeſie ausmacht, durch alle ihre Erſcheinungen zu verfolgen geſucht. Ich komme nun zu dem zweiten Hauptbeſtandtheile derſelben, der ſich dem erſten natürlich vermählt und unterordnet.

Liebe und Frömmigkeit ſind in der That nahe verwandt. Beide entſpringen aus der Empfindſamkeit des menſchlichen Gemüths. Beide haben den Wechſel der Furcht und der Hoffnung, des Verlangens und Widerwillens, des Vergnügens und Schmerzes, der Verzweiflung und des Entzückens gemein; endlich haben auch beide einerlei Zweck, den Beſitz des geliebten Gutes.

Nur die Beſchaffenheit dieſes Gutes macht hier einen weſentlichen Unterſchied; der einen Gut iſt irdiſch und in den engen Kreis des Lebens beſchränkt, das Gut der andern iſt himmliſch und dauert auch noch jenſeits des Grabes.

So verſchieden indeß dieſe beiden Güter ſind, ſo iſt doch das Verlangen, welches ſie erregen, für unſere Einbildungskraft bis auf einen gewiſſen Punkt ſich ziemlich gleich. Die irdiſche Liebe läutert und vergeiſtigt ſich durch die Tugend. Die himmliſche Liebe dagegen muß bei der Unmöglichkeit, uns hienieden gänzlich von der Sinnlichkeit loszumachen, ihren Gegenſtand in mehr oder minder ſinnliche Bilder und in materielle Formen kleiden. Die reinſte Liebe, oder die bloß zu ſeyn verglebt, kann dieſer Beihülfe nicht entbehren: die tiefſte Myſtik des betrachtenden Lebens hat derſelben vonnöthen, wenn ſie ſich nicht in das Leben verlieren will; nur in ſinnliche Bilder kann ſie die Gegenſtände ihrer Beſchauung kleiden. Engel, Sterne, ſtrahlende Augen, brennende Herzen, Sonnen, Flammen, Licht, ein inneres zwar, aber doch ein Licht, ſind ihre Sinnbilder.

Finden ſich nun, wie nicht ſelten der Fall iſt, Liebe und Frömmigkeit in einem Gemüthe beiſammen, ſo läßt ſich begreifen, daß beide auf einander wirken und ſich auf mancherlei Weiſe ändern müſſen. Bald werden ſie ſich verbinden und wechſelſeitig verſtärken, bald werden ſie einander widerſtreitend durchkreuzen. In dieſem letzten Falle wird das Gemüth zwiſchen beiden ſchwanken, bis ſie ſich entweder verſöhnen, oder die ſtärkere für den Augenblick das Uebergewicht behauptet.

Fromme Empfindungen ſind Linderungen der Liebe. Aber die unglückliche Liebe öffnet ihr Mitgefühl beſonders dem, was die Frömmigkeit Trauriges und Düſteres hat, ſie theilt die Reue, die Unruhe, die Klagen, die Seufzer, die Thränen derſelben. Oft auch löſt ſie ſich ganz und gar darin auf, oder nimmt zu ihr, als der letzten Freiſtatt des leidenden Herzens, ihre Zuflucht. Und wenn ein Strahl der Hoffnung ſie aufs neue belebt, ſo kann die Gluth der Frömmigkeit ſelbſt ihr zum Vortheile gereichen, und ihr neue Wärme verleihen.

So viel Aehnlichkeit, ſo viele Berührungspunkte müſſen auch auf ihre Sprache Einfluß haben. Da beide Gefühle ähnliche Ideen wecken, ſo werden ſie dieſelben auch mit ähnlichen Zeichen ausdrücken, ſie werden einander ihre Bilder, ihre Redensarten, ihren Styl leihen. Beſonders wird dieß in der Poeſie geſchehen, zu der beide ſich ſo gut eignen, und vornehmlich wann der Dichter von beiden Gefühlen lebhaft beherrſcht wird.

Di[illegible] war gerade Petrarca's Zuſtand, er war verliebt und fromm[illegible]nd beides in ſehr hohem Grade. In der erſten dieſer Eigenſ[illegible]ften kennen wir ihn bereits; jetzt wollen wir ihn auch in der zweiten betrachten.

Petrarca war ſehr religiös. Er hat davon Beweiſe gegeben in allen Vorfällen ſeines Lebens und in allen ſeinen Werken, nicht bloß in denen, welche ſich unmittelbar auf Religion beziehen, wie z. B. in denen de Contemptu Mundi, de Vita solitaria, u. a., ſondern auch in denen, die von weltlichen Dingen handeln, ja auch, wie wir bald ſehen werden, in dem, was Amor ihm ſelbſt ſcheint eingegeben zu haben.

Seine heftigen Ausfälle gegen den päpſtlichen Hof in Avignon, welche durch die Laſter und Unordnungen deſſelben gerechtfertigt wurden, die er aus der Nähe ſah, und die ſein ſittliches, tugendliebendes Gemüth empörten, hinderten ihn nicht, ein guter katholiſcher Chriſt zu ſeyn, und das geiſtliche Anſehen des Papſtes anzuerkennen. Wie oft iſt er nicht geſchäftig, den Papſt zu bewegen, daß er ſeinen Sitz wieder nach Rom verlege! Er hätte ſeine höchſten Wünſche erfüllt geſehen, er hätte geglaubt, daß alle Wunden der Kirche geheilt ſeyen, wenn er dieß ſo heiß gewünſchte Ereigniß erlebt hätte. Welche Freude äußerte er nicht, als Urban V. wirklich, obwohl nur für kurze Zeit, ſeinen Sitz wieder nach Rom verlegt! Welchen Eifer für die Religion athmet nicht die oben angeführte Canzone, in welcher er die chriſtlichen Fürſten zum Kreuzzuge ermahnt! und welcher fromme Unwillen erfüllt ihn nicht, daß nur Chriſten einander morden, und daß man nicht mehr gegen die Ungläubigen kriegt!

> Ite superbi e miseri Cristiani,
> Consumando l'un l'altro: e non vi caglia,
> Che 'l sepolcro di Cristo è in man di cani.
> Trionfo della Fama, Cap. II.

> Geht, ſtolze Chriſten, nur, geht, ihr Elenden,
> Mordend einander, laßt es nicht euch kümmern,
> Daß Chriſti heilges Grab in Heidenhänden.

Wenn man ſieht, wie er, noch nicht zufrieden mit der pünktlichen Befolgung der von der Kirche vorgeſchriebenen Faſten, ſich noch andere auflegt, und jene ſowohl als dieſe durch Strenge übertreibt; wenn man ſieht, wie ſehr ihm daran gelegen iſt, das Jubiläum Clemens VI. mitzufeiern, und ihn die Wunderwirkungen deſſelben erzählen hört, wie er dadurch von ſeiner Neigung zum andern Geſchlecht geheilt worden, wozu wahrlich kein kleines Wunder erforderlich war; wenn man ſieht, wie treuherzig er glaubt, daß der Kopf des heil. Pankrazius Blut geſchwitzt und Thränen vergoſſen habe, und daß die Leichname des heil. Gervaſius und Protaſius, als man den Leichnam des heil. Ambroſius beiſetzte, ſich ehrerbietig von einander entfernt haben, um dieſem den Mittelplatz einzuräumen; wenn man erwägt, daß er die ganze Mythologie der Legende gläubig annimmt, daß er gegen die zweideutigſten Reliquien in Rom die größte Verehrung hegt, daß er das Mönchsleben ſo hoch achtet und den heil. Romualdus lobpreiſt, daß er die Erde in eine Einſiedelei und alle Menſchen in Mönche umſchaffen wollen: ſo wird man den Petrarca wahrlich nicht eines Mangels an Glauben, ja ſelbſt nicht an Leichtgläubigkeit beſchuldigen können.

Eben dadurch gab er ſowohl den Aerzten am Hofe des Papſtes Clemens, als den Ariſtotelikern und Averroiſten in Venedig, Blößen; die letztern ſchildert er als ein Volk, das keinen andern Gott anerkennt als den Ariſtoteles, das den Averroes dem Jeſus Chriſt vorzieht, und der Lehren des Chriſtenthums und ſeines Gottesdienſtes ſpottet. Dieſe Ariſtoteliker urtheilten über Petrarca, nachdem ſie eine Unterredung mit ihm gehabt hatten, er ſei ein guter Mann, aber unwiſſend.

Mit Theologie bemengte er ſich nur zu gern. Man weiß, wie lebhaften Antheil er an dem großen und unnützen Streit über das Anſchauen Gottes, nämlich ob dieſes gleich nach dem Tode, oder erſt nach der Auferſtehung anfange, nahm. Er hatte, ſowie Papſt Johann XXII., das Unglück, der letztern Meinung zu ſeyn; aber die Kirche hatte dieſe nicht ſobald verdammt, als er ſich gleichfalls mit muſterhafter Ergebung ihren Beſchlüſſen fügte.

Bei dieſer feurigen Frömmigkeit und bei ſeiner nicht minder feurigen Liebe zu Lauren, die beide ſeinem empfindſamen Herzen tief eingewurzelt waren, läßt ſich wohl begreifen, daß er jene Zuſtände erdulden müſſen, deren wir oben bereits erwähnt haben, und daß ſeine Muſe, die treue Auslegerin ſeines Herzens, dieſelben darzuſtellen geſtrebt habe.

Petrarca konnte ſich nicht wohl verhehlen, daß ſeine Liebe urſprünglich laſterhaft und der chriſtlichen Moral entgegen war. Ich will keineswegs, daß man einige menſchliche Schwachheiten an einem, der Kirche, alſo der Eheloſigkeit und dem Dienſte des Altars, geweihten Manne verdamme. Aber Laura war verheirathet und Mutter, ſie war eine keuſche Frau, die in untadelhaftem Betragen nur ihren Pflichten lebte. Was war alſo ſträflicher, ja verbrecheriſcher, als eine ſolche Frau zu verſuchen, und ſeinen Geiſt, ſein Genie zu ihrer Verführung aufzubieten!

Petrarca war ſich deſſen in den ruhigen, hellen Augenblicken, die ſeine Leidenſchaft ihm geſtattete, wohl bewußt. Dann erwachten ſeine religioſen Ideen, die Gefahr für ſein Heil ſtellte ſich lebhaft ſeinem Geiſte dar, und die Schrecken des künftigen Lebens ergriffen ihn. Aber dieſe hellen Zwiſchenpunkte waren von kurzer Dauer, ein Blick von Lauren zerſtreute ſie wieder.

Doch iſt es gerade dieſer Gegenſatz, dieſer innere Streit zwiſchen Frömmigkeit und Liebe, der ſo große Theilnahme erregt, und in ſeiner Poeſie eine ſo ſchöne Wirkung thut. Er gießt dieſe trüben Tinten, dieſes Helldunkel, dieſe rührende Schwermuth über ſie aus, an der wir Theil zu nehmen nicht umhin können, wenn wir ſehen, wie ſeine Seele in dieſer grauſamen Ungewißheit zwiſchen Lauren und Gott hin und her ſchwankt.

Wie oft bittet er nicht Gott, ihm die Hand zu reichen, um ihn dieſem mit Dornen und Geſträuch verwachſenen Wege, der ſeine Schritte hemmt, zu entreißen, und die Finſterniß zu zerſtreuen, die ſeinen Geiſt umhüllt (Seſt. VI). Einen Tag in Rom, wo die Religion in ihrer ganzen Herrlichkeit erſcheint, wo von allen Seiten ſo viele ehrwürdige Gegenſtände ſeinen Blick angehen und ihn zur Buße rufen, empfindet er lebhafte Gewiſſensbiſſe, vergießt bittere Thränen, und faßt die frommſten Entſchließungen; aber einen Augenblick nachher ſchwinden dieſe bei der Erinnerung an ſeine Geliebte, vor dem Verlangen ſie wiederzuſehen, wie der Thau am Strahle der Morgenſonne (Son. LII).

Dieſe Anfälle der Frömmigkeit kehren bei feierlichen Gelegenheiten kirchlicher Feſte wieder. In dieſen heiligen Stunden öffnet ſich ſein Herz der Reue und iſt von tiefem Schmerz durchdrungen; er beweint die Verirrungen ſeiner Jugend, und macht die löblichſten Verſuche, ſeine Leidenſchaft, die ihn unter ihr gebieteriſches Joch hält, zu überwinden. Es iſt noch ein ſchönes Sonett von ihm vorhanden, am Todestage des Erlöſers gedichtet, worin er, das Miſerere anſtimmend, denſelben bei ſeinem Tode ſelbſt beſchwört, ihn von den Qualen der Liebe zu befreien, den Schlingen des böſen Feindes zu entreißen und ihn ganz zu ſich zu ziehen (Son. XLVIII). Nach Laura's Tode wiederholt er dieſes Gebet auch an die heilige Jungfrau; er wünſcht jene endlich vergeſſen zu können, um ſich dieſer zu weihen, und ſterbend ſeine Seele ihrem Sohne zurückzugeben.

> Non è stata mia vita altro ch' affanno.
> Mortal bellezza, atti, parole m' hanno
> Tutta ingombrata l'alma.
> Canz. XXIX.

> Seit an des Arno Strand ich ward geboren,
> — — — — — — — — — —

War Andres nicht als Weh mein Loos auf Erden,
Sterbliche Reize haben und Geberden
Und Worte mich berückt.

Zuweilen, im Gefühle ſeines Unvermögens, dieſe heilſamen Vorſätze auszuführen, ſcheint er der Verzweiflung nahe, ſo drückt ihn die Laſt ſeiner Vergehungen, und ſo fürchtet er dem Erbfeinde des Menſchengeſchlechts in die Klauen zu fallen. Er wünſcht ſich, mit dem Pſalmiſten, Taubenflügel, um in den Schooß Gottes zu flüchten:

Qual grazia, qual' amore, o qual destino
  Mi darà penne in guisa di colomba,
  Ch' i' mi riposi, e levemi di terra?
Son. LXIX.

Welch Schickſal, welche Gnade, welche Liebe
  Wird Flügel mir, wie Taubenflügel leihen,
  Daß Ruh' ich find' erhoben von der Erden.

Was würde er in dieſen Augenblicken nicht darum geben, früher oder ſpäter als Laura auf die Welt gekommen zu ſeyn! Er wäre dann den mächtigen Strahlen ihrer Augen nicht ausgeſetzt geweſen, hätte die Spur ihrer Schritte nicht geſehen (Son. CLXXI). Nun iſt alles Streben für ſein Heil eitel; dieſe Gegenſtände, dieſes geliebte Bild ſtören und verwirren ihn immer; es geht ihm wie dem Adam, der zuerſt freiwillig ſündigte und in der Folge es nicht mehr laſſen konnte:

Ma 'l bel viso leggiadro, che dipinto
  Porto nel petto, e veggio, ove ch' io miri,
  Mi sforza: onde ne' primi empj martiri
  Pur son contra mia voglia risospinto.
Son. LXXV.

Doch hat das ſchöne Antlitz mich bezwungen,
  Das ich gemalt im Herzen trag', und ſehe,
  Wohin ich ſchau; drum zu dem alten Wehe
  Fühl' ich mich wider Willen hingedrungen.

Aber, gleichſam als ob es an Lauren allein noch nicht genug wäre, noch ein zweiter Feind ſeines Heils iſt ihm furchtbar, der Ruhm. Zwiſchen dieſem, Lauren und Gott iſt ſeine Seele getheilt; und dieſer Streit iſt von ihm in der Canz. XXI lebhaft geſchildert. Endlich entſchließt er ſich, dieſen Schatten, dieſen eitlen Schall fahren zu laſſen, und ſtatt ſeiner die ewige Wahrheit zu umarmen; aber von Lauren ſich loszureißen vermag er nicht; dieß iſt der Fels, an welchem jeder Entſchluß ſcheitert. Vergebens zieht er aus ſeiner Leidenſchaft ſelbſt Streitgründe wider dieſelbe; vergebens ſagt er ſich: wenn Laura's Blicke, Worte und Geſang ſo viel Süßigkeit in meine Seele ſtrömen, was wird nicht dereinſt die Wonne des Himmels thun! und was können wir alſo würdigeres thun, als zu ihm alle unſere Gedanken erheben? Vergebens ſieht er die fliehende Zeit, das kommende Alter, und den Tod, der ſeine Hippe ſchwingend herannaht. Die Liebe ſiegt; nur die himmliſche Gnade kann ihn retten (Son. LXXX).

Doch nicht immer betrachtet er ſeine Liebe mit ſolcher Strenge. Wir ſind alle geneigt, unſere Gefühle und Leidenſchaften vor uns ſelbſt zu rechtfertigen; es iſt alſo nicht ſo ſehr zu verwundern, daß auch Petrarca von ſeiner Phantaſie über die ſeinige getäuſcht wird. Und weit entfernt, ſie für unerlaubt zu halten, ſcheint ſie ihm vielmehr unſchuldig, ja ſogar lobenswürdig, ſowohl in Anſehung ihres Gegenſtandes, als ihrer Beſchaffenheit und ihrer Wirkungen. Auf dieſe Weiſe weiß er ſie mit ſeinem Gewiſſen, mit ſeinen Pflichten und ſeiner Frömmigkeit ſelbſt in Einſtimmung zu bringen.

Wir haben ſchon geſehen, wie er ſeine Laura vergöttert; dieſe Vergötterung kommt ihm gar trefflich zu ſtatten. Er liebt nun keine Frau, wie andere Frauen ſind, eine gewöhnliche Sterbliche, ſondern einen himmliſchen Geiſt, eine reine Intelligenz, die zur Erde herabgekommen iſt, um ſie zu verſchönen, zu verklären und ein Muſter jeglicher Tugend zu ſeyn. Sorgfältig entfernt er jeden Gedanken an ihren Eheſtand, ſo durch ihn allein würde man nie erfahren haben, daß dieſer Engel, dieſe Göttin in ehelichen Verhältniſſen gelebt, und ihrem Gatten eine zahlreiche Nachkommenſchaft gegeben habe. Noch mehr, er nennt ſie nicht einmal geradezu, ſondern bezeichnet ihren Namen nur durch Umſchreibungen, Bilder, Anagrammen und Logogryphen; bald iſt es Laura die Luft, bald Lauro der Lorbeer. Indem er die Morgenröthe anblickt, ſagt er lei è l'Aurora, um zu ſagen lei è Laura ora, dort iſt Laura jetzt nach ihrem Tode, nämlich im Himmel (Son. CCL). Er fürchtet, ſagt Caſtelvetro, ihren Namen auszuſprechen, wie die Juden den ihres Jehova.

In ſolchen Augenblicken der Entzückung ſcheint er, wie ich anzunehmen geneigt bin, wirklich zu glauben, daß er von einer reinen, von allem Sinnlichen und Irdiſchen geläuterten Flamme brenne; auch glaube ich, daß er Alles that, um ſeinem glücklichen Irrthume, wo möglich, ewige Dauer zu geben.

Dann neigt er ſich vor ihr, ruft ſie an, und verehrt ſie wie eine Heilige:

L'adoro, e 'nchino come cosa santa.
Son. CXCII.

und mit frommen Bitten
Beug' ich, wie einer Heiligen, die Kniee.

Dann, weit entfernt, ihm ſtürmiſche Leidenſchaften zu erregen, gießt das Lächeln ihrer Augen jenen Frieden, jene reine ungetrübte Ruhe in ſeine Seele, deren die Seligen des Himmels genießen:

Pace tranquilla senz' alcun' affanno,
  Simile a quella che nel ciel' eterna,
  Move dal lor' innamorato riso.
Canz. X.

Wohl einen holden Frieden ſonder Schmerzen,
  Des Himmels ewigem Frieden zu vergleichen,
  Ihr liebeſelig Lächeln freundlich ſpendet.

Das ewige Leben beſteht im Anſchauen Gottes, Petrarca's irdiſches Leben im Anſchauen ſeiner Laura:

Si come eterna vita è veder Dio,
  Nè più si brama, nè bramar più lice:
  Così me, Donna, il voi veder felice
  Fa in questo breve e frale viver mio.
Son. CLVIII.

Wie Gott zu ſchauen heißt das ew'ge Leben,
  Und niemand mehr begehrt, noch darf begehren,
  So hat in dieſem kurzen, thränenſchweren
  Leben mir euer Anblick Heil gegeben.

Entfernt von ihr, ſucht er überall ſich ihr Bild zu entwerfen, wie der Pilger nach Rom wallet, um das Bild Chriſti auf dem heiligen Schweißtuche zu ſehen (Son. XIV). Sein einziges Verlangen iſt, mit ihr zu leben, und ſterbend mit ihr auf Elias Wagen gen Himmel zu fahren (Canz. XIX. am Ende).

Was aber die Liebe Petrarca's völlig rechtfertigt, iſt die wohlthätige Wirkung derſelben. Wir haben ſchon geſehen, daß er Lauren ſeine Talente, ſeinen Geiſt, ſeinen Ruhm verdankt, aber er verdankt ihr noch mehr als dieß, er verdankt ihr ſeine Bekehrung, ſein Heil.

Nun ändert er auch ſeine Sprache; er bedauert nun nicht mehr, Lauren gekannt zu haben; im Gegentheil ſegnet er den Tag und die Stunde, wo er ſie ſah und liebte. Dieſe Liebe hat aus ſeiner Seele alle gemeinen, niedrigen Gedanken getilgt, hat ſie zum höchſten Gut erhoben, und ihn gelehrt, die vergänglichen Güter der Welt unter die Füße zu treten, welche für den großen Haufen der Sterblichen ſo mächtige Reize haben:

Fior di virtù, fontana di beltate,
Ch' ogni basso pensier dal cor m'avulse.
Son. CCCXIV.

Der Schönheit Bronnen und der Tugend Blüthe,
Die allem niedern Seyn mein Herz entrungen.

Das Licht ihrer Augen hat ihm den Weg zum Himmel gezeichnet, und ihn mit Vertrauen und Hoffnung erfüllt, dahin zu gelangen (Son. XII). Selbſt Laura's Strenge, und das, was er für ihre Launen hielt, wirkte mit zu ſeinem Heil; er würde für immer verloren geweſen ſeyn, wenn ſie ſich ihm gefälliger bewieſen hätte:

Questo bel variar fu la radice
Di mia salute, ch' altramente era ita.
Son. XII. CLXXI. Tr. della Morte
Cap. II. u. an andern Orten.

Der ſchöne Wechſel war von meinem Frieden
Die Wurzel, den ich anders hätt' entbehrt.

Schon zu Laura's Lebzeit hofft er von ihrer Vermittelung Vergebung ſeiner Sünden. In der ſchönen Canzone, welche bereits oben angeführt worden, fleht er vom Himmel, daß er einſt an jenem glücklichen Orte möchte begraben werden, wo er Lauren unter dem Blüthenbaume ſitzen ſah. Vielleicht kommt ſie wieder dorthin, findet ſeine entſtellte Aſche, und ſchenkt derſelben einen Seufzer, läßt eine Thräne auf ſie rinnen, und trocknet ihre ſchönen Augen mit ihrem Schleier. Dieſer Seufzer, dieſe Thränen werden den Himmel bewegen, ihren Liebhaber zu begnadigen:

In guisa che sospiri
Sì dolcemente, che mercè m' impetra,
E faccia forza al cielo
Asciugandosi gli occhj col bel velo.
Canz. XIV.

(Sie wird) So ſüß in Seufzern bangen,
Daß mir des Himmels Gnade muß erſcheinen;
Ja ganz wird ſie ihn zwingen,
Wenn ihre Thränen in den Schleier dringen.

Aber nachdem dieſer Troſt ihm durch Laura's Tod, der dem ſeinigen lange vorherging, geraubt worden, läutert ſeine Liebe ſich wirklich und gewinnt völlige Uebereinſtimmung mit ſeiner Frömmigkeit. Hinfort iſt ſie für ihn nur noch das Werkzeug ſeiner Bekehrung, ein Beweggrund, ſich von der Welt abzuſondern und ganz dem Glauben, der Wohlthätigkeit und den andern chriſtlichen Tugenden zu leben. Laura's Schatten, der ihn ſtets umſchwebt, ihn begeiſtert, ihn leitet, kräftigt ſeinen Fortſchritt auf dem Wege des Heils. Er ſchwingt ſich im Geiſte zu ihrem Aufenthalt empor, und vernimmt dort aus ihrem Munde das erſte Geſtändniß ihrer Liebe, die durchaus rein und heilig iſt (Son. CCCX). Er ſelbſt iſt nur noch in die himmliſche Geſtalt Laura's verliebt; dieſe ſo glücklich geläuterte Leidenſchaft wächſt und vermehrt ſich in ihm, wie er älter wird. Träumend von ſeiner Laura altert er, und der einzige Wunſch, der ihm noch bleibt, iſt, ſie dereinſt am Tage der Auferſtehung in all' ihrem blendenden Glanze zu bewundern (Son. CCLXXVIII). Zuweilen aus Ungeduld, dieſes Glückes bald theilhaft zu werden, ruft er dem Tode. Glückliche Stunde, die ihn des ſterblichen Leibes entledigen wird! o warum darf er nicht ſeinen Kerker ſprengen, den irdiſchen Schleier zerreißen, und ſich emporſchwingen in die Gegenden des Lichts! Er hat kein anderes Verlangen mehr, als Gott und ſeine Geliebte zu ſchauen:

O felice quel dì, che del terreno
  Carcere uscendo, lasci rotta e sparta
  Questa mia grave, e frale, e mortal gonna;
E da sì folte tenebre mi parta
  Volando tanto su nel bel sereno,
  Ch' io veggia il mio Signore e la mia Donna.
Son. CCCV.

O ſel'ger Tag, wenn frei der Erdenbande
  Ich ſinken laß' entfeſſelt und zerriſſen
  Die ſchweren, matten, ſterblichen Gewande,
Und ſcheidend aus ſo dichten Finſterniſſen
  Empor ich fliege zu ſo lichter Höhe,
  Daß ich den Herrn da und die Herrin ſehe.

Man wird in dem Obigen eine ſonderbare Miſchung des Heiligen mit dem Weltlichen bemerkt haben, die man in unſern Tagen ſchwerlich gut heißen möchte, und deren Ausdrücke mißfällig klingen würden. Petrarca hat in der That ſeine Frömmigkeit und ſelbſt ſeine Theologie in der Behandlung von Gegenſtänden gemißbraucht, wo dieſe entweder gar nicht, oder doch nur mit vieler Behutſamkeit anzuwenden ſind. Die Beiſpiele, die wir bisher davon gegeben haben, ſind noch nicht das Stärkſte.

Wer hätte jemals geahndet, daß die Bläſſe von Laurens Geſicht, welche auch den Dichter erbleichen macht, zur Erklärung dienen könne, wie die Seligen im Paradieſe ſich ſehen und einander ihre Gedanken mittheilen!

Qual vago impallidir, che 'l dolce riso
  D' un' amorosa nebbia ricoperse,
  Con tanta maestade al cor s' offerse,
  Che li si fece incontro a mezzo 'l viso.
Conobbi allor, siccome in Paradiso
  Vede l' un l' altro.
Son. XCVIII.

Die leiſe Bläſſe, welche hielt umfloſſen
  Des Lächelns Huld mit lichter Wolkenhülle,
  Griff mir an's Herz mit ſolcher Allmacht Fülle,
  Daß dieſes ſich durch's Aug' ihr ſchnell ergoſſen.
Da lernt' ich, wie die Himmelreichs Genoſſen
  Sich ſehen. —

Dieß iſt indeſſen blos eine Probe von ſeiner ſeltſamen Anwendung der Theologie.

Daß aber der Dichter die Worte Laura's dem himmliſchen Gruße vergleicht, mit welchem der Engel Gabriel die heilige Jungfrau heimſuchte, würde ſchon etwas ſtärker ſeyn, wenn nicht dieſer Vers

Quella benigna angelica salute
Canz. IV.

Des Engelsgrußes Milde —

einen milderen Sinn zuließe.

Daß der Dichter ſich über die Natur und den Schöpfer derſelben beklagt, weil ſeine Laura an einer Augenkrankheit leidet, mag man ſeiner übermäßigen Leidenſchaft für dieſe ſchönen Augen verzeihen. Er begreift nicht, daß die Natur, eine zärtliche aber zugleich auch grauſame Mutter, dieſes ſchöne Meiſterwerk ihrer eigenen Hände zerſtören, und daß der ewige Vater, deſſen bloße Dienerin ſie iſt, dazu einwilligen könne:

O Natura, pietosa e fera madre,
  Onde tal possa e sì contrarie voglie,
  Di far cose, e disfar tanto leggiadre?
D'un vivo fonte ogni poder s'accoglie:
  Ma tu, come 'l consenti, o sommo Padre,
  Che del tuo caro dono altri ne spoglie?
Son. CXCV.

Natur! o Mutter, mild und ſtreng zu preiſen!
  Woher ſolch ſtreitend' Wollen dir, ſolch Können,
  Was du ſo wunderlieblich ſchufſt, zu trennen? —
Lebend'gem Quell iſt jede Kraft entquollen;
  Wie aber kannſt du, höchſter Vater, wollen,
  Daß Andr' uns dein' theure Gab' entreißen!

Noch weniger ſchicklich iſt es, wenn er ſich beklagt, daß die Treue, in welcher Petrus und Maria ihr Heil fanden, ihm keine Gnade bei Lauren finden ließ:

Lasso, non a Maria, non nocque a Pietro
  La Fede ch' a me sol tanto è nemica.
Son. LXXIV.

Weh, Petrus ſchadete nicht, noch Marien
  Der Glaube, der nur mich ſo ſchwer bekrieget.

Der Dichter ſpielt hier mit dem Worte fede, welches ſowohl Glauben als Treue bedeutet.

Empörender aber ſind die Vergleichungen ſeiner Laura mit Gott und Jeſus Chriſt; wenn er z. B. ſagt, Laura betrage ſich gegen ihn, wie Gott gegen den Sünder (Canz. I. St. 7); oder wenn er auf Lauren anwendet, was in einem der Briefe des heil. Hieronymus auf Gott angewendet wird (Canz. X. St. 3).

An einem andern Orte ſagt er: Gott erhebt, was niedrig iſt; Jeſus wählte ſeine Jünger aus einem Fiſchernachen; er wollte nicht in Rom, der Hauptſtadt der Welt, ſondern in Judäa geboren werden. Aus derſelben Urſache wollte er auch, daß Laura, dieſe Sonne der Schönheit, in einem kleinen Flecken geboren wurde. Laßt uns alſo immerfort die Natur loben, welche ſie ſchuf, und den kleinen Flecken, welcher eine ſo vollkommene Schönheit zur Welt brachte (Son. IV).

Endlich ſieht auch Petrarca feſten Blickes, von Jeſus und Lauren erfüllt, den Tod nahen; er fürchtet ihn nicht, denn Laura und Jeſus haben ihn mit Standhaftigkeit gelitten.

  Quella mi scorge, ond' ogni ben imparo;
E quei, che del suo sangue non fu avaro,
  Che col piè ruppe le tartaree porte,
  Col suo morir par che mi riconforte:
  Dunque vien morte; il tuo venir m' è caro.
Son. CCCVIII.

  Sie führet mich, die, was gut, mich lehrt' erwerben;
Und Er, der freudig gab ſein Blut im Sterben,
  Der Hölle Pforten brach mit ſeinen Füßen,
  Hat Troſt in ſeinem Tode mir verhießen;
  Drum komm, o Tod! mit Freuden will ich ſterben.

Nè minacce temer debbo di morte,
  Che 'l re sofferse con più grave pena,
  Per farme a seguitar costante e forte;
Ed or novellamente in ogni vena
  Intrò di lei, che m' era data in sorte,
  E non turbò la sua fronte serena.
Son. CCCVII.

Nicht darf ich bei des Todes Drohung zagen,
  Den ſchmerzensvoll der König einſt ertragen,

Daß ich ihm folge tapfer und entſchloſſen;
Und jüngſt hat er von neuem ſich ergoſſen
In jede Ader mir, die mir beſchieden,
Und trübte nicht der Stirne heitern Frieden.

Hier iſt doch in der That eine der beiden Perſonen überflüſſig.

Leicht wird man dem Dichter jenes Sonett auf den Tag, wo er Lauren zuerſt erblickte, hingehen laſſen, obgleich der Gedanke deſſelben mehr ſinnreich als gemüthlich iſt. Es war am ſechsten April, nach ſeiner Rechnung am Tage der Kreuzigung, der aber in jenem Jahre auf den Montag und nicht auf den ſtillen Freitag fiel. Es macht, ſagt er daſelbſt, dem Amor wenig Ehre, daß er in dieſer heiligen Zeit mich überfiel, wo ich mich ſeiner Liſt nicht verſah; und noch weniger Ehre macht es ihm, daß er mein Herz mit ſeinen Pfeilen durchbohrte, Lauren hingegen noch nicht einmal ſeinen Bogen wies. An dieſem heiligen Tage, ſagt er ſich zu ihr wendend, an dieſem Tage, wo die Sonne ſich aus Trauer um ihren Schöpfer verdunkelte, wurde ich von deinen Augen gefeſſelt, und meine Trauer begann mit der allgemeinen Trauer der Natur!

— — onde i miei guai
Nel commune dolor s' incominciaro.
Son. III.

Drum haben meine Wehen
Im allgemeinen Trauern da begonnen.

Alles dieß klingt in der That etwas ſeltſam. Aber man muß erwägen, daß Petrarca ein Dichter, und zwar ein verliebter Dichter war, den man alſo nicht zu ſtrenge beurtheilen darf; ja dem man ſelbſt in ſolchen Stellen ſeiner Gedichte, wo ihn die Schwärmerei ſeiner Liebe hinreißt, Widerſprüche zu gut halten muß.

Indeſſen will ich hier doch, der Sonderbarkeit wegen, einen anführen, den ein Sonett gegen zwei andere enthält, wo er Grundſätze aufſtellt und zweien Freunden, oder vielleicht gar einem und demſelben Rathſchläge giebt, die ſchnurſtracks einander entgegengeſetzt ſind.

In dem einen ermahnt er ſeinen Freund, der Liebe und den eitlen Freuden der Welt zu entſagen, und ſich Gott in die Arme zu werfen, und fügt hinzu, daß er ſelbſt ſich außer Stand fühle dieſen Rath zu befolgen (Son. LXXVIII).

In den andern beiden Sonetten (Son. XXI. XXII) findet man gerade das Gegentheil. Ein Dichter, der der Liebe und der verliebten Dichtung entſagt hatte, kehrt zu beiden zurück. Petrarca kann bei der Nachricht davon ſeine Freude nicht verhalten; er erhebt Herz und Hände zu Gott, um ihm zu danken, daß er dieß verirrte Schaf zurückgeführet hat, und bewillkommt ſeinen Freund ſehr unpaſſend mit den Worten des Evangeliums:

Che più gloria è nel regno degli eletti
D' un spirito converso, e più s'estima,
Che di novantanove altri perfetti.
Son. XXII.

Denn größre Freude iſt im Himmel droben
Ob eines Sünders reuigen Bekehren,
Als über neun und neunzig fromme Geiſter.

Heutiges Tages würde man eine ſolche Begrüßung für eine wahre Entweihung halten.

Ich ſage nichts von Laura's Triumpheinzug in den Himmel und von der Aufnahme, womit ſie dort empfangen wird; wenn hier ja etwas zu tadeln ſeyn könnte, ſo wird es durch die ſchönen Verſe Petrarca's verſchleiert. Bei Laura's Ankunft drängen ſich die Engel und die ſeligen Geiſter voll Bewunderung um ſie: Welche neue Schönheit, welches neue Geſtirn iſt unter uns erſchienen? Nein, aus dem ganzen jetzt lebenden Geſchlechte der Menſchen iſt keine ſo vollkommene Geſtalt von der Erde, dem Aufenthalt der Irrthümer und Laſter, heraufgekommen:

Gli angeli eletti, e l'anime beate,
Cittadine del cielo, il primo giorno
Che Madonna passò, le fur' intorno,
Piene di meraviglia e di pietate.
Che luce è questa, e qual nova beltate?
Dicean tra lor, perch' abito sì adorno
Dal mondo errante a quest' alto soggiorno
Non salì mai in tutta questa etate.
Son. CCCII.

Erwählte Engel, ſel'ge Bürgerinnen
Des Himmels, all' umringten Donna droben
Am erſten Tag', als ſie erſchien da oben,
Voll von Verwund'rung und mitleid'gem Sinnen.
„Ha welch ein Glanz! welch neuer Reiz!“ beginnen
Sie unter ſich: „Warum ſo reich gewoben
Ward nie ein Kleid in all der Zeit erhoben
Aus irrer Welt zu unſrer Heimath Zinnen?“

Aber wie geht es zu, daß wir an einer andern Stelle dieſelbe Laura mit den Sängern der Liebe in der Sphäre der Venus (Son. CCXLVI) oder dem dritten Himmel finden, welcher, wie ein Italiener bemerkt, nicht derſelbe dritte Himmel iſt, in den der heil. Paulus verzückt wurde; und daß ſie in dieſer ganz heidniſchen Gegend des Himmels ihren Geliebten erwartet, und ſich von ihrer künftigen Auferſtehung unterhält (Son. CCLXI)?

Um dieſen Widerſpruch auszugleichen, könnte man dieſelbe Vertheilung der Seligen in den zehn himmliſchen Kreiſen gelten laſſen, welche Dante in ſeinem Gedichte angenommen hat, obgleich dieſelbe in dem Canzoniere nicht ſo ausdrücklich wie in der Divina Commedia angenommen worden. Aber Petrarca iſt überhaupt nicht ſehr gewiſſenhaft über dieſen Punkt, und nimmt ſeine Ideen ohne Unterſchied aus der chriſtlichen Religion und aus der alten Mythologie. In demſelben Canzoniere miſcht er den Sündenfall Adams und die Fabel der Daphne zuſammen (Son. CLV); und öfter macht er ſehr unpaſſende Anwendungen von Stellen der heiligen Schrift, z. B. in Son. XXII. und CLXXIII.

Indeſſen ſieht er ſelbſt zuweilen das Anſtößige davon ein. So z. B. nachdem er gewünſcht hat, ſein Leben in einer dunklen Zelle zuzubringen, um Lauren anzubeten, dünkt ihm dieſer Ausdruck ſelbſt zu ſtark und frevelhaft, und er eilt ihn zu verbeſſern durch den Zuſatz forse il farei (Canz. XIX). Aber wie oft hat er ſich nicht ohne alle Bedenklichkeit deſſelben Ausdrucks bedient!

Dieſe Anbetung und Vergötterung Laura's haben vielen frommen Perſonen höchlich mißfallen. Auch ihre Verſetzung unter die Seligen hat ihnen übel begründet geſchienen. Und an einer Stelle, wo er von dem Tode einer andern Frau ſpricht, giebt er die Lieblichkeit und Anmuth ihres Betragens als Urſache ihrer Seligkeit an:

Sì furon gli atti suoi dolci e soavi.
Son. LXX.

So ſüß war und anmuthig ihr Betragen.

Wobei Gigliani bemerkt, daß man nicht durch liebliches und anmuthiges Betragen, ſondern durch chriſtlichen Wandel in den Himmel eingeht.

Caſtelvetro will in der Canzone an die heilige Jungfrau Dinge gefunden haben, die der ächten Lehre der Kirche zuwider ſind. Mein Tact iſt nicht fein genug, um zu finden, worin dieſe Canzone wider die ächte Lehre verſtößt, wenn es nicht etwa in dem Verſe geſchieht, wo der heiligen Jungfrau der Name Göttin beigelegt wird:

Or tu, donna del ciel, tu nostra Dea.
Canz. XXIX.

Du Himmelskönigin, — — —
Du Göttin hocherhaben.

da das Chriſtenthum zwar einen Gott, aber keine Göttin geſtattet. Doch fügt Petrarca ſelbſt einſchränkend hinzu:

Se dir lice e conviensi.

— — — darf ich's ſagen.

Uebrigens, da er Lauren dieſe Benennung giebt, (Son. CCXCIII) warum ſollte er ſie nicht auch der heiligen Jungfrau geben?

Aber man wird vielleicht Mühe haben, die Neigungen, die Leidenſchaften und menſchlichen Schwächen, welche noch immerfort, ſelbſt im Schooße der Seligkeit, Laura's Herz bewegen, mit dem, was die Religion über die Seligkeit der Auserwählten lehrt, in Uebereinſtimmung zu bringen. Sie freut ſich dort noch des eitlen Ruhmes, den ſie den Verſen ihres Geliebten verdankt, und beſchwört ihn aus der Höhe des Himmels, ihren Ruhm nicht ſchwinden zu laſſen, ſondern ihn ferner durch ſeine Lieder zu verbreiten. Sie iſt bekümmert, ſie ſeufzt, weint, und Petrarca's Kummer trübt die Ruhe, welche ſie in den Wohnungen des Friedens genießen ſollte:

E di sue belle spoglie
Seco sorride, e sol di te sospira;
E sua fama, che spira

In molte parti ancor per la tua lingua,
Prega che non estingua:
Anzi la voce al suo nome rischiari,
Se gli occhj suoi ti fur dolci ne cari.
Canz. XXII.

Wo ihrer ſchönen Hülle
Sie ſtill ſich freut, nach der nur ſeufzend blicket.
Ihr Ruhm auch, den, entzücket
Durch deine Lieder, viel der Land' erheben,
Fleht: Laß mich länger leben!
Dein Wort erſchall' an ihres Namens Feier,
War je ihr Auge ſüß dir oder theuer!“

E duolsene ancor meco.
Son. CCLXXV.

Und daß ſie mit mir klaget.

Ond' io spero che 'nfin al ciel si doglia.
Son. CCLXXXVIII.

Drum hoff' ich, droben wird ſie endlich klagen.

Assai di te mi dole.
Son. CCXCVII.

Innig beklag' ich dich.

Umida gli occhj.
Son. CCXCIX.

Die Augen feucht.

Le trist' onde
Del pianto, di che mai tu non se' sazio,
Con l'aura de' sospir, per tanto spazio
Passano al cielo, e turban la mia pace.
Canz. XXVII.

„Die Thränen, die dir nimmermehr verſiegen,
Sind mit der Seufzer Wehn emporgeſtiegen
Zum Himmel, meinen Frieden mir zu ſtören.“

Ja ſie geräth ſogar in Zorn: s adria (ebendaſ.)

Da indeſſen, wie ſchon geſagt worden, dieſe verliebten und poetiſchen Freiheiten aus überſtrömendem Gefühle entſtanden und in Gedichten, die in langen Zwiſchenzeiten verfertigt wurden, enthalten ſind, ſo muß man ſie auch nicht nach einer ſtrengen Logik beurtheilen, noch ſie auf der Wage des Heiligthums wägen.

Was beſonders dieſen Mißbrauch religiöſer Ideen in Behandlung weltlicher Gegenſtände betrifft, ſo kann der Geiſt ſeiner Zeit und des Landes, in dem er lebte, ihn entſchuldigen, oder ihm wenigſtens eine nachſichtsvolle Beurtheilung erhalten. In jenem Jahrhunderte, und in jenen Gegenden waren die Ceremonien der Religion und die äußere Uebung derſelben ein Hauptgeſchäft. Ueberall und in jedem Augenblicke ſah man Gegenſtände, die daran erinnerten; nicht allein die Tempel, auch die öffentlichen Plätze, die Gaſſenecken und Kreuzwege, die Landhäuſer und Fluren waren damit angefüllt; man konnte keinen Schritt thun, ohne darauf zu ſtoßen. Alles wimmelte von Mönchen, Prieſtern, Pfaffen, die allein im Beſitz der Glaubensregeln, der Religionsübung und aller anderen Kenntniſſe waren, die ſie mit ihrer Theologie verbunden hatten. Dieſe Menſchen, welche die Gewiſſen nach ihrer Willkür lenkten, miſchten ſich zugleich auch in alle Geſchäfte des bürgerlichen und häuslichen Lebens, hatten ihren Einfluß in die Politik der Fürſten, und drängten ſich in die Geheimniſſe der Familien. Iſt es nicht natürlich, daß die italieniſche Sprache, die ſich gerade damals bildete, ſich nach den täglichen Bedürfniſſen, Ständen und Beſchäftigungen jener Zeit und nach den Dingen formte, die man immer vor Augen hatte; und daß dieſe ſo gebildeten, und wenn ich ſagen darf, in das innerſte Gewebe ihrer Sprache übergegangenen Vorſtellungen gleichſam unwillkürlich der Feder ihrer Schriftſteller entfloſſen? Dieß iſt ſehr begreiflich, und in jenem Zeitalter fiel es keinem ein, daran Aergerniß zu nehmen.

Und wie hätte man an Petrarca ein Aergerniß nehmen können, dem man zugeſtehen muß, daß, wenn er auch religiöſe Dinge in eine Dichtungsart einmiſcht, in die ſie nicht gehören, doch dieſe Dichtungsart wenigſtens nicht der Ausſchweifung huldigt, und daß er ſich nichts erlaubt, was die Reinheit der Sitten beleidigt; während man im Boccaccio die ſchändlichſten und ſchreiendſten Mißbräuche dieſer Art findet. Nichts iſt im Decamerone gewöhnlicher, als Liebende, welche Gott bitten, ihre verbrecheriſche Liebe zu begünſtigen; und am Ende dieſer ſchlüpfrigen Erzählungen, wann es einem gelungen iſt, die Gattin ſeines Nächſten zu verführen, fügt der Erzähler noch ein feierliches Gebet hinzu, daß es Gott gefallen möge, auch ihm ein ſolches Glück zu gewähren, und allen chriſtlichen Seelen, welche gleiches Gelüſten hegen; z. B.

Molte altre notti con pare letizia insieme si ritrovarono, alle quali io prego Iddio per la sua santa misericordia, che tosto conduca me, e tutte l'anime Cristiane, che voglia ne hanno.
Giorn. III. Nov. 3.

Und Boccaccio ſelbſt endet dieſes Werk, das durchaus ein Gewebe von ſchlüpfrigen Begebenheiten, und der Triumph der Zügelloſigkeit iſt, mit dem demüthigen Bekenntniſſe, daß er nicht durch eigenes Verdienſt, ſondern bloß durch die Gnade Gottes, die ihm durch die Vermittelung ſchöner Frauen zu Theil geworden, es glücklich zu Ende gebracht habe:

Ajutantemi la divina grazia, si come io avviso per li vostri pietosi prieghi, non già per li miei meriti.
Conclusione.

Und hat ſich dieſer Mißbrauch etwa im folgenden Jahrhundert, oder ſelbſt in dem Jahrhundert Leo's verloren? Es würde ſehr leicht ſeyn, das Gegentheil zu erweiſen.

Sechster Abſchnitt.

Ueber die Philoſophie Petrarca's.

Dieß iſt der letzte Charakterzug der Gedichte des Petrarca. Wir haben geſehen, wie er ſeine Frömmigkeit mit ſeiner Liebe zu vereinigen weiß; nun wollen wir auch ſehen, wie er ſeine Philoſophie mit beiden in Einſtimmung bringt.

Ich will mich bei ſeinen Kenntniſſen der Naturwiſſenſchaft nicht aufhalten, die ſehr eingeſchränkt waren; er hat von ihr in ſeinen Gedichten keine Spur gelaſſen; und ſie iſt bei ihm weit weniger unbequem, als bei Dante.

Man wirft ihm als einen gröblichen Irrthum vor, daß er den Eintritt der Sonne in das Zeichen des Stiers, und mit ihm den Anfang des Frühlings, auf den ſechsten April geſetzt hat:

Quando 'l pianeta, che distingue l'ore
Ad albergar col Tauro si ritorna,
Cade virtù dall' infiammate corna,
Che veste 'l mondo di novel colore.
Son. IX.

Wenn der Planet, welcher die Stunden ſcheidet,
Zur Herberg' in des Stieres Zeichen rücket,
Erglüht ſein Horn und Wärme niederzücket,
Die rings die Welt mit neuer Farb' umkleidet.

Dieſelbe Vorſtellungsart findet man Canz. XVIII. und Trionfo d'Amore, Cap. I. zu Anfange wieder. Aber ſein Ausleger Geſualdo hat bei allen dieſen Stellen ſein Mögliches gethan, dieſen Vorwurf von ihm abzuwenden.

Wenn er an einer Stelle zweifelhaft von den Antipoden ſpricht, ſo geſchieht dieß bloß aus Achtung gegen das Anſehen des heil. Auguſtin. Dieß beſtätigt ſeine Schrift De Contemptu mundi, Dial. III. Als daſelbſt das Geſpräch zwiſchen ihm und dem heil. Kirchenvater auf die Antipoden fällt, verweiſt ihn Auguſtin auf ſeine Schrift De Civitate Dei, (Lib. XVI. Cap. 9.) wo ihr Daſeyn geläugnet wird. Lactantius ging noch weiter, er ſagt in ſeinen Institut. divin., daß die Antipoden nichts weiter als ein ſchlechter Spaß der Philoſophen ſind; und giebt ſich Mühe zu beweiſen, daß das Gewölbe des Himmels ſich unmöglich unter die damals bekannte Erde erſtrecken könne, und daß die Sonne von da aus Abends gegen Morgen wiederkehre. Ein von dieſen beiden ſehr verſchieden denkender Mann, der Epikuräer Lucrez, hatte früher daſſelbe behauptet; nach ihm iſt nichts lächerlicher, als die Antipoden und der Mittelpunkt der Schwere; nur Narren, ſagt er, können ſolche Albernheiten glauben.

Ich weiß nicht, ob Petrarka auch das Anſehen des heil. Bonifaz, Erzbiſchofs von Mainz, achtete, welcher im VIII. Jahrhunderte den Virgilius, damaligen Abt des Kloſters zu St. Peter in Salzburg, derſelben Meinung beſchuldigte, und ihn als einen Ketzer beim Papſt Zacharias verklagte.

Aber Petrarca läßt wenigſtens durch ſein forse die Frage unentſchieden:

Nella stagion, che 'l ciel rapido inchina
Verso Occidente, e che 'l dì nostro vola
A gente che di là forse l'aspetta.
Canz. V.

Zur Zeit, wann [illegible] der Himmel niedergleitet
Nach Weſten und der Tag zu Menſchen fliehet,
Die dort vielleicht erwarten ſeine Helle.

Dieſen Zweifel, si qui sunt, wiederholt er in Anſehung der Antipoden auch anderswo (Ep. var. 41.). Vellutello behauptet ganz richtig, daß in obigen Verſen durch das forse das Daſeyn der ſüdlichen Halbkugel der Erde nicht in Zweifel geſetzt werde, ſondern bloß ob ſie bewohnt ſei, oder nicht. Denn der Dichter erkennt übrigens die beiden Kugelhälften der Erde, die Dante ſchon angenommen hatte, gleichfalls an:

Quel ch' infinita providenza ed arte
Mostrò nel suo mirabil magistero;
Che criò questo, e quell' altro emispero.
Son. IV.

Der ew'ge Vorſicht einſt und Kunſt entfaltet
In ſeines Wunderbaues lichter Lehre,
Der dieſe ſchuf und jene Hemiſphäre.

(Doch haben auch einige unter dieſen beiden Hemiſphären Erde und Himmel verſtehen wollen.) An einer andern Stelle nimmt er auch die ſüdliche Halbkugel als bewohnt an:

Quando la sera caccia il chiaro giorno,
E le tenebre nostre altrui fann' alba.
Sest. I.

Und wenn der Abend folgt dem lichten Tage
Und unſre Nacht an Andre giebt den Morgen.

ſo auch in ſeinem Gedichte Afrika:

Pronus ad oceanum, cupiens narrare profundis
Antipodum populis, nostro quae viderat orbe,
Sol rapidos stimulabat equos.
Afr. Lib. XIII. im Anf.

Zum Ocean abwärts, in Begier zu erzählen dem tiefen
Gegenfüßlergeſchlecht, was er ſah auf unſerem Erdkreis,
Stachelte Sol ſein flüchtig Geſpann.

ſtatt deſſen Dante dort nur einen ungeheuern Ocean annimmt, und eine einzige Inſel in demſelben, welche mit den Seelen des Fegefeuers bevölkert iſt.

Wir haben dieſen letzten Dichter als einen großen Gelehrten und gründlichen Kenner der ſcholaſtiſchen Philoſophie kennen gelernt. Petrarca liebte dieſe Philoſophie nicht; er haßte die Dialectik und die Dialectiker, und zog ihren eitlen Spitzfindigkeiten moraliſche und practiſche Unterſuchungen vor. Seine Poeſie hat dadurch den Vorzug, daß ſie weit weniger durch Wiſſenſchaft entſtellt iſt, als die ſeines Vorgängers.

In ſeinen moraliſchen Abhandlungen, die in lateiniſcher Proſe geſchrieben ſind, zeigt er ein geſundes und aufgeklärtes Urtheil überall, wo ſeine herrſchende Leidenſchaft, oder eine abergläubiſche und ängſtliche Frömmigkeit ihn nicht auf Abwege verleiten.

Zu ſeiner Ehre müſſen wir auch bemerken, daß Petrarca, weit entfernt von der Aſtrologie angeſteckt zu ſeyn, wie es Dante war, vielmehr Verachtung gegen dieſelbe zeigt, ſie der Religion, der Philoſophie und der Vernunft ſelbſt widerſprechend findet, und die Aſtrologen für Scharlatane und Mondſüchtige hält. Er erklärte dieſes einſt in Gegenwart des Mailändiſchen Hofaſtrologen, welcher ihm erwiederte, er denke im Grunde eben ſo, habe aber Weib und Kinder. Wenn alſo Petrarca zuweilen vom Einfluſſe der Geſtirne ſpricht, ſo thut er es bloß als Dichter; z. B.

Lo mio fermo desir vien dalle stelle.
Sest. I.

Mein bleibend Sehnen gaben mir die Sterne.

(vergl. mit Canz. XXV), und auch als ſolcher ſpricht er nur bedingungsweiſe, oder in zweideutigen Ausdrücken davon; z. B.

Fera stella (se 'l cielo ha forza in noi,
Quant' alcun crede) fu, sotto ch' io nacqui.
Son. CXLI.

In ſtrengem Stern ward (wenn, wie Mancher denket,
Der Himmel uns beherrſcht), ich einſt geboren.

Er ſpottet laut über das große Stufenjahr, und zwar gerade zur Zeit, wo er in daſſelbe trat. Er konnte nicht begreifen, was für eine beſondere Urſache des Todes darin liegen könne, daß ſieben mal neun dreiundſechzig machen.

Eben ſo wenig hielt er von der Goldmacherei, und von der Medicin dachte er nicht ſehr günſtig. In einem Briefe an Clemens VI. ſagt er demſelben, daß viele Aerzte der Geſundheit nachtheilig ſind, und räth ihm, die ſeinigen alle zu verabſchieden, oder wenigſtens nur einen zu behalten. Den bald nachher erfolgten Tod des Papſtes ſchrieb er der Schwäche deſſelben zu, ihm nicht Gehör gegeben zu haben.

Die ſpeculative Philoſophie, welche Petrarca trieb, und von der ſeine Schriften, und vornehmlich ſeine Gedichte das Gepräge an ſich tragen, war die Platoniſche. Plato, den der Mönch Barlaam ihm erklärte, war in ſeinen Augen der König der Philoſophen; er ſetzte denſelben weit über den Ariſtoteles, weil er ihn in weit höheren Sphären, und der Gottheit näher zu ſchweben ſchien. Ja er ging damit um, eine Abhandlung zu ſchreiben, worin er die Lehren des Plato mit denen des Chriſtenthums in Einſtimmung bringen wollte, und von der er ſich einen glänzenden Sieg verſprach (Son. XXXII). Aber wahrſcheinlich ward er, wie ſo viele andere vom falſchen Scheine getäuſcht, und ein bloß oberflächliches Studium wird ihn den Abſtand zwiſchen den Träumen des Plato, und den Wahrheiten des Evangeliums nicht haben bemerken laſſen.

Plato war von jeher für die Dichter beſonders anziehend. Aber das darf uns nicht Wunder nehmen. Er iſt ſelbſt eben ſo ſehr, und mehr noch, Dichter als Philoſoph. Das griechiſche Alterthum hat keinen poetiſcheren Schriftſteller, die Attiſche Süßigkeit iſt über alle ſeine Lehren ergoſſen, er hat ſeine ganze Philoſophie durch ſeinen blumigen Styl, und durch den glänzenden Schwung ſeiner dichteriſchen Einbildungskraft verſchönert. Eine ſolche Philoſophie paßte ſich ganz beſonders für Petrarca. Die verfeinerten Begriffe des Plato von der Liebe kamen ihm nicht allein in ſeinem Verhältniſſe zu Laura, ſondern auch in ſeinem Verhältniſſe zur Welt, zu Gott, und zu ſeinem eigenen Gewiſſen trefflich zu Statten. Sie war ſeine Tröſtung und ſeine Rechtfertigung, ſie beſänftigte die Unruhe ſeines Gewiſſens, und gattete ſich mit ſeinen religiöſen Gefühlen.

Die Theorie der Liebe, welche von dem Atheniſchen Philoſophen ihren Namen erhalten hat, iſt ausführlich erörtert im Sympoſion, einer von den Schriften Plato's, die am wenigſten Dialectik, und am meiſten Poeſie enthalten. Man kann ſie als ein erzähltes Drama betrachten, und von der Art der Socraticae chartae, von denen Horaz in ſeiner Epiſtel an die Piſonen ſpricht. Jede der ſprechenden Perſonen trägt darin ihre Theorie vor; und nachdem alle ſich über dieſen intereſſanten Stoff erſchöpft haben, trägt auch Plato, durch den Mund des Sokrates, die ſeinige vor. Ihr Weſentliches beſteht in Folgendem:

Anfangs hängt unſere Seele ſich an die einzelne Schönheit, welche in der menſchlichen Geſtalt erſcheint, wann dieſes Meiſterwerk der Natur in ſeiner erſten Blüthe, geziert mit den Grazien der lachenden Jugend ſich unſern Blicken darſtellt; dieß iſt der Anfang und der unterſte Grad der Liebe. Der zweite Grad, der ſich aus dem erſten erzeugt, hat die körperliche Schönheit überhaupt zum Gegenſtande. Der dritte Grad erhebt uns zur Schönheit des Geiſtes, jener höheren vernünftigen Kraft, welche unſern Leib beſeelt; dann zu den edelſten Wirkungen derſelben, zur Schönheit der Künſte, der Geſetzgebungen, der bürgerlichen und öffentlichen Einrichtungen; dann zu den Wiſſenſchaften, die uns ein Meer von Schönheiten darbieten. Endlich wann der Philoſoph die Höhe der Stufenleiter erreicht hat, zu der alle ſeine Wünſche ſtreben, und wo ſie endigen, ſo heftet er ſeinen Geiſt nur auf eine einzige, auf die große Wiſſenſchaft, auf die Betrachtung des weſentlichen, in ſich ſelbſt begründeten Schönen, das weder geboren wird noch ſtirbt, das ſich weder vermehrt noch vermindert, das ſich nie verändert, und ewig unwandelbar daſſelbe bleibt. Die Betrachtung und Liebe dieſes großen Urbildes, die durch kein ſinnliches Bild, durch keine niedere irdiſche Neigung gefeſſelt ſind, führen uns zu der reinen Quelle unſeres Urſprungs. Dort vereinigen ſich in einen Punkt Zufriedenheit, Ruhe, Ruhm, Glückſeligkeit, dort iſt das wahre Leben des Menſchen.

Dieſe unausſprechliche, dem Auge der Sterblichen unſichtbare Schönheit hatte unſere Seele ſchon in einem vorhergehenden Zuſtande geſehen. Aber nachdem ſie, mit dem Körper vereinigt, in den Koth der Materie verſenkt, ein Leben voll von Laſtern, Unruhen und Verirrungen durchwandeln muß, iſt ihr kaum eine ſchwache Erinnerung davon geblieben; ſie ſieht dieſelbe nur wie durch einen Nebel, oder wie in einer Traumerſcheinung. Indem ſie ſich von dem Himmel, ihrem urſprünglichen Vaterlande, entfernt hat, iſt ihr Glanz allmählig erblichen, ihre erſte Blüthe hingewelkt. Es hat damit eine ähnliche Bewandtniß, wie mit einem Fluſſe, deſſen Waſſer an ſeiner Mündung noch ſüß iſt, aber wie es ſich weiter ins Meer ergießt, das durch Fluth, Winde und Ungewitter bewegt wird, vermiſcht es ſich immer mehr mit den Wellen deſſelben, und nimmt ihre ſalzige bittere Beſchaffenheit an. Nur der Schiffer, der den Fluß gekannt, und die örtliche Erinnerung deſſelben in ſich bewahrt hat, kann denſelben wieder hinauffahren.

eben ſo können auch nur die vernünftigen, durch den Strahl der Philoſophie geläuterten Geiſter ſich wieder durch die Spuren, welche dem vollkommenſten Werke der Schöpfung, einem ſchönen Leibe, in dem eine ſchöne Seele wohnt, davon aufgedrückt ſind, zum Urſchönen emporſchwingen; und dieß erregt in ihnen gleiche Liebe und gleiche Freude. Dieſe Stelle, welche aus dem Maximus Tyrius entlehnt iſt, giebt einen guten Commentar zu der vorhergehenden Stelle des Plato.

Man begreift leicht, wie ſehr dieſe Art der verliebten Einbildungskraft und ſelbſt dem Verſtande Petrarca's, der unaufhörlich in den Irrgewinden dieſer Einbildungskraft umherirrte, gefallen mußten. Auch ſehen wir, wie er, von dieſer lieblichen Philoſophie begeiſtert, die platoniſche Stufenleiter von ſeiner Laura bis in den Himmel hinaufführt:

— — — — I veggio
Nel mover de' vostri occhj un dolce lume,
Che mi mostra la via, che al ciel conduce.
Canz. IX.

Ich ſeh', edle Herrin, ſchimmert
Im Aug' ein Licht, holdſelig zu gewahren,
Das mir den Weg hinan zum Himmel klärt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie viele Stufen er auf dieſer Leiter erſtiegen hat; vielleicht hat er ſich in ſeinen einſamen Speculationen gemach noch hinaufgewagt und iſt der überſinnlichen Schönheit nahe geweſen. Aber ich möchte nicht verbürgen, daß er in dieſer geiſtigen Erhebung nicht öfter durch ſinnliche, mächtiger wirkende Reize zurückgehalten, ja wieder herabgezogen worden. Ein Blick von Lauren war vielleicht hinreichend, ihn von der höchſten Staffel wieder auf die unterſte hinabzuwerfen, und ich vermuthe faſt, daß ihr verſchiedenes Betragen gegen ihn von einem Tage zum andern auf ſein Hinauf- oder Herabſteigen großen Einfluß hatte.

Wie dem auch ſeyn mag, ſeine Speculationen waren für ihn ſehr heilſam. Sie rechtfertigten, läuterten ſeine Liebe in ſeinen eigenen Augen und verwandelten ſie in eine löbliche Neigung. Lauren lieben, war für ihn eine Stufe, um ſich zur Liebe des höchſten Gutes und der höchſten Schönheit zu erheben:

Da lei ti vien l'amoroso pensiero,
  Che mentre 'l segui, al sommo ben t'invia,
  Poco prezzando quel, ch' ogni uom desia:
Da lei vien l'amorosa leggiadria,
  Che al ciel ti scorge per destro sentiero,
  Si ch' io vo già della speranza altero.
Son. XII.

Von ihr iſt kommen dir ein Liebesregen,
  Der, folgſt du ihm, zum höchſten Gut dich leitet,
  Verſchmähend, was die Andern alle mögen;
Von ihr iſt kommen muthiges Bewegen,
  Da graden Pfad zum Himmel dir bereitet;
  Drum geh' ich ſtolz, weil Hoffnung mich begleitet.

Und ſelbſt, ehe er dahin gelangte, liebte er in ihr ſchon die Tugend und Vollkommenheit. Denn, in der Sprache der platoniſchen Schule zu reden, die ſittliche Schönheit dringt und leuchtet durch die Schönheit des Körpers hervor; oder vielmehr dieſe letztere iſt nur die Blume, welche eine köſtliche Frucht verſpricht; ſie iſt nur das Gepräge einer weſentlichen und größeren Schönheit; oder wie die Dämmerung der Frühe, welche die Gipfel der Berge vergoldet dem Auge, das die Sonne erwartet, ein erfreuliches Schauſpiel gewährt; ſo ſind auch dieſe Blüthe der Jugend, dieſe milden Farben, welche auf der Oberfläche des Körpers ſchimmern, gleich der Morgenröthe, gleich den Strahlen, welche das Licht des Geiſtes verkünden, und deshalb der Seele des Philoſophen ein noch hinreißenderes Schauſpiel gewähren.

Petrarca hatte überdieß noch die Muſter der provenzaliſchen Dichter, ihre ſpitzfindigen Unterſuchungen, ihre Gerichtshöfe der Liebe, wo über dieſe Unterſuchungen geſtritten wurde, ihre dem Plotinus und Proklus abgeborgten Aufgaben, mit einem Worte ihre ganze Rüſtkammer der Liebe.

Dieſer Geſichtspunkt, aus welchem er Lauren unabläſſig betrachtete, vereinigte ſich in ihm mit ſeiner claſſiſchen Gelehrſamkeit, und mit ſeinem Geſchmacke an den Denkmälern des Alterthums, den ſein Freund Rienzo in Rom wieder geweckt hatte. Er malt ſie mit denſelben Augen, mit welchen die alten Dichter ihre Götter, Göttinnen und Nymphen malen, und die Bildwerke des großen Stils der griechiſchen Künſtler ſie dem Kenner darſtellen. Er erblickte im Apollo, in der Diana, in der Venus Anadyomene, deren ewigen Frühling, dieſe himmliſche Farbe, mit einem Worte dieſe Strahlen der Gottheit, welche, dem Marmor entſtrömend, wie ein leichter Duft ſie umſchweben.

Endlich fand auch Petrarca in dieſer platoniſchen Liebe Nahrung für ſeine Frömmigkeit. Sie leitet vom Geſchöpf zum Schöpfer hinauf; und in ihrem höchſten Grade, wo ſie ganz contemplativ wird, hat ſie große Aehnlichkeit mit der reinen Liebe der Myſtiker. Auch ſehen wir in ſeinem Canzoniere ſeine Leidenſchaften für Lauren, dieſe vergeiſtigte Liebe und die Philoſophie, aus der ſie entſprungen iſt, auf tauſenderlei Weiſe mit ſeiner Frömmigkeit gemiſcht und verſchmolzen.

Das weſentliche Schöne des Plato iſt, aufs höchſte geläutert, nichts als eine abgezogene Idee, die durch einen allgemeinen Ausdruck bezeichnet wird, um ein Geſchlecht der Gattung anzuzeigen, das die untergeordneten Gattungen mit ihren verſchiedenen Arten und Einzelnheiten unter ſich begreift, denen allen die Benennung des Schönen beigelegt wird. Dieſe Wirkung des Geiſtes dient, das Urtheil und den Verſtand zu leiten, und ihnen klare und deutliche Ideen zur Grundlage zu geben. Daß aber dieſe bis aufs höchſte getriebene Verallgemeinerung, oder was dasſelbe iſt, der höchſte abgeſonderte Begriff des Schönen ein Gegenſtand unſerer Liebe, unſerer Entzückung und Beſeligung werden könne, das iſt etwas ſchwer zu begreifen.

Ein Glück, daß Petrarca ſich nicht bis zu dieſer Höhe zu erheben vermochte. Wäre es ihm gelungen, ſeinen Blick und ſeine Neigung auf dieſe höchſte Schönheit, auf das *Kalon* ſchlechthin, zu heften, ſo wäre er nicht mehr Laura's Liebhaber, ſo wäre er ein bloßer Vernunftmenſch, eine allgemeine Idee, die in der Poeſie unnütz iſt, ja alle Poeſie zerſtört. Wo im Gegentheile ſeine vergeblichen Verſuche, dieſe Höhe zu erklimmen, ſein Auf- und Abſteigen auf der großen Leiter, ſeine Unterſuchung der verſchiedenen Stufen des Schönen, und ihre Vergleichung mit der Schönheit Laura's, auf die er immer wieder zurückkommt, jene feine, zärtliche Empfindſamkeit, jenen unausſprechlichen Reiz über ſeine Poeſien verbreiten, in welchem der Charakter derſelben beſteht. Wir haben davon bereits Beiſpiele zur Genüge angeführt, ſo daß es unnöthig iſt, ſie hier zu wiederholen.

Doch müſſen wir hier noch bemerken, daß wir, indem wir hier die Dinge auf ihren wahren Werth zurückführen, nicht die Lehre des Plato mit begreifen, welche etwas ganz anderes, und in ganz anderer Hinſicht irrig iſt.

Dieſem Philoſophen zufolge haben nur die allgemeinen Dinge ein wahres, weſentliches Daſeyn; ja es ſind die einzigen Dinge, denen der Name Subſtanz oder Weſen eigentlich zukommt, die einzigen wahren, bleibenden Weſen, während die Körper, ſo wie alles, was auf Erden in die Sinne fällt, nur Schatten ſind und nur ein ungewiſſes flüchtiges Daſeyn haben. Er nahm die Gattungen und Arten mit ihren Abtheilungen und Unterabtheilungen für eben ſo viele Weſenheiten, die im Reiche der Ideen ein großes Gemeinweſen bilden, für die erſten Urbilder und Modelle, nach welchen alle die [illegible], welche unſeren Sinnen und unſerer Einbildungskraft ſich darſtellen, geformt ſind.

Man hat nachher dieſe Träume berichtigt und die Welt der Ideen in den göttlichen Verſtand verlegt, der in der That das Reich des Möglichen umfaßt. Trotz aller Mühe, die ſich die Alexandriniſchen Neu-Platoniker nebſt andern neueren Philoſophen gegeben haben, um dem Plato einen ſo vernünftigen Gedanken zuzueignen, ſo iſt doch nichts weniger als erwieſen, daß ihm derſelbe wirklich zugehöre. Ja er drückt ſich oft auf eine entgegengeſetzte Weiſe aus. In klaren und beſtimmten Ausdrücken legt er ſeinen Ideen eine eigene, nothwendige, gleich der Gottheit ewige Weſenheit bei, von welcher der Demiurgos, oder ſchaffende Weltgeiſt, das erſte Muſter ſeiner Schöpfung genommen haben ſoll. Er dachte ſich Gott als dieſe Ideen außer ſich ſchauend, er ließ ſie für ſich von ſeinem Geiſte unabhängig beſtehen, und glaubte irrig, daß dieſe Ideen Daſeyn haben könnten, ohne Ideen oder Vorſtellungen irgend eines Weſens zu ſeyn.

So abgeſchmackt dieſe Meinung aber auch ſeyn mag, ſo war ſie doch, eben durch dieſe Abgeſchmacktheit, für die Poeſie brauchbar. Indem man den Ideen Weſenheit beilegte, gab man ihnen gewiſſermaßen einen Körper, und machte ſie der ſinnlichen Erkennung fähig; und Petrarca ermangelte nicht, ſie aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte zu betrachten. Auch Gravina ſagt deshalb von ihm, daß er uns die Gedanken des Geiſtes plaſtiſch zu bilden, und die unkörperliche Natur unſern Augen ſichtbar zu machen wiſſe.

In einem ſeiner ſchönſten Sonette fragt er, in welcher Gegend des Himmels die Idee zu finden ſey, nach welcher die Natur die reizenden Formen Laura's gebildet habe:

In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea
  Era l'esempio, onde Natura tolse
  Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch' ella volse
  Mostrar quaggiù, quanto lassù potea?
Son. CXXVI.

In welchem Himmelsraum, welchen Ideen
Fand die Natur das Muſter, zu bereiten
So ſchönes Bild, worin ſie wollt' andeuten
Hier unten, was ſie könne in den Höhen?

Hier ſieht man deutlich die weſenhaften Ideen in einer Gegend des Himmels aufbewahrt, wo die ſchaffende Natur ihre Werke bildet. Indem Petrarca dieſe Idee, als außer dem göttlichen Verſtande befindlich, annahm, ward die ſeinige dadurch maleriſch und poetiſch; hätte er ſie in dem einfachen Willensact dieſes Verſtandes beruhen laſſen, ſo wäre dieß ſchöne Bild ganz verloren gegangen.

Das Uebrige dieſes Sonetts ſtimmt zu dem obigen Anfange deſſelben, und dieſe Idee bleibt mitten durch die poetiſche Unordnung herrſchend. Welche Nymphe, ſagt er, welche Dryade ließ je mit ſo viel Anmuth ſo weiches goldnes Haar im Winde wallen?

Qual Ninfa in fonti, in boschi mai qual Dea
Chiome d'oro sì fino all' aura sciolse?

Hat Nymphen wer im Bach, im Wald geſehen
Göttinnen Haar ſo lautern Goldes breiten?

Die nach ſterblichen Schönheiten gebildeten Nymphen und Göttinnen der Dichter und Künſtler ſind nur Nachbilder von Nachbildern, alſo nichts gegen Lauren, zu der das Vorbild unmittelbar aus dem Himmel genommen worden. Deſſelben Urſprungs ſind auch ihre Tugenden, denen gleichfalls auf Erden nichts vergleichbar iſt:

Quand' un cor tante in se virtuti accolse?

Wann hatt' ein Herz ſo viel der Trefflichkeiten?

Mit einem Worte, um von göttlichen Reizen und überirdiſcher Schönheit einen Begriff zu haben, muß man Lauren ſehen. Hier verliert ſich der Dichter im Taumel ſeiner Begeiſterung: Nie werdet ihr erfahren, wie Amor verwundet und heilt, wenn ihr nicht die Lieblichkeit ihrer Seufzer, ihrer Worte, ihres Lächelns empfunden habt:

Per divina beltà indarno mira,
Chi gli occhj di costei giammai non vide,
Come soavemente ella gli gira;
Non sa come Amor sana, e come ancide,
Chi non sa, come dolce ella sospira,
E come dolce parla, e dolce ride.

Nach Himmelsſchönheit blickt umſonſt im Kreiſe,
Wem nimmermehr ihr Auge noch getaget,
Wie ſie es kreiſen läßt ſo holder Weiſe.
Nicht weiß, wie Amor heilet, wie er tödtet,
Wer es nicht weiß, wie ſüß ſie ſeufzt und klaget,
Wie ſüß ſie lächelt und wie ſüß ſie redet.

An einem andern Orte ſagt er, daß, wenn es in den höheren Gegenden unter den Gegenſtänden, von welchen der König des Himmels uns hienieden zuweilen einige Proben zeigt, noch andere eben ſo vollkommene, wie Laurens Perſon giebt, ſo würde er ein heftiges Verlangen haben, dieſen irdiſchen Kerker zu zerſprengen, um ſich zur Bewunderung jener unſterblichen Schönheiten zu erheben (Canz. IX). Auch dieſes läßt ſich nur von jenen weſenhaften Ideen, jenen himmliſchen Urbildern verſtehen, nach welchen alle Dinge hienieden geformt ſind.

Endlich mußte auch der Maler Simon Memmi ins Paradies der Ideen hinaufgeſtiegen ſeyn, um Lauren daſelbſt zu malen, deren Geſichtsbildung er nicht in ſolcher Vollkommenheit hier auf der Erde hätte treffen können, wo die Sinne uns die durch einen materiellen Schleier halb verhüllten Gegenſtände entſtellen. Auch gelang es ihm nicht mehr, ihr Bildniß zu wiederholen, nachdem er auf die Erde zurückgekehrt war, aufs neue Hitze und Froſt der Jahreszeiten empfunden hatte, und ſeine Augen wieder von ſterblichen und vergänglichen Dingen umgeben waren:

Ma certo il mio Simon fu in Paradiso,
Onde questa gentil Donna si parte:
Ivi la vide, e la ritrasse in carte
Per far fede quaggiù del suo bel viso.
L'opra fu ben di quelle, che nel cielo
Si ponno immaginar, non qui fra noi,
Ove le membra fanno all' alma velo;
Cortesia fe': nè la potea far poi
Che fu disceso a provar caldo e gielo,
E del mortal sentiron gli occhj suoi.
Son. LVII.

Mein Simon aber war in Himmelshöhen,
Von wo die hohe Donna hergekommen;
Da hat er ihre Züge aufgenommen,
Daß wir hier unten auch ihr Antlitz ſähen.
Was denen recht, ſo fähig, zu erſtreben
Das Himmliſche; nicht ſo, wo Erdenglieder
Mit ihrem Schleier rings die Seel' umfahen.
Was er da gab, nicht konnt' er mehr es geben,
Als er empfunden Kält' und Wärme wieder,
Und ſeine Augen Sterbliches nur ſahen.

Man erkennt hier den Phidias der Anthologie wieder, zu dem der Olympiſche Jupiter herab-, oder jener zu dieſem in den Olymp hinaufgeſtiegen iſt, um dort ſein Standbild zu formen. Aber das war Jupiter in Perſon, ſtatt daß Laura noch lebte, und der Künſtler nur ihr Urbild im Himmel finden konnte.

Auf gleiche Weiſe würde ich noch mehrere Stellen erklären, wo Laura als ein übermenſchlicher Geiſt, als eine vom Himmel herabgeſandte Göttin dargeſtellt iſt; d. h. daß ihre Geſtalt und der Charakter ihrer Seele den Menſchen nach einem der vollkommenſten Muſter, die ſich in der großen Vorrathskammer der himmliſchen Modelle fanden, dargeſtellt und gezeigt worden.

Bisher haben wir alſo geſehen, wie Petrarca ſeine Liebe und ſeine Verſe durch die Philoſophie des Plato verſchönte, und ſich dabei in gehörigen Schranken hielt, die er nicht füglich überſchreiten konnte, ohne jene zu entſtellen. Mit Unrecht wirft man ihm vor, daß er beide nicht genug vergeiſtigt habe. Er hat dieß in gehörigem Maße gethan, und hat ſich mit lobenswerther Mäßigung nicht weiter gewagt, als bis dahin, wo die intellectuellen Gegenſtände noch nicht den Sinnen und der Einbildungskraft entfliehen. Der Liebhaber ſowohl als der Dichter wären geſcheitert, wenn ſie die Gränze überſchritten hätten, welches, wie wir weiterhin ſehen werden, bei einigen Gelegenheiten wirklich geſchehen iſt.

Eine Lehre Plato's, der Petrarca ſich auch bedient hat, iſt die des früheren Daſeyns der menſchlichen Seelen auf den Sternen, von wo ſie, jede zur beſtimmten Zeit, herabkommen und in irdiſchen Körpern wohnen. Jede Seele iſt dem Sterne gemäß, von dem ſie herabkommt. Laura's Seele iſt von dem der Venus herabgeſtiegen, der ſie an Schönheit gleicht; und nach ihrem Tode iſt ſie dahin zurückgekehrt, wie ein Reiſender nach vollendetem Laufe in ſein Vaterland zurückkehrt:

Anzi tempo per me nel suo paese
E ritornata, ed alla par sua stella.
Son. CCXLVIII.

(Sie) Mußte zu früh für mich zum Vaterlande,
Empor zu ihrem gleichen Sterne wallen.

Ivi fra lor, che 'l terzo cerchio serra,
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
Son. CCLXI.

Da ſah ich ſie vom dritten Kreis umwunden,
Noch ſchöner und mit minder ſtolzer Weiſe.

Aber bei Laura's Lebzeit, und während einer Krankheit, die ihrem Leben Gefahr drohete, wußte er nicht, wohin ſie, im Todesfall, eigentlich gehen möchte, und hat allerlei mögliche Vermuthungen darüber, aber alle zu Laura's Vortheil. Erhebt ſie ſich über die Sterne zum Feuerhimmel, ſo wird ſie dort den ihren Tugenden gebührenden Platz einnehmen. Geht ſie zur Sonne ein, ſo wird ſie dieſelbe durch ihren höhern Glanz verdunkeln: alle Seelen, die in der Sonne wohnen, werden den Blick zu ihr wenden. Begnügt ſie ſich mit einem der drei niedern Planeten, ſo wird ſie gleichfalls den Glanz derſelben verdunkeln. Der ungeſtüme Himmel des Mars iſt nicht für Lauren. Aber wenn ſie höher ſteigt, ſei es in den Jupiter, oder in den Saturn, oder in den Himmel der Fixſterne, ſo werden alle dieſe Geſtirne ebenfalls vor den Strahlen ihres Glanzes dahin ſchwinden (Son. XXI).

Wir haben ſchon von dem Widerſpruche dieſer Phantaſien mit den Lehren der Religion geſprochen. Aber dieß letzte Sonett wird ohne Zweifel jedem durch ſeine Kälte auffallen, um ſo mehr, da es von einem ſo leidenſchaftlichen Liebhaber iſt, der eben auf dem Punkte ſteht, das einzige Gut, das die Erde für ihn hat, zu verlieren. Wir können es als das erſte Beiſpiel des Mißbrauches der Wiſſenſchaft und der platoniſchen Philoſophie, anſehen, zu dem ſich der Dichter verleiten laſſen. Aber es iſt nicht das einzige.

Jene Wanderung der Seelen von einem Orte zum andern, welche dieſe Philoſophie auch noch in anderer Hinſicht lehrt, begeiſtert ihn zu wer weiß wie vielen gebrochenen Gedanken, zu concetti und falſchen Feinheiten, die ſich auf einer [illegible] ſtützen.

Daher jene Verwandelungen des Liebenden in die geliebte Perſon, folglich Petrarca's in Lauren:

— — — E so in qual guisa
L'amante nell' amato si trasforma.
Trionfo d'Amore, Cap. III vergl. mit
Son. XLII und Canz. X, St. 2.

— — — und in welcher Weiſe
Der Liebende geliebtes Weſen werde.

daher jenes ſchöne Vorrecht der Seele, getrennt von ihrem Körper zu leben, in der Vorausſetzung, daß ſie in dem Gegenſtande ihrer Gedanken lebe. Sobald Laura's ſchöne Augen, des Dichters ſchickſalige Geſtirne:

Le mie fatali stelle
Son. XV.

Meine Schickſalsſterne

ſich von ihm wenden, erſtarren ihm Blut und Lebensgeiſter, und ſeine Seele verläßt ſeinen Körper, um Lauren zu folgen. An einem andern Orte, wo er zu ſeinem Herzen oder zu ſeiner Seele ſpricht, wird er plötzlich gewahr, daß er ſie nicht mehr beſitzt, da ſie ihren Sitz in Laurens Augen genommen haben. Aber noch ſonderbarer iſt, daß dieß Herz oder dieſe Seele großes Mitleiden mit ihm haben, und ihn bedauern, daß er nicht mit ihnen auf dem grünen Hügel ſich befindet, wo in dem Augenblicke Laura ſitzt (Son. CCIV u. CCV). Man muß geſtehen, daß das ein gewaltiger Wirrwarr iſt.

Aber es kommt noch ärger. Wenn ſeine Seele ſeinen Körper verlaſſen hat, und Laura ſie nicht in ſich aufnehmen will, wo bleibt ſie dann? Weder in ihm noch in Lauren lebend, unvermögend, dahin zurückzukehren, woher ſie gekommen, und unfähig, irgend ſonſt wo zu leben, bleibt ihr nichts übrig, als nicht länger zu leben. Das heißt mit einem metaphyſiſchen Galimathias ſagen: ich ſterbe, wenn du mich nicht wieder liebſt (Son. XIX).

Zwei Liebende erbleichen in wechſelſeitiger Gegenwart. Dieſe eben nicht ſeltene Erſcheinung giebt dem Petrarca Veranlaſſung zu einem ſo ſpitzfindigen Sonett, daß man kaum nach wiederholtem Leſen den Sinn deſſelben erräth.

Wenn das Bild der Geliebten durch die Augen ins Herz des Liebenden dringt, ſo bemächtigt es alle Vermögen deſſelben; die Lebensverrichtungen ſtocken, die Seele verläßt ihn und ſein Geſicht erblaſſet. Aber dieſe Seele bleibt nicht müßig, ſie nimmt [illegible] und geht in den geliebten Gegenſtand hinüber. Nachdem ſie in demſelben Aufnahme gefunden, zwei Seelen aber nicht einen und denſelben Körper bewohnen können, verläßt auch die Seele der Geliebten den ihrigen, um die leere Stelle der andern in dem Körper des Liebenden einzunehmen, und dieß macht auch die Geliebte erbleichen. So ſterben die beiden Liebenden jeder in ſich, und erleben aufs neue einer in dem andern (Son. LXXIII).

Das dieſem vorhergehende Sonett lehrt uns, daß jenes geſchrieben worden, als der Dichter, von Lauren entfernt, eben einiger Erholung von ſeiner Leidenſchaft genoß. Aber überhaupt muß man hier bekennen, daß dieſe Seelen, welche zu den Augen herausfliegen, bald unterwegs bleiben, bald einander jagen, oder ihre Körper vertauſchen, mit einem Worte, daß dieſe ganze erotiſche Philoſophie eben kein vortheilhaftes Zeugniß für den Einfluß der Wiſſenſchaft auf das Gebiet der Poeſie giebt.

Ich möchte ſogar behaupten, daß mehrere der ſchönſten Gedichte Petrarca's durch die zu große Feinheit, die er hineinlegen wollen, verunziert ſind. Er zergliedert ſeine Ideen ſo ſehr, und ſpinnt ſie zu einem ſo zarten Faden aus, daß ſie uns am Ende gar entwiſchen, nachdem wir unſere Aufmerkſamkeit durch vergebliche Anſtrengung ermüdet haben. Selbſt die [illegible] Canzonen auf Laura's Augen, ſind von dieſen Fehlern nicht ganz frei. Iſt es nicht eine übertriebene Spitzfindigkeit, wenn er ſagt, das einzige Glück, das dieſen Augen fehle, ſei, daß ſie ſich ſelbſt nicht ſehen können, daß ſie aber dieſen Mangel durch einen Blick auf den Dichter erſetzen können, durch den ſie zur Einſicht ihres ganzen Werthes gelangen werden:

Luci beate e liete,
Se non che 'l veder voi stesse v'è tolto;
Ma quante volte a me vi rivolgete,
Conoscete in altrui quel che voi siete.
Canz. VIII.

Euch frohen, ſel'gen Sternen,
Noch ſel'ger, fehlet ihr das eigne Prangen.
Doch ſehet ihr euch zu mir aus euren Fernen,
Könnt, was ihr ſeid, an Andern ihr lernen.

(Es iſt zu bemerken, daß dieſe Verſe dem Cino von Piſtoja abgeborgt ſind.) Laura kannte ihre Augen ſehr wohl, und wußte ihren Werth zu ſchätzen; ſie hatte Spiegel, die ſie gern berathfragte, und die, wie Petrarca's eigene Klagen darüber uns lehren, ihre Eigenliebe übermäßig verſtärkten (Son. XXXVII u. XXXVIII).

Wenn der hier angeführte Gedanke durch zu viele Spitzfindigkeit ſchielend geworden iſt, ſo iſt er doch wenigſtens verſtändlich. Aber dieſelbe Canzone enthält noch einen andern Gedanken, der vor zu vieler Gelehrſamkeit ſchielend und dunkel zugleich iſt. Nachdem er geſagt hat, daß ſeine Sorgen und Qualen vor Laura's Anblick entweichen, aber wieder zurückkehren wie ſie ſich entfernt, fügt er hinzu, daß jedoch ſein Gedächtniß, noch ganz voll von ihr, ihnen den Eingang verwehrt, dergeſtalt daß ſie nicht bis zu den letzten Theilen dringen können:

Ma perchè la memoria innamorata
Chiude lor poi l'entrata,
Di là non vanno dalle parti estreme.

Weil aber das Gedächtniß liebenährend
Den Eingang ihnen wehret,
Sie nie bis zu den letzten Theilen dringen.

zu welchen letzten Theilen? Des Kopfes, antworten die Scholiaſten; und erklären uns bei der Gelegenheit ſehr tiefgelehrt, daß das Gedächtniß ſeinen Sitz in der dritten Höhle oder Zelle des Hinterkopfes hat, wo die beiden andern Gehirnhöhlen oder Zellen von der Empfindung und der Denkkraft bewohnt ſind, wie die Naturforſcher erwieſen haben. Die guten Naturforſcher! und der treffliche Erweis! Aber, wenn auch dieſe Stelle den Sinn in völliger Klarheit darböte, ſind das Bilder für die Poeſie? und wird ein wahrhaft Verliebter eine ſolche Sprache reden?

Ein anderer Auswuchs der Philoſophie, die allegoriſche Dichtart, war in jenem Jahrhunderte, wo man die metaphyſiſchen Weſen überall anbrachte, ſehr im Schwange. Petrarca hat in dieſer Art lateiniſche Werke geſchrieben, die man nicht mehr lieſt, obgleich ſie ſehr gute Sachen enthalten. Das vornehmſte derſelben iſt die Schrift De remediis utriusque fortunae. Unter ſeinen allegoriſchen Gedichten iſt das beſte, und vielleicht das einzige erträgliche, ſein Rechtshandel gegen den Amor, den er vor den Richterſtuhl ſeiner eigenen Beurtheilung führt. Dieſer ſeltſame Einfall, ſeine eigene Sache vor ſich ſelbſt zu führen, iſt durch ſo ſchöne Gedanken und ſo wohlklingende Verſe vergütet, daß man ihm gern verzeiht oder vielmehr vergißt (Canz. XXVIII).

Dieſe Bewandtniß hat es nicht mit der Canzone XII, in welcher zwei ſchöne Frauen erſcheinen, die man auf mancherlei Weiſe erklären kann; ein bei Allegorien gewöhnlicher Uebelſtand. Man konnte ſich aber füglich die Mühe erſparen, dieſe hier aus ihrer Dunkelheit hervorzuziehen, in die der Dichter ſelbſt ſie, ſeiner Erklärung nach, vorſetzlich gehüllt hat.

Die Canzone XI, die kaum dieſen Namen verdient, iſt nichts als ein Haufen von Sprichwörtern, die ohne Zuſammenhang und ſichtbaren Zweck zuſammengeworfen ſind, ein langes Räthſel, ein unbegreifliches Rebus, oder ein Frottola, wie die Italiener dergleichen nennen. Geſualdo wünſcht ſich Luchsaugen, um in dieß Dunkel zu dringen. Daſſelbe konnte er in Anſehung der ſchönen Stellen wünſchen, und ſich ſeinen weitläufigen und unnützen Commentar darüber erſparen.

Eben ſo dunkel iſt mir die Allegorie mit der Hindin (Son. CLVII), obgleich man in ihr eine Ahnung von Laura's Tod finden will. Beſſer verſteht man die Vergleichung der zärtlichen Begierde des Dichters mit einem wilden und ſtörrigen Pferde (Son. VI), denn es iſt das ſtörriſche Pferd im Phädrus des Plato.

Mehr als einmal vergleicht er den Zuſtand ſeiner Seele dem eines vom Sturm umhergetriebenen Schiffes, und das iſt nicht zu tadeln (Son. XXII, CXCIX und Canz. X). Indeſſen möchte doch wohl das vollendete Sonett, wo dieſes Fahrzeug ausführlich und bis in das kleinſte Detaille allegoriſirt wird, nicht allgemein gefallen (Son. CLVI).

Es ſchwebt zwiſchen Charybdis und Scylla. Die Ladung, die es führt, iſt das Vergeſſen, aber man weiß eigentlich nicht, welcher Art es iſt. Der Steuermann iſt Amor, der Herr und Feind Petrarca's. Schnelle und kühne Gedanken ſind die Matroſen, und jeder dieſer Gedanken führt ſein Ruder. Aber es weht ein immerwährender feuchter Wind von Verlangen, Seufzern und Hoffnungen, der die Segel zerreißt. Ein Regen von Thränen, ein Nebel von Unwillen feuchtet und erſchlafft das Tauwerk, das der Sturm ſchon mürbe gemacht hat; hier hat man bemerkt, daß dieſe Wirkung der Natur zuwider iſt, denn Feuchtigkeit verkürzt und ſtrafft Taue, ſtatt ſie zu erſchlaffen. Endlich werden dieſe Taue durch Irrthum und Unwiſſenheit verwirrt. Ob man dieſe Allegorie im Italieniſchen ſo ſchön findet, als man vorgiebt, weiß ich nicht; in jeder andern Sprache würde man ſie erkünſtelt, gezwungen und geſchmacklos finden.

Daſſelbe kann man den Gedichten vorwerfen, wo er ſich der Dialektik überläßt. Er vernünftelt zu viel über ſeine Leidenſchaft, als daß er von ihr lebhaft durchdrungen ſeyn könnte. Dieſer Art iſt der Streit ſeines Herzens und ſeiner Augen, um zu wiſſen, welches von beiden Schuld an ſeinem Leiden iſt (Son. LXIII); desgleichen das Sonett, wo er den Zuſtand ſeiner Seele durch einen fragweiſe geſtellten Wechſelſchluß unterſucht, und dann, nachdem er alle Glieder des Wechſelſchluſſes nach und nach verworfen hat, über ſeinen Zuſtand ungewiſſer als vorhin bleibt (Son. CII). Hierher gehören noch einige andere Gedichte, deren Wortfügung ſelbſt durch die Verwirrung und Verwicklung der Ideen verworren iſt (Canz. III Sest. II u. a.). Salvini will daraus ſchließen, daß Petrarca nicht ſo ſehr von der Liebe bethört geweſen ſey, als wir glauben, oder als er uns möchte glauben machen; denn, wäre er wirklich ſo verliebt geweſen, ſo würde er nicht Muße gehabt haben, ſo viel über Liebe zu philoſophiren, und ſo künſtliche Redensarten zu ſuchen.

Ich für mein Theil glaube, daß es ihm gegangen iſt, wie allen andern Menſchen. Die Krankheiten des Gemüths haben ihre Pauſen und Zwiſchenzeiten, wie die des Körpers, ohne welche man ſie nicht lange ertragen würde. In dieſen Zwiſchenzeiten des Anfalles, wo dennoch der Geiſt immer auf den Gegenſtand ſeiner Liebe gerichtet blieb, wird er auf dieſe übel angebrachten Unterſuchungen und philoſophiſchen Spitzfindigkeiten verfallen ſeyn.

Jenen kälteren Stunden, wo ſeine Gluth nur ſchwache Funken warf, ſchreibe ich auch ohne Schwierigkeit jene kindiſchen Spiele ſeiner Muſe mit Laura's Namen zu, wo er entweder deſſen Laute verſetzt, oder die Sylben zerſtückelt, z. B. LAV-RE-TA im Sonett V.; ferner ſeine häufigen Anſpielungen auf den Lorbeer, oder auf die Fabel der Daphne, oder auf die Luft, l'aura (Son. XC. CLXI. CLXIII. CLXIV. CLXV. CCL. u. a.); endlich ſeine froſtigen Vergleichungen Laura's und ſeiner ſelbſt mit vielen andern Dingen.

Er vergleicht Lauren dem Phönix (Son. CLII); er vergleicht ſie den Jahreszeiten, ihr um die Stirne wallendes Haar der Sonne, welche auf dem Schnee glänzt, ihr weinendes Auge dem Funkeln der Sterne im Regen, ihre Gegenwart und Abweſenheit dem Auf- und Untergange der Sonne, ihr Antlitz einem Strauß von weißen und rothen Roſen in einem goldenen Gefäße (Canz. XV). Die todte oder ſterbende Laura gleicht einer Hindin, die von zwei Hunden, einem ſchwarzen und einem weißen, gefangen worden, einem geſcheiterten Schiffe, einem vom Sturm entwurzelten Lorbeer, einer in eine dunkle Höhle ſich verlierenden Quelle, einem verſchwindenden Phönix; endlich vergleicht er ſie ihr ſelbſt, die durch eine Schlange gebiſſen worden und wie eine gepflückte Blume hinwelkt (Canz. XXIV). Die erſte der beiden hier angeführten Canzoni wurde in Laurens Abweſenheit gedichtet; die zweite nach ihrem Tode, und wahrſcheinlich als ihr Andenken in der Seele Petrarca's bereits abzunehmen begann.

Nicht minder freigebig mit Vergleichungen iſt er gegen ſeine eigene Perſon. Aber hier muß man einen Unterſchied machen. Einige derſelben ſind ſehr natürlich und geben ſehr reizende Gemälde, wie z. B. das des ſinkenden Tages, wo die bejahrte Pilgerin ihre Schritte beſchleunigt, um die Herberge zu erreichen, wo der Landmann und der Schäfer vom Felde heimkehren, wo der Schiffer ſeine Barke ans Land zieht, um am Ufer des ruhigen Schlafs zu genießen (Canz. V). In der Abhandlung über den Dante haben wir ein ähnliches Abendgemälde jenes Dichters bemerkt, dem ich den Vorzug geben würde, weil es ganz durch Empfindungen dargeſtellt iſt (Purg. VIII. im Anf.).

Aber wenn Petrarca ſich dem Zielpunkt für Pfeile, dem Schnee, den die Sonne ſchmelzt, dem Wachſe, das am Feuer zergeht, dem Nebel, den der Wind verjagt (Son. CIII), oder dem Felſen, dem Magnet, einem Menſchen, der einen Baſilisken ſieht, vergleicht; wenn er bald ſich ſelbſt, bald ſeine Laura dem Lichte der Sonne, den Strahlen Latona's, den glänzenden Juwelen, und Bäumen vergleicht (Canz. I), ſo erregt er dadurch keine Empfindung, hat auch ſelbſt wahrſcheinlich nichts gefühlt. Ein von ſeiner Leidenſchaft innig bewegter Menſch ſpannt ſeinen Geiſt nicht auf die Folter, um ſolche Gleichniſſe zu erſinnen. Je mehr er ſie häuft, deſto mehr erkältet er den Leſer.

Auch ſeine Verwandlungen ſind um nichts beſſer. Mag er ſich immer in einen Lorbeer verwandeln wie Daphne, in einen Schwan wie Jupiter, in einen Stein wie Battus, in eine Quelle wie Byblis, in einen Hall wie die Nymphe Echo, in einen Hirſch wie Aktäon, mag er ſich wie Semele vom Blitz treffen oder ſich in den Adler des Ganymed oder des heil. Johannes verwandeln laſſen; denn man erfährt nicht genau, welcher von beiden gemeint iſt (Canz. XVIII). Gern will ich ihm alles dies zugeſtehen, aber ich erkenne nicht mehr den Sänger der ſchönen Laura in ihm.

Als ſie die Erde verlaſſen hatte, betrauerte er ſie in gefühlvollen und rührenden Verſen. Aber es giebt unter dieſen Gedichten auch welche, wo ſeine Flamme aus Mangel an Nahrung ſchwächer zu werden ſcheint. Das Sonett, wo ſeine Augen, ſeine Ohren, ſeine Füße Lauren zurück verlangen, und das, worin er ſein Schickſal mit dem des Titon vergleicht, zeigen eine bereits erkaltete Liebe (Son. CCXXXIV und CCL). In einem andern geſteht er ein, daß er Unrecht thut, ſich über ſeinen Verluſt ſo ſehr zu grämen; aber nirgends bemerkt man dieſen tiefen Gram, ſo gekünſtelt, zurecht geſtellt, und abgezirkelt iſt alles (Son. CCLV). Wahrſcheinlich wurden dieſe Gedichte zu einer Zeit verfertigt, wo ihm, wie er ſelbſt geſteht, Amor neue Schlingen gelegt hatte, denen er, ohne den Tod ſeiner Geliebten, ſchwerlich entgangen ſeyn würde (Canz. XXIII und Son. CCXXX).

Ignaz Aurelius Feßler,

dieſer durch den bunten Wechſel ſeiner Lebensereigniſſe, wie durch ſeine eigenthümlichen Beſtrebungen höchſt merkwürdige Mann, ward am 18 Mai 1756 zu Czurendorf in Ungarn geboren, auf der Jeſuitenſchule zu Raab gebildet, und 1773 in den Capuzinerorden aufgenommen. 1781 in ein Kloſter zu Wien verſetzt, wurde er dem Kaiſer Joſeph bekannt, dem er das Treiben in den Klöſtern mit Wahrheit ſchilderte, und der ihn dafür als Profeſſor der orientaliſchen Sprachen nach Lemberg ſandte. F. trat nun geſetzlich aus dem Orden, wurde Freimaurer und hatte große Verfolgungen von ſeinen Feinden, den Mönchen zu erleiden, die ihn endlich wegen ſeines auf dem Theater zu Lemberg dargeſtellten Trauerſpieles „Sidney" in einen fiscaliſchen Proceß verwickelten und ihn nöthigten 1788 ſein Amt niederzulegen und nach Schleſien zu fliehen. Hier fand er eine freundliche Aufnahme bei dem Buchhändler Korn in Breslau, ward darauf Erzieher der Söhne des Fürſten Carolath und trat 1791 zur proteſtantiſchen Religion über. Im Jahre 1796 ging er nach Berlin wo er als Schriftſteller lebte und den Auftrag erhielt gemeinſchaftlich mit Fichte die Statuten und das Ritual der dortigen Freimaurerloge Royal-York zu reformiren. Bald darauf verheirathete er ſich und ließ ſich auf einem Landgütchen nahe bei Berlin nieder, zugleich das Amt eines Conſulenten bei den katholiſchen, neuerworbenen polniſchen Provinzen bekleidend; doch hatte er das Unglück, in Folge der Schlacht von Jena ſowohl Amt wie Beſitzthum einzubüßen und in große Dürftigkeit zu gerathen. 1809 ward er als K. Ruſſiſcher Hofrath und Profeſſor der Philoſophie und der orientaliſchen Sprachen nach Petersburg berufen, verlor jedoch dieſe Anſtellung binnen Kurzem wieder, atheiſtiſcher Grundſätze beſchuldigt und ward nun Mitglied der Geſetzgebungscommiſſion, als welches er ſich nach Wolsk begab. 1817 ging er nach Sarepta zu den dortigen Brüdergemeinen und erhielt

1820 bei der Umgeſtaltung des evangeliſchen Kirchenweſens einen Ruf als Superintendent und Conſiſtorialpräſident in Saratow. Dieſer Stellung ward er 1833 wieder enthoben und zum Kirchenrathe ernannt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Sidney. Trauerſpiel. Köln, 1787.
Marc Aurel. Breslau, 1790—92. 4 Thle.
Ariſtides und Themiſtokles. Berlin, 1792.
Matthias Korvinus. Breslau, 1793—94.
Attila. Breslau, 1794.
Alexander. Berlin, 1797.
Abälard und Heloiſe. Berlin, 1806.
Bonaventura's myſtiſche Nächte. Berlin 1807.
Thereſia. Breslau, 1807. 2 Thle.
Lothario. Berlin, 1808.
Gemälde aus den alten Zeiten der Hunnen. Breslau, 1808. 4 Thle.
Alonſo. Leipzig, 1808. 2 Thle.
Der Nachtwächter Benedict. Berlin, 1809.
Sämmtliche Schriften über Freimaurerei. Berlin, 1801—1807. 3 Thle.
Actenmäßige Aufſchlüſſe über den Bund der Evergeten. Freiburg, 1804.
Der große Hof- und Staatsdespot Lotario. Berlin, 1808.
Verſuch einer Geſchichte der ſpaniſchen Nation. Berlin, 1810. 2 Thle.
Die Geſchichte der Ungarn. Leipzig, 1812—24. 10 Thle.
Geſchichte Böhmens. Leipzig, 1816. 4 Thle.
Rückblicke auf ſeine ſiebenzigjährige Pilgerſchaft. Breslau, 1824.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

Feßler iſt einer der Erſten, welche ſich in Deutſchland in neuerer Zeit in hiſtoriſchen Romanen verſuchten, und obwohl ſeine derartigen Leiſtungen bei ihrem Erſcheinen einiges Aufſehen erregten, ſo war dieſes doch nur ſehr ephemer, da eine gerechte Kritik bald große Fehler in denſelben zu rügen fand. Dem Verfaſſer fehlte es durchaus an eigentlicher productiver Phantaſie und an wirklicher poetiſcher Darſtellungsgabe; er giebt demgemäß nur einzelne mühſam an einander gereihte Scenen, ohne wirklichen innern Zuſammenhang, ohne Friſche und Wärme, in einem kalten, mühſamen, mitunter ſehr gezierten und zuweilen ſelbſt unbeholfenen Style geſchrieben, durch welchen eine ermüdende Monotonie eher befördert als vermieden wird; dazu kommt in vielen dieſer Leiſtungen eine beſondere naturphiloſophiſch-myſtiſche und verworrene Tendenz, die eben nicht geeignet iſt, ſich Freunde unter den Leſern zu gewinnen. Weit bedeutender iſt Feßler als Hiſtoriker; hier zeichnet er ſich durch eiſernen Fleiß, ſcharfe Beobachtungsgabe und genaue Forſchung höchſt vortheilhaft aus. Sein Character iſt von ſeinen Gegnern ſehr verdächtigt worden, beſonders hat man ihm vorgeworfen, ſich der Freimaurerei und der Anſichten der Brüdergemeinen bedient zu haben, um die Tendenzen des Jeſuitismus in das Weſen der proteſtantiſchen Kirche [illegible]. Daß ein ſo bewegtes Leben Stoff zu vielen Mißdeutungen und ſchlimmen Auslegungen darbot, erklärt ſich leicht. Wir theilen hier, ſowohl als Probe ſeines Styls wie auch um des pſychologiſchen Intereſſe willen, die letzten Abſchnitte ſeiner Autobiographie mit.

Meine kirchliche Wirkſamkeit *).

Jahr 1819 — 1825. — Alter 63 — 70.

Nachdem mich die Gnade des Kaiſers am 20 Aug. (1. Sept.) 1817 wieder in meine [illegible] Dienſtverhältniſſe eingeſetzt hatte, war mir auch die Wohlthat zu Theil geworden, daß mein einziger vierzehnjähriger Sohn Euſebius Ignatius, zur Verpflegung und zum Unterrichte in die adeliche Penſion des Lyceums zu Zarskoe-Selo, auf Koſten der Krone aufgenommen wurde; wobei man mir zugleich angedeutet hatte, daß man nicht abgeneigt ſey, auch mich in einen, meinen Kräften und Kenntniſſen angemeſſenen von mir anzugebenden Wirkungskreis zu verſetzen. Allein ich erklärte unverholen, daß ich nimmermehr irgend einen Wirkungskreis ſuchen wolle, am allerwenigſten einen, der mich nöthige, meine behagliche Zurückgezogenheit in Sarepta für immer zu verlaſſen. Auf eine beſtimmtere Aufforderung wiederholte ich die Verſicherung „daß ich bereit ſey, jeden Wirkungskreis anzunehmen, den man mir anweiſen wollte; der meinen Kräften und Kenntniſſen angemeſſen ſey, und in dem ich äußerlich, als Gelehrter und als Hausvater, mit Anſtand, ohne Erniedrigung und ohne Druck der Dürftigkeit, beſtehen könne. Bittſchriftlich zu irgend etwas mich zu melden, trüge ich Bedenken, befangen in der Furcht, man möchte mir aus Seneca zum Beſcheid geben: Lex à quinquagesimo anno militem non cogit, à sexagesimo senatorem non citat. — Man befehle, und ich werde ohne Verzug gehorchen, man rufe mich, und ich werde dem Rufe freudig folgen."

Mit meiner Penſion von der Krone hatten wir genug, um nach Nothdurft ohne Sorgen zu leben; und ich genoß die ungeſtörteſte literariſche Muße, wie ſie mir zur Fortſetzung meines hiſtoriſchen Werkes unentbehrlich war. — Am 7/19 Mai 1819 hatte ich das bedenklichſte Stufenjahr, das drei und ſechzigſte meines Alters, glücklich vollendet; einige Tage darauf auch den neunten Band der Geſchichten der Ungern geſchloſſen, und ich mußte mit Dank gegen Gott erkennen, daß es nichts ganz Kleines war, in Friſt von drei Jahren ſieben Monaten, unter mancherlei Leiden des Herzens, vier dicke Bände ſo zu liefern, wie ſie gedacht und geſchrieben ſind. Willkommen war mir daher auch Ende Junius die Aufforderung meines Freundes, des Directors der adeligen Penſion, von Hauenſchild, meinen Sohn in Zarskoe-Selo zu beſuchen mit dem Beiſatze, daß dieſe Reiſe wohl noch eine andere angenehme Folge für mich haben könnte. Ohne auf dieſe viel zu rechnen, zog ich bloß mein Bedürfniß einiger Erholung, und meiner geliebten Lebensgefährtin Sehnſucht, ihren Sohn zu ſehen, zu Rathe, und unbekümmert um alles Mögliche und Wahrſcheinliche, Wichtige und Vortheilhafte, was man in Sarepta und Saratow aus dieſer Reiſe diviniren wollte, ſetzten wir uns am 7/19 Julius in Bewegung. In Moskwa ruhten wir einige Tage, in welchen ich die Bekanntſchaft von Jena her, mit dem rechtſchaffenen, altchriſtlich geſinnten und vielſeitig gelehrten wirklichen Staatsrath Loder erneuerte. Es bedurfte unter uns beiden Alten nur weniger Stunden, um die alte Bekanntſchaft zu dem Bunde einer recht antiken Freundſchaft zu erheben. Am 30. Julius (11. Auguſt) erfreuten wir uns zu Sophia in den Armen des Sohnes unſers gegenſeitigen Wiederſehens.

Zehn Tage vor meiner Ankunft in Sophia, am 20. Jul. (1. Aug.) hatte der Kaiſer durch einen Allerhöchſten Ukas erklärt, er habe für nöthig erachtet, für die evangeliſchen Confeſſionen in Rußland die Biſchofswürde zu ertheilen, wie ſolche auch in Finnland für die Proteſtanten, und in andern Reichen, als in Schweden, Dannemark und Preußen Statt findet. Dazu verordnete Er für die Verhandlungen der geiſtlichen Angelegenheiten evangeliſcher Confeſſion, zur Aufſicht über die Erfüllung der kirchlichen Verordnungen, die Uebereinſtimmung der kirchlichen Bücher und der Lehre mit den Grundſätzen der Kirche, ſo wie über den Wandel und das Verhalten der Geiſtlichkeit, eine beſondere adminiſtrative Behörde unter der Benennung: Evangeliſches Reichs-General-Conſiſtorium. — Drei Monate darauf richtete der Monarch ſeinen rechtväterlichen Blick auch auf den Kirchen- und Schulenzuſtand der 73 evangeliſchen Colonial-Gemeinden in der Saratowſchen Statthalterſchaft, der evangeliſchen Gemeinde in der Stadt Saratow und der [illegible] Statthalterſchaften zu werden, und am 25. October (6. November) verordnete Er für alle evangeliſche Gemeinden in den Statthalterſchaften Saratow, Aſtrachan, Woroneſch, Tambow, Rjäſan, Penſa, Simbirsk, Kaſan und Orenburg, wozu im Jahre 1822 auch das Permiſche Gouvernement beigeordnet wurde, ein evangeliſches Conſiſtorium, zu welchem Er den Oberſt und Ritter Reinholm zum weltlichen Präſes und Director, mich zum Superintendenten und geiſtlichen Präſes, beide mit Beibehaltung unſerer bisherigen Amtsverhältniſſe, ernannte und beſtätigte.

[illegible] war der, hiermit mir angewieſene Wirkungskreis. Ich ſah mich zum öffentlichen Lehrer und Hirten in der evangeliſchen Kirche berufen; ich erkannte aber das Allerhöchſte Vertrauen womit

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*) Aus: Dr. Feßler's Rückblicke auf ſeine ſiebenzigjährige Pilgerſchaft.

es geſchehen war: im tiefſten Gefühl der Demuth hielt ich es für heilige Pflicht, daſſelbe zu rechtfertigen und zu ehren. Dadurch, daß ich **unaufgefordert**, und ohne irgend eine äußere Veranlaſſung dazu, ſchriftlich mein aufrichtiges **Glaubensbekenntniß** ſowohl dem erlauchten Miniſter der geiſtlichen Angelegenheiten gleich nach Allerhöchſter Ernennung meiner Perſon, als auch nachher dem Borgåer Biſchof vor meiner Weihe, überreichte, und damit beide über meine gegenwärtige religiöſe, und evangeliſch-lutheriſch-kirchliche Geſinnung in Kenntniß ſetzte.

Am $\frac{4}{16}$ November reiſte ich mit meiner Gattin auf Allerhöchſten Befehl nach **Borgå** in Neufinnland, um von dem dortigen Biſchofe Successionis apostolicae Dr. **Zacharias Cygnäus**, die biſchöfliche Weihe, zu welcher die Regierung das goldene Episcopal-Kreuz herausgeſandt hatte, zu empfangen. Dieß geſchah mit allen, pünctlich beobachteten Feierlichkeiten der ſchwediſchen Kirche, unter zahlreicher Aſſiſtenz der Geiſtlichkeit, in dem alten hohen Dome, am $\frac{11}{23}$ November, gerade am ſiebzehnten Jahrestag meiner Vermählung mit meiner treuen Lebensgefährtin. Ihr war dieſer Tag, nach ihrem oft wiederholten Geſtändniß, der ſchönſte ihres Lebens, denn ſie hatte Geiſt genug, um meinen Beruf geziemend zu würdigen und zu verehren: ich betrachtete ihn als den Tag meiner Vermählung mit der Kirche Jeſu Chriſti; denn ganz anders war es mir im Geiſte und im Herzen unter Auflegung der Hände im Borgåer Dome, als vor ein und vierzig Jahren, bei meiner Weihe zum Prieſter in der Haus-Kapelle des Neuſtädter Biſchofs: hier einſt Finſterniß, Kälte und Froſt; dort jetzt Licht, Wärme und Leben.

Erſt am 25. Februar (8. März) 1820 wurde ich aus Sanct Petersburg entlaſſen, mit der Weiſung, bis zu völliger Organiſation des Conſiſtoriums für den Allerhöchſt angegebenen Zweck ſeiner Einſetzung ſo viel als möglich thätig zu ſeyn. Der Wille dazu war durch Gottes Gnade kräftig in mir aufgeregt: und unabläſſig arbeitet bis auf den heutigen Tag in meinem Herzen das hohe Dankgefühl gegen den ewigen Oberhirten ſeiner Kirche, der mich in einem Alter, in welchem Tauſende, ſchon hinfällig, in Unthätigkeit ruhen müſſen, mit Ertheilung aller nöthigen Kraft zur Arbeit und Anſtrengung für ſein Reich auf Erden berufen, und an das Ende meiner Tage ein ſo hehres Ziel mir geſetzt hat. Dabei ſtets eingedenk der Drohung des Propheten: „Verflucht ſey der welcher des Herrn Werk läſſig treibt!“ fing ich ſchon auf der Rückreiſe an, meine Gemächlichkeit meinem Berufe aufzuopfern. Auf der Station Poſt-Spaskoi und in Waldai taufte ich Kinder zu einiger Erbauung der Anweſenden, die ſeit mehrern Jahren von Gott, von ſeinem Sohne Jeſus Chriſtus und von deſſen Lehre nichts gehört hatten. Da ich auf die unmündigen Säuglinge nur mit Waſſer wirken konnte, ſuchte ich auf die Herumſtehenden durch den Geiſt einzudringen. Auf Kraft erſchöpfenden, Fahrzeuge zerſtörenden Wegen erreichten wir endlich am $\frac{4}{16}$ März Moskwa. Verſchiedene Hinderniſſe hielten mich dort unter freundlicher Hoſpitalität des Paſtors an der neuen Kirche, Herrn **Göring**, elf Tage zurück, nicht ganz müßig im Dienſte der Kirche, und im freundſchaftlichem Umgange mit den vortrefflichen Tonkünſtlern **Häſeler**, **Scholz** und **Eck**, und in geiſtigem Verkehr mit **Roſenſtrauch**, in welchem des Herrn Ruf zum Evangelium bereits mächtig arbeitete, und mit dem wirklichen Staatsrathe **von Loder**, Präſidenten des Kirchenrathes an der alten Sanct Michaelis-Kirche, in der ich am 15. März die von der geiſtlichen Oberbehörde mir aufgetragene Ordination des Paſtors-Vicarius **Franz Hahn** und die Abendmahls-Liturgie in Anweſenheit mehrerer Prieſter der Ruſſiſchen Kirche feierte.

In Kolan taufte ich ſieben Kinder, deren einige ſchon über drei Jahre alt waren. Am 23. März feierte ich daſelbſt mit 47 Einwohnern, und zum erſten Male mit meiner Gattin und meiner Tochter **Athanaſia**, das heilige Abendmahl. Darunter waren, wie hernach am 28. März zu Mäſhok, und am 18. April in Jerſchova, einige, welche ſeit 7 und auch 12 Jahren keine Gelegenheit gehabt hatten, dieſer Erlabung im Glauben und Erquickung der Seele theilhaftig zu werden. Durch den Eisgang und die ausgetretenen Gewäſſer volle 14 Tage in Mäſhok eingeſchloſſen, erreichten wir erſt am 13. April Tambow, wo ich mich an dem kirchlichen Eifer, der Herren, des damaligen Vice-Gouverneurs **von Schröder** und des damaligen Criminalhofs-Präſidenten **von Arnoldi** eben ſo ſehr erfreute und erbaute, als mich nach einigen Tagen das katholiſche Weſen in Penſa betrübte.

Am 24. April traten wir in Saratow, am 30. in Sarepta ein, wo ich die daſelbſt dienenden Coloniſten, 190 an Zahl, jeden einzeln, männlich und weiblich, über den Zuſtand ihres Gewiſſens, über die Beſchaffenheit ihres innern Chriſtenthumes und über ihre Erkenntniß deſſelben ſprach. Dann mit den evangeliſchen Confeſſionsgenoſſen in Zarizyn Gottesdienſt und Conferenz zur Begründung einer feſten kirchlichen Ordnung hielt. Am 15. Mai ſpendete ich den, meiner Seelenpflege untergebenen Dienſt- und Arbeitsleuten aus den Colonien, im Betſaale der Gemeinde zu Sarepta das heilige Abendmahl aus, und am 25. verließ ich die, meinem Geiſte und meinem Herzen theuere und unvergeßliche Herberge an der Sarpa.

Meine volle Amtsthätigkeit begann am 30. Mai zu Beinoiſaramyſch, mit der Allerhöchſt verordneten Unterſuchungs-Commiſſion, den Lebenswandel des dortigen Paſtors **Frühauf** betreffend; auf welche zu Saratow, am 7. bis 11. Junius, die Allerhöchſt verhängte Commiſſion über den Saratower Paſtor **Zimmer** folgte. Sobald die Akten beider Unterſuchungen geordnet und an die Oberbehörde waren abgeſandt worden, ſchritt ich zur Einleitung und Begründung eines Werkes, zu welchem der, im Allerhöchſt namentlichen Ukas ausgeſprochene Zweck des Saratowſchen Conſiſtoriums: „Ueber die Aufrechthaltung der reinen Lehre des Evangeliums, und der allgemeinen Moralität in den ihm untergeordneten Gemeinden Sorge zu tragen, insbeſondere aber über die Amtsführung der Prediger und Kirchendiener, und über die gute Ordnung in den Kirchenſchulen zu wachen,“ Anregung und Aufmunterung gab.

Am linken Ufer der Wolga waren bis dahin vierzig evangeliſche Colonien, von zweitauſend vierhundert ſiebzig evangeliſch-lutheriſchen, und dreihundert dreißig evangeliſch-reformirten Familien bewohnet. Sie zählten damals über zwanzig tauſend fünf hundert männliche und weibliche Abendmahlsgenoſſen, dazu noch gegen viertauſend ſechshundert männliche und weibliche Schulkinder zwiſchen dem ſiebenten und vierzehnten Jahr. Dieſe große Anzahl Menſchen wurde nur von **vier** Paſtoren, welche ihre geſchloſſenen Kirchſpiele hatten, und von einem **fünften** reformirter Confeſſion, deſſen zweihundert fünfzig Confeſſionsgenoſſen in 27 Colonien mit Römiſchen und Augsburgiſchen Bekennern vermiſcht leben, mit geiſtlichen Gütern verſorget. Der eine von den vier Paſtoren hatte **zwölf**, der andere **elf**, der dritte **neun**, der vierte **acht** Gemeinden zu bedienen. Kraft der Vocation war jeder verpflichtet, an Sonn- und Feiertagen der Reihe nach in den Gemeinden ſeines Kirchſpieles den Gottesdienſt zu feiern, folglich predigte der erſte, jährlich 52 Sonntage und 20 Feiertage angenommen, in jeder ſeiner zwölf Gemeinden nur **ſechs** Mal; der zweite in jeder ſeiner elf Gemeinden in ſechſen **ſieben**, in fünfen **ſechs** Mal; der dritte in ſeinen neun Gemeinden **acht** Mal, der vierte in ſeinen acht Gemeinden **neun** Mal; und hatte er in der einen Colonie, an der die Reihe war, des Vormittags ſeine Predigt unruhig, zerſtreut und eilend gehalten, ſo mußte er unverzüglich abfahren, um auf den übrigen Colonien des Kirchſpiels zu taufen, zu copuliren, zu begraben.

Bei ſolcher Eile war an anſtändige und feierliche Verwaltung des heiligen Abendmahls, bei zwei bis dreihundert Communicanten, nicht zu denken, es konnte und mußte nur als Anhängſel zur Predigt behandelt werden. Hausbeſuche bei den Familien, oder vertraute Unterredung mit einzelnen Gemeinde-Gliedern, welche der Ermahnung, der Belehrung oder des Troſtes bedurften: kirchliche Katechiſationen, Schulbeſuche, Jugend-Unterricht u. ſ. w. konnten nie Statt finden: dieß alles blieb armſeligen, ſchlecht beſoldeten, oft unmoraliſchen, größtentheils ungebildeten Schulhaltern überlaſſen. Unter ſolcher Lage der Dinge war ächte Gottſeligkeit und evangeliſche Einfachheit aus den Gemeinden immer mehr verſchwunden; ſittliche Verwilderung, beſonders in der Jugend, allgemeiner geworden, ein chriſtliches Heidenthum eingeriſſen.

So ward von allen Seiten die dringende Nothwendigkeit einleuchtend, zur Wiederherſtellung eines eifrigern Chriſtenthumes und eines beſſer gegründeten Schulweſens eine zweckmäßigere Eintheilung der Kirchſpiele zu treffen; wobei jedoch die Schwierigkeiten nicht zu überſehen waren, welche ſowol von Seiten der vier Paſtoren, als auch von Seiten der Gemeinden, dem heilſamen Werke in dem Wege ſtanden; von jenen war zu vermuthen, daß ſie ſich die Hälfte ihrer Kirchſpiels-Gemeinden nicht ohne Entſchädigung würden abnehmen laſſen; von den Gemeinden ließ ſich erwarten, daß die einen die Entſchädigung ihrer, an Einkünften geſchmälerten Paſtoren verweigern, die andern die Erbauung neuer Paſtorate ſcheuen würden.

In feſter Zuverſicht auf Gottes Beiſtand dieſer Schwierigkeiten nicht achtend, vereinigte ich mich mit dem bereits ernannten Senior **Johann Samuel Huber** über die Punkte, welche bei dem Entwurfe der beſſern Eintheilung zur unabweichlichen Richtſchnur dienen ſollten. 1. Von nun an ſollte jedes Kirchſpiel am linken Wolgaufer nur aus vier oder fünf Colonien beſtehen, wo nicht etwa die geringere Familienzahl der Gemeinden eine Ausnahme geböte. Eine beſſere Eintheilung der **neun**, zwar nicht an Zahl der Gemeinden, aber an Zahl der Familien, übermäßig großen Kirchſpiele am rechten [illegible], [illegible] einer günstigern Zukunft vorbehalten bleiben. — II. Solle in jedem Kirchspiele das Pastorat so viel möglich in die mittelste Colonie des Kirchspiels, wo es nicht schon so gelegen ist, verlegt werden. — III. Solle jeder Pastor die 52 Sonntage und 20 Festtage hindurch, in einer Gemeinde seines Kirchspiels per turnum einen ganzen Tag verweilen, Vormittags [illegible] [illegible] und Predigt, Nachmittags [illegible] Katechismus-Unterricht halten, auch wöchentlich ein Mal in den [illegible] per turnum die Schule besuchen; [illegible] jede Gemeinde ihren Pastor und Seelsorger [illegible] [illegible]. Belehrung und Tröstung, im Jahre wenigstens [illegible] Mal in ihrer Mitte haben könne.

Diese drei Punkte [illegible] im Auge behaltend, bereiste ich, in Gesellschaft des Senators Huber und des [illegible], vom 22. Junius bis 2. Julius die 40 Gemeinden am linken Wolga-Ufer, machte ihnen überall in der Kirche die Nothwendigkeit einer bessern Eintheilung ihrer Kirchspiele bekannt, stellte ihnen die daraus für sie und ihre Kinder [illegible] geistlichen Vortheile nachdrücklich vor, wobei des Senators [illegible] mich kräftig unterstützte; und die Mehrheit der Gemeinden gab allenthalben ihre [illegible] zur [illegible] Theilung ihre Einwilligung, welche dann auch die Minorität, mit [illegible] und Sanftmuth belehrt, beizutreten sich nicht mehr weigerte. Das Eintheilungs-[illegible] unterlag nunmehr geringern Schwierigkeiten, denn weil drei Kirchspiele nach einem [illegible] Bestand beinahe [illegible], und drei durch die [illegible] neu zu errichtende noch nicht besetzt waren; so hatten wir es nur mit zwei Pastoren und mit neun Gemeinden zu thun. Die ersteren wurden auf die einstimmig erfolgende Erhöhung des Pastoral-Gehaltes im baaren Gelde von 350 auf 600 Rbl. BA. vermehrt; die letzteren, welche von [illegible] Gehaltserhöhung [illegible] [illegible], bewog die Liebe zu ihren Pastoren, so lang diese leben würden, die Stolgebühren und die Abgabe an Frucht zu erhöhen. Hiermit war das [illegible] [illegible] Werk in zehn Tagen vollbracht. Die Eintheilung der vier Kirchspiele in acht wurde am 14. Januar 1821 zugleich mit der Erhöhung des Pastoral-Gehaltes auf 600 Rbl. von Sr. Majestät dem Kaiser genehmigt.

In der Zwischenzeit wurden durch Bestimmung der übrigen Consistorialen, folgende unumgänglich nothwendige, dem Zweck des Consistoriums entsprechende Einrichtungen beschlossen, und durch Verordnungen in dem ganzen Consistorial-Bezirke bekannt gemacht. Da vorher nicht [illegible] Confirmanden [illegible] zu [illegible] [illegible], und [illegible] zu [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; so sollte vom Pfingstfeste 1820 an, kein Kind unter [illegible] einer Bestimmung zur Confirmation angenommen werden, welches nicht fertig und richtig lese, wenn es ein Knabe wäre, auch [illegible] schreiben könne, in dem Katechismus nicht gründlich unterrichtet wäre, und in der Regel das vierzehnte Jahr [illegible] nicht vollendet hätte. Ferner sollte jedes, bei dem Pfingstfeste 1820 und nachher confirmirte Brautpaar, welches an Sonn- und Festtagen bei dem katechetischen Unterricht in der Kirche, im Jahre [illegible] [illegible], als es [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] und richtig [illegible] sollte, in der christlichen Lehre [illegible] [illegible], mit dem Leben, Lehren, Leiden und Sterben Jesu Christi, wie es im Neuen Testamente erzählt wird, nicht [illegible] bekannt wäre, die Trauung [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] werden, bis es allen diesen Erfordernissen einer [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Um aber der [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], sollte jeder Confirmand angehalten werden, bei dem öffentlichen Confirmanden-[illegible] zu [illegible], [illegible], in dem Neuen Testamente fertig und [illegible] mit [illegible] [illegible].

Der Zweck, zu welchem eine Behörde von der [illegible] Staatsgewalt [illegible] wird, bestimmt zugleich den [illegible] [illegible] ihrer Wirksamkeit. Dem [illegible] [illegible] Ukas zu Folge, war das Consistorium errichtet worden, „für die Aufrechthaltung der [illegible] [illegible] Sorge zu tragen, und [illegible] über die Amtsführung der Prediger und Kirchendiener (Kirchenvorsteher und Schulmeister) und über die gute Ordnung der Kirchenschulen zu wachen.“ Wollte das Consistorium mit diesen Bestimmungen [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible]; so mußte das in Saratow [illegible] Consistorium in den [illegible] Gemeinden [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] welche es die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] konnte. Der Errichtung desselben lag die Verwaltung aller Kirchen und Schulangelegenheiten [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] wurden die Kinder [illegible] Schule, die erwachsene Jugend in dem Katechismus-Unterricht [illegible], und eben so willkürlich davon zurückgehalten. Die Kirchenvorsteher hatten nichts weiter gethan, als daß sie den Klingelbeutel in der Kirche herumtrugen und das Geld zählten. In den wenigsten Gemeinden war ein eigentliches kirchliches Vermögen, ein bleibender Fonds, da; die Verwaltung des Zufälligen [illegible], als [illegible], war überall willkürlich, die Verrechnung verworren und unrichtig; die Sorgfalt, der Eifer, die Anstrengung [illegible] [illegible] für eine bessere Ordnung der Dinge, aus Mangel aller Unterstützung, vergeblich.

Nachdem ich nun, bei meiner ersten Bereisung der Gemeinden, die Nothwendigkeit, [illegible] [illegible] abzuhelfen, erkannt hatte, entwarf ich den Plan zu einem wohlgeordneten Kirchenvorstand in jeder Gemeinde, und brachte ihn in einer Sitzung der Consistorialen zum Vortrage. Er wurde einstimmig gebilligt, und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] als Consistorial-Verordnung zur Vollziehung gebracht. Diese enthielt, in drei Abschnitten, genau bestimmte Vorschriften über den Personal-Status des Kirchenvorstandes, über [illegible] [illegible] in Verwahrung, Verwaltung und Verrechnung des Kirchenvermögens, und über die Verhandlungen [illegible] [illegible].

Vor Errichtung des Consistoriums wurde auf den Colonien [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], wie in [illegible] [illegible] die Ehescheidung, an [illegible] [illegible] ausgeübt; die Pastoren waren dabei gar nicht zu Rathe gezogen worden, und mancher [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], um einer [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] die [illegible] [illegible], weil er dem [illegible] des [illegible] [illegible], wo kein Friede war, den Friede [illegible] konnte. Die [illegible] die Consistorial-Verordnung, daß, auf den Grund [illegible] [illegible], die Wahl des Schulmeisters, ohne Einwilligung der Gemeinde, ausschließend dem Pastor, die Examen und die Bestätigung dem Superintendenten als Generalinspector der Schulen zustehe; die Schulmeister als solche im Disciplinarfalle der [illegible] des Consistoriums untergeordnet, und die Gemeinden [illegible] nicht befugt seien, ihre Schulmeister ohne [illegible] Erkenntniß des Consistoriums zu entlassen.

Vom 21. December 1819 bis 1821 hatte ich [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Pastoren in ihre Kirchspiele eingeführt, [illegible] [illegible] der Theologie zu [illegible] [illegible]; da war für alle eine gleichlautende und genau bestimmte Pastoral-Instruction nöthig. Ich entwarf sie, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], als gleichförmige [illegible] [illegible] werden sollte, und auch sie wurde von den Consistorialen genehmigt und vollzogen.

Nach allen diesen Arbeiten [illegible] ich [illegible] Pastoren und Gemeinden durch ein Rundschreiben auf meine bevorstehende erste Kirchen-Visitation vor, und [illegible] am 28. December 1820 über die Wolga, um die [illegible] [illegible], in 8 Kirchspiele eingetheilten, 40 Gemeinden, welche ich [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], wie im Frühjahr, und die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], wie im Sommer [illegible] kann, [illegible]. Am 1. März 1821 hatte ich sie beendigt, und in diesen neun Wochen [illegible] Mal gepredigt, wie die Noth es mir eingab, [illegible] [illegible] zur Buße; eben so oft katechetische und [illegible] Unterredungen mit [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], und mit [illegible] [illegible] 1820 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] und [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] und auf [illegible] der Schulmeister und die Pastoren [illegible] [illegible]; [illegible] zu Pfingsten 1820 confirmirten Jünglingen und Mädchen, [illegible] [illegible] und die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] bis auf [illegible] der [illegible] [illegible].

Die eigentliche Visitation hatte ich überall in [illegible] Ordnung vorbereitet. In jeder Gemeinde ließ ich von den Schulkindern in [illegible] der Gemeinde und [illegible] in der Kirche [illegible]; jedes Kind las [illegible] [illegible] aus dem Neuen Testament, aus dem ich das Ganze [illegible]. Dann [illegible] ich den Schulmeister aus Dr. Luthers kleinem Katechismus mit den Kindern [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] jüngst confirmirten Knaben und Mädchen heran, und [illegible] auch sie ihre Fertigkeit bewiesen hatten, [illegible] der Pastor des Kirchspiels vor mir [illegible], mit ihnen entweder ein [illegible] aus dem Neuen Testament, oder ein Hauptstück des Katechismus durchzugehen. Zum Schlusse nahm ich die Kinder vor, und [illegible] mit ihnen [illegible] [illegible] eine Religionswahrheit, deren Kenntniß ich ihnen durch mannigfaltige Fragen, [illegible], [illegible] und Beispiele zu entlocken hatte, um das [illegible] ihrer Denkkraft und Verständigkeit [illegible] zu können. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], und über den [illegible] des Neuen Testamentes, und ging hierauf den [illegible] [illegible] mit der geſammten Gemeinde homiletiſch und katechetiſch durch. Von dreytauſend vierhundert drey und funfzig ledigen Leuten ſämmtlicher vierzig Gemeinden, habe ich fünfhundert ſechs und zwanzigen, welche das Leſen vergeſſen, und auch den ſonntägigen Katechismus-Unterricht vernachläſſigt hatten, gelegentlich die prieſterliche Einſegnung zur Ehe unterſagt, bis ſie das Vergeſſene würden nachgeholt haben. Nachdem die ledigen Leute abgetreten waren, ſtellten ſich die, ſeit 1820 copulirten Eheleute jeder Gemeinde vor mir. Mit dieſen las ich bald Epheſ. V, 22 ff., bald I. Petri III, 1 ff., oder auch I. B. M. I. 26—29, II. 15—25, III. 1—23, worauf ich, nach Weiſung des Inhaltes über die Heiligkeit, über die Pflichten und über die Bedingungen einer glücklichen Ehe, mit ihnen homiletiſch katechiſirte. Dieſe Verſammlungen in jeder Gemeinde dauerten gewöhnlich von 9 bis 2 Uhr. Nach dem Schluſſe derſelben nahm ich dem Kirchenvorſtande die Rechnung über das Kirchenvermögen ab; die Kirchenbücher wurden bei dem Paſtor unterſucht. Auf dieſe Weiſe werden die mir anvertrauten Seelen von ihrem 7ten Jahre an, in dem ſie in die Schule kommen, entweder von mir, oder von dem Probſte, dem ich die Viſitation übertrage, alljährlich erweckt, angetrieben und in Athem erhalten, bis ſie in das fünfte Jahr verheirathet ſind. Dadurch, daß ich den jüngſt-confirmirten, die das Leſen und den Religions-Unterricht vergeſſen haben, bis ſie beides wieder lernen, das heilige Abendmahl, und der ledigen Jugend aus demſelben Verſchulden, bis zur Nachholung des Vergeſſenen, die eheliche Einſegnung unterſagt hatte, nöthigte ich nachläſſige Eltern, ihre Kinder fleißiger in die Schule, und unordentliche Hausväter ihre Knechte und Mägde fleißiger in den ſonntägigen Katechismus-Unterricht zu ſchicken. Am letzten Viſitations-Tage wurde in dem Wohnorte des Paſtors, in jedem Kirchſpiele, die Abendmahls-Liturgie gefeiert; der Paſtor predigte über den ihm aufgegebenen Text; das Protocoll wurde dann vorgeleſen, und die Viſitation mit Gebet und Segen geſchloſſen.

Bei meiner Rückkunft in Saratow eröffnete ich den Conſiſtorialen, daß ich allenthalben in der Feier des öffentlichen Gottesdienſtes, dem Allerhöchſt beſtätigten Kirchengeſetz zuwider (Cap. I. §. 7. Cap. II. §. 14.) Willkür bemerkt, und die vorgeſchriebene Gleichförmigkeit vermißt habe. Um jene zu beſchränken und dieſe zu begründen, trug ich darauf an, eine allgemeine liturgiſche Form und Ordnung, an welche Paſtoren und Schulmeiſter ſich halten ſollten, vorzuſchreiben. Dazu machte der Senior Huber, mit Rückſichtnehmung auf die Allerhöchſt genehmigte liturgiſche Verordnung vom J. 1805 und auf die Schwediſche Kirchenordnung, den Entwurf, ſetzte ihn bei ſämmtlichen Paſtoren in Umlauf, verlangte ihr Gutachten darüber, und nachdem alle ſich dafür erklärt hatten, wurde der Entwurf vollſtändig ausgearbeitet, in der Sitzung der Conſiſtorialen am 10. März vorgetragen, genehmiget, als Vorſchrift des liturgiſchen Ganges bei dem gewöhnlichen Sonn- und feiertägigen Gottesdienſte und bei der Feier des heiligen Abendmahls, an die Paſtoren zur Nachachtung ausgefertiget, und zugleich mit dem Entwurfe zu wohl geordneten Kirchenvorſtänden in den Colonial-Gemeinden mit der allgemeinen Paſtoral-Inſtruction, mit der Conſiſtorial-Verordnung über die religiöſe Kirchen-Sühne und über die gerichtliche Kirchenbuße, und mit der Inſtruction für die Senioren oder Pröbſte, an die adminiſtrative Oberbehörde zur Einſicht, und nöthigen Falles zur Beſtätigung, unterlegt. Darauf erhielt ich unter dem 15. May den Beſcheid, „daß ſolche Sachen nie vor das Departement gelangen, weil jedes Provincial-Conſiſtorium berechtiget ſey, dergleichen Inſtructionen und Vorſchriften von ſich aus ergehen zu laſſen, wobei es dafür verantwortlich bleibe, daß ſolche Inſtructionen weder den beſtehenden Geſetzen zuwiderlaufen, noch mit dieſen unvereinbare, oder die Allerhöchſte Beſtätigung erforderliche Beſtimmungen enthalten.“

Am 16. April reiſte ich wieder, von Saratow aus, um die Viſitation der Dioces fortzuſetzen. Am 27. October hatte ich ſie beendiget! In dieſer Zeit hatte ich, in oben angegebener Ordnung, die drei und dreißig Colonial-Gemeinden am rechten Wolga-Ufer bearbeitet, hernach die kleinen Gemeinden in Kamyſchin und Zarizin, weiter in Sarepta, die dort arbeitenden und dienenden Coloniſten, dann die Gemeinden in Aſtrachan, Woroneſch, Räſan, Kreiza, Tambow, Penſa, Simbirſk, Kaſan, Perm, Ekatharinenburg, Slatouſt, Orenburg und Samara beſucht; in dieſem ganzen Umfange acht und vierzig Mal gepredigt, eben ſo oft mit dreitauſend ſiebenhundert drei und zwanzig Junggeſellen und Mägden katechiſirt, und in beſondern Verſammlungen mit vierhundert zwei und achtzig Ehepaaren homiletiſche Unterredungen gehalten; ein und zwanzig Mal die Abendmahls-Liturgie gefeiert, zwanzig Kinder getauft, einhundert elf Knaben und Mädchen confirmirt; einhundert ſieben und vierzig vorjährig confirmirte Jünglinge und Mägde, vergeſſenen Leſens und Religionsunterrichtes wegen, bis zur Nachholung des Vergeſſenen, vom heiligen Abendmahl zurückgewieſen, zwei neuerbaute Kirchen eingeweihet; in einer Colonial-Gemeinde einen verruchten Verführer und frechen Böſewicht nach Kirchengeſetz Cap. X. §. 2. bis zu ſeiner Beſſerung und Buße, aus der kirchlichen Gemeinſchaft ausgeſchloſſen; in einer andern Dorfgemeinde drei, 69 und 75jährige Greiſe, welche 30 Jahre lang Kirche, Predigt und Abendmahl verachtet hatten, auf ihr dringendes Bitten und Flehen, zur religiöſen Kirchenſühne, Abſolution und Abendmahl an- und in die kirchliche Gemeinſchaft wieder aufgenommen. Dieß alles war den Leuten neu, manchen läſtig, der großen Mehrzahl aber einleuchtend, daß es alſo gut, heilſam, nothwendig ſey; und von keiner Gemeinde ſchied ich, ohne von Hausvätern und Hausmüttern umringt zu ſeyn, die ihre Freude über die beſſere Zucht, Zeitbenutzung und chriſtliche Beſchäftigung ihrer jungen Leute laut bezeugten.

Um die in Gouvernements- und Kreisſtädten zerſtreut und iſolirt wohnenden evangeliſchen Confeſſionsverwandten in kirchlichen Verein zu bringen und zuſammen zu halten, hatte ich in den dreizehn Stadtgemeinden überall unter der Benennung Kirchenrath, ein Collegium von fünf Männern, welche die Gemeinden in meiner Anweſenheit gewählt hatten, nomine Conſiſtorii organiſirt, inſtruirt und eingeſetzt. Dieſe Collegia ſtehen nun in fortlaufendem Schriftwechſel mit dem Conſiſtorio, wodurch dieſes in den Stand geſetzt iſt, den erſchlafenden kirchlichen Eifer wieder anzufachen und zur Thätigkeit aufzumuntern.

Ungeachtet dreimaliger augenſcheinlicher Lebensgefahr auf diesjähriger ſechsmonatlicher Reiſe; ungeachtet des Tag und Nacht hindurch fortgeſetzten Reiſens, des öftmaligen Mangels an angemeſſener Nahrung, der Plagen des Durſtes und der Hitze, der tagelang geſpannten Aufmerkſamkeit und mehrſtündigen Anſtrengung der Bruſt im Reden, hatte ich dennoch nicht die geringſte Abnahme meiner Kräfte, oder irgend einen Wechſel in meiner Geſundheit verſpürt, ſo, daß ich oft recht aus Herzensgrund zu meinem Lenker rief: „ich bin vor Vielen, wie ein Wunder, aber Du biſt meine ſtarke Zuverſicht!“ — und auf alle Beſorgniſſe meiner treuen Gefährtin, der Kinder und der Freunde, keine andere Antwort hatte, als: „ich gehe einher in der Kraft des Herrn.“

In den letzten zwei Monaten des Jahres ordnete ich meine chriſtlichen Reden, um ſie als ein Scherflein zur Erbauung der Gläubigen in den Druck zu geben. Am 23. Januar 1822 wurde das Saratowiſche Provincial-Conſiſtorium feierlich eröffnet. In dem Allerhöchſten Befehl dazu wurde daſſelbe in ſeinen Verhandlungen, Geſchäftsgang und Beſchlüſſen auf die Grundlage der evangeliſchen Conſiſtorien im ruſſiſchen Reiche, auf die ſchwediſche Kirchenordnung und vorzüglich auf die allgemeinen Reichsgeſetze verwieſen. Von nun an handelte es in ſeinem kirchlichen Wirkungskreiſe als adminiſtrative, und als gerichtliche Behörde in erſter Inſtanz. Bei der Inſtallation waren, außer den Conſiſtorialen, ein und zwanzig Paſtoren erſchienen; dieſe hielt ich dem Kirchengeſetze Cap. XXV zu Folge noch den 26. bis 29. Januar zurück, um in einer zahlreichen Prieſterverſammlung, I. über den liturgiſchen Gang und die dazu entworfenen Formulare bei allen Amtshandlungen; II. über die Studien, den Wandel und die Amtsverwaltung der Paſtoren; III. über Ordnung, Zucht und Sittlichkeit in den Gemeinden; IV über die Verwaltung des Schul-Amtes, über Unterrichts-Gegenſtände und Lehrmethode, und überhaupt über die wirkſamſte Erfüllung der beſtehenden, Allerhöchſt beſtätigten und vorgeſchriebenen Kirchengeſetze nach vier dazu angefertigten Entwürfen zu berathſchlagen, und nach Mehrheit der Stimmen zu beſchließen. Ihre Beſchlüſſe wurden hernach dem Conſiſtorio vorgelegt, hie und da modificirt, in vier Conſiſtorial-Verordnungen gebracht, von dem Conſiſtorio genehmiget, in der Kirche bekannt gemacht, und der adminiſtrativen Oberbehörde zur Einſicht unterlegt.

Hiermit hatte ich glücklich das Ziel erreicht, daß die nunmehr für den ganzen Conſiſtorial-Bezirk, proviſorio, bis zur künftigen völligen Regulirung des evangeliſchen Kirchenweſens im ruſſiſchen Reiche aufgeſtellte gleichförmige Ordnung im Cultus, in der Paſtoral-Verwaltung in der Gemeindezucht und in der Schulverfaſſung nicht mehr, als das eigene Werk des Superintendenten, ſondern als das Werk des in der Verſammlung ausgeſprochenen gemeinſchaftlichen Willens ſämmtlicher Paſtoren, angeſehen und geachtet werden müßte, und auch geachtet würde, wenn craſſe Unwiſſenheit der beſſern Belehrung widerſtrebend, ſich nicht bisweilen noch hinter den Vorwand des Gewiſſens verſteckte, und in ſtrenger Aufrechthaltung des gemeinſchaftlichen Willens, wie meine Pflicht es fordert, mich der Herrſchſucht und Despotie beſchuldigte. Es iſt nunmehr Sache des Conſiſtoriums nur darauf zu halten und zu bringen, daß von Allen pünktlich und treu erfüllet werde, was von Allen nach freier und nach hinlänglicher Diſcuſſion war beſchloſſen, und von dem Conſiſtorio genehmiget worden.

Ein viermonatlicher Urlaub, welcher höhern Ortes dem weltlichen Präſes und Director Conſiſtorii war gewähret worden, bürdete vom 16. May bis 4. October die ganze Laſt der Conſiſtorial-Geſchäfte mir allein auf. Indeſſen zeigten mancherlei Unordnungen und Widerſpenſtigkeiten, welche im Laufe des Jahres in mehrern Colonial-Gemeinden unter dem Volke vorgefallen waren, und willkürliche Abweichungen von den heilſamen Einrichtungen und Anordnungen des Conſiſtoriums, welche ſich einige nach Willkür zu handeln gewohnte Kirchendiener erlaubt hatten, die Nothwendigkeit einer abermaligen Viſitation. Um dem vielſeitigen Unfug bei Zeiten mit Kraft zu begegnen, ließ ich in der Mitte Septembers ein eindringliches Rundſchreiben an ſämmtliche Gemeinden ergehen, und gab dem damaligen Senior Huber, Paſtor zu Uſt-Sulicha, den Auftrag, die 33 Gemeinden des Ciswolganiſchen Bezirkes nach einer ausführlichen Inſtruction zu viſitiren. Er begann das Werk mit ächt prieſterlicher Reſignation, in der ſchlechteſten Jahreszeit, am 1. October, und beendigte es am 22. November, mit gewiſſenhafter Treue, männlicher Feſtigkeit und nöthiger, doch durch Liebe gemilderter Strenge, in den Gemeinden die erſchlaffte Zucht wieder herſtellend, und, wo es nöthig war, die von der Unwiſſenheit, oder Lauigkeit erzeugte Willkür zur geſetzlichen Ordnung zurückweiſend.

Nachdem ich am 14. Januar 1823 des Evangeliums würdigen Diener Huber in das erledigte Paſtoral-Amt zu Saratow, und zugleich, auf höhern Befehl, zum geiſtlichen Aſſeſſor Conſiſtorii eingeſetzt hatte, begab ich mich ſelbſt am 20. Januar auf die Reiſe, um die 40 Colonial-Gemeinden am linken Wolgaufer zu viſitiren; und am 19. März war auch dieſe, des ungemein ſtrengen Winters wegen, ſehr beſchwerliche Arbeit vollbracht, zur Freude und zum Danke der eifrigen Paſtoren und chriſtlich geſinnten Kirchengenoſſen, welche in Wiederherſtellung und Aufrechthaltung der guten Zucht und Ordnung dieſer Unterſtützung bedurft hatten. Paſtoren, Schullehrer und mehrere Gemeinmänner zogen mit mir in jede Gemeinde ihres Kirchſpiels, um dem Verhör der Schulkinder, den Predigten, Katecheſen und Ermahnungen beizuwohnen; und einige alte Stammhalter des Chriſtenthumes folgten mir, zu meiner eigenen Erbauung und Begeiſterung, durch alle vierzig Colonien.

Da die Paſtoren von den 1820 eingeſetzten und organiſirten Kirchenvorſtänden, welche theils in Unthätigkeit, theils in Menſchenfurcht befangen lagen, bisher wenig Unterſtützung gefunden hatten: ſo verſammelte ich in jedem Kirchſpiele, vor dem Schluſſe der Viſitation, die Kirchenvorſtände ſämmtlicher, zum Kirchſpiele gehörigen Gemeinden, trug ihnen die, den Kirchenvorſtand betreffenden, Verordnungen vor, erklärte ſie ihnen ausführlich, nahm ihnen zur Bezeugung ihres ernſtlichen Willens, ſie gewiſſenhaft zu vollziehen, ihren Handſchlag und ihre Unterſchriften ab, und ermahnte ſie nachdrücklich zu eifriger Erfüllung ihrer, Gott zu Ehren übernommenen Pflichten.

Nach den mir eingereichten Verzeichniſſen beläuft ſich gegenwärtig die Zahl männlicher und weiblicher Seelen über ſieben Jahre, in beiden Colonial-Bezirken auf ſechs und funfzig tauſend vierhundert zwei und ſiebzig bei der Viſitation i. J. 1821 war die Total-Summa der Schulkinder neuntauſend fünfhundert vier; auf diesjähriger Viſitation ergab ſich die Total-Summa von zehntauſend achthundert neunzig: alſo um dreizehnhundert ſechs und achtzig Schulkinder mehr, als vor zwei Jahren. Dieſe große Kinderzahl wird von drei und ſiebzig ſchlecht beſoldeten Schuldienern unterrichtet; kaum nothdürftiges Auskommen ſetzt ſie außer Stand, ſich auch nur einige Mittel zur Selbſtbelehrung anzuſchaffen. Arbeit und Anſtrengung, um auch nur das kümmerliche Brod zu erwerben, benimmt ihnen die Zeit und die Luſt, der ihnen anderweitig dargebotenen Mittel zur Vermehrung ihrer Kenntniſſe ſich zu bedienen. In der Regel betrachtet der Coloniſt den Schulmeiſter als eine Gemeindelaſt; hat für den Unterricht ſeiner Kinder nicht das geringſte Intereſſe, verbraucht und verwendet ſie lieber in der Wirthſchaft; ein Bauernknecht oder Viehhirt im Dorfe wird beſſer beſoldet, als der Schulmeiſter. Daher kommt, daß eine große Anzahl Kinder, nach ſieben halbjährigem Schulgange noch nicht im Stande iſt, richtig und fertig zu leſen; und doch läßt ſich für die Zukunft alle Verbeſſerung des religiöſen und ſittlichen, wirthſchaftlichen und bürgerlichen Zuſtandes der Coloniſten nur von beſſer erzogener und unterrichteter Jugend erwarten.

Nach beendigter Viſitation des transwolganiſchen Colonial-Bezirkes eilte ich, auch mein großes hiſtoriſches Werk mit dem zehnten Band zu vollenden. Ich fing ihn an am 26. März, und ſchrieb am 16. Junius das letzte Wort. Hiermit glaube ich als treuer Sohn meine Schuld an das Vaterland abgetragen zu haben. Gern hätte ich ihm, dem ich meine erſte Erziehung und die Erweckung meines Sinnes für Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft verdanke, wichtigere Dienſte geleiſtet, hätte ſich nicht ein unerbittliches Verhängniß zwiſchen ihm und mir geſtellt. Vielleicht iſt es mir dennoch gelungen, ſo viel gethan zu haben, daß ich hoffen dürfe, in freundlichem Andenken der biedern Söhne und züchtigen Töchter Ungarns noch lange nach meiner Heimkehr zu leben.

Am 20. Junius ſetzte ich meine Viſitationsreiſe fort, von welcher ich am 10. September um ein theures Haupt und liebendes Herz weniger, in Saratow wieder eintraf. Schon bei der Abreiſe aus Saratow litt meine Frau an völliger Erſchlaffung der Nerven; doch nicht mein Bitten, nicht der Freunde und der Aerzte Zureden, konnten ſie bewegen, daheim zu bleiben. Ich beſuchte die evangeliſchen Gemeinden in Penſa, Tambow, Koſan, Kaſan, Perm, Ekatharinenburg, Zlatawſt und Orenburg: überall ſegnete der Herr den Dienſt ſeines Dieners. Der Kirchenrath in Penſa kränkelte an Erſchlaffung. So edelmüthig auch der ächt religiös geſinnte, und für alles Gute unermüdet thätige Civil-Gouverneur, Herr Lubjanowski, den Bau einer evangeliſchen Kirche und Schule begünſtigte, ſo war doch zwei Jahre lang von der Gemeinde nichts geſchehen. Bei meiner Anweſenheit traten mehrere rechtſchaffene und kräftige Männer in den Kirchenrath; der Bau wurde angefangen, und die baldige Vollendung deſſelben läßt ſich mit gutem Grunde erwarten.

In Tambow würde ſich vielleicht alles evangeliſche Kirchenweſen in kurzem aufgelöſet haben, wäre es mir nicht gelungen, den Vice-Gouverneur Herrn Staatsrath und Ritter von Arnoldt zu bewegen, daß er mit einigen würdigen Männern den Kirchenrath zu neuem Leben erweckte und den Vorſitz bei demſelben übernahm.

In Koſan fand ich an dem damaligen Vice-Gouverneur, Herrn Staatsrath Peukert, einen ſehr religiös und kirchlich geſinnten, für das Reich Gottes freudig thätigen Mann. Ich ließ durch freie Wahl der verſammelten Gemeindeglieder den Kirchenrath neu beſetzen; und der Herr von Peukert weigerte ſich nicht, als Präſident dieſen neuerwählten Kirchenrath lebendig und thätig zu erhalten.

In Kaſan fand ich den Kirchenrath und die Gemeinde in beſter Ordnung, herzlicher Eintracht und regem Eifer. Dem General-Major von Röslein, als Präſidenten, die Profeſſoren Erdmann und Vogel, als Kirchenälteſten und den Adjunct-Profeſſor Krauſe, als Schriftführer, erkannte ich dort als kräftige Stützen der guten Ordnung und Zucht. Dringend wünſchten ſie, mit einem Diviſionsprediger und Paſtor baldigſt verſorgt zu werden; ſie verlangten den, als ſtellvertretenden Kirchen-Notarius, mich begleitenden Prediger Biereck; er wurde auf meinen Antrag vom Conſiſtorio dazu vorgeſtellt und von dem Miniſter genehmiget.

In Perm konnte ich nur zwei, in Ekatharinenburg nur einen Tag verweilen; gewann jedoch überall ſo viel Zeit, um vorläufig einen Kirchenrath wählen zu laſſen, in erſterer Stadt auch zwei Mal die heilige Abendmahls-Liturgie zu feiern.

Zu Zlatawſt im hohen Ural-Gebirge hatte der Sectengeiſt zwiſchen evangeliſch lutheriſchen und evangeliſch reformirten Confeſſionsgenoſſen einige Saamenkörner der Zwietracht ausgeſtreuet; Gottes Geiſt aber ſtand mir bei, die Keime derſelben zu zerſtören, die getrennten Gemüther dieſer biedern Deutſchen befriedigend zu belehren, und ſie wieder zu vereinigen. Dafür gefiel es Ihm, mich ſchmerzlich heimzuſuchen, zu prüfen und zu ſchlagen. Meine kranke Lebensgefährtin hatte in Koſan, wo ſie mit ihren von fünfen noch übrigen Kindern, mit dem Sohne Gaverius und der Tochter Albanella, am 4. Julius das heilige Abendmahl zum letzten Male aus meinen Händen empfing, und zu Kaſan, wo ſie noch allen gottesdienſtlichen Handlungen beiwohnte, ſich etwas erholet: darum widerſtand ſie meinen dringendſten Bitten und dem Antrage, in Begleitung ihrer Lieben nach Saratow zurückzureiſen, nachdrücklich und beharrlich: ſie hielt die ſorgfältigſte Verpflegung ihres Mannes für ihren heiligen Beruf, und in dieſem wollte ſie ſterben. Am 14. Auguſt brachten wir ſie ſchon ganz entkräftet nach Zlatawſt. Am 18. trat mit heftigem Fieber eine Leberentzündung ein, welche, ohne daß ſie von ihrer ſchnell herannahenden Auflöſung und Scheidung vom Manne und Kindern auch nur das geringſte Vorgefühl hatte, in völliger Bewußtloſigkeit am 21. im funfzigſten Jahre ihres Alters, ihrem zeitlichen Daſeyn ein Ende machte. Dankbar erkannten wir in dem Verhängniſſe des Allerhöchſten ſelbſt noch ſeine väterliche Hand, welche unſern Schmerz dadurch milderte, daß er die verewigte gerade in Zlatawſt, in einer chriſtlichen, liebreichen und herzlich theilnehmenden Gemeinde, zu ſich abrufen wollte, nachdem ſie alle Pflichten der heiligen Ehe, der treuen Gattin und ſorgfältigen Pflegerin, der zärtlichen Mutter und Lehrerin ihrer Kinder, der klugen Hausfrau und gottergebenen Dulderin erfüllet hatte. Sie liebte, und ward geliebt: die

Liebe der Gemeinde hatte ihrer entſeelten Hülle den Sarg und auf dem gemeinſchaftlichen Gottesacker das Grab bereitet.

Die Feier des heiligen Abendmahls mit der Gemeinde zu Orenburg milderte mir das wehmüthige Gefühl meiner Einſamkeit, und ſtärkte mich in der Reſignation. Nachdem ich dort den Paſtor Olivier Helm zum Diviſions-Prediger eingeſetzt hatte, eilte ich Tag und Nacht nach Hauſe. Auf der 37. Werſt von Samara ſtürzte ich mit dem Wagen, wobei ich dicht um das linke Auge herum drei tiefe Stichwunden erhielt. Zwar blieb das Auge durch Gottes wunderbaren Schutz unverletzt; aber die Heilung der Entzündung und der Wunden hatte ſechs Wochen Zeit erfordert.

Erſt am 25. October konnte ich wieder öffentlich erſcheinen und, auf dringende Bitte der Catharinenſtädter Gemeinde, den, in ihrer großen Kirche neuaufgeführten Altar weihen. Er iſt das Werk einiger mit dem Paſtor Wahlberg vereinigten evangeliſchen Confeſſionsgenoſſen, welche die beträchtlichen Koſten freiwillig aus ihren Mitteln beſtritten hatten, nicht achtend die Anfeindung einer kleinen, von Sectengeiſt verblendeten Gegenpartei. Das Conſiſtorium hatte den Bau des Altars genehmigt, und ich durfte die Gelegenheit, die Gegenpartei eines beſſern zu belehren, wie meine Einweihungs-Rede zeigt, nicht zurückweiſen. — Am 11. November weihete ich den Candidaten Huerich zum Prieſter. Das Conſiſtorium ſtellte ihn hernach zur erledigten Diviſionsprediger-Stelle in Tambow vor, und nachdem im Januar 1824 des Miniſters Genehmigung eingegangen war; ſo reiſte ich mit ihm nach Tambow, um ihn daſelbſt am 10. Februar in das Amt einzuſetzen. —

Dort hatte ich ſchon auf einer frühern Viſitations-Reiſe, des verſtorbenen ruſſiſchen Majors und Stadtvogts der Kreisſtadt Tſchembar, Herrmann von Reimers, ältere Tochter Amalia, hinterlaſſene kinderloſe Wittwe des Lehrers Maurilion, ein einziges Mal in Geſellſchaft, ſo wie ſie mich, ohne irgend ein beſonderes Intereſſe, geſehen. Doch zeigte mir meine vieljährige Uebung in Beobachtung der Menſchen in ihr ein reines, nichts affectirendes, ſehr beſonnenes, und auf ihre Umgebungen ungemein aufmerkſames Weib, von hinlänglicher Verſtandesbildung und entſchloſſenem Charakter. Ich hörte ſie zierlich franzöſiſch, und richtig ruſſiſch ſprechen, mit Fertigkeit, Geſchmack und Ausdruck auf dem Fortepiano ſpielen; ich aber hatte, meiner Gewohnheit nach, nicht zehn Worte mit ihr geſprochen.

In dem Ueberblicke meines ſechsmonatlichen Halblebens, und in reiflicher Erwägung meiner gegenwärtigen äußern Lage fühlte ich jetzt das dringende Bedürfniß, einer treuen, weiblichen Seele, welche ich achten könnte, die meines Amtes Würde geziemend zu würdigen wüßte, auch durch ihre liebreiche Pflege in Verwaltung deſſelben mich zu unterſtützen verſtände. Ich bedachte, daß die überhäuften Geſchäfte meines Amtes mich verhindern, irgend eine Sorge für, und Aufſicht über die Hauswirthſchaft zu übernehmen, welches jedoch um ſo nöthiger wäre, je öfter ich in die Nothwendigkeit verſetzt werde, gegen Paſtoren und andere Genoſſen der evangeliſchen Kirche aus dem großen Bezirke meiner Diöces, Gaſtfreundſchaft zu bezeigen; daß ich jährlich reiſen müſſe, die Reiſen ſchon an ſich ſehr beſchwerlich, die Viſitations-Geſchäfte abmattend und kraftrerſchöpfend ſeyen; die Nahrung dabei, weder der Geſundheit zuträglich, noch immer genießbar ſey, wenn ich nicht ein ſorgſames Weib an meiner Seite hätte, die für meine angemeſſene und zuträgliche Verpflegung ſorgte. Dieß alles führte mir die ein Mal geſehene, fünf und dreißigjährige Wittwe in das Andenken zurück.

Ich erkundigte mich mit vieler Vorſicht bei allen, welche ſie ſchon ſeit einer Reihe von Jahren genauer kannten, nach ihrem Charakter und ihren bisherigen Verhältniſſen. Alle, und deren waren nicht wenige, ſtimmten in das Zeugniß von ihrer ſeltenen Gutmüthigkeit überein; ſie ſey von ihren biedern, deutſchen Eltern von Kindheit auf zur Ordnung, Häuslichkeit und Wirthſchaftlichkeit angehalten worden; ſie habe mit heroiſchem Entſchluſſe ſich mit Maurilion verbunden, weil ſie ein Mal ihr Wort gegeben hatte, ob ſie gleich beſtimmte Kunde von ſeiner Krankheit hatte; ſie habe ihn, die ganzen 7 Jahre ihres Eheſtandes hindurch, auf dem Krankenbette pflegen müſſen, habe den größten Theil ihres ererbten Vermögens für ſeine Heilung hingegeben, und habe ihn beharrlich, mit ſeltener Treue, Geduld, Zartheit und Reſignation behandelt. — Zuverſichtlicher ſchritt ich nun zum Ziele, und der Paſtor Huerich erwiederte meinen Dienſt bei ſeiner Einſetzung in Tambow, mit ſeinem Dienſte unſerer ehelichen Einſegnung. Ob wir beide, da wir nicht miteinander alt geworden ſind, etwas, oder wer von uns beiden mehr gewagt habe, wird die Folge zeigen.

Vor Errichtung des Conſiſtoriums war in dem ganzen ſaratow'ſchen Colonial-Bezirk an kein kritiſches Journal, an keine gelehrte Zeitſchrift zu denken. Außer vieren iſt keiner der übrigen dreizehn Paſtoren im Stande, ohne ſeine Frau und Kinder darben zu laſſen ſich zu ſeiner weitern wiſſenſchaftlichen Fortbildung eine Anzahl Bücher anzuſchaffen. Da hielt ich es für nothwendig und heilſam, ihnen vor der Hand wenigſtens Gelegenheit zu geben, bei der ſie erkennen könnten, wie viel man ſtudiert, geleſen und gedacht haben müſſe, um nicht bloß der Paſtor-Benennung wegen, ſondern auch um des gediegenen Gehaltes und der gründlichen Kenntniſſe willen, geachtet zu werden. Zu dieſem Zwecke ließ ich, nach Vorſchrift des Allerhöchſt beſtätigten Kirchengeſetzes Cap. XXV im Januar 1824 funfzehn inhaltreiche Theſes, welche für Prolegomenen zu aller evangeliſch-kirchlichen Theologie gelten konnten, und neun liturgiſche und Paſtoral-Fragen ausgehen mit der Einladung an ſämmtliche Paſtoren, zur Discuſſion dieſer Theſen durch eigen dazu ernannte Opponenten und Reſpondenten in Saratow ſich einzuſtellen. Bereitwillig erſchienen alle bis auf drei, wovon zwei durch Krankheit, einer durch Urlaub nach St. Petersburg, verhindert waren, ſich einzufinden; doch bald mußte ich wahrnehmen, daß dieſe Prieſter-Verſammlungen anders eingerichtet werden müßten, wenn ſie von einigem erſprießlichen Nutzen ſeyn ſollten. Ich werde in Zukunft den heilſamen Zweck nicht leicht verfehlen, wenn es Gott gefällt mich länger in ſeinem Dienſte zu behalten.

Mehr frommte dem Ganzen eine Reiſe, welche ich durch acht Kirchſpiele auf dem rechten Wolga-Ufer unternahm. Da wurden mir in jedem ſämmtliche Kinder des Kirchſpiels, welche am letzten Pfingſtfeſte waren confirmirt worden, in der Kirche vorgeſtellt, zur Prüfung im fertigen und richtigen Leſen. Ich hatte die Freude, zu ſehen, daß, unter fünfhundert Kindern, nur gegen zehn, ſeit erlangter Confirmation, unterlaſſen hatten, ſich im Leſen zu üben; und die Paſtoren hatten die Genugthuung, daß die Eltern es einſehen mußten, wie ernſtlich es gemeint ſey mit der Conſiſtorial-Verordnung, nach welcher die Paſtoren nicht befugt ſeyen, irgend ein, des Leſens unkundiges Kind zur Confirmation anzunehmen.

Bald darauf hatte ich zwei neuerbaute Kirchen einzuweihen. In der einen geſchah es, der unbefugten Oppoſition wegen, von Seiten einiger Menſchen, denen jeder Gottesdienſt, den ſie nicht ſelbſt verrichten, zu lange dauert, in ähnlicher Unordnung; nicht ein Mal das vorgeſchriebene Abendmahl wurde gefeiert; und mich hielt nur die Gefahr eines allgemeinen Aergerniſſes zurück, augenblicklich wegzufahren. — In der andern, geſchah alles in ſchönſter Ordnung, wie es in meinen liturgiſchen Verſuchen S. 294 ff. ſteht, und in der Allerhöchſt beſtätigten allgemeinen liturgiſchen Verordnung von 1805. §. 65. in einigen Grundzügen verordnet wird.

Der Grund zu einer beſſern Ordnung der Dinge iſt nunmehr auch nach der dritten Kirchen-Viſitation gelegt: die unerſchütterliche Befeſtigung deſſelben, und der ſichere wohlgeordnete Fortbau darauf iſt nur durch die Mitwirkung des Herrn möglich. Es iſt das Feld des Herrn, nicht das unſrige, das wir bearbeiten; aber vergeblich arbeiten wir, wo Gott uns nicht vorgearbeitet hat; wir arbeiten fleiſchlich, wo wir uns für die alleinigen und erſten Arbeiter halten, und den Herrn als unſern Vorarbeiter eigenwillig überſehen. Wir arbeiten verderblich und zerſtörend, wo Er nicht mit uns arbeiten kann, weil wir lediglich nach unſern Einſichten, nach unſerm Eigendünkel nach unſerm Wollen, nicht nach Seinem Willen, mit der eiteln Freudigkeit des Wohlgefallens an uns ſelbſt, nicht mit der heiligen Freudigkeit unſerer Selbſtverläugnung, arbeiten wollen. Mit dieſer Anſicht hatte ich die Verwaltung meines Amtes angetreten; dieſe Anſicht hielt ich feſt, ſo oft Unzufriedenheit, Mißmuth und Verzweiflung mich ergreifen wollten, wenn ich ſehen mußte, wie gefliſſentlich phariſäiſche Eigengerechtigkeit, zeitkluge Eigenliebe, kleinliche Selbſtſucht, und anmaßende Unwiſſenheit der guten Sache des Evangeliums entgegen arbeiten. Dieſe Anſicht tröſtet mich, wenn ich jetzt bei dem Ueberblicke meiner bisherigen Thätigkeit erkennen muß, daß ich, mit aller Arbeit, Anſtrengung und Aufreibung meiner Kraft, mir nur eine kleine Anzahl Freunde, und ein ganzes Heer von Feinden in der Nähe und in der Ferne erworben habe: denn feind mußten mir alle werden, welche zu eigenem Denken zu träge, zu eigenem Sehen zu blödſichtig, zu eigenem Unterſuchen zu bequem, alles glauben und nachbeten, was ihnen von anmaßenden Schwätzern aufgebunden wird, eben ſo alle, welche von Religion und Kirche, Katholicismus und Papismus, von Evangelium, Reformation und Proteſtantismus gelehrt, vornehm, oder gemein faſeln, ohne von allen dieſen Dingen auch nur einer richtigen und klaren Anſicht theilhaftig geworden zu ſeyn. Auch alle Feinde des poſitiven bibliſchen Chriſtenthumes, der ehrwürdigen Kirche der erſten drei Jahrhunderte, der Augsburger Confeſſion, des urchriſtlichen von den erſten Reformatoren wiederhergeſtellten Cultus; endlich alle, welche gegen kirchliche Zucht, Ordnung und Geſetzlichkeit ihre Ungebundenheit und Willkür geltend zu machen ſich beſtreben.

Und ſolcher Feinde wegen hätte ich volle fünf Jahre hindurch nichts thun, alle fünf gerade gehen laſſen, und mich gemächlich zum Tode machen ſollen, damit keine Unzufriedenheit durch Klagen laut würde! Bene facere et male audire; hoc vere regium, ſagt ein Alter. Alle meine Anträge waren richtig abgemeſſen, zu Recht beſtändig, und wiſſenſchaftlich begründet: immerhin möge angewurzelte Unwiſſenheit und Willkür laut werden; ich kann in keiner Klage unterliegen, wenn ich gehört werde: und ſollte ich ungehört verurtheilt werden, was kümmert es mich, den Greis, der nur noch einige Schritte bis zu dem Grabe zu machen hat! Und endlich, was habe denn ich gethan? Ueberall nichts; Alles das Conſiſtorium, und was von dieſem, kraft der ihm zuerkannten Episcopal-Rechte, eingerichtet, verfügt, verordnet worden iſt, war unbedingt nothwendig. Wenn aber durch collegialiſche Verbindung nicht nur höhere Befehle und Aufträge vollzogen, ſondern von ſich aus das Nöthige und Heilſame nach Erforderniß der Umſtände geſchehen ſoll: ſo muß doch im Collegio ſelbſt Einer ſeyn, welcher die nöthigen Anträge dazu macht, die Entwürfe ausarbeitet, ſie dem Collegio zur Prüfung, zur Verwerfung, oder zur Genehmigung vorlegt: worauf im letztern Falle der Antrag oder der Entwurf aufhört, Sache des Einzelnen zu ſeyn, und des Collegiums eigentliche Einrichtung oder Anordnung wird. Ueberall war ich nur dieſer Einzelne: und dazu hielt ich mich durch meine Kenntniſſe und durch meine fünfundvierzigjährige Erfahrungen in kirchlichen Angelegenheiten für berechtiget: nie war irgend etwas Weiteres von mir gethan worden.

„Alſo auch nicht die neue Prieſterkleidung: nicht das Baret; nicht die neue Liturgie; ſo fragt die Calumnie." — Nichts von dem allen! Den langen, weiten, den ganzen Körper bedeckenden Obermantel hatten einige Colonial-Paſtoren ſchon aus Deutſchland mitgebracht und getragen, bevor noch an ein Conſiſtorium in Saratow gedacht worden war; andere ſchafften ſich denſelben gern an, theils der Gleichförmigkeit wegen, theils weil er, als die wahre evangeliſche Predigertracht, in mehrern evangeliſchen Ländern nie abgeſchafft, in andern neuerlich wie z. B. im Preußiſchen, wieder eingeführt worden war; theils auch weil ſie ihn bei Winterfroſt und bei Sommerhitze gemächlich fanden, und die jüngern, welche ſonſt in Pantalons gekleidet am Altare erſchienen waren, es für anſtändig und ſchicklich erkannten, dieſe, dem Prieſterſtande ungeziemende Tracht, durch den Obermantel wenigſtens unſichtbar zu machen. Anbefohlen iſt er keinem worden; aber ſchwerlich dürfte das Conſiſtorium die Pantalons bei dem Altardienſte geduldet haben; und ſollte ein Mal durch Gottes Gnade in den Geiſtlichen der evangeliſchen Kirche die böſe Sucht, ſich zu verweltlichen und zu verſtutzern, erſterben, ſo werden ſie wol auch in dem geſellſchaftlichen Umgange die beliebten Pantalons ablegen, und ſie den Armen ſchenken.

Für eben ſo ſchicklich und wohlthuend war das Baret von den meiſten, beſonders ältern Paſtoren, in Rückſicht unſerer hieſigen Local-Verhältniſſe, erkannt worden. Die Gottesverehrungen des Vormittags dauern gewöhnlich 1½, und bei der Feier des Abendmahls, mit 200 bis 300 Communicanten, auch 3 Stunden: die Katecheſen des Nachmittags für die ledigen Leute, Jünglinge und Hausmütter, in der Regel zwei Stunden. Alle Kirchen ſind hier von Holz, ohne Winterfenſter, ohne Lehm- oder Kalkſchlag über der Decke, ohne Ofen und Heizung, hier und da noch zerbrochene Fenſterſcheiben, überall faſt zwiſchen den Balken durchſichtig, allen Winden und einer, der Geſundheit verderblichen, Zugluft im Winter und Sommer ausgeſetzt. Was ſollen die Paſtoren zur Verwahrung ihrer Geſundheit, bei oft 18 bis 28 Grad Kälte im Winter, und eben ſo viel Grad Hitze im Sommer, als nothwendige Kopfbedeckung in der luftigen Kirche tragen, wenn ſie gerade nicht beten, ſegnen, das Abendmahl conſecriren und ausſpenden? Der runde Huth würde ſchlecht zu dem Obermantel paſſen; da hingegen ein Baret ſo wie Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Bugenhagen, Bucer, kurz die erſten ehrwürdigen Väter der wiederhergeſtellten evangeliſchen Urkirche, nach Anzeige ihrer alten Bildniſſe, getragen hatten, zu dem kirchlichen Ornat die ſchicklichſte Kopfbedeckung iſt. Dafür mag es auch der religiöſe und gründlich gelehrte Lüneburger Superintendent Caspar Calvör gehalten haben, als er ſchrieb: Die Barete, die runden ſowol als die viereckigen, ſind größtentheils abgekommen, dafür gefallen uns jetzt mehr weltliche, ja ſogar militäriſche Hüte, zu großer Schande unſers Standes.

Der überall in der Saratower Diöces gleichförmige liturgiſche Gang, mit Beibehaltung der altkirchlichen Formeln und Collecten, iſt zwar von mir vorgeſchlagen; aber nicht von mir, ſondern vom Conſiſtorio vorgeſchrieben worden. Meine liturgiſchen Verſuche gründen ſich darauf, und ich habe ſie als Schrift eines Privat-Gelehrten, dem Drucke übergeben, weil ich es der evangeliſchen Kirche, der ich angehöre und diene, und auch mir ſelbſt, ſchuldig war, den öffentlichen und den im Dunkeln ſchleichenden Calumnianten offen zu begegnen. Der mich nun noch, ohne die Vorrede und die Anmerkungen zu dem Werke geleſen zu haben, oder nachdem er ſie geleſen hat, durch giftige Unterſcheidungen und Verdrehungen eines Krypto-Papismus, oder Jeſuitismus beſchuldiget, der ſtellt ſich ſelbſt jedem unbefangenen und rechtſchaffenen Kirchengenoſſen, als boshaften Calumnianten dar. Meine evangeliſche Geiſtes-Freiheit behauptend, habe ich bisher ſo oft mein Amt mich dazu verpflichtete, mit ſtrenger Beobachtung des vom Conſiſtorio vorgeſchriebenen liturgiſchen Ganges, gerade ſo, wie in den liturgiſchen Verſuchen ſteht, liturgirt; wobei ich die evangeliſche Geiſtesfreiheit anderer, welchen das Neuere und Modernere gemüthlicher iſt, als das, durch die erſten drei Jahrhunderte der Kirche Jeſu üblich Geweſene, und von den erſten Reformatoren Luther, Bugenhagen, Rhegius, Chemnitius u. ſ. w. Beibehaltene, völlig unangefochten laſſe, unbekümmert, ob irgend einer der mir untergebenen Paſtoren in Nebenſachen meiner oder ſeiner eigenen Formeln ſich bedienen wolle, wenn er nur den liturgiſchen Gang, nach Vorſchrift des Conſiſtoriums, dem er zum Gehorſam verpflichtet iſt, gänzlich beobachtet.

Die Erfahrungen an mir ſelbſt und an andern haben mir die Ueberzeugung aufgedrungen, daß die kräftigſten Mittel, auf Menſchen zu wirken, größtentheils in dem Gebiete des Gefühls liegen, und daß in dem Menſchen die Richtigkeit ſeines Verſtandes, die Antriebe zur Tugend, und die Reinigkeit der Sitten, mit der Reinigkeit, Wärme und Stärke ſeines religiöſen Gefühls in dem genaueſten Verhältniſſe ſtehen; mithin durch die Anregung, Verſtärkung und Begeiſterung deſſelben, unfehlbar auch alle übrigen Zwecke erreicht werden. Wenn es demnach in allem öffentlichen und gemeinſchaftlichen Cultus weniger um kalte Belehrung des Verſtandes, als um Erhebung, Erleuchtung und Begeiſterung des Gemüthes, zu thun iſt; ſo möchte für die evangeliſche Kirche bei weitem kein beſſerer Zuſtand zu hoffen ſeyn, ſo lange gelehrte, welt- und geiſtkluge Prediger, ihrer ermangelnden Empfänglichkeit wegen, von Gottes Geiſt nicht auch zu Prieſtern geweiht werden können; ſo lange Prediger und Gemeinden die Predigt für das Eine und Höchſte des gemeinſchaftlichen Gottesdienſtes, und die Liturgie lediglich für eine, nach Zeiten, Umſtänden und Geſchmack wandelbare Nebenſache halten, und als ſolche, ohne Anſtand und Würde, ohne Andacht und Begeiſterung verrichten. Schule und Beleſenheit, Fleiß und Uebung können bei ausgezeichneten Talenten vortreffliche Redner bilden; aber die Bildung eines von und mit Gott erfüllten Liturgen iſt ausſchließend das Werk der Gnade, das iſt, der Erleuchtung, der Entflammung und der Salbung des göttlichen Geiſtes. Jene werden gefallen, werden bisweilen in den Zuhörern auch ihr beſſeres erlangtes religiöſes und ſittliches Wiſſen aufregen, lebhafter und deutlicher machen, und ſie dadurch in ihrer religiöſen und moraliſchen Geſinnung beſtärken; aber nicht leicht werden ſie mit ſchöner, kunſtgerechter Rede, mögen ſie auch noch ſo kräftig und wortvoll ſprechen, den Zuhörer im Innerſten ergreifen und wirkſame Nahrung beizubringen: es hingegen der wahrhaft begeiſterte Liturg, wenn er am Altare in gottinniger Exaltation ſeines gottvollen Gemüthes für ſich und für die Gemeinde betet, oder das Allerheiligſte unſerer Kirche feiert, alle Mal das Innerſte des Menſchen durchdringen und zu Gott erheben, und wenn er vom Lehrſtuhle das Evangelium zur Gemeinde ſpricht, ſelbſt bei dürftigerer Gelehrſamkeit, auch als geiſt- und kraftvoller Evangeliſt eindringlich wirken wird. Von mir ſelbſt muß ich bekennen, daß ich in Wien, Carolath, Breslau, Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Hannover, große und berühmte Prediger, Redner, zu deren Predigten vornehme Herren und Frauen vom frühſten Morgen an durch ihre Bedienten die Plätze in der Kirche für ſich in Beſitz nehmen und aufbewahren ließen, wahre Bourdaloue, Maſſillone, Zollikofer, Reinhardte ꝛc. gehört, und an dem gediegenen Gehalt ihrer Reden und an dem Geiſte ihrer Beredſamkeit hohes Wohlgefallen empfunden habe; doch gerührt, ergriffen, erwärmt und begeiſtert hatte mich nicht einer; da hingegen der zu Wien in der Capuziner-Kirche am 25. März 1782 liturgirende und am 31. März ſegnende Papſt Pius der VI. mich gewiß zum religiöſen Glauben umgeſchaffen hätte, wäre ich damals ſchon fähig geweſen, den wichtigen Unterſchied zwiſchen Religion und Kirchenthum zu faſſen. Noch mehr, ganz anders, als von der ſchönen Beredſamkeit des göttlichen Predigers bei Matth. V. fühle ich mich ſeit drei und zwanzig Jahren bis auf den heutigen Tag durch das

Gebet des göttlichen Liturgus bei Johann. XVII. angeſprochen, durchdrungen und zu Gott, dem Urquell alles Lichtes, aller Gnade und Wahrheit, empor gehoben.

Mein gegenwärtiges Seyn.

Frei von jedem chroniſchen Uebel, beginne ich mein ſiebzigſtes Jahr; leide an keinem organiſchen Fehler, weiß nichts von Hämorrhoiden, Migraine, Gicht und dergleichen; empfinde nicht die geringſte Gebrechlichkeit eines herannahenden Alters; fühle mich in allen Functionen des Geiſtes und im Gebrauche ſeines Körpers ganz ſo lebendig, rege, kräftig und ausdauernd, wie im zwanzigſten Jahre meines Lebens. Ernſt und Frohſinn, raſche Entſchloſſenheit und unbiegſame Beharrlichkeit, männliche Feſtigkeit und kindliche Treuherzigkeit, ſind die ſtets wiederkehrenden Grundtöne in der Fuge meines Lebens, welche durch eine ſanfte Schwärmerei in unſtörbarer Harmonie erhalten werden. Freilich müſſen bisweilen einige Diſſonanzen dazwiſchen tönen; wol donnere ich zu Zeiten mit kräftiger Stimme im Hauſe, als wenn ich alles zerſtören und vernichten wollte, über manches, was anders iſt, als es ſeyn ſollte; aber in meinem Innerſten herrſcht Ruhe, Friede und ungetrübte Heiterkeit. Ärger, Zorn, Gift und Galle haben mir noch keine Minute des Lebens verbittert.

Meine tägliche Lebensweiſe iſt einfach und gleichförmig. Nach dem gemeinſchaftlichen Morgenſegen und Morgengenuß, ziehe ich mich bis Mittag 2 Uhr in meine Bibliothek zurück; ſie iſt wieder, außer einem reichlichen hiſtoriſchen, philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Vorrath, mit einer ziemlich vollſtändigen Sammlung griechiſcher und römiſcher Claſſiker, griechiſcher und lateiniſcher Kirchenväter bereichert, mit welchen ich in dem vertraulichſten Umgange lebe, und die köſtlichſten Stunden der Weihe des Geiſtes feiere. Fade, herzloſe, geiſtesleere Geſellſchaften beſuche ich nie; wer zu mir kommt, wird freundlich, zutraulich, oder vornehm, je nachdem er es verdienet, behandelt. Nach Tiſche gewährt mir die Frau eine kleine Zeit muſikaliſchen Kunſtgenuß. Abends nach 7 Uhr leſe ich meiner Familie vor; weder unter jenem, noch unter dieſem ſehe ich es gern, wenn betrogene Weſen, oder zudringliche Zeitdiebe, mich unterbrechen.

Frei von allen liturgiſchen, philoſophiſchen, kirchlichen, politiſchen und bürgerlichen Antipathien, ſuche und finde ich die Menſchen nicht; offen und ohne Vorbehalt gebe ich mich jedem hin, der keine Luſt verräth, entweder mir zu imponiren, oder nach ſeiner Art aus mir zu machen, was ich nicht bin. Aus eigenem Triebe nähere ich mich niemanden, als dem Wahrhaften, Einfachen, Anſpruchloſen, entſchieden Achtungswürdigen. Die Geſetze der Wohlanſtändigkeit in Ehren haltend, opfere ich doch der Convenienz auch nicht das Geringſte von meiner Eigenthümlichkeit. Darum tauge ich auch, nur in der einen, mit eigenthümlicher Anſicht von der Welt, für ſie. Ich betrachte ſie als einen ungeheuer großen Saal in drei Abtheilungen; in einer ſind lauter Kinder, in der andern nichts als Kranke, die dritte iſt mit Narren angefüllt; ich bin in jeder zu Hauſe, habe in jeder meinen Platz, finde in jeder meines Gleichen; weiß, in der erſten ſorglos und frohſinnig zu ſpielen, in der zweiten gemächlich zu liegen und jedem Regime mich zu unterwerfen, in der dritten die Süßigkeit des desipere in loco zu genießen. Deſſen ungeachtet muß ich aus dem Betragen der Menſchen gegen mich ſchließen, daß mir noch ſo manche eigenthümliche Züge eines Menſchen, der ſich größtentheils ſelbſt erziehen mußte, mit einer Menge Beſonderheiten des ehemaligen Kloſtermannes, Univerſitäts-Lehrers, und Einſiedlers ankleben mögen, bei deren, wenn nicht ganz widrigen, doch auffallenden Anblicke, man durchaus nicht weiß, was man aus mir machen ſoll. Ich lebe daher des feſten Glaubens, daß ich nirgends in der Welt beſſer aufgehoben ſei, als in der Einſamkeit.

Der Menſch außer mir iſt für mich, in Beziehung auf Moralität, kein Gegenſtand der Beurtheilung und Würdigung mehr. Mein Sinn iſt duldſamer und gefälliger, meine Geſinnung liberaler, mein Geiſt freier und heiterer geworden, indem ich alle Forderungen an Menſchen habe dahin fahren laſſen. Auf dem Platze, auf den ſich jeder vor mir ſtellt, laß ich ihn ſtehen, bis er ſich ſelbſt einen andern wählt. In meiner Begegnung und Behandlung folge ich jedem, wohin er mich haben will, und verrathe höchſtens einige Zerſtreuung, wenn er mir lange Weile macht. Sein Inneres, die Beſtimmung des Grades ſeines ſittlichen Werthes und hoher Würde, überlaſſe ich mit heiliger Ehrfurcht, Gott und ſeinem Gewiſſen. Der Menſch iſt ſich ja ſelbſt ein Räthſel; iſt ſich ja ſelbſt ein Buch, in welches die Zeit nur die Vorrede und die Einleitung ſchreibt, den Inhalt erſt die Ewigkeit ſchreiben wird. Ich ſehe keinen moraliſchen Böſewicht mehr in der Welt; das Vergrößerungsglas oder der Hohlſpiegel, wodurch andere Menſchen noch dergleichen ſehen, iſt mir zerbrochen; ohne denſelben ſieht ſie nur Gott.

In meiner Selbſtanſchauung habe ich die Hoffnung des Lichtes, das wenigen ahnet, viele es ſchon als gegenwärtig verkündigen, und das doch erſt nach Jahrtauſenden allgemein und überall aufgegangen ſein wird. Das gemüthliche Zeitalter iſt verſchwunden; mit dem Schönen, Guten und Edeln, was in demſelben war geſchaffen worden; es wuchert und glänzt die merkantiliſche Zeit, in der wir leben; ſie will das Schöne, Gute und Edle zur gewinnbringenden Waare machen; nur das Nützliche und Zuträgliche iſt ihr wahr und gerecht; aber eben dadurch beſchleuniget ſie nur ihren unvermeidlichen Bankrott; aber in der Maſſe wird eine beträchtliche Summe heller und allſeitiger Anſichten von den allgemeinen menſchlichen Angelegenheiten, Einrichtungen, Anſtalten, von ihrer Zweckmäßigkeit und ihrem nähern oder entferntern Verhältniſſe zu dem Ideal der Weisheit und der Gerechtigkeit übrig bleiben, in die neue Zeit übergehen, Klarheit des Geiſtes und Wärme des Herzens in innigſte Verbindung ſetzen. Dann erſt und damit wird die Zeit der Aufklärung erſcheinen.

Ich habe einen Zeitraum voll großer und furchtbarer Erſcheinungen verlebt. Friedrich des II., Ganganelli's, Joſeph des II. und Napoleons Zeit war auch die meinige; das erſte Jahr des ſiebenjährigen Krieges war auch das erſte meines Lebens. An der Joſephiniſchen Reform hatte ich keinen ganz unwichtigen Antheil; ihr verdanke ich auch meine Befreiung aus einem Stande, zu dem ich zwar nicht berufen, doch zu meinem Heil, gerade in den gefährlichſten Jahren für meinen moraliſchen Charakter, gut aufgehoben war. Drei Mal hatte ich Gelegenheit, Napoleon in Berlin zu ſehen; jedes Mal ſo nahe, daß nur der Mann, mit dem er ſprach, zwiſchen ihm und mir ſtand. Ein Mal ſtanden hinter mir ein Preußiſcher Invalide und ein Karrenſchieber: Jener ſagte, auf Napoleon hinweiſend: „möchte ich doch wiſſen, was der Menſch noch will!" — „ich," erwiederte der Karrenſchieber, „möchte lieber wiſſen, was unſer Herrgott mit ihm will." — Mich ließ ſein Anblick eiskalt; ſein hin und her ſchwebender, nirgends Stand haltender Blick, und die unſtäten, eckigen Bewegungen ſeines Körpers; beides mit Zeichen eines zerriſſenen Gemüthes, machten auf mich den widrigſten Eindruck. Ich betrachtete ihn als Werkzeug der Vorſehung, um das Menſchengeſchlecht von dem Tode der ſinnlichen Auflöſung und Verweſung zu einem neuen Leben des Geiſtes, der Kraft und der Einigung zu erwecken. Da er nur zu deutlich zeigte, daß er nicht bloßes Werkzeug, ſondern wirkende Urſache ſelbſt ſeyn wollte; ſo war mir ſein baldiger Sturz gewiß. Der Americaniſche Befreiungs-Krieg, Polens Theilung, die Franzöſiſche Revolution und das Emporſtreben der Griechen zur National-Freiheit, verdeutlichten meine Anſichten von Welt-Angelegenheiten, von dem Werden, Steigen, Fallen und Wiederaufſtreben der Völker. Von jeher fühlte ich mich getrieben, für meine Betrachtungen nicht die Ordnung, ſondern die Verwirrung zu wählen, und die Dinge lieber in ihrer Geburt, als in ihrer Reife zu betrachten. Noch als Neuling im Kloſterleben, wollte es mir nie gelingen, in den Stunden der Contemplation, nach der Vorſchrift meines Novizmeiſters, mich immer nur mit dem Leiden und Sterben des Welterlöſers zu beſchäftigen. Die Entwickelung der Welt aus dem Chaos in ſechs Gottestagen, deren einer nach dem Pſalmiſten vor Gott iſt, wie tauſend, nach der Lehre der Indier wie zwölf Millionen unſerer Jahre; der Untergang der Welt durch die Sündfluth, das Gewirre der reinen und unreinen Thiere in Noahs Arche; die Verwirrung der Bauleute bei dem Thurme zu Babel; die Zerſtörung Jeruſalems; die Kreuzzüge und dergleichen, waren die Gegenſtände, bei welchen mein beſchaulicher Geiſt am liebſten weilte; und der Entſtehung des Neuen aus dem Alten, der Ruhe aus der Erſchütterung, der Einigkeit aus der Zwietracht, der Ordnung aus der Zerrüttung, der Liebe aus dem Haſſe nachforſchte. Und ſo treibt es mich auch jetzt noch überall im Geiſte hin, wo Verwirrung und Auflöſung ein neues Werden verkündigen, ohne Theilnahme an dem einen, oder dem andern; nur um an der Werkſtätte des ewigen Geiſtes ſelbſt in ruhiger Andacht zu ſchauen oder zu errathen, was für alle Zukunft daraus erfolgen müſſe.

In meinem gegenwärtigen Beruf, welcher reich iſt an Sorgen und Mühen, an Unruhen und Neigungen zur Unzufriedenheit, arbeite ich, bald verkannt, bald mißverſtanden, mit Geduld, ohne Freude der Selbſtgefälligkeit, nicht ſchonend meiner Kräfte, nicht ſcheuend den Kampf gegen Unwiſſenheit und Eigendünkel, gegen Willkür und Eigenſinn; heitern Sinnes und ruhigen Herzens, den Erfolg Demjenigen anheimſtellend, Deinem Wort ich traute, mich nur als [illegible] Werkzeug in Deiner Hand betrachtend. Und zugleich das Amt, das ich [illegible], meiner innerlichen Natur mich ganz entzogen, und meiner Uebungsbeschäftigung entkleidet, so ich gleich mit Paulus zu vielen sagen kann: „Mit großer Freudigkeit, alles daranzugeben, mich lieber [illegible] zu leben für eure Seelen, wollte ich dennoch [illegible]“ so verbindet mit doch mein Wirken im Amt, Einladung von meinem Standpunkte zu verlassen. Ich bin und ich will darum auf [illegible] und [illegible], bis es zum Ziele gelangt, mich entweder [illegible], oder mich zu [illegible] und in meine Einsamkeit zurückzuziehen.

Wenn ich zur Erwähnung der nicht kurzen Reihe meiner Schriften übergehe, so fühle ich mich gedrungen zum Danke gegen den Ewigen, daß Er mich durch Berufung zur Arbeit in Seinem Weinberge, genöthigt hat, mit Schreiben zu [illegible] der Zeit aufzugeben. Die Schriften und durch die [illegible] Stimme der Welt mehr gehört, als geholfen worden; doch [illegible] das eine, noch das andere aus dem oben angegebenen einzig richtigen Gesichtspunkte, aus dem sie betrachtet werden, aus dem sie freilich auch hätten gefaßt werden sollen. Man hat sich an den Accent [illegible] die Welt, das ist, das Resultat meines vieljährigen Denkens, Beobachtens und Erfahrens, [illegible] ganz außer Acht gelassen. Das von andern, nur [illegible], [illegible], als solches vernehmlich abgedrückt; das [illegible], mit Eigenthümlichkeiten, übergangen. Man forderte die Befriedigung der Romane von mir, die ich nur Seelengemälde durch die romantische Hülle häßlicher machen wollte; man verlangte von dem Gemüthe [illegible] vollendete Kunstgebilde zur Auffassung, die ich nur Charakterskizzen zum Selbstbilden zu entwerfen gedachte. Ich wünschte daher, daß nie solche Kritiker zur Beurtheilung übernommen hätten, was nur für den religiösen Psychologen einigen Werth haben konnte. Ich wünschte, daß sie niemand zum Zeitvertreibe in die Hand genommen hätte, auch in Zukunft zum Zeitvertreib in die Hand nehmen möge, denn nicht dazu, sondern zur Zeitbenutzung für mich und für andere, denen das Leben der Seele, wie mir, daher Ernst, nicht unwichtiges Spiel ist, und die auf dunkeln Wegen, wie ich, irren oder schwanken, sind sie geschrieben.

Daß diese Früchte meiner Einsamkeit nicht nur mir, sondern auch anderen, zu einer Zeitbeschäftigung gedient haben, danke ich [illegible] worden. Aber auch Freunde haben sie mir erworben, befreundete im weiteren, mit Freuden, Vaterlande, wo hoher Sinn, hohes Gefühl, reiner Ernst und [illegible] Streben nach höherer Ausbildung in [illegible] edlen Frauen und Töchtern [illegible]. Innig und dauernd [illegible] den [illegible], Joseph Ritter [illegible] mit [illegible]; den [illegible] und [illegible], Johannes [illegible] den [illegible] Priester der frommen Schulen, Aloisius [illegible]; der [illegible] Theresia Waldstein, geborne Gr. [illegible], und ihre Freundinnen, Gräfin Almasy, geb. Gr. [illegible]; Frau [illegible], geb. von [illegible]; der [illegible] Gräfin Brunswik, geb. Freiin Majthényi; der [illegible], [illegible] Gräfin [illegible], geb. Fr. [illegible]; der [illegible] Frau [illegible], geb. Gräfin [illegible]. — Und wenn [illegible] das [illegible], das ihnen längst in ihren Gemüthern [illegible], Adelaid und Ottilie, Theresia Benardstein und Alonso nur zum klaren Bewußtsein gebracht haben, so mögen sie im Glauben an eine Gemeinschaft der Geister im [illegible] auch diese Schrift, meines Lebens und Strebens getreue Darstellung, als meinem Geiste Befreundete, mit liebendem Wohlwollen hinnehmen.

Ich schließe sie mit einem Act der Pietät:

Euch, nunmehr verklärten Seelen, dem einen [illegible] Gottes Fügung mir zur Mutter und Erzieherin, dem andern, welchen der Herr mir zur liebenden Gefährtin auf meiner letzten, einundzwanzigjährigen Wanderschaft mitgegeben, und nachdem Er Euch Beide als Werkzeuge zu dem, was er in Gnaden aus mir machen wollte, benützt hatte, Euch hingenommen hat: Euch seyen und bleiben diese Blätter geweiht, als Urkunde meiner Dankbarkeit, und als Zeugniß unter den Lebenden der Welt, von der treuesten Erfüllung Eures Berufes in der Zeit, von dem, was eine Mutter, voll geistlicher Gemüthlichkeit, und eine Gattin in gottergebener und zarter Weiblichkeit vermocht hatten!

Johann Gottlieb Fichte.

dieser ausgezeichnete Denker, dessen vollen Werth erst die spätere, nicht von den jetzt herrschenden Zeitmeinungen befangene Nachwelt ganz zu würdigen im Stande sein wird, war der Sohn eines armen Bandwebers zu Rammenau bei Bischofswerda in der Oberlausitz und wurde daselbst am 19. Mai 1762 geboren. Da der Knabe schon sehr früh bedeutende geistige Fähigkeiten zeigte, so nahm sich ein Herr von Miltitz wohlwollend desselben an. Anfangs von einem Pfarrer zu Niederau bei Meißen, dann auf der Fürstenschule zu Pforta für den gelehrten Stand gebildet, studirte er seit 1780 zu Jena, Leipzig und Wittenberg Theologie und ging dann, als sich die Aussicht zu einer Anstellung im Vaterlande nicht eben günstig zeigte, 1788 als Hauslehrer nach Zürich, wo er sich mit einer Nichte Klopstocks verlobte. Im Jahre 1790 nach Leipzig zurückgekehrt, lebte er daselbst als privatisirender Gelehrter, vorzüglich mit dem Studium Kantischer Philosophie beschäftigt. Unglücksfälle, die den Vater seiner Braut trafen und die Verbindung verzögerten, bewogen ihn 1791 eine Hauslehrerstelle in Warschau anzunehmen, die er aber, kaum dort angekommen, wieder aufgab. — Auf seiner Rückreise Königsberg berührend, schrieb er um sich bei Kant auf eine würdige Weise einzuführen, binnen wenigen Tagen seine Kritik aller Offenbarungen. Dieses Buch, das ohne Fichte's Namen erschien, galt lange für eine Arbeit Kants, bis dieser endlich ausdrücklich, unter verdienten Lobeserhebungen, den Verfasser nannte. Jetzt stand Fichte's Name fest und eine bessere Zukunft eröffnete sich ihm. — Eine Informatorstelle, welche er bis 1793 bei einem Grafen Krockow in der Nähe von Danzig bekleidet hatte, aufgebend, ging er nach Zürich und vermählte sich mit der geliebten Braut. Hier lebte er in seines Schwiegervaters Hause, mit literarischen Arbeiten beschäftigt, bis er 1794 an Reinhold's Stelle als Professor der Philosophie nach Jena berufen ward. Jetzt begann er sein eigenes philosophisches System zu gründen, und suchte vorzüglich außerdem den Sinn der Studirenden zu üben und zu veredeln. — Uneinigkeit mit seinen Collegen, Mißverständnisse aller Art und Fichte's persönliche Heftigkeit und Unnachgiebigkeit trübten jedoch diese Zeit; man suchte ihn bei der Regierung als Atheisten zu verdächtigen und er reichte im Jahre 1799, durch vermeintliche Unzufriedenheit und augenblickliche Aufwallung fortgerissen, sein Entlassungsgesuch ein, das zum Theil angenommen wurde. Er begab sich nun (1799) nach Berlin, wo er eine sehr freundliche Aufnahme fand, und lebte dort als Privatgelehrter bis 1805, wo er, jedoch nur auf kurze Zeit eine Professur in Erlangen bekleidete. Die Kriegsstürme trieben ihn später nach Königsberg und Kopenhagen, doch kehrte er bereits 1807 nach Berlin zurück, hielt dort öffentliche Reden, den Unterdrückungen der fremden Tyrannen Trotz bietend, und zu deutscher Gesinnung ermunternd. Im Jahre 1809 ward er Professor der Philosophie an der neu gegründeten Universität daselbst, und wirkte mit Kraft und Liebe. Noch größer und gewaltiger regten sich aber seine Liebe und seine Thätigkeit während des Befreiungskrieges und die Ausführung neuer, kühner Pläne erfüllte seine Seele, als er durch seine Gattin, welche unermüdlich sich in den Lazarethen der Krankenpflege gewidmet hatte, mit einem heftigen Nervenfieber angesteckt ward, das ihn am 27. Januar 1814 in voller Lebenskraft dahin raffte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Verſuch einer Kritik aller Offenbarung. Königsberg, 1792.
Beitrag zur Berichtigung der Urtheile des Publicums über die Revolution. O. O. 1793. —
Ueber den Begriff der Wiſſenſchaftslehre. Weimar, 1794.
Grundlage und Grundriß der geſammten Wiſſenſchaftslehre. 2 Thle. Jena, 1794.
Zurückforderung der Denkfreiheit an die Fürſten Europa's 1794.
Ueber die Beſtimmung des Gelehrten. Jena, 1794.
Grundlage des Naturrechts. Jena, 1796. 2 Thle.
Das Syſtem der Sittenlehre. Jena, 1798.
Appellation an das Publicum. Jena, 1799.
Die Beſtimmung des Menſchen. Berlin, 1800.
Sonnenklarer Bericht über das eigentliche Weſen der neueſten Philoſophie. Berlin, 1801.
Grundzüge des gegenwärtigen Zeitalters. Berlin, 1806.
Ueber das Weſen des Gelehrten. Berlin, 1806.
Anweiſung zum ſeligen Leben. Berlin, 1806.
Reden an die deutſche Nation. Berlin, 1808.
Die Wiſſenſchaftslehre in ihrem ganzen Umfange. Berlin, 1810.
Ueber die einzig mögliche Störung der akademiſchen Freiheit. Rede. Berlin, 1812.
Ueber den Begriff des wahrhaften Krieges. Tübingen, 1815.
Die Thatſachen des Bewußtſeyns. Vorleſungen. Berlin, 1817.
Einzelne Abhandlungen und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Fichte war der Erſte unter den deutſchen Philoſophen, welcher ein folgerechtes Syſtem des transcendentalen Idealismus aufſtellte, und daſſelbe mit ſeltenem Scharfſinn, außerordentlicher Kraft und einer bewundernswerthen dialectiſchen Kunſt durchzuführen und auszubilden wußte. Es zu entwickeln und in ſeinen Einzelnheiten zu würdigen, iſt hier nicht der Ort; wir verweiſen in dieſer Hinſicht den wißbegierigen Leſer, der nicht Philoſoph von Fach iſt, auf eine vortreffliche allgemein verſtändliche und klare Darſtellung dieſes Syſtems in Ernſt Reinhold's Handbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Gotha, 1830 II. 2. S. 170—246.

In ſeinen übrigen das allgemeine Intereſſe berührenden Schriften, zeichnet ſich F. hauptſächlich durch die ihm ganz eigenthümliche Stärke des Gedankens und der Sprache aus, welche beſonders zu einer Zeit, wo es galt, die Gemüther für einen hohen und großen Zweck zu begeiſtern, von mächtiger, außerordentlicher Wirkſamkeit war. Seine edle Geſinnung, ſein Streben für das Höchſte und Beſte, das der Menſch auf Erden zu erreichen vermag, die unerſchütterliche Treue, mit welcher er an dem einmal als recht Erkannten feſthielt, und allen Gefahren kühn die Stirn bot, zeigen ihn als das Vorbild eines echten, deutſchen Mannes, deſſen Andenken nicht genug geehrt werden kann, wie ſeine Schriften, abgeſehn von ihrem hohen, inneren Werthe, noch ſtets als ein Muſter deutſcher Proſa zu betrachten ſind.

Vgl: J. G. Fichte's Leben und literariſcher Briefwechſel herausgegeben von ſeinem Sohne J. H. Fichte. Mit Fichte's Bildniß. Sulzbach, 1830—31.

Erſte Rede.*)

Unſere Zeit ſteht in dem dritten Hauptabſchnitte der geſammten Weltzeit, welcher Abſchnitt den bloßen ſinnlichen Eigennutz zum Antriebe aller ſeiner lebendigen Regungen und Bewegungen hat. In der einzigen Möglichkeit des genannten Antriebes verſteht ſie ſich ſelbſt auch vollkommen, und durch dieſe klare Einſicht ihres Weſens in dieſem ihren lebendigen Weſen wird ſie tief begründet und unerſchütterlich befeſtigt.

Was ſeine Selbſtſtändigkeit verloren hat, hat zugleich verloren das Vermögen, einzugreifen in den Zeitfluß, und den Inhalt deſſelben frei zu beſtimmen; es wird ihm, wenn es in dieſem Zuſtande verharret, ſeine Zeit, und es ſelber mit dieſer ſeiner Zeit, abgewickelt durch die fremde Gewalt, die über ſein Schickſal gebietet; es hat von nun an gar keine eigene Zeit mehr, ſondern ſeine Jahre nach den Begebenheiten und Abſchnitten fremder Völkerſchaften und Reiche. — So Deutſchland. — Es könnte ſich erheben aus dieſem Zuſtande, in welchem die ganze bisherige Welt ſeinem ſelbſtthätigen Eingreifen entrückt iſt, und in dieſer ihm nur der Ruhm des Gehorchens übrig bleibt, lediglich unter der Bedingung, daß ihm eine neue Welt aufginge, mit deren Erſchaffung es einen neuen und ihm eigenen Abſchnitt in der Zeit begönne, und mit ihrer Fortbildung ihn ausfüllte; doch müßte, da es einmal unterworfen iſt fremder Gewalt, dieſe neue Welt alſo beſchaffen ſein, daß ſie unvernommen bliebe jener Gewalt, und ihre Eiferſucht auf keine Weiſe erregte, ja, daß dieſe durch ihren eignen Vortheil bewegt würde, der Geſtaltung einer ſolchen kein Hinderniß in den Weg zu legen. Falls es nun eine alſo beſchaffene Welt, als Erzeugungsmittel eines neuen Selbſt und einer neuen Zeit, geben ſollte, für ein Geſchlecht, das ſein bisheriges Selbſt und ſeine bisherige Zeit und Welt verloren hat, ſo käme es einer allſeitigen Deutung ſelbſt der möglichen Zeit zu, dieſe alſo beſchaffene Welt anzugeben.

Nun halte ich meines Orts dafür, daß es eine ſolche Welt gebe, und es iſt der Zweck dieſer Reden, Ihnen das Daſein und den wahren Eigenthümer derſelben nachzuweiſen, ein lebendiges Bild derſelben vor Ihre Augen zu bringen, und die Mittel ihrer Erzeugung anzugeben.

Bevor ich jedoch dieſes Geſchäft beginne, muß ich Sie erſuchen, vorauszuſetzen, alſo daß es Ihnen niemals entfalle, und einverſtanden zu ſein mit mir, wo und inwiefern dies nöthig iſt, über die folgenden Punkte:

1) Ich rede für Deutſche ſchlechtweg, von Deutſchen ſchlechtweg, nicht anerkennend, ſondern durchaus bei Seite ſetzend und wegwerfend alle die trennenden Unterſcheidungen, welche unſelige Ereigniſſe ſeit Jahrhunderten in der einen Nation gemacht haben. Sie ſind zwar meinem leiblichen Auge die erſten und unmittelbaren Stellvertreter, welche die geliebten Nationalzüge mir vergegenwärtigen, und der ſichtbare Brennpunkt, in welchem die Flamme meiner Rede ſich entzündet; aber mein Geiſt verſammelt den gebildeten Theil der ganzen deutſchen Nation, aus allen den Ländern, über welche er verbreitet iſt, um ſich her, bedenkt und beachtet unſer aller gemeinſame Lage und Verhältniſſe, und wünſchet, daß ein Theil der lebendigen Kraft, mit welcher dieſe Reden vielleicht Sie ergreifen, auch in dem ſtummen Abdrucke, welcher allein unter die Augen der Abweſenden kommen wird, verbleibe, und aus ihm athme, und an allen Orten deutſche Gemüther zu Entſchluß und That entzünde. Blos von Deutſchen und für Deutſche ſchlechtweg ſagte ich. Wir werden zu ſeiner Zeit zeigen, daß jedwede andere Einheitsbezeichnung oder Nationalband entweder niemals Wahrheit und Bedeutung hatte, oder, falls es ſie gehabt hätte, daß dieſe Vereinigungspunkte durch unſere dermalige Lage vernichtet, und uns entriſſen ſind, und niemals wiederkehren können; und daß es lediglich der gemeinſame Grundzug der Deutſchheit iſt, wodurch wir den Untergang unſerer Nation, im Zuſammenfließen derſelben mit dem Auslande abwehren, und worin wir ein auf ihm ſelber ruhendes, und aller Abhängigkeit durchaus unfähiges Selbſt, wiederum gewinnen können. Es wird, ſo wie wir dieſes letztere einſehen werden, zugleich der ſcheinbare Widerſpruch dieſer Behauptung mit anderweitigen Pflichten, und für heilig gehaltenen Angelegenheiten, den vielleicht dermalen mancher fürchtet, vollkommen verſchwinden.

2) Ich ſetze voraus ſolche deutſche Zuhörer, welche nicht etwa mit allem was ſie ſind, rein aufgehen in dem Gefühle des Schmerzes über unſern Zuſtand, und in dieſem Schmerze ſich wohl gefallen, und an ihrer Untröſtlichkeit ſich weiden, und durch dieſes Gefühl ſich abzufinden gedenken mit der an ſie ergehenden Aufforderung zur That; ſondern ſolche, die ſelbſt über dieſen gerechten Schmerz zu klarer Beſonnenheit und Betrachtung ſich ſchon erhoben haben, oder wenigſtens fähig ſind, ſich dazu zu erheben. Ich kenne jenen Schmerz, ich habe ihn gefühlt wie einer, ich ehre ihn; die Dumpfheit, welche zufrieden iſt, wenn ſie Speiſe und Trank findet, und kein körperlicher Schmerz ihr zugefügt wird, und für welche Ehre, Freiheit, Selbſtſtändigkeit leere Namen ſind, iſt ſeiner unfähig; aber auch er iſt lediglich dazu da, um zu Beſinnung, Entſchluß und That uns anzuſpornen; dieſes Endzwecks verfehlend, beraubt er uns der Beſinnung und aller uns noch übrig gebliebenen Kräfte, und vollendet ſo unſer Elend; indem er noch überdies, als Zeugniß von unſerer Trägheit und Feigheit, den ſichtbaren Beweis giebt, daß wir unſer Elend ver-

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*) Aus Fichte's Reden an die deutſche Nation. Berlin 1808.

dienen. Keinesweges aber gedenke ich Sie zu erheben über dieſen Schmerz, durch Vertröſtungen auf eine Hülfe, die von außen her kommen ſolle, und durch Verweiſungen auf allerlei mögliche Ereigniſſe und Veränderungen, die etwa die Zeit herbei führen könne: denn, falls auch nicht dieſe Denkart, die lieber in der wankenden Welt der Möglichkeit ſchweifen, als auf das Nothwendige ſich heften mag, und die ihre Rettung lieber dem blinden Ohngefähr, als ſich ſelber, verdanken will, ſchon an ſich von dem ſträflichſten Leichtſinne, und der tiefſten Verachtung ſeiner ſelbſt zeugte, ſo wie ſie es thut, ſo haben auch noch überdies alle Vertröſtungen und Verweiſungen dieſer Art durchaus keine Anwendung auf unſre Lage. Es läßt ſich der ſtrenge Beweis führen, daß kein Menſch und kein Gott, und keines von allen im Gebiete der Möglichkeit liegenden Ereigniſſen uns helfen kann, ſondern daß allein wir ſelber uns helfen müſſen, falls uns geholfen werden ſoll. Vielmehr werde ich Sie zu erheben ſuchen über den Schmerz, durch klare Einſicht in unſre Lage, in unſre noch übrig gebliebene Kraft, in die Mittel unſrer Rettung. Ich werde darum allerdings einen gewiſſen Grad der Beſinnung, eine gewiſſe Selbſtthätigkeit, und einige Aufopferung anmuthen, und rechne darum auf Zuhörer, denen ſich ſo viel anmuthen läßt. Uebrigens ſind die Gegenſtände dieſer Anmuthung insgeſammt leicht, und ſetzen kein größeres Maß von Kraft voraus, als man, wie ich glaube, unſerm Zeitalter zutrauen kann; was aber die Gefahr betrifft, ſo iſt dabei durchaus keine.

Indem ich eine klare Einſicht der Deutſchen, als ſolcher, in ihre gegenwärtige Lage hervorzubringen gedenke, ſetze ich voraus Zuhörer, die da geneigt ſind, mit eignen Augen die Dinge dieſer Art zu ſehen, keinesweges aber ſolche, die es bequemer finden, ein fremdes und ausländiſches Seh-Werkzeug, das entweder abſichtlich auf Täuſchung berechnet iſt, oder das auch natürlich, durch ſeinen andern Standpunkt, und durch das geringere Maß von Schärfe, niemals auf ein deutſches Auge paßt, bei Betrachtung dieſer Gegenſtände ſich unterſchieben zu laſſen. Ferner ſetze ich voraus, daß dieſe Zuhörer in dieſer Betrachtung mit eigenen Augen den Muth haben, redlich hin zu ſehen, auf das, was da iſt, und redlich ſich zu geſtehen, was ſie ſehen, und daß ſie jene häufig ſich zeigende Neigung, über die eigenen Angelegenheiten ſich zu täuſchen, und ein weniger unerfreuliches Bild von denſelben, als mit der Wahrheit beſtehen kann, ſich vorzuhalten, entweder ſchon beſiegt haben, oder doch fähig ſind, ſie zu beſiegen. Jene Neigung iſt ein feiges Entfliehen vor ſeinen eignen Gedanken, und kindiſcher Sinn, der da zu glauben ſcheint, wenn er nur nicht ſehe ſein Elend, oder wenigſtens ſich nicht geſtehe, daß er es ſehe, ſo werde dieſes Elend dadurch auch in der Wirklichkeit aufgehoben, wie es aufgehoben iſt in ſeinem Denken. Dagegen iſt es mannhafte Kühnheit, das Uebel feſt in's Auge zu faſſen, es zu nöthigen, Stand zu halten, es ruhig, kalt und frei zu durchdringen, und es aufzulöſen in ſeine Beſtandtheile. Auch wird man nur durch dieſe klare Einſicht des Uebels Meiſter, und geht in der Bekämpfung deſſelben einher mit ſicherem Schritte, indem man, in jedem Theile das Ganze überſehend, immer weiß, wo man ſich befinde, und durch die einmal erlangte Klarheit ſeiner Sache gewiß iſt, dagegen der andere, ohne feſten Leitfaden, und ohne ſichere Gewißheit, blind und träumend herumtappt.

Warum ſollten wir denn auch uns ſcheuen vor dieſer Klarheit? Das Uebel wird durch die Unbekanntſchaft damit nicht kleiner, noch durch die Erkenntniß größer; es wird nur heilbar durch die letztere; die Schuld aber ſoll hier gar nicht vorgerückt werden. Züchtige man durch bittere Straf-Rede, durch beißenden Spott, durch ſchneidende Verachtung die Trägheit und die Selbſtſucht, und reize ſie, wenn auch zu nichts beſſerem, doch wenigſtens zum Haſſe und zur Erbitterung gegen den Erinnerer ſelbſt, als doch auch einer kräftigen Regung, an, — ſo lange die nothwendige Folge, das Uebel, noch nicht vollendet iſt, und von der Beſſerung noch Rettung oder Milderung ſich erwarten läßt. Nachdem aber dieſes Uebel alſo vollendet iſt, daß es uns auch die Möglichkeit, auf dieſe Weiſe fortzuſündigen benommen, wird es zwecklos, und ſieht aus wie Schadenfreude, gegen die nicht mehr zu begehende Sünde noch ferner zu eifern; und die Betrachtung fällt ſodann aus dem Gebiete der Sittenlehre in das der Geſchichte, für welche die Freiheit vorüber iſt, und die das Geſchehene als nothwendigen Erfolg aus dem Vorhergegangenen anſieht. Es bleibt für unſre Reden keine andere Anſicht der Gegenwart übrig, als dieſe letzte, und wir werden darum niemals eine andere nehmen.

Ich ſagte im Eingange meiner Rede, daß die Selbſtſucht ſich durch ihre vollſtändige Entwicklung ſelbſt vernichte, indem ſie darüber ihr Selbſt, und das Vermögen, ſich ſelbſtſtändig ihre Zwecke zu ſetzen, verliere.

Bis zu ihrem höchſten Grade entwickelt iſt die Selbſtſucht, wenn, nachdem ſie erſt mit unbedeutender Ausnahme die Geſammtheit der Regierten ergriffen, ſie von dieſen aus ſich auch der Regierenden bemächtigt, und deren alleiniger Lebenstrieb wird. Es entſteht einer ſolchen Regierung zuvörderſt nach außen die Vernachläſſigung aller Bande, durch welche ihre eigene Sicherheit an die Sicherheit anderer Staaten geknüpft iſt, das Aufgeben des Ganzen, deſſen Glied ſie iſt, lediglich darum, damit ſie nicht aus ihrer trägen Ruhe aufgeſtört werde, und die traurige Täuſchung der Selbſtſucht, daß ſie Frieden habe, ſo lange nur die eignen Gränzen nicht angegriffen ſind; ſodann nach innen jene weichliche Führung der Zügel des Staats, die mit ausländiſchen Worten ſich Humanität, Liberalität und Popularität nennt, die aber richtiger in deutſcher Sprache Schlaffheit und ein Betragen ohne Würde zu nennen iſt.

Wenn ſie auch der Regierenden ſich bemächtigt, habe ich geſagt. Ein Volk kann durchaus verdorben ſein, d. i. ſelbſtſüchtig, denn die Selbſtſucht iſt die Wurzel aller andern Verdorbenheit, — und dennoch dabei nicht nur beſtehen, ſondern ſogar äußerlich glänzende Thaten verrichten, wenn nur nicht ſeine Regierung eben alſo verderbt: ja die letztere ſogar kann auch nach außen treulos und pflicht- und ehrvergeſſen handeln, wenn ſie nur nach innen den Muth hat, die Zügel des Regiments mit ſtraffer Hand anzuhalten, und die größere Furcht für ſich zu gewinnen. Wo aber alles eben genannte ſich vereinigt, da geht das gemeine Weſen bei dem erſten ernſtlichen Angriffe, der auf daſſelbe geſchieht, zu Grunde, und ſo, wie es ſelbſt erſt treulos ſich ablöſ'te von dem Körper, deſſen Glied es war, ſo löſen jetzo ſeine Glieder, die keine Furcht vor ihm hält, und die die größere Furcht vor dem Fremden treibt, mit derſelben Treuloſigkeit ſich ab von ihm, und gehen hin, ein Jeder in das Seine. Hier ergreift die nun vereinzelt ſtehenden abermals die größere Furcht, und ſie geben in reichlicher Spende, und mit erzwungen fröhlichem Geſichte dem Feinde, was ſie kärglich und äußerſt unwillig dem Vertheidiger des Vaterlandes gaben; bis ſpäterhin auch die von allen Seiten verlaſſenen und verrathenen Regierenden genöthigt werden, durch Unterwerfung und Folgſamkeit gegen fremde Plane ihre Fortdauer zu erkaufen; und ſo nun auch diejenigen, die im Kampfe für das Vaterland die Waffen wegwarfen, unter fremden Fahnen lernten, dieſelben gegen das Vaterland tapfer zu führen. So geſchieht es, daß die Selbſtſucht durch ihre höchſte Entwicklung vernichtet, und denen, die gutwillig keinen andern Zweck, denn ſich ſelbſt, ſich ſetzen wollten, durch fremde Gewalt ein ſolcher anderer Zweck aufgedrungen wird.

Keine Nation, die in dieſen Zuſtand der Abhängigkeit herabgeſunken, kann durch die gewöhnlichen und bisher gebrauchten Mittel ſich aus demſelben erheben. War ihr Widerſtand fruchtlos, als ſie noch im Beſitze aller ihrer Kräfte war, was kann derſelbe ſodann fruchten, nachdem ſie des größten Theils derſelben beraubt iſt? Was vorher hätte helfen können, nämlich wenn die Regierung derſelben die Zügel kräftig und ſtraff angehalten hätte, iſt nun nicht mehr anwendbar, nachdem dieſe Zügel nur noch zum Scheine in ihrer Hand ruhen, und dieſe ihre Hand ſelbſt durch eine fremde Hand gelenkt und geleitet wird. Auf ſich ſelbſt kann eine ſolche Nation nicht länger rechnen; und eben ſo wenig kann ſie auf den Sieger rechnen. Dieſer müßte eben ſo unbeſonnen, und eben ſo feige und verzagt ſein, als jene Nation ſelbſt erſt war, wenn er die errungenen Vortheil nicht feſt hielte, und ſie nicht auf alle Weiſe verfolgte. Oder wenn er einſt im Verlaufe der Zeiten, doch ſo unbeſonnen und feige würde, ſo würde er zwar eben alſo zu Grunde gehen, wie wir, aber nicht zu unſerm Vortheile, ſondern er würde die Beute eines neuen Siegers, und wir würden die ſich von ſelbſt verſtehende, wenig bedeutende Zugabe zu dieſer Beute. Sollte eine ſo geſunkene Nation dennoch ſich retten können, ſo müßte dies durch ein ganz neues, bisher noch niemals gebrauchtes Mittel, vermittelſt der Erſchaffung einer ganz neuen Ordnung der Dinge, geſchehen. Laſſen Sie uns alſo ſehen, welches in der bisherigen Ordnung der Dinge der Grund war, warum es mit dieſer Ordnung irgend einmal nothwendig ein Ende nehmen mußte, damit wir an dem Gegentheile dieſes Grundes des Untergangs das neue Glied finden, welches in die Zeit eingefügt werden müſſe, damit an ihm die geſunkene Nation ſich aufrichte zu einem neuen Leben.

Man wird in Erforſchung jenes Grundes finden, daß in allen bisherigen Verfaſſungen die Theilnahme am Ganzen geknüpft war an die Theilnahme des Einzelnen an ſich ſelbſt, vermittelſt ſolcher Bande, die irgendwo ſo gänzlich zerriſſen, daß es gar keine Theilnahme für das Ganze mehr gab, — durch die Bande der Furcht und Hoffnung für die Angelegenheit des Einzelnen aus dem Schickſale des Ganzen, in einem künftigen, und in dem gegenwärtigen Leben. Aufklärung des nur ſinnlich berechnenden Verſtandes war die Kraft, welche die Verbindung eines künftigen Lebens mit dem gegenwärtigen durch Religion, aufhob, zugleich auch andere Ergänzungs- und Stellvertretende Mittel der ſittlichen Denkart, als da ſind [illegible] zum Ruhm und National-Ehre, als täuſchende Trugbilder begriff; die Schwäche der Regierungen war es, welche die Furcht für die Angelegenheiten des Einzelnen aus ſeinem Betragen gegen das Ganze, ſelbſt für das gegenwärtige Leben, durch häufige Straſloſigkeit der Pflichtvergeſſenheit aufhob, und eben ſo auch die Hoffnung unwirkſam machte, indem ſie dieſelbe gar oft, ohne alle Rückſicht auf Verdienſte um das Ganze, nach ganz andern Regeln und Bewegungsgründen, befriedigte. Bande ſolcher Art waren es, die irgendwo gänzlich zerriſſen, und durch deren Zerreißung das gemeine Weſen ſich auflöſ'te.

Immerhin mag von nun an der Sieger, das, was allein auch er kann, emſiglich thun, nämlich den letzten Theil des Bindungsmittels, die Furcht und Hoffnung für das gegenwärtige Leben, wiederum anknüpfen und verſtärken; damit iſt nur ihm geholfen, keineswegs aber uns; denn ſo gewiß er ſeinen Vortheil verſteht, knüpft er an dieſes erneute Band zu allererſt nur ſeine Angelegenheit, die unſrige aber nur in ſo weit, inwiefern die Erhaltung unſerer, als Mittel für ſeine Zwecke, ihm ſelbſt zur Angelegenheit wird. Für eine ſo verfallene Nation iſt von nun an Furcht und Hoffnung völlig aufgehoben, indem deren Leitung ihrer Hand entfallen iſt, und ſie zwar ſelber zu fürchten hat und zu hoffen, vor ihr aber von nun an kein Menſch ſich weiter fürchtet, oder von ihr etwas hofft; und es bleibt ihr nichts übrig, als ein ganz anderes und neues, über Furcht und Hoffnung erhabenes Bindungsmittel zu finden, um die Angelegenheit ihrer Geſammtheit die Theilnahme eines Jeden aus ihr für ſich ſelber anzuknüpfen.

Ueber den ſinnlichen Antrieb der Furcht oder Hoffnung hinaus, und zunächſt an ihn angränzend, liegt der geiſtige Antrieb der ſittlichen Billigung oder Mißbilligung, und der höhere Affekt des Wohlgefallens oder Mißfallens an unſerer und anderer Zuſtande. So wie das an Reinlichkeit und Ordnung gewöhnte äußere Auge durch einen Flecken, der ja unmittelbar dem Leibe keinen Schmerz zufügt, oder durch den Anblick verworren durch einander liegender Gegenſtände dennoch gepeinigt und geängſtet wird, wie vom unmittelbaren Schmerze, indeß der des Schmutzes und der Unordnung Gewohnte ſich in denſelben recht wohl befindet; eben alſo kann auch das innere geiſtige Auge des Menſchen ſo gewöhnt und gebildet werden, daß der bloße Anblick eines verworrenen und unordentlichen, eines unwürdigen und ehrloſen Daſeins ſeiner ſelbſt und ſeines verbrüderten Stammes, ohne Rückſicht auf das, was davon für ſein ſinnliches Wohlſein zu fürchten oder zu hoffen ſei, ihm innig wehe thue, und daß dieſer Schmerz dem Beſitzer eines ſolchen Auges, abermals ganz unabhängig von ſinnlicher Furcht oder Hoffnung, keine Ruhe laſſe, bis er, ſo viel an ihm iſt, den ihm mißfälligen Zuſtand aufgehoben, und den, der ihm allein gefallen kann, an ſeine Stelle geſetzt habe. Im Beſitzer eines ſolchen Auges iſt die Angelegenheit des ihn umgebenden Ganzen, durch das treibende Gefühl der Billigung oder Mißbilligung, an die Angelegenheit ſeines eigenen erweiterten Selbſt, das nur als Theil des Ganzen ſich fühlt, und nur im gefälligen Ganzen ſich ertragen kann, unabtrennbar angeknüpft; die Sichbildung zu einem ſolchen Auge wäre ſomit ein ſicheres und das einzige Mittel, das einer Nation, die ihre Selbſtſtändigkeit, und mit ihr allen Einfluß auf die öffentliche Furcht und Hoffnung verloren hat, übrig bliebe, um aus der erduldeten Vernichtung ſich wieder in's Daſein zu erheben, und dem entſtandenen neuen und höheren Gefühle ihre National-Angelegenheiten, die ſeit ihrem Untergange kein Menſch und kein Gott weiter bedenkt, ſicher anzuvertrauen. So ergiebt ſich denn alſo, daß das Rettungsmittel, deſſen Anzeige ich verſprochen, beſtehe in der Bildung zu einem durchaus neuen und bisher vielleicht als Ausnahme bei Einzelnen, niemals aber als allgemeines und nationales Selbſt, dageweſenem Selbſt, und in der Erziehung der Nation, deren bisheriges Leben erloſchen und Zugabe eines fremden Lebens geworden, zu einem ganz neuen Leben, das entweder ihr ausſchließendes Beſitzthum bleibt, oder, falls es auch von ihr aus an andere kommen ſollte, ganz und unverringert bleibt bei unendlicher Theilung; mit Einem Worte, eine gänzliche Veränderung des bisherigen Erziehungsweſens iſt es, was ich, als das einzige Mittel, die deutſche Nation im Daſein zu erhalten, in Vorſchlag bringe.

Daß man den Kindern eine gute Erziehung geben müſſe, iſt auch in unſerm Zeitalter oft genug geſagt, und bis zum Ueberdruſſe wiederholt worden, und es wäre ein geringes, wenn auch wir unſeres Ortes dies gleichfalls einmal ſagen wollten. Vielmehr wird uns, ſo wir ein anderes zu vermögen glauben, obliegen, genau und beſtimmt zu unterſuchen, was eigentlich der bisherigen Erziehung gefehlt habe, und anzugeben, welches durchaus neue Glied die veränderte Erziehung der bisherigen Menſchenbildung hinzufügen müſſe.

Man muß, nach einer ſolchen Unterſuchung, der bisherigen Erziehung zugeſtehen, daß ſie nicht ermangelt, irgend ein Bild von religiöſer, ſittlicher, geſetzlicher Denkart, und von allerhand Ordnung und guter Sitte vor das Auge ihrer Zöglinge zu bringen, auch daß ſie hier und da dieſelben getreulich ermahnt habe, jenen Bildern in ihrem Leben einen Abdruck zu geben; aber mit höchſt ſeltenen Ausnahmen, die ſomit nicht durch dieſe Erziehung begründet waren, indem ſie ſodann an allen durch dieſe Bildung hindurch gegangenen, und als die Regel, hätten eintreten müſſen, ſondern die durch andere Urſachen herbei geführt worden, — mit dieſen höchſt ſeltenen Ausnahmen, ſage ich, haben die Zöglinge dieſer Erziehung insgeſammt nicht jenen ſittlichen Vorſtellungen und Ermahnungen, ſondern ſie haben den Antrieben ihrer, ihnen natürlich, und ohne alle Beihülfe der Erziehungskunſt, erwachſenden Selbſtſucht, gefolgt; zum unwiderſprechlichen Beweiſe, daß dieſe Erziehungskunſt zwar wohl das Gedächtniß mit einigen Worten und Redensarten, und die kalte und theilnehmungsloſe Phantaſie mit einigen matten und blaſſen Bildern anzufüllen vermocht, daß es ihr aber niemals gelungen, ihr Gemälde einer ſittlichen Weltordnung bis zu der Lebhaftigkeit zu ſteigern, daß ihr Zögling von der heißen Liebe und Sehnſucht darnach, und von dem glühenden Affekte, der zur Darſtellung im Leben treibt, und vor welchem die Selbſtſucht abfällt, wie welkes Laub, ergriffen worden; daß ſomit dieſe Erziehung weit davon entfernt geweſen ſei, bis zur Wurzel der wirklichen Lebensregung und Bewegung durchzugreifen, und dieſe zu bilden, indem dieſe vielmehr, unbeachtet von der blinden und ohnmächtigen, allenthalben wild aufgewachſen ſei, wie ſie gekonnt habe, zu guter Frucht bei wenigen durch Gott begeiſterten, zu ſchlechter bei der großen Mehrzahl. Auch iſt es dermalen vollkommen hinlänglich, dieſe Erziehung durch dieſen ihren Erfolg zu zeichnen, und kann man für unſern Behuf ſich des mühſamen Geſchäfts überheben, die innern Säfte und Adern eines Baumes zu zergliedern, deſſen Frucht dermalen vollſtändig reif iſt und abgefallen, und vor aller Welt Augen liegt, und höchſt deutlich und verſtändlich ausſpricht die innere Natur ihres Erzeugers. Der Strenge nach wäre, dieſer Anſicht zu Folge, die bisherige Erziehung auf keine Weiſe die Kunſt der Bildung zum Menſchen geweſen, wie ſie ſich denn deſſen auch eben nicht gerühmt, ſondern gar oft ihre Ohnmacht, durch die Foderung, ihr ein natürliches Talent oder Genie, als Bedingung ihres Erfolgs voraus zu geben, freimüthig geſtanden; ſondern es wäre eine ſolche Kunſt erſt zu erfinden, und die Erfindung derſelben wäre die eigentliche Aufgabe der neuen Erziehung. Das ermangelnde Durchgreifen bis in die Wurzel der Lebens Regung und Bewegung hätte dieſe neue Erziehung der bisherigen hinzu zu fügen, und wie die bisherige höchſtens etwas am Menſchen, ſo hätte dieſe den Menſchen ſelbſt zu bilden, und ihre Bildung keineswegs, wie bisher, zu einem Beſitzthume, ſondern vielmehr zu einem perſönlichen Beſtandtheile des Zöglings zu machen.

Ferner wurde bisher dieſe alſo beſchränkte Bildung nur an die ſehr geringe Minderzahl der eben daher gebildet genannten Stände gebracht, die große Mehrzahl aber, auf welcher das gemeine Weſen recht eigentlich ruht, das Volk, wurde von der Erziehungskunſt faſt ganz vernachläſſigt, und dem blinden Ohngefähr übergeben. Wir wollen durch die neue Erziehung die Deutſchen zu einer Geſammtheit bilden, die in allen ihren einzelnen Gliedern getrieben und belebt ſei durch dieſelbe Eine Angelegenheit; ſo wir aber etwa hierbei abermals einen gebildeten Stand, der etwa durch den neu entwickelten Antrieb der ſittlichen Billigung belebt würde, abſondern wollten von einem ungebildeten, ſo würde dieſer letzte, da Hoffnung und Furcht, durch welche allein noch auf ihn gewirkt werden könnte, nicht mehr für uns, ſondern gegen uns dienen, von uns abfallen und uns verloren gehen. Es bleibt ſonach uns nichts übrig, als ſchlechthin an Alles ohne Ausnahme, was deutſch iſt, die neue Bildung zu bringen, ſo daß dieſelbe nicht Bildung eines beſondern Standes, ſondern daß ſie Bildung der Nation ſchlechthin als ſolcher, und ohne alle Ausnahme einzelner Glieder derſelben, werde, in welcher, in der Bildung zum innigen Wohlgefallen am Rechten nämlich, aller Unterſchied der Stände, der in andern Zweigen der Entwicklung auch fernerhin Statt finden mag, völlig aufgehoben ſei und verſchwinde; und daß auf dieſe Weiſe unter uns keinesweges Volks-Erziehung, ſondern eigenthümliche deutſche National-Erziehung entſtehe.

Ich werde Ihnen darthun, daß eine ſolche Erziehungskunſt, wie wir ſie begehren, wirklich ſchon erfunden iſt, und ausgeübt wird, ſo daß wir nichts mehr zu thun haben, als das ſich uns darbietende anzunehmen, welches, ſo wie ich dies oben von dem vorzuſchlagenden Rettungsmittel verſprach, ohne Zweifel kein größeres Maß von Kraft erfodert, als man bei unſerm Zeitalter billig vorausſetzen kann. Ich füge dieſem Verſprechen noch ein anderes bei, daß nämlich, was die Gefahr anbelange, daß unſerm Vorſchlage durchaus keine ſei, indem es der eigene Vortheil der über uns gebietenden Gewalt erfordere, die Ausführung jenes Vorſchlags eher zu befördern, als zu hindern. Ich finde zweckmäßig, ſogleich in dieſer erſten Rede über dieſen Punkt mich deutlich auszuſprechen.

Zwar hat ſo in alter wie in neuer Zeit gar häufig die Künſte der Verführung und der ſittlichen Herabwürdigung der Unterworfenen, als ein Mittel der Herrſchaft mit Erfolg gebraucht worden; man hat durch lügenhafte Erdichtungen und durch künſtliche Verwirrung der Begriffe und der Sprache, die Fürſten vor den Völkern, und dieſe vor jenen verläumdet, um die entzweiten ſicherer zu beherrſchen, man hat alle Antriebe der Eitelkeit und des Eigennutzes liſtig aufgereizt und entwickelt, um die Unterworfenen verächtlich zu machen, und ſo mit einer Art von gutem Gewiſſen ſie zu zertreten: aber man würde einen über zum Verderben führenden Irrthum begehen, wenn man mit uns Deutſchen dieſen Weg einſchlagen wollte. Das Band der Furcht und der Hoffnung abgerechnet beruht der Zuſammenhang desjenigen Theiles des Auslandes, mit dem wir dermalen in Berührung gekommen, auf den Antrieben der Ehre und des Nationalruhmes; aber die deutſche Klarheit hat längſt bis zur unerſchütterlichen Ueberzeugung eingeſehen, daß dieſes leere Trugbilder ſind, und daß keine Wunde und keine Verſtümmelung des Einzelnen durch den Ruhm der ganzen Nation geheilt wird; und wir dürften wohl, ſo nicht eine höhere Anſicht des Lebens an uns gebracht wird, gefährliche Prediger dieſer ſehr begreiflichen und manchen Reiz bei ſich führenden Lehre werden. Ohne darum noch neues Verderben an uns zu nehmen, ſind wir ſchon in unſrer natürlichen Beſchaffenheit eine unheilbringende Beute; nur durch die Ausführung des gemachten Vorſchlages können wir eine heilbringende werden: und ſo wird denn, ſo gewiß das Ausland ſeinen Vortheil verſteht, daſſelbe durch dieſen ſelbſt bewegt, uns lieber auf die letzte Weiſe haben wollen, denn auf die erſte.

Insbeſondere nun wendet mit dieſem Vorſchlage meine Rede ſich an die gebildeten Stände Deutſchlands, indem ſie dieſen noch am erſten verſtändlich zu werden hofft, und trägt zu allernächſt ihnen an, ſich zu den Urhebern dieſer neuen Schöpfung zu machen, und dadurch theils mit ihrer bisherigen Wirkſamkeit die Welt auszuſöhnen, theils ihre Fortdauer in der Zukunft zu verdienen. Wir werden im Fortgange dieſer Reden erſehen, daß bis hieher alle Fortentwicklung der Menſchheit in der deutſchen Nation vom Volke ausgegangen, und daß an dieſes immer zuerſt die großen Nationalangelegenheiten gebracht und von ihm beſorgt und weiter befördert worden; daß es ſomit jetzo zum erſtenmale geſchieht, daß den gebildeten Ständen die urſprüngliche Fortbildung der Nation angetragen wird, und daß, wenn ſie dieſen Antrag wirklich ergriffen, auch dies das erſtemal geſchehen würde. Wir werden erſehen, daß dieſe Stände nicht berechnen können, auf wie lange Zeit es noch in ihrer Gewalt ſtehen werde, ſich an die Spitze dieſer Angelegenheit zu ſtellen, indem dieſelbe bis zum Vortrage an das Volk ſchon beinahe vorbereitet und reif iſt, und an Gliedern aus dem Volke geübt werde, und dieſes nach kurzer Zeit ohne alle unſere Beihülfe ſich ſelbſt werde helfen können, woraus für uns bloß das erfolgen werde, daß die jetzigen Gebildeten und ihre Nachkommen zum Volke werden, aus dem bisherigen Volke aber ein anderer höher gebildeter Stand empor komme.

Nach allem iſt der allgemeine Zweck dieſer Reden, Muth und Hoffnung zu bringen in die Zerſchlagenen, Freude zu verkündigen in die tiefe Trauer, über die Stunde der größten Bedrängniß leicht und ſanft hinüber zu leiten. Die Zeit erſcheint mir wie ein Schatten, der über ſeinem Leichname, aus dem nur ſo eben ein Heer von Krankheiten ihn heraus getrieben, ſteht und jammert, und ſeinen Blick nicht loszureißen vermag von der ehemals ſo geliebten Hülle, und verzweifelnd alle Mittel verſucht, um wieder hinein zu kommen in die Behauſung der Seuchen. Zwar haben ſchon die belebenden Lüfte der andern Welt, in die die abgeſchiedene eingetreten, ſie aufgenommen in ſich, und umgeben ſie mit warmem Liebeshauche, zwar begrüßen ſie ſchon heimlich flüſternde Stimmen der Schweſtern, und heißen ſie willkommen, zwar regt es ſich ſchon und dehnt ſich in ihrem Innern nach allen Richtungen hin, um die herrlichere Geſtalt, zu der ſie erwachſen ſoll, zu entwickeln; aber noch hat ſie kein Gefühl für dieſe Lüfte, oder Gehör für dieſe Stimmen, oder wenn ſie es hätte, ſo iſt ſie aufgegangen in Schmerz über ihren Verluſt, mit welchem ſie zugleich ſich ſelbſt verloren zu haben glaubt. Was iſt mit ihr zu thun? Auch die Morgenröthe der neuen Welt iſt ſchon angebrochen und vergoldet ſchon die Spitzen der Berge, und bildet vor den Tag, der da kommen ſoll. Ich will, ſo ich es kann, die Strahlen dieſer Morgenröthe faſſen, und ſie verdichten zu einem Spiegel, in welchem die troſtloſe Zeit ſich erblicke, damit ſie glaube, daß ſie noch da iſt, und in ihm ihr wahrer Kern ſich ihr darſtelle, und die Entfaltungen und Geſtaltungen deſſelben in einem weiſſagenden Geſichte vor ihr vorüber gehen. In dieſe Anſchauung hinein wird ihr denn ohne Zweifel auch das Bild ihres bisherigen Lebens verſinken und verſchwinden, und der Todte wird ohne übermäßiges Wehklagen zu ſeiner Ruheſtätte gebracht werden können.

Zweite Rede.

Weſen der neuen Erziehung.

Alle Bildung ſtrebt an die Hervorbringung eines feſten, beſtimmten und beharrlichen Seins, das nun nicht mehr wird, ſondern iſt und nicht anders ſein kann, denn ſo wie es iſt. Strebte ſie nicht an ein ſolches Sein, ſo wäre ſie nicht Bildung, ſondern irgend ein zweckloſes Spiel; hätte ſie ein ſolches Sein nicht hervorgebracht, ſo wäre ſie eben noch nicht vollendet. Wer ſich noch ermahnen muß, und ermahnt werden, das Gute zu wollen, der hat noch kein beſtimmtes und ſtets bereit ſtehendes Wollen, ſondern er will ſich dieſes erſt jedesmal im Falle des Gebrauches machen; wer ein ſolches feſtes Wollen hat, der will, was er will, für alle Ewigkeit, und er kann in keinem möglichen Falle anders wollen, denn alſo, wie er eben immer will; für ihn iſt die Freiheit des Willens vernichtet und aufgegangen in der Nothwendigkeit. Dadurch eben hat die bisherige Zeit gezeigt, daß ſie von Bildung zum Menſchen weder einen rechten Begriff, noch die Kraft hatte, dieſen Begriff darzuſtellen, daß ſie durch ermahnende Predigten die Menſchen beſſern wollte, und verdrießlich ward, und ſchalt, wenn dieſe Predigten nichts fruchteten. Wie konnten ſie doch fruchten? Der Wille des Menſchen hat ſchon vor der Ermahnung vorher, und unabhängig von ihr, ſeine feſte Richtung; ſtimmt dieſe zuſammen mit deiner Ermahnung, ſo kommt die Ermahnung zu ſpät, und der Menſch hätte auch ohne dieſelbe gethan, wozu du ihn ermahnest; ſteht ſie mit derſelben im Widerſpruche, ſo magſt du ihn höchſtens einige Augenblicke betäuben; wie die Gelegenheit kommt, vergißt er ſich ſelbſt und deine Ermahnung, und folgt ſeinem natürlichen Hange. Willſt du etwas über ihn vermögen, ſo mußt du mehr thun, als ihn bloß anreden, du mußt ihn machen, ihn alſo machen, daß er gar nicht anders wollen könne, als du willſt, daß er wolle. Es iſt vergebens, zu ſagen, fliege — dem, der keine Flügel hat, und er wird durch alle deine Ermahnungen nie zwei Schritte über den Boden empor kommen; aber entwickle, wenn du kannſt, ſeine geiſtigen Schwungfedern, und laß ihn dieſelben üben und kräftig machen, und er wird ohne all dein Ermahnen gar nicht anders mehr wollen oder können, denn fliegen.

Dieſen feſten, und nicht weiter ſchwankenden Willen muß die neue Erziehung hervorbringen nach einer ſichern und ohne Ausnahme wirkſamen Regel; ſie muß ſelber mit Nothwendigkeit erzeugen die Nothwendigkeit, die ſie beabſichtigt. Was bisher gut geworden iſt, iſt gut geworden durch ſeine natürliche Anlage, durch welche die Einwirkung der ſchlechten Umgebung überwogen wurde, keinesweges aber durch die Erziehung, denn ſonſt hätte alles durch dieſelbe hindurch gegangene gut werden müſſen; was da verdarb, verdarb eben ſo wenig durch die Erziehung, denn ſonſt hätte alles durch ſie hindurch gehende verderben müſſen, ſondern durch ſich ſelber und ſeine natürliche Anlage; die Erziehung war in dieſer Rückſicht nur nichtig, keinesweges verderblich, das eigentliche bildende Mittel war die geiſtige Natur. Aus den Händen dieſer dunkeln und nicht zu berechnenden Kraft nun ſoll hinführo die Bildung zum Menſchen unter die Botmäßigkeit einer beſonnenen Kunſt gebracht werden, die an allen, ohne Ausnahme, was ihr anvertraut wird, ihren Zweck ſicher erreiche, oder, wo ſie ihn etwa nicht erreichte, wenigſtens wiſſe, daß ſie ihn nicht erreicht hat, und daß ſomit die Erziehung noch nicht geſchloſſen iſt. Eine ſichere und beſonnene Kunſt, einen feſten und unfehlbaren guten Willen im Menſchen zu bilden, ſoll alſo die von mir vorgeſchlagene Erziehung ſein, und dies iſt ihr erſtes Merkmal.

Weiter — der Menſch kann nur dasjenige wollen, was er liebt; ſeine Liebe iſt der einzige, zugleich auch der unfehlbare Antrieb ſeines Wollens, und aller ſeiner Lebensregung und Bewegung. Die bisherige Staatskunſt, als ſelbſt Erziehung des geſellſchaftlichen Menſchen, ſetzte als ſichere und ohne Ausnahme geltende Regel voraus, daß jedermann ſein eigenes ſinnliches Wohlſein liebe und wolle, und ſie knüpfte an dieſe natürliche Liebe durch Furcht und Hoffnung künſtlich den guten Willen, den ſie wollte, das Intereſſe für das gemeine Weſen. Abgerechnet, daß bei dieſer Erziehungsweiſe der äußerlich zum unſchädlichen oder brauchbaren Bürger gewordene dennoch innerlich ein ſchlechter Menſch bleibt, denn darin eben beſteht die Schlechtigkeit, daß man nur ſein ſinnliches Wohlſein liebe, und nur durch Furcht oder Hoffnung für dieſes, ſei es nun im gegenwärtigen oder in einem künftigen Leben, bewegt werden könne; — dieſes abgerechnet, haben wir ſchon oben erſehen, daß dieſe Maaßregel für uns nicht mehr anwendbar iſt, indem Furcht und Hoffnung nicht mehr für uns, ſondern gegen uns dienen, und die ſinnliche Selbſtliebe auf keine Weiſe in unſern Vortheil gezogen werden kann. Wir ſind daher ſogar durch die Noth gedrungen, innerlich und im Grunde gute Menſchen bilden zu wollen, indem nur in ſolchen die deutſche Nation noch fortdauern kann, durch ſchlechte aber nothwendig mit dem Auslande zuſammenfließt. Wir müſſen darum an die Stelle jener Selbſtliebe, an welche nichts gutes für uns ſich länger knüpfen läßt, eine andere Liebe, die unmittelbar auf das Gute, ſchlechtweg als ſolches, und um ſein ſelbſt willen gehe, in den Gemüthern aller, die wir zu unſrer Nation rechnen wollen, ſetzen und begründen.

Die Liebe für das Gute ſchlechtweg als ſolches, und nicht etwa um ſeiner Nützlichkeit willen für uns ſelber, trägt, wie wir ſchon erſehen haben, die Geſtalt des Wohlgefallens an demſelben: eines ſo innigen Wohlgefallens, daß man dadurch getrieben werde, es in ſeinem Leben darzuſtellen. Dieſes innige Wohlgefallen alſo wäre es, was die neue Erziehung als feſtes und unwandelbares Sein ihres Zöglings hervorbringen müßte; worauf denn dieſes Wohlgefallen durch ſich ſelbſt den unwandelbar guten Willen deſſelben Zöglings als nothwendig begründen würde.

Dagegen ging der bisherige Unterricht in der Regel nur auf die ſtehenden Beſchaffenheiten der Dinge, wie ſie eben, ohne daß man dafür einen Grund angeben könne, ſeien, und geglaubt und gemerkt werden müßten; alſo auf ein blos leidendes Auffaſſen durch das lediglich im Dienſte der Dinge ſtehende Vermögen des Gedächtniſſes, wodurch es überhaupt gar nicht zur Ahnung des Geiſtes, als eines ſelbſtſtändigen und uranfänglichen Princips der Dinge ſelber, kommen konnte. Es vermeine die neuere Pädagogik ja nicht durch die Berufung auf ihren oft bezeugten Abſcheu gegen mechaniſches Auswendiglernen, und auf ihre bekannten Meiſterſtücke in ſokratiſcher Manier, gegen dieſen Vorwurf ſich zu decken; denn hierauf hat ſie ſchon längſt anderwärts den gründlichen Beſcheid erhalten, daß dieſe ſokratiſchen Räſonnements gleichfalls nur mechaniſch auswendig gelernt werden, und daß dies ein um ſo gefährlicheres Auswendiglernen iſt, da es dem Zöglinge, der nicht denkt, dennoch den Schein giebt, daß er denken könne; daß dies bei dem Stoffe, den ſie zur Entwickelung des Selbſtdenkens anwenden wollte, nicht anders erfolgen konnte, und daß man für dieſen Zweck mit einem ganz andern Stoffe anheben müſſe. Aus dieſer Beſchaffenheit des bisherigen Unterrichts erhellet, theils warum in der Regel der Zögling bisher ungern, und darum langſam und ſpärlich lernte, und in Ermangelung des Reizes aus dem Lernen ſelber fremdartige Antriebe untergelegt werden mußten, theils geht daraus hervor der Grund von bisherigen Ausnahmen von der Regel. Das Gedächtniß, wenn es allein, und ohne irgend einem andern geiſtigen Zwecke dienen zu ſollen, in Anſpruch genommen wird, iſt vielmehr ein Leiden des Gemüths, als eine Thätigkeit deſſelben, und es läßt ſich einſehen, daß der Zögling dieſes Leiden höchſt ungern übernehmen werde. Auch iſt die Bekanntſchaft mit ganz fremden, und nicht das mindeſte Intereſſe für ihn habenden Dingen, und mit ihren Eigenſchaften, ein ſchlechter Erſatz für jenes ihm zugefügte Leiden; deswegen mußte ſeine Abneigung durch die Vertröſtung auf die künftige Nützlichkeit dieſer Erkenntniſſe, und daß man nur vermittelſt ihrer Brod und Ehre finden könne, und ſogar durch unmittelbar gegenwärtige Strafe und Belohnung überwunden werden; — daß ſomit die Erkenntniß gleich von vorn herein als Dienerin des ſinnlichen Wohlſeins aufgeſtellt wurde, und dieſe Erziehung, welche in Abſicht ihres Inhalts oben als bloß unkräftig für Entwicklung einer ſittlichen Denkart aufgeſtellt wurde, um nur an den Zögling zu gelangen, das moraliſche Verderben deſſelben ſogar pflanzen und entwickeln, und ihr Intereſſe an das Intereſſe dieſes Verderbens anknüpfen mußte. Man wird ferner finden, daß das natürliche Talent, welches als Ausnahme von der Regel in der Schule dieſer bisherigen Erziehung gern lernte, und deswegen gut, und durch dieſe in ihm waltende höhere Liebe das moraliſche Verderben der Umgebung überwand und ſeinen Sinn rein erhielt, durch ſeinen natürlichen Hang, jenen Gegenſtänden ein praktiſches Intereſſe abgewann, und daß es, von ſeinem glücklichen Inſtinkte geleitet, vielmehr darauf ausging, dergleichen Erkenntniſſe ſelbſt hervorzubringen, denn darauf, ſie bloß aufzufaſſen; ſodann, daß in Abſicht der Lehrgegenſtände, mit denen, als Ausnahme von der Regel, es dieſer Erziehung noch am allgemeinſten und glücklichſten gelang, dieſes insgeſammt ſolche ſind, die ſie thätig ausüben ließ, ſo wie z. B. diejenige gelehrte Sprache, in der bis auf's Schreiben und Reden derſelben ausgegangen wurde, beinahe allgemein ziemlich gut, dagegen diejenige andere, in der die Schreibe- u. Redeübungen vernachläſſigt wurden, in der Regel ſehr ſchlecht und oberflächlich gelernt und in reiferen Jahren vergeſſen wurden. Daß daher auch aus der bisherigen Erfahrung hervorgeht, daß es allein die Entwickelung der geiſtigen Thätigkeit durch den Unterricht ſei, die da Luſt an der Erkenntniß, rein als ſolcher, hervorbringe, und ſo auch das Gemüth der ſittlichen Bildung offen erhalte, dagegen das bloß leidende Empfangen eben ſo die Erkenntniß lähme und tödte, wie es ihr Bedürfniß ſei, den ſittlichen Sinn in Grund und Boden hinein zu verderben.

Um wieder zurückzukehren zum Zöglinge der neuen Erziehung: es iſt klar, daß derſelbe, von ſeiner Liebe getrieben, viel, und da er alles in ſeinem Zuſammenhange faßt, und das gefaßte unmittelbar durch ein Thun übt, dieſes viele richtig und unvergeßlich lernen werde. Doch iſt dieſes nur Nebenſache. Bedeutender iſt, daß durch dieſe Liebe ſein Selbſt erhoben und in eine ganz neue Ordnung der Dinge, in welche bisher nur wenige von Gott begünſtigte von ungefähr kamen, bedächtig und nach einer Regel eingeführt wird. Ihn treibt eine Liebe, die durchaus nicht auf irgend einen ſinnlichen Genuß ausgeht, indem dieſer, als Antrieb, für ihn gänzlich ſchweigt, ſondern auf geiſtige Thätigkeit, um der Thätigkeit willen, und auf das Geſetz derſelben, um des Geſetzes willen. Ob nun zwar nicht dieſe geiſtige Thätigkeit überhaupt es iſt, auf welche die Sittlichkeit geht, ſondern dazu noch eine beſondere Richtung jener Thätigkeit kommen muß, ſo iſt dennoch jene Liebe die allgemeine Beſchaffenheit und Form des ſittlichen Willens, und ſo iſt denn dieſe Weiſe der geiſtigen Bildung die unmittelbare Vorbereitung zu der ſittlichen; die Wurzel der Unſittlichkeit aber rottet ſie, indem ſie den ſinnlichen Genuß durchaus niemals Antrieb werden läßt, gänzlich aus. Bisher war dieſer Antrieb der erſte, der da angeregt und ausgebildet wurde, weil man außerdem den Zögling gar nicht bearbeiten und einigen Einfluß auf denſelben gewinnen zu können glaubte; ſollte hinterher der ſittliche Antrieb entwickelt werden, ſo kam derſelbe zu ſpät und fand das Herz ſchon eingenommen und angefüllt von einer andern Liebe. Durch die neue Erziehung ſoll umgekehrt die Bildung zum reinen Wollen das erſte werden, damit, wenn ſpäterhin doch die Selbſtſucht innerlich erwachen oder von außen angeregt werden ſollte, dieſe zu ſpät komme, und in dem ſchon von etwas anderem eingenommenen Gemüthe keinen Platz für ſich finde.

Weſentlich iſt ſchon für dieſen erſten, ſo wie für den demnächſt anzugebenden zweiten Zweck, daß der Zögling von Anbeginn an ununterbrochen, und ganz unter dem Einfluſſe dieſer Erziehung ſtehe, und daß er von dem Gemeinen gänzlich abgeſondert und vor aller Berührung damit verwahrt werde. Daß man um ſeiner Erhaltung und ſeines Wohlſeins willen im Leben ſich regen und bewegen könne, muß er gar nicht hören, und eben ſo wenig, daß man um deswillen lerne, oder daß das Lernen dazu etwas helfen könne. Es folgt daraus, daß die geiſtige Entwickelung in der oben angegebenen Weiſe, die einzige ſein müſſe, die an ihn gebracht werde, und daß er mit derſelben ohne Unterlaß beſchäftigt werden müſſe, daß aber keineswegs dieſe Weiſe des Unterrichts mit demjenigen, der des entgegengeſetzten ſinnlichen Antriebs bedarf, abwechſeln dürfe.

Ob nun aber wohl dieſe geiſtige Entwickelung die Selbſtſucht nicht zum Leben kommen läßt, und die Form eines ſittlichen Willens giebt, ſo iſt dies doch darum noch nicht der ſittliche Wille ſelbſt; und falls die von uns vorgeſchlagene neue Erziehung nicht weiter ginge, ſo würde ſie höchſtens treffliche Bearbeiter der Wiſſenſchaften erziehen, deren es auch bisher gegeben hat, und deren es nur wenige bedarf, und die für unſern eigentlichen menſchlichen und nationalen Zweck nicht mehr vermögen würden, als dergleichen Männer auch bisher vermocht haben: ermahnen, und wieder ermahnen, und ſich anſtaunen und nach Gelegenheit ſchmähen zu laſſen. Aber es iſt klar, und iſt auch ſchon oben geſagt, daß dieſe freie Thätigkeit des Geiſtes in der Abſicht entwickelt werden, damit der Zögling mit derſelben frei das Bild einer ſittlichen Ordnung des wirklich vorhandenen Lebens entwürfe, dieſes Bild mit der in ihm gleichfalls ſchon entwickelten Liebe faſſe, und durch dieſe Liebe getrieben werde, daſſelbe in und durch ſein Leben wirklich darzuſtellen. Es fragt ſich, wie die neue Erziehung ſich den Beweis führen könne, daß ſie dieſen ihren eigentlichen und letzten Zweck an ihrem Zöglinge erreicht habe?

Zuvörderſt iſt klar, daß die ſchon früher an andern Gegenſtänden geübte geiſtige Thätigkeit des Zöglings angeregt werden müſſe, ein Bild von der geſellſchaftlichen Ordnung der Menſchen, ſo wie dieſelbe nach dem Vernunftgeſetze ſchlechthin ſein ſoll, zu entwerfen. Ob dieſes, vom Zöglinge entworfene Bild richtig ſei, iſt von einer Erziehung, die nur ſelbſt im Beſitze dieſes richtigen Bildes ſich befindet, am leichteſten zu beurtheilen; ob daſſelbe durch die eigene Selbſtthätigkeit des Zöglings entworfen, keineswegs aber nur leidend aufgefaßt, und der Schule gläubig nachgeſagt werde, ferner ob es zur gehörigen Klarheit und Lebhaftigkeit geſteigert iſt, wird die Erziehung auf dieſelbe Weiſe beurtheilen können, wie ſie früher in derſelben Rückſicht der andern Gegenſtände ein treffendes Urtheil gefällt hat. Alles dies iſt noch Sache der bloßen Erkenntniß, und verbleibt auf dem in dieſer Erziehung ſehr zugänglichen Gebiete dieſer. Eine ganz andere aber und höhere Frage iſt die, ob der Zögling auch von brennender Liebe für eine ſolche Ordnung der Dinge ergriffen ſei, daß es ihm, der Leitung der Erziehung entlaſſen, und ſelbſtſtändig hingeſtellt, ſchlechterdings unmöglich ſein werde, dieſe Ordnung nicht zu wollen und nicht aus allen ſeinen Kräften für die Beförderung derſelben zu arbeiten; über welche Frage ohne Zweifel nicht Worte, und in Worten angeſtellte Prüfungen, ſondern allein der Anblick von Thaten entſcheiden können.

Ich löſe die durch dieſe letzte Betrachtung uns geſtellte Aufgabe alſo: Ohne Zweifel werden doch die Zöglinge dieſer neuen Erziehung, obwohl abgeſondert von der ſchon erwachſenen Gemeinheit, dennoch untereinander ſelbſt in Gemeinſchaft leben, und ſo ein abgeſondertes und für ſich ſelbſt beſtehendes Gemeinweſen bilden, das ſeine genau beſtimmte, in der Natur der Dinge gegründete, und von der Vernunft durchaus geforderte Verfaſſung habe. Das allererſte Bild einer geſelligen Ordnung, zu deſſen Entwerfung der Geiſt des Zöglings angeregt werde, ſei das der Gemeine, in der er ſelber lebt, alſo, daß er innerlich gezwungen ſei, dieſe Ordnung Punkt für Punkt gerade alſo ſich zu bilden, wie ſie wirklich vorgezeichnet iſt, und daß er dieſelbe in allen ihren Theilen, als durchaus nothwendig aus ihren Gründen verſtehe. Dies iſt nun abermals bloßes Werk der Erkenntniß. In dieſer geſellſchaftlichen Ordnung muß nun im wirklichen Leben jeder Einzelne um des Ganzen willen immerfort gar vieles unterlaſſen, was er, wenn er ſich allein befände, unbedenklich thun könnte; und es wird zweckmäßig ſein, daß in der Geſetzgebung und in dem darauf zu bauenden Unterrichte über die Verfaſſung, jedem Einzelnen alle die übrigen mit einer zum Ideal geſteigerten Ordnungsliebe vorgeſtellt werden, welche alle vielleicht kein einziger wirklich hat, die aber alle haben ſollten; und daß ſomit dieſe Geſetzgebung einen hohen Grad von Strenge erhalte, und der Unterlaſſungen gar viele auflege. Dieſe, als etwas, das ſchlechthin ſein muß, und auf welchem das Beſtehen der Geſellſchaft beruht, ſind auf den Nothfall ſogar durch Furcht vor gegenwärtiger Strafe zu erzwingen; und muß dieſes Strafgeſetz ſchlechthin ohne Schonung oder Ausnahme vollzogen werden. Der Sittlichkeit des Zöglings geſchieht durch dieſe Anwendung der Furcht, als eines Triebes, gar kein Eintrag, indem hier ja nicht zum Thun des Guten, ſondern nur zu Unterlaſſung des in dieſer Verfaſſung Böſen getrieben werden ſoll; übrigens muß im Unterrichte über die Verfaſſung vollkommen verſtändlich gemacht werden, daß der, welcher der Vorſtellung von der Strafe, oder wohl gar der Auffriſchung dieſer Vorſtellung durch die Erleidung der Strafe ſelbſt noch bedürfe, auf einer ſehr niedrigen Stufe der Bildung ſtehe. Jedennoch iſt bei allem dieſen klar, daß, da man niemals wiſſen kann, ob, da wo gehorcht wird, aus Liebe zur Ordnung, oder aus Furcht vor der Strafe gehorcht werde, in dieſem Umkreiſe der Zögling ſeinen guten Willen nicht äußerlich darthun, noch die Erziehung ihn ermeſſen könne.

Dagegen iſt der Umkreis, wo ein ſolches Ermeſſen möglich iſt, der folgende. Die Verfaſſung muß nämlich ferner alſo eingerichtet ſein, daß der Einzelne für das Ganze, nicht bloß unterlaſſen müſſe, ſondern daß er für daſſelbe auch thun und handelnd leiſten könne. Außer der geiſtigen Entwicklung im Lernen finden in dieſem Gemeinweſen der Zöglinge auch noch körperliche Uebungen, und die mechaniſchen, aber hier zum Ideale veredelten Arbeiten des Ackerbaues, und die von mancherlei Handwerken Statt. Es ſei Grundregel der Verfaſſung, daß jedem, der in irgend einem dieſer Zweige ſich hervorthut, zugemuthet werde, die andern darin unterrichten zu helfen, und mancherlei Aufſichten und Verantwortlichkeiten zu übernehmen; jedem, der irgend eine Verbeſſerung findet, oder die von einem Lehrer vorgeſchlagene zuerſt und am klarſten begreift, dieſelbe mit eigner Mühe auszuführen, ohne daß er doch darum von ſeinen ebenfalls ſich verſtehenden perſönlichen Aufgaben des Lernens und Arbeitens losgeſprochen ſei: daß jeder dieſe Zumuthung freiwillig erfülle, und nicht aus Zwang, indem es dem Nichtwollenden auch frei ſteht, ſie abzulehnen; daß er dafür keine Belohnung zu erwarten habe, indem in dieſer Verfaſſung alle in Beziehung auf Arbeit und Genuß ganz gleich gehalten ſind, nicht einmal Lob, indem es die herrſchende Denkart in der Gemeine iſt, daß daran jeder eben nur ſeine Schuldigkeit thue, ſondern daß er allein genieße die Freude an ſeinem Thun und Wirken für das Ganze, und an dem Gelingen deſſelben, falls ihm dieſes zu Theil wird. In dieſer Verfaſſung wird ſonach aus erworbener größerer Geſchicklichkeit, und aus der darauf verwendeten Mühe nur neue Mühe und Arbeit folgen, und gerade der Tüchtigere wird oft wachen müſſen, wenn andere ſchlafen, und nachdenken müſſen, wenn andere ſpielen.

Die Zöglinge, welche, ohnerachtet ihnen dieſes alles vollkommen klar und verſtändlich iſt, dennoch fortgehend, und alſo, daß man mit Sicherheit auf ſie rechnen könne, jene erſte Mühe, und die aus ihr folgenden weiteren Mühen freudig übernehmen, und in dem Gefühle ihrer Kraft und Thätigkeit ſtark bleiben und ſtärker werden, — dieſe kann die Erziehung ruhig entlaſſen in die Welt; an ihnen hat ſie ihren Zweck erreicht; in ihnen iſt die Liebe angezündet, und brennt bis in die Wurzel ihrer lebendigen Regung hinein, und ſie wird von nun an weiter alles ohne Ausnahme ergreifen, was an dieſe lebendige Regung gelangen wird; und ſie werden in dem größeren Gemeinweſen, in das ſie von nun an eintreten, niemals etwas anderes zu ſein vermögen, denn dasjenige, was ſie in dem kleinen Gemeinweſen, das ſie jetzo verlaſſen, unverrückt und unwandelbar waren.

Auf dieſe Weiſe iſt der Zögling vollendet für die nächſten und ohne Ausnahme eintretenden Anforderungen der Welt an ihn, und es iſt geſchehen, was die Erziehung im Namen dieſer Welt von ihm verlangt. Noch aber iſt er nicht in ſich und für ſich ſelber vollendet, und es iſt noch nicht geſchehen, was er ſelbſt von der Erziehung fordern kann. So wie auch dieſe Forderung erfüllt wird, wird er zugleich tüchtig, den Anforderungen, die eine höhere Welt im Namen der gegenwärtigen in beſondern Fällen an ihn machen dürfte, zu genügen.

Dritte Rede.

Tiefere Erfaſſung der Urſprünglichkeit und Deutſchheit eines Volkes.

Das war im ganzen das Verhältniß des Urvolks der neuen Welt zum Fortgange der Bildung dieſer Welt, daß das erſtere durch unvollſtändige und auf der Oberfläche verbleibende Beſtrebungen des Auslandes erſt angeregt werde zu tiefern aus ſeiner eignen Mitte heraus zu entwickelnden Schöpfungen. Da von der Anregung bis zur Schöpfung es ohne Zweifel einige Zeit dauert, ſo iſt klar, daß ein ſolches Verhältniß Zeiträume herbei führen werde, in welchen das Urvolk faſt ganz mit dem Auslande verfließen, und demſelben gleich erſcheinen müſſe, weil es nämlich gerade im Zuſtande des bloßen Angeregtſeins ſich befindet, und die dadurch beabſichtigte Schöpfung noch nicht zum Durchbruche gekommen iſt. In einem ſolchen Zeitraume befindet ſich nun gerade jetzt Deutſchland in Abſicht der großen Mehrzahl ſeiner gebildeten Bewohner, und daher rühren die durch das ganze innere Weſen und Leben dieſer Mehrzahl verbreiteten Erſcheinungen der Ausländerei. Die Philoſophie, als freie, von allen Feſſeln des Glaubens an fremdes Anſehen erledigtes Denken, iſt es, wodurch vormals das Ausland ſein Wiſſen anregte, haben wir in der vorigen Rede erſehen. Wie es nun von dieſer Anregung aus nicht zur neuen Schöpfung gekommen, welche, da ſie bloß von der großen Mehrzahl unternommen gedacht, bei derſelben wenigen der Fall ſei, da erhellt ſich theils noch jetzt, theils früher bezeichnete Philoſophie des Auslandes ſelbſt in andern und andern Formen; theils bemächtigt ſich der Geiſt derſelben auch der übrigen an die Philoſophie zunächſt gelangenden Wiſſenſchaften, und ſieht an dieſelben aus ſeinem Geſichtspunkte: endlich, da der Deutſche ſeinen Ernſt, und ſein unmittelbares Eingreifen in das Leben doch niemals ablegen kann, ſo fließt dieſe Philoſophie ein auf die öffentliche Lebensanſicht, und auf die Grundſätze und Regeln derſelben. Wir werden dies Stück für Stück darthun.

Zuvörderſt und vor allen Dingen: der Menſch bildet ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Anſicht nicht etwa mit Freiheit und Willkür, ſo oder ſo, ſondern ſie wird ihm gebildet durch ſein Leben, und iſt eigentlich die zur Anſchauung gewordene innere, und übrigens ihm unerkannte Wurzel ſeines Lebens ſelbſt. Was du ſo recht innerlich eigentlich biſt, das tritt heraus vor dein äußeres Auge, und du vermöchteſt niemals etwas anderes zu ſehen. Sollſt du anders ſehen, ſo mußt du erſt anders werden. Nun iſt das innere Weſen des Auslandes, oder der Nichturſprünglichkeit, der Glaube an irgend ein letztes, feſtes, unveränderlich Seiendes, an eine Grenze, dieſſeit welcher zwar das freie Leben ſein Spiel treibe, welche ſelbſt aber es niemals zu durchbrechen, und durch ſich flüſſig zu machen, und ſich in dieſelbe zu verfließen vermöge. Dieſe undurchdringliche Grenze tritt ihm darum irgendwo nothwendig auch vor die Augen, und es kann nicht anders denken oder glauben, außer unter Vorausſetzung einer ſolchen, wenn nicht ſein ganzes Weſen umgewandelt, und ſein Herz ihm aus dem Leibe geriſſen werden ſoll. Es glaubt nothwendig an den

Tod, als das urſprüngliche und letzte, den Grundquell aller Dinge, und mit ihnen des Lebens.

Wir haben hier nur zunächſt anzugeben, wie dieſer Grundglaube des Auslandes unter den Deutſchen dermalen ſich ausſpreche.

Er ſpricht ſich aus zuvörderſt in der eigentlichen Philoſophie. Die dermalige deutſche Philoſophie, in wiefern dieſelbe hier der Erwähnung werth iſt, will Gründlichkeit und wiſſenſchaftliche Form, ungeachtet ſie dieſelbe nicht zu erſchwingen vermag, ſie will Einheit, auch nicht ohne frühern Vorgang des Auslandes, ſie will Realität, und Weſen — nicht bloße Erſcheinung, ſondern eine in der Erſcheinung erſcheinende Grundlage dieſer Erſcheinung, und hat in allen dieſen Stücken recht, und übertrifft ſehr weit die herrſchenden Philoſophieen des dermaligen auswärtigen Auslandes, indem ſie in der Ausländerei weit gründlicher, und folgebeſtändiger iſt, denn jenes. Dieſe der bloßen Erſcheinung untergelegte Grundlage iſt ihnen nun, wie ſie ſie auch etwa noch fehlerhafter weiter beſtimmen mögen, immer ein feſtes Sein, das da iſt, was es eben iſt, und nichts weiter, in ſich gefeſſelt, und an ſein eigenes Weſen gebunden; und ſo tritt denn der Tod, und die Entfremdung von der Urſprünglichkeit, die in ihnen ſelbſt ſind, auch heraus vor ihre Augen. Weil ſie ſelbſt nicht zum Leben ſchlechtweg, aus ſich ſelber heraus, ſich aufzuſchwingen vermögen, ſondern für jeden Aufflug ſtets eines Trägers und einer Stütze bedürfen, darum kommen ſie auch mit ihrem Denken, als dem Abbilde ihres Lebens, nicht über dieſen Träger hinaus: das, was nicht Etwas iſt, iſt ihnen nothwendig Nichts, weil, zwiſchen jenem in ſich verwachſenen Sein, und dem Nichts, ihr Auge nichts weiter ſieht, da ihr Leben da nichts weiter hat. Ihr Gefühl, worauf auch allein ſie ſich berufen können, erſcheint ihnen als untrüglich; und ſo jemand dieſen Träger nicht zugibt, ſo ſind ſie weit entfernt von der Vorausſetzung, daß er mit dem Leben allein ſich begnüge, ſondern ſie glauben, daß es ihm nur an Scharfſinn fehle, den Träger, der ohne Zweifel auch ihn trage, zu bemerken, und daß er der Fähigkeit, ſich zu ihren hohen Anſichten aufzuſchwingen, ermangle. Es iſt darum vergeblich, und unmöglich, ſie zu belehren; machen müßte man ſie, und anders machen, wenn man könnte. In dieſem Theile iſt nun die dermalige deutſche Philoſophie nicht deutſch, ſondern Ausländerei.

Die wahre in ſich ſelbſt zu Ende gekommene und über die Erſcheinung hinweg wahrhaft zum Kerne derſelben durchgedrungene Philoſophie hingegen geht aus von dem Einen, reinen, göttlichen Leben, — als Leben ſchlechtweg, welches es auch in alle Ewigkeit, und darin immer Eines bleibt, nicht aber als von dieſem oder jenem Leben; und ſie ſieht, wie lediglich in der Erſcheinung dieſes Leben unendlich fort ſich ſchließe und wiederum öffne, und erſt dieſem Geſetze zufolge es zu einem Sein und zu einem Etwas überhaupt komme. Ihr entſteht das Sein, was jene ſich vorausgeben läßt. Und ſo iſt denn dieſe Philoſophie recht eigentlich nur deutſch, d. i. urſprünglich; und umgekehrt, ſo jemand nur ein wahrer Deutſcher würde, ſo würde er nicht anders denn alſo philoſophiren können.

Jenes, obwohl bei der Mehrzahl der deutſch philoſophirenden herrſchende, dennoch nicht eigentlich deutſche Denkſyſtem greift, ob es nun mit Bewußtſein als eigentliches philoſophiſches Lehrgebäude aufgeſtellt ſei, oder ob es nur unbewußt unſerm übrigen Denken zum Grunde liege, — es greift, ſage ich, ein, in die übrigen wiſſenſchaftlichen Anſichten der Zeit; wie denn dieß ein Hauptbeſtreben unſerer durch das Ausland angeregten Zeit iſt, den wiſſenſchaftlichen Stoff nicht mehr bloß, wie wohl unſere Vorfahren thaten, in das Gedächtniß zu faſſen, ſondern denſelben auch ſelbſtdenkend und philoſophirend zu bearbeiten. In Abſicht des Beſtrebens überhaupt hat die Zeit recht; wenn ſie aber wie dieß zu erwarten iſt, in der Ausführung dieſes Philoſophirens von der todtgläubigen Philoſophie des Auslandes ausgeht, wird ſie unrecht haben. Wir wollen hier nur auf die unſerm ganzen Vorhaben am nächſten liegenden Wiſſenſchaften einen Blick werfen, und die in ihnen verbreiteten ausländiſchen Begriffe und Anſichten aufſuchen.

Daß die Errichtung und Regierung der Staaten als eine freie Kunſt angeſehen werde, die ihre feſten Regeln habe, darin hat ohne Zweifel das Ausland, es ſelbſt nach dem Muſter des Alterthums, uns zum Vorgänger gedient. Worein wird nun ein ſolches Ausland, das ſchon an dem Elemente ſeines Denkens und Wollens, ſeiner Sprache, einen feſten geſchloſſenen, und todten Träger hat, und alle, die ihm hierin folgen, dieſe Staatskunſt ſetzen? Ohne Zweifel in die Kunſt, eine, gleichfalls feſte und todte Ordnung der Dinge zu finden, aus welchem Tode das lebendige Regen der Geſellſchaft hervorgehe, und alſo hervorgehe wie ſie es beabſichtigt: alles Leben der Geſellſchaft zu einem großen und künſtlichen Druck- und Räderwerke zuſammen zu fügen, in welchem jedes einzelne durch das Ganze immerfort genöthigt werde, dem Ganzen zu dienen; ein Rechenexempel zu löſen aus endlichen und benannten Größen zu einer nennbaren Summe, aus der Vorausſetzung, jeder wolle ſein Wohl, zu dem Zwecke, eben dadurch jeden wider ſeinen Dank und Willen zu zwingen, das allgemeine Wohl zu befördern. Das Ausland hat vielfältig dieſen Grundſatz ausgeſprochen, und Kunſtwerke jener geſellſchaftlichen Maſchinen-Kunſt geliefert; das Mutterland hat die Lehre angenommen, und die Anwendung derſelben zur Hervorbringung geſellſchaftlicher Maſchinen weiter bearbeitet, auch hier, wie immer, umfaſſender, tiefer, wahrer, ſeine Muſter bei weitem übertreffend. Solche Staatskünſtler wiſſen, falls es etwa mit dem bisherigen Gange der Geſellſchaft ſtockt, dieß nicht anders zu erklären, als daß etwa eines der Räder derſelben ausgelaufen ſein möge, und kennen kein anderes Heilungsmittel, denn dieß, die ſchadhaften Räder heraus zu heben, und neue einzuſetzen. Je eingewurzelter Jemand in dieſe mechaniſche Anſicht der Geſellſchaft iſt, je mehr er es verſteht, dieſen Mechanismus zu vereinfachen, indem er alle Theile der Maſchine ſo gleich als möglich macht, und alle als gleichmäßigen Stoff behandelt, für einen deſto größern Staatskünſtler gilt er mit Recht in dieſer unſerer Zeit; — denn mit den unentſchiedenen ſchwankenden, und gar keiner feſten Anſicht fähigen iſt man noch übler dran.

Dieſe Anſicht der Staatskunſt trägt durch ihre eiſerne Folgegemäßheit, und durch einen Anſchein von Erhabenheit, der auf ſie fällt, Achtung ein; auch leiſtet ſie, beſonders wo alles nach monarchiſcher, und immer reiner werdender monarchiſcher Verfaſſung drängt, bis auf einen gewiſſen Punkt gute Dienſte. Angekommen aber bei dieſem Punkte, ſpringt ihre Ohnmacht in die Augen. Ich will nämlich annehmen, daß ihr eurer Maſchine die von euch beabſichtigte Vollkommenheit durchaus verſchafft hättet, und daß in ihr jedwedes niedere Glied unausbleiblich, und unwiderſtehlich gezwungen werde, durch ein höheres, zum Zwingen gezwungenes Glied, und ſofort bis an den Gipfel; wodurch wird denn nun euer letztes Glied, von dem aller in der Maſchine vorhandene Zwang ausgeht, zu ſeinem Zwingen gezwungen? Ihr ſollt ſchlechthin allen Widerſtand, der aus der Reibung der Stoffe gegen jene letzte Triebfeder entſtehen könnte, überwunden, und ihr eine Kraft gegeben haben, gegen welche alle andere Kraft in Nichts verſchwinde, was allein ihr auch durch Mechanismus könnt, und ſollt alſo die allerkräftigſte monarchiſche Verfaſſung erſchaffen haben; wie wollt ihr denn nun dieſe Triebfeder ſelbſt in Bewegung bringen, und ſie zwingen, ohne Ausnahme das Rechte zu ſehen und zu wollen? Wie wollt ihr denn in euer zwar richtig berechnetes und gefügtes, aber ſtillſtehendes Räderwerk das ewig bewegliche einſetzen? Soll etwa, wie ihr dieß auch zuweilen in eurer Verlegenheit äußert, das ganze Werk ſelbſt zurückwirken, und ſeine erſte Triebfeder anregen? Entweder geſchieht dieß durch eine ſelbſt aus der Anregung der Triebfeder ſtammende Kraft, oder es geſchieht durch eine ſolche Kraft, die nicht aus ihr ſtammt, ſondern die in dem Ganzen ſelbſt, unabhängig von der Triebfeder, Statt findet; und ein Drittes iſt nicht möglich. Nehmet ihr das erſte an, ſo befindet ihr euch in einem alles Denken und allen Mechanismus aufhebenden Zirkel; das ganze Werk kann die Triebfeder zwingen, nur in wie fern es ſelbſt von jener gezwungen iſt, ſie zu zwingen, alſo, in wie fern die Triebfeder, nur mittelbar, ſich ſelbſt zwingt; zwingt ſie aber ſich ſelbſt nicht, welchem Mangel wir ja eben abhelfen wollten, ſo erfolgt überhaupt keine Bewegung. Nehmt ihr das zweite an, ſo bekennt ihr, daß der Urſprung aller Bewegung in eurem Werke von einer in eurer Berechnung und Anordnung gar nicht eingetretenen und durch euren Mechanismus gar nicht gebundenen Kraft ausgehe, die ohne Zweifel ohne euer Zuthun, nach ihren eignen euch unbekannten Geſetzen wirkt, wie ſie kann. In jedem der beiden Fälle müßt ihr euch als Stümper und ohnmächtige Prahler bekennen.

Dieß hat man denn auch gefühlt, und in dieſem Lehrgebäude, das, auf ſeinen Zwang rechnend, um die übrigen Bürger unbeſorgt ſein kann, wenigſtens den Fürſten, von welchem alle geſellſchaftliche Bewegung ausgeht, durch allerlei gute Lehre und Unterweiſung erziehen wollen. Aber, wie will man ſich denn verſichern, daß man auf eine der Erziehung zum Fürſten überhaupt fähige Natur treffen werde: oder, falls man auch dieſes Glück hätte, daß dieſer, den kein Menſch nöthigen kann, gefällig und geneigt ſein werde, Zucht annehmen zu wollen? Eine ſolche Anſicht der Staatskunſt iſt nun, ob ſie auf ausländiſchem oder deutſchem Boden angetroffen werde, immer Ausländerei. Es iſt jedoch hiebei zur Ehre deutſchen Gefühls und Gemüths anzumerken, daß, ſo gute Künſtler wir auch in der bloßen Lehre dieſer Zwangsberechnungen ſein mochten, wir dennoch, wenn es zur Ausübung kam, durch das dunkle Gefühl, es müſſe nicht alſo ſein, gar ſehr gehemmt wurden, und in dieſem Stücke gegen das Ausland zurückblieben. Sollten wir alſo auch genöthigt werden, die uns zugedachte Wohlthat fremder Formen und Geſetze anzunehmen, ſo wollen wir uns dabei wenigſtens nicht über die Gebühr ſchämen, als ob unſer Wiz unfähig geweſen wäre, dieſe Höhen der Geſetzgebung auch zu erſchwingen. Da, wenn wir blos die Feder in der Hand haben, wir auch hierin keiner Nation nachſtehen, ſo möchten wir für das Leben wir wohl gefühlt haben, daß auch dieß noch nicht das Rechte ſei, und ſo lieber das Alte haben ſtehen laſſen wollen, bis das Vollkommene an uns käme, anſtatt blos die alte Mode mit einer neuen eben ſo hinfälligen Mode zu vertauſchen.

Anders die ächt deutſche Staatskunſt. Auch ſie will Feſtigkeit, Sicherheit und Unabhängigkeit von der blinden und ſchwankenden Natur, und iſt hierin mit dem Auslande ganz einverſtanden. Nur will ſie nicht, wie dieſe, ein feſtes und gewiſſes Ding, als das erſte, durch welches der Geiſt, als das zweite Glied, erſt gewiß gemacht werde, ſondern ſie will gleich von vorn herein, und als das allererſte und einige Glied, einen feſten und gewiſſen Geiſt. Dieſer iſt für ſie die aus ſich ſelbſt lebende, und ewig belebende Triebfeder, die das Leben der Geſellſchaft ordnen und fortbewegen wird. Sie begreift, daß ſie dieſen Geiſt nicht durch Strafreden an die ſchon verwahrloſte Erwachſenheit, ſondern nur durch Erziehung des noch unverdorbenen Jugend-Alters hervorbringen könne: und zwar will ſie mit dieſer Erziehung ſich nicht, wie das Ausland, an die ſchroffe Spitze, den Fürſten, ſondern ſie will ſich mit derſelben an die breite Fläche, an die Nationen wenden, indem ja ohne Zweifel auch der Fürſt zu dieſer gehören wird. So wie der Staat an den Perſonen ſeiner erwachſenen Bürger die fortgeſetzte Erziehung des Menſchengeſchlechts iſt, ſo müſſe, meint dieſe Staatskunſt, der künftige Bürger ſelbſt erſt zur Empfänglichkeit jener höheren Erziehung heraufgezogen werden. Hierdurch wird nun dieſe deutſche und allerneueſte Staatskunſt wiederum die alleraltſte; denn auch dieſe bei den Griechen gründete das Bürgerthum auf die Erziehung, und bildete Bürger, wie die folgenden Zeitalter ſie nicht wieder geſehen haben. In der Form daſſelbe, in dem Gehalte mit nicht engherzigem und ausſchließendem, ſondern allgemeinem und weltbürgerlichem Geiſte, wird hinfüro der Deutſche thun.

Derſelbe Geiſt des Auslandes herrſcht bei der großen Mehrzahl der unſrigen auch in ihrer Anſicht des geſammten Lebens eines Menſchengeſchlechts, und der Geſchichte, als dem Bilde jenes Lebens. Eine Nation, die geſchloſſene und erſtorbene Grundlage ihrer Sprache hat, kann es, wie wir zu einer andern Zeit gezeigt haben, in allen Redekünſten nur bis zu einer gewiſſen von jener Grundlage verſtatteten Stufe der Ausbildung bringen, und ſie wird ein goldenes Zeitalter erleben. Ohne die größte Beſcheidenheit und Selbſtverläugnung kann eine ſolche Nation von dem ganzen Geſchlechte nicht füglich höher denken, denn ſie ſelbſt ſich kennt; ſie muß daher vorausſetzen, daß es auch für dieſes ein letztes, höchſtes, und niemals zu übertreffendes Ziel der Ausbildung geben werde. So wie das Thiergeſchlecht der Biber, oder Bienen noch jetzt alſo baut, wie es vor Jahrtauſenden gebaut hat, und in dieſem langen Zeitraume in der Kunſt keine Fortſchritte gemacht hat, eben ſo wird es nach dieſen ſich mit dem Thiergeſchlechte, Menſch genannt, in allen Zweigen ſeiner Ausbildung verhalten. Dieſe Zweige, Triebe und Fähigkeiten werden ſich erſchöpfend überſehen, ja vielleicht an ein paar Mißmaaßen ſogar dem Auge darlegen laſſen, und die höchſte Entwicklung einer jeden wird angegeben werden können. Vielleicht wird das Menſchengeſchlecht darin noch weit übler dran ſein, als das Biber- oder Bienengeſchlecht, daß das letztere, wie es zwar nichts zulernt, dennoch auch in ſeiner Kunſt nicht zurückkommt, der Menſch aber, wenn er auch einmal den Gipfel erreichte, wiederum zurückgeſchleudert wird, und nun Jahrhunderte oder Tauſende ſich anſtrengen mag, um wiederum in den Punkt hinein zu gerathen, in welchem man ihn lieber gleich hätte laſſen ſollen. Dergleichen Scheitelpunkte ſeiner Bildung und goldene Zeitalter wird, dieſen zu Folge, das Menſchengeſchlecht ohne Zweifel auch ſchon erreicht haben; dieſe in der Geſchichte aufzuſuchen, und nach ihnen alle Beſtrebungen der Menſchheit zu beurtheilen, und auf ſie zurückführen, wird ihr eifrigſtes Beſtreben ſein. Nach ihnen iſt die Geſchichte längſt fertig, und iſt ſchon mehrmals fertig geweſen; nach ihnen geſchieht nichts neues unter der Sonne, denn ſie haben unter und über der Sonne den Quell des ewigen Fortlebens ausgetilgt, und laſſen nur den immer wiederkehrenden Tod ſich wiederholen und mehrere Male ſehen.

Es iſt bekannt, daß dieſe Philoſophie der Geſchichten vom Auslande aus an uns gekommen iſt, wiewohl ſie dermalen auch in dieſem verhallet, und faſt ausſchließend deutſches Eigenthum geworden iſt. Aus dieſer tiefern Verwandtſchaft erfolgt es denn auch, daß dieſe unſere Geſchichtsphiloſophie die Beſtrebungen des Auslandes, welches, wenn es auch dieſe Anſicht der Geſchichte nicht mehr klüglich ausſpricht, [illegible] es in derſelben handelt, und abermals ein goldenes Zeitalter verfertigt, ſo durch und durch zu verſtehen, und ihnen ſogar weiſſagend den fernern Weg vorzuzeichnen, und ſo ſie aufrichtig zu bewundern vermag, wie es der deutſch denkende nicht eben alſo von ſich rühmen kann. Wie könnte er auch? Goldene Zeitalter in jeder Rückſicht ſind ihm eine Beſchränktheit der Erſtorbenheit. Das Gold möge zwar das edelſte ſein im Schooße der erſtorbenen Erde, meint er, aber des lebendigen Geiſtes Stoff ſei jenſeit der Sonne und jenſeit aller Sonnen, und ſei ihre Quelle. Ihm wickelt ſich die Geſchichte, und mit ihr das Menſchengeſchlecht, nicht ab nach dem verborgenen und wunderlichen Geſetze eines Kreistanzes, ſondern nach ihm macht der eigentliche und rechte Menſch ſie ſelbſt, nicht etwa nur wiederholend das ſchon Dageweſene, ſondern in die Zeit hinein erſchaffend das durchaus neue. Er erwartet darum niemals bloße Wiederholung, und wenn ſie doch erfolgen ſollte, Wort für Wort, wie es im alten Buche ſteht, ſo bewundert er wenigſtens nicht.

Auf ähnliche Weiſe nun verbreitet der ertödtende Geiſt des Auslandes, ohne unſer deutliches Bewußtſein, ſich über unſre übrigen wiſſenſchaftlichen Anſichten, von denen es hinreichen möge, die angeführten Beiſpiele beigebracht zu haben: und zwar erfolgt dieß deswegen alſo, weil wir gerade jetzt die vom Auslande früher erhaltenen Anregungen nach unſerer Weiſe bearbeiten, und durch einen ſolchen Mittelzuſtand hindurch gehen. Weil dieß zur Sache gehörte, habe ich dieſe Beiſpiele beigebracht; nebenbei auch noch darum, damit niemand glaube, durch Folgeſätze aus den angeführten Grundſätzen den hier geäußerten Behauptungen widerſprechen zu können. Weit entfernt, daß etwa jene Grundſätze uns unbekannt geblieben wären, oder daß wir zu der Höhe derſelben uns nicht aufzuſchwingen vermocht hätten, kennen wir ſie vielmehr recht gut, und dürften vielleicht, wenn wir überflüſſige Zeit hätten, fähig ſein, dieſelben in ihrer ganzen Folgemäßigkeit rückwärts und vorwärts zu entwickeln; wir werfen ſie nur eben gleich von vorn herein weg, und ſo auch alles, was aus ihnen folgt, deren mehreres iſt in unſerm hergebrachten Denken, als der oberflächliche Beobachter leicht glauben dürfte.

Wie in unſere wiſſenſchaftliche Anſicht, eben ſo fließt dieſer Geiſt des Auslandes auch ein in unſer gewöhnliches Leben und die Regeln deſſelben; damit aber dieſes klar, und das vorhergehende noch klärer werde, iſt es nöthig, zuvörderſt das Weſen des urſprünglichen Lebens oder der Freiheit mit tieferm Blicke zu durchdringen.

Die Freiheit im Sinne des unentſchiedenen Schwankens zwiſchen mehreren gleich möglichen genommen, iſt nicht Leben, ſondern nur Vorhof und Eingang zu wirklichem Leben. Endlich muß es doch einmal aus dieſem Schwanken heraus zum Entſchluſſe und zum Handeln kommen, und erſt jetzt beginnt das Leben.

Nun erſcheint unmittelbar und auf den erſten Blick jeder Willensentſchluß als erſtes, keinesweges als zweites, und Folge aus einem erſten, als ſeinem Grunde — als ſchlechthin durch ſich daſeiend, und ſo daſeiend, wie er es iſt; welche Bedeutung, als die einzig mögliche verſtändige des Worts Freiheit, wir feſtſetzen wollen. Aber es ſind in Abſicht auf den innern Gehalt eines ſolchen Willensentſchluſſes zwei Fälle möglich; entweder nämlich erſcheint in ihm nur die Erſcheinung abgetrennt vom Weſen und ohne daß das Weſen auf irgend eine Weiſe in ihrem Erſcheinen eintrete, oder das Weſen tritt ſelbſt erſcheinend ein in dieſe Erſcheinung eines Willensentſchluſſes: und zwar iſt gleich ſogleich mit anzumerken, daß das Weſen nur in einem Willensentſchluſſe, und durchaus in nichts anderem, zur Erſcheinung werden kann, wiewohl umgekehrt es Willensentſchlüſſe geben kann, in denen keinesweges das Weſen, ſondern nur die bloße Erſcheinung heraustritt. Wir reden zunächſt von dem letzten Falle.

Die bloße Erſcheinung, blos als ſolche, iſt durch ihre Abtrennung und durch ihren Gegenſatz mit dem Weſen, ſodann dadurch, daß ſie fähig iſt, ſelbſt auch zu erſcheinen und ſich darzuſtellen, unabänderlich beſtimmt, und ſie iſt darum nothwendig alſo, wie ſie eben iſt und ausfällt. Iſt daher, wie wir vorausſetzen, irgend ein gegebener Willensentſchluß in ſeinem Inhalte bloße Erſcheinung, ſo iſt er im Sein in der That nicht frei, erſtes und urſprüngliches, ſondern er iſt nothwendig, und ein zweites aus einem höhern erſten dem Geſetze der Erſcheinung überhaupt, alſo wie es iſt, hervorgehendes Glied. Da nun, wie auch hier mehrmals erinnert worden, das Denken des Menſchen denſelben alſo vor ihm ſelber hinſtellt, wie er wirklich iſt, und immerfort der treue Abdruck und Spiegel ſeines Innern bleibt, ſo kann ein ſolcher Willensentſchluß, obwohl er auf den erſten Blick, da er ja ein Willensentſchluß iſt, als frei erſcheint, dennoch dem fortgeſetzten und tiefern Denken keinesweges alſo erſcheinen, ſondern er muß in dieſem als nothwendig gedacht werden, wie er ja denn wirklich und in der That iſt. Für ſolche, deren Willen ſich noch in keinen höhern Kreis aufgeſchwungen hat, als in den, daß in ihnen ein Wille bloß erſcheine, iſt der Glaube an Freiheit allerdings

Wahn und Täuſchung eines flüchtigen, und auf der Oberfläche behangen bleibenden Anſchauens; im Denken allein, das ihnen allenthalben nur die Feſſeln der ſtrengen Nothwendigkeit zeigt, iſt für ſie Wahrheit.

Das erſte Grundgeſetz der Erſcheinung, ſchlechthin als ſolcher, (den Grund anzugeben unterlaſſen wir um ſo füglicher, da es anderwärts zur Genüge geſchehen iſt) iſt dieſes, daß ſie zerfalle in ein Mannigfaltiges, das in einer gewiſſen Rückſicht ein unendliches, in einer gewiſſen andern Rückſicht ein geſchloſſenes Ganzes iſt, in welchem geſchloſſenen Ganzen des Mannigfaltigen jedes einzelne beſtimmt iſt, durch alle übrige und wiederum alle übrige beſtimmt ſind durch dieſes einzelne. Falls daher in dem Willensentſchluſſe des Einzelnen nichts weiter herausbricht in der Erſcheinung, als die Erſcheinbarkeit, Darſtellbarkeit und Sichtbarkeit überhaupt, die in der That die Sichtbarkeit von Nichts iſt: ſo iſt der Inhalt eines ſolchen Willensentſchluſſes beſtimmt durch das geſchloſſene Ganze aller möglichen Willensentſchlüſſe dieſes und aller möglichen übrigen einzelnen Willen, und er enthält nichts weiter und kann nichts weiter enthalten, denn dasjenige, was nach Abziehung aller jener möglichen Willensentſchlüſſe zu wollen übrig bleibt. Es iſt darum in der That in ihm nichts ſelbſtſtändiges, urſprüngliches und eigenes, ſondern er iſt die bloße Folge, als zweites, aus dem allgemeinen Zuſammenhange der ganzen Erſcheinung in ihren einzelnen Theilen, wie er denn dafür auch ſtets von allen, die auf dieſer Stufe der Bildung ſich befanden, dabei aber gründlich dachten, erkannt worden, und dieſe ihre Erkenntniß auch mit denſelben Worten, deren wir uns ſo eben bedienten, ausgeſprochen worden iſt; alles dieſes aber darum, weil in ihnen nicht das Weſen, ſondern nur die bloße Erſcheinung eintritt in die Erſcheinung.

Wo dagegen das Weſen ſelber, unmittelbar und gleichſam in eigner Perſon, keinesweges durch einen Stellvertreter, eintritt in der Erſcheinung eines Willensentſchluſſes, da iſt zwar alles das oben erwähnte aus der Erſcheinung, als einem geſchloſſenen Ganzen erfolgende, gleichfalls vorhanden, denn die Erſcheinung erſcheint ja auch hier; aber eine ſolche Erſcheinung geht in dieſem Beſtandtheile nicht auf und iſt durch denſelben nicht erſchöpft, ſondern es findet ſich in ihr noch ein Mehreres, ein anderer, aus jenem Zuſammenhange nicht zu erklärender, ſondern nach Abzug des erklärbaren übrig bleibender Beſtandtheil. Jener erſte Beſtandtheil findet auch hier Statt, ſagte ich; jenes Mehr wird ſichtbar, und vermittelſt dieſer ſeiner Sichtbarkeit, keinesweges vermittelſt ſeines innern Weſens, tritt es unter das Geſetz und die Bedingungen der Sichtbarkeit überhaupt; aber es iſt noch mehr denn dieſes aus irgend einem Geſetze hervorgehendes und darum nothwendiges, und zweites, und es iſt in Abſicht dieſes Mehr durch ſich ſelbſt was es iſt, ein wahrhaft erſtes, urſprüngliches und freies; und da es dieſes iſt, erſcheint es auch alſo dem tiefern, und in ſich ſelber zu Ende gekommenen Denken. Das höchſte Geſetz der Sichtbarkeit iſt, wie geſagt, dieß, daß das erſcheinende ſich ſpalte in ein unendliches Mannigfaltiges. Jenes Mehr wird ſichtbar, jedesmal als Mehr, denn das nun und eben jetzt aus dem Zuſammenhange der Erſcheinung hervorgehende, und ſo in's Unendliche fort; und ſo erſcheint denn dieſes Mehr ſelber als ein unendliches. Aber es iſt ja ſonnenklar, daß es dieſe Unendlichkeit nur dadurch erhält, daß es jedesmal ſichtbar und denkbar und zu entdecken iſt, allein durch ſeinen Gegenſatz mit dem in's Unendliche fort aus dem Zuſammenhange erfolgenden, und durch ſein Mehrſein denn dieß. Abgeſehen aber von dieſem Bedürfniſſe des Denkens deſſelben iſt es ja dieſes Mehr, denn alles in's Unendliche fort ſich darſtellen mögende Unendliche, von Anbeginn in reiner Einfachheit und Unveränderlichkeit, und es wird in aller Unendlichkeit nicht Mehr, denn dieſes Mehr, noch wird es minder; und nur ſeine Erſichtlichkeit, als Mehr denn das Unendliche, — und auf andere Weiſe kann es in ſeiner höchſten Reinheit nicht ſichtbar werden, — erſchafft das Unendliche, und alles was in ihm zu erſcheinen ſcheint. Wo nun dieſes Mehr wirklich als ein ſolches erſichtliches Mehr eintritt, aber es vermag nur in einem Wollen einzutreten, da tritt das Weſen ſelbſt, das allein iſt und allein zu ſein vermag und das da iſt von ſich und durch ſich, das göttliche Weſen, ein in die Erſcheinung, und macht ſich ſelbſt unmittelbar ſichtbar; und daſelbſt iſt eben darum wahre Urſprünglichkeit und Freiheit, und ſo wird denn auch an ſie geglaubt.

Und ſo findet denn auf die allgemeine Frage, ob der Menſch frei ſei oder nicht, keine allgemeine Antwort Statt; denn eben weil der Menſch frei iſt im niedern Sinne, weil er bei unentſchiedenem Schwanken und Wanken anhebt, kann er frei ſein oder auch nicht frei, im höhern Sinne des Worts. In der Wirklichkeit iſt die Weiſe, wie jemand dieſe Frage beantwortet, der klare Spiegel ſeines wahren inwendigen Seins. Wer in der That nicht mehr iſt als ein Glied in der Kette der Erſcheinungen, der kann wohl einen Augenblick ſich frei wähnen, aber ſeinem ſtrengern Denken hält dieſer Wahn nicht Stand; wie er aber ſich ſelbſt findet, eben alſo denkt er nothwendig ſein ganzes Geſchlecht. Weſſen Leben dagegen ergriffen iſt von dem wahrhaftigen, und Leben unmittelbar aus Gott geworden iſt, der iſt frei, und glaubt an Freiheit in ſich und andern.

Wer an ein feſtes beharrliches und todtes Sein glaubt, der glaubt nur darum daran, weil er in ſich ſelbſt todt iſt; und, nachdem er einmal todt iſt, kann er nicht anders denn alſo glauben, ſobald er nur in ſich ſelbſt klar wird. Er ſelbſt und ſeine ganze Gattung von Anbeginn bis ans Ende wird ihm ein zweites, und eine nothwendige Folge aus irgend einem vorauszuſetzenden erſten Gliede. Dieſe Vorausſetzung iſt ſein wirkliches, keinesweges ein blos gedachtes Denken, ſein wahrer Sinn, der Punkt, wo ſein Denken unmittelbar ſelbſt Leben iſt; und iſt ſo die Quelle alles ſeines übrigen Denkens und Beurtheilens ſeines Geſchlechts in ſeiner Vergangenheit, der Geſchichte ſeiner Zukunft, den Erwartungen von ihm und ſeiner Gegenwart, im wirklichen Leben an ihm ſelber und andern. Wir haben dieſen Glauben an den Tod im Gegenſatze mit einem urſprünglich lebendigen Volke Ausländerei genannt. Dieſe Ausländerei wird ſonach, wenn ſie einmal unter den Deutſchen iſt, ſich auch im wirklichen Leben derſelben zeigen, als ruhige Ergebung in die nun einmal unabänderliche Nothwendigkeit ihres Seins, als Aufgeben aller Verbeſſerung unſrer ſelbſt oder anderer durch Freiheit, als Geneigtheit ſich ſelbſt, und alle ſo zu verbrauchen, wie ſie ſind und aus ihrem Sein den möglichſt größten Vortheil für uns ſelbſt zu ziehen; kurz, als das in allen Lebensregungen immerfort ſich abſpiegelnde Bekenntniß des Glaubens an die allgemeine und gleichmäßige Sündhaftigkeit aller, den ich an einem andern Orte hinlänglich geſchildert habe,*) welche Schilderung ſelbſt nachzuleſen, auch zu beurtheilen in wie fern dieſelbe auf die Gegenwart paſſe, ich Ihnen überlaſſe. Dieſe Denk- und Handelsweiſe entſteht der inwendigen Erſtorbenheit, wie oft erinnert worden, nur dadurch, daß ſie über ſich ſelbſt klar [illegible] dagegen ſie, ſo lange ſie im Dunkeln bleibt, den Glauben [illegible] Freiheit, der an ſich wahr und nur in Anwendung auf ihr dermaliges Sein Wahn iſt, beibehält. Es erhellet hier deutlich der Nachtheil der Klarheit bei innerer Schlechtigkeit. So lange Schlechtigkeit dunkel bleibt, wird ſie durch die fortdauernde Anforderung an Freiheit immerfort beunruhigt, geſtachelt und getrieben, und bietet den Verſuchen, ſie zu verbeſſern, einen Angriffspunkt dar. Die Klarheit aber vollendet ſie und rundet ſie in ſich ſelbſt ab, ſie fügt ihr die freudige Ergebung, die Ruhe eines guten Gewiſſens, das Wohlgefallen an ſich ſelber hinzu; es geſchieht ihnen, wie ſie glauben, ſie ſind von nun an in der That unverbeſſerlich, und höchſtens, um bei den Beſſeren den unbarmherzigen Abſcheu gegen das Schlechte, oder die Ergebung in den Willen Gottes rege zu erhalten, und außerdem zu keinem Dinge in der Welt nütze.

Und ſo tritt denn endlich in ſeiner vollendeten Klarheit heraus, was wir in unſrer bisherigen Schilderung unter Deutſchen verſtanden haben. Der eigentliche Unterſcheidungsgrund liegt darin, ob man an ein abſolut erſtes und urſprüngliches im Menſchen ſelber, an Freiheit, an unendliche Verbeſſerlichkeit, an ewiges Fortſchreiten unſers Geſchlechts glaube, oder ob man an alles dieſes nicht glaube, ja wohl deutlich einzuſehen, und zu begreifen vermeine, daß das Gegentheil von dieſem allen ſtatt finde. Alle, die entweder ſelbſt, ſchöpferiſch und hervorbringend das neue Leben, oder die, falls ihnen dies nicht zu Theil geworden wäre, das nichtige wenigſtens entſchieden fallen laſſen, und aufmerkend da ſtehen, ob irgendwo der Fluß urſprünglichen Lebens ſie ergreifen werde, oder die, falls ſie auch nicht ſo weit wären, die Freiheit wenigſtens ahnen, und ſie nicht haſſen, oder vor ihr erſchrecken, ſondern ſie lieben: alle dieſe ſind urſprüngliche Menſchen, ſie ſind, wenn ſie als ein Volk betrachtet werden, ein Urvolk, das Volk ſchlechtweg, Deutſche. Alle, die ſich darein ergeben, ein zweites zu ſein, und abgeſtammtes, und die deutlich ſich alſo kennen und begreifen, ſind es in der That, und werden es immer mehr durch dieſen ihren Glauben, ſie ſind ein Anhang zum Leben, das vor ihnen, oder neben ihnen, aus eigenem Triebe ſich regte, ein vom Felſen zurücktönender Nachhall einer ſchon verſtummten Stimme, ſie ſind, als Volk betrachtet, außerhalb des Urvolks, und für daſſelbe Fremde und Ausländer. In der Nation, die bis auf dieſen Tag ſich das Volk ſchlechtweg, oder Deutſche nennt, iſt in der neuen Zeit wenigſtens bis jetzt urſprüngliches, an den Tag hervorgebrochen, und Schöpferkraft des neuen hat ſich gezeigt; jetzt wird endlich dieſer Nation durch eine in ſich ſelbſt klar gewordene Philoſophie der Spiegel vorgehalten, in welchem ſie mit klarem Begriffe erkenne, was ſie bisher ohne deutliches Bewußtſein durch die Natur ward, und wozu ſie von derſelben beſtimmt iſt; und es wird ihr von derſelben der Antrag gemacht, nach dieſem klaren Begriffe, und mit beſonnener und freier Kunſt, vollendet und ganz, ſich ſelbſt zu dem zu machen, was ſie ſein ſoll, den Bund zu erneuern und ihren Kreis zu ſchließen. Der Grundſatz, nach dem ſie dieſen zu ſchließen hat, iſt ihr vorgelegt: was an Geiſtigkeit und Freiheit dieſer Geiſtigkeit glaubt, und die ewige Fortbildung dieſer Geiſtigkeit durch Freiheit will, das, wo es auch geboren ſei, und in welcher Sprache es rede, iſt unſers Geſchlechts, es gehört uns an, und es wird ſich zu uns thun. Was an Stillſtand, Rückgang und Zirkeltanz glaubt, oder gar eine todte Natur an das Ruder der Weltregierung ſetzt, dieſes, wo es auch geboren ſei, und welche Sprache es rede, iſt undeutſch, und fremd für uns, und es iſt zu wünſchen, daß es je eher je lieber ſich gänzlich von uns abtrenne.

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*) M. ſ. die Anweiſung zum ſeligen Leben 11. Vorleſung.

Filibert s. Köhler.

Filiodor s. Schwieger.

Gottfried Wilhelm Fink

ward am 7. März 1783 zu Sulza an der Ilm geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und bekleidete von 1810 bis 1816 das Amt eines reformirten Predigers zu Leipzig, das er jedoch aufgab, und dagegen die Leitung einer Erziehungsanſtalt übernahm. Seit den letzten Jahren lebte er als Privatgelehrter mit der Redaction der Leipziger muſikaliſchen Zeitung beſchäftigt, daſelbſt.

Er gab heraus:

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Predigten. Leipzig, 1815.
Volkslieder mit und ohne Clavierbegleitung. 6 Hefte. Fol. Leipzig, 1811 — 1815.
Balladen und Romanzen; 8 Hefte Lieder und Geſänge, einſtimmige und mehrſtimmige Compoſitionen verſchiedener Art ꝛc.
Erſte Wanderung der älteſten Tonkunſt. Eſſen, 1831.
Einzelne Kritiken und Aufſätze in der muſikaliſchen Zeitung u. ſ. w.
Das Jahr der Erde und der Menſch. Ein allegoriſch erzählendes Gedicht. Leipzig, 1835.
Familien-Unterhaltungen in kurzen Erzählungen. Leipzig, 1835.
Muſikaliſche Grammatik. Leipzig, 1836.

Ein beliebter Kanzelredner zeichnete ſich F. ſchon früh durch äußerſt glückliche und gefällige lyriſche Poeſieen, in welchen er beſonders den echten Volkston zu treffen wußte, und zu denen er ſelbſt geſchmackvolle und anmuthige Melodieen erfand, höchſt vortheilhaft aus. — Ebenſo hat er ſich durch ſeine gründlichen und gediegenen Forſchungen und Kritiken im Gebiete der Tonkunſt einen ſehr geachteten Namen als Theoretiker erworben.

Abendlied *).

1. An Gottes Güte will ich denken,
So lang die Augen offen ſtehn;
Nach ihr ſoll ſich mein Sinnen lenken,
Bis meine Sinne mir vergehn.
In Gott ſei uns der Tag vollbracht,
In Gott empfange mich die Nacht.

2. Dein Lieben kann ja nimmer enden,
Du willſt ja ſtets mein Vater ſein.
O laß mich nie mich muthlos wenden
Von deines Lichtes Gnadenſchein.
Er leite ſelbſt mir Muth und Sinn
Zu deiner ew'gen Liebe hin.

3. Ich ſeh' es alle Tag und Zeiten,
Wie Großes dein Erbarmen ſchafft.
Die Erde, voll von Herrlichkeiten,
Beſteht und geht in hoher Kraft,
Sie reicht uns liebend Jahr auf Jahr
Bald Blüthen und bald Früchte dar.

4. O nimmer kann ich ganz bedenken,
Was deine Gnad' an uns gethan.
So Großes willſt du hier uns ſchenken:
Was werd' ich dort von dir empfahn!
In deiner Liebe will ich ruh'n:
Herr, lehr' mich deinen Willen thun!

5. Entfloh'n iſt jeder Erdenkummer;
Ich ſinge Gottes Lob' und Macht.
Nimm ſanft mich auf, o holder Schlummer!
Ich weiß, daß Vaters Güte wacht;
Die ſchützt und ſchirmet meine Ruh,
So ſchließ' ich froh die Augen zu.

Champagner-Bacchanal *).

1. Ha, wie er ſprudelt, ihr luſtigen Zecher!
Schlürfet bacchantiſch den ſchäumenden Wein!
Leert bis zum Boden den luſtigen Becher,
Lockt auch die [illegible] Frauen herein!
Trinkt, wie die [illegible], [illegible] zu ſingen;
Laßt die Cymbeln und Flöten erklingen —
Ewig kann aber ein Bacchus nicht ſein!

2. Blüht der Genuß, welch' köſtlicher Saamen,
Ueppig umflattert von reizender Blüth,
Panther und Tiger, es ſieh'n ſie die Zahmen:
Bacchus nur lenkt ſie in feurigem Muth.
Evoe! laßt ihn gewaltig erſchallen.
Horch! — Wie die Korke mit Ziſchen entknallen!
Jagt mir im jagenden Taumel das Blut.

3. Reicht mir den Thyrſus, mit Epheu umwunden!
Seht ihr, wie [illegible] am [illegible]
[illegible]
Faßt [illegible] das [illegible].
Schämt ſich Einer zu brauſen und lauſen,
Scheut er Geſtalten, die unter uns hauſen,
Bleib' er daheim oder geh' er geſchwind.

4. Füllt mir das Spitzglas! Es brennt mir die Kehle.
Munter der Tropfen iſt nüchtern verzagt.
Nüchtern verrathen nur Sorgen die Seele;
Trunken entwickelt die ſorgende Pflicht.
Stehn wir nicht über die Regel erhaben!
[illegible]
Annehmlich, wahrlich, ſo trinke ich nicht!

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*) Gedicht von G. W. Fink.

*) Von Demſelben.

Wilhelm Fink,

als Schriftſteller unter dem Namen **Guſtav Edinhard** bekannt, ward 1770 in Köthen geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und lebte dann als Hauslehrer bei dem Berghauptmann von Veltheim zu Oſtrann, in der Nähe von Halle. Kränklichkeit zwang ihn, in ſein väterliches Haus zurückzukehren, wo er am 15. Juni 1794 in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:
Die Verſchwörung der Pazzi. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1791.
Heinrich der Löwe. Leipzig, 1791. 2 Thle.
Otto von Schwarzburg. Leipzig, 1793.
Gemälde aus dem alten Rom. Köthen, 1794.
Scenen aus Roms goldenem Zeitalter. Köthen, 1796.

Sehr glückliche Anlagen, namentlich für die erzählende Darſtellungsweiſe, waren W. F. eigenthümlich, ſo daß er bei größerer Reife Treffliches geleiſtet haben würde; leider machte der Tod zu früh ſeinen Beſtrebungen ein Ende.

Johann Fiſchart, genannt Mentzer,

über die Lebensumſtände dieſes merkwürdigen und eigenthümlichen Mannes ſind keine näheren Angaben vorhanden. Nach Einigen iſt er zu Straßburg, nach Anderen zu Mainz (woher der Zuname Mentzer [Mainzer] ſtammen ſoll) in der erſten Hälfte des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts geboren. Um 1586 war er Amtmann zu Forbach bei Saarbrück. Er ſtarb nach 1590.

Seine bekannt gewordenen Schriften ſind:
Affentheurliche Naupengeheurliche Geſchichtklitterung von Thaten und Rahten u. ſ. w. Herrn Grandgoſier, Gargantua und Pantagruel u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. (eine ſehr freie und originelle Bearbeitung von Rabelais Gargantua und Pantagruel). Getruckt zu Grenſing im Gänſeriech 1552 in 8. — Ferner 1575, 1577, 1582, 1590, 1594, 1596, 1600, 1605, 1608, 1617, 1620, 1631 in 8. — Die von Dr. Eckſtein (J. F. Sanier) beſorgte Ausgabe Hamburg 1785—87, 3 Thle. in 8. iſt eine Umarbeitung.
Aller Practik Großmutter u. ſ. w. (Nachahmung von Rabelais Prognostication Pantagrueline.) — Ohne Ort, 1573. in 8. Ferner 1593, 1598, 1607 in 8.
Das Glückhaft Schiff u. ſ. w. Aelteſte Ausgabe (nach 1576.) ohne Ort und Jahreszahl in kl. 4. — Ferner o. O. u. J. in groß 4. und Zürich 1576 in 4. Neueſte Ausgabe von K. Halling. Tübingen, 1828 in 8.
Flöhhaz, Weibertratz u. ſ. w. O. O. u. J. Ferner Straßburg 1557 in 8., 1577 in 8., 1594 8., 1610 kl. 8. — Wieder abgedruckt in Dornavii Amphitheatrum.
Bienenkorb des heiligen Römiſchen Immenſchwarms (nach dem Byenkorf der H. Roomſchen Kercke von Phil. Marnix bearbeitet) u. ſ. w. Chriſtlingen, 1579. 8. — Ferner ebendaſelbſt 1580, 1581, 1582, 1586, 1588 in 8., Chriſtlingen, o. J. 8., Leipzig, 1657. 8. — Findet ſich von allen Fiſchart's Schriften am häufigſten.
Der heilig Brotkorb der h. Römiſchen Reliquien u. ſ. w. Chriſtlingen, 1583. 8., 1584. 8. — Greifswalde, 1585. 8. Chriſtlingen, 1601. 8.
Philoſophiſch Ehezuchtbüchlein u. ſ. w. Straßburg, 1591, 8., 1597, 8., 1607, 8., 1614, 8., 1623, 8., 1683, 8.
Podagrammiſch Troſtbüchlein u. ſ. w. Straßburg, 1577, 8., 1591 o. O. 8., 1604 8.
Accurata effigies pontificum u. ſ. w. Straßburg, 1573, Fol.
De Magorum Daemonomania. (Ueberſetzung des bekannten Bodin'ſchen Werkes.) u. ſ. w. Straßburg, 1581, 8., 1586, 8., 1591, 8., Hamburg, 1698. 8.
Catalogus Catalogorum u. ſ. w. Getruckt zu Nienendorf bei Nirgendsheim im Nennerland 1590, 8. — (Nur der erſte Theil, ein zweiter erſchien nicht.)
Von S. Dominici des Predigermönchs und S. Francisci Barfüßers artlichem Leben u. ſ. w. O. O. 1571. 4.
D. Johann Fiſcharts, genannt Mentzer, Erklärung und Auslegung einer von verſchiedentlichen zahm und wilden Thieren haltenden Meß u. ſ. w. Straßburg, 1605, ein Bogen (Holzſchnitt) in Folio; eine ältere Ausgabe muß ſchon vor 1579 erſchienen ſein. Wieder abgedruckt iſt es in M. Oſeas Schadaei: Summum Argentoratensium templum, Straßburg, 1617. 4. S. 57 folg. — In demſelben Buche ſind auch Fiſchart's: Deutſcher Reimen auf das kunſtreiche Uhrwerk im Münſter, S. 39 folg. enthalten, von welchen Meuſel in ſeinem Hiſtoriſch-Literariſch-Bibliographiſchem Magazin St. 4. S. 81—85 einen Abdruck lieferte.
Der Barfüßer Secten- und Kuttenſtreit u. ſ. w., ein Gedicht von 779 Verſen. — Es iſt keine beſondere Ausgabe dieſer ſchon vor 1579 verfaßten Satyre bekannt, doch findet es ſich abgedruckt in dem Franciscaner Alkoran von Erasmus Alberus. O. O. 1614. Blatt 104.
Fürtreffliches artliches Lob deß Landluſtes u. ſ. w., abgedruckt in Siben Bücher vom Feldbau u. ſ. w. durch Melchior Sebiz, Straßburg, 1579 in Folio und hieraus wieder bei Meuſel l. c. St. 4. S. 87—96.
Eine Vorrede zu Matthias Holzwart Emblematum tyrocinia u. ſ. w. Straßburg, 1581, ſo wie ein Anhang zu demſelben Werke, betitelt: Eikones cum brevissimis descriptionibus.
Die wunderlichſt unerhörteſt Legend und Beſchreibung des vierhörnigen Jeſuitenhütleins; die erſte unbekannte Ausgabe ſchon vor 1579, ſpätere zu Lauſanich, bei Gangwolf Suchnach 1580, 8., 1591, 8., 1593, 8.
Erklärende Verſe zu Stimmer's Sacrorum Bibliorum figurae (ſchon vor 1579). — 1586, 8., 1625, 8., 1628, 8. Straßburg.

Fiſchart gefiel ſich darin, bei ſeinen Werken die verſchiedenartigſten Namen anzunehmen; ſo nannte er ſich u. A. J. F. Mentzer, Reznem, Huldrich Elloposkleros, Jeſuwalt Pickhart, J. Piccard, Joh. Friedr. Guicciard, Ulrich Mannsehr vom Treubach, Artwiſus von Fiſchmentzweiler, Huldrich Wiſchhart, Johann Friedrich Gwiſchart, Wolbeſchreiter Mausſtörer Winhold Alcofribas Wüſtblutus u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. und ſeine einzelnen Schriften führen daher bald dieſe bald jene Benennung des Verfaſſers.

Es giebt keinen deutſchen Schriftſteller, in deſſen gerechter Würdigung und Beurtheilung die Literatoren mehr übereinſtimmten, als ſie es bei Fiſchart thun. Sein unerſchöpflicher Witz, ſeine gewaltige Herrſchaft über die Sprache, ſein großes Talent der komiſchen Darſtellung und ſeine ſeltene Gewandtheit und Laune, verbunden mit dem redlichſten Eifer für Wahrheit und Recht, weiſen ihm trotz ſeiner vielen Fehler und zügelloſen Uebertreibungen einen ſehr hohen Rang unter unſeren Dichtern an. — Will man gerecht ſein, ſo muß man anerkennen, daß, wie weit wir auch vorgedrungen ſein mögen, F. in ſeiner ganzen originellen und kecken Eigenthümlichkeit immer noch einzig daſteht, und nicht ſeines Gleichen hat; noch williger aber wird man ihm alle jene gerühmten Vorzüge einräumen, wenn man bedenkt, wie hinderlich ihm eigentlich ſeine Zeit war, die obendrein den größten Theil der Schuld ſeines mitunter allerdings ausartenden Cynismus trägt. — Höchſt meiſterhaft charakteriſirt ihn der fein blickende und in unſern Tagen ſo wenig beachtete Küttner (Charaktere deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten, S. 90—95) mit folgenden Worten: Fiſchart war unſtreitig der luſtigſte Kopf ſeiner Zeit, ein Lacher von ausgelaſſener Laune, reich an drolligen Späßen und Schnaken, an doppelſinnigen Scherzen und Perſifflage, ein Meiſter im herrſchenden Tone der damaligen Nationalſatyre. Er iſt ein Schalk von Haus aus; manchmal ſpottet er mit ziemlicher Feinheit, öfter aber im ſchmutzigen cyniſchen Tone, der bei den Trinkgelagen unſerer Väter Mode war. Ueberhaupt verdient er den Namen eines ſchlauen Menſchenkenners und lebhaften Satyrikers, durch die mancherlei Züge von Thorheit und Narrheit, die er nach und nach im täglichen Leben ſammelte und in ſeinen Schriften mit großem Witze bearbeitete. Aber ſein größtes Verdienſt liegt in ſeiner Sprache. Dieſe gießt er in allerlei Formen, ſelbſt in die der roheſten Harlekinade. Deß iſt die Verdeutſchung ſeines Zeitgenoſſen Rabelais Zeuge. Freier und toller iſt wohl keiner mit dem Genius unſerer Sprache umgeſprungen, als Fiſchart, der Ueberſetzer des ſchon an und für ſich lächerlichen Franzoſen. Der deutſche Rabelais hat Ausdrücke, Zuſammenſetzungen und Wörter, die nur Fiſchart erſinnen konnte; Wörter, die der zügelloſeſte Witz ſchuf und keine Zunge ruhig nachzuſprechen vermag. Aber gerade darin liegt Ueberfluß des Genies, mehr als gemeine Laune und mehr als gemeine Sprachkenntniß. In vielen Ausdrücken herrſcht Fülle des höchſten Komiſchen und der beißendſte Scherz; viele ſind ſelbſt für unſere Zeiten in der burlesken Sprache brauchbar und dem Sinne nach unerſchöpflich reich und ſtark. An andern Orten iſt der Dichter ſpruchreich, ein Kenner und Maler der Natur in allen ihren Scenen, ein bitterer Feind der Laſter und ihres Anhangs, ein boshafter Spötter des weiblichen Geſchlechtes, der Hofſchranzen und der geiſtlichen Wölfe in Schafskleidern, ein Philoſoph, der Allem Hohn lacht, was er auf Erden ſieht. Doch leuchtet überall ein fröhlicher Geiſt und ein reines Herz hervor. Fiſchart's Laune gleicht in Vielem der des Ariſtophanes, aber der Deutſche ſpottet unſchädlicher. —

Wir theilen hier das glückhafte Schiff nach Halling's Recenſion (S. oben) nach der Ausgabe von 1600 mit.

Vergl. Halling's Einleitung zu ſeiner oben angeführten Ausgabe — des glückhaften Schiffs S. 1—102. —

Das Glückhaft Schiff zu Zürich.

Deutliche Beſchreibung der vorgenommenen vnd doch glücklich vollbrachten Schiffart etlicher Burger von Zürich, auf das vollbracht Hauptſchieſſen, gen Straßburg gethan.

Welche der löblichen Geſellſchaft einer Statt vnd gemein Zürich, auch dem mit freuden zuſehenden Straßburgiſchen [illegible], vnd der [illegible] beſchreibung der glückhafften Schifartgeſellſchaft [illegible].

Durch Ulrich Manſehr vom Treubach.

Man liſt von Xerxe, dem Perſiſchen
Des aufgangs vnd der [illegible] Perſer,
Welcher neunhundert tauſent mann
Fürt wider die Griechen an,
Das, als er het zu Meer geſtritten,
Vnd [illegible] groſſen verluſt erlitten,
Da ward er ſo ergrimmet ſehr,
Das er ließ geißlen das Meer,
Vnd warf ketten drein, es zu ſtillen
Vnd es zufeſſeln nach ſeim willen.
Aber was half jn diſer han?
Es hilf als nichts, er floh darvon.
Dergleichen hört man von Venedig,
Das ſie, zuhaben das Meer gnädig,
Järlich werffen darein ein Ring,
Das es ſie wie ein Braut umbfing.
Aber wie oft hats ſich erwiſen
Gantz feindlich mit den Vbergüſſen?
Auch wann ſie jm Gmahl wol trauten,
Was dorfftens, das ſie vil Dämm umbbauten?
Deßhalb ein andre weiß iſt gwiß,
Zuzämen die Waſſer vnd Flüß,
Das ſie geſchlacht vnd folgig werden,
Vnd die leut fertigen on beſchwerden.
Welchs iſt dieſelb? Nemlich nur die,
Welche wir han erfaren hie,
Das neulich ſie gebrauchet hat
Die jung Mannſchafft auß Zürch der Statt.
Das iſt: handtlich Arbeitſamkeit
Vnd Handthafft vnverdroſſenheit
Durch Rudern, Riemen, Stoſſen, Schalten,
Vngacht wild ſtrenghafft anhalten,
Nicht ſchewen hitz, [illegible], geſtümigkeit,
Noch der waſſer vngſtümmigkeit,
Nicht erſchrecken ab wirbeln, wällen,
Sonder ſich dapffer gegenſtellen,
Je mehr die Flüß ſaur rauſchend trutzen,
Je kräfftiger ſich wider ſtutzen;
In ſumma: durch handthafft gemüt
Vnd ſtrenge hand, die nicht ermüd;
Dann nichts iſt alſo ſchwer vnd ſcharff,
Das nicht die Arbeit vnderwarff,
Nichts mag kaum ſein ſo vngelegen,
Welchs nicht die Arbeit bring zuwegen,
Was die faulheit halt für vnmüglich,
Das überwind die Arbeit tüglich:
Die Arbeit hat die Berg durchgraben,
Vnd das Thal in die höh erhaben,
Hats Land mit Stetten wonhafft gemacht,
Vnd die Ström zwiſchen Tämm gebracht,
Hat Schiff gebawt, das Meer zuzwingen,
Das es die leut muß überbringen,
Vnd die leut über ſich muß tragen,
Vnd ſich mit Rudern laſſen ſchlagen,
Das es die Schiff ſo gehorſam muß füren,
Als die vögel der lufft thut rüren.
Derwegen, dieweil durch ſolch weiß,
Nemlich durch arbeitſamen fleiß,
Die Zürcher haben vorgeſtelten
Eiferen, die auch dergleichen helden,
Vnd han ein beſſern weg gefunden,
Wie die Flüß werden überwunden,
Vnd alſo han geſchafft ein Rum,
Der bleibt, ſo lang der Limmatſtrom
In jrem Thal laufft in Rein,
Vnd der Rein fürt im Meerfluß ein,
So wer es je ein vnwarheit,
Die Geſchicht zuverſchweigen nicht bekant,
Dieweil es je kein Fabel iſt,
Wie man vom [illegible] liſt,
Der in kurtzer zeit hat durchgangen
Die gantz welt auf [illegible] ſchwingen,
Noch ein gedicht vom [illegible] ſchreiben
Welche Vögel [illegible] machen,
Die dorfft das Schiff kein flügel nit,
Wie Perſeus [illegible], welche es ritt,
Sie darff kein fittich man entlhan,
Wie Icarus, ſo ſchmelzt die Sunn,
Sondern Handkraft vnd fleiß allein,
Das macht diß Schiff lauffen durch die [illegible],
Arbeit vnd fleiß, das ſind die flügel,
So füren vber Ström vnd hügel.
Derſelben wollet jr loſen,
Die wir gedicht in kurtz [illegible]
Vnd laßt vns darvon mit verlangen,
Wie im Sommer, newlich vergangen,
Von Zürich ein willig Burgerſchafft
Mit gutem Mut vnd Mannſchafft
Gen Straßburg auf das Schieſſen fahrt,
Da ſie all freundlich erfahrt.
Als man [illegible]
[illegible]
Zu erzeugen [illegible] freundſchafft
In jrem Nachbarſchafft, gemeinſchafft

Hin vnd wider an Stånd vnd Stett,
Vnd alle Nachbawrn, die es het,
Zu eim Hauptſchieſſen, ſchön mit luſt
Zugleich mit Bůchſen vnd Armbruſt,
Zu deren jedem war das beſt
Hundert gulden, on ſonſt den Reſt:
Da ſind von hoch vnd nider Stand
Erſchinen vil auß Statt vnd Land;
Deßhalb die Loblich [illegible] Statt
Zurich, die nach ſeim Nam ſtifften thet,
Turich, ein König der [illegible]
Vnd [illegible], dort vor allen,
Vor Chriſti geburt [illegible] jar,
(Von dem auch [illegible] genant war)
Vnd im gleich die Statt [illegible]
Bei dem [illegible], heut genant Straßburg,
Welche berůmte [illegible]
Zu [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Als [illegible] [illegible],
Und [illegible] mit [illegible] hand,
Den Namen des [illegible] gůnt,
Außbreiten je [illegible] damit,
Wie ſie ſich dann auch Månnlich hielten
Bei Rudolph von Habſpurg, dem Helden,
Vnd andern Helden, ſo nachkamen;
Davon groß freiheit ſie bekamen;
Ja die Statt war ſo hoch geacht
Von wegen jrer Tugentmacht,
Das ſie den Eidgnoſſen hat gefallen,
Zu ſein das erſt Ort vnder allen.
Ja, diß alt berůmte Statt,
So die Limmat eingfangen hat,
Mit etlich ſchönen weiten Brucken,
Vnd iſt berůmt von vilen Stucken,
Von Policey, Religion,
Von mancher Gelerter Perſon,
Von Månlich leuten zue dem [illegible],
Vnd Streitbarn leuten zu der that,
Dieſelbig wolt auch nicht [illegible],
Die [illegible], je auffzuhalten,
Jr vralt freund vnd Nachbarleuten,
Gemeinſchafften in freuden weit,
Vnd lauter auf ein ſonder weiß,
Die ſich [illegible] zu der freudenreiß.
Dann gleich wie ſein zeit hat das leid,
Alſo, hat ſein zeit auch die freud,
Vnd wie das leid inn vnmut ſteht,
Alſo die freud auff kurtzweil geht.
Derhalben ſich ein ehrlich Gſellſchafft
Bei vier vnd fůnfftzig [illegible],
So all in [illegible] waren bekleidt
Zuzeigen jr einmůtigkeit,
Verglichen haben eines Stůcks,
Welches bedorfft wol groſſes Glůcks,
Nemlich, in eim tag thun ein fart,
Die man kaum in vier tagen fahrt,
Vnd in dem folgen den Vorfahren,
Die auch dergleichen Schiffreiß waren;
Dann wo bleibt das, dann wann die jugend
Nachſchlågt jren Vorfarn tugend?
Dann alſo grůnen die Stått hie,
Wann tugend bleibt der alten glůck;
Aber wo auß der art man ſchlågt,
Vnd tåglich newe brauch erregt,
Da kompt gewiß ein Verwerrung,
Die ſelten eim Land wol gelung.
Vnd nimmt heut die junge welt
Fůr ſchlecht der Alten thaten helt,
Von ſchlecht richtiger vmbſtånd wegen,
So ſolle doch dabei erwegen
Das ſie durch die ſchlecht Richtigkeit
Jren [illegible] macht hat gebreit,
Da man durch vnrichtigkeit,
Heut tåglich ſich verliert [illegible] leut.
Darumb vil andere gehandelt war
Die Zůrchiſch Geſellſchafft zwar,
Die auch erweiſen wolt die kraft
Der Alten bei junger Mannſchafft,
Vnd erzeigen durch ſolch Schiffart,
Das mit [illegible] noch heut das alt [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] zu ein Schiff,
Welche in eim Tag gen Straßburg lief,
[illegible] es mit aller glůck
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] Schiffart [illegible] [illegible].
Vnd die jung Mannſchafft wol anfůhrten.
Nach dem nun alles war verſehn,
Ward zu der Abfart angeſehen
Im Brachmonat der zwentzigſt tag,
Das man es mit dem Wagſtuck wag.
Kamen darauff faſt vmb zwo Vren,
Gleich gegen tag, das ſie abfuhren,
Trugen ein warmen brey ins Schiff,
In einem groſſen hafen tief,
Zu zeigen an, das wie ſie könten
Den Hirß warm [illegible] an ferrn enden,
Alſo waren ſie allzeit gwårtig,
Zu dienen jren freunden fertig.
All munter freidig, das mans mag,
Vnd grůßten da den lieben tag
Mit Trommen vnd Trommeten ſchall,
Das es gar durch den See ein hall:
O lieber Tag, O liebe Sonn,
Sprachen ſie, Nun dein Schein vns gonn!
Zeig vns dein liechte rote Brunſt,
Die vns das Liecht hat bracht!
Gib gut mit freuden vns zu teil,
Das wir vollbringen vnſer theil!
Halt der vns heut mit deinem ſchein,
Das in den Wolck hinderlich ſein,
Sond durch dein liecht den weg vns heut
Auf Straßburg, welche nach iſt ſehr weit,
Dann du auch weißt durch dis gſchicht
Wirſt berůmbt, wo man davon ſpricht!
Wolan! dein vortrab, Morgenrot,
Zeigt, das der vns will helffen Gott.
Wenn wir dein lieblich heut empfinden,
Wöllen wir dein darſtand verkůnden.
Darauff rufft jnen das volck zu:
Glůck zu! Glůck zu! mit guter ruh
Vollbringet ſolch [illegible] die reiß!
Glůck wir je den Hirs lieber heiß!
Laßt euch kein arbeit nicht verdrieſſen,
Dann je darnach gerůmt werden můſſen!
Hiemit ſo ſtieß man ab von Land,
Vnd legt an Ruder månnlich hand.
Da ging es daher inn der weg,
Als ob es in dem waſſer flog,
Die Ruder giengen auff vnd ab,
Schnell, das es ein anſehen gab,
Als ob ein frembds vngwont Geflůgel
Da auff dem Waſſer růrt die flůgel.
Die Limmat, welche der entſpringt
Vom [illegible], der See vmringt,
Vnd durch [illegible] fůr [illegible] laufft,
[illegible] in dem [illegible] erlaufft,
Aber im Zůrchſee fůrkompt wider,
Vnd ſtarck fůr Baden laufft darnider,
Die wolt ſich erſtlich etwas ſtrauſſen,
Erzeigt ſich wild mit rauſchen, brauſen,
Dan je war vngwont ſolch ſchnell ſchiffen,
Vnd het ſie gern ein weil ergriffen,
Von jnen zuerfahren bſcheidt,
Was ſolches eilen doch bedeut,
Ob jre Landſchafft Zůrich villeicht
[illegible] not iſt, das man jr ſo weicht.
Aber als ſie es hat erfaren,
Kamen ſie ſchnell auß jr in die Aren,
Die Aar beim höchſten gbůrg entſpringt,
Dem Gotthard, der in Wolcken dringt,
Vnd ſich wie ein Fiſchangel windt
Durch Brienz vnd Thunerſee geſchwind,
Vnd vmringt Bern die Landreich Statt,
Die wol ein Berenmaul zwar hatt,
[illegible]: in pflantzung maner ſehr,
Vnd ſchirmung jrer Land mit wehr.
Folgends bei Arberg ſich krůmbt eben,
Die alt Statt Solothurn zu vmbgeben,
Welche auch König Turich bawt
Das eim ſei, die Aren man noch ſchawt,
So in die Aar, ſo gen den namen
Dem Argaw, ein recht [illegible].
[illegible] Arg hat ſie [illegible]
Den Rhein mit ſchneller fertigkeit,
Da freuten ſich die Schiffgſellen,
Als ſie den Rhein ſo rauſchen hörten,
Vnd wůnſchten auff ein newes Glůck,
Das [illegible] in der [illegible] [illegible],
Vnd grůßten in da mit Trommeten:
„Nun ſein wir keiner hůlff [illegible],

O Rein, mit deinem hellen fluß
Dien du uns nun zur fürdernuß!
Laß uns genießen deiner Gunſt,
Dieweil du doch entſpringſt bey uns
Am Vogelberg bey den Luchtmannen,
Im Rheinwalderland, vom alten Rein,
Und mit dein Thal, dadurch du rinnſt,
Mit [illegible] zieren, dem ſchönſten dienſt!
Schalt die [illegible] nach begeren,
Wir wöllen dir es auch verdienen,
Weil es gen Straßburg, dein zier,
Darfür du gern lauffſt mit begird,
Weil es dein ſtrom ziert und [illegible],
Gleich wie ein [illegible] im Ring verſetzt!"
Der Rein mocht ſich kaum hören aus,
Da wund er umb das ſchiff ſich krauß,
Macht umb die Ruder ein weit Rad,
Und ſchlug mit freuden ans geſtad,
Und ließ ein rauſchend Stimm da hören,
Draus man mocht diſe wort erklären:
Friſch dran, ir lieben Eidgenoſſen!
Sprach er, friſch dran! ſeit unverdroſſen!
Alſo folgt ewern Vorfaren
Die ſolchs thaten vor hundert jaren!
Alſo muß man die [illegible] erjagen,
Wann man den Alten will nachſchlagen.
Von ewer Vorfaren wegen
Seit ir mir willkomm hie zugegen.
Ir ſucht die alt Gerechtigkeit,
Die ewer Alten han bereit,
Dieſelbig will ich euch gern gönnen,
Wie es die Alten han gewonnen.
Ich weiß, ich werd noch oftmals ſehen,
Solchs von ewern nachkommen gſchehen,
Alſo erhelt man nachbarſchaft:
Dann je der Schweizer eigenſchaft
Iſt Nachbarliche freuntlichkeit,
Und in der Not Standhaftigkeit.
Ich hab vil ehrlich leut von Schützen,
Die auf mich in Schiff [illegible] ſitzen,
Geleit gen Straßburg auf das ſchießen;
Dafür mit freuden ich thu fließen.
Aber keine hab ich geleit
Noch heut die tage mit ſolcher freud.
Nun fort! fare fort! laßt euch nichts ſchrecken,
Und thut die lenden daran ſtrecken.
Die Arbeit tragt daruon den Sig,
Und macht das man [illegible] Klug
Mit Fama, der Rümgöttin [illegible]:
Dann wie geſagt [illegible], ſi wirt ehrlich.
Mit ſolchen leuten ſoll man [illegible]
Durch die [illegible] und [illegible],
Mit ſolchen ſucht man kein [illegible]
Und fare weiter, wie fert es [illegible],
Mit ſolchen ſucht man ſich [illegible],
Das [illegible] nicht tragen:
Dann die alle [illegible]
Durch je [illegible] arbeiten.
[illegible]
[illegible] Jahre [illegible]
In die Inſel [illegible]:
Da wißt er, das er [illegible]
[illegible]
So lang war [illegible] nicht [illegible]
America, die [illegible] Welt:
Dann je [illegible]
Laßt euch nicht [illegible] in dem [illegible],
Das auf die [illegible] Sonn,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Würd keiner ewer lob nicht ſparen,
Sonder wünſchen, das [illegible] ſchiff iſt,
Wie von Zürich das Glückhaft ſchiff. —
Wolan, friſch dran! ir habt mein gleit
Umb ewer Standhaft freudigkeit.
Die Straß auf Straßburg ſer euch offen,
Ir werd erlangen was ir hoffen:
Was ir euch heut frü namen vor
Das würt den abent euch noch war.
Heut werd ir die Statt Straßburg ſehen,
So war ich ſelbs hinab werd nahen,
Heut werd ir als willkommen gaſt
Zu Straßburg noch ankommen [illegible].
Man [illegible] lauff [illegible],
Heut würt ein [illegible] noch gemeint,
Und durch dich werd ich auch gepreiſen,
Weil ich ſolch [illegible] dir hab bewiſen.
Solch ſtimm der Glückhaft [illegible] war
Und ſchwig drob ſich erſtaunet gar.
Es daucht ſie, das ſie die Stimm fül,
Als wann ein wind bläß in ein [illegible]
Darauff jagt ſie ir ein ein mut.
Gleichwie das horn und rauſchen thut
Des Jägers, wann es weit erſchallt
Den Wanden inn dem finſtern wald,
So ſie im tieffen Thal verlauffen,
Und die Berg auf und ab durchſchnauffen,
Alsdan jn erſt die [illegible] ſchaumet,
Und kummen auf die ſpür ungſaumet,
Alſo war auch dem Schiff die Stimm,
Bekam zu rudern erſt ein grimm,
Zücken ſo ſtarck die Ruder zuſam,
Als wolten [illegible] ſie zu rucken,
In gleichem zug, in gleichem ſchlag,
Der Steurman ſtund veſt an dem pflug
Und ſchnitt ſeib furchen inn den Rein.
Das das [illegible] zu oberſt ſchein.
Die Sonn bot auch jr freud damit,
Das ſie [illegible] das Schiff [illegible],
Und ſchin ſo hell inn Ruder rinnen,
Das ſie von fern wie Spiegel ſchinen.
Das geſtad ſcherzt auch mit dem Schiff,
Wann das waſſer dem land zulief,
Dann es gab einen widerthon,
Gleich wie die Ruder ſchlugen gon;
Ein Inſel die unter [illegible],
Das ſie eim [illegible] gleich [illegible].
In der Rein warff auch auf ſeine wellen,
Die tanzten, wann das ſchiff [illegible].
Inn kammen alles frewdig mut,
Die Schiffart zuvolbringen gut,
Die [illegible] Abentheur zurjagen,
Erzeigt ir herz, nicht zwagen,
[illegible] gar noch kamen
Auf Straßburg, ſo hat den Namen
[illegible] lauff und fall,
Da [illegible] Berg mit großem ſchall
Dem Rein [illegible],
Die [illegible] dadurch [illegible],
Dann je der Rein [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] —
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Wann es durchbrech den Waſſerbruch,
So find es darnach, was es ſuch.
Eh ſie diß hetten außgeredt,
Waren ſie hindurch auff der ſtett:
Da lobten ſie den reinen fluß,
Das er ſo gewaltig on verdruß
Durchtring durch ſein ſtandhafftigkeit
Der Felſen vngeſtümmigkeit.
Alſo müß allen den gelingen,
Die durch den Neid nach ehren ringen,
Alſo auch vnſerm Schif geling
Das es noch heut ſein lauff volbring!
Inn des kamen ſie für Reinfeld,
Welchs billich alle welt gemeldt,
Dieweil daſelbs der Rein fängt an
Zurinnen rein vnd ſtill dauon,
Das er ſicht wie ein eben feld,
Vnd vnbetrübt ſich lautter ſtellt,
Welchs er gleichſam zu lieb thun ſcheint
Der Statt, die ſich im längſt verfreundt,
An der dem Gſtad, Baſel genannt
Dem haupt in dem Rauracherland.
Die mit Augſt, etwan genant Raurich,
Gebawt ward von des Königs Turich
Vnderthanen, den [illegible],
Die von dem Rein mit den Rauraken,
Auff das man das Reinland erfüll,
Gegen dem Gebürg nach, vnd der Ill
Auff Illfurt, da ſie vberfürten,
Durchs dermal der Birſig nachſpürten,
Deren zu folgten, biß ſie landen,
Da Birſig vnd Birs in Rein wenden.
Da laß ſich nider der ein hauf
Vnd nanten das ort Baß Ill drauf,
Weil ſie ein Waſſer Ill da funden,
Da ſie der Ill vergeſſen kunten.
Von diſer alten Kundſchafft wegen,
Meint man, zeig ſich der Rein ſo gegen,
Eh er auff die Statt Baſel kompt,
Dieweil ſie ſein Gſtad hat vil gfromt
Weiter mit dapffrer leut verrumung
Vnd ſeines Talgelends erbawung,
Welcher kundtſchafft auch hat genoſſen
Zum glait die gſellſchafft vnverdroſſen,
Dieweil ſie der Statt vnd dem land
Mit Eidverbündnuß ward verwant.
Derhalben als ſie ſah von weite
Der Statt ſpitzen, ſich ſehr frewte,
Vnd ſprach alsbald zuſammen da:
„Ein gute ſtück wegs hand wir nun fre,
Baſel ſoll vns ſein ein gut zeichen,
Das wir noch Straßburg auch erreichen.
Diſe Statt frewt vns wol ſo ſehr
Als Orion die leut zu Meer.
Hon wir den rauchſten weg erwunden,
Der weiteſt wirt auch wol gefunden.
O Baſel, du holdſelig Statt,
Die den Rein in der mitte hatt,
Alda er nimt ein newen ſchwang
Gegen mitnacht zum Nidergang,
Du muſt gewiß ſehr freuntlich ſein,
Weil durch dich freuntlich rinnt der Rein!
Darumb nach deiner freuntlichkeit
Auff Straßburg freuntlich vns gleit!"
Hiemit ſtieſſen ſie friſche an,
Sie fuhren für die Statt hinan
Vnd ſahen vor, da ſah man ſtehn
Sehr vil volcks auff der Reinbruck ſchön,
Zuſehen diſe waghafft Gſellen,
Wie auff dem Rein ſie daher ſchnellen,
Vnd verrichten eine ſolche that,
Die in vil jaren niemandt that,
Damit ſie ſelbes ſehen künden,
Wann ſies nicht glaubten, auch verkündten,
Vnd ſahen jnen gleich an,
Wie kühne arbeit alles kan.
Als ſie das volck nun alſo ſah
Durch die Bruck faren alſo gah,
Als ob ein pfeil gehlig von dem Bogen,
Oder ein Sturmwind wer geflogen,
Da rüfft es ſich gantz freudig an:
„Den [illegible] Mut ſieh ſo feſt an,
Der jnen ſo wol geholffen hat
Der hulff in eben zu der Statt!
Ein ſolchen mut wolt Gott lan gelten,
Welche nach Rhum vnd ehren ſtreben!"
Hinwiderumb thönten ſie auch
Mit den Trommeten ſcharff vnd rauch,
Das es gab ſo ein widerhall,
Als thet ein Baum im thal ein fall,
Den vom Kluckern vnd gſchwindigkeit
Ward der thon gebrochen vnd verleit.
Das noch der kaum jre wunſch verricht,
Verlor das Schiff ſich auß dem Geſicht.
Demnach nun Baſel war fürüber,
Sah die Geſellſchafft Briſach lieber;
Aber bei Iſtein, einem Schloß,
Welches auff fels ſteht, hoch vnd bloß,
Wolt ſich erſt auch ein Strudel ſtreuben,
Vnd thet gleich wöllen da auffſtreuben;
Jedoch die Gſellſchafft es veracht
Vnd ſprach, Es het gleich ſo vil macht
Als die Schleiß, bei dem er her ſtrudelt,
Welchs zu der Wehr war gar verhudelt.
Kamen mit Strudelberg fürdringen,
Vnd möcht auch Hügel vberſpringen;
Kan vns der Wind kein zeit aufhalten
Wird vns kein Strudel nicht erfallen.
Zwangen demnach auf Newenburg,
Ein Stettlein ſo bedarf groß ſorg,
Dieweil der Rein mit ſeinem lauff
Tringt alle ſtarck vnd heftig drauff,
Vnd laßt ſein macht ſo ſtreng da ſchwimen,
Das man jm nicht gnug kan vorkomen;
Hat mit der weil auch mit ſein güſſen
Der Statt ein gut ſtuck eingeriſſen,
Welchs die Gſellſchafft thet betrawren,
Vnd baten den Rein vmb bedawren,
Das er ſein zorn wöll lan verkülen,
Vnd ſie einmal der Rut lan gülten.
Weil ſie noch reden die Wort,
Sah ſie der Rein auf Breiſach fort,
Welche Statt an eim Berg ſich helt,
Vom dem Briſgaw ward gemelt,
Vnd lag etwa mitten im Rein,
Daher es [illegible] ſein.
Als ſie dieſelbig ſahen wol,
Da gab es jnen mut vnd freude,
Die weil ſie halber weg zu Rein
Von Baſel ſolt auf Straßburg ſein.
Mit groſſer freud, die ſie empfiengen,
Die Ruder ſie fertiger giengen,
Alſo, das ſie ehe kamen hin,
Dann ſie es hetten inn dem ſinn:
Nemlich ongefer zu zwei vhren.
Welchs als die Burger erfuhren,
Lieffen ſie zu, die zu beſchawen,
Die groß [illegible] trawen,
Welches, als ſie dieſelben hatten,
Lobten ſie jhre mannlich thaten,
Das ſie ein ſolchs bennah vollbrächten,
Welchs kein vnmüglich vil gedächten.
Derhalben werd man ſie auch Preiſen
Allweil Preisgaw vom Preiß würdt heiſſen.
Nachdem nun ſie auch an dem ort
Durch die Bruck fuhren glücklich fort,
Da wanten ſie einander wider,
Das man nun ſittlich führ hernider,
Dieweil der Rein doch für ſie wer,
Vnd ſtrenger nun zu lauffen beger.
Aber je mehr der Rein fort floß,
Je mehr die Sonn je ſtraff bewiſt;
Dann als ſie mit jrn ſchnellen gaben
So heftig in die höh thät eilen,
Da kam im Mittel zu Mittag,
Auff das ſie da auffſammen mag,
Wart ſie vom eilen ſo erhitzt,
Das ſie mit heißſtral vmb je ſchmitzt
Die thet ſie dem volck auf der wart weh,
So weit auff arbeitſame leut,
Als widter, auff jene freut,
Das hilfft zu end je arbeit fromt,
Auff diſe freyen, das ſie [illegible],
Die ſich [illegible],
Das weiſen [illegible] thal gewalt,
Die ſelben [illegible],
Vnd [illegible],
Das [illegible],
[illegible],
Die [illegible] ſchmal.

Weil ſie jm ſchir vergonnen that,
Das er ſie mit jr vmb die wett,
Und macht jr nachbaurn zum lauf:
Mit jr gehn nider, wie auch auf.
Drum die manlich Ruderknechten
Achteten nichts des Schwitzens,
Ihr ehrentheilig Mannheyt
Streit mit der Sonnen vmb gegriff,
Die euſerliche brunſt vm ſich,
Die innerlich brunſt nicht verleſcht.
Je mehr erhitzt wurt jr Blut,
Je mehr entzündet wurt jr Mut,
Je mehr von jnen der Schweiß fleußt,
Je mehr Muts jn die Hend eingeußt,
Dann arbeit, mühe, Schweiß und Fleiß
Sind des Ruhms und der Tugent ſpeiß,
Das ſind die ſtaffeln und Gerüſt,
Darauf man zum lob ſteigen thut,
Mit müſſiggang und gemächlichkeit
Man keinen Namen nicht erlangt,
Die ſchimlig faulkeit und wolluſt
Bleibt vergraben inn dem Wuſt.
Aber vom arbeitſamem ſchweiß
Muß der Roſt ſchmelzen wie das Eiß,
Und wolgenamt durch Kunſt erhalten
Was das Eis in Kriſtall erkalten.
Gleich wie auch von der Sonnen gleicht,
Wie man in [illegible] oft ſicht.
Mit der weis kan ein Kunſtreich Man
Eben die, ſo die Sonn auch kan.
Wie ſolt dan ſolchen Kunſtreich Freunden,
Die in der Arbeit ſich vereinten,
Die Sonn nun etwas angewinnen,
So ſie doch jr Kunſt auch können?
Und gleich wie ſie die Erd erhitzt,
Und das Waſſer erwärmt und nützt,
Alſo ſolten dem Sonnenſtral
Geraten ſie gleich wie Kriſtall.
Und die mit, welche hinter Kriſtallen,
Machen ſie, das ſie muß gefallen,
Und halten nur der Sonnen Stich,
Zur anmanung zu ſtärken ſich:
Dann wer ſchön Wetter haben will,
Muß leiden, das er die Sonn fühl.
Derwegen als die Sonn vermerckt,
Das nur jr Mannheit wurt geſtärckt,
Und ſah allweil das Schiff fortilen,
Da ſorgt ſie, ſie müßt ſich verweilen,
Das jr vielleicht das Schiff entkäm,
Und alſo jr das lob benäm,
Derhalben, nicht halb außgerüſt,
Saumet ſie ſich nicht vor mißgemut,
Die ſich aus jrem gulden Sal,
Und rennt inn eim Lauf ab zu thal,
Als wann vom Himel ein Karfunkel
Schnell ſchöſſt inn ein tiefes Thal.
Sie grawet ſich auch ſo geſchwind,
Das ſie bei Abend jm verſchwind,
Und neigt ſich dem Schiff auf den ſeiten,
Inn zu dem Weſtland verleiten,
Wo die Sommer mehr erwindt,
Das mittlich ſie ablesen kunt,
Nämlich, da ſie leuchtet von fern,
Wie dan die ſchön zu ſehen iſt
Den Mittelthurn der hohen ſpitzen
Des Thurnes zu Straßburg, durch luft glitzen.
Die auf der fart die Sonn erzeigt,
Auf das ſie die Geſellſchaft bewegt,
Und alſo gleichſam mit jr ſchleich,
Das ſie zu ſpat nicht erreich.
Das jr der Tag vergehen kunt,
Als ſie wurt jrer nachfolgung quit
Und da die Drut gern langſam treiben,
Mit vorwurf mit dem Schiff aufhalten,
Welches mit jr, angeſtrichen wäre,
Auf dem Thurn wolt ſie von dem zeen.
Dann wöls hindel vorrichten
Weder ſie mocht gleich, als ſie begehrt.
Alſo ſie wolt herniter eilen,
Die Weil ſich ſahen zu erteilen,
Und ſich dem Schiff zu vergleichen,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Spring zu ein eitle müſſen auf
Stellen den Morgen mit jr laufe.

Sahen, wie ſie ſich nachſchicken,
Und als ſie es das Schiff erblickte
Zwang ſie doch eim zu guter nacht,
Und befahl die Geſellſchaft dem Rein,
Der ſie ſoll füren in d'Statt hinein,
Welche der Rein gar treulich thät,
Und ſich darein am geſtad
Mit gröſſerem tauſend vor mich ſtreichen,
Das ſie zu nah der Statt geleiten.
Sie kamen auch zu lob dem Rein,
Und zum zeichen, das ſie da ſein,
Die Trummen und Trommeten gehn,
Das es gab ein groß freuden gethön,
Sie dankten Gott auch ſonderlich,
Der jnen hat ſo gnädiglich
Sein Schiff zu der fart bewaren lon:
Die Waſſer, Wetter und die Sonn,
Und ſie vor aller gfahr bewart,
Auch jr krafft geben zu der fart.
Drauf hat der Rein ſein abſcheid genommen,
Auf das er bald ins Meer möcht kommen,
Und jm die frembde zeitung bringen,
Wie er ein rum wurt mit jm Ringen,
Weil man auf jm fahr auch ſo geſchwind,
Dazu on Segel und on Wind
Doch zu Straßburg an der Reinbrucken
Da hat der Rein gelobt zu laſſen
Von allem der hinein inn d'Statt
Mit eim Arm auch hinter lauffet,
Nicht allein traut, das ſie die Ill,
Daran man Elſas nennen will,
Sampt der Preuſch lief zum Haupt dem Rein:
Und alle mit der Stat vereint, —
Sonder auf das der Rein zugleich
Durch diſen Arm der Stat ſein raich,
Was jnen wurt gefället zu,
Sie auszuladen mit guter ruh,
Und durch den Arm, genant der Gieſen,
Die Schiff wie in ein Port fortſtießen,
Und die Freund, ſo ſie laden wollen,
Mögen in mittler Stat ausſtellen. — —
Zum ſelben Gieſen ſie anfuren,
Ungefär vm die Abend vren;
Weil man aber vor hat vernommen,
Das die Schiff ietz an ſollt kommen,
Auch etlich Gewett darauf waren ſchlachen,
Wo man ſie heut würt kommen ſehen:
Da ſtund vom Gießen zwar herauf
Zum Kaufhaus zu ein ſolcher hauf
Von Mann und Weibern, Jung und Alt,
Das es ſah wie am Wald ein Wald,
Welcher hauf als ers hat vernommen
Mit jren Trummeten und Trommen,
Da ſprach er: „Sehe hab die Leut,
Die mir heut fahn entgeg ſo weit,
Sie hat ſicherlich Eidgenoſſen,
Welche vollbrachten, was ſie beſchloſſen!
Wer will bericht mir können laßen,
Das Recht nicht kein zu erjagen,
Weil ſie auch vor Tagszeiten heut
Auf ein gemacht, und doch das weit,
Und gelaßt, das Nachbarn nicht allein
Auf ettlich gewinnen Meilen ſein,
Sonder tauſend, ja ſchier ein Welt,
Wan man nach die Rein rechnen will?
Sie ſind recht Nachbaurn, die wol weit,
Doch, wann ſie wöllen, nah und heut,
Und haben Nachbaurn zu ſagen,
Das ſich keim mag Leid beklagen,
Wie ſolt man nicht ein gute freund beten,
Die ſich mit nach und faſt gemahnen,
Ihr Nachbaurn gebieten will,
Was thun ſie zu ander ort!
Darum ſolt ſie uns wol willkommen,
Die uns zu lib ſolch fahrt genommen.
Welches thun wir je an all Orth,
Die uns auf Ehr auch kommen her.
Weil nun die löbl Geſellſchaft
Ein Statt Straßburg nach Eidgenoſſenſchaft
Zu Ehren bezeugeten mit zeichen,
Wie ſie helfen wol vom Ihr Ausrufen?“
[illegible]
[illegible]
Empfiengen die Geſellſchaft hoch erfreuet,
Als man jn mocht vor großer freud

Sprachen: umſonſt iſt nicht die milch,
Weil man mit danck verſichet die.
Wer wolt den nicht zu lib was thun,
Die lieblich ein empfangen man.
Haben wir anders nicht darvon,
Tragen wir doch den Rum zu lon.
Wer aber nichts vom Rum darf wagen,
An dem mag man der Ehr verzagen.
In dem faren ſie fort im Gießen,
Da ſie die Kinder willkomm hießen,
Den warfen ſie nach altem ſitt,
Welches bedeutet danck und frid,
Ir Zürchiſch Brot, genant Simmelring,
In das Geſtad, das mans empfing.
Das wolt hinauf das gantz gefallen,
Dan ſie vor Zeiten empfangen
Dreyhundert ſolcher Simmelbrot,
Welchs, wann man bei den Alten lieſt,
Deren Gewißheit und Freundlichkeit,
Darvon die Simmelbrot ſind bedeut.
Folgends, als aus dem Schiff ſie giengen,
Auch Herrn des Raths ſie da empfiengen
Von wegen einer Oberkeit,
Welche ſich jrer erfreuet hoch,
Die alte Nachbar glücklich het
Volbracht, aus Nachbarlicher trew,
Welche erfahrung ie man mehr
Dabey der jre Freundſchafft und Ehr,
Jren und jrem Schiffen geben,
Daher man jnen danck ſoll geben,
Und jnen lieb, Bitte zu erfüllen
Den Alten Nachbarlichen willen,
Wünſchend, das gleich wie die Schiffart
Glücklich volbracht war und bewart,
So glücklich bleib jederzeit
Der beiden Stett lib freundlichkeit.
Nach geendter Red führt man ſie all
Mit Trommen und Trommeten ſchall
Aufs Ammeiſters Stub zu dem Eſſen,
Da vil Volcks war zu Tiſch geſeſſen
Von Burgern und fremd Schützen zwar,
Die jezuhalb waren kommen dar.
Auch erſchienen ja da zu Ehren
Stett- und Ammeiſter und Rathsherren,
Die zwiſchen ſich zu Tiſch ſie ſatzten,
Und mit Geſpräch und Speis ergetzten,
Deßgleichen auch mit Muſicieren;
Und was ſie wuſten ja zu zieren.
Sie lieſen auch gleich bringen dar
Den Hirs, der zu Zürch kochet war,
Und lieſen den auf jeden Tiſch
Ein Platt voll tragen, warm und friſch,
Deſſen ſich mancher gewundert hat,
Wann er jn an Mund genommen that.
Hatten doch mancherley geſprech,
Das je der ferner ward die Sach,
Sagt jhrer auch von keinen Meilen,
Und weil das ſein vor allen preiſen,
Doch lobet mehrtheils ihr Red,
Die jnen den Hirs liefert heiß,
Und preiſten die jhn verſtanden,
Daß ſie ſo wol ſich g'raucht haben,
Deßgleichen auch die Eidgnoßſchaft,
Die zu dem Abend frölich ſchafft.
Man ſprach auch zu den Schiffsgeſellen,
Das ſie ſich frölich wolten ſtellen,
Dieweil man von Angeſichte
Der glauben kommen alſo weit,
Und ſie geſtellt weren an dem ort,
Da gut iſt der Hafen und Port.
Ein Schiffart ſie zu heiſſen wuren:
So freundlich ſolten ſichs erklären;
Dan man ſagt, wem das Glück wol will
Der hangt auch an ein Gottesſpil,
Und welchen das Glück am Hut laſſen,
Der kan auch anders laben machen;
Auch darum erſcheint ein das Glück
Das er auch anderer ſtuck ſchickt;
Dan gewiß iſt [illegible]
Ein Sach der vergeblichkeit.
Die iſt der Freundſchafft eigenſchafft:
Das ſtetet beweiſen, gut und ſtandhafft.
Sie ſolten mit jnen haben mut
Was heut vorgenommen hat die Statt.
Und ſollten ja zu [illegible] dem Rein

Auch trincken Wein den Reiniſchen Wein;
Sie ſolten nun die Schiffer ehren,
Gleich wie ſie heut die Ruder treiben,
Und werfen auf ein Glückszeiler,
Welche jres Glückhafftigs Namen führ.
Deßgleichen möcht man ja zu ſprechen
Nach der Freund Ehren Friede zuſetzen.
Demnach vom Freund genant iſt die freund
Gleich wie vom Feinde ſind die Feind.
Darauf die Geſellſchaft ſich ergetzt,
Als Freund, zu freundlichkeit gewiſt,
Gleich, vom wegen der Statt,
Das Herr, ſo ſie zu Straßburg hat,
Und wie ſie noch die Alten wiſſen,
Die Nachbarſchaft zu halten ſpüren.
Nach dem das Mal man war vollend
Und ſie im zu ſchifft beſament
Zum [illegible], die Herrſchaft der Statt,
Da die Geſellſchaft zu [illegible] hat.

(Donnerſtag, den 21. Junii)

Folgenden Tag führt man ſie hinaus
Auf den [illegible] und [illegible],
Zeigt jn darum den gantzen Plan,
Mit [illegible], und was drum und dran.
An allem gefiel jn der groß fleiß
Bürgerlich am künſtlichen Gebeu,
Welches den Ammeiſtern [illegible].
Nach dieſem man ins Zeughaus gieng.
Nach mittag ſie gewiſen Herren
Zeigten, was ſie wuſten begeren:
Als das hundert [illegible],
Ein Kleinot dieſer Statt voraus
Burgern und Freunden zu eim ſchutz,
Und den Feinden zu einem trutz.
Dan tröſtlich ſoll man ſein den Freunden,
Und ſchrecklich zu der not den Feinden,
Jene, das man mit Freundſchafft ewig,
Dieſe, das man Feindſchafft entrig.
Auch zeigt man jn aus ſonders [illegible]
Die [illegible] und die Artilerey,
Und als der Tag ward hingebracht,
Gieng man auf Schneiderzunfft zu nacht
Dan ſie dahin lud, das man ſieh,
Von Zürch der Burgermeiſter Bräm
Weil ſolchs wern lebnet ein
All Eidgnoßiſchen, die da ſein.

(Freitag, den 22. Junii)

Am Freitag führt man ſie darnach
Inn das Münſter, da man beſach
Das künſtlich Uhrwerck, gantz volkommen,
Dergleich man nicht vil hat vernommen,
Darob man ſpürt, wie Kunſtlichkeit
Auch werd halt dieſe Oberkeit;
Dan nichts ziert eine Statt ſo ſehr,
Als ehrlich Künſt und gute Lehr,
Damit ſie weißlich führen, laden,
Die Jugend ſein in allen Ständen.
Daher jung Leut, wol angewiſen,
Das lebendig Gemeur der Statt heiſen.
Folgends man auf den Thurn hoch ſtig
Das man das ſchön Gebeu erwig.
Da ward auf des Thurnes höchſtem plan
Zugericht ein Collation,
Und demnach den das Chor gegangen,
Da man beſach mit groß verlangen
Das Gemälde, welchs aber [illegible] lang war,
Ein herrliches Kleinot fürwar.
Nach Mittag giengen ſie gleich all
Auf die Pfaltz, Cantzley und Marſtall,
Folgends inns Spital man ſie lud,
Da ein Abendtrunck war bereit,
Auch Wein von hundert wenig Jar,
Welchen doch genant auch den [illegible].

(Sonnabend den 23. Junii)

Am Samſtag, da man [illegible],
Das die Geſellſchaft wolt auf die fart,
Da [illegible] die [illegible]
Der Freundwillichung und Ehr,
Und das ſie nach [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

(Sontag den 24. Juni)

[illegible]

[illegible]

(Montag, den 25. Juni)

[illegible]

(Dinstag, den 26. Juni)

[illegible]

(Mittwoch, den 27. Juni)

[illegible]

(Donnerstag, den 28. Juni)

[illegible]

Die vns den Rein zum Nachbarn weisen.
Auch preisen wir euch Zürcherknaben,
Die solche Nachbarn gsuchet haben,
Vnd Gott geb, daß die Nachbarschaft
So lang inn Freuntschaft pleib verhaft,
So lang die Ström zusammen fliesen,
Vnd vnder einander sich begriesen!
Gott geb euch liben Eitgenossen,
Die jrs gewagt habt vnuerdrossen,
Vnd nun glückhafft tret hie herein,
Vil Hails zu Land, gleich wie zu Rein;
Jr hit ja wol der Fanen werd,
Weil jr erjagt, was jr begert,
Vnd habt ein ehrlichs Lob geschaft
Dem Vatterland der Eitgnoschaft!
Gott woll auch ewig segnen die,
So die jn zu lib gspart kain müh
Vnd Nachbarliche Freuntlichkeit
Haben erkant mit dankbarkeit!
Gott woll die Statt Straßburg erhalten,
Die vorlengst ward gebut vom Alten,
Vnd die die jung Welt nun auch ehret,
Das jr Ehr vnd Lob ewig wäret,
Das sie, gleich wie jr Namen leit,
Ein Burg sei Ihres [illegible] allzeit,
Vnd Zürich vom Rum Thewr vnd rich,
Vnd halt bei Gott Reich ewiglich."
Solchs vnd dergleichen etlich retten,
Etlich es heimlich wünschen theten,
Bis das der Abent herein trang,
Das jder frölich heimzu gang.
  Nun es will mir auch Abend werden,
Mein Stern neigt sich nun auch zur erden,
Auch der Poeten Freunt,
Will auch nit wider kommen kount,
Mercurius, der Reiskunst helt,
Schweigt, als ob er schlafen wolt.
Derhalben will ich auch mein schreiben
Zu gstaden lasen gahn vnd pleiben,
Vnd nun zuletzt dem liben Schif,
Welchs geschwinder, dan mein Feder, lief,
Vnd der Gesellschaft, die vil mehr
Als ich kan schreiben, erlangt Ehr,
Wünschen, das sie Ruhmshalb empfangen,
Was der Held Jason thet erlangen
Sammt seinem Schiff, Argo geheisen,
Nemlich, das man sie lang mög preisen.
Dieweil sie vnderstunden mehr,
Als des Jasons Gsellschaft zu Mör,
Gedacht, das sie kein Schif nicht haten
Von Winden, die sie treiben thaten,
Noch Segeln, die sich treiben liesen,
Davon, wie ein Delphin, zu schiesen;
Sonder durch kecken Mut allein,
Vnd zwang starker Arm vnd Bein,
Indem sie, als vom Windsgewalt
Vnd als von Segeln fortgeschalt.
Auch hats nach keinem Gold gerist,
(Wie solchs das Gulden Vellus heist),
Sonder nach Rum vnd freuntschaft ehrlich,
Das war jr Gulten Wider herrlich,
Vnd haben solchs frölich erjagt,
Nit wie jene durch gwalt erkriegt.
Drum hat mehr Rum die Zürichsch freuntschaft,
Dan die Jasonisch Argisch gemeinschaft. —
So las ich andre nun beschreiben
Die Wunderfarth, die vil auftreiben,
Ich aber hab ein Glückschiff beschriben,
Welchs das Glück selber hat getriben,
Von dem man sagen würd allweil,
[illegible] von Zürich [illegible] treulich Weil.
Damit schütz Gott die Eitgnoschaft
Vnd ja die Nachbarschaft!

Wie Gargantua mit dermassen einer zuchtlehrung vnd Gebrauch durch D. Lobkandum von [illegible] ward vnterricht, daß er kein Stündlein vergebens hinricht.

Als [illegible] nun [illegible] Gargantua [illegible] vnnd [illegible] auß [illegible] seines [illegible] erkant, ward er zu rath jhn in studierung guter Künst anders anzuweisen. Aber obersah es jhm die ersten tag, in betrachtung, das die Natur die plötzliche änterungen wegen der gewaltsame, ohn vertrüßlichkeit nicht wol verstehet vnd aufhört. Derwegen solch sein vorhaben füglicher ins werck fort zu setzen, bat er ein weisen Artzet derselbigen zeit, genant Herr Theodor Eigenlob oder Küllenkut (vom geschlecht der Ehrwürdigen Kutingarten Herren Lääj, dessen der Priscianus vapulant Kautreckelvetrich wol gedenckt) darauff bedacht zu sein, den Gargantuwalt auff bessere pfad zubringen. Er Cullingius etwas klüger, doch nicht glückhaffter, als der Bawr, welcher ein heilige allgemeinhülfliche Purgatz, seinem verlohrenen Esel zu suchen einnam, vnd denselbens als er sich zuscheißeten beim [illegible] widerfand, durch die Hand erlabe: gieng gleich hin vnd schüt jm ein [illegible] dannige scharffe Purgatz von [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] zu, gab jhm die ein, vnd reinigt damit jhm alle verruckung, verschwartzung alteration vnd verkehrte disposition vnd vnnavicemlichkeit des Hirns. Wundert euch diß, es wundert mich schlägt es doch nicht. Es hat doch der Warsager Melampus (der also genant ward von dem einen schwartzen fuß: dann als jhn sein Mutter [illegible] von ein Wald hat vertragen, ward jm in der eil alles verdeckt außerhalb ein fuß, welchen die Sonn gar schwartz brannt) deßhalb Schwartzfuß hat mit der schwartzen Niesewurtz, oder Christwurtz, deß Königs Proeti vnsinnigen Töchtern wider zu recht geholffen, vnnd jm ein Tochter [illegible] damit verdienet. Hat der nicht wol gemüßt, so sagt jhm, Gott helff euch. Was sag ich vom schwartzen Mal am Fuß! Carneades der Philosophus mit den langen Nägeln, hat nimmer ein Buch anfangen zu schreiben, er hat zuvor die schwartz Christwurtz (welche die Narren Christwurtz nennen) gebraucht. Darumb haben alle Müntzer vnnd Singen vnd Künß, auch damals, als [illegible] für vnser Straßgasse das Retnat macht, die Christwurtz auff der Ingelheimer Heid all ergraben vnd zutragen müssen, also daß es die Venediger, denen mans hieuor [illegible] zugetragen, sehr geklagt, auch die Bingheimer Kraut, so deren geacht, der Herr selber gestorben. Nun mit diesem Christlamwurtz bracht Kautlob zu wegen, daß er alles das, welchs er zuvor vnter seinen alten Lehrmeistern eingesogen, vergaß, gleich wie etwan der Musickünstlich Meister Timotheus seinen Lehrjüngern thet, die zuvor von andern Musicanten vnterricht waren worden. Dann nicht weniger Müh ist, böse angenommene Unart abzugewinnen, abzuziehen vnnd zu entwehnen, als von newem zu rechter Weiß anzurichten, zu gewehnen, vnnd gute Art zu entlehnen. Derhalben solches bekommlicher auszuführen, führet er jhn zu Gefärten vnnd Gesellen zu, weise Leuth, also die er da antreffen mocht: auß welcher Beywohnung er jhnen ähnlich zu sein oder vortrefflicher zu werden, auß Eyfer angezündet, noch großmütiger ergeistert vnnd hertzhaffter ermanet, einen begirlichen Blust vnnd sehnliche Begird bekam auff andere Gestalt sein studieren anzurichten, vnnd sich auch wol begabt von angearteter scharpfsinne zu erweisen. Dann es jhm auch jetzund anfieng an die Bintriemen, wie dem Hercule, zu gelangen: Da jhm auff dem Wegscheit Fraw Tugend mit Buch vnd Rocken, vnd Fraw Wollust, mit Lauten vnnd eim Wein Kelch der Hurn [illegible] der Offenbarung bekamen, vnd jede auff jhren Weg jhn bereden wolt. Derwegen solchen Mut nicht vnder der Aschen ersticket ligen zu lassen, sonder mit dem Blaßbalg stetiger Anmanung vnd vnablässlicher Übung mehr auff zu blasen, richtet jhm Kautlob sein studium auf ein solche Weiß an, daß er nicht eine Tagstund vnnützlich verzehret, sondern all sein Zeit in Schrifftgründung vnnd ehrlichen zur Weißheit förderlichen Künsten vnd Übungen zubracht. Also ward allererst Gargantua dahin gewehnet, daß er vmb vier Uhren Morgens erwachet, vnnd weil daß er sich mit einem Helffenbeinin Strel, den gantzen Helfanten Jüncn zusammen gefügt, kämmet, vnnd mit eim [illegible] [illegible] das Haupt kratzet vnd rib, lase man jhm etwas auß heiliger Geschrifft, mit verständtlicher Pronunciation durch einen jungen Knaben, bürtig auß dem Land, da man (Komet jhr grüsset, genannt Anagnostes) darauff sonst er Gott deß andächtiger anruffen: dann was der Mund anzunemen je kommen, daran hat der Magen zu kawen. Was darf man viel Fürspilens? solche Püff oder Frühgebettlin, so gibt eins jedes anfang [illegible] [illegible] vnd [illegible] zum [illegible] dernselben behalt er sich was [illegible] Brief Formular, die Deut [illegible] jeder Compellent vnd [illegible] zusammen flickten, damit er auch wie ein [illegible] am Tisch, an D. [illegible] [illegible] oder das [illegible] [illegible] würde: aber die worden was [illegible] andern [illegible] zur [illegible] nach [illegible] [illegible], vnd weil sie [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] gieng er zur heimlichen [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] natürlichen [illegible] [illegible] zu entladen. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], vnd legt jhm die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] aus. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], vnd [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], ob er nach solcher Gestalt, wie [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] vorigen Abend gemerckt, geſchaffen: Vnnd inn was Zeichen Sonn vnd Mon denſelben Tag gang, [illegible] die Nürnbergiſchen lebendigen Kunſtuhren, vnd [illegible] Vhrwerck im Münſter zu Straßburg: Allweil man ihn [illegible], vnter deß war er angethan, geſtrelt vnnd erlabt, alſo daß wann er nun gebedt hett, was er mit dem [illegible] Pergamentbüchlin inn den Himmel geſchicket.

Hierauff recitiert vnd repetiert man die Lection deß vorigen Tags, daß er die nicht im Schulſack verligen ließ. Da recitiert ers außwendig, gab, gründet vnnd gab ihm mehr Verſtands [illegible] etlich Exempel von [illegible] Händeln vnnd [illegible], ſo er oder andere erfahren hetten: Das wäret etwan auf zwo oder drey Stunden, biß er ſich gar außgeruht, [illegible], gekeret, inn die Hände geſpeyet, die Strümpff auffgebunden, außgeburſtet, erſchüttelt vnd erlabet hett. Da kam man erſt darnach auff den rechten Boden, that jhm die [illegible] Lection auf drey Stunden. Nach Vollendung deren, giengen ſie hinauß auff [illegible], conferierten vnd vnterredeten ſich vom Innhalt der gehaltenen Lection, vnnd trugen ſich [illegible] auff das grün Bruch, oder auff die Schwetzermatten, die [illegible] Wiſen, vnnd die [illegible] Au, da ſpielten ſie deß Ballens, ſprangen der Bock, [illegible] der [illegible], deß [illegible], deß [illegible], der [illegible], deß [illegible], deß [illegible] mit gleichen Füſſen für ſich, deß Jungfrawwurffs durch die Bein, der Narr, deß Wettlauffs, deß [illegible] Thurniers, deß Barrnwinds, deß [illegible], der fünff Sprüng der [illegible], vnd anders, damit ſie eben ſo wercklich den Leib übten, als ſie zuvor das Gemüt vnd die Seel geübt hetten. Das ſtunden ſolche Spiel jhnen frey, dann ſie lieſſen davon ab, wann es jhnen gefiel: Vnd hörten gemeinlich auff, wann ſie über den gantzen Leib von Schweiß trieffen, wie ein [illegible], oder ſonſt ermüdet waren. Darauff trückneten, wiſchten vnnd rieben ſie ſich ſehr wol, zogen friſche Hembder an, newe Kleider oder alte Filtzläuß, vnd giengen damit alſo gemächlich Fuß für Fuß zu Hauß, zu ſehen, ob der Imbiß fertig were. Vnter deß ſie nun warteten, brachten ſie [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] Weiß die Zeit zu, mit Erklärung vnd Erwegung [illegible], [illegible] etlicher [illegible], Erzehlung etlicher ſchöner Sprüch, die ſie auß der Lection behalten hatten. Welchs ſie nit lang trieben, da hieng ſie der Hungerlit von Darmſtatt vnd Göllingen an zu reiten: ſatzten ſich derwegen ordentlich zu Tiſch. Im Anfang deß Eſſens laſe man etwan eine luſtige Hiſtori von der alten Dapfferkeit: biß er ein Trunck Weins gethan het.

Als dann, wo es jhm geliebt, fuhr man inn der Lectur fort, oder wo nicht, fiengen ſie an kurtzweilig ſich mit einander zu beſprachen, vnd [illegible] zum aller erſten nach Form deß Philoſophiſchen Menſae, oder der Plutarchiſchen Geſprächen oder Zechfallung, von Krafft, Tugent, Stärck, Eygenſchafft vnd Natur alles deſſen, was jhnen zu Tiſch auffgetragen ward: als vom Brot, Wein, Waſſer, Saltz, Fleiſch, Fiſchen, Früchten, Obs, Kraut, Wurtzeln, vnd wie ſolch Stuck alle gekochet vnnd nach dem [illegible] Kochbuch zu bereiten. Mit welcher Übung er in kurtzer Zeit alle die Orter vnd Allegationen, ſo zu ſolchen Sachen auß dem Plinio, Athenaeo, Dioſcoride, [illegible], Galeno, Porphyrio, [illegible], [illegible], Ariſtotele, [illegible] vnd anderen, ſo die von etwas gelobt, angezogen vnd gelernet worden, [illegible], vnd jhm ſonderlich [illegible]: Pflagen auch oft, welcher vergewiſſung halben, die gemelte Bücher über Tiſch herzubringen. Dadurch er die genannte Stuck alſo fein vnd vollkommentlich inn Gedächtnuß behielt, daß damals kein Medicus war, der halb ſo viel hett verſtanden als er. Darnach redeten ſie weiter von den deſſelben Morgens gehörten Lectionen. Da [illegible] ſie [illegible] mit einem [illegible], oder [illegible], mit [illegible] vermengt: da hieng er an ein [illegible] mit einem [illegible] vom Maulbeerbaum zu [illegible], [illegible] vnd Augen mit [illegible] Waſſer zu [illegible], vnnd endlich mit [illegible] ſchönen [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], Pſalmen vnd Liedern, zu [illegible]: Als man [illegible], trug man Karten auf, nit zu ſpilen, ſondern vil hundert [illegible], Kurtzweil vnnd [illegible] darauß zu lernen vnd zu lernen: welche alle auß der Rechenkunſt entſtanden: durch welche angenemme Weiß er [illegible] zu [illegible] Luſt bekam: wie auch mit [illegible], wann ſie nur [illegible] zu [illegible] hetten: [illegible]. Vnnd alſo braucht er alle Tag nach Mittag vnd Nachtmahl die Zeit auf die Rechenkunſt an, wie man auf Würffeln vnnd Karten erfinden mag. Auch [illegible] er ſich in [illegible] vnnd Zuſammenſetzung alſo [illegible], daß er [illegible] von der [illegible] [illegible]. Dann [illegible] hatte gehalten, [illegible] den Stuck gar wol bekannt, daß er inn Vergleichung [illegible], [illegible] darum alſo inn Arithmetiſcher, Teutſcher, vnnd alter Britanniſcher Sprach verſtand. Vnnd nicht allein inn anderen Mathematiſchen Wiſſenſchafften vnd Erfahrungskünſten nicht minder, als inn Geometry, Aſtronomy vnnd der Muſic. Dann inn dem er der Verdäwung vnnd Konkoction ſeiner eingenommenen Speiß abwartet, [illegible], vnnd zimmerten ſie tauſenderley luſtige Inſtrument vnnd Geometriſche Figuren: übten vnnd practicierten alſo damit die Aſtronomiſche Hauptregeln vnnd Canones: ſo gut als hett ſie [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], oder ſonſt ein [illegible] vom Wel entworffen.

Nachgehends hatten ſie jhren Muth Muſicaliſch mit vier vnd fünff Stimmen zu [illegible], auß allerley [illegible], wie es [illegible] Orten zu Nürnberg trucken machten: Vngefährlich wie die Bayeriſch Capell: oder ſonſt der [illegible] zu [illegible], die zu üben vnd zu [illegible], ein gut [illegible] Bergkreyen, [illegible], Vilanellen, vnd [illegible] Neuheitlin zu ſingen, ſo [illegible] vnnd [illegible] Nachtigalliſch zu [illegible] vnnd zu [illegible]: Vnnd ſolchs wann ſie mußig waren, dann wann der Muth [illegible], ſo ſingt man Muthig, nicht Mußig.

[illegible] die Inſtrument der Muſic betrifft, ſo lernet er auff der Lauten ſchlagen, auff dem Spinet, der Harpffen, der Teutſchen [illegible], dem Polniſchen [illegible], dem [illegible], die ſie inn die Ermel ſtecken, der Citrat, dem [illegible], dem [illegible]: Aber die [illegible] vnnd [illegible] nur ſamt den [illegible] ſpareten ſie zur andern Zeit, der [illegible] auff [illegible], der Gurgen, deß Hackbretts, vnd der Sackpfeiff. Nach dem alſo die Zeit angewendet, vnnd die Verdäwung vollbracht worden, purgiert er ſich deß natürlichen vnd innerlichen Überlaſts: fuget ſich folgends zu ſeinem fürnemblichen Principalſtudieren auf drey Stunden, oder ferner, eine [illegible] ſein vorgenommen Buch oder Materi außzuführen, auch dann ein Weil zu ſchreiben vnd die Feder zu führen, vnd die alte Gemüthe, ſo man die Lombardiſche nennet, Schrifft recht zu arten, vnnd zu formieren. Deßgleichen auch ander Sprachſchrifften mit rechtem Schreiberiſchen Grund zuzuſchaffen: Da muſt er was mit dem breiten Zügel, was mit [illegible] der Federn zu machen, muſt das recht vnd linck Eck der Feder, [illegible] vnd ſchnitt, wie die Federn auff jhren Weiſen [illegible] die von der Feder geben gute Federn, vnnd [illegible] mit [illegible] vnd [illegible] machten auß dem Fundt) Er muſt wie die [illegible] zu machen, wuſt deß Quatrangels [illegible], der Circulaturen gewanten, außgezogen, verlängt, die [illegible], die [illegible] vnd [illegible] Puncten: das [illegible]: das [illegible] das [illegible]: die Schlangenlini: die Schneckenlini: die Zerſtrewung der Buchſtaben vnnd jhr Vergleichung, er kunt die gelegte, die gebrochene, die Currentſchrifft: die [illegible] vnnd Cannon: [illegible] wie ein [illegible] [illegible] vnnd Schlangenzugmaler, als hett er ſie der [illegible] von Cöllen, oder der Neudörffer vnnd [illegible] zu Nürnberg gelehrt.

Auf diß alles giengen ſie auß, vnd mit jhnen der [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], ein guter [illegible], der vnterwieß jhnen [illegible]. Da [illegible] ſie ſich inn einem andern [illegible], veränderten die Kleider, hiengen den Schulſack an ein Nagel, da ſchwang er ſich zu Pferd da ſaß er auff ein [illegible], ein [illegible], mit Sporen, auff ein [illegible], ein [illegible], ein [illegible], ein [illegible], ein [illegible], ein [illegible]: ein Jungfrawrenner: ein [illegible]: da [illegible] er [illegible]: da muſt er traben: [illegible], rennen, ſpringen: [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], oder den [illegible] [illegible] Waſſer vnnd [illegible]: [illegible]: [illegible] oder den [illegible] oder die [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] von [illegible] [illegible] ein [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible]. [illegible] mit [illegible] [illegible] iſt. [illegible], man [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], die [illegible] [illegible] iſt die [illegible] man [illegible], wann [illegible] [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], iſt [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], wann er [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] auff [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] auff [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] das Pferdgerennig, das trabſchencken, das lilttraben, das zaumdänzelen: Und ſonſt ſolch Poppenſpil zu Roß belangt, kond er, wann ers gern that, beſſer als ein anderer Reuteroman, alſo das der Pferdtummeler und Roßbereuter von Ferrar ein Aff gegen jm zurechnen war. Fürnemlich war er wol geübt, von eim Pferd auff das ander geſchwind zuſpringen, daß er kein Erd berürt: Und ſolche Pferd nannt man Deſultorios, Zu teutſch Abſprüngling: O hettens die gekrönten Pfawenſchwentzige Helm inn der Sempacherſchlacht gekönt, die Undeſchnittenen Schweitzer hetten ſo vil nicht erlegt: Er kondt auch auff jede ſeit die Glän inn der fauſt halten, und faren, ohn Stegreiff das Pferd beſitzen, ohn zaum und Zügel das Pferd nach ſeim gefallen leiten, ohn ſattel alle ſprüng, [illegible] den Kopff zwiſchen die Bein, oder [illegible] hinderſt Fuß nach den [illegible], anhöhen, die Staffeln hinauff, den Berg hinab rennen, den [illegible] Hirſprung thun, in den Rhein ſprengen, die Teuffel zu Nürnberg holen. Dann ſolche maiſtück und kriegsſtück, die inn Schlachten und Streitten zu nutz kommen. Er macht ein [illegible] S. [illegible] ein [illegible] gantzen tag [illegible] im Stegreiff führen: Kont den abgefallenen [illegible] im rennen auffheben, in vollem rennen, wie die [illegible] ein Pfeil auß der Erden ziehen, [illegible] Pferd [illegible] auffgereckte [illegible] dem Sattel und dem [illegible] ſtehen, wann er ſich im Stegreiff ſtellt zu halten: Er kont wie ein [illegible] Gewaltknecht [illegible] im vollem lauf ein Sattel gürten, [illegible] Poſtkutſchen, die Gäul zur Noth im Wagen [illegible] wie die Müller auf den Kärchen regieren. Auf ein andern Tag übt er ſich mit [illegible], als ob er in der Mammelucken [illegible] in Egypten wär, mit den Streitarten, mit [illegible], mit Wurfgewehr, mit Ungeriſchen Streitkolben, Fauſthämmern, Harniſchbrechern, Kolben, Keulen, Knebelſpießen, Helleparten, die er jm alle ſo fertig in der hand [illegible] gehn, lernet ſie ſo kräftig anlegen, ſo [illegible] anlegen, ſo ſteif halten, daß er in ſchimpf und ernſt für den beſte Ritter paſſiert. Und den ſchweren [illegible] hub auf, und ſchlug jhn mit ſolchem [illegible] wider, daß einer vom [illegible] mehr als vom Streich geſchlagen ward: warf [illegible] wie die alte [illegible]: Ließ jm, wie der groß Keiſer Carl, einen Kürſſer auf die Hand ſtehn, und hub denſelben [illegible] mit dem einigen Arm auf biß zu ſeine Achſeln, und ſtellt jhn darnach wider nider. Darnach ſchwang er den Spieß, ſeit jhn gerad, ſeit jhn ſchranckenweiß, ſchoß die [illegible], wendet mit den Fähnlein zu beiden Händen, ficht mit den Degen, ſtach mit den Rapieren, durchſtrich mit den Säbeln, ſtupft mit den Dolchen, nun im Harniſch, dann ohn Harniſch, jetzt mit Bucklen, ſtaps mit Tartſchen, mit Schilten, mit Rondelen, mit Armgewundenen Mänteln und Kappe, mit Händſchuhen, on Händſchuh. Weiter lehrnet unſer Gargantualiſcher [illegible] von ſeim Gymnaſtiſchen Hertzog [illegible], wie zu Fuß einer zu Roß zu beſtehen, wie mit vielen zu balge, wie mit zweien Rapieren zu ſchirmen, wie die Knebelſpieß underzulauffen, die Pawrenkeul abzuwehren, die Stein zuſchlingen werffen, mit dem [illegible] zuſchieſſen, zu Plättelen, [illegible], [illegible] auff den [illegible]: Bogenſchieſſen: wettlauffen, im kalten baden, im Schnee wie S. Franz umbwaltzen, Schneeballengeſchütz, Kugelkrieg: wie die jungen König inn Frankreich ſich üben: barhaubt im Winter reiſen, ein ſtarcke Kopff zumachen, damit er mit dem Kopf ein Thor auffſtauff, ſo dörfft ers nicht außheben wie Samſon die Stattthor zu Gaza, noch außwinden, wie Grumbach die zu Würtzburg: er bekam ſonſt ein guten ſtarcke Schedel, daß er mehr dann neun [illegible] mit Pantzerhändſchuhen eim gehalten hett: Zu [illegible] mit dem Herman [illegible]. Ein Adler het auch ein Schildkrott auff ſeim Schedel, wie auff des kalen [illegible] kopff entzwey geworffen. Man kont auch von jhm ſagen, wie einer vom König Maſiniſſa ſchreibt: kein Regen bracht jhn darzu, noch kält, daß er ſein haubt je decken wolt, und war ſein Leib ſo truckn, doch, als ob er [illegible], auch neunzig järig gieng er ſo [illegible], daß er keins Roſſes achtet mehr, und wan er ritt, ſtieg er auch ab, als ob er müß mit [illegible] darab. Wer weiß, er möcht vielleicht [illegible] ſein mache, wie heut unſere Gutſchen Jungherrn, darüber Marx Fucker in ſeim Buch vom [illegible] klagt, daß leider man auff die Gutſchen gefallen, was keine [illegible] Reutpferd mehr inn Teutſchland gebe. Aber er het ſich darnach [illegible] auff den Köpfen unter dem freien Himmel: Es iſt mir nur leid, daß man jhnen zu [illegible] oder Wagenlaſt nicht [illegible] es wurd auch ein [illegible], auff [illegible], auch [illegible], wie man [illegible] von dem Magen [illegible], wider anhelen. Unter deß lehrt unſer Gargantualiſch [illegible]: Ringen: Hüpfen: [illegible]: den Schafft [illegible], den Helm [illegible], den [illegible], das [illegible]: Aber das [illegible] und [illegible] Stei-ſenwerffe, Scharfack ſchieſſen, ließ er S. Velten haben: Auch das Fiſchgarn [illegible], und [illegible] ringen.

Nachgehends lieff er der Bärn, der Eber, des Hirtzes, des Bärens, des Schweins, des Haſens, des Rephuns, der [illegible], des Faſanen, ſprang der Geiß, ſprang über das Gäßlin, ſtellet auff Maximilianiſch oder Teurdankiſch der Gemſe, ſpielt deß groſſen Ballens, ſchmiß jhn ſo wol mit den füſſen als händen in die höh, rang, lieff, und ſprang, ſprang, lieff und rang: nicht mit drey Saſſen ein ſprung, nicht des [illegible] Knapſprung, nicht des Bockſpringens, ſeit und rückſprungs, noch des Böhmiſchen ſprungs, noch auf ein [illegible]: dann kein Abrichter [illegible] ſagt, ſolche ſprüng weren nichts werd, noch etwas nutz im Krieg. Sondern in eim zulauff ſprang er über ein graben, an eim Roßſpieß ſchwang er ſich über alle [illegible] flog über ein zaun, er ſprang ein mauer, lieff ſechs ſchritt ein Mauer auf, und erſtig alſo ein laden von Fenſter einer [illegible] hoch, alß das kein hand über am Gatter ſtieß. Schwam in tieffe ſtrom, zur ſeite, die quer, im fluß, auf de rück, ein [illegible], mit gantzem leib, mit füſſen, allein mit den Füſſen, allein mit den armen in einem Arm über ſich ſtreckend, da ein Buch darinnen tragend welchs er ungenetzt über den fluß bracht, ſeinen Mantel in den Zänen nachziehend, wie Julius Cäſar zur Alexandria etwann gethan, unnd wie die [illegible] über die Elb thaten, ſchwamm auff Türkiſch unterm Waſſer, wie die inn newen Inſulen, wann ſie die Spanier ſehen: dorfft ſich auch wie der groß Alexander in ein Glaß ſchrauben laſſen, die Schätz des Meers zuerſpähen: Zog mit gewalt an ein zimlich groß Schiff, mit einer Hand das Schiff, in der andern eim Ancker haltend: Hielt das Schiff mit den Zänen, wie jener Griech, da jm beide Händ abgehawen waren: Stürtzt ſich alßdann wider ins Waſſer: den kopff vor an, ſpielt des Taucherlins, holt ein Pfennig darunter, ſchlief unter dem Floß, ſaß auff dem Floß, ſchwam auff dem Dilen, bürtzelt umb mit dem Dilen, trieb wie der Walfiſch mit den Zähnen, ſprang wie die Meerkälber, waltzt ſich im Waſſer, beſchmirt ſich mit [illegible], wuſch ſich wider, hieng [illegible] an ein fuß, [illegible] darmit: er hett ſein Brot mit ſchwimmen können gewinnen, wie die Kinder in Egypten am Nilfluß, welchen man nit ehe das Brot gibt man werfe jhnen dann inn mittelm ſtrom, daß ſie in den Nil darnach ſchwimmen müſſen, und es im [illegible] holen, wie unſere [illegible], da wäſchens das Hembd und den Mantel wie ein Türckiſchen band umb den Kopff winden. Und warlich es thut den Egyptern von nöten, dann weil der Nil ſtets nach dem Monſchein außlaufft, müſſen ſie wol von eim Dorff zum andern ſchwimmen, wie die inn Schweden auff Roß unnd Reutſchuhen zuſammen fahren: welche, wann der weg ſehr weit iſt [illegible] hernach ziehen, etwann unterwegen darauf zuraſten: Diß mußt Gargantualiſch alles nachthun: dann wann er über ſeine Roßmeiſter etwas ſehen oder hörten, das [illegible] war, ſo mußt mans nachmachen. Darumb Thurnirt er auch auff dem Waſſer, macht Blaſen [illegible] Hände und fornen, lieff am geſtad unnd hielt den Haußrath ſprang über die Brucken ab: darnach wider über ſein Schiff, welchs der Becher da anhieng, auff das des Müllers Gut [illegible] gieng und [illegible], auff das man ein Schiffsgang draus anfieng, daſſelbige wand er herumb und ſtieß es ab: ſchalt es: regierets, führts, braucht die mäſtſtang für ein Steurruder, bald geſchwind, bald lind, im ſtrengem ablauff des Stroms, wider de ſtrom, in der mit, an dem Ufer, hielts im mittelen lauff auff, mit einer hand leitet ers: mit der andern ſchirmet er und trib ſein Affenſpiel mit einem groſſen Ruder, wurff das Netz auß, ſtellt den [illegible], ſchoß die Fiſchergern, die [illegible], die [illegible], die Fuſcinagabel, ſtellt Reuſchen, Angeln, zoge die Segel an, ſtig die Strickleiter den Maſtbaum auff unnd ab, gieng auff den Zehen auff dem rand, am bort, auff der ſpitz: wickelt und wackelt: juſtiert unnd richtet den Meerquadrant unnd Compaß, widerſtrebet dem Wind, er ließ ſich dem Wind, da band er das Nachſteurruder loß, da eilets, ſie zog ers zur lincken, dort zur rechten, und hielt alle ſein ſachen gut [illegible].

Wann er auß dem Waſſer kam, lief er in alle Macht den Berg hinauff, halb ins Thal, ſtaps wider hinauff, erklettert die Bäum wie ein Katz, ſprang von eim zum andern wie ein Eichhörnlin, aber wie die [illegible], ſtürtzt die groſſe Aeſt herab wie ein anderer Milo, wußt ſich kürtzlich [illegible] ſich von Bergen zu laſſen, daß wie die [illegible] keine Pferde [illegible] auf das [illegible] Thal: Mit [illegible], und wolgeſchärften [illegible], klimmet er zum höchſten Hauß hinauff, wie ein [illegible], ſtig darnach ſo [illegible] wider herab, mit ſolcher [illegible], [illegible] daß er [illegible] Fall, Sprang [illegible] in [illegible] Weg [illegible], [illegible] am [illegible] [illegible] daß ſo er dem Weiher wol nicht [illegible], warff über alle [illegible], [illegible] unnd [illegible],

[illegible]

vor dem Teufel geſegnet. Schreibt doch Semmlas in ſeiner Verborgenheit (die doch heut jeder mag leſen) die Landsknecht in Flandern vnnd Jormay haben mit Pulvergeſtank die Peſtilenz weggeſchoſſen: diß war ein beſſer Wehrſtück als Hippocratis, der die Wäld deßhalben anzündet, aber eben dieſes kommt, da er mit Geſtank gebrannte Ausdampfung von Leder vnnd Hörnern die Peſt wollt vertreiben, als ob die Leuth die Wildwaſſer hätten. Ich mein, es hilft nicht ein jeden das Lorbeerkränzlein für den Donner, wie Keyſer Tiberium. Es regnet wol wenn die Bauren auf Stelzen gehn, es hat aber geregnet, vnd Claus Narr ſagt, das ſein die beſten Schützen die fehlen, dann ſie [illegible] niemand [illegible].

Man hieng [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Vnnd wann es zu dem Fall kam, ſtund er ſo feſt auf den Füſſen, daß er ſich eim jeden Waghalß ausbott, wo er jhn von der Statt rücke, wie vor Zeiten der [illegible] Milo that: Nach deſſen Exempel pflegt er ein Granatapfel inn die Hand zu nemmen, vnnd ſchenckt jhn dem, der jhn jm auß der Hand kundt bringen. Mit dieser Übung gewehnet er ſich, daß er nicht allein ſtärcker ward, ſondern mit der Stärcke auch jünger: wie König Maſiniſſa, der durch gleiche weiß ſich verjunget wie ein Adler, daß er auch neunzigjährig einen Son erzielet: vnd ſonſt 14 tag [illegible].

Wann er alſo nahe die zeit hat zugebracht, vnd ſich getrucknet, gerieben, gewiſcht, gefriſcht, vnd die Kleyder geendert, trollt er allgemach wider heim, nam den Weg durch etliche luſtige Wiſen oder andere bewachſene Orter, da hat er ſein Geſprech von Feldbauiſchen Sachen, von des Urbals Ackerbau, erfragt der Bauren Policey vnd Regiment, erwog, wie [illegible] an eim jeden Fräulin Gottes [illegible], beſichtiget vnd erfahret etliche Blum vnd Kräuter, die heut etwas gewöhnlich haben, vnd hielt ſie gegen der alten Bücher, die davon geſchrieben, als Theophraſt, Dioſcorid, Marin, Plinius, Alexander, Macer vnd Galen: trugen auch der [illegible] zu Hauß: welcher ein junger Knab, [illegible] genannt von Würzburg bürtig, warten mußt mit Hackengraben, Schaufeln, Sicheln, [illegible]

[illegible]

Zu mitter Nacht, ehe ſie ſich zur ruh begaben giengen ſie zuvor an das luftigſte ort, welchs eſſen vnd ſein Haus, den Himmels weiten vnnd enderung zu beſchawen, vnd da gaben ſie acht auf die Planeten, Cometen, Figuren, lager, gelegenheit, Aſpect, anſehen, Coniunction, vnd contraoppoſitionen des Geſtirns. Darauf recapitulirt, vnnd überſchlug er kurzlich auf Pythagoriſche weiß mit ſeinem Lehrmeiſter alles was er den ganzen Tage zeit durchgeleſen geſehen, erfahren, gehört, gethan vnnd vernommen hat. Ja er [illegible] ſich auch vnd legt ſein Leben vnnd wandel deſſelben Tags auf die Wag des Vergleichens. Vie bonus et sapiens, etc. Wann du dich legſt zu ſchlaffen nach, vnd dir wöllen gehn die augen zu, So denk zuvor ein jede nacht, Wie du den tag haſt hingebracht vnnd was daſelbſt weiter folgt.

Chriſtian Auguſt Fiſcher

ward am 29. Auguſt 1771 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt von 1788—92 und bereiſte alsdann in kaufmänniſchen Geſchäften die Schweiz, Frankreich, Italien, Spanien, die Niederlande und Rußland. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr lebte er als Privatgelehrter in Dresden, darauf ward er 1804 Herz. Sächſ. Legationsrath und Profeſſor der Kulturgeſchichte und ſchönen Literatur an der Univerſität zu Würzburg, wo er bis 1817 blieb, in welchem Jahre er ſeine Entlaſſung erhielt. Eine unter dem Titel: „[illegible] von Frankfurt nach München von Felix von Hohenheim.“ 1821 zu Leipzig erſchienene Schrift, deren Verfaſſer er war, verwickelte ihn in ſtrafrechtliche Unterſuchung, und zog ihm, wegen erwieſener Beleidigung des K. Bayeriſchen Staatsminiſters, Freiherrn von Lerchenfeld, vierjährige Feſtungsſtrafe zu, die er von 1821 bis 1824 erdulden mußte. — Nach ſeiner Freilaſſung privatiſirte er in Frankfurt am Main, Bonn und Mainz und ſtarb am letzteren Orte den 14. April 1829.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Sophie. Ein Roman. Leipzig 1795 [illegible] 2 Thle.
Konrad. Komiſcher Roman. Leipzig 1797.
Die laboranti[illegible]ſche Familie. [illegible] 1797.
Reiſe von Amſterdam über Madrid und Cadix nach Genua. Berlin 1799.
Komiſche Romane [illegible] 2 Thle. Leipzig 1801 [illegible]
Komiſche Novellen. Berlin 1801.
[illegible] 2 Thle. Dresden 1802.
Gemählde von Madrid. Berlin 1802.
Neue Reiſebeſchreibungen. [illegible] und Leipzig 1802 [illegible] 2 Thle.
Gemählde von Valencia. Leipzig 1803. 2 Thle.

Bergreiſen. Leipzig 1804 fgg. 2 Thle.
Reiſe nach Montpellier. Leipzig 1805.
Reiſe nach Hières. Leipzig 1806.
Reiſebibliothek. Berlin 1806 fgg. 4 Thle.
Neueſtes Gemälde von Spanien. Leipzig 1809 fgg. 2 Thle.
Die drei [illegible]. Leipzig 1817.
Gemälde von Braſilien. [illegible] 1819. 2 Thle.
Reiſe nach London. Leipzig 1819.
[illegible] von Frankfurt nach [illegible]. Leipzig 1821.
Kriegs- und Reiſefahrten. Leipzig 1821. 2 Thle.
Hyacinthen. Frankfurt 1823.
Kabinetsſtücke eines Gefangenen. Frankfurt 1823. 2 Thle.
Neue Kriegs- und Reiſefahrten. Frankfurt 1825.
Kurioſitätenalmanach. Mainz 1825 fgg.
Bibliothek der neueſten Reiſebeſchreibungen. Frankfurt 1826—28. 3 Thle.

Außerdem legt man [illegible] auch die von 1823 unter dem Namen [illegible] erſchienenen Romane und Novellen bei. — [illegible] C. A. Fiſcher's bei.

Eine geiſtreiche, lebhafte und anſprechende Darſtellung, ſo wie ein reicher, fließender Styl, zeichneten alle Leiſtungen dieſes talentvollen Mannes ſtets vortheilhaft aus, und erwarben ihm, wenn ſie gleich auch nur meiſtens geſchickte Nachbildungen fremder Originale oder gewandte Zuſammenſtellungen waren, viele wohlwollende und aufmerkſame Leſer. Seine Schriften werden daher immer als eine angenehme und unterhaltende Lectüre allenthalben zu empfehlen ſein und können in dieſem Gebiete als Muſter gelten; Höheres darf man jedoch nicht von ihnen verlangen. — Seine beſte Arbeit bleibt das Gemälde von Valencia. S. oben.

Das Bagno von Tripolis.*)

1.

Capitain***, der das ***ſche [illegible], [illegible] hatte im October 18— [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] als ſeine [illegible].

[illegible]

2.

[illegible] „[illegible]“

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] „[illegible]“ [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

3.

[illegible]

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*) Aus C. A. Fiſcher's „Kabinetsſtücke eines Gefangenen.“

unſerm unglücklichen Paare das Herz zerriß. So lief die Fregatte mit ihrer Priſe um zwei Uhr in den Hafen ein und ward aufs feierlichſte begrüßt.

Alle Signalmaſten flaggten, alle Batterien donnerten und das Wirbeln der Trommeln, das Schmettern der Trompeten und das Schlagen der Becken vermiſchte ſich mit dem Praſſeln der Piſtolen und dem alles übertäubenden Bewillkommnungsruf. Die Fregatte erwiederte nun Schuß für Schuß. Sie war dabei mit allen Flaggen der befreundeten Mächte geſchmückt, während die — ſche unten am Bugſpriet ſchmählich ins Waſſer hing.

Alle Gefangene wurden nun ausgeſchifft und dem Bey, der ſich in einem Kiosk am Hafen befand, von einem der Officiere vorgeſtellt. — „In das Bagno!" — lautete der kurze Beſcheid, und ſie wurden abgeführt. Der Bey, ein langer, hagerer, ſchwarzbrauner Mann von mittlerem Alter, hatte feuerſprühende Augen und ein ſehr ausdrucksvolles Geſicht.

Dabei trug er einen weißen Turban, mit Gold geſtickt, und ein ſcharlachrothes Oberkleid, mit koſtbarem Pelzwerk eingefaßt. Ein mit Diamanten beſetzter Dolch, den er im Gürtel ſtecken hatte, machte ſeine ganze Bewaffnung aus. Er rauchte aus einer prächtigen Pfeife, deren ungeheurer Kopf wohl ein halbes Pfund zu faſſen im Stande war.

Neben ſeinem Brocatkiſſen ſtand auf einem ſilbernen Präſentirteller ein goldener Becher mit Sorbet. Die Wände des Kiosk waren abwechſelnd mit ſchönen Arabesken in den lebhafteſten Farben verziert oder mit großen venetianiſchen Spiegeln bedeckt. Unter jedem der letztern befanden ſich auf Conſolen goldene Schlaguhren unter Glasſtürzen, während man zu beiden Seiten vergoldete Käfige mit Kanarienvögeln oder Sittigen ſah.

Unterdeſſen war unſer unglückliches Paar nebſt ſämmtlichen Matroſen im Bagno angelangt. Dieſes iſt ein Theil des Arſenals und bildet eine große Halle, die aus einem Erdgeſchoß und einem obern Stockwerk beſteht. In jenem, wie in dieſem, befindet ſich eine Reihe dunkler Behälter, die in den Mauern angebracht und zum Aufenthalte der Sclaven beſtimmt ſind. Um das obere Stockwerk läuft daher eine hölzerne Gallerie herum, zu der man auf zwei Treppen hinauf ſteigt.

Vor dieſem Gebäude liegt ein geräumiger Hof, mit einer hohen Mauer eingefaßt. Hier befindet ſich eine Garküche nebſt mehreren andern Victualienhändlern, eben ſo eine Wein- und Branntweinſchenke, die zugleich als Kaffehaus dient; dann eine Menge Kramladen, beſonders für Rauch- und Schnupftabak; endlich eine große Anzahl von Verkäuferinnen, bei denen Waſſermelonen, Orangen, Citronen u. ſ. w. für eine Kleinigkeit zu haben ſind. Auch findet man in dieſem Hofe zwei große Springbrunnen, in deren Baſſins gewaſchen wird. Die Cloaken ſind in den Ecken angebracht.

Es war Mittag; der Baſchi oder Aufſeher erwartete die neuen Sclaven am Eingange des Bagno. Seine barbariſche Geſichtsbildung, ſeine funkelnden Tigeraugen, ſein ungeheurer Schnurrbart und ſeine große Karbatſche kündigte ſogleich ſein ſchreckliches Handwerk an. Hierauf wies er den Capitain nebſt ſeinem Sohn in die erſte Zelle zur Rechten, die Matroſen aber in die folgende ein. Auch reichte er jedem aus einem großen Sacke ein kleines Roggenbrod.

„Hütet euch vor den erſten Hieben" — ſagte er mit rauher Stimme — „denn ſonſt folgen ſie hundertweis nach. — Spannt eure Hangmatten auf, aber ordentlich, ſage ich euch! — Waſſer kann jeder ſich täglich zwei Krüge holen, aber durchaus nicht mehr."

„Wer Geld hat" — fuhr er fort — „kann ſich kaufen, was ihm beliebt; doch muß er ſich zuvor mit mir verſtehn. — Ich ſag's euch Chriſten, wenn ihr mich beim Guten erhaltet, ſo bin ich der beſte Baſchi, den ihr euch wünſchen könnt." Hiermit legte er ihnen die leichten Fußringe an und ließ ſie allein.

4.

Um vier Uhr kamen, wie gewöhnlich, die Sclaven zurück, die im Palaſte, auf dem Werfte, im Hafen u. ſ. w. gearbeitet hatten, denn immer ward um dieſe Stunde Feierabend gemacht. Es waren an ſechshundert zuſammen, meiſtens ſicilianiſche, neapolitaniſche, holländiſche und römiſche Seeleute, denen alle dieſe Flaggen der Spott der Barbaresken ſind.

Bis ſechs Uhr war es dieſen armen Leuten erlaubt, auf dem Hofe zu bleiben, wo dann jeder eine kleine Erholung ſucht. Einige wuſchen, andere beſſerten Kleidungsſtücke aus; [illegible] friſches Waſſer, oder [illegible]; jene [illegible] Tafel und Domino [illegible]. Hier ſah man [illegible], dort [illegible] Würfel und Karten geſpielt. — Kurz alles war in voller Beſchäftigung.

Ihre neuen Unglücksgefährten waren indeſſen auch nicht müßig; ſie hatten vollauf mit der Reinigung und Einrichtung ihrer Zellen zu thun. Man [illegible], daß die Matroſen [illegible]; denn ſie hatten ſich von dem Capitain Geld einer guten Behandlung zu [illegible]. Auch nahmen ſie an der jungen, ſchönen Frau, in einer ſo unglücklichen Lage, mit unverſtellter Herzlichkeit Theil.

Jetzt, als der Iman auf der nahen Moſchee zum Abendgebete rufte, ſtrömte nun die ganze Maſſe der Sclaven in das Bagno hinein. Schon vorher hatte einer der Matroſen einen Korb mit Speiſen und einigen Krügen Wein für den Capitain geholt, wovon auch [illegible] ſein Theil bekam. Der Baſchi, der nun die Zellen viſitirte, erhielt ein kleines Gratial, und grinzte recht freundlich dafür.

Hierauf begann nun der gewöhnliche Namensaufruf. Zu dieſem Ende mußten die Sclaven, immer hundert zuſammen, einen Kreis bilden, in deſſen Mitte der Oberaufſeher, ein neapolitaniſcher Renegat, ſtand. Dieſer rufte ſie jeden einzelnen mit Namen auf, worauf die Antwort — „Bono!"*) war. Jeder nahm dann aus einem großen Waſchkorbe, der von zwei Sclaven getragen die Runde machte, ein vierpfündiges Roggenbrod.

Hierauf mußte alles in die Zellen, wenigſtens vor [illegible] ſein. Die Bewachung des ganzen, großen Gebäudes ſchien nicht mehr, als drei [illegible], welchen die Aufſicht einem Unteraufſeher übertragen war. Bei dem matten Scheine der Lampen ſah man die meiſten Sclaven in Gruppen beiſammen, unterhielten ſich mit leiſen Geſprächen, oder ſpielten Karten, und dergleichen mehr.

Um neun Uhr mußte ſich alles zur Ruhe begeben, und ſämmtliche Lampen wurden ausgelöſcht. Alle Sclaven ſtreckten ſich nun in ihren Hangmatten, und jeder Laut ſtarb nach und nach. Jetzt zog Joſephe, nach Verabredung, ihren Gürtel hervor, worin ſich einiges Sümmchen in Gold eingenäht war, trennte ein wenig auf, nahm zwei Coronillas **) heraus und brachte dann alles wieder in Ordnung.

Am folgenden Morgen um ſechs Uhr ward geweckt, um ſie den gegen die Sclaven, in mehrern Abtheilungen, zu den verſchiedenen Arbeiten aus. Der Capitain und der Schiffsjunge (Schiffsjunge) wurden dabei mit noch vier andern auf die Segelmacherei geſchickt. Jeder erhielt vorher ein vierpfündiges Roggenbrod. Um elf Uhr ward auf eine Stunde Mittag gemacht, und etwas [illegible] ausgetheilt. Dann ging es wieder an die Arbeit bis gegen vier Uhr, wo regelmäßig Feierabend ward.

Unſer Paar blieb diesmal im Hofe und kaufte eine Menge kleiner Bedürfniſſe, unter andern auch Tabak für die armen Matroſen ein. Der Baſchi erhielt, wie gewöhnlich, ſeinen Antheil davon. Ihre Lage verbeſſerte ſich im Ganzen freilich nur wenig; doch waren ſie wenigſtens keiner brutalen Behandlung ausgeſetzt. Ein tüchtiges Abendeſſen und eine Flaſche griechiſchen Weines fehlten auch heute nicht.

Dies war und blieb, mit ſeltenen Ausnahmen, die gewöhnliche Tagesordnung. Nur wenn es etwa dringende Schiffsarbeiten, wie Ausladen, Abtakeln u. ſ. w. gab, fand eine Veränderung ſtatt. Auch waren die Sclaven ſowohl an jedem Freitage,***) als überhaupt an jedem türkiſchen Feſttage, von aller Arbeit frei. Da die kühle Jahreszeit heranrückte, ſchaffte der Capitain auch wollene Decken an. Uebrigens gegenſeitiges Aufrechthalten, und Liebe um Liebe, im Stillen, ſüßem Geheimniß.

5.

Allmälig machte nun auch der Capitain mit mehrern andern Unglücksgefährten Bekanntſchaft. Sei es, daß ſie ihre Zellen in ſeiner Nähe hatten, oder daß er ſie auf der Segelmacherei antraf. Unter jenen war beſonders ein alter, portugieſiſcher Steuermann, der Reiſen durch alle vier Welttheile gemacht hatte, vollkommen gut engliſch ſprach und ſeine Abentheuer ſehr lebhaft zu erzählen verſtand. Dieſer ward nun an allen Ruhetagen der Abendgaſt des Capitains, denn Joſephe hörte ihm mit dem größten Vergnügen zu.

Andere, die beſonders das Mittelmeer kannten, trugen dann auch das Ihrige zur Unterhaltung bei. Es war was den Thunfiſchfang, die Corallenfiſcherei, die griechiſchen Schwammtaucher u. ſ. w. betraf. Der Capitain ſelbſt erzählte dann wieder von ſeinen großen nordiſchen Fahrten nach Archangel und Drontheim, nach Petersburg und Stockholm. Man kann denken, wie angenehm dieſer Cirkel war, und wie ſchnell ſo mancher lange Winterabend verging.

Eine der intereſſanteſten Erzählungen des alten Steuermanns war folgende, die hier mitgetheilt wird. — „Ich befand mich" — hob er an — „am Bord des holländiſchen Oſtindienfahrers, [illegible], der von Amſterdam nach Batavia beſtimmt war. Wir hatten wie die Küſte von Guinea im Geſicht, als man auf einmal von einem Ende des Schiffes zum andern Feuer rief.

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*) Das heißt: Hier.

**) Kleine ſpaniſche Goldmünze, ungefähr ſo groß wie [illegible] im 24-fl. Fuß, eine [illegible] und von einem Thaler 3 fl. 24 kr. an Werth.

***) Bekanntlich iſt der Freitag den Türken das, was bei den Chriſten der Sonntag iſt.

Schon ſchlug auch wirklich die Flamme aus der großen Luke empor, und flog in wenig Minuten den Maſt hinan."

„Bald geriethen nun auch die Segel, das Tauwerk und die Maſte in Brand. — Wir ſind verloren! Wir ſind verloren! — tönte es durch das ganze Schiff in gräßlichem Angſtgeheul. Da flog ich ſchnelle auf das Hinterkaſtel, ergriff ein Tau, ließ mich daran hinab und ſprang in die See. [illegible] ich an die Jolle, die wir nachgeſchleppt hatten, mit vier Mann vor mir, [illegible] und kam glücklich an Bord."

„Ruhig ruderten wir nun immer auf Cochin zu, und in weniger als einer Stunde konnten wir die grünende Küſte mit ihren Palmenwäldern deutlich vor uns ſehen. Bald begegneten wir auch einigen Fiſcherbooten und [illegible] mit ihnen [illegible]. Hier fand ich Freunde und Unterſtützung, beſonders bei dem Herrn von A — g, der einer der reichſten Plantagenbeſitzer [illegible] war."

„So gern mir indeſſen dieſer Biedermann zu einem [illegible] verholfen hätte, ſo war es dennoch bei der Ausführung der [illegible] Unmöglichkeit. Er that mir daher einen andern Vorſchlag, der dem Ziele nicht wenig am Herzen zu liegen ſchien. [illegible] hatte er nämlich von einem [illegible] geſehen, das ſich, mehreren Angaben zu Folge, in dem Innern der Inſel befand. Dieſes ſollte ich, in [illegible], aufſuchen laſſen und im [illegible] einer guten Belohnung gewärtig ſein."

„Ich bat um einen Tag Bedenkzeit und nahm dann den Vorſchlag mit Freuden an. Zwar verkannte ich die Beſchwerden und Gefahren einer ſolchen Reiſe durchaus nicht; allein ich war geſund und ſtark, ſo wie voll Muth und Entſchloſſenheit. Alſo ſchlug ich fröhlich und wohlgemuth ein, erhielt einen Vorſchuß zu meinen Ausrüſtungen und ward durch einen gerichtlichen Vertrag geſichert. In meinem Reiſegefährten, den ich nun kennen lernte, fand ich einen ſehr verſtändigen und erfahrenen Mann."

„Der Tag der Abreiſe erſchien; mit frohem Muthe nahmen wir von unſerm [illegible] Abſchied. Jeder von uns trug einen ledernen Beutel mit Reis, ein Paar Piſtolen nebſt Pulver und Blei, eine Kürbisflaſche mit Arrak, und Waſſer, eine kleine [illegible], [illegible] nebſt [illegible], ein Paar [illegible] und [illegible], einen kleinen Topf, einen Compaß, ein Feuerzeug, ein Beil und eine große [illegible]. So wanderten wir in der kühlen Frühe vier Stunden weit."

„Als aber die Sonne höher ſtieg, machten wir unter einem ſchattigen Baume an einem Bache Halt. Dann aber [illegible] wir uns zum Mittagseſſen einige Vögel, brateten ſie an einem [illegible] Feuer und verzehrten ſie mit vortrefflichem Appetit. [illegible] Gegen zwei Uhr brachen wir wieder auf und traten in den Urwald ein. Anfangs war derſelbe noch ziemlich licht, aber bald nahm er mit jedem Schritte an Dichtigkeit zu."

„In ungeheuren Maſſen ſtiegen die hohen, verſchlungenen Bäume empor; kaum ſah hier und da ein ſchwacher Schimmer hindurch. Auch das Unterholz war ſo in einander verwachſen, daß wir nur mit Mühe das Beil [illegible]. Endlich erreichten wir mit Sonnenuntergang eine Stelle, die uns zum Nachtlager tauglich ſchien. Hier zündeten wir ein Feuer an, ſchoſſen abermals ein Paar Vögel, brateten ſie mit einigen [illegible] den Reis und hatten ſo eine treffliche Abendmahlzeit."

„Mein Reiſegefährte legte ſich darauf zum Schlafen nieder, während ich ſelbſt bei unſerem Feuer wachen blieb. Kein Blättchen raſchelte, kein Lüftchen wehte; Alles wie [illegible]. Plötzlich vernahm ich in der Ferne ein [illegible], dem rollenden Donner gleich. Die Bäume [illegible], wie von einem Orkane bewegt, die Erde bebte, als [illegible] von Wogen an. — Es war ein großer Trupp von Elephanten, der in geringer Entfernung im [illegible] vorüberzog. Wir wachten und ſchliefen nun wechſelsweiſe."

„Die Sonne ging auf; wir bereiteten die Reſte unſeres Mahles und traten dann wohlgemuth unſere zweite Tagereiſe an. Nämlich ward der Wald nun lichter und im glänzenden Sonnenſcheine lagen die [illegible] der Berge vor uns. [illegible] hofften wir die [illegible] zu erreichen, als wir auf [illegible] einen [illegible] vor uns ſahen, der aber [illegible] mit [illegible] war."

„Wohl eine halbe Stunde zogen wir am Rande deſſelben und ſuchten [illegible]. Endlich glaubte mein Gefährte eine Stelle zu bemerken, wo ein Durchgang möglich ſchien. Er [illegible] demnach, trotz meinem [illegible], auf dieſem [illegible]. Da [illegible] er ſich am Baume [illegible] und ſprang mit Hülfe der [illegible]."

„Schon hoffte ich ihn auf der andern Seite [illegible] angekommen zu ſehn, als er plötzlich mit [illegible] Angſtgeſchrei [illegible]. [illegible] ich [illegible] und [illegible] in der Oeffnung [illegible]. [illegible] und fühlte mein Unglück in ſeiner ganzen Schrecklichkeit. Ich allein in dieſer Wüſtenei! — So irrte ich den übrigen Theil des Tages troſtlos umher."

„Der Abend brach an; ich beſchloß mein Nachtlager auf einem Baume zu nehmen, der in der Nähe ſtand. Hier band ich mich mit meinem Taue an einem Aſte feſt und fiel darauf in tiefen Schlaf. Doch kaum mochten einige Stunden vergangen ſein, als ein heftiges Ungewitter losbrach. Blitz auf Blitz! Schlag auf Schlag! Der ganze Himmel ein einziges Flammenmeer! — Wild tobte der Sturm, in Strömen ſtürzte der Regen herab; jeder Augenblick ſchien mein letzter zu ſein."

„Da entſchloß ich mich ſchnell, glitt [illegible] am Stamme hinunter und warf mich in einiger Entfernung platt auf den Boden hin. Plötzlich geſchah ein heftiger Schlag; der Baum ſtand in Flammen; das Feuer ergriff das dürre Gras. Noch einige Minuten und es war um mich geſchehen. Athemlos flog ich einen benachbarten Hügel hinan. Aber der Boden wich, ich [illegible] und ſtürzte in einen Abgrund hinab."

„Als ich wieder zu mir kam, befand ich mich in einer tiefen Höhle, auf einem [illegible] Moos, in einer Art Dämmerung. Ich richtete mich auf und ſah, daß oben durch eine große Oeffnung der Mond hineinſchien. Die hohen, [illegible] Wände waren indeſſen auf allen Seiten [illegible]. Mit Entſetzen fühlte ich nun die ganze Größe meines Unglückes; doch das Vertrauen auf Gott verließ mich nicht. In dieſem [illegible] blickte ich auf zu ihm, und es ward mir wunderbar wohl."

„Ich fiel darauf in einen tiefen Schlaf und [illegible] wohl an fünf Stunden lang. Als ich endlich erwachte, fand ich den größten Theil der Höhle von der Sonne erhellt. Da bemerkte ich denn, daß ſie rechts und links in zwei große Gänge auslief. — Sollten dies vielleicht Ausgänge ſein! — ſagte ich zu mir ſelbſt, und ein unerklärliches Etwas beſtimmte mich für den zur rechten Hand. Ich ſchluckte nun etwas trockenen Reis hinunter, that einige Züge aus meiner Kürbisflaſche und trat dann meine gefährliche Wanderung an."

„So lange ich noch etwas Tageslicht hatte, ſchritt ich mit ziemlicher Schnelligkeit fort. Als aber auch der letzte Schimmer verſchwunden war, da bedurfte es freilich der äußerſten Vorſicht. Ich unterſuchte daher den Boden Schritt für Schritt, hielt mich beſtändig an der Wand und folgte allen ihren Biegungen nach."

„Auf dieſe Art rückte ich zwar langſam, aber auch deſto ſicherer fort. Rings um mich her war Alles Nacht, doch in meinem Innern glänzte es wie das hellſte Sternenlicht. Von Zeit zu Zeit ruhte ich eine Viertelſtunde, nahm etwas Reis und [illegible] zu mir und tappte dann wieder in der Finſterniß fort. So mochte ich wohl zwei Meilen und darüber zurückgelegt haben, als ich in der Entfernung ein verworrenes Geräuſch vernahm. Zu gleicher Zeit ward ich ein Paar kleine, feurige Punkte gewahr."

„Himmel! — ſagte ich zu mir ſelbſt — Was iſt das? — Iſt es ein Schimmer vom Tageslicht? Oder ſind es die Augen einer Schlange, die auf mich zugekrochen kommt! — Doch die feurigen Punkte blieben unbeweglich; es konnten demnach keine [illegible] ſein. — So ſchritt ich denn mit klopfendem Herzen und freudiger Ahnung dem [illegible] zu. — Auf einmal machte die Wand einen ſtarken [illegible] und ich ſtand vor einer Felſenſpalte, die im glänzenden Abendroth lag."

„Heil! ein Ausgang! — [illegible] mit [illegible] drängte ich mich durch das Geſträuch und [illegible] wieder freie [illegible]. Im rothen Schimmer der ſinkenden Sonne lagen die Hütten eines freundlichen Dorfes vor mir. Ich eilte dahin und fand Verpflegungen aller Art. — [illegible]napatnam war kaum eine Tagereiſe entfernt. — So endigte ſich meine furchtbare Wanderung!"

6.

Es war Neujahr herangekommen, als unſer [illegible] und [illegible] endlich die langgewünſchte Gelegenheit fand, einen Brief nach [illegible] abgehen zu laſſen, der die [illegible] ihres Unglücks enthielt. Unterdeſſen war ihr kleiner Schatz freilich um Vieles verringert worden; doch hatten ſie immer noch ein halbes Jahr und etwas darüber vor ſich.

Dies aber war auch der äußerſte Termin, binnen welchem ſich die Wiederherſtellung der freundſchaftlichen Verhältniſſe zwiſchen *** und Jeanne mit Beſtimmtheit hoffen ließ. So [illegible] denn beide [illegible] mit Muth, Geduld und Hoffnung, [illegible] das Gemüth aller Unglücklichen, [illegible] halten.

Es war in den erſten Tagen des Mai, als ſich der Capitain, wie gewöhnlich, mit Jeannen und mehreren andern [illegible] auf der [illegible] befand. [illegible] gingen nach der Stadt, [illegible] Wind mit dem [illegible] zuſammenſtieß.

Endlich, ungefähr um neun Uhr, zeigte ſich in Nordweſt ein Segel auf, das bald für eine ***ſche Fregatte erkannt wurde. Der Capitain bemerkte in Kurzem, daß ſie gerade auf die Rhede zuſteuerte, und rief wie außer ſich: „Befreiung! Befreiung! — Landsleute! — Unterhändler! Präſentſchiff! — Alles Freude und Jubel! — Alles Elend vorbei!" — Dabei umarmte er Joſephen und verſprach dem Aufſeher ein Extrageſchenk.

Mit dem günſtigſten Winde kam nun die Fregatte immer näher, ſo daß man bereits die Mannſchaft auf dem Verdecke zu erkennen im Stande war. Bald ankerte ſie auf der Rhede; ließ zum Zeichen des Friedens vorn eine weiße und dann die Nationalflagge wehen; hißte einen rothen Wimpel auf und feuerte auf der Backbordſeite eine Kanone ab. Alles dies bedeutete, daß ſie in den Hafen einlaufen wollte und der Hülfe eines Lootſen bedürftig war. Wirklich ging auch dieſer bald darauf dahin ab.

So näherte ſich denn das große, herrliche Schiff dem Eingange des Hafens, wo es, unter dem Bereich der Batterien, von neuem vor Anker ging. Es ſetzte hierauf ein Boot mit einem Offizier und ſieben Mann aus, das von dem Hafen gerade auf den Arſenalkai zugeſteuert wurde. Hier ſtieg der Offizier, der eine kleine weiße Flagge trug, an's Land und ward von dem Hafencapitain, der ihn erwartete, ſogleich zu dem Admiral geführt.

Es dauerte ungefähr eine halbe Stunde, als der Offizier mit dem Hafencapitain zurückkam. Beide beſtiegen nun die feſtlich geſchmückte Admiralitätsbarke, die mit zwölf Ruderern bemannt war, und langten in kurzem am Bord der Fregatte an. Nach einer kleinen Weile ging nun dieſe unter Segel, begrüßte die tripolitaniſche Flagge nach herkömmlicher Weiſe mit neun Schüſſen und lief, von dem Hafencapitain ſelbſt geſteuert, unter dem Donner der Gegenbegrüßung in ſtolzer Pracht in den Hafen ein.

Der Capitain und Joſephe hatten dies alles mit unſäglicher Freude angeſehen. Aber jetzt war das Zeichen zum Feierabend, und zwar um anderthalb Stunden früher gegeben, indem am andern Tage ein großes Feſt einfiel. So mußten ſie alſo, mit den übrigen Sclaven, in das Bagno zurückkehren, brachten aber die ſechs Uhr im Hofe zu. Hier hatte nämlich einer der Weinverkäufer ein artiges Zelt aufſchlagen laſſen, wo die kleine Anzahl der wohlhabenden Gefangenen regelmäßig zuſammenkam.

Eben ſaß unſer glückliches Paar, die Wonne und Seligkeit im Herzen, bei ſeiner Abendmahlzeit, als der Wächter zur ungewöhnlichen Stunde noch einmal in das Bagno kam — „Nun Frieden mit Euch!" — hub er freundlich an — „Euer neuer Conſul iſt angelangt und hat die köſtlichſten Geſchenke, ſowohl für den Bey, als für die Großen mitgebracht. Jetzt wird's nicht lange dauern und Alles kommt wieder in Ordnung. Aber Ihr müßt ein Paar Tage Geduld haben, bis das Feſt vorüber iſt. Von der Arbeit ſeid Ihr nun ohnehin befreit."

„Was Ihr mir für dieſe gute Nachricht geben wollt" — fuhr er fort — „das ſteht bei Euch! Ihr wißt ja, ich hab' es immer gut mit Euch gemeint und Euch, nebſt Euern Leuten, auf alle nur mögliche Art geſchont. Alſo ſingt auch mein Lob bei Euerm Conſul, das wird mir nützlich ſein!" — Man begreift leicht, daß er einige ſpaniſche Doppelrealen erhielt, womit er denn ſehr zufrieden war.

Der Capitain hatte natürlich auch ſeine Leute nicht vergeſſen, und ſo waren auch dieſe doppelt vergnügt. — „Hoffet, wie wir gethan haben!" — riefen ſie ihren trübſinnigen Nachbarn zu — „und es wird auch in Erfüllung gehn!" — Dabei reichten ſie ihnen von ihrem Freudentrank und erheiterten ſie wenigſtens für den Augenblick. So ward es Schlafenszeit und alle zogen ſich in ihre Zellen zurück.

7.

Am folgenden Morgen ſchon um fünf Uhr erſchien ganz unerwartet der Oberſchreiber mit zwei Sclaven, wovon der eine einen Coffer, der andere ein Toilettenkäſtchen trug. — „Chriſten aus ***!" — rief er mit lauter Stimme, — „tretet hervor!" — Es waren unſre Freunde mit ihren Leuten, denen der Aufruf galt. Sämmtlich erſchienen ſie denn vor ihnen und ſtellten ſich auf. Aber wie groß war Joſephens Erſtaunen, als ſie ihr Kiſtchen und ihren Koffer erkannte, welche jenes [illegible], beide zur Beute des Oberſchreibers ward.

„Wo iſt Madame ****?" — Stimme des Capitains — war jetzt die weitere Frage. — „Erſchrecket ſie nicht, denn ſie muß erſt klar ſein." Alle ſahen ſich erſchrocken an; [illegible] gab einen Laut von ſich. — „Kleidet Euch ſchnell an!" — ſagte der Oberſchreiber hart — „Sr. Hoheit der Bey hat von Dir gehört; er iſt geneigt, er weiſt Dir ein Zimmer in ſeinem Harem an, bis Ihr abreiſen könnt. — Sieh nur einmal, wo iſt ſie!"

„Hier!" — rief der Capitain — „hier ſteht ſie vor Euch!" — indem er auf den angeblichen Cajütenwächter wies. — „Wie! — rief der Oberſchreiber im höchſten Erſtaunen — „dieſer wohlgeſtaltete Knabe da?" — „Nicht anders! Ich nehme alle meine Leute zu Zeugen! Befragt ſie, wenn Ihr wollt." — „Ich glaube Euch, wiewohl ich nicht begreifen kann —"

„Euer Conſul" — fuhr er fort — „der Sr. Hoheit davon erzählte, rühmte ſie doch als eine Schönheit. — Eben deshalb brachte ich auch die Sachen mit. — Sr. Hoheit werden heute in ihrem Harem zu Mittag ſpeiſen und hoffen ſie daſelbſt zu ſehen. — Nicht als ihre Sclavin, ſondern als eine freie Chriſtinn, die ſich auf einige Tage als Gaſt daſelbſt aufhält. — Sr. Hoheit ſind ſo zufrieden mit Euerm Conſul, daß ſie ihm dadurch beweiſen wollen, wie werth Ihr ihm ſeid. — Darum laßt Madame ſich ankleiden; ehe zwei Stunden vergehen, bin ich wieder bei Euch!"

So ſprach er, ſagte dem erſtaunten Aufſeher einige Worte ins Ohr und ging. Dieſer aber öffnete dem Paare ſogleich ein Cabinet, das ſich im Hintergrunde des Bagno befand. Es war mit einigen europäiſchen Meubeln, ſo wie mit einem Toilettenſpiegel verſehen. — „Herr Capitain!" — ſagte er „hier iſt Eure Wohnung für die kurze Zeit, die Ihr noch hier ſeid! Braucht nun Eure Bequemlichkeit."

Die Matroſen trugen nun die Sachen hinein und brachten auch das Zimmer in etwas beſſere Ordnung. Dann ließ der Capitain ſein liebes Weibchen allein, verſchloß die Thür, ſtellte zum Ueberfluß noch zwei Matroſen als Wächter davor und ging dann ſinnend, voll ſtiller Freude, zwiſchen den Zellenreihen auf und ab. Joſephe aber fand in ihrem Toilettenkäſtchen u. ſ. w. Alles, was zu ihrer Verwandlung nöthig war.

Es mochten wohl anderthalb Stunden vergangen ſein; endlich ſtand ſie in ihrem vollen Putze und in ihrer ganzen Schönheit da. Wenig Minuten, ſo rufte ſie ihrem Manne, um zu öffnen und empfing ihn mit einem Kuß. Er ſelbſt aber ſtaunte ſie mit Entzücken an, denn es war wie eine neue, liebliche Zaubergeſtalt für ihn. Aber in dieſem Augenblicke klopfte es und ein Matroſe meldete den Oberſchreiber an.

Als dieſer nun eintrat, prallte er vor Staunen und Verwunderung zurück. — „Wie!" — rief er — „Iſt das wirklich ſie?" — Joſephe lächelte; der Capitain bejahte es. — „Nun ſo hat Euer Conſul ja dennoch Recht gehabt! — Aber die Sänfte wartet auf Euch, Signora; darum laßt uns aufbrechen, wenn's Euch gefällig iſt."

Joſephe, von den beiden Männern gefolgt, trat nun im höchſten Glanze des Putzes und der Schönheit heraus und ſchritt nun langſam vorwärts. Unwillkürlich, in raſcher Bewegung, ſtellten ſich jetzt alle Sclaven in zwei Reihen auf, fielen auf die Knie, hoben die Arme auf und riefen mit bewegter Stimme: „O Königin des Himmels, hilf uns! O Königin des Himmels, bitte für uns!" — So ſehr ſchien ihnen nämlich alles ein Wunderwerk.

An der Pforte des Bagno wartete bereits eine prächtige Sänfte, die von zwei geſchmückten Maulthieren getragen ward. Bei jedem derſelben ſtand ein eigener Führer, während ſich rechts und links ein Palaſtſclave befand. Die eine Seitenthür ward nun geöffnet und Joſephe ſtieg ein. Darauf zogen die Pagen die rothſeidenen, mit goldenen Franzen beſetzten Vorhänge zu, und der Zug, den Oberſchreiber an der Spitze, ſetzte ſich in Bewegung.

So langte man in weniger als zehn Minuten an dem Thor des Palaſtes an. Dann ging es durch einen großen Hof bis an ein zweites Thor, der in das Innere führte und verſchloſſen war. Die Sänfte hielt, die Pagen klatſchten in die Hände, ein Pförtchen öffnete ſich und es traten zwei Chriſtenſclavinnen, zum Empfange von Joſephen, heraus. Dieſe verließ nun die Sänfte, ward mit einem großen, weißen Schleier bedeckt und folgte ihren Begleiterinnen in das Innere nach.

Ueber einen ſchönen, mit Orangenbäumen beſetzten Platz kam ſie nun von den Sclavinnen geleitet an ein drittes Thor. Dies war der Eingang zu dem eigentlichen Wohnpalaſte des Bey, in deſſen Mitte ſich der Harem befand. Das Thor öffnete ſich und vier andere Sclavinnen ſchloſſen ſich an die Uebrigen an. So ging es weiter durch einen reizenden Garten und herrliche Säulengänge, bis man endlich vor einem weißen, vergoldeten Pavillon ſtand.

„Wir ſind zur Stelle!" — ſagte die eine Sclavin auf franzöſiſch und klopfte an einer Flügelthür. Augenblicklich ſprang dieſe auf, die Sclavin winkte Joſephen mit den übrigen zu warten und ſchlüpfte hinein. Wenig Minuten und ſie kam wieder, winkte Joſephen mit den übrigen einzutreten, nahm ihr den Schleier ab und verſchloß die Flügelthür.

8.

Unſere Freundin befand ſich jetzt in einer weiten Rotunde, die zu beiden Seiten in eine prächtige Gallerie auslief. An den [illegible] große [illegible] Vorhänge herab, mit goldenen Franſen verziert. [illegible] — „Seht hier, [illegible]!" — ſagte ſie [illegible] — [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] — „Sie [illegible]" — ſagte [illegible]

[illegible]

„[illegible]!" — ſagte ſie jetzt zu [illegible]

[illegible]

Jolanthe [illegible]

[illegible] durch Pracht und Schönheit [illegible]

[illegible] Wänden [illegible] Wein [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] führten das Waſſer herbei und eine [illegible]

[illegible]

Die [illegible]

[illegible]

Jolanthe [illegible]

[illegible] von großer Schönheit. Aber alles war erſchlafft, wie denn alle Morgenländerinnen ſo früh verblühen.

9.

Unter dieſen und andern Geſprächen war der Mittag herangekommen, als plötzlich ein Vorhang aufrauſchte und ein [illegible] hereintrat, der ein breites, goldenes [illegible] umhatte, und Weſte und Pantalons von [illegible] trug. — Dabei hatte er einen weißen Stab in der Hand, der mit grünſeidenen Schnüren umwunden und oben mit einem goldenen Knopfe verziert war. — Dieſen hob er [illegible] in die Höhe und entfernte ſich dann. — „[illegible]" — ſagte die Prinzeſſin — „Der Bey erwartet uns!"

Sie klatſchte jetzt in die Hände und plötzlich füllte ſich der Saal mit Sklavinnen an. Dieſe, nicht weniger als fünf und [illegible] zuſammen, eröffneten nun den Zug, während die [illegible] und Jolanthen ging. [illegible] Galerie in einem zweiten Saale an, wo [illegible] und alles zum Empfange des Bey's in Ordnung gebracht war.

[illegible] Eingange gegenüber ſtellten ſich nun die Sklavinnen in zwei Reihen auf. Die Prinzeſſin und Jolanthe [illegible] Platz. [illegible] und hereintrat der Bey, [illegible] um ſich her. [illegible] ging ihm die Prinzeſſin nebſt Jolanthen entgegen und nannte [illegible]

„[illegible]!" — ſagte er in gebrochenem Spaniſch — „[illegible]!" — Hierauf winkte er der Prinzeſſin, ſie zu ihrem Sitze zu führen und folgte ihnen [illegible] nach. [illegible] hinter den [illegible] einen Halbkreis, der von den [illegible] verlängert ward; [illegible] beſorgten nun die Bedienung.

Der Bey und ſeine Gemahlin ſaßen mit untergeſchlagenen Beinen auf [illegible]; Jolanthe dagegen auf einem [illegible] Armſtuhl, der aber kaum einen Fuß hoch war. — Die Gerichte ſtanden auf einer großen, hölzernen Platte [illegible], und waren für den erſten Gang, [illegible] an der Zahl, alle in [illegible] Porzellanſchaalen [illegible].

Zuerſt kamen die eingemachten Sachen, womit man den Appetit zu reizen pflegt. [illegible] Oliven, [illegible] u. ſ. w. [illegible] *) und [illegible]. Dann kamen [illegible] **) [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] auf einen Wink des Bey's die [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Die Sklavin [illegible]

10.

[illegible]

---

*) [illegible]

**) [illegible]

wünſchte nemlich ihre Freundin in türkiſcher Kleidung zu ſehen und ſendete ihr alles Benöthigte dazu.

Eine ſolche Bitte ſchien ein Befehl, Joſephe zögerte daher keinen Augenblick. Die Sclavinnen legten nun Hand an, und ſo ſtand ſie in einer Viertelſtunde wie eine Sultanin da. Die Kleidung war auch wirklich eine der prächtigſten, die die Prinzeſſin nur ſelbſt beſaß. Dazu die koſtbaren Perlen und Diamanten, beſonders am Gürtel und Turban. — Kurz, man konnte nichts Herrlicheres ſehn. Joſephe ſelbſt betrachtete ſich mit Vergnügen in dieſer Verwandlung.

So ward ſie von den Sclavinnen die Gallerie hinab begleitet und dann am Ende derſelben in einen prachtvollen Kiosk geführt. Dieſer hatte die Form einer Rotunde, die Wände zeigten eine ſchöne, gemalte Säulenordnung. Die Zwiſchenräume waren mit Spiegeln und gemalten Blumenſtücken ausgefüllt, die Kuppel vergoldet und mit ſchöner Stuckatur verziert. Der Fußboden war mit vielfarbigen Marmorplatten ausgelegt und in der Mitte befand ſich ein Becken von Alabaſter, aus dem eine kryſtallene Waſſerſäule empor ſprang. Die Ausſicht ging auf das Meer.

Die vier andern Sclavinnen entfernten ſich jetzt; die Vornehmſte war die einzige, die als Dolmetſcherin zurückblieb. Bald darauf erſchien die Prinzeſſin, ebenfalls in einer andern prächtigen Kleidung und mit einem großen Gefolge hinter ſich. Außer dieſem befanden ſich in der erſten Reihe auch die zwei andern Frauen des Bey's, zwar ſchön, aber doch etwas weniger geſchmückt.

Alle vier Damen nahmen nun auf den weichen Kiſſen Platz, während der größte Theil des Gefolgs am Eingange ſtehen blieb. Joſephe war muthwillig genug, ſich gleichfalls auf orientaliſche Weiſe zu ſetzen, und es gelang ihr in dieſer Kleidung über Erwartung gut. Dies gefiel den Damen und beſonders der Prinzeſſin außerordentlich wohl. — „Allerliebſt! Allerliebſt!“ — rief ſie einmal über das andere aus. — „Was ihr Europäerinnen doch geſchickt ſeid!“

Jetzt wurden nun große ſilberne Platten mit allerhand Erfriſchungen vor ihnen niedergeſetzt. Hierunter befand ſich auch Caffe, in dem man Ambrakügelchen aufgelöſt hatte, und ein äußerſt feines Gebäck von Piſtazien. Joſephe ward darauf gebeten, etwas zur Guitarre zu ſingen, und war ſogleich bereitwillig dazu. Die Prinzeſſin winkte und eine Sclavin brachte das Inſtrument im Fluge herbei.

Unſere Freundin wählte eine ſpaniſche Romanze aus der mauriſchen Zeit und ſang dieſelbe mit dem größten Ausdruck. Die Zuhörerinnen hörten mit der größten Aufmerkſamkeit zu und ſchienen die Worte durch die Töne zu verſtehn. Indeſſen ward ihnen der Inhalt jedes Verſes zum Ueberfluß noch verdolmetſcht. Die Prinzeſſin fand alles ſo ſchön, daß ſie Joſephen unaufhörlich in die Backen kniff.

Joſephe benutzte dieſe günſtige Stimmung und bat um die Ueberbringung einer Botſchaft an ihren Mann. Dieſe ſollte, der Verabredung gemäß, in einer Roſe beſtehen, zum Zeichen, daß keine Gefahr vorhanden ſei. Die Prinzeſſin bewilligte dies augenblicklich und beauftragte eine Sclavin dazu. Außerdem gab ſie Befehl, einen Korb mit Erfriſchungen hinzuzufügen, was Alles aufs genaueſte befolgt ward. Man erräth leicht, daß der Aga des Palaſtes die Sendung durch einen Pagen beſorgen ließ.

Unterdeſſen war es Abend geworden und die Damen ſtiegen in den Garten hinab. Hier befanden ſich eine Menge Schaukeln nebſt einem ſehr artigen und bequemen Carouſſel. Beide wurden nun nach Herzensluſt benutzt, denn die Sclavinnen, die ſie in Bewegung ſetzten, hatten ihr eigenes Spiel daran. Die Prinzeſſin gab dabei das Beiſpiel der ausgelaſſenſten Fröhlichkeit. Endlich, als die Sonne in's Meer hinabſank, begab man ſich in den Palaſt zurück.

Jetzt begann eine neue Unterhaltung, die die Geſellſchaft noch zwei volle Stunden beſchäftigt hielt. In einem Saale war nemlich ein kleines Theater befindlich, wo eine Reihe von Automaten aufgeſtellt war. Der Bey hatte dieſelben in Venedig verfertigen laſſen; die Sendung war eben erſt über Malta angelangt. Vor dieſem Theater nahm nun die Prinzeſſin mit Joſephinen und den zwei andern Frauen auf weichen Kiſſen Platz, während eine [illegible] den ganz großen [illegible] begann.

Bald flog indeſſen der Vorhang auf und die Vorſtellung nahm ihren Anfang. Zuerſt ſah man einen Seiltänzer, der ſich ſelbſt zu übertreffen ſchien. Dann zeigte ſich ein Mann mit einem Canarienvogel, der ein artiges Liedchen ſang. Gleich alsdann ein Hirt, der ſeine Flöte erſchallen ließ und [illegible] von dem Wolfe ſeiner Heerde unterbrochen ward. Hierauf folgte ein Derwiſch, der den Gottesdienſt machte, und ein Trompeter, der zum Angriff blies.

Nach dieſem kam ein Mädchen mit einer Ziege, die ganz natürlich zu graſen ſchien. Zu gleicher Zeit ſah man ein Paar Turteltauben, die ſich ſchnäbelten, und einen Holzhauer, der einen Baumſtamm [illegible]. Hierauf zeigte ſich eine Zelle mit zwei Einſiedlern, von denen der eine betete, während der andere zu ſchnarchen anfing.

Zum Beſchluſſe endlich erſchienen zwei männliche Figuren von ausgezeichneter Schönheit. Sie grüßten ſich, umarmten einander, wandten ſich verbindlich ſeitwärts und gingen dann jeder auf einer andern Seite ab. Es blieb nun die ganze Geſellſchaft beiſammen, während unaufhörlich Erfriſchungen herumgegeben wurden und bald die eine, bald die andere Dudelſack luſtig zu ſpielen begann.

Auf dieſe Art brachte Joſephe faſt eine volle Woche unter einer Menge abwechſelnder Vergnügungen, wie Tänze, Pantomimen, Erzählungen, Schattenſpiele u. ſ. w. im Harem zu. Jeden Abend ſchickte ſie ihrem Manne eine Botſchaft mit Früchten, und erhielt wieder eine von ihm. Endlich ward ihr die erfreuliche Nachricht, daß der neue Vertrag abgeſchloſſen, das Schiff mit dem größten Theil der Ladung zurückgegeben und Alles beigelegt ſei.

Sie nahm darauf von der Prinzeſſin zärtlichen Abſchied, mußte die koſtbare, türkiſche Kleidung als Geſchenk behalten, und ward dann in der großen Staatsbarke an Bord gebracht. Der Capitain eilte ihr im großen Boote entgegen, ſchloß ſie in ſeine Arme, ließ den Ruderern eine Dublone geben und feierte mit ſeiner ganzen Mannſchaft das Feſt ihrer Befreiung. So lichtete er am andern Morgen die Anker und kam nach einer äußerſt glücklichen Fahrt an dem Orte ſeiner Beſtimmung an.

Caroline Auguſte Fiſcher,

geborne Venturini, des Vorigen Gattin und Schweſter des bekannten Hiſtorikers V. (ſ. d.), ward 1772 zu Braunſchweig geboren, vermählte ſich in erſter Ehe mit dem D. J. C. R. Chriſtiani, damaligem Hofprediger in Kopenhagen, ſpäter Superintendenten in Lüneburg, ward aber von demſelben geſchieden und heirathete darauf 1808 den Prof. C. A. Fiſcher.

Sie ſchrieb:

Guſtav's Verirrungen. Leipzig 1801.
Vierzehn Tage in Paris. Leipzig 1801.
Die Honigmonate. 2 Thle. Poſen 1802. N. A. 1804.
Der Günſtling. Poſen 1809.
Margarethe. Heidelberg 1812.
Kleine Erzählungen und romantiſche Skizzen. Poſen 1818. 1. Thl.

Ein leichtes, gefälliges Talent, nicht ohne Erfindungsgabe und gewandte Darſtellung, doch ohne tiefern Ernſt, weshalb ihre Leiſtungen auch nur ephemere Geltung erworben, und bald in der Fluth der Tagsliteratur verſchwanden. —

Paul Flemming.

Dieſer für ſeine Zeit höchſt bedeutende lyriſche Dichter ward am 17. October 1609 zu Hartenſtein, einem Schönburgiſchen Städtchen im Voigtlande, geboren, wo ſein Vater Prediger war. Nachdem er eine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen erhalten, ſtudirte er zu Leipzig die Arzneikunde und ward 1631 [illegible] ſelbſt Magiſter der freien Künſte. Die Kriegsunruhen jener Zeit bewogen ihn jedoch, wie er ſelbſt [illegible], andere Länder kennen zu lernen und ſich 1633 nach Holſtein zu begeben, wo der damals regierende Herzog Friedrich eben eine ſtarke Geſandtſchaft an ſeinen Schwager Michael Federowitſch, Czar von Rußland, ausrüſtete. Flemming erhielt die Erlaubniß ſich ihr anſchließen zu dürfen und kehrte mit derſelben [illegible] im nächſtfolgenden Jahre nach Holſtein zurück. Erfreut über den günſtigen Erfolg dieſes Unternehmens, beſchloß nun der Herzog die bereits weiter gehende Abſicht auszuführen und eine noch größere Geſandtſchaft an den Schah Sefi von Perſien abgehen zu laſſen, um einen Handelsvertrag mit ihm abzuſchließen. Flemming begleitete dieſelbe gleichfalls und kam nach einer mühſamen und gefahrvollen Reiſe (ausführlich beſchrieben von dem Geſandtſchaftsrath Adam Olearius, Schleswig, 1656) am 3. Auguſt 1637 mit ihr in Jspahan an. Mehrere in der Sammlung von Flemmings Gedichten befindliche unterwegs verfaßte lateiniſche und deutſche Poeſien geben gleichfalls von den während dieſer oft beſchwerlichen und durch das unbeſonnene Betragen des Chefs der Geſandtſchaft, Brüggemann, ſehr widerwärtigen Reiſe gemachten Erfahrungen Kunde. Nach einem fünf Monate langen Aufenthalt in Jspahan wird die Rückreiſe am 16. December 1637 nicht ohne große Gefahren angetreten, doch erreichte das ſämmtliche Perſonal glücklich am 2. Januar 1639 Moskau und am 11. April deſſelben Jahres Reval. — Hier machte unſer Dichter die Bekanntſchaft eines angeſehenen Kaufmannes Niehuſen, mit deſſen Tochter er ſich förmlich verlobte, und die er als ſeine Gattin heimzuführen gedachte, wenn er ſich, wie es ſein Wille war, in Hamburg als praktiſcher Arzt niedergelaſſen hätte. Zu Anfange des Auguſts langte die Geſandtſchaft wieder in Holſtein an. — Flemming begab ſich nun nach Leiden, um dort zu promoviren und kehrte darauf mit dem medicinischen Doctorhute geſchmückt nach Hamburg zurück, wo er jedoch gleich nach ſeiner Ankunft von einer heftigen Krankheit überfallen wurde, die ſein von den Beſchwerlichkeiten der Reiſe geſchwächter Körper nicht zu widerſtehen vermochte. Er ſtarb am 2. April 1640 im 31. Lebensjahre.

Von ſeinen Gedichten, welche bis dahin nur handſchriftlich exiſtirten, waren viele verloren worden; die übrigen ſammelte der Vater ſeiner Verlobten und gab ſie 1642 heraus unter dem Titel:

Geiſt- und weltliche Poemata Paul Flemmings. Naumburg und Jena [illegible] 1642 in 8. — Zweite Ausgabe ebendaſ. 1642. 1651. 1660. 1685. — Merſeburg 1685. [illegible] Flemming's Bildniß.

Ferner: Geiſtliche Gedichte von P. F. nebſt deſſen Leben, herausgegeben von G. Schwab. [illegible] 1820. ([illegible] deutſcher Dichter, Bd. 4.)

Zu ſeinen lateiniſchen Gedichten gehören:

Rubella, seu suaviorum liber. Lips. 1631.

Epigrammata latina ante hac non edita. Amstel. 1649. Naumb. 1649.

Mehrere ungedruckte Poeſien befinden ſich [illegible] noch jetzt in einer Handſchrift auf der [illegible] Bibliothek.

Ferner erſchien noch von ihm:

Davids des Hebräiſchen Königs und Propheten Bußpſalmen und Manaſſe Gebet, in deutſche Reime gebracht. Leipzig 1632 in 4.

Klagegedichte über das unſchuldige Leiden u. Tod Jeſu Chriſti. Leipzig 1632 in 4.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Paul Flemming [illegible] geſchichte Thun und Leiden Chriſti. Hamburg 1646. Nachmals gebeſſert, erklärt und in 444 Reimen ausgeführt von D. Rud. Capelle, Hamb. Professore. Hamburg 1652. 12mo.

Ueber Flemming's Leiſtungen wurden ſowohl von ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen wie von Späteren die verſchiedenartigſten Urtheile gefällt und erſt in der neueren Zeit iſt dem Dichter ſeine Anerkennung vollkommen geworden, die er vor ſo vielen Mitdichtern ſeiner Zeit im vollſten Maße verdiente. Am Treffendſten charakteriſirt ihn einer der geiſtreichſten und competenteſten Richter, Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Bd. X. S. 119—135) u. A. mit folgenden Worten: Für die lyriſche Poeſie war Flemming geboren. Er iſt nicht, wie Opitz, ein Dichter, der für das andere Zeitalter werden konnte, was er für das ſeinige wurde. Wenn ihn das Schickſal in der zweiten Hälfte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts hätte auftreten laſſen, würde er unter unſeren lyriſchen Dichtern einer der vorzüglichſten und glücklichſten geworden ſein. Auch die philoſophiſche Weltbetrachtung, zu der ſich immer die großen lyriſchen Dichter erhoben haben, erſcheint in Flemming's Poeſie. Ob er gleich nicht ſo darauf ausging, wie Opitz, in Gelegenheitsproductionen das moraliſche Lehrgedicht zu finden, war ſein Geiſt doch gern mit ernſten Gedanken über den Standpunkt beſchäftigt, auf dem der Menſch im Wechſel der irdiſchen Dinge ſteht. Daher erinnern ſeine Gedichte ſo oft an den Tod und die Ewigkeit. Seine deutſche Religioſität war nicht nur dem Geiſte ſeines Jahrhunderts angemeſſen, ſie entſprang auch tief und innig aus ſeiner kindlichen Seele. Ueberhaupt ſpricht aus Flemmings Gedichten eine edle Geſinnung. Wo ſeine Poeſie in das Gemeine hinabſinkt, iſt die Schuld nur an ſeinem unvollkommen gebildeten Geſchmacke, der das Unſchickliche von dem Schicklichen nicht genauer abzuſondern wußte. Aber dieſen Fehler haben Flemming's Gedichte mit der geſammten deutſchen Poeſie des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts gemein. Ein anderer eben ſo auffallender Fehler, der Flemming's Poeſie entſtellt, iſt die Nachahmung des falſchen Spiels des Witzes, das ſich gerade damals von Italien aus, wo Marini, Achillini und deren Anhänger den neuen Ton angegeben hatten, auch in andere Länder, beſonders in Spanien und Frankreich verbreitete. Dieſe unnatürliche, geſuchte, nicht ſelten durch eine ſchimmernde Ungereimtheit ſich ſelbſt zerſtörenden Einfälle, die man vornehmlich Concetti (Conceits) nannte. [illegible] Flemming's Geſchmack in den [illegible] Augen der wahren Poeſie zu [illegible]. [illegible] die [illegible] Gemüths, die [illegible], wurden ſich [illegible] dieſer geſchmackloſen Gedankenſpielen unterwerfen. In dieſer Hinſicht hätte Flemming mehr von Opitz lernen können, der [illegible] ſeinen geſunden Verſtand einem ausgelaſſenen Witze Preis gegeben hat. —

An Herrn Hartman Grahman.*)

Fürſtl. holſtein. Geſandten Leib-Arzt, geſchrieben in Moskau [illegible]. Zu welcher Zeit derſelbe [illegible] und [illegible] abgereiſet war.

Gott, Bruder, weil dann du, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

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*) Aus P. Flemming's Gedichten.

Komm' ich denn da und da, und dort nicht wieder hin,
So weiß ich daß ich da vorhin geweſen bin.
Ein weiſer fraget nicht, wo, wie und wenn er ſtirbet.
Er weiß daß dieſer Leib gleich überall verdirbet.
Ein Todt der iſt es nur, der tauſentfältig kömmt,
und ihrer tauſend wohl auff tauſent Arten nimmt.
So gilts ihm auch ſtets gleich: Er hält ſich allzeit fertig;
Wird er gefodert auff ſo ſteht er gegenwertig;
Weiß, daß ſo bald er hat zu leben hier erſtickt,
Er auch ſchon alt genung zum Tode worden iſt.
Kein graues Haar macht alt. Vom Geiſte muß es kommen,
das von der Weisheit wird für Alter angenommen;
So grob hat keiner noch der Rechen-Kunſt gefehlt,
als der ſein Alter nur nach ſeinen Jahren zählt.
Ich habe ſatt gelebt. [illegible] angeſtochen,
was ich durch Fleiß und Schweiß mir habe nun erworben,
Den [illegible], die [illegible] Smaragd
zu allererſt hat im [illegible] aufgebracht.
Ich [illegible] der Königs-Pracht und Kronen,
[illegible], welche mich doch keine Gnade ſchonen.
Ich [illegible] ja ſo wol, als einem jener that,
auch wenn die [illegible] mit warmem Blute und Muht
nach [illegible] anderr, mich meines Willens rühmen,
und meiner [illegible] Macht in Völker Luſt verführen,
wie [illegible] und klein es iſt. So laß dann auch nicht wohl,
daß ich für Gott und [illegible] mich laſſe ſchlagen ſoll,
in einer tollen Schlacht. Ich habe nichts gelernet,
das groß von weiten ſteht, und nur allein fernet;
Wie dieſem Scheine feind; Ich bin von Jugend her
der Wiſſenſchaft bekannt, die ich nicht ohn gefehr
und über [illegible] weiß. [illegible] mich ſchänden,
aus keiner Anſtalt, ſo hält ich [illegible]
in mich den wilden Rauſch, der voll an Nüchternheit
und faſt an Hunger macht, der nach der Weisheit ſchreit,
Die Kunſt wie alle Luſt, da haſſ' ich alle Liebe,
die außerhalb der Kunſt, mich ſo an etwas triebe,
das gut ſcheint, und nur ſcheint. Ich ſang für manchen Sieg
ſchon manchen Lorbeer-Kranz. Als aber gleich der Krieg
erbarm es Gott, der Krieg, mit welchem wir uns Teutſchen
von ſo viel Jahren her nun ganz zu tode peitſchen,
Mein Meißen [illegible] traff, ſo gab ich mich der Flucht,
Die niemand ſchelten kan, und ich mir offt geſucht.
Ganz einem Vogel gleich, der flück' iſt aus zu fliegen,
und gleichwol noch nicht traut; ſchaut, wenn er laſt kan kriegen,
Die Eltern die ſind aus, der Habicht ohngefehr
ſetzt auff das bloße Neſt aus fernen Lüfften her;
Die Noth erweckt den Muht. Er reiſt ſich aus den Nöhten,
ſteugt hier und da ümmher, und traut ſich ſichern Stätten
mein bleiben war nicht mehr. Zu dem war dieß mein Raht;
Was gilt der und ein Mann, der nicht gereiſet hat.
Ich gab mich in die Welt, da ich zur guten Stunde
dich, Bruder, und mit dir ein gutes Mittel funde,
Im Auffgang einen Zug, auff den die ganze Welt
nun Aug' und Ohren hat. Der Zimbriſchen theuer Held,
der [illegible] Sohn, verſchickt' Abgeſandten
in Sophis fernes Reich, das zwar wir Deutſchen nannten,
doch aber kannten nicht; die trauten dir ihr Heil,
das du nechſt Gott erhältſt, und ließen mich ein Theil,
auch ihrer Sorgen ſeyn. Wer preiſt dieſes Glücke,
zur ſelben Zeit an uns nicht vor ein ſonders Glücke?
Wir ſchifften durch den Belt, und brachten Moſchkaw an,
was unſers Fürſten Macht wolt' haben hier gethan,
das damals zwar nicht nein zu unſrer Sachen ſagte,
doch, daß es ſich wie uns hierüber mehr beklagte,
ganz were mit uns eins, ſo wandten wir uns ümm,
und hatten über dich deß Herzogs klare Stimm',
und ſeinen ganzen Sinn. Da war es bald geſchehen,
daß wir dich unter uns mehr hatten nicht geſehen;
Der große Johannes rieff dich durch ſeinen Brief,
den dein Verhängniß doch zu der Zeit wiederrieff;
Es gunt' uns länger dich. Kamſt derowegen wieder,
erfüllt mit Seelen-Angſt, mit Furcht durch alle Glieder,
die dir die See gebracht. Da kamſt in [illegible] Stadt,
die nachmahls dich und mich noch mehr [illegible] hat.
Wir ließen Liefland ſtehn, Gott weiß mit was vor Herzen,
und übergaben uns den [illegible],
Wir zogen gleichſam fort, und [illegible] groß und klein
in Reuſſens große Städt' und [illegible] Winter ein.
[illegible] ließ uns noch, [illegible] überglauben werth,
[illegible] uns [illegible], gut [illegible].
Durch die ſo langen Land, und [illegible] hier und dort,
wo [illegible] Flucht und [illegible]
Wir [illegible] an die [illegible]
und [illegible] mit [illegible] und mit [illegible],
bald [illegible] und bald [illegible]. Wir [illegible] in das Nahe.
und ſungen Moſkaw nach von ſeiner Moſkaw an.
So ſchwummen wir dahin mit Nymfen ganz ümmſprungen,
die klare Bachara grüßt' uns aus hellen Zungen.
Die Schweſter der Napeen, die Oke, lieff voraus,
Sagt' uns der Wolgen an, da unſer [illegible] Hauß
der kühne Friedrich lag. Das Wunderwerk vor Rieſen,
das durch ganz Reuſſen hoch und ſelzam ward geprieſen,
uns ganz am Muthe gleich, nahm uns mit Freuden auff,
und wagte ſich mit uns auff unſern weiten Lauff,
der anfangs langſam fuhr, gehämmt von falſchen Gründen,
[illegible] befahl uns erſt ich guten Winden.
[illegible] lief häuffig ümm den Strand,
Das laute [illegible] das klatſchet' in die Hand.
[illegible] für unſer Stücke laufen,
[illegible] bekränzt, als wir ſie laſſen krachen.
Das [illegible] Thor und Mauren [illegible],
[illegible], als wir uns [illegible] mit uns zu Segel gehn.
[illegible] uns [illegible] mit [illegible].
[illegible], [illegible] ab, das [illegible] auf einem Falle,
[illegible] zu. [illegible] ſang uns an,
das [illegible] war [illegible] und [illegible].
Der [illegible] und [illegible]
[illegible] die [illegible],
[illegible] und [illegible], und [illegible] Bruſt.
Er [illegible] an uns zu [illegible] laß.
Wir kamen [illegible] an Aſtrachan, das [illegible],
das, als hält es uns mit [illegible] Gethöne,
von [illegible] Mauren [illegible], aus Hauß und Thürmen ließ,
und [illegible] laut [illegible] in unſer Galeen rieff,
Der [illegible], der [illegible] der Falkonetten,
der [illegible] Donnerſchlag, das [illegible] der Trompetten,
der [illegible] vermengten Furcht und Luſt,
So daß man Scherz und Ernſt faſt nicht zu ſcheiden wuſt.
Der [illegible], der Kern auf Raub und [illegible]
erfahren, und fiel zu Pferd' aus ſeinem Schilf und Hecken,
und als er endlich [illegible] uns Freund-gemeinten Feind,
Erfahren er, daß es nicht zum [illegible] war gemeint.
Wie [illegible] uns [illegible] und die Tartariſchen [illegible]
als [illegible] der [illegible],
In das berühmte Meer. Die, Amazonen Land,
Nach unſerm Friedrichs Stadt ihren ſüßen Mund.
So bald die der Orkan, der ſtrenge [illegible], vernommen,
da kam er tobens voll recht an uns angekommen,
[illegible] auf ſein grünes [illegible]. [illegible] aus der Kluft.
Da ſtritten wieder uns Grund, Wetter, See und Lufft.
Wir [illegible] Himmel an und Höllen ab mit Schrecken;
Die [illegible] kamen ganz das ſchwache Schiff zu decken,
und [illegible] häuffig ein. Die Schlupe die gieng fort.
Das [illegible] Ruder ſprang ab, der Maſt ſchlug über Bort.
Der ungetreue Grund ließ hier die Anker ſchleppen,
Von dorther ſchrecken uns, Derbent, dein hohe Klippen.
Kein helffen half uns mehr. Wir ſtürzten auff das Land,
Da ſtarb das edle Schiff, an der [illegible] Strand',
am Sande [illegible]. O dem betrübten dritten,
mit welchem endlich wir das Perſien beſchritten!
Die [illegible] über uns der furcht und wunderns vol
empfiengen uns mit Troſt und ſprachen alles wol.
Schamachie, die Zier der [illegible],
Die [illegible] Luſt der [illegible],
da Pan zu Feld' und Thal' und Berge ruft und pfeifft,
und nach der [illegible] hier, dort nach der [illegible] läufft,
Wie prächtig nahm uns an, wie bließ es die Poſaunen,
wie ſprungen ümm uns her die [illegible];
Da uns [illegible] ſelbſt, der Herzog einer Schaar,
die [illegible] grün' in vollem Winter war,
gar weit entgegen kahm. Bey dieſer Abentheuer
war ganz der Tag voll Luſt, die Nacht voll Freuden-feuer.
[illegible] macht' die Nacht zum ſterben [illegible] voll;
So bracht' uns [illegible] Zeit; wir waren allzeit wol,
Bald auf [illegible] Jagt, bald bey [illegible] Feſten.
Ihr waret [illegible] uns, ihr waren mit den Gäſten.
[illegible] wir das [illegible]
das [illegible] faſt mir [illegible] will.
In [illegible], [illegible] im [illegible]
an [illegible], [illegible] von vielen [illegible],
das uns [illegible] ſo viel [illegible] macht;
In [illegible] aber uns mit [illegible] verdacht.
[illegible], Bruder, die [illegible] von den [illegible],
und dein [illegible] Geiſt bis auf der Zungen ſchwebte,
und [illegible]; dein [illegible] und deine Kunſt,
und [illegible] durch dich [illegible] Brunſt,
[illegible] beſucht. Gott aber der [illegible],
der ſich [illegible] und ſo [illegible] hat [illegible].
[illegible] uns [illegible]; und [illegible] nun mir,
daß er [illegible], ganz wieder geben will.

[illegible]

Da ſchwur der Kocher uns, der Tarter da den Todt,
Vor ümm und hinter uns war nichts als eine Noht.
Von innen Qual und Angſt, von auſſen Furcht und Zagen,
Da hörte man von nichts als Blut und Raube ſagen;
Es muſte ſein gewagt. Was der verhaßte Orth
mit Pferden nicht verſieht, das muß zu Fuße fort.
[illegible] habe danck, [illegible], ſei geprieſen,
und, [illegible], gelebt: Ihr habt euch gut erwieſen,
uns freundlich über bracht, und du auch, O [illegible],
mehr durch deß Vatern Schuld, als deinen eignen Fall,
den Nachbahrn hoch verhaßt, beherrſche dein Gebürge,
[illegible] Thäler mehr, daß kein Feind [illegible] würge.
[illegible] gute Nacht; erkennt einſt, wer ihr ſeid.
Wir ſetzen nun den Fuß in unſre [illegible].
[illegible] die männlichen [illegible],
Die ich, zwar [illegible] nicht, doch [illegible] laſſen.
[illegible], welches ſich nichts minder [illegible] hält,
hat [illegible] von Hertzen ſehr [illegible].
Das [illegible] der Tartern kennet
und von der [illegible] ſelbſt benennt,
[illegible]. Der [illegible],
da [illegible] Sand und Salz, und [illegible] ſteht ſtill.
[illegible], nicht aber gar zu [illegible],
[illegible] Tartern [illegible],
[illegible]. Die dritte Nacht brach an,
Ich hatte keine [illegible], noch [illegible], noch [illegible].
Die Erde war mein [illegible], mein [illegible] der Himmel.
Der [illegible] Salz, das [illegible] Schimmel
[illegible] nicht gäntzlich [illegible]
der [illegible] und Durſt, die [illegible] der [illegible].
[illegible], Orion, [illegible] Himmel [illegible],
Ich [illegible] dir gehandt,
[illegible] als ich [illegible],
und einen langen Zug [illegible] aus der Hand der [illegible],
aus [illegible]. Ich [illegible] den [illegible],
[illegible] Götter trinckt auff euren [illegible],
Der [illegible] Trunck [illegible] mir das Blut
mehr als dem [illegible] thut.
[illegible], Vaterland, daß wir nicht [illegible],
Es iſt kein [illegible] uns [illegible];
[illegible]. [illegible] Jahre [illegible],
Diß, was uns iſt [illegible], iſt [illegible].
Durch uns [illegible] eingegangen,
[illegible] man die [illegible] geflogen,
Die [illegible] in ungezählter Zahl
[illegible], und in ihm, [illegible] Fürſtens [illegible].
Was wilt du, Bruder, [illegible] künfftig geben,
daß wir, auff [illegible], noch [illegible] leben,
auff [illegible], die [illegible] Feind [illegible] das Graß,
den wir [illegible].
Der große [illegible] einem [illegible],
Zur guten [illegible] legt; [illegible],
den unſer Fürſt [illegible]. Des Landes guter Theil
[illegible] zu, [illegible],
[illegible] Todt. Itzt auch [illegible],
So lange [illegible] aus in [illegible],
von [illegible] in Oſt und Süd, durch Regen, [illegible] und Schnee,
durch Mangel und Gefahr, durch [illegible], durch Land und See,
Es [illegible] Kranckheit [illegible], ſo [illegible] ſchertze,
Gott lob, und [illegible] danck, uns [illegible] ſchmertze,
und [illegible] Macht. Wir [illegible] Neid und [illegible],
und ſind biß [illegible] nichts [illegible], als todt.
Ich habe faſt [illegible], wirſt du mich nur [illegible],
mein Bruder [illegible] zu thun an meinen Büchern,
Sie führen an den Ort, da mein' und [illegible]
den Krantz der Ewigkeit auch auff mich legen [illegible].
Dein [illegible] wird [illegible]. Sie werden nicht vergehen,
die Nahmen, die [illegible] mit [illegible].
Sonſt alles ander [illegible]. Was eine Feder [illegible],
die [illegible] und [illegible], das [illegible], das es bleibt,
wenn nichts mehr etwas iſt. Ich kan nicht gantz verweſen,
mein beſter Theil [illegible], wenn [illegible] mit dem [illegible]
[illegible]. [illegible], [illegible]:
Doch will ich was ich [illegible], und habe was ich will.
Und [illegible] gnung gehalten,
und [illegible] als nichts. [illegible]
[illegible] mit mir, [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] will [illegible],
[illegible] Schaf und [illegible],
[illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] und [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] Hand [illegible].
das, weil es hat gewehrt, nicht eine hat gefaßt.
Fehlt mir denn gleich der Wunſch, und ich ſoll hier noch fallen,
So laß mich, wo ich bin mit meinen andern allen,
Diß nimm nur mit anheim, die Finger voll Purpur,
da leb' ich ohne Todt, da bleib' ich ähnlich mir;
Diß iſt mein Ebenbild. Was? Bild? mein gantzes Weſen
das du zwar hier noch ſiehſt, dort weit wirſt beſſer leſen.
Verlaß die ſichre Stadt, und thu dich, Bruder, an,
laß ſehen, ob ich dich nicht frölich machen kan.
Lauff, Junger, hol uns der Melonen aus Bucharen,
Arbuſen von der [illegible], und andre ſolche Waaren.
Du, andrer, eil bald, und bring' uns auff der Poſt
kalt Bier, [illegible] Wein, und jungen rothen Moſt,
der Zucker leiden mag. Das erſte, das ich leere,
Iſt, Bruder, daß du weiſt, aus dieſen weiten Meere,
daß, wie hier der [illegible] viel Flüſſe ſchlingt in ſich,
und keinen [illegible] hat, als welcher fällt in mich.
Das ander laß ich dort auff ſein und meiner Lieben,
die ſich vielleicht' [illegible] nicht ſehr mehr nun betrüben.
Das dritte thu mir nach durch dieſen engen Ring,
den ich zu guter letzt von ihrer Hand empfing,
Gott weiß, warumb und wie. Doch dir iſt nichts nicht fremde,
was mir verborgen liegt hier unter dieſem Hemde.
Ja, Bruder, trinck noch eins auff Treue zu [illegible].
Denn morgen werden wir, will Gott, zu Segel gehn.

Nach deß ſechſten Pſalmens Weiſe.

In allen meinen Thaten
laß ich den Höchſten rathen,
der alles kan und hat,
Er muß zu allen Dingen,
ſolls anders wol gelingen,
ſelbſt geben Rath und That.

Nichts iſt es ſpat und frühe,
üm alle meine Mühe,
mein Sorgen iſt umſonſt.
Er mags mit meinen Sachen
nach ſeinem Willen machen.
Ich ſtells in ſeine Gunſt.

Es kan mir nichts geſchehen,
als was er hat verſehen,
und was mir ſelig iſt.
Ich nehm' es, wie ers giebet,
was ihm von mir geliebet
das hab' auch ich erkieſt.

Ich traue ſeiner Gnaden,
die mich für allem Schaden,
für allem Übel ſchützt.
Leb' ich nach ſeinen Sätzen,
So wird mich nichts verletzen,
nichts fehlen, was mir nützt.

Er wolle meiner Sünden
in Gnaden mich entbinden,
durchſtreichen meine Schuld.
Er wird auff mein Verbrechen
nicht ſtracks das Urtheil ſprechen,
und haben noch Gedult.

Ich zieh' in ferne Lande,
zu nützen einem Stande,
an den er mich beſtellt.
Sein Segen wird mir laſſen,
was gut und recht iſt, faſſen,
zu dienen ſeiner Welt.

Bin ich in wilder Wüſten,
So bin ich doch bey Chriſten,
und Chriſtus iſt bey mir.
Der Helffer in Gefahren,
der kan mich doch bewahren,
wie dorte, ſo auch hier.

Er wird zu dieſen Reiſen
gewünſchten Fortgang weiſen,
wol helffen hin und her.
Geſundheit, Heil und Leben,
Zeit, Wind und Wetter geben,
und alles nach Begehr.

Sein Engel, der getreue,
macht meine Feinde ſcheue,
tritt zwiſchen mich und ſie.
Durch ſeinen Zug, den frommen,

ſind wir ſo weit nun kommen,
und wiſſen faſt nicht wie.

Leg' ich mich ſpäte nieder,
erwach' ich frühe wieder,
lieg', oder zieh' ich fort,
In Schwachheit und in Banden,
und was mir ſtößt zu Handen,
ſo tröſtet mich ſein Wort.

Hat er es denn beſchloſſen,
So will ich unverdroſſen
an mein Verhängniß gehn,
Kein Unfall unter allen
wird mir zu harte fallen,
Ich will ihn überſtehn.

Ihm hab' ich mich ergeben,
zu ſterben und zu leben,
So bald er mir gebeut.
Es ſey heut oder morgen,
Dafür laß ich ihn ſorgen,
Er weiß die rechte Zeit.

Gefällt es ſeiner Güte
und ſagt mir mein Gemüthe
nicht was vergebliches zu,
So werd' ich Gott noch preiſen
mit manchen ſchönen Weiſen
daheim in meiner Ruh.

Indeß wird er den Meinen
mit Segen auch erſcheinen,
Ihr Schutz, wie meiner, ſeyn,
wird beiderſeits gewähren,
was unſer Wunſch und Zähren
Ihn bitten überein.

So ſey nun, Seele, deine,
und traue dem alleine,
Der dich geſchaffen hat.
Es gehe wie es gehe,
Dein Vater in der Höhe
weiß allen Sachen Rath.

V.

[illegible], die du's [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Aus dem Italiäniſchen.

Laßt uns tanzen, laßt uns ſpringen,
Denn die [illegible] Heerde
tanzt zum Klange der Schallmeyen,
[illegible] und Heerde muß ſich freuen,
Wenn ein [illegible] auf grüner Weide
[illegible] und Sommer [illegible] ſingen.

Laßt uns tanzen, laßt uns ſpringen,
Denn die Sternen, gleich dem [illegible]
[illegible] in den [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] am Himmel
mit unzähligem Getümmel.

Laßt uns tanzen, laßt uns ſpringen,
Denn der [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
nach der [illegible] ſingen.

Laßt uns tanzen, laßt uns ſpringen,
denn die Wellen, ſo die Winde
[illegible] ſpringen,
die [illegible]
wenn die [illegible]
ſie [illegible] an die [illegible],
tanzt der Flutten Fuß zu Sprunge,
wie der [illegible] Zunge.

Laßt uns tanzen, laßt uns ſpringen,
denn der bunten Blumen Schaar,
wenn auf die [illegible]
die verliebten Weſten dringen,
geben einen lieben Schein,
gleich als ſeltne Tänze ſeyn.

Laßt uns tanzen, laßt uns ſpringen,
laßt uns tanzen für und für,
denn durch tanzen lernen wir
eine Kunſt von ſchönen Dingen.

Wie Er wolle geküſſet ſeyn.

Nirgends hin, als auf den Mund,
da ſinkt's in des Herzens Grund.
Nicht zu frei, nicht zu gezwungen,
nicht mit gar zu fauler Zungen.

Nicht zu wenig, nicht zu viel,
Beides wird ſonſt Kinderſpiel.
Nicht zu laut, und nicht zu leiſe,
Bei der Maß' iſt rechte Weiſe.

Nicht zu nahe, nicht zu weit,
Dies macht Kummer, jenes Leid.
Nicht zu trucken, nicht zu feuchte,
wie Adonis Venus reichte.

Nicht zu harte, nicht zu weich,
Bald zugleich, bald nicht zugleich.
Nicht zu langſam, nicht zu ſchnelle,
Nicht ohn' Unterſcheid der Stelle.

Halb gebiſſen, halb gehaucht,
Halb die Lippen eingetaucht,
Nicht ohn' Unterſcheid der Zeiten,
Mehr alleine, denn bei Leuten.

Küſſe nun ein jedermann,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Artzt, ich bin kranck nach dir. Du Brunnen Jſrael,
dein kräfftigs Waſſer löſcht den Durſt der matten Seel'.
Auch dein Blut, Oſterlamm, hat meine Thür errohtet,
die zu dem Hertzen geht. Ich ſteiffe mich auff dich
du mein Hort, du mein Felß. Weide, leben mich.
Dein Todt hat meinen Todt, du Todes Todt, getödtet.

Bekändtnüß.

Mehr böſe noch als bös hab' ich bisher gelebet;
[illegible]
Den Himmel oft erzürnt; mehr meinen Freund und der Welt,
[illegible]
Der ſchnöden Eitelkeit der Erden angeklebet.
Ich habe das gethan, das mir ſelbſt nicht gefällt,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ich muß, will ich ſchon nicht, bekennen wieder mich.
Mein Urtheil, meine Straff und Todes-Art ſprech' ich.
[illegible]
Und [illegible]
von meinen Sünden her! [illegible]
von meiner Sünden ab, an der ſo [illegible].

Auff das Nachtmahl deß Herren.

Das hohe Abendmahl, da ſelbſt der Wirth wird Speiſe,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Das Neue Teſtament, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Und was! [illegible]
Hinweg, [illegible]
Weg [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] meiner Seele, Ich komme mit Begier,
[illegible]
daß mein Todt in dir ſterb', und ich dein Leben [illegible].

Ueber ſein Gelübde.

Ich habe faſt geirrt. Was ſoll ich dem doch geben,
der alles giebt und hat! und was verſpricht ich mich
auff etwas, das mich ſucht, und nichts doch hat auff ſich?
[illegible]
Ich habe faſt geirrt. Doch aber ich [illegible],
es ſey ſo unrecht nicht, was du, mein Hertze, dich
zu thun erbotten haſt. [illegible]
[illegible]
Gott ſieht die Hertzen an, und ſiht nicht an die Gaben,
die ſie [illegible] von Ihm empfangen haben.
[illegible]
[illegible], was mein Mund geredt, das ſoll das Hertze halten.
[illegible]
[illegible]

An die Wunden deß Herren.

Ihr Zuflucht meiner Angſt, ihr auffgethanen Ritze,
darin ich [illegible], wenn [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Daß alles eitel ſey.

Was ſprichſt du, iſt es wol, darauff du dich bemühſt,
Kunſt! Ehre! Reichthum! Luſt! [illegible] gleich und [illegible]
mit uns ſelbſt [illegible] hin. Ich auch, Freund, bin [illegible]
auff eben dieſen Sinn, auff den du [illegible].
Ich weiß es mehr als wol, daß alles eitel iſt.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
In Unvollkommenheit vollkommen werden wollen,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] alles iſt, der [illegible] eitel mehr.

Ich begehre auffgelöſt ꝛc.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Kauffet ohne Geld.

Ich [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ich bin [illegible]
Der Brunnen Jſrael, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Jeruſalem! Jeruſalem!

Ich bin [illegible]
[illegible] Ich bin [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Ich bin die Auferſtehung ꝛc.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Gehe von mir aus, ich bin ein sündiger Mensch.

[illegible]

Neuer Vorsatz.

[illegible]

Gott sey mir Sünder gnädig.

[illegible]

Das Blut Jesu Christi, des Sohnes Gottes ꝛc.

[illegible]

O Gottes Sohn, machst gleich wunderlich, nur selig ꝛc.

[illegible]

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebet ꝛc.

[illegible]

Hephata.

[illegible]

Er hat alles wol gemacht.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Der Sturm ſtieg Klippen hoch. Mein Schiff das ward geſplittert,
ward leck, ward Ancker quit, ward Maſt und Seegel bloß.
Vor, ümm und hinter mir war nichts als eine Noth.
Von oben Untergang, von unten auff der Todt.
Es war kein Mutter-Menſch, der mit mir hatt' erbarmen.
Ich aber war mir gleich, zum Leben friſch und froh.
Zum ſterben auch nicht faul auff wen, und wie, und wo.
Denn mein Erlöſer trug mich allzeit auff den Armen.

Er beklagt die Enderung und Furchtſamkeit itziger Deutſchen.

Itzt fällt man ins Konfect, in unſre vollen Schalen,
wie man uns längſt gedräut. Wo iſt nun unſer Muth?
der außgeſtählte Sinn! das kriegeriſche Blut!
Es fällt kein Unger nicht von unſerm eiteln prahlen.
Kein Puſch, kein Schützen-Rock, kein buntes Fahnenmahlen
ſchreckt den Krabaten ab. Das anſehn iſt ſehr gut,
das anſehn mein' ich nur, das nichts zum ſchlagen thut.
Wir feigſten Krieger wir, die Febus kan beſtrahlen.
Was ängſten wir uns doch und legen Rüſtung an,
die doch der weiche Leib nicht ümm ſich leiden kann!
Deß groſſen Vatern Helm iſt viel zu weit dem Sohne.
Der Degen ſchändet ihn. Wir Männer ohne Mann,
Wir ſtarcken auff den Schein, ſo iſts ümm uns gethan,
uns Nahmens-deutſche nur. Ich ſags auch mir zum Hohne.

Ueber ſeiner Freundin Präſent.

Er redet ſein Hertze an.

Dein Hertze muß ja noch, mein Hertz', an dich gedencken.
Sie hat dich noch in ihr. Vergiſſet deiner nie.
Schau doch; diß iſt ihr Pfand. Wilt du nicht gläuben? wie?
was ſind die Sachen denn, die Träume die dich kräncken!
Wach' auff. Gieb deinen Wahn den Winden zu verſencken,
tieff in die wilde See. Die Außerwehlte die
benimt dich durch den Gruß und dieſes deiner Müh',
und will dich ſelbſten dir durch dieſes wieder ſchencken.
Vernim doch ihre Treu', und deines Glückes Gunſt.
Sie iſt noch, wie ſie war, und will es fort verbleiben.
Wolan, ſo ſuch' herfür und brauche deiner Kunſt.
Weg, ungelehrtes Leid, mit deiner trüben Dunſt.
Darf ichs ihr ſagen nicht, ſo darf ichs ihr wol ſchreiben,
daß du, mein Hertze, glühſt, von ihres Hertzen Brunſt.

Auff ein Kleinoth.

Was, Seele, war es noth ſo einer reichen Gaben,
darzu ſo manche Welt ihr beſtes hat geſant.
— — — — — Das braune Mohren-Land
ſein rein-gewachſnes Gold. Der Bazarether Knaben
die haben das Geſtein' hierzu fern' außgegraben.
Baſora, das, was führt ſein reicher Perlen-ſtrand.
So ſcheints auch, daß es mehr, als eine Menſchen-Hand
in ein ſo ſchönes Thun zuſammen bracht muß haben.
Laß, Liebſte, laß der Welt, der Armen, ihre Schätze,
das wird nicht weit gefehlt, daran ich mich ergetze.
Auch iſts was ſolches nicht, dran man viel wenden muß.
Du haſt es allezeit bey dir, mein ander Leben,
darvon ich leben kan. Je mehr du mirs wirſt geben,
Je mehr behältſt du es. Was iſt es denn? ein Kuß.

Aus Hugo Grotius ſeinem Lateiniſchen Liebes-ſchertze.

An die Träume.

Ihr Träume, die ihr ſeyd das beſte Theil im Leben,
das nichts als Trübnuß iſt, die ihr euch habet mein
ſo offt und offt erbarmt, ſo es mag ſicher ſeyn,
daß man die Wahrheit ſagt, mehr Ehre ſoll ich geben
euch, als der Liebſten ſelbſt. Durch euch ſeh' ich ſie ſchweben
vor mir ſo gut und from, ohn allen falſchen Schein.
Komm ich denn drauff zu ihr, ſo ſpricht ſie lauter nein,
und machts ihr unbekant. Sie zürnet noch darneben,
daß ich ein wenig mich ergetzen will an ihr.
Was können, neidiſche, dir meine Nächt' entführen?
Noch gleichwol will ſich nicht dein ſtoltzer Zorn verliehren.
Wer aber wär', als ich, glückſeeliger allhier,
wenn nur der ſüße Schlaf, in dem ich viel muß lachen,
ſich kehrete bey mir ümm, und würd' ein ſolches machen.

Aus eben ſelbigen;

Auff die güldne Haar-Nadel.

Du güldne Nadel du, noch güldener, als Gold,
die du der Liebſten ſtahlſt aus ihren güldnen Haaren,
Ach weine nicht zu ſehr, daß dir diß wiederfahren,
daß du ihr ſchönes Häupt, als ich wol ſelbſten wolt',
hinfort nicht zieren wirſt. Erhole deinen Muth!
Dich hat kein loſer Dieb bey ſchwartzer Nacht genommen;
Du biſt viel weniger in Räuber Hände kommen;
Dir war ein junges Blut von gantzem Hertzen gut.
Denn als er ſuchte Lufft in heiſſen Liebes-preſſen,
Er ſahs, und hub dich auff. Kupido lachte deſſen,
und ſprach: Nun darff ich fort gar keiner Pfeile mehr.
Der, der die Nadel nahm, wird ſich ihm ſelbſt berücken
und ſeyn forthin ein Raub. Wenn er nur wird erblicken,
den Raub, den falſchen Raub, wird er ſich ſtechen ſehr.

In Ihrem Abweſen auf deroſelben Augen.

Ihr irdne Sonn' und Mon, ihr meiner Augen Augen,
wo laßt ihr euren mich? ſeht ihr mich gar nicht an,
Ach, ach ſo iſt es gantz und gar ümm mich gethan.
Ich weine für und für mit ſcharffer Thränen Laugen.
Für mich will gantz kein Licht, als nur das eure, taugen,
Der Mittag wird zur Nacht. Ihr, Ihr habt ſchuld daran,
daß ich ſonſt keinen Glantz, denn euren, ſehen kan,
und deſſen Krafft von euch, als Brunnen, aus muß ſaugen.
Ich ſeh', und bin doch blind. Ich irre hin und her.
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin, in dieſem finſtern Meer.
Erſcheint, erſcheint mir doch, ihr fünckelnden Laternen!
Ihr Brüder Helene, und zeigt mir euer Licht.
Wo nicht ſo hilffet mich gantz keine Flamme nicht;
Bey Tage kein Mittag, bey Nachte keine Sternen.

Als Sie Ihn ümmfangen hielte.

Wo iſt nun meine Noth? mein tödtliches Beſchweren?
Das mich vor kurtzer Zeit kein Wort nicht machen ließ:
Wo iſt die Traurigkeit, die mich verzagen hieß!
die Seufftzer! der Verdruß! die ſieden-heiſſen Zähren?
Iſts müglich, daß es ſich ſo balde kan verkehren!
und anders gehn mit mir! was mir der Todt einbließ,
und mit vergiffter Angſt an mein ſchwach Hertze ſtieß,
das kan und wird mich nun und nimmermehr gefähren.
Schatz, deiner Treflichkeit iſt dieſes zuzumeſſen,
die auch die Sterbenden deß Todes läßt vergeſſen.
—
—
Ümmfang mich ſtets alſo, O Artztinn meiner Seelen,
So wird mich nimmermehr kein Schmertz mehr können quählen.

An ſeine Thränen; als Er von Ihr verſtoſſen war.

Fließt, fließt ſo, wie Ihr thut, Ihr zweyer Brunnen Bäche.
Fließt ferner, wie bißher mit zweymahl ſtärckrer Fluht.
Fließt, wie ihr habt gethan, und wie ihr itzt noch thut,
daß ich mich recht an der, die euch erpreſſet, reche.
Fließt immer Nacht und Tag, ob ſich ihr Sinn, der freche,
der Feind-geſinnte Freund, das hochgehertzte Blut,
das mich ümm dieſes haßt, dieweil ich ihm bin gut,
durch eine ſtetigkeit und groſſe Stärcke breche:
Die Tropfen waſchen aus den feſten Marmelſtein.
Das weiche Waſſer zwingt das harte Helffenbein.
Auch Eiſen und Demant muß feuchten Sachen weichen.
Fließt ewig, wie ihr fließt. Es iſt ja müglich nicht,
daß einſt der harten nicht ihr ſteinern Hertze bricht,
das lange keinem Stahl' und Steine ſich mag gleichen.

An Ihren Mund; als Er Sie ümmfangen hatte.

Itzt hab' ich, was ich will, und was ich werde wollen.
Du Wohnhauß meines Geiſts, der als zu einer Thür'
itzt ein, itzt aus hier geht: Ihr güldnen Pforten Ihr,
die auch die Götter ſelbſt ümm ſchöne neiden ſollen;
Ihr lieben Lippen ihr, die ihr ſo hoch geſchwollen
von feuchter ſüße ſeyd; itzt hab' ich eure Zier;
Das Weſen, das man ſelbſt dem Leben ſetzet für,
dem täglich wir ein Theil von unſerm Leben zollen.

Ihr Bienen, die ihr liegt an [illegible] ſüßen Brüſten,
und ſaugt die edle Milch, den Honigſeim mit Lüſten,
hier, hier iſt mein Himmel. Kommt, tretet zu mir herein.
Seht, wie das [illegible] Thun, das tröſtliche, das Starke,
das der Mund meinem giebt, ich [illegible] in Seel' und Marke;
Ich daß mein ganzer Leib doch nichts als Mund ſoll ſeyn!

Was meynet ihr, muß da für Freude mir geſchehn,
wenn ihr euch, Edele, mir nach willen laßt beſehn,
wenn Ich Euch lieben mag; mehr, wenn Ich Euch darf küſſen.

Als Er vergeblich nach Ihr wartete.

Und bleibſt du mich [illegible], ſo biſt du doch mein Freund.
Der ich Verlangen mach', das unſchuldige, das ſchönen,
nichts anders hat noch thut, als was ich ſo begehr.
Wenn dich [illegible] in die Kunſt. Wenn [illegible] Sternlein ſcheint.
Der [illegible] macht mir Pein, weil ich dem vor gemeint,
die [illegible] wie ich ſie kaufen werd.
Das [illegible] keinen Sinn, der dir zu wider wehre.
Hab ich, Licht, dich nicht lieb, ſo bin ich mir ſelbſt feind.
[illegible] theures Blut, vor deiner lauten Schmerzen,
nicht [illegible], daß du [illegible] mich [illegible] noch [illegible].
[illegible] Sondern daß mich nur der nahe Zeit [illegible].
So wird es denn geſchehn, daß du, wenn du ſie morgen
[illegible] wirſt das [illegible] halt, und gar geſtorben bin,
mit neuem Leben mich zur Straffe wirſt verſorgen.

Bei derſelben Geſchenke.

Er redet ihre Hände an.

Ihr ſchweſterliches Paar der klügſten Künſtlerinnen,
So fertig ſind an Witz, und vom Verſtande reich;
Dergleichen Gaben man an nicht viel Orten weiß:
habt Dank, habt, Edle, Dank für euer gut geſinnen.
Zur Liebe, das mir ſelbſt die Götter ſelbſt mißgönnen.
Habt beyden großen Dank. Der, euer weiter Fleiß,
verdienet Euch bey mir für allen Meiſtern Preiß;
die je geweſen ſind, ſeyn, und ſeyn werden können.
Ergötz' ich ſolche Luſt, von eurer ſchönen Kunſt
und macht mir euer Werck, das Edle, ſolche Gunſt,
wenn ich ſo weit von euch bin leiblich abgeriſſen;

An ſeine erſte Freundinn.

Du aber, Edler Geiſt, gedenkſt noch nicht zu gläuben,
was mein getreuer Mund dir offt und viel verſpricht.
Hörs', hör' es doch einmahl, weil ich bin bey dir nicht,
So kan ich nicht vorbey, ich muß es an dich ſchreiben.
Du biſt die Liebſte noch, und wirſt die Liebſte bleiben,
ob das Verhängnüß gleich uns von einander bricht,
und gönnet uns nicht uns, ſo bleibt doch unſre Pflicht,
So lange werden ſtehn des runden Himmels Scheiben.
Begehre ich durch dich, und ſoll dir ſetzen bey.
Gedenke meines Eyds, und ſey des zweifelns frey,
der Zweifel, das, Lieb, dich mit dieſem traurigen plaget.
Ich will dein treuer ſeyn, bleib, ich werde ſeyn.
Mißt du denn über dich noch haben einen Schein,
So frag die Liebſte ſelbſt, Ich habe Ihr offt geſaget.

Er bittet Sie zu ſich.

Erfreue mich und dich, O Freude meiner Seelen,
Dem ich ſo traurig noch der höchſten Wonne bin.
Komm, du mein ſelber ich, komm, Liebſte, komm dorthin,
wo wir uns vorderſichts offt pflegen zu verhelen.
Ich bin, Schatz, krank nach dir. Komm, laß mich nicht ſo quälen.
Hier wart' ich keines Troſts, den du mir, O mein Sinn,
alleine geben kanſt. Komm meine Tröſterinn.
Hier findeſt du und ich, was ich und du erwehlen:
Kein Gott, kein Menſch, kein Wild und keine Kreatur
iſt hier. Auch keine Lufft, ohn die alleine nur,
die ich, ich ſeuffzender, alleine nach dir ſchicke.
Trau, Herze, ſey bald hier. Kommſt, oder kömmſt du nicht,
So höre; was zu dir dein [illegible] ſpricht:
Du biſt mein gröſtes Glück' und gröſtes Ungelücke.

Karl Friedrich Flögel

ward am 3. December 1729 zu Jauer in Schleſien geboren, wo ſein Vater als deutſcher Schulhalter lebte. Nachdem er den erſten Unterricht auf der lateiniſchen Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt genoſſen, beſuchte er von 1748 bis 1752 das Magdalenengymnaſium in Breslau und ſtudirte dann von 1752 bis 1754 Theologie in Halle. In ſein Vaterland zurückgekehrt, ward er Hauslehrer in mehreren angeſehenen Familien und darauf 1761 Collaborator am Magdalenäum in Breslau, 1762 Prorector der Stadtſchule zu Jauer, 1773 Rector derſelben und 1774 Profeſſor der Philoſophie an der Ritterakademie zu Liegnitz, nachdem er bereits 1772 Mitglied der K. Geſellſchaft der Wiſſenſchaften zu Frankfurt an der Oder geworden. Er ſtarb den 7. März 1788; der Ruf, ein eben ſo rechtſchaffener und menſchenfreundlicher Menſch, als gründlicher und [illegible] Gelehrter geweſen zu ſeyn, begleitete noch lange ſein Andenken.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- Geſchichte des menſchlichen Verſtandes. Breslau 1765, 3. A. 1776.
- Alexander Gerard's Verſuch über den Geſchmack. Breslau 1766.
- Geſchichte der komiſchen Literatur. Liegnitz und Leipzig 1784—87, 4 Bde.
- Geſchichte des Groteskekomiſchen. Liegnitz und Leipzig 1788.
- Geſchichte der Hofnarren. Liegnitz und Leipzig 1789.
- Geſchichte des Burlesken. herausgegeben von F. Schmit. Leipzig 1794.
- Einzelne Schulprogramme, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Unermüdlicher Forſchungsgeiſt, ſeltener Fleiß, [illegible] Beleſenheit und ein reiner geläuterter Geſchmack verleihen Flögel's Schriften in dem Gebiete der Literargeſchichte einen bleibenden Werth. Wenn wir auch in unſern äſthetiſchen, antiquariſchen und literarhiſtoriſchen Bemühungen ſeitdem um ein Bedeutendes vorgeſchritten ſind, von vielen Einzelnheiten genauere Kenntniß erhalten haben und manche Behauptung, die damals Geltung fand, uns jetzt als unhaltbar oder veraltet erſcheint, ſo dürfen wir doch keineswegs außer Acht laſſen, daß wir dem emſigen Verfaſſer der Geſchichte der komiſchen Literatur wegen ſeiner gewiſſenhaften und genauen Forſchungen in dieſem Zweige der Wiſſenſchaften große Anerkennung ſchulden. — Seine Leiſtungen in dieſem Fache ſind bis jetzt noch nicht durch ſpätere und beſſere verdrängt worden, und verdienen daher noch immer als höchſt nützliche Hülfsmittel, rühmliche Erwähnung in den Annalen der Literatur.

Vgl. J. G. Schummel's Gedächtnißrede auf Prof. K. F. Flögel. Breslau 1788.

Von den Poſſenſpielen an chriſtlichen Feſten.*)

I.

Das Narrenfeſt.

Es muß einem aufmerkſamen Zuſchauer der Weltbegebenheiten ſehr befremden, wenn er an den Feſten der chriſtlichen Religion, die zum Andenken göttlicher Wohlthaten und zur Aufmunterung der Andacht eingeſetzt worden, die ſeltſamſten Poſſenſpiele findet, die den Chriſten nicht allein ganz unanſtändig ſind, ſondern auch die Abſicht der Feſte gänzlich vereiteln.

Es tragen zwar viele veranſtalteten Feſte den Charakter ihrer Zeit, wo ſie entſtanden und ausgeübt wurden, Finſterniß und Aberglauben, unverkennbar an ihrer Stirn; aber uns, die wir in aufgeklärtern Zeiten leben, muß es doch beim erſten Anblick unbegreiflich ſcheinen, wie die menſchliche Vernunft, und noch mehr der Chriſtenſinn ſo tief herabſinken, und Heiliges und Profanes, geiſtliche Freude und weltliche Zügelloſigkeit, Andacht und Poſſenreißerei, ſo ſeltſam mit einander vermiſchen können. An und vor ſich konnte ſolcher Unſinn niemals aus der ſo reinen Quelle der chriſtlichen Religion fließen, ſondern er muß entweder fremden Urſprungs ſeyn, und ſich von auſſen in die chriſtliche Religion geſchlichen haben, oder man muß dergleichen Poſſen mit chriſtlichen Gebräuchen vermiſcht haben, um gewiſſe Endzwecke zu erhalten, die man ſonſt nicht ſo leicht in jenen finſtern Zeiten zu erhalten glaubte. Daß beides der Wahrheit gemäß ſey, kann man aus der Geſchichte leicht beweiſen.

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*) Aus Flögels Geſchichte des Groteskekomiſchen S. 159 fgde.

So iſt das Narrenfeſt, worunter man gewiſſe Beluſtigungen verſteht, welche die geiſtlichen Diakoni und Prieſter ſelbſt während des Gottesdienſtes in mehrern Kirchen, an gewiſſen Tagen, vornehmlich von Weihnachten bis auf Epiphanias, und vorzüglich am Neujahrstage anſtellten, unſtreitig aus heidniſchen Feſten entſtanden. Viele von den erſten Chriſten konnten noch nicht ſo viel Herrſchaft über ihre Leidenſchaften gewinnen, daß ſie allen Luſtbarkeiten entſagt hätten, die mit den heidniſchen Feſten gewöhnlich verbunden waren, und ſuchten ſie alſo den chriſtlichen Feſttagen auf eine unſchickliche Weiſe anzuflicken, oder ſie unter dem Deckmantel und der Larve des Chriſtenthums beizubehalten; und manche von den großen chriſtlichen Lehrern ſchwiegen ſtill dazu, oder achteten dieſen Sauerteig zu gering, als daß ſie ihn hätte ausrotten ſollen. So erlaubten die Jeſuiten den neubekehrten Chineſern neben den chriſtlichen Gebräuchen auch den Dienſt des Confucius, daher ſie der aufgehangenen Tafel deſſelben nicht nur räucherten, ſondern auch vor derſelben niederknieten, und den Confucius anbeteten, worüber ein hitziger Streit mit den Dominikanern entſtanden, der über ein Jahrhundert gedauert hat.

Zu den heidniſchen Feſten, woraus das Narrenfeſt entſtanden, gehören vorzüglich die römiſchen Saturnalien. Dieſe waren eines der größten Feſte der Römer, welches anfänglich bis auf den Auguſt nur einen Tag dauerte, hernach aber bis auf ſieben Tage ausgedehnt wurde. Es ſollte eigentlich das Andenken an den urſprünglichen Stand der Natur erneuern, wo jeder Menſch dem andern gleich, und kein Unterſchied der Stände war. Daher wurde an denſelben zum Andenken der goldnen Zeit unter dem Saturnus den Knechten alle Freiheiten erlaubt. Sie ſpielten unter ſich Könige und Herren, giengen in Purpur und weißen Togen gekleidet, gaben einander Geſchenke, trugen Hüte als ein Zeichen der Freiheit; wurden von ihren Herren zu Gaſte gebeten, und von ihnen bedient; überhaupt aber mochten ſie ſchwärmen, wie ſie wollten.

Es iſt ſonderbar, daß ſich nicht allein bei den Römern, ſondern auch bei andern Völkern dieſes Andenken an den urſprünglichen Stand der Gleichheit erhalten hat, welches auch durch Feſte auf die nämliche Art gefeiert worden. So findet ſich ſogar eine Art von Saturnalien bei den Californiern. In Holland wurde in vorigen Zeiten ein gleiches Feſt gefeiert, welches Jokmaalen genennt wurde. An demſelben ſtellten die Edelleute Knechte, und die Knechte Herren vor. Man kleidete die Knechte herrlich an, und gab ihnen ein köſtliches Gaſtmahl. Die Herren und Damen kleideten ſich als Bediente an, bereiteten die Speiſen, trugen ſie auf, und ſchenkten ein. Ueberhaupt brachte man den ganzen Tag in Wohlleben zu. Dieſe Gewohnheit hat ſich lange Zeit in der Herrſchaft Warmond erhalten.

Auch das Neujahrsfeſt wurde bei den Römern mit Maskeraden und Tänzen gefeiert. Man verkleidete ſich in Weiber, Hiſtrionen, man beſchmierte die Geſichter mit Hefen, man zog Häute von Hirſchen, Bären, Löwen und Kälbern an, um Furcht und Gelächter zu erregen. Endlich verband man dieſes Feſt mit den Saturnalien, wie Herodianus bezeugt, der im dritten Jahrhunderte lebte.

Daß das Narrenfeſt von den Saturnalien und dem damit verbundnen Neujahrsfeſte abſtamme, ſieht man theils aus der Zeit, in welcher es gehalten wurde, theils aus der Aehnlichkeit der Gebräuche, indem die untern Diakonen in die Stelle der Aebte und Biſchöfe traten.

Der Gebrauch der Römer ſich am Neujahr mit Thierbildern, beſonders von Hirſchen (sollemnitas Cervuli) zu vermummen, deſſen Dionyſius von Halikarnaß gedenkt, wurde eben auch von den erſten Chriſten beibehalten, und hernach von den Concilien verbothen, auch mit Strafe belegt.

Mit dem Narrenfeſte (Festum stultorum, fatuorum, innocentium, hypodiaconorum) hatte es folgende Beſchaffenheit. Man erwählte in den Domkirchen einen Narrenbiſchof oder Narrenerzbiſchof, welches von den Prieſtern und Weltgeiſtlichen geſchah, die ſich dazu beſonders verſammelten. Dieſes geſchah mit vielen lächerlichen Ceremonien; hierauf führte man ihn mit großem Pomp in die Kirche. Auf dem Zuge und in der Kirche ſelbſt tanzten und gaukelten ſie, die Geſichter beſchmiert, oder mit Larven vor dem Geſicht, und verkleidet als Frauensperſonen, Thiere oder Poſſenreißer. In den Kirchen, welche unmittelbar unter dem Pabſt ſtunden, erwählte man einen Narrenpabſt, dem man den päbſtlichen Schmuck mit eben ſo lächerlichen Ceremonien anlegte. Der Narrenbiſchof hielt alsdenn einen feierlichen Gottesdienſt und ſprach den Segen. Die vermummten Geiſtlichen betraten das Chor mit Tanzen und Springen, und ſangen Zotenlieder. Die Diakoni und Subdiakoni aßen auf dem Altar vor der Naſe des Prieſters, welcher Meſſe las, Würſte, ſpielten vor ſeinen Augen Karten und Würfel, thaten ins Rauchfaß, ſtatt des Weihrauchs, Flecke von alten Schuhſohlen, damit ihm der häßliche Geſtank in die Naſe fahre. Nach der Meſſe lief, tanzte und ſprang jedermann nach ſeinem Gefallen in der Kirche herum, und erlaubte ſich die größten Ausſchweifungen; ja einige zogen ſich gar nackend aus. Hierauf ſetzten ſie ſich auf Karren mit Koth beladen, ließen ſich durch die Stadt fahren, und warfen den ſie begleitenden Pöbel mit Koth. Oft ließen ſie ſtill halten, und machten mit ihrem Körper die geilſten Bewegungen, die ſie mit den unverſchämteſten Reden begleiteten. Weltliche Leute, die eben ſo ſchlecht geſinnt waren, miſchten ſich unter die Geiſtlichen, um den Narren unter der Kleidung der Weltprieſter, Mönche und Nonnen zu ſpielen. Dieſes Feſt wurde zu Paris am Neujahr, an andern Orten am Tage der Erſcheinung Chriſti, und noch an andern am Tage der unſchuldigen Kindlein gefeiert. Daher hieß es auch an einigen Orten das Feſt der unſchuldigen Kinder; ſonſt auch das Feſt der Unterdiakonen (Festum Hypodiaconorum) und im Franzöſiſchen La Fête des Sous Diacres ſcherzweiſe, das iſt das Feſt der beſoffnen Diakonen (Saouls Diacres). Dieſes Feſt iſt ſo alt, daß es ſchon in dem Concilio zu Toledo im Jahre 633. verbothen wurde; und lange vorher hat ſchon der heilige Auguſtinus ſehr dagegen geeifert.

Im zehnten Jahrhunderte führte es Theophylaktus Patriarch zu Conſtantinopel, in der griechiſchen Kirche ein; welche Gewohnheit nach 200 Jahren in derſelben noch dauerte, weil ſich der Patriarch Balſamon darüber beklagte. Ohngeachtet nun dieſes Feſt oft von den Concilien und Biſchöfen verbothen worden, ſo erzählt doch Gerſon, daß ein Doctor der Theologie zu Auxerre öffentlich behauptet hätte, daß dieſes Feſt Gott eben ſo wohl gefällig wäre, als das Feſt der Empfängniß Mariä.

Dieſes Narrenfeſt wurde nicht allein in den Kirchen der Weltgeiſtlichen, ſondern auch in den Mönchs- und Nonnenklöſtern gefeiert. Zu Antibes hatte man es bei den Franciſcanern folgendermaßen veranſtaltet. Am Tage der unſchuldigen Kinder kamen der Guardian und die Prieſter nicht ins Chor, ſondern die Laienbrüder nahmen ihre Sitze ein. Sie zogen zerriſſene prieſterliche Kleider an, und zwar umgekehrt; ſie hielten auch die Bücher verkehrt, in denen ſie ſich zu leſen ſtellten, hatten Brillen ohne Gläſer auf der Naſe, worein ſie ſtatt der Gläſer Pomeranzenſchaalen befeſtigten, bließen die Aſche aus den Rauchfäſſern einander ins Geſicht, oder ſtreuten ſie einander auf die Köpfe, ſangen nicht Pſalmen oder liturgiſche Geſänge, ſondern murmelten unverſtändliche Worte, und blökten wie das Vieh.

Ohngeachtet dieſes Feſt ſo unvernünftig als unchriſtlich war, ſo fand es doch immer ſeine Vertheidiger an alten Sündern, welche die löbliche Gewohnheit und das wohlgegründete Herkommen nicht wollten untergehen laſſen. Ihre Vertheidigungsgründe, die in einem Circularſchreiben der theologiſchen Facultät zu Paris angeführt werden, ſind ſo ſonderbar, daß ich ſie hier nicht übergehen kann. Sie ſagten, unſre Vorfahren, welches große Leute waren, haben dieſes Feſt erlaubt, warum ſoll es uns nicht erlaubt ſein. Wir feiern es nicht im Ernſt, ſondern blos im Scherz, und um uns, nach alter Gewohnheit, zu beluſtigen; damit die Narrheit, die uns natürlich iſt, und die uns ſcheint angebohren zu ſeyn, dadurch wenigſtens alle Jahre einmal ausdünſte. Die Weinfäſſer würden platzen, wenn man ihnen nicht manchmal das Spundloch öffnete, und ihnen Luft machte. Nun ſind wir alte übel gebundne Fäſſer und Tonnen, welche der Wein der Weisheit zerplatzen würde, wenn wir ihn durch eine immer währende Andacht und Gottesfurcht fortgähren ließen; man muß ihm Luft machen, daß er nicht verdirbt. Wir treiben deswegen etliche Tage Poſſen, damit wir hernach mit deſto größerm Eifer zum Gottesdienſt zurückkehren können.

Endlich wurde das Narrenfeſt durch einen Befehl des Parlaments zu Dijon im Jahre 1552 gänzlich verbothen und aufgehoben.

II.

Das Eſelsfeſt.

Schon im neunten Jahrhunderte findet man Spuren von dem Eſelsfeſte in Frankreich, welches viele Jahrhunderte dauerte, ehe es konnte abgeſchafft werden. Zum Gedächtniß der Flucht der Jungfrau Maria nach Aegypten, ſuchte man ein junges Mädchen, das ſchönſte in der Stadt aus, putzte es ſo prächtig als möglich, gab ihr ein niedliches Knäbchen in die Arme, und ſetzte ſie ſo auf einen ſchön ausgeſchmückten Eſel. In dieſem Aufzug unter Begleitung der ganzen Kleriſei und des Volkes, führte man den Eſel mit der Jungfer in die Hauptkirche, und ſtellte ihn neben den hohen Altar. Mit großem Pomp ward die Meſſe geleſen. Jedes Stück derſelben, nämlich der Eingang, das Kyrie, das Gloria und das Credo, wurde mit dem erbaulichen und ſinnreichen Refrain: Hinham! Hinham! geendigt. Schrie der Eſel gerade eben dazu, deſto beſſer! Wenn die Ceremonie zu Ende war, ſo ſprach der Prieſter nicht den Seegen, noch die gewöhnlichen Worte, womit er ſonſt das Volk auseinander gehen hieß, ſondern er yaahte dreimal wie ein Eſel, und das Volk anſtatt ſein ordentliches Amen zu ſingen, yaahte ihm dreimal wieder entgegen. Zum Beſchluß wurde noch dem Herrn Eſel (Sire Asnes) zu Ehren ein halb lateiniſches und franzöſiſches Lied angeſtimmt, welches alſo lautet:

Orientis partibus
Adventavit Asinus:
Pulcher et fortissimus,
Sarcinis aptissimus.
Hez, Sire Asnes, car chantez,
Belle bouche rechignez,
Vous aurez du foin assez,
Et de l'avoine à plantez.

Lentus erat pedibus,
Nisi foret baculus,
Et eum in clunibus
Pungeret aculeus.
Hez, Sire Asnes etc.

Hic in collibus Sichem
Jam nutritus sub Ruben,
Transiit per Jordanem,
Saliit in Bethlehem.
Hez, Sire Asnes etc.

Ecce magnis auribus
Subjugalis filius
Asinus egregius.
Asinorum dominus.
Hez, Sire Asnes etc.

Saltu vincit hinnulos,
Damas et capreolos,
Super Dromedarios
Velox Madianeos.
Hez etc.

Aurum de Arabia,
Thus et myrrham de Saba
Tulit in ecclesia
Virtus asinaria.
Hez etc.

Dum trahit vehicula
Multa cum sarcinula,
Illius mandibula
Dura terit pabula.
Hez etc.

Cum aristis hordeum
Comedit et carduum;
Triticum a palea
Segregat in area.
Hez etc.

Amen dicas Asine,
Jam satur de gramine,
Amen, Amen itera,
Aspernare vetera.
Hez va Hez va! Hez va Hez!
Bialx Sire Asnes car allez;
Belle bouche car chantez.

III.

Die ſchwarze Proceſſion zu Evreux.

Im zwölften und dreizehnten Jahrhunderte war es zu Evreux gebräuchlich, daß ſich das Domkapitel den erſten Mai in den nah gelegnen Wald begab um Aeſte abzuhauen, womit die Bildniſſe der Heiligen in den Kapellen der Domkirche ſollten geſchmückt werden. Anfänglich verrichteten die Domherren dieſe Ceremonie in eigner Perſon. Da ſie aber mit der Zeit glaubten, dieſes wäre für ſie zu niedrig, ſo ſchickten ſie die Chorgeiſtlichen und die Kapläne in den Wald um die Zweige abzuhauen. Sie giengen Paar und Paar aus der Kirche unter Begleitung der Chorſchüler und der Aufwärter der Kirche, jeder mit einem Garten-Meſſer in der Hand, und hieben die Aeſte ab, die ſie theils ſelbſt, theils das ſie begleitende Volk trugen. Man läutete mit allen Glocken, und that's bisweilen ſo gewaltig, daß man die Glocken zerbrach, und einige Glockenläuter verwundete und tödtete. Und obgleich der Biſchof dieſe Mißbräuche verboth, ſo achteten doch die Chorgeiſtlichen nicht; ſie jagten die Glockenläuter aus der Kirche, bemächtigten ſich der Thüren und der Schlüſſel, und hauſten ſo bis den erſten Mai, wo ihre Tollheit nachließ. Einſt hiengen ſie zwei Thumherren an ein Fenſter des Glockenthurms an den Achseln auf, die ſich ihrer Wuth widerſetzen wollten, welches die noch vorhandenen Originalakten bezeugen, die auch beider Namen aufbehalten haben, der eine hieß Jean Manſel und der andre Gautier Damiein. Wenn die ſchwarze Proceſſion, denn ſo wurde ſie genannt, aus dem Walde kam, trieb ſie tauſend Poſſen, warf den Vorbeigehenden Kleien in die Augen, ließ einige über einen Beſen ſpringen, und andre mußten tanzen. Man verlarvte ſich auch; die Thumherren ſchoben während der Zeit Kegel über den Gewölbern der Kirche, ſpielten Komödien und tanzten. Eben daſelbſt ſtiftete ums Jahr 1270 ein Thumherr Namens Bouteille eine Seelenmeſſe, und verordnete, daß man den 28ſten April, als an welchem Tage ſie ſollte gehalten werden, auf das Pflaſter im Chor ein Leichentuch breiten, und an deſſen vier Enden vier mit Wein gefüllte Flaſchen, und in die Mitte auch eine ſetzen ſollte, welche die Sänger austrinken ſollten.

IV.

Der groſſe Tanz zu Marſeille.

Zu Marſeille war es vor Zeiten gebräuchlich, am Feſt des heiligen Lazarus alle Pferde, Eſel, Mauleſel, Ochſen und Kühe, mit feierlicher Pracht in der Stadt herumzuführen. Alle Einwohner der Stadt verlarvten ſich auf eine lächerliche Weiſe, ſowohl Weiber als Männer kamen zuſammen, und tanzten Hand an Hand durch alle Gaſſen der Stadt, bei Pfeifen und Saitenſpiel. Dieſes nennte man den großen Tanz (Magnum Tripudium.)

V.

Die Allmoſenſammlung Aquilanneuf um Angers.

An einigen Orten, die unter den Kirchſprengel von Angers gehören, zogen ehemals am Neujahrstage junge Leute männlichen und weiblichen Geſchlechts in Kirchen und Häuſern herum, um Allmoſen zu ſammeln, welches ſie Aquilanneuf nennten, in der Abſicht um von den erhaltenen Geldern für die Maria oder andre Heiligen Wachskerzen zu kaufen; dazu aber wendeten ſie nicht den zehnten Theil an, ſondern verwendeten es auf Freſſen und Saufen. Unter ihnen befand ſich ein Narr, (Follet) der ſich der größten Ausſchweifungen ſchuldig machte, ohne daß ihn jemand tadeln durfte. Er und diejenigen, die ihn begleiteten, nahmen ſich die Freiheit tauſend Poſſen ſelbſt in den Kirchen zu treiben, die gröbſten Zoten zu reißen, ſelbſt den Prieſter auf dem Altar zu ſpotten, die Ceremonien bei der Meſſe nachzuäffen, u. ſ. w. Sie raubten unter dem Namen des Allmoſens aus den Häuſern, was ihnen beliebte, welches ihnen Niemand wehren durfte, weil ſie mit Prügeln verſehen waren, womit ſie ſich vertheidigten. Dieſe Ausſchweifungen wurden durch eine Synode zu Angers verbothen, und daher ſah man den Narren und die Allmoſenſammler nicht mehr in den Kirchen, aber außer den Kirchen hauſten ſie noch bis aufs Jahr 1668, wo ſie durch eine neue Synode zu Angers gänzlich aufgehoben wurde.

VI.

Die Proceßion zu Aix.

Renatus, König von Neapel und Sicilien, und Graf von Provence, ſtiftete um das Jahr 1462 eine Proceßion am Frohnleichnamsfeſte zu Aix, wozu er eine anſehnliche Summe vermachte, um die dabei vorkommenden Unkoſten zu beſtreiten; zugleich beſtimmte er alles auf das genaueſte, wie es damit ſollte gehalten werden, ſelbſt bis auf die geringſten Kleinigkeiten. Dieſe Proceßion hat ſeit jeher ſelbſt von erleuchteten Männern viele Widerſprüche erfahren, die auch keineswegs ungegründet ſind. Schon im Jahr 1645 ſchrieb ein berühmter Advocat Mathurin Neuré deswegen eine „Klage an den Gaſſendi", worin er die dabei vorkommenden Mißbräuche ſehr eifrig beſtraft; dieſe Schrift wurde hernach zu Genf 1648 nachgedruckt; ſie wurde auch von René Gaillard, Herr von Chauden in provenzaliſche Verſe gebracht.

Wegen des allzu ungeräumten Grotesken in dieſer Proceßion wurde der Cardinal Grimaldi, Erzbiſchof zu Aix, bewogen, manches davon abzuſchaffen, weil rechtſchafne Leute dadurch zu ſehr geärgert wurden; doch blieb noch genung anſtößiges übrig, welches aus folgender Beſchreibung des Papon, eines von den Vätern des Oratorium zu Marſeille erhellet, der dieſe Proceßion ſo abmahlt, wie ſie izt noch gehalten wird. Ein König vertheidigt ſich mit dem Scepter in der Hand gegen ein Dutzend mit Gabeln bewafneter Teufel; dies iſt die erſte Scene, welche man das groſſe Teufelsſpiel nennt. Die zweite iſt das kleine Teufelsſpiel, oder die kleine Seele. Vier Teufel wollen ein Kind entführen, welches ein Kreutz hat; ein Engel ſpringt dem Kinde bei, und ſiegend entzieht es ihnen. Alle dieſe Teufel hören am Frohnleichnamsfeſte zu Saint Sauveur die Meſſe: ſie gehn in die Kirche mit einer ſchwarzen Mütze in der Hand, die mit rothen Flammen bemahlt, und mit Hörnern verſehn iſt, nach der Meſſe ſprengen ſie Weihwaſſer darauf, und machen das Kreutz über ſich, damit kein wahrer Teufel ſich unter den Haufen miſche, und am Ende einer mehr ſei, wie es ſich nach ihrer Erzählung, vor langer Zeit einmahl zugetragen haben ſoll. Hierauf folgt das Katzenſpiel; in dieſem ſtellt man die Anbetung des goldnen Kalbes vor, und nach der Anbetung wirft ein Jude ſo hoch er kann, eine in Leinwand gewickelte Katze in die Höhe. Die vierte Scene iſt der Beſuch der Königin von Saba bei dem Könige Salomo. Die fünfte iſt das Sternſpiel; die heiligen drei Könige von ihren Dienern begleitet, werden von einem Stern, der oben auf einem Stock befeſtigt iſt, nach Jeruſalem gebracht. Hierauf folgt das Spiel der Kinder, die ſich auf der Erde herumwälzen; hierunter will man die Ermordung der unſchuldigen Kinder vorſtellen.

Der alte Simeon als Hoherprieſter gekleidet, und einen Korb mit Eiern tragend, Johannes der Täufer unter der Geſtalt eines Kindes, Judas an der Spitze der Apoſtel, mit dem Beutel in der Hand, worinn ſich die 30 Silberlinge befinden, und Jeſus Chriſtus ſein Kreutz zur Schädelſtätte tragend, machen die ſiebente Scene aus. Hierauf ſieht man Chriſtum auf die Schultern des groſſen Chriſtophs geladen. Acht bis zehn junge Leute, bis an den Gürtel in wohl bedeckten Pappenpferden verſteckt, führen Tänze auf, welche man die Scene der muthigen Pferde nennt. Hierauf folgt das Tänzerſpiel, und das Ganze wird mit der Scene der Grindköpfe beſchloſſen. In dieſer trägt ein armſelig gekleideter Knabe einen Kamm, ein andrer eine Bürſte, und ein dritter eine Scheere. Alle drei tanzen um einen vierten herum, kämmen ihm ſeine garſtige Perrücke, bürſten ihn, und beunruhigen ihn mit der Scheere. Alles dies wird mit Muſik begleitet, wovon König Renatus wenigſtens einige Arien ſelbſt componirt hat. Die Nacht vor dem Feſte begeht man eine Art von Proceßion, bei welcher man alle Götter des Heidenthums zu ſehn bekommt; einige davon ſind zu Pferde, andre auf Wagen, Bachus ſitzt auf einem Faſſe, u. ſ. f. Es iſt wirklich zum Erſtaunen, ſagt Papon, ein katholiſcher Geiſtlicher, daß man in einem ſo aufgeklärten Jahrhunderte, wie das unſrige iſt, dieſe lächerlichen Ceremonien duldet, welche die Religion offenbar entehren.

VII.

Adam zu Halberſtadt.

In der Domkirche zu Halberſtadt zeigt man noch jezt an einer Säule einen Stein, auf den ſich in der Aſchermittwoche ein Menſch ſetzen muſte, der Adam genennt wurde, weil er unſern erſten Stammvater vorſtellen ſollte; er war mit Lumpen bedeckt, und hatte ſein Haupt verhüllt. Nach geendigter Meſſe jagte man ihn zur Kirche hinaus. Hierauf muſte er Tag und Nacht durch alle Gaſſen baarfuß laufen, und wenn er vor einer Kirche vorbei kam, neigte er ſich tief, zum Zeichen der Verehrung. Er durfte ſich nicht eher zur Ruhe begeben, als nach Mitternacht; wenn ihn hernach jemand ins Haus rufte, welches denn allemahl geſchah, ſo konnte er eſſen, was man ihm vorſetzte; aber dabei durfte er kein Wort reden. Dieſes Herumlaufen dauerte bis auf den grünen Donnerſtag, wo ihm erlaubt war, die Kirche wieder zu beſuchen; hier empfieng er die Abſolution, und zugleich eine ziemliche Summe Geldes, die man als ein Allmoſen für ihn geſammelt hatte. Nun, glaubte man, wäre er durch die Abſolution von Sünden ſo gereinigt worden, als Adam im Stande der Unſchuld vor ſeinem Falle war. Ehmals glaubten die Einwohner zu Halberſtadt, daß dieſe Abſolution ihres Adams der ganzen Stadt und allen Einwohnern zu gut käme.

Die alten Perſer hatten ein lächerliches Feſt, welches mit dieſem einige Aehnlichkeit hatte, und wodurch man das Abſchiednehmen des Winters vorſtellen wollte. Es wurde im Frühlinge gefeiert, um die Zeit, wo Tag und Nacht gleich ſind, und hieß Kauſa Niſchin, oder die Bartloſigkeit eines alten Mannes, der ſizet oder reitet. Es ritt nämlich ein alter ohnbärtiger und einäugiger Mann auf einem Eſel oder Mauleſel, hatte in der einen Hand einen Beutel, und in der andern eine Peitſche und einen Fächer. So prangte er durch die Gaſſen; Vornehme und Geringe, die königliche Familie ſo gut als der Bettler, folgten ihm nach. Unter andern Poſſen, die dieſer Haufe mit dem alten Manne trieb, war auch, daß ſie ihn bald mit kalten, bald mit warmen Waſſer beſprizten; und er ſchrie denn immer garma! garma! (heiß! heiß!) fächerte ſich oft, oft gab es auch für die, die ihn nicht wollten in Ruhe laſſen, Schläge. Ihm ſtand jede Bude, jedes Haus offen; wer ihm nicht gleich ein Stück Geld reichte, dem konnte er, wenn er mit Waaren ausſtand, ſeine Waare nehmen; oder ſonſt ihm, wäre er auch der Vornehmſte geweſen, das Kleid mit einer Mixtur aus Tinte, rother Erde und Waſſer, die er auf der Seite in einem Topfe bei ſich führte, bewerfen. Allein ein jeder wartete ſchon im voraus auf ihn in ſeiner Hausthüre, man gab ihm willig, ſobald er nur zu nahe kam. Das, was er von der Zeit ſeines Aufzuges bis zur erſten Betſtunde, einbekam, muſte an den König, oder an den jedesmahligen Statthalter in den Städten, wo der König ſich nicht ſelbſt aufhielt, abgegeben werden. Dieſer Umſtand ſcheint zu verrathen, daß dazu ein gewiſſer Aberglaube Anlas gegeben habe; denn ſonſt iſt nicht abzuſehn, was auch alles, was der arme Mann da ſammelte, Perſonen von hohem Range hätte helfen können. Was er von der erſten Betſtunde bis zur zweiten zuſammenbrachte, das gehörte ihm ſelbſt; und dann hatte ſein Aufzug ein Ende. Hierauf muſte er ſich geſchwind von der Straſſe machen; denn wer ihm nach dieſer Zeit noch würde begegnet ſeyn, hätte ihn todt abprügeln können, ohne daß er hätte klagen dürfen.

VIII.

Oſterpoſſen.

Ich will hier nicht wiederholen, was ich an einem andern Orte ſchon erwähnt habe, daß es an Oſtern gewöhnlich war, die Myſterie von der Auferſtehung Chriſti zu ſpielen; ſondern blos einige andre komiſche Gebräuche erzählen, die man zu dieſer Zeit ehmals unter den Chriſten beobachtete. Ademar gedenkt unter dem Jahr 1012 einer ſehr ſeltſamen Gewohnheit, die man in der chriſtlichen Kirche ausübte: Zu dieſer Zeit befand ſich Hugues Chapellain d'Aymeric, Vicomte von Rochechouard zu Toulouſe, wo er das Oſterfeſt feierte, er hatte die Ehre dem Juden die Ohrfeige zu geben, welches ſeit undenklichen Zeiten am Oſterfeſt daſelbſt gebräuchlich war. Er gab ihm dieſe Ohrfeige mit ſolcher Gewalt, daß dem armen Juden das Gehirn zum Kopfe herausſpritzte, und er todt zu ſeinen Füſſen niederfiel. Die Juden holten den Leichnam ihres Mitbruders aus der Kirche des heiligen Stephanus zu Toulouſe, wo es geſchah, und begruben ihn. Wahrſcheinlich trieb der Eifer den Vicomte, daß er das Geboth Gottes vergaß: du ſollſt nicht tödten.

Eine andre lächerliche Gewohnheit, die man im zwölften Jahrhundert für etwas verdienſtliches und Gott wohlgefälliges hielt, erzählt Johann Belet. Am dritten Oſtertage ſchlug in vielen Ländern das Weib ihren Mann, und am folgenden Tage der Mann das Weib. Die Urſache, welche er davon anführt, iſt folgende: die Eheleute ſollten einander wechſelsweiſe beſſern, und man wollte zu der heiligen Oſterzeit dadurch verhindern, daß der Mann vom Weibe nicht die ehliche Pflicht fodre, noch das Weib vom Manne. Hierbei muß einem die Sage einfallen, daß die Weiber der Ruſſen die Liebe ihrer Männer nicht eher erkennen wollen, als bis ſie von ihnen derb abgeprügelt worden, welches Barklai in ſeinem Icon animorum für gewiß ausgiebt, Olearius aber in ſeiner Reiſe mit Recht läugnet, weil es aller menſchlichen Denkungsart entgegen iſt. Es erzählt zwar Petrejus in ſeiner ruſſiſchen Chronik, daß einſt ein ruſſiſches Weib, die lange Zeit mit ihrem Manne in Einigkeit gelebt, einſt zu ihm geſagt, ſie könne noch nicht ſpüren, daß er ſie recht liebte, weil ſie niemals Schläge von ihm empfangen, worauf ſie der Mann mit der Peitſche weidlich durchgegerbt, auch ſolches nach der Zeit wiederholt, weil ſie ſo groſſen Wohlgefallen daran gehabt; aber beim dritten male habe er ſie gar todt geſchlagen; allein ſollte es auch wahr ſeyn, was Petrejus erzählt, ſo macht eine Schwalbe noch keinen Sommer.

Sonſt pflegten auch am Oſterfeſt die Prediger ihren Zuhörern von den Kanzeln allerhand lächerliche [illegible] zu erzählen, um sie nach der traurigen [illegible] wieder [illegible] zu machen, welches sie das Ostergelächter (Risus paschalis) nennten; dergleichen [illegible] in [illegible] gesetzt hatte. [illegible] um [illegible] und [illegible] so in der [illegible] zu predigen, [illegible] man die Leute, so in der [illegible] Fasten durch ihre Buße [illegible] mit dem [illegible] [illegible] der Sohn [illegible] seinem [illegible] zu [illegible] und Angel mit [illegible] [illegible] nennten zu der Zeit die [illegible] Risus Paschales.

[illegible], ein lustiger Prediger des komischen und der [illegible] auf der Kanzel [illegible] Am Ostersonntage [illegible] (wie man denn an diesem Tage [illegible]) [illegible] und der Mann, der im [illegible], die Frau, das [illegible] kommen. [illegible] und [illegible] Im zwanzigsten [illegible] Jahr 1506 [illegible] an der Donau [illegible] schweigen. [illegible] anstimmen, [illegible] einem [illegible] willkommen [illegible] großen Festtagen, als Ostern und Weihnachten, u. d. g. [illegible] Gebärden und [illegible] Feierlichkeiten verursachen.

IX.

Weihnachtspossen.

Der [illegible] man am Weihnachtsfest in Frankreich unter [illegible] in den Kirchen, und [illegible] des [illegible], nach der Melodie eines [illegible], welches [illegible]:

Que ne vous requinquez vous, Vieille,
Que ne vous requinquez vous donc?

Diese [illegible] fest. [illegible]

verstorben starben bald, auch einige von den Männern, die nach ihrem Tode Wunder thaten, weil sie so lange gebüßt hatten. Die übrigen aber, welche [illegible] lebten, [illegible] am Halse an ihren Gürteln. [illegible] Ruprecht soll der Name des Knechts Ruprecht entstanden seyn, der mit dem [illegible] an Weihnachten herum geht, und der dem [illegible] des heiligen Christs zu [illegible] bemüht ist. [illegible] hat diesen Tanz, zu ewigem Andenken in einem Holzschnitt abgebildet [illegible]. Ein aufmerksamer Beobachter kann leicht merken, daß diese Mährlein [illegible] erfunden worden, um dem [illegible] Stifte und der Abtei ein Ansehen zu erwerben. [illegible] bei mir einem der [illegible] einfallen, der auch von der Gewalt des heiligen Veits den Namen hat. Davon schreibt der [illegible], in dem [illegible], daß [illegible] Sanct Veits Tanz ankommen: In deutschen Landen sind der [illegible] viel gewesen, als es worden [illegible] Leute geplagt, daß sie tanzen mußten, oft Tag und Nacht an einander, oft einen Tag, drei Tag und Nacht. Es ist eine Fabel, Sanct Veit ist der viertzehn Nothhelfer und [illegible] einer, und hat Gott gebeten, da er [illegible] den [illegible], er wolle alle, die seinen Abend fasten, und seinen Tag feiern, vor demselben Tanz behüten und bewahren, und [illegible] ist eine Stimme vom Himmel kommen, [illegible]. In der Zeit ist es aber also ergangen, daß die Heiligen sich selbst [illegible], und [illegible] haben, als sie gebeten hat.

[illegible] gieng auch in Deutschland die Gewohnheit im Schwange, daß die drei letzten Donnerstage vor Weihnachten Knaben und Mädchen des Nachts herumliefen, und an allen Thüren anklopften, die Ankunft Christi verkündigten und den Einwohnern ein glückliches neues Jahr wünschten; wofür sie ein Geschenk von Aepfeln, Birnen und Nüssen erhielten; denn man glaubte, an diesen drei Nächten schwärmten die Teufel und Geister herum, die man durch diesen Gebrauch vertreiben wollte. Dieser Gebrauch hat eine offenbare Aehnlichkeit mit den Lemurien der Römer, welche man vom neunten Mai an in drei Nächten feierte, so daß immer eine Nacht dazwischen frei blieb. Wenn man nämlich die Poltergeister (Lemures) versöhnen und aus den Häusern jagen wollte, stand man zu Mitternacht auf, gieng barfuß, wusch sich mit Brunnenwasser, nahm mit zusammen gehaltenen Fingern [illegible] schwarze Bohnen, die man [illegible] im Munde herum geworfen, und [illegible] sie rückwärts über sich, indem man sagte, daß man sich und die Seinigen damit löse, alsdann schlug man auf ein Becken, und bat die Poltergeister, sie möchten aus dem Hause gehn.

X.

Das Kirchweihfest oder die Kirmeß.

Das Kirchweihfest wurde eingeführt, um den Jahrestag der Einweihung der Kirche feierlich zu begehen. Der Name Kirmeß [illegible] Messe [illegible] Jahrmarkt [illegible] und [illegible] Schmausereien und [illegible], um [illegible] großen Schwelgerei und [illegible] zu [illegible].

[illegible]

geſchicht, ſo iſt es ſträflich. Wir Deutſchen halten Faßnacht, Sanct Burkhard und Sanct Martin, Pfingſten und Oſtern für die Zeit, da man ſoll für andern Gezeiten im Jahr fröhlich ſeyn und ſchlemmen, Burkhards Abend um des neuen Moſts willen; Sanct Martin vielleicht um des neuen Weins willen, da brät man feiſte Gänſ, und freuet ſich alle Welt. Zu Oſtern bäckt man Fladen. Zu Pfingſten macht man Lauberhütten, in Sachſen und Döringen, und man trinkt Pfingſtbier wohl acht Tage. In Sachſen hält man auch Pantaleon mit Schenken, Speck, Knackwürſt und Knoblauch. Zu den Kirchmeſſen oder Kirchweihen geben die Deutſchen vier, fünf Dorfſchaften zuſammen, es geſchieht aber des Jahrs nur einmal, darum iſt es löblich und ehrlich, ſintemal die Leute dazu geſchaffen ſeyn, daß ſie freundlich und ehrlich unter einander leben ſollen. Es iſt ein Biſchof von Mainz auf eine Zeit in das Bisthum Merſeburg kommen, der Meynung er wollte zu Merſeburg zu Mittag Mahlzeit halten. Nun war der Weg böß, und verzog ſich lang auf den Tag, daß wo ſie hätten warten wollen bis in die Stadt, ſo wäre es dem Biſchof zu lang worden. Darum da der Biſchof in einem Dorfe am Sonntag Kirchmeßfahnen ausgeſteckt ſahe, ſpricht er zu dem Doctor, der bei ihm in dem Wagen ſaß: da iſt Kirchmeß, da wollen wir abſitzen, und ein Biſſen eſſen, denn ſintemal Kirchmeß iſt, werden ſie wohl etwas gebraten und geſotten haben. Ehe ſie aber hinkamen, fragt der Biſchof ſeinen Arzt, ob er auch wiſſe, woher es komme, daß man Fahnen ausſtecke, und ſpricht: es bedeutet den Triumph Chriſti, da er ſeinen Feinden obgeſieget hat. Der Doctor ſpricht, er habe anders gehöret, nämlich alſo, man findet, daß Zachäus gerühmt wird an der Kirchweihe, denn da er auf einem Baum ſtund, und wollte Jeſum ſehn, hieß ihn Jeſus eilends herabſteigen, und im Eilen bliebt das Niederkleid am Baum hangen, denn er hatte keine Hoſen an, das Niederkleid hängt man noch aus: und weil ſie ſo reden, ſind ſie vor dem Dorfe. Der Biſchof ſteigt ab, und nahet zu der Pfarre zu, zu ſeinem Handwerk. Nun hatte der Pfarrer zehn andre Pfarrer geladen zur Kirchweihe, und ein jeglicher hatte ſeine Köchin mitgebracht. Da ſie aber Leute kommen ſahen, lauffen die Pfaffen mit den Huren alle in einen Stall, ſich zu verbergen. Indeß gehet ein Graf, der an des Biſchofs Hofe war, in den Hof, ſeinen Geſag zu thun, und da er in den Stall will, darein die Huren und Buben geflohen waren, ſchreit des Pfarrers Köchin, nicht, Junker, nicht, es ſind böſe Hunde darinnen, ſie möchten euch beiſſen. Er läßt nicht nach, gehet hinein, und findet einen großen Haufen Huren und Buben im Stalle. Da der Graf in die Stuben kommt, hatte man dem Biſchof eine feiſte Gans fürgeſetzt zum eſſen, hebt der Graf an, und ſagt dies Geſchicht dem Biſchof zum Tiſchmährlein. Gegen Abend kamen ſie gen Merſburg, daſelbſt ſagt der Biſchof von Mainz dieſe Geſchichte dem Biſchof von Merſenburg. Da das der heilige Vater hörte, betrübte er ſich nicht um das, daß die Pfaffen Huren haben, ſondern darum, daß die Köchin die Buben im Stalle Hunde geheiſſen hatte, und ſpricht: Ach Herre Gott, vergebe es Gott dem Weibe, daß ſie die Geſalbten des Herrn Hunde geheiſſen hat. Das hab ich darum erzählet, daß man ſehe, wie wir Deutſchen das Sprüchwort ſo feſt halten, es iſt kein Dörflein ſo klein, es wird des Jahrs einmahl Kirmes darinne.

Eben ſolche Feſte mit Freſſen und Saufen wurden ehmals auch an den Jahrstagen der Märtyrer und Wohlthäter einer Kirche gefeiert. Man leerte ihnen zu Ehren manch ſo genanntes Poculum charitatis aus; welches man in den goldnen Jahrhunderten der Cleriſey auch ſchlechtweg Charitas oder Charitas vini nannte. In einer Akte der Abtei Quedlinburg wird ſogar verſichert, daß die Verſtorbnen durch die Schmauſereien der Prieſter recht gelabt und erquickt würden (Plenius inde recreantur mortui). Man kann ſich wohl einbilden, daß die Mönche weidlich tranken, um die Todten nicht Noth leiden zu laſſen; denn die armen Seelen lagen ihnen viel zu ſehr am Herzen. So tranken ehmals in Spanien die Dominicaner einem ebenbegrabnen Wohlthäter zu Ehren: Es lebe der Verſtorbene! (Viva el muerto). Chardin in ſeiner Reiſe (Buch II, S. 129) verſichert als ein Augenzeuge, daß der Katholikos oder oberſte Biſchof der Mingrelier geſagt habe, derjenige ſey kein wahrer Chriſt, welcher an einem hohen Feſttage ſich nicht recht berauſche, und ein ſolcher verdiene in den Bann gethan zu werden.

XI.

Gregorius-, Martins- und Nikolausfeſt.

In einigen deutſchen Provinzen wird von den Schulknaben das Feſt des heiligen Gregorius, als eines Patrons der Schulen, gefeiert. Man iſt nicht einig, wer dieſer Gregorius ſeyn ſoll. Einige glauben, es wäre der Papſt Gregorius Magnus; andere aber wahrſcheinlicher Gregorius II., der zu der Bekehrung von Deutſchland manches beigetragen hat. An dieſem Tage wird beſonders an einigen Orten in Sachſen eine Schulpredigt von einem Geiſtlichen in der Kirche gehalten, worinn Eltern, Lehrer und Kinder zu ihren Pflichten in Anſehung der Erziehung vermahnt werden. Alsdenn zieht der Hauſe der Kinder mit ihren Lehrern durch die Stadt. Sie ſind meiſtens alle vermummt; man ſieht da die Perſon des Heilandes, ſeiner Apoſtel, der Engel, eines Biſchofs, der Könige, Edelleute, Prieſter, Schuſter, Schneider, heidniſche Götter, ja auch Schalksnarren und Poſſenreiſſer, welche geiſtliche auch weltliche Geſänge anſtimmen, und von den Einwohnern Allmoſen erhalten. Ich brauche es nicht zu erinnern, wie unſchicklich es iſt, Hannswürſte und heidniſche Götter in ein chriſtliches Gotteshaus zu führen, und chriſtliche Geſänge anſtimmen zu laſſen. Als Beyſpiele von den Weihnachtsgeſchenken kann man das Martins- und Nikolausfeſt anſehen. Martinus, Biſchof zu Tours in Frankreich, war ſehr milde gegen die Armen, denen er faſt ſein ganzes Vermögen mittheilte. Weil nun die Heiden am 11. November dem Aeſculapius zu Ehren ein Feſt hielten, an welchem ſie ſich, indem es die ganze Jahrszeit mit ſich brachte, mit Moſt und Wein beluſtigten, und einander damit beſchenkten, ſo ſetzten die Chriſten eben auf dieſen Tag das Feſt Martini, und beſchenkten den Kindern Moſt nach heidniſcher Art, um die Freigebigkeit dieſes Biſchofs in ſeinem Andenken zu erhalten.

Im Schaumburgiſchen gehn die Kinder armer Leute auf Martini-Abend vor die Häuſer und ſingen folgendes Lied:

Mackt, mackt den Gaut Man:
Der es wohl vergelten kan.
Appel und de Beeren,
Nöte (Nüſſe) gath wohl mehn.
Gaut Frau gebt us wat!
Lat us nich tau lange ſtahn
Wie möten noch nach Cöllen gahn!
Cöllen is en wit weg.
Himmelrick is uns than!
Da meten wie alle hinin gahn,
Mit allen unſern Gäſten!
Gäber is de beſte.
Ik höre de Schlötel (Schlüſſel) klingen,
Sie wird us wohl wat bringen:
Sie gath up de Kaamer,
Suckt wat tauſamen.
Bei einen, bei zweien, bei dreien,
De Saſerte kan wohl mehe gahn.
Peterſellgen Zuppenkrut!
Steht in uſern Gahrn (Garten).
Die Jungfer N. is ene Brut,
Es wird nich lange währen,
Wenn ſie nach der Kircken geiht
Und der Rock im Faalen ſchleit!
Simeling Simeling Rauſen blat.
Schöne Stadt. Schöne Jungfer gebt us wat.

Läßt man ſie nun eine Weile auf die Gabe warten, ſo fangen ſie wieder an: Peterſelgen Zuppenkraut. Merken ſie, daß ſie etwas bekommen, ſo fahren ſie fort:

Appel up dem Bohme,
Ups Jahr een jungen Sohne.
Beeren im Potte,
Ups Jahr eene junge Tochter.
Märtens Abend kommt heran:
Klingel up der Böſſen. (Büchſe)
Alle Märkens kriegt en Man,
Wie möten gehn und köſen.
Habe un dat Linnſaat (Leinſaame)
Is de Frau ehr liebſt Hausrath.
Simeling Simeling (ſlumen) Rauſen blat,
Schöne Stadt, ſchöne Jungfer gebt us wat.

Läßt man die Kinder ſtehn, und giebt ihnen gar nichts, ſo fangen ſie an und ſingen (iſt keine Jungfer da, ſo wird die Frau im Hauſe genannt):

Aſchen in der Puten,
Die Jungfer N. hat een ſchwarte Schnauken. (Mund)
Aſchen in der Taſchen,
Die Jungfer kan gaut naſchen.
Mackt den Marten Trullutut (Trafetera)
Up dem Sullulat. (Sulle heißt Thürſchwelle)

(Journal von und für Deutſchland. 1786. Neuntes Stück, S. 269.)

Der Biſchof Nicolaus zu Myra in Lycien war auch wegen der Mildthätigkeit berühmt. Man erzählt folgende Legende von ihm. Es hatte ein Vater drei ſchöne Töchter, denen er aus

Armuth kein Heirathsgut geben konnte, er beſchloß alſo ſie einem jeden ums Geld zur Unzucht zu überlaſſen. Da ſolches Nikolaus erfuhr, warf er des Nachts dem Vater einen Beutel mit Gelde ins Bette, wodurch ſie der Vater ausſtatten konnte. Zum Andenken dieſes Biſchofs erhalten die Kinder eine Beſcherung, die man ihnen aufs Bette legt.

XII.

Die Narrenproceſſion zu Tournay.

Den 14. September halten zu Tournay alle Handwerkszünfte eine feierliche Proceſſion. Jede Zunft hat ihren Narren als einen Arlekin gekleidet, welcher tauſend Poſſen und unanſtändige Poſituren auf den Gaſſen macht, auch die Vorbeygehenden mit Schlägen angreift, auf ſie ſchimpft und ſich beſäuft. Hierauf folgt die geſammte Geiſtlichkeit mit dem heiligen Sakrament, vor welchem die Narren hergehn, und ohne die geringſte Ehrerbietigkeit ihr Poſſenſpiel treiben, ſo lange die Proceſſion dauert. Der ehmalige Biſchof von Choiſeul gab ſich alle Mühe dieſe Mißbräuche abzuſchaffen, und wollte wenigſtens, daß man das Sakrament wegließe; allein weder die Einwohner der Stadt, noch die Mönche, noch die Canonici haben darein willigen wollen. (Furetieriana. p. 21).

Auguſt Adolf Ludwig Follen

ward am 21. Januar 1794 zu Darmſtadt geboren, beſuchte das Gymnaſium und darauf die Univerſität zu Gießen, wo er die Rechte ſtudirte und wurde dann Hauslehrer bei dem Freiherrn von Löw zu Steinfurt in der Wetterau. Während des Befreiungskrieges 1813 trat er in das großherzoglich heſſiſche freiwillige Jägercorps und zeichnete ſich rühmlich durch Muth und Tapferkeit aus. Nach dem Frieden ſetzte er ſeine juriſtiſchen Studien in Heidelberg fort, privatiſirte hernach in Gießen, und redigirte darauf in Elberfeld mehrere Jahre hindurch eine politiſche Zeitung. In die erſten demagogiſchen Unterſuchungen verwickelt, mußte er eine ſtrenge Haft in der Stadtvogtei zu Berlin erleiden, ward jedoch 1821 freigelaſſen und ging als Profeſſor an der Cantonsſchule nach Aarau. Gegenwärtig lebt er als Privatmann und Bürger zu Eſſingen auf dem Schloſſe Altikan in der Schweiz. —

Er gab heraus:

Torquato Taſſo's befreites Jeruſalem. Frankfurt a. M. 1818.
Freie Stimmen friſcher Jugend. Jena 1819.
Alte chriſtliche Lieder und Kirchengeſänge. Elberfeld 1819.
Ein ſchoen und anmuetig Gedichte, wie ein heideſcher Küng, genannt der Lüttower, wunderbarlich bekert und in Pruiſſenland getauffet ward von Hugo von Langenſtein. Konſtanz 1826.
Bilderſaal deutſcher Dichtung. Winterthur 1828 bis 1829. 2 Thle.
Ein ſchoen und kurzweilig Gedichte von einem Rieſen, genannt Sigenot. Konſtanz 1830.

Eine große Herrſchaft über Sprache und Reim, Friſche und Kraft der Gedanken und Reichthum und Glanz der Bilder offenbaren ſich in A. A. L. Follen's poetiſchen Leiſtungen, namentlich in ſeinen Liedern. Schade, daß ihn ein bewegtes inneres Leben immer nur zu Extremen führte, und ihm weder ungetrübte Klarheit des Gedankens, noch Ruhe zu freier Geſtaltung deſſelben gewinnen ließ. —

Er darf nicht mit ſeinem jüngeren Bruder **Karl Follen** verwechſelt werden, der am 3. Septbr. 1795 geboren, die Rechte ſtudirte, ſeit 1818 Privatdocent in Gießen und Jena war, dann in Folge demagogiſcher Unterſuchungen Deutſchland verließ und gegenwärtig als Profeſſor an der Harvards-Univerſität im Staate Maſſachuſets lebt. Von ihm rühren ebenfalls mehrere vortreffliche und vielfach verbreitete Geſänge, z. B. „Schalle du Freiheitsgeſang", „Unter'm Klang der Kriegeshörner", doch auch das berüchtigte ſogenannte große Lied, welches ſpäter Wit von Döring theilweiſe (im 3. Bde. der Memoiren des Satan) veröffentlichte, her. —

Wir theilen hier ein's der gelungenſten und eigenthümlichſten Gedichte von Auguſt Ludwig Follen mit.

Des Arnold von Winkelried Opfertod.

Im Forſt von Unterwalden, da ragt ein Heldenkind,
Hochhäuptig über alle, die ſelbſt gewaltig ſind,
Schön ſteht er, wie der Engel des Herrn vor Edens Auen,
Finſter und verſchloſſen, faſt grauſig anzuſchauen.

Er lehnt an ſeiner Lanze, als gält' ihm nicht der Streit;
Er ſchaut wohl nach den Bergen, ſchaut in die alte Zeit,
Wo Kuhreihn und Ruggußer, nie Schlachttrommete ſcholl,
Gar ſtill die Väter wohnten, bis fremder Hochmuth ſchwoll!

Es blickt wohl ſeine Seele nach ſeiner Väter Thal,
Wo, in dem Kreis der Kleinen, ſein züchtiglich Gemahl,
In Thränen für ihn betend, Schmerzensgedanken ſinnt,
Ihn mit betrübtem Herzen in Gott vor Allem minnt.

Er ſchaut wohl durch der Feldſchlacht Funken und Wolkendunſt,
Wo nackte Tapferkeit erliegt gepanzerter Fechter Kunſt,
Nun waren ſeine Blicke mit Düſterniß erfüllt,
Wie wann ſich gegen Abend ein Berg in Wolken hüllt.

Bewegt im tiefſten Herzen war dieſer Schweizermann,
Doch was im Schmerz der Liebe die große Seele kann,
Das ward noch nie geſonnen, das ſingt kein irdiſch Lied,
Denn dieſer Mann iſt Arnold Struthan von Winkelried!

Das war ſein Ahn, der Struthahn, der, laut geprieſ'nen Sagen,
Des Landes Angſt und Plagen, den Lindwurm, hat erſchlagen:
Er that, was keiner mochte, im ächten Rittermuth,
Das iſt, dem armen Hirten, dem Bauersmann zu gut.

Ein and'rer ſeiner Väter mit auf dem Rütli ſchwur,
Dort, wo am tiefen Waſſer auf heiliger Wieſenflur
Im Mondſchein iſt erwachſen, im engelreinen Reiz,
Das edel unvergänglich Vergißmeinnicht der Schweiz.

Herr Arnold löſt den Panzer, der ſeine Bruſt umſpannt,
Er ſtand vom Haupt zur Sole, im lichten Stahlgewand;
Es fällt die ſchwere Brünne klirrend ins Gefild,
Und über die Schultern wirft der Held den großen Drachenſchild.

So aber hat der Arnold ſein großes Herz erſchloſſen:
„Getreuen und biederen lieben Eidgenoſſen!
Sorgt mir um Weib und Kinder! will euch eine Gaſſe machen!"
Und an die Feinde ſprengt er, wie der Ahnherr an den Drachen!

Da ſcheint der Held zu wachſen, breit, übermenſchlich lang,
Im ſchauerlichen Funkeln, mit einem Satze ſprang
Gen Feind des Drachentödters Kind, in gräßlicher Geberde,
Und unter dem Helden bebt und jauchzt die freie Schweizererde.

Da hieng am hohen Manne das Augenpaar der Schlacht;
Da waren ſeine Blicke zu Blitzen angefacht;
So funkelten die Flammen, die Gott vom Wolkenſchloß,
Auf Sodom und Gomorra im Zorn herunterſchoß.

Und ſeiner langen Arme ſimſonhafte Kräfte
Umklammern, weit ausgreifend, Ritterlanzenſchäfte;
So drückt er ſeinen Arm voll Tod — o ihr in Todesluſt! —
Drückt all die blanken Meſſer in ſeine große Bruſt.

Er ſinkt, ein rieſiger Alpenblock, [illegible] in die Glieder,
[illegible]
Dein Arnold ſtürzt, du bebſt und ſtaunſt in Mutterſchmerz, o Halter
Doch wilder bebt dir, Oeſterreich, das Herz im Eiſenkleide!

Ein Augenblick Erſtaunen; Schlachtendonner ſchwieg;
Dann ſchrei'n aus Einem Munde die Schweizerharſte: „Sieg!"
Und ab den Höhen wälzt ſich hellwogende Waffenmaſſe:
„Auf! an die Arnoldsbrücke! auf! durch die Struthansgaſſe!"

Und über Arnolds Nacken fährt in den weiten Spalt;
Wie Wirbel wühlend, Stoß auf Stoß, Schweizerſturmgewalt;
Und über Arnolds Leiche bricht durch ein wilder Harſt,
Und Oeſtreichs Eiſenmauer aus Band und Fuge barſt.

Emanuel Friedr. Wilh. Ernſt Follenius

ward im Jahre 1773 zu Ballenſtädt geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und trat dann in preußiſche Staatsdienſte, in welchen er bis zum Amte eines Oberhofgerichtsrathes vorrückte. Er ſtarb als ſolcher zu Inſterburg in Preußen am 5. Auguſt 1809.

Von ihm erſchien:

Schillers Geiſterſeher Bd. 2. u. 3. Leipzig 1796—97.
Johnſon, der edle Taſchenſpieler. Leipzig 1797—98. 2 Thle.
Die Milchbrüder Ferdinand und Ernſt. Berlin 1798—99. 3 Thle.
Franz Damm oder der Glückliche durch ſich ſelbſt. Leipzig 1799—1800. 2 Thle.

Ein mittelmäßiger Romanſchreiber, deſſen Fortſetzung von Schiller's Geiſterſeher (immer noch ſeine beſte Arbeit) als durchaus verfehlt zu betrachten iſt, obwohl ſie zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich zog und den Beutel des Verlegers füllte; ſie verdient nur als literariſches Curioſum Erwähnung.

Hans Folz

der Folz, zu Worms geboren, Barbier und Meiſterſin- er zu Nürnberg, lebte daſelbſt in der zweiten Hälfte des 5. Jahrhunderts. Von ſeinen irdiſchen Schickſalen iſt eiter nichts bekannt geworden, als daß er mit Hans Roſenplüt, dem Schnepperer, der Erſte war, der die dra- natiſchen Faſtnachtsſpiele, deren Erfindung ihm jedoch kei- esweges zugeſchrieben werden darf, in Aufnahme brachte. Wagenſeil ſchreibt ihm folgende Meiſtertöne zu: der heilton mit 8 Reimen; die Feilweiß mit 10 R.; r Baumton mit 18 R.; die Abentheuerweiß it 20 R.; der hohe Ton mit 21 R.; die Schrankeiß mit 28 R. und der freye Ton mit 30 R. S. Wagenſeil: Von der Meiſterſinger holdſeliger Kunſt ſ. w. S. 534 fgde.)

Es erſchien von ihm:

Faſt abenteurlich Klopffan auf allerley Art. Nürnberg 1. A. in 8.
Ein teutſch warhaftig poetiſch hiſtori von wannen das heylig römiſch reiche ſeinen urſpung erſtlich habe. Nürnberg 1480. 4.
Kargenſpiegel, ein Geſpräch in Reimen. Nürnberg 1534. 4.
Ein Faßnachtſpiel von einem pawrn Gericht. Nürnberg 1542. 12.
Practica deutſch Meiſter Hans Folzen. Nürnberg o. J. 12.

Die Laune und Derbheit ſeiner Zeit, welche jedoch nicht ſelten an das Unanſtändige ſtreift, charakteriſiren auch ihn. — Seine Schriften ſind ſehr ſelten geworden.

Vgl. Hans Folz, ein deutſcher Volksdichter aus dem funfzehnten Jahrhundert, in Meuſel's hiſtoriſch-literariſch-bibliographiſchem Magazin St. 4, S. 118 fgde. Ferner: Will's Nürnbergiſches Gelehrten-Lexicon Th. I, S. 455 fgde.

Johann Georg Adam Forſter

ard am 26. November 1754 zu Naſſenhuben bei Dan- z, wo ſein berühmter Vater als Prediger lebte, geboren id machte bereits als eilfjähriger Knabe mit demſelben 765 eine Reiſe in das ſüdöſtliche Rußland und von dort 766 nach England. Hier verweilte er mit wiſſenſchafthen Arbeiten beſchäftigt bis 1772, wo er gleichfalls ſei- n Vater auf einer Reiſe um die Welt, welche Cook zur rforſchung der ſüdlichen Polargegenden unternahm, be- eitete. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr im Jahre 1775 begab er h nach Paris und dann, nachdem er dort Buffon hatte nen lernen, über Holland nach Deutſchland, wo er 1779 Dr. phil. und Profeſſor der Naturgeſchichte zu Kaſſel geſtellt wurde. Hier verweilte er bis 1784 und ging auf in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Wilna, wo er 1785 ctor der Heilkunde wurde. Die Hoffnung zu einer rmaligen Reiſe um die Welt, mit einer Expedition, che die Kaiſerin Catharina II. auszurüſten beſchloſſen te und der F. als Hiſtoriograph beigegeben werden ſollte, d durch den damaligen Türkenkrieg vereitelt. Er begab nun nach Deutſchland zurück, privatiſirte in Göttin- und wurde dann Hofrath, Oberbibliothekar und Pro- or in Mainz. Als 1792 die Franzoſen dieſe Stadt ehten, huldigte F. mit großem Enthuſiasmus den republikaniſchen Principien und ging als Abgeordneter der gleich ihm geſinnten Mainzer nach Paris. Obwohl er dort Agent du Conseil exécutif wurde, ſah er ſich doch bald in ſeinen liebſten Hoffnungen getäuſcht, ſo daß er mit Ernſt daran dachte, ſich nach Indien überzuſiedeln, als ihn am 11. Januar 1794 zu Paris der Tod überraſchte und ſeinem bewegten Leben ein Ende machte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

J. R. Forſter's Reiſe um die Welt. Berlin 1779—80. 2 Thle. gr. 4. 1784. 3 Bde. 8.
Kleine Schriften. Leipzig 1789—97. 3 Thle.
Anſichten vom Niederrhein u. ſ. w. Berlin 1791—94. 3 Thle.
Sakontala oder der entſcheidende Ring. Mainz 1791. 2. A. von Herder, Frankf. 1803.
Erinnerungen aus dem Jahre 1790. Berlin 1793.
Viele Ueberſetzungen von Reiſebeſchreibungen u. ſ. w. Aufſätze und einzelne Abhandlungen im deutſchen Merkur, der Thalia, Archenholz Annalen u. ſ. w.
Forſter's Briefwechſel nebſt Nachrichten von ſeinem Leben, herausgegeben von Thereſe Huber. Leipzig 1829. 2 Thle.

Der Ruhm einer der vorzüglichſten deutſchen Proſaiſten zu ſeyn, kann trotz den Fortſchritten der neueſten

Zeit F. auf keine Weiſe ſtreitig gemacht werden. Er vereinigt in ſeinen Schriften anmuthige und kraftvolle Darſtellung mit deutſcher Gründlichkeit und franzöſiſcher Eleganz des Styls; beſonders glücklich erſcheint er in ſeinen Schilderungen der Natur und des Lebens, und wenn er ſich auch von großen, namentlich politiſchen Irrthümern nicht frei zu erhalten wußte, ſo lag doch Allem, was er ſchrieb, ſtets ſeine eigene Ueberzeugung und ſeine warme Anerkennung deſſen, was er für ſchön und gut hielt, zu Grunde. Als Naturforſcher hat er ſich gleichfalls einen ſehr gefeierten Namen erworben.

Vgl. den bereits oben angeführten Briefwechſel Forſter's. Ferner: Georg Forſter von Fr. Schlegel im Lyceum der ſchönen Künſte. Bd. I. Th. 1.

No. I.

Forſter an ſeinen Vater.

(Aus dem Engliſchen überſetzt.)

Harwich den 22. Oct. 1773.

Beſter Vater! Noch des Morgens um eilf Uhr in Harwich, und vor ein Uhr iſt keine Hoffnung wegzukommen. Das Wetter iſt ſo ſchön als wir es uns wünſchen können, nur iſt das Lüftchen gar zu ſchwach, ob es gleich günſtig, das heißt: weſtlich iſt, und der Capitain darf nicht ohne ſtärkern Wind auslaufen, weil er ſonſt am meiſten Gefahr läuft, gekapert zu werden. Hat er nur Wind genug, ſo kann er den Capern leicht entkommen; denn an Vertheidigung iſt nicht zu denken, weil hier keine Bedeckung von größern Schiffen herumkreuzt, worunter denn der Handel und die Poſt, theils durch wirklichen Verluſt, theils durch Zögerung viel leidet. Geſtern früh ſind zwei Paketboote und zwei Mails abgegangen, deren eine hier ſchon eine ganze Woche lang auf guten Wind hat warten müſſen.

Ich bin geſund und friſch, geduldig und getroſt, daß uns Gott nicht verlaſſen wird. Er hat ſeine überſchwängliche Güte oft an uns bewieſen, und wird uns auch noch unſerm jetzigen Unglück und den Mühſeligkeiten entreißen, die uns ſeit etlichen Jahren her gedrückt haben. Ich unterwerfe mich allen Prüfungen mit feſter Verſicherung, daß ſie unſer Beſtes zum Zweck haben, und glaube, indem ich alles den Schickungen des beſten Weſens überlaſſe, nicht unrecht oder verwägen zu handeln, wenn ich ihn täglich um unſer aller Ruhe und zeitliches Wohl anflehe, denn auch hier auf Erden können wir einen gewiſſen Grad von Glückſeligkeit erreichen, und warum ſollten wir denn nicht darum bitten? O Gott, es kann uns noch bekannt werden, daß wir ſo lange gelitten, und vielleicht dient uns dann das Leiden, unſer künftiges Glück beſſer zu ertragen, welches noch ſchwerer iſt als Widerwärtigkeit auszuhalten.

Seit meiner Abreiſe haben mich dieſe und ähnliche Gedanken meiſtens beſchäftigt. Eine Folge des Gemüthszuſtandes, in dem ich weggieng, und der viel trauriger und bitterer war, als ich ihn bisher je erfahren. Doch dies mußte auch der Fall ſeyn, da ich vorher noch nie unter ſo bedrängten und betrübten Umſtänden fortgereiſt bin. Möge doch Gott nur Sie und meine arme beſte Mutter und meine Geſchwiſter ſtärken und ihnen Zeit laſſen, einmal von ihren ermüdenden Arbeiten und bittern Nahrungsſorgen auszuruhen.

Ich habe nun auch Nahrungsſorgen und lebe der Hoffnung, in Holland aus dem Verkauf meiner Pflanzen u. ſ. w. Reiſegeld für mich, und Unterſtützung für Ihre Wirthſchaft zu löſen. Theuer kommt mir die Reiſe bis Harwich wegen des Koffers zu ſtehen; er wog 228 Pfund und der Ballen Pflanzen 68 Pfund. Ich habe alſo für 296 Pfund bezahlt 1 Pf. St. 3—4 Sh. Fracht. In Ingateſtone frühſtückten wir, vier Perſonen, um halb fünf Uhr Morgens, in Colcheſter zum zweiten Male um halb zehn Uhr. Colcheſter iſt ein großer Ort, hat viel Buden und andere Läden, und, wie man mir verſichert, vierzehn Kirchen. Man ſoll daſelbſt ſehr nach der Mode ſeyn. In Colcheſter kamen noch zwei Perſonen in die Kutſche. Alle meine Reiſegefährten ſind Kaufleute. Einer aus Mancheſter bringt ſeines Compagnons Sohn nach Hamburg, und reiſt durch Deutſchland auf Commiſſion, ſchon zum zweiten Mal. Um drei Uhr kamen wir nach Harwich, einem kleinen unanſehnlichen Ort am flachen Strande, hinter dem ſich einige Anhöhen erheben. Die Kutſche fährt gewöhnlich in dem White hart, und The three cups lud ein, dießmal wars in the three cups, welches aus verſchiedenen Urſachen das beſte Wirthshaus iſt. Denn die Zollbedienten kommen dahin die Bagage zu viſitiren, aber von dem andern müſſen die Sachen in den Zoll gebracht werden. Meinen Pflanzenballen wollten ſie nicht einmal aufmachen und in meinen Koffer ſteckten ſie nur die Hand. Dafür bekamen ſie einen Schilling, der ihnen gebührt, und zwei Schillinge zum Geſchenk. Unſer Paketboot heißt Earl of Besborough, Capitain Bagot.

Noch haben wir wenig Wind, und man fürchtet, wir werden bis morgen warten müſſen. Die Poſt geht jetzt ab, ein Uhr Nachmittag, und wir ſchweben noch in Ungewißheit. Inzwiſchen haben wir ſchon zu Mittag geſpeiſt. Adieu! Küſſen Sie meine Mutter und Schweſtern.

Ich bin Ihr gehorſamſter und zärtlich geſinnter Sohn.

No. II.

Helvoetſluis den 24. Oct. 1773.

Theurer Vater! Wir ſegelten mit gutem Wind geſtern Nachmittag von Harwich ab, und kamen heute früh vor eilf Uhr in Helvoet an, wo wir Anker warfen, aber vor zwei Uhr nicht landen konnten. Ich war ein bischen, aber nicht ſtark, ſeekrank, und befinde mich nun vollkommen wohl. Wir landeten eben noch bei Zeiten, denn jetzt ſtürmt es alles Ernſtes. Unſere Abſicht iſt, nach dem Briel, Maaslands-Sluys gegenüber, welches nur ſieben Meilen von hier iſt, zu Fuß zu gehen und zu unſerm Gepäck einen Wagen zu miethen. Die Wege ſind ſo abſcheulich, daß eine Chaiſe oder Cabriolet um keinen Preis zu miethen iſt, und für unſern Karren oder Wagen müſſen wir über eine Guinee geben, wobei der größte Theil auf mich fallen wird, da meine Reiſegefährten wenig oder kein Gepäck haben. Das iſt aber jetzt ganz einerlei, fort müſſen wir und ich hoffe das Beſte. Daß wir während unſers zweitägigen Aufenthalts in Harwich artig geſchröpft worden ſind, können Sie ſich auch leicht vorſtellen. Adieu, theurer Vater! von Rotterdam ſchreib' ich wieder, obgleich Sie vielleicht dieſe beiden Briefe zugleich erhalten, denn der Sturm wird dem Paketboot keine ſchleunige Fahrt geſtatten. Meine beſte Liebe für meine Schweſtern, und meine ehrerbietige Zärtlichkeit für meine arme, beſte Mutter.

Ihr pflichterfüllter und liebender Sohn.

No. III.

Forſter an ſeine Mutter.

Haag den 29. Oct. 1773.

Ihnen, meine theuerſte Mutter, widme ich die erſten müßigen Stunden, die ich hier habe, um den Verfolg meiner Reiſe zu beſchreiben. Abenteuer habe ich juſt nicht erlebt, ſondern ich bin in einem gewiſſen betäubten, ſchläfrigen Zuſtand geweſen, ich habe an nichts Antheil genommen, ſo phlegmatiſch, daß, wer mich nicht allein geſehen, glauben möchte, ich ſey ein ächter Holländer. Nur der Gedanke an die Meinigen in England hat meine ganze Seele beſchäftigt und mir manchen trüben Augenblick gemacht. Ich war nicht ſo, als ich nach Frankreich reiſte, aber freilich haben ſich die Umſtände ſehr geändert, und ich habe jetzt nicht alle die Beweggründe zur Beruhigung, die ich damals hatte. Dennoch wünſchte ich, ja ich bete faſt darum, daß es mir gelingen möge, den nagenden Sorgen weniger nachzuhängen, indem ich dadurch untüchtig werde, andern Leuten, mit denen ich umgehen muß, Geſellſchaft zu leiſten, und mir ſelbſt in andrer Leute Meinung Schaden thue. Sind Sie geſund, theure Mutter! ſind Sie einigermaßen ruhig? ſchickt Gott Ihnen Troſt und Muth bei den Trübſalen, die Sie ausſtehen müſſen? iſt keine Noth auf unſer bedrängtes Haus gefallen? Wenn ich doch das alles wüßte, und ſo beantwortet ſähe, wie ich es mir wünſche! — Dann könnte ich auch vergnügter ſeyn, und darum will ich machen, daß ich nach Amſterdam komme, wo ich Briefe von Hauſe zu finden hoffe.

Meine Reiſegefährten von London bis Harwich waren Engländer. Einer davon war gewiß aus Wales, nannte ſich auch Jones, dieſes war jedoch, wie ich ſeitdem gehört habe, nicht ſein rechter Name, und er ſoll nach eben dieſen Nachrichten in Geſchäften für Amerika reiſen. Er war ein angenehmer Mann, der viel gereiſt iſt, aber keine fremden Sprachen, hingegen den Handel ſehr gut verſteht. Die beiden andern waren aus Mancheſter. H. S., ein Kaufmann, der ſchon verſchiedentlich in Deutſchland und Holland geweſen iſt, war ein Mann von ſechzig Jahren, und, wie ich alle Urſache habe zu glauben, von einem vortrefflichen Charakter; Gelehrſamkeit und Kenntniſſe wird man bei ihm freilich nicht finden, allein man ſollte ſie auch nicht ſuchen. Doch in ſeinen Geſchäften iſt er geſchickt, er hat ein gutes Herz, ſpricht gut deutſch und etwas franzöſiſch, iſt ein Jahr in Hamburg geweſen, und hat viele von unſern Schriftſtellern in ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften geleſen. Jetzt führt er ſeines Compagnons Sohn, einen Knaben von eilf Jahren, nach Hamburg, wo er deutſch, franzöſiſch u. ſ. w. lernen ſoll; der Burſche iſt ſehr lebhaft, aber gutherzig und gelehrig. Er kann ſchön ſingen, womit er uns manchmal die Zeit vertrieben hat. In Colcheſter kam uns zu vieren noch ein Kaufmann aus London mit ſeinem Buchhalter in die Kutſche. Der Kaufmann iſt ein außerordentlich ſchnakiſcher alter Kerl, der mehr in Holland als in England zu Hauſe iſt, ſehr viel humor beſitzt, und uns mit ſeinen trocknen Späßen manchmal zu lachen gemacht hat. Wir mußten in Harwich zwei Tage auf guten Wind warten. Der Capitain, der eben keine Luſt haben mochte, von Amerikanern oder Franzoſen gecapert zu werden, wünſchte ſehr bis Sonntag zu warten, um alsdann mit einem Paketboot zugleich auslaufen zu können, allein da Freitag ein guter Wind aufſtieg, lieſen wir ihm ſo oft zu Halſe, daß er endlich um drei Uhr Nachmittag an Bord ging, wo wir in einem andern Boot mit unſerm Gepäck folgten. Es blies ſehr heftig, und Sie hätten des Capitains ſaures Geſicht ſehen ſollen, dem das ſchlimme Sturmwetter ſo wenig wie die Caper anſtand. Kaum wollte er mit uns ein Wort ſprechen. Als wir aber aus dem Hafen gelaufen, klärte ſich der Himmel unverhofft auf, und mit ihm des Capitains Geſicht, der nunmehr anfing Taback zu rauchen, Grog zu trinken, und ganz vertraulich zu ſprechen. Nach Sonnenuntergang mußte ich der Kälte wegen in die Cajüte gehen, wo ich mich gleich zu Bett legte, um nicht krank zu werden. Nachts mußten wir das Schiff drei bis vier Stunden lang in Wind legen, um im Finſtern nicht auf die Untiefen am holländiſchen Ufer zu gerathen. Es blies dabei ſehr heftig und einige Paſſagiere wurden ſehr krank, ich litt auch ein wenig, doch dauerte es nicht lange. Bei Tages Anbruch war es ſehr neblicht, doch kriegten wir gleich Land zu ſehen, und ſegelten längs der Inſel Goeree und hernach zwiſchen dieſer und einer andern, worauf Helvoet liegt. Um vier Uhr warfen wir eine Meile vom Ufer Anker und der Capitain ging ſogleich allein mit den londoner Briefen nach Helvoet. Inzwiſchen fing es an erſchrecklich zu blaſen, wir aber mußten warten, bis die Fluth ſteigen ſollte, welches erſt Nachmittag geſchahe. Inzwiſchen waren die Meiſten von uns geſund genug, von unſern zu Harwich eingelegten Lebensmitteln ein gutes Mittagsmahl einzunehmen, ſo daß ſich des Capitains Steward dieſes Mal betrogen fand, da man ihm gemeinhin dieſe Sachen zurückläßt, indem man zu krank iſt, etwas davon zu genießen. In Helvoet tranken wir einen ſehr ſchlechten Kaffee, ſorgten dafür, daß unſre Koffer auf einen Leiterwagen mit vier Pferden gepackt wurden, und gingen zu Fuße ab nach Briel, welches an der andern Seite der Inſel, ſieben engliſche Meilen von Helvoet liegt. Fahren konnten wir ſelbſt wegen der abſcheulichen Wege nicht. Nur noch Tages zuvor waren drei Frauenzimmer, die durchaus ein Carriol haben wollten, in den Dreck geſchmiſſen und darin faſt ganz vergraben worden, daß man ſie kaum lebendig hat herausziehen können. Wir hatten zu unſrer Promenade Sturmwind, der uns einigermaßen forthalf, klares Wetter, aber bis auf halben Weg einen ſehr kothigen Fußpfad. Ich ging voran, und ſo ſtark, daß ich nur die beiden Leute aus Mancheſter bei mir behielt, und noch dazu den kleinen Jungen am Arm ſchleppen mußte. In zwei Stunden waren wir in Briel, über und über naß von Schweiß, und ziemlich müde. Meine beiden Begleiter kannten hier einen ſchottiſchen Gaſtwirth, der ein abgedankter Soldat war und allen den Bettelſtolz ſeiner Nation beſaß. Zu unſerm Unglück mußte ein ſchottiſcher Officier eben in dem Hauſe logiren, und zwei von den oben erwähnten Damen ſchliefen die Nacht neben ihm, ſo daß in ſeinem Zimmer, wo fünf gute Betten waren, keiner von uns aufgenommen werden konnte. Ich bekam noch mit genauer Noth ein Kämmerlein daneben, mit einem elenden Bette, wo ich die ganze Nacht an Läuſe, Wanzen und Krätze dachte, und kaum gegen den Morgen einſchlafen konnte. Zwei von unſrer Geſellſchaft mußten aber auf der Erde ſchlafen. Um unſer Geld zu erſparen, ließen wir des Sonntags Morgens unſre Koffer auf eine ſogenannte Packſchuyt bringen, welche nach Rotterdam beſtimmt war, und gingen dann um eilf Uhr ſelbſt nach dem Boot, welches uns nach einer Inſel im Maasſtrom überſetzte. Hier wurden wir alle ſechſe auf einen Leiterwagen geladen und fuhren für ungefähr ſechs Pence engliſch Geld etwa vier engliſche Meilen quer über die Inſel zu einem andern Boote, welches uns für einen andern Zweipence über einen zweiten Arm der Maas nach Maasſluis führete. Hier kamen wir noch zeitig genug an, um die Treckſchuyt vor ein Uhr zu erreichen, und mietheten die Cajüte oder den ſogenannten Roef für uns. Eine Zunge und ein Huhn, welches noch von unſrer Seereiſe übrig geblieben, machten nebſt etwas Brod und Wein, den wir beim Commiſſarius kauften, ein ſehr gutes Mittagsmahl aus, welches wir im Boot ganz gemächlich verzehrten. In drittehalb Stunden waren wir in Delft, einer hübſchen, anſehnlichen und ſaubern Stadt, die ehedem einmal den ſtärkſten Handel in Holland getrieben hat. Hier verließen uns die zwei Londoner und gingen über den Haag nach Amſterdam, und wir fuhren in einer andern Schuyt nach Rotterdam, mußten uns aber gefallen laſſen, in dem äußern Zimmer zu ſitzen, weil der ganze Roef vermiethet war. Meine beiden Geſellſchafter rauchten nebſt etwa dreißig bis vierzig Holländern Taback, ich aber, der das nicht konnte, mußte nebſt dem kleinen Jungen aushalten, auf die Gefahr zu erſticken. Was mich am meiſten wunderte, war, daß verſchiedene Frauensleute im Boote ſaßen, ohne im mindeſten vom Rauche incommodirt zu ſcheinen. Nach einer zweiſtündigen Reiſe kamen wir endlich, da es ſchon finſter war, nach Rotterdam, und gingen in einen Gaſthof, wo mein Begleiter aus Mancheſter ſchon öfters logirt hatte, und deſſen Wirth ein Franzoſe war. Hier kam uns ein gutes Abendeſſen und ein bequemes Bett ſehr wohl zu ſtatten.

No. IV.

Haag den 31. Oct.

Ich mußte neulich aufhören, weil es ſchon beinahe Mitternacht war, und ſeitdem habe ich nicht einen Augenblick gehabt, den ich hätte allein zubringen können. Jetzt fahre ich fort mein Tagebuch, ſo trocken und unbedeutend es ſeyn mag, zu liefern. Montags mußte ich auf meinen Koffer in Rotterdam ſo lange warten, daß die Zeit, Beſuche zu machen, verging. Dies geſchah alſo Dienſtag. — — — — — Mittwoch wollte ich früh Morgens von Rotterdam wegreiſen, es ward aber doch ein Uhr Nachmittags, ehe ich fortkommen konnte. Ueber Delft, wo ich die Kirchen beſah, kam ich in vier Stunden nach dem Haag, mein Koffer kam zwei Stunden ſpäter in dem ſogenannten Packſchuyt an. Es iſt zwiſchen Treckſchuyt und Packſchuyt ungefähr ſo ein Unterſchied, als wie zwiſchen Stagecoach und Waggon. Donnerstags machte ich viele Beſuche und Bekanntſchaften. Herrn Camper habe ich hier nicht getroffen, er iſt ſchon abgereiſt. Vielleicht ſehe ich ihn noch in Leyden. Hr. Hemſterhuis hat mir ſeine Karte gelaſſen; es ſoll ihm ſehr ſchwer beizukommen ſeyn. Sir Joſeph York*) iſt auch bei mir geweſen und hat mir ſeine Karte abgegeben. So weit iſt alles ganz gut; aber meine Hoffnung, hier etwas los werden zu können, hat der Wind verweht. Es iſt dazu platterdings keine Möglichkeit. Ich bin in Gottes des Allmächtigen Hand, und ergebe mich in ſeine Schickung. Ich ſehe nichts als Finſterniß vor mir, aber ſein Wille geſchehe. Amen! O weh mein armes Herz, ich kann jetzt nicht mehr ſchreiben.

Dienſtag den 3. Nov.

Noch bin ich im Haag, und wenn ich ſechs Monate bleiben wollte, würde ich immer Einladungen, Freunde u. ſ. f. finden. Heute Abend war ich zum Thee bei Hrn. J., Bibliothekar des Prinzen von Oranien, deſſen Gouverneur er geweſen iſt. Die Observations hatte man ſchon ſeit einiger Zeit in des Prinzen Bibliothek, und er hat ſie, ſo wie meine Reiſe ſelbſt, geleſen. Folglich keine Möglichkeit, ſie ihm zu präſentiren. Er iſt wegen meiner Note auf Vosmaer erſchrecklich böſe auf uns geworden. Vosmaer ſelbſt hat ſich mit der lobenswürdigſten Freimüthigkeit und Höflichkeit gegen mich betragen, mir den ganzen Verlauf der Orangoutang-Sache erzählt, unzählige Briefe von Camper an Hemſterhuis vorgezeigt, das Thier ſelbſt ausgeſtopft gewieſen, kurz, alles ſo auseinandergeſetzt, daß ich nicht anders ſagen kann, als daß man ihm in dieſem Stücke viel Unrecht gethan hat. Ich konnte als ein ehrlicher Mann nichts Billigeres thun, als ſagen, daß es mir leid thät, mich mit der Sache bemengt zu haben, die mir nichts anginge, wenn ſie auch wahr geweſen wäre, und daß ich mich überdies noch übereilt hätte, ihn ohne Verhör auf einſeitiges Anklagen zu verdammen. Hemſterhuis hat wegen dieſer Sache ſeinen ganzen Credit bei Hofe verloren, und er verdient es auch. Camper iſt ein großer Mann, das geſteht ein jeder, ſelbſt Vosmaer, aber alle Leute ſagen, er habe einen Stolz, eine Prahlſucht, die unleidlich ſeyn ſollen. Uebrigens iſt Vosmaer's Character ganz und gar von dem verſchieden, was man uns hat weiß machen wollen. Er iſt ein kränklicher Menſch, ſehr höflich, iſt beim Cabinet bloß aus Liebhaberei, weil er von eignen Mitteln reichlich leben könnte, und ſich auch wirklich eine ſchöne Sammlung von Büchern, Zeichnungen, Antiken u. ſ. w. gebildet hat, und beſitzt gewiß eine ganz gründliche, obwohl nicht methodiſche Kenntniß der Naturgeſchichte. Sonntag Abend brachte ich wieder beim alten M. zu, wo ſeine ganze Familie verſammelt war. Geſtern führte mich Hr. M. zu Hrn. Vronnet, der uns ſein Muſchelncabinet zeigte, darin ſich der einzige cedo nulli Admiral befindet. Das Cabinet iſt ſehr ſchön und ausgeſucht. Der Mann iſt ein eigenſinniger, lebhafter, trockner, witziger Alter. Bei Mr. ſpeiſte ich zu Mittag, und bei Mr. zu Abend. Nur ein einziges Mal habe ich bisher zu Hauſe geſpeiſt. Nun muß ich aufhören, ſonſt komme ich wieder mit dem Packete nicht zu. Aus Amſterdam, wo ich ein paar Tage ſeyn werde, ſchreibe ich wieder. Meine Hoffnungen ſind nunmehr nach Caſſel gerichtet, und ich will eilen dahin zu kommen. Etwas wird herauskommen müſſen. Nach dem, was nunmehr hier aufgeklärt worden iſt, könnte ich vielleicht beim Prinzen Zutritt finden, aber ich müßte Zeit und Gelegenheit Wochenlang abwarten. An meine liebe Mutter fing ich den Brief an, allein er iſt von allgemeinem Inhalt, und eigentlich auch für Sie, mein beſter Vater.

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*) Engliſcher Geſandter im Haag, nachmaliger Lord Aukland.

Ich bin ihr gehorſamſter Sohn u. ſ. w.

No. V.

Forſter an ſeine Schweſtern.

Amſterdam den 13. Nov. 1778.

Hier regnet es ſeit vierzehn Tagen unaufhörlich und iſt das trübſte Wetter von der Welt. Das wird's in England auch wohl ſeyn. Ich verderbe mir von Zeit zu Zeit den Magen und hungre mich wieder geſund. Vor Montag geht keine Poſt nach Arnhem, folglich gehe ich erſt morgen nach Utrecht ab. Hier habe ich wahrhaftig vor vielem Briefſchreiben faſt nichts thun, nichts ſehen können. Nicht einmal den Brief an Hrn. * *, der die Sammlung Zeichnungen beſitzt, habe ich abgeben können. Es iſt ganz etwas anderes Pläne zu machen, und ſie auszuführen. Ich habe viel zu viel Recommendationsbriefe, um viel ſehen zu können. Inzwiſchen ſehe ich Menſchen und lerne ſie kennen, was manchmal beſſer iſt als Arſenale, botaniſche Gärten, flämiſche Bauerlandſchaften und [illegible] zu ſehen. Bei den meiſten dieſer Dinge hat man keinen Nutzen, als ſagen zu können, ich hab's geſehen. Selten trifft man ein Gemälde, das Eindruck macht und wirklich poetiſch gedacht und rührend iſt. Im Haag wenigſtens habe ich nichts dergleichen gefunden. Auch im botaniſchen Garten und Muſchelcabinet kann man nur ſagen: das iſt ſchön, das iſt vortrefflich. Aber im Detail es zu ſehen, iſt keine Zeit vorhanden, und man iſt kein Haar gebeſſert, wenn man herauskommt. Des alten Dr. Schwenkert kleines Gärtchen im Haag hat mir gefallen, ich ſah daſelbſt manche Pflanze, die mir anderwärts noch nicht vorgekommen war. An A. habe ich Herrn H's. Brief von hier aus mit einem Billet von mir geſchickt, wodurch ich mir ſeine Bekanntſchaft zu machen ſuche. So habe ich es auch mit dem Briefe an den außerordentlichen Mann, den großen Camper gemacht, von dem jedermann ſagt: er iſt groß und wohlgewachſen, ſchön, bärenſtark, ein trefflicher Redner, ein unvergleichlicher Zeichner von ſo feiner Hand, daß ſeine Zeichnungen als geſtochen [illegible], ein Anatomicus, wie man wenige hat, und endlich ein Mann, der von Hochmuth, unendlich übermüthigem Stolz ganz aufgefreſſen wird, der ſich für den erſten Mann auf dem ganzen Erdboden hält, auf ſein Geld und ſeine ungemeine Stärke pocht, und dem man nie zu nahe vertraulich [illegible] kann. Daß er doch ſo [illegible] iſt ſich auf Glück und Verſtandesgaben viel zu [illegible], da man doch am meiſten dafür demüthig und dankbar ſeyn ſollte. Doch ich will es wie jenes alte Weib machen, und hoffen, daß nicht alles ſo ganz wahr iſt, obgleich es von glaubwürdigen [illegible] Leuten herkommt.

Holland gefällt mir; nicht wegen der todten Ebenen; doch zu [illegible] wird es in dieſer Jahrszeit geſehen. Der Umgang hat mir ſehr gefallen, aber ich bin nicht mit Holländern, ſondern mit Deutſchen und Franzoſen umgegangen.

No. VI.

Forſter an ſeinen Vater.

Düſſeldorf den 24. Nov. 1778.

Nach einer ſehr beſchwerlichen Reiſe auf den [illegible] Wegen, durch ein ſehr wenig angenehmes Land, kam ich endlich den 21. November hier an. Ich ſpeiſte noch zu Abend und ging ſehr müde zu Bett. Mein Reiſegefährte fand hier Briefe, [illegible] an den Hr. G. mir einen Brief mitgegeben hatte. Ein alter würdiger Mann, der Enthuſiaſt für die Künſte iſt und mich ganz gut empfing. Er zeigte mir die Zimmer, wo junge Leute zeichneten und wo die Modelle ſtehen, auch wo Abgüſſe von Antiken ſind, aber nicht ſo ſchön wie in Sommerſethouſe. Dieſe Zimmer ſind über den kurfürſtlichen Ställen, und bedürfen gar ſehr einer fernern großmüthigen Unterſtützung und Aufnahme von Seiten des Landesherrn, die aber bei jetzigen Umſtänden noch vor der Zeit ausbleiben dürfte. Um zwei Uhr auf die Bildergallerie des Kurfürſten. Der Inſpector war nach Mannheim gegangen, ein Bedienter ſchloß die Zimmer auf, der junge Krahn, ein vielverſprechender Menſch, der bald nach Rom geht, um unter Mengs zu ſtudiren, und der ganz Gefühl für die Kunſt iſt, kam auch dahin mit mir zu ſprechen, weil ich, ohne recht zu wiſſen wie! vom alten Krahn für einen Kenner angeſehen ward. Es hat freilich etwas geholfen, daß ich manches gute Bild ſchon vorher geſehen habe, und daß ich in K's. Zimmer ſogleich die Meiſter von den vornehmſten Stücken nennen konnte, hat mich vermuthlich bei ihm in dieſe Reputation gebracht. Sein Sohn iſt ſchon ein guter Zeichner und hat Anlage zu einem ſanften angenehmen Maler. Ihm gefällt, wie mir, ein Guido viel beſſer als ein Rubens, ohne daß deswegen das feurige Genie, die Stärke des letztern verachtet würde. — Die Gallerie iſt ſehr ſchön. Sie zu beſchreiben iſt hier nicht möglich, iſt nach einem flüchtigen Beſuch von weniger als zwei Stunden, und mit ſo flüchtigen Kenntniſſen von dem eigentlich Wiſſenſchaftlichen der Kunſt, als ich habe, nicht möglich. Ein Guido, die Himmelfahrt Mariä, iſt ſchön über alles, was ich noch in der Kunſt geſehen habe. Es läßt alles in der ganzen ſonſt auserleſenen Gallerie weit zurück, es iſt gegen alles andere wie Himmliſches gegen Irdiſches.

Abends von fünf bis acht Uhr wurden den jungen Leuten in der Akademie Kupferſtiche nach den beſten Meiſtern vorgezeigt. Dies geſchieht zwei Abende in jeder Woche, ſonſt wird Abends nach lebendigen Modellen gezeichnet. Ich ward vom jungen K. eingeladen, und fand diesmal eine vollſtändige Sammlung von Nic. Pouſſin's Stücken aufgeſtellt. Der alte K. beſaß die vollſtändigſte Sammlung von 24,000 Kupferſtichen und 8000 Handzeichnungen der größten italieniſchen Meiſter, dieſe hat er dem Kurfürſten zum Behuf der Akademie um ein Spottgeld, 26,000 Thlr., verkauft. Beim Herausgehen nahm ich vom jungen K. Abſchied, er hatte meinen Namen von ſeinem Vater nicht gehört, zufälliger Weiſe ſprach er von Forſter, der die Reiſe um die Welt auch gemacht hätte, — „das bin ich ja ſelbſt." — Die Verwunderung und Freude hätten Sie ſehen und empfinden ſollen! Er kam zur Tafel in mein Wirthshaus und brachte zwei ſehr würdige und geſchickte Leute mit, die mich durchaus ſprechen wollten. Einer war der Kupferſtecher Herr Geſe, ein junger überaus geſchickter und fertiger Künſtler, der hier verſchiedene der ſchönſten und hinreißendſten Stücke der Gallerie ſticht, und bald auch die treffliche Himmelfahrt Mariä anfangen wird. Der andere iſt Herr Heinſe, von dem eine Ueberſetzung des Taſſo in Proſa heraus iſt, und eine andere dergleichen von Arioſt Oſtern übers Jahr herauskommen ſoll; ein überaus witziger, feuriger Kopf von weitem Umfange, und doch ohne Schwärmerei. Dieſe Leute freuten ſich unausſprechlich, daß ich den andern Morgen, Sonntag früh, nicht wegkommen konnte, indem ſie ihrem Freunde, Herrn Hofkammerrath Jacobi, mit meiner Bekanntſchaft ein rechtes Feſt machen wollten. Ich war auch kaum heute früh aus dem Bett, ſo war auch ſchon ein Briefchen von Jacobi da, worin er mich mit der größten, vertraulichſten und zugleich hochachtungsvollſten Art auf den ganzen Tag zu ſich bat. Ich fand einen überaus angenehmen, ſcharfſinnigen, einſichtsvollen Mann, voll Gefühl fürs Schöne in allen Fächern, ganz voll richtiger Begriffe über die meiſten Gegenſtände. Göthe's Buſenfreund, auch Wieland's, Leſſing's, Klopſtock's, kurz, aller deutſchen Genien Bekannter, Correſpondent und Freund. Seinem Bruder, dem Kanonikus, ſcheint er gar nicht ähnlich, doch ſagt man, daß von dieſem ſeine Schriften gar keinen richtigen Begriff von ſeiner Schönheit und Stärke geben. Jacobi hat eine Frau und fünf Kinder, davon die älteſten, zwei Jungen, in Hamburg bei Claudius erzogen werden; auch zwei Schweſtern, die gut, gebildet und gute Geſellſchafterinnen ſind. Es blieb auch bei uns den ganzen Tag ein Graf N., ein ſehr wohlerzogener Herr, ohne allen Standesſtolz, ganz voll Geſchmack an allen ſchönen Künſten und in verſchiedenen Wiſſenſchaften nicht unbewandert, ein ſanftes, gutartiges Geſchöpf. — Dazu geſellte ſich noch Herr Heinſe. Ich ging mit ihnen noch einmal auf die Gallerie, um die Madonna des Guido noch einmal zu bewundern — anzubeten hätte ich bald geſagt. Und gewiß, wenn die Katholiken ſolche herrliche Bilder, ſo etwas Göttliches, über die menſchliche Natur weit Erhabenes in ihren Kirchen ſehen, kann man ihnen die Anbetung leichter als ſonſt verzeihen. Daß ich hier wieder einen frohen Tag genoß, von allen auf den Händen getragen zu ſeyn, auf alle erſinnliche Art geehrt, mit allen neuen Büchern in dem Belles-lettres-Fach und den ſchönſten neuen Gedichten von Göthe unterhalten, mit köſtlichen Champagner, Xeres- und Capwein gekränkt zu werden — O wenn das innigſte Gefühl meiner Unwürdigkeit nicht geweſen wäre, ſo hätte ich alles vergeſſen und mich auf eine Zeitlang ganz glücklich gefühlt. Selbſt einen Blick nach Paddington brauchte es dieſen Abend, um meine Seele aus dem Taumel der Freude und Fröhlichkeit zurückzurufen. Es wäre gefährlich, ſich von dieſen ſüßen, ſchmeichelnden Augenblicken berauſchen zu laſſen. Wehe dem, der ſich ſo blenden läßt! Zu Abend kam noch ein Medicus dahin, Hofrath B., ein Freund von vielen Gelehrten, vorzüglich in Göttingen, auch von Achard in Berlin, deſſen vorzüglichen Fleiß er rühmte und zugleich auch ſeine Privatumſtände bedauerte. Er hat einen Brief neulich von Achard bekommen, worin er ihm meldete, daß er nun mehr, vermittelſt ſiner Luft, ſo weit gekommen wäre, daß er in kurzem hoffte, Eiſen durch die Kunſt hervorzubringen. Erit mihi magnus Apollo! — Die Erde, die zum Grund läge, ſey eine Thonerde. Er ſoll jetzt unter 16,000 Ziegeln vergraben ſitzen und Erfahrungen über alle mögliche Erdarten, ſowohl reine als metalliſche, machen, und verſpricht ſich, daß dabei ſchon etwas Merkwürdiges an den Tag kommen ſoll.

Den Brief kann ich nicht zu Ende ſchreiben. Ich ſehne mich nach dem Ziel, und fürchte mich daran zu kommen. — Jetzt kann ich nicht länger Umſchweife machen. Wie iſts zu Hauſe? — Darf ich der ſüßen Hoffnung Gehör geben, die mir auf einer Seite winkt und mir Troſt und Geduld einſpricht, oder muß ich die ſchrecklichen Träume glauben, die mich nächtlich quälen und ängſtigen! O gewiß, die Wonne, die mich bei Tage umgiebt, muß ich Nachts doppelt büßen, und ſelbſt wenn ich den guten Jacobi zwiſchen ſeinen beiden Schweſtern ſitzend, von beiden geliebt, und ſo ganz glücklich ſehe, gehen mir die Augen über und ich möchte ſogleich vergehen. Gott! ich ſaß ehedem auch ſo! zwar nicht zwiſchen glücklichen Schweſtern, aber doch bei ihnen, half ihren Kummer tragen, half Troſt und Hoffnung einſprechen, die in meinem eignen Buſen nicht wohnten, und jetzt? wo ſind ſie? was wird aus ihnen? wem haben ſie ihr Herz auszuſchütten, wie ſie es ihrem Bruder zu thun pflegten? Laſſen Sie mich, liebſter theuerſter Vater, fragen, wie alles geht; laſſen Sie mich in Caſſel wiſſen, wie Sie ſo geſund, voll Zuverſicht, und von der Vorſehung nicht verlaſſen leben, ſo ruhig und ſtill alles um Sie iſt, damit der Tumult in meiner Seele geſtillt werde, und ich knieend meinem Gott danken möge. O daß ich keine neuen Beſorgniſſe, keinen neuen Jammer erleben müſſe! wie könnte ich ihn ertragen!

Was macht die beſte Mutter? kann nichts auf der Welt, nicht einmal die Rechtſchaffenheit und Tugend ſelbſt uns vor Unglück ſichern? oder iſt ſie wenigſtens geſund? ich bete für ſie: wenns nur was hülfe! Ich kann in dieſem Augenblick nichts thun als hoffen, denn jetzt wäre mir kein Mittelweg, Hoffnung oder Verzweiflung. Wenn Ihr Brief ankommt, ſo will ich ruhiger ſeyn, Entſchloſſenheit, Geduld und Ergebung beſitzen, um auf alle Fälle bereit zu ſeyn. Und nichts muß mir verborgen bleiben, und wär' es auch noch ſo ſchlimm.

Ich küſſe Ihnen, liebſter Vater, und Ihnen, liebſte Mutter, die Hände. Euch, theure Schweſter, umarme ich und wünſche Euch Ruhe des Gemüths, wenn Ihr keinen andern Troſt haben ſolltet, welches ich doch nicht glauben will. Sollten wir noch nicht bald ausgerungen haben! Ich muß durchaus in Caſſel bei Dohm vor dem 5. December, oder in Braunſchweig vor dem 20. Briefe von Hauſe finden.

Johann Reinhold Forſter,

des Vorigen Vater, ward am 22. October 1729 zu Dirſchau in Weſtpreußen geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung im Joachimsthalſchen Gymnaſium zu Berlin, ſtudirte darauf Theologie in Halle und ward alsdann Prediger zu Naſſenhuben bei Danzig. Hier beſchäftigte er ſich vorzugsweiſe mit dem Studium der Naturwiſſenſchaften und erhielt 1765 den Auftrag, das Colonieweſen zu Saratow zu unterſuchen, und da er denſelben zur Zufriedenheit der Kaiſerin ausführte, in Verbindung mit mehreren Gelehrten ein Geſetzbuch für die Coloniſten zu entwerfen. F. ſah ſich jedoch in ſeinen Erwartungen getäuſcht, und begab ſich mit ſeinem Sohne Georg nach England, wo er anfänglich als Privatgelehrter in London, dann als Profeſſor der Naturgeſchichte und der neueren Sprachen zu Warrington in Lancaſhire lebte. — Von 1772 bis 1775 begleitete er Cook auf deſſen zweiter Entdeckungsreiſe, und befand ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr in drückenden Vermögensumſtänden, bis ihn endlich Friedrich der Große 1780 als Profeſſor der Naturgeſchichte nach Halle berief, und ihm den Geheimenrathstitel verlieh. — Hier lehrte er mit großem Beifall bis an ſeinen Tod, der am 9. December 1798 erfolgte. Er war ein Mann von den ausgebreitetſten Kenntniſſen, beſonders in der Zoologie, Botanik, Literatur und Geſchichte, Doctor der Rechte, der Philoſophie und der Medicin, und ſchrieb und ſprach mit ſeltener Gewandtheit ſiebenzehn verſchiedene Sprachen.

Seine deutſch verfaßten Schriften ſind:

- **Geſchichte der Entdeckungen und Schiffahrten im Norden.** Frankfurt an der Oder 1784.
- **Magazin von merkwürdigen neuen Reiſebeſchreibungen aus fremden Sprachen, mit Anmerkungen.** Halle 1790–1798. 16 Bde.
- **Beiträge zur Völker- und Länderkunde in Gemeinſchaft mit Sprengel.** Leipzig 1781 – 83. 3 Thle. (an der Fortſetzung nahm er nicht Theil).
- **Mehrere Ueberſetzungen, engliſch und lateiniſch abgefaßte Schriften** u. ſ. w.

J. R. Forſter wird mit Recht als einer der ausgezeichnetſten deutſchen Naturforſcher des vorigen Jahrhunderts, zugleich mit ſeinem Sohne, genannt. — Als Proſaiſt ſteht er jedoch weit hinter dieſem, da es ihm keinesweges an Lebendigkeit und Kraft der Darſtellung, wohl aber an Eleganz und Correctheit fehlte. —

Friedrich Förſter

ward am 24. September 1792 zu Münchengoſſerſtädt im Altenburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1809 Theologie und Philoſophie zu Jena, lebte darauf in Dresden und machte dann 1813 als Freiwilliger des Lützow'ſchen Jägercorps den Feldzug mit. Er avancirte bis zum Premierlieutenant, und ward nach dem Frieden Lehrer an der Artillerieſchule zu Berlin, jedoch bereits 1818 wegen eines Aufſatzes in Luden's Nemeſis von dieſer Stelle entlaſſen. Von nun an privatiſirte er bis 1829, wo er Hofrath und Cuſtos der königlichen Kunſtkammer wurde. Er iſt zugleich Dr. phil., Ritter des eiſernen Kreuzes und des ruſſiſchen St. Georgenordens. —

Von ihm erſchien:

- **Das Hermannsfeſt.** Dramat. Ged. Dresden 1815.
- **Der König und ſein Ritter.** Berlin 1816. 2. Ausg. 1817. 4.
- **Von der Begeiſterung des preußiſchen Volkes im J. 1813.** Berlin 1816.
- **Beiträge zur neuern Kriegsgeſchichte.** Berlin 1816. 2 Thle.
- **Grundzüge zur Geſchichte des preußiſchen Staates.** Berlin 1818 flg. 2 Thle.
- **Beſchreibung und Geſchichte des alten Griechenlands und Italiens.** Berlin 1818.
- **Die Sängerfahrt.** Berlin 1818.
- **Einleitung in die allgemeine Erdkunde.** Berlin 1819 u. 1820.

Handbuch der Geſchichte und Statiſtik des preußiſchen Staates. Berlin 1820 ff.
Feldmarſchall Blücher. Leipz. 1815. N. A. 1821.
Friedrichs des Großen Jugendjahre, Bildung und Geiſt. Berlin 1823.
Reiſe und Reiſeabentheuer. Berlin 1826.
Albrecht von Wallenſteins ungedruckte Briefe. Berlin 1828 3 Thle.
Runde des großen Kurfürſten in der Neujahrsnacht. 1822, 27 u. 28. Berlin 1829. 4. A.
Darſtellungen aus G. F. Zimmermann's Nachlaß. Fol. Berlin 1835.
Einzelne Gedichte und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein geiſtreicher und talentvoller Schriftſteller, der ſich im hiſtoriſchen Fach beſonders durch gelungene populäre Darſtellungen und fleißige Forſchung, in poetiſchen Leiſtungen durch glückliche lyriſche Gedichte, welche Gefühl und Wärme athmen und ſehr gefällig und leicht behandelt ſind, auszeichnet.

Der große Kurfürſt.

Legende von F. Förſter.

Zur Erinnerung an Friedrichs des Großen Geburtstag.

Dem Herrn Profeſſor *) Rauch gewidmet.

Auf der langen Brücke bei dem Schloß,
Da hält der große Kurfürſt hoch zu Roß,
Und Alle, die vorübergehn,
Die ſehn ihn an und bleiben ſtehn. —
So mancher Bürger brav und gut,
Zieht noch mit Ehrfurcht ſeinen Hut.
Der Kriegsmann daneben ſpricht: „Gewiß,
„Ich war doch auch mit in Paris,
„Da ſtellten ſie denn gleich vor Allen,
„Ihren Kurfürſten auf, uns zu Gefallen;
„Mein Hauswirth führte mich auch dahin —
„Ich lobe mir unſern hier in Berlin.“

Wenn Handwerksburſche vorüberwandern,
Spricht wohl der Eine zu dem Andern:
„Landsmann, ich ſah dir zu Prag auf der Bruck
„Den wunderlichen Heiligen — den Nepomuk; —
„Aber der Kurfürſt — da wett' ich drauf, —
„Der nimmt es mit allen Heiligen auf!“

Und nicht nur der gemeine Mann,
Auch der Künſtler hat ſeine Freude daran.
Schon Mancher kam aus Rom zurück,
Und nennt es noch immer ein Meiſterſtück. —

Und eine gemeine Sage geht,
Daß der Kurfürſt nicht immer hier hält und ſteht;
Zu Neujahr in der Geiſterſtunde,
Reitet er durch die Stadt die Runde,
Und was wir nun zu Stand gebracht,
Schaut er ſich an um Mitternacht.
Und als die Singuhr zwölfe ſang,
Belauſcht' ich neulich ſeinen Gang,
Und wollt Ihr ſchweigſam es bewahren,
Erzähl' ich Euch, was ich erfahren:

Er trabte zuerſt auf ſeinem Roß
Vorüber dem hohen Königsſchloß,
Und gegen Friedrichs Gemächer gewandt,
Grüßt' er dreimal mit ſeiner Hand. —
Er reitet weiter durch Hof und Haus
Zum Luſtgarten durch das Portal hinaus,
Der alte Deſſauer — mit dem Kommandoſtab —
Nimmt ſtattlich den kleinen Dreieck ab;
Der Kurfürſt dankt ganz höflich von Weiten,
Und ſpricht für ſich im Weiterreiten:
„Der lange Zopf, die breiten Taſchen,
„Der kleine Hut und die großen Kamaſchen —
„'S iſt eine ſonderbare Tracht!
„Da haben ſie mich doch beſſer bedacht.
„In freien Locken fliegt das Haar,
„— Ich frug nicht, ob es ſo Mode war; —
„Der Feldherrnmantel — den ich trage —
„Er gilt für heut' und für alle Tage. —

Jetzt wird der Fürſt den Dom gewahr,
Neuaufgeſchmückt in dieſem Jahr,
Mit goldnem Kreuz' — nach des Königs Gebot. —
Da ſpricht er mit Andacht: „Das walt Gott!
„Hier ward die Urſtätt mir verliehn,
„Hier ruh' ich von des Lebens Müh'n;
„Sie mögen wohl noch mein gedenken,
„Daß ſie dies Haus ſo reich beſchenken. —
„Am Altar der Tröſter, — der heilige Geiſt, —
„Der Gemeinde Licht und Troſt verheißt.
„Daneben ſtehen — von reinem Metall —
„Die heil'gen Apoſtel allzumal;
„Ihr Engel aber an der Thür,
„Behütet den Ein- und Ausgang mir! —

Und ſeitwärts nach dem Zeughaus hin,
Lenkt er ſein Roß mit heiterm Sinn.
An der neuen Brücke hält er ſtill
Und ſpricht: „Was das da werden will?
„Die Steine heben ſich leicht und frei,
„Da iſt der *) Schinkel gewiß dabei,
„Und reißt der wo das Alte nieder,
„Da giebt's keine Hundebrücke wieder.“
Das Zeughaus freut den alten Herrn.
Er ſieht es immer wieder gern,
Und wie er's rückwärts noch beſchaut,
Da ſcheut das Pferd und wiehert laut.
Zwei hohe Geſtalten von Marmorſtein
Steh'n vor ihm in hellem Mondenſchein.
Der Kurfürſt fragt ſie mit feſtem Wort:
„Wer da! was haltet ihr hier am Ort?“
Der Erſte ſpricht — zu ihm gewandt:
„„General von Scharnhorſt bin ich genannt;
„„Und weil ich brav im Rath und Feld,
„„Hat mich mein König hierher geſtellt.““
Der Kurfürſt ſpricht: „Du ſtehſt auf gutem Poſten,
„Hab' Acht, daß die Klingen uns nicht roſten. —

Der zweite meldet ſich nun auch,
— Wie's bei den Soldaten Ordnung und Brauch; —
„„Von Bülow — General der Infanterie,
„„Schlug die Franzoſen ſpät und früh,
„„Und unter Kanonen-Donner und Blitz
„„Ward ich der Graf von Dennewitz.““

Nun kenn' ich Euch — bei meiner Treu! —
„Frag nicht nach Parole und Feldgeſchrei;
„Doch Eines iſt mir nicht bekannt,
„Wo lebt der Meiſter — wie iſt er genannt —
„Der Euch mit Mantel und mit Waffen
„Aus hartem Stein ſo weich geſchaffen! —
„Seid ihr vielleicht aus Welſchland kommen,
„Hat in Paris man man Euch das Maaß genommen?
„Iſt Griechenland frei von den Türkenbanden,
„Iſt Alt-Athen jetzt wieder auferſtanden!“ —

Und der Eine zu dem Kurfürſten ſpricht:
„„Durchlauchter Herr! ſo iſt es nicht;
„„Unſer Meiſter gehöret hier zu Haus,
„„Im Lagerhaus geht er ein und aus.
„„Mit ſchwarzem Baret, mit weißem Rock,
„„Ihr findet ihn immer am Marmorblock.
„„Könige und Kaiſer kehren bei ihm ein,
„„— Er muß immer in guter Geſellſchaft ſeyn.
„„Der Marſchall **) Vorwärts — rieſengroß, —
„„Steht bey ihm mit ehrenwerthem Troß;
„„Daneben viel Frauenbilder zart,
„„Und liebe Kinder — ſchön von Art —:
„„Auch den Dichter hat er aufgeſtellt,
„„Wie er hineinſchaut in die ganze Welt,
„„In Marmorſtein und ehr'nem Guß;
„„Ein Jeder der's anſchaut, ſtaunen muß. —
„„Unſer Meiſter aber iſt Rauch geheißen,
„„Doch glüht ihm das Feuer aus Aug' und Eiſen.““ —

Der Kurfürſt drauf zu Beiden ſpricht:
„Habt Dank — Ihr Herren — für Euren Bericht! —

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*) Profeſſor der Bildhauer-Kunſt zu Berlin; anerkannt als verdienſtvoller Künſtler.

*) Berühmter Baumeiſter Berlins.

**) Fürſt Blücher.

„Ich muß mein Roß nun heimwärts leiten,
„Kann heut nicht mehr um die Linden reiten;
„Gehabt euch wohl auf Eurer Wacht,
„Ihr Herrn, ich wünſch' Euch gute Nacht!“ —

Und heimwärts lenkt er nun ſein Roß,
— Nach ſeiner Brücke bei dem Schloß —
Er nickt gefällig, er ſchaut ſich um,
— Als ging' ihm ſo etwas im Kopf herum.
Ich wollt' ihn danach nicht weiter fragen:
Doch hört' ich dieſes ihn vor ſich ſagen:
„Der Rauch — das meld' ich dem Könige morgen —
„Der muß einen alten Fritzen beſorgen.“ —

Die Runde des großen Kurfürſten in der Neujahrsnacht 1827.

Legende von F. Förſter.

Der Kurfürſt reitet nicht jedes Jahr,
Nur wenn beſond'rer Anlaß war,
Da dacht ich: heut darfſt du's nicht verpaſſen,
Und ihn etwa vorüberlaſſen.
Auch ging ich nicht vergebens aus;
Denn kaum ſtand ich vor meinem Haus
In der breiten Straße, dem Schloßplatz nah,
Da war der Kurfürſt auch ſchon da.
Er ſchaute freundlicher als zuvor,
Zu des großen Friedrichs Gemächern empor.
Da wohnt mir, ſprach er, ein theures Paar;
Sie grüß ich zuerſt zum neuen Jahr,
Eliſabeth die holdeſte der Frauen,
Zuweilen mag ſie wohl nach mir ſchauen;
Denn wie die Memnonsſäule klingt,
Wenn die Morgenſonne zu ihr dringt,
So bebt, von ihrer Augen Strahl
Berührt, das härteſte Metall.
Gegrüßt auch ſei mir des Königs Sohn,
Ein Herr geboren zu dem Thron,
In Kriegeszeit ein tapfrer Degen
Und ſelbſt im Frieden noch verwegen.
Erſt neulich, bei dem großen Brand,
Er war der Erſte bei der Hand.
Sie laufen alle davon und fliehn,
Mir fing die ehrne Wange ſchon an zu glühn,
Der Kronprinz hielt aus, trug Waſſer herbei,
Ich ſah ihn noch früher als die Polizei.
Auch iſt im Kupferſtich zu ſehn,
Wie die Prinzen mitten im Feuer ſtehn
Und Hülfe ſchnell und Rettung ſchaffen,
Wo die anderen Leute ſtehn und gaffen. —
So ſprach er und nahm ſeinen Weg
Zum Luſtgarten auf bekanntem Steg.
Der alte Deſſauer nach gewohnter Art
Auch heut die Reverenz nicht ſpart;
Der Kurfürſt ſeiner nicht vergißt
Und ihn gar huldreich wieder grüßt.
Darauf lenkt er mit frommem Sinn
Sein Roß zum hohen Dome hin.
Er faltet die Hände zum Gebet
Und ſpricht: Gott walt, daß es beſteht,
Unſer evangeliſches Chriſtenthum,
Des Herzens Troſt, der Kirche Ruhm.
Behüt uns, Herr Gott, vor Papiſten,
Die wieder im lieben Deutſchland niſten;
Doch ſind wir ſicher hier zu Land,
Hier wacht der König mit Herz und Hand,
Läßt ſelbſt an die verirrten Seelen
Es nicht an ernſter Mahnung fehlen.
So war ich auch zu meiner Zeit,
Fürwahr, da galt's noch härtren Streit!
Guſtav Adolph, der für die freie Lehr
Bei Lützen fiel zu Chriſti Ehr',
Den hab' ich, als ich noch Knabe war,
Geſehen auf der Todtenbahr.
Da hab' ich im Herzen mir's gelobt:
Wie auch die Hölle dräut und tobt,
Wie's auch die Pfaffen heimlich treiben,
Dem Evangelium treu zu bleiben.
Ich ſcheute nicht Frankreichs Uebermacht,
Und als dort Ludwig unbedacht
Die Glaubensfreiheit unterdrückte,
Sofort ich einen Troſtbrief ſchickte.
In Schaaren ſind ſie zu uns kommen
Und haben Wohnung hier genommen;
Da ich viel Gnaden ihnen verlieh,
Ward's bald eine ganze Colonie,
Soldaten, Bürger und Handwerksleute,
Bauern und Gärtner und bis heute
Mag das wohl noch ſo fortbeſtehn,
Da die Leute noch immer zu Bouché gehn,
Wo ſie, wenn die Sterne vor Kälte blinken,
Unter Hyazinthen und Tulpen im Treibhaus ſitzen.
Auch gab ich Oeſterreich zum Trutz
Vertriebnen Glaubensbrüdern Schutz,
Und ſo die Bedrängten aus allen Landen
Bei mir Zuflucht und Obdach fanden.
Drum ſei auch heute mein Gebet:
Gott walt! daß es ſo fortbeſteht!
Jetzt wollt' der Kurfürſt weiter reiten,
Da ſtutzt er: Was ſoll mir das bedeuten?
Mir iſt die Gegend wohl bekannt,
Doch wo ſonſt Sumpf und Waſſer ſtand,
Erhebt ſich zu des Himmels Blau
Ein rieſenhafter, ſtolzer Bau.
Schon kann ich achtzehn Säulen zählen,
Der Stufengang wird auch nicht fehlen,
Gar herrlich iſt es anzuſchauen,
So was kann doch nur der Schinkel bauen!
Und wenn ich es auch ſonſt nicht wüßte,
So viel erkenn' ich durch's Gerüſte:
Es wird das neue Muſeum ſein;
Da kommt von meinem Nachlaß viel hinein.
Ich war ein Freund von Schildereien,
Ließ mich die Dukaten nicht gereuen,
Von Rembrandt bracht ich das ſchönſte Stück
Aus Holland mit nach Berlin zurück;
Von Teniers luſtige Bauerntümmel,
Von Wouwermann manchen braven Schimmel,
Das hieß ich Pferde! Das war eine Zeit!
Nun, Pferde-Krüger bringt's wohl auch noch ſo weit.
Eins aber, ihr Herren, bitt ich mir aus,
Komm ich wieder, ſo reit ich durch das Haus.
Ich zahl' euch allen die Minuten,
Der Hofrath Hirt wird ſich ſchon ſputen. —
Und ſo verließ er dieſen Ort,
Ritt weiter durch den Luſtgarten fort.
Er war ſchon mitten auf der Brücke,
Da hielt er ſtill und ſchaute zurücke:
Meiner Treu, bald wurd' ich's nicht gewahr,
Daß ich ſchon auf der neuen Schloßbrücke war.
Ein Marktplatz wär's beinah zu nennen,
Ein Stechbahn auch zum Ringelrennen;
Der Schinkel iſt doch ein ganzer Mann,
Was der nicht aus einer Hundebrücke machen kann!
Das Geländer, ſo ſauber gegoſſen von Eiſen,
Könnt' allein ein Meiſterſtück ſchon heißen;
Die granitnen Pfeiler ſind polirt,
Wie's nur die Aegypter ausgeführt,
Und werden zumal die Puppen drauf ſtehn,
Wird man's erſt recht mit Freuden ſehn.
Als der Kurfürſt nun über die Brücke kam,
Er ſeinen Weg zum Zeughaus nahm.
Da ließ er die Zügel etwas los,
Klopft auf den Hals das treue Roß
Und ſprach: mein Roß, nimm dich in Acht
Und tritt mir hier doch ja recht ſachte,
Schlag nicht die Funken aus dem Stein,
Wirf das Eiſen nicht in das zweite Stock hinein,
Wie es einſt dem Herzog Carl geſchehn,
Davon man das Zeichen am Fenſter kann ſehn.
Mein Königlicher Herr liegt krank,
Doch geht's ſchon beſſer, Gott ſei Dank!
Herr Wiebel ſchreibt täglich guten Bericht,
An liebender Pflege fehlt es auch nicht.
Die fürſtliche Gattin mit zartem Beſorgen
Sitzt bei ihm am Abend und am Morgen,
Und Hohe und Niedre dürfen nahn
Und fragen nach dem Befinden an;
Und thäten wir nicht ſchon zwölf Uhr zählen,
Mein Name ſollt' in dem Buch nicht fehlen.
So denk ich am meiſten ihn zu ehren,
Wenn wir ihn nicht in der Ruhe ſtören;
Und haben gute Gebete Kraft,
Gewiß auch meines ihm Lindrung ſchafft.
Wird nur der Sommer erſt wiederkehren,
Soll Teplitz heilſam ſich bewähren;
Dort ſehn ſie den König oft und gern,
Nennen ihn Alle: ihren lieben Herrn.

Das ſchreibt ſich noch von Anno 13 her,
Wo wär [illegible], wenn er nicht geweſen wär“
Am Zeughaus ritt er dicht vorbei,
Doch diesmal ward das Roß nicht ſcheu
Vor den beiden weißen Marmorgeſtalten,
Die dort auf dem Ehrenpoſten halten.
„Seid ihr nur immer noch ihrer zwei!
Iſt denn mein Kleiſt noch nicht dabei!
Als der König den Tag bei Kulm gewann,
Den Vandamme ritterlich niederrann
Und Oeſterreich vom Feind gerettet,
Wo mancher Brave ſich unter den Raſen bettet,
Ließ Kleiſt auf den Nollendorfer Höhn
Das Preußiſche Siegesbanner wehn.
Gebt mir Beſcheid, ihr Herrn, darüber.“ —
„„Schaun Ew. Durchlaucht nur grad gegenüber,
Sprach Bülow, da können Sie zu ihrer Freude ſehn
Die Antwort auf ehrnen Füßen ſtehn.““
Der Kurfürſt ſchaute ſich rückwärts um,
Da war er erſt ein Weilchen ſtumm;
Dann aber rief er mit einem Mal:
„Seht an, da ſteht der Feldmarſchall!“
Und gleich dem Roß in beide Seiten
Setzt er die Sporen drauf los zu reiten.
„Den muß ich, ſprach er, in's Auge ſehn,
Ich denk, er wird mir Rede ſtehn.“
Und eh er noch dicht vor ihm ſtand,
Rief er hinauf zu ihm gewandt:
„Der Kurfürſt reitet heut die Runde,
Wer ſeid ihr! davon gebt mir Kunde.“
Der Feldmarſchall, wie ſich's gebührt,
Gleich mit dem Säbel ſalutirt.
„„Ich war, ſprach er, nur ein Soldat,
Das iſt mein Ruhm und meine That.““
„Biſt du ein Soldat in allen Ehren,
So laß mich deinen Katechismus hören.
Zum erſten: wer ſchrieb dir das Patent?“
„„Der, den die Welt den großen Friedrich nennt;
Und in dem Krieg der ſieben Jahr
Dient ich zuerſt als ein Huſar.““
„Zum zweiten, wie nahmſt du das Schwert zur Hand?“
„„Mit Gott für König und Vaterland!
Wie hoch ſich auch der Feind geſtellt,
So hat ihn dieſer Spruch gefällt.““
„Zum dritten: Bei wem haſt du ſtudirt,
Wie man das Heer zur Feldſchlacht führt?“
„„Der Krieg war meine hohe Schul,
Saß mehr auf dem Sattel, als auf dem Stuhl,
Frug nichts nach Vauban und Montecuculi,
Vorwärts! ſo hieß meine Taktik und Strategie.
So wurd' ich in der Welt bekannt,
Da haben ſie mich den Marſchall Vorwärts genannt.““
„Marſchall Vorwärts, das hört ſich herzhaft an;
Mein Derflinger, war juſt auch ſo ein Mann.
Aber von ſo theuren Kriegeshelden
Weiß die Geſchichte viel zu melden,
So gebt Herr Marſchall mir Beſcheid,
Was ihr vollbracht zu Eurer Zeit!“
„„In dicken Büchern ſteht's zu leſen,
Was ich war und beinahe wär geweſen,
Doch kürzer ſteht es hier zu ſchaun
In Erz gegoſſen und gehau'n.
Ein Meiſter hat mich aufgeſtellt,
In ſeiner Art wie wir ein Held,
Führt ſo wie wir nur Stahl und Eiſen,
Kennt auch ein Marſchall Vorwärts heißen.
Der wußte kürzer ſich zu faſſen,
Hat mich gleich im Ganzen ſehen laſſen.
Und wollt ihr aus meinen beſten Jahren
Daneben weiter noch erfahren,
Was Anno 13, 14 und 15 geſchehn
Er läßt's an Euch vorübergehn.
Wollt ihr gefällig euch ſeitwärts neigen,
Werd ich euch's mit dem Säbel zeigen.
Hier ſeht ihr, wie mit frohem Sinn
Die freiwilligen Jäger aus Breslau ziehn,
Die Mutter ſegnet ihren Sohn,
Die Reiter ziehn mit Jubel davon.
Hier iſt das Rathhaus der alten Stadt,
Und hier lieſt ein Knabe ein Extrablatt;
Bürger und Bauern nehmen das Schwerdt zur Hand,
Alles Volk ruft: mit Gott für König und Vaterland! —
Im zweiten Feld, da ordnet ſich's ſchon mehr,
Zur Schlacht vorüber zieht das Heer,
Mit Trommelwirbel, Trompetenklang,
Mit Hurrahruf und Feldgeſang
Und daneben auf der grünen Au,
Da ſteht mein treuer Gneiſenau,
Von hohem Sinn und und edler Geſtalt,
Der niemals fehlte, wo es galt,
Der alles ſich zuvor bedacht,
Was ich am heißen Tag vollbracht.
Drum, als ſie mir den Doktorhut
Zu Oxford gaben, ſprach ich: ganz gut,
Doch laßt mich, ihr Herrn, nicht ſo allein,
Der Gneiſenau muß mein Apotheker ſeyn;
Er hat geſchickt und unverdroſſen
Die Pillen gedreht, die ich verſchoſſen.
Hier nun auf dieſem dritten Feld
Schloß mancher die Augen ſchon als Held;
An den Rebenhügeln könnt ihr es ſehn,
Daß wir auf Champagner Grunde ſtehn.
Der Herr Wirth iſt eben nicht gefällig,
Frau Wirthin nicht allzuſehr geſellig,
Hier ſchenkt uns die Guſtel von Blaſewitz ein,
Müſſen ſelbſt unſer Koch und Kellner ſein. —
Doch endlich, da iſt es uns gelungen,
Wir haben den Bonaparte bezwungen,
Ich klopfte dreimal herzhaft an,
Da ward Paris uns aufgethan
Und hier auf dieſem vierten Feld
Iſt unſer Einzug vorgeſtellt.
Hier ſeht ihr, wie zu meiner Seiten
Viel theure Kampfgenoſſen reiten:
Die Prinzen Wilhelm und Auguſt,
Graf York, ſeines Ruhmes ſich bewußt,
Der Gneiſenau, der Bülow und der Kleiſt,
Sie waren meine Kameraden zumeiſt,
Und hinterher mit Poſaunenſchall
Folgt mir der ganze Kriegesſchwall.
Und nicht umſonſt ziehn wir herein,
Es galt Victoria zu befrein,
Die ſie vom Brandenburger Thor
Uns mit Gewalt entführt zuvor.
Hier ſeht ihr das ſchöne Viergeſpann,
Die Landwehrmänner greifen herzhaft an,
Sie ſingen luſtig Juchhe! Juchhe!
Von der alten Garde flucht Einer Sacre nom du Dieu!
Das iſt ſo in Summa, was ich gethan,
Denn hier geht es wieder von vorne an.
Das andere, das ſind die Allegorien,
Damit will ich Euer Durchlaucht nicht bemühn.““
„Ich dank euch, mein Herr Feldmarſchall,
Für euern Bericht viel tauſendmal;“
Der Marſchall wieder ſalutirt,
Der Kurfürſt grüßt, ſein Schlachtroß wiehert:
Er reitet zurück dieſelbe Bahn,
Doch an dem Palais da hält er an,
Wo unter großen Spiegelſcheiben
Die ſchönſten Frühlingsblumen treiben.
„Prinz Karl, ſprach er, der hält hier Haus,
Nach Thüringen zog er zur Brautfahrt aus,
Und kehrte froh zu uns zurück
Mit ſeiner Liebe mit ſeinem Glück!
Drauf wünſcht er dem Könige nochmals gute Ruh
Und ritt nach der langen Brücke zu.
„Hätt' ich, ſprach er, noch etwas Zeit,
Beſucht ich die Königſtadt wohl heut:
Sie haben dort ein neues Theater erbaut
Das hätt ich gern mit angeſchaut.“
Da wieherte das Roß zum zweiten Mal;
Da ſprach der Kurfürſt: „ein andermal;
Heut kann es leider nicht geſchehn,
Ich hätte die Sontag gern geſehn;
Am Ende müßt ich mit meinem Rappen
Bei ſpäter Nacht im Finſtern tappen,
Ich muß mich nach meinem Quartier umſchaun,
Der Gasbeleuchtung iſt nicht zu traun.“
Jetzt wieherte zum dritten Mal das Roß,
Er ſtand auf der Brücke bei dem Schloß.
Ein Uhr ſchlug es vom Glockenhaus,
Da ging die Gasbeleuchtung aus.

Karl Auguſt Förſter

ward am 8. April 1784 zu Naumburg an der Saale geboren, ſtudirte in Leipzig Theologie und Philologie, wurde darauf Hauslehrer in Dresden und iſt ſeit 1807 Profeſſor an der K. Cadettenanſtalt daſelbſt.

Er gab heraus:

F. Petrarca's italieniſche Gedichte, überſetzt von K. F., Altenburg und Leipzig 1818 fgde. 2 Thle. N. A. Leipzig 1833.
Sammlung deutſcher Gedichte. Dresden 1819.
T. Taſſo's lyriſche Gedichte. Zwickau 1821.
Raphael, Kunſt und Künſtlerleben; in Gedichten. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1827.
Abriß der allgemeinen Literaturgeſchichte. 4 Thle. Dresden 1828.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

K. F. hat vorzüglich in ſeinen Verdeutſchungen der lyriſchen Gedichte Petrarca's und Taſſo's einen feinen Geſchmack, reichen Wohllaut, und eine ſeltene Herrſchaft über Vers und Sprache beurkundet, ſo daß er mit Recht den deutſchen Meiſtern in dieſer Gattung beizugeſellen iſt. — Seine eigenen Poeſieen ſind elegant und bilderreich, entbehren aber der Wärme. Sein Abriß der allgemeinen Literaturgeſchichte iſt eine zwar gedrängte, aber ſehr tüchtige und fleißige Arbeit. —

Friedrich, Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

Dieſer talentvolle und reiche Dichter, vor zwanzig Jahren noch ein Liebling der Nation, jetzt weit weniger geleſen, als es ſo viele ſeiner meiſterhaften Werke mit vollem Rechte verdienen, ward am 12. Februar 1777 zu Neu-Brandenburg geboren und iſt ein Enkel des berühmten 1774 verſtorbenen preußiſchen Infanteriegenerals Heinrich Auguſt de la Motte Fouqué. — Schon früh trat er in Kriegsdienſte, machte die Rheincampagne in den neunziger Jahren mit und nahm dann 1803 ſeinen Abſchied, ging aber 1813, nachdem er bis dahin auf dem Lande gelebt, wieder zur Armee, wohnte den bedeutendſten Schlachten bei, und ſah ſich dann genöthigt, ſeiner zerrütteten Geſundheit wegen, ſeine Entlaſſung zu fordern, die er mit höherem Range erhielt. Er verweilte nun abwechſelnd in Berlin und auf ſeinen Gütern bei Rathenow und hat ſich ſeit einiger Zeit in Halle niedergelaſſen. F. d. l. M. F. iſt K. Pr. Major außer Dienſt und Ritter des Johanniter und rothen Adler-Ordens. — Als Dichter erſchien er, von A. W. von Schlegel eingeführt, zuerſt unter dem Namen **Pellegrin**.

Seine Schriften ſind:

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Die Zwerge. Dram. Spiel. Leipzig 1805.
Hiſtorie von Ritter Galmy und einer Herzogin aus Bretagne. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1806.
Alwin. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1808.
Sigurd der Schlangentödter. Leipzig 1809.
Der Held des Nordens. 3 Thle. Leipzig 1810.
Eginhard und Emma. Schauſp. Nürnberg 1811.
Vaterländiſche Schauſpiele. 2 Thle. Berl. 1811—1813.
Die Jahreszeiten. Berlin 1811—15. 4 Hfte. — darin Undine. 3. A. 1818.
Kleine Romane. Berlin 1811—1818. 5 Thle.
Die Muſen. Berlin 1812. 4 Hfte.
Die Liebesrache. Trauerſp. Leipzig 1813.
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Die Pilgerfahrt. Trauerſpiel. Nürnberg 1816.
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Die Leibeigene. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1820.
Bertrand du Guesclin. Heldengedicht. Leipzig 1821. 3 Thle.
Ritter Elidouk. Leipzig 1822.
Der Verfolgte. Berlin 1821. 3 Thle.
Wilde Liebe. Leipzig 1822. 2 Thle.
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Erzählungen und Novellen. Danzig 1833.
Gedichte, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Almanachen (namentlich dem Frauentaſchenbuche, das F. mehrere Jahre hindurch redigirte), Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Nicht leicht iſt, wie wir bereits oben bemerkten, ein Dichter ſo verſchiedenartig beurtheilt worden, als de la Motte Fouqué; er hat den Ruhm, den ſeine Zeit ihm gewährte, überlebt, und doch wird eine Zeit kommen, wenn er ſchon längſt von der Erde geſchieden iſt, wo der ihm mit Recht gebührende Preis neue Knospen treibt und unvergänglich blüht. Wenn Reichthum der Phantaſie, Tiefe und Wärme des Gefühls, Herrſchaft über Gedanken, Sprache und Vers, und ein leicht aufflammender Enthuſiasmus Anſpruch auf den Namen eines ausgezeichneten Dichters gewähren, ſo verdient er denſelben vor Allen. Gelang es ihm daher nicht, ſich die Anerkennung zu erhalten, die ihm früher in ſo reichem Maße zu Theil ward, ſo muß die Urſache theils in ſeiner Perſönlichkeit, theils in der Zeit liegen. In ſeiner Perſönlichkeit, weil er, anſtatt die Welt zu umfaſſen und in ihren Gebilden wieder zu geben, ſich und in dieſer eine eigene Welt ſchuf, die in ſehr beſchränkte Kreiſe zuſammengedrängt und aus ſehr heterogenen Elementen aufgeführt, wohl während einer beſonderen, ihr durch eigenthümliche Verhältniſſe geneigten Epoche anſprechen und gefallen konnte, über dieſe hinaus aber, da ihr das Allgemeingültige in den Einzelheiten fehlte, unwirkſam werden mußte. Fouqué iſt einer der letzten Jünger der romantiſchen Schule und zugleich einer der beſchränkteſten. Er nahm das Mittelalter zum Grunde, auf welchem er ſeine poetiſchen Gebilde aufführte, aber er wußte nicht in deſſen wahre Tiefen einzudringen und verdeckte den daraus entſpringenden Mangel durch äußeren Glanz und reichen Farbenſchmuck, wodurch ſich allerdings die große Maſſe bei ihrer Oberflächlichkeit angeſprochen fühlte, beſonders in jener aufgeregten Zeit, in der Fouqué den Culminationspunkt ſeines Wirkens erreichte, und in welcher Geſinnungen, wie er ſie bekannte und verherrlichte, ungeprüft, denn es waren Tage der Noth, in allen Herzen wiederhallten. Als mehr Ruhe eintrat, als man in den deutſchen Landen begann, das Für und Wider abzuwägen, da fand man denn auch, daß Vieles in unſeres Dichters Leiſtungen nur Scheinweſen ſei, daß es ſeinen Charakteren oft am innerſten Kern, an Wahrheit, ſeinen geſchichtlichen Auffaſſungen an Wahrheit, ja ſelbſt ſeiner Rede an Wahrheit, d. h. an jener innern Wahrheit, die auf der Natur der Dinge, nicht auf der ſubjectiven Auffaſſung derſelben beruht, fehle. Selbſt die nachſichtigſten Kritiker konnten ihn nicht frei von oberflächlicher Charakterzeichnung, von Vermiſchung und Verwirrung des Mittelalterlichen und Modernen, von Geſuchtheit und Manier in Form und Rede, ſprechen, und indem nun, während der Entwickelung eines Kampfes der ſocialen Privilegien, Fouqué mit ſeiner ganzen Perſönlichkeit und mit allen Kräften feſt an dem entſchiedenſten Ariſtokratismus hing und ſich für ſeine Anſichten eine eigene, immer mehr von der Natürlichkeit abweichende, ſeinem Weſen aber zuſagende, ſein Beginnen unterſtützende Form bildete, ſo mußte er, da er auf ſolche Weiſe gegen die fortſchreitende Zeit ankämpfte, einerſeits in Manierirung verfallen, andererſeits den größten Theil der Nation ſich abwendig machen, und ſo die verſchiedenartigſten Urtheile, die aber mit jedem Jahre ungünſtiger ausfielen, über ſich ausſprechen hören. Dazu kam, daß er ſelbſt poetiſche Friſche und zeugende Kraft, daß ſeine Schriften den Reiz der Neuheit verloren, wodurch er ſich dann nothwendig ſelbſt überleben mußte.

Aber dennoch iſt und bleibt er ein großer und wahrer Dichter, und der unbefangene Freund echter Poeſie wird in allen ſeinen Werken eine große Anzahl einzelner meiſterhafter Stellen und Schilderungen, und eine, wenn auch befangene, doch in ihrer Subjectivität ſehr ehrenwerthe Geſinnung finden. Seine Poeſie iſt einem Bergſtrome vergleichbar, der zwar Schlamm und Geröll, aber auch viel edles Geſtein mit ſich führt, und Leiſtungen wie die Undine, das Galgenmännlein, Corona u. A. m. werden ſeinen Namen mit Lorbeer gekränzt auf die ſpäteſte Nachwelt tragen und erhalten, ſo lange die deutſche Sprache ſelbſt ſich bei den Nationen der Erde erhält.

Geſang der drei Nornen.

(Aus Sigurd dem Schlangentödter.)

Brynhildis, geharniſcht, das Schwert an der Seite, ſchläft.

Die drei Nornen.

(um ſie her wandelnd und ſingend.)

Nornen, Schickſals erkennende Mächte,
Nennen uns drei die Menſchenkinder.
Heimlich aus unſerm Hauchen keimt's, —
Die Saat zum Frieden, zum Fechten ſprießt,
Zu dem Feſt der Braut, zum Mahl der Trauer,
Zum Streit der Rache, zum Tanzreihn kraus.
Traun' auch hier über die Träumerin hin,
Zieht unſer Willen Gebilde viel,
Und lagert ſo Luſt als Klagen rings.
Wir ſchenkten die Macht und verſchmachten bald,
Schön Fürſtenkind voll hohen Sinns,
Wir ſpielen ein vielfach ernſtes Spiel.
Wurdur hat das Gewes'ne gelenkt,
Werdandi lenkt das Werdende jetzt,
Und Skuld hat Kunde, was kommen ſoll.
Zu ſichten aller Zeit Geſchichten
Ziemt uns den drei'n im ſtäten Vereine
Bis Zeit entgleitend ausglimmt, wir mit.

Wurdur.

Der alte Held, König Hialmgunnar,
Hochklopfender Bruſt, rief eifernd auf:
Sieg mir, dem greiſenden Krieger Sieg!
Odin! ſteh mir in des Dieners Streit:
Stolz hebt Agnar der Held ſich auf,
Gelobt Land und Leut' zum Pfand des Siegs.
Dem Diener Sieg verhieß Odin,
Dem Gegner da half Brynhildis Hand,
Der ſchönen Königestochter Kraft.
Dem Tag gleich, trotzlicher Gaben reich,
Trat ſie heilſtrahlend und ſchnell heraus,
Selbſt lenkend die Schlacht nach eigner Macht.
Lenkte ſie ſtolz, Hialmgunnar's Heer ſchmolz,
Hochherrſchend und herrlich ſtand Agnar,
Und Odins Woll'n wirkt' in Wolken.
Zu keckes Licht, zu gewaltige Kraft,
Dir zürnte Odin ſchwer; zu Boden
Warf hin dich ſtrafender Zauberſchlaf.

Werdandi.

So liegt ſie, träumend von Siegen nur,
Steht nicht zum Kampfesgericht mehr auf,
Und draußen lodert die Lohe wild;
Lodert im Rund allſtund ums Schloß her,
Verſchließt mit wallendem Schein den Eingang;
Die glüh'nde Bahn kommt keiner heran.

Skuld.

Doch wagen wird's Einer. Heran die Bahn
Wird reiten ein Degen frei und frank
Durch drohend flackernde Flammen her.
Raſch treibt er zum Trab den Renner an,
Tritt prachtvoll ein, Brynhildis wacht,
Denkt günſtiger Hochzeit ſüßem Geſchenk.

Werdandi.

Schon vor des leuchtenden Schloſſes Thor,
Schnell durch des Feuers Wirbel zur Burg
Kommt er, der Recke. Was frommt ihm jetzt
Kühnlicher Reitkunſt ſchneller Preis.
Er ſteigt der Treppen Steine herauf,
Stark hallt ſein Harniſch durch das Gebäu.

Alle Drei.

Dreht um uns, Schweſtern, des Nebels Dunſt,
Dicht einhüllend den ernſten Nornſchein!
Hauch', Ahnung' bang' um der Nornen Bahn!
Rauſchen uns hören, ergrau'n darob,
Mann dir, o blindes Erdkind, zum Tod:
Lichthell Schau'n ziemt richtenden Göttern.
(ſie verſchwinden.)

Brynhildis am Gewebe.

(Aus Sigurd dem Schlangentödter.)

Fördre, du fleißige Hand,
Bunter Farben Geſpinnſt,
Die tapfern Thaten des Freund's:
Gnitahaide's Graun,
Des blanken Goldhorts
Herrlich prangendes Licht,
Und aus Regins Buſen das Blut.
Weberin, webe fort,
Web' in des Teppichs Prunk
Alle dein Lieb und Leid:
Gleißende Gluth um die Burg,
Glänzender Reiter hindurch,
Träumende Magd ſein harr'nd.
Weberin, webe fort,
Web' in des Teppichs Prunk
Alle dein Lieb' und Leid,
Ward Zauberſchlummer verſcheucht,
Die Schläferin ſüß entflammt,
Glänzenden Kriegers Braut!
Weberin, webe fort,
Nornen auch weben fort
Dein Leben in Lieb' und Leid,
Führen unreißbare Fäden,
Fiengen früh' an ihr Geſpinnſt
Eh' flog dein Weberſchifflein.

Die Mutter.

„Wie willſt du nun weg,
In die weite Welt,
Von Jeland, unſrer lieben Inſel, fort!
Ach Kind, mir liegt
In klagender Bruſt
Das Mutterherz, das arme Mutterherz!"

„„Laß du mich nur los,
Lieb Mütterlein,
Da draußen in das deutſche Land hinaus.
Sind Sänger dort
Hochſeltner Art;
Auf Rheiniſchen Bergen rauſcht ihr Heldenſang!““

„Was ſoll dir der Sang,
Wenn du ſiehſt nicht mehr
Der Heimath Wald und Anger und Heerdesrauch?
Und ich Arme, allein
Auf dem Abendberg,
Soll weinend ſehn, wie Sonne zur Ruhe geht.“

„„Wirſt weinen nicht lang,
Wirſt lächeln gar lieb,
Wenn kunſtreich, kühn und friſch der Sohn dir kehrt.
Der Himmel iſt hell,
Der Frühling haucht;
O weine dir nicht die holden Augen weh.““

Und er ſchritt ins Schiff,
Und es ſchwankte fort,
Und die Mutter ging hinein und ſchloß ihr Gemach.
Und ſie weinte ſehr,
Bis die ſanfte Nacht
Des Schlafes Hülle über das Haupt ihr zog.

Kam da die Königin
Gekrönter Götter,
Kam da die Frigga im Traum zur edlen Frau:
„Mußt nicht weinen, Mutter,
Du Menſchenmutter;
Ich ſchütze ſorgend dir den holden Sohn.“

„„Du hohe Herrin,
Ich habe das Weinen
Mir nicht erkoren; doch muß ich weinen, ich muß.
Nimm Opfer und Dank du
Für deinen Schutz an:
Mir laß das Weinen: es löſt ja doch nicht nach.““

„Wehvolles Weinen
War mir geziemend,
Als Baldur lag, mein göttlich Kind, erblaßt.
Du darfſt nicht weinen:
Dir kehrt er wieder,
Dein lieber Sohn, in leuchtender Jugendluſt.“ —

Und der tröſtende Traum
Im Morgenthau
Entſchwand, und wachend ſah die Mutter umher.
Hell blieb in der Bruſt
Der Göttin Bild:
Aber der Sohn war fern und die Mutter weinte doch.

Gottes Zucht.

Wenn alles eben käme,
Wie du gewollt es haſt,
Und Gott dir gar nichts nähme,
Und gäb' dir keine Laſt:
Wie wär's da um dein Sterben,
Du Menſchenkind, beſtellt?
Du müßteſt faſt verderben,
So lieb wär' dir die Welt!

Nun fällt, eins nach dem andern,
Manch ſüßes Band dir ab,
Und heiter kannſt du wandern
Gen Himmel durch das Grab.
Dein Zagen iſt gebrochen,
Und deine Seele hofft; —
Dies ward ſchon oft geſprochen,
Doch ſpricht man's nie zu oft.

Der kranke Ritter.

Da draußen hallen die Schilde
Da draußen wiehert es hell,
Die Kämpfer ſind hart an einander
Ihr Knappen, waffnet mich ſchnell!

Was ſteht ihr, und werdet ſo trübe?
In Sattel, und drauf und dran! —
Ach Gott! ich hatt' es vergeſſen:
Ich bin ein verwundeter Mann.

Die Pfeileſchauer, ſie trafen
Die Schulter und auch die Bruſt;
Her kommt der Tod mir gezogen;
Und hin mir welket die Luſt.

Und wär' nur der Tod gekommen
Nach ſeiner geſtrengen Pflicht,
Da ſchlief' ich ſtill bei den Ahnen
Bis an das ewige Licht.

So muß ich leben, ach leben
Ohn' adliche Waffenzier,
Und fernhin brauſet der Schlachtlärm
Und fraget nicht fürder nach mir.

Still neben mir ſitzt mein Falke,
Weil nicht mehr jagen er kann;
Hat auch einen Pfeil im Flügel,
Und ſieht ſo trübe mich an.

Thurmwächterslied.

Am gewaltigen Meer,
In der Mitternacht,
Wo der Wogen Heer
An die Felſen kracht,
Da ſchau ich vom Thurm hinaus.
Ich erheb' einen Sang
Aus ſtarker Bruſt,
Und miſche den Klang
In die wilde Luſt,
In die Nacht, in den Sturm, in den Graus.

Dringe durch, dringe durch
Recht freudenvoll
Mein Lied, von der Burg
In das Sturmgeroll,
Verkünd' es weit durch die Nacht,
Wo ſchwanket ein Schiff
Durch die Fluth entlang,
Wo ſchwindelt am Riff
Des Wanderers Gang,
Daß oben ein Menſch hier wacht:

Ein kräftiger Mann,
Recht friſch bereit,
Wo er helfen kann,
Zu wenden das Leid
Mit Ruf, mit Leuchte, mit Hand.
Iſt zu ſchwarz die Nacht,
Iſt zu fern der Ort,
Da ſchickt er mit Macht
Seine Stimme fort
Mit Troſt über See und Land.

Wer auf Wogen ſchwebt,
Sehr leck ſein Kahn,
Wer im Walde bebt,
Wo ſich Räuber nahn,
Der denke: Gott hilft wohl gleich.
Wen das wilde Meer
Schon hinunter ſchlingt,
Wem des Räubers Speer
In die Hüfte dringt,
Der denk' an das Himmelreich!

Das Galgenmännlein. *)

In Venezia, die weit und breit berühmte wälſche Handelsſtadt, zog eines ſchönen Abends ein junger Deutſcher Kaufmann ein, Reichard geheißen, gar ein fröhlicher und kecker Geſell. Es gab eben zu der Zeit in Deutſchen Landen mannigfache Unruhe, um des dreißigjährigen Krieges willen; deshalben war der junge Handelsmann, der ſich gern einen luſtigen Tag machte, ganz beſonders damit zufrieden, daß ihn ſeine Geſchäfte auf einig-

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*) Aus de la Motte Fouqué's Erzählungen u. kleinen Romanen.

heit nach Wälſchland riefen, wo es nicht gar ſo kriegeriſch zuging, und wo man, wie er gehört hatte, ganz köſtlichen Wein und viele der beſten und wohlſchmeckendſten Früchte antreffen ſollte, noch der vielen wunderſchönen Frauen zu geſchweigen, von welchen er ein abſonderlicher Liebhaber war.

Er fuhr, wie ſie es dorten zu thun pflegen, in einem kleinen Schifflein, Gondel geheißen, auf den Kanälen umher, die es in Venezia ſtatt der gewöhnlichen gepflaſterten Straßen gibt, und hatte ſeine große Luſt an den ſchönen Häuſern und den noch viel ſchöneren Weibsgeſtalten, die er oftmals daraus hervorblicken ſah. Als er endlich gegen ein höchſt prächtiges Gebäu herankam, in deſſen Fenſtern wohl zwölf der alleranmuthigſten Frauenzimmer lagen, ſprach der gute junge Geſell zu einem der Gondoliere, die ſein Schifflein ruderten: „ach Gott! wenn es mir doch einmal ſo wohl werden ſollte, daß ich nur ein Wörtlein zu einer von jenen wunderſchönen Fräulein ſprechen dürfte!“ „Ei,“ ſagte der Gondolier, „iſt es weiter nichts als das, ſo ſteigt nur aus und geht keck hinauf. Die Zeit wird Euch droben gewißlich nicht lang werden.“ Der junge Reichard aber ſprach: „du haſt wohl deine Luſt daran, fremde Leute zu necken, und meineſt, in mir ſo einen groben Geſellen zu treffen, der nach deinen thörichten Worten thäte und droben im Schloſſe dann ausgelacht würde, oder wohl ausgewamſt obendrein?“ „Herr, lehrt mich die Sitten des Landes nicht kennen,“ ſagte der Gondolier. „Thut nur nach meinem Rath, dafern Ihr's Euch gerne wohl ſeyn laßt, und nehmen ſie Euch nicht mit offnen, ſchönen Armen auf, ſo will ich meines Fährlohnes quitt und verluſtig gehn.“

Das ſchien dem jungen Burſchen des Verſuchens ſchon werth, auch hatte der Gondolier nicht eben gelogen. Die Schaar der liebreizenden Fräulein nahm den Fremden nicht allein holdſelig auf, ſondern es führte ihn auch die, welche er für die Schönſte aus ihnen hielt, in ihr eignes Gemach, wo ſie ihn mit den auserleſenſten Trink- und Eßwaaren bewirthete, und auch mit manchem Kuß, ja, ihm endlich ganz und gar zu Willen ward. Er mußte mehrmalen bei ſich denken: „ich bin doch fürwahr in das alleranmuthigſte und wunderbarſte Land gekommen, ſo es auf dem Erdboden gibt: zugleich aber kann ich auch dem Himmel nicht genugſamlich danken für die Anmuthigkeiten meiner Perſon und meines Geiſtes, vermittelſt deren ich den fremden Damen ſo ſehr gefalle.“

Als er nun aber wieder von hinnen wollte, forderte ihm das Fräulein funfzig Dukaten ab, und weil er ſich darüber verwunderte, ſagte ſie: „ei, junger Fant, wie vermeint Ihr doch, Euch der ſchönſten Courtiſane aus ganz Venedig ſo gar umſonſt erfreut zu haben! Zahlt nur immer friſch, denn wer nicht vorher bedungen hat, muß ſich den Preis gefallen laſſen, den man von ihm begehrt. Wollt Ihr aber künftig wiederkommen, ſo gebraucht Euch klüger, und Ihr könnt für eine Summe, wie es Euch heute gekoſtet hat, eine ganze Woche lang in allen Freuden leben.“

Ach, wie verdrießlich es doch ſein mag für Einen, der dachte, er habe eine Prinzeſſin erobert, wenn er nun merkt, daß es eine gar gemeine Buhlſchaft war und ihm noch eine ſo erkleckliche Summe dabei aus dem Geldbeutel gelockt wird! Der junge Geſell aber bewies ſich nicht ſo ergrimmt, als wohl ein Andrer meinen ſollte. Es war mehr um eine gute Pflege ſeines Leibes zu thun, als um viele Zierlichkeiten in ſeiner Hiſtorie, deshalben er ſich denn nach geleiſteter Zahlung in ein Weinhaus fahren ließ, um dorten wegzutrinken, was ihm noch etwa von Aerger im Kopfe herumzog.

Da nun der fröhliche Burſch auf ſolchen Wegen war, mochte es ihm auch nicht an gar zahlreicher und vergnügter Geſellſchaft fehlen. Es ging manchen Tag fort in Saus und Braus, und zwiſchen lauter luſtigen Geſichtern; ein einziges ausgenommen, das einem hiſpaniſchen Hauptmanne gehörte, der zwar allen den Späßen der wilden Bande, in die der junge Reichard ſich begeben hatte, beiwohnte, aber meiſt ohne ein Wort zu verlieren, und mit einer recht gewaltſamen Unruhe auf allen Zügen ſeines finſtern Antlitzes. Man litt ihn dabei gern, denn er war ein Mann von Anſehn und Vermögen, der ſich nichts daraus machte, die ganze Geſellſchaft oft mehrere Abende hinter einander frei zu halten.

Deſſen ungeachtet, und ob ſich der junge Reichard gleich nicht mehr ſo arg beſchwatzen ließ, wie am Tage ſeiner Ankunft in Venezia, begann ihm doch endlich das Geld auszugehn, und er mußte mit großer Betrübniß daran denken, daß ein ſo unerhört vergnügliches Leben nun bald für ihn ans Ende kommen müſſe, dafern er nicht mit ſeinem vielen Verluſtiren zuletzt all' ſeines Geldes verluſtig gehn wolle.

Die andern wurden ſeiner Trübſeligkeit inne, zugleich auch der Urſache dazu, — wie ſie denn dergleichen Fälle ſehr häufig in ihrem Kreiſe erlebten, — und hatten ihren Spaß mit dem ausgebeutelten Nordländer, der es doch immer noch nicht laſſen konnte, durch die Reſte ſeines Säckels von dem anmuthigen Fliegengifte zu naſchen. Da nahm ihn eines Abends der Hiſpanier bei Seite und führte ihn mit unerwarteter Freundlichkeit in eine ziemlich öde Gegend der Stadt. Dem guten jungen Geſellen wollte ſchier angſt dabei werden, aber er dachte zuletzt: „daß nicht mehr viel bei mir zu holen iſt, weiß der Kumpan, und an meine Haut, dafern ihm drum zu thun wäre, müßte er doch immer erſt die ſeinige ſetzen, welches er wohl für einen zu hohen Spielpreis halten wird.“

Der hiſpaniſche Hauptmann aber, ſich auf die Grundmauer eines alten verfallenen Gebäudes ſetzend, nöthigte den jungen Kaufherrn neben ſich und hub folgendermaßen zu ſprechen an: „es will mich faſt bedünken, mein lieber, ſehr jugendlicher Freund, als fehle es Euch an eben derſelben Fähigkeit, welche mir über alle Maßen zur Laſt wird — an der Kraft nämlich, in jeder Stunde eine beliebige Summe Geldes herbeizuſchaffen und ſo fortfahren zu können nach Belieben. Das und noch viele andere Gaben in den Kauf laſſe ich Euch für ein billiges Geld ab.“

„Was kann Euch denn noch am Gelde liegen, indem Ihr die Gabe, es Euch zu verſchaffen, los werden wollt?“ fragte Reichard.

„Damit hat es folgende Bewandtniß,“ entgegnete der Hauptmann. „Ich weiß nicht, ob Ihr gewiſſe kleine Kreaturen kennet, die man Galgenmännlein heißt. Es ſind ſchwarze Teufelchen in Gläslein eingeſchloſſen. Wer ein ſolches beſitzt, vermag von ihm zu erhalten, was er ſich nur Ergetzliches im Leben wünſchen mag, vorzüglich aber unermeßlich vieles Geld. Dagegen bedingt ſich das Galgenmännlein die Seele ſeines Beſitzers für ſeinen Herrn Luzifer aus, wofern der Beſitzer ſtirbt, ohne ſein Galgenmännlein in andre Hände überliefert zu haben. Dies darf aber nur durch Kauf geſchehen, und zwar, indem man eine geringere Summe dafür empfängt, als man dafür bezahlt hat. Meines koſtet mir zehn Dukaten; wollt Ihr nun neun dafür geben, ſo iſt es Eu'r.“

Während der junge Reichard ſich noch beſann, ſprach der Hiſpanier weiter: „ich könnte Jemanden damit anführen und es ihm für irgend ein andres Gläslein und Spielwerk in die Hände ſchaffen, wie mich denn ſelbſten ein gewiſſenloſer Handelsmann auf gleiche Weiſe in deſſen Beſitz brachte. Aber ich denke darauf, mein Gewiſſen nicht noch mehr zu beſchweren und trage Euch den Kauf ehrlich und offenbar an. Ihr ſeid noch jung und lebensluſtig und gewinnt wohl mannigfache Gelegenheit, Euch des Dinges zu entledigen, dafern es Euch zur Laſt werden ſollte, wie es mir heute ſolches iſt.“

„Lieber Herr,“ ſagte Reichard dagegen, „wolltet Ihr mir's nicht für ungut nehmen, ſo möchte ich Euch klagen, wie oft ich in dieſer Stadt Venezia bereits angeführt worden bin.“

„Ei, du junger, thörichter Geſell!“ rief der Hiſpanier zornig, „Du darfſt nur an mein Feſt von geſtern Abend zurückdenken, um zu wiſſen, ob ich um Deiner lauſigen neun Dukaten willen betrügen werde, oder nicht.“

„Wer viel gaſtirt, verbraucht auch viel,“ verſetzte der junge Kaufmann witzig, „und nur ein Handwerk, nicht aber ein Geldſeckel hat einen güldnen Boden. Wenn Ihr nun Euern letzten Dukaten geſtern ausgegeben hättet, könnten Euch heute meine verlegten neune dennoch lieb ſeyn.“

„Entſchuldige es, daß ich Dich nicht todtſteche,“ ſagte der Hiſpanier. „Es geſchieht, weil ich hoffe, Du werdeſt mir noch von meinem Galgenmännlein loshelfen, und dann auch, dieweil ich geſonnen bin, Pönitenz zu thun, welche auf ſolche Weiſe nur erſchwert und vergrößert würde.“

„Möchten mir wohl einige Proben mit dem Dinge vergönnt ſein?“ fragte der junge Kaufherr auf das vorſichtigſte.

„Wie ginge das an!“ verſetzte der Hauptmann. „Es bleibt ja bei Keinem und hilft auch Keinem, als der es vorhero richtig und baar erſtanden hat.“

Dem jungen Reichard ward bange; denn es ſah unheimlich aus auf dem öden Platz, wo ſie in der Nacht beiſammen ſaßen, ob ihn gleich der Hauptmann verſicherte, er zwinge ihn zu nichts, wegen der bevorſtehenden Buße. Jedoch ſchwebten ihm zugleich alle Freuden vor, die ihn nach dem Beſitz des Galgenmännleins umgeben würden. Er beſchloß alſo die Hälfte ſeiner letzten Baarſchaft daran zu wagen, vorher jedoch verſuchend, ob er nicht etwas von dem hohen Preiſe herunter handeln könne.

„Du Narr!“ lachte der Hauptmann. „Zu Deinem Beſten heiſchte ich die höchſte Summe, und zum Beſten derer, die es nach Dir kaufen, damit es nicht Einer ſo frühe für die allerniedrigſte Münze der Welt erſtehe und unwiederbringlich des Teufels ſey, weil er es ja dann nicht mehr wohlfeiler verkaufen kann.“

„Ach laßt nur,“ ſagte Reichard freundlich. „Ich verkaufe das wunderliche Ding wohl ſobald nicht wieder. Wenn ich's alſo für fünf Dukaten haben könnte“ —

„Meinetwegen,“ erwiderte der Hiſpanier. „Du arbeiteſt dem ſchwarzen Teuflein ſeine Dienſtzeit um die letzte, verlorne Menſchenſeele recht kurz.“

Damit händigte er dem jungen Geſellen gegen Bezahlung des Kaufſchillings ein dünnes, gläſernes Fläſchchen ein, worin Reichard beim Sternenlichte etwas Schwarzes wild auf und niedergaukeln ſah.

Er forderte gleich zur Probe in Gedanken ſeine gemachte Auslage verdoppelt in ſeine rechte Hand und fühlte die zehn Dukaten alsbald darin. Da ging er froh nach dem Wirthshauſe zurück, wo die andern Geſellen noch zechten, ſich Alle höchlich verwundernd, wie die Beiden, welche erſt eben ſo trübſinnig von ihnen geſchieden waren, nun mit ſehr heitern Angeſichtern wieder hereintraten. Der Hispanier aber nahm kurzen Abſchied, ohne bei dem koſtbaren Freudenmahle zu bleiben, welches Reichard, ob es gleich ſchon ſpät in der Nacht war, anzurichten befahl, es dem mißtrauiſchen Wirthe vorausbezahlend, während durch die Kraft des Galgenmännleins ihm beide Taſchen von immer neu herbeigewünſchten Dukaten klingelten.

Diejenigen, welche ſich ſelbſt ein ſolches Galgenmännlein wünſchen möchten, werden am beſten beurtheilen können, welch ein Leben der luſtige junge Geſell von dieſem Tage an führte, es ſei denn, daß ſie ſich dem Geize allzu unmäßig ergeben hätten. Aber auch ein vorſichtiges und frommeres Gemüth mag leichtlich ermeſſen, daß es gar wild und verſchwenderiſch herging. Sein Erſtes war, daß er die ſchöne Lukrezia — denn alſo nannte ſich, frechen Spottes, ſeine frühere und koſtbare Buhlſchaft, — durch unerhörte Summen für ſich ganz allein gewann, worauf er dann ein Schloß und zwei Villen erkaufte, und ſich mit allen möglichen Herrlichkeiten der Welt umgab.

Es geſchah, daß er eines Tages mit der gottloſen Lukrezia im Garten eines ſeiner Landhäuſer am Rande eines ſchnellen, tiefen Bächleins ſaß. Viel ward geneckt und gelacht unter den zwei thörichten jungen Leuten, bis endlich Lukrezia unverſehns das Galgenmännlein erwiſchte, das Reichard an einem güldnen Kettlein unter ſeinen Kleidern auf der Bruſt trug. Bevor er es noch verhindern konnte, hatte ſie ihm das Kettchen losgeneſtelt und hielt nun die kleine Flaſche ſpielend gegen das Licht. Erſt lachte ſie über die wunderlichen Kapriolen des kleinen Schwarzen darinnen, dann aber ſchrie ſie plötzlich voll Entſetzen: „pfui doch, das iſt ja gar eine Kröte!“ und ſchleuderte Kette und Flaſche und Galgenmännlein in den Bach, der alles zuſammen mit ſeinen reißenden Wirbeln ſogleich dem Auge entzog.

Der arme junge Geſell ſuchte ſeinen Schrecken zu verbergen, damit ihn ſeine Buhlin nicht weiter befrage und ihn noch endlich gar wegen Zauberei vor Gericht ziehe. Er gab das ganze Ding für ein wunderliches Spielwerk aus, und machte ſich nur, ſobald es gehn wollte, von der Lukrezia los, um im Stillen zu überlegen, was nun am beſten zu thun ſei. Das Schloß hatte er noch, die Landhäuſer desgleichen und eine ſchöne Menge Dukaten mußte in ſeinen Taſchen ſtecken. Gar freudig aber ward er überraſcht, als er, nach dem Gelde faſſend, die Flaſche mit dem Galgenmännlein in die Hand bekam. Die Kette mochte wohl auf dem Grunde des Bächleins liegen, Flaſche aber und Galgenmännlein waren richtig an ihren Herrn zurückgekommen. — „Ei,“ rief er jubelnd aus, „ſo beſitze ich ja einen Schatz, den mir keine Macht der Erden rauben kann!“ und hätte das Fläſchlein beinahe geküßt, nur daß ihm der kleine gaukelnde Schwarze darin etwas allzugräßlich vorkam.

War es jedoch bisher wild und luſtig zugegangen, ſo trieb es Reichard nun noch zehnmal ärger. Auf alle Potentaten und Regenten des Erdreichs blickte er mit Bedauern und Verachtung herab, überzeugt, daß Keiner von ihnen ein nur halb ſo vergnügtes Leben führen möge, als er. Man konnte in der reichen Handelsſtadt Venezia faſt nicht mehr ſo viele Seltenheiten an Speiſe und Trank zuſammenbringen, als wie zu ſeinen ſchwelgeriſchen Banketen erfordert wurden. Wenn ihn irgend ein wohlmeinender Menſch darüber ſchelten oder ermahnen wollte, pflegte er zu ſagen: „Reichard iſt mein Name und mein Reichthum iſt ſo hart, daß ihm keine Ausgabe den Kopf einzuſtoßen vermag.“ Gar unmäßig pflegte er auch oftmals über den hispaniſchen Hauptmann zu lachen, daß er einen ſo köſtlichen Schatz von ſich gegeben habe, und noch dazu, wie man höre, ins Kloſter gegangen ſei.

Alles auf dieſer Erden aber währet nur eine kurze Zeit. Das mußte denn der junge Geſell gleichfalls erfahren, und zwar um ſo früher, da er allen ſinnlichen Genüſſen auf das unmäßigſte fröhnte. Eine tödtliche Ermattung überfiel ſeinen erſchöpften Leib, dem Galgenmännlein zum Trotz, das er wohl zehnmal am erſten Tage ſeiner Krankheit vergeblich um Hülfe anrief. Doch erſchien keine Beſſerung, wohl aber in der Nacht ein verwunderlicher Traum.

Es kam ihm nämlich vor, als beginne unter den Arzneiflaſchen, die vor ſeinem Bette ſtanden, eine derſelben gar einen luſtigen Tanz, wobei ſie den übrigen unaufhörlich klingend gegen die Köpfe und Bäuche rannte. Als Reichard recht hinſah, erkannte er die Flaſche mit dem Galgenmännlein, und ſagte: „Ei Galgenmännel, Galgenmännel, willſt mir diesmal nicht helfen und rennſt mir nun noch die Arznei in den Sand.“ Aber das Galgenmännlein ſang heiſer aus der Flaſche zurück:

„Ei Reichardlein, ei Reichardlein,
Gib dich nur in die ew'ge Pein,
Und find' dich hübſch geduldig drein.
Für Krankheit hilft nicht Teufelsliſt,
Für'n Tod kein Kraut gewachſen iſt;
Ich freu mich d'rauf, daß mein du biſt.“

Und damit machte es ſich ganz lang und ganz dünne, und ſo feſt Reichard die Flaſche zuhielt, kroch es dennoch zwiſchen ſeinem Daumen und dem verpichten Pfropfen durch, und ward ein großer ſchwarzer Mann, der häßlich tanzte, mit Fledermausflügeln dazu ſchwirrend, und legte endlich ſeine behaarte Bruſt an Reichards Bruſt, ſein grinzendes Geſicht an Reichards Geſicht, ſo feſt, ſo innig feſt, daß Reichard fühlte, er fange ſchon an ihm zu gleichen, entſetzt ſchreiend: „'nen Spiegel her! 'nen Spiegel her!“

Im kalten Angſtſchweiß wachte er auf, wobei es ihm noch vorkam, als laufe eine ſchwarze Kröte mit großer Behendigkeit ſeine Bruſt herunter in die Taſche ſeines Nachtkleides hinein. Er faßte grauſend dahin, brachte aber nur das Fläſchlein hervor, darin jetzo der kleine Schwarze wie abgemattet und träumend lag.

Ach, wie ſo gar lang bedünkte den Kranken der Reſt dieſer Nacht! Dem Schlafe wollte er ſich nicht mehr anvertrauen, aus Furcht, er könne ihm den ſchwarzen Kerl wieder hereinbringen, und dennoch traute er ſich kaum die Augen aufzuſchlagen, beſorgend, das Unweſen laure wohl wirklich in einer Ecke des Gemachs. Hielt er wieder die Augen zu, ſo dachte er, er habe ſich nun heimlich bis dicht vor ihn herangeſchlichen, und riß ſich von neuem entſetzt in die Höh'. Er ſchellte wohl nach ſeinen Leuten, aber die ſchliefen wie taub, und die ſchöne Lukrezia ließ ſich, ſeit er unpaß war, durchaus nicht mehr in ſeinem Zimmer ſehen. So mußte er denn allein liegen in ſeinen Aengſten, die ſich noch vergrößerten, weil er beſtändig denken mußte: „ach Gott, iſt dieſe Nacht ſo lang, wie lang wird nicht die lange Nacht der Höllen ſein!“ Er beſchloß auch, dafern ihn Gott bis morgen leben laſſe, ſich des Galgenmännleins gewißlich auf alle Weiſe zu entſchlagen.

Als es denn nun endlich Morgen ward, überlegte er, durch das junge Licht in etwas ermuntert und geſtärkt, ob er auch das Galgenmännlein bishero gehörig genutzt habe. Das Schloß, die Landhäuſer und allerhand Prunkſtücke dünkten ihm nicht genug, er forderte daher auf's ſchleunigſte noch eine große Menge Dukaten unter ſein Kopfkiſſen, und ſobald er den ſchweren Beutel dorten fand, dachte er mit Ruhe darauf, wem er das Fläſchlein am beſten verkaufen könne. Sein Arzt, wußte er, war ein großer Freund von all' den ſeltſamen Kreaturen, die man in Spiritus aufbewahrt, und für eine ſolche verhoffte er auch das Galgenmännlein bei ihm anzubringen, weil der Doctor, als ein frommer Mann, ſonſten nichts würde mit der Beſtie zu ſchaffen haben wollen. Freilich ſpielte er damit einen böſen Streich, aber er dachte ſo: „beſſer eine kleinere Sünde im Fegefeuer abgebüßt, als dem Luzifer unwiderruflich für immer zu eigen geworden. Zudem iſt Jedermann ſich ſelbſt der Nächſte und meine Todesgefahr geſtattet keinen Aufſchub.“

Dabei blieb es auch. Er trug dem Medicus das Galgenmännlein an, welches eben wieder munter geworden war und im Glaſe recht ſpaßhaft umhergaukelte, ſo daß der gelehrte Mann, begierig, eine ſo ſeltſame Naturgeſtaltung (als wofür er's hielt) näher zu beobachten, ſich erbot, ſie zu kaufen, dafern der Preis ihm nicht zu koſtbar ſei. Um wenigſtens einigermaßen dem Gewiſſen ein Genüge zu thun, forderte Reichard ſo viel er konnte: vier Dukaten, zwei Thaler und zwanzig Groſchen nach deutſchem Gelde. Der Doctor aber wollte nur höchſtens drei Dukaten geben und meinte endlich, er müſſe ſich ſonſten noch ein Paar Tage bedenken. Da überfiel den armen jungen Geſellen die Todesangſt von Neuem; er gab das Galgenmännlein hin und ließ durch ſeinen Diener die dafür gelöſten drei Dukaten den Armen ausſpenden. Das Geld aber unter ſeinem Kopfkiſſen bewahrte er, wie er am beſten mochte, vermeinend, darauf fundire ſich nun ſein ganzes zukünftiges Wohl oder Weh.

Die Krankheit nahm indeß höchſt gewaltſam zu. Faſt lag der junge Kaufherr im beſtändigen Fieberwahnwitz, und hätte er noch die Noth mit dem Galgenmännlein auf dem Herzen gehabt, wäre er gewiß in lauter Seelenangſt zum Tode verdorben. So aber kam er denn endlich nach und nach wieder auf und verzögerte ſeine gänzliche Wiederherſtellung nur durch die Beſorgniß, mit welcher er immer an die Dukaten unter ſeinem Kopfkiſſen dachte, die er ſeit den erſten lichten Augenblicken vergeblich dorten geſucht hatte. Anfänglich mochte er auch nicht gern Jemanden darum fragen, als er es aber endlich dennoch that, wollte kein Menſch davon wiſſen. Er ſchickte zu der ſchönen Lukrezia, die in den gefährlichſten Stunden ſeiner Bewußtloſigkeit um ihn geweſen ſeyn ſollte, und ſich jetzt zu ihrer ehemaligen Geſellſchaft wiederum heim begeben hatte. Die aber ließ ihm zurückſagen: „er möge ſie in Frieden laſſen; ob er denn ihr oder ſonſt einem Menſchen von den Dukaten geſagt habe? Wiſſe Niemand darum, ſo werde es ja wohl nur Fiebertollheit ſeyn.“

Betrübt zurückbebend, dachte er eben daran, wie er Schloß und Landhäuſer zu Gelde machen könne. Da traten Leute herein, welche Quittungen über die gezahlte Kaufſumme aller ſeiner Beſitzungen brachten, mit ſeinem Siegel und ſeiner Unterſchrift verſehen, denn er hatte in den Tagen ſeines Uebermuthes der garſtigen Lukrezia Blankette gegeben, um damit nach ihrem Belieben zu thun, und mußte nun in ſeiner Ermattung das Wenige, ſo ihm hier noch gehörte, zuſammenpacken, um als ein halber Bettler auszuziehen.

Da kam noch dazu der Arzt, der ihn geheilt hatte, gar ernſten Antlitzes gegangen. — „Ei, Herr Doctor,“ ſchrie ihn der junge verarmte Geſell an, „wollt Ihr nun vollends nach Art Eurer Kollegen mit großen Rechnungen angezogen kommen, ſo gebt mir noch ein Gerſtenbrötlein in den Kauf, denn ich weiß faſt nach ohnedem mein letztes Brod gebacken, dieweil ich kein Geld mehr haben werde, ein neues zu kaufen.“ —

„Nicht alſo,“ ſagte der Medicus ernſthaft; „ich ſchenk' Euch die Koſten Eurer ganzen Kur. Blos ein höchſt ſeltnes Arzneimittel, das ich ſchon in jenen Schrank für Euch hingeſetzt habe, und das Ihr zu Eurer künftigen Stärkung nothwendig braucht, ſollt Ihr mir mit zwei Dukaten bezahlen. Wollt Ihr das? —

„Ja von Herzen gern!“ rief der erfreute Kaufherr und bezahlte den Doctor, der das Zimmer alsbald verließ. Als nun aber Reichard die Hand nur in den Schrank ſteckte, hatte er auch ſchon die Flaſche mit dem Galgenmännlein zwiſchen den Fingern. Darum her war ein Zettel gewunden, folgenden Inhalts:

Ich wollte deinen Leib curiren,
Du meine Seele mir turbiren.
Jedoch mein Wiſſen, höher viel,
Erkannte bald Dein ſchnödes Ziel.
Laß Dir die Gegenliſt gefallen;
Ich geb' in Deine Hand vor Allen
Das Galgenmännlein Dir zurück,
Dem Galgenſtrick zum Galgenglück.

Freilich empfand der junge Reichard einen großen Schrecken darüber, daß er nun abermals das Galgenmännlein erkauft habe, und zwar für einen ſchon ſehr geringen Preis. Es war aber doch auch Freude mit dabei. Wie er des Dinges bald wieder ledig ſeyn wolle, darüber hatte er eben keinen großen Skrupel, er beſchloß ſogar, ſich vermittelſt deſſelben an der verbuhlten Spitzbübin Lukrezia zu rächen.

Und das fing er folgendergeſtalt an. Erſt wünſchte er ſich in beide Taſchen die Anzahl Dukaten, ſo er unter dem Kopfkiſſen liegen gehabt, verdoppelt, die ihn denn auch unverzüglich mit ihrem Gewicht beinahe zur Erde zog. Die ganze ungeheure Summe deponirte er bei dem nächſten Advokaten gegen einen gerichtlichen Schein, etwa nur ein hundert und zwanzig Goldſtücke zurück behaltend, mit denen er ſich nach dem Wohnorte der liederlichen Lukrezia hinbegab. Da ward nun wieder getrunken, geſpielt, narrirt, wie einige Monate zuvor, und die Lukrezia erzeigte ſich auch gegen den jungen Kaufmann ſehr freundlich, von wegen des Geldes. Dieſer ließ nach und nach durch das Galgenmännlein allerhand artige Taſchenſpielerſtreiche machen, und zeigte es der erſtaunten Buhlerin als ein ſolches Ding, wie ſie ihm vorhin eines in's Waſſer geworfen und wie er deren unterſchiedliche habe. Wie nun die Weiber ſind, wollte ſie aber bald auch ſo ein Spielwerk haben, und als der junge Geſell, gleichſam zum Scherze, Geld dafür verlangte, gab ſie ihm ohne Bedenken einen Dukaten hin. Der Handel war geſchloſſen, der Reichard machte ſich ſchnell als möglich zum Hauſe hinaus, um dem Advokaten einen Theil der anvertrauten Summe wieder abzuholen. Deſſen aber gab es nichts einzuſtehen; der Advokat machte große Augen und that ſehr verwundert: er kenne den jungen Herrn gar nicht, ſagt' er. Als nun Reichard das Atteſtat aus der Taſche ziehen wollte, fand er bloß ein leeres, unbeſchriebenes Blatt. Der Advokat hatte ſeinen Schein mit ſolcher Tinte geſchrieben, die nach wenigen Stunden ohne alle Spur verbleicht. Der junge Geſell ſah ſich daher abermals wider Vermuthen verarmt, und wäre ein Bettler geweſen, nur daß er noch etwa dreißig Dukaten von ſeinem verſchwenderiſchen Schmauſe bei Lukrezien in der Taſche behalten hatte.

Wer ein allzu kurzes Bett hat, liegt krumm; wer gar keines hat, behilft ſich auf der Erde; wer keinen Wagen halten kann, reitet; wer kein Pferd hat, geht zu Fuß. — Nach einigen Tagen des mühſamen Umherwanderns wurde Reichard [illegible] nun ſchon [illegible] ein Tabuletkrämer zu werden.

Er that ſich denn um nach einem Käſtlein zu dieſer Handthierung und erſtand auch eines für den Reſt ſeines Geldes, indem er im Durchſchnitt um jedes Büchschen darin etwa vier Groſchen nach deutſcher Münze zahlte. Ei, wie ſo ſauer kam es ihm an, den Riemen überzuhangen und ſeine Waare in eben den Straßen feil zu bieten, wo er noch vor wenigen Wochen auf das allerherrlichſte umherſtolzirt war! Jedoch ſchöpfte er den Tag hindurch einen ziemlich freudigen Muth, da ihm die Käufer ordentlich entgegen gelaufen kamen und ihm oftmals mehr boten, als er zu fordern gewagt hätte. — „Die Stadt iſt dennoch ſehr gut,“ dachte er bei ſich, „und wenn es auf dieſe Weiſe fortgeht, kann mich eine kurze Mühſeligkeit wieder zum wohlhabenden Mann erheben. Dann reiſ' ich nach Deutſchland zurück und dehne mich um ſo viel behaglicher, als ich ſchon einmal in des verfluchten Galgenmännleins Klauen geſteckt habe und noch mit Verſtand und Ueberlegung davon losgekommen bin.“

Mit ähnlichen Gedanken lobte und labte er ſich am Abend in der Herberge, wo er ſo eben ſeinen Kaſten abſetzte. Einige neugierige Gäſte ſtanden umher, von denen ihn Einer fragte: „was iſt denn das für ein wunderliches Weſen, Geſell, das Ihr da in jenem Fläſchlein habt, und das ſo kurioſe Purzelbäume ſchießt?“ — Entſetzt ſchaute Reichard hin, und ſah nun erſt, daß er unter den andern Büchslein unbewußt auch das mit dem Galgenmännlein wieder an ſich gekauft habe. Eilig bot er es dem Frager an für drei Groſchen, — ihm ſelbſt koſtete es nun ja nur vier, — eilig allen Gäſten für denſelben Preis. Sie ekelten ſich aber vor dem häßlichen ſchwarzen Geſchöpfe, von dem er ihnen keinen beſtimmten Nutzen anzugeben wußte, und als er nicht nachlaſſen wollte mit Anerbietung ſeiner ſchlimmen Waare, jedwedes Geſpräch auf's dringendſte unterbrechend, wies man den überläſtigen Kumpan ſammt ſeinem Kaſten und ſeiner ſchwarzen Beſtie aus der Thür.

In voller Seelenangſt machte er ſich zu dem Verkäufer des Käſtleins und wollte ihm den kleinen Satan für einen niedern Preis wieder aufdringen. Aber der Mann war ſchläfrig, ließ ſich auf die ganze Verhandlung gar nicht recht ein und meinte endlich, wenn die häßliche Flaſche durchaus wieder an ihren erſten Herrn ſolle, möge er damit zu der Buhldirne Lukrezia gehn; die habe ihm dieſes Ding ſammt anderm Spieltande verkauft. Ihn aber möge er ruhig ſchlafen laſſen.

„Ach du liebſter Gott,“ ſeufzte Reichard recht innerlich, „wer doch auch ſo ruhig ſchlafen könnte!“ Während er über einen großen Platz hinlief, um nach Lukreziens Wohnung zu gelangen, war es ihm ganz eigentlich, als renne Jemand in der Nacht raſchelnd hinter ihm drein und packe ihn bisweilen ordentlich am Kragen. Endlich kam er durch eine von ſonſt ihm wohlbekannte Hinterthür in Lukreziens Gemach. Die garſtige Schöne ſaß noch bei einem luſtigen Abendeſſen mit zwei fremden Buhlen auf. Man ſchalt erſt über den unbeſcheidnen Krämer. Dann kauften ihm die Buhlen ſeinen Kram für die Courtiſane faſt leer, die ihn dabei wohl erkannte und ihn in einem fort auslachte. Das Galgenmännlein aber wollte Niemand kaufen. Als er es wiederholt anbot, ſagte Lukrezia: „Pfui! Hinaus mit dem garſtigen Dinge! Ich hab's ſchon gehabt, und mich Tagelang daran geekelt. Darum verkauft' ich's auch für einige Groſchen einem ähnlichen Lump als dieſem, der mir's ſelber für einen Dukaten anſchwatzte.“ — „Um Deines eignen zeitlichen Glückes willen,“ ſchrie der junge Kaufherr beängſtigt, „Du weißt nicht, was Du von Dir ſtößeſt, Lukrezia, Du zornige, ſchöne Dirne. Laß mich nur fünf Minuten allein mit Dir ſprechen und du kaufſt mir das Fläſchlein gewißlich ab.“

Sie trat mit ihm ein wenig abſeits und er offenbarte ihr das ganze ſeltſamliche Geheimniß vom Galgenmännlein. Da aber fing ſie erſt recht heftig zu ſchreien und zu ſchelten an. „Willſt Du mich noch zum Narren haben, Du liederlicher Bettelmann!“ rief ſie. „Wenn es wahr wäre, hätteſt Du Dir gewiß was beſſeres vom Satan erwünſcht, als dieſen Kaſten und dieſen Riemen. Pack Dich hinaus! Und ob Du gleich lügſt, will ich Dich dennoch als einen Zauberer und Hexenmeiſter angeben. Da ſollſt Du wegen Deiner dummen Prahlereien verbrannt werden.“

Damit fielen noch die beiden Buhler, um ſich ihrer Dirne gefällig zu erweiſen, über den beſtürzten jungen Geſellen her und ſtießen ihn die Treppe hinunter, ſo daß er im Grimm über dieſe Schmach und in der Angſt, als Hexenmeiſter verbrannt zu werden, nur eilte, alsbald aus der Stadt Venezia fortzukommen. Am folgenden Mittage hatte er auch deren Gebiet ſchon hinter ſich, worauf er ſie denn als die Urſacherin alles ſeines Unheils von der Gränze aus zu verfluchen begann.

Das Galgenmännlein ſah ihm dabei aus der Taſche, und als er es in ſeinem heftigen Schelten unverſehens erwähnte, [illegible] „Schon gut, [illegible] mir dennoch nutzen, und zwar eben dazu, dich deſto geſchwinder los zu werden!“

Und ſofort wünſchte er ſich wieder eine ungeheure Menge Geld, noch vielmehr als das letzte Mal, und ſchlich nun, die ſchweren Taſchen mühſam haltend, nach der nächſten Stadt hinein. Hier kaufte er einen glänzenden Wagen, miethete Lakaien und eilte nun in Pomp und Wohlleben der großen Hauptſtadt Roma zu, überzeugt, ſein Galgenmännlein dorten ohne Zweifel gut los zu werden unter dem Gewirre ſo vieler Menſchen von den verſchiedenſten Wünſchen und Sitten. So oft er indeß Dukaten ausgab, ließ er ſie ſich von dem Galgenmännlein gleich wieder zurückzahlen, damit er nach des Fläſchleins Verkauf ſeine ganze Summe noch immer unverſehrt beiſammen habe. Ihm ſchien dies ein billiger Lohn für die Angſt, welche er ausſtand; denn nicht genug, daß ſich ihm faſt in jeder Nacht der häßliche ſchwarze Mann aus jenem erſten Traume wieder verwandelnd an die Bruſt legte; — er ſah auch wachenden Muthes das Galgenmännlein immer ſo toll vergnügt in der Flaſche umhertanzen, als habe es nun ſeine Beute gewiß und freue ſich der bald gänzlich abgelaufenen Dienſtzeit.

Kaum nun, daß ihn ſein Reichthum und ſeine Verſchwendung in die vornehmſten Geſellſchaften der Stadt Roma eingeführt hatte, ließ ihm auch ein ſtets waches Entſetzen keine Zeit, ſchickliche Gelegenheiten zum Verkauf des Galgenmännleins abzuwarten. Ohne Unterſchied bot er es jedem Menſchen, den er ſprach, für drei Groſchen deutſchen Geldes an und ward bald, als ein wunderlicher Toller, das Gelächter aller Leute. Geld macht wohl Muth und gibt Freunde. Er war auch allerwärts mit ſeinem Reichthum recht gern geſehn; ſobald er aber von ſeinem Fläſchlein und den drei Groſchen deutſchen Geldes zu ſprechen anfing, nickte man ihm höflich zu und machte ſich gleich darauf lächelnd von ihm los, weshalb er oftmals zu ſagen pflegte: „des Teufels möchte man darüber werden; nur daß man es leider halb und halb ſchon iſt.“

Es ergriff ihn endlich eine ſolche Verzweiflung, daß er es in der ſchönen Stadt Roma nicht mehr aushalten konnte und den Entſchluß faßte, ſein Heil einmal im Kriege zu verſuchen, ob er da des Galgenmännleins nicht ledig werden könne. Er hörte, daß zwei kleine italiſche Landſchaften mit einander im Kampfe lägen, und bereitete ſich ernſtlich, zu einer von beiden Parten zu ſtoßen. Mit einem ſchönen, goldverzierten Küraß, einem prächtigen Federhute, zwei auserleſenen leichten Jagdbüchſen, einem trefflichen, ſpiegelblanken Schwerte und zwei zierlichen Dolchen verſehen, ritt er auf einem ſpaniſchen Hengſte aus den Thoren, drei gutbewehrte Diener auf tüchtigen Roſſen hinter ſich.

Wie möchte ein ſo wohl gerüſteter Kriegsmann und der noch dazu erbötig iſt, ohne Sold zu dienen, nicht gern von jeglichem Reiterhauptmann aufgenommen ſeyn? Der wackre Reichard ſah ſich unverzüglich einer wackern Schaar beigeſellt und lebte eine Zeitlang im Lager ſo vergnügt bei Trunk und Spiel, als es ihm ſeine große inn're Beängſtigung wegen des Galgenmännleins zuließ und die böſen Träume, die ihn allnächtlich verfolgten. Durch ſein Ergehen zu Rom gewitzigt, nahm er ſich nun wohl in Acht, die böſe Waare ſo gar zudringlich anzubieten. Vielmehr hatte er noch keinem ſeiner Kameraden davon geſagt, um recht unverſehens, wie im Scherz, einen deſto leichtern Handel zu ſchließen.

Da knatterten eines ſchönen Morgens einzelne Schüſſe aus den nahen Bergen. Die Kriegsleute, welche eben mit Reichard würfelten, horchten auf; alsbald auch ſchmetterten die Trompeten, zum Aufſitzen blaſend, durch das Lager. Nun ging es raſch auf die Pferde, raſch im geordneten Haufen trabend nach der Ebene an den Füßen der Berge zu. Droben ſah man ſchon das Fußvolk beider Parteien in Dampf und Rauch; auf der Ebene ſtellten ſich feindliche Reiter. Dem Reichard ward ganz luſtig zu Muthe, wie ſein ſpaniſcher Hengſt unter ihm wieherte und ſprang, ſeine Waffen freudig zuſammenraſſelten, die Führer riefen, die Trompeten blieſen. Ein feindlicher Reitertrupp machte ſich gegen ſie vor, um, ſchien es, den Aufmarſch zu hindern, zog ſich aber vor der Uebermacht zurück, und Reichard ſammt ſeinen treuen Dienern waren nicht die letzten, welche ihm nachjagten, ſehr erfreut im Gefühl, die Verfolgenden und Gefürchteten zu ſein. Da pfiff es mit einem Male wunderlich in der Luft über ihre Köpfe hin. Die Pferde ſtutzten; es pfiff zum zweiten Male und ein Reiter wälzte ſich mit ſeinem Roß, von der Falkonetkugel ſchwer getroffen, im Blute. Nun meinte Reichard: „beim großen Haufen iſt es beſſer;“ und wollte eben dahin reiten, als zu ſeinem Erſtaunen der große Haufe ſchon dicht hinter ihm war, im Begriff, den Falkonetkugeln noch näher zu reiten. Eine Weile trabte der gute junge Geſell noch mit, aber als es rechts und links neben ihm mit vielen Kugeln in die Wieſe ſchlug und zugleich die feindlichen Reiter mit blanken Klingen in zahlreichen Schaaren heran trabten, dachte er: „ei, wie hab' ich doch thöricht gehandelt, mich hierher zu begeben! Auf dieſe Weiſe bin ich doch dem Tode noch viel näher, als im Krankenbette, und erreicht mich eine von dieſen vermaledeiten, pfeifenden Beſtien, bin ich des Galgenmännleins und ſeines Luzifers Beute auf ewig.“ — Und kaum noch hatt' er es ausgedacht, ſo war der ſpaniſche Hengſt auch ſchon herumgeworfen und es ging im unbändigſten Jagen rückwärts nach einem nicht weit entlegenen Walde zu.

Unter den hohen Bäumen hin ſpornte er ſein Roß ſo lange wild umher, ohne Weg und Steg, bis es endlich in Erſchöpfung ſtille ſtand. Da ſtieg auch er ermattet herunter, ſchnallte ſich Küraß und Wehrgehenke, dem Pferde Hauptgeſtell und Sattel los, und ſagte, indem er ſich lang in das Gras ſtreckte: „ei, wie ſo wenig ſchicke ich mich doch zum Soldaten, am mindeſten mit dem Galgenmännlein in der Taſche!“ — Er wollte nun überlegen, was weiter für ihn anzufangen ſei, fiel aber dabei in einen tiefen Schlaf.

Nach mehreren Stunden ruhigen Schlummers drang es wie ein Geflüſter von Menſchenſtimmen und Geräuſch in ſein Ohr. Er ſenkte ſich aber, auf dem kühlen Platze behaglich liegend, abſichtlich noch immer tiefer in ſeine Schlaftrunkenheit hinein, und wollte von dem Geräuſche nicht eher etwas wiſſen, bis eine Stimme donnernd auf ihn hineinſchrie: „biſt Du ſchon todt, Sackerment? Sag's nur gleich, daß man nicht unnöthig ſeinen Schuß Pulver verplatzt.“ — Aufblickend ſah der unſanft erweckte Geſell eine geſpannte Muskete auf ſeiner Bruſt. Der ſie hielt, war ein grämlicher Fußknecht, deren Andre umher ſtanden, die ſich bereits ſeiner Waffen, wie auch ſeines Pferdes und Mantelſackes bemächtigt hatten. Er bat um Gnade und ſchrie verzweifelt in höchſter Seelenangſt: „wenn man ihn abſolut todt ſchießen wolle, möge man ihm mindeſtens vorher das Fläſchlein in ſeiner rechten Wamstaſche abkaufen.“ — „Dummer Geſell,“ lachte einer von den Fußknechten, „abkaufen will ich's Dir nicht, abnehmen aber ſonder allen Zweifel.“ Und damit hatte er das Galgenmännlein bereits erwiſcht und in ſeinen Buſen geſteckt. „In Gottes Namen!“ ſagte Reichard dazu. „Wenn Du die Beſtie nur behalten kannſt. Aber ungekauft bleibt ſie nicht bei Dir.“ Die Kriegsknechte lachten und zogen mit Roß und Sachen fort, ohne ſich um den, welchen ſie für einen Halbverrückten hielten, weiter zu bekümmern. Er aber ſuchte in ſeinen Taſchen und fand das leidige Galgenmännlein richtig wieder darin. Da rief er ihnen nach und zeigte das Fläſchlein. Erſtaunt griff der, welcher es ihm genommen hatte, in den Buſen, und da er es nicht fand, lief er zurück, es ſich von Neuem zu holen. — „Ich ſage Dir ja, ſprach Reichard betrübt, es bleibt nicht auf ſolche Weiſe bei Dir. Wende doch nur die wenigen Groſchen daran.“ — „Ja, Taſchenſpieler!“ lachte der Soldat; „auf die Manier ſollſt Du mir nichts von meinem wohlerworbenen Eigenthume losnarriren.“ Und den Andern nachlaufend, behielt er das Fläſchlein achtſam in der Hand. Plötzlich aber ſtand er ſtill und rief: „tauſend! da iſt es mir ja dennoch fortgeglitſcht.“ Während er nun im Graſe ſuchte, rief ihm Reichard zu: „Komme doch nur her. Es ſteckt ja ſchon wieder in meiner Taſche!“ — Weil es nun der Kriegsmann alſo befand, bekam er erſt rechte Luſt zu dem ſpaßhaften Dinge, das ſich — wie es gewöhnlich that, wenn es verhandelt ward — höchſt luſtig und freudenvoll erwies, denn freilich rückte es durch einen ſolchen Aktus dem Ende ſeiner Dienſtzeit immer näher. — Die geforderten drei Groſchen ſchienen aber dem Fußknecht zu viel, worauf Reichard ungeduldig ſagte: „nun, Geizhals, wenn Du ſo willſt; mir kann es ſchon recht ſein. Gib mir denn einen Groſchen und nimm Dein erkauftes Gut.“ Da ward der Handel geſchloſſen, das Geld gezahlt, der Satanas überliefert. — Während die Kriegsleute noch ſtehn blieben, das Ding betrachtend und belachend, überlegte Reichard ſein künftiges Geſchick. Mit leichtem Herzen ſtand er nun da, aber auch mit leichten Taſchen und ohne Ausſicht auf irgend einen guten Erwerb; denn zu der Reiterſchaar, wo noch ſeine Diener mit Waffen und Pferden waren und vielem Gelde, traute er ſich nicht zurück. Theils ſchämte er ſich ſeiner ſchändlichen Flucht, theils auch dachte er gar, man würde ihn dort nach militäriſchem Recht als einen Ausreißer erſchießen. Da fiel es ihm ein, ob er nicht gleich mit den gegenwärtigen Fußknechten zu ihrer Schaar gehen wolle. Aus ihren Reden hatte er wohl abgenommen, daß ſie der andern Partei dienten, wo ihn Niemand wieder erkennen mochte, und das Leben an eine gute Beute zu wagen, fühlte er ſich jetzt, des Galgenmännleins und aller Baarſchaft ledig, trotz jenes unglücklichen Kriegsanfanges, ziemlich aufgelegt. Er gab ſeinem Verlangen Worte, man ſchlug ein, und er ging mit den neuen Kameraden nach ihrem Lager heim.

Der Hauptmann machte eben nicht viel Umſtände, einen ſchlanken, kräftig gewachſenen Burſchen, wie der Reichard war, einzuſtellen, und er lebte nun als Fußknecht ſein Leben eine ganze Zeitlang fort. Dabei ward ihm aber oftmals trübſelig zu Muthe. Seit dem letztern Gefecht ſtanden die Heere einander unthätig gegenüber, weil zwiſchen beiden Staaten unterhandelt ward. Da gab es nun freilich keine Todesgefahr, aber auch eben ſo wenig Gelegenheit zum Beutemachen und Plündern. Man mußte ſtill und friedlich im Lager leben von dem ſchwachen Sold und den eben ſo ſchmal ausgetheilten Gewaaren. Dazu kam, daß die meiſten Fußknechte ſich in der vergangnen Kriegszeit reich geſtohlen hatten, und Reichard, der einſt ſo verwöhnte Kaufherr, faſt der Einzige unter königlich Lebenden war, der ſich gleichſam als ein Bettler behelfen mußte. Natürlich ward er eines ſolchen Lebens gar bald überdrüßig, und als er eines Mals ſeinen geringen Monatsſold in der Hand wog, — zu wenig, davon vergnügt zu leben, zu viel, um gar nichts damit zu verſuchen, — beſchloß er, in das Marketenderzelt zu gehn, es in Probe ſtellend, ob nicht die Würfel ihm günſtiger ſein würden, als bisher Handel und Krieg.

Das Spiel nahm ſeinen gewöhnlichen buntſcheckigen Gang: jetzo gewonnen, nächſtens verloren, und währte ſo bis tief in die Nacht hinein, wobei auch nicht wenig getrunken ward. Endlich aber ſchlugen ſich alle Würfe gegen den halbberauſchten Reichard um; ſeine Löhnung war verſpielt und es wollte ihm Niemand auch nur auf einen Heller Kredit mehr geben. Da ſuchte er in allen Taſchen umher, ja, als er nirgends etwas fand, zuletzt in ſeiner Patrontaſche, wo er aber auch nichts antraf, als eben die Patronen. Dieſe nun zog er hervor und bot ſie den Soldaten zum Satz an; ſie wurden gehalten, und eben, als ſchon die Würfel rollten, ſah der berauſchte Reichard erſt, daß ihm derſelbe Soldat den Satz halte, der ihm früher das Galgenmännlein abgekauft hatte und vermöge deſſen wohl zweifelsohn gewinnen mußte. Er wollte Halt! rufen, aber die Würfel lagen ſchon und hatten zu ſeines Gegners Vortheil entſchieden. Fluchend ging er aus der Geſellſchaft in der dunklen Nacht zu ſeinem Zelte zurück. Ein Kamerad, der gleichfalls ſein Geld verſpielt hatte, aber nüchterner geblieben war, als er, faßte ihn unter den Arm. Dieſer fragte ihn unterwegens, ob er denn auch noch vorräthige Patronen in ſeinem Zelte habe? — „Nein,“ rief der ergrimmte Reichard; „hätt' ich des Zeuges noch, hätt' ich mir's wohl zum weitern Spiel.“ — „Ja,“ ſagte der Kamerad, „ſo mußt Du machen, daß Du neue kaufſt, denn kommt der Kommiſſar zur Muſterung und findet gar keine Patronen bei einem beſoldeten Fußknecht, ſo läßt er einen ſolchen erſchießen.“ — „Donner, das wäre dumm,“ fluchte Reichard. „Ich hab' nicht Patronen, nicht Geld.“ — „Ei,“ entgegnete der Kamerad, „vor künftigem Monat kommt auch der Kommiſſarius nicht.“ — „So, dann iſt's gut,“ dachte der Reichard, „gegen das krieg' ich wieder Sold und kaufe mir Patronen nach Herzensluſt.“ Damit ſagten ſich die Beiden gute Nacht, und Reichard begann ſeinen Rauſch auszuſchlafen.

Er hatte aber noch nicht lange gelegen, da rief der Korporal vor dem Zelte: „He! Morgen giebt's Muſterung; mit Anbruch des Tages wird der Herr Kommiſſarius im Lager ſein.“ — Da war dem Reichard ſein Schlaf gar plötzlich abgeſchnitten. Die Patronen wirbelten ihm durch den noch halb trunknen Sinn. Er fragte ängſtlich bei den Zeltkameraden umher, ob ihm Niemand welche leihen wolle oder auf Borg verkaufen? Die aber ſchalten ihn einen [illegible] Trunkenbold und wieſen ihn auf ſeine Stelle zurück. In der größten Angſt, am Morgen wegen der Patronen erſchoſſen zu werden, ſuchte er in allen ſeinen Kleidungsſtücken nach Geld umher, konnte aber deſſen nicht mehr, als fünf Heller finden. Damit lief er nun ungewiſſen Trittes in der finſtern Nacht von Zelt zu Zelt und wollte Patronen kaufen. Einige lachten, Andre ſchimpften, Niemand aber gab ihm auch nur Antwort auf ſein Begehr. Endlich kam er zu einem Zelte, woraus ihm die Stimme des Soldaten entgegenſchallte, der ihm geſtern die Patronen abgewonnen hatte. — „Kamerad,“ ſchrie Reichard verzweifelt, „Du mußt mir helfen oder Niemand. Du haſt mir geſtern Alles abgewonnen, wirſt mir auch ſchon einmal plündern helfen. Findet nun morgen der Kommiſſarius keine Patronen bei mir, ſo läßt er mich erſchießen. Dann biſt Du an all' meinem Elend Schuld. Darum ſchenke mir welche, oder borge mir welche, oder verkaufe mir welche!“ — „Schenken und borgen hab' ich verſchworen,“ entgegnete der Fußknecht, „aber um eine Waare will ich ſchon handeln, und Du ſollſt Patronen kaufen. Wie viel Geld haſt Du denn noch?“ — „Fünf Heller nur,“ antwortete Reichard traurig. — „Nun,“ ſagte der Soldat, „auf daß Du ſehen mögſt, ich ſei ein kameradſchaftlicher Kerl: da haſt Du zwei Patronen für Deine fünf Heller. Aber nun lege Dich auf's Ohr und laß mich und das Lager ſchlafen.“ Er reichte ihm die Patronen zum Zelt heraus, Reichard ihm das Geld hinein und ſchlief alsdann auf die ausgeſtandne Angſt ruhig bis gegen Morgen.

Die Muſterung ward gehalten, Reichard kam mit ſeinen zwei Patronen [illegible] gegen Mittag fuhr der Kommiſſarius ab [illegible] durch die Kommiſſarkaſſe, [illegible] Kameraden [illegible] in das Marketenderzelt, er ſelbſt aber mit leeren Taſchen bei ſeinem Stück Kommißbrot ſaß, vom geſtrigen Rauſche und der heutigen Anſtrengung matt und krank. „Ei,“ ſeufzte er, „hätt' ich doch nur jetzo einen von all' den Dukaten, die ich ehemals in ſo gar thörichtem Muthe verſchwendete!“ — Und kaum noch hatt' er's ausgewünſcht, da lag ein ſchöner, blanker Dukaten in ſeiner linken Hand. Ein Gedanke an das Galgenmännlein ſchoß ihm durch den Sinn, alle Freude verbitternd, ſo er aber das gewichtige Goldſtück empfand. Da trat eben der Kamerad, welcher ihm zur Nacht die Patronen abgelaſſen hatte, unruhig in's Gezelt. „Freund,“ ſagte er, „das Fläſchlein mit dem kleinen Schwarzgaukler, — Du weißt ja wohl, ich erkaufte es damals im Walde von Dir, — iſt mir fortgekommen. Hab' ich es Dir vielleicht unverſehens für eine Patrone mitgegeben? In Papier hatt' ich es auch eingewickelt und bei meinen Patronen lag es.“ Reichard ſuchte ängſtlich in ſeiner Patrontaſche und beim erſten Papierauswickeln bekam er den furchtbaren Diener im ſchmalen Gläslein in die Hand. „Nun, das iſt gut,“ ſagte der Soldat. „Ich hätte das Ding ungern gemißt, ſo widerwärtig es auch ausſieht; mir [illegible] immer, als brächt' es mir ganz abſonderliches Glück im Spiel. Da Kamerad, nimm Deinen Heller wieder und gib mir die Kreatur.“ Eiligſt willfahrete Reichard dieſem Begehren und der Fußknecht eilte vergnügt nach dem Marketenderzelte.

Aber dem armen Reichard war abſcheulich zu Muthe, ſeitdem er das Galgenmännlein nur wieder geſehen, ja es ſogar in Händen gehabt und mit ſich herumgetragen hatte. Aus jeder Falte ſeines Zeltes, dachte er, müſſe es ihn angrinſen und ihn vielleicht gar unverſehens im Schlaf erdroſſeln. Den herbeigewünſchten Dukaten warf er ängſtlich von ſich, ſo ſehr er auch einer Labung bedürftig geweſen wäre, und endlich trieb ihn die Furcht, das Galgenmännlein könne ſich in ſolcher Nähe wieder bei ihm einniſten, gar aus dem Lager fort, trieb ihn dem einbrechenden Abend entgegen in die dichteſten Waldſchatten hinein, wo er, von Schrecken und Müdigkeit erſchöpft, an einer wüſten Stätte niederſank. „O mir!“ ſeufzte er lechzend, „nur eine Feldflaſche mit Waſſer, auf daß ich nicht verſchmachten möchte.“ Und eine Feldflaſche mit Waſſer ſtand neben ihm. Erſt nachdem er begierig einige Züge daraus gethan, forſchte er, woher ſie auch komme. Da trat ihm das Galgenmännlein wieder vor den Sinn; ängſtlich faßte er in ſeine Taſchen, und das Fläſchlein dort fühlend, ſank er, von Entſetzen aufgelöſt, in einen ohnmächtigen Schlaf zurück.

Während deſſen beſuchte ihn der ſonſt gewöhnliche, gräßliche Traum, wie ſich das Galgenmännlein lang und immer länger aus der Flaſche ziehe und ſich grinſend an ſeine Bruſt lege. Er wollte wohl darüber ſterben, dieweil es ihm nicht mehr angehörte, aber das Galgenmännlein ſagte, hohl zurücklachend: „haſt mich ja für 'nen Heller gekauft; mußt mich ja nun für weniger verkaufen; gilt ja ſonſten der Handel nicht.“

Da fuhr er mit kaltem Entſetzen in die Höh' und glaubte wieder den Schatten zu ſehn, der ſich in ſeine Taſche nach dem Fläſchlein zog. Bald toll ſchleuderte er dieſes einen nahen Felsſturz hinab, fühlte es aber gleich darauf wieder in ſeiner Taſche. „O weh, o weh!“ ſchrie er laut durch den nächtlichen Wald; „weiß nur das meine Luſt, mein Hort, daß es immer wieder zu mir kam, aus den Wellen, aus der Tiefe zurück; nun iſt eben das mein Jammer, ach weh! mein ewiger Jammer!“ Und in lauten [illegible] er durch das ſchwarze Gebüſch, rannte gegen Baum und Felſen in der Finſterniß an und hörte auf jedem Schritt das Fläſchlein in ſeiner Taſche klingen.

Mit Tagesanbruch gelangte er auf eine friſche, luſtig angebaute Ebene hinaus. Ihm ward ganz wehmüthig um's Herz und er fing an zu hoffen, all das tolle Zeug könne wohl nur ein wahnwitziger Traum ſein; vielleicht hole er das Glas in ſeiner Taſche als ein andres, ganz gewöhnliches. Es herausziehend, hielt er es gegen die Morgenſonne. Ach Gott, da tanzte das ſchwarze Teufelein grüßend ihm und dem freundlichen Licht; ordentlich die kleinen, mißgeſtalteten Arme wie Zangen nach ihm ausbreitend. Mit einem lauten Schrei ließ er's fallen, um es gleich darauf wieder in der Taſche klirren zu hören. — Vor Allem lag ihm nun einzig daran, eine Münze unter [illegible] zu erfragen, er konnte aber deren nirgends [illegible] treiben, ſo daß ihm jegliche Hoffnung zum Verkauf des abſcheulichen Knechtes ſchwand, der nun bald ſein Herr zu werden drohte. Deſſelben wollte er von dem Greulichen nichts mehr, zu ſolcher Unternehmung nahm die entſetzliche Angſt ihm ſo Kraft als Beſinnung, und ſo bettelte er ſich denn durch das Land Italia auf und nieder. Weil er nun ſo höchſt verſtört umherlief und dabei immer nach halben Hellern fragte, hielt man ihn aller Orten für verrückt und hieß ihn nur den tollen Halbheller, unter welchem Namen er bald weit und breit bekannt ward.

[illegible] Tage, [illegible] die [illegible] und [illegible] welches in ſeinem gewöhnlichen Lauf den [illegible] Ort, [illegible] mit ſich umhertrug durch Wald und [illegible] ſtößt. Auf eine ähnliche Weiſe erging es dem armen Reichard mit ſeinem Satansgaukler in der Taſche, und weil es gar zu kläglich und erbarmungswerth war, wie er ſich damit abquälte, will ich Euch von dem Leid ſeiner langen, hülfloſen Flucht nichts mehr erzählen, wohl aber, was ihm nach mehreren Monden auf derſelben begegnete.

Er hatte ſich nämlich eines Tages in Mitten wilder Gebirge verirrt und ſaß nun ſtill und betrübt neben einem kleinen Wäſſerlein, das, durch verwachſenes Geſträuch herunterſickernd, gleichſam mitleidig zu ſeiner Erquickung herzudringen ſchien. Da hallte ein gewaltiger Roſſestritt über des Bodens felſiges Geſtein, und auf einem hohen, ſchwarzen, wild ausſehenden Pferde reitend, kam ein ſehr großer Mann, äußerſt häßlichen Antlitzes, in ganz blutrothen, prächtigen Kleidern, gegen die Stelle hervor, wo Reichard ſaß. „Was ſo betrübt, Geſell?“ redete er den innerlich erbebenden, Unheil ahnenden Jüngling an. „Ich ſollte meinen, Du ſeiſt ein Kaufmann. Haſt Du etwa zu theuer eingekauft?“

„Ach nein, zu wohlfeil vielmehr;“ entgegnete Reichard mit leiſer, zitternder Stimme.

„So kommt es mir auch vor, mein lieber Kaufherr!“ ſchrie der Reiter mit einem entſetzlichen Lachen. „Und haſt Du etwan ſo ein Dinglein zu verkaufen, das man Galgenmännlein heißt! Oder irr' ich mich, wenn ich Dich für den verrufenen, tollen Halbheller anſehe?“

Kaum vermochte der arme junge Burſche ein leiſes: „ja der bin ich,“ über ſeine bleichen Lippen zu bringen, mit jedem Augenblicke erwartend, daß ſich des Reiters Mantel zu bluttriefenden Fittigen geſtalte, ſeinem Hengſt ein nächtlich ſchwarzes Schwunggefieder, von Höllengluthen durchblitzt, hervorſproſſe und es im Fluge fortgehe mit ihm Unſeligen zu dem Eingang ewiger Qual.

Aber der Reiter ſagte mit etwas gemilderter Stimme und weniger gräßlichen Geberden: „ich merke ſchon, für wen Du mich anſiehſt. Doch ſei getroſt, ich bin es nicht. Vielmehr mag ich Dich vielleicht von ihm erlöſen, denn ich ſuche Dich ſchon ſeit vielen Tagen auf, um Dir Dein Galgenmännlein abzukaufen. Freilich haſt Du vermaledeit wenig dafür gegeben und ich ſelbſten weiß keine geringere Münze aufzutreiben. Aber höre zu und folge mir. Auf der andern Seite der Berge wohnt ein Fürſt, ein junger, leckerer Burſche. Dem hetz' ich morgen ein gräßliches Unthier auf den Hals, ſobald ich ihn von ſeinem Jagdgefolge werde fortgelockt haben. Harre Du hier bis Mitternacht und geh' alsdann, — eben wenn der Mond auf jenem Felſenzacken ſteht, — mäßigen Schrittes die finſtre Kluft zur Linken entlang. Verweile Dich nicht, eile Dich nicht, und Du kommſt eben zur Stelle, wenn das Unthier den Fürſten unter ſeinen Tatzen hat. Greif es nur furchtlos an, es muß Dir weichen und ſich vor Dir das ſchroffe Meerufer hinunterſtürzen. Dann begehre vom dankbaren Fürſten, daß er Dir ein Paar Halbheller ſchlagen laſſe, wechsle mir zwei aus und für einen davon wird das Galgenmännlein mein.“

So ſprach der gräßliche Reiter, und ohne Antwort abzuwarten, ritt er in die Büſche langſam hinein.

„Wo find' ich Dich aber, wenn ich die Halbheller habe?“ ſchrie Reichard ihm nach.

„Am Schwarzbrunnen!“ rief der Reiter zurück. „Jede Kindermuhme hier kann Dir ſagen, wo der liegt.“

Und mit langſamen, aber weitausgreifenden Schritten trug das häßliche Roß ſeine häßliche Bürde fort.

Für Einen, der ſo gut als Alles verſpielt hat, giebt es kein Wageſtück mehr; deshalben ſich auch der Reichard in ſeiner betrübten Verzweiflung entſchloß, dem Rathſchlage des furchtbaren Reiters Folge zu leiſten.

Die Nacht brach an, der Mond ſtieg auf und ſtellte ſich endlich rothdunkelnd über den bezeichneten Felſenzacken hin. Da erhob ſich zitternd der bleiche Wandersmann und ſchritt in die dunkle Kluft hinein. Freudlos und dunkel ſah es drinnen aus, nur ſelten vermochte ein Mondenſtrahl über die hohen Klippen zu beiden Seiten hereinzuſehn, auch dunſtete es in dem eingeengten Orte wie Grabesgeruch, ſonſten aber ließ ſich nichts Unheimliches verſpüren. Der Reichard fühlte ſich auf dieſe Weiſe zum Weilen nicht verlockt, aber zum Eilen, aber auch dies unterließ er, des Reiters Weiſung getreu, und entſchloſſen, nichts durch ſeine Schuld von dem Fädlein reißen zu laſſen, welches ihn an Licht und Hoffnung noch anknüpfe.

Nach mehreren Stunden funkelten einige rothe Morgenlichtlein auf ſeinen dunkeln Weg, friſche tröſtende Lüfte hauchten ſeinem Antlitz entgegen. Aber eben, als er aus dem tiefen Pfade hervorſtieg und ſich an der friſchen Waldgegend ergötzen wollte und am blauen Geflimmer des Meeres, das ſich unfern von ihm ausdehnte, ſtörte ihn ein ängſtliches Geſchrei. Umblickend ſah er, wie ein abſcheuliches Thier einen jungen Mann im reichen Jägerkleide am Boden liegend unter ſich hatte. Des Reichards erſte Bewegung war wohl, zur Hülfe zu eilen; nur als er die Beſtie recht in's Auge faßte und ſah, daß ſie einem ungeheuern, griesgrämiſchen Affen gleich ſah, der noch überdies ein gewaltiges Hirſchgeweih auf dem Kopfe trug, verließ ihn aller Muth, und er ſtand im Begriff, dem jämmerlichen Hülfegeſchrei des Gefällten ungeachtet, wieder in ſeine Kluft zurückzukriechen. Da fiel es ihm erſt recht wieder ein, was der Reiter geſagt hatte. Von der Angſt vor ewigem Verderben getrieben, lief er mit ſeinem Knotenſtock auf das Affen-Ungeheuer zu. Dieſes wiegte eben den Jäger in ſeinen Vordertatzen, es ſchien, um ihn emporzuſchleudern und dann mit dem Geweihe aufzufangen. Als ſich aber Reichard nur eben nahte, ließ es ſeine Beute fallen und lief mit einem häßlichen Gepfeif und Gekrächz davon, der keck gewordene Reichard ihm nach, bis es vom hohen Meeresſtrand hinunterſtürzte, ihm noch ein abſcheuliches Geſicht zufletſchend und dann unter den Wellen verſchwindend.

Nun ging der junge Geſell triumphirend zu dem erretteten Jägersmann zurück, der ſich ihm auch nach Erwarten als regierender Fürſt dieſer Gegend kund gab, ſeinen Schützer für einen gar freiſamen Helden ausſchreiend und ihn bittend, er möge nur dreiſt irgend einen Lohn von ihm fordern, ſo hoch er in ſeinen Kräften ſtehe.

„Ja!“ fragte der Reichard hoffnungsvoll, „iſt das Euer Ernſt! Und wollt Ihr mir bei Eurer fürſtlichen Ehre nach Vermögen zu dem verhelfen, darum ich Euch bitten werde?“

Der Fürſt bejahte es abermals auf's freudigſte und zuverſichtlichſte.

„Nun dann,“ rief Reichard inbrünſtig flehend aus, „ſo laßt mir doch um Gotteswillen ein Paar Halbheller gültiger Münze ſchlagen, wenn's auch nicht mehr als zwei ſind.“

Während ihn der Fürſt noch voll Erſtaunen anſah, waren einige ſeines Gefolges herbeigekommen, denen er alles Vorgefallne erzählte und von welchen Einer alsbald in Reichard den wahnſinnigen Halbheller, den er ſchon ſonſt geſehn, wieder erkannte.

Da fing der Fürſt an zu lachen und der arme Reichard umſchlang beängſtigt ſeine Kniee, ſchwörend, es ſei um ihn gethan, ohne die Halbheller.

Der Fürſt aber entgegnete, noch immer lachend: „ſtehe nur auf, Geſell, Du haſt mein Fürſtenwort, und wenn Du darauf beſtehſt, laß ich Dir Halbheller ſchlagen, ſo viel Du Luſt haſt. Sind Dir aber Drittelheller eben ſo lieb, ſo braucht's keiner Münzerei deswegen, denn die Gränznachbarn behaupten, meine Landesheller wären ſo leicht, daß drei davon auf einen andern gewöhnlichen gingen.“

„Wenn das nur gewiß iſt,“ ſagte der Reichard zweifelnd.

„Ei,“ entgegnete der Fürſt, „Du würdeſt der Erſte ſein, dem ſie allzugut ſchienen. Sollte es Dir aber dennoch begegnen, ſo gebe ich hiermit mein feierlichſtes Wort, Dir noch ſchlechtere ſchlagen zu laſſen, vorausgeſetzt, daß es möglich iſt.“

Und damit hieß er dem Reichard durch einen Bedienten einen ganzen Seckel Landesheller geben. Der lief damit, wie gejagt, nach der nahen Gränze, und ward ein ſo froher Menſch, als er ſeit langen Zeiten nicht geweſen war, da man ihm im erſten Wirthshauſe des benachbarten Landes nur ungern und zögernd einen gewöhnlichen Heller für drei fürſtliche gab, die er zur Probe verwechſelte.

Nun fragte er auch ſogleich dem Schwarzbrunnen nach, aber einige Kinder, die in der Gaſtſtube ſpielten, liefen darüber ſchreiend hinaus. Der Wirth belehrte ihn, ſelbſt nicht ohne Schaudern, dies ſei gar ein verrufener Ort, von dem viele böſe Geiſter in das Land ausgehen ſollten, und den wenige Menſchen mit Augen geſehen hätten. Das wiſſe er wohl: der Eingang dahin ſei unweit von hier, eine Höhle mit zwei dürren Cypreſſen davor, und man ſolle nicht des Weges verfehlen können, wenn man da hineingehe, wovor aber Gott ihn und alle treue Chriſtenmenſchen bewahren wolle!

Da ward dem Reichard freilich wieder ſehr ängſtlich zu Muth, aber gewagt mußte es doch einmal ſein und er machte ſich alſo auf den Weg. Schon von weitem her ſah ihn die Höhle ſehr ſchwarz und grauenvoll an, es war, als ſeien die beiden Cypreſſen aus Schreck über den häßlichen Schlund verdorrt, welcher dem Näherkommenden ein ganz wunderliches Geſtein in ſeinem Schooße zeigte. Es ſah wie lauter verzerrte, langbärtige Fratzengeſichter aus, deren einige ſogar Aehnlichkeit hatten mit jenem Affenmonſtrum am Meeresſtrande. Und wenn man denn recht hinſah, war es doch wieder nur bloßes vielgezacktes und vielzerſpaltenes Felsgeſtein. Zitternd trat der arme Geſell unter die Larven hinein. Das Galgenmännlein in ſeiner Taſche ward ſo ſchwer, als wolle es ihn zurückziehn. Aber eben dadurch wuchs ſein Muth: „denn,“ dachte er, „was der nicht will, muß ich juſt wollen.“ Nun legte ſich tiefer in der Höhle eine ſo dichte Finſterniß über ſeine Augen, daß er bald von den Schreckgeſtalten nichts mehr gewahr ward. Nun fühlte er nur höchſt vorſichtig mit einem Stecken vor ſich hin, um nicht etwa in unbekannte Abgründe zu ſtürzen, fand aber nichts, als eben, ſandbemooſ'ten Boden, und wäre nicht bisweilen ein wunderliches Pfeifen und Krächzen durch die Höhle gegangen, er hätte ſich alles Entſetzens erwehrt.

Endlich gelangte er hinaus. Ein wüſter Bergkeſſel ſchloß ihn von allen Seiten ein. Zur Seite ſah er das große, furchtbare Schwarzroß ſeines Handelsmannes, wie es ungebunden, mit hochgehaltenem Kopfe, ohne zu weiden oder ſich ſonſten zu regen, gleich einer ehernen Bildſäule daſtand. Gegenüber quoll ein Born aus dem Felſen, darin ſich der Reiter Kopf und Hände wuſch. Aber die böſe Fluth war ſchwarz wie Tinte und färbte auch ſo ab; denn als ſich der rieſige Mann nach Reichard umkehrte, war ſein häßliches Antlitz ganz mohrenfarb, welches auf eine ſchreckliche Weiſe gegen den reichen rothen Kleiderputz abſtach. „Zittre nicht, junger Burſche,“ ſagte der Furchtbare. „Das iſt eine von den Ceremonien, die ich dem Teufel zu Gefallen thun muß. Alle Freitag muß ich mich hier ſo waſchen, zu Trutz und Hohn dem, den Ihr Guten lieben Schöpfer nennt. So muß ich auch immer den Purpur meines rothen Kleides, ſo oft ich ein neues brauche, mit einer böſen Zahl von Tropfen meines eignen Blutes miſchen, — wovon er denn freilich eben die wunderſüchtige Farbe bekommt, — und was der läſtigen Bedingungen mehr ſind. Noch obenein habe ich mich ihm mit Leib und Seele ſo feſt verſchworen, daß an gar keine mögliche Löſung zu denken iſt. Und weißt Du, was mir der Knauſer dafür giebt? Hunderttauſend Goldſtücke des Jahrs. Damit kann ich nicht auskommen und will mir deshalben Dein Galgenmännlein kaufen, welches ich auch ſchon dem alten Geizhals zum Poſſen thue. Denn ſchau, meine Seele hat er ohnehin, und nun kommt das Teuflein in der Flaſche dermaleinſt ohne allen Gewinnſt in die Hölle, nach ſeiner langen Dienſtzeit, zurück. Da ſoll der grimme Drache recht fluchen.“ Und zu lachen begann er, daß die Felſen ſchallten und ſelbſt das ſonſten regungsloſe ſchwarze Roß ordentlich zuſammenfuhr.

„Nun,“ fragte er, ſich wieder zu Reichard wendend, „bringſt Du Halbheller, Geſell?“

„Ich bin Eu'r Geſell nicht;“ entgegnete Reichard, halb verzagt, halb trotzig, indem er ſeinen Säckel öffnete.

„Ach, nur nicht ſo vornehm gethan,“ ſchrie der rieſige Handelsmann. „Wer hexte dem Fürſten das Monſtrum zu, damit Du ſiegen konnteſt?“

„Es wär' all' der Spuk nicht nöthig geweſen;“ ſagte Reichard, und erzählte, wie der Fürſt ſchon ganz von ſelbſten nicht nur Halbheller ſchlage, ſondern gar Drittelsheller.

Der rothe Mann ſchien verdrießlich darüber, daß er ſich nun unnöthig die Mühe mit dem Ungeheuer gegeben habe. Dennoch wechſelte er ſich drei ſchlechte Heller gegen einen guten ein, gab dem Reichard einen von jenen und empfing dagegen das Galgenmännlein, welches ganz ſchwer aus der Taſche ging und am Boden des Glaſes verdroſſen und traurig zuſammengekrümmt lag. Des lachte der Käufer wieder gewaltig und ſchrie: „kann dir doch Alles nichts helfen, Satan; nur Gold her, ſo viel mein Schwarzroß irgend neben mir tragen kann.“ Alsbald auch ächzte das ungeheure Thier unter einer gewaltigen Goldbürde. Doch nahm es noch ſeinen Herrn auf und ſchritt alsdann, einer Fliege ähnlich, welche die Wand hinaufgeht, an dem ſenkrechten Felſen gerade empor, aber doch mit ſo abſcheulichen Bewegungen und Verrenkungen, daß Reichard nur ſchnell in die Höhle zurückfloh, um nichts mehr davon zu ſehn.

Erſt als er an der andern Seite des Berges wieder herausgekommen und eine große Strecke von dem Schlunde fortgelaufen war, drang das frohe Gefühl der Befreiung durch ſein Gemüth. Er fühlte es in ſeinem Herzen, daß er die frühern großen Fehle abgebüßt habe und ihm fortan kein Galgenmännlein mehr angehören könne. In's hohe Gras legte er ſich vor Freuden, ſtreichelte die Blumen und warf der Sonne Kußhände zu. Sein ganzes heitres Herz von ſonſther war wieder in ihm lebendig, nicht aber zugleich der ehemalige freche Leichtſinn und Frevelmuth. Obwohl er ſich jetzt mit ziemlichem Rechte rühmen konnte, den Teufel ſelbſten betrogen zu haben, rühmte er ſich dennoch deſſen nicht. Vielmehr richtete er ſeine ganze verjüngte Kraft darauf, wie er forthin auf eine fromme, ehrenwerthe und freudige Art in der Welt leben möge. Das gelang ihm denn auch ſo wohl, daß er nach einigen Jahren tüchtiger Arbeit als ein wohlhabender Kaufherr in die lieben deutſchen Lande zurückkehren konnte, wo er ſich ein Weib nahm und oftmals in ſeinem geſegneten Greiſenalter Enkeln und Urenkeln die Mähr von dem verfluchten Galgenmännlein zu nützlicher Warnung vorerzählte.

Karoline, Baronin de la Motte Fouqué, geb. von Brieſt

ward im Jahre 1773 zu Nennhauſen bei Rathenow geboren, vermählte ſich zuerſt mit einem Herrn von Rochow und ſpäter, nachdem dieſe Ehe durch kirchliche Scheidung getrennt worden, mit dem Baron F. de la Motte Fouqué. Sie ſtarb am 21. Juli 1831 zu Nennhauſen.

Von ihr erſchien:

Drei Mährchen. Berlin, 1806.
Roderich. Berlin, 1807.
Die Frau des Falkenſteins. 2 Thle. Berlin, 1810.
Briefe über weibliche Bildung. Berlin, 1811.
Kleine Erzählungen. Berlin, 1811.
Magie der Natur. Berlin, 1812.
Briefe über die griechiſche Mythologie. Berlin, 1812.
Der Spanier und der Freiwillige. Berlin, 1814.
Feodora. 3 Thle. Leipzig, 1814.
Edmunds Wege und Irrwege. 3 Thle. Leipz., 1815.
Das Heldenmädchen aus der Vendee. 2 Thle. Leipzig, 1816.
Neue Erzählungen. Berlin, 1817.
Frauenliebe. 3 Thle. Nürnberg, 1818.
Ida. 3 Thle. Berlin, 1820.
Lodoiska. 3 Thle. Leipzig, 1820.
Fragmente aus dem Leben der heutigen Welt. Berlin, 1820.
Kleine Romane. 2 Thle. Jena, 1821.
Heinrich und Marie. 3 Thle. Jena, 1821.
Briefe über Berlin. Berlin, 1821.
Vergangenheit und Gegenwart. Berlin, 1822.
Die Herzogin von Montmorency. 3 Thle. Leipzig, 1822.
Die Vertriebenen. 3 Thle. Leipzig, 1823.
Die Frauen in der großen Welt. Berlin, 1826.
Valerie. Berlin, 1827.
Der Schreibtiſch oder alte und neue Zeit. Köln, 1833.
Einzelne Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Almanachen, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Eine fein gebildete Schriftſtellerin, welche mit ſcharfem, pſychologiſchem Blick zu beobachten wußte und der es nicht an Phantaſie fehlte ihren Erfindungen lebenswarme Geſtaltung zu geben und die einzelnen Situationen anmuthig darzuſtellen, wohl aber hin und wieder an Correctheit und Präciſion, namentlich in jenen Leiſtungen welche ſie Walter Scott nachzubilden ſtrebte. Am glücklichſten erſcheint ſie in ihren kleinen Erzählungen, unter denen mehrere meiſterhaft zu nennen ſind.

Erasmus Franciſci,

eigentlich von Finx heißend und aus adlichem Geſchlechte ſtammend, ward am 19. November 1627 in Lübeck geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und lebte dann mit dem Titel eines H. Hohenlohe'ſchen Rathes als Privatgelehrter und Schriftſteller in Nürnberg, wo er am 20. December 1694 ſtarb.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Geiſtliche Goldkammer der bußfertigen Seelen. Nürnberg, 1675.
[illegible] der ſeligen Ewigkeit für die Verächter der Eitelkeit. Nürnberg, 1717.
Germania d. i. Bericht von Auſtraſien, Lothringen u. ſ. w. Augsburg, 1708.

Hahnengeſchrei oder Aufmunterung zur Bekehrung. Nürnberg, 1690.
Jeruſalem in ſeiner Herrlichkeit, über Evangelia. 4. Leipzig, o. J.
Lampe der Klugen zur Beleuchtung der Sterblichkeit. Nürnberg, 1663.
Hölliſcher Proteus. Nürnberg, 1725.
Luſtige Schaubühne. 3 Thle. Nürnberg, 1702.
Wehe der Ewigkeit für die Verächter der Gnadenzeit. Nürnberg, 1702.
Die Krone. 3 Thle. Leipzig, 1680.
Lorbeerkranz der chriſtlichen Ritterleute. Nürnberg, 1682.
Oſt- und weſtindiſcher Staats- und Luſtgarten: Luſthaus der Ober- und Niederwelt u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ein für ſeine Tage recht gebildeter und viel beleſener Mann, deſſen Schriften einſt ſehr an der Tagesordnung waren, mit der Zeit aber alles Anſehn verloren, da er nur darauf ausging Bücher zu machen, und bei denſelben vor Allem darauf bedacht war, der neugierigen Maſſe zu gefallen, für ſie Merkwürdigkeiten aus allen Weltgegenden zuſammen zu ſchleppen, und dieſe geſchmacklos durch breite moraliſche Geſpräche oder einen fortlaufenden Geſchichtsfaden ſo gut es gehn wollte, mit einander zu verbinden. In ſeinen geiſtlichen Schriften offenbaret ſich dieſelbe Geſchmackloſigkeit, welche durch eine ſüßliche Ziererei und Geſuchtheit faſt unerträglich wird, doch finden ſich hier einige wenige wirklich gute und gelungene andächtige Lieder.

Guſtav, Ritter von Franck

ward im Jahre 1807 zu Wien geboren, ſtudirte die Rechtswiſſenſchaften an der dortigen Univerſität und erlangte im Jahre 1829 die Doktorwürde zu Padua. 1831 trat er in K. K. Militairdienſte und erhielt noch in demſelben Jahre den Grad eines Lieutenants. Er lebt gegenwärtig noch in Wien.

Seine Schriften ſind:
Gedichte. Wien, 1828.
König Eduard's Söhne, Trauerſpiel nach C. Delavigne. Leipzig, 1835.
Beliſar. Lyriſche Tragödie zur Muſik des G. Donizetti. Wien, 1836.
Taſchenbuch dramatiſcher Originalien. Leipzig, 1836.
Dramatiſche Zeitbilder. 1r Band. Leipzig, 1836.
Inhalt: 1) Der Emporkömmling oder Bürger und Ariſtokrat. Charaktergemälde in 5 Aufzügen. 2) Die Patrizier. Schauſpiel in 5 Aufzügen.
Gedichte und Aufſätze in verſchiedenen Zeitſchriften und Almanachen u. ſ. w. ſo wie mehrere Luſtſpiele und Dramen unter denen z. B. das Forſthaus im Walde, Autorsqualen, die Sylveſternacht, die Geſandtſchaftsreiſe nach China, bereits wiederholt auf einigen deutſchen Bühnen dargeſtellt wurden.

Geiſtreiche Erfindung, gute Charakterzeichnung und ein lebhafter und witziger Dialog zieren namentlich die dramatiſchen Arbeiten dieſes talentvollen Mannes, der, wenn er auf der eingeſchlagenen Bahn fortſchreitet, beſonders für das deutſche Luſtſpiel ſehr Erfreuliches hoffen läßt. Seine Bearbeitungen ausländiſcher Originale verdienen das Lob großer Treue und einer geſchickten und geiſtreichen Behandlung der Form.

Der Herr im Hauſe.*)

Luſtſpiel in einem Akt.

Perſonen:

Kanzleidirector Einig.
Frau Einig, ſeine Gattin.
Fritz, ihr Sohn.
Caroline, Fritzens Frau.
Adam, Gärtner.
Ein Bedienter.

Das Stück ſpielt im Garten des Kanzleidirectors.

(Garten, im Hintergrunde ein Luſthaus.)

Erſte Scene.

Kanzleidirector Einig. Adam (der ein Päckchen trägt).

Einig (im Auftreten).

Aber ich bin nun einmal der Herr im Hauſe, lieber Adam, und kann mit Recht begehren, daß meine Befehle auf das Strengſte vollzogen werden.

Adam.

Ganz recht. Euer Gnaden ſind allerdings der Herr im Hauſe, aber — —

Einig.

Was, aber?

Adam.

Ich meine nur — — o freilich, es läßt ſich nicht leugnen, daß Euer Gnaden der Herr im Hauſe ſind, allein — —

Einig.

Nun was giebt's da noch für Bedenklichkeiten?

Adam.

Je nun, ich wollte nur ſagen, Euer Gnaden wären noch mehr der Herr im Hauſe, wenn Euer Gnaden gar kein Haus hätten; — ich meine, wenn Euer Gnaden lediglich ein Zimmer bewohnten, und keine Frau hätten, beiläufig wie der Profeſſor von Göttingen, der einmal auf Beſuch hier war mit ſeinem Pudel und das ganze weibliche Geſchlecht, mit Reſpect zu ſagen, ein Natterngezücht zu nennen pflegte.

Einig.

Der Profeſſor war verrückt.

Adam.

Wie Euer Gnaden befehlen; aber ledig war er, ſehr ledig, o er war der ledigſte Menſch, den ich je geſehen habe, nicht einmal einen Koffer hatte er!

Einig.

Ich muß dich für einen Tropf erklären, lieber Adam.

Adam.

Mag ſein, jeder Menſch hat ſeine fixe Idee, mein Ideal iſt einmal die Ledigkeit! Ich habe an Euer Gnaden lediglich das auszuſetzen, daß Sie nicht ledig ſind.

Einig.

Eine ſinnloſe Rüge! Doch will ich Dir Deine Schwäche zu Gute halten; hat doch jeder Menſch irgend einen Lieblingsgedanken; auch ich, guter Adam, habe einen Gedanken, der mich mit Freude erfüllt.

Adam.

Ich weiß, Euer Gnaden haben mir denſelben ſchon öfters mitgetheilt.

Einig.

Eine böſe Kindsfrau verbitterte mir meine Kinderjahre, der Schulzwang verleidete mir meine Knabenjahre, der Bureauzwang vergiftete mir mein männliches Alter, kurz ich habe immer in gedrückten Verhältniſſen gelebt, nur zu Hauſe, im Kreiſe meiner Familie athme ich frei auf, denn ich bin der Herr im Hauſe.

Adam.

Ja, ja, Euer Gnaden ſind der Herr im Hauſe.

Einig.

Du glaubſt nicht, wie wohl mir dieſer Gedanke thut. (Das Päckchen bemerkend.) Was trägſt Du da?

Adam.

Ein Päckchen, welches ich auf Befehl der gnädigen Frau im Kaufmannsladen abholen mußte; es iſt auch ein Conto dabei für den gnädigen Herrn.

Einig.

Ich will nicht hoffen, daß es der Shawl iſt, gegen den ich ernſtlich proteſtirt habe.

Adam.

Es iſt der Shawl.

Einig (mit ungeübter Strenge).

Du trägſt den Shawl augenblicklich zurück.

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*) Aus: Dr. Franck's Taſchenbuch dramatiſcher Originalien.

Adam.

Bedenken Euer Gnaden, daß mich dies meinen Dienſt koſten würde.

Einig.

Sprich nicht ſo thöricht, Adam, wie ſollte Dich Dein Gehorſam um den Dienſt bringen!

Adam.

Die gnädige Frau — —

Einig.

Dienſtentlaſſungen finden in meinem Hauſe nie ohne meine Ratification ſtatt. Ich bin der Herr im Hauſe, und — —

Adam.

Und doch muß das arme Suschen, das nun ſchon ſechs Jahre treu und redlich dient, in vierzehn Tagen aus dem Hauſe.

Einig.

Wer ſagt das?

Adam.

Die gnädige Frau.

Einig.

Ich ſage Dir, Suschen bleibt.

Adam.

Wenn ich mich darauf verlaſſen könnte. Sie wiſſen, wie ich an Suschen hänge, ſeit mir der gnädige Herr aufgetragen haben, ſie zu heirathen, wegen der Meierei und des damit verbundenen Viehes — —

Einig.

Du wirſt ſie auch heirathen.

Adam.

Ich habe Euer Gnaden zwar erwidert, daß die Ledigkeit das größte Gut — —

Einig.

Ich weiß, ich weiß.

Adam.

Nun habe ich endlich nachgegeben, weil Suschen ſo brav, ſanft und fleißig iſt, und weil ſie eine eben ſo große Averſion gegen das Heirathen hat als ich — und nun ſoll das arme Mädel fortgejagt werden, weil ſich eine noble Kammerjungfer gefunden hat, die um denſelben Lohn franzöſiſch, engliſch und deutſch zugleich bedient — —

Einig (zufrieden lächelnd).

Sei ganz ruhig, wenn ich einmal ſage: „Sie bleibt," ſo bleibt ſie.

Adam.

Aber Euer Gnaden ſind ja nicht einmal im Stande, die Heirath der leiblichen Tochter, des Fräuleins Leopoldine, mit dem braven Herrn von Werder durchzuführen, und das lediglich darum, weil die gnädige Frau — —

Einig.

Das wollen wir ſehen. Ich ſage Dir, daß Werder meine Leopoldine heimführen wird.

Adam.

Auch dem Herrn Sohn, dem wackern Junker Fritz, der vor vier Jahren, ohne Euer Gnaden Wiſſen, das Haus bei Nacht und Nebel verlaſſen hat — —

Einig.

Ach, erinnere mich nicht an dieſes Ereigniß, es iſt der einzige Fall, wo in meinem Hauſe Etwas ohne mein Wiſſen und gegen meinen Willen geſchehen iſt.

Adam.

Euer Gnaden wollten dem Herrn Sohne auf ſein reumüthiges Schreiben verzeihen, ihn wieder mit offenen Armen im Hauſe aufnehmen; aber die gnädige Frau hat nun einmal geſchworen, das würde nie geſchehen, und — —

Einig.

Auch das wird geſchehen, ich bin ja der Herr im Hauſe; Alles wird geſchehen; Suschen wird bleiben, Du wirſt ſie heirathen, es wird keine neue Kammerjungfer aufgenommen werden, Leopoldine wird den braven Werder zum Mann bekommen, und mein Sohn wird mit offenen Armen im Hauſe empfangen werden.

Adam.

Was geſchieht mit dem Shawl?

Einig.

Trage ihn meinethalben zur gnädigen Frau, um Dich zu ſalviren, aber daß ſie ihn nicht behalten wird, dafür ſtehe ich Dir gut.

Adam.

Wenn Euer Gnaden das Alles durchſetzen, ſo — ſo ſind Euer Gnaden gewiß der Herr im Hauſe. (Ab).

Zweite Scene.

Einig (allein, bald darauf ein Bediente.)

Ob ich es durchſetzen werde! Gott ſei Dank, ſie wiſſen es in meinem Hauſe, daß nichts geſchehen kann, was ich nicht gern erlaube. Bezahlen werd' ich den Shawl, bezahlen kann ich ihn, ja, bezahlen muß ich ihn, aber die gnädige Frau ſoll ihn nicht behalten dürfen; ſie ſoll auch nicht ſagen können, der Geiz ſei die Urſache meiner feſten Verweigerung, ich will nur meine Conſequenz zeigen. Der Shawl ſoll verſchenkt werden, verkauft werden, weggeworfen werden, mir gilt es gleich; aber Madame ſoll ſehen, daß ich der Herr im Hauſe bin.

(Ein Bediente tritt auf).

Bediente.

Die gnädige Frau begießt heute ſelbſt die Blumen. Euer Gnaden möchten geſchwind kommen, Waſſer tragen.

Einig (haſtig).

Sogleich! (Raſch ab mit dem Bedienten).

Dritte Scene.

Caroline (von einer andern Seite kommend). Fritz (aus dem Luſthauſe tretend, das er von Innen aufgeſperrt hat).

Fritz.

Nun, Linchen, wie weit ſind wir vorgerückt?

Caroline.

Wir ſind am Ziele. Deine Mutter hat mich bereits ſo lieb gewonnen, daß ſie ihr Kammermädchen, welches ſchon ſechs Jahre im Hauſe iſt, ohne Weiteres wegjagen will, um mich zur Kammerjungfer zu ernennen.

Fritz.

Vortrefflich!

Caroline.

Sie hält mich für das Muſter aller Kammerkätzchen, und ahnet in mir nicht die Schwiegertochter. Ich habe in den wenigen Stunden, die ich geſtern und heute mit ihr zubrachte, ſchon alle ihre Schwächen abgelauert und mich durch kleine Kunſtgriffe feſt in ihre Gunſt geſetzt.

Fritz.

Ich kenne dieſe kleinen Kunſtgriffe, Linchen, auch mir waren ſie unwiderſtehlich.

Caroline.

O der Weg, auf dem ich Dich zu meinem Sclaven gemacht habe, war ein ganz anderer! Glaubſt Du, mein Talent ſei ſo einſeitig? Die Art, wie man Weiber auf ſeine Seite bringt, füllt ein eigenes großes Capitel in der Theorie der weiblichen Kunſtgriffe: Will man einen Mann zum Sclaven machen, ſo tiſcht man Sanftmuth und Herzensgüte auf, und würzt dieſe beiden Lieblingsſpeiſen der ſo leicht gezähmten Löwen mit etwas Widerſpruch, beſonders wenn dieſer Widerſpruch in einer gutherzigen Vertheidigung beſteht. Wer dieſe Grundſätze bei Weibern in Anwendung brächte, der würde ſchön ankommen! Sanftmuth! Elle est ennuyante! Herzensgüte! Elle est bête comme une oie! und vollends der Widerſpruch, wenn gegen andere zu Felde gezogen wird, der würde alles verderben. Da heißt es: Sauve qui peut! beigeſtimmt oder mit untergegangen! Ueber den Trümmern eines zerſtörten Rufes wird gewöhnlich eine Weiberfreundſchaft geſchloſſen.

Fritz.

Allerliebſt.

Caroline.

Da hätteſt Du während des letzten Feldzuges unſre patriotiſchen Damenvereine ſehen ſollen, wie da mit der Charpie für die Bleſſirten zugleich mehr gute Namen zerzupft und zerzauſt wurden, als je Wunden mit der gewonnenen Charpie geheilt werden konnten.

Fritz.

Ja, ja, das iſt ſo Eure Art; Ihr heilt Wunden, um neue zu ſchlagen. Und haſt Du bei meiner Mutter Gelegenheit gefunden, dieſe Taktik geltend zu machen?

Caroline.

Mehr als ich hoffte. Gleich beim Empfang begann ſie damit, die ganze Kammermädchen-Dynaſtie des Hauſes in ihrer Erbärmlichkeit darzuſtellen.

Fritz.

Du ſtimmteſt bei!

Caroline.

Ich verſicherte ſie, daß ich einige meiner Vorgängerinnen vom Sehen her kenne, und von ihrer Unbrauchbarkeit überzeugt ſei, daß aber die, welche ich nicht kenne, gewiß noch viel ſchlechter wären.

Fritz.

Recht ſchön!

Caroline.

Hierauf kam ſie auf den Baron Fur zu ſprechen, der mich ihr empfohlen habe, und erklärte ihn für einen Menſchen ohne alle Erziehung, der leider das Vertrauen ihres etwas bornirten Gemahles beſitze.

Fritz.

Ich hoffe nicht, daß Du in dieſe Verdammungen einſtimmteſt!

Caroline.

Ich erwiderte, daß der Baron nicht nur wenig Erziehung genoſſen habe, ſondern auch allemand dans toute la force du terme ſei, und daß der gnädige Herr bei dem Umſtande, daß er eine ſo liebenswürdige und geiſtreiche Frau beſitze, nichts Vernünftigeres thun könne, als bornirt zu ſein.

Fritz.

Du haſt Deine Rolle zu weit getrieben, ſie iſt gewiß recht böſe geworden.

Caroline.

Keineswegs: ſie nannte mich ein witziges Närrchen, und wollte mir ſogleich das Draufgeld geben.

Fritz.

Das Draufgeld! Es iſt unerhört! um ſich der Mediſance zu verſichern, geben ſie ein Draufgeld!

Caroline.

Auch engliſch habe ich mit ihr geſprochen; o es läßt ſich engliſch recht hübſch mediſiren.

Fritz.

Unvergleichlich! man weiß nicht, wozu das Erlernen fremder Sprachen gut iſt.

Caroline.

Wenn ich heute einen etwas zweideutigen Gebrauch davon mache, ſo wirſt Du darum mein Schauſpielertalent nicht auf Koſten meines Herzens überſchätzen.

Fritz.

Ich kenne Dein Herz länger als Dein Schauſpielertalent.

Caroline (lächelnd).

Ganz ohne Talent bin ich nicht!

Fritz.

Faſt möcht' ich ſagen, daß Du zu viel haſt, doch ſo lange die Frauen ihre Rollen improviſiren, laſſe ich mir's gefallen, nur ſollen ſie nie — —

Caroline.

Auf einen Souffleur horchen, nicht wahr?

Fritz.

Ganz recht, im großen Lebensdrama ſind die Souffleurs gefährlich.

Caroline.

Ich kann ſie entbehren, denn ich habe gut memorirt. Die arme Caroline wird es nie vergeſſen, wie ihr guter lieber Fritz in Moskau — — —

Fritz.

Halt! Du fällſt aus der Rolle, wir ſind an der Schlußſcene.

Caroline.

Gott gebe es! — Doch da kommen die Hauptperſonen.

Fritz.

Geſchwind! in die Couliſſen!

(Beide ſchnell ab. Caroline ſeitwärts, Fritz in das Lusthaus, das er von Innen verſperrt).

Vierte Scene.

Einig. Frau Einig.

(Der Kanzleidirector trägt an jedem Arme eine volle Gießkanne welche er im Anfange der Scene noch hält.)

Frau Einig (im Auftreten).

Wie, mein Kind, ich ſoll nicht einmal das Recht haben, mein Kammermädchen zu wechſeln, wenn es mir beliebt?

Einig.

Suschen iſt brav.

Frau Einig.

Das mag ſein.

Einig.

Iſt das nicht genug?

Fr. Einig.

Nein.

Einig.

Sie iſt nun ſechs Jahr in meinem Hauſe.

Fr. Einig.

Daß ſie ſechs Jahr in meinem Hauſe war, laſſe ich ihr unbenommen, nur im ſiebenten jage ich ſie fort.

Einig.

In meinem Hauſe werden Dienſtleute nicht ohne Grund fortgejagt.

Fr. Einig.

In meinem Hauſe kündigt man auf, wenn man will.

Einig.

Mein Haus ſoll nicht in den Mund der Leute kommen.

Fr. Einig.

Mein Haus kümmert ſich nicht um andere Leute.

Einig (indem er ſchnaubend die Kannen niederſetzt, und ſeinen Ton herabſtimmt).

Du denkſt zu edel, um das arme Mädchen ohne Urſache brotlos zu machen.

Fr. Einig.

Du beurtheilſt mich richtig, mein Schatz, allein Suschen hat einen Antrag von der Gräfin Reinau.

Einig.

Wie?

Fr. Einig.

Das Mädchen iſt unzufrieden; ich mag keine unzufriedenen Menſchen um mich ſehen.

Einig.

Freilich — aber —

Fr. Einig.

Sie ſagte neulich, es ſei in einem Hauſe nicht auszuhalten, wo die Frau regiere.

Einig.

Unerhört!

Fr. Einig.

Von der Küchenmagd bis zum gnädigen Herrn müſſe Alles nach meiner Pfeife tanzen.

Einig (aufgebracht).

Sie ſoll ſchon erfahren, wer der Herr im Hauſe iſt.

Fr. Einig.

Es iſt glücklicher Weiſe keine Noth an Kammermädchen.

Einig.

Kammermädchen im Ueberfluß!

Fr. Einig.

Ich habe ein ſehr anſtändiges Mädchen gefunden, das franzöſiſch und engliſch ſpricht, und um denſelben Lohn dienen will.

Einig.

Nimm das Mädchen ſogleich auf, ich erlaube es Dir; Suschen, die kleine Hexe, ſoll ſehen, daß ein Herr im Hauſe iſt. Sie ſoll den braven Adam nicht zum Manne bekommen; er iſt ohnedies kein Freund vom Heirathen.

Fr. Einig.

Ich habe das neue Kammermädchen ſchon aufgenommen.

Einig.

Das war nicht recht, mein Schatz; Du hätteſt doch früher mit mir Rückſprache nehmen ſollen.

Fr. Einig.

Nun iſt's einmal geſchehen. Die neue Kammerjungfer wird Dir übrigens gefallen; auch hat ſie ſchon gebeten, dem gnädigen Herrn vorgeſtellt zu werden.

Einig.

Das Kind ſcheint Lebensart zu haben.

Fr. Einig.

Sie hat immer in guten Häuſern gedient, und war ſogar ſchon in Rußland.

Einig.

Letzteres wäre eben keine Condition geweſen.

Fr. Einig.

Keineswegs, aber ein merkwürdiger Zufall waltet in der Sache.

Einig.

Ein Zufall?

Fr. Einig.

Stelle Dir vor, das Mädchen hat bei unſerm ſaubern Herrn Sohn gedient.

Einig.

Wie, bei Fritz?

Fr. Einig.

In Moskau.

Einig.

Und Du wollteſt ſie als Kammerjungfer aufnehmen?

Fr. Einig.

Was kann das arme Kind dafür, daß wir einen pflichtvergeſſenen, ungerathenen Sohn haben?

Einig.

O mein Schatz, ſo gar ungerathen iſt unſer Fritz eben nicht, aber ein Mädchen, das bei einem unverehelichten jungen Herrn Kammerjungfer war . . . .

Fr. Einig.

Da ſteckt eben die ſaubere Entdeckung, die ich gemacht habe. Stelle Dir vor, der Herr Sohn hat in Rußland ohne unſere Einwilligung geheirathet.

Einig.

Geheirathet? Entſetzlich! Ohne die Einwilligung ſeines Vaters? Das iſt mir noch nie geſchehen!

Fr. Einig.

Natürlich, weil Du nur den einen Sohn haſt.

Einig.

Alſo dahin iſt es in meinem Hauſe gekommen, daß ſogar geheirathet wird ohne meine Einwilligung?

Fr. Einig.

Außer Deinem Hauſe willſt Du ſagen; denn daß der Herr Sohn vor vier Jahren bei Nacht und Nebel, ebenfalls ohne Deine Einwilligung das Haus verließ, blos weil er nicht Kaufmann werden wollte, das wirſt Du hoffentlich nicht vergeſſen haben.

Einig.

Ohne meine Einwilligung, wahrlich, das habe ich nicht vergeſſen.

Fr. Einig.

Und dieſen Flüchtergeſellen [illegible] Du nun wieder in Gnaden aufnehmen, als wäre nichts geſchehen, weil er Dir ein paar glatte Worte geſchrieben hat.

Einig.

Sein Brief ſchien ſo [illegible] — —

Fr. Einig.

Dieſen Heuchler, der es nicht in dieſem Briefe nicht der Mühe werth hielt, die [illegible] ſeiner Streiche zu erwähnen, der die Heirath ohne Einwilligung noch immer geheim hält — —

Einig.

Nein, er ſoll mir nicht vor die Augen kommen.

Fr. Einig.

Bedenke auch, wie ſehr Du Deine Autorität als Vater durch dieſe unwürdige [illegible] compromittiren würdeſt. Was müßte Excellenz, Deine Tochter, denken, Excellenz, die auch gegen den Willen ihrer Mutter ein [illegible] mit einem [illegible] angeknüpft hat, das nie mein [illegible] werden kann.

Einig.

Was meinen Sohn anlangt, haſt Du vollkommen recht. [illegible] neue [illegible] von [illegible] ſoll mein Haus nicht betreten, und ich ſage [illegible], Fritz [illegible] auf die Schreibſtube, um meinen [illegible] zu [illegible] mit Excellenzinen, mein [illegible] zu bringen; aber der Fall mit Excellenzinen, mein Schatz, iſt ein ganz anderer. Du weißt, mein Schatz, daß ich [illegible], daß ich gegen dieſe Partie nichts einzuwenden habe — —

Fr. Einig.

Nichts einzuwenden? Um ſo mehr habe ich einzuwenden. Herr Werner hat es nicht einmal zum Secretair gebracht — —

Einig.

Er iſt auf dem Punkte, es zu werden.

Fr. Einig.

Und hat er ſich um Excellenzens Hand zuerſt an uns gewendet?

Einig.

An mich, an den Vater.

Fr. Einig.

Nachdem er ein Jahr mit dem Fräulein hinter unſerm Rücken correſpondirt hatte. Eine hübſche Geſchichte, man weiß nicht einmal, was im eigenen Hauſe vorgeht.

Einig.

Das iſt freilich ſchlimm.

Fr. Einig.

Und hat er nicht die Unverſchämtheit gehabt, mir zu [illegible]: Das Herz des Mädchens ſei die erſte [illegible], die Eltern müßten ſolche Dinge zuletzt erfahren!

Einig (erbittert).

Das wußte ich nicht. [illegible] tauſend Sapperlot! [illegible]! Der Vater ſoll zuletzt erfahren, was in ſeinem eigenen Hauſe vorgeht, als wäre er nicht der Herr im Hauſe.

Fr. Einig.

Er ſoll ſehen, wie er ohne unſere Einwilligung das Mädchen bekommt.

Einig.

Ja, das ſoll er ſehen!

Fr. Einig.

Und hat er nicht mit unſerm lieben Herrn Sohn ohne unſer Wiſſen correſpondirt, hat er ihn dadurch nicht in ſeinem Ungehorſam beſtärkt?

Einig.

Ja er hat ihn beſtärkt!

Fr. Einig.

Wohin ſoll es noch in unſerm Hauſe kommen?

Einig.

Nein, nein, ich gebe meine Einwilligung zu dieſer Verbindung nicht; ich werde Herrn Werner ſogleich ein Billet ſchreiben.

Fr. Einig.

Thue das.

Fünfte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Adam mit dem Shawl.

Adam (im Eintreten, zu Frau Einig).

Endlich habe ich Euer Gnaden [illegible].

Fr. Einig.

Was gibt's?

Adam.

Ich wollte Euer Gnaden lediglich den Shawl überreichen, den ich auf Dero Befehl — —

Fr. Einig (ihm den Shawl abnehmend).

Schon gut.

(Adam will ſich entfernen.)

Fr. Einig (zu Adam).

Adam, bleibe noch ein wenig. Da fällt mir eben ein, daß ich Dir etwas anzuvertrauen habe. (Leiſe zu Einig.) Ich will ihm [illegible] erklären, daß aus ſeiner Heirath mit Suschen nichts werden kann, wenn er in unſerm Dienſte bleiben will.

Einig (eben ſo zu Fr. Einig).

Laß doch, mein Schatz, ich habe [illegible] — — ich werde ſchon mit ihm ſprechen.

Adam (zu Fr. Einig).

Euer Gnaden befehlen?

Fr. Einig.

Höre, lieber Adam, wenn Du — —

Einig (wie oben, ſehr verlegen).

Laß mich die Sache mit ihm abmachen; ich habe dieſe Heirath arrangirt, ich will ſie auch wieder derangiren — — der arme Teufel iſt jetzt nicht vorbereitet — —

Fr. Einig.

Da braucht's viel Vorbereitung. — Höre, Adam —

Einig (wie oben).

Sie compromittiren mich, Madame.

Fr. Einig.

Narrenspoſſen. (Zu Adam.) Alſo wenn Du — —

Einig (ſie abſichtlich unterbrechend).

Unter Anderm, Madame, werden Sie ſich erinnern, daß ich gegen dieſen Shawl feierlich proteſtirt habe, und dennoch —

Fr. Einig.

Wie! Du willſt mir den Shawl noch immer verweigern?

Einig.

Allerdings, und wenn Du glaubſt, daß ich ſchwach genug ſein werde, nachzugeben, ſo irrſt Du, mein Schatz — —

Fr. Einig (leiſe zu Einig).

Regardez le jardinier; wie magſt Du in Gegenwart des Gärtners „mein Schatz" zu mir ſagen. (Zu Adam.) Adam, entferne Dich.

Einig (für ſich).

Gott ſei Dank! (Laut zu Fr. Einig.) Ja, Madame, Sie ſollen ſehen, daß ich Herr meiner [illegible] bin.

Adam (im Abgehen).

Diesmal hat er Courage.

Sechſte Scene.

Einig. Frau Einig.

Fr. Einig.

Zum Glücke [illegible] ich nicht ganz von dieſer Seite ab; ich werde den Shawl ſelbſt bezahlen.

Einig.

Das iſt nicht nöthig, ich habe das Geld ſchon bereit; Du ſollſt nicht ſagen können, daß ich geizig ſei.

Fr. Einig.

Wie! Du willſt —?

Einig.

Den Shawl bezahlen, aber ſchmerzen muß es mich, zu ſehen, daß Du ſo rückſichtslos gegen mich handelſt.

Fr. Einig.

Ich nehm' ihn nicht.

Einig.

Du verkennſt mich, wenn Du glaubſt, daß Mißgunſt oder Geiz mein Fehler ſind; ich bitte Dich ſogar, den Shawl zu nehmen.

Fr. Einig.

Nimmermehr. (Sie will ihm den Shawl aufdringen.)

Einig.

Wenn Du mich nicht kränken willſt, ſo nimm ihn als ein Geſchenk von mir; ich eile, ihn zu bezahlen. (Schnell ab.)

Siebente Scene.

Fr. Einig (allein, dann ſpäter Caroline).

Nun hat er mich beſchämt; er iſt wirklich gut, nur iſt ihm unſere gewöhnliche Stellung noch nicht ganz klar geworden. [illegible] nun zuſammen, und ich habe keine [illegible] guten Eigenſchaften gewiß erkannt. O wenn auch er mich erſt [illegible] haben wird — dann wird unſere Ehe noch viel glücklicher werden! (Zu Carolinen, die eintritt.) Nun, Caroline, [illegible]! Du magſt ſchon wiſſen, daß Du Dein [illegible]. Du magſt ſchon heute im Hauſe bleiben, mit Sachen werde ich mich abfinden.

Caroline.

Ach, gnädige Frau, wie freut mich dies, ich will gewiß [illegible], um mir Ihre [illegible] zu erwerben.

Fr. Einig.

Du gefällſt mir, Dein [illegible] zeigt von einer guten Erziehung. Du wirſt vielleicht nicht lange brauchen, Kammermädchen zu werden!

Caroline.

Das iſt mir nie eingefallen.

Fr. Einig.

Wie kam es, daß Du Deinen Stand verändern mußteſt?

Caroline.

Nun das kam ſo von ſelbſt, Umſtände beſtimmen den Menſchen. Ich diente zuerſt bei Ihrem Herrn Sohne.

Fr. Einig.

Armes Kind, das war gewiß Dein ſchlechteſter Dienſt?

Caroline.

Im Gegentheile, gnädige Frau.

Fr. Einig.

Machte er denn annehmbare Bedingungen?

Caroline.

Die beſten von der Welt.

Fr. Einig.

Ich will es glauben; mein Sohn war immer ein Verſchwender.

Caroline.

Wenigſtens hat er ſeine Wohlthaten an keine Undankbare verſchwendet.

Fr. Einig.

Hat er Dir denn ſo viel Gutes gethan?

Caroline.

O ja, er hat mir ſehr viel Gutes gethan.

Fr. Einig.

Ich will daſſelbe für Dich thun.

Caroline (für ſich).

Das wird nicht möglich ſein. (Laut.) Sie ſind ſehr gütig, gnädige Frau.

Fr. Einig.

Es gab gewiß anfangs ſchmale Biſſen.

Caroline (ſich vergeſſend).

Durch Liebe gewürzt.

Fr. Einig.

Wurdeſt Du ſo ſchonend behandelt?

Caroline.

Man trug mich auf den Händen.

Fr. Einig.

Mein Sohn?

Caroline.

Er behandelte mich ſehr gut.

Fr. Einig (für ſich).

Ich fange an, zu begreifen: eine Epiſode im ehelichen Glücke. — Das Mädchen iſt ſehr naiv. (Zu Carolinen). Und war denn ſeine Frau dieſe Behandlung zufrieden?

Caroline (ſchalkhaft).

Sie wünſchte nichts ſehnlicher, als daß er mir recht von Herzen gut ſei.

Fr. Einig.

So? (für ſich) Die Sache wird immer deutlicher. (Zu Carolinen.) O ich kenne meinen Herrn Sohn, er wird dieſem Wunſche ſeiner Frau gewiß recht gern nachgekommen ſein, er hatte ſchon als Jüngling viel Schönheitsſinn — —

Caroline (beängſtigt.)

Schönheitsſinn? Wie meinen Sie das, gnädige Frau?

Fr. Einig.

Stelle Dich nicht ſo albern, mein Kind. Sage mir, mein Mädchen, hat er Dir nie einen Kuß gegeben, ſo verſtohlener Weiſe, wenn die Frau den Rücken kehrte! — —

Caroline.

Nein, das hat er nicht gethan; wenn er mir einen Kuß gab, durfte die Frau nicht den Rücken kehren. (Für ſich.) Faſt ärgere ich mich.

Fr. Einig.

Allerliebſt, da habt Ihr ja ein recht köſtliches Leben geführt.

Caroline (ärgerlich).

Ja, gnädige Frau, wir lebten recht glücklich.

Fr. Einig.

Seine Frau iſt wohl recht häßlich und alt?

Caroline (lächelnd).

Keineswegs; ſie iſt nicht übel und nicht älter als ich.

Fr. Einig (für ſich).

Unbegreiflich! (Zu Carolinen.) Und wurdeſt Du von ihr immer gut behandelt?

Caroline.

Ich kann [illegible] über ſie beklagen.

1533 [illegible]inig (für ſich.)

Es iſt [illegible] und [illegible] daß ſie von ihrer Herrſchaft nichts lieb[illegible] [illegible]eder, was [illegible] Sie iſt alſo ſchön?

[illegible] ihrem Mann auch.

[illegible] jede entſchieden

[illegible] verlaſſen. Im [illegible]

Iſt [illegible] nungen förmlich [illegible]

Caroline.

Ich glaube ja.

Fr. Einig.

Du kannſt es doch beurtheilen.

Caroline.

Nicht weiter als meine eigene Bildung reicht.

Fr. Einig (für ſich).

Wie beſcheiden! (Zu Carolinen.) Ich glaube beinahe, die gnädige Frau könnte mit Deiner Bildung zufrieden ſein.

Caroline.

Wenn das iſt, ſo kann ich Ihnen, gnädige Frau die Verſicherung geben, daß ſie wenigſtens ſo wohlerzogen iſt, als ich.

Fr. Einig (für ſich).

Ihre Einfalt iſt entzückend. (Zu Carolinen.) Mir gilt das ziemlich gleich, da ſie ja doch mein Haus nicht betreten wird.

Caroline.

Wenn ſie das erfährt, wird es ſie tief betrüben.

Fr. Einig.

Glaubſt Du?

Caroline.

Ich weiß es, ſie ſprach ſo oft von Ihnen.

Fr. Einig.

Von mir?

Caroline.

Ja, gnädige Frau. Sie ſagte oft zu ihrem Manne: Wenn es Dir gelingen würde, die Verzeihung Deiner Aeltern zu erlangen, wenn wir dann im Fluge bei ihnen wären, wenn ſie unſer Bündniß ſegnen würden — —!

Fr. Einig.

Und was ſagte dann mein Sohn?

Caroline.

Vor Allem muß es uns gelingen, ſagte er, die Verzeihung meiner guten Mutter zu erlangen; ſie iſt ſehr aufgebracht gegen mich, und ſo lange ſie nicht vergeben hat, darf ich auch die Verzeihung des Vaters nicht hoffen.

Fr. Einig (freundlich).

Sagte er das wirklich? Sieh, mein Kind, er hat nicht ganz unrecht; doch mußt Du dabei nichts Uebles denken. Mein Mann iſt ein braver Kanzleidirector, ein tüchtiger Geſchäftsmann, aber vom Haushalte verſteht er nichts, da bin ich in meinem Elemente.

Caroline (mit einem Anklange von Bitterkeit).

Und weil nun dieſe Verzeihung eigentlich auch zum Haushalte gehört — —

Fr. Einig.

So hat mein Sohn nicht unrecht, wenn er meine Vergebung für ſehr wichtig hält.

Caroline.

Darum hat er ſich auch vor allen Andern an Sie gewendet, gnädige Frau.

Fr. Einig.

Das hat er eben nicht gethan, und ſo ſehr — —

Caroline.

Er hat es durch mich gethan. (Indem ſie ihr einen Brief und ein Miniaturbild überreicht.) Hier iſt der Brief, und hier das Bild des Schreibers.

Fr. Einig (überraſcht).

Wie, ſein Bild? Das Bild meines Sohnes? (Indem ſie es beſieht). Es iſt ähnlich, ſehr ähnlich, nur iſt er männlicher geworden — und ſchöner —

Caroline (warm).

O er iſt ein ſchöner Mann!

Fr. Einig (den Brief eröffnend).

Laß ſehen, was er ſchreibt.

Caroline.

Ich weiß es von Wort zu Wort, gnädige Frau, und er trägt mir auf, es Ihnen ſo lange zu wiederholen, bis Sie verziehen haben.

Fr. Einig (freundlich).

Alſo biſt Du im Complott, kleine Spitzbübin; warum hat er mir nicht auch das Bild ſeiner Frau geſchickt?

Caroline.

Auch das führe ich mit mir, doch wag' ich nicht eher, es zu entſchleiern, als Sie einige Hoffnung zur Verzeihung gegeben haben. (Herzlich) Liebe gnädige Frau, ſtoßen ſie den Sohn nicht zurück, der reumüthig in Ihre Arme kömmt! Blicken Sie nachſichtsvoll auf ein Bild herab, das Ihnen ſo gern gefallen möchte! (Sie kniet vor ihr nieder.)

Fr. Einig.

Wie ſoll ich das Alles verſtehen? — Ich bin verwirrt — überraſcht — hat mein Sohn — —

Achte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Fritz (in Majors-Uniform).

Fritz (der ſchon früher leiſe aus dem Luſthauſe getreten iſt, plötzlich herbeiſtürzend und ſeiner Mutter um den Hals fallend).

Er fliegt in die Arme ſeiner Mutter.

Fr. Einig (überraſcht).

Fritz! mein Sohn! (Verlegen zu Carolinen.) Stehen Sie doch auf.

Caroline (ihre Hand küſſend).

Nur wenn Sie mir die Täuſchung verziehen haben; ich wollte unerkannt Ihre Gunſt erringen — —

Fr. Einig (indem ſie Carolinen erhebt, und ſie auf die Stirne küßt).

Du haſt mich zwar betrogen, Du ruſſiſches Kammerkätzchen, aber ich habe Dich ſchon zu lieb gewonnen, um Dir zu zürnen. (Zu Fritz.) Doch Du trägſt Uniform; was hat das zu bedeuten?

Fritz.

Die türkiſche Campagne hat mich zum Major gemacht.

Fr. Einig.

Die Uniform ſteht Dir herrlich.

Fritz.

Iſt Alles vergeben und vergeſſen, liebe Mutter?

Fr. Einig.

Ich gebe Generalpardon.

Fritz.

Alſo darf auch meine Schweſter Leopoldine hoffen?

Fr. Einig.

Wer ſpricht von Leopoldinen?

Fritz.

Werder iſt durch meine Schuld in Ungnade verfallen, ſoll mein neues Glück nicht auch ihn wieder zu Ehren bringen?

Fr. Einig.

Er hat Dich zu Allem verleitet — —

Fritz.

Sie thun ihm unrecht, liebe Mutter, im Gegentheil verdanke ich ihm meine Vergebung. Er rieth mir in ſeinem letzten Briefe, die Poſt zu nehmen und meine Verzeihung zu Ihren Füßen zu erflehen.

Fr. Einig.

Er hat mit Leopoldinen ohne mein Wiſſen correſpondirt — —

Fritz.

Haben Sie Nachſicht mit dem Herzen eines Liebenden.

Fr. Einig.

Wenn er wenigſtens Secretär wäre — —

Fritz.

Sein Chef hat ihm ſeine Beförderung ſchon [illegible] eröffnet, in wenig Tagen wird er ernannt — —

Fr. Einig.

Wie Du von Allem unterrichtet biſt!

Fritz.

War ich doch geſtern den ganzen Tag bei Werder verborgen; auch er ſetzte ja all ſeine Hoffnung auf den Augenblick, der den Sohn in die Arme ſeiner Mutter zurückführen würde.

Fr. Einig.

So ſei es denn, ich will Euch alle glücklich machen.

Fritz und Caroline (zugleich ihre Hände küſſend).

Dank! liebe Mutter!

Fr. Einig (in die Scene blickend).

Doch da kommt mein Herr Gemahl.

Fritz (freudig).

Mein Vater! ſchnell in ſeine Arme!

Fr. Einig.

Nicht doch, ich muß ihn auf dies Alles erſt vorbereiten; tretet indeß in jenes Luſthaus, ich will Euch rufen, wenn's Zeit iſt. Nur ſchnell — —

(Fritz und Caroline ab in's Luſthaus).

Neunte Scene.

Frau Einig. (Bald darauf) Einig (mehrere Papiere in der Hand).

Frau Einig.

Nun muß der Herr Gemahl wieder Meinung wechſeln. Konnt' ich auch ahnen, daß es ſo kommen würde.

Einig (im Auftreten).

Jetzt, mein Schatz, ſollſt Du doch geſtehen, daß man in meiner Kanzlei raſch zu arbeiten weiß; hier iſt das Billet an Herrn Werder, kurz aber bündig, hier iſt —

Fr. Einig.

Das Billet an Werder, lieber Schatz, kannſt Du nun bei Dir behalten, ich habe mir die Sache überlegt, und meine, da Werder doch eigentlich ein wackerer junger Mann iſt — —

Einig.

Bedenke nur, mein Kind, daß er ohne meine Einwilligung mit Leopoldinen correſpondirt hat. Ich kann meine Einwilligung unmöglich zu dieſer Verbindung geben.

Fr. Einig.

Du haſt wohl eigentlich nicht unrecht, aber Jugend hat keine Tugend, und — —

Einig.

Ganz recht, mein Schatz, aber bei meinem Entſchluſſe bleibt es nun einmal.

Fr. Einig.

Leopoldine liebt ihn, wir werden doch am Ende nachgeben müſſen.

Einig.

Nachgeben? Ich bin dafür, daß man nie nachgeben ſoll, und ich beſtehe nun einmal darauf —

Fr. Einig.

Ueberdies erfahre ich ſo eben, daß Werder Secretair geworden — —

Einig ([illegible]).

Gleichviel.

Fr. Einig (auf die Papiere zeigend, die Einig noch hält).

Was haſt Du da noch für Papiere? Eine ganze Kanzlei —

Einig (auf eins der Papiere zeigend).

Das iſt das Zeugniß für Suschen; man darf dem Mädel doch ſein weiteres Fortkommen nicht erſchweren, wenn man es gleich verabſchiedet.

Fr. Einig.

Auch das habe ich mir überlegt, lieber Schatz; ich kann die neue Kammerjungfer nicht aufnehmen, es ſind da ganz beſondere Umſtände eingetreten, und da will ich denn nachgeben.

Einig.

Was fällt Dir ein? Suschen hat ſich ja ſchändliche Aeußerungen erlaubt; hat ſie nicht geſagt, es herrſche im Haus ein unleidliches Weiberregiment!

Fr. Einig.

Je nun, ſie wird es ſo böſe nicht gemeint haben.

Einig (gereizt).

Ich will ihr zeigen, wer Herr im Hauſe iſt, ich will — —

Fr. Einig.

Sie mag meinethalben den Adam heirathen.

Einig.

Glauben Sie, Madame? Jetzt geb' ich ihr den Adam nicht mehr; der Adam war ihr als Belohnung zugedacht, nun aber —

Fr. Einig.

Eine ſaubere Belohnung.

Einig.

Ich leide das Mädchen nicht mehr in meinem Hauſe.

Fr. Einig.

Ich kann doch nicht ohne Kammermädchen ſein.

Einig.

Mache das wie Du willſt, allein Suschen geht noch heute fort. Potz tauſend noch einmal, ich will doch ſehen —

Fr. Einig.

Nu, nu, ereifre Dich nur nicht, Du biſt auch gar zu jähzornig. — Was ich Dir noch ſagen wollte, mein Schatz! den Brief an Fritz brauchſt Du nicht zu ſchreiben.

Einig.

Iſt ſchon geſchehen. In meiner Kanzlei geht das wie der Wind. Ich habe ihm geſchrieben, daß — —

Fr. Einig.

Zerreiße den Brief nur ſchnell —

Einig.

Wo denkſt Du hin!

Fr. Einig.

Der Brief iſt nicht mehr nothwendig.

Einig.

Ich habe ihm deutlich auseinandergeſetzt, warum ich ihm meine Verzeihung verſagen muß.

Fr. Einig.

Du kannſt ihm das Alles mündlich auseinanderſetzen, denn er iſt hier.

Einig (überraſcht).

Wie! Fritz iſt hier! mein Sohn Fritz?

Fr. Einig.

Er ſelbſt.

Einig.

Und die Frau ohne Einwilligung?

Fr. Einig.

Iſt mit ihm hier.

Einig.

Nun die kommen mir eben recht! ich will ihnen ſchon die Leviten leſen! ich — —

Fr. Einig.

[illegible] mein Schatz, ich habe ihnen ſchon in Deinem Namen Alles verziehen.

Einig.

Wie konnteſt Du das thun! — Ich freue mich zwar, meinen Fritz wiederzuſehen — aber verzeihen kann ich ihm nicht. — Wo iſt er denn nur?

Fr. Einig.

Ganz in der Nähe, mit Ungeduld erwartet er Deine Vergebung.

Einig (im Kampfe zwiſchen Verlegenheit und Ungeduld).

Aber — ich kann doch nicht — —

Fr. Einig.

Laß alle „aber“ bei Seite, und ſei nicht unerbittlich; auch der ſtrengſte Familienvater kann zuweilen verzeihen. (Rufend.) Fritz! Kinder! kommt nur! der Vater verzeiht Euch! ſeine Arme ſtehen Euch offen!

Zehnte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Fritz, Caroline (aus dem Luſthauſe).

Fritz (in des Vaters Arme fliegend).

Vater! lieber Vater! darf ich es glauben?

Caroline (des Kanzleidirectors Hand küſſend).

Haben Sie wirklich verziehen?

Einig (verwirrt).

Ja, lieber Fritz — doch was bedeutet dieſe Verkleidung? — Ja — ich habe Alles verziehen — Du heiratheſt Suschen — das heißt — Adam heirathet — ich bin ſo überraſcht — — ich habe Alles verziehen; (zu Frau Einig) nicht wahr, mein Schatz?

Elfte Scene.

Die Vorigen. Adam (herbeieilend).

Adam.

Iſt es denn wirklich wahr! der junge Herr iſt wieder da? Bei meiner armen Seele, da ſteht er, und noch dazu in einer prächtigen Uniform! Wie iſt es Ihnen denn immer ergangen, junger Herr?

Fritz.

Was könnte mir jetzt noch fehlen, da ich die Verzeihung meiner lieben Aeltern habe?

Adam (mit einem Blicke auf Fr. Einig).

Wirklich?

Fr. Einig.

Und da Alles froh ſein ſoll, verkündige ich Dir, Freund Adam, daß Suschen im Hauſe bleibt, und Deine Frau werden ſoll.

Adam (ungläubig).

Hör' ich aber auch recht?

Fr. Einig (zu Einig).

Iſt's nicht ſo, lieber Schatz?

Einig (noch immer verwirrt).

Freilich, freilich. Ich verzeihe Dir, Adam.

Fr. Einig (indem ſie Carolinen den Shawl giebt).

Dich, liebe Schwiegertochter, bitte ich, dieſen Shawl als Geſchenk von meinem Manne anzunehmen; ich hätte zwar Urſache, eiferſüchtig zu werden, da er ihn mir, trotz meiner Bitte, verweigerte, allein von dieſem Fehler bin ich frei.

(Caroline küßt dankbar Einig's Hand, der verlegen abwehrt.)

Adam (verdutzt).

Unbegreiflich!

Fr. Einig.

Und nun, Kinder, laßt uns Leopoldinen ſuchen, ſie ſoll auch ihr Glück erfahren, und ihrem Vater danken, der ſo eben ſeine Einwilligung zu ihrer Verbindung mit Werder gegeben hat. Auch ich will dieſer Heirath nicht länger im Wege ſein.

Einig (während er durch ſeine Frau fortgeſchoben wird).

Ja, wir haben unſere Einwilligung gegeben, Leopoldine ſoll den Shawl, das heißt Werder ſoll den Adam, das heißt — Suschen — mich Leopoldinen — — ich bin ganz confus —!

Fritz (im Abgehen).

Victoria! Das iſt ein froher Tag!

(Alle ab, außer Adam).

Zwölfte Scene.

Adam (allein).

Suschen bleibt, ich heirathe ſie, es wird keine neue Kammerfrau aufgenommen, Fräulein Leopoldine bekommt Herrn Werder zum Manne, Junker Fritz iſt mit offenen Armen im Hauſe aufgenommen worden, und die gnädige Frau hat nicht einmal den Shawl behalten dürfen. Und das Alles hat lediglich der gnädige Herr durchgeſetzt — — Er iſt doch der Herr im Hauſe!

Der Vorhang fällt.

Salomon Frank.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes nicht talentloſen lyriſchen Dichters iſt weiter nichts bekannt, als daß er am 6. März 1659 zu Weimar geboren ward, ſpäter das Amt eines Oberconſiſtorial-Secretairs daſelbſt bekleidete und am 11. Juni 1725 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Geiſt- und weltliche Poeſien. Jena, 1711.

Mehrere Gedichte dieſer Sammlung zeichnen ſich durch Innigkeit, Wärme und eine ziemlich correcte Behandlung nicht unvortheilhaft aus.

Sebaſtian Frank

ward im Jahre 1500 zu Donauwörth in Schwaben geboren und ſcheint, denn Näheres iſt nicht über ſeine Jugend bekannt, ein ziemlich regelloſes Leben abwechſelnd in Nürnberg, Straßburg, Ulm, Baſel und anderen Städten geführt zu haben. Ein ſchwärmeriſcher Wiedertäufer, ſuchte er durch Rede und Schriften ſeine Lehren zu verbreiten und mußte deshalb vielfache Verfolgungen und Bedrückungen ausſtehn; namentlich wurde er genöthigt, um ſeiner Anſichten willen Nürnberg und Ulm, wo er längere Zeit verweilte, zu verlaſſen. In erſterem Orte lebte er von 1528 bis 1531, trat hier zuerſt als Schriftſteller auf, und vermählte ſich mit Ottilie Behaim. Dann begab er ſich nach Straßburg wo er ſeine Chronik drucken ließ. 1533 ging er nach Ulm, erwarb ſich hier das Bürgerrecht und errichtete eine Druckerei, verlor aber Alles wieder, wahrſcheinlich in Folge der Herausgabe ſeiner Paradoxa, gegen welche auch Luther und Melanchthon ſehr entſchieden auftraten und mußte 1539 die Stadt wieder verlaſſen. Im folgenden Jahre wurden ſeine Meinungen förmlich von den zu Schmalkalden verſammelten Theologen verworfen und vor denſelben gewarnt. Es iſt unbekannt, wohin er von Ulm aus ging; allem Vermuthen nach iſt er zu Baſel, in welcher Stadt er gemeinſchaftlich mit Nicolaus Brylinger eine Art von Buchhandel trieb, und einer Druckerei vorſtand, um 1545 geſtorben.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Diallage d. i. Vereynigung der ſtrittigen Sprüch in der Schrifft u. ſ. w. (Ueberſetzung der Diallage des A. Althammer von Brenz ins Deutſche). O. O. 1528. 8.

Klagbrieffe oder Supplication der armen dürfftigen in England u. ſ. w. O. O. (Nürnberg) 1529. 4.

Cronica, Abcontterfeyung und entwerffung der Türkey, u. ſ. w. Nürnberg, 1530. 4. Augsburg, 1530. 4.

Chronica, Zeytbuch und Geſchychtbibel von anbegyn bis auf das jar 1531. Straßburg, 1531. Ulm, 1536. O. O. 1551. Drei Theile in Folio (der letzte nicht von ihm). Fernere Ausgaben, Ulm, 1536, 1543. Augsburg, 1536. Ulm, 1551. Ulm, 1555.

Eyn künſtlich höfliche Declamation u. ſ. w. von Philipp Beroaldo, verteutſcht von Sebaſtian Frank. Nürnberg, 1531. 4.

Von dem greuwelichen Laſter der Trunkenheit. O. O. u. J. 4. (Jedoch unter der Dedication an Wolf von Vehberg, Amtmann zu Colmburg, gezeichnet, Zu Büſtenfelden [Guſtenfelden bei Nürnberg] 1533. Ferner Straßburg, 1539. Marten, 1621. Leipzig, 1691 und mit verändertem Titel, Kempten, 1610. 8. Frankfurt, 1691. 12.

Paradoxa oder zweyhundert und achtzig Wunderreden aus heiliger Schrifft. Ulm, 1533. 4. Ulm, 1535. 1559. Riga, 1690.

Das theur und künſtlich büchlin Moriae Encomium u. ſ. w. Ulm, o. J. (um 1536). Mit verändertem Titel 1686. 12. Frankfurt, 1619. 4. u. ö.

Chronica des ganzen Teutſchen lands u. ſ. w. Augsburg, 1538. Fol. Bern, 1539. Fol., ferner 1539, 1545, 1598. Merkwürdig weil ſich hierin u. A. ein Schlüſſel zum Theuerdank findet.

Sprichwörter, Schöne Weiſe Herrliche Klugreden und Hoffſprüch. Frankfurt a. M. 1541. 4. Zürich, o. J. (1545). Frankfurt a. M. 1645. u. ö.

Das Got das ainig ain und höchſtes gut u. ſ. w. O. O. 1543. 4.

Siben weiſen in Grecia berumpt. u. ſ. w. O. O. u. J. 4.

Sebaſtian Frank iſt einer der erſten Hiſtoriker in Deutſchland, welche ihre Aufgabe mit Geiſt und Scharfſinn zu behandeln verſtanden. Ein Streben nach tüchtigem Pragmatismus, Fleiß, Freimüthigkeit und ein kräftiger und anmuthiger Styl gereichen dieſem talentvollen Manne zu nicht geringem Lobe, indem ſie beurkunden, welchem hohen Ziele er in ſeinen Bemühungen nachſtrebte. Namentlich iſt ſeine Chronik des ganzen teutſchen Landes ein verdienſtliches Werk, und für den Geſchichts- wie für den Sprachforſcher von nicht geringem Intereſſe. In ſeinen theologiſchen und polemiſchen Schriften läßt er ſich zu ſehr von ſeinen eigenthümlichen Neigungen hauptſächlich zum Myſticismus hinreißen, dagegen iſt aber ſeine Sammlung deutſcher Sprüchwörter eine originelle, vortreffliche Arbeit, die ihren Verfaſſer als einen denkenden, launigen und witzigen Kopf, der der damals noch ſehr unbeholfenen Sprache im höchſten Grade Meiſter iſt, treffend charakteriſirt. Sein didactiſcher Styl und die Weiſe, wie er ihn hier zu verwenden und zu behandeln weiß, können in mancher Hinſicht noch jetzt als Muſter gelten, denn lakoniſche Kürze, ſchlagender Witz und klares Raiſonnement, anmuthig mit einander verbunden, wie ſie ſich hier finden, werden nie ihre Wirkung verfehlen. —

Aus kindern werden alte leut*).

Salomon ſagt: Thorheyt iſt angebunden an das hertz eines kinds ꝛc. vnd die rut ſol ſie weg treiben, das iſt, Ein kind von im ſelbs iſt vnartig vnnd vntüchtig zum guten, mann ſol aber nit darumb an jhm verzagen, ſonder fleißig anhalten mit leren, vermanen, vnd ſittlicher ſtraff, ſo wirt die thorheyt weichen, vnd auß einem närriſchen kind ein weiſer man werden. In diſem wort iſt eygentlich abgemalet, wie Gott regiert auff erden, vnd das rätlin alſo treibt, daß ſich niemandt darein ſchicken kan, vnnd diß kunſtſtuck laßt er auch ſeine liebe freund vnnd kinder nit wiſſen. Die Ertzvätter vnd Propheten ſeind auch hierinn angelauffen. Abraham meynte, aus Iſmahel ſolt etwas werden, da muſt es Iſaac ſein. Denn Iſmael wirt in allen ſtucken den Iſaac mit witz vnd geberden weit übertroffen haben. Iſaac verachtet Jacob, vnnd helt auff Eſau, vnd werd nit, daß auß kindern, als Jacob war, der aichenprodel, der mutter ſon, auch weiſe leut werden. Der Prophet Samuel ſol einen König ſalben auß Iſai ſönen, der verachtet David, als ein kindt, vnnd das kind muß doch der weiſe könig werden. Die Heyden haben das auch gemerckt vnnd geſchreiben. Manlius Torquatus hat einen ſon gehabt, der war in der jugent ſo eins groben gehirns vnnd verſtandts, daß jhn der vatter zum bauren macht auff dem dorffe, Aber da er zur witz greiffet, wardt ein ſolcher man daraus, daß er ehr vnnd glück gewan. Der groß Fabius, desgleichen zu ſeiner zeit im alter nit gelebt hat, iſt in der jugent ein ſolcher böſer bube geweſen, daß mann jhn in der Statt ſchwerlich erleiden mögen. Der Scipio, der die groſſe mächtige Statt Carthago zerſtöret hat, iſt ein böſer lecker in der jugent geweſen, vnnd im Alter ein weiſer, ſtreitbarer man worden. Alſo lernen wir nun, wie man beſchreyte kinder nicht ſol hinwerffen, oder ſie verachten, Denn aus kindern werden auch leut.

Milt mit worten.

Wort vnnd werck ſeind zwey ding. Mit dem mund iſt mancher milt, mit leihen, ſchencken, geben, vnd zuſagen, aber mit der that fehlt es weit, Von einem ſolchen ſagt mann: Es iſt ein milter man, er gibt gern, ja mit worten. Vnd ſeind die, die anders reden, dann ſie gedencken zu thun. Alſo ſpricht mann: Gute wort, hünd vnnd ſuppen, ſeind wolferl zubote.

Wenn mann einer ſaw gleich ein güldin ſtück anzüge, legt ſie ſich doch damit in dreck.

Einn vnluſtigen vnflätigen menſchen heiſſen wir ein ſaw, vnnd nit vnbillich, denn Gott hat dem menſchen vernunfft, vnd fünff ſinn gegeben, daß er jr zu ſeines leibs vnderhaltung vnnd reynigkeyt brauchen ſol. Zu dem ſo iſt ehrlich, reynglich auff erden wandeln. Wenn aber jemand ſo ſewiſch vnd vnluſtig iſt, daß er nit luſt hat jm ſelbs guts zuthun, der iſt ein ſaw, vnnd legt ſich ins kat, wie der ſew art iſt. Wenn die ſaw auff das hüpſchſt gewaſchen, weiß vnd rein iſt, ſo iſt das jhr beſter luſt, daß ſie ſich ins kat legt, da es am tieffſten iſt. Sanct Peter deutet diß wort von denen, die durch das verdienſt Jeſu Chriſti ſeind gereyniget vnnd gewaſchen worden, vnd vergeſſen deſſelbigen, vnnd keren wider zu jhrem vorigen wandel, vnnd legen ſich wider ins kat, dauon ſie nemlich ſeind rein worden.

Der hat ein ſcharpff geſicht, er ſihet durch einn metſchger, daß nichts darinnen bleibt.

Vnder allen thieren auff erden ſihet keins ſchärpffer, dann der Adler, auch inn die klarheyt der Sonnen, daran er auch die prob hat, welches ſeine natürliche jungen ſeien, oder nit, Dann als bald die jungen auß der ſchalen krochen ſeind, vnd kennen eſſen, ſo nimpt er ſie, vnd helt ſie gegen die Sonnen, welches nun die Sonn nit in ſeinn augen leiden kann, das wirfft er hin, die andern behalt er. Die Römer ſchreiben von einem, hat Lynceus geheiſſen, der iſt zu Sicilien geweſen im mittel Meer, das die halbe welt ſcheydt, vnd hat geſehen die ſchiff, die zu Carthago ſind ankommen, in Aphrica oder Libya. Wir brauchen das ſehens auch zum boten, als inn diſem wort, nemlich vonn den ſtrauchdieben, die durch einn metſchger hinedurch ſehen, daß nicht darinnen bleibt, das iſt, die darauff gerichtet ſind, daß ſie den leuten das jr nemen auff der ſtraſſen. Alſo ſagt mann: Er hat ein ſcharpffes geſicht ꝛc. das iſt, Er iſt ein rauber, ein dieb, Schnapphan.

Träwm ſeind lügen.

Die Naturkündiger, als Ariſtoteles vnd andere, machen inn des menſchen haupt fünff kammern, die artzt machen jr drei. Die erſte kammer iſt vornen in der ſtirn, des Sensus communis, das iſt einer ſolchen krafft, die einnimpt alles was die fünff ſinn zu jr bringen. Das aug ſihet etwas, das or höret, die zung ſchmeckt, die naſe reucht, die haut fület. Diſe krafft ſcheidt die ſinn vom weſen, vnd empfahet ſie, alſo daß ſie wers, was die ſinn geſehen, gehört, gerochen, griffen vnd geſchmeckt haben, als were es noch vorhanden, daher es kompt, daß ſie ſagen: Species lapidis est in anima, non lapis, Der ſtein iſt nit inn meiner ſele, den ich geſehen habe, ſondern ſein geſtalt. Die ander kamer zur ſeiten, Imaginatiua, alſo daß man ein ding weiter nach denckt. Die dritt kamer iſt Phantasia, wann man die gedancken von etwas gegen einander helt, vnd klaubet herauß welches das beſt iſt. Die vierdt kamer iſt des verſtands vnd der vernunfft kamer mit dem willen. Die wirt geſchloſſen, was zuthun vnd zu laſſen iſt, anzunemen vnd außzuſchlagen. Die fünfft kamer iſt der Memorien, hinden im haupt, der gedächtniß kamer, alſo daß wir der ding die wir geſehen haben, begriffen vnd gelernet, dauon wir auch mit gedancken geratſchlagt vnd geſchloſſen haben, was zuthun vnd zulaſſen ſei, nit vergeſſen künden. Die artzt nemen die erſten drei für eins, vnd heiſſen es Sensum communem, oder Imaginationem, vnd ſetzen ſy in den erſten ventriculum des gehirns. Die vernunfft ſetzen ſie in den andern ventriculum, das gedächtniß inn den dritten, vnnd ich halt, es ſei beſſer dann das erſte. Wann nun gleich des menſchen leib ruwet vnnd ſchlafft, ſo ruwet doch die ſeel vnd gedancken nit. Dann die ſeel hat perpetuam agitationem, ein ewigs ſchaffen vnd wircken, oder leben. Darumb weil die geſtalt der ding in Sensu communi ſeind, ſo dunckt den menſchen er ſehe, er habe, er greiffe, er höre, vnd gehe mit dem ding vmb, daran er des tags vil vnd offt gedacht, vnd daruon geredt hat, das iſt dann ein traum.

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*) Aus: Frank's Sprichwörter, ꝛc.

Moyſes ſchreibt, daß Gott ſagt: Er wölle den Juden auff dreierley weiſe zu wiſſen thun, was ſein will ſei, durch mündtlichs reden, durch geſicht, vnd durch träum. Die müſſen je die träum nit nichts ſein. Mit Moyſe redet Gott mündtlich durch einn Engel, da er den Juden das geſätz gabe. Mit Abraham auch, da Gott wolt Sodomam vnnd Gomorrham mit dem feur vertilgen, vnd mit andern mer. Mit Joſeph vnnd Daniel redet Gott durch träume, wie das buch Geneſis, Exodus, vnd Daniel meldet. Mit geſichten hat er geredt mit Eſaia, Ezechiel, vnnd vil andern Propheten.

Die Heyden bei den Griechen vnd Römern, habens auch auß gewiſſer erfarung, das träum vnderweilen die warheit mit ſich bringen. Ein weib in Sicilien, Himera träumet, wie ſie im himel wer, vnd ſehe einn groſſen ſtarcken mann, bleich, geelgeſtalt, vnnd mit vil ſproſſen vndern augen, feſt mit ketten gebunden, dem Jupiter zun füſſen ligen. Vnnd da ſie den jüngling, der ſie gen himel gefürt het, fraget, wer der were? ward jr geantwortet: Diſer ſolt zum verderben Sicilien vnd Italien, loß gelaſſen werden, des andern tags macht ſie den traum offenbar. Nun war der Dionyſius, der hernach jr herr ward, vnbekannt, vnd niemand wüſte von jm zu ſagen. Do er aber König in Sicilien ward, vnd name das land ein, gieng diſe fraw, vnnd wolte den newen König ſehen einziehen, den ſie nit kante. Vnd da ſie den Dionyſium ſihet, ſchreiet ſie überlaut: O wee, o wee, Das iſt der, den ich im traum geſehen habe, nun wirt vns kein glück angehn.

Es hat einem auff ein zeit geträumet, Er ſolt gen Regenſpurg gehn auff die brucken, da ſolt er reich werden, Er iſt auch hingangen, vnnd da er einn tag oder vierzehen allda gangen hat, iſt ein reicher kauffmann zu jhm kommen, der ſich gewundert hat, was er alle tag auff der brucken mache, vnd jn gefragt, was er da ſuche? Diſer antwort, Es hab jhm geträumet, er ſoll gen Regenſpurg auff die brucken gehn, da werde er reich werden. Ach ſagt der kauffmann, Was ſagſtu von träumen, träum ſeind lügen, Es hat mir wol geträumet, daß vnder jhenem groſſen baum (vnd zeigt jm den baum) ein groſſer keſſel mit gelt begraben ſei, aber ich acht ſein nit, dann träum ſeind lügen. Diſer gräbt vnderm baum ein, findt einn groſſen ſchatz, wirt reich, vnnd ſein traum wirt beſtetigt.

Der ſchlaff vnnd die träum geben zuuerſtehen, welche auß den vier humoribus die überhand habe. Träumet einem von freuden, ſingen, ſpringen, vnd andern freudenſpilen, ſo iſts vom geblüt. Träumet jemandt von ſchlagen, würgen, vnd kriegen, ſo iſts Cholera. Träumet jemant von todten, vnd andern ſchrecklichen dingen, ſo iſts Melancholia. Schlafft auch jemand ſo hart, daß er ſchwerlich erwachen kann, ſo iſt es Phlegma, darumb ſeind träum etwas. Aber zukünfftige ding darauß zu erlernen, das iſt allein ein Gottsgabe, wie droben geſagt iſt, der ſich niemand leichtlich vnderſtehn ſoll, er hab ſie dann.

Vnd mit dem erwacht ich.

Wenn da träumet wie er gelt finde, oder etwas dergleichen, der iſt frölich, aber als bald er erwachet, ſo findt er nichts. Wann er aber den traum nachſagen will, ſo ſpricht er: Mich daucht wie ich hette, ⁊c. vnd mit dem erwacht ich. Wir brauchen diß wort, wann wir jemant höflich lugen ſtraffen, als: Es ſaget einer ein hiſtorien oder geſchicht, von wilden ſeltzamen dingen, vnd dieweil vns duncket, es ſei ein gedicht, laſſen wir jn reden biß ans ende, darnach ſagen wir: Vnd mit dem erwacht ich, als ſprechen wir: Es hat dir geträumet, es iſt ein lugen: Es iſt ein ſag, daß in einer ſtatt ein junger gſell mit ſeim geſellen auff den marckt gangen, iſt eins weibs anſichtig worden, von der er geſagt zu ſeinen gſellen, doch alſo, daß es die fraw hören ſolt: Wann mich die fraw wolte ein wenig lieb haben, ich wolt jhr die zererung ſchencken, die mir jtz mein vatter geſchickt hat, Die fraw war auch ein leichte habe, wendet ſich vmb vnd ſpricht: Es ſeind zwo grüne ſeulen, vnd ein roter ſtern, kömeſtu darfür, wer weiß was dir widerfüre. Der gſell geht heim, gedenckt, was das ſein mög. Inn dem er alſo geht, findet er ein hauß das wz ſternen, hübſch gemalt, der eingang war grün angeſtrichen, vnnd die thür rot, Er hat acht wer in dem hauß wonete, findet endtlich, dz die fraw in dem hauß wonet, die ſelbe wort zu jm hette lauten laſſen, wirt von jr eingelaſſen. Nun war der frawen man ein kauffmann, der groß gewerb hette inn andern landen, alſo auch, daß er mußte, wann jn ſein zeit traff, in frembde land reiſen, vnd wz eben dißmal nit anheymiſch. Diß weret faſt ein weil, Da aber die fraw mercket, jr hauſwirt würde ſchier kommen, verſchickt ſie den gſelln in frembde land, Er name gelt vnd ſeinn abſcheid von jhr, der meynung, er wolte das Welſchland beſehen. Vnd in dem er Rhom vnd Lombardien beſichtigt het, kompt er gen Venedig inns Teutſch hauß, da fande er vnder andern auch einn erbarn kauffman, der frawen man, daruon wir zuuor gſagt haben, er kennt jn aber nit. Des abends laden den jungen geſellen die andern kauffleut, fragen jhn, wo er herkomm, vnnd wo er hin wölle? Er antwort, Er komme von Rom, vnd gedenck wider in Teutſchland, dann er habe ſchier nimmer zerung. Nach eſſens da mann auffgehaben hat, ſpricht der frawen man, Wir haben nun geſſen vnnd wolgelebt, Auff daß wir aber auch ein ergetzlichkeit haben, vnnd vns die zeit nit lang werde, ſo wollen wirs laſſen vmbgehn, daß ein jeder ſage, wie es jhm ſein lebenlang auff der bulſchafft gangen ſei. Dann diſer geſell, der bei mir ſitzt, ſihet mich an, als wiß er auch etwas drumb. Sie ſagten alle, Es kompt an diſen gſellen auch, er wehret ſich lang, zu letſt ſagt er doch was er wüßte, vnnd erzelet jnen am tiſch, wie es jhm an dem ort ergangen ſei mit den zweyen grünen ſeulen, vnnd roten ſternen, ⁊c. Dem kauffmann felt nichts guts zu, ſonderlich da er die zeit rechnet, findet er, daß es eben in ſeinem abweſen geſchehen ſei, zudem ſo iſt ſein hauß alſo geferbet, mit zeichen, die er auß des jungen geſellen red gemerckt hette, von dem gebrauch vnd worten der frawen, er ließ ſich aber nicht mercken: Des andern tags fragt er den geſellen, ob er ſich nit gedencke zu eim kauffman zubrauchen zulaſſen. Vnd da er antwort, er ſei es willens, nimpt jhn der kauffmann zum diener an, allein der vrſach halben, daß er wolt die warheit erfaren mit ſeinem weib. Sie ziehen mit einander von Venedig auß, kommen für die ſtatt, dauon der jung gſell gſagt hett, es wer jhm wol da gangen, Der kauffman zeucht mit ſeinem knecht ein, eben zu den zweyen grünen ſeuln vnd dem roten ſtern, Die fraw entpfahet den man, ſagt, wie hoch ſie ſeiner zukunfft erfrewet ſei, vnd fragt wies jm ergangen ſei auff der ſchweren fährlichen reiſe, ⁊c. mit erzelung, wie ſie ſich dieweil geſehnet vnd betrübt, hab groſſe ſorg vmb jn getragen, er ſoll ſein gute freund laden zu abend, ſie wiß fürwar, ſie werden alle ſeiner zukunfft von hertzen erfrewet ſein. Der knecht zeucht dem herren die ſtifeln ab, macht ſich kurtzlich, vnd nimmt ſich keins dings an. Da nu die freund kommen zum abentmal, muß der knecht, wiewol er ſich wehret, auch mit zutiſch ſitzen. Nach eſſens ſagt der kauffmann den geſten, wie er alſo einn feinen knecht überkommen, vnnd von Venedig mit herauß gebracht habe, ſie werden von jhm hören, das ſie jr lebenlang nie nicht gehört haben, Vnd ſag an, ſpricht er, das du mir vnd meinen geſellen zu Venedig ſagteſt, wie es dir auff der bulſchafft gangen ſei. Er hebt an vnnd ſagts alles, allein zuletſt denckt er dran: Vnd eben in dem erwacht ich. Iſts ein traum geweſen, ſagt der kauffmann, Nun hab ich auff guten glauben gemeint, es ſei dir alſo ergangen, vnd eben mein weib geweſen, Wolan da haſt ein zitterzerung, ich bin einer groſſen ſorg loß. Alſo brauchen wir nun diſes worts zum ſchertz, wann wir ſagen: Es ſei nichts geweſen dann ein traum vnnd loſer gedancke, von vns vnd von andern. Wir brauchens auch für frölich werden, Als wann mann vns was ſaget, das wir gern hören, ſo wir zuuor betrübt geweſen. Do ich das hört, da erwacht ich, dz iſt, Das geblüt ward mir friſcher, vnnd ich ward frölicher. Dann wer vom ſchlaff erwachet, der iſt eben als ſtünd er von den todten auff.

Darnach wards tag.

Diß iſt den vorigen zweyen gleich, als wann jemand ſagt ein mere, vnd wir glaubens nit, ſonder haltens für ein lugen, ſo ſagen wir: Ja, ja, darnach wards tag. Dann wann der ſchlaff auffhört, ſo hörn die träum auch auff, das iſt, mit dem tag, wann er anbricht.

Wer jhm ſelbs nichts guts thut, wie ſolt ers einem andern thun?

Natur leret, daß ein jeder jm ſelbs das beſt günnet vnd thut, Darumb wann wir ſo faule loſe leut ſehen, die jn ſelbs kein guts thun, ſonder ſtincken von faulheit vnd vnluſt, von denen müſſen wir ſchlieſſen, dz ſie nit werdt ſeind, daß manns menſchen nennen ſoll, dieweil ſie weder jnen ſelbs, noch andern leuten nütz ſeind, darzu doch der menſch geſchaffen iſt. Heſiodus ſagt: Es ſeind dreierley leut auff erden. Die erſten, ob ſie wol nit hohen verſtand haben, vnnd von ſich ſelbs nichts guts finden künnen, ſo folgen ſie doch denen die es beſſer wiſſen, vnd laſſen ſich weiſen. Die andern ſeind von jnen ſelbs verſtendig, vnd leren gern die vnuerſtändigen. Die dritten ſind die aller ärgeſten, welche für ſich nichts künnen, vnd wöllen jn auch von andern nicht ſagen laſſen. Die Griechen ſagen: Wer in ſeinem hauß vergant, des erbarmet ſich auch Gott nit. Dann Gott hat den menſchen geſchaffen zur arbeit, wie einn vogel zum fliegen. Wer nun nit arbeiten wil, vnd ſein leib gantz behalten, der handelt wider ſein vrſprung, wie kan ſich dann Gott ſeiner erbarmen? Qui sibi ipsi nequam, cui alii bonus?

Mann gedenckt ſeiner, wie des Pilatus im Credo.

Wann mann den Catechiſmum leeret die jungen kinder, ſo ſagt man jn im glauben: Ich glaub an Jeſum Chriſt, ꝛc. der da gelitten hat vnder Pontio Pilato, gecreutziget, geſtorben, vnd begraben, ꝛc. Des Pilati wirt hie gedacht, aber in keinem guten, dann mann ſagt: Er hab Jeſum Chriſtum zum todt des Creutzes geurtheilt, vnd ſei ſchuldig am ſterben des Sons Gottes. Des Heroſtrati gedenckt mann auch, aber eben wie Pilatus im Credo, das iſt, daß er hat übel gethon.

Es iſt beſſer das kind weyne, dann der vatter.

Salomon ſagt: Wer ſein kind lieb hat, der ſparet die ruten nit. Item, Thorheyt iſt an des kinds hertz gebunden, aber die rut nimpt die thorheyt hin. Darumb wanns kind ſeinn willen wil haben, ſo ſtrafft es der weiſe vatter, obs ſchon darumb weynet, ſo iſts beſſer, das kind weyne in der jugent dann der vatter im alter. Die kinder wöllen meſſer haben, wöllen auff ſtülen, bäncken, vnd tiſchen ſein, gibt manns jnen nit, vnd laßt ſie nit thun jren willen, ſo weynen ſie. Der weiſe vatter ſpricht aber: Wann das kind ein meſſer hat, ſo möcht es jm ſelbs leydt thun, es möcht auch villeicht vom tiſch, vom banck, vom ſtul, hals vnnd bein entzwey fallen, ſo würde ich dann weynen, derhalben iſts beſſer, ich komme zuvor, vnnd laß das kind weynen, Es weynet mir lieber dann ich.

Wer dienet, der dient.

Ein knecht vnnd diener ſol vnnd muß ſich halten nach ſeins herrn befelch vnnd gebott, vnnd nit wie er wil, muß offt thun, das er nit gern thut, muß auch offt laſſen das er gern thette. Ein diener iſt ſein ſelbs nit mächtig, ſonder muß thun was ſein herr wil. Sanct Paul leret die knecht, daß ſie jren herrn nit allein vnder augen trewlich dienen ſollen, ſonder allenthalben. Dann was ſie jren herren thun, dz thun ſie Gott, der wirt trewen dienſt belohnen.

Schlump mein öhem

Schlumps iſt on fürgedancken, on kunſt, vnd vnuerſehens, nemlich, wann einem etwas on geferd glückt, vnd die andern vergünnen jhm des glücks nit, ſo ſagen ſie: Es iſt nit ſeiner kunſt ſchuld, daß es geratten iſt, Schlump mein öhem, das iſt, das glück hat jn troffen. Die böſen ärtzt, wann jnen ein mal etwas geratt, ſo meynen ſie, es ſoll jn allweg gerathen. Darumb wöllen ſie mit einem pflaſter vnd ſalben alle kranckheiten heilen, Gert es nun für ſich, ſo iſts freylich nit kunſt, ſonder lauter ſchlump vnd glück.

Keiner verlaſſe ſich auff den andern.

Man ſagt, daß auff ein zeit zwen geſellen mit einander gewandert haben, vnd da ein Beer an ſie iſt kommen, iſt der ein eilends auff einn baum geſtigen, vnd ſeinn geſellen allein gelaſſen. Da aber diſer kein hülff gewüßt hat, iſt er auff die erde nider gefallen auffs angeſicht. Der Beer iſt vmb jn hergangen, vnd dieweil der ligende ſeinn athem lieſſe, meynet der Beer, er were todt, vnd gieng alſo daruon, Dann der Beer, wie man ſagt, thut keinem todten menſchen nicht. Da der Beer weg was, ſteigt der wider vom baum, vnd fragt ſeinn geſellen, was doch der Beer zu jm geſagt hett, da er jm alſo vmb die oren vnnd vmb den kopff gangen were. Der ander antwort: Er ſagt zu mir, du wereſt einn ſchalck, ich ſolt mich vor dir hüten, vnnd mich nimmer mehr auff einn andern verlaſſen. Auch die wörter: Wer einn ſtein nit allein erheben kan, der ſol jhn auch ſelbander ligen laſſen. Item, Selbs iſt der man.

Je lieber kindt, je gröſſer rut.

Salomon ſagt: Du ſolt nit ablaſſen einen jüngling zu züchtigen. Wann du jn ſchon mit einer ruten ſchlegſt ſo ſtirbt er darumb nit, vnd wann du jn ſchlagen wirſt mit einer ruten, ſo wirſtu ſein ſeel auß der hellen reiſſen. Es wirt hiemit den eltern gebotten, mit was beſcheidenheit ſie jr kinder auffziehen ſollen, nemlich, wie Sanct Paul ſagt. Im herren. Vnnd ſie ſollen die kinder nit verbittern, das iſt, daß ſie die kinder alſo auffziehen, daß ſie ſich förchten lernen, nit vor den eltern allein, ſonder vil mehr vor Gott, den eltern gehorſam ſein vmb Gots willen, nit ſchlecht vmb der eltern willen. Zu dem daß die ſtraff alſo gehe, daß es vatter vnd mutter rut ſei, nit ein mutwill oder greuwliche tyranney. Je lieber kind je gröſſer rut. Ein rut iſt je nit ein ſchwerdt, ſtang, keul, oder ſchneidend waffen. Der hindern des menſchen iſt verſehen mit vil fleiſch, auff das dem menſchen kein ſonderlich leyd widerfare, vnd mag die zucht leiden. Die kinderzucht, ſo auff den herren ſoll gericht ſein, ſoll dermaſſen gethon ſein, daß die eltern wiſſen, daß ſie nit die ſeind, denen mann ſoll gehorſamen, ſonder Gott ſei es, der es von den kindern fordert, vnnd was die Eltern mit jnnen ſtraffen, vnd ſie heiſſen, das ſchaff vnd heiſſe Gott. Wo man die kinder in diſem bericht auffziehen wirt, alſo, daß die eltern ſagen: Lieben kinder, wann jr thut was wir euch von Gottes wegen heiſſen, ſo ſeind jr gefreiet vor ſchlägen vnd der ruten. Wo aber nit, ſo künnen wirs vor Gott nit verantworten, wir müſſen die boßheit an euch ſtraffen, Vnnd eben wie wirs zeitlich an ewerm leib ſtraffen, alſo wirts Gott ewiglich an ewerm leib vnd an ſeel ſtraffen mit dem helliſchen feur. So wirt Gott ſein gnad vnd ſegen darzu geben, vnnd die kinder werden lernen erkennen, daß man nit ſie, ſonder jre übelthat ſtraffe. Man findet aber vnderweilen manchen ſtörrigen vatter, der ſucht nur daß man jn förchte, vnd wann etwas von den kindern, wie dann die jugent nit alles kan recht machen, verwirckt wirt, ſo wüten vnd toben ſie, ſchlagen die kinder mit vngeſchickligkeit, vnnd machen daß die kinder, ich weiß wohin lieber giengen, ja lieber durch ein feur, dann zu jrem vatter, Sie machen aber endtlich, dz die kinder ſich nimmer ſchemen, werden verrucht, vnd wagen darüber wz ſie künnen, auff dz ſie von ſolchem ernſt jrer vätter loß werden. Die Heyden haben das exempel geſchriben, wie ſolche kinderzucht nichts guts anrichte, ſonder vil ärger mache. Das iſts das S. Paul verbeut: Ihr vätter reytzet ewere kinder nit zu zorn, ſonder ziehet ſie auff in der zucht vnd vermanung am herren. Man ſol die kinder alſo auffziehen, dz ſie mutig vnd kün werden, Das kan man aber mit tyranney vnd ernſt nit außrichten, ſonder mit güte vnderweilen auch mit einer zucht, ſonſt wo allein der ernſt fürgenommen wirt, da werden eitel verzagte leut auß, den es jr lebenlang ſchaden thut. Plato verbeut, Man ſoll die jungen kinder nit ſchrecken, auff dz ſie nit blöd vnd verzagt werden.

Eygner will brennt in der hell.

Der kinder eygnen willen, das iſt, mutwillen, ſoll nit allein die welt zeitlich ſtraffen, mit ſchwertern vnnd galgen, ſonder Gott wil jn auch ewiglich ſtraffen mit dem helliſchen feur. Derhalben warnet Salomon die eltern, dz ſie den kindern jren willen je nit wöllen laſſen, ſonder mit der ruten ſtraffen. Dann wo ſie es thun, ſo werden ſie den kindern jre ſeelen auß der hell reiſſen, Als ſprach er: Wo es nit geſchicht, ſo müſſen die kinder mit jrem eygnen willen in der hellen brennen.

Wer ſich mit worten nit ziehen laßt, an dem helffen auch kein ſchläge.

Es iſt ein frag allweg geweſen über dem: Ob mann die jugent auch mit ſchlagen vnd zornigem gemüt ſtraffen ſol. Etliche, als Chryſippus, ſagen: Mann ſol die kinder nit ſchlagen, ſonder allein mit worten ziehen, vnnd es ſei wider ehr vnd erbarkeit, ein kind zu ſchlagen. Es ſei auch ein zeichen der rechten tugent, wann ſich ein kind nach der ehren ſehnet, wann jm gefellt, daß manns lobt, vnd ſchemet ſich, wann manns ſchilt. Sonſt wo es der ſchlag gewonet, ſo wirts je lenger je hartnäckiger vnd ſtörriger, gleich wie die vnuernünfftigen thier, die niemand zämen kan. Wo ein vernunfft vnd adeliche ſeel iſt, da iſt auch ſcham vnd ehr, darumb wo etwas inn iſt, da gehts auch herauß, wie mann ſagt: Wo ehr inn iſt, da geht auch ehr auß, Wo vnehr innen iſt, da geht auch vnehr auß. Vnd es iſt ein böſer brunn, da mann waſſer eintragen muß, der nit ſelbs quellet, vnd vngezwungen waſſer gibt. Sintemal aber ein adeliche ſeel ſich ſchemet, ſo kan mann jr mit worten rathen, wo nit, ſo iſts alles verloren.

Ein jeglich ding wil ſein zeit haben.

Droben iſt vil gſagt von der zeit vnd jrem brauch in den worten: Mann ſoll der zeit jr recht thun. Zeit hat ehr, Zeit bringt roſen ꝛc. Die Griechen ſagen: Annus producit, non ager. Die zeit bringt alles getreid, nicht der acker. Es iſt ein alter reim, der beſtetigt diß wort, der heyßt alſo: Sehe korn Egidij. Habern, gerſten, Benedicti.

See flachs Urbani. Wicken rüben Kiliani.

See hanff Vrbani. Viti kraut. Erbis Gregori. Linſen Jacobique Philippi. Grab Rüben Vincula Petri. Schneid kraut Simonis et Jude. Trag foerder Sixti. Fahe wachteln Bartholomei. Kleyb Ruben Calixti. Herß warm Natalis Chriſti. Iß lambsbraten Blaſij. Gut hering Oculi mei. Heb an Martini, trinck wein per circulum anni.

Liß den gantzen Prediger Salomonis.

Ein jeder tag hat ſein eygen übel.

Gott hat vor dem menſchen geſchaffen alle creaturen, auff daß der menſch vor augen ſehe, wie Gott für jn ſorge, vnd ſchaff jm allen vorrath. Auff daß nun der menſch ſtets vrſach habe zu ſchaffen vnd arbeyten, dazu er dann geſchaffen iſt, ſo laßt Got ein zeit der andern folgen, vnd ein jede zeit bringt mit ſich jr übel, das iſt, jr arbeit. Im Lentzen vnd Herbſt ſäwet vnd eeget mann. Im Sommer ſchneidet mann ein das gewachſen iſt, vnd fürets in die ſcheuren. Im Winter hat mann gnug zuſchaffen, daß mans verzer vnd auffeſſe. Chriſten laſſens alles Gott walten. Sie arbeyten nit darumb daß die arbeyt gerathen ſol, ſonder ſie arbeiten dieweil es Got gebotten hat, es glück oder gerath wie es wölle. Kompts glück, ſo iſts gut, kompts nicht, ſo iſt es aber gut. Sie arbeyten vnnd laſſen Gott ſorgen. Diß iſt aber ein höherer grad des glaubens, alle tag gewarten, wann vnſer Herr Gott komme, darzu wenig leut kommen. Darumb iſts kein wunder, ob wenig Chriſten ſeind, dann alle welt hangt noch ann creaturen. Sie ſolte ſein creaturloß, ſorgloß, weltloß, ſo iſts creaturvoll, ſorgvoll, weltvoll, vnd trawet nit weiter dann ſie ſihet. Weil du Got den leib nit vertrawen kanſt, das geringeſte, wie wilt du jhm dann die ſeel vertrawen, das gröſte: An diſem ſtuck ligt aber der hauptpuncten des Chriſtlichen weſens, Gott die ſeel zu vertrawen.

Der Pſalmiſt ſagt: Es hilfft nicht frü auffſtehen, oder ſpat nider gehen, Gott gibts denen ers gönnt im ſchlaff. Wer nun ſorgt, vnnd legt jm ſelbs vil auff, der hat zween ſchaden, zwey übel. Eins das der tag bringt, das ander, das er erwelet hat. Zu dem, ſo wirt es doch nicht gehen wie er meynet, ſonder wie Gott wil.

Gut ding wil weil haben.

Droben iſt geſagt: Es iſt beſſer zwey mal gemeſſen, dann einmal das beſte vergeſſen. Item, was bald wirt, vergeht auch bald, Das beweiſen alle creaturn. Das ror wechßt in einem halben jar faſt hoch, vnd iſt nicht deſter ſtärcker. Fliegen, mucken, laub, graß, roſen, blumen, werden bald, vergehn auch bald. Ein Eych wechßt langſam, vnd weret lang. Ein Elephant wirt getragen zehen jar (Ariſtoteles ſagt zwey jar) ehe es geboren wirt, vnd lebt doch biß in zwey, dreihundert jar. Der Löw wenn er geboren wirdt, hat kein geſtalt nach einem thier, vnd iſt ſo klein wie ein Wiſel oder Mauß. Vor zweyen Monaten regt er ſich nit, in einem halben jar kan er nit gehn, vnnd wirt doch ein könig der thier, an ſtärcke vnd mut. Des Beern jungen ſeind auch wie meuſe, ſehr weiß, blind, vnnd on haar. Der Menſch aller ding herr, wie ſchwach iſt der: was koſtet es mühe, ehe er erzogen wirt, vnd mehr denn kein thier, auff das es war ſei, Gut ding wil weil haben. Wir brauchen diſes worts zum ſpott, als wenn ein meyſter etwas zurichtet, vnd verzeucht lang damit, villeicht aus vergeſſenheyt oder faulkeyt, vnnd köndt es wol eh fertigen, ſo ſagen wir denen, die vns fragen, wie es komm, daß es nit fort gehe? Ey lieber, Gut ding wil weil haben. Ein narr iſt darumb ein narr, daß er redet in eil vnbeſunnen, was jhm einfelt. Ein weiſer helt an ſich, nimpt jhm der weil, vnnd redet mit vernunfft, vnderſcheydet zeit, ſtunde, orten, vnd ſtatt.

Gelt iſt ein gute wahr, ſie gilt Winter vnd Sommer.

Es iſt manche wahr, die gilt nur im winter, als rawchwerck vnnd beltzwerck, im Sommer achtet mann ſein nit groß. Aber gelt gilt an allen orten, zu allen zeiten, vnnd alle wahr wirt vmb gelt verkaufft vnd gekaufft.

Ein zaun weret drei jar.

Es haben die Alten verglichet das lang weren vnd leben viler thier, vnd anderer ding.

3 Ein zaun weret drei jar.
9 Ein hund überweret drei zeun.
27 Ein pferd drei hund.
81 Ein menſch drei pferd.

Ter binos deciesque nouem superexit in annos, Iusta senescentum quos implet uita uirorum. Sagt Virgilius, Eines menſchen rechtes alter ſei xcvj. jar. Die geſchrifft ſagt von lxx. jaren, darnach iſt mühe vnnd arbeyt. Sagt das Wort: Zehen jar ein kind, Zwentzig jar ein jüngling, Dreiſſig jar ein man, Viertzig jar ſtillſtan, Fünfftzig jar wolgethan, Sechtzig geht dichs alter an. Sibentzig jar ein greiß, Achtzig jar nimmer weiſe, Neuntzig jar der kinder ſpot, Hundert jar, Gnad dir Gott.

Mann liſt, daß der groß Alexander hab einn hirſch gefangen, der hab am halß einn gültin ring gehabt, darein die jarzal Olympiaden geſchriben war, vnd befand ſich, dz jm der ring vor vilhundert jaren ann hals ghenckt war worden.

In allen fünff ſinnen übertreffen den menſchen etliche Thier.

In dem daß der menſch reden kan, iſt er abgeſondert, vnd etwas geadelt vor den andern thiern, Wie einer ſagt: Rusticus est bestia loquens, ſonſt haben die binen verſtand, Elephant gedechtnus, vnd vil guter tugent. Ein lämmlin iſt gedultig, wie manns auch mit jm macht. Ein wildſchwein höret leiſer denn ein menſch. Ein ſpinn iſt im fülen vnd greiffen über den menſchen. Ein geier im riechen, denn die geier, wie die Naturkündiger ſagen, können ein aß riechen, ſo weit als ſie in zweyen tagen fliehen können. Deßgleichen iſt auch ein hund über den menſchen mit riechen. Ein Lux ſihet ſchärpffer denn ein menſch. Ein Aff ſchmecket baß dann ein menſch.

August Herrmann Franke

ward am 23. März 1163 in Lübeck geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung in Gotha, wo ſein Vater als Juſtizrath lebte und ſtudirte dann Theologie in Erfurt, Kiel und Leipzig. Nachdem er an letzter Univerſität 1681 Magiſter geworden, hielt er daſelbſt practiſche Vorleſungen über die Bibel, welche ihm großen Beifall erwarben, aber auch viele Anfeindungen zuzogen, ſo daß der berühmte Thomaſius ihn in einer eigen Schrift beſonders vertheidigte. Er ward darauf Prediger in Erfurt und gewann hier durch ſeine vortrefflichen Kanzelvorträge ſo viele Freunde, ſelbſt unter den nicht lutheriſchen Einwohnern, daß ſich der Neid auf das heftigſte gegen ihn regte und er plötzlich binnen vier und zwanzig Stunden die Stadt auf immer zu verlaſſen genöthigt wurde. Von Erfurt begab er ſich an die neu errichtete Univerſität Halle, wo er Anfangs Profeſſor der orientaliſchen Sprachen, ſpäter der Theologie und Prediger der Vorſtadt Glaucha wurde. Im Jahre 1698 legte er daſelbſt den Grundſtein zu ſeinen berühmten wohlthätigen Stiftungen, die ſeinen Namen, als eines der verdienteſten und uneigennützigſten Menſchenfreunde, der ſpäteſten Nachwelt zuführen werden. Er ſtarb, ein wahrhaft frommer Mann, von Tauſenden geſegnet am 8. Juni 1727.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Von der Erziehung der Kinder zur Gottſeligkeit. Hamburg 1688. 8.

Glauchiſches Geſangbüchlein. Halle 1693. 12.
Anweiſung zu beten. Halle 1694. 12.
Bußpredigten. Halle 1699 — 1705. 2 Thle.
Zeugniß von dem Werk, Worte und Dienſte Gottes. Halle 1702. 4.
Chriſtus, der Kern der heiligen Schrift. Halle 1702. 12.
Sonn- Feſt- und Apoſteltagspredigten. Halle 1703. 4.
Verantwortung gegen Herrn Dr. Mayer's Beſchuldigungen. Halle 1707. 12.
Segensvolle Fußtapfen des noch lebenden u.ſ.w. Gottes u. ſ. w. Halle 1709.
Oeffentliche Reden über die Paſſionshiſtorie aus dem Marcus. Halle 1714. 8.
Oeffentliche Reden über die Paſſionshiſtorie aus dem Johannes. Halle 1716. 8.
Gedächtniß- und Leichenpredigten. Halle 1722. 4.
Sonn- und Feſttagspredigten. Halle 1724. 4.
Lectiones paraeneticae. Halle 1726—27. 2 Thle. 8.
Predigten über die Sonn- und Feſttagsepiſteln. Halle 1725. 4.
Predigten und Tractätlein. Halle 1729. 4 Bdchn. 12.

Dieſer treffliche, wahrhaft gläubige, aber äußerſt ſtrenge Mann iſt vielfach verkannt und mit Unrecht als der Gründer eines unſeligen, lange und ſelbſt noch jetzt in Deutſchland wuchernden Pietismus betrachtet worden. Frömmigkeit, reine kindliche Frömmigkeit war ihm das Höchſte, dem der Menſch nachzuſtreben hat, und in dieſem Sinne wirkte er unermüdlich, ein begeiſterter, glaubensſtarker Held. — Seine Werke reden mehr für ihn als ſeine Schriften, obwohl er auch in dieſen eben ſo kräftig und innig den wahren Sinn für das Chriſtenthum practiſch wie theoretiſch zu beleben ſuchte. — Daß ſeine Anhänger, oder vielmehr verſchrobene Köpfe, die fälſchlich ſeine Anhänger genannt wurden, zu weit gingen und anſtatt kräftiger Wirkſamkeit, wie er ſie ausgeübt, betbrüderiſche Kopfhängerei lehrten und verbreiteten, darf ihm nicht zur Laſt gelegt werden. Wer — bemerkt Franz Horn (Poeſie und Beredtſamkeit der Deutſchen. Th. II. S. 243.) ſehr richtig — wer wie er bei dem Auffinden von vier Thalern und ſechszehn Groſchen in der Büchſe für arme Kinder mit freudiger Ueberraſchung ausrufen kann: „Das iſt ein ehrlich Kapital, davon muß man etwas Rechtes ſtiften, ich will eine Armenſchule damit anlegen," der muß wohl einen ſehr freudigen Muth haben; wer aber dann am Schluſſe ſeines Lebens in äußerlicher Beziehung folgendes Reſultat hinterläßt: das Pädagogium beſtand aus 152 Perſonen; in der Schule wurden 2125 Kinder von 130 Lehrern und 8 Lehrerinnen unterrichtet; im Waiſenhauſe wurden 134 Waiſenkinder, 255 Studenten und einige Hundert arme Schüler geſpeiſt; bei der Haushaltung, Meierei, Krankenpflege, Buchhandlung, Buchdruckerei und Apotheke wurden 53 und bei den Anſtalten für das weibliche Geſchlecht 29 Perſonen unterhalten — dem werden wir wohl auch eine ſehr freudige Beharrlichkeit nicht abſprechen dürfen. —

Franke's Character ſpricht ſich rein und vollkommen in ſeinen Schriften aus, und läßt ſich nicht von denſelben trennen; ſie tragen daher ihren vollen Werth in ſich und dürfen nur mit der größten Liebe und Verehrung beurtheilt werden. —

Vgl. die oben angeführte Schrift. „Segensvolle Fußtapfen des noch lebenden Gottes." Ferner Niemeyer, A. H. Franken's Stiftungen, Halle 1792 und A. H. Franke, eine Säcularſchrift von H. Guerike, Halle 1827. — Franken's Bildniß findet ſich in Dreihaupts ausführlicher Beſchreibung des Saalkreiſes, Th. 2. Halle 1751, und in W. Hennings deutſchem Ehrentempel.

Die Austreibung der Furcht durch die völlige Liebe.*)

Gnade ſey mit euch, und Friede von Gott dem Vater, der uns ſeinen Sohn gegeben hat zur Verſöhnung für unſere Sünde, und von Jeſu Chriſto, der uns geliebet hat, und gewaſchen von den Sünden mit ſeinem Blut, und von dem heiligen Geiſt, welcher geſandt iſt, Jeſum Chriſtum zu verklären durchs Evangelium, demſelbigen Dreyeinigen Gott ſey Ehre und Gewalt von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit, Amen.

Schmecket und ſehet, wie freundlich der Herr iſt, wohl dem, der auf ihn trauet. Geliebte in dem Herrn Jeſu, es ſind dieſes Worte Davids Pſ. 34. 9. welche er ausſprach, als der Herr ihn nicht nur aus einer groſſen Noth und Gefahr errettet, ſondern auch von aller ſeiner Furcht befreyet hatte. Denn in dem vorhergehenden finden wir, wie er die Güte Gottes, ſo er dießfalls an ſeiner eigenen Perſon erfahren, ſo hoch rühmet und preiſet, und ſich ſelbſt hierin allen Elenden und Nothleidenden zu einem Exempel vorſtellet, an welchem ſich die Liebe, Güte und Leutſeligkeit Gottes gar reichlich erwieſen habe. Darum er denn auch alle Elende zuſammen rief, daß ſie mit ihm den Herrn preiſen und ſeinen Namen erheben ſolten. v. 4. da ich den Herrn ſuchte, ſprach er zu ihnen v. 5., antwortete er mir, und errettete mich aus aller meiner Furcht. Bald bezeugete er, daß, wie er den Herrn erfahren habe, alſo ihn auch alle andere, die ſich in ihrer Noth mit gläubigem Gebet zu ihm wendeten, gleich gütig und liebreich, erfahren würden. Darum ſagte er v. 6.: Welche ihn anſehen und anlaufen, derer Angeſicht wird nicht zu ſchanden. Und da wieſe er ſie wieder auf ſein Exempel und bezeugete, welchergeſtalt er in ſeinem Theil Gott erfahren habe, wenn er ſagt v. 7: Da dieſer Elende rief, (dadurch er ſich ſelbſt verſtehet) hörete der Herr, und half ihm aus allen ſeinen Nöthen. Und ſo verſichert er v. 8.: daß ihn andere auch ſo erfahren würden. Der Engel des Herrn lagert ſich um die her, ſo ihn fürchten, und hilft ihnen aus. Er wünſchet denn nun, daß doch alle andere dieſe ſelige Erfahrung der Freundlichkeit und Leutſeligkeit Gottes auch ſo, wie er, erlangen möchten. Darum ſetzet er hinzu in dem vorangezogenen 9. Verſ.: Schmecket und ſehet, wie freundlich der Herr iſt: als wolte er ſagen: das, was Gott in ſeinem Worte von ſeiner Liebe bezeuget, und an meinem Exempel in der That bewieſen hat, das ſuche doch ein jeder an ſeiner eigenen Perſon innen zu werden, ſo wird er mit mir ein lebendiger Zeuge der unausſprechlichen Liebe, Güte und Freundlichkeit des Herrn werden. Um aber zu dieſer Erfahrung zu gelangen, giebt er einen einigen Weg an die Hand, nemlich ein rechtes aufrichtiges, kindliches Vertrauen auf dieſe in dem Wort Gottes ſo hochgeprieſene Liebe und Gütigkeit des Herrn. Wohl dem, ſpricht er, der auf ihn trauet, ein ſolcher, will er ſagen, der ſchmeckets, der ſiehets und der erlanget eine lebendige Erfahrung davon, wie freundlich der Herr iſt.

Geliebte in dem Herrn Jeſu, in der Epiſtoliſchen Lection an dem heutigen erſten Sonntag nach Trinitatis in der 1. Joh. IV. haben wir, an ſtatt des Königes und Propheten Davids, Johannem den Apoſtel und Evangeliſten, der im neuen Teſtament, gleichwie jener in dem alten, ein lebendiger Zeuge war von der Freundlichkeit und Leutſeligkeit des Herrn. Ja wir mögen ſagen, daß, wie die Klarheit des neuen Teſtaments die Klarheit des alten weit übertrift, alſo auch hier viel klärer von der Freundlichkeit unſers Gottes gezeuget werde, als ſolches dort insgemein und beſonders im angeführten 34. Pſ. geſchehen iſt. Denn es wird uns hier die allervornehmſte und herrlichſte Liebe Gottes ausdrücklich und Sonnenklar bezeuget, daß er ſeinen einigen allerliebſten Sohn für uns dahingegeben, damit er uns nicht nur aus leiblicher Noth errettete, und von der Furcht für Menſchen befreyete; ſondern, welches viel wichtiger iſt, vom Zorn Gottes, vom Fluch des Geſetzes, vom Urtheil des Todes und der ewigen Verdammniß erlöſete, und unſere Hertzen von aller knechtiſchen Furcht frey machte, hingegen mit einem kindlichen freyen und zuverſichtlichen Geiſt begabet.; wie denn auch Petrus in ſeiner 1. Ep. 2. v. 3 die Worte des 34. Pſ. recht neu Teſtamentiſch ausleget und auf die Gläubigen appliciret, wenn er zu ihnen ſaget: ſo ihr anders geſchmecket habet, daß der Herr freundlich iſt; als wolte er ſagen, wie wäre es möglich, daß man das groſſe und theure Werk der Erlöſung, das uns im Evangelio verkündiget wird, vernommen, erwogen, betrachtet und von Hertzen geglaubet hatte, und daß man nicht zugleich auch die Liebe und Freundlichkeit des Herrn zur Erquickung und Freude ſeines Hertzens gar kräftig geſchmecket haden ſolte? inmaſſen ſich ja dieſelbe in keiner Sache ſo herrlich als eben in dieſem Wercke erwieſen hat.

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*) Aus August Herrmann Franke's Predigten und Tractätlein. Halle 1729. Bd. 1.

Wenn wir aber, geliebte in dem Herrn, insgeſamt wol überzeuget ſind, daß wir alle von Natur untüchtig ſeyn, dieſe allerhöchſte Liebe Gottes dermaſſen in unſere Hertzen zu faſſen, daß dadurch die knechtiſche Furcht ausgetrieben und eine kindliche, fried- und freuden-volle Zuverſicht zu ihm in daſſelbe eingepflantzet werde; ach ſo laſſet uns doch mit einander Gott ſelbſt demüthiglich anflehen, daß er uns anjetzo zur Vorſtellung und Betrachtung ſeiner groſſen Güte, Liebe und Freundlichkeit ſeinen Geiſt und Kraft verleihen und darreichen wolle, damit auch wir dieſelbe ſchmecken und ſehen, und dadurch von aller Furcht erlöſet und befreyet, hingegen in ein völliges Vertrauen und recht kindliche Zuverſicht auf den Herrn geſetzet werden mögen. Wir rufen ihn hierum an in einem gläubigen Vater Unſer.

Text.

1. Joh. IV. v. 16. 21.

Gott iſt die Liebe, und wer in der Liebe bleibet, der bleibet in Gott, und Gott in ihm. Daran iſt die Liebe völlig bey uns, auf daß wir eine Freudigkeit haben am Tage des Gerichts. Denn gleichwie er iſt, ſo ſind auch wir in dieſer Welt. Furcht iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus, denn die Furcht hat Pein, wer ſich aber fürchtet, der iſt nicht völlig in der Liebe. Laſſet uns ihn lieben, denn er hat uns erſt geliebet. So jemand ſpricht: ich liebe Gott, und haſſet ſeinen Bruder, der iſt ein Lügner, denn wer ſeinen Bruder nicht liebet, den er ſiehet, wie kan er Gott lieben, den er nicht ſiehet? und dis Gebot haben wir von ihm, daß, wer Gott liebet, daß der auch ſeinen Bruder liebe.

Wer iſt, der gut Leben begehret? und gerne gute Tage hätte? Dis iſt, geliebteſte Zuhörer, die ſonderbare Frage Davids in dem ſchon zuvor angeführten 34. Pſ. v. 13; aber ach wie wenig ſind wol derer, die dieſe Frage recht verſtehen und wiſſen, was David hier für gut Leben und für gute Tage meynet? als die gewiß nicht nach dem Fleiſch, ſondern nach dem Geiſt zu verſtehen ſind. Wenn aber derer wenig ſind, die dis recht verſtehen, ſo ſind derer gewiß noch viel weniger, die auf die rechte Art und Weiſe darnach ſtreben, und ſich in die Göttliche Ordnung ſo ſchicken, daß ſie nach dem Sinn Davids oder vielmehr des Heiligen Geiſtes, und auf eine Gott-gefällige Weiſe, gut Leben und gute Tage in der That erlangen mögen.

An dieſem heutigen Sonntage iſt im Evangeliſchen Text das Exempel des reichen Mannes vorgeſtellet worden. Dieſer begehrete nicht allein gut Leben und gute Tage, ſondern es hatte auch das Anſehen, als ob er ſeines Wunſches und Begehrens reichlich und in groſſem Maaß theilhaftig worden. Hingegen iſt auch eines armen Lazari gedacht, der nichts weniger als gut Leben und gute Tage zu haben ſchiene. Wenn wir aber die Sache nicht nach dem äuſſerlichen Anſehen, ſondern nach der Wahrheit und nach dem Ausgange betrachten, ſo war Lazarus der Mann, der gut Leben und gute Tage hatte. Wie denn das? Er war ja arm, und voller Schweren, ja ſo dürftig, daß er auch die Broſamen begehrte, die von des Reichen, vor deſſen Thüre er lag, Tiſche fielen. Es iſt wahr. Aber bey allem ſolchem äuſſerlichen Elende hatte er den Frieden Gottes in ſeinem Hertzen, und eine lebendige Hofnung des ewigen Lebens. Der reiche Mann aber hatte gewiß keine gute Tage und kein gut Leben. Wie aber das? Er kleidete ſich ja mit Purpur und köſtlichem Leinwand, und lebete alle Tage herrlich und in Freuden. Es iſt wahr; aber bey aller ſeiner äuſſerlichen und zeitlichen Glückſeeligkeit hatte er keinen Frieden in ſeinem Hertzen, und keine Ruhe in ſeiner Seelen; ſondern er war ein recht elender und unſeliger Menſch, ein Sclave ſeiner ſündlichen und böſen Begierden, folglich hatte er ein böſes Gewiſſen, und war in dem Stande, darin er Tod und ewige Verdammniß zu fürchten Urſache hatte, ob er gleich ſo ſicher lebete, als ob er mit dem Tode einen Bund und mit der Hölle ein Verſtändniß gemachet hatte.

Es wird uns aber nun, Geliebte in dem Herrn, in dem letzt verleſenen Apoſtoliſchen Text der rechte Weg gezeiget, wie wir zum recht guten Leben und zu recht guten Tagen kommen ſollen. Denn wir werden darin gelehret, daß die völlige Liebe ſo gar auch die Furcht aus unſerm Hertzen austreibet, und uns in die ſelige und Gnadenvolle Gemeinſchaft mit Gott verſetzet, mithin uns des Friedens Gottes, welcher alle Vernunft übertrift, und der Freudigkeit am Tage des Gerichts theilhaftig machet. Da dieſes nun die Haupt-Sache iſt, die in unſerem Epiſtoliſchen Text getrieben wird, ſo wollen wir dabey bleiben, und mit einander erwägen

Die Austreibung der Furcht durch die völlige Liebe.

Dabey wir werden zu ſehen haben

I. Unſern elenden Zuſtand unter der Furcht,

II. Unſern ſeligen Zuſtand, darin uns die völlige Liebe durch Austreibung der Furcht verſetzet,

III. Unſere Bewahrung, aus dieſem ſeligen Zuſtande nicht wieder zu entfallen.

Herr Jeſu, gib reiche Gnade und Kraft zur Verkündigung, Anhörung und Bewahrung des göttlichen Worts, auf daß wir dadurch wohl erbauet werden, und deſſen ſelige Frucht mit uns vor deinen Thron und in die Ewigkeit bringen mögen. Amen.

Abhandlung.

Erſter Theil.

Was denn nun, Geliebte in dem Herrn, 1. betrift, unſern elenden Zuſtand, in welchem wir uns unter der Furcht befinden; ſo wollen wir hiebey nur auf die Haupt Puncte ſehen, die uns hievon in unſerm Text an die Hand gegeben werden.

Und da iſt es ja anfänglich unſelig genug, ſich für dem Tage des Gerichts allezeit fürchten müſſen. Denn wenn in unſerm Text in dem 17. Verſicul es heiſſet: Daran iſt die Liebe völlig bey uns, auf daß wir eine Freudigkeit haben am Tage des Gerichts, ſo kann ein jeder leicht den Gegenſatz verſtehen, welcher dieſer iſt, daß ohne die völlige Liebe man keine Freudigkeit habe am Tage des Gerichts, ſondern daß man vielmehr ſchon zum voraus, und ehe der Tag des Gerichts kommt, mit Furcht und Angſt für demſelben umfangen ſeye. Denn das hat kein Menſch von Natur, daß er, wie Johannes ſaget, eine Freudigkeit am Tage und auf den Tag des Gerichts habe. Wir wiſſen, daß wir alle vor dem Richter-Stul Chriſti offenbar werden müſſen, auf daß ein jeglicher empfahe, nachdem er gehandelt hat bey Leibes Leben, es ſey gut oder böſe. 2. Corinth. 5, 10., zum Röm. 14. v. 10. Wenn ſich nun an unſerer Seiten nichts befindet, welches wir alsdann, wenn uns dieſe gewiſſe Erwartung des Gerichts durch die Chriſtliche Lehre bekant worden iſt, der Furcht und dem Schrecken, ſo wie für dieſem Tag des Gerichts aus der Empfindung unſers ſündhaften und des Todes würdigen Zuſtandes haben, entgegen ſetzen mögen, ſo kan ja da kein anderer als recht unſeliger Zuſtand ſeyn.

Denn es iſt dieſes ferner gar unſelig, ſo man in ſeinem Gemüthe Pein haben muß. Und dieſe Unſeligkeit hat der Apoſtel dadurch beſonders ausdrucken wollen, daß er im 18. Vers ſo viel von der Furcht ſpricht, und ausdrücklich lehret, daß ſie mit Pein verknüpfet ſey. Furcht, ſpricht er, iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus, denn die Furcht hat Pein, wer ſich aber fürchtet, der iſt nicht völlig in der Liebe: da ſehen wir, daß er alles, was er von unſerm unſeligen Zuſtand, darinnen wir von Natur ſind, hat ſagen wollen, in das Wort Furcht, gleichſam concentriret und eingeſchloſſen, abſonderlich aber derſelben eine Peinlichkeit zugeſchrieben habe. Und gewiß, wenn wir den Zuſtand des Menſchen betrachten, ehe denn er durch den Glauben an Chriſtum vom Tode zum Leben hindurch gedrungen, Johan. 5, v. 24. ſo iſt es dieſer, daß er durch Furcht des Todes im gantzen Leben ein Knecht ſeyn zum Ebr. 2. v. 15 und in ſolcher Furcht gleichſam gefangen gehalten werden und eine Pein im Gemüthe ausſtehen muß. Denn er weiß, daß den Menſchen einmal geſetzet iſt zu ſterben, darnach aber das Gericht, zum Ebr. 9. v. 27. Wenn nun das Gewiſſen durch Vorſtellung des Geſetzes Gottes und der erb- und wircklichen Sünde, ſo wider das Geſetz iſt, in dem Menſchen aufgewecket worden, wenn er ſiehet und erkennet, wie er müſſe einmal ſterben, und darnach habe er nichts gewiſſers als das ſchreckliche Gerichte Gottes ſeiner Sünden wegen zu erwarten; ſo iſt ja ſolche Furcht für dem unausbleiblichen Gerichte Gottes eine Pein dem Gemüthe, und gleich einer beſtändigen Hölle, ſo er in ſeinem Hertzen und Gewiſſen fühlet und mit ſich herum träget. Es mag die Welt dieſe Furcht diſſimuliren, wie ſie will, und es mag ſich einer, der zu Gott noch nicht rechtſchaffen bekehret und ohne wahren lebendigen Glauben an Chriſtum iſt, vor andern Leuten ſo beherzt anſtellen, als er immer kann, ſo mag ſich doch keiner vor ſeinem eigenen Gewiſſen verbergen, ſondern wird, wenn ers aufrichtig herausſagen und den Grund ſeines Hertzens bekennen will, nicht läugnen können, daß er ſich knechtiſcher weiſe für dem Tode fürchte, und noch mehr für dem Tage des Gerichts, da er das letzte Urtheil zu erwarten hat. Es ſuchen zwar viele dieſe Furcht für dem Tode durch angenehme Geſellſchaft und allerley angeſtellete Luſtbarkeiten zu vertreiben, aber vergebens; denn ſo bald einer nur wieder allein iſt, muß er wider ſeinen Willen gar bald inne werden, daß der nagende Wurm nicht getödtet, und die Furcht, ſo er zuvor gefühlet, nicht aus dem Hertzen hinausgeſchaffet und vertrieben iſt. Sein Leben wird ihm ſelbſt öfters beſchwerlich, und iſt unzufrieden, daß er ſo gar keine rechte Ruhe und wahren Frieden in einem

Herzen hat. Wil er denn von Unruhe des Gewiſſens getrieben und auf anderer Anmahnung ſich im Gebete zu Gott nahen, ſo merckt er bald, daß er ihn anders nicht als einen zornigen und gerechten Richter anſehen könne, und daß da keine Freudigkeit vorhanden ſey zu ihm alſo zu treten, als ein Kind zu ſeinem lieben Vater. Ja wenn auch gleich einer wäre, der dormientem conscientiam, der ein eingeſchläfertes Gewiſſen hätte, und viele Jahre nach einander ſo dahin gienge, daß er nicht ein einiges mal für dem Tode und für dem Gerichte Gottes erſchräcke, ſo dürfte doch Gott nur in einem Augenblick ſein bishero ſchlafendes Gewiſſen rühren, und ihn einen Blick in ſeinen ſündlichen Zuſtand und ins zukünftige Gerichte thun laſſen, ſo würde er da gar bald ſehen und erfahren, wie er ſich in einem weit elendern Zuſtand befinde, als er bis dahin geglaubet und als ſichs hätte einbilden können. Dis ſiehet man, ſo oft Gott die Menſchen auch in dieſem Leben mit ſeinen Gerichten heimſuchet. Da wacht bey manchem das Gewiſſen auf, und iſt nirgends eine wahre Freudigkeit zu Gott bey denen, die ſonſt ſo ſicher leben. Sonderlich aber ſiehet man dieſes zum öftern bey Sterbenden. Da bekennet mancher, daß es gar eine andere Sache ſey, wenn man nun ſelbſt aus der Zeit in die Ewigkeit gehen ſoll, als wenn man vorher daran gedacht und davon predigen gehöret. Da ſiehets mancher, wie er mit demjenigen noch gar ſo unbekant ſey, vor deſſen Richter-Stul er doch jezt dargeſtellet werden ſoll. Da wird manchem noch erſt offenbar, wie er ſich ſelbſt mit ſeinem Wahn-Glauben ſo ſchändlich betrogen und hinter das Licht geführet habe. Denn nun ſiehet er, daß er fort muß, und daß ſeine Seele aus der Zeit in die Ewigkeit treten ſoll, und er weiß doch wohl, daß er nicht dazu bereitet iſt. Da fühlet er denn in ſolcher Todes-Furcht helliſche Pein, und wird recht inne, was das heiſſet: Furcht hat Pein, wie hier der Apoſtel ſpricht. Denn, wie geſagt, dieſe Pein iſt dem Menſchen in ſeinem Leben nicht allezeit offenbar. Es übertäubet mancher das böſe Gewiſſen durch den unſeligen Genuß der weltlichen Lüſte, vergiſſet ſeiner ſelbſt; hat nicht acht auf ſein eigen Herz, und wenn die Gedancken ſich gleich unter einander ſelbſt verklagen wollen, ſo richtet er doch das Gemüth gleich auf etwas anders; und auch unter den zeitlichen Geſchäften verbirget und verſtecket ſich die knechtiſche Furcht, ob ſie gleich noch bey ihm herrſchet, bis ſie zu ſeiner Zeit hervorbricht, und ihm die Ungnade und den Zorn Gottes ſamt der Trübſal und Angſt, ſo er der Sünden wegen auf ſich geladen, zu erkennen giebet. Solte denn das nicht groſſe Unſeligkeit ſeyn, daß man ſich für dem Tage des Gerichts immer fürchten, ſtets in ſolcher heimlichen Furcht ſchweben, und durch ſolche Furcht, Pein und Angſt wegen des böſen Gewiſſens leiden muß.

Ja gewiß es mag ein Menſch ſo viel Güter haben als er will, und er mag im irdiſchen gleich noch ſo weiſe und verſtändig ſeyn; iſt da die Sache nicht richtig, iſt ſein Herz nicht durchs Wort der Gnaden in der Kraft des Heiligen Geiſtes aus dieſem elenden Zuſtande errettet, und hat es nicht in der Ordnung einer wahren und rechtſchaffenen Bekehrung durch den Glauben an Chriſtum Frieden mit Gott gefunden, ſo kan da nichts anders ſeyn als ein unſeliger Zuſtand, darum, daß der Menſch keine lebendige Hofnung des ewigen Lebens in ſeinem Herzen hat, als welche allein mächtig iſt, ſein Herz aus ſolcher Furcht, Angſt Plage, Pein und heimlicher Hölle zu erretten.

Ich erinnere nur noch dieſes, daß in dem jezo beſchriebenen elenden Zuſtande unter der Herrſchaft der knechtiſchen und peinlichen Furcht ſich ein jeglicher befindet, der nicht durch die Gnade Gottes in den Stand der Wiedergeburt eingetreten iſt, ſondern in ſeiner alten ſündlichen Geburt, in welcher ſich alle Menſchen von Natur befinden, liegen geblieben. Zwar möchten ſich hievon viele ausnehmen und vorwenden wollen, daß ſie ja in ihrer Kindheit durch die Heilige Tauffe, als das Bad der Wiedergeburt, in den Stand der Gnaden geſezet worden: ſolche haben zu bedencken, daß ſie ſich der empfangenen Gnade tröſten mögen, ſo ſie in derſelben blieben ſind; wofern ſie aber ihren Tauf-Bund nicht bewahret, ſondern durch die Lockungen zur Sünde ſich überwinden laſſen und denſelben durch vorſezliche Uebertretungen von ſich geſtoſſen, folglich am Glauben und guten Gewiſſen Schiffbruch erlitten haben, ſo ſind ſie ebenfals in einem ſolchen unſeligen Zuſtande, ob ſie es gleich nicht erkennen.

Anderer Theil.

Laſſet uns aber hierauf II. auch vernehmen, unſern ſeligen Zuſtand, darein uns die völlige Liebe durch Austreibung dieſer Furcht verſezet. Davon handelt nun das meiſte in unſerm Text, als welcher gar nicht fürchterlich oder ſchrecklich, ſondern voller Süßigkeit und voller Evangeliſcher Kraft und Troſtes, und ganz dahin gerichtet iſt, unſere Herzen nicht zu ſchrecken, ſondern aufzurichten, und wenn ſie in Furcht ſind, ſie aus derſelben heraus zu reiſſen, und mit Friede und Freude zu erfüllen.

Auch hievon für dismal nur einige Haupt-Stücke aus unſerm Texte in Betrachtung zu ziehen, ſo iſt ja dis erſtlich ein ſeliger Zuſtand, ſo man erkennet und gläubet die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, ja daß er ſelbſt die Liebe iſt. Denn es hänget unſer Text mit dieſen Worten zuſammen, da es im dem Anfange des 16. Verſiculs heiſſet: Wir haben erkannt und geglaubet die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat; Gott iſt die Liebe. Im vorhergehenden 8. Verſicul ſpricht er ſchon eben davon: wer nicht Lieb hat, der kennet Gott nicht, denn Gott iſt die Liebe, und im 9. Vers. daran iſt erſchienen die Liebe Gottes gegen uns, daß Gott ſeinen eingebohrnen Sohn geſandt hat in die Welt, daß wir durch ihn leben ſollen. Solte diß nicht eine Seligkeit ſeyn, wenn dem Menſchen dieſe Liebe Gottes durchs Evangelium dergeſtalt offenbar gemacht und durch den heiligen Geiſt ihm, ſo kräftig in ſeiner Seelen zu erkennen gegeben iſt, daß er Gott nicht anders als die lautere und weſentliche Liebe erkennet, durch deren himmliſche Flammen er hinwiederum in Liebe gegen Gott entzündet wird. Darinnen ſtehet die Liebe, heiſt es davon weiter im 10. Vers, nicht, daß wir Gott geliebet haben, ſondern daß er uns geliebet hat, und geſandt ſeinen Sohn zur Verſöhnung für unſere Sünde. So ſuchte Johannes dieſe Liebe Gottes, damit er uns erſt geliebet hat, immer mit nachdrücklichern Worten uns anzupreiſen; aber eben dadurch lehret er auch immer kräftiger, wie ſelig wir ſeyn, ſo wir dieſe Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, erkennen und zu Herzen nehmen. Und im 12 Vers ſpricht er: Niemand hat Gott jemals geſehen. So wir uns unter einander lieben, ſo bleibet Gott in uns. Was iſt dis anders, als daß er bezeuget, der Menſch bleibe in einem unſeligen Zuſtande, ſo lange er Gott nicht in ſeiner Liebe, die im Evangelio geoffenbaret wird, erkennet, welche allein dem Menſchen das Herz ändert, daß er hinfort auch ſeinen Nächſten liebet, und daß er in der Gemeinſchaft mit Gott bleibet, dadurch immer ſtärcker wird, und die völlige Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, immer beſſer erkennen lernet. Johannes ſelbſt wuſte mit den übrigen Apoſteln, nachdem der Herr ihnen von ſeinem Geiſte gegeben hatte, von keiner gröſſern Seligkeit als von dieſer zu ſagen. Darum ſpricht er im 14. Vers: Wir haben geſehen und zeugen, daß der Vater den Sohn geſandt hat zum Heiland der Welt; und im 15. Vers: welcher nun bekennet, daß Jeſus Gottes Sohn iſt, in dem bleibet Gott, und er in Gott. Denn es heiſſet auch hievon: So man von Herzen gläubet, ſo wird man gerecht, und ſo man mit dem Munde bekennet, ſo wird man ſelig. zum Röm. 10, 10. Wolten wir auch noch weiter ins vorhergehende unſers Textes zurücke gehen, ſo würden wir befinden, wie Johannes ſich ſonderlich befliſſen uns die Seligkeit vorzuſtellen, die wir darin haben, ſo wir erkant und geglaubet haben die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, und ſo uns Gott durchs Wort des Evangelii als Liebe erſchienen und offenbar worden iſt. Die Seligkeit aber, darein uns die erkante völlige Liebe ſezet, iſt dieſe, daß, wie uns Gott aus Gnaden vom Tode und Verdammniß durch Chriſtum erlöſet, alſo auch die Furcht dafür durch die Erkäntnis ſeiner völligen Liebe ausgetrieben wird.

Aber auch dis iſt zum andern ein ſeliger Zuſtand, daß man bleibet in der Liebe, und in der Vereinigung mit Gott durch die Liebe. Denn davon ſpricht er: und wer in der Liebe bleibet, der bleibet in Gott, und Gott in ihm. Damit wolte er Zeugniß geben von der ſeligen Frucht der erkanten und geglaubten Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat; wenn nemlich der Menſch zur Erkäntnis dieſer Liebe Gottes gegen uns kommen ſey, ſo finde er auch in derſelben Liebe Gottes gegen uns ſeine geiſtliche Nahrung, bleibe und wohne darinnen als in ſeinem Element, und es entſtehe durch ſolche Erkäntniß zwiſchen Gott und dem Menſchen eine ſolche Vereinigung, daß er in Gott bleibe, und Gott in ihm. Von ſolcher ſeligen Gemeinſchaft redet auch unſer Heiland ſelbſt aufs allernachdrücklichſte: Johan. 17. v. 21. 22. 23. auf daß ſie alle eines ſeyn, gleich wie du Vater, in mir, und ich in dir, daß auch ſie in uns eines ſeyn; und weiter: daß ſie eines ſeyn, gleich wie wir eines ſind, Ich in ihnen, und Du in mir, auf daß vollkommen ſeyn in eines, und v. 26. auf daß die Liebe, damit du mich liebeſt, ſey in ihnen, und Ich in ihnen. So ſehen wir dann, daß es dem Geiſte Gottes nicht genug geweſen, uns die Liebe Gottes, die er durch die Sendung ſeines Sohnes uns erzeiget hat, anzupreiſen; ſondern daß er auch darin die göttliche Liebe noch völliger offenbaren wollen, daß wir durch den Sohn, den er uns zum Heiland gegeben hat, in die allerſeligſte Gemeinſchaft mit ihm verſezet werden ſollen. Und wie wolte man auch denjenigen anders als für den allerſeligſten Menſchen achten, der in ſolchem Zuſtande ſtehet, daß er in Gott, und Gott in ihm iſt. Gewiß dieſe Seligkeit iſt der Vernunft zu hoch, ſie kan ſie nicht faſſen: der Glaube, den Gott wirket, thut dis allein, der auch dadurch die ſüſſe und kräftige Erkäntniß ſeiner Liebe immer tiefer ins Herz und in die Seele pflanzet.

Ein ſeliger Zuſtand iſt es zum dritten, ſo man zu ſolcher völligen Erkäntniß der Liebe gelanget, daß man eine Freudigkeit habe am Tage des Gerichts, denn daran, heißt es ferner, iſt die Liebe völlig bey uns, auf daß wir eine Freudigkeit haben am Tage des Gerichts. Seine Liebe, will er ſagen, damit Er uns in Chriſto geliebet hat, erhält darin ihr τέλος, ihr völliges Ende und ihren eigentlichen Zweck, daß er uns nicht allein zuerſt geliebet, und ſeinen Sohn zur Verſöhnung für unſere Sünde gegeben, ſondern auch in Chriſto und durch Chriſtum uns zu ſeinem Tempel und Heiligthum machet, und ganz in ſeine Gemeinſchaft hineinziehet. Es iſt ſeine unausſprechliche Liebe daran nicht erſättigt geweſen, daß er ſeines eingebohrnen Sohnes nicht verſchonet, und ihn für uns alle dahin gegeben hat; Er, der freundliche und leutſelige Gott, wolte uns noch näher kommen, ja er wolte, daß auch wir ihm näher kommen möchten: die Liebe ſuchet die völlige Vereinigung. Gott ſuchet unſer Herz, und lehret uns hinwiederum das Herz Gottes ſuchen. Er will ein Herz mit uns werden, und wir ſollen hinwiederum ein Herz mit Ihm werden. Er machet uns zu ſeinem Tabernacul: durch den Glauben an den Herrn Jeſum erlangen wirs, daß er in unſerm Herzen wohnet und in uns wandelt und unſer Vater iſt, und wir ſeine Söhne und Töchter, 2. Cor. 6, v. 16. und 18. daraus kann denn nichts anders folgen, als daß da alle Furcht verſchwunden ſey, und daß man eine Freudigkeit habe am Tage des Gerichts. Dis hat Johannes mit groſſem Fleiß als eine beſondere Seligkeit ausgedrucket. Denn wie ein groſſes iſt das, daß wir uns nicht fürchten dürfen noch erſchrecken für dem Tage nicht nur eines zeitlichen Gerichts in dieſem Leben, ſondern auch des letzten Gerichts, und daß wir nicht in Sorgen ſtehen dürfen, was uns für eine Sentenz oder Urtheil alsdann treffen werde, ſondern daß wir vielmehr uns auf ſolchen Tag freuen können. O wie eine groſſe Veränderung iſt das, da man zuvor in ſeinem ganzen Leben mit Furcht des Todes eingenommen war, daß man hernach durch die Gnade unſers Herrn Jeſu Chriſti dermaſſen von aller Furcht des Todes und der Verdammniß befreyet worden, und eine kindliche Zuverſicht zu dem himmliſchen Vater durch den Glauben an Herrn Jeſum gefaſſet, daß uns kein Zorn ferner rühren werde. Vorher war man gleich einem verlohrnen und in der Irre gehenden Schaafe, aber nun iſt man bekehret zu dem Hirten und Biſchof ſeiner Seelen. Nun hat man denn auch Freudigkeit zu dieſem ſeinem Hirten. Und wie ſolte dem bis dahero verirrten Schäflein beſſer gerathen werden? es iſt ihm genug, daß es von ſeinem Hirten gefunden iſt, hinfort nimmt ers auf ſeine Achſeln, und trägts mit Freuden in ſeines Vaters Haus. Was ſollen wir ſagen, eben dadurch, daß der Menſch geglaubet und erkant hat die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, wird er in eine ſolche ſelige Gemeinſchaft mit Gott geſetzet, daß er den himmliſchen Vater kennen lernet als ſeinen Abba und lieben Vater, Jeſum Chriſtum als ſeinen Bruder, und den Heiligen Geiſt als ſeinen Tröſter. Eben dadurch wird auch die Seele eine Braut Chriſti; wie könte es ihr denn an der wahren Freudigkeit fehlen? und wie möchte die Braut des Sohnes Gottes, welches eine jede wahre gläubige Seele iſt, in einer knechtiſchen Furcht ſtehen, oder darin lange bleiben, ſo ſie ja davon angefochten würde? wie ſolte es ihr auch an der Freudigkeit gebrechen auf den zukünftigen Tag des Gerichts? Sie weis ja und glaubet, daß der Richter aller Welt ihr Bräutigam iſt, der ihr freundlich entgegen kommet und ſie zu ſich nehmen will. Solte ſie ſich nicht vielmehr freuen auf die Zukunft ihres Bräutigams, ihre Lampe ſchmücken, ihr Gefäß reichlich mit Oel verſehen, ihm entgegen gehen, und mit Verlangen ſeiner warten? Sehet in einen ſolchen ſeligen Stand wird denn der Menſch durch die völlige Liebe geſetzet, wenn nämlich die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, durch den Glauben in ſeinem Herzen kräftig wird, und in ſo weit ihren Zweck bey ihm erreichet. Denn da ſchmecket er die Freundlichkeit des Herrn, und weiß alsdenn aus der Gnade, ſo ihm gegeben iſt, davon zu zeugen; denn er hat nicht empfangen den Geiſt der Welt, ſondern den Geiſt aus Gott, daß er wiſſen kan, wie reichlich er von Gott begnadet iſt, nach dem 2. Cap. der 1. Corinth. vers 12.

Auch dis iſt zum vierten ein Zeugniß von dem ſeligen Zuſtande, darin uns die völlige Liebe ſetzet, daß gleich wie Er iſt, alſo auch wir ſeyn in dieſer Welt; wie es alſo lautet im 17. Verſe in unſerem Text. Denn ſo wir in der Wahrheit und durch die Kraft und Wirkung des Heiligen Geiſtes geglaubet und erkant haben die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, ſo hat uns Gott durch ſolche ſeine Liebe gleichſam das Herz genommen, und durch ſolch Evangelium oder freudenvolle Verkündigung ſeiner Liebe unſer Gemüth dermaſſen zu ſich gezogen, auch uns durch ſolche Ausgieſſung ſeiner Liebe ihm darin ähnlich gemacht, daß ob wir gleich ſeine unermäßliche und unendliche Liebe nicht erreichen, noch ihm alſo vollkomen gleich ſeyn können, ſich dennoch eine Aehnlichkeit ſeines ſüſſen und liebreichen Herzens als eine geſegnete Wirkung ſeiner uns verkündigten Liebe bey uns befindet, daß, gleich wie Er iſt, alſo auch wir ſind in dieſer Welt, als die zu ſeinem Ebenbilde erneuert werden von einer Klarheit und von einer Kraft zur andern. Gleichwie nun diejenigen Menſchen, die eine Gleichheit des Sinnes mit einander haben, eine immer herzlichere Liebe, Vertrauen und Zuverſicht zu einander gewinnen: alſo wächſet auch die Liebe und das Vertrauen zwiſchen Gott und ſeinen Kindern, ſo, daß dieſe ihn als ihren lieben Vater, je beſſer ſie ihn kennen lernen, je herzlicher auch lieben und je kindlicher und zuverſichtlicher ſich ihm anvertrauen. Wir ſehen davon an Chriſto ſelbſt ein vollkommenes Exempel. Denn gleichwie ſein Vater war, nemlich die Liebe, ſo war auch Er in dieſer Welt. Sein Vater hatte die Welt alſo geliebet, daß er ihr ſeinen eingebohrnen Sohn gab; Chriſtus, der Sohn der Liebe, gab ſein Leben für die Welt oder für der ganzen Welt Sünde. 1. Joh. 2. v. 2. darum ſprach er auch, als er um unſert willen vor Gericht gezogen ward: Sol ich den Kelch nicht trincken, den mir mein Vater gegeben hat? Joh. 18, 11. Alſo ſind denn auch ſeine Gläubigen in der Welt; daher ſie es für Gnade erkennen, ſo ihnen gegeben wird, nicht allein an ihn zu glauben, ſondern auch um ſeinet willen zu leiden. Phil. 1. v. 29. auch findet ſich, wenn die äuſerlichen Gerichte Gottes hereinbrechen, ein merklicher Unterſcheid zwiſchen den Kindern dieſer Welt, und zwiſchen denen, die in der Kraft des Glaubens ſtehen. Welche eine Furcht und welch ein Schrecken iſt zu ſolcher Zeit bey denen Gottloſen? hingegen wo das Herz im Glauben an den Herrn Jeſum ſtehet, und die völlige Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, durch den heiligen Geiſt erkant wird, da herrſchet nicht knechtiſche Furcht, ob auch gleich wegen der menſchlichen Schwachheit ſie davon möchten angefochten werden; ſondern da iſt vielmehr Freudigkeit; ja wenn auch ſchon die Welt untergienge, und die Berge mitten ins Meer ſüncken, ſo fürchtet ſich dennoch ein gläubiger nicht (Pſ. 46, 3.); denn er weiß, daß denen, die Gott lieben, alle Dinge zum beſten dienen müſſen, (Röm. 8, 28.) und daß ohne des Vaters Willen kein Haar von ſeinem Haupte fallen könne; denn auch die Haare auf ſeinem Haupte alle gezählet ſind Luc. 12, 7. es weiß ein Kind Gottes wol, daß die böſen und halsſtarrigen Kinder am Tage des Gerichts ihre Strafe kriegen werden; daß aber die, welche mit ihm als ihrem lieben Vater, wol daran ſind, ſolcher Furcht gar nicht nöthig haben, ſondern von ihrem Vater auf den Schooß genommen werden, wenn er die andern wegen ihrer Bosheit ſtäupet und ſtraffet.

Und ſo iſt es auch zum fünften ein recht ſeliger Zuſtand, ſo man den Geiſt der Kindſchaft nunmehro anſtatt des Geiſtes der Knechtſchaft bekömt, mithin von aller auch im Stande der Kindſchaft anklebenden Furcht ie mehr und mehr befreyet wird, in der Liebe aber ie mehr und mehr wächſet und zunimmt. Von dieſem ſeligen Zuſtande aber haben wir die Beſchreibung in unſerm Text im 18. und 19. Vers. Furcht, heißt es da, iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus. Wenn die vollkommene Liebe Gottes, damit er uns in Chriſto geliebet hat, aus dem Evangelio durch die Wirkung des Heiligen Geiſtes recht erkant und geſchmecket wird, ſo exuliret die Furcht oder iſt aus dem Herzen gleichſam heraus gebannet; hingegen lernet man da recht, wie aus der Vorrede des Vater Unſers im Catechiſmo eine Anleitung darzu gegeben iſt, getroſt und mit aller Zuverſicht Gott bitten, wie die lieben Kinder ihren lieben Vater. Wir können deſſen ein Exempel nehmen an einem zarten Kinde, welches die Mutter auf ihren Armen hat. Denn da iſt bey einem ſolchen Kinde kein Merkmaal einer knechtiſchen Furcht zu finden; vielmehr ſiehet man da, wie das zarte Kind ſeine liebe Mutter umhälſet, herzet und küſſet, und wie hingegen das Mutter-Herz durch dieſe unſchuldige Holdſeligkeit ihres lieben Kindes wieder gereizet und beweget wird es deſto lieber zu haben, es wieder zu herzen und zu küſſen, und alſo ihre Freude über die zuverſichtliche Liebe des Kindes wieder zu bezeugen, doch iſt dieſes nur ein Schatte und ein gar unvollkommenes Bild derjenigen Liebe, die zwiſchen Gott und ſeinen gläubigen Kindern iſt, die gehet das ſüſſe Wort: Abba lieber Vater! recht aus dem Herzen des Menſchen zu Gott, und hinwiederum gehet das ſüſſe Wort: Sey getroſt mein Sohn, ſey getroſt meine Tochter recht aus dem Munde und Herzen Gottes und unſers Heylandes zu dem Menſchen, da iſt keine Furcht und kein Kummer; ſondern lauter Troſt und Freudigkeit, wie ein Kind in ſeiner Unſchuld bey ſeiner Mutter lachet und ſpielet, freundlich und ohne Sorgen iſt, und lieget da an ihrer Bruſt in lauter Süßigkeit. Alſo findet ſichs auch mit der Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat; denn wo dieſe durch den Geiſt der Gnaden verkläret wird in unſerem Herzen, da iſt dem Menſchen gar anders zu Muthe als zuvor, da erfähret ers wahr zu ſeyn, was Johannes geſaget hat, die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus; oder, wo die vollkommene Liebe Gottes, damit er uns geliebet hat, in der Kraft erkant und geglaubet wird, da ſpricht der Menſch: wofür ſol ich mich fürchten, und wofür ſol mir nun grauen; da mich Gott ſo herzlich geliebet hat. Er iſt mein Vater und ich bin ſein Kind; er iſt mein und ich bin ſein, ich bin ſein und er iſt mein; ewig ſol unſere Liebe ſeyn. Siehe das iſt der ſelige Zuſtand, in welchen uns die völlige Liebe ſetzet, und das iſt das Herz des Chriſtenthums, daß der Menſch durch die völlige Liebe, die Gott zu ihm hat, in dem Vertrauen zu demſelben als ſeinem himmliſchen Vater, von Tage zu Tage, und immer mehr und mehr befeſtiget wird, damit wenn ſich gleich die knechtiſche Furcht wegen der anklebenden Schwachheit etwas wieder in ihm reget, dieſelbe doch gleich wieder zurücke ſtehen müſſe, und als ein Knecht heraus geſtoßen werden, und da nichts als ſüſſe Liebe und ſüſſes Vertrauen zu finden ſey. Und ob wir auch in dieſem Stande immer unſere Unvollkommenheit zu erkennen haben, und es nicht dahin bringen können, wohin wirs zu bringen wünſchten, ſo iſt doch auch dieſes eine rechte himmliſche Uebung und ein ſeliges freudenvolles Umfangen der Gnade und Liebe Gottes, da man ſich immer mehr und mehr dahin bearbeitet, ſich durch Betrachtung der Liebe Gottes und ſeiner herrlichen Verheiſſung je mehr und mehr des knechtiſchen Geiſtes und der unzeitigen Furcht zu entſchütten, hingegen ſich immer näher mit dem Herrn Jeſu in gläubiger Zuverſicht zu vereinigen, und immer ſüſſer und lieblicher in dem freundlichen und liebreichen Herzens unſers Gottes zu ruhen. Ja wie unvollkommen wir auch dieſes bey uns befinden, ſo iſt doch auch das mindeſte, ſo man die Kraft davon beſitzet von gröſſerm Werth, als aller Welt Herrlichkeit; und nur einmal die Gnade Gottes in Chriſto Jeſu gekoſtet haben, iſt weit köſtlicher und unſchätzbarer als alle Luſt der Welt. Wer einmal ein Fünklein von dieſem göttlichen Feuer und von dieſer himmliſchen Flamme in ſeinem Herzen empfunden hat, wird ſelbſt bekennen müſſen, daß ein ſolches Fünklein der göttlichen Liebe, ſo durchs Evangelium im Herzen aufgegangen, ſchon mächtig und kräftig genug ſey alle ſündliche Flammen der böſen Begierden zu dämpfen, daß ſie nicht über ihn herrſchen, und allen Kampf, den er antreten ſol die Welt zu überwinden, getroſt zu übernehmen. Eine ſolche Seele ſuchet nun, daß ſie alle Kräfte in die Liebe desjenigen einführen möge, der ſie mit ſeinem Blut von aller Unreinigkeit gewaſchen und zu ihr geſaget: du ſolſt leben Ezechiel 16. v. 6. hinfort befleißiget ſie ſich, daß ſie ihm als ihrem Bräutigam wohlgefalle (2 Corinth. 5, 9.) der ſie mit ſeinem theuren Blut erkaufet hat, als das unſchuldige und unbefleckte Lamm Gottes. 1. Petr. 1, 19. Ich ſage abermals, dis iſt das rechte Herz und gleichſam die Seele des Chriſtenthums, darnach wir demnach am allermeiſten zu ſtreben haben, nemlich daß wir durch die Erkäntnis der vollkommenen Liebe Gottes gegen uns in Chriſto Jeſu zu einer wahren kindlichen Freudigkeit zu Gott gelangen und darin täglich zunehmen mögen. Bedenket es ſelbſt, was wird uns in unſerer letzten Stunde angenehmer ſeyn können, als daß da alle Furcht für dem Tode, für dem Gerichte, für der Verdammnis durch die völlige Liebe ausgetrieben ſey, und daß an deren ſtatt ſich denn in unſeren Herzen ein recht kindliches Vertrauen und ſüſſe Zuverſicht zu unſerm himmliſchen Vater befinde, daß wir mit Freudigkeit in ſein ewiges Reich eingehen mögen.

Dritter Theil.

Es iſt aber das III. Stück, ſo wir uns zu betrachten vorgenommen, annoch zurücke, nemlich unſere Bewahrung, aus dieſem ſeligen Zuſtand, darein uns die völlige Liebe ſetzt, nicht wieder zu entfallen. Bisher iſt der Mund Johannis, des Jüngers, den Jeſus lieb hatte, gleichſam von lauter Honig und Honigſeim übergefloſſen, da er uns die Liebe, die Gott zu uns hat, verkündiget. Es hat aber derſelbe auch wol gewuſt, daß, wenn wir gleich dieſe Liebe erkant haben, uns dennoch unſer Herz gar leicht wieder verführen könne, da es denn geſchehe, daß wir den ſeligen Zuſtand, in welchen uns die völlige Liebe geſetzet, durch unſere eigene Schuld wieder verlieren, und darnach deſto unſeliger ſeyn. Dannenhero haben wir denn in den letzten Worten unſers Textes, daß er uns ſorgfältig angewieſen, uns wol zu bewahren, damit wir aus dieſem ſeligen Zuſtande nicht wieder entfallen. Und da lehret er uns nun, daß die Bewahrung erſtlich geſchiehet, wenn wir Gott lieben, weil er uns erſt geliebet hat; und dann, wenn wir dem Gebot, ſo wir von ihm haben, gehorchen, daß, die wir Gott lieben, auch unſern Nächſten lieben; und dergeſtalt unſern Glauben in der Liebe gegen Gott und den Nächſten thätig ſeyn laſſen.

So ſpricht er denn v. 19. laſſet uns ihn lieben, denn er hat uns erſt geliebet. Es hätten dieſe Worte auch alſo können überſetzet werden: wir lieben ihn, denn er hat uns erſt geliebet. So legte Johannes für ſich und für alle gläubige Kinder Gottes ein aus dem Grunde des Herzens fließendes Bekäntnis ab, als wolte er ſprechen: von Natur konten wir Gott nicht lieben. Denn von Natur ſind wir alle fleiſchlich geſinnet; welches eine Feindſchaft iſt wider Gott; da uns aber die heilſame Gnade und die Freundlichkeit und Leutſeligkeit Gottes unſers Heylandes erſchienen iſt, indem ſie uns durchs Evangelium entdecket und durch den Heiligen Geiſt in unſeren Herzen kräftig worden, ſo werden nunmehro hinwiederum zarte Flämlein der Gegen-Liebe in uns angezündet durch den Heiligen Geiſt, und ſeine Liebe, damit er uns erſt geliebet hat, da wir noch ſeine Feinde waren, dringet uns, daß wir ihn wieder herzlich und kindlich lieb haben. Zuvor hatten wir aus dem Geſetz gelernet, daß es unſere Pflicht ſey ihn zu lieben; aber es war keine Kraft bey uns dieſe Pflicht zu beobachten; wir waren todt, und das Geſetz konte uns nicht lebendig machen Galat. 3, 21. nunmehro aber, da uns Gott ſein Evangelium verkündigen laſſen, hat ſeine uns darin angeprieſene völlige Liebe ſich als ein Strom des Lebens in unſere Herzen ergoſſen, ſie lebendig gemacht, und dergeſtalt geändert, daß wir uns durch die Macht dieſer Liebe und durch ihre unbeſchreibliche Breite und Länge, Tiefe und Höhe genöthiget und überwunden finden, daß wir uns nicht enthalten mögen ihn wiederum zu lieben. Denn wer iſt unter den gläubigen Kindern Gottes, der nicht alſo gedenket. O Gott, du haſt mich armen Sündenwurm, der ich, ſo du nach der Strenge deiner Gerechtigkeit mit mir verfahren wollen, ſchon längſt in der Höllen hätte Pein leiden müſſen, alſo geliebet, daß du deinen einigen Sohn für mich dahin gegeben, und mir alles das, was dir das allerliebſte war, geſchenket, damit du aufs allerkräftigſte bezeugeteſt, daß du nicht Luſt habeſt zu meinem Verderben, ſondern mich vielmehr ſelig machen und auf deinen Thron ſetzen wolleſt. Ach ſiehe in der Höllen ſolte ich liegen, nichts anders hatte ich verdienet; und deine nur lautere Liebe, Gnade und Barmherzigkeit iſt es, die mich nicht allein von der Höllen befreyet, welches ja ſchon genug wäre; ſondern mich auch bis in den Himmel und bis auf deinen Thron erhoben. Da ich nun dieſes erkenne, ach! wie konte ich nun anders, als dich hinwiederum herzlich lieben! Ach daß ich doch niemals einen Schritt gethan, ein Wort geredet, eine Begierde und Gedanken gehabt hätte, damit ich dich einen ſo unausſprechlich liebreichen Gott beleidiget und dein ſüſſes Vater-Herz betrübet! o der Schande, daß ich die Kräfte meiner Seelen nicht gänzlich zu deinem Dienſte gewidmet und aufgeopfert; ſondern vielmehr mein Leben in der Eitelkeit verzehret! ach daß ich doch die ganze Zeit meines Lebens zu deiner Ehre und zu deinem Lobe in ſchuldigem kindlichen Gehorſam hinwiederum angewendet hätte, da du ja mich ohne alle mein Verdienſt und Würdigkeit ſo herzlich geliebet, und mir deinen Sohn zum Heyland und Erlöſer geſchenket haſt. Dieweil es denn nun, o mein Gott und Herr, ſchlimm genug iſt, daß ich die vorige Zeit ſo hingebracht habe; ich aber nunmehro deine Liebe erkant, damit du mir zuvor kommen biſt, ey ſo liebe ich dich nun deſto herzlicher. Ich liebe dich zwar bey weitem nicht ſo ſehr, als es ſeyn ſolte, und als ichs auch nunmehro durch deine Gnade wünſche und verlange, aber du haſt doch durch deinen Geiſt eine wahrhafte und aufrichtige Liebe zu dir in meinem Herzen gewirket. Nunmehro ringe ich darnach und flehe mich ohn Unterlaß, daß ich in völliger Liebe mit dir mehr vereiniget werde. Und ob ichs auch nimmer erreichen kann noch werde wegen der Schwachheit des Fleiſches, dich ſo vollkommen zu lieben, als ich ſchuldig bin, ſondern noch immer viel daran fehlen wird, ſo darf ich doch und kan mit Wahrheit zu dir, der du alle Dinge weiſſt, ſagen: ich liebe dich, denn du haſt mich erſt geliebet, und ſo ſagen alle deine Kinder unter einander: wir lieben ihn, denn er hat uns erſt geliebet.

Was ſol ich weiter ſagen? Geliebte in dem Herrn, wenn ein Menſch Gott nicht lieb hat, ſo muß er das noch nicht in der Wahrheit erkant und noch nicht von Herzen geglaubet haben, daß ihn Gott erſt geliebet habe; erkennete und glaubete er das, ſo würde er ihn gewißlich wieder lieben. Es ſcheinet doch, daß, wenn einem nur erzählet wird, daß ihm von einem fremden Menſchen ein Liebes-Dienſt unbekannter Weiſe ſey erwieſen worden, deſſen Herz dadurch gerühret wird, daß er bey ſich ſelbſt gedenket, wie habe ichs um den Menſchen verdienet, daß er mir dis erzeiget hat? und da mancher eine Zeit, daß er gegen einen ſolchen, der wohl von ihm geſcholten oder ihm etwas gutes erzeiget, ob er ihm wol ſonſt unbekant iſt, hinwiederum zur Liebe bewogen wird. Aber was iſt das? und wofür iſts zu rechnen gegen die Liebe Gottes, damit er uns, da wir ſeine Feinde waren, geliebet hat? wie wäre es doch möglich, daß ein Menſch dieſes von Herzen glaubete, daß ihn der große und lebendige Gott von Ewigkeit her in Chriſto Jeſu geliebet habe, und daß deſſen Natur ſelbſt Liebe geweſen ſey, [illegible] er durch ihn ewig leben möge; [illegible] daß einer dieſes glaubete, und ihm ſein Herz nicht wieder brächte, dieſen ſo herrlichen Gott wiederum aufs allerherzlichſte und innigſte zu lieben? ja gewiß, da erfähret's der Menſch, daß durch die Predigt vom Glauben der Heilige Geiſt gegeben wird, und daß das Evangelium eine Kraft Gottes iſt, ſo ihn zu einem andern Menſchen machet, wie Lutherus ſaget, von Herzen, Muth, Sinn und allen Kräften.

Man wird aber auch in unſerem Texte von Johanne wol bedächtig noch weiter angezeiget, daß, wenn wir in dem ſeligen Stande, darein uns die völlige Liebe durch Austreibung der Furcht verſetzet, bewahret ſeyn wollen, auch eine Uebung in der Liebe des Nächſten ſich bey uns befinden müſſe. Davon ſaget er: So jemand ſpricht: ich liebe Gott, und haſſet ſeinen Bruder, der iſt ein Lügner, denn wer ſeinen Bruder nicht liebet, den er ſiehet, wie kan er Gott lieben, den er nicht ſiehet? Und dis Gebot haben wir von ihm, daß, wer Gott liebet, daß der auch ſeinen Bruder liebe. Es wußte Johannes wol, daß die Menſchen ſich deſſen gerne rühmen, daß ſie Gott lieben, ja wol keckich ſagen dürfen, daß ſie ihn ihr lebelang geliebet haben. So will er nun, es ſoll ein jeglicher, der da ſpricht: ich liebe Gott, ſich ſelbſt wol prüfen, ob ſichs auch alſo verhalte. Gleichwie man einer Rechnung nicht leicht Glauben zuſtellet, ſondern examiniret ſie erſt, ob ſie auch ihre Richtigkeit habe: alſo erfordert auch Johannes eine Probe, obs zutreffe und die Wahrheit ſey, daß einer Gott liebe. Das iſt aber die Probe, daß einer, der ſich der Liebe Gottes rühmet, auch ſeinen Nächſten von Herzen liebe. Darum ſaget er: So jemand ſpricht: ich liebe Gott, und haſſet ſeinen Bruder, der iſt ein Lügner. Ein ſolcher will mit ſeinem Vorgeben entweder andere betriegen, oder er betrieget ſich ſelbſt, weil ſein Vorgeben die Probe nicht hält. Dis beweiſet er theils aus einem Schluß von dem geringern zu dem gröſſern, theils durch das ausdrückliche Gebot des Herrn. Denn, ſpricht er, wer ſeinen Bruder nicht liebet, den er ſiehet, wie kann er Gott lieben, den er nicht ſiehet! Wie kann man ihm das, will er ſagen, zutrauen, daß er den unſichtbaren Gott, der durch den Glauben erkant werden muß, wahrhaftig liebe und ihm von Herzen anhange und diene, ſo, daß er gerne alles, wie der aufrichtigen Liebe Art iſt, um ſeinet willen thun und leiden wolte, da er ſolches ſogar nicht in der That an ſeinen Nächſten beweiſet, den er vor ſeinen Augen hat, und an dem er ſtets Gelegenheit hat, ſo er ihn anders in der Wahrheit liebet, ſolches auch in der That zu beweiſen?

Und dis Gebot, ſpricht er weiter, haben wir von ihm, daß, wer Gott liebet, daß der auch ſeinen Bruder liebe. Es ſcheinet Johannes habe in dieſen Worten darauf geſehen, daß unſer Heyland Matth. 22, 37 bis 40. als einer gefraget: welches iſt das fürnehmſte Gebot im Geſetz? geantwortet: Du ſolſt lieben Gott deinen Herrn von ganzem Herzen, von ganzer Seelen, von ganzem Gemüthe, dis iſt das fürnehmſte und gröſte Gebot. Das andere iſt dem gleich: du ſolſt deinen Nächſten lieben als dich ſelbſt. In dieſen zweyen Geboten hanget das ganze Geſetz und die Propheten. Desgleichen ſcheinet der Apoſtel geſehen zu haben auf die Rede Chriſti. Joh. 13, 34. und 35. Ein neu Gebot gebe ich euch, daß ihr euch unter einander liebet, gleichwie ich euch geliebet habe, auf daß auch ihr einander lieb habet. Dabey wird jederman erkennen, daß ihr meine Jünger ſeyd, ſo ihr Liebe unter einander habet. Und Cap. 15, 12. Das iſt mein Gebot, daß ihr euch untereinander liebet, gleichwie ich euch liebe. Gleichwie denn nun unſer Heyland die Liebe gegen Gott und gegen ihn ſelbſt als unſern Seligmacher, und gegen den Nächſten gar genau zuſammen verbunden hat, ſo faſſet es in unſerm Text Johannes zuſammen in ein Gebot, das wir von ihm haben, daß, wer Gott liebet, daß der auch ſeinen Bruder liebe. Und wie er vorhin geſchloſſen, daß aus der Erkäntniß der Liebe Gottes gegen uns, wenn ſolche Erkäntniß wahrhaftig iſt, gewiß auch eine wahre Liebe zu Gott flieſſe; alſo bezeuget er auch hiemit, daß wo die Liebe zu Gott wahrhaftig ſey, daſelbſt ſich auch ohnfehlbarlich eine wahre und thätige Liebe gegen den Nächſten finden müſſe; und wenn ſich einer gleich der Gnade Chriſti tröſten und die Seligkeit von ihm hoffen wolte, ſo würde doch ſolcher Troſt und ſolche Hofnung eitel ſeyn, dieweil er vor Gott als ein Lügner erfunden werde, indem er ſeine Liebe zu Gott nicht durch die Liebe des Nächſten legitimire und beweiſe. Denn hätte er Gott in ſeiner Liebe wahrhaftig erkant, ſo würde er nicht umhin können Gott wieder zu lieben, und ſo würde auch dieſe Liebe, die er zu Gott hätte, ſich gar bald durch ihre Frucht offenbaren, nemlich durch die Liebe gegen ſeinen Bruder, das iſt, gegen den Nächſten. Geſetzt aber, er hätte vorhin Gott wahrhaftig erkant und geliebet, er gäbe aber Raum dem Unwillen, Zorn und Haß gegen ſeinen Nächſten, und widerſtünde ſolchem Haß nicht durch die Kraft des Heiligen Geiſtes, ſondern hegete vielmehr denſelben in ſeinem Herzen, ſo würde er ſich dadurch aufs neue aus ſeinem ſeligen Zuſtande, in welchen ihn die völlige Liebe geſetzet, in ſeinen vorigen unſeligen Zuſtand geſtürzet haben; die vorige knechtiſche Furcht würde wieder da ſeyn, die Freudigkeit aber zu Gott würde wegfallen ſamt allen geiſtlichen Gaben, die mit ſolcher kindlichen Freudigkeit und Zuverſicht zu Gott verknüpfet wären. Selig iſt demnach der, in deſſen Herz die Liebe Gottes, die er zu uns hat, ausgegoſſen iſt durch den Heiligen Geiſt, und der auch in dieſer Liebe Gottes gegen uns alſo bleibet und bewahret wird, daß die Liebe ſich hinwiederum in dieſe beyden Ströme nemlich der wahren Liebe zu Gott und der wahren Bruder-Liebe ergieſſet und ohne Unterlaß ausflieſſet.

Nutzanwendung.

So haben wir nun Geliebte in dem Herrn, vernommen welches da ſey die Austreibung der Furcht durch die völlige Liebe; und zwar inſonderheit mit einander erwogen Unſern elenden Zuſtand unter der Furcht; Unſern ſeligen Zuſtand, darein uns die völlige Liebe durch Austreibung der Furcht verſetzet, und unſere Bewahrung aus dieſem ſeligen Zuſtande nicht wieder zu entfallen. Nun zweifle ich keines weges, daß nicht unter der gegenwärtigen Menge der Zuhörer manche von ihrem elenden Zuſtande, in welchem ſie ſich noch bis hieher unter der Furcht befunden, überzeuget ſeyn ſolten. Denn das Gewiſſen ſelbſt wird dieſen und jenen haben zu erkennen gegeben, wie ſie keines weges mit Gott durch den Glauben ſo vereiniget ſeyn, daß ſie ſich der väterlichen Gnade und Huld deſſelben mit genugſamen Grunde erfreuen und tröſten konten. Es wird wol etwa einigen ſo gar in ihr Gedächtniß kommen ſeyn, womit, wo, wenn und wie ſchwerlich ſie ſich an Gott verſündiget, auch daß ſie noch nicht Buße gethan haben für die Sünden, die ſie begangen und für das gottloſe Weſen, ſo ſie getrieben haben. Ein und andere werden die Furcht für dem Gerichte Gottes und die Anklage ihres eigenen Gewiſſens bey ſich ſelbſt haben gefühlet und empfunden. Vielleicht wird manchem offenbahr ſeyn, daß bis hieher die Sünde noch über ſie geherrſchet, und daß ſie unter der Furcht für dem Tode, für dem Zorn Gottes und für dem ewigen Gerichte und Verdammniß bis auf dieſe Stunde wol in einem recht unſeligen Zuſtande geweſen, und um deswillen noch nicht gerne ſterben wollen, indem ſie keine freudige Gewißheit in ihrem Herzen hätten, wo ſie hinkommen würden, wenn ſie nun aus dieſer Zeit in die Ewigkeit ſolten verſetzet werden. Solche nun, die von ihrem elenden Zuſtande überzeuget ſind, daß bey ihnen keine Freudigkeit iſt zu Gott, ſondern Furcht; keine Ruhe, ſondern Pein, keine kindliche Zuverſicht, ſondern Unglaube und Mißtrauen, ſolche ſage ich, haben dennoch zu erkennen, daß auch dieſes ſchon eine groſſe Barmherzigkeit Gottes ſey, die er an ihnen bewieſen, daß er ſie in ſo weit von ihrem Schlaff aufgewecket und von ihrer Blindheit befreyet, daß ſie nunmehro zum wenigſten einigermaſſen ihren unſeligen Zuſtand, in welchem ſie ſich bis hieher befunden, zu erkennen angefangen und dafür erſchrocken ſind.

Wie viel deren denn nun unter euch, geliebteſte Zuhörer, ſo viel Gnade von Gott erlanget haben, als itzo geſaget iſt; dieſelben ermahne ich in dem Herrn, die erlangete Erkäntniß ihres bisherigen unſeligen Zuſtands dahin anzuwenden, daß ſie zuförderſt Gott dem Herrn demüthigen Dank ſagen, und ihn preiſen, daß er ihr bisher ſo ſicher ſchlafendes Gewiſſen aufgewecket, und ſie zur Erkäntniß ihrer ſelbſt gebracht hat. Ich ermahne euch aber auch und bitte euch durch die Wunden Jeſu Chriſti, daß ihr es doch ja auch nun nicht bey der bloſſen Erkäntniß eures Elendes bewenden laſſet. Denn ſonſt würde dieſe euch nur eine deſto gröſſere Verantwortung und ſchwerere Verdammniß bringen. Denn dis hat man gewiß zu erwarten, wenn man die Ueberzeugung ſeines Gewiſſens nicht tiefer in ſein Herz und Seele eindringen läßt, ſondern gleich ſorget, man werde verzagen und verzweifeln, ſo man der Sache noch beſſer nachdencken und ſeine alten Sünden-Wunden durch ernſtliche Prüfung ſeines Gewiſſens gleichſam aufreiben wolte. Hingegen wenn uns Gott die Gnade gethan, daß wir unſern unſeligen Zuſtand und unſer Sünden-Elend zu erkennen angefangen, und wir eilen nicht zu frühzeitig davon, ſondern forſchen unſerm tiefen Verderben weiter nach, damit wir uns in dem Spiegel des göttlichen Wortes durch die Erleuchtung des Heiligen Geiſtes ſo erkennen lernen, wie wir vor Gott in der Wahrheit geſtaltet ſind, ſo verleyhet uns Gott mehr Gnade, und, wie er uns unſern elenden Zuſtand unter der Furcht zu erkennen gegeben, alſo verſetzet er uns in einen ſeligen Zuſtand durch die völlige Liebe, welche die Furcht austreibet. Wollet ihr denn nun auch, die ihr von eurem bisherigen unſeligen Zuſtand überzeuget ſeyd, in einen beſſern Zuſtand durch die völlige Liebe verſetzet werden, ſo bedienet euch hierzu auch der Mittel, die Gott ſelbſt dazu verordnet hat. Solche ſind inſonderheit das Wort Gottes und das Gebet, und die mit beyden verknüpfte Prüfung des Gewiſſens. Forſchet in dem Worte Gottes, und unterſuchet was euer Taufbund auf ſich habe; examiniret euch ſelbſt und unterſuchet euch, ob ihr euch wahrhaftig des Bundes der heiligen Taufe zu tröſten und zu erfreuen habet. Denn an Gottes Seiten ſtehet zwar dieſer Bund feſte; aber habet ihr an eurer Seiten denſelben nicht durch muthwillige und vorſetzliche Sünden übertreten? habet ihr nicht die Liebe der Welt über euch herrſchen laſſen, welcher ihr doch in der heiligen Taufe entſaget? und ſo dieſes geſchehen iſt, habet ihr denn euren dergeſtalt übertretenen Tauf-Bund in wahrer Herzens-Buſſe durch den Glauben an Jeſum Chriſtum wieder erneuret? ach tretet nur mit Aufrichtigkeit des Herzens vor den untrüglichen Spiegel des göttlichen Worts, und ſchmeichelt euch ſelber nicht. Warum wollet ihr euch ſelbſt betriegen, und nicht vielmehr euer Sünden-Elend und tiefes Verderben recht gründlich erkennen? Es würde nichts als euer Schade ſeyn, ſo ihr vor ſolcher Erkenntniß fliehen wollet; hingegen je beſſer und aufrichtiger ihr euren Zuſtand nach dem göttlichen Wort erkennen werdet, je beſſer wirds für euch ſeyn. Denn ich ſage euch, ihr könnet euch nimmer in einem ſo ſchlechten und unſeligen Zuſtande befinden, daß euch der Herr nicht aus demſelben erretten könte, und daß er ſich nicht über euch freuen ſolte, wie der Vater, Luc. am 15. ſich über den verlohrnen und nunmehro wiedergefundenen Sohn freuete. Gewiß er wird euch auch entgegen kommen, euch umhalſen, euch herzen und küſſen, euch in ſeine Gnaden volle Gemeinſchaft auf und annehmen und euch ins ewige Leben einführen, ſo ihr euch nur wahrhaftig bußfertig bekehret, und ſo ihr wahrhaftig ſeine Gnade in Chriſto Jeſu ſuchet und begehret. Ach! warum wollet ihr länger in Sünden beharren und ein Scheuſal ſeyn in den Augen des lebendigen Gottes? Warum wollet ihr noch länger Sclaven des Satans und mit Ketten der Finſterniß gebunden ſeyn? was könte greulicher; ja was könte jämmerlicher ſeyn? Wolan im Namen Jeſu Chriſti brechet entzwey die Bande der Sünden. Warum wollet ihr auch nur noch einen Augenblick darin beharren? jetzt, jetzt, da ihr dis Wort höret, laſſet es euch in eure Herzen und Seelen hineindringen, daß ihr euch feſt entſchlieſſet, alles ſündliche Weſen ein für alle mal zu abandoniren, allen Sünden gute Nacht zu geben, ihnen von ganzem Herzen zu entſagen und in der Wahrheit abzuſterben, auch von nun an allen böſen Vorſatz aus eurem Herzen zu exterminiren und zu verbannen, ich ſage, allen böſen Vorſatz, den ihr nach dem Zeugniß eures eigenen Gewiſſens bishero noch darinnen geheget, und keiner einigen Sünde weiter über euch die Herrſchaft zu laſſen. Gebricht es euch an Kraft zu ſolcher männlichen Reſolution, ach ſo wendet euch doch mit Bitten und Flehen zu der unendlichen Liebe und Barmherzigkeit eures Gottes, und ſprecht zu ihm: O mein Schöpfer und mein Vater, du haſt mir gleichwol meinen bisherigen unſeligen Zuſtand zu erkennen gegeben, und mich durch dein Evangelium verſichern laſſen, daß du nicht wolleſt, daß ich in ſolchem Elende bleiben und ewig verlohren werden ſoll; ſondern daß du mich durch deine völlige Liebe in einen beſſern Zuſtand verſetzen, alle knechtiſche Furcht aus meinem Herzen vertreiben, mich mit Freudigkeit und kindlicher Zuverſicht zu dir erfüllen und mich endlich ewig ſelig machen wolleſt durch Chriſtum, in welchem du dich über mich erbarmet haſt. Ich bekenne dir meinen unſeligen Zuſtand, und daß mirs an Kraft fehlet der Sünde abzuſterben: haſt du mir nun die Gnade gethan dis zu erkennen und es vor deinem Angeſicht mit bußfertigen Herzen zu bekennen: ey ſo reiche mir auch deine Hand, und [illegible] mit deiner göttlichen Kraft mich der Macht der Finſterniß zu entreiſſen, ein Kind des Lichts zu werden, und von nun an in deinem Lichte und vor deinem Angeſichte beſtändig zu wandeln. Du haſt mir mein Herz gerühret, hilf mir nun weiter, damit ich dem Verderben entfliehen, zu dir kommen und ewiglich bey dir ſeyn möge.

Doch, Geliebte in dem Herrn, es ſind vielleicht auch ſolche unter euch, die noch nicht denken, daß es eben ſo gefährlich mit ihnen ſtehen ſolte. Denn es ſind auch viele, die ſich ſelbſt betrügen, und von andern dafür gehalten ſeyn wollen, daß ſie nicht in einem ſolchen unſeligen Zuſtande, wie es jetzo beſchrieben iſt, ſich befinden, und dergleichen Leute hatte auch Johannes zu ſeiner Zeit vor ſich. Denn er ſagte nicht vergebens in unſerm Text v. 20. So jemand ſpricht: ich liebe Gott, und haſſet ſeinen Bruder, der iſt ein Lügner; ſondern er wuſte, daß es Leute gebe, die da ſprächen, ſie liebeten Gott, und die doch ihren Nächſten haſſeten. Was iſt es denn Wunder, daß auch zu unſrer Zeit ſolche gefunden werden, die eine gute Meynung von ihrem Seelen-Zuſtande haben, und ſich doch darinn ſelbſt betrügen.

Solche ſind diejenigen, die da denken, ſie lebeten ja in keinen offenbaren Sünden, daher ſie ohne Zweifel, wenn ſie ſtürben, in den Himmel kommen würden. Und alſo wird auch wol der reiche Mann zu ſeiner Zeit nicht gemeinet haben, daß ſein Zuſtand ſo elend, und ſo verdammlich ſeyn ſolte: hernach aber wird er deſſen erſt ſeyn innen worden, als er in der Hölle und in der Qvaal geweſen. O der elenden, und betrogenen Menſchen, die hier in der That in einem unſeligen Zuſtande ſtehen, und es doch nicht glauben: ſondern erſt dort, zu ihrem Schrecken erfahren müſſen! In weltlichen und irdiſchen Dingen läſt ſich keiner gerne betrügen; ſo ſolte ja noch vielweniger ein Menſch es mit ſeiner Seelen, und mit deren Seligkeit, die er zu erlangen hoffet auf ein Geradewohl, ankommen laſſen. Beſiehet man eine jede geringe Waar, die man kaufen will, ſo genau, und nimmt ſich aufs beſte damit in acht, daß man ja nicht möge übervortheilet und betrogen werden; wie vielmehr ſolte man forſchen, und aus dem Worte Gottes eine genaue Prüfung und Unterſuchung anſtellen, ob man auch die rechten Kennzeichen eines Kindes Gottes an ſich habe, und demnach gewiß ſeyn könne, daß man nicht vergeblich und ohne Grund die Seligkeit zu erlangen hoffe. Zwar beſorgen ſich einige, wenn ſie dieſe Prüfung nach der Richtſchnur des göttlichen Worts anſtellen würden, ſo möchten ſie befinden, daß ſie in der That die Leute noch nicht wären, die Gott in dieſem ihren Zuſtande in die Seligkeit einnehmen könnte; weil ſie nun das beſorgen, ſo unterlaſſen ſie dieſe Prüfung gar; aber ſie ſolten dieſelbe deſto ſorgfältiger und emſiger anſtellen. Denn dieſes würde den Nutzen haben, daß ſie in dieſer allerwichtigſten Sache, nicht immer in heimlichen Zweifel blieben, ſondern deſto eher zur rechten Gewißheit kämen. Und warum will man nicht gern ſeinen Zuſtand gründlich erkennen, ob er gut oder böſe ſey? Gewiß Gott will uns alle gern ſelig machen, ſo wir ihn von Herzen darum bitten, und uns auch ſonſt in ſeine Ordnung einergeben, die er in ſeinem Worte vorgeſchrieben hat. Was wir nicht haben, das können wir ja noch bey einem ſo liebreichen Vater erlangen. Er will nur, daß wir die Seligkeit in dem Sohn, den er uns zum Heyland gegeben hat, mit Ernſt ſuchen. Sie iſt uns ſchon erworben und zuwege gebracht; wir ſollen nur unſere Herzen nicht in der Unbußfertigkeit verhärten, und durch Unglauben vor ihm zuſchlieſſen. Wir dürfen ſie ihm nicht erſt abverdienen, ſie iſt uns ſchon verdienet von Chriſto. Um deſſelbigen willen ſoll ſie uns aus Gnaden, und umſonſt geſchenket werden; wir ſollen ſie nur nicht von uns ſtoſſen durch die Beharrung in der Unbußfertigkeit und im Unglauben. Unſer Glaube darf getroſt zugreiffen, und Chriſtum mit der ganzen Seligkeit ergreiffen; es ſoll nur nicht Wahn-Glaube ſeyn, ſondern wahrer Glaube. Das iſt aber Wahn-Glaube, da der Menſch nicht die Sünde von Herzen haſſet, und ſich doch Chriſti tröſtet, und da man man ſich der Liebe, damit uns Gott geliebet habe, erfreuen, und doch Gott nicht wieder lieben will; oder da man ſpricht: man liebet Gott und haſſet doch ſeinen Bruder. Das iſt aber wahrer Glaube, der die Buſſe zum Grunde hat, wie Chriſtus ſpricht: Thut Buſſe und glaubet. Marc. 1, 15. Und da iſt wahrer Glaube, wo man aller Sünde feind iſt, gegen dieſelbe durch den Glauben ernſtlich ſtreitet und kämpfet, und ſich hütet für alle dem, was dem Herrn mißfällig iſt.

Weil uns denn nun der gütige und freundliche Gott ſo gern ſelig haben und uns ohne alle unſer Verdienſt und Würdigkeit aus lauter Gnade um Chriſti willen ſelig machen, ey ſo laſſet uns doch hinein gehen, unſere Knie vor ihm beugen, und, wenn wir merken, daß es nicht recht mit uns ſtehe, alſo zu ihm ſagen: ach Herr, ich weiß ja leider ſelber nicht, wie ich mit mir dran bin, und wie es mit mir beſchaffen iſt; ob ich mich nicht etwa, wie viele andere Menſchen, bis daher ſelbſt betrogen habe, wenn ich mich für einen ſolchen gehalten, der in deiner Gnade, und folglich in einem guten und ſeligen Zuſtande ſich befinde. Vergib mir aus Gnaden, daß ich ſo lange hingegangen bin, und den Grund meines Herzens nicht beſſer erforſchet habe. Oeffne mir dein heiliges Wort, auf daß ich mich aus demſelben recht möge erkennen lernen, und mich nicht ferner ſelbſt betrüge. Bekehre mich recht, und ſetze mich in den Zuſtand, daß ich alle Kennzeichen deiner Kindſchaft in der That und Wahrheit an mir befinden möge; und wenn du mich darzu gebracht haſt, ſo verleihe mir auch die Gnade, daß ich in ſolchem ſeligen Zuſtande bis an mein Ende verharre. Solches Gebet wird Gott gewiß erhören.

Aber o unſelige Menſchen, die es gleichſam erzwingen wollen, daß es eben recht mit ihnen ſtehe, da ſie ſich doch darin betrügen. Sie meinen wol, es ſey eine Verſuchung vom Teufel, wenn ihnen ein Zweifel aufſteigt, obs auch recht mit ihnen ſtehe; da doch Gott haben will, daß wir uns nach ſeinem Wort prüfen ſollen, obs recht mit uns ſtehe oder nicht. Wie ja um deßwillen Johannes ſo wol in unſerm Text, als ſonſt auch in der ganzen Epiſtel dergleichen Kennzeichen angezeiget, damit ſich ein jeder darnach ſorgfältig prüfen möge. Und ſolche Prüfung iſt nicht ſchwer: denn wer nur Gottes Wort, und nicht ſeine eigne Einbildung zur Richtſchnur erwählet, und ſich mit aufrichtigem Herzen darnach examiniret und prüfet, der kan nicht lang in ſeinem ſelbſt Betrug bleiben, ſondern Gott wird ihn davon frey machen, und er wird ſeinen Zuſtand erkennen, wie er in der Wahrheit beſchaffen iſt, anfänglich zwar vielleicht zu ſeiner Betrübniß, wenn er ſiehet, wie er ſich betrogen, dann aber zu ſeiner deſto gröſſern Freude, wenn ihn die Wahrheit von ſolchem Betruge wird frey gemachet haben.

Ob ich aber gleich nicht zweiffele, daß ſolche unter euch ſind, die ſich im Gewiſſen von ihren bisherigen unſeligen Zuſtand überzeugt befinden. Desgleichen ſolche, die ſich noch bis hieher ſelbſt betrogen; ſo zweifle ich dennoch auch keines weges, daß ſich nicht auch ſolche unter euch befinden ſolten, die nach erlangter Erkäntniß ihres bisherigen unſeligen Zuſtandes und ſelbſt Betruges ſich nach einem beſſern Zuſtande ſehnen, und nun allbereit im würcklichen Kampf gegen die Sünde ſtehen. Dis ſind diejenigen, denen das Hertz gerühret iſt, und die daher nichts mehr wünſchen, als in einen beſſern Zuſtand verſezet zu werden. Sind nicht ſolche unter euch hier gegenwärtig, die bey ſich ſelbſt gedencken: Ach! wer ſo ſelig ſeyn möchte, daß er Gott ſeinen lieben Vater mit rechter Freudigkeit nennen, und mit dem Herrn Jeſu ſo, wie ein Bruder mit dem andern umgehen, und zu ihm ein ſo hertzliches Vertrauen, wie eine Braut zu ihrem Bräutigam haben könte! Ach, wer ſo ſelig wäre, daß alle knechtiſche Furcht durch die völlige Liebe aus ſeinem Hertzen ausgetrieben wäre! Solchen ſage ich denn in dem Namen des Herrn: Selig ſeyd ihr, ſo ihr dieſe Seligkeit von Hertzen wünſchet und verlanget, und ſo ihr es nicht bey dem bloſſen Wünſchen laſſet, ſondern mit Gebet, Ringen und Flehen darob kämpfet, daß ihr einen ſolchen ſeligen Zuſtand in der That und Wahrheit in euch ſchmecken und erfahren möget. Und ſeyd ihr in dieſem Kampf allbereit würcklich eingetreten, ſo verlaſſet ja den Kampf-Platz nicht, ſondern beharret auf demſelben, bis ihr einen völligen Sieg des Glaubens erlanget, da der Heilige Geiſt eurem Geiſte Zeugniß gebe, daß ihr Gottes Kinder ſeyd, nach der Epiſt. an die Römer 8, 16. Ach ermüdet nicht in dieſem ſo edlen Kampf, und laſſet euch ja nichts davon abſchrecken. Drohet gleich Satanas mit den Pforten der Höllen, und wil eure bisherige Gewohnheit zu ſündigen es euch ſauer und ſchwer machen zu überwinden, ſo laſſet euch doch nicht abwendig machen, ſondern betet nur deſto ernſtlicher, und haltet euch im Glauben deſtomehr zu Chriſto. Denn er iſt es ja, auf den ihrs einmal angefangen habt, er wird euch auch in eurem Kampf mit ſeiner göttlichen Kraft beyſtehen und aushelfen. Ihr ſehet ja, daß uns das Wort Gottes in dieſem Kampf nicht auf das Geſetz, ſondern auf das Evangelium von Chriſto weiſet, und ſeyd auch jetzo gelehret, wie man nicht durchs Geſetz, ſondern durch die Erkäntniß der unausſprechlichen Liebe, damit uns Gott in Chriſto geliebet hat, die Kraft zum Kämpfen und Ueberwinden erlanget. Das Geſetz muß zwar geprediget werden, denn es muß uns ſo wol die Sünde, als den Tod und die zeitliche und ewige Strafen, ſo wir dadurch verdienen, zu erkennen geben. Wenn aber der Menſch zur Erkäntniß der Sünden nunmehro gebracht iſt, auch das Gewiſſen den Zorn Gottes fühlet, und der Sünden wegen zerknirſchet und zerſchlagen iſt, ſo hat das Geſetz das ſeinige gethan. Soll nun die Seele weiter kommen, von dem Fluch des Geſetzes frey, der Gnade Gottes aber, und des Friedens im Gewiſſen theilhaftig werden, ſo muß es das Evangelium thun. Dis muß denn auch euer Weg ſeyn, zu ſolchem ſeligen Zuſtand zu gelangen, da die knechtiſche Furcht durch die völlige Liebe ausgetrieben ſey. Denn wie Johannes zu ſeiner Zeit ſolche Leute vor ſich hatte, von welchen er ſagen konte: Furcht iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus; und: daran iſt die Liebe völlig bey uns, daß wir eine Freudigkeit haben am Tage des Gerichts; und: gleichwie er iſt, ſo ſind auch wir in dieſer Welt: alſo müſſen wir wiſſen, daß, wie Gott damals den Menſchen ſo groſſe Gnade erzeiget hat, daß er ſie aus ihrem vorigen Elend und knechtiſchen Zuſtand in einen ſo ſeligen Stand verſetzet, er gleicher Weiſe auch heutiges Tages eben ſolche Gnade an uns erzeigen wolle. Denn es iſt ſolches alles uns zur Lehre und zum Troſt geſchrieben. Wir müſſen nur zuſehen, daß wir uns der göttlichen Ordnung, gleichwie jene, unterwerfen, in den Weg einer wahren und gründlichen Bekehrung eintreten, und die Gnaden-Mittel, nemlich ſein Wort und Sacramenta, nach ſeiner Vorſchrift heiliglich gebrauchen und anwenden. Geſchiehet dieſes an unſerer Seiten, ſo werden wir eben ſolche Gnade empfahen, und eben ſolcher himmliſchen Kräfte, ſo zur Heiligung gehören, theilhaftig werden, als jene. Dannenhero laſſet euch durch dieſe Vorſtellung nun deſtomehr aufmuntern freudig und getroſt fortzukämpfen, und nicht zu ruhen, es ſey denn, daß ihr als victores, oder Ueberwinder vom Kampf-Platz abtreten, und dem Herrn Jeſu ein frölisches Triumphs-Lied ſinget: Nun lob, mein Seele, den Herrn, was in mir iſt den Namen ſein: ſein Wohlthat thut er mehren, vergiß es nicht, o Hertze mein! hat dir deine Sünd vergeben, und heilet deine Schwachheit groß: Errettet dein armes Leben, Nimmt dich in ſeinen Schooß; mit reichem Troſt beſchüttet, verjüngt dem Adler gleich.

Ich rede jetzt nicht von dem letzten Siege, und von der völligen Endigung unſers Kampfs, davon Paulus redet in der andern Tim. 2, 5. wenn er ſpricht: So jemand auch kämpfet, wird er doch nicht gekrönet, er kämpfe denn recht; ſondern ich rede hier nur von demjenigem Siege, da der Menſch, der durchs Wort Gottes von ſeinem bisherigen Sünden-Dienſt bekehret wird, zu ſolchem Evangeliſchen Zuſtand gelanget, da die erkante völlige Liebe Gottes ihn von der knechtiſchen Furcht befreyet, und ihn in ein hertzliches und kindliches Vertrauen zu Gott ſeinem himmliſchen Vater verſetzet habe. Dieſer ſelige Zuſtand ſolte ja billig niemand unter uns, die wir uns nach dem Evangelio Chriſti Evangeliſche nennen, unbekant ſeyn: es gelanget aber auch hiezu niemand, er kämpfe denn recht, und gebrauche ſich der rechten Waffen des Evangelii, wie jetzo die Anweiſung dazu gegeben iſt.

Und ſo zweiffele ich denn auch endlich nicht, Geliebte in dem Herrn, es werden unter euch ſolche hier zugegen ſeyn, die den ſeligen Zuſtand, in welchen uns die völlige Liebe ſetzet, an ihren Seelen werden erfahren haben und noch erfahren. Was ich dadurch verſtehe, wird Eure Liebe aus dem, was ich inſonderheit in dem 2. Theil dieſer Predigt geſagt, hoffentlich zur Gnüge vernommen haben. So redet auch hievon vornemlich der anjetzo abgehandelte Epiſtoliſche Text, und zwar abſonderlich in den Worten: Daran iſt die Liebe völlig bey uns, auf daß wir eine Freudigkeit haben am Tage des Gerichts, denn gleichwie er iſt, ſo ſind auch wir in dieſer Welt. Furcht iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus. Wohl euch, ja wohl allen denen, welche, daß dem alſo ſey, wie hier Johannes geſaget hat, an ihren eigenen Seelen durch die Kraft des Heil. Geiſtes ſchmecken und erfahren. Es gehöret dahin, was Paulus ſagt zum Röm. 6, 14. Die Sünde wird nicht herrſchen können über euch, ſintemal ihr nicht unter dem Geſetze ſeyd, ſondern unter der Gnade. Sehet, dis ſetzet Paulus zum eigentlichen Kennzeichen, daß man nicht unter dem Geſetz, ſondern unter der Gnade ſey, daß da die Sünde nicht über einen herrſchen könne. Es hänget zwar dieſelbe dem Menſchen an, ſo lange er in dieſem Leibe wohnet, aber ſie herrſchet nicht über ihn, ſo er unter der Gnade iſt. Darum ſpricht auch der Apoſtel Röm. 8, 1, daß die, ſo in Chriſto Jeſu ſind, nicht nach dem Fleiſch wandeln, ſondern nach dem Geiſt. Sie werden wol von ihrem Fleiſch und Blut zur Sünde gereitzet, ſie laſſen ſich aber nicht von demſelben beherrſchen, der Sünde Gehorſam zu leiſten in ihren Lüſten. Sie halten ſich nicht für Schuldener dem Fleiſche, nach demſelben zu leben; ſondern ſie tödten durch den Geiſt des Fleiſches Geſchäfte; laſſen ſich nicht von dem Fleiſche, ſondern von dem Geiſte Gottes regieren, und beweiſen damit in der That, daß ſie Gottes Kinder ſind. Und da findet ſichs denn, daß ſie nicht einen knechtiſchen Geiſt empfangen haben, daß ſie ſich abermal fürchten müſten, ſondern daß ſie einen kindlichen Geiſt empfangen haben, durch welchen ſie rufen: Abba, lieber Vater; welcher Geiſt auch Zeugniß giebt ihrem Geiſt, daß ſie Gottes Kinder ſind; wie ſolches alles Paulus in dem 8. Capitel an die Römer mit mehreren beſchreibet. Dieſe und dergleichen Texte der heil. Schrift ſollen wir uns nebſt der heutigen Epiſtoliſchen Lection für andern wol bekannt machen, damit wir dadurch völlig überzeuget werden, daß es der Wille Gottes nach dem Evangelio keinesweges ſey, daß wir uns in unſerm gantzen Leben unter einer knechtiſchen Furcht befinden ſollen; ſondern daß wir vielmehr in der Ordnung wahrer Hertzens-Buſſe der lebendigmachenden Kraft des Evangelii Raum zu geben haben, damit wir ſtets mit einem rechten kindlichen Hertzen vor Gott unſerm himmliſchen Vater wandeln, und alſo mit einem Hertzen voll des Troſtes des Heiligen Geiſtes von ihm aus und eingehen mögen. So lehret uns die heilige Schrift das Sünden-Joch in der Kraft Jeſu Chriſti abzuwerfen, und hingegen ſein Joch, welches, wie er ſelber ſpricht, Matth. 11, 30. ſanft und leicht iſt, auf uns zu nehmen.

Welche nun unter euch ſolche Gnade empfangen haben, dieſes ſüſſe Joch durch den Geiſt der Gnaden zu tragen, dieſelben ermahne und ermuntere ich in dem Namen desjenigen, der ſie geliebet, und durch ſein Blut zu ſeinem Eigenthum erkauffet hat, daß ſie ſich doch ja in ſolchem Zuſtand bewahren, und ſich mit Fleiß hüten, daß ſie nicht wieder aus demſelben fallen mögen. Gedencket an das Wort Pauli 1. Cor. 10, 12. Wer ſich läßt düncken, er ſtehe, mag wol zuſehen, daß er nicht falle. Uebet euch ohne Unterlaß in dem Glauben an den Herrn Jeſum; erwäget ſtets in eurem Gemüth die groſſe Seligkeit, welche er euch erworben, und auf welche ihr hoffet; gewöhnet euch gegen alle Anfechtung von der knechtiſchen Furcht euer Hertz zu ſtillen durch die theureſte und allergröſſeſte Verheiſſungen, ſo euch von ihm geſchencket ſind, 2. Petr. 1, 4. Betrachtet immer ernſtlicher und immer tiefer ſeine unausſprechliche Liebe, dadurch er ſich euch zu eigen gegeben hat, auf daß ihr dadurch aufs innigſte bewogen werdet, euch ihm hinwiederum zu eigen zu geben, und alle Lebens-Kräfte zu ſeinem Dienſt aufzuopfern. Führet euren ganzen Beruf und Stand, darin ihr lebet, aus dem rechten principio, oder Grunde, worauf Johannes in dem jetzo erklärten Text gewieſen, nemlich aus der Liebe, damit uns Gott in ſeinem Sohn geliebet hat, und aus der ſchuldigen Dankbarkeit ihn wieder zu lieben, und ſolches in allen Fällen, und bey aller Gelegenheit mit der That zu beweiſen; ſintemal ihr auch aus unſerm Text vernommen, welchergeſtalt uns Gott unſern Nächſten zur Probe einer aufrichtigen Liebe vorgeſtellet hat.

Erinnert euch doch insonderheit anjetzo des heutigen Evangeliſchen Textes vom reichen Mann und dem armen Lazaro, wobey in der nach der heutigen Früh-Predigt verleſenen Armen-Ordnung. Sehet das als eine Gelegenheit an einen würcklichen Beweiß zu geben, wie ihr das verkündigte Wort zu Hertzen genommen habt. Erkennet ihr nun in der Wahrheit, daß Gott die Liebe iſt, und daß, wer in der Liebe bleibet, in Gott bleibet, und Gott in ihm: ey, ſo laſſet eure Hertzen überflieſſen gegen euren armen Nächſten. Ja, gewiß, wenn ihr die völlige Liebe durch die Erleuchtung des Heiligen Geiſtes erkennet, und der kräftigen Wirkung ſolcher Erkäntnis Raum gebet, ſo werdet ihrs nicht ſehen können, daß andere in ihrer Noth gelaſſen werden, ſo euch Gott das Vermögen giebet ihnen daraus zu helfen. Denn ſo ſpricht auch Johannes 1 Epiſt. 3, 17. Wenn jemand dieſer Welt Güter hat, und ſiehet ſeinen Bruder darben, und ſchleuſt ſein Hertz vor ihm zu, wie bleibet die Liebe Gottes bey ihm!

Hat euch Gott denn auch Gnade verliehen, daß ihr zu einem Evangeliſchen und kindlichen Zuſtand in eurer Seele kommen ſeyd, ſo wendet die empfangene Kraft in der Ausübung der Liebe deſto treulicher an, damit ihr nicht wieder verlieret, was ihr empfangen habet, ſondern immer mehr empfanget. Denn wenn ihr euch alſo treu erweiſet, ſo werdet ihr immer beſſer in das Bild Chriſti verkläret werden von einer Klarheit zu der andern 2. Cor. 3, 18. Da werdet ihr erfahren, welcher geſtalt ihr, wenn ihr nur erſt eine Pflanze des himmliſchen Vaters worden ſeyd, durch ſeine Gnade wachſen und zunehmen, und immer reichere Früchte eurem himmliſchen Gärtner tragen, und ihn damit erfreuen werdet.

Es iſt gar nicht meine Meynung, als wenn wir durch die Wercke Gott etwas abverdienten. Ach nein. Wir verdienen mit unſern guten Wercken den Himmel nicht, und wol mit den böſen die Hölle. Chriſtus hat uns die Seligkeit erworben, und durch ſein Verdienſt werden wir gerecht und ſelig. So dürfen wir auch nicht meynen, daß wir durch die Wercke erſt in einen ſeligen Zuſtand geſetzet werden; ſondern dis geſchiehet durch die Gnade unſers Herrn Jeſu Chriſti, welche wir durch den Glauben, den Gott wircket, ergreiffen, und das Evangelium iſt die Kraft Gottes ſelig zu machen, die daran glauben, Röm. 1, 6. Wir ſollen aber wiſſen, daß wir in dem ſeligen Zuſtand, darein uns Chriſti Gnade und ſein Evangelium ſetzet, nicht bleiben können, wenn der Glaube, der ſolche Seligkeit ergreiffet, nicht thätig iſt durch die Liebe. Deswegen, obgleich Paulus dem Glauben allein die Rechtfertigung zuſchreibet, ſo drucket er doch dieſe conditionem fidei judificantis, oder die Beſchaffenheit des Glaubens, der gerecht macht, mit groſſem Fleiß aus Gal. 5, 6. da er ſpricht, daß in Chriſto Jeſu weder Beſchneidung noch Vorhaut etwas gelte, ſondern der Glaube, der durch die Liebe thätig iſt.

Weil denn nun die heilige Schrift von keinem andern Glauben weiß, der ein wahrer und vor Gott geltender oder Gott wohlgefälliger Glaube ſey, als von dem, der durch die Liebe thätig iſt, ſo ſollen wir denn dieſe rechte Eigenſchaft des ſelig machenden Glaubens ſtets an uns erfinden laſſen, ja, darnach ringen, daß ſie immer in gröſſerer Kraft und reicherem Maaß in uns erfunden werde. Da wird denn auch das Hertz Gottes ſich immer weiter gegen uns eröfnen; denn wenn wir uns befleißigen, daß gleichwie er iſt, alſo auch wir ſeyn mögen in dieſer Welt, oder daß wir ſeine Nachfolger ſeyn in der Liebe, ſo werden wir auch ſeiner Gemeinſchaft je mehr und mehr zu genieſſen haben. O was wird euch das, Geliebte in dem Herrn, für eine Seligkeit ſeyn, hinfort als auf dem Schooſſe Gottes, der die Liebe iſt, zu ſitzen, ſeiner Gnade und Huld ſtets zu genieſſen, ſeines Gnaden-Einfluſſes immer reichlicher theilhaftig zu werden, und dergeſtalt in Liebe und Leid ein fröliches und vergnügtes, oder doch getröſtetes und unverzagtes Hertz allezeit zu haben. Nun, das wolle der Herr aus Gnaden in euer aller Seelen wircken, darum wir auch zu Gott demüthiglich alſo beten. etc.

Agnes Franz,

eine Tochter des 1801 verſtorbenen Regierungsrathes Franz zu Militſch in Schleſien, ward daſelbſt am 8. März 1795 geboren, erhielt durch ihre Mutter eine vortreffliche Bildung und lebte abwechſelnd in Schleſien und Sachſen.

Sie gab heraus:

Glycerion. Sammlung kleiner Erzählungen und Romane. Schweidnitz 1823.
Gedichte. 2 Thle. Hirſchberg 1826.
Der Chriſtbaum. Weſel 1828.
Volksſagen. Leipzig 1830.
Parabeln. Weſel 1829. 2. A. 1831.
Einzelne Gedichte und Erzählungen in Zeitſchriften, namentlich der Abendzeitung, in Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Eine gemüthvolle Dichterin, in deren zarten Leiſtungen das religiöſe Element vorwaltet. Nicht immer glücklich in ihren poetiſchen Erfindungen, iſt ſie es dagegen ſtets da, wo ſie den ganzen Reichthum ihrer reinen Frömmigkeit entfalten kann, weshalb denn auch ihre Schöpfungen auf dieſem Gebiet, namentlich ihre Parabeln, als ihre gelungenſten Leiſtungen zu betrachten ſind.

Die Schwingen des Lebens.

Als die Schöpfung der Erde beendigt war und der Menſch, von der Dämmerung tiefen Schlummers umfangen, die Freuden des Daſeins in ſeligen Träumen zum erſtenmale begrüßte: da traten drei hohe Engel, ſo dem Schöpfer gefolgt waren, um das Werk ſeiner Allmacht zu ſchauen, — vor die Lagerſtätte des Schlummernden, den Herrn der Schöpfung begrüßend, im Gefühl der Liebe und Freude.

Und als ſie ſich zu demſelben herabbeugten, waren ſie überraſcht von der Schönheit und der vollendeten Geſtalt des Erſchaffnen, und ſie ſprachen zu einander: Wahrlich der Menſch ſteht den Engeln ſehr nahe, wenn ſeine Seele der Reinheit und Hoheit ſeiner Züge entſpricht!

Aber, begann der Eine, deſſen Stirn ernſter und höher ſtrahlte, als die der Uebrigen: Ein Schmuck der Himmelsbewohner wurde dennoch dem Sohne der Erde verſagt, ſiehe, ihm fehlt das Zeichen der Freiheit, das ſchimmernde Flügelpaar!

Trauernd ſahen die Engel die Entdeckung des ernſtern Bruders beſtätigt, und ſie flüſterten leiſe: Wollte der göttliche Meiſter hierdurch andeuten, daß des Staubes Kind noch nicht würdig ſei des freien Aufſchwungs und der ſeligen Freuden im Gebiete des Lichts! —

Da ſtieg aus dem nahen Gebüſch ein Adler empor und durchſchnitt mit breiten Schwingen die Luft, und verſchwand dann in der ſonnigen Höhe. Und die Engel erblickten ihn und begannen von Neuem: Siehe den Vogel des Gebirges! Iſt er nicht freier und begünſtigter denn der Herr der Erde! Und wird dieſer dem Glücklichen ohne Neid nachzublicken vermögen in die ſonnigen Regionen! —

Laßt uns, rief einer der Engel, deſſen Antlitz ſo mild wie der Himmel und ſchön wie die Morgenröthe leuchtete: Laßt uns vor Jehovah treten und für den Menſchen bitten, daß er gleich uns das Geſchenk der Freiheit erhalte und nicht an den Boden gefeſſelt ſei, gleich den Thieren des Waldes und dem niedern Gewürm!

Ja, wir wollen zu dem göttlichen Meiſter, er wird uns erhören! rief der Dritte, das ſelige Auge erhebend, und dahin ſchwebten die Engel auf den Fittigen des Morgenlichts.

Als aber Jehovah der Engel Fürbitte vernommen, ruhte ſein göttliches Auge mit Wohlgefallen auf den freundlichen Lichtgeſtalten, die alſo in liebender Sorge erglühten für den jungen, unmündigen Menſchen. — Ihr bittet für den Sohn des Staubes der Lichtbewohner ſchönſtes Loos! ſprach Jehovah: Aber noch liegt der Freiheit Glück außer den Grenzen ſeiner Kraft!

Ihn für dieſes zu erziehen, ſein Herz für eure Freuden zu bilden, iſt die Aufgabe ſeines Daſeins, und die Sehnſucht nach dieſem, ihm noch verſagten Glück, das Band, welches ihn an die Geiſterwelt knüpft. Aber wollet ihr, die ihr des Neuerſchaffenen mit ſo ſorgender Liebe gedenket, ihm, wenn ſeine Kraft ermattet, eure Fittige leihen, ſo ſei es fortan in eure Macht gegeben, des Sterblichen Loos zu erleichtern. Gehet hinab und werdet ſeine Führer auf dem Pfade des Lebens, und gebet ihm durch eure Nähe den Vorſchmack künftiger Wonnen!

Und alſobald jauchzten die Engel voll hoher Freude und umſchlangen ſich inniger, und ſchwebten vereinigt zur Erde hinab, und traten vor des Schlummernden Lager. Freudenthränen im Auge, legten ſie ihre Hände auf des Menſchen Bruſt, wie zu einem ſtillen Gelübde. O du, der du jetzt noch in den Armen des Schlummers liegſt, begann der jüngſte der Engel: Gedenke, wenn du einſt auf deinem Pfade manchem Ungemach, mancher Klippe begegneſt, gedenke meines Wortes! Hebe deine Blicke getroſt zu mir, und ich werde dir meine Schwingen leihen, denn leicht tragen dich die Fittige der Hoffnung über die Dornen des Augenblicks und führen dich in lichtere Gefilde.

Und wenn einſt die Laſt des Tages zu ſchwer deinen Nacken darniederbeugt, begann der Zweite mit mildem Antlitz: ſo komm zu mir, ich will deine Bürde erleichtern! der Liebe ſtarke, muthige Schwingen werden dein Leben mit wunderbarer Kraft durchſtrömen, und unermüdlich wirſt du das Gute ſchaffen und fördern und weit mehr vollbringen, als die ſchwache Hand des Sterblichen zu verſprechen vermag.

Und wenn einſt Stunden dir nahen, ſo begann der dritte Engel in leuchtender Hoheit: wo irdiſcher Schmerz oder ſelbſt verſchuldetes Unglück dich im Genuſſe des Friedens, des Glückes zu ſtören droht, wenn du dich von Banden eingeengt fühleſt, die du nicht zu löſen vermagſt, und tiefverirrt in den Labyrinthen des Lebens nach Hülfe und Rettung verlangſt: dann nimm, o Sterblicher, getroſt deine Zuflucht zu mir! des Glaubens heilige Fittige überwinden jede Erdengewalt und tragen dich aus Nacht und Dunkel empor zu des ewigen Vaters liebender Bruſt. Mein Himmel ſoll in dieſem Augenblick der Deine, meine ſelige Kraft die Deinige ſein, und du wirſt geläutert und beruhigt heimkehren zu dem Buſen der mütterlichen Erde.

Alſo ſprachen die Engel und reichten ſich die Hände zum dauernden Bunde. Jehovah aber blickte mit Liebe auf die Vereinigten und weihte ſie zu den Schutzgeiſtern der Menſchen.

Der Lorbeerkranz.

Odacis, ein tapfrer Krieger des großen Alexanders, kam einſt bei einer armſeligen Hütte vorbei, aus der ihm das Stöhnen eines Kranken entgegentönte.

Er warf einen Blick durch die offenſtehende Thür: eine bleiche Geſtalt ruhte auf einem dürftigen Lager, zu deſſen Füßen ein Lorbeerbaum ſtand; als er näher trat, gewahrte er bekannte Züge. Es war Elpinor, ein Freund ſeiner Jugend, den er ſeit langen Jahren nicht geſehen hatte.

Ihn ebenfalls erkennend, reichte dieſer ihm die matte Hand entgegen.

Odacis! begann er leiſe, dich ſegneten die Götter mit Ehre und Ruhm! Nun iſt es erfüllt, was wir einſt in den Jahren glücklicher Jugend geträumt: Wir ſehen als Helden uns wieder!

Als Helden? erwiederte Odacis, ihn ſtaunend betrachtend: Welchen Feind halfſt du beſiegen, und welchen Kampf haſt du beſtanden?

Elpinor entgegnete: Mein Kampf war ein langes Siechthum, mein Feind die Verzweiflung! Schon wollte ich des unnützen Lebens Faden zerreißen, denn ich ſah euch kämpfen und ſiegen mit ihm dem großen Ueberwinder, und mußte zurückbleiben, gehalten von den Feſſeln der Krankheit. Da träumte mir einſt von einem freundlichen Engel, der legte mir einen Lorbeerkranz aufs Haupt und des Engels Name war Geduld. Da fühlte ich mein Unrecht und meine Feigheit, das ſchwere Leben nicht länger tragen zu wollen, und der Kranz wurde von nun an mein Verlangen. Darum ließ ich mir jenen Lorbeerbaum vor mein Lager ſtellen, damit der Gedanke des Sieges die Schmerzen des Kampfes erleichtere und es war mir, als vergäße ich ſo leichter mein trauriges Loos.

Du glaubſt alſo, daß wir gleiche Kränze verdienen? ſprach Odacis, und ein ſpöttiſches Lächeln flog über ſein Geſicht.

Der Unglückliche, erwiederte Elpinor: der mit unverdienten, körperlichen Leiden zu kämpfen hat, und nicht verzagt, iſt ein Held und ſteht ſo hoch wie jener, der Alexanders Schlachten ſchlug. Dort iſt der Tod ein ſchnellzuckender Blitz, hier ein langſamverzehrender Sonnenſtich, dort wird dem Sieger Ehre und Ruhm — hier Armuth und gänzliches Vergeſſen. — Ach, Odacis! der Kampf mit körperlichen Leiden iſt lang und ermattend, gönne darum Elpinor'n den Kranz!

Da gereute Odacis ſeine Frage, und er erkannte der Rede Wahrheit und er eilte zu ſeinem Gezelt und brachte den Lorbeerkranz, den er bei dem Siegeseinzug in Babylon empfangen hatte, und legte ihn auf des Sterbenden Haupt.

Der Seidenwurm.

Ermüdet von der Laſt des Tages kehrte Enos von dem Felde zurück. Röthlich war ſein Antlitz gebrannt von den Gluthen der Sonne, und ſeine Stirn trug tiefe Furchen des Kummers.

Schweigend trat er in die Hüttenthür. Da ſaß noch Naema ſein Weib und webte, und vor ihr lagen drei Gewande von weichen Fellen, die hatte ſie gefertiget für ihre drei Söhne, und das alles in beſcheidener Stille, daß keiner gewahr wurde die Mühe ihrer Hände; denn ihr Fleiß war ohne Gepränge und anſpruchlos wie ihr ſanftes Gemüth.

Da aber Enos die drei Gewande erblickte und das mühſame Gewebe, an dem ihre unverdroſſene Hand noch fortarbeitete, obgleich die Sonne ſchon untergegangen war, da kam eine tiefe Rührung über ſein Herz, und er eilte hinaus vor die Thür, und vergoß Thränen bittern Grames, denn er dachte in ſeinem Herzen an die ſorgenloſe Freiheit der Erſtgeſchaffenen, an die Zeit des unendlichen Segens.

Und er trauerte um das verlorne Paradies, und ſprach in düſtrer Wehmuth:

Weh uns! daß die Frucht des Verderbens, von der Eltern Schuld erzeugt, fortwuchern ſoll von Geſchlecht zu Geſchlecht! und daß das Strafwort Gottes: Im Schweiß deines Angeſichts ſollſt du dein Brod eſſen! ſich auch an den Frömmſten erfüllen ſoll!

Da trat Naema aus der Hütte und nahte ſich ihm, denn ſie hatte den Unmuth auf ſeiner Stirn geleſen und ſeine Worte gehört. Ihr Antlitz aber war ſanft und freundlich, und ſie ſprach zu ihm:

Wie kann dich des Herrn Wille doch alſo betrüben? Iſt der Menſch nicht vor allen lebendigen Geſchöpfen an Freuden geſegnet durch das Licht ſeines Geiſtes! Was willſt du dich grämen und mit der weiſen Einrichtung Gottes hadern?

Aber Enos ſprach: Naema, ich weiß, daß du mit ſanfter Rede mir ſtets deinen Kummer verhülleſt! Aber ich kenne die Laſt, die dich drücket gleich mir! Siehe, das Thier im Walde iſt glücklicher denn wir, denn es darf ſich nicht kümmern um den folgenden Tag und lebt ſorglos und fröhlich ſeine Stunden dahin! Aber auf uns ruht der Fluch der Sünde, darum iſt unſer Leben mit der Laſt drückender Arbeit beſchwert und einer Sorge verfallen!

Aber Naema antwortete und ſprach: Nenne die Arbeit keine Laſt, Geliebter! — Sie ſei uns die Würze des Lebens! Süß ſchmeckt das friedliche Mahl von den Früchten, die wir uns mühſam erzogen, ſüßer denn die goldnen Aepfel des Paradieſes!

So ſprach Naema; aber Enos blieb ernſt bei den Worten des milden Weibes und ſetzte ſich ſchweigend unter die Palmen vor der Thür, wo Naema mit geſchäftiger Hand das Mahl des Abends bereitete.

Da kamen Enos Söhne zurück von der Flur, und ihr Antlitz war fröhlich wie der Morgen, und ihr Auge glänzte voll jugendlichen Lebens.

Und ſie traten zu den Eltern und begannen mit haſtiger Rede einſtimmig von einem Wunder zu erzählen, das ſie geſehn, und ihre Worte waren verworren, denn ſie ſprachen alle zugleich.

Und Naema gebot den Jüngern zu ſchweigen, und ſprach zu Hamet dem Aelteſten: Rede, mein Sohn!

Und Hamet begann: Du weißt, o Mutter! daß wir uns eine kleine Hütte gebaut haben in dem Schatten des Maulbeerbaumes, denn wir lieben den Platz wegen ſeiner Kühle und der ſüßen Frucht. Dort haben wir ein ſeltſames Thier gefunden, das von dem Laube des Baumes lebt und klein und gering iſt, gleich andern Gewürmen, aber von großer Geſchicklichkeit. Vor einigen Tagen begann es eine mühſame Arbeit und ruhte nicht, bis das feine Geſpinnſt, was wir dir bringen, vollendet war. Siehe, o Mutter, die glänzenden Fäden! Willſt du, daß wir die übrigen ſammeln und ſie bewahren zu Feſt-Gewändern?

So ſprach der Knabe, aber Naema trat mit dem Seidengewebe zu Enos, und ſprach: Siehe, auch dies geringe Geſchöpf gehorcht willig dem Geſetz der Natur für Andre zu ſorgen und nützlich zu ſein! Mit welchem Fleiß hat es ſein kurzes Daſein geſegnet! Sieh, dieſe Fülle von glänzenden Fäden, die ein ſo kleines Thier geſponnen!

Und zu den Söhnen ſprach ſie: Gehet hin und ſammelt des köſtlichen Geſpinnſtes ſo viel ihr finden möget, und tragt es herbei.

Bringt den ſeltnen Wurm auch mit euch, der das Schickſal des Menſchen theilt! rief Enos — und die Knaben eilten fröhlich den Hügel hinab.

Sieher, fuhr er jezt fort: iſt dieſes Weſen erſchaffen, um uns ein treues Bild unſers Elends zu ſein.

Die Nothwendigkeit iſt dem vielleicht auch ſchwerer geweſen und der Tod wird der Lohn ſein des mühſamen Tagewerks!

Immer ſo muthlos, o Enos! erwiederte Maema: Kann es nicht derſelbe heilige Trieb das Würmchen beſeelen, der den Menſchen zu Thaten der Liebe leitet? Siehe, es iſt ja ſo ſchön für Andre zu ſorgen und einſt der Nachwelt noch die Frucht ſeines Fleißes zu hinterlaſſen, daß es ja keines andern Lohnes bedarf, als der innern Zufriedenheit, die uns dem Herzen [illegible]!

Da kamen die Söhne zurück, und ſie brachten in einem Körbchen noch viele der zarten Geſpinnſte und auch der Seidenwürmer einige, und ſie legten beides vor dem Vater hin.

Schweigend betrachtete Enos die ſeltſamen Thiere, von denen einige ſchon halb eingewebt waren, und ſprach:

Siehe, mich hat meine Vermuthung nicht betrogen! ſie ſpinnen ſich ſelbſt das Grab!

Da ſchüttelte Hamat und ſprach: erſt wähnten wir auch, mein Vater! aber nun ſind wir eines andern belehrt! Siehe, das Würmchen muß erſt ſeine Beſtimmung erfüllen, ehe es ſich ſeines Lebens erfreuen darf! Darum arbeitet es unverdroſſen, und ruhet nicht weder Tag noch Nacht, ſo daß wir meinen, es baue ſein Grab. — Einige lag es erſtarrt und wie verborgen in ſeinem ſeidnen Gewebe — doch als wir ſahen, es ſei nun in Staub zerfallen, ſiehe, da geſchah ein glänzendes Wunder! denn ein leichter Schmetterling brach durch den Kerker des Wurmes hervor, der ſchwebte in fröhlichem Fluge über die Blumen dahin!

Und das glänzende Gewebe blieb uns zurück! rief der Andre.

Damit wir ſeiner ſtets dankbar gedenken können! ſezte [illegible] der Dritte hinzu.

Da erheiterte ſich Enos Geſicht und er ſprach zu Maema: Dürfen wir dieſes ſeltſame Wunder uns deuten als eine ſelige Verheißung der Gottheit?

Und Maema erwiederte: Glaube was dich tröſtet, du Guter! In meinem Herzen war ſtets die Ueberzeugung, daß das innere Leben (die Freudigkeit der Seele) nur immer ſchöner ſeine Schwingen entfaltet, je mehr das Aeußere dem Dienſte der Menſchheit geweiht iſt.

Das Meer.

Auf einem Felſen am Meer ſaß Amunt mit ſeinem Sohne, dem zarten Giltar. Lange ſchon hatte ſich der Knabe nach dieſem Augenblicke geſehnt, denn er hatte viel gehört von der Meeresfläche und der Gewalt dieſes Anblicks.

Oft hatte er gebeten: O Vater, nimm mich mit auf die Höhen, daß ich niederfallen möge vor der großen, erhabenen Natur, die ſich dort offenbart in dem unermeßlichen Waſſerſpiegel.

Aber Amunt wollte ihm das hohe Schauſpiel erſt gewähren, wenn ſein Geiſt fähiger ſein würde, die Wunder der Schöpfung zu faſſen. Jezt war die Zeit gekommen, wo er ihn würdig fand, Gott anzubeten in dem erhabenſten Tempel ſeiner Allmacht.

Ein leichtes Sturmgewölk zog empor, die Wellen [illegible] in unruhiger Bewegung hoch und höher, und die Brandung brach ſich ſchäumend an der Felſenwand, von deren Gipfel der Knabe ſchweigend hinab ſah in das ſchäumende Meer.

Lange ſtand er und ſtarrte in die Ferne, dann klammerte er ſich feſter an den Vater und rief: O halte mich, Vater! mir wird ſo ſeltſam zu Sinn bei dieſem unermüdlichen Kämpfen und Ringen der Fluth!

Ich hatte mir das Meer als ein Bild ruhiger Größe gedacht, aber dieſe raſtloſe [illegible]. Ein [illegible] Grauen überrinnt mich bei ſeinem Anblick und ich fühle gedrückt und beklommen [illegible].

Da wüthet das Meer vom Sturme bewegt, entgegnete der Vater. Keiner vermag in dieſem Aufruhr die ruhige Erhabenheit zu entdecken, die ihm ſonſt eigen iſt. [illegible]

Betrachte dieſes Wogengewühl, wie es ſich unruhig emporhebt und eine Welle die andre verdrängt und [illegible] will. Sie machen Alle den Himmel [illegible], deſſen Bild [illegible] aus der unruhigen Fluth [illegible].

So ſinnt der Menſch, von leidenſchaftlicher Begier erfüllt und [illegible]

Aber [illegible] erwiederte Giltar, [illegible]

Möge die Natur, o mein Sohn, dir ſelbſt dieſe Frage beantworten! ſprach der Vater, und verwies den forſchenden Knaben auf den folgenden Tag.

Beide gingen nun die Höhe hinab, denn ein zweites Wetter zog empor, drohender denn das erſte, und der Weg war noch weit zu dem Thal, wo ihre Hütten ſtanden.

Aber am Morgen, wo die Sturmnacht vorüber und der Himmel ein einziger blauer Saphir war, da weckte der Vater den ſchlummernden Knaben und zog ihn raſch mit ſich fort, und führte ihn auf die ſchimmernde Felshöhe.

Schon hatte ſich die Sonne mit glühenden Wangen aus dem kühlen Fluthenbett gehoben, ſchon tanzte ihr zitterndes Licht in tauſend Schwingungen auf dem Meeresſpiegel. Still und lautlos ruhte die unendliche Fläche im Purpurglanz des Morgens.

Sanft hoben ſich die Wellen wie die Pulsſchläge eines fröhlichen Herzens, und auf jeder derſelben ruhte des Himmels Bild und das Antliz der Sonne, als gehörten alle zu einem [illegible], denn die Grenzen der Höhe und Tiefe waren in Eins verſchmolzen durch den Widerſchein des ewigen Lichtes.

Aber der Knabe warf ſich nieder in unausſprechlicher Rührung und faltete die Hände und ſprach: Ja, nun habe ich das Herrlichſte geſehen, was die Erde gibt, das erhabne Bild der ſeligſten Ruhe.

So bewahre es tief in deinem Herzen, mein Sohn, ſprach der Vater, es iſt das Bild des in ſich zufriednen Gemüthes! Wie der Himmel ſich nur auf der ruhigen Fläche wiederſpiegelt, ſo wohnt die Tochter des Himmels, das Glück, auch nur in ungetrübten, friedlichen Seelen. Bewahre darum dein Herz rein von ungeſtümen Wünſchen und Forderungen, ſo wird der Himmel darinnen wohnen, und deine irdiſche Welt ſchon hier Eines ſein mit dem himmliſchen Jenſeits, wie jene Purpurfläche mit dem Firmament, zwiſchen denen das Auge keine Grenze zu entdecken vermag, weil über beide ein Lichtſchleier gewoben iſt, dem himmliſchen Glauben ähnlich, der zwei Welten liebend zu Einer verbindet.

Des Knaben Traum.

Der ſchwüle Tag war heimgegangen und mit ihm ſein buntes regſames Leben; die Vögel durchzogen nicht mehr die Lüfte, und auch in den Zweigen des Haines wurde es ſtill und ſtiller.

Da kam ein Knabe daher, der weinte traurig vor ſich, und klagte aus tief beklommenem Herzen: Wohin ſoll ich mich wenden, ich armer verwaiſter Knabe? Bin ich denn ſo ganz allein in der weiten Welt, daß ich kein Herz finden kann, das ſich meiner annehme, und kein Auge, das freundlich und ſorgend auf mich blickt?

Wäre ich doch nur mit der Mutter zugleich ins Grab geſunken, dann dürfte ich nicht mehr ſo einſam wandern den ganzen langen Tag, und von Thür zu Thür [illegible]. — Ach, ich bin doch ein gar verlaſſenes Kind! keiner will ſeitdem meiner freundlich gedenken!

Darauf legte er ſich betrübten Sinnes unter einen Baum nieder, denn ſeine Füße waren wund von dem heißen Sand, und ſein müdes Haupt ſank erſchöpft auf einen moosigen Stein, der ihm zur Seite lag.

Da ward ihm auf einmal recht ſeltſam zu Sinn. Die dämmernde Flur ſchien ſich um ihn her in immer engern Kreiſe zuſammen zu ziehen, und er ſah hinab, als ruhte er auf einem hohen Hügel; dabei zogen unendlich liebe Bilder an ihm vorüber und ihm wollte bedünken, er läge wieder in der Mutter weichem Arm, ein ſtilles glückliches Kind, umgaukelt von den Armen der Liebe.

Jezt ſäuſelte es im Gebüſche und es wehte wie leichter Flügelſchlag um die nahen Blumen. Da legte ſich eine weiche Hand auf ſeine Augen und ihm ward, als hebe ſich ein Schleier nach dem andern von [illegible].

Da ging es vor ihm auf wie morgens [illegible] Tag, tauſend helle leuchtende Geſtalten zogen durch die Wolken und durch die Blumen der Erde. — Alle waren leicht beſchwingt und wiegten ſich in holder Geſchäftigkeit. Aus dem ſtrahlenden Himmelsthor ſchritt es wie ein leuchtender Traumgebilde, aber als des Knaben geblendetes Auge heller ward, ſahe er, daß es Engel waren, gar mild und freundlich anzuſchauen, die ſtreuten [illegible] am den Himmel und ſchöpften aus der Wolken duftigen Brunnen den ſtärkenden Thau und träufelten ihn herab auf die Blumen.

Und wie tauſend [illegible] ſich bewegten den Himmel zu [illegible], ſo begann das geſchäftige Leben auch in der Erde [illegible].

Jede Blume hatte ihre Engel; die [illegible] ſah vertrauend zu ihrem Schuzgeiſt empor, der ſeine Hand über ihre zarten

Blätter breitete, und auch die jungfräuliche Roſe erblühte unter freundlichem Schutz.

Selbſt das allerkleinſte Blümchen ſtand unter liebender wartender Hand, das Veilchen bekam ſeinen Thautropfen und die Erdbeere wurde mit Ambroſia getränkt. Sanfte Hände führten das kleine Würmchen im Moos zum Veilchenkelch, hier durfte es ſich laben an dem tiefen blauen Quell. Aber der Knabe ſahe nun auch nahe bei ſich im Gebüſch einen Engel, der trat leiſe zu den ſchlummernden Vöglein und ſtreute Futter in ihre Neſter, ging dann geſchäftig zu dem zarten Schmetterling, der ſeine Flügel noch nicht heben konnte, und trug ihn ſorgſam auf ein weiches Roſenblatt, wo ſtärkender Thau ihn erquickte. —

Alsbald richtete er die kleinen Schwingen muthig empor und hob ſich behutſam von einer Knoſpe zur andern.

Ueberall waltete und webte die ſorglichſte Liebe und ihr Athem wehte durch Höhen und Tiefen gar mild und belebend.

Und der Knabe hob ſeinen Blick empor, als wollte er recht dankend zum Himmel beten. Da begegneten ſeine Augen einem unbeſchreiblichen milden Angeſicht, das ſich über ihn hinneigte und lächelnd ſprach:

Wie konnteſt du dich verlaſſen wähnen, da ich dir doch immer zur Seite bin und als dein ſchützender Engel von Anbeginn über dich gewacht habe? Steht nicht alles unter dem Schutz der Liebe? wie kannſt du doch klagen und weinen, als wäreſt du allein verlaſſen! Siehe doch die Lilien auf dem Felde und die Vöglein unter dem Himmel! Wer ſorgt denn für ſie, wenn es die ewige Huld nicht wäre? Wie ſollte denn der Menſch, der Liebling des Himmels, noch zweifeln und zagen? O du Kleinmüthiger, glaube nur und vertraue! Kein Sandkorn rollt ungezählt in den Ocean, was da lebt und webt iſt gezählt und aufgeſchrieben in das Buch des Lebens! — Lege darum dein Haupt vertrauend an meine Bruſt! ich führe dich gewiß recht treu und gut bis an des Lebens Ende!

Ich glaube an dich, o du holder freundlicher Engel! rief der Knabe und hob ſeine Arme zu dem himmliſchen Freund empor; — aber da fiel der Schleier wieder über ſeine Augen immer dichter und dichter, und er ſah nicht mehr die ſchönen Geſtalten in den Blumenreihen, noch die bunten Wolkenbilder, aber in ſein Herz war ein ſchöner Glaube gekommen, der ſtand wie ein ſanfter Mond über ſeine Nacht, daß ihm nicht graute vor der finſtern Verſchleierung.

Schon war die Sonne emporgeſtiegen, da erwachte der Knabe aus ſeinem wonnigen Schlummer, langſam hob er den Blick dem jungen Licht entgegen; es war nicht die ſchöne blumenreiche Aue, die er im Traume erblickte, vor ihm lag die bekannte Flur.

Kein Engel war mehr zu ſehen, aber ſtatt deſſen gewahrte er einen alten ehrwürdigen Hirten, der dicht vor ihm ſtand und ihn ſchweigend betrachtete. —

Willſt du mit mir gehn? frug er ihn mit milden Blicken.

Vater! rief der Knabe unwillkührlich, und breitete ihm die Arme entgegen.

Ja ich will dein Vater ſein, wenn du verlaſſen biſt! entgegnete freundlich der Alte, — folge mir zu meiner Hütte! —

Und vertrauend faßte der Knabe die dargebotene Hand und ſchritt mit ihm hinab in das Thal; aber im Herzen gedachte er des Traumes, und der Glaube an eine ewigwaltende Liebe ſchlug feſte Wurzel in ſeiner Seele, daß er ſtark wurde an freudiger Hoffnung und jeder bange Zweifel ſich löſte in tiefes inniges Gottvertrauen.

Der Charfreitag.

Die Kirchenglocken verhallten allmälig, die fromme Schaar wallte aus dem Gotteshauſe, und ein tiefes ernſtes Schweigen verkündete die Feier des Charfreitag-Abends.

Düſter und ſchwer hing der umwölkte Himmel über die Erde, und die Pulſe der kaum erwachten Natur ſchienen von neuem zu ſtocken in Furcht und banger Erwartung.

Aengſtlich trat die beſorgte Pfarrfrau auf den luftigen Altan des Hauſes, um nach dem emporziehenden Wetter zu ſehen, da gewahrte ſie Minona, die zartaufblühende Tochter, die ſtand auf dem Altan und blickte in die Ferne hinaus, und ihre Augen waren voll Thränen.

Was betrübt dich alſo, du Liebe! ſprach die freundliche Mutter und faßte die Hand des trauernden Mägdleins.

Aber Minona ſprach: laß mich nur weinen, Geliebte! daß meine Thränen die Erde benetzen, die einſt das unſchuldige Blut der heiligſten Liebe trank!

Siehe, ich habe der Zeit nachgedacht, wo die Gottheit wandelte auf Erden in menſchlicher Geſtalt, jener Zeit des unendlichen Segens, wo das Ewige ſich kund gab dem irdiſchen Blick. — Tief anbetend verſank da mein Geiſt in die Größe des Opfers, deſſen Gedächtniß wir heut erneuern in der Erinnerung der göttlichen That, die kein menſchlicher Verſtand zu ergründen und auszudenken vermag, — und ich weinte ſelige Thränen!

Die Mutter drückte ſchweigend ihr Kind ans Herz, und Minona fuhr fort: Laß uns, liebe Mutter, noch länger hier verweilen! Mein Geiſt iſt voll Wehmuth und Sehnſucht und hier oben iſt es, als wäre ich dem Himmel näher, wo der Göttliche wohnt, der uns ſo unendlich geliebt hat!

Und ſie lehnten ſich nebeneinander und ſahen ſchweigend in die Gegend hinaus. Dichter und dichter ballten ſich die Wolken zuſammen und eine ſchwüle Gewitterluft beugte die Spitzen der blattloſen Bäume.

Welch düſtre Stille! begann Minona: So mag der Himmel getrauert haben, als ſie den Unſchuldigen hinausführten auf die Höhen von Golgatha.

Immer ſchwärzer ward der Horizont; endlich zerriß die finſtere Wolkennacht, Flammen ſprühten und der Donner rollte in ernſter Majeſtät durch die Gewölbe des Himmels.

Von heiligem Schauer ergriffen, verbarg Minona ihr Antlitz. Der Heilige ſtirbt! ſeufzte ſie, die berſtenden Himmel verkünden die Stunde des Todes!

Furchtbarer wurden die Donnerſchläge, raſtlos tobte der Kampf am Firmament. Endlich brach der Wolken nächtlicher Schooß, große Tropfen fielen zur Erde, und es löſte ſich der Zorn des Himmels, und die Donner verſtummten.

Friedlich hallte das Läuten der Abendglocken in den ſäuſelnden Regen, wie ein Wort himmliſchen Troſtes in die Thränen der Pein.

Es iſt vollbracht! ſprach Minona, und ihr Antlitz erhob ſich betend zum Himmel. Da zertheilte ſich das Gewölk und die Sonne trat ſiegend hinter den Wolken hervor, und um die Erde wehte ein ſüßer Duft, gleich dem Odem des Frühlings.

Siehſt du das himmliſche Licht? ſprach die Mutter: die Nacht des Wetters iſt vorüber, und der holde Frühling der Erde geboren!

Die Wahrheit ſteigt triumphirend aus der Nacht des Grabes auf ihren ſtrahlenden Thron! rief begeiſtert Minona: Gewonnen iſt uns ihr himmliſches Reich!

Amen! ſprach der Pfarrherr, der leiſe hinzugetreten war; und ſie reichten ſich einander die Hände, und es war ihnen ſo wohl und ſelig im Herzen, als vernähmen ſie den Gruß des Erlöſers: Friede ſei mit Euch!

Heinrich von Frauenberg s. Minnesinger.

Heinrich Frauenlob s. Minnesinger.

Ferdinand Freiligrath,

einer der vielverſprechendſten unter den jüngeren lyriſchen Dichtern Deutſchlands, ward am 17. Juni 1810 in Detmold geboren und erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Verhältniſſe zwangen ihn den Studien zu entſagen und ſich dem Kaufmannsſtande zu widmen. Nachdem er ſeine Lehrjahre in

Zeit vollendet, fand er eine Anstellung im Comtoir eines angesehenen Banquiers in Amſterdam, verweilte hier bis zum Juni 1836 und kehrte dann in ſein Vaterland zurück.

Er gab heraus:

V. Hugo's Oden im Versmaße des Originals überſetzt. Frankfurt 1836.
V. Hugo's Dämmerungsgeſänge. Frankfurt 1837.
Außerdem Beiträge zu verſchiedenen Taſchenbüchern, zum Morgenblatt, Phönix u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ein tief fühlendes Gemüth, eine eben ſo reiche als kühne und gewaltige Phantaſie und eine angeborene, aber ſeltene und mächtige Herrſchaft über die Sprache, verbunden mit dem Zauber des anmuthigſten Wohllautes, haben dieſem jungen Dichter, obwohl er verhältnißmäßig erſt Weniges bekannt gemacht, bereits einen hohen Rang erworben und berechtigen zu den ſchönſten Hoffnungen, deren Erfüllung ein freundliches Geſchick gütig unterſtützen möge.

Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath.*)

Afrikaniſche Huldigung.

Ich lege meine Stirn auf deines Thrones Stufen;
Ich führe dieſes Heer von hunderttauſend Hufen,
Ich führe dieſen Raub und dieſen Sclaventroß,
Ich führe dieſe Schaar von Mohren und von Schützen,
Die mit dem Dolch gewandt den Bauch der Feinde ſchlitzen,
Zurück, o König, vor dein Schloß!

Gewonnen iſt die Schlacht! Wir waren gute Schlächter!
Der Feinde König fiel, ein ſchlanker, wilder Fechter;
Sein harter Hals war weich, mein Säbel ſchnell und ſcharf.
Im Sande liegt ſein Rumpf, den Hyänen zum Mahle.
Erlaube, daß ich dir auf dieſer goldnen Schale
Sein triefend Haupt verehren darf.

Es trieft von Oele nicht, von Narden und von Salben:
Es trieft von rothem Blut, Gebieter, deinethalben;
Doch dir zum Labſal wird dies dunkle Drängerblut.
Ich fülle ſie zum Heile des Reiches, das er raubte;
Die volle Schal' leer' ich über deinem Haupte
Auf deiner goldnen Krone Glut.

Und jene, die prächtig und blank mit gelbem Scheine
Dies todte Haupt bekränzt, jetzt ſchmücke ſie das deine!
Sieh, daß ich ihren Glanz auf deiner Stirne ſeh'! —
Indeß die Gefangnen dort ſchwingt die gewaltigen Keulen,
Und durch Trommelſchall und der Erſchlagnen Heulen
Jauchzt: Heil dir, Fürſt von Dahomeh!

Geiſterſchau.

Gleichwie an des Nils Thor
Magus und Chaldäer lebte,
Die Geſtirne er beſchwor,
Und mit Widderblut ſie letzte;

Daß für das erflehte Naß
Jeder ſeinen Spruch ihm gebe,
Daß einmal [illegible]
Ihm der Zukunft Schleier hebe:

So auch oft an dem Geſtad
Meines Stromes, des Rheines,
Sitz' ich, bei [illegible]
Eines luſt'gen Zechvereins.

Aber nicht durch Blut und Wein,
Irdiſchen Stoff, bin ich ihr Meiſter;
Kraft des Willens ſind ſie mein:
Nur der Geiſt beſchwört die Geiſter!

Aus des Geiſtes Tiefen quillt,
Was das Aug' als Geiſter ſchauet;
Aus mir ſelber, kühn und wild,
Steigt empor, davor mir grauet.

Siehe, nach dem dunklen Blut,
Kommen ſie herangeflogen,
Seelen derer, ſo die Fluth
In das Todtenreich gezogen;

Könige, denen aus der Hand
Sie das goldne Scepter lenkte;
Mädchen, denen ſie entbrannt
Zu den letzten Reigen winkte;

Schiffer, denen hundert Jahr
Wellen ſchon den Schädel netzen —
Weiche ich, du düſtre Schaar,
Denn es faßt mich Entſetzen!

Weh'! was hab' ich euch geſtört,
Schlummrer auf dem Grund der Meere!
Weh'! wo iſt der Geiſter Schwert,
Daß ich eurem Zürnen wehre!

Der Schwertfeger von Damaskus.

Ein hoher Gaſt trat heut in meine niedre Schmiede:
Der Fürſt der [illegible], der tapfre Abaſſide!
In mein Gewölb' ſchritt der bärtige Kalif.
Sein glänzendes Gefolg ſah man mein Haus umringen,
Er aber wählte ſich die ſchärfſte meiner Klingen
Mit damascirtem Griff.

Die Waffe ließ er ſich an ſeinen Gürtel binden,
Und [illegible] dann die grünen Tamarinden,
Den [illegible] des Markts, entlang mit ſeiner Schaar,
Der Staub des Weges flog, gefegt von Stutenbäuchen;
Der Reiter Ferſe lag in den beſchäumten Weichen,
Und Staunen faßte den Bazar,

Ich kreuzte demuthsvoll auf meiner Bruſt die Arme,
Und ſah, vor meiner Thür, dem kriegeriſchen Schwarme
Bis an die Pforte nach, die gen Aleppo führt.
„O mächtiger Prophet, beſchütze ſeinen Enkel,
Und gib, daß lange noch die Stärke ſeiner Schenkel
Sein Beduinenroß regiert!

Und du, mein krummer Stahl, leb' wohl! Aus meiner dunkeln
Werkſtatt zieh'ſt du hinaus! In Schlachten wirſt du funkeln!
Bald hörſt du, wie dein Blitz ein Volk von Reitern drängt!
Da ſchwimmen durch den Sand ſich wälzende Geſchwader,
Den wilden Roſſen ſchwillt zur Kampfluſt jede Ader,
Und alle Zügel ſind verhängt.

Da ſiehſt du, zahllos wie der Sand, auf den ſie treten,
Des Feindes Heere nah'n den Kindern des Propheten. —
Durch unſre Reihen fliegt anfeuernd der Vezier.
Noch wartet der Kalif. — Da ſchmettern die Fanfaren,
Und ſeine Linke läßt den Zaum des Hengſtes fahren,
Und ſeine Rechte faßt nach dir.

Dann ſchwelgſt in Blute du, genährt von der geballten
Kalifenfauſt, und dampfſt, und träufelſt aus den Falten
Des Mantels, der die Hand des Mächtigen bedeckt.
Wie in Arabien und auf den öden, flachen
Sandflächen [illegible], aus eines Schakals Rachen
Die blutgetränkte Zunge leckt.

Dann zuckſt du himmelan, wie eine rothe Flamme,
Bei deren hellem Glanz ein Dichter ſeinem Stamme
Von [illegible] und [illegible] erzählt am rothen Meer.
Und dieſe Flamme, die den Orient entzündet,
Und laut im Occident des Oſtens Macht verkündet —
Aus meiner Eſſe ſtammt ſie her!

Der Scheik am Sinai im Spätjahr 1830.

„Tragt mich vor's Zelt hinaus ſammt meiner Ottomane!
Ich will ihn ſelber ſeh'n! — Heut' kam die Karavane
Aus Afrika, ſagt ihr, und mit ihr das Gerücht!
Tragt mich vor's Zelt hinaus! wie an den Waſſerbächen
Sich die Gazelle letzt, will ich an ſeinem Sprechen
Mich laben, wenn er Wahrheit ſpricht."

Der Scheik lag vor dem Zelt, und alſo ſprach der Mohre:
„„Auf Algiers Thürmen weht, o Greis! die Tricolore,
Auf ſeinen [illegible] wallt die [illegible] vom [illegible];
Durch ſeine Gaſſen tönt früh Morgens die Reveille.
Das Roß geht nach dem Takt des Liedes von Marſeille —
Die Franken kamen von Toulon!

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*) Aus Zeitſchriften und Taſchenbüchern.

Gen Süden rückt das Heer in blitzender Colonne;
Auf ihre Waffen flammt der Barbaresken Sonne,
Tauchter Sand umweht der Pferde Mähnenhaar.
Mit ihren Weibern flieh'n die knirſchenden Kabylen;
Der Atlas nimmt ſie auf, und mit dem Fuß voll Schwielen
Klimmt durch's Gebirg der Dromedar.

Die Mauren ſtellen ſich; vom Streit gleich einer Eſſe
Glüht ſchwül das Defilee! Dampf wirbelt durch die Päſſe;
Der Leu verläßt den Reſt des halbzerriſſ'nen Reh's.
Er muß ſich für die Nacht ein ander Wild erjagen. —
Allah! — **Feu!** — **En avant!** — Keck bis zum Gipfel ſchlagen
Sich durch die Aventuriers.

Der Berg trägt eine Kron' von blanken Bajonetten;
Zu ihren Füßen liegt das Land mit ſeinen Städten
Vom Atlas bis an's Meer, von Tunis bis nach Fez.
Die Reiter ſitzen ab; ihr Arm ruht auf den Croupen;
Ihr Auge ſchweift umher; aus grünen Myrthengruppen
Schaun kühn und ſchlank die Minarets.

Die Mandel blüht im Thal; mit ſüßen dunkeln Blättern
Trotzt auf dem kahlen Fels die Aloe den Wettern;
Geſegnet iſt das Land des Bey's von Tittery.
Dort glänzt das Meer; dorthin liegt Frankreich. Mit den bunten
Kriegsfahnen buhlt der Wind. Am Himmel glühn die Lunten;
Die Salve kracht — ſo grüßen ſie!‘“

„Sie ſind es!“ ruft der Scheik — „ich focht an ihrer Seite!
O Pyramidenſchlacht! o Tag des Ruhm's, der Beute!
Roth, wie kein Turban, war im Nil jene Furth. —
Allein ihr Sultan! ſprich!“ er faßt des Mohren Rechte;
„Sein Wuchs, ſein Gang, ſein Aug'! ſahſt du ihn im Gefechte?
Sein Kleid?“ — Der Mohr greift in den Gurt.

„„Ihr Sultan blieb daheim in ſeinen Burggemächern;
Ein Feldherr trotzt für ihn den Kugeln und den Köchern;
Ein Aga ſprengt für ihn des Atlas Eiſenthür.
Doch ihres Sultans Haupt ſiehſt du auf dieſem blanken
Goldſtück von zwanzig Francs. Ein Reiter von den Franken
Gab es beim Pferdehandel mir.“

Der Emir nimmt das Gold, und blickt auf das Gepräge,
Ob dies der Sultan ſei, dem er die Wüſtenwege
Vor langen Jahren wies; allein er ſeufzt und ſpricht:
„Das iſt ſein Auge nicht, das iſt nicht ſeine Stirne!
Den Mann hier kenn' ich nicht! ſein Haupt gleicht einer Birne!
Der, den ich meine, iſt es nicht.

Meerfabel.

Ebbetrocken auf dem Strande
Lag die unbeholfne Kuff;
Schwärzlich hing am Maſt das Zugnetz,
Das vom letzten Fange troff.

Taſtend prüfte ſeine Maſchen
Ein barfüßiger Geſell;
Fiſche dorrten in der Sonne
An dem hölzernen Geſtell.

Heiß und durſtig ſah die Düne
Auf das Meer, ein Tantalus;
Wie ein großer Silberhalbmond
Blitzte der Oceanus.

Jede Welle grau und ſalzig,
Die ſich an dem Ufer brach,
Wie zum Gruße mit dem Haupte
Nickte brandend ſie, und ſprach:

„Am Geſtade rauſch' ich gerne,
Lecke gern den harten Sand,
Bunte Muſcheln, Meeresſterne
Schleud're gern ich an das Land.

Gerne ſeh' ich Heid' und Ginſter
Wuchern um die Dünen her.
Hier vergeſſ' ich, wie ſo finſter
Draußen iſt das hohe Meer,

Das die kalten Stürme peitſchen;
Wo der Normann Fiſche fängt,
Wo das Eismeer mit des deutſchen
Meers Gewäſſern ſich vermengt,

Keine Tonn' und keine Bake
Schwimmt und flammt dort auf der See,
Und allnächtlich ſteigt der Krake
Aus den Tiefen in die Höh'.

Eine Inſel, blank von Schuppen,
Ruhet dort das Ungethüm,
Aengſtlich flüchten die Schaluppen,
Und der Fiſcher greift zum Riem.

Aehnlich einer dunkeln, ſchwarzen
Fläche liegt er kampfbereit.
Und ſein Rücken iſt mit Warzen,
Wie mit Hügeln, überſtreut.

Ruhig ſchwimmt er — doch nicht lange —
Auf dem Haupte grünes Moos,
Ziſchend zuckt die Meeresſchlange,
Die gewalt'ge, auf ihn los.

Wenn ſie blutend ſich umklaftern,
Wenn die rothen Kämme wehn,
Kann man keinen ſchauerlichern
Anblick auf dem Meere ſehn —

Einſam, ſchauerlich und finſter
Iſt das ferne hohe Meer!
Gerne ſeh' ich Heid' und Ginſter
Wuchern um die Dünen her.“

„Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter.“

Zelte, Poſten, Werda-Rufer!
Luſt'ge Nacht am Donauufer!
Pferde ſteh'n im Kreis umher
Angebunden an den Pflöcken;
An den engen Sattelböcken
Hangen Karabiner ſchwer.

Um das Feuer auf der Erde,
Vor den Hufen ſeiner Pferde
Liegt das Oeſtreich'ſche Piket.
Auf dem Mantel liegt ein Jeder;
Von den Tſchakos weht die Feder;
Leut'nant würfelt und Kornet.

Neben ſeinem müden Schecken,
Ruht auf einer woll'nen Decken
Der Trompeter ganz allein:
„Laßt die Knöchel! laßt die Karten!
„Kaiſerliche Feldſtandarten
„Wird ein Reiterlied erfreun!

„Vor acht Tagen die Affaire
„Hab' ich, zu Nutz' dem ganzen Heere,
„In gehör'gen Reim gebracht;
„Selber auch geſetzt die Noten;
„D'rum, ihr Weißen und ihr Rothen!
„Merket auf und gebet Acht!“

Und er ſingt die neue Weiſe
Einmal, zweimal, dreimal leiſe
Denen Reitersleuten vor;
Und wie er zum letzten Male
Endet, bricht mit einem Male
Los der volle, kräft'ge Chor:

„Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter!“
Hei, das klang wie Ungewitter
Weit in's Türkenlager hin.
Der Trompeter that den Schnurrbart ſtreichen,
Und ſich auf die Seite ſchleichen
Zu der Marketenderin.

Der ausgewanderte Dichter.

(Bruchſtücke eines unvollendeten Cyklus.)

Die Tanne fäll' ich, drauf die Adler horſten;
Sie kracht zu Boden, Schnee vom Haupte ſchüttelnd.
Ich wohne fürder einſam in den Forſten,
Die Menſchen fliehend und die Föhren rüttelnd.

Ich habe nicht, da ich mein Haupt hinlege;
Von keinem Volke, weh', bin ich geſchieden.
Mein erſtes Haus, mit Hammer und mit Säge,
Bau' ich mir jetzt hier bei den Atlantiden,

Kunſtlos und rauh; — vom Felſen roll' ich Farren:
Und andres Kraut, daß ich die Fugen ſtopfe;
Die mooſige Rinde laß ich an den Sparren;
Dumpf durch die Schlucht ertönt meiner Axt Geklopfe.

Ein leiſer Wind ſpielt mit den dürren Blättern —
[illegible] dichter, ich mit meiner Hütte,
Daß es Orkan und Sturm nicht zerſchmettern,
Daß ſie der Schnee des Berges nicht verſchüttet!

Daß ihr Gewölb kein feindlich Beil zerhaue,
Daß lange ſich die Sonn' ihr Dach verſage,
Daß ſie nicht gleich ſei dieſer Haut der Klaue
Des Einſiedlers auf dem Schneegefilde!

In einer ſolchen Werkſtatt iſt gut zimmern.
Die Waldung funkelt in des Morgens Schimmer;
Die Büſche blühen und die Vögel ſchimmern,
Und jede Tann' iſt eine ſtarre Lanze.

Mit ſtolzem Nacken an den Himmel ſtemmen
Die Berge hoch ſich, dort breiten ſich die Auen.
Am Strome drüben, auf den ſchnee'gen Dämmen,
Seh' ich den Biber ſeine Hütten bauen.

Fern aus dem Dickigt ragt's gleich Renngeweihen;
Der Biſon bückt ſich, daß den Schnee er lecke;
Das Birkhuhn ſchwirret, und von der Hirſche ſcheuen
Fußtritten knarrt des Bodens Flockendecke.

Der bunte Fuchs tritt dreiſt aus ſeiner Höhle;
Der Trab des Elenns donnert durch die Föhren. —
Ein neues Lied geht auf in meiner Seele;
Ich dicht' es hämmernd — doch wer wird es hören?

Hinaus, hinaus! der Frühling iſt gekommen.
Der Schnee des Winters ſchmilzt von den Kuppen;
Der Alligator iſt an's Land geſchwommen,
Und ſonnt am Ufer ſeine grünen Schuppen.

Die Flüſſe ſchwingen, und die Vögel ſchlagen;
Die Magnolien duften, und die Kräuter ſchießen;
Die Wieſel all, auf denen Tauben klagen,
Streu'n ihre Blüthen zaubernd mir zu Füßen.

Die Heerden wandeln thalwärts mit den Kühen;
Die Auerochſen ſchütteln ihre Kämme.
Mit ihrem Goldhaar durch die Büſche ziehen
Die Königinnen wilder Bienenſtämme.

Wird mir auch Honig von den Blumen träufen?
Friſch in den Wald! umduftet mich, ihr Ranken,
Und laßt mich! — ein Gedicht will ich ſchweifen,
Umſchwärmt von meinem Hofſtaat, den Gedanken.

Oft wandl' ich Abends auf die ſteilſten Höhen,
Einſam mit meiner Lied' und meinem Grimme,
Zu meinen Füßen die gewalt'gen Seen —
Und dann erheb' ich meine tiefe Stimme.

Die werthen Lieder aus den alten Tagen,
Die ich mit Freuden dankbar einſt geſungen,
In dieſe Wälder hab' ich ſie getragen,
Drin nie zuvor ein deutſches Lied geklungen.

Wie zitterte, darauf ich lag, der Wipfel,
Wie gab mir jener froh mein Singen wieder,
Wie hörten der alten Bäume Wipfel,
Als ſie vernahmen Ludwig Uhlands Lieder!

Sie horchten und ſahen ihre Sterne
Die durch die Thal, wie auf den Bergen eben
Ich ſinge jetzt von Körner und von Kerner,
Von Schwab und Arndt und Schenkendorf erheben.

O, [illegible] wohl klang manches mir, dem Wandrer!
Hier [illegible]! — Dennoch, als ſie klangen,
[illegible] — mit den [illegible]!
Meine Sterne nicht, doch tanzten wilde Schlangen.

Ich lag heut' Nacht in ſüßen, ſtillen Träumen
Von meiner Heimath und von meinen Lieben.
Ich wandelte bei meiner Kindheit Bäumen,
Die ich wohl wünſchte, daß ſie mich zugrüßen.

Der Todten und der Lebenden Geſtalten,
Sie traten vor mich. „O, laß keiner gehe,
Daß ich ihn ſeh'!" — Da glitt von einer kalten
Hand ſtreift' ich, das berührt meine Stirne.

Ich ſehe erwacht: es war mein Jagdgefährte:
„Du ſchliefſt noch, daß du nichts vernommen!
Komm! denn wir ſind den Bibern auf der Fährte,
Und durch den Waldweg ſind ſie geſchwommen."

Die Indianer ſaßen um die Flamme,
Und ſchürten lautlos, ſchweigſame Schürer.
Da plötzlich — wohl der Aelteſte vom Stamme —
Sprach zu den Andern alſo einer leiſer:

„In Frieden ruh' er, den wir heut' begruben
Dort, wo den Urwald ſäumet die Savannah!
Mit einem Weiſſen, deinem gleich, erzogen
Ein Mal vom Lorenz mit zum Susquehannah!

Er war nicht, wie die Andern ſeiner Farbe;
Drum zu den Rothen hat er ſich geſchlagen.
In unſern dunkeln Reih'n glich er der Narbe
Des Wolkſterns, die zu Tannen man getragen.

Was mocht' ihm ſein? — mit ſeinen Jagdgeräthen
Stand oft er ſinnend unter einem Baume,
Und ſchritt er ruhend in das Holz uns ſtehen,
So fuhr er auf, und folgt' uns wie im Traume.

Auch ſtand er einſam wohl am Strome dorten;
Oft durch die Büſche ſah'n wir die Weiden.
Dann war es, daß in fremder Sprache Worten
Wir lange Reden von den Lippen hörten.

Der Worte keines haben wir verſtanden,
Doch hörten gerne wir der Worte Schallen.
Es war ein Laut, wie wenn Kriegerbanden
Mit gleichem Schritt auf hartem Schneefeld wallen.

Verſtanden haben wir der Worte keine,
Doch hat uns Eins, zu deuten ſie, verlanget.
Es war ein Klang drin, gleich dem Tönen eines
Schilfes, der im Winde den Aſt ſchlägt, dran er hanget.

Und um ſich ſchaut' er, war er nun zu Ende,
Und ſah erſt jetzt, daß Keiner ihn vernommen.
Dann drückt' er ſtumm ſein Antlitz in die Hände,
Und iſt zum Wigwam ſtill zurückgekommen.

In Frieden ruh' er, den wir nicht mehr ſehen!
Laßt uns die Hütt' auf ſeinem Grab uns bauen.
Sein Geiſt liegt weſtwärts, denn ſein letztes Flehen
War: Krieger! o, nach Morgen laßt mich ſchauen!"

Johann Freinsheim

ward am 16. November 1608 in Ulm geboren, zeichnete ſich ſchon früh durch glänzende Fähigkeiten aus und bezog bereits im vierzehnten Jahre ſeines Alters die Univerſität Marburg, um die Rechte zu ſtudiren. Er vertauſchte dieſelbe ſpäter mit Gießen, dann mit Straßburg, ſich neben der Jurisprudenz zugleich eifrig mit philoſophiſchen und philologiſchen Forſchungen beſchäftigend. Auf einer Reiſe nach Frankreich erwarb er ſich die Gunſt des franzöſiſchen Miniſters Marescot und erhielt in Folge derſelben eine Anſtellung als königlicher Archivſecretair zu Metz. Nachdem er nach Straßburg zurückgekehrt war und ſich hier mit einer Tochter ſeines Lehrers und Freundes Bernegger vermählt hatte, zog eine von ihm verfaßte lateiniſche Lobrede auf den König von Schweden, Guſtav Adolph, die Aufmerkſamkeit des ſchwediſchen Hofes an und veranlaßte 1642 ſeine Berufung als Profeſſor der Politik und Beredtſamkeit nach Upſala. Im Jahre 1647 ernannte ihn die Königin Chriſtine zum Bibliothekar und Hiſtoriographen in Stockholm. Seine wankende Geſundheit zwang ihn jedoch nach Deutſchland zurückzukehren; er trat nun in pfälziſche Dienſte und ſtarb am 30. October 1660 als Kurfürſtlicher Rath und Profeſſor der Philoſophie zu Heidelberg.

In deutſcher Sprache erſchien nur von ihm:

Deutſcher Tugendſpiegel, oder Geſang von dem Stamm und Thaten des neuen Herkules. Straßburg 1639. Folio. (Ein Lobgedicht auf den Herzog Bernhard von Weimar.)

So gelehrt und geiſtreich auch Freinsheim ſich in ſeinen lateiniſchen Schriften zeigt, ſo mißlungen erſcheint dieſes deutſche Epos aus ſeiner Feder, da es ihm durchaus an poetiſcher Kraft fehlte und er demzufolge hier nur eine künſtlich zuſammengeſetzte, wäſſerige Reimerei in Alexandrinern lieferte, die ſehr ſchnell der Vergeſſenheit heimfiel.

Wilhelm Nikolaus Freudentheil

ward am 5. Juni 1771 in Stade geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und Philologie und erhielt dann ein Lehramt bei dem Gymnaſium in Celle, das er 1797 mit dem Conrectorat an der Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt vertauſchte. — Später ward er als Prediger nach Hamburg berufen, wo er ſeit einer Reihe von Jahren höchſt ſegensreich wirkt.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. Hannover 1803. — N. A. Hamburg 1831.
Siona, Darſtellungen das alte Teſtament betreffend. Hamburg 1809. 2 A. 1820.
Euſtach von St. Pierre oder Triumph der Bürgertreue. Dramatiſches Gedicht. Oldenburg 1811.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Ein tief empfindender phantaſiereicher Dichter, der ſich vorzüglich an Schiller heraufbildete, mit warmem Gefühl ſeltene Correctheit verbindet und namentlich in geiſtlichen Dichtungen, beſonders in der Cantate und dem Oratorium, Ausgezeichnetes leiſtete.

Gedichte von Freudentheil.

Der Sargmacher.

Ebne, Hobel, leicht und glatt,
Daß die letzte Ruheſtatt
Eines Menſchen werde!
Greis und Säugling, Knecht und Graf
Finden eingeſargt den Schlaf
In des Kirchhofs Erde.

Müden, die mit Noth und Harm
Lange kämpften, baut mein Arm
Gern das Bett der Ruhe.
Iſt zu klein dir dein Palaſt?
Stolzer Mann! dein Sarg umfaßt
Bald nicht viele Schuhe.

Wähnt den Tod, ihr Reichen, fern!
Ewig bleibt ihr nicht die Herrn
Eurer vollen Seckel.
Bald beſucht er euer Bett.
Horcht! Schon fällt ein Eichenbret
Zu des Sarges Deckel.

Für ein Hochzeitslager ſchwang
Ich, bei froher Lieder Klang,
Hobel, Axt und Hammer.
Doch nach kurzen Monden barg
Mann und Weib des Meiſters Sarg
In der Trauerkammer.

Ebne, Hobel, leicht und glatt,
Daß die letzte Ruheſtatt
Eines Menſchen werde!
Bald auch ruht der Meiſter aus.
Schon vollendet iſt ſein Haus
Für des Kirchhofs Erde.

Einigkeit.

Sei einig mit dir! Die Welt iſt ſchön,
Ein [illegible] Geſang auf den Saiten.
Die [illegible] nur [illegible] [illegible]
In heiligen Chören der Geiſter.
Ein Herz, nicht mit ſich ſelbſt entzweit,
Verlacht die feindliche, ſtürmiſche Zeit.

Sei einig mit dir! Gedanke, Wort
Und That ſei im freundlichen Bunde!
Auf edler Bahn zieh männlich fort,
Kein Spiel der verwandelnden Stunde,
Kein Bettler in Fortunens Noth,
Auf Stroh und ſeidenem Polſter dir gleich!

Sei einig mit dir! Was ſchön und wahr
Und gut iſt, verkläre dein Leben!
Dir ward ein hohes Himmelspaar
Zu Reiſegenoſſen gegeben;
Vernunft und Glaube. — Menſchenhand
Zerreiße nimmer das göttliche Band!

Sei einig mit dir! Ein Minos iſt
In deinem Gemüth dir beſchieden.
Wer ihn zu ſchänden ſich vermißt,
Mag Kronen erringen, nicht Frieden.
„Du lobteſt!“ rufe vor der Ruh
Des Schlummers ſtets dir dein Richter zu!

Dann mag der Veſuv, des Weltmeers Fluth
Befeinden die friedlichen Hütten,
Und feindlicher der Menſchen Wuth
Die Länder, die Herzen zerrütten!
Du ſtehſt, auf Trümmern einer Welt
Dir treu, erhabner als Actiums Held.

Der Freie.

Wer iſt der Freiheit edler Sohn?
Es iſt der Wahrheitsheld,
Der, fern von jeder niedern Frohn,
Gleich würdig ſteht und fällt,

Der, eins in Sinn und Wort und That,
Wie Gottes Sonne feſt,
Den *einen* Pfad verfolgt, den Pfad
Des Rechts, ihn nie verläßt,

Der dienſtbar nicht dem blöden Wahn,
Dem Laſter ewig feind,
Nur *einem* Willen unterthan,
Mit Wiſſen, Thun vereint,

Der ehrlos Menſchen, Zeiten nicht,
Dem Schickſal nicht erliegt,
Und in dem Kampf der Luſt und Pflicht
Sich ſelbſt, ſich ſelbſt beſiegt,

Der, groß in Demuth, groß in Rath,
Des Glücks ſich würdig freut,
Und mehr als Kerker, Acht und Tod
Die Selbſtverachtung ſcheut:

Der iſt der Freiheit edler Sohn,
Iſt, was Johannes war.
Es iſt der Rabenſtein ſein Lohn,
Er wird ſein Hochaltar.

Verklärte ſingen dort hinab
In Himmelsmelodie:
Der Freie ruht. Wie viel er gab,
Sein Kleinod gab er nie.

Unſterblichkeit.

Wenn, daß rings die Menſchheit blute,
Frevelmacht ſich Knechte dingt,
Und, nicht werth der Schülerruthe,
Seinen Scepter Nero ſchwingt;

Wenn die Liſt in Prunkgemächern
Sich mit Stern und Orden bläht,
Und umſonſt nach ihren Rächern
Unſchuld in dem Kerker ſpäht;

Wenn die Welt, nur hold dem Glücke,
Seelengröße Wahnſinn ſchilt,
Vor dem Gleißner die Tücke,
Vor dem Recht die Bombe gilt;

Wenn die Wahrheit, dem Betruge
Weichend, in ihr Patmos zieht,
Und mit einem Federzuge
Beſſ'rer Tage Segen flieht:

Dann entrücke mich dem Staube,
Wo die Sünde Höllen ſchafft,
Sohn des Himmels, hoher Glaube,
Gib dem Dulder Muth und Kraft!

Laß mich deinen Friedensbogen
In der finſtern Wolke ſchaun,
Und auf hochempörten Wogen
Deinem Anker fromm vertraun!

Ueber Kerker, Trümmer, Grüfte
Leite du mich himmelan,
Wo der Pilger froh die Lüfte
Seiner Heimath ſegnen kann,

Wo nicht Gutes mit dem Böſen,
Nicht mit Nacht der Tag mehr ringt,
Wo ſich alle Räthſel löſen,
Und ihr Siegslied Tugend ſingt!

Begeiſterung der Liebe.

Preiſt das Getümmel wilder Heere!
Krieger, [illegible]
Und erſtürmt, [illegible]
Mit gezückter Wehr des Feindes Wall!

Huldigt eurem Rebengott, ihr Zecher,
Bis er euch durch Bruſt und Adern glüht!
Jauchzt in Dithyramben! Kränzt die Becher,
Wie der Frühe Roſenwange blüht!

In der Liebe heiligem Pokale
Harrt des Jünglings ſüße Trunkenheit.
Selig, wem ſie bei des Lebens Mahle
Freundlich ihren erſten Becher weiht!

Ordensbänder, Sterne, Fürſtenkronen
Neidet nicht, wer ihres Nektars trank;
Seiner Auserwählten Küſſe lohnen
Reicher ihm, als Hamburgs goldne Bank.

Hinter ihres Thales Buchenhügel
Steigt die Sonne heiliger empor,
Und verklärter lacht ihm in dem Spiegel
Ihres Wieſenbachs der Sterne Chor.

Wonne ſeyn mit ihr ihm an der Klippe
Eines öden Eilands das Geſchick;
Seine Roſen blühn an ihrer Lippe,
Sein Elyſium entſchleiert ihr Blick.

Warum ſenkt dein Auge ſich ſo trübe
Bei des Lebens ſchönem Feiermahl?
Armer Jüngling! bot dir nie die Liebe
Freundlich der Begeiſterung Pokal?

Luther am Sterbebette ſeines Kindes.

An *

Naht ſo früh das Kindlein deiner Wonne
Mit dem Todtenkranz? Du Schwergeprüfter,
Weine, trockne deiner Liebe Thränen!

Vater Luther ſaß am Sterbelager
Seiner heißgeliebten Magdalena.
Dreizehn Lenze ſah das holde Mägdlein,
Und wie zarte Maienblumen welkten
Ihre Wangen ſchnell der Gruft entgegen.
Betend labte ſie, der Mutter Sorge,
Wie die eigne Seele Vater Luther.
Dann ſich neigend zu der Tochter Kiſſen,
Die verſchlungnen Händ' ihr freundlich ſtreichelnd,
Sprach er zärtlich mit des Schmerzes Lächeln:
Gingſt wohl gern zu deinem Himmelsvater,
Bliebſt auch gern noch bei dem Erdenvater,
Liebes Kind! Geſchehe Gottes Wille! —
Er geſchah. Des beſſern Vaters Himmel
Sah das Mägdlein, unter Engeln ſelig,
Und der Vater drunten pries mit Thränen
Den, der gab und nahm, durch Beides ſegnend.

Seelenſtärke.

Was ſind Timurs ſtolze Werke,
Adlerſchwung und Löwenkraft?
Freundin hoher Seelen, Stärke,
Leit' uns auf der Pilgerſchaft!
Selig, wer, durch dich erhoben,
In der Bruſt dem Gott vertraut
Und, den Blick gewandt nach oben,
Oft des Geiſtes Heimath ſchaut!

Ringt er nicht mit Leu und Hyder,
Ein Alcide, hoch und hehr,
Preiſ't ihn nicht der Fall der Brüder,
Kein Triumphchor, kein Homer:
Er auch kämpft, ein treuer Ritter,
Furchtlos gegen Sünd' und Wahn,
Ob des Lebens Ungewitter
Seinem Haupt verderbend nahn.

Unter Stürmen, Flammen, Fluthen
Schützt er treu ſein Heiligthum.
Für die Wahrheit kann er bluten,
Nicht beflecken ihren Ruhm.
Mehr als Qualen wilder Drachen
Und des Henkerſchwertes Schwung,
Mehr als aller Himmel Krachen
Scheut er Selbſtentwürdigung.

Bei Fortunens Schmeicheltönen,
In der Fürſtenſäle Schein,
Bei der Schönſten aller Schönen
Bleibt der Hochgeſinnte rein.
Er, in Banden ein Gebieter,
Lächelnd bei der Thoren Spott,
Tauſcht das Gute nicht um Güter,
Nicht um Götzen ſeinen Gott.

Freundin hoher Seelen, Stärke,
Sei den Deinen ewig hold!
Gib uns mehr als Timurs Werke,
Mehr als aller Berge Gold,
Feſten Gang auf ſteilen Wegen,
Treue bei der Flucht der Zeit,
Ueber Sonnen Vaterſegen,
In uns Freiheit, Einigkeit!

Wiederſehen.

Als wehmuthsvoll, wie auf zerſtörten Veſten,
Der Pilger durch entlaubte Haine zog,
Wo nur die Krähe von beſchneiten Aeſten,
Einſt Philomelens Brautgemächern, flog,
O Mai, begann er da, wo weileſt du!
Wann wecken dich die Horen aus der Ruh?
In holden Tönen klang es ihm hernieder:
Wir ſehn uns wieder.

Als ſich die Hütte der geliebten Auen,
Wo für des Knaben Stirn der Freude Chor
Die erſten Blumen huldreich ſchlang, in blauen
Gewölken fern aus ſeinem Blick verlor,
Da rief er ſeinem Anger, Hain und Bach,
Der ſchönen Welt des Kindes, ſegnend nach.
In leiſen Tönen klang es ihm hernieder:
Wir ſehn uns wieder.

O Tag des Harms, als an der Uferwelle
Der Vaterheimath letzter Gruß erſcholl!
Die Sonne ſank in [illegible] Trauerhülle,
Und Schiff und Welle ſeufzten ſchwermuthsvoll.
Schon trug ſein Nachen durch den Schaum der Fluth;
Es wehte ferne noch ihr Palmenhut,
Und tröſtend klang ein ſüßes Wort hernieder:
Wir ſehn uns wieder.

Wenn ſeinem Lager einſt mit bleichem Scheine
Den letzten Gruß die Abendröthe winkt,
Indeß ſchon golden vom Platanenhaine
[illegible] ſein heil'ger Morgen blinkt,
Beweint nicht muthlos dann des Freundes Reſt,
Umkränzt die Becher, feirt ein ernſtes Feſt,
Ihr Freunde! ſingt ihm in die Gruft hernieder:
Wir ſehn uns wieder!

Verwittern mit Thebais Pyramiden
Mag einſt die Schrift an ſeines Hügels Stein!
Raubt doch kein Gram ihm ſeines Schlummers Frieden;
Es träumt ſich ſüß in ſeinem Kämmerlein.
Was klagt ihr, Wanderer! Ein Wölkchen kränzt
Den Strauch der Gruft, von Abendgold beglänzt.
Sein Schatten flüſtert ſegnend dort hernieder:
Wir ſehn uns wieder.

Siegmars Abſchied.

Lora.

Mich, Siegmar, mich willſt, Harter, du verlaſſen,
Hinfort das kalte Todesſchwert umfaſſen,
Nicht dieſe Bruſt, nicht deiner Mutter Arm?
Weh dir und mir! Von Rachbegier entbrennen
Die Raben dort, die kein Erbarmen kennen;
Hier ſchlägt ein Herz, dir treu und warm.

Siegmar.

Haſt du nicht auch in goldner Kindheit Tagen
Für mich geſorgt, was Männer muthig wagen,
Für mich gewagt, für mich der Ruh' entbehrt?
Mein Engel winkt. O, könnt' ich würdig lohnen!
Ich kämpfe nicht für eitle Siegerkronen,
Ich kämpfe für der Mutter Heerd.

Lora.

Was iſt mir ſonder dich der Welten Fülle?
Mit dir wird mir die rauhe Sclavenhülle
Ein Prachtgewand, die Oed' ein Paradies.
O, ſcheide nicht! Bewahr' in treuem Bunde
Das Wort des Vaters in der Todesſtunde,
Der tröſtend dich der Wittwe ließ.

Siegmar.

Er ruft hinweg mich. Oft in ſchweren Träumen,
O Mutter, ſtraft ſein edler Geiſt mein Säumen,
Mich rufen Heimath, Bürgertreue, Gott.
Du ſegne, ſegne mich zu meinen Bahnen!
Ein theures Kleinod blieb uns von den Ahnen;
Es werde nie des Feindes Spott!

Lora.

O nie! Mit Gott hinaus, mein Siegmar! Ende
Dein heil'ges Werk! Dem Vaterland' entwende
Dich nicht der Mutter thränenvoller Blick!
Ich ſelbſt will weihend mit dem Schwert dich gürten.
Verdiene kämpfend dir der Liebe Myrten,
Des Friedens Tag, der Bürger Glück!

Schwanengeſang des Jahres 1821.

Mir auch ruft der letzten Sonne Schimmer:
Sohn der Zeit, du ſtirbſt und kehrſt mir nimmer,
Biſt gewogen, eh' die Nacht entflieht.
Auf denn! Nehmt an meinem nahen Grabe
Mein Vermächtniß, meine letzte Gabe!
Menſchenkinder, hört mein Schwanenlied!
Pilgern wir nicht Alle, dienen Alle
Dem, der ewig ſein wird, war und iſt?
Selig, wer in froher Feſthalle
Des Memento nicht vergißt!

Mir auch ziemt's, den Blick zurückzuwenden.
Viel ja ſah ich werden, blühen, enden,
Knoſpen, Früchte ſah ich, Blätterfall.
[illegible], Schauder, edle [illegible],
Siegesfeier und den Tauſch der Dinge,
Und der Todtenglocke letzten Hall.
Eines Königs Krone ſah ich ſtrahlen,
Der [illegible] dem [illegible] erſchienen,
Eine Fürſtin zu der Väter Malen
Hingewelkt als Leiche ziehn.

[illegible] Sterne ſah ich leuchten, [illegible]:
Denkt der Völker! Wo des Einen [illegible],
Deſſen Wink einſt Thronen nahm und gab?
Seine Donner ſchwanden, ſeine Blitze.
Auf des fernen Eilands Felſenſpitze
Birgt, Entthronter, einſam dich dein Grab.
„Aar des Himmels, wie biſt du geſunken!"
Sang ich dort an deinem Leichentuch.
„Schlaf in Frieden, nicht mehr ſiegestrunken!
Folge dir kein Menſchenfluch!"

Braut des Todes, Peſt, du ſpannſt den Bogen
Schauerlich an Barcelona's Wogen;
Wo du winkſt, wird jede Wange blaß;
Doch ich ſah ein größres Ungeheuer,
Und ſein Name, nur der Hölle theuer,
Edlen furchtbar, heißt — Partheienhaß.
Stürme heulten jüngſt durch alle Meere,
Doch ſie lenkt ein Herrſcher väterlich:
Nicht entweihten ſie der Jungfrau Ehre,
Auferſtehungsfeſt, nicht dich.

An dem Himmel ſtieg in holder Milde
Mir der Halbmond oft. Doch ſeinem Bilde
Glich der Halbmond an dem Pontus nicht.
Männer am Eurotas, Kampfgenoſſen,
Wird des Friedens Thor euch aufgeſchloſſen?
Hört, was ſcheidend, ernſt der Wandrer ſpricht:
Würdiges ſucht würdig! Wollt nur Kränze,
Die das Wort von oben ſegnend weiht,
Und dann findet an des Circus Grenze,
Was euch langes Heil verleiht! —

Viel vernahm mein Ohr von Liberalen,
Ultra, Carbonari, Radicalen.
[illegible] Namen! Rechtthun, eins iſt noth.
In des Tagus, Iberus Gefilden,
Wo die Anden weite Ketten bilden,
Iſt Verwandeln Loſung und Gebot.
Nur der Unſchuld Hand ſoll Feſſeln löſen;
Doch der Freiheit Kranz iſt Sclavenband,
Ihrer Wonne Kelch iſt Gift dem Böſen,
Und ihr Licht Megärens Brand.

Soll ich zürnend, harmvoll euch entwallen?
Menſchenkinder, Friede ſei euch allen!
Frohe, Dulder, dankbar hebt das Haupt!
Die ich reich begabte, lernt verdienen!
Die ihr mein an Grüften, an Ruinen
Weinend denkt, ermannt euch, hofft und glaubt!
Fromme, die ich nahm, empfangt die Krone!
Vorwärts, Wandler auf dem engen Pfad!
Kehrt, ihr Irren, eh' mein Geiſt am Throne
Droben euch als Kläger naht!

Geiſt der Liebe, binde du die Herzen,
Alle Fürſten, alle Nationen!
Weile hier! Banne Wahn und Lug,
Daß die Welt, [illegible]
Heil uns! [illegible]
Daß der Herr in ſeinem [illegible]!
Horch! Schon tönt's mit [illegible] Schlägen:
„[illegible] will kommen! [illegible]!“ —
Harret denn wohl! Dem [illegible] jauchzt entgegen!
Menſchenkinder, Segen euch!

Vorwärts.

Vorwärts muß dein Blick ſich wenden,
Fremdling, auf der kurzen Bahn!
Enden kannſt du, nicht vollenden,
Täglich nur dem Kleinod nah'n.

Vorwärts! mahnt der Zeit Gefieder!
Ruft die Weisheit ernſt und hehr.
Irrſt du fern noch? kehre wieder!
Biſt du gut? O werde mehr!

Vorwärts in dem Kampf des Lebens!
Selig, wer ihn treu vollbringt,
Auf der Erde nicht vergebens
Nach des Himmels Palmen ringt!

Vorwärts bleibt in Leid und Wonne,
Bleibt im Sterben noch ſein Wort.
Sinkt hier ihm [illegible] Sonne!
Was er ſuchte, wird ihm dort.

Gerhard Friederich

ward am 5. Januar 1779 in Frankfurt am Main geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, erwarb ſich die Doctorwürde ſowohl in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft, wie in der Philoſophie und lebt als ſehr geſchätzter evangeliſcher Prediger an der Weißfrauenkirche in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Lyriſche Gedichte. Frankfurt, 1809.
Guſtav Hermann oder der [illegible] Bund. 2 Thle. Frankfurt, 1812 — 13.
Libellen. Frankfurt, 1814. N. A. 1817.
Luther. Hiſtoriſches Gedicht. Frankfurt, 1815.
Serena. 2 Thle. Frankfurt, 1819.
Gemälde des menſchlichen Herzens. Frankfurt, 1820.
Heliodor. Frankfurt, 1820.
Wanderungen in die Bergſtraße u. ſ. w. 2 Thle. Wiesbaden, 1824.
Jugendbibliothek des Auslandes. 15 Bde. Hanau, 1826 flg.
Chriſtliche Vorträge. 2 Thle. 3 A. Hanau, 1829.
Saron's Reiſen. Frankfurt, 1829.
[illegible] Jahrbuch chriſtlicher Andacht. Stuttgart, 1829.
Chriſtus an die Herrſcher und das Volk. Sieben Reden. Frankfurt, 1831.
Ueber die Furcht des Menſchen vor dem Tode. Frankfurt, 1832.
Guſtav Adolf's Heldentod. Hiſtoriſches Gedicht. Caſſel, 1833.
Einzelne Predigten, Reden, Flugſchriften u. ſ. w., u. ſ. w.

Ein ſehr geſchätzter Prediger, deſſen lyriſche und epiſche Gedichte wegen des tiefen Gefühls, des Gedankenreichthums und der gebildeten Sprache hohes Lob verdienen, ſo wie ſeine aſcetiſchen und oratoriſchen Schriften wegen der in ihnen waltenden echten Frömmigkeit, Reinheit der Geſinnungen, Klarheit und Eleganz der Form.

Nur die Saat nach Gottes Willen kann zur Ernte unter Gottes Segen gedeihen *)

(Am Erntefeſte 1830).

Der Herzen Dank ſteigt an dem Erntefeſte
Zu Dir, dem Erntevater, [illegible] empor,
Und ſtrahlt auch nicht in Aller Blicken Freude,
So preiſet doch den Herrn der Liebe Chor.

Denn, ach! nicht überall ward gleich geerntet;
Der Zwietracht Fackel hat die Frucht zerſtört
Und unter'm Jubel der belohnten Schnitter
Wird Klageton und Kriegsgeſchrei gehört.

Herr, der allein den Geiſt der Völker lenket,
Gib Frieden, Eintracht, Ruhe — jedem Land,
Dann kann der Landmann froh und ſicher ernten,
Des Hauſes Wohl erblüht in jedem Stand.
Laß uns in Saat und Ernte Deinen Willen thun,
Dann werden ſicher wir in Deiner Liebe ruh'n!

Abermals vereinigt uns, m. a. Zuhörer! in dieſer feſtlichen Stunde der Dank, welchen wir dem Herrn der Ernte darbringen für die Gaben, in deren Beſitz wir ruhiger dem Nahen des Winters, ſeinen Forderungen und Bedürfniſſen für uns entgegen ſehen können; dafür, daß er die Saat zur Ernte gedeihen ließ.

Ach! und wie mannigfach wurde nicht auch in dieſem Jahre ausgeſäet, in der Natur, wie in der Geiſterwelt; aber nicht immer und nicht für Alle entſprach die Ernte den Wünſchen des Säemannes. Schon im wörtlichen Sinne — dem Reiche der Natur war ſie ſehr verſchieden; manche Gattungen der Früchte geriethen gar nicht, manche ſparſam, andere dagegen reichlich. Nicht minder war Ausſaat und Ernte verſchieden im Reiche der Geiſter, wie ſolches ein Blick auf die Ereigniſſe dieſes Jahres kund thut. —

Die, welche Willkühr und Volksdruck ſelbſt, oder durch hartherzige Miethlinge, ohne Gefühl für Bürgerglück und Menſchenrechte ausſäeten, ernteten den Fluch und das Blut der gedrückten und empörten Menſchheit auf den Trümmern ihrer Herrſchaft. Die Edleren des Volkes, welche, nur dem Geſetze huldigend, der Tyrannei im Purpur, wie im Bettlermantel gleich feind, Gerechtigkeit und geſetzliche Freiheit für Alle erſtrebten, ernteten dagegen die Erfüllung ihrer heiligen Wünſche; der rohe Haufe und ſeine Führer, unter der Maske von Freiheit und Gleichheit, nur ihrem Eigennutze und thieriſcher Sinnenluſt fröhnend: ſie können und werden aus der Blutſaat der Geſetzloſigkeit und Auflöſung aller bürgerlichen Ordnung nur die fluchwürdige Zerſtörung des Gemeinwohls, des Glücks und Wohlſtandes aller redlich und rechtlich geſinnten Bürger, die ſich ſelbſt von der Frucht ihres Fleißes nährten, ernten. — Mit einem Worte, meine chriſtlichen Zuhörer! „nur wer nach Gottes Willen ſäet, kann unter Gottes Segen ernten: ſo in der Natur, wie in der Geiſterwelt.“ Dies iſt die ernſte und zeitgemäße Betrachtung, die uns in dieſer feſtlichen Stunde beſchäftigen ſoll.

Vorgeſchriebener Erntetext: 2 Kor. 9, v. 6 — 10.

Auch hier, meine Zuhörer! ſpricht der Apoſtel, indem er dieſes Gleichniß von Saat und Ernte gebraucht, bildlich; denn er fordert die Chriſten zu Korinth dadurch auf, ihre von der Theurung gedrückten Glaubensgenoſſen Judäas reichlich zu unterſtützen. Ueberaus anwendbar in mehr als einer Rückſicht iſt aber jene Aufforderung des Apoſtels — auch abgeſehen von jenem nächſten Zweck — ſelbſt für uns. Auch wir ſollen und können in beſonderer Beziehung auf die Gegenwart, der Ueberzeugung leben, daß, wer da ſäet im Segen — ſey es im buchſtäblichen oder bildlichen Sinne — auch ernten wird im Segen; denn nur die Saat nach Gottes Willen kann zur Ernte unter Gottes Segen gedeihen. So in der Natur, wie in der Geiſterwelt. Dies iſt die Betrachtung, der wir uns heute, am Dankfeſte für die Erntegaben des Erntevaters, in beſonderer Beziehung auf die Saat und Ernte die-

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*) Aus: Dr. Friederich's „Chriſtus an die Herrſcher und das Volk. Frankfurt a. M., 1831.

ſes Jahres, weihen, und am Schluſſe derſelben den prüfenden Blick auf unſere nächſten Umgebungen und auf uns ſelbſt richten wollen. — *Nur die Saat nach Gottes Willen kann zur Ernte unter Gottes Segen gedeihen.*

A. *So in der Natur.* Jede Saat bedarf einer gewiſſen Jahreszeit, wenn ſie ausgeſäet wird. Ihr thut eine beſondere Art und Weiſe, ſo wie ein eigenthümliches Verhältniß Noth, wie und in welchem ſie ausgeſäet wird; vorzüglich bedarf ſie eines ihr angemeſſenen Erdreiches. — Dieſe Frucht verlangt eine magere, jene eine fette Erde, um zu ihrer Vollkommenheit zu reifen, jene Getraide- und Obſtart will einen feuchten, dieſe einen trocknen Boden. Nur dadurch, daß der Landmann ſeine Vernunft und ſeine Erfahrung zu Rathe zieht, oder, was hier eins iſt, nach Gottes Willen ausſäet, kann er auch einzig und allein unter Gottes Segen, d. h. reichlich und zur rechten Zeit ernten. So hat der Landmann und der Gartenbauer in unſerer Gegend ausgeſäet, und darum hat uns der große Erntevater die Saat, wenn auch nicht zur ausgezeichnet reichen und in allen Fruchtgattungen vollkommenen, doch für die nöthigen Bedürfniſſe hinreichenden Ernte gedeihen laſſen.

Nur die Saat nach Gottes Willen kann zur Ernte unter Gottes Segen gedeihen. Dieſes gilt

B. *Hauptſächlich in der Geiſterwelt.* Hier nun dringt ſich uns die gewichtige Frage auf: wie iſt in dieſem Jahre von der Chriſtenheit unſeres Erdtheils in religiöſer und ſittlicher Beziehung, wie die Ereigniſſe es kund thun, ausgeſäet worden; wie und was hat ſie dafür geerntet? —

a) Was die religiöſe Ausſaat unſerer chriſtlichen Zeitgenoſſen angeht, ſo hat ſich dieſelbe Erſcheinung früherer Jahre, ja ſelbſt Jahrhunderte, auch in dieſem wieder, nur greller und wirkſamer wiederholt. Von einem Theile derſelben wurde der Aberglaube genährt, die Verfinſterung durch Prieſterherrſchaft und Gewiſſenstyrannei nach Kräften verbreitet; allein die Saat war nicht nach Gottes und ſeines Sohnes Willen, der uns lehrt: „in allerlei Volk, wer Gott fürchtet und Recht thut, iſt ihm angenehm!“ und deshalb war die Ernte auch blutige Verfolgung andersgläubiger Chriſten, Religionshaß und Sektenwuth, wie ſolches einige betrübende Ausbrüche derſelben in einem großen Nachbarreiche kund thaten! Allein auch die Lichtſeite religiöſer Ausſaat — und dieſe iſt bei weitem die größere — dürfen wir nicht vergeſſen; und hier wurde von den Edelſten der Chriſtenheit: Erleuchtung, Veredlung durch den Geiſt des Evangeliums Jeſu Chriſti, Duldung, Liebe und Verſöhnung gegen anders Gläubige ausgeſäet; die Ernte war Erleuchtung der Geiſter, Veredlung der Herzen, wahre Frömmigkeit, die ſich im Leben, in Früchten lebendig erweiſt.

b) Wir gehen zur *ſittlichen* Ausſaat dieſes Jahres, und zwar — da das Feld der Beobachtung zu groß iſt — zunächſt in Beziehung auf *Gerechtigkeit, Treue* und *geſetzlichen Gehorſam* der Chriſten gegen einander über. Hier nun reifte eine unheilſchwere Saat verletzter Gerechtigkeit und Treue in manchen Ländern zur blutigen Ernte.

Gerechtigkeit iſt das erſte Band, welches Regenten und Bürger vereint. Wo dieſes wechſelſeitig verletzt oder gar zerriſſen wird, da wuchert die verderbliche Saat der Unzufriedenheit und Volksbewegung zur furchtbaren Ernte des Aufruhrs empor. So war und iſt es zum Theil noch jetzt unter chriſtlichen Völkern Europas. — Gerechtigkeit iſt der Fürſt, die Obrigkeit dem Volke ſchuldig. Gleichheit der Rechte vor dem Richter, Freiheit des Gewiſſens, Gedankenfreiheit, Anerkennung der Menſchenwürde auch in dem Geringſten, mit einem Worte: Achtung der Volksfreiheit. —

Wo aber dieſe verletzt wird, wo Tyrannei und Willkühr wüthen, der Regent ſich mit Räthen umgiebt, die ihm die Wahrheit verſchleiern, ſein Urtheil verblenden und irre leiten, ihm wohl gar die Meinung beibringen: das Volk ſey um ſeinetwillen und er nicht um des Volkes willen vorhanden, die Menge müſſe arbeiten, damit er genießen könne, es gäbe überhaupt nur zwei Klaſſen von Menſchen, die *herrſchende* und *dienende*, und da er zur erſten, als der bevorrechteten, gehöre, ſo dürfe er das Volk als Mittel zu ſeinen Zwecken gebrauchen; wo, ſage ich, ſolche Grundſätze herrſchen, da wird Empörung ausgeſäet und reift oft ſchnell zur blutigen Ernte. — Solches ſahen wir in einem großen Nachbarreiche vor wenigen Monaten; vergebens war hier die Stimme der Beſſeren, welche Heilighaltung der beſchworenen Eide, Schutz der Verfaſſung gebot. Zahlloſe Söldlinge, verblendet vom Dünkel ihrer Geburt und der ihnen anvertrauten Gewalt, vereint mit ſchlauen Prieſtern, die unter dem allgemeinen Volksdruck die Herrſchaft der Finſterniß deſto geſicherter wähnten, leiteten das Haupt des Staates irre; die Eide wurden gebrochen, die Verfaſſung zerriſſen und der lang verhaltene Grimm des unterdrückten Volkes brach in lichten Flammen der Empörung aus.

Solches Alles aber war von Seiten des Regenten nicht die Saat nach Gottes Willen, nicht die der Volks-Veredlung und Beglückung, wie ſchon das Beiſpiel eines Rehabeam bei dem erwählten Volke des alten Bundes bewies; deßhalb konnte auch die Ernte nicht unter Gottes Segen gedeihen, ſondern mußte verderbliche Früchte für Haupt und Diener darreichen.

Aber auch die chriſtlichen Völker ſäen nicht immer nach Gottes Willen, Gerechtigkeit, Treue und geſetzlichen Gehorſam und darum kann auch ihr Heil, wenn ſie ſolches unterlaſſen, nicht zur Ernte des Friedens, Wohlſtandes und der öffentlichen Wohlfahrt, unter Gottes Segen reifen.

Gerecht iſt ein Volk dann, wenn es dem Geſetze Gehorſam leiſtet und der Obrigkeit Treue, ſo lange dieſe nur das Geſetz und nichts als dieſes, aufrecht erhält, und nur für daſſelbe, ihre Wächter und Diener Folgſamkeit verlangt. Dieſe Gerechtigkeit aber wird verletzt und die Saat der Zügelloſigkeit und einer geträumten, ungeſetzlichen Freiheitsliebe reift zur blutigen Ernte des Aufruhrs, wenn das Volk der geſetzlichen Obrigkeit, auch wenn ſie nur in den Schranken ihrer Befugniſſe wirkt und gebietet, nicht mehr gehorcht, Abgaben, die für Gemeinwohl unumgänglich nöthig ſind und nur mit hoher Umſicht und allmählig verringert werden können, gewaltſam verweigert, den Begriff vernünftiger Volksfreiheit mit völliger Ungebundenheit und Auflöſung aller Rechte und Pflichten verwechſelt, und durch Alles dieſes den Staat in unabſehbares Verderben ſtürzt.

Dann folgen Ereigniſſe, wie ſie die Gegenwart in einem noch vor wenigen Monaten ſo geſegneten Lande darbietet: die Sicherheit des Eigenthums wird gefährdet, Handel und Gewerbe ſtocken, das öffentliche Vertrauen iſt dahin, der fleißige, ruhige Bürger, welcher durch eifrige Erwerbsthätigkeit ſich Wohlſtand mühſam erwarb, zieht ſich ſchüchtern zurück, mittelloſe Unruheſtifter dagegen, welche nichts bei dem allgemeinen Elende zu verlieren haben, ſondern bei Zerſtörung der Sicherheit und des Eigenthums nur zu gewinnen denken, herrſchen durch Rohheit und raſende Gewalt eines vom Schwindel allgemeiner Freiheit und Gleichheit ergriffenen, verſtandloſen Pöbelhaufens; die wahre, geſetzliche Freiheit iſt dagegen verſchwunden, und unter Blut und Flammen ſinkt des Staates Wohlfahrt, ſinken Volksglück und Menſchenwürde in furchtbare Trümmer. Das iſt die Saat des Böſen, gegen Gottes Willen, der den Völkern zuruft: „Seyd unterthan der Obrigkeit, die Gewalt über Euch hat!“

Nachdem ich ſo im Allgemeinen einige prüfende Blicke auf die Ernte dieſes Jahres in der Natur und Geiſterwelt gerichtet habe, wende ich mich zum Schluſſe ins *Beſondere* an dieſe Verſammlung und frage: *Wie aber haben wir während dieſes Jahres geerntet in der Natur und Geiſterwelt?*

a) *In der Natur?* Wir ſäeten nach Gottes Willen aus, wie ich ſchon oben berührte, den ewigen Geſetzen der Natur gemäß: der Landmann benutzte ſeine Erfahrungen, vereint mit der Prüfung und dem Urtheil der Vernunft; alles Uebrige aber überließ er dem großen Erntevater, der Regen und Sonnenſchein, und der Frucht, Wachsthum und Gedeihen verleiht, und ſiehe! die Saat nach Gottes Willen reifte zur Ernte unter Gottes Segen; und wenn auch nicht in dieſem Jahre *alle* Früchte in gleich großer Menge und Vollkommenheit gediehen, die des Weinſtocks beinahe völlig mißriethen, und manche andere nur eine mittelmäßige Ausbeute gaben, ſo erwäget, geliebte Zuhörer! daß doch *die* Feldfrüchte und Getraidearten, welche zu den unentbehrlichſten Lebensbedürfniſſen gehören, beinahe allgemein und mehr als mittelmäßig geriethen, ſo daß wir beruhigt auf den nahenden Winter blicken und mit den Worten unſeres Textes ausrufen können: „Gott hat abermals ausgeſtreuet und gegeben den Armen; ſeine Gerechtigkeit bleibet in Ewigkeit!“ —

b) Und in der *Geiſterwelt?* Auch hier wollen wir nur die beiden Hauptpunkte: in *religiöſer* und *ſittlicher* Beziehung, andeuten.

1) *In religiöſer Hinſicht* wurde auch in dieſem Jahre wieder eine reiche Ausſaat in dem Heiligthume des Herrn geſpendet; unſere Kirchen ſind mit Gläubigen erfüllt, die Altäre umringt von Chriſten, welche das Brod des Lebens zu empfangen, aus dem Kelche der unermeßlichen Liebe des Erlöſers zu trinken begehren. In unſerer geläuterten evangeliſchen Kirche wurde insbeſondere durch die Feier des 300jährigen Jubelfeſtes der Uebergabe der Augsburger Confeſſion, Dank und Preis dem Vater der Liebe geſpendet, welcher das Licht der Kirchenverbeſſerung über uns aufgehen ließ und uns dadurch die reine Chriſtuslehre wiedergab; nebſt dieſer wurde auch vorzüglich eine *dankbare Erinnerung* an jene großen Männer, denen die Chriſtenheit dieſes hellere Licht dankt, in den Herzen unſerer Jugend ausgeſäet, die unter Gottes gnädigem Schirme, zur Ernte eines unerſchütterlich feſten Beſtehens in dem reinen Glauben gedeihen wird.

d) In ſittlicher Hinſicht aber, und in beſonderer Beziehung auf Gerechtigkeit, Treue und geſetzlichen Gehorſam, wurde — bei ſo manchen Verſuchungen zum Böſen, welche betrübende Beiſpiele von Außen gaben — von unſerer verehrten Obrigkeit: Gerechtigkeit und Milde; von den Bürgern dieſer freien Stadt aber muſterhafte Treue und geſetzlicher Gehorſam ausgeübt, zur Beglückung unſers Staates, als Beiſpiel für Alle, zur Segensernte der innern Ruhe, der Eintracht und des Friedens zwiſchen Obrigkeit und Bürgerſchaft reifte und noch reift.

Die Wünſche der Bürger für Gemeinwohl wurden und werden noch mit der dem Wohle und ſeinen Beförderern gebührenden Achtung, Beſonnenheit und Mäßigung vorgetragen, und wenn es Vernunft und Verhältniſſe geſtatten, mit Eifer und Liebe erfüllt. — So nun reifte in dieſem, für die Umgeſtaltung eines Theiles von ganz Europa ſo verhängnißvollen Jahre, in unſerer guten Stadt die Ausſaat der Religioſität, Gerechtigkeit und Bürgertreue nach Gottes Willen, zur beglückenden Ernte unter Gottes Segen.

Heil uns, meine andächtigen, in dieſer feſtlichen Stunde zum Preiſe des huldvollen Erntevaters verſammelten Chriſten! wenn jeder Einzelne unter uns, Ähnliches auch von ſich, ſeiner eigenen Ausſaat und Ernte in dieſem Jahre ſagen kann; wenn auch er in ſich nach ſeiner Kraft Liebe und Barmherzigkeit ausſäete, und dafür den Dank und die Freudenthränen der Erquickten erntete; denn:

„Nach meinen Saaten wird die Ernte reifen,
„Heil mir, wenn ich in Liebe reich geſät,
„Daß einſt, wenn dort der Herr der Garben winket,
„Von ihm der Segensſpruch an mich ergeht:
„Wohl dir, du haſt im Kleinen treu gewaltet,
„Und haſt nach Kräften Gutes ausgeſät,
„Drum hab' ich dich zum Größern auserleſen,
„Und in des Himmels Herrlichkeit erhöhet.
„So geh' denn nach der Erde Müh' und Leiden,
„Jetzt ſelig ein zu deines Gottes Freuden!"
Amen.

Friedrich der Knecht s. Minneſinger.

Friedrich von Oeſtreich s. Minneſinger.

Theodor Heinrich Friedrich

ward am 30. December 1776 zu Königsberg in der Neumark geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und erhielt dann eine Anſtellung als K. Pr. Regierungsaſſeſſor zu Plock, welche er bald mit dem Amte eines Oberlandesgerichtsrathes in Stettin vertauſchte. Nachdem er dem Befreiungskriege als Freiwilliger im Lützowiſchen Korps beigewohnt hatte, lebte er als Privatgelehrter zuerſt in Berlin dann zu Hamburg, wo er am 12. December 1819 ſeinem Daſein in der Elbe ein Ende machte.

Er gab heraus:

- **Vetter Kukuk.** Luſtſpiel. Berlin, 1811.
- **Erſter, zweiter, dritter ſatyriſcher Feldzug.** Berlin, 1814—1816. N. A. 1815—1817.
- **Satyriſcher Zeitſpiegel.** Berlin, 1817—1819. 7 Hefte.
- **Geſchichte der Kleiderreformation in der Reſidenzſtadt Flottleben.** Berlin, 1815.
- **Julius von Medicis.** Berlin, 1815.
- **Gedichte.** Berlin, 1816.
- **Der Glückspilz.** Berlin, 1816.
- **Almanach luſtiger Schwänke für die Bühne.** Berlin, 1817.
- **Sardellen für ſatyriſche Näſcher.** Hamburg, 1818.
- **Feigen.** Hamburg, 1818.
- **Dialogiſche Turnſpiele.** Berlin, 1819.
- **Erzählungen und Schwänke.** Berlin, 1819.

F. war nicht ohne Witz und Laune, aber es mangelte ihm durchaus an jener Freiheit, der Geſinnungen, ohne welche die Satyre in Derbheit, und Plumpheit verfällt, oder zum Pasquill wird, auch iſt ſeinen Leiſtungen ein forcirtes Beſtreben draſtiſch zu wirken, leider nicht abzuſprechen und er daher nur als ein Satyriker zweiten Ranges, deſſen Schriften ſehr vorübergehend wirkten, zu betrachten.

Jacob Friedrich Fries

ward am 23. Auguſt 1773 zu Barby geboren, genoß ſeine erſte Bildung in der Brüdergemeine und ſtudirte dann in Leipzig und Jena. Nach vollendetem akademiſchen Curſus ward er Privatdocent an der letztgenannten Univerſität. 1805 erhielt er einen Ruf, als Profeſſor der Philoſophie in Heidelberg und begab ſich in dieſer Eigenſchaft dorthin, nachdem er zuvor eine größere Reiſe durch die Schweiz, Italien und Frankreich gemacht hatte. Im Jahre 1816 kehrte er als Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Jena zurück, vertauſchte jedoch dieſe Profeſſur ſpäter mit der der Phyſik. Er iſt zugleich G. S. geheimer Hofrath, Dr. der Philoſophie und der Medicin.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- **Philoſophiſche Rechtslehre.** Jena, 1803.
- **Reinhold, Fichte und Schelling.** Leipzig, 1803. N. A. u. d. T.: **Polemiſche Schriften.** 1r Bd. Halle, 1824.
- **Syſtem der Philoſophie.** Leipzig, 1804.
- **Wiſſen, Glauben und Ahnen.** Jena, 1805.
- **Neue Kritik der Vernunft.** Heidelberg, 1807. 3 Thle. N. A. 1828.
- **Fichte's und Schelling's neueſte Lehren.** Jena, 1807.
- **Logik.** Heidelberg, 1811. Daraus beſonders abgedruckt: **Grundriß der Logik.** Heidelberg, 1811.
- **Von deutſcher Philoſophie, Art und Kunſt.** Heidelberg, 1812.
- **Vorleſungen über die Sternkunde.** Heidelberg, 1813.
- **Vom deutſchen Bunde.** Heidelberg, 1816.
- **Praktiſche Philoſophie.** Heidelberg, 1818. 1.
- **Pſychiſche Anthropologie.** Heidelberg, 1820. 2 Thle.
- **Sehnſucht und eine Reiſe an das Ende der Welt.** Jena, 1820.
- **Julius und Evagoras.** Heidelberg, 1822. 2 Thle.
- **Die Lehren der Liebe des Glaubens und der Hoffnung.** Jena, 1823.
- **Syſtem der Metaphyſik.** Jena, 1824. Daraus be-

ſonders abgedruckt: **Grundriß der Metaphyſik.** Heidelberg, 1824.
Lehrbuch der Naturlehre. I. Th. Jena, 1826.
Handbuch der Religionsphiloſophie u. philoſ. Aeſthetik. Heidelberg, 1832.
Einzelne Flugſchriften, Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ueber dieſes würdigen und tiefen Denkers Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete der Philoſophie äußert ſich ein competenter Richter, Fr's College in derſelben Wiſſenſchaft, und an derſelben Univerſität, der klare und beſonnene Ernſt Reinhold mit folgenden Worten*): J. F. Fries ſuchte die kritiſche Methode der kantiſchen Lehre zu vervollkommnen und mit Hülfe einer neuen analytiſchen Bearbeitung der Theorie des menſchlichen Geiſtes, die er mit dem Ausdruck der „philoſophiſchen Anthropologie" bezeichnet, einigen von ihm anerkannten Mängeln jener Lehre abzuhelfen, und diejenigen Anſichten, die er als Kants „große und für die wahrhaft wiſſenſchaftliche Ausbildung der Philoſophie entſcheidende Entdeckungen" betrachtet, in dieſer Eigenſchaft zu vertheidigen und geltend zu machen. In ſolcher Abſicht hat er den drei Kantiſchen Kritiken ſeine „neue Kritik der Vernunft" entgegengeſtellt und nach den in ihr ausgeſprochenen Grundſätzen und Vorſtellungsweiſen eine bis jetzt ſchon größtentheils ausgeführte Darſtellung des geſammten Syſtems der Philoſophie übernommen. Unſtreitig geht Fries für ſeine Abſicht einer Vervollkommnung der kantiſchen Philoſopheme von dem rechten Punkte aus, indem er den Ueberblick über das Ganze des menſchlichen Erkenntnißvermögens an ihnen vermißt und behauptet, daß die von Kant nur theilweiſe und in verſchiedenen von einander abgeſonderten Unterſuchungen bearbeitete Aufgabe der Erkenntnißtheorie „vollſtändig" aus einem zureichenden Geſichtspunkte aufgeſtellt, und in dem Zuſammenhang einer einzigen, die Sache erſchöpfenden Unterſuchung gelöſt werden müſſe. — Demnach ſchließt ſich die neue Vernunftkritik dieſes unter den eigentlichen und treugebliebenen Anhängern der kantiſchen Schule am meiſten hervorragenden Denkers nebſt der Anwendung, die er auf die Geſtaltung der anderen philoſophiſchen Disciplinen von ihr gemacht, dem kantiſchen Syſtem als eine wirkliche Verbeſſerung deſſelben in Hinſicht des Inhaltes und der Methode an. — Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß Fries's Anſicht von der Philoſophie: ſie ſolle nicht ſowohl Erweiterung des Wiſſens ſondern Aufklärung und Feſthaltung des Glaubens bezwecken, großen Anklang in den Gemüthern fand, um ſo mehr als der treffliche Gründer derſelben, dieſe in einem eben ſo klaren, als kernigen und reinem Styl vorträgt, und ſein ganzes Leben den Beweis liefert, wie es ihm vor allen darum zu thun iſt, das Höchſte was die Menſchheit beſitzt, Glaube und Vernunft auszubilden, zu veredeln und zu verbreiten. Ein dem Gemüthe wohlthuenderes Syſtem der Philoſophie als dasjenige, welches von dieſem eben ſo warmfühlenden als ſcharfſinnigen Forſcher ausgebildet ward, da es zu gleicher Zeit den Geiſt in eben dem Grade anregt und nährt, möchte ſchwer zu finden ſein.

Die Schönheit der Seele.**)

Philanthes und die Jünglinge.

Otto. Siehe, edler Greis, uns heute ſchon wieder um dich verſammelt, mit der Bitte uns neue Belehrungen zu geben.

Philanthes. Auch ich habe euch erwartet an dem ſchönen Abend, nachdem wir unſere Geſchäfte beendigt haben, denn wenn der Geiſt durch die Geſchäfte des Tages angeregt worden, iſt er um ſo empfänglicher ſtiller Betrachtung zu folgen. Laßt uns hier an dieſen Sitzen bleiben, wo wir den Blick in die heitere Ferne vor uns haben und die Blumenbeete nahe zur Seite. Wirf hier, Otto, einen Blick auf die reiche Fülle friſcher Blüthen. Wie die weiße Narciſſe zierlich den Blüthenkelch aus der Scheide emporhebt und den feinen purpurgeſäumten Honigbehälter öffnet, daneben die Hyacinthe mit der Fülle duftender Glöckchen, dort die ſtolze purpurfarbene Anemone mit dem goldenen Staub im Blüthenkelch. Welche gefällt dir unter ihnen am meiſten?

Otto. Was ſollen ſie ſtreiten? Vereinigt habe ich ſie am ſchönſten. Soll ich aber wählen, ſo ſcheint mir, ich müßte der Narciſſe den Vorzug geben.

Philanthes. Warum eben dieſer? Uebertrift nicht die Hyacinthe ſie an Annehmlichkeit des Duftes, die Anemone ſie weit in der Pracht der Farbe?

Otto. Darum eben mag ſie mir mehr gefallen, weil ſie weder mit Duft noch mit Farbenpracht mich zu beſtechen ſucht und doch die feinſte Geſtaltung mit reiner anſpruchloſer Farbe zeigt.

Philanthes. Was iſt es denn nun, das dir an ihr gefällt? Doch nicht, daß du zum Schmucke ſie dem Mädchen reichen kannſt.

Otto. Das ſcheint mir verkehrt. Eben weil mir die Blume gefällt, weil ich ſie ſchön finde, wähle ich ſie zum Schmuck. Doch ſchmückte ich ein Mädchen vielleicht noch lieber mit der prächtigen Anemone oder mit der duftenden Hyacinthe.

Philanthes. Was iſt es nun alſo, das dir an ihr gefällt?

Otto. Sie ſchmeichelt mir nicht mit Duft, nicht mit Farbe, ſie will mir nicht dienen, aber in ihr ſelbſt finde ich das friſche Leben ſchön in der zierlichen Geſtalt.

Philanthes. Iſt es nicht ähnlich in dieſem andern Falle? Ihr ſeht ja wol oft wie freundliche Greiſe, (ich thue es ſelbſt gern), ſich gemüthlich des Spiels fröhlicher Kinder erfreuen, ſich lange, es ſtill betrachtend, ergetzen können! Oder lebt in dieſen nur die Erinnerung der eignen Jugend wieder auf.

Otto. Dieſe Erinnerungen, meine ich, erfreuen wol auch oft das Alter, aber ſie machen es geſprächig, laſſen es gern erzählen von der lang vorübergegangenen Zeit; hingegen das ſtille Entzücken, mit dem ſie das Kinderleben betrachten, liegt wol in der anſpruchloſen Schönheit dieſes Lebens ſelbſt.

Philanthes. Du wirſt es eben ſo finden in Verhältniſſen, die dir näher liegen. Wenn ihr jugendlich begeiſtert von der erſten reinen Liebe bewegt werdet, der entzückte Blick an der ſchönen Freundin hängt, jeder Bewegung des Mädchens folgt, worin lebt da Euer Entzücken? Sorgt ihr für Euch, iſts Euch um Genuß oder Beſitz, oder wie iſt Euer Wohlgefallen hier?

Otto. Wir finden uns getroffen von der reinen Schönheit eines fremden Lebens, die wir freudig bewundern. Jeder Wunſch iſt erſt ſpäter und der erſte Wunſch iſt der, könnte ich um dich leiden, dir Aufopferungen zeigen.

Philanthes. Wohl! So ſcheint mir es auch. Nun noch dieſes. Als ich dich neulich in Entzückung vertieft vor dem Bilde der heiligen Cäcilie fand, wünſchteſt du da die Heilige an deine Seite herab, fürchteteſt du da etwa von der Eiferſucht einer Auserwählten überraſcht zu werden, oder gleicht ſie etwa dieſer ſo nahe?

Otto. Ja die Vergleichung fehlt mir! Da müßteſt du mir erſt ein Mädchen zur Auswahl zuführen. Doch hätte ich auch eine Auserwählte, es würde keins von dem gelten. Ich bewunderte ja nur die Schönheit der Himmliſchen.

Philanthes. Laß uns nun zurück ſehen auf das, was wir in allen dieſen Vergleichungen gefunden haben über das Weſen der Schönheit. In dem, wie dir die Blume gefällt, wie dem Greiſe das Kind, dem Jüngling die Jugend im fremden Auge, dem Dichtenden die überirdiſche Schönheit — bei alle dem nennen wir das Leben eines Weſens um ſein ſelbſt willen in ihm ſelbſt ſchön. Die Schönheit iſt nicht, daß ein Ding mir nütze, auf irgend eine Art mir oder einem Andern zu dienen komme, ſondern mit ihr beſitzt ein Weſen ſeinen Werth rein in ſich ſelbſt; hat ſeinen Werth nur, weil es da iſt und ſo da iſt, wie es iſt.

Auf ſolche Art will ich nun jetzt vor euch behaupten, daß aller Werth, den ein Menſch wahrhaft und im tiefſten Grunde ſucht, wie jeder Gebildete, der ſich ſelbſt hinlänglich verſteht, zugeben muß, nur in der Schönheit unſers eignen geiſtigen Lebens beſtehe, wie ſehr auch oft die rohe Begierde und die

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*) Vergl. E. Reinhold's Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Gotha, 1830. II, 2. S. 246 folgde.

**) Aus: Julius und Evagoras oder die Schönheit der Seele. Ein philoſophiſcher Roman von Jacob Friedrich Fries. Th. I. Heidelberg, 1822.

Verbildung des irrenden Verſtandes dieſes richtige Gefühl der Werthſchätzung verbergen mögen.

Will ich darum zum Gute Gedanken ſo führen, daß ihr mir mit allſeitiger Genugthuung recht gebt, ſo kann ich Euch zuerſt auf das zurück weiſen, was wir in unſrer letzten Unterhaltung als richtig befunden haben. Dem einzelnen Menſchen kommt es auf Seelenruhe an, wer dieſe erlangte, dem iſt ſein Wille geworden.

Arthur. Wenn du darauf zurück kommſt, ſo erlaube mir eine Bemerkung. Du ſagteſt: auf dieſes Streben nach Seelenruhe ſei alle Frage nach dem, was dem Menſchen zu thun iſt, zurück zu führen. Haben denn aber nicht manche der Alten darauf ihre Lehre der Unthätigkeit und Gleichgültigkeit gegründet? Hat dann nicht der Gefühlloſe, Theilnahmloſe, Träge am leichteſten dieſes Ziel zu erreichen?

Philanthes. Du haſt recht. Wenn du jemand unthätige Gleichgültigkeit für ſein ganzes Leben übergiebſt, ſo bringſt du ihm auf die leichteſte Art die Seelenruhe. Ein ſolcher Menſch hat, was er will, aber er hat daran nicht viel, weil er nicht viel will. Der Gefühlloſe lebt im Zuſtande der Befriedigung und der Zufriedenheit. Ich ſage nur, einen andern Maaßſtab für den Menſchen in ihm ſelbſt, ob ihm ſein Wille geworden ſei, als den der Zufriedenheit kenne ich nicht. Nach ſeinem eignen Urtheil ſteht dem Gefühlloſen offenbar ſeine Sache gut. Allein ein anderes Ding iſt die Beurtheilung durch den, der ihm zuſieht. Dir gefällt dieſer Menſch nicht, obgleich er ſich ſelbſt gefällt. Dir hilft auch ſein guter Rath, zur Seelenruhe zu gelangen, nichts, weil du zur unthätigen Gefühlloſigkeit nicht gelangen willſt noch kannſt. Dir und andern gefällt der Gefühlloſe nicht und ſich ſelbſt gefällt er nur durch Irrthum. Dieſer Irrthum könnte ihm ſchwinden, damit wäre ſeine Seelenruhe verloren. Seelenruhe iſt ihm alſo nicht ſicher. Vielmehr, würde ihm ſein Irrthum gehoben, ſo müßte er mit Ekel auf ſein früheres Leben zurückſehen.

Arthur. Ich verſtehe dich. Wahre Seelenruhe ſoll im Leben durch erleuchtete, nicht auf Irrthümer gegründete Selbſtzufriedenheit gewonnen und geſichert werden. So käme es alſo auf eine Unterweiſung an, wie jemand die Selbſtzufriedenheit erlangen und die erlangte bewahren könne.

Da der Menſch, wie du neulich ſagteſt, die Seelenruhe nicht unmittelbar für ſich in Beſitz zu nehmen vermag, ſo muß der Gebildete einſehen lernen, wie ſie ihm nur aus Selbſtzufriedenheit ſicher entſpringen könne und daß alſo hier alles auf eine Unterweiſung ankomme, wie man dieſe Selbſtzufriedenheit erlangen und die erlangte bewahren könne.

Philanthes. Richtig! Und ich behaupte ferner: dieſe Unterweiſung habe nur von den Idealen der Erhabenheit und Schönheit im Menſchenleben zu ſprechen; denn für die gebildete Ueberzeugung des Menſchen gelte nur der innere Werth des geiſtigen Lebens ſich ſelbſt, nur in Vergleichung mit jenen Idealen könne der Menſch ſich wahrhaft gefallen oder mißfallen. Nur dieſe Schönheit des zeitlichen ſich geſtaltenden Menſchenlebens iſt es, was die Pflicht gebietet, was der reinſte Trieb unſers Herzens verlangt, was im tiefſten Grunde jeder Menſch will.

Es iſt dieſe Schönheit des Lebens der einzige Zeuge unſerer himmliſchen Abkunft, aus der Idee der Welt des Lebens, der geiſtigen Selbſtſtändigkeit entſprungen. Wie der Diamant noch roh unter dem Boden verborgen oder wieder in den Staub getreten unerkannt daſſelbe innere Feuer birgt, mit dem er bearbeitet am Lichte ſtrahlt, ſo auch des Geiſtes innerer Werth. Geſund oder krank, arm oder reich, mächtig oder ſchwach, mit gebildetem oder ungebildetem Verſtande zu leben, was iſts anders als verſchiedene Form deſſen, wie der Menſch ſich zeigen kann? Des Geiſtes inneres Weſen iſt ein anderes, das nur in der Tugend erkannt wird. Und wie der Steinſchleifer nur mit Diamant dem Diamant den Glanz abzuzwingen vermag, ſo gilt auch dem Geiſt nur der Geiſt, im geiſtigen innern freien Leben liegt ihm allein der Tugend Werth. Nur im verſtändigen Geiſt in ſich ſelbſt und ſich gegenüber wird dem Menſchen mit Ich und Du die höhere Idee des Guten klar und bedeutſam, die Idee der Tugend, deren erſter Gedanke Selbſtvertrauen, freye Selbſtſtändigkeit des Geiſtes iſt. So gelten als die erſten Forderungen der Pflicht Ehre und Gerechtigkeit; Ehre, daß der Menſch mit der Kraft des Selbſtvertrauens gegen jeden Andern die eigne Würde behaupte; Gerechtigkeit, daß er im Andern die Würde des ſelbſtſtändigen Geiſtes achte.

Den erſten hierbei feſt zu haltenden Gedanken will ich Euch durch die Vergleichung zweier Charaktere deutlich zu machen ſuchen.

Nachdem ſchon längere Zeit her der Friede bei uns geſichert war, machte ich einmal in Geſchäften meines Vaters eine Reiſe in die Hauptſtadt eines mächtigen Reiches, wo unter einem Volke von verbildeten Sitten jene häßlichen Ausartungen der Lebensweiſe in Schmuz, Feigheit und knechtiſcher Unterwürfigkeit ſich zuſammendrängen, deren Ausbrüche unter unſern beſſern Geſetzen und Sitten und bei unſerm öffentlichen Leben nicht mehr bekannt iſt. Dort lernte ich einen reichen Wucherer kennen, der im Hauſe ſeines reichen Vaters für die Art dieſes Volkes ſorgfältig erzogen war. Auch er fing bald an nach jener Art einen Handel zu treiben, bei dem von Ehre nicht die Rede iſt und der Kaufmann keinen Gewinn verſchmäht, der ihm durch den Richter nicht entriſſen werden kann. So erlaubte er ſich jede Art des heimlichen Wuchers zu haltenden Betruges, ſeine Reichthümer nahmen ſchnell zu, es gelang ihm, ſich des Lieferungsweſens für den Staat zu bemächtigen, nun betrog er mit Sicherheit im Großen und trieb feige und betrügeriſch dieſes Werk mit glänzendem Erfolge bis an das Ende ſeines Lebens fort. Noch jung erhielt er die Sicherheit dieſer Lage, niemand that es ihm im Glanze der Schlöſſer, der Roſſe, am Aufwande der Freudenmädchen, dann nachdem er geheirathet hatte, im Glanz ſeines Hauſes, in Wohlthätigkeit zuvor; auch Adel und Titel fehlten ihm nicht. Er war ein freundlicher Hausvater und erzog ſeine Kinder zu angeſehenen Männern im Staate.

Nun dagegen der Andere. Mein Vater ließ mich in einer kleinen Landſtadt einen Mann aufſuchen, den er in ſeiner Jugend gekannt hatte. Ich fand einen alten kränklichen Mann in einer ärmlichen Umgebung, faſt ohne Lebensmittel, ſelbſt faſt ohne ein Lager für die Nacht. Ich erinnerte ihn an meinen Vater. „Der war ein wohldenkender rechtlicher Jüngling,“ antwortete er ernſt mit einem Ton, in dem ein Vorwurf lag. Ich erwiederte: und blieb es als Mann und iſt es noch. Ich erzählte viel im Eifer, — aber er ſchüttelte den Kopf und antwortete nicht mehr. Dann ſprach ich mit ihm von ſeiner jetzigen Lage. Er erzählte, daß er keinen Freund, keinen werthen Bekannten um ſich habe, daß er einer der unglücklichen Menſchen ſei. Als ich darauf aber mit einer Gemüthsbewegung antwortete, ſprang er eifrig auf, bückte ſich mühſam aus ſeinem kleinen Fenſter und zeigte mir, die Reize ſeiner Wohnung ſchildernd, kümmerlich zwiſchen den Dächern ſeiner Nachbarn einen beſchränkten Blick ins Grüne, verſicherte auch, daß die Sonne am frühen Morgen und auch am Abend einige Strahlen in ſein Zimmer werfe. Nun meinte ich, daß der Mann in einer religiöſen Erhebung lebe und in deren höhern Erwartungen. Allein als ich dahin das Geſpräch lenkte, antwortete er trocken: non liquet, ich weiß um göttliche Dinge keinen Beſcheid. Der Mann dauerte mich und es ſchien mir ſo leicht, ihm einen freundlichen Abend ſeines Lebens zu bereiten. Nichts feſſelte ihn an den Ort ſeines Aufenthaltes; ich wünſchte ihn zu meinem Vater zu führen oder ihm durch meinen Vater zu helfen. Allein ſo leiſe ich meine Einleitung darauf machte, errieth er mich doch gleich und fuhr hitzig auf: „Du nimmſt mich für einen Bettler! Noch kann ich arbeiten, um mich zu erhalten, dann werde ich ſterben können.“ Ich ergriff gerührt ſeine Hände aber er blieb kalt und unbeweglich.

Von ihm ſelbſt war wenig über ſein früheres Leben zu erfragen. Von andern Leuten erfuhr ich, er ſei der Sohn reicher Eltern; ſorgfältig erzogen zum kaufmänniſchen Manne und bald in den Beſitz eines anſehnlichen Vermögens gekommen. Allein ſeit früher Jugend hatte ihn bei großer Strenge des Charakters eine übertriebene Aengſtlichkeit in allen Sachen der Ehre und des Rechtes befallen; dazu beherrſchte bald ein ſchwärmeriſches Ideal von Liebe und Freundſchaft ſeine jugendliche Phantaſie. Nirgends fand er Menſchen rein genug, um ſich recht an ſie anzuſchließen; ſein Vermögen verfiel ihm unter den Händen, denn immer trieb ihn die Aengſtlichkeit da, wo er von andern zu fordern hatte, zu der Furcht, dieſen Unrecht zu thun. Kein bedeutendes Geſchäft konnte er übernehmen, da ein jedes Verhältniſſe mit ſich brachte, in denen er ſeine Thätigkeit mit ſeinen Vorurtheilen über Ehre und Rechtlichkeit nicht in Einklang zu bringen wußte. So drängte ihn das Schickſal bald in freudeloſe Einſamkeit zurück und ſelbſt Dürftigkeit drohte ihm. Dazu verführte ihn das Mitleid noch, ſich einer armen Wittwe mit mehreren Kindern anzunehmen, die er heirathete. Aber mit dieſer Frau konnte er zu keiner wärmeren Freundſchaft gelangen; die Kinder zerſtreuten ſich in die Welt: die Eltern wurden immer dürftiger; die Frau trennte ſich wieder von ihm: er blieb allein.

Seine Nachbarn nannten ihn den unklugen Alten; nur ein Handwerker, ſein Hausherr, beurtheilte ihn anders. Als dieſer ſah, daß ich mich für den Alten intereſſirte, ſagte er mir: „ſonſt nannte ich ihn auch den Unklugen, als ich aber auf einer Reiſe eure Lehrer vor dem Volke von der Selbſtſtändigkeit des Geiſtes reden hörte und davon, wie in Ehre und Rechtlichkeit der reine innere Werth des Menſchen beſtehe, — da wurde ich unwillkührlich an den Alten erinnert und bekam eine eigne Achtung vor ihm. Seit meiner Zurückkunft wohnt er bei mir. Er nimmt durchaus kein Geſchenk an, indem ich ihm aber niedriger anſetze, was ich für ihn kaufe und höher, was er verdient, ſo kann ich ihm dürftigen Unterhalt verſchaffen.“

Als ich nach Hauſe kam und meinem Vater den Wunſch äußerte, des Mannes Lage zu ändern, antwortete mir mein Vater: Rühre ihn nicht an! Weißt du wohl, daß dieſer Mann im Reiche Gottes leicht höher ſteht, als wir mit unſern Siegen und Zeichen. — Damals verſtand ich ihn nicht ganz; jetzt meine ich, er hatte Recht.

Nun frage ich euch: welcher von dieſen beiden hättet ihr wohl ſein mögen?

Arthur. In der Stelle keines von beiden hätte ich ſein mögen. Ich meine dich in der Hauptſache zu verſtehen. Du ſagſt: den Werth des Menſchen müſſen wir ganz innerlich in ihm ſelbſt ſuchen und nicht in dem, was nur durch äußere Verhältniſſe beſtimmt wird. Solltest du aber nicht die Farben zu grell aufgetragen haben? Ich achte die unerſchütterliche Entſchiedenheit des Alten bei Ehre und Recht zu bleiben, aber er war kein guter Gatte und Vater; ich verachte den Wucherer in ſeiner Feigheit, Widerrechtlichkeit und Betrügerei, aber er war wohlthätig und ein guter Vater.

Waldemar. Ich ſtimme dir, Arthur, nicht bei. Der Alte hätte ich wohl ſein mögen. Doch edler Greis, ſprich zu uns deinen Gedanken ſelbſt deutlicher aus.

Philanthes. An der Stelle des Wucherers hätte ich wohl ſein mögen, nicht gern an der des Alten; aber der Alte ſelbſt möchte ich wohl ſein und nimmermehr der Andere. Verſteht mich recht! Wie Arthur ſagt, beurtheilen wollen wir, was der Menſch ſelbſt taugt, im Gegenſatz gegen das, was ihm nur die äußeren Verhältniſſe bringen oder nehmen. Die Stelle des Alten, das heißt ſein äußeres Verhältniß, war ſehr nachtheilig, aber das iſt nicht ſeine Schuld; die Stelle des Andern war ſehr vortheilhaft, aber das iſt nicht ſein Verdienſt. Doch ich habe keine Namen genannt, den innerſten Grund der Geſinnungen können wir von keinem Menſchen ganz ſicher angeben. Wir wollen daher die beiden Männer nur wie Gegenſtände der Dichtung beurtheilen. Arthur wirft meinem Alten einen Theil ſeiner Fehler vor. Ich kann ihm darin nicht beiſtimmen. Die Fehler des Alten waren durch Mängel der Klugheit herbei geführt, aber dieſe Mängel der Einſicht und Klugheit waren nicht durch Fehler der Willenskraft oder der Geſinnung verurſacht. Für die Geſinnungen allein kann aber der Menſch religiös verantwortlich gemacht werden. Die Fehler des Wucherers hingegen ſind Fehler des Charakters, Fehler der Geſinnung. Machte nicht Feigheit ihn zum Wohlthäter; Feigheit und Falſchheit zum anſcheinend guten Gatten? Wohl auch feige Schlauheit zum guten Vater? So lebenswerth alſo auch die äußern Verhältniſſe ſeines Lebens ſein mochten, in ſich ſelbſt iſt er ein verworfenes Weſen. Niemand wird aber im Ernſt wünſchen können ein Menſch zu ſein, der in ſich nichts taugt.

So elend dagegen die äußern Verhältniſſe meines Alten ſein mochten, in ihm lebte ein edler Geiſt.

Arthur. Gut! Jetzt finde ich mich zurecht. Zeige uns weiter, wie der innere Werth des Lebens ſich gelten mache und beſonders, wie jeder ihn eigentlich wolle, nach deinem erſten Ausdruck. Du wirſt mir es wohl klar machen, aber jetzt begreife ich doch nicht. Wie kannſt du ſagen, daß jener glückliche Wucherer eigentlich den innern Werth des ſittlichen Lebens wollte? ich meine, Selbſtzufriedenheit und mit ihr ſein Wille wird ihm geworden ſein. Uns misfällt er, aber doch konnte er ſich ſelbſt gefallen. Wie behaupteſt du nun, daß er dabei doch eigentlich den ſittlichen Werth des Lebens gewollt habe?

Philanthes. Du zeigſt, guter **Arthur**, auf den ſchwierigſten Theil unſrer Betrachtung, über den wir uns erſt ſpäter ganz verſtändigen können. Du wirſt mir zugeben: wenn der Wucherer zur Selbſtzufriedenheit gelangte, ſo geſchah dies durch irgend einen Mangel in der Ausbildung ſeines Verſtandes, denn in ihm ſelbſt taugte er nichts. Die Fehler, die wir ihm vorwerfen, ſind nicht erſt durch dieſen Mangel ſeiner Einſicht bewirkt, ſondern Fehler ſeiner Willenskraft ſelbſt. Er konnte allerdings zur Ruhe gelangt ſein, aber die wahre Feſtigkeit der Seelenruhe hatte er nicht. Denn wenn es jemand gelungen wäre, nur die Einſicht ſeines Verſtandes aufzuklären, ſo hätte er die Verworfenheit in ſich ſelbſt erkannt und ſeine Ruhe wäre verloren geweſen.

Es hat der menſchliche Geiſt die ewigen Ideen von der Erhabenheit und Schönheit des Lebens in ſich, aber dieſe können erſt bei der Ausbildung des Geiſtes vor das klare Bewußtſein ſeines Verſtandes treten. Dabei iſt nun ſchwerer zu zeigen, wie dieſes Werk der Ausbildung des Geiſtes beurtheilt werden müſſe. Laßt uns alſo zuerſt nur den Ideen der Schönheit des Lebens ſelbſt nachgehen.

In dem einen werden wir uns jetzt ſchon beſſer verſtehen. Wie es der ewigen Weisheit gefällt unſer Schickſal zu leiten, zur glücklichen That oder zum dunkeln unerkannten, ſcheiternden Verſuch — es liegt der Werth des Menſchen nicht in dem, was Folge unſers Unternehmens iſt, ſondern nur in der tiefſten Kraft des Geiſtes ſelbſt, die uns zum innerſten Entſchluß leitete. Wir fragen nicht nach dem, was der Menſch leidet, ſondern nach dem was er thut.

Ihr wißt, daß unſere Sittenlehre vor allem und für jedes Menſchenleben gleich unbedingt die ſittliche Willenskraft und deren Tugend lobt. Dieſe ſittliche Willenskraft aber beſteht in Kraft, Lebendigkeit und Reinheit der Seele. Es beſteht nemlich die Geſundheit der Seele in jener lebendigen Seelenſtärke, welche gegen Kleinmuth und Verzagtheit im Selbſtvertrauen Ruhe und Geduld, innere Tapferkeit des Geiſtes und Mäßigung gebiert, das Menſchenleben nicht nur an fremden Gewöhnungen fortzieht, ſondern mit eigner Lebendigkeit geſtaltet. Dann aber ſagen wir: die innere Güte des Charakters liege in der **Reinheit der Seele**, welche die lebendige Seelenſtärke der eignen Ueberzeugung von der Idee des Guten unterwirft. Jene lebendige Seelenſtärke, ſo lebenswerth ſie in ſich ſelbſt gefunden wird, kann unter den Menſchen verwildert erſcheinen, indem ſie ſich in fremden Dienſt begiebt, an niedrige Begierden wegwirft. Der heilige Ernſt des ſittlichen Lebens wird alſo erſt darin gefunden, daß reine Kraft des Geiſtes ſich unbedingt der Idee des Guten unterwirft. Wollen wir es mit einem Wort bezeichnen, welcher Menſch unbedingt zu loben ſei, ſo werden wir ſagen: der, der dieſe **Reinheit der Seele** beſitzt.

Wollen wir fremdes Leben beurtheilen oder ihm Gebote nennen, ſo bleibt es unmöglich in ſtreng geregelten Vorſchriften des Thuns oder Laſſens das Geſetz der Tugend auszuſprechen; die Tugend gebietet nur dem innern Leben der Geſinnungen und ſo wird ihr Weſen frei anerkannt in einer dem Gefühl eigenen Beurtheilung. Wollen wir den wahren Werth im fremden Leben ſchätzen, ſo iſt ja die Tugend nicht das Recht, nicht daß ſie äußerlich gethan, ſondern daß ſie innerlich gewollt und geübt werde, iſt die Sache. Wie es in der chriſtlichen Lehre uns überliefert worden iſt: nicht das Geſetz und das todte Werk, ſondern allein der Glaube, in dem wir leben und handeln, macht ſelig. Wo wir das Leben anderer Menſchen und nicht uns ſelbſt beurtheilen, bleiben uns gute Werke nur der erſchlagene Leib des ſterblichen Engels, den ihr ruhig mit beliebigem Gepränge zur Erde beſtatten mögt. Uns wird der Geiſt gefordert, der anerkannt ſein will mit Kraft und frommem Sinn, der ſein Geſetz nennt, Reinheit der Seele. Wer dieſer theilhaft wurde mit lebendiger Kraft, der hat die Fülle des Lebens und wird um ihrer reinen Liebe willen ſich allen Forderungen der Ehre, Gerechtigkeit und Frömmigkeit treu unterwerfen.

Reines Herzens das ſein! Es iſt die letzte
Steilſte Höhe von dem, was Weiſe erſannen,
Weiſere thaten!

Und welches iſt nun das innere Weſen dieſer Reinheit des Herzens? Es iſt wie die Schönheit des blühenden Gartens! Neben der Palme hoher Krone die kleine Blüthe im Gras, neben der Ceder, der Eiche mächtigem Stamm die ſchwache Ranke der Rebe, der Liane. Keine tadelt die andere, keine gilt wie ſie der andern dient, ſondern jede nur in der eignen innern Schönheit. So auch dieſe Reinheit der Seele! Neben der Gewalt der Heldengröße das ſanfte Leben der Liebe; neben der ſtillen Aufopferung für Einſicht und Kunſt die mächtigen Flammen der Andacht, der Vaterlandsliebe. Wie tauſendfältig ſich das Leben groß und klein geſtalten mag, dieſe Reinheit der Seele will nicht dienen, nicht herrſchen; in dem Eden des ewigen Lebens entfaltet in Reinheit des Herzens jede geiſtige Blüthe vor den Strahlen des höhern ewigen Lichtes die innere Schönheit oder Erhabenheit ihres Wuchſes.

Otto. Klar haſt du mir gemacht, daß was uns recht innerlich im Geiſt des Menſchen gefallen kann, nur die Schönheit oder Erhabenheit dieſes geiſtigen Lebens ſelbſt ſei. So gehört alſo unſer Urtheil über ſittlichen Werth des Menſchen gleichſam einem ſittlichen Geſchmack, einem reinen Schönheitsgefühl. Dabei ſcheint mir nur bedenklich, daß wir in Sachen des Geſchmackes nicht ſo beſtimmt mit einander ſtreiten können und am Ende jeden ſeinem Gefühl überlaſſen müſſen. Wie iſts nun da mit den ſtrengen Anforderungen der Pflichten, bei Ehre und Recht zu bleiben?

Philanthes. Wenn du auf die Lehre, welche ich euch hier mittheile, recht achteſt, ſo wirſt du finden, daß ſie eine Lehre der Beſcheidenheit und Anſpruchloſigkeit für den Menſchen ſei. Die reine Lehre der Weisheit will nicht dem Stolz dienen, daß ich als der Beſſere mich über andere erhebe, auch will ſie nicht den Zank ſchlichten zwiſchen denen, welche ſtreiten, wer der Beſſere ſei, ſondern ſie wendet ſich einzig an den jenigen, der mit dem Entſchluſſe lebt, reines Herzens zu ſein, und der nun für ſich ſelbſt fragt, wornach er ſtreben ſolle.

Das iſt hier das entſcheidende: fragt der Gutgeſinnte, was ihm zu thun ſei, ſo wird er klare Antwort empfangen; fragt er hingegen, wie der Werth eines andern zu beurtheilen ſei, ſo hüte er ſich aus Eitelkeit und leerer Neugier die Antwort nicht mißzuverſtehen.

Unſer Urtheil über den ſittlichen Werth des fremden Lebens iſt allerdings ein ſolches ſittliches Geſchmacksurtheil, aber meine darum nicht, daß es ſich nur nach unbeſtimmbaren Gefühlen entſcheide. Gemeine freie Naturſchönheit iſt freilich unbeſtimmbaren Gefühlen überlaſſen, aber jede Schönheit, die ein Ideal anerkennt, vor allen die hohe Schönheit, die Schönheit der Seele, von der wir hier ſprechen, hat ein feſtes Geſetz zu Grunde liegen, dem ſie voraus huldigen muß, wenn ſie ſoll gelobt werden können. Denke nur an die körperliche Geſtalt des Menſchen. Muß dieſe nicht den Bedingungen einer gewiſſen Regelmäßigkeit des Baues entſprechen, ſo daß wir ihre feinere Ausbildung nur unter deren Geſetz ſchön finden können. Eben ſo ſind dem Ideal der geiſtigen Schönheit die Normen der Ehre und des Rechtes vorgeſchrieben, denen jede Geiſteskraft huldigen muß, die ſchön genannt werden darf. Aber die Art dieſer Huldigung wird im Leben auf unendlich mannigfaltige Weiſe in freier Schönheit erſcheinen.

So wird es ſich dir im Leben zeigen. Ueber Geſchicklichkeit oder Ungeſchicklichkeit eines Menſchen magſt du leicht urtheilen, aber darüber, wer gut oder bös ſei, wirſt du dir ſelten die ſtrenge Entſcheidung anmaßen. Denn damit fragen wir nur nach dem Innerſten des Geiſtes und wie ſchwer iſt es, den Einfluß des mir fremden in äußern Umgebungen richtig abzuziehen, um das reine Innere zu errathen.

Den ordentlichen, zuverläſſigen, brauchbaren Mann, den guten Geſellſchafter, den Weltkennern nennen Viele den Guten — aber kann nicht neben alle dieſem Feigheit und Charakterloſigkeit beſtehen? Es kann darin nicht unmittelbar der wahre Werth des Menſchen liegen. Wenn dagegen ein Anderer ſagt: „ſehe ſich ein Jeder vor wie ich; was mir widerſteht, ſchlage ich zu Boden; was ich nicht mit Gewalt erhalten kann ſuche ich durch Liſt:" ſo können dennoch in dieſem Menſchen Mord und Falſchheit eine hohe Kraft des Geiſtes verdecken, welche ſich nur in rohen Umgebungen nicht zu geſtalten vermochte. Dann wieder im Gegenſatz gegen dieſen; leicht können Sanftmuth und Friedfertigkeit dem Menſchen fälſchlich für Feigheit gelten. So zeigte ſich mancher unter uns in kleineren Verhältniſſen des täglichen Lebens nachgebend und duldſam, dem nicht der Muth fehlte, der nur dies Leben des Streites und der Bemühungen nicht werth achtete. Als aber der Ruf des Vaterlandes erklang, da ſprang mit einem mal kühn und frei die Kraft des Geiſtes vor, das gute Korn ward von der Spreu geſichtet. Nun wird nur wenigen die große Probe zu Theil: wo dieſe fehlt, bleibt uns dann nur ein Urtheil über Geſchicklichkeit oder Ungeſchicklichkeit des Menſchen, darüber ob jemand die Mittel habe ſich in der Geſellſchaft geltend zu machen oder nicht — der innere Geiſt ſeines Thuns bleibt uns aber verborgen.

Kraft, Lebendigkeit und Reinheit der Seele iſt alſo in jedem Menſchen, der den Willen zum Guten hat und wahrhaft etwas taugt. Fragen wir aber weiter: wie wird ſich ein ſolches Leben geſtalten? — ſo können wir die Antwort im allgemeinen erwarten. Hier ſcheidet ſich unſer Urtheil über fremdes Leben von den Anforderungen an das eigne. Denn hier hängt alles von der Ueberzeugung ab, welche erſt durch Einſicht gebracht und geordnet werden kann. Bei der mangelhafteſten Einſicht wird im rohſten Leben oft die Ergebenheit in das, was ein Menſch für Pflicht hält, und die Aufopferung für dieſe unſere Bewunderung fodern, ſo ſtrahlt bei dem Aberglauben mancher poſitiven Religionen und den Vorurtheilen der verbildeten Sitte das gleich ſein mag, was geſchieht. Reiner wird ſich freilich im gebildeten Geiſt Schönheit und Würde des ſittlichen Lebens entfalten können.

So wäre alſo nur unſre fernere Frage für einen Jeden in ſich, was ſich der Gebildete mit reinem Herzen als das würdige Ziel ſeines Strebens zu nennen habe. Und nochmals müſſen wir antworten: die perſönliche Würde, der reine Werth des geiſtigen Lebens iſt's, was gilt und allein entſcheidet.

Woldemar. Ich verſuche dich ſo: den Willen zum Guten zu haben iſt die reine Schönheit des menſchlichen Geiſtes. Fragen wir nun: was iſt denn das Gute? ſo kann nur der gebildete Verſtand richtig antworten. Dieſe Entſcheidung iſt nicht mehr Sache des Willens, ſondern Sache der Einſicht, ſo daß darin auch der reinſte und beſte im Erkennen fehlen und irren kann. Weiter, die gebildete Einſicht wird aber ſagen: die reine Erſcheinung des geiſtigen Lebens iſt das Gute. An unſern Willen werden nämlich gar mannigfaltige Anforderungen gemacht: wir begehren aus ſinnlichen Annehmlichkeiten Genuß und Glück, wir müſſen auf vielerlei Weiſe im Leben für nützliches und brauchbares ſorgen, endlich ſpricht das Gewiſſen für die Idee des ſittlich guten. Man behauptet da: in allen dieſen Anforderungen werde eigentlich unſerm Willen nur das reine geiſtige Leben ſelbſt und ſeine ſittliche Entfaltung zum Ziel geſetzt. Nicht wahr dies willſt du uns jetzt noch zeigen?

Philanthes. Ich behaupte: die Ideen des ſittlich guten ſprechen uns einzig den eignen Werth des geiſtigen Lebens aus; Geiſtes Selbſtvertrauen, und Bewußtſein ſeiner inneren Würde ſind die einzigen belebenden Gedanken der Tugend. Dieſes Gut aber, welches die Tugend will, enthält die einzige ſelbſtſtändige unmittelbare Anforderung an unſern Willen.

Um dies zu erläutern können wir den Unterſcheidungen folgen, welche uns Woldemar angegeben hat. Der Menſch begehrt zu genießen und glücklich zu ſein. Wer aber der Glückliche ſei oder der Unglückliche, nach welchen Graden dieſem oder jenem Menſchen das Glück oder Unglück zugetheilt ſei, das wiſſen wir nicht und können wir nicht wiſſen. Laßt uns nur näher in das Leben hineinſehen: die äußeren Umgebungen allein entſcheiden hier nicht und je genauer wir vergleichen, deſto mehr finden wir, daß alles Maaß derſelben keine feſte Bedeutung habe. Meinung und Traum, Wahn und Dichtung ſpielen mit dem Gedanken von Glück und Unglück und rauben jeder Meſſung den Maaßſtab.

Fragt herum, wer denn der Glückliche ſei, Einige werden antworten: der reiche, geſunde, mächtige, der unter deſſen Händen alles um ihn her gedeiht. Aber wie meinen dieſe es mit ihrem Spruch? Faulheit, Dummheit, Geiz und Habſucht können dem ſo begünſtigten alle dieſe Vortheile wieder rauben, ihn zu innerem Ekel und Unruhe verdammen. Dieſer Spruch gilt nicht einem Menſchen in ſich ſelbſt, ſondern nur dem Andern, der ihm zuſieht und ihm nun ſagen kann: deines Unglücks Schuld trägſt du ſelbſt. Wie oft iſt nicht der Arme, Kränkliche und Schwache heiterer und zufriedener als jener.

Andere werden ſagen: ſo gilt es nicht! Der geiſtig Starke iſt der Glückliche, der dem es gelingt ſeines Geiſtes Kräfte geſund zu entfalten. Wohl! Aber auch hier vergleicht ihr fremdes Schickſal. Jeder der ſich nur äußerlich beengt findet und noch mit Stolz in die eigene Bruſt blicken kann, findet in dieſem Selbſtgefühl volle Entſchädigung. Der Mißvergnügte, dem der Stolz bleibt, er ſey der Edle, nur in ſeinen Umgebungen liege die Verwerfung — ſchon ein Jeder, der ſein Selbſt nicht mit dem eines Andern vertauſchen will, iſt der Glückliche. Der völlig Geiſtesmatte aber wird nur ſelten, nur vorübergehend ſich ſeiner eignen Ohnmacht bewußt.

Ich frage weiter: wer iſt der Glückliche, der Freudige oder der Trauernde? Wie oft fehlt dem Freudigen die Beſonnung, die den Augenblick in Beſitz nimmt — dagegen, wie oft vertieft ſich der Trauernde in ſeine Trauer, daß eben die Trauer ihm erhabene Sehnſucht und ſo das Spiel ſeines Lebens wird. Endlich darf ich euch ja die Tröſterin Gewohnheit nennen, die alles ausgleichende. Sie nimmt dem Schmerz den Stachel, der Freude den Glanz, läßt das ungewohnte tauſendfach genießen, daß gewohnte leicht ertragen.

Was kann uns alſo der wol lehren, der aus äußern Umgebungen uns das Glück will finden laſſen? Nur Mittel zum Zweck, von denen noch unentſchieden iſt, wie ſie für den Zweck ausfallen werden. Suchen wir alſo eine Lehre der Weisheit, welche den unmittelbaren Zweck und Werth des Menſchenlebens klar machen ſoll, ſo werden wir ſehen um des hier Geſagten willen nicht zu fragen haben, wie dem Glück nachzujagen ſei. Und noch mehr: wird nicht in unſern heiligen Lehren angedeutet, daß weder Genuß und Glück, noch auch Vortheile und Nutzen irgend einer Art dasjenige ſeien, was der Weiſe das wahrhaft Gute nennen müſſe, daß Genuß und Vortheil das nicht ſind, was der Menſch im tiefſten Innern begehrt und will, ſondern das im tiefſten Innern des Geiſtes nur der innere Werth des eignen Lebens genannt wird. Denn, was den erſten wahren Werth hat, wird ja nicht wieder auf ein anderes hinweiſen als ſeinen Herrn, dem es dienen ſoll, ſondern es muß frei ſich ſelbſt gelten.

So laßt uns zuerſt Genuß und Glück vergleichen. Wir ſehen das Menſchenleben dem Spiel wechſelnder Begünſtigungen und Hemmungen durch äußere Einflüſſe der Natur ausgeſetzt — und was iſt der Wechſel von Vergnügen und Schmerz anders, als Gefühl dieſer Abhängigkeit? Was iſt Glück anders, als die ſichre Lage des Bedürftigen, in welcher er der Mittel gewiß iſt, ſeine Bedürfniſſe befriedigen zu können? Genuß und Glück ſind nur äußere Begünſtigungen, die uns nicht um ihrer ſelbſt willen gelten können, ſondern nur, weil ſie dem geiſtigen Leben des Menſchen dienen. Wäre uns dies Leben ſelbſt gleichgültig, was könnten uns dann die Mittel ſeiner ſichern Anſtiftung für eine Bedeutung haben?

Tiefer alſo als der Wunſch des Genuſſes liegt in unſerm Geiſt der Gedanke des Werthes, welchen das Leben ſelbſt trägt. Daher können wir unſern Wunſch leicht über das ganze Spiel von Freud' und Leid hinaus deuten. Das eben iſt die Beengung des menſchlichen Lebens, daß es nur zwiſchen äußern Hemmungen und Begünſtigungen ſpielen kann; Schmerz und Vergnügen, Genuß und Leiden ſind aber die Kinder dieſes Spiels. Die Selbſtſtändigkeit eines ſich frei geſtaltenden, bedürfnißloſen Lebens wäre mehr, höher als alles Glück in befriedigten Bedürfniſſen. Ein ſolches ſelbſtſtändiges freies Leben würde aber weder Vergnügen noch Schmerz kennen und doch wäre es wünſchenswerther als beide.

Vergleicht nur den Gewinn der einfachern Sitten unter den Gebildeten bei uns mit den krankhaften modiſchen Verbildungen der Völker um uns her.

Es giebt keine höhere Bildung des ſinnlichen Genuſſes und der paſſiven Lebensfreude als zur ſichern und behenden Befriedigung der natürlichen Bedürfniſſe. Jedes künſtliche Bedürfniß, welches nur für den Genuß erſonnen wäre, iſt Thorheit und das Verlangen nach bloßer Mannigfaltigkeit des Genuſſes krankhaftes Erzeugniß der Langenweile. Gar einfach ſind des Menſchen natürliche Bedürfniſſe für Nahrung, Wohnung und Familie, alles andere iſt künſtliche, ſelbſtgewählte Luſt mit ihrem Bedürfniß. Wo nun dies Bedürfniß nur dafür erſonnen iſt, um es nachher wieder zu befriedigen, da iſt ja aller Aufwand dafür eine thörichte Bemühung um ſelbſt geſchaffene Noth, die man viel beſſer ſich gar nicht erſt bereitete. Nur dadurch können jene künſtlichen Bedürfniſſe Bedeutung gewinnen, daß ſie in der ſtufenweiſen Ausbildung des Geiſtes dem innern Werth des Lebens ſelbſt zu dienen kommen. So gehören ſie in dem geſunden Leben der Ausbildung der Einſicht, des Gemüthes und der geiſtigen Steigerung der That.

Vergleicht die Gediegenheit unſerer Lebensweiſe, die wir der Herrlichkeit unſers öffentlichen Lebens danken, mit der modiſchen Thorheit unſrer verbildeten Nachbarn. Unſre einfache Sitte verſchmäht die Weichlichkeit ihrer häuslichen Einrichtungen; uns ekeln jene vielfach gemiſchten Speiſen, die ſie für Koſtbarkeit halten; uns ſind die bunten Kleider, die nicht nach Schönheit ſondern nur zur Abwechſelung in der Form gewählt werden, größtentheils abgeſchmackt, und ihre leere Prachtliebe verächtlich. Unſer häusliches Leben dient in geſunder Einfachheit nicht der Pracht ſondern der Schönheit. Und eben um deswillen kann ſich die Macht der Schönheit in unſerm öffentlichen Leben zeigen, die ihnen fremd bleibt. Vergleicht die Größe unſrer Tempel, die Zierde unſrer öffentlichen Plätze, die herrſchende tief eingreifende Macht unſrer einfachen Harmonien gegen die tändelnde Künſtlichkeit fremder Muſik, die nur weichlich ſüßer Unterhaltung dient und ſo das Ähnliche.

Alſo nur dem minder Gebildeten, der zu ſehr in der ſinnlichen Anregung ſeines Lebens befangen bleibt, können Genuß und Vergnügen um ihrer ſelbſt willen zu gelten ſcheinen. Jeder hingegen, der ſich ſelbſt recht verſicht, wird zugeben müſſen, daß ihm nicht in Genuß und Glück die Zwecke ſeines Lebens liegen, ſondern daß ein geheimerer Werth des Lebens ſelbſt erſt dieſem ſeine Bedeutung mittheilen muß. Wie wollten Genuß und Freude des Menſchenlebens innerer Werth ſein, da jeder in der höchſten Erhebung des Gefühls, in frommer Ergebung ſich über alles Spiel von Glück und Unglück gehoben findet. Wo durch Andacht und Vaterlandsliebe in Aufopferungen der Einzelne ſeine Ehre findet, da ſpricht des Geiſtes höhere Wahrheit und alle jene kleine Sorge wird verworfen.

Hiermit iſt denn vollſtändig ausgeſprochen, daß des Menſchen Werth nicht in dem liegt, was er leidet, ſondern in dem, was er thut. Von dem, was er thut, wird aber ferner nicht das den wahren Werth beſtimmen können, worin ſein Leben irgend einer Dienſtbarkeit unterliegt, ſondern nur das, worin es ſich mit eigner Schönheit geſtaltet. Denn daß im Nutzen und Vortheil nicht der letzte Zweck des Menſchenlebens enthalten ſei, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt. Wie Geräthe und Werkzeug nur dafür gelobt werden mag, daß es einem ihm vorgeſchriebenen Zweck diene, ſo iſt es ja mit allem Vortheil und Nutzen: hier iſt nie vom erſten Zweck, ſondern nur von Mitteln die Rede.

Dies wäre leicht begriffen. Es hängt aber damit eine Lehre vom Eigennutz und der Selbſtſucht zuſammen, welche bei verbildeten Völkern, in denen eine nicht nur rohe ſondern niedrige Denkungsart zur öffentlichen Meinung geworden iſt, vielen Beifall fand. Dort ſagten die Lehrer der Weisheit, daß man mit Selbſtſucht und Eigennutz nicht nur den Menſchen am ſicherſten zu leiten vermöge, ſondern ſogar, daß Selbſtſucht und Eigennutz die einzigen unmittelbaren Antriebe aller menſchlichen Handlungen ſeien. Nun wollen wir dieſen gern zugeben, daß wie man den Stier nicht fein zu zügeln ſuchen wird, mit dem Zaum des edleren Roſſes, eben ſo rohe Menſchen und hinterliſtige anders geleitet werden müſſen als Männer von edler Denkungsart. Wenn aber jene Lehrer der Weisheit ihre thörichte Lehre ſo reichlich mit Beiſpielen aus ihren Umgebungen zu belegen wußten, ſo lag der Fehler nur daran, daß man dort nicht verſtand, den Geiſt zu bilden und vorzüglich, durch das öffentliche Leben das Leben der Einzelnen zu regeln. Eben dadurch, daß dort die öffentliche Meinung vorausſetzte, nur durch abgefeimte Pfiffigkeit ſei unter den Menſchen etwas auszurichten, verſchaffte man erſt der niedrigen Selbſtſucht den Sieg.

Otto. In dem, was du, edler Greis, hier lehrſt, iſt mir vieles ſehr klar. Ich ſehe leicht, daß im Nutzen und Vortheil der Menſch den Werth der Dinge nicht unmittelbar finden kann, da dieſe ſich ja nur als Mittel ankündigen. Ferner, wenn es gleich zur Bildung eines rohen Menſchen noch ſo nöthig iſt, ihn von Selbſtſucht und Eigennutz abzumahnen, ihm dagegen eine uneigennützige Schätzung der Dinge zu zeigen und lebendig zu machen: ſo ſehe ich doch nicht nur ein, was hiermit ſchon geſagt iſt, daß Selbſtſucht nicht der letzte Zweck im Leben des Gebildeten iſt, ſondern auch daß für eine richtigere Beurtheilung ſelbſt des rohſten Lebens ſie nicht als letzte Quelle der menſchlichen Intereſſen angegeben werden kann. Nur ein ſehr mangelhaftes Urtheil könnte ſich mit der Auskunft: Ich will eben mich ſelbſt, begnügen, da ſich offenbar immer noch weiter fragen läßt, was will ich denn von mir ſelbſt! und worin gefalle ich mir!

Allein ſo gut ich dies im allgemeinen einſehe, ſo bleibt mir darin eine Schwierigkeit, daß am Ende doch wieder Selbſtſucht und Vortheil alle Geſchäfte der Menſchen ordnen. Wo werde ich denn im regelmäßigen Verkehr anders als nach dieſem Maaßſtab Hülfe, Arbeit, das Werk eines Andern meſſen!

Philanthes. Auf deine Worte, tapferer Jüngling, iſt mehrerlei zu erwiedern. Die zuletzt ausgeſprochene Schwierigkeit haſt du dir durch deinen Begriff vom Geſchäft des Menſchen erſt ſelbſt gemacht. Du verſtehſt ja unter dieſem Geſchäft und Verkehr nur die Arbeit der Menſchen und den Austauſch auf dem Markt. Jeder bietet da dem Andern das Werk ſeines Fleißes zum Austauſch und fordert dafür die angemeſſene Vergeltung. Auf dem Markte muß der Eigennutz herrſchen, das iſt nicht Folge einer falſchen Selbſtſucht, ſondern Forderung der Gerechtigkeit. Jeder trägt da das Seinige zur allgemeinen Arbeit der Geſellſchaft bei und nur unter dem Schutz gerechter Vergeltung kann und ſoll dieſer Verkehr beſtehen. Auf dem Markte ſoll der Eigennutz herrſchen; dieſes Kaufen und Verkaufen gehört zum geſunden Leben des Volkes. Aber dieſer Markt iſt ja nicht das ganze Menſchenleben, er gehört der Arbeit, zu der wir gezwungen ſind, die aber ſelbſt nur dem Leben dient. Was treibt den Handwerksmann zur harten Mühe und Laſt, wem wird willig der heißeſte Kampf, die bitterſte Aufopferung geweiht? Siehe doch ſelbſt nur ins rohere Leben der Menſchen! Sorge und Mühe der Mutter für ihr Kind, des Vaters für den Unterhalt der Familie ſind die Sclaven der Selbſtſucht? Und die Werke des Gemeingeiſtes, wo Vaterland und Ehre in den Kampf führen, wo der heilige Eifer für die Altäre eines Volkes herrſcht! Keiner unter Euch wird ſo ſtumpfen Gedankens ſein, dies aus Selbſtſucht und Eigennutz erklären zu wollen.

Otto. Sehr richtig, ich dachte nur an gemeine Arbeit und vergaß die Seele des Menſchenlebens, der ſelbſt alle Arbeit dient.

Philanthes. Doch können wir deine Bemerkung auch noch von einer andern Seite betrachten. Eben um der Arbeit willen ſind Eigennutz und Selbſtſucht das unentbehrliche Werkzeug aller menſchlichen Thätigkeit, den nur durch Vermittlungen kann der Menſch ſeine Zwecke erreichen. Vermögen und Kräfte muß jeder einzelne ſammeln, um ſich ſeine Stelle in der Geſellſchaft zu ſchaffen und ſie zu behaupten. Hier iſt ihm nur ſein Werk aufgegeben in der Scheidung von dem der andern, dafür muß er ſelbſtſüchtig ſein. Aber alle dieſe Selbſtſucht, dieſer Eigennutz ſollen eben Werkzeug ſein für die höhern eigentlich geltenden Zwecke, und welche dieſe ſein zu erforſchen, das iſt des höchſten Preiſes werth.

Wenn einige es unwürdig finden, daß jeder nur für ſich ſelbſt, lobenswerth aber, daß jeder für alle andern ſorge und dieſes zum Grundgedanken des wahren Werthes menſchlicher Handlungen machen wollen, ſo können wir ihnen ironiſch erwiedern: was iſt denn für ein Gewinn dabei? Nach der einen Vertheilung wird jedem die Sorge für ſein Wohl durch eine theilweiſe aller andern gewährt, nach der andern einfachern Vertheilung bleibt jeder bei ſich ſelbſt, ſo daß in beiden Fällen jeden doch nur ſo viel zu Theil wird, als eines Mannes ganze Sorge beträgt. In der That nemlich iſt die Ermahnung gegen die Selbſtſucht gar keine reine Lehre der Weisheit, ſondern nur ein guter Rath der **Klugheit**, für den wir etwa an Dſchingiskhans Bündel Pfeile erinnern können; vereinigte Kraft wirkt mehr als getheilte. Damit ſoll bedeutet ſeyn: wer nur [illegible] und recht für ſich zu ſorgen weiß, nicht in dem, was ihm Natur und Menſchen zu geben haben, ſondern in dem, was ihm **zu thun** iſt, der thut daran das beſte. Ich muß fragen, was ich thun ſoll — aber wo erfahre ich, was dies iſt? Darauf kommt es an. Wir haben mit der Rede für und wider den Eigennutz auf keinen Fall den rechten und tiefſten Grund unſrer Lehre gefunden. Dieſen finden wir nur, wenn wir einem Jeden ſcharf die Frage ſtellen, **worin er ſich denn eigentlich ſelbſt gefallen könne**? Und nun wird die Antwort nur in dem, wie er ſein Leben den Idealen geiſtiger Schönheit zu nähern wiſſe.

Fragt jemand freilich nur die Lebensklugheit, wie Menſchen zu beſtimmten Thaten zu leiten ſeien: ſo iſt die Antwort, vermagſt du ſie nicht für deine Sache zu begeiſtern, ſo unterhandle mit ihrem Eigennutz. Wir aber fragen ja hier die Weisheit: welche That denn als die gute gefordert werde? da gilt die einzige Antwort: die That, die das Werk der Jugend iſt.

Nun bleibt uns alſo zuletzt noch die Frage: welches iſt denn das Werk der Jugend? Was wird die gebildete Einſicht der Jugend als Zweck und Ziel anweiſen? Und wiederum iſt die Antwort: Geiſtes Selbſtvertrauen und Selbſtſtändigkeit. Das geiſtige Leben ſoll rein in die Erſcheinung treten, denn in ihm ſelbſt trägt es den innern Werth als die Schönheit der Seele. Vergleichet nur alle Ideale der Sittenlehre, ob ſie nicht auf denſelben Gedanken zuſammen ſtimmen.

Wir nennen Wahrheit, Schönheit und das Gute als die Grundgeſtalten des wahrhaft lebenswerthen Lebens, ſo aber, daß die Anforderung des Guten ihren eignen höchſten Spruch hat, dem jeder andere ſich unterordnet. Und wie entſpringen uns dieſe Ideen? Einzig aus der Aufgabe der ſchönen Geſtaltung unſers geiſtigen Lebens.

Wahrheit iſt das Geſetz der Erkenntniß. Erkenntniß aber iſt die erſte Grundlage des geiſtigen Menſchenlebens. Die Idee der Wahrheit fordert, daß der Menſch innere Klarheit des Gedankens gewinne, ſich die Einſicht ſelbſt ſchaffe und dieſer Ausbildung der Einſicht und jeder Art der Erkenntniß theilt ſie einen unmittelbaren innern Werth zu, weil in ihr das Leben unſers Geiſtes ſich ſelbſt geſtaltet.

Im Leben unſers Geiſtes iſt nun neben der Erkenntniß Gemüth das zweite und die That das dritte. Wo aber das Gemüth ſich unabhängiger von der That geſtaltet, da iſt das Reich der Ideen des Schönen. So offenkundig auch die Macht dieſer Schönheit dem Gebildeten unter uns ſein mag, ſo blieb das doch bei andern Völkern lang ganz anders. Wie reine Schönheit überall der Ankündigung der Ideen des göttlichen Lebens in uns diene, ja wie der Menſch einzig in ihr das Göttliche faſſe, das iſt wieder nur durch die Herrlichkeit unſers öffentlichen Lebens und die Einfachheit unſrer Religionslehre uns ſo viel leichter klar geworden und muß es noch mehr und allgemeiner werden, wenn ſich die Einweihung unſrer Jugend aller falſchen Bilder enthält.

Die Reinheit unſrer Dichtung in ihrer Schilderung der allgewaltigen Macht, der tiefen frommen Bedeutung aller Naturſchönheit, in ihren einfachen Idealen der ſittlichen Kraft der Liebe und Freundſchaft; die einfache Größe unſrer Baukunſt, die reine Form unſrer Bildhauerei und Mahlerei und die reine Erhabenheit unſrer Muſik ſpricht uns in unſerm öffentlichen Leben das Weſen der Begeiſterung und den Geiſt der zur Andacht führt, weit lebendiger und klarer aus, als in den Gebräuchen anderer Völker. Die rohe und freche Widerſpenſtigkeit der Gemüther gegen dieſe feinere Ausbildung des Schönheitsgefühls iſt der ſchlimmſte Widerhalt für die verbildete Sitte unſrer Nachbarn.

Die Ideen der Wahrheit und Schönheit haben alſo darin ihren Werth, daß ſie der Entfaltung des geiſtigen Lebens ſelbſt gehören. Allein die eigenſte Kraft der Seele iſt die der That. Daß dieſe durch Erkenntniß und Trieb des Gemüthes geführt werden muß, giebt der Wahrheit und Schönheit erſt in Unterordnung unter die Ideen der That den wahren innern Werth. Einſicht und Geſchmack, welche dieſen Geſetzen der Wahrheit und Schönheit gehorchen, ſind eine eigne Zierde des geiſtigen Lebens; doch ſind die Anſprüche an das Leben der Menſchen ſehr verſchieden, je nachdem dem Einzelnen ſeine Lage in der Geſellſchaft geworden, je nachdem er ſeinen Beruf ergriffen hat. Die reinen Ideale der That hingegen ſprechen jeden auf die gleiche Weiſe an, und dieſe machen in Ehre, Gerechtigkeit und Frömmigkeit in jeglichem ihrer Ideale nur den Gedanken des Selbſtvertrauens und der geiſtigen Selbſtſtändigkeit mit dem Bewußtſein der Würde des menſchlichen Geiſtes geltend.

Für die Probe des feinſten Gefühls der Ehre nichts zu vergeben, dem Rechte des andern nichts zu nehmen, in frommer Ergebung die höhere Bedeutung des Menſchenlebens anzuerkennen — dieſe Anforderungen entſpringen mit ihrer heiligen Nothwendigkeit ja einzig aus der innern Hoheit des Geiſtes, ſind mit deren Bewußtſein ganz einerlei.

Und alle jenen andern Zierden des ſittlichen Lebens, die Lauterkeit der Geſinnung, alle jene durch Mäßigung zu erhaltende Reinlichkeit, Unſchuld und Züchtigkeit des Lebens, wir loben ſie, weil ſie der Selbſtſtändigkeit des Geiſtes dienen; die Ideale der Liebe aber und der Freundſchaft von den fernſten Berührungen der Theilnahme zur Familienliebe, zu den engſten Banden der Freundſchaft, zur heiligen Gluth des Gemeingeiſtes — wir loben ſie, weil in ihnen die Würde des Geiſtes im fremden Leben anerkannt, die Macht des Geiſtes im Menſchenleben geltend gemacht wird.

So iſt alſo der Gedanke der Würde des Geiſtes, der Gedanke des Selbſtvertrauens der eine, welcher alle Ideale des ſittlichen Lebens erzeugt. Und wie iſts nun mit dieſem, wie gilt er dem Menſchenleben? Wir werden jetzt einig ſein für das, was ich vor euch behauptet habe. Mit der Idee unſerer inneren geiſtigen Würde ſind uns die Anforderungen der Tugend ſo gegeben, daß jeder Gebildete ſich ſagen muß, wie oft auch Nebel, Verbildung und Mangel an Kraft ihm ſeinen reinen Willen vereiteln mögen, ſo wünſche und wolle er doch im tiefſten Grund des Herzens ſelbſt einzig, daß ſein Leben dieſen ſittlichen Idealen entſpreche, ihnen gemäß ſich zur Erhabenheit und Schönheit der Seele geſtalte.

Streng gebietend ſteht der Gedanke erhabener Anforderungen in Ehre, Gerechtigkeit und Frömmigkeit vor deiner Seele, aber es iſt dieſes Gebot ja nicht ein fremdes Gebot, unter das dich ein anderer zwingt, es iſt der reinſte Gedanke deines eignen Geiſtes, deſſen heilige Nothwendigkeit dir nur deinen eignen wahrſten Willen nennt! Lerne nur dich ſelbſt verſtehen und du findeſt, daß dein eigner Wille, Würde und Kraft deines eignen Weſens das hier allein geforderte ſind.

Arthur. Sehr klar, ſehr leicht zu faſſen iſt die ſchöne Wahrheit deiner reinen Lehre. Wenn der Menſch ſich recht beſinnt, ſo muß er finden, Glück und Geſchicklichkeit ſind nie, was er im tiefſten Grunde und wahrhaft will. Beide ſind nur Mittel für andere Zwecke ſind nur das dienende für unſern Willen. Fragen wir dann: wo zeigt ſich die herrſchende Gewalt des ſich ſelbſt geltenden Zweckes, des wahren innerſten Willens? — ſo iſt die einzige Antwort: in der innern Kraft des Geiſtes ſelbſt und deren ſchöner Geſtaltung.

Julius an Eugen *).

Du ſchüttelſt den Kopf, lieber Eugen, zu meiner Philoſophie, meinen Träumen, meiner Freundſchaft mit Evagoras. Mir aber träumt immer mehr, daß das zu manchem gut werden ſolle und wohl ſchon zu manchem gut ſein mag. Lies hier einmal wieder eine treue Erzählung. Du kennſt den Grafen D. der hier in Rom viel Geld verthut, mit ſeinem fröhlichen und liederlichen Leben. Die Landsmannſchaft hat mich zuweilen mit ihm zuſammengebracht und dann oft genug ſeinen Spöttereien über mein nüchternes, mönchiſches Leben ausgeſetzt. Neulich fiel ihm gar ein, mir zu Ehren ein Trinkgelage in ſeinem Geſchmack zu veranſtalten. Evagoras trieb mich hinzugehen. Als wir hinkamen, trafen wir eine Geſellſchaft meiſt aus jungen Künſtlern beſtehend ſchon in wilder fröhlicher Bewegung. Ein derber junger Mahler mit ſchwarzem krauſen Haar führte vorzüglich das Wort. Ich erzähle dir das genauer, am Ende findeſt du ſchon warum. Mein Held ſtritt ſich mit andern Mahlern. Da bewunderte einer die glänzenden Farben der Venetianer, ein anderer die Treue der Niederländer, wieder einer die ſtrenge Zeichnung der Römer, lobte einer den Paul von Verona, ein andrer den Titian, noch einer das Licht des Corregio. Mein Held fuhr wild dazwiſchen: Iſt und bleibt doch lauter Lumpenkram; ich geb euch nichts für eure Deutſchheit und Niederländerei, ja von allen Italienern nur Michel Angelos Kraft und Raphaels Andacht mag gelten. Da habt ihr die ganze Armuth eurer Kunſt; heilige Engel, heilige Kinder, fromme Weiber — aber ſelbſt der reinen Liebe hohes Ideal ſucht ihr vergebens. Was iſt dieſe ganze Kunſt gegen die Plaſtik der Griechen! Aber auch dort, ſo viel vollendet herrliches von Zeus zum Apollon, zum Adonis; von der Here zur Aphrodite — keiner fand der Jungfrau hoch erhabenes Ideal, unbefriedigend bleibt jedes Bild der Pallas. Doch immer drauf, ſtaunt ihr nur an; kommt vor Bewunderung nicht zu euch! Denn welch ein Held iſt dort der kleinſte gegen euch ihr Nachpinsler von Pinslern. Wer vermag unter euch etwas Eigenet? Kopiren und ewig kopiren, darin lebt euer heiliger Geiſt. Oder meint ihr erfinden zu können? Das kommt mir vor, wie die Erfindung unſerer Profeſſoren und Rektoren, welche den Catilinas unter ihren Schülern gegenüber ganz neue ciceronianiſche Reden erſchafft. Aus ſechs alten Bildern ein neues zuſammenzuſtoppeln iſt eure ganze Erfindungskunſt.

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*) Aus „Julius und Evagoras oder die Schönheit der Seele. Ein philoſophiſcher Roman von Jacob Friedrich Fries. Th. I. Heidelberg, 1822.

Die Geſellſchaft ſchien ſein Schelten wohl gewohnt zu ſein, doch dies wurde perſönlich beleidigend. Unſer Wirth fürchtete Streit entſtehen zu ſehen und trat mit dem vollen Becher dazwiſchen: „Laß ſein, Krates," ſagte er, „denen haſt du es nun ſchlimm genug gemacht! Stoß an, Freiheit und Gleichheit! gieb auch uns unſer Theil; ſchlag den Fürſten und Grafen die Kronen auf dem Kopf zuſammen, wenn nur der Wein bleibt!" Erbittert antwortete jener: Mit oder ohne Wein, kommt Zeit, kommt Rath! Weg von Pinſel und Palett ins Leben ſollten wir hineinziehen, mit drein ſchlagen, daß der Jammer ein Ende nähme in Sieg oder Tod. — Schnell wurde dies Geſpräch ſo wild, daß D. bedauerte, den Ton angeſtimmt zu haben. Doch bald ließ er nach der Gelegenheit des Hauſes, in dem wir waren, die Geſellſchaft dunkler werden. Krates ſprang unwillig über eine Reihe Tiſche und ſetzte ſich in eine Ecke des Saals allein zum Wein. Wir ließen die andern machen und geſellten uns zu ihm. Seltſam [illegible] ich hier auch einmal Geſellſchaft, grüßte er uns. „Wie kommts, daß deine Rolle geendigt hat, ſchlagen dich die Mädchen aus dem Felde!" erwiederte ich. Wie es trifft, antwortete er, es ſcheint euch wie mich! Da muſtre die einmal der Reihe nach. Sieh dort die große ſchöne Römergeſtalt; ſchlage ihr den Kopf vom Rumpf, der Wuchs iſt, daß ſie dem Bildhauer zum Muſter ſtehen konnte. Aber dann blick einer ins Geſicht, welcher du willſt. Der thieriſch verzerrte Zug dieſes [illegible] ekelt mich an. Meinen Spaß habe ich an der Luſt der elenden Geſellen. D. mochte es nicht leiden, daß wir uns abſonderten und nöthigte uns zu den übrigen zurück. Hier veranſtaltete er künſtliche, zum Theil pantomimiſche Tänze. Darin zeigte ſich der Künſtler Talent beſonders in immer veränderter Gruppirung und Drapperie, worin einer den andern überbot. Es war anfangs eine gefällige Unterhaltung. Krates nahm Theil, ich lobte ihm die Kunſt. Schaffe uns nur Köpfe auf unſre Helden und Heldinnen, entgegnete er. Bald nahm der Wein überhand, wir zogen uns mit Krates zurück und man ließ uns ruhig. Wir kamen wieder auf die Kunſt zu ſprechen. Unter andern ſagte Krates; Da in aller der Gemeinheit vor euch ſeht ihr das rechte Ebenbild unſrer jetzigen Kunſt. Platon wollte im Eifer alle Dichter und Pfeiffer aus ſeiner Republik verbannen. Wenigſtens wir für unſere Dichter, Pinsler und Pfeiffer könnten ihn darum loben. — „Evagoras," fiel ich ein, „ihr ſcheint euch gut zu verſtehen. Krates ſcheint die Verachtung alles Leichtſinns und aller rohen Schilderung in der ſchönen Kunſt mit dir zu theilen."

„Ja meinſt du es nicht wie ich," ſagte Evagoras dem Krates, „daß nur im heiligen Ernſt ſchöne Kunſt gedeihen kann, in der feinſten Reinheit und Reinlichkeit des Geiſtes? Was ſoll uns denn alle die Gemeinheit des Lebens auf der Leinwand oder im Buch? Das ſieht man draußen eben ſo und lebendig dazu. Nur das Ideal lohnt der Mühe der Darſtellung.

Krates entgegnete: ihr ſeht leicht, wie wir auf dieſe Erbärmlichkeiten gekommen ſind. Die ſchielende Geilheit unſerer Dichter, die ſich hinter Sittenlehren zu verſtecken ſucht, iſt freilich das Elendeſte bei der Sache und der entgegen bekommen wir die offenherzige Liederlichkeit. Ueber alle jene Lügen lobe ich mir freilich bei weitem die kräftig geſunde Schilderung der Luſt und ihres Leichtſinns bei Heinſe oder Göthe, Ludwig Caracci's lüſterne Scenen und Rubens Ganymed. Aber was ſoll uns das Ganze in der Kunſt? Wer das braucht, der findet es ja im Leben ſelbſt. Soll der Künſtler etwa dienen, um die Phantaſie der Eingeſperrten und der Impotenten zu kitzeln? Ich möchte die Künſtlerzucht faſſen und führen, ſie ſollten mir daran gedenken! Haben denn Homer und Sophokles dieſen Genius der Geilheit mit allem Geſindel in ſeinem Gefolge um die Begeiſterung anflehen müſſen, auf daß ſie Dichter würden? Legt es Shakespeare je im Ernſt auf dieſen Spaß an? Ja ich wage es dreiſt zu behaupten, auch ächte griechiſche Plaſtik war keuſch. Nur ſpätere verdorbene Zeiten wohl gar die Römer haben die Schweine und Sperlinge in den Olymp eingeführt mit ihrem weichen, fetten Antinous. — Ja wohl entweder heiliger Ernſt für die Kunſt, mit dem ſie ehedem hocherhabenen Idealen der Religion diente — oder es bleibt ihr nur nichtsgeltende, verächtliche, gemeine Handwerkerei!

So unterhielten wir uns lange gut mit ihm. Wir kamen ſpät nach Haus. Ich ſchlief wenig und mir ward am andern Morgen ſchlecht zu Sinn. Evagoras kam früh zu mir, forderte mich auf, den Krates aufzuſuchen, ſeine Arbeiten zu ſehen, etwa einiges bei ihm zu kaufen zur Aufmunterung. Ich machte ihm Vorwürfe, daß er mir nach alle den lieblichen früheren Vorſtellungen nun dieſe widerwärtige Erinnerung des geſtrigen Abends ins Leben geworfen hätte. „Muß man da nicht hindurch? erwiederte er, „ich lobe mir den Mann rein in der That; Reinheit und Reinlichkeit der unangetaſteten Phantaſie iſt Schmuck der erſten Jugend, der männlichen Kraft ſteht ſie ſchlecht. Hier will Erfahrenheit gelten."

Wir kamen darüber ins Geſpräch. Ich lobte ihm die Unſchuld mit ihrer lieblichen Zartheit der Phantaſie, die einmal verloren nicht wiederkehret. „Das ſteht ſchön im Buch," antwortete er, „anſpruchlos entfaltet ſich die Blume dem ſchmeichelnden Licht, ſpielt in glänzenden Farben wenige Tage mit dem freundlichen Leben und welkt wieder hin. So geht die Unſchuld an uns vorüber ſich ihrer unendlichen Schönheit unbewußt. Rühre ſie nicht an, ſie iſt eine Heilige, oder ein ſterblicher Engel und eben im Menſchenleben wird ihre Heiligkeit nur allzuleicht entweiht. Einmal verloren iſt ſie dem Leben entfremdet, denn die Blüthe welkt nicht neuer Blüthe Platz zu machen, ſondern der Frucht.

Unſchuld nicht zu haben, ſondern zu affektiren, iſt die widerlichſte aller Arten von Affektation, eine Lüge, die ſich nie dem Auge entziehen kann, denn ſo ganz kehrt der Verſtand mit ſeiner Kunſt nie wieder in die Natur des Kinderlebens zurück. Ich meine aber der müßte wenig Kraft und Leben haben, der über dieſe jugendliche Unſchuld der Phantaſie hinaus ſich nicht mehr noch der Bildung ſeines Weſens erfreuen kann. Doch verſtehe mich ja nicht unrecht! Es iſt ein großer Unterſchied zwiſchen dieſer Unſchuld der Phantaſie, die in Unwiſſenheit und Unerfahrenheit ſolcher Dinge beſteht und der Unſchuld noch unentweihter, unangeregter Begierde. Dieſe Unſchuld der Begierde zu verlieren iſt hier ein Verderbniß der feinern Geiſtesbildung und innern Geſundheit des Gemüthes; ihr Verluſt iſt das Unglück ſo manches, ſonſt ſchönen Geiſtes. Dieſes Verluſtes Verkommniß nemlich iſt Lüſternheit, welche das Werkzeug des Teufels wird.

Damit nun das jugendliche Gemüth Feſtigkeit des Geiſtes gewinne zum Schutze dieſer Unſchuld, werde ihm gerade Erfahrenheit, den geſunden Geiſt wird dieſe vor Lüſternheit bewahren.

Sonſt, Lieber, gar weit im Leben langt dieſer Streit ums Zart- und Reinlichthun, von dem Widerwillen, die Hand nach ſchmutzigem Küchengeſchirr auszuſtrecken, bis zu den blutigen Waffen. — Still ſitzen und ſachte thun iſt mir in den Tod verhaßt, zugreifen und eignen Willen haben, das lobe ich mir allein!

Ich fuhr fort: „So manches habe ich ſchon mit dir philoſophirt, gieb mir doch auch einmal über dieſes Thema der Rede ſo recht in Ordnung deine Meinung!" Er antwortete: „Darüber habe ich mir neulich etwas aufgeſchrieben, ich will dir das mittheilen, daß es uns beſprechen." Wir verſchoben den Gang zu Krates auf den andern Tag, fuhren nach Tivoli hinaus, nahmen uns den Waſſerfällen gegenüber einen ruhigen Platz, und er zog ſein Papier hervor und fing an zu leſen:

In alle dieſem ſittlichen Leben, wo es nicht nur auf die ſtrengen Forderungen der Ehre und Gerechtigkeit, ſondern meiſtens auf die feinere Zierde geiſtiger Schönheit und Reinlichkeit ankommt, ſtimmt die gewöhnliche Unterweiſung ſchlecht zum nachfolgenden Leben. Die Regeln der Keuſchheit und alle verwandten Anforderungen ſittlicher Reinheit werden dem jugendlichen Gemüth unter der ſchärfſten Form der Pflichtgebote vorgeſtellt, als ob ſie gleichſam das am ſtrengſten verwahrte unter allen ſittlichen Geboten ſeien.

Kommt aber das wirkliche Leben zur Vergleichung, ſo findet ſich allzu vieles im Widerſpruch mit dieſen Vorſchriften. Ihr heiliger Ernſt muß dem jungen Gemüth verdächtig werden, indem die unbedingte Strenge ihrer Anforderung die Vergleichung mit dem Leben nicht aushält, und das wird dann nur allzu leicht Nichtachtung der jugendlich eingeprägten Vorſchriften der Sittlichkeit zur Folge haben, zu geiſtig unreinlichem, ausgelaſſenem Leben verführen. Iſt aber das Zutrauen zu der Strenge jener Vorſchriften bei den ſo feierlich behandelten Lehren der Keuſchheit einmal verſchwunden, wie leicht wird dann auch anderes verdächtig? Wie oft ſehen wir dann junge Leute von dieſen Ausſchweifungen endlich zu gänzlicher Unrechtlichkeit, zu Lüge und Betrug, zu ganz charakterloſem Leben herunterſinken. Es wird alſo höchſt wichtig den ächten Geiſt dieſer Gebote und Verbote recht fein zu faſſen. Dafür ſage ich nun zunächſt: damit daß unſre Jugend der Keuſchheit und unſre Heilighaltung der Ehe heilige unverbrüchliche Pflicht ſei, ſtimmt das Leben der Völker auf keine Weiſe. Wollen wir auch allen Widerſpruch unſers Lebens mit dieſen Vorſchriften ſchlechthin als pflichtwidrige Schandthat bezeichnen, ſo würde doch ein ähnliches Urtheil über fremdes Leben der Geſchichte gegen über zur baaren Lächerlichkeit.

Bedenke nur die Sitten der gebildetſten Völker um uns der. Wie viele kennen unſre Idee männlicher Keuſchheit gar nicht, oder was wußten griechiſche und römiſche Männer davon. Sollten wir uns nun da mit neu entdeckter Pflicht gegen die herrlichſten Charaktere des Alterthums brüſten? Das eben wird lächerlich. Wer kann ſagen, daß der gebildete Römer pflichtwidrig handelte, wenn er nur der öffentlichen Sitte ſeines Volkes folgte. Eben ſo die Beſchränkungen unſrer Ehe, daß etwa bei uns der Mann zur Zeit nur eine Frau nehmen darf. Vergleiche damit das Leben gebildeter Mahomedaner in den mittlern Ständen, ja ſelbſt das Leben der Kaffern. Offenbar thut dort der Mann recht, der ſich nach der beſſern Sitte ſeines Volkes richtet. Geſchieht etwa dort der erſten Frau Unrecht, wenn der Mann die zweite ins Haus führt? Keinesweges! Gar oft wird ſie es ihm danken, daß er ihr eine Gehülfin und Geſellſchafterin ins Haus brachte, die ihr das Leben erheitert und erleichtert.

Das nemlich iſt hier das entſcheidende: nicht auf Pflicht und deren ſtrenges jedem Menſchen unverbrüchliches Gebot ſollten wir den guten Rath, den wir in dieſen Dingen dem Einzelnen oder den Völkern zu geben haben, bauen, ſondern nur von der Schönheit des geiſtigen Lebens ſollte die Rede ſein.

So wäre denn für unſere Betrachtung die erſte Bemerkung, daß wir hier nur von der Befriedigung eines ſinnlichen Triebes ſprechen, der für ſich ſelbſt ſittlich weder Werth noch Unwerth hat. Für dieſen iſt, wie für den der Befriedigung von Hunger und Durſt, Mäßigkeit die einzige nächſte Anforderung für Klugheit und Sittlichkeit zugleich. Mäßigkeit, damit die Geſundheit geſichert, damit die Neigung ſolcher ſinnlichen Begierden im Leben nicht übermächtig, damit edlerer Trieb nicht von ihr überwältigt werde, damit der Wunſch, Verlangen und Streben des Menſchen das höhere Ziel nicht verlieren, indem ſie nur dieſen niedrigern Anforderungen gehorchen.

Thut das Leben eines Menſchen dieſer Mäßigkeit und Mäßigung genug, ſo wird die unmittelbare Anforderung der Pflicht an dieſe Triebe befriedigt ſein. Unter mannigfaltigen Formen können ſich alſo hier Sitten und Gebräuche der Völker geſtalten; ohne daß ſie das unbedingte ſittliche Verbot trifft. Herrlicher ſteht freilich die Roſe und Lilie im Garten als die unſcheinbare Blüthe des Graſes, doch zeigt auch dieſe dem genauen Beobachter ihre eigenthümliche Schönheit. Selbſt mancher Lais und Aspaſia wirſt du Schönheit des Gemüthes nicht abſprechen können, wenn ihr gleich die Würde der Matrone fehlt.

Ich unterbrach ihn: Du gefällſt mir mit dieſer Schonung des Guten, welches auch in den rohen Formen des Menſchenlebens und ſeinem bedeutungsloſen Leichtſinn ſich noch zeigen kann, auch ſehe ich wol, daß du noch lange nicht ausgeſprochen haſt: allein ich weiß ſchon nicht, warum du nur dieſe Anſicht der Befriedigung eines ſinnlichen Triebes an die Spitze ſtellſt, ob ſie gleich unſtreitig das erſte dieſes Verhältniſſes iſt. Wollen wir Keuſchheit und Ehe ſittlich oder rechtlich beurtheilen, ſo fällt ja jedem ins Auge, daß dieſe erſte ſinnliche Befriedigung nur etwas ſehr untergeordnetes iſt. Offenbar giebt ja das der Sache die Wichtigkeit, daß hiervon mit Familie und Kindern die Erhaltung des Menſchengeſchlechtes abhängt.

Er erwiederte: Hätte ich zum Anfang der Betrachtung dieſes letztere gewählt, ſo hätteſt du mir eben ſo leicht die umgekehrte Einwendung machen können. Ich habe den unmittelbarſten ſittlichen Anſpruch an die Lebensverhältniſſe zuerſt genannt, du verlangſt den unmittelbaren rechtlichen Anſpruch zum erſten. Zwiſchen beiden liegt ein ſchlimmer Streit über Schuld und Unſchuld, eben die Ausbildung des Triebes betreffend, den wir hier nicht entſcheiden werden, deſſen genauere Erörterung wir den Aerzten und Pädagogen überlaſſen können. Ich wählte dieſen Anfang, weil da kurz zu entſcheiden iſt: jede beſtimmte Anforderung an Sitten und Lebensgewöhnung, die über Mäßigkeit und Mäßigung hinausgeht, iſt nicht unbedingt als Pflicht auszuſprechen.

Gehen wir nun zu deinen Gedanken über, zur rechtlichen Anſicht der Sache, ſo wird dieſe für ſich eben ſo wenig befriedigen, wie wohl ſie jedem Einzelnen unter uns eine ſo tüchtige Belehrung giebt, daß wir nur dieſer zu folgen haben, um aller Strenge des Lebens genug zu thun.

Allerdings ſind Familien und Kindererziehung dem Geſetzgeber ein ſo wichtiges Verhältniß im Menſchenleben, daß er wohl darauf bedacht ſein muß, hier ſeinem Volke ſtrenge Geſetze vorzuſchreiben. Fragſt du nun aber: was fordert die Gerechtigkeit vor allem poſitiven Geſetz, eben erſt für die Errichtung deſſelben, daß hier verfügt werde: ſo wirſt du über das Bedürfniß geſellſchaftlicher Ordnung hinaus nur hören, auf eine feſt und taugliche Art ſoll für die Kinder geſorgt werden. Ueber Keuſchheit, Ehe und Eheloſigkeit würde aber alles Recht erſt durch das poſitive Geſetz kommen. Wie der Geſetzgeber und die Gewohnheit dieſes in einem Volke geordnet haben, ſo kann es zu Recht beſtehen, mit Monogamie oder Polygamie, ſtrengern oder minder ſtrengern Anforderungen der Keuſchheit. Du wirſt da eben ſowohl ein rechtlich geordnetes römiſches oder mahomedaniſches Familienleben denken können als unſer chriſtliches. Ja es ließe ſich vorſchlagen, dies ganze Band ehelicher Privatverhältniſſe an gar kein poſitives Geſetz zu knüpfen, und es könnte ſo gar bei höherer Bildung im Volk eine ſolche Geſetzgebung unter die beſſern gehören, indem ohne allen Zwang des Rechtes, das feinere Gefühl ſich ſelbſt überlaſſen bliebe. Willſt du die Geſchichte näher vergleichen, ſo wirſt du ungeachtet aller Verſchiedenheit roher oder feinerer Geſtalten des Familienlebens doch bei allen Völkern die Ehe finden. Ueberall läßt der herrſchende Gebrauch das Weib in ausſchließlichen Beſitz des Mannes kommen und ſuchſt du den Grund dieſes allgemeinen Rechtes, ſo wird er ſich hauptſächlich darin zeigen, daß nur nach dieſer Ordnung dem Manne eigne Kinder gebären. Der Wille der Männer eigne Kinder zu haben, wird die Grundlage dieſer ganzen Geſetzgebung ſein, wenn auch durch Verbildung in ſeltenen Fällen dieſem widerſprechende Einrichtungen vorkommen ſollten.

Mögen nun hier Sitten und Gebräuche unter den Völkern gleichförmig oder ungleichförmig gefunden werden, ich behaupte, daß in allen dieſen Dingen jedes beſtimmte Recht oder Unrecht unter den Menſchen nur von poſitiver Anordnung ſei, der Wahl der Völker überlaſſen bleibe. Es giebt hier keine unbedingte ſittliche Vorſchrift der unverbrüchlichen Pflicht und ihres Rechtes, ſondern, abgeſehen von der Sorge für die Kinder und deren Recht, bleiben alle Dinge der Keuſchheit und Ehe, den Sitten der Völker überlaſſen. Es geht alſo alles Recht hier nur hervor aus dem Verſprechen, welches ſich Mann und Weib geben, indem ſie ſich zur Ehe verbinden, oder aus der unmittelbaren Verordnung des Geſetzes.

Obgleich aber dem ſo iſt, obgleich hier alles Recht poſitiven Urſprungs gefunden wird: ſo wirſt du doch jedem Menſchen nach ſeiner Lage in ſeinem Volk ſehr ſtrenge Anforderungen der Gerechtigkeit in dieſen Dingen erwachſen ſehen. Eheliche Treue entſpringt hier als eine unverbrüchliche Pflicht, welche jeden an die Sitte und öffentliche Meinung ſeines Volkes bindet, der nicht zum Betrüger werden mag.

Du wirſt das Recht dieſer ehelichen Treue mannigfaltig verſchieden finden, nach der Verſchiedenheit der Sitten unter den Völkern, es iſt den Mahomedanern, es war den Römern ein anderes als uns. Was hier oder dort die Sitte nicht fordert, das war zur Ehe nicht verſprochen, daran wird alſo kein Recht verletzt. Aber das merke dir wohl: Geſetz und Sitte unſres Volkes geben uns hier das Geſetz, uns bindet ſtrenges Recht an die edlere öffentliche Meinung in unſerm Volke. Wer deren Geſetz bricht, wird untreu, wird Betrüger an Braut oder Weib.

Ich fiel ihm ein: Du haſt mir wohl ſonſt gezeigt, wie alles beſtimmte Recht unter den Menſchen aus poſitiven Satzungen hervorgeht, das gilt denn auch für dieſe Forderungen der Gerechtigkeit. Damit haſt du mir hier klar gemacht, daß wir dem Einzelnen nach ſeiner Lage in ſeinem Volke leicht nachweiſen können, was in dieſen Dingen der Keuſchheit, die Ehre, die Pflicht von ihm fordern. Uns bleibt aber noch die allgemeine Frage: Sitte gegen Sitte, Volk gegen Volk, welche Geſtalt des Lebens iſt die beſſere, ſchönere?

Er erwiederte: Ja ſiehſt du, das iſt's eben, wohin ich wollte. Fragſt du nur für den unbedingten ſittlichen Spruch der Pflicht, was hier gefordert werde, ſo heißt es Mäßigkeit und Mäßigung: fragſt du für das Volk, was das Recht fordere, ſo heißt es, was irgend zum Rechte ſelbſt erhoben ward, mag auch als Recht gelten. Aber mit alledem hat der über dieſe Dinge Philoſophirende den Spruch noch nicht gefunden, den er eigentlich ſucht. Dafür dürfen wir weder nach ſtrenger Pflicht noch nach ſtrengem Recht die Entſcheidung ſuchen, ſondern die bedeutſame Frage iſt: was wird für die Schönheit des öffentlichen Lebens der Völker hier der Sitte und dem poſitiven Geſetz von der Weisheit zum Ziel geſetzt? Auf dieſe Frage werden die Ideale der edlern Ausbildung des geiſtigen Lebens unter den Menſchen, die Ideale der Liebe und Freundſchaft antworten. Entſcheidet alſo gleich hier nicht Pflicht, deren nothwendiges unverbrüchliches Geſetz jedem Menſchen das gleiche ſein muß, ſo ſollen doch im Familienleben die zarteſten Blüthen geiſtiger Schönheit gepflegt werden.

Ohne erſt nach Brauchbarkeit zu fragen, findeſt du den Werth des Familienlebens unmittelbar in ihm ſelbſt. Welcher Reichthum ſchöner Geſtalten des Lebens liegt in der Freundſchaft zwiſchen Mann und Weib, zwiſchen Eltern und Kindern, zwiſchen Herrn und Geſinde!

Es mag den geſchloſſenen Familienkreiſen wohl mit Recht nachgeſagt werden, daß ſie in unſern Völkern der öffentlichen Tugend und dem Gemeingeiſt Abbruch thaten durch ihr getrenntes Privatintereſſe. Aber dieſer Fehler liegt nicht in der Familie, ſondern im erbärmlichen Geiſt unſers öffentlichen Lebens; nur in verbildeten Völkern wird die Familie ſolchen

Schaden ſtiften und dieſe Krankheit wird nicht zu heilen ſeyn, indem man das geſunde, was dies Volksleben noch hat, das Familienleben, niederdrückt, ſondern nur dadurch, daß man den ſchwachen Theil, das öffentliche Leben, beſſer nährt und ſtärkt.

Familie pflegt und bildet uns in ihrem engern Kreiſe die zarteſten Blüthen der Privattugend. In ihrer geheiligten Freiſtatt haben Freundſchaft und alle zartern Tugenden der Liebe und Theilnahme den Schutz gefunden, den ihnen der Eigennutz auf offnem Markte verſagt. So wirſt du in unſerm Volksleben dem Heiligthum der Familie alle tiefere und feinere Volksbildung ſelbſt den Schutz des ächten Charakters anvertraut haben.

Du wirſt in der Geſchichte beſtätigt finden, daß geſunder Geſchmack und reines Gefühl für die Schönheit des Lebens, für ſittliche Geiſteskraft, für Rechtlichkeit im öffentlichen Leben nur da gediehen, wo das Recht der Familie heilig gehalten wird. Leben hingegen die Vornehmen im Cölibat oder ſonſt außer der Ehe, ſo wirſt du in ſolchen Völkern gleich einen Geiſt der Menſchenverachtung, der Tücke und Gewaltthätigkeit herrſchend werden ſehen.

Diesem gemäß nun, meine ich, ſei zu beurtheilen, welche Geſtalt von Sitte und Geſetz die lobenswertheſte genannt werden müßte, und dann wirſt du leicht bemerken, daß für Sicherheit und Heiligkeit der Familie überall der größern Strenge der Einrichtungen der Vorzug gebührt.

Was ich dir hier über die Schönheit des Familienlebens ſage, mag dir als ein Beiſpiel dienen für die Beurtheilung aller feinern Verhältniſſe des ſittlichen Lebens. Fragſt du den Erfolg im Leben, worauf es dem Menſchen ankommen müſſe, ſo wird dir gar Antwort: daß er ſich die Macht, das Geſchick, die Klugheit ſchaffe, ſeinen Willen zu haben, ſeinen Mann zu ſtehen. Leicht aber bemerkt das ſittliche Urtheil dagegen, daß dies doch den innern Werth des Menſchen nicht entſcheide daß der Menſch vielmehr für dieſen ſich ſelbſt, dem eigenen Willen, das Geſetz geben müſſe, welches ihn der Pflicht unterwirft, ſo daß er im Gehorſam gegen die Pflicht allein den ſittlichen Charakter zeigen kann.

Worauf kommts nun an für die Feinheit dieſer ſittlichen Ausbildung? Ich ſage: vor allem auf die reine Bildung des Gefühls zu innerer Lauterkeit und Herzlichkeit, damit der Menſch nicht nur habſüchtig und herrſüchtig ſtrebe, ſich in der Geſellſchaft geltend zu machen, ſondern daß ihm der innere Wille werde, zu ächter Seelenſtärke und geiſtiger Schönheit zu gelangen, daß er ſich ſelbſt nur in Vergleichung mit den Idealen der Schönheit der Seele gefalle.

So wird den Jüngling nicht nur das unwiderſtehliche Gebot der heiligen Pflicht führen, ſondern es werden ihn auch die Göttin der Schönheit und ihre Grazien an Blüthenketten zu feſſeln vermögen.

Ich ſprach dazwiſchen: Ich meine dich zu verſtehen. Bleiben wir nun noch beim Familienleben. Iſt nicht unter den zarten Blüthen ſeiner Tugenden unſre chriſtlich romaneske Liebe die zarteſte. Iſt es nicht deren Dienſt, daß wir uns alle die ſtrengen Geſetze der Reinlichkeit des Lebens vorſchreiben? Was meinſt du, iſt dieſe Liebe, die das Leben unſerer Romane und meiſt der Roman unſres Lebens iſt — hier nicht das höchſte ſittliche Ideal?

Er antwortete: Nehmen wir es auf die Probe! Was iſt eigentlich das ſittlich bedeutſame in dieſer Liebe zwiſchen Mädchen und Jüngling?

Vieles von dem, was in unſrer Dichtung den erſten Vortheil gewähret, will ich dir gleich ſtreichen. Ich rede nicht vom Lob der Unverbrüchlichkeit und Unwiderſtehlichkeit dieſer Leidenſchaft für ein ganzes Leben, die iſt in den Roman hineingelogen; ins Leben aus dem Roman hinein phantaſirt. Für des Lebens Ernſt würde dieſe Leidenſchaft nachher ſchwacher Bürge ſein, wenn ihr nicht milde Freundſchaft zu Hülfe kommt. Jenes treu ſein der erſten Minne iſt ein verführeriſch falſcher Gedanke im Gedicht; da wird das Wort auf eine paſſive Gefühlsſtimmung des Affektes gegeben, von der der Mann wiſſen muß, daß niemand ihrer Meiſter bleibe; da wird dem Leben in ſeinen beweglichſten Elementen eine Unwandelbarkeit zugemuthet, die ihm nicht gehört. Im Leben giebt dieſer Traum nachher nur Verbindungen wie die in Göthe's Wahlverwandtſchaften, aus denen man ſich wol gar durch den Hungertod wieder heraushilft. Nur der Freundſchaft, die aus der Liebe erwächſt, ſoll die Treue huldigen, dieſe vermag der Schwur zu heiligen. Alſo für die Heiligkeit ehelicher Freundſchaft, deren Reinheit und Treue mache der Schwur verantwortlich — denn dieſem Schwur ſteht etwa in der Unwiderſtehlichkeit einer neuen Leidenſchaft nur ein Geſpenſt im Wege. Leidenſchaftliche Liebe iſt dem Mann von Kraft nicht unwiderſtehlich; die Unwiderſtehlichkeit trifft nur den Schwachen oder den Gelangweilten. Du trifſt in der Dichtung und in phantaſtiſchen Lebensverhältniſſen freilich leicht und oft eine ſolche Gewalt leidenſchaftlicher Liebe, daß ſie ein ganzes Leben unumſchränkt beherrſcht; du ſiehſt gar manche ſo mit Glück, Verhältniſſen und Pflichtgefühl vergebens kämpfen und immer in der unglücklichen Gewalt einer ſolchen Leidenſchaft bleiben. Aber glaube mir, daß dies im Leben des Menſchen nicht Schickſal ſondern Wahl iſt. Gar mancher Gedanke kann im Leben der Menſchen eine Macht bekommen, die ihn dem Menſchen lieber macht als das Leben ſelbſt, iſt ſolch eine Wahl einmal thöricht getroffen, ſo iſt dies Leben an jenen Gedanken verloren. Wie leicht kann alſo, wie oft wird die blühendſte herrlichſte Phantaſie des jugendlichen Lebens, die Phantaſie der erſten Liebe und ihrer Freundſchaftsideale, der Mittheilung und Hingebung, dieſe Gewalt über das Leben bekommen. Aber glaube mir: es fängt alle ſolche Leidenſchaft nicht mit blinder Macht des Gefühls, ſondern mit ſelbſt gewählter Stimmung der Phantaſie und Nachgeben an dieſe an. Der Mann, der für innere Bildung des Geiſtes oder für Ehre und Vaterland ein edles Werk des Lebens zu ergreifen weiß, wird nie blindlings dieſer Gewalt der Leidenſchaft erliegen. Wenn freilich dieſe Gemüthsbewegung der Verliebtheit die einzige lebendige Gewalt in der Seele iſt, wenn jemand, ohne ſie nur Langeweile kennt, ſo wird dieſer leicht an ſie verloren gehen, einem kindiſchen Leben erliegen, welches nur durch den Wahn unſrer Romane geadelt iſt. So denn vor allem entſchuldige keiner den Bruch der Treue mit dieſer Macht der Leidenſchaft. Dem Ruf der Ehre, der hier entſcheidet, vermag jeder Mann zu folgen.

Denn es iſt, was hier das Verderben und die Untreue bringt, nicht das Edle, Begeiſternde in der Liebe, ſondern eine hinzutretende niedere Begierde nach dem Beſitz, die gar keinen höhern geiſtigen Werth hat. Frage einmal genauer: Was entzündet die reine Begeiſterung der Liebe, welche erſt die Sehnſucht nach inniger geiſtiger Vereinigung, nach dem vollſten Vertrauen mit dem einer im andern, für den andern leben will — hervorbringt?

Es iſt in dieſer Liebe eine Sehnſucht nach Genuß und Beſitz. Aber die iſt es nicht, was hier gilt, die iſt es nicht, was den Zauber der Begeiſterung in ſeiner vollen Reinheit bringt. Vergleiche nur der Dichtung reinſte Ideale! Schillers unübertroffene Gemälde! Mit der erſten noch ſo delikaten Behandlung, die anfängt ſchlüpfrig zu werden, iſt der reine Zauber des Gemäldes verſchwunden, wenn ſchon die lüſterne Phantaſie an Unterhaltung gewinnt. Nur in der vollen Unſchuld entzückt das hohe Ideal. So iſt es auch im Leben! Das reine begeiſternde Gefühl erwächſt uns nur aus der reinen Auffaſſung der Schönheit im fremden Leben. Wie die Begeiſterung bei dem Anſchauen eines ſchönen Gemäldes, entſpringt auch dieſe hier. Aber hier iſt das Schöne ſelbſt lebendig und mir gleich. So muß zu reiner Liebe des Wohlgefallens am fremden Leben ſich bald die Sehnſucht nach der Vereinigung geſellen.

Das volle Ergreifen der Schönheit im fremden Leben abgeſehen von jeder andern Begierde iſt es allein, was dieſer Begeiſterung das edle, das hohe geben kann. So lebt die Liebe am reinſten, heiterſten, herrlichſten in der erſten Entfaltung des jugendlichen Lebens. In der Knoſpe lebt die Hoffnung voll für die kommende Blüthe und Frucht. So iſt das Knoſpenleben der ſich eben entfaltenden Jugend, das Leben der der Ahndung und die ungetrübte Erſcheinung der Schönheit ſelbſt. Das iſt der animaliſche Magnetismus mit ſeinem Zauber des Blicks. Was iſt uns entzückend Herrlicheres in der Natur als die Unſchuld des eben aufblühenden Mädchens! Der Geiſt des Menſchen iſt gleichſam am ſchönſten beim wohlgeführten Jüngling oder Mädchen, in der Zeit der ſich entwickelnden Mannbarkeit mit dieſer unſchuldig bewegten ahndungsvollen Phantaſie, der Empfängerin erhabener Blüthenträume, die nicht mehr kindlich, ſondern mit dem erſten ernſten Blick ins Leben ſich unbewußt in der Tiefe des Geiſtes bewegen.

Du findeſt auch eine Liebe der Bewunderung, mit der der Mann dem ausgebildeten Weibe leidenſchaftlich huldigt. Dieſe aber iſt eine gefährliche Leidenſchaft, bei der der Mann ſich fälſchlich unterordnet, deren Zauber bald als Irrthum daſtehen wird, wenn man ſich näher kommt. Jener gleiche jugendliche Enthuſiasmus wird ſich hingegen williger nach und nach in die Freundſchaft verwandeln, die hier allein das feſtere ſittlich zu erhebende iſt.

Du ſiehſt alſo, ich finde in den Idealen der romanesken Liebe eine feine Zierde unſers geiſtigen Lebens, allein das wahrhaft anſprechende und herrliche darinn iſt eine Blüthe des jugendlichen Lebens, welche zu einer edleren Frucht reifen ſoll für die volle Wohlgeſtalt des Lebens.

Ich gebe dir daher hier zweierlei zu bedenken. Einmal nemlich die reine und hohe Bedeutung der Liebe iſt nicht vom Geſchlechtstrieb abhängig, auch ohne ihn wird die leidenſchaftliche Liebe im Leben erſcheinen. Denke an die Mütterliebe, die Liebe der Greiſe gegen Kinder und jene leidenſchaftliche Freundſchaft bei den Alten, die des Epaminondas heilige Schaar beherrſchte, welche Platon als die höchſte Schönheit der Seele preiſt.

Ferner zum zweiten bedenke, daß aller dieſer Schmuck des tiefen und gebildeten Gefühls in leidenſchaftlicher ſchöner Liebe Affekt iſt, der nicht beſteht. Daher lebt hier der Geiſt der Gerechtigkeit, die ächte ſittliche Kraft der Seele nur in den Idealen der Freundſchaft, der wechſelſeitigen Anhänglichkeit durch Achtung und volles Vertrauen, wo kein Geiſtesauge klar in das Innerſte der Seele ſeines Freundes blickt. Zu dieſer Freundſchaft werden wir nur durch die That, durch das Werk des Lebens verbunden; dieſe Freundſchaft fordert geſellſchaftliche Begeiſterung für gemeinſchaftliche Zwecke im Leben. Ihr Wahlſpruch iſt: Einer für den Andern, beide für die Idee!

Wer den heiligen Ernſt dieſer Freundſchaft nicht kennt, der kennt auch die geiſtige Schönheit des Gefühls nicht. Sie ſoll Mann und Weib, Familie und Kinder verbinden; ja nur in dieſem Geiſt der Freundſchaft waltet der Geiſt Gottes mächtig unter den Völkern.

So wenig, lieber Evagoras, ſprachen wir noch von der Freundſchaft! ſagte ich ihm. Laß ſie uns leben, nicht beſprechen, antwortete er, ſchön iſts als Leſer ſich einen Poſa denken; groß iſts ihn gedichtet zu haben; wäre es aber nicht auch eine Aufgabe, ihm zu leben!

Unſre Unterhaltung war am Ziel und ſomit am Ende.

Johann Chriſtoph Fröbing

ward am 3. Mai 1746 zu Ohedruf im Herzogthume Sachſen-Gotha armen Eltern geboren, entwickelte ſchon früh glückliche Fähigkeiten, namentlich für Muſik und vermochte daher, ſich während ſeiner Bildungsjahre auf dem Gymnaſium ſowohl, wie der Univerſität zu Göttingen, ſeinen Unterhalt ſelbſt zu erwerben. Nach vollendeten Studien verlebte er einige Jahre als Hauslehrer und ward dann Hofcantor und Conrector an der neuſtädter Schule zu Hannover. 1795 erhielt er eine Pfarre zu Lehrte, welche er 1799 mit dem zweiten Predigeramte zu Markoldendorf vertauſchte. Hier ſtarb er am 25. Januar 1805.

Von ihm erſchien:

Kalender für das Volk. Hannover 1783 — 1805.
Der Jugendgeſellſchafter. Stendal 1784.
Luther. Hannover 1785.
Der Volkslehrer. Nürnberg 1787 — 88. 2 Thle.
Die Bürgerſchule. Hannover 1788 — 1800. 4 Thle.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1791.
Der Menſchenbeobachter. Bremen 1796.
Georg Treumann. Hannover 1796.
Heinrich Dornfelden. Göttingen 1797.
Geſpenſter- und Hexenbüchlein. Hannover 1798.
Das angenehme Mancherlei. Celle 1799.
Nützliches Leſebuch. Celle 1803.
Adolph von Eselberg. Celle 1803.
Hanne Luiſe Oppermann. Stendal 1805.

Ein zu ſeiner Zeit mit Recht ſehr geſchätzter Volksſchriftſteller, deſſen Werke, weil er den einzig richtigen Ton genau zu treffen und zugleich zu unterhalten und zu belehren verſtand, namentlich in den unteren Ständen ſehr gern geleſen wurden und viel Gutes bewirkten.

Regina Frohberg

ward am 4. October 1783 zu Berlin jüdiſchen Eltern geboren und hieß vor ihrer Verheirathung Rebecca Salomon. Sie vermählte ſich 1801 mit einem Herrn Friedländer, ließ ſich aber, da die Ehe keine glückliche war, von demſelben ſcheiden, und trat, den Namen Regina Frohberg annehmend, zum chriſtlichen Glauben über. Seit dem Jahre 1813 wählte ſie Wien zu ihrem Wohnorte.

Sie gab heraus:

Luiſe. Berlin 1808.
Schmerz und Liebe. Wien. N. A. 1815.
Erzählungen. Wien. N. A. 1817.
Verrath und Treue. Wien. N. A. 1816.
Das Opfer. N. A. Wien 1815.
Darſtellungen aus dem menſchlichen Leben. Wien 1814.
Die Brautleute. Wien 1814.
Beſtimmung. 2 Thle. Wien 1814.
Das Gelübde. 2 Thle. Wien 1816.
Guſtav Sterning. Wien 1817.
Theater. 2 Thle. Wiesbaden 1817 — 1818.
Kleine Romane. 2 Th. Wien 1819.
Herbſtblumen. Wien 1817.
Entſagung. Wien 1824. N. A. 1830.
Der Liebe Kämpfe. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1827.
Die Rückkehr. 2 Bde. Frankfurt 1824.
Stolz und Liebe. Wien 1820.
Einzelne Erzählungen in Taſchenbüchern, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Eine talentvolle Erzählerin, die das Leben und das menſchliche Herz genau beobachtet hat und wohl zu ſchildern verſteht, jedoch hin und wieder manierirt und geziert wird und ſich nicht immer ſtrenger Correctheit befleißigt. Die reinen und edeln Geſinnungen, welche ſie in ihren Schriften offenbart, wiegen jedoch dieſe Fehler vollkommen auf.

Friedrich Carl Fulda

ward am 13. September 1724 zu Wimpfen, wo ſein Vater Diakonus war, geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Stuttgart und wurde darauf ein Zögling des theologiſchen Stiftes in Tübingen, wo er nach vollendetem Curſus ſich die Magiſterwürde erwarb. Dann lebte er von 1748 bis 1750 als Feldprediger bei einem holländiſchen Regimente, ſtudirte ſpäter noch eine Zeitlang zu Göttingen und wurde 1751 Garniſonprediger auf der Feſte Hohenasperg, ſo wie 1758 Pfarrer zu Mühlhauſen an der Enz und 1787 zu Enzingen, wo er am 11. December 1788 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Ueber die zwei Hauptdialekte der deutſchen Sprache Leipzig 1773.
Sammlung und Abſtammung germaniſcher Wurzelwörter. Halle 1776.
Verſuch einer allgemeinen Idiotikenſammlung. Berlin 1788.
Ueberblick der Weltgeſchichte. Augsburg 1783.

Natürliche Geſchichte der Deutſchen und der menſchlichen Natur. Nürnberg 1795.
Ulphilas gothiſche Bibelüberſetzung u. ſ. w. herausgegeben von J. C. Zahn. Leipzig 1805.
Einzelne Abhandlungen und Beiträge in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein äußerſt gründlicher und ſcharfſinniger Sprachforſcher, deſſen Bemühungen und Leiſtungen, trotz den Fortſchritten, die ſeitdem auf dieſem Gebiete gemacht wurden, bleibenden Werth behalten.

Georg Guſtav Fülleborn,

der Sohn eines Criminalrathes zu Großglogau ward daſelbſt am 2. März 1769 geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung auf der hohen Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte Theologie und Philoſophie zu Halle. 1791 ward ihm das dritte Diakonat bei der lutheriſchen Gemeine zu Großglogau ertheilt, doch gab er die geiſtliche Laufbahn auf, um ſich gänzlich dem Lehrfache zu widmen und nahm demgemäß eine Profeſſur an dem Eliſabeth-Gymnaſium zu Breslau an, wo er leider ſchon am 6. Februar 1803 ſtarb.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Muſäus Volksmährchen. 6r Theil. Halle 1789.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Züllichau 1791 — 95. 6 St.
Papiere aus Heno's Nachlaß. Züllichau 1792.
Bunte Blätter. Berlin 1795.
Kleine Schriften. Breslau 1797 — 98. 2 Sammlungen.
Rhetorik. Breslau 1802. 4. A. beſorgt von Menzel 1820.

F. bewährte ſich in ſeinen philoſophiſchen Leiſtungen als ein ſehr ſcharfſinniger und gründlicher Forſcher; in ſeinen übrigen Schriften zeigte er große Gewandtheit und eine ſehr glückliche und gefällige Darſtellungsgabe. Seine Lehrbücher, namentlich ſeine Rhetorik, haben ſich als höchſt zweckmäßig und brauchbar erwieſen.

Gottfried Benedict Funck

ward am 29. November 1734 zu Hartenſtein im Schönburgiſchen geboren, erhielt den erſten Unterricht von ſeinem Vater, einem Prediger, und beſuchte dann die hohe Schule in Freiberg. Auf der Univerſität Leipzig vertauſchte er 1755 das Studium der Theologie, dem er ſich anfangs gewidmet hatte, aus gewiſſenhafter Bedenklichkeit mit dem der Rechtsgelehrſamkeit, und ging dann 1756 als Erzieher der Kinder des berühmten J. A. Kramer (ſ. d.) nach Kopenhagen, wo er ſich ſehr wohl befand. Im Jahre 1769 kehrte er nach Deutſchland zurück und ward anfangs Lehrer, dann ſeit 1772 Rector an der Domſchule zu Magdeburg. 1785 ernannte ihn die preußiſche Regierung in Anerkennung ſeiner vielfachen Verdienſte um das Schul- und Erziehungsweſen zum Conſiſtorialrath. Er ſtarb am 18. Juni 1814 nach langem ſegensvollem Wirken, auf das höchſte verehrt von ſeinen dankbaren Schülern, deren er während einer vierzigjährigen Amtsführung eine große Zahl gebildet, die ſeinem Andenken ein bleibendes Denkmal durch eine wohlthätige, ſeinen Namen führende Stiftung für arme Studirende, ſowie durch die Aufſtellung ſeiner Büſte in der Domkirche zu Magdeburg, ſtifteten.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Kleine Beſchäftigungen für Kinder. Kopenhagen 1766. N. A. Magdeburg 1772.
Gedanken von dem Nutzen richtig getriebener Philologie in Schulen. Magdeburg 1774.
Du Bos kritiſche Betrachtung über die Muſik und Malerei. Kopenhagen 1760. N. A. Breslau 1769.
J. H. Schlegel's Abhandlung über die Vorzüge und Mängel des Däniſchen, verglichen mit dem Deutſchen. Schleswig 1764.
Geſammelte Schriften, nebſt einem Anhange über F.'s Leben und Wirken. 2 Thle. Berl. 1820.
Einzelne (vortreffliche) geiſtliche Lieder in Zollikofer's und J. H. Stolle's Sammlungen; Aufſätze und Abhandlungen in Cramer's nordiſchem Aufſeher, Gerſtenbergs Briefen über Merkwürdigkeiten der Literatur u. ſ. w.

Ein vortrefflicher Schulmann, der unendlich viel Gutes, jedoch mehr practiſch, als durch Schriften, wirkte, zumal die bedeutendſten unter dieſen nur Ueberſetzungen fremder Werke ſind.

Carl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Funck

ward am 13. December 1761 in Braunſchweig geboren und erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung zuerſt auf der Schule zu Wolfenbüttel, dann ſeit 1778 auf dem Carolinum ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo er ſich eben ſo ſehr durch raſtloſen Fleiß wie durch glückliche Fähigkeiten auszeichnete. Im Jahre 1780 ging er als Lieutenant bei dem Garde du Corps-Regimente in ſächſiſche Dienſte, nahm jedoch, obwohl zum Adjutanten avancirt, bereits 1785 wegen Mißverhältniſſes mit ſeinen Vorgeſetzten, den Abſchied, und privatiſirte, wiſſenſchaftlichen Forſchungen lebend, bis 1791, wo er auf Veranlaſſung des Generallieutenants Grafen von Bellegarde, in ein neu errichtetes ſächſiſches Huſarenregiment eintrat. Er wohnte von nun an ſämmtlichen Feldzügen, an welchen Sachſen Theil nahm, bis zum Jahre 1813 mit wechſelndem Glücke bei, erwarb ſich jedoch fortwährend ausgezeichnete Verdienſte um den Staat, avancirte von Grad zu Grad und zog ſich zuletzt nach Wurzen zurück, wo er im Kreiſe ſeiner Familie ein ruhiges Leben genoß und ſich mit Vorliebe geſchichtlichen Forſchungen zuwandte. Hier ſtarb er am 7. Auguſt 1828 als K. Sächſiſcher Generallieutenant, Doctor der Philoſophie und Ritter mehrerer Orden.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte Kaiſer Friedrichs II. Züllichau 1792.
Gemälde aus den Zeiten der Kreuzzüge. Leipzig 1821 — 24. 4 Thle.

Erinnerungen aus dem Feldzuge des ſächſiſchen Corps unter General Regnier im Jahre 1812. Dresden 1830.

Gründliche Forſchung und eine ſehr elegante und gediegene Darſtellungsweiſe, zeichnen von F's Schriften, vorzüglich die Gemälde aus den Zeiten der Kreuzzüge äußerſt vortheilhaft aus.

Zur Geſchichte des Feldzugs von 1806.*)

Das Geſchrei: die Franzoſen kommen! hatte unter den Equipagen, den Trains, und leider auch unter den Truppen die größte Unordnung zuwegegebracht. Als der Adjutant (Major von Funck), von ſeinem Chef abgeſchickt, bei den Truppen ankam, fand er das Dragonerregiment Prinz Albrecht mit der Fronte gegen Jena aufmarſchirt, und den Generallieutenant von Zezſchwitz, Bruder des Commandirenden, bemüht, Ordnung herzuſtellen. Er ließ ſogleich die Dragoner wieder vorrücken, führte ſie, um das Aufſehen zu vermeiden, hinter der Stadt weg, und begab ſich zu dem commandirenden General, der ſo eben mit dem Fürſten Hohenlohe von dem Bivouakplatze an der Weimariſchen Chauſſee zurückkam. Der Fürſt war ſehr aufgebracht; den erſten Urheber des Allarms hat man ſo wenig entdeckt, als die Seite, woher das Geſchrei eigentlich gekommen ſei. — Schon war es dunkel, als eine Meldung einging, der Feind habe Naumburg beſetzt. Der General von Zezſchwitz hielt es für Pflicht, dieſe Nachricht ſogleich weiter zu befördern; aber der Adjutant, der ſie überbrachte, wurde von dem Fürſten Hohenlohe mit ziemlich beleidigenden Ausdrücken empfangen; die Sachſen, hieß es, würden wohl wieder aus Furcht Geſpenſter geſehen haben, wie heute Nachmittag. Der Adjutant ſchwieg, äußerte aber im Vorzimmer gegen den Oberſten von Maſſenbach und Major von Röder ſein Befremden über dieſe unfreundliche Aufnahme, und da Beide billig genug waren, ſeine Gründe zu hören, nahm er Gelegenheit, ſie ſelbſt aufmerkſam auf die Folgen zu machen, welche das Betragen des Fürſten gegen den Sächſiſchen General haben müſſe. Er ſtellte ihnen vor, daß entweder ſeine Durchlaucht dieſen General mit einigem Vertrauen beehren, oder ihn ganz als nicht gegenwärtig betrachten müſſe. Wenn aber der Fürſt fortführe, ſeine Befehle, ohne Vorwiſſen deſſelben, unmittelbar an die untergeordneten Generale oder Stabsofficiere ergehen zu laſſen, ſo könne der commandirende General unmöglich für die Ausführung verantwortlich ſeyn. Man beſcheide ſich gern, daß einzelne dringende Fälle Ausnahmen machen dürften, aber auffallend bleibe immer die gänzliche Unbekanntſchaft mit dem Gange der Dinge, worin man den Sächſiſchen General abſichtlich zu erhalten ſchiene, da es ihm doch nicht gleichgültig ſeyn könne, wenigſtens diejenigen Maßregeln zu erfahren, die man zum Schutze Dresdens, Leipzigs, und aller jenſeits der Saale liegenden Provinzen genommen hätte.

Ein Officier vom zweiten Bataillon Prinz Clemens, der ſich zu Fuß aus Erfurt geſchlichen hatte, kam an, und meldete, daß dieſes Bataillon von Saalfeld aus dorthin gekommen wäre, wo der General Rüchel ſich weigere, es aus der Stadt zu laſſen, und es zum Feſtungsdienſte gezwungen habe. Bei dieſem auffallenden Ereigniſſe entſchloß ſich der commandirende General, Gebrauch von ſeinem Anſehen zu machen, indem er dem Bataillon gemeſſene Ordre ſtellte, ſofort auszumarſchiren, und zu den übrigen Sächſiſchen Truppen bei Jena zu ſtoßen. Der General Rüchel wendete nichts ein, als der Major Ränder ihm dieſen Befehl anzeigte, und ließ gleich die Thore öffnen. Es war alſo bloß ein Verſuch geweſen, die bekannte Nachgiebigkeit der Sachſen zu benutzen.

Der Durchzug der Truppen durch Jena dauerte die ganze Nacht, und erſt den 12. früh 4 Uhr marſchirten die Letzten, das Grenadierbataillon von LeCoq und zwei Bataillons Thümmel, nach mehr als 48ſtündigem, ununterbrochenem Marſche, und ſchon ſeit einigen Tagen ohne Brod, durch Jena. Sie konnten aber den angewieſenen Lagerplatz nicht erreichen, weil die ganze Straße in dem engen Mühlthale mit Wagen bedeckt war; ſie bivouakirten daher auf einem ſteinigen Boden ohne Feuer, ohne Stroh und ohne Lebensmittel, und ſuchten in der kalten, feuchten Herbſtnacht durch ausgegrabene rohe Kartoffeln und Rüben eine armſelige Nahrung.

Alle dieſe Umſtände bewogen den commandirenden General, einen Rapport an den Churfürſten zu machen, welchen er, nachdem er den erlittenen Verluſt in den Gefechten von Schleiz und Saalfeld, am 9. und 10. October, in ſoweit man davon unterrichtet war, angezeigt hatte, mit folgenden Worten ſchloß. „Nach dreitägigen beſchwerlichen Hin- und Hermärſchen, rückt eben jetzt das Corps in eine Stellung bei Jena, und allem Anſehen nach iſt eine große Entſcheidung nahe. Möge ſie, ungeachtet des traurigen Schwankens aller Maßregeln, des ewigen Wechſels der Plane, und der daraus hervorgehenden fürchterlichen Erſchöpfung der Truppen, glücklich ausfallen!“ Mit dieſem Rapporte ging ein Feldjäger in der Nacht vom 11. zum 12. ab, konnte aber, da die Franzoſen bereits in Köſtritz waren, nur mit Noth der Gefangenſchaft entgehen, und ſeine Depeſchen nicht nach Dresden bringen.

Am 12. früh um fünf Uhr wurde der Adjutant, der am Abend vorher die Meldung, daß die Franzoſen in Naumburg wären, gemacht hatte, zu dem Fürſten Hohenlohe berufen, der ihn, noch im Bette liegend, ſehr freundlich aufnahm. Der Vorwand war, ihm die Preußiſche Proclamation zu übergeben, von welcher man ſich große Wirkung auf die Truppen verſprach, und ihm zu ſagen, er möchte doch den General Zezſchwitz bewegen, dem Infanterieregimente Prinz Xaver eine kleine Erinnerung zu geben, weil ſich dieſes bei Saalfeld nicht gut gehalten hätte. Zwar ließ der Fürſt dem Infanterieregimente Churfürſt Gerechtigkeit widerfahren, doch nicht ohne Seitenbemerkungen über die Sachſen im Allgemeinen, denen er die Niederlagen bei Schleiz und Saalfeld beimaß; doch ſetzte er entſchuldigend hinzu, ſie wären noch unerfahren und nicht aguerrirt, man könne von ihnen nicht fordern, was Truppen, wie die Preußen, leiſteten, und bei beiden Gelegenheiten bereits geleiſtet hätten; wenn ſie länger mit dieſen zuſammenſeien, dann würde ſich Alles ſchon ſelbſt finden. Der Adjutant ſtellte hierauf dem Fürſten ehrfurchtsvoll vor, daß er hoffe, Se. Durchlaucht würden eine beſſere Meinung von dem Betragen der Sachſen bei Saalfeld faſſen, wenn er beſtimmtere Nachrichten, als die, welche die jugendlichen Adjutanten des Prinzen Louis darüber gegeben hätten, eingegangen wären; und was den Vorgang bei Schleiz beträfe, ſo ſei doch wohl nicht ausgemacht, ob das kleine Tauenzienſche Corps in der genommenen Stellung ſich gegen die Uebermacht hätte halten können. Da übrigens der General Tauenzien ſelbſt zugegen wäre, ſo müſſe der Sächſiſche General wünſchen, von dieſem nur einige Nachricht über das Betragen der Truppen zu erfahren, und dieſes um ſo dringender, da er nicht ganz mit ihnen zufrieden zu ſeyn ſchiene. Der Fürſt erwiederte darauf, es ſey beſſer, dergleichen nicht zu unterſuchen, und ohne den Adjutanten zu Worte kommen zu laſſen, ergoß er ſich eine halbe Stunde lang zuerſt in Lobeserhebungen des Grafen Tauenzien, der ſein Zögling wäre, erzählte darauf von dem einjährigen Kriege, wo er „ſich in Anſehung der Bravour frei gerichtet habe,“ und daher gewiß competenter Richter ſei, und ging dann zu ſehr ſchmeichelhaften perſönlichen Aeußerungen über. Als der Adjutant dieſe ablehnte, und den Fürſten bloß erſuchte, von dem Ganzen eine beſſere Idee zu faſſen, antwortete dieſer: „Ich habe keine ſchlechte Idee von Euch, ich kenne Euch beſſer, als Ihr Euch ſelbſt kennt; Ihr habt eine Menge verborgener Schätze, aber es fehlt Euch die Wünſchelruthe, ſie zu finden.“ Er fing hierauf an, von dem commandirenden General zu reden, und forderte den Adjutanten auf, ihm zu ſagen, „was er mit dem Manne anfangen ſolle, der ihm die Truppen muthlos machte?“ Der Zeitpunct ſchien dem Adjutanten zu wichtig, um durch Rückſichten, die ihm bei jeder anderen Gelegenheit Stillſchweigen auferlegt haben würden, einer offenen Erklärung aus dem Wege zu gehen. Er räumte die zu bekannte große Aengſtlichkeit ſeines Generals ein, berief ſich aber auf die ebenſo bekannte Bereitwilligkeit und Tapferkeit deſſelben. Er verſicherte, daß in entſcheidenden Momenten der General ſich nicht beläſtigt finden würde, wenn Se. Durchlaucht ihm einen mit Ihrem Zutrauen beehrten Officier zuſenden wollten, um ſeine Unternehmungen zu lenken, und ſchlug dann den Adjutant des Preußiſchen Generalſtabes, Grafen [illegible], vor, deſſen Kenntniſſe und Diſcretion ihn dazu beſonders fähig zu machen ſchienen. Da der Fürſt dies für zu auffallend hielt, erſuchte er ihn, entweder ihn ſelbſt, oder einen anderen Sächſiſchen Officier des Generalſtabes, den Oberſten von Gutſchmidt, oder den Major von Egidy, mit ſeinen Abſichten im Allgemeinen bekannt zu machen, und dieſen bei dem General zu laſſen, damit er ihm, der ſo ſehr gern guten Rath annähme, in zweifelhaften Fällen beiſtehen könne, welches ja ganz unmöglich wäre, ſo lange man nicht eine allgemeine Ueberſicht des Planes hätte, und folglich bei jeder Gelegenheit Gefahr liefe, etwas Verkehrtes zu beginnen. Der Fürſt erwiederte darauf, den Major Egidy brauche er ſelbſt nothwendig zu anderen Geſchäften, und dem Oberſten Gutſchmidt hätte er verſprochen, ihn nie von ſeiner Perſon zu trennen, er werde daher den Adjutanten ſelbſt von Allem unterrichten, und überhaupt, da er ſich vorgenommen hätte, den Sachſen die Ehre des Hauptſchlages zu überlaſſen, ſie in Perſon anführen. So lange bis er ſelbſt bei ihnen erſchiene, würde auf dem Puncte nichts Wichtiges verfallen, wegen aller kleineren Anordnungen aber verlaſſe er ſich auf den Adjutanten, den er für die pünctliche Ausführung aller ſeiner Befehle verantwortlich mache, da er, wie der Fürſt wiſſe, das Zutrauen des Generals in einem höhern Grade beſitze, als der Oberſt Gutſchmidt und der Major Egidy, und er (der Fürſt) ihn ſelbſt beſſer kenne, als die übrigen ſehr geſchickten und braven, ihm aber ſo gut als völlig fremden Perſonen des Sächſiſchen Generalſtabes. Auf die Frage: ob er nun zufrieden ſei, oder noch etwas anzubringen habe? dankte der Adjutant für das ihm bewieſene gnädige Zutrauen, und glaubte nur noch wegen des Brotmangels der Truppen ein Wort hinzufügen zu müſſen. Der Fürſt ſchien darüber ſehr verwundert, und geneigt, die Schuld auf das Sächſiſche Commiſſariat zu ſchieben, da er ja befohlen hätte, daß die Sachſen aus den Preußiſchen Magazinen verpflegt werden ſollten. Es war jetzt leicht, dieſen Vorwurf zu widerlegen, da man Sächſiſcher Seits gewiß Alles gethan hatte, was in menſchlichen Kräften war, das Magazin in Jena aber die zur Faſſung Commandirten mit der Antwort abgewieſen hatte: Es ſei kaum genug für die Preußen da, viel weniger für die Sachſen. Der Fürſt war darüber ſehr entrüſtet, und ließ ſofort den Major von Roder holen, der aber dieſe Umſtände nicht nur beſtätigte, ſondern auch gegen den Oberſten Gutonneau, Chef der Preußiſchen Verpflegung, große Beſchwerden erhob. Dies führte zu weitläuftigen Erörterungen, und der Adjutant wurde entlaſſen.

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*) Aus: Minerva, ein Journal hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Inhalts von Dr. F. Bran. — Auguſtheft 1836. S. 267 — 306.

Obgleich keine der ihm gegebenen Zuſicherungen erfüllt wurde, ſo hatte der Adjutant doch nachher Urſache zu glauben, daß der Fürſt völlig aufrichtig war, als er ſie gab; aber er konnte ſie nicht halten, weil er ſelbſt ohne beſtimmten Plan war, und eine ganz falſche Idee von der Lage der Sachen gefaßt hatte. Er glaubte an keinen raſchen Angriff des Feindes, und beleidigt von dem Herzoge von Braunſchweig, der ihm das gehoffte unabhängige Commando einer abgeſonderten Armee entzogen hatte, wiegte er ſich beſtändig in der Idee, eine edle Rache an dieſem Gegner zu nehmen. Er wollte zu dem Ende bloß manövriren, bis er die Gelegenheit abſähe, eine glänzende Unternehmung auszuführen, die ihn mit Ruhm bedecken, und dem Könige, ſowie der Armee zeigen ſollte, um wieviel mehr er fähig geweſen wäre, den Oberbefehl zu führen, als der Herzog. Indem er aber mit dieſem Vorſatze umging, wurden ſeine Entwürfe alle Augenblicke durch irgend einen Befehl des königlichen Hauptquartieres geſtört, und der Oberſt Maſſenbach mußte nun immer wieder einen neuen Plan ausarbeiten, um zu dem Zwecke zu gelangen. Darüber verloren beide am Ende den Feind völlig aus dem Geſichte, die nöthigſten Anordnungen wurden vergeſſen, und ſelbſt die unentbehrliche Kenntniß der Gegend verſäumt, indem alle Officiere des Generalſtabes, unaufhörlich an den Schreibtiſch gefeſſelt, nicht Zeit hatten, durch Patrouilliren, Recognoscirungen u. ſ. w. ſich von der Stellung des Franzöſiſchen Heeres zu unterrichten, und auch die Generale und die Adjutanten der Armee, durch vier- bis fünfſtündiges Warten auf den Befehl, die beſte Zeit im Vorzimmer verſchleudern mußten.

Der General Graf von Tauenzien war zum Befehlshaber der Vorpoſten ernannt worden. Er ritt hinaus, kam aber ſehr bald zurück, weil die Preußiſchen Regimenter nicht eingetroffen waren, und jede Abtheilung ſetzte nun ohne Zuſammenhang im Ganzen, ohne beſondere Hauptidee, ihre Vorpoſten einzeln aus. Es war durchaus nicht möglich zu erfahren, wo die Regimenter ſtanden, man mußte ſie auf einer meilenweiten Strecke aufſuchen; traf man ſie, ſo wußten ſie nicht, ob ſie ſtehen bleiben würden, weil ihnen noch kein Platz angewieſen, noch keine Order zugekommen war.

Am 12. October war Alles um 10 Uhr zum Einholen des Befehles an die Chauſſee nach Weimar oberhalb der Schnecke beſtellt, und die beiden Hauptquartiere ſollten heute, das Preußiſche nach Capellendorf, das Sächſiſche nach Hohlſtädt verlegt werden. Zwei Stunden gingen unter vergeblicher Erwartung des Fürſten Hohenlohe hin; dann erfuhr man, daß der König ſelbſt kommen würde. Se. Majeſtät erſchien gegen 1 Uhr in Begleitung des Herzogs von Braunſchweig, unterhielt ſich auf der Chauſſee wohl eine halbe Stunde mit dem Fürſten, und entfernte ſich ſodann. Zugleich war auch der Fürſt mit ſeiner Suite verſchwunden, und Niemand wußte, wohin er geritten war. Er beſchäftigte ſich perſönlich mit der Abſendung von zwei Patrouillen, und nach langem Warten erfuhr man endlich daß der Befehl in Jena abgeholt werden ſolle.

Während dieſes Zeitraumes der Ungewißheit hörte man im Saalthale in den Gegenden von Burgau und Camburg ſtark ſchießen, und bald nachher wurde auch die Brücke bei Jena angegriffen, jedoch dieſe nicht mit Nachdruck. Endlich bekam man den Befehl, nach welchem, zum allgemeinen Erſtaunen, den folgenden Tag von den Sachſen eine große Fouragirung, in denen hinter der Fronte liegenden, von der Preußiſchen Cavallerie beſetzten Dörfern vorgenommen werden ſollte. Drei Schwadronen Huſaren, 200 Pferde von allen Regimentern, ein Bataillon Prinz Friedrich Auguſt, und die halbe reitende Batterie Großmann wurden zur Deckung derſelben commandirt. Ein Adjutant des General Zeſchwitz wendete ſich an den Major Roder, ihm das Fruchtloſe dieſer, die Truppen ohne Noth ermüdenden Maßregel vorzuſtellen; aber der Fürſt antwortete mit einer ſehr ſtrengen Miene: „Ich kann Euch nicht helfen. Ihr habt Euch über Mangel beklagt, nun mögt Ihr ſelbſt ſehen, ob etwas da iſt!" — Das Auffallendſte bei dieſem Befehle war, daß der König ſelbſt am Mittag befohlen hatte, die Sachſen ſollten in Weimar Futter und Brod faſſen, und um den allerhöchſten Befehl dahin zu überbringen, einen Officier vom Generalſtabe mitſenden. Die Wagen und Commandirten waren ſofort in größter Eile abgeſchickt worden. Die Wagen kamen leer zurück, man hatte ſie in den Preußiſchen Magazinen abgewieſen; auch die von Sr. Majeſtät verſprochenen Gemüſe wurden nicht gegeben.

Als der Sächſiſche Adjutant vom Befehle nach dem Lager zurückritt, ſah er in der Gegend von Winzerle oder Burgau eine Rakete in die Höhe ſteigen, und nach fünf Minuten verſtummte das Feuern auf allen Seiten. Schon war es ſo dunkel, daß der Befehl an den Wachfeuern geſchrieben werden mußte, und noch wußte man nicht, wo die Truppen ſtanden, noch hatte Niemand an Sicherung des Lagers durch Vorpoſten gedacht; die Adjutanten ſuchten dieſem Mangel abzuhelfen, ſo gut es die Dunkelheit zuließ. — Sie fanden theils im Lager über der Schnecke, theils bivouakirend: 2 Bataillons Friedrich Auguſt, wovon eines am folgenden Tage zu der Recognoscirung abgehen mußte, 2 Nieſemeuſchel, 2 Low, 2 Thümmel, ein Bevilaqua, die Batterien Hausmann, Ernſt und Bonniot; hinter dieſen die Grenadierbataillons Thiollaz, Lecoq, Lichtenhayn, Metſch und Hundt, und mehr ſeitwärts nach Iſſerſtädt zu 3 Escadrons Carabiniers (die 4. war bei der Hauptwache), 4 Escadrons Kochtitzky-Cüraſſiere, 4 Esc. Herzog Albert, 4 Polenz-Dragoner. Die Reſte von 2 Bataillons Max, einem Rechten und des Grenadierbataillons Winkel, hatten den ganzen Tag vergeblich auf die Befehle des Generals Tauenzien gewartet, an die ſie gewieſen waren, nun es finſter wurde, kamen ſie und bivouakirten bei ihren Landsleuten; das andere Bataillon Rechten war in Jena, die Batterie Tüllmann an den General Tauenzien gegeben worden. Die 2 Bataillons Churfürſt, 2 Prinz Xavier und 1 Prinz Clemens hatte der Fürſt Erholungsquartiere in Hermſtädt und Oberroßla angewieſen, ſie wurden aber von den Preußen der Hauptarmee, die dieſe Dörfer beſetzt hatten, nicht eingelaſſen, und kamen nun auch zu dem zweiten Sächſiſchen Treffen. 3 Escadrons Huſaren nahmen ihren Bivouak bei Hohlſtädt. Von dem Regimente Prinz Clemens Chevauxlegers, dem auf 2 Escadrons eingeſchmolzenen Reſte von Prinz Johann Chevauxlegers, und 5 Escadrons Huſaren erfuhr man, daß ſie in Zwätzen, Löbſtädt und Rödigen Quartier hätten; das zweite Bataillon Clemens Infanterie war in Erfurt.

Die Wachfeuer auf den Höhen von Cospeda und hinter Iſſerſtädt konnten allein zur Richtſchnur bei Ausſetzung der Vorpoſten dienen, mit welchen man eine Kette von Iſſerſtädt an der Höhe über der ſogenannten alten Straße hin bis an die Schnecke, und ſo wieder über den Schwabhäuſer Grund hin bis an Hohlſtädt bildete. Man empfahl den Officieren die nöthigen Patrouillen vor- und ſeitwärts, erhielt aber gewöhnlich die Antwort, dazu wären die Mannſchaften und Pferde zu entkräftet, und zum Befehlen hatte Niemand ein Recht; denn kein einziger General nahm an dieſem Geſchäfte nur den entfernteſten Antheil, die Adjutanten unterzogen ſich ihm nur aus eigenem Antriebe, durchaus nicht auf Veranlaſſung der Generalität. Die Feldwachen konnten nur ſehr mangelhaft ausgeſtellt werden, zum Glück ohne Nachtheil des Ganzen.

Als die Adjutanten am 12. Abends 10 Uhr nach Hohlſtädt kamen, war der commandirende General ebenſo verwundert, als ſie über die ſeltſame Fouragirung. Die von Weimar leer zurückkommenden Wagen gaben den Aufſchluß, der aber zu ſehr ernſthaften Betrachtungen veranlaßte. Das Betragen der Preußen, die man ſo freudig mit Sächſiſchem Vertrauen genährt hatte, ihre zunehmende, faſt an Verachtung grenzende Unfreundlichkeit gegen uns, das Doppelſinnige in den Aeußerungen des Fürſten ſelbſt, und Alles, verbunden mit den Bewegungen der Armee, die offenbar den Weg nach Dresden ohne alle Deckung ließen, und die ſeltſamen Maßregeln, nach welchen man noch dieſen Abend dem Feinde die Brücken von Dornburg und Camburg ohne ernſtlichen Widerſtand preisgegeben hatte, ſchien es dem commandirenden General von Zeſchwitz zur Pflicht zu machen, ſich durch eine getreue Darſtellung aller dieſer Umſtände bei ſeinem Landesherrn außer Verantwortlichkeit zu ſetzen. So wie die Armeen jetzt ſtanden, mußte ſelbſt ein Sieg den geſchlagenen Feind nach dem Innern von Sachſen treiben, und ein aus Franken vorgedrungenes Corps konnte auch dann noch durch eine raſche Unternehmung auf Dresden uns die gewonnene Schlacht theuer bezahlen laſſen. Aber es war kaum möglich, in einem ſchriftlichen Rapporte alle dieſe Umſtände deutlich genug aus einander zu ſetzen; das Local ſelbſt hinderte die Ausführung, denn in Hohlſtädt hatte ſich das Preußiſche Huſarenregiment Schimmelpfennig einquartiert, und kaum dem commandirenden General ein ſchlechtes Stübchen eingeräumt, die übrigen Officiere aber in einem engen Raum zuſammengedrängt. Es wurde daher beſchloſſen, einen der Adjutanten mit ſchriftlicher Beglaubigung und mündlichen Aufträgen nach Dresden zu ſenden, vorher aber dem Fürſten Hohenlohe von dieſem Schritte Nachricht zu geben.

Da der General ſich nicht entſchließen konnte, perſönlich mit dem Fürſten zu reden, ſo befahl er dem ſoeben von Apolda und Weimar eintreffenden Commiſſariatsdirector, Geheimen Kriegsrath Moſer von Wagsdorf, der immer vorzüglich von dem Fürſten ausgezeichnet worden war, ſowie dem erſten Adjutanten, es an ſeiner Stelle zu thun. Beide ritten am 13. früh nach Capellendorf, wo ebenſo große Unordnung herrſchte, als in Hohlſtädt, weil das Cuiraſſierregiment Bünting ſich daſelbſt gleichfalls eigenmächtig einquartiert, und dem Fürſten nur zwei Zimmer, dieſe jedoch im Schloſſe, für ſich und ſein zahlreiches Gefolge eingeräumt hatte.

Die beiden Sachſen wurden anfangs abgewieſen, weil der Fürſt noch im Bette und beſchäftigt wäre; da ſie aber erklärten, warten zu wollen, ließ man ſie in das Vorderzimmer treten, wo ſie ſchnell von dem ganzen Perſonal des Generalſtabes umringt und ſehr neugierig betrachtet wurden; es war in die Augen fallend, daß man ihr Anbringen ahnete. Einer der Herren fragte ſogar ziemlich zweideutig, ob ſie etwa Beſorgniſſe über die Lage der Dinge hätten? Es werde ſich bald Alles entſcheiden; aber freilich müſſe man einige kleine Beſchwerden, ein unbequemes Quartier, oder eine ſchlechte Mahlzeit nicht achten, und nicht gleich wegen eines Bivouaks Ach und Weh ſchreien. Die Sachſen ſchienen dieß noch nicht gewohnt zu ſeyn u. ſ. w. Herr von Wagsdorf antwortete ihm, und da er ſich in die Enge getrieben fühlte, brach er mit dem Gemeinſpruche ab: „Das Alles iſt nichts, ein Mann von Herz iſt ſtets Herr ſeines Schickſals.“ Der Major Moſer kam mit Thränen in den Augen, faßte die beiden Sachſen bei der Hand und ſagte leiſe: „Ich weiß, was ſie wollen, Sie haben nur zu ſehr Recht; aber um Gottes Willen jetzt keine Zwietracht, nur jetzt nicht, es ſteht Alles auf dem Spiele!“ Der Oberſt Maſſenbach ging unaufhörlich um ſie herum, betrachtete ſie ſehr aufmerkſam und ſchwieg: aus den Augen der Uebrigen blickte die geſpannteſte Neugierde hervor.

Endlich wurden die Abgeſchickten zu dem Fürſten berufen, der noch im Bette lag, und einen Feldjäger nebſt ſeinem Kammerdiener bei ſich hatte; er rief ihnen ſogleich entgegen, „jetzt ſei keine Zeit zu Reclamationen, er ſei mit einem wichtigen Rapporte an den Herzog von Braunſchweig beſchäftigt, und könne keine Klagen über Hunger anhören, die ohnedieß übertrieben wären, und denen er durch die heutige Fouragirung abhelfen würde. Uebrigens habe der König die Truppen mit Gemüſe begnadigt, und er wolle noch, um ſeine gute Intention zu zeigen, einige Tonnen Branntwein auf eigene Koſten hinzufügen.“ Mit dieſen Worten verabſchiedete er ſie; der Geh. Kriegsrath von Wagsdorf ſagte hierauf: Sie würden die Stunde erwarten, wo es Sr. Durchlaucht gefallen würde, ſie anzuhören, indem ſie gekommen wären, ihm zu melden, daß der Sächſiſche General ſoeben einen Courier mit einer getreuen Darſtellung der Lage der Dinge nach Dresden abzuſenden im Begriff wäre.

In dieſem Augenblicke trat der Oberſt Maſſenbach herein, und der Fürſt hieß den Feldjäger und den Kammerdiener hinausgehen. „Und worüber, fuhr er nun fort, ſoll ſich dieſe Darſtellung verbreiten?“ Herr von Wagsdorf machte ihm nun einen kurzen Abriß der Verpflegungsanſtalten und der Begebenheiten, wodurch nicht nur alle Magazine verloren, ſondern auch die Sachſen nun ſchon vier Tage mitten in einem fruchtbaren Lande dem Hunger preisgegeben wären; er ſchloß mit der Gefahr, welcher man Dresden ausgeſetzt hätte, und mit dem Vorſatze des Generals Zeſchwitz, wenn die Truppen nicht noch heute Brod bekämen, mit dem Corps aufzubrechen, und zum Schutze der Hauptſtadt nach Dresden zu marſchiren. — Während dieſer Rede verrieth der Oberſt Maſſenbach merkliche Zeichen des Beifalls und innerlicher Freude; der Fürſt aber gerieth in einen heftigen Zorn. Er ſagte dem G. KR. Wagsdorf, das Erſte wären Commiſſariatsſachen, über welche er ſich mit der Preußiſchen Verpflegungsbehörde ſtreiten möchte. „Sie aber, fuhr er gegen den Adjutanten fort, frage ich als einen Militär, der die Geſetze der Subordination noch nicht vergeſſen hat, ob der General Zeſchwitz wohl weiß, daß ein Schritt ihm den Kopf koſten kann? — Eben deshalb, antwortete der Adjutant, wird er ihn ſeinem Herrn bringen, der allein das Recht hat, über ihn zu richten.“ Es erfolgte eine Pauſe; dann begann der Fürſt wieder in einem beſänftigten Tone: „Glaubt Ihr denn, daß ich auf Roſen gebettet bin? Wenn Ihr wüßtet, was ich für Sachſen gethan habe, Ihr würdet ganz anders über mich urtheilen. Sachſens wegen habe ich mich mit dem Herzoge entzweit und die Ungnade des Königs riskirt, indem ich mich dem Plane, daß Tauentzien ſich auf Dresden zurückziehen und den Feind auf dieſe Seite locken ſollte, damit wir von hier aus ihm, vielleicht zu ſpät, in die Flanke fallen könnten, mit aller Macht widerſetzte. Ich habe von jeher auf der Operation über Zwickau beſtanden; aber man hat mich nicht gehört. Kann ich dafür, daß man Sachſen entblößt hat, und ſoll ich darunter leiden?“ Die beiden Abgeſchickten ſtellten ihm vor, daß dadurch die Gefahr für Sachſen nicht vermindert würde; daß eine verhungerte Armee ſich unmöglich mit Ehren ſchlagen könnte; daß aber jetzt noch die Oeffnung wäre, über Querfurt Leipzig zu erreichen, ehe ein beträchtliches Corps des Feindes dahin käme, und dann an der Elbe eine angemeſſene Stellung zu nehmen. — „Halt! rief der Fürſt hier, ich will Euch einen Mittelweg ſagen: ich befehle ſogleich, daß meine Preußen von den Rationen und Portionen, die ſie heute in Weimar faſſen, Euch eine abgeben; das Bataillon in Erfurt wird ſofort zurückgerufen, ich ſchicke den Oberſten Maſſenbach mit einem Rapporte nach Weimar, denn morgen iſt Bataille; und Ihr gebt mir Euer Ehrenwort, daß der General noch 24 Stunden wartet, ehe er abmarſchirt; denn Ihr werdet es doch nicht rühmlich finden, mich am Tage der Bataille zu verlaſſen.“

Gegen dieſe Gründe ſchien ihnen keine Einwendung ſchicklich, und ſie gaben gern das geforderte Verſprechen, da die Drohung des Abmarſches doch nur das einzige Mittel geweſen war, die Armee vor der Auflöſung aus Hunger, oder vor dem Schimpfe einer Niederlage ohne Kräfte zur Gegenwehr zu bewahren.

Als der G. K.R. von Wagsdorf und der Adjutant nach Hohlſtädt zurückkamen, genehmigte der General Zeſchwitz ihr gegebenes Verſprechen, beſchloß aber, den Courier dennoch nach Dresden zu ſchicken; der Major von Egidy, der ihnen gefolgt war, ſtimmte ſelbſt dazu, nur glaubte er, daß der General den erſten Adjutanten bei den wahrſcheinlich bevorſtehenden entſcheidenden Auftritten nicht wohl würde entbehren können, womit dieſer natürlich auch ſehr zufrieden war. Es wurde daher an ſeiner Stelle der Brigademajor Premierlieutenant von Globig mit den nöthigen Inſtructionen abgeſchickt, und der Major Egidy begab ſich wieder zu dem Fürſten Hohenlohe.

Der commandirende General ritt nunmehr nach dem Lager; aber kaum hatte er es im Geſichte, als er einen weiten Bogen zu machen begann, um nicht von den Soldaten geſehen zu werden. Bei der bevorſtehenden Criſis war die Stimmung der gemeinen Mannſchaft zu wichtig, um nicht Alles zu thun, ſie beim Guten zu erhalten. Die Adjutanten baten daher den General, nahe am Lager hinzureiten und den herausgetretenen Soldaten einige freundliche Worte zu ſagen; er ließ ſich endlich dazu bereden, und ob er gleich ſehr einſilbig war, ſo that doch ſchon ſeine Erſcheinung die beſte Wirkung. Sein Gefolge unterhielt ſich mit den Officieren laut genug, daß es die Gemeinen hören konnten, ſprach von Gemüſe, Brod und Branntwein, welches Alles unverzüglich kommen, von der nahen Schlacht, die allen Beſchwerden ein Ende machen würde, und da zufällig gerade einige Wagen in der Ferne erblickt wurden, die in der That einige Lebensmittel und Brod brachten, welches Herr von Wagsdorf, der noch am vorigen Abende nach Weimar geritten war, von den Preußiſchen Magazinen erpreßt hatte, ſo kehrte der gute Muth ſchnell wieder zurück. Eine Meinung, die man nicht beſtritt, trug dazu bei, die nämlich, daß die Feinde Bedenken trügen, uns anzugreifen, da ſie uns das ſo gefährliche Defilee von Münchenbernsdorf ungeſtört hatten paſſiren laſſen. Alles war vergnügt und rückte fröhlich vor die Fronte, als man ein ziemlich heftiges Feuer von der Gegend von Kloswitz und Zwätzen her hörte. Wir ſetzten voraus, daß unſere Fouragierer dort mit dem Feinde handgemein wären.

Da es durchaus nöthig war, die Regimenter an beſtimmte Commandanten zu verweiſen, ſo wurden die Augenblicke der gegenwärtigen Muße dazu angewendet. Die Generale Nieſemeuſchel und Burgsdorf übernahmen den Befehl über die Bataillone der erſten Linie, der General Dyherrn über die Regimenter Churfürſt, Xavier und Clemens. Die Grenadiere ſtanden auf höhere Anordnung unter dem General Cerrini, der Reſt der Infanterie war an den General Tauentzien gewieſen, deſſen Befehle ſie noch immer erwartete. Die Cavallerie des Lagers ſtand unter dem Generallieutenant von Zeſchwitz, die Regimenter des Tauentzienſchen Corps unter dem Generalmajor von Senfft.

Die Adjutanten des commandirenden Generals wünſchten ſich einige nähere Kenntniß von der Gegend zu verſchaffen; aber er war nicht zu bewegen, ſich von der Chauſſee zwiſchen der Schnecke und Kötſchau zu entfernen, und erlaubte auch ihnen nicht, von ihm zu weichen. Das immer nachdrücklicher werdende Feuer des kleinen Gewehres und der Artillerie machte jedoch die Lage bedenklich, da man hier ohne alle Inſtruction, ohne Ordres, ohne Kenntniß der Abſichten des Feldherrn, der Stellung der Armee, des Bodens und deſſen, was vorging, in leidender Erwartung ſtand. Auf beiden Seiten des Mühlthales erblickte man deutlich auf den Höhen Truppenzüge, die nach ihrer Richtung unmöglich Preußen ſeyn konnten. Dieſer Umſtand ließ vorausſetzen, daß Jena von den letztern geräumt ſeyn müſſe; denn daß dieß bereits in der Nacht geſchehen ſei, hatte man uns nicht bekannt gemacht. Der General hoffte ängſtlich auf den Major Egidy (Quartiermeiſter der Sachſen), der ihm verſprochen hatte, in Kurzem zurückzukehren, ſich aber den ganzen Tag nicht ſehen ließ. Man ſchickte vergeblich aus, um nur zu erfahren, wo der Fürſt Hohenlohe zu finden wäre; Niemand wußte Nachricht von ihm zu geben, und mehrere Preußiſche Officiere, die von des Königs Armee, oder von unſerem rechten Flügel kamen, ſuchten ihn bei den Sachſen, hielten ſich aber nicht auf, und gaben auch keine zuſammenhängenden Nachrichten. Das Feuer wurde nun ſchon deutlich auf den gegenüber liegenden Höhen von Cospeda gehört, und Infanterieofficiere erzählten ſich unter einander, der Fürſt habe Unterſtützung holen laſſen. Es war durchaus nöthig, einige Erkundigung einzuziehen, und der General erlaubte endlich ſeinem erſten Adjutanten, ſich Kenntniß von den Vorgängen zu verſchaffen zu ſuchen. Dieſer begegnete dem Generall. Zeſchwitz, der ſelbſt gejagt kam, um zu melden, daß er den Reſt der reitenden Artillerie, ſowie die Regimenter Albert und Polenz an den General Cerrini habe abgeben müſſen; er war ſehr aufgebracht, daß man ihm die Cavallerie nähme, ohne zu ſagen, zu welchem Zwecke, und wollte Nachrichten haben, die man ſelbſt nicht wußte. Der Adjutant ſuchte nun die Grenadiere, die aber abmarſchirt waren. Da der Commandirende von alle dem nichts wußte, ſo hielt er es für nöthig, ihn vorläufig davon zu benachrichtigen. Bei ſeiner Rückkehr kam ihm der Lieutenant Lehmann*) entgegen, und zeigte ihm feindliche Colonnen, die ſich in dem Winterleite-Thale hinzogen, und uns zu umgehen drohten. Er bemerkte dabei, dieß ſei ein Beweis, daß die Gegenden von Magdala, Ammerbach und Burgau verlaſſen ſeyn müßten, was ſich auch nachher beſtätigt fand, und daß wir Gefahr liefen, in beiden Flanken zugleich attakirt zu werden. — Ein Angriff auf dieſe, dem Anſchein nach bloß aus Infanterie beſtehenden Colonnen, von einigen Escadrons ausgeführt, hätte die Abſicht des Feindes vereiteln können; aber dazu hatte der Sächſiſche General keine Vollmacht; deſto nothwendiger aber ſchien ihm eine Meldung davon an den Fürſten Hohenlohe; ſie wurde einem Ordonnanzofficier in die Schreibtafel geſchrieben, und dieſer ritt, den Fürſten aufzuſuchen, indeß der Adjutant vorging, um die feindlichen Truppen näher zu beobachten. Er begegnete einem Preußiſchen Officier, der den Generallieutenant von Grawert aufſuchte. Beide waren ſo glücklich, ihn zu finden, und der General fand dieſen Umſtand um ſo mehr bedenklich, da die Vertiefung des Bodens bereits die Franzoſen verbarg, und er ſelbſt ſich von Magdala abgezogen hatte, wo jedoch nach ihm das Corps des Generals Blücher eingerückt ſeyn ſollte. Er verſprach, das Füſilierbataillon Boguslawski und einige Schwadronen Pila-Huſaren zu ſchicken, welche ſich von dem rechten Flügel der Sachſen vorwärts gegen Schwabhauſen aufſtellen ſollten. Nach einiger Zeit kam er ſelbſt mit ihnen zurück, und verwies die Commandanten laut und ausdrücklich an die Ordre des Sächſiſchen Generals, indem er ihnen zugleich den Adjutanten deſſelben namentlich und perſönlich bekannt machte, um jedem Mißverſtändniſſe vorzubeugen. Er ſagte dieſem zugleich, daß er mit ſeinen Truppen hinter dem Sächſiſchen rechten Flügel ſtehe, und eilte dann, den Fürſten Hohenlohe aufzuſuchen. — Schon begann der Tag ſich zu neigen, als der Ordonnanzofficier mit einer ſchriftlichen Nachricht des Major Egidy zurückkam, des Inhalts: Der Sächſiſche General möchte ruhig auf dem Poſten über der Schnecke ſtehen bleiben, und ſeine Sicherheitsmaßregeln nehmen; die feindliche Bewegung gegen Schwabhauſen habe nichts zu bedeuten. Der Fürſt führe ſo eben eine Unternehmung gegen Dornburg aus, und werde die mitgenommenen Truppen, ſowie die von Fouragirung zurückkehrenden, in Kurzem wieder in das Sächſiſche Lager ſenden.

Man beſchäftigte ſich nun mit der Placirung der Feldwachen, und weil die jenſeits des Iſſerſtädter Grundes liegenden Anhöhen bereits in feindlichen Händen zu ſeyn ſchienen, ſo wurde es nöthig, unſere linke Flanke zu decken. Auf den Rath des Lieutenants Lehmann ſtellten die Adjutanten des commandirenden Generals das erſte Bataillon Riedemeuſchel an den Rand dieſes Grundes, mit dem linken Flügel gegen das Liskauer Thal, und das erſte Bataillon Low an den ſtumpfen Winkel oberhalb und rechts der Schnecke. Sie waren da durch kleine Tannenwäldchen verſteckt und hatten ihre Poſten am Abhange tief in die Gründe hinein. Eine Escadron Polenz, unter dem Major Wangenheim, kam nach Iſſerſtädt, und 80 Pferde der Carabiniers und Kochtitzki, nebſt den Schützen der Infanterie, ſtellte der Rittmeiſter von Kaisky vor dem Lager auf, wo ſie ſich rechts an die Vorpoſten des Oberſten Boguslawski anſchloſſen.

Es war Nacht geworden und der General nach Hohlſtädt zurückgekehrt, ehe dies Alles zu Stande kam. Hier fand ſich der Major Egidy ein, der die vergangene Nacht zu Capellendorf in einem Garten hatte zubringen müſſen, und jetzt ſich bei ſeinen Landsleuten des Generalſtabes einquartierte. Er erzählte, daß der Fürſt Hohenlohe in ſeiner Unternehmung nur bis auf die Höhen von Zimmern gekommen wäre, von da aber die ſämmtlichen Sächſiſchen Truppen in das Lager zurückgeſchickt hätte, wußte aber weiter keine einzelnen Umſtände anzugeben. Niemand hatte übrigens einen Befehl erhalten, und man ſuchte in der ungewiſſen Erwartung einige Stunden Ruhe, um ſich auf die Begebenheiten des folgenden Tages vorzubereiten. Brod auf einen Tag war am 13. vertheilt worden. — In der Nacht halb 1 Uhr meldete ſich ein Preußiſcher Officier bei dem General Zeſchwitz, und bat um ein Zeugniß, daß er da geweſen ſei, weil er bei ſeiner Rückkehr von einer Verſendung in Weimar weder des Königs Majeſtät, noch deſſen Armee gefunden und auch keine Anweiſung erhalten habe, wohin ſie marſchirt ſei. Dieß war der erſte Wink, den der Sächſiſche General von den Bewegungen der Preußen erhielt.

Weder von den Truppen der Fouragirung, noch von der Infanterie, die mit dem Generalmajor Cerrini ausgerückt war, ging einige Nachricht ein; gegen 3 Uhr früh am 14. ließ aber der Generall. Zeſchwitz aus dem Lager melden, daß die Vorpoſten im Mühlthale, wo übrigens die tiefſte Stille herrſche, ſehr viel fahren hörten, und aus dem Geräuſche dabei ſchlöſſen, daß das Fuhrwerk von Jena herwärts käme. Der Adjutant des Generals ſprach darüber mit dem Major Egidy und Lieutenant Lehmann, und der Letzte antwortete gleich: „Geben Sie Acht, die Franzoſen fahren in aller Stille ihre Kanonen bis in die Bergſchluchten, um ſie mit Anbruch des Tages hinaufzubringen, und ſobald ſie gefrühſtückt haben, werden ſie uns angreifen." Die beiden Andern ſtimmten dieſer Meinung bei, und der Adjutant ſchlug vor, mit einer ſtarken Cavallerieabtheilung in den Grund zu gehen, und über das Geſchütz herzufallen. Der Lieutenant Lehmann theilte dieſe Anſicht, indem er bemerkte, im Dunkeln wären die Tirailleurs nicht gefährlich. Man ging zu dem General; hier aber äußerte der Major Egidy, es ſei doch nicht rathſam, eine ſolche Unternehmung ohne Befehl des Fürſten zu wagen, der die Abſicht haben könne, die Feinde hervorzulocken und in eine Falle gehen zu laſſen; er erbot ſich aber, ſogleich zu dem Fürſten zu reiten und ihm die Sache vorzutragen, wobei er verſprach, unverzüglich zurückzukommen, weil er den heutigen ganzen Tag bei ſeinen Landsleuten zuzubringen hoffte. Dieß war dem Commandanten ſehr angenehm, und er erlaubte nun ſeinem erſten Adjutanten, an die Schnecke vorzureiten, und den Grund der Meldung näher zu unterſuchen; es konnte 4 Uhr ſeyn, als dieſer dort ankam, der Lieutenant Lehmann folgte ihm auf dem Fuße. Das Geräuſch der Räder war noch in einiger Ferne hörbar, und abgeſchickte kleine Patrouillen meldeten, daß bis an die Papiermühle im Mühlthale Alles ruhig ſei.

Der Lieutenant Lehmann blieb bei ſeiner Meinung, und ſchloß aus der folgenden Ruhe nur, daß die Franzoſen das Geſchütz in die Schluchten von Cospeda gebracht hätten, und daß folglich der Angriff dort nicht bei uns anfangen würde. Die Feinde, meinte er, würden oberhalb Iſſerſtädt debouchiren, das Hohenlohiſche Corps dort zurückdrängen, dann ſich gegen die Sachſen wenden, zu gleicher Zeit über Schwabhauſen hervorbrechen und uns ſodann in die Mitte nehmen. Der Erfolg beſtätigte buchſtäblich ſeine richtige Anſicht. Auf die Frage: was dabei zu thun wäre? antwortete er: „Für den Sächſiſchen General nichts, weil er Ordre hätte, ſtehen zu bleiben; aber der Fürſt Hohenlohe werde ſich wohl mit dem ganzen Corps zurückziehen, um die Arrièregarde des Königs zu machen, der allem Vermuthen nach über Halle nach Deſſau zurückgehe, weil ihm nach dem Verluſte von Naumburg nichts Anderes übrig bleibe, als ſich an der Elbe zu ſetzen." Er machte zugleich den Adjutanten aufmerkſam, daß man auch kein einziges feindliches Wachfeuer erblicke, indeß die Preußiſchen überall hell aufloderten; aber es gelang ihm nicht, aus der Richtung derſelben einen klaren Begriff von der Stellung des Corps zuſammenſetzen, da ſie ohne Plan, verwirrt durch einander laufend, ſich darſtellten. Der anbrechende Tag, der mit einem dichten Nebel begleitet war, machte den Ueberlegungen ein Ende.

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*) Derſelbe, der ſich durch ſeine Lehre von der Situationszeichnung einen Namen machte; er ſtarb 1811 als Major des Sächſiſchen Generalſtabes.

Der Major Egidy hatte den Abmarſch der königlichen Armee durchaus nicht glauben wollen, und einen Ordonnanzofficier mitgenommen, um, im Fall ihn der Fürſt Hohenlohe aufhielte, durch dieſen ſofort Nachricht geben zu laſſen. Um 5 Uhr erſchien der General vor dem Lager, und gegen 6 brachte der Ordonnanzofficier folgendes Billet des Major Egidy: „Der Fürſt glaubt nicht, daß heute ein ernſtlicher Angriff hier erfolgen werde. Indeſſen ſoll ſich Alles bereit halten, doch aber im Lager bleiben, und nur durch Sicherheitspatrouillen und Poſten die Puncte des Iſerſtädter Grundes, der Schnecke und des Schwabhäuſer Grundes beobachtet und geſichert werden. Tauenzien ſteht noch bei Closwitz, Rüchel bei Umpferſtädt, Oberſt Zellin mit wenigen leichten Pferden zwiſchen Rüchel und uns. Grawert ſteht unverrückt in ſeinem Lager bei Capellendorf. Ew. Excellenz werden von dem Fürſten erſucht, ſich mit ihm in Verbindung zu ſetzen. — Der König will heute die Unſtrut bei Laucha und Freiburg paſſiren, Blücher iſt bereits bis Auerſtädt marſchirt, der Herzog von Weimar zieht ſich aber jetzt vom Gebirge auf Rüchel bei Weimar zurück. Die Puncte von Camburg und Dornburg ſollen durch Preußiſche Grenadiere geſichert ſeyn. — Unſere Grenadiere und die Regimenter Polenz und Albert ſollen noch geſtern Abends wieder ins Lager gerückt ſeyn, ſo daß Ew. Excellenz über ſie disponiren können. Der Fürſt wünſcht übrigens, daß die Leute im Lager ſo wenig als möglich fatigirt werden. — Ich ſoll beim Fürſten bleiben, um noch mehrere Renſeignements von Wichtigkeit zu erhalten, dann kehre ich ſofort zu Ew. Excellenz zurück. Egidy.“

Dieſes Billet enthielt ziemlich deutlich folgende Befehle: 1) daß das Lager nicht abgebrochen werden; 2) daß der General Zeſchwitz bis zu der erwarteten Ankunft des Majors Egidy, oder wenigſtens bis auf weiteren Befehl des Fürſten Hohenlohe nichts vornehmen; 3) aber unterdeſſen die Truppen ausrücken laſſen und ſich mit dem Generallieutenant von Grawert in Verbindung ſetzen ſollte. Auffallend war dabei die große Sicherheit des Fürſten, die auf den geringen Abſtand von dem Feinde nicht recht paſſenden anbefohlenen Sicherheitsmaßregeln, da man nothwendig hätte weiter patrouilliren ſollen, die angegebene Richtung des Marſches der königlichen Armee auf Naumburg, und der Umſtand, daß man gehört hatte, Dornburg und Camburg wären bereits verlaſſen. Dem Oberbefehlshaber konnte dieſes nicht unbekannt ſeyn, und der Major Egidy hatte ſich darüber ziemlich unbeſtimmt ausgedrückt. Auch war noch gar keine Meldung von dem Wiedereinrücken der geſtern ausgerückten fünf Grenadierbataillons eingegangen, bloß die Regimenter Albert und Polenz waren zurückgekehrt.

Der General Zeſchwitz ſchickte nun ſeine Cavallerieadjutanten ab; den erſten an den Generallieutenant Grawert, den andern, um von jenen Truppen Nachricht einzuziehen. Er hörte ſpäter, daß die Grenadiere nebſt dem 1. Bataillon Prinz Friedrich Auguſt, dem 1. Bat. von Rechten und der reitenden Batterie unter dem Commando des Generals Cerrini bei Closwitz ſtehen geblieben wären; Meldung hat er nie darüber erhalten.

Der erſte Adjutant begegnete dem Major von Glaubitz, von Krafft Dragoner, den der General Grawert mit der Nachricht abgeſchickt hatte, daß er ſoeben mit ſeinem Corps links abmarſchire. Die anbefohlene Verbindung hörte dadurch auf; da es aber wahrſcheinlich wurde, daß der Generallieutenant von Rüchel die Stelle der Grawertſchen Diviſion erſetzen würde, ſo verſprach der Major Glaubitz den Rapport, den er darüber machen würde, dem Sächſiſchen General zur Anſicht und weiteren Beförderung zuzuſenden.

Um 6 Uhr war das Feuer auf den Höhen von Closwitz angegangen, und bald ziemlich heftig geworden; aus dem Klange der Schüſſe urtheilte der Lieutenant Lehmann, daß nur die Preußen mit Kanonen feuerten, und ſchloß daraus, daß das Franzöſiſche Geſchütz noch in den Bergſchluchten ſtecke, welches auch in der Folge ſich beſtätigt hat. Gegen 9 Uhr hörte man auch in weiter Ferne ſchießen, und als der Nebel gefallen war, ſtieg in der Gegend von Jena eine ſtarke Rauchſäule in die Höhe. Da das Echo der Berge den Schall vervielfältigte, ſo war es unmöglich, daraus einen Schluß auf die uns ganz unbekannte Stellung der Armee zu ziehen. Einige wollten aus der Rauchwolke ſchließen, man ſchlage ſich im Saalthale, und ein Dorf oder die Stadt Jena ſei dabei in Brand gerathen; Andere überließen ſich der Freude, weil der Schall ſich zu entfernen ſchien; der Lieutenant Lehmann hingegen, der allein eine dunkle, aber doch im Allgemeinen richtige Idee von der Lage der Dinge hatte, meinte, als er befragt wurde, daß aus dem Saalthale nur der Widerhall heraufſtönen könne, obgleich in Jena Feuer zu ſeyn ſcheine, daß er aber drei Angriffe zu unterſcheiden glaube, den einen, den wir vor uns ſähen, den anderen entfernteren auf den Höhen über Dornburg, der dritte müſſe aber viel weiter, und wahrſcheinlich bei des Königs Armee ſeyn. Das Zurückweichen des Schalles hielte er für ein zweideutiges Zeichen, weil es der Direction gemäß eher auf einen Rückzug nach Apolda, als auf ein Vordringen gegen Dornburg ſchließen laſſe. — Da man bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten nicht immer die Uhr in den Händen hat, und durch zu viele Gegenſtände zerſtreut wird, ſo iſt es möglich, daß in dieſer Darſtellung der Begebenheiten des 14. Octobers, wie ſie bei dem Sächſiſchen Corps über der Schnecke beobachtet werden konnten, hier und da die Zeitfolge verfehlt ſeyn, und die Feuersbrunſt in Jena ſpäter ausgebrochen ſeyn dürfte; doch kann der Irrthum nicht beträchtlich ſeyn.

Da der Commandirende in raſtloſer Unruhe ſich unaufhörlich auf dem Raume zwiſchen Kötſchau und der Schnecke hin- und herbewegte, wo ihm gar keine Nachrichten von dem, was vorging, zukamen, ſo hielten es einige ſeiner Adjutanten für nöthig, ſich durch ihre eigenen Augen davon zu unterrichten. Einer derſelben ritt daher hinter Iſerſtädt hin, und fand, daß auch das Regiment Prinz Max, das 2. Bataillon Rechten und das Grenadierbataillon Winkel von ihrem Biwouak abgerufen und dem General Tauenzien zur Unterſtützung geſchickt waren. Der Commandirende glaubte ſie noch immer an ihrer Stelle, hinter dem rechten Flügel ſeiner Infanterie. Die Regimenter Churfürſt, Xavier und Clemens, deſſen zweites Bataillon nur eben von Erfurt angekommen war, hatten ſich gleichfalls ohne Vorwiſſen des Generals auf einen erhaltenen Preußiſchen Befehl aus dem zweiten Treffen weggezogen, um hinter dem rechten Flügel des Generals Grawert eine Reſerve zu bilden; ſie hatten die Batterie Kotſch bei ſich, und der Generalmajor von Dyherrn commandirte ſie. Noch mehr links ſtanden die Regimenter Kochtitzki Cüraſſiere, Polenz und Albert Chevauxlegers, nebſt 3 Schwadronen Huſaren, und weiterhin Preußiſche Cavallerie; die 3 Schwadronen Carabiniers machten allein noch die Verbindung mit dem Sächſiſchen Corps. Obgleich dieſe Stellung im Ganzen zweckmäßig war, ſo blieb es doch befremdend, daß kein Sächſiſcher Infanteriegeneral dem Commandirenden eine Meldung machte, wenn er auf die mündliche Ordre eines oft unbekannten Preußiſchen Officiers ſeinen Poſten verließ; die ſo nachtheilige Zerſplitterung der Sächſiſchen Armee bei dem nachherigen Rückzuge war die Folge davon.

Die Armee des Fürſten rückte ſoeben vor, als der Adjutant zu dem General Zeſchwitz zurückkehrte, der nun nur noch acht Bataillons Infanterie bei ſich hatte. — Da man vermuthen mußte, daß die dem Iſerſtädter Grunde gegenüberliegenden Anhöhen verlaſſen wären, und man einen Angriff von dieſer Seite vorausſehen konnte, ſo rückte das zweite Bataillon Bevilaqua an den Rand eines etwas rückwärts liegenden Gehölzes dergeſtalt vor, daß es den Bataillonen Low und Nieſemeuſchel, die am Abhange ſtanden, rechts und links zur Unterſtützung dienen konnte; die Bataillonskanonen wurden ſo aufgeſtellt, daß ſie die aus dem Dorfe Iſerſtädt kommenden Wege und die Oeffnung des Mühlthales beſtreichen konnten. Eine der Batterien richtete ſich ein, aus gehöriger Entfernung die flache Abdachung des Feldes zwiſchen den Gebüſchen und dem Lager, ſowie die Chauſſee zu beſchießen, die fünf übrigen Bataillons bildeten einen Haken, halb gegen Schwabhauſen und halb gegen den Flohberg; die Zelte wurden abgebrochen und zurückgeſchickt, und gegen das Dorf Iſerſtädt, welches allerdings den Schlüſſel zu unſerer Stellung enthielt, richtete man die Batterie Ernſt und die Carabiniers. Von der Seite von Romſtädt her glaubte man nichts beſorgen zu dürfen, ſo lange die Hohenlohiſche Armee zwiſchen Iſerſtädt und Vierzehnheiligen ſtand. Der Lieutenant Lehmann ſchlug dieſe Stellung vor, der General Zeſchwitz ließ ſie ſich gefallen und ſeine Adjutanten führten ſie aus; aber es war ihnen unmöglich, die Bataillons Nieſemeuſchel und Low dahin zu bringen, daß ſie ſich von dem Kamme der Anhöhen, wo ſie den Schüſſen der feindlichen Tirailleurs bloßgeſtellt waren, etwa 30 bis 40 Schritte über die runde Abdachung an die kleinen Tannenwäldchen zurückziehen möchten. Die Officiere, mit dem Hauptmann von Tettenborn, Adjutant des Generallieutenants von Nieſemeuſchel, an der Spitze, behaupteten, dieſe Maßregel würde die Leute muthlos machen, weil ſie dann nicht ſehen könnten, was im Grunde vorginge. Die Vorſtellung, daß ſie am Rande zwar in den Grund, aber nicht in die einzelnen Schluchten deſſelben und durch die Gebüſche blicken könnten, dabei den Schützen aus dem gegenüberliegenden waldigen Abhange ausgeſetzt wären, und folglich an dem Tannengebüſch eigentlich weit beſſer, doch wenigſtens bis an den Rand vor ſich ſehen würden, daß der Grund mit Schützen beſetzt wäre, und ſie dieſen durch ihre gegenwärtige Stellung das Heraufklimmen erſchwerten, Alles blieb fruchtlos: ſie beſtanden auf ihrem Sinn, und verloren dadurch eine Menge Menſchen, ohne ihren Feinden ſchaden zu können. In Benutzung des Terrains war unſere Infanterie noch unendlich hinter den Franzoſen zurück.

Noch immer hatte man weder den Major Egidy geſehen, noch irgend einen Verhaltungsbefehl bekommen, und ſchon konnte 11 Uhr vorbei ſeyn; der erſte Adjutant des commandirenden Generals ritt daher noch einmal vor, um ſich umzuſehen, und wo möglich bis zu dem Fürſten Hohenlohe zu kommen. Als er ſich dem Dorfe Iſſerſtädt näherte, ſtürzten Preußiſche Jäger ihm entgegen mit dem Geſchrei, der Feind ſei da! Er hielt ſtill; da aber Alles im Dorfe ruhig war, ritt er den Jägern nach, und überredete ſie, wieder in das Dorf zu gehen; es war ein falſcher Lärm geweſen. Die Regimenter unter dem General Dyherrn und die Cavallerie fand er noch auf dem vorigen Platze, und die ganze Infanterielinie des Fürſten Hohenlohe war im Gefechte. Er ſuchte dieſen von Vierzehnheiligen bis nahe an Iſſerſtädt vergeblich, weil er an jedem Orte in dem Augenblicke ankam, wo der Fürſt ihn verlaſſen hatte, und ihm nur in entgegengeſetzter Richtung hätte begegnen können. Auf dem rechten Flügel ſtanden die Bataillone Winkel, 1 und 2 Mar und 2 Rechten bereits im Feuer. Sie waren dem General Tauenzien zu Hülfe geſchickt worden; da dieſer aber ſchon von Closwitz zurückgeſchlagen war, behielt ſie der Gen. Grawert bei ſich, und der General Cerrini ſetzte ſich an ihre Spitze. Ob die fünf Grenadierbataillone und die beiden erſten Bataillone von Prinz Friedrich und Rechten, welche letzterer General vorher angeführt hatte, bei dem General Tauenzien geblieben waren, konnte der Adjutant nicht erfahren; aber er fand die Truppen ſehr vergnügt, weil der Feind zu weichen ſchien. Sie waren jedoch in einer Vertiefung, und konnten nicht wiſſen, was hinter dem vorliegenden hohen Felde vorging.

Indem der Adjutant zurückritt, ſah er die Regimenter Kochtitzky und Albert abſchwenken, und im vollen Trabe gegen Vierzehnheiligen vorreiten; zugleich begegnete er dem Lieutenant von François vom Regiment Thümmel, den der Fürſt abgeſchickt hatte, dem General Zezſchwitz zu ſagen, der Feind würde auf allen Puncten zurückgetrieben, und ihn zugleich um einige Munitionswagen zu erſuchen. — Von der Höhe, welche der Adjutant jetzt erreicht hatte, entdeckte man deutlich auf dem gegenüberliegenden runden Bergrücken, zwiſchen Vierzehnheiligen und dem Iſſerſtädter Forſte, eine Maſſe Artillerie und Tirailleurs: er eilte daher, die gerade im Schuß ſtehenden 3 Schwadronen Huſaren und das Regiment Polenz davon zu benachrichtigen. Er rieth dem Oberſtlieutenant von Ende, eine kurze Strecke vorwärts die Höhe herabzureiten, wo die Kugeln über ſie weggehen würden, und als er dem Generallieutenant von Polenz dieſelbe Meinung mittheilen wollte, kam ihm dieſes Regiment ſchon in Front im Trabe entgegen. Er erfuhr, daß es auf Befehl des Fürſten Hohenlohe vorginge, und folgte ihm eine Strecke, als ſchon die Kanonenkugeln hinter demſelben aufſchlugen; bald hörte er auch die kleinen Kugeln pfeifen. Dieſe ſchienen ihm ganz nahe aus dem Iſſerſtädter Forſte herzukommen; er fürchtete, daß die Cavallerie hier in die Flanke genommen werden und der General Zezſchwitz nach dem Verluſte des nun ganz entblößten Iſſerſtädts von den übrigen Truppen abgeſchnitten werden möchte. Er entſchloß ſich daher, nach der Schnecke zurückzueilen, wo nun außer den drei Schwadronen Carabiniers und der Feldwache keine Cavallerie mehr war; denn auch die Huſaren folgten jetzt dem Regimente Polenz, und der Generallieutenant Zezſchwitz beklagte ſich mit heftigem Unwillen, daß der Fürſt Hohenlohe ihm ein Regiment nach dem andern abfordern ließe. In der Vertiefung zwiſchen der Schnecke und Kötſchau bewegten ſich grün gekleidete Truppen; es waren das Bataillon Boguslawski und die drei Escadronen von Bila, die gegen Schwabhauſen geſtanden hatten. Ungewiß, ob der General Zezſchwitz dieſen Rückzug befohlen hätte, ritt der Adjutant zu ihm, und kehrte, da der General nichts davon wußte, gleich zurück, um ſie wieder an die eigenmächtig verlaſſene Stelle zu weiſen; aber der Oberſt war nicht zu finden, und ein zweiter Stabsofficier ſchien zu zweifeln, daß ſie an die Ordre des Sächſiſchen Generals gewieſen wären. Da aber der Bataillonsadjutant, der geſtern Zeuge geweſen war, dieſes nicht läugnen konnte, und auch der Oberſt von Boguslawski erſchien, ſo marſchirten ſie an den vorigen Platz zurück.

Der Lieutenant Lehmann hatte unterdeſſen ſtarke Colonnen aller drei Waffengattungen entdeckt, die ſchnell über die buſchigen Höhen von Cospeda marſchirten, wo man ſie nur auf einem einzigen kahlen Puncte bemerken konnte, über den ſie in vollem Laufe hineilten; er fragte zugleich, ob der Fürſt Hohenlohe davon unterrichtet wäre, denn nach ſeinem Urtheile müſſe man ſie auf dem Schlachtfelde der Preußen nicht ſehen können. Es ſchien dringend nöthig, davon Meldung zu machen; der Adjutant ſchrieb dieſe gleichlautend dem Rittmeiſter von Odeleben und einem Ordonnanzofficier in die Schreibtafeln, und fragte zugleich an, ob man nicht mit Cavallerie und Infanterie einen raſchen Angriff auf die Queuen der Colonnen im Mühlthale verſuchen ſollte? Der General ſetzte ſeinen Namen darunter, und beide eilten fort. Sie fanden den Fürſten Hohenlohe ſehr vergnügt über ſeinen geglaubten Sieg; er ſchien erſt ihre Nachricht nicht glauben zu wollen, dann aber betroffen darüber zu ſeyn, ſchickte ſie jedoch mit der, ihnen vom Major Egidy ſchriftlich mitgetheilten Ordre zurück, daß der General Zezſchwitz die Schnecke behaupten, und dieſen Punct, der zur Deckung der rechten Flanke der Armee diene, unter keinem Vorwande verlaſſen ſollte. Der General änderte daher auch in ſeiner Stellung nichts, und erlaubte bloß, daß der linke Flügel des Bataillons Niſemeuſchel etwas zurückgenommen, und mehr gegen Iſſerſtädt geſtellt wurde.

Mittag war vorbei, das Dorf Vierzehnheiligen ſtand in Flammen, und wurde noch immer heftig beſchoſſen, aber man ſah auch aus dem brennenden Dorfe das Feuer beantworten, wodurch es klar wurde, daß es die Franzoſen genommen hatten, und nicht daraus vertrieben werden konnten; wiederholte Angriffe darauf von Infanterie mißglückten. Dieß Alles unterſchied man deutlich von der Schnecke, ſo oft die Dampfwolken ſich verzogen; aber weiter erfuhr man auch nichts, und ſchon waren die Tirailleurs im Iſſerſtädter Grunde mit unſern Schützen im lebhaften Feuer.

Der commandirende General begab ſich bis an den Rand, und unterhielt ſich dort mit dem, von den Strapazen der letzten Tage ganz erſchöpften Generallieutenant von Niſemeuſchel, während deſſen ritten ſeine Adjutanten an der Stellung hin und her, und auch zu den Schützen hinunter. Der Hauptmann von Tettenborn machte hier alle Anordnungen, und der Hauptmann Walter vom Regiment Low ſtand ihm treulich bei. Die Bataillone Low und Niſemeuſchel hatten noch immer den Rand der Anhöhe beſetzt, und verloren viele Leute durch die einzelnen Schüſſe der feindlichen Tirailleurs, denn an dem gegenüberliegenden buſchigen und ſteilen Abhange waren eine Menge enger Schluchten, in denen die Franzoſen verſteckt waren, und ungeſehen in die Bataillone ſchoſſen. Es wurde daher nöthig, dieſe von dem Rande zurückzuziehen; aber der General Zezſchwitz wollte dazu keinen Befehl geben, und der Hauptmann Tettenborn widerſetzte ſich aus dem ſchon früher angegebenen Grunde.

Es zeigte ſich feindliche Reiterei bei Iſſerſtädt; ſie verſuchte verſchiedene Male zu debouchiren, wurde aber durch das dahin gerichtete Kanonenfeuer ſtets mit Verluſt zurückgewieſen. Das Feuer in der Gegend von Vierzehnheiligen war ſehr heftig; Alles zeigte, daß jetzt der entſcheidende Moment der Schlacht herannahe. Der Commandirende, der an dem Rande der Anhöhe nur eine kleine Strecke überſehen konnte, ritt wieder durch die Tannenwäldchen zurück auf die höchſte Stelle des abgerundeten Bolens. Von hier aus entdeckte man mit Erſtaunen eine plötzliche Veränderung auf dem Preußiſchen Schlachtfelde. Da, wo vor einer halben Stunde die Infanterie im Feuer geſtanden hatte, bewegten ſich die Sächſiſchen Cavallerieregimenter raſch vorwärts, und über ſie hinaus erblickte man lange Infanteriecolonnen. Durch die Verſicherung des Fürſten Hohenlohe verleitet, überließ man ſich einen Augenblick der Hoffnung, der Feind ſei geſchlagen, die Cavallerie ſetze nach, und die Infanterie marſchire über Romſtädt in ſeine Flanke. Alle, außer dem Lieutenant Lehmann, hegten dieſe Hoffnung; er allein fand das Verſchwinden der Infanterie vom Kampfplatze verdächtig, und behauptete, es ſei die höchſte Zeit, ſich nun von der Schnecke abzuziehen.

Jetzt wurde die Sächſiſche Cavallerie mit der feindlichen handgemein und warf ſie zurück. Hierdurch wurde es deutlich, daß die Diviſion des Generallieutenants von Grawert den Kampfplatz verlaſſen hatte, und nun drang der erſte Adjutant in den commandirenden General, dieſen Augenblick, wo die Reiterei uns noch die Gegend zwiſchen Iſſerſtädt und Capellendorf offen erhielt, zu benutzen, um die Schnecke zu räumen, und ſich über Großromſtädt mit dem Fürſten zu vereinigen. Der General wollte davon nichts hören, und berief ſich auf den vom Rittmeiſter Odeleben überbrachten ſchriftlichen Befehl, dieſen Poſten zu behaupten. Die Vorſtellung von der geänderten Lage der Umſtände, und daß wir unfehlbar abgeſchnitten werden würden, konnte ihn nicht bewegen, und als der Adjutant vielleicht zu heftig in ihn drang, wurde er unwillig, wendete ſein Pferd, und ritt ſtillſchweigend auf die Seite.

In dieſem Momente erſchien plötzlich der Major Egidy. Er wiederholte in Gegenwart mehrerer Zeugen den Befehl des Fürſten, „die Schnecke beſetzt zu halten, weil das Corps von Rüchel jetzt anrücke, um auf unſerer linken Flanke anzugreifen.“ Alle Adjutanten des Commandirenden, ſowie der bis dahin noch gegenwärtige G. A. R. von Wazdorff haben es gehört. Auf die Frage, wie die Sachen ſtänden, antwortete er, gut, ſehr gut, — nur, ſetzte er nach einer kurzen Pauſe hinzu, iſt es traurig, daß die Preußen ſich verſchoſſen haben; der Fürſt kann nichts weiter vornehmen, weil es ihm an Munition fehlt. — In ſeinen Reden, ſeinem ganzen Weſen aber war etwas Sonderbares, ſeine Miene die eines ganz verſtörten Menſchen. Dieß fiel dem erſten Adjutanten auf, der ihn bei Seite zog, und ihm die Gefahr der Bataillone am Rande der Schnecke vorſtellte; denn ſchon wurde hier das Feuer heftig, man hörte das wilde Geſchrei der Schützen und Tirailleurs. Der Major Egidy meinte, durch eine vortheilhafte Stellung der Batterien Ernſt und Bonniot wäre unſere linke Flanke zu decken, und die Schnecke zu behaupten, bis Rüchel käme. Beide ritten hin, dieß zu bewerkſtelligen, ſie ſetzten die drei Schwadronen Carabiniers hinter die Batterien, um ſie zu decken, und der Brigademajor der Cavallerie, Capitän von Gersdorff, wurde an den Oberſten Boguslawski geſchickt, mit dem Befehle, ſich an die rechte Flanke der Infanterie zu ziehen, die drei Schwadronen Bila aber gegen die Gegend rechts unterhalb der Schnecke zu ſenden, um zurückwerfen zu können, was von da aus dem Mühlthale vordringen würde.

Der Major Egidy ritt ſo niedergeſchlagen neben dem Adjutanten, als ſie die beiden Batterien aufgeſtellt hatten, daß dieſer noch einmal in ihn dringen zu müſſen glaubte. Auf die Frage: Wo der Fürſt Hohenlohe denn jetzt ſei? geſtand er, „daß er es nicht wiſſe, weil er von ihm abgekommen wäre.“ — Aber, fuhr jener fort, wenn Rüchel kommt, ſollen wir uns denn an ihn anſchließen, oder immer noch auf der Schnecke ſtehen bleiben? — „Das muß ſich finden, antwortete er, wenn Rüchel kommt. Wenn er nur ſchon da wäre! Wenn er überhaupt nur kommt!“ Er ſagte dies mit merklicher Beklemmung. — Was! rief der Andere, wenn er nur kommt! Iſt es denn nicht gewiß? — „Ja, ich hoffe es nur, ich weiß es nicht, erwiederte er. — Sie wiſſen es nicht! fuhr nun der Adjutant auf. So ſind wir verloren, ſo müſſen wir augenblicklich zurück! — Freilich, ſagte der Major Egidy,“ und von dieſem Augenblicke an ſchien er wieder mit ſich einig zu ſeyn. Sie eilten nun Beide zu dem commandirenden General, und ſtellten ihm die Nothwendigkeit des Rückzuges vor.

Gewohnt, dem Major Egidy, als Organ des Oberbefehlshabers, in Allem zu folgen, willigte er ein, doch nur mit halben Worten. Der Adjutant fragte daher beſtimmt, in Gegenwart aller Officiere des Generalſtabes: Ew. Excellenz befehlen alſo den Rückzug? — Ja doch. — Und wie? — Wie Sie es machen können. — Ich ſoll ihn alſo bewerkſtelligen? — Ja! — Wo finde ich Ew. Excellenz, wenn ich zurückkomme? — Hier. — Es war dies nahe an der Chauſſee, in der Gegend, wo ſie über den runden Bergrand hervorgekommen iſt, und nun auf der hohen Ebene gegen Kötſchau herabläuft.

Der Major von Süßmilch, zweiter Adjutant des Commandirenden, begab ſich nun zu den fünf Bataillonen Infanterie oben an der Chauſſee, um ſie zu dirigiren, indem der erſte Adjutant nebſt dem Rittmeiſter Oeleben vorritt, um die Bataillone von der Schnecke abzuziehen. Auf den Rath des Lieutenants Lehmann ſollte das Bataillon Rieſemeuſchel bis hinter das Wäldchen marſchiren, deſſen Rand das Bataillon Bevilaqua beſetzt hatte, und hier Front machen, bis dieſes gleichfalls zurück wäre, das Bataillon Low aber vom rechten Flügel der Chauſſee parallel ſich abziehen. Aber hier entſtanden eine Menge Schwierigkeiten, der Generallieutenant von Rieſemeuſchel gab durchaus keinen Befehl, und verwies an den Hauptmann Tettenborn; dieſer hatte eine Menge Einwürfe. Er verlangte, um den Abzug zu decken, Cavallerie, die nicht zu haben war, und hatte die Idee, lieber ſtehen zu bleiben, eine Idee, die aber in das Ganze nicht paſſen konnte, da er nicht wußte, was bei der Hohenlohiſchen Armee vorgegangen war; darüber verſtrich eine nur zu koſtbare Zeit, und als er endlich nachgab, hatten die Bataillonscommandanten ihre Pferde zurückgeſchickt, und mußten dieſe erſt erwarten. Niemand war berechtigt, Befehle zu geben, Alles mußte mit Bitten und Vorſtellungen erlangt werden, und jeder Abtheilungscommandant hatte eigene, nur auf ſeinen Trupp paſſende Einwendungen. — Endlich ſetzte ſich Alles in Bewegung, aber anſtatt den Rückzug durch ihre Schützen zu decken, zogen die Bataillone dieſe an ſich, und marſchirten in Maſſe, langſamen Schrittes, mit klingendem Spiele, unter dem heftigſten Feuer. So ſehr dieß auch ihrer Faſſung Ehre machte, ſo hinderte doch das Getöſe, daß man ſich nun noch weniger verſtändigen konnte, und die Batterien am Lager wurden durch den langſamen Marſch der Infanterie gehindert, die Abdachung der Höhe zu beſtreichen.

Schon hatten ſich zwei Colonnen feindlicher Infanterie (6 Bataillonen ſtark, wie man nachher erfuhr) in den Grund geſtürzt, wo man ſie von der Anhöhe mit dem Feuer nicht erreichen konnte, ſchon beſchoſſen Franzöſiſche Kanonen von der Seite von Iſſerſtädt her, den Raum, durch welchen die drei Bataillone gehen mußten, und die Bataillonsgeſchütze hielten den Marſch auf, weil ſie ſchon Pferde verloren hatten. — Der Adjutant entfernte ſich nun, um Reiterei zur Deckung dieſer Bataillone zu holen; aber als er auf die Höhe kam, fand er weder den commandirenden General, noch deſſen Gefolge, noch einen Menſchen, der ihm ſagen konnte, wohin ſie ſich gewendet hätten. Auch die drei Escadrons Carabiniers waren nicht mehr zu ſehen, weil der General ſie zu ſeiner Bedeckung mitgenommen hatte, und die Batterien Ernſt und Bonniot, von ihnen verlaſſen, eilten zurück und drängten ſich gegen die Chauſſee. Der Adjutant ſchickte nun ſeine Ordonnanzhuſaren an die Trupps der letzten Feldwache, ſie zu vermögen, daß ſie die Arrieregarde der Infanterie machen möchten, indem er ſelbſt zu den drei Preußiſchen Schwadronen von Bila ritt, um daſſelbe von ihnen zu erhalten. Aber nur eine machte Fronte, die beiden andern eilten im vollen Trabe zurück, und als er mit der erſten vorging, kehrte auch ſie hinter ihm um, und ritt davon, ohne noch in das Feuer zu kommen. Er kam nun wieder zu der Infanterie, die endlich im Marſche gegen Kötſchau begriffen war; die Preußiſche Armee bedeckte in wilder Flucht die Ebene zwiſchen Capellendorf und Groß- und Kleinromſtädt, und auf ihren Ferſen erſchien die zahlreiche Reiterei des Großherzogs von Berg; dahin war alſo nicht zu kommen, und es blieb nichts übrig, als der Weg über Kötſchau und Hohlſtädt. Die Gärten zwiſchen dieſen Dörfern, und ein kleiner Waſſergraben ließen hoffen, daß man ſich hier würde ſetzen können, und man rechnete noch auf das Rüchelſche Corps, das nicht weiter, als Umpferſtädt entfernt ſeyn konnte.

Um von dieſer Lage der Dinge dem commandirenden General Nachricht zu geben, ſchickte der Adjutant einen berittenen Infanterieofficier, den Lieutenant Erdtel, vom Regiment Thümmel ab, und bemühte ſich nun, durch Bildung eines Hakens gegen Iſſerſtädt und die Schnecke, den Feind aufzuhalten, bis das Geſchütz das Dorf paſſirt hätte, und das Bataillon Bevilaqua herangekommen wäre. Dieß gelang auch, weil der Major von Süßmilch den Bataillonscommandanten jederzeit ſagte, durch welche Bewegung ſie die Evolution hervorbringen ſollten, ihnen ſelbſt die Commandowörter nannte; der Rittmeiſter Oeleben ritt zu den beiden kleinen Trupps der 80 Pferde ſtarken Feldwache, und dieſe hielten durch eine raſche Attake die von Iſſerſtädt vorkommende feindliche Reiterei in Reſpect. Das Feuer der Infanterie, beſonders des erſten Bataillons Thümmel, trieb gleichfalls die Franzöſiſche Infanterie zurück; aber ſchon war Geſchütz über die Schnecke heraufgekommen, und beſtrich mit Kugelſchüſſen die Chauſſee, ſowie mit Kartätſchen das Feld zwiſchen derſelben und dem Schwabhäuſer Grunde. Zum Glück gingen die Kugeln zu hoch, und berührten bloß die Bajonette der in dichter, ſchmaler Colonne ſich langſam bewegenden Maſſe. Vergeblich ſuchte man die Bataillone zu überreden, in breiterer Front zu marſchiren, um ſchneller vorwärts zu kommen; ſie ſcheuten die Kartätſchen, und drängten ſich alle auf der im Grunde weit gefährlicheren Chauſſee zuſammen. Der Major Süßmilch ſchickte die Schützen zurück; aber nichts konnte den Oberſten Boguslawski bewegen, ſich mit ihnen zu vereinigen; ſein Bataillon lief, tief gebückt, in dem flachen Graben neben der Chauſſee hin.

Wir konnten höchſtens noch 1500 Schritte von dem Dorfe Kötſchau entfernt ſeyn, als zahlreiche Cavallerie von der Seite von Romſtädt auf uns zukam, unſere beiden kleinen Trupps zum Rückzuge nöthigte und uns von den Dörfern abzuſchneiden drohte, indem zu gleicher Zeit aus dem Schwabhäuſer Grunde eine Menge von Tirailleurs nebſt einiger Reiterei ſich verbreitete. Die Adjutanten verſuchten nun noch Quarrés zu zu bilden, und nur dem Major Süßmilch gelang es, dieſes zu Stande zu bringen, weil er, ohne ſich mit Anführung des Zweckes aufzuhalten, bloß dem Commandanten die Commandowörter zurief, welche ſie mechaniſch befolgten; die beiden andern erfuhren den Nachtheil, die kleineren tactiſchen Hülfsmittel einer fremden Truppenart nicht genug ſtudirt zu haben; hierdurch ſtießen ſie auf manche Schwierigkeit, und die ſo koſtbare Zeit verging in nutzloſen Unterhandlungen. Demungeachtet war der erſte Verſuch der Franzöſiſchen Reiterei gegen die Quarrés abgewieſen; aber nun ſtanden dieſe ſtill, und die Adjutanten waren nicht zahlreich genug, um überall ſeyn zu können. Plötzlich breitete ſich auch von vorn her vor Kötſchau eine Linie Cavallerie aus; was noch von Quarrés da war, feuerte ohne Gedanken und nach allen Seiten; die Cavallerie ging einen Augenblick zurück, kam aber gleich wieder, und breitete ſich in 5 bis 6 Reihen mit Intervallen wie Blänker vor uns aus. Wir waren nun von vier Seiten umringt, und der Rittmeiſter Oeleben rief dem erſten Adjutanten zu: „Sehen Sie da, was wird nun werden! — Daß wir nach Frankreich reiſen!“ war die Antwort; denn man konnte die Gefangenſchaft als gewiß betrachten. Der genannte Rittmeiſter zeigte dem Adjutanten einen Punct, wo noch eine weite Lücke war, und Beide verſuchten nun, da durchzukommen, während von der rechten Seite die Cavallerie ſchon in die Bataillone eingebrochen war. Beide Officiere ſetzten eine ſchroffe Anhöhe hinab; aber bald ſahen dieß eine Anzahl Chaſſeurs und Huſaren, beugten vor und umringten jeden einzeln; der Ordonnanzhuſar kam allein durch.

Ludwig Philipp Funke,

nach Anderen Carl Ph. F. iſt nach Einigen 1753 zu Raguhn im Deſſauiſchen, nach Anderen 1753 zu Görtzſalke bei Brandenburg geboren worden. Nach vollendeten Studien ward er Lehrer des Philanthropin zu Deſſau und ſpäter Inſpector des Schullehrerſeminars daſelbſt, ſowie F. Schwarzburg-Rudolſtädtiſcher Erziehungsrath. Er ſtarb auf einer Reiſe zu Altena am 9. Juni 1807.

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F. erwarb ſich durch ſeine Schriften bedeutende Verdienſte um das Erziehungs- und Unterrichtsweſen in Deutſchland, arbeitete jedoch zu raſch und zu viel, und zog ſich daher nicht ſelten den Vorwurf der Flüchtigkeit und Oberflächlichkeit zu, der zuweilen ihn nicht ungerecht traf.

Adolph Friedrich Furchau

ward am 22. Februar 1788 in Stralſund geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und lebte als Prediger in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Hans Sachs. Leipzig 1819 — 20. 2 Abthlgn.
Franz von Sickingen. Schauſpiel. Göttingen 1821.
Arkona. Heldengedicht in 12 Geſängen. Berlin 1825.

Ein ſehr talentvoller Dichter, der beſonders im Epos glücklich war. — Sein Heldengedicht Arkona iſt reich an Tiefe des Gefühls, warmen und belebten Schilderungen und höchſt pittoresken Gemälden, deren Reiz durch eine anmuthige und wohllautende Sprache und eine gewählte ſich ſtets dem Inhalte harmoniſch anſchmiegende Form nicht wenig erhöht wird.

Erſter Geſang aus: Arkona:

Erſcheine mir, mit goldnem Strahl beglänzt,
Im regen Schooß der ewig jungen Wogen,
Du hehres Rügen, hoch vom Wald bekränzt,
Von Fels und Fluth in buntem Reiz umzogen;
Wie drohend ward vom lauten Kampfgetöne
In grauer Zeit dein weißer Strand umrauſcht,
Wie ſcholl die Schlacht, als deine rauhen Söhne
Des Kreuzes Heil für Götzendienſt getauſcht.
Was heilig einſt am Meere dort geſchehen
Laß, Geiſt des Herrn, erhellt von Dir, mich ſehen.

Und ſieh, ich ſeh' der Brüder Zorn erwacht,
Die ſchnell den Kampf am öden Meer bereiten;
Gerüſtet hebt das Reich der alten Nacht
Sich wild empor, mit neuer Wuth zu ſtreiten.
Von Waffen blinkt der Schaum der grauen Wellen,
Es ſteigt die Schaar der Chriſten kühn an's Land;
Ich ſehe hell des Kreuzes Banner ſchwellen
Im Sturm der Schlacht, geführt von ſtarker Hand;
Doch nicht vermag der Chriſten tapfres Kämpfen
Der Heiden Zorn und rohe Kraft zu dämpfen.

Und eine Jungfrau träget Gluth empor,
Und lodernd ſteht die Götzenburg in Flammen;
Noch tobt der Kampf, noch brennet Wall und Thor,
Und Thor und Wall ſtürzt krachend ſchon zuſammen:
Da regt ſich wild im ungeheuren Brande
Der Lügengeiſt, der falſche Eide ſchwört;
Die Chriſten zieh'n zurück zum Heimathsſtrande,
Von argem Wort wird treuer Muth bethört.
Ich ſeh die Liſt der Heiden trotzig ſiegen
Und tief in Schmach das Kreuz des Herren liegen.

Doch was dem Streit der Waffen nicht gelingt,
Was nicht die Schlacht erkämpft mit kühnem Wagen,
Erringt das Herz, das heil'ge Opfer bringt,
Erkämpft der Geiſt durch Büßen und Entſagen.
Da faßt im Sturm das rächende Verderben
Die ſünd'ge Saat, der Lüge Macht zerbricht,
Ich ſeh' in wilder Schlacht die Schuld'gen ſterben,
Und ſiegend ſtrahlt des Glaubens göttlich Licht.
Der Du am Kreuz für mich Dich hingegeben,
Mein Heiland, Dich ſoll mein Geſang erheben.

Schon lange war durch treuer Zeugen Mund
Das Wort des Herrn, wie Er gebot, verkündet,
Und ſegnend ſtand der Kirche heil'ger Bund
Schon weit umher in Süd und Oſt gegründet:
Achthundertmal war ſchon das Jahr entſchwunden
Seit Conſtantin zum Glauben ſich bekehrt,
Vierhundertmal, ſeit Deutſchland überwunden
Durch Winfrieds Wort und Karls des Großen Schwert;

Und in des Nordens altberühmten Reichen
Erglänzte längſt das Kreuz als Siegeszeichen.

Als einſt der Rugen deutſcher Stamm vom Meer
Gen Rom zum Siege eilte, war gezogen
Von fern zum raſch verlaſſ'nen Lande her
Der Wenden Volk bis an der Oſtſee Wogen.
Nicht blau von Aug', in blonder Locken Fülle,
Erſchien dieß Volk nach edler deutſcher Art:
Das Auge ſchwarz, in düſt'rer Brauen Hülle,
Gebräunt die Haut und dunkel Haar und Bart,
So drang es vor in vieler Stämme Zügen
Bis hin zum Meer, bis hin zum ſchönen Rügen.

Wol war der Wenden Volk an Pommerns Strand
Durch Otto's Wort zum Glauben ſchon belehret,
Wol war noch jüngſt das Mecklenburger Land
Durch Heinrich's Schwert verwüſtet und bekehret;
Doch immer noch blieb Rügen unbezwungen.
Nicht Otto's Wort, nicht Heinrichs Banner war
Bis hin zu ſeiner Meeresburg gedrungen:
Dort ehrt noch das Volk der Götzen Schaar,
Und hochberühmt auf Rügens letzter Spitze
Steht Svantevit in ſeinem Göttersitze.

Weit übers Meer im Strom der Lüfte weht
Sein breit Panier vom rothen Tempeldache,
Mit wildem Ruf in heißem Eifer fleht
Der Prieſter gier'ge Rotte laut um Rache;
Tief iſt das Land in's öde Meer gezogen,
Hoch ragt die Burg, die Klippe hebt ſich ſteil,
Die Brandung brauſ't, es droht der Drang der Wogen
Dem Chriſten Tod und bringt dem Heiden Heil:
Nicht wird das Kreuz des Sieges Palme tragen,
So lange feſt Arkona's Wälle ragen.

Denn dorthin hebt den Blick der Zuverſicht
Mit dunk'lem Zorn, aus jedem Wenden-Lande
Noch vieles Volk, das zu des Glaubens Licht
Sich nur bekehrt mit inn'rem Widerſtande.
Zum alten Dienſt blieb noch das Herz gewendet,
Wenn auch der Mund des Heilands Namen nennt.
Gen Rügens Strand ward manche Schaar geſendet,
Die dort geheim den heißen Wunſch bekennt:
In wilder Schlacht das läſt'ge Joch zu brechen
Und blutig dann der Götzen Schmach zu rächen.

Fürſt Raze iſt's, der dort in ſtrenger Macht
Seit manchem Jahr auf hohem Herrſcherſitze
Arkona's Burg, Karenza's Wall bewacht:
Sein Auge gleicht dem raſch entflammten Blitze,
Die Bruſt dem Fels, der ſich am Meere thürmet,
Der Arm dem Baum, den nicht der Sturm zerbricht,
Das Herz der See, die ewig wogt und ſtürmet,
Ob längſt das Haupt die Locke weiß umflicht.
Er hat im Geiſt des Kreuzes Schmach beſchloſſen
Und wartet nur der nahenden Genoſſen:

Der Söhne drei, die oft ein finſtrer Neid
Als Knaben ſchon zum wilden Haß getrieben,
Die oft der Trotz der Herzen heiß entzweit,
Sind, jugendfriſch, im Alter ihm geblieben.
Er hat ſie jüngſt zum Dänenreich geſendet,
Wo Waldemar in heil'ger Kraft gebot,
Daß nicht zu früh, noch eh' die Rüſtung endet,
Ihr reger Zorn entbrenne ohne Noth.
Er will geheim den nahen Kampf beeilen,
Indeß ſie fern' am Dänenhofe weilen.

Seit lange hatte ſchon das Chriſtenthum
Ansgarius, von frommer Gluth entzündet,
Mit treuem Dienſt zu ſeines Gottes Ruhm
Und eignem Preis im Dänenreich gegründet;
Und fromm und feſt und milde war geſinnet
Der König dort. Drum ſendet ihm aus Liſt
Die Söhne Raze jetzt, daß, eh' beginnet
Der drohnde Kampf, noch in der letzten Friſt
Der Söhne Nah'n verberge kein Gelüſte,
Und nicht zum Krieg das Dänenreich ſich rüſte.

Dort ſind ſie nun im Wald bei Roſchild's Strand,
Dort ſieht man froh den Dänenkönig reiten;
Er übt im Schwung des Speeres mit güt'ger Hand
Die Brüder ſelbſt, die ihn zum Forſt geleiten.
Mit Locken ſchwarz, von dunk'lem Helm umhangen,
Spornt Teſlaf wild mit düſtrem Blick ſein Roß;
Mit lichtem Aug', umweht des Helmes Prangen
Von braunem Haar, naht Jaromar Geſchoß,
Und Stoislaf, dem hell die Locke wallet,
Ruft laut dem Echo, daß der Wald erſchallet.

Und rückwärts ſprengt im ungeſtümen Flug,
Da Waldemar zur Heimkehr ſpät ſie mahnet,
Mit lautem Schall der Jäger langer Zug,
Dem Teſlaf wild den Weg durch's Dickicht bahnet.
Zu Roſchild winkt im hohen Königsſaale
Der müden Schaar des Bechers kühler Wein,
Und lieblich glänzt am vollbeſetzten Mahle
In edler Huld der Schönheit milder Schein;
Im heitern Kreis ſind dort die hohen Frauen,
Des Hofes Schmuck, in reicher Zier zu ſchauen.

Sophia naht, der Dänen Königinn,
Und ſchnell durchfliegt den Saal ein tiefes Schweigen;
Ihr Antlitz zeigt des Herzens milden Sinn,
Ihr Gang und Gruß der Würde edles Neigen,
Und ſchweigend folgt der Königinn Geleite.
Es ſteht und ſchaut der Ritter kühne Schaar:
Doch ſittſam geht, der hohen Frau zur Seite,
In reichem Schmuck ein fürſtlich Jungfrau'n-Paar;
Hier Hildegard, die nicht der Roſe weichet,
Dort Hedewig, die ſanften Lilien gleichet.

Und eh' der Zug zum reichen Mahl ſich ſetzt,
Und eh' die Hand ſich naht der ſüßen Speiſe,
Und eh den Saum des Weines Labſal netzt,
Spricht Eskil laut, nach frommer Chriſten Weiſe,
Den ernſten Blick zum Himmel hingewendet,
Der Erzbiſchof, das Dankgebet und preiſ't
Den ew'gen Gott, der Thau vom Himmel ſendet
Und alle Welt mit ſeinem Segen ſpeiſ't:
Da hallt es draußen laut von rauhen Worten,
Da öffnen ſich des Saales Doppel-Pforten.

So wie ſich ſchnell im ſonnenhellen Raum,
Wo lichter Glanz um reiche Blüthen fließet,
Wenn eine Wolke naht, von Baum zu Baum
Ein düſtrer Schein auf alle Blätter gießet:
So ſchattet hoch im glänzenden Gemache
Beim heitern Mahl, wo fromme Rede ſchallt,
Mit düſtrem Aug', ein Bild der blut'gen Rache,
Des Rugenfeldherrn rieſige Geſtalt,
Der jüngſt zu Schiff die Jünglinge geleitet,
Nun wiederkehrt und raſch den Saal durchſchreitet.

Nicht ſchmückt ein Helm der Locken wilde Nacht,
Nicht hängt ein Schwert von Granza's Hüfte nieder,
Nicht hüllt die Bruſt des Mantels reiche Pracht,
Kein Harniſchring umſchließt die mächt'gen Glieder:
Ihm droht vom Haupt, als ob es Flammen ſpie,
Des Wolfes Maul, er hält die Axt gefaßt,
Ein kurzer Rock umhüllt die nackten Kniee,
Vom Nacken hängt des Bärenfelles Laſt.
Er neigt ſich nicht; mit kaum verborg'nem Grimme
Schaut er umher und hebt die eh'rne Stimme.

„Weich' Zernebog, Du ſchwarzer Gott, von mir;
„Laß, Hela, Todesbothin, noch dein Eilen:
„Auf, Raze's ſtarke Söhne, fort von hier,
„Nicht iſt es Zeit in weicher Ruh' zu weilen,
„Denn euer Vater liegt daheim im Sterben."
Mit Todesbleich' wird Jaromar bedeckt,
Indeß mit Gluth ſich Teſlaf's Wangen färben;
Er ſpringt hervor, von wildem Schmerz erweckt,
So rollt das Aug', als wie von Zorn ergriffen,
Er ſchwingt den Keil, der ſcharf aus Stein geſchliffen.

Er ſieht mit Grimm des Bruders Angeſicht
Von mehr als Schmerz, in tiefem Schreck erblaſſen,
Und drohend dumpf, wie fernes Stürmen, bricht
Sein ſtotternd Wort hervor mit heißem Haſſen:
„Was hält Dich ſo in trägem Schreck gefangen,
„Daß kaum den Blick des ſtarren Aug's Du regſt?
„Doch wehe Dir, wenn ſträfliches Verlangen,
Geheim ernährt, Du falſch im Herzen hegſt."
So ſpricht er leiſ'; doch ſeiner Worte Drohen
Iſt, ungehört, des Bruders Ohr entflohen.

Der König füllt des Bechers gold'nen Rand
Dem Gaſt zum Gruß, doch Granza will nicht trinken;
Der König beut ihm Speiſ' mit güt'ger Hand,
Doch Granza wehrt der Speiſ' mit ſtummen Winken;
Der König ruft, und auf ſein Wort erſcheinet
Der Ritter Schaar, die Roſchild's Schloß bewacht;
Sie ſtehen ernſt, um ihren Herrn vereinet
In reicher Zahl und rüſt'ger Waffenpracht.

Der König ſpricht: „Wir wollen Euch geleiten,
„Und, ſelbſt bemüht, die ſchnelle Fahrt bereiten.“

Dem Könige folgt der Ritter lauter Schritt,
Und Chriſtoph eilt, des Königs Sohn, mit ihnen;
Doch raſch bewegt, noch eh' ſie ſcheiden, tritt
Die Königinn mit trauervollen Mienen
Den Brüdern nah, und zeigt in edler Klage
Wie unverſtellt ihr ſanftes Herz gerührt,
Daß Trauerkunde ſchon nach kurzem Tage
Vom Dänenreich ſo ſchnell die Gäſte führt.
Doch Teslaf drängt, ob auch die Brüder weilen,
Zum dunklen Schiff, zur blauen See zu eilen.

Dort wo der Maſt der Schiffe nah' am Land
Sich leiſe regt, gewiegt vom Spiel der Wogen,
In Roſchild's Bucht, hat Granza's ſtarke Hand
Den dunklen Kiel auf weißen Sand gezogen:
Mit mächt'gem Ruf erweckt er die Genoſſen,
Die tiefer Schlaf im hohlen Raum umfängt;
Ihr Sprung iſt raſch, und ſchnell ſteht ſchaumumfloſſen
Das trockne Schiff in's feuchte Meer geſenkt;
Sie eilen ſchon die Seile los zu binden,
Die ſchnellen Zugs empor die Segel winden.

Aus dichtem Tuch, vom Tannenſaft getränkt,
Entfaltet ſich, zu unten wie zu oben
Gleich breit, daß ganz das Schiff den Wind empfängt,
Der Segel Paar, zum Doppelmaſt gehoben;
Und vorn' hinaus, die flücht'ge Luft zu ſpalten,
Wenn tief der Kiel ſich ſtürzt im jähen Flug,
Zieht, ſtraff geſpannt, am langen Stab gehalten
Sich ſchräg' vom Maſt ein ſchmales Segeltuch:
So war das Schiff des Augen Flug bereitet,
Mit dem er kühn auf ſchwanker Woge reitet.

Der König hebt ſein doppeltſchneidig Schwert
Mit ernſtem Blick hinweg von ſeiner Seite;
Ihm hat es oft die heil'ge Kraft bewährt,
Den Sieg erkämpft in manchem heißen Streite;
Von Gold erglänzt der Scheide reiche Schwere,
Des Griffes Kreuz von edler Steine Licht.
Er legt es mild, ein Zeichen hoher Ehre,
In Teslaf's Hand, zu dem er gütig ſpricht:
„Es führe dich zu edlen, frommen Kämpfen,
„Es helfe Dir dein eignes Zürnen dämpfen.“

Der König führt ſein falbes Dänenroß
Am Zügel vor: es ſtreckt die ſchlanken Glieder,
Das Auge blitzt gleich blinkendem Geſchoß,
Es beugt den Hals zur Erde wiehernd nieder;
Der Zügel zwingt nur kaum das wilde Feuer,
Doch bringt es ſchnell des Königs Wort zur Ruh;
Ihm iſt das Roß vor allen Roſſen theuer;
Er lenkt auf Jaromar es huldreich zu:
„Es trage Dich zu deinem beſten Heile,
„Es rette Dich aus Noth mit Sturmeseile.“

Der König nimmt ſein breit gewölbtes Schild
Dem Knappen ab, der ihm es nachgetragen;
Es zeigt als Schmuck ein kriegeriſches Bild
Auf blauem Grund aus Gold und Erz geſchlagen:
Ein Adler hebt die ſchwarzen Doppelſchwingen,
Er ragt hervor von goldner Mauer Rand,
Und ſcheint mit Luſt und Kraft empor zu dringen.
Der König ſpricht, zu Stoislaf gewandt:
„Ich weihe Dir dieß Bild zum freud'gen Zeichen,
„Es ſchütze Dich das Bild vor Todesſtreichen.“

Doch ſchon erſchallt vom hohen Schiffesraum
Der Rugen Lied in rauhen Kriegestönen,
Und Granza zwingt den wilden Unmuth kaum;
Er ſteht am Maſt und ruft nach Raza's Söhnen.
Da wendet ſchnell zum angebundnen Schiffe
Sich Teslafs Fuß, er läuft am Bord entlang
Und ſpringt zum Raum und faßt mit raſchem Griffe
Das Ruder an, indeß mit ſtillem Dank
Sich Stoislaf zum König freudig dränget
Und Jaromar an ſeinen Lippen hänget.

Von heißem Drang der Liebe froh gerühret,
Die Beide ihm aus frommen Herzen zeigen,
Hält Waldemar ſie traut umfaßt und führt
Sie ſchnell zum Schiff und heißt hinein ſie ſteigen.
Von Granza's Hieb wird ſchnell das Seil zerſchnitten,
Es löſ't das Schiff ſich leicht vom Ufer los,
Und in die Spur des Schaums hinabgeglitten
Durchfurcht es tief der Wellen grünen Schooß.
Ein friſcher Oſt auf raſchbewegten Wogen
Hat ſchnell dem Blick des Königs ſie entzogen.

Bald flieht die Bucht, es toſ't das enge Meer,
Wo ſcharf gen Oſt ſich Seelands Küſten wenden;
Von Schweden wälzt die Fluth ſich hoch und ſchwer,
Doch Teslaf hält das Steuer feſt in Händen;
Ob auch der Schaum zum Borde häufig fließet,
Ob auch der Maſt ſich auf die Wellen neigt,
Denn Stoislaf mit breitem Schilde gießet
Die Fluth zurück, die in die Seiten ſteigt;
Doch Jaromar, als wie im tiefen Traume,
Steht unbewegt und hält ſein Roß am Zaume.

So fliegt das Schiff, wie ſeufzendes Geſchoß
Zum Ziele hin die leichten Lüfte theilet. —
Indeß betrat der König ernſt ſein Schloß;
Wohin Kanut ihm jetzt entgegen eilet.
Ein Reiſekleid, wie fromme Pilger tragen,
Von allem Schmuck der Fürſtenhoheit fern,
Iſt um den Glanz der Rüſtung eng geſchlagen.
Nicht zeigt Kanut die hellen Waffen gern,
Er liebt es mehr auf ſanften Rath zu denken,
Als raſch erzürnt das Schwert zum Kampf zu lenken.

Er ſpricht: „Mich führt mein Weg in raſcher Eil'
„Zu Abſalon, mit ihm des Raths zu pflegen:
„Wie ſagt der Geiſt, es naht dem Volke Heil,
„Das ſich entzog des Glaubens hohem Segen:
„Wenn Raza todt bei ſeinen Götzen lieget,
„Entweicht der Wahn; nicht fern iſt dann die Zeit,
„Wo Chriſti Wort im Wenden-Reiche ſieget
„Durch eigne Kraft und ohne blut'gen Streit;
„Drum will ich jetzt, wie eilig wir beginnen
„Das wicht'ge Werk, mit Abſalon erſinnen.

Der König reicht dem Bruder raſch die Hand,
Und ſpricht zu ihm: „Indeß auch ich mich rüſte,
„Beeile Dich; mach' Abſalon bekannt
„Was ſich begab auf Rügens weißer Küſte.
„Daß enger jetzt die Beiden ſich verbündet
„Als je zuvor der ſträfliche Verein,
„Hat Abſalon mir warnend jüngſt verkündet;
„Wir dürfen nicht des Kampfes müßig ſeyn.“
Der König ſprichts, und treibt den Bruder leiſe
Mit ſanftem Arm zur fromm beſchloſſ'nen Reiſe.

Und draußen harrt der ſchnellen Wiederkehr
Kanuts im Hof mit aufgezäumten Roſſen
Schon Prislav längſt. Ihn beugt das Alter ſchwer,
Von Silberhaar iſt Haupt und Kinn umfloſſen.
Er war als Fürſt in Mecklenburg geboren,
Doch Pribislaf, ſein Bruder, nahm das Land,
Als, ohne Kampf, er Reich und Gut verloren,
Weil er allein zum Glauben ſich gewandt,
Als noch das Volk, von Heinrich unbekehret,
Im finſtern Dienſt den Radegaſt verehret.

Seit er geſchützt am Dänenhofe weilt
Mit Weib und Sohn, iſt manches Jahr entſchwunden,
Und ſeinen Gram und ſeine Freude theilt
Kanut getreu, der feſt mit ihm verbunden.
Sie eilen nun in ungehemmter Schnelle
Gen Oſt dahin in Wald und reiches Feld,
Bis rauſchend ſie die abendliche Welle
Am weißen Strand auf ihrem Wege hält.
Dort iſt am Meer ein hoher Thurm erbauet,
Der, weit geſeh'n, tief in die Oſtſee ſchauet.

Und um den Thurm in rüſt'gem Eifer regt
Ein Menſchenſchwarm die arbeitsfrohen Glieder.
Ein Haufe geht zum nahen Wald und ſchlägt
Mit ſcharfer Axt die hohen Eichen nieder,
Und andre ſtehn nicht fern gereiht und ſpalten
Die Stämme raſch, zu gleich und gleich getheilt,
Die, kaum gefäll't, mit ordnungsreichem Walten
Des Meiſters Hand ſofort zu ſondern eilt,
Daß ohne Fehl', was kluge Vorſicht ſcheidet,
Der Säge Zahn in ſchlanke Bretter ſchneidet.

Dort ſucht ein Theil mit wohlgeübter Hand
Die feuchten Bretter an der Gluth zu biegen,
Daß ſie geſchickt, dicht an der Schiffe Wand
Sich, leicht gekrümmt, mit richt'gem Schwunge ſchmiegen;
Denn weit umher ſteht hoch empor gerichtet
In ſchrägen Reih'n der Schiffe neuer Bau;
Noch ſind mit Werg die Seiten nicht gedichtet,
Doch fügt ein Glied dem andern ſich genau;

Geſchäftig tön't der Schlag an allen Enden,
Es wird ſich bald die Flotte dort vollenden.

Nicht fern dem Platz, wo im umhegten Raum,
Den Wellen nah', die neuen Schiffe ſtehen,
Iſt, hart am Strand, umwogt vom flücht'gen Schaum,
Ein andres Werk geſchäft'ger Kunſt zu ſehen:
Mit vielem Holz und angeſpitzten Pfählen
Wird mühſam der Drang der Fluth gehemmt;
Es iſt die Zahl der Balken nicht zu zählen,
Die hier der Fleiß [illegible] die Wellen dämmt,
Und wohl verſeh'n iſt jeder Pfahl mit Ringen,
Um mit dem Seil die Schiffe feſt zu ſchlingen.

Im Meere liegt ein grünes Inſelland,
Mit breiter Bucht zur Küſte hingezogen:
Es ſchützt im Sturm den unbewehrten Strand,
Es bricht die Wuth der unbeſiegten Wogen;
Und hier vertraut der Schiffer wohlgemuthet
Der Welle gern ſein heimgeführtes Gut,
Wo in dem Meer ein Meer von Schiffen fluthet,
Wo in dem Sturm die Macht des Sturmes ruht;
Rings ſieht man hier bei friſcher Winde Wehen
In reicher Zahl die bunten Segel gehen.

Dem Thurme nah', der ſtreng' das Meer bewacht,
Steht manches Haus, von Balken feſt geſchlagen,
Wohin mit Müh' der Schiffe volle Fracht
Aus tiefem Raum die ſtarken Knechte tragen;
Und manche Achſ' wird dort mit Fleiß beladen,
Die ſchwer gelenkt von vieler Roſſe Kraft,
Das theure Gut auf neugebahnten Pfaden
Durch's ferne Land zu reichen Städten ſchafft.
Doch Alle ſind mit Schwert und Speer verſehen,
Die emſig hier bei ſaurer Arbeit ſtehen.

Auf Abſalons, des Biſchofs, mächt'gem Ruf
Erhob ſich hier der Kräfte reges Walten;
Er war's, der ſchnell ein wogend Leben ſchuf,
Wo einſam ſonſt die öden Wellen ſchallten.
Wo weit hinauf die Küſten Seelands ſchauen,
Die eng' der Sund von Schwedens Ufern trennt,
Beſchloß ſein Geiſt die neue Stadt zu bauen,
Die weiſe er den Kaufmannshafen nennt;
Sie ſollte reich an edlen Schätzen werden,
Und weit genannt und hochberühmt auf Erden.

Doch nicht allein ein irdiſch reiches Gut
Will Abſalon mit ſtrengem Fleiß gewinnen;
Ein höh'rer Wunſch bewegt den frommen Muth,
Der Glaube lenkt ſein eifriges Beginnen.
Was tief und ſtark in ſeinem Herzen lebet,
Das will er hier mit ſeinem Auge ſeh'n:
Wenn oft das Haupt der Götzendienſt erhebet,
Soll hier am Meer die Burg des Glaubens ſtehn:
Drum ſucht er klug mit nützlich edlen Werken
Des Volkes Kraft zu zügeln und zu ſtärken.

Und feſt vertraut dem Schwert ſein ſtarker Arm,
Den Waffen ſoll die Macht des Irrthums weichen.
Bezwungen floh ſchon mancher Heidenſchwarm
Nach heißem Kampf vor ſeines Stahles Streichen.
Er ſchweift und kreuzt im Sturm auf rauhem Meere,
Der Heiden Schreck, — iſt drohend hie und dort;
Er ſchwingt ſein Schwert als Zeugniß ſeiner Lehre,
Und Thaten ſind ſein prieſterliches Wort;
Des Kampfes Noth, der Schlachten heiße Plagen
Iſt er erfreut im Dienſt des Herrn zu tragen.

Und wenn im Meer des Winters ſtrenger Froſt
Mit ſtarrem Eis die flücht'gen Fluthen dichtet,
Wacht er am Strand bei Durſt und ſchlechter Koſt,
Daß nicht ſein Werk der Heiden Liſt vernichtet;
Doch freudig wird bei'm erſten Frühlingsſturme
Der neue Muth zu frommen Kämpfen wach.
Noch weilt er dort am Meer im feſten Thurme,
Auf hoher Wacht, im niedrigen Gemach,
Und ſchaut hinaus in's graue Feld der Wellen,
Ob fern' im Meer der Rugen Segel ſchwellen.

Es ſteigen nun, durch eng gewundne Wand,
Die Freunde raſch zu ihm hoch in die Runde,
Und machen ſchnell die Botſchaft ihm bekannt.
Der Biſchof hört das Wort der neuen Kunde;
Er ſtaunt, er ruft: „So wird ſchon jetzt erfüllt
„Was geſtern ich erblickt im Traumgeſicht?
„Ich wachte lang', von dichter Nacht umhüllet,
„Bis dämmernd ſchon ſich hob des Morgens Licht;
„Da ſanken ſchwer die müden Augenlider,
„Und deutlich ſtieg's zu mir im Traume hernieder.

„Ich ſah' wie ſich an Rügens Strand entlang
„Ein Leichenzug in trägem Schritt bewegte;
„Doch plötzlich war's, als wenn mit Waffenklang,
„Im Kampf, mich ſelbſt der Rugen Heer umhegte.
„Ich ſank im Streit, ich wollt' empor mich raffen,
„Denn mächt'ger ſcholl der Heiden Feldgeſchrei,
„Da tönt' es laut: Laß ruhn die blut'gen Waffen,
„Und bete nur, daß ſtark die Liebe ſei. —
„Und Alles ſchwieg, als mild dieß Wort erklungen;
„Von höh'rer Macht lag Rügens Volk bezwungen.

„So friedlich war mein Traum. Doch niemals hat
„In ſolchem Bild mein Geiſt ſich ſcharf erregt,
„Wenn nicht alsbald mit raſchgeborner That
„Ein ſaurer Kampf mein Leben heiß bewegt.
„Und drohend ſchleicht ſich jetzt von Mund zu Munde
„Im Wendenland ein heimlich ſchrecklich Wort,
„Vom nahen Krieg, vom mächt'gen Heidenbunde,
„Vom Länderraub und wilden Chriſtenmord;
„Drum ſorgt' ich ſchnell, daß klug zu ſolchem Streite
„Nicht nur das Heer der Dänen ſich bereite.

„Gen Lübeck's Schloß — wo Herzog Heinrich weilt,
„Der jüngſt den Kampf in Mecklenburg beendet —
„Mit frommen Rath und ſtrenger Mahnung eilt
„Mein Schreiber fort, den geſtern ich geſendet.
„Er meldet ihm: wie an der Oſtſee Küſte
„Das Wendenvolk ſich heimlich drohend regt,
„Damit auch er, im Sachſenland, ſich rüſte,
„Wenn ſchnell empor des Krieges Flamme ſchlägt.
„Soll jetzt das Kreuz die Götzen überwinden,
„Muß jeder treu dem andern ſich verbinden.

„Doch will ich nun, um prüfend ſelbſt zu ſehn
„Was dort geſchah, an Rügens Küſten landen,
„Und raſch bereit, kann's ohne Kampf geſchehn,
„Das Volk befrei'n aus ſeines Irrthums Banden."
Der Biſchof ſpricht's, und laut, mit mächt'gen Tönen,
Wie wenn im Wald mit hohlem Wiederhall
Bei wildem Sturm die Eichenſtämme dröhnen,
Durchruft er ſchnell der Wellen dumpfen Schall:
„Wohlauf, wohlauf des Windes ſeyd gewärtig,
„Und macht in Eil die Schiffe ſegelfertig."

Er faßt das Beil, von Silber iſt der Griff,
Er liebt es mehr als and're ſcharfe Waffen,
Und ſteigt vom Thurm. Schon reiht ſich Schiff an Schiff;
Der Schilde Laſt, der Helme Zierrath raffen
Die Krieger ſchnell von naher Wand, und laufen
Dem Strande zu. Des Biſchofs Auge zählt
Die wackre Schaar; er nimmt vom ganzen Haufen
Zweihundert nur; drei runde Schiffe wählt
Er ſich zur Fahrt und läßt das Zeichen geben,
Daß einen Schwung's die Segel ſich erheben.

Auf ſchwanker Fluth blinkt ſchon das Abendlicht,
Es weicht der Tag vom dunkelnden Geſtade,
Als Abſalon die ſtille Fluth durchbricht
Und raſch enteilt auf ſchnellgeſchloſſenem Pfade.
Da löſen auch den Zaum der müden Roſſe
Die Freunde ſich, und reiten durch die Nacht
Auf ſtillem Weg zurück zu Roſchilds Schloſſe,
Wo einſam nur der Wächter wandelnd wacht.
Doch ſchlummerlos erſehnt Kanut den Morgen;
Ihn flieht der Schlaf, ihm ſchwebt das Herz in Sorgen.

Encyclopädie

der

deutſchen Nationalliteratur

oder

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LEXICON

der deutſchen

Dichter und Proſaiſten

ſeit den früheſten Zeiten;

nebſt

Proben aus ihren Werken.

Bearbeitet und herausgegeben

von

Dr. O. L. B. Wolff,

Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Jena.

Dritter Band.

G bis Hegner.

Leipzig,
Otto Wigand's Verlags-Expedition.

1838.

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G.

Georg von Gaal

ward am 21. April 1783 in Preßburg geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung und ſtudirte Philoſophie und Jurisprudenz zu Erlau, Preßburg, Peſth und Wien. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn trat er in die Dienſte des Fürſten Eſterhazy in Eiſenſtadt, und wurde 1811 deſſen Bibliothekar in Wien, wo er ſich noch befindet.

Er gab heraus:

Erſtlinge. Dresden, 1812.
Die nordiſchen Gäſte. Gedicht in 12 Geſängen. Wien, 1819.
Theater der Magyaren. Brünn, 1820.
Polymnia. 4 Thle. Brünn, 1821.
Mährchen der Magyaren. Wien, 1822.
Gedichte. 2 B. Zerbſt, 1825.
Sprüchwörterbuch in ſechs Sprachen. Wien, 1830.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Almanachen, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ein vorzügliches Talent, mit lebhafter Einbildungskraft, Scharfſinn und Wärme ausgeſtattet, das beſonders glücklich in der poetiſchen Erzählung ſich verſuchte, und außerdem die deutſche Literatur mit vortrefflichen Uebertragungen aus dem Ungariſchen bereicherte.

Das wunderbare Tabakspfeifchen.

Miska, der Jüngſte von drei Söhnen eines armen Landmanns, hatte eine Zigeunerin zur Pathe, welche ihm noch in den Windeln prophezeihte, er werde durch ſein Schickſal einſt in tiefe Noth und Schande gerathen, aber auch wieder zu den höchſten Ehren gelangen, die je ein Menſch zu erreichen fähig wäre. — Seine Aeltern ſtarben, noch ehe er das Jünglingsalter erreicht hatte, und bald nach ihnen ging auch ſeine Pathe zur ewigen Ruhe hin. In Kummer und Elend wuchſen nun die drei Waiſen heran, und wußten endlich, da ſie nichts rechtes gelernt hatten, ſich nicht beſſer zu helfen, als daß ſie übereinkamen, ihr Glück bei dem Heere zu ſuchen.

Da eben Krieg war, ſo fand ihr Entſchluß kein Hinderniß. Sie erhielten Handgeld, und wurden, wie ſie es ſich gleich bei ihrem Antrage ausbedungen, alle Drei einem Hauptmanne übergeben, der ſie auch ſämmtlich einem Zuge einverleibte. Das Glück ſchien ſie in dieſem Stande allerdings zu begünſtigen, denn ſie thaten Wunder von Tapferkeit, und erwarben ſich in Kurzem die Auszeichnung, daß man ſie allgemein die drei Heldenbrüder nannte.

Als aber der Krieg zu Ende war, zogen ſie mit ihrem Heere wieder heim, und genoſſen, auf ihren Lorbern ruhend, die Früchte ihrer Thaten. Jeder derſelben hatte ſo viel Geld erbeutet, daß er davon geraume Zeit behaglich hätte leben können.

Aber Miska, der an thatenloſer Ruhe kein Gefallen fand, beſchloß, das Heer und ſeine Brüder zu verlaſſen, und auf andern Wegen ſein Glück zu ſuchen. Da man mit Zuverſicht einem dauerhaften Frieden entgegen ſah, erhielt er ohne Anſtand ſeinen Abſchied. Er kaufte ſich ein Pferd und einen Säbel, ſagte ſeinen Brüdern Lebewohl, und ritt gerade nach der nächſten Stadt, wo er vorher auf ſeinem Rückzuge gar manche Freude genoſſen hatte.

Als er daſelbſt in einem Gaſthofe ankam, ließ er ſich gleich die beſten Weine und Speiſen aufſetzen, und bald geſellten ſich mehrere luſtige Brüder zu ihm, denn Miska war freigebig und ein Freund heiterer Geſellſchaft.

Sie aßen und tranken den ganzen Tag, und auch in ſpäter Nacht durften die vollen Krüge nicht fehlen. Je mehr ſie tranken, deſto fröhlicher waren ſie, und deſto lebhafter ward auch ihr Verlangen, ſich immer noch mehr zu erheitern und zu erluſtigen. Bei dieſer frohen Stimmung machte einer der Geſellen den Vorſchlag, ein Spiel zu beginnen, und alle Andern gaben ihm ſogleich ihren Beifall zu erkennen. Indem ſie dem Miska wacker zutranken, wurden die Karten vertheilt, und das Glück ſchien alſobald ſich ſo günſtig auf ſeine Seite zu neigen, daß er ſchon in Kurzem die ganze Zeche ſeiner Schmausgenoſſen gewonnen zu haben wähnte. Aber dieſes Glück war eitle Täuſchung. Die luſtigen Kumpane verloren Anfangs nur in der Abſicht, Miska's Spieleifer immer mehr und mehr zu befeuern. Plötzlich aber wandte ſich das Blatt; ſein Gewinnſt nahm zuſehends ab: je mehr er wagte, deſto mehr er auch verlor; bald hatte er ſeinen letzten Heller verſpielt, und ſomit auch alle Hoffnung, je wieder zu ſeinem Gelde zu gelangen. Dieſer Gedanke fuhr ihm wie ein Blitzſtrahl durch die Seele; es kam zu Zänkereien, endlich zu Schlägereien, und Miska ward ſo derb durchgeprügelt, daß er voll Striemen und blauer Flecken unter dem Tiſche liegen blieb, während die Andern froh mit ihrem Gewinnſte von dannen eilten.

Des Morgens kam der Wirth und forderte die Zeche. Miska, dem nichts als ſein Pferd und ſein Säbel geblieben war, ſah ſich genöthigt, Erſteres im Stich zu laſſen, und ob er gleich ſchwer auf den Beinen ſtand, ſeinen Weg zu Fuße anzutreten.

Seine ſchmähliche Lage erlaubte ihm nicht, vor ſeinen Brüdern zu erſcheinen; er beſchloß daher, auf gut Glück in die weite Welt zu gehen, und ſich blindlings dem Zufall zu überlaſſen.

Nachdem er, mühſeligen Schrittes, eine lange Strecke gewandert war, gelangte er bei finſterer Nacht in einen tiefen Wald, wo nichts als ſchauriges Rauſchen der Bäume und Geheul der Eulen ſeinen Ohren entgegenkreiſchte. Da ihn ein gewaltiger Hunger plagte, tappte er neben und über ſich im Finſtern hin, um einiges Waldobſt zu erhaſchen; aber leeres Laub und trockne Zweige waren Alles was er griff, und er gerieth dabei einige Male ſo tief ins Dorngeſträuch, daß er ſich Hände und Füße blutig ritzte und ſich genöthigt ſand, unbeweglich auf einem Flecke ſtehen zu bleiben.

Indem er in dieſer kümmerlichen Lage ganz troſtlos ins Dunkel der Wildniß hineinblickte, erſah er plötzlich den matten Schimmer eines Lichtes in der Ferne. Dieſe Erſcheinung war ihm willkommen. So ſchwer er ſich auch aus dem Dickicht heraus arbeitete, ſo rang er doch zugleich mit aller Kraft nach der Gegend hin, wo das Licht ſich zeigte, und gelangte auch glücklich, obgleich nicht ohne große Mühe, in deſſen Nähe.

Dort angelangt, befand er ſich vor einer niedern, ſchmutzigen Hütte, aus der ihm ein über alle Maßen häßliches altes Weib voll Ingrimm, mit einem Lichte in der Hand, entgegen trat. Ihre Haare waren eisgrau, und ſtanden ihr wie Borſten zu Berge, und ihr Mund, der ihm eine vielfach unterbrochene Doppelreihe grüner Zähne enthüllte, war ſo groß, daß er ohne Mühe ein Milchſchweinchen mit Haut und Haar hätte beherbergen können. Ihr Geſicht aber, das ſo voll tiefer Runzeln und Falten war, daß es mehr einem Wespenneſte, als einem Menſchenantlitz ähnlich ſchien, ſchnob Zorn und Rache, die ihn ſchon beim erſten Anblick zu vernichten drohten. Sie fuhr ihn alſo an:

„Was ſuch'ſt bei Nacht und Graus
Du Unglücksſohn vor meiner Hütte?
Entfleuch, entfleuch mit ſchnellem Schritte,
Sonſt reiß' ich dir dein Herz heraus!" —

Dieſer unholde Empfang erſchreckte unſern Wanderer nicht wenig; aber ſowohl ſein heftiger Hunger, als auch der Gedanke, daß er nichts mehr zu verlieren hätte, und dies häßliche Ungethüm mit ſeinem Säbel doch noch kirre machen könnte, ließen ihn bald Muth faſſen, um der Alten mit gleichem Trotze zu begegnen; er zog vom Leder und ſagte:

Ich bin ein Fremdling, bin verirrt,
Und alles Gelds und Guts beraubt;
Bin matt von langer, ſchwerer Reiſe,
Und ſuche Obdach, Trank und Speiſe.
Verſagſt du, Hexe, mir's, ſo klirrt
Mein Säbel dir ſogleich um's Haupt.

Einer ſo bündigen Antwort hatte die Alte ſich keineswegs verſehen; daher ließ ſie auch alſobald ſanftere Töne vernehmen. „Nu, nu," ſagte ſie, „ſo ſchlimm wirſt du es doch nicht meinen; komm denn, und folge mir. Was ich habe, ſei dir geboten, denn ohne Zweifel biſt du derſelbe, auf deſſen Ankunft ich ſchon dreihundert Jahre warte." — Während ſie dieſe Worte ſprach, ſah ſie mit offenbarem Wohlgefallen auf ſeinen Säbel, nahm ihn am Arm, und führte ihn ins Innere ihrer Hütte.

Dieſe Alte war das Weib eines ehernen Königs, der ſie einſt, wegen begangener Untreue, verdammt hatte, in der häßlichſten Geſtalt und voll des bitterſten Lebensüberdruſſes, in der ſchlechten Hütte zu leben, bis ein Fremdling, zum Danke für eine empfangene Wohlthat, ihr den Kopf abhauen würde. Der Anblick unſers Fremdlings ſchien ihr die Nähe ihrer Erlöſung zu verkünden; da ſie derſelben ſchon ſo lange entgegen ſchmachtete, fand ſie ſich auch leicht geneigt, ihm Alles aufs Wirthlichſte zu reichen, was er begehrte. Sie ſetzte ihm ein gebratenes Schwein, einen Laib Brot, welchen kaum ein Debrecziner Backofen gefaßt haben würde, und einen ungeheuren Krug des trefflichſten Weines vor.

Miska ließ ſich Alles wohl ſchmecken, beſonders mundete ihm der Wein ſo ſehr, daß er bald einen zweiten Krug verlangte. So behaglich auch die Alte bisher die wackere Eß- und Trinkluſt ihres Gaſtes bemerkt hatte, ſo ängſtlich ward ſie doch über deſſen Forderung. Sie beſchwor ihn feierlich, ja keinen Tropfen mehr zu trinken, bevor er nicht Eins vollbracht hätte, das ihn und ſie zugleich auf immer glücklich machen würde.

Glücklich! dachte Miska bei ſich, — und zwar auf immer? — ei, das wäre wohl der Mühe werth, meinen Durſt auf kurze Zeit zu bekämpfen. — Die Alte drang um ſo nachdrücklicher in ihn, da eben jene Stunde ihr die einzig günſtige ſchien, ihre Rettung zu beſchleunigen.

Indem ſie ihm verſicherte, es werde nach einer Stunde ihm mehr Wein zu Gebote ſtehen, als er je getrunken, führte ſie ihn an einen unweit ihrer Hütte gelegenen Hügel, öffnete eine kleine Fallthüre, die den Eingang ins Innere deſſelben verſchloß, und bat ihren Gaſt, getroſt eine Treppe in dieſe unterirdiſche Wohnung hinab zu ſteigen, und ihr aus dem dritten Gemach, das er da finden würde, ein Stück Kerze, einen Tabaksbeutel und ein Tabakspfeifchen herauf zu holen. Sie ermahnte ihn aber zugleich, ja nicht über eine Stunde zu verweilen, da ſonſt ihr eherner Gemahl, der in jener Tiefe hauſte, und nun eben des Schlafes pflegte, ihn ohne Gnade ermorden würde. Schon war es ſpät nach Mitternacht, und da der königliche Schläfer täglich auf den erſten Ruf eines ehernen Hahns, welcher auf dem Hügel ſaß, erwachte, ſo fürchtete ſie, durch den verhaßten Wächter noch viel zu frühe verrathen zu werden.

Miska kam ihrer Beſorgniß ſogleich dadurch entgegen, daß er ſeinen Säbel ſchwang, und dem ehernen Hahne den Kopf wegputzte. Nun aber trat er, ihrer Weiſung gemäß, unverzüglich den geheimnißvollen Weg an, und begab ſich hinab in jene unterirdiſchen Gemächer, deren Eingang er um ſo leichter fand, da ihm aus jedem derſelben eine Lampe entgegen leuchtete, die alle Gegenſtände um ihn her mit zauberhaftem Licht erhellte.

Bald befand er ſich in einem prächtigen Gewölbe, wo ungeheure Haufen Kupfermünze, ſo blank, als wären ſie erſt geprägt worden, um ihn her lagen. Miska faßte davon ſo viel in ſeine Taſchen, als er zu tragen vermochte, und begab ſich ſodann in ein zweites Gewölbe, das an Pracht ſeiner Einrichtung das erſte bei Weitem übertraf. Wie erſtaunte er, als er hier eben ſo viel Silbermünze ſah, wie er zuvor des Kupfergeldes gefunden hatte. Schnell leerte er ſeine Taſchen, und füllte ſie mit dieſem viel edleren Gelde an. Nun trat er aber in das dritte und letzte Gewölbe, deſſen Schimmer ihn beinahe ganz verblendete. Rings um ihn her lag ein Haufe Goldes an dem andern, und ſogar die Wände und die Meublen ſchienen ihm aus dieſem Metalle zu beſtehen. In einer Ecke des Gemachs ruhte der eherne König in hoher Majeſtät auf einem goldenen Bette, und ſchnarchte gewaltig. Neben ihm ſtand ein goldner Tiſch, auf demſelben aber lagen die drei Dinge, welche die häßliche Alte von Miska verlangt hatte, nämlich ein Stück Kerze, ein Tabaksbeutel und ein Tabakspfeifchen. Der Anblick dieſer prachtvollen Umgebung, vielleicht aber auch das Geſchnarche des Königs, ſetzte den Fremdling in Verlegenheit. Er ſtarrte eine Weile vor ſich hin, ohne zu wiſſen, was er zuerſt verrichten ſollte. Dem Schläfer mit ſeinem Säbel den Kopf abzuſchlagen, ſchien ihm gleich bei ſeinem Eintritt das Erſprießlichſte; aber da erwog er auch bald, daß es weit ſchwerer ſei, einen König zu köpfen, als einen Hahn; deßhalb beſann er ſich ſchnell wieder eines Beſſern; er leerte ſeine Taſchen nochmals aus, und füllte ſie vollauf mit Golde. So bald er aber dies vollbracht, nahm er die drei Stücke vom Tiſche, und begab ſich über die Treppe hinauf, wo ihn bereits die Alte mit geſpannter Sehnſucht erwartete. Schon an der Schwelle ſtreckte ſie ihm ihre dürren Arme begierig entgegen, um ihm jene drei Dinge abzunehmen. Miska aber ſchloß die Fallthüre ganz gelaſſen hinter ſich, und that, als wäre er nie Willens geweſen, ihr Begehr zu erfüllen. Da ſie jedoch hierüber ſo böſe ward, daß ſie ihm drohte, durch ihr Geſchrei den ehernen Schläfer wecken zu wollen, und wirklich ſich ſchon bückte, um nach dem unterirdiſchen Gewölbe hinab zu rufen, verſah dieſer ſich ſogleich ſeines Augenblicks, und hieb ihr mit eben ſo raſchem als kräftigem Streiche den Kopf ab.

Die Alte blieb dahingeſtreckt in der Nähe des Hügels liegen, Miska aber eilte mit ſeiner reichen Beute um ſo froher aus dem Walde, als ihm durch die erſte Dämmerung des Tages ſeine Umgebung ſchon deutlich genug wurde, um einen Ausweg zu finden, der ihn auf die offene Straße zuführte.

Nachdem er einige Stunden gegangen war, begegnete ihm ein Zigeuner auf einem herrlichen Pferde. Die goldne Laſt in ſeinen Taſchen hatte ihm ſein Fortkommen immer mehr erſchwert; deßhalb fragte er den braunen Ritter ſogleich, ob ihm das ſchöne Pferd nicht feil wäre. Jenem war dieſe Begegnung eben ſo willkommen, da er das Thier erſt kürzlich in der Stadt geſtohlen hatte, und eben Willens war, daſſelbe nach einem nahen Flecken zu Markte zu führen. Beide kamen leichtlich überein; Miska gab dem Zigeuner zwanzig Goldſtücke, ſetzte ſich auf den Gaul, und ritt vergnügt nach der Stadt, deren Dächer ihm gar begehrlich entgegen winkten.

Wollte er ſich je gütlich thun, ſo war es diesmal um ſo natürlicher, da er noch nie ſo viel Uebel erlitten, wie ſeit wenig Tagen, und auch nie ſo viel Geld in der Taſche hatte, wie jetzt. Er kehrte in dem ſchönſten Gaſthof der Stadt ein, befahl ſein Pferd aufs Beſte zu verſorgen, und ließ ſich eins der ſchönſten Zimmer öffnen.

Der Schweinebraten, womit ihn jene Alte bewirthet hatte, war nun ſchon längſt verdaut, und Hunger und Durſt regten ſich von Neuem. Der Wirth führte ihn in den Speiſeſaal, wo er Alles aufs Glänzendſte beſtellt, und eine Menge anſehnlicher Gäſte an der Tafel fand. Er ſetzte ſich und ſchmauſte ſo behaglich, daß Aller Augen, beſonders jene des Wirthes, mit ungemeiner Aufmerkſamkeit auf ihm ruhten, da er nur die köſtlichſten Speiſen forderte, und manche derſelben ſich zwei und dreimal reichen ließ. Eben ſo wacker leerte er eine Flaſche Weins nach der andern, und that im Ganzen ſo vornehm, als wäre er in der Abſicht gekommen, die Zeche aller ſeiner Tiſchgenoſſen zu bezahlen. So vornehm ihm auch dieſe Geſellen Anfangs geſchienen hatten, ſo zutraulich fand er ſie in Kurzem. Allgemach rückte Einer nach dem Andern näher zu ihm heran, lobte bald die Farbe des Weins, bald den ſchmackhaften Geruch der Speiſen, die er genoß, und ehe man ſichs verſah, waren ein Dutzend Flaſchen des köſtlichſten und theuerſten Rebenſaftes auf Miska's Wohl und Rechnung ausgeleert. Auf einmal glänzte Frohſinn und muntere Laune aus Aller Augen; man ſang und trank, und ward dadurch noch immer heiterer, und Alles drängte ſich voll Jubel um den liberalen Gaſt, der mit wahrer Glorie als König des Feſtes ſich dieſe Huldigung gefallen ließ.

Bald aber regte ſich auch hier eben ſo lebhaft, wie vormals im Kreiſe anderer Schmauſegeſellen unſers Abenteurers, der Spielgeiſt wieder, und bot demſelben Gelegenheit, ſich die viel zu ſchwere Bürde ſeines Geldes zu erleichtern. Das Spiel begann, und endete eben ſo wie vormals; nur machte diesmal der Umſtand einigen Unterſchied, daß Miska tauſendmal mehr Geld verlor, als neulich, und nun nicht unter dem Tiſche liegen blieb, ſondern durch den Wirth ſelbſt, ſo ehrerbietig auch dieſer ihn Anfangs behandelt hatte, zum Hausthore hinaus geprügelt, bald nachher aber von Häſchern ergriffen, und als Dieb, der das Pferd, ſo er dem Wirthe für die Zeche zurück ließ, aus dem Stalle eines Grafen geſtohlen hätte, feſtgeſetzt wurde.

In dieſer mißlichen Lage wußte Miska ſich weder zu rathen noch zu helfen. Er ſchwor und betheuerte, das Pferd von einem Zigeuner gekauft, und weder jenen Grafen, noch deſſen Stall jemals geſehen zu haben. Aber dies Alles half nichts; er ſaß drei Tage und drei Nächte in einem finſtern Loche, und hatte keine andere Nahrung als Brot und Waſſer, welches ihm nur einmal des Tags, und obendrein ſehr kärglich, gereicht wurde.

Obſchon er vor Kummer und Betrübniß immer matter ward, und auch durch Schlaf ſich nicht zu erholen vermochte, da dieſer durchaus nicht über ſeine Augen kommen wollte; ſo ſehnte er ſich doch gar ſehr nach Licht, und bat den Wächter ſeines Gefängniſſes, ihm ſolches zu geben. Aber vergebens. Endlich fiel ihm das Stück Kerze ein, welches er aus den unterirdiſchen Gemächern geholt, und immer noch in der Taſche hatte. Er zog Stahl, Feuerſtein, Zunder hervor, welche er als Tabakſchmaucher ſtets bei ſich trug, ſchlug ſich Feuer, und drehte den glimmenden Schwamm in einer Hand voll Stroh, das er aus ſeinem Lager genommen, ſo lange im Kreiſe herum, bis dieſes zu brennen anfing, und er ſeine Kerze anzünden konnte.

Aber welch ein Staunen ergriff ihn, als er in dem Augenblick, da die Flamme den Docht ergriff, den ehernen König, den er in dem unterirdiſchen Gewölbe ſchlafend gefunden hatte, vor ſich erblickte. Demüthig beugte dieſer ſein Haupt vor **Miska**, und ſprach: „Durch die Entwendung meiner drei Zauberſchätze, der Kerze, des Tabaksbeutels und des Pfeifchens, welche du nun beſitzeſt, aller meiner Herrlichkeit beraubt, ſtehe ich nun als ein dienſtbarer Geiſt vor dir, und erwarte deine Befehle."

Miska, welchen dieſe Erſcheinung viel zu ſehr überraſchte, als daß er gleich zu Beſinnung hätte kommen können, ſtarrte eine gute Weile vor ſich hin, bevor er im Stande war, ein Wort hervor zu bringen. Endlich aber, nachdem ihm der Kobold erklärt hatte, daß er, durch die Zaubermacht der Kerze hierher gebannt, ihm nun und jedesmal, wenn er dieſelbe anzünden würde, in allen Dingen, die er von ihm verlangen wolle, behilflich ſein müſſe, faßte er ſich dennoch, und that Beſcheid auf den ſo günſtigen Antrag. Er ſchilderte dem ehernen Gaſte ſeine Lage und forderte alſobald einen Sack Goldes, ein ſchönes Pferd, und ſicheres Geleit aus ſeinem verhaßten Gefängniſſe. Der Kobold verſprach alles dieſes mit ehrerbietiger Verbeugung und verſchwand. In wenig Minuten befand **Miska** ſich wirklich vor den Thoren der Stadt auf einem herrlichen Rappen, über deſſen Rücken ein ungeheurer Sack Goldes befeſtigt war. Froh ſegnete er nun ſein Glück, verwünſchte die böſe Stadt, wo ihm ſo großes Unheil widerfahren war, und machte ſich getroſt auf den Weg, um in eine Gegend zu gelangen, wo er ſein Geld wenigſtens mit heiler Haut verzehren könnte.

Nachdem er mehrere Tage geritten, und ſich unterweges weidlich gepflegt hatte, kam er in ein Land, welches ihm bis nun nur dem Namen nach bekannt war.

Hier herrſchte ein ſehr geiziger und grauſamer König, welcher aber eine überaus ſchöne Tochter hatte, um deren Hand ſich bereits eine Menge Prinzen fruchtlos beworben. Denn da keiner derſelben ſo reich und mächtig war, wie es der Vater der Schönen gewünſcht hätte, ſo mußten ſie Alle leer abziehen, und durften ſich nie wieder mit ähnlichen Geſuchen bei Hofe blicken laſſen.

Der Gaſthof, wo **Miska** einſprach, befand ſich in der Nähe der Königsburg und war der größte und glänzendſte, den er je geſehen hatte. Unſer Glücksritter forderte fürſtliche Bewirthung, und ließ ſich eine prachtvolle Wohnung einräumen. Bald wimmelten ſeine Vorzimmer von reichverbrämten Leibhuſaren, Kutſchern und Reitknechten, und in ſeinem Stalle wieherten die herrlichſten Pferde, die man nur wünſchen konnte. Das ſaftigſte Gulyasfleiſch, die köſtlichſten Speckklöße mit Sauerkraut und zarten Schweinsſchwänzchen wurden ihm, ſeinem Befehle zu Folge, täglich in ſilbernen Geſchirren zum Frühſtück aufgeſetzt, und auch ſeiner Dienerſchaft durfte nichts fehlen, was ſie bedurfte.

Schon die erſten Tage nach ſeiner Ankunft ſchmolz all ſein Gold dahin, denn er hatte nicht nur beträchtliche Ankäufe an Kleidern, Wägen, Pferden und allerlei Koſtbarkeiten gemacht, ſondern auch jeden Tag für hundert und mehrere Gäſte offene Tafel gegeben, und dieſelben auf eine wahrhaft königliche Weiſe bewirthet. Da mußte denn die Zauberkerze bald wieder herhalten, und der eherne Kobold ſeine Künſte ins Werk ſetzen. Dieſer fehlte nie, ſobald das Licht brannte, und legte jedesmal einen Sack Goldes zu ſeines Gebieters Füßen, welcher mit jedem Tage herrlicher lebte, und denſelben beinah jede Woche ein Paar Mal citirte.

Einſt, nachdem er des Gaſtirens und Bankettirens allgemach ſatt geworden war, fühlte er eine gewiſſe Leere in ſeinem Lebenskreiſe, die ihn von Tag zu Tage immer kälter und gleichgiltiger gegen all ſeine bisherigen Beluſtigungen und Liebhabereien zu machen ſchien. Zugleich regte ſich aber ein Bedürfniß in ſeinem Herzen, das er bisher nur ſelten, und leicht vorübergehend gefühlt hatte. Er ſehnte ſich nach Mitgefühl und Theilnahme eines empfindenden Weſens, ſo wenig er auch den Gegenſtand ſeiner Wünſche zu nennen oder zu bezeichnen wußte. Da er von den Reizen der Königstochter viel Rühmens gehört hatte, miſchte ſich unwillkürlich der Gedanke in ſeine Abſichten, ſie zu ſehen, und ihr ſeine Herzensnoth klagen zu können. Er malte ſich ihr Bild, ſo gut er konnte, im Geiſte aus, und reihte an daſſelbe zugleich eine Menge Folgen, die er kaum zu überſehen vermochte. „Ei", ſagte er einſt zu ſich ſelbſt, „wenn mir meine Kerze auch aus dieſer Noth helfen könnte, wie herrlich wäre das!" Schnell zündete er ſie an, und alſobald ſtand der eherne Mann ehrerbietig vor ſeinen Augen.

„Könnteſt du wohl," begann **Miska**, „auch mein Herz ſo gut verſorgen, wie du meine andern Bedürfniſſe bisher befriedigt haſt! — Siehe, ich ſehne mich nach Liebe, und dies mein Verlangen iſt viel dringender, als es je meine Geldnoth werden kann. Kannſt du mir verhilflich ſein, unbeſchadet die ſo hoch geprieſene Königstochter zu umarmen, ſo will ich dieſen Dienſt dir weit höher anrechnen, als alle, die du mir bisher geleiſtet."

Der eherne Mann bejahte **Miska's** Frage in aller Demuth, indem er ſagte, er wolle ihm die nächſte Nacht die ſchöne Prinzeſſin in die Arme führen, nur habe er weder bei Tage, noch ſonſt, wenn ſie nicht ſchliefe, Gewalt über ſie; **Miska** wolle daher um Mitternacht getroſt ſeine Kerze anzünden, und der Erfüllung ſeines Wunſches gewärtig ſein. Dieſer war außer ſich vor Freude, und von nun an wuchs ſeine Begierde und Ungeduld immer mehr und mehr, ſo daß er die Stunde ſeines Glücks kaum erwarten zu können glaubte.

Endlich erſcholl des Wächters Ruf vom Thurme der Königsburg, und **Miska** eilte über Hals und Kopf, ſeine Wunderkerze anzuzünden. Sogleich öffnete ſich die Thür ſeines Gemachs ganz leiſe, und der Eherne brachte das ſchönſte und liebenswürdigſte Mädchen, das je der Mond beſchienen, in tiefem Schlafe ruhend, auf den Armen. Nachdem er die Prinzeſſin ſanft auf ein Ruhebett niedergelegt hatte, ermahnte er ſeinen Gebieter, das Kerzenlicht nicht über zwei Stunden brennen zu laſſen, weil er die Schöne ſodann wieder zurück in ihr Schlafgemach bringen müſſe, und nicht über dieſe Friſt verweilen dürfe.

Miska ſtand wie verſteinert vor Verwunderung über den Ausbund aller nur erdenklichen Schönheit, der das ganze Weſen der Schlafenden bezeichnete, und es währte lange, bis er ſich von der Wahrheit dieſer Erſcheinung überzeugte. Entzückt ſtürzte er der Prinzeſſin zu Füßen und glaubte gleich bei dem erſten Kuß, den er auf den Saum ihres Nachtkleides drückte, in Wonne hinzuſchmelzen. Sie erwachte wie aus tiefer Betäubung und erſtaunte nicht allein über ihre Umgebung, ſondern weit mehr über die Geſtalt ihres Anbeters, denn dieſer war, vermuthlich durch die zauberhafte Einwirkung des Kobolds, ihr erſt vor wenig Stunden im Traume erſchienen, und hatte einen ſo tiefen und vielvermögenden Eindruck in ihrem Herzen zurück gelaſſen, wie ihn nur die heftigſte Gluth der erſten Liebe irgend zu bewirken fähig wäre. Schüchtern und ſchweigend ſahen ſich Beide an, und nur ihre Herzen ſprachen mit einander; aber mit einem Mal rötheten ſich die Wangen der Prinzeſſin, ſanfte Gluth ſtrahlte aus ihren himmelblauen Augen, und allgemach, wie eine Roſe auf die Berührung eines liebevollen Zaubers ſichtbar ihren Kelch erſchließt, gaben ihm Blick und Lippen zu verſtehen, daß er das Urbild ihrer Liebe ſei.

Miska glaubte bei dieſem Geſtändniß in Entzückung zu zerfließen, aber kaum wagte er ſeiner Empfindung Ausdruck zu geben, ſo ſtand der eherne Mann ſchon wieder an der Thüre, um die Schöne in ihr Schlafgemach zurück zu bringen, denn die zwei Stunden waren bereits vorüber, obgleich **Miska** erſt ſo viele Sekunden verträumt zu haben wähnte. Der Kobold berührte ihre Stirne ſanft mit ſeinem Zeigefinger, worauf ſie ſogleich wieder einſchlief, nahm ſie ganz ſachte auf ſeine Arme, und verſchwand, ehe **Miska** ſich Zeit genommen hatte, Abſchied von ihr zu nehmen.

Der Ueberglückliche löſchte nun ſein Licht aus, und warf ſich in ſeliger Trunkenheit auf ſein Lager hin, um die Folge ſeines Glückes im Traume fortzugenießen. Und wirklich gelang ihm dieſes nicht nur im Schlafe, ſondern auch Tags darauf ſo ganz, daß er auch bei offenen Augen nichts als ihre Stimme zu hören, ihr Antlitz zu ſehen, und am Strahle ihres holden Blickes dahin zu ſchmelzen wähnte.

Als die zwölfte Stunde der zweiten Nacht gekommen war, zündete er ſeine Kerze wieder an, und ſogleich erſchien der Kobold mit der ſchönen Schläferin wie Nachts vorher. Beide Liebenden umfing auch nun das ſüßeſte Glück mit ſeinen Wonnen, und ließ ſie den allzuraſchen Vorüberflug der Stunden nicht eher gewahr werden, als bis der dienſtbare Kobold wieder kam, und ſeine holde Bürde von hinnen trug.

Indeſſen hatten aber die drei Zofen der Prinzeſſin dem Könige hinterbracht, daß ſie das Bett ſeiner Tochter leer fanden. Er eilte ſogleich herbei, überzeugte ſich von der Wahrheit ihrer Meldung, und ließ alle Drei, noch in derſelben Stunde, vor den Fenſtern ſeiner Tochter hängen. Kaum aber war das Urtheil vollzogen, ſo fand man die Prinzeſſin wieder ſo ruhig und ſüß in ihrem Bette ſchlafen, als hätte ſie daſſelbe noch keinen Augenblick verlaſſen. Staunen und Wuth bemächtigte ſich des Königs. Jähzornig wie er war, ſtürzte er mit gezücktem Dolche auf die Schlafende los, und drohte ſie zu durchbohren, wofern ſie nicht alſogleich geſtände, was es mit ihrer Abweſenheit für eine Bewandtniß habe. —

Bleich vor Schrecken, und zitternd vor Angſt, ſich auf ſo grauſame Art aus dem ſüßeſten aller Träume geweckt zu ſehen, geſtand ſie, es wäre ihr, als hätte ſie ein eherner Mann mit Gewalt zu einem Jünglinge gebracht, deſſen Bild ihr erſt kürzlich im Traume erſchienen war, und ſie ganz mit Entzücken erfüllte.

Der König drang voll Ingrimm in ſie, ihm den Namen und Aufenthalt jenes Verwegenen anzugeben, der ſich ſolchen Frevels an ihr vermäße. Aber die Prinzeſſin wußte dieſe Frage nicht zu beantworten, denn Beides war ihr fremd geblieben, und auch das, was ſie wirklich eingeſtanden, ſchien ihr ſelbſt nur geträumt zu haben.

Außer der Reſidenz des Königs, in einem waldigen Thale, lebte ein frommer Klausner, welchen Jung und Alt verehrte, und in allerlei Nöthen um Rath zu fragen pflegte. Dieſen ließ der König rufen, und als er erſchien, erzählte er ihm den Vorfall und fragte ihn, was in der Sache zu thun wäre.

Der fromme Mann gab ihm ein Stück Kreide, über welche er zuvor ſeinen Segen geſprochen hatte, und verſicherte ohne viel Bedenken, er werde jenen Frevler leicht auskundſchaften, wenn die Prinzeſſin in dem Augenblicke als ſie in deſſen Zimmer gebracht würde, die Thüre deſſelben mit einem Kreuze bezeichnen, der König aber, ſobald man ſie in ihrem Bette vermiſſen ſollte, alle Thüren in der Stadt beſichtigen laſſen wollte. Die Befolgung dieſes Raths ſchien dem Könige eben ſo zweckmäßig als leicht; daher eilte er ſogleich zu ſeiner Tochter, gab ihr das Stück Kreide, und wiederholte ihr die Worte des frommen Einſiedlers mit dem nachdrücklichen Beiſatz, daß, wofern ſie unterließe, dieſelben pünktlichſt zu befolgen, ſie ohne Weiteres das Schickſal der drei Zofen würde theilen müſſen. Todtenblaß vor Entſetzen über den Anblick des unſeligen Kleeblatts vor ihrem Fenſter, verſprach ſie, treulich ſeinem Befehle zu gehorchen, und bat vor der Hand nur um die Gnade, ihre Fenſter verhängen zu dürfen.

Als die dritte Nacht herannahte, ſtellte der König mehrere Wachen vor die Thüre ſeiner Tochter, und auch ſie ſelbſt mußten Rieſen, Zwerge, Pagen und allerlei Hofgeſinde genau beobachten. — Aber Mitternacht brach ein, die Arguſſe wachten mit geſpannten Augen, und doch war die Prinzeſſin mit einem Mal aus dem Bette verſchwunden, ohne daß man den ehernen Mann oder ſie ſelbſt beim Weggehen bemerkte. Der Kobold, welcher gleich bei ſeiner Ankunft die Wachen erblickt hatte, machte ſowohl ſich ſelbſt, als auch die Schöne unſichtbar, und brachte ſie ungefährdet, wie bisher, in ihres Geliebten Arme. Indeſſen ermangelte ſie nicht, des ſtrengen Befehls eingedenk, in dem Augenblicke, als ihr Träger ſie über Miska's Schwelle brachte, deſſen Thüre mit einem Kreuze zu bezeichnen.

Froh empfing Miska auch nun den holden Gegenſtand ſeiner Liebe, wie auch ihres Theils die Prinzeſſin, obſchon durch ihres Vaters Drohung nicht wenig beunruhigt, willig ſeine Gefühle theilte. Denn nicht nur die Macht des Zaubers, womit der Kobold ihre Beſorgniß zu beſchwichtigen wußte, ſondern die Alles überwindende Liebe ſelbſt beſiegte ihre Angſt ſehr bald und um ſo leichter, da der Zuſtand, worin ſie ſich während der zwei kurzen Schäferſtündlein befand, doch mehr jenem des Träumens als des Wachens ähnlich war.

Indeſſen geſchah was geſchehen ſollte; die geweihte Kreide entſprach ihrer Beſtimmung. Leicht gelang es den Lauſchern, das Kreuz an Miska's Thüre zu erſpähen, und mit wildem Ungeſtüm ſtürzten ſie in deſſen Gemach und überraſchten die Liebenden ſehr unſanft in ihren ſchönſten Träumen. Ihn führten ſie ſogleich in ſchweren Feſſeln ins Gefängniß, die Prinzeſſin aber zurück in ihre Schlafkammer.

Obgleich Miska über dieſe gewaltſame Erſcheinung nicht wenig erſchrak, ſo behielt er doch ſo viel Beſinnung, ſogleich nach dem Kobolde zu rufen. Aber wie groß war ſeine Beſtürzung, als er weder dieſen, noch ſeine Kerze erblicken konnte! Da Letztere nur aus einem unvollkommenen Stücke beſtanden, und durch den bisherigen Gebrauch verzehrt war, ſo hatte auch der Talisman, womit er den ehernen Mann zu bannen vermochte, nun mit einem Mal ſein Ende.

Bald befand ſich der unglückliche Liebesritter im tiefſten Kerker, und durch den Ausſpruch des Königs, der ſeiner Rache kaum mehr einen Tag Aufſchub zu geben vermochte, verurtheilt, ſchon den nächſten Morgen gehangen, ſodann gerädert und endlich geſpießt zu werden.

Schon vor Tages Anbruch verſammelte ſich Jung und Alt auf dem Richtplatze, und bald erſchien auch der König ſelbſt an der Spitze eines Geſchwaders und von ſeinen Höflingen begleitet, um Zeuge der Vollſtreckung ſeines Befehls zu ſein. Miska ward zum Hochgerichte hinan geführt, und ſollte, nachdem man dem Volke ſein Verbrechen, und ihm nochmals ſein Urtheil bekannt gemacht hatte, den Todesweg über die Leiter hinauf wandeln. Als er ſchon hoch oben ſtand, neigte er ſich mit überaus wehmüthigen Blicken gegen den König herab, und flehte alſo:

Verwirkt' ich Armſter auch das Leben,
Und bin nun da, es hinzugeben,
So reut es mich doch keinen Augenblick,
Genoſſen hab' ich all ſein höchſtes Glück. —
Doch eh' ich meinen Geiſt verhauche,
Sei gnädig mir, o König, und gewähre,
Daß ich, zu deines Namens Ehre,
Nur noch ein Pfeifchen Tabak ſchmauche!

Alles ſchwieg und wunderte ſich höchlich über dieſen ſeltſamen Wunſch des auf ſeinem letzten Wege begriffenen Verbrechers. Da man in jenem Lande, einem uralten Geſetz zu Folge, auch Miſſethätern eine letzte Bitte zu gewähren pflegte, ſo ſtand der König nicht an, bei aller ſeiner Rache, womit er das Todesurtheil vollzogen wiſſen wollte, ihm dieſe Gnade zu geſtatten.

Miska zog ſein Pfeifchen und ſeinen Tabaksbeutel aus der Taſche, ſtopfte Erſtere, und begann mit ſeltſamem Behagen zu ſchmauchen. Kaum aber hatte er den erſten Zug gethan, ſo ſtand ſein eherner Kobold neben ihm auf der Leiter und fragte, was er befehle, ohne daß ihn ſonſt Jemand bemerkte. Miska beſann ſich ſchnell, und beſchwor ihn bei allen Wundern ſeiner Zaubermacht, ihn zu retten. Der Eherne bejahte es, und verſchwand. Aber in wenig Augenblicken ſprengte ein ungeheures Heer eherner Reiter aus dem nächſten Walde heran, und richtete ein ſo gewaltſames Gemetzel unter der Menge an, daß der König ſammt ſeinem Geſchwader mauſetodt auf dem Platze blieb, und das Volk haufenweiſe auseinander lief. Und alſobald ſah Miska ſich nicht nur gerettet, ſondern, rings von dem ſchützenden ehernen Heer umgeben, auf die Burg geleitet, wo er noch denſelben Morgen zum Könige ausgerufen, und mit ſeiner geliebten Prinzeſſin vermählt wurde.

Nun ließ er durch Hilfe ſeines Kobolds, welcher ihm fortan ſtets getreu blieb, ſeine beiden Brüder herbei holen, und betheilte ſie mit Würden und reichen Gütern. Durch ſein Tabakspfeifchen aber, das er immer bei ſich trug, ward er in Kurzem ſo reich und mächtig, daß ihm alle benachbarten Könige und Fürſten zinsbar und unterwürfig wurden.

Waldhüter-Mährchen.

In einem tiefen Gehölze wohnte einſt ein Waldhüter mit ſeinem lieben Weibe, oblag der Jagd, und lebte zufrieden mit dem Ertrage, den ſein nie erſchlaffter Bogen ihm von Tag zu Tage gewinnen half. Auf dieſe Weiſe brachte er zwei Jahre in ſüßem Ehefrieden hin, aber ohne ſich eines holden Kinderſegens erfreuen zu können, nach welchem ihm doch gar ſehr verlangte. Indeſſen tröſtete ihn das Sprichwort: Geduld bringt Roſen, ja es bewährte ſich endlich auch ſo offenbar an ihm, daß man meinen ſollte, das Schickſal habe all ſeine Macht aufgeboten, daſſelbe ſeinetwillen im Uebermaß zu beſtätigen. Im dritten Jahre ward ſeine Gattin ſchwanger, und als ſie das Herannahen ihrer Weheſtunde immer mehr und mehr fühlte, da bedurfte ſie einer Hebamme. Der Waldhüter, gleichwohl beſorgt für das Heil ſeiner Ehehälfte, aber unbekümmert um die Dinge, die derlei Vorfälle zu begleiten pflegen, machte ſich ſchleunig auf den Weg nach dem nächſten Dorfe, und brachte die erſehnte Wehemutter ſo ſchnell er konnte. Bald aber empfahl er die beiden Weiber dem guten Glücke, nahm Pfeil und Bogen, und begab ſich auf die Jagd in ſein Gehölze.

Kaum hatte er ſeine Hütte verlaſſen, ſo rückte der entſcheidende Augenblick heran, und das Weib gebar, ohne alle Gefahr, nicht weniger als zwölf rüſtige, geſunde Knäblein.

Die Wehemutter wuſch jedes derſelben aufs Reinlichſte, und ſetzte ſie alle zuſammen in die Mitte der Stube in einen Kreis herum. Da ſchlugen die wackern Kleinen lebhaft um ſich her, und erhuben ihre erſten Lebenslaute zu einem kraftvollen Tutti.

Während dieſer Begebenheit war der Tag geſchieden, und der Abend rückte mit ſeinen Schatten allmälich über Feld und Gebirge. Der ſorgloſe Schütze dachte an ſein Abendbrot, und kehrte, mit einigen Haſen beladen, zurück in ſeine Hütte.

Aber welch ein Unfall traf hier den Unbefangenen, wo der Segen des Himmels in ſo zahlreichen Geſtalten ſeiner wartete. Er kam, ſah, und verlor gleich beim erſten Anblick ſeiner Beſcherung den Verſtand, daß er alſobald raſend zur Thüre hinaus ſtürzte, geraden Wegs wieder ins Dunkel der Wälder eilte, und von der Stunde an nimmermehr zurück kam.

Das arme Weib blieb nun mit ihren zwölf Knäblein verlaſſen in ihrer Hütte, und wünſchte, da ſie außer dem Beiſtande der Wehemutter, welche gleichwohl nach Möglichkeit für ſie ſorgte, keine Hilfe zu hoffen hatte, nichts ſehnlicher, als bald ihr Lager meiden, und Nahrung für ihre Kinder ſuchen zu können.

Als nun nach langem ſchmerzlichem Warten dieſe Zeit endlich gekommen war, verfertigte ſie ſich Pfeil und Bogen, durchſtrich Wälder und Gebirge, und brachte täglich ſo viel Wild nach Hauſe, als ſie und die Ihrigen zum Unterhalt bedurften. Alſo verlebte ſie fünfzehn Jahre; die Kleinen wuchſen voll Geſundheit und Kraft heran, und lernten bald auf dieſelbe Art ihre Bedürfniſſe befriedigen.

Ehe ſie aber noch ihr ſechzehntes Jahr erreicht hatten, gefiel es dem Himmel, die Mutter zu ſich zu rufen, und ſo blieben die Knaben nun, ohne elterliche Pflege und Aufſicht, ſich und ihrem Schickſale überlaſſen. Indeſſen lebten ſie, wie bisher, von der Jagd, theilten den Ertrag brüderlich unter ſich, und blieben beiſammen in Eintracht und Frieden.

Der wahnſinnige Vater hingegen irrte immer noch unaufhaltſam in den Wäldern umher. Seine Kleider waren längſt zerriſſen, und ſeine Geſtalt ſchreckte Jeden, der ihn erblickte. Obgleich andere Waldhüter ihm zuweilen begegneten, und ſeinen Söhnen Nachricht von ſeinem Schickſale brachten, ſo konnte ſeiner doch Niemand habhaft werden, da er Jedermanns Nähe vermied, und bei dem bloßen Anblick eines Menſchen gleich einem ſcheuen Wilde ſich in das tiefſte Dunkel der Wildniß zu verbergen eilte. Indeſſen ging aber das Schickſal des Unglücklichen den Herzen ſeiner Söhne mit jedem Tage näher. Einſt traten ſie zuſammen, und beriethen ſich ſehr ernſt und angelegentlich, ein Mittel zu erkunden, denſelben in ihre Hände zu bekommen, um ihn ſodann nach Möglichkeit zu pflegen und zu Verſtand zu bringen.

Sie kamen überein, ſich mit einer gebratenen Gans, einem Kruge Branntwein, und einem großen Stiefel in den Wald, und zwar zu einem daſelbſt befindlichen Brunnen zu begeben, bei welchem ihr Vater ſchon oftmals von den Waldhütern geſehen ward. Mit dieſen Dingen machten ſie ſich eines Tags auf den Weg, und ſtellten, als ſie an beſagtem Orte angekommen waren, das Mitgebrachte vor den Brunnen hin, zogen ſich ſodann ins Gebüſch zurück, und lauerten verſtohlen auf ſeine Ankunft.

Geraume Zeit hatten ſie hier bereits gewartet, als ſie plötzlich ein Geräuſch nahender Tritte hörten, und eine dunkle Geſtalt erblickten, welche ſich nach dem Brunnen hin bewegte. Mit geſpannter Neugier guckten ſie aus ihrem Hinterhalt hervor, und erſahen endlich mit Staunen und Entſetzen den Nahenden, der mehr einem Geſpenſte, als einem Menſchen ähnlich ſchien, mit der Beſchreibung aber, welche ihnen die Waldhüter von ihrem Vater gemacht hatten, vollkommen übereinkam.

Kaum war er dem Brunnen genaht, ſeinen Durſt zu löſchen, als er beim Anblick der ungewöhnlichen Dinge, die ſich vor demſelben befanden, ſtutzig zuſammenfuhr, ſogleich nach allen Ecken hinblickte, und ſich dabei gar eilfertig anſtellte, um bei der erſten Entdeckung einer Menſchengeſtalt hinweg zu laufen. Da aber die Jünglinge ſich ſehr behutſam verborgen hielten, und auch ſonſt ſich nirgends ein Laut vernehmen ließ, ſo legte ſich ſeine Beſorgniß nach und nach und er wagte es, aus dem Brunnen zu trinken.

Nachdem er ſich erquickt hatte, ſchien der Gänſebraten, das Krüglein und der große Stiefel ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit von Neuem auf ſich zu ziehen, und er konnte es ſeiner Lüſternheit nicht verſagen, ſich dieſer Dinge zu bemächtigen. Ganz gemächlich legte er ſich am Brunnen hin, verzehrte mit ſichtbarem Heißhunger die Gans, und leerte mit faunenhaften Zügen das Krüglein.

Der Trank ſchien bald zu wirken; denn kaum hatte er ihn aufgeſchlürft, als er ſein Behagen durch muthwillige Sprünge und allerlei poſſierliche Geberden zu erkennen gab. Bald ergriff er auch den Stiefel, betrachtete ihn von allen Seiten, und nickte frohlockend mit dem Kopfe, als winkte er ſich ſelbſt Beifall, den Gebrauch deſſelben errathen zu haben.

Alſo in ſich vergnügt, ſetzte er ſich wieder auf die Erde, und verſuchte den Stiefel über beide Füße zugleich anzuziehen. Obſchon dieſer weit genug war, den Fuß eines Halbrieſen zu bekleiden, ſo koſtete es dem Verirrten doch ungemeine Anſtrengung, ſeine Abſicht zu erreichen. Von Mühe und dem Geiſte des genoſſenen Trankes überwältigt, ſank er allgemach am Brunnen hin, und entſchlief in behaglichem Taumel.

Als ſeine Söhne dies bemerkten, eilten ſie zugleich mit aller Behutſamkeit aus dem Gebüſch hervor, huben den Schlaftrunkenen von der Erde auf, und trugen ihn nach Hauſe. Aber noch waren ſie nicht auf halbem Wege, als ſie mit Entſetzen bemerkten, daß die Bürde, welche ihnen bei jedem Schritte ſchwerer geſchienen hatte, eine Leiche war. War es Wirkung des zu haſtig verſchlungenen geiſtigen Getränkes, oder der zu ſchnellen Sättigung eines langen Hungers, genug, der Vater lag todt in ſeiner Söhne Armen.

Beſtürzt umſtanden nun die Unglücklichen den theuren Leichnam, und begruben ihn ſodann unter Reuethränen und manchem Vorwurf, womit ſie ihr thörichtes Unternehmen beſchuldigten, unfern ihrer Hütte unter einer Eiche.

Nach dieſem Ereigniſſe blieben ſie noch einige Zeit beiſammen; endlich aber ſehnten ſie ſich in die Fremde, beſchloſſen, ihr bisheriges Verhältniß aufzugeben, und auf verſchiedenen Wegen ihr Glück zu ſuchen.

Nachdem ſie einen Tag feſtgeſetzt hatten, ſich zu trennen, begaben ſie ſich nochmals mit einander auf die Jagd, um ſich im Voraus ſo viel Wild zu verſchaffen, als ſie wenigſtens für die erſten Tage ihrer Wanderung bedurften. Als nun aber jener Tag gekommen war, gingen ſie zur Eiche, die das Grab ihres Vaters beſchattete, ſchworen ſich ewige Bruderliebe, und gingen ſodann mit herzlichem Abſchiede auseinander.

Wie weit jeder dieſer zwölf Brüder auf ſeiner Wanderung gekommen, wo und auf welchem Wege er ſeine Beſtimmung gefunden, — dies zu erzählen wäre eine um ſo weitläufigere Aufgabe, da das Schickſal des Letztgebornen allein merkwürdig genug iſt, um demſelben unſre Aufmerkſamkeit zuzuwenden.

Dieſer Junge hatte von Kindheit auf eine Abneigung vor jeder mühſamen Arbeit und Beſchäftigung; daher verließ er ſich in allen Nöthen auf die Gunſt des Glücks, um ſo mehr, da er ſich ſchon mehrmals überzeugt zu haben glaubte, daß daſſelbe ihm beſonders gewogen ſei. Während die Andern bei allem Ungemach der Zeit, der Witterung und der Wege einem Wilde zuweilen mit aller Mühe nachſetzten, legte dieſer ſich mit ſeinem Geſchütze behaglich auf den nächſten graſigen Hügel hin, und ließ ſich im Schatten der Bäume wohl geſchehen. Und meiſtens geſchah es, daß, während ſeine Brüder die Fährte eines Haſen im Schweiße ihres Angeſichts verfolgten, ihm, wie gerufen, ein Rehbock oder wohl gar ein Hirſch ſo nahe vor Augen kam, daß er ihn ohne Mühe erlegen konnte. Dafür hatte er aber auch gar manche Neckerei von ſeinen Brüdern zu erdulden; denn ſein Glück weckte ihren Neid, und ſie nannten ihn ſchlechtweg den Faulpelz.

Das Vertrauen auf die Huld der blinden Göttin geleitete ihn treulich auf ſeinen Wegen. Bei Tage erlegte er allerlei Wild, das ihm in großer Menge aufſtieß, machte ſich Feuer an, briet und verzehrte es; des Nachts bettete er ſich auf weichem Graſe, und ſchlief getroſt dem kommenden Morgen entgegen.

Nachdem er ſeine Wanderung auf dieſe Weiſe ſechs Tage fortgeſetzt hatte, gelangte er in eine ihm ganz unbekannte Reſidenzſtadt eines Königs. Hier ſprach er im erſten beſten Gaſthofe ein, und bot dem Wirthe einen Haſen für einen Trunk Wein, um ſich nach ſeinen Reiſebeſchwerden behaglich zu erquicken. Der Wirth kredenzte ihm mehr als er trinken und eſſen mochte, bot ihm auch ein Nachtlager, und beköſtigte ihn aufs Billigſte.

Kaum hatte er ſich zu Tiſche geſetzt, als eine Menge Leute ſich in der Gaſtſtube verſammelten, und mit großer Bedeutenheit von einem unerhörten Vorfalle, der ſich ſo eben zugetragen hätte, einander Kunde gaben. Die Sache war auch in der That von nicht geringem Belang, denn ſie betraf das Intereſſe des Königs. Dieſer hatte neun und neunzig Sauhirten in ſeinem Dienſte, welche ſämmtlich in Verluſt gerathen, und aller Wahrſcheinlichkeit nach auf immer unſichtbar geworden waren. Der neun und neunzigſte derſelben wurde nun erſt ſeit der letztverfloſſenen Nacht vermißt, und doch zweifelte man allgemein, daß der König je wieder einen finden würde, der den gefährlichen Dienſt deſſelben auf ſich zu nehmen wagte. Denn ſo reichlichen Lohn man auch Jedem verſprach, der ſich entſchlöße, die königliche Schweineheerde nur einen einzigen Tag zu hüten, ſo meldete ſich doch Niemand im ganzen Reiche, und der erboſte Eigenthümer lief Gefahr, ſeine Heerde zu verlieren.

Der junge Fremdling hörte dieſe Erzählung mit Verwunderung an, konnte ſich aber die Schwierigkeit nicht denken, die mit dem Sauhirtendienſte verbunden wäre. Da der Wirth es ſich ſchon ſeit geraumer Zeit angelegen ſein laſſen, Hirten für die Heerde des Königs zu werben, ſo fragte er ſeinen jungen Gaſt, ob er ſich nicht herbeiließe, dieſen Dienſt anzutreten, indem er zugleich hinzuſetzte, der König bezahle für jeden einzelnen Tagesdienſt ein ganzjähriges Dienſtlohn. Warum nicht? antwortete Piſka, (ſo hieß der junge Abenteurer,) und zeigte ſich ganz entſchloſſen, den Antrag einzugehen, da er durchaus nicht glauben wollte, daß zum Dienſte eines Sauhüters mehr Kenntniß und Mühe nöthig ſei, als er aufzubieten gewohnt war. Seine Zuſage ward angenommen, und der Wirth führte ihn ſogleich mit vieler Freude zum Könige, und rühmte in der ganzen Stadt die muthvolle Entſchloſſenheit ſeines Gaſtes.

Der Herrſcher empfing Piſka mit großer Huld, und beſtätigte dem Jünglinge nicht nur die ihm ſchon durch den Wirth gemachte Zuſage, ſondern auch ein Ehrengeſchenk noch obendrein, wenn er ſeinem Dienſte mit Eifer und Standhaftigkeit obläge. Er ließ ihm ſogleich ein reichlich beſtelltes Nachtmahl auftiſchen und beſchied ihn auf morgen mit den huldvollſten Glückwünſchen auf die Haide hinaus zu ſeiner Schweinheerde.

Ehe der Tag zu grauen begann, hatte Piſta ſich ſchon am beſtimmten Orte eingefunden. Die Haide lag in einer anmuthigen Gegend, welche von der einen Seite Gebirge, von der andern ein dichter Wald begrenzten. Bei ſeiner Ankunft war Alles ruhig, und darum konnte er nicht begreifen, welche Gefahr hier zu befürchten wäre.

Unter mancher Erwartung verging ihm der Tag, und auch der Abend nahte eben ſo friedlich heran, wie der Abend geſchieden war. Mond und Sterne erleuchteten die Gegend weit umher, und die wohlthätige Kühle der Luft lud den ſorgloſen Hirten zur Ruhe. Er legte ſich getroſt in die Nähe ſeiner Heerde hin, empfahl ſich und ſeine Pfleglinge dem Glücke, und ſchlief in Frieden ein.

Noch hatte er aber kaum ein Stündchen geſchlafen, als ihn die ſeltſamſte aller Nachterſcheinungen aus ſeinen Träumen weckte. Der oberälteſte Eber ſeiner Heerde ſtand vor ihm und redete ihn alſo an: „Fürchte dich nicht, denn ich bin dir freundlich gewogen, und komme nun als wohlmeinender Rathgeber zu dir, um dich vor den Gefahren zu warnen, welche dir bevorſtehen. Da ich dich einmal zu meinem Günſtlinge auserſehen habe, ſo will ich dir meinen Beiſtand beſtens angedeihen laſſen. Wenn du uns morgen Abends heim treibſt, ſo ſorge ſogleich, daß der König dir einen Laib Brot, und eine Flaſche Wein für den nächſten Tag mitgebe. Dieſe zwei Dinge werden dich vor jedem Unglück ſchützen. Ein großer Drache, der dieſen Wald beherrſcht, wird dich überwältigen und verſchlingen wollen; gibſt du ihm aber dieſe Geſchenke, ſo wirſt du ihm nicht nur widerſtehen, ſondern, wenn er den Wein wird getrunken haben, ihn auch ermorden können.“

Piſta erſtaunte nicht wenig über dieſe Erſcheinung; er rieb ſich die Augen, ſpitzte die Ohren, und nahm alle ſeine Sinne zuſammen, um ſich zu überzeugen, ob er träumte oder wachte. Da er aber den Eber leibhaft vor ſich ſah, und jedes ſeiner Worte ganz deutlich vernahm, dankte er endlich demſelben für die ſo günſtige Weiſung, und verſprach ihm, ſolche pünktlich zu befolgen.

Als der zweite Abend gekommen war, trieb er die Heerde heim. Der König ſah ihm nicht ohne Verwunderung entgegen, ließ ihm alſobald den verheißenen ganzen Jahreslohn bezahlen, und erlaubte ihm noch obendrein, ſich eine beſondere Gnade auszubitten. Piſta ſtrich ſein Geld frohlockend in die Taſche, und verlangte vor der Hand nichts weiter, als Brot und Wein für den nächſten Tag.

Kaum hatte noch der Hahn der erſten Frühſtunde entgegengekräht, ſo war unſer Hirt mit ſeiner Heerde ſchon wieder zum Thor der Stadt hinausgezogen. Er begab ſich auf dieſelbe Haide, wo er die vorige Nacht zugebracht, und jenes ſeltſame tête à tête mit dem Schweinbären gehalten hatte. Sobald er an Ort und Stelle ankam, trat ſein borſtiger Mentor wieder zu ihm und ſprach:

Flink und ohne Zagen
Setze dich auf meinen Rücken.
Und in wenig Augenblicken
Siehſt du dich an's Ziel getragen.

Der Junge beſtieg den Eber, und im Nu ſah er ſich zu dem nahen Walde gebracht, und unter einer ungeheuern Eiche abgeſetzt. Hier wiederholte der Eber nochmals, was er ſeinem Günſtlinge ſchon Tags zuvor an's Herz gelegt hatte, und eilte alſobald zurück zu ſeiner Heerde.

Piſta hielt ſich bereit, ſeinem Abenteuer zu begegnen, und ehe er ſich noch genau nach dem Tummelplatze umgeſehen, drang ihm mit einem Mal aus dem Innern des Waldes ein ſo gewaltiges Geräuſch zu Ohren, daß alle Bäume um ihn her, wie bei einem Sturme, rauſchten. Dieſes Getöſe kam immer näher, und bald erblickte er einen ungeheuern Drachen, welcher gerade auf ihn heran eilte, in ſeinem Laufe eine Menge Bäume und Geſträuche erſchütterte und manche auch ſogar zu Boden riß, und ihn ſchon von ferne zu verſchlingen drohte. Wohl eingedenk der Worte ſeines Mentors, faßte Piſta ſich ein Herz, bot dem Drachen Brot und Wein, und flehte um Schonung ſeines Lebens.

Dieſe liberale Begegnung überraſchte das Ungeheuer mehr, als es der Widerſtand einer ganzen Schaar Schweinehirten vermocht hätte. Ruhig empfing der Drache die Gaben des Jünglings, verzehrte ſie mit großem Behagen, und taumelte, da der Trank ſeine Wirkung ſehr bald begonnen hatte, ſchläfrig zu Boden hin. Piſta ſäumte nicht, ſeinen Vortheil zu nutzen. Wie er bemerkte, daß der Drache eingeſchlafen war, zog er ſein Taſchenmeſſer hervor, und ſchnitt dem trunkenen Ungeheuer die Kehle ab; ehe er aber ſeine Operation noch ganz vollbrachte, ſah er aus dem Rachen desſelben einen kupfernen Schlüſſel herausfallen; dieſen hob er ſogleich auf, und ſteckte ihn in ſeine Taſche.

Indeſſen hatte die Schweineheerde ſich allgemach waldeinwärts gezogen, und zwar nach einer Gegend zu, die ziemlich weit von der Stelle entlegen ſchien, wo das Ungeheuer ſeinen Tod gefunden. Piſta, beſorgend ſeine Pfleglinge zu verlieren, beſchloß ſogleich, die Krümmung des Forſtes abzuſchneiden, und in gerader Richtung und zwar auf eben dem Wege, welchen der hervorſtürzende Drache genommen hatte, denſelben zu Hilfe zu eilen.

Kaum war er eine Strecke weit gekommen, als eine neue überraſchende Erſcheinung all ſeine Beſorgniß zerſtreute. Ein ungeheures, ganz von Kupfer gebautes Schloß ſtand vor ihm da, deſſen Pracht die Reſidenz ſeines Königs bei Weitem übertraf, und das um ſo mehr Einladendes für ihn zu haben ſchien, da nirgends, ſo weit ſein Auge ſpähte, ihm eine Wache den Zugang wehrte. Still und einſam war Alles um ihn her, auch nicht eines Vogels Stimme unterbrach das Schweigen ſeiner Umgebung. Er eilte daher ohne Bedenken zur Burg hinan, fand aber alle Thore derſelben feſt verſchloſſen. Sogleich erinnerte er ſich des Schlüſſels in ſeiner Taſche; er zog denſelben hervor, verſuchte ihn am nächſten Schloſſe, und ſah mit froher Verwunderung, daß ſich ihm alle Riegel und Thore aufthaten. Bald befand er ſich in dem herrlichſten Palaſte, den er je geſehen. Die Zahl der Prachtgemächer, die ſich rings um ihn her öffneten, war ſo groß, daß er nicht gleich mit ſich einig werden konnte, welches er zuerſt betrete. Getroſt ging er durch die erſte Vorhalle, und kam von Gemach zu Gemach, bis er endlich mit verblendetem Geſichte in einen Spiegelſaal gelangte, wo ihm allerlei goldenes und ſilbernes Geräthe entgegen glänzte. In der Mitte des Saals ſtand ein ſilberner Tiſch, auf welchem eine goldene Gerte lag. Ohne eigentlich zu wiſſen warum, nahm er die Gerte, und machte einen Schlag auf die Tafel, worauf ſogleich ein junger Drache vor ihm erſchien, und mit unbeſchreiblicher Höflichkeit fragte, was ihm zu Befehle ſtände.

Piſta faßte ſich, und äußerte den Wunſch, das ganze Innere des Palaſtes, ſammt den dazu gehörigen Gärten in Augenſchein zu nehmen, worauf der dienſtbare Drache ſich ſehr bereitwillig erwies, und ſeinen Gaſt bat, ihm zu folgen. Er führte ihn durch alle Gemächer und Säle des Schloſſes, deren jedes allein die Schätze eines ganzen Königreichs zu enthalten ſchien; ſodann ging er in die Stallungen, wo herrliche Hengſte goldenen Hafer aus ſilbernen Krippen ſpeiſten, und den Eintretenden voll Muth entgegen wieherten. Endlich aber kamen Beide in einen Garten, der voll wunderſchöner Blumen und köſtlicher Früchte prangte, und den Fremdling wie ein zweites Paradies mit allen Reizen der Natur umfing. Piſta konnte ſich nicht enthalten, eine Roſe zu pflücken, und ſie auf ſeinen Hut zu ſtecken.

Nachdem er Alles beſehen hatte, fragte er den Drachen nach dem Herrn dieſes Palaſtes; dieſer aber bückte ſich mit tiefer Ehrerbietung vor dem Fremdlinge, und bat ihn, als den nunmehrigen Eigenthümer aller dieſer Schätze, ſeine Huldigung in Gnaden anzunehmen, indem er ihm zugleich verſprach, genau über Alles und Jedes wachen und deſſen hohe Zufriedenheit aufs Würdigſte verdienen zu wollen. Piſta erſtaunte nicht wenig über dieſe Begegnung; da er aber wohl merkte, daß alle die Erſcheinungen, welche ihm ſeit Kurzem vorgekommen waren, nichts weniger als natürlich ſeien, ließ er ſich die Huldigung des Drachen gefallen, und ſpielte ſeine Rolle ſo gut er konnte. Nachdem er Letzterm Beifall zugewinkt hatte, ging er mit ſtolzer Gravität aus dem Schloſſe. Raſch donnerten hinter ihm von ſelbſt die Thore zu, er aber verſperrte Schlöſſer und Riegel mit ſeinem Schlüſſel, und begab ſich nun weiter in den Wald, um ſeine Schweine aufzuſuchen.

Es währte nicht lange, ſo begegnete ihm die ganze Heerde in beſter Ordnung. Schon war der Tag in Weſten verglüht, und die Schatten der Berge breiteten ſich allgemach über das Gefilde. Nun ſchien es ihm Zeit, ſeinen Rückweg anzutreten; er pfiff, ſeine Heerde ſetzte ſich in Bewegung, und ehe noch der Abendſtern am Himmel glänzte, war ſie daheim in ihren Hürden.

Piſta hatte nicht ſo bald ſeine Pfleglinge verſorgt, als ihm die Töchter des Königs mit ungemeiner Freundlichkeit entgegen eilten. Schon von ferne hatte die Jüngſte derſelben die ſchöne Roſe auf ſeinem Hute bemerkt, und konnte dem Wunſche nicht widerſtehen, ſie zu beſitzen; ſchnell kam ſie daher mit ihren Schweſtern herbei gelaufen, und forderte die ſchöne Blume. Der Sauhirt überreichte ſie der Prinzeſſin alſogleich, und fand ſich ſehr hochgeehrt, ſeine Gabe an dem Buſen der liebenswürdigſten Königstochter zu ſehen.

Der König aber, der ſich indeſſen über die eben ſo glückliche als pünktliche Zurückkunft ſeines Hirten höchlich verwunderte, ließ denſelben ſogleich zu ſich berufen, und fragte ihn angelegentlich um Alles, was ihm auf ſeiner Haide begegnet wäre. Allein Piſta wich dieſen Fragen ſehr behutſam aus; er antwortete ſehr kurz, und vermied jede Erklärung, die ſeine ſo ſeltſamen und glücklichen Abenteuer hätte verrathen können. „Dieſe Roſe,“ ſprach er, „die ich ſchon abgepflückt auf einem Baumſtrunke liegen gefunden, iſt Alles, was mir unterweges vorgekommen; ich ſteckte ſie auf meinen Hut, um ſie nicht ganz ungenoſſen verwelken zu laſſen.“

Der König bewies ihm neuerdings ſeine hohe Zufriedenheit und Gnade, indem er ihm auch für die künftigen Tage denſelben reichlichen Lohn zuſicherte, den er bis jetzt genoſſen. — Der Hirt dankte ſeinem Gebieter und begab ſich zu ſeinen Schweinen, um in der Nähe derſelben die Nacht über auf ſeinem Strohlager auszuruhen.

Kaum war es Mitternacht, ſo weckte ihn der vertrauliche Eber ſo wie geſtern, und ſagte: Piſta wolle ſich auch für den kommenden Tag mit Brot und Wein verſehen, da er es mit einem zweiten, noch größern Drachen, als der erſte war, würde zu thun haben. Er rieth ihm, den Mundvorrath zu verdoppeln, fügte aber hinzu, daß er auch diesmal nichts zu befürchten hätte, wenn er dem Ungeheuer eben ſo muthig wie dem geſtrigen begegnete.

Schon vor Tages Anbruch ließ Piſta ſich zwei Brote und zwei Flaſchen Wein reichen, und begab ſich mit ſeinen Schweinen abermals hinaus auf die Haide. Dort angelangt trat der Eber ſogleich wieder zu ihm hin und ſprach:

Piſta, flink und ohne Zagen
Setze dich auf meinen Rücken:
Will dich heut noch weiter tragen,
Und noch Größer's ſoll dir glücken.

Der Jüngling that nach des Ebers Willen, und raſcher als auf eines Renners Rücken ſah er ſich zu einem Gehege getragen, das eine gute Strecke Weges von dem geſtrigen entfernt war. Der Eber ſetzte ihn auch hier unter einer Eiche ab, wiederholte ihm nochmals was er ihm zum erſten Mal empfohlen hatte, und überließ ihn ſeinem Schickſale.

Piſta wartete nicht lange; bald hörte er ein furchtbares Geräuſch von den Wipfeln der Bäume herab; allgemach ſchien es dunkler um ihn her zu werden, und mit einemmal kam in der Luft ein ungeheurer Drache heran, der, noch weit größer als der erſte, die ganze Gegend, wie eine finſtere Gewitterwolke, mit ſeinen Flügeln überſchattete, und mit gräßlicher Haſt auf den Hirten hernieder zu ſtürzen drohte. Aber eben ſo ſchnell reichte Piſta ihm die zwei Brote und Flaſchen hin, und begütigte das Ungethüm ſo glücklich, daß es alſobald ſich ruhig niederſtreckte, die Victualien mit vielem Behagen verzehrte, und ſodann mit brauſendem Geſchnarche einſchlief. Piſta nahm auch diesmal den günſtigen Augenblick wahr, und ſchnitt dem Drachen die Kehle ab, wobei demſelben ein ſilberner Schlüſſel aus dem Rachen fiel, den Jener ſogleich in die Taſche ſchob.

Nun ging er, ſo wie geſtern, ins Innere des Waldes und erblickte bald ein Schloß, das, ganz von Silber gebaut, ſeinen Augen ſchon von fern mit blendendem Schimmer entgegen ſtrahlte. Was er in der kupfernen Burg gethan und geſehen hatte, daſſelbe that und ſah er auch hier, nur war die Pracht der innern Einrichtung hier noch weit größer, weßhalb er auch bei Betrachtung derſelben länger als dort verweilte. Nachdem ihm auch hier ein dienſtbarer Drache alle Schätze und Koſtbarkeiten gezeigt, und ihn endlich in den Garten geleitet hatte, pflückte er ſich eine ſilberne Roſe, dergleichen unzählige an den Sträuchern prangten, und ſteckte ſie auf ſeinen Hut. Hierauf verſchloß er die Thore des ſchönen Schloſſes mit ſeinem ſilbernen Schlüſſel, begab ſich wieder zu ſeiner Heerde, und trieb ſie, als der Tag ſich zu neigen anfing, ruhig nach Hauſe.

Sobald er an Ort und Stelle war, ſprangen die drei Königstöchter ihm wieder freundlich entgegen, und die Jüngſte haſchte ihm die ſilberne Roſe vom Hute weg, und lief mit derſelben frohlockend zu ihrem Vater. Der König ließ, wie geſtern, den Hirten zu ſich berufen, fragte ihn nach Allem, was ihm den Tag über begegnet wäre, und äußerte, da Jener ihm befriedigend geantwortet, ſeine volle Zufriedenheit.

Dieſes Abenteuer wiederholte ſich auch den dritten Tag, jedoch mit dem Unterſchiede, daß der Hirte in einen goldenen Palaſt kam, und aus dem Garten deſſelben eine goldene Roſe mit nach Hauſe brachte, welche die ſchöne Königstochter, ſo wie die vorigen, ſich zueignete.

Zufälligerweiſe fiel gerade in dieſe Zeit die Feier eines Feſtes, das der König den Freiern ſeiner drei Töchter zu geben ſchon längſt beſchloſſen hatte. Er ließ drei goldene Aepfel von gleicher Größe verfertigen, deren jeder mit dem Namen einer der Prinzeſſinnen bezeichnet, und im Vorhofe ſeiner Burg an goldnen Schnüren hangend, das Ziel eines Wettkampfs werden ſollte, wobei den Siegern die Hände der Königstöchter zum Lohn zuerkannt würden. Wer nämlich von den Kämpfern, zu Pferde, im ſchnellſten Lauf einen dieſer Aepfel mit ſeiner Lanze herab ſtieße, dem ſollte mit der Goldfrucht auch die Prinzeſſin, deren Name darauf geſchrieben ſtand, zu Theil werden. Da die drei Schweſtern eben ſo ungemein ſchön als reich waren, ſo läßt ſich leicht erachten, daß die Anzahl ihrer Freier nicht gering ſein mochte. Eine zahlloſe Menge Prinzen aus nahen und fernen Ländern war um die Königsburg verſammelt, und auch des Königs Bruder mit ſeinen neun Töchtern war zugegen. Das ganze Reich nahm Antheil an dieſer Feier, und Jung und Alt freute ſich auf ihren Anfang. Alles was königlicher Reichthum an Schätzen aufzubringen vermag, war hier beiſammen zu ſehen, und alle Reichen und Vornehmen ſtrömten herbei, durch Schimmer und Aufwand das ſchon längſt erwartete Feſt zu verherrlichen.

Da ſich wohl vermuthen ließ, Piſta werde einer ſo großen Feierlichkeit ſeine Gegenwart nicht verſagen, ſo lud die jüngſte Prinzeſſin, aus Dankbarkeit für die ihr gegebenen drei Roſen, den Jüngling zum Zuſchauer, indem ſie ihm rieth, ja nicht wegzubleiben, wenn er anders das Herrlichſte, was ihres Vaters Reich an Menſchen, Pferden, Kleidern und Edelſteinen beſäße, zu ſehen nicht verſchmähte.

Aber zu nicht geringem Erſtaunen der Prinzeſſin dankte der Hirt für ihre Einladung: er wolle lieber bei ſeines Gleichen bleiben, und ſich, wie bisher, zu ſeiner Schweinheerde auf die Haide begeben.

Als der Morgen kam, und ſich in und außer der Burg ſchon Alles regte und bewegte, die Straßen von zahlloſem Volke wimmelten, ja ſelbſt die mühſeligſten Krüppel ſich ſchauluſtig herbei ſchleppten, trieb Piſta ganz gleichgiltig ſeine Heerde aus, und ließ ſich nicht den geringſten Anſchein von Neugierde merken.

Wer hätte aber vermuthet, was der verſchmitzte Junge geheim bei ſich beſchloſſen, und welch gewaltigen Streich er allen fürſtlichen Freiern zu ſpielen vorhatte! — Kaum war er auf der Haide angelangt, ſo eilte er ſogleich in jenen Wald, wo er ohnlängſt ſein erſtes Abenteuer beſtanden. Hier begab er ſich gerade in den kupfernen Palaſt, trat in den Saal, und befahl durch einen Schlag mit der goldenen Gerte dem dienſtbaren Drachen, ihm das koſtbarſte Prachtgewand, wie auch das herrlichſte Reitpferd herbei zu ſchaffen. Der Drache befolgte den Befehl ſeines Gebieters aufs Schleunigſte; er kleidete denſelben ſo geſchickt und flink, als es je ein Kammerdiener vermocht hätte, und führte ihm eben ſo bald ein prächtig gezäumtes Roß herbei, das ſchon im Herannahen vor Kampfbegier Funken zu ſprühen ſchien.

Kaum hatte Piſta den Renner beſtiegen, ſo donnerten von deſſen Hufſchlage die Hallen des Schloſſes hinter ihm; er flog, wie auf Schwingen des Blitzes getragen, über Haide und Straße, und erſchien, ehe man ſichs verſah, in den Schranken der königlichen Kämpfer. Der Schimmer ſeines Gewandes, die Kraft und Schnelle ſeines Pferdes, und alle die koſtbaren Edelſteine, die ihn ſchmückten, verblendeten Aller Augen, und Niemand hätte ſich beikommen laſſen, den Schweinehirten in ihm zu ſuchen. Alles wich bei ſeiner Ankunft von der Stelle, und verneigte ſich wie vor einem Gotte. Der König ſelbſt hielt ihn wenigſtens für ſeines Gleichen, und bot ihm vor allen Anweſenden ſogleich die Ehre des Vortritts an. Allein Piſta lehnte dieſe Auszeichnung beſcheiden ab, und bat vielmehr, der Letzte unter den Freiern ſein zu dürfen.

Endlich ward das Zeichen gegeben. Alles drängte ſich zu den Schranken, und der Wettlauf nahm ſeinen Anfang. Reiter und Pferde flogen mit heißer Kampfbegier nach dem Ziele, aber Keinem gelang es, auch nur einen der drei Aepfel mit der Lanze zu berühren.

Auf einmal aber ſprengte der unbekannte Gaſt wie ein Pfeil über die Bahn dahin, und traf alſobald den Erſten der drei Aepfel ſo glücklich, daß derſelbe ſammt der goldnen Schnur, woran er befeſtigt war, an ſeiner Lanze hängen blieb. Aller Blicke ſtarrten ihm verwundert nach, er aber flog mit ſeiner Siegesbeute unverwandt, und in gerader Richtung über alle Schranken hinweg, und entſchwand endlich in der Ferne.

Dieſer unerwartete Vorfall bewirkte allgemeine Verlegenheit unter den Freiern und beſtimmte den König, die Fortſetzung der Feier auf den kommenden Tag zu verſchieben. Indeſſen ſchickte er ſogleich einige ſeiner beſten Reiter dem ſeltſamen Flüchtlinge nach, um deſſen Aufenthalt zu erkunden; aber ehe dieſe ſich auf den Weg machten, war unſer Ritter bereits unſichtbar geworden, und hatte ſich in ſeiner Hirtentracht wieder bei ſeiner Heerde eingefunden.

Abends kam er, wie gewöhnlich, mit derſelben nach Hauſe, und beſtellte ſeine Geſchäfte. Ehe er ſich aber zur Ruhe begab, erſah ihn auch diesmal die Jüngſte der Prinzeſſinnen, eilte zu ihm herbei, und erzählte ihm mit großer Beſtürzung den unerwünſchten Vorfall, wodurch ihr heute der ihr beſtimmte Apfel, und mit ihm zugleich der Bräutigam entriſſen worden. Der

Hirt tröſtete ſie mit vieler Theilnahme, indem er ſagte, man könne noch nicht wiſſen, ob der Unfall, der ſie getroffen, ihr nicht noch zum Glücke gereichen werde.

Tags darauf, ehe die Feier des Feſtes von Neuem begonnen hatte, war Piſta mit ſeiner Heerde wieder auf der Weide. Nun ging er aber in den ſilbernen Palaſt, kleidete ſich in ein noch ſchöneres Prachtgewand als das geſtrige war, und wählte ſich auch ein noch weit herrlicheres Pferd, als das vorige. Schnell wie der Wind, und leuchtend wie Gold und Juwelen, ſprengte er nun abermals auf den Kampfplatz heran. Alles erſtaunte über dieſe neue Erſcheinung, Alles neigte ſich vor ihm, und Niemand erkannte ihn für denſelben Gaſt, welcher ſich geſtern auf eine ſo ſeltſame Weiſe hervorgethan hatte.

Aber eben ſo, wie geſtern, gab er, als aller Augen auf ihn gerichtet waren, ſeinem Roſſe die Sporen, ſprengte mit verhängtem Zügel auf das Ziel los, und flog, wie ein Pfeil, mit dem zweiten goldenen Apfel hinaus über die Schranken, und gar bald auch weit aus dem Geſichtskreis der erſtaunten Menge.

Der König und ſeine hohen Gäſte geriethen nun ſchon in Beſorgniß, es walte irgend ein übernatürliches Weſen über dieſem Vorfalle, und entſchloſſen ſich beinahe, das Kampfſpiel erſt nach einem Jahre wieder erneuern zu wollen. Da nun aber ſchon zwei Goldäpfel verloren waren, ſo wollte man ſich doch auch vom Schickſale des dritten und letzten überzeugen. Der König beſtimmte daher die Beendigung des Feſtes auf den nächſten Morgen, und ſuchte ſich indeſſen zu beruhigen ſo gut er konnte.

Wie bisher, geſchah es auch zum dritten Mal. Der Hirt war in aller Frühe auf die Haide gezogen, und erſchien nun auf einem noch weit herrlichern Roſſe, und in einem noch viel prächtigern Gewande als vormals in den Schranken. Er ſprengte heran, erhaſchte auch den dritten Goldapfel, und jagte zu Aller Erſtaunen, ſchnell wie der Wind, ins Weite.

Das Feſt war nun zu Ende; die Verſammlung der Freier ging auseinander, und der König beklagte das Loos ſeiner lieben Töchter. Dieſe zerfloſſen beinahe in Thränen, und bejammerten ihr Schickſal als eine Fügung des Himmels, welcher zufolge Keiner von ihnen je ein Bräutigam zu Theil werden ſollte.

Da der König ſchon über den erſten dieſer bedenklichen Vorfälle vergeſſen hatte, dem Hirten ſein Taglohn auszuzahlen, und dieſer nun ſchon dreitägigen Gehalt zu Gute hatte, ſo bediente Piſta ſich der Befugniß, ſein Dienſtlohn zu fordern, als einer ſchicklichen Gelegenheit, zu erfahren, welche Wirkung bei Hofe ſeine drei Abenteuer hervorgebracht hätten. Noch denſelben Abend, nachdem er ſeine Heerde nach Hauſe getrieben hatte, verfügte er ſich zu dem Könige, verbarg aber ſeine drei goldnen Aepfel, aus Beſorgniß, dieſelben möchten ihm, wenn er ſie im Schweinſtalle zurückließe, entwendet werden, unter ſeinem Hute, und behielt dieſen, gleichwohl im Angeſichte ſeines Gebieters, auf dem Kopfe.

Der König bemerkte dieſes gröbliche Benehmen ſeines Sauhirten nicht ohne Befremden; da er ihm aber wegen ſeiner wichtigen Dienſte überaus gewogen war, ſo fragte er ihn mit Nachſicht, was er verlange. Piſta hatte ſich noch kaum geſammelt, ſeine Bitte vorzubringen, als die jüngſte nun ohnehin mißlaunige Prinzeſſin haſtig herbei eilte, und ihm, mit der Miene höchlich beleidigten Stolzes, den Hut vom Haupte riß. Sogleich fielen die drei Goldäpfel heraus, und rollten vor des Königs Füße hin.

Welches Staunen ergriff nicht den ganzen Hof! Die Königstöchter erkannten ſogleich ihre Namen, und konnten kaum Worte finden, ihre Freude über ihre wiedergefundenen Aepfel auszudrücken. Der König drang aufs Huldvollſte in den Jüngling, um zu erfahren, wie er zu denſelben gekommen wäre. Dieſer aber erwiederte mit ungemeiner Freimüthigkeit, er ſelbſt ſei der Eroberer der koſtbaren Beute, und glaube daher, auf Eine der drei ſchönen Bräute vollkommenes Recht zu haben.

Da nun der König, wohl eingedenk jener beiſpielloſen Pracht und Herrlichkeit, wie auch des ſo ſeltſamen Siegesglücks, wodurch der Fremdling ſich bei jedem Kampfſpiele ausgezeichnet hatte, noch gar manchen erheblichen Vortheil hinter dem Dunkel dieſes räthſelhaften Ereigniſſes vermuthete, ſo willigte er ohne langes Bedenken in des Hirten Anſpruch. Die Jüngſte der Prinzeſſinnen fühlte ſich mit einem Mal erheitert, und ſo liebevoll zu dem metamorphoſirten Sauhirten hingezogen, daß ſie, ungeachtet ſeines zweideutigen Geruchs, ihm um den Hals fiel. Der König aber beſtimmte ihn ſogleich zum Gatten ſeiner Tochter, und den nächſten Morgen ward die Hochzeit im Angeſichte des ganzen Hofs auf der goldenen Waldburg, welche Piſta ſich ſogleich zur Reſidenz erſehen, aufs Glänzendſte vollzogen.

Nach geendigtem Mahle befahl der Bräutigam ſeinem dienſtbaren Drachen, welcher ſchon Tags vorher ein zahlreiches Dienerperſonal aus ſeinem geflügelten Geſchlechte geworben hatte, unverzüglich ſeine eilf Brüder herbei zu holen, indem er demſelben ihre Namen angab, und ihre Geſtalten nach Möglichkeit bezeichnete.

Ehe die Sonne geſunken war, ſahe man dieſe eilf Brüder im geſtreckten Galopp zur Goldburg herein ſprengen. Alle waren auf Anſtalt des dienſtbaren Zauberdrachen überaus herrlich geziert, und ſie freuten und verwunderten ſich nicht wenig über die ſo unerwartete Verwandlung ihres Schickſals. Zwei von denſelben heiratheten die Schweſtern ihrer königlichen Schwägerin, die Andern aber die neun Töchter des andern Königs. Bald eroberten ſie eben ſo viele Königreiche, und lebten alle zuſammen glücklich bis an ihr Ende.

Hans Chriſtoph Ernſt Freiherr von Gagern.

Dieſer geiſtreiche Staatsmann, der ſich nach vielfachen Richtungen hin auszeichnete, ward am 25. Januar 1766 zu Klein-Niedesheim in der Unterpfalz geboren, und begann, noch ſehr jung, ſeine politiſche Laufbahn vor der franzöſiſchen Occupation, in fürſtlich Naſſau-Weilburgiſchen Dienſten. Nach dem Frieden von Luneville ging er als Geſandter ſeines Hofes nach Paris, und verſtand es, nicht allein mit ſeltener Gewandtheit für denſelben zu unterhandeln, ſondern auch ſich die beſondere Hochachtung Tallerands zu erwerben. — Durch ein Decret Napoleons genöthigt, ſeinen Poſten niederzulegen, begab er ſich nach Wien, und half durch kräftige Mitwirkung eine beſſere Zeit für Deutſchland vorbereiten. Dadurch ſah er ſich aber gezwungen, dieſe Stadt wieder zu verlaſſen, um den Verfolgungen der Franzoſen zu entgehen. Nachdem er eine Zeit lang im preußiſch-ruſſiſchen Hauptquartier verweilt, ſchiffte er nach England über, kehrte jedoch 1814 bereits zurück, um die Verwaltung der oraniſchen Fürſtenthümer zu leiten, und nahm 1815 als Geſandter des Königs der Niederlande Antheil an dem Wiener Congreſſe. Von dort begab er ſich nach Paris, und ward dann 1818 Königl. Niederländiſcher Geſandter bei dem Bundestage und der freien Stadt Frankfurt, 1820 aber Mitglied der Heſſen-Darmſtädtiſchen Ständeverſammlung. In demſelben Jahre von ſeinem Könige ehrenvoll penſionirt, lebt er ſeitdem auf ſeinem Gute Soden bei Frankfurt als Privatmann. Er iſt Ritter des heſſiſchen Löwenordens, des belgiſchen Civilverdienſtordens u. a. O. m.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Ueber Religion. Deutſchland, 1798.
Die Reſultate der Sittengeſchichte. Frankfurt a. M., 1808 — 1822. 6 Thle.
Die Nationalgeſchichte der Deutſchen. Wien, 1813. I. B. A. Frankfurt 1823. II. 1825. Gr. 4.
Berichtigung einiger politiſchen Ideen. Am Rhein, 1813. 4.
Beiträge zur Zeitgeſchichte. Am Rhein, 1814. 4.
Ueber die Auswanderungen der Deutſchen. Frankfurt 1817.
Ueber Deutſchlands Zuſtand und Bundesverfaſſung. Stuttgart, 1818.
Mein Antheil an der Politik. 4 Bde. Stuttgart, 1823 — 1833.

Was v. G. als Patriot und Staatsmann Großes und Bedeutendes vollbracht, iſt uns hier nicht geſtattet zu würdigen, da dieſes Werk nur literariſchen Leiſtungen gewidmet iſt. Als Schriftſteller zeichnet er ſich durch tiefe und gründliche Kenntniſſe, ſeltenen Scharfſinn, Feinheit und Gewandtheit, außerordentliche Kraft der Rede und einen eben ſo blühenden als gewandten Styl höchſt rühmlich aus, und kann namentlich Politikern als ein muſterhaftes Vorbild dienen. —

Anſprache an die deutſche Jugend.

Rem populi tractas? — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —
Quo fretus? Dic hoc magni pupille Pericli,
Scilicet ingenium, et rerum prudentia velox,
Ante pilos venit, dicenda tacendaque calles.
Ergo cum motâ fervet plebecula bile,
Fert animus calidae fecisse silentia turbae
Majestate manûs. Quid deinde loquêre? Quirites,
Hoc, puto, non justum est, illud male rectius illud.
Scis etenim justum geminâ suspendere lance
Ancipitis librae; rectum discernis, ubi inter
Curva subit, vel cum fallit pede regula varo;
Et potis es nigrum vitio praefigere theta.

„Die Sache des Volkes handelſt du ab? Zögling des Perikles! Worauf geſtützt? Vermuthlich kam Genie und ſchneller Begriff der Dinge noch vor dem Barte: du weißt genau, was man ſagen und verſchweigen ſoll. Alſo wenn der gemeine Hauſen mit bewegter Galle brauſt, wird dir ſchon der Verſtand ſagen, mit majeſtätiſcher Hand der erhitzten Menge Stille zu gebieten. Und was dann ferner der Stoff der Rede?

„Bürger, das, meine ich, iſt nicht recht, jenes ſchädlich, beſſer dieſes. Denn du weißt das Gerechte auf der doppelten Schaale der in Schwingung begriffenen Wage vortrefflich an- und feſtzuhängen! Das Gerade unterſcheideſt du auch zwiſchen den Krümmen, oder wo der Maaßſtab trüglich iſt; und ganz wohl biſt du fähig, der Untugend das ſchwarze Mal zu ſetzen."

Der edle Zögling von Volterra, Aulus Perſius Flaccus; würdig der Freundſchaft der Beſſern ſeiner Zeit, des Cornutus, Thraſea und der Arria, aber noch innerhalb den zwanzigen der Erde und den Seinigen entriſſen. IV.

* * *

Auf unſern Univerſitäten haben ſich viele Jünglinge heftig für die Landsmannſchaften gegen die Burſchenſchaft, und die Andern für die Burſchenſchaft gegen die Landsmannſchaften geſchlagen. Auf der Wartburg iſt Manches, wahrſcheinlich Mittelmäßiges, aber unſtreitig auch Gutes, verbrannt worden. Die Andern haben es verleugnet, mißbilliget und für ein post festum und hors d'oeuvre ausgegeben. Einen ſehr angeſehenen Mann hat man ungefähr zur ſelbigen Epoche auf ſeiner Durchreiſe auf einer der Akademien inſultirt; einer noch höhern Perſon auch nicht einmal den Dank der Stiftung bezeigt; und die andern Klügern haben von freien Stücken gleichſam Entſchuldigung und Abbitte gethan, oder Reue empfunden. Nein fürwahr, das ſind doch vortreffliche Sinnbilder, Muſter und Saamen künftiger Einigung und Eintracht in Deutſchland, und wir alternde Leute mögen da zur Schule gehn, da uns das ſo ſchwer vorkommt! — Junge Freunde, nach dieſem Eingang, halb Scherz halb Ernſt, ſoll das Folgende gänzlich Ernſt ſein. Die innerſten Gründe eurer falſchen Anſichten, Irrthümer und Trugſchlüſſe zu entdecken, nachdrücklich zu rügen und wohlwollend, ja liebevoll und väterlich euch zu warnen und zurückzuführen, und ſicher nicht die Verdorbenen, ſondern die Geiſtreichſten unter euch, ſei mir jetzt eine heilige Pflicht, mir wohl bewußt, daß ich auch hier auf dem Pfade der Alten wandle! Aber auch gegen mich gekehrt, jenes quo fretus, wo iſt mein Beruf? Nicht nur meine Söhne, die zu euch gehören, Erfahrung, Studium unſerer Geſchichte, und mein Zwiſchenalter; es ſind noch ſpeziellere Verhältniſſe, die mich an euch binden. Es iſt hier nur die Fortſetzung meines frühern Beginnens. Als noch Alles die Flügel hängen ließ, am Vaterland und an ſich ſelbſt verzweifelte, und mein Beruf mich an Napoleons Hof führte, widmete ich euch dort die Reſultate der Sittengeſchichte, das Buch von den Fürſten, und erließ im Eingang an euch die ernſte Mahnung:

> Euren Seelen Feſtigkeit und Stahl zu geben, den geſunkenen Geiſt zu heben, der Sittenlehre und dem Völkerrecht mit den Beſſern unter uns das Wort zu reden, und alles Feuer, allen Entſchluß und Streben der Jünglinge zu einer beſſern Vaterlandsliebe zurückzuführen, das ſind meine erſten offenen unverhohlenen Zwecke.

Und als die Stunde der Befreiung näher rückte, ſprach ich am Schluß des andern Theils noch einmal im ſelbigen Sinne, deſſen, wie mich dünkt, des großen Gegenſtands nicht unwürdig:

> Ich kehre noch lieber zu den Platoniſchen Ideen von den Metallen zurück. — Die Alten ſagten, wir ſeien die Schmiede unſers Glücks. Jedes Alter iſt bereits in Uebung. Darum, muntre Knaben, pocht die Erze, Jünglinge, den geſchliffenen Stahl gebe ich euch in die Hand, das Silber ſucht, das Gold verdient.

Freunde, das war nicht der Stahl, den Sand erkohren hat; es war einzig der Stahl, den eben jene Söhne bei Leipzig, bei Arcis ſur Aube, und bei Waterloo führten; es war eben der Stahl, womit die deutſche Jugend bald ſiegreich aus den Schlachten kam.

Allein man hat dem Vaterland und euch damals Dinge verſprochen, und ihr behauptet, oder gebt zu verſtehen, oder Andre ſagen für euch, daß ihr vergeblich auf die Erfüllung wartet! Das laßt uns verſtändig, offen und recht umſtändlich prüfen.

Ich war einſt auch einer der Verſprechenden und erinnere mich noch ſehr wohl meiner Vollmacht, meiner Abſicht und meiner Allocution. Was im Naſſauiſchen überhaupt ſich zutrug, ſoll als Analogie gelten, und ich werde dann leicht vom Beſondern zum Allgemeinen gehen.

Zu der Zeit Miniſter in den Oraniſchen Fürſtenthümern, fügte es ſich, daß in Abweſenheit des Landesherrn Alles auf mir lag. Die Freiwilligen, die Landwehr, auch die ſtehende Mannſchaft, als Napoleons Herrſchaft dort im Großherzogthum Berg aufhörte, habe ich allein komponirt. Unſtreitig ganz außer meinem Fach und Handwerk. Auf die gebildete Jugend des Landes ſetzte ich Vertrauen; ich fand und nährte mit all meinen Mitteln den public spirit; ſie gingen zu den großen Heeren, und waren unter den Erſten, auf welche in jenen blutigen Tagen der Feind traf.

Aber dieſe einzige Schlacht endigte den Krieg. Sollen wir es als ein Uebel anſehen, daß die Verlängerung nicht beitrug, die Haufen zu verdünnen, die Ehrgeizigen empor zu heben, oder in das Reich ihrer Väter zu ſenden! Freunde, dieſer Kannibalen-Gedanke kann weder in eurer, noch in meiner Bruſt ſtatt finden. Das Vaterland, und was uns rechts und links umgiebt, hatte früher, ſo viele Jahre lang, genug geblutet! —

Seinen Werth und ſein Verdienſt kann man leicht überſchätzen. Häufig hörte ich die Franzoſen im Lauf ihrer Siege ſelbſt ſagen: Tout le monde est brave. Sicher gilt daſſelbige von Leipzig und Hanau, von Ligny und Waterloo! Man führt die Kriege nicht mit den Greiſen, ſondern mit der Jugend des Landes! Daß die unſrige dem Aufruf folgte, war recht und lobenswerth und nichts weiter! Nach dem Tag von Cannä wunderte man ſich nicht, daß die jungen Männer, ſondern daß Sklaven in die Reihen traten! Für jene bedurfte es keiner beſondern Lockungen, als daß ihr Vaterland in Gefahr, ihres Arms, ihrer vermehrten Anſtrengung bedürfe! Und die Sibilliniſchen Bücher hießen ſie ſchon früher nach dem Tag von Thraſymene = aedem menti, der Vernunft und Einſicht und der Beſonnenheit einen Tempel bauen, und ſonſt nichts. Daſſelbige thut uns nothwendig, und die Sybille hat für alle Jahrhunderte geſprochen.

Damit will ich keineswegs euren Enthuſiasmus und ſeine herrlichen Früchte leugnen, noch den Werth verringern. Als ewiges Muſter in künftigen Bedrängniſſen wird dieſer Feuereifer geſchichtlich daſtehn, und ich möchte ihn ſchildern können; lieber als ihm Abbruch thun.

Allein hier treffe ich bereits auf den Wirrwarr der Ideen, auf Thorheit und Ueberſpannung. Sicher hat Niemand verſprochen, das Regiment der Länder und der Heere, die Führung der Dinge auf der Erde nach vollbrachtem Kampf den Jünglingen zu übergeben; noch, was ungefähr daſſelbige wäre, ihrem Urtheil, was dieſer Erde frommt! Laßt der Natur, den Jahren und dem Fortrücken ſeinen Lauf.

Alſobald fallen mir jene grauſen Handlungen ein, noch weit andre, bedeutendere, als die zur öffentlichen Kunde kamen. In meinen Augen weit ſtärkere Symptome der unermeßlichen Verwirrung und Empörung der Gemüther! Als ich jüngſt in meiner Nähe nach dem botaniſchen Garten des Ortes Langenhain ritt, mit den dortigen Verhältniſſen unbekannt, hörte ich vom neuen Oberförſter. — Wo iſt der vorige? — Der Oberförſter F... hat ſich, und J... auch, erſchoſſen. Warum? Liebe, Melancholie, Mangel, Darben zahlreicher Familie? Nein, — politiſche Ideen; es gefiel ihnen nicht mehr in der deutſchen Welt.

Ein Paar junge ledige Freunde, Beide Freiwillige, getäuſcht nach ihrer Meinung, haben ſich nach genommener Abrede und gewechſelten Billetten hier und in H. zur ſelbigen Zeit ſelbſt entleibt! Alſo hier nicht zugefügtes Unrecht, unerfülltes Verſprechen, langes Warten, gehemmte Laufbahn und Dürftigkeit; von Allem vielmehr das Gegentheil. Gunſt und Rückſicht, Brod, ehrbares Amt, fernere Ausſicht, genügende Beſchäftigung! Kein Reiz, keine Verführung, als aus ihnen ſelbſt. Folglich überſpannte Erwartung, Grille, unermeßliche Extravaganz und Verſtimmung, ja Empörung des Gemüthes! Sand war vielleicht durch ſpeziellere Dinge gereizt; durch Stolz, Selbſtvertrauen und Gefühl gewaltiger Stärke; durch die Erwartung, auf dieſem Wege berühmt zu werden, Eindruck, ja vielleicht nach ſeiner Weiſe Nutzen hervorzubringen. Hier nicht, hier iſt allein kalte Verzweiflung am Schickſal. Was haben ſie alſo früher erwartet und gehofft, wenn gleich dunkel? Tumult, Umwälzung, ein tolles Glücksſpiel! Als könnte der Völker Band nur mit flüſſigem Blut gekittet und geleimt werden! Davor aber wolle die Vorſehung die Erde und den vaterländiſchen Boden bewahren!

Sinnliche Begierden — vermehrte Luſt zu haben, ſind nur zu oft bei dieſem und jenem im Hintergrund, und republikaniſche Maximen, sesquipedalia verba nur im Mund! Sparta und Champagner Wein gehören nicht auf dieſelbe Zunge. Wir ſind nicht reich in Deutſchland, und andre Nationen haben dieſen Vorzug für uns! Und auch die Armuth muß man tragen können. Fürwahr, dieſer Mißmuth hätte keineswegs ſo überhand genommen, hätte unter uns das Bewußtſein wiedererrungener Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit, des wiedererrungenen Anſehens und der Ehre, und noch mehr hätte das Bewußtſein, auch nur einen entfernten Theil dazu beigetragen zu haben, in unſerer und der Jünglinge Seelen den rechten Sterlingwerth! Ja wären ſie der Freiheit ächte Söhne! Und hätten die, welche ſich zu Lehrern und Führern oder Sprechern aufwarfen, kluge Männer in bedeutenderer Anzahl, mannigfaltig, einſtimmig, eben dieſe des Vaterlandes wiedergewonnene Vortheile billig erwogen und verherrlicht; hätten ſie verſtändiger geprüft und verglichen, was haben wir errungen! Wären wir auf ſolche Weiſe dankbar gegen die ſchirmende Vorſehung geweſen; fürwahr es wäre Vieles anders.

Iſt denn der ganze Becher des Lebens und des Lebensgenuſſes auf einmal auszutrinken? Iſt der Durſt nach That ſo eilend und ſo dringend? Haben wir Brief und Siegel, daß das Vaterland dieſer raſchen Arme nicht mehr bedürfen werde! Blücher ſelbſt, wie viele Widerwärtigkeiten, wie viele herbe Stunden gingen an ihm vorüber, bis er in ſo ſpätem Alter zum gehofften Ziel und zum Lorbeerkranz kam! Noch am Vorabend war er gewichen, und zur Erde geſunken.

Wie unendlich viele Täuſchungen ſehe ich, dem Chaos ähnlich, nah und fern! Dieſe angeſprochenen Konſtitutionen der Unſrigen, was auch die Modalität der Verheißung war, werden allerdings gegeben. Nur eine große und grobe oder verſchmitzte Unwiſſenheit hält dieſe Dinge für leicht; nur der Leichtſinn ſchüttelt ſie aus dem Aermel. Wenn irgend etwas den natürlichen Lauf, den planmäßigen Fortgang, die verſtändige Entwickelung, das behutſame Dringen der Beſſern geſtört hat, ſo ſind es eben dieſe Exceſſe! Ich habe wohl auf Reiſen vernommen, daß die jungen Berner nach den Schulen zu Rath ſaßen und fingirte Geſchäfte trieben, von den Vätern unterwieſen; ich habe gehört, daß man zu Eaton die Parlamentsſitzungen präludirt und debattirt, aber keineswegs, daß das Schickſal von Helvetien und Großbritannien dahin verlegt ſei, oder Lehrer und Jünglinge ſich anmaßen, der Staatsſachen kundiger zu ſein und den Ton anzugeben. Und dort war noch ein gewöhnlicher Verlauf, ein Fortrücken in der Zeit, ein feſterer Standpunkt, von welchem das Geſchäft des morgenden Tages leichter vorzuſehen war. Bei uns eine tabula rasa, auf welche die Konturen mit geübter Hand erſt wieder aufzutragen ſind. Dieſe erſte Zeichnung, die Sichtung und Wiederherſtellung iſt unendlich ſchwerer. O, vortrefflich, wenn ihr uns einſt übertrefft, wenn ihr ähnliche Uebel ſeiner Zeit verhütet, ſie niemals über eure Kinder kommen laßt; vortrefflich, wenn ihr den Vorſatz ſchon jetzt in eurer Bruſt faſſet! Aber die Weisheit und die Tugend a priori iſt baarer Unſinn. Leander war erſt bei der Hero, als er durch das Waſſer geſchwommen war. Mit dem bloßen Vorſatz, oder mit optiſcher Theorie wäre ſie ewig Jungfrau geblieben. Vor allen Dingen meßt die Breiten und die Tiefen. Der ächten Weisheit Kern, junge Freunde, iſt in den drei kleinen Worten enthalten: ne quid nimis; und ehe man zu dieſem Kern gelangt, ſind die Rinden abzuthun, und die Schaalen aufzubeißen. Die großen politiſchen Weltweiſen haben den Staaten-Bau und Schirm mit Muſik und Harmonie verglichen. Den Fiedelbogen mit ſtarker bewegter Hand zu ſtreichen, und in die Backen zu blaſen, giebt noch kein gutes Konzert.

Als ich zu Leipzig ſtudirte, hatte kurz vorher Dr. Cammet, und zwar mit Beifall, Staatswiſſenſchaft gelehrt. Er verfehlte nie, im Kurſus den Kurfürſten, der noch regiert, anzuſprechen: Auguſte, Auguſte, wenn du mich hätteſt, wie ganz anders würden deine Finanzſachen ſtehen! Und dieſe Sachen des Auguſt's ſtunden und ſtehen noch ſehr gut; der arme Doctor aber brauchte mehr als er ſollte, und machte mehr wie einmal Bankrutt!

Alſo auf der Wartburg habt ihr literariſch-politiſches Auto-da-Fe gehalten, und auch Ancillon und Wangenheim ſind dort den Flammen preisgegeben worden. Wie ſehr bedaure ich, als Dritter, nicht in ſo guter Geſellſchaft geweſen zu ſein. Was Jenen, der zu unſren denkenden Köpfen und talentvollen Literatoren gehört, und dem das anerkannte Verdienſt gebührt, einen unſrer edelſten Kronerben gebildet zu haben; was Jenen und ſeine politiſchen Anſichten betrifft, ſo iſt mir am deutlichſten erinnerlich geblieben, daß, ehe man nach Rom gelangt, Alpen und Apenninen zu überſchreiten ſind; oder wie ein andres unſrer Sprüchwörter ſagt, daß Rom nicht in einem Tag ſei gebaut worden. Und in meines edlen Freundes munterm Sinn, in ſeinem unvergleichlichen warmen wohlwollenden Herzen, in ſeinem ornirten farbenſpielenden Verſtand hat der Groll gegen euch nicht einen Augenblick Herberge gefunden. Bedürftet ihr eines Fürſprechers, ſicher wäre Wangenheim der beredteſte und mannigfaltigſte. Für euch, glaube ich, hat er ſeine politiſche Logik in bildliche Sprache, in die Terminologie philoſophiſcher Schule gewickelt. Denn auch ſeine dominirenden Ideen, in planen Worten ausgedrückt, waren der Geſchichte und dem praktiſchen Verſtand gänzlich entlehnt, mit der Wirklichkeit gepaart, und in Würtemberg befolgt man keine andren. Umſonſt erwehrt ihr euch jener Unarten, die auf der Burg ſtattgefunden haben. Vergeblich deutet man ſophiſtiſch die ſchlimmen Worte, die damals dort verlauteten. Wenn ein Regiment eine Gegend oder Stadt durchzieht, und es fallen grobe Exceſſe vor, ſo ſagt man hinterher nicht, der Caſpar und der Kunz, wären es auch nur zahlreiche Nachzügler geweſen, ſondern man nennt das Regiment und ſeine Führer. Unſtreitig war bei dieſen Urtheilen über Literatur, über der Freiheit echten Werth, über der Verfaſſungen Elemente und Bildung, etwas vom ſpitzen Meſſer in der Hand der Kinder, wären ſie auch noch ſo entwachſen geweſen. Vergeblich wählt ihr die Beſonnenern zu Verſicherern. Sie werden das ſpitze Meſſer zu unterſcheiden, zu entwinden nicht vermögen. Ihr habt es ſelbſt erkannt und erfahren. Und um ſo übler waren dieſe Peccatillen, als der Gegenſtand, die Idee, die Feier des Tages edel, fromm, des ernſtlichſten Nachdenkens empfänglich war, keineswegs Spuren der Zwietracht und der Thorheit hätte tragen ſollen. Denn auf dieſe Weiſe wird man bald bei uns alles ſolenne, alles große Andenken, allen Handſchlag und feſten Vorſatz in üblen Ruf bringen. Dieſe Feuer des 18. Juni, des 18. Oktobers lodern ſchon nicht mehr auf den deutſchen Bergen, oder matt; während dem ich doch eben noch über die Brücken von Jena und Auſterlitz gegangen bin. Und doch bedarf unſer deutſches Gemüth ſolcher Funken, ſolcher Wiederkehr der Seelen-Erhebung, ſolches Entgegenwirkens gegen Phlegma und Lethargie mehr wie irgend wo.

So werde ich allmälich zur großen Lehre des Kriminalrechts von der Imputation, oder dem Grad der Schuld geleitet, und ſtehe an Sand's ſchauerlicher That.

Alſo es war nicht perſönliche Rache, nicht ſchnöder Gewinn, nicht heimliche Tücke, und wie die böſen Triebe alle heißen; — kein alt verderbtes Herz, kein verſtocktes mißhandeltes Gemüth, das ihn zur Greuelthat trieb. Er glaubte in ſeinem fürchterlichen Wahn, eine nothwendige vaterländiſche Handlung zu begehen; höchſtens war geheimer Stolz ſein letzter Impuls; und ſo lautete der blutige Syllogism:

> Uebel, und beſonders große Uebel auf der Erde ſind nicht zu dulden, ſondern auszurotten. Kotzebue iſt ſo ein großes Uebel. Alſo muß man, muß ich ihn tödten!

Wenn das Fehlerhafte irgend eines der drei Sätze gefunden iſt, hat ſonſt der Logiker ſeinen Prozeß gewonnen. Aber wo ſoll ich hier zuerſt die hohle wurmſtichige Schlußfolge erfaſſen? Der Raum wird mir gebrechen. Vorherrſchend wird immer bleiben das ganze Relative im Begriff und Maaß des Uebels. Alſo der Lügner, der Ehebrecher, der Verführer, der Spieler, der hoffärtige Thor, der Verſchwender, der ungehorſame Sohn, der hartherzige Vater, am Ende der Leichtſinnige, ſind, wenn man ihnen nicht anders beikommen kann, mit Dolch und Piſtole zu vertilgen; — Bellesnar — hätte am Ende ſo den Vater ganz löblich aus der Welt geſchafft, weil es offenkundig war, daß er nicht viel taugte. — Und die menſchliche Ordnung, die menſchliche Geſellſchaft ſollte fortan auf den Angeln dieſer Vernunftſchlüſſe ruhen! Und von den Fakultäten des Verſtandes, von der Muskelkraft oder Nervenſchwäche der Individuen hinge das Leben der Menſchen ab! Und das wäre in Europa das Reſultat politiſcher Weisheit, das Reſultat der Chriſtus-Lehre, die Luther und Melanchthon wieder von den Schlacken der Jahrhunderte ſäuberten! Oder wenn ihr Andre lieber wollt, von der Chriſtus-Lehre, die auf zwei Extremen Pius Chiaramonte, und Weſſenberg zu unſren Tagen wieder edler üben oder lehren! Wie allgemein muß der Abſcheu der menſchlichen Gattung, wie verrucht, wie dreimal verrucht die Perſon ſeyn, wenn Charlotte Corday Abſolution in den Augen der Sittlichen empfangen ſoll! Aber Kotzebue — — Es iſt nicht meine Art, auf der Oberfläche der Dinge ſtehn zu bleiben; ich werde überall hindringen. Kotzebue war in Sand's Augen unſittlicher Dichter und Dramatiker, falſcher Politiker und Anbringer bei dem mächtigen Kaiſer, und ich fürchte, ich fürchte, auch das lag in der Wagſchale des ergrimmten Jünglings, und lag ihm nah — er hat Verdruß und böſe Händel in Jena gehabt!

Schon die Mannigfaltigkeit der Anklage zeigt die Undeutlichkeit und die Unzulänglichkeit dieſes ſo arg vermeinten Corpus delicti. Komiker, und Satyriker und Vielſchreiber ſind ſolchem deſultoriſchen ſehr ausgeſetzt. Kaum ſind ſie ja mit ſich ſelbſt einig; und nach Witz und Beifall haſchend, iſt es ihr Anſpruch nicht, der Sitten Lehrer zu ſein! Ihr Treiben iſt ein luſtiges Quodlibet. Ich erinnere mich noch ſehr wohl, im Theater zu Drurylane, als man eben ein Kotzebueſches Stück aufführte, in den Zwiſchenakten über den Werth des Dichters mit einem Engländer in Geſpräch gekommen zu ſein. Ich meinte, er hätte wohl beſſer gethan, ſeine Stücke mehr zu feilen und zu reinigen; und in Deutſchland ſei der Beifall nicht ſo ungetheilt. In dieſe Unterredung miſchte ſich ein Dritter, nicht ſehr höflich. Ich möchte wohl einer der deutſchen Zwingherren und Freiheitsfeinde ſein, denen Kotzebue mißfiele!! Wahrlich in ſeiner Hand lag das Aequilibrium unſrer Freiheiten nicht. — Uns war er Fremdling, und was er von dieſem Zuſtand dachte oder träumte, war keineswegs der Gegenſtand unſrer Ahndung und unſers Zorns. Wohlunterrichtete wußten wohl, daß ſein Urtheil weder eine Nation, noch ihr Oberhaupt ausſchließlich leitete. Sein Auftrag war auch kein geheimer, verbotener, treuloſer! Wir wußten ihn ungefähr Alle! — Doch warum bewege ich die Aſche des Jünglings, der nicht mehr iſt, und der Gerechtigkeit und den Menſchen ein Opfer gefallen iſt? Längſt habe ich darüber laut reden, und nur eben die Diſtanz des Anſtandes und der erſten Verkühlung behalten wollen. — Vergeſſenheit war nicht ſein Ziel; Vergeſſenheit iſt ihm nicht geworden; die That wird im Andenken bleiben; in ſo hohem Grade charakteriſtiſch unſerer Zeit. Sicher verwechſelt ihn der Ton, den ich hier nehme, nicht mit dem Alltags-Böſewicht; ich bezeichne ihn ſelbſt weit mehr als einen Wildverirrten, denn als Böſewicht überhaupt. Ja trauren darf man über dieſer Aſche, daß ſo viel Entſchloſſenheit und Widmung und Beharrlichkeit nicht zu beſſern, überlegtern reifern Zwecken ſeien aufgeſpart worden.

Der Kaiſer Alexander . . . . . . Doch eben bin ich an die Außenwerke unſrer größten Irrthümer gekommen, und ich erfülle eine ſchwere, unerläßliche Pflicht, was ich ſchon früher ſo oft bezweckte und zum Theil erreichte, politiſche Ideen, trügeriſche Anſichten zu berichtigen. Um ſo nachdrücklicher dieſe, weil ich ſie ungeziemend, unſittlich, und meiner Nation höchſt ſchädlich halte, ihren ganzen Standpunkt in Europa verrückend. Es ſind zugleich die Elemente unſres poſitiven Staats- und Völkerrechts, zum Theil ſtatiſtiſcher Würdigung, die ich berufener und fähiger bin zu entwickeln als die Theoretiker, die dieſe Kunde, dieſe Hilfsmittel von uns, den praktiſchen Staatsleuten, zu erwarten befugt ſind. Der Kaiſer Alexander war nicht nur berechtigt, ſondern vermöge ſeiner hohen Würde verpflichtet ſogar, über den Zuſtand entfernter Länder Kundſchaft einzuziehen. Es iſt Folge ſeiner Klugheit, daß er ſich auf die geſandtſchaftlichen Berichte nicht ausſchließlich verläßt, welche Perſonen ſich nur um die Großen bewegen; daß er auf dieſem Standpunkt der Civiliſation, aber auch der Gährung, ſich aus den mannigfaltigſten Notizen ein Urtheil bildet. Einige können ihn täuſchen, wahrſcheinlich nicht lange, weil er die Mittel der Vergleichung in der Hand hat. Und wenn ihr Kotzebue den Vater der Exploirung in ſolchem Sinn zu beſchuldigen wagt, ſo war er es nicht mehr, als Cook und als die Forſter, als Vancouver, als Kotzebue der verdienſtvolle Sohn, die in ähnlichen Abſichten, Länder zu erforſchen, die Welt umſegelten. Ihnen ſind wahrſcheinlich wildere Kreaturen, aber keine wilderen Ideen begegnet! — Allein es iſt die hohe Sorgfalt für unſere National-Unabhängigkeit, jene edle Eiferſucht und feſter Vorſatz, nimmermehr zu dienen, jene Furcht und Erbitterung gegen fremden ſchädlichen Einfluß, der einen jugendlichen Sinn beflügelte, belebte, entrüſtete! Und von jener Seite ſchien euch dieſe Unabhängigkeit bedroht! Haltet inne! In dieſem erlauchten Senat muß ich mir einen kleinen Platz erbitten. Wohlan, wie ſieht dieſe Frage, auf allen Seiten betrachtet, aus?

Junge Freunde; Deutſche nach Völkerſchaften, die Naſſauer allein nicht, hatten, unter Napoleons Heerhaufen gemiſcht, Tod und Verderben in die ruſſiſchen Provinzen, und bis nach Moskau getragen. Wie wenn Alexander nach den Tagen an der Bereſina von unſeren Entſchuldigungen nicht viel Notiz genommen und wieder Tod und Verderben unſren Fluren gebracht und zurückgegeben hätte! Daß dieſe Beſorgniſſe da waren, bin ich ſelbſt Zeuge und Bürge, denn ich habe Wort und Auftrag gehabt ſie zu beſchwichtigen. Wir waren genöthiget! Aber warum habt ihr es ſo weit kommen laſſen, wäre immer der bündige Einwand geweſen! Um ſo unwiderleglicher, weil Deutſchland nicht kraftlos, wie ehedem Armenien zwiſchen Rom und den Parthern, mitten inne liegt. Wir ſind mächtig, tapfer, zu jeder Wehre im Stande. An unſren Häuptern und Führern und ihrer Zwietracht, Lauigkeit und Meineidigkeit wird immer die Schuld ſein, wenn es nicht geſchieht! Wahr geſprochen, waren alſo alle dieſe Entſchuldigungen ſeicht und ſophiſtiſch. Statt deſſen kam Alexander als Freund! Die Hand, die er einſt auf Friedrichs Grab dem königlichen Nachbar gegeben hatte, konnte er nach Auſterlitz und Friedland, und zu Tilſit nicht bewähren. — Aber er bewährte ſie, ſobald der Raum dazu da war. Er bewährte ſie, ſobald York mit Entſchloſſenheit und Selbſtaufopferung die Bahn brach, und als mein illuſtrer Freund, den ich nicht zu nennen brauche, in ſeinem Feldlager, ſo viel an ihm war, ſolche Verbindungen und ſolche günſtige Ideen unterhielt. Ob es gleich nach ſeinem eignen Urtheil einer fremden Zuſprache keineswegs bedurfte. Ich bin Sr. Majeſtät wenig nah gekommen, und mein Urtheil hätte darum wenig Gewicht und Werth; aber dieſer ſelbige eiſerne Baron, wie Lord Chatham die Helden der Vorwelt nannte, dieſer nämliche der Schmeichelei ganz unfähige Charakter hat mir mit ſolcher Liebe und Anhänglichkeit von dem Monarchen geſprochen, daß ich ihm vollkommen Glauben beimeſſe. Echter Größe huldige ich auch ſehr gern, und es iſt keinem Zweifel mehr unterworfen, daß er die Stufe der großen Vorfahren, Peters I. und Katharina II., bereits betreten, erreicht, und binnen einem Jahrhundert dieß Trio vollgemacht hat. Ohne ſeine große Hilfe hätten wir Paris und die Seine nicht erreicht; ohne ihn hätten wir dieſe Grenzen unſrem Vaterland nicht wieder gegeben.

Ich war wohl Zeuge des doppelten Congreſſes zu Wien und Paris, und ſah Alles in der Nähe. Wohl war dort Polen der Stein des Anſtoßes. Wohl hätte ich gewünſcht, daß ein andrer Verlauf nach den Verträgen von Kaliſch wäre möglich geweſen. Nichts hat ſo mein eignes Schickſal, meine Laufbahn in allen Beziehungen geſtört. Aber wißt, daß es faſt eine übermenſchliche Anmuthung war, jedem namhaften Vortheil, erſt nach ſolcher Einbuße und dann nach ſolchem Siege zu entſagen. Und wenn eine ſolche Selbſtverleugnung, ein ſolcher unermeßlicher Grad der Großmuth auch in der Seele ſtattgefunden hätte, ſo iſt es nicht erwieſen, daß dieſe Entſagung ſeiner Perſon bei der eignen Nation wäre ganz unſchädlich geweſen! Denn es iſt kein Monarch, der nicht irgend eine Art von Reſponſabilität auf ſich trägt. Das Alles ſage ich im Gefühl der Billigkeit, das mir eigen iſt, das ich noch über die Gerechtigkeit ſetze. Ich habe von dort weder Gunſt noch Gnade oder Band zu erwarten, und noch eher würde der Kaiſer in meinen Gärten Kirſchen ſpeiſen, als ich die Herrlichkeiten von Petersburg und Czarskoſelo ſchauen.

Auf dieſem ſelbigen Kongreß nahm ich mit Vergnügen wahr, daß der Kaiſer ſich mitten unter uns gefiel, unſrer Nation, unſren Sitten wohlwollte, das Beſtreben, ihm einfach zu huldigen, anerkannte. Ich ſah und ſagte voraus, daß er oft unter uns ohne Prunk erſcheinen und deutſche Städte der Schauplatz der Verhandlungen ſein würden, und freute mich deſſen aufrichtig. Ich ſah ſolche Freundſchaft, ſolch gutes Vernehmen gern; ſah gern die Vermählungen der kaiſerlichen Schweſtern und habe nachdrücklich für die der jüngſten in meinem Beruf opinirt.

Ich glaube an die ruſſiſche ſtarke Wache; nicht ſo an die Uebermacht, die uns ſchrecken ſoll, was auch die Wilſon in England und Deutſchland ſagen mögen. Vor nichts ſollen wir ſo erſchrecken, als vor unſren eignen Thorheiten, Unarten und Entzweiungen; vor der Wiederkehr jener gleichgiltigen Nachläſſigkeit, die die Alten desidia und inertia und socordia und torpor nannten; und welche ſich dicht neben andern Zwang-, Drang- und Kraft-Maximen, wie ſie Käſtner belacht, gar wohl wieder einfinden können! Nur ſehe ich, außer der Furcht, der ich mich ſchämen würde, alle, ja alle Beweggründe, daß beide Nationen in gutem Vernehmen bleiben, daß die Wittgenſtein, die Bennigſen, die Winzingerode oder wie ſie heißen, die Fürſtenkinder ungerechnet, dort in den Heeren Lorbeern ſammeln; daß unſre gelehrte, geſchickte, erfinderiſche, fleißige Leute aller Stände dort eine wohlwollende Aufnahme finden. Und ſchon iſt es vielleicht nicht ganz mehr ſo. Die Gemüther, das Vertrauen, die Thüren ſind verſchloſſener. Denn ſo viel an euch war, habt ihr geſtrebt jene Verhältniſſe zu ſtören; weil ihr, vielleicht in edler Abſicht und Selbſtgefühl, geiſtreich, emporſtrebend, aber der Dinge und der Welt noch unkundig ſeid, und zu leicht dem nächſten Eindruck Raum gebt. So viele nützliche und große Verhältniſſe habt ihr geſtört, weil Kotzebue und Sturdza leichte Waare zu Markt gebracht haben!!

Doch Welt und Weltkenntniß, die ich eben erwähnte, gehören ja kundbar zu den großen Sünden; es iſt die bloße Anmuthung eine Herabwürdigung ſo feſter erhabener genialiſcher Jünglinge. Höfe, die Umgebung der Großen, ſind ein Sündenpfuhl und die Verbeugungen unter der Würde des Menſchen! Gewöhnlich wird das mit Diatriben ausgedrückt gegen Knickſe, Bücklinge und Fußſcharren. Junge Freunde, die Kunſt des Weltmanns beſteht vielmehr darin, wie man dieſe Knickſe nicht oder nicht zu tief macht. Es ſind Regeln übereingekommener Höflichkeit und man muß dieſe Regeln wiſſen, um eben darin Ziel und Maaß zu halten. Dieſe Dinge beweiſen ſich am beſten durch den Satz des Widerſpruchs. Ihr duldet ja auch nicht und möget nicht hören die Tiraden gegen die Weltweisheit und ſelbſt gegen die Reformation. Ihre Widerſacher definiren ſie erſt ganz gemächlich als Weltunweisheit und Unglauben. Als baaren Jakobinism, mit einem Wort. So iſt es vollkommen mit der Welt, dem usage du monde, der Bildung und Erziehung. Wenn die Weltweisheit nicht taugt, ſo muß die Weltunweisheit oder die Thorheit Vorzüge haben, und wenn Weltklugheit und Weltſitte und Courtoiſie Tand und Schlechtigkeit ſind, ſo muß die Weltunklugheit und Unſitte große und ganz beſondere Vorzüge haben. Beide Aſſertionen ſind in Logik und Werth ſich vollkommen gleich. Freunde, wir ſind der Möglichkeit nicht überhoben, mit ſiegenden Feinden zuthun zu haben. Vor der Schlacht von Leipzig war die von Lützen, der Waffenſtillſtand, und bevor man zu Waterloo ſchlug, war man zu Ligny geſchlagen. Vaeh victis, iſt ein hartes Wort, das wir ſo viel möglich von uns entfernen wollen. Erſcheint es aber, ſo ruft uns abermals die ſtrenge Pflicht, es verſtändig durch Würde und Anſtand zu mildern. Glaubt es dem Augenzeugen, wir haben in den vergangenen Kriegen viel verloren, unſre Völkerſchaften manche Bedrückungen erfahren, daß und weil wir dieſe würdige Haltung nicht genug kannten, dieſe Reverenzen, viele Knickſe zur Unzeit machten! Jene Welt- und Lebensweiſe iſt ein suum cuique. Jedem Stand, jeder Würde und Verhältniß das Seinige; und nichts diſpenſirt uns davon. So wie wir es nothgedrungen, wider Willen, im Lauf des Lebens dennoch thun und thun müſſen, ſind wir auf dem Weg zur Linken, auf dem Weg der Tücke und des Lächerlichen! Es iſt auch keineswegs an dem, daß die deutſche Nation dazu minder tauglich ſei. Möge Andren mehr natürliche Grazie, ein freundlicheres Aeußere angeſtammt ſein, ich habe keinen edlern Anſtand geſehen als den ernſten und biedern einfachen Deutſchen, aufmerkſam auf ſich ſelbſt! keinen edlern Anſtand als unter den deutſchen Großen unſrer Zeit. Lebende oder Herrſchende mag ich nicht nennen. Die Fürſten von Anhalt-Deſſau und Naſſau-Weilburg waren Muſter in ihrer Art. Dem Herzog von Braunſchweig, Carl Wilhelm Ferdinand, deſſen Aſche ich ſonſt überall ehre, wurde ein Uebermaß nicht mit Unrecht vorgeworfen. Der Marſchall Vorwärts war im geſellſchaftlichen Leben ein Original, ein ſehr edles Original. Die Copien würden vermuthlich ſchlecht ausfallen. Denn es gehört vor allem dazu genialiſcher Verſtand und Glück und lange Zeit.

Statt hier Erziehungs-Regeln niederzuſchreiben und zu erfinden, oder in Lord Cheſterfields Manier zu ſagen, laßt uns die großen Züge des Meiſters zergliedern, nicht des platten übertünchten zweideutigen Mannes, ſondern jener ſtarken kühnen Hand, Rembrand und mehr als Rembrand unter den Sittenlehrern, wie er des Schwiegervaters Schickſale von Jugend an beginnt.

Cnaeus Julius Agricola, veteri et illustri Forojuliensium colonia ortus, utrumque avum Procuratorem Caesarum habuit: quae Equestris nobilitas est. Pater Julius Graecinus, Senatorii ordinis, studio eloquentiae sapientiaeque notus, iisque virtutibus iram Caii Caesaris meritus, namque M. Silanum adcusare jussus et, quia abnuerat, interfectus est. Mater Julia Procilla fuit, rarae castitatis. In huius sinu indulgentiaque educatus, per omnem honestarum artium cultum pueritiam adolescentiamque transegit. Arcebat eum ab illecebris peccantium, praeter ipsius bonam integramque naturam, quod statim parvulus sedem ac magistram studiorum Massiliam habuerit, locum Graeca comitate et provinciali parsimonia mixtum ac bene compositum. Memoria teneo, solitum ipsum narrare, se in prima iuventa studium philosophiae acrius, ultra quam concessum Romano ac Senatori, hausisse, ni prudentia matris incensum ac flagrantem animum coercuisset. Scilicet sublime et erectum ingenium pulchritudinem ac speciem excelsae magnaeque gloriae vehementius, quam caute, adpetebat, mox mitigavit ratio et aetas: retinuitque, quod est difficillimum, ex sapientia modum. Prima castrorum rudimenta in Britannia Suetonio Paullino, diligenti ac moderato Duci, adprobavit: electus, quem contubernio aestimaret. Nec Agricola licenter, more juvenum, qui militiam in lasciviam vertunt, neque segniter, ad voluptates et commeatus titulum Tribunatus et inscitiam retulit: sed noscere provinciam, nosci exercitui, discere a peritis, sequi optimos, nihil adpetere iactatione, nihil ob formidinem recusare, simulque anxius et intentus agere.

Cnaeus Julius Agricola aus der Colonie Forli gebürtig, war von ritterlicher Abkunft. Den Vater verlor er früh durch gewaltſamen Tod. Die Mutter war Julia Procilla, eine Frau des unbeſcholtenſten Rufes. Unter ihren Augen erzogen, brachte er das Knaben- und Jünglings-Alter in der Cultivirung alles guten Wiſſens hin.

Freunde, was ich mein ganzes Leben hindurch that, auch hier huldige ich den Frauen! Der Vater iſt beſchäftigt, abweſend, launig, zwiſchen ihm und dem Kind iſt die Diſtanz zu groß. Der Mutter milder und verſtändiger Sinn, ihre zärtliche Sorgfalt pflegt die erſten Keime, giebt die erſten Maximen des Guten und Schicklichen, öffnet des Lebens Bahn, bringt durch alle Wege und Pfade in Gemüth und Herz. Wie ſie zu jeder Stunde die phyſiſchen Uebel bewachen, das bewährte Heilmittel ausfindig machen, ſpähen ſie mit wunderbarem Inſtinkt, entdecken ſie auch die böſen Spuren des verderbenden Gemüths und bekämpfen Ungeſtüm, Zorn, Haß, Dünkel und Unart. Wie ſie dem ſtarren Blick freundlichere Richtung geben, das Lächeln hervorrufen, den geſenkten Kopf aufrichten, die gepreßten Schultern rückwärts biegen, ſo dämpfen ſie ſpäter den Uebermuth, ſo zügeln ſie den Leichtſinn, ſo vertreiben ſie die Faulheit, ſo weiſen ſie richtig auf des Lebens Pflichten hin. Richtig fühlend, richtig ſehend, die Ahnung der Zukunft in ihrer Seele, wecken ſie ſo die beſſern Triebe, und ſo weihe ich noch dem Andenken der meinigen alle Empfindungen des Dankes und der Rührung. Wir bedurften vor Kurzem ihres entſchloſſenen Zurufs, und wir haben ihn zu rechter Zeit gehört. Und da der jugendliche Sinn jetzt der Zügelung, des Rappells bedarf, ſo zähle ich feſt auf ihren Eindruck und ihre Warnung; wie immer ſie das ihren Lieblingen einprägen mögen: Vergreift euch nicht an dieſer mütterlichen Erde, verwüſtet ſie nicht, ſondern rüſtet euch, ihre Bürde einſt auf ſtarke Achſeln zu nehmen.

Es hielt ihn ab von verführeriſchen Vergehungen noch außer ſeinem guten graden Naturell, daß er gleich von kleinem an Marſeille zum Sitz und zur Meiſterin ſeiner Studien hatte, jenen Ort durch griechiſche Bildung und die den Provinzen eigene Mäßigkeit ſo wohltemperirt und wohl geeignet.

Das iſt das ſtärkſte Gegengift gegen jenen Grobianism und Barbarism, den ihr erſt Derbheit nennt, und dann mit Stärke und Energie ſo leicht und ſo gern und ſo fälſchlich verwechſelt; glaubend, euch ſelbſt täuſchend, mit einem Mantel von ſo ſchlechter Wolle die Blößen lange zu decken. Jene feinere Bildung ſeid ihr allerdings nicht fähig — alleſammt euch in gleichem Grade anzueignen, obgleich auch hier der Frauen Hand ſo Vieles leiſten mag. Ihr vertheilt euch bald in die Rollen des bürgerlichen Lebens! Wo kann jemals dieſes ſogenannte Derbſein unvermiſcht euch frommen Dem Offizier vor ſeinem Oberſten! dem Sohn vor dem Vater! dem Jüngling wenn er freit? Auf der Kanzel fürwahr nicht immer, am Krankenbett viel weniger, vor dem Richter höchſt ſelten. Und den Oberrichter ſelbſt, der die Urtheile diktirt, kleidet edler Anſtand viel beſſer, er wirkt viel mehr, als wenn er plump die Sache ſagt. Und eben die Aermeren unter euch ſollten im Kreiſe der Familien wieder der Jugend Führer werden! Bereits ſcheut man euch, ich will nicht ſagen eure Dolche, aber Grillen, Maximen und Anmaßungen. So, die ihr des Lebens beſſere Bahn brechen wolltet, beſtreut ihr ſie mit grobem Granit zu des Wagens beſſerem Rollen! Und am meiſten trifft der Vorwurf die Trotzigen, die Reichen, denen es wohl iſt, und wahrſcheinlich ſein wird. Ihr ſchadet dem Dürftigen, der des täglichen Unterhalts bedarf, welchen ihr ihm im Voraus raubt oder erſchwert.

Vergeblich hofft ihr auf euren eignen künftigen Schutz — auf die gereichte Hand! Ibell und Löhning ſehen nothwendig die Sachen aus ganz andern Geſichtspunkten an: Montgelas, Zwackh, Dalberg vielleicht, behalten auf hohen Stellen ſehr wenig von den Maximen der Illuminaten. Und vergeblich klagt ihr dann über Untreue; ihr verlangt etwas wider die Natur; ihr verlangt, daß der Kirchthurm, der euch auf eine Meile Wegs groß wie eine Meſſerklinge erſcheint, euch, nun näher gerückt, noch eben ſo vorkomme! Die blauen Berge der Jugend werden zu Dörfern, Aeckern, Wald und Haide mit allen den Höhen und Tiefen, die des Lebens zackige Bahn bezeichnen.

Ich erinnere mich noch, wie er zu erzählen pflegte, daß er ſich in erſter Jugend dem Studium der Philoſophie ſchärfer und mehr als es dem Römer und dem Senator ge-

> ziemt, gewidmet haben würde, wenn nicht die Klugheit der Mutter das erhitzte und lodernde Gemüth in Schranken gehalten hätte!

Hier bezeichnen offenbar der Sittenrichter, der Römer, und dieſe kluge Mutter nicht die praktiſche Weltweisheit, deren man nie genug ſchöpfen und üben kann, der ſicher Cornelius Tacitus eifrig genug anhing, ſondern die Syſteme und Sucht der Syſteme, jene blendenden theoretiſchen Sätze, die nur auf der Erde und in unſrem Bezirk nicht anwendbar ſind! Jene Syſteme von Menſchenrechten, die bei den Nachbarn den Dienſtboten ſtatt domestique, ſtatt Glied des Hausweſens, zum attaché ſtempeln, und ihn nur um ſo ſicherer zur Untreue und zur Unzufriedenheit führen, ohne ihn im mindeſten zu diſpenſiren vom Gehorſam, oder Lohn anzunehmen. Jene Syſteme von Gleichheit, die des Lagers Disciplin aufheben, und in ihren Extremen beſtändig das Eigenthum gefährden, und beſtändig die Erde mit Blut färben werden! Und ich füge hinzu, jene Sucht, metaphyſiſche Syſteme ſelbſt zu ſchaffen, ſie zu vervielfältigen, eine conventionelle Wortbedeutung den gewöhnlichen Begriffen unterzuſchieben, die geſunde Vernunft, die jede Sache ausdrücken kann, in eine Seiten-Loge zu verbannen, und am Ende mit Hoffart, aber im Nachtheil, den helleren Köpfen gegenüber zu ſtehen, die ſich nicht die Mühe nehmen, dieſe Dutzende von Kartenhäuſern in Augenſchein zu nehmen. Zufrieden, wenn ſie etwa mit Leibnitz und Kant vertraut geworden, das Labyrinth beſucht, und mit Platner und Garve wieder die Heerſtraße aufgeſucht haben; zufrieden wenn ſie mit Montaigne und Pope und Hume und den edleren Zweiflern zweiflen. Zufriedener noch, wenn ſie ſich mit den edelſten Chriſten vereinigen.

> Er that die erſten Kriegsdienſte in Britannien unter Suetonius Paullinus, einem emſigen und wohlgeſitteten Feldherrn, der ihn würdig fand, in ſein Gefolg zu treten. Agricola ließ ſich keine Ausſchweifungen zu Schulden kommen, nach Art der Jünglinge, die den Soldatenſtand dazu für bequem achten; noch mißbrauchte er müßig ſeine Berechtigung und ſein Tribunen-Amt zu Luſt und Gemächlichkeit. *Die Provinz genau zu kennen*, ſich dem Heer zu empfehlen, von den Erfahrenen zu lernen, die beſten Muſter zu befolgen, nichts mit Prahlen anzuſprechen, nichts aus Beſorglichkeit von ſich zu weiſen, überall aufmerkſam, nachdrücklich, fürſichtig, ſorgſam zu Werke zu gehen, waren ſeines Lebens Regeln.

Jünglinge, auf jeder Stufe ſeien ſie die eurigen, euren Beruf für jene Provinz genommen! Der Deutſche, durch die Mannigfaltigkeit ſeiner innern Einrichtungen, hat viel mehr zu lernen als jeder Andere. Durch die Neuheit ſeines Zuſtandes wird der Stoff ſeines Wiſſens ungemein vervielfältigt. Er muß das Alte kennen, und das Neue wiſſen, und ſo vergleichen und kombiniren, und den Uebergang ebnen. Sei es im Dienſt des Fürſten, in der Verwaltung, auf den Bänken der Gemeinde und Provinz, oder in den ſtändiſchen Sälen. Er bedarf weniger der Reichsgeſchichte, um ſo mehr der Nationalgeſchichte und Weltgeſchichte. In David Hume und Rapin Thoyras iſt mehr echter Gehalt zur Geſtaltung oder Abwägung der Vorkommniſſe rund um uns her, als in allen metaphyſiſch-politiſchen Schriften unſrer Zeit. Ja, um von unſrer Zeit zu reden, mehr Gehalt im Moniteur ſeit der Revolution; weil alle die Tiraden, Gemeinplätze, frommen Wünſche, extravaganten Grillen faſt im Zirkel der Möglichkeit darin neben ſo vielem Trefflichen enthalten ſind, und in viel eleganterer Form, in viel geiſtreicherem Gewande, als man ſie uns täglich auftiſcht. — Die Spittler, die Heeren, die Wachler, die Beck, ſo manche Andre, ſind bewährte, ja berühmte Lehrer und Muſter; aber noch beſſere Wegweiſer, um mehr zu ſuchen. — Welchen Umfang hat nicht die Frage von den Finanzen und der Staatswirthſchaft; vom einfachen Addiren und Subtrahiren, bis zu den Lehren der Smith und Malthus; oder der Büſch und Nebenius unter den Unſrigen — und bis zu den Verpflichtungen und den Verhältniſſen von Necker und Calonne, und dem compte rendu; eine Rolle, die jedem Staatsmann, als Hauptperſon oder Gehilfe, zu Theil werden kann. Wie iſt nicht Naturlehre und Chemie und Mathematik und Mechanik in die großen Fragen vom Handel, ja in alle Verzweigungen des Menſchenlebens verflochten! — Was verlangten nicht Cicero und Quintilian vom Redner, welch weites Feld iſt nicht dieſe Redekunſt, da wo die eigne Sprache noch ſo ſehr der Nachhilfe und Veredlung empfänglich iſt! Was iſt dieſe Redekunſt anders, als ein eitles Geplauder, wenn ſie nicht auf Weltweisheit und ſolider Rechtskenntnis beruht; wenn ihr nicht alle Bilder und Verhältniſſe des Lebens, die Früchte der Geſchichte und Mythologie, mit den Allegorien und Metaphern, mit den Ueberlieferungen und Kernworten der großen Sterblichen zu Gebot ſtehen! Und wenn ich vom Recht rede, nicht die Kunſtgriffe der Advokaten, ſondern durch dieſe Prüfungszeit hindurch, jenen höhern Standpunkt, von welchem Cicero, der Vortrefflichſte unter den Sachwaltern, ſo nachdrücklich ſagte: justitia in qua virtutis splendor est maximus, ex qua boni viri nominantur. Und Naturrecht, und des römiſchen Rechts, und der alten Formen Verhältniſſe zu den neuen! Und Religion, und Kirchengeſchichte, das Gegeneinander-Verhalten der Glaubens-Parteien unter uns. Fürwahr da genügen nicht die Diatriben gegen Päpſte und Jeſuiten, oder gegen Luther und Janſenius. Mit der Wirklichkeit muß man bekannt ſein. Es genügen nicht, nein, im Bundesſyſtem, im vaterländiſchen Dienſt gelten nichts die Vorurtheile der alten Weiber, und die Klagelieder der Kurzſichtigen gegen die Diplomaten und die Politik überhaupt; und die Weiſen anderer Nationen mögen uns belehren, wie Nivernois in den mémoires de l'académie:

> La politique est une science respectable, dont le but est de resserrer les liens de la société entre les hommes, et tout ce qui tend à les rompre, non-seulement ne saurait être attribué à cette science, mais va directement contre sa nature et sa fin.

Und dann jene Proportionen der Gewalten, das jus regium, der Klaſſen und Stände und Gewerbe Rechte, Anſprüche und Mißbräuche; des Volkes Sinn, Hoffnungen und wahre Bedürfniſſe! Ja, ich wiederhole es, das iſt Alles in des Tacitus Worten enthalten: sed noscere provinciam — nihil ob formidinem recusare — simulque anxius et intentus agere. Und das iſt die Gattung der Unerſchrockenheit, die ich jetzt im Namen des Vaterlandes nachdrücklich an euch geſinne.

Johann Georg Galletti

ward am 19. Auguſt 1750 zu Altenburg geboren, ſtudirte in Göttingen Jurisprudenz und Geſchichte und erhielt dann eine Collaboratur am Gymnaſium zu Gotha. Im Jahre 1783 wurde er Profeſſor an derſelben Anſtalt, und 1806 herzoglich Sachſen-Gothaiſcher Hofrath und Hiſtoriograph. — Seine Profeſſur legte er 1819 nieder. Er ſtarb am 26. März 1828.

Seine zahlreichen Schriften ſind, in alphabetiſcher Ordnung aufgeführt:

Beſchreibung von Deutſchland. Gotha 1821.
Geographiſches Elementarbuch. Gotha 1804. N. A. 1809.
Elementarbuch für den erſten Schulunterricht in der Geſchichtskunde. Gotha 1795. 6. A. 1824.
Anſchauliche Erdbeſchreibung. Berlin 1825—26. 3 Thle.
Frankreich. Gotha 1815.
Geographie für Frauenzimmer. Kaſſel 1823.
Geſchichte Deutſchlands. Halle 1787—96. 10 Theile. gr. 4.
Beſchreibung und Geſchichte des Herzogthums und der Stadt Gotha. Gotha: N. A. 1817.
Geſchichte des dreißigjährigen Krieges. Gotha 1806.
Geſchichte des ſiebenjährigen Krieges. Gotha 1809.
Geſchichte des öſterreichiſchen Kaiſerthums. 2. A. Gotha 1832.
Geſchichte des osmanniſchen Reichs. 2. A. Gotha 1832.
Geſchichte von Perſien. 2 A. Gotha 1832.
Geſchichte der franzöſiſchen Revolution. Gotha 1808—11. 3 Bde.
Geſchichte von Rußland 2. A. Gotha 1832.
Geſchichte der Fürſtenthümer der Herzoge von Sachſen von der Gothaiſchen Linie u. ſ. w. Gotha 1825.
Geſchichte der Völker und Staaten der alten Welt. Leipzig 1822—23. 3 Bde.
Geſchichte von Thüringen. Gotha 1782—85. 6 Bde.
Verſuch einer Geſchichte der Herrſchaft Tonna. Tonna 1777.

Geſchichte von Spanien und Portugal. 3 Bde. Erfurt. 1809—11.
Geſchichte des türkiſchen Reichs. Gotha 1801.
Handbuch der neuen Staatengeſchichte. 1r. Bd. Leipzig. 1810.
Die St. Johanniskirche bei Altenbergа. Gotha 1811.
Katechiſmus der deutſchen Vaterlandskunde. Leipzig 1826.
Katechiſmus der deutſchen Geſchichte. Leipzig 1825.
Katechiſmus der Weltgeſchichte. Leipzig 1825.
Allgemeine Kulturgeſchichte der letzten Jahrhunderte. Gotha 1814.
Lehrbuch der Geographie. Gotha 1790. — 4. A. 1812.
Lehrbuch für den erſten Schulunterricht in der Geſchichtskunde. Gotha 1793. 8. A. 1820.
Lehrbuch der alten Staatengeſchichte. 4. A. Gotha 1818.
Lehrbuch der deutſchen Staatengeſchichte. 2. A. Gotha 1809.
Lehrbuch der europäiſchen Staatengeſchichte. 4. A. Gotha 1815.
Lehrbuch für die thüringiſche Geſchichte. Gotha 1794.
Reiſe nach Paris. Gotha 1809.
Reiſebeſchreibungen. 1r Th. (Reiſe nach Italien). Gotha 1820.
Geographiſches Taſchenwörterbuch. 3. A. Peſth. 1821. 3 Bde.
Kleine Weltgeſchichte. Gotha 1787—1819. 27 Thle.
Allgemeine Weltkunde. Leipzig 1807. Q. F. 7. A. von J. G. Schnabel. Peſth 1831. gr. 8.

Ein überaus fleißiger und gewiſſenhafter, aber geiſt- und geſchmackloſer Hiſtoriker, deſſen Stil obendrein durch eine faſt unerträgliche Breite leidet. Das meiſte Verdienſt erwarb er ſich durch ſeine Lehrbücher für die Jugend, welche viel und lange gebraucht wurden, bis zeitgemäßere Werke dieſer Gattung ſie zuletzt verdrängten.

Friedrich Andreas Galliſch

ward am 28. Auguſt 1754 in Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Arzneiwiſſenſchaft, und bekleidete ſpäter, nachdem er die Doctorwürde erhalten, eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Medizin an der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Er ſtarb am 15. Februar 1783.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ein Dutzend leichter Erzählungen. Petersburg 1782.
Nettchen Roſenfarb. Ein Roman. Leipzig. 1782—83. 2 Thle.
Gedichte, herausgegeben von Jünger. Leipzig. 1784.

G. hat den ſchönen Ruhm hinterlaſſen, einer der liebenswürdigſten und ruhmvolliſten Menſchen geweſen zu ſein. Sein früher Tod ward lebhaft und allgemein bedauert, da er zu großen Erwartungen berechtigte. Als lyriſcher Dichter zeichnete er ſich, für ſeine Zeit, durch Anmuth, Gefälligkeit und Leichtigkeit aus, gefiel ſich aber zu ſehr in allegoriſchen Spielereien. Sein Roman, Nettchen Roſenfarb, ward früher nicht ungern geleſen, iſt jedoch unbedeutend und gerieth bald in Vergeſſenheit.

Johann Gansbein

Notar und Stadtſchreiber zu Limburg an der Lahn, lebte im vierzehnten Jahrhundert, und iſt der Verfaſſer der

Limburgiſchen Chronik, herausgegeben unter dem Titel Fasti Limpurgenses durch J. F. Fauſt von Aſchaffenburg 1617. 8. Fernere Ausgaben ſind: Heidelberg 1619. Fol., Wetzlar 1720. 8. Marburg 1829. 8.

Er begann dieſe für die deutſche Sittengeſchichte höchſt wichtige Arbeit im dreißigſten Jahre ſeines Alters, 1347, und führte ſie von 1336 bis 1398. — Später ward ſie von Adam und Georg Emmel bis 1461 fortgeſetzt. Wir theilen hier eine Probe aus derſelben mit.

Anno 1357. wurden die von Wartpurg in Weſtphalen, in dem Stift von Maulbron, die zwo gute Stett, nidergeworfen. Das theten die von Hapfelt, die Ritterſchaft, und wurden gefangen der hundert man, und der viertzig getödtet. Die gefangene wurden los umb 4900 Marck ſilbers.

In demſelben jahr ſang und pfiffe man in allen diſen landen, dis Lied:

Mancher went, daß niemand beſſer ſey dann he,
  Dieweil das Im gelingen,
Dem will ich wünſchen daß Im nimmer heil geſche,
  Und will das frölich ſingen.
Lieb, kehr dich an kein klaffen nicht
  Das bitt Ich durch die trewwe bloß.
  Iſt an im klein Ihr gut geleß
Gar wol Ihr ſtat das Angeſicht.

Ein Jahr darnach oder dabey, da wurden die von Limpurg vor Merenburgk nidergeworfen. Das thaten die von Merenburgk, und blieben drey Erbare mann todt, dern hieſe einer Hartung, und was ein Schultheiß und ein Schöff zu Limpurg: und achtet man denſelben Hartung vor den allerbeſten Leyen in allen diſen landen. Auch wurden jhrer 10 oder zwölff gefangen.

Anno 1359. umb S. Margrethen Meß, da lag das Reich vor Villmar, und Ertzbiſchoff Bemund von Trier, mit Herrn, Rittern und Knechten, mit denen von Limpurg und andern ſeinen Stetten, und auch mehr Fürſten und Herrn, und ward gewonnen. Und geburte ſich, ehe daß es gewonnen wurd, daß die von Franckfurt ſolten der Katzen eine nacht hüten. Da kamen die feind in der nacht heimlich, und ſpickten die Katzen, und ſtieſſen ſie an und verbranten ſie. Und verblieben deren von Franckfurt fünftzig todt. Und kam jhnen das von jhrer rechten Füllerey. Dann in vollerey je nie kein guts geſchach, als S. Bernhard ſchreibt in einer Epiſtel: Ebrietas non facit aliud, nisi quod cadit in lutum: Das ſprecht alſo aus:

Einem truncknen mann höret daß zu,
In dem dreck liegen ſpat und fru.

In derſelbigen zeit ſang und pfiffe man die lied:

Gott geb jhm ein verderben jar,
  Der mich macht zu einer Nonnen,
Und mir den ſchwartzen mantel gab,
  Den weiſſen Rock darunden.
Soll ich ein Nonn gewerden
  Dann wider meinen willen,
So will Ich auch eim Knaben jung
  Seinen kummer ſtillen.
Und ſtilt he mir den meinen nit,
Daran mag he verlieſen.

In denſelben zeiten war ein Herr zu Würtzburgk, der war Keyſer Carle, König zu Beheim, ungehorſam, und zoge der Keyſer uber Ihn mit groſſer Pomp und gewalt, und gewann Ihm viel leut und land an. Und hette es jhm zumahl abgewonnen. Aber der von Würtzburg fiele jm zu fuß, und bat ſein Gnad. Da thet Er es, und behilte doch der Keyſer ſeinen willen mit groſen Ehren.

Anno 1360. ward Keyſer Carle, Königen zu Beheim, ein Sohn geboren, deſſen alle die Chriſtenheit erfrewet was, und wuſte man nit, daß ſein elter ein wunderliche endt und leben haben würde. Den Sohn thete Er führen von Prag gen Nürnberg, und ward Er getaufft und genant Wentzeslauw, und war ſein Mutter geboren von der Schwedeniz. Zu der kindstauf kamen mehr dann viertzig oder funftzig geborne Fürſten, dem Keyſer zu freuden vnd zu dienſt, jglicher das im zugehört von ſeines Ampts wegen, vnd dazu Grafen, Herrn, Ritter vnd Knecht alſo viel, daß unzelig was, vnd hilten den aller herrlichſten gröſeſten köſtlichſten Hoffe zu Nürnberg, der je geſehen ſolt werden, mit groſſer köſtlichkeit, zehrung, kleitung, vnd aller herrlichen manirung der Fürſten, Grafen, Herrn, Rittern vnd Frauwen, vnd mit ritterlichen Waven, mit ſtechen, brechen vnd fechtirung, vnd von allem Spiel, das dazu gehöret. Vnd war geprüfet, daß vf der Stechbane hilten alweg mehr dann tauſendt mann mit verbundenen vnd gekrönten helmen.

In denſelbigen Jahren verwandelten ſich die Carmina vnd Gedichte in Teutſchen landen. Dann man bisshero lange lieder geſungen hatte, mit fünf oder mit ſechs geſetzen. Da machten die Meiſter neuwe lieder, das hieſſet Widerſang mit drey geſetzen. Auch hatte es ſich alſo verwandelt mit dem Pfeiffenſpiel, vnd hatten aufgeſtigen in der Muſica, daß die nicht alſo gut war bishero, als nun angangen iſt. Dann wer vor fünf oder ſechs jaren ein guter Pfeiffer war im land, der dauchte jhn jtzunt nit ein fliben.

Da ſang man dis Widerſang:

Heſſen helt mir das leben,
Trauren thet mir anders wehe ꝛc.

In diſſen zeiten zog Landgraf Otto, Heinrichs Sohn von Heſſen vorgenant, vber einen Apt von Fulda, mit zwelff hundert glenen, vnd verzohe vierzehen tag in ſeinem land mit rechter gewalt.

In diſſen vergangenen Jahren, war der ehrwürdig Cuno von Falckenſtein, ein Thumherr zu Mentz, Vormunder vnd beſchirmer des Stiffts zu Trier. Vnd in der neuwen leiſe ſo bauwete Herr Philips von Iſenburg, Herr zu Grenſauw, der wonete zu Wilmar, ein neuwe Burgk, vnd ſchlug die auf einen ſtein nit fern von Limpurg vnd von Wilmar, vnd ward genant Gretenſtein, dann Sein liebge hieſſe Gretha, vnd nant die Burgk nach jhrem namen, vnd wolt Er jhr ein gut teſtament alda beſetzen. Vnd da die aufgeſchlagen was, da ſpeiſet Er ſie, vnd mahnete ſie voll Ritter vnd Knecht, die waren fern auß des Hertzogen land von Beyern, Pfaltzgrafen bey Rein, vnd wolten wol geneſtet han. Da kame der vorgenante Cuno von Falckenſtein von des vorgenanten Stiffts wegen mit Reiter vnd Knechten, vnd zog mit der glocken auß mit der gantzen Statt von Limpurgk. Vnd die hatten des tags bey achthundert man gewapnet. Wol. Da Sie darquamen vor das hauß, da lagten Sie ſich nieder, aſſen vnd truncken eins, vnd ſtelten ſich zu ſtürmen. Vnd der vorgenante Herr Cuno ging ſelber mit denen von Limpurg vnd andern ſeinen Freunden, als feindlich zu ſtürmen. Vnd die auf dem Hauß waren, wurffen da feindlichen auß, daß man keinen geſehen konte. Vnd gewonnen das hauß vmb ein halben tag vnd je daß in dem ein, vnd das mit rechter gewalt überhaupt. Vnd was auch denen von Limpurg zumahl ernſt, ſintenmahl daß es Jhnen ſo nahe beylage, vnd fingen auff dem hauß den hauptman, Herrn Philipſen, mit Sechs vnd dreiſſig Rittern vnd Knechten, vnd zubrachen das hauß in den grund. Vnd ward Herr Cuno von Falckenſtein gar ſehr geworfen, daß Im ſein Antlitz mit ſchweiß vnd blut rann. Vnd ein Juncker von Runckel ward alda geworfen, daß Er nicht lang lebete, der ward genant Heinrich. Das ſoltu wiſſen, daß dem vorgenanten Herrn Philips geſchahe als David ſchreibt im Pſalter, Incidit in foveam quam fecit. Das ſprich alſo:

Eim andern hat Er ein grub gemacht,
Vnd iſt ſelber darein geiagt.

Den vorgenanten Herrn Cunen vergleichen ich der Tugendt, die da heiſſet Stercke: als da ſchreibet Aristoteles lib. 3. Ethicor: Fortitudo est aggressus terribilium ubi mors videtur perimere. Das ſoltu alſo verſtahn:

Der Tugend eine heiſt Sterck,
Die pfleget ſtreitliche werck,
Daß Sie erlöß das gemeine Gut,
Darumb ſo ſtält ſie jhren mut.

Nun ſolt du wiſſen, der nach hundert jaren geboren ſoll wiſſen ein memorabile, das iſt, ein gedechtnus, das vor dem Hauß geſchach, vnd kam alſo. Da man ſolte zu Sturm gehen, da kompt rennen ein Amptman des Biſchoffs von Trier, vnd ſprach wider die Burgermeiſter vnd Burger zu Limpurg, daß Sie ſich ſtelten, vnd gingen davor zu Sturm. Darauf antwortet jhm der Burgermeiſter mit namen Johann Boyt, vnd ſprach alſo: Wir ſeind hier daß wir ſtreiten wollen. Das dorfend jhr nit gedenken, daß man den graben mit denen von Limpurg allein füllen ſolle. Ritter vnd Knecht ſollen bey vns niedertretten. Zu denen wollen wir vns mengen, vnd mit jhnen zu gleich zu ſturm gehen, vnd wollen nit die letzten ſeyn. Da der Amptman vnd andere Ritter vnd Knecht die Antwort höreten, da fielen Sie nieder mit denen von Limpurg, vnd gingen zu Sturm, vnd niemand gab dem andern im ſturm nit zu [illegible], vnd ſtürmeten als vorgeſchrieben ſtehet.

Mehr ſoltu wiſſen die phyſionomy vnd geſtalt Herrn Cunen vorgenant. Dann ich Jhn dick geſehen vnd geprüfet han, in ſeinem weſen vnd in mancher ſeiner manirung, daß Er was ein herrlich ſtarck man, von Leib, von Perſon, vnd von allem gebeine, vnd hatte ein groß haubt mit einer ſtrauben, ein weite braune greſſe, ein weit breit Antlitz mit hauſenden backen, ein ſcharff manlich geſicht, einen beſcheidenen mund mit gleffzelicher maſen dick, die naß was breit mit gerunden naßlöchern, die naß was in mitten nidergedruckt mit einem groſen kinne, vnd mit einer hohen ſtirn, vnd hatte auch eine groſſe bruſt, vnd rotelfarb vnder ſeinen augen, vnd ſtund auff ſeinen beinen als ein Löw, vnd hatte gütliche geberden gegen ſeine freunden, vnd wann Er zornig war, ſo hauſſeten vnd flederten Jhm ſeine backen, vnd ſtunden Jhm herrlich vnd weißlich, vnd nicht vbel. Dann Aristoteles ſpricht lib. 4. Ethicor.: Non irasci quos oportet, insipientiae est. Das heiſſet alſo:

Wer nit vmb noth zoren hat,
Das en iſt nit eines weiſſen Raht.

Ein Jahr darnach ward derſelbig Cuno von Falckenſtein Vormunder des Stiffts zu Trier, vnd zog auß mit der Statt zu Limpurg, vnd gewann Altendorf eines Ritters wonung gelegen bey Werenburg, vnd war ein wüſtes hauß, vnd verbrande das vnd zuſchleiffte es zumahl.

In diſſer zeit ſang man diß lied:

Aber ſcheiden ſcheiden das thut warlich wehe
Von einer die Ich gern anſehe,
Vnd iſt das nit vnmög [illegible]

Anno 1362. ſtarb zu Auinion Bapſt Innocentius. Der hatte regirt geiſtlich vnd heiliglich bey zehen Jahr. An ſeine ſtatt wardt gekoren zu Auinion Vrbanus V. Der was ein Münch geweſen Benedictiner Ordens zu Massilien, vnd war gar ein rechtfertiger mann, als du findeſt hernach geſchrieben an ſeim End. Der was wohnhaft zu Auinion Sieben Jahr, vnd fuhr von dannen gen Rom, vnd bauwete vnd vermehrete Clöſter vnd Capellen, wo Er die fand, da es noth war, vnd verblieb da ein Jahr. Wie er ſein leben endet, das findſtu hernach geſchrieben.

Anno 1362. in dem Herbſt nach Sanct Michaels tag, Da vberzoch Herr Gerlach Ertzbiſchoff zu Mentz, geborn von Naſſauw, Graf Johannen von Naſſauw, Herrn zu Dillenberg, mit vielen Rittern vnd Knechten, daß ſie wurden geacht an fünfhundert man mit glenen, dazu mit dem Rinckauw, vnd thaten Jhm groſſen ſchaden, vnd hetten noch mehr ſchaden gethan, hetten ſie gut wetter gehabt. Dann Sie der Rein vnd gewäſſer [illegible].

In diſſem Jahr vergingen die groſſe weite Plodderhoſen vnd ſtifeln. Die hatten oben rot leder, vnd waren verhauwen, vnd die lange lederſen mit langen ſchnäbeln gingen an. Dieſelben hatten knappen einen bey dem andern, von der groſſen zehen biß obenauß, vnd hinden aufgeneſtelt halb bis auf den rücken. Da ginge auch an, daß ſich die menner hinden, vornen vnd neben zuneſtelten, vnd gingen hart geſpant. Vnd die junge menner trugen meiſtlich alle, geknauffte kugeln, als die frauwen. Vnd diſſe kugeln wereten mehr dann dreiſſig Jahr, da vergingen Sie.

Anno 1363. vf Montag zu Pfingſten da war Friderich von Hatzſtein der Wolgeborne Knecht, der ein Hauptman was der Statt von Limpurg, erſchlagen an der Löhne, vnder dem Stein, da man gehet von Greipenpforten in die Hell. Das thaten die von Reiffenberg. Die waren feind der Statt von Limpurg zu der zeit vnd manche zeit. Vnd die Herren vnd die Statt von Limpurg verlohren Jhn zumahl viel. Dann er jhnen nutzlich vnd dienſtlich was. Auch war derſelbig Friederich groß vnd ſtarck, alſo daß Er ein Ohm weins aufhub, vnd tranck auß der ponten.

In derſelbigen zeit da ward der vorgenante Herr Cuno von Falckenſtein erwehlet zum Ertzbiſchoff zu Trier.

In diſſer zeit vnd Jahr da ſande Gott ein neuwe plage auf Erdreich, ſonderlich in Teutſchland. Das waren Heuwſchrecken, die kamen vnd flohen alſo dick in der luft vnd in dem feld, als hette ein groſer Schnee gefallen. Die fielen in die frucht, vnd thaten groſen verderblichen ſchaden, vnd flohen dann wider auf. Die wereten von der Ernde biß das Sie vergingen mit einem reiff vnd von kelt, bey nahe Sechs gantzer wochen. Auch waren die heuſchrecken groß vnd feiſt, einer halben ſpannen lang, vnd alſo in der maſſe. Diſſe plag kam von groſer hoffart. Vnd mag man diſſe plage gleichen, als David ſpricht in dem Psalter: Et dedit aerugini fructus eorum et labores eorum locustis: Das bedeutet alſo:

Die raupen freſſend jhrer frucht geleben,
Arbeit der leut iſt den Heuſchrecken gegeben.

In demſelbigen jahr galt ein quart weins zu Limpurg ein ſchilling pfennig, vnd ein heller, vnd folglich anderswo ſein gelt. Das werete der nahe ein Jahr.

In dieſen zeiten pfiffe vnd ſang man dis lied vnd widerſang:

Ich will in hoffnung leben fort,
Ob mir nichts heil möcht geſchehen
Von der liebſten Frauwen mein.
Sprech Sie zu mir ein freundlich wort,
So müſt trauwren von mir ſchen.
Ich hoffe Ihr gunſt mich je mit heil
Bekehre. Ach Gott daß Ich ſie ſolte ſehen,
Ich wolte in hoffnung leben.

Anno 1366. zu mittem Sommer vmb S. Johans Meß Baptistae. Da war die groſe Geſelſchaft gezogen vor Straßburgk vor Colmar, vnd in dem land all vmb im Elſaß, vnd thaten gar groſen ſchaden, vnd lagen ein gantzen Monat in dem land. Vnd die Ehrwürdige Fürſten, Herr Cuno von Falckenſtein Ertzbiſchof zu Trier, vnd Herr Gerlach Ertzbiſchof zu Mentz, vnd dazu die Hochgeborne Fürſten von Beyerland, vnd ſonderlich Herr Ruprecht Pfaltzgraf bey Rein, auf der Moſel, auf der Löhne, auf dem Mayn, vnd darumb, waren die aller meiſtliche Wegande, vnd zogen gen Elſaſſen mit groſſer herrligkeit der Waffen, alle wol erzeugt einer vor dem andern mit ſilbern vnd gülden geſchmeid. Vnd die Geſelſchaft flohen auſſer dem land nacht vnd tag wider in Welſchland. Vnd geſchahe den Teutſchen nit alſo wehe vnd laid, daß die Geſellen jhnen entflohen waren. Die Geſelſchaft ward gezehlet an zwantzig tauſendt man, ſo, ein vnd ander ausgenommen. Die Francken vnd die Teutſche Herrn von dieſem land, vnd die Statt vf dem Rein, im Elſas, aus Schwaben (Vnd die Statt von Limpurg hatte auch jhren Burgermeiſter alda mit vier vnd zwantzig Pferden) Vnd Sie hatten bey vier vnd zwantzig tauſend reiſiger leut, wol gewapnet. Das was ſchein vnd glantz von den waffen.

Anno 1365. da was das dritte groſe ſterben, vnd was mäßlicher als die zwey erſten, alſo daß ſeben oder 12. menſchen des tags ſturben in Stetten als Limpurg, vnd dergleichen. Vnd da ſtarb Herr Gerlach Herr zu Limpurg, vnd war kaum allererſt von der groſſen reyß von Elſas kommen, da Er wolt han helfen beſtreiten die groſe Geſelſchaft aus Welſchem Lande. Vnd ſtarb die Edle ſein Frauw Elſge inner drey wochen auch, ohne leibserben. Derſelb Herr Gerlach war eben braun von antlitz, groß, ſcharpf von reden, vnd hatte ein ſchwartzen Kroll vnd ein ſchwartzen bart, vnd war raſch vnd geſchwind ein ding zu thun. An ſeine ſtatt kame der Edle Juncker Johann ſein bruder, vnd der war ein Thumherr zu Cöln vnd zu Trier, vnd war gar ein weltlich man, vnd hatte ein wolgeſetzten leib von kleiner gröſſe, mit einem ſchönen antlitz weiß vnd roth, mit einem gelben Kroll vnd bart, vnd was das haar alſo gelb als gelt, vnd war gütlich zu ſprechen, vnd von gütlicher antwort, Er was auch weiß zu ſchimpfe vnd zu ernſt, vnd hatte er auch bey nahe zwantzig Jahr, ehe dann Er ſein frauwe kaufte.

Ein jahr darnach zu halbfaſten ſolten die Meiſter des Wülnhandwercks zu Limpurg auf die Meß gen Franckfort fahren mit jhrem gewande, vnd wurden nidergeworffen zwiſchen dem Cloſter zu dem Throne vnd der Höhe, vnd wurden jhnen genommen mehr als dreyhundert tuch, vnd waren etliche gefangen, vnd blieben etliche todt. Das thete Heinrich, Graf Otten ſohn, von Naſſauw Dillenberg. Der war ein Thumherr zu Cöln, vnd ward mit dem zunahmen genant Graf Schindieter. Auch ſo fuhren ſie im gelait Graf Johans von Naſſauw Herrn zu Merenberg.

In demſelben jahr ſchlug der vorgenant Graf Johann ein Burgk auf, zu Kirchberg auf der Lahne, vnder Schaumburg. Dieſelbig Burgk zubrach Landgraf Heinrich zu Heſſen, vnd fing darauf mehr dann zwantzig wehrhaftig mann.

In demſelben jahr, vnd darnach ein wenig, ward Bingen auf dem Rein gewonnen, alſo daß es erſtigen wurd vnd gar geplündert biß auf ſein grund.

Da ſang man vnd pfiff dis lied:

Schach, Tafelſpiel
Ich nunmehr beginnen will,

An. 1367. wurden die zwey Schwerter von der welt einträchtig. Vnſer geiſtlicher vatter der Babſt Vrbanus V. vnd der Römiſche Keyſer Carolus IV. König zu Böheim, zogen mit einander mehr dann mit Siebentzig tauſend Rittern vnd Knechten mit groſer gewalt vber den Herrn von Meyland. Der hatte gethan wider die heilige Kirch. Vnd behilte der Bapſt vnd der Keyſer jhren gantzen willen. Mit dem zug vnd reiß werete es beynahe ein jahr, vnd waren geachtet an hundert tauſendt reiſiger Pferde.

In dieſer zeit war harte zeit vnd teuwre jahr, alſo daß ein Malter korns Limpurger maaß galt fünf pfundt vnd zween Turnes, vnd das malter habern galt drey pfundt heller. Vnd hatten arme leut groſen gebrechen vnd mangel. Die quart weins galt zwantzig alt heller.

An. 1367. vf S. Petri abend Vincula, zu der Haberernd, da erſtach ein Freve von Dern, todt Juncker Johann eins Grafen ſohn von Dietz, vf der Burgk zu Derne, daß Er von ſtund an bleib. Vnd war ein jung mann vnder dreiſſig Jahren, von guter leng, hatte ein langelicht angeſicht mit einer hohen naſen, vnd ein ſchlecht haar mit einem hohen zopf, als gewohnlich in der zeit was. Vnd derſelb Johann, were ein Graf zu Dietz worden, hette Er gelebt. Vnd das ward in ein andere hand geſchoſſen, als das hernach geſchrieben ſteht. Derſelbig Freve hieß Friederich, ein ſtreng Ritter von fünftzig Jahren, vnd was ein rechter Freve geboren von all ſein vier Anchen, vnd ward gefangen zu Dern auf dem Hauß vnd gen Dietz geführt. Vnd Graf Gerhart von Dietz, Juncker Johans Bruder, thete ein landgericht beſcheiden zu Reckenforſt. Vnd ward dem vorgenanten Freven ſein haupt abgeſchlagen, vnd ward begraben von ſtund an zu Limpurg zu den Barfüſſern. Alſo ſoltu ſehen, wen du ſchlegeſt: Als dann Salomon ſpricht: Fremens ira nulli parcit, Dz iſt,

Der grimme zorn gibt niemand friſt.
Des du von Salomon beſcheiden biſt.

Nun ſoltu wiſſen die Phyſiognomie vnd ware geſtalt des Freven. Der Freve war ein vierſchötzig man, mit einer greiſen Kroll, ein breitlecht antlitz mit einer flachen naſen. Auch hatte der vorgenante Freve von Dern einen Bruder, der hieſe Juncker Craft, der war ein Thumherr zu Cöln vnd zu S. Gereon, Derſelb ward erſchoſſen in Weſtphalen.

Da ſang vnd pfiff man dis lied:

Nit laß ab alſo ein weil.
Ach Ich. Ich will dir immer in gantzer treuw leben.
Ich hoff Ich find daſſelb an dir.

In derſelben zeit war der ſtreit zu Sprendlingen zwiſchen Bingen vnd Creutzenach. Da blieben todt mehr dann zweyhundert man. Vnd den ſtreit verlohr der Graf von Sponheim, der war genant Walrabe, der ward auch gefangen, vnd der Herr von Bolanden behilt das feld.

In demſelben jahr, da ward das groſſe wetter von donner vnd blitzen, zwiſchen den zweyen vnſer Frauwen tag, als man vor langer zeit je hatte geſehen, vnd das was eins nachts, vnd in der terminey zu Mentz vnd zu Franckfurt. Vnd vnſer Frauwen Münſter zu Mentz verbrant zu mahl, was daran was von holtzwerck mit einem gar hohen Thurn. Das verging gehlingen, vnd war groſer verderblicher ſchaden, vnd geſchach auch mehr ſchaden in derſelben terminey herumb in dem land.

Zu denſelben zeiten kaufte der Ehrwürdig Herr Cuno von Falckenſtein Ertzbiſchof zu Trier, vnd trang ſich mit weißheit in die gantze Herrſchaft zu Molßburg vmb Herr Gergen daſelbſt, vnd damit erwehrte Er den Stift zu Trier. Vnd darnach nit lang, vber drey jahr oder vier, da machte Er ein Statt zu Moerenbachen. Dann es zuvor ein dorf geweſt, vnd gehört in die Graffſchaft zu Molßburg. Derſelbig Herr Cuno behilte auch ein die incorporation derſelben kirchen vnd Pastoreien zu Brechen. Dieſelbſt Pastorey zu Brechen wirfft nun zu ewigen tagen einem Biſchoff zu Trier in ſein kuchen ligende. Das ſetzt ſich wol an hundert malter Korngülten, darüber hat ein Vicarius dannoch genug zu ſelbdritten lebt.

Nota, quod pater praedicti Georgij Dominus in Molspurg nomine Gyso, propriam filiam carnaliter cognovit, quae a patre postea duxit quoddam corpus heterogenium, id est, animal rationale mortale. Quam ob rem forsan maledictus Psalmistae videtur, ipsum notans, ubi dicit: Fiant dies ejus pauci, et Episcopatum ejus accipiet alter: et sic dominium Molsperg est translatum in Episcopatum Trevirensem.

Die Blaſirung von dem Wapen von Molßburg iſt alſo: Das feld was von gold, darin war ein Löw von Silber.

Anno 1367. da waren feind die Edlen Johann Graf zu Naſſauw Dillenberg, vnd Johann Herr zu Weſterburgk, vnd gebeiten ſich, daß ſie ein gerenn vnd ein Poneiß hatten den Gudenborn. Vnd Johann Herr zu Weſterburgk behilt das feld, vnd fing den Graffen von Naſſauwe mehr dann mit dreiſſig Rittern vnd Knechten. Vnd blieben auf des von Naſſauw ſeiten drey todt, vnd einer auf des Weſterburges ſeiten, gute Handwercksleut. Derſelbige Graff war loß mit den Rittern vnd Knechten vor Acht tauſend gülden. Vnd hetten Jhme wol mehr gelt geben. Aber er genoß ſeiner freundt die ſehr vor Jhn arbeiteten.

In diſer zeit lebte Magiſter Iohannes Pyrkmanus, der zu Pariß das Studium regiret hat mehr dann viertzig Jahr. Der ward geacht der beſt Logicus vnd Philosophus auf Erdrich in der gantzen Chriſtenheit. Vnd man fande nit ſeines gleichen. Der machte Quaestiones Ethicorum die beſten die je gemacht waren vor Im. Dieſelbige Quaestiones gab Er zu lest vnd zu einem ewigen Teſtament allen Meiſtern vnd Studenten.

In derſelbigen zeit gewann Herr Cuno von Falckenſtein, Ertzbiſchof zu Trier, Sonnenberg.

In diſen jahren entſtund ein groſſe zwerung in der Statt zu Wetzlar auf der Lahne, zwiſchen Raht vnd der Gemeine, alſo daß der alte Raht ward vertrieben der Statt, vnd die Gemein machte ein neuwen Raht, vnd regirten nach jhrem ſinn in das Siebende jahr, vnd gaben niemand kein leibzucht ſo wie viel das jhnen gebürte, alle jahr bey fünftauſent gülden gelts leibzucht vnd renten. Vnd da es kam an das Siebende jahr, da kamen die alten von dem Raht wider in die Statt mit einem Beywort, alſo, daß man damit ſolte vmbgehen, daß Sie geſünet würden. Des worden die vorgenante alten von dem Raht eintrechtig, mit Juncker Johann dem Grafen von Solms. Vnd dem war gar leutig vmb die Neuwe welt, vnd war heimlich den Alten vnd auch den neuwen. Denn er kam wol mit fünfzig Ritter vnd Knechten in die Statt, vnd lieſe die von dem neuwen Raht alle kommen in ein hauß. Vnd Er nahm ſich an, Er wolte mit in Raht gehen, vmb nutz Erbare Sach der Statt. Vnd fing den neuwen Raht gemeinlich, vnd behalt da ſo viel ſeiner diener bey, daß Sie muſten in dem hauß bleiben. Vnd nam des Reichs Panir, vnd trat auf den plan, vnd der alte Raht bey Jhn. Da kam die gemein wol mit fünfhundert man gewarnet, vnd wolten dem neuwen Raht geholffen han. Da Sie ſahen, daß der neuwe Raht vnd freundt nit bey jhnen waren, da wurden Sie entſchupfet. Vnd der vorgeſchriebene Graf Johann der beriete Sie mit ſüſſen worten, vnd ſprach dazu, daß Sie die waffen außthäten, vnd wurden eintrechtig mit Jhme vnd dem Alten Raht, vnd legten den neuwen Raht in den Thurn, vnd nahmen Jhr gut, vnd ſchlugen jhrer dreyen die köpf ab, vnd wurfen jhr ein theil ins waſſer. Alſo ging der vorgenante Graf von Solms vmb mit ſüſſen vnd betrogen worten, daß Er die Statt zu Wetzlar in ſeinen ſinn brachte, daß Sie wol betrogen wurden, als man den kindern ein gleichnuß in der ſchul lieſet:

Fistula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit auceps, Das iſt,

Des voglers pfeiff gar ſüſe ſang,
Da er treib den vogelfang.

Anno 1370. in der Faſten, Da lagen die von Erfurt, die von Mülhauſen, vnd die von Northauſen, vnd andere viel Herrn die zu Jhnen gelobet vnd geſchworen hatten, vor Henſtein. Die Burgk ligt in Sachſen vnder Hertzog Otten von Braunſchweig. Vnd derſelb Hertzog Otto der warf feur in das Heer, vnd das Heer brach auf vnd zog hinweg, vnd doch ſo konten Sie nit gar hinweg kommen, vnd beſchneid Sie, vnd ſchlug Jhr gar viel todt, vnd fienge deren von Erfurt, Mühlhauſen vnd Northauſen alſo viel, daß Sie gaben zu ſchatzung Sechs vnd dreiſſig Marckſelle marck löthiges Silbers.

Darnach zu hand gingen gemeintlich die Tarpert an, die trugen man vnd frauwen. Auch trugen die man kurtze Hencken vnd weit vf beyden ſeiten geknoufft. Vnd das ein werete nit lang in diſen landen.

Anno 1370. ſtarb Babſt Vrbanus V. zu Avinion. Der hatte regirt acht Jahr, der groſſe ding gethan hat vmb der heiligen Kirchen willen, als vorgeſchrieben ſtehet. Vnd der ward heilig vnd iſt canonisirt. An ſeine ſtatt ward gekoren Gregorius XI. Der fuhr von Avinion gen Rom, vnd blieb alda.

Anno 1371. viertzehen tag vor Faßnacht, da geburt es ſich, daß ein Burgermeiſter zu Limpurg, der war genant, Contz Renne, der ſolte einen führen in den Kargen thurn gefangen von dieberey wegen. Da Sie kamen ein halben ſteinwurf von diſer pforten auf der Mauer, da ſprang der gefangene mit dem Burgermeiſter von der Mauren, vnd dem ſein hals ab alſo daß Er vmb acht tag ſtarb, vnd der gefangene wurde zu ſtund an gehangen. Dann Er alſo ſehr gefallen hatte von der Mauren, daß Er nit hauen kommen mochte.

Anno 1371. Freytags nach vnſer Frauwen tag als man die Würtz weihet, wurden Feind die zween Hochgebornen Fürſten, der Hertzog von Braband, der war genant Wenceslaus, vnd war Keiſers Caroli IV. Bruder, vnd des blinden Koniges Johannis in Beheim Sohn, vnd der Hertzog von Jülch, der war genant Wilhelm. Vnd auf den vorgenanten tag hatte der Hertzog von Braband mehr dann 2000 glenen Ritter vnd Knecht, gar gute leut, vnd ſuchte den Hertzogen von Jülch daheim in ſeinem land zu ſchädigen zu verderben vnd vber Jhn zu reitten. Da Sie kamen vber die Maaß, das waſſer in Jülcherland, da begegnet Jm der Hertzog von Jülch mehr dann mit tauſend glenen, Grafen, Herren, Rittern vnd Knechten, vnd waren vf der ſeiten viel Herrn vnſers Lands auf der Lohne, mit Namen Graf Johann zu Naſſauw Herr zu Dillenberg, Graf Ruprecht von Naſſauw, Graf Eberhard von Lützelberg, der Graf von Wiede, vnd Juncker Friderich Herr zu Runckel, vnd andere die Jch nit gnennen kann, vnd huben den ſtreit an gar feintlichen. Vnd in dem anheben, ſo kompt der Hertzog von Gellern mehr dann mit Sechshundert glenen Ritter vnd Knecht zu hülf den Jülchern, vnd ſtritten mit den Brabandern. Vnd behilten die Jülchiſchen mit groſſen Ehren vnd Würdigkeit den ſtreit, vnd fingen den Hertzogen von Braband mehr dann mit tauſend Rittern vnd Knechten, vnd blieben todt mehr dann Achthundert Ritter vnd Knecht. Vnd der Hertzog von Gellerland, den man nante die Blum von Gellern, der ward in dem ſtreit erſchoſſen, auf der Jülcher ſeiten, vnd der Graf von S. Paul von Welſchland blieb auf der Brabander ſeiten mit viel ſeiner Landsleut aus Welſchland, vnd Johann Ertzbiſchoff zu Mentz, der war ein Bruder des vorgenanten S. Paul, wiewol doch daß Er ein Wahl war. Alſo ward der meiſte hauf leut von dem minſten nidergeworffen. Vnd das war von Gott, als da ſpricht Iudas Maccabaeus: Non in multitudine exercitus, sed de coelo victoria belli est: Das iſt:

Der Sieg kompt viel vom Himmel ho,
Vnd nit von viele der leut, das iſt alſo.

In diſem Jahr erhub ſich zu Cölln in der Statt ein groſſe zwerung vnd ſtreit zwiſchen dem Raht vnd den Meiſtern von dem Weinhantwerck, vnd geſchach das alſo. Zu Cöln kam ein man in gaſtweiß, der ward mit rechtem gericht alda bekümmert mit leib vnd gut, vnd ward verurtheilt, daß man dem man ſolte das haupt abſchlagen, vnd furthe man jhn auf das feld an das gericht. Daber ſtunden gar viel die von dem Wüllnhantwerck waren, die namen den man dannen, den das gericht verurtheilt hatte, vnd furten Jn mit gewalt in die Statt von Cöln, vnd meinten daß Sie jhn erlöſen wolten. Zu ſtund kam der richter vor den Raht, vnd ſchrey, vnd clagte vber den gewalt, der da geſchehen were. Vnd der vorgenante Raht vnd jhre Freund warneten vnd bereiteten ſich zum ſtreitte, vnd kamen an die Weber, deren waren auch eine groſſe Rott mehr dann Sechshundert wolbereit, mit aufgerecktem Panir, vnd traten zu Jhm ein feindlichen. Da behilt der Raht mit groſſen Ehren den plan vnd das feld, vnd auf der Weber ſeiten blieben vf der Walſtat Sieben oder Acht man todt, die andern flohen, da doch jhrer zwir mehr waren dann deren von dem Raht. Dazu fingen Sie jhrer drey vnd dreyſſig in den nechſten viertzehen tagen, denen ſchlug man jhr haupt ab auf dem Heuwmarck, ſo, heut vnd morgen, als ſich das gebürte, vnd dazu ſo vertrieben Sie manchen reichen Gebarn man von dem vorgenanten Handwerck, vnd nahmen jhnen jhr gut, vnd thaten jhnen groſſen verdrieß, vnd brachen ab ein groß gemein hauß, das gleichet ſich einem groſſen Pallaſt, darauf Sie zuſammen gingen vmb jhres Handwercks noth, vnd hat der Raht darauß gemacht ein ſchöne Fleiſchſcharne, alſo daß die von dem vorgenanten Handwerck kein recht mehr dazu haben. Alſo hat der Raht zu Cöln ſeinen willen behalten.

In derſelbigen zeit da gingen an die Weſtfäliſche Lendener, die waren alſo, daß Ritter, Knecht vnd reiſige leut, führeten Lendener, vnd gingen an der bruſt an hinden auf dem rück hart zugeſpant, vnd waren alſo fern als die ſchertzen lang war, hart geſteppt bey nahe eines fingers dick. Vnd kame das auß Weſtphalen land.

In derſelbigen zeit, zu halbfaſten, da ſolten die Niderlendiſche kaufleut mit jhrem gewand den Rein auffahren in die Meß gen Franckfurt. Da Sie kamen bey Andernach den Rein auf, ein meil wegs, da kam der Graf von Wied, vnd Selten von Iſenberg, vnd nahmen da den Kaufleuten mehr dann viertauſend gülden werth gewant, vnd furthen das gen Iſenburg. In der zeit erhub ſich der Ehrwürdig Fürſt, Herr Cuno von Falckenſtein, Ertzbiſchof zu Trier, mit groſſer gaugen vnd gewalt, vnd ſuchte die Nam wider, die in ſolchem geleit vnd gebiet geſchehen war, vnd en mocht das nit ſein. Des legte er ſich in der vorgenanten Herrn land, vnd gewann jhnen ab das Angire, vnd machte zu Engers ein Burgk, die iſt geheiſſen biß an diſen heutigen tage Cunenſtein nach ſeinem Namen, vnd gewann jhnen ab Heimbach vnd die dorf, vnd bracht ſie in groſſen verderblichen ſchaden, vnd dazu ward den Kaufleuten die Name vnd der gewant wider. Alſo behilt Herr Cuno Ertzbiſchoff mit gewalt ſeinen willen, vnd name ein Land vnd Leut, vnd das Jahre biß vber den Rein, biß auf diſen heutigen tag.

An. 1372. da entſtunde ein groſe Geſellſchaft in Teutſchen landen, ſonderlich in dem land zu Heſſen, die ward genant die Geſellſchaft von dem Stern. Vnd furten die Ritter in der Geſellſchaft güldene vnd die Knecht ſilberne ſtern. Mit nahmen war da ein Hertzog von Braunſchweig, der Göttingen vnd das land da iſt, der war tochterSohn Landgraf Heinrichs von Heſſen, der Graf von Zigenhan, Graf Johann von Naſſauw Herr zu Dillenberg, der Graf von Catzenelnbogen, Herr Johann von Büdingen vnd andere, die Herrn von Yſenburg, der Herr von Hanauw, der Herr von Liſberg, der Herr von Helfenſtein, vnd der Herr von Epſtein, vnd dazu meiſtlich alle Ritter vnd Knechte in dem land zu Heſſen, in der Wetteraw, in der Buchen, vnd auf dem Rein, in Sachſen, in Doringen, in Weſtphalen, alſo daß man prüfet, daß dieſelben Geſellen von dem Stern bey zwey tauſend Ritter vnd Knecht waren, die da hatten bey 350 Schlöſſer.

In denſelben zeiten war der Hochgeborne Fürſt Landgraf Heinrich von Heſſen feind des vorgenanten Herrn von Liſberg, vnd ſchicket Er ſeines Bruders ſohn Landgraf Herman dazu, daß Er ſich legte, mehr dann mit tauſend Rittern vnd Knechten vor den Herzberg, vnd ſchlug ein hauß da auf. Des kame die Geſellſchaft von dem Stern zuhauf mehr dann mit funfzehn hundert Rittern vnd Knechten vor den Herzberg vnd trieben den Landgrafen ab, vnd branten Im ſein land ab biß an Fritzlar, vnd lagen da mehr dann acht tag inn, vnd ſchieden da von dannen. Des clagte ſich der vorgenant Landgraf Heinrich, Landgraf Herman ſeines Bruders Sohn, gegen den Sterngeſellen zu täglichem Krieg, vnd verhieß Sich Landgraf Heinrich, daß Er den Krieg mit ihnen wolte bey tag vnd jahr, vnd hilt auch das herrlich, vnd hilte mehr dann Sechshundert glenen Ritter vnd Knechte mehr dann Jahr vnd tag zu täglichem Krieg, die Er köſtlich verhaltet.

In dieſer zeit da war der Edel Ruprecht Graf zu Naſſauw, der ein Enckel war König Adolfs Grafen zu Naſſauw, helfer des Hochgebornen Landgrafen Heinrichs von Heſſen wider die Geſellſchaft von dem Stern, vnd nahm darumb ſeinen ſold. Vnd gebürte ſich, daß der Sterner ein theil, vnd ſonderlich die Grafen von Catzenelnbogen, Graf Wilhelm, Graf Eberhard, vnd Graf Diethern, liefen eins nachts den thal zu Hadamar, vnd gewunnen den, vnd gingen in der nacht ohn ſorg, vnd wolten es halten vnd ihren willen ſchaffen. Da ermanten die Gemeinde zu Hadamar, vnd ſtalten ſich feindlichen zu gewehr, mit gewerfen, mit geſchoß, mit anderer groſer arbeit, vnd trieben die auß herrlich, vnd behilten deren acht, vnd fingen die in derſelbigen nacht, vnd deren ſturben drey, ohn andern groſen ſchaden, den Sie empfingen von Sturm vnd von geſchütz.

Anno 1373. Donnerſtags vor Faßnacht da war ein groß Flut auf erdreich vnd groſe Noth von Waſſers wegen, alſo daß der Rein vnd die Lohn vber rechten Staden in die höhe gingen mehr dann Sechs vnd zwantzig fuß hoch. Vnd kam die Flut von einem groſſen ſchnee der gefallen war, Der ſchmeltz vnd verging gar bald, vnd war der gröſt ſchnee der je gefallen war in hundert Jahren. Vnd die Flut wehret mehr dann fünf tag vnd nacht vff vnd ab, vnd war groß betrübnus von den Leuten. Vnd das gevögels in den heuſern, als hanen vnd hüner, fiengen auch betrübtlichen. Vnd die Lohne vor Limpurg warf ihnen die gärten all vmb vnd vmb, vnd manche Namen mit gewant, vnd furten die Obermülen zu Küten enweg, auch furten Sie hinweg die Walckmuln, vnd die Lohemühln, vnd die Brück zu Dietz die war hültzern, das fuhr alles hinweg. Auch ſo war ein flut zuvor geweſt, auf den zwölften tag nach Weihenachten, die wechſt war, vnd die flut war beſſer nit gleich, dann dieſe gröſer war.

An. 1374. zu mitten Sommer da erhub ſich ein wunderlich ding auf Erdreich, vnd ſonderlich in Teutſchen landen, auf dem Rein vnd auf der Moſel, alſo daß leut anhuben zu dantzen vnd zu raſen, vnd ſtunden je zwey gen ein, vnd dantzeten auf einer ſtatt ein halben tag, vnd in dem Dantz da fielen Sie etwan dick nider, vnd lieſen ſich mit füſſen tretten auf ihren leib. Davon namen ſie ſich an, daß ſie geneſen weren, vnd liefen von einer Statt zu der andern, vnd von einer Kirchen zu der andern, vnd huben gelt auf von den leuten, wo es ihnen mocht gewerden. Vnd wurd des dings alſo viel, daß man zu Cöln in der Statt mehr dann fünfhundert Dentzer fand. Vnd fand man, daß es ein Ketzerey was, vnd geſchach vmb gelts willen, daß ihr ein theil Frauw vnd Man in vnkeuſchheit mochten kommen vnd die volnbringen. Vnd fand man da zu Cöln mehr dann hundert Frauwen vnd Dienſtmägd die nit ehrliche menner hatten. Die wurden alle in der Dentzerei kindertragend, vnd wann daß Sie Dantzeten, ſo bunden vnd knebelten ſie ſich hart vmb den leib, daß Sie deſto geringer weren. Hierauf ſprachen ein theils Meiſter, ſonderlich der Guten Artzt, daß ein theil wurden dantzend, die von heiſer Natur weren, vnd von andern gebrechlichen natürlichen ſachen. Dann deren war wenig, denen das geſchach. Die Meiſter von der heiligen Schrift die beſchworen der Dentzer eins theils, die meinten daß Sie beſeſſen weren von dem böſen Geiſt. Alſo nam es ein betrogen end, vnd werete wohl Sechszehen wochen in diſſen Landen oder in der maaß. Auch nahmen die vorgenannte Dentzer Man vnd Frauwen ſich an, daß Sie kein rot ſehen möchten. Vnd war ein eitel teuſcherey vnd iſt vorbotſchaft geweſt an Chriſtum nach meinem bedunken.

Karl Chriſtian Gärtner.

Dieſer um die erſte Regeneration der deutſchen Poeſie ſehr verdiente Mann, ward am 24. November 1712 zu Freiberg geboren, erhielt ſeine gelehrte Vorbildung auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen und ſtudirte darauf zu Leipzig, wo er in innigem Verein mit Gellert und Rabener lebte und ſich den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften mit beſonderer Liebe zuwendete. Anfangs ſchloß er ſich gleichfalls den Beſtrebungen der Gottſchediſchen Schule an und nahm an ihren Arbeiten Theil; ſpäter trennte er ſich jedoch von derſelben und gab gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinen Freunden Ebert, Giſecke, Zachariä u. A. die ſogenannten Bremiſchen Beiträge heraus. Im Jahre 1745 ging er als Erzieher zweier junger Grafen nach Braunſchweig und ward ſpäter Profeſſor der Moral und Eloquenz an dem Collegio Carolino daſelbſt, ſowie 1775 Canonicus des Stiftes St. Blaſii. Er ſtarb allgemein geliebt und verehrt, als herzogl. Braunſchweigiſcher Hofrath am 14. Februar 1791. —

Seine Schriften ſind:

Sammlung einiger Reden. Braunſchweig 1761.
Die geprüfte Treue, ein Schäferſpiel. Braunſchweig 1768.
Linguets Beiträge zum ſpaniſchen Theater, aus dem Franzöſiſchen (gemeinſchaftlich mit Zachariä). Braunſchweig 1769. 2 Thle.
Die ſchöne Roſette. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1782.
Einzelne Beiträge zu Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Nicht ſowohl durch ſeine Schriften, als durch die ſtrenge und feine Kritik, die er namentlich als Mitherausgeber der Bremiſchen Beiträge anwendete, ſowie durch ſeine amtliche Wirkſamkeit, hat er weſentlich dazu beigetragen, einen beſſeren Geſchmack in der deutſchen Literatur zu verbreiten und den Beſtrebungen ausgezeichneter Schriftſteller leichteren Eingang bei der Nation zu verſchaffen.

Sein Bildniß, von Bauſe geſtochen, findet ſich vor dem eilften Bande der „Neuen Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften" (1770). —

Vgl. über ihn: Roſe, Ueber K. A. Schmidts und K. C. Gärtners Verdienſt, beſonders um die deutſche Literatur. Helmſtädt 1792.

Ein ſehr ſchönes Denkmal hat ihm ſein großer Freund Klopſtock in wenigen Zeilen geſetzt (Wingolf, fünftes Lied Nro. 7 bis zu Ende: Klopſtocks Werke. Leipzig 1823. Bd. 1. S. 15 fgde.) wo er von ihm ſagt:

Der du dort wandelſt, ernſtvoll und heiter doch,
Das Auge voll von weiſer Zufriedenheit,
Die Lippe voll von Scherz: (So horchen
Ihm die Bemerkungen deiner Freunde.

Ihm horcht entzückt die feinere Schäferin,
Wer biſt du, Schatten! Ebert, er neiget ſich
Zu mir und lächelt. Ja er iſt es!
Siehe der Schatten iſt unſer Gärtner!

Uns werth, wie Flakkus war ſein Quintilius,
Der unverhüllten Wahrheit Vertraulichſter,
Ach kehre, Gärtner, deinen Freunden
Ewig zurück! doch du fliehеſt fern weg!

Fleuch nicht, mein Gärtner, fleuch nicht! du flohſt ja nicht,
Als wir an jenen traurigen Abenden
Um dich voll Wehmuth ſtill verſammelt,
Da dich umarmten, und Abſchied nahmen.

Die letzten Stunden, welche du Abſchied nahmſt,
Der Abſchied ſoll mir feyerlich auf immer ſeyn!
Da lernt' ich, voll von ihrem Schmerze,
Wie ſich die wenigen Edlen lieben.

Viel Mitternächte werden noch einſt entfliehn.
Lebt ſie nicht einſam, Engel, und heiligt ſie
Der Freundſchaft, wie ſie eure Väter
Heiligten und euch Exempel wurden.

Chriſtian Garve

ward am 7. Januar 1742 zu Breslau geboren. Seinen Vater, einen wohlhabenden Färber, verlor er früh, aber ſeine Mutter, eine kluge und vortreffliche Frau, ließ ihm eine ausgezeichnete Erziehung zu Theil werden. Nachdem er durch Hauslehrer eine hinreichende Vorbildung erhalten, jedoch ſeinen urſprünglichen Plan, ſich der Theologie zu widmen, hatte aufgeben müſſen, bezog er 1763 die Univerſität zu Frankfurt an der Oder, und ſtudirte hier unter Baumgarten Philoſophie und Mathematik. — Nach ſeines Lehrers Tode begab er ſich nach Halle, wo er die Magiſterwürde erhielt, und von dort nach Leipzig, wo er ein Liebling Gellerts wurde, in deſſen Hauſe er wohnte. Er lebte hier in den angenehmſten Verhältniſſen ganz ſeinen Studien und kehrte 1767, auf den Wunſch ſeiner Mutter, in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, ſich fort und fort im Privatſtande ſeinen wiſſenſchaftlichen Forſchungen und Beſchäftigungen widmend. Nach Gellert's Tode wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie in Leipzig und hielt mehrere Jahre hindurch eifrig beſuchte Vorleſungen über Gegenſtände ſeines Faches. — Anhaltende Kränklichkeit zwang ihn jedoch, dieſem Berufe zu entſagen und wieder in den Privatſtand zurück zu treten. Er verlebte nun den Reſt ſeiner Jahre, von mannichfachen körperlichen Leiden heimgeſucht, die ihn jedoch nicht in ſeinen äußerſt eifrigen Beſtrebungen zu ſtören vermochten, in Breslau, und ſtarb daſelbſt als Mitglied der Berliniſchen Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften am [illegible] December 1798.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Sammlung einiger Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. N. A. Leipzig, 1802.
Ueber den Character Zollikofers. Leipzig, 1788.
Verſuche über verſchiedene Gegenſtände. 5 Thle. Breslau, 1792 — 1802.
Einige Züge aus dem Leben des Herrn C. J. Paczensky von Tenczien. Breslau, 1793.
Vermiſchte Aufſätze. 2 Thle. Breslau, 1796—1800.
Fragmente zur Schilderung des Geiſtes, des Characters und der Regierung Friedrichs II. N. A. Breslau, 1801.
Ueberſicht der vornehmſten Principien der Sittenlehre. Breslau, 1798.
Eigene Betrachtung über die allgemeinſten Grundſätze der Sittenlehre. Breslau, 1798.
Vertraute Briefe an eine Freundin. Leipzig, 1801.
Briefe an C. F. Weiße und andere Freunde. 2 Thle. Breslau, 1803.
Briefwechſel zwiſchen Garve und Zollikofer. Breslau, 1804.
Briefe an ſeine Mutter. Breslau, 1830.

Viele Ueberſetzungen, unter denen die bedeutendſten:

Burke's Unterſuchungen über den Urſprung unſerer Begriffe vom Erhabenen und Schönen. Riga, 1773.
Ferguſon's Moralphiloſophie. Leipzig, 1772.
Gerard, über das Genie. Leipzig, 1776.
Cicero's Abhandlung über die menſchlichen Pflichten, nebſt Anmerkungen und Abhandlungen zu denſelben. N. A. Breslau und Leipzig, 1801.
Macferlan's Unterſuchungen über die Armuth. Leipzig, 1785.
Paley's Grundſätze der Moral und Politik. Leipzig, 1787.
Adam Smith's über den Nationalreichthum. 4 Bde. Breslau, 1794 — 96.
Ariſtoteles Ethik. 2 Bde. Breslau, 1799 — 1801.
Ariſtoteles Politik. 2 Bde. Breslau, 1799 — 1800.
Einzelne Aufſätze und Abhandlungen in der Berliner Monatsſchrift, den Schleſiſchen Provinzialblättern, dem deutſchen Muſeum und anderen Zeitſchriften.

Die treffendſte Characteriſtik Garve's und ſeiner Leiſtungen gibt der geiſtreiche Bouterweck (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit. Bd. 11. S. 509), indem er von ihm ſagt: „Eine Philoſophie des Lebens, die an metaphyſiſchen Speculationen nur entfernten Antheil nimmt, deſto aufmerkſamer aber bei der moraliſchen Seite der menſchlichen Natur verweilt, wurde und blieb das vorherrſchende Bedürfniß ſeines klaren und ruhigen Geiſtes. Lieber noch aus eigner Anſchauung und Beobachtung, als aus Büchern, Belehrung ſchöpfend, näherte er ſich Menſchen aus allen Ständen. Beſonders aber erwarb er ſich im Umgange mit den gebildeteren Claſſen einen Schatz von pſychologiſchen Wahrheiten, die der ſchätzbarſte Theil des Inhalts ſeiner Schriften ſind. Den Formen des geſelligen Lebens angemeſſen bildete ſich auch ſein Geſchmack, und nach dieſem Geſchmacke ſein Styl. Kein philoſophirender Kopf unter den deutſchen Schriftſtellern hat über die Geſetze einer ernſten, einfachen und doch eleganten Verſtandesproſa gründlicher nachgedacht, und keiner hat dieſe Geſetze beſſer beobachtet, als Garve. Die Muſter, nach denen er ſeinen Styl mit vieler Sorgfalt und ohne alle Affectation bildete, waren die alten Claſſiker und einige engliſche Schriftſteller, beſonders Burke, Ferguſon und Adam Smith, von denen er auch mehrere überſetzt hat.“ — So ſehr wir im Allgemeinen auch dieſem Urtheil beiſtimmen, ſo müſſen wir doch bemerken, daß Garve, trotz jenen gerühmten Eigenſchaften als theoretiſcher Philoſoph, von einer gewiſſen Beſchränktheit und Engherzigkeit befangen war, die ihm oft den freien Ueberblick raubte und ihn verhinderte, ſich in geiſtiger Kraft auf den rechten Standpunkt zu ſchwingen; was er dagegen auf dem Gebiete der populären practiſchen Philoſophie leiſtete, trägt durchaus den Stempel der Vortrefflichkeit.

Vgl. Manſo: Chriſtian Garve nach ſeinem ſchriftſtelleriſchen Character. Breslau, 1799. 4. — J. G. Schelle's Briefe über Garve's Schriften und Philoſophie. Leipzig, 1800. — Das ähnlichſte Portrait Garve's findet ſich vor der Schrift: „Garve und Fülleborn von J. G. Schummel.“ Breslau, 1804.

Die Tugend macht den Menſchen glücklich *).

Es ſcheint mir zur leichtern Befolgung der moraliſchen Vorſchriften ſehr nützlich, wenn man ſie ſimplificirt, ſo weit es ohne Aufopferung der Wahrheit oder Verſtümmelung der Begriffe geſchehen kann. Mir leuchtete bei einer neulichen Selbſtbetrachtung folgende Vorſtellung dieſer Vorſchriften auf eine ſo angenehme Weiſe ein, daß ich geneigt wurde, ſie auch Andern mitzutheilen.

Alles, was Tugend heißt, und was, wenn es ſich in Handlungen äußert, Pflicht genannt wird, läßt ſich unter die zwei Geſichtspunkte bringen: des moraliſch beſten paſſiven und des moraliſch beſten thätigen Zuſtandes. Aus dieſen beiden Sachen, Thun und Leiden, iſt unſer Leben, unſer ganzes Weſen, unſer Sein, inſofern wir es gewahr werden, — und nur in ſo fern kömmt es für uns in Betrachtung, — zuſammengeſetzt. Wir werden afficirt, und wir handeln. Wen-

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*) Aus Garve's Abhandlungen und Aufſätzen.

änderungen werden in uns hervorgebracht, die wir empfinden; oder wir bringen Veränderungen hervor und ſind uns unſrer Thätigkeit bewußt. Daraus entſtehen zwei Hauptarten der Tugend: eine leidende und eine wohlthätige. **Zufriedenheit mit unſern Schickſalen** ſcheint mir die erſte, — **Wohlwollen und Gutthätigkeit** die zweite zu ſein. Aus beiden Eigenſchaften in ihrem größten Umfange und zuſammengenommen ſcheinen mir die menſchlichen Tugenden, als aus ihrer erſten Quelle, herzufließen. In Ertragung des Böſen und in Beförderung des Guten ſcheinen mir alle menſchlichen Pflichten als in den letzten Endpunkten zuſammenzulaufen. Wenn ich mich einer ſchon etwas veralteten und in mancher Abſicht unſchicklichen Eintheilung der Pflichten bedienen dürfte: ſo würde ich ſagen, daß das Erſtere den Inbegriff unſrer Pflichten gegen Gott, das Andere den Inbegriff unſrer Pflichten gegen die Menſchen bezeichne.

In Abſicht Gottes können wir eigentlich keine Pflichten ausüben, weil wir nicht auf ihn wirken können. Alles, was von uns gefordert werden kann, iſt eine Geſinnung, ein Betragen, wie ſie den beſten, reinſten Begriffen von Gott gemäß ſind. Aber dieſe Begriffe ſagen, daß alle Eigenheiten unſrer Natur oder unſrer Umſtände, und alle Veränderungen, die in beiden vorgehen, ihren letzten Urſprung in Gott haben; und daß Alles, was er macht und zuläßt, im Ganzen das möglich Beſte iſt. Beruhigung des Gemüths alſo bei dem Unangenehmen, das wir fühlen und doch nicht wegſchaffen können, iſt die größte, oder iſt vielmehr die einzige Verehrung, die wir Gott darzubringen vermögen, indem wir dadurch unſre Ueberzeugung von ſeiner Güte und Weisheit erklären.

Und was bleibt uns auch in dieſem großen Bezirke der Dinge, welche, von uns ganz unabhängig, durch angeborne Beſchaffenheiten unſerer körperlichen und geiſtigen Natur, oder durch die Verhältniſſe und Veränderungen des Weltlaufs beſtimmt werden, — was bleibt in dieſem Bezirke für uns zu thun übrig? Vorausgeſetzt, daß wir wirklich nichts dabei ändern können, ſo iſt nur ein Geſchäft uns übrig gelaſſen — dies, unſre Natur ſo viel, als möglich iſt, dabei aufrecht zu erhalten; das Thätige von dem Leidenden ſo wenig als möglich unterdrücken zu laſſen; unſre Freiheit gegen das, was dieſe Freiheit einſchränkt, nach Vermögen zu vertheidigen. Und wodurch iſt dies anders zu erreichen, als durch Gelaſſenheit, Geduld, ſtillen Geiſt, Gemüthsruhe, oder wie man das nennen will, was die vorzüglichern, edlern Menſchen im unthätigen Zuſtande und vornehmlich im Leiden unterſcheidet?

Auf der andern Seite bezieht ſich alles moraliſche Gute im **Handeln** auf Wohlwollen. Lieben, die Glückſeligkeit aller empfindenden Weſen nach Maßgabe ihrer Verbindung mit uns gerne ſehen, begehren und befördern, das iſt der Grund oder die Summe aller rechtmäßigen, guten und [illegible] Handlungen.

Viele Pflichten entſtehen aus einer Miſchung und Vereinigung beider Tugenden. Es muß dabei ertragen, und es muß gehandelt; — dem Eindrucke des Uebels auf unſer Gemüth muß gewehrt, und Gutes muß zugleich bewirkt werden. Ja diejenigen Handlungen, welche uns das wahre Gepräge ächter Tugend zeigen ſollen, müſſen die leidende und die thätige Güte in ſich vereinigen. Wir verlangen Aufopferungen zu ſehen, wo wir große Tugenden bewundern ſollen. Eine ſolche Aufopferung aber ſetzt eine gelaſſene, mit Gemüthsruhe verbundene Ertragung eines Schmerzes voraus. Wenn in der Gefahr den Edeln dieſe Gleichmüthigkeit, dieſe Zufriedenheit verließe: ſo würde er durch den Anfall verdrießlicher oder ängſtlicher Gefühle leicht der Beſonnenheit beraubt und an der Ausführung ſeines gemeinnützigen Werks gehindert werden.

Eben ſo iſt die Tugend der Mäßigung zuſammengeſetzt. Die Begierde, wenn ſie zum Genuſſe gelangt, will im Genuſſe immer weiter gehen. Die Mäßigung hört bei dem, von dem Verſtande angegebenen Punkte der Befriedigung auf, — auch wenn die Begierde noch fortdauert, und daher bei Endigung des Vergnügens eine verdrießliche Leere zu erwarten ſteht. Je gelaſſener der Menſch das Unangenehme erträgt: deſto leichter wird er ſich in der Verſagung des Vergnügens mäßigen.

Alles, was in Krankheiten oder in ſolchen Unglücksfällen, welche wie Krankheiten auf das Gemüth wirken, als Pflicht gefordert werden kann, iſt **Geduld**. Alles, wodurch eine höhere Vortrefflichkeit des Geiſtes dabei ſich offenbaret, iſt **Heiterkeit**, die nur ein größerer Grad von Geduld iſt.

Die Pflicht des Fleißes bei der Arbeit iſt nichts Anderes, als eine Verbindung der Geduld mit der Wohlthätigkeit; — der Standhaftigkeit, womit man eine verdrießliche Empfindung, — die Ermüdung, — erträgt, und der Treue, womit man ſeine Kräfte zu nützlichen Abſichten anwendet.

Großmuth, Vergebung der Beleidigungen, die gefahrvolle Vertheidigung des Vaterlandes, alle dieſe ſchweren und heroiſchen Tugenden werden nur deßwegen höher als andere geſchätzt, weil ſich in ihnen jene beiden Hauptzüge, oder jene Beſtandtheile der Tugend zugleich, und auf eine deutlichere Weiſe zeigen. Der, welcher einem Feinde Gutes erweiſt, muß ein ihm angethanes Uebel mit Gelaſſenheit ertragen und zugleich eine Handlung des Wohlwollens thun. Wer für Andere ſeine Ruhe, ſeine Geſundheit und ſein Leben wagt, muß zugleich ſeine Liebe gegen das Gute, welches er befördern will, zu entflammen, und ſeinen Abſcheu gegen das Uebel, dem er ſich ausſetzt, zu mäßigen wiſſen.

Und wenn dies ſich ſo verhält: wenn **Zufriedenheit und Wohlwollen**, die beiden Grundſäulen tugendhafter Geſinnungen und die Quellen tugendhafter Motive ausmachen: ſo iſt auch ohne weitläuftige Beweiſe klar, daß Tugend den Menſchen, und warum ſie ihn glücklich mache. **Heiterkeit und Liebe** ſind eben ſo gut für die beiden Hauptarten des glücklichen Zuſtandes, als für die der pflichtmäßigen Geſinnungen anzuſehen.

Alles Vergnügen iſt ebenfalls thätig oder leidend. Das thätige Vergnügen iſt die Liebe: das leidende hat keinen andern Namen als den Namen des Vergnügens ſelbſt; aber es iſt in Abſicht der Gemüthsſtimmung von Zufriedenheit nur dem Grade nach unterſchieden.

Man kann ſein Leben nicht anders genießen, als entweder durch angenehme Empfindungen, oder durch angenehme Beſchäftigungen. — Jene hängen zum Theil von der Natur der Objekte, die auf uns wirken, von unſern Sinnen, von unſrer angebornen Stimmung ab. Dieſer Theil unſers Zuſtandes iſt alſo nicht in unſrer Gewalt; er muß erwartet, er muß genoſſen, oder er muß ertragen werden. Die Geduld aber, die Zufriedenheit, die eine Folge des Nachdenkens iſt, das Aufſehen auf Gott und die Vorſehung, alles dieſes, was ich die leidende Tugend genannt habe, arbeitet darauf hin, den Zuſtand des Gemüths mit [illegible] dem unwillkürlichen Zuſtande des Vergnügens oder der Luſt (ſo weit dieſes geſchehen kann) näher zu bringen. Der geduldige Kranke hat nicht die Empfindungen des Geſunden: aber er arbeitet daran, ſeinen Gemüthszuſtand dem eines Geſunden etwas ähnlicher zu machen. Der gelaſſene, edle Arme wird nicht die Bequemlichkeiten des Wohlhabenden genießen: aber er wird ſich bemühen, in ſeinem Innern etwas von der Ruhe und Zufriedenheit zu bewirken, welche der einzige Vortheil eines mit Glücksgütern geſegneten Lebens iſt.

Die Geduld alſo arbeitet auf die Glückſeligkeit los, obgleich unfähig, ſie ganz zu erreichen, wenn nicht der angenehme Einfluß äußerer Urſachen [illegible]. Aber Liebe und Wohlwollen thut noch mehr: ſie ſind unmittelbarer Genuß, ſie ſind Freude mit Thätigkeit verbunden.

Vergnügen an lebloſen Dingen bleibt bloße Empfindung; und heißt deswegen, wenn es ohne Maß und Ziel geſucht wird, oder nützliche Thätigkeit hindert, **Wolluſt**. Vergnügen an Menſchen, welches Lieben heißt, geht immer in Handlungen über, und iſt ohne ſolche nicht zu genießen. Entweder ſind dies Handlungen des denkenden Verſtandes, wie beim Umgange, im Geſpräch, bei der Mittheilung der Gedanken: oder es ſind Handlungen des Körpers, wie bei erwieſenen Wohlthaten oder bei geleiſteten Dienſten. In allen Aeußerungen der Liebe iſt die Befriedigung, welche jedes Weſen erhält, das ſeiner Natur gemäß wirkſam iſt, mit dem angenehmen Eindrucke verbunden, den ein reizender Gegenſtand auf unſre Empfindung macht.

Der Rachgierige, der [illegible], der Schadenfrohe, der Böswicht haſſen: alle leiden ſie. Es ſind Menſchen vorhanden, die den äußerſten Verdruß in ihnen erregen: ſie ſind alle nicht glücklich.

Der Faule, der für andere Menſchen nichts thut, und der Geizige, welcher nichts für ſie aufwendet, lieben nicht und haſſen nicht. Sie ſind alſo leer an Vergnügungen: ſie ſind gewiß weniger glücklich, als wenn ſie liebten, und ihr Geld oder ihre Kräfte aufwendeten, das Geliebte glücklich zu machen.

Man ſetze die Sanftmuth dem Zorne, die Ergebung in den Willen der Vorſicht der murrenden oder verzweifelnden Ungeduld, die Güte der Bosheit gegenüber: und man wird ſehen, daß ſchon der Name der letzteren Eigenſchaften etwas Verdrießliches und Unglückweiſſagendes in ſich ſchließt. Bei der Beobachtung der Gemüthszuſtände ſelbſt wird man noch deutlicher entdecken, daß von den moraliſch ſchlechtern Unluſt ein Beſtandtheil ſei, daß hingegen Stimmung zum Frohſinn oder vermindertes Mißvergnügen bei den beſſern vorausgeſetzt werde.

Die Beleidigung, welche zur Rache entflammt, muß den Zornigen nothwendig zuvor bitter gekränkt, — die, welche großmüthig vergeben wird, kann das Gemüth des Verſöhnlichen nur wenig beunruhigt haben.

In der geduldigen Ertragung trauriger Schickſale liegt immer zugleich ein Troſt und eine Quelle der Freude verborgen oder wird dabei vorausgeſetzt. Entſteht die Geduld, wie ſie kann am leichteſten entſtehen und am ſicherſten aufrecht erhalten werden kann, durch die Unterwerfung unter die Fügungen eines göttlichen Regenten der Welt: ſo iſt nothwendig damit die Hoffnung einer glücklichen Zukunft verbunden, die uns durch das Daſein eben des Gottes, welchem wir unſre Geduld aufopfern, zugeſichert wird. Iſt aber dieſe Gelaſſenheit auch nur die Folge eines muthvollen Entſchluſſes, — der aufgebotenen Seelenkraft, welche dem Uebel widerſteht, — ſelbſt des Ehrgeizes, der keinen unanſtändigen Kleinmuth in den Zeiten des Leidens will an ſich bemerken laſſen: ſo giebt dies zwar unmittelbar keinen Grund des Troſtes, eröffnet keine neue Quelle angenehmer Ideen, aber es vermindert doch den Eindruck und die Gewalt des Uebels; es wehrt der traurigen Schwärmerei einer melancholiſch gewordenen Einbildungskraft, einer Gemüthskrankheit, welche oft ſchlimmer iſt, als das Unglück, wodurch ſie erzeugt wurde.

Was bei großen Verbrechen augenſcheinlich ſichtbar iſt, findet ſich bei den meiſten unmoraliſchen Handlungen, nach den Graden ihrer Schwärze und Abſcheulichkeit. Da herrſcht in dem Augenblicke, da man ſie begeht, eine der Leidenſchaften in der Seele, die aus dem Verdruſſe herſtammen und Abarten der allgemeinen Leidenſchaft ſinnlicher Unluſt ſind.

Kann in dem Gemüthe des Mörders, in dem Momente da er ſich zum Morde entſchließt oder ihn vollzieht, eine Stimmung von Fröhlichkeit vorhanden ſein? Muß man nicht glauben, daß ſein Geiſt eben ſo finſter und melancholiſch iſt, als ſeine Mienen ſchrecklich und wild ausſehen? Iſt auf der andern Seite je eine wohlthätige, edle, gerechte Handlung ausgeübt worden, ohne daß ſchon ein ſtilles Lächeln auf dem Geſichte des tugendhaften Mannes das Vergnügen oder die Zufriedenheit, die ſein Inneres in dieſem Zeitpunkte belebten, ausgedrückt hätte? Und wie könnten auch in Augenblicken, wo man nur Gutes im Gedanken hat, Gutes an andern Menſchen empfindet, ohne welches es nicht möglich wäre, ihnen wohlzuwollen, Gutes in ſeiner eigenen Handlung gewahr wird und in deren Folgen vorausſieht, Gutes will und hervorbringt, — wie könnten andere als angenehme Empfindungen der Seele beiwohnen!

Wenn es uns alſo gelänge, daß über die unwillkürlichen Eindrücke von außen und innen, durch welche unſer Zuſtand ſchmerzhaft, die Gegenſtände uns verdrießlich, die Menſchen verhaßt, und wodurch wir alſo nach und nach boshaft werden, die Selbſtthätigkeit unſrer Vernunft, welche Zufriedenheit mit der lebloſen und Liebe gegen die lebendige Natur vorſätzlich zu bewirken ſucht, die Oberhand gewänne: müßte nicht eben dieſe Bemühung, durch welche wir nach Aller Geſtändniß die Tugend in uns befördern, zugleich uns der Glückſeligkeit näher bringen!

Ich ſehe wohl ein, daß die obige Eintheilung der Tugenden, auf welche ſich die folgenden Betrachtungen gründen, nicht zur Grundlage einer ſyſtematiſchen Abhandlung der Tugenden dienen könne. Sie iſt einer von den vielen Geſichtspunkten, unter welchen ſich die Moral bei der Betrachtung einzelner Menſchen und beſonderer Fälle zeigt. Es iſt deſſen ungeachtet nicht unnütz, auch dieſe eingeſchränkten Geſichtspunkte zu ſammeln: theils, weil ihre vollſtändige Aufzählung, wofern ſie möglich iſt, dennoch richtiger über den einzigen Standort wird urtheilen laſſen, von wo aus wir alle unſre Pflichten und nach ihrem ganzen Zuſammenhange überſehen können, — theils, weil auch jeder einzelne und eingeſchränkte Geſichtspunkt immer für diejenigen Menſchen beſonders lehrreich iſt, mit deren Natur und Lage er insbeſondere harmonirt.

Für mich zum Beiſpiel hat der Gedanke ſowohl eine beruhigende Wendung, als eine mich ermunternde Kraft, daß meine Pflichten ſich in zwei große Vorſchriften vereinigen, — mich von dem Uebel, das mich drückt, nicht niederbeugen zu laſſen, und an der Beförderung des Guten, ſei es mit noch ſo eingeſchränkten Kräften, unermüdet zu arbeiten.

Ueber fehlgeſchlagene Erwartungen.

Keine Beobachtung wird im menſchlichen Leben ſo häufig und in dem Leben mancher Menſchen ſo unaufhörlich gemacht, als daß Erwartungen fehlſchlagen: — und zwar die hoffnungsvollen ſowohl, als die fürchtenden. Wenige Güter ſind, wenn wir ſie erlangen, von ſo großem Werthe, — wenige Vergnügungen ſo ergötzend, als wir uns Beide einbildeten, da wir ſie wünſchten. Oder verringert auch die Gegenwart der Sache die günſtige Vorſtellung nicht, welche wir bei der Vorausſetzung von ihr hatten, ſo vermiſchen ſich doch vielleicht mit dem Genuſſe kleine Unannehmlichkeiten, auf die wir nicht rechneten, als wir ſie zum Ziele unſers Beſtrebens machten, — Unannehmlichkeiten, die, ſo geringfügig ſie ſein mögen, doch wegen ihrer Mannigfaltigkeit oder wegen ihrer Dauer im Stande ſind, die frohe Empfindung in dem Beſitze weit höherer Güter zu vernichten. Können nicht Fliegen und Mücken den ſchönſten Sommertag in der anmuthigſten Gegend verdrießlich und, wenn man nicht ſehr viel Geduld hat, zuletzt unerträglich machen?

Am öfterſten aber erlangen wir das, worauf wir rechneten, gar nicht. Der Lauf unſers Lebens im Großen, der Lauf der Begebenheiten jedes Tages im Kleinen geht, wie der Lauf der Ströme, nirgends gerade, nirgends ununterbrochen auf das Ziel los, welches wir zu erreichen ſuchen. Ehre, Reichthum oder Ruhe kömmt uns ſelten von der Seite oder in dem Zeitpunkte, wo wir Anwartſchaft darauf hatten. Und eben ſo thun wir jeden Tag vergebliche Gänge; finden den Freund, in deſſen Umgange wir uns aufzuheitern uns verſprachen, nicht zu Hauſe; werden auf einer Spazierreiſe, durch die wir uns erholen wollten, von einem Ungewitter oder einer Kolik überfallen; und bringen von einem Freudenfeſte, auf welches wir uns mehrere Tage hindurch geſchickt gemacht hatten, nur die Erinnerung gehabter langen Weile und eine verdrießliche Laune zurück.

Aber eben ſo oft trügen uns unſere traurigen Ahnungen. Es iſt ſchon eine Bemerkung des Horaz, daß wenige Menſchen an der Krankheit ſterben, die ſie im Leben am meiſten geängſtigt hat. Unfälle, die unſer ganzes Glück zu zerſtören drohten, gehen oft ohne merklichen Schaden vorüber: andere werden ſogar unerwartete Gelegenheiten zu einem größern Wohlſtande. Perſonen oder Sachen werden uns geraubt, deren Verluſt uns unüberſehlich ſcheint; und wir überſtehen ihn nicht nur recht wohl, ſondern wir genießen von dieſem Zeitpunkte an einer beſſern Geſundheit und eines größeren Frohſinns. Ich habe Eltern, zärtliche Eltern gekannt, die an einem Tage ihrer ſchon halb erwachſenen Kinder beraubt wurden, und ſich und Andern die unglücklichſten aller Sterblichen ſchienen; und die doch in der Folge ſo ruhige und heitere Tage erlebten, als vielleicht die mit der väterlichen und mütterlichen Zärtlichkeit unzertrennlichen Sorgen ihnen nicht würden vergönnt haben. Was bei ſolchen Vorfällen im Großen geſchieht, ſehen wir im alltäglichen Leben im Kleinen. In einer Geſellſchaft, in welche wir aus Furcht ſchrecklicher langen Weile mißmuthig gingen, werden wir recht wohl unterhalten. Wir treten eine Luſtreiſe mit dem ungünſtigſten Anſcheine des Himmels an, und genießen auf derſelben des angenehmſten Wetters. Wir fürchten einen Streit, einen verdrießlichen Auftritt mit unſern Hausgenoſſen, den Verweis eines Obern: und werden mit einer leidlichen und ſelbſt angenehmen Entwickelung der Sache überraſcht.

Woher kömmt denn nun dieſe ſo oft wiederholte Täuſchung menſchlicher Vorausſetzungen? Giebt es irgend eine Gottheit, die der menſchlichen Klugheit ſpotten will, und ſich über die Verlegenheiten beluſtigt, in welche wir durch die unerwarteten Wendungen unſerer Schickſale gerathen? Liegt es an uns, daß wir die Dinge zu ſchlecht beobachten, und daher falſch beurtheilen: oder liegt es an den Dingen, daß ſie zu unordentlich durch einander laufen, als daß wir irgend eine zuverläſſige Regel aus ihrer Beobachtung ziehen könnten?

Ohne Zweifel findet Beides unter gewiſſen Einſchränkungen Statt.

Es iſt richtig, daß in Abſicht dieſes Fehlſchlagens der Erwartungen ein großer Unterſchied zwiſchen Menſchen und Menſchen iſt. Wir werden einige unaufhörlich darüber klagen hören, indeß ſich andere ihres Glücks und des Gelingens ihrer Anſchläge rühmen. Mögen die Einen vielleicht aus Verdruß oder Zaghaftigkeit die Vorſtellungen ihres Unglücks übertreiben; mögen die Andern aus Eitelkeit ihr Glück vergrößern: immer wird doch der unbefangene Richter zugeſtehen, daß in den Schickſalen einiger Menſchen eine gewiſſe Uebereinſtimmung zwiſchen ihren Erwartungen und den Erfolgen herrſche, in den Schickſalen Anderer ein immerwährender Widerſpruch der Begebenheiten mit den Vorausſetzungen vorkomme. Der Menſch, welchem dieſes Letztere widerfährt, und der ſich ſelbſt keine Schuld beimeſſen will, nennt die Sache Unglück. Und oft bleibt allerdings etwas Unerklärliches in dieſer Gleichförmigkeit der die Erwartungen täuſchenden Vorfälle, — Etwas, das vielleicht nur von der Regierung einer höhern Hand abgeleitet, aber durch den Zuſammenhang des ganzen Weltalls erklärt werden kann. Aber gewiß läßt ſich auch die Urſache jenes Unterſchieds ſehr oft entdecken, wenn man auf den Geiſt und den Charakter der Perſonen Achtung giebt, unter welchen er Statt findet.

1. Die Perſonen, deren Vorausſetzungen am öfterſten eintreffen, ſind die, welche am beſten beobachten. Alle Vorausſehung iſt ein Schluß von dem Gegenwärtigen auf das Künftige. Wer die Urſachen nicht kennt, kann von den Wirkungen nicht urtheilen. Je genauer alſo ein Menſch in den Sachen, wobei er auf die Zukunft gewiſſe Rechnungen zu machen, oder für dieſelbe Entſchlüſſe zu faſſen hat, alle kleinen, ihm jetzt vor Augen liegenden Umſtände bemerkt: deſto richtiger wird er beſtimmen können, was darauf erfolgen werde. Dieſe Beobach-

tungen oder dieſe Schlüſſe geſchehen nicht immer mit vollem Bewußtſeyn, und ſo, daß man Andern davon in dem Augenblicke Rechenſchaft geben könnte: und eben deßwegen ſehen ihre Reſultate einer Art von Eingebung ähnlich. Hierin liegt der ſogenannte Takt: der zur Ausführung weitausſehender oder keinen Aufſchub leidender Unternehmungen nöthig iſt, von denen die Erſtern durch die Größe ihres Umfangs, die Andern durch die Kürze der Zeit ausführliche Unterſuchungen unmöglich machen.

Bei einigen Menſchen iſt es der erſte Blick, der ihnen die Sachen in dem richtigſten Lichte zeigt. Viele würden lange nicht ſo oft ihres Endzwecks verfehlen, wenn ſie bei dem Entſchluſſe blieben, zu welchem ſie ſogleich, als ihnen die Angelegenheit vorgelegt wurde, durch eine Art von Inſtinct geneigt waren. Zu dieſer Verfolgung ihres erſten Gedankens gehört beim Menſchen Feſtigkeit, Muth und Selbſtvertrauen. Man bemerkt auch, daß Perſonen, welchen dieſe Eigenſchaften fehlen, ſich öfters als andere von gleichen Geiſtesfähigkeiten in ihren Erwartungen betrogen finden. Die Urſache kann ſchwerlich eine andere ſeyn, als weil ſie, zu wankelmüthig, den Eingebungen ihres noch ungeſchwächten Geiſtes zu folgen, und durch die endloſen Ueberlegungen, zu welchen ihre Unentſchloſſenheit ſie veranlaßt, ermüdet, zuletzt entweder die Gegenſtände unrichtiger als anfangs beurtheilen, oder, wenn ſie gar kein Uebergewicht der Gründe auf irgend einer Seite entdecken können, die Entſcheidung dem Zufalle überlaſſen.

Andere aber ſind dazu gemacht, die Sachen auszugrübeln, und gelangen durch anhaltendes Nachdenken und eine ausführliche Entwickelung ihrer Ideen wirklich dazu, richtig und mit Zuverläſſigkeit zu durchſchauen, was ihnen bei der erſten Anſicht dunkel oder zweifelhaft war. Ob ein Menſch zu der einen oder zu der andern dieſer beiden Claſſen gehöre, kann er am beſten aus dem Erfolge ſeiner Ueberlegungen abnehmen. Wenn bei ihm durch die weitläuftige Berathſchlagung, durch die langſame Abwägung der beiderſeitigen Gründe eine poſitive Entſcheidung hervorgebracht wird, bei der er ſich völlig beruhigt, und von der er, trotz aller neuen Einfälle, die er ſelbſt hat, oder der Rathſchläge, die ihm Andere geben, bei der Ausführung nicht mehr abgeht: ſo iſt dieſer Weg für ihn wahrſcheinlich der rechte. Eine Meditation, auf die eine ſtandhafte Ueberzeugung folgt, hat die Vermuthung für ſich, daß ſie mit Auffindung der Wahrheit geendigt habe. Wen aber ſeine Ueberlegungen, ſo tief ſie in die Sache hineinzugehen, und ſo ſehr ſie ſeine theoretiſche Kenntniß derſelben zu erweitern ſcheinen, doch nicht feſt und entſchloſſen machen; wer die praktiſchen Reſultate ſeines angeſtrengten Nachdenkens doch nicht gegen das Anſehn fremder Meinungen oder gegen die Veränderlichkeit ſeiner eignen Gemüthsſtimmung aufrecht zu erhalten weiß: der wird wahrſcheinlich beſſer dabei fahren, wenn er ſeinem erſten Gedanken folgt, als wenn er ſich zu ausführlich mit ſich ſelbſt berathſchlagt. Die Gefahr zu irren, inſofern ſie aus Unwiſſenheit oder aus Schwäche der Denkkraft entſteht, iſt in beiden Fällen gleich; aber die, welche aus der Verwirrung der Begriffe entſteht, iſt dem zweiten Falle eigenthümlich. So verblinden Manche, wenn ſie einen Gegenſtand zu lange mit unverwandten Augen anſehen.

2. Eine Urſache, welche viele fehlgeſchlagene Erwartungen veranlaßt, iſt, daß die Menſchen überhaupt zu große haben: und diejenigen werden ohne Zweifel am öfterſten betrogen, die vom Zufalle oder von andern Menſchen zu viel erwarten. Das geſchieht aus Eigendünkel, aus Begehrlichkeit, aus Trägheit.

Die Eigenliebe, ſo wie ſie den Menſchen verführt, von ſeiner Perſon und ſeinen perſönlichen Eigenſchaften zu groß zu denken, ſo gibt ſie ihm auch zu hohe Ideen von den Belohnungen, die er verdient, und hiermit zugleich zu ſchmeichelhafte Hoffnungen von dem Glücke, das ihm bevorſteht. Denn man ſtellt ſich leicht angenehme und glückliche Erfolge, ſo außerordentlich ſie ſeyn mögen, als wahrſcheinlich vor, wenn man glaubt, daß man werth ſei, dergleichen zu erfahren. Der, welcher ſich einbildet, ſeiner Thaten oder ſeiner Schriften wegen Ruhm zu verdienen, mag für jetzt immerhin noch unbekannt oder ſelbſt verachtet ſeyn; im Grunde ſeines Herzens lebt doch die Hoffnung, daß ſeine Verdienſte künftig ein Mal in dem gehörigen Lichte erſcheinen und von der Welt werden anerkannt werden. Der, welcher ſich ſelbſt für liebenswürdig hält, ſieht einer vortheilhaften und ehrenvollen Heirath bis ins eintretende Alter entgegen. Und ſo iſt mit jeder Einbildung von einem gewiſſen Verdienſte die geheime Hoffnung verbunden, daß es noch ein Mal den ihm angemeſſenen Lohn erhalten werde. Dieſe Empfindung, welche tief in der menſchlichen Natur eingewurzelt iſt, mag vielleicht die Ahnung einer Wahrheit ſeyn. Dem beſſern Menſchen ſteht vielleicht zu der einen oder der andern Zeit ein beſſeres Schickſal bevor, und wenigſtens iſt es unſerer vernünftigen Natur gemäß, Glückſeligkeit mit Tugend in unſern Vorſtellungen zu verknüpfen. Nichtsdeſtoweniger iſt es gewiß, daß, wenn der Menſch dieſe ſeine Verdienſte zu hoch berechnet, und wenn er beſtimmte Belohnungen in dieſem Leben erwartet, er eben deßwegen öfter als Andere in ſeinen Erwartungen getäuſcht wird.

Bei Andern entſteht dieſe zuverſichtliche Hoffnung glücklicher Begebenheiten aus der Stärke der Begierde ſelbſt, die ſie nach dem gehofften Gegenſtande haben. Die meiſten Leidenſchaften haben den Zauber, daß ſie uns die Schwierigkeiten verbergen, die ihrer Befriedigung im Wege ſtehen. Wenn ſie bis zu einem ungewöhnlichen Grade der Heftigkeit ſteigen, ſo können ſie ſogar den Menſchen in denjenigen Zuſtand des Wahnſinnes verſetzen, in welchem er, trotz des Zeugniſſes ſeiner Sinne und ſeiner Vernunft, das Gut, deſſen Wunſch ſeine ganze Seele erfüllt, wirklich ſchon zu beſitzen glaubt. Dieſer Uebergang vom heftigen Begehren zur Ueberredung von dem Beſitze der Sache hat die Tollhäuſer mit ſo viel Unglücklichen angefüllt, die ſich für Könige und Fürſten, oder die ſich für begünſtigte Liebhaber irgend einer ſchönen oder vornehmen Dame halten. Aber auch bei jenen niedern Graden der Leidenſchaft, bei welchen die geſunde Vernunft noch Meiſter über die Einbildungen bleibt, wird durch die Lebhaftigkeit, welche der Vorſtellung eines heftig gewünſchten Gegenſtandes eigen iſt, auch die Hoffnung ihn zu erhalten erregt. Jemehr alſo ein Menſch Leidenſchaften, und je heftigere er hat, deſto mehr und deſto gewiſſere Erwartungen hat er; und deſto öftern und ſchmerzlichern Täuſchungen iſt er alſo ausgeſetzt. Je größere Dinge er begehrt, deſto ſeltnere Zufälle gehören dazu, ſie ihm zu verſchaffen, und die Unwahrſcheinlichkeit eines glücklichen Erfolgs wächſt mit dem Ausſchweifen der Wünſche.

Oft vereinigt ſich Beides: Stolz und ungeſtüme Begierde. Das geſchieht bei denen, die ſich ihres Glückes ſelbſt als eines Verdienſtes rühmen und wie Cäſar glauben, daß die gebrechlichſte Barke im Sturme ſich erhalten müſſe, wenn ſie derſelben ihre Perſonen und ihre Entwürfe anvertrauen. Dieſe Einbildung, ſo ſehr ſie an ſich Irrthum iſt, kann wirklich großen Männern in außerordentlichen Fällen nützlich ſeyn, beſonders um die, welche unter ihrer Anführung an dem Unternehmen Theil haben, beherzt zu machen. Aber wenn ſie bei gewöhnlichen Menſchen und in den Angelegenheiten des Privatlebens herrſchende Meinung wird, ſo iſt ſie die fruchtbare Quelle verunglückter Wagſtücke.

Faſt jeder Menſch traut, beſonders wenn er in die entfernte Zukunft hinaus denkt, ſeinem Glücke mehr zu, als er billig ſollte. Zwar für den gegenwärtigen Tag ſind die meiſten ängſtlich und furchtſam genug: aber in einem dunkeln Winkel ihrer Seele liegt der Gedanke verborgen, daß in künftigen Jahren ſich günſtige Vorfälle ereignen werden. Daher ſind ſie ſo karg mit ihren Dienſten oder mit ihrem Gelde, wenn ſie heute jene zu leiſten, dieſes zu geben aufgefordert werden, und hingegen ſo freigebig mit Verſprechungen, die ſie erſt nach langer Zeit zu erfüllen haben. Es iſt nicht immer die Abſicht zu täuſchen, was ſie zu dieſem Letztern ſo bereitwillig macht. Nein, ſie trauen der Zukunft zu viel Gutes zu: ſie glauben ehrlicherweiſe, daß bis zu dem beſtimmten Zeitpunkte die Umſtände zu ihrem Vortheile ſich abändern, ihre Hülfsquellen ſich vermehren und die Erfüllung ihrer Zuſagen erleichtern werden.

Dieſe gemeine Schwachheit der Menſchen wächſt bei Einigen zu einer förmlichen Thorheit auf. Der äußerſte Grad davon zeigt ſich bei gewiſſen halb Wahnſinnigen, die, mitten im Elende, von einem großen Glücke reden, das ihnen nach ihrer Meinung bevorſtehen ſoll. Aber auch ohne ſich durch völlig ungereimte Erwartungen unmöglicher Ereigniſſe zu täuſchen, ſind die, welche ihrem Glücke und der Gunſt des Zufalls zu ſehr vertrauen, immer in Gefahr, ein Spiel deſſelben zu werden, und ſich am Ende eine deſto bittrere Zukunft zu bereiten, je überſpannter die Hoffnungen waren, welche ſie ſich bei der Ausſicht auf dieſelbe machten.

Dieſes Fehlſchlagen überſpannter Erwartungen iſt

3. den trägen und ſinnlichen Menſchen eigen, die, je weniger ſie ſelbſt zu Erreichung ihrer Endzwecke zu thun Luſt haben, deſto mehr vom Zufalle und von andern Menſchen fordern. Wer nicht mehr begehrt, nicht mehr hofft, als was ihm ſein Fleiß, der Grad von Nutzbarkeit, den er in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft hat, die Wichtigkeit der Dienſte, die er dem gemeinen Weſen oder einzelnen Perſonen leiſtet, geradezu und unmittelbar verſchaffen können, der wird gemeiniglich, wenigſtens in den Hauptſachen, erhalten, was er hofft. Wer aber glaubt, daß durch zufällige Umſtände, die er nicht veranſtaltet hat, ſich ſeine Belohnungen über das gewöhnliche Maß vergrößern werden; wer ſein Schiff auf dem Strome des Lebens nicht bloß fortrudern will, ſondern einen beſonders günſtigen Wind, der in ſeine Segel ſtoßen ſoll, erwartet: der wird immer Urſache haben, über ſein Unglück und fehlſchlagende Hoffnungen zu trauern.

Alles Gute, ſagt ein uralter griechiſcher Dichter, haben die Götter den Menſchen zu Kauf gegeben, und Arbeit iſt der

Preiß, den ſie dafür fordern. Wer alſo dieſe Güter, die er ſich verdienen ſoll, geſchenkt haben will; oder wer für das, was er bezahlt, mehr Waare verlangt, als der Marktpreis mit ſich bringt: der wird mit dem Handel und der Welt ſehr unzufrieden ſein.

Indeſſen iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß, wenn in irgend einem Umſtande des menſchlichen Lebens das, was man Glück nennt, — die einen Menſchen vor dem andern auszeichnende Gleichförmigkeit günſtiger oder widriger Zufälle, — ſich deutlich zu zeigen ſcheint, es in dieſem Umſtande iſt, daß die Vermuthungen des einen Menſchen bei gleicher Klugheit und gleich reifer Ueberlegung öfter mit den Erfolgen zuſammentreffen als die des andern. Daraus entſteht, daß die Veranſtaltungen des einen immer paſſender ſind und daher ihre beabſichtigte Wirkung thun, indeß der andere bald ſeine gemachten Vorkehrungen unnöthig, bald die nothwendigen von ſich verſäumt ſiehet, immer aber ſeine frühern Handlungen mit den ſpätern Ereigniſſen im Widerſpruche ſieht, wodurch jene zwecklos und oft ihm nachtheilig werden. Bei gewiſſen Menſchen ſtimmt, wie es ſcheint, die Cauſalität der Natur mit dem Principe der Freiheit, der Lauf der Dinge mit den Begriffen ihres Verſtandes und den Entſchlüſſen ihres Willens, die Wirkſamkeit der unbekannten Urſachen des Weltalls mit ihrer eignen eingeſchränkten aber vernünftigen Thätigkeit beſſer als bei andern zuſammen. Sie ſind, — um mich des Ausdrucks einer veralteten Thorheit zu bedienen, — mit der Welt, in der ſie leben, in vollkommenem Rapport. Die Regelmäßigkeit, mit welcher der Zufall ſeine Würfe den Erwartungen des einen Menſchen ſtandhaft zuwider, den Erwartungen des andern gleichförmig gemäß thut, iſt ſchon von uralten Zeiten her bemerkt worden. Man hat ſie, wie alle wunderbaren Erſcheinungen, durch erdichtete Erzählungen vergrößert, um ſie noch wunderbarer zu machen; und weil in der ganzen Natur nichts vollkommen regelmäßig iſt als der Lauf der Geſtirne, dieſe zu ihrer Erklärung zu Hülfe gerufen. Der vernünftige Gottesverehrer, welcher ſich über die Dinge, deren Urſachen er nicht ergründen kann, wenn ſie ihm doch zu wichtig ſind, um ſtillſchweigend bei Seite gelegt zu werden, durch ihre möglichen Abſichten zu beruhigen ſucht, kann ſich ſehr wohl vorſtellen, daß es zu der Erziehung mancher Menſchen gehöre, ſie mehr Fehltritte in der Welt thun und mehr Fehlſchlüſſe machen zu laſſen als andere.

Zum Theil wirkt auch das Glück rückwärts auf den Menſchen, ihm diejenigen Eigenſchaften zu geben, welche zum Glücke führen. Perſonen, in deren Leben die Dinge ſich oft ſo ereignet haben, wie ſie ſich dieſelben zuvor eingebildet hatten, werden muthiger und daher zu Geſchäften geſchickter. Die Dreiſtigkeit, welche ſie erhalten, iſt eine nützliche Eigenſchaft, nicht nur bei Ausführung, ſondern auch bei der Beurtheilung der Sachen. Wer in ſeine Einſichten wegen des öftern Fehlſchlagens ſeiner Erwartungen ein großes Mißtrauen zu ſetzen anfängt, iſt, wenn er zu einer neuen Unternehmung geht, wie ein ſchüchterner Menſch, wenn er in eine große und fremde Geſellſchaft tritt. In der Verlegenheit, in welcher er ſich vom erſten Augenblick an befindet, hört und ſieht er nichts mehr genau, und ſeine eignen Talente ſtehn ihm nicht mehr zu Gebote. Er wird unfähiger, und hat alſo auch falſchere oder zweideutigere Ahnungen als bei einem ruhigen Zuſtande des Gemüths ſich von dem Maße ſeiner Einſichten erwarten ließe.

Dagegen wird der Menſch, welcher ſich im entgegengeſetzten Falle befindet, leicht ſtolz, übereilt und verwegen. Gewöhnlich aber lernt er ſich ſelbſt weniger kennen, und wird an die äußern Dinge immer ſtärker angefeſſelt.

Ohne Zweifel ſchmerzt nichts ſo ſehr, als oft fehlſchlagende Erwartungen; aber gewiß wird auch durch nichts ein zum Nachdenken fähiger Geiſt ſo lebhaft als durch ſie erweckt, die Natur der Dinge oder ſeine eigne Handlungsweiſe, — die Geſetze, wonach die natürlichen und moraliſchen Urſachen in der Welt wirken, oder die Methoden, nach welchen er ſelbſt zu urtheilen und zu ſchließen pflegt, — zu erforſchen, es ſei, um die Quelle ſeiner irrigen Vorausſehungen zu entdecken und, wo möglich, künftig richtiger zu ahnen; es ſei, um ſich zu beruhigen, und ſein Gemüth an einen ſchlechten Erfolg gut gemeinter und gut überlegter Anſchläge zum voraus zu gewöhnen.

So ungleich aber ſich auch das Schickſal oder die Urtheilskraft der Menſchen in der glücklichen Ahnung oder der weiſen Berechnung der Zukunft zeigen mag, ſo iſt es doch das allgemeine Loos der Menſchheit, oft und vielfältig in ihren Ausſichten betrogen zu werden.

Die Welt nämlich iſt nicht allein für uns gemacht. Unſere Wünſche hingegen, unſere Entwürfe und unſere Erwartungen gehen bloß von uns ſelbſt aus, und vereinigen ſich wieder in uns. Jedes Ding in dem großen Univerſum hat ſeine eigne Natur, ſeine eigne Laufbahn, ſo zu ſagen, — ſein von den Abſichten anderer Dinge unabhängiges Ziel. Alle dieſe Wirkungen durchkreuzen ſich, — vereinigen ſich das eine Mal, und zerſtören ſich zu andern Zeiten: — zwar Alles nach einem Plane, (ſo glaubt und hofft es der Gottesverehrer), aber doch nach einem Plane, den wir nicht überſehen können. Nur ſo viel wiſſen wir, daß bei dieſem Streite aller Elemente und aller thätigen Kräfte gegen einander doch die Fortdauer des Ganzen, die Erhaltung der Gattungen und ſelbſt das Wohlſein eines großen Theils der Individuen beſtehen kann. Was habe ich aber Urſache mich zu wundern, daß bei dieſem ſo unendlich mannigfaltigen Streben unzähliger körperlichen und geiſtigen Kräfte, wovon jede, von mir unabhängig, nach ihren eignen Geſetzen fortwirkt, meine eignen kleinen Beſtrebungen oft gleichſam ausgedrängt, und meine Erwartungen, die ſich nur auf die Kenntniß einiger wenigen mir nahen Urſachen gründen, betrogen werden!

Das äußere Wohl des Menſchen iſt in einem ſo verwickelten Syſtem allerdings ſehr unſicher; aber ſeine innere Vollkommenheit kann dabei beſtehen. Ja man kann annehmen, daß eben dieſer uns unüberſehliche Kampf aller Naturkräfte unter ſich und mit unſern Bemühungen, und die daraus entſtehende Unſicherheit unſerer Hoffnungen und unſerer Entwürfe die Welt zu dem Uebungsplatze machen, der ſie in den Augen des Weiſen iſt.

Denn was wird der vernünftige Mann, wenn er ſo oft in ſeinen beſtgegründeten Erwartungen betrogen worden iſt, und ſeine nach reiffer Ueberlegung angefangenen Unternehmungen hat mißlingen ſehen, — was wird er thun? Seine Hände in den Schooß legen und abwarten, was über ihn kommen werde? — Das iſt überhaupt dem Menſchen nicht möglich; und der vernünftige Mann wird es auch nie wollen. — Oder ſich dem Unmuthe und der Niedergeſchlagenheit preis geben? — Dadurch würde er, mit beſſerm Erfolge an ſeinem Glücke zu arbeiten, noch unvermögender, und in der Beurtheilung der Zukunft und ihrer Wahrſcheinlichkeiten noch kurzſichtiger werden. — Was bleibt ihm alſo übrig? Er muß von den äußern Dingen unabhängig werden lernen, ohne doch etwas von ſeiner, ſich auf dieſe äußern Dinge beziehenden, Thätigkeit nachzulaſſen. In den Handlungen ſelbſt, die er thut, in dem Fleiße, den er auf ſeine Geſchäfte verwendet, in den guten Geſinnungen, die er dabei in ſich belebt, in der Ueberlegung und dem Nachdenken, welche er anſtellen, — und in der Tugend und Stärke des Geiſtes, welche er zu beweiſen Gelegenheit hat, muß er einen Endzweck zu finden wiſſen, deſſen Erreichung ihm gewiß iſt, und der ihn ſchadlos hält, wenn er den andern Endzweck, den ſeine Handlungen in gewiſſen äußern Erfolgen haben, verfehlen ſollte. Auf dieſe Art iſt es möglich, die beiden, ſonſt unverträglich ſcheinenden Sachen zu vereinigen: ſo munter und dreiſt an jedes Geſchäft zu gehen, als wenn man einem glücklichen Ausgange ſicher entgegen ſähe, und doch ſich auf einen ungünſtigen zum voraus gefaßt zu machen.

Dieſer weiſe Mann wird theils überhaupt ſeine Erwartungen herabſtimmen, theils wird er bei ſeinen Entwürfen die Möglichkeit des Irrthums mit in Rechnung bringen, und die zum Stolz verleitende Freude, die, bei ſicherer Hoffnung einer glücklichen Ausführung, nur zu leicht im Gemüthe Platz gewinnt, mäßigen. Durch Beides werden ſein Verſtand und ſein moraliſcher Charakter gewinnen.

Es iſt unausbleiblich, daß, ſo lange ſich der Menſch als ein einzelnes, von allen übrigen getrenntes Weſen betrachtet, und in ſeinen Ideen eben ſo egoiſtiſch auf ſich ſelbſt eingeſchränkt iſt, als in ſeinen Gefühlen und Wünſchen, er ſich leicht Alles zu fordern, Alles zu erwarten berechtigt glaubt, was zu einem glücklichen Leben nach ſeiner Meinung gehört. In den Augenblicken, wo ſolche Geſinnungen herrſchend werden, würde der Menſch nicht ungern die ganze Welt aufgeopfert ſehn, um nur eine ſeiner Lieblingsneigungen zu befriedigen. Nur erſt, wenn er den Zuſammenhang, in welchem er mit unzähligen, zu gleichem Wohlſein berechtigten Geſchöpfen ſteht, — und die Unmöglichkeit einſieht, daß dieſe Alle, in Allem, was ſie begehren, zugleich befriedigt werden können, lernt er ſeine Wünſche einſchränken. Von dieſem Zuſammenhange, — von dieſer Unmöglichkeit aber wird er durch theoretiſche Beweiſe bei weitem nicht kräftig genug überzeugt. Er muß Beides erfahren, wenn er dadurch zu einer veränderten Denkungsart gebracht werden ſoll. — Und wie kann er dieſe Erfahrungen anders machen, als wenn ihm oft in ſeinen Entwürfen entgegengearbeitet wird, als wenn er ſeine zuweit getriebenen Anſprüche und Hoffnungen unter den Anſprüchen und Beſtrebungen anderer Menſchen erliegen ſieht, und bald durch den Einfluß des Himmels und der Elemente, bald durch den der Meinungen und der geſellſchaftlichen Einrichtungen, ſeines ſicher erwarteten Glücks verluſtig geht. Anfangs ſchreibt er dies vielleicht bloß einem Mangel der Einſicht von ſeiner Seite, oder einer Ungerechtigkeit von Seiten anderer Menſchen zu, und hofft immer noch, jene zu verbeſſern und gegen dieſe Schutz zu finden. Am

Ende erkennt er es für ein Geſetz der Natur, daß immer ein Ding das andere, ein Menſch den andern einſchränken ſoll; daß, indem jede einzelne Kraft ſo weit um ſich zu greifen und ihren Wirkungskreis ſo ſehr zu erweitern ſucht, als ſie kann, alle in einer gewiſſen Sphäre erhalten werden. So ſucht er denn endlich ſeine Wünſche ſchon zum voraus ſo einzuſchränken, wie die Natur der Dinge die Wirkſamkeit ſeiner Kraft eingeſchränkt hat. Er begehrt, durch Zeit und Erfahrungen gereift, nicht mehr einen ſo großen Antheil an den Gütern der Erde, als er im erſten Aufbrauſen jugendlichen Stolzes und jugendlicher Lüſternheit in Anſpruch nahm, weil er gewahr wird, daß er ihm, ohne die Harmonie des Ganzen zu ſtören, nicht zu Theil werden könne.

Glücklich iſt der Mann, welcher es verſteht, bis an das Ende ſeines Lebens, ſich in ſeinen häuslichen und öffentlichen Geſchäften, in den Arbeiten ſeines Verſtandes und in denen ſeiner Hände, immer ſo zu beeifern, als wenn er die höchſten Belohnungen von Ruhm und Glück für ihre gute Ausführung hoffte, und doch mit der Achtung weniger Freunde, und einem mäßigen Einkommen ſo zufrieden zu ſeyn, als wenn er ſich keiner Talente und keiner Anſtrengungen bewußt wäre. So vergnügt ſich unter allen Spielern keiner beſſer, als der, welcher während des Spiels die größte Aufmerkſamkeit anwendet, um gut zu ſpielen, und am Ende deſſelben mit dem kleinſten Gewinn fröhlich nach Hauſe geht.

Ueber den Charakter der Bauern.

Es iſt nichts gewöhnlicher, als Schilderungen von den Charaktern ganzer Nationen zu machen. Ich glaube, daß es weit nützlicher, und daß es auch eher möglich iſt, die Charaktere der verſchiedenen Stände in Einer Nation richtig zu ſchildern.

Zwar, wenn dieſe Nationen verſchiedene Sprachen reden, unter ganz unähnlichen Regierungsformen ſtehn, und Länder von verſchiedenem Klima bewohnen, ſo können allerdings ihre Unterſchiede ſo groß, und das Eigenthümliche jeder kann unter den Individuen derſelben ſo herrſchend ſein, daß ſich dieſe Charakter-Züge beobachten und mit einiger Beſtimmtheit angeben laſſen. Der franzöſiſche, engliſche und deutſche National-Charakter läßt ſich ſchildern. Nur iſt auch hier die Beobachtung ſchwer, weil der Gegenſtand zu groß iſt; und die Täuſchung iſt leicht, weil jeder Beobachter immer von einem Theile auf das Ganze ſchließen muß.

Aber wenn man von den Einwohnern einer eingeſchränkten Provinz, z. E. Schleſiens, — weil man ſie wegen ihres eigenthümlichen Namens als eine eigene Nation anſieht, — auch einen beſondern Charakter angeben will; ſo iſt es faſt unmöglich, daß dieſe Schilderung beſtimmt, oder daß ſie richtig ſein ſollte. Sie ſagt entweder nichts Bedeutendes, oder ſie ſagt etwas Falſches. Wer kann es z. B. wagen, den Charakter der Schleſier mit einiger Zuverläſſigkeit zu beſtimmen? Die Grenzen der Länder und Provinzen ſind nach ſo vielen Wanderungen, Eroberungen, Vertauſchungen, nicht mehr die Grenzen der Nationen. Nicht da, wo eine neue Benennung des Landes anfängt, fängt auch ein neues Syſtem von Regierung, Religion und Sitten der Einwohner an. Polen und Deutſche ſind gemeinſchaftliche Einwohner von Schleſien: die Charaktere der beiden Nationen zeichnen ſich noch immer merklich aus. Sachſen und Niederſchleſien hingegen werden Beide von Deutſchen bewohnt: die Unterſchiede von Menſchen in beiden Provinzen ſind feine, kaum zu bemerkende Schattirungen.

Aber weit auffallender ſind diejenigen Unterſchiede, und weit wenigern Ausnahmen unterworfen, welche in jeder Nation die verſchiedenen Stände von einander abſondern, ſeitdem die Ungleichheit dieſer Stände, durch eine Reihe von Generationen befeſtigt, jedem ſeine eigene Beſchäftigung angewieſen, jeden mehr in ſich ſelbſt verbunden, und von den übrigen getrennt hat. Zwiſchen den Sitten der großen Welt in allen europäiſchen Hauptſtädten iſt eine Aehnlichkeit, welche machen könnte, daß, wenn man aus den Geſellſchaften der einen in die der andern plötzlich verſetzt würde, man nur aus einem Hauſe deſſelben Orts in das andere gekommen zu ſein glaubte. Zwiſchen den Sitten des Adligen, des Bürgers, des Bauern iſt, in Frankreich ſowohl als in Schleſien, ein Abſtand, der Jedem in die Augen fällt, ſobald er von der einen Claſſe zu der andern übergeht.

Dieſe Charaktere der verſchiedenen Stände zu kennen, iſt auch ohne Zweifel, für das Privatleben und für die innere Regierung eines Landes, von eben ſo großer Wichtigkeit, als es für die Führung der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten iſt, die National-Charaktere zu wiſſen.

Der Charakter der verſchiedenen Stände hat einen Einfluß auf das Betragen derſelben gegen einander; und alſo auf alle Geſchäfte, wo Leute aus mehreren Claſſen ſich zu einem gemeinſchaftlichen Endzwecke vereinigen. Jeder Menſch hat mit Perſonen von höherm und niedrigerm Stande zu thun: die Regierung hat mit Allen zu thun. In politiſchen alſo ſowohl als in ökonomiſchen und moraliſchen Rückſichten iſt es nützlich, die Geſinnungen und Gewohnheiten kennen zu lernen, welche in jeder Ordnung der Bürger herrſchen.

Unter dieſen Claſſen nimmt ſich wieder der Bauernſtand durch größere und abſtechendere Verſchiedenheiten aus.

Der Charakter der Bauern wird hauptſächlich durch zwei Urſachen beſtimmt. Erſtlich durch ihre Beſchäftigung, die eine körperliche, ſchwere, einförmige Arbeit iſt, und wenig Umgang mit Menſchen andrer Stände verſtattet; zweitens durch ihr bürgerliches Verhältniß, nach welchem ſie in einer beſtändigen Abhängigkeit von einem ihnen immer gegenwärtigen Herrn leben, deſſen Gerichtsbarkeit ſie unterworfen und dem ſie zu Dienſten und Abgaben verpflichtet ſind.

Vermöge des erſten Umſtandes haben ſie alſo diejenige Ausbildung des Verſtandes und die Stimmung des Geiſtes, welche Leute bekommen, die ſich nur mit einem einzigen Gegenſtande beſchäftigen, aber dieſen Gegenſtand durch beſtändige Erfahrung, durch das eigne Handanlegen und durch eine von dem Intereſſe geſchärfte Aufmerkſamkeit ſehr genau kennen lernen. — Die Begriffe ſolcher Leute ſind eingeſchränkt, aber ſie ſind, ſo weit ihr Geſichtskreis reicht, richtig. Sie kennen wenige Dinge aus Erzählungen, aus Nachrichten, aus Büchern: ſondern Alles, was ſie wiſſen, haben ſie mit Augen geſehen und mit ihren Händen betaſtet. — Die Begebenheiten ihres Lebens, die Vorfälle ihrer Verwandten, Nachbarn und Bekannten, nebſt dem, was zum Ackerbau und zu ihrer Wirthſchaft gehört, machen den einzigen, ſo wie den immerwährenden Gegenſtand ihres Nachdenkens und ihrer Geſpräche aus. Dies Alles nun führt zu dem, was man bonsens nennt. Denn Jedermann würde ihn haben, wenn Keiner von mehr Dingen urtheilen wollte, als die er täglich unter Händen hat. Die meiſten der halb verſtandenen Begriffe, die zu falſchen Schlüſſen Gelegenheit geben, kommen von dem Unterrichte, der durch Worte gegeben wird, der; er mag nun aus der Schule mitgebracht oder aus dem Umgange und aus Büchern geſchöpft ſein. Wenn das Gedächtniß wenig oder nichts zu faſſen bekommt, als was die Sinne vorher beſchäftigt hatte: — da kann der Verſtand vielleicht leer bleiben, wenn der Geſichtskreis des Menſchen zu klein iſt; — aber er wird nicht ſchief und unrichtig werden.

Der zweite Umſtand, der das Eigenthümliche der Bauern, wenigſtens in deutſchen Staaten, beſtimmt, iſt ihr Verhältniß gegen ihre Gutsherrn und gegen die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft überhaupt. Sie ſind die unterſten Glieder der letztern, und ſind alſo oft der Verachtung, zuweilen auch der Unterdrückung von Seiten der Obern ausgeſetzt. Sie ſind von den Erſtern zugleich Dienſtleute, die ihnen arbeiten müſſen, und Vaſallen, die von ihnen gerichtet und geſtraft werden. Dieſe doppelte Gewalt führt nothwendig etwas Willkürlicheres mit ſich. Kein Stand wird ſo unaufhörlich der Oberherrſchaft, die Andre über ihn haben, gewahr, als der Bauernſtand.

Es giebt eine andere Claſſe unſerer Mitbürger, die, ſo unähnlich ihre übrigen Umſtände mit den Umſtänden der Bauern ſind, doch in dieſen beiden Stücken mit ihnen übereinkommen, daß ſie Alle nur eine einzige Art von Geſchäften treiben, und daß ſie lange ſind gedrückt und verachtet worden. Das ſind die Juden. Beide nämlich, Juden und Bauern, bekümmern ſich nur um eine einzige Sache, intereſſiren ſich nur für eine: Jene um den Handel, dieſe um den Ackerbau. Beide ſind in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft von langen Zeiten her größern Laſten unterworfen, und mehrern Ungerechtigkeiten ausgeſetzt geweſen als ihre Mitbürger. Und zum Beweiſe, daß dieſe Lage auf den Charakter des Menſchen einen ſichern und beſtimmten Einfluß hat, finden ſich auch zwiſchen dieſen beiden Claſſen, ſo groß im Uebrigen die Verſchiedenheit ihrer Volksart, ihrer Religion und ihres Glaubens iſt, gewiſſe Aehnlichkeiten des Charakters, die auffallend ſind.

Der Jude wird, wie der Bauer, gewitzigt und klug gemacht, — nicht durch Lehrer und Bücher, (die, welche ſie haben, ſind in Beiden oft mehr geſchickt, ihre Köpfe zu verwirren, als zu bilden,) ſondern durch ihre Beſchäftigung in ihrem Gewerbe, auf das ſie Aufmerkſamkeit wenden müſſen, weil ſie die Noth dazu treibt, und auf das ſie alle Aufmerkſamkeit wenden können, weil ſie und alle die Ihrigen mit keinen andern Gegenſtänden zu thun haben.

Eine Folge bei Beiden von dieſer ſelbſterlangten Klugheit in einer einzigen Sache, und dem Mangel von Kenntniſſen in allen andern iſt, daß ſie ſich noch klüger zu ſein dünken, als ſie ſind.

Wenn man die Reden der Bauern hört, ſo oft ſie unter ſich und bei der Luſt ſind; wenn man nur auf die gelegentlichen Aeußerungen ihrer Denkungsart genau Acht giebt, die ihnen zuweilen auch gegen Höhere entwiſchen, ſo wird man finden, daß ſie von dem Verſtande der vornehmen Leute keine hohe Meinung haben, und daß, wenn ſie dieſe als gelehrter gelten laſſen, ſie ſich und ihres Gleichen doch für klüger halten. Den großen Haufen der Vornehmen ſieht der Bauer für eine Art von leichtſinnigen Thoren an, die nur mit Kleinigkeiten oder mit ihrem Vergnügen beſchäftiget ſind, und die von dem Soliden und Nothwendigen, dergleichen der Ackerbau iſt, keine Begriffe haben. Wenn er einzelne Perſonen aus jenem Orden klug auch nach ſeiner Weiſe und in ſeinem Geſchäfte einſichtsvoll findet: ſo iſt es immer mit einer Art von Befremdung, daß er ihnen dieſe Vorzüge einräumt. Man wird gewahr, daß erſt Vorurtheile bei ihm überwunden werden mußten, ehe er dem Augenſcheine trauen konnte.

Auf gleiche Weiſe habe ich oft geſehn, daß der Jude, wenn er merkt, daß ein Chriſt die Kunſtgriffe ſeines Handels und die Ränke, die dabei angewandt werden können, einſieht, ſich wundert, wie deſſen Scharfſinn ſo weit habe reichen können.

Dieſe geringe Meinung von dem Verſtande Anderer iſt allen Menſchen eigen, die ſelbſt einen eingeſchränkten, — aber in Einer Sache durch Uebung geſchärften, — Verſtand haben. In Abſicht derſelben übertreffen ſie wirklich viele Andre. Von andern Gegenſtänden aber, wobei ſich auch Scharfſinn und Klugheit zeigen können, haben ſie keine Begriffe. Die Pedanten unter den Gelehrten ſind in eben dem Falle.

Die zweite Aehnlichkeit zwiſchen Juden und Bauern, die aus der zweiten Urſache entſteht, aus dem Drucke, unter welchem ſie oder ihre Vorfahren gelebt haben, iſt das Mißtrauen Beider gegen ihre Obern und in gewiſſer Maße gegen Alle, welche nicht von ihrem Volke oder von ihrem Stande ſind; — die Einbildung, daß ſie nicht Unrecht thun, wenn ſie durch Liſt und Betrug denen etwas abzugewinnen ſuchen, die ſo viele Vortheile vor ihnen voraus haben.

Das Mißtrauen des Bauern gegen ſeine Herren und gegen Perſonen, die von dem Stande derſelben, oder die mit ihm in Verbindung ſind, — daher auch gegen die Unter-Regierungen ſelbſt, — iſt ein charakteriſtiſcher Zug ſeines Gemüths, der auf ſein ganzes Betragen Einfluß hat. Dieſes Mißtrauen iſt, ſo wie die Urſache deſſelben, von doppelter Art. Entweder iſt es Mangel des Zutrauens und eine Art von Scheu aus Unwiſſenheit, oder es iſt wirklicher Argwohn aus vermeinter Erfahrung vom böſen Willen des Andern.

Das Mißtrauen der erſten Art iſt die Geſinnung der Geringern gegen die Höhern überhaupt. Zum Theil werden dieſe von jenen zu wenig gekannt. Und wirklich, nur die Bekanntſchaft, nur der öftere Umgang vertreibt die dem Menſchen natürliche Schüchternheit, die man bei Kindern gegen Fremde bemerkt und die jedem Geſchöpf, das ſeine Schwäche fühlt, in Abſicht neuer und ungewohnter Gegenſtände eigen iſt. Dieſe Furcht aber geht leicht in Widerwillen und Haß über: denn man iſt Perſonen nicht gewogen, die eine ſo unangenehme Empfindung, als die Furcht iſt, erregen. — Zum Theil iſt der Anblick des Prunks, der den Höhern unterſcheidet, ſind alle die ſichtbaren Zeichen der Ungleichheit dem niedrigern Theile unangenehm. Wenn der gemeine Mann nicht ſo tief in die Sklaverei verſunken iſt, daß er gar keine Vergleichung zwiſchen ſich und ſeinem Gebieter anſtellt, ſo ſieht er den letztern ſelten ohne Neid an: und mit dem Neide iſt Liebe und Vertrauen unverträglich.

Eine zweite Art des Mißtrauens entſteht aus mehr poſitiven Urſachen. Die Erfahrung hat den Bauer gelehrt, daß wirklich viele Gutsbeſitzer in dem Betragen gegen ihre Unterthanen bloß durch Eigennutz getrieben werden; daß ſie ihre Rechte ſo weit auszudehnen, die Vortheile des Bauern ſo zu beſchränken ſuchen als möglich. Dieſe Geſinnung, die mehrern Gutsherren zukömmt, vermuthet der Bauer bei allen: dieſe Bewegungsgründe, die bei manchen Operationen derſelben ſichtbar ſind, ſieht er als die einzigen an, durch die ſie regiert werden.

Ueberdies ſind ſeine und ſeines Herrn Vortheile wirklich in vielen Stücken einander entgegengeſetzt: nämlich in ſofern die Vortheile des Arbeiters und deſſen, der die Arbeit bezahlt, entgegengeſetzt ſind. Dieſer Widerſpruch fällt in die Augen. Die Verbindung, die in andrer Abſicht zwiſchen ihrem beiderſeitigen Intereſſe obwaltet, iſt verſteckter und erfordert Ueberlegung. Daher bleibt der nicht denkende Bauer bei dem erſten ſtehn. Bei jeder Neuerung, die ſein Herr macht oder ihm vorſchlägt, wenn er auch für jetzt noch keine ihm ſchädliche Folgen ſieht, vermuthet er doch ſchädliche Abſichten. Um alſo nicht überliſtet zu werden, widerſetzt er ſich, ehe er noch geprüft hat. Dieſe Partei ſcheint ihm immer die ſicherſte zu ſein.

Dieſes Mißtrauen des Bauern, habe ich geſagt, erſtreckt ſich auch auf die Regierung. — Nicht bis auf den Landesherrn. — Eben weil dieſer auf der andern Seite durch ſeine Erhabenheit von den Gutsherren ſo weit entfernt iſt, als er ſelbſt, der Bauer, es durch ſeine Niedrigkeit iſt: ſo glaubt Letzterer, daß der Fürſt unparteiiſch ſei. Aber die Beiſitzer der Gerichtshöfe und Landescollegien ſind mit ſeinem Gutsherrn von gleichem Range; Beide gehen viel mit einander um; jene können von dieſem Gefälligkeiten und Dienſte erwarten: ſie ſind ihm alſo nicht weniger verdächtig.

Ein dritter Umſtand hat großen Einfluß auf den Charakter der Bauern: der, daß ſie ſehr zuſammenhängen. Sie leben viel geſellſchaftlicher unter ſich als die gemeinen Bürger in den Städten. Sie ſehen ſich einander alle Tage, bei jeder Hofarbeit; — des Sommers auf dem Felde, des Winters in der Scheune und der Spinnſtube. Sie machen ein Corps aus, wie die Soldaten, und bekommen auch einen esprit de corps. Hieraus entſtehen mehrere Folgen. Erſtlich, ſie werden durch den Umgang nach ihrer Art geſchliffen, abgewitzigt. Sie ſind zum Verkehr mit ihres Gleichen geſchickter; ſie haben von vielen Verhältniſſen des geſellſchaftlichen Lebens, — von allen denjenigen nämlich, die in ihrem Stande und bei ihrer Lebensart vorkommen können, — beſſere Begriffe als der gemeine Handwerksmann. Dieſer beſtändige Umgang, dieſe immerwährende Geſellſchaft iſt es auch bei ihnen, wie bei den Soldaten, was die Mühſeligkeiten ihres Zuſtandes erleichtert. Es iſt ein großes Glück, nur mit ſeines Gleichen, aber mit dieſen viel und ohne Unterlaß umzugehn; damit eine genauere Bekanntſchaft und eine wechſelſeitige Vertraulichkeit, wenigſtens ein vertraulicher Ton im äußern Betragen entſtehe, ohne welchen der Umgang nie angenehm iſt. Der Adel genießt dieſer Vortheile. Er geht meiſtentheils nur mit ſeines Gleichen um, weil er ſich aus Stolz von den Niedrigern abſondert; und er kömmt mit ſeines Gleichen viel zuſammen, weil Muße und Reichthum ihn dazu in den Stand ſetzen. — Dem Bauer werden durch entgegengeſetzte Urſachen ähnliche Vortheile zu Theil. Seine Niedrigkeit iſt ſo groß, daß ſie ihn hindert, auch nur den Wunſch, — noch mehr aber daran, die Gelegenheit zu haben, mit Höhern umzugehn. Er ſieht faſt nie andre Menſchen, als Bauern um ſich. Und ſeine Dienſtbarkeit, ſeine Arbeit bringt ihn mit dieſen ſeines Gleichen häufig zuſammen. Der Handwerker aus den geringern und zahlreichern Zünften hat einige dieſer Vortheile auch, obgleich bei weitem nicht in dem Grade wie der Bauer; der vornehmere Handwerksmann aber, der geringe Kaufmann, ſelbſt ein großer Theil der Gelehrten entbehrt ihrer gänzlich. Der Höhere mag mit dieſen nicht umgehn: ſie mögen mit dem Niedrigern nicht umgehn; ihre Claſſe iſt nicht zahlreich, ihre Arbeit kann nicht in Geſellſchaft gethan werden, und Stunden der Muße haben ſie wenig.

Eben dieſer Umſtand macht aber auch ferner, daß die Bauern wie ein politiſcher Körper handeln; daß bei ihnen gewiſſermaßen die Unbequemlichkeiten der demokratiſchen Verfaſſung eintreten: daß ein einziger unruhiger Kopf aus ihrer Mitte ſo viel über ſie vermag und oft ganze Gemeinden aufwiegeln kann. Er iſt ferner Urſache, daß Perſonen andrer Stände ſo wenigen moraliſchen Einfluß über die Bauern haben können, es ſei denn durch Herrſchaft und Zwang. Die Urtheile, Vorſtellungen, Beiſpiele der Höhern hören und ſehen ſie ſelten, immer nur auf kurze Zeit; und diejenigen, von welchen ſich ein ſolcher Einfluß erwarten ließe, ſind nur einzelne Perſonen, mit denen ihrer Viele zu thun haben. Von den Leuten ihres Standes hingegen ſind ſie beſtändig umgeben; deren Meinungen und Geſinnungen müſſen alſo nothwendig auch bei denen, welche richtigere und beſſere kennen gelernt haben, die Oberhand bekommen.

Der Cardinal Retz macht an mehrern Stellen ſeiner Memoiren, indem er das Verfahren des Pariſer Parlaments bei den Unruhen der Fronde beſchreibt, die Bemerkung: daß zahlreiche Corpora, ſie mögen noch ſo viele aufgeklärte und fein gebildete Leute in ſich enthalten, doch, wenn ſie verſammelt ſind, um gemeinſchaftlich etwas zu berathſchlagen oder zu beſchließen, immer wie Pöbel handeln, d. h. durch ſolche Vorſtellungen und Leidenſchaften regiert werden, wie das gemeine Volk. Einige Urſachen davon laſſen ſich muthmaßen. Erſtlich in großen Verſammlungen wirken Vernunft und ſittliches Gefühl, wenn auch dieſe Eigenſchaften vielen einzelnen Gliedern zukommen, nicht ſo viel als Eigenſchaften ſchlechterer Art, die aber einen mehr ſinnlichen Eindruck machen: dergleichen eine gewiſſe [illegible] Beredſamkeit und Witz, mit Kühnheit verbunden, ſind. Ferner giebt es Bewegungen des Gemüths, die, wenn viele Menſchen beiſammen ſind, anſteckend werden wie das Lachen. Viele Perſonen nehmen an dem Unwillen oder der Freude einer Geſellſchaft, worin ſie ſich befinden, Theil, ohne die Gegenſtände recht zu kennen, worüber der eine oder die andere entſtanden iſt. Noch mehrere, wenn ſie auch den Grund der Sachen wiſſen und ſelbſt daran Antheil nehmen, gerathen doch in eine größere Bewegung, als dieſe Sache an und für ſich bei ihnen veranlaſſen würde. Der Anblick ſo vieler in Leidenſchaft geſetzter Menſchen bringt ſie aus ihrer gewöhnlichen Faſſung; und ſie ſtimmen mit dem Haufen zu Maßregeln ein, die ſie gewiß würden verworfen haben, wenn ſie allein in der Stille darüber nachgedacht hätten. Endlich, da der größte Theil der Menſchen ſchwach und ohne beſtimmten Charakter iſt, ſo werden die Entſchlüſſe, die durch die Mehrheit der Stimmen ihre Sanction bekommen — das nothwendige Grundgeſetz aller berathſchlagenden Geſellſchaften, — von dieſer Schwäche und Thorheit die Spuren tragen.

Wenn dies in Verſammlungen, deren Glieder aus den geſitteten Ständen ſind, ſich ſo verhält: wie viel mehr wird der Pöbel Pöbel ſein, wenn er ſich in zahlreichen Haufen verſammelt, um durch die Mehrheit der Stimmen Angelegenheiten, die ihm wichtig ſind, auszumachen. Daher ſieht man auch, daß Bauern, welche bisher die geſittetſten und vernünftigſten geſchienen hatten, ſobald ſie ſich zuſammen rotten und für Einen Mann ſtehen, es ſei gegen ihren Herrn oder gegen die Regierung, alsdann ganz blind handeln, keinen vernünftigen Vorſtellungen mehr Gehör geben, und durch die thörichtſten und ungereimteſten Ideen regiert werden. Unter den Bauern, Mann für Mann genommen, giebt es kluge und gute Leute in demſelben Verhältniſſe als unter allen übrigen Ständen: aber eine Bauernverſammlung charakteriſirt ſich faſt immer durch Dummheit und Unbändigkeit.

Daher kommen auch die nachtheiligen Begriffe, welche die Höheren von dieſem Theile der Menſchen hegen. Sie betrachten die, welche dazu gehören, faſt immer nur unter dem allgemeinen Geſichtspunkte als Bauern, — nach den allgemeinen Verhältniſſen des Standes, nicht nach den beſondern des perſönlichen Charakters. Auf die individuellen Unterſchiede zwiſchen Bauer und Bauer geben ſie nur wenig Achtung: bei dieſen verweilen ſie wenigſtens mit ihrer Aufmerkſamkeit nicht lange. Aber die Geſinnungen, das Betragen des ganzen Standes, dieſe ſind es vornehmlich, welche ihnen in die Augen fallen, welche ihnen am längſten in Gedanken ſchweben. Und da dieſes Betragen ſich ſelten anders als durch Widerſetzlichkeit, und oft durch Dummheit auszeichnet: ſo entſteht daraus die Veranlaſſung zu ſehr nachtheiligen Urtheilen vom Bauer überhaupt; Urtheile, die nur derjenige prüfen kann, und die der gewiß mildern wird, welcher in die Häuſer der Einzelnen geht, und das Verhalten eines Jeden gegen die Seinigen, gegen ſein Geſinde, ſeine Nachbarn u. ſ. w. unterſucht.

Man findet bei den Bauern noch eine andere Folge von dem esprit de corps: daß nämlich in manchen Gegenden, ſelbſt in einzelnen Dörfern, ein gewiſſer eigner Charakter herrſchend wird; daß ſich die Anlagen zu gewiſſen Laſtern oder Tugenden, — auf der einen Seite Hang zur Trägheit und Liederlichkeit, oder Widerſpenſtigkeit und Grobheit, oder tückiſches Weſen, auf der andern Arbeitſamkeit oder Sparſamkeit, — bei den Einwohnern dieſes oder jenes Diſtrikts gleichſam feſtſetzt und durch mehrere Generationen fortgeht. Man wird eben dies nach dem Zeugniß verſtändiger Officiere unter der Armee bei einzelnen Regimentern, ſelbſt bei Compagnien gewahr: daß ſie ſich durch einen gewiſſen Ton auszeichnen, der in jedem Individuum aus denſelben mehr oder weniger ſichtbar wird. So iſt der Fall bei Univerſitäten, bei Schulen, bei allen ſolchen politiſchen Körpern, deren Mitglieder in einer Entfernung von den übrigen Menſchen leben, ſtark unter ſich zuſammenhängen, und ſich nur durch einen ſo allmählichen Zuwachs wieder ergänzen, daß die vom alten Stamme und von den alten Sitten über die Neuankommenden, wenn ſie auch von anderer Denkungsart wären, immer die Oberhand behalten. Fehler, die in ſolchen Geſellſchaften herrſchend geworden ſind, laſſen ſich deshalb ſchwer und nur langſam vertreiben. Bei den Corps aus dem Soldatenſtande kann ein neuer Befehlshaber ſehr viel ändern, weil dieſer nicht nur Obrigkeit, ſondern auch Erzieher ſeiner Untergebenen iſt. Der Edelmann kann bei ſeinen Bauern weniger, und er kann das nicht ſo ſchnell ausrichten, da er nicht in ſo vielen Verhältniſſen ſie beherrſcht und nicht in ſo immerwährendem Verkehr mit ihnen ſteht.

Die bisher genannten Charakterzüge der Bauern waren aus dem Eigenthümlichen ihrer Lage gleichſam a priori zu ſchließen; andere werden am beſten a poſteriori erkannt, wenn man theils ihre äußern Sitten und ihre Handlungsweiſe betrachtet, theils auf die Meinungen Acht giebt, welche in der Welt von ihnen herrſchen und dann zurückgeht, um von jenen die Gründe, von dieſen die Veranlaſſung aufzuſuchen.

Die Anmerkungen dieſer Art können als Beobachtungen nicht in einem ſtrengen Zuſammenhange unter ſich ſtehn. Die meinigen werden um deſtomehr Stückwerk ſein, da ich nur kurze und immer unterbrochne Beobachtungen anzuſtellen Gelegenheit gehabt habe.

1.

Es iſt ein altes Sprüchwort, wenn der Bauer nicht muß, ſo rührt er weder Hand noch Fuß: und wirklich iſt bei einem großen Theile auch des jungen Dienſtvolks die äußerſte Trägheit in Geberden und Stellungen ſichtbar. Woher kömmt das?

Erſtlich. Von jeder ſchweren körperlichen Arbeit, wenn ſie nicht zugleich abwechſelnd und beluſtigend iſt, oder zum Schauſpiele für Andre dient; wenn ſie die Glieder des Körpers nicht in ſchnelle und lebhafte, ſondern in langſame und anhaltende Bewegung ſetzt: von jeder ſolchen Arbeit iſt wegen der damit verbundenen Ermüdung der Hang zur Trägheit faſt unausbleiblich die Folge. Von dieſer Art iſt die Arbeit des Bauern: ſie macht ſeinen Körper ſteif und unbehülflich, und alſo ſeine Seele geneigt zur Ruhe.

Zweitens. Trägheit iſt eine Folge der Leerheit des Geiſtes. Niemand ſetzt ſich anders in Bewegung, als wenn in ſeiner Seele Begierden entſtehen, welche die Triebfedern zu Handlungen ſind. Und Begierden ſetzen Vorſtellungen, ſetzen Kenntniß von gewiſſen Gütern voraus. Wer nichts denkt, wünſcht auch nichts; und wer nichts wünſcht, wird auch wenig zu thun Luſt haben. Je geringere Bekanntſchaft daher der Bauer mit gewiſſen Bequemlichkeiten und Annehmlichkeiten des Lebens, und je weniger Neigung er dazu hat, deſto ſchwächere Triebfedern hat er auch; folglich deſto weniger Thätigkeit, — wofern ihn nicht Hunger oder äußerer Zwang dazu antreibt. Dieſe Quelle der Trägheit wird unſtreitig durch Verbeſſerung der Erziehung und des Unterrichts verſtopft. Vielleicht trägt die Aufklärung des Bauern nicht immer zu ſeiner moraliſchen Beſſerung bei; denn wir ſehen ja, daß Güte des Charakters oft da fehlt, wo die Cultur am höchſten iſt: aber das thut ſie gewiß, daß ſie ihm ſeine Gedankenloſigkeit benimmt, wodurch auch ſeine Unbeweglichkeit vermindert wird; daß, indem ſie ſeinem Geiſt etwas mehr Beſchäftigung giebt, ſie ihn auch zur äußern Geſchäftigkeit aufgelegter macht.

Vielen Faulen koſtet nur der erſte Schritt etwas. Wenn ſie einmal in Bewegung ſind, ſo fahren ſie mechaniſch fort zu arbeiten, und ſind oft unermüdeter als die, welche mit Luſt und Munterkeit an die Arbeit gingen. Die Urſache iſt dieſe: ihre Faulheit liegt mehr in der Seele als im Körper. Beim Anfange einer Arbeit iſt Nachdenken nöthig, es ſei, um ſich zu entſchließen; es ſei, um die Anſtalten dazu zu treffen. Zur Fortſetzung einer ſolchen Arbeit aber, dergleichen der Bauer ſie hat, iſt nur Anſtrengung der Muskeln nöthig. Wer daher dem Bauer das Denken erleichtert, ihm entweder mehr Gegenſtände dazu darbietet, oder ihn mehr in die Uebung deſſelben bringt, der macht ihn gewiß auch behender, gewandter und thätiger. Jenes thut aber der Unterricht.

Der Charakter des Bauern nähert ſich dem Charakter des Wilden; und dies um deſto mehr, je ungeſitteter er iſt. Die Unthätigkeit des Indiers oder des Hottentotten in ſeiner Hütte iſt unbegreiflich. Er kann halbe Tage lang auf einem Flecke ſitzen oder zuſammengekrümmt wie ein Igel liegen, ohne ſich zu rühren, ohne einen Laut von ſich zu geben. Eben derſelbe Menſch wird, wenn ihn die Luſt oder der Hunger auf die Jagd treibt, wochenlang die Wälder durchſtreifen und in einer unaufhörlichen Bewegung ſein können, ohne zu ermüden. Jene ſchläfrige Ruhe kömmt aus der Gedankenloſigkeit: dieſe unermüdete Thätigkeit kömmt von der Stärke des Körpers. Der Uebergang von dem einen Zuſtande zu dem andern kann nur durch Erregung einer Leidenſchaft geſchehn.

Dieſe Schilderung ſcheint nichts Anderes, als die Karrikatur von dem Bilde vieler unſrer Bauern zu ſein. Ihre Faulheit ſteht immer im Verhältniſſe mit ihrer Grobheit und Dummheit. Sie iſt nicht ſowohl Abneigung vor aller Arbeit, als Abneigung vor der Arbeit, die man ihnen aufträgt, weil ſie die Bewegungsgründe dazu nicht einſehen, oder weil dieſe Bewegungsgründe nicht ſtark genug auf ſie wirken. Sie iſt periodiſch und wechſelt mit Zeiten einer unmäßigen Arbeitſamkeit ab. Sie zeigt ſich hauptſächlich alsdann, wenn der Mann von der Ruhe zur Arbeit aufgefordert wird. Sie kann nicht gehoben werden, wenn nicht die Seele Mittel bekömmt, ſich immerwährend auch in den Zeiten der Ruhe zu beſchäftigen. Nur dadurch wird der Menſch vor dieſer durchgängigen Abſpannung aller ſeiner Kräfte verwahrt, die ihm den Entſchluß zu einer neuen Anſtrengung ſo ſchwer macht.

Der gedankenloſe Bauer iſt faul, weil er keine Verbeſſerung ſeines Zuſtandes wünſcht, und ſich nach keinen Mitteln, ſich ſolche zu verſchaffen, umſieht. Aber auch der überlegende Bauer wird träge und läſſig, wenn er nach dieſen Mitteln lange vergeblich geſucht, wenn er gar keine Ausſicht vor ſich hat, zu den beſſern Umſtänden, die er wohl wünſcht, zu gelangen. Die natürliche Begierde des Menſchen, ſich glücklicher zu machen, iſt wie jede andere Triebfeder: ihre Spannkraft wird durch einen zu großen Gegendruck, den ſie nicht zu überwinden vermag, endlich zerſtört. Die Thätigkeit ermattet unter beſtändigen Fehlſchlagungen. So werden Familien, ſo werden ganze Gemeinden, in denen weder Dummheit noch Unempfindlichkeit herrſcht, faul, wenn ſie vielleicht durch mehrere Generationen immer vergeblich geſtrebt haben, aus der Armuth herauszukommen. Da alſo, wo der Landmann entweder keine Gelegenheit zu Gewinn bringenden Arbeiten hat, oder wo die Arbeiten zu ſchlecht gelohnt werden und keinen der darauf gewandten Zeit und Mühe verhältnißmäßigen Verdienſt geben, oder wo durch landesherrliche oder herrſchaftliche Abgaben zu viel von dieſem Gewinn abgenommen wird; kurz, wo der Bauer mit ſeinem ſauerſten Schweiße doch nichts vor ſich bringen kann: da entſteht dieſe, ich möchte ſagen erzwungene Faulheit, die ſich von der natürlichen, ſowohl der Art als der Urſache nach, unterſcheidet. Der Bauer, da er alle andre Wünſche aufgeben muß, ſucht endlich das einzige Vergnügen, das dem ohnmächtigen Menſchen übrig bleibt, die Ruhe.

Daß dieſes ſo ſei, zeigt ſich durch deutliche Erfahrungen, wenn man Achtung giebt, in welchen Ländern, Gegenden und Zeiten die fleißigen, und in welchen die faulen Leute wohnen und leben.

1. Faſt immer wird man in den fruchtbarſten Gegenden eines Landes, an den Flüſſen, in der Nachbarſchaft großer Städte die Emſigkeit, — und auf dürren unfruchtbaren Haiden, in abgelegenen Oertern, in unbevölkerten und unbeſuchten Gegenden die Faulheit zu Hauſe finden. Wenn ein fruchtbarer Boden und die Nähe der Käufer für die gewonnenen Erzeugniſſe an einem Orte zuſammen kömmt: ſo iſt es faſt unfehlbar, daß ſeine Einwohner betriebſam ſein werden.

2. Man ſieht aus der Geſchichte der Colonien, wie erſtaunlich fleißig die Menſchen in einem Lande ſind, welches ſie erſt zu bebauen anfangen und deſſen Grund und Boden noch ſo wenig vertheilt iſt, daß jeder ſein Erbtheil nach Maßgabe ſeines Fleißes und ſeiner Geſchicklichkeit erweitern kann. Freilich giebt dieſen Ankömmlingen, die ein wüſtes Land anpflanzen, auch die bloße Nothwendigkeit, ſich vor Hunger, vor den Elementen und wilden Thieren zu ſchützen, eine größere Energie. Aber dieſer Antrieb hat auf die Kinder und Kindeskinder der Anbauer keinen Einfluß. Entweder überwinden die Menſchen dieſe Hinderniſſe bald, oder ſie werden von ihnen überwunden. Hingegen die Leichtigkeit, mit welcher jeder Vater durch Urbarmachung wüſter Flecke ſeinen Kindern neue Beſitzungen verſchaffen kann, die Möglichkeit, welche der Fleißige und Verſtändige vor ſich ſieht, ſein Eigenthum ohne Ende zu erweitern: dieſer Antrieb dauert in ſolchen Colonien lange fort. Daher werden in dieſen erſten Zeiten des Anbaues in dem zuvor unbewohnten Lande in kurzer Zeit Werke zu Stande gebracht, über welche die Nachkommenſchaft, wenn ſie nun den Grund und Boden unter ſich vertheilt hat und an eine ruhigere Arbeit gewöhnt iſt, erſtaunt. Sie iſt alsdann in Verſuchung zu glauben, was doch von andern Seiten ſo wenige Wahrſcheinlichkeit hat, daß in frühern Zeiten die Bevölkerung müſſe größer geweſen ſein. So viele Ableitungen, ſagt man, ſo viele Graben, Brücken, Schleuſen, Wege, Dämme, Gebäude waren zu errichten. Wo kamen die Hände dazu her? Die Antwort kann keine andre ſein, als daß die Hände fleißiger waren; daß Noth und große Hoffnungen alle Glieder belebten: daß von der Arbeit, die gethan wurde, noch alle, welche Hand daran legten, auch die Früchte genoſſen oder zu genießen hofften: und daß daher die Vereinigung der Kräfte der Geſellſchaft vollkommner war als jetzt, weil Jeder in dem allgemeinen Beſten ſeinen Privatvortheil fand.

In unſern längſt gegründeten und gleichſam ſchon alternden Staaten, wo Viele für Einen arbeiten, und eine Menge der Fleißigen faſt leer an aller Belohnung ausgeht, iſt Eifer und Luſt bei einem großen Theile erloſchen, und es geſchehen nur die nothwendigen Arbeiten kümmerlich, da unter andern Umſtänden dieſelbe Anzahl von Händen weit mehrere gut zu Stande bringen würde.

3. Was man von den Urſachen des Fleißes und der Faulheit durch die Vergleichung der verſchiedenen Perioden in der Geſchichte einer Nation entdeckt, das wird durch die Vergleichung verſchiedener Nationen oder verſchiedner Provinzen in derſelben Periode beſtätigt. Faulheit und Fleiß des Landmannes richten ſich, wenn andre Urſachen gleich ſind, nach der billigern oder unbilligern, mehr oder weniger drückenden Einrichtung ſeiner Frohndienſte. Da, wo ſie ihm zu viel Zeit rauben, ſo daß er deren für ſeinen Erwerb keine übrig behält, oder wo ſie ihm zu ſchlecht bezahlt werden, da iſt er faul. Beſonders reizt nichts ſo ſehr zur Faulheit, als Dienſte, die immer gefordert werden können und nicht immer gebraucht werden. Ein Bauer in dieſen Umſtänden iſt nie Herr über ſeine Zeit; er wird aber auch nicht die ganze Zeit über in den Dienſten ſeiner Herrſchaft beſchäftigt. Dadurch gewöhnt er ſich zu einem müßigen Erwarten der ihm aufzutragenden Arbeit oder zu einer langſamen Vollziehung derſelben.

4. An allen Orten, wo man eine neue Art der Induſtrie hinbringt, oder wo ſie ſich von ſelbſt einfindet, da werden die Einwohner auf einmal fleißiger. Ein Reiſender, der in dieſem oder jenem Bezirk eines Landes eine beſondre Munterkeit und auch einen mehrern Wohlſtand des Landmannes bemerkt, forſche nur nach den Umſtänden dieſes Bezirks: und er wird gemeiniglich hören, daß in demſelben der Bauer noch irgend eine Gelegenheit hat, außer ſeinem Ackerbau etwas zu verdienen, es ſei durch Fahren oder durch die Gärtnerei oder durch eine Manufaktur; er wird hören, daß eine große Landſtraße durchgeht, oder daß einige reiche Städte in der Nähe liegen, wo die gewonnenen Erzeugniſſe in größerer Menge und um beſſere Preiſe abgeſetzt werden können. Kurz, wie Arbeit Gewinn bringt, ſo bringt Gewinn Luſt zur Arbeit hervor. Man zeige dem Bauer, ſagte ein einſichtsvoller und begüterter Edelmann Schleſiens zu mir, einen Weg, durch Geſchicklichkeit und Arbeitſamkeit empor zu kommen, und er wird ihn gewiß einſchlagen. Dieſer Edelmann ſelbſt hat den Wetteifer ſeiner Unterthanen ſowohl zum Fleiße als zur Erziehung ihrer Kinder ſchon dadurch allein erweckt, daß er ſeine Vögte und Amtsleute aus denſelben genommen hat, wenn ſich Einige durch Arbeitſamkeit und Verſtand auszeichneten.

Außer Dummheit oder Mangel des Erwerbs giebt es noch eine dritte Urſache von der Faulheit des Landmanns, die in einem ihm ſehr gewöhnlichen Fehler liegt; das iſt die Neigung zum Trunke. Verſoffene Bauern ſind nothwendig faul. Das Uebermaaß in hitzigen Getränken macht ſie zuförderſt dumm und zum Nachdenken — alſo auch zu einer zweckmäßigen Arbeit — untüchtig. Und dann iſt es nur der Trunk, der ſie ohne Arbeit von dem quälenden Gefühle der langen Weile befreien kann. Nur wenige, auch faule Bauern, ſind fähig, in ihrem Hauſe müßig zu gehn; aber in der Schenke ganze Tage ohne andern Zeitvertreib, als das Glas Bier oder Brandtwein, welches immer angefüllt vor ihnen ſteht, zuzubringen, das lernen ſie bald. In einem Stande, wo geſellſchaftliche Zerſtreuungen fehlen, hat der Fleiß keinen größern Feind als die Trunkenheit.

Ich habe ſchon oben geſagt, daß eine der Urſachen von der Trägheit des Bauers auch in ſeinem Körper liegt, der, ermüdet von ſchwerer Arbeit, und ungeübt in einer geſchickten Bewegung ſeiner Glieder, in kurzem unbehülflich wird. Ich will hierzu noch Folgendes ſetzen. Es iſt nicht zu leugnen, daß, wo der Bauer durch übertriebene Dienſte geplagt, oder um ſich zu erhalten zu einer raſtloſen Arbeit genöthigt iſt, dabei aber durch zu ſchlechte, unverdauliche oder zu ſparſame Koſt genährt wird, ſein Körper nothwendig ſchwach und ſein Blut träge werden muß. Der erſte Grund zu dieſer Schwäche wird in der Kindheit gelegt. Der wohlgenährte Bauernknabe, der überdies nicht zu zeitig ſchwere Laſten zu heben bekömmt und eine Kleidung und ein Lager hat, welche ihn vor der Witterung ſchützen, erwächſt natürlicherweiſe zu einem ſtärkern, behendern und alſo thätigern Manne als der, welchen ſeine Eltern mit genauer Noth und nur mit der elendeſten Koſt ſättigen, der ſchon als Kind die Arbeiten des Jünglings thun ſoll und der, in einem leinenen Kittel und auf einem elenden Strohſacke, nicht ſelten des Winters friert, wenn er ſich durch Schlaf und Ruhe erholen ſollte. Fleiſchſpeiſen ſind es ohne Zweifel, die dem Körper am meiſten zugleich Kräfte und Behendigkeit geben, weil ſie, auch in nicht zu großer Menge genoſſen, den Körper hinlänglich nähren. Grobe Mehlſpeiſen und Zugemüſe, wenn ſie auch den Körper eben ſo ſtark machen, machen ihn doch gewiß träger, weil ſie in zu großer Quantität genoſſen werden müſſen, und den Magen alſo durch das größere Volumen beſchweren.

Auf der andern Seite aber wird auch eine Bauernklaſſe vor der andern fauler oder fleißiger ſein, nachdem ihre Verrichtungen mehr oder weniger Anſtrengung des Körpers und Aufmerkſamkeit der Seele erfordern: und wie die zu viele, zu ununterbrochene, ſo macht auch die wenige, die zu leichte Arbeit träge. Perſonen, die mit Aufmerkſamkeit auf dem Lande gelebt, haben mich verſichert, daß die Hirten, wie die dümmſten, ſo die faulſten unter den Bauern wären. Es iſt begreiflich. Kein anderer als ein Menſch ohne Fähigkeiten kann bei einer ſo einförmigen Beſchäftigung lange aushalten. Und hat einer von beſſerm Stoff aus Noth dieſelbe mehrere Jahre getrieben, ſo muß er nothwendig gedankenleerer und zu Verrichtungen, welche Nachdenken und anhaltende Arbeit erfordern, ungeſchickter werden *).

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*) Die Kuhhirten auf den Alpen ſind nicht ſo dumm, noch unthätig. Das weiß ich. Auch unſre Schäfer ſind es nicht. Jene haben die ganze Viehwirthſchaft über ſich; — dieſe haben in Ver-

Ein andrer Unterſchied, ſagen dieſe Perſonen, iſt zwiſchen dem Fleiße des Hofknechts, der Hofmagd und zwiſchen dem Fleiße eines Bauers oder einer Bäuerin, die ihrer eignen Wirthſchaft vorſtehen. Oft werden diejenigen, die als Hofgeſinde fleißig geweſen ſind, träge Wirthe. Das kömmt erſtlich daher: ſie ſind gewöhnt worden, immer Befehle zu bekommen, und von Andern getrieben zu werden. Es fehlt ihnen nicht an der nöthigen Kraft und Luſt, ihre Glieder zu bewegen: aber es fehlt ihnen an derjenigen Thätigkeit der Seele, von der ich gleich anfangs geredet habe; an der, welche nöthig iſt, um Entſchlüſſe zu faſſen, über die Folge und Ordnung ihrer Verrichtungen nachzudenken, das, was heute geſchehen muß, von dem, was auf morgen verſchoben werden kann, zu unterſcheiden. Ueberdies thut es ihnen, bei ihrer Entlaſſung aus dem Herrendienſte, ſo wohl, nicht zur Arbeit gezwungen zu werden, daß ſie auch die, welche ihnen die Liebe zu ihrem eignen Wohl auferlegen ſollte, unterlaſſen. Sie ſind immer getrieben worden; ſich ſelbſt anzutreiben haben ſie nicht gelernt.

Ein Gutsherr wird am beſten den Fleiß unter ſeinen Unterthanen befördern, ſetzten meine Freunde hinzu, wenn er dieſelben kennen zu lernen und ſie nach ihren Anlagen und ihrem Charakter auf diejenige Stelle zu befördern ſucht, welche ſie am beſten auszufüllen gemacht ſind; wenn er die, welche befohlne Arbeit unter Aufſicht gut und emſig machen, als Geſinde braucht, und in dem Dienſtſtande erhält; denen aber, welche Kopf und natürlichen Fleiß haben, um ſich ihre Arbeit ſelbſt zu wählen, zu dem Beſitze von eignen Grundſtücken verhilft. Er thut unrecht, ſagten ſie weiter, und befördert die Faulheit, wenn er ihr ſo zu ſagen nachgiebt, und diejenigen, welche einen Hang dazu haben, zu Verrichtungen beſtimmt, welche wenig oder keine ſchwere Arbeit erfordern, wenn er ſie z. E. zu Haideläufern macht. Ruhe und Bequemlichkeit muß die Belohnung des Fleißigen ſein. Nur derjenige Herr kann unter ſeinen Vaſallen den Fleiß aufmuntern, der zugleich im Stande und bemüht iſt, (denn ungerecht wäre es, dies von allen Gutsbeſitzern zu fordern), denen, welche mehr und ſchwerer gearbeitet haben, als Andre, in ihrem Alter ein etwas beſſeres Auskommen mit Gemächlichkeit zu verſchaffen.

II.

Eine andre Eigenſchaft jedes, in der Unwiſſenheit und Niedrigkeit erzogenen Menſchen iſt eine mit Scheu verbundne Neugier in Abſicht alles deſſen, was fremd iſt. Die Unwiſſenheit des Bauers macht, daß er an neuen Gegenſtänden oder unbekannten Perſonen, beſonders wenn Letztere aus den höhern Ständen ſind, etwas Außerordentliches findet, das ſeine Verwunderung erregt, oder wenigſtens ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit feſſelt. Seine Ungewohnheit, mit Andern als mit ſeines Gleichen und mit Bekannten umzugehn, macht, daß er ſich mit Fremden nicht zu benehmen weiß, und ſich alſo im eigentlichen Verſtande vor ihnen ſchämt. Das Gefühl ſeiner Niedrigkeit und Schwäche endlich erregt etwas der Furcht Aehnliches, das nicht ſelten mit Widerwillen verbunden iſt, wenn der Fremde weit über ihm zu ſein ſcheint. Alle dieſe Gemüthsbewegungen äußern ſich um deſto mehr, je ſchlechter erzogen, je plumper, je unwiſſender und je ſklaviſcher der Bauer iſt. Sie bilden ſich überdies noch auf mehr als eine Art um, nach der beſondern Lage, in welcher ſich der Stand der Bauern überhaupt, oder gerade die Geſellſchaft der Bauern befindet, unter welche der Fremde geräth.

Ich habe auf meinen kleinen Ausflügen in Schleſien und in den angrenzenden Provinzen Deutſchlands eine fünffache Begegnung des Landmanns gegen Fremde bemerkt.

Da, wo er ganz ungeſchliffen und dumm iſt, gafft er ſie an, ohne eine andere Bewegung. Der Anzug des Fremden, ſein Thun und Laſſen, iſt für einen ſolchen Bauer eine ſeltſame Erſcheinung, die er ſich nicht zu erklären weiß, und die ſeine wenigen, bloß in den Bezirk ſeines Dorfs eingeſchränkten Begriffe auf gewiſſe Weiſe in Verwirrung bringt. Ich glaube, daß ein Reiſender den Grad dieſer mit Befremdung vermiſchten Neugier, die er unter den Einwohnern eines Dorfs erregt, ſo lange ihm andre Gelegenheiten, dieſe kennen zu lernen, fehlen, ziemlich richtig als den Maßſtab der Verfeinerung und Aufklärung brauchen kann, zu welchem ſie gelangt ſind. Wenn ich in einem Dorfe bemerke, daß Junge und Alte ruhig ihren Weg fortgehn, geſetzt auch, daß ſie einen beſſer oder anders gekleideten Menſchen, — oder wenn ſie ihn auf andere Weiſe ſich betragen, anders beſchäftiget ſehen, als ſie ſelbſt ſind, da ſchließe ich ſchon auf eine gewiſſe Bildung des Verſtandes und der Sitten. Dieſe Menſchen, ſage ich zu mir ſelbſt, müſſen entweder ſchon mehr Sachen geſehen haben, um das, was ihnen jetzt vorkömmt, nicht mehr neu zu finden: oder ſie müſſen beſſer und ſchneller urtheilen und Begriffe verbinden können, um ſich das, was ihnen wirklich als neu erſcheint, bald zu erklären, und dadurch ihrer Verwunderung Einhalt zu thun. In beiden Fällen ſind ſie gewiß klüger als Andre ihres Gleichen.

Zweitens. Da wo der Bauer durch Unterdrückung ſklaviſch geworden iſt, bezeigt er ſich gegen jeden anſehnlichen Fremden ſehr demüthig, aber eben an ſolchen Orten wird er auch leicht dieſen Fremden anbetteln. Die Schüchternheit des Sklaven iſt mit der Unverſchämtheit des Bettlers nahe verwandt.

Drittens. Der tückiſche und etwas boshafte Bauer iſt ſehr zum Spott über Fremde oder ſolche Perſonen, die etwas ihm Auffallendes an ſich haben, geneigt. Wer zu Fuße durch ein Land reiſt, wird ſehr oft das erfahren, was Moritzen in England widerfuhr; daß er, ohne ſich des geringſten Uebelſtandes bewußt zu ſein, bei der Jugend in den Dörfern ein Gelächter hinter ſich her erregt: beſonders wenn der bäuriſchen Zuſchauer viele beiſammen ſind. Dieſe Neigung des gemeinen Mannes, über Alle, die nicht ſeines Gleichen, und doch nicht ſeine Herren ſind, zu ſpotten, iſt im Grunde ein Zug von kindiſchem Charakter. Denn der Menſch ohne Erziehung bleibt in vielen Rückſichten immer Kind. Das Fremde und Unbekannte wirkt nämlich auf ſolchen auf eine doppelte Weiſe. Iſt es zugleich mit den Zeichen von überlegner Macht oder Würde verbunden, als z. B. wenn ein Wagen mit ſechſen gefahren kömmt, oder ein Herr mit mehreren Bedienten einhertritt; ſind der Fremden mehrere, und der Zuſchauer aus dem Pöbel wenige: ſo erregt es Furcht; der Bauerknabe verbirgt ſich alsdann. Hat es aber nichts Fürchterliches; fühlt der Bauer, der den Fremden ſieht, ſeine Ueberlegenheit für dieſen Augenblick, es ſei durch die Anzahl ſeiner Kameraden oder auf andre Weiſe, iſt er außerdem bei der Luſt: ſo wird der Contraſt zwiſchen ihm und den Fremden ihm leicht in einem lächerlichen Lichte vorkommen. Was ihm vorher fürchterlich war, iſt ihm jetzt nur fremd und poſſirlich. In dieſem Verhältniſſe darf nur Etwas geändert werden; der Fremde, welcher der Bauern-Geſellſchaft nicht ehrwürdig vorkömmt, oder den ſie, weil er ohne Begleitung iſt, augenſcheinlich nicht zu fürchten hat, darf nur über ihr Feld, oder durch ihre Gärten gehn, oder ſich irgend Etwas erlauben, was ſie als einen Eingriff in ihr Eigenthum anſieht, auch wenn er daſſelbe nicht im mindeſten verletzt: ſo wird der Trotz, anſtatt in Spöttereien, vielmehr in Schimpfreden und Grobheiten ausbrechen. Dieſe größre oder geringere Bereitwilligkeit der Dorf-Einwohner einer Gegend, Unbekannten einen ihnen ſelbſt unſchädlichen Gebrauch ihres Eigenthums zu verſtatten, iſt ebenfalls ein Zug, woran der Reiſende Denkungsart und Charakter derſelben erkennen kann.

Viertens. Diejenigen Bauern, welche durch Wohlhabenheit, Kriegsdienſte oder größre Unabhängigkeit mehr Zuverſicht zu ſich ſelbſt bekommen haben, und zugleich etwas mehr Weltkenntniß beſitzen, doch ohne dadurch moraliſch gebildet worden zu ſein, ſind gegen Fremde trocken und kalt. Sie laſſen keine beſondre Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſie blicken. Sie beantworten, was ſie gefragt werden, nur kurz und einſilbig. Sie laſſen ſich nicht durch jeden Schein blenden. Sie müſſen des Ranges oder des Reichthums des Fremden gewiß ſein, wenn ſie ihm höflich begegnen oder dienſtfertig gegen ihn ſein ſollen. Dieſe Vorzüge, deren Beſchaffenheit und Werth ſie beſſer als Andere ihres Standes kennen gelernt haben, haben für ſie eine Wichtigkeit, durch welche der Eindruck der bloßen Neuheit verdrängt wird. Ihr erſter Gedanke alſo, wenn ſie einen Fremden ſehen, iſt insgemein, danach zu forſchen, von welchem Stande und wie reich er ſein möge. Fallen die Nachrichten, die ſie einziehen, günſtig für ihn aus, ſo werden ſie geſprächig und dienſtwillig. Finden ſie das Gegentheil, ſo bleiben ſie ſtumm und kalt. — In dem Uebergange von gänzlicher Rohheit zu dem wahrhaft geſitteten Weſen giebt es eine mittlere Stufe, wo der Menſch gegen die Unterſchiede des Glücks ſehr aufmerkſam iſt, größre Vorzüge aber noch nicht kennt. Auf dieſer Stufe ſteht derjenige Bauer, deſſen Betragen gegen Fremde ich jetzt beſchrieben habe. Da er den Reichen und Vornehmen nicht bloß fürchtet, ſondern ſchätzt: ſo iſt in ihm gewiß ſchon eine Begierde, ſelbſt vornehmer und reicher zu werden. Und dies zieht unfehlbar größre Betriebſamkeit nach ſich.

Eine fünfte Art des Betragens gegen Fremde iſt die eigennützige Freundlichkeit und Dienſtfertigkeit, die nur bloß auf den Beutel derſelben ſieht. Sie findet ſich bei einem durch Induſtrie und durch Handel ſich bereichernden Landvolke mehr, als bei einem, das bloß vom Ackerbau lebt; ſie findet ſich in allen Ländern leicht an den großen Heerſtraßen ein, wo der Durchzug der Fremden häufig iſt. Jenes Landvolk iſt zur Sparſamkeit und Aufhäufung kleiner Gewinnſte gewöhnt, und verachtet alſo keinen: Jedermann iſt ihm willkommen, welcher ihm Ge-

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pflegung der Schaafe einen Gegenſtand abwechſelnder Beſchäftigungen. Unſre ſogenannten Hirten thun nichts, als daß ſie das Vieh auf der Weide hüten.

was zu ſeinem geſammelten Schatze hinzuthut; nur umſonſt iſt bei ihm nichts zu haben. Bei dem Bauer im letztern Falle wird der Eigennutz durch die Gelegenheit, die er hat, viel auf einmal zu gewinnen, vergrößert, und ſeine natürliche Dienſtfertigkeit, wenn er deren zuvor hatte, wird durch die Menge derer, die Anſpruch darauf machen, geſchwächt. In den kleinern Cantons der Schweiz und in den höhern Alpen iſt die Gaſtfreiheit und Dienſtfertigkeit zu Hauſe: in den häufiger beſuchten Ebnen dieſes Landes herrſcht der Eigennutz.

Doch die Beobachtung der Bauern mehrerer Länder zeigt deutlich, daß die äußere Lage nicht Alles beim Menſchen thut. Naturell und Umſtände müſſen zuſammenkommen, wenn eine gewiſſe Wirkung im Charakter und Betragen unausbleiblich erfolgen ſoll.

III.

Man lernt den Charakter eines Standes nicht beſſer kennen, als wenn man ihn mit dem Charakter der ihm ähnlichſten Stände vergleicht. Wenn ich auf dieſe Weiſe den Bauer mit dem geringern Handwerksmanne in den Städten vergleiche: ſo entdecke ich folgende Eigenheiten an jedem.

Auf der einen Seite ſind viele Handwerker mehr eingeſchränkt in ihren Begriffen; ſie ſind nicht ſo klug, ſo überwerſen, ſo bekannt mit den Vorſichts-Regeln, welche man im Verkehr mit Andern, bei Sachen, die das Eigenthum betreffen, zu beobachten hat, nicht in Ränken ſo erfinderiſch als der Bauer. In der That hat der gemeine Handwerksmann mit wenigern und einförmigern Gegenſtänden zu thun. Er iſt in ſeiner Stube eingeſchloſſen; was er in der Jugend gelernt hat, wiederholt er nur ohne Aufhören ganz mechaniſch: er ſteht, vermöge ſeiner Unabhängigkeit ſelbſt, und weil er keine liegende Gründe beſitzt, in weniger bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen. Der Bauer hingegen hat ein weiteres Feld von Betrachtungen. Die Landwirthſchaft erfordert mehrere auf einander folgende Arbeiten, die nicht immer auf einerlei Art, noch in gleicher Ordnung geſchehn können, und die alſo immer neue Ueberlegung brauchen. Die freie Luft und Bewegung ermuntert auch den Geiſt, und viele der bäuriſchen Geſchäfte laſſen dem Bauer Freiheit zu denken, worüber er will, und wenn er mit Andern arbeitet, auch davon zu reden. Der Bauer iſt überdies Eigenthümer, Lehnsmann, Pächter, er kauft und verkauft. Alle Arten von Contracten kommen ihm unter die Hände; er erhält von den verſchiedenen Arten des Eigenthums und ihrer Unterordnung Begriffe: er lernt viele der perſönlichen und dinglichen Rechte aus ſeinem eignen Zuſtande kennen, von welchen der geringere Einwohner der Städte nichts erfähret. Dieſer iſt daher weit weniger Juriſt und Rechenmeiſter als der Bauer. Da er überdies nicht ſo oft in den Fall kömmt, Rechenſchaft von ſeinen Handlungen geben und ſich entſchuldigen zu müſſen, ſo hat er weniger Liſt und Verſtellungskunſt.

Der Bauer auf der andern Seite iſt erſtlich in ſeinem Aeußern ungebildeter und rauher als der Handwerksmann. Man pflegt dies gemeiniglich Grobheit zu nennen. Er hat ſeltner Leute von höherm Stande und beſſerer Erziehung vor Augen, und hat weniger Antrieb des Ehrgeizes, ſie nachzuahmen. Seine Sitten bleiben alſo ſo, wie er ſie bei ſeines Gleichen von Jugend auf geſehen hat, und ſo wie ſie zu ſeiner Beſchäftigung und zu dem Grade der Ausbildung ſeines Gemüths ſich ſchicken. Es iſt nichts Fremdes, nichts Angenommenes an ihm: aber das Eigene iſt noch roh und ungeſchliffen. Der Handwerker hingegen, der den Vornehmen näher iſt, der oft, obgleich immer nur auf kurze Zeit, mit ihnen zu thun hat, und der weder durch ſeine Erziehung vorbereitet iſt, noch durch die Art ſeines Umgangs mit den Vornehmern angeleitet wird, ſich nach den Muſtern, die er gelegentlich ſieht, wirklich zu bilden: der Handwerksmann, ſage ich, nimmt einzelne Ausdrücke, Stellungen, Gebräuche von ihnen an, die zu ſeiner übrigen Handlungsweiſe, ſelbſt zu ſeiner Denkungsart und ſeinen bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen nicht paſſen. Er wird daher nicht ſelten affectirt; er bekömmt einen falſchen Wohlſtand. Dieſes Gemiſch von vornehmen und gemeinen Sitten iſt es eben, was man das bürgerliche Air nennt, und welches in verſchiedenen Graden allen ſtädtiſchen Gewerben anklebt, bis es ſich endlich bei denjenigen Perſonen verliert, welche entweder durch ſehr ausgebreitete Geſchäfte einen großen Umgang mit der Welt bekommen, oder wegen des alten Wohlſtandes ihrer Familien einer frühzeitigen Cultur ihres Verſtandes und ihrer Sitten theilhaft geworden ſind. Oft iſt daher der Handwerker von dem wahren Anſtande, der immer das Natürliche vorausſetzt, weiter entfernt als der Bauer. Man ſieht auch, daß ein geſunder, wohlgebildeter, wenn gleich noch ſo tölpiſcher Bauer leichter zu dem Anſtand, den die militairiſche Disciplin fordert, gebracht wird als ein Schneider- oder Schuſter-Geſelle. Dieſes kommt zum Theil auch daher, daß zwar der Körper des Bauern durch ſeine Arbeit ſehr ermüdet und abgehärtet wird, daher auch ſeine Seele etwas, theils von Trägheit, theils von ähnlicher Rauhigkeit und Härte bekommt; daß er aber doch nicht ſo zuſammengeſchrumpft, nicht ſo verſchoben und gleichſam gelähmt iſt, als der Körper vieler ſitzenden Handwerksleute, welche daher wegen des Zuſammenhanges, der zwiſchen Körper und Geiſt iſt, auch in ihren Urtheilen, Sitten und ihrem ganzen Betragen etwas Schiefes und Verſchobenes bemerken laſſen.

An geſchärftem Mutterwitze, an Geſundheit und Stärke des Körpers alſo thut es der Bauer dem geringern Einwohner der Städte zuvor. Dieſer aber gewinnt wieder einigen Vorzug durch ſeine Erziehung und durch ſeine Freiheit. Im Ganzen iſt der Unterricht in den Landſchulen doch noch ſchlechter als der, welchen die gemeine Jugend in den Städten erhält. Der Handwerksburſche iſt in den Zeiten ſeiner Lehrjahre unter einer ſtrengen Aufſicht, wird zur Arbeit und Eingezogenheit angehalten, und vor den Ausſchweifungen ſeines Alters eben durch ſeine Häuslichkeit bewahrt. Iſt er in einer frommen und gutdenkenden Familie, ſo werden ihm durch gute Beiſpiele oder durch Leſen und Unterricht doch einige religiöſe und ſittliche Grundſätze eingeflößt. Der Bauerjunge iſt mehr ſich ſelbſt überlaſſen, beſonders ſobald er anfängt zu dienen: er iſt eher den Verſuchungen der Wolluſt ausgeſetzt, und hat faſt mehr Gelegenheit, die aufkeimenden Lüſte zu befriedigen; er iſt mit vielen eben ſo jungen rohen Menſchen, als er ſelbſt iſt, und auch mit liederlichen in Geſellſchaft; er hört aus der Predigt ſelten etwas Moraliſches oder zur Religion Gehöriges. Wenn der junge Handwerker heranwächſt, und ſich in ſeinem Stande anſäſſig macht: ſo nimmt er doch an der Aufklärung, die in der Stadt und in dem Zeitalter herrſcht, einigen Antheil, theils durch die Gelegenheit, die er hat, auch gute Kanzel-Vorträge zu hören, theils durch die Bücher, die ihm in die Hände fallen, theils endlich durch manche gelegentliche Unterredung mit Männern von Einſicht. Der Bauer findet außer ſeinen Geſchäften, ſeinen Erfahrungen und ſeinem Nachdenken ſelten neue Quellen des Unterrichts in ſeinem höhern Alter, unabhängig von denen, welche er in ſeinen Kinderjahren gehabt hat. Daher dauern bei ihm die ererbten oder in der Jugend erlernten Begriffe und mit denſelben auch alte Vorurtheile am längſten fort: und ſein Geſchmack, ſeine Religionskenntniſſe, ſeine phyſikaliſchen und moraliſchen Einſichten ſind hinter dem Grade der Erleuchtung des Zeitalters weiter zurück, als die des gemeinen Bürgers. In Welthändeln und Geſchäften weiß er ſich mehr Rath: im Räſonniren, in wiſſenſchaftlichen Begriffen, in Kenntniß allgemeiner Wahrheiten iſt ihm der Städter überlegen.

Dieſer iſt ferner frei: ein zweiter Umſtand, der, wenn er auch nicht ſeinen Charakter ſehr veredelt, doch ihm manchen Anlaß zur Verſchlimmerung benimmt. Der Bauer iſt auch da, wo wie in Deutſchland keine Leibeigenſchaft Statt findet, doch dem Beſitzer des Grundes und Bodens, den er bewohnt, als ſeinem Richter und zugleich ſeinem Dienſtherrn unterworfen, der in dem erſten Verhältniſſe die allgemeinen Geſetze an ihm oder in ſeinen Angelegenheiten zu vollziehen, in dem andern beſondre Dienſte und Abgaben für ſich ſelbſt zu fordern hat. Der Handwerksgeſelle dient auch: aber er kann ſeinen Herrn verlaſſen, ſobald dieſer ihm nicht mehr gefällt; und dieſer Herr iſt nicht ſeine Obrigkeit. Selbſt der Handwerksmann ſteht in einer mannigfaltigen Abhängigkeit, — unter vielerlei Zwange: aber dieſe Herrſchaft, die über ihn ausgeübt wird, iſt unter Viele vertheilt; ſie iſt weniger ſichtbar und alſo weniger beſchwerlich. Der Bauer hat eine einzige Perſon vor Augen, die ihm durch die Macht, welche ſie ausübt, fürchterlich, durch die Abgaben und Dienſte, die ſie von ihm fordert, oft verhaßt iſt. Er ſieht oder bildet ſich ein, daß ſeine Vortheile mit den Vortheilen dieſer Perſon in beſtändigem Widerſpruche ſtehn. In dieſer Lage, wenn nicht Religion und ein natürlich guter Charakter dem Menſchen zu Hülfe kommt, erlangt Haß, Bitterkeit, Widerwillen die Herrſchaft in der Seele. Und da der Bauer zu ohnmächtig iſt, dieſe Leidenſchaften durch offenbaren Widerſtand auszulaſſen, ſo nimmt er zum Betruge, zur Liſt, zu heimlichen Ränken ſeine Zuflucht.

Dies mag es wohl ſein, was dem Bauer den beſondern Beinamen des tückiſchen zugezogen hat, mit welchem man ſo oft das Eigenthümliche ſeines Charakters bezeichnet.

Ich habe lange ſtudirt, was das Wort tückiſch, welches ich nie öfter gehört habe, als wenn von Bauern die Rede geweſen iſt, eigentlich bedeute. Es iſt nicht gleichgeltend mit betrügeriſch. Es iſt nicht ſo hart als dieſes; es geht aber mehr auf den ganzen Charakter, da das Wort betrügeriſch mehr auf einzelne Handlungen geht. — Das Wort liſtig drückt etwas zu Allgemeines aus: das tückiſche Weſen iſt eine Unterart von der Liſt.

Außer den Bauern ſind es vornehmlich die Kinder, von denen man ſagt, daß ſie tückiſch ausſehen. Es ſoll alſo ohne Zweifel ein Gemiſch von kindiſchem Weſen, von Einfalt, von Schwäche, — mit Bosheit, mit Liſt anzeigen. Ich will die Phyſiognomie zu Hülfe nehmen, um das Geiſtige, welches jener Ausdruck bezeichnen ſoll, mir zu erklären. Jeder erinnert ſich ohne Zweifel, ſolche Geſichter von Bauernknaben geſehn zu haben, wo das eine Auge, oder auch vielleicht beide unter den halbgeſchloſſenen Augenliedern wie verſtohlen hervorſchielen, der Mund offen und zu einem ſpöttiſchen, etwas dummen Lachen verzogen, der Kopf gegen die Bruſt angedrückt oder doch zur Erde geſenkt iſt, als wenn er ſich verbergen wollte: mit einem Worte Geſichter, in welchen ſich Furcht, Blödigkeit, Einfalt, mit Spott und Abneigung vermiſcht, abmalen. Solche Knaben ſtehen, wenn man Etwas von ihnen verlangt, oder zu ihnen redet, unbeweglich und ſtumm wie ein Stock; ſie antworten auf keine Frage, die der Vorübergehende thut. Ihre Muskeln ſind wie ſteif und unbeweglich. Sobald aber der Fremde ſich ein wenig entfernt hat, laufen ſie zu ihren Kameraden und brechen in ein lautes Gelächter aus.

Man kann nach wahrſcheinlichen Vermuthungen glauben, daß einige mit dieſem Ausdrucke des Geſichts, mit dieſem Betragen übereinſtimmende Züge in dem Charakter des Bauern mehr als in dem Charakter anderer Stände lebenslang herrſchen. Der Gemüthszuſtand, welcher ſich dadurch zu erkennen giebt, ſcheint der oben angezeigten beſondern Lage angemeſſen zu ſein, in welcher der Bauer ſich befindet. Sein niedriger Stand, ſeine Dienſtbarkeit, ſeine Armuth bringen ihm eine gewiſſe Furcht vor den Höhern bei; ſeine Erziehung und Lebensart macht ihn auf der einen Seite unbiegſam und trotzig, auf der andern in vielen Stücken einfältig und unwiſſend; der öftere Widerſpruch ſeines Willens und ſeiner Vortheile mit dem Willen und den Befehlen ſeiner Vorgeſetzten giebt ſeinem Gemüthe eine Anlage zum Haſſe. Er wird alſo, wenn die Fehler ſeines Standes bei ihm nicht durch ſeine perſönliche Eigenſchaften aufgehoben worden ſind, jenem Knaben beſonders im Betragen gegen ſeine Obern ähnlich ſein. (Und gerade die Obern und Herren des Bauern ſind es auch, die ihm den tückiſchen Charakter zuſchreiben.) Er wird Verſtellung an die Stelle offenbaren Widerſtandes ſetzen; er wird vor den Augen derſelben demüthig, nachgebend, ſogar ihnen ergeben ſcheinen, und wo er glaubt, verborgen zu bleiben, wird er Alles wider ihren Willen und ihr Intereſſe thun. Er wird auf Ränke und Intriguen ſinnen, die demungeachtet nicht ſo fein ausgeſponnen ſein werden, daß ſie ſich nicht ſollten bald durchſehn laſſen.

Man kann zwei Hauptunterſchiede, wie in den Schickſalen, ſo in dem Charakter der Bauern annehmen. Der ganz Unterdrückte, der unter dem Joche einer völligen Sclaverei ſeufzt, wird in ſeinem gewöhnlichen Zuſtande fühllos ſich Alles gefallen laſſen, ohne den mindeſten Widerſtand zu thun, ſelbſt ohne den Wunſch nach Erleichterung in ſich zu fühlen: er wird ſich ſelbſt zu den Füßen desjenigen werfen, der auf ihn treten will. Dann aber, wenn er aus dieſer Schlafſucht durch beſondre Umſtände, durch Aufhetzungen, durch einen liſtigen und kühnen Anführer erweckt wird, dann wird er wüthend wie ein Tiger, und verliert auf einmal mit der Demuth des Sclaven auch alle Gefühle der Menſchlichkeit.

Der halbleibeigene Bauer, der Eigenthum hat und den Schutz der Geſetze genießt, aber doch unter mehr oder weniger läſtigen Bedingungen an die Erdſcholle, und mit ihr an den Dienſt des Eigenthümers derſelben gebunden und ſeinem Richteramte unterworfen iſt: dieſer Bauer erträgt gemeiniglich ſeine Beſchwerden nicht ohne Empfindlichkeit. Man darf nicht befürchten, daß er ſich dieſelben durch offenbare Gewaltthätigkeit als Rebelle vom Halſe zu ſchaffen ſuche: aber er führt dagegen einen immerwährenden geheimen Krieg mit ſeinem Herrn. Deſſen Vortheile zu ſchmälern, die ſeinigen zu vergrößern, das iſt ein Wunſch, den er im Grunde ſeines Herzens immer mit ſich umherträgt, und eine Abſicht, die er insgeheim, ſo oft es angeht, zu verfolgen ſucht. Untreue und kleine Diebereien, verübt an den Gütern ſeines Herrn, hält er für lange nicht ſo ſchändlich, als wenn er ſie ſich gegen ſeines Gleichen erlaubte. Er iſt nicht der ganz demüthige Sclave ſeines Herrn, er iſt nicht ein für ihn fürchterlicher Feind: er iſt aber auch kein freiwilliger, aus gutem Herzen gehorſamer Unterthan; er iſt das, was man wahrſcheinlicherweiſe durch das Wort tückiſch hat ausdrücken wollen.

Zu dem tückiſchen Weſen kann man als einen Beſtandtheil oder als eine Folge einen gewiſſen Eigenſinn ſetzen, der den Bauer, wenn er in Leidenſchaft iſt, oder wenn ein Vorurtheil ſich einmal bei ihm eingewurzelt hat, unterſcheidet. So wie ſein Körper und ſeine Glieder ſteif ſind, ſo ſcheint es in dieſem Falle auch ſeine Seele zu ſein. Er iſt alsdann taub gegen alle Vorſtellungen, die man ihm macht, ſo einleuchtend ſie ſind und ſo fähig er mit unbefangenem Gemüthe ſein würde, ihre Richtigkeit einzuſehn. Die obrigkeitlichen Perſonen, welche in Prozeſſen der Bauern arbeiten, werden zuweilen ſolche Individuen gekannt haben, bei denen es zweifelhaft iſt, ob die Hartnäckigkeit, mit der ſie auf einer augenſcheinlich ungereimten Idee beſtehn, von ihrer Blindheit, oder ob ſie von einer entſchloſſenen Bosheit herkomme. Zuweilen kann ganze Gemeinden ein ſolcher Schwindelgeiſt anfallen. Sie ſind alsdann gewiſſen Verrückten gleich, die, wie man es ausdrückt, eine ideam fixam haben, d. h. eine Vorſtellung, welche ihr Gemüth ohne Abwechſelung einnimmt, oder welche bei der kleinſten Veranlaſſung wiederkommt, und die, ſo falſch ſie iſt, nicht durch den Augenſchein der Sinne, nicht durch Vorſtellungen der Vernunft weggeſchafft werden kann, weil ſie wirklich nicht in der Seele, ſondern in der Beſchaffenheit der Organe ihren Grund hat.

Nichts bringt mehr gegen den Bauer auf, als wenn man dieſen Eigenſinn an ihm gewahr wird. Denn was kann der Höhere weniger ertragen, als wenn der Geringere ihn nicht hört? Und was kann in der That den Verſtändigen und Gutdenkenden mehr aufbringen, als wenn die größte Deutlichkeit ſeiner Vorſtellungen und alle in ihnen liegende Kraft der Wahrheit nichts über das Gemüth derjenigen vermag, welche er dadurch zu ihrer Pflicht oder zu ihrer Ruhe zurückbringen will!

Aber auch hier wird der Menſchenfreund Urſache finden, Geduld und Nachſicht zu beweiſen. Es iſt dieſe Hartnäckigkeit nicht immer, ja ſie iſt nur bei dem kleinſten Theil derer, welche ſie beweiſen, Bosheit. Dieſer verführte große Haufe, der gegen ſeine Anführer ein blindes Vertrauen und gegen ſich ſelbſt das Mißtrauen hat, nicht genug überſehen zu können, was zu ſeinem Vortheil oder Schaden iſt: dieſer hütet ſich ſchon, auf die Vorſtellungen, die ihm der Richter, oder der Vorgeſetzte macht, auch nur Acht zu geben. Er fürchtet ſich vor ſeiner eignen Schwäche und hört deswegen den, welchen er für ſeinen Gegner hält, nicht einmal mit derjenigen Aufmerkſamkeit an, welche nöthig wäre, wenn er von den Gründen deſſelben gerührt werden ſollte *). Andre hingegen ſind durch diejenige Ungelenkſamkeit des Verſtandes, die eine Folge von weniger Kultur und geringen Kenntniſſen iſt, unfähig, aus einer Reihe von Vorſtellungen, in die ſie ſich einmal hineingedacht haben, in eine andre überzugehn. Die Worte, die ſie hören, gleiten, ſo zu ſagen, an ihren Ohren hinweg. Ihr Verſtand vernimmt nichts davon. Und wenn die Rede zu Ende iſt, ſo ertönt in ihrem Kopfe nichts als der alte Satz, den jene Rede widerlegen ſollte. Man ſieht, daß die Hartnäckigkeit, welche aus dieſer Quelle bei den Bauern entſteht, nur durch die Verbeſſerung ihrer Erziehung, und durch die Veredlung ihres Geiſtes wegzuſchaffen iſt.

IV.

Es iſt ein allgemein bekannter und ſchon oft bemerkter Charakterzug des Bauern, daß er gern beim Alten bleibt. Es müſſen ungewöhnlich ſtarke Bewegungsgründe auf ihn wirken, wenn er die von ſeinen Eltern ihm gleichſam angeerbte Art, ſeine Geſchäfte zu treiben, ſo lange ſie ihm nur einigermaßen ſein Auskommen verſchafft, abändern ſoll. Dieſer Hang, den er mit einem großen Theil aller Handarbeiter gemein hat, rührt theils aus Trägheit her, — jede Neuerung erfordert Nachdenken, um ſie zu faſſen, erfordert neue Uebung, um ſie gehörig auszuführen; theils aus Unverſtande, — der Bauer iſt nicht fähig, allgemeine Gründe zu durchdenken, und er hält ſich alſo an die Erfahrung, als ſeine einzige Führerin; theils aus Mißtrauen gegen die Höhern, — die meiſten Vorſchläge zu Verbeſſerungen kommen von der Obrigkeit, oder von den Gutsherren, oder von den Gelehrten, wovon er den einen nicht die nöthige Einſicht, den Andern keinen guten Willen gegen ſich zutraut; theils endlich aus Mangel der Begierde nach einem beſſern Zuſtande, als ſein gegenwärtiger iſt.

Bei einer ſolchen blinden Anhänglichkeit an alte Gewohnheiten iſt die Dienſtbarkeit des Bauern ſelbſt beinahe das einzige Mittel, wodurch er belehrt werden kann. Als freier Bauer würde er auf ſeinem Acker nie eine neue Methode verſucht haben. Als Fröhner iſt er gezwungen, auf dem Acker ſeines Herrn dergleichen zu verſuchen. Seine Dienſte bei einem verſtändigen Wirthe lehren ihn alſo manches verbeſſerte Ackerwerkzeug, manche

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*) Der Bauer, habe ich oben geſagt, hält ſich für klug und nicht ſelten für klüger als andre Stände. Der Bauer, ſage ich hier, fürchtet ſich in gewiſſen Fällen vor ſeiner eignen Einfalt. Beides kann ſehr wohl mit einander beſtehen. Der Stolz auf ſeinen Verſtand überhaupt und das Mißtrauen gegen ſeinen Verſtand in einzelnen Fällen iſt bei noch mehreren Menſchen vereinigt, als bei den Bauern: — bei denen nämlich, die überhaupt einen eingeſchränkten Verſtand haben. Wenn ſie bloß über ſich und Andre urtheilen, ſo erheben ſie ſich über Andre: wenn ſie aber mit Andern in Sachen zu thun haben, wo es auf ihren Nutzen oder Schaden ankommt, ſo erkennen ſie ihre Schwäche und vergrößern ſie ſich oft.

nützliche Bearbeitung des Bodens kennen und ſchätzen, die er in ſeiner Hütte würde verlacht haben. Er ſieht zugleich die Wirkung davon vor Augen, und dasjenige Vorurtheil, welches keine Gründe ihm würden benommen haben, muß doch den wiederholten Experimenten, die er gezwungenerweiſe anſtellt, weichen.

Uebrigens iſt dieſes Vorurtheil des Alterthums bei einer Claſſe von Menſchen, die mit ganz unentbehrlichen Arbeiten ohne Aufhören beſchäftigt iſt, und die weder Muße noch Fähigkeit hat, a priori Sachen zu durchdenken, überhaupt genommen, mehr nützlich als ſchädlich. Die Erfahrung leitet in der That die Menſchen, wenn ſie von Generation zu Generation, an demſelben Orte, daſſelbe thun, ohne daß ſie es ſelbſt wiſſen, gerade auf die Methoden, welche den Umſtänden die angemeſſenſten ſind. Daher kommen die Neuerer, welche, ohne die Localkenntniſſe aus Erfahrung zu haben, aus allgemeinen Gründen glaubten, Aenderungen machen zu müſſen, nach einigen Jahren von Verſuchen, ſo oft auf die zuerſt verachteten Methoden zurück. Verſtändige Landwirthe ſind auch einig, daß viele, und ſelbſt der größte Theil der in neuern Zeiten vorgeſchlagnen Veränderungen keinen weſentlichen Nutzen haben, und daß es überhaupt in der Landwirthſchaft auf die genaue und pünktliche Ausführung mehr, als auf neue Methoden ankomme, wenn man ſich gute Erndten verſchaffen will. Wenigſtens würde der Landmann weit mehr irre gehen, wenn er ſeinen eignen Speculationen traute, oder jedem Rathe eines Reformators Gehör gäbe, als wenn er ſich an die Beiſpiele und die Uebung ſeiner Vorfahren hält, und das, was dieſe gethan haben, nur mit Sorgfalt und Fleiß nachahmt.

V.

Die letzte der oben angezeigten Urſachen von der Anhänglichkeit des Bauern an das Alte, die Gleichgültigkeit deſſelben gegen die Verbeſſerung ſeines Zuſtandes, verdient noch eine etwas weitere Erörterung, da ihr Einfluß ſich nicht bloß auf dieſen Fehler erſtreckt, ſondern in der That bei ihm das größte Hinderniß alles Fortganges, ſowohl in ſeinem Fleiße und in ſeinen Einſichten, als in ſeinem Wohlſtande werden kann.

Der erſte Schritt zur Bildung des Geiſtes iſt eine feinere Empfindlichkeit der Sinne; der erſte Sporn zur Thätigkeit iſt der Wunſch nach Befriedigung der Bedürfniſſe, welche daraus entſtehn.

Der unterſte Grad dieſer Verfeinerung iſt, daß man einen Unterſchied zwiſchen dem macht, was dem Geſchmack und Gefühl angenehm oder unangenehm iſt. Auch unter den Thieren iſt dasjenige das dümmſte und gröbſte, welches alles frißt, was ihm vorkömmt. Je gewählter das Thier in ſeinem Futter iſt, deſto mehr Fähigkeit, Gelehrigkeit und Anlage zur Sittlichkeit zeigt es auch im Uebrigen. Schon einige Grade weiter iſt derjenige Menſch vorgerückt, und weiter, als je ein Thier kommen kann, der von den Gegenſtänden des Auges und Ohres vergnügt oder beleidigt wird, der an Reinlichkeit in Kleidung und Wohnung ein Wohlgefallen findet, der in der letztern Licht und freie Luft verlangt; der an ſich und an den Dingen, die um ihn herum ſind, gerne Etwas, das auch bloß zum Schmucke gehört, anbringt. Mit dieſer Verfeinerung der ſinnlichen Begierden wächſt allerdings auch der Fleiß: und er wächſt faſt nur durch dieſe. Denn der Bauer, welchem der Schmutz, darin er lebt, nicht mißfällt, der, welcher ſich nicht vorſtellt, daß er glücklicher ſein würde, wenn er etwas beſſere Speiſen äße, einigen reinlichen Hausrath, manierliche Kleider und ein helles Zimmer hätte, welche Triebfedern ſollte der haben, ſich ſehr zu bemühen?

In dem jetzigen Zuſtande der Dinge und in unſerm deutſchen Vaterlande giebt es noch Bauern genug, welche kein anderes Wohlleben kennen, als das bloße Nichtsthun, — und dann, Uebermaaß in gemeinen Speiſen und Getränken. Wenn ſie bei dieſen Geſinnungen arm ſind, ſo bleiben ſie es auch: wenn ſie durch Zufälle wohlhabend werden, ſo werden ſie zugleich übermüthig. Denn wozu ſollen ſie ihr Geld anwenden, da ſie nicht ihre Bedürfniſſe vervielfältigt haben, da ſie nicht für mehrere Arten des Vergnügens empfindlich geworden ſind, als die auch der Aermſte unter ihres Gleichen genießen kann? Es bleibt ihnen nur eins von folgenden zwei Sachen zu thun übrig: Entweder, wenn ſie gute Wirthe ſind, ſo kaufen ſie ſich größere Güter an, (und dies iſt die beſte Anwendung, die ſie von ihrem Gelde machen können;) oder wenn ſie mehr den Genuß ſuchen, ſo befriedigen ſie damit nur ihre gröbern Sinne, — ſie trinken, ſie ſpielen, ſie gehen deſto mehr müßig. Im erſten Fall iſt das Glück, welches ſie ſuchen, — das, deſſen ſie genießen, der Stolz auf ihren Reichthum; der, da ſie doch deßwegen nicht weniger in dem Verhältniſſe der Unterthänigkeit bleiben, mit den ihnen dadurch aufgelegten Pflichten in Widerſpruch kömmt, und ſie daher ihren Herren vorzüglich beſchwerlich, ſie trotzig und proceßſüchtig macht. Im andern Falle verſinken ſie deſto tiefer in Unſittlichkeit und alle ihrem Stande gewöhnlichen Fehler.

Dergleichen Erfahrungen ſind es ohne Zweifel, die das unglückliche Vorurtheil hervorgebracht oder beſtätigt haben, daß der Bauer nie beſſer ſeine Pflicht thue, als im Elende und unter dem Drucke; und daß Wohlhabenheit und gute Tage ihn verderben. Das lateiniſche Sprichwort, welches dieſes ſagt,*) hat ganz das Gepräge der finſtern Jahrhunderte, woraus es herſtammen mag, und es empört, ich geſtehe es, meine Empfindung äußerſt. Aber alle jene Erfahrungen beweiſen das nicht, zu deſſen Erweis ſie angeführt werden. Es iſt ein großer Unterſchied, ob eine gänzliche und dauerhafte Verbeſſerung mit den Umſtänden des Bauern vorgehe, oder ob einzelne unter ihnen ſich durch plötzliche Glücksfälle bereichern. Die letztern können leicht übermüthig und unſittlich werden. Denn da ſie nicht durch ihre Erziehung und durch die allmälige Verfeinerung ihres Geſchmacks zu dem Gebrauche ihres Vermögens vorbereitet worden ſind; ſo erhalten ſie dadurch nur Mittel, in denjenigen groben Leidenſchaften mehr auszuſchweifen, von welchen ſie in ihrer Armuth waren beherrſcht worden. Im erſten Falle hingegen, wenn der ganze Stand der Bauern, durch ſtufenweiſen Fortgang ihres Fleißes und eine allmälige Erleichterung ihrer Laſten zu einem größern Wohlſtande gelangt, wird dadurch gewiß auch ſein moraliſcher Charakter veredelt. Durch die Kenntniß mehrerer Bequemlichkeiten und die Liebe zu einem gewiſſen Luxus wird er von grober Schwelgerei abgehalten. Ueberdies bekömmt eine wohlhabende Bauerſchaft mehr Ehrliebe, und etwas mehr Achtung gegen ſich ſelbſt. Sie giebt ihren Kindern eine etwas beſſere Erziehung. Sie kömmt den höhern Ständen etwas näher. Eben dadurch lernt ſie aber auch die großen Vortheile und Vorzüge derſelben kennen: und dies unterdrückt hinwiederum bei ihr den Stolz, den der Reichthum erregen könnte.

VI.

Es iſt eine Folge langer und immerwährender Abhängigkeit, und zwar um deſto mehr, je ſklaviſcher ſie iſt: daß die in derſelben lebenden Menſchen ſich gewöhnen, auch in Abſicht ihres Unterhalts ſich mehr auf ihre Obern als auf ſich ſelbſt zu verlaſſen. Es iſt eine Art von Erſatz für die Sklaverei, daß der Sklave unter allen Umſtänden von ſeinem Herrn ernährt werden muß, wenn dieſer nicht ſein Eigenthum verlieren will; es iſt aber auch eine Folge derſelben, daß der Sklave den Gedanken, ſich ſelbſt zu ernähren, aufgiebt.

Es iſt daher kein gegründeter Einwurf gegen die Vorzüge derjenigen Verfaſſung, worin der Bauer Freiheit und Eigenthum hat, daß der leibeigne Bauer ſelbſt dieſe Vortheile, wenn ſie ihm angeboten werden, von ſich weiſt. Wenn durch eine gewiſſe Lage, ſie ſei den natürlichen Neigungen des Menſchen noch ſo ſehr zuwider, der Geiſt einmal niedergedrückt worden iſt, ſo iſt es kein Wunder, daß er ſich zu der beſſern unfähig fühlt, und alſo auch nach und nach die Luſt dazu verliert. Insbeſondere aber wird in unſerm Falle der Trieb, durch eignen Fleiß nicht nur ſein Auskommen zu erwerben, ſondern auch Etwas für ſich auf Fälle der Noth, oder für ſeine Kinder bei Seite zu legen, bei dem Bauer, welcher lange in armſeliger Abhängigkeit geſchmachtet hat, unwirkſam und ohne Einfluß. Er bekömmt den Bettlerſinn; ſein armſeliger Zuſtand behagt ihm, wofern er nur weiß, daß ſein Herr ihm Brot geben muß, wenn er keines hat. Die Sicherheit ſeines Unterhaltes iſt ihm mehr werth, als die Hoffnung, zu gewinnen: und jene glaubt der träge gewordene Leibeigene mehr in dem Eigennutze ſeines Herrn, der ſeinen Unterthan, ohne ſelbſt Schaden zu leiden, verhungern laſſen kann, als in ſeinem Fleiße zu finden.

Die unzähligen Abſtufungen, die es, auch nur in dem Bezirke unſers Landes, von der Dienſtbarkeit der Bauern und den Rechten ihrer Herrn giebt, machen, daß ein Gemälde dieſer Art nur auf einen kleinen Theil der Claſſe, von welcher die Rede iſt, vollkommen paßt; und daß, wer daſſelbe mit dem Zuſtande eines einzelnen Bezirks, eines einzelnen Dorfs vergleichen wollte, es leicht für unähnlich und ſchlecht getroffen halten könnte. Aber es iſt nothwendig, in einer ſolchen Schilderung diejenigen Züge abgeſondert darzuſtellen, die in der Wirklichkeit mit vielen andern Umſtänden vereinigt erſcheinen, wodurch ihre Natur mehr oder weniger verändert wird. Es iſt nothwendig, die Urſachen, deren Wirkungen man unterſuchen will, in ihrer ganzen Kraft und ungeſchwächt von Hinderniſſen anzunehmen. Es iſt alsdann leicht, diejenigen Fälle zu bemerken, wo jene Urſachen weniger vollſtändig vorhanden geweſen ſind, oder wo ihnen durch begleitende Umſtände Widerſtand geleiſtet worden iſt.

So wird man auch endlich dieſen Bettlerſinn der Bauern, dieſe Sorgloſigkeit für die Zukunft, dieſe Geneigtheit ſich wegen ihrer Ernährung auf ihren Herrn, den ſie doch nicht lieben, zu verlaſſen, dieſe Gleichgültigkeit gegen alle Mittel, ſich aus einer ſolchen Abhängigkeit zu reißen: dies Alles wird man, bald mehr, bald weniger, — im Ganzen aber immer im Verhältniſſe der Strenge der Leibeigenſchaft finden. Dies iſt alſo Beweiſes genug, daß jene Eigenſchaft des Gemüths aus dieſer Lage entſtehe.

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*) Rustica gens optima flens, pessima ridens.

VII.

Man begreift unter dem Namen der Bauern zweierlei Leute, die in Abſicht ihrer Lage und ihres Verhältniſſes mit ihrem Herrn von einander merklich unterſchieden ſind: ich meine die Beſitzer von Bauergütern, — und diejenigen eigentlichen Fröhner, welche von dem Lohne der Dienſte, die ſie ihrem Herrn leiſten, ganz allein oder vornehmlich ihren Unterhalt haben.

In Aufklärung, in äußern Sitten ſind Beide, wie in der Mundart die ſie reden, einander faſt gleich: weil ſie in beſtändigem Umgange mit einander und in gleichem Maße von den geſittetern Ständen abgeſondert, ſich durch einander wechſelsweiſe bilden. Im Charakter aber, in den Grundſätzen, wonach ſie in dem geſellſchaftlichen und bürgerlichen Verkehr handeln, in den Geſinnungen und dem Betragen gegen ihre Herren, weichen ſie durch merkliche Schattirungen von einander ab. Das iſt wenigſtens der Erfahrung und dem Zeugniſſe derjenigen Gutsherren gemäß, welche Dörfer, worin eine ſtarke Bauerſchaft iſt, und ſolche, worin es nichts als Gärtnerſtellen giebt, zugleich beſitzen. Unter den eigentlichen Bauern herrſchen diejenigen Fehler vorzüglich, welche dem Stande und der Beſchäftigung ankleben; als Grobheit, Anhänglichkeit an alte Vorurtheile, und Eigenſinn; unter den Dienſtleuten hingegen diejenigen, die aus der Knechtſchaft, aus der ſchlechten Erziehung und aus der Armuth entſtehen: Verſtellung, heimtückiſches Weſen und Dieberei. Jene, da ſie von ihrem Herrn mehr abgeſondert leben, können auch weniger durch ihn gebeſſert werden; da ihr Intereſſe weniger an den Vortheil ihres Herrn gebunden iſt, und ihre Dienſte nicht durch den Antheil, den ſie an ſeinen Erndten haben, vergütet werden: ſo thun ſie unwilliger Dienſte; ſie ſind ſchwerer im Gehorſam zu erhalten, und wenn ſie einmal aufſätzig geworden ſind, ſchwerer zur Ruhe zu bringen. Dahingegen haben ſie oft alle übrigen Tugenden des Menſchen und des Hausvaters, in dem Maße und nach den Verſchiedenheiten, als man ſolche bei jedem andern Stande findet. Wenigſtens ſind gewiß die Vernünftigſten, die Edelſten des Bauernſtandes unter denjenigen zu finden, die ihren väterlichen Acker ſelbſt pflügen. Dieſe, (die Hofgärtner), werden durch die beſtändige Aufſicht, unter der ſie bei Leiſtung ihrer Dienſte ſtehn, wenn ſie auch für ſich ſelbſt Hang zur Ausſchweifung und zur Faulheit hätten, in einer gewiſſen Ordnung und zum Fleiße angehalten; ſie ertragen die Unterthänigkeit leichter und verweigern den Gehorſam ſeltner, weil ſie Vortheil davon haben, wenn ihres Herrn Wirthſchaft gut beſtellt wird: aber ſie können auch, wenn ſie aufgebracht werden, zu einem viel höhern Grade von Bosheit kommen. Sie ſind ſo gewöhnt, zu ihren Arbeiten getrieben zu werden, daß ſie ohne Aufſicht, ſich ſelbſt überlaſſen, ſelten ihre Schuldigkeit thun. Sie haben endlich häufiger diejenigen Fehler, die mit der Verſtellung und mit einem kleinen, niedrigen Eigennutze verbunden zu ſein pflegen, — Unredlichkeit gegen ihren Herrn und Neid gegen ihres Gleichen.

Unter den Bauern, welche Eigenthümer und wohlhabend ſind, beſonders wenn ihr Wohlſtand durch einige Generationen fortgedauert hat, entſteht ein gewiſſer Familienſtolz, der ſich von dem perſönlichen ſehr deutlich unterſcheidet, und der als charakteriſtiſch in dieſer Claſſe und unter ſolchen Umſtänden angeſehen werden kann. Der reiche Handwerksmann iſt auch ſtolz; aber ſelten bleiben ſeine Kinder bei demſelben Gewerbe; wenigſtens iſt es ein außerordentlicher Fall, wenn durch etliche Generationen hindurch Wohlſtand und Beſchäftigung zugleich in einer und derſelben Familie fortleben. Dadurch allein aber nur kann der Name einer Familie, in dieſer Zunft, unter dieſer Claſſe von Bürgern, ein Anſehn, einen gewiſſen Vorzug bekommen. Bei reichen Bauern treffen dieſe Umſtände weit öfter zuſammen. Die Familien können lange wohlhabend bleiben, ohne doch ihren Stand zu verlaſſen, oder ihren Wohnſitz zu verändern. Ihre Zweige breiten ſich oft in derſelben Gegend weit aus. Mit dem Namen derſelben verknüpft ſich alſo endlich in der Geſellſchaft, unter welcher ſie immer gelebt haben, ein gewiſſer Vorzug. Dies erregt den Stolz, wovon ich rede. Ein Bauer dieſer Art thut ſich etwas darauf zu Gute, aus dieſem und dieſem Geſchlechte herzuſtammen, zu den Kunzen und Heinzen zu gehören, die in der Gegend, wo er lebt, die angeſehenſten ſind. Dieſer Stolz, der dem Adelſtolze ähnlich iſt, wird dadurch vergrößert, wenn ſich mehrere ſolcher Familien oft unter einander verheirathet haben. Kömmt irgend noch ein anderer Unterſchied in Herkunft, Sitten oder Tracht hinzu: ſo wird dieſes Syſtem von bäuriſchem Adel noch vollſtändiger ausgebildet. — Ein Beiſpiel davon ſind die Altenburgiſchen Bauern. Aber auch, wo ſie keinen ſolchen statum in statu ausmachen, findet man Gegenden, wo gewiſſe wohlhabende Bauerfamilien, unter einander verſchwägert, ſich die beſten Güter zu eigen gemacht haben. Und dieſe ſind es, die ſich auch auf ihren Stand, als Bauern, auf ihre Tracht und auf Alles, was den Stand anzeigt, etwas zu Gute thun. Man hat deren geſehen, welche wohlhabende Bürgerstöchter geheirathet haben, aber nur unter der Bedingung, daß ſie ſich wie Bäuerinnen trügen. Es war ihnen daran gelegen, daß ihre Eheweiber ſich unter ihrer Claſſe als wohlhabender, durch eine größere Koſtbarkeit ihrer Kleidung auszeichneten, aber nicht, daß ſie ſich durch eine fremde Kleidung von derſelben abſonderten.

VIII.

Es iſt eine allgemeine Eigenſchaft derer, welche mit Strenge beherrſcht werden, daß ſie diejenigen hinwiederum ſtrenge beherrſchen, die unter ihnen ſtehn. Es giebt, der Erfahrung gemäß, keine ärgern Despoten, als die, welche es aus Sclaven geworden ſind. Ein altes Sprüchwort ſagt das Nämliche vom Bauer, der zum Edelmanne wird. Und ſchon in dem Stande der Unterthänigkeit ſelbſt, wenn der Bauer noch täglich Gelegenheit hat zu erfahren, wie weh der Druck und die Härte eines Obern thue, iſt er doch geneigt, ſeine Kinder und ſein Geſinde hart zu behandeln. Nicht, daß er einen genauen Gehorſam, und auf eine gleichförmige Art von ihnen fordert: ſondern er giebt nur ſeinen Leidenſchaften ohne Einſchränkung gegen ſie nach. Er ſtraft ſie oft unmäßig ſtrenge wegen kleiner unvorſätzlicher Fehler, beſonders wenn dadurch etwas von ſeinem Eigenthume iſt verletzt worden, und läßt große muthwillige hingehen, ohne ſie zu bemerken. Dies iſt auch der größte Fehler, den er bei der Erziehung ſeiner Kinder begeht, und wodurch er ſie, anſtatt des Gehorſams, Bosheit und Widerſetzlichkeit lehret.

Ueberhaupt ſind Zorn und Furcht die beiden Leidenſchaften, welche bei rohen Gemüthern die Oberhand haben und gewöhnlich wechſelsweiſe dieſelben beherrſchen. Die Liebe der beiden Geſchlechter gegeneinander, die bei den höhern Ständen ſo viel zur Bildung der Sitten und des Charakters beiträgt, indem ſie das eine Geſchlecht auf Alles, wodurch es dem Andern gefallen kann, aufmerkſam, und nach den Eigenſchaften, wodurch es dem Andern liebenswürdig wird, begierig macht, hat bei dem Stande, von welchem wir reden, weniger oder doch einen ganz andern Einfluß. Die Liebe iſt bei ihm meiſtentheils eine Sache der Sinne und des Temperaments. Die Imagination wird nicht ſehr dadurch ins Spiel geſetzt; es verbinden ſich wenige moraliſche Gefühle damit; und die Begierde zu gefallen wird nicht erreget. Ueberdies haben die Bauern nicht genug Muße, aus der Liebe eine Beſchäftigung zu machen. Nur auf zweierlei Weiſe wirkt dieſer Trieb auf den Charakter der Bauern: zum Schlimmen durch Ausſchweifungen, bald vortheilhaft, bald nachtheilig durch das Heirathen. Liederlichkeit und Unzucht hat bei ihnen, wie bei allen Ständen, die Folge, zugleich nachläſſige Wirthe und Verſchwender, — oft Spieler und Trunkenbolde zu machen. — Doch iſt dies nicht von einer einmaligen Ueberraſchung der Sinnlichkeit, ſondern von der Herrſchaft derſelben zu verſtehn. Viele gefallene Mädchen ſind treue Weiber geworden, und der Bauer hat ſich oft als Ehemann und Hausvater ſehr gut aufgeführt, welcher als junger Burſche ausgeſchweift hatte. — Was die Wirkung der Verehelichung betrifft, ſo iſt dieſelbe bei den Männern vielleicht am ſichtbarſten. Viele derſelben heirathen ſich, wie man zu ſagen pflegt, beſſer, artiger, fleißiger als ſie vorher waren. Ich weiß nicht, ob es eben ſo viel Beiſpiele von Weibern giebt, die ſich durch das Heirathen verbeſſert hätten. — Andere verderben, — werden aus fleißigen und ordentlichen Jünglingen faule und liederliche Ehemänner. Dieſes, welches in allen Ständen zuweilen geſchieht, iſt bei dem Bauer deſto weniger zu verwundern, weil das Weib in ſeiner Haushaltung von großer Wichtigkeit iſt, und zum guten oder ſchlechten Fortgange der Wirthſchaft, durch ihre Eigenſchaften und ihre Arbeit, beinahe noch mehr beiträgt als der Mann. Daß dem wirklich ſo ſei, beſtätigen die Zeugniſſe Aller, die ſich um den Wohlſtand der Bauern durch eine Reihe von Jahren bekümmert haben; und wie es zugehe, erhellet aus zwei Betrachtungen. Erſtlich, das Weib hat die Milchwirthſchaft über ſich: und an vielen Orten machen die Kühe den vornehmſten, — an Allen aber einen ſehr wichtigen Theil des Reichthums von dem gemeinen Landmanne aus. Ferner bei einer ſo kleinen Haushaltung, als die ſeinige iſt, kömmt auf das Zurathehalten, Sparen und Vertheilen eben ſo viel an als auf das Erwerben. Dieſes kann oft durch den größten Fleiß des Mannes nicht erhöht werden: durch die häusliche Wirthſchaft des Weibes aber kann der nämliche Erwerb zugleich weiter ausreichen. Viele mittelmäßige Wirthe kommen vorwärts durch gute Weiber: aber ein liederliches Weib richtet den fleißigſten Mann zu Grunde. Wenn nun aber in der ehelichen Geſellſchaft der Bauern die Dienſte der Frau von ſo großer Wichtigkeit für die Wirthſchaft des Mannes ſind, ſo kann es nicht fehlen, daß nicht auch ihr Betragen einen Einfluß auf den Charakter deſſelben haben ſollte. Derjenige arbeitet mit mehr Luſt, welcher ſieht, daß er Etwas vor ſich bringt: das wirthſchaftliche Weib alſo, durch deren Sorgfalt dem Manne ſein Erwerb mehr zu Gute kommt, macht oder erhält denſelben auch fleißig. Auf der andern Seite, wenn im Hauſe, in dem Gebiete des Weibes, Verſchwendung und Unordnung herrſchen, und das, was der Mann außer dem Hauſe im Schweiße ſeines Angeſichts erarbeitet hat, aufzehren oder fruchtlos machen: dann wird der Fleiß des Letztern bald nachlaſſen, und oft wird ihn der Unmuth darüber zum Trunke und zur Liederlichkeit verleiten. Ferner, ein verträgliches, gutes Weib hält den Mann in den Stunden der Ruhe und der Erholung zu Hauſe; ein zänkiſches treibt ihn fort und macht, daß er die Schenke und das Spiel ſucht. Endlich, das weibliche Geſchlecht iſt auch bei dieſem Stande, wenn es gut geartet iſt, gemeiniglich frömmer als das unſrige; und in der Ehe mit einer ſolchen Gattin wird der Bauer zu einem häuslichen Gottesdienſte gewöhnt, der, wenn er nicht geradezu ihn beſſert, doch als eine ernſthafte und regelmäßige Beſchäftigung ihm nützlich iſt.

So wirkt bei den Bauern die Verbindung der beiden Geſchlechter. Weniger durch Zärtlichkeit und Leidenſchaft, als durch die Gewohnheit, das Beiſpiel und die Triebfedern des Eigennutzes. Faſt eine gleiche Bewandtniß hat es mit den übrigen Arten der Liebe und den Verbindungen, worauf ſie ſich beziehn, — mit der Zuneigung zwiſchen Eltern und Kindern, zwiſchen Geſchwiſtern, zwiſchen Freunden. Sie iſt ſelten unter Leuten dieſes Standes zärtlich, ſo daß das Gemüth damit immer beſchäftigt und davon belebt ſei, aber ſie iſt deswegen nicht weniger reell, in ſofern ſie auf die Erfüllung weſentlicher Pflichten geht. Sie äußert ſich mehr bei außerordentlichen Gelegenheiten durch Dienſtleiſtungen, als durch eine beſtändige Gefälligkeit in dem gewöhnlichen Laufe des Lebens; mehr durch Beiſtand in Krankheiten und bei Unglücksfällen und durch thätige Hilfe bei der Arbeit, als durch ein angenehmes, gefälliges, liebreiches Betragen und durch das Verlangen nach dem Umgange der geliebten Perſon.

Dies iſt nun das Bild des Bauern, ſo wie ich es habe entwerfen können. Vielleicht fehlen noch viele Züge dazu, welche zu bemerken ein längerer und weniger unterbrochener Umgang mit ihnen nöthig geweſen wäre. — Vielleicht giebt es falſche Züge darin, die ich aus einzelnen Beobachtungen abſtrahirt und zu ſchnell auf den ganzen Stand angewendet habe. Immer werden aber doch einige der angeführten Eigenſchaften, die auch dem gemeinſten Beobachter nicht entgehen können, als Unterſcheidungsmerkmale dieſes Standes angeſehen werden, — und alle Perſonen, die mit demſelben zu thun haben, zu einem Leitfaden dienen können.

Adam Chriſtian Gaspari

ward am 18. November 1752 in Schleuſingen geboren, erhielt, nachdem er ſeine akademiſchen Studien vollendet, eine Hofmeiſterſtelle bei dem Grafen Moltke auf Noer, im Holſteiniſchen, und privatiſirte dann eine Zeit lang in Hamburg, Erfurt und Weimar. Im Jahre 1790 ward er Doctor der Philoſophie und 1795 außerordentlicher Profeſſor derſelben Wiſſenſchaft an der Univerſität Jena, vertauſchte jedoch dieſes Amt 1797 mit einem gleichen am Gymnaſium zu Oldenburg. Er legte daſſelbe indeſſen bereits 1798 nieder und hielt ſich als Privatgelehrter abwechſelnd in Wandsbeck und in Weimar auf, bis er 1803 als K. Ruſſiſcher Hofrath und Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Geographie nach Dorpat berufen wurde. — Von hier begab er ſich 1810 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach der Univerſität Königsberg. Er ſtarb am 27. Mai 1830. —

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Urkunden und Materialien zur nähern Kenntniß der Geſchichte und Staatsverwaltung nordiſcher Reiche. Hamburg 1786—90. 3 Bde.

Ueber den methodiſchen Unterricht in der Geographie. Weimar 1791. 5. A. 1819.

Lehrbuch der Erdbeſchreibung. 1r Curſus. Weimar 1792. 17. A. 1831. 2r Curſus. Weimar 1793. 11. A. 1826.

Vollſtändiges Handbuch der neueſten Erdbeſchreibung. Weimar 1797—1801. 2 Theile.

Der Deputationsreceß. Hamburg 1803.

Vollſtändiges Handbuch der neueſten Erdbeſchreibung (mit Haſſel, Cannabich, Fröbel, Gutsmuths, Ukert). Weimar 1819—1832. 23 Bände.

G. erwarb ſich ſeiner Zeit großes Verdienſt durch ſeine gründliche, umſichtige und genaue Behandlung der Geographie und Statiſtik; namentlich wurden ſeine Lehrbücher bei dem Jugendunterricht faſt allgemein gebraucht, bis ſie in den neueſten Tagen durch zeitgemäßere Werke in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft verdrängt wurden. —

Johann Chriſtoph Gatterer

ward am 13. Juli 1727 zu Lichtenau bei Nürnberg geboren, ſtudirte in Altdorf, vorzüglich Geſchichte und deren Hilfswiſſenſchaften, und erhielt 1755 eine Lehrerſtelle bei dem Gymnaſium zu Nürnberg. 1758 kam er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Göttingen, ſtiftete dort 1764 das hiſtoriſche Inſtitut und ſtarb daſelbſt als Hofrath, Director des eben erwähnten von ihm geſtifteten Inſtituts und Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften am 5. April 1799.

Er gab heraus:

Allgemeine hiſtoriſche Bibliothek u. ſ. w. Halle 1767—1771. 16 Theile.

Abriß der Chronologie. Göttingen 1777.

Abriß der Diplomatik. Göttingen 1798.

Practiſche Diplomatik. Göttingen 1799.

Abriß der Genealogie. Göttingen 1788.

Handbuch der neueſten Genealogie und Heraldik von 1759—1772. Nürnberg 1761—1772.

Abriß der Geographie. Göttingen 1775. N. A. 1793.

Practiſche Heraldik. Nürnberg 1791.

Hiſtoriſches Journal. Göttingen 1772—1781. 16 Thle.

Grundriß der Numismatik. Göttingen 1772.

Abriß der Univerſalhiſtorie. Göttingen 1765. N. A. 1773.

Einleitung in die ſynchroniſtiſche Univerſalhiſtorie. Göttingen 1771. 2 Thle.

Handbuch der Univerſalhiſtorie. Göttingen 1761—1764. 2 Thle.

Kurzer Begriff der Weltgeſchichte. 1r. Th. Göttingen 1785.

Ideal einer allgemeinen Weltſtatiſtik. Göttingen 1773.

Verſuch einer Weltgeſchichte bis zur Entdeckung von Amerika. Göttingen 1792.

Die Weltgeſchichte in ihrem ganzen Umfange. Göttingen 1785—1787. 2 Thle.

32 Stammtafeln zur Weltgeſchichte. 1e Sammlung. Gr. 4. Göttingen 1790.

Einzelne Abhandlungen, Programme u. ſ. w.

Gatterer erwarb ſich um die hiſtoriſchen Studien namentlich dadurch ein großes Verdienſt, daß er für dieſelben, und vorzüglich bei dem akademiſchen Vortrage, eine beſſere

Methode anwandte, ſo wie einzelne Theile dieſer Wiſſenſchaft mit eben ſo tiefer Gründlichkeit als ausgebreiteter Gelehrſamkeit behandelte und ein helleres Licht über ſie verbreitete, indem er namentlich das Gebiet der hiſtoriſchen Kritik erweiterte und das Feld der übrigen Hilfswiſſenſchaften, die er ſämmtlich genau ergründete, mit großem Fleiße anzubauen verſtand. Sein Styl entbehrt zwar der Anmuth und Leichtigkeit, iſt aber präcis, körnig und correct. —

Vom hiſtoriſchen Plan und der darauf ſich gründenden Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen.

Daß eine Nation, die ihren Geſchmack verbeſſern will, die guten Muſter der Alten zuerſt ſtudieren und nachahmen müſſe, alsdann aber erſt etwas Eigenes mit Zuverſicht wagen könne, iſt eine alte und bekante Erfahrung; und wir leben in Zeiten, da man die Wirkungen hievon auch unter uns in Teutſchland wahrnimmt. Ich würde mich an meiner Nation verſündigen, wenn ich damit ſoviel ſagen wollte, daß der deutſche Geſchmack erſt in unſern Tagen ſich vortheilhaft zu zeigen angefangen habe. Keine, mit unſerer Literatur bekante ausländiſche Nation, ſolte es auch die immer ſich ſelbſt nur ſchäzende Franzöſiſche ſeyn, kan, ohne durch die Sache ſelbſt beſchämt zu werden, läugnen, daß ſie nicht, ſeit der Wiederherſtellung der Wiſſenſchaften, von Zeit zu Zeit in Schriften der Teutſchen Unterricht und Vergnügen gefunden. Allein dieſe Werke von Teutſchen, die den Ausländern mit Rechten gefallen, können wir uns, als Teutſche betrachtet, nicht zueignen, da ſie in einer Sprache geſchrieben ſind, die nicht die unſrige iſt. Wenn ich alſo behaupte, daß man jezt auch unter uns deutliche Merkmale von dem vortheilhaften Umgange mit den Alten finde, ſo ſieht man leicht, daß ich von Schriftſtellern rede, die ſich über das Vorurtheil unſerer Väter erhoben haben, „man müſſe, wenn man einen zu guten Geſchmack hätte, um Zeſaniſch ſchreiben zu wollen, Lateiniſch ſchreiben, und alsdann erſt Beyfall der Welt und Unſterblichkeit ſicher hoffen."

Die Dichtkunſt hat unter uns bereits einen ſolchen Grad der Vollkommenheit erreicht, daß man uns nicht leicht einen groſſen Dichter unter den Griechen und Römern wird nennen können, der nicht an einem unſerer Dichter einen kühnen Nebenbuhler, oder auch völlig ſeines Gleichen, und an einem und dem andern vielleicht noch etwas mehr, als ſeines Gleichen, gefunden hat.

Aber auch faſt nur die Dichtkunſt allein iſt es, die von unſerer Nation in der Mutterſprache vortheilhaft bearbeitet worden: wenigſtens iſt die Muſe, die der Geſchichte vorſtehet, unſern teutſchen Genies noch nicht ſonderlich günſtig geweſen. Erſt in unſern Tagen fängt man an zu glauben, daß es wol auch gut wäre, in der Mutterſprache Geſchichtbücher zu beſizen, die auf das Lob der Alten Anſprüche machen, und die Vorwürfe der ausländiſchen Neuen durch die That ſelbſt widerlegen könten. Vielleicht iſt jezt auch die rechte Zeit vorhanden, ein ſo ſchönes und rühmliches Vorhaben mit glücklichem Erfolge auszuführen. Die Hiſtorie, die, ſo lang ſie unter den Menſchen bekant iſt, immer gern ihre Schweſter, die Dichtkunſt, voran gehen läßt, aber auch ſogleich nach ihr den Rang zu behaupten pflegt, die Hiſtorie, ſage ich, findet jezt unter uns eine durch die Dichter geöfnete Laufbahn vor ſich, eine ausgebeſſerte und erweiterte Sprache, und einen an die Muſter der Alten gewöhnten Geſchmack. Es kömt nur darauf an, daß man die jüngere Schweſter nicht von dem Wege der ältern abweichen laſſe, oder vielmehr ſie nur nicht verführe, daß ſie ſelbſt, wenn es auf ſie ankömt, den Fußtapfen derſelben gerne folge.

Im hiſtoriſchen Plan, denn es iſt Zeit, daß ich den Gegenſtand anzeige, womit ich meine Leſer unterhalten will, in dem hiſtoriſchen Plan alſo, und in der darauf ſich gründenden Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen ſind die alten Geſchichtſchreiber, wie mich dünkt, noch immer, wo nicht allen, doch den meiſten Neuern überlegen; ungeachtet es eben nicht ſchwer zu ſein ſcheint, die Alten in dieſem Stücke nicht nur einzuholen, ſondern ſogar zu übertreffen. An ſich zwar betrachtet, iſt die Stellung und Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen eine der ſchwerſten Arbeiten des Geſchichtſchreibers, zumal des neuen, und am meiſten desjenigen, der die Univerſalhiſtorie ſchreiben will, zu einer Zeit, da der Erdboden viel bekanter, und folglich die Anzahl der Nationen, deren Geſchichte und Verfaſſung erzählet zu werden verdient, ungleich gröſſer iſt, als in den Tagen eines Herodots, oder auch eines Polybs und Trogus. Ein Geſchichtſchreiber, der zu unſern Zeiten die Univerſalhiſtorie ſchreiben will, hat, wenn er noch dazu ein Chriſt iſt, eben darum, weil er ein Chriſte iſt, zwar dieſes für allen Geſchichtſchreibern unter den Alten voraus, daß er ſeine Erzählung von Erſchaffung der Welt an bis auf die neueſten Zeiten mit Zuverläſſigkeit fortführen, und ſelbſt in der alten Zeit Nationen beſchreiben kan, deren Geſchichte den Griechen und Römern entweder gar nicht, oder nicht hinlänglich bekant war: er iſt aber auch zu der herculiſchen Arbeit verpflichtet, einen Plan von einem unendlich gröſſern Umfange, als der Alten ihrer war, auszuführen, und unzähliche Reihen und Folgen von Merkwürdigkeiten zu verbinden. Gleichwol wird auch ein ſolcher chriſtlicher Verfaſſer einer allgemeinen Geſchichte zu unſern Zeiten, keine vergebliche Arbeit, wie mich dünkt, unternehmen, wenn er die Kunſt der Alten, Erzählungen zu ſtellen und unter einander zu verbinden, oder die gröſſern und kleinern Theile eines weitläuftigen Ganzen geſchickt zu ordnen und zuſammen zu fügen, ausſtudiert, und ſich auf alle Weiſe zu Nuze zu machen ſucht.

Um über den Plan der alten Geſchichtſchreiber vernünftig urtheilen zu können, muß ich meine Leſer bitten, mit mir bis in die Zeiten der Kindheit der Geſchichte hinauf zu ſteigen. Wir finden Anfangs keinen Unterſchied zwiſchen Dichtkunſt und Hiſtorie. Die leztere täuſcht uns immer unter der Geſtalt ihrer Schweſter, der Dichtkunſt, oder vielmehr ſie wird, da ſie ſelbſt noch nicht gebohren iſt, von ihrer Schweſter eine Zeitlang vertreten. In der Folgezeit kömt die Hiſtorie zwar zum Vorſchein, und man findet ſie von der Dichtkunſt unterſchieden: allein die Geſchichtſchreiber laſſen doch noch immer aus einigen Merkmalen die Verſchwiſterung ihrer Göttin mit der Poeſie erkennen.

Warum ſchrieb man eher in Verſen, als in Proſa? So fragt man in der*) Literärgeſchichte. Eine wunderliche Frage, bey der man nicht bedenkt, daß die poetiſche, das iſt, eine wortarme und bilderreiche Sprache die erſte Sprache der Welt war, die jedermann im gemeinen Leben redte, bis mit der Zeit einige Nationen zu einem ſolchen Reichthum an eigentlichen und unverblühmten Worten und Redensarten gelangten, daß ſich unter ihnen eine proſaiſche Sprache von ſelbſt nach und nach bilden konte, da denn die Bilderſprache ein beſonderes Eigenthum, ein Reſervat, der Dichter worden iſt, ungefähr auf eben die Art, wie die Prieſter, ſonderlich in Egypten, die Bilderſchrift, die zuerſt die einzige Schrift des gemeinen Lebens geweſen iſt, nach der erfundenen Buchſtabenſchrift ſich als eine geheime Schrift, die man ſeitdem die Hieroglyphiſche nennet, zugeeignet haben.

Dieſes vorausgeſezt, daß Anfangs unter den Menſchen alles, was man redte, oder auch ſchrieb, poetiſch geredet und geſchrieben worden iſt; ſo wird man ſich nicht mehr verwundern, wenn man unter allen Himmelsſtrichen Nationen findet, die den Nachkommen nicht nur Religion und Sitten und Geſetze, ſondern auch Geſchichten, die Werke und Thaten der Gottheit, und die Unternehmungen und Verdienſte groſſer Leute vorgeſungen haben, und zum Theil noch vorſingen: denn unausgebildeten Nationen ſind unſere aufgeklärte Zeiten noch immer erſte und alte Zeiten.

Die älteſte Art der Jahrbücher beſtand alſo überhaupt in ſolchen Geſängen, dergleichen Tacitus unter den Teutſchen gefunden, Karl der Grosse geſamlet, und das unglückliche Mittelalter wieder verloren hat, oder, welches einerley iſt, der hiſtoriſche Stoff ward zuerſt unter den Nationen von Leuten bearbeitet, die ungefähr eben ſo redeten und ſchrieben, wie diejenigen reden und ſchreiben, die wir im eigentlichen Verſtande Dichter zu nennen pflegen.

Man muß aber, um ſich von den hiſtoriſchen Liedern der erſten Zeiten einen rechten Begriff zu machen, auſſer der wortarmen und bilderreichen Sprache noch alle übrige Umſtände, in welchen ſich die Sänger befanden, hinzudenken. Die zuerſt angebauten Länder und deren natürliche Beſchaffenheit und Producte, die Verpflanzung ſo wie der erſten Keime von allem menſchlichen Wiſſen, alſo auch des Geſchmacks in hiſtoriſchen Liedern aus dem Oriente, in die übrigen Länder des Erdbodens, die politiſche und häusliche Verfaſſung der erſten Welt, die Menge noch unerhörter Verdienſte in eben jezt erſt entſtandenen und aus der Zerſtreuung geſamleten Nationen, ja das Anſchauen der groſſen Leute ſelbſt, und die durch alle dieſe und mehr andere Dinge erhizte Einbildungskraft: alles dieſes muß mit in die Rechnung gebracht, und zulezt auch dieſes nicht vergeſſen werden, daß die poetiſche Sprache des gemeinen Lebens noch poetiſcher, das iſt, bilderreicher geſungen, als geredet, worden, ſo wie gute proſaiſche Schriftſteller unter allen geſitteten Völkern zwar immer die proſaiſche Sprache des Umgangs, aber etwas veredelt, beſſer geordnet und verbunden in Schriften zu gebrauchen pflegen.

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*) Siehe des ſel. D. Heumanns Conspectum Reipublicae Literariae, Cap. III. §. 31.

Wer dieſes erwägt, dem wird es nicht befremden, wenn er die hiſtoriſchen Lieder mit bildlichen Ausdrücken und allegoriſchen Vorſtellungen, die dem beſungenen Gegenſtande niemals genau angemeſſen waren, erfüllt ſiehet. Eine Menge von Nationen verlor bei dieſer ſonderbaren Art des hiſtoriſchen Fleiſſes ihre erſte Geſchichte, bis endlich allerley günſtige Umſtände den Unterſchied zwiſchen poetiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Wahrheiten unter einigen Völkern kennbar und beliebt machten. Man lernte man auch, daß die Dichtkunſt und Hiſtorie zwoe Schweſtern, aber gleichwol ſo verſchieden wären, daß man die eine von der andern unterſcheiden könte und müſte.

Meine Abſicht erlaubt mir nicht, mich über dieſen angenehmen Gegenſtand weiter auszubreiten. Vielleicht hält man das, was ich mehr berührt, als geſagt habe, ſchon für eine Ausſchweifung. Ich kan zu meiner Entſchuldigung nichts anführen, als dieſes, daß ich geglaubt habe, man könne ſich von dem hiſtoriſchen Plane der Alten keinen vollſtändigen Begriff machen, wenn man nicht vorausſezt, daß Dichtkunſt und Hiſtorie Anfangs nur ein Ding geweſen, endlich aber beyde zwar von einander unterſchieden worden, doch ſo, daß man immer, wenn man eine Geſchichte ſchrieb, dieſelbe nach den Regeln der Gedichte bearbeitete, und den Unterſchied zwiſchen beyden meiſt nur in der Art der Gegenſtände ſezte. Inſonderheit haben die alten Geſchichtſchreiber ihren Plan faſt eben ſo, wie die Dichter, angeordnet und je älter die Geſchichtſchreiber ſind, deſto mehr beweiſen ſie die genaue Verwandtſchaft der Dichtkunſt und Hiſtorie. Man mag es nun Epiſoden, oder Einſchaltungen, oder wie man ſonſt will, heiſſen, die Alten bedienten ſich dieſes Kunſtgriffes, gleichzeitige Nationen und Begebenheiten zu verbinden: ſie legten eine merkwürdige Nation zum Grunde, und ſchoben in die Geſchichte derſelben an bequemen Orten die Geſchichte anderer Nationen bald ganz, bald ſtückweiſe hinein, und brachten dadurch ein wunderbares Ganze aus unzähligen groſſen und kleinen Stücken heraus.

Ich wünſche, daß dieſes jemand, der Geſchicklichkeit genug dazu hat, durch das Beyſpiel des Plans Moſis, des älteſten Geſchichtſchreibers, beweiſen möge: durch das Beyſpiel Herodots, des Vaters der Geſchichte unter den Griechen, werde ich es in der Folge dieſes Werks ſelbſt zu beweiſen ſuchen. Vielleicht finde ich Gelegenheit, mit der Zeit auch von dem Plan anderer Alten zu reden, und von dieſen auf die Neuern überzugehen. Man kan dergleichen Plane als Beylagen oder Documente zu der gegenwärtigen Abhandlung anſehen.

Jezt will ich, um nachdenkende Perſonen an eines der wichtigſten Hauptſtücke der hiſtoriſchen Kunſt zu erinnern, dasjenige etwas umſtändlich ausführen, was mir unter dem Leſen der alten und neuen Geſchichtſchreiber, in Anſehung des hiſtoriſchen Plans, und der darauf ſich gründenden Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen beygefallen iſt.

Wenn der Geſchichtſchreiber die mühſame Samlung des hiſtoriſchen Stoffs zu einem Werke vollendet, und aus dieſem Chaos das Merkwürdige ausgeleſen hat: denn unnüze Dinge wird man allemal noch wegzuwerfen finden, wenn man gleich ſchon bey der Samlung des Stoffs nur auf erhebliche und des Andenkens der Menſchen würdige Dinge aufmerkſam geweſen zu ſeyn vermeynet; wenn alſo die Sammlung und Auswahl der Materialien geſchehen iſt, alsdann iſt es Zeit, an den Plan zu denken, nach welchem alle groſſe und kleine Stücke, woraus das Gebäude aufgeführet werden ſoll, am ſchicklichſten in Ordnung gebracht werden können, ſo daß man, nach der Vollendung des Werks, ohne Mühe begreifen kan, warum ein Stück der Materialien eben hieher, und nicht an einen andern Ort geſezt worden iſt. Dies iſt die erſte Arbeit des Geſchichtſchreibers nach der Samlung und Ausmuſterung des Stoffs, man mag ſie nun die Stellung, oder die Anordnung, oder auch die Anlage der Erzählungen heiſſen.

Hat nun der Geſchichtſchreiber die Stellung der Erzählungen auf eine begreifliche und für den Leſer durchaus bequeme Art entworfen; ſo muß er ferner überlegen, wie aus allen in Ordnung gebrachten Materialien, als ſo vielen für ſich beſtehenden und abgeſonderten Ganzen, ein einziges und wohlverbundenes Ganze entſtehen könne. Und dieſe Verrichtung kan man, wie ich glaube, nicht unſchicklich die Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen nennen. Wenn ein Verfaſſer in der Stellung oder Anordnung der Erzählungen den natürlichſten und faßlichſten Weg erwählet hat, ſo wird er ohne viele Mühe (denn ich ſeze einen geſchickten Arbeiter voraus) die Zuſammenfügung bewerkſtelligen können. Eine Erzählung bahnet bey ihm der andern, ſo zu ſagen, von ſich ſelbſt den Weg, und der Leſer kan durch leichte und aus der Stellung ſelbſt entſpringende Uebergänge von einem Gegenſtande zum andern geführet werden. Es komt alſo das meiſte auf eine ungezwungene Stellung der Erzählungen an: ehe ich aber von den Mitteln reden kan, die, meinem Bedünken nach, am leichteſten zu dieſem Zwecke führen, muß ich über die verſchiedenen Arten der Geſchichte einige Betrachtungen anſtellen.

Man handelt nicht übel, ja man iſt dazu durch das Anſehen und Beyſpiel der Alten ſelbſt berechtiget, wenn man die verſchiedenen Schickſale der Religion, die abwechſelnden Fortgänge und Hinderniſſe der menſchlichen Erkentnis in den Wiſſenſchaften und Künſten, und die Gaben und Veränderungen der Natur unter allen Himmelsſtrichen, in beſondern Werken beſchreibt, um ſie deſto ſorgfältiger und wichtiger beſchreiben zu können. Denn ſo weit fühlt ſich doch wohl ein jeder ſelbſt, daß er eine umſtändliche, und in allen einzelnen Stücken durch eigene Unterſuchungen geprüfte Nachricht von allen dieſen Dingen nicht von dem Leben und den Einſichten eines einzigen Verfaſſers erwartet, noch auch die Merkwürdigkeiten des ganzen Erdbodens, und aller ihn bewohnenden Nationen, in den Grenzen eines einzigen Werks eingeſchloſſen zu finden glaubt.

Aber das wird ſchwerlich ein Kenner der Sache zu rechtfertigen unternehmen, daß man dieſe, aus der allgemeinen Geſchichte der Völker losgeriſſene und mit vorzüglichem Fleiß bearbeitete Stücke faſt immer ſo angeſehen hat, als wenn ſie einer eigenen Völker- oder Staatsgeſchichte entgegen geſezt werden könten. Denn was bleibt wol noch dem Verfaſſer einer Staatsgeſchichte übrig, wenn er nichts von Religionsſachen, nichts von der Lage, der natürlichen Beſchaffenheit und den Producten der Länder, und der daraus zu beurtheilenden Emſigkeit, Handlung und Macht der Nationen, nichts endlich von den Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften derſelben ſagen darf? Soll es etwa ein chronologiſches Verzeichniß der Regenten ſeyn, das allenfals noch mit einigen, entweder unerheblichen, oder in eine Biographie gehörigen Lebensumſtänden durchwebt, oder mit Erzählungen von Einzügen, Geburts-, Krönungs-, Vermählungs-, Begräbniß-Feierlichkeiten, oder wie die artigen Staatsceremonien alle heiſſen, aufgepuzt, oder mit den gewöhnlichen Hof- und Liebesränken erbaulich unterbrochen, oder durch Beſchreibungen von Kriegen und Schlachten ſchröcklich gemacht, oder mit andern Nachrichten angefüllet iſt, die entweder ohne die losgeriſſenen Stücke nicht verſtanden und beurtheilet werden können, oder dem gröſten Theile nach gar nicht in die groſſe Hiſtorie gehören, ſondern in derſelben mehr berührt, als beſchrieben werden ſollen? Zu einer ſolchen Staatsgeſchichte, die der Religions-Literär-Natur und Kunſtgeſchichte entgegen geſezt, und von denen, zu dieſen leztern gerechneten Begebenheiten entblöſſet iſt, wird man unter den Alten kein Muſter finden. Sie iſt ein bloſſes Hirngeſpinſt der neuern Zeiten. Ich weis wohl, was man mir dagegen, aus Liebe zur neuen Mode, einwenden kan: allein bey einer unpartheiiſchen, allenfals auch nur auf eine mittelmäßige Kentnis ſich gründenden Beurtheilung der Sache wird man bemerken können, daß man nur um Worte ſtreiten würde, wenn man das Gegentheil zu behaupten ſich das Anſehen geben wolte. Es giebt alſo, eigentlich zu reden, nur eine Hiſtorie, die Völkergeſchichte, und dieſe kan entweder alle bekante Nationen, oder einige derſelben, oder auch nur eine einzige betreffen. Von dieſer Seite allein betrachtet, läßt ſich die Hiſtorie in die allgemeine, beſondere und ganz beſondere eintheilen. Wenn man ſich bey dieſen 3. Hauptarten der Völkergeſchichte entweder nur auf einen gewiſſen Zeitraum, oder auf eine gewiſſe Claſſe von Merkwürdigkeiten einſchränket; ſo entſtehen daraus verſchiedene Specialtheile der allgemeinen, beſondern und ganz beſondern Hiſtorie: z. E. die allgemeine Geſchichte eines oder mehrerer Jahrhunderte, die beſondere Geſchichte von Europa, oder von Aſien, von Afrika, von America, die neuere Geſchichte von Teutſchland; eine allgemeine, beſondere, oder ganz beſondere Religionsgeſchichte, oder Litterär- oder Kunſt-, Handlungs-, Kriegsgeſchichte. Eine allgemeine Völkergeſchichte hingegen, die ſich auf alle Arten von Merkwürdigkeiten aller bekanten Nationen ausbreitet, und von Erſchaffung der Welt bis auf unſere Zeiten geht, iſt die wahre und eigentliche Univerſalhiſtorie; ein Werk, das noch nicht geſchrieben iſt, ob ich wohl glaube, daß ſich das bekante Werk der Engländer dem Umfange einer ſolchen allgemeinen Welthiſtorie in manchen einzelnen Theilen nähert.

Vom Plan der hiſtoriſchen Compendien, ſonderlich über die Univerſalhiſtorie.

Ich muß noch einige Gattungen hiſtoriſcher Schriften berühren, weil ſie einen unmittelbaren Einfluß in die Lehre von dem Plan und der Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen haben. Gleich Anfangs unterſcheiden ſich die hiſtoriſchen Vorträge auf eine merkliche Art von ſyſtematiſchen Werken. Von dem Plan der erſtern habe ich hier nichts zu ſagen, eben darum, weil ſie keine ſyſtematiſchen Werke ſind und weil ſie unter allen Geſtalten gefalſen, und auch nützlich ſeyn können. Unter den ſyſtematiſchen Werken machen wir in den neuern Zeiten aus denen für Anfänger geſchriebenen Lehrbüchern eine eigene Claſſe hiſtoriſcher Schriften. Man kan wol dieſen Eifer für den Unterricht der Jugend, ohne unbillig zu ſeyn, nicht tadeln: aber daß ſich viele Verfaſſer ſolcher Lehrbücher recht gefliſſentlich hüten, Geſchmack zu zeigen, als wenn der Geſchmack etwas giftiges für die Anfänger mit ſich führte, das wird manchem nicht gleichgültig ſeyn. Aus dem zu urtheilen, wie man die Geſchichte unter uns mündlich und ſchriftlich vorzutragen pflegt, ſcheint man immer voraus zu ſetzen, ſie wäre nur ein Werk des Gedächtniſſes, und daher geht meiſtentheils die ganze Sorge des Lehrers oder Schriftſtellers dahin, eine Methode zu finden, wie die Begebenheiten am leichteſten ins Gedächtnis gebracht und darin erhalten werden können. Allein man raubt durch ſolche künſtliche, oder vielmehr geſchmackloſe Methoden nicht nur der Geſchichte alle Anmuth, deren ſie auch in kleinen Büchern nicht unfähig iſt (welches nur demjenigen ein geringer Verluſt zu ſeyn ſcheint, der nicht weis oder bedenkt, daß Dinge, die gut erzählet werden, leichter ins Herz dringen, und groſſe Wirkungen in dem Willen des Menſchen erzeugen); ſondern man vergißt auch dabey, daß die Geſchichte nicht darum gelernt werde, um etwas blos im Gedächtniſſe zu haben, ſondern vielmehr, um durch groſſe und rührende Beyſpiele tugendhaft, klug, geſittet, geſellſchaftlich ꝛc. mit einem Worte zu allen Arten von Handlungen und Geſchäften geſchickt zu werden. Aber man muß doch etwas davon im Gedächtniſſe haben? Ja, ich behaupte es ſelbſt. Dazu hat man eben die chronologiſchen Tafeln. Wer aber ein Buch über die Hiſtorie, es mag klein oder groß ſeyn, ſchreiben will, der muß, wie mich dünkt, immer bedenken, daß er keine Tafeln ſchreiben wolle, und daß es Leute in der Welt gebe, welche glauben, daß ſich die Definition der Hiſtorie auf ein jedes Buch müſſe anwenden laſſen, das den Namen Hiſtorie an der Stirne führet.

Was inſonderheit die Univerſalhiſtorie anbetrift, ſo finde ich, daß man ſie bisher unter uns vornämlich auf zweyerley Art für die Anfänger entworfen habe: denn der Plan nach den 4. Monarchien iſt jetzt Gott Lob! ſo ziemlich altmodiſch worden. Man macht alſo ſeit einiger Zeit den Plan meiſtens entweder nach gewiſſen Epoquen, oder nach den Nationen. Die der erſtern Methode folgen, ſetzen gewiſſe Zeitpuncte feſt, und erzählen bei jedem derſelben dasjenige ſtückweiſe hinter einander, was ſich während der Zeit in den berühmteſten Reichen, Staaten und Ländern zugetragen hat. Ich nenne unter den Büchern dieſer erſten Claſſe das Freyeriſche anſtatt aller, weil man nach demſelben bisher viele tauſend Perſonen den Grund zur Univerſalhiſtorie hat legen laſſen, und noch immer darin fortfährt. Ich tadle dieſes Buch nicht durchgehends: es hat wirklich einige Vorzüge für andern: aber ich kann mir doch nichts widerſinnigers vorſtellen, als der Plan deſſelben iſt. Die Geſchichte, die ganz Zuſammenhang ſeyn ſoll, iſt hier in lauter kleine abgeſonderte Stückchen zerſchnitten. Eben das gilt von allen Büchern, die nach Epoquen entworfen ſind, und man wird alſo dieſen Plan ſchwerlich rechtfertigen oder nachahmen wollen. Der ungezwungenſte Plan einer Univerſalhiſtorie für Anfänger ſcheint der zu ſeyn, der nach den Nationen, das iſt, alſo eingerichtet iſt, daß man die Geſchichten der Nationen einzeln hinter einander erzählet, und übrigens bei jeder Nationalgeſchichte die chronologiſche Ordnung beobachtet. Auf dieſe Art haben Puffendorf, Struv, und andere mehr, Univerſalhiſtorien (wiewol doch auch, in Anſehung des allzukleinen Umfangs, nicht im ſtrengen oder eigentlichen Verſtande) geſchrieben. Man wird leicht einſehen, daß auch wider den Plan dieſer Bücher noch ſehr viel eingewendet werden kan. Sie tragen zwar die Geſchichte einer jeden Nation unzerſtückt vor, allein ſie vernachläßigen zugleich gänzlich die Regeln des Gleichzeitigen. Durch dieſe Anmerkung ſcheine ich mir ſelbſt den Proceß, in Anſehung meiner Bücher über die Univerſalhiſtorie, gemacht zu haben. Ich habe bei der Abfaſſung meines Handbuchs lange über die Methode, die Nationen zu ſtellen, nachgedacht, und ich glaubte zuletzt, die bequemſte erwählet zu haben: vielleicht iſt ſie auch zur Erreichung der Abſichten, um deren Willen ich dieſe Bücher geſchrieben habe, nämlich zur erſten Grundlegung, zur Wiederholung, zum Nachſchlagen, nicht ſo unbequem, als die Bücher meiner Vorgänger: wenigſtens wollen mich einige verſichern, daß ſie meine Bücher bisher nicht ohne Nutzen gebraucht haben, und noch gebrauchen. Ich will auch weder ſo gefühllos, noch ſo ungeſittet ſeyn, und durch eigene Verachtung meiner Bücher diejenige, denen ſie gefallen, für partheyiſche, oder für unwiſſende Richter erklären. Man erlaube mir alſo nur das hier anzuführen, was ich ſowol meiner unbezwinglichen Wahrheitsliebe, als auch der Hochachtung gegen das Publicum ſchuldig zu ſeyn glaube. In Anſehung des Umfangs der Merkwürdigkeiten habe ich mir nichts vorzuwerfen, da ich, wie mir deucht, alle Gegenſtände kürzlich zuſammen gefaßt, die eine Univerſalhiſtorie im eigentlichen Verſtande ausmachen: allein in Anſehung des Plans, wovon hier eigentlich die Rede iſt, wird mich das freylich allem Anſehen nach vor ſtrengen Richtern nicht ganz tadelfrey machen können, daß ich in der Stellung der Nationen einige Fehler meiner Vorgänger vermieden, daß ich z. E. die zuſammengehörenden Nationen näher an einander gerücket, daß ich allgemeine Ruhepuncte bey der Sündfluth, bey der groſſen Zerſtreuung des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, bey der Babyloniſchen Gefangenſchaft, bey der Völkerwanderung, gemacht, und auf dieſe Art die beyden Methoden anderer gewiſſermaſſen mit einander verbunden habe. Den Regeln des Gleichzeitigen glaubte ich auſſerdem noch dadurch eine Genüge gethan zu haben, daß ich erinnert, man müſſe, wenn man die Geſchichte der Nationen einzeln hinter einander gelernet oder geleſen hätte (denn von Erlernung der Geſchichte einzelner Nationen muß wohl der Anfang in der Univerſalhiſtorie gemacht werden), das Gleichzeitige derſelben durch den Gebrauch ſynchroniſtiſcher Tabellen ſelbſt herſtellen. Allein, wo ſind die ſynchroniſtiſchen Tafeln, auf welchen alle von mir abgehandelte Nationen neben einander vorgeſtellet ſind? Selbſt die Bergeriſchen, ob ſie gleich die beſten unter allen übrigen ſind, thun die gewünſchten Dienſte nicht, und ſie ſind noch dazu, weil ſie ganz zur Unzeit mit Erzählungen beladen ſind, ſehr mühſam und von den wenigſten zu gebrauchen. Dies hat mich bewogen, nach Maasgabe und zum beſſern Gebrauch meiner Bücher über die Univerſalhiſtorie, ſelbſt *) ſynchroniſtiſche Tafeln auszuarbeiten. Sie ſind theils gedruckt, theils in Kupfer geſtochen. Findet man ſie zu dem Zwecke dienlich, wozu ich ſie verfertiget, ſo bin ich für die groſſe Mühe, die ich darauf verwendet habe, hinreichend belohnt, und meinen Büchern über die Univerſalhiſtorie wird, glaube ich, alsdann nie der Mangel des Gleichzeitigen vorgerückt werden können.

Doch ich eile zu dem Plan anderer hiſtoriſcher Schriften: denn es iſt unſerer Nation zu wünſchen, daß ſie den Vorwurf der Ausländer nicht mehr hören dürfe, als wenn die hiſtoriſche Claſſe ihrer Schriftſteller nur aus Ueberſetzern und Compendienſchreibern beſtünde.

Von dem Plan der Biographien oder Lebensbeſchreibungen.

Die Alten, die nichts von hiſtoriſchen Lehrbüchern wuſten, ſchrieben Biographien, Jahrbücher und eigentliche Hiſtorien, und in allen dieſen Gattungen bemüheten ſie ſich, pragmatiſch zu ſeyn, oder wenigſtens Geſchmack zu zeigen. Ich will zuerſt vom Plane der Biographie reden. Der Biographe iſt, in ſoferne er ein Biographe iſt, kein eigentlicher Geſchichtſchreiber, ſondern er beſchäftiget ſich mit Dingen, die der Geſchichtſchreiber nicht verarbeiten kan und darf. Karl XII u. Peter der Groſſe haben für jenen ſo gut, als für dieſen gelebt. Der Geſchichtſchreiber betrachtet ſie als Fürſten und Krieger, der Biographe als Menſchen. Beyde würden alſo zum Verdruß ihrer Leſer in ein fremdes Amt greifen, wenn ſie ihre Pflichten verwechſelten. Der Biographe vergißt ſeine Niedrigkeit, wenn er die groſſen Begebenheiten, an welchen ſeine Perſonen Antheil haben, umſtändlich erzählet, anſtatt ſie nur zu berühren, oder vorauszuſetzen. Er ſoll ja nur zur Ergänzung der groſſen Geſchichte, nicht die groſſe Geſchichte ſelbſt, ſchreiben. Ein Geſchichtſchreiber aber iſt ſeiner Würde uneingedenk, wenn er bis in das Privatleben der Fürſten und groſſen Leute herabſinket. Eugen erſcheint in der Geſchichte als ein groſſes Werkzeug für Teutſchland in den Händen des Oeſterreichiſchen Hauſes, aber auch ſtets nur als ein Werkzeug, nie als eine Hauptperſon und ſein Leben würde am unrechten Orte ſtehen, wenn es in der Geſchichte von Oeſterreich, oder von Teutſchland, oder gar von Europa erzählet würde. Allein eben ſo unerwartet müſte in einer Lebensbeſchreibung dieſes Prinzen einem verſtändigen Leſer die umſtändliche Hiſtorie des von ihm wider die Türken geführten Kriegs vorkommen. Es iſt natürlich, daß der Biographe des Helden dieſen Krieg nicht vorbeygehen darf, allein er ſoll immer bedenken, daß er nicht die Hiſtorie des Türkenkriegs, ſondern Eugens Leben beſchreibe. Die Marathoniſche Schlacht iſt eine der berühmteſten in der Welt. Miltiades hat ſie gewonnen, und Nepos, ſein Biographe, erzählt ſie nicht, er berührt ſie nur.

Es giebt aber andere Dinge, die der Biographe ausführlich beſchreiben, ja ſelbſt ausſchmücken, mit Betrachtungen und Schilderungen verſchönern darf. Das ganze Privatleben ge-

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*) Unter dem Titel: Synopsis Historiae universalis, sex tabulis, quarum duae in aes incisae coloribusque illustratae sunt, comprehensa, et Academiae Historicae Goettingensi dicata. Goettingae impensis Auctoris. 1766. fol. maj.

hört zu ſeinem Gebiete: es verſteht ſich aber von ſelbſt, daß weder bey ihm, noch bey der Perſon, deren Leben er beſchreibt,

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ſeyn müſſe. Darf er ſich nun gleich nicht bis zur groſſen Geſchichte hinaufſchwingen; ſo hat er dagegen, wenn er anders ein guter Schriftſteller iſt, den Troſt, daß ihn einige Millionen Menſchen mehr, als den Geſchichtſchreiber, mit Nutzen leſen können: denn er beſchreibt den Menſchen.

Da in Biographien die Menge von Sachen nicht ſonderlich groß, auch die Begebenheiten ſelbſt nicht ſo ſehr in einander gewickelt und verſchlungen ſind, als in der eigentlichen Hiſtorie; ſo wird weder die Stellung, noch die Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen den Biographen in Verlegenheit ſetzen.

Insgemein bringt man die Materialien unter gewiſſe Claſſen, und handelt von einer nach der andern, ohne dabei weder auf die Zeitordnung, noch auch ſelbſt auf eine genaue Zuſammenfügung ängſtlich zu ſehen. Doch vernachläſſigen gute Biographen ſelten das bequeme Mittel, durch natürliche Uebergänge den Leſer von einem Stücke zum andern zu führen. Plutarch, Nepos und Sueton gehören zu dieſer Claſſe.

Mich dünkt aber, man könne auch hier überall der Zeitordnung folgen, und gleichzeitige Begebenheiten und Umſtände an den rechten Stellen als Epiſoden einſchalten.

Im übrigen handelt, wie ich glaube, ein Lebensbeſchreiber wohl, wenn er die Notenſucht der Brittiſchen Biographie vermeidet; in allen Stücken aber juſt das Gegentheil von dem thut, was Pauli in dem Leben groſſer Helden des letztern Kriegs gethan hat.

Vom Plan genealogiſcher Hiſtorien.

Wir haben, auſſer den Biographien, noch genealogiſche Hiſtorien, eine gemiſchte Gattung, die aus Genealogie und Biographie zuſammen geſetzt iſt. Der Plan bedarf hier keiner Regeln. Man folgt den Reihen in den Stamtafeln, und wenn ſich eine Familie, wie mehrentheils geſchicht, in mehrere Linien theilt, ſo beſchreibt man eine Linie nach der andern. Die beygefügten Stamtafeln erhalten den Lauf der Erzählung in Ordnung, und gewähren zugleich den Vortheil des Gleichzeitigen eben ſo leicht, als in der eigentlichen Hiſtorie die ſynchroniſtiſchen Tabellen. Köhlers Wolfſteinſche, und Treuers Münchhauſiſche Geſchlechtshiſtorie können zum Muſter dienen.

Ich habe auch einmal eine Geſchlechtshiſtorie geſchrieben. Ich weis nicht, ob ich wünſchen darf, ſie geſchrieben zu haben: wenigſtens ſo jung, als ich damals war. So viel ich ſehe, hat man meine Holzſchuheriſche Geſchlechtshiſtorie *) bisher vielfältig gebraucht, und mir war ſie auch bey meinen diplomatiſchen Beſchäftigungen von jeher ungemein nützlich. Das Werk hat in der That einen reichen, und mit ſorgfältiger Wahl und Richtigkeit ausgefertigten Codicem diplomaticum, allerley die Lehre vom hohen und niedern Adel betreffende, vielleicht nicht ganz bekante, wenigſtens diplomatiſch bewieſene Anmerkungen; die beygefügten Kupferſtiche ſind auch nützlich, den Originalien gemäs, von einigen Gelehrten zum Theil ſchon genutzt, und meiſtens ſauber geſtochen; endlich mag das Werk, nach ſeinem weſentlichen Inhalte betrachtet, vielleicht keine ganz zu verachtende, ſondern nach einem, von unpartheiiſchen Kennern gebilligten Plan abgefaßte Probe von der Anwendung der Urkunden auf die Genealogie ſeyn. Man wird alſo der adelichen Familie, die es mit groſſen Koſten prächtig genug hat drucken laſſen, immer dafür verbunden ſeyn dürfen. Aber die Art des Vortrags in dem Texte? Kein gar zu ſchlechtes Latein, aber : : mit einem Worte, der biographiſche Theil dieſes vielleicht ſonſt nicht unbrauchbaren Werks iſt ungefähr das, was Hallers Leben von Zimmermann iſt, ein unſeliges Mittelding von Panegyr und Hiſtorie : : doch ich rede ja hier nicht von dem Ausdrucke und der Schreibart, ſondern von dem Plan genealogiſcher Hiſtorien, und an dem Plan meiner Holzſchuheriſchen Hiſtorie wird man hoffentlich nicht viel auszuſetzen haben. Was ich indeſſen hier beyläufig geſagt habe, kan den Nutzen haben, daß mein Beyſpiel denen, die es für etwas zu halten ſcheinen, in keinem Stücke im Wege ſtehen möge. Ich liebe die Wahrheit, und haſſe den Irthum gleich heftig an mir ſelbſt, und an andern.

Vom Plan der Jahrbücher.

Es iſt Zeit, daß ich nun auf die Jahrbücher komme. Der Annaliſte hat nicht nöthig, ſich erſt ängſtlich einen Plan zu entwerfen. Er folgt dem Laufe der Zeit, und die Begebenheiten, ſo ſehr ſie auch der Gattung nach von einander unterſchieden ſind, hängen ſich von ſelbſt an ihre Jahre.

Von dem Plan pragmatiſcher Jahrbücher.

Es giebt aber noch eine mittlere Gattung von Annaliſten, die von den eigentlichen Annaliſten nichts, als den Leitfaden der Jahre entlehnen; in der innern Einrichtung aber ganz pragmatiſch, und alſo zugleich Annaliſten und Geſchichtſchreiber ſind. Es iſt mir leid, daß ich einen Thucydides und Tacitus, anderer zu geſchweigen, in dieſer Claſſe finde. Weil ſich die Syſteme der Begebenheiten ſehr ſelten juſt mit dem Ende eines Jahres ſchlieſſen, ſo ſieht man leicht, daß die Stellung und Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen in ſolchen gemiſchten Werken ſehr oft gezwungen, allezeit aber mit den gröſten Schwierigkeiten verbunden ſeyn müſſen, und auf eine erträgliche Art nur von den gröſten hiſtoriſchen Genies erwartet werden können; ob ſich wol in den neuern Zeiten Schriftſteller unter dieſe Claſſe gemenget haben, die eben nicht mit den Talenten eines Thucydides oder Tacitus ausgerüſtet ſind. Thucydides, der die Hiſtorie eines einzelnen Kriegs geſchrieben hat, konte, ungeachtet er gar nur nach halben Jahren ordnete, doch in der Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen noch ungezwungener verfahren, als Tacitus, der die ganze römiſche Geſchichte eines Zeitraums in die Form von Jahrbüchern gezwungen hat: denn die Feldzüge, die jener beſchreibt, ſcheinen ſelbſt den Plan nach halben Jahren an die Hand zu geben. Allein, ich wünſchte doch, daß dieſer groſſe Mann eine bequemere Anlage zu ſeinem unſterblichen Werke erwählet hätte. Wer den Thucydides geleſen hat, wird mir, wie ich hoffe, glauben, daß viele Gründe dieſen Wunſch bey mir hervor gebracht haben, ob ich gleich die Vertheidigung ſeines guten Ueberſetzers, des ſel. D. Heilmanns, geleſen habe.

Im übrigen iſt der Plan und die Art der Zuſammenfügung in dergleichen vermiſchten Werken der Hauptſache nach von derjenigen nicht unterſchieden, die in der eigentlichen Hiſtorie zu beobachten iſt. Und hievon will ich ſogleich meine unmaßgebliche Gedanken entdecken.

Vom Plan in der eigentlichen oder groſſen Hiſtorie.

Hiſtoriſche Werke beſchäftigen ſich theils mit Nationen, die in dem einen Werke ſtückweiſe, in dem andern ganz, bald in geringerer, bald in gröſſerer Anzahl, bald alle zuſammen beſchrieben werden; theils mit Begebenheiten, und zwar von verſchiedener Art, und auch von verſchiedenem Werthe, mit Naturbegebenheiten und mit menſchlichen Begebenheiten (Nationalbegebenheiten), welche letztere bald die Religion, bald die Gewerbe, Handlung, Schiffarth, Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften, bald die Perſon des Regenten, den Hof, die Miniſter, den Krieg und die Armee, u. ſ. f. betreffen.

Der Zweck beſtimmt die Zahl der Nationen, und die Claſſen von Begebenheiten, und ein Schriftſteller wird ja wiſſen, warum und wovon er ſchreiben will. Weil die Univerſalhiſtorie die vollkommenſte Gattung hiſtoriſcher Schriften iſt, ſo werde ich nicht nur den Anfang von derſelben machen, ſondern auch am längſten mich bey ihr verweilen: denn der Plan einer Univerſalhiſtorie kan, wie mich dünkt, mit geringer Veränderung als ein Muſter für alle übrigen Specialtheile der Geſchichte angeſehen werden.

Von der Stellung der Nationen in der Univerſalhiſtorie.

Die erſte Sorge eines Verfaſſers der Univerſalhiſtorie muß ohne Zweifel auf die Stellung der Nationen gehen: hernach kan er ſeine Gedanken auf die Anordnung einzelner Begebenheiten und Merkwürdigkeiten richten. Die Zuſammenfügung der Erzählungen wird ſich zuletzt leicht von ſich ſelbſt geben.

Wenn alle Nationen und alle Begebenheiten in der Welt auf einander folgten, ſo würde es dem Geſchichtſchreiber etwas leichtes ſeyn, ſie in Ordnung zu bringen und mit einander zu verbinden. Er dürfte nur der Ordnung der Nationen und Begebenheiten ſelbſt, das iſt, der chronologiſchen Ordnung folgen; ſo hätte er ſeiner Pflicht ein Genüge gethan. Und man kan auch auf einander folgende Nationen und Begebenheiten nicht wol anders ſtellen und zuſammenfügen. Die Fügung ſelbſt geſchicht meiſt durch Uebergänge, die in den bekanten Zeitformeln, oder auch in der Anzeige der Jahre beſtehen. Ich

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*) Historia Genealogica Dominorum Holzschuherorum ab Aspach, Harlach et Thalheim etc. Patriciae Gentis tam apud Norimbergenses, tam in exteris etiam regionibus togo sagoque illustris, ex incorruptis rerum gestarum monimentis conquisita: accedunt maiores tabulae in aes incisae, itemque Codex omnis generis diplomatum atque documentorum nondum publicata complexus. Norimb. 1755. fol.

wünſchte nur, daß man ſich nicht, wie doch viele thun, ſo unbeſtimt in Anſehung der Zeit, wenn ſie anders genug bekant iſt, ausdrücken möchte. Nicht lange hernach ꝛc. Kurz nach deſſen Thronbeſteigung ꝛc. Der Krieg war kaum geendigt u. ſ. f. Dieſe Formeln ſind zu unbeſtimt in Fällen, wo die Folge der Begebenheiten hinlänglich bekant iſt.

Die gröſte Schwierigkeit aber äuſſert ſich in der Stellung und Zuſammenfügung gleichzeitiger Nationen und Begebenheiten, wenn zumal ein Werk von einigem Umfange, noch mehr aber eine Univerſalhiſtorie zu ſchreiben iſt. Schon eine einzige Hauptbegebenheit, ein Krieg, zum Exempel, ja ſelbſt eine Belagerung, eine Schlacht, enthält eine Menge ſowol gleichzeitiger, als auf einander folgender Begebenheiten. Wie gros muß nicht die Anzahl derſelben in der Geſchichte einer ganzen Nation ſeyn; wie weit gröſſer endlich, oder vielmehr wie faſt grenzenlos muß ſie erſt in einem Werke werden, das ſich auf mehrere, oder gar auf alle, wenigſtens bekante Nationen erſtrecken ſoll! Wie viele Reihen von Merkwürdigkeiten, wie viele gleichſam neben einander fortlaufende Ketten von Begebenheiten, unter denen einige ſich von dem Geſchichtſchreiber zurück bis auf die Zeit Adams oder Noahs, alle aber bis in vergangene Zeiten erſtrecken, müſſen in einem Werke ſichtbar gemacht werden, das die Geſchichte der Welt in ſich faſſen ſoll? In einer wahren Univerſalhiſtorie das Gleichzeitige dem Leſer ſtets gleichſam zu empfinden geben, iſt unſtreitig die ſchwerſte Aufgabe, die man einem Geſchichtſchreiber zur Auflöſung vorlegen kan. So wie er ſelbſt gleichzeitige Gegenſtände in der Erzählung nicht auf einmal gleichſam hinwerfen, oder auf die Art eines Malers auf einer Fläche neben einander hinſtellen kan; alſo kan auch der Leſer dieſelben nicht auf einmal umfaſſen, oder mit einem Blicke überſchauen. Der eine ſowol, als der andere verfahren bey gleichzeitigen Nationen und Begebenheiten, als wenn ſie auf einander folgten, und doch muß der Leſer von dem Geſchichtſchreiber alſo geführet werden, daß er ſtets fühlen kan, er leſe Dinge, die in eine und eben dieſelbe Zeit gehören, oder daß er Dinge, die in der Welt neben einander vorhanden waren, auch unter dem Leſen, ob ſie ihm gleich hinter einander vorgelegt werden, ſtets in Gedanken zuſammen ſtellen kan. Wie ſoll der Geſchichtſchreiber dieſe widerſprechend ſcheinende Dinge bewerkſtelligen? Bloſſe Uebergänge, wenn ſie auch noch ſo ſorgfältig ausgedacht werden, thun hier keine Wirkung. Alles komt auf die Stellung und Anlage der Erzählungen an. Hier iſt alſo der vorzüglichſte Ort, wo der Geſchichtſchreiber Wiz und Scharfſinn haben und gebrauchen muß, und er kan deſſen nicht zu viel haben, um alle die Verhältniſſe und Beziehungen der Nationen und Begebenheiten zu und auf einander geſchwind zu überſehen: nur muß Wiz und Scharfſinn von einer geſunden Beurtheilungskraft geleitet werden, um nicht Verhältniſſe, wie ſie ſich am erſten anbieten, ohne Unterſchied und ohne Schäzung ihres Werthes, zu ergreifen. Mit einem Worte hiezu gehört Genie.

Doch ich muß ſelbſt, ſo viel als mir die Kräfte meines eingeſchränkten Genies zulaſſen, etwas tiefer in die Verhältniſſe der Nationen und Begebenheiten hineingehen, damit es nicht das Anſehen habe, als lehnte ich unter einem guten Vorwande eine Pflicht ab, die ich doch übernommen habe.

Ich will zuerſt von den Verhältniſſen der Nationen und ſodann von den Verhältniſſen der Begebenheiten reden.

Mit einem kühnen Blick durch alle Jahrhunderte kan man, wie mich dünkt, ohne ſonderliche Schwierigkeit ein gedoppeltes Verhältnis der Nationen entdecken. Es ſey mir erlaubt, das eine das Syſtem der Unterwürfigkeit, und das andere das Syſtem der Bündniſſe zu nennen. Das erſtere geht durch alle Jahrhunderte, ſeitdem Nationen vorhanden ſind, das andere fängt ſich erſt im 16ten Jahrhunderte nach Chriſti Geburt an, und erſtreckt ſich nur auf die Europäiſchen Staaten. Das Syſtem der Unterwürfigkeit ſezt auf der einen Seite herrſchende, auf der andern unterthänige, bald nur zinsbare, bisweilen auch für ihre Freyheit kämpfende oder gar um die Herrſchaft buhlende Nationen voraus. Man kan eine jede herrſchende Nation nebſt denen ihr unterthänigen und zinsbaren oder aufſäzigen Völkern zuſammen als ein eigenes Nationalſyſtem betrachten, und weil alle zu einem ſolchen Syſtem gehörige Nationen eine bald ſtärkere, bald ſchwächere Beziehung auf die jedesmal herrſchende Nation haben; ſo ſieht man leicht, daß der Plan am natürlichſten nach den herrſchenden Nationen gemacht werden könne, ſo nämlich, daß man allezeit die herrſchende Nation zum Grunde lege, und die Merkwürdigkeiten der übrigen Völker, die mit der herrſchenden Nation ein Syſtem ausmachen, an den ſchicklichſten Orten als Epiſoden einſchalte. Ich finde nicht mehr als acht Nationalſyſteme: das Aſſyriſch-Mediſche, das Perſiſche, das Griechiſch-Macedoniſche, das Römiſche, das Parthiſch-Perſiſche, das Fränkiſch-Teutſche, das Arabiſche, und das Tatariſche. Die herrſchenden Nationen in den 4. erſtern Syſtemen folgen der Zeit ihrer Herrſchaft nach meiſtens auf einander, und können alſo dem Geſchichtſchreiber in der Stellung keine ſonderliche Schwierigkeit machen. Er ſtellt ſie nach der Zeitordnung, und wenn er bey der Einſchaltung der übrigen, zu einem jeden dieſer Syſteme gehörigen Nationen ſcharfſinnig genug verfähret, ſo wird er auch in dieſem Stücke ſeinen Pflichten ein Genüge thun können, ob man ſchon voraus ſehen kan, daß ihm das Vergnügen den Leſer zu befriedigen, wegen der Menge gleichzeitiger Nationen beym 3ten und 4ten Syſtem, noch immer theuer genug zu ſtehen kommen werde. Aber wie ſoll ſich der Verfaſſer aus dem Labyrinthe herausfinden, das ihm die 4. leztern Syſteme darbieten, wo die herrſchenden Nationen nicht nur unter ſich, ſondern auch mit dem noch lange fortdaurenden römiſchen Syſtem faſt immer gleichzeitig fortlaufen? Hier kan, wie mich dünkt, mit der Einſchaltungsmethode der Alten die Epoquenmethode der Neuern, aber freylich erſt nach einer merklichen Verbeſſerung derſelben, verbunden werden. Und eben hierin liegt meiner Meinung nach das Vorzügliche eines neuen Geſchichtſchreibers für den Alten, wenn er aus der Vereinigung der Einſchaltungsmethode der Alten mit der Neuern ihrer Stellung nach Epoquen und nach Nationen ein neues Ganze geſchickt hervorbringen kan. Nur dünkt mich, müſſen der Epoquen ſehr wenige angenommen werden. Man kan unſtreitig mit 5. ſolchen Ruhepuncten in der ganzen Univerſalhiſtorie auskommen. Die erſte Epoque endigt ſich juſt da, wo die Nationen ihren Urſprung nehmen, mit der Zerſtreuung der Menſchen nach dem Babyloniſchen Thurmbau um das Jahr der Welt 1809. Bibliſche Nachrichten von dem Urſprung und erſten Zuſtande der Welt und der Menſchen, von der Erfindung einiger Künſte, von der Vertilgung des menſchlichen Geſchlechts durch die Sündfluth, von dem neuen Anbau der Erde durch die ſich nach und nach vermehrende Nachkömlinge Noahs, erfüllen dieſen an andern Merkwürdigkeiten ganz unfruchtbaren Zeitraum, und können alſo wegen ihrer geringen Anzahl den Verfaſſer einer Univerſalhiſtorie in Anſehung des Plans in keine Verlegenheit ſezen. Die andere Epoque einer Univerſalhiſtorie würde ich nicht eher als mit dem 5ten Jahrhunderte nach Chriſti Geburt endigen. Der Urſprung der Nationen um das Jahr der Welt 1809. und die Völkerwanderung im 5ten Jahrhundert der chriſtlichen Zeitrechnung würden alſo dieſen Zeitraum begrenzen, und die 4. erſtern herrſchende Nationen, die in chronologiſcher Ordnung auf einander folgen, würden darin die Erzählungen leiten und verbinden. Bey dem Aſſyriſch-Mediſchen Syſtem würde ich zwar meine Leſer gleich Anfangs durch alle 3. Theile der alten Welt führen, und ihnen die erſten Reiche, die darin entſtanden ſind, zeigen; ich würde ihnen aber zugleich auch ankündigen, daß viele derſelben nicht zu dem Gemählde gehören, das ich ihnen entwerfen wollte. Es würde ihnen alſo von China, von Scythien oder von der jezt ſogenanten Tatarey, von Japan, von Egypten, von Griechenland ꝛc. nur im Vorbeygehen etwas geſagt werden, damit ſie nur wiſſen, daß dergleichen Staaten zum Theil eben ſo alt, zum Theil nicht viel jünger ſeyn, als die Reiche von Babylon, Aſſyrien und Medien, worauf ſie nun ihre ganze Aufmerkſamkeit zu richten hätten. Auf dieſe vorläufige Beſchäftigung könte eine geographiſche Nachricht von denen, zum Syſtem gehörigen Ländern, Babylonien, Aſſyrien, Medien, Perſien, Arabien, Paläſtina, Phönicien, Syrien, Phrygien, Troja, Lydien ꝛc. folgen. Nun wäre es Zeit an die Geſchichte zu denken. Zwey mäßige Reiche, Babylonien und Aſſyrien, wovon jenes Nimrod, dieſes Aſſur errichtet, kommen unter dem Sohne des leztern, dem Ninus zuſammen. Es entſteht daraus ein Reich von 9. Städten, das zu einer Zeit, da alle andere Reiche meiſt nur aus einer Stadt oder aus einem Dorfe und der herumgelegenen Feldmark beſtanden, mächtig genug war, andere damalige Staaten zu überfallen. Das Aſſyriſche Reich erwächſt ſchon unter ſeinem Stifter zu einem weitläuftigen Staate, und Semiramis kan bereits am Indus Krieg führen. Epiſode von dem Trojaniſchen Reiche beym Jahr 2800, da es ein Ende genommen. Dreyhundert Jahre nach der Zerſtöhrung Trojens komt unter dem Sardanapal die Herrſchaft an die Meder, das Syſtem bleibt, nur der Name der herrſchenden Nation ändert ſich. Es befinden ſich Araber mit unter den aufrühriſchen Völkern, die den Arbaces unterſtüzen: ein Beweis, daß Arabien wenigſtens zum Theil mit zum Syſtem gehöre. Kurze Epiſode von Arabien überhaupt, die in die Beſchreibung der Empörung des Arbaces eingerückt werden kan. Die nunmehrige Mediſche Monarchie geräth bald in Verfall. Aſſyrien buhlt um die Herrſchaft und erlangt ſie zugleich mit Medien. Nun ſind 2. herrſchende Nationen im Syſtem, die Meder und Aſſyrer. Die leztern machen groſſe Eroberungen im Weſten, gehen aber auch ſelbſt bald zu Grunde. Ihre Geſchichte wird unter dem Cyaxares als eine Epiſode der Mediſchen einverleibt: ſo wie von Meſopotamien und Syrien in einer Epiſode unter dem Aſſyriſchen Monarchen Tiglathpileſer gehandelt wird. Das

Königreich Iſrael wird bey der Vernichtung durch den Salmanaſſer nur berührt. An die Stelle der Aſſyrer kommen nun die Babylonier ſowol, als die Scythen, beyde als mitherrſchende Nationen. Von den Scythen wird nur im Vorbeygehen geredet. In Abſicht auf die Babylonier geſchicht ein gleiches; man meldet nur kürzlich ihre Befreyung, und ihre Eroberungen in Paläſtina und Phönicien. Die Mediſche Geſchichte läuft als die Grundgeſchichte bis ans Ende. Cyrus ſtößt ſeinen Grosvater vom Thron, und fängt ein neues Syſtem von Nationen, das Perſiſche an. Nachholung der ältern Geſchichte von Perſien. Cyrus erobert Lydien. Episode von dem Lydiſchen Reiche, in deſſen Geſchichte, unter dem Cröſus, die Geſchichte von Myſien und Phrygien, ſo dieſer Nebenbuhler des Cyrus an ſich gebracht hat, und von den Ciliciern überhaupt, als eine neue Episode eingerückt wird. Von den Aſiatiſchen Griechen im Vorbeygehen. Nun folgt die Eroberung von Babylonien, deſſen Geſchichte hier ganz eingeſchaltet wird, und zwar ſo, daß unter dem Nebucadnezar die Geſchichte der Canaaniter, Moabiter, Ammoniter, Midianiter, Edomiter, Amalekiter, Philiſter, wie auch die ganze Hiſtorie des Volks Gottes vom Abraham an bis auf die Wegführung der Iſraeliten durch die Aſſyrer, und der Juden durch die Babylonier, als Episoden eingerückt werden. Die Rückkehr der letztern aus der Babyloniſchen Gefangenſchaft wird nur angezeigt; die Phönicier werden auch nur berührt, und die umſtändlichere Erzählung von ihnen wird bis auf die Zeit Alexanders des Großen verſparet. Nun komt Cambyſes zur Regierung. Die Eroberung von Egypten bahnt den Weg zur vollſtändigen Nachricht von dieſem Reiche ſeit dem Urſprunge deſſelben: ſo wie unter dem Darius Hyſtaſpis von den Scythen im Zuſammenhange, und von den Thraciern, Macedoniern, Griechen und Indianern nur im Vorbeygehen geredet wird. Darius Codomannus befördert den Uebergang zum 3ten oder Macedoniſch-Griechiſchen Syſtem. Der Sitz der Herrſchaft iſt nun das erſtemal in Europa. Kurze Nachricht von dem damaligen Zuſtande der Europäiſchen Nationen: von den Römern im Vorbeygehen, auch etwas von den Carthaginenſern in Africa. Geographiſche Nachricht von den Griechen auf dem feſten Lande in Europa, Aſia und Africa, ſowol als auf den Inſeln. Hierauf folgt die Geſchichte der Griechen bis auf Philipps und Alexanders des Großen Zeiten. Wenn man die Heracliden in die Mitte ſtellt, ſo entſtehen 2. Nebenepoquen der griechiſchen Nationen, vor und nach den Heracliden, und es wird keine ſonderliche Schwierigkeit verurſachen, das Merkwürdigſte der griechiſchen Hiſtorie, mit Beyhülfe einiger Episoden in guter Ordnung und nach einem faßlichen Plan vorzutragen. Nun iſt man bis auf die Zeiten des K. Philipps von Macedonien gekommen. Man holt die Erdbeſchreibung und die ältere Geſchichte der Macedonier nach, beſchreibt ihre Verfaſſung, und ſchreitet zu Alexanders des Großen Eroberungen fort. Als Hauptepisoden in dem Leben dieſes Räubers werden die Merkwürdigkeiten von Phönicien und Indien im Zuſammenhange angebracht. Epirus, das griechiſche Kleinaſien, die griechiſchen Inſeln, und darunter auch Sicilien, werden nur von Ferne gezeigt, und erſt in der Geſchichte der Römer näher betrachtet.

Alexanders des Großen Tod veranlaßt zuerſt große Zerrüttungen in ſeiner Monarchie, und bald eine völlige Zergliederung derſelben. Jene ſowol, als dieſe werden umſtändlich beſchrieben: man erzählt auch die Geſchichte des Aſiatiſchen Reichs des Antigonus und des Thraciſchen des Lyſimachus ganz; aber von Macedonien, Syrien, Egypten, und den vielen kleinen Reichen in Aſien wird nur eine allgemeine Abbildung gemacht. Die zuſammenhängende Geſchichte eines jeden dieſer Staaten wird Episodenweiſe der Geſchichte des römiſchen Syſtems einverleibt. Mit Griechenland, das nur in Zwiſchenzeiten der Freyheit genoſſen, wird eben ſo verfahren. Man erinnert nur den Leſer, daß die meiſten Länder des Griechiſch-Macedoniſchen Syſtems nach und nach unter die Botmäßigkeit der Römer gekommen ſeyn, und nun eilt der neugierig gemachte Leſer gern mit ſeinem Verfaſſer nach Rom, und läßt ſich von dieſem erhabenen Standorte aus das 4te Nationalſyſtem, das Römiſche mit Vergnügen bekant machen. Eine geographiſche Nachricht von Italien, und den vielerley Nationen, die es bewohnten, geht voran, und die Geſchichte der Lateiniſchen und Albaniſchen Könige bahnt den Uebergang zur Geſchichte der Römer. Roms Kindheit zur Zeit ſeiner Könige. Carthago ſchließt im nächſten Jahre nach Austreibung der römiſchen Könige einen Commercientractat mit der Republik. Man erinnert hier den Leſer an dieſe mächtige Nebenbuhlerin von Rom, man beſchreibt aber noch nicht ihre Geſchichte. Rom erhält erſt nach einem langen Kampfe einiges Anſehn unter den Städten Italiens. Endlich glückt es dieſer herrſchſüchtigen Stadt, alles um ſich herum zu überwältigen. Sie iſt nun die Beherrſcherin des mittlern und untern Theils von Italien. Zur Zeit der Puniſchen Kriege macht ſie auch auswärtige Eroberungen. Sie unterwirft ſich Sardinien und Corſica im Jahr 3758, und Spanien im Jahr 3783. Kurze Nachricht von dieſen Ländern. Die Macedonier werden im Jahr 3816 und die Illyrier im folgenden Jahre bezwungen. Einſchaltung der ganzen Geſchichte des Macedoniſchen Reichs nach Alexander dem Großen, auch etwas von den Illyriern. Nach dem glücklichen Ausgange des dritten Puniſchen und des Achäiſchen Kriegs im Jahr 3838. ſind die Römer Meiſter von ganz Griechenland und von dem Gebiete der Carthaginenſer. Hier iſt der bequemſte Ort, die ganze Geſchichte und Verfaſſung von Carthago und von Epirus, wie auch von Griechenland ſeit dem Tode Alexanders des Großen, und folglich inſonderheit die Geſchichte und Einrichtung des Achäiſchen und Aetoliſchen Bundes nachzuholen. Nun hat Rom völlig die Geſtalt einer herrſchenden Nation des Erdbodens, ſeine Ländersucht aber dauert noch immer fort. Pergameniſche Erbſchaft und Pergameniſcher Krieg im Jahr 3853-55, und Einſchaltung der Hiſtorie des Königreichs Pergamus. Da der Leſer auf dieſe Art nach Aſien geführt worden, ſo kan man ihm einen Blick auf andere Aſiatiſche Reiche der damaligen Zeiten thun laſſen, und weil die Parther im Jahr 3850. das mächtige Bactrianiſche Reich der Griechen, nachdem dieſes kurz zuvor das Indianiſche Reich verſchlungen, nebſt dieſer wichtigen neuen Eroberung unter ihre Botmäßigkeit gebracht haben, ſo muß man auch dieſer großen Staatsveränderung kürzlich gedenken. Die Römer ſetzen inzwiſchen ihre Eroberungen gleichfals fort. Bezwingung der Dalmatier im Jahr 3864. und etwas von der Geſchichte dieſer Nation. Bey Gelegenheit des Cimbriſchen Kriegs im Jahr 3870-83. kan man einen Blick auf die Nation thun, die 600. Jahre hernach den Raub der Römer unter ſich getheilet hat; doch ſieht man diesmal Teutſchland nur, ſo zu ſagen, von der Seite an. Nachholung der Geſchichte des Königreichs Pontus, wie auch der Aſiatiſchen Griechen, der Creter und Cyrenäer bey Gelegenheit des Mithridatiſchen Kriegs im Jahr 3896. Entweder hier, da von den Cyrenäern die Rede iſt, oder weiter unten, wenn beym Untergang des Königreichs Egypten ein neuer Weg nach Africa zu gehen gebahnet wird, kan man kürzlich von den Aethiopiern und Nubiern handeln. Zum Jahr 3909. gehört die Episode vom Königreich Bithynien. Da Syrien im Jahr 3918. zur römiſchen Provinz gemacht worden iſt, ſo kan bey dieſem Jahre die Geſchichte dieſes Königreichs ſeit der Stiftung deſſelben durch die Seleuciden ganz eingeſchaltet, und von dem Abfall der Parther und Armenier unter den Königen, Antiochus II. und Antiochus III. oder Großen im Vorbeygehen gehandelt werden. Die ältere Geſchichte Galliens ſowol, als der Inſel Cypern, laſſen ſich am ſchicklichſten beym Jahr 3926. anbringen, weil in dieſem Jahre Cäſars Eroberungen in Gallien ihren Anfang nahmen, und Cypern durch Clodii Geſetz in eine römiſche Provinz verwandelt worden. Nur ein Blick auf Britannien und Germanien, ſo flüchtig, als Cäſars Uebergang in beyde Länder im Jahr 3929. Aber der zweyte Blick auf Germanien bey Cäſars wiederholtem Anſchlag auf dieſes Land im Jahr 3931. muß etwas aufmerkſamer ſeyn. Die Teutſchen ziehen ſich bey der Ankunft dieſes Römers von dem Rhein tiefer in ihr Land hinein. Die, vermuthlich zur Zeit Auguſts nach Böhmen wandernde Marcomannen bringen die erſte Bewegung unter die Germanier. Von dieſes Kayſers Zeiten an wird das Drängen der teutſchen Nationen immer ſtärker gegen die Weichſel zu, und Tacitus findet ſchon die Grenzen zwiſchen Germanien und Sarmatien in der größten Verwirrung, zu einer Zeit, da das im äußerſten Oſten von Aſien ſeinem Untergange ſich nähernde große Hunniſche Reich im Begriffe iſt, ganze Schaaren zerſtreuter Nationen an die Grenzen dieſer Länder zu ſchicken, wo ohnedem ſchon alles in voller Bewegung iſt, aus einem gemeinſchaftlichen Mittelpunct, oder vielmehr aus einem Sammelplatz weſtlicher und öſtlicher Nationen die römiſchen Provinzen anzugreifen. Doch ich bin ganz unverſehens über das Ziel der Zeiten hinaus geſchritten, von denen ich noch erſt zu reden habe. Die römiſchen Provinzen, die bey der Völkerwanderung zuerſt von den Barbarn überſchwemmet worden, ſind noch nicht erobert. Octavius muß erſt ſeinen Nebenbuhler Antonius zu Grunde richten. Er thut es, und nachdem er Egypten im Jahr 3954. ans Reich gebracht, ſo findet er den Weg zum Kayſerthron geöfnet, und der Geſchichtſchreiber kan nun, wenn er zuvor die Egyptiſche Geſchichte ſeit Alexanders des Großen Tode eingeſchaltet hat, anfangen, die Geſchichte der römiſchen Kayſer zu erzählen. Die Hiſtorie der, zur Zeit der Kayſer eroberten Länder kan leicht bey den Jahren, in welchen die Eroberung geſchehen, in die Geſchichte des römiſchen Kayſerthums verwebt werden. Ich will ſie anzeigen. Unter dem Auguſt Paphlagonien, Galatien, Rätien, Vindelicien, Noricum, Pannonien, und Teutſchland bis an die Elbe, welche letztere Eroberung jedoch bey der Niederlage des Varus verloren gegangen iſt: unter dem Tiber Cappadocien: unter dem Claudius

Syrien, Numidien und Mauritanien, wie auch Britannien: unter dem Veſpaſian Cilicien, Kleinarmenien, Comagene, Emeſa, Chalcis, wie auch Rhodus und Samos, inſonderheit aber Judäa, deſſen Geſchichte von den Zeiten der Wiederkehr aus Babel bis auf die Zerſtöhrung Jeruſalems hier im Zuſammenhange zu erzählen iſt: unter dem Trajan Dacien, Meſopotamien, Armenien, Aſſyrien, welche Länder jedoch nur, ſo lang als er lebte, behauptet worden ſind: unter dem Severus das Königreich Bosporus: unter dem Caracalla Edeſſa.

Von dieſer Zeit an iſt nicht mehr an Eroberungen zu gedenken. Das römiſche Reich erhält ſich nur mit Noth gegen die ihm immer gefährlicher werdende aſiatiſche und teutſche Nationen. Die Epiſoden hören alſo auf, und die Geſchichte folgt dem geraden Laufe der Zeit. Der Krieg, den der Kaiſer Alexander Severus mit dem erſten Perſiſchen Monarchen Artaxerxes führen muſte, lenket den Blick des Geſchichtſchreibers ohnedem auf die groſſe Staatsveränderung in Aſien, da das Reich der Parther jezt faſt auf eben die Art, wie ehedin das Reich der Meder, auf die Perſer komt. Von dieſer Monarchie wird hier nur im Vorbeygehen geredet. Der Geſchichtſchreiber verfolgt die Reihe der Kaiſer, meldet die Theilung des Reichs in das Morgenländiſche und Abendländiſche, und führt die Geſchichte des leztern, mit Uebergehung des erſtern bis zu ſeinem Untergange durch die Einfälle der wandernden Völker. Er hat nun die zweyte Epoque der Univerſalhiſtorie geendiget. Die 3te bis zur Zeit Karls des Groſſen, und die 4te und 5te, die durch die Entdeckung von America begrenzet werden, dienen ihm meiſtens nur, die Geſchichte der Europäiſchen Staaten in Ordnung zu erhalten, und ſind alſo gewiſſermaſſen nur Nebenepoquen. Die Erzählung von dem Untergang des abendländiſchen Kaiſerthums muß den Leſer nothwendig auf die Urſachen, die dieſe groſſe Veränderung nicht etwa nur eines Staats, ſondern einer groſſen Menge von Staaten hervor brachten, begierig gemacht haben. Jezt führt ihn der Geſchichtſchreiber nach dem äuſſerſten öſtlichen Lande von Aſien, und zeigt ihm in der Zerſtöhrung der groſſen Hunniſchen Monarchie durch die Chineſer den erſten Stoß zu den Bewegungen, wodurch die Völkerwanderung in Europa verurſachet worden. Der Leſer iſt erſtaunt zu ſehen, wie das weſtlichſte und öſtlichſte Kaiſerthum, die Römer und die Chineſer gleichſam einſtimmig ſind, die Nationen gegen einen gemeinſchaftlichen Mittelpunct in Sarmatien zuſammen zu treiben, von da aus dieſe hernach ſich ſtromweiſe über die Länder des römiſchen Kaiſerthums ergoſſen haben. Es iſt alſo ganz natürlich, hier die Geſchichte und Verfaſſung der Chineſer, die den groſſen Antheil an der Völkerwanderung haben, im Zuſammenhange, und zwar entweder nur bis auf dieſen Zeitpunct, mit Verſparung der neuern Geſchichte auf die Zeit der erſten Schiffarth der Portugieſen nach Oſtindien, oder auch, weil man Völkergeſchichten nicht leicht ohne Noth trennen ſoll, in ungetheilter Folge bis auf unſere Zeiten zu beſchreiben. Die Hiſtorie und Verfaſſung der Coreaner und Tibetaner wird als eine Epiſode der Chineſiſchen behandelt, und an denen Orten ganz eingerückt, wo erzählet wird, daß dieſe Völker den Chineſern zinsbar worden ſind. Von Japan und den Inſeln auf der Südſee wird, weil ſie nicht zum Syſtem gehören, und vielleicht auch, wie gedacht, von der neuern Chineſiſchen Geſchichte, erſt zu der Zeit geredet, da ſie den Europäern, durch den wiedergefundenen Weg zur See über das Vorgebürg der guten Hofnung nach Oſtindien, alſo um den Anfang des 16ten Jahrhunderts nach Chriſti Geburt, näher bekant worden ſind.

Die Bezwingung der Chineſer durch die Mantſchen macht den natürlichſten Uebergang zur Geſchichte der ſogenanten öſtlichen Tataren überhaupt, und von dieſen ſodann zu der erſten Claſſe der weſtlichen Tataren, das iſt, der Hunniſchen Nationen. Denn obgleich nur eine Nation von den öſtlichen Tataren, nämlich die Cheu-ſhen oder Avaren, nach Europen übergegangen ſind; ſo haben ſie doch überhaupt durch ihre Bewegungen und Kriege ſehr viel mit zur Völkerwanderung beygetragen.

So bald die Hunnen im 4ten Jahrhundert Miene machen, nach Europa überzugehen, ſo bringt man dem Leſer die ganze Lage der Sachen in dem abend- und morgenländiſchen Kaiſerthum der Römer wieder kürzlich ins Gedächtnis; man zeigt die zu jedem derſelben gehörigen Provinzen an, und ſchildert den elenden Zuſtand derſelben und die daraus entſtandene Unzufriedenheit der Unterthanen; man begiebt ſich endlich auf die Grenzen des römiſchen Reichs, und ſieht, wie die zur Auswanderung ſchon gleichſam in Ordnung geſtellten teutſchen Völker wohnen. Bey dieſer Gelegenheit kan die ältere Geſchichte und Verfaſſung der Teutſchen vom Anfange an bis auf dieſen Zeitpunct im Zuſammenhang nachgeholet werden. Nach dieſen Einſchaltungen wird dem Leſer das Wunderbare der Völkerwanderung begreiflich gemacht. Man verbindet gleich damit die ganze Geſchichte der Hunniſchen Nationen, geht alsdann zur Geſchichte der auswandernden teutſchen Völker und aller ihrer auf den Ruinen der römiſchen errichteten Reiche bis zu eines jeden Untergange fort. Wenn man die Geſchichte der Franken, als der herrſchenden Nation, zum Grunde legt, ſo laſſen ſich nicht nur die auswandernden, ſondern auch die übrigen teutſchen Völker eben ſo, wie der dem römiſchen Syſtem geblieben iſt, leicht in epiſodiſchen Erzählungen an den gehörigen Orten mit der Geſchichte der Franken verbinden. Die Geſchichte der Franken wird bis auf Karl den Groſſen fortgeführt.

Die Erneuerung des Kaiſerthums im Occidente bringt das orientaliſche Kaiſerthum wieder ins Gedächtnis, deſſen Geſchichte vom Arcadius an ganz erzählet wird.

Die Eroberung Conſtantinopels durch die Türken könte zwar Gelegenheit geben, auf die 2te Claſſe der weſtlichen Tataren, nämlich auf die türkiſchen Nationen zu kommen; da aber die Araber ſchon zuvor das morgenländiſche Kaiſerthum ſehr geſchwächt haben, ſo wie ſie ſelbſt durch die Türken größtentheils zu Grunde gerichtet worden ſind: ſo ſcheint es ſchicklicher zu ſeyn, noch vor den Türken die Geſchichte der arabiſchen Monarchie zu beſchreiben und die Ueberbleibſel derſelben bis auf unſere Zeiten fortzuführen.

Aber wie verfähret man mit der Geſchichte des Parthiſch-Perſiſchen Syſtems, wovon bisher immer nur an ſchicklichen Orten im Vorbeygehen geredet worden? Mich dünkt, man könne ſie unter dem 2ten Caliphen, dem Omar, der Perſien zur muſelmänniſchen Provinz gemacht hat, als eine Hauptepiſode einſchalten. Ich will mich darüber, weil die Unterſuchung eine herrſchende Nation des Erdbodens betrift, etwas umſtändlicher erklären. Daß man der Parther und Perſer in der Geſchichte des Griechiſch-Macedoniſchen Syſtems ſowol, als des Römiſchen bey allen ſchicklichen Gelegenheiten kürzlich gedenken müſſe, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, und iſt auch an mehrern Orten erinnert worden. In der Geſchichte der Seleuciden wird demzufolge von den Parthern, als von einer Nation geredet, die ſich vom Syſtem losgeriſſen, und nicht nur ihre Freyheit auf Koſten der Seleuciden behauptet, ſondern auch ihr Gebiet nach und nach anſehnlich vermehret hat. Zur Zeit der Römer betrachtet man ſie als eine groſſe herrſchende Nation, die zuerſt unter dem Namen der Parther, und ſeit dem Jahr Chriſti 226. unter der Benennung der Perſer die Eroberungen der Römer im Oriente an dem Euphrat und Tigris aufgehalten hat, ſo wie die Teutſchen der Ländergier eben dieſer Römer an dem Rhein und der Donau Grenzen geſezt haben. Nachdem nun der Leſer die wichtigſten Staatsveränderungen des Parthiſch-Perſiſchen Syſtems ſtückweiſe an den gehörigen Orten vernommen hat, ſo muß man einen ſchicklichen Zeitpunct aufſuchen, wo ihm die Geſchichte dieſer herrſchenden Nation im Zuſammenhange vom Anfang an erzählet werden könne. Und dieſen Zeitpunct ſcheint mir die Bezwingung derſelben unter dem Caliphen Omar ganz natürlich zu beſtimmen. Denn da die Parther und Perſer nur das Wachsthum des römiſchen Gebiets gehindert, nicht aber ſelbſt wichtige Eroberungen in demſelben gemacht, noch auch von den Römern bezwungen worden ſind; ſo kan man ihre Geſchichte nicht wol dem römiſchen Syſtem unmittelbar einverleiben. Bey andern Syſtemen geht es auch nicht an, weil ſie mit denſelben in keinem ſonderlich begreiflichen Verhältnis geſtanden. Es iſt alſo, wie mich dünkt, das Ende ihres Reichs unter dem Caliphen Omar die bequemſte Zeit, ihre Geſchichte vom Urſprung ihres Reichs an bis zum Untergang deſſelben im Zuſammenhange vorzutragen. Weil die Parther und Perſer, wie oben ſchon erinnert worden, und ſonſt bekant genug iſt, viele andere Reiche unter ihre Botmäßigkeit gebracht haben; ſo muß die Geſchichte der wichtigſten unter den bezwungenen Nationen an den gehörigen Orten epiſodenweis in die Parthiſch-Perſiſche Hiſtorie eingeſchaltet werden. Man erzählt alſo die Geſchichte des Bactrianiſchen Reichs der Griechen, und des von dieſen kurz verſchlungenen ſpätern Indiſchen Reichs beym Jahr der Welt 3850; ſo wie von Medien Atropatene beym Jahr Chriſti 54, von Groß-Armenien beym Jahr Chriſti 412, und bey dieſer Gelegenheit auch von Iberien und Albanien das Merkwürdigſte angeführt werden kan.

Nach dieſer Hauptepiſode, und ihren Nebenepiſoden lenkt der Geſchichtſchreiber wieder ein, und ſezt die Geſchichte der Caliphen und der berühmteſten Arabiſchen Dynaſtien in Aſien, Africa und Spanien, muthig fort.

Von der Geſchichte der Araber iſt der Uebergang leicht zu den Türkiſchen Nationen, als der 2ten Claſſe der ſogenannten weſtlichen Tataren. Zwo Epiſoden müſſen auch hier das Gleichzeitige befördern helfen; die eine von den Kurden, das iſt ſowol von den Merwaniden, als Ayubiten, und bey dieſen ſonderlich vom Saladin: die andere von dem neuern Perſiſchen Reiche, oder von der Arabiſchen Dynaſtie der Sophi, nachdem zuvor die Zergliederung Perſiens durch Arabiſche, Perſiſche und

Türkiſche Stämme, und die Bezwingung aller derſelben durch die Mogols erzählet worden iſt.

Wenn nun die Geſchichte der Türkiſchen Nationen geendigt, und unter denſelben zulezt noch etwas ausführlicher von dem Türkiſch-Ottomanniſchen Reiche ſowol vor, als nach der Eroberung Conſtantinopels bis auf die neueſten Zeiten geredet worden iſt; alsdann folgt die Geſchichte und Verfaſſung der 3ten Claſſe der weſtlichen Tataren, oder der Mogoliſchen Nationen, ſowol der Zingiskaniden, als der Timuriden, von ihrem Urſprunge an bis auf unſere Tage, ſonderlich was das Reich des groſſen Mogols von Indien anbetrift: wiewol man verſchiedenes daran, und inſonderheit die Nachricht von dem Reiche des Groſſen Mogols bis auf die Wiederherſtellung der Schiffarth über das Vorgebürg der guten Hofnung durch die Portugieſen; das iſt, bis zum Anfang des 16ten Jahrhunderts verſparen kan.

Jezt geht der Geſchichtſchreiber mit ſeinem Leſer wieder nach Europa, beſchreibt ihm zuerſt die Fränkiſch-Teutſche Monarchie ſeit Karl dem Groſſen bis gegen das Jahr 1500. Eben ſo weit führt er auch die Geſchichte der übrigen Europäiſchen Nationen epiſodenweiſe fort.

Auf dieſe Art ſtellt er ſich unvermerkt in die lezte Epoche hinein, die ihren Anfang mit der Entdeckung Amerikens im Jahr 1492 nimt.

In dieſem Zeitraum fängt erſt das Europäiſche Staatsſyſtem, das iſt, das Syſtem der Bündniſſe an, ſich vollends zu entwickeln und auszubilden.

Die Weſtindiſchen Beſizungen und die Schiffarth nach Oſtindien geben einigen Europäiſchen Nationen eine Uebermacht über die andern. Dieſe andern Völker, welche in Gefahr zu ſeyn glauben, helfen ſich durch Bündniſſe, und ſo ſtellen ſich dadurch die Europäiſchen Nationen in 2 Waagſchaalen.

Es iſt alſo natürlich, daß man hier zuerſt von der Entdeckung Amerikens reden, und die Länder und Völker der neuen Welt beſchreiben müſſe.

Darauf folgt man dem Laufe der durch die Portugieſen wieder hergeſtellten Schiffarth über das Vorgebürg der guten Hofnung.

Hier entdecken ſich zuerſt verſchiedene Länder und Nationen auf den Africaniſchen Küſten, wichtige Inſeln auf dem Südmeere, das Reich des groſſen Mogols, und andere Aſiatiſche Staaten, wenn nicht zuvor ſchon von ihnen geredet worden iſt, und zulezt auch das Kaiſerthum Japan, deſſen Geſchichte und Verfaſſung hier ganz vorgetragen wird.

Nachdem man in Weſt- und Oſtindien die Quellen der Macht und der Eiferſucht der neuern Europäiſchen Staaten kennen lernen, ſo betrachtet man nun dieſe ſelbſt, und zwar nach dem Syſteme der Bündniſſe, da denn die Geſchichte des Europäiſchen Gleichgewichts den Lauf der Europäiſchen Staatsgeſchichte leicht in Ordnung erhalten wird.

Die Geſchichte der Religionen, daß ich das noch hinzuſeze, alſo die Geſchichte der Religionen, der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften, der Handlung und Schiffarth, des Kriegsweſens u. ſ. f. wird zwar an ſchicklichen Orten epiſodenweiſe eingeſchaltet: es ſcheint aber auch nöthig zu ſeyn, jede dieſer Specialgeſchichten an Einem Orte ganz und im Zuſammenhange vorzutragen. Die allgemeine Religionsgeſchichte kan vielleicht am bequemſten als eine groſſe Epiſode bei Gelegenheit der Reformation Luthers: die allgemeine Geſchichte der Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte bey Gelegenheit der neuern Philoſophie: die allgemeine Geſchichte der Handlung und Schiffarth bey Gelegenheit der erſten Portugieſiſchen Schiffarth über das Vorgebürg der guten Hofnung nach Oſtindien: die allgemeine Hiſtorie des Kriegsweſens bey Gelegenheit der Erfindung des Pulvers durch Schwarzen, u. ſ. f. erzählet werden.

Dies ſind meine wenige Gedanken von der Stellung der Nationen in einem Werke des Geſchmacks über die Univerſalhiſtorie. Vielleicht findet man den Plan nicht ganz unbequem, vielleicht aber verwirft man ihn aus guten Gründen, oder verbeſſert ihn wenigſtens. Wenn meine Einfälle ſonſt keinen Nuzen haben, als daß ſie andern Gelegenheit zu weiterm Nachdenken über eine ſo wichtige Sache geben; ſo bin ich ſchon zufrieden. So lang ich indeſſen nicht durch Gründe von einem beſſern Plan überzeugt werde, glaube ich, daß durch den meinigen das wol verbundene, aus unzählich ſcheinenden Theilen beſtehende und vom Anfang der Welt bis auf unſere Zeiten fortgeführte Ganze, das Carmen perpetuum zu Stande gebracht werden könne, welches Ovid ſeinem Werke von den Verwandelungen gleich Anfangs von den Göttern erbittet

– – Di, coeptis (nam Di, mutastis et illas)
Adspirate meis, primaque ab origine mundi
Ad mea PERPETVVM deducite tempora CARMEN.

Es ſcheint wenigſtens, daß man durch die Ausführung des Plans, den ich vorgeſchlagen habe, drey Abſichten zugleich erreichen könne. Erſtlich bleibt die Geſchichte der Nationen unzerriſſen und im Zuſammenhange: denn man ſchaltet immer ganze Nationen, oder von der Natur ſelbſt getrennte Zeiträume ein und die Einſchaltungen können auch in der Geſchichte der Hauptnationen, eben weil ſie Einſchaltungen ſind, keine nachtheilige Zertrümmerung oder Verwirrung verurſachen. Sodann thut man auch den Regeln des Gleichzeitigen ein Genüge: denn alle Nationalſyſteme werden ungetrent beſchrieben, und was nicht zum Syſtem gehört, iſt für den Leſer ſowol, als für den Geſchichtſchreiber nicht als gleichzeitig zu betrachten, wenn auch wirklich in den Sachen ſelbſt etwas Gleichzeitiges ſich findet. Endlich vermeidet man die ſonſt nicht zu verhütende, und doch ſtets ekelhafte Monotonie, das einſchläfernde Einförmige der Erzählung: indem der Leſer immer von einem Lande in das andere geführt, bald durch Begebenheiten, bald durch geographiſche Nachrichten, bald durch Abſchilderungen der Nationen nach ihrer Religion, Staatsverfaſſung, nach ihren häuslichen Umſtänden, Sitten, Künſten, Wiſſenſchaften ꝛc. unterhalten wird.

Iſt es erlaubt zu wünſchen, und darf man die Erfüllung des Wunſches hoffen, daß eine Univerſalhiſtorie nach einem Plane, der dem Meinigen nicht unähnlich iſt, ausgearbeitet würde?

Ein Einwurf iſt noch zu beantworten, und dies wird mir Gelegenheit geben, meine Meinung noch deutlicher zu erklären. Wie iſt es möglich, könte jemand ſagen, der das ungeheure Werk der Engliſchen allgemeinen Welthiſtorie in Gedanken hat, wie iſt es möglich, die Geſchichten ganzer Nationen ohne Verwirrung und Zwang in einander zu ſchieben, und wie kan man da den Faden der Geſchichte behalten, wenn immer ein unüberſehauliches Ganze in das andere hinein gewebet wird? In dem Einwurfe iſt, wie mich dünkt, der Stof zur Antwort ſelbſt vorhanden. Wenn man freilich die Definition der Univerſalhiſtorie aus dem Anſchauen der Engliſchen Welthiſtorie, oder auch nur des Auszugs, den Guthrie und ſeine Gehülfen daraus verfertiget haben, abſtrahiren müſte; alsdann würde ich ſelbſt die Ausführung meines Plans, wo nicht für unmöglich, doch für äuſſerſt unbequem halten. Allein wer heißt uns ſo verfahren? Man erwäge nur mit Aufmerkſamkeit den Zweck, warum eine Univerſalhiſtorie geſchrieben wird, und man wird bald gewahr werden, daß ſie, gegen Specialhiſtorien betrachtet, eben das in der Hiſtorie thun müſſe, was in der Geographie die Charte vom Globus thut. Die Univerſalhiſtorie muß alſo kurz ſeyn, muß ſich nur mit den Hauptrevolutionen beſchäftigen, muß den allgemeinen Zuſammenhang der Merkwürdigkeiten in den Specialhiſtorien, und das Gleichzeitige aller groſſen Veränderungen auf dem Erdboden, im Staate, in der Religion, in den Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften, in der Handlung und Schiffarth ꝛc. unter einem ins Kleine gebrachten Bilde nicht ſowol erzählen, als vielmehr vormalen.

Sollen die Regeln des Gleichzeitigen in der Univerſalhiſtorie beobachtet werden, und dieſe ſind die Grundgeſeze, ja alles in allem: ſo muß man ſehr oft, man wolle, oder wolle nicht, die Einſchaltungsmethode der Alten anwenden. Wie kan aber das geſchehen, und es muß doch geſchehen, wenn die Nationen ſo umſtändlich, als in einer Specialhiſtorie beſchrieben werden? Wie kan ich ein Ganzes durch Epiſoden unterbrechen, wenn die Epiſoden, jede einzeln für ſich ſchon gröſſer ſind, als das ganze Werk ſeyn ſoll? Wie kan ſich derjenige einen allgemeinen Begrif von den Merkwürdigkeiten der Welt machen, der aus einem gränzenloſen Labyrinth in das andere geführt wird? Wer wird die Jahrhunderte durchſchauen, und alles Wichtige, das ſich in jedem derſelben zugetragen hat, ſich ſo oft er will und ſoll, gegenwärtig machen können, wenn man ihn nicht gefliſſentlich nirgends bis ans Ende ſehen läßt?

Dies brachte eben die neuern Geſchichtſchreiber von dem guten Plane der Alten ab, daß ſie glaubten, ihr Vorzug für den Alten beſtünde in der Gröſſe des Werks, das ſie zu ſchreiben unternahmen: und dies gieng ſo weit, daß ſelbſt die Nation, die es ſonſt immer gern bey ſehr wenigen und kleinen Duodezbändchen bewenden läßt, Rollin's viele und ſtarke Bände über die alte Geſchichte gerne lieſt, die doch bey aller ihrer Umſtändlichkeit noch weit von der Vollſtändigkeit einer Univerſalhiſtorie, nur der ältern Zeiten, entfernet iſt. Das Vorurtheil der Weitläufigkeit, denn ſo kan man, wie mich dünkt, dieſe Verfahren der Neuen heiſſen, das Vorurtheil der Weitläufigkeit alſo brachte uns ſo weit, daß wir uns unter einer Univerſalhiſtorie nicht das, was ſie ſeyn ſolte, und was ſie auch wirklich bey den Alten war, ſondern eine Congeriem, eine unüberſehauliche Maſſe von lauter hinter einander geſtellten Specialhiſtorien gedenken lerneten. Und durch Hülfe dieſer falſchen Vorſtellung kamen wir endlich gar bis auf den ſonderbaren Einfall, ein Werk über die Univerſalhiſtorie, das alle andere an Weitläuftigkeit überträfe, verdiente den Vorzug für allen, nicht nur neuen, ſondern auch alten Schriften dieſer

Art. Soll denn das, oder kan denn das eine Univerſalhiſtorie ſeyn, wenn alle Specialgeſchichten zuſammen in ein einziges groſſes Werk gebracht werden? Jeder, durch das herrſchende Vorurtheil noch nicht verblendete Kenner der Sache wird es vielmehr ein hiſtoriſches Archiv, oder auch allenfals eine hiſtoriſche Bibliothek, in welcher alle Bände gleichförmig zugeſchnitten ſind, nennen. Laßt es uns alſo nur geſtehen, daß die Neuen hierin gar keinen Vorzug für den Alten haben, ſondern vielmehr getadelt zu werden verdienen, daß ſie den Plan und Geſchmack der Alten zur Unzeit vernachläßiget haben.

Und was hat man denn für eine Abſicht, wenn man, an ſtatt eine Univerſalhiſtorie zu ſchreiben, nichts als zuſammen gehäufte Specialhiſtorien unter einem allgemeinen Titel herausgiebt? Man wird ſich doch wol nicht einbilden, daß man ſie ſo richtig und ſo gut, oder gar richtiger und beſſer, als ein Eingebohrner die ſeinige, ſchreiben könne. Das Original der Engliſchen Welthiſtorie beweiſt wenigſtens das Gegentheil in allen Hauptſtücken: und es würde gewiß dieſes Werk den Verfall, den es jetzt mit ſo vielem Rechte verdient, in Teutſchland niemals erhalten haben, wenn ſich nicht Franzoſen und Holländer und Teutſche zur Verbeſſerung und Ergänzung deſſelben vereinigt hätten, und wenn man nicht beſonders bey der teutſchen Ueberſetzung, nach dem ſcharfſinnigen Fleiſſe eines Baumgarten und Semlers, den heilſamen Entſchluß gefaßt hätte, die zu ſchlecht gerathenen Theile des Originals völlig auszumuſtern, und an ſtatt derſelben ganz neue Ausarbeitungen durch mehrere geſchickte Männer verfertigen zu laſſen.

Eine jede Nation ſoll ihre eigene vaterländiſche Geſchichte ſelbſt ſchreiben, und das von Rechts wegen: ſie hat die beſten Hülfsmittel dazu in den Händen, ſie kennt das Merkwürdige und Intereſſante in derſelben, und ſie kan auch ein groſſes Werk richtig ſchreiben. Läßt ſie ſich durch Partheilichkeit oder Begeiſterung gegen ſich ſelbſt hier und da verblenden, ſo werden Ausländer, und unter denſelben vorzüglich die critiſchfleiſſigen und wahrheitsliebenden Teutſchen aus dem Zuſammenhange aller Geſchichten (der vornehmſte und wichtigſte Dienſt einer wahren und eigentlichen Univerſalhiſtorie) das Unrichtige oder Uebertriebene, der in ſich ſelbſt verliebten Nation bald entdecken können.

Ich will damit nicht die Verſuche in Abfaſſung der Geſchichte ausländiſcher Nationen verwerfen: nur glaube ich, daß der Ausländer hierin niemals glücklich ſeyn werde, wenn ihm die Eingebohrnen nicht in allen Stücken vorgearbeitet haben. Barre befand ſich in dieſem Falle, wie er eine Geſchichte von Teutſchland ſchrieb, die von den emſigen Teutſchen, zur Vermehrung ihrer Schande, noch dazu in ihre Sprache überſetzt worden iſt. Freylich bleiben immer noch Nationen übrig, die ihre vaterländiſche Geſchichte nicht ſchreiben, und zum Theil gar nicht ſchreiben können. Daß ich meine Nation unter dieſer Claſſe von Nationen finde, die keine eigenthümliche vaterländiſche Geſchichte, weder in ihrer eigenen, noch in einer fremden Sprache beſitzen (denn die Etruriſchen Werke wird man wol nicht dafür ausgeben wollen), das ſchmerzet mich bis in das Innerſte der Seele.

Manche Nationen können überhaupt nicht ſchreiben. Zum Glücke iſt auch nicht viel an einer genauen und umſtändlichen Geſchichte derſelben gelegen. Was man von ihnen wiſſen muß, kan man jetzt ſo ziemlich aus der Menge von Reiſebeſchreibungen lernen: nur muß man freylich ihre Glaubwürdigkeit zuvor geprüfet haben.

Ein Verfaſſer der Univerſalhiſtorie betrachtet alle gut geſchriebene Specialgeſchichten, als ſo viele für ihn angefüllete Fächer, aus denen er ſeinen Stoff hervorlangt. Er darf nicht alles nehmen, was er darin findet: das würde ein Raub ſeyn, der ihn in ſeinem geſchwinden Gange aufhalten würde. Nur das, was die Nation und das Land ſchildert, das Eigene aus der Erdbeſchreibung und Naturgeſchichte, nicht die Erdbeſchreibung und Naturgeſchichte ſelbſt, das Merkwürdigſte von der Verfaſſung einer Nation, nur die Revolutionen, nicht die beſondere Geſchichte der Könige und Regenten, ja nicht einmal alle Namen derſelben: nur die kurze Geſchichte derjenigen, die eine Revolution veranlaſſet, durch Eroberungen das Gebiet erweitert u. ſ. f. Dies ſind Gegenſtände einer Univerſalhiſtorie. Ich würde alſo, wenn ich eine Univerſalhiſtorie, nicht blos für Anfänger, ſondern für den leſenden Theil der Nation, und mit einem Worte im Geſchmacke der Alten, ſchreiben wollte, die im 2ten Theil meines Handbuchs angeführte Namen ſo vieler kleinen Regenten in China, Corea, Tibet und Japan ohne Bedenken dem Herrn Deguignes laſſen dürfen. In deſſen Werk gehören ſie, weil der erſte Theil allgemeine chronologiſche Tafeln von Aſien, und die übrigen eine Specialgeſchichte einiger Aſiatiſchen Völker enthalten.

Wird die Univerſalhiſtorie auf die Art, wie ich geſagt habe, in Anſehung der Materialien eingeſchränket, ſo iſt ein Verfaſſer derſelben deſto eher im Stande, die Regeln des Gleichzeitigen zu beobachten, die ihm bey dem allen, wie aus dem obigen erhellet, noch immer Schwierigkeiten genug machen werden: denn er muß ja die ganze Erde, ſo weit ſie bekant iſt, und einen Zeitraum von beynahe 6000. Jahren durchwandern.

Wir wollen alſo den Fall ſetzen, daß ein Buch alle andere gute Eigenſchaften eines Geſchichtbuchs hätte, geſetzt, es wäre überall richtig, überall vollſtändig, überall pragmatiſch, und durchaus ein Werk des guten Geſchmacks: hat es den Zuſchnitt auf mehr als 6. bis 8. Octavbände, ſo kan es übrigens ein ganz gutes und brauchbares hiſtoriſches Werk ſeyn, aber daß es nicht unter die Bücher von der Univerſalhiſtorie gehöre, zeigt es ſchon ſelbſt durch ſeine Laſt an. Es fehlt ihm juſt die erſte und weſentlichſte Eigenſchaft, und der unterſcheidende Character einer Univerſalhiſtorie, die Kürze des Vortrags, die Vorſtellung des Gleichzeitigen, und die Bequemlichkeit das ganze Triebwerk der Begebenheiten ſchnell zu überſchauen und geſchickt zu verbinden.

Daß ich die Engliſche Welthiſtorie, nach den Verbeſſerungen, die ſie in der teutſchen Ueberſetzung ſchon erhalten, und noch weiter zu hoffen hat, für eines der wichtigſten und ſchätzbarſten Werke unſers Jahrhunderts halte, habe ich ſchon oben geſagt: nur gebe ich dieſem Werke den Namen, den ihm ſeine Verfaſſer hätten geben ſollen. Es iſt, wenn man anders nicht mit Worten ſpielen will, keine Univerſalhiſtorie, es iſt weit mehr, es iſt ein allgemeines hiſtoriſches Archiv, ein Corpus hiſtoricum, das man nicht ſowol zum Leſen, als vielmehr zum Nachſchlagen mit Nutzen gebrauchen kan. Stellt man ſich dieſes ungeheure Werk von dieſer Seite vor, ſo wird deſſen Umſtändlichkeit eine Tugend, und der Plan nach der Reihe der Nationen eine nothwendige Eigenſchaft, und alles gereicht darin zum Nutzen ſowol als zur Bequemlichkeit derer, die es gebrauchen wollen.

Man ſcheinet es nun in England und in Teutſchland ſelbſt einzuſehen, daß die allgemeine Welthiſtorie nicht zum Leſen, ſondern nur zum Nachſchlagen diene: denn man fängt an, Auszüge aus derſelben, dort zu machen, und hier zu überſetzen, und noch einen neuen anzukündigen. So viel ich von der Sache urtheilen kan, ſo wird durch dieſe Auszüge der Mangel einer Univerſalhiſtorie in der neuen Litteratur noch nicht erſetzet: und wenn ich noch dieſes erwäge, daß man dabey vorausſetzet, daß alles Wahre in der allgemeinen Welthiſtorie ſtehe, und daß nichts darin ſtehe, was nicht wahr ſey: ſo halte ich ſolche Auszüge für unglückliche Unternehmungen, die uns im hiſtoriſchen Geſchmacke aufs neue zurückſetzen.

Des Herrn Guthrie und ſeiner Gehülfen Auszug hat zwar nicht völlig die Umſtändlichkeit des groſſen Engliſchen Werks: er iſt aber doch noch viel zu weitläuftig, hat gar nicht die Anlage einer Univerſalhiſtorie, mangelt der Verbeſſerungen, die das groſſe Werk in Teutſchland erhalten hat, und ſchläfert den Leſer durch eine unerträgliche Monotonie bey einer Miene von affectirter Schönheit und Anmuth ein. Ein ſolches Werk vermehret nicht nur den Reichthum unſerer Litteratur nicht: es ſetzt uns ſogar in Armuth. Wie, wenn ſich, da nun doch einmal die Buchhändler das Ruder des Bücherſchreibens in Händen haben, wenn ſich dieſe Herren einfallen ließen, ſie könten bey dem Verlage eines neuen Werks über die Univerſalhiſtorie ihr Glück nicht machen! Solte das nicht eine Verarmung ſeyn, wenn durch den Auszug der Britten ein beſſeres teutſches Original umkäme, oder gar, ſo zu ſagen, in der Geburt erſticket würde! Mit einem Worte, Guthrie hätte keinen Auszug aus der Welthiſtorie machen ſollen: und da er ihn gemacht, ſo hätten wir ihn doch nicht überſetzen ſollen. Das gröſte Glück für Teutſchland iſt, daß man dieſes Werk nicht ohne Anmerkungen herausgiebt, und daß die Anmerkungen von einem Manne, dem Herrn Prof. Heyne herrühren, der im Stande iſt, das Buch der Britten von Seiten der Wahrheit gefällig und brauchbar zu machen.

Ein neuer Zurückgang im hiſtoriſchen Geſchmacke! In Berlin iſt ſchon im vorigen Jahre der erſte Theil einer allgemeinen Geſchichte erſchienen, die, wie man ſagt, der Herr Prof. Franz zu Halle ſchreibt. Gerechter Himmel, was wird noch unter uns aus der Univerſalhiſtorie werden! Der erſte Theil dieſer allgemeinen Geſchichte, ein recht ſtarker Band in Groſoctav, enthält noch gar nichts von der Hiſtorie: man findet darin theils eine vorläufige Einleitung von der Hiſtorie überhaupt, von den Theilen derſelben, von ihrem Nutzen, von der Methode ſie zu ſtudiren ꝛc., theils ein Lehrgebäude der Chronologie. Man wird vermuthlich dem Leſer wenigſtens ſo viel Bände zu liefern vorhaben, als der Verfaſſer Epochen angenommen hat. Er will die Geſchichte nach 23. Zeitbegriffen abhandeln, und bey dem Plan, den er uns vorher zum voraus mitgetheilet hat, finden wir nicht, daß er ſich viel mit den groſſen Aſiatiſchen Reichen in der mittlern Zeit, die doch ſo viel Einfluß auf unſer Europa hatten, zu beſchäftigen gedenkt. Mit einem Worte, der Herr Profeſſor Franz hat ſich noch nicht den rechten Begriff von einer Univerſalhiſtorie gemacht: er äuſſert nur eine Kentnis der alten Geſchichte, und vielleicht auch einiger Europäiſcher Staaten. Es ſey ferne von mir, daß ich ihm dieſes zum Tadel auslege. Wir ſind Menſchen, ſind eingeſchränkt, der eine hat zu dieſem, der andere zu etwas anderm, alle aber, wenn ſie nur wollen, zu einer gewiſſen Sache, Genie erhalten. Warum gebraucht man dieſe Talente nicht dazu, wozu ſie gegeben ſind, und wozu ſie folglich auch nützlich gebraucht werden können!

Wenn ich recht geſehen habe, ſo hat Herr Profeſſor Franz mehr gute teutſche Schreibart, und mehr Geſchmack in der Geſchichte, als die meiſten bisher unter uns gezeigt haben. Zur Univerſalhiſtorie fehlt ihm, wie man leicht ſehen kan, die nöthige Einſicht in das Ganze, und ſelbſt der Begriff von dem, was Kenner in dieſer Gattung der Litteratur vermiſſen. Warum will er denn juſt eine allgemeine Geſchichte ſchreiben? Warum macht er nicht lieber Verſuche in der Specialgeſchichte, in Theilen der vaterländiſchen Hiſtorie, oder auch in der alten Geſchichte? Daß ihm jemand unter den Teutſchen in irgend einem dieſer Theile der Hiſtorie zuvor gekommen ſey, wird er wol nicht ſagen können. Das Feld der Geſchichte iſt für uns meiſtens ganz ungebaut, und man kan überall Ehre erwerben, und Nutzen ſtiften. Man glaube nicht, daß ich damit ihm oder ſonſt jemanden Geſetze ſeines Verhaltens vorzuſchreiben mich erkühne. Wer mich kennet, wird mir es zuglauben, daß nicht Tadelſucht, nicht Begierde für andern etwas voraus zu haben, nein, daß Eifer für die Ehre der Teutſchen, und ein Patriotismus für die Geſchichte rede. Genug für den Weiſen!

Aber noch etwas von der allgemeinen Hiſtorie, die ſeit einigen Jahren zu Heilbronn Theilweiſe herauskomt. Man laſſe ſich durch den Titel des Werks nicht irre machen. Es ſoll nach den Abſichten der Verfaſſer und des Verlegers das nicht ſeyn, wovon ich hier rede. Das Werk wird, wenn es vollendet ſeyn wird, nichts anders, als eine Europäiſche Staatenhiſtorie von mittlerer Größe, nicht ein trockenes Compendium, auch nicht ein ungeheures Syſtem, ſondern eine Mittelgattung von beyden ſeyn. Die Europäiſchen Staaten werden einzeln, folglich als Specialhiſtorien abgehandelt, und die Miene des Allgemeinen rührt nur daher, daß ſie alle zuſammen unter die Lieblingsrubrik unſerer Zeiten, unter die täuſchende Aufſchrift einer allgemeinen Geſchichte gebracht ſind. Man verkauft auch wirklich die Geſchichte eines jeden Staats beſonders, und das iſt für die Liebhaber bequem, und zugleich mit dem Vortheile des Verlegers unmittelbar verbunden. Der eine Leſer hat gern die Grosbritanniſche, ein anderer die Franzöſiſche, wieder ein anderer die Geſchichte eines andern Staats, er kauft ſie auch, bald einzeln, bald mehrere zuſammen genommen. Warum ſollen aber dieſe einzelnen Europäiſchen Staatsgeſchichten auch unter dem Titel der allgemeinen Geſchichte verkauft werden? Daß ſie dieſen Namen verdienen, wird niemand, der die Sache verſteht, im Ernſte behaupten. Glaubt etwa der Verleger, durch dieſen Kunſtgriff mehr Käufer anzulocken? Tauſende werden abgeſchreckt werden, ein Werk zu kaufen, das aus vielen Bänden beſteht, die größtentheils noch erſt erwartet werden.

Ich habe noch einen Gedanken auf dem Herzen, den ich vorbringen muß, ehe ich die Materie vom Plan der Univerſalhiſtorie verlaſſe. Wenn von Werken des Geſchmacks die Rede iſt, und von dieſen rede ich hier allein, ſo wünſchte ich, daß man in Teutſchland nicht den Anfang darin von der Univerſalhiſtorie, ſondern von Specialtheilen der Geſchichte, und am liebſten von der vaterländiſchen, oder allenfals auch von der alten Geſchichte machen möchte. Man darf eben kein Geheimnis daraus machen, noch ſich zur Unzeit ſchämen, daß es der teutſchen Litteratur an wohlgeſchriebenen Geſchichtbüchern überall fehle. Wenn nun aber jetzt, da alle Umſtände der Ausführung eines ſo großen Vorhabens günſtig zu ſeyn ſcheinen, wenn jetzt mit Talenten begabte Schriftſteller den Geſchmack unſerer Nation in der hiſtoriſchen Schreibart verbeſſern und nach und nach ganz ausbilden wollen, ſo würden ſie, wie mich dünkt, wohlthun, wenn ſie im Anfange nur Verſuche in kleinen Stücken machten, und darüber zuvor die Stimmen der Nation abwarteten, ehe ſie durch einen mislungenen Verſuch im Großen Schaden anrichten. Etwas Papier wird freylich, dieſer Vorſicht ungeachtet, unnütze verſchrieben und verdruckt werden: ich traue aber meiner Nation zu, daß, da ſie bereits durch das Beyſpiel ſchlechter Dichter gewarnet iſt, die Verſuche in hiſtoriſchen Arbeiten vielleicht nicht allzuofte mislingen werden: und etwas von hiſtoriſcher Maculatur zum Umſchlag guter hiſtoriſcher Werke wird man doch immer noch in Buchläden brauchen können, wenn anders der Vorrath elender Gedichte nicht noch auf einige Jahre zureichen ſolte.

II. Von der Stellung der Nationen in Specialhiſtorien.

Nun wird es, glaube ich, Zeit ſeyn, etwas von der Stellung der Nationen in Specialgeſchichten zu erwähnen. Viel wird nicht über dieſen Punct zu ſagen ſeyn, weil faſt alles, was hievon bey der Univerſalhiſtorie bemerket worden iſt, auch in Specialgeſchichten angewandt werden kan: nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß das, was dorten ſo viele Schwierigkeiten macht, hier ziemlich leicht bewerkſtelliget werden kan. Weil die meiſten oder vielmehr alle Länder Anfangs von vielen kleinen Stämmen oder Nationen, die weder einen gemeinſchaftlichen Namen hatten, noch einander unterworfen waren, bewohnet worden, und aus der Zuſammenſchmelzung dieſer kleinen zuerſt unabhängigen Stämme die groſſen Nationen entſtanden ſind, und zum Theil noch entſtehen; ſo wird man in beſondern Völkerhiſtorien, zumal wenn man bis auf den Urſprung eines Staats zurückzugehen entſchloſſen iſt, allemal eine gewiſſe Anzahl von Nationen einſchalten müſſen, und dieſe Einſchaltung wird bald häufiger, bald ſparſamer geſchehen, je nachdem nemlich die Nation, deren Geſchichte der Hauptzweck eines Werks iſt, mächtig iſt, oder nicht, das iſt, nachdem ſie mehr oder weniger Nationen verſchlungen hat. Meiſtens haben Nationen, von denen eine die andere ſich unterworfen hat, lange Zeit zuvor Krieg mit einander geführet. Es ſey nun dieſes, oder nicht, ſo wird niemand leugnen, daß auch hier eine Art von Syſtem, ein beſonderes Nationalſyſtem ſtatt finde, und daß folglich die Geſchichte und Verfaſſung der überwundenen, oder ſonſt vereinigten Nationen einen Theil der Hauptgeſchichte ausmachen müſſe. Aber an welchem Orte und auf welche Art ſoll die Einſchaltung geſchehen? Ich glaube, daß man auch hier die Epiſodenmethode der Alten mit Nutzen anwenden könne und müſſe. Maſcau, wenigſtens (und welcher Geſchichtſchreiber) bediente ſich, da er die Geſchichte der Teutſchen ſchrieb, dieſer Methode wirklich, und in vielen Fällen auch mit glücklichem Erfolg. Das ſchöne Ganze aber, das uns in den Alten ſo ſehr gefällt, konte er durch ſeine Einſchaltungen doch nicht völlig hervorbringen, es ſey nun, daß die Materie, womit er beſchäftiget war, ſich ihm widerſezte, oder vielmehr, daß es auch hier eintraf, was man ſonſt zu ſagen pflegt, aller Anfang ſey ſchwer. Meines Erachtens kan man die Geſchichte eines bezwungenen, incorporirten oder ſonſt verbundenen Staats als eine Epiſode ganz und im Zuſammenhang bey demjenigen Jahre anbringen, in welchem die Vereinigung deſſelben mit dem Hauptſtaate geſchehen iſt: aber eine kurze und gleichſam nur im Vorbeygehen ertheilte Nachricht von eines ſolchen Staates Urſprung, Zuſtand und von deſſen bisher vorgefallenen Merkwürdigkeiten würde ich ſchon an dem Orte zu leſen wünſchen, wo ſeiner in der Hauptgeſchichte am erſten gedacht wird. Von der Zeit an ſolte man, wie ich glaube, einen ſolchen Staat, geſezt, daß die Vereinigung erſt nach einigen Jahrhunderten erfolgte, immer ſchon in der Geſchichte des Hauptſtaates als einen Theil deſſelben behandeln, der je mehr und mehr ins Licht geſezet wird, je näher man den Zeiten der Vereinigung komt. Auf dieſe Art würde die Epiſode zur Zeit der Vereinigung nur in einer zuſammenhängenden Wiederholung aller dem Leſer ſchon zuvor an den gehörigen Orten bekant gemachten Begebenheiten des bezwungenen oder vereinigten Staates, das iſt, eine Zuſammenfügung aller vorhergegangenen kleinen Epiſoden ſeyn: folglich würde dadurch niemals der Zuſammenhang der Hauptgeſchichte merklich unterbrochen, und dennoch das Geſez des Gleichzeitigen überall beobachtet werden. Daß die alten Geſchichtſchreiber auch hierin Muſter für die Neuen ſeyn können, werden wir unten ſehen. Die Anwendung hievon kan leicht auf die Geſchichte der Fränkiſchen Monarchie in Anſehung der Allemanniſchen, Bayriſchen, Thüringiſchen, Sächſiſchen Geſchichte u. ſ. f.; auf die Grosbritanniſche in Anſehung Irlands und Schottlands, auf die Polniſche in Anſehung Litthauens ꝛc. gemacht werden. Maſcau würde hierin das beſte Muſter für die Geſchichtſchreiber unſerer Nation ſeyn, wenn es ihm gefallen hätte, denen Anmerkungen, die er dem 2ten Theile ſeiner Geſchichte der Teutſchen am Ende beygefüget hat, eine ſolche Geſtalt zu geben, daß ſie als Hauptepiſoden in die Geſchichte ſelbſt hätten eingerückt werden können.

Wer eine Specialhiſtorie, die Geſchichte einer oder mehrerer Nationen, einer oder mehrerer Religionen, Wiſſenſchaften, Künſte u. ſ. f. ſchreiben will, reißt ein Stück von einem wol verbundenen Ganzen los. Will er haben, daß der Leſer gleichwol durch ein ſolches Fragment unterrichtet und vergnügt werde, ſo muß er ihm von Zeit zu Zeit die Enden zeigen, mit welchen das abgeriſſene Stück an das Ganze verbunden iſt. Er läßt darum nicht ſeinen Hauptgegenſtand aus den Augen, wenn er ein verſtändiger Menſch iſt: denn er geht nicht in das Ganze ſelbſt hinein, er ſtreift nur an den Grenzen herum, und erwartet von dem Leſer, daß dieſer, wenn er bis an die Grenzen geführet worden iſt, von Zeit zu Zeit einen Blick in das Innere thun werde. Wenn man alſo eine Geſchichte der Teutſchen zu ſchreiben hätte, ſo würde man ſich, meines Erachtens, bemühen müſſen, den Leſer ſo zu führen, daß er ſich immer des Zuſtandes der übrigen gleichzeitigen Nationen nach ihrer Thätigkeit oder Ruhe bewußt ſeyn müßte. Man würde nicht beſorgen dürfen, Ausſchweifungen zu machen. Ein Blick zur rechten Zeit auf andere Nationen kan wundernswürdige Wirkungen bey dem Leſer thun, und dieſen Blick hervorzubringen, koſtet, wie mich dünkt, einem geſchickten Verfaſſer nur etliche Worte.

III. Von der Stellung und Zuſammenfügung der Begebenheiten.

Nun komme ich auf die Stellung und Zuſammenfügung der Begebenheiten: ein Gegenſtand, der zwar auch in der Univerſalhiſtorie nicht ohne Nutzen iſt, in Specialgeſchichten aber eine der erſten und beſchäftigſten Pflichten des Geſchichtſchreibers ausmacht, ob ſie gleich von den Neuern ſehr oft vernachläſſiget wird. Man merkt es auch ſelbſt den guten unter den neuern Geſchichtſchreibern ſehr ſtark an, daß ihre Vorgänger Chronikſchreiber geweſen ſind. Würden uns nicht die finſtern Jahrhunderte der mittlern Zeit von dem aufgeklärten Jahrhundert Auguſts getrennet haben, ſo würden wir vielleicht nicht immer nur Jahrbücher oder Chroniken ſchreiben, wenn wir die Abſicht haben, Hiſtorien zu ſchreiben. Denn dies iſt die Weiſe der meiſten neuern Geſchichtſchreiber: mit chronologiſchen Tafeln in der Hand, gehen ſie von einem Jahre zum andern, beobachten bey jedem Jahre faſt immer einerley Rangordnung der Begebenheiten, ſagen uns z. E. zuerſt, was im Cabinette vorgefallen, führen uns hernach ins Feld, laſſen uns die Kriege und Händel zuerſt in Europa, hernach in Aſia, Africa und America fein hübſch hinter einander wahrnehmen, und haben ſie endlich den Zeitraum, welchen zu beſchreiben ſie ſich vorgenommen hatten, auf dieſe Art durchwandert, alsdann ſchließen ſie das Werk mit Vergnügen, und ſetzen auf den Titel pragmatiſche Geſchichte; ja wol pragmatiſche Geſchichte im rechten eigentlichen Wortverſtande!

Ach die Alten! – – Das waren freylich auch pragmatiſche Geſchichtſchreiber, aber ſo ziemlich von den Neuern verſchieden. Die Alten glaubten immer, ein pragmatiſcher Geſchichtſchreiber müſſe ein Philoſoph ſeyn. Die einfältigen Alten! Sie ſollen nur kommen, und von den Neuern die Kunſt lernen, wie man Geſchichten ohne alle Philoſophie pragmatiſch ſchreiben könne. Eine ſtrenge Beobachtung der Zeitfolge nach den Jahren, und übrigens keine Ordnung in den Erzählungen, alles fein durch einander, das dient zur Abwechslung, nur immer dieſelbe Ordnung bey jedem Jahre, ſo kan man gleich bey dem Anfang des Werkes aus der Ordnung der Geſchichte eines Jahrs die Folge der Erzählungen unter allen folgenden Jahren ſchon voraus wiſſen, das hilft dem Gedächtniß; o ja! Dies ſind herrliche Vorzüge der Neuern vor den Alten. Dieſe Grillenfänger, die Alten! Wozu das innere Verhältniß der Begebenheiten? Wozu die unnöthige Unterſuchung des Zuſammenhangs zwiſchen Urſachen und Wirkungen? Die Zeitfolge macht ſchon alles ſichtbar, hält alles in Ordnung. Ein geſcheuter Leſer wird ſchon ſelbſt ſehen, wie er die Urſachen zu den Wirkungen herausfinde.

Daß die meiſten neuern Geſchichtſchreiber dieſen Begriff von dem Pragmatiſchen haben, lehren ihre Werke. Ich habe es aber noch nicht ſo weit in der Kunſt des Pragmatiſchen bringen können. Mir gefällt noch immer die veraltete Mode der griechiſchen und römiſchen Geſchichtſchreiber, und ich tröſte mich damit, daß ich wenigſtens bey einigen meiner Zeitgenoſſen Gehör finden werde. Daß dieſes der Beyfall der Vernünftigſten ſey, auf den ich mich verlaſſe, will ich hier nicht beweiſen: ich will nur diejenigen, die der alten hiſtoriſchen Mode durchaus gram ſind, bitten, von hier an nicht weiter zu leſen.

Ich ſetze aus der täglichen Erfahrung voraus, daß einige Begebenheiten mit einander im Verhältniß ſtehen, andere nicht. Wie wenn man im Verhältniß ſtehende Begebenheiten, wenn man die Folge von Urſachen und Wirkungen, von Mitteln und Abſichten mit einem mir eben ſchon, wie ich hoffe, zu gut gehaltenen Ausdrucke bezeichnete, wenn man ſie kurz ein Syſtem von Begebenheiten hieße? Ich werde keinen übeln Gebrauch von dieſem Worte machen. Es iſt eben ſo ſchwer, gleichzeitige Begebenheiten, als gleichzeitige Nationen in der Erzählung zu ſtellen. So wie man aber gleichzeitige Nationen am natürlichſten und begreiflichſten ſtellt, wenn man ſie ſyſtemweiſe ordnet; ſo kan man auch am leichteſten gleichzeitige Begebenheiten ordnen, wenn man ſie ſyſtemweiſe ſtellt. Die erſte Regel, die hieraus fließt, wäre dieſe: Man ſoll Begebenheiten, die zuſammen ein Syſtem ausmachen, nicht in der Erzählung trennen, wenn gleich die Neigung dazu wegen der Verſchiedenheit des Orts und der Zeit und der Art der Begebenheiten noch ſo ſtark ſeyn ſollte. Man darf alſo den Plan zur Erzählung der Begebenheiten nicht nach einer geographiſchen Ordnung, auch nicht nach einzelnen Jahren, und noch weniger nach gewiſſen Claſſen der Begebenheiten machen, ſondern man ordnet nach Syſtemen; die Urſachen gehen voran, die Wirkungen folgen, und der Geſchichtſchreiber, der ſo verfährt, iſt pragmatiſch. Welch ein Ruhm! Er iſt aber auch nicht leicht zu erwerben, und ſo wie die pragmatiſche Claſſe der Geſchichtſchreiber die vorzüglichſte unter allen iſt, ſo iſt ſie auch die am wenigſten zahlreiche. Pragmatiſche Geſchichtſchreiber kommen nur in ſehr glücklichen Zeitaltern zum Vorſchein, und ſelbſt die Griechen können ſie nur in geringer Anzahl aufweiſen.

Es geht alſo die Hauptſorge eines Geſchichtſchreibers, der ſich bis zur höchſten Geſchichtſchreiber Claſſe, der pragmatiſchen, aufſchwingen will, dahin, die Veranlaſſungen und Urſachen einer merkwürdigen Begebenheit aufzuſuchen, und das ganze Syſtem von Urſachen und Wirkungen, von Mitteln und Abſichten, ſo verwirrt auch alles im Anfange durch und neben einander zu laufen ſcheint, aufs möglichſte entwickelt darzuſtellen. Nichts muß ihn in dieſer Bemühung irre machen oder aufhalten, nicht die Entfernung der Oerter, nicht der Zwiſchenraum der Zeiten, nicht die Verſchiedenheit der Begebenheiten ſelbſt. Wie oft iſt der Stoff des ganzen Triebwerks Europäiſcher Cabinette nicht in dem Europäiſchen Staate, den man beſchreibt, ja nicht einmal in Europa ſelbſt, ſondern in einer Americaniſchen Begebenheit zu ſuchen? Hier würde man die Ordnung der Natur verkehren, man würde die Kette zerreißen, wenn man bey den Europäiſchen Cabinetsangelegenheiten anfangen wollte. Es geht auch darum nicht an, daß man die Begebenheiten allezeit nach den Jahren ordne, weil ſich das Syſtem ſelten mit einem Jahre anfängt oder endigt. Syſteme von Begebenheiten haben zwar ihren eigenen Zeitlauf, allein dieſer richtet ſich nicht nach der bürgerlichen Abtheilung der Zeit. Die Urſache, daß wir im Herbſte des Jahrs 1760. zu Göttingen franzöſiſche Einquartierung bekommen haben, iſt in dem eben ſo merkwürdigen, als für uns unglücklich geweſenen Verfalle der [illegible] im Jahr 1755. zu ſuchen. Und wie will man mit einer gewiſſen Claſſification der Begebenheiten zu rechte kommen? Man ſtelle Naturbegebenheiten zuſammen, man mache wieder eine andere Claſſe von Cabinetsangelegenheiten, man bringe die Kriegsoperationen, die Commercienſachen u. ſ. f. unter abgeſonderte Artikel. Welche Verwirrung unter den Urſachen und Wirkungen, was für ein Chaos von Erzählungen würde nicht ein ſolcher Plan hervorbringen? Und doch ſieht man ſonſt gute Geſchichtſchreiber, und ſolche ſelbſt, die das Herz haben, auf den erhabenen Namen pragmatiſcher Geſchichtſchreiber Anſprüche zu machen, die Begebenheiten nach ſolchen Claſſen ordnen: ungeachtet es einem jeden die tägliche und gemeine Erfahrung lehren kan, daß z. E. eine Naturbegebenheit nicht juſt wieder eine andere merkwürdige Begebenheit zur Folge habe, ſondern oft ganz andere Wirkungen bald im Felde, bald in dem Cabinette u. ſ. f. nach ſich ziehe. Wie ausgebreitet und verſchieden können die Folgen einer großen Ueberſchwemmung, die Entdeckung eines Bergwerks u. für den Miniſter, für den Feldherrn, für den Bauer, den Handwerksmann, den Künſtler, den Kaufmann, ja bisweilen für mehr als einen Staat ſeyn! Wie unbarmherzig würde es ſeyn, dem Leſer aufzubürden, daß er die Folgen einer ſolchen Naturbegebenheit, die der Geſchichtſchreiber unter mehrere einmal von ihm feſtgeſetzte Claſſen von Begebenheiten vertheilt hätte, ſelbſt zuſammen ſuchen, einander unterordnen, und die gemeinſchaftliche Urſache derſelben unter der Rubrik: Naturbegebenheiten, mehr ſelbſt entdecken, als aufgeklärt vor Augen ſehen ſollte!

Aus allem dieſem ergiebt ſich nun von ſelbſt, daß man am natürlichſten verfahre, wenn man Begebenheiten ſyſtemweiſe zuſammenſtellet, wenn man bey jedem Syſtem die Wirkungen gleich unmittelbar auf ihre Urſachen folgen läßt, und alle zu einem Syſtem gehörige Begebenheiten ſo zu ſagen von den Wurzeln an durch alle Haupt- und Nebenzweige verfolgt, bis das Syſtem geendigt iſt, und ein leichter Uebergang zu einem andern Syſtem, das man auf eben dieſe Weiſe behandelt, gemacht werden kan. Begebenheiten, die nicht zum Syſtem gehören, wenn ſie gleich zu anderer Zeit, das iſt, wenn man auf ihr Syſtem kommt, erzählet werden müſſen, ſind jetzt für den Geſchichtſchreiber, ſo zu ſagen, keine Begebenheiten: ſo wie eine ſonſt noch ſo merkwürdige Nation für ihn, zur Zeit da er Nationen zu ſtellen hat, keine Nation iſt, wenn ſie nicht zu dem Syſtem gehöret, das er jetzt dem Leſer vorſtellen will.

Wenn verſchiedene Syſteme, ſowol gleichzeitiger, als auf einander folgender Begebenheiten aus einer entfernten gemeinſchaftlichen Urſache entſtehen, ſo machen ſie zuſammen eine ganze Geſchichte, z. E. die Geſchichte eines Kriegs aus. Solcher Geſchichten, deren jede für ſich ein beſonderes Ganze auszumachen ſcheint, muß natürlicher Weiſe eine beträchtliche

Anzahl in einem Buche vorkommen, die ſich auf mehrere Jahrhunderte erſtrecken. Auch hier wird ein philoſophiſcher Geſchichtſchreiber die obige Regel mit Nutzen beobachten können. Er ordnet in dieſem Falle jedes ſo, wie er in dem vorigen einzelne Begebenheiten geordnet hat.

Aber wie findet man die Urſachen der Begebenheiten, die bey jedem Syſteme den Anfang der Erzählungen machen müſſen? Sie ſind entweder in den Quellen, aus welchen man ſchöpft, ſchon entdeckt, oder man muß ſie erſt mit Mühe aufſuchen. Bey dem erſten Falle hat man keine Regeln nöthig, und bey dem andern ſind ſie ſchwer zu geben, und noch ſchwerer auszuüben, wenn man kein vorzüglich gutes hiſtoriſches Genie hat. Freylich wer ſelbſt eine wichtige Rolle auf dem Schauplatze der Welt geſpielt, oder ſonſt einen wichtigen Antheil an groſſen Begebenheiten gehabt hat, wer ſelbſt der Regierungsgeſchäfte gewohnt worden iſt, ein Thucydides, ein Xenophon, ein Cäſar, ein Comines, ein [illegible], ſolche Geſchichtſchreiber, die bey der Entſtehung der Begebenheiten gleichſam in der Zubereitung mit gegenwärtig geweſen ſind, ſelbſt Hand mit angelegt haben, u. ſ. f. dieſe werden freylich, auch ſelbſt in dem Falle, wenn ſie nicht ihre eigenen Begebenheiten beſchreiben, das Triebwerk in menſchlichen Dingen aus dem Grundſatze, daß aus einerley Urſachen ähnliche Wirkungen entſpringen, und einerley Mittel zu einerley Zwecke führen, weit eher heraus bringen, als Leute, die in der Studierſtube über den Zuſammenhang der Dinge ſpeculiren. Doch auch für dieſe, wenn ſie nur lernen wollen, ſind noch Hülfsmittel genug vorhanden, den erſtern, wo nicht gleich zu werden, doch nahe zu kommen. Der von den Geſchäften der Welt entfernte Geſchichtſchreiber kan ſich in dieſer hiſtoriſchen Divination, in der Kunſt des Pragmatiſchen üben, wenn er über die Begebenheiten ſeines eigenen Lebens, ſeiner Familie, ſeiner Freunde, ſyſtematiſch nachdenkt. So groß auch der Unterſchied zwiſchen dem Catheder und dem Throne, zwiſchen dem Hausvater und dem Könige, hierin zu ſeyn ſcheint, ſo kommt es doch hier nur auf den Grad des mehrern und wenigern an. Denn gilt es überhaupt von allen Begebenheiten, ſie ſeyn groß oder klein

Eadem fabula agitur.

Mit eigenen Erfahrungen im Kleinen ausgerüſtet, wagt ſich nun der Geſchichtſchreiber in die groſſe Welt, wie ſie von guten Geſchichtſchreibern pragmatiſch beſchrieben iſt, und wird durch Hülfe ſeiner getreuen und erfahrnen Führer mit derſelben jetzt ſo gut bekant, als es ſeine Führer ſelbſt waren. Iſt er endlich ein Philoſoph, und dieſer muß er ſchlechterdings ſeyn, wenn er pragmatiſch werden will, ſo macht er ſich allgemeine Maximen, wie die Begebenheiten zu entſtehen pflegen, ſtudiert mit ſteter Erinnerung an dieſe Maximen, die zuverläßigen Nachrichten von der Nation, die er beſchreiben will, recht durch, ſucht die Grundſätzen auf, worauf ein Staat urſprünglich errichtet worden, vergleicht die Begebenheiten, die dieſe Grundſätzen entweder beveſtiget, oder erſchüttert haben, giebt auf den Character der handelnden Hauptperſonen acht, thut immer einen ſcharfen Blick auf die Nationen, die mit der ſeinigen ein Syſtem ausmachen, und wagt es, hieraus ein Syſtem von Begebenheiten, das Triebwerk, herzuleiten, das er mit Vergnügen entweder von gleichzeitigen Schriftſtellern beſtätiget, oder durch den ganzen Zuſammenhang der Geſchichte gerechtfertiget findet.

Gleichwol wird er bisweilen, aller Nachforſchung ungeachtet, das Schickſal des Naturforſchers erfahren, der, wenn er den wirklichen Urſachen einer Erſcheinung noch ſo eifrig nachgeſpüret hat, doch zuletzt nicht ſelten nur die möglichen oder muthmaßlichen Urſachen finden kan.

Der höchſte Grad des Pragmatiſchen in der Geſchichte wäre die Vorſtellung des allgemeinen Zuſammenhangs der Dinge in der Welt (Nexus rerum univerſalis). Denn keine Begebenheit in der Welt iſt, ſo zu ſagen, inſulariſch. Alles hängt an einander, veranlaßt einander, zeugt einander, wird veranlaßt, wird gezeugt, und veranlaßt und zeugt wieder. Die Begebenheiten der Vornehmen und der Geringen, der einzelnen Menſchen und aller zuſammen, des Privatlebens und der groſſen Welt, ja ſelbſt der unvernünftigen und lebloſen Geſchöpfe und der Menſchen, alle ſind in einander verſchlungen und verbunden. Daß ein Menſch dieſen höchſten Grad des Pragmatiſchen in der Hiſtorie erreichen könne, wird kein Vernünftiger erwarten: und wenn auch kein innerer Widerſpruch in einer ſolchen Forderung enthalten wäre, ſo ſtritte ſie doch auf der andern Seite mit den weſentlichen Pflichten eines Geſchichtſchreibers. Dieſer ſoll nur merkwürdige Begebenheiten erzählen: er darf alſo auch nur die Triebfedern und Wirkungen merkwürdiger Begebenheiten aufſuchen. Wie viele tauſend Triebfedern und Folgen muß er alſo wegen ſeiner eingeſchränkten Seelenkräfte, wie viele andere tauſend derſelben wegen der weſentlichen Pflicht ſeines Amts verſchweigen! Er kan alſo immer nur einen Theil, und bisweilen gar nichts von dem Syſtem der Begebenheiten ins Licht ſetzen, und oft muß er nur rathen. Um dieſer Urſache willen nennen wir bald einige Begebenheiten zufällige, und bald ſcheint es uns, als wenn groſſe Erfolge aus unproportionirlich kleinen Urſachen entſtanden wären. Paris raubt die Helena, und die Griechen richten aus Rache das Trojaniſche Reich zu Grunde. Sextus Tarquinius ſchändet die Lucretia, und die Regierung der Könige zu Rom hat ein Ende. Die römiſchen Päbſte und die Kaiſer zu Conſtantinopel ſtreiten über den Bilderdienſt, und Karl der Groſſe wird König von Italien und Kaiſer im Occidente. Wilhelm der Eroberer wird Herzog von der Normandie, und das Königreich von beyden Sicilien entſteht, und England wird eine Normänniſche Provinz. Welch Verhältnis zwiſchen Urſachen und Wirkungen! Allein man betrachte nur das ganze Syſtem ſolcher Begebenheiten, ſo wird man bald finden, daß hier eine ganze Kette von Urſachen vorhanden iſt, an welcher die erzählte nur ein Glied ausmacht.

Ich will alſo nicht haben, daß ein Geſchichtſchreiber alle kleinen Urſachen, die ihm bekant worden ſind, übergehen ſolle: Nein! er ſoll meinem Bedünken nach alles aufſuchen, was zur Hervorbringung eines wichtigen Vorfalls nur irgend etwas beygetragen hat: es wird ihm keiner Mühe ungeachtet, dennoch manche Urſache, ja manche Reihe von Veranlaſſungen und Urſachen unbekant bleiben, und er wird ſelten den Leſer bis zu einem ſehr hohen Grad der Begreiflichkeit eines Erfolgs bringen können. Ich kan mir nichts groſſers in der weltlichen Geſchichte der ältern Zeiten gedenken, als wenn ich ſehe, wie Attila ſeine beyden Arme, ſo zu ſagen, über unſre halbe Erdkugel ausſtrecket, hier mit der einen Hand dem Kaiſer zu Conſtantinopel Frieden ſchenkt, und dem abendländiſchen Kaiſer Frieden anbietet, dort mit der andern Hand mit dem Kaiſer von China ein Bündnis ſchließt, um den morgenländiſchen Tataren [illegible], die ſich ſeine Entfernung zu Nutze machen wollten, einen mächtigen Feind im äuſſerſten Oſten zu erwecken. Ich getraue mir dieſe höchſtbewunderungswürdige Begebenheit zu erweiſen: ich bin aber zur Zeit noch nicht im Stande, das Syſtem, wozu ſie gehört, auf eine ganz begreifliche Art zu entwickeln; und vielleicht wird es mir die Entfernung der Zeiten und Oerter, und der Mangel hinlänglicher Nachrichten auf immer unmöglich machen. Noch unbegreiflicher, und vielleicht gar unmöglich muß den Nachkommen die Erzählung von dem letzten Kriege, der ſelbſt uns als Zeitgenoſſen, als Betrachtern noch ziemlich unbegreiflich iſt, vorkommen, wenn nicht zur Zeit noch verſteckte Umſtände an den Tag kommen, und hernach alle Syſteme von den Begebenheiten dieſes geheimnisvollen Krieges mit allen groſſen und kleinen Urſachen durch einen recht pragmatiſchen Geſchichtſchreiber auf die Nachwelt gebracht werden.

Alles, was ich bisher geſagt habe, kann Vorſicht und Billigkeit in der Beurtheilung eines pragmatiſchen Geſchichtſchreibers anrathen. Man muß keine unmöglichen Pflichten von ihm fordern, ſondern immer daran denken, daß er ein eingeſchränkter Menſch, und ein Geſchichtſchreiber iſt.

IV. Von der Stellung der Charactere und Remarquen.

Ich ſollte nun auch etwas von der Stellung der Charactere und Remarquen reden: allein ich erwähne nichts hievon. Sie ſind ganz das Werk der gröſten Meiſter, und dieſe haben meiner Regeln nicht nöthig. So viel läßt ſich leicht bemerken, daß die Charactere zuverläßig ſeyn, aus den Begebenheiten ſelbſt entſpringen, und an denen Orten eingeſchaltet werden müſſen, wo dem Leſer daran gelegen iſt, die handelnde Perſon näher zu kennen. Erſt am Ende der Geſchichte eines Königs, wie insgemein geſchieht, ſeinen Character zu ſchildern, komt mir ſehr unſchicklich vor. Charactere ſollen in der Geſchichte das ſeyn, was Definitionen in Wiſſenſchaften ſind. Beyde müſſen da angebracht werden, wo man ſie zu den übrigen Vorſtellungen am nöthigſten braucht.

Die Remarquen machen einen hiſtoriſchen Vortrag angenehm und nützlich: ſie müſſen aber, wenn man dieſen gedoppelten Zweck erreichen will, weder gemein noch gehäuft ſeyn. Wer ſie machen will, muß ſich immer vorſtellen, daß ſeine Leſer ſchlechterdings auch denken wollen und können, und von ihm nichts weiter, als Veranlaſſung zu eigenen Betrachtungen, nicht eine ſyllogiſtiſche Vorbuchſtabirung, ſondern eine enthymematiſche Entwickelung des Triebwerks erwarten. Dieſe gehört in das Buch, jene in die Werkſtatt des Geſchichtſchreibers. Das Gegentheil thut Rollin, und nach ihm ein ganzer Schwarm neuerer Geſchichtſchreiber: ſie misfallen aber Kennern durch ihre Geſchäftigkeit. An einem Orte ganz ſtille ſtehen, und durch eine moraliſche Predigt über Perſonen oder Begebenheiten den Lauf der Geſchichte aufhalten, iſt nicht die Art eines Thucydides, eines Ausdrucks; es iſt nur die Sache eines armen Geiſtes, der gern für reich gehalten werden möchte.

Doch ich nehme ganz unverſehens Theil an der Sache, und ich wollte mich doch losreißen. Ich eile alſo, da ich dieſes merke, zum Schluß meiner zufälligen Gedanken über den hiſtoriſchen Plan, und gebe Ihnen Beyſpiele aus alten und neuern Geſchichtſchreibern. Für ein hiſtoriſches Genie iſt vielleicht das, was ich geſagt habe, ſchon zu viel, und für Leute, die keine Talente zur Geſchichte haben, würden ganze Bände nicht zureichen. Aber Beyſpiele wird auch ein Genie nicht ungerne haben.

Franz, Freiherr von Gaudy,

mit ganzem Namen Franz Bernhard Heinrich Wilhelm Freiherr von Gaudy, ward am 19. April 1800 zu Frankfurt an der Oder geboren. Seine Eltern waren der K. Preußiſche Generallieutenant von Gaudy, und Conſtanze, geborene Gräfin Schmettow. Mit dem ſechſten Lebensjahre verließ er ſein väterliches Haus, und erhielt ſeine Bildung in mehreren wiſſenſchaftlichen Anſtalten, u. A. im Collège français zu Berlin, zuletzt auf der Landesſchule Pforta, von welcher er 1818 mit dem Zeugniß der Reife für die Univerſität abging. Er trat in das K. Preuß. Heer, avancirte während der Folgezeit zum Officier, und diente in mehreren Regimentern bis zum Jahre 1833, wo er ſeinen Abſchied nahm, um fortan zu privatiſiren. 1835 reiſte er nach Rom, und kehrte im Laufe deſſelben Jahres nach ſeinem Wohnort Berlin zurück.

Er gab heraus:

Erato. Glogau, 1829. N. A. 1836.
Gedankenſprünge eines der Cholera Entronnenen. Glogau, 1832. 2. A. noch in demſelben Jahr.
Geſchichtliche Geſänge der Polen v. J. U. Niemcewicz, metriſch bearbeitet. Glogau, 1833.
Schildſagen. Glogau, 1834.
Korallen. Glogau, 1834.
Desengaño. Novelle. Leipzig, 1834.
Der Roman von Rollo und den Herzogen der Normandie von Robert Wace, metriſch bearbeitet.
Kaiſerlieder. Leipzig, 1835.
Mein Römerzug. 3 Thle. Berlin, 1836.
Aus dem Tagebuche eines wandernden Schneidergeſellen. Leipzig, 1836.
Clotilde von Vallon-Chalys. Berlin, 1836.
Lieder und Romanzen. (Unter der Preſſe.)

Ein ſehr gefälliges und gewandtes lyriſches Talent, das zwar Anfangs mehr als Nachahmer beliebter Vorbilder, namentlich Heine's auftrat, bald aber alle Feſſeln von ſich ſtreifte, und ſich mit großer Anmuth und Leichtigkeit zu bewegen weiß. Innigkeit und Gemüthlichkeit, raſcher und treffender Witz, Herrſchaft über Sprache und Reim, Gluth der Phantaſie ſind ihm in nicht geringem Grade eigen und haben ihm binnen wenigen Jahren einen geachteten Ruf erworben. —

Der ſteinerne Ritter *).

Es ſprudelt die ſilberne Quelle
  Am Marktplatz Tag und Nacht;
Auf ſteinernem Geſtelle
  Hält dort ein Ritter Wacht.

Die Rechte umkrampft den Degen,
  Die Linke den Wappenſchild.
So ſteht bei Sonn' und Regen
  Des alten Kämpen Bild.

So ſeht ihr den ſtarren Recken
  Mit ernſt-griesgrämigem Blick,
Die zitternde Well' im Becken
  Glänzt ihn noch finſt'rer zurück.

Des Abends trippeln die Mädchen
  Zum Born mit Kann' und Krug.
Erzählſt du nach Schönen im Städtchen,
  Hier triffſt du ihrer genug.

Die Kannen und die Krüge,
  Sind auf den Rand gerückt.
Vertraut wird zur Genüge
  Was lange das Herz bedrückt.

So rieſelt und plätſchert die Quelle,
  Und ſprudelt fort und fort,
Doch flüchtiger rinnt das ſchnelle,
  Geſchwätzige Mädchen-Wort.

Und was der Liebſte geſchworen,
  Wann Hochzeit ſolle ſeyn,
Dem Ritter kommt's zu Ohren,
  Dem alten Vertrauten von Stein;

Und wie der Liebſte geſprochen,
  Sich hoch und theuer vermaß,
Und wie er das Wort gebrochen,
  Der Ringe Wechſel vergaß.

Manch Seufzer ſchwellt das Mieder,
  Manch Thränchen rollt herab —
Der Ritter plaudert's nicht wieder,
  Stumm bleibt er wie das Grab.

Du ehrenveſter Geſelle,
  Nur einmal öffne den Mund.
Was that an dieſer Stelle
  Gab dir mein Mädchen kund!

Was hat, du alter Geſtrenger,
  Mein Liebchen dir vertraut?
Gelt, Freund, ſie zweifelt nicht länger,
  Sie reicht mir die Hand als Braut!

Ja, führ' ich, Herr Brunnenritter,
  Mein ſchmuckes Bräutchen nach Haus,
Dann ſoll wie den Hochzeitsbitter
  Dich ſchmücken der ſtattliche Strauß.

Der Morlake in Venedig.

(Illyriſch.)

Als ich traurig, arm an Gelde und verlaſſen ſaß am Herde,
Kam ein liſtiger Dalmatier, ſprach mit ſchmeichelnder Geberde:
Weshalb weilſt du in den Bergen? Nach der großen Waſſerſtadt
Wandre, welche mehr Zechinen als dein Acker Kieſel hat.

Im Gewand von Sammt und Seiden prunken üppig die Soldaten,
Jubeln dort in Saus und Brauſe, ſammeln ſpielend ſich Ducaten.
Schwere Silberkett' am Dolche, Weſte reich geſtickt mit Gold
Bringſt du leicht in deine Heimath von des Venetianers Sold.

Blumen werfend ruft dich freundlich dann die ſchwarzäug'ge Schöne
An das Gitterfenſter, klingen deiner Guzla Schmeicheltöne.
Geh' zu Schiffe! geh' zu Schiffe! Nach der großen Waſſerſtadt
Wandre, welche mehr Zechinen als dein Acker Kieſel hat. —

Und ich thöricht Kind, ich glaubt' es was der Falſche vorgelogen,
Stieg in's Rieſenſchiff von Marmor *), rings umſpült von Meereswogen:
In der Sumpfſtadt wird das Brot mir eitel Gift; ich liege ſtill
Gleich dem Wolfshund an der Kette, darf nicht zieh'n wohin ich will.

Red' ich meines Landes Sprache, ſo verſpotten mich die Schönen;
All' die Töchter unſrer Berge eilten hier ſich zu entwöhnen

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*) Deutſcher Muſenalmanach für 1836. S. 187 flgde.

*) Venedig.

Volkes würd'ger Sitt' und Rede. Einſam ſteh' ich und allein;
Gleich dem Baum, verpflanzt im Sommer, geh' ich langſam welkend ein.

Wenn in meinen Felſenſchluchten ich dem Wanderer begegnet,
Grüßt' er mich: Sohn des Berg's! ſey der Tag von Gott geſegnet!
Hier tritt mir kein Freund entgegen; hülflos bin ich wie der Wurm,
Welchen in des Teiches Mitte ſchleuderte des Herbſtes Sturm.

Die Reiterin.

Ich ſah jüngſt — es war im Traume —
Einen wunderſeltnen Ritt:
Auf bejahrtem, ſteifem Klepper,
Welcher, ſchleichend Schritt vor Schritt,
Mit den Ranken, Dornen, Neſſeln
Sich ſchwerfäll'gen Hufes ſtritt,
Saß ein Weib, das ſchlafend nickte
Und doch nicht vom Sattel glitt.

Saß verkehrt doch gar die Donna,
In der Hand den Schwanz als Zaum,
Wankt' hinüber und herüber,
Murmelt' auch, doch wie im Traum.
Wen'ge Worte nur vernahm ich,
Die ich hört' verſtand ich kaum,
Gab auch nicht drauf acht, und muſtert'
Ihres Kleides bunten Saum.

Sah ich doch, Zeit meines Lebens,
Nicht ſo farbigen Talar;
Grau nur gegen ihn bedünkte
Mich der Regenbogen gar,
Große Lappen, kleine Fetzen
Angeſtückt faſt wunderbar:
Nun, der Himmel mag es wiſſen,
Wer des Kleides Schneider war.

Groß und herrlich war zu ſchauen
Dieſer Edelfrau Geſtalt,
Zeigte gleich gebogner Nacken
Spuren von der Zeit Gewalt,
Hatte ſie mit höhn'ſchem Finger
Gleich manch Fältchen eingekrallt —
Immer ließ ſich noch ermeſſen,
Daß die Frau mit Ehren alt.

Zu erwachen ſchien die Dame,
Keck und ſchüchtern fragt' ich da:
Wenn nicht meine Ahnung lüget,
Seyd Ihr Frau Germania? —
„Bis zu Achtzehnhundert neune
Ward ich ſo genannt. O ja."
Und jetzt? — „Hab' ich hundert Namen,
Nennt mich Frau Etcätera."

Wie Ihr wollt. Doch edle Herrin,
Welchen fabelhaften Gaul
Reitet Ihr? So abgetrieben,
Buglahm, hinkend, träg' und faul.
Seht — doch nein Ihr könnt nicht ſehen —
Im Moraſte wühlt ſein Maul;
Kommt nicht haarbreit von der Stelle.
Schafft ihn ab. Es iſt ein Grau'l.

„Naſeweiſer Neuerungsthümler,
Welch ein übermüth'ger Wahn
Treibt Euch, meinen Gaul zu läſtern,
Dem ich herzlich zugethan?
Der mich ſchon ſeit grauen Jahren
Sicher trug auf dorn'ger Bahn,
Der den älteſten Stammbaum verweiſt —
Ihn, den alten Schlendrian!"

Das Orakel.

Die Mutter hält auf dem Schooße
Das Knäblein zart und hold,
Lippen glüh'n ihm wie Roſe,
Löckchen glänzen wie Gold.

Das Küſſen und das Herzen,
Heute bekommt ſie's nicht ſatt;
Ein Jahr iſt's, daß ſie viel Schmerzen
Um ihn gelitten hat.

„Ein Jahr iſt's, daß ich viel Schmerzen
Um dich erduldet hab';
Ein Jahr ſeit den Himmel im Herzen
Die Mutterbruſt dir gab.

Wie ſo reizend entfaltet
Haſt du, mein Knoſpchen, dich.
Engel des Himmels, erhaltet,
Schützet ihn mildiglich!"

„Herrin, wollt mir erlauben,
So flüſtert jetzt die Magd,
Daß nach des Volkes Glauben
Das Schickſal werde befragt.

Laßt looſen das jahresalte
Knäblein am heutigen Tag.
Der Himmel gnädig walte,
Daß er's wohl treffen mag.

Ich bringe die heilige Bibel,
Den Apfel, das Thalerſtück.
Ein Loos verkündet Uebel,
Zwei Looſe verkünden Glück.

Roth bleibt er wie Apfels Bäckchen,
Wenn er die Frucht erkieſt;
Nie fehlen die Thaler im Säckchen,
Wenn er das Silber erkieſt."

„Und, fragt die Mutter bebend,
Erwählt er das heilige Buch?"
Die Magd ſpricht widerſtrebend:
„Dann wird ihm das Leichentuch." —

„O nimmer, nimmer wage
Dies Spiel. Ihm bleib' es fern.
Dies hieße mit ſündlicher Frage
Verſuchen Gott den Herrn."

Die Magd trägt in die Kammer
Wohl die drei Looſe zurück.
Die Bibel mit ſilberner Klammer,
Sie feſſelt des Kindes Blick.

Zappelnd und ringend windet
Es ſich von der Mutter Schooß,
Tappt in das Kämmerlein, findet
Das ernſte Todesloos.

Am goldig-gleißenden Schnitte
Erkennt er das Erbſtück.
Mit kurzem, ſchwankendem Schritte
Bringt er's der Mutter zurück.

Schon jetzt deine Thränen fließen?
Warte noch, Mutter, ein Jahr,
Dann magſt du die bittern vergießen,
Dann wird das Orakel wahr.

Christian August Gebauer

ward am 28. Auguſt 1792 zu Knobelsdorf im Königreich Sachſen geboren, erhielt, nach vollendeten Studien, eine Collaboratur in Meiſſen, wurde dann Lehrer an einem Inſtitute in Cöln, 1818 Profeſſor in Bonn, was er jedoch nur kurze Zeit blieb, und ſpäter Inſtructor des Prinzen von Wittgenſtein. — Gegenwärtig lebt er als Hofrath und Doctor der Weltweisheit im Privatſtande zu Mannheim.

Er ſchrieb:

- Geiſtliche und weltliche Gedichte. Heidelberg 1814. 2. A. Heidelberg 1821.
- Des Auſonius Moſella. Köln 1817.
- Bilder aus der Gemüthswelt. Elberfeld 1819.
- Blüthen religiöſen Sinnes. Elberfeld 1819. N. A. 1828.
- Legende vom heiligen Engelbert. Köln 1819.
- Bilder der Liebe. Köln 1819.
- Die Morgenröthe. Elberfeld 1819 — 1820. 2 Thle.
- Stunden der Einſamkeit. Aachen 1820.
- Blumenſtücke. Mannheim 1821.
- Aurora. Mannheim 1823.
- Lebensbilder. Ulm 1825 — 1826. 2 Thle.
- Altes und Neues. Nürnberg 1826.
- Deutſcher Dichterſaal. Leipzig 1827. 2 Thle.
- Die Monate des Jahres. Stuttgart 1828.
- Veſta. Berlin 1828.
- Luther und ſeine Zeitgenoſſen als Kirchenliederdichter. Leipzig 1829.
- Simon Dach und ſeine Freunde. Tübingen 1828.
- Das Schönſte aus Jean Paul's Schriften. Leipzig 1827. 2 Thle.
- Lilienblätter. Stuttgart 1831.

Mit reicher Phantaſie und innigem Gefühl ausgeſtattet, hat ſich G. vorzüglich der lyriſchen religiöſen Poeſie zugewandt und hier Ausgezeichnetes geleiſtet. —

Friedrich Gedike.

Dieſer um das Schul- und Erziehungsweſen in Deutſchland zu ſeiner Zeit hochverdiente Gelehrte, ward am 15. Januar 1754 in dem Dorfe Boberow bei Lenzen in der Priegnitz, wo ſein Vater Prediger war, geboren. Er hatte das Unglück, denſelben ſchon im neunten Jahre zu verlieren, und wurde nun, Anfangs in Seehauſen, dann in dem Waiſenhauſe zu Züllichau erzogen, zeichnete ſich jedoch während ſeiner früheren Jugendjahre eben nicht durch hervorſtechende Fähigkeiten aus. Erſt in der letzten Zeit erwachte ſein Geiſt und entwickelte ſich zum Erſtaunen Aller, die ihn früher gekannt hatten. Im Jahre 1771 ging er nach Frankfurt an der Oder, um Theologie zu ſtudiren. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn berief ihn Spalding 1775 nach Berlin, als Erzieher ſeiner Söhne. 1776 wurde er Subrector des Friedrichswerder'ſchen Gymnaſiums daſelbſt, 1778 Prorector und 1779 Director dieſer Anſtalt, 1791 Mitdirector des Berliniſch-Kölniſchen Gymnaſiums, und 1793 Director deſſelben. — Bereits 1784 war er zum Oberconſiſtorialrath, und 1787 zum Oberſchulrath ernannt worden. Bei der Gründung eines Seminariums für gelehrte Schulen wurde ihm gleichfalls die Direction deſſelben übertragen. Im Jahre 1790 trat er als Mitglied in die Königliche Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin, und 1791 erhielt er von der theologiſchen Facultät zu Halle das Diplom eines Doctors der Theologie. Er ſtarb am 2. Mai 1803 zu Berlin, nach höchſt geſegnetem und ausgedehntem Wirken.

In deutſcher Sprache erſchien von ihm:

- Pindar's Olympiſche Siegeshymnen. Berlin und Leipzig, 1777.
- Pindar's Pythiſche Siegeshymnen. Berlin und Leipzig, 1779.
- Ariſtoteles und Baſedow, oder Fragmente über Erziehung und Schulweſen. Berlin und Leipzig 1779.
- Vier Dialogen des Platon. Berlin, 1780.
- Geſammelte Schulſchriften. Berlin, 1789 — 1795. 2 Bde.
- Vermiſchte Schriften. Berlin, 1801.
- Berliniſche Monatsſchrift (mit J. E. Bieſter). Berlin, 1783 — 1790.
- Einzelne Oden, Schulreden, Beiträge zu Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Die vielfachen großen Verdienſte, welche ſich G. durch ſeine Schriften ſowohl, wie durch ſeine amtliche Thätigkeit um das Schul- und Erziehungsweſen, zunächſt in Preußen, dann aber auch in ganz Deutſchland erwarb, ſind ſo allgemein anerkannt, daß es einer näheren Auseinanderſetzung derſelben hier um ſo weniger bedarf, als ſolche in einem Werke dieſer Art nicht einmal an ihrer rechten Stelle wäre. — Als Schriftſteller im engeren Sinne hat er wohl das Vorzüglichſte in ſeinen Nachbildungen griechiſcher Originale geleiſtet, und namentlich in ſeiner Ueberſetzung des Pindar gründliche Kenntniß mit Geſchmack, wahrem Gefühl und großer Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form vereinigt. Weniger glücklich iſt er dagegen in ſeinen Reden und Oden, da es ihm zwar nicht an Kraft, Gewandtheit und Reichthum des Gedankens, ſo wie an Anmuth und Wärme des Styls fehlt, eine eigenthümliche Neigung zum Allegoriſiren ihn aber zu weit führt, und ihn oft zu unnützer Häufung der Bilder und Figuren, ſo wie zu rhetoriſcher Uebertreibung hinreißt. —

Eduard Heinrich Gehe,

gewöhnlicher Eduard Gehe, ward am 1. Februar 1793 zu Dresden geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung im väterlichen Hauſe, und bezog dann Schulpforte. Er ſtudirte darauf die Rechtswiſſenſchaften zu Leipzig, machte nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn mehrere Reiſen, und ließ ſich bei ſeiner Rückkehr als Rechtsconſulent in ſeiner Vaterſtadt nieder. 1827 ward er Großherzoglich-heſſiſcher Hofrath, und in neueſter Zeit K. Sächſiſcher Cenſor.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Das Schloß Candra. Oper. Dresden, 1836.
- Desgleichen. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1821.
- Guſtav Adolph. Tragödie. Leipzig, 1818.
- Der Tod Heinrichs IV. von Frankreich. Trauerſpiel. Dresden, 1820.
- Maja und Alpino, oder die bezauberte Roſe. Dresden, 1827.
- Hiſtoriſche Novellen und Erzählungen. 2 Bde. Leipzig, 1830 u. 1832. (Der 10. u. 12. Band der Bibliothek hiſtoriſcher Romane. Leipzig, bei Focke.)
- Das Schloß Perth und die Pulververſchwörung. Leipzig, 1835.
- Die Eroberung Sibiriens. Leipzig, 1835.
- Vermiſchte Schriften. Bunzlau, 1836. 2 Thle.
- Mehrere ungedruckte Tragödien, Beiträge zu Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Als dramatiſcher Dichter gehört Gehe zu denen, welche Schiller zum Vorbilde nahmen, und auf der von dieſem unſterblichen Geiſte eingeſchlagenen Bahn weiter ſtrebten. Seine Verſuche waren nicht ohne Erfolg, da ein glückliches Talent ihn begünſtigte und unterſtützte. Reichthum der Erfindung, Anmuth und Kraft der Sprache, Wahrheit der Charakterzeichnung und geſchickte Verbindung der einzelnen Situationen treten in ſeinen dramatiſchen Leiſtungen hervor, und erwerben ihnen nicht geringes Lob; doch fehlt es ihnen an Tiefe und Gluth der Leidenſchaft, daher wur ihre Wirkung weder nachhaltig, noch dauernd. Mit größerem Glück bearbeitete G. ſpäter die deutſche Oper, die überhaupt ſeiner ruhigen, gleichen Sinnesart wohl mehr zuſagt, und hat auf dieſem Gebiete wohl das Beſte geliefert, was unſere Literatur bisher aufzuzeigen vermochte. — In der Gattung der hiſtoriſchen Novelle und des hiſtoriſchen Romans, welcher ſich Gehe in den letzten Jahren faſt ausſchließlich zuwandte, hat er mit Recht großes Lob geerndtet, da er mit gründlichen Kenntniſſen eine ſehr anmuthige, phantaſiereiche Darſtellungsgabe verbindet. —

Charlotte Corday.

„Ruhe herrſcht in der Natur; der Geiſt ihres Friedens grüßt meine Seele. Schildere mir den Sommerabend, daß ſeine jungen Farben meinem Alter lebendig werden.“

So ſprach Corday, der Vater, zu ſeiner Tochter. Er war blind, ein ſiebenzigjähriger Greis.

„Das Gewitter,“ ſagte Charlotte, „hat ſich verzogen und einen Regenbogen zurückgelaſſen, der Land und See verbindet. Wie ruhiges Silber liegt ſie vor uns, trägt Boote und Schiffe, die hoher Küſte enteilen. Die Segel glänzen wie Schnee, während das Abendroth ſeine Farben auf die Gebäude haucht. Nur das Meer gibt einer Gegend den Charakter der Größe, und ſchön iſt es, wenn zu dieſer Größe ſich, wie hier, die Lieblichkeit geſellt.“

„Ein Abend, geeignet, daß man an ihm von Heinrichs und Sully's Weltfrieden träume!“ erwiederte Corday. „Das waren Menſchen, ſo groß, als liebenswürdig; echte Franzoſen. Im Strahl der untergehenden Sonne ſehe ich ihr Andenken. Auf die Liebe, die damals Volk und König einte, folgte der Haß, auf das Glück das Unglück, auf den Tag die Nacht. Aber auch unſere Zeit hat ihre Tugenden. Gemeinſame Kraft muß ſich der Pöbelherrſchaft, ächtes Volksthum dem Jacobinismus entgegenſtellen. Jene Bürger Frankreichs, welche dem Boden der Tyrannei entfallen, huldigen am Vaterlande. Die Beſſeren dürfen nicht ihren Platz dem Laſter räumen. Jeden Fuß breit muß man ihm ſtreitig machen. Gibt es ein ſchöneres Loos, als über den Gräbern ſeiner alten Ahnen edel fallen für das Recht! O, daß in mir noch die Kraft des Jünglings lebte!“

„Sie lebt, mein Vater, in Euren Söhnen — den Girondiſten!“

„Ich habe Freude an meinen Kindern,“ ſprach Corday. „Im nahen Caen wirken meine zwei Jünglinge ſtill, doch kräftig. Ein edles Feuer lodert in ihrer Seele und Du biſt — Corday's Tochter.“

Sie drückten ſich die Hand. Wie waltete zwiſchen einem Vater und ſeinem Kinde ein zarteres Einverſtändniß.

„Mein Vater,“ ſagte jetzt Charlotte und richtete den Blick auf die felſige Küſte, „dort ſehe ich Leute, die wohl unſerer Hülfe bedürfen. In dieſen Zeiten der Tyrannei erkennt man leicht die unverdient Verfolgten.“

Wirklich zeigten ſich zwiſchen den Klüften des Felsgeſtades vier Männer; in ihren blaſſen, aber edlen Zügen malte ſich die tiefſte Noth.

„Sei Du mein Auge, mein hülfebringender Arm!“ ſagte der Alte zu Charlotten.

Die vier Männer, Corday's Landſitz erblickend, der nicht weit von Caen, nahe dem Meere, lag, eilten darauf zu, ſo viel es ihre ſichtbar erſchöpften Kräfte erlaubten. Plötzlich ſchien Furcht und Entſetzen ihre Schritte zu hemmen. Unſchlüſſig blieben ſie ſtehen, ſcheu umherblickend wie Verfolgte, die den Tod auf ihren Ferſen wandeln ſehen.

„Geächtete, den Gefängniſſen und Hinrichtungen entfliehend!“ ſagte Charlotte leiſer.

„So weißt Du, was wir thaten und wieder thun wollen,“ antwortete der Vater. „Aber vorſichtig! Wenn nicht das Landvolk, doch die Fiſcher der Küſte dienen auch hier den Tyrannen.“

Charlotte ging. Leiſe die Thür der Gartenmauer öffnend, trat ſie auf das Feld und winkte.

„Euer Anblick kündet mir Euer Schickſal. Tretet ein in Frieden!“

„Thut es nicht!“ ſchrie Einer der Flüchtlinge den Andern zu. „Statt der Hülfe könnte Verrath uns antreten.“

„Niemand traue ich mehr, außer Dir, o Mädchen!“ ſagte der jüngſte der Männer und ergriff Charlottens Hand. Die Andern folgten. Aber als ſie nun tief aufathmend eintraten in dieſen Wohnſitz der Ruhe, unter die Schatten wohlgepflegter Bäume, der hohe Greis Corday, wie ein Patriarch aus beſſerer Zeit, durch die wohl bekannten Räume ſich ihnen entgegenbewegte, da zögerte der Fuß der Unglücklichen, die Schwelle des Glücks ganz zu überſchreiten.

„Ihr wollt uns laben,“ ſagten ſie, „und wir bringen Euch Tod. Fort, fort von hier, ehe Henriot's Banden die Feuerbrände auf das gaſtliche Haus ſchleudern. Es iſt die Zeit des Sylla und Marius. Weil ſie Geächtete bei ſich verbarg, ſtarb die Bouquet auf dem Schafote.“

„Den Tod der Ehre,“ erwiederte ruhig Charlotte. „Glaubt Ihr, es gäbe nur eine Franzöſin?“

Bei dieſen Worten war es, als fliehen die Geiſter der Angſt, des von ſittlicher Noth erzeugten Wahnſinnes plötzlich von den vier Männern ab. Kühner, ſtolzer erhoben ſie das Haupt. Ihre Augen fingen an zu glänzen, ihre bleichen Wangen färbte Feuer.

„Frankreich ſtirbt nie ganz!“ riefen ſie. „Verwandte Geiſter treffen ſich noch; der Engel der Gaſtfreundſchaft führt uns ſein himmliſches Antlitz zu. Und auch wir, nach Stunden des Kampfes, der Verfolgung, bedürfen nur eine Nacht des Schlummers, um dann wieder gerüſtet die Nation gegen die Wüthriche zu vertheidigen.“

„Das iſt die Sprache der Vaterlandsfreunde,“ ſagte Corday. „Wohl klingt ſie uns lieblich, wie Orpheus durch Sturmesnacht. Laßt mich Eure Namen wiſſen, daß ich ſie in meinem Herzen trage.“

„Du ſiehſt Gensonné, Guadet, Buzot und Lanjuinais vor Dir, die Abgeordneten der Gironde bei dem Pariſer Convent, doch jetzt geächtet, aus Paris, dieſem Rachen des Todes, entflohen, von Henkern verfolgt.“

„Ihr ſeid es, Söhne des Geſetzes, ſeinen Frieden predigend in der Schreckenszeit!“ rief froh bewegt Corday, ſie unter ſein gaſtliches Dach geleitend. „O, mein Alter neigt ſich vor Eurer Jugend! Zwiſchen königlich Geſinnten und Jacobinern die ſchmale Bahn der Mäßigung zu wandeln, erforderte Römermuth, durch Chriſtenſinn geläutert.“

„Die letztvergangenen Jahre gaben große Hoffnungen,“ ſagte, in ruhigere Betrachtung verſinkend, Lanjuinais, indeß ein Strahl der Abendſonne ſein edel ſchönes Antlitz verklärte. „Ein neues Licht ſchien tagen zu wollen und wir, die Mitglieder der Nationalverſammlung, ſollten Verkünder dieſes Lichtes ſein. Welch ein Anblick! — Auf der einen Seite der König, ſtatt des [illegible] ſolcher Würde, die Liebe des Volkes zu ſeinem [illegible] erwählend, auf der andern Seite dieſes Volk, aufathmend aus tiefem Druck, die Menſchenrechte laut begrüßend. Welch ein Tag, als der dritte Stand mit Adel und Geiſtlichkeit zuſammenfloß und in der Flamme der allgemeinen Begeiſterung die Vorrechte der Einzelnen untergingen! Es war der [illegible] der Staatsumwälzung. Da — iſt es doch, als ſollte die Menſchheit nie zur Vollkommenheit gelangen — bildete ſich aus den Fehlern der Könige und der Rohheit der niederen Volksclaſſen das Ungeheuer des Bürgerkrieges. Erſt ſchüchtern, wie das Licht des Tages ſcheuend, hob es ſein Haupt, das Sansculotten küßten. Wir fühlten ſeinen Peſthauch und kämpften, als uns das Blut erſtarrte. Aber ſchon zog es Viele zu dem Unthiere mit Baſiliskenblick hinüber. Wir ſtritten fort, mit unſerem linken Arm das bebende Königthum deckend. Aber nun tauchten ſie auf, die Vampyre der Nation, die Ungeheuer der Schreckenszeit, Robespierre, der heimliche, Marat, der offene Tiger, ſeine Zähne fletſchend. Nie habe ich geahnt, welch ein entſetzlicher Geiſt in der Menſchenbruſt wohne. Das kleine Stückchen Fleiſch, Herz genannt, iſt ſchlimmer als Aetna und Veſuv und alle Vulcane der Welt. Doch nein! in dieſen Entmenſchten iſt kein Herz, eine Kröte an deſſen Stelle. Aber ſie ſiegen. Der einundzwanzigſte Januar mit ſeiner Königsleiche, der einunddreißigſte Mai und zweite Junius, an denen die Lärmkanonen donnerten, vollendeten den Sturz der Gemäßigten. Wir wurden nicht beſiegt, nein! erdrückt von den Achtzigtauſenden, die, mit Schwertern, Piken, Flinten und [illegible] den Schloßplatz beſetzend, die Kanonen gegen den Convent richtend, Mörder waren und ſich Bürger des ſittlichen Aufſtandes nannten *)“.

Schnell trat jetzt Charlotte herein.

„Männer des Vaterlandes,“ ſagte ſie, folgt mir zur ſicheren Ruheſtätte.“

„Droht Gefahr?“ fragte Buzot.

„Nicht für Euch, ſo lange wir leben;“ erwiederte Charlotte dringender.

„Geht mit ihr!“ ermahnte Corday. „Sie hat das Auge des Falken und das Herz der Taube.“ Leicht ſchritt Charlotte voran, bis wo vor einer Grotte des Gartens wilde Oleander und Kaſtanien ſich zu einer anmuthigen Nacht verſchlangen. Der Boden vor der Grotte war mit einem Getäfel bedeckt, eine künſtlich eingefügte Platte ward gehoben und ein unterirdiſches Gewölbe ſichtbar, darin eine brennende Lampe und erquickende Früchte, von der wirthlichen Charlotte hinein geſchafft.

„Steigt hinab und laßt es Euch wohl ſein,“ ſagte ſie lächelnd.

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*) Geſchichtlich.

„Ohne Zweifel naht ſchon die Gefahr. Du willſt ſie uns nur verbergen und Unrecht, Mädchen!“

„Den Tyrannen bleibe die Angſt, dem armen Verwieſenen das Lächeln!“ erwiederte ſie. „Steigt ſchnell hinab, ruht ſüß, indeß ich wache.“

Sie ſtiegen nieder, die Platte über ſich ziehend. Ueber dem Bilde des Geretteten ſtand Charlotte. Von ihrem Antlitze verſchwand das Licht, um der ſchönſten und tiefſten Trauer Platz zu machen. Sie zog einen eben empfangenen Brief aus dem Buſen hervor und las ihn. Alle Empfindungen der Wehmuth, der Liebe, des Schmerzes, der zarteſten Weiblichkeit malten ſich auf ihrem lieblichen Antlitze. Groß war der Kampf, ſchwer der Sieg.

Als ſie geendet, zitterte eine Thräne in ihrem Auge und feine Bläſſe deckte ihre Wange. Aber die Hand auf das Herz legend, als wollte ſie dort ein gewaltiges Gefühl niederdrücken, rief ſie: „So muß!“ und ging entſchiedenen Schrittes zu dem Greiſe.

„Die Thiere ſind geborgen,“ ſagte ſie. „Aber dort, von Caen her, über die Hügel, ſchwärzer als die Schatten der Abenddämmerung, kommen auch ſchon die Feinde angezogen. Waffen ſehe ich blinken, Gebrüll ertönt.“ Sie neigte ſich an des Vaters Bruſt.

„Was iſt Dir? Du zitterſt? Wann zitterte bei dem Nahen eines Feindes Gordan's Tochter?“ fragte der Alte, ihre beiden Hände liebreich faſſend.

„Er hat mir geſchrieben, in allem Feuer ſeiner brennenden Leidenſchaft, wird gleich ſelbſt hier ſein,“ ſeufzte Charlotte kaum hörbar.

„Romme wagt Dir zu ſchreiben, in mein ehrliches Haus zu kommen?“

„Er wagt noch mehr, mein Vater, er hofft, der Mächtige, auf die Hand Eurer Tochter.“

„Der Königsmörder, zu Seiten eines Marat und Robespierre ſtehend!“

„Ein gefallener Engel!“ ſprach Charlotte leis und ſchmerzlich.

„Was Du ihm ſagen wirſt, meine Tochter, weiß ich, ehe Dein Mund es ausſpricht.“

„Ich dachte an ſeine erſte Jugend, das hat mich weich gemacht. Vergib Deinem Mädchen die Schwachheit;“ erwiederte Charlotte und richtete ſich entſchloſſen empor.

Waffen klirrten, Fackelbrände wallten wie feurige Zungen durch die Gebüſche. In einem Augenblicke war der Landſitz von einer Rotte eingenommen. Aus ihrer Mitte, in gebietender Hoheit, trat Romme, Vorſitzer des Pariſer Umwälzungsgerichtes, das ohne Schwurrichter und Berufung über Leben und Tod ſprach. Das Adlerauge auf die Gordan's gerichtet, ſchritt Romme vor. Als er Beide ruhig ernſt ihm entgegenſchauend fand, ſchien ſein Muth zu zagen. Die hohe Stirne zuckte, ein dunkles Roth brütete auf ſeinem Antlitz, in dem ſich eine Miſchung von Stolz, Liebe und zorniger Rachſucht zeigte, während das wiederkehrende Gewitter am Himmel ſeine Wolkenſchaaren aufjagte und leiſer Donner über Land und See rollte.

„Vater Gordan,“ ſagte er dann, ſich faſſend, faſt weich, „Euer Sohn grüßt Euch wie ſonſt.“

Gordan aber erwiederte: „Laßt die Vergangenheit ruhen! Der Conventsdeputirte tritt mit Gewalt umgürtet in das Haus, das ihn erzog. Er hat darüber zu verfügen. Der Henri, der Jugendgeſpiele meiner Kinder, halte es meinem Alter zu Gute, zieht es ſich vor der einbrechenden Nacht zurück. Ich laſſe Euch Charlotten hier; ſie hat Euch etwas zu ſagen, was gleich und nur zwiſchen Euch Beiden beſprochen werden muß.“

Langſam wanderte er dem Hauſe zu. Romme biß die Lippe, während ſein Blick über die Rotten hinſtreifte, die ein Wink von ihm zähmte oder entfeſſelte. Dann fragte er im leicht vernehmen Tone, den aber ein Hauch der Seelenangſt umſchleierte: „Und Charlotte?“

„Iſt ſich ſelbſt getreu!“ erwiederte ſie nicht ohne Anſtrengung.

Eine Pauſe folgte, nur durch ein Säuſeln unterbrochen, welches, das herannahende Wetter verkündend, durch die Natur zog.

Gewaltig arbeitete es in Romme's Bruſt. „Höre, Mädchen!“ ſagte er, „das Rad der Zeit geht im Rieſenſchwunge, Königskronen zermalmt es, aber, bei Gott! nicht die Blume der Liebe.“ Er ergriff ihre Hand; ſie zog ſie zurück.

„Wie?“ ſagte er gedehnt und ſetzte dann feurig und entſchloſſen hinzu: „Sie iſt mein, dieſe Hand der Liebenswürdigſten ihres Geſchlechtes, mein für Zeit und Ewigkeit.“

„Sie war es,“ antwortete Charlotte in edler Würde.

„Sei verſtändig, Mädchen, lerne eine männliche Sache begreifen, ſchätzen. Fortgerungen hat ſie ſich durch alle Kämpfe der Revolution, erſt bewältigt, dann bewältigend. Wer war ich, als ich Euer Haus, ein armer Jüngling, verließ? Wer bin ich jetzt — ſpielend mit des Volkes fürchterlichen Kräften! Nur der Sturm, der Alles vor ſich niederwirft, ſiegt in ſolcher Zeit. Und nun, wo ich, geſtellt zu den Gefürchtetſten, getragen von der Woge des Glückes, das Haupt geſchmückt mit dem Lorbeer der Volksgunſt, Dich an mein Herz drücken will, vermiſſeſt Du Dich, Eis zu ſein der Flamme gegenüber! Du vermagſt es nicht. Dein Mund ſchweigt, Dein Zittern ſpricht. Warum ſtrömt denn jetzt, wenn Du mich nicht mehr liebſt, von Deinem Antlitz alles Blut zu dem Herzen meiner Charlotte? Ja, Du liebſt mich noch, Dein Henri iſt Dein Alles, Dein Gott und —“

„Zurück!“ rief Charlotte jetzt mit Hoheit, „zurück, Unedler, liſtig wie der Leopard, aber nicht wie der Löwe großmüthig. Schleicht noch eine Schwäche für Dich durch mein Leben, ſo iſt es die Flamme eines tödtenden Fiebers. Seit jenem Blutbade des zweiten Septembers, das Du mit geleitet, ſind wir geſchieden vor Gott und der Welt.“

Wie entſetzt fuhr Romme zurück, ſie mit weitaufgeriſſenen Augen anſtarrend.

„Laß uns tiefer hinab zum Garten gehen!“ ſagte er dann leiſe und ſchrecklich. „Es könnte Dir und den Deinen Gefahr bringen, hörten Jene eins Deiner Worte.“

Er deutete auf die mit Piken, Dolchen und Säbeln bewaffnete Menge, die an ſeinen Blicken hing, und leitete Charlotten zur Grotte. Seine Augen rollten, dunkle Gedanken ſchienen in ihm emporzuſtürmen, jeden Augenblick bereit, hervorzubrechen. Als Romme gerade dieſen Weg nahm, zuckte in Charlottens Seele eine Ahnung empor. An dem offenen Fenſter eines Gartenſaales vorbeiwandelnd, griff Charlotte nach etwas, das auf dem Fenſterbrete lag, ſteckte es, von Romme unbemerkt, in ihren Buſen und war fortan ruhiger.

„Weißt Du, Charlotte,“ hob Romme wieder an, „warum ich nach Caen kam und mit wem ich kam? Mit Hommel und ſeinen Tauſenden, nach dem Beſchluſſe des Convents*), an den Girondiſten Strafe zu vollziehen. In dieſem Caen ſelbſt, dieſem Sitze des Aufruhrs, ſollen ſie fallen, morgen früh. Die Guillotinen ſind für permanent erklärt, nur Schrecken bändigt die Empörung. Ihre hervorragendſten Häupter ſind ſchon in unſerer Gewalt, vier Entflohene, um die jedoch nur ich weiß, ſo gut als ergriffen.“

Sein lauernder Blick fiel auf die Platte, er ſetzte den Fuß auf ſie, die dumpf dröhnte. Ohne Zweifel war ihm, der von ſonſt her die Gelegenheit des Ortes kannte, Alles verrathen worden. Aber Charlotte ſchlug nicht, wie Romme erwartete, den Blick nieder.

„Fahre fort,“ ſagte ſie, und ihre edle Geſtalt ſchien ſich noch edelkühner zu heben und der Geiſt der Entſchloſſenheit leuchtete aus ihrem ſonſt ſo ſanften Auge.

Dieſe Seelenhoheit ergriff Romme; er drückte die Hand vor die Augen und vor ſeiner entzündeten Phantaſie tauchten die Bilder ſeiner Jugend auf. „Engel mit Schwanenfittichen. Sonſt und jetzt!“ Romme keuchte. Wie war er ſchöner, wie verführeriſcher als in dieſem Augenblicke, wo er wie von dem Engel der Unſchuld entwaffnet ſtand. Von einem wahren Gefühle hingeriſſen, ſtürzte er zu Charlottens Füßen.

„Während ich Dich liebe, anbete, haſſeſt Du mich, ſchmähſt, für Fremde Dich opfernd, mich fliehend, am Rande des Abgrundes, während Angſt des Todes um Dich, Du undankbares, göttliches, dämonenvolles Geſchöpf, in meinem Buſen wühlt. Dich zu warnen kam ich hierher, in aller Sehnſucht der Liebe. Als ich Dich ſah nach Jahren der Trennung, das ſtarre Marmorbild, da riß es wie Geier mir am Herzen. Ich bin ein Mann meiner Zeit, that nur, was Hunderte thaten. Richte nicht, ſchilt nicht; Deine erſten Briefe, denen, ach! ſo lange ſchon keine folgten — trag' ich — blick' her! auf meiner Bruſt, Dein Bild in meinem Herzen.“

Und ſo ſtürmte er fort und fort, ſchmeichelnd, flehend; und Charlottens weiches Herz trank den verführeriſchen Strom ſeiner Rede. Allgewalt der erſten Liebe! Wir verabſcheuen, wenn er ſich ſelbſt entheiligte, ihren Gegenſtand und vergöttern ihn doch noch in der Erinnerung an vergangene ſchöne Tage. Umſonſt erhebt ſich zürnend der Geiſt; das Herz liebt, was es einmal ergriff, in Schmerzen fort, und muß es entſagen, ſo iſt es ein Riß durch's Leben. Charlottens Kraft fing an zu wanken. Immer ſüßer, immer berauſchender klang Romme's Rede. Ein Hauch von ſeinen glühenden Lippen hatte ihre Wange getroffen. Er ahnte Sieg.

„Du wirſt nicht ewig zürnen, wirſt barmherzig ſein wie Engel. Mädchen meiner Wahl, ſüßes, himmliſches Geſchöpf, zu mir! zu mir!“

Und vor ihr niedergeworfen, ſtreckte er die Hand flehend zu ihr auf. Da zückte, hoch über die Hand hinweg, ſie in blutrothes Licht ſtellend, während das Uebrige im ſchauerlichen Dunkel blieb, ein Blitz. Aller Schmerz dieſer entſetzlichen Zeit,

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*) Geſchichtlich.

Eliſabeths Schmerzensklage, die Todesſeufzer der Lamballe, Antoinettens leiſes Wahnſinnslied, alles das unerſchöpfliche Weh der Septembertage, an denen Romme Antheil nahm, richtete ſich wie ein Sturm in Charlotten auf und der Boden ſchien unter ihren Füßen zu wanken.

„Königsmörder!" hallte ihre bebende Lippe.

Romme lachte wild. „Nicht blos der Himmel hat Blitze," ſagte er, „dies kleinſte ſeiner Wetter war nur ein Vorſpiel, das größere geht ab."

Und durch die Nacht mit tönender Stimme rief er: „Hierher, ihr Bürger, Freunde des Geſetzes!" Im Augenblicke erſchien die wilde, entmenſchte Menge, grell vom Fackelbrand beleuchtet, und nur mit Widerſtreben den ihr von Romme angewieſenen Standpunkt nicht überſchreitend, denn ſie witterten Blut.

„Bürgerin," ſagte Romme kalt und nur Charlotten vernehmbar, „von meiner Jugend her entſinne ich mich, daß dieſer Boden — blickt nicht auf ihn herab, es würde Euch jenen Männern zu ſchnell verrathen — ein Geheimniß bewahrt. In letzter Zeit barg er, birgt noch Schätze, vier Leben, dem Tode angehörend. Den Kunſtgriff, dieſe Platte zu öffnen, lernte ich, wenn ich nicht irre, von Euch ſelbſt."

Dieſe Züge, Frucht der furchtbaren Gefühle, die jetzt Romme's Bruſt durchkreuzten, gab Charlotten alle ihre Waffen wieder. Es galt, vier Unglückliche zu vertheidigen. Eben ſo leiſe und den Zeugen durch keine Miene die Wichtigkeit des Zwiegeſprächs verrathend, erwiederte ſie:

„Stein, Baum und Räume kennt Ihr hier, wäret ja, der ausgeſetzte Knabe, verſchmachtet, hätte Euch mein Vater nicht aufgenommen. Schön, daß Ihr von allem dieſen das Einzige, den Stein dort unten, nicht vergaßt, noch rühmlicher, daß Ihr Eure Gedächtnißkraft jetzt ſo zum Heil unſeres Hauſes benutzt. O, Ihr werdet Charlotten noch liebenswürdiger werden!"

Nie in ihrem Leben hatte ſie mit ſo viel Bitterkeit geſprochen. Aber Charlotte war durch dieſen Undank in tiefſter Seele gekränkt und ein hohes Vaterlandsgefühl, mit Verachtung gepaart, verhieß ihr Rettung der Unglücklichen, durch ſchneidenden Vorwurf in die Seele des Verfolgers geworfen. Auch fühlte es der gewaltige Mann. Ein Blick ſeines Auges, wie von brennenden Thränen feucht, zeugte von Romme's Scham und beſſerem Gefühl. — Es benutzend, fuhr Charlotte leiſe fort:

„Die Viere ſind unten. Aber im Augenblicke, wo Ihr die Platte oder mich berührt, ſtoß' ich mir dies Meſſer — deſſen Heft ich jetzt aus dem Buſen ziehe — tief in das Herz. Daſſelbe geſchieht, wenn Ihr nicht binnen einer Minute Euch von hier entfernt, ſammt den Gefährten. Ihr kennt mich!"

Romme erzitterte ob des Lebens der Geliebten, ballte heimlich die Fauſt, mit dem Böſen rang ſein beſſerer Genius. Aber er kannte Charlotten. Ohne nur noch einen Blick auf ſie zu werfen, wandte er ſich und ging. Charlotte aber ſank an der Stelle ihrer That in Thränen nieder.

„O, wäre er rein geblieben!" ſeufzte ſie, „ich wäre ihm gefolgt in Noth und Tod, ſein Weib, ſeine treue Magd. Gibt es ein ſchöneres Glück, als den Geliebten die Bahn der Ehre wandeln zu ſehn? Und fände er dabei den Tod und läge er blutig zu meinen Füßen, ich könnte eine Locke von ihm an meinem Herzen und ſein unſterbliches Bild in meiner Seele tragen. Aber ſo, lebend und doch für mich todt, nicht begraben und doch begraben von den Trümmern ſeines Rufes, von ſeiner Schmach! — Liebe, ſchöner, verführeriſcher Schweſterengel der weiblichen Seele, mit ihr aufwachſend, ihr, ach! mit tauſend ſüßen Thränen ſchmeichelnd, entfliehe denn zum Himmel, deiner Heimath, oder — baue deinen Thron in andere, beglücktere Herzen. Das meinige — es entſagt. Vielleicht — dunkel ſchwebt es vor meiner Seele — wird mir eine andere Krone als die von Myrten. Wie du willſt, mein ſtarker Gott!"

Sie lag auf den Knieen und betete. Da rauſchte es neben ihr. Zwei Jünglinge, Arm in Arm geſchlungen, belauſchten ſie mit dem Auge der Bruderneigung, der Eine blond gelockt, ein heiteres Achilleshaupt, der Andere ſtill ernſt, ein Antinous; Beide in der Blüthe der friſcheſten Jugend.

„Die Schweſter betet mit für uns und das Glück unſerer Waffen," ſagten ſie und falteten die Hände, indeß der Mond ſeinen Glanz auf die die drei herrlichen Geſtalten goß.

Jetzt gewahrte Charlotte die Brüder. In wonniger Wehmuth hing ſie an ihrem Halſe.

„Schweſter," ſagten die Brüder, „der morgende Tag wird ein Tag der Entſcheidung, groß und ernſt und blutig ſein; die Vornacht mit ihrer erhabenen Ahnung bringen wir vereint mit Dir und dem Vater zu."

„Er erwartet Euch und ich führe Euch Mitkämpfer zu," ſagte Charlotte; dann, die Platte erhebend, rief ſie: „Steigt auf, Freunde, die Gefahr iſt vorüber."

„Durch Deinen Muth!" antwortete, mit den Andern aufſteigend, Lanjuinais. „Feindestritte, immer wiederkehrend, ſchallten über uns; und war als faſſe der Tod uns."

„Lebt," ſprach Charlotte, „lebt, von Feinden nicht mehr verfolgt, unter Freunden! Hier Camille und Georges, meine Brüder; hier Lanjuinais, Buzot, Genſonné und Salles, die glänzenden Redner und Streiter der Gironde. — Wohl! ſchüttelt Euch die Hände; die Geiſter verſtanden ſich längſt. Und nun laßt uns zum Vater gehn."

Sie gingen, Charlotte voran, die Männer Hand in Hand, zu Corday dem Vater. Er ſaß, hoch über dem Thalgrunde, auf der Plateforme ſeines Hauſes, deren Geländer von weißem Blech im Mondenlichte wie Silber flimmerte. Und um ihn her ſäuſelten, aus der Tiefe ragend, die Wipfel der Pappeln, die er einſt ſelbſt gepflanzt hatte. Theilte ein Windſtoß die Blätterfülle, ſo zeigte ſich das unendliche Meer. Frei und ſchön über der See ſtand der Mond, eine goldene Säule auf die Gewäſſer zeichnend; ausgeſäet war der Sterne Heer; die Erde ruhete. In dieſer feierlichen Mondnacht, unter dem reinſten Himmel, verſammelten ſich auch die andern Getreuen auf der Terraſſe, die jedem Späherblick von unten durch den Kranz der Bäume entzogen war, und nachdem Corday, dem es nicht mehr vergönnt war, die Söhne zu ſehen, ſeine Hand zu ſeinem Auge gemacht und lind das Antlitz der Jünglinge berührt hatte, ſich der lieben Züge zu erfreuen, ſetzten ſich Alle zu einem einfachen Liebesmahle. Mit jener leichten Grazie, die Franzöſinnen auszeichnet, hatte Charlotte ſchnell Alles zugerichtet; ſelbſt Blumen fehlten als Zierde des Tiſches nicht. Wie blinkte unter ihnen der rothe Wein feurig hervor! Aber zu ſehr ſtrahlten alle Leidenſchaften dieſer großen und heftigen Seelen in einen Brennpunkt zuſammen, als daß nicht das „morgen" mit ſeinen Kämpfen und Schreckniſſen ſie gleich wieder ausſchließlich beſchäftigte.

„Die Sache unſeres Calvado's ſteht beſſer, als der Feind glaubt. Aber erzähle Du es dem Vater!" ſagte der blonde Georges, den Arm um den Bruder ſchlingend, als erfreue es ihn, von den Lippen ſeines Camille wiederklingen zu hören, was ſie Beide begeiſterte.

Camille nahm das Wort: „General Wimpfen iſt da, noch heimlich, aber mit Rath und That. Zu Bordeaux, Lyon, Marſeille ſind Verbindungen angeknüpft*). Der Aufſtand der Bezirke gegen den blutigen Convent gedeihet, wird morgen ſchon losbrechen."

„Nicht ohne uns!" ſagten die vier Geretteten.

„Die Königsmörder wähnen, uns ſchon wie zappelnde Fiſche im Todesnetz zu halten," fuhr Camille fort. „Uns zu erdrücken, ſandten ſie den Henriot. In Mitte ſeiner Banden, mit Ketten belaſtet, führt er von Paris aus einundzwanzig der Unſern**); ihre Häupter morgen zu Caen fallend, ſollen beſſer als Kartätſchenkugeln uns aus einander jagen. Weil man unſere Mittelclaſſe fürchtet, hat man Aſſignaten an die Hefe des Volks ausgeworfen."

„Das ſind," ſagte Buzot, „die furchtbaren Mittel, wodurch Marat allen Schlamm der Höllentiefe aufwühlt. Erſt ſpritzt er durch das verruchteſte aller Blätter, ſeinen Volksfreund, Natterngift in Köpfe und Herzen, daß die Leute zu raſen beginnen, dann zeigt er noch ihren ausgehungerten Magen das Gold. Alle die unſeligen Volksaufſtände zu Paris wurden und werden auf dieſe Weiſe vorbereitet. Nicht blos die Männer, auch die Frauen machte ſein entſetzliches Gold zu Hyänen. Jene Leon, mit Piſtolen bewaffnet, raſ'te erſt neulich wieder mit fünfzehnhundert andern Weibern durch Paris. Dieſe ſogenannte Volkskönigin nennt Marat ihren göttlichen Freund und bezieht zuerſt von ihm alle Liſten der Neugeächteten. Robespierre's und Marats bezahlte Strickerinnen ſind der Ausbund der Scheußlichkeit. Dieſe Weiber heulen jedesmal ſo lange im Convent, bis die Männer darüber den Verſtand verlieren."

Stumm hörte Charlotte zu. Als ſie aus dieſem Munde vernahm, was ſie hundert Mal gehört und niemals hatte glauben wollen, verſagte ihr die Sprache.

Camille aber rief froh begeiſtert: „In der Normandie fällt ſolche Drachenſaat auf ſtarren Boden. Er wirft ſie zurück und der ſchreckliche Säemann ſehe ſich vor!"

Dann erzählte er und Georges, feurig beredt, von den mit Liſt und Kraft heimlich getroffenen, der Normandie würdigen Gegenanſtalten.

„Auf das Heil des morgenden Tages und ſeiner Streiter!" rief, wie in Jünglingsgluth, Corday, der Vater. „Möge Gott der gerechten Sache Sieg verleihen!"

„Er wird es," ſagte Camille. Ein tiefer, unendlicher Ausdruck lag auf ſeinen Zügen. Er ſtand auf, trat an das Geländer der Terraſſe, während Georges, glücklich in tauſend

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*) Geſchichtlich.

**) Geſchichtlich.

Hoffnungen, den Vater und die neuen Freunde umarmte. „Fühle, wie ich glühe,“ ſagte Georges, die Schweſterhand an ſeine Wange drückend. „Unendlich wohl iſt mir. Eine ſolche Lebensfülle empfand ich nie. Man genießt doch das Leben nie ſo ganz, als wenn man in Gefahr iſt, es zu verlieren. Aber gewiß, morgen Abend kehren wir als Sieger heim, ſorge für zwei Kränze, Schweſterchen!“

„Liebe Seele!“ ſcherzte Charlotte und wandte ſich von ihm zu Camille, dem ſie vorzüglich zugethan, Vertraute ſeiner tiefſten Gefühle und einer unglücklichen Liebe war. Sie fand ihn, hinaus in die Mondnacht blickend, ernſt, doch weich.

„Dort drüben unter Pappeln liegt das Grab unſerer Mutter. Die Todten rufen mir. Leb' wohl, meine Freundin!“ ſagte er leiſe.

„Mein Bruder, ſiegen wirſt Du.“

„Siegen und ſterben, erwiederte er. „Laß Dir gegen den Vater nichts von meiner Ahnung merken. Sieh, wie Georges glüht, wie er ſchwärmt! Tröſte den Vater, wenn — gib mir den Abſchiedskuß. Du biſt das ſanfteſte, edelſte, liebenswürdigſte Mädchen. Dank, heißen Dank für Deine Liebe! Leb' wohl! keinen Abſchied weiter! Denk', ich ſei Dir ſchon geſtorben.“

Er riß ſich von ihr los, trat zu den Freunden. Niemand hatte den Abſchied der Geſchwiſter bemerkt. Aber Charlottens Herz war ſchwer, Begeiſterung erfüllte es, doch auch tiefſte Wehmuth. Ein Schmerz, gewaltiger als alles Leid dieſer Tage, ſchien noch auf ſie zu warten — Camille, Romme! — Und morgen ſchon werden ſie zuſammentreffen! Schon ſinkt die Nacht, bald wird das Morgen zum Heute. Die innere Aufregung malte Charlottens Wange mit Purpur. Die Geiſter der Angſt, Liebe, Hoffnung brachen lichtverklärt aus ihrem Auge. Sie war himmliſch ſchön, als ſie wieder zu den Vaterlandsfreunden trat, die ſich von den größten Geiſtern ihrer Nation, jetzt durch die Schlechten bedrängt, verdrängt, unterhielten.

„Bailly hat das Gute gewollt,“ ſagte Lanjuinais. „Auch Mirabeau, der hinreißende Mann. Daß er, Beherrſcher der Volksleidenſchaften, Opfer ſeiner eigenen Leidenſchaft, ſo bald ſtarb, war ein Unglück für unſere Nation. Roland iſt ein Mann, den die Freiheit ſo fertig fand, als wäre er ſchon bei ſeiner Geburt aus ihren ſchöpferiſchen Händen hervorgegangen, und wie ſoll ich Dich rühmen und preiſen, Dich, der Du für die Freiheit zweier Welttheile ſtritteſt, Dich, Waſhingtons Waffenbruder, Dich, La Fayette! Trinken wir auf La Fayette's Wohl, und möge der Herzenswunſch, den er mir einſt unter den wüthendſten Parteikämpfen mittheilte: „Ruhigen Sonnenabend nach Sturm!“ in Erfüllung gehen!“

Die Gläſer klangen. „Meine Freunde,“ ſprach feierlich bewegt Lanjuinais, „vergeſſen wir die Frauen nicht. Größer noch als Roland iſt die Bürgerin Roland. In das Gefängniß geworfen, ſetzte ſie unter den Todesſeufzern ihrer Mitgefangenen, ſelbſt dem Tode nah', ruhig ihr Tagebuch fort*). Dort hat ſie die Beobachtungen über ſich ſelbſt, und in wie weit in dem Augenblicke, als die Henker ſie fortſchleppten, ihr Puls lebendiger ging, niedergelegt. Das iſt die Ruhe des Weiſen, der auf das eigene Leben, wie auf ein [illegible], herabſchaut.“

Charlotte war näher hinzugetreten. Als er ſchloß, reichte ſie ihm ſchweigend die Hand, und als er nun, tief fühlend, von der himmliſchen Aufopferung der Lamballe ſprach, die von dem glänzenden Hofe zu Sanct James zu ihrer Freundin in das Elend zurückkehrte, von Eliſabeth, dieſer Königin aller Schweſtern, die je auf Erden für einen Bruder litten und ſtarben — da glänzten an des Mädchens langen, ſeidenen Augenwimpern zwei Perlen.

„Dieſe Lamballe, dieſe Eliſabeth,“ ſagte ſie, „ſind nicht minder groß, als die ſtärkere Roland. Hingebende, aufopfernde Liebe iſt die echte weibliche Tugend. Aber ich begreife, daß in unſerer Zeit auch die Tauben ſich in Adler verwandeln können, müſſen. Es lebe die Roland, und die in dem Kerker ſeufzet, Eliſabeth, und Du, jetzt über den Sternen wandelnd, Lamballe!“

Schon lange hatte Corday, der Vater, geſchwiegen. Er dachte der Söhne und des morgenden Kampfes. Jetzt rief er entſchloſſen: „Brecht auf, daß noch die ſchützende Nacht Euch nach Caen geleite! Leb' wohl, mein Camille, mein Georges! Ihr Freuden, Ihr Stützen, Lichter meines blinden Alters. Hätte ich noch mehr Söhne — die zwei älteſten ſtarben den Heldentod — ich ſendete ſie mit Euch, Alle, Alle unter die Fahnen des Vaterlandes.“

Und er trieb ſie fort, und die leiſe geöffneten Pforten ließen des Hauſes Söhne und Freunde aus. — Still und groß war der Augenblick der Trennung.

Als Charlotte in ihr einſames Gemach gelangte, wollte der Geiſt in ihr, einmal aufgeregt, nicht ruhen. Im Geſpräche hatten die Freunde flüchtig auch jener zwanzigjährigen Renaud gedacht, welche auf dem Schafote ſtarb, weil ſie zweimal ſich durch Robespierre's Hauswache zu drängen geſucht und im Verhör geäußert hatte: „Ich wollte durchaus einmal einen Tyrannen ſehen*)!“ Das fiel jetzt Charlotten bei. Wie zu ſich ſelbſt, ſagte ſie: „Renaud, Du wunderliches Mädchen, was haſt Du denn eigentlich gedacht! Einen Tyrannen ſehen iſt Nichts. Die Tyrannei vernichten — Alles!“ So ſchlief ſie ein, und über ſie kam der Geiſt des Traumes. Er zeigte ihr das Gefängniß la Force, die Roland darin. Sie ſchüttelte ihre Ketten und ſagte:

„Wäre ich nur wieder frei, ich könnte noch etwas Beſſeres thun, als am Tagebuche zu ſchreiben. Das hilft nichts dem Gatten, den tauſend Andern nichts. Marat läßt ſie Alle hinrichten, wenn nicht —“

Hier riß der Faden des Traumgedankens ab, die Roland, oder vielmehr Charlottens Seele, ſchien vor Etwas zu erſchrecken. Nachtfarbig wälzte ſich ein Nebel vor ihr. Wieder ward Ruhe; die Renaud trat aus dem Traume Charlotten an und ſchalt:

„Du haſt unrecht von mir gedacht, ich wollte wohl etwas mehr als den Tyrannen ſehen, aber weil es mir nicht gelang, rühmte ich mich nicht meines Willens. Auch gibt es noch einen Schlimmeren, als Robespierre. Weißt Du wen? —“

Hier neigte ſich das Traumbild tief hinab an Charlottens Ohr, aber ſo leiſe flüſternd, daß ſie es nicht verſtand. Auch mit dieſem Gedanken ward die Seele nicht fertig, ſank vielmehr unter ſeinem Drucke in Bewußtloſigkeit. Tiefer Schlaf feſſelte die ſchönen Glieder, bis er von dumpfen, aber mächtigen Schlägen aufgeſcheucht, plötzlich entfloh. Charlotte fuhr empor. Der Morgen graute; zu Caen donnerte die Lärmkanone.

In der Mitte des großen Marktes von Caen erhob ſich mit der Guillotine ein breites Schaugerüſt, an welches die Nachrichter eben noch ungeheure dreifarbige Cocarden nagelten und dabei luſtig pfiffen und ſangen.

„Kröten!“ murrte ein breitſchultriger Normand und nickte einem Trupp bewaffneter Bauern, die hinter ihm ſtanden, zu.

„Ruhe! Ruhe!“ ermahnte ein Anderer. „Es iſt noch nicht Kolbenzeit. Pfiffig ſind die Pariſer Blutmänner doch mit ihren ausgeſtreuten Aſſignaten. Sie hätten uns armes Landvolk beinahe herumgekriegt. Aber mein Gewiſſen gab mir eine Maulſchelle und das war gut. Geraden Weges ging ich zu den jungen Corday's und zu Wimpfen und erzählte Alles, wie die Rothmützen uns Geld an den Hals geworfen hätten, ſagend, Caen müſſe aufhören zu ſein, und wir ſollten mit ausziehen gegen ſeine Retter — die Staatsmänner. Darauf gaben die Corday's und Wimpfen uns den Plan zur Verſtellung ein. Wir nahmen von den Anarchiſten, die darum auf uns rechnen zu können glauben, das Geld und wollen es in Flintenkugeln an ſie zurückzahlen.“

„Wenn's nur gelingt!“ ſagte ein Vierter. „Die Feinde ſind uns überlegen. Der Henriot führt einen Theil der Pariſer Nationalgarde mit ſich, und hier erweckt eben, zum dritten Male donnernd, ſeine Lärmkanone die Ohnehoſen.“

Hunderte der Sansculotten lagen ſchnarchend auf dem Markte umher und ſuchten jetzt wie große Schlangenknäuel aus einander. In der brennendſten Sommerhitze waren ſie von Paris nach Caen gerannt. Jeder von ihnen erhielt täglich vierzig Sous. Dafür mußten ſie — wie die Machthaber es wollten — vor und im Convente brüllen, die Korn- und Zuckergewölbe plündern, ça ira! und vive la nation! ſchreien, ſengen und brennen, tanzen und morden. Erwacht, und ihre Freunde, die Kanonen, herzend, ſchwangen auch jetzt ſie die rothen Mützen. Wer keine hatte, ſtreckte, vom Sonnenſtich halb verwirrt, wenigſtens alle zehn blutige Finger unter Grimaſſen in die Luft. Der ganze Menſch, in ſeinem Schmutz, in ſeiner Lumpenkleidung, Dürre und Gelbe, war an ihnen Fratze. Mit der Zunge konnten ſie auf eine eigene, fürchterliche Weiſe ſchnalzen, mit den Zähnen knacken. Jetzt, die Mäuler aufreißend, ſchrieen ſie aus vollem Halſe: „Es lebe die freigewordene, die glückliche Nation! Es lebe die Pariſer Gemeinde und ihre Väter: Henriot und Romme! Nieder, nieder mit den Ränkeſpinnern!“ Eben rückte, unter dem Gebrüll der Sansculotten, dem Geheul der Sturm- und zugleich Todtenglocke und dem raſſelnden Generalmarſch, Henriot, der Oberbefehlshaber der bewaffneten Macht von Paris, auf den Markt, an ſeiner Seite Romme, hinter ihm eine Abtheilung der Nationalgarde, die einundzwanzig Opfer in ihrer Mitte. Zuvor gedenken wir jedoch einer Erſcheinung, die, ſo abſtoßend ſie war, doch von den Ohnehoſen mit ungeheurem Beifallsgeklatſche empfangen wurde. Durch die Menge drängte ſich heftig ſchnaubend Léon, die ſogenannte Volkskönigin, von Paris zur Hinrichtung mitgekommen. Unter dem breiten Strohhute hervor, den eine Feuerlilie ſchmückte, hingen auf die Schultern verſtreut die ſchwarzen Haare. Die Augen waren groß und blitzend. Sie trug zwei Piſtolen in ihrem Gürtel, an Bruſt und Hut glänzte die dreifarbige Cocarde, auch auf den Schuhen. Die Figur war breit, die ſtarken Arme bis über die Ellbogen entblößt. Einige häßliche Weiber folgten ihr, einen Freiheitsbaum tragend.

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*) Alle dieſe Züge ſind aus der Geſchichte entlehnt.

*) Geſchichtlich.

„Dort pflanzt ihn hin, dicht an der Straftribune, daß die Vaterlandsverräther ihn noch ſehen müſſen!“ ſchrie ſie mit faſt männlicher, aber heiſer gewordener Stimme.

Im Augenblicke war das Straßenpflaſter aufgeriſſen, der Baum gepflanzt und mit rothen Mützen und dreifarbigen Bändern geſchmückt. „Ça ira!“ ſagte die Volkskönigin, wie befriedigt, und nahm eine Priſe. Dann, wieder heftig, zog ſie ein großes weißes Tuch hervor.

„Freies Volk, ſiehſt Du das Tuch! Marat, mein göttlicher Freund, gab es mir mit einem Kuſſe. Lachend, denn ſeine hohe Seele lacht allemal, wenn es gilt zu ſeptembriſiren, lachend reichte er mir das Tuch, das ich mir erbat, es ihm, an allen vier Zipfeln in das Herzblut der Einundzwanzig getaucht, wieder zurückzubringen.“

„Die Gironde!“ murmelten die Männer des Calvados, jetzt durch unheimliches Landvolk verſtärkt, und ſuchten den Platz am Schafote zu gewinnen. — Die Ohnehoſen ſtatteten erneuten Beifall der Léon, die wieder ſchnupfte und dann, die Franzöſin nicht verläugnend, Handſchuhe anzog, ſelbſt einen Fächer nahm, Henriot und Romme zu empfangen. Langſam kam der Zug näher, voran auf einer hohen Stange die Freiheitsmütze, hinter ihr zehn Trompeter, mit ſchmetterndem Tuſch dem Schwerte der Stadt hohnſprechend, dann hochgeſchwungen drei Banner mit der Inſchrift: „Vaterland!“ „Freiheit!“ „Gleichheit!“ Hierauf zwei Marmortafeln mit der Erklärung der Menſchenrechte, dann unter Fahnen des Vaterlandes, die mit drohenden Inſchriften verſehen waren, vierzehn Trommelſchläger, fortwährenden Wirbel ſchlagend. Hinter ihnen, getragen vom Brauer Santerre, der ſich dieſe Luſt nicht hatte nehmen laſſen, das Schwert des Geſetzes, ſodann auf fahlgelbem Roſſe Henriot mit den tückiſchen Augen, ſtarken Backenknochen und Backenbart, und auf feuerſchnaubendem Rappen Romme, Beide mit klirrenden Säbeln umgürtet. Wie die eiſerne Larve ſtierte Henriot auf die Menge herab, während Romme's Blick an den Häuſern hing, in deren geöffneten Fenſtern, Kopf an Kopf, nichts als Frauen zu ſehen waren.

„Da ſchauen ſie,“ dachte er, „wieder nieder, die Neugierigen, weil es Leiden geben wird. Ha, falſches, grauſames Geſchlecht, fortan ſchon um einer Einzigen willen von mir gehaßt! Romme flehend und doch von ihr verſtoßen. Romme vor einem Mädchen flehend, wo er gebieten, vernichten konnte! Geht unter, Bilder meiner Liebe, in den Blutſtrömen dieſes Tages!“

Da griff Jemand in die Zügel ſeines Roſſes. Léon war's; ſie rief:

„Ihr reitet ja faſt über mich weg. Ehre den Damen! Und das ſag' ich Euch, Bürger, laßt mir die Einundzwanzig langſam hinrichten. Thut das meinem guten Kinde Frankreich zu Liebe; ich bitte Euch darum, ich, ſeine Mutter.“

Romme bemerkte die Megäre kaum. Etwas ganz Anderes hatte ſich ſeinem Späherblick gezeigt. Das Landvolk von Calvados, das Henriot ihm als für die Freiheit gewonnen geſchildert hatte, kam ihm verdächtig vor. Selbſt die Frauengeſichter in den Fenſtern trugen nicht den Stempel der Neugier der Pariſerinnen. Er glaubte, hinter ihnen verſteckt, Männer mit Flinten zu gewahren. Raſch wandte er ſich zu Henriot. „Laßt die ganze Nationalgarde mit den Kanonen auf den Markt nachrücken!“

Aber Henriot, vielleicht zum erſten Male in ſeinem Leben höflich, hörte die Klage der von Romme hoch entrüſtet zurücktretenden Léon.

„Das der Freundin des göttlichen Marat?“ rief ſie. „Zieh' ich nicht Tag für Tag vom Staate einen Ehrenſold von fünfzig Sous? Bin ich nicht enrollirt? numerirt*)? Seht her! dieſer Arm trägt Nummer Eins, ſchwarz eingeätzt. Bei der Tugend einer freien Bürgerin, ich will geachtet ſein!“

„Ihr ſeid es ſchon,“ entgegnete beſchwichtigend Henriot der Einflußreichen. Dann zu Romme gewandt, ſagte er kurz:

„Das Volk iſt unſer, ſo genügen die vierhundert Gardiſten.“

„Aber ich ſage Euch, das Volk hier iſt nicht unſer und Eure Ohnehoſen haben ſich müde gelaufen,“ erwiederte Romme.

Henriot, durch den Widerſpruch, den er von Keinem ertrug, wild gemacht, rief trotzig: „Thut was Eures Amtes, redet, und überlaßt es mir, zu ſchlagen.“

Romme, nachdem er dennoch an die im andern Stadtviertel haltende bewaffnete Macht einen Eilboten abgeſandt, beſtieg die Schauerbühne; ihm zur Seite ward das Schwert des Geſetzes erhoben. „Die Feinde der Freiheit ſchlag' ich!“ ſtand darauf. Und Romme zeigte es dem Volke und ſprach, indeß Todtenſtille ſich über die Stadt lagerte:

„Bürger von Caen! Ludwig Capet hörte in dem Augenblicke auf, zu den Lebendigen zu gehören, als man die Papiere des eiſernen Schrankes fand. So wird Caen aufhören zu ſein, lehnt es ſich noch einmal gegen die Volksvertreter auf. Empörer, nicht in der That, nur in Gedanken, erkennt, was Euch dräuet, an den fallenden Häuptern dieſer Gerichteten!“

Er winkte, und zwiſchen den Nationalgarden, die einen dreifachen Kreis um das Gerüſte bildeten, wurden die Einundzwanzig ſichtbar. Von ihren Lippen, als Sterbehymne, tönte der Marſeiller Geſang einſtimmig. Feurig, mit allem Stoicismus jener Zeit, zogen ſie zum Tode. Schon ſtiegen ſie die Stufen aufwärts, ſchon ſollen die Hände ihnen gefeſſelt werden, ſchon neigt der Erſte ſich unter das ſinkende Beil, da — durch die dreifache Reihe der Feinde auf das Schafot ſpringen zwei Jünglinge, Camille und Georges Corday, das erſte Opfer wegreißend vom Beil. — Zeichen des Aufſtandes! und ein Schrei, den Krieg der Stadt Caen gegen die Machthaber verkündend, tönt aus allen Herzen. Blitzſchnell dringt, den Corday's nach, das bewaffnete Calvados auf das Schafot. Statt des Beiles empfangen die Opfer die Waffe der Rache. Ueberwältigt von dieſem ungeheuren Wechſel wanken ſie, ſich gleich wieder in den Armen der Freunde zu erheben und dann vom Schafot herab, das ſie eben verſchlingen ſollte, wie einundzwanzig Flammen auf die Feinde zu ſtürzen. Jüngſt Angreifer, jetzt zur Vertheidigung gezwungen, fluchend ziehen Viele die Säbel, fällen die Bajonette, unterſtützt von den Ohnehoſen, die mit unermeßlichem Gebrüll, mit Senſen, Piken, Flinten und Heugabeln auffahren. Aber in den Fenſtern winken die Frauen, Scharfſchützen Platz zu machen. Aus ihren Feuerröhren ſauſt mörderiſcher Hagel auf die Pariſer. Die Nationalgarden fallen, ganze Haufen von Sansculotten. Um ſo mehr wüthen ihre Brüder. Ueber den zerriſſenen Fahnen, dem zerbrochenen Schwerte des Geſetzes, über ſtürzenden Feinden und Freunden wirr geſchwenkt mit Dolchen, Piken, Säbeln, Flintenkolben und Bajonetten. Die Corday's und Georges ſind überall. Schon neigt ſich auf die Seite der Gironde der Sieg, aus einer Schußwunde vergießt Henriot ſein ſchwarzes Blut — da reißen Kartätſchenkugeln, in die Reihen des Calvados einſchlagend, ſie nieder, und während zum Erſatz die Männer den Häuſern entſtürzen, erheben die Frauen, wieder an den Fenſtern erſcheinend, Wehklage über den Todten. Sie ermuntern mit wehenden Tüchern zum Kampf, reichen Waffen herab, ſtatt der zertrümmerten.

„Kämpft!“ rufen ſie, „kämpft, Ihr Männer von Calvados! Rächt das entheiligte Vaterland an den Königsmördern! Sie zu zerſchmettern, reißt, wenn Euch die Waffen gebrechen, die Steine aus der Erde.“

Aber Romme, der furchtbare Romme, wirkt jetzt entgegen. In einem Augenblicke hatte er Alles überſehen, naht jetzt mit der bewaffneten Macht, den Aufſtand zu erdrücken. Kettenkugeln wälzen ſich vor ihm her gegen Calvados. Henriot eint, was noch übrig blieb von der Guillotinenwache; wie die lernäiſche Hyder, todſäend, erhebt ſich neugeſtärkt der Sansculotte. Der Sieg ſchwankt, da ſtürmen mit den Kanonen des Zeughauſes, das ſie erbrochen, die Corday's heran. Blitz antwortet dem Blitze, Donner dem Donner. Die Normands halten Stand, die Sansculotten reißen aus. Wo ſie die verrätheriſche Nationalgarde gewahren, ſchießen jetzt ſelbſt die Frauen auf ſie herab von Häuſern, von Dächern. Pulverwolken erfüllen den Markt. Jetzt wird es licht. Romme ſteht vor Camille, und Camille's Antlitz, wie geſtern Charlottens, ſtrahlet Sieg, ſtrahlet Hohn. Um ſo brennender Romme's Wuth. Aller Schmerz der Niederlage, die er ahnt, zuckt in der Spitze ſeines Schwertes. Sie fechten. Romme empfängt eine Wunde, Camille fällt, der Jugendfreund Romme's, Sohn ſeines Wohlthäters, Bruder ſeiner Geliebten. Aber ſchon blitzt neben Romme ein zweiter Säbel auf, tönt eine bekannte Stimme: „Mörder meines Bruders ſteh'! — Es war Georges. Seinen Patroklus zu rächen, dringt er auf Romme ein. Dieſem ſträubt ſich, als er den letzten Sprößling jenes Hauſes, das ihn aufnahm, erzog, auf ſich einſtürmen ſieht, das Haar. Doch der mächtige Lebenstrieb waltet dunkel in ihm und richtet die Stöße nach des Feindes Herzen. Romme glaubt getroffen zu haben, hört einen dumpfen Fall, aber gleich darauf reißt der Anarchiſten allgemeine Flucht auch Romme mit fort. Das Schickſal des Tages iſt entſchieden, der Zweck des Aufſtandes erreicht, manch' Girondiſtenhaupt gerettet, den andern Bezirken ein glorreiches Beiſpiel gegeben, Caen ſiegekrönt — um theuren Preis.

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*) Geſchichtlich.

Als Calvados ſich liebend zu ſeinen Gefallenen neigte, fand es die Gordan's, Helden des Tages, aber todt. Arm in Arm lagen die Brüder auf Feindesfahnen. An demſelben Abend wurden ſie dem Vater gebracht. Ganz Caen folgte, die aufſtehenden Departements legten den Siegeskranz auf ihre Bahre. Nichts von des Vaters, der Schweſter Schmerz. Jener Maler, Iphigenia's Opferung darſtellend, verhüllte Agamemnons Antlitz.

Die Nacht nach jenem verhängnißvollen Tage brachte Charlotte wachend zu. Sie hatte ihre Thränen getrocknet.

„Was hilft das Weinen! Thaten will die große Zeit, und das Werk der Befreiung, mit dem Blute der Brüder erkauft, muß vollendet werden. Wohl wird nach dieſem Siege der neue Bund der Bezirke, an den Leichen der Söhne Gordan's beſchworen, ſich mächtig erheben, aber auch ganz Paris gegen den Bund. Seine Tyrannen werden die Geſchlechter mähen, ſeine Mörderbanden Feuer tragen in die Städte der Normandie. — Wie viel Mütter, Schweſtern werden noch weinen müſſen über geliebte Gefallene! Kann nicht eine reine Seele in Selbſtaufopferung all den Fluch dieſer Zeit auf ſich allein herabziehen, daß das Herz der Nation freier ſchlage, daß die Tage des Glückes, des Friedens wiederkehren?" Der Traumgedanke der letzten Nacht lag ausgebildet vor Charlottens Seele. In dieſem Augenblicke vernahm ſie, daß im Nebengemache auch der Vater noch wache. Ihr war, als ſollte ihr vom Vatergeiſte Beſtätigung ihres Entſchluſſes kommen. Leiſe öffnete ſie die Thür. Auf ſeinen Knieen lag der Alte und betete kummervoll: „Du gabſt ſie mir, Du nahmſt ſie mir, die herrlichen Söhne! Aber nun bin ich auch dem Vaterlande gegenüber ein Körper ohne Arm, ein Auge ohne Licht, muß hören Frankreichs Todesſchrei und kann ihm nicht helfen. Andere kämpfen noch ſelbſt oder durch die Söhne gegen die Anarchiſten. Ich muß wie ein ſtummer Sklave an ihrem Throne ſitzen, habe für mein Vaterland, für meine vier gefallenen Söhne keine Rächer mehr, habe nur eine Tochter, und das Weib iſt ſchwach und kann nicht einherziehen wie der Engel des Todes."

„Das Weib iſt nicht ſchwach," dachte Charlotte. „Das Vaterland ſoll ſeinen Rächer finden. Vertilge den Satan aus der Welt und ſie iſt wieder Reich Gottes. Aber ich will nicht von dem Vater Abſchied nehmen. Nervenlöſende Wehmuth entwaffne nicht meine Kraft. Ich brauche ſie ganz, ganz, und weniger Schriftzüge bedarf es, mich mit der großen Seele meines Vaters zu verſtändigen." Sie ſchrieb.

„Lies das, mein Töchterchen, morgen früh dem Vater vor," ſagte ſie, und liebkoſ'te eine kleine Waiſe, die, mit im Gemache ſchlafend, wieder aufgewacht war und die Händchen nach ihr ausſtreckte.

„Gern," ſagte die Kleine. „Aber komm' jetzt zu Bette, Charlotte. Was kramſt Du denn ſo in Deinen Sachen? Willſt Du verreiſen? Mir wird angſt; ach bleibe bei mir, liebe Charlotte!"

„Sei ruhig, mein Kind," ſagte dieſe.

„So laß' uns noch zuſammen beten und gib Deiner Laura ein Küßchen!"

Charlotte küßte das Kind mit Inbrunſt, gab dem wieder Entſchlummernden den Segen. Dann breitete ſie die Arme aus. Der ſtumme Abſchied galt dem Vater, dem Grabe der Mutter und Brüder. Bei Sternenlicht verließ ſie das Haus.

Am andern Morgen brachte das Kind dem Alten den Zettel, las ſeine Worte: „Sei freudig, mein Vater, Dein Gebet leitet Deine Tochter!"

Charlotte iſt fort!" ſagte das Kind und weinte.

Als der Greis dies hörte, erbebte er und verſchloß ſich zwei Tage über in ſein Gemach. Am Abend des dritten Tages ſaß er wieder, ruhig wie die Weiſen des Alterthums, in ſeinem Garten, das Antlitz gewendet gen Paris.

Tumult wogte durch die Straßen von Paris. Mit Stöcken bewaffnet, rannten junge Männer wie wüthend auf Straßen und Märkten umher. Aber es waren nicht Sansculotten. Ein echter Ohnehoſe ging nie in die Verſammlungen, ohne ſich vorher im Koth gewälzt zu haben. Er ließ die Nägel der Hand zur Adlerklaue wachſen, das ſtruppige Haar wie Schweinsborſten in ſein Geſicht fallen. Von ſeinen Lippen ging nur unflätige Rede. Er lernte ſie aus den Flugſchriften eines Hebert und des bekannten Gottesläugners Anacharſis Kloots, die Beide wieder dem Marat dienten*). Jene jungen Männer aber, die ſo heftig tobten, waren von anſtändigerem Aeußern, Söhne der beſten Familien der Stadt, nur durch irgend eine neue Unbill in die äußerſte Wuth verſetzt.

„Welcher brave Franzoſe," ſchrieen ſie, „föchte nicht gern gegen die Ausländer, gegen jenen kleinen Herzog von Braunſchweig, der es wagte, ſein Schimpfmanifeſt gegen die große Nation zu erlaſſen! Aber man ſoll uns vereint unter Dumouriez fechten laſſen, nicht in kleinen Haufen dem Feinde preis geben. — Seht doch, wie vampyrartig! Nur uns hebt man zur neuen Conſcription aus, die Ohnehoſen ſind alle frei, daß ſie, während wir gegen den Feind ziehen, unſere Mütter und Schweſtern erwürgen können, wie ſie ſchon unſere Väter mordeten! Das Alles kommt von jenem Hetzhunde, der wohl weiß, nur nach dem Untergange aller guten Franzoſen könne er Dictator werden!"

„Habt Ihr das neueſte Blatt ſeines Volksfreundes geleſen?" rief Einer. „Darin ſagt er, die Freiheit der Nation fordere noch dreimalhunderttauſend Köpfe*)."

„Die Natur kann dieſes Scheuſal nur aus einem Verſehen geſchaffen haben," rief ein Zweiter. „So häßlich wie die Nachteule Lafontaine's, gleicht es in ſeinem Grimme den Geſpenſtern der Odyſſee, die nur durch Blut aus ihrer Höhle herauf beſchworen werden."

„In ſeinem Geſichte ſoll er vereint die Züge des Wieſels, der Kröte und Hyäne tragen!" ſchrie ein Dritter.

„Ja, ja! es iſt ein feuerſprühender Kopf, der Marat," ſagte jetzt, heiſer lachend, ein kleiner Mann in Nationalgardenuniform, der lauſchend unter ſie getreten war. Die Figur war liliputartig, aber in Gang und Mienen originell, die Stimme ſcharf, die Finger klein und krumm gebogen. Aber ſein dunkles Auge ſprühte Feuerfunken.

Die Jünglinge ſtutzten und ſahen betreten das breitſchultrige Männchen an, das ſich mit Mephiſtolächeln auf den Zehen wiegte, während das belebende Queckſilber, das ihm in den Adern rollte, ſeinem Kopfe und andern Gliedern die Regſamkeit eines Schwanzes der Bachſtelze verlieh.

Der Kleine fuhr fort: „Wo er nur jetzt wieder ſtecken mag, der Böſewicht! Verkleidet iſt er bald da, bald dort. Meine jungen Citoyens, wir ſollten ihn aufſuchen und durchprügeln. Seinen Steckbrief will ich noch richtiger abfaſſen. Marats Hauptſchönheit, über die er immer ſelbſt Witz macht, beſteht darin, daß ſein linkes Auge ihm um drei Viertelzoll tiefer im Geſichte ſteht als das rechte — gerade wie bei mir. Die Herren erblaſſen? Wahre Lilienwangen! Nehmt eau de mille fleurs, Königlichgeſinnte, und grüßt Eure ſämmtlichen Familien von mir."

Wie vom Donner gerührt ſtanden die Jünglinge. Marat, der Beherrſcher des Sicherheitsausſchuſſes und des Gemeinderathes von Paris, eben jetzt von heranſtürmenden Banden der Cordeliers beſchützt, hatte, als Nationalgardiſt verkleidet, Alles gehört. Die Jünglinge waren verloren und fühlten ſchon das kalte Eiſen der Guillotine an ihrem Halſe.

„Ihr Truthähne, fort!" ſchrie jetzt mit ſeiner gewöhnlichen Schimpfrede Marat ihnen zu. Dann, zu ſeinen Rotten gewandt, die ihn jubelnd begrüßten, ihm Hände, Rock und Füße küßten, ſagte er mit fanatiſchem Lächeln: „Es iſt wieder ein Aderlaß nöthig. Brot und Zucker wird noch viel wohlfeiler werden, meine Kinder."

„Freund der Menſchheit!" heulte die Menge dankerfüllt.

Leon, die nach dem Unfall zu Caen flüchtend über die Berge zurückgelaufen war, ohne das bewußte Tuch in das Herzblut der Schlachtopfer tauchen zu können, drängte ſich jetzt durch den Pariſer Pöbel.

„Mein kleiner Meutemacher, göttlichſter aller Royaliſtenfreſſer!" rief ſie und ſtürzte ſich an Marats Bruſt, der ſich lachend ihren Umarmungen hingab. Aber bald ging bei Leon die Freude in Wuth unter. Sie lag an Marats Ohr mit leiſer, blutheiſchender Rede.

„Komme!" fragte Marat. „Gut, ich werde es benutzen. Aber weißt Du, ſüße Freundin, daß auch gegen mich ein Anklagedecret im Werke iſt?"

„Kein Wort der Anklage ſoll man im Convent verſtehen, wenn ich mit meinen Fünfzehnhunderten auf den Tribunen lärme," erwiederte die Volkskönigin.

„Ich weiß, Ihr, meine Rednerinnen, raſſelt beſſer wie Henriots Lärmkanonen und Trommelſchläger," ſcherzte Marat. „Auch kümmert mich das Anklagedecret gar nicht. Gibt der Convent ein Geſetz, ſo erkläre ich mich dagegen in Aufſtand**), thue, was ich will und lebe und ſterbe für Euch, brave Ohnehoſen."

„Hoch lebe Marat, das Bollwerk der Freiheit, der Apoſtel der Revolution!" ſchrie das Volk.

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*) Geſchichtlich.

*) Geſchichtlich.

**) Geſchichtlich.

Dann riefen Einige: „Guter Vater, wir haben nun durch Dich zu beißen und zu brocken. Du ſagſt nicht, wie der alberne Convent: Ehrt fremdes Eigenthum und ſterbt ſelbſt Hungers. Aber ſchon ſeit einer Woche haſt Du Deinen Kindern keine patriotiſche Vorleſung gehalten. Wir hungern darnach wie vormals nach Brot. Die Damen der Halle ſind ganz trocken geworden; friſche ſie auf mit Deiner ſalbungsvollen Rede!"

„So bringt mir erſt meinen verwitterten Pelz," ſagte Marat. „Die Uniform zog ich nur an, um an den Ludwigsſöhnen meine anatomiſchen Studien fortzuſetzen. Ich komme mir in dieſer Kleidung zu geputzt vor unter Euch Kindern der heiligen Natur. — Ich habe mich überhaupt nur einmal in meinem Leben geputzt, als Ludwig vor den Schranken des Convents erſchien. Da trug ich die allerſchönſte Soutane*). Nehmt mir das verdammte Halstuch ab, ſchlingt mir ein rothes Tuch um den Kopf."

Man ging es fort, dem nah' gelegenen Garten und Kirchhof der Franciscaner zu, dem gewöhnlichen Verſammlungsorte dieſer Republikaner. — „Marat wird heulen!" erſcholl es durch Paris.

„Laßt uns ſehen, wie Marat krächzt," ſagten das Fiſchweib, der Sackträger, der Kohlenſchlepper.

Wie Horniſſenſchwärme ſummend, toſend lagerte ſich das Volk auf den Gräbern. Auf das höchſte, pyramidenartig, ſchwang ſich Marat. Die Erſcheinung dieſes Lemuren, bald gräßlich, bald lächerlich, ward jedesmal von der Menge beklatſcht. Seine Popularität gründete ſich auf dieſen blutigen Humor. Er zeigte der Menge einen Strick, den er in der Hand hielt, rufend:

„Freiheitskinder, was deute ich damit an? Das Symbol kündet Euch, daß ein ächter Republikaner das Seil zur Sturmglocke niemals aus der Fauſt geben darf."

Beifallklatſchen der Menge.

„Die Staatsmänner, die Eſel, läſtern mich," fuhr Marat fort. „Warum? Weil ich, einſt Leibarzt jenes Artois, mich jetzt zum Arzt von Frankreich erklärt habe und ihm mit dem Meſſer des Patriotismus jede kranke Nerve und Flechte ausſchneide. Das iſt wahrhaft göttliche Chirurgie. — Man beſchuldigt mich, einſt Royaliſt geweſen zu ſein. Das iſt grundfalſch. Ich habe den Hof immer zum Beſten gehabt und hatte früher den Plan, ihn in Waſſerſtrömen zu erſäufen. Darum ließ ich in Verſailles meine berühmte Waſſercur austrompeten. Die zarten Damen ſoffen nicht nur ganze Ströme des von mir geſegneten Gewäſſers, ſie ließen ſogar ihr Tiſch- und Bettzeug, Gabel und Meſſer und Löffel darin waſchen**). Weil es mir aber mit der Waſſercur viel zu langſam ging und die Aerzte oft ihre Methoden ändern, habe ich mich zur Blutcur gewandt, die beſſer anſchlägt. Wer, meine Freunde, erkühnt ſich, zu behaupten, daß wir unſre Patienten lange leiden laſſen?"

Ein wüthendes Gelächter unterbrach ihn hier. Von allen Grabhügeln regnete es Beifall. Ein rieſengroßer Kerl mit ſchwarzem Haar, braunrothem Geſichte und ungeheuern Fäuſten fing immer wieder von Neuem an zu klatſchen. Es war derſelbe, der am zweiten September zum Frühſtück das Herz und zum Abendmahle die Hand der Lamballe zu ſich genommen hatte und dann doch ergrimmt auf die Blutrichter ſchalt, weil ſie ihm, außer dem verheißenen Lohne, nicht noch eine Bürgerkrone decretirten***).

„Ohnehoſenvater," ſagte der Kerl zu Marat, „da haben ſie mir neulich etwas von Unſterblichkeit der Seele in das Ohr geſchrieen und wie die That dem Thäter vergolten würde."

„Was iſt Seele? Haben wir eine? — wie lange währt ſie?" ſchrie das Volk.

Marat warf einen wollüſtigen Blick auf die Gräber. Dann ſagte er:

„Die da unten wiſſen es jetzt. Aber ſie ſind ſtumm wie die Fiſche. Mich, den Arzt, fragt nicht. Es gibt in der Natur verdammte Pillen, die gerade wir armen Söhne des Aeſkulap roh hinunterwürgen müſſen. Euch will ich ſie überzuckert geben in einer Frage. Als Ihr unter Capets Regierung Wochen lang hungern mußtet, wo war da Eure Seele? — Sie lag dicht neben Eurem Magen in Ohnmacht. Als er zu kauen bekam, ſchnell war auch ſie wieder auf den Beinen, und wie munter! Ich ſage weiter nichts, aber denkt darüber nach. Es könnte zu etwas führen und Ihr ſeid auf dem rechten Wege."

„So decretiren wir," ſchrie das Volk, „daß es keine Unſterblichkeit der Seele gibt und Alles mit unſerem Leibe zuſammenfällt."

„Gottlob!" murmelte vor ſich hin der Mörder der Lamballe, und ein Fels ſchien ihm von der Bruſt zu ſtürzen, ſo heftig athmete er auf.

In Marats Auge glühte die Hölle. Ewig trieb der innere Dämon ihn an, alle Bande, welche den Menſchen an Mitmenſchen und Himmel knüpfen, zu zerreißen. Jetzt rief er flammend:

„Söhne der Natur, laßt uns den Dienſt unſerer Göttin noch weiter begründen! Gobel, der Erzbiſchof, hat ſich — beiläufig geſagt — für dreimalhunderttauſend Livres, die ich ihm aber zu entziehen wiſſen werde, erboten, das katholiſche Chriſtenthum öffentlich abzuſchwören*). Mit ihm bricht die alte Kirche zuſammen und die Ohnehoſen umarmen ſich im Tempel der Natur. Laßt die ſchönſten Kinder der Luſt ſich ſchmücken, daß ſie als Prieſterinnen der Freude die Altäre beſteigen, bunte, lockende, verführeriſche Bilder. Laßt Weihrauch dampfen um ſie her aus ſilbernen Schalen. Wie ein Blüthenregen ſtröme das Glück über mein Volk. Doch zuvor noch eine Kleinigkeit! Ich habe mir es überlegt. Ich brauche nicht blos, wie ich im letzten Blatte ſagte, dreimalhunderttauſend Köpfe, ſondern achtmalhunderttauſend, denn alle Eure Feinde müſſen ſterben, damit ſie Euch nicht, was Ihr ihnen jetzt billigſt nahmt, dereinſt wieder abfordern. Das Werk der Reinigung wird unſer Glück, die Freiheit des Vaterlandes vollkommen begründen. Ich behalte es den nächſten Tagen vor. Damit Ihr jedoch, Freunde der Menſchheit, Euern Patriotismus auch heute glänzen laſſen könnt, rathe ich, die auf dieſen Blättern verzeichneten Großhändler an die Laternen zu hängen, ihre Vorräthe zu vertheilen. Lange genug haben ſie das Eigenthum der Nation verſchlungen. Mit ihrem Tode fällt Euch, den rechtmäßigen Eignern, Alles wieder zu. Es lebe die Freiheit!"

Mit Augen, in denen des Panthers und Tigers Mordluſt brannte, hatten die Sansculotten dieſer Rede gelauſcht.

„Gegen die Großhändler!" riefen ſie jetzt wuthſchnaubend und ſtürmten fort.

„Die Leichen der Feinde haben immer einen guten Geruch," rief Marat ihnen nach und ſtieg von ſeiner Rednerbühne, dem hohen Grabe, nieder, ſinnend auf neu zu Begrabende.

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In einem der größten, aber damals leer ſtehenden Kaffeehäuſer von Paris — denn die Reichen wagten ſich nicht auf die Straße und der Pöbel tobte unter freiem Himmel — ſaßen an einem kleinen Tiſchchen zwei Freunde, beide Conventsdeputirte, Adam Lux aus Mainz und Carra. Dieſer, ein Römerkopf mit feurigem Auge und markirten Zügen, ein Dreißiger, hatte eben ſcharf geſprochen. Lux ſaß ihm, ein Bild der tiefſten Ruhe, gegenüber. Er war ein ſchöner Mann von achtundzwanzig Jahren, blond, ſchlank und wohlgebaut. Die großen, blauen, von ſchwarzer Wimper beſchatteten Augen gelaſſen gegen Carra aufſchlagend, ſagte er:

„Fahren Sie fort. Es miſcht ſich zwar einige Empfindlichkeit in Ihre Vorwürfe, ſie verdirbt mir aber meinen Kaffee nicht. Er iſt heute beſonders gut und ſtark."

„Eben dieſe unendliche Ruhe, dieſes Phlegma iſt es, was mich an Ihnen verletzt," entgegnete Carra. „Wie iſt es möglich, daß ein Mann, wie Sie, in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre, mit ſchönen Talenten, mit glänzender Rednergabe ausgeſtattet, dieſen Rieſenkämpfen aller Kräfte unſerer Nation ſo apathiſch zuſehen könne? Dieſe Gelaſſenheit, verzeihen Sie mir, ſteht viel tiefer als das Phlegma des Indianers, der, an einen Pfahl geſpießt, ſeine Pfeife raucht, und Sie, der Abgeordnete der Stadt Mainz bei dem Convente, ſprechen ſollend und doch ſchweigend, ſind auf dem Wege, ein arger Egoiſt zu werden."

„Ich bin es ſchon und aus Grundſatz," erwiederte Lux. „Können Sie, nach all' dem Unſinn dieſer zweiten Staatsumwälzung, der bald eine dritte, noch ſchlechtere, Marats Dictatur, folgen wird, zweifeln, daß in der menſchlichen Natur ein wahrhaft böſes Princip herrſche? Ich gehe ihm nur aus dem Wege, miſche mich in Nichts mehr. — Kellner, noch eine Taſſe Kaffee."

Er empfing ſie und fuhr dann, mit dem kleinen ſilbernen Löffel in der Taſſe ſpielend, fort: „Sie, lieber Carra, trauen mir einigen Verſtand zu; dieſer Verſtand aber ſagt mir, die Menſchheit ſei nicht werth, daß man irgend etwas für ſie thue. Von jeher hat ſie ihre Heiligen geſteiniget und ihre Gerechten gekreuzigt. Wie ging dieſe erſte, das Gute wollende Nationalverſammlung unter! Wozu haben wir Talente, wenn ſie nie zur Herrſchaft gelangen, ſondern im ewigen Kampfe mit der Dummheit der Menge ſich abmühen müſſen, die am Ende doch ſiegt! Die Geiſtreichen könnten ſich verſucht fühlen, die Einfältigen zu beneiden, denn dieſe ſind die einzig Glücklichen auf Erden. Der Fanatismus erobert ſich Länder, die Weisheit nie. La Fayette muß einem Robespierre weichen, der ſanfte König ſtarb und Marat lebt und herrſcht."

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*) Geſchichtlich.

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*) Geſchichtlich.

„Er lebt, er herrſcht, weil die da handeln ſollen gegen ihn, ſich, wie Diogenes, in eine Tonne verkriechen," rief gereizt Carra. „Aber, Mann der Philoſophie, darf das Vaterland nicht wenigſtens heute auf Sie rechnen, wo die [illegible] aller [illegible] bevorſteht, wo es gilt, das Anklagedecret gegen Marat, als Verräther des Staates, durchzuſetzen?"

„Durchzuſetzen!" lächelte Lux. „Ja, dort ziehen ſchon unſere Mitabgeordneten, im Herzen und Kopfe den Sturz des Tyrannen, dem Conventshauſe zu. Die Anklage wird vorgenommen, um — wieder beigelegt zu werden. Parturiunt montes. Ich will nicht noch Narr ſein unſrer Narrenzeit. Ich gehe gar nicht in den Convent." —

„Ich aber ſpreche darin. Leben Sie wohl!" ſagte Carra mit Stolz, faſt mit Verachtung. Dann, ſich der Liebenswürdigkeit erinnernd, die der jetzt ſo kalte junge Mann in anderen Stunden entfaltet hatte, kehrte er zurück, faßte Luxens Hand und ſagte: „Freund! ſo jung noch und doch ſchon ſo alt, im reichſten Frühling Ihrer Jahre und doch ſo kalt wie Eis; Sie leben, ohne eigentlich zu leben, ein Daſein des Verſtandes, nicht des Herzens. Alle dieſe Nüchternheit Ihrer Betrachtungen, alle dieſe Gleichgültigkeit bei dem tragiſchen Schickſale unſerer Nation ſteht am Ende damit in geiſtiger Beziehung, daß Sie — wie Sie mir neulich vertrauten — nie in Ihrem Leben geliebt haben."

„Wie ſoll das zuſammenhängen?" ſcherzte Lux.

„Wie Alles im menſchlichen Leben," entgegnete Carra in ernſter Innigkeit. „Mein junger Freund, der Verſtand, uns in die Eisregionen von Nova Zembla verſetzend, verleiht dem Leben einen grauen Ton. Es gibt nur ein Licht, das, ſchöner als Frühlingsſonnen, jene matte Nordpoldämmerung durchblitzt, daß die grauen Schleier reißen und die Welt verjüngt, verklärt vor uns liegt. Dies Licht iſt die Sonne des Gefühls. Hätten Sie je ein einziges Weſen mit Begeiſterung und bis zur Aufopferung geliebt, Sie würden auch ein Herz für die leidende Menſchheit haben. O, daß jene große, erhabene Leidenſchaft Sie, wie der Blitz, einmal durch und durch erſchütterte! Alle Tugenden Ihres Geiſtes und Herzens würden heldenkühner hervortreten und auch das Vaterland auf Sie rechnen können." — Er ging.

Lux ſchaute ihm mit den großen, blauen Augen nach. „Das haben mir nun ſchon ſo Viele gerathen," ſagte er. „Lieben ſoll ich, mit aller Seeleninnigkeit lieben, das würde mein Weſen, meine Anſicht von der Welt verändern. Was iſt denn dieſe ſo viele Menſchen bewältigende Leidenſchaft der Liebe? Thorheit oder Göttlichkeit, Irrlicht oder Sonne? Belügt mit ſolchen wunderbaren Träumen die Welt ſich ſelbſt, oder wäre mir das Leben, das Andern glüht, noch gar nicht aufgegangen? Es gibt manches Glück, das man erſt gar nicht ahnt, und das doch, wenn man es kennen lernte, uns entzückt. Stände ich mit allen meinen Fähigkeiten noch immer vor dem Tempel, nicht ahnend, daß hinter ſeinen mir verſchloſſenen Pforten Paradiesgärten glühen? Aber weg mit ſolchen Träumen, welche die ewig in den Kinderjahren bleibende Menſchheit ſich ſelbſt als Erziehung um die Wiege ſtellt. Es iſt denn doch auch etwas Schönes um eine ruhige Seele in dieſer ſturmbewegten Welt. Wenigſtens brauchen nicht alle Menſchen ſich wie Mücken in die Flamme zu ſtürzen, um darin unterzugehen. Mögen Andere mein Leben mit einer matten Mondsnacht vergleichen; manchmal ſingt denn doch darin eine einſame Nachtigall ihr Lied." —

Unter dieſem Selbſtgeſpräch war er in die jetzt wenig beſuchten Gärten der Tuilerien getreten. In lieblicher Stille lagen ſie da wie eine Oaſe. Die Bäume, dunkle Schatten ſtreuend, badeten ihr Laub im Sonnenglanze. An den fernen Bergen hing es wie Silberſchleier. Lux fühlte ſich heiterer; wohlthätige Lebenswärme durchdrang ſeine Bruſt. Gedankenvoll hatte er eine Roſe gepflückt und betrachtete dies Symbol alles Zarten und Schönen. Jetzt gleitete von der Blume hinweg ſein Auge auf eine Erſcheinung, die ihn gleich im erſten Augenblicke mit magnetiſcher Kraft feſſelte. Unter einer jungen Eiche ſaß, ſich unbemerkt glaubend, ein Mädchen, das Ideal der reinſten weiblichen Schönheit. Sie war im Leſen vertieft, und welche Seele ſprach, indem ſie las, aus ihren Zügen! An den Vignetten der Blätter, die in ihrer Hand ruhten, erkannte Lux, daß es die damals berüchtigſten und einflußreichſten Flugſchriften waren. Eine Schrift von Hebert, wie es ſchien, legte ſie mit kalter Verachtung zurück. Aber jetzt fiel ihr Auge wie durchbohrend auf einzelne Stellen in Marats Volksfreunde. Die Röthe des Unwillens flog auf dem edlen Antlitz empor, aus welchem der Geiſt einer Minerva ſprach. Als wollte ſie es bewahren, um es deſto ſicherer zu vernichten, verbarg das ſchöne Mädchen das Blatt an ihrer Bruſt.

„Iſt dies himmliſche Geſchöpf politiſche Schwärmerin? Wie kommt ſie, die Reine, Hohe, zu dieſen, allen Schlamm der Verworfenheit aufregenden Blättern?" dachte Lux. Es zog ihn näh' und näher. Eine ihm ſelbſt unerklärliche, geheimnißvolle Scheu hielt ihn wieder zurück. Jetzt nahm die Unbekannte ein anderes Blatt, las, erblaßte, große Thränen entſtürzten ihrem Auge, die Flugſchrift entſank der Hand. Einen ſo rührenden Ausdruck des Schmerzes, durch deſſen Schatten die Geiſteshoheit blitzt, hatte Lux nie geſehen. Er ergriff ihn. Das Mädchen, nachdem es eine Zeit lang ſein Tuch vor die Augen gedrückt hatte, ſtand jetzt auf, ganz Adel, ganz Grazie. Der Schmerz, wie eine dunkle Wolke zu den Füßen der Jungfrau niedergeworfen, ſchien die Glorie dieſer Geſtalt nur noch zu erhöhen. Lux wollte, mußte das wunderbare Mädchen näher kennen lernen. Er ſchlug durch das Gebüſch einen Weg ein, auf dem er ihr zu begegnen hoffte; aber ſie hatte einen andern gewählt. Als er ſie wieder erblickte, war ſie ſchon weit entfernt. Mit einem majeſtätiſchen Anſtande, der ſchon bei dem erſten Anblicke eine gewiſſe Bewunderung, eine geheime Ehrerbietung Allen einflößte, ſchwebte die ſchlanke, prächtige Geſtalt durch die Baumgänge. Bald verſchwand ſie ganz. Wehmüthig kehrte Lux zu der Raſenbank zurück, wo er ſie zuerſt erblickte. Mit geheimnißvollem Zauber ſprach dieſer Sitz ihn an. Er warf ſich darauf nieder. Da lag noch die Flugſchrift, über welche das ſchönſte Auge Thränen vergoß. Ihre Hand hatte die Blätter berührt — ſchon lagen ſie in der ſeinigen und ein ſtilles Feuer ſtrömte davon zu ſeinem Herzen aus.

Die Flugſchrift enthielt eine Erklärung Romme's an die Pariſer über den Vorfall zu Caen. Daß die Haupturheber der Empörung ſie mit dem Tode gebüßt, wurde darin erwähnt. War die Unbekannte in dieſes Unglück verflochten? Calvados iſt das Land der Treue, der Kraft, des erhabenen Muthes; Calvados ſtritt, während Paris zitterte.

Lux verlor ſich in Gedanken. Als er wieder aus ſeinen Träumen emporfuhr, die Augen aufſchlug, lag die große, reiche Welt glänzender und erhabener vor ihm. Ueber der Bäume dicht belaubte Wipfel tönte die Stimme des Ruhmes: „Erwache, Schläfer!" Zugleich niſtete ſich geheimes, ſüßes Leid in ſeinem Herzen ein. Zorn und Schmerz der Unbekannten waren einmal in dem Wehmuthsblick der Liebe untergegangen. Galt das Romme? Er iſt ein verführeriſcher, hochblickender Mann, übertüncht mit äußerer Schönheit. Dieſem Tiger gegenüber Löwe zu ſein, wäre rühmlich.

Solche und tauſend ähnliche Gedanken durchkreuzten Luxens Geiſt.

Erſt in ſeinem Zimmer fand Lux ſich wieder, um bald dort die geheimnißvolle Macht zu empfinden, die plötzlich in ſein Leben eingriff. Bereits am Abend vorher hatte er, ohne es weiter zu beachten, vernommen, ein wunderſchönes Mädchen ſei in demſelben Hauſe, wo mehrere Zimmer zu vermiethen waren, abgeſtiegen. Ohne Zweifel war ſie es, die jetzt vor ſeiner halb offenen Thüre mit der Dame des Hauſes ſprach.

„Haben Sie," fragte dieſe, „unter den Rednern des Convents Verwandte?"

„Nein."

„Bekannte?"

„Nein."

„Was ſuchen Sie alſo in dem ſtürmiſchen Convent?"

„Frankreich!" erwiederte die wohllautendſte der Stimmen.

Dieſe ſpartaniſche Antwort ſprach zu Luxens Geiſt, die ſanfte Stimme mächtig zu ſeinem Herzen. Raſch ſchritt er zur Thüre, ſie flog auf. Die Unbekannte aus den Gärten der Tuilerien ſtand vor ihm. In ihrem Anſchauen blieb Lux verloren, indeß ſein Antlitz flammte.

„So kann ich Sie," ſagte, zu dem Mädchen gewandt, die Wirthin, „dem würdigſten Schutze empfehlen. Hier, der Herr Deputirte der Stadt Mainz, wird wohl die Gefälligkeit haben, Sie in den Convent zu geleiten."

„Herr Adam Lux?" fragte, hell aufblickend, die Unbekannte. „Derſelbe, der," ſie hielt inne, ſetzte jedoch bald hinzu: „derſelbe, der einſt ſo ſchön für ſein Vaterland ſprach?"

Es lag in dieſem Einſt ein ſtiller Vorwurf für Lux. Das wunderbare Mädchen mußte auch ihn und ſeine Schriften kennen. Er fühlte ſich zugleich erhoben und gekränkt; doch, ſeiner innern Bewegung Meiſter, bot er ihr auf verbindliche Weiſe an, ſie auf die Gallerien zu führen.

„Ich werde es Ihnen danken, ich bin hier ganz fremd," ſagte das Mädchen und nahm unbefangen ſeinen Arm.

Sie gingen. Das Herz des jungen Mannes ſchlug hoch. Nie wandelte ein ſchöneres Paar zuſammen. Viele Vorübergehende blieben, ihnen nachſchauend, ſtehen; Manche grüßten. Dies ſchien die Unbekannte zu ängſtigen, ſie ließ den Arm des Führers los. In eine abgelegene Straße gelangt, ſagte ſie:

„Mein Herr, Ihr Charakter iſt mir bekannt. In dieſer Zeit müſſen die Beſſeren ſich verſtehen. Sagen Sie offen, wer iſt mehr Frankreichs Feind, Robespierre oder Marat?“

Dieſe überraſchende Frage, zu ſolcher Zeit von einer Fremden gethan, würde vielleicht von dem Muthigſten unbeantwortet gelaſſen worden ſein. Aber eine hohe Seele that ſich darin kund, Vertrauen ſchenkend und fordernd. Lux, ihr feſt in das Auge blickend, antwortete:

„Robespierre iſt ein Teufel, der aber doch noch einige Scheu vor den Heiligthümern der Menſchheit beſitzt. Marat hingegen greift das ſittliche Gefühl der Nation an.“

„Und wann wird er guillotinirt?“ fragte ſie im beſtimmteſten Tone.

„Die Beſſeren der Nation werden heute ein Anklagedecret verſuchen.“

„Blos verſuchen? In Angſt beginnen, um in Schande zu enden!“ unterbrach ihn die Unbekannte.

Staunend betrachtete ſie Lux. „Was war das für ein Mädchen! auf friſchen Lippen den Donnerkeil!“ — Eben ſtanden ſie am Eingange des Rieſengebäudes der Nationalverſammlung.

„Verlaſſen Sie mich jetzt, kennen Sie mich nie wieder,“ bat das Mädchen auf das Dringendſte und war verſchwunden. Lux hörte nur noch, daß einige Stimmen mit franzöſiſcher Artigkeit: „Platz der Schönheit!“ riefen. Außer ſich geſetzt durch das Großartige, Geheimnißvolle jener Erſcheinung, ſchlug er ſich mit der Hand vor die Stirn und ſprach:

„Jetzt wäre ich aufgelegt, den vernichtendſten Blitzſtrahl der Rede gegen die Feinde des Vaterlands zu ſchleudern. Aber heute ſprechen, nachdem ich es dem Carra abſchlug, nachdem ein Weib, o welches Weib! mich zu den Hallen der Pflicht zurückführte — es wäre die unmännlichſte Coquetterie. Treuere Söhne Frankreichs werden reden. Meines Ehrenamtes unwürdig, verdamme ich mich ſelbſt zu der Strafe, hier am Eingange unter dem Pöbel zu lauſchen, während im Heiligthume der Nation ihre Vertreter ſprechen.“

Der Convent war bereits verſammelt. In der Mitte des ungeheueren Raumes, an roth behangenen Tiſchen, auf welchen die Verfaſſungsurkunde, die Tafeln mit der Erklärung der Menſchenrechte und das Schwert des Geſetzes lagen, ſaßen der Präſident und die Secretaire. Frei, nach allen Seiten ſichtbar, ſtand die Rednerbühne. Auf der rechten und linken Seite, und vom Hintergrunde des Saales her dräuten die Parteien mit ihren Waghälſen, Rednern und Verfechtern. Weiter zurück, auf ungeheueren, rings um den Saal geſchweiften Gallerien ſaß, ſtand und lag das Volk. Von Außen aufgeſtiegen, an allen Fenſtern des Rieſenſaales hing Geſindel, mit Cannibalengeſichtern hereinſtierend; ſelbſt von der Gallerie, die um die Kuppel des Gebäudes lief, hingen Menſchenleiber und Köpfe nieder, von ſchwarzſtruppigen Haaren umflattert.

Manchmal, wenn ein Redner ſich Aufmerkſamkeit erzwang, herrſchte die tiefſte Stille. Den Fall eines Blattes hätte man wahrnehmen können. Dann brach ungeheures Beifallklatſchen wie Hagelſchlag los, vom Ziſchen und Pfeifen der Feindlichgeſinnten übertobt. Jubel der Siegenden, Klage der unterliegenden Parteien erklang oft. Manchmal ging ſo ſeelenverwirrender Sturm durch die Verſammlung, daß es ſchien, als läge die Nation in Wahnſinn. Auf einmal ward Ruhe. Vom Eingange her, durch den Saal, leiſe, doch verwüſtend wie Samum, ſchritt Marat. Viele erblaßten. Frecher hob, trotz der Drohworte, die heute ſchon vom Rednerſtuhle herab gegen ihren Helden gefallen waren, Marats Partei das Haupt. Der Gottesläugner Kloots heulte ihm zuerſt Brudergruß entgegen. Sechs Schlächter und acht Fiſchweiber auf den Gallerien fingen den Ton auf. Erſt dumpf wie Unkengeſang, dann laut aus dem Munde von Tauſenden ertönte: „Marat lebe!“ während Jacobinermützen wie rothe Bälle aufflogen. Bei dieſem allgemeinen Gruße ſtand den Beſſeren der Nation das Herz ſtill. Marat, ſeine Macht fühlend, dem Volke nickend, ſetzte ſich unter dem lauten Bravo ſeiner Banditen, höchſt ungeſchickt ſeinem rechten Fuße auf ſeinem linken Knie Platz verleihend und koboldartig kichernd, als bei ſeinem Anblicke ein Feiger die Rednerbühne aufgab und ſich hinter ihr verkroch. Einen Augenblick ſtand dieſelbe ganz leer. Aber die Freunde des Vaterlandes hatten ſich das Wort gegeben, heute nicht zu weichen und zu wanken und das Ungeheuer aus dem Heiligthume der Nation zu vertreiben. Carra, flammenden Blicks, ſchwang ſich auf den Rednerſtuhl und rief:

„Gut, Marat, daß Du kommſt, denn bei dem racheſordernden Geiſte unſerer von Dir entweihten Verfaſſung —“

Mit unbeſchreiblichem Lärm unterbrachen ihn hier die Gallerien. Sie ziſchten, pfiffen, trommelten mit den Füßen. Vorzüglich tobten die heute doppelt bezahlten, im Branntweinbade verjüngten Weiber.

Aber Carra ließ ſich nicht ſtören. Das Amt des in dieſer Zeit des Tumultes ohnmächtigen Präſidenten ſelbſt übernehmend, mit der Fauſt auf die Rednerbühne donnernd, daß ſie bebte, rief Carra:

„Zur Ordnung! Schlächter vom zweiten und dritten September, hat dieſer Tage blutiges Geſchenk Euch denn noch nicht erwürgt? Ihr Weiber dort auf den Gallerien, ſeid Ihr denn noch nicht erſtickt am letzten Biſſen der Brode, von Euch am zehnten Auguſt getaucht in die Wunden der Schweizerleichname*)? Geſetzloſe, Ehrfurcht dem Geſetze!“

Verdutzt ſchwieg die Pariſer Gemeinde. So hatte, ihren Patriotismus läſternd, ſie noch Niemand angefahren, und Carra, unterſtützt von dem Beifalle aller Edlen, fuhr in ſeiner Philippika fort. „Marat untergrabe das ſittliche Gefühl der Nation, raube ihr den Ruhm, gebe ihr den Tod. Marat allein, Unterdrücker der Tugend, Herold des Laſters, habe die Schandthat jener Soldaten vertheidigt, welche ihre eigenen Officiere in Stücke hieben**). Marat mit ſeinen cannibaliſchen Grundſätzen ſei Schuld, daß das Ausland ausſpeie bei dem ſonſt ſo vergötterten Namen: Frankreich. Er, Carra, trage darauf an, gegen Marat die Anklage zu —“

Jetzt wälzte ſich die überlegene Volkspartei gegen den kühnen Redner. Von der Bühne herunter gedrängt, dennoch fortſprechend, faſt zu Boden geriſſen und dennoch wieder auftauchend mit dem Blitz ſeiner Strafrede, kämpfte Carra, mit ihm die Freunde. Aber bald verhallte in dem unbeſchreiblichen Tumulte jede einzelne Stimme. Nur der Rieſenton des Aufruhres im Allgemeinen, alle Laute des Haſſes, Neides, der Wuth und Mordgier in ſich vereinend, hallte durch das Gebäude.

Endlich wurden wieder einzelne Schreie vernommen. „Keine Anklage, keine Anklage gegen Marat! Des Todes ſchuldig, wer nur auf ſie anträgt!“ — und der kleine Beelzebub, auf den Schultern ſeiner Cordeliers zu der leergewordenen Rednerbühne getragen, beſtieg ſie feuerſpeiend. Ein Piſtol hervorziehend und vor die Stirn haltend, ſchrie er: „Ich erſchieße mich, geht das Anklagedecret durch.“ — „Schieß zu, ſchieß zu!“ rief die ganze rechte Seite. Aber die linke beklatſchte die Bravade***).

„Ich habe Feinde im Convent!“ klagte jetzt Marat.

Die Gegenpartei antwortete: „Wir Alle ſind es, Du, einſt Royaliſt, jetzt Royaliſtenfreſſer!“

Nun waren alle Bande ſeines Zornes gelöſt. Nichts verwundete Marat tödtlicher, als wenn man ihm nur einige Anhänglichkeit an den alten Königsthron beimaß. Die blaue Lippe ſchwoll, Blitze, giftgrün und weiß, zückte ſein Auge. Er kreiſchte: „Ihr Staatsmänner, Ihr Truthähne! wohl ließet Ihr ſchon im October vorigen Jahres an alle Straßenecken den Aufruf kleben: Marat muß gehängt werden! Aber noch im Junius dieſes Jahres gibt er dem Gotte der Ohnehoſen Feſte: Marat läßt hängen! iſt ſein Motto! Und weſſen beſchuldigt man mich? daß ich einige Tropfen Blut fließen ließ. Ihr Dummköpfe! meint Ihr denn, ein an allen Leibestheilen von ſcheußlichen Krankheiten angefreſſener Staatskörper könne mit Rhabarberpurganzen geheilt werden? Ihn ausweiden muß man. Darum hat mir, was man an der Lamballe that, ſo gefallen. Es zeigt uns, was wir mit ganz Frankreich machen ſollen, müſſen. Ihr Königsfreunde, wäret Ihr nur Alle ſo ſcharfblickende und ſchneidende Chirurgen, wie Ihr blinde, zahme Maulwürfe ſeid, Ihr würdet meine großen Abſichten einſehen! Aber wartet, Ihr Staatsmänner, Ihr Ränkeſpinner, ich will Euch in die Lehre nehmen, und gar nichts ſollt Ihr mir dafür bezahlen als Hab' und Gut und Leben. Euch, geliebte Kinder Frankreichs, mit denen ich Brüderſchaft trank am Tage, wo Capet fiel, gute Cordeliers, liebenswürdige Jacobiner, Euch rufe ich, der Märtyrer der Freiheit, zu: es iſt noch Nichts gethan, Alles muß erſt geſchehen. Wir brauchen durchaus eine dritte, größere Revolution, die auf die Köpfe Dieſer da ſich gründet!“

Solche Rede Marats, unter krampfhaften Zuckungen ſeines Leibes dem verderblichſten aller Geiſter entſprühend, machte auf alle beſſere Gemüther eine Wirkung, wie Vitriolſäure, wenn ſie auf Erdpech fällt, oder Metall auflöſt. Auch fühlte die Pariſer Gemeinde ſogleich den Sieg der Gemeinheit über das Edle.

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*) Geſchichtlich.

**) Geſchichtlich.

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„Wohlan, laßt uns das Vergnügen einer dritten Revolution genießen! Löſt die Lärmkanonen, läutet die Sturmglocke! Zerreibt dieſe Reichen, dieſe Ariſtokraten wie Stroh zwiſchen Euren Händen!“ — Und dabei brannten die Augen dieſer Banden ſo mörderiſch, daß es ſchien, als wolle mitten im Convent die Flamme aufſchlagen, um von dort aus Stadt und Land zu überziehen. Zugleich ließ ſich von Außen dumpfer Lärm vernehmen. Nach vollbrachtem Raub- und Mordzuge gegen die Großhändler wälzten ſich neue Horden der Cordeliers heran und zogen mit Flinten, Dolchen, Piken, Heugabeln, Senſen und Dreſchflegeln bewaffnet, unter Trommel- und Pfeifenklang, triumphirend durch die Hallen der Nationalverſammlung bis vor die Rednerbühne, Marats Thron. Und Léon, mit andern Weibern mänadenartig den Zug, ſo lange er vorſchritt, umtanzend, pflanzte ſich nun vor dieſen Thron hin und ſprach: „Was Du, Marat, mein göttlicher Freund, uns auftrugſt, iſt vollbracht. Groß war die Arbeit, ſchön der Sieg. Die Großhändler hängen an den Laternen, ihr Eigenthum iſt in unſern Händen und bereits vertheilt.“

Dieſe neue Plünderung, mit ſataniſchem Hohne in den Hallen der Nation ausgeſchrieen, die durch ihr neueſtes Geſetz jeden Raub dieſer Art als Staatsverrätherei verpönt hatte, erweckte die wahren Patrioten zu neuer Thatkraft. Ihre Stockdegen und Säbel flogen empor. Zugleich ſchleuderte eine Fauſt die Léon, ſie bei den Locken faſſend, bis an die Schranken des Convents zurück. Derſelbe Mann, ſich in einem Augenblicke der Rednerbühne bemeiſternd, von der Marat, wie ein Sperling vor Adlerflug, niederſtürzte, ſtand dort in Gluth und Erhabenheit, Adam Lux aus Mainz. Draußen in der Eingangshalle hatte er den Zornruf der Gerechten, das Satansgelächter der Cannibalen gehört. Sein Geiſt, durch die mächtigſte der Leidenſchaften, die Liebe, erweckt, konnte nicht länger raſten. Seine Stunde war gekommen, ihn trieb der Geiſt, auszuſprechen, was er eben, eine entſetzliche Kunde, vernommen hatte.

„Patrioten,“ rief er, „laßt uns zuerſt uns ſelbſt anklagen! Wir waren mürber Sandſtein und ſollten Granitfels ſein, an dem das Haupt des Sansculottismus ſich zerſchellt. Sei denn abgeſchworen jede unrühmliche Schwäche! Laut bekenne, laut verfluche ich den Egoismus, der mich und Andere dem Vaterlande abtrünnig machte. Aber dieſer Fluch, ſiebenmal verſtärkt, falle dann wieder zurück auf den Verräther, vor deſſen offenen Wolfsrachen die Bürgertugenden wie Lämmer flohen! Marat, ich klage Dich an, daß Du für den Tod Ludwigs, als Anſtifter des Blutbades vom zweiten September, ſtimmteſt und doch ſelbſt jene Mörder dangſt*), dann gräuelvoll ſchwelgteſt in ihren Blutberichten. Ich klage Dich ferner an, daß Du, gräßlicher als Saturn, der ſeine eigne Kinder verſchlang, in einer dritten Revolution nach dem Blute aller Söhne Frankreichs lechzeſt. Ich klage Dich wieder an, Dich Gottesläugner, daß Du auf die Altäre unſerer katholiſch-chriſtlichen Religion Deinen Ohnehoſengott zu ſetzen trachteſt, das lächerliche Nachbild eines indianiſchen Götzen. Ich klage Dich ferner an, daß Du, Mörder alles ſittlichen Gefühls, unſere unſterbliche Seele mit gräßlichem Zweifel vernichten, und ſelbſt die Kinder in der Wiege anſtecken willſt mit der Peſt Deiner Gedanken. Beſtellt bei allen Drechslern der Stadt haſt Du Guillotinenklappern, die das Zuklappen Deiner Höllenmaſchine nachahmen. Dieſe Klappern — hört es, Ihr Väter und Mütter! ſollt Ihr Euern Kindern anhängen, daß ſie ſchon in der Milch der Amme den Blutdurſt erben. Endlich — alle Donner des Himmels und der Erde über Dich! klage ich Dich an, daß Du, wie Zeugen erhärten und ich eben erſt vernahm — am geſtrigen Tage ein zehnjähriges Kind verleitet haſt, ſeine eigene Mutter durch eine falſche Anklage auf das Schafot zu bringen. Die Mutter iſt todt, das Kind wahnſinnig. Wollt Ihr es ſehen, Bürger? Aber nein, Abſcheu, Entſetzen bemächtigt ſich Euer. Patrioten, mir nach, unterſchreibt gegen Marat das Anklagedecret!“

Und faſt zugleich mit Lux ſtürzten Unzählige zu den Tiſchen, die Anklage zu unterſchreiben. Der Geiſt jenes wahnſinnigen Kindes regierte racheheiſchend die Federn.

„Herunter mit den Terroriſten, den Blutſäufern, Marat vor die Schranken, in das Gefängniß!“ tönte es von tauſend Lippen.

„Nicht vor die Schranken, nicht in das Gefängniß!“ ſchrie Marat. „Ich habe nicht Luſt, melancholiſch zu werden und Ungeziefer zu bekommen.“

Seine Partei unterſtützte den dummen Einfall, ſchwang Piken, Heugabeln und Dreſchflegel. Alles umſonſt. Der Geiſt der Natur ſelbſt, tödtlich beleidigt, ſchien immer neue Streiter der guten Sache zu erwecken. Der namentliche Aufruf gegen Marat ward erzwungen, eine Commiſſion zu ſchleunigſter Unterſuchung von Marats Verbrechen ernannt. — Von der wogenden Menge hin und her gedrängt, zweimal in Gefahr, ſammt ſeinen Weibern zum Fenſter hinausgeworfen zu werden, hatte dieſer bis jetzt immer noch als Kobold in das Getümmel hineingegrinſ't. Auf einmal zuckte er zuſammen, ſtieß einen gellenden Schrei aus und verſchwand.

Was trieb ihn, der den ganzen Convent verachtete, dazu an? Etwas, das er eine Viertelſtunde ſpäter als Wahnbild ſeiner entzündeten Phantaſie ſelbſt belachte.

Es war ihm vorgekommen, als zücke, von einer der höchſten Gallerien herabgelehnt, ein weißgekleidetes Mädchen ein Meſſer nach ihm. Obſchon die Geſtalt auf hundert Schritte von ihm entfernt in der Höhe des Saales war, hatte er doch den Stich ihres Meſſers im Herzen zu fühlen geglaubt. Er verſpürte noch darin ein ſtilles Weh.

„Dumm Zeug! Es wird der Froſch, den ich in der Herzkammer tragen ſoll, geweſen ſein,“ ſagte er ſpaßhaft zu ſeinen Freunden.

Allein, als Sansculotten und Patrioten das Conventhaus verlaſſen hatten, ſtieg wirklich eine weißgekleidete Jungfrau von den Tribunen herab, die letzte von Allen.

An der Stelle, wo nach dem errungenen Siege Lux und Carra ſich in die Arme geſtürzt waren, ſtand ſie ſtill, leiſe ihr Haupt ſchüttelnd wie Kaſſandra. „Ich baue nicht auf dieſen Sieg!“ ſprach ſie vor ſich hin. „Beſſer als Worte iſt That.“

Sie trat aus den Hallen der Nation und miethete einen Fiacre, ſie — zur nächſten Guillotine zu fahren. Das ſonderbare Gelüſt nahm in dieſer Zeit den Mann nicht Wunder. Schnell fuhr er ſie hin, dann mit leerem Wagen zurückkehrend. Das Mädchen aber, vor dem Schafote ſtehend, betrachtete unverwandten Blickes das Schaugerüſt.

„Ich muß mein Auge daran gewöhnen,“ ſprach ſie zu ſich. „Uebermorgen, wenn Alles gut geht, ſtehe ich dort auf der Guillotine.“

Ein ſchwärmeriſcher, thränenverklärter Blick ihres ſchönen Auges maß Himmel und Erde. Dann lagerte ſich auf ihrem Antlitz die freudigſte Majeſtät und von dannen ging ſie, ſprechend den Vers Corneille's:

Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échaffaud.

Gleich dem Saul, dem Davids Harfe fehlte, lag Romme, vom böſen Geiſte verfolgt, auf ſeinem Ruhebette. Auch ihm war der Harfenton himmliſcher Begeiſterung und Liebe verklungen. Aber die mächtige Seele, den Fieberſchauern trotzend, die als Folge der zu Caen erhaltenen Wunde Romme's Gehirn durchwühlten, richtete ſich in ihm auf und ſprach: „Zerſprengt ſind die Bande, die Dich an ein engbürgerliches Leben zu fetten drohten. Die Freiheit ſei Deine Göttin, Deine Liebe — der Ruhm! Wornach trachten ſie Alle, dieſer Orleans, dieſer Robespierre, dieſer Marat? — Nach Dictatur und Königskrone. Aber ſie tanzen nur Cotillons, dem Abgrunde zu. Ein echter Feldherr knüpft an ſeine Niederlage ſeine ſchönſten Siege. So verhöhnte nach dem Vorfall zu Caen mich Aberwitz, und doch war es meine Partei, die nach meinem Wink, den rechten Augenblick benutzend, Marat im Convent ſtürzte, mich zu ſeinem Richter machend. Selbſt abweſend ſchlug ich den Feind auf das Haupt. So müſſen ſie Alle nach einander fallen, dieſe Puppen der Revolution, einem höheren Geiſte dienend. Dies Chaos kann nicht dauern. Ihre Rechte wird die ewige Ordnung der Dinge geltend machen. Ein Halbgott der Mann, der dann, im entſcheidenden Augenblicke die Zügel faſſend, Friedensſtifter, Geſetzgeber, Herrſcher wird.“

Romme ſprang vom Lager auf, nicht mehr krank. Stolz, wie Fiesco im Angeſicht der aufflammenden Sonne und des herrlichen Genua, durchſchritt er das Gemach.

Da klopfte es an der Thür. Ein freundlich grinſendes Männchen trat herein, ſich tief, faſt bis zur Erde verneigend.

„Was ſoll's?“ fuhr Romme ihn herriſch an.

Der Kleine machte nochmals den tiefſten, faſt komiſchen Bückling; dann, mit halbkrummem Rücken ſich nähernd, wiſperte er in Demuth:

„Theurer Mann, darf ein Unglücklicher nahen?“

Romme ſah näher hin; es war Marat, der wie ein armer Sünder vor ihm ſtand, die gefalteten Hände zittern laſſend und die Augen wie in Seelenangſt verdrehend.

„Wie lautet das Begehr?“ fragte Romme vornehm fremd.

„Ach Gott, es geht mir ſchlimm!“ klagte der Kleine, vernehmlich ſeufzend. „Meine Feinde im Convent haben mich geſtürzt; in das Gefängniß, vor dem ich mich ſo ſehr fürchte, ſoll ich wandern, bis morgen mauſetodt, wenn nicht Romme, der hohe, mächtige Romme, Präſident des Umwälzungsgerichtes, das über Marat richten ſoll, mich armen Mann erhält. Einzigſter, ich bitte um Gnade. Es wäre doch entſetzlich, wenn mir, deſſen Seele ſo rein wie die eines Kindes iſt, ein blutiges Leid geſchähe."

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*) Geſchichtlich.

Stumm betrachtete Romme ſeinen Mann. Hinter dieſer erkünſtelten Demuth lauerte Etwas. Der Kleine ſchien, Komödie ſpielend, ſich in den poſſierlichſten Geberden zu gefallen. Romme's Unmuth ſtieg furchtbar empor. Leicht mit dem Haupte nickend ſagte er, „Ganz recht. Marat ſteht vor ſeinem Richter. Was hat der Angeklagte für ſich vorzubringen?"

In Marats Geſicht zuckte es wie ein Lächeln. Aber gleich war die Wehmuthsmiene wieder da.

„Ich hoffe bei meinen Richtern auf Menſchlichkeit," ſagte er, „und könnte Vieles zu meiner Entſchuldigung und Rechtfertigung anführen; wenn mir nur nicht die Angſt die Sprache verſetzte. Sehe nur der Herr Präſident, wie aus meinem ſonſt nicht leicht weinenden Auge eine Thräne fleußt."

Und mit dem Zeigefinger zeichnete er der Erzwungenen den Weg vor, auf welchem ſie über die gelbe Wange rollte.

„Laßt die Poſſen!" rief aufbrauſend Romme. „Das Anklagedecret iſt durchgegangen, die Zeugen harren, Marats Volksfreund iſt Marats Ankläger, binnen Tagesfriſt ſpricht die Commiſſion über Leben und Tod." —

„Seht doch, ſteht es ſo!" krächzte, wie umgewandelt, Marat, ſich auf den Zehen wiegend. Die Augen funkelten, Kopf und Hände zuckten gichteriſch. Megärengift lief durch den ganzen Leib. Plötzlich wieder in die alte Demuth zurückſinkend, wiſperte er mit geheuchelter Sanftmuth eines Kindes:

„Ich hoffe doch, man wird es nicht allzuſtreng mit mir nehmen. Der Marat iſt immer ein guter Kerl geweſen. Auch hat er Freunde — ganz Paris."

„Baut nicht auf Euer Paris!" rief, wie der Todesengel flammend, Romme und kehrte ihm ſtolz den Rücken.

Er hörte den Kleinen ein gellendes Gelächter aufſchlagen, am Thürſchloſſe klappen, wähnte ihn fort und ſann, durch den ſchreienden Spott, den ſich Marat gegen ihn erlaubt hatte, tödtlich gereizt, auf ſeinen Untergang. Plötzlich, ſich umkehrend, gewahrte er Marat wieder.

Mit verſchränkten Armen und Hyänenblick ſtand dieſer da. Sich ſo von dem Feinde finden zu laſſen, ſchien ihm königliches Vergnügen zu gewähren. Den krummen Zeigefinger bedeutſam gegen Romme bewegend, ſchrie er:

„Hähä! ich bin noch da, Euch eine Fabel zu erzählen. Ein gülden Kirchenkrüglein war geſtohlen und der vermeintliche Dieb zum Strange verurtheilt. Als jedoch der Strick ihm um den Hals gelegt werden ſollte, nahm er ihn gelaſſen zwiſchen die Finger, ſagend: Ihr Leute, den Strick nicht mir, ſondern dem Richter! Publicus war verblüfft, der Richter trotzig. Aber der Todescandidat, nicht feig und nicht dumm, rief lachend: Hebt nur unter dem Richterſtuhle die künſtlich eingefügte Steinplatte auf, dort liegt neben anderem Geſtohlenen das Kirchengut und der es ſtahl, war der Richter ſelbſt. Vom Schlage getroffen, konnte dieſer nur noch den Raub geſtehen, der auch gleich darauf zu Tage gefördert wurde. — Sollte es ſich nun zufällig finden, daß mir gegenüber, Du, der Richter, vier von Convent und Nation zum Tode verdammte Girondiſten entwiſchen ließeſt, ſo würde ſich zwar nicht mehr in Cordan's Garten die Platte, aber — das Blättchen wenden. — Warum ſo blaß? wirkt meine Blauſäure? Gelt, der Marat iſt ein verfluchter Spitzbube, hat Luchsaugen! — Nun, Richter, richte über mich. Auf meinem Spaziergange hinter der Guillotine herum erzähle ich dem Volke die Geſchichte von Cordan's Garten und Grotte. Leb' wohl! leb' wohl! und recht bald wieder ein ſo herzliches tête-à-tête!"

Luſtig pfeifend ſprang er die Treppe hinab, an der Hausthüre von Haufen der Cordeliers empfangen, die ihren Schutzpatron unter Gelächter, Trommel- und Pfeifenklang, wie zu einem Faſtnachtsſchwanke zu dem Gefängniſſe geleiteten, wo Marat, ſeine ganze Anklage als Poſſe behandelnd, ſo lange als es ihm beliebte, zu verweilen beſchloſſen hatte, um — wie er dem Convente im teufliſchen Hohne ſagen ließ — auch noch in den Gefängnißmauern Frieden zu predigen. Romme aber, auf der Bahn der Größe durch die Schlange aufgehalten, die jetzt urplötzlich vor ihm aufſchoß, warf wildrollenden Auges einen anklagenden Blick gen Himmel, der aus einer guten That ihm Verderben ſpann. „Marat oder ich!" ſagte er dann leiſe und ſchrecklich. „Ehe ſeiner Lippe das mir tödtliche Geheimniß entflieht, ſchnell fallen muß Marat durch die Commiſſion oder mich!" Und noch einmal warf er den ſtolzen Blick wie zürnend gegen die Wolken. — „In Zeiten wie dieſe," rief er, „hat Alles verloren, wer nicht Alles wagt. Wohlan, die Würfel ſind geworfen! Auch Cäſar überſchritt einſt den Rubikon."

Und Romme eilte fort, klar beſonnen wie ein Feldherr zur Schlacht.

Unterdeſſen hatte auch Lux gewirkt. Seit er liebte, war er wieder wie damals geworden, als noch der erſte Enthuſiasmus der Jugend ihn beſeelte, thätig, bereit, theilnehmend, unter Stürmen und Todesgefahren fröhlich. Jetzt, nach arbeitsvollen Stunden, trug er nur eine Sehnſucht in der Bruſt, ſie wieder zu ſehen, die geheimnißvolle Prieſterin der Flamme, die in ſeinem Leben den neuen Morgen aufgerufen hatte. Ihr wollte er ſeine Entwürfe, ſeine Hoffnungen mittheilen. Seit er das kurze, aber ſchöne Leben des Achilles wählte, war er auch raſch im Vertrauen. Zweimal ſchon hatte er nach der Unbekannten gefragt. Sie war noch nicht wieder in ihre Wohnung zurückgekehrt. Jetzt, zum dritten Male ſich einſtellend, fand er ſie, ohne von ihr bemerkt zu werden. Sie ſaß und ſchrieb. Wie eine Roſe im Feuer himmliſcher Begeiſterung glühte ihr Antlitz. Da war keine Spur des Schmerzes mehr. Die Augen ſchienen in die lichteſte Zukunft zu blicken, Engel des Himmels das Haupt der holden Schwärmerin zu krönen. Rings tiefe Stille, nur die raſche Hand des Mädchens über den weißen Bogen fliegend, auf dem oben in großen Lettern — das erkannte Lux — ſtand: „Meine Adreſſe an das franzöſiſche Volk." Immer bedeutſamer wurde ihm die Unbekannte. In dieſem zarten Körper ſchien ein Geiſt zu wohnen, durch Adel mächtiger als Männerkraft.

Jetzt bemerkte das Mädchen den Eingetretenen. Die Purpurröthe ihrer Wangen verlor ſich in Lilien. Raſch war das Blatt, an dem ſie ſchrieb, an ihrer Bruſt verborgen. Sie ſtand auf und ſagte ſichtbar bewegt:

„Um Gott! was wollen Sie noch bei mir? Ich bat Sie ſo dringend, mich nie wieder —"

Da legte Lux treuherzig die Hand auf ſeine Bruſt und ſah die ſchöne Sprecherin mit großen blauen Augen bittend an.

„Fordern Sie nicht," ſagte er dann leiſe, „was ich nicht mehr gewähren kann — Trennung. Ich kenne Ihren Namen, Ihre Familie, Ihre Schickſale nicht, aber mir iſt, als träten die Ideale meiner erſten Jugend mich wieder an, blicke ich auf Sie."

Lebhaft, mit dem Blick der Theilnahme, unterbrach ihn die Jungfrau:

„Sie haben heute im Convent den Beifall aller Rechtlichen und meine Bewunderung davon getragen. Aber um dieſer Kraft, dieſer ſchönen Begeiſterung willen, die ſich für das Vaterland retten, noch lange Großes und Gutes ſchaffen ſoll — ketten Sie ſich nicht an mein Schickſal, meiden Sie mich."

„Und was iſt das," unterbrach ſie Lux, „für ein grauſames Geſchick, das, die Unſchuld verfolgend, dieſem ſchönen Auge Thränen erpreßt? Sind Sie in Gefahr? Ich will Sie vertheidigen. O, Sie wiſſen nicht, welche Palme himmliſchen Friedens mir aus ſolchen Kämpfen blühen wird."

„Erhalten Sie," ſagte leicht erröthend die Jungfrau, „dieſe ſchöne Wärme unſerem Vaterlande. Ihm werden noch Tage des Glückes erſcheinen, goldener Friede ihm leuchten über den Gräbern ſeiner Getreuen. Seine Tempel mögen wieder Reigen, Weiſe ſtatt Tigern ſeine Richterſtühle einnehmen, alle Thränen, in der Schreckenszeit vergoſſen, einſt als Strahlendiadem auf der Stirne meines Frankreichs glänzen."

„Und von ſich ſelbſt ſprechen Sie nicht?" fragte feierlich bewegt Lux. „O Mädchen, deſſen Geiſt im wunderbaren Fluge um ſtürmiſche Höhen des Lebens ſchwebt, es hat auch ſeine ſtillen, traulichen Thäler, wo die Freundſchaft weilt, die Liebe."

Er ſprach nicht weiter. Eine Todeswehmuth war auf ihrem Antlitze aufgetaucht. Aber ſchnell faßte ſie ſich wieder.

„Die Einzelnen, ſelbſt wenn ſie für die gerechte Sache ſterben, leben fort im Vaterlande!" ſagte ſie groß und erhaben.

Welch ein Zauber lag für Lux in dieſem Wechſel der zarteſten Weiblichkeit und des Heroismus. Die jungfräuliche Geſtalt, ſich immer tiefer in ihr Geheimniß hüllend, erſchien ihm in wahrhaft magiſchem Reize. Hinter dieſen reinen Veſtalſchleiern, welche Fülle und Gluth des großartigen Lebens, Seelenhoheit, Willensſtärke, vereint mit der Anmuth! So hatte Lux ſich einſt das Weib gedacht, das er verehren, anbeten könnte. Spät war es ihm erſchienen, trat jetzt im Lichtglanz ihm nahe, ihn auf ewig zu feſſeln. Er nahete ihr, nahm ihre Hand, drückte ſie an ſein Herz.

„Bürgerin eines Staats, wie die edelſten Geiſter der Nation ihn je gedacht," ſprach er innig bewegt, „nehmen Sie mich zu Ihrem Freunde, Ihrem Bruder an. Dieſe Stunde, wo ich Ihnen Rath, Schutz, mein Leben biete, iſt meine heiligſte. Ich feiere in ihr die Wiedergeburt meines Geiſtes, den Egoismus langſam und ſchrecklich zu ertödten drohte. Ich ſchäme mich nicht, Ihnen, aber nur Ihnen zu bekennen, daß Sie durch ein Wort, einen Blick! der milde Arzt meiner

Seele geworden ſind. Das iſt ja der Triumph edler Frauen, daß ſie Licht und Frieden in die ſtürmiſche Welt bringen."

Langſam wandte die Unbekannte das Haupt, mit Theilnahme den jungen Offenherzigen betrachtend, deſſen beredter Mund, noch mehr ſein lichtſtrahlendes Auge, Frauentugend feierte. Das Lächeln der Zufriedenheit ging in ihrem Antlitz auf. Sanft wallte die Bruſt.

„Sehen Sie, mein junger Held," ſprach ſie zugleich freudig und gerührt, „ſo vereint Liebe zum Vaterlande ſelbſt die, welche in anderer Hinſicht für immer getrennt ſind!"

„Warum getrennt!" hallte es tief in Eugens Seele. Aber er ſprach es nicht aus. In der Begeiſterung des Mädchens für das Glück der Nation, in dem ſanften Ablehnen aller Lebensfreuden für ſich ſelbſt, bei ſolcher Jugend und Schönheit, lag etwas unendlich Rührendes. Wie eine Gottgeweihte ſtand ſie vor ihm. Ihre ſtille Würde, ihr Unglück ſelbſt bat um Schonung.

„So leben Sie denn wohl," ſagte er, „Sie wollen allein ſtehen und Sie mögen es."

„Könnte ich mich Jemand vertrauen, ſo wären Sie es," ſprach das Mädchen mit verſöhnender Güte und reichte ihm die Hand. Schweigend küßte er dieſe. — Ach! er hätte die Unbekannte in ſeine Arme, an ſein Herz ſchließen mögen, aber Alles drängte ihm die Ueberzeugung auf, daß in ihrer Bruſt jetzt ein mächtigerer Genius als der zarte Geiſt der Liebe walte, daß ſie, im Jugendreiz, mit dem Leben abgeſchloſſen habe. Dies zu ſehen, welche Quelle von Schmerz, geheimer Beſorgniß und Sehnſucht für den Liebenden! Der Kampf ſeiner Gefühle mußte ſich auf ſeinem männlichen Antlitz, das jetzt von dem herrlichſten geiſtigen Ausdrucke beſeelt war, gemalt haben. Wie innerlich erbebend ſtand die Jungfrau vor ihm, die ſeidenen Augenwimpern geſenkt, die Hände über die Bruſt gekreuzt.

„Ihren Beiſtand erbitte ich mir doch, erbitte ihn gern," ſagte ſie ſanft, faſt weich. „Ueber gewiſſe Ereigniſſe, die ſich in den nächſten Tagen entſcheiden werden, wünſche ich meinem Vater Nachricht zu geben. Kann ich es, ſo finden Sie den Brief in den Gärten der Tuilerien, in der Höhlung der Eiche, unter der eine Raſenbank —"

„Ich kenne den Sitz," unterbrach ſie kurz.

„Wohlan!" beſtellen Sie — die Poſt iſt jetzt unſicher — dieſen Brief, deſſen Aufſchrift Ihnen das Nähere ſagen wird. Dieſer Dienſt, treu geleiſtet, ſichert Ihnen Ihrer Freundin Dank. Leben Sie wohl, Gott ſei mit Ihnen und laſſe Sie wieder ſehen Frankreichs Glück, Glanz und Ruhm!"

Sie ſchieden. Während deſſen lagerte ſich Erwartung über Paris. — Nah' und näher rückte die Stunde, wo über Frankreichs Schickſal entſchieden, Marat ſchuldig oder nicht ſchuldig, zum Tode oder zur Dictatur geführt werden ſollte. Sein Sturz — Triumph aller Guten, ſein Sieg — Untergang aller Franzoſen! Die Aengſtlichen, jeden Augenblick einen Ausbruch der Volksrache befürchtend, hielten ſich in ihren Häuſern verſchloſſen, ſo daß manche Stadtbezirke wie ausgeſtorben ſchienen. Entſchloſſenere, mit Waffen verſehen, ſtanden in kleinen Haufen auf Straßen und Märkten, berathſchlagend, was für das Gemeinwohl zu thun ſei, wenn ſich Volkswuth entlade.

Männer von entſcheidendem Anſehn ſah man eilenden Schrittes in die Klubbs ziehen, in denen allen es gährte. Vorzüglich tobte im gedrängtvollen Jacobinerklubb die raſende Volkspartei. Ein Redner nach dem andern beſtieg die Bühne. Alle unter den ſchrecklichſten Verwünſchungen gegen die Gemäßigten, die ſie Vaterlandsfeinde, Verräther nannten, ſchrieen: „Er darf nicht fallen, der Vertheidiger der Volksrechte, der Apoſtel der Freiheit, das Bollwerk der Revolution, unſer Marat! Laßt den rothen Hahn auf den Dächern aller derer krähen, die für ſeine Anklage ſtimmten! — Was? Unſer Vater, unſer Abgott, bei deſſen Namen wir ſchwören, nach welchem echte Patrioten jetzt ihre neugebornen Kinder rufen, in den Händen der Royaliſten, unter dem Beile der Guillotine! Treffe es ſeine Richter und nicht Marat! Wir haben, wodurch wir dieſen aufgeblaſenen Ariſtokraten das Zittern in ihren Leib jagen können — Dolche, Schwerter, Feuerbrände. Jetzt, eben jetzt verſammeln ſich Marats Mörder, ſchon jetzt ſetzen ſie ſich, ſtecken unheilbrütend die Köpfe zuſammen, ſpitzen die Federn, das Todesurtheil zu unterſchreiben. Zwiſchen das Blatt und die tödtliche Feder werfe ſich die Nation, ihren Liebling zu retten, neu zu erhöhen, zu —"

Ungeheures Krachen, Donnerton unterbrach hier den Prediger des Mordes. Staub wirbelte in Tiefen und Höhen, daß Nacht auf Augenblicke Zuhörer und Redner umhüllte. Und aus dem Dunkel ſchauerlich tönte Aechzen der Sterbenden, Winſeln der Verwundeten. Ein Theil der Gallerie war ob der ungeheuern Menſchenlaſt eingeſtürzt*), die Darunterſtehenden erdrückend. — Aber der wildflammende Redner, ſelbſt dieſes fürchterliche Ereigniß zum Diener ſeiner Wuth machend, ſchrie, als es wieder Licht ward, wie außer ſich: „Die Natur ſelbſt kündet uns durch dieſes ihr blutiges Wunder an, was uns Alle treffen würde, laſſen wir Marat richten. Wie jetzt herabdonnernd die Tribune unſere Brüder zerſchmetterte, ſo würde der einſtürzende Bau unſerer Freiheit uns ſelbſt begraben. Auf denn! auf! und umdräue, Volk, den Richterſaal, daß Angſt des Todes durch die Gebeine der Richter zittere, und die lächerliche Sitzung in alle Weltgegenden zerſtiebe."

Geſagt, gethan. — Was im Jacobinerklubb noch athmete, ſtürzte hinaus. Selbſt unter den Trümmern hervor, äußerlich noch Leiche, innerlich ſchon wieder glühend von Haß und Mordeluſt, wankten Fanatiker und rannten, blutbefleckt und blutdürſtend, mit den Unverletzten. Aus allen Stadtvierteln zuſammenſtrömend, ſchloſſen ſich neue Haufen an, bis der ganze ungeheure Aufruhr ſich um das Gebäude, welches Marats Gefängniß und das Sitzungszimmer der Richter enthielt, zuſammendrängte.

Und drinnen im Gebäude, während Marat eben daſelbſt Orgien feierte, ſaßen, der Volkswuth preisgegeben, ſeine Richter. Ihr Amt ward ihnen zur Pein, der Richterſtuhl zum Sitz der Verdammten. Vergebens hatte Romme, ſein königliches Haupt groß und ruhig wie eine Eiche über Binſen erhebend, Worte des Muthes, Worte der Kraft an ſie gerichtet, mit einer unendlichen Tiefe, Klarheit und Ruhe den Stand der Sache, die Pflicht der Richter, die Gründe zu Marats Todesurtheil, die Mittel, es trotz des Volksaufſtandes zu vollſtrecken, entwickelt, zuletzt geheime Juſtiz empfohlen, wodurch Venedig und Hermandad ihre Opfer lautlos hinwürgten. — Als er die gänzliche Zaghaftigkeit der Richter bemerkte, die auf alle ſeine Vorſchläge nur mit einem: „Aber Robespierre! — aber die Jacobiner! — aber das Volk dort unten!" antworteten, warf Romme dem jungen Intendanten der Gefängniſſe, ſeinem Schützlinge, der nicht ohne Abſicht ab- und zuging, einen vielſagenden Blick zu. Der Mann eilte fort und Romme, offenbar nur, um Zeit zu gewinnen, denn er las in der Seele der Feigen Marats Losſprechung — ſagte mit eiskalter Ruhe: „Eurem zarten Gewiſſen, Bürger, ſcheint es zwar zur Folter zu gereichen, dem Marat den Triumph ſeiner Unſchuld auch nur noch eine Minute länger vorzuenthalten. Indeſſen würden wir, Marat gleich jetzt vor uns ladend, ſeine Tafelfreuden ſtören. Und das wagt Ihr doch wohl nicht? Unſer Sardanapal, im Arm ſeiner Buhlerinnen, gießt eben noch Ströme ſüßen Weines in ſich. Beſſer alſo, wir nehmen, ſo lange Marat ſich Labetrunk credenzen läßt —"

Hier trat der junge Aufſeher etwas bleich wieder ein, ſein Haupt gegen Romme bedeutſam neigend, als habe er einen Auftrag vollbracht. Gleich darauf entfernte er ſich wieder.

„Beſſer alſo," ſo nahm Romme, der Alles bemerkt hatte, ſeine Rede in unerſchütterlicher Ruhe wieder auf, „wir nehmen inzwiſchen diejenigen Anklagepunkte noch einmal vor, die Ihr — zufällig waren es die ſchwerſten — ganz außer Acht gelaſſen habt. Ich beſtehe darauf, Euer Präſident."

Und die Anklagepunkte wurden wieder vorgetragen. Das eine Auge der Referenten ruhte auf den Protokollen, das andere ſtarrte zum Fenſter hinaus, ſah Mörderpiken, Feuerbrände. Man hatte die Dächer der gegenüberſtehenden Häuſer abgedeckt; das Volk, auf den Gebälken hängend, ſchrie, daß die Fenſter des Saales zitterten, herüber: „Wie lange währt's mit Eurem Nichtſchuldig! — Sollen wir kommen, es Euch abzufordern?"

Unter ſolchen Umſtänden hätte auch wohl ein unbeſtechlicher Richter ein falſches Urtheil geſprochen, geſchweige denn dieſe ſchon lange vor der Sitzung von den Jacobinern bearbeiteten Mitglieder des Ausſchuſſes, die zum Theil ſelbſt der Volkspartei angehörten. Bedeutſam ironiſch blickte Romme bald auf das Volk, bald auf ſeine Collegen. In ihm lachte es: „Wenn dieſe Puppen ahneten, was jetzt vorgeht! Ob es gelingen wird, weiß Gott, aber der Moment iſt einzig. Im nächſten Augenblicke kann ganz Paris in Flammen ſtehen."

Plötzlich ward draußen Todtenſtille. Die Aufmerkſamkeit des Volks ſchien durch etwas Anderes, als die Sitzung der Richter, gefeſſelt. Eine einzelne Stimme krächzte — Marats Stimme — aus einem Fenſter ſeines ſogenannten Gefängniſſes, das Niemand ſeinen Anhängern zu verſchließen wagte. „Um Gott! was iſt das?" ſchrie entſetzt einer der Richter. — Romme fuhr auf. Sein Schützling, der junge Intendant des Gefängniſſes, ward — unbarmherziger Anblick! — vor ſeinen Augen vom Volke gemißhandelt, geſchleift. Und nach den Fenſtern des Gerichtsſaales dräuen Tauſende.

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*) Geſchichtlich.

Sie brachen in das Haus ein, erſtürmen die Treppen, krachend ſtürzen die obern verſchloſſenen Pforten, Tritte, Mordgeſchrei ertönen vor der letzten Thüre. — Wie ſie unter Fauſt- und Kolbenſchlägen erzittert, ſprechen die Richter einſtimmig, außer Romme, ihr „Nichtſchuldig" für Marat aus, und Romme, am Tode ſeines Schützlings, deſſen Treue ſich ohne Zweifel ſtumm für ihn geopfert hatte, das Entſetzliche erkennend, ſchnell überſchauend, daß hier nur Liſt und Engelfreundlichkeit ihn ſelbſt retten könne, während in ihm Hölle raſte, öffnet eigenhändig dem Pöbel die Pforte.

„Tretet ein, gute Patrioten!" ſprach Romme in königlicher Leutſeligkeit.

„Mörder, Giftmiſcher, empfanget Alle Euern Lohn!" ſchrie hereinbrauſend die Menge.

Er aber mit der unbefangenſten Miene fragte: „Ihr guten Leute, was iſt geſchehen? Hat der Rameau, der ohnedies ſeines Amtes entſetzt werden ſollte, gefrevelt? Gut, daß Ihr gleich ſelbſt Rache an ihm nahmet."

„Marats Wein vergiftete er, Du wirſt ihn wohl ſelbſt dazu angeſtellt haben," ſchrie ein trotziger Kerl. „Marat, der Chemiker, erkannte das Gift ſofort. Weh' Euch Allen!"

„Hat Rameau — Sterbende ſprechen die Wahrheit — gegen mich ausgeſagt?" fragte Romme blitzſchnell dazwiſchen. „Keiner antwortet mir? Er that es alſo nicht? Nun denn, wo iſt ein Anklagegrund gegen uns, die Richter? — Im Gegentheil habe ich ſelbſt die ſchlagendſte Rechtfertigung für uns und die angenehmſte Kunde für Euch. In demſelben Augenblicke, wo Ihr uns mit Marats Untergange beſchäftigt glaubtet, ſprachen wir ihn vollkommen frei *)."

„Frei, frei, frei!" jauchzte, über dieſen Triumph ſeinen Groll vergeſſend, der entzückte Pöbel. „O, Ihr vortrefflichen Richter! Laß Dich küſſen, Bruder Romme."

Und vor ihm niederſtürzend — eine echte Scene franzöſiſchen Leichtſinns — küßten die Getäuſchten Hände und Kleider deſſen, den ſie in einem Augenblicke zuvor als Anſtifter des verſuchten Giftmords hatten erwürgen wollen. Die vollkommene Freiſprechung Marats ſtellte Romme bei dem leichtgläubigen Pöbel, wenigſtens für die erſten Augenblicke des Freudenrauſches, höher als er je geſtanden.

Und er neigte ſich freundlich zu ihnen, wie zu Brüdern nieder.

„Von Euch," ſagte er, „hängt es ab, wie viele Bürgerkronen Ihr Eurem Marat, dem unſterblichen Vertheidiger der Volksrechte, decretiren wollt. Aber jetzt, meine theuerſten Kinder, eilt zu ihm, Marat zu fragen, ob es ihm wohl gefällig ſei, ſich hierher zu bemühen, um an Gerichtsſtelle ſeinen Triumph zu vernehmen und die Glückwünſche zu ſeiner Rettung aus dem Munde ſeines innigſten Freundes zu empfangen."

„Da bin ich ſchon, innigſter Freund," ſagte mit Triumphatorlächeln hervortretend, Marat. „Eben wollte ich, im voraus dankbar, auf meines Romme Geſundheit trinken, als ich bemerkte, daß mein Wein vergiftet war. Alſo ich bin freigeſprochen von jeder Anklage! — Gut, gut, damit begnüge ich mich für heute."

„Helden des Tages, umarmt Euch Beide!" ſchrie wonnetrunken der ſchauluſtige Pöbel. Und Marat, leiſe in ſich hineinkichernd, ging mit offenen Armen auf ſeinen Richter zu, an ihn hinanhüpfend und auf Romme's bebende Lippen einen Friedenskuß drückend, wie er vielleicht niemals wieder in der haßerfüllten Welt gegeben und empfangen werden dürfte, ſelbſt wenn Marat nicht, während die Menge wie unſinnig klatſchte, dem Feinde in das Ohr geraunt hätte: „Ich gedenke Dir Dein Gift!"

Die große Komödie war geendet. Die zwei erſten Schauſpieler, den Ausbruch ihres gegenſeitigen Grimmes verſchiebend, um ſich bald tödtlicher faſſen zu können, drückten ſich noch einmal freudig die Hände. Marat, nach welchem die Inbrunſt vieler Tauſend um das Gebäude gelagerter Sansculotten ſchrie, trat endlich unter ſie und ging aus Umarmungen zu Umarmungen. Trommeln, Schalmeien und Pfeifen erklangen, Freudenſchüſſe knallten, Raketen ſtiegen praſſelnd in die Luft. Fahnen mit Inſchriften zu Marats Lobe tauchten aus dem unendlichen Gewühl auf. Ueber Rücken und Häupter ſeiner Entzückten weg mußte der Vergötterte auf die Schultern eines Sansculottenherkules ſteigen **). Eine ungeheure Eichenkrone ward ihm nachgereicht, die Marat ſich ſelbſt auf das Haupt ſetzte, darunter wie ein grimmiger Affe hervorblickend. Und ſo ſchritt, während der Abendhimmel, wie Unheil kündend, ſich mit gelben und blutrothen Lichtern ſäumte, der Triumphatorzug des Unholds, von Gensdarmen und Munizipalen eröffnet, unter Poſaunenklang und Lobgeſang, durch die unglückſelige, dem Verderben preisgegebene Stadt bis zu dem in Angſt und Schrecken verſammelten Nationalconvente. Mitten durch den Verſammlungsſaal ziehen, den Stellvertretern der Nation die Fülle der Volksfreude, den ſiegenden Marat zeigen zu dürfen, bat befehlshaberiſch das Volk. Sogleich entfernten ſich, Todesgram im Herzen, alle Beſſeren, nicht Zeuge des Triumphs ihres Gegners und ihrer eigenen Niederlage zu ſein, und die leer werdenden Bänke nahm Marats Partei ein. Der Unhold ſelbſt aber, auf ſeinem menſchlichen Pferde bis zur Rednerbühne reitend, dort von ihm abgeſetzt, beſtieg ſie, legte darauf die Eichenkrone nieder und heulte:

„Ich ſchwöre von Neuem, die Sache der Gleichheit, der Freiheit und des Volks zu vertheidigen *)!"

Und wie er ſchwur, ſchwebte die Schaar der böſen Geiſter, neu entfeſſelt, durch die Hallen der Nation. Wehe, Frankreich, Deinen Weiſen und Tugendhaften, Deinen Geſetzen und Altären, wehe Deiner Gegenwart und Zukunft! Kein Männerwort dräut mehr, kein Männerſchwert blitzt mehr dem Ungeheuer Marat entgegen. Von der Hölle beſiegt ſcheint der Himmel.

Da, leichten Schrittes, wandelte ein Mädchen im Abendſchatten, weiß gekleidet, eine hohe, herrliche Geſtalt durch die Straßen von Paris nach dem Palais Royal. — „Gekommen iſt Alles," dachte ſie, „wie meine ahnende Seele es verkündete. Die Taube muß zum Adler werden. Auf denn, rüſte Dich zur That!" In ein hellerleuchtetes Gewölbe, wo Stahlwaare verkauft ward, trat ſie, ein Meſſer fordernd. Der Kaufmann bot ihr ein kleines glänzendes. Sie ſchüttelte ſtill den Kopf. Er zeigte größere Meſſer; endlich ein ganz großes, ſcharfſchneidendes, ſilberblankes. Ein Goldſtück legte ſie dafür hin und entfernte ſich wieder, nicht unbemerkt.

Zu derſelben Zeit irrte nämlich Romme, innerlich empört, umher. Zuerſt hatte er, den jetzt einſamen Platz betretend, wo vor Kurzem jener Unglückliche gefallen war, was er durch die Schatten der Nacht ſuchte, gefunden — einen verſtümmelten Leichnam. Leiſe war ſeine Todtenklage über ihm erklungen:

„So haſt Du Dich denn, ohne Deinen Wohlthäter den Feinden preiszugeben, ſtumm für mich geopfert, treue Seele! Das iſt mein unglückliches Schickſal, daß ich Alles, was mir in Liebe naht, verderbe. Dich mußte ich verläugnen, heucheln, lachen über Deinem Grabe, beweinenswerthes Opfer. O unſelige Zeit, die, ſtatt Heldentugenden, von den Volksbeherrſchern Leviathansränke verlangt! Daß ich Dich, armer Jüngling, nicht einmal begraben kann, weil Verrätheraugen lauſchen, beklage ich wahrhaft. Nacht mir! gute Nacht Dir!"

So war Romme fortgeſchritten, im unſtäten Wandel die Gänge erreichend, wo im Palais Royal die Kaufgewölbe im Lampenſchimmer ſtrahlten. Da ſtand er plötzlich, wie in den Boden eingewurzelt. Das für ihn Schönſte und Schrecklichſte glaubte er geſehen zu haben. „War das nicht ſie? Unmöglich! Wie käme Charlotte Corday von Caen nach Paris? Und doch — das war ihr prächtiger Wuchs, ihr Kopf, ihr Auge, über keine Andere ihres Geſchlechts dieſe Hoheit und Anmuth ausgegoſſen." Jetzt trat ſie aus dem Kaufgewölbe, wandelte die Straße hinab, Romme's Himmel, Romme's Hölle. „Ihr nach!" jauchzten die Geiſter ſeiner Liebe. „Zurück, Verſtoßener, Mörder ihres Bruders!" rief ſein Gewiſſen. Noch einmal wandte ſie ſich. Ob ſie ihn erkannte, ihren Feind, ſtatt ihren Geliebten?

Haſtig ſtürzte Romme in das Kaufgewölbe.

„Wer war die Dame?"

„Eine mir Unbekannte."

„Was kaufte ſie?"

„Ein Schlachtmeſſer."

Durch Romme's Seele ſchnitt das Wort. „Charlotte, was haſt Du vor?" rief er dumpf in ſich hinein und wollte ihr nach. Eine dunkle Macht riß ihn zurück. Noch einmal flog er der Spur der Geliebten nach. Da war es, als erhöben ſich ihm entgegen Camille und Georges, die Erſchlagenen. Das Mark ſeines Lebens fror. „Welch ein Schrecknis, wilder als alle, ſteigt da vor mir auf!" rief er, in die Nacht hinausſtarrend. „Hat Charlotte ihren Vater jetzt verlaſſen, ſo ſinnt ſie auf Großes. Ich kenne dieſe Seele, ſanft und fröhlich in den Tagen der Ruhe, in Lebensſtürmen kühn und kräftig. Um Gott! wenn ſie etwas gegen jenen Teufel unternähme, es mißglückte, wenn ſie — alle Schrecken der Hölle wiegen dieſen einen Gedanken nicht auf — wenn ſie dem Revolutionsgerichte, dem ich vorſtehe, übergeben würde! — Ich muß ſie dennoch warnen," rief er und ſtürzte, zum erſten Mal in ſeinem Leben zitternd, der Verſchwundenen nach.

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*) Geſchichtlich.

**) Geſchichtlich.

*) Geſchichtlich.

Entfeſſelt tobte das Gewitter. Vor und hinter Romme ſchlugen Blitze nieder, keiner traf ihn. Nur noch einmal in weiter Ferne, vom Farbenſchimmer eines in erzwungener Beleuchtung ſtrahlenden Hauſes verklärt, erblickte er das Mädchen.

Stiller ward es in Paris. Aus dem Theater, wo die Schauſpieler in einem ſchnellgefertigten, halb improviſirten Stücke die Freiſprechung des Unholds gefeiert*), die Jacobiner Marat gerufen und Hymnen abgeſungen hatten, fuhr Marat unter Fackelbeleuchtung nach Hauſe. Alle Nachtmuſiken, die ſeine Anhänger ihm bringen wollten, hatte er ſchon bei dem Einſteigen verboten und dann mit verſchloſſenen Augen in einer Ecke des Wagens geduckmäuſert, ſo daß ſeine Verehrer nicht mehr recht klug aus ihm werden konnten. Schon im Theater hatte er einmal „mich friert!“ geſagt, gerade in dem Augenblicke, wo jenes Mädchen das Schlachtmeſſer kaufte. „Dummes Herzweh! Froſch, willſt Du ſchlafen!“ war das Einzige, was er im Wagen mehr herausſtieß als ſprach. Als er bei dem Auſſteigen in die Nacht geſtiert und dem Volke, das ihn zu ſeinem Hauſe brachte, wiederholt genickt hatte, murmelte er, noch mit dem einen Fuße auf dem Wagentritte, ein: „Hol' Euch alle der Teufel!“ und hüpfte in heftigen Sätzen die Treppe hinauf, an der ſeine Maitreſſe, Marie Evrard, ihn mit offenen Armen empfing.

„Glühwein!“ ſchrie er, an ihr vorbei nach ſeiner Stube rennend. „Warum noch kein Licht darin? — Stickluft, Stickluft! Fenſter und Jalouſien auf! Wie dumm die Blitze fliegen! — War heut' ein großer Tag, nun kommt die Nacht. — Ei, ſo ſchließ' doch die Fenſter, ſiehſt ja, daß es hereinwettert. — Mir iſt ſonderbar. Ich glaube, ich habe den Bandwurm im Leibe. — In das Pantheon komme ich jedenfalls. — Nun, wird es bald mit dem Glühwein, Schnecke! Wohin rennſt Du! Hier bleibe, hier bei dem großen Marat, der heute, trotz Einem, ritt. — War Jemand hier?“ —

Stumm ſtaunte die Evrard ihn an; ſo hatte ſie ihn nie geſehen.

„War Jemand hier?“ ſchrie Marat noch heftiger.

„Niemand, außer ein Mädchen, das Sie durchaus ſprechen wollte,“ berichtete die Evrard.

„Ein Mädchen! So, ſo! Gut, daß es ein Mädchen war. Ich liebe das ganze ſchöne Geſchlecht. Dummer Donner, was ſprichſt Du hier mit! Marie, war die Supplicantin jung, hübſch?“

„Es ging noch an,“ antwortete verdrießlich die Evrard. „Morgen früh will ſie wieder kommen und hat den Brief zurückgelaſſen.“

Haſtig erbrach ihn Marat. „Ei, was ſeh' ich!“ ſagte er dann ſchmunzelnd. „Sie unterſchreibt ſich als eine Tochter des Calvados und verſpricht, mir wichtige Entdeckungen über die Verſchwörung zu Caen zu machen. Ja, die Weiber ſind meine treueſten Anhänger. Ich freue mich auf das tête-à-tête. Morgen früh, um acht Uhr, wenn ich im Bade ſitze, laß ſie vor.“

„Ich würde ſie gar nicht anhören,“ ſagte warnend Marie.

„Biſt eiferſüchtig! Mußt Dir das abgewöhnen,“ ſchrie, unter gellendem Gelächter, Marat und ſtürzte volle Gläſer Glühwein hinunter, daß das Geſicht braunroth ward und die Zunge zu lallen begann. „Dem Herzen des großen Marat genügen nicht Du, nicht ganz Frankreich, und wenn es ſich ſelbſt den Kopf abſchneiden und als ſchuldigen Tribut mir zu Füßen legen wollte. — Gute Nacht, Marie, will heut' allein ſein, kannſt die Eichenkrone, die mein Paris mir heute aufſetzte, zum Geſellſchafter wählen.“

Marie ging. Der Unhold, vom Wein halb toll, hüpfte im Zimmer herum. „Nun iſt mir wieder wohl, ganz wohl,“ ſprach er. „Man muß der Natur, wenn ſie zum Knicker gegen uns wird, mit etwas Spiritus wieder aufhelfen. Jetzt friert mich ganz und gar nicht mehr. Gute Nacht, Romme! gute Nacht, Paris! Morgen Hundert, übermorgen Zweihundert — guillotinirt.“

Und er ſchlief ein und der böſe Geiſt des Weines ließ ein Traumbild vor dem Fanatiker aufſteigen. — Von ſchönſter, ſtiller Sommernacht umfangen, groß und herrlich erſchien ihm das Pantheon, nach welchem ein prächtiger Leichenzug ſich bewegte. Voran, im Scheine unzähliger Lichter und Fackeln, Muſikbanden mit Trauerſymphonien, in welche der dumpfe Ton der Kanonen feierlich hallte. Dann, mit ihren Fahnen und Panieren, der Gemeinderath von Paris, Cordeliers- und Jacobinerklubbs, die Abgeordneten aller Pariſer Sectionen, der ganze Nationalkonvent. Hinter ihnen, von vierundzwanzig Trauerroſſen gezogen, der Wagen der Freiheit mit dem bronzenen Rieſenbilde der Göttin und Gemälden von Davids Hand. Dann — grauenvoller Anblick! — ein Sansculotte mit einem blutigen Hemde auf einer Pike. „Trauert, trauert, Euer Freund iſt Euch geſtorben!“ hallte die Stimme der Nation, in ein ungemeſſenes Weinen, Schluchzen und Jammern übergehend. Jetzt — ängſtlich wälzte ſich der Träumer auf ſeinem Lager — nahte, auf einem Paradebette unter Blumen liegend, der Leichnam. Wehe! er, Marat, war es ſelbſt, vom Maler Tod in Gelbweiß und Blau gemalt. Und wie die Leiche in das Pantheon ging, fiel ihr Kopf ab. „Nagelt ihn an den Rumpf, er muß in das Pantheon,“ keuchte, in ungeheurer Angſt ſich abarbeitend, der Schläfer. „Gott Lob! der Zug geht hinein, der Kopf auch,“ ſtöhnte er dann, halb erwacht. Aber ein noch wilderer Traum nahm ihm den Troſt. Wie ſcheu geworden, jagten nach allen vier Weltgegenden die Roſſe des umgeſtürzten Freiheitswagens, die Pforte des Pantheons ſprang wieder auf, und alle die Geiſter, die es bewohnten, die Helden, Tragiker, Staatsmänner zertrümmerten Marats Büſte. Straßenjungen liefen mit ſteinernen Bildern Marats umher, ſie in die Goſſe werfend und dabei ausrufend: „Das iſt Dein Pantheon.“ Vor dem Conventhauſe ſah der in Zuckungen ſich windende Schläfer als ſein Abbild einen Strohmann knien, der, ob ſeiner Sünden Abbitte thun mußte, dann von jungen Conſcribirten angezündet und zu Aſche verbrannt, tief in der Cloake beigeſetzt wurde*).

So zeigte der Weltgeiſt in Träumen dem Marat das Geſchick, das ihn ganz ſo, wie es eben beſchrieben wurde, wirklich nach ſeinem Tode traf. Zugleich erſchütterten ungeheure Donnerſchläge die Grundfeſten des Hauſes. — Aus dem Schlafe fuhr Marat, mit einem Male ruhig. „Laß Dich nicht verblüffen!“ ſagte er, ſich den kalten Todesſchweiß abtrocknend. „Ein großer Geiſt iſt immer von Teufelchen umlagert, die ihm Angſt machen wollen. Aber ich kann mir Alles zuſammen reimen. Jüngſt ſah ich le Pelletiers Leichenbegängniß, und ſeiner Leiche ſchob der Traum die meinige unter, wegen Romme's Wettverluſt. Jetzt iſt es Mitternacht. Von nun an will ich ruhig und traumlos ſchlafen. Geiſt, gehorche!“

Und wirklich, zu ſeinem Unglücke, zu Frankreichs Glücke, ſchlief er, ohne weiter von der mindeſten böſen Ahnung gewarnt zu werden, ruhig, feſt, und erwachte erſt, als die Sonne ſchon hoch ſtand, mit der luſtigſten Laune von der Welt. Es ſchellte; die Leute, die ſein Bad bereiteten, kamen. Jetzt ſchellte es wieder, eine weibliche Stimme fragte nach Marat. — „Herein!“ rief dieſer und — — doch noch einige Worte über Charlotte Corday, welche der Leſer längſt in der geheimnißvoll zu Paris Erſchienenen erkannt haben wird.

Mit dem herzlichſten Gebete zu Gott war ſie erwacht. Wie der Morgenſtern, hell, feurig und ſchön, ſtrahlte ihr die That entgegen, die ſie in Selbſtaufopferung zu Frankreichs Heil ausüben wollte. Jeder Augenblick, jenem Ungeheuer noch vergönnt, ward zum Grabe für Tauſende und Triumph der Tugend ſchien es der Schwärmerin, daß ſelbſt eine weibliche Hand den böſen männlichen Dämon beſiege. Schon einmal hatte Gott eine Jungfrau zur Rettung Frankreichs berufen. Und Charlotte, Vertheidigerin ihres blinden, jetzt bedrängten Vaters, letzte Tochter eines von den Wütherichen der Revolution vernichteten altadeligen Geſchlechtes, einte mit ihres Calvados und Frankreichs Sache die eigene. Der Ruhm edler Thaten fiel nicht allein den Männern als Eigenthum zu, auch den Frauen.

Wer die Hölle bekämpft, beſiegt — Mann oder Weib — iſt Held, von Gott zum Siegeswerke erkoren. Auf ihn vertrauend, trat Charlotte die Wanderung zur Wohnung des Ungeheuers an, die er ſelbſt ſeine Höhle nannte.

Die weibliche Stimme, die nach Marat fragte, war Charlottens.

„Sie ſoll zu mir eintreten, und allein,“ ſchrie von innen, der ſchönen Supplicantin Anweſenheit ahnend, Marat der Evrard zu, die Charlotten wieder abweiſen wollte.

Eben ſaß der Unhold im Bade**). Aber kaum knarrte die Thüre, als er, urplötzlich erbangend, mehr dem Inſtinkte als ſeinem Willen folgend, den Deckel der Badwanne über ſich warf, ſo daß nur der Kopf und die von einem Badhemde verhüllte Bruſt bis zu der Gegend des Herzens unbedeckt blieb.

Leicht nach Luft ſchnappend, halb ſtieren, halb lüſternen Blicks, ſagte er: „Schönes Mädchen, was bringſt Du mir?“

„Gruß von Calvados.“

„Zuerſt, liebes Kind, Gegengruß Deinen Reizen, mit denen ich über Erwartung zufrieden bin. Und nun geſchwind Deine Entdeckungen, die mir an das Schafot liefern ſollen die Bürger von Caen, Wimpfen, Vater Corday, ſeine Tochter —“

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*) Geſchichtlich.

*) Alle dieſe Züge ſind der Geſchichte entlehnt.

**) Geſchichtlich.

„Sie opfert Dich Frankreich," rief Charlotte, Rede und Herz des Unholds mit ſcharfer Waffe zerſchneidend.

Herein ſtürzte die Evrard, mänadenartig Charlotten anfallend. Hereinſtürmten Diener, Dienerinnen, Volk, Wache und Gerichtscommiſſäre. Man trägt den ſchnell Verendenden auf ſein Bette, man belaſtet die junge Heldin mit Ketten, erſchöpft ſich gegen ſie in Mißhandlung. Sie ſteht ruhig groß inmitten der Wüthenden. Ihr Werk iſt vollbracht, Frankreich gerettet, gerächt vor dem Himmel. Was fragt ſie nach dem Zorn der Menſchen? Verrinnen wird er wie die tobende Welle, wiederkehren der Ordnung Reich, langſam, aber um ſo ſchöner, über Charlottens Aſche, aber für alle Zeit begründet durch ihren Tod. — Der Gedanke verleiht ihr Ruhe des Himmels.

Als darüber erſtaunend, der Commiſſär das Wort „Guillotine" fallen läßt, lächelt ſie.

„Ich ſterbe für Frankreich," ſagt ſie ſanft, überreicht, vor frecher Betaſtung jungfräulich zurückbebend, ſelbſt Alles, was ſie bei ſich führt, dem Richter, auch die Adreſſe an das franzöſiſche Volk, die ſogleich unterdrückt wird*), und ſteigt in den Wagen, der von Wache umgeben, wie eine Nußſchale im ſiedenden Weltmeere ſchwimmend, mitten durch des Pöbels Aufruhr, ſie nach der Abtei geleitet.

Mit Engelsmilde blickt ſie nieder auf das ſie mit Flüchen überhäufende Volk. — „Jetzt können ſie mich noch nicht verſtehen," denkt ſie. „Aber Du, mein lieber Vater, wirſt mich ſegnen, und Du, mein Gott, kennſt mein Herz."

Hinter ihr klirrten die Eiſengitter der Abtei zu. Aber wer malt mit Dante's Gluth alle die Scenen, die dieſes Mädchens große That zu Paris hervorbrachte, den Freuden- und Todesſchreck, der bei der erſten Kunde von Marats Ermordung ſeine Feinde und Freunde durchzitterte, die Umarmungen und Freudenthränen der Patrioten, das wüthige Heulen der Jacobiner, die Lob- und Schmähreden auf Marat, den Mänadengrimm der Stadtpartei, die in dieſem Augenblicke, gleich als ahne ſie ihren und des Mittyrannen Robespierre baldigen Sturz, alle Kräfte aufbietend, ſich wüthender und gebieteriſcher als je erhob? Zu Romme ſtürmt ſie, blutlechzend, knirſchend vor Grimm:

„Die gräßliche Unthat iſt geſchehen, und Du ſchläfſt, Richter? Auf! auf! räche ihn, den Du geſtern frei ſprachſt, den, Deinem Spruche zum Hohne, eine verfluchte Hand —"

„Was iſt geſchehen?" unterbrach ſie Romme.

„Ei Du ſchlechter Vater von Paris," entgegnete die Menge. „Der Tod brach räuberiſch bei uns ein und Du weißt es noch nicht? Ein Halbgott liegt auf der Bahre und Du weinſt noch nicht mit uns Schmerzens- und Zornesthränen! Geſtern Sieger, heute Leichnam der Beſchützer des Volks!"

„Marat ermordet? — von wem?" ſchrie, von Ahnung ergriffen, Romme in Luſt und Entſetzen.

„Von einem Mädchen, einem weiblichen Teufel," lautete die Antwort.

Romme, auf einmal bleich wie der Tod, hielt beide Hände vor die Augen.

„Höre, Romme," drohte jetzt die Menge, der ſeine geringe Trauer über Marat nicht entgangen war, „laß uns nicht glauben, daß die geſtrige Freiſprechung, Dein Friedenskuß gedrückt auf Marats Lippen, nur Spiegelfechterei geweſen ſei, wie Viele ſagen. Die Anklage wegen verſuchten Giftmordes könnte wieder aufgenommen werden und Volkswuth zerreißt ihre Beute in tauſend Stücke. Zeigt uns nicht binnen vierundzwanzig Stunden des Henkers Fauſt der Mörderin Haupt herab von der Guillotine, ſo liegſt Du ſelbſt zertreten unter uns. Jetzt, fauler Richter, beſteige Deinen Richterſtuhl. Die Du zu verhören, zu verdammen haſt, heißt Charlotte Corday und wir Alle kommen als Zeugen des Verhörs, Deine Worte, Deine Blicke und Gedanken zu prüfen."

Die Menge eilte fort. Gleich Schlangen ſträubte ſich Romme's Haar. Da faßte den noch immer Todtbleichen ein Arm. Lebenskräftig, wie ein Ueberglücklicher leuchtend, ſtand Lux vor ihm.

„Habt Ihr es vernommen?" rief er im Tone der höchſten Begeiſterung. „Ein zweiter Michael ſchlug ſie den Drachen. O, welche kühne, himmliſche Aufopferung! Ich könnte ſie beneiden, dieſe Heldin, dieſen Engel, der uns Alle beſchämte. Aber jeder Neid geht unter in der Bewunderung dieſer Kühnheit und Größe.

Mit brechendem Blicke, in dem Entſetzen, Feuer der Eiferſucht und Todesgram ſich wallten, ſtarrte Romme ihn an.

„Seid Ihr von Sinnen?" ſchrie er. „Hinweg mit Eurer Luſt, wo nur die Furien walten. Ich kann Sie nicht retten. Verfallen iſt ſie den Todesmächten. Ihr fließendes Blut wird ihren Richter zum Wahnſinn treiben. Aber Ihr ſollt, dürft nicht um ſie leiden, nicht an ſie denken. Dieſe Eure wüthende Liebe zu Charlotten, mich unverhofft anfallend, könnte mich vor der Zeit raſend machen."

„Was iſt," rief Lux, der in ſeiner Begeiſterung Romme's Feindeswort ganz überhört hatte, „was iſt Tod und Grab für eine Seele, die ihren Ruhm im Himmel und auf Erden gründete? — Sterbe der Leib, wenn nur das Gedächtniß unſerer Thaten fortlebt durch Geſchlechter und Nationen. Ja, ſterben wird auch Charlotte, die heilige Taube, unter den Klauen der Geier. Aber ihr Blut, verwandelt in Roſen, wird Frühlingsbote für Frankreich ſein. — Ha! wie ſie abſinken von meiner Bruſt, die Zweifel an Menſchenwerth und Tugend! Laut wie mit Engelzungen ruft dieſes Mädchens That: es lebt ein Gott, wir haben ein Vaterland. So himmliſchen Glauben, wie ein Palladium wieder aufzuſtellen in Frankreich, o, wer opfert um ſolchen Preis nicht freudig Blut und Leben?"

„Unglücklicher," rief Romme, „gebietet Ruhe dieſem Aufruhr Eures Gefühls. Er rettet ſie nicht und tödtet Euch. Vertrauen gegen Vertrauen! Dies mein Haupt wollte ich unter die Guillotine legen, könnte ich dadurch Charlotten befreien. Aber ſie grub ſich ſelbſt ihr Grab durch ihre That, die vor dem Himmel, nicht vor irdiſchem Geſetze gerechtfertigt werden kann. Nur zum Schafot entläßt das Revolutionsgericht die Schwärmerin; ich ſelbſt — ſo will es mein Amt und unſers Volkes Wuth — ſoll ſie verdammen, und Keiner — ich ſehe es kommen — wird erſtehen, der, dem Schwerte des Blutgerichts gegenüber, die Sache der Beweinenswerthen auch nur ſchwach zu vertheidigen wagte."

„Ich werde es," entgegnete Lux. „Dieſer Schwan, in Lebensfluthen untergehend, um, verſetzt unter die Geſtirne, am Himmel zu glänzen, ſoll nicht ſcheiden, ohne den Nachruf der Welt: Friede, Friede mit Dir! Brich Du über die Herrliche den Stab. Dir und Deinen Schergen gegenüber rufe ich das Halleluja ihrer That in alle Welt."

Und gleich olympiſchen Unſterblichen leuchtend und ſelig ging er von dannen. Auf Romme — ungeheurer Schmerz ſteigert die Seelenkraft — fühlte ſich erhoben.

„Horch! horch!" ſagte er, „wie da durch Stürme Harmonie aufklingt. Charlottens That, dieſes Jünglings Begeiſterung, auch ihn zum Opfer weihend, ſind erhaben. Und Romme allein erläge ſeinem Verhängniſſe, wenn Andere, wie Gottgeweihte, durch Flammen wandeln? Geh' einmal mit Dir ſelbſt in das Gericht, Romme! Politiſche Ereigniſſe, wie ſie in dieſer Blutzeit Jeden ergreifen können, trennten mich von den Corday's. Da iſt nichts Schlechtes, nur Menſchliches. Daß ich Corday's Söhne im Schlachtendrang tödtete, wird der mir verzeihen, der den Lebenstrieb in meiner Bruſt ſchuf. Sie waren die Angreifer, ich mein Vertheidiger. Aber nun wird Dein Himmel trüber, Romme. An großartige und durchgreifende Maßregeln gewöhnt, mir ſelbſt den Weg zur Größe offen zu halten, miſchte ich, als alle andere Mittel erſchöpft ſchienen, heimlich Gift für Marat. Mit welchem Gewiſſen könnte ich das Mädchen verdammen, das, denſelben Feind, offen bekämpfend, ſich zu dem Heil des Vaterlandes opferte? Selbſtverachtung, tödtlicher der Nattern für Männerſeelen, vor Dir wenigſtens will ich mein Herz bewahren. Ich war ein blutiger Mann, aber immer trachtete ich nach Ruhm und Größe. Jetzt, wo mein Weg mich hinabführen will zur Schmach, habe ich, meinem Schickſale gegenüber, auch eine Stimme, ein denkender Geiſt, und will zwiſchen mich und die ſchon ſiegfrohe Hölle ein Felsſtück ſchleudern, das nur der Odem des Auferſtehungstages zu heben im Stande iſt. — Sein Antlitz leuchtete in ſeltſamer Verklärung. — Wie das manchmal ſo ganz anders im Leben kommt als man dachte!" ſprach er, ſeit Jahren zum erſten Mal wieder in hoher Ruhe. „Geſunken iſt Marat, mein Todfeind. Auch Robespierre wird einſt ſinken. Das Volk, durch Charlottens Blut verſöhnt, würde wieder an meinen Triumphatorwagen hangen. Erlangen könnte ich, wonach meine Seele dürſtete. Der Weg zur Herrſchaft bahnt ſich, aber ich will ihn nicht betreten und dieſer Entſchluß allein, Charlotte, läßt mich dem unvermeidlichen Zuſammentreffen mit Dir mit Manneswürde entgegen gehen."

Er ſchritt nach ſeiner Wohnung, und trat bald darauf feierlich ernſt unter die Blutrichter. Auch die Menge hatte, wie ſie gedroht, ſich eingefunden. Oeffentlich ward das heldenkühne Mädchen verhört. Alſo lautete die Frage des Inquiſitionsrichters und die Antwort der Heldin*):

„Ihr Name?"
„Maria Anna Charlotte Corday."
„Ihr Alter?"
„Fünfundzwanzig Jahre weniger vierzehn Tage."

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*) Geſchichtlich.

*) Geſchichtlich.

„Was hat Sie bewogen, Marat zu ermorden?“

„Seine Verbrechen. Er hat unſern Nationalcharakter verderbt und die Moral des Volks zerſtört. Das Ungeheuer entehrte uns vier Jahre lang; zum Glück war er kein Franzoſe.“

„Haben Sie Mitſchuldige?“

„Ja! Alle Rechtſchaffene in Frankreich . . . . . Kennen Sie das menſchliche Herz ſo wenig, um nicht einzuſehen, daß es weiter keiner fremden Eingebungen als der eben angeführten bedurfte, und daß man beſſer ſeinen eigenen Willen vollführt als einen fremden?“

„Lieben Sie die republicaniſche Verfaſſung?“

„Ob ich ſie liebe? Ja, ich liebe ſie, aber den Franzoſen fehlt es an Geiſt und Energie, um gute Republikaner zu ſein. Ich bin es müde, länger unter einem ſo herabgewürdigten Volke zu leben.“

„Kennen Sie dies Meſſer?“

„Ja, es iſt daſſelbe, mit welchem ich den Anarchiſten getödtet habe.“

„Standen Sie mit irgend einem Manne in einer beſondern Verbindung?“

Während der Inquiſitionsrichter alſo, aus einem juriſtiſchen Grunde, fragte, wandte Romme ſein ſchönes, bleiches und doch noch immer majeſtätiſches Antlitz ſtumm nach Charlotten. Dieſe antwortete:

„Ich habe keinen Mann gefunden, den ich meiner würdig gehalten hätte, denn Marat lebte noch.“

Noch immer blickte mit unverkennbarer Rührung Romme auf die Angeklagte. „Und Du ſollſt mich doch wieder achten lernen,“ ſchien ſein Blick zu ſagen. — Das Verhör war beendigt, Charlottens Todesurtheil im Voraus beſchloſſen, ihre Vertheidigung blos der Form wegen noch nöthig.

„Mich wird Niemand vertheidigen wollen,“ ſagte ſie mit himmliſcher Sanftmuth und fügte dann, noch immer im Kriege mit der Hölle — geiſtreich witzig hinzu: „Es wäre denn Robespierre.“

„Nicht Robespierre, ich vertheidige Dich, herrliches Mädchen,“ rief hervortretend Lux. Es war das erſte Mal, daß ſie ſich nach Marats Tode wiederſahen.

„Was wollen Sie thun?“ fragte gerührt Charlotte. „Ueberzeugen Sie ſich an den Blicken dieſer Richter, dieſes Volkes, daß keine Rettung für mich iſt.“

„Deinem Tode kannſt Du nicht, Deinem Ruhme ſollſt Du nicht entgehen, o Mädchen!“ entgegnete Lux, ihr mit den großen, treuherzigen, leuchtenden Augen in die Seele ſchauend. „Präſident des Revolutionsgerichtes, ich fordere mein und dieſer Angeklagten Recht.“

Und der Präſident gewährte, und Lux, ſchön wie der belvederiſche Apoll, der von Siegesthat ſchwärmt, beſtieg den Rednerſtuhl. Daß dieſe Vertheidigung in ſolcher Zeit ihm ſelbſt tödtlich werden könne, ja müſſe, ſahen ſeine Freunde, ſah er ſelbſt voraus. Auch der Vertheidiger des unglücklichen Ludwig ſtarb auf dem Blutgerüſte. Alles ſchwieg erwartungsvoll. Lux ſprach:

„Richter, Volk, erwartet nicht, daß ich in Form Rechtens die That vertheidige, die Ihr Verbrechen nennt. Sie bedarf keiner Vertheidigung —“

Murren des Volks. „Hört! hört!“

„Sie bedarf keiner Vertheidigung,“ wiederholte nachdrucksvoll der Redner. „Nur in welcher Beziehung dieſe That, durch des Mädchens eigne Ausſage am ſchönſten erörtert, zu Vor-, Mit- und Nachwelt ſtehe, laßt mich angeben. Denn, Männer der Revolution, Euch ziemt zu hören, wie die Geſchichte Euch richten wird und Charlotten. Vernehmt, ſende zuerſt Deine Bilder, die kräftigen, aber kalten. Jene Virginia, zur Sklavin erklärt, verlor dadurch alle Perſonenrechte und ward zu einer Sache, käuflich und nutzbar, gleich dem Lamme, gleich der Erdſcholle. Da bot ſie dem Dolche des Vaters die Bruſt, und Beider Namen grub Clio in ihre Tafel. Jene Portia, als vor dem ſchwachen Octavian ihres Brutus Sterne ſanken, verſchlang glühende Kohlen. Ihre Größe nicht überlebt zu haben, iſt ihr ganzer Ruhm. Jene Arria, männlicher als ihr Mann, ihm den Dolch mit dem Ausrufe: Es ſchmerzt nicht! bietend, ſtieß ſich raſch und edel in die Nothwendigkeit. Alle jene Seelen lagen in den Banden des Eigennutzes. Rohe Willensſtärke zeigt uns das Alterthum, die chriſtliche Aera geiſtigen Adel.“

„Charlotte, auf Dich und die Mitwelt komme ich jetzt. Ein Volk ſtand auf in ſeiner Kraft, die Freiheit wollte es, die Menſchenrechte, aber ſtatt des Lichtes brach Nacht, ſtatt des Segens Fluch herein. Für eine Baſtille hundert permanente Guillotinen, für einen ermordeten König Volkstyrannen —“

Wie raſend fuhr hier Marats und Robespierre's Partei auf.

„Volkstyrannen,“ rief noch einmal der unerſchrockene Lux. „Da ſeht! in der allgemeinen Anarchie, wo die Männer, bald Royaliſten, bald Girondiſten, bald Jacobiner, planlos irren und ſchwanken, hält allein eine weibliche Seele am Anker der Tugend feſt. An Körper und Geiſt ſchön iſt das Mädchen. Freundſchaft, Liebe, Bewunderung bieten ihr Kränze. Aber in himmliſcher Aufopferung ſtatt der Freude den Schmerz, ſtatt Fülle des Lebens den Tod wählend, größer als Portia, Arria, Virginia, zieht ſie gegen Frankreichs blutigſten Vampyr aus, kommt wie Cäſar, ſieht wie Cäſar, ſiegt wie Cäſar!“ —

„Auf die Guillotine er und ſie, die er liebt,“ unterbrach ihn hier Volkswuth. Sie beſchwichtigte ſich erſt, als der Präſident, der mit einem, Vielen unerklärbaren Wohlgefallen dem Redner zuhörte, dreimal zur Ordnung gerufen hatte. Sie bezähmte ſich nur, weil ſie gewiß war, daß beide Opfer ihr nicht entrinnen würden.

Lux, im ſchönſten Rednerfeuer, das ſich nach und nach bis zur prophetiſchen Begeiſterung ſteigerte, fuhr fort:

„Wie Cäſar, Charlotte, wirſt Du auch zu ſterben wiſſen. Die Mitwelt, dem Wahnſinne verfallen, lohnt Dir mit der Guillotine; aber ich, Dein Redner, Dein Vertheidiger, ſpreche im Namen der Nachwelt Segen aus über Dich und Verdammung über Deine Richter, über dies ganze blutdürſtige Volk. Wütheriche der Revolution, Königsmörder dort auf den Richterſtühlen, dort auf den Tribunen, bebt nicht, zittert! Die Umwälzung, die Ihr zu leiten Euch vermeßt, wird, mächtiger als Ihr, Euch Alle verſchlingen. Der eine Tyrann iſt ſchon gefallen, der andere, Robespierre, wird fallen. Bleich, von gräßlicher Wunde entſtellt, Hülfe ſuchend, Hohn findend, ſeh' ich ihn auf dem Wege zur Guillotine, während ſein jüngerer Bruder vorausſtürzt — Sturz des Todes! Ihr Alle, Mitgenoſſen ſeiner Verbrechen, gehört der Verweſung an, Charlotte allein dem Ruhme. Und nun, Richter, Volk, die Ihr der Heldin Todesurtheil ſchon im Voraus beſchloſſet, führt auch mich zum Tode unter den Donnern des Weltgerichtes, das ich vom Himmel herabriß auf — Euch!“

Von der Rednerbühne ſtieg jetzt Lux wie ein Sieger, obſchon die Blicke der Richter und des Volkes ihm Tod flammten. Wer aber wagte zu ſchildern, was, während ihr Freund für ſie ſprach, Charlottens Herz empfand! Ihre hohe Seele glühte für den Ruhm. Liebevoll erkannte ſie begeiſterter Liebe Werth, und ſich von ihr ſo verſtanden, ſo gegen die Mitwelt vertheidigt, im Namen der Nachwelt gekrönt zu ſehen — welch ſüßer Lohn für das Mädchen, das Alles, Glück, Freiheit und Leben im Kampfe für Tugend hingab! „Ich danke Ihnen!“ war Alles, was ſie, innig bewegt, ihrem Vertheidiger ſagen konnte. Doch in den drei Worten einten ſich Beider Seelen, nicht für die Erde, nein, für den Himmel.

Romme hatte ſich abgewandt. Stumme Winke von ihm befahlen jetzt Allen, ſich zurückzuziehen. Eine Kunde ſeines eigenen Verhältniſſes zu Charlotten war zu dem Volke gedrungen und ſteigerte das Verhängnißvolle dieſer Stunde. Allein mit den Richtern, die er zu Charlottens Verdammung unwiderruflich entſchloſſen fand, wandte er, in deſſen Seele keine Feindlichkeit mehr war, Alles an, wenigſtens den heldenmüthigen Lux von der Todesſtrafe zu befreien. Ganz irre an ihm werdend, aus ſeinen Freunden in Feinde ſich verwandelnd, ſtierten die Blutrichter wild ihn an, beharrten bei ihrem Vernichtungsſpruche. Da ließ Romme die Angeklagten zurückführen. Durch die wieder geöffneten Pforten ſtürmte auch das Volk.

„Charlotte Corday und Du, Adam Lux,“ ſagte Romme feierlich bewegt, „bereitet Euch zum Tode. Einſtimmig entſchieden dieſe Richter gegen Euch. Auf Euerm Todesurtel fehlt nur eine einzige Unterſchrift, die meine, zu der die Wuth von Tauſenden mich, Einzelnen, zwingen will. Aber niemals leiſte ich ſie und meines Wortes Bürge — blickt her! — ſei dies.“

Er drückte eine Piſtole auf ſich ab und ſank, ein königlicher Mann. Durch das glühende, verwilderte Herz war die Kugel gedrungen. Noch einen Blick warf er auf Charlotten. „Ich habe doch Dein Todesurtel nicht unterſchrieben,“ ſagte er leiſe, ſtreckte beide Hände nach Charlotten und Lux wie nach Freunden aus, deutete gen Himmel und verſchied. Nicht im Gefängniſſe, nicht bei der Ankündigung des Todesurtels hatte eine Thräne Charlottens Auge genetzt. Jetzt weinte ſie. Auf Frankreichs lichtere Zukunft wie ein Seher ſchauend, ſtand Lux an Romme's Leiche. Wie knüpfte ſich an ſein prophetiſches Wort dieſes Königsmörders Fall! Da — wie im Todesgrimme über ihren eigenen baldigen Sturz — riß die

Volkspartei die zwei Opfer zur Richtſtätte. Mit Menſchen bedeckt waren alle Straßen, der Pöbel ziſchte, ſchmähte. Aber die Zwei, Bürger des Himmels, ſchwärmend für Tugend, Freiheit, alle höchſten Güter der Menſchheit, blickten wie Selige auf das Gewühl nieder. Seine Engel ſendete der Himmel, ſie zur ſchönern Heimath zu geleiten, und der Todeskarren ward ihnen zum Wagen des Sieges, das Blutgerüſt zum Throne. Charlottens Faſſung blieb unerſchütterlich. Ihre unbeſchreibliche Sanftmuth, die Holdſeligkeit ihres Weſens rührte ſelbſt ihren Henker. Nur da überzog höhere Röthe ihre ſchöne jungfräuliche Wange, als ſie Mantel und Halstuch von ſich legen und ſich ſo dem Auge der Zuſchauer ausſetzen mußte. Sie ſelbſt legte noch ihren Kopf unter der Höllenmaſchine zurecht. Freudig folgte Lux ihr im Tode. Den letzten Blick ihres ſchönen Auges hatte er empfangen.

So ſtarb Charlotte Corday aus Liebe für ihr Vaterland, Adam Lux aus begeiſterter Liebe zu Charlotten. Ihr Ruhm wird ewig dauern. Eine Thräne ihrem Andenken!

Karl Geib ſ. Göppinger.

Johann Geiler von Kaiſersberg ſ. Kaiſersberg.

Henriette Wilhelmine Geißler

eine Tochter des Kaufmanns Heldenrieder zu Naumburg, ward daſelbſt am 1. September 1772 geboren und vermählte ſich 1793 mit dem herzogl. Sachſen-Gothaiſchen Regierungsrath J. G. Geißler in Gotha. Sie ſtarb am 25. November 1822 in Dresden.

Von ihr erſchien im Druck:

Auswahl aus den Gedichten H. W. G's. (beſorgt von F. Jacobs) Gotha 1823.

Ein hübſches lyriſches Talent, das ſich mit Zartheit und Innigkeit ausſpricht.

Chriſtian Fürchtegott Gellert

ward am 4. Juli 1715 zu Haynichen, einem Städtchen im ſächſiſchen Erzgebirge, wo ſein Vater als Prediger lebte, geboren. Die bedrängten Umſtände dieſes Letzteren, der bei ärmlichem Einkommen eine zahlreiche Familie zu verſorgen hatte, zwangen den Knaben, deſſen Fähigkeiten ſich vielverſprechend entwickelten, ſchon früh auf Erwerb zu ſinnen; er beſchäftigte ſich daher mit Abſchreiben und gewann dadurch bald große Gewandtheit in Führung der Feder. Im Jahre 1729 bezog er die Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen, und befreundete ſich hier innig mit Gärtner und Rabener, welche ebenfalls dort gebildet wurden und gleichen Eifer für die Dichtkunſt und die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zeigten. Er ſtudirte darauf Theologie in Leipzig, ſeit 1734, kehrte nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn zu ſeinem Vater zurück, und übernahm dann, da Kränklichkeit und Schüchternheit ihn von dem Beruf eines Predigers abwandten, die Erziehung zweier Adelichen in der Nähe von Dresden. Dieſe Stelle gab er jedoch binnen Kurzem wieder auf, und begleitete 1741 ſeinen Neffen, den er für die Univerſität vorbereitet hatte, nach Leipzig. Hier lebte er wiſſenſchaftlichen Beſchäftigungen und ernährte ſich durch Privatunterricht. — Anfangs neigte er ſich der damals in vollſter Blüthe ſtehenden Gottſchediſchen Schule zu und nahm Theil an den, von Gottſched's eifrigſtem Jünger, herausgegebenen „Beluſtigungen des Verſtandes und Witzes," zu denen er mehrere Beiträge lieferte. Das einſeitige Treiben dieſer Schule und ihre Geſchmackloſigkeit veranlaßten ihn jedoch nach kurzer Zeit, ſich gänzlich von ihr loszuſagen und ſich mit talentvolleren Freunden zu beſſerem Streben zu verbinden. — Im Jahre 1744 erwarb er ſich die Magiſterwürde und hielt ſehr beifällig beſuchte Vorleſungen über Moral und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften. 1751 ward er außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und wirkte fortwährend äußerſt ſegensreich durch Lehre und Beiſpiel. Allgemein geehrt, ſtarb er, nach langen ſchmerzlichen Leiden, gottergeben und heiter, am 13. December 1769 im fünfundfunfzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters.

Seine (C. F. Gellert's ſämmtliche) Schriften (10 Thle. N. verbeſſerte Auflage. Leipzig 1784) enthalten:

1r Thl. Fabeln und Erzählungen.
2r Thl. Moraliſche Gedichte. — Vermiſchte Gedichte. Geiſtliche Oden und Lieder.
3r Thl. Luſtſpiele. — Die zärtlichen Schweſtern. — Das Orakel. — Die Betſchweſter. — Das Loos in der Lotterie. — Sylvia. — Die kranke Frau. — Das Band.
4r Thl. Briefe, nebſt einer praktiſchen Abhandlung über den guten Geſchmack in Briefen. — Leben der ſchwediſchen Gräfin von G.
5r Thl. Einzelne Abhandlungen und Reden.
6r und 7r Thl. Moraliſche Vorleſungen.
8r und 9r Thl. Briefe. 2 Thle.
10r Thl. C. F. Gellert's Leben von J. A. Cramer.

Später erſchienen noch:

Briefwechſel mit Demoiſelle Lucius, herausgegeben von F. A. Ebert. Leipzig 1823.
Aufgefundene Familienbriefe, herausgegeben von A. Th. Leuchte. Freiberg 1819.

Einzelne Schriften, namentlich die Fabeln, die geiſtlichen Oden und Lieder u. ſ. w. erlebten unzählige Auflagen und wurden eben ſo oft unrechtmäßig nachgedruckt. Vollſtändige literariſche Nachrichten über Gellert's Werke finden ſich in: D. H. Döring, Gellert's Leben. Greiz, 1833. 2 Thle.

Die vortrefflichſte Charakteriſtik Gellert's gibt unſtreitig der geiſtreiche und gerechte Bouterweck in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Th. 11 S. 163, wo er von ihm ſagt: Gellert iſt einer der achtungswürdigſten deutſchen Schriftſteller. Sein Andenken herabzuſetzen, wäre unverzeihlicher Undank, obgleich ſeine Schriften nicht für die Nachwelt bleiben konnten, was ſie für ihr Zeitalter waren. Weder ſchöpferiſches Genie, noch philoſophiſcher Geiſt, noch hinreißende Kraft der Darſtellung haben Gellert's Ruhm begründet. Die Schüchternheit ſeines perſönlichen Charakters, ſie mochte nun ihm natürlich oder durch ſeine ununterbrochene Kränklichkeit veranlaßt ſein, ließ ihn auch in der ſchönen Literatur an keine Reform denken, bei der etwas zu wagen war. Aber eben dieſer perſönliche Charakter zeigt ſich auch von der liebenswürdigſten Seite in Gellert's Schriften. Die unerkünſtelte Zartheit und Wärme ſeines moraliſchen Gefühls und die Innigkeit ſeiner chriſtlichen Religioſität ſtanden unter der Aufſicht eines ruhigen Verſtandes, der nicht tief forſchte, aber alles Widerſinnige und Phantaſtiſche weit von ſich entfernt hielt. Den Leichtſinn verabſcheuend, fand er ein liberales Wohlgefallen an allen ihm nur irgend unſchuldig ſcheinenden Freuden der Phantaſie und des Witzes. Die Strenge ſeines moraliſchen Ernſtes ſtörte ihn nicht in der Heiterkeit, die ihm natürlich war und erſt in der zweiten Hälfte ſeines Lebens durch die Hypochondrie verſcheucht wurde. Ein feines Gefühl für Natürlichkeit, Schicklichkeit und richtiges Verhältniß, war die Grundlage ſeines Geſchmacks. Phantaſie und Witz hatte er gerade ſo viel als nöthig iſt, die natürliche Schwäche des Gefühls und des geſunden Verſtandes durch mannigfaltige Reize des Styls zu beleben. Die Klarheit, Leichtigkeit und gefällige Correctheit ſeines Styls mußte ſein Zeitalter um ſo mehr anziehn, weil ſie ſo anſpruchslos iſt, und den Deutſchen, die noch immer nach franzöſiſcher Bildung ſtrebten, im Beiſpiele zeigte, was ſie ſich von den wirklichen Vorzügen des franzöſiſchen Geſchmacks aneignen könnten, in deſſen Beſitz die Gottſched'ſche Schule durch geiſtloſe Befolgung trockener Regeln ſich geſetzt zu haben glaubte. Auf dieſe Art wurde Gellert einer der gemeinnützigſten Schriftſteller, deren das Zeitalter bedurfte, und die es ſich wünſchte. Seine Schriften mußten einen großen Theil des Einfluſſes, den ſie damals auf die allgemeine Bildung hatten, verlieren, ſobald das Publicum anfing, an ſeine Lieblinge Anſprüche zu machen, die Gellert nicht befriedigen konnte; aber ohne Gellert würde es in der Bildung, deren es bedurfte, noch länger zurückgeblieben ſein. —

Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß vor Allem ſeine Fabeln, ſo wie mehrere ſeiner geiſtlichen Lieder, ſich mit Recht in der Gunſt der Nation erhalten haben: die erſteren ſind, ſtreng genommen, noch nicht übertroffen worden, denn keiner ſeiner Nachfolger beſitzt die gutmüthige, ſchalkhafte Behaglichkeit und Naivetät der Darſtellungsweiſe, durch welche Gellert ihnen einen ſo großen bleibenden Reiz zu verleihen wußte. — Seine übrigen Schriften haben, wie B. ſehr treffend bemerkt, ihre Wirkung eigentlich nur ſeiner Perſönlichkeit zu verdanken, welche daher immer geringer werden muß, je mehr wir durch den Fortſchritt der Jahre ihr ſowohl, wie den allgemeinen Zuſtänden, in welchen ſie ſich bewegte, entfremdet werden. Auf keinen Schriftſteller läßt ſich überhaupt mehr und richtiger, als auf Gellert, Buffon's bekannter Ausſpruch anwenden: Le style, c'est l'homme. —

Die ähnlichſten Bildniſſe Gellerts ſind von Bauſe, Geyſer und Preisler, nach einem Originalgemälde von Graff, in Kupfer geſtochen worden. Eine Medaille mit dem wohlgetroffenen Kopfe Gellert's verfertigte und prägte Boltshauſer in Zürich 1779 auf ihn.

Das Schickſal.

O Menſch! was ſtrebſt du doch den Rathſchluß zu ergründen,
Nach welchem Gott die Welt regiert?
Mit endlicher Vernunft willſt du die Abſicht finden,
Die der Unendliche bei ſeiner Schickung führt?
Du ſiehſt bei Dingen, die geſchehen,
Nie das Vergangne recht, und auch die Folge nicht;
Und hoffeſt doch den Grund zu ſehen,
Warum das, was geſchah, geſchicht?
Die Vorſicht iſt gerecht in allen ihren Schlüſſen.
Dieß ſiehſt du freilich nicht bei allen Fällen ein;
Doch wollt'ſt du den Grund von jeder Schickung wiſſen:
So müßteſt du, was Gott iſt, ſeyn.
Begnüge dich, die Abſicht zu verehren,
Die du zu ſehn zu blöd am Geiſte biſt;
Und laß dich hier ein jüdiſch Beiſpiel lehren,
Daß das, was Gott verhängt, aus weiſen Gründen fließt,
Und, wenn dir's grauſam ſcheint, gerechtes Schickſal iſt.

Als Moſes einſt vor Gott auf einem Berge trat,
Und ihn von jenem ew'gen Rath,
Der unſer Schickſal lenkt, um größre Kenntniß bat:
So ward ihm ein Befehl, er ſollte von den Höhen,
Worauf er ſtund, hinab in's Ebne ſehen.
Hier floß ein klarer Quell. Ein reitender Soldat
Stieg bei dem Quell von ſeinem Pferde,
Und trank. Kaum war der Reuter fort:
So lief ein Knabe von der Heerde
Nach einem Trunk an dieſen Ort.
Er fand den Geldſack bei der Quelle,
Der jenem hier entfiel, er nahm ihn, und entwich;
Worauf nach eben dieſer Stelle
Ein Greis gebückt an ſeinem Stabe ſchlich.
Er trank, und ſetzte ſich, um auszuruhen, nieder,
Sein ſchweres Haupt ſank zitternd in das Gras,
Bis es im Schlaf des Alters Laſt vergaß.
Indeſſen kam der Reuter wieder,
Bedrohte dieſen Greis mit wildem Ungeſtüm,
Und foderte ſein Geld von ihm.

Der Alte ſchwört, er habe nichts gefunden,
Der Alte fleht und weint, der Reuter flucht und droht,
Und ſticht zuletzt, mit vielen Wunden,
Den armen Alten wütend todt.

Als Moſes dieſes ſah, fiel er betrübt zur Erden;
Doch eine Stimme rief: Hier kannſt du inne werden,
Wie in der Welt ſich alles billig fügt.
Denn wiß: es hat der Greis, der itzt im Blute liegt,
Des Knabens Vater einſt erſchlagen,
Der den verlohrnen Raub zuvor davon getragen.

Liſette.

Ein junges Weib, ſie hieß Liſette,
Dieß Weibchen lag an Blattern blind.
Nun weiß man wohl, wie junge Weiber ſind;
Drum durft ihr Mann nicht von dem Bette,
So gern er ſie verlaſſen hätte:
Denn läßt ein Weib ſchön, wie Cytheren, ſeyn,
Wenn ſie die Blattern hat: So nimmt ſie nicht mehr ein.
Hier ſitzt der gute Mann, zu ſeiner größten Pein,
Und muß des kranken Weibes pflegen,
Ihr Küſſen oft zu Rechte legen,
Und oft durch ein Gebet um ihre Beſſerung flehn;
Und gleichwohl war ſie nicht mehr ſchön.
Ich hätt ihn mögen beten ſehn.

Der arme Mann! Ich weis ihm nicht zu rathen.
Vielleicht beſinnt er ſich, und thut, was andre thaten.

Ein krankes Weib braucht eine Wärterinn;
Und Lorchen ward dazu erleſen,
Weil ihr Liſettens Eigenſinn
Vor andern längſt bekannt geweſen.
Sie trat ihr Amt dienſtfertig an,
Und wußte ſich in allen Stücken
Gut in die kranke Frau zu ſchicken,
Und auch in den geplagten Mann.
Sie war beſorgt, gefällig, jung und ſchön,
Und alſo ganz geſchickt, mit beiden umzugehn.

Was thut man nicht, um ſich von Gram und Pein,
Von langer Weile zu befreyn!
Der Mann ſieht Lorchen an, und redt mit ihr durch Blicke,
Weil er nicht anders reden darf;
Und jeder Blick, den er auf Lorchen warf,
Kam, wo nicht ganz, doch halb erhört zurücke.
Ach, arme kranke Frau! es iſt dein großes Glücke,
Daß du nicht ſehen kannſt, dein Mann thut recht galant;
Dein Mann, ich wollte viel drauf wetten,
Hat Lorchen ſchon vorher gekannt,
Und ſie mit Fleiß zur Wärterinn ernannt.
Ja wenn ſie blos durch Blicke redten:
So möcht es endlich wohl noch gehn,
Allein bald wird man ſie einander küſſen ſehn.

Er kömmt, und klopft ſie in den Nacken,
Und kneipt ſie in die vollen Backen;
Sie wehrt ſich ganz bequem, bequem wie eine Braut,
Und findet bald für gut, ſich weiter nicht zu wehren.
Sie küſſen ſich recht zärtlich und vertraut;
Allein ſie küßten gar zu laut,
Wie konnt es anders ſeyn? Liſette mußt es hören.
Sie hörts, und fragt: was ſchallt ſo hell?
Madam, Madam! ruft Lorchen ſchnell,
Es iſt ihr Herr, er ächzt vor großem Schmerz,
Und will ſich nicht zufrieden geben.
Ach, ſpricht ſie, lieber Mann, wie redlich meints dein Herz!
O gräme dich doch nicht! Ich bin ja noch am Leben.

Die Verſchwiegenheit.

O Doris, wärſt du nur verſchwiegen:
So wollt ich dir etwas geſtehn,
Ein Glück, ein ungemein Vergnügen : :
Doch nein, ich ſchweige, ſprach Tiren.
Wie! rief die ſchöne Schäferinn,
Du zweifelſt noch, ob ich verſchwiegen bin?
Du kannſt mirs ſicher offenbahren;
Ich ſchwör, es ſolls kein Menſch erfahren.

Du kennſt, verſetzt Tiren, die ſpröde Sylvia,
Die ſchüchtern vor mir floh, ſo oft ſie mich ſonſt ſah.
Ich komme gleich von dieſer kleinen Spröden;
Doch ach, ich darf nicht weiter reden.
Nein, Doris, nein, es geht nicht an;
Es wär um ihre Gunſt, und um mein Glück gethan,
Wenn Sylvia dereinſt erführe,
Daß : : : Dringe nicht in mich, ich halte meine Schwüre.

So liebt ſie dich? fuhr Doris fort.
Ja wohl! Doch ſage ja kein Wort.
Ich hab ihr Herz nun völlig eingenommen,
Und itzt von ihr den erſten Kuß bekommen.
Tiren, ſprach ſie zu mir, mein Herz ſey ewig dein;
Doch eines bitt ich dich, du mußt verſchwiegen ſeyn.
Daß wir uns günſtig ſind, uns treu und zärtlich küſſen,
Braucht niemand auf der Flur, als ich, und du, zu wiſſen.
Drum bitt ich, Doris, ſchweige ja,
Sonſt flieht und haßt mich Sylvia.

Die kleine Doris geht. Doch wird auch Doris ſchweigen?
Ja, die Verſchwiegenheit iſt allen Schönen eigen.
Geſetzt, daß Doris auch es dem Damoet vertraut;
Was iſt es denn nun mehr? Sie ſagt es ja nicht laut.

Ihr Schäfer, ihr Damoet, kömmt ihr verliebt entgegen,
Drückt ihre weiche Hand, und fragt,
Was ihr ſein Freund, Tiren, geſagt?

Damoet! du weißt ja wohl, was wir zu reden pflegen,
Du kennſt den ehrlichen Tiren;
Es war nichts wichtiges, ſonſt würd ich dirs geſtehn.
Er ſagte mir : : : Verlang es nicht zu wiſſen;
Ich hab es ihm verſprechen müſſen,
Daß ich zeitlebens ſchweigen will.

Damoet wird traurig, ſchweiget ſtill,
Umarmt ſein Kind, doch nur mit halbem Feuer.
Die Schäferin erſchrickt, daß ſie Damoetens Kuß
So unvollkommen ſchmecken muß.
Du zürneſt, ruft ſie, mein Getreuer?
O zürne nicht, ich will es dir geſtehn:
Die ſpröde Sylvia ergiebt ſich dem Tiren,
Und hat ihm itzt, in ihrem Leben,
Den allererſten Kuß gegeben;
Allein du mußt verſchwiegen ſeyn.

Damoet verſprichts. Kaum iſt Damoet allein:
So fühlt er ſchon die größte Pein,
Sein neu Geheimniß zu bewahren.
Ja! fängt Damoet zu ſingen an:
Ich will es keinem offenbaren,
Daß Sylvia Tirenen liebt,
Ihm Küſſe nimmt, und Küſſe giebt;
Du, ſtummer Buſch, nur ſollſt erfahren,
Wen Sylvia verſtohlen liebt.

Doch ach! In dieſem Buſch war unſre Sylvia,
Die ſich durch dieſes Lied beſchämt verrathen ſah,
Und eine Heimlichkeit ſo laut erfahren mußte,
Die, ihrer Meynung nach, nur ihr Geliebter wußte.
Sie läuft, und ſucht den Schwätzer, den Tiren.
Ach Schäfer, ach, wie wird dirs gehn!
Mich, fängt ſie an, ſo zu betrüben!
Dich, Plauderer, ſollt ich länger lieben?

Und kurz: Tiren verliert die ſchöne Schäferinn,
Und kömmt, Damoeten anzuklagen.
Ja, ſpricht Damoet, ich muß es ſelber ſagen,
Daß ich nicht wenig ſtrafbar bin;
Allein, wie kannſt du mich den größten Schwätzer nennen?
Du haſt ja ſelbſt nicht ſchweigen können!

Die junge Ente.

Die Henne führt der Jungen Schaar,
Worunter auch ein Entchen war,
Das ſie zugleich mit ausgebrütet.
Der Zug ſoll in den Garten gehn;
Die Alte giebts der Brut durch Locken zu verſtehn;
Und jedes folgt, ſo bald ſie nur gebietet,
Denn ſie gebot mit Zärtlichkeit.

Die Ente wackelt mit; allein nicht gar zu weit.
Sie ſieht den Teich, den ſie noch nicht geſehen,
Sie läuft hinein, ſie badet ſich.
Wie, kleines Thier! Du ſchwimmſt? Wer lehrt es dich?
Wer hieß dich in das Waſſer gehen?
Wirſt du ſo jung das Schwimmen ſchon verſtehen?

Die Henne läuft mit ſtruppigtem Gefieder
Das Ufer zehnmal auf und nieder,
Und will ihr Kind aus der Gefahr befreyn;
Setzt zehnmal an, und fliegt doch nicht hinein,
Denn die Natur heißt ſie das Waſſer ſcheun.
Doch nichts erſchreckt den Muth der Ente;
Sie ſchwimmt beherzt in ihrem Elemente,
Und fragt die Henne ganz erfreut,
Warum ſie denn ſo ängſtlich ſchreyt?

Was dir Entſetzen bringt, bringt jenem oft Vergnügen;
Der kann mit Luſt zu Felde liegen,
Und dich erſchreckt der bloße Name, Held.
Der ſchwimmt beherzt auf offnen Meeren;
Du zitterſt ſchon auf angebundnen Fähren,
Und ſiehſt den Untergang der Welt.
Befürchte nichts vor deſſen Leben,
Der kühne Thaten unternimmt.
Wen die Natur zu der Gefahr beſtimmt,
Dem hat ſie auch den Muth zu der Gefahr gegeben.

Die kranke Frau.

Wer kennt die Zahl von ſo viel böſen Dingen,
Die uns um die Geſundheit bringen!
Doch nöthig iſts, daß man ſie kennen lernt.
Je mehr wir ſolcher Quellen wiſſen,
Woraus Gefahr und Unheil fließen;
Um deſto leichter wird das Uebel ſelbſt entfernt.

Des Mannes theurer Zeitvertreib,
Sulpitia, ein junges ſchönes Weib,
Gieng munter zum Beſuch, krank aber kam ſie wieder,
Und fiel halbtodt aufs Ruhebette nieder.
Sie röchelt. Wie! Gerinnt ihr Blut den Lauf?
Geſchwind löſt ihr die Schnürbruſt auf!
Geſchwind! doch läßt ſich dieß erzwingen?
Sechs Hände waren zwar bereit;
Doch eine Frau aus ihrem Staat zu bringen,
Wie viel erfodert dieß nicht Zeit!

Der arme Mann ſchwimmt ganz in Thränen;
Mit Recht bekümmert ihn dieß Weib.
Zu früh iſts, nach der Gattinn Tod
Im erſten Jahre ſich zu ſehnen.
Er ſchickt nach einem Arzt. Ein junger Aeſculap
Erſcheint ſo gleich im vollem Trab,
Und ſetzt ſich vor das Krankenbette,
Vor dem er ſich ſo eine Miene gab,
Als ob er für den Tod ein ſichres Mittel hätte.
Er fragt den Puls, und da er ihn gefragt,
Schlägt er im Geiſte nach, was ſein Receptbuch ſagt,

Und läßt die Krankheit zu verdringen,
Sich eilends Dint und Feder bringen.

Er ſchreibt. Der Diener läuft. Indeſſen ruft der Mann
Den ſo erfahrnen Arzt bey Seite,
Und fragt, was doch der Zufall wohl bedeute?
Der Doctor ſieht ihn lächelnd an:
„Sie fragen mich, was es bedeuten kann?
„Das brauch ich Ihnen nicht zu ſagen,
„Sie wiſſen ſchon, es zeigt viel gutes an,
„Wenn ſich die jungen Weiber klagen.“

Den Mann erfreut ein ſolcher Unterricht.
Die Nacht verſtreicht, der Trank iſt eingenommen;
Allein der theure Trank hilft nicht.
Drum muß der zweite Doctor kommen.

Er kömmt! Geduld! Nun werden wirs erfahren.
Was iſts? was fehlt der ſchönen Frau?
Der Doctor ſieht es ganz genau,
Daß ſich die Blattern offenbahren.

Sulpitia! erſt ſollſt du ſchwanger ſeyn?
Nun ſollſt du gar die Blattern kriegen?
Ihr Aerzte ſchweigt, und gebt ihr gar nichts ein,
Denn einer muß ſich doch betrügen.
Nein, überlaßt ſie der Natur,
Und dem ihr ſo getreuen Bette;
Geſetzt, daß ſie die ſchlimmſte Krankheit hätte:
So iſt ſie nicht ſo ſchlimm, als eure Kur.

Geduld! Vielleicht geneſt ſie heute.
Der Mann kömmt nicht von ihrer Seite,
Und eh die Stunde halb verſtreicht,
Fragt er ſie hundertmal, obs noch nicht beſſer iſt?
Ach ungeſtümer Mann, du nöthigſt ſie zum Sprechen.
Wie? wird ſie nicht das Reden ſchwächen!
Sie ſpricht ja mit gebrochnem Ton,
Und an der Sprache hörſt du ſchon,
Daß ſich die Schmerzen ſtets vergrößern.
Bald wird es ſich mit deiner Gattinn beſſern!
Der Tod, der Tod bringt ſchon herein,
Sie von der Marter zu befreyn!

Wer pocht? Es wird der Doctor ſeyn;
Doch nein, der Schneider kömmt, und bringt ein Kleid getragen.
Sulpitia fängt an, die Augen aufzuſchlagen.
Er kömmt, ſo ſtammelt ſie, er kömmt zu rechter Zeit;
Iſt dieß vielleicht mein Sterbekleid?
Ja, wie er ſieht, ſo werd ich bald erblaſſen;
Doch hätte mich der Himmel leben laſſen:
So hätt ich mir ein ſolches Kleid beſtellt,
Von ſolchem Stoff, als er, er wirds ſchon wiſſen,
Für meine Freundinn machen müſſen;
Es iſt nichts ſchöners auf der Welt.
Als ich zuletzt Beſuch gegeben:
So trug ſie dieſes neue Kleid;
Doch geh er nur. O kurzes Leben!
Es iſt doch alles Eitelkeit!

O faſſe dich, betrübter Mann!
Du hörſt ja, daß dein Weib noch ziemlich reden kann.
O laß die Hoffnung nicht verſchwinden!
Der Athem wird ſich wieder finden.

Der Schneider geht, der Mann begleitet ihn,
Sie reden heimlich vor der Thüre.
Der Schneider thut die größten Schwüre,
Und eilt, die Sache zu vollziehn.

Noch vor dem Abend kömmt er wieder.
Sulpitia liegt noch darnieder,
Und dankt ihm ſeufzend für den Gruß.
Allein wer ſagt, was doch der Schneider bringen muß?
Er hat es in ein Tuch geſchlagen,
Er wickelts aus. O welche Seltenheit;
Dieß iſt der Stoff, dieß iſt das reiche Kleid.
Allein was ſoll es ihr? Sie kann es ja nicht tragen.

Ach Engel, ſpricht der Mann, bey ſanftem Händedrücken,
Mein ganz Vermögen gäb ich hin,
Könnt ich dich nur geſund in dieſem Schmuck erblicken.
O! fängt ſie an, ſo kränkt ich dich?
So kann ich Ihnen doch, mein Lieber, nichts verſagen.
Ich will mich aus dem Bette wagen;
So können Sie noch heute ſehn,
Wie mir das neue Kleid wird ſtehn.

Man bringt den Schirm, und ſie verläßt das Bette,
So ſchwach, als ob ſie ſchon ein Jahr gelegen hätte.
Man putzt ſie an, getroſt trinkt ſie Kaffee.
Kein Finger thut ihr weiter weh.
Der Krankheit Grund war bloß ein Kleid geweſen,
Und durch das Kleid muß ſie geneſen.
So heilt des Schneiders kluge Hand
Ein Uebel, das kein Arzt gekannt.

Der gute Rath.

Ein junger Menſch, der ſich vermählen wollte,
Und dem man manchen Vorſchlag that,
Bat einen Greis um einen guten Rath,
Was für ein Weib er nehmen ſollte?

Freund, ſprach der Greis, das weiß ich nicht.
So gut man wählt, kann man ſich doch betrügen.
Sucht ihr ein Weib bloß zum Vergnügen:
So wählet euch ein ſchön Geſicht;
Doch liegt euch mehr an Renten und am Stande,
Als am verliebten Zeitvertreib:
So dien ich euch mit einem andern Rathe,
Bemüht euch um ein reiches Weib;
Doch ſtrebt ihr durch die Frau nach einem hohen Range,
Nun ſo vergeßt, daß beſſre Mädchen ſind,
Wählt eines großen Mannes Kind,
Und unterſucht die Wahl nicht lange;
Doch wollt ihr mehr für eure Seele wählen,
Als für die Sinnen und den Leib:
So wagts, um euch nach Wunſche zu vermählen,
Und wählt euch ein gelehrtes Weib.
Hier ſchwieg der Alte lachend ſtill.

Ach, ſprach der junge Menſch, das will ich ja nicht wiſſen:
Ich frage, welches Weib ich werde wählen müſſen,
Wenn ich zufrieden leben will?
Und wenn ich, ohne mich zu grämen : : :

O, fiel der Greis ihm ein, da müßt ihr keine nehmen.

Die beiden Mädchen.

Zwo junge Mädchen hofften beide,
Worauf? Gewiß auf einen Mann;
Denn dieß iſt doch die größte Freude,
Auf die ein Mädchen hoffen kann.
Die jüngſte Schweſter, Philippine,
War nicht unordentlich gebaut;
Sie hatt ein rund Geſicht, und eine zarte Haut;
Doch eine ſehr gezwungne Miene.
So feſt geſchnürt ſie immer gieng,
So viel ſie Schmuck ins Ohr, und vor den Buſen hieng,
So ſchön ſie auch ihr Haar zuſammen rollte:
So ward ſie doch bey alle dem,
Je mehr man ſah, daß ſie gefallen wollte,
Um deſto minder angenehm.

Die andre Schweſter, Caroline,
War im Geſichte nicht ſo zart;
Doch frey und reizend in der Miene,
Und liebreich mit gelaßner Art.
Und wenn man auf den heitern Wangen
Gleich kleine Sommerflecken fand:
Ward ihrem Reiz doch nichts dadurch entwandt,
Und ſelbſt ihr Reiz ſchien, ſolche zu verlangen.
Sie putzte ſich nicht mühſam aus,
Sie prahlte nicht mit theuern Koſtbarkeiten.
Ein artig Band, ein friſcher Strauß,
Die über ihren Ort, den ſie erlangt, ſich freuten,
Und eine nach dem Leib wohl abgemeßne Tracht,
War Carolinens ganze Pracht.

Ein Freyer kam; man wies ihm Philippinen;
Er ſah ſie an, erſtaunt, und hielt ſie ſchön;
Allein ſein Herz blieb frey, er wollte wieder gehn.
Kaum aber ſah er Carolinen:
So blieb er vor Entzückung ſtehn.

Im Bilde dieſer Frauenzimmer
Zeigt ſich die Kunſt und die Natur;
Die erſte prahlt mit weit geſuchtem Schimmer,
Sie feſſelt nicht; ſie blendet nur.
Die andre ſucht durch Einfalt zu gefallen,
Läßt ſich beſcheiden ſehn; und ſo gefällt ſie allen.

Der Maler.

Ein kluger Maler in Athen,
Der minder, weil man ihn bezahlte,
Als, weil er Ehre ſuchte, malte,
Ließ einen Kenner einſt den Mars im Bilde ſehn,
Und bat ſich ſeine Meinung aus.
Der Kenner ſagt' ihm frey heraus,
Daß ihm das Bild nicht ganz gefallen wollte,
Und daß es, um recht ſchön zu ſeyn,
Weit minder Kunſt verrathen ſollte.
Der Maler wandte vieles ein:
Der Kenner ſtritt mit ihm aus Gründen,
Und konnt' ihn doch nicht überwinden.

Gleich trat ein junger Geck herein,
Und nahm das Bild in Augenſchein.
O, rief er, bey dem erſten Blicke,
Ihr Götter, welch ein Meiſterſtücke!
Ach welcher Fuß! O wie geſchickt
Sind nicht die Nägel ausgedrückt!
Mars lebt durchaus in dieſem Bilde.
Wie viele Kunſt, wie viele Pracht,
Iſt in dem Helm, und in dem Schilde,
Und in der Rüſtung angebracht!

Der Maler ward beſchämt gerühret,
Und ſah den Kenner kläglich an.
Nun, ſprach er, bin ich überführet!
Ihr habt mir nicht zu viel gethan.
Der junge Geck war kaum hinaus:
So ſtrich er ſeinen Kriegsgott aus.

Wenn deine Schrift dem Kenner nicht gefällt:
So iſt es ſchon ein böſes Zeichen;
Doch wenn ſie gar des Narren Lob erhält:
So iſt es Zeit, ſie auszuſtreichen.

Von den Troſtgründen wider ein ſieches Leben.

Ich halte es nicht für unnöthig, meinen Leſern zu ſagen, ehe ich mit ihnen von den Troſtgründen wider ein ſieches Leben rede, daß ich ſelber mit dieſem Uebel ſeit verſchiedenen Jahren beſchweret bin. Es iſt wahr, daß ich deswegen nicht gründlicher, deutlicher und ordentlicher von dieſen Gründen handeln werde, als ein anderer; aber vielleicht kann man kräftiger und nachdrücklicher von einer Sache ſprechen, wenn man ſie ſelber empfunden hat. Es giebt eine gewiſſe Beredſamkeit des Herzens, die nicht ſo wohl durch den Verſtand erzeugt, als durch die innerliche Empfindung unterſtützet wird. Sie erwecket die Aufmerkſamkeit und das Vertrauen des Andern. Und wie viel hat derjenige nicht gewonnen, der ſeine Leſer in dieſe Gemüthsverfaſſung ſetzen kann! Sie werden die Wahrheit noch einmal ſo begierig annehmen, als ſie nicht thun würden, wenn er ſie gleich durch die deutlichſte und tiefſinnigſte Abhandlung in Erſtaunen und Verwunderung geſetzet hätte. Wenn dieſes ſeine Richtigkeit hat: ſo muß es denen Kranken, die man beruhigen will, lieber ſeyn, den zu hören, dem die Erfahrung und innerliche Ueberzeugung zu Hülfe kömmt, als einen, der dieſen Vortheil entbehret. Wie glücklich will ich mich ſchätzen, wenn ich meinen ſiechen Mitgeſellen die Laſt, unter der ſie ſeufzen, durch dieſe Schrift in etwas erleichtere! Dieſe Abſicht hoffe ich um deſto eher zu erreichen, je weniger ich durch dieſe Blätter nach dem Ruhme des Witzes und der Gelehrſamkeit ſtrebe, der uns oft verführet, mehr für das, was gefällt, als für das Wahre und Nützliche bey unſerm Unterrichte zu ſorgen. Ich ſelber will mich mit beruhigen, indem ich andere zu beruhigen ſuche, und eben dieſe Bemühung ſoll mir zu einem neuen Troſtgrunde der ſiechen Stunden dienen.

Wir ſagen mehrentheils, daß derjenige ein ſieches Leben führe, der mit gewiſſen Plagen des Körpers beläſtiget iſt, die ihn nie ganz verlaſſen, oder doch ſelten von ihm weichen; der viele Jahre, oder die größte, oder die ganze Zeit ſeines Lebens mehr krank, als geſund iſt. Da eine Krankheit an und für ſich ſchmerzhafter iſt, als die andere; da ſie hier länger anhält, als dort; hier öfter kömmt, dort geſchwinder weicht; bey dieſem mehr Theile angreift, als bey dem andern; hier mehr die Kräfte des Leibes, dort zugleich die Kräfte des Gemüths ſchwächt; dem einen faſt alles Vergnügen des menſchlichen Lebens raubt; dem andern noch gute Stunden gönnt; kurz, da ſich ſowohl bey den Krankheiten, als bey den Perſonen, als bey den äußerlichen Umſtänden derſelben eine große Ungleichheit findet: ſo ſcheinet es, daß man ſo viele beſondere Troſtgründe aufſuchen müßte, als ſieche Menſchen ſind. Allein wenn auch dieſe Mühe nicht unmöglich wäre: ſo iſt ſie doch nicht nöthig. Alle, die ein ſieches Leben führen, laſſen ſich bey ihrer großen Ungleichheit doch darinn mit einander vereinen, daß ſie ihren Zuſtand für ein Uebel halten, und ſich die Befreyung von demſelben wünſchen. In ſo weit kann man einerley Mittel für ſie alle brauchen. Alles, was daraus folget, iſt, daß es bey dem einen mehr oder weniger, geſchwinder oder langſamer wirken wird. Nachdem der Troſt mehr oder weniger Widerſtand finden wird, nachdem wird er mehr oder weniger ausrichten. Bey allen muß er doch die Kraft haben, ſie größten Theils zu beruhigen, die Hinderniſſe mögen ſo ſtark ſeyn, wie ſie wollen, wenn er anders ein vollſtändiges Mittel ſeyn ſoll.

Es giebt einen andern Unterſchied bey den ſiechen Tagen der Menſchen, der mehr zu ſagen, und einen größern Einfluß in die Troſtgründe hat. Das Uebel eines ſiechen Lebens hat verſchiedene Quellen. Es kann entweder eine Schuld der Natur, oder ein beſonderes Verhängniß von Gott ſeyn; oder es kann von unſern oder von den freyen Handlungen anderer herrühren. Oder es kann endlich in Anſehung unſerer Gewißheit eine unbekannte Quelle haben, das heißt, wir können nicht wiſſen, wem wir es eigentlich zuſchreiben ſollen.

Man ſieht leicht, daß vier Perſonen, die aus vier verſchiedenen Urſachen ſich mit einem ſiechen Körper tragen, nicht aus einem und eben demſelben Grunde ſich aufrichten können. Welcher Unterſchied herrſcht nicht blos unter denenjenigen, die ſich ſelber für die Verwüſter ihrer Geſundheit halten müſſen! Bald können wir aus Schwachheit des Verſtands, bald aus Uebereilung, bald durch vielen Fleiß in Geſchäften, bald durch einen plötzlich erregten Affekt, bald durch flüchtige Laſter, bald durch lange Unordnung und anhaltende Thorheit uns einen ſiechen Körper zugezogen haben. Wie viele haben ſich nicht durch eine gut gemeinte Arzeney, durch einen unvorſichtigen Trunk, durch einen plötzlichen Zorn, durch eine ungeſtüme Rachſucht um die Geſundheit gebracht! Wird ſich nicht von dieſen immer einer leichter oder ſchwerer tröſten können, als der andere!

Wer ſich alſo bey einem ſiechen Leben mit Nachdruck tröſten will, der muß genau unterſuchen, wem er dieſes Uebel zuzuſchreiben habe. Ein Menſch, der durch allerhand Ausſchweifungen ſein eigener Peiniger geworden iſt, bey dem die Laſter ein quälendes Gift in ſeinen Säften zurück gelaſſen haben, und der aus Betrug des Herzens ſein Elend zu einer göttlichen Schickung macht, wird durch dieſe Verſtellung niemals recht ruhig werden. Es wird ſich ſtets ein heimlicher Widerſpruch in ihm regen, der dem Troſtgrunde, daß ihm Gott aus heiligen Urſachen die Laſt aufgelegt habe, ſeine Kraft rauben wird. Er wird zu gewiſſen Stunden glauben, daß er getroſt ſey, und er wird in kurzer Zeit, wenn ſein Gewiſſen zu reden anfängt, eine Unruhe des Geiſtes fühlen, die gar nicht weichen will, ſo ſehr er ſie ſich auch durch den Gedanken von dem göttlichen Verhängniſſe zu vertreiben ſucht. So viel als ein balſamiſches Pflaſter auf einer gereinigten Wunde nützen wird: ſo wenig wird es da helfen, wo die Fäulniß durch ſcharfe Mittel noch nicht gehoben iſt. Wer aus natürlicher Schwermuth und Furchtſamkeit die Leiden ſeines Körpers für ſelbſtgemachte Plagen und für den Lohn ſeiner Thorheit anſieht, da es doch Folgen der Beſchaffenheit ſeiner ſchwachen Natur, oder göttliche Schickungen ſind, der wird die Bangigkeit ſeiner Seele eben ſo wenig beſtreiten, als ein Menſch, der durch ſein wallendes Blut in eine furchtſame Einbildung im Schlafe geräth, und doch glaubt, daß er von böſen Geiſtern beunruhiget werde.

Indeſſen muß ich geſtehen, daß der Rath, die Quellen ſeines ſiechen Lebens wohl zu unterſuchen, gar nicht ſo leicht iſt, als es ſcheinet. Oft ſtehet uns die Unmöglichkeit, oft die Eigenliebe im Wege, wenn wir auf den Grund unſerer ſiechen Tage zurück gehen wollen. Und eben die Ungewißheit, daß wir nicht einſehen können, ob unſere Schmerzen Früchte unſerer eigenen Thorheit und Bosheit, oder Wirkungen der natürlichen Geburt, oder heilſame Plagen von Gott, oder die Schulden anderer Menſchen ſind; eben dieſe Ungewißheit ſchlägt uns oft am meiſten nieder. Wie bald würde der traurige Theil, der ſich kaum zu laſſen weis, dahin gebracht werden, ſein Leiden geduldig zu ertragen, wenn man ihm zeigen könnte, daß es ihm Gott oder die Geburt auferlegt habe, und daß er ohne Schuld ſey! Wie bald würde Charinus, der die Güte Gottes und ſeine harte Plagen des Leibes nicht mit einander vereinen kann, vieles von ſeinem Unmuthe fallen laſſen, wenn er überführt werden könnte, daß nicht ſo wohl die göttliche

Fügung, als er ſelbſt die Urſache ſeiner Schmerzen ſey! Allein es iſt in vielen und vielleicht in den meiſten Fällen ſchwer auszumachen, ob unſere Siechheit ein durch unſere Schuld verurſachtes Uebel, oder ein von Gott verordnetes oder verhängtes Elend ſey. Chremes genießt bis in ſein zwanzigſtes Jahr einer guten Geſundheit. Von dieſer Zeit an wird er mit ſchmerzhaften Zufällen geplagt, welche ſich mit den Jahren immer feſter ſetzen, und ihn, ſeiner Vorſorge und ſtrengen Lebensart ungeachtet, zu einem lebendigen Gerippe machen. Er geſteht, daß er in ſeinen jungen Jahren verſchiedene Ausſchweifungen im Trunke, oder in der Wolluſt begangen habe. Allein, fährt er fort, mein Vater war auch ſiech. Woher weis ich, ob ich mein Uebel nicht vielmehr durch das Blut geerbet, als mir durch meine Thorheiten zugezogen habe. Mein Freund, Portius, der zehn Jahre älter iſt, als ich bin, und wohl zwanzig Jahre der Trunkenheit und der Wolluſt ergeben geweſen, fühlet ſo wenig eine Abnahme an ſeinen Kräften, daß er ſich vielmehr recht wohl befindet. Und ich ſoll durch etliche Ausſchweifungen mich um den Beſitz der Geſundheit gebracht haben? Es kann ſeyn; aber wo weis ichs? Es iſt wahrſcheinlich; aber iſt das Gegentheil nicht auch wahrſcheinlich? Kann ich nicht die Schuld der Natur an meinem Leibe tragen? Cleon iſt von Jugend auf ſiech geweſen; aber mit den Jahren wächſt das Uebel. Er hat einen ordentlichen Wandel geführet. Allein er erinnert ſich doch verſchiedener Thorheiten und Schwachheiten. Und wer iſt ſo rein, daß ihm ſein Gewiſſen keine offenbaren Vergehungen vorrücken ſollte? Cleon fragt nicht nach dem Urſprunge ſeines Elendes. Er will nur wiſſen, ob er es nicht durch dieſe oder jene That vermehre. Er ſieht auf der einen Seite tauſend Urſachen, die wider unſere Schuld eine eingewurzelte Krankheit vergrößern. Auf der andern Seite ſieht er ſeine eigenen Thorheiten. Auch dieſe können das ihrige beygetragen haben.

Wäre es nicht ſtets unmöglich, hinter die wahren Urſachen zu kommen: ſo macht doch unſere Eigenliebe dem Verſtande tauſend Blendwerke vor, durch welche er nicht durchdringen kann. Keiner will gern die ganze Urſache ſeines Unglücks ſeyn. Iſt er ſehr billig, ſo will er nur einen Theil der Schuld tragen. Einem andern fällt dieſes ſchon ſchwer. Und ſo gern als wir alle glücklich ſeyn wollen, eben ſo gern wollen wir auch, wenn wir leiden, unſchuldig leiden. Dieſes Verlangen macht uns erſtlich ſinnreich, durch allerhand Ausflüchte die Schuld von uns abzulehnen, und zugleich macht es uns blind, die Urſache zu ſehen, die wir nicht gern ſehen wollen. Kurz, wir bleiben bey einer aufrichtigen Prüfung entweder noch ungewiß, und dieſes iſt ſchon Elend genug. Oder wir verſehen uns, und halten unvermeidliche Uebel für ſolche, die wir uns verurſachet haben. Dieſes vermehret ohne Noth unſere Traurigkeit. Oder wir klagen Gott und die Natur an, wo wir uns beſchuldigen ſollten, und ſtärken durch dieſe Klagen unſern Unmuth. Oder wir richten uns mit der göttlichen Schickung auf, und fühlen doch, weil wir ſelbſt Schuld ſind, nie eine Beruhigung. So wahr dieſes und jenes iſt, um deſto mehr müſſen wir ſorgfältig den Grund des Verluſts unſerer Geſundheit unterſuchen. So ſchwer es iſt, ſo folgt doch nichts daraus, als daß wir deſto behutſamer bey dieſer Prüfung verfahren müſſen. So wenig als wir endlich allemal zu einer völligen Gewißheit kommen werden; ſo viel gewinnen wir doch, wenn wir wiſſen, daß wir uns alle Mühe gegeben haben, ſie zu erlangen. In dieſem Falle kann die Ungewißheit ein Glück für uns werden. Vielleicht ſind wir die einzige Urſache unſers ungeſunden Lebens. Sähen wir dieſes gewiß ein, ſo würden wir aus natürlicher Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit oft gar nicht getröſtet werden können. Die Vorſicht hat unſtreitig aus großer Güte viele Urſachen unſers Unglücks mit einem Vorhange umzogen, weil viele den Anblick derſelben gar nicht zu ertragen fähig ſeyn würden. Ob nun gleich die meiſten ſiechen Menſchen nicht mit vollkommener Gewißheit die Urſachen ihrer Schmerzen entdecken werden: ſo darf ſie doch dieſes gar nicht abhalten, gar keinen Ausſpruch zu thun. Wo wir zu keiner völligen Gewißheit gelangen können, da iſt die Wahrſcheinlichkeit ſo gut, als die ausgemachte Wahrheit. Damon, der zehn, oder noch mehr Jahre ſehr unmäßig gelebet, und ſeiner Natur ſchon in ihrer Blüte alles das abgedrungen hat, was ſie kaum leiſtet, wenn ſie reif iſt, dieſer Damon zweifelt, wem er ſeine erſchöpften Kräfte, ſeine vertrockneten Lebensgeiſter, ſeinen Krampf in den Gefäßen des Leibes zuſchreiben ſoll. Und was hält ihn ab, daß er ſich und ſeine begangene Laſter nicht zur Urſache davon macht? Eine ſchwere Krankheit, die er in ſeinem achten Jahre ausgeſtanden; ein Fall von einem Baume, den er in ſeinem zehnten Jahre gethan. Wer weis, ſagt er, was jene langwierige Krankheit für ein ſchleichendes Gift in mir zurück gelaſſen hat, das itzt erſt anfängt zu wirken! Wer weis, was der hohe Fall in dem Baue der zarten Nerven verletzet hat, daß mein Körper nunmehr ſo ſichtbar untergeht! Damon hat nicht Urſache, länger ungewiß zu bleiben. Seine Krankheit, ſein Fall in der Jugend ſind entfernte Urſachen. Man kann ohne dieſe Dinge durch bloße Unmäßigkeit ſich ſchon in das ſiecheſte Leben ſtürzen. Warum will er alſo nicht glauben, daß er ſein eigener Verderber geweſen ſey? Oder woher kann er vermuthen, daß ſein Leib nicht weit dauerhafter geweſen ſeyn würde, wenn er ihn durch anhaltende Ausſchweifungen nicht ſelbſt verwüſtet hätte? Geſetzt er wäre, wenn er auch vernünftig gelebt hätte, mit dem Anwachſe der Jahre eben ſo ſiech geworden: Geſetzt ſeine Laſter wären nicht Schuld: ſo hat er doch nur eine Möglichkeit vor ſich. Dieſe kann ihn, wenn er vernünftig iſt, nicht verhindern, einer Wahrſcheinlichkeit Gehör zu geben. Und ſo gewiß es auch in den Augen Gottes ſeyn möchte, daß ſein Fall von dem Baume ihn ſiech gemacht: ſo wird er doch in ſeinem Herzen nie ruhig werden können, wenn er nicht glaubt, daß er durch ſeine Ausſchweifungen ſich ſelber entkräftet habe.

Wir können nunmehr das Geſchlecht der Siechen in zwo Hauptlinien theilen. In der einen ſtehen diejenigen, die es gewiß oder doch wahrſcheinlich wiſſen, daß ſie Schuld an ihrem Leiden ſind, oder nicht. In der andern diejenigen, die es weder gewiß, noch mit zulänglicher Vermuthung wiſſen können. Beyde Arten trennen ſich im Anfange auf dem Wege zu ihrem Troſte, und beyde kommen doch endlich wieder zuſammen. Wir glauben durch dieſe Erinnerungen uns die Bahn zu der Anzahl der Troſtgründe geöffnet zu haben. Man kann, wenn man alle, die ſiech ſind, aus einem gewiſſen Geſichtspunkte betrachtet, ſagen, daß es nur einen Troſtgrund für ſie alle giebt. Und man redt ſehr wahr. Man kann aber auch ſagen, daß es zwo Gattungen der Troſtgründe, ja daß es ſo viele Arten derſelben giebt, als Perſonen ſind, und man redt nicht unrecht.

Allein was heißt tröſten? Was iſt ein wahrer Troſtgrund? Vielen wird dieſe Frage unnöthig ſcheinen. Man glaubt, daß man gewiſſe Wörter ſehr wohl verſtehe, weil man ſie täglich im Munde hat. Und es ſind doch oft in ihrer Bedeutung keine ungewiſſer, als diejenigen, deren ſich alle bedienen. Wie uneinig würden die Beſchreibungen ausſehen, wenn man zehn Perſonen ſagen ließe, was tröſten heiße! Was Troſtgründe wären! So viel iſt gewiß. Keiner von denen, welche einen tröſten wollen, will eigentlich die Schmerzen des Leibes ſtillen, ſondern nur des Geiſtes, die aus jenen entſtehen. Will man nun ſagen, tröſten heiße die Schmerzen der Seele vertreiben, oder lindern, die aus dem Leiden des Leibes bey einem ſiechen Menſchen entſpringen: ſo fragt ſichs nur, wie man dieſe verringern oder heben kann, wenn man jene nicht vermindert oder wegſchafft. Gleichwohl muß tröſten, wenn es etwas heißen ſoll, eben dieſes bedeuten. Und wir ſehen kein Mittel dazu, als die Vorſtellungen und die Kraft gewiſſer Wahrheiten. Wenn die Unruhe der Seele nur in gewiſſen Vorſtellungen des Geiſtes beſtünde: ſo ließe es ſich leicht begreifen, wie eine Vorſtellung durch die andere könnte vermindert werden. Allein dieſe Unruhe iſt mit einer Empfindung verknüpft. Und wie wird ſie durch eine bloße Vorſtellung des Verſtandes können unterdrückt werden! Orgon iſt zum Exempel lange Zeit mit heftigen Steinſchmerzen geplagt. Seine Seele leidet mit, weil ſein Körper leidet. Der andere, der ſeinen körperlichen Schmerzen nicht wehren kann, will doch die Bangigkeit ſeiner Seelen lindern. Er will ihn tröſten, und zwar durch die Vorſtellung einer Wahrheit. Er ſagt ihm in der ſtoiſchen Sprache, daß die Schmerzen des Leibes kein Uebel wären, und daß der Beſitz des wahren Gutes nur in der Tugend beſtünde. Wer dieſe hätte, der wäre von allem Uebel frey. Ich will annehmen, daß Orgon dieſen Satz glaubt. Was wird entſtehen? Sein Verſtand ſagt ihm, daß er nicht unglücklich iſt, und ſeine Empfindung behauptet, daß ers iſt. Er will die trüben Wolken ſeines Geiſtes durch das Licht der Wahrheit brechen, und es ſteigen aus ſeiner Empfindung ſtets neue auf. Er will es gern glauben, daß er nicht elend iſt, und er wird doch genöthiget, es für wahr zu halten. Was hilft mirs, daß man mir ſagt, der Schmerz iſt kein Uebel! Hört deswegen mein Gefühl auf? Wenn alſo durch die bloße Vorſtellung im Gedanken kein Schmerz, den ich wirklich fühle, aufgehoben oder gelindert werden kann: ſo iſt kein Weg des Troſtes übrig, als daß ich Empfindungen mit Empfindungen vermindere oder vertreibe. Das heißt, wenn ich meinem Verſtande nicht ſolche Wahrheiten vorhalten kann, die eine angenehme Empfindung in meiner Seele wirken: ſo werde ich ihren gegenwärtigen Schmerz nie vermindern. Irre ich nicht, ſo iſt dieſes die wahre Geſtalt des Troſtes. Die Erfahrung mag Zeuge ſeyn. Philemon hat tauſend Thaler verloren. Er ſieht dieſes Geld für ein nothwendiges Stück ſeiner Zufriedenheit an. Man ſage ihm noch ſo viel von der Nichtigkeit der ſinnlichen Güter vor. Man zeige ihm ſonnenklar, daß ſie nicht glücklich machen. Wird man ihn dadurch beruhigen? Er entbehret mit dieſem Gelde vieles von ſeinem Vergnügen, von ſeiner Bequemlichkeit. Dieſer Verluſt kränkt ſeine Begierde glücklich zu ſeyn, und verurſacht ihm unangenehme Empfindungen, die nicht aus bloſſen Vorſtellungen, ſondern aus einem wirklichen Verluſte herrühren. Wie kann nun die Betrachtung von der Eitelkeit der Güter den Mangel des Vergnügens und der Bequemlichkeit erſetzen, worinnen Philemon ſein Glück ſucht? Man mache ihm hingegen Hoffnung, daß er die verlornen tauſend Thaler zweymal, oder daß er wenigſtens eben ſo viel bald wieder gewinnen werde, ſo wird er ſich leicht zu frieden geben. Und woher dieſes? Man hat Empfindung mit Empfindung beſtritten. Die Vorſtellung, daß er gewinnen würde, blieb nicht bloß im Verſtande, ſie drang in das Herz. Die Einbildung zeigte ihm alle die Vortheile ſo lebendig, daß er das Vergnügen der Hoffnung ſchmecken mußte. Auf dieſe Art beſtritt ein wirkliches Vergnügen ein wirkliches Misvergnügen. Der Kranke, dem die Natur den Beſitz der Geſundheit nicht gegönnet hat, weis heute die Traurigkeit ſeines Geiſtes nicht länger zu unterdrücken. Sein Freund will ihn mit dem Troſtgrunde der unumgänglichen Nothwendigkeit aufrichten. Sie, ſpricht er, helfen ſich nichts durch ihren Unmuth. Sie vermehren nur die Schmerzen des Leibes dadurch. Faſſen ſie ſich in Geduld. Es iſt nicht zu ändern. Dieſe Welt iſt die beſte. Gott hat ſie einmal ſo geordnet und was er macht, iſt gut und kann nicht geändert werden. Die Welt, ſollte ſie das ſeyn, was ſie iſt, konnte ohne ſieche Menſchen nicht ſeyn. Was wird der arme Kranke für eine Beruhigung daraus ziehen können, daß ſein Uebel ein unvermeidliches Elend iſt? Leidet der weniger, der da weis, daß er leiden muß? Man überführe ihn hingegen, daß ihm Gott in kurzer Zeit eine dauerhafte Geſundheit geben wird: ſo wird er die größten Schmerzen mit einer gewiſſen Freudigkeit des Geiſtes ertragen. Das Gefühl der Hoffnung macht den Geiſt munter, und der Schmerz des Leibes kann den ganzen Raum der Seele, daß ich ſo rede, nicht mehr einnehmen, weil eine Seite davon mit dem Vergnügen einer lebendigen Hoffnung angefüllet iſt. Man nehme tauſend Exempel zu Hülfe: ſo wird ſich bey allen zeigen laſſen, daß derjenige am ſicherſten und kräftigſten tröſtet, der die ſicherſte und ſtärkſte Hoffnung erwecken kann. Und zwar daher, weil die Hoffnung allezeit mit einem gegenwärtigen Vergnügen verknüpft iſt. Tröſten wird alſo überhaupt ſo viel ſeyn, als eine lebhafte Hoffnung in dem Herzen des Elenden erwecken, daß er noch glücklich werden wird. Wenn dieſes ſeine Richtigkeit hat: ſo wird ſichs von ſich ſelber geben, daß dieſes die beſten Troſtgründe ſind, die uns die ſtärkſte und meiſte Hoffnung glücklich zu werden, einflößen. Es kömmt hier auf zweyerley an. Die Hoffnung muß lebendig und auf eine unfehlbare Gewißheit gegründet ſeyn, ſonſt wird ſie keine Empfindung des Vergnügens wirken können. Das Glück, das ſie mir verſpricht, muß entweder eben das ſeyn, was ich mir wünſche, und was ich entbehre, oder es muß gar noch größer ſeyn. Alle diejenigen Troſtgründe, die zu dieſem Zwecke nicht geſchickt ſind, verdienen den Namen der wahren Tröſtungen nicht. Es wird ſich nunmehr leicht zeigen laſſen, daß die Religion allein die wahren und beſten Troſtgründe in den Händen hat. Alle Vernunft, alle Philoſophie erreicht das Große und Erhabene nicht, womit uns die Religion aufrichtet.

Indem ich dieſes behaupte: ſo ſehe ich verſchiedene Gattungen von Widerſachern wider mich aufſtehen. Einige, denen alles verächtlich und zuwider iſt, was aus der Religion kömmt, werden dieſen Satz für unrichtig, und mich für einen frommen Schwätzer halten. Andere, die die Religion eben nicht haſſen, aber auch zugleich die Vernunft nicht ſo wohl wegen ihrer Stärke lieben, ſondern weil ſie unſerm Stolze zu Hülfe kömmt, werden mir vorwerfen, daß ich die Religion auf Koſten der Vernunft erhöhe. Andere, welche die Religion aus gutem Herzen, aus einer geheimen Ehrfurcht, die oft mehr von der Erziehung, als von der Ueberzeugung herkömmt, gern bey ihrer Hoheit laſſen, werden mir ſagen, daß ſie die Kraft derſelben, uns zu tröſten, nicht läugneten, aber daß ſie ſo unglücklich wären, ſie nicht zu fühlen.

Ich will dieſen dreyen ſo gut antworten, als es ihre Einwürfe verdienen. Derjenige, der die Religion entweder aus Mangel der Einſicht, oder aus Begierde ſich alles zu erlauben, für nichts göttliches hält, kann unmöglich mit der Meynung zufrieden ſeyn, daß ihre Wahrheiten am geſchickteſten ſind, einen ſiechen Menſchen aufzurichten. Er lacht über unſern Unverſtand und heißt uns blödſinnig, wenn er auf die Beweiſe für die Wahrheit der Religion geführet wird. Ich ſchmeichle mir gar nicht, daß ich ſolche ſtarke Geiſter überführen werde. Ich bitte ſie nur, mir zu ſagen, was in der Art, ſich durch die Religion zu tröſten, unvernünftiges enthalten iſt.

Mentor mag ſein Elend erzählen, und ſich nach den Grundſätzen der Religion tröſten. Sie ſollen zugleich urtheilen, wider welch Geſetz der Vernunft er verſtößt.

Ich bin, fängt Mentor an, ſeit zehn Jahren eines der elendeſten Geſchöpfe, wenn ich auf meinen Körper, und auf die gegenwärtige Welt ſehe. Mein Leben ſcheint nichts, als ein beſtändiger Schmerz zu ſeyn, der nur darum zuweilen durch einige Vergnügungen unterbrochen wird, damit ich ihn deſto peinlicher fühlen ſoll. Dieſe Stunde bin ich geſund und ſchöpfe neue Hoffnung zu meiner Geneſung. Kaum habe ich etwas Speiſe oder Trank zu mir genommen; kaum habe ich einen Mund voll friſcher Luft geſchöpft; kaum habe ich mich etwas bewegen wollen: ſo fühle ich ſchon die entſetzlichſte Bangigkeit. Ich ringe mit dem Athem, und jeder Zug, den ich mit der größten Beklemmung wage, macht den folgenden immer beſchwerlicher. Ich fürchte zu ſterben, und ſterbe auf dieſe Art ganze halbe Tage, und was noch betrübter iſt, ganze Nächte. Alle Hülfsmittel ſind zu nichts geſchickt, als meinem Uebel, wenn es da iſt, nur mehr Nahrung zu geben, oder ich bin wegen der Erſtickung ungeſchickt, mich ihrer zu bedienen. Mein Uebel verläßt mich von neuem einige Stunden, oder einige Tage. Aber ich fühle doch ſeine Gegenwart noch immer. Die Trägheit meines Geiſtes, die Laſt meiner erſtorbenen Glieder zeigt mir meine Plage von ferne. Ich will mich erholen. Doch, o Gott, was helfen mir die Vergnügungen des Lebens! Man bringt mir eine erquickende Speiſe, und ich zittere davor, als ob es ein zubereitetes Gift wäre. Ich fürchte, daß nach dem Genuſſe derſelben neue Plagen entſtehen werden. Die Einbildung vergrößert meine Furcht, und die Erfahrung ſtärkt meine Einbildung. Ich will die Düſterheit meines Gemüths zerſtreuen. Ich laſſe zween gute Freunde rufen. Ihre Aufrichtigkeit ſcheint mich zu vergnügen, und in eben dem Augenblicke beleidiget ſie mich. Ein erlaubter Scherz, den der andere vorbringt, misfällt mir, nicht deswegen, weil er nicht witzig und artig war, nein, weil ich nicht mehr im Stande bin, eben dergleichen Scherz zu ſagen, oder weil mein unmuthsvoller Geiſt eben ſo wenig die Kraft eines ſinnreichen Gedankens vertragen kann, als mein Magen die Nahrung einer ſtärkenden Speiſe. Kurz, ich wünſche, daß mich meine Freunde verlaſſen mögen. Und ich mag hinſehen, wo ich will: ſo ſehe ich nichts, als neuen Vorrath zur Betrübniß. Entweder ich kann die meiſten Güter dieſes Lebens nicht genießen, oder ich genieße ſie mit lauter fürchterlichen Vorſtellungen, oder ich bezahle ein kleines und kurzes Vergnügen meiſtens mit der Reue und den Schmerzen des Leibes von vielen Stunden. Rühret mich wohl die Ehre? Vergnügt mich der Reichthum? Reizt mich die Liebe? Der Freund, die Gattin, die zahlreiche Geſellſchaft, ein wohlgeſchriebenes Buch, ein Scherz, ein Spiel, eine gute Muſik, eine ſchöne Gegend, ein künſtliches Gemälde, die beſte Mahlzeit, die geiſtigſte Getränke, die Einſamkeit, das traurige Glück der Elenden, alles iſt mir entweder zur Laſt, oder hat gar keine, oder doch nur halbe und betrübte Annehmlichkeiten für mich. Der Mangel meiner Geſundheit macht ſie für mich unbrauchbar. So lange man mir dieſe nicht wiedergeben kann: ſo ſehe ich alle das übrige als ein Gut an, das mich von meinem Unglücke nur deſto mehr überzeugen ſoll. Und was habe ich denn nach ſo vielen Jahren für Hoffnung zur Geneſung übrig? Wodurch ſoll mein erſtorbener Körper wieder aufleben? Der Arzt weiſt mich zur Geduld, und verbeut mir aus Sorge für meine Erhaltung ſo gar meinen letzten Troſt, das Denken und Nachſinnen. Bin ich nicht der unglücklichſte Menſch? Man biethe mir die ganze Welt an. Werde ich nicht elender, je mehr ich das habe, was ich nicht brauchen kann? Und ich entbehre nicht allein das Vergnügen des Lebens. Nein, ich leide zugleich die größten Schmerzen, und ſehe keine Hülfe. Womit ſoll ich mich aufrichten? Damit, daß ich ein Uebel des Leibes für kein wahres Uebel halte? O welche Einbildung! Vielleicht damit, daß ich mir vorſtelle, daß mein und der ganzen Welt ihr Schickſal etwas unumgänglich Nothwendiges iſt? Wird mein Elend leichter, weil es nothwendig iſt? Warum mußte denn ich unglücklich ſeyn, und warum wurden andere glücklich? Soll ich mich vielleicht damit tröſten, daß es noch unglückſeligere Geſchöpfe giebt, als ich bin? Elender Troſt! Hört mein Verlangen, die Geſundheit zu beſitzen, darum auf, weil andere noch ungeſünder ſind, als ich? Dienet dieſes nicht vielmehr zu neuer Furcht? Kann nicht alſo mein eigener Schmerz noch größer werden, weil es noch größere Schmerzen giebt? Geduld! ruft man mir zu. Durch Geduld und Standhaftigkeit vermindert man ſein Leiden. Und wie erlange ich dieſe Geduld, wider die alles in mir und außer mir ſtreitet? Kömmt es wohl auf meinen Willen an? Und was hilft mir denn ein Mittel, das ich nicht brauchen, oder erlangen kann? Sey gutes Muths, läßt ſich ein anderer hören. Das Schickſal legt dem am meiſten auf, der geſchickter iſt, als andere, vieles zu ertragen. Bedenke deine Größe und tröſte dich damit, daß du größer, als andere biſt. Welche Ehre, die ſich mein Herz gar nicht wünſcht! Soll ich deswegen mein Leiden behalten, weil es andere nicht würden ertragen können? Ich frage nach der Quelle meines Unglücks, und man zeigt mir ein unerbittliches und unveränderliches Schickſal. Welcher fürchterlicher Zuſpruch, der geſchickt iſt, uns vollends in Verzweiflang zu kürzen! Ich ſuche Linderung; und man weiſt mir Perſonen, die noch elender als ich ſind. Welch ein grauſamer Troſt! Ich wollte eben wiſſen, wie mir zu helfen wäre; und man zeigt mir, daß mir nicht kann geholfen werden. Man nennt mir die Geduld, als das einzige Arzeneymittel. Ich ſuche es, und kann ſeiner nicht mächtig werden. Welche elende Hülfe! Bin ich nicht eben ſo unglücklich, als wenn keines vorhanden wäre! Stillt ſich mein Durſt, wenn man mir ſagt, daß es in jenem Brunnen eine kühle Quelle giebt, welche doch für mich verſchloſſen iſt? Ich will ruhig werden. Man ſagt mir, daß ein weiſer, ein tugendhafter Mann glücklich ſey, es möge ihm gehen, wie es wolle. Dein Körper geht dich nicht ſelber an. Die Geſundheit iſt ein Gut außer dir. Die wahren Güter beſtehen in deiner Seele. Dieſe können dir durch ein ſiechet Leben von tauſend Jahren nicht genommen werden. Und gleichwol iſt dieſer Körper ſo unzertrennlich mit meiner Seele verknüpft, daß dieſe alles fühlt, was in ihm vorgeht. Und ich kann dieſes Band nicht aufheben. Iſt es denn für meine Seele nicht beſſer, wenn mein Körper geſund iſt? Wünſcht und verlangt ſie dieſes nicht? Und wie kann ich ein Verlangen ausrotten, das zu meiner Natur gehört? Aber du würdeſt die Vollkommenheit deines Geiſtes nicht ſo hoch bringen, wenn du nicht in ſolchen Umſtänden wäreſt. Du würdeſt nicht die edle Standhaftigkeit, die göttliche Hoheit der Seele erlangen, wenn nicht Dinge da wären, die ſie in dir erwecken hälfen. Nehmet dieſe Dinge weg: ſo brauche ich jene Hoheit des Geiſtes nicht. Will man darum jemanden ungeſund machen, daß man ihn lehren kann, wie er eine Arzney dafür ausfinden könnte? Ich will gelaſſen werden. Man zeigt mir meine Freundinn. Deine Einbildung, ſagt man, vergrößert dein Unglück. Sie ſtellt dir dein Uebel eher vor, als es zugegen iſt, und quält dich mit der Furcht. Sie ſtellt dir dein Unglück größer vor, als es iſt, und bringt dich vollends um alle Gelaſſenheit. Was nützt mir dieſer Rath? Ein großer Theil meines Uebels ſoll in meiner Einbildung beſtehen. Wie kann ich dieſes glauben, da ich das Uebel wirklich ſo groß fühle, als ich mirs vorſtelle? Und gut, ich will es glauben, daß meine Einbildung die Schmerzen vergrößert. Ich will ſie unterdrücken; aber ich kann es nicht. Sie wächſt mit meinem Uebel, und iſt eine Frucht meiner Krankheit. Bin ich nun glücklicher, weil ich meinen Feind kenne, ohne das Vermögen zu haben, mich ſeiner zu erwehren?

Menter hat uns ſein Elend beſchrieben. Es iſt groß, und wir können es nicht läugnen, daß es nicht viele ſolcher Geplagten giebt. Er hat Recht ſich zu beklagen. Denn wer kann ein Menſch, und doch zugleich ruhig ſeyn, wenn er das größte und liebſte Gut entbehrt, und dafür das größte Uebel zum täglichen Gefährten hat! Er ſucht Troſt bey der Vernunft, bey den Weiſen, und findet immer Einwendungen wider ihre Vorſchläge. Er braucht ihre Troſtgründe lange Zeit, und findet keine Linderung. Er verläßt den Rath der Vernunft, und fragt die Offenbahrung. Er wird ein Schüler der Religion, ohne ein Verächter der Vernunft zu werden. Er ſtellt ſich verſchiedene Wahrheiten oft vor, und findet eine gewiſſe Beruhigung darinnen. Er wiederholet dieſes Geſchäffte einige Zeit, und führet ſich das bey guten Stunden zu Gemüthe, was ihm in den böſen einen Beyſtand leiſten ſoll. Er kömmt immer zu einer lebhaftern Ueberzeugung, und ſchmeckt endlich eine gewiſſe Beruhigung, die, wie er ſagt, ihm ſein Leiden verſüßen hülfe. Er geſteht, daß er ſie nicht immer gleich ſtark fühle, aber daß ſie doch nie ganz von ihm weiche, und daß er ſie durch Vorſtellungen wieder erwecken könne, wenn ſie abgenommen. Er zeigt äußerlich eine größere Gelaſſenheit als ſonſt, und ſagt, daß er dieſes der Religion zu danken habe. Was habe ich für Urſache, ein Mißtrauen in ſeine Aufrichtigkeit zu ſetzen? Ich frage ihn, welches denn die Gründe der Religion wären, mit denen er ſich tröſte. Er antwortet mir, daß er mir einen Entwurf machen wollte, wie es in ſeinem Verſtande ausſähe, wenn er ſich durch die Religion aufrichtete. Ich ſollte nicht glauben, daß er ſich die Wahrheiten allemal in der Ordnung, und in dem Zuſammenhange vorſtellte, wie er mir ſie ſagte. Nein er dürfte ſich oft nur eines Stücks von ſeinem Lehrgebäude erinnern: ſo fühle er ſchon die Kraft des ganzen Beweiſes.

Ich habe, fährt er fort, etwann ſo angefangen zu urtheilen. Gott, du biſt das gütigſte, das liebreichſte Weſen, das ſich nur denken läßt. Die Vernunft und die Offenbahrung ſagt mirs. Dir kann mit den Schmerzen deiner Geſchöpfe nichts gedienet ſeyn. Du mußt vielmehr ihr Vergnügen, ihr Glück wollen, weil du die Liebe, die Güte, die Großmuth ſelbſt biſt. Dich hält nichts auf, die Schlüſſe deiner Liebe zu vollziehen. Du biſt der Allmächtige, der mit einem Winke die Welt beglücken und vernichten kan. Gleichwohl erdulde ich die größten Schmerzen, und mein Leben iſt ſeit ſo vielen Jahren eine Kette von Ungemach und Elend. Du ſieheſt mein Leiden und hilfſt mir nicht. Ich unterſuche mein Herz und finde den Vorwurf nicht, daß ich mirs ſelbſt durch Laſter zugezogen hätte. Daß ich mich aufrichtig prüfe, Herr, das weiſt du. Ich ſchließe, daß es deine Schickung ſey, daß ich ſo viel dulde. Ich bin zu blöde, alle deine weiſen Abſichten in ihrem Umfange einzuſehen. Allein ich ſehe doch ſo viel, daß du nichts wollen und zulaſſen kannſt, als was das Glück deiner vernünftigen Geſchöpfe befördert. Mein ſieches Leben muß entweder zu meiner, oder zur Wohlfahrt anderer dienen, oder beydes befördern ſollen. Du haſt meinen Geiſt mit einem ſchmerzhaften Leibe verbunden und haſt mir doch zugleich das Verlangen eingeprägt, von Schmerzen frey zu ſeyn. Wenn ich auf die gegenwärtige Welt ſehe, ſo ſtreitet das erſte wider meine Wohlfahrt. Wie kann ich ohne Geſundheit hier glücklich ſeyn? Aber iſt dieſes Leben, iſt dieſer mein Körper, iſt dieſe Welt das einzige, wozu ich geſchaffen bin? Mein unſterblicher Geiſt iſt einer ewigen Glückſeligkeit fähig. Ich lebe hier, um mich durch Gehorſam gegen dich eines ewigen und unwandelbaren Glücks theilhaftig zu machen. Auf dieſes Glück muß ich ſehen, wenn ich deine Abſichten erreichen will. Du kannſt mir meine Schmerzen, nicht als Schmerzen, ſondern als ein Mittel zu meiner wahren Wohlfahrt auflegen. Dieß weis ich gewiß. Sie müſſen alſo, wenn ich mich allein, ohne meine übrigen Brüder, anſehe, zu meinem ewigen Heile dienen. Wir werden durch Wahrheit, durch Glauben, durch Tugend und Gehorſam gegen dich glücklich. Würde mir nicht vielleicht der Genuß einer völligen Geſundheit hinderlich an der Tugend geweſen ſeyn? Würde ich nicht vielleicht in ganz andern Umſtänden leben, wenn mein kranker Körper mich nicht daran verhindert hätte? War ich nicht vielleicht nach meiner natürlichen Beſchaffenheit ſo ſinnlich, ſo empfindlich gegen die äußerlichen Dinge, daß ich nie zu einer rechten Erkänntniß der Wahrheit gelanget ſeyn würde, wenn du mir nicht das Vermögen entzogen hätteſt, die Güter zu genießen, die uns an dem Gefühle der Wahrheit hindern? Würde ich nicht die Kraft der Wahrheit bald wieder verloren haben, wenn die Flüchtigkeit meines Geiſtes nicht durch einen ſchweren Körper gehemmet worden wäre? Würde ich meine gewaltige Liebe zum Leben, meine Begierde nach äußerlichen Gütern wohl gemäßiget haben, wenn ich den vollkommenen Gebrauch der Geſundheit genoſſen hätte? Du kannteſt den Bau meines Körpers, und die Beſchaffenheit meiner Seele. Du ſaheſt, daß die Geſundheit, die andern ein nützliches Gut iſt, mich an der Tugend hindern würde. Du beſchloſſeſt daher, mir ein geringes Gut zu entziehen, weil es mit meiner ewigen Wohlfahrt ſtritte. Kann ich mich wohl mit Recht über dein Verfahren beſchweren? Darf ich ohne Verwegenheit wohl fragen, warum bekam ich insbeſondere die Beſchaffenheit des Leibes und Gemüthes, die gemacht haben würde, daß ich bey dem Beſitze der Geſundheit die Tugend leichter aus den Augen geſetzet hätte? Oder warum ließeſt du mich nicht den andern werden, der hier geſund, und doch auch ewig glücklich iſt? Ich Wurm, will ich mit dir rechten? Biſt du nicht der Herr, der thun kan was ihm wohlgefällt? Biſt du nicht weiſe und gerecht in allen deinen Wegen? Hätteſt du nicht die Freyheit aller deiner vernünftigen Geſchöpfe aufheben müſſen, wenn keiner durch die Schuld der Geburt, und durch ſeine eigene Unvorſichtigkeit hätte ſiech werden ſollen? Genug, wenn du uns allemal in die äußerlichen Umſtände geſetzet haſt, die für das Glück unſerer Seele die beſten waren. Nichts läßt mich daran zweifeln, und alles, was ich von dir denken kann, und was mir dein Wort ſaget, befiehlt mir dieſes zu glauben. Wenn ich alſo ſicher bin, daß ich mir mein Leiden weder zugezogen, noch mirs durch übeles Verhalten vergrößert habe: ſo iſt es keine Strafe, ſondern ein weiſes, obgleich bitteres Mittel, mich vollkommen glücklich zu machen. Laß mich, o Gott, deine Güte verehren, die ſo groß iſt! Habe ich nicht Urſache zufrieden zu ſeyn, wenn du alles ſo mit mir ſchickeſt, daß ich den Zweck, warum ich geſchaffen bin, deſto gewiſſer erhalte! Daß ich meinen Geiſt unendlich glücklich mache! Wir Thoren! Entſpringet unſere meiſte Unzufriedenheit nicht daher, daß wir dieſes und das künftige Leben in Gedanken trennen! Beydes iſt eins. Und wenn wir wiſſen wollen, wie glücklich oder elend wir ſind: ſo ſehen wir nur auf das gegenwärtige kurze, und nicht auf das immerwährende ewige Leben. Werden wir nicht auf dieſe Art die ungerechteſten Klagen wider dich ausſchütten, wenn es uns hier nicht ſo geht, wie es unſer Herz wünſcht! Und wer heißt uns dieſe beyden Dinge trennen! Haſt du nicht geſagt, daß denen, die tugendhaft ſind, die dich lieben, die ſich aufrichtig bemühen, deinen Willen zu thun, alles zu beſten dienen ſoll! Kann dieſes etwas anders heißen, als daß du ihnen nichts willſt widerfahren laſſen, was nicht zu ihrem ewigen Glücke dienet? Herr, ich verehre deine weiſe Vorſehung. Du handelſt als ein Vater. Du züchtigeſt uns zu Nutze, daß wir deine Heiligung erlangen. Deine Züchtigung dünket uns zwar nicht Freude, ſondern Traurigkeit zu ſeyn, aber hernach giebt ſie eine friedſame Frucht der Gerechtigkeit denen, die dadurch geübel ſind. Was iſt es, zwanzig, dreyßig Jahre ein ſchmerzhaftes Leben führen, wenn man dabey gewiß ſeyn kann, daß man eine Ewigkeit ohne Schmerz in dem Beſitze der reinſten Wolluſt zubringen wird? Mein Leiden iſt groß, aber wie gering iſt es gegen die unendliche Herrlichkeit, die nach deiner Güte auf mich wartet, die ich nichts weniger, als verdienet habe, die du mir aus bloßer Großmuth durch den Erlöſer der Welt ſchenkeſt! So iſt es denn gewiß, daß ich ewig glückſelig bin? Ich fühle eine Verſicherung, die mit einer lebendigen Ueberzeugung begleitet iſt. Ich fühle die angenehmſte Hoffnung. Ich ſchmecke die Kräfte des zukünftigen Lebens. Und ich fühle, daß die Leiden des Körpers meine Seele nicht mehr ſo ängſtigen. Ich bin elend, wenn ich meinen Leib anſehe, und ich bin glücklicher, als alles, wenn ich meine Seele, wenn ich die Zukunft betrachte. Herr, ich warte auf deine Verheißung. Iſt der Allmächtige mein Freund, wie kann ich elend ſeyn! Wäre er nicht meine Hülfe, was würde mir die Geſundheit, die ganze Herrlichkeit der Welt nützen! Mit dieſer Hoffnung, die du in meiner Seele ſtärkſt, will ich mein Leiden vergeſſen. Der Anblick der Ewigkeit wird den Anblick meiner zeitlichen Plage erträglich und leicht machen. Durch den Glauben überwinde ich mich. Wie viele ängſtliche Sorgen für meine Geſundheit, für die Erhaltung meines Lebens werde ich mir künftig erſparen! Du biſt bey mir. Ich beobachte eine vernünftige Sorgfalt, und mein übriges Anliegen werfe ich auf dich, denn der Herr ſorget für uns. Laß mir nur deine Liebe und die wahre Furcht gegen dich, ſo bin ich glücklich.

Der Religionsſpötter zeige mir das Unvernünftige in dieſem Troſte. Iſt es unvernünftig, ein gegenwärtiges Uebel durch die Hoffnung eines unendlichen Glücks zu beſiegen? Und iſt es unmöglich zu dieſer Hoffnung zu gelangen? Behauptet er das Letzte: ſo frage ich ihn, ob er es verſucht hat. Spricht er nein; wie kann er es läugnen! Wenn mir ein Vernünftiger die Kraft eines gewiſſen Weines in dieſer oder jener Krankheit rühmet, habe ich wohl Recht, daran zu zweifeln, wenn ich den Wein niemals, oder nicht in gleichen Umſtänden gebraucht habe. Spricht er, er hätte ſich mit der Religion tröſten wollen, und keine Hülfe bey ihr gefunden: ſo entſteht die Frage, ob die Schuld an der Kraft der Religion liegt, oder an ihm? Ich behaupte das Letzte. Allein es iſt hier der Ort nicht, es auszumachen. Der Spötter mag von der Göttlichkeit der Religion denken, was er will. Ihn von ſeinem Unrechte zu überführen, will ich ſo gar annehmen, daß ſich der irre, der ſie für göttlich hält. Nun frage ich ihn, wenn dieſer Irrthum gleichwohl ſo viel Gewalt über unſer Herz hat, daß er uns beruhigen kann, ob dieſer Irrthum nicht viel koſtbarer iſt, als ſeine Vernunft. Mentor hat ſich mit der Religion aufgerichtet. Der Spötter giebt zu, daß man durch einen Irrthum, den man glaubt, und der uns angenehm iſt, zu einer größern Beruhigung gelangen könne, als durch die ausgemachteſte Wahrheit, die nichts ſo angenehmes für uns hat. Wäre alſo die Religion nichts, als ein verdeckter Irrthum: ſo ſehe ich doch nichts unvernünftiges bey dem, der ſich damit tröſten kann. Er ſchadet ſich durch dieſen Troſt nichts, die Religion mag wahr, oder nicht wahr ſeyn. Er gewinnet in dieſem Leben eine Ruhe des Herzens durch ſie, wenn ſie auch falſch iſt. Er gewinnt mehr durch dieſen Irrthum, als durch des Spötters Wahrheit. Iſt Mentor nun wohl unvernünftig zu heißen! Und müßte die Religion nicht ſchon einer großen Hochachtung werth ſeyn, wenn ſie auch eine menſchliche Erfindung wäre, da ſie uns ſolche vortreffliche Dienſte thut? Höre ich mit dieſem Leben auf: ſo habe ich mich hier doch beruhiget. Und wenn ich nicht mehr bin, ſo kann mir meine vergebliche Hoffnung auch nicht ſchaden. Eben ſo wie einer, der in einem angenehmen Traume liegt, wenn er nie wieder erwachen ſollte, nicht wird unwillig werden können, daß ſein Vergnügen ein Betrug geweſen iſt. Kann endlich der Spötter mir nicht darthun, daß das unmöglich iſt, was mir die Religion verſpricht: (und wie könnte er dieſes?) ſo bin ich klüger, als er, daß ich mir eine Möglichkeit zu nutze mache, die mir den größten Vortheil bringt, wenn ſie wahr ſeyn ſollte, und doch auch einen großen Nutzen ſchafft, wenn ſie gleich nicht wahr iſt. Will er läugnen, daß wir jemals durch die Religion zu ſo einer Ueberzeugung, zu ſo einer empfindlichen Hoffnung, zu ſo einer Freudigkeit gelangen, als wir vorgeben: ſo frage ich ihn, wie er mir eine Erfahrung abſprechen will, die ich empfinde.

Mit denenjenigen, die die Religion in ihren Würden laſſen, und doch glauben, daß die Troſtgründe der Vernunft ſchon geſchickt ſind, einen recht ſiechen Menſchen in ſeinem Unglücke aufzurichten, kann man kürzer reden. Es kömmt alles auf zwo Fragen an. Weis die Vernunft alle die hohen Wahrheiten, die in der Offenbarung ſind, und weis ſie ſolche, mit ſo vieler Gewißheit und Deutlichkeit, als ohne die Offenbarung? Man behaupte das erſte oder andere, ſo macht man die Religion zu einer überflüßigen Sache. Da ſie aber ihre Göttlichkeit zugeben: ſo können ſie dieſes nicht annehmen, und alſo müſſen ſie zugleich mit behaupten, daß die Vernunft für ſich die ſtarken Troſtgründe nicht hat, welche die Religion uns an die Hand giebt. Ich glaube, daß die wenigſten von denen, die der Vernunft ſo viele Stärke einräumen, es übel mit der Religion meynen. Sie ſetzen immer die Vernunft voraus, wie ſie in uns durch den Unterricht der Religion von Jugend auf iſt gebildet worden. Kömmt es denn zur Frage: Wie viel vermag die Vernunft in dieſem oder in jenem Falle einzuſehen? ſo trennt man die Wahrheiten ſeiner chriſtlichen Vernunft auf eine unbehutſame Weiſe von dem, was wir die Wahrheiten der Religion nennen. Wir ſchließen dieſe meiſtens in die Grenzen der geoffenbarten Geheimniſſe ein. Den übrigen Vorrath der Wahrheiten, den wir in uns finden, rechnen wir ſo wohl ſeines Umfangs als ſeiner Ueberzeugung nach, zur Vernunft. Allein ſo müſſen wir die Kräfte der Vernunft nicht unterſuchen. Wir müſſen ihr Vermögen bey denenjenigen kennen lernen, welche keine Offenbarung hatten. Wenn mir Sokrates, Plato, Seneca und andere große Vernunftlehrer eben ſo hohe und eben ſo gewiſſe Troſtgründe darſtellen, als ein heiliger Paulus oder Johannes: ſo hat es mit der Stärke der Vernunft ſeine Richtigkeit. Aber wer kann dieſes behaupten, wenn man beyder Schriften auch nur obenhin mit einander verglichen hat? Wie zweifelt die Vernunft, wenn ſie von der Unſterblichkeit der Seele einen Ausſpruch thun ſoll! Wie viele Unrichtigkeit trifft man in den Beſchreibungen des Lebens nach dem Tode an! Jeder macht es zu dem Zuſtande, der ſeiner natürlichen Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit am vortheilhafteſten iſt. Die größten Weiſen haben immer die Unſterblichkeit der Seele mehr gewünſchet, als erwieſen. Und ſahe es mit der Gewißheit von ſolchen Troſtgründen in den Köpfen der tiefſinnigſten Männer nicht beſſer aus, was wird die Vernunft bey den meiſten ausrichten, die ihren Verſtand wenig oder gar nicht zu gebrauchen wiſſen? Kann niemand läugnen, daß uns die Religion größere Güter verheißt, als die Vernunft; daß ſie uns unſer künftiges Glück deutlicher und umſtändlicher vorſtellt, als dieſe, daß ſie uns endlich zu einer ſtärkern Ueberzeugung bringt, als das Licht der Vernunft; kann er dieſes nicht läugnen: ſo iſt es erwieſen, daß die Religion die einzigen und wahren Troſtgründe an die Hand giebt, weil ſie, wie wir oben erinnert haben, die ſtärkſte und lebendigſte Hoffnung in uns erwecket, die wir als eine angenehme Empfindung der unangenehmen in unſern Leiden entgegen ſetzen, und uns auf ſolche Art tröſten. Wenn ich den Seneca ſagen höre, daß niemand von ſeinem Poſten ohne den Wink des höchſten Befehlshabers gehen, daß ſich niemand das Leben ſelber nehmen ſoll; und wenn ich an einem andern Orte wieder von ihm höre, daß ein Unglücklicher, wenn er gar nicht mehr fort wüßte, doch noch den Troſt übrig hätte, ſich das ſchmerzhafte Leben ſelber zu verkürzen: ſo kann ich mir von ſeiner Theologie und von der Ueberzeugung, die er von ſeinen Wahrheiten hat, keinen großen Begriff machen. Iſt die Glückſeligkeit nach dem Tode eine Belohnung der Tugendhaften; wie kann der tugendhaft ſeyn, der ungehorſam iſt, der wider den Befehl ſeines Obern handelt? Dieſes giebt Seneca ſelbſt zu. Und hat er den Troſt nicht in ſich, daß er tugendhaft iſt, wie kann er denn die Hoffnung der Belohnung haben? Iſt die Glückſeligkeit keine Belohnung der Tugend, und kann ſie der, der ſich das Leben nimmt, und wider die Tugend in den letzten Augenblicken handelt, doch noch erhalten, was iſt denn für ein Troſt in der Tugend. Hat das Laſter nicht eben ſo viel Hoffnung für ſich? Ich will durch dieſes alles nicht der Vernunft ihre Ehre nehmen. Es gereicht ihr nicht weiter zur Schande, daß ſie nicht ſo weit und ſo deutlich ſieht, als die Offenbarung, als in ſo weit ſie es läugnet. Ich behaupte ferner nicht, daß die alten Weiſen durch ihre Vernunftgründe nicht zu einiger Beruhigung des Herzens hätten kommen können. Ich ſage nur, daß ein Menſch, der die Religion weis, nie einen wahren und dauerhaften Troſt ſchmecken wird, wenn er ihn nicht durch die Religion erlangt. Er tröſte ſich mit der Vernunft ſo gut er will: ſo wird er kaum den Vortheil von ihr haben, den ein Sokrates oder Seneca genoſſen. Sie wußten kein ander Licht, und in ſo weit konnten ſie ruhig ſeyn. Der Chriſt hat noch ein anders, und muß ſich das eine Auge verbinden, um dieſes Licht nicht zu ſehen. Er muß ſich zwingen, es für falſch oder überflüßig zu halten, damit er dem Anſehen ſeiner Vernunft aufhelfe. Allein es bleibt ihm bey dem allen noch die verdrüßliche Möglichkeit im Wege ſtehen, daß er mit ſeiner Vernunft irren, und daß vielleicht nur in der Religion die wahre Beruhigung enthalten ſeyn könne. Ja ſo weit glaube ich, daß ein Chriſt von der bloßen Vernunft den Nutzen nicht haben kann, den diejenigen von ihr erhielten, welche die Religion nicht kannten.

Die dritte Art von Leuten, welche die Troſtgründe der Religion herzlich gern für größer und ſtärker erklären, als die Gründe der Vernunft, und nur ſagen, daß ſie ihre Kraft nicht ſo empfinden, daß ſie zu einer wahren Beruhigung kämen, ſcheinen mehr einen Unterricht, als eine Widerlegung zu verdienen. Wir wollen uns nach ihren Umſtänden richten, und die Natur der Beruhigung, die wir aus der Religion ziehen können, genauer aus einander ſetzen, und ihre Grenzen beſtimmen.

Vor allen Dingen, was verſtehen ſie unter der Beruhigung, die ſie hoffen? Nennen ſie eine vollkommene Ruhe des Geiſtes, eine beſtändige Freudigkeit, die nie unterbrochen wird, die nie ihre trüben und heitern Stunden hat, die allezeit gleich groß, und niemals durch die Ankunft neuer Schmerzen geſchwächt wird? Wollen ſie dieſe von der Religion haben: ſo verlangen ſie eben ſo viel, als wenn ſie begehrten, daß ſie die Religion zu andern Geſchöpfen machen ſollte. Der Troſt der Schrift verringert an und für ſich die Schmerzen des Leibes nicht. Schmerzen zu leiden, wird uns allemal, ſo lange wir Menſchen ſind, beſchwerlich ſeyn. Dieſe bleiben wir auch, wenn wir gute Chriſten ſind, und wir werden alſo bey aller Kraft der Religionswahrheiten immer noch Unluſt des Gemüths fühlen, die aus dem Leiden des Körpers ihren Urſprung und ihre Nahrung nimmt. Wir ſagen nur, daß dieſe Unruhe nicht ſo hoch anwachſen wird, weil ihr die freudige Empfindung des Geiſtes, die durch die Troſtgründe der Schrift erwecket wird, und die in einer mächtigen Ueberzeugung von der göttlichen Liebe und unſerm ewigen Glücke beſteht, Kraft und Nahrung raubt. Wir ſagen nicht, daß die Unluſt unſers Gemüths, wenn ſie einmal gewichen iſt, nie wiederkommen wird. Wir behaupten nur, daß wir ſie durch unſere Troſtgründe wieder beſiegen werden. Wir ſagen nicht, daß das Verlangen geſund zu ſeyn, in uns ganz erſticken werde. Dieſes iſt ein natürlicher Trieb, den die Religion nicht ausrotten, ſondern nur mäßigen will. Erlaubt uns die Religion durch die Mittel der Arzneykunſt für unſere Erhaltung zu ſorgen: ſo billiget ſie auch die Begierde geſund zu ſeyn, und folglich wird ſie ſolche nicht auslöſchen wollen. Wir ſagen nicht, daß uns die Liebe zu dem Leben, zu den Gütern der Welt gar nicht mehr beunruhigen werde, weil wir die Unſterblichkeit und die ewigen Güter hoffen. Wir ſagen nicht, daß wir in ſiechen Tagen die Furcht und das Schrecken des Todes ganz in uns auslöſchen, und bey der Annäherung deſſelben nicht mehr zittern werden. Dieſe Größe des Gemüths iſt unſtreitig nur ein Antheil ſehr weniger Menſchen, die mit einem hohen Maße des Geiſtes ausgerüſtet ſind. Wer alſo eine ganz vollkommene Beruhigung, eine nie unterbrochene Freudigkeit des Geiſtes, eine beſtändige Stille unſerer natürlichen Triebe, die auf die Erhaltung des Lebens, der Geſundheit und anderer zeitlichen Güter gehen, verſtehet, der hofft mehr von der Religion, als ſie ihm verſpricht.

Die Beruhigung in unſern Leiden kömmt aus der Vorſtellung der Religionswahrheiten. Je größer und lebendiger unſere Wiſſenſchaft und Ueberzeugung wird, deſto mehr wächſt die Beruhigung. Allein unſere Vorſtellungen des Geiſtes bleiben nicht immer auf gleiche Art helle, deutlich und vollſtändig. Sie werden durch tauſend Dinge in und außer uns geſchwächt. Wie kann denn nun die Ruhe des Herzens, welche eine Wirkung von jenen iſt, immer gleich groß, gleich empfindlich bleiben.

Die ſich alſo beſchweren, daß ſie die Kraft des Religionstroſtes nicht genug fühlen, müſſen auf dieſe Anmerkung wohl Acht haben. Ja, werden ſie einwenden, wir verlangen keine beſtändige Zufriedenheit unſers Herzens in unſerm Elende. Sie kann unterbrochen werden. Aber wenn fühlen wir denn eine lebendige, eine wahre Beruhigung? Und da wir dieſe nie merken, was hilft uns die Religion zu unſerm Troſte? Wir antworten, das Maaß unſerer Beruhigung richtet ſich nach unſerm Erkenntniſſe. Iſt es ein Wunder, daß, wo dieſes ſchwach und unzureichend iſt, auch jene ſchwach und unzulänglich bleibet. Wir haben ein geringes, ein ſeichtes Erkenntniß der Religion. Viele verſtehen die wenigen Wahrheiten, die ſie aus derſelben gefaßt, auf eine undeutliche und verwirrete Art. Viele haben bey ihrer mittelmäßigen Einſicht in die göttliche Wahrheiten, einen Zuſatz von Irrthümern und falſchen Meynungen liegen, der jener ihre Kraft hemmt oder ganz verſtickt. Man darf nicht einwenden, daß gleichwohl der Geiſt Gottes unſer Erkenntniß belebe, und daß wir doch bey unſerer unvollkommenen Wiſſenſchaft von der Religion, dennoch zu einer lebendigen Ueberzeugung des Verſtandes kommen müßten. Es iſt wahr, ein ſchwaches und kleines Erkenntniß kann von Gott mit einer lebendigen Ueberzeugung verknüpft werden. Aber es muß doch ein richtiges und reines Erkenntniß ſeyn. Wie kann Gott unſern Vorſtellungen von ihm, von den Wahrheiten des Glaubens, von der Tugend, mit einer vollkommenen Ueberzeugung beleben, wenn ſie an und für ſich unrichtig ſind? Müßte er nicht auf dieſe Art unſere Irrthümer ſtärken? Die Wahrheiten der Religionswiſſenſchaft müſſen eben ſo wohl mit dem Verſtande gefaßt werden, als die Lehren menſchlicher Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften. Gott flößt uns die Ueberzeugung nicht unmittelbar ein. Er ſtärkt und belebt nur das Erkenntniß mit einer höhern Kraft, das wir uns von ihm erworben haben, und er gehet mit uns, wie mit vernünftigen Geſchöpfen um, die noch den Gebrauch ihrer natürlichen Gaben behalten. Er ſchließt unſere Mühe, unſere Kräfte bey dem Erkenntniſſe der Wahrheit nicht aus, ob er uns gleich beyſtehet. Wenn wir nun eine flüchtige Betrachtung etlicher Ausſprüche der Schrift für die wahre Wiſſenſchaft der Religion halten; wenn wir den geringen Vorrath von göttlichen Wahrheiten, den wir in der Jugend nur mit dem Gedächtniſſe gefaßt, und den reifern Jahren nie erweitert, noch mit dem Verſtande geſchärft haben, für das Erkenntniß der Religion halten; wenn wir nur die Wörter und Namen der Religion wiſſen, nicht aber die Begriffe, die mit denſelben verbunden ſind; wenn wir zwar aus der Schrift ſagen können, daß Gott barmherzig, gütig, weiſe, gerecht ſey, daß Glaube und Liebe uns ſeiner Gnade theilhaftig machen, und doch nicht ſagen können, was Barmherzigkeit, was Heiligkeit in Gott, was der uns Glaube und Liebe ſey, oder wenn wir dieſes alles nur dunkel, nur unzulänglich und mit falſchen Vorſtellungen verknüpft, oder in keinem Zuſammenhange wiſſen, wie wird unſere Seele zu einer kräftigen Ueberzeugung kommen, und wie wird dieſe Ueberzeugung durch eine göttliche Kraft zu einer lebendigen Gewißheit anwachſen und uns in unſern Leiden beruhigen können! Alles dieſes ſagt uns ſo viel, daß die Schuld, warum wir keinen wahren Troſt aus der Religion ſchöpfen, nicht an den Gründen, ſondern meiſtens an uns liege. Unſere Unwiſſenheit in göttlichen Dingen, unſer unordentliches Erkenntniß, unſere wenige Mühe, die wir auf die Religion gewandt haben, ſind die Urſachen, daß wir ihre Kräfte nicht ſchmecken. Man bemühe ſich alſo um ein richtiges und vollſtändiges Erkenntniß von göttlichen Dingen. Man ſuche es immer zu einer größern Deutlichkeit zu bringen und es mehr zu erweitern. Man wehre den vielen Vorſtellungen irrdiſcher Dinge, welche verhindern, daß ſich die Gedanken von geiſtlichen Dingen nie in unſerm Verſtande recht feſt ſetzen können. Man übe endlich die Wahrheiten der Schrift ſorgfältig aus: ſo werden ihre Troſtgründe uns gewiß mit einer lebendigen Hoffnung begaben, und unſer ſieches Leben um ein großes erträglich machen.

Endlich kann die Schuld nicht ſo wohl in unſerm Verſtande als in unſerm Herzen liegen, warum uns die Religion in ſiechen Tagen entweder gar nicht, oder doch nicht ſo, wie andere, beruhiget. Viele haben ſich ein gutes und gegründetes Erkenntniß derſelben erworben; aber es iſt unfruchtbar geblieben, es iſt nie kräftig, nie überzeugend in ihnen geworden, weil ihr Herz, ihre Begierden widerſtanden, und ſich niemals, oder ſehr ſelten nach dieſem Erkenntniſſe gerichtet haben. Hier müſſen wir das zu Hülfe nehmen, was wir oben von den Urſachen eines ſiechen Lebens erinnert haben. Zwey Leute, davon ſich der eine die Schmerzen des Leibes durch ein Leben wider die Religion zugezogen hat, der andere aber ſich eines ordentlichen und tugendhaften Wandels bewußt iſt, werden nicht einerley Beruhigung von den Troſtgründen der Schrift zu gewarten haben. Jener, dem ſein Gewiſſen Vorwürfe macht, wird niemals zu der Freudigkeit des Geiſtes gelangen können, welche der andere erhält. Er wird zwar ruhig werden, er wird ſich die Verheißungen der Religion von ſeinem ewigen Glücke zueignen können. Er wird mit dem andern ſich durch den Troſt aufrichten, daß ſein Leiden zur Wohlfahrt ſeines Geiſtes abziele, weil er vielleicht ohne daſſelbe nie zu einer Kenntniß ſein ſelbſt gelanget ſeyn würde. Aber wird er wohl den Gedanken aus ſeiner Seele verbannen können, daß er ſich ſeine Schmerzen ſelbſt zugezogen hat? Wird er nicht immer mit einem geheimen Widerwillen gegen ſich ſelbſt eingenommen bleiben? Und wird er alſo ſo ruhig werden können, als der andere, der nichts von dieſer Unluſt empfindet, weil er ſeine Schmerzen, als eine weiſe Schickung Gottes, und nicht als eine Strafe anſieht? Unſere böſen Begierden, die wir in ſiechen Tagen noch in uns ernähren, ſtehen der Beruhigung unſers Herzens oft ſo ſehr im Wege, als die Schmerzen des Leibes. Ein Menſch, der lange Jahre den Laſtern gedienet, und ſich durch die Zeit die ſchlimmſten Gewohnheiten im Böſen zuwege gebracht hat, wird zwar von ſeinem kranken Körper gehindert, in der Ausübung nicht mehr laſterhaft zu ſeyn. Aber deswegen ſind ſeine Begierden noch nicht aufgehoben. Die Luſt ſich mit Weine und ſtarkem Getränke zu überladen, lebt immer noch in jenem, wenn ihn gleich das Podagra davon abhält. Kurz, ein Menſch, der bey einem zwar richtigen Erkenntniſſe der Religion doch ein unartiges Herz in ſeine ſiechen Tage hineinbringt, der in nichts als unerlaubten und ſinnlichen Dingen ſein Glück geſucht hat, wird ungeachtet ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft lange Zeit brauchen, ehe er an den Gütern des künftigen Lebens einen Geſchmack findet. Der ſchlimmſte Peiniger ſolcher ſiechen Leute iſt die Furcht des Todes. Könnte man ihnen die Furcht benehmen, daß ſie unter zehn Jahren noch nicht ſterben wünſchen: ſo würden ſie in ihren Schmerzen ſehr gelaſſen werden. Wie ſollen ſie aber dieſe Furcht beſiegen? Vielleicht dadurch, daß ſie die Liebe zum Leben verringern? Und wodurch ſollen ſie dieſe, die uns ſo natürlich iſt, vermindern? Nicht durch die Gewißheit, daß ſie in dem künftigen Leben unendlich glücklich ſind? Und eben dieſe Gewißheit iſt dasjenige, was ſie noch nicht haben, was ſie ſchwer, was ſie nicht auf einmal, was ſie ohne Veränderung des Herzens, ohne öftmalige Ausübung der Tugend nicht werden erhalten können. Wie können ſie alſo in ihrem ſiechen Zuſtande eine ſchleunige, eine recht lebendige Beruhigung fordern! So lange ſie die Sache mit ihrem Herzen, mit ihrem Gewiſſen nicht ausmachen; ſo lange ſie das, was die Religion Buße heißt, nicht mit allem Eifer vornehmen und darinnen fortfahren: ſo lange werden ſie ungeachtet ihres guten Unterrichts, den ſie ſich in der Religion durch ihre Mühe erworben haben, doch in ihren Leiden die wahre Gelaſſenheit des Geiſtes nicht erlangen. Wie glücklich ſind diejenigen, die den Unfällen dieſes Lebens ein gutes Gewiſſen entgegen ſetzen können! Allein wie geringe iſt nicht vielleicht die Anzahl ſolcher Menſchen! Und wird alſo die Zahl der Standhaften und Getroſten unter den Siechen wohl groß ſeyn können? Werden wir uns wohl wundern dürfen, wenn wir einen elenden Landmann in ſeiner finſtern Hütte, der nichts mehr weis, als die nöthigen Hauptſtücke der Religion, wenn wir ihn, ſage ich, viele Jahre bey den größten Schmerzen des Leibes und bey einem armſeligen Unterhalte gelaſſen und mit Gott zufrieden antreffen; und hingegen einen großen Gelehrten bey ſeiner Gründlichkeit in der Religion, deſſen Schmerzen noch lange nicht ſo groß, als jenes ſeine ſind, verzagt und troſtlos unter ſeinen Büchern finden? Jener hat von Jugend auf einen ſtillen und unſchuldigen Wandel geführt; dieſer hat das Gegentheil gethan.

Außer dem Unterſchiede des Erkenntniſſes in der Religion und eines guten Herzens und Gewiſſens, giebt es noch andere Urſachen, die da machen, daß die Troſtgründe der Religion in dem einen das nicht ausrichten, was ſie in dem andern wirken. Ich meyne die beſondere Gemüths- und Leibesbeſchaffenheit der Menſchen, die Verſchiedenheit der Krankheiten, mit denen ſie geplagt werden, und den Unterſchied der äußerlichen Umſtände. Wir reden hier bloß mit ſolchen Perſonen, die nicht Urſache haben, ihre Plagen des Körpers für Strafen ihrer Vergehungen zu halten.

Criton und Semnon, beyde wohl unterwieſene und aufrichtige Chriſten, tragen ſich faſt ſeit gleicher Zeit und auf gleiche Art mit beſchwerlichen Leibeszufällen, die durch keine Arzneymittel gehoben werden können. So gleich ſie ſonſt einander ſind: ſo ungleich ſind ſie einander in Anſehung ihrer Gelaſſenheit. Criton preiſet den Herrn unter der Laſt, die ihn drücket, und wartet mit unerſchrockenem Muthe auf die Auflöſung ſeines Leibes. Er braucht wenig Troſt. Er wünſcht der Schmerzen los zu ſeyn, aber nur in ſo weit, als es dem Herrn gefällt, der alles weiſe und heilig ordnet. Semnon, der Gott eben ſo aufrichtig fürchtet, zeiget weniger Standhaftigkeit. Er klaget und weinet, wenn ſeine elenden Stunden und Nächte kommen, und zittert in ſeinen Nöthen. Er weis gewiß, daß ihm Gott nicht mehr aufleget, als ein barmherziger Gott thun kann. Er weis, daß eine unendliche Herrlichkeit ſeiner wartet. Allein er iſt von Natur empfindlicher und von Natur furchtſamer, als Criton. Er liebet das Leben, weil er die Marter des Todes ſcheuet. Er ſieht den Tod als ſeine Erlöſung an; allein ſein weiches Herz erzittert vor dem Verderben deſſelben. Der Anblick eines Sterbenden ſetzet ſein ganzes Herz in Aufruhr. Criton bleibt bey dem Todbette ſeines Freundes noch gelaſſen, und kann ihm beyſtehen. Semnon verliert Sprache und Empfindung. Wird es möglich ſeyn, da beyde von Natur ſo ſehr unterſchieden ſind, daß die Religionsgründe in beyden einerley Wirkung hervorbringen ſollten? Hat Semnon deswegen keine lebendige Hoffnung, weil er Critons Standhaftigkeit nicht an ſich merken läßt? Murret er deswegen wider die Schickung Gottes, weil er noch klagt und winſelt? Er iſt bereit, ſein Leiden zu tragen und das Leben aufzugeben. Dieſes iſt die Kraft der Religion. Er zittert, indem er dieſe Bereitſchaft fühlt. Dieſes iſt ein Antheil ſeiner natürlichen Beſchaffenheit, die durch die Religion nicht aufgehoben wird. Zween Helden wagen ſich beyde in den Kampf. Den einen macht die Liebe zum Ruhme ganz unempfindlich gegen das Schrecken des Todes. Der andere ſieht bey dem Anblicke der Todten zugleich die blutige Gefahr, in die er ſich waget. Er fühlet einen beſchwerlichen Widerſtand. Allein er ſtreitet bey ſeinem blaſſen Geſichte doch tapfer und muthig. Wird man ihn deswegen für keinen Helden halten, den die Begierde ſeine Schuldigkeit zu thun, und der Ruhm des Sieges beleben?

Setzet man zu der Verſchiedenheit der Gemüthsarten noch die Verſchiedenheit der Schmerzen hinzu, die dieſer oder jener empfindet: ſo muß die Beruhigung noch ungleicher werden. Es giebt gewiſſe Leibesbeſchwerden, welche die Seele mehr angreifen, als andere. Ein elender Hypochondriſt, der bey einem bangen Gefühle in ſeinem Körper nie recht zu einer völligen Freyheit ſeines Geiſtes gelangen kann; der ſich wider ſeinen Willen mit traurigen Vorſtellungen herumträgt, die durch eine verderbte Einbildung unterhalten werden, wird durch alle Gründe der Religion nie zu der Ruhe gelangen, zu der ein andrer kömmt, der nur an dieſem oder jenem Theile des Leibes angegriffen wird, ohne daß die Nerven, durch welche unſere Lebensgeiſter wirken, gewaltſam leiden. Es giebt ferner in ſolchen Stunden ſo heftige Schmerzen, welche unſere Seele zu gar keiner deutlichen Vorſtellung kommen laſſen. Wer in dieſen Stunden, gegen einen andern ſiechen Menſchen gehalten, troſtlos ſcheinet, kann deswegen noch ſehr ſtandhaft heißen. Eben ſo wie einer, der in einer Ohnmacht liegt, doch das Leben noch hat, ob man gleich die ordentlichen Zeichen deſſelben nicht mehr wahrnimmt. Man kann ſich ſolche Fälle leicht ſelber erdenken.

Auch die äußerlichen Umſtände können machen, daß unſere Troſtgründe hier mehr, dort weniger Ruhe nach ſich ziehen, ohne daß die Schuld an ihrer innerlichen Kraft liegt. Wer nicht allein mit den Schmerzen des Leibes, ſondern auch mit Mangel und Dürftigkeit zu ſtreiten hat; wer, weil er ſiech iſt, zugleich die Seinen dürftig und kummervoll ſieht; wer wenig Hülfe von Freunden, wenig Wartung, wenig Bequemlichkeit genießt, wenig ſtärkende Mittel, wenig gute Arzeneyen brauchen kann, der muß mit einem andern nicht verglichen werden, bey dem alle dieſe Dinge nicht ſind. Wer durch die Bande der Natur und Zärtlichkeit mit edlen Freunden, mit einer liebenswürdigen Gattinn, mit wohlgerathenen Kindern verknüpft iſt, wird ſich ſchwerer von der Liebe zum Leben losmachen, und alſo nicht ſo bald, oder ſo ſehr beruhiget werden können, als einer, der wenig an die Welt gebunden iſt.

Indeſſen kommen doch alle ſieche Perſonen darinnen überein, daß ſie die Liebe zum Leben verringern müſſen, wenn ſie ruhig werden wollen. Sie ſehen alle auf gewiſſe Weiſe den Tod vor ſich, und ſie fürchten ihn ſo lange, als ſie zu leben wünſchen. Ihre Leibesſchmerzen werden durch dieſe traurige Furcht oft vermehrt, oft unterhalten. Und bey vielen würde doch die Munterkeit des Geiſtes eine Wirkung in den Säften des Körpers hervorbringen, welche alle Arzeneyen nicht ſchaffen. Die Liebe zu dem Leben läßt ſich durch nichts anders, als durch die Hoffnung eines viel größern und dauerhaftern Gutes, durch das künftige Leben beſiegen. Die Vernunft kann kein kräftiger Mittel erſinnen, als dieſes iſt, das uns die Offenbahrung vorſchlägt. Und man entſchließe ſich kurz, entweder nie ruhig bey ſeinen Plagen zu werden, oder ſich dieſes Mittels zu bedienen. Es iſt kein anderer Weg, dieſe Hoffnung entweder zu erhalten, oder, wenn man ſie hat, in ſich zu verſtärken, als der Weg der Religion.

Und ich weis nicht, wie es möglich iſt, daß man ſich von der Vortrefflichkeit derſelben nicht überzeugen kann, da es an und für ſich ſo leicht iſt. Zeigt ſie die Mittel, wie man hier ruhig und zugleich ewig glücklich werden kann, was kann denn vortrefflicheres erdacht werden! Was kann unſerer Liebe, unſerer Hochachtung, unſers Gehorſams würdiger ſeyn, als eine ſolche Anweiſung, die ſo genau mit dem Wunſche aller Menſchen übereinſtimmt!

Wenn uns die Religion die Liebe zum Leben unterdrücken hieße, bloß um uns empfindlich zu machen: ſo wäre ſie etwas grauſames. Allein ſie will uns ſolche nur in ſo weit benehmen, als ſie uns an der Zufriedenheit hindert. Wir müſſen ſterben, dieſes iſt gewiß. Wir wollen gern leben. Dieſes iſt eben ſo gewiß. Beydes ſtehet einander im Wege. Das erſte kann nicht geändert werden. Alſo muß das andere, das Verlangen zum Leben gemindert werden, wenn wir nicht alle Augenblicke in Furcht und Unruhe ſtehen wollen. Dieſes iſt die Abſicht der Religion. Wie weiſe führet ſie ſolche aus! Sie zeigt uns, daß dieſes flüchtige Leben gar nicht das größte Gut ſey, daß noch ein weit herrlicher Leben auf uns warte. Zu dieſem erwecket ſie unſere Hoffnung unter gewiſſen Bedingungen, und begleitet dieſe Hoffnung mit einer Ueberzeugung des Geiſtes, die ſo gewiß iſt, als das Zeugniß der äußerlichen Sinne. Durch dieſe Hoffnung ſchwächt ſie unſere Liebe zu dieſem Leben, und alſo auch unſere Begierden nach den Gütern, die dieſes Leben ſchätzbar machen. Sie benimmt uns tauſend nagende Sorgen, tauſend unruhige Vorſtellungen, tauſend vergebliche Bemühungen und Laſten, indem ſie uns der Liebe zum Leben entzieht. Sie belohnet uns für dieſe Einbuße mit dem Vorſchmacke eines viel herrlichern Glücks. Sie vermindert unſere Furcht vor dem Tode, indem ſie uns ihn von ſeiner angenehmen Seite zeigt, und uns ihn, als einen nothwendigen Beförderer, und nicht als einen Störer unſers Glücks vorſtellet. Der muß die Natur des menſchlichen Herzens, und die Kraft der Religion gar nicht kennen, wer ſich ohne ſie einen wahren Troſt in den Plagen des menſchlichen Lebens verſprechen will.

Es iſt alles gut, werden viele von den Elenden ſagen, wenn wir nur auch dieſe Hoffnung, dieſe lebendige Vorſtellung der künftigen Glückſeligkeit recht in unſer Herz bringen könnten. Iſt dieſe Hoffnung nicht eben das, was die Schrift den Glauben nennt, und iſt der Glaube nicht ein Geſchenk Gottes? Iſt dieſes der ganze Einwurf: ſo iſt er bald gehoben. Gott erweckt, Gott belebt dieſe Hoffnung in unſerm Herzen; aber nicht durch Wunder, nicht durch eine unmittelbare Eingebung, nicht wider unſern Willen. So viel iſt gewiß, je mehr wir uns bemühen, ſie zu überkommen, deſtomehr werden wir ſie erhalten. Je weniger wir es uns angelegen ſeyn laſſen, ſie in unſere Gewalt zu bringen, deſtoweniger wird ſie uns Gott geben können. Haben wir einen richtigen Begriff von der Güte Gottes: ſo können wir nicht zweifeln, daß er bereit ſey, uns dieſe Hoffnung ſo bald zu ſchenken, als er kann. Er kann aber nicht eher, als bis wir die natürlichen Kräfte des Verſtandes und Willens anwenden, alles aus dem Wege zu räumen, was uns an der Erhaltung dieſer Hoffnung hindert, und alles das zu thun, wodurch ſie uns zu Theil werden kann. Was darf uns das beunruhigen, daß die Hoffnung, von der wir reden, ein Geſchenk Gottes iſt? Haben wir nicht mit dem Liebreichſten, mit dem gerechteſten Weſen zu thun, das von keinen menſchlichen Abſichten in der Austheilung dieſes Geſchenks aufgehalten wird, das ſeine Glückſeligkeit darinn ſucht, ſeine Geſchöpfe glücklich zu machen, wenn ſie nur ihr Glück von ſeinen Händen annehmen wollen? Dem es keine Mühe koſtet, uns dieſes Geſchenk zu überliefern? Aber ich thue alles, ſpricht Theokles, was ein Vernünftiger nach der Offenbarung anwenden ſoll, ſich dieſen Schatz zu erwerben. Es ſind nicht Tage, nicht Monate, es ſind Jahre verſtrichen, daß ich dieſer Beſchäfftigung, mich in meinem Elende durch die Hoffnung der Ewigkeit aufzurichten, aufrichtig nachgehangen habe. Und gleichwohl fühle ich ihre Gegenwart nicht. Iſt kein Betrug in dieſem Bekenntniſſe: ſo iſt Theokles ſeiner Hoffnung näher, als er glaubt. Sie bricht eben ſo wenig auf einmal an, als der Tag. Sie wächſt, ohne daß wir ihren Anwachs ſtuffenweiſe merken; aber wenn ſie zu der völligen Höhe gelangt iſt: ſo werden wir ihre Gegenwart eben ſo gewiß fühlen, als wir um die Mittagszeit die volle Wärme der Sonne empfinden, ob wir ihre Annäherung gleich nicht den Graden nach deutlich verſpüret haben. Allein kann mir Gott den Genuß dieſer Hoffnung nicht ungeachtet aller meiner Bemühung aus gerechten Abſichten zurück halten? Ja, aber blos deswegen, damit du ſie deſto höher ſchätzen, und wenn du ſie bekommſt, ſie deſto ſorgfältiger bewahren ſollſt, je länger und ſtärker du nach ihr verlanget haſt. Kurz, wenn die Schuld nicht an dir liegt: ſo kann Gott nichts abhalten, dir ſie itzt nicht zu ſchenken, als ſeine Güte und dein Glück. Meynet es wohl ein Regent mit ſeinem Unterthan übel, wenn er ihm die Freyheit, um die er heute bittet, erſtlich nach einigen Jahren ſchenkt, weil er zum voraus ſieht, daß er, wenn er die Knechtſchaft weniger gefühlt hätte, die Freyheit mit Verluſt ſeines Lebens misbrauchen würde? Aber wo weis ich denn, ob ich mich zu dieſer Hoffnung nicht ſelbſt durch mein Verhalten untüchtig gemacht habe? Ob es nicht ſchon zu ſpät iſt, ſie zu überkommen? Ob Gott noch bereit iſt, ſie mir zu ſchenken? Ich antworte, aus eben denen Unruhen kannſt du es wiſſen, die du fühleſt, welche, wie die Dämmerung vor dem Tage, vorher zu gehen pflegen. Du mußt erſt unruhig werden, ehe du ruhig ſeyn kannſt. Und wenn dieſe Unruhe mit einer aufrichtigen und kräftigen Begierde verbunden iſt, alles das zu thun, was die Religion gebeut: ſo iſt ſie keine Wirkung des natürlichen Triebes, glücklich zu ſeyn, der uns auch ohne Glauben und Liebe zu äußerlich guten Thaten antreiben kann, ſondern eine Frucht der Religion, und alſo ein Pfand deiner Hoffnung, die, wo nicht eher, doch gewiß mit der Annäherung des Todes ſtärker von dir gefühlet werden wird.

Ja, wendet man ein, wie kann ich denn bey meinem ſiechen Leben das thun, was die Religion gebeut? Gehört zu der Ausübung ſolcher heiligen Pflichten, nicht ein heiterer und unbeſchwerter Geiſt, und ein geſunder und brauchbarer Körper? Wie kann ich alſo durch meine Tugend meine Hoffnung ſtärken, da ich wenig Gelegenheit zur Tugend mehr habe? Wie kann ich andern nützlich ſeyn, andern dienen, da ich ihnen und mir vielmehr zur Laſt bin? Iſt deine verdorbene Geſundheit keine Folge deiner Vergehungen: ſo iſt dieſer Einwurf ſchwach. Es iſt eben ſo viel, als wenn dir Gott nicht mehr Kräfte gegeben hätte. Folglich wird er auch keinen höhern Gebrauch von dir fodern, als dieſe Kräfte verlangen. Man wende ſie nur aufrichtig an: ſo kan man ſo tugendhaft ſeyn, als ein Geſunder. Niemand iſt ſo ſiech, daß er nicht gewiſſe Stunden und Tage frey von ſeiner Plage wäre. Man gebrauche dieſe Stunden zu ſeinem und anderer Beſten: ſo wird man die heiligſten Pflichten noch ausüben können. Das ſind nicht allemal die größten Tugenden, die groß in die Augen fallen, und die Mühe verrathen, die ſie gekoſtet haben. Man kann großen Bedienungen mit aller Sorgfalt vorſtehen; man kann den Freunden, dem Nächſten, der Republik große Dienſte, und doch in der That nichts thun, als ſeiner Ehrbegierde, ſeiner Geldſucht und ſeinen übrigen Begierden dienen. Hingegen kann man in einem kleinen Bezirke, unter wenig Menſchen, die nützlichſten Geſchäffte vornehmen, und die edelſte Tugend ausüben, ob man gleich, nach der Sprache der Welt, unnütze und müßig zu ſeyn ſcheint. Ein ſiecher Menſch mag auf ſich oder andere ſehen: ſo wird es ihm nie an Gelegenheit zur Tugend fehlen. Will er ſeinen Verſtand, will er ſeinen Willen verbeſſern: ſo wird er ſich die guten Augenblicke durch Nachdenken, durch das Leſen guter Bücher zu Nutze machen. Wer hat mehr Gelegenheit, als er, ſich von der Flüchtigkeit, von der Eitelkeit, von dem geringen Werthe aller der Güter zu überzeugen, die uns ſo vielen unnöthigen Schweiß auspreſſen, ſo viel ſchlafloſe Nächte koſten, ſo viele unerlaubte Thaten abzwingen, und zehn neue Begierden in uns erwecken, wenn ſie eine befriediget haben? Und wer kann ſein wahres Glück beſſer befördern, als derjenige, der das Scheinglück recht kennt? Kann man ſeinen Geiſt nicht über die ſichtbaren Dinge erheben, wenn man gleich nicht vollkommen geſund iſt? Kann man ſich keine hohen Bilder, von der Größe des Schöpfers, von der Liebe des Erlöſers machen, die uns antreiben, im Herzen ihm ähnlich zu werden? Hat ein Siecher in ſeinem entkräfteten Herzen keine Feinde, keinen Neid, keinen Stolz, keine Eigenliebe, keinen Haß, keine Unverſöhnlichkeit, kein mürriſches und unfreundliches Weſen zu beſtreiten? Hat er keine Gelegenheit zu den Tugenden der Geduld und Gelaſſenheit? Kann er nicht noch keuſch, nicht noch mäßig, nicht noch demüthig ſeyn? Kann er das Vertrauen auf die Hülfe der Allmacht nicht in ſich vermehren? Kann er mit einem Worte die Liebe zu Gott, die Mutter aller wahren Tugenden, nicht in ſich verſtärken? Und wenn er alles dieſes kann, wird er wohl vergebens auch in Anſehung anderer Menſchen leben? Wird er ſie nicht ſchon durch ſein Beyſpiel unterrichten und beſſern? Würden viele, die um ihn leben, wohl zu mancher ernſthaften Betrachtung kommen, wenn ſie nicht ſeine Geduld ſähen, und nicht bey ſeinem Elende an die Zukunft ihres eigenen dächten? Kann ich, wenn ich ſiech bin, nicht andern noch guten Rath geben, wie ſie ihre innerliche und äußerliche Wohlfahrt befeſtigen ſollen? Kann ich mir die Auferziehung eines jungen Anverwandten nicht angelegen ſeyn laſſen? Und leiſte ich der Republik keinen wichtigen Dienſt, wenn ich ihn durch Wahrheit und Tugend zu einem nützlichen Mitgliede derſelben mache? Muß man denn allemal ein öffentliches Amt verwalten können, wenn man nützliche Thaten verrichten will? Wie viel Pflichten giebt es in unſern Häuſern, die wir als Väter, als Lehrer, als Anverwandte, als Menſchenfreunde ausüben können, wenn gleich unſere Geſundheit nicht die beſte iſt? Und wer wird mehr Eifer zu dieſen Pflichten fühlen können, als eben derjenige, der durch die Vorboten des Todes oft erinnert wird, etwas Gutes nicht aufzuſchieben? Kann ich, wenn ich Vermögen habe, nicht liebreiche Anſtalten machen, die Noth und den Unterhalt der andern zu erleichtern? Kann ich nicht, wenn ich keines habe, doch andern mit meinem Anſehen, mit meinen Vorbitten dienen, und mich in meinen begüterten Verwandten zum unbekannten Wohlthäter manches Elenden machen? Wie kann man ſich alſo beklagen, daß man bey dem Verluſte der Geſundheit nicht mehr im Stande wäre, etwas Gutes zu ſtiften, oder Tugenden auszuüben. Man ſorge nur für den guten Willen. An Gelegenheiten wird es uns bis auf den letzten Augenblick nicht mangeln. Und ſelbſt durch unſern gelaſſenen und freudigen Tod werden wir uns die Umſtehenden noch verbinden, und ihre Herzen auf viele Jahre noch rühren können, mit Ernſt an dieſes wichtige Geſchäffte zu denken. Wer alſo in ſeinen geſunden Tagen nachläſſig und unordentlich gewandelt, hat noch Gelegenheit das verſäumte auf andere Weiſe gut zu machen. Und wer tugendhaft gelebt hat, ehe er ſiech geworden iſt, wird nicht verhindert, es ſo gut zu ſeyn, als ein Kranker es ſeyn kann. Will man nun ſeine Hoffnung, ſeine Freudigkeit, ſeine Gelaſſenheit ſtärken: ſo iſt keine beſſere Nahrung dazu, als die Ausübung der Tugend, die, wenn ſie mit redlicher Abſicht erfüllet wird, etwas ſüßes in unſerm Herzen zurück läßt, das ſich mit der Hoffnung der künftigen Glückſeligkeit vortrefflich vereinigt. Und niemand mache ſich Rechnung auf dieſe Beruhigung, der den Rath der Religion in ſeinen ſiechen Tagen nicht hört. Wie glücklich ſind endlich diejenigen, die ſich bey geſunden Jahren ſchon um die Ruhe des Geiſtes bemühen, die ihnen unentbehrlich iſt, wenn ſie um das liebſte Gut der Welt, um ihre Geſundheit, kommen ſollten.

Eberhard Friedrich, Freiherr v. Gemmingen

ward am 5. November 1725 zu Heilbronn geboren, zeichnete ſich ſchon früh durch glückliche Anlagen aus und ſtudirte nach erlangter Vorbildung die Rechte in Tübingen und Göttingen. Er machte darauf einige Reiſen und ward dann 1748 als Würtembergiſcher Regierungsrath angeſtellt. 1767 wurde er Geheimerath und Präſident ſeines Kollegiums, ſpäter auch des Wechſelgerichtes und der Kammerdeputation ſo wie Lehnpropſt und Ritter des großen Jagdordens. Er ſtarb am 19. Januar 1791 in Stuttgart.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Briefe nebſt anderen poetiſchen und proſaiſchen Stücken. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1753. — **Neue ohne ſein Wiſſen beſorgte Ausgabe von Zachariä.** Braunſchweig 1769.

Poetiſche Blicke in's Landleben. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1795.

Einzelne Gedichte in den Muſenalmanachen von 1771 — 1774.

Ein für ſeine Zeit durch Geſchmack, Feinheit des Gefühls und Correctheit ausgezeichneter, jetzt indeſſen faſt ganz vergeſſener Dichter, dem es freilich an Originalität fehlte. —

Vgl. Materialien zu einem Denkmal Herrn Eberhard Friedrich's von Gemmingen, Herzogl. Würtemb. Geheimen Rathes u. ſ. w. Mit Gemmingen's Silhouette. Frankfurt a. M. 1791. (von J. F. A. Kazner). — Ferner: Huber, Denkmal des H. W. Präſidenten v. E. F. von Gemmingen. Stuttgart 1793.

Otto Heinrich, Freiherr v. Gemmingen

ward 1738 zu Heilbronn geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und trat dann in Kurpfälziſche Dienſte. Er lebte, als kurpfälziſcher Kämmerer, Hofkammerrath und Mitglied der deutſchen Geſellſchaft, eine Zeitlang in Mannheim, privatiſirte ſpäter ſeit 1784 in Wien und darauf ſeit 1797 in Würzburg und ſtarb als Badenſcher Geheimerath und Staatsminiſter. — die Angaben über Zeit und Ort ſeines Todes ſind ſehr abweichend; nach Einigen endete er 1790 zu Wien*) nach Anderen am 3 Juni 1822 zu Anſpach**) und nach einer dritten Meinung am 15. März 1836 zu Heidelberg***).

Seine ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen ſind:

Pygmalion, eine lyriſche Handlung aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Rouſſeau. Mannheim 1778.
Die Erbſchaft, ein Luſtſpiel. Mannheim 1779.
Mannheimiſche Dramaturgie. Mannheim 1779.
Milton's Allegro und Penſeroſo. Mannheim 1782.
Der deutſche Hausvater. Schauſpiel. München 1780. N. A. Mannheim 1790.
Shakeſpear's Richard der Zweite. Mannheim 1782.
Der Weltmann. Eine Wochenſchrift. 3 Bde. Wien 1782 — 1783.
Magazin für Wiſſenſchaften und Literatur. 1. Bd. 1. und 2. Th. Wien 1784 — 1785. gr. 4.
Wiener Ephemeriden. 1. Bd. 1 — 3 Stück. Wien 1786.
Einzelne Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften. —

Gemmingen's Ruf als Schriftſteller ward beſonders durch ſeinen „deutſchen Hausvater" bewirkt, ein dramatiſches Familiengemälde, welches zur Zeit ſeines Erſcheinens großen Beifall fand, da der Geſchmack jener Periode ſich Leiſtungen dieſer Art beſonders geneigte und ähnliche Gegenſtände auf der Bühne bisher noch ſelten waren behandelt werden. Abgeſehen davon, daß dieſes Schauſpiel immer nur ein Gegenſtück zu Diderots père de famille iſt, und ſomit theilweiſe eine Nachahmung deſſelben, ſo kann auch der nachſichtigſte Kritiker ihm in unſeren Tagen nicht mehr das hohe Lob gewähren, daß demſelben früher in ſo reichlichem Maaße geſpendet wurde; es fehlt ſeinem Verfaſſer durchaus an Tiefe und Phantaſie; die von ihm erfundenen Charaktere und Situationen bleiben daher nüchtern und proſaiſch und ſind das Reſultat mühſeliger Berechnung, die oft ſogar zur Geſchmackloſigkeit verführt, und nur ſelten das wirkliche Leben in ſeiner ganzen Wahrheit wieder zu geben verſteht, deſto häufiger dagegen ein falſches, verzerrtes oder ſteifes Bild deſſelben aufſtellt. — Redliches Wollen und wohlgemeinte Beſtrebung kann übrigens dem Verfaſſer des Hausvaters nicht abgeſprochen werden, und da er, trotz manchem Verfehlten, unabläſſig bemüht war, in ſeinen Schriften vortheilhaft und nützlich auf ſeine Nation und ſeine Zeit zu wirken und mit den ihm verliehenen Mitteln das Gute nach allen Kräften zu befördern, ſo verdient er ſtets eine ehrenvolle Anerkennung, wenn man ihm auch jene hohe Stufe, welche ihm früher unter den deutſchen Schriftſtellern eingeräumt wurde, nicht mehr zugeſtehen kann.

Vierte Handlung.*)

Zimmer des Malers.

Erſter Auftritt.

(Lottchen ſitzt auf einem Stuhl in trauriger Betäubung, als Anne herein kommt. Lottchen ſpringt ihr entgegen.)

Lottchen. Haſt du ihm den Brief gebracht? haſt du ihn geſehen? was hat er dir mitgegeben? wird er kommen?

Anne. Geſehen? ja das hab' ich. Aber mitgegeben hat er mir nichts.

Lottchen. Nichts? Alſo iſt es denn wahr, alſo hat er mich verlaſſen?

Anne. Nur ſtille, Lottchen, nur ſtille, ſie laſſen einen gar nicht zum Worte kommen. Er wird gleich ſelbſt da ſein.

Lottchen. Er wird ſelbſt da ſein? O warum haſt du das mir nicht gleich anfangs geſagt? Ich ſoll ihn wieder ſehen? ſoll ihn wieder haben?

Anne. Stille! ihr Vater kommt.

Zweiter Auftritt.

(Der Maler tritt auf.)

Ich war lang aus, mein Kind, nicht wahr?

Lottchen. Ja, aber ſind ſie doch jetzt wieder da.

Maler. Und bringe dir freudige Nachrichten die Menge.

Lottchen. Ja wohl Freude, Freude!

Maler. Wie! weißt du es denn ſchon?

Lottchen. (Betroffen aus Furcht, daß ſie ſich möchte verrathen haben.) Nein Vater, aber ich ſah es ihnen am Geſicht an.

Maler. Nun dann, ſo höre: für mein Gemälde habe ich das Geld bekommen, und (zu Anne, der er etwas Geld gibt) da, nehmt und beſorgt die Haushaltung. (Anne nimmt das Geld, und während, daß der Maler hingeht, Hut und Stock abzulegen, ſagt)

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*) Brockhaus Converſations-Lexikon. 8. Aufl. Bd. IV. S. 687. — **) H. Döring Gallerie deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten Bd. I. S. 334 und Guden Chronologiſche Tabellen zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Sprache und National-Literatur. Th. III. S. 52. ***) Frankfurter Oberpoſtamtszeitung.

*) Der deutſche Hausvater.

Anne. (Zu Lottchen.) Geben ſie nur acht, Lottchen, mit ihrer Freude, daß er es nicht merkt.

Lottchen. Geh nur, will ſchon, will ſchon, wenn ich kann. (Anne geht.)

Maler. Und denke nur, außerdem hat mir der Fürſt eine Penſion gegeben, damit ich mich ruhig auf meine Kunſt verwenden könne. O, danke mit mir Gott, und hilf mir für unſern beſten Fürſten beten. Nun brauche ich nicht mehr um das Geld zu arbeiten, kann jezt ganz der Kunſt, und dir, meine Tochter, leben.

Lottchen. O gewiß, wir werden einſt noch recht glücklich ſein.

Maler. Kann man anders, wenn man ſein Auskommen hat, ſeinem Beruf nachgehen kann und ſich nichts vorzuwerfen hat? Nun noch zur Vollkommenheit meiner Freude, einen tüchtigen, arbeitſamen Schwiegerſohn.

Dritter Auftritt.

(Indem tritt Karl herein.)

Karl. Guten Tag, guten Tag, meine Lieben!

Lottchen. (Ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, verneigt ſich.)

Maler. Ei, ſein ſie mir gegrüßt, Graf: nun, gut daß ſie kommen: hören ſie doch, der Fürſt hat mir eine Penſion gegeben.

Karl. Bravo! das gleicht ihm wieder, dem Beſchützer der Künſte.

Maler. Wie ich jezt malen will, Graf, wie ich jezt ganz meiner Kunſt leben will! — Raphaels Ideal — bei Gott! das iſt mir noch zu wenig.

Karl. Wünſchte ich doch unſern Herrn hier, der Anblick ſolch einer Freude, wäre reiche Belohnung ſeiner That, ein angenehmeres Schauſpiel, als je eins ihm bereiten kann.

Maler. Wohl wahr. Aber warum hat mich der einzige Kunſtliebhaber, mein einziger Kunſtfreund, und Schüler acht ganze Tage allein gelaſſen? das war nicht recht.

Karl. Ich konnte nicht, mein Beſter, die Ankunft meines Vaters —

Maler. Iſt er angekommen? da wünſch' ich Glück. Nun, da wird's ja auch bald mit ihrer Heirath vor ſich gehn.

Karl. (betroffen.) Was für eine Heirath?

Maler. Nun; mit der Gräfin Amaldi, die ganze Stadt iſt davon voll; ihr Leute könnt ja nichts thun, ohne daß hundert Narren davon ſchwatzen.

Karl. (Noch mehr betroffen.) Sie irren ſich, wirklich ſie irren ſich, ich weiß nicht wer ihnen das kann —

Maler. Ja, lieber Graf, wenn ſie's nicht haben wollen, dann gewiß nicht — ſein ſie glücklich, mein Beſter, das iſt alles, was ich wünſche.

Karl. Dank, mein Lieber, Dank! Was macht aber die Kunſt, was haben ſie gearbeitet?

Maler. O! ich hab ihnen gar viel zu zeigen und zu ſagen, warten ſie nur einen Augenblick, und ich bin gleich wieder da. (Er geht in's Nebenzimmer. Wie der Maler weg iſt, ſpringt Lottchen auf Karl zu, und umarmt ihn.)

Lottchen. Karl, du biſt lange ausgeblieben.

Karl. Wie iſt dir, meine Liebe?

Lottchen. Wohl und wehe, wehe und wohl! und habe ich dich doch wieder, (indem ſie ihm am Halſe hängt) und in dir alles, was Lotten kann glücklich machen.

Karl. Beſte Lotte! O wer kann ein Menſchenherz haben, und da kaltherzig handeln.

Lottchen. Was ſagſt du?

Karl. Daß du ein Engel biſt. (Sie ſehen ſich zärtlich an; ein langes ausdrucksvolles Stillſchweigen.)

Lottchen. Karl!

Karl. Lotte!

Lottchen. Liebſt du mich?

Karl. (Nimmt ihre Hand, drückt ſie an ſein Herz.) Fühl hier die Antwort. (Wieder Stillſchweigen; ſie blicken ſich ſehnſuchtsvoll in die Augen.)

Lottchen. Und hier — — (Sie will ihm um den Hals fallen, als ſie zurückfährt, und beide nach der Thüre ſehn) ich dacht' es wäre mein Vater.

Karl. Noch einen einzigen Kuß!

Lottchen. (fällt in ſeine Arme) Tauſend —

Karl. Nur einen; aber daß er mich in die Ewigkeit mit hinüber leiten möchte.

Lottchen. Ja, ſo wollen wir einmal ſterben; nicht? — — Aber, nun mein Lieber, dein Vater iſt da; ſagſt du mir nichts von unſerer Verbindung, nichts Freudiges?

Karl. (zuſammenſchauernd.) Wo iſt mein Vater? Ach Lotte — — ſei ruhig — — ruhig — es ſoll dir nichts fehlen — — ich kann dich nicht vergeſſen — — will — kann keine andre als dich lieben — lebe nur glücklich — ich nicht —

Lottchen. Wie! — Gott — was willſt du?

Karl. Ja, mein Vater iſt gekommen, aber eben deswegen nichts Freudiges, man will — man will — ich ſoll — Unglück für mich und dich — ich muß Amaldi heirathen.

Lottchen. Gerechter Gott! und ich! — und das Kind, und das Kind, daß ich unterm Herzen trage! und mein Vater! —

Vierter Auftritt.

(Der Maler tritt herein. Darauf geht Lottchen an einen Stuhl auf die Seite, weinend; der Maler, ganz beſchäftigt mit ſeinem Gegenſtand, kommt, ohne ſonſt etwas zu ſehen, mit Zeichnungen in der Hand heraus.)

Maler. Hier, Graf, iſt etwas, das ihnen gewiß gefällt.

Karl. (in Unruhe.) Iſt's doch von Ihnen.

Maler. Pfui, Graf, wollen die Künſtler geſchmeichelt ſein? ſetzen ſie ſich hier an den Tiſch. (Sie ſetzen ſich, der Maler ſpricht im vollkommenen Feuer ſeines Gefühls, Karl aber ſieht ſich öfters während der Zeit unruhvoll um.)

Maler. (zeigt Karl ein Gemälde.) Wie gefällt ihnen dieß.

Karl. Schön — recht ſchön — das Gemälde giebt Schwermuth.

Maler. Auch ſoll es. Es iſt aus unſers trefflichen Göthens Stella. Wiſſen ſie, wie ſie der Madame Sommer ihre Spaziergänge am Grabe ihres Kindes erzählt. Sehn ſie hier die Thränenweiden, die auf des Kindes Grab herunter hangen, hier des kleinen Grabes Urne; im Ganzen des Mondes Dämmerung; merken ſie in der Nacht die Sterne, wie ſie auf den traurigen Platz herabblinken. Und da die arme liebekranke, verlaſſene Stella ſtehend am Grabe ihres Kindes; es iſt der Augenblick, wo, nach freundlichen hoffnungsvollen Träumen, es ſie auf einmal ergreift, daß ſie allein iſt, vergebens ihre Arme ausſtreckt und im Drang und der Fülle der Liebe den Mond herunter ziehen zu wollen ſcheint.

Karl. Herrlich! — ſchön! — herrlich!

Maler. Iſt mir ſelber lieb — doppelt lieb, weil es mein Mädchen ſo gern hat; ich will's ihr auch ſchenken, bekommt ſie einmal, wie ich hoffe, einen Mann, der ſo was fühlen kann; da ſoll ſie es ihm zum Brautgeſchenk geben.

Karl. Treffliches — Geſchenk — glücklich der —

Maler. Nun — es freut mich recht, wenn es ihnen gefällt; jezt was anders. — Hören ſie, Graf: Die Künſtler des Alterthums wußten ſo ſtark auf ihre Nation zu wirken: ich denke, wir könnten das auch, ſtellten wir Gegenſtände vor, die jeden beſonders angingen. Es iſt zum Beiſpiel ein abſcheuliches Ding, ein Kindermord! ich, nach meinem Gefühl, kenne nichts ſchrecklichers in der Natur.

Karl. (iſt während dem in der erſten Bewegung vom Stuhl aufgeſprungen.)

Maler. Was iſt?

Karl. (indem er ſich wieder ſezt, um ſich zu verſtellen.) Ach! gewiß, der Gedanke, daß die Mutter ihr anderes Selbſt, ihr mit Schmerzen getragenes, mit größeren Schmerzen erzeugtes einziges Kind ſelbſt würgen —

Maler. Und daß unſere Geſetze daran Schuld ſind, das iſt ſchrecklich; denn ſehen ſie, wäre nicht Schande, Beſtrafung, Verachtung das Loos ſo einer Unglücklichen, wär' all das nicht, vereinigten ſich nicht alle dieſe Gedanken, ſtürmten ſie nicht auf die geſchwächten Nerven einer Gebährerin, verrückten ſie nicht ihr Gehirn, welche Mutter würde ihr Kind tödten! Ha, Graf, ich möchte kein Fürſt ſein, der mit dieſen Geſetzen das Todesurtheil einer Kindesmörderin unterſchrieben, kein Diener ſein, der dazu gerathen hätte. Ich ſehe ſie in der Zukunft, wie das Blut aller der Unglücklichen, wie's gegen unſre Geſetze um Rache ſchreit, und wäre ich Fürſt, ich würde mir denken, daß bei dem Austritt aus dieſem Leben, all die bekannten und unbekannten Mörderinnen und Ermordete mir verzweiflungsvoll entgegen kämen.

Karl. Hören ſie auf mit ihrem Bilde, ſehn ſie, wie ſie ihre Tochter beunruhigen.

Maler. Wohl ihr, daß ſie gegen ſolche Sachen empfindſam iſt, wohl ihr, daß ſie's fühlt; kein glattzüngiger Bube wird ſie verführen, niemand dann wird dieſe Einzige von meinem Herzen reißen. (Der Graf iſt betäubt.) Nun, um zur Sache zu kommen; ich dächte, es würde Vortheile haben, wenn unſre Kunſt ſolche Gegenſtände darſtellte. Sehen ſie, Graf, ich habe hier die Skizzen gemacht; hier iſt das unglückliche Mädchen, wie ſie ihr einziges Kind würgt, merken ſie da oben in dem Strich da die Verzweiflung, die Raſerei der Mutter, fühlen ſie das, Graf?

Karl. Ja, unausſprechlich.

Maler. Und nun dieſe zweite Zeichnung, da liegt ſie nun, die Mutter, das ganze Bild des Unglücks, das todte Kind an ihre Bruſt gedrückt, das ſie ſcheint nicht von ſich laſſen zu wollen, hier die Wache, die ſie vor Gericht führen will, und dort verzweiflungsvoll der arme, alte Vater, der ſeine liebe, ſeine einzige — (Hier fällt Lottchen in Ohnmacht, der Maler und Karl ſpringen ſchreckenvoll auf, rufen beide:) ach, Lottchen, Lottchen! (ſie tragen ſie in's Nebenzimmer, der Graf kommt gleich wieder verzweiflungsvoll heraus, und ruft:

Karl. Anne. Anne!

Fünfter Auftritt.

Anne kommt herein.

Anne. Was iſt, was iſt?

Karl. Geh hinein, ſieh ſelbſt. (Sie läuft in's Zimmer, der Graf ſteht ſtarr und unbeweglich, endlich hebt er ſo eine Zeichnung auf, er wirft ſie ſchreckenvoll weg, und ſtürzt ſich zum Zimmer hinaus.)

Der Vorhang bleibt aufgezogen, eine dumpfe, beklemmende Muſik des Orcheſters; man bemerkt Unruhe in des Malers Hauſe, Anne kommt einigemal herausgelaufen, um etwas zu holen. Hernach Ruhe. — Anne geht über eine Weile zur Hausthüre hinaus. Dann kommt der Maler heraus, geht über das Theater in ein Nebenzimmer; nach einiger Zeit wankt Lottchen in einer Art von Betäubung heraus, gedrückt unter der Laſt des Kummers; ſie ſinkt auf einen Stuhl, ihr Geſicht mit beiden Händen auf einen Tiſch gelegt. Sie hebt ſich auf, man ſieht, daß in ihr ein plötzlicher Gedanke entſteht; ſie eilt in ihr Zimmer, kommt ſchnell mit einem Schleier heraus, geht in die Thüre hinein, wo der Vater hinein gegangen iſt; gleich kommt ſie wieder und ſtürzt zur Hausthüre hinaus. Gleich folgt der Maler, wie er ſeine Tochter nicht mehr ſieht, ſetzt er ſich an die Staffelei und malt; das Orcheſter geht fort, das dann aufhört, als Anne kommt.

Anne. Wo iſt denn Lottchen? iſt ihr wieder beſſer?

Maler. Freilich, das hatte nichts zu ſagen, ſie hat ſo zarte Nerven.

Anne. Wo iſt ſie aber jetzt?

Maler. In der Franciskanerkirche; ich wollte doch, du gingſt ihr nach.

Anne. Gleich. (Geht.)

(Man klopft an der Thür, der Maler ruft: herein!)

Sechster Auftritt.

Darauf kommt der Hausvater in das Zimmer.

Hausvater. Sind ſie der Maler Wermann?

Maler. Ja, mein Herr. Was ſteht zu ihren Dienſten?

Hausvater. Ich bitte, bleiben ſie bei ihrem Geſchäfte.

Maler (ſetzt ſich wieder zur Staffelei.) Wenn ſie es erlauben, ſonſt werden die Farben trocken.

Hausvater. Ich habe von ihrer Kunſt gehört, und möchte gern ſelbſt Augenzeuge ſein.

Maler. Da werden ſie wenig ſehen; ich bin noch ſo weit entfernt von dem Punkte, wo ich ſein möchte.

Hausvater. Das ſpricht für ihre Geſchicklichkeit.

Maler. In der That, mein Herr, wie ich anfing zu malen, war ich entzückt über meine Arbeiten, glaubte, daß niemand mir ſie theuer genug bezahlen könne. Aber jetzt ſehe ich täglich mehr ein, daß ich nichts kann, daß derjenige, der Natur kennt, und ſie zu genießen weiß, meine Arbeit auch für einen Heller zu theuer bezahlt.

Hausvater. Heil dem Künſtler, der Beſcheidenheit — —

Maler. Nicht, daß ich nicht überzeugt wäre, daß ich auch einſt das werden könne, was Raphael und Rubens waren. — — — Aber wirklich, mein Herr, ihr Weſen hat mich, wider meine Gewohnheit, geſprächig gemacht; mit wem habe ich die Ehre! — — —

Hausvater. Mein Herr, ich wollte, daß ſie in mir den Mann und nicht den Namen kennen lernten: übrigens bin ich Graf Wolmar.

Maler. Der Vater eines gewiſſen jungen Herrn, der bei mir das Zeichnen lernte, mein beſter guter Freund iſt!

Hausvater. Der nämliche; iſt der Junge würdig, ihr Freund zu ſein?

Maler. O, es iſt der biederſte, teutſchgeſinnteſte Jüngling, Herr Graf, mein einziger Kunſtfreund, vom wärmſten Gefühl.

Hausvater. Ich danke ihnen für dies Zeugniß, das zu warm iſt, als daß es Schmeichelei ſein ſollte.

Maler. Schmeichelei? Wozu die? wehe dem Mann, und beſonders dem Künſtler, der eines andern Empfehlungsmittels bedarf, als ſeine Werke.

Hausvater. Wohl geſagt, ehrlicher Mann. Ueberhaupt iſt es ein herrliches Weſen um euch Künſtler: wie viel müſſen wir uns nicht bücken, wie vieler Leute Laune und Eigenſinn ſind wir nicht ausgeſetzt, bis man uns andere nur dazu kommen läßt, daß wir etwas thun dürfen. Ihr andre braucht einige Ellen Leinwand, und niemand kann euch hindern, die Unſterblichkeit eines Raphaels zu erwerben.

Maler. Auch wenn ich ſo da ſitze, ich, als ein anderer kleiner Schöpfer denke, daß ich einſt mit meiner Kunſt meinem Vaterland Ruhm erwerben kann. Herr, nichts könnte mich dann bewegen, dieſen Pinſel da für die erſte Krone der Welt hinzugeben.

Hausvater. Auch ſind ſie mit dieſem Gefühl dann gewiß ſchätzbarer, als ein mittelmäßiger König.

Maler. Hoffe es auch.

Hausvater. Eine Gefälligkeit, die ich mir von ihnen ausbitte, kommen ſie an einem dieſer Tage zu mir zum Eſſen.

Maler. Meine Aufwartung werde ich ihnen machen, aber vom Eſſen entſchuldigen ſie mich.

Hausvater. Warum das?

Maler. Soll ich es ihnen ſagen?

Hausvater. Gewiß.

Maler. Sehn ſie, wenn Herren ihres Standes einen Künſtler einladen, ſo geſchieht's gewöhnlich, um Parade damit zu machen; und dann könnt ihr euch nie zu uns herunterlaſſen, macht es uns immer fühlen, wie viel Gnade ihr uns angethan habt. Das iſt nicht aus Stolz, daß ich das ſage, wahrlich nicht, ſondern aus Selbſtgefühl. Will übrigens nicht ſagen, Herr Graf, daß ſie auch ſo ſind, glaube auch faſt das Gegentheil: aber die Uebrigen in ihrem Hauſe, bis auf den Bedienten, der den Teller reicht.

Hausvater. Sie ſollen hoffentlich mich und mein Haus beſſer kennen lernen.

Maler. Mit dem beſten Willen, dem heilſamſten Vorſatz können Leute ihres Standes ſich oft nicht durch den Schwarm von Conventionen durchſchlagen. Kurz, einem Mann, wie ſie ſind, wünſche ich das Glück, das ich wirklich genieße.

Hausvater. Alſo ſind ſie wirklich glücklich?

Maler. Daß ich es als Künſtler bin, wiſſen ſie ſchon; nun Gott ſei Dank, in meinem Hauſe bin ich es noch mehr.

Hausvater. Sie haben eine Tochter?

Maler. Ja, Herr! mein größter Reichthum.

Hausvater. Das einzige Kind?

Maler. Das einzige; ihre Geburt war meines Weibes Tod. Außer dieſem Kinde habe ich keinen Verwandten mehr; ich wüßte auch nicht, wo ich mehr Liebe für Andere hernehmen ſollte; ſie enthält mein ganzes Weſen.

Hausvater. Wäre nur bei dem größten Glücke, Vater zu ſein, nicht ſo viel Bittres mit unter.

Maler. Laſſen ſie es immer ſein; Menſchenleiden werden meiſtens trefflich belohnt.

Hausvater. Bis man ſo ein Mädchen für alle Gefahren der Verführung geſichert, bis man — —

Maler. Herr Graf, dafür muß ſie die Liebe zu mir, gute Grundſätze, ihr Herz — —

Hausvater. Die beſten Herzen ſind meiſtens die empfindſamſten; und Empfindſamkeit und jugendliches Blut — —

Maler. Da mag ſie Gott ſchützen, der ihr das alles gegeben hat. Neben dem, wir kennen keine elterliche Furcht, wir ſind Freunde mit einander, ich wollte darauf wetten, ſie würde mir ihre erſte Liebe ſelbſt vertrauen.

Hausvater. Mann, ſie kennen ſich beſſer auf des Menſchen äußere als innere Seite; über den Punkt iſt kein Mädchen — — — oder vielleicht —

Maler. Sonderbar, Herr Graf, wie wir von der Malerei auf dieſes Geſpräch gekommen ſind.

Hausvater. Weil wir aber dabei ſind, laſſen ſie uns fortfahren. Wenn nun z. B. ein Mann von vornehmem Stande käme, und verlangte ihre Tochter zur Ehe?

Maler. Ich würde ſie ihm abſchlagen. Nicht, daß ich meine Tochter nicht eines Königs würdig hielte; ſondern weil Ungleichheit der Stände faſt immer unglückliche Folgen hat: und Lottchen unglücklich zu wiſſen! Herr, würde ich dem Vornehmen ſagen, wäre er vom gemeinen Schlage, euer Geld und eure Titel machen mein Mädchen nicht glücklich: und wär' der Vornehme ein guter Junge, ich würde darüber trauern, daß er ſo vornehm iſt, aber ihm mein Mädchen nicht geben. Bei Gott, ſelbſt ihrem Sohne gäbe ich ſie nicht, — — — nicht, daß ich mein Mädchen oder auch meinen Stand ſchlechter glaube —

Hausvater. Wermann?

Maler. Verſtehn ſie mich recht, ich erkenne den Unterſchied der Stände, aber innerlichen Werth kenne ich keinen in ihnen. Denn ſehen ſie, wenn der Rücken ſich für den Grafen beugt, ſo hat der Graf vor ſo manchem Schurken nichts voraus, dem ich das Nämliche thät; aber, wenn ich als Mann, dem, welchen ich wieder für einen Mann halte, dieſe Hand reiche.

Hausvater. Mir gieb, mir dieſe Hand, ich verdiene ſie. (Sie geben ſich die Hände.) Und nun bei dieſem Druck — — — (eine kleine Pauſe.) Wir ſind alſo zween deutſche Männer?

Maler. Ich denke ſo.

Hausvater. Wohl denn, wie Mann zu Mann. Mein

Sohn liebt ihre Tochter: zwei junge Leute; vorgebeugt der Gefahr, oder ich und ſie —

Maler. Ja, Herr, wer meine Tochter entehren könnte, er ſei Fürſt oder Graf — —

Hausvater. Noch wird es Zeit ſein — —

Maler. Gott, welch ein ſchreckliches Licht, vorher bei — —

(Indem ſtürzt Anne in das Zimmer.)

Anne. Gott, mein Lottchen, Lottchen, ſie iſt nicht in der Kirche, nirgends zu finden.

Maler. Himmel und alle Heilige, ſollte ſie! (Er ſtürzt mit Anne zum Zimmer hinaus.)

Hausvater. Was iſt? was iſt? (auch nach.)

Das Zimmer der Gräfin Amaldi.

Siebenter Auftritt.

Amaldi heftet den Schattenriß Karls an die Tapete, indem drängt ſich Lottchen zwiſchen einigen Bedienten herein.

Bediente. Sie will ſich nicht abweiſen laſſen.

Amaldi. Schon gut, laßt ſie nur. (Bediente ab.)

Lottchen (fällt zu den Füßen Amaldi's.) Nein, ich will mich nicht abweiſen laſſen, will hier liegen bleiben, bis ſie mich erhören.

Amaldi (beſtürzt.) Was will ſie?

Lottchen. O geben ſie ihn wieder; geben ſie ihn wieder —

Amaldi. Wer denn? Was denn?

Lottchen. Ihn, ihn, der über alles iſt, mein vor Himmel und Erde, mein.

Amaldi. Wer iſt ſie denn?

Lottchen. Nur ein Bürgermädchen, aber die glücklichſte unter allen meines Geſchlechts, wie ich ihn noch hatte; wie er noch mein war —

Amaldi. Wer ſind denn ihre Eltern?

Lottchen. Mein Vater, ach Gott! mein Vater, er wird nach mir fragen; — es iſt Wermann, ein Maler, herrlicher Vater, — der arme Vater.

Amaldi. Des Malers Wermann Tochter?

Lottchen. Ja, ich, der einſt Karl gehörte, durch den heiligſten Schwur gehörte; ſie haben mir ihn geraubt, geben ſie mir ihn wieder, geben ſie mir ihn wieder.

Amaldi. Biſt du raſend?

Lottchen. O daß ich es wäre, daß alles das, was iſt, nur mir ſo ſchiene; o, was möchte ich nicht alles ſein, um Karl nur nicht zu verlieren.

Amaldi. Warum forderſt du ihn von mir?

Lottchen. Weil ſie mir ihn entriſſen haben. Das iſt eine garſtige That, einem das Leben rauben, iſt wenig; aber rauben, was mehr als Leben, was alles iſt — — — O, gnädige Frau, man ſagt, ſie wären ſonſt ſo eine erhabene Frau: iſt das auch groß, einem armen, ſchwachen Mädchen — — —

Amaldi. Beruhige dich — — —

Lottchen. Ich mich beruhigen? ehe ich noch weiß — — — O, wenn ſie je geliebt haben, — wenn ſie es wiſſen — — — aber in ihrem Stande liebt man wohl nicht?

Amaldi. Laß mich, Mädchen — ſteh auf, — oder —

Lottchen. Laſſen ſie doch ſehen, was ſie für Anſprüche auf Karl haben können: ob ſie was vermögen gegen ſeine Schwüre, die der Himmel aufnahm, gegen das Klagen einer Verlaſſenen, gegen das Wimmern eines Geſchöpfs, das ich hier unterm Herzen trage. (Lottchen dringt noch näher auf Amaldi los, die ganz verwirrt und außer ſich iſt; ſie reißt ſich aber los, läßt Lottchen da liegen, und eilt zum Zimmer hinaus, Lottchen bleibt eine Weile betäubt liegen, dann ſteht ſie auf; bemerkt an der Wand Karls Schattenriß, ſie läuft wild auf, reißt es los.) Was machſt du da? (Drückt ihn ans Herz.) Zu uns, da gehörſt du her. (Sie betracht es eine Weile.) Du! treulos, — — verlaſſen — — entehrt — — (küßt es, drückt es wieder an das Herz.) Kann das Karl?

Achter Auftritt.

(Der Hausvater tritt herein, ein Bedienter voran und ſagt: ich will ſie gleich melden. Er ſieht Lottchen, die ſich betäubt auf einen Stuhl wirft. Der Hausvater eilt auf ſie zu.)

Was fehlt ihr?

Lottchen. Ach, mein Herr.

Hausvater (ſieht ſeines Sohnes Schattenriß, ruft erſtaunt:) Karl!

Lottchen (ſpringt wild auf.) Wo iſt er, kennt ihr ihn? — o wehe euch, daß ihr ihn kennt! — — Ach, mein Herr, er wird ſie verlaſſen.

Hausvater. Des Maler Wermanns Tochter!

Lottchen. Bin's, und bin Karls Geliebte, und hergekommen, um ihn hier wieder zu fordern, hier hat man ihn mir geraubt.

Hausvater. Setz' dich, armes Mädchen. (Er bringt ſie auf einen Stuhl.) Deine Kräfte erſchöpfen ſich.

Lottchen. Ach, Herr, wenn ſie ihn kennen; um Gottes Barmherzigkeit willen, ſchaffen ſie mir ihn wieder!

Hausvater. Sei nur wieder ruhig, ich verſpreche dir, du ſollſt ihn ſehen.

Lottchen. Soll ihn ſehen? — gewiß? — biſt du ein Engel vom Himmel geſandt?

Hausvater. Beruhige dich, ich bin gleich wieder bei dir. (Der Bediente kommt heraus, der Hausvater geht in Amaldi's Zimmer, Lottchen nimmt wieder Karls Schattenriß, ſieht es an.) Soll dich wieder ſehen! (drückt es wieder an die Bruſt) Karl! Karl! (Sie legt es hin, und ſtützt ſich mit dem Kopf auf den Tiſch, in einiger Betäubung: der Hausvater kommt wieder heraus, er ſtellt ſich vor ſie betrachtungsvoll hin. Lottchen öffnet gleich wieder die Augen, und erblickt den Hausvater.) Haben ſie ihn mitgebracht?

Hausvater. Nein, aber er ſoll kommen, bis dahin, nur ruhig — —

Lottchen. Warum das nicht? wenn ich Karl wiederſehen ſoll.

Hausvater. Glaubt ſie mit Karl recht glücklich zu ſein?

Lottchen. O, mein Herr, mit Karl biete ich der ganzen Welt Trotz, will diejenige ſehen, die glücklicher ſein ſoll.

Hausvater. Hat ihr Karl verſprochen, ſie zu heirathen?

Lottchen. Freilich hat er's, und Gott und ſeine heiligen Engel hörten es und freuten ſich über das liebende Paar; nur Menſchen können ſo ein Glück hindern wollen.

Hausvater. Aber wenn ſie Karl liebt, weiß ſie denn auch, daß ſie ihn unglücklich macht!

Lottchen. Nimmermehr, nimmermehr. In meinen Armen hat er ſich oft ſo ſelig geglaubt.

Hausvater. Um mit der Zeit nur deſto unglücklicher zu ſein.

Lottchen. O wenn ich das wüßte, — — ich wollte — — was wollte ich? — — ein Kloſter. — —

Hausvater. Hätteſt du? — —

Lottchen. Aber ich kann nicht — — darf nicht — — bin ich's allein? — O es iſt auch nicht ſo — — wenn nur ſein Vater nicht wäre — —

Hausvater. Sollte der nicht mehr ſein?

Lottchen. Könnte ich nur den Vater ſeh'n — Karl ſagt, es ſei ſo ein guter, ſo ein lieber Vater — — kann er doch nicht. — O nur einmal möchte ich ihn ſehn, möcht' —

Hausvater. (gerührt.) Hier iſt er.

Lottchen (fällt vor ihm zuſammen.) O Barmherzigkeit — o auch mein Vater — Gnade — der mich, der unter meinem Herzen die Stimme ſeines Kindes, auch deines —

Hausvater. Gott, du wirſt alſo — —

Neunter Auftritt.

(Indem ſtürzt Sophie herein.)

Mein Vater, retten ſie mich!

Hausvater. (reißt ſich von Lottchen los.) Was iſt?

Sophie. Retten ſie mich vom Tyrannen.

Hausvater. Was willſt du hier?

Sophie. O mein Vater, ich hab ihn beſänftigen wollen — habe — aber, das bracht' ihn mehr auf, er hat mich von ſich geſtoßen — — und aus Furcht bin ich von ihm entflohen, bin Ihnen nach.

Hausvater (mit gebrochener Stimme.) Sind der Leiden bald genug! — Aber was kann ich hier, was ſoll ich — in einem fremden Hauſe! — Haſt du noch deinen Wagen bei dir?

Sophie. Ja, mein Vater.

Hausvater. Nun gut, ſo nimm dieſe da mit dir.

Sophie. Wer iſt's?

Hausvater. Wirſt es ſchon erfahren. (Zu Lottchen.) Geh mit dieſer — —

Lottchen. Vater — was ſie wollen — was ſie wollen — ganz ihnen.

Zehnter Auftritt.

(Maler, der hereinſtürmt.)

Wo iſt mein Lottchen, wo iſt mein Mädchen?

Lottchen. Ach Vater — (fällt zuſammen.)

Maler (ſtürzt auf ſie zu.) Habe ich dich wieder — Armes Lottchen, — dein Vater, — dein unglücklicher Vater — — — (Sie bleibt noch betäubt; er aber fängt an ſie fortzutragen.) Von euch ſoll ſie weg, und wäre ſie auch des Todes — — — euer Geſchlecht hat die Unſchuld verführt.

Hausvater (tritt zum Maler.) Wo bleibt der Mann?

Maler (auf Lottchen zeigend.) Hieher geſehen, und hier iſt die Antwort.

Hausvater. Ruhig — ruhig — Wermann.

Maler. O, wer vermag das!

Hausvater. Meine Tochter da ſoll Lottchen fortführen.

Sophie. Iſt das meines Bruders Lottchen?

Maler. Ihres Bruders? ha, Fluch dem Bruder!

Lottchen (die zu ſich gekommen war.) Um Gottes willen, nein!

Maler (drückt ſie an ſeine Bruſt.) Mein Lottchen! (nun läßt er ſie los) aber wohin mit ihr? (Sophie geht unterdeſſen zu ihr hin.)

Hausvater. In mein Haus.

Maler. Was dort thun? um ſie vielleicht von da aus in's Kloſter zu ſchleppen.

Hausvater. Kennen ſie mich denn gar nicht mehr? — Nein, weil es ihr nächſt an iſt; fort mit ihr, Sophie — — — (Sophie nimmt ſie mit ſich fort.)

Maler. (Ihr nach.) Aus meinen Augen ſoll ſie nicht mehr, und ich will den ſehen — (ab.)

(Der Hausvater geht an die Kabinetsthür, aber die Kammerjungfer kommt heraus.)

Kammerjungfer. Meine Gräfin läßt um Verzeihung bitten, aber ſie iſt zu beſtürzt; ſo bald ſie ſich erholt hat, will ſie ſelbſt zu ihnen kommen. (ab.)

Hausvater. Gut dann.

Eilfter Auftritt.

(Herr von Dromer eiligſt herein.)

Ich ſuchte ſie.

Hausvater. So eilig? ſchon wieder was Neues?

Dromer. Ich wollte, ich könnte der Ueberbringer angenehmer Nachrichten ſein: wer würde glücklicher ſein, als ich? — —

Hausvater. O, mein Herr, zur Sache, es iſt nichts, wozu ich nicht gefaßt wäre.

Dromer. Man kann, ich habe Graf Ferdinand nicht angetroffen.

Hausvater. Wo ſoll er denn ſein?

Dromer. Er iſt in Arreſt.

Hausvater (mit Heftigkeit.) Eines ſchlechten Streichs wegen?

Dromer. Nicht doch, behüte — wie ſollte —

Hausvater. Zu meiner Ruhe, geſchwind ſagen ſie mir, warum iſt er in Arreſt?

Dromer. Man ſagt, er habe vorige Nacht geſpielt, alles verloren, und ſei beträchtliche Summen ſchuldig geblieben.

Hausvater. Blos Leichtſinn, alſo — — Gott — Dank dir!

Dromer. Er ſoll dabei ſeinen Dienſt verſäumt haben.

Hausvater. Pfui — gut, gut, daß ſie ihn darum ſtrafen, aber nur recht — nur recht.

Dromer. Auch ſagt man, er habe beim Spiel Händel bekommen.

Hausvater. Immer die Folgen; — — nun, er mag ſie als Ehrenmann ausmachen.

Dromer. Und ſoll wirklich gefordert worden, aber nicht gekommen, und öffentlich beſchimpft ſein.

Hausvater (heftig.) Oeffentlich beſchimpft ſein? Herr! der das ſagt, ſprach eine Lüge, die ſchwärzeſte Lüge — — — Herr, ein Welmar ſein, mein Sohn ſein — Welmar, und ein Feiger — — das kann nicht ſein.

Dromer. Behaupt' es auch; aber ein gewiſſer Rehroſtfeld, der ihn forderte, ſagte es ſelbſt, ſagte es laut.

Hausvater. Was ſoll ich erleben! Herr, darauf, auf dieſe Nachricht war ich nicht gefaßt. Wo iſt der, der es zu ſagen vermag? Fort mit dem Sohn, wenn es iſt — — aber den, der es zu ſagen vermag, wehe ihm, ſo lange dieſe Fauſt einen Degen halten kann. Wo iſt er! (Zum Zimmer hinaus. Dromer ihm nach.)

(Der Vorhang fällt.)

Johann Auguſt Generſich

ward im Jahre 1761 zu Käsmark, in Oberungarn, geboren, und erhielt nach vollendeten Studien eine Profeſſur der Geſchichte und Politik am Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt, welche er ſpäter mit einer Profeſſur der Kirchengeſchichte und des Kirchenrechtes an der proteſtantiſchen theologiſchen Lehranſtalt zu Wien vertauſchte. Er ſtarb in letzterer Stadt am 18. Mai 1823.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Beiträge zur Schulpädagogik. Wien 1792.
Ueber die Vaterlandsliebe. Wien 1793. 2 Thle.
Merkwürdigkeiten der Freiſtadt Käsmark. Leutſchau 1804. 2 Thle.
Reiſe in die Karpathen. Wien 1807.
Trajan. Wien 1811. 2 Thle.
Wilhelmine. Wien 1811. 2 Thle. N. A. 1815.
Alfred. Leipzig 1812. 2 Thle.
Kurze Weltgeſchichte. Wien 1812. 3 Thle.
Oeſtreichiſche Geſchichte. Wien 1811 fgde. 8 Thle.
Sophron. Leipzig 1816. 2 Thle.
Weltgeſchichte für Frauenzimmer. Leipzig 1817. 5 Thle.
Reden. Peſth 1817.
Emma. Leben einer glücklichen Mutter. Kaſchau 1818.
Kornelia. 2 Thle. Peſth 1819.
Agathon. 2 Thle. Brünn 1819.
Reden. Leipzig 1819.
Ueber die Beſtimmung des weiblichen Geſchlechts. Peſth 1819.
Hiſtoriſcher Frauenſpiegel. Peſth 1819.
Blüthen von Jean Paul und Herder. Kaſchau 1821.

Ein geſchmackvoller und gewandter Schriftſteller, namentlich für Ascetik und Jugendbildung, der mit einer eleganten Darſtellung voll Kraft und Anmuth, Gedankenreichthum und Tiefe des Gefühls zu verbinden wußte. — Seine Geſchichte Oeſtreichs iſt ein anerkannt vortreffliches Werk, eben ſo ausgezeichnet durch gründliche Forſchung, wie durch kräftige Beredtſamkeit, und einen zugleich klaren und körnigen Styl.

Wilhelmine Genſiken,

geborne Herz, ward am 7. März 1779 zu Weimar geboren und vermählte ſich 1800 mit dem K. S. Hofrath und Director des dritten Departements der Landesregierung zu Dresden. — Sie ſtarb daſelbſt am 15. Juni 1822. Als Schriftſtellerin nannte ſie ſich Wilhelmine Willmar.

Von ihr erſchien:

Roſamunde. Berlin 1811.
Viola. Kiel. N. A. 1812 N. A. 1818.
Zauberbilder. Kiel 1818.
Oliven. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1818.
Honorie. 2 Thle. Meißen 1816.
Friederike und Julie. 2 Thle. Erfurt 1816.
Florine. 2 Thle. Meißen 1821.
Abendunterhaltungen (mit A. Clarus). Leipzig 1812.
Kleeblätter (mit A. Clarus und H. Steinau). Leipzig 1816. fgde. 3 Thle.
Der Kranz (mit C. Selbig). Leipzig 1817 fgde 4 Thle.
Schmetterlinge (mit C. Selbig). Leipz. 1819. fde. 3 Thle.
Erholungsſtunden (mit C. Selbig). Leipzig 1823. 2 Thle.

Eine angenehme Erzählerin, welche mit Talent und Anmuth beſonders Gegenſtände des bürgerlichen Lebens zu behandeln wußte und ſich eben ſo frei von falſcher Sentimentalität wie von Geſuchtheit und Manier zu halten verſtand.

Friedrich Wilhelm Genthe,

ein Schweſterſohn von Heinrich Zſchokke, wurde am 28. Februar 1805 zu Magdeburg, wo ſein Vater Stadtwundarzt war, geboren. Nachdem er auf dem Pädagogium zu U. L. Frauen in ſeiner Vaterſtadt vorbereitet war, ging er zu Oſtern 1825 auf die Univerſität Halle, um Theologie zu ſtudiren. Doch gab er dieſe bald ganz auf, um ſich der Philoſophie und Philologie zuzuwenden, welche erſtere er mit ſeinem Freunde und nachmaligen Schwager, Karl Roſenkranz (Prof. in Königsberg d. Z.) gemeinſchaftlich ein Jahr lang eifrig betrieb. Am 5. Januar 1828 erhielt er in Halle rite die philoſoph. Doctorwürde und widmete ſich Oſtern 1829, nachdem er den Plan, akademiſcher Lehrer zu werden, aufgegeben, dem Gymnaſiallehrerſtande. Seit Michaelis 1830 iſt er in Eisleben.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- **Don Enrique von Toledo.** Roman. Magdeburg 1827.
- **Des Publius Virgilius Maro** Lehrgedicht vom Landbau. In einer neuen getreuen metriſchen Ueberſetzung von F. W. G. Quedlinb. u. Leipz. 1828.
- **Der Cyklops.** Ein Satyrſpiel des Euripides. Nebſt einer äſthetiſchen Abhandlung über das Satyrſpiel. Halle u. Leipzig 1828.
- **Don Fernando von Toledo.** Doppelnovelle. Halle u. Leipzig 1829. 2 Thle.
- **De cognitione pulcri.** Diss. pro fac. leg. Halle 1828.
- **Geſchichte der macaroniſchen Poeſie** und Sammlung ihrer vorzüglichſten Denkmale. Halle u. Leipz. 1829.
- **Kurzer Verſuch über das Epigramm.** (Jahrb. des Pädagogiums U. L. Frauen) Magdeburg 1829.
- **Des P. Virgilius Maro zehn Eclogen** metriſch überſetzt. Mit einer Einleitung über Virgil's Leben und Fortleben und einem Verſuche über die Ecloge (die Einleitung enthält auch die Sagen von dem Zauberer Virgil). Magdeburg 1830.
- **Graf Gandolf.** Roman. Magdeburg 1831.
- **Anleitung zum Ueberſetzen** in das Lateiniſche und Deutſche. Eisleben u. Leipz. 1831.
- **De impostura religionum** breve compendium seu liber de tribus impostoribus. Nach zwei Mss. und mit hiſtor. liter. Einleitung. Leipzig 1833.
- **Maria de Zayas' Novellen** überſetzt. Erſtes Bändchen. Neuhaldensleben 1833.
- **Sonette und Elegien** vom Verfaſſer des Don Enrique. Für Freunde. Eisleben 1833.
- **H. E. Fuchs' heroiſch-komiſches Gedicht** der Mückenkrieg. Nach der Ausgabe von c. 1600, mit den Varianten der Schoner'ſchen Bearbeitung von 1612, und einer Einleitung. Eisleben 1833.
- **Handwörterbuch deutſcher Synonymen** ꝛc. Eisleben u. Leipzig 1834 (Zweite Ausgabe 1837).
- **Die richtige franzöſiſche Ausſprache** nach Girault Duvivier's Grammaire des Grammaires. Eisleben u. Leipz. 1835.

Mit einem Freunde gemeinſchaftlich

- **Handbuch der abendländiſchen Literatur und Sprachen** ꝛc. Magdeburg 1832 ff. (wird fortgeſetzt).

Herausgegeben wurde von ihm

- **See-Anemonen.** Novellen eines Unbekannten. Eisl. 1832.
- **Anderſen's** Umriſſe einer Reiſe von Kopenhagen nach der ſächſ. Schweiz ꝛc. Aus dem Däniſchen überſetzt vom Verf. der See-Anemonen. Breslau 1835.

Ein eben ſo vielſeitig als gründlich gebildeter reicher Geiſt, der in ſeinen literärhiſtoriſchen Forſchungen Scharfſinn mit Gelehrſamkeit und Geſchmack verbindet, und bereits wichtige Beiträge zur nähern Kenntniß der Geſchichte der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften geliefert hat. Als Dichter zeichnet er ſich durch Reichthum der Phantaſie, Wärme des Gefühls, Innigkeit der Empfindungen und Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form ſehr vortheilhaft aus und es läßt ſich bei ſeinem raſtloſen Fleiße und ſeinem ſchönen reinen Streben noch viel Vortreffliches von ihm hoffen.

Elegie I[*]).

Auf dem umſchatteten Hang des Moosbepolſterten Hügels,
  Nah' an dem tüpfelnden Bach, rieſelnder Quelle entſprüht,
Sorglos ruht' ich, umhaucht vom Duft der erglühenden Roſen,
  Ueberdrüſſig des Spiels blühenden Mädchen entfloh'n.
Pfänder zu ſpielen um Kuß, ich verſchmäht' es, wie zärtlichen Anblick,
  Keiner Liebe Gewalt hatte das Herz noch gerühret.
Aber nahe war mir der Feind, in den Roſen verſteckt
  Hat er verborgen gelauſcht, grimmig jetzt trat er hervor.
Lange genug, ſprach er, haſt Du mir getrotzt, mich verhöhnet,
  Aber ſiehe, wie ſich ſchrecklich der Knabe nun rächt!
Kaum entwallte dem Munde das Wort, da gellte der Bogen,
  Und der ſchmerzliche Pfeil bohrte ſich tief in die Bruſt.
Und es erſchallte „Luiſe!“ es ſchwebte die Holde vorüber
  Wie Cythere umtanzt von der Charitinnen Chor.

Sonett I.

Aus meiner Freunde Kreis hat mich vertrieben
  Des Herzens vorher nie gefühltes Regen
  Es pocht in ungewohnten ſchnellern Schlägen,
  Wo iſt mein vor'ger Sinn und Muth geblieben?

Ein Namen wird von meiner Hand geſchrieben,
  Er wird geſeufzt auf menſchenleeren Wegen;
  Es ſtrebt mein Fuß nach unbetretnen Stegen;
  Das iſt des Lebens Luſt alſo, das Lieben!

Gedankenvoll allein am Bach mit Blumen,
  Mit Blumen und mit Steinen ohne Leben
  Leb' ich, kaum lebend, in erneuten Träumen.

Will ich der Ding' Urſach voll Ernſt erwägen,
  Dann ſeh' Ihr Bild vor meinem Blick ich ſchweben,
  Ich will es flieh'n und eile ihm entgegen.

Sonett II.

Hinweg aus dieſer kalten, engen Kluft!
  Fort, fort von euch, weisheiterfüllte Schränke!
  Denn jedes Buch, worin ich mich verſenke,
  Doch einzig mir den einen Namen ruft.

Umwehe mich, Du heitre Frühlingsluft!
  Kommſt Du von Ihr, an die allein ich denke,
  Zeig' mir den Weg, wohin den Fuß ich lenke,
  Um Sie zu ſeh'n im goldnen Abendduft.

Kommſt Du von Ihr, umſpielteſt Du Ihr Haar,
  Und küßteſt Du das Auge ſanft und klar,
  Und küßteſt Du den zarten, keuſchen Buſen?

Umwehe mich! Dich ſaug' ich gierig ein,
  Du ſollſt mir köſtlicher als Nectar ſein,
  Du, Du allein biſt mir der Quell der Muſen!

Sonett III.

Einmal, Liebe, zeigteſt Du
  Flüchtig, flüchtig mir die Holde
  Von dem Tage, Liebe, wollte
  In das Herz mir keine Ruh.

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[*]) Aus den Sonetten und Elegien vom Verfaſſer des Don Enrique. Als Manuſcript für Freunde gedruckt. 1833. Eisleben.

O wie grauſam ſahſt Du zu,
Wie mit mit der Sonne Golde
Schon vom Aug' die Thräne rollt,
Bis zum Abend ohne Ruh.

Sag'! wie lange willſt Du noch
Mich in meinen Schmerzen laſſen
Mit dem Herzen ohne Ruh?

Drückend, tödtend iſt Dein Joch;
Lieber laß mich ſchnell erblaſſen,
Oder ſenk' ins Herz mit Ruh.

Sonett IV.

Lehr' mich das Nichts, die Liebe überwinden,
O Weisheit, dieſen nicht'gen, duft'gen Schaum;
Ein nicht'ges Etwas iſt die Lieb', ein Traum.
Wie kann ihr Weſen anders man ergründen!

Wer darf die Lieb' als höchſtes Gut verkünden,
Als aller Wonnen Paradieſesbaum!
Ein leerer Sinnenrauſch iſt ſie, mehr kaum!
Sie mag den Thoren, nicht den Weiſen, binden.

Drum ſchweig', o Herz, ich folge dem Gedanken,
Der reine Wahrheit uns erkennen lehrt,
Frei von der Sinne trügeriſchen Spielen.

Nur Denken hält die Sinnlichkeit in Schranken,
Die Lieb' iſt Sinnlichkeit; ihr ſei verwehrt
Auf einen Sohn der Weisheit länger zielen.

Elegie II.

Nachmittags war's, und ich las im Virgil wie die liſtigen Griechen
Durch das betrügliche Roß nahmen die heilige Stadt;
Wie dann den theueren Greis auf den Schultern rettet' Aeneas
Aus der lodernden Glut, wie er die Gattin verlor;
Laut aufjammernd Creüſa dann rief, daß rings es Creüſa
Hallte; doch heimiſches Land ohne die Gattin er mied.
Niederzuſchreiben bemüht, was ich eben geleſen, in Verſe,
Wandt' ich den Blick und ſah' ſinnend zum Fenſter hinaus;
Sieh' da geht Sie vorüber, die Ruh mir geraubet und Frieden
Und Ihr himmliſcher Blick trifft durch die Blumen auch mich.
Sie iſt's! jauchzet das Herz, hinſtürzt der Sänger Aeneens
Mit dem Schreibegeräth, ja die Erſehnete iſt's!
Auf, Ihr nach, daß ich weiß, wo Sie goldene Träume umgaukeln,
Wo ich beſeligt oft, oft Sie erblick' auf das Neu.

Sonett V.

Was hilft's, daß ich die Lieb' in mir verdammt?
Da mich beſiegt doch meines Herzens Drängen,
Ohn' Widerſtand, wie einſt der Lyra Klängen
Bäum' und Geſteine folgten insgeſammt,

Zu folgen Ihr, die Irdiſchen nicht entſtammt,
Und deren Blick Erſtorbene noch zwingen,
Die tödtend mich belebt und zu Geſängen
Das ſel'ge Herz, den ſchüchtern Mund entflammt.

Auf ewig hab' ich Ihr mich nun ergeben,
Nicht länger leiſt' ich, Amor, Widerſtand,
Sind Wonn' und Qual auch in der Hand der Süßen.

O lichte Sonne Du zu neuem Leben!
Ich folge Dir, die Du mein Herz gebannt,
Bis daß ich todt hinſinke Dir zu Füßen.

Sonett VI.

Nicht Schlacht, nicht Held ruft mich zu hohen Flügen,
Zu frommer That nicht iſt mein Lied gewendet,
Zur Blume nicht, die Glanz und Duft verſendet,
Zu Bächen nicht, die ſich durch Wieſen ſchmiegen.

Nicht Glaube, Blume, Held führt mich die Stiegen
Zum Lorbergipfel aufwärts, wo vollendet
Den Sängern wird des Ruhmes Preis geſpendet,
Ein And'res läßt mich ſingen, läßt mich ſiegen.

Die Eine, die mit blauem Aug' mich grüßet,
Der blondes Haar den Jugendſcheitel ſchmücket,
In deren Mienen ſüßer Liebreiz wohnet:

Sie iſt's, die Glut und Lied in's Herz mir gießet,
Die einſt den Kranz auf meine Stirne drücket,
Wie der Ihr Sänger in den Liedern thronet.

Sonett VII.

O Liebe, o Liebe,
Erquickender Bronnen!
Ich athme die Wonnen
Der ſeligen Triebe.

Daß ewig doch bliebe
Der Glanz Ihrer Sonnen,
Daß nie doch zerronnen
Das Glück mir zerſtiebe.

Ich ſchwelg' in den Düften,
Die rings mich umwallen,
Ich ſage zu allen

Den laulichen Lüften:
Ich neide die ſüßen,
Sie weh'n um Luiſen.

Sonett VIII.

Wenn Lenz den Roſenflügel hat geſchwungen,
Wenn Wahrheit wird der Erde Winterträumen,
Dann wird von Strahlen, Wellen, Blüten, Bäumen,
Des Jahres Jugend feiernd angeſungen.

Voll Jubel ſchallen grünes Waldes Zungen,
Es ſchwebt das Lied in friſchen duft'gen Räumen,
Und Rauſchen wird und Lied mit ſchwachem Säumen
Dort von der Stimme Tochter nachgeklungen.

Es treibt mich hin, wo klare Bäche fließen,
Ich trinke ſüßen Duft in vollen Zügen,
Auf jeder Blume möcht' ich froh mich wiegen.

Doch ſeh' ich auf den Blumenreichen Wieſen
Hinſchweben auf dem zarten Gras Luiſen,
Wie drängt es mich in Ihren Arm zu fliegen.

Sonett IX.

Ruhe ſucht das Herz und Seelenfrieden,
Der von Paradieſespalmen träuft,
Doch das Paradies iſt ausgeſchieden,
Unruh', Schmerz und Qual iſt nur gehäuft.

Und wie Welle hinter Welle läuft
Drängt nun Müh' und Noth den Lebensmüden,
Und im Norden iſt nicht und im Süden
Eine Lethe, ſo die Qual erſäuft.

Du allein kannſt noch dem Schmerz gebieten,
Holde, Deine Näh' umſäuſelt Frieden,
Mild wie er bei ſchönen Engeln iſt.

Zu Dir flieht das Herz bei Sturmes Wüten;
Wäre noch ein Paradies hienieden,
Müßt' es ſein, wo Du, o Süße, biſt.

Sonett X.

O ſel'ger Hain, ſchwing' doch der Freude Palme,
Die holde Herrin kannſt Du oft umſchließen,
Ihr Bäum' und Kräuter, jauchzet, hinzugießen
Die Wonne mit der Sänger Jubelpſalme.

Glückſel'ge Blumen, neidenswerthe Halme!
Ihr könnt den wonnereichen Tod erküſſen,
Vom zarten Druck des Fußes ſterben müſſen,
Iſt ſchöner als im Schmuck der Siegespalme.

O helles Licht, das Sie und ſich verkläret,
O Bach, Du klarer Augen Silberſpiegel,
Wie oft kannſt Du das heil'ge Antlitz ſchauen!

Ihr ſel'gen Veilchen, Bäume, Büſche, Auen!
Du glatter Bachſtein, Kieſel auf dem Hügel,
Sagt, ob nicht Liebesglut euch ganz verzehret.

Sonett XI.

Wo läßt der Himmel ſchön're Sterne prangen
Als Dir, o Hold', in Deinen Augen ſtralen,
Die mich erfüllt mit heißen Liebesqualen,
Daß mir der Jugend froher Sinn vergangen.

Wo blühen Roſen, wie auf Deinen Wangen
Sie ſich mit ſanftem Purpuräther malen,
Gab je die Sonn', daß ſchön're Locken ſtahlen
Zum ſchönſten Buſen ſich, wo ich möcht' hangen!

Nicht länger kann ich dieſe Qual ertragen,
Die täglich mich in ſüßem Tod vernichtet —
Ich lebe nur, wenn ich Dich Schönſte ſehe!

Ich muß das Wort der höchſten Liebe wagen!
Zu Deinen Füßen lieg' ich nun gerichtet;
O riefe doch Dein holder Mund: „Erſtehe!"

Sonett XII.

Wenn Helios die bunten Lichter ſpendet,
Den jungen Tag die Hore tanzend führt,
Und munter ſich das Frühlingsleben rührt
Iſt mein Gedanke nur zu Ihr gewendet.

Und wenn der Tag ſein helles Licht verliert,
Des Tages Werk der Menſch ermattet endet,
Die Nacht mit ihrem Schatten Kühle ſendet,
Wird mir im Traum Ihr Bild auch vorgeführt.

Ihr holdes Bild! in jeglichen Minuten
Seh' ich's bei Spiel und Arbeit, wie im Traum
Mit neuem Reiz von meiner Seele fluten

Und mich in meines Herzens Welt beglücken.
Es grünt und blüht der Liebe Baum —
Doch wann werd' ich die ſüßen Früchte pflücken?

Sonett XIII.

Es kräuſelt ſich in ſchönen goldnen Ringen
Dein Haar, wie Aphrodite's Locken fallen,
So lieblich ſie um Hals und Nacken wallen
Und ſchön genug, von ihnen ſchön zu ſingen.

Doch hör' ich Deine Stimme erſt erklingen
Und die Accorde ſilberrein erſchallen,
Die ſanftgewieget durch die Lüfte hallen,
Dann ſenken ſich des Liedes kühne Schwingen.

Und nimmer will es mir dann noch gelingen
Zu rufen auf der Laute frohe Töne,
Sie ſeufzen nur, daß ich nach Dir mich ſehne,

O möchten ſie zu Deinem Ohre dringen!
Denn nur mit Deiner Lieb' allein, o Schöne,
Wünſch' ich, daß mein Geſchick mich gnädig kröne.

Sonett XIV.

Ihr Freunde, helft mir einen Sarg bereiten,
Daß meinen Todten ich darin begrabe,
Mit dem ich lang gelebt, gelitten habe,
Den ich mit Luſt nun endlich ſah verſcheiden.

Nun fühl' ich erſt des Daſeins Seligkeiten,
Neu kenn' ich erſt des Lebens goldne Gabe,
Daß Freude ungetrübt mich fortan labe,
Laßt ſchnell mich ihn den letzten Weg geleiten.

Und fragt ihr noch, wen jetzt das Grab verſchlungen?
Um den mein Auge ſich nicht anders feuchtet
Als dankend, daß der Tod ihn hat bezwungen?

Mein Gram und Trübſinn iſt im Sarg verborgen,
Sie ſtarben; ſeit der Liebe Stern mir leuchtet;
Den Nachtthau zehrt der Stral am warmen Morgen.

Elegie III.

Winde noch nicht Dich empor aus des kalten Gemahles Umarmung,
Roſige Eos, Du ſcheuchſt ſonſt mir das Mädchen hinweg.
Oeffne die Thore noch nicht, o hemme der ſtampfenden Roſſe
Eilige Flucht, denn Apoll weilt noch in liebendem Schoos.
Ha! Grauſame! Du nahſt unerbittlich! es glänzt der Pyroeis,
Und der Geſtirne-Herr weichet dem helleren Glanz.
Unzufrieden ergreifet der Gott die ſtralenden Zügel,
Und — mein Mädchen entflieht aus dem umſchließenden Arm.
Nicht den Kephalos würdeſt ſo eilig Du fliehen, Aurora!
Unluſt ſcheuchet allein Dich vom Tithonus hinweg.
Und ich wollte Sie haſchen, die Holde, die jetzt ſich dem Lager
Flüchtig entwand, und noch küſſen den purpurnen Mund;
Da — entſchwebt das Gebild, nur nichtige Lüfte umarmend
Seh' ich, daß nur ein Traum mich, den Verliebten, geäfft.

Elegie IV.

Siehe, wie kecklich der Knabe des Löwen Rücken beſtiegen.
Muthig, der Siege bewußt, bändigt den Leu er zum Lamm.
Aller Götter mächtigſter Gott raubt ſelbſt er dem Donnrer
Seinen Blitz, und zwingt jeglicher Bildung ihn ein,
Selbſt die eigene Mutter, ſie ward der Götter Gelächter,
Als in den Armen des Mars trüglich das Netz ſie umſchloß.
Jedes beſiegte der Held, den Alkmena geboren,
Doch die Liebe bezwang ſelber zur Spindel den Held.
Omphale aber umhüllt den Marmor der reizenden Glieder
Mit der Beute des Wilds, welches Nemea geſchreckt,
Und ergreifet die knotige Keul' und betrachtet den Helden; —
Durch die Lüfte enteilt Eros mit lachendem Mund.
Alles beſieget die Liebe; ſo laß auch uns ihr gehorchen,
Eh' uns jegliche Luſt raubet die ſchreckliche Nacht.

Sonett XV.

Ach, dürft' ich Dir doch keine Lieder weihen!
Ich dürfte liegen dann zu Deinen Füßen,
Und, wenn die Blicke in einander fließen,
Wo wär' dann Zeit um Vers an Vers zu reihen.

Dich ſtets zu ſeh'n, wem Götter das verleihen,
Er ſieht auf Sandeswellen Roſen ſprießen,
Im trüben Sturm die Klarheit ſich erſchließen,
Er kann dem Schickſal manchen Schlag verzeihen.

O dieſes Centrum aller Wonn' und Freuden,
Bei Ihr zu ſein, der Herrin der Gedanken,
Wer es errang, wie iſt er zu beneiden.

Sie, Sie zu ſingen will ich nie ermatten,
Und um Ihr treu zu folgen ohne Wanken
Verwandelt mich ihr' Nähe in Ihren Schatten.

Aminta oder die gerächte Ehre*).

In der Stadt Vittoria, welche zu den angeſehenſten des Königreichs Biscaya gehört, theils wegen der Schönheit ihrer Lage, theils durch ihre Größe und durch ihre Reichthümer, lebten vor einiger Zeit zwei Brüder, von denen der ältere Erbe der geſammten väterlichen Güter war, und ſeine einzige Ehre darin ſetzte, eine gute Tafel zu führen, ſeine Freunde zu bewirthen und dem Vergnügen der Jagd nachzugehen. Der jüngere, welcher Don Pedro hieß, war eben nicht zu ſehr mit Einkünften überladen, wie dies in der Regel bei den jüngern Söhnen in dieſer Provinz der Fall iſt, und da er kein anderes Lehn als ſeinen Degen beſaß, ſo nahm er frühzeitig Kriegsdienſte, um ſeinen Lebensunterhalt zu ſichern und um auch in der Geſchichte ſich einen Namen zu machen. Er bekleidete anſehnliche Aemter unter der Regierung des Königs von Spanien, der ihm dann für ſeine geleiſteten Dienſte eine anſtändige Belohnung von ſechstauſend Ducaten jährlicher Einkünfte gab. Unter dieſen Umſtänden fand er denn auch eine Frau, die zu gleicher Zeit ſchön und von vornehmer Geburt war und bedeutende Beſitzungen hatte. Sie ſtammte aus der Stadt Segovia, die zu den am ſchönſten gebauten Städten Caſtilla's gehört und großen, ausgebreiteten Handel treibt.

Pedro hatte aus dieſer Ehe nur einen Sohn, der in des Vaters Fußſtapfen trat, noch ſehr jung als Fähnrich bei einer Compagnie leichter Reiter in des Königs Dienſte ging, und einen Krieg mitmachte, den der König mit dem Herzoge von Savoyen führte. Der ältere Bruder Don Pedros hatte nur eine einzige Tochter, die aber für eine vollendete Schönheit gehalten wurde. Aminta, ſo war der Name des reizenden Mädchens, konnte ungefähr vierzehn Jahre alt ſein, als ihr Vater ſtarb, dem es weniger ſchmerzlich war, das Leben, als ein ſo theures Weſen zu verlaſſen, ohne zu wiſſen, wem er die Erziehung deſſelben anvertrauen ſollte; denn ihre Mutter hatte ſie bereits einige Jahre früher verloren. Obſchon er von ihrer Tugend überzeugt war, ſo wußte er doch auch, wie in ſo zartem Alter gute Anlagen leicht verderbt werden können und daß man bei großen Reizen nicht eben immer ſtreng die Lehren der Weisheit vor Augen hat, wenn man nicht unter Aufſicht einer ſtrengen Perſon ſteht.

Don Pedros Frau, welche noch am Leben war, beſaß alle die Eigenſchaften, welche für einen Wächter dieſes Kleinods erforderlich waren, und im Falle ſie nur dieſe Mühe über ſich nehmen wollte, eignete ſich Niemand beſſer hierzu. Daß ſie ſich aber leicht bereitwillig finden ließe, hoffte er von der Vorſtellung, daß die Bande des Blutes ſie verpflichte, ſich für ihre Nichte zu intereſſiren, mehr aber noch davon, daß er ihr zugleich ein anderes Plänchen dabei vor Augen legte.

Aminta war eine ganz vortreffliche Partie und konnte leicht das Glück von Don Pedros Sohn begründen, da ihr Vater ſie zur alleinigen Erbin aller ſeiner Güter einſetzte durch ein Teſtament, und zum Vollſtrecker deſſelben ſeinen Bruder Pedro ernannte. Das liebenswürdige Mädchen wurde alſo dem Sohne ihres Oheims beſtimmt. Nachdem der beſorgte Vater dieſe Angelegenheiten für das Wohl ſeiner Tochter in Ordnung gebracht hatte, ſtarb er vollkommen ruhig.

Sobald Don Pedro die Nachricht von dem Tode ſeines Bruders erhalten hatte, reiſte er ſogleich nach Biscaya, brachte die nothwendigen Geſchäfte in Betreff des Vermögens ſeiner Mündel in Richtigkeit, ſetzte einen zuverläſſigen Mann zur Verwaltung der Güter ein und reiſte mit dem Mädchen nach Segovia zurück.

Die Trauerkleider erhöhten ſo ſehr Amintas Reize und ſie erſchien mit ſo viel Anmuth und Schönheit, daß ſie faſt bei allen Frauen Neid und Eiferſucht, bei allen Männern, welche ſie ſahen, Liebe erregte. In allen Geſellſchaften war ſie Gegenſtand der Unterhaltung und die Schaar der Beſucher bei Don Pedro nahm kein Ende, weil man ſie dort recht mit Muße ſehen zu können hoffte, und alle Tage fand man neue Veranlaſſung, das reizende Geſchöpf zu bewundern. Wenn ihre Schönheit die, welche ſie ſahen, entzückte, ſo bezauberte ihr Geiſt alle die, welche ſie reden hörten. Alle Mütter ſtellten ihr weiſes und kluges Betragen ihren Töchtern als Muſter auf und Amintas großes Vermögen ließ eine Verbindung mit den angeſehenſten Perſonen der Stadt wünſchen, und obſchon man die bereits beſtimmte Verheirathung mit Don Pedros Sohn wußte, ſo gab es doch Männer, welche noch nicht daran verzweifelten, mit Aminta in ein Ehebündniß treten zu können, ſobald es ihnen nur gelingen würde ihre Zuneigung zu gewinnen; aber ſie ließ gegen Keinen eine beſondere Vorneigung blicken, da ſie ſich dem letzten Willen ihres ſterbenden Vaters völlig hingab, und zuviel Unterwerfung gegen die Vorſchriften ihres Vormundes zeigte.

Ihr Herz hatte noch keine Regung der Liebe empfunden und ſie erwartete daher nur die Zurückkunft ihres glücklichen Vetters, dem Don Pedro befohlen hatte, ſich ſo viel als möglich zu beeilen. Sie liebte den Frohſinn, und ihre Tante führte ſie in alle Abendgeſellſchaften, die man in der Stadt gab, wodurch es ihr gelang, die frohe Laune und die blühende Geſundheit des Mädchens zu erhalten, welches auf dieſe Weiſe, Tag für Tag angenehm beſchäftigt, keine Veranlaſſung hatte, ſich etwas in den Kopf zu ſetzen, was ihrer Pflicht zuwider geweſen wäre, vielmehr hatte ſie alle die zum Beſten, welche thöricht genug waren, ihr dergleichen Zumuthungen machen zu wollen. Aber eben dieſes Betragen war es, welches die Zahl ihrer Anbeter vermehrte, die, entzückt von ihrer fröhlichen Laune und durch ihren Witz, am Tage ſich durch prächtige Cavalcaden bemerkbar zu machen ſuchten und Nachts ihr die angenehmſten Serenaden brachten. Jedoch wurden ſie für dieſe Anſtrengungen, die den Unbemittelten der Verliebten oft ſehr ſchwer wurden, mit ſchnödem Undank belohnt, denn Aminta gab häufig gar nicht darauf Acht, und bemerkte ſie ja einen Aufzug, der ſich durch Pracht und feinen Geſchmack beſonders auszeichnete, ſo ſcherzte ſie über dieſe Beweiſe ausgeſuchter Galanterie, nicht beſſer ging es den vortrefflichſten Nachtmuſiken, welche die holde Schläferin oftmals gar nicht hörte, oder wenn ſie die ſchmelzenden und ſehnſüchtigen Arien vernahm, ſich dadurch in den Schlaf bringen ließ, ohne den ſehnſüchtigzärtlichen Rittern dafür zu danken.

Allein die Erfahrung lehrt es fortwährend, daß eine dauernde, vollkommene Geſundheit oft von einer plötzlichen Krankheit bedroht wird, und noch ſo große Klugheit zuweilen auch einen derben Stoß bekommt. Dieſe Erfahrung machte auch Aminta; denn da ſie bisher in einer ſtrengen Zurückgezogenheit gelebt hatte, verfiel ſie in den Fehler der Bizarrerie, welcher ſie der Verſpottung und Neckerei aller derer, welche ſie kannten, preis gab.

Um dieſe Zeit kam ein junger Caſtillaner nach Segovia; er war von einem ſchönen und wohlgefälligen Aeußern, welches ſehr für ihn einnahm, allein er gehörte zu jenen Wüſtlingen, welche nur ihren Leidenſchaften folgen und daher Alles daran ſetzen, ihre Abſichten zu erreichen, ohne ſich ein Großes um die Kritik oder gar um Gewiſſensbiſſe zu kümmern; mit einem Worte, er gehörte zu denen, die ſtarke Geiſter zu ſein glauben, wenn ſie gar keine Religion haben.

Jacinto, wir wollen ihn einſtweilen mit dieſem Namen nennen, hatte eine ſehr achtungswerthe Frau, mit welcher ein ruhiger und billig denkender Mann in der glücklichſten Ehe hätte leben können; allein es wollte ihm gar nicht zu Sinne, daß ein Cavalier von ſeinen Vorzügen an eine ſittſame und ehrbare Gattin durch Heirath gebunden ſein ſollte. Für ihn hatte eine freie Leidenſchaft für eine Geliebte mehr Reiz; daher trennte er er ſich von ſeiner Gemahlin und wählte ſich ein Mädchen, Namens Flora, welches ſeinem Charakter zuſagte und das er unter dem Titel einer Schweſter bei ſich hatte. Eines Tages war er in eine Kirche, die nicht weit von Don Pedros Hauſe war, gegangen, um die Meſſe zu hören; hier erblickte er Aminta, die in Begleitung ihrer Tante in der Kirche erſchien und durch ihre Schönheit, durch ihren Schmuck und prachtvollen Aufzug leicht die Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich ziehen mußte. Da der Charakter des Ritters von der Art war, wie bereits angedeutet iſt, ſo war es leicht einzuſehen, daß er eine ſolche Dame nicht ruhig oder gar gleichgültig anſehen konnte, vielmehr erregte die liebenswürdige Aminta ſein innerſtes Gemüth und ſie ſehen, ſich ſterblich in ſie verlieben und ſich in den Kopf ſetzen, Alles zu unternehmen, um zu ihrem Beſitz zu gelangen, war bei ihm das Werk eines Augenblicks. Allein als er ihren Namen erfahren und ſich nach der nähern Lage der Umſtände erkundigt hatte, fand er die Sache doch nicht ſo leicht als er ſie wünſchte, denn er kannte die Macht und den Stolz Don Pedros und die Sprödigkeit des Mädchens.

Da alle ſeine Leidenſchaften ſehr heftig waren, ſo wurde er von einer ſo gewaltigen Troſtloſigkeit und Unglückſeligkeit ergriffen, daß er weder eſſen noch ſchlafen mochte und, da ſeine Geſundheit einem ſchweren und plötzlichen Angriff nicht lange widerſtehen konnte, in eine äußerſt gefährliche Krankheit verfiel, deren Grund zu bekennen er nicht das Herz hatte. Flora, früher der einzige Gegenſtand ſeiner Luſt und ſeines Vergnügens, war ihm unerträglich und ſchien durch ihre Schmeicheleien ihm ſeine Untreue vorzuwerfen. Auch entging ihrem ſcharfen Auge ſeine Kälte alsbald nicht, ohne daß ſie die Veranlaſſung hierzu hätte erforſchen können: denn auf ihre mehrmaligen Anfragen hatte ſie keine Antwort erhalten, die ihrer Neugierde ein Genüge hätte thun können. Sie war zu ſehr bei dieſer Sache betheiligt als daß ſie ihre Unterſuchung ſobald hätte aufgeben ſollen, weshalb ſie denn auch nicht unterließ auf jede ſeiner Aeußerungen zu achten und hierauf ihre Conjecturen zu gründen; ſie bedurfte auch nicht gar zu langer Zeit, um ſich das Dunkel vollkommen aufzuhellen: denn Jacinto war zu ſehr mit ſeiner Leidenſchaft beſchäftigt, als daß er ſich hätte die Mühe geben ſollen, ſeine innere Zerrüttung vor ihr zu verbergen.

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*) Aus Maria de Zayas' Novellen überſetzt. Erſtes Bändchen. Neuhaldensleben 1833.

Eines Tages, als er glaubte, daß Flora ausgegangen ſei, weil ſie ihm geſagt hatte, daß ſie, um die Stadt zu beſehen, einen Spaziergang zu machen wünſche, und er, da er ſie nicht mehr liebte, ſich auch nicht weiter darum bekümmert hatte, ob ſie nach dem Abſchiede von ihm das Haus wirklich verlaſſen, überließ er ſich ohne Zwang ſeiner Neigung, in Gedanken ſeiner neuen Leidenſchaft nachzuhängen. Da er ſich ganz unbemerkt in ſeinem Zimmer wähnte, ließ er ſich nach einer Weile ſeine Theorbe bringen, welche er in der That meiſterhaft zu ſpielen wußte, und ſang zu ihrer Begleitung ein Lied, welches er auf die neue Geliebte gedichtet hatte, von dem aber auch Flora, die ſich verſteckt hatte, kein Wort verloren ging.

Sobald er geendet hatte, trat ſie hervor und zeigte ſich ihm.

Endlich, mein lieber, theurer Jacinto, kenne ich nun die Urſache deines Kummers, von dem du mich, ohne es zu wiſſen und zu wollen, unterrichtet haſt; ich war lange Zeit ungewiß, was für eine Liebe dich in den Zuſtand verſetzt hatte, worin ich dich ſehe, und, fürwahr! du haſt mir ſo oft eine begeiſterte Beſchreibung von den Reizen Amintas gemacht, daß ich leicht begreifen kann, daß du davon bezaubert biſt; fürchte jedoch nicht, daß ich darüber eiferſüchtig ſei, ich beurtheile mich ſelbſt zu gerecht und kann daher kein Wort darüber ſagen, daß du ſie mir vorziehſt, da ſie bei weitem mehr Vorzüge hat. Nur die Schwierigkeiten, welche ich vorherſehe, beunruhigen mich, und ſeit ich dein Uebel kenne, werde ich nur darauf denken, dir dabei zu Hülfe zu kommen, obſchon ich es einſehe, daß, wenn wir nicht eine beſondere Liſt ausfindig machen, um Aminta zu betrügen, es unmöglich ſein wird, ſich einen glücklichen Erfolg zu verſprechen. Liebte ich nur mein Vergnügen, und wäre ich, wie die meiſten Frauen, nur auf meinen Vortheil bedacht, ich würde, weit entfernt dir zu dienen, dir deine Treuloſigkeit vorwerfen; aber, da ich nur auf deine Befriedigung denke, ſorge ich, wie ich dich glücklich machen kann, was es mir — was es meinem Herzen auch immer koſten mag. Ich bin überzeugt, daß dieſe neue Leidenſchaft von nicht langer Dauer ſein wird und daß ſie die ſchöne Freundſchaft, welche uns ſchon ſeit längerer Zeit aneinander feſſelt, zuverläſſig nicht erſchüttert, ja ich glaube ſogar, daß du mich um ſo mehr lieben wirſt, wenn du meine Uneigennützigkeit erwägſt: denn, da ich darüber nachgedacht habe, zu welchen Abſcheulichkeiten die Eiferſucht führen kann, ſo habe ich geſchworen, ſie als ein abſcheuliches Ungeheuer zu vermeiden. Das mag, was ich in Anſehung meiner ſagen kann, genug ſein; es iſt beſſer, daß wir nun überlegen, wie wir uns zu benehmen haben, damit du zu Amintas Beſitz gelangen kannſt. Durch Geſchenke iſt dieſes Mädchen nicht zu gewinnen, weil es die vornehmſte und reichſte Partie der ganzen Stadt iſt, und, weil ſie ſich einmal darauf geſetzt hat äußerſt tugendhaft zu ſein, ſo würde ſie die kleinſte Zumuthung einer Galanterie gleich ſehr aufbringen. Man muß ſie zu überreden ſuchen, daß du die ehrlichſten und rechtſchaffenſten Abſichten haſt; und vorausgeſetzt, daß ſie dich anhört und deine Briefe leſen will, verſpreche ich dir auf dieſe Weiſe den erwünſchten Erfolg. Es giebt kein Mädchen, mag ſie auch noch ſo tugendhaft und weiſe ſein, welche nicht mit großer Ungeduld darauf wartete verheirathet zu werden, und wenn auch Aminta jetzt noch den größten Gehorſam gegen die Vorſchriften ihres ſterbenden Vaters bezeigt und Don Pedros Sohn als den Mann betrachtet, welchen ſie heirathen muß, ſo wird ſie ihre Geſinnungen doch ſehr leicht ändern, wenn ihr deine Perſon einmal gefällt; ſorge daher nur für ein gutes Aeußere, ſuche dich ſo zu ſtellen, daß ſie dich bemerken muß, gewinne eine Perſon, welche ihr Ohr beſitzt, damit dieſe oft und vortheilhaft von dir zu ihr redet, und ich für mein Theil will meine Rolle ſchon ſpielen. Ich will nämlich ihre Bekanntſchaft in der Kirche zu machen ſuchen und mich bei ihr in eine gute Meinung ſetzen; alsdann wird es mir nicht ſchwer fallen können, dir unter dem Namen einer Schweſter allerlei gute Dienſte zu leiſten, und ſie muß wirklich ſehr fein ſein, wenn ich ſie nicht ins Netz kriegen ſoll. Gefällt ihr deine Perſon, ſo kannſt du auf Treue und Glauben der Heirath auch ihre Gunſtbezeugungen erhalten, und iſt es durchaus nothwendig, ſo entführſt du ſie aus dem Hauſe ihres Oheims und bringſt ſie in ein entferntes Stadtviertel, wirſt du ihrer aber überdrüſſig, ſo verläßt du ſie, da ſie dich nicht kennen kann, und Erkundigungen über dich einzuziehen, wird ſie ſich ſchon hüten, weil ſie dadurch ihre Schande bekannt machen, oder ſich doch der gerechten Beſtrafung ihres Oheims ausſetzen würde. Ich für meine Perſon verlange für meine Dienſtleiſtungen keine andere Belohnung, als das Vergnügen, dich zufriedener zu ſehen; obſchon es faſt ganz außerordentlich iſt, daß eine Frau ſelbſt mit dazu beitragen will ihren Geliebten zur Untreue zu verleiten, ſo verſpreche ich doch nichts, was ich nicht halten will.

Flora verleugnete ihren Charakter durchaus nicht, indem ſie dieſe neue Rolle ſpielte; ſie machte es nur wie alle Mädchen ihrer Art, welche aus Eigennutz lieben und nicht wahrhaft eiferſüchtig auf das Herz ihres Liebhabers ſind; vielmehr kommt es im Gegentheil ihnen außerordentlich erwünſcht, wenn Unregelmäßigkeiten eintreten, indem grade ſolche Vorfälle ſie alsdann zu ähnlichen Schritten berechtigen, und es iſt ja hinlänglich bekannt, daß ſie ihre Gunſtbezeugungen gar zu gern theilen.

Jacinto hörte mit der größten Aufmerkſamkeit auf Alles, was dieſe gefährliche Rathgeberin vorſchlug, denn er betrachtete das Opfer, welches ſie ihm brachte, als die letzte Anſtrengung der Liebe, und ganz mit ſeiner Leidenſchaft beſchäftigt, dachte er nur daran ſie zu befriedigen, ohne die Geſinnungen ſeiner unwürdigen Geliebten zu unterſuchen. Um ſie aber zu veranlaſſen, noch mehr für ſeine Pläne zu thun, umarmte er ſie zärtlich, ſagte, daß er ihr das Leben verdanke und daß er ihr nie genug ſeinen Eifer für ſie würde zu erkennen geben können. Nachdem von beiden Theilen noch das Betragen, welches angenommen werden ſollte, beſprochen worden war, ſo fand ſich Floras ſchon mitgetheilter Plan am zweckmäßigſten.

Sobald Jacinto durch dieſe erfreulichen Ausſichten ſein friſches Ausſehen wiedergewonnen hatte, ſetzte er Kaufleute und Schneider in der Stadt für ſeinen Staat in Bewegung, damit er die Vortrefflichkeit ſeines Wuchſes und die Anmuth ſeiner Bildung durch die Künſte der Kleidung noch erhöhen möchte. Er war faſt zu jeder Zeit des Tages und der Nacht vor Don Pedros Thür zu finden, um die Aufmerkſamkeit der Nichte auf ſich zu ziehen; bisweilen allein und dann wieder in Floras Begleitung, die ihm im Pagenkleide folgte, welches beſonders der Fall war, wenn er der angebeteten Aminta eine Serenade bringen wollte; denn Flora hatte eine wohlklingende Stimme und ſpielte die Theorbe nicht minder vortrefflich als Jacinto.

Don Pedro hatte einer Kaufmannswittwe eine freie Wohnung in ſeinem Hauſe eingeräumt und da dieſe gute Frau keine Geſchäfte hatte, ſo machte ſie, um ſich die freie Miethe ihres Zimmers zu erhalten, die Dienſtfertige und Zeitungsträgerin, welches ihr keine Anſtrengung oder vielmehr keine Ueberwindung koſtete, da ſie von Natur neugierig war und zu gern Intriguen ſchmiedete, ohne ſich aus irgend etwas ein Gewiſſen zu machen, wenn ſie auch in ihrem Aeußern die Ehrbare ſpielte. Don Pedro, den dieſe Außenſeite betrog, hatte gar kein Arg daraus, daß ſie viel mit ſeiner Nichte verkehrte. Helena, ſo mag dieſe Frau genannt werden, war die erſte, welche die eifrigen Bemühungen des Ritters bemerkte und da ſie, wie man zu ſagen pflegt, die Welt geſehen hatte, ſo brauchte ſie nicht lange nachzuſinnen, was er denn eigentlich ſuche. Als er daher eines Abends vor dem Hauſe auf und niederging, nahm ſie die Gelegenheit wahr, ihn anzureden und zu fragen, was er noch ſo ſpät hier zu thun habe, ſetzte aber, ohne ſeine Antwort abzuwarten, gleich hinzu, daß ſie mit Bekümmerniß geſehen habe, wie ein ſolcher Ausbund von Galanterie ſeine Zeit in Amintas Dienſte verderbe, ohne ihren Beſitz hoffen zu dürfen, da ſie bereits mit ihrem Vetter verſprochen ſei, den man nächſtens von Mailand zurückerwarte.

Jacinto war ſehr erfreut, als er hörte, daß ſie ſelbſt zuerſt auf dieſen Punct einging, und da er eine ſo günſtige Gelegenheit nicht ungenützt für ſich vorübergehen laſſen wollte, ſo entwarf er ihr ein ſo bewegliches Gemälde ſeiner Liebespein, daß die Wittwe, welche in dergleichen Dingen ſehr mitleidig war, außerordentlich gerührt wurde, und er, um ſie noch mehr anzuſpornen ihm zu Gunſten zu reden, verſicherte ſie, daß ſie Aminta keinen ſchlechten Dienſt leiſten würde, wenn ſie die Heirath zwiſchen ihnen zu Stande bringen helfen wollte, denn er beſäße ein jährliches Einkommen von viertauſend Ducaten; außerdem verſprach er ihr Glück zu machen, wenn ſie nur dem ſchönen Mädchen ein Briefchen von ihm zuſtellen wolle, und, um ihr jeden Zweifel an der Wahrheit ſeiner Worte zu benehmen, drückte er ihr eine von Wohlgerüchen duftende Börſe, worin er fünfzig Gold-Escudos geſteckt hatte, in die Hand. Dieſes Argument war zu ſiegreich und wirkte weit mehr als ſeine Beredſamkeit. Sie forderte den Jacinto auf, recht bald zu ſchreiben, und verſprach, das Briefchen zu beſorgen, ſobald ſie es erhalten haben würde, und wo möglich wollte ſie auch von Aminta eine Antwort zu erhalten ſuchen.

Der Ritter ging ſehr vergnügt über dieſen Anfang nach Hauſe, erzählte ſeiner Flora wie die Sachen ſtanden und ergriff die Feder, um ſeine Liebesqualen geſchrieben in Helenas Hand zu legen; zugleich fügte er noch einen Ring von großem Werthe hinzu, den Aminta als den erſten Beweis ſeiner Liebe annehmen ſollte. Helena verſprach den größten Eifer in ſeinem Dienſte zu zeigen und beſtellte ihn auf den folgenden Abend, um eine Antwort in Empfang zu nehmen, welche ſie ihm mit größter Zuverſicht verſprach. Kaum war er von ihr weggegangen, als ſie ſich in Amintas Schlafgemach begab, welche ſich noch nicht niedergelegt hatte, weil ſie grade dieſen Abend mit einem Briefe an ihren Verlobten beſchäftigt geweſen war. Helena wartete bis ſie ihren Brief vollendet hatte, dann trat ſie vor den Spiegel der Schönen und ſagte: nicht wahr die Zeit hat mir noch nicht zu ſehr mitgeſpielt? Es ſcheint, ſagte ſie, als ſie Amintas Lächeln bemerkte, als ob ihr glaubt, daß Niemand außer euch Anbeter haben könnte; — jedoch damit ihr ſeht, daß ich nicht ganz ohne Verdienſte ſein mag, ſo ſehet hier das Liebesbriefchen, welches ich mit dieſem Diamant, der faſt wie eure Augen funkelt, erhalten habe. Zugleich zeigte ſie ihr beides.

Aminta zweifelte, wie billig, an der Wahrheit; aber neugierig wie alle Mädchen, und da man einmal ſeinem böſen Geſchick nicht entgehen kann, nahm ſie mit heiterer Miene das Dargebotene von Helena an und las halblaut folgende Worte:

Jacinto an Aminta.

„Das Schickſal, welches Ihr ſo viele Eurer Liebhaber habt erdulden laſſen, hätte mich klug machen müſſen; aber wie iſt dies möglich, wenn man Euch geſehen hat. Es wird mir unmöglich zu glauben, daß Ihr für Don Pedros Sohn, wie man ſagt, beſtimmt ſein ſolltet, den Ihr nicht einmal kennt. Sobald Eure Augen den meinigen begegneten, fühlte ich die Bewegung meines Herzens, welche nur die Uebereinſtimmung unſerer Seelen erzeugen kann. Hat der Himmel uns für einander beſtimmt, ſo wird er auch die unbilligen Pläne Eures Oheims zu zerſtören wiſſen; aber wollt Ihr lieber den Anordnungen Eures ſterbenden Vaters, als den Geſetzen der Liebe folgen, ſo dürft Ihr wenigſtens in der Abweſenheit Eures überglücklich zu ſchätzenden Vetters einem Manne, der Euch anbetet, die Erlaubniß Euch zu ſehen nicht verſagen; dieſe Gunſt erbitte ich mir von Euch, ſo wie auch als die zweite, daß Ihr den Ring annehmet, den ich als ein Zeichen der Huldigung ſende, welche ich Eurer Schönheit bringe."

Wer iſt denn dieſer Unglückſelige, ſagte Aminta, ſobald ſie den Brief zu Ende geleſen hatte, der mich ſo dringend bittet, die Leiden ſeiner Liebe, welche er erdulden muß, zu lindern? Es iſt ein Cavalier, entgegnete Helena, der es mehr verdient Euch zu beſitzen, als der, welchen man zu Eurem Gemahl beſtimmt hat, er iſt von Rang, hat Vermögen, iſt ſchön und wohlgebildet, galant und zuletzt auch klug genug, kurz er iſt ein auserleſener Ritter. Don Pedros Sohn iſt euch nahe genug verwandt und es iſt nicht nöthig, daß euch die Ehe durch ein ſtärker Band verbinde. Ich weiß nicht, ſetzte ſie hinzu, wo ihr hindenkt, euch ſo hartnäckig auf eine thörichte Treue gegen einen Menſchen zu ſetzen, den ihr niemals geſehen habt, der euch vielleicht mißfällt, wenn ihr ihn ſeht, und inzwiſchen laßt ihr eine ſo ſchöne Gelegenheit verloren gehen, welche ihr ſobald wohl nicht wiederfinden möchtet; denkt wohl auf das, was ihr zu thun habt, und belehrt mich über das, was ich Jacinto antworten ſoll. Sagt ihm nur, erwiederte Aminta, indem eine hohe Röthe ihr Geſicht übergoß und ſie den Ring an ihren Finger ſteckte, ſagt ihm, daß Ihr mir ſeinen Brief gegeben habt, daß ich ihn geleſen, aber daß Ihr nichts von meinen Empfindungen hättet entdecken können. Nichts hätte der Wittwe erwünſchter kommen können, als gleich nach ihrem Weggange von der liebenswürdigen Schönen den Ritter anzutreffen, um ihm Bericht von ihrer Unternehmung des Geſchäfts zu ertheilen. Da er aber nicht darauf gerechnet hatte, daß man eine ſolche Sorgfalt in ſeinem Dienſte zeigen würde, ſo war er, da es ſchon ſpät geworden, zu ſeiner Vertrauten zurückgegangen und ruhete bereits in ihren Armen.

Die Gedanken, welche auf das verſchiedenartigſte Amintas Gehirn durchkreuzten, als ſie allein in ihrem Zimmer war, und die Betrachtungen, welche ſie über dies ſie faſt verwirrende Abenteuer anſtellte, zu ſchildern iſt kaum möglich. Die Liebe, deren Angriffen ſie bisher noch entgangen war, fing an ſich ihres jungen Herzens zu bemächtigen und verurſachte ihr ſoviel Unruhe, daß der Schlaf davon zum erſten Male von ihrem Lager zurückfloh. Sie mochte ſich noch ſoviel im Bette hin- und herwenden, ſie fand die Ruhe, welche ſie ſuchte, nicht. Obſchon ſie recht wohl wußte, daß ſie Don Pedros Sohn heirathen ſollte, ſo hatte ſich doch ihre Phantaſie nie mit dieſem Bilde beſchäftigt und ſie konnte nicht begreifen, wie es kam, daß Jacintos Bild ſo großen Eindruck auf ihre Seele gemacht hatte, da ſie ihn doch nur aus dem Gemälde kannte, welches Helena von ihm entworfen hatte. Mit Ungeduld erwartete ſie die Wiederkehr des Morgens und hoffte, daß mit ihm der ſtürmiſche Aufruhr ihrer Seele ſich legen ſollte. Sobald ſie den Tag anbrechen ſah, verließ ſie ihr Lager, nahm ihre prächtigſten Kleider und vergaß keinen Schmuck, der ihre Schönheit hätte heben können, um — ihrem neuen Geliebten noch mehr zu gefallen, wenn ſie ſo glücklich ſein ſollte ihm zu begegnen. So zeigte ſich die verderbliche Wirkung von Helenas Rathſchlägen; denn da ſie die Schwachheit gehabt hatte ſie anzuhören, war vorauszuſehen, daß ſie ſich bald ergeben würde.

Weil ein Feſttag war, ſo begab ſich Aminta mit ihrer Tante zur Kirche, um die Meſſe anzuhören und traf ihre gefährliche Hausgenoſſin vor der Thür in einem Geſpräche mit Jacinto, und vermuthete, da Beide ſehr eifrig zuſammen ſprachen, daß jener der Ritter ſein möchte, deſſen Bildniß ſie ihr entworfen hatte. Hatte Jacintos Brief ihre frühere Sicherheit ſchon wankend gemacht, ſo vollendete ſein vortheilhaftes Aeußere ihre völlige Bewegung. Obſchon über dreißig Jahre alt, war ſeine Geſichtsbildung doch ſo edel, ſein Wuchs ſo gefällig, daß man ihn nicht ohne Bewegung im Herzen anſehen konnte. Der Ritter bemerkte zwar, daß ihn Aminta mit ſolchen Blicken betrachtet hatte, welche ihm das Gelingen ſeiner Eroberung hoffen ließen, allein er beſaß zuviel Welt, wie man es zu nennen pflegt, hatte zu viel Lebensart, als daß er es ſich hätte merken laſſen. Von dem Augenblicke an, wo ſie ihre Augen auf ihn geworfen hatte, bis daß ſie in den Wagen ſtieg, wechſelte ſie fortwährend die Farbe und wandte den Kopf in jedem Augenblick, um ihn anzuſehen; aber als ſie hörte, daß Helena beim Abſchiednehmen von Jacinto zu ihm ſagte: lebt wohl Sennor, eure Geſchäfte gehen ganz vortrefflich und ihr werdet einem glücklichen Erfolg entgegenſehen; wurde ſie ſo ergriffen, daß ſie vor ihrem Geliebten hinzuſinken vermeinte. Er entfernte ſich von ſeiner Vertrauten, ſowie er ſeine Herrin ſchwanken ſah, trat zu dieſer heran und bot ihr die Hand, um ſie zu ſtützen. Madonna, ſagte er, nehmt dieſen kleinen Dienſt von mir als ein Zeichen meines Eifers an. Aminta, welche ihre Beſinnung wiedergewonnen hatte, zog ſogleich ihren Handſchuh aus und reichte ihm die Hand, an welcher ſie den Ring trug, den ihr Helena von ihm gebracht hatte, und der Ritter ergriff dieſelbe mit vieler Ehrfurcht. Don Pedros Gemahlin machte ihm ihr Compliment für dieſe höfliche Dienſtleiſtung, welche er ihrer Nichte erzeigte und der Ritter begab ſich, nachdem die beiden Damen in den Wagen geſtiegen waren, zu ſeiner Flora, um ihr von Allem was ſich zugetragen hatte, Bericht zu erſtatten, und ſagte ihr, daß ſie Aminta noch in der Kirche treffen würde, wenn ſie ſich etwas beeilen wollte. Flora ging ſogleich dahin und nahm ihren Platz dicht an dem Betſtuhl, wo Aminta kniete und ſagte zu Jacinto, welcher ſie begleitete, laß uns näher hier heran treten, lieber Bruder, denn es macht mir ſo viel Vergnügen die jungen Damen zu ſehen, als ob ich ſelber ein Mann wäre, und wahrhaftig, ich habe noch keine ſchönere geſehen als dieſe hier, ich verſichere dich, ich bin ganz verliebt in ſie. Aminta hatte Flora mit eiferſüchtigem Auge betrachtet, als ſie dieſelbe mit Jacinto eintreten ſah, jedoch der Name Bruder, den ſie nun hörte, beruhigte ſie wieder, und als ſie gar das Lob vernahm, welches ihr von der Dame ertheilt wurde, ſagte ſie ihr einige verbindliche Artigkeiten darüber mit dieſen Worten: Bei Eurer anmuthigen Bildung, Donna, darf man nur ſeinen Spiegel befragen, um ſich ein Genüge zu thun, denn es möchte keine Schönheit geben, welche die Eure nicht übertreffe, und obſchon ich kein Recht habe Euch etwas abzuſtreiten, ſo will ich doch nicht, daß Ihr eine beſſere Meinung von mir haben ſollt als von Euch ſelber; ich ſchätze mich hinlänglich glücklich, Eure Augen einige Augenblicke auf mich gezogen zu haben und will gern allen Vorſchub thun, um mir einen Liebhaber wie Euch zu gewinnen, von dem ich verſichert ſein kann, daß meine Ehre bei ihm durchaus keine Gefahr läuft und ich glaube auch nicht, daß Ihr Euch weigern werdet, mich als Geliebte anzunehmen, nach der Erklärung, welche Ihr mir ſo eben gemacht habt.

Man muß ſehr kühn ſein, Madame, erwiederte Flora, wenn man es unternimmt Euch ſeine Dienſte zu weihen, wenn Ihr, wie ich glaube, dieſelbe Aminta ſeid, deren Stolz gleiches Aufſehen erregt wie ihre Vorzüge, und welche ein Vergnügen daran findet ihre Liebhaber zur Verzweiflung zu bringen.

Ich führe dieſen Namen, entgegnete Aminta, aber was man Euch auch immer hat von mir ſagen mögen, ich gebe Euch mein Wort, nicht grauſam gegen Euch zu ſein.

Flora war ſehr geneigt, in einen nähern Verkehr mit Aminta zu treten, weil es ihr dadurch um ſo leichter wurde, ihrem Jacinto zu dienen und bei ihrer Freiheit wußte ſie die

Unterhaltung bald ſo zu drehen, daß ſie Aminta, ohne eine vorhergehabte Abſicht merken zu laſſen, erzählte, daß ihr Bruder zu Valladolit, wo ſein gewöhnlicher Aufenthalt ſei, von ihrer Schönheit habe ſprechen hören und deshalb einzig und allein nach Segovia gekommen ſei, um ſie zu ſehen, allein da er vernommen, daß ſie mit Don Petros Sohn verlobt ſei, habe er nicht gewagt, ihr irgend einen Heirathsantrag zu machen; darauf rühmte ſie ſeine Geburt, ſeine Reichthümer, ſagte ihr, daß er die Verſicherung hätte, eine Commandantur des Ordens von Alcantara zu erhalten, und fügte hinzu, daß Jacinto ſie gebeten hätte, die Reiſe mitzumachen, weil ihr Geſchlecht ihr mehr Freiheit gewährte, ſo würde ſie beſſer wiſſen können, ob ſeine Nachforſchung angenehm ausfallen möchte. Zuletzt malte ſie Jacinto ſo verliebt, ſo beſcheiden, ſo treu, daß Aminta, welche ſchon geneigt war, das Beſte von ihm zu glauben, vollkommen überzeugt wurde, daß ſie keine beſſere Wahl treffen könnte. Flora endigte ihr Geſpräch mit der Bitte, Mitleid mit ihrem Bruder zu haben, ehe ihr Vetter aus Italien zurückgekehrt ſein würde, weil ſie alsdann weniger Freiheit haben dürfte.

Ach! Madonna, entgegnete Aminta, wenn ich auch entſchloſſen wäre, Jacinto glücklich zu machen, wie ſollte ich es anfangen, da ich völlig von meinem Oheim abhänge, der nichts gegen die Vortheile ſeines Sohnes unternehmen wird. Ich wäre ſchon bereit den Wünſchen Eures Bruders zu genügen, denn ſeit man mir geſtern von ihm ein Billet und einen Ring zugeſtellt hat, habe ich von dieſem verhängnißvollen Augenblick an eine ſo heftige Zuneigung zu ihm gefaßt, daß, wenn ich vorher mit einiger Ungeduld der Heimkehr meines Vetters entgegen [illegible] ich jetzt ohne Betrübniß die Nachricht von ſeinem Tode [illegible] würde, und ich wünſche von ganzem Herzen, daß er ſo lange in Mailand bleiben mag, bis ich Mittel und Wege gefunden habe, unſere Verbindung abzubrechen oder ich durch freiwilligen Tod mich von den Unruhen befreiet habe, welche mich verzehren. Ich tadle mich ſo ſehr, gegen einen Unbekannten treu geweſen zu ſein, daß ich entſchloſſen bin Alles zu wagen, Ruhe, Ehre und Glück, um mich Jacinto hinzugeben. Da ich Euch mein Herz aufgeſchloſſen habe und es mir unmöglich iſt meine Empfindungen zu ändern, ſo bitte ich um Euren Rath was ich thun ſoll.

Grade das war es, was Flora erwartete. Fürchtet nichts, Madonna, erwiederte ſie, Ihr verliert nichts, wenn Ihr auf Don Petros Sohn verzichtet; Jacinto ſteht ihm weder an Geburt noch Vermögen nach und ſeid Ihr erſt verheirathet, ſo muß Euer Oheim wohl ſeine Einwilligung geben, weil er Euer Wohl nicht wird verwerfen können, und um Eurem Vetter zu helfen, erbiete ich mich, ihn zu heirathen. Zwar weiß ich zu gut, daß ich Euch in allen Dingen nachſtehen muß, aber mit zwanzigtauſend Thalern jährlichem Einkommen bin ich eine hinlänglich gute Partie für einen vom Glück begünſtigten Soldaten; vergebt, Donna, wenn ich ſo rede, aber es iſt Euch nicht unbekannt, daß ſein Vater nur ein jüngerer Sohn war, der ſein Vermögen einzig nur im Kriege gewonnen hat. Im ſchlimmſten Falle aber, wenn ſie gar zu hochmüthig thun ſollten, dürft Ihr ihnen nur Euer Vermögen laſſen, mein Bruder beſitzt genung für zwei und wird ſich einzig mit Eurer Perſon begnügen. Durch Helenas Vermittelung, der Euer Oheim nicht mißtraut, werden wir uns näher beſprechen können; wir nehmen Abrede mit einem Pfarrer, daß er Euch heimlich traut und wenn die Ceremonie vorüber iſt, geht Ihr mit mir in meine Wohnung, wo wir Don Petro murren laſſen, ohne uns um ihn zu kümmern.

Aminta ließ ſich ſo von ihrer Leidenſchaft blenden, daß ſie nicht nur in alle Vorſchläge Floras einwilligte, ſondern ſie ſelbſt bat, keine Zeit zu verlieren, aus Furcht, daß ihr Verlobter eher zurückkommen möchte, als ſie ihren Vorſatz ausgeführt hätten, und ſich nach dem Mittageſſen mit ihrem Bruder auf Helenas Zimmer einzufinden, damit ſie zuſammen beſchließen könnten, was ſie zu thun hätten, während ihre Tante Beſuche machen würde; und nachdem Aminta Flora ewige Freundſchaft geſchworen hatte, begab ſie ſich in Don Petros Haus zurück.

Die Tante hatte zwar geſehen, daß die beiden Mädchen in einer angelegentlichen Unterhaltung geweſen waren, allein dies erregte ihr auch nicht einmal den Schatten eines Verdachtes, weil ſie von der Tugend ihrer Nichte vollkommen überzeugt war.

Flora erzählte Jacinto Alles was ſich in der Kirche zugetragen hatte und er belohnte ihr dieſen Dienſt, welchen ſie ihm geleiſtet, mit tauſend Liebkoſungen. Nach einer leichten Mahlzeit begaben ſich Beide zu dem Stelldichein, welches ihnen Aminta verſprochen hatte und fanden Helena ſchon zu ihrem Empfange bereit, nach dem Befehle der reizenden Verliebten. Da ſie nun einmal eine heftige Leidenſchaft für Jacinto empfunden hatte und vor Ungeduld verging ihn zu ſehen, ſo eilte ſie, ſobald ihre Tante das Haus verlaſſen hatte, um mit ihren Freundinnen eine Spielpartie zu machen, und ihr Oheim, um einige Geſchäfte zu beſorgen, nach Helenas Zimmer, ohne ihren Dienerinnen etwas von ihrem Vorhaben mitzutheilen, denn da ſie wußte, daß Bedienten, wenn man ihnen ein Geheimniß anvertraut, große Luſt haben es auszuplaudern, ſo ſagte ſie blos, daß ſie ſich mit Helena etwas unterhalten wollte, und man ſie dort abrufen könnte, wenn es etwa nöthig ſein ſollte. Da es bekannt war, daß die Wittwe eine vortreffliche Laune beſaß, ſo konnte dieſer Beſuch durchaus nicht auffallend erſcheinen. Sobald Aminta eingetreten war, umſchlang ſie Floras Hals ſo zärtlich, daß Jacinto faſt eiferſüchtig darüber wurde; aber ſein Kummer war nicht von langer Dauer, weil ihm das ſchöne Mädchen, nachdem ſie ſein Gelübde der Treue erhalten hatte, Gunſtbezeugungen gewährte, die, wenn auch unbedeutend, ihn doch mit Freude erfüllten, weil ſie durch die Perſon, welche ſie gab, koſtbar wurden. Aminta hatte bisher in einer ſolchen Zurückgezogenheit von näherem männlichen Umgange gelebt, daß ſie das, was ſie that, ſehr in Verwirrung ſetzte, wovon ſie ſich kaum erholen konnte. Helena und Flora machten ſich ein Vergnügen daraus, ſie deshalb aufzuziehen und brachten ſie dadurch in neue Verwirrung. Als man genug geſcherzt hatte und es Zeit wurde ſich zu trennen, blieb man bei der Verabredung, daß am folgenden Tage nach dem Mittageſſen, wenn Don Petro und ſeine Gemahlin ihr übliches Schläfchen hielten, Jacinto ſeine liebenswürdige Gebieterin mit einer Sänfte abholen ſollte, um ſie zu dem Pfarrer hinzubringen, von dem ſie ſich unter erdichteten Namen wollte trauen laſſen; dies ſollte aus Vorſorge geſchehen, daß man ſie nicht entdecken möchte; von dort aus wollten ſie nach Jacintos Haus gehen, welches er in Segovia gemiethet, und daſelbſt ſo lange bleiben, bis er ſie in ſeine Heimath führen würde. Dann, wenn nichts mehr zu fürchten ſei, wollten ſie Don Petro anzeigen, daß das Band der Ehe ſie auf ewig vereint hätte. Nachdem Alles auf dieſe Weiſe beſchloſſen war, empfahlen ſie Helena das Geheimniß zu bewahren, bis die Zeit da ſein würde, wo man die Oeffentlichkeit nicht mehr zu ſcheuen habe. Dieſe verſicherte ihrerſeits, daß es ihr eigener Vortheil erheiſche, ſo lange zu ſchweigen, bis Don Petros Zorn ſich gelegt habe. Darauf trennten ſie ſich vergnügt und jeder begab ſich in ſeine Wohnung.

Aminta war von ihrem neuen Geliebten ſo bezaubert, daß ſie auch nicht im Geringſten an das Unheil dachte, welches in Folge einer ſo übereilten Flucht entſtehen konnte, und Jacinto beſaß ſo wenig Glauben und Gewiſſen, obſchon er wohl einſah, daß er das Glück des Mädchens vernichte und Schmach und Schimpf über ſie bringen würde, daß er nur an das Vergnügen dachte, welches er in ihrem Beſitz zu genießen hoffte. Aminta handelte wie ihrer Sinne nicht mächtig, Jacinto als ein unredlicher Mann. Beide waren aber bei der Heftigkeit ihrer Leidenſchaften zu entſchuldigen, weniger Flora; denn eine Frau kann keine größere Niederträchtigkeit ſich zu Schulden kommen laſſen, als wenn ſie ſelbſt die Ränke ihres Liebhabers unterſtützt.

Aminta erwartete mit Ungeduld den kommenden Tag, den ſie für den glücklichſten ihres Lebens hielt und der ihrer Leiden Anfang war. Mit der emporſteigenden Morgenröthe verließ ſie ihr Lager und kleidete ſich ſchnell an; zwar hatte ſie einige Vorahnungen des Unglücks, das ſie ſich zu bereiten ging und der Himmel wollte ſie durch verſchiedene Zeichen darauf aufmerkſam machen, doch brachte ſie dies nicht zum Nachdenken, da die Liebe einmal unumſchränkt über ihr Herz gebot und alle Sinne gefangen hatte. Sie wickelte ihre Steine und Koſtbarkeiten in ein feines Tuch, welches ſie in einem Aermel ihres Oberkleides verbarg, ſteckte ihren Schleier in den andern und ging wie gewöhnlich, obwohl mit ziemlicher Unruhe, zum Mittageſſen. Sobald ſie ſah, daß ihr Oheim und die Tante eingeſchlafen waren, ſtieg ſie die Treppe herab, bedeckte ihr Geſicht mit dem Schleier, verließ das Haus und ſetzte ſich in die Sänfte, welche bereits an der Thür ihrer harrte, nachdem ſie zuvor von Helena Abſchied genommen und ihr von neuem unverbrüchliches Schweigen über das Geheimniß empfohlen hatte. An einer Straßenecke fand ſie Jacinto, der ſie von dort aus hatte aus dem Hauſe gehen ſehen, und an dieſem Orte gleichſam auf Wacht geſtanden war, ohne Furcht bemerkt zu werden, weil in dieſer Gegend der Zuſammenfluß der Fremden in Segovia gewöhnlich war und man ihn nicht kannte. So kamen die beiden Liebenden, ohne daß man ſie irgend bemerkt und gekannt hätte, bei dem Geiſtlichen an, den Aminta begrüßte, ohne ihren Schleier zu heben, und der auch die Ceremonien der Trauung nicht alle beobachtete, da eine Handvoll Ducaten ihn über die möglichen Bedenklichkeiten beruhigt hatte. Als Aminta, nach dem Gebrauche ihre Hand in Jacintos Hand legte, ging ein Smaragd, den ſie am Finger trug, aus ſeiner Faſſung und ſprang auf den Boden fallend in Stücken. Sie wurde darüber beſtürzt, aber Jacinto beruhigte ſie und ſagte, daß es Aberglauben ſei, Folgerungen aus ſolchen Ereigniſſen ziehen zu wollen, die rein vom Zufall abhingen und nichts zu bedeuten hätten. Sobald ſie die eheliche Einſegnung erhalten hatte, führte der gewiſſenloſe Ritter das betrogene Mädchen in ſeine Wohnung, wo ſie Flora fanden, die ſie voll boshafter Freude mit Glückwünſchen überhäufte. Um Jacintos Vergnügen nicht aufzuſchieben und den Neuvermählten keine Zeit zur Beſinnung zu laſſen, bereitete ſie ihnen eine köſtliche Mahlzeit und ließ ſie dann zu Bette gehen, worauf ſie ſich in ein anderes Gemach zurück zog. So ſchmeichelte ſie den Begierden ihres Geliebten in der Hoffnung, daß der Ekel und Ueberdruß, welcher in den Seelen dieſer Wüſtlinge dem Genuſſe folgt, ihr Jacintos Herz mit aller Zärtlichkeit wiedergeben würde.

Wir wollen, wie Flora, die beiden Liebenden jetzt ſich ſelbſt in aller Freiheit überlaſſen und den Vorhang über die Myſterien ziehen, wobei Amor keine Zeugen haben will, und indeſſen ſehen, was ſich in Don Pedros Haus zutrug, als man Nachricht von ihrer Entweichung erhielt. Don Pedro maß allen Bedienten des Hauſes die Schuld bei, ſprudelte einen Strom von Verwünſchungen und Drohungen um ſich, aber Alles umſonſt. Endlich trieb er gar ſolche Ausſchweifungen und Thorheiten, daß man ſagte, er habe den Verſtand verloren. Aber jedes Ding hat ſeine Zeit und auf Sturm folgt Windſtille; nachdem er ſeine Bedienten alle einzeln und auf das ſchärfſte examinirt hatte, ohne das geringſte Licht dadurch über dieſes Abentheuer zu erhalten, ſo ſchickte er Leute in der Stadt umher, welche ſich unter der Hand erkundigen ſollten, aus Furcht, den Schimpf ſeiner Nichte ſtadtkundig zu machen. Er mühete ſich jedoch vergebens ab, weil die einzige Perſon, Helena, welche Auskunft geben konnte, mehr Veranlaſſung hatte, von dieſer Sache zu ſchweigen als zu reden. Seine Frau und die Mägde machten aber ein ſolches Aufheben, daß es zuletzt ganz Segovia wußte, Aminta iſt entführt. Die Obrigkeit nahm Kenntniß von dieſer Entführung und der Richter ließ ſich davon unterrichten, aber es mangelte aller Beweis. Der Geiſtliche ſagte zwar, daß er um drei Uhr Nachmittags zwei ihm unbekannte Perſonen getraut habe, aber wenn er auch ſtarke Muthmaßung hatte, daß dies Aminta geweſen war, von der man ſprach, die Sache ließ ſich nicht hinlänglich beweiſen und man mußte ſeine Zuflucht zu einer öffentlichen Bekanntmachung nehmen. Jacinto erhielt Nachricht davon und wurde unruhig; ſeine Leidenſchaft wurde ſchon kühler, er ſah den Fehltritt, den er begangen, und die Gefahr, der er ſich ausgeſetzt hatte. Er fürchtete, daß Helena ihn angeben möchte, wenn man ſtärker in ſie dringen ſollte, daß ſie ſeinen Aufenthaltsort, der ihr bekannt war, entdecken möchte und das ganze Abentheuer ſich mit einer ſchimpflichen Kataſtrophe endigte.

Um ſich von dieſer Unruhe zu befreien, begab er ſich in der folgenden Nacht an ein niedriges Fenſter, welches von Helenas Zimmer auf die Straße ging und rief ſie herbei. Während er ihr erzählte was ſich zugetragen hatte und ſie zuhörte, zog er unvermerkt ein Piſtol hervor und ſchoß ihr zwei Kugeln durch die Bruſt, ſo daß ſie auf der Stelle, ohne ein Wort ſprechen zu können, todt in die Stube zurück ſtürzte. So belohnte er ihr die Dienſte, welche ſie ihm geleiſtet hatte.

Ein Verbrechen zieht das andere nach ſich, und ſobald Jacinto von dieſer Seite ſich Ruhe verſchafft hatte, dachte er nur darauf, ſeine Geliebte zu verlaſſen, die ihm läſtig zu werden anfing, weil er befürchtete, daß der Mord Helenas die Obrigkeit veranlaſſen möchte, eine Durchſuchung der Miethwohnungen vorzunehmen, um den Thäter zu entdecken. Verfolgte der Schrecken und die Angſt den Unglücklichen von dieſer Seite, ſo war es von der andern Flora, die ihn beunruhigte, weil ſie ihrer Nebenbuhlerin gern los ſein wollte, und endlich ließen ihm auch die Gewiſſensbiſſe über das Verbrechen, welches er begangen hatte, keinen Augenblick Ruhe. Um ſich aus allen dieſen Unannehmlichkeiten herauszuziehen, entſchloß er ſich, Segovia ſobald als möglich zu verlaſſen, und Aminta, während er hierzu die Anſtalten traf, zu einer ihm befreundeten Dame, welche etwas abgelegen wohnte, zu bringen. Er ſuchte ſie hierzu dadurch zu bewegen, daß er ihr vorſtellte, es würde für ſie, falls es das Unglück wollte, daß ſie in die Hände ihrer Verwandten fiele, vortheilhafter ſein, wenn man ſie bei einer Frau von Rang fände, als in einer gemietheten Wohnung, und ſie könnte in dieſem Falle auch, ohne ihren Ruf zu wagen, ihre Verheirathung entdecken. Sollte man ſie aber nicht ausforſchen, ſo würde er einen Wagen miethen und ſie nach Valladolid bringen, wäre ſie aber erſt einmal dort, ſo hätten ſie nichts mehr zu fürchten. Aminta ließ ſich bereden und ihr treuloſer Geliebter ſuchte eine von ſeinen Verwandtinnen auf, eine reiche Wittwe, welche nur einen Sohn hatte, ſchön von Aeußerm und von biederm Charakter, Namens Don Martin. Jacinto erſuchte dieſe gute Dame, doch eine ſehr verehrungswerthe Frau, für welche er ſich ſehr intereſſire, während er in Geſchäften eine Reiſe nach Valladolid machen müßte, bis zu ſeiner Zurückkunft gütig bei ſich aufzunehmen. Donna Luiſa, ſo hieß dieſe Dame, hatte zwar von den verliebten Händeln, welche Jacinto in der Heimath gehabt hatte, gehört und vermuthete daher nicht mit Unrecht, daß die in Rede ſtehende Dame vielleicht eine von ſeinen Geliebten ſein möchte, aber ſie wußte ihm doch die nachgeſuchte Gefälligkeit nicht abzuſchlagen.

Gegen Abend brachte der Ritter die ſchöne Aminta, welche über den ſchlechten Fortgang ihrer Liebe ſchon ziemlich ſchwermüthig war, zu ſeiner Verwandten, froh ein Mittel gefunden zu haben, ſich ihrer zu entledigen. Um ſie zu tröſten, hatte er ihr, außer ihren eigenen Koſtbarkeiten, noch Steine von großem Werthe gegeben. Sobald Jacinto Abſchied genommen hatte, kehrte er zu ſeiner Flora zurück und trat mit dieſer ſeine Rückreiſe in die Heimath an, ohne ſich Sorgen darüber zu machen, was aus der Unglücklichen werden möchte, die er verließ, nachdem er ſeiner rohen Leidenſchaft genügt hatte. Aber wenn dieſe auch von Seiten der Menſchen nichts mehr zu hoffen hatte, ſo übernahm der Himmel ihre Vertheidigung und ließ den Verräther die verdiente Strafe erleiden.

Aminta blieb alſo bei Donna Luiſa unter dem Namen Victoria, den ſie angenommen hatte, weil der übrige in Segovia zu bekannt war, und ſo wurde es ihr nicht ſchwer, verborgen zu bleiben, weil ihre großmüthige Wirthin erſt ſeit kurzer Zeit in dieſes Haus gezogen war, und Amintas Abentheuer ihr Ohr noch nicht erreicht hatte, obſchon es in allen Geſellſchaften Gegenſtand der Unterhaltung war; allein ſie lebte in großer Zurückgezogenheit und ihr Sohn war ſeit vier Tagen vom Hauſe entfernt auf die Jagd. Sobald Don Martin zurück kam, wechſelte er nur die Kleider und ging in der Stadt ſeinen Geſchäften nach, wobei er denn auch bald die Geſpräche über die Entführung Amintas hörte. Als er heim kam, richtete man das Abendeſſen an und Donna Luiſa ließ ihre liebenswürdige Schutzbefohlene rufen; Don Martin, der ſie im Hauskleide, mit ſchwermüthigem Antlitz, welches aber ihre Reize noch erhöhete, eintreten ſah, blieb bezaubert ſtehen und vermochte über Tiſch nicht die Augen von ihr wegzuwenden.

Sobald man abgenommen, erzählte er ſeiner Mutter die Neuigkeiten, welche er in der Stadt erfahren hatte, und nachdem er mehreres vorgebracht, erwähnte er auch Amintas. Vor einigen Tagen, ſagte er, iſt die Nichte Don Pedros, welche dieſer mit ſeinem Sohne verheirathen wollte, verſchwunden, ohne daß man im Geringſten erfahren kann, was aus ihr geworden iſt; da ſie das ſchönſte und klügſte Mädchen von ganz Caſtilla iſt, kann man ſich den Grund gar nicht enträthſeln, weshalb ſie ihren Oheim verlaſſen hat, weil ſie nie Widerwillen gegen den ihr beſtimmten Gemahl gezeigt, und auch in einer ſo großen Zurückgezogenheit gelebt, daß man ihre Jugend nicht in Verdacht ziehen kann; unter Trompetenſchall iſt das Verbot bekannt gemacht, ſie bei Todesſtrafe nicht zurückzuhalten, und was das Unbegreiflichſte iſt, man hat dieſen Morgen eine Frau, welche ein kleines Zimmer in Don Pedros Hauſe bewohnte, durch einen Piſtolenſchuß, gerade mitten durch die Bruſt, getödtet gefunden; wenn ich nicht irre, nannte man ſie Helena. Man hat den Greis und alle Hausbedienten eingezogen, indem man glaubt, daß der Mörder unter ihnen iſt; ich habe die Verhandlungen, welche bereits darüber aufgenommen ſind, ſelbſt geleſen. Ein Zeuge hat ausgeſagt, daß er in dieſer vergangenen Nacht geſehen, wie die Frau mit einem Manne auf der Straße durch ein Fenſter geſprochen habe, und ein Anderer, daß er von einem Mädchen, welches bei Don Pedros Nichte, die Aminta heißt, im Dienſte geweſen, gehört habe, daß dieſe oft zu Helena auf das Zimmer gegangen ſei, woraus man die Folgerung gezogen hat, daß Aminta die Urſache ihres Todes ſei und deshalb hat man den Oheim in das Gefängniß geſteckt.

Zitternd hörte Aminta dieſer Erzählung zu und war von Herzen froh, als Don Martin von dieſer Materie aufhörte und ſeiner Mutter dankte, daß ſie ihm eine ſo liebenswürdige Hausgenoſſin gegeben habe. Jacinto, erwiederte Donna Luiſa, hat ſie mir anvertraut, während einer Reiſe nach Valladolid; bei ſeiner Zurückkunft wird er ſie abholen, um ſie mit in ſeine Heimath zu nehmen.

Iſt es ſeine Frau? fragte Don Martin. Das wolle Gott nicht, unterbrach ihn Donna Luiſa, es würde mich ſehr betrüben, wenn eine ſo ſanfte und adelige Dame ſo übel berathen wäre.

Was ſprecht ihr von Frauen, ſagte Aminta mit einer Unruhe, die ſie nicht verbergen konnte; iſt dieſer Jacinto verheirathet, oder iſt er im Begriff, es zu thun? Von welchem Jacinto ſprecht Ihr? erwiederte Donna Luiſa; meint Ihr etwa denſelben, welcher Euch zu mir brachte? Der heißt nicht eigentlich ſo, ſondern ſein wahrer Name iſt Don Francisco, ſeine Gemahlin lebt zu Madrid. Seid Ihr deſſen auch wohl verſichert, edle Frau? fragte die niedergeſchlagene Aminta. Es iſt die Wahrheit, antwortete Donna Luiſa, und es fehlt kein Grund, weshalb man zweifeln dürfe: ich bin mit ihm aus derſelben Provinz und habe bis zu meiner Verheirathung dort gelebt; jetzt mögen es etwa fünf bis ſechs Jahre ſein, daß ich wieder dort geweſen; ich habe es ſelbſt geſehen, daß er ein Mädchen aus meiner Geburtsſtadt, in die er ſich verliebt hatte, heirathete, denn ich war bei der Hochzeit, welche bei einem ihrer Verwandten gefeiert wurde, zugegen. Nach Verlauf eines Jahres war ſie gezwungen, ſich von ihm zu trennen; ich kenne die ganze Familie und weiß, daß ſein Reichthum ſeinem wüſten Leben gleichkommt.

Hatte er nicht eine Schweſter, Namens Flora? fragte Aminta weiter, noch verwirrter als zuvor. Ihr kennt dieſe Perſon ſchlecht, entgegnete Donna Luiſa; es iſt eine Beiſchläferin, die er ſeit mehren Jahren unterhält und die ſeinen ſchändlichen Neigungen zu ſchmeicheln weiß; wenn er nicht einflußreiche Verwandte am Hofe hätte, die ihn zu ſchützen ſuchen, ſo würde er längſt ſchon ſeinen Kopf haben auf das Schaffot tragen müſſen. Aber ſagt mir, theure Victoria, was nehmt Ihr für Antheil an ſeine Perſon? ich ſehe Eure Thränen fließen, welche Ihr vergebens zurück zu halten ſucht und ich zweifele faſt nicht, daß er auch an Euch einen ſeiner gewöhnlichen Streiche verübt hat. Glaubt ſicher, daß er Euch betrogen, wenn er ſagte, er ſei nicht verheirathet; ſeine Gattin heißt Donna Maria, ſie hat ſich zu ihren Verwandten zurückgezogen, weil ſie ſeine Ausſchweifungen nicht hat ertragen können.

Meine Leiden, erwiederte Aminta, ſind von der Art, daß ich ſie nicht ohne Verwirrung bekennen kann: geſtattet daß ich mich zurückziehe; wenn ich mich etwas von meinem Erſtaunen, worin mich dieſe Unterhaltung gebracht hat, werde erholt haben, will ich Euch Dinge erzählen, die Euch in Verwunderung ſetzen ſollen; Ihr werdet kaum glauben können, daß ein Mann ſo niederträchtig ſein kann, die Einfalt eines unglücklichen Mädchens auf dieſe Weiſe zu mißbrauchen. Donna Luiſa wollte nicht weiter in ſie dringen; ſie merkte wohl, welchen Betrug man ihr geſpielt hatte, wenn ſie auch die näheren Umſtände nicht wußte. Sie erhob ſich ſogleich von ihrem Sitze und führte Aminta bei der Hand in ein ſchönes Zimmer, welches die Ausſicht auf den Garten hatte. Dieſes ſtieß an Don Martins Zimmer, mit dem es eine Verbindungsthür hatte, welche ſie verſchloß, damit man die Ruhe ihrer Schutzbefohlenen nicht ſtören möchte. Aminta hatte ſo die Herzen des Sohnes und der Mutter gewonnen, daß ſie gerührt waren von ihren Leiden, die ihnen noch nicht einmal näher erzählt worden waren.

Don Martin fing an, für die Schöne mehr als bloßes Mitgefühl zu empfinden; er fürchtete, daß ihre Verzweiflung ſie zu irgend einem traurigen Entſchluß bringen möchte, ging deshalb, um ſich in den Stand zu ſetzen, dieſem zuvor zu kommen, zeitig auf ſein Zimmer und fand die Verbindungsthür verſchloſſen. Da er nun wohl merkte, daß dies von ſeiner Mutter, die ſehr ſtreng über Sittlichkeit dachte, ausgegangen ſein möchte, ſo ſuchte er in einem Kaſten alter Schlüſſel und fand auch wirklich einen darunter, welcher ihm einen Weg in das Zimmer der liebenswürdigen Victoria eröffnete. Nachdem er ihn verſucht hatte, um ihn im Nothfall gebrauchen zu können, ſtellte er ſich, als ob er ſich niederlegen wollte, entfernte die Diener und ſchlich ſich dann leiſe an die Thür, um durch das Schlüſſelloch jede Bewegung Victorias beobachten zu können. Donna Luiſa hatte ſie allein gelaſſen, nachdem ſie nach ihrem beſten Vermögen bemüht geweſen war ſie zu tröſten, worauf ſie in ihre Gemächer gegangen war.

Als die Unglückliche ſich allein ſah und nicht glaubte, daß man ſie beobachte und ihre Klagen hören könnte, vergoß ſie einen Strom von Thränen, zerraufte ihr Haar, zerfleiſchte ihr Geſicht mit den Nägeln und ließ ihrem Schmerze vollen freien Lauf, der nun mit ſo größerer Gewalt hervorbrach, da ſie ihn eine Zeit lang zurückgehalten hatte. Ach unglückſelige Aminta! rief ſie mit hinſchmachtender Stimme, wie haſt du ſo verblendet ſein können, welche raſende Leidenſchaft ließ dich deine Pflicht vergeſſen? dein Unglück wird den Mädchen zum warnenden Beiſpiel dienen können, die ſich die Liebe in den Kopf ſetzen und ſich denen ſo leicht hingeben, die ſie verführen wollen. Ach! meine Leichtgläubigkeit hat mich ſo ſchlimme Fehltritte begehen laſſen und mir ſo ſchreckliches Unheil zugezogen; noch vor drei Tagen betrachtete mich Jedermann mit Hochachtung, meine Verwandten verehrten mich, die Vergnügen kamen meinen Wünſchen zuvor und ich lebte im vollkommenſten Ueberfluß alles Wünſchenswerthen — und nun bin ich erbärmlich von dieſer Höhe herabgeſtürzt. Mein theurer Oheim! Wie kann ich den Schimpf wieder gut machen, den ich auf meine Familie gebracht habe, wie den Kummer verſcheuchen, den ich euch verurſachte? Ach! er muß noch vermehrt werden, wenn ihr erſt alle Umſtände erfahrt. Grauſamer [illegible], du biſt das Werkzeug meiner Leiden, meiner Schande, möge dich Gott dafür in jener Welt ſtrafen wie in dieſer. O gefährliche, verderbliche Flora, du übertriffſt an Feinheit und Bosheit alle deines Geſchlechts und Gewerbes! und du Jacinta, wie haſt du dich entſchließen können, ein Mädchen meines Ranges zu betrügen, ohne zu bedenken, daß du die Veranlaſſung meines Todes biſt; kannſt du glauben, daß mein Oheim einen ſolchen Schimpf wird ungeſtraft laſſen! Mit deinem Blute ſollſt du den Verrath bezahlen, den du an mir begangen haſt, wenn ſeine Tage nicht zu bald ihr Ziel erreichen; aber wenn du auch ſeiner Rache entgingeſt, ſein Sohn iſt verpflichtet, dich zu verfolgen bis an der Welt Ende, weil du zu gleicher Zeit ſeine Verwandte verführt und ſeine Braut geraubt haſt. Aber warum ſoll ich Andern die Sorge überlaſſen, da ich ſelbſt Muth genug beſitze, um dir das undankbare Herz aus der Bruſt zu reißen. — Aber nein, ich ſelbſt muß die Qual für meine zu große Leichtgläubigkeit dulden; man wird mir verzeihen, wenn man erfährt, daß ich ſie mit meinem Blute abgewaſchen habe; alles Schwanken hört hier auf, man muß das Leben verlieren, wenn man die Ehre verloren hat.

Als ſie dies geſprochen hatte, zog ſie ein Meſſer hervor, das ſie zu dem Zwecke, ſich die Adern zu öffnen, verborgen hatte, indem ſie überdachte, daß ſie todt ſein würde, wenn man im Hauſe erwachte. Don Martin, welcher einen Theil ihrer Klagen angehört hatte, errieth das Uebrige. Leiſe ſteckte er, um ihr in ihrer Abſicht zuvorzukommen und ſie zu verhindern, den Schlüſſel in das Schloß, und ſchnell die Thür öffnend, ſtand er vor ihrem Bette, ehe ſie ihren ſchrecklichen Plan ausführen konnte.

Die unglückliche Aminta war von dem Sturm, welchen ihre Seele ſchon ausgeſtanden hatte, ſo ermattet, daß ſie bei ſeinem Eintritt ohne Regung blieb und ihr Puls ſtill ſtand. Don Martin bemühte ſich, ſie wieder in das Leben zurückzubringen und hatte dabei vollkommene Freiheit, ihre Reize mit Muße zu betrachten, Reize, die ihm ohne dieſen Zufall lange Zeit würden verborgen geblieben ſein. Der verliebte Cavalier, dem ihr Unglück ſo zu Herzen gegangen war, erſtaunte über ihre große Jugend, welche mit dieſen bezaubernden Reizen in einen ſo beweinenswürdigen Zuſtand verſetzt war und benutzte die Gelegenheit, da die Liebe bald dem Erſtaunen folgte, Gunſtbezeugungen zu rauben, die er freiwillig nicht ſobald hoffen durfte. Er ordnete ihre Haare, trocknete ihre Thränen und da er merkte, daß ſie anfing zu athmen, ſo ſuchte er durch einen etwas feurigen Kuß die Geiſter auf ihre Lippen zurückzurufen, die ſich nach dem Herzen gezogen hatten. Sie kam aus ihrer Ohnmacht wieder zu ſich, fand ſich in den Armen Don Martins und machte erröthend einige Verſuche, ſich ſeinen Händen zu entziehen; doch that ſie dies etwas weniger ernſtlich, da ſie in ſein Zutrauen einflößendes Geſicht ſah und das Liebesfeuer, welches aus ſeinen Augen leuchtete, bemerkte; ſie waren allein, der Ritter gefiel ihr und ſie zog aus ſeiner Phyſiognomie den Schluß, daß er Muth genug beſitzen würde, ſie zu rächen. Dieſe Vorſtellungen, vereint mit einem angenehmen Gegenſtande, verbannten ſogleich Jacinta gänzlich aus ihrem Herzen. Um jedoch die Sitte und Schicklichkeit zu beobachten, nahm ſie das Wort und ſtellte ſich beleidigt: In welcher Abſicht kommt Ihr hierher, Signor! ſagte ſie mit ſtolzem Ton, überlaßt mich mir in Freiheit während der kurzen Zeit, die ich noch zu leben habe; kehrt in Euer Gemach zurück und widerſetzt Euch nicht einem Vorſatz, zu dem ich durchaus entſchloſſen bin; mein Tod iſt nothwendig, um die Ehre meiner Familie wieder herzuſtellen.

Nein, nein! Ihr dürft nicht ſterben, liebenswürdige Aminta, entgegnete Don Martin, oder ihr müßt meine Bruſt zuvor durchbohren, ehe Ihr die Eurige trefft. Ich habe Euch geliebt, ſobald ich Euch erblickte, gebietet über mein Leben, es iſt Euch ganz allein geweiht; glaubt Ihr, daß es Euch nützen kann, es ſteht zu Euren Dienſten; geſtattet, daß ich Eure Feſſeln trage, ſie werden mich ſtolzer machen, als der Beſitz des Weltalls! Ihr verſteht Euch ſchlecht auf mich, ſagte Aminta; obſchon ich in Eurem Hauſe bin, müßtet Ihr doch mehr Rückſichten nehmen mit einer Perſon von meinem Range und meinem Geſchlechte; ich geſtehe es, daß ein Verräther über meine Ehre triumphirt hat; aber ich halte Euch für zu großmüthig, als daß Ihr von einem Geheimniſſe, welches Euch der Zufall entdeckte, Nutzen ziehen wolltet; das Unglück, ſo mir begegnet iſt, hat nur meine Tugend wieder erweckt und veranlaßt mich, dieſe in den Stand zu ſetzen, ſich vor Ueberraſchungen zu ſichern. Die Schlinge, welche man nach mir auswarf, war ſo fein, daß ſich noch Klügere als ich darin würden gefangen haben. Ihr werdet Euch keine Perſon zur Frau wählen wollen, deren Aufführung man verdammen kann; auch bin ich nicht von ſolcher Geburt, daß Ihr mich lieben dürftet. Glaubt mir und geht auf Euer Zimmer zurück, oder ich werde genöthigt ſein, Eure Mutter zu meinem Beiſtande herbei zu rufen, und das ganze Haus wach zu machen, wenn ſie mich nicht vor Eurer ſtürmiſchen Zudringlichkeit ſchützt. Ich will mich meinen Verwandten ausliefern, daß ſie in meinem Blute die Schande, welche ich über ſie gebracht habe, abwaſchen.

Aminta ſprach dieſe letzten Worte mit einer ſolchen Feſtigkeit, daß Don Martin, welcher ſah, daß ſie einen neuen Verſuch machte, ſich ihm zu entwinden und die Thür zu gewinnen, glaubte, die That würde ihren Drohungen auf dem Fuße folgen. Er bemühte ſich aus allen Kräften, ſie zurückzuhalten, bat um einen Augenblick Gehör, ſchwur, daß er nur die redlichſten Abſichten habe, und erbot ſich, um ſie zu überzeugen, ihr einen Eid zu ſchwören, wenn ſie es verlange und dieſen für gültig annehmen wolle. Unterdeſſen betrachtete er ſie mit leuchtenden Augen und da er ſah, daß ſie ſich beſänftigte, ſo drang er in ſie, ihm zu ſagen, über wen ſie ſich zu beklagen hätte und verſprach, falls es ein Mann ſei, der ihre Ehre angegriffen, ſie vollkommen zu rächen, und nichts von ihr zu verlangen, ehe ſie nicht ſein Verſprechen erfüllt geſehen hätte.

Aminta, welche in Don Martin einen ſo edlen Beſchützer fand, als ſie ſich von der ganzen Welt verlaſſen glaubte, ſagte darauf zu ihrem neuen Geliebten, um ihn noch mehr für ihre Angelegenheit zu gewinnen: Ich ſelbſt bin jene unglückliche Aminta, von der Ihr vor wenigen Stunden geſprochen habt, deren Entführung ſo viel Aufſehen in der Stadt erregt hat; Ihr wißt, daß ſie Don Pedro und ſeine ganze Familie mit Schimpf bedeckt hat, aber Ihr wißt vielleicht nicht, auf welche Art ich einen Aufenthalt bei Eurer großmüthigen Mutter gefunden habe. Laßt Euch dies mit wenigen Worten ſagen, damit Ihr mir mit weniger Widerwillen Eure Dienſte erzeigen möget. Hierauf erzählte ſie ihm in der Kürze Alles, was ſich mit ihr zugetragen hatte, von dem Augenblick an, wo ſie Jacintos Brief empfing, bis zu deſſen Abreiſe, wodurch Don Martins Mitgefühl und Liebe nur verdoppelt wurde. Er fand dieſe Handlung ſo ehrlos und eines Edelmannes ſo unwürdig, daß er ſogleich beſchloß, Alles aufzubieten, dieſen niederträchtigen Verführer zu ſtrafen. Nichts deſtoweniger war er aber ſehr geneigt, ſich, ehe er irgend etwas unternahm, Amintas Beſitz zu ſichern, und indem er ſeine Betheuerungen ſie zu rächen erneuerte, verlangte er ihr Wort, daß ſie die Gattin keines Andern, außer ihm werden wolle. Wenn man finden ſollte, daß Aminta etwas voreilig mit einem Menſchen ſich eingelaſſen, den ſie erſt ſeit einigen Stunden kannte, ſo muß man nur den ſchrecklichen Zuſtand bedenken, in dem ſie ſich befand; ohne Ehre, ohne Vermögen, ohne Schutz, und man wird leicht ſehen, daß ein Menſch, der in Gefahr iſt zu ertrinken, Alles ergreift, was er erreichen kann, um ſich daran zu halten; eben ſo muß ein Mädchen, welches von der ganzen Welt verlaſſen iſt, ſich ſchon dem Zufall anvertrauen, um ſich aus der Verwirrung, worin ſie gerathen iſt, herauszuziehen; die Rache erſchien ihr ſo ſüß, daß ſie gar nicht glaubte, ſie irgend zu theuer erkaufen zu können.

Glaubt nicht, ſagte Aminta zu ihrem gewonnenen Beſchützer, daß ich einem Andern als mir ſelbſt die Sorge, mich zu rächen, überlaſſen will; ich habe die Beleidigung empfangen, ich muß ſie rächen; hatte ich die Schwachheit, mich verführen zu laſſen, ſo darf mir auch nun der Muth nicht fehlen, mich an meinem Verführer zu rächen. Unverletzlich will ich halten, was ich Euch verſprochen habe, ich will keinen Andern, als Euch zum Gatten nehmen; aber bevor das Band der Ehe uns vereint, muß ich dem Verräther, der mir die Ehre ſtahl, das Leben rauben, damit es Euch nicht bekümmern kann, eine Frau zu nehmen, deren Tugend verdächtig iſt. Der einzige Dienſt, den ich von Euch verlange, beſteht darin, daß Ihr mich auf meiner Reiſe begleitet, damit mir nicht ein neues Unglück widerfahre. Ich will mich als Page kleiden, um unkenntbar zu ſein, wenn wir in die Stadt kommen, wo mein Treuloſer ſich gewöhnlich aufzuhalten pflegt; ich will Mittel ausfindig machen, um ihn in die Schlinge zu locken, und ihm Gleiches mit Gleichem vergelten; wenn ich gerächt bin, wollen wir nach Madrid gehen, wo wir ſicher ſein werden. Don Martin hegte zuviel Unterwerfung und Hochachtung, als daß er ſich den Plänen ſeiner erwählten Herrin widerſetzt hätte, und ſtarb faſt vor Ungeduld, das Ende ihres Vorhabens zu ſehen, in der Hoffnung, eine ſo liebenswürdige Perſon zu beſitzen, obſchon er in gewiſſer Hinſicht, wenn er ſie ſo betrachtete, den Jacinto zu entſchuldigen fand, weil es in ihrer Nähe unmöglich war, die Vernunft in den gehörigen Schranken zu halten.

Nachdem ſie ſich darüber verſtändigt hatten, am folgenden Tage abzureiſen, brachten ſie den Reſt der Nacht zuſammen zu, und verſprachen ſich einander, möglichſt bald ihrer [illegible] ein Ziel zu ſetzen. Sobald es Tag wurde, beſorgte Don Martin Alles was zu ihrer Reiſe nothwendig war, und ſie erwarteten dann das Ende des Tages, der ihnen über Gebühr lang ſchien. Kaum hatte ſich Donna Julia niedergelegt, ſo begab ſich ihr Sohn mit männlichen Kleidungsſtücken auf Amintas Zimmer, welche ſich ſogleich umkleidete, ihr Haar ſoweit abkürzte, als nöthig war, ſie unkenntlich zu machen und in dieſer Verwandlung dem Don Martin ſo reizend erſchien, daß er ſich an ihrem Anblick gar nicht ſättigen konnte. Allein er mußte dieſe Beſchäftigung doch abbrechen, um einen Brief an ſeine Mutter zu ſchreiben, worin er ſie benachrichtigte, daß eine Angelegenheit welche Leben und Ehre der liebenswürdigen Victoria betreffe, ihn nöthige ſich zu entfernen, und ſie bat, von ſeiner Abreiſe gegen Niemand ein Wort fallen zu laſſen. Nachdem er dieſen Brief ſeinem zuverläſſigſten Bedienten übergeben hatte, verließ er mit Aminta das Haus, ließ ſie auf ein Maulthier ſitzen und beſtieg ein anderes, welches er zu dieſem Zwecke gemiethet hatte und folgte ihr in einem ſchlechten Kleide, ſo daß man ihn für ihren Stallmeiſter*) hielt und er weniger kenntlich war. So kamen ſie in der Nacht aus Segovia und langten am folgenden Tage gegen Abend in Madrid an, wo ſie in einer Vorſtadt blieben, um den Freunden, welche Don Martin bei Hofe hatte, nicht zu begegnen. Nach einigen Tagereiſen kamen ſie in die Stadt, wo ſich Jacinto aufhielt, und die wir nicht weiter nennen wollen, um Neugierige nicht auf die Spur zu leiten, die wahren Namen dieſer Perſonen zu entdecken. Sie ſuchten ſich eine Wohnung in einem abgelegenen Theile der Stadt, damit Don Martin, welcher aus dieſer Provinz war, nicht erkannt werden möchte, und er mußte ſich ſelbſt verborgen halten, während Aminta umherſtrich, um ihren Verführer aufzuſuchen. Zwar würde ihr [illegible] Liebhaber ſie gern gerächt haben, ohne daß ſie ihre Perſon dabei einer Gefahr ausſetzte, allein ſie war entgegengeſetzter Meinung, und ſo mußte er gezwungen gehorchen und ſich darin fügen. Seid ohne Sorge, ſagte ſie zu ihm, ich habe es Euch verſprochen, nur Euch angehören zu wollen, und werde mein Wort halten, nur beneidet mir den Ruhm nicht, meine Ehre ſelbſt wiederherzuſtellen; hat mein Leichtſinn mich der böſen Zunge preis gegeben, ſo muß mich mein Muth wieder heben, und jene zum Schweigen bringen. Wenn ich es ruhig abwartete, daß Ihr dem Schändlichen, der mich ſo undankbar betrog, den Dolch in die Bruſt ſtießet, würdet Ihr, mich ſo wenig über meine Schande empfindlich ſehend, meine Treue, wenn ich Euch angehören werde, in Verdacht ziehen; denn iſt man nicht lebhaft von dem begangenen Fehler durchdrungen, leicht iſt man geneigt, einen zweiten zu begehen. Aminta fügte dieſem noch viele andere Gründe bei, um ihre Meinung zu unterſtützen, daß ſich Don Martin endlich überreden ließ und nachgab. Freilich war bei ihm etwas Eiferſucht mit im Spiele, denn er fürchtete, daß der Anblick des früheren Geliebten ihren Zorn entwaffnen möchte. Er konnte es auch nicht unterlaſſen, ihr dies zu verſtehen zu geben, und ſagte mit einem gezwungenen Lächeln, daß ſie weniger trachte, ſich zu rächen, als Jacinto wieder zu ſehen. Sie verließ ihn ein wenig aufgebracht über den Verdacht, welchen er blicken ließ und ſagte ihm, daß der Erfolg ihre Aufführung rechtfertigen würde. Don Martin ſah nicht ohne Kummer ſie weggehen; die Gefahr, der ſie ſich ausſetzen wollte, beunruhigte ihn und er konnte nicht anders denken als daß bei dem Anblick ſeines Nebenbuhlers ihre Liebe wieder erwachen würde.

Aminta ging ſogleich in die große Kirche, welche nicht weit von ihrer Wohnung war, und die erſte Perſon, auf welche ihr Blick fiel, war der angebliche Jacinto, den wir von nun an Don Francisco nennen wollen; ſie erkannte ihn ſogleich, obſchon er mit mehren Freunden zuſammenſtand. Liebe und Haß geriethen bei dieſem verhängnißvollen Zuſammentreffen in mächtigen Streit und wer das Mädchen ſcharf angeſehen, hätte die Verwirrung merken müſſen. Ein Glück für ſie war es, daß ſie ein Kleid trug, welches von ſelbſt ihr ſchon mehr Muth einflößte, ſonſt hätte ſie den gewaltigen Bewegungen ihrer Seele nicht widerſtehen können. Sie ſammelte ſich ſchnell und näherte ſich den Cavalieren, um ſich bemerkbar zu machen. Don Francisco, welcher ſich umwandte und ſie erblickte, redete ſie zuerſt an und fragte nach ihrem Begehr. Aminta erröthete ſo ſehr, als ſie ihn ſprechen hörte, daß der Treuloſe, hätte er nur im Geringſten ſie etwas aufmerkſam betrachtet, ſie unfehlbar erkannt haben würde. Jedoch antwortete ſie noch ziemlich entſchloſſen: ſie ſuche einen Dienſt. Aus welcher Provinz biſt du? fragte Francisco ſie ſcharf anſehend. Aus [illegible], Sennor, entgegnete Aminta; mein Vater hat mir einige Ducaten anvertraut, die ich im Spiele verloren habe; Furcht vor Mißhandlungen veranlaßte mich, das väterliche Haus zu verlaſſen, bis ſich ſein Unwille etwas gelegt haben möchte.

Mir ſcheint, daß du für einen jungen Menſchen ſchon genug verſucht! ſagte Don Francisco.

Meiner Treu! Sennor, der mir mein Geld abgewann, verſtand noch mehr, verſetzte ſie; aber man wird klug auf ſeine Koſten.

Ich muß dich irgendwo ſchon geſehen haben, ſprach Francisco weiter, oder du gleichſt doch wenigſtens bis zur ſprechenden Aehnlichkeit einer Perſon, die ich vier und zwanzig Stunden liebte.

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*) Palafrenero.

Da habt Ihr ein großes Opfer gebracht, entgegnete Aminta, und die Schöne wird Euch verpflichtet bleiben müſſen, denn ich weiß nicht, wie ſie ſich gegen Euch quitt machen will, um einer ſo langen Treue eine würdige Belohnung zu geben.

Treue, ſagte Francisco, iſt nicht mehr Mode, das iſt eine Romantugend; aber laſſen wir das; ich will dich der Aehnlichkeit wegen in meine Dienſte nehmen und mir ein Vergnügen daraus machen, mich von meiner Herrin bedienen zu laſſen — wenn es auch nur ihre Geſtalt iſt.

Der Böſewicht trieb ſeine Frechheit ſo weit, daß er mit ſeinem Verbrechen groß that und dadurch über ſeinem Haupte den Blitz zuſammen zog, der ihn bald zerſchmettern ſollte. —

Wie nennſt du dich? fragte Francisco; denn da du in meine Dienſte trittſt, muß ich auch deinen Namen wiſſen.

Man heißt mich Jacinto, ſagte die verkleidete Schöne; ich ſchätze mich ſehr glücklich, Sennor, daß ich einer Perſon ähnlich ſehe, die Ihr geliebt habt, denn aus dieſem Grunde werdet Ihr mich öfter anſehen.

Ich verſichere dich, erwiederte Francisco, daß mir deine Geberden und dein ganzes Weſen gefiel, ſo wie du herantrateſt; aber ſage mir doch, warſt du niemals in Segovia?

Ich mochte mich dort nicht aufhalten, ſagte der angebliche Jacinto, denn der Adel der Stadt war in großer Beſtürzung über die Entführung einer Dame, die man Aminta nannte, wenn ich anders richtig gehört habe; man erzählte ſich, daß ſie ihren Oheim verlaſſen habe, weil er ſie ſeinem Sohn vermählen wollte, den ſie nicht liebte.

Die Meſſe war eben zu Ende, als Aminta dieſe letzten Worte ſagte; Don Francisco trat aus der Kirche heraus und hieß den neuen Diener folgen: Aminta erklärte ſich hierzu ſogleich bereit, wenn er ihr zuvor geſtatten wolle, ihr kleines Felleiſen zu holen, worin ſie ihre Wäſche habe. Nur mit Mühe konnte die verkleidete Schöne ihrem treuloſen Liebhaber ihre innere Bewegung verbergen; nichts deſtoweniger hielt ſie, ſobald ſie in Franciscos Haus gekommen war und dieſer ſie Flora vorſtellte, dieſen zweiten Anblick aus, ohne außer Faſſung zu kommen. Flora betrachtete ſie mit Aufmerkſamkeit und mit ſo großer Unruhe, daß ſie faſt nicht wußte, was ſie zu ihr ſagen ſollte; ſie erkannte in dem Pagen alle Züge der unglücklichen Aminta wieder, aber ſie wagte es nicht, ihre Gedanken dem Don Francisco mitzutheilen, um die vielleicht noch nicht ganz erloſchene Flamme nicht wieder anzufachen. Nachdem Aminta ihren neuen Dienſt angetreten hatte, ſuchte ſie Don Martin auf, um ihm Nachricht von dem Anfang ihres Unternehmens zu bringen und ſeine Eiferſucht, durch die Verſicherung, ihn recht bald glücklich zu machen, zu beſänftigen. Als ſie ihn ruhiger ſah, kehrte ſie zu ihrer neuen Herrſchaft zurück und bediente ſie mit ſo viel Geſchicklichkeit und Sorgfalt, daß ſie vollkommen zufrieden waren. Sie ließ ſehen, daß ſie leſen, ſchreiben, rechnen und erzählen konnte; und um zu zeigen, daß ſie von gutem Herkommen ſei, ſpielte ſie vor ihnen mit vieler Anmuth, und begleitete ihren Geſang mit der Guitarre, welche ſie ganz vortrefflich ſpielte.

Der Inhalt des Geſanges hatte ſo viel Beziehungen auf das Abentheuer Amintas, daß Don Francisco ganz verwirrt wurde, und ſich nicht enthalten konnte, Aminta mit der Frage zu unterbrechen, ob die Verfaſſerin des Gedichts ihn wirklich ſo liebte, als ſie ihn durch dieſe Verſe überreden wollte. Sie betrachtete mich ſchon faſt als ihren Gatten, erwiederte der Page, aber meine Entfernung hat nun unſer ganzes Verhältniß abgebrochen.

Du haſt dich ſchon frühzeitig in Liebeshändeln verſucht! ſagte Francisco. Ich bin älter als ich ſcheine, Sennor, entgegnete Aminta, und obſchon alle meine Leidenſchaften heftig ſind, ſo beſitze ich doch hinlängliche Erfahrung, um eine Liebesintrigue geſchickt zu leiten: ich verſtehe es, zur rechten Zeit die eingeſchläferte Zärtlichkeit durch etwas Eiferſucht wieder zu beleben; man muß den Mann nicht nach dem Worte ſchätzen. Donna Flora ſagt zwar, ich habe ein Geſicht wie ein Mädchen oder gar noch etwas ſchlimmeres, was ich nicht nennen mag; aber wenn ſie mich auf die Probe ſetzen will, ſo ſoll ſie ſehen, daß ich meine Pflicht zu thun verſtehe und ſollte mir ja etwas abgehen, ſo bin ich nicht immer ſo einfältig, als an dem Tage, wo ich mein Geld verlor.

So unterhielt Aminta die, welche ſie verderben wollte. Von Zeit zu Zeit beſuchte ſie den Don Martin, um ihm Nachricht zu bringen, wie die Sachen ſtänden, und dieſer, der ſich die ganze Zeit über ſehr eingezogen halten mußte, bat ſeine theure Aminta inſtändigſt, doch das Trauerſpiel zu endigen oder ihm zu erlauben, die Hand an das Werk legen zu dürfen, weil er ſich in ſchrecklicher Unruhe befand, wenn er bedachte, daß ſein Nebenbuhler ſtündlich bei ihr ſei. Aminta, welche ſich durch dieſen Verdacht beleidigt fand, erklärte ihm mit ſtolzer Miene, daß er nach Segovia zurückkehren könne, wenn ihm der Aufenthalt hier verdrießlich ſei, daß ſie ihm keine Verbindlichkeiten ſchuldig ſei, da er ihr bis jetzt noch keinen Dienſt geleiſtet habe, den nicht ein Edelmann ſelbſt einem ihm gleichgültigen Frauenzimmer erweiſen müſſe; zugleich verließ ſie ihn, ohne ihm ein freundliches Wort weiter zu ſagen. Don Martin blieb in ſchrecklicher Verwirrung, theils aus Verzweiflung darüber, daß er ihr Mißfallen erregt hatte, theils marterte ihn die fürchterliche Eiferſucht. Aminta kam etwas ſpät zu ihrem Herrn, der ſchon bei Tiſche ſaß, und dem Diener einen gelinden Verweis ertheilte. Bald darauf kam auch Don Martin, um die Geliebte zu ſprechen und gab das Zeichen, welches ſie von Anfang an verabredet hatten. Aminta begab ſich ſogleich zu ihm, und nachdem man ſich von beiden Seiten einige zärtliche Vorwürfe gemacht hatte, fand die Verſöhnung Statt. Martin kehrte in ſeine Wohnung zurück und Aminta legte ſich ſchlafen.

Sie war einen ganzen Monat in Don Franciscos Dienſte und Don Martin erhielt in dieſer Zeit Nachrichten aus Segovia durch einen Freund, der ihm berichtete, daß ſeine Mutter über ihn ſehr in Sorgen ſei, daß Don Pedro das Gefängniß wieder verlaſſen, ſeine Freiheit aber nicht lange genoſſen habe, denn er ſei bei der Ankunft in ſeinem Hauſe todt auf das Bette geſunken und habe nur die Worte geſagt: meine Ehre iſt doch zu Grunde gerichtet! ſein Sohn, Don Luis, ſei aus Italien zurückgekehrt, habe auch die andern Gefangenen losgemacht und wende viel Sorgfalt an, um ſeine Verlobte wieder zu finden. Dieſe Nachrichten, welche Martin der Geliebten mittheilte, der Schmerz über den Tod des Oheims, die Furcht, dem Don Luis in die Hände zu fallen, machten ihr den Don Francisco noch verhaßter. Sie konnte ihn, ohne den bitterſten Schmerz, nicht in Floras Armen ſehen, obſchon ſie ihn nicht mehr liebte. Die Ruhe, in welcher dieſe ihrer Liebe genoſſen, nachdem ſie von ihnen ſo niederträchtig betrogen war, vermehrte ihre Wuth ſo ſehr, daß ſie Mühe hatte, dieſelbe zu unterdrücken, und da ſie doch fürchtete, daß ſie nicht immer Herrin über ſich würde bleiben können, ſo entſchloß ſie ſich, ihre Rache zu beſchleunigen. Sie benachrichtete Don Martin, daß ſie noch in dieſer Nacht ihren Plan ausführen wollte, damit er Alles zur Flucht rüſten möchte.

Sobald Aminta ſah, daß der Schlaf die beiden Schlachtopfer umfangen hatte und tiefe Stille auf der ganzen Stadt lag, trat ſie nach der Gewohnheit in das Schlafgemach, um die abgelegten Kleider zu reinigen; ſie neigte ſich über das Bette und ſtieß dem Francisco drei bis vier Mal einen Dolch in die Bruſt, daß er aufſtöhnte und verſchied ohne ein Wort hervorbringen zu können. Flora erwachte von dieſem Geräuſch und von den Zuckungen ihres ſterbenden Geliebten, wollte um Hülfe rufen, aber Aminta ſtieß ihr den von Franciscos Blute rauchenden Stahl durch die Kehle, wobei ſie ihr zurief: Treuloſe, erkenne Aminta, deren Ehre du opferteſt und die dich dafür ihrer Ehre opfert! Mit dieſen Worten gab ſie ihr noch einige Stiche und ſandte ſo ihre Seele ihrem Genoſſen als Geſellſchafterin nach. Als ſie Beide todt waren, nahm die Amazone leiſe ihren Mantel und ihr Felleiſen, öffnete die Hausthür und begab ſich zu Don Martin. Sobald dieſer erfahren hatte, was vorgefallen war, ſah er ein, daß nun keine Zeit zu verlieren ſei, ſchnell die Wohnung zu verlaſſen. Er ſattelte eiligſt die beiden Maulthiere, legte das Gepäck auf das eine und ließ Aminta das andere beſteigen und ſo verließen ſie die Stadt durch das nächſte Thor, machten im erſten Dorfe Halt, ruhten einige Stunden und wechſelten die Kleider. Aminta zog ſich ihrem Geſchlecht und Stande gemäß an, eben ſo kleidete ſich Don Martin als Cavalier, und die abgelegten Kleider wurden ſorgfältig verborgen. Die beiden Liebenden blieben noch zwei Tage an dieſem Ort, um die Glückſeligkeit zu genießen, welche ihnen die Liebe nach den vorhergegangenen Entſagungen gewährte, wobei ſie ſich vorläufig mit der wechſelſeitig geſchworenen Treue begnügten und den Zeitpunkt erwarteten, wo ſie ihre Verbindung öffentlich vollziehen könnten. Sie ließen eine Kutſche mit zwei Mauleſeln und einer Kammerfrau aus der Stadt kommen und nahmen ihren Weg nach Madrid mit mehr Ruhe und Muße als vormals.

Als am Tage nach der für Amintas Feinde ſo ſchrecklichen Nacht die Bedienten ihre Herrſchaft und auch Aminta nicht ſahen, obſchon es längſt die Zeit war, wo jene das Zimmer zu verlaſſen pflegten, ſo gingen ſie hinein und ſtießen bei dem Anblick der beiden, in ihrem Blut gebadeten Körper ein ſo furchtbares Geſchrei aus, daß die ganze Stadt zuſammen lief. Die Gerichtsperſonen erhielten Nachricht davon; man verhörte alle Bedienten, und da ſie nichts weiter ausſagen konnten, als daß Aminta mit ihrem Felleiſen verſchwunden ſei, ſo ſetzte man ſie in das Gefängniß und durchſuchte alle Wirthswohnungen auf das Sorgfältigſte. Man fand auch die, wo die beiden Liebenden gewohnt hatten, aber der Wirth konnte weder ſagen, woher ſie waren, noch wo ſie geblieben; er erzählte nur, daß ſie ſich wie Brüder behandelt und lange vor Mitternacht abgereiſt ſeien. Sogleich wurden ihnen einige Reiſende nachgeſendet und das

Corregidore machte ſich in Perſon auf. Er traf den Don Martin und ſeine Geliebte auf der Heerſtraße nach Madrid, aber da er ſie in einer ſchönen Equipage ſah und der Ritter, obſchon er ſich in Segovia niedergelaſſen hatte, in Madrid bekannt war als ein angeſehener Mann, und außerdem ſagte, die Dame ſei ſeine Gemahlin, welche er aus ihrem Orte, etwa drei bis vier Stunden weit abgeholt habe, ſo konnte der Corregidore keinen Verdacht faſſen, weil man ihm die Perſonen überdies als einen Pagen und einen Palafrenero bezeichnet hatte, was auf ſie nicht paßte; er erzählte ihnen die Veranlaſſung ſeiner Reiſe, was ſie mit anhörten, wie eine gleichgültige Sache, welche ſie weiter nicht angehe.

Nachdem der Corregidore mit Don Martin von ihrem mitgenommenen Vorrath zu Mittag geſpeiſet hatte, ſchieden ſie von einander; die Diener der Juſtiz kehrten in die Stadt zurück und die Liebenden reiſten nach Madrid. Da man die Gefangenen nicht ſchuldig fand, wurden ſie bei der Zurückkunft des Corregidore in Freiheit geſetzt; das Vermögen Don Franciscos wurde eingezogen; die Hälfte nahm der Staat, die andere Hälfte erhielt die Wittwe. Sobald Don Martin in Madrid angekommen war, kaufte er eines der größten und ſchönſten Häuſer in der Stadt, meublirte es auf das Prächtigſte und machte ſeine Vermählung mit Aminta öffentlich bekannt.

Bald darauf ließ er ſeine Mutter nachkommen, die anfangs einige Schwierigkeiten machte, aber dann Segovia verließ. Aminta aber behielt den Namen Victoria bei, um ſich gegen die Anſprüche Don Louis zu ſchützen, dem ſie lieber ihr Vermögen laſſen wollte, als ihre Perſon mit ihm zu verbinden, oder ſich in große Prozeſſe einzulaſſen.

Dieſe Geſchichte iſt nach dem eigenen Tagebuch Amintas aufgeſetzt worden.

Friedrich von Gentz

ward am 8. September 1764 in Breslau geboren, ſtudirte in Königsberg und erhielt 1786 eine Anſtellung als Secretär bei dem Generaldirectorium in Berlin. Er nahm jedoch ſeine Entlaſſung und trat 1802 als Hofrath bei der Hof- und Staatskanzelei zu Wien in öſterreichiſche Dienſte. Als Wien 1805 von den Franzoſen bedroht wurde, begab er ſich nach Dresden und dann in das preußiſche Hauptquartier, wo er 1806 das Manifeſt Preußens gegen Frankreich ausarbeitete. Später kehrte er nach Wien zurück, fortwährend in der Staatskanzelei beſchäftigt und verfaßte hier ebenfalls 1809 und 1813 die Manifeſte Oeſterreichs gegen Frankreich. In der letzten Zeit führte er bei den verſchiedenen Congreſſen als erſter Sekretair das Protokoll. Er ſtarb am 9. Juni 1832. —

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

An die deutſchen Fürſten und an die Deutſchen. Leipzig 1814.

Betrachtungen über die franzöſiſche Revolution. Nach dem Engl. d. Burke neubearbeitet. Berlin 1793. 2 Thle. N. A. 1794.

Authentiſche Darſtellung des Verhältniſſes zwiſchen England und Spanien vor und bei dem Ausbruche des Krieges. Riga 1806.

Fragmente aus der Geſchichte des politiſchen Gleichgewichts in Europa. Leipzig 1804. N. A. 1806.

Hiſtoriſches Journal für 1799, für 1800. — 24 Hefte. Berlin.

Maria, Königin von Schottland. Hiſtoriſches Gemälde. Braunſchweig 1799. N. A. 1827. 12.

Politiſche Paradoxien. Leipzig 1799.

Schreiben an Friedrich Wilhelm III., bei der Thronbeſteigung überreicht. Berlin 1798. — Neuer Abdruck. Brüſſel (Leipzig, Brockhaus) 1820.

Ueber den Urſprung und Character des Krieges gegen die franzöſiſche Revolution. Berlin 1801.

Ueber den politiſchen Zuſtand von Europa vor und während der franzöſiſchen Revolution. Berlin 1801. 1802. 2 Hefte. —

Ueberſetzungen von Burke's Rechtfertigung, d'Ivernois Geſchichte der franzöſiſchen Finanz-Adminiſtration, Mallet du Pan, franzöſ. Revolution, Mouniers Entwickelung; einzelne Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein umfaſſendes Urtheil über von Gentz abzugeben, gehört außer dem Bereiche dieſes Werkes, da man, um ſich auf den rechten und allein genügenden Standpunkt bei Abfaſſung eines ſolchen zu ſchwingen, auch ſein Leben und ſeine Lebensanſichten einer ſtrengen Prüfung unterwerfen müßte, dieſe aber, trotz dem daß G. als öffentlicher Charakter gewiſſermaßen der Oeffentlichkeit angehöre, nicht das Recht zu einer unbeſchränkten Beſprechung geſtatten, da er ſie nur zum kleinſten Theil in ſeinen Werken und Schriften niederlegte. — Auch würde das Urtheil kein unbefangenes bleiben, indem v. G. entſchieden einer Parthei angehörte, der ſich, namentlich in den neueſten Zeiten, nur zu viele Gegner auf das heftigſte ſtellten und welche noch in fortwährendem Kampfe begriffen iſt. Obendrein ſind eben dieſen Gegnern durch veröffentlichte Briefe des Herrn von G., welche ihn von ſeiner ſchwächſten Seite zeigen und bei denen, durch eine zwar fein und gewandt geſchriebene aber eigentlich ſchonungsloſe Einleitung, ſeine Unſittlichkeit ſcharf beleuchtet wird, zu gefährliche Waffen in die Hand gegeben, ſo daß jede verſuchte Vertheidigung dieſes ausgezeichneten und geiſtreichen Mannes vor ſo gerechten Angriffen als unſtatthaft zu Boden fallen muß. — Es bleibe daher der Nachwelt überlaſſen, G. und ſeinen Zuſammenhang mit der Geſchichte ſeiner Tage entſchieden zu würdigen und ihm ſeine rechte Stelle anzuweiſen.

Als Schriftſteller dagegen verdient er unſer volles Lob wegen der Feinheit, Eleganz, Sauberkeit und Anmuth ſeines Styls, der im hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Genre noch lange wird als Vorbild dienen können. Hier wandeln der Mann von Geiſt und der Mann von Welt unzertrennlich Hand in Hand, ſich nie verläugnend, nie vergeſſend, nie über dem Zweck das Mittel, nie über dem Mittel den Zweck aus der Acht laſſend und ſtets Form und Stoff mit gleichem Talent und gleicher Leichtigkeit beherrſchend.

Vgl. Varnhagen von Enſe, Gallerie von Bildniſſen aus Rahels Umgang und Briefwechſel. Leipzig 1836. 2 Thle. — F. von Gentz. —

Seiner Königlichen Majeſtät Friedrich Wilhelm dem Dritten, bei der Thronbeſteigung allerunterthänigſt überreicht. (Am 16. Nov. 1797.)

Neuer wörtlicher Abdruck nebſt einem Vorwort über das Damals und Jetzt von einem Dritten, geſchrieben am 16. November 1819.

Das Vorwort

über das Damals und Jetzt
von einem Dritten, geſchrieben am 16. Nov. 1819.

Es gibt zwei große Tage in dem Leben der Völker, wo die Zukunft mit dem Spiegel der Vergangenheit vor die Gegenwart tritt, und die Bruſt des lebenden Geſchlechts mit prophetiſcher Ahnung erfüllt, ſo daß Alle es lebhafter fühlen und deutlicher empfinden als je, was ſie waren, was ſie ſind, und was ſie ſeyn wollen.

Solch ein Tag begeiſtert: in Geſängen ſtrömt die Freude des Volkes aus; in Feſten wiegt ſich die Hoffnung des Bürgers; der Gedanke des Mannes wird ein klares, lebendiges Wort.

Dieſes Wort der Weihe, das den Menſch frei macht in der Bruſt von Millionen, das die Hoffnung der Enkel ausſpricht und die Zukunft geſtaltet, ein ſolches Wort verhallt nicht in den Palläſten der Großen; es dringt in das Herz der Könige.

Jene beiden großen Tage ſind die Thronbeſteigung eines Monarchen und die Gründung einer Verfaſſung. Dort ſchließt die Zeit, hier ſchließt die Weisheit einen neuen Bund zwiſchen Thron und Volk, jene auf die Lebensdauer eines Menſchen, dieſe auf die Lebensdauer eines Volks! Jeder neue Bund aber iſt eine fröhliche Botſchaft, willkommen wie das Evangelium der Zukunft.

Darum wird er gefeiert mit Liedern, mit Feſten, mit Worten. Doch nur das wahre, freie und fromme Wort darf einen ſolchen Bund begrüßen; nicht das der Thorheit, das der Leidenſchaft und Selbſtſucht! Ein ſolches Wort der Weihe ſprach Klopſtock aus, in ſeiner Ode an die Menſchlichkeit, als Kaiſer Alexander mit dämoniſchem Schauer den Thron ſeines Vaters beſtieg. Damals verhieß der Selbſtherrſcher aller Reuſſen: er wolle durch das Geſetz regieren und im Namen des Geſetzes. Und in dieſem Geiſte ſprach er jetzt zu dem Adel, der den Bauern eine freie Verfaſſung gegeben hatte: „Sie haben im Geiſte unſeres Jahrhunderts gehandelt, in welchem nur liberale Geſinnungen das Glück der Völker begründen können *).“

* * *

Die letzte Thronbeſteigung, auf welche ganz Deutſchland, ja ſelbſt Europa mit geſpannter Erwartung hinſah, war die des jetzt regierenden Königs von Preußen.

Es war der 16. November 1797.

Damals erwachte lebhafter als je das Andenken an den großen König. Die Zeitgenoſſen urtheilten ſtreng von der Gegenwart. Denn in Preußen war das Wort gebunden; ſelbſt der Gedanke ſollte gefeſſelt werden. Myſtik und Geiſterſeherei wollten des Thomaſius helle Fackel auslöſchen und dem Denker in Königsberg die Blendlaterne der Hexe von Endor anzünden. Die Dogmatik wurde ein Gegenſtand der Geſetzgebung, wie die Scholaſtik der Mönche es einſt geweſen war am Hofe zu Byzanz zur Zeit der Bilderſtürmer. Ein proteſtantiſcher Staatsminiſter — der Herr von Wöllner — wollte den Proteſtantismus durch Religionsedikte kanoniſch oder ſatzungsmäßig machen, während die geheimen Apoſtel des Katholicismus, verkappte jeſuitiſche Cleriker, bis in die Nähe des Thrones drangen. Schon hofften dieſe Geweihten von der ſtrengen Regel, den Monarchen ſelbſt zu umgarnen, als noch im rechten Augenblicke das freie Wort einer edlen Frau, die öffentlich der Wahrheit die Ehre gab, und ihre frühere Bethörung eingeſtand, das fein geſponnene Netz zerriß.

Aber das Recht der freien wiſſenſchaftlichen Unterſuchung, das zuerſt in Deutſchland zu Halle den Schutz eines Königs **) gefunden, das Männer wie Semler und Thomaſius, das ſpäterhin auch den verbannten Wolf in die preußiſchen Staaten geführt, das unter Friedrich dem Großen die ſeltenſten Kräfte des Geiſtes entwickelt, das den edlen Verein der Verfaſſer der Literaturbriefe und das wichtige Werk der allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek in das Leben gerufen hatte: dieſes Recht, durch deſſen Gebrauch die Intelligenz des Preußen und des Norddeutſchen an Kraft und Schärfe ſo ſichtbar gewonnen hat, wurde unter Friedrich Wilhelms des Zweiten Regierung den Geiſtern verkümmert. Nicolai verlegte ſeine große Unternehmung nach Kiel. Man ſchrieb nicht mehr, aber man glaubte und tadelte, wie zuvor; dagegen wurde die Kritik perſönlich, der Witz bitter, die Tadelſucht ungerecht, und Epigramme kamen in Umlauf; — überall mit Freuden genoſſen, wie die ſüßeſte verbotne Frucht *).

Zugleich mit der Freiheit der Prüfung war Friedrichs Geiſt aus der Verwaltung des Staats entwichen; und mit ihm die Einheit in dem Regierungsplane des Ganzen; die Feſtigkeit und Sicherheit in der Leitung der auswärtigen Verhältniſſe: daher die Widerſprüche, daher die geſunkene Achtung **)!

Im Innern war die zahlreiche Armee geblieben: ſtark in der Meinung der Welt und daher bedeutend; ein geſteiftes Formelnwerk galt für die Hauptſache ***).

Keine Scheu vor dem Urtheil der Oeffentlichkeit hielt den Staatshaushalt in Ordnung. An die Stelle von Friedrichs hinterlaſſenem Schatze war eine Schuldenlaſt von 28 Millionen Thalern getreten.

Zwar geſchah im Einzelnen viel Löbliches; es wurden treffliche Anſtalten mit großen Koſten gegründet; Landbau, Gewerbfleiß und Handel wurden befördert: aber in Hinſicht auf

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*) Der Kaiſer Alexander hatte bald nach dem Antritte ſeiner Regierung öffentlich (d. 7. Apr. 1801) erklärt: „Ich erkenne keine Gewalt für rechtmäßig, die nicht aus den Geſetzen fließt.“ — Die letzten Worte ſagte er d. 5. März 1819 zu einer Deputation des liefländiſchen Adels. Und fällt hierbei die Frage ein: Würden wohl die curiſchen, liefländiſchen und ruſſiſchen Bauern je frei geworden ſeyn, wenn der Adel in Rußland von der hiſtoriſchen Baſis, die jede neue Verfaſſung haben müſſe, ausgegangen wäre? Wir kennen bei einer neu zu bildenden Verfaſſung keine andre Baſis als das **Recht**, und nichts Hiſtoriſches als die **Klugheit**, Alles **Ort und Zeit** gemäß einzurichten. Iſt alſo eine Zeit, ein Volk, ein Land nicht mehr barbariſch genug für das Feudalweſen des Mittelalters, ſo ſchaffe man dieſes hiſtoriſche Unweſen mit demſelben Rechte ab, — wie dort die Leibeigenſchaft.

) Kurfürſt Friedrich III, als König Friedrich I in Preußen, bewilligte den Lehrern der Univerſität **Halle volle Sprech- und Schreibefreiheit. War nicht **Leibnitz** der eigentliche Stifter der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften in Berlin? Friedrich Wilhelm I verwies den Philoſophen Wolf, ſeiner Theorien wegen, von Halle. Friedrich II rief ihn ehrenvoll zurück. Die Zeit hat über beide Beiſpiele gerichtet.

*) Wir erinnern hier nur an zwei Epigramme, die in jener Zeit des Cenſurzwangs und vieler Mißbräuche, gegen welche es keine rechtliche Publicität gab, allgemein bekannt waren:

Als dem großen Friedrich ein Denkmal errichtet werden ſollte.

Ein Denkmal Ihm, den nie ein Menſchen-Sohn vergißt!
Sein Denkmal iſt in unſern Herzen;
Doch du erinnerſt uns mit Schmerzen,
Daß Er geſtorben iſt!

An Hermes und Hillmer.

Man ſchickte vormals Invaliden,
Geſund an Naſe, lahm an Fuß und Hand,
Zu ſchnüffeln durch das ganze Land,
Wo ſelbſtgebrannter Kaffee wäre:
Denn ſelbſtgebrannt
War damals Contreband.
Jetzt ſchicket man zwei Invaliden,
Geſund an Fuß und Hand,
Doch lahm an Kopf und an Verſtand,
Zu ſchnüffeln durch das ganze Land,
Wer etwas Selbſtgedachtes lehre;
Denn ſelbſtgedacht iſt jetzt Contreband.

Ein öffentl. Blatt erinnert an folgendes:

„Als der tugendhafte Miniſter von Malesherbes noch Director des Buchhandels in Frankreich war, da bewies er ſeinem König unverholen, daß man bei allen Preßzwangs- und Cenſuranſtalten, bei allem Deſpotismus und zahlloſer Lettres de Cachet ungeachtet, dennoch in Frankreich eben ſo gut Schmäh- und Trutzſchriften die Menge habe, wie in dem freien England. Daß gegen den berühmten Cardinal mit der [illegible], den Despoten Richelieu, eine ganze Sammlung von Satyren herauskam: wem iſt das unbekannt? Je ſtrenger wir alſo ſind, ſagt jenes Blatt, je mehr ſchwächen wir die Regierungsparthei, und berauben uns der Feder aller Ehrliebenden, die ſich nicht von einem hudeln (oder hofmeiſtern) laſſen wollen.“

) Wie dachte Friedrich II in Anſehung der Parteien-Umtriebe in der Republik der vereinigten Niederlande? Man höre den H. von Dohm in ſ. Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit (einem Buche, das jetzt ganz vorzüglich geleſen und beherzigt werden ſollte) Bd. II. S. 156 fgg. Wie handelte dagegen Friedrich Wilhelm II.? Man leſe Heeren in ſ. Handb. d. Geſch. d. europ. Staatenſyſtems. 3 A. S. 578 und Pölitz in ſ. Geſch. d. preuß. Monarchie. S. 493 fgg. S. 474 fgg. u. S. 485. Wie ſehr haben nicht die Feldzüge am Rhein, über welche Friedrich Wilhelm II noch auf dem Todbette ſeufzte, — jenes ſtürmiſche Eingreifen in die innern Angelegenheiten Frankreichs — dem militäriſchen und politiſchen Ruhme der preußiſchen Monarchie geſchadet! Sie und der **geheime Vertrag Preußens mit dem Convente, vom 5. Aug. 1796, hatten das preußiſche Cabinet in die zwangvolle Lage gebracht, daß es Polen's Selbſtſtändigkeit mit vernichten helfen mußte, daß es Friedrichs II. politiſchen Stützpunkt im Oſten verlor und keinen andern dafür im Weſten erlangte. Ländermaſſen entſchädigten nicht für den Verluſt der Würde, die der Teſchner Friede und der Fürſtenbund dem Cabinette Friedrichs II gegeben hatten. Jene zwangvolle Lage dauerte fort. Das weiſe Neutralitäts-Syſtem Friedrich Wilhelms III vermochte nicht mehr die Gewalt der neuen Verhältniſſe zu beſchwören, und das Unglück von 1806 erſchien als eine nothwendige Folge der Politik des Cabinets Friedrich Wilhelms II. Daß Preußen noch jetzt eine gefahrvolle geographiſch-politiſche Lage — offene Grenzländer gegen Frankreich und Rußland hat, iſt eine Folge der Politik des Cabinets Friedrich Wilhelms II.

***) Herr von Gentz hat in ſeinem Briefe nur der äußern Haltung der preußiſchen Armee gedacht. Bloß äußere Haltung konnte die moralische Haltung des Ganzen sah man die besten Absichten des Königs durch geheimen Einfluß sehr gemißbraucht und falsch geleitet. Die Idee des Protestantismus, deren Schutz die Meinung des halben Europa den Nachfolgern des großen Kurfürsten vertrauensvoll übertragen hatte — wie im Jahre 1813 die Vollziehung der von Stein und andern in die Zukunft blickenden Männern begriffenen Idee der politischen Reformation —, diese Idee, welche Preußens physische Macht durch die moralische Kraft der öffentlichen Meinung der von jener Idee durchdrungenen Völker bisher verdoppelt hatte, ward durch das Religions- und Censur-Edict angefeindet und verfolgt. Da zu gleicher Zeit alle die, welche den König zunächst umgaben, ihn mit der Besorgniß wegen Verbreitung jacobinischer Grundsätze ängstigten, so entstanden manche geheime und öffentliche Verfolgungen des politischen Glaubens. Günstlinge, Minister (wie Hoym), selbst eine Lichtenau, durften es wagen, durch unmotivirte Cabinetsordres den Gang des Rechts zu stören*)! Aber Preßzwang war die Aegide der Günstlinge und aller durch sie herbeigeführten Mißbräuche. Kaum daß das neue preußische Landrecht eingeführt werden konnte, weil man auch in den unschuldigsten Aeußerungen desselben politische Grundsätze witterte**). Und doch bildet eben dieses Landrecht den Kranz des Nachruhms, der jener Regierung geblieben ist!

Noch mehr ward durch den einreißenden Luxus der Nationalcharakter in den höheren Ständen verflacht und dem Egoismus Preis gegeben. Am Hofe galt nicht mehr die strenge Sitte spartanischer Mäßigkeit; in üppigen Genüssen schwelgte daselbst weichliche Sinnenlust und reizte die alten und jungen Wüstlinge der Hauptstadt zur Nachahmung. Bald entwich nun auch hier und dort aus der Arbeitsstube des Staatsdieners die alte Redlichkeit, selbst die Furcht; nur die harte Schale eines starren Mechanismus hielt noch das Ganze zusammen; aber den Kern — fand schon Mirabeau wurmstichig*).

In einer Stadt, wie Berlin, wo vor zwei und zwanzig Jahren so vielerlei Gährungsstoff die Meinungen und Sitten ins Trübe mischte, wo der Witz mit der Ueppigkeit Hand in Hand ging, wo der Leichtsinn den Spott des Unglaubens zu Hülfe rief, und die Selbstsucht des Ehrgeizes, von dem Bedürfniß gestachelt, bald in den Trugschlüssen der Gewalt, bald in der Unvernunft der Ungebundenheit die Regel suchte, um bedeutend und reich zu werden: da konnte es so wenig an Jakobinern, als an Unzufriedenen fehlen, welche einen Umsturz des Bestehenden wünschten. Auch mochte es Visionäre und Enthusiasten genug geben, welche Hirngespinnste zu verwirklichen hofften. Spukten doch damals geheime Orden und weitverbreitete Verbindungen — nicht etwa von einigen Dutzend mit idealistischen Seifenblasen spielender verlaufner Jünglinge — sondern von geistvollen und betriebsamen Männern!

Und mitten in diesem Schlingkraut leidenschaftlicher Bitterkeit und neuerungssüchtiger Umtriebe, wucherte der Keim des Hasses gegen eine Regierung, welche unter dem Einflusse von Weibern und Geistersehern stand. Denn es gab keine Publicität.

Der Spott des Auslandes, der vorzüglich das Religions-Edict und die Examinations-Commission traf, verwundete das Nationalgefühl des Preußen, der sich seiner Intelligenz bewußt war. Er urtheilte; er tadelte — Alles, weil er das wirklich Tadelnswerthe nicht laut rügen durfte. Zuletzt auch mußte sein Tadel verstummen gegen die Wiedereinführung der Tabacksadministration. Die Abgeordneten der Stadt Danzig wurden von dem Minister Friedrich Wilhelms II. nicht gehört. Ein Tadel aber, der nicht sprechen darf, erzeugt Haß. Zum Glück hörte ihn der Kronprinz**)!

Nur die Verständigen urtheilten ohne Leidenschaft, und beklagten es ohne Bitterkeit, daß der Preßzwang die Wahrheit hindere, bis vor die Stufen des Thrones zu gelangen.

Denn das Herz des Königs war unschuldig. Gutmüthig und mild, gerechtigkeitliebend und kenntnißreich verstand und wollte Er das Beste seines Volks: aber Er sah nicht mit seinem Auge, und die Stimme der Wahrheit drang nicht in sein Ohr. Erst in dem Augenblicke des Todes ward ihm vieles klar***).

In dieser unruhig bewegten Zeit bestieg Friedrich Wilhelm III. den Thron des großen Kurfürsten, den des großen Königs.

Sein Herz und sein Geist handelten sofort, mit freier Unbefangenheit, im Sinn der billigen Wünsche seines Volks.

Er entfernte die Günstlinge; Er berief die Würdigen in sein Cabinet zurück. Er hob das Religionsedikt auf; Er stellte die geistige Freiheit wieder her; Er weckte durch Beispiel und Wort den Fleiß und die Berufstreue im Staatsdienste; Er widerrief die Herstellung der Tabacks-Regie; Er hörte die Stimme seines Volks†).

Mit diesem Herzen und Geiste hat er zwei und zwanzig Jahre regiert, und mit demselben Herzen ist er jetzt im Begriffe, seinem Volke eine große Bürgschaft der Zukunft zu geben. Die Weisheit des Monarchen wird einen neuen Bund zwischen dem Throne und dem Volke schließen; einen Bund, der nicht auf die Lebensdauer eines Königs, der auf die Lebensdauer des preußischen Volks und Staats geschlossen wird.

Sein Volk erlebt jetzt den zweiten großen Tag in der Geschichte der Völker. Das Jahr 1820 bringt ihm das Evangelium der Zukunft, den Tag der Gründung einer ständischen Verfassung.

Der 16. Nov. 1797 und das Jahr 1820.

Beide Tage begrüßt das Volk mit Gesängen; beide feiert der Bürger wie ein Fest der Hoffnung; beide verewigt der Gedanke des Mannes durch ein klares, lebendiges Wort.

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in taktischer Hinsicht vortrefflich seyn: darüber steht aber dem Gelehrten kein Urtheil zu. Auch läßt sich im Frieden nicht gut behaupten, es fehle der Armee an einem Feldherrn und an der innern (moralischen) Haltung: an dem Geiste und der Gesinnung, von der sie einst beseelt, binnen vier Wochen — bei Roßbach und bei Leuthen von Friedrich angeführt, dort an der Saale, hier an der Oder, ein zweimal stärkeres Heer zurückschlug. Das Heer in taktischer Hinsicht ist ein Instrument, dessen Spannfeder Disciplin und Ehre heißt; wer wird es läugnen, daß in dem preußischen Heere jene Spannfeder auch noch im J. 1797 vorhanden war? Allein wenn diese Feder nach langer Ruhe im starren Mechanismus verrostet und ihre Spannkraft verliert: wie, wenn sie im Zusammenstoß mit strategischer Genialität und mit großen — taktisch unvollkommenen — Heermassen, die aber ein kühner und rascher Feldherr als Globes de compression in schulgerechte, mit dem Stock exercirte, aus Zwangsrekruten gebildete, Bataillone zu werfen weiß, — springt: wie dann? — Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Blücher, die Schlachtfelder von Groß-Beeren, Dennewitz, Hagelsberg, — der übrigen Großthaten der Kreuzbauern — wie der Feind die Berliner Landwehr spottweise nannte — nicht zu gedenken, — haben hierauf geantwortet. Das demokratische Princip (d. i. das Volks-Princip) hat das Vaterland gerettet. Der König und die Heerführer haben dieses Princip im Kriege und seine Minister haben es auch im Frieden anerkannt. Ein Heer von Bürgern steht da, nicht bloß darum, weil es wohlfeil ist, im Frieden, sondern weil es die große Idee, für König und Vaterland zu fechten, in dem ganzen Volke lebendig erhält. Ein taktisches Heer, dessen Spannfeder bricht, stürzt zusammen wie ein morsches Gebäude, das auf bloße Tradition gebaut ist; nichts bleibt davon übrig als ein Haufen todter Trümmer; die stärksten Festungen fallen, wenn der Glaube an das Vaterland nicht einen Courbiere, Gneisenau, Nettelbeck und ähnliche Männer begeistert. Dagegen kann ein Volksheer wohl geschlagen werden; allein es erhebt in jedem Bruchstück wieder; denn jeder Einzelne trägt das organische Leben des Ganzen in sich. Darum erhalte der Staat im Frieden die Idee des Vaterlandes in den Herzen des Volks lebendig; und dies geschieht, wenn er das demokratische Princip (das Volks-Princip) achtet durch die Gewähr der einzigen Schutzmittel des Volks: Publicität und Repräsentation.

*) So verschwand ein Fräulein Wolderbusch aus Berlin; so kam Zerboni auf die Festung, und von Held, der in schlechten Versen über die Güter-Schenkungen in Südpreußen sich auf eine für Hoym empfindliche Art geäußert hatte, ward als Jacobiner verfolgt. Erst Friedrich Wilhelm III. stellte sogleich nach seinem Regierungs-Antritt die alte würdevolle Unabhängigkeit der preußischen Rechtspflege wieder her.

**) C. Sartorius in Spittler's Entw. d. Gesch. d. europ. Staaten. II. S. 86. Berlin 1807. Dasselbe sagt der von der aufgeklärten preußischen Regierung einst in Schutz genommene Bredow in s. Grundr. d. Gesch. der merkw. Welthändel von 1796 — 1810.

*) Seine bekannte Hyperbel: pourriture avant maturité.

**) Ein glücklicher Zufall, den nur seine Popularität herbeiführen konnte, machte ihn mit dem Inhalte eines Gesprächs von Männern über diesen Gegenstand bekannt. Und jene Deputation fand gleich nach seinem Regierungs-Antritt Gehör.

***) Wenigstens erzählten glaubwürdige Männer nach handschriftlichen Nachrichten, die vor uns liegen, von seinen letzten Aeußerungen, „dumme Streiche" — u. s. w. die darauf hindeuteten.

†) Man erinnere sich an die Cabinetsordre vom 23. Nov. 1797, an sämmtliche Departements, Kammern u. s. w., die Redlichkeit, Brauchbarkeit und den Diensteifer sämmtlicher Staatsdiener betreffend; ferner an das Declarations-Patent vom 25. Dec. 1797, wegen Wiederaufhebung der Tabacks-Administration; ferner an die Cabinetsordre vom 27. Dec. 1797, durch welche der König das Ober-Consistorium in die (durch Wöllner) ihm geschmälerten Rechte wieder einsetzte, wornach die Examinations-Commission u. a. Dinge von selbst aufhörten

Damals ſchrieb ein ſolches Wort, freimüthig und klar, verſtändig und klug, an den König in Berlin ſein Unterthan, Friedrich von Gentz.

Es fand die Zuſtimmung Aller, ſelbſt ſolcher, die nicht auf den Mann ſahen, der es ausſprach, ſondern auf die Wahrheit die es enthielt*). Darum nannte man es eine Volksſtimme. Ein ſolches Wort kann nicht vergeſſen werden; denn es iſt für die Dauer eines Menſchenlebens geſchrieben, für die Dauer des Bundes einer Thronbeſteigung mit dem Volke. Was damals als wahr galt, ſollte das jetzt nicht mehr wahr ſeyn? Was dem Jahre 1797 angemeſſen als freiſinnig galt, ſollte das dem Jahre 1820 nicht mehr angemeſſen und zu freiſinnig ſeyn?

Darum folge hier das Wort ſelbſt, unverändert, wie es damals dem Könige, Deutſchland und der Nachwelt übergeben wurde.

Man vergleiche die Zeit von 1797 und die von 1820: dann prüfe man das Wort, das in zwei und zwanzig Jahren nicht vergeſſen worden iſt.

Denn warum ſollte nicht auch jetzt noch, in dem Augenblicke der Abfaſſung neuer für ganz Deutſchland geltender organiſcher Geſetze auf das Wort dieſes Mannes geachtet werden, das ſchon damals mit Beifall von dem In- und dem Auslande gehört wurde?

Was Gentz damals ſeinem Monarchen über Preßfreiheit ſagte, iſt nach dem Urtheile der Erfahrung das Beſte, was gegen Preßzwang geſagt werden kann.

Napoleons Geſchichte und Spaniens Schickſal in Europa und Amerika haben den Satz: „Ein Geſetz, das Preßzwang gebietet, kann ſeiner Natur nach nicht aufrecht erhalten werden," zu einem politiſchen Axiom erhoben. Sollte jetzt, um das Unmögliche zu wollen, „ein Inquiſitions-Tribunal," von dem Gentz ſpricht, ſollte Napoleons geheime Polizei wieder aus dem Grabe des Despotismus erſtehen, auf welchem zweimal hunderttauſend Preußen als Todtenopfer gefallen ſind? Nur ein Verläumder wird dies behaupten; nur ein Wahnſinniger kann es fürchten.

Oder konnte Napoleon die „Leichtigkeit, Ideen ins Publicum zu bringen," von der Gentz ſpricht, mit aller ſeiner Energie und mit Fouché's Geiſt, die halb Europa umſpannt hielten, zu vernichten? Konnte die ſpaniſche Inquiſition die Idee der Freiheit, welche nur durch den Zwang bis zum Wollen einer Republik — wie einſt in den Niederlanden, ſo jetzt am Plata — geſteigert ward, in ihren Kerkern begraben?

Eben dadurch brachte Napoleon das armſelige Product der geheimen Geſchichte des Hofes von St. Cloud erſt recht in Umlauf: und — um ein edles Product der Preßfreiheit jener im Dunkeln verbreiteten Lugſchrift gegenüber zu ſtellen — ſchrieb nicht Gentz, der öſterreichiſche Staatsdiener, während Napoleon in Wien war, in Dresden, im Monat December 1805, ſeine berühmten Fragmente aus der Geſchichte des politiſchen Gleichgewichts von Europa (St. Petersburg 1806; eigentlich Dresden bei Hartknoch)! Napoleon erſchien nur, weil er lichtſcheu, wie jeder Despot und Finſterling, das Tageslicht der Preſſe — le grand jour de l'impression, wie es Voltaire nennt — nicht vertragen konnte, noch weit ſchlechter und tyranniſcher, als er wirklich war, weil das „bösartige Inſekt der Verläumdung" mit der vorgehaltenen Larve der Wahrheit und mit dem Reize der verbotenen Frucht, unter dem Schutze des Geheimniſſes und der Finſterniß, ſein mit der Idee des Rechts und der Freiheit verzuckertes Gift, „als wäre es eine verbotene Koſtbarkeit, bis auf den letzten Tropfen gegen ihn abſetzen konnte!"

Jetzt ſind nach wiederhergeſtellter Preßfreiheit die Pamphlets, von denen man nur ſprach, wenn ſie verboten wurden, verſchwunden; und kriechen ja noch einige wie Giftſchwämme aus dem Boden hervor, ſo greift kein Mann von Geiſt und Charakter nach ihnen. Das Volk überſieht oder verachtet ſie. Denn ihm ward mit der äußern Freiheit auch das Recht auf Wahrheit wieder frei gegeben, auf daß ſich das Wahre ſelbſt reinige von dem Roſte der Leidenſchaft, und nicht wieder zurückgeſtoßen werde in die verächtliche Genoſſenſchaft mit der Heimtücke des Spottes und der Verläumdung.

Als ſolche hat ſich die frei gewordene Idee bewährt in dem Kampfe gegen Napoleon. Sie griff in ihm die Willkür, den Despotismus und den Mißbrauch der Gewalt des Verſtandes und der Macht an, welche das Schwertrecht ſetzen wollte an die Stelle des Vernunftrechts.

In keiner Zeit wird irgend ein Verſtand, eine Macht, oder ein Wille die Vernunft unterdrücken können, deren Weſen die Wahrheit iſt. Das Leben der Wahrheit aber iſt freie Mittheilung. Aus ungehinderter Rede und Gegenrede, die jedoch darum ſo wenig, als die That des Einzelnen, ſtraflos ſeyn ſoll, entſpringt das Wahre; aus gehinderter Rede und Gegenrede dagegen entſpringt auf Seiten derer, die hören: — ſind es die Beſchränkten, — Unwiſſenheit und Irrthum; — ſind es die Gebildeten, — Mißtrauen und Widerwille gegen das erlaubte, Vorliebe und Begierde zu dem verbotenen Druckworte; auf Seiten derer, die ſprechen, entſpringt daraus: leidenſchaftliche Entſtellung des Wahren oder liſtige Umgehung des Verbots, oder jene ſophiſtiſchen Erörterungen, die das Klare unklar machen, indem ſie das Vorurtheil mit der Wahrheit ausſöhnen wollen. Die ernſte, ruhige Prüfung ſchweigt, oder ſie wird von dem Mißtrauen nicht gehört, weil ſie verdächtig erſcheint, wenn ſie im Sinne der Regierung ſpricht.

Gentz ſagte in ſeinem Briefe nichts, was nicht ſchon längſt dem redlichen Willen des Königs und ſeinem geſunden Verſtande vorgeſchwebt hätte. Darum trat ſofort nach dem Regierungsantritte Friedrich Wilhelms III. die Freiheit des Gedankens, durch welche allein die Wahrheit über den Irrthum ſiegen kann, in den Beſitz ihres unverjährten Rechts wieder ein. Freilich kann und wird ſie den Irrthum nie ganz ausrotten; denn Irrthümer wechſeln unaufhörlich im Leben und bewegen den Geiſt des Menſchen, wie Fehler und Laſter ſeinen Willen; aber dennoch behauptet doch die Wahrheit ihr Recht, wie hier die Tugend.

Seitdem hat jene Freiheit des Gedankens bald mehr bald weniger ungeſtört zwei und zwanzig Jahre in der preußiſchen Monarchie und in Deutſchland fortgewirkt; und durch ſie allein hat der König und ſein Volk in der entſcheidenden Zeit des raſchen und kräftigen einmüthigen Handelns an Intelligenz ſo ſehr hervorgeragt. Daher der wieder geordnete Haushalt und die geſicherte Rechtspflege: keine Strafe ohne Urtheil, kein Urtheil ohne Unterſuchung; keine Unterſuchung ohne Gehör! Daher die einfache Würde auf dem Throne, den die Tugend und die fromme, ſchlichte Sitte der Häuslichkeit ſchmückten, und dem jeder aus dem Volke ſich nahen durfte. Daher endlich der Fortſchritt des Volks in Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt, im Landbau, Gewerbe und Handel.

Aber die Monarchie konnte nicht wieder zurücktreten in die politiſche Stellung, die ſie unter Friedrich dem Großen gehabt hatte. Denn hat ſich die Zeit einmal des Fehlgriffs eines Menſchen, geſchweige einer Regierung, bemächtigt, ſo führt die nothwendige Verkettung von Urſache und Wirkung Umſtände herbei, gegen welche keine Weisheit etwas ausrichten kann. Darum erlag Deutſchland und mit ihm vor Allem Preußen unter ſeinem Schickſale im J. 1806. Doch in der Noth ermannt ſich die Kraft des Gemüthes, wenn die unterdrückte Idee des Vaterlandes ſich losreißt von der Gewalt und frei zur That ſich geſtaltet.

Der preußiſche Staat zeigte dem erſtaunten Europa, in den Jahren 1807 bis 1815, welche Hülfsquellen er in dem Geiſte und in dem Muthe, in der Liebe und in dem Willen der Nation beſaß, welche Stärke ihm die Einheit zwiſchen dem Throne und dem Volke lieh, welche moraliſche Kraft ihm ſein Bundesgenoſſe, die öffentliche Meinung, gab!

Da erkannte der edle König, welcher in dem erſten Jahre ſeiner Regierung „alles Lob von ſich ablehnte, weil er es erſt verdienen wollte*)," daß er die Idee der Freiheit des Gedankens mit der Idee des Vaterlandes verbunden, in das organiſche Leben der Monarchie auf eine Art geſetzlich einzuführen, die Kraft und die Weisheit habe, nach welcher künftig ſich keine Scheidewand zwiſchen ſeinem Throne und ſeinem Volke je wieder erheben könne. Darum beſchloß er, jenem in der Gefahr erprobten Bunde des Nationalcharakters mit dem Throne die Bürgſchaft einer Verfaſſung zu geben, mittelſt welcher des Volkes Stimme über die wichtigſten Angelegenheiten des Ganzen, durch den Mund der Würdigſten aus der Nation, auf geſetzlich freiem Wege, ſtets zu dem Throne gelange, ſo daß fortan gemeinſchaftliche Berathung über das gemeinſchaftliche Wohl die Einheit zwiſchen dem Throne und dem Volke nur immer mehr befeſtige und unauflöslich mache. Denn ſolle allein die Wahrheit zwiſchen beide treten, und — werde ſie nicht erkannt — ſo theilen beide den Irrthum und deſſen Folgen. Keiner klage dann den Andern an!

Alſo erklärte ſich der weiſe König, wie es einſt der muthige vor ſieben Jahren in Breslau mit dem Schwerte für die äußere Freiheit gethan, vor fünf Jahren in Wien, mit ſeinem königlichen Worte, für die innere Freiheit, welche die

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*) Der Cabinetsrath Mencken, der in dem Cabinette des Königs vortragender Rath war, ſagte dem König, noch ehe dieſer die Schrift von Gentz geleſen hatte: „Ew. Maj., die Schrift verdient Ihre Aufmerkſamkeit!"

*) Dies ſind die eigenen Worte des edlen beſcheidenen jungen Königs, und ganz Berlin wiederholte ſie damals mit Entzücken, wie wir aus handſchriftlichen Nachrichten aus jener Zeit wiſſen.

Grundſätze der Sache Deutſchlands war und geblieben iſt. An Preußen lag es damals nicht, daß der 13. Art. der Bundesacte ſo kurz und im Allgemeinen abgefaßt ward.

Dieſe Idee einer politiſchen Reformation, welche den Charakter des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts bezeichnet, war ſchon ſeit 1807 in der Monarchie eingeleitet und vorbereitet worden. Nach dem Frieden, der die äußere Freiheit wieder herſtellte, mußten aber erſt die neuen Provinzen geordnet und mit dem Verwaltungsſyſtem des Ganzen in Verbindung gebracht werden, ehe das Werk einer repräſentativen Organiſation der Monarchie zur Reife kommen konnte.

Jetzt ſind die Vorarbeiten dem Abſchluſſe nahe, und der Preuße, der Deutſche, jeder Europäer ſieht erwartungsvoll einem Reſultate entgegen, das würdig ſey der Intelligenz des Zeitalters und des preußiſchen Staats *)!

Der Preuße und der Deutſche: denn noch iſt der Sinn des 13. Art. der Bundesacte, obwohl von einzelnen Souverainen ſchon großherzig erfüllt, dennoch im Allgemeinen nicht geſetzlich erklärt und ausgeſprochen.

Zwei Parteien ſtreiten gegenwärtig über das Wie der endlichen Beſtimmung dieſer Angelegenheit, welche mit der Feſtſetzung der preußiſchen Verfaſſung unmittelbar zuſammenhängt, und daher in dieſem Augenblicke in Wien unterſucht und entſchieden werden ſoll.

In dem deutſchen Volke ſelbſt haben mancherlei ungeduldige und leidenſchaftliche Aeußerungen, [illegible] und [illegible] Parteiſtimmen — gewiß nur Einzelne kann die Schuld und die Strafe hochverrätheriſcher Umtriebe treffen, nicht die ganze Nation! — die Anſichten von dem, was die Zeit zur Reife gebracht hat, verdunkelt, die Gemüther verwirrt und die Unbefangenheit geſtört. Der Vorabend jener großen Entſcheidung iſt daher vielen Furchtſamen nicht als der Vorabend eines großen National-Feſttags erſchienen, ſondern als der eines Urtheilsſpruchs, der ihre Hoffnung niederſchlagen könnte.

Und dennoch — wie Vieles iſt nicht bisher geſchehen, was dieſen Furchtſamen Muth einflößen ſollte!

Das innige Vertrauen, mit welchem das Volk in Würtemberg, Baiern und Baden ſich ſeit der Einführung einer repräſentativen Verfaſſung um den Thron verſammelt und an ſein königliches Haus von Herzen angeſchloſſen hat, beweiſt, daß die Stiftung eines ſolchen Bundes den Völkern einen größern Feſttag bringt, als je die Thronbeſteigung eines erſehnten Fürſten herbeigeführt hat.

Das Wort der freien Mittheilung des Gedankens, welches Herr von Genz vor zwei und zwanzig Jahren im Namen von Millionen auszuſprechen ſich berufen fühlte, mit welchem — lange vor ihm — der edle Münchhauſen die Hochſchule der Georgia Auguſta zu einer Lichtanſtalt für ganz Deutſchland weihte: — dieſes Wort hat ſeitdem — er ſelbſt iſt deſſen Zeuge! — in einem großen Theile von Europa geſetzliche Kraft erhalten **). Ein wechſelvolles Schickſal hat daſſelbe gegen alle Angriffe der Sophiſten vertheidigt, hat es aus dem Bereich des militäriſchen Despotismus und der geheimen Polizei gerettet, und hat es von allen Schlacken einer revolutionären Schwärmerei geläutert.

Damals und jetzt! — In der Zeit von 1797 hatte die Republik über das monarchiſche Europa geſiegt, die Erbitterung der Beſiegten war größer, und der Meinungskampf der Parteien zügelloſer als je; der Jacobinismus trotzte, und eine geheime Propaganda ſpannte ihre Netze aus; es gab keine Einigkeit unter den Fürſten; das nördliche Deutſchland ſtand abgeſchieden von dem ſüdlichen; die geiſtlichen Fürſten und die freien Städte zitterten vor der Zukunft; die Fürſten des linken Rheinufers rechneten auf Entſchädigung: in dieſer unruhig bewegten, halbrepublikaniſchen und halbmonarchiſchen Zeit wurde jenes freiſinnige Wort von einem jungen Monarchen freundlich und arglos vernommen; damals wurden die Wünſche des Volks von ihm erhört; es wurde die Freiheit der Mittheilung des Gedankens wieder hergeſtellt; die Inquiſitionen über [illegible] Glauben hörten auf †). Und jetzt ſollten alle Männer von

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*) Auf dieſer Uebereinſtimmung mit der Intelligenz des Zeitalters hat die moraliſche Kraft des preußiſchen Staats beruht, ſeit er ſich im 16. Jahrh. für die Idee der kirchlichen Reformation, und im 18. Jahrh. für die Idee der Toleranz in Glaubensſachen erklärt hat. Die Idee des 19. Jahrhunderts iſt die einer politiſchen Reformation, welche die bürgerliche Freiheit durch die politiſche ſichert. Dieſe Idee hat in Frankreich geſiegt; in Wien und durch die polniſche Conſtitution hat ſich der Kaiſer Alexander für ſie erklärt. Dieſe Idee iſt in das Leben eingetreten in Amerika, England, Schweden, Norwegen, in den Niederlanden und in der Schweiz. Für ſie hat ſich die Meinung aller gebildeten Völker in der alten und in der neuen Welt erklärt. Nun hat aber in keiner Nation die Macht der Idee eine ſolche Ausbreitung und Tiefe erlangt, als in der deutſchen; bei keiner würde daher ein Reactionsſyſtem weniger gelingen, als bei dieſer, welche allein die Idee der kirchlichen Reformation in zwei Jahrhunderten ſiegreich durchgekämpft hat. Und dieſes Volk, das ſeit lange gewohnt iſt, in Preußen den Beſchützer des Proteſtantismus zu ſehen, das längſt in ihm den Kämpfer für die deutſche Sache ſah, das Zeuge iſt von dem Fortſchritt der bürgerlichen und geiſtigen Cultur in ſo vielen Geſetzen, Einrichtungen und Beſtrebungen des preußiſchen Staats und Volks: dieſes Volk glaubt nicht, daß ein Reactionsſyſtem gegen die Idee des Zeitalters je von Preußen ausgehen könne. Dieſer Glaube aber begründet Preußens moraliſche Macht, welche allein die gefährliche geographiſche Lage des Staats gegen Frankreich und Rußland ſicherſtellen kann, wenn alle deutſchen Bundesvölker ihre Freiheit und ihr Recht mit dem von Preußen wie mit einem Brudervolke verbunden ſehen.

**) In Dänemark iſt die Gewalt des Königs unumſchränkt, und gleichwohl beſteht dort uneingeſchränkte Preßfreiheit, welche der Miniſter Bernstorf, ſelbſt unter den verhängnißvollen [illegible] von Seiten Frankreichs, gegen Mißbrauch aufrecht zu erhalten verſtand. Daß aber dieſe Freiheit [illegible] und zwar ſehr freimüthig benutzt werde, beweiſen u. a. die von Dohm bekannt gemachten Souverainetätsakten, und die patriotiſchen Gedanken über ſtehende Heere u. von dem Grafen Wolf. Friedr. von Schmettau, welcher alle Nachtheile entwickelt hat, die ſtehende Heere haben, und zugleich die Mißbräuche aufdeckt, welche bei der Zuſammenſetzung des däniſchen Heeres Statt haben. Gleichwohl hat dieſe Schrift ungehindert zwei Auflagen erlebt. Auch der Mißbrauch der Preßfreiheit hat die Aufhebung derſelben in Dänemark nicht zur Folge gehabt. Es war erfreulich, und das ſchönſte Lob für die Regierung dieſer Monarchie, daß bei der ſtarken demokratiſchen Geſinnung einiger Schriftſteller keine Verfolgung wegen des politiſchen Glaubens entſtand, daß man nur die That ſtrafte, in der Ueberzeugung, daß die Irrenden, wie auch geſchah, den Rückweg von ſelbſt finden würden. S. [illegible] in [illegible] Entwurf u. II. S. 455. Dieſes, und daß Preßfreiheit das Weſen der Oeffentlichkeit, dieſe aber nur durch jene das Lebensprincip der Repräſentativ-Verfaſſungen ſey, iſt bündig dargethan in der Aſträa von Dr. Weishaar. I. Bd. 2s St. Stuttgart 1819. S. 105 fgg. Da die Aſträa vielen Leſern nicht gleich bei der Hand ſein möchte, ſo wollen wir davon einen wörtlichen Auszug geben. S. 113 fgg. „Man würde irren, wenn man glaubte, darum, weil die Stände an gewiſſen Handlungen der Staatsgewalt Theil nehmen, werde das öffentliche Urtheil, ſofern es Mißbilligung ausdrückt, Regierung und Stände gemeinſchaftlich treffen. Dies iſt ſo wenig der Fall, daß vielmehr der Beifall des Volks der Regierung zu Theil wird, während der Tadel allein die Stände trifft. Denn, hätten die Stände nicht eingewilligt, ſo wäre das Mißfällige nicht geſchehen, durch ihre Einwilligung wird es ihre Sache. Dagegen bleibt der Ruhm für lobenswerthe Einrichtungen einzig der Regierung, ſey es, daß ſie die Initiative dazu gab, oder daß ſie durch einen Antrag der Stände dazu bewogen wurde; denn in einem, wie in dem andern Falle wäre das Gute nicht möglich geworden, ohne den guten Willen der Regierung. Das Wirken der Stände nämlich iſt ſeiner Natur nach mehr negativ, und kann mehr im Verhindern des Zweckwidrigen beſtehen, als im Hervorbringen des Zweckmäßigen. Die Regierung eines repräſentativen Staats wird daher bei Abfaſſung eines Geſetzes über die Preßfreiheit ohne Haß und ohne Neigung verfahren. Man wird von dem Grundſatze ausgehen, daß ſtändiſche Verfaſſungen ohne Preßfreiheit ihren Zweck nicht erfüllen, und neben denſelben eine Beſchränkung der Preßfreiheit den Regierungen insbeſondere nachtheilig werden könne. Denn die Oeffentlichkeit, welche vorzüglich durch die Preßfreiheit erreicht wird, führt vielſeitige Prüfung einer Sache herbei, und dieſe iſt ein hauptſächlicher Gewinn von ſtändiſchen Verfaſſungen; es iſt kein Gebrechen in der Staatsverwaltung, welches durch Preßfreiheit nicht an den Tag käme. Die Stände aber müſſen Preßfreiheit haben, damit das Volk ſeine Repräſentanten kennen lerne, und damit dieſe, der Oeffentlichkeit jedes Worts eingedenk, ſtets mit Würde und Beſonnenheit handeln. Wenn hieran auch den Regierungen gelegen ſein muß, ſo haben dieſe ihrerſeits noch einen triftigen Grund, der Preßfreiheit der Stände allgemeine Preßfreiheit an die Seite zu ſetzen; denn wenn die Regierung beſorgte, ihr Anſehen könnte durch die Oeffentlichkeit der ſtändiſchen Schriften gefährdet werden, ſo könnte dieſem nur durch allgemeine Preßfreiheit begegnet werden, weil nur durch dieſe die Wahrheit zum Vorſchein kommt; indem allein die Gewißheit, daß Jeder ſeine Ueberzeugung furchtlos ausſprechen könne, das Vertrauen erzeugt, daß das Gefühl für Wahrheit es ſey, welches unſere Denkende beſtimme, ihre Ueberzeugung auszuſprechen.“

†) Daß bald nach dem Regierungsantritte des Königs die Preßfreiheit ſo gut als völlig wieder hergeſtellt angeſehen war, beweiſt u. A. Folgendes. Schon im December 1797 durfte der [illegible]

Geiſt, alle Hochſchulen ſo verdächtig und gefährlich ſeyn, daß man die ganze Nation in Beziehung dieſes geiſtigen Eigenthums wie einen unmündigen Verſchwender behandeln und einer Curatel unterwerfen müßte?

Wenn damals in Deutſchland ſo mancher rohe Einfall gedruckt werden durfte, ſo konnte als Gegengift auch jede Wahrheit in Umlauf geſetzt werden; und wie damals die freie Unterſuchung den Unſinn des Jeſuitismus und den des Glaubenszwanges bekämpfte, die Logik geheimer Verfolgungen und den Uebermuth des Obſcurantismus beſchämte, wie ſie damals die Heuchelei und den Myſticismus, die Geiſterſeher und geheimen Cleriker entlarvte, welche ihre Plane und Anſprüche unter den Schutz des Thrones zu ſtellen wagten: eben ſo wird ſie auch jetzt und künftig den Wahnſinn einiger jungen Leute, Deutſchland in eine Republik zu verwandeln, oder die Plane Anderer, den Feudaldruck des Mittelalters wieder zwiſchen den Thron und das Volk hineinzubedrängen, mit der Fackel der Vernunft beleuchten*).

Warum ſollten alſo die proviſoriſchen Beſchlüſſe des Bundestages vom 20. Sept. — wie Furchtſame glauben — mehr als eine bloße milde Abſicht der Regierungen, nach gleichen Grundſätzen und nach einem, wie es der öſterreichiſche Entwurf vom 23. Mai 1815 bezeichnete, zweckmäßigen Geſetze über die Preßfreiheit, auf die Abſchaffung der Meinungen in dem geiſtigen Verkehr ihrer Völker zum Zwecke haben? Sind ſie nicht vielmehr ein erfreuliches Vorzeichen, daß der deutſche Bund von jetzt an mit mehr Einheit und Kraft, als bisher, Anſtalten treffen ſoll, um das gemeinſame Recht und Nationalwohl des deutſchen Volks, ſo wie es in der Rede und in dem erſten Vortrage des öſterreichiſchen Präſidialgeſandten bei der Eröffnung des Bundestages näher beſtimmt wurde, in das Leben einzuführen! Hat ſich nicht ſchon dadurch unſer Staatenbund der Idee eines Bundesſtaates etwas zu nähern angefangen?

Fern alſo ſey es jetzt, mitten unter den neu entſtandenen oder noch entſtehenden liberalen Verfaſſungen, das [illegible] der Reaction einer vergangenen Zeit, die ſich ſelbſt überlebt hat, im Kampfe mit der neuen, die ſich in Frankreich, in den Niederlanden, in Skandinavien und in Polen, ſelbſt in einem großen Theile von Deutſchland ſchon lebenskräftig geſtaltet hat, befürchten zu wollen*)!

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rantea-Almanach in den Berliner Zeitungen ſoll geboten worden, obgleich darin ſtand: „Mönner, (der ꝛc. Staatskanzler) ſey entweder ein Narr, den man ins Tollhaus, oder ein Schurke, den man ins Zuchthaus bringen müßte." Nicht weniger durfte man darin die Geißler der geiſtlichen Schriften, Hermes, Woltersdorf, Oswald und A. mitgenommen. Eben ſo durfte man in den Berliner Zeitungen damals öffentlich ankündigen die Schrift: An den Congreß in Raſtadt, obgleich darin ſehr heftige Forderungen gegen Preußen und alles, was Preußiſch iſt, vorkamen. Sagte doch Keller laut in ſeiner Gedächtnißpredigt auf Friedrich Wilhelm II S. 9: „Es kann mit Wahrheit von ihm geſagt werden, daß er wirkte, was zum Glück ſeiner Unterthanen gereichen konnte, nach ſeinem freundlichen Sinn wollte, [illegible] ihm nicht verborgen blieb, aber er [illegible] durch mannichfache Umſtände, von welchen der Mächtigſte auf Erden abhängig bleibt, nicht daran verhindert wurde; und alſo auch [illegible] die Unparteilichkeit mir beſonders zur Pflicht macht) nichts dafür konnte, wenn ſeine Verfügungen, ſelbſt in den wichtigſten Angelegenheiten der Religion, bald mißverſtanden, bald übertreten, und wohl auch öfter von falſchen Gelehrten, oder von irre geleiteten Schwärmern, oder argliſtigen Heuchlern gemißbraucht wurden" — — Und S. 11: „Der ... was dieſem Andenken das ſchmückendſte Siegel aufdrückt, iſt die Betrachtung, daß Gott den König zu einem der erſten Werkzeuge mit beſtimmt hatte, deſſen er ſich bedienen wollte, die Völker Europa's, um mich dieſes Ausdrucks zu bedienen, durch einander zu rütteln, und ſeinen Rathſchluß, ein neues unter ihnen zu ſchaffen, mächtiglich auszuführen. Wir wiſſen Alle, welche beiſpielloſe Staats-Umwälzung in einem der größten Reiche vorgegangen. — Da war Er es, der verewigte König, der, nach dem Plane des Ewigen, zu der Zeit auf dem Throne ſaß und Theil nehmen ſollte, um die große Veränderung in den Gang zu bringen" u. ſ. w.

*) Wenn man zugibt, daß eine im Werden erſtickte Studentenverbindung mit einer Art von Republikanismus geſpielt habe, die ſie Deutſchthum nannte, und daß dieſes Spiel ſogar bei Einzelnen zur fixen Idee geworden war, die zu Verbrechen führte, ſo muß man doch auch unbedingt zugeben, daß nichts leichter iſt, als eine ſolche Verſchwörung zu unterdrücken, aber darum die ganze Nation als verdächtig davon zu verurtheilen, eine Uebertreibung der Gefahr, welche de Pradt in ſeiner Schrift: l'Europe après le congrès d'Aix-la-Chapelle, durch die cris d'alarme und die [illegible] de l'aristocratie bezeichnet. Schwärmer, welche gegen das Geſetz freveln, werden nach dem Geſetz beſtraft, dazu bedarf es weder neuer Geſetze, noch Ausnahmen, noch Gerichtshöfe. So wurde Charlotte Corday hingerichtet, ſo wurde Schill geächtet. Wenn es nun aber auch, wie viele behaupten, eine geheime Kette von Männern gibt, welche die alte Scheidewand zwiſchen dem Throne und dem Volke wieder herzuſtellen, und das britiſche: the king can do not wrong, auf eine dem Throne zunächſt ſtehende Kaſte anzuwenden beabſichtigen, wer ſchützt dann das Volk und den Thron gegen ſolche Umtriebe? Nichts als die Preßfreiheit und eine ſtellvertretende Verfaſſung. Iſt durch beide der allgemeine Wunſch der Völker und das Wiener Fürſtenwort von 1815 erfüllt, ſo wird auch die bittere, oft ungeſtüme und vielen ſelbſt unbequeme Mahnung der Preßfreiheit an [illegible] nicht [illegible] Verbindlichkeiten von ſelbſt verſtummen. Und dieß [illegible] iſt es nahe. Die Gegenwart iſt der Frage, die Nachwelt wird der Richter ſeyn.

*) Statt deutſchen Angſtes, [illegible] bringen wird, kann zu erwarten, darf ſich auch jetzt noch die Einſchreitung eines unabhängig denkenden Mannes frei und unerſchrocken ausſprechen, und der Prüfung der Oeffentlichkeit unterhängen entgegentreten. Dieß hat eben jetzt Graevell gethan, in ſeiner nicht zu übergehenden Schrift: Wie darf die Verfaſſung Deutſchlands nicht werden? Leipz. im Nov. 1819. Oder gehört das Jahr 1819 nicht mehr dem Zeitalter an, von welchem Gentz im Nov. 1797 ſeinem Monarchen ſagen konnte: „Es gibt in dem Zeitalter, worin wir leben, nur eine einzige nicht ſchmeichelhafte Art, einen Monarchen zu verehren, — daß man ihn für würdig erkennt, die Wahrheit zu vernehmen; nur eine einzige wahrhaft verdienſtliche Art, Ihm zu dienen — daß man ſie Ihm keinen Augenblick verhehlt." — ? — Vor allem verdient die Frage: Soll die Verfaſſung eine wahre Repräſentation, d. i. eine Volksvertretung, oder ſoll ſie eine bloß ſtändiſche enthalten? die gründliche Erörterung. Das Zeitalter erwartet eine Volksvertretende; über die ſtändiſche hat die Erfahrung bereits ihre Stimme abſchlägig gegeben. Auch möchten wohl die 10 Sätze, welche de Pradt in ſeiner Schrift: Congrès de Carlsbad S. 82. als Grundſätze und politiſche Wahrheiten aufſtellt, eine ernſtliche Erwägung verdienen. Dieſe Sätze lauten ſo:

1o Que tous les peuples vivent dans une communication directe et continuelle. Appliquons au monde ce que Louis XIV a dit [illegible] de l'Espagne: il n'y a plus de Pyrénées... Il n'y a plus d'Alpes, plus de Rhin, plus même d'Océan: l'Amérique et l'Europe ont cessé d'être divisées par lui; elles se touchent et se [illegible] par tous les liens des besoins et d'une correspondance mutuelle.

(Jede Einzwängung des Geiſtes unſerer Zeit iſt in Deutſchland unmöglich, ſo lange die Stimmen der franzöſiſchen Kammern, die Stimmen des engliſchen Parlaments, des geſetzgebenden Körpers in den Niederlanden zu uns herüberhallen; ſie iſt unmöglich, ſo lange und in Deutſchland die Erzeugniſſe der franzöſiſchen, engliſchen und niederländiſchen Preſſen zugänglich bleiben und man das ſeit 1789 Gebrauchte nicht allgemein vernichten kann; ſie iſt unmöglich, ſo lange nicht eine chineſiſche Mauer Deutſchland von den es umringenden durch freie und liberale Verfaſſungen geordneten Staaten trennt; ſie iſt unmöglich, ſo lange wir den politiſchen, den finanziellen, den induſtriellen ja — den ſittlichen Zuſtand*) dieſer nach freiem Verkehr

*) Bei Gelegenheit einer neuen Ausgabe des bekannten claſſiſchen Werkes von Desforges: le Poëte ou Mémoires d'un homme de lettres, ſagt die Renommée (N. 102. v. 3. Novbr.) in Beziehung auf Frankreich ſehr richtig:

On ne pouvait pas choisir un plus mauvais moment pour réimprimer un plus mauvais ouvrage. Les esprits ne sont plus tournés vers de semblables idées; ils sont épris de choses plus nobles et plus sévères. Les obscénités et les turpitudes sont tout-à-fait passées de mode. Si donc quelqu'un spéculait sur la dépravation du siècle, il fait une mauvaise spéculation. Il faut le dire et le répéter, à la louange de ce pauvre siècle à qui on en veut tant, nombre d'ouvrages qui plaisaient jadis, ne trouveraient pas aujourd'hui [illegible], et les jeunes gens d'aujourd'hui ne s'amusent plus de ce qui amusait et amuse encore les jeunes gens d'autrefois. Les faiseurs de livres avaient alors affaire à une société vieillie, corrompue et blasée, qu'il fallait remuer par toute sorte de moyens pour lui faire sentir qu'elle vivait encore. La France est revenue de la décrépitude à la jeunesse. Il faut aux esprits et aux cœurs retrempés une nourriture forte et saine qui favorise leur nouvelle vigueur, et qui l'entretienne encore, bien loin de la corrompre et de l'amollir.

Obgleich nicht zu läugnen, daß auch in Deutſchland Schriften dieſer Art jetzt weniger Glück machen als ehedem, wo es einzelne Buchhändler gab, die jede Meſſe ganze Ladungen von Romanen in der Art, wie die „Geſchichte des Herrn von H..." zu Markt brachten und abſetzten, ſo läßt ſich dieſe Bemerkung der Renommée doch ihrem ganzen Umfange nach noch nicht auf Deutſchland anwenden, und Schriften wie die [illegible] und v. [illegible] „der Hahn mit 9 Hühnern" und „[illegible]" ſtehen

Das Fantom einer Republik; und wenn es in noch ſo vielen Studentenköpfen ſpuken ſollte, kann jetzt Niemanden ängſtigen; die Monarchie hat ja überall geſiegt; die umgeſtürzten Throne — nur nicht die alte Feudalariſtokratie und die Propaganda der Oligarchie, durch welche ſie wohl ſonſt erſchüttert wurden, — ſtehn wieder aufgerichtet; Verfaſſungen ſind gegründet, nach welchen die Wünſche des Volks geſetzlich gehört werden; Deutſchland iſt frei und einig; das Beſitzthum der Fürſten iſt geſichert; Monarchen und Republiken haben ſich durch den heiligen Bund, und die Hauptmächte Europa's, im Sinne jener Urkunde, durch die Aachner Declaration, zur Befolgung der Grundſätze des Chriſtenthums und des Völkerrechts verbunden; und gerade jetzt ſollte das Rad der Zeit umgedreht werden! Unmöglich.

Am wenigſten wird jetzt ein Vernünftiger deutſchen Geſetzgebern und einem Rathe, in welchem ein Gentz mitſprechen darf, den Gedanken zutrauen, daß nur eine politiſch-literariſche Inquiſition uns gegen die Umtriebe von Ränkeſchmieden, Schwärmern und Myſtikern, die es zu allen Zeiten gegeben hat und zu allen Zeiten geben wird, ſchützen könne. Denn je öffentlicher ſich dieſe Leute bewegen dürfen, deſto unſchädlicher ſind ſie. Nur dann erſt, wenn ſie in das Geheimniß ſich flüchten müſſen, wenn Recht und Freiheit unterdrückt werden, wenn die alten Mißbräuche wieder aufleben: nur dann treten ſie Unheil drohend zwiſchen das Volk und den Thron.

Das Volk aber glaubt jetzt und denkt an nichts, als an die Zeit, welche Klopſtock ſeinen Freunden verkündigte, an die Zeit,

> wo das Vernunftrecht
> ſiegt über das Schwertrecht.

Dieſe Zeit iſt das Zeitalter der liberalen Ideen; vorüber ſey die der revolutionären Umtriebe, ſowohl ſolcher, welche den Thron umſtürzen, als ſolcher, die dem Volke ſeine Rechte, dem Fürſten die Herzen ſeines Volks zu entreißen drohen:

Denn eben jetzt beweiſen es die Fürſten durch die Einführung repräſentativer Verfaſſungen, daß ſie wohl ins Herz gefaßt haben jenes alte Wort eines griechiſchen Dichters: Der Fürſt bedenke die drei Lehren:

> Die eine: daß er über Menſchen herrſcht,
> die andre: daß er nach Geſetzen herrſcht,
> die dritte: daß er nicht auf immer herrſcht.

Seiner Königlichen Majeſtät Friedrich Wilhelm dem III bei der Thronbeſteigung allerunterthänigſt überreicht*) am 16ten November 1797.

Allerdurchlauchtigſter Großmächtigſter König!
Allergnädigſter König und Herr!

Der Augenblick, in welchem ich meine Stimme erhebe, iſt der feierlichſte im Lebenslaufe eines monarchiſchen Staates. Der neuen Sonne, die vom Throne herab leuchtet, ſchließen ſich alle Herzen auf. Eine neue Lebenskraft dringt vom Mittelpunkte aus, und neue Lebensluſt rinnt durch die entfernteſten Zweige. Das Volk wünſcht, hofft, vertraut. Ew. Majeſtät werden dem ein huldreiches Gehör nicht verſagen, der es wagt, einen Theil dieſer Wünſche, dieſer Hoffnungen auszuſprechen.

Es iſt kühn, ſich zum Organ von Millionen aufzuwerfen, und im Namen aller ſeiner Mitbürger zu ihrem gemeinſchaftlichen Vater zu reden. Es iſt weniger kühn an einem Tage, wie der heutige. In dieſem großen Moment ſchmelzen die Bedürfniſſe, die Ausſichten und die Erwartungen aller Individuen einer Nation gleichſam in Eins zuſammen. Es iſt das Wohl des Ganzen, wovon jedes patriotiſche, wovon ſelbſt jedes eigennützige Gemüth das ſeinige hofft. Es iſt die allgemeine Sehnſucht nach Sicherheit, Gerechtigkeit und Friede, in der ſich heute noch jeder einzelne Wunſch verliert. Wer heute für das Vaterland ſpricht, iſt ein wohlbefugter Ausleger der Gedanken eines jeden ſeiner Bürger.

Ew. Majeſtät beſteigen den Thron Ihrer glorreichen Vorfahren in einem Zeitpunkte, den Schwächlinge bedenklich, den große Seelen beneidenswerth finden müſſen. Gut regieren war immer ein ſchweres Amt. Aber ehemals bedurfte es faſt nur glücklicher Naturgaben, um dieſem hohen Beruf gewachſen zu ſeyn. Jetzt iſt es die erhabenſte, die geiſtigſte von allen Künſten geworden. Einförmige und gehorſame Maſſen mit wohlwollender Willkühr zu lenken, war immer ein belohnendes, und oft ein ſehr verdienſtvolles Geſchäft. Aber in einen unendlich mannigfaltigen, ſelbſtſtändigen, und widerſtrebenden Stoff Ordnung und Einheit zu bringen, und Ordnung und Einheit darin zu erhalten — dieſer Genuß, dieſer Triumph war den Regenten unſerer Tage aufbewahrt.

Der Geiſt dieſer Zeit weiſt die Menſchen über das Ziel ihrer eignen Beſtrebungen hinaus. Sie vor ihren Ausſchweifungen zu beſchützen, ohne ihre Kräfte zu lähmen, das iſt das ſchöne Problem, was jetzt auf einem Throne gelöſet werden ſoll. Das wahre Wachsthum der Menſchheit gedeiht nicht in Stürmen und Ungewittern. Die Wolken, woraus dieſe ſich zuſammenziehen, mit fernſehender Weisheit zu zerſtreuen, dem Bürger in der Anordnung und Verwaltung ſeines Staates ein ſichres und untrügliches Werkzeug zur Erreichung aller ſeiner gerechten Zwecke zu zeigen, mit Wohlwollen ſtark, mit Stärke wohlwollend zu ſeyn, das Ganze mit gewaltiger Hand zu umfaſſen, und doch jedes einzelne Glied nur ſanft und leiſe zu berühren: — das ſind die Thaten, wodurch jetzt wahre Unſterblichkeit zu erringen iſt; das ſind die Thaten, die wir mit beſcheidener Sehnſucht, die wir mit liebevoller Zuverſicht von Ew. Majeſtät erwarten dürfen.

Das Vertrauen der Unterthanen iſt das wahre Lebens-Princip einer Regierung. Sie kann ohne Zweifel durch bloße Macht dauern, und Jahrhunderte dauern; aber ſie kann ohne Vertrauen nicht leben, das heißt, ſich ihrer ſelbſt als einer Kraft bewußt ſeyn, die eine große Organiſation geſetzmäßig und wohlthätig bewegt. Ueberdies iſt die Frage: Ob bloße Gewalt Regierungen gründet? für uns glücklicher Weiſe eine müßige: denn in Ew. Majeſtät Herzen war ſie längſt entſchieden.

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faſſungen regierten Staaten zu beneiden haben und dort nur Fortſchritte erblicken, während wir uns nicht zu erheben und gegen ſie ebenbürtig in die Schranken zu treten vermögen! Wollte man die Reaction gegen den Geiſt unſerer Zeit in Deutſchland möglich machen, ſo müßte man damit anfangen, dem franzöſiſchen und dem niederländiſchen Volke die Verfaſſungen, die dieſe jetzt beſitzen, zu entziehen, was in den Jahren 1814 und 1815 wenigſtens hätte verſucht werden können. Es jetzt noch verſuchen wollen, wäre nichts minder, als die Welt aus ihren Angeln heben wollen!)

2° Que l'art de régner est changé, parce que les esprits sont changés.

3° Que le mouvement du monde ne s'arrêtera pas jusqu'au complément de la refonte sociale qui est entamée.

4° Que ce grand ouvrage doit être fait d'ensemble et avec uniformité.

5° Que cette refonte est l'objet unique de l'attention et des voeux des hommes.

6° Que tout ce qui la contrarie n'est propre qu'à aigrir l'esprit de ceux qui y travaillent, c'est-à-dire de l'universalité du genre humain.

7° Qu'il n'existe point de démocratie en Europe, mais qu'on peut la créer par malfaçon.

8° Que le passé et le présent sont, à l'égard l'un de l'autre, des métaux réfractaires qui ne se fondront jamais ensemble, et dont tous les efforts ne feront jamais du métal de Corinthe.

9° Qu'informer contre l'esprit humain est dangereux, et que lui faire un procès est s'exposer à en payer les frais.

10° Qu'à Carlsbad, comme partout, on doit s'abstenir d'entrer [illegible] contre lui.

haben uns noch zu leicht ein großes Publikum. In eine verwandte Categorie gehören die ekelhaften und ſchamloſen Schriften, welche in Deutſchland ununterbrochen in allen öffentlichen Blättern — ja ſogar in der Zeitung für die elegante Welt — über die zarteſten Geſchlechts- und Lebens-Verhältniſſe unter die Lüſternheit höchſt aufregenden Titeln, als z. B. „Ueber den — — wie man ſich vor, bei und nach demſelben zu verhalten habe" — u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w. angezeigt und lobpreiſend von eben ſo ſchamloſen Verlegern ausgeboten werden dürfen, ohne daß Polizey oder Cenſur etwas dabei zu erinnern fänden! — Merkwürdig iſt es, daß die Berliner Zeitungen zur Zeit der größten Preßfreiheit im Preußiſchen Staate die alle Ehre, Zucht und Schamhaftigkeit ins Geſicht ſchlagenden Anzeigen der Schriften dieſer Art von unſern Albrecht, Bergeheim, Becker und wie die Herren weiter heißen, nicht aufnehmen durften, daß ſie aber jetzt (geſchrieben 1819. d. Herausg.) unbedenklich darin aufgenommen werden

*) Von Friedrich von Gentz, damals K. Preuß. Kriegsrath, gegenwärtig K. Oeſtr. Hofrath. Man ſehe über ihn Allg. Deutſche Real-Enc. 5. Aufl. 4r Band S. 160 — 162.

Das erſte Unterpfand Ihres Vertrauens, iſt das Gefühl, an einem Tage, wie der gegenwärtige, mit ehrfurchtsvoller Freimüthigkeit zum Monarchen reden zu dürfen. Fern ſey die übereilte Anmaßung, Ew. Majeſtät eignen Entſchlüſſen vorzugreifen, Rathſchläge zu ertheilen, die eine erleuchtete Wahl ſchon an ihrer ächten Quelle zu ſuchen wiſſen wird, oder mit einigen allgemeinen Grundſätzen die unermeßliche Reihe von Aufgaben, durch welche ſich das große und mühevolle Leben eines Königes winden muß, umfaſſen zu wollen. Aber ein beſcheidner Blick auf die vornehmſten Zweige der Verwaltung des Preußiſchen Staates; ein frommer, ein patriotiſcher Wunſch, der einen ſolchen Blick natürlich begleitet; ein treuer Ausdruck deſſen, was der Geringſte im Volke dunkel, der Gebildete deutlicher und entwickelter denkt — dies, Allergnädigſter König, ſind die erſten Lebenszeichen, welche die Morgenröthe einer neuen Regierung beleuchten, dies ſind die erſten Freudengeſänge, womit eine Nation ihren neuen Beherrſcher begrüßen muß. Ew. Majeſtät gehen einer ſo großen Beſtimmung entgegen, ein ſo großer Schauplatz liegt vor Ihren Augen aufgedeckt, ſo große Gefühle erheben in dieſem Augenblicke Ihre Bruſt, daß Nichts als was groß, alſo nichts als was wahr iſt, ſich Ihnen nähern darf. Es gibt in dem Zeitalter, worin wir leben, nur eine einzige ächt-ſchmeichelhafte Art, einen Monarchen zu verehren — daß man ihn für würdig erkenne, die Wahrheit zu vernehmen; nur eine einzige wahrhaft verdienſtliche Art Ihm zu dienen — daß man ſie Ihm keinen Augenblick verhülle.

Was der Preußiſche Staat in dieſem Augenblicke iſt, vermögen Ew. Majeſtät aus dem erhabnen Standpuncte, in welchen das Schickſal Sie geſtellt hat, beſſer als irgend einer Ihrer Unterthanen zu beurtheilen. Die Vorzüge und die Mängel, die Kräfte und die Schwächen, die Krankheiten und die Heilmittel der großen Maſchine entfalten ſich am beſten vor dem, welcher das Ganze überſchaut. Es wäre eben ſo unnütz, mit Lobpreiſungen des Guten, welches wir genießen, als mit Klagen über die Uebel, welche uns drücken, oder drückten, vor Ew. Majeſtät Thron zu treten. Noch viel unnützer wäre es, in der Vergangenheit zu wühlen. Die Vergangenheit gehört der Geſchichte; unſer Ziel, das eigenthümliche Erbtheil aller menſchlichen Weisheit — iſt die Zukunft. Wir gehen ihr mit jugendlichem Muthe und jugendlichen Hoffnungen entgegen. Das Gedächtniß deſſen, was wir als Uebel fühlten, ſoll uns bloß zur Erhöhung des gegenwärtigen Genuſſes, deſſen, was wir für Fehler hielten, bloß zum Leitſtern auf der künftigen Laufbahn dienen.

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Das erſte Verhältniß des Staates, welches ſich unſerm Auge darbietet, iſt das, worin er als ganzer Staat auftritt: ſein Verhältniß gegen andre Staaten. Nach der Natur der Dinge ſollte es nur den zweiten Rang behaupten: aber bei der Lage, in welcher Europa ſich befindet, bei der wechſelſeitigen engen Verbindung, die das Völker-Syſtem dieſes Welttheils ſeit einigen Jahrhunderten geſtiftet, bei der unvermeidlichen Einwirkung eines Staates auf die andern, die dies wohlthätige und gefahrvolle Syſtem geſchaffen hat, ſind die auswärtigen Verhältniſſe eines Reiches die weſentliche Bedingung ſeiner innern Wohlfahrt, und faſt ohne Ausnahme die erſte Quelle, woraus ſein Glück oder ſein Verderben herfließt, geworden. Die Leitung dieſer Verhältniſſe behauptet daher, wenn nicht uneingeſchränkt den erſten, doch gewiß einen ſehr hohen Rang unter den Staats-Geſchäften.

Nach allem, was die Vernunft über die Kriege gelehrt, nach allem, was die ſchrecklichſten Erfahrungen, was die noch friſch blutende der ſechs entſetzlichen Jahre die Europa durchlebte, zur Beſtätigung ihrer Lehren gelegt hat, wäre jede Schilderung der Schrecklichkeit dieſes Uebels eitle Declamation. Es gab eine Zeit, wo man von Vortheilen ſprach, die durch Kriege erkauft werden konnten. Eine aufgeklärtere Staatskunſt hat dieſe Idee in das Reich der Träume, der verführeriſchen Träume verwieſen. Es gibt keinen poſitiven Vortheil, der nicht durch einen Krieg viel zu theuer erkauft würde. Nur negativer Gewinn, nur Abwendung größerer Uebel, der wenigen noch größern, welche die Vernunft anerkennt, nur wahre, eiſerne Nothwendigkeit, können und müſſen den Entſchluß zum Kriege begründen und rechtfertigen. Jede andre Lehre iſt nicht bloß verderblich, ſondern frevelhaft.

Den Krieg abzuwenden — das muß alſo der Richtpunkt aller politiſchen Maßregeln, das Ziel aller militäriſchen Anſtrengungen, der letzte Gipfel aller diplomatiſchen Weisheit ſeyn. Auf dieſen erhabenſten aller Zwecke müſſen Macht und Klugheit in unabläſſiger Vereinigung hinarbeiten.

Die erſte Bedingung aber, für einen großen Staat, der bei der jetzigen politiſchen Lage von Europa den Krieg vermeiden will, iſt die — daß er beſtändig dazu gerüſtet ſey. Denn wenn gleich ſeine Gerechtigkeit hinreicht, ihn gegen gerechte Angriffe ſicher zu ſtellen, ſo kann nur ſeine Furchtbarkeit allein ihn vor den ungerechten ſchützen. Ein ſtarkes und geübtes Kriegesheer iſt alſo noch immer Präliminar-Bedingung des Ruheſtandes.

Ew. Majeſtät beſitzen ein ſolches Heer, das trefflichſte, das geübteſte, deſſen ſich irgend ein Europäiſcher Staat zu rühmen hat. Dieſes Heer iſt ein halbes Jahrhundert lang das Muſter für Europa geweſen. Der ſchöpferiſche Geiſt des größten Generals, den die Kriegs-Geſchichte der neuern Zeit, und eines der größten Männer, den die Weltgeſchichte aller Zeiten aufzuweiſen hat, webt und athmet in dieſem Heere. Unſre Fürſten ſtanden, und ſtehen noch, an der Spitze deſſelben. Von dieſer Seite bleibt uns nichts mehr zu wünſchen übrig. Die Lage des Staates erlaubt, und die innere Vollkommenheit der Armee erheiſcht keine Haupt-Veränderung in der Mannszahl, in der Diſciplin, in der Organiſation derſelben. Die militäriſche Weisheit kann dieſes koſtbare und ehrwürdige Werkzeug unſrer politiſchen Sicherheit nach Umſtänden und Bedürfniſſen modificiren, wird es aber nicht mehr umgeſtalten.

Bei den meiſterhaften Anordnungen, welche dieſe Armee in ſtets ununterbrochener Uebung erhalten, bei der raſtloſen Thätigkeit, die dieſe Anordnungen unaufhörlich belebt, bei der Höhe der taktiſchen Kunſt, die ſie einmal und für immer erreicht hat, bei dem ſtolzen Bewußtſeyn, bei dem feurigen Ehrgefühl, welches allen Mitgliedern derſelben, den höhern wie den niedrigern beiwohnt — kann auch der anhaltendſte Friede ihr nicht gefährlich werden. Ein Feldzug iſt nur die Fortſetzung ihrer täglichen Operationen, nur die unmittelbare Anwendung deſſen, was längſt bei ihr zur andern Natur geworden war. Sie wird nach zwanzig-, nach fünfzigjähriger Ruhe, ſobald die ernſte Stunde der wahren Kriegs-Nothwendigkeit — Vertheidigung des Vaterlandes gegen den ungerechten Angriff — ſchlägt, nichts weiter zum Siege nöthig haben, als gute Feldherren: und dieſe ſind in dem Hauſe Friedrichs II ſo einheimiſch, in dem Wirkungskreiſe, den ſein Andenken beſeelt, ſo unvergänglich, als ſein Ruhm.

Die militäriſche Macht muß auswärtigen Staaten die Neigung, aber die diplomatiſche Klugheit muß ihnen, mit der Neigung, auch ſelbſt die Veranlaſſung zu Feindſeligkeiten benehmen.

Ganz iſolirt von dem großen Staaten-Bunde kann der mächtigſte Staat nicht leben und ſicher ſeyn. Denn ſelbſt die Maxime einer unerſchütterlichen Gerechtigkeit gegen unabhängige Mächte — an und für ſich die oberſte Bedingung eines dauerhaften Friedens — kann nur dann abſolute Sicherheit bewirken, wenn alle andre von einem ähnlichen Geiſte geleitet werden. Verbindungen ſind alſo unvermeidlich; das große Geſchäft iſt nur, ſie mit Klugheit zu wählen, und mit Geſchicklichkeit zu behandeln. Die geographiſche, commercielle, politiſche, militäriſche Lage eines jeden Staates zeichnet ihm die Bündniſſe vor, die ſeine größte Aufmerkſamkeit verdienen. Wenn es auch unter dem beſtändigen Wechſel der politiſchen Verhältniſſe nicht möglich ſeyn ſollte, immer auf einer und derſelben diplomatiſchen Linie zu bleiben, ſo muß doch in einem jeden nach weiſen Grundſätzen regierten Staate die beſtändige Tendenz herrſchen, jene Bündniſſe, die man mit Recht natürliche nennt, aufrecht zu halten, und wenn Umſtände ſie gewaltſam zerſchlugen, wieder herzuſtellen. Eine lange Erfahrung hat gelehrt, daß die Staaten ſich im Ganzen immer wohl dabei befanden, wenn ſie ihren Bündniſſen treu blieben, und daß der Zeitraum, wo Launen, Irrthümer oder Ränke, ſie auf eine entgegengeſetzte Bahn ſchleuderten, auch der Zeitpunkt ihres Verfalls, wenigſtens einer unverkennbaren Abnahme ihrer Kräfte war. Das jetzige Jahrhundert hat davon, der kleinern nicht zu gedenken, zwei große und ſehr unterrichtende Beiſpiele aufgeſtellt.

In welchem Syſteme aber auch die Zeitumſtände, die Bedürfniſſe unſers Staates, und das Betragen der auswärtigen die Preußiſche Monarchie nöthigen mögen — nur eine verlaſſe uns nie: ein heller, feſter und conſequenter Gang in dem einmal gewählten Pfade. Mit Freude und Beruhigung ſagen wir es uns, daß Treue und Beharrlichkeit zu den hervorſtechendſten Eigenſchaften gehören, die Ew. Majeſtät perſönlichen Charakter zieren. Mit Freude und Beruhigung: denn nichts ſetzt die äußere Würde, mithin die Selbſtſtändigkeit, und zuletzt das innre Vermögen eines Staates tiefer herab, als ein unaufhörliches Schwanken zwiſchen entgegengeſetzten Syſtemen, oder was ſchwindliger als alles iſt, der gänzliche Mangel eines Syſtems. Die Preußiſche Monarchie iſt groß genug, um offen und redlich zu ſeyn: ſie kann ihre Pläne, ihre Bündniſſe, ihre politiſchen Operationen, mit Nachdruck und Zuverſicht verfolgen: ſie darf nicht mit verhülltem Haupte unter kleinlichen Kabalen, unwürdigen Doppelſpielen, und künſtlich verwebten Widerſprüchen einhergehen. Die Preußiſche Monarchie kann die Ehrfurcht aller großen Staaten erzwingen, das Vertrauen aller kleinen verdienen, und auf das erhabne Amt eines Schiedsrichters von Europa auch jetzt noch gerechte Anſprüche machen. In Ew. Majeſtät Hand ſteht es, dieſen Anſprüchen eine neue Schwungkraft zu verleihen.

Wenn der Staat durch ein mächtiges Kriegsheer in die glückliche Lage geſetzt iſt, den Krieg nicht fürchten zu dürfen, und durch weiſe Leitung der auswärtigen Verhältniſſe in die noch viel glücklichere, ihn anhaltend zu vermeiden, alsdann kann ſich die ganze Aufmerkſamkeit des Monarchen auf die Bedürfniſſe der innern Verwaltung richten.

Jeder der beiden Haupt-Zweige, in welche dieſe Verwaltung zerfällt: die Rechtspflege, und die Adminiſtration des Staats-Vermögens — bedarf einer eigenthümlichen, durch die charakteriſtiſche Verſchiedenheit der Geſchäfte beſtimmten Sorgfalt. Die Rechtspflege, die einer unwandelbaren Neutralität; die Finanz-Adminiſtration, die einer ununterbrochnen Wachſamkeit. Dieſe gedeiht nur, wenn ſie mit feſter und geſchickter Hand geleitet, jene nur, wenn ſie ſich ſelbſt überlaſſen wird.

Die Verwaltung des Rechts iſt ſeit einem halben Jahrhundert eine der glänzendſten Seiten, der wahre Stolz der Preußiſchen Civil-Adminiſtration geweſen. Ein Geſetzbuch, welches der Vollkommenheit näher gerückt iſt, als irgend ein anderes der ältern und neuern Zeit; einfache, regelmäßige, verſtändliche, von der Vernunft gebilligte Formen; Gerichtshöfe, deren Ausſpruch ein langes unbeflecktes Vertrauen faſt zum Range eines Ausſpruchs der Gerechtigkeit ſelbſt erhob: — Das ſind die Grundpfeiler dieſes wohlerworbnen Ruhmes. Um der Zeit zu trotzen, um ſich immer tiefer in ihr Fundament zu ſenken, bedürfen ſie nichts weiter, als Schutz und Ruhe. Ew. Majeſtät gerechte und erleuchtete Regierung wird ihnen beides ſichern. Es iſt ein glänzendes Attribut des Monarchen, das Geſetz ſelbſt in ſeiner unverletzlichen Heiligkeit zu repräſentiren. Alles, was das Anſehen des Geſetzes untergräbt, Willkühr in den Rechtsgang bringt, und in der furchtbaren Geſtalt eines Machtſpruchs den erſchrocknen Bürger aus der letzten Verſchanzung ſeiner Sicherheit zu vertreiben droht: alles das iſt für den Monarchen Selbſt-Entheiligung, Selbſt-Verletzung ſeiner eignen höchſten Würde, und als ſolche nicht bloß aus den Maximen, ſchon aus den Neigungen eines großen und guten Königs verbannt.

Die Verwaltung des Staats-Vermögens — die zweite Haupt-Sorge der innern Adminiſtration — iſt in unſern Tagen, wo die Bedürfniſſe großer Staaten ſo unendlich geſtiegen ſind, wo ein ſehr anſehnlicher Theil des Privat-Reichthums zur Befriedigung dieſer Bedürfniſſe verwendet werden muß, wo jede allgemeine Maßregel in die innerſten Falten des Familien-Wohls greift, ein Gegenſtand von erſter, faſt mit Nichts zu vergleichender Wichtigkeit geworden. Die Finanz-Adminiſtration iſt nicht nur der Lebensgeiſt jeder Staats-Operation, ſondern auch das oberſte Richtmaß aller Privatgeſchäfte, aller Induſtrie, folglich aller öffentlichen und individuellen Wohlfahrt. Nirgends iſt der Einfluß der Regierung auf die Geſammtheit der Unterthanen, und zugleich auf jeden Einzelnen, ſo unmittelbar wohlthätig, oder ſo unmittelbar drückend als hier.

Zweckmäßige Vertheilung der Geſchäfte, regelmäßige Aufſicht und wechſelſeitige Controlle, Ordnung und ernſte Genauigkeit im Caſſen-Weſen, befriedigende Klarheit und wachſame Strenge im Rechnungs-Syſtem: — kurz alles, was die Grundlage und das Gerüſt einer guten Finanz-Adminiſtration ausmacht, befindet ſich in der Preußiſchen Monarchie in einer muſterhaften Verfaſſung. Nur davon allein hängt unſer Glück ab, daß die Hand der Weisheit bei der Beſtimmung der Ausgaben, daß die Hand der Weisheit bei der Wahl der Mittel zur Einnahme ſichtbar, unabläſſig ſichtbar ſey.

Wir ſagen es uns mit Entzücken: — denn wir fühlen, was dies in der gegenwärtigen Lage von Europa bedeutet — daß alles, was zu einem weiſen Haushalter auf dem Throne gehört, in Ew. Majeſtät aufs glücklichſte vereinigt iſt. Nur zum Wohl Aller, nur zum Flor und zum weſentlichen Glanze des Staates, wird die anſehnliche Maſſe von Kräften verwendet werden, worüber Ew. Majeſtät von nun an uneingeſchränkt gebieten. Sparſamkeit und Freigebigkeit werden im wohlthätigſten Verhältniſſe gemiſcht erſcheinen. Nie werden für große und erhabne Zwecke, für die Vertheidigung des Staates, für die Unterſtützung der Nothleidenden, für Plane zur Bildung der Bürger, zur Verbeſſerung oder Verſchönerung des Landes, zur Erleichterung der geſellſchaftlichen Laſten, — nie werden für wahre Bedürfniſſe die Mittel der Ausführung fehlen, nie werden ſie für eingebildete zu erwarten ſeyn.

Eben ſo wichtig aber, als Ordnung in der Ausgabe, iſt Sorgfalt bei der Wahl der Quellen, woraus die Einnahme fließt.

Die ausgebreiteten Domänen, welche Ew. Majeſtät in den meiſten Ihrer Provinzen beſitzen, ſind ein ſchätzbares Capital, von deſſen Einkünften ein beträchtlicher Theil der Staats-Ausgaben beſtritten wird. Ein menſchenfreundliches Syſtem hat ſich neuerlich gegen die großen Bezirke, in welche dieſe Domänen bisher vertheilt waren, erklärt, und die Zerſpaltung derſelben in kleinere Beſitzungen angerathen. Es ſind ſogar Proben mit dieſer Theorie in Ew. Majeſtät Staaten angeſtellt worden. Wie glücklich ſie auch im einzelnen ausfallen mögen, die Beibehaltung der großen Arrondiſſements hat im Ganzen mächtige Gründe für ſich. Die größte, und aus einem Mittelpunkte geleitete Bewirthſchaftung derſelben iſt gerade dazu geſchickt, große und einleuchtende Beiſpiele zur Nachahmung aufzuſtellen, und durch einſichtsvolle Thätigkeit, durch glückliche Combinationen der verſchiednen Zweige der Oekonomie, durch Einführung neuer Methoden zur Verbeſſerung des Bodens und Veredlung der Produkte, durch geſchickte Behandlung des wichtigen Verhältniſſes zwiſchen Gutsherrſchaft und Unterthanen, vielleicht gar durch eine gelungene Auflöſung des in unſern Tagen ſo ſtreitigen Problems der Dienſtpflichtigkeit, jedem andern Gutsbeſitzer zum belehrenden Muſter zu dienen. Dieſer Vortheil möchte den günſtigen Wirkungen jenes, immer etwas gewagten, in Rückſicht auf die Revenüen ſogar etwas unſicheren Syſtems, wohl das Gleichgewicht halten.

Die Domänen-Einkünfte ſind nicht groß genug, um die geſammten Staats-Ausgaben zu decken; es iſt alſo eine unvermeidliche Nothwendigkeit, Abgaben von den Bürgern zu fordern. Dieſe Nothwendigkeit fühlt der Gemeinſte wie der Unterrichtetſte; und — ohne zu entſcheiden, ob die Thatſache der Regierung oder den Unterthanen zu größerer Ehre gereicht — ſo viel iſt gewiß, daß kein Land in Europa die Laſt der Abgaben mit einer ſo vernünftigen Ergebung, mit einer ſo aufgeklärten Bereitwilligkeit trägt, als das unſrige. Der Umfang dieſer Abgaben hängt natürlich von dem jedesmaligen Umfange der Bedürfniſſe des Staates, die Geſtalt, in welcher ſie erhoben werden, von den Anordnungen der Adminiſtration ab. Mit unbegränzter Zuverſicht können wir darauf rechnen, daß Ew. Majeſtät dieſe wichtige Parthie nur den einſichtsvollſten und geprüfteſten Männern übertragen werden. Eine einzige Bemerkung, weil ſie die allgemeine Zufriedenheit ſo weſentlich intereſſirt, ein einziger Wunſch, weil er dunkler oder entwickelter in allen Gemüthern liegt, begleite hier den Ausdruck unſrer wohlgegründeten Hoffnungen.

Jede Abgabe hat ihre eigenthümliche Wirkung, und beſchränkt auf eine ihr eigenthümliche Art das Eigenthum, die Induſtrie, und die Freiheit der Bürger; denn jede Abgabe iſt an und für ſich ein Uebel, obgleich ein nothwendiges Uebel und die Bedingung alles Guten, welches die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft uns zuführt. Haben ſich die Einwohner eines Landes an eine gewiſſe Form der Beſchränkung gewöhnt, ſo hört dieſe beinahe auf, eine Laſt zu ſeyn; ſie wird ein für allemal bei allen bürgerlichen Unternehmungen und Verhandlungen in Abrechnung gebracht. Legt man ihnen aber die Beſchränkung in einer veränderten Form auf, ſo werden alle bisherigen Verhältniſſe verrückt, und ein zehnmal geringerer neuer Druck wird zehnmal ſtärker als der gewohnte gefühlt. Nichts iſt daher für das glückliche Einverſtändniß zwiſchen der Regierung und den Unterthanen bedenklicher, als die Einführung neuer Claſſen von Abgaben, oder gar die Wiedererweckung ſolcher, von denen man ſich auf immer erlöſet glaubte. Mehren ſich die Bedürfniſſe des Staates, treten neue unvorhergeſehene Ausgaben hervor, ſo iſt es unendlich vortheilhafter, die ſchon vorhandnen Auflagen zu erhöhen, als neue zu errichten. Aus eben dem Grunde iſt die Vervielfältigung der Abgaben überhaupt nachtheilig. Das, was der Staat nöthig hat, unter wenigen einfachen Rubriken zu erheben — das iſt wahre Staats-Oekonomie und wahre politiſche Weisheit.

Sobald der Bürger ſeine Schuld an den Staat abgetragen hat, kann der freie Gebrauch ſeines Eigenthums in keinem Falle mehr beſchränkt werden, als wenn er — nicht etwa der Gemeinheit, ſondern — den Rechten eines andern zu nahe tritt. Jede Beſchränkung über dieſe Gränze hinaus iſt Gewerbezwang; und nichts, auch nicht die wohlthätigſte Abſicht des Urhebers, kann ſie rechtfertigen. Unter Ew. Majeſtät erhabnem Scepter müſſe Alles, was nicht die ſtrengſte Nothwendigkeit bindet, ungehindert ſich regen und bewegen! Jeder ſuche ſeinen Vortheil auf dem erlaubten Wege, der ihm der nächſte zum Ziele dünkt; jeder benutze ſeine Kräfte in dem Kreiſe, den ihm ſeine freie Wahl verzeichnete. Kein abſchreckendes Monopol, kein niederſchlagendes Verbot, kein kleinlicher Nothbehelf eingebildeter Beſorgniſſe, keine Einmiſchung in die Privat-Induſtrie durch unnütze Reglements, hindre den Landwirth, den Fabrikanten, den Kaufmann, aus ſeinem mit Freiheit hervorgebrachten Produkt den größten möglichen Gewinn zu ziehen. Was reichlich gedeihen, was Fruchtbarkeit aller Art um ſich her verbreiten, was zum Flor und zum Glanze des Staates und eben dadurch zur Verherrlichung des Monarchen mitwirken ſoll — muß den Zwang nicht einmal fürchten, vielweniger fühlen.

Von allem aber, was Feſſeln ſcheut, kann nichts ſo wenig ſie ertragen, als der Gedanke des Menſchen. Der Druck, der dieſen trifft, iſt nicht blos ſchädlich, weil er das Gute verhindert, ſondern auch, weil er unmittelbar das Böſe befördert. Von Religionszwang darf hier die Rede nicht mehr ſeyn. Er gehört zu den veralteten Uebeln, worüber zu einer Zeit, wo weit eher die gänzliche Entkräftung religiöſer Ideen, als ein fanatiſcher Misbrauch derſelben zu beſorgen iſt, nur noch ſeichte Schwätzer declamiren. Mit der Freiheit der Preſſe verhält es ſich anders. Von einer falſchen, durch die Zeitumſtände wenigſtens entſchuldigten Anſicht geleitet, könnten hier ſelbſt weiſere Männer ein Syſtem begünſtigen, welches, aus ſeinem wahren Standpunkte betrachtet, dem Intereſſe der Regierung nachtheiliger iſt, als es je, auch in ſeiner ſchlimmſten Ausdehnung, den Rechten des Bürgers werden kann.

Was, ohne alle Rückſicht auf andre Gründe, jedes Geſetz, welches Preßzwang gebietet, entſcheidend und peremtoriſch verdammt, iſt der weſentliche Umſtand, daß es, ſeiner Natur nach, nicht aufrecht erhalten werden kann. Wenn man einem eben ſolchen Geſetze nicht ein wahres Inquiſitions-Tribunal macht, ſo iſt es in unſern Tagen unmöglich, ihm Anſehen zu verſchaffen. Die Leichtigkeit, Ideen ins Publikum zu bringen, iſt ſo groß, daß jede Maßregel, die ſie beſchränken will, vor ihr zum Geſpötte wird. Wenn aber Geſetze dieſer Art auch nicht wirken, ſo können ſie doch erbittern, und das iſt eben das Verderbliche, daß ſie erbittern, ohne zu ſchrecken. Sie reizen gerade diejenigen, gegen welche ſie gerichtet ſind, zu einem Widerſtande, der nicht immer nur glücklich bleibt, ſondern am Ende ſogar rühmlich wird. Die armſeligſten Produkte, denen ihr innrer Gehalt nicht ein Leben von zwei Stunden ſichern würde, drängen ſich in den Umlauf, weil eine Art von Muth mit ihrer Hervorbringung verknüpft zu ſeyn ſcheint. Die nüchternſten Scribenten fangen an für „helle Köpfe" zu gelten, und die ſeichten erheben ſich auf einmal zu „Märtyrern der Wahrheit." Tauſend bösartige Inſekten, die Ein Sonnenſtrahl der Wahrheit und des Genies verſcheucht hätte, ſchleichen ſich jetzt, begünſtiget von der Finſterniß, die man ihnen gefliſſentlich ſchuf, an die unbewahrten Gemüther des Volkes, und ſetzen ihr Gift — als wäre es eine verbotne Koſtbarkeit — bis auf den letzten Tropfen ab. Das einzige Gegengift — die Produkte der beſſern Schriftſteller — verliert ſeine Kraft, weil der Unterrichtete nur allzuleicht den, welcher von Schranken ſpricht, mit dem verwechſelt, welcher die ungerechten gut heißt.

Nicht alſo, weil der Staat oder die Menſchheit dabei intereſſirt wäre, ob in dieſem von Büchern umfluteten Zeitalter tauſend Schriften mehr oder weniger das Licht erblicken, ſondern weil Ew. Majeſtät zu groß ſind, um einen fruchtloſen und eben deshalb ſchädlichen Kampf mit kleinen Gegnern zu kämpfen: — darum ſey Preßfreiheit das unwandelbare Prinzip Ihrer Regierung. Für geſetzwidrige Thaten, für Schriften, die den Charakter ſolcher Thaten anziehen, müſſe Jeder verantwortlich, ſtrenge verantwortlich ſeyn: aber die bloße Meinung finde keinen andern Widerſacher, als die entgegengeſetzte, und, wenn ſie irrig iſt, die Wahrheit. Nie kann dies Syſtem einem wohlgeordneten Staate Gefahr bereiten, nie hat es einem ſolchen geſchadet! Wo es verderblich wurde, da war die Zerſtörung ſchon vorangegangen, und der gefräßige Schwarm wuchs nur aus der Verweſung hervor!

Wenn dem Bürger eines Staates alles, was zum erlaubten Genuß des Lebens und zur Entwickelung ſeiner Kräfte gehört, offen ſteht; wenn er, gegen die Angriffe auswärtiger Feinde geſchützt, ſein frei gewähltes Gewerbe in ungeſtörter Ruhe betreiben kann; wenn ihm eine ſtrenge, unpartheiiſche, durch keinen Eingriff der Willkühr gehemmte Rechtsverwaltung die Garantie ſeines Eigenthums und die beruhigende Ausſicht gewährt, daß nie einer ſeiner Mitbürger mächtiger ſeyn wird, als die Geſetze; wenn billige, gleichförmige, nach einfachen Grundſätzen geordnete, ohne Druck und Chikane erhobne Abgaben ihm nur ſo viel von ſeinen Einkünften entziehen, als zur Erhaltung des Staates erforderlich iſt, und eine weiſe und gewiſſenhafte Adminiſtration die zweckmäßige Verwendung ſeiner Beiträge verbürgt; wenn keine ungerechte oder übelverſtandene Einſchränkungen ihn hindern, ſeine Fähigkeiten, ſeine Kenntniſſe, ſein Vermögen, nach eigner Neigung und Einſicht, nach der Idee, die er ſelbſt von ſeinem Vortheile hat, zu benutzen; wenn er überdies ſeine Gedanken über alles, was ihn umgibt, vortragen, und ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen ſogar ſeine Irrthümer und ſeine Grillen mittheilen darf; wenn endlich die Regierung die edle Bereitwilligkeit, das, was noch in der Organiſation des Staates fehlerhaft ſeyn möchte, zu verbeſſern, durch Thaten darlegt: — dann iſt alles erſchöpft, was der Menſch in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft ſuchte. Die Vereinigung dieſer Güter, aber auch nur die Vereinigung derſelben, füllt die ganze Sphäre der Wünſche und Erwartungen eines vernünftigen Weſens aus. Die, welche lehren mögten, daß es mit „etwas weniger" gethan ſey, ſind geheime Bundesgenoſſen, oder unbewußte Mitarbeiter derer, welche mehr verlangen. Wer aber mehr verlangt, iſt ein Feind der Ordnung, des Friedens, der mühſam erworbnen Schätze einer langen Cultur, ein Feind der fortſchreitenden Vervollkommnung des Menſchen, — ein Feind Ew. Majeſtät und des Vaterlandes!

Der Inbegriff dieſer Güter iſt die bürgerliche Freiheit, die unter einer monarchiſchen Verfaſſung bis zu ihrer höchſten Reiſe gedeihen kann. Was jenſeits derſelben liegt — davon trennen uns fürchterliche Abgründe, undurchdringliche Nächte, das grauenvolle Chaos allgemeiner Zerrüttung, das Interregnum aller ſittlichen Grundſätze, ein wüſter Schauplatz von Trümmern, Thränen und Blut! — Mehr als ein unglückliches Volk iſt vor unſern Augen in dieſen bodenloſen Schlund geſtürzt, und hat mit einer Maſſe von Elend, worunter die Einbildungskraft erliegt, die Fehler ſeiner Regierung, aber die Schuld ſeiner eignen Thorheiten gebüßt. Vor dieſem letzten und größten aller Uebel wird uns auf immer Preußens guter Genius bewahren; ſo lange Ew. Majeſtät uns beherrſchen, iſt jede Beſorgniß fern; ein unumwölkter Himmel verkündigt den ſeligſten Tag. Von einer weitverbreiteten Gährung unberührt, in einem rings umher tobenden Sturme aufrecht zu bleiben, iſt wahrlich kein kleiner Gewinn: dies ſtille Glück bewirkt, dies ſtille Glück bewahrt zu haben, wird von nun an der höchſte Genuß, der höchſte Triumph im Leben eines guten Königes ſeyn.

Möge das ſchönſte Loos, das je einem Monarchen zu Theil ward, Ew. Majeſtät beſchieden ſeyn! Mögen günſtige Sterne jedes Uebel abwenden, welches die Weisheit nicht vorherſehen, oder beſiegen konnte! Möge, wie Ew. Majeſtät Privatleben aller ſtillen und häuslichen Tugenden reinſtes Vorbild, der Sammelplatz aller häuslichen Glückſeligkeiten war, ſo der balſamiſche Friede, der um große Gemüther ſchwebt, ſich auf den glücklichen Fürſten eines glücklichen Volkes herabſenken! Möge die Erhabne Prinzeſſin, der alle Herzen entgegen wallten, als der erſte Glanz Ihrer entzückenden Herrlichkeit über dem Horizonte dieſes Reiches aufging, die volle Erndte goldner Früchte theilen, die Ew. Majeſtät an dem edeln Stamme der allgemeinen Wohlfahrt entgegen reift! Möge eine ſo reizende Laufbahn ein fernes Ziel — für unſre Wünſche nie fern genug, — beſchließen! Möge, wenn einſt dieſes Ziel erreicht werden muß, Ew. Majeſtät angebeteter Name, mit Friedrich's Namen vermählt, zur glorreichen Unſterblichkeit wandeln!

Auguſt Samuel Gerber

als Schriftſteller Doro Caro genannt, ward am 3. Auguſt 1766 in Danzig geboren, ſtudirte auf der Univerſität zu Königsberg Theologie und ward 1790 Oberlehrer am Collegium Fridericianum daſelbſt, 1798 aber Prediger zu St. Lorenz und 1815 zu Morgen, wo er am 27. April 1821 ſtarb. —

Er gab heraus:

Preußiſche Blumenleſe für 1793 (gemeinſchaftlich mit J. D. Funk). Königsberg, 1793 in 12.
Novellen. Breslau und Leipzig, 1795—1797. 3 Thle.
Neue Novellen. Berlin, 1803. 1r. Th.
Chr. Jägers Lebensgeſchichte. Königsberg, 1804.
Mährchen und Erzählungen. Riga, 1809.
Ovids Schickſale während ſeiner Verbannung. Riga, 1809.
Neueſte Novellen. Leipzig, 1813.

Ein anmuthiger Erzähler, der, mit hübſcher Erfindungsgabe ausgeſtattet, ſeine Stoffe gut zu wählen und anziehend vorzutragen verſtand. —

Das Intelligenzblatt. *)

Der Amtmann Flurau war Beſitzer eines Gutes, das, an einen Fremden verpachtet, dennoch ſoviel abwarf, um ſeinem Herrn ein anſtändiges und gemächliches Leben zu verſchaffen. Er ſelbſt, noch in der Blüthe ſeines Lebens, noch kaum erſt ein Paar Jahre von Univerſitäten zurück, hatte ſich den Titel eines Fürſtlichen Amtmannes gekauft und wirthſchaftete mit ſeiner Schweſter, einem guten, fleißigen, und dem ländlichen Leben enthuſiaſtiſch ergebenen Mädchen, auf ſeinem ererbten Gute in weiſer Eingezogenheit. Das Studium der Litteratur, und der Genuß ſchuldloſer Freuden, welche die, in der Gegend ſeines Gutes vorzüglich reizende, Natur ihm darbot, war ſeine einzige Beſchäftigung; denn er konnte der Landwirthſchaft, eine etwanige poetiſche Bearbeitung ſeines Gartens ausgenommen, den Reiz nicht abgewinnen, den ſeine Schweſter daran fand.

Die beiden Geſchwiſter liebten ſich auf eine zärtliche Weiſe. Jedes von ihnen wußte, wie viel der andere zu ſeinem Glück und Freuden beitrüge, und fand alſo darin eine hohe Verpflichtung, dem andern, durch ein zuvorkommendes liebevolles Betragen, ganz das zu werden, was er ihm war. Bey dieſer ihrer zärtlichen Liebe gegen einander, waren beide nicht geſonnen, ſich durch eine Heirath jemalls zu trennen. Flurau hielt es für unwahrſcheinlich, ein ſo gutes Weib einmal zu bekommen, als ſeine Schweſter war, und Minchen glaubte, daß es keinen beſſeren Mann in der Welt geben könne, als ihren Bruder. Würklich hatten ſie in Abſicht auf die Menſchen, die ihnen bisher aufgeſtoßen waren, völlig Recht. Aber da ihr Vorurtheil zu allgemein war, ſo ſollte die Natur an ihnen ſich rächen.

Flurau war ein paſſionirter Fußgänger. Einige Meilen in der Gegend war kein Bach, keine Flur, kein Fußſteig, den er nicht zu Fuße bewandert hätte. Seine Nachbarn beſuchte er auf die nehmliche Art, und fuhr nur alsdann, wenn ſeine Schweſter irgend wohin mit wollte. Einer dieſer Spaziergänge zu Fuß ward Veranlaſſung zu ſehr wichtigen Veränderungen für ihn.

Es war ein ſchöner heiterer Tag im ſpäten Mai, der erſte ſeit einigen Wochen, der auf eine kalte unfreundliche naſſe Witterung folgte. Ihn entſchloß er ſich zu genießen, und den Pfarrer in Grünfelde zu beſuchen, der ehedem ſein academiſcher Freund, und jezt ſein häufigſter Umgang war. Der Ort lag ohngefähr anderthalb Meilen von ſeinem Gütchen entfernt. Mit der frühen Sonne wanderte er aus, um ſeinen Freund noch beim Morgenkaffee zu überraſchen. Seine Schweſter geleitete ihn bis an die Brücke über den Forellenbach, wo dieſer eine vom Wohnhauſe herablaufende Lindenallee durchſchneidet, und dann an der öſtlichen Seite des Gartens ſich fortwindet. Ein ſchönes Paar, das ein Tiſchbein ſitzen müßte, wenn er edle Einfachheit mahlen will. **) Beide höchſt ſimpel gekleidet, er in einem ſchlichten braunen Frak, mit abgeſchnittenem um den Nakken ſich kunſtlos ringelndem Haar, und einem runden Hute, der auf den oberen Theil ſeines Geſichtes ein gewiſſes Helldunkel warf, welches das brennende Feuer ſeiner großen ſchönen blauen Augen milderte. Sie, eine edle Form, in die Farbe der Unſchuld gehüllt, mit eben ſo ungeſchmücktem, natürlich wallendem Haare. Bei beiden eine Reinlichkeit im Anzuge, die an Eigenſinn grenzte, aber um ſo mehr ihre natürliche Schöne erhob. — Izt waren ſie am Scheidewege, Minna trennte ſich von ihrem Bruder mit einem ſchweſterlichen Kuſſe, und hüpfte dann in ihre Wohnung zurück, um ihrem Hünervolke die gewohnte Morgenſpeiſe zu bringen.

Flurau ſchritt raſch vorwärts, ohnerachtet der noch etwas ſchlüpfrige Fußſteig das Gehen erſchwerte, und ſein Weg eine Reihe von Hügeln immer höher hinanging. Ein ſeliger Genuß für unſern Flurau, der ſo empfänglich für Naturfreuden war, nach einer Reihe trüber Tage izt wieder in der erwärmten und erheiterten Luft wallen, und die tauſend Schönheiten, die rund um ihn ſich entwickelten, mit ſtarken Zügen einſaugen zu können. Nichts geht über einen Genuß der Art, wenn wir freien Sinnes dazu genug haben.

Eine Meile hatte er izt zurück gelegt, und damit zugleich die höchſte Spitze ſeines Weges erreicht. Jezt ſenkte ſich dieſer auf der andern Seite wieder allmählig nieder, und in der Ferne zeigte ſich in einem dunkeln Lindengebüſche die Thurmſpitze von Grünfelde. Noch ſtand Flurau oben, und beſchaute das reizende Gemählde, das vor ihm ausgebreitet lag, mit einem Vergnügen, als ob er es zum erſten mahle erblickte; da flog ihm ſchleunigſt ein Cabriolet entgegen, das in vollem Zuge den Hügel hinan fuhr. Jezt war es oben, die raſchen Pferde gleiten auf dem ſchlüpfrigen Wege, und verſcheuen ſich. Der Fuhrmann, der ſie in den Weg zu lenken ſucht, beachtet einen Stein nicht, der an demſelben lag, und das Vorderrad geht auch glücklich, wiewohl mit beträchtlicher Emporhebung des Cabriolets herüber. Jezt hob ſich das Hinterrad, die Pferde gleiten und ſpringen von neuem, dadurch wird das Fahrzeug zu hoch gebracht und — ſchlägt um.

Erſchrocken ſprang Flurau hinzu, um dem heraus ſtürzenden Fremden zu helfen. Es war ein junger Mann und ein junges Frauenzimmer. Flurau eilte dieſem, als dem ſchwächeren Theil zu Hülfe, und hob es auf. Das Mädchen, bleich von Schrecken und zitternd an allen Gliedern, hob ihre ſchönen Augen dankbar zum dienſtfertigen Fremdlinge auf. Nie noch hatte Flurau ſo ſchöne Augen geſehen. Elektriſch theilte ihr Zittern ihm ſich mit. Unwillkührlich und ſanft drückte er ſie an ſeinen Buſen, und fragte mit unausſprechlicher Theilnahme, aber halbgebrochner leiſer Stimme, ob ſie Schaden gelitten hätte? Nein, antwortete ſie ihm mit einer reizenden Stimme, und wandte beſchämt ihre Augen von ihm weg, als ob ſein Anblick ſie blendete. Jezt erſt ward Flurau das Unſchickliche gewahr, daß er ſie noch in ſeinen Armen hielt, und trat mit Achtung einige Schritte zurück.

Unterdeſſen hatte der junge Mann ſich mit größerer Mühe empor gearbeitet, und hielt nun eine pathetiſche Standrede ſeiner Unvorſichtigkeit, denn er hatte ſelbſt gefahren. Dann fing er an, die verſchiedenen Kleinigkeiten aufzuleſen, die aus der umgeſtürzten und aufgeſprungenen Kiſte herausgeflogen waren, während das Frauenzimmer ihren Anzug in Ordnung brachte. Flurau half dem Fremden treulich, wandte aber ſeine Augen oft und unwillkührlich auf ſeine erröthete Schöne, die dann jedesmahl ihre Blicke niederſchlug, weil auch ſie den ſchönen Mann verſtohlen angeblickt hatte. In einer kleinen halben Stunde war alles wieder in Ordnung, und die beiden Reiſenden ſaßen in ihrem Cabriolet. Flurau hatte dem Mädchen in den Wagen geholfen. Ihm deuchte, ihre ſchöne Hand, die er beim Abſchiede küßte, habe leiſe und unvermerklich die ſeinige gedrückt. Eine leichte Röthe überflog ſein Geſicht und ſein Herz klopfte lauter. Er wollte ſprechen, aber ſeine Stimme verſagte. „Nehmen Sie unſern herzlichſten Dank, erhob izt der junge Mann, indem er die Zügel faßte und die Peitſche ſchwang, und ſagen Sie mir, wem wir — hier ſprangen die Pferde auf, die den Schall der geſchwungenen Peitſche faßten und riſſen vorwärts. Das weitere hörte Flurau nicht mehr. Das Cabriolet entfernte ſich zu ſchnell, und er ſah nur noch die ſchöne Hand des Mädchens, die ihm zum Wagen hinaus ein Lebewohl zuſchwenkte.

„Wenn ſie doch nur keinen Schaden nähme,“ rief Flurau halb leiſe aus, und ſah den Wegfahrenden mit einer gewiſſen Aengſtlichkeit nach, die jedem, der ihn geſehen hätte, ſeinen dermahligen Seelenzuſtand verrathen haben würde. Schon längſt hatte der Wagen ſich in der Ferne verlohren, noch immer ruhten ſeine Augen auf der Spur, die er zurückließ. Endlich löſte ſich ſein lethargiſches Starren in die Ferne in einen Seufzer auf, er kehrte ſich um und ging nachdenkend und langſam den Hügel herab nach Grünfelde zu.

Sein Freund, der Pfarrer, fand ihn heute ungewöhnlich zerſtreut, und unterweilen ſehr ernſthaft, und nur erſt ſpät gelang es ihm, ſeinen Gaſt einigermaßen ins alte Gleis zu bringen. Aber nun verfiel er ins andre Extrem. Er ward munterer, als er irgend zu ſeyn pflegte, und verrieth eine gewiſſe luſtige Unruhe, die ihn nirgends an einer Stelle, oder bei einem Geſpräche lange weilen ließ. Die Sonne ſtand auch noch hoch am Horizonte, als er ſchon ſeinen Stab ergriff, und ohne ſeinen frühen Abſchied gehörig und glaubwürdig zu begründen, nach Hauſe eilte.

Raſcher als je ſtieg er den Hügel hinan. Es ſchien, als ob er ſonſt etwas wichtiges verſäumen würde. Aber kaum hatte er die Spitze erreicht, ſo ſezte er ſich nieder, und labte ſich an den Bildern der Vergangenheit. Vor ſeiner Seele gingen alle die Situationen vorüber, in denen er das liebe Geſchöpf, das nun ſein ganzes Weſen erfüllte, heute morgen geſehen hatte: Endlich ſchien es, als ob der Verſtand ſein Herz überraſchte, der Gedanke, daß er ſich hier in kindiſche Träume verliere, daß jenes Frauenzimmer vielleicht Weib und ihm überall unbekannt ſey, überflügelte ſein Geſicht mit einer leichten Schaamröthe: er ſprang auf und ging mit einer Schnelle in ſeine Heimath, als ob er ſich überreden wollte, er hätte ſein Herz völlig unter die Feſſeln des Verſtandes gefangen genommen.

Aber warum erwiederte er den herzlichen Gruß ſeiner Schweſter zu Hauſe nicht eben ſo herzlich, warum kam ſie ihm gerade heute ſo gar bekannt, ſo alltäglich vor, Warum? Das Herz in ſeinen Feſſeln ſpottete über den prahleriſchen Sieger, und gab deutlich zu verſtehen, daß es in Minna nicht mehr das Ideal weiblicher Vollkommenheit erblicke, ſondern ein reizenderes Ideal gefunden habe.

Minna entging die wichtige Veränderung nicht, die mit ihrem Bruder vorgegangen war. Wir überlaſſen es ihr, mit weiblicher Feinheit ihrem Bruder das Geheimniß zu entlocken, das wir nun ſchon wiſſen, und ſehen uns nach dem Geſchwiſter um.

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*) Aus: Novellen von Doro Caro. Breſl. u. Leipz. 1796.

**) Als der Verf. dieſe Stelle ſchrieb, lebte der vortreffliche Künſtler noch.

Schweſter und Bruder waren es, die in demſelben fahren, ein Paar, das mit dem Florau'ſchen viele Aehnlichkeit hatte. Auch er war ein junger Oekonom, der nur erſt kürzlich nach dem Tode ſeiner Eltern eine Pacht weitläuftiger fürſtlicher Güter übernommen hatte, die bis dahin ſein Vater verwaltete. — Thermer, ſo hieß er, war ganz der Mann dazu. Von ſeiner früheſten Jugend an unter den Augen eines erfahrnen Vaters zur Landwirthſchaft erzogen, hatte er ſich mit allen Theilen derſelben ſo bekannt gemacht, und eine ſo große Liebe zu Beſchäftigungen der Art gefaßt, daß nicht leicht ein Mann ſchicklicher ſeine Stelle bekleidete, als eben er. Aus dem Grunde erhielt er die fürſtlichen Güter auch in dem Flor, in welchem ſie ſein Vater hinterließ, ja er vermehrte ihn zuſehends, ſo wie ſein eigenes Privatvermögen, ohne, als ein ehrlicher Mann, dem Vortheil ſeines Herrn Abbruch zu thun. Dabei hatte er eine edle Figur, und wenn ſein Geiſt gleich nicht die wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung Florau's hatte, ſo war er doch völlig geſund und im Umgange ein Mann, dem ſeine fein gebildete Schweſter Gefälligkeit und Annehmlichkeit zu geben gewußt hatte.

Dieſe ſeine Schweſter Eliſe, konnte mit Recht zu den ſeltenen Schönheiten gerechnet werden, und zwar zu der Claſſe, bei welcher ſich ein in jeder Rückſicht ausgebildeter Verſtand, ein völlig unverdorbenes und gutmüthiges Herz, ſo wie ein Hang zu froher unſchuldiger Laune in jeder Miene zu Tage legt. Sie hatte eine ſtädtiſche Erziehung genoſſen, alle Künſte ihres Geſchlechtes gelernt, und war vielleicht in jeder derſelben Meiſterin. Daher ſympathiſirte ſie, an den feinern Genuß des Lebens gewöhnt, auch nicht ganz mit ihrem Bruder, und wünſchte ſich wenigſtens dereinſt in eine Lage, wo ſie nicht ſo ſehr an die gröbern Geſchäfte der Landöconomie gebunden wäre, und in dem Umgange mit Menſchen, die durch Wiſſenſchaften und Geſchmack ihre Gefühle bis auf den von ihr gewünſchten Grad verfeinert hätten, Befriedigung für die höheren Bedürfniſſe ihres Geiſtes finden könnte. Thermer hingegen ſehnte ſich nach einer Frau, die zwar mit den der Weiblichkeit eigenthümlichen Reizen geſchmückt, ſein Leben ihm verſüßen könnte, aber auch mit landwirthſchaftlichen Kenntniſſen und Vorliebe zu ſeiner Lebensart ausgerüſtet, die Laſten derſelben ihm tragen helfen ſollte. Das Umwerfen des Cabriolets ſollte, wenigſtens in Eliſen, dieſe Wünſche noch reger machen.

Beyde waren in der Gegend von Grünfelde auf einem Gute geweſen, das ihr Fürſt kaufen wollte, und über welches Thermer nach genauer Beſichtigung einen Bericht abzuſtatten Befehl erhalten hatte. Auf dem Rückwege nach ihrer Heimath, die von Florau's Wohnung ſechs Meilen entfernt war, warfen ſie mit ihrem Cabriolet, wie oben erzählt worden iſt, um.

Weiber ſehen ſcharf und ſchnell, beſonders wenn ein Gegenſtand ſie intereſſirt. Eliſe gelangte mit wenigen Blicken zu einer genauern Kenntniß Florau's, als er von ihr bekommen konnte. Freilich gehörte auch dieſes mahl kein großer Scharfblick dazu, in Florau einen edlen Mann gewahr zu werden, deſſen Geiſt unmöglich von gemeiner Bildung ſeyn konnte. Aber Eliſe ſah noch mehr, ſie ſah, daß auch ſie auf dieſen Fremdling Eindruck mache, kein Wunder alſo, wenn ſie hier ein Ideal gefunden zu haben glaubte, das ſie bisher blos in ihrem Herzen herumgetragen hatte. Aber leider iſt das eine Wahrnehmung, die, wenn ſie ſich nur darbietet, mit einem merklichen Verluſte der Ruhe unſeres Herzens verbunden iſt.

Dieſen fühlte Eliſe ſehr bald, fühlte ihn bei ihrer Heimfahrt, beim Eintritt in ihre Wohnung, bei allen Geſchäften, die ſie unternahm. Nun ſchien ihr nichts unverzeihlicher zu ſeyn, als, von ihren Empfindungen übereilt, mit der Erkundigung nach dem Stande und der Wohnung des Fremden ſo lange gewartet zu haben, bis der erſtgemeldete Umſtand es unmöglich machte. Und ſie wünſchte doch jetzt ſo unausſprechlich, den Mann näher kennen zu lernen, an dem beim erſten Anblick ihr Herz ſo hohen Antheil nahm, und der ſelbſt auch für ſie ſich ſo ſichtbar zu intereſſiren ſchien. Den nämlichen Vorwurf machte ſich Florau.

Indeſſen war es einmal verſehen, das beſte war jetzt, es entweder dem guten Glück zu überlaſſen, ob dieſes beide wieder zuſammen bringen würde, oder überhaupt den Gedanken an einander völlig aufzugeben. Das letzte zogen beide vor, beide repetirten ſich im Stillen das Geſetz aus dem Codex der Weltklugheit: Man muß eine Neigung in ihrem Aufkeimen unterdrücken, deren Befriedigung ſo unſäglichen Hinderniſſen unterworfen iſt, und beide legten ſich den erſten Abend mit dem feyerlichen Entſchluſſe zu Bette, einander vergeſſen zu wollen.

Aber Florau hätte nicht von Eliſen, und Eliſe nicht von Florau träumen, und beide ſich nicht der erſte Gedanke beim Erwachen ſeyn müſſen. Die Natur hatte einen entſcheidenden Sieg über ihre Herzen davon getragen, und ihre gegenſeitigen Bilder zu tief und zu unauslöſchlich in ihre Seelen geprägt. Alle Verſuche, ſich einander zu vergeſſen, waren ohnmächtige Auflehnungen gegen die Allgewalt der Liebe.

Eliſe verlor ihre muntere Laune, und Florau ward ungewöhnlich tiefſinnig. Beide fanden an Schweſter und Bruder nicht mehr die ehemalige Unterhaltung, ſuchten ſie nicht mehr wie ſonſt auf, ja! geſtanden ſich oft heimlich mit Erröthen, ihnen gefliſſentlich aus dem Wege gegangen zu ſeyn. Eine einſame Stelle im Garten oder im Walde ward ihr öfterer Aufenthalt, ihre Beſchäftigung die Lectüre eines Lieblingsdichters. Aber jetzt, gerade jetzt glaubten ſie mehr in dieſen Gedichten kein beſonderes Salz. Die Gedanken ſchienen ihnen alltäglich, die Worte matt, der Perioden gezwungen; ja oft warfen ſie unwillig das ſchuldloſe Buch hin und ſchalten es Bombaſt und Schwulſt: Warum? — Eliſens und Florau's Bild ſchwebten wie ein unſichtbarer Geiſt über den Buchſtaben, und ob ſie zehn oder viermal die nehmliche Stelle überlaſen, ſie verſtanden ſie doch nicht. Unbefriedigte Liebe iſt peinlich, und da mußte denn der gute Dichter ihre Launen aushalten.

„Bruder, du wirſt ein Träumer," ſagte Minna und drückte ihm zärtlich die Hand. Stillſchweigend erwiederte Florau den Druck, und — träumte fort.

„Eliſe, deine wirthſchaftlichen Geſchäfte bleiben auch ganz liegen," ſagte Thermer, zwar ſanft, aber doch ernſt, und Eliſe ging nachdenkend in den Keller, und zog den Wein auf — Bierbouteillen ab.

Das ewige Denken an den, den ihre Seele liebte, die immerwährende Beſchäftigung mit ihm, die ſtete Wiederholung jedes Zuges, jeder Miene, jeder Bewegung, die beide gegenſeitig an einander bemerkt und ſo unauslöſchlich ſich eingeprägt hatten; alles dieſes machte den Verſuch von dieſer Liebe ſie zu heilen unmöglich. Geſellſchaften und Zerſtreuungen bewirkten gerade das Gegentheil. In jenen fanden ſie immer den außerordentlichen Abſtand der gegenwärtigen Perſonen von dem Abgotte ihres Herzens, und dieſe wurden ihnen unerträglich, weil das unſichtbare Phantom der Liebe ſie immer umſchwebte, und doch nicht ſichtbar zugegen war.

„Wenn ich nur wüßte," ſagte Thermer ſcherzend, „wer dein Ritter von der traurigen Geſtalt iſt? Da Herr! würde ich ſagen, macht er mir das Mädchen wieder klug, und nehm er ſie als ſein Weib nach Hauſe, wenn ers mag." — Eliſe hob ihre ſchönen Augen ſchüchtern zum Bruder empor und ließ eine hervorquellende Thräne blicken.

„Es muß ein reizendes Mädchen ſeyn, deine Schöne," ſprach Minna enthuſiaſtiſch. „O! wenn ich ſie doch kennte: liebes Mädchen, würde ich ſchmeichelnd zu ihr ſagen, mein Bruder iſt gar zu gut. Liebe ihn doch, wie er dich liebt, ich will dich auch zärtlich lieben und du ſollſt meine gute Schweſter ſeyn." Schwärmerin, ſagte Florau ſtrafend, und ſtand ſchnell auf, um ſeine naß werdenden Augen zu verbergen.

Mehr wie je durchſtreifte jetzt Florau die Gegend umher, um Kundſchaft von ſeiner ſchönen Unbekannten zu erhalten, und Thermer mahlte einem jeden, mit dem er ſprach, ſo gut er konnte, das Bild Florau's ab, um dieſem auf die Spur zu kommen; aber dort wie hier liefen alle Verſuche fruchtlos ab.

An einem ſchönen heitern Frühlingsmorgen, als eben erſt der Thau von der aufgegangenen Sonne abdunſtete, ſaß Thermer mit ſeiner Schweſter unter den Linden vor ſeinem Hauſe und tranken Caffee, Eliſe mit ſtillem in ſanfte Schwermuth geſunkenem Blick auf ihr Strickzeug, Thermer mit großer Geſchwinde den Rauch aus ſeiner Pfeife abdampfend, und Zeitungen, die eben angekommen waren, leſend. Er hatte ſchon aus den politiſchen Zeitungen die Welthändel ſeinem Geiſte der Reihe nach vorbeypaſſiren laſſen, als er nach dem Intelligenzblatt der Provinz griff. Kaum that er einige flüchtige Blicke auf daſſelbe, ſo legte er die Pfeife weg und lachte herzlich und anhaltend. „Schweſter," ſagte er zu Eliſen, die mit ſchwermüthigem Lächeln zu ihm emporblickte, „Schweſter, ich habe einen närriſchen Einfall, auf den das Intelligenzblatt mich bringt."

„Nun?"

„Es ſchreibt hier jemand, er habe an dem und dem Dato beym Wechſeln der Poſtwagen in D. auf dem Poſthauſe einen jungen Reiſenden geſehen, mit dem er jetzt eines wichtigen Vorfalls wegen nothwendig Rückſprache nehmen müſſe. Er bitte alſo ſich ihm zu entdecken, damit er in eine nothwendige Correſpondenz mit ihm treten könne." Eliſens ſchöne große Augen vergrößerten ſich merklich, ihr Buſen ſtieg und fiel unruhiger. —

„Nun?" —

„Wir rufen auf nehmliche Art unſern ſchönen Unbekannten. Er wird doch ſo artig ſeyn und kommen, und dann, Schweſter, iſt es deine Sache, ihn mit den Feſſeln der Liebe zu binden, daß er uns nicht wieder entwiſche."

„Um Gotteswillen nein, ſagte Eliſe erſchrocken, ſtand auf, und faßte unwillkührlich die Hand des Bruders, als ob dieſer ſchon ſchriebe und ſie ihn zurückhalten wollte.

„Sey keine Thörin, Schweſter! erwiederte Thermer ernſthaft, es iſt nicht ein vorübergehender Gedanke bei mir, es iſt reifender Entſchluß. Und warum nicht? Ich wage nichts für unſere beiderſeitige Ehre, und du kannſt dabei gewinnen.“

Und wenn er käme, ſagte Eliſe wehmüthig, und die arme Eliſe ihm gleichgültig wäre, er vielleicht gar unſere Liſt durchſchaute: und wir in ſeinen Augen verächtlich würden? Oder wenn er käme und brächte ein ſchönes, junges Weib mit und ich müßte immer das triumphirende Uebergewicht ſehen, das dieſes glückliche Weib durch den Beſitz eines ſolchen Mannes vor mir hätte, wie dann, Bruder, wie dann!“

Thermer ſchaute ſie ſtarr und ernſthaft an.

„Ich müßte noch obenein die gefällige Wirthin ſpielen, und fröhliche Heiterkeit auf dem Geſichte lügen, während mein Herz mit Unmuth und Gram ſo voll, ſo voll belaſtet wäre. Und wenn er dann weg wäre, jeden Troſt, jede Hoffnung auf immer mit ſich genommen hätte, Bruder, dann wäre ich für dich und deine Wirthſchaft, Bruder, dann wäre ich für die Welt auf immer verlohren!“ — Sie ſprang auf, umarmte heftig ihren Bruder, drückte ihr Geſicht an ſeine Bruſt und weinte tauſend Thränen an derſelben.

Thränen erleichtern. Sind ſie abgeweint, ſo ſchleicht ſich oft ein Lichtſtrahl ſanfter Hoffnung in das Herz, das vorher in der dunkeln Nacht der Verzweiflung begraben lag. Eliſe richtete ſich auf, und ſchon glänzte mitten in ihren noch naſſen Augen eine Heiterkeit, wie wenn die Sonne durch eine Regenwolke bricht.

„Doch, Bruder, doch, ſagte ſie, könnteſt du meinen Verſtand ſo leicht überzeugen, wie mein Herz dir zu folgen bereit iſt, ich würde in deinen Vorſchlag willigen. Denk ich ſeines Blickes, ſeines ſanften Händedruckes, des Hinſtarrens nach mir, des unveränderten Schauens auf unſern Wagen, als wir wegfuhren, o dann ſagt mir mein Herz: er iſt noch frei, und könnte vielleicht mich lieben.

Thermer benuzte klüglich dieſe Stimmung ſeiner Schweſter, und da er einmal, vielleicht aus Autorliebe, ſeine Gedanken nicht aufgeben wollte, ſo ſchläferte er mit Gründen mancher Art die jungfräuliche Bedenklichkeit Eliſens ein, und dieſe gab endlich, wie wohl mit heftig klopfendem Herzen und zitternder Stimme ihre Einwilligung zu ſeinem Vorhaben.

„Aber das Wichtigſte noch, ſagte ſie, unter welchem ſcheinbaren Vorwande können wir ihn wohl rufen, ohne ihm verdächtig zu werden?“

„Kleinigkeit, antwortete Thermer. Noch weiß ich freilich ſelbſt nichts, aber wenn er erſt hier iſt, dann wird ſichs finden. Vielleicht habe ich dann beym Umwerfen mit dem Wagen eine Brieftaſche voll wichtiger Papiere verloren, die er etwa gefunden haben könnte oder dergleichen. Wahrlich, Schweſter, das ſoll mir die wenigſte Sorge machen! denn ich wenigſtens, ſezte er ſchalkhaft und bedeutend hinzu, werde bei ſeiner Anweſenheit die Gegenwart des Geiſtes nicht verlieren.

Thermer ging jezt an ſeine Geſchäfte und Eliſe ſuchte ſich ein einſames Plätzchen am Erlenteich, verlor ſich in Träumereyen und harrte mit pochendem Herzen der Dinge, die da kommen ſollten.

„Nun, Schweſter, wirklich du biſt ausgelaſſen, ſagte Flurau ernſt und mit großen Augen, als Minchen ſpornſtreichs und mit Papieren in der Hand in ſeine Studirſtube ſtürzte und ihm eiligſt Feder und Tinte wegriß. Er hatte ſich eben den ſeligſten Empfindungen überlaſſen und wurde etwas unſanft in denſelben geſtört. Komiſch ernſthaft und mit geſchäftiger Eile antwortete Minchen. „In der Welt wechſelt es wunderlich. Die Männer von hoher Thatkraft träumen und die tändelnden Mädchen handeln.“ Und damit war ſie zur Stubenthüre hinaus.

Eliſe harrte der wichtigen Cataſtrophe, die das Drama der Liebe beendigen ſollte, mit klopfendem Herzen. Langſam ſchlich ihr am Tage die Zeit hin, und doch, wenn ſie nach ſelig verträumter Nacht am nächſten Morgen erwachte, ſo erſchrack ſie, um einen ganzen Tag dem entſcheidenden Punkte näher gekommen zu ſeyn. Am vierten Morgen, als dem Poſttage, der das Intelligenzblatt ihr brachte, ſaß ſie unruhig am Coffeetiſch und zankte in ihrem Herzen mit der ungalanten Poſt, die ſo lange ausblieb. Gute Eliſe, die Poſt blieb nicht eine Viertelſtunde länger aus, nur du hatteſt den Coffee diesmal eine Stunde zu früh auftragen laſſen.

Jzt iſt ſie da! Lächelnd entſiegelt der Bruder das Paket, und greift, wie billig, zuerſt nach dem Intelligenzblatte. Eliſe ſtellte ſich hinter ſeinen Stuhl, umſchlang nachläſſig mit ihrer Linken ſeinen Nacken, hielt mit der Rechten das pochende Herz und getraute ſich kaum, über ſeine Schultern einen furchtſamen Blick in die Zeitung zu wagen.

Ein Blick auf das Blatt und es fängt ſie an zu ſchwindeln, und ohnmächtig ſinkt ſie an dem Stuhl des Bruders hinab. Dieſer ward es nicht eher gewahr, bis er nach einem lauten ſchallenden Gelächter zum erſtenmahle zu ſich ſelbſt kam. Erſchrocken ſpringt er ihr zu Hülfe

Auch Flurau hatte die Zeitungen erhalten. Er ſtierte gedankenvoll auf den Hamburger Correſpondenten, und fand ihn heute äußerſt langweilig und ennüyant, Minchen nahm indeſſen das Intelligenzblatt, und kaum hatte ſie es aus einander geſchlagen, ſo brach ſie, das ſittſam beſcheidene Minchen, in ein Gelächter aus, das an Ausgelaſſenheit grenzte.

Wenn man ſelbſt nicht wohl gelaunt iſt, ſo macht das herzliche Lachen eines anderen uns leicht mürriſcher. Es verdrießt uns, daß jemand ſo ſehr viel froher iſt, als wir. Halb ärgerlich, aber doch gutmüthig ſanft, fragte Flurau ſeine Schweſter, ob ſie denn nicht bald enden werde?

Minchen wollte ſich zwingen, und fing an zu erzählen, aber jedes Wort wurde Reiz zu neuem Lachen, und bald lachte Flurau mit, ohne zu wiſſen worüber. Endlich endigte ſie mit großen hellen Thränen, die die Anſtrengung ihr erpreßt hatte.

„Bruder, ſagte ſie, wenn ich dir mit dieſem Blatte den Nahmen und die Liebe deines Mädchens zugleich verſchafft hätte, würdeſt du dann mir verzeihen, daß ich hinter deinem Rücken etwas that, wovon du nichts wußteſt?“

Flurau glozte ſie mit weit aufgeriſſenen Augen an. Wirklich iſt dies das paſſendſte Wort für unſern Blick, wenn wir etwas hören, das wir durchaus nicht begreifen können.

„Noch einmal, Bruder, wenn hier in dieſem Intelligenzblatte ganz offenbar gedruckt ſtände:“

„Ich N. N. die Schweſter des Amtmanns Thermer, liebe den Amtmann Flurau unausſprechlich, und wünſche ihn zu meinem Gemahl,“ würdeſt du mir denn einen ſelbſt gewagten Schritt verzeihen?

Begreiflich verſtand Flurau dieſe Worte noch weniger, und ſtarrte ſie noch erſtaunter an. Jzt ſprang er auf und griff haſtig nach dem Blatte.

„Nein! rief Minchen ſchäkernd, erſt müſſen die Friedensartikel geſchloſſen werden.“

„Nun ja denn, ja denn, ſagte Flurau ungeduldig. Es ſey dir alles verziehen.“ — Jezt erhielt er das Blatt.

Er las und las, und traute ſeinen Augen nicht und rieb ſie, und ſchaute abwechſelnd, aber ſtumm, bald ſeine Schweſter, bald das Blatt an.

Kein Wunder, daß er ſtaunte. Er fand gleich auf dem erſten Blatte zwei Avertiſſements, die faſt von Wort zu Wort gleichlautend waren. Das erſte hieß:

„Der Amtmann Thermer in Neuhof bei M. wünſcht einen jungen Mann kennen zu lernen, der ihm bei Umwerfung eines Wagens auf dem Wege von Grünfelde nach Altenbach zuvorkommende Gefälligkeit erwieß. Er hat mit demſelben über etwas Wichtiges Rückſprache zu nehmen.“

Und gleich darunter:

„Der Amtmann Flurau in Altenbach bei M. wünſcht einen jungen Mann näher kennen zu lernen, mit dem er bei Umwerfung ſeines Wagens auf dem Wege von Grünfelde nach ſeinem Gute Altenbach Bekanntſchaft zu machen Gelegenheit hatte, indem er ſelbigem etwas Wichtiges entdecken muß.“

Langſam legte Flurau das Blatt hin und ſah ſeine Schweſter ernſt und feſt an. „Ich ſoll dir vergeben, Minchen! vergeben, daß du meine Ehre ſo fürchterlich auf das Spiel geſezt und mich dem Gelächter unſrer Nachbaren Preis gegeben haſt!“

„Ey! wie hypochondriſch dich die Liebe macht, Bruder. So peinlich müſſen doch Thermers nicht gedacht haben, als ſie ein ähnliches Avertiſſement abdrucken ließen.“

„Wie ſo? können ſie nicht wirklich etwas Wichtiges mir zu ſagen haben? O ich erſchrecke, wenn ſie vielleicht in wenigen Stunden hier ſind, mir ihr Geſuch anbringen, das weiß nicht verlangen und ich wie ein Knabe vor ihnen ſtehe und nichts antworten kann!“

„Dafür iſt geſorgt, antwortete Minchen geſchäftig. Sieh! hier habe ich ein Käſtchen, und darinnen die Juwelen unſerer ſeligen Mutter. Das nimmſt du, zeigſt es ihnen und ſagſt, du habeſt es noch den nehmlichen Abend ohnweit der Stelle gefunden, wo beide umgeworfen hätten. Und damit biſt du auf jeden Fall aus der Schlinge.“

Flurau's Geſicht heiterte ſich zuſehends auf.

„Und wirklich, fuhr Minchen enthuſiaſtiſch fort, mein Herz ſagt es mir, in Thermers Aufruf ſpricht ſo gut die Liebe, wie ſie in dem ſpricht, welches ich in deinem Namen verfertigte und heimlich auf das Adreß-Comptoir in die Stadt ſchickte. Oder haſt du es mir nicht ſchon mehr als hundertmal erzählt, wie ſanft und liebevoll dir das Mädchen begegnet ſey; daß ſie deinem ſie umfaſſenden Arm nur leiſe widerſtrebet, beim Abſchied dir lange nachgeſehen, und noch aus der Ferne her mit ihrer niedlichen Hand dir zugewinkt habe? Gewiß ich verwette alles in der Welt, wenn nicht die Geſchichte deines Mädchens von der erſten Bekanntſchaft bis zu dieſem Avertiſſement der deinigen bis auf den kleinſten Seufzer und das leiſeſte Ach! ähnlich iſt.“

Flurau fiel verſöhnt und beruhigt ſeiner Schweſter in die Arme.

Mehr Mühe koſtete es Thermern, ſeine Eliſe zu beruhigen. Ihre natürliche feine Gefühle waren, ſeit ſie liebte, um ein großes geſchärft worden. So ſehr ihr der Gedanke ſchmeichelte, daß Flurau gewiß aus den nehmlichen Gründen, wie ſie, nach ihrer Bekanntſchaft ſtrebe, ſo ſehr erſchrack ſie doch vor dem Gedanken, die weibliche Delikateſſe beleidigt zu haben, und vor der Möglichkeit, ihrem Flurau dadurch gleichgültiger werden zu können. Ueberdieß hatte ihre Liebe ſie ſchüchtern und furchtſam gemacht. Aber doch gelang es endlich ihrem Bruder, dem keine Leidenſchaft die Wahrheit entſtellte, und der die Sache, wie ſie itzt lag, in ihrem natürlichen Lichte ſah, zwar nur allmälig, aber endlich doch auch ganz ſie zu beruhigen.

„Nun, Eliſe, ſagte er, itzt wollen wir anſpannen laſſen, und nach Altenbach fahren.“

„Nimmermehr, Bruder, antwortete ſie erſchrocken; ich hätte die Dreiſtigkeit nicht. Liebt er mich: ſo wird er ſchon von ſelbſt und wird bald kommen.

„Wenn ich nur wüßte, ſprach Flurau, was ich jetzt thun, ob ich ſie hier erwarten, oder ob ich nach Neuhof fahren ſoll.“

„Hinfahren, verſteht ſich, ſagte Minchen komiſch ernſthaft, und zwar wie es ſich für einen Bräutigam ſchickt. Du mußt dein neues Cabriolet nehmen, den Kutſcher brav herausputzen, die Pferde ſchmücken und dein Sonntagskleid anlegen. Wenn du ſo angezogen kommſt, ſo ſieht man es dem Herrn Amtmann ſchon von weiten an, welche Rückſprache er eigentlich mit dem andern Herrn Amtmann zu nehmen habe. Und damit alles ordentlich gehe, ſo will ich als dein geheimer Rath dich begleiten, und die Unterhandlungen lenken.“

Es ward jetzt beſchloſſen, die Reiſe vier Tage bis zum künftigen Montag zu verſchieben. Flurau eilte ſüßer Hoffnungen voll in die Stadt, um durch den Einkauf verſchiedener Sachen ſich zu dem feſtlichen Zuge deſto beſſer vorzubereiten.

Wer je geliebt, wer je der Ankunft ſeines Abgottes geharrt und unter ähnlichen Umſtänden geharrt hat, wie die ſanfte gefühlvolle Eliſe, der kann ſich vielleicht noch in ihren Zuſtand hineindenken. Sie war gerührter, als je, und die Thränen ihr näher als ſonſt. Jedes Geräuſch erſchreckte ſie, und bei jedem vorbeyrollenden Wagen ſchlug ihr Herz heftiger, denn wie leicht könnte es nicht Flurau ſeyn? Nur erſt durch die wiederholten Erinnerungen ihres Bruders aufgemuntert, zerſtreute ſie ſich dadurch etwas, daß ſie im Hauſe Anſtalten zum feſtlichen Empfange ihres Gaſtes machen ließ. Aber jedesmahl ward ſie trauriger, ſo bald ihre oben geäußerte Beſorgniſſe ſich von neuem ihr lebhaft aufdrängten, und nur blos die Hoffnung, daß ihr Schickſal jetzt doch ſchlechterdings entſchieden werden müſſe, richtete ſie dann eine Zeitlang wieder auf.

Als aber drei Tage ſeit jenem Poſttage verfloſſen waren, und kein Flurau ſich ſchriftlich oder perſönlich meldete; als auch der Sonntag, auf den ſie noch ihre letzte Hoffnung geſetzt, und an welchem ſie ſo brünſtig gebetet hatte, vorüber war, da ſank ihr Muth unausſprechlich, und kaum konnte ſie Thermer durch die Bemerkung, daß Altenbach doch ſechs Meilen entfernt ſey, und ein Amtmann nicht jeden Augenblick gleich verreiſen könnte, aufrecht erhalten.

Noch dämmerte kaum mit zweideutigem Lichte Montags der junge Morgen, als im Flurauſchen Hauſe ſchon alles wach war, und im Wohnzimmer der Coffee ſchon dampfte. Geſchäftig lief Flurau hin und wieder, während ſeine Schweſter noch ihre Toilette machte. Schon ſcharrten und ſtampften ungeduldig die muthigen Engländer auf dem Hofe, und prunkten ſtattlich mit ihrem ſchneeweißen Geſchirre im Glanze der emporkommenden Sonne; noch immer war Minna nicht fertig, obgleich ihr Bruder ſchon mehr als einmal den Hut genommen, und ungeduldig wieder hingelegt hatte. Jetzt endlich beſtiegen ſie das leichte Cabriolet und eilen im Fluge der Liebe, von der Morgenſonne umglänzt, und von dem würzigen Dufte der Mailuft umhaucht, ihren Hoffnungen entgegen.

Trübe und langweilig entſchlich der armen Eliſe der Vormittag, und ſtummer und freudenloſer ward nie ein Mittagsmahl eingenommen, als das heutige. Selbſt Thermern ſchien der Umſtand bedenklich, daß Flurau auch ſo gar nichts von ſich hören ließ; doch unterdrückte er weislich ſeine Beſorgniſſe und entſchuldigte ſeine Unlaunen mit der wirklich abſpannenden Mittagshitze dieſes ſehr warmen Frühlingstages.

Er lehnte nach dem Mittagsmahl in ſeinen Seſſel ſich zurück und entſchlief; Eliſe aber ſtützte traurig ihren Kopf auf den Arm und ſchaute ſtarr zum Fenſter hinaus in die Ferne, die vor ihr lag. „O wie unvollkommen iſt doch das menſchliche Leben! Warum müſſen wir Dinge kennen lernen, die die lebhafteſten Wünſche in uns erzeugen, und die wir doch nicht befriedigt ſehen ſollen!“ Dies war der Hauptgedanke, den die ſtürmiſche Leidenſchaft in ihrer erhitzten Phantaſie hin und her wälzte.

Noch dachte ſie ſo, als plötzlich ein Wagen in ihren gepflaſterten Hof herein rollte. Erſchrocken fuhr Thermer aus dem Schlafe. Sein erſter Blick fiel auf ſeine Schweſter, die erblaſſend wie eine Leiche am ganzen Leibe zitterte, ſein zweiter auf den Hof, wo er Flurau'n gewahr ward.

„Bruder, ſagte Eliſe ſtotternd, ich kann bei dem Empfange nicht zugegen ſeyn. Flurau's junges Weib, das er mitbringt, würde gar bald meiner zu ſpotten Gelegenheit haben. Ich will mich erſt ſammeln.“ — Thränen unterbrachen ihre Worte und ſie eilte weinend in ihre Kammer.

Auch Thermern war der Umſtand bedenklich, und er eilte beſorgt, ernſt und langſam die Treppe hinab. Die Feyerlichkeit, die er daher aus dieſem Grunde in ſeinen Gruß legte, machte Flurau'n eben ſo ſchüchtern; er ahndete ſchreckliche Auflöſung. Nimmer war wohl ein Empfang kälter und ceremoniöſer, als dieſer.

„Verzeihen Sie es, mein Herr, ſagte Thermer mit kalter Höflichkeit, als er das Beſuchzimmer öfnete, daß meine Schweſter nicht ſogleich die Ehre haben kann, Ihnen aufzuwarten. Kopfſchmerz und Uebelkeit halten ſie bis jetzt noch in ihrem Zimmer zurück.“

Ein Donnerſchlag ſcheucht nicht ſchneller ein Heer muthwilliger Knaben aus einander, als dieſe Worte den ſich zuſammenrottenden Unmuth des Amtmanns Flurau. Mit Wärme ergriff er Thermers Hand. „So darf wenigſtens, ſprach er, meine Schweſter die Leiden der Ihrigen theilen. Haben Sie die Güte, ſie zu Ihr zu führen. Die Herzen guter Frauenzimmer öfnen ſich bald gegen einander.

Ein Sturm jagt nicht ſchneller die giftigen Dünſte aus einander, die mit trägem Zuge über die Wieſen hinſchweben, als das Wort Schweſter aus Flurau's Munde jede Bedenklichkeit bei Thermern aufhob: „Wahr geſprochen, mein Beſter, ſagte er, führte die reizende Minna in das Cabinet Eliſens und ſprach mit lauter, für dieſe bedeutender Stimme: „Mademoiſelle Flurau, Schweſter des Herrn Amtmanns.“

„Kommen Sie, ſagte er jetzt zu Flurau'n, wir wollen, bis der Coffee fertig iſt, in der Wirthſchaft etwas uns umſehen. Bei uns Oeconomen iſt das ja immer unſere erſte Beſchäftigung. Das übrige können wir nachher vorläufig abmachen.“

Jetzt gingen ſie in der Wirthſchaft herum, und Thermer war hier ganz in ſeiner Sphäre. Nicht ſo Flurau, wie wir wiſſen. Er hätte noch lieber dieſe Zeit mit dem holden Weſen zugebracht, das ſeine Seele füllte, und ihm um ſo theurer geworden war, da er wußte, Eliſe ſey noch unverheyrathet. Doch ſchenkte er Thermern alle Aufmerkſamkeit, die ein Mann von ſeiner Erziehung auch bei minder angenehmen Dingen beweißt, und wußte überhaupt ſo geſchickt zu antworten, zu fragen, zu bemerken, daß Thermer mit Entzücken in ihm keinen geringeren Oeconom als ſich ſelbſt zu erblicken glaubte. Ihr Geſpräch lenkte ſich bald auf ihre gegenſeitige Lagen und Umſtände. Flurau überſah mit einem Blick den Wohlſtand der Thermerſchen Familie, und Thermer, vielleicht in allen übrigen Dingen nicht ſo raffinirt, wie gerade hierin, wußte durch verſchiedene Fragen, die ganz abſichtslos ſchienen, ſich eben ſo genau von den Vermögensumſtänden und der ganzen Lage Flurau's zu unterrichten.

Der Umgang in der Wirthſchaft war vollendet. Flurau hatte die Dauerhaftigkeit, Nettigkeit und Reinlichkeit der Gebäude, den Reichthum der Kornböden, den vortrefflichen Zuſtand der Vieh- und Pferdezucht und die überall hervorleuchtende Ordnung und Pünktlichkeit zu bewundern hinlängliche Urſache gehabt. Aber jetzt ſchien auch dieſe Materie vorläufig beendigt zu ſeyn und ein jeder nach einem andern Geſpräche ſich zu ſehnen.

„Ich habe hier noch einen Luſtgarten, den mein ſeliger Vater frühzeitig anlegte, und der jetzt ſchon zu einem der beſten einige Meilen in die Runde gehört. Wir wollen ihn beſehen, bis der Coffee fertig wird, der heute auch ungewöhnlich lange bleibt.“

Sie gingen, und Flurau fand die reizendſten Parthien und die herrlichſte Ausſicht. Daß er hier weit mehr als in der Oeconomie an ſeinem rechten Platze war, ließ ſich bald aus der Art, wie er ſeine Gefühle hinſtrömte, und aus ſeinen feinen Bemerkungen über Natur und Kunſt abnehmen; eine Wahrnehmung, die auch Thermern nicht entging.

Aber auch das war vollendet und noch immer wurde nicht zum Coffee gerufen. Sie gingen daher einen ſchattigen Bogengang auf und nieder; ziemlich ſtill, denn keiner wußte recht, was er ſprechen ſollte, weil das Herz eines jeden von Furcht und Erwartung voll war. Endlich hub Thermer an.

„Unſre erſte Bekanntſchaft auf dem Hügel ohnweit Grünfelde iſt Urſache, warum ich mir die Freiheit nahm, mir einen Weg zu Ihnen durch die Zeitungen zu bahnen. Sie erinnern ſich, daß ich umwarf. Bey dieſer Gelegenheit habe ich etwas Wichtiges verlohren.“

„Und ich etwas Wichtiges gefunden. Darf ich fragen, was haben Sie verlohren?“

„Eine Brieftaſche.“

„Die habe ich nicht gefunden.“

„Sondern?“

„Ein Käſtchen mit Juwelen.“

„Das habe ich nicht verloren.“

Bey dieſen Worten ſtarrten ſich beide an. In ihrem Blicke lag ein gewiſſes Erſtaunen mit einem ſanften Anſtriche heimlicher Freude. Flurau gewann jezt Muth, ergriff Thermers Hand und ſprach mit Wärme:

„Wir ſind Männer. Ich wüßte nicht, warum ich nicht freymüthig zu Ihnen ſprechen ſollte, da ich nichts zu verlieren und alles zu gewinnen habe. Mein Avertiſſement iſt gewiſſermaaßen Täuſchung. Ich habe nichts, gar nichts gefunden, leider aber etwas ſehr Wichtiges verloren, — meine Ruhe. Ich will Ihnen nicht ſchwärmeriſch und leidenſchaftlich die Reize ihrer lieben Schweſter und deren Wirkungen auf mich ſchildern. Es ſey genug, wenn ich bemerke, daß ſie mich damals ganz hinriß, ein Ideal erſezte, das ich ſo lange in meinem Herzen herum getragen hatte, und daß ſie ſeit der Zeit Tag und Nacht meine ganze Seele erfüllte, der Gegenſtand aller meiner Wünſche und das Ziel aller meiner Hoffnungen war. Da ich troz allen meinen Bemühungen durchaus nicht erfahren konnte, wer Sie wären, ſo wählte ich, oder vielmehr für mich, den die Liebe faſt unmündig machte, meine Schweſter, den Weg durch die Zeitungen. Ich hatte ernſtlich keine andere Abſicht, als zu kommen, zu ſehen, und, wenn mir einige Hoffnung ſich zeigte, Ihrer trefflichen Schweſter meine Hand anzubieten. Und das thue ich jezt mit allen redlichen Abſichten eines rechtſchaffenen Mannes, und überlaſſe es Ihrer Klugheit und der Neigung meiner angebeteten Eliſe, ob ich meines Wunſches gewährt werden ſoll. Daß meine Umſtände vortheilhaft und wohlhabend ſind, davon kann Sie ja bald der Augenſchein überzeugen.“

So endete Flurau und ſchaute ſchüchtern zu Thermern auf, der den Blick ernſt auf die Erde geheftet hatte.

„Sie haben alſo wirklich nichts gefunden, fragte dieſer.

„Nein,“ antwortete Flurau mit feſter Stimme.

„So wiſſen Sie denn, hob Thermer wieder an: auch ich habe nichts, gar nichts verloren, wohl aber, um mich Ihrer Worte zu bedienen, etwas ſehr Wichtiges gefunden, jezt einen redlichen trefflichen Mann, als einen Freund, und bald ſo Gott will — als einen Bruder!

Es würde ein lächerliches unpaſſendes Bild ſeyn, wenn ich ſagen wollte: Flurau ſtand wie aus den Wolken gefallen. — Und doch kann ich kein paſſenderes finden, um Flurau's plözliches Erſtaunen recht energiſch auszudrücken.

Thermer fuhr fort:

„Auch ich will als Mann reden. Die Geſchichte, die Sie mir erzählten, iſt, bis auf die Veränderung der Nahmen, wörtlich die meinige, und die meiner Schweſter. Wie Eliſe auf Sie, ſo hatten Sie auf Eliſen gewürkt. Die unglaubliche Leidenſchaft des Mädchens jammerte mich endlich, und ich erwählte den nehmlichen Weg, den Sie wählten, und in der nehmlichen Abſicht.“

Flurau war ſtumm geworden, er wollte ſprechen, aber ſeine Gefühle äußerten ſich in bloſſem Händedruck.

„Ich darf alſo jezt, ſagte Thermer, ohne Rückhalt hinzuſezen: Sie und Eliſe werden ſich jezt näher kennen lernen. Sind ſie ſich dann noch gegenſeitig das wirklich, was ſie ſich bisher in der Einbildung waren: ſo werde Eliſe in Gottes Nahmen Ihr Weib.“

Gerührt und ſprachlos umarmten ſich Flurau und Thermer.

„Aber unbegreiflich iſt's mir immer, hub Thermer nach einer Weile an, was mit den Damen vorgegangen iſt? Meine Eliſe pflegte ſonſt eine ſehr geſchäftige Wirthin zu ſeyn. Ich muß nach ihr ſchicken.“

Und wirklich, hätte es Thermer nicht gethan, ſo wäre noch lange an keinen Coffee gedacht worden. Minna und Eliſe waren ſich zu neu, zu intereſſant, die Entdeckungen, die ſie ſich gegenſeitig gemacht hatten, zu angenehm, ihre Unterhaltung zu geiſtig, als daß ſie an körperliche Befriedigung der gröbern Sinnlichkeit hätten denken ſollen und können.

In Minna'n und Eliſen begegneten ſich zwei edle gleichgeſinnte Seelen. Schon unbekannter Weiſe feſſelte ſich Minna's Geiſt an Eliſen, die ihr Bruder, ihr theurer Bruder, ſo unausſprechlich liebte. Aber die reizende Geſtalt dieſes Mädchens, ihr vielſprechendes, jezt etwas melancholiſches Auge, ihre bezaubernden Worte und der Geiſt, der in ihnen fühlbar wehte, zogen dieſe Roſenfeſſeln augenblicklich noch enger zuſammen. Und Eliſe, mußte ſie nicht ſchon ein gutes Vorurtheil von Minna haben, da es die Schweſter des Abgottes ihres Herzens war? Aber wie hätte auch ohnedies die ſanfte Weiblichkeit, welche ſo ſichtbar über das ganze Weſen Minna's verbreitet lag, dem hellſehenden und neidloſen Auge Eliſens entgehen können!

Jede von beiden fühlte es, ſie werde hier eine warme innige Freundin finden. Und wirklich wenige Zeitmomente ſtifteten hier eine Freundſchaft, die erſt der Tod löſen wird.

Beide ließen ſich auf eine Ottomanne nieder, und ihre ſich begegnenden Seelen fingen an, offener gegen einander zu handeln und zu ſprechen. Ein Wort führte das andere herbey, und die kluge Minna gebrauchte alle zu ihrem Vortheil. Es kam zu den nehmlichen Entdeckungen, wie bei den Männern, und noch waren dieſe nicht bis zu dem entſcheidenden Punkte gekommen, als Eliſe ſchon ſanft erröthend mit den leiſe geliſpelten Worten: „ja ich liebe Ihren Bruder unausſprechlich,“ an Minna's ſchönen Buſen hinſank.

Thermer und Flurau gingen unterdeſſen noch immer auf und ab, beide, nachdem ſich der Knoten gelöſet hatte, noch viel ſtummer, als vorher. Endlich ward das Geſpräch wieder lebhafter:

„Lieber Flurau, fing Thermer an, aber wie wirds mit mir, wenn Sie Eliſen mir wegnehmen! Ohne weibliche Hülfe kann ich nicht bleiben, ich muß mir ſogleich dann auch eine Frau nehmen. Sie erzählten mir erſt, wie wenig Sie, und wie leidenſchaftlich Ihre Schweſter der Landwirthſchaft ergeben ſey. Von der Art muß gerade meine künftige Frau ſeyn. Ich darfs geſtehen, die intereſſante Form Ihrer lieben Schweſter hat mir beim erſten Anblicke gefallen. Finde ich ſie — laſſen Sie mich aufrichtig reden — auch im Umgange, ſo wie ich es wünſche und gewiß hoffe, darf ich dann ſagen: Bruder Flurau, gib mir deine Schweſter zum Weibe!

„Du darfſt, antwortete Flurau und fiel ihm herzlich um den Hals. Und wohl mir, daß ich zuſezen darf, du wirſt in ihr ſo glücklich wählen, als ich in Eliſen.“

Jezt wurden ſie zum Caffee gerufen.

Du, mein Leſer, der du in ähnlichen Fällen geweſen biſt, und nach erhaltenem Ja aus dem Munde eines ſtrengen Vaters, oder einer bedenklichen Mutter, nun zum erſtenmahle zu deiner Geliebten giengſt, die du jezt „dein für immer“ wußteſt, du nur kannſt dir die Gefühle lebhaft denken, die in Flurau'n und Eliſen ſtürmten, als er ſich ihr nahte und ſie ihn empfangen ſollte.

Wenn unſre Empfindungen auf das höchſte geſpannt und unſer Herz unausſprechlich voll iſt, dann ſind wir am wenigſten beredt, und am erſten in dem Falle von einem unbefangenen Dritten für Menſchen gehalten zu werden, die geiſtlos ſind, und in Geſellſchaft ſich nicht zu nehmen wiſſen. So, gerade ſo war die erſte Zuſammenkunft Eliſens und Flurau's. Eliſens Herz klopfte beinahe hörbar, ihre Nerven hatten einen ungewöhnlichen Schwung, und die Thränen waren ihren ſchönen blauen Augen ſichtbar nahe. Flurau's Gruß war abgebrochen und unverſtändlich, und kaum konnte ſeine zitternde Hand die ſeiner angebeteten Eliſe zum Munde bringen.

Aber lange dauerte dieſer ekſtatiſche Zuſtand nicht. Thermer war klug genug, ſich in ein intereſſantes Geſpräch mit Minna'n einzulaſſen, und dadurch beiden Verliebten Zeit zu geben, ſich zu ſammeln. Da fiel denn eine Scene vor, wie man ſie wohl kennt, und wie ſie oft genug beſchrieben iſt. Ihre ſchönen Augen ſuchten ſich gegenſeitig auf, und gleiteten doch eben ſo oft beſcheiden herab, wenn ſie ſich trafen. Jedes Wort, jede Miene, jeder Ton ward gegenſeitig bemerkt und tief, ſehr tief dem Gedächtniſſe eingeprägt. Aber bei alle dem war ihre Unterhaltung allgemeiner Art, wurde furchtſam geführt und würde einem Dritten viel Langeweile gemacht haben. — So floß die Caffeezeit vorüber.

Schon vorher war es abgemacht, daß Flurau und ſeine Schweſter über Nacht bleiben ſollten. Wie hätten ſie auch einen ſo weiten Rückweg noch heute antreten können?

„Jezt werde ich, ſprach Thermer, für unſere Bewirthung ſorgen, denn, ſezte er ſchalkhaft hinzu, Eliſe Thermer iſt heute nicht zu Hauſe. Wir Männer wenigſtens wollen ein Glas Wein an meinem Lieblingsplaze trinken.“ Er gab die nöthigen Befehle und die Geſellſchaft brach auf.

Sein Lieblingsplätzchen war die Stelle unter den Linden vor dem Hauſe, die wir ſchon kennen. Vor allen übrigen war ſie auch geeignet, dieſe Ehre zu verdienen. Reizend und für gewiſſe Zuſtände unſerer Seelen intereſſant, können auch umſchloſſne, beſchränkte Pläze zuweilen ſeyn; aber der [illegible] heitere Geiſt ſucht Stellen, wo ſein Blick ſich in ungemeſſner Ferne verliehret. Dieſen ſchönen Vorzug gewährte in dieſem Amte beſonders der obgenannte Sitz unter den Linden.

Thermer eilte mit Minna'n ſchäkernd voraus und ließ manche Bemerkung fallen, die ſeine ſchöne Begleiterin erröthen und ihren Blick zur Erde heften machte; ſo ſehr jene Bemerkungen auch in den Grenzen des Schicklichen und Unſchuldigen blieben. Fluran folgt in einiger Entfernung mit Eliſen, und vielleicht eben dies Entferntſeyn machte es, daß ſie offener, freymüthiger, herzlicher gegen einander wurden. Schon hielten ſie länger ihre gegenſeitigen Blicke aus, ſchon drückten ſie ſich ſanft die Hände, bis ſie in einander geſchlungen hatten, und Fluran wagte es, in fernen Anſpielungen Eliſen ſeine unausſprechliche Liebe zu entdecken. So ſchüchtern kann ächte reine Liebe auch ſonſt entſchloſſene Seelen machen.

Der Abend war über alles ſchön. Schon ſpielten die letzten Strahlen der Sonne an den Gipfeln der Linden, und von den Wieſen kehrte die wohlgenährte Heerde zurück. Eine erquickende Kühle hatte die Hitze des Tages verdrängt, und ſtärkend umgoß die Geſellſchaft der ſanfte Duft der Lindenblüthen.

„Hier ſoll uns wohl ſeyn, ſprach Thermer, als er den herrlichen Oberunger entpfropfte, auch unſere Damen müſſen trinken, denn die Geſundheit, die ich ausbringen will, muß allgemein anerkannt werden."

Er füllte vier Gläſer und theilte ſie aus.

Aber plötzlich beſann er ſich, zog Fluran's auf die Seite, und kehrte, nach wenigen Worten, mit ihm zum Tiſche zurück.

„Nun, Schweſter, hub er von neuem an, wenn die Geſundheit, die ich ausbringen werde, dir gefällt, dann nur redlichen Beſcheid gethan!"

Eliſe zitterte.

„Es lebe der Amtmann Fluran, mein geliebteſter Schwager und Bruder, hoch!"

Fluran ſtürzte zu Eliſens Füßen, und ſah bittend zu ihr empor. Der Ausdruck der ſeligſten Empfindungen, gemiſcht mit weiblicher Beſcheidenheit und Schüchternheit, lag auf ihrem Geſichte. Noch ſchwankte ſie, aber plötzlich ſank ſie gleichſam unwillkührlich herab, und feſt kettete ſich im erſten langen Kuſſe der Mund beider Liebenden an einander.

Raſch ſprang Minna empor: „Gott ſegne euren Bund, ihr unausſprechlich Geliebten. Nimm, Bruder, nimm hin das reizendſte Mädchen, das du ſo ſchön, ſo intereſſant, ſo vollkommen noch nicht kennſt, als ich. Oft nannteſt du mich zärtlich, ein Ideal weiblichen Gutſeyns; aber hier, Bruder, hier iſt mehr. Hier tritt deine Schweſter ehrfurchtsvoll zurück, und fühlt ſich ein kleinliches und unbedeutendes Ding."

Fluran hatte ſich indeſſen geſammelt und ſtand empor. „Schweſter, du giebſt mir in deiner Beſcheidenheit einen Beweis deiner Liebe, der mich rührt. Aber, war auch nicht ich für dich ein Ideal männlichen Gutſeyns? Gebe der Himmel, daß ich es ferner nicht bin. Hier iſt ein Mann, der bei alle dem, was dir an mir gefällt, noch den Vorzug hat, mit dir in ſeinen Neigungen weit beſſer einzuſtimmen, als ich."

Minna ward ſtummer und zurückhaltender.

„Nimm ein Glas, fuhr Fluran fort, und thue mir Beſcheid. Darf ich trinken, es lebe mein lieber Bruder und Schwager Thermer hoch? —"

Minna vermochte nichts zu ſprechen. Aber zärtlich ergriff Thermer ihre Hand: Lange, ſagte er, ſuchte ich ein Mädchen, das mit ihren Kenntniſſen und ihrer Liebe für die Landwirthſchaft auch dieſe reizende Figur verbände. O wenn ich die ganze Welt durchreiſ'te, nie fände ich eine wieder, die Ihnen ähnlich wäre. Darf ich hoffen?"

Minna war zu ſehr umſtürmt. Tauſend Gefühle kreuzten wechſelnd in ihr. Kein Wort kam aus ihrem Munde. Da erhob ſich Eliſe, nahm ihre Hand und ſprach im ſanfteſten ſchmeichelndſten Tone: „Willſt du nicht ganz meine Schweſter ſeyn? — Und Minna ſank mit dem ſchönen Blick des Gewährens an ihren klopfenden Buſen.

Raſcher werden ſelten Ehen geſchloſſen, aber möchten doch alle lang vorher überlegten und calculirten Ehen ſo glücklich ſeyn, wie dieſe beide. Glücklicher können ſie hier unter dem Monde, im Lande der Unvollkommenheit, nicht ſeyn.

Als die gereiften Aehren der Sichel gefallen und Scheunen und Kammern voll waren, führten Thermer und Fluran, die Glücklichen, ihre Weiber heim, und beide hingen am Morgen nach ihrem frohen Hochzeitstage das Intelligenzblatt, in Rahm und Glas gefaßt, in ihren Schlafkammern auf. Denn auch ihre Nachkommenſchaft ſollte es wiſſen, daß dieſes Blatt der ungefähre Vermittler zweyer glücklichen Ehen geweſen war.

Johann Gerhard,

einer der gefeiertſten Theologen ſeiner Zeit, ward am 17. October 1582 zu Quedlinburg geboren, und ſtudirte ſeit 1599 zuerſt zu Wittenberg Medizin, dann aber ſeit 1603 zu Jena und Marburg Theologie, und las 1605 an erſterer Univerſität mit Beifall theologiſche Collegia. — Im Jahre 1606 ward er Superintendent zu Heldburg, dann Profeſſor der Theologie am Koburgiſchen Gymnaſium und 1615 General-Superintendent daſelbſt. 1616 ging er als Profeſſor der Theologie nach Jena zurück, und ſtarb daſelbſt hochverehrt, nach ſegensreichem Wirken am 17. Auguſt 1637.

Unter ſeinen zahlreichen Schriften in lateiniſcher und deutſcher Sprache ſind beſonders bemerkenswerth:

Frommer Herzen geiſtliches Kleinod.
Betrachtung der geiſtlichen Auferſtehung und Himmelfahrt wahrer Chriſten.
Troſtſprüche.
Geiſtlich Geſpräch Gottes und einer gläubigen Seele.
Ein und fünfzig chriſtliche Andachten.
Hohes Feſtbüchlein.
Predigten.
Evangeliſcher Palmbaum; ſämmtlich Jena 1610 bis 1630 u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Einer der ausgezeichnetſten und von dem reinſten Eifer beſeelten Myſtiker jener Periode, der ſich beſonders großes Verdienſt dadurch erworben, daß er dem ſtarren Dogmatismus entgegen wirkte und dem Gemüthe ſein volles Recht einzuräumen ſtrebte. Er war als Menſch äußerſt wohlwollend und friedfertig, als Gelehrter eben ſo gründlich wie beſcheiden und von einem faſt unglaublichen Fleiße beſeelt. In der Geſchichte der lutheriſchen Kirche wird ſein Name ſtets mit großer Achtung genannt werden, wenn auch die Mehrzahl ſeiner Schriften bereits der Vergeſſenheit anheimgefallen iſt, und im Staube der Bibliotheken modert.

Paul Gerhard

ward 1607 zu Gräfenhaynichen, einer kleinen ſächſiſchen Stadt, geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, und erhielt 1651 das Amt eines Probſtes zu Mittenwalde in der Mark Brandenburg, 1657 aber ein Diakonat an der Nicolaikirche in Berlin. — Da er ſich mit mehreren anderen Predigern weigerte, einigen Edicten des Kurfürſten zu gehorchen und einen Revers zu unterſchreiben, ſo wurde er 1666 abgeſetzt und des Landes verwieſen. Er wandte ſich wieder ſeinem Vaterlande zu und dichtete (einer Sage zufolge) auf der Reiſe, um ſeine betrübte Gattin aufzurichten, das bekannte Lied: „Befiehl du deine Wege." — Der Herzog Chriſtian von Sachſen-Merſeburg nahm ſich des Verwieſenen an und gab ihm anfänglich einen Jahrgehalt und dann 1669 das Archidiakonat zu Lübben in der Lauſitz, wo er am 27 Mai 1676 als Paſtor Primarius ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:

Haus- und Kirchenlieder. Berlin 1666. Folio. 10te Ausgabe, beſorgt von D. J. H. Feuſtking. Wittenberg 1723. 12. — Neuer Abdruck derſelben Wittenberg 1821. 12.

Gerhards fromme Lieder haben die erfreulichſte Wirkung auf das religiöſe Leben in Deutſchland geäußert und bis zu unſern Zeiten eine außerordentliche Verbreitung gefunden, welche ſie durch die in ihnen vorherrſchende Innigkeit, Klarheit, Tiefe und Andacht auch vollkommen verdienen. — Sehr treffend äußert ſich der Herausgeber der 10. Ausgabe, der berühmte Theolog Feuſtking, über dieſelben mit folgenden Worten, die noch jetzt als ein gültiges Urtheil dienen können: „Ich ſage es frei, kein vergebliches, kein unnützes Wort findet man in Gerhard's Liedern, es fällt und fließt ihm alles auf's lieblichſte und artigſte, voller Geiſtes, Nachdrucks, Glaubens und Lehre; da iſt nichts gezwungenes, nichts geflicktes, nichts zerbrochenes; die Reimen, wie ſie ſonſten insgemein etwas himmliſches und geiſtliches mit ſich führen, alſo ſind ſie auch abſonderlich im Gerhard recht auserwählet, leicht und auserleſen ſchön, die Redensarten ſind ſchriftmäßig, die Meinung klar und verſtändig, die meiſten Melodien nach unſeres unvergleichlichen Lutheri und anderer alten Meiſter-Sänger Töne lieblich und herzlich; in Summa, alles iſt herrlich und tröſtlich, daß es Saft und Kraft hat, herzet, afficiret und tröſtet.

Lieder von Paul Gerhard.

Wie ſoll ich dich empfangen?

Wie ſoll ich dich empfangen?
Und wie begegn' ich dir?
O aller Welt Verlangen!
O meiner Seelen Zier!
O Jeſu, Jeſu, ſetze
Mir ſelbſt die Fackel bei,
Damit, was dich ergötze,
Mir kund und wiſſend ſey.

Dein Zion ſtreut dir Palmen
Und grüne Zweige hin,
Und ich will dir in Pſalmen
Ermuntern meinen Sinn.
Mein Herze ſoll dir grünen
In ſtetem Lob und Preis,
Und deinem Namen dienen,
So gut es kann und weiß.

Was haſt du unterlaſſen
Zu meinem Troſt und Freud'?
Als Leib und Seele ſaßen
In ihrem größten Leid,
Als mir das Reich genommen,
Da Fried' und Freude lacht:
Da biſt du, mein Heil, kommen,
Und haſt mich froh gemacht.

Ich lag in ſchweren Banden,
Du kommſt, und machſt mich los;
Ich ſtand in Spott und Schanden,
Du kommſt und machſt mich groß,
Und hebſt mich hoch zu Ehren,
Und ſchenkſt mir großes Gut,
Das ſich nicht läßt verzehren,
Wie irdiſch' Reichthum thut.

Nichts, nichts hat dich getrieben
Zu mir vom Himmelszelt,
Als das geliebte Lieben,
Damit du alle Welt
In ihren tauſend Plagen
Und großen Jammerlaſt,
Die kein Mund kann ausſagen,
So feſt umfangen haſt.

Das ſchreib' dir in dein Herze,
Du hoch betrübtes Heer,
Bei denen Gram und Schmerze
Sich häuft je mehr und mehr;
Seyd unverzagt, ihr habet
Die Hülfe vor der Thür!
Der eure Herzen labet
Und tröſtet, ſteht allhier.

Ihr dürft euch nicht bemühen,
Noch ſorgen Tag und Nacht,
Wie ihr ihn wollet ziehen
Mit eures Armes Macht;
Er kommt, er kommt mit Willen,
Iſt voller Lieb' und Luſt,
All' Angſt und Noth zu ſtillen,
Die ihm an euch bewußt.

Auch dürft ihr nicht erſchrecken
Vor eurer Sündenſchuld.
Nein! Jeſus will ſie decken
Mit ſeiner Lieb' und Huld!
Er kommt, er kommt den Sündern
Zum Troſt und wahren Heil,
Schafft, daß bei Gottes Kindern
Verbleib' ihr Erb' und Theil.

Was fragt ihr nach dem Schreien
Der Feind', und ihrer Tück'!
Ihr Herr wird ſie zerſtreuen
In einem Augenblick.
Er kommt, er kommt, ein König,
Dem wahrlich alle Feind'
Auf Erden viel zu wenig
Zum Widerſtande ſeynd.

Er kommt zum Weltgerichte,
Zum Fluch dem der ihm flucht;
Mit Gnad' und ſüßem Lichte
Dem der ihn liebt und ſucht.
Ach! komm, ach! komm, o Sonne!
Und hol' uns allzumal,
Zum ew'gen Licht und Wonne,
In deinen Freudenſaal.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
Voll Schmerz und voller Hohn,
O Haupt, zu Spott gebunden
Mit einer Dornenkron'!
O Haupt, ſonſt ſchön gezieret
Mit höchſter Ehr' und Zier,
Jetzt aber hoch ſchimpfiret,
Gegrüßeſt ſeyſt du mir!

Du edles Angeſichte,
Davor ſonſt ſchrickt und ſcheut
Das große Weltgewichte,
Wie biſt du ſo beſpeit,
Wie biſt du ſo erbleichet,
Wer hat dein Augenlicht,
Dem ſonſt kein Licht mehr gleichet,
So ſchändlich zugericht!

Die Farbe deiner Wangen,
Der rothen Lippen Pracht
Iſt hin und ganz vergangen,
Des blaſſen Todes Macht
Hat Alles hingenommen,
Hat Alles hingerafft,
Und daher biſt du kommen
Von deines Leibes Kraft.

Nun, was du, Herr, erduldet,
Iſt alles meine Laſt;
Ich, ich hab' es verſchuldet,
Was du getragen haſt.
Schau her, hier ſteh' ich Armer,
Der Zorn verdienet hat,
Gieb mir, o mein Erbarmer,
Den Anblick deiner Gnad'.

Erkenne mich, mein Hüter,
Mein Hirte, nimm mich an;
Von Dir, Quell aller Güter,
Iſt mir viel Gut's gethan,
Dein Mund hat mich gelabet
Mit Milch und ſüßer Koſt,
Dein Geiſt hat mich begabet
Mit mancher Himmelsluſt.

Ich will hier bei dir ſtehen,
Verachte mich doch nicht!
Von dir will ich nicht gehen,
Wenn dir dein Herze bricht;
Wenn dein Haupt wird erblaſſen
Im letzten Todesſtoß,
Alsdann will ich dich faſſen
In meinen Arm und Schooß.

Es dient zu meinen Freuden,
Und kommt mir herzlich wol,
Wenn ich in deinem Leiden,
Mein Heil, mich finden ſoll.
Ach! möcht' ich, o mein Leben,
An deinem Kreuze hier
Mein Leben von mir geben,
Wie wohl geſchähe mir!

Ich danke dir von Herzen,
O Jeſu, liebſter Freund,
Für deine Todesſchmerzen,
Da du's ſo gut gemeint.
Ach! gieb, daß ich mich halte
Zu dir und deiner Treu,
Und wenn ich nun erkalte,
In dir mein Ende ſey.

Wenn ich einmal ſoll ſcheiden,
So ſcheide nicht von mir;
Wenn ich den Tod ſoll leiden,
So tritt du dann herfür.
Wenn mir am allerbängſten
Wird um das Herze ſeyn,
So reiß mich aus den Aengſten,
Kraft deiner Angſt und Pein.

Erſcheine mir zum Schilde,
Zum Troſt in meinem Tod,
Und laß mich ſehn dein Bilde
In deiner Kreuzesnoth.
Da will ich nach dir blicken,
Da will ich glaubensvoll
Dich feſt an mein Herz drücken.
Wer ſo ſtirbt, der ſtirbt wohl.

Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren.

Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren,
Sey meines Herzens Gaſt,
Der du, da ich geboren,
Mich neu geboren haſt.
O hochgeliebter Geiſt
Des Vaters und des Sohnes,
Mit beiden gleiches Thrones,
Mit beiden gleich gepreiſt.

Zeuch ein, laß mich empfinden
Und ſchmecken deine Kraft,
Die Kraft, die uns von Sünden
Hülf' und Errettung ſchafft.
Entſünd'ge meinen Sinn,
Daß ich mit reinem Geiſte
Dir Ehr' und Dienſte leiſte,
Die ich dir ſchuldig bin.

Ich war ein wilder Reben,
Du haſt mich gut gemacht;
Der Tod durchdrang mein Leben,
Du haſt ihn umgebracht,
Und in der Tauf' erſtickt,
Als wie in einer Fluthe,
Mit deſſen Tod und Blute,
Der uns im Tod erquickt.

Du biſt das heil'ge Oele,
Dadurch geſalbet iſt
Mein Leib und meine Seele
Dem Herren Jeſu Chriſt
Zum wahren Eigenthum,
Zum Prieſter und Propheten,
Zum König, den in Nöthen
Gott ſchützt im Heiligthum.

Du biſt ein Geiſt, der lehret,
Wie man recht beten ſoll
Dein Beten wird erhöret,
Dein Singen klinget wohl;
Es ſteigt zum Himmel an,
Es ſteigt, und läßt nicht abe,
Bis der geholfen habe,
Der Allen helfen kann.

Du biſt ein Geiſt der Freuden,
Vom Trauern hältſt du nicht,
Erleuchteſt uns im Leiden
Mit deines Troſtes Licht.
Ach! ja, wie manches Mal
Haſt du mit ſüßen Worten
Mir aufgethan die Pforten
Zum güldnen Freudenſaal.

Du biſt ein Geiſt der Liebe,
Ein Freund der Freundlichkeit;
Willſt nicht, daß uns betrübe
Zorn, Zank, Haß, Neid und Streit.
Der Feindſchaft biſt du feind,
Willſt, daß durch Liebesflammen
Sich wieder thun zuſammen,
Die voller Zwietracht ſeynd.

Du, Herr, haſt ſelbſt in Händen
Die ganze weite Welt,
Kannſt Menſchenherzen wenden,
Wie dir es wohlgefällt;
So gieb doch deine Gnad'
Zum Fried' und Liebesbanden,
Verknüpf' in allen Landen,
Was ſich getrennet hat.

Ach! edle Friedensquelle,
Schleuß deinen Abgrund auf,
Und gieb dem Frieden ſchnelle
Hier wieder ſeinen Lauf;
Halt ein die große Fluth,
Die Fluth, die eingeriſſen,
So daß man ſiehet fließen
Wie Waſſer Menſchenblut.

O laß dein Volk erkennen
Die Vielheit ihrer Sünd',
Auch Gottes Grimm ſo brennen,
Daß er bei uns entzünd'
Den ernſten bittern Schmerz,
Und Buße, die bereuet,
Deß ſich zuerſt erfreuet
Ein weltergebnes Herz.

Auf Buße folgt der Gnaden,
Auf Reu' der Freuden Blick;
Sich beſſern heilt den Schaden,
Fromm werden bringet Glück.
Herr! thu's zu deiner Ehr',
Erweiche Stahl und Steine,
Auf daß das Herze weine,
Der Böſe ſich bekehr'.

Erhebe dich, und ſteure
Dem Herzleid auf der Erd',
Bring' wieder und erneure
Die Wohlfahrt deiner Heerd!
Laß blühen wie zuvorn
Die Länder, ſo verheeret,
Die Kirchen, ſo zerſtöret
Durch Krieg und Feuerszorn.

Beſchirm' die Polizeyen,
Bau unſers Fürſten Thron,
Daß ſie und wir gedeihen;
Schmück', als mit einer Kron',

Die Alten mit Verſtand,
Mit Frömmigkeit die Jugend,
Mit Gottesfurcht und Tugend
Das Volk im ganzen Land.

Erfülle die Gemüther
Mit reiner Glaubenszier,
Die Häuſer und die Güter,
Mit Segen für und für;
Vertreib den böſen Geiſt,
Der dir ſich widerſetzet,
Und was dein Herz ergötzet,
Aus unſern Herzen reißt.

Gieb Freudigkeit und Stärke,
Zu ſtehen in dem Streit,
Den Satans Reich und Werke
Uns täglich anerbeut.
Hilf kämpfen ritterlich,
Damit wir überwinden,
Und ja zum Dienſt der Sünden
Kein Chriſt ergebe ſich.

Richt' unſer ganzes Leben
All'zeit nach deinem Sinn,
Und wenn wir's ſollen geben
In's Todes Rachen hin,
Wenn's mit uns hie wird aus,
So hilf uns fröhlich ſterben,
Und nach dem Tod ererben
Des ew'gen Lebens Haus!

Befiehl du deine Wege.

Befiehl du deine Wege,
Und was dein Herze kränkt,
Der allertreuſten Pflege
Des, der den Himmel lenkt;
Der Wolken, Luft und Winden
Giebt Wege, Lauf und Bahn,
Der wird auch Wege finden,
Da dein Fuß gehen kann.

Dem Herren mußt du trauen,
Wenn dir's ſoll wohl ergehn;
Auf ſein Werk mußt du ſchauen,
Wenn dein Werk ſoll beſtehn.
Mit Sorgen und mit Grämen
Und mit ſelbſteigner Pein
Läßt Gott ihm gar nichts nehmen;
Es muß erbeten ſeyn.

Dein' ew'ge Treu' und Gnade,
O Vater, weiß und ſieht,
Was gut ſey oder ſchade
Dem ſterblichen Geblüt;
Und was du dann erleſen,
Das treibſt du, ſtarker Held,
Und bringſt zum Stand und Weſen,
Was deinem Rath gefällt.

Weg' haſt du allerwegen,
An Mitteln fehlt's dir nicht;
Dein Thun iſt lauter Segen,
Dein Gang iſt lauter Licht.
Dein Werk kann niemand hindern,
Dein' Arbeit darf nicht ruhn,
Wenn du, was deinen Kindern
Erſprießlich iſt, willt thun.

Und ob gleich alle Teufel
Hie wollten widerſtehn,
So wird doch ohne Zweifel
Gott nicht zurücke gehn;
Was er ihm vorgenommen,
Und was er haben will,
Das muß doch endlich kommen
Zu ſeinem Zweck und Ziel.

Hoff, o du arme Seele,
Hoff und ſey unverzagt;
Gott wird dich aus der Höhle,
Da dich der Kummer plagt,
Mit großen Gnaden rücken;
Erwarte nur die Zeit,
So wirſt du ſchon erblicken
Die Sonn' der ſchönſten Freud.

Auf! auf! gieb deinem Schmerze
Und Sorgen gute Nacht;
Laß fahren, was das Herze
Betrübt und traurig macht.
Biſt du doch nicht Regente,
Der Alles führen ſoll,
Gott ſitzt im Regimente,
Und führet Alles wohl.

Ihn, ihn laß thun und walten,
Er iſt ein weiſer Fürſt,
Und wird ſich ſo verhalten,
Daß du dich wundern wirſt,
Wenn er, wie ihm gebühret,
Mit wunderbarem Rath
Die Sach' hinaus geführet,
Die dich bekümmert hat.

Er wird zwar eine Weile
Mit ſeinem Troſt verziehn,
Und thun an ſeinem Theile,
Als hätt' in ſeinem Sinn
Er deiner ſich begeben,
Und ſollſt du für und für
In Angſt und Nöthen ſchweben,
So frag' er nichts nach dir.

Wird's aber ſich befinden,
Daß du ihm treu verbleibſt,
So wird er dich entbinden,
Da du's am wen'gſten glaubſt.
Er wird dein Herze löſen
Von der ſo ſchweren Laſt,
Die du zu keinem Böſen
Bisher getragen haſt.

Wohl dir, du Kind der Treue,
Du haſt und trägſt davon
Mit Ruhm und Dankgeſchreie
Den Sieg und Ehrenkron';
Gott giebt dir ſelbſt die Palmen
In deine rechte Hand,
Und du ſingſt Freudenpſalmen
Dem, der dein Leid gewandt.

Mach' End', o Herr, mach' Ende
An aller unſrer Noth;
Stärk unſre Füß' und Hände,
Und laß bis in den Tod
Uns allzeit deiner Pflege
Und Treu empfohlen ſeyn,
So gehen unſre Wege
Gewiß zum Himmel ein.

Gieb dich zufrieden.

Gieb dich zufrieden und ſey ſtille
In dem Gotte deines Lebens,
In ihm ruht der Freuden Fülle,
Ohn' ihn mühſt du dich vergebens.
Er iſt dein Quell und deine Sonne,
Scheint täglich hell zu deiner Wonne;
Gieb dich zufrieden.

Er iſt voll Lichtes, Troſt und Gnaden,
Ungefärbten treuen Herzen,
Wo er ſteht, thut dir kein Schaden
Auch die Pein der größten Schmerzen;
Kreuz, Angſt und Noth kann er bald wenden,
Ja auch den Tod hat er in Händen;
Gieb dich zufrieden.

Wie dir's und Andern oft ergehe,
Iſt ihm wahrlich nicht verborgen.
Er ſieht und kennet aus der Höhe
Der betrübten Herzen Sorgen,

Er zählt den Lauf der heißen Thränen,
Und faßt zu Hauf all unſer Sehnen;
Gieb dich zufrieden.

Wenn gar kein Ein'ger mehr auf Erden,
Deſſen Treue du darfſt trauen,
Alsdann will er dein Tröſter werden,
Und zu deinem Beſten ſchauen;
Er weiß dein Leid und heimlichs Grämen,
Weiß auch die Zeit, dir's zu benehmen:
Gieb dich zufrieden.

Er hört die Seufzer deiner Seelen
Und des Herzens ſtilles Klagen,
Und was du keinem darfſt erzählen,
Magſt du Gott gar kühnlich ſagen;
Er iſt nicht fern, ſteht in der Mitten,
Hört bald und gern der Armen Bitten:
Gieb dich zufrieden.

Laß dich dein Elend nicht bezwingen,
Halt an Gott, ſo wirſt du ſiegen,
Ob alle Fluthen einher gingen,
Dennoch mußt du oben liegen,
Denn wenn du wirſt zu hoch beſchweret,
Hat Gott dein Fürſt dich ſchon erhöret:
Gieb dich zufrieden.

Ich erhebe, Herr, zu dir u. ſ. w.

Ich erhebe, Herr, zu dir
Meiner beiden Augen Licht,
Mein Geſicht iſt für und für
Zu den Bergen aufgericht,
Zu den Bergen, da herab
Ich mein Heil und Hülfe hab'.

Meine Hülfe kommt allein
Von des Höchſten Händen her,
Der ſo künſtlich, hübſch und fein,
Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer,
Und was in dem Allen iſt,
Uns zum Beſten ausgerüſt.

Er nimmt deiner Füße Tritt,
O mein Herze! wohl in Acht;
Wenn du geheſt, geht er mit,
Und bewahrt dich Tag und Nacht.
Sey getroſt, das Höllenheer
Wird dir ſchaden nimmermehr.

Siehe, wie ſein Auge wacht,
Wenn du liegeſt in der Ruh,
Wenn du ſchläfeſt, kommt mit Macht
Auf dein Bett geflogen zu
Seiner Engel güldne Schaar,
Daß ſie deiner nehme wahr.

Alles, was du biſt und haſt,
Iſt umringt mit ſeiner Hut,
Deiner Sorgen ſchwere Laſt
Nimmt er weg, macht Alles gut;
Leib und Seel hält er verdeckt,
Wenn dich Sturm und Wetter ſchreckt.

Wenn der Sonnen Hitze brennt
Und des Leibes Kräfte bricht,
Wenn dich Stern und Monde blendt
Mit dem klaren Angeſicht,
Hat er ſeine ſtarke Hand
Dir zum Schatten vorgewandt.

Nun er fahre immer fort,
Der getreue, fromme Hirt,
Bleibe ſtets dein Schild und Hort,
Wenn dein Herz geängſtet wird;
Wenn die Noth wird viel und groß,
Schließt er dich in ſeinen Schooß.

Wenn du ſtehſt, wenn du gehſt,
Wenn du redeſt, wenn du hörſt,
Wenn du aus dem Hauſe gehſt,
Und zurücke wieder kehrſt,
Wenn du trittſt aus oder ein,
Woll' er dein Geleite ſeyn.

Wer unterm Schirm des Höchſten ſitzt u. ſ. w.

Wer unterm Schirm des Höchſten ſitzt,
Der iſt ſehr wohl bedecket;
Wenn Alles donnert, kracht und blitzt,
Bleibt ſein Herz ungeſchrecket.
Er ſpricht zum Herrn: du biſt mein Licht,
Mein' Hoffnung, meine Zuverſicht,
Mein Thurm und ſtarke Veſte.
Du retteſt mich von's Jägers Strick,
Und treibſt des Todes Netz zurück,
Und ſchützeſt mich aufs Beſte.

Friſch auf! mein Herz, Gott ſtärket dich
Mit Kraft auf allen Seiten.
Schau her, wie ſeine Flügel ſich
Ganz über dich ausbreiten!
Sein Schirm umfängt und deckt dich gar,
Sein Schild fängt auf, was hier und dar
Von Pfeilen fleucht und tobet.
Der Schild iſt Gottes wahres Wort;
Der Schirm iſt, was der ſtarke Hort
Verſprochen und gelobet.

Wenn dich die ſchwarze Nacht umgiebt,
Kannſt du ſein ſicher ſchlafen;
Des Tages bleibſt du unbetrübt
Von deines Feindes Waffen.
Die Seuche, die im Finſtern ſchleicht,
Und des Mittages umher kreucht,
Wird von dir abgeführet.
Und wenn gleich tauſend fallen hier,
Und zehen tauſend hart bei dir,
Bleibſt du doch unberühret.

Kein Uebels wird zu deiner Hütt'
Eingehn und dir begegnen.
Gott wird all' deine Tritt' und Schritt'
Auf deinen Wegen ſegnen.
Denn er hat ſeiner Engelſchaar
Befohlen, daß ſie vor Gefahr
Dich ganz genau bewahren,
Daß dein Fuß möge ſicher ſeyn,
Und nicht vielleicht an einen Stein
Zu deinem Schaden fahren.

Du wirſt auf wilden Löwen ſtehn,
Und treten auf die Drachen;
Du wirſt ihr Gift und ſcharfe Zähn'
In deinem Sinn verlachen.
Das macht's, daß Gott will bei dir ſeyn,
Der ſpricht: Mein Knecht begehret mein,
So will ich ihm beiſpringen;
Er kennet meinen Namen hier,
Drum will ich ihm auch nach Begier
Mein' Hülf' und Rettung bringen.

Er ruft mich an, ſo will ich ihn
Ganz gnädiglich erhören;
Wenn ſein Feind auf ihn aus will ziehn,
So will ich ſtehn und wehren.
Ich will ihn reißen aus dem Tod,
Und, nach erlittner Angſt und Noth,
Mit großer Ehr' ergötzen;
Ich will ihn machen lebensſatt,
Und wenn er g'nug gelebet hat,
Ins ew'ge Heil verſetzen.

Geh aus, mein Herz, und ſuche Freud'.

Geh aus, mein Herz, und ſuche Freud'
In dieſer lieben Sommerszeit
An deines Gottes Gaben;
Schau an der ſchönen Gärten Zier,
Und ſiehe, wie ſie mir und dir
Sich ausgeſchmücket haben.

Die Bäume ſtehen voller Laub,
Das Erdreich decket ſeinen Staub
Mit einem grünen Kleide.
Narciſſen und die Tulipan,
Die ziehen ſich viel ſchöner an
Als Salomonis Seide.

Die Lerche ſchwingt ſich in die Luft,
Das Täublein fleucht aus ſeiner Kluft,
Und macht ſich in die Wälder.
Die hochbegabte Nachtigall
Ergötzt und füllt mit ihrem Schall
Berg, Hügel, Thal und Felder.

Die Glucke führt ihr Völklein aus,
Der Storch baut und bewohnt ſein Haus,
Das Schwälblein ſpeiſt die Jungen,
Der ſchnelle Hirſch, das leichte Reh
Iſt froh, und kommt aus ſeiner Höh
Ins tiefe Gras geſprungen.

Die Bächlein rauſchen in dem Sand,
Und malen ſich und ihren Rand
Mit ſchattenreichen Myrten.
Die Wieſen liegen hart dabei,
Und klingen ganz vom Luſtgeſchrei
Der Schaaf' und ihrer Hirten.

Die unverdroßne Bienenſchaar
Fleugt hin und her, ſucht hier und dar
Ihr' edle Honigſpeiſe.
Des ſüßen Weinſtocks ſtarker Saft
Bringt täglich neue Stärk' und Kraft
In ſeinem ſchwachen Reiſe.

Der Weizen wächſet mit Gewalt,
Darüber jauchzet jung und alt,
Und rühmt die große Güte
Deß, der ſo überflüſſig labt,
Und mit ſo manchem Gut begabt
Das menſchliche Gemüthe.

Ich ſelbſten kann und mag nicht ruhn,
Des großen Gottes großes Thun
Erweckt mir alle Sinnen.
Ich ſinge mit, wenn alles ſingt,
Und laſſe, was dem Höchſten klingt,
Aus meinem Herzen rinnen.

Ach! denk ich, biſt du hie ſo ſchön,
Und läßt du's uns ſo lieblich gehn
Auf dieſer armen Erden,
Was will doch wohl nach dieſer Welt
Dort in dem reichen Himmelszelt
Und güldnem Schloſſe werden!

Welch hohe Luſt, welch heller Schein
Wird wohl in Chriſti Garten ſeyn;
Wie muß es da wohl klingen,
Da ſo viel tauſend Seraphim
Mit unverdroßnem Mund und Stimm'
Ihr Hallelujah ſingen.

O wär' ich da! O ſtünd' ich ſchon,
Ach! ſüßer Gott, vor deinem Thron,
Und trüge meine Palmen!
So wollt ich nach der Engel Weiſ'
Erhöhen deines Namens Preis
Mit tauſend ſchönen Pſalmen.

Doch gleichwohl will ich, weil ich noch
Hier trage dieſes Leibes Joch,
Auch nicht gar ſtille ſchweigen;
Mein Herze ſoll ſich fort und fort
An dieſem und an allem Ort
Zu deinem Lobe neigen.

Hilf nur, und ſegne meinen Geiſt
Mit Segen, der vom Himmel fleußt,
Daß ich dir ſtetig blühe.
Gieb, daß der Sommer deiner Gnad'
In meiner Seelen früh und ſpat
Viel Glaubensfrücht' erziehe.

Mach' in mir deinem Geiſte Raum,
Daß ich dir werd' ein guter Baum,
Und laß mich wohl bekleiben.
Verleihe, daß zu deinem Ruhm,
Ich deines Gartens ſchöne Blum'
Und Pflanze möge bleiben.

Erwähle mich zum Paradeis
Und laß mich bis zur letzten Reiſ'
An Leib und Seele grünen;
So will ich dir und deiner Ehr'
Allein, und ſonſten keinem mehr,
Hier und dort ewig dienen.

Friedenslied.

Gottlob, nun iſt erſchollen
Das edle Fried- und Freudenwort,
Daß nunmehr ruhen ſollen
Die Spieß' und Schwerter und ihr Mord.
Wohlauf und nimm nun wieder
Dein Saitenſpiel hervor!
O Deutſchland, ſinge Lieder
Im hohen vollen Chor.
Erhebe dein Gemüthe
Zu deinem Gott, und ſprich:
Herr, deine Gnad' und Güte
Bleibt dennoch ewiglich.

Wir haben nichts verdienet,
Als ſchwere Straf' und großen Zorn,
Weil ſtets bei uns noch grünet
Der freche ſchnöde Sündendorn.
Wir ſind fürwahr geſchlagen
Mit harter, ſcharfer Ruth',
Und dennoch muß man fragen:
Wer iſt, der Buße thut?
Wir ſind und bleiben böſe,
Gott iſt und bleibet treu,
Hilft, daß ſich bei uns löſe
Der Krieg und ſein Geſchrei.

Sey tauſendmal willkommen,
Du theure, werthe Friedensgab',
Jetzt ſehn wir, was für Frommen
Dein bei uns Wohnen in ſich hab'.
In dich hat Gott verſenket
All unſer Glück und Heil;
Wer dich betrübt und kränket,
Der drückt ihm ſelbſt den Pfeil
Des Herzleids in das Herze,
Und löſcht, aus Unverſtand,
Die güldne Freudenkerze
Mit ſeiner eignen Hand.

Das drückt uns niemand beſſer
In unſre Seel' und Herz hinein,
Als ihr zerſtörten Schlöſſer
Und Städte voller Schutt und Stein;
Ihr vormals ſchönen Felder,
Mit friſcher Saat beſtreut,
Jetzt aber lauter Wälder,
Und dürre wüſte Heid;
Ihr Gräber, voller Leichen,
Und blut'gem Heldenſchweiß
Der Helden, derer gleichen
Auf Erden man nicht weiß.

Hier trübe deine Sinnen,
O Menſch! und laß den Thränenbach
Aus beiden Augen rinnen;
Geh in dein Herz, und denke nach,

Was Gott bisher geſendet,
Das haſt du ausgelacht;
Nun hat er ſich gewendet,
Und väterlich bedacht,
Vom Grimm und ſcharfen Dringen,
Zu deinem Heil, zu ruhn,
Ob er dich möchte zwingen
Mit Lieb' und Gutes thun.

Ach! laß dich doch erwecken!
Wach auf! wach auf! du harte Welt,
Eh als das harte Schrecken
Dich ſchnell und plötzlich überfällt.
Wer aber Chriſtum liebet,
Sey unerſchrocknes Muths;
Der Friede, den er giebet,
Bedeutet alles Guts.
Er will die Lehre geben:
Das Ende naht herzu,
Da ſollt ihr bei Gott leben,
In ew'gem Fried' und Ruh'.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder,
Vieh, Menſchen, Städt' und Felder,
Es ſchläft die ganze Welt.
Ihr aber, meine Sinnen,
Auf! auf! ihr ſollt beginnen,
Was eurem Schöpfer wohlgefällt.

Wo biſt du Sonne blieben?
Die Nacht hat dich vertrieben,
Die Nacht, des Tages Feind.
Fahr' hin, ein' andre Sonne,
Mein Jeſus, meine Wonne,
Gar hell in meinem Herzen ſcheint.

Der Tag iſt nun vergangen,
Die güldnen Sternlein prangen
Am blauen Himmelsſaal.
So, ſo werd' ich auch ſtehen,
Wenn mich wird heißen gehen
Mein Gott aus dieſem Jammerthal.

Der Leib eilt nun zur Ruhe,
Legt ab das Kleid und Schuhe,
Das Bild der Sterblichkeit;
Die zieh' ich aus, dagegen
Wird Chriſtus mir anlegen
Den Rock der Ehr' und Herrlichkeit.

Das Haupt, die Füß' und Hände
Sind froh, daß nun zum Ende
Die Arbeit kommen ſey.
Herz, freu' dich, du ſollt werden
Vom Elend dieſer Erden
Und von der Sündenarbeit frei.

Nun geht, ihr matten Glieder,
Geht, geht und legt euch nieder,
Der Betten ihr begehrt;
Es kommen Stund' und Zeiten,
Da man euch wird bereiten
Zur Ruh' ein Bettlein in der Erd'.

Mein' Augen ſtehn verdroſſen,
Im Hui ſind ſie geſchloſſen;
Wo bleibt dann Leib und Seel'?
Nimm ſie zu deinen Gnaden,
Sey gut für allen Schaden,
Du Aug' und Wächter Iſrael.

Breit' aus die Flügel beide,
O Jeſu, meine Freude,
Und nimm dein Küchlein ein.
Will Satan mich verſchlingen,
So laß die Englein ſingen:
Dies Kind ſoll unverletzet ſeyn.

Auch euch, ihr meine Lieben,
Soll heute nicht betrüben
Kein Unfall noch Gefahr;
Gott laß' euch ruhig ſchlafen,
Stell' euch die güldnen Waffen
Ums Bett und ſeiner Helden Schaar.

An Gott.

Herr Gott, du biſt ja für und für
Die Zuflucht deiner Heerde.
Du biſt geweſen, eh' allhier
Gelegt der Grund zur Erde,
Und da noch kein Berg war bereit't,
Da warſt du in der Ewigkeit,
O Anfang aller Dinge!

Du läßt die Menſchen in das Thor
Des Todes häufig wandern,
Und ſprichſt: kommt wieder, Menſchen, vor,
Und folget jenen andern,
Denn vor dir ſind, Höchſter! tauſend Jahr
Als wie ein Tag, der geſtern war
Und nunmehr iſt vergangen.

Du läßt das ſchnöde Menſchenheer
Wie einen Strom verfließen
Und wie die Schifflein auf dem Meer
Bei gutem Wind hinſchießen;
Gleich wie ein Schlaf und Traum bei Nacht,
Der, wenn der Menſch vom Schlaf erwacht,
Entfallen und vergeſſen.

Wir ſind ein Kraut, das bald verdorrt,
Ein Gras, das jetzt aufgehet,
Wird aber ſchnell von ſeinem Ort
Entführet und verwehet.
So iſt ein Menſch, heut blühet er,
Und morgen, wenn ihn ungefähr
Ein Wind rührt, liegt er nieder.

Das macht, Herr! deines Zornes Grimm,
Daß wir ſo bald verſchwinden.
Dein Eifer ſteigt und wirft uns ümm
Um wegen unſrer Sünden.
Die Sünden ſtellſt du vor dich,
Davon brennt und entzündet ſich
Dein allzeit reines Herze.

Das iſt das Feu'r, das uns verzehrt
Das Mark in allen Beinen;
Daher kommt, daß der Tod verzehrt
Die Großen und die Kleinen;
Drum fahren unſre Tage hin,
Wie ein Geſchwätz durch den Sinn,
Wenn wir die Zeit vertreiben.

Wie lang' hält doch dies Leben aus!
Gar ſelten ſieb'nzig Jahre.
Wenn's hoch kommt, werden achtzig draus,
Und wenn man alle Waare,
Die hier gewonnen, nimmt zu Hauf,
Iſt's lauter Müh' von Jugend auf
Und lauter Angſt geweſen.

Wir rennen, laufen, ſorgen viel,
Und eh' wir's uns verſehen,
Da kommt der Tod, ſteckt uns das Ziel
Und da iſt's denn geſchehen;
Wir fliehen eilend und behend,
Und doch iſt Niemand, der ſein End'
Und Gottes Zorn bedenkt.

Lehr' uns bedenken, frommer Gott!
Das Elend dieſer Erden,
Auf daß wir, wenn wir an den Tod
Gedenken, klüger werden.
Ach! kehre wieder, kehr' uns zu
Dein Angeſicht und ſteh' in Ruh'
Mit deinen böſen Knechten.

Erfüll' uns früh mit deiner Gnad'
An Leib' und an der Seelen,
So wollen wir dir früh und ſpat
Dein Lob und Dank erzählen.
Erfreu' uns, o du höchſte Freud'!
Und gieb uns wieder gute Zeit,
Nach ſo viel böſen Tagen.

Bisher hat's lauter Kreuz geſchneit,
Laß nun die Sonne ſcheinen!
Beſcher' uns Freude nach dem Leid
Und Lachen nach dem Weinen.
Laß deiner Werke ſüßen Schein,
Herr, deinen Knechten dankbar ſeyn,
Und dein' Ehr' ihren Kindern.

Bleib' unſer Gott und treuer Freund,
Halt' uns auf ſichrem Pfade,
Und wenn wir etwa irrig ſind,
So gieb, daß ſich mit Buße,
Das Herz wieder zu dir wend',
Und fördre das Thun unſrer Händ'
Und ſegne unſre Werke.

Frauenlied.

Ein Weib, das Gott den Herren liebt,
Und ſich ſtets in der Tugend übt,
Iſt viel mehr Lobs und Liebens werth,
Als alle Perlen auf der Erd'.

Ihr Mann darf mit dem Herzen frei
Verlaſſen ſich auf ihre Treu.
Sein Haus iſt voller Freud' und Licht,
An Nahrung wird's ihm mangeln nicht.

Sie thut ihm Liebes, und kein Leid,
Durchlebet ſeine Lebenszeit,
Sie nimmt ſich ſeines Kummers an,
Mit Troſt und Rath, ſo gut ſie kann.

Die Woll' und Flachs ſind ihre Luſt,
Was Herzen dient, iſt ihr bewußt;
Ihr Händlein greifet ſelbſt mit zu,
Hat öfters Müh' und ſelten Ruh'.

Sie iſt ein Schifflein auf dem Meer,
Wenn dieſes kommt, ſo kommt's nicht leer;
So ſchafft auch ſie aus allem Ort
Und ſetzet ihre Nahrung fort.

Sie ſchläft mit Sorg', iſt früh heraus,
Giebt Futter, wo ſie ſoll, im Haus,
Und ſpeiſt die Dirnen, deren Hand
Zu ihren Dienſten iſt gewandt.

Sie gürtet ihre Lenden feſt,
Und ſtrecket ihre Arm' auf's beſt';
Iſt froh, wenn wohl von Statten geht,
Worauf ihr Sinn und Herze ſteht.

Wenn andre löſchen Feu'r und Licht,
Verliſcht doch ihre Leuchte nicht;
Ihr Herze wachet Tag und Nacht
Zu Gott, der Tag und Nacht gemacht.

Sie nimmt den Rocken, ſetzt ſich hin,
Und ſchämt ſich nicht, daß ſie ihn ſpinn';
Ihr Finger faßt die Spindel wol,
Und macht ſie ſchnell mit Garne voll.

Sie hört gar leicht des Armen Bitt',
Iſt gütig, theilet gerne mit;
Ihr Haus und alles Hausgeſind,
Iſt wohl verwahrt vor Schnee und Wind.

Sie näht, ſie ſtrickt, ſie wirkt mit Fleiß,
Macht Decken nach der Künſtler Weiſ',
Hält ſich ſelbſt ſauber, weiße Seid'
Und Purpurfarbe iſt ihr Kleid.

Ihr Mann iſt in der Stadt berühmt,
Beſtellt ſein Amt, wie ſich's geziemt.
Er geht, ſitzt und hat Ehre an,
Und was er thut, iſt wohlgethan.

Ihr Schmuck iſt, daß ſie reinlich iſt,
Ihr' Ehr' iſt, daß ſie iſt gerüſt
Mit Fleiße, der gewiß zuletzt
Den, der ihn liebet, doch ergötzt.

Sie öffnet ihren weiſen Mund,
Thut Kindern und Geſinde kund
Des Höchſten Wort, und lehrt ſie fein
Fromm, ehrbar und gehorſam ſeyn.

Sie ſchauet wie's im Hauſe geht,
Und wie es hie und dorten ſteht;
Sie iſſt ihr Brod, und ſagt dabei,
Wie ſo groß Unrecht Faulheit ſey.

Die Söhne, die ihr Gott beſcheert,
Die halten ſie doch, lieb und werth;
Ihr Mann, der lobt ſie ſpät und früh
Und preiſet ſelig ſich und ſie.

Viel Töchter bringen Geld und Gut,
Sind zart am Leib und ſtolz am Muth;
Du aber, meine Kron' und Zier,
Gehſt wahrlich ihnen allen für.

Was hilft der äußerliche Schein?
Was iſt's doch, ſchön und lieblich ſeyn?
Ein Weib, das Gott liebt, ehrt und ſcheut,
Das ſoll man loben weit und breit.

Die Werke, die ſie hier verricht,
Sind wie ein ſchönes helles Licht;
Sie dringen bis zur Himmelspfort',
Und werden leuchten hier und dort.

Wilhelm Gerhard

ward am 29. November 1780 zu Weimar geboren, widmete ſich dem Handelsſtande und lebt als Großherzoglich Sächſiſcher Legationsrath und angeſehener Kaufmann in Leipzig. —

Seine Schriften ſind:

Anakreon und Sappho, freie Nachbildung. Leipzig, 1818.
Sakontala. Leipzig, 1819.
Sophronia oder die Eroberung des heiligen Grabes. Drama. Magdeburg, 1822.
Spaziergang über die Alpen. Gotha, 1823.
Gedichte, Leipzig, 1826—1828. 4 Thle. — (der 4. Theil auch unter dem Titel: Serbiſche Volkslieder.)
Wiegenweihe. Lyriſches Feſtſpiel, Leipzig, 1829.
Blick auf einige Steuerverhältniſſe im Königreich Sachſen. Leipzig, 1831.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Wilhelm Gerhard iſt am glücklichſten in der lyriſchen Poeſie, der ſein bewegliches und lebendiges Naturell ſich auch vorzugsweiſe zuzuneigen ſcheint. Hier zeigt er Innigkeit und Gemüthlichkeit, Reichthum der Bilder und Anſchauungen, ein feines Ohr und große Gewandtheit in Beherrſchung von Sprache und Form; viele ſeiner Lieder ſind Volkseigenthum geworden.

Venezianiſches Gondlerlied.

So ſchwebet die Gondel auf ſchaukelnder Welle,
Die Nacht iſt ſo helle,
So labend, ſo kühl.
Drum folge mir, Kätchen! Allein und verſchwiegen
Im Kahn ſich zu wiegen,
Iſt Wonnegefühl.

Den Deckel der Gondel befahl ich zu räumen,
Um ſicher zu träumen
In ſäuſelnder Luft.
Nun werden uns ſpielend die Wogen umfächeln,
Die Zephyr' umlächeln
Mit würzigem Duft.

Betrüge ſich etwa ein Zephyrchen feiner,
Und riſſe den Schleier
Dir weg von der Bruſt,
Und wüßte verwegen ein Knie zu erhaſchen,
Verbotenes zu naſchen
In himmliſcher Luſt:

Was kümmert's dich, Süße! Am Ruder behende
Regt Toni die Hände
Nach Ordnung und Pflicht.
Du kannſt einer Büſte nicht ſicherer trauen,
Er will's ja nicht ſchauen,
Und ſchaut es auch nicht.

Matroſenlied.

Luſtiger Matroſenſang
Heiho!
Tönt laut das Meer entlang!
Heiho!
Bald im Süden bald im Nord
Sing' ich hier und ſing' dort,
Werf' die Grillen über Bord.
Heiho — i!

In der Woge naſſen Bauch
Heiho!
Blaſ' ich meines Pfeifchens Rauch.
Heiho!
Fiſchlein ſpringt im Sonnenſchein,
Seehund ſchwimmet uns hinterdrein,
Und die wilden Möven ſchrein.
Heiho — i!

Hat der Sturm den Kiel gefaßt,
Heiho!
Klettr' ich auf den höchſten Maſt.
Heiho!
Seid nicht bange, Kapitän!
Wind und Wetter werden ſchön:
Laßt die Flagge luſtig wehn!
Heiho — i!

Eins machet mir Verdruß:
Heiho!
Ich entbehre Jettchens Kuß.
Heiho!
Denk' ich auf bewegter See
An die Stunde Abſchiedsweh,
Fühlt mich der Liebe Weh.
Heiho — i!

Aber wenn der Hafen winkt,
Heiho!
Und ihr ſchwarzes Auge blinkt:
Heiho!
Küſſ' ich, bei ſo mildem Strahl,
Nach der Trennung langer Qual
Jettchen hunderttauſendmal.
Heiho — i!

Hans ohne Sorgen.

Ich fühlte Magenwehen,
Nahm Ihre mit Branntewein,
Und goß wohl aus Verſehen
Ein Glas zu viel hinein.
Hikup! hikup!
Hallera lalla!

Nun iſt kurirt der Magen,
Doch Kopfweh plagt mich ſehr.
Ich nehm', es zu verjagen,
Ein Priſchen Saint-Omer.
Hatzi! hatzi!
Hallera lalla!

Kaum krähten noch die Hähne
Da weckte man mich auf.
Verzeiht mir, wenn ich gähne!
Natur will ihren Lauf.
Hawah! hawah!
Hallera lalla!

Hans bin ich ohne Sorgen,
Ich kenne keine Noth,
Und lache früh am Morgen
Bis ſpät zum Abendroth.
Haha! haha!
Hallera lalla!

Der Fuhrmann.

Das Pfeifchen dampfet, die Peitſche knallt,
Die Hengſte wiehern, das Liedchen ſchallt.
Wiſcht!
Durch Moor und Sand
In Stadt und Land
Getrunken, geſungen und angeſpannt!
Juhi, wiſchhott, juhi!

Hier duftet der Klee, dort blühet der Raps,
Ihr Rößlein, ſchmauſet; ich trinke Schnaps!
Wiſcht!
Nun wohlgemuth!
Der Weg iſt gut,
Ein luſtiger Fuhrmann ſchwenket den Hut.
Juhi, wiſchhott, juhi!

Dort ſpannen wir aus im halben Mond,
Wo Lieschen, das ſchwarzbraune Mägdlein, wohnt.
Wiſcht!
Die giebt uns Stroh
Und weiches Heu,
Und Häckſel und Hafer, und Lieb und Treu.
Juhi, wiſchhott, juhi!

Frau Wirthinn ſchenkt vom beſten Wein
Dem ſchlanken, ſchwarzbraunen Mägdelein!
Wiſcht!
Das Aeuglein blinkt,
Sie nippt, ſie trinkt,
Bis ihr vom Trinken die Wimper ſinkt.
Juhi, wiſchhott, juhi!

Nun ruht ihm das ſchläfrige Kind im Arm,
Er wiegt es munter, und hält es warm.
Wiſcht!
Sie lullet's gern.
Ruh' aus, Liebchen!
Den Glücklichen leuchtet der Liebe Stern.
Juhi, wiſchhott, juhi!

Die Roſſe wiehern, der Morgen graut,
Sie bringt ihm Blumen, und weinet laut.
Wiſcht!
Sie ſchleicht in's Haus,
Er küßt den Strauß,
Und lenket den Wagen zum Hofe hinaus.
Juhi, wiſchhott, juhi!

Schnitter.

Der Waizen, das Korn und die Gerſte blinkt,
Dem Schnitter die goldene Ernte winkt;
Er eilet mit Sichel und Senſe herbei,
Juchhei! Juchhei! Heidideldumdei!
Juchhei!

Er bindet die Garben mit fleißiger Hand,
Nicht achtend der Sonne verſengenden Brand,
Und ladet ſie auf mit Jubelgeſchrei.
Juchhei! Juchhei! Heititeldumdei!
Juchhei!

Verſchämt lächelt mit zärtlicher Glut
Die Schnitterinn unter dem Sonnenhut,
Er küßt ihr die Wange ſo lieb und treu.
Juchhei! Juchhei! Heititeldumdei!
Juchhei!

Und Beide winden den Erntekranz,
Und rüſten ſich fröhlich zum ländlichen Tanz;
Es tönen die Geigen, es klingt die Schalmei:
Juchhei! Juchhei! Heititeldumdei!
Juchhei!

Jäger.

Es blies ein Jäger wohl in ſein Horn,
Trarah!
Und wandelte ſtill durch Dickicht und Dorn;
Trarah!
Er ſchoß nicht Haſen noch Hühner noch Reh,
Denn ach! im Herzen war's ihm gar weh,
Trarah, Trarah, Trarah!
Seitdem er das Mägdelein ſah.

Des Jägers verlockender Hörnerklang,
Trarah!
Ihr tief daheim in die Seele drang.
Trarah!
Sie ſchlich hinaus wo das Hüfthorn ſchallt,
Hinaus, hinaus in den grünen Wald.
Trarah, Trarah, Trarah!
O Jäger, dein Liebchen iſt da!

Er drückt das Händchen ſo weich und zart,
Trarah!
Er küßt ihr die Lippe nach Jägers Art.
Trarah!
Und möchteſt du wohl die Jägerinn ſeyn,
Du ſchämendes Herzliebchen mein?
Trarah, Trarah, Trarah!
Das Mägdelein lispelte, ja!

Die Locke pranget im grünen Kranz,
Trarah!
Die Hörner laden zum Hochzeittanz,
Trarah!
Und ſelig ſinkt und liebewarm
Die Jägerinn traut in des Jägers Arm;
Trarah, Trarah, Trarah!
Weiß nicht wie ihr geſchah.

Jägers Brauch.

Die Büchſe knallt,
Das Hüfthorn ſchallt,
Piffpaff! trarah!
Der Jäger jaget im grünen Wald.
Piffpaff! trarah!
Auch uns lockt manches Reh herbei,
Doch ſchießen wir nicht mit Pulver und Blei,
Piffpaff! trarah!
Juchheiſa ſaſa!
Trarah!

Dem Hörnerklang,
Dem Vogelſang
Tirili! trarah!
Lauſcht Jägers Ohr den Buſch entlang.
Tirili! trarah!
Wer frägt noch, ob die Lerche ſingt,
Wo laut ein ſchäumender Becher klingt?
Klingling! trarah!
Juchheiſa, ſaſa!
Trarah!

Der grüne Geſell,
Ihn dürſtet ſchnell:
Gluckgluck! trarah!
Da bückt er ſich nieder zum klaren Quell.
Gluckgluck! trarah!
Ey, ey! wer möchte ſo thöricht ſeyn!
Wir trinken lieber vom goldenen Wein.
Schenkt ein! trarah!
Juchheiſa, ſaſa!
Trarah!

Sieht er im Hain
Ein Mägdelein:
Juchhei! trarah!
So küßt er bei Sonnen- und Mondenſchein.
Juchhei! trarah!
Ihr lieblichen Schönen! das thun wir auch;
Da folgen wir alle des Jägers Brauch.
Juchhei! trarah!
Juchheiſa! ſaſa!
Trarah!

Freude.

Was perlet im Glaſe? was ſchäumet im Becher?
Was hebet die Seele, die fröhlichen Zecher?
Sagt, iſt es allein
Der goldene Wein?
Nein, nein! nein, nein!
Wir fühlen der Freude beſeelenden Strahl,
Der glüht in den Adern und perlt im Pokal.

Was tönt, begleitet vom rauſchenden Klange,
Hinab zu den Herzen, im frohen Geſange?
Ihr meint wohl allein
Trompeten, Schalmei'n?
Nein, nein! nein, nein!
In Tönen begeiſtert die Freude das Ohr,
Und hebet die Herzen zum Himmel empor.

Was klopfet im Buſen der lieblichen Dirne?
Was blitzt ihr im Auge, was thront auf der Stirne?
Wie! wär' es allein
Ein ſittlicher Schein!
Nein, nein! nein, nein!
Die Freude, die liebende, färbt ihr den Mund,
Und machet im Strahle des Auges ſich kund.

Wer ſchlingt bei dem leichten, dem ſchwebenden Tanze
Die ſchnellen Sekunden zu köſtlichem Kranze?
Vielleicht nur allein
Die wogenden Reih'n?
Nein, nein! nein, nein!
Der Odem der Freude, der himmliſche, weht
Auch da, wo ein wirbelnder Reigen ſich dreht.

So laſſet uns, Brüder! im Fluge, im raſchen,
Die Freude, die Tochter des Himmels, erhaſchen!
Sie ladet uns ein,
Uns heute zu freun:
Schlagt ein! ſchlagt ein!
Und webet aus Reben, mit liebender Hand,
Aus Liedern und Tänzen ein heiteres Band!

Der Trinker.

Der Arzt hat mir verboten
vinum,
Den weißen wie den rothen
bonum.
Man gönnt nur ſolche Gabe
alii;
Drum ſang ich ſchon als Knabe:
bibi, bibi, bibi!

Mir reichten tauſend Quellen
aquam;
Doch ſchlürft' ich ſelbſt vom hellen
nunquam.
Für Wein nur will ich danken
tibi;
So oft die Brüder tranken,
bibi, bibi, bibi.

Bisweilen, wenn ich ſchlafe
Dormiam.
Klopft eine muntre Schöne
mecum.
Den Körper vor Gefahren
morbi
Mir kräftig zu bewahren:
bibi, bibi, bibi.

Verſucht' einmal zu ſingen
carmen.
Konnt' aber nicht erringen
nomen.
Daß ſich ein Kranz mir winde
Phöbi,
Und ſchnell den Reim ich finde:
bibi, bibi, bibi.

Ich lebe froh und munter,
vivo,
Und ſoll ich einſt hinunter,
ibo,
In Tantalus Verzagen
ibi,
Werd' ich dann lachend ſagen:
bibi, bibi, bibi!

Anmerk. Kompoſiteurs haben die lateiniſchen Worte nicht trochäiſch, ſondern jambiſch zu nehmen.

Der Verf.

Sylveſterlied.

Mit ernſtem Glockenſchlage
Ertönet der Moment,
Der auf der Zeiten Wage
Den Raum der Jahre trennt.
Und bebt im Herzen wieder
Der feierliche Klang:
Begrüßt ihn, liebe Brüder,
Begrüßt ihn mit Geſang!

Chor.

Im Herzen bebet wieder
Der ernſte Glockenklang,
Wir grüßen ihn, ihr Brüder!
Mit feſtlichem Geſang.

Wem Freundſchaft oder Liebe
Auf dieſer Erde lacht,
Dem wird es nimmer trübe
In dunkler Mitternacht.
So laßt uns Freundſchaft halten
Auch in dem neuen Jahr,
Und liebe, wer im alten
Durch Liebe ſelig war!

Chor.

Wir wollen Freundſchaft halten
Auch in dem neuen Jahr,
Und liebe, wer im alten
Durch Liebe ſelig war!

Zwar trübt oft unſre Wonne
Der Thräne bittrer Quell,
Und leider ſchien die Sonne
Nicht alle Tage hell:
Doch Brüder, frohen Muthes,
Wenn ihr der Thränen denkt!
Der Himmel hat auch Gutes
Und Schönes uns geſchenkt.

Chor.

Ja Brüder, frohen Muthes!
Er, der die Sonne lenkt,
Hat Schönes auch und Gutes
Mit Vaterhuld geſchenkt.

Begrüßet, traut verbunden,
Im Kreiſe holder Frau'n,
Des Jahres erſte Stunden
Mit fröhlichem Vertrau'n!
Und feſter, immer feſter,
In inniger'm Verein,
Soll immerdar Sylveſter
Von uns gefeiert ſeyn!

Chor.

Ja feſter, immer feſter,
In inniger'm Verein,
Soll immerdar Sylveſter
Von uns gefeiert ſeyn!

Der Polterabend.

Erſte Schweſter.

Unſre Schweſter geht nun fort,
Fort aus unſerm Kreis.
Bräutchen! im Vertrauen ein Wort:
Wird das Herzchen heiß?
Willſt du denn nicht länger weilen?

Die Braut.

Eilen.

Zweite Schweſter.

Eilen hat ſchon oft gereut:
Bleibe doch noch da!
Alles was ein Mädchen freut,
Alles haſt du ja;
Möchte wiſſen was dich triebe!

Die Braut.

Liebe.

Beide Schweſtern.

Lieb' iſt alles, was dich zieht?
Das iſt freilich hart.
Wenn die Lieb' im Buſen glüht,
Wird nicht Zeit geſpart,
Sich dem Bräut'gam zu ergeben.

Die Braut.

Eben!

Der Vater.

Kinder, laßt das Mädel gehn,
Seht erſt, wie es thut!
So was kann euch auch geſchehn,
Habt ihr Fleiſch und Blut.
Wünſcht ihr nicht auch zu gefallen?

Die Braut.

Allen.

Die Freunde.

Necken ſie dich, ſüße Braut,
Gieb den Spott zurück!
Biſt du morgen erſt getraut,
Lächelt dir dein Glück;
Ja, man ſucht dir nachzuahmen.

Alle.

Amen!

Brautgeſang.

Kennt ihr den Jüngling, der entzückt,
Tralla!
Der Nachbarinn die Hände drückt,
Tralla!
Und leiſe flüſtert: ſüßes Lamm!
Iſt es vielleicht der Bräutigam?
Tralla! Juchhei! Tralli! Tralla!
Es iſt der Bräutigam.

Und die dort an der Seit' ihm ſitzt,
Tralla!
Aus deren Auge Liebe blitzt,
Tralla!
Die ſanft erröthend niederſchaut,
Das iſt wohl ſeine holde Braut?
Tralla! Juchhei! Tralli! Tralla!
Es iſt die holde Braut.

Woher der Wange Fiebergluth!
Tralla!

Warum erbebt das junge Blut?
Tralla!
Warum verfärbt ſich ihr Geſicht?
Sie weiß es wohl, doch ſagt ſie's nicht;
Tralla! Juchhei! Tralli! Tralla!
Nein, nein! ſie ſagt es nicht.

Ob auch die blöde Lippe ſchweigt:
Tralla!
Seht, wie der Buſen ſinkt und ſteigt!
Tralla!
Er athmet klopfend ſchon die Luſt,
Zu ruh'n an des Geliebten Bruſt;
Tralla! Juchhei! Tralli! Tralla!
Zu ruh'n an ſeiner Bruſt.

Wir drücken ſchon ein Auge zu,
Tralla!
Wir wünſchen ihnen ſüße Ruh,
Tralla!
Und rufen zum Pokale laut:
Es lebe Bräutigam und Braut!
Tralla! Juchhei! Tralli! Tralla!
Ja, Bräutigam und Braut!

Trinklied.

Auf! getrunken!
Denn bei goldnem Wein
Schlummern alle Sorgen ein,
Und es ſprühen Himmelsfunken.
Auf! getrunken!

Leid und Klage,
Euch entbehr' ich gern!
Bleibet ewig von mir fern!
Trübt mir nicht die heitern Tage,
Leid und Klage!

Einmal ſterben
Muß ich mit der Zeit:
Meines Lebens Heiterkeit
Sollt' ich grämelnd mir verderben
Vor dem Sterben?

Nein, getrunken!
Denn bei goldnem Wein
Schlummern alle Sorgen ein,
Und es ſprühen Himmelsfunken.
Auf! getrunken!

Rundgeſang beim Weine.

Trink' ich Wein:
So ergreift mich Himmelsfeuer,
Und es tönen meiner Leyer
Melodein.

Trink' ich Wein:
Werf' ich ſorglos meine Grillen
In das Meer, wo Stürme brüllen,
Tief hinein.

Trink' ich Wein:
Wandl' ich zwiſchen ſanften Bächen,
Frühlingsblumen mir zu brechen,
In dem Hain.

Trink' ich Wein:
Preiſ' ich, fern von Leid und Klage,
Meiner goldnen Lebenstage
Sonnenſchein.

Trink' ich Wein:
Bin ich unter ſchönen Kindern,
Die den Liebesſchmerz mir lindern,
Gern allein.

Trink' ich Wein:
Iſt's, als ob mir aus der Tiefe
Des Pokals die Freude riefe,
Froh zu ſeyn.

Trink' ich Wein:
Bin ich König. Menſchlich Wiſſen
Lehrt, daß wir theilen müſſen:
Schenkt mir ein!

Vaterunſer.

Vater unſer im Himmel! der du die Erd' und die Sonne,
Mond und Sterne gebaut, geheiliget werde dein Name!
Zu uns komme dein Reich, das Reich der Lieb' und der Wahrheit!
Und dein Wille geſcheh' auf Erden ſo wie in dem Himmel!
Gieb uns tägliches Brod, und was wir Schwache verſchuldet,
Vater, vergieb uns gnädig, wie wir den Schuldnern vergeben!
Sende zum Guten die Kraft, und führ' uns nicht in Verſuchung,
Sondern erlöſ' uns, o Herr, vom Ungemach und vom Uebel!
Denn dein iſt das Reich, die Kraft und die Herrlichkeit, dein nur,
Der du die Welten regierſt, o Vater, in Ewigkeit. Amen!

Ruhm und Liebe.

Es flimmern Sterne durch die trübe Nacht
Auf tauſend Zelte hin mit bleichem Glanze;
Ein junger Krieger hält im Nebel Wacht,
Und ſingt, den Arm geſtützt auf ſeine Lanze:
Fliegt, Lüftchen, fliegt heimathwärts,
Zum Liebchen heim, durch Nacht und Trübe;
Sagt ihr, es klopfe mir das Herz
Nur für den Ruhm und meine Liebe!

Des Lagerfeuers blutigrother Schein
Weckt ſeinen Muth zum nahen Waffentanze;
Ihm glüht die Wang' und, einſam und allein,
Singt er, geſtützt auf's Eiſen ſeiner Lanze:
Fliegt, Lüftchen, fliegt heimathwärts,
Zum Liebchen heim, durch Nacht und Trübe;
Sagt ihr, es klopfe mir das Herz
Nur für den Ruhm und meine Liebe!

Zum Kampfe ruft das heitre Morgenroth,
Und Tauſend ringen nach dem Lorbeerkranze.
Im Arm des Sieges lauert oft der Tod,
Und fallen kann ich neben meiner Lanze:
Doch grüßt, ihr Lüftchen, grüßt ſie auch,
Wenn ich auf blut'gem Schlachtfeld bliebe,
Und ſagt: bis zum letzten Hauch
Schlug ſeine Bruſt für Ruhm und Liebe!

Wolfgang Adolph Gerle,

als Pſeudonym Konrad Spiz, genannt Frühauf, ward 1758 zu Prag geboren, war früher Buchhändler und wurde ſpäter Profeſſor der Geſchichte am dortigen Conſervatorium.

Er gab heraus:

Hiſtoriſcher Bilderſaal aus der Vorzeit Böhmens. 3 Bdchen. Prag 1824.
Neue Erzählungen. Prag 1826.
Guckkaſten-Bilder. 2 Bdchen. Brünn 1824.
Korallen. Prag 1807. N. A. 1811.
Die Liebesharfe. Wien 1825. 2 Bdchen.
Novellen, Erzählungen und Mährchen. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1821.
Der kleine Phantaſus. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1823.
Romantiſcher Ritterſaal. 1r Bd. Brünn 1824.
Schattenriſſe und Mondnachtsbilder. 3 Bdchen. Leipzig 1824.
Schelmuffsky's ſeltſame Abentheuer. Berlin 1821.
Volksmährchen der Böhmen. 2 Bde. Prag 1819.

Einzelne Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

G. hat beſonders mit Geſchick und Wärme die Volksſagen ſeines Landes behandelt, wie er ſich überhaupt als Erzähler durch eine angenehme, gewandte, ſtets dem bearbeiteten Gegenſtande angemeſſene Darſtellung, vielſeitige Anerkennung zu gewinnen verſtand.

Holzſchnitte*)

aus alten Chroniken.

1.

Biſchoff Adalbert und Kochan von Wrſſowec.

Zu Ende des zehnten Jahrhunderts geſchah es, daß die Gemahlin eines Ritters aus dem Geſchlechte der Wrſſowec in Liebe für einen jungen Prieſter entbrannte, und da dieſer ob der ſchönen Frau ſeine heiligen Gelübde vergaß, ſo entſpann ſich zwiſchen beiden ein ſündhaftes Verſtändniß, bis endlich der Ritter die Untreue ſeines Weibes inne wurde, und ihr blutige Rache ſchwur; aber ſie entfloh, und während ihr Gatte die Edlen und Anverwandten ſeines Stammes verſammelte und ihnen die Schmach kund that, welche ihrem Hauſe zugefügt worden, worüber ſie alle in Zorn geriethen, daß ſie den Tod des Weibes forderten, ſo ſie entehrt, begab ſich die treuloſe Frau in die Kirche des heiligen Georg, und warf ſich zu den Füßen des frommen Biſchof Adalbert, indem ſie, mit bittern Zähren der Angſt und Reue ihre Sünden bekennend, zugleich ſein Mitleid anflehte.

Adalbert, die ganze Heiligkeit des Ortes erkennend, wo die Strafbare um ſeinen Schutz bat, gewährte ihr ſelben, und als die Glieder des beleidigten Stammes, Kochan von Wrſſowec an ihrer Spitze, vor den Kloſtermauern erſchienen, um die Auslieferung der Verbrecherin zu fodern, weigerte ſich Adalbert nicht nur, ihr Begehren zu erfüllen, ſondern, ſein Leben an den Schutz der Unglücklichen ſetzend, trat er mitten unter die Bewaffneten und ſprach:

„So ihr mich ſuchet: hier ſtehe ich mitten unter euch.“

Kochan ſchüttelte das Haupt und entgegnete ſpottend:

„Du hoffſt umſonſt auf die Märterkrone und den Tod eines chriſtlichen Helden, welcher die Rache aller Chriſten auf uns laden würde; aber wenn du die Buhlerinn noch ferner gegen unſre gerechte Rache ſchützen willſt, ſo wiſſe, daß deine Brüder in unſern Händen ſind, und wir wollen unſre Wuth an ihren Weibern und Kindern kühlen, und ihre Güter in Beſchlag nehmen.“

Der Biſchoff fühlte den Hohn und die Drohung dieſer ſchmachvollen Rede; gleichwohl war er feſt entſchloſſen, eher Alles zu dulden, als die Unglückſelige dem blinden Grimme ihrer Verwandten Preis zu geben; aber dieſe hatten Mittel gefunden, durch eine kleine Seitenpforte, die ſie ſprengten, in die Kirche einzudringen, und ohne die Heiligkeit des Ortes zu achten, riſſen ſie das zitternde Weib vom Hochaltare, wohin ſie in ihrer großen Angſt flüchtete, um ſie der Rache ihres beleidigten Gemahls zu übergeben; doch dieſer meinte, ſich mit dem Blute der Strafbaren zu entehren und rief einen der gemeinſten Knechte herzu, welcher ihr das Haupt abſchlagen mußte.

Empört über dieſe Entweihung des heiligen Ortes that Adalbert die grauſamen Wrſſowece in Bann; aber dieſe achteten deſſen wenig, und in dem wilden Sturme der damaligen Zeit blieb die ganze Gewaltthat unbeſtraft.

2.

Herzog Jaromir und der treue Knecht.

In den erſten Jahren des eilften Jahrhunderts beſtieg Jaromir den böhmiſchen Fürſtenthron faſt noch als Jüngling, zwar voll Eifer für das Wohl des Vaterlandes, aber ohne Erfahrung, außerhalb Böhmen erzogen, dem Volke unbekannt und zudem von dem mächtigen Geſchlecht der Wrſſowec gehaßt, deſſen Oberhaupt, Kochan, ſelbſt nach dem Herzogshut trachtete.

Um Jaromir mit einemmale zu verderben, lud ihn Kochan eines Tages zur Jagd, und der argloſe Herzog erſchien, nur von zwei Knechten geleitet, deren einen die Wrſſowecen gewonnen und gedungen hatten, ſeinen Herrn den Mördern in die Hände zu führen. Als er ſich nun im dichten Forſte befand, fielen die Verſchwornen über den Herzog her, riſſen den Ueberraſchten vom Pferde, zogen ihn nackt aus, und ſtreckten den Unglücklichen, an Pfähle gebunden, auf die Erde, worauf ſie ein Wettrennen anſtellten, und ohne ſeines Rufens, Bittens und Flehens um Schonung oder den Tod, zu achten, mit ihren Roſſen über ihn hin und her ſprengten. Hrziwetz, Jaromir's verrätheriſcher Knecht, nahm Theil an dieſer Frevelthat, während Hovora, des Herzogs zweiter Begleiter, Mittel fand, den Mördern zu entrinnen, und Hülfe für ſeinen Herrn aufzubieten. Mittlerweile hatte die Herzoginn einen weiſſagenden Traum gehabt, in welchem ihr der heilige Johannes die Gefahr ihres Gemahls gezeigt, und ihr befohlen hatte, demſelben fünfzig Knechte zum Beiſtand zu ſenden; der treue Hovora begegnete dieſen; da ſie aber keine Pferde hatten, ſo beſchwor er die Schaar, zur Rettung ihres Herrn zu eilen, und, ſo ſie ihn aus dem Auge verlören, nur dem Schalle ſeines Jagdhorns zu folgen.

Als Hovora an den Ort zurückkam, wo er den Fürſten verlaſſen hatte, zeigte ſich ſeinen erſtaunten Blicken ein gar wunderſames Schauſpiel: Die grauſamen Wrſſowecen waren des Wettrennens über Jaromir's zerfleiſchten Leib endlich müde geworden, und banden den Herzog an einen Baum, worauf ſie ſich im Pfeilſchießen nach ſo edlem Ziel übten; aber Hovora ſah nur die boshaften Schützen, welche Pfeil auf Pfeil nach der hohen Eiche ſandten; vor dem Fürſten ſchwebte, gleichſam in den Lüften befeſtigt, ein purpurrother Mantel, der alle Pfeile auffing, und welchen jene gar nicht zu bemerken ſchienen.

Bald gewahrte einer der Blutgierigen den Hovora, und ſchnell ließen alle von ihrem Pfeilſchießen ab, fingen ihn, und verurtheilten den ungebetenen Zeugen ihres frevelhaften Beginnens, alſogleich an den nächſten Baumſtamm aufgehangen zu werden; dem falſchen Knecht, der den Herzog mit ihm begleitet, und liſtig in die Gefahr verlockt, trugen ſie die Vollziehung des Spruchs an ſeinem Freunde und Gevatter auf; aber Hovora erbat ſich nur die einzige Gunſt, vor ſeinem Tode noch drei Stückchen auf ſeinem Jagdhorn blaſen zu dürfen, welches Inſtrument in dieſem Leben ſeine größte Freude geweſen und ihm alſo auch in ein anderes das Geleite geben ſolle. Dieſe Bitte ward gewährt, doch ſpottete man des ſeltſamen Begehrens. — Als Hovora das erſtemal ins Horn ſtieß, legte ihm Hrziwetz den Strang von Baſt um den Hals, und wie er das zweitemal geblaſen, ward es ihm ſchier bang, denn er fürchtete, die wackern Knechte der Herzoginn möchten des Weges verfehlt haben, oder noch zu fern ſeyn, um den Schall ſeines Hornes zu vernehmen, und er empfahl ſein Weib und ſeine unerzogenen Kinder dem unbarmherzigen Gevatter, der ihm den Tod zu geben bereit war. Gern hätte Hovora noch länger gezögert, aber die Wrſſowecen, welche es nicht erwarten konnten, wieder zu ihrem Pfeilſchießen zurückzukehren, trieben ihn zur Eile an, worauf er zum drittenmal aus allen Kräften ins Horn ſtieß, und ſeine Seele Gott anheim zu geben vorbereitet war. — Hrziwetz ſtand ſchon auf dem Baume, um den Gewitter hinauf zu ziehen, als plötzlich die fünfzig treuen Knechte aus dem Dickicht brachen und die Wriſſawecen ſammt ihrem Anhang, deren Zahl weit geringer war, in die Flucht ſchlugen. Hrzimek fiel in der Angſt von der Eiche herunter und ward an Hovora's Strick gehangen. Als aber die Knechte ſich dem purpurrothen Mantel nahten, der in der Luft ſchwebend vor dem Herzog ausgeſpannt war und ſeinen fürſtlichen Leib vor den feindlichen Pfeilen bewahrt hatte, hob ſich dieſer gen Himmel, und auf einer Wolke mit Morgengold geſäumt, erſchien der heilige Täufer Johannes, zum Thron des höchſten Herrſchers empor ſchwebend.

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*) Aus W. A. Gerle's Novellen, Erzählungen u. Mährchen. 1ter. Band. Leipzig 1821.

Die treuen Knechte labten den erſchöpften Jaromir und führten ihn in ſeine Hauptſtadt, wo er unter der Pflege ſeiner treuen Gemahlinn bald wieder genas, und keine heiligere Sorge kannte, als die Belohnung ſeines Retters. Hovora ward dem höchſten Adel gleichgeſtellt, zum Landjägermeiſter ernannt, und außer andern Gütern mit dem Hof [illegible] und dem Schloß Krakowetz beſchenkt, welches die Böhmen ihrem Ritter Krakus zum Wohnſitz erbaut und ihm deſſen Namen gegeben hatten.

3.

Die Tartarenſchlacht.

In der Mitte des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts beſchloß der Chan der Tartaren, das ganze Abendland ſeinem Zepter zu unterwerfen, und zog an der Spitze von 600,000 Kriegern aus ſeinem Lande, ſich über Europa, gleich einem furchtbaren Strome, ergießend, als wollte er die Länder nicht erobern, ſondern vernichten; Mordbrand, Raub und Nothzucht gingen ihm zur Seite, und während die Tartaren Männern und Greiſen das Haupt vom Rumpfe hieben und die Kinder als Siegeszeichen auf ihren Spießen herumtrugen, entehrten ſie die Frauen und Jungfrauen, noch bevor ſie ſolche durch den Tod wieder mit den Ihrigen vereinten; ſie ſchonten eben ſo wenig Schonung, wo ſie beſiegt wurden, als ſie ſolche ertheilten, und die Häupter der Erſchlagenen hingen ſie als Trophäen an ihren Roſſen auf, und manche (doch nicht die verläßlichſten) Schriftſteller behaupten ſogar, daß ſie ihre Gefangenen gefreſſen haben (!!!). Städte und Dörfer loderten hinter dem Rücken der wilden Tiger, wenn ſie auf ihren ſchnellen Roſſen dahin flogen, einen neuen unwiderſtehlichen Angriff zu unternehmen, und — wie die Geſchichte ſich poetiſch genug ausdrückt — das Tageslicht mit ihren Pfeilen und Blutſpießen zu verdunkeln.

Die Ruſſen und Polen waren überwunden, als Battus, der Tartaren Chan und Enkel des berühmten Dengis-Chan, ſeine Krieger in zwei Heere theilte, ſelbſt an der Spitze des einen nach Ungarn zog, und mit dem andern ſeinen Feldherrn Peta ausſandte, die Verheerung nach Schleſien, Mähren und Böhmen zu tragen; dieſer überwand bei Liegnitz die ſchleſiſchen Fürſten und die Ritter des teutſchen Ordens, Herzog Heinrich der Fromme fiel als ein Opfer der Tartarenwuth, und Peta zog ſiegreich gegen Mähren.

Als Wenzel I. die Näherung dieſes barbariſchen Heeres erfuhr, gerieth er in große Sorge und traf alle Anſtalten, ihrer Wuth Grenzen zu ſetzen. Verhaue in Böhmens Wäldern waren beſtimmt, der Reiterei — worin die Hauptmacht der Tartaren beſtand — unüberſteigliche Hinderniſſe in den Weg zu legen; Prag und mehrere Städte wurden befeſtigt, das ganze Volk, und ſelbſt Geiſtliche, beſchäftigten ſich mit den Arbeiten, welche dazu nöthig waren. König Wenzel ſandte zwei Heere, ein zahlreiches unter dem Befehle Jaroſlaws von Sternberg nach Mähren und das ſchwächere unter Wilim von Slata gegen Glaz.

Jaroſlaw hatte ungefähr 12,000 Streitern zu gebieten, und da er es mit dieſer geringen Zahl nicht wagen konnte, ſich in offnen Kampf mit dem zahlloſen Tartarenheer einzulaſſen, warf er ſich — darauf rechnend, daß den rohen Gegnern die Kunſt, feſte Plätze zu belagern, noch fremd ſeyn werde — in die Burg von Olmütz.

Die Tartaren umringten die Veſte, verheerten die Gegend und foderten die böhmiſchen Krieger zum Kampfe heraus, die ruhig harrten, bis die Feinde anfingen, ſie als einen Haufen feiger Krieger anzuſehen, und ſich dem ſorgloſeſten Uebermuthe eines ſchwelgeriſchen Lebens überließen, meinend, von ihren chriſtlichen Gegnern ſey gar kein Angriff zu beſorgen, während Jaroſlaw mit Mühe die Kriegswuth der Seinigen im Zaum hielt; endlich im Dunkel einer Nacht that er ihnen die langerſehnte Erklärung, daß die Stunde des Kampfes gekommen ſey, feuerte ihren Muth durch eine kräftige Rede an, und wagte dann einen Ausfall, der zum Ruhm der chriſtlichen Waffen ausſchlug; ſie überfielen mit gellendem Kriegsgeſchrei die Schlafenden, welche mit Schwert und Tod erweckt wurden. Peta fuhr aus dem Schlafe empor, warf ſich auf ſein Roß und ſtürzte ins dichteſte Gewühl der Schlacht. — Jaroſlaw und der Tartarenfeldherr trafen zuſammen, und des erſtern Lanze durchbohrte ſeinen Gegner. Als die Tartaren Peta's Fall ſahen, erhoben ſie ein Angſtgeſchrei und flohen bald darauf. Der böhmiſche Heereshaufen wollte den Beſiegten folgen; aber ihr Feldherr hielt ſie davon ſorgfältig ab, denn er erkannte die Gefahr, einen noch im Fliehen ſo furchtbaren Feind aufs Aeußerſte zu treiben, und weiſe begnügte er ſich, ihn vom Vaterlande abgewehrt und in die Flucht geſchlagen zu haben. Die Tartaren nahmen Ungarn in Beſitz, fielen ſpäter ſelbſt in Oeſterreich ein, doch griffen ſie Böhmen nie wieder an.

König Wenzel überhäufte den Sieger mit Beweiſen ſeines Dankes und ſchenkte ihm das Schlachtfeld als ewigen Zeugen ſeines Ruhmes, wo Jaroſlaw ſchon das Schloß Sternberg erbaute.

4.

Karl IV. zu Opatowic.

Im eilften Jahrhundert wurde das Kloſter Opatowic in der Gegend von Pardubic erbaut, reichlich ausgeſtattet und von Wratiſlaw I. zu einer Abtei erhoben; ſchon unter der Regierung König Johanns und ſeines ruhmvollen Sohnes glänzte es als eines der reichſten Stifter des Landes, von welchem man Karl IV. erzählte, es ſey daſelbſt ein ungeheurer Schatz an Geld und Kleinodien verborgen. Um die Wahrheit dieſes Gerüchtes zu erforſchen, ritt der Monarch, nur von zwei Getreuen begleitet, nach dem Kloſter, gab ſich dem Abt zu erkennen, und ſprach:

„Man hat mir die Kunde gebracht, daß in eurem Kloſter ein großer Schatz ſich befinde, und wenn ſolches wahr iſt, habe ich das Zutrauen zu Euch, Ihr werdet Eurem Fürſten ſelben entdecken. Ich gebe Euch mein Kaiſerwort darauf, daß nicht das Geringſte davon entfremdet werden ſolle.“

Der Abt erbat ſich vom Kaiſer einen kurzen Urlaub, bevor er dieſe Frage beantwortete, und nach einer Weile kam er in Begleitung zweier Ordensbrüder zurück, und verſetzte:

„Ja, Eure Majeſtät! wir beſitzen einen Schatz, doch von allen unſern Mitbrüdern wiſſen nur wir drei von demſelben, und erſt wenn einer von dieſer Zahl abſtirbt, wird wieder der Aelteſte von den übrigen in unſer Geheimniß eingeweiht, der jedoch den ſchwerſten Eid ablegen muß, ſelbes aufs Heiligſte zu bewahren.“

Der Kaiſer that den frommen Vätern den Vorſchlag, ihn zum vierten Bewahrer des Myſteriums aufzunehmen, und erbot ſich zum Eide. — Nach einigem Bedenken ließen die Prieſter dem Monarchen die Wahl, entweder den Schatz zu ſehen, ohne zu erfahren, wo er liege, oder ſeinen Aufenthaltsort zu wiſſen, ohne ihn zu ſehen, weil ſie nach ihrem Schwur keinem Dritten das Geheimniß in ſeinem ganzen Umfange mittheilen dürften. Karl wählte das erſtere und wurde mit verbundenen Augen durch unterirdiſche Gänge in ein Gewölbe geführt, welches ſich in drei Hallen theilte. Der Kaiſer ſah beim Scheine der Fackeln in der erſten große Maſſen von gegoſſenem Silber, in der zweiten einen ungeheuren Schatz an Goldſtangen, und in der dritten eine zahlloſe Menge der koſtbarſten Kirchengeräthe, Kreuze, Kelche, Monſtranzen u. ſ. w., reich mit den edelſten Steinen beſetzt. Alles dieſes bewunderte der Monarch ohne ein Wort zu ſprechen, und der Abt begann:

„Eure Majeſtät! dieſer Schatz iſt für Sie und Ihre Nachkommen geſpart — er iſt Ihr Eigenthum — nehmen Sie davon ſo viel Ihnen beliebt.“

Aber der gottesfürchtige Kaiſer entgegnete:

„Mit nichten; — nimmer werde ich das Kirchengut antaſten.“

Zum Andenken dieſes Beſuches bot der Abt ſeinem erlauchten Gaſte einen koſtbaren Demantring dar; dieſer ſchwur dem Geber, daß ſein Geſchenk nie von ſeinem Finger kommen ſollte, und wurde ſodann abermals mit verhülltem Haupte aus den unterirdiſchen Gewölben geleitet.

Karl IV. bewahrte das Geheimniß des Schatzes zu Opatowic wohl, und erſt auf ſeinem Todtenbette ſprach er davon mit einigen ſeiner Vertrauten; doch kam es ſodann zur Kenntniß Mehrerer, und ein mächtiger Raubritter, Johann von Hermanmieſtec verband ſich mit einem ſeiner Genoſſen, um den Schatz fortzutragen; ſie kamen unter dem Anſchein eines freundlichen Beſuches zum Abt und wurden gaſtlich empfangen; aber allmählig mehrten ſich ihre Knappen im Hofe, und ſobald ihre Anzahl hinlänglich ſchien, die argloſen Kloſterbewohner zu bezwingen, zeigten ſie ſich in ihrer wahren Geſtalt und foderten unter den fürchterlichſten Drohungen von dem Abte die Auslieferung des Schatzes.

Der ehrwürdige Greis widerſtand dem Wüthen der Raubritter und ſelbſt den Martern, wodurch ſie ihn zum Geſtändniß zwingen wollten, ſtandhaft, und als ſie endlich einſahen, daß ihr Toben fruchtlos und entweder kein Schatz vorhanden, oder der Abt unbeugſam ſey, benutzten ſie das Kloſter, ſchwelgten zwei Wochen in beſtändigen Feſten, wozu ſie die benachbarte Ritterſchaft einluden, und zogen dann, doch mit großer Beute beladen, von dannen.

König Wenzel lud die Raubritter zu wiederholten Malen vor ſein Gericht, aber ſie blieben aus, und in den Unruhen jener Zeit blieb ihr Frevel ganz unbeſtraft.

Nach dem Abzuge der Ritter ſammelten ſich die Kloſtergeiſtlichen wieder und dungen Waffenknechte zu ihrem Schutz; aber im Verlauf des Huſſitenkrieges wurde das Kloſter abermals beraubt und von Grund aus zerſtört, ſo daß auch nicht eine Spur mehr von dieſem weitläufigen Gebäude zu ſehen iſt.

3.

Eine böhmiſche Kriegsliſt.

Am 28. Mai 1422 kamen die Prager vor das Schloß Karlſtein gerückt, und huben an, es zu umlagern. Auf dem Pleſſenberge, welcher gegen Mitternacht liegt, lagerten ſich ihrer ſechstauſend und hatten bei ſich eine große Büchſe, die Jaromiřer genannt, und eine zweite, ſo die Rökitzer hieß, und vierzehn Doppelhaken und die Altſtädter Schleuder. Auf dem andern Berge, über dem Hakowcer Thale gegen Aufgang, lagerten ſich wieder ſechstauſend; dieſe hatten eine große Büchſe, die Prager genannt, zwölf Doppelhaken und die zweite Altſtädter Schleuder. Am dritten Berge, gegen Mittag, dem großen Saale gegenüber, lagerten ſich abermals ſechstauſend, und hatten eine Kanone, Howorka mit Namen, zwölf Doppelhaken und die neue Neuſtädter Schleuder. Am vierten Berge, Zamorſka, gegen Sonnenuntergang, lagerten ſich ebenfalls ſechstauſend; ihre Kanone hieß Trubacu, und ſie hatten acht Doppelhaken und zwei Schleudern, eine Neuſtädter und eine von Schlan.

Den erſten und zweiten Tag verſchanzten ſich die Belagerer; aber am dritten fingen ſie an, die Veſte gar grauſam zu beſchießen, welches zwiſchen den Bergen gewaltig wiederhallte; doch die auf dem Schloſſe wehrten ſich tapfer, thaten oft Ausfälle, und kehrten, nachdem ſie viele Feinde getödtet, wieder dahin zurück, um durch ihr Geſchütz den Schaden noch zu vergrößern. Dagegen beſchädigten die Prager das Schloß mit vielem Schießen, und warfen beſonders viel Ziegel und Schindel vom Dache herunter; ſie hatten die herrlichen ſteinernen Säulen, welche bereits zu Prag in der Kirche Maria Schnee geſtanden, wieder von dort weggenommen und nach Karlſtein nehmen, weil ſich dieſer Stein leichtlich bearbeiten und zerſchlagen ließ, und dieſe zerbrochenen Steine ſchleuderten ſie, gleich Kugeln, in die Veſte hinein; aber die Belagerten hatten auf alle Böden des Schloſſes viel aus Stäben geflochtene Horden und Bürdel von Erlenholz legen laſſen, welche ſie mit dürren Ochſenhäuten bedeckten, ſo daß die Feinde mit ihren Schleudern weder ein Gewölbe durchſchlagen, noch ſonſt dem Gemäuer einen großen Schaden zufügen konnten, obſchon ſie ſehr fleißig ſchoſſen, denn aus der Prager Kanone ward täglich ſiebenmal, aus der Rökitzer zwölfmal, und aus den übrigen wohl hundertmal losgefeuert; auch warfen ſie allerhand Aas und Unrath, den ſie aus Prag in Fäſſern herbeigeführt, in das Schloß hinein, damit die Belagerten durch den böſen Geſtank erkranken möchten; aber dieſe hatten viel ungelöſchten Kalk und Erdenrauch, womit ſie das unreine Übel beſtreuten; doch ſind von dem unleidlichen Geſtank vielen die Zähne ausgefallen und andern loſe geworden, bis ſie zur Sommerszeit auf vierzehn Tage Waffenſtillſtand machten, und ſich aus den Prager Apotheken Arzneien holten, ihre Zähne wieder feſt zu machen.

Als der Waffenſtillſtand zu Ende gegangen war, ſchoſſen die Feinde wieder gewaltig nach dem Schloſſe, und verſuchten ſolches mit ſtürmender Hand einzunehmen; aber die Belagerten wehrten ſich ritterlich, und als ſie eines Tages einen Prager Bürger gefangen nahmen, hingen ſie ihn oben aus dem Thurme, wohin am heftigſten geſchoſſen wurde, an ein Seil, und gaben ihm einen Fuchsſchwanz in die Hand, womit er die hinangeſchleuderten Kugeln und Steine, gleichwie mit einem Fliegenwedel, abkehren ſollte. Dieſes geſchah entweder den Pragern zum Spott, oder damit ſie ſich ſeiner erbarmen und nicht ſo heftig dahin ſchießen ſollten; aber der arme Mann blieb den ganzen Tag hängen, ohne daß ſeine Mitbürger ſeiner in Acht nahmen, und am Abend wurde er mehr durch der Belagerten als der Freunde Erbarmen wieder erlöſt.

Nachher wurde ein zweiter Waffenſtillſtand geſchloſſen und die Prager luden einige der Belagerten zu ſich herab auf einen Schmaus, wo ſie ſelbe durch vier Tage nach einander (nämlich St. Wenzelstag, Michaelis, Hieronymi und Remigii Tag) gar herrlich bewirtheten; aber die Belagerten, welche ſchon großen Mangel litten, rühmten ſich eines großen Ueberfluſſes an Brot, Fleiſch, Vögeln, friſchem Wildpret und Fiſchen, womit ſie verſehen wären, noch drei Jahre auskommen zu können, welcher Rede viele der Belagerer Glauben ſchenkten und verdrießlich wurden gegen den Winter da zu verbleiben. Nach geendetem Schmauſe dankten die Gäſte höflich für die gute Bewirthung; aber als ſie in die Burg zurückgekehrt waren, entſtand ein gewaltiger Zwieſpalt im Lager, und die meiſten wollten nicht länger eine Veſte belagern, die mit allem Nothwendigen ſo reich ausgeſtattet ſey; auch meinten ſie, die Karlſteiner müßten geheime Ausgänge durch die Berge haben, um ſich mit Lebensmitteln zu verſehen; endlich wurde beſchloſſen, man wolle noch bis Martini ausharren, dann aber, wenn die Veſte noch nicht über ſey, die Belagerung ganz aufheben.

Die Belagerten erfuhren alles dieſes, und hatten eine große Freude darüber, und machten am Tage Allerheiligen einen neuen Stillſtand, daß weder hinein noch heraus geſchoſſen würde; aber ſchon nach acht Tagen begehrten wieder einige aus Karlſtein ein Geſpräch, und baten noch auf den folgenden Tag um einen abermaligen Stillſtand, weil ſie in der Burg eine ſtattliche Hochzeit begehen wollten, welches ihnen auch zugeſtanden wurde.

Als nun der zweite Tag herangekommen, ließen ſie zum Tanze geigen, pfeifen und trommeln, obſchon doch weder Braut noch Bräutigam, weder Brot noch Wein, weder Fleiſch noch Fiſch vorhanden war, und noch viel weniger getanzt wurde; aber als die Belagerer ſo große Luſtbarkeit bemerkten, wurden ſie ſehr verdrießlich und ſprachen:

„Die Belagerten ſind fröhlich und guter Dinge, eſſen, trinken und bankettiren, während wir hier Froſt leiden, und daheim unſer Gewerbe verſäumen. Wer wollte noch ferner ſich einbilden dieſe Veſte einzunehmen, da doch alle Mühe umſonſt iſt, und wir wohl ſehen, daß ſie im Schloſſe an allem Ueberfluß haben.“

Mittlerweile litten die im Schloſſe große Noth, und hatten nichts mehr zu eſſen, als einen einzigen Bock, welcher im Schloſſe herum lief; dieſen ſtachen ſie endlich ab, theilten ihn in vier Theile, und nachdem ſie auf ein Viertel einige Roßhaare aus einem alten Sattel geſtreut hatten, ſandten ſie ſolches dem oberſten Feldhauptmann der Prager, welcher ein Schneider, mit Namen Johann Hedwika, war, ins Lager, und der Bote, welcher das Bocksviertheil überbrachte, reichte es jenem mit folgenden Worten dar:

„Herr oberſter Feldhauptmann dieſes Kriegsvolkes! der Hauptmann der belagerten Ritterſchaft auf dem Schloſſe, läßt Euch auf's Freundlichſte danken, daß Ihr ihm ſolchen Stillſtand zur Ausrichtung unſrer ehrbaren Hochzeit bewilligt, und als ritterliche Kriegsleute gehalten habt, wie ſich auch der Bräutigam deſſen ſchönſtens bedanken läßt, und damit Ihr von ſeinen hochzeitlichen Freuden auch etwas genießen möget, ſo überſendet er Euch hiemit ein Rehviertheil, welches erſt geſtern gefällt worden iſt.“

Der Hauptmann nahm das Geſchenk, über welches er ſich gar ſehr verwunderte, mit Dank an, und die übrigen riefen einmüthig:

„Unſre Belagerung iſt ganz und gar fruchtlos, weil ſie uns nun beweiſen, daß ſie ſogar friſches Wildpret haben können, ſo ſie nur nach ſelbem Belieben tragen. Es iſt dieſes ein ſicheres Merkzeichen, daß ſie aus dem Schloſſe geheime Ausgänge haben müſſen, und wir ſie nimmermehr bezwingen können.“

Und ſie wollten auf keine Weiſe länger vor der Burg bleiben, ſondern fingen am Martinis-Tage an, ihr Lager abzubrechen, worüber die Belagerten eine große Freude hatten, und ihren Bock gar hoch lobten, daß er ihnen ſo viele tauſende von grauſamen Feinden verjagt habe.

Sigismund Koribut, welchen damals die Huſſiten zum böhmiſchen König erwählt hatten, war mit ſeinen Polen und Litthauern auch vor Karlſtein angekommen, und hatte ſich unter dem Weingarten bei der Kapelle des heiligen Pancratius gelagert; als er nun den Tag nach Martini ſah, wie alle, ſammt dem Geſchütze, von dannen aufbrachen, fragte er ſeinen Vetter Wiaſoike:

„Was ſollen wir nun thun?“

Aber der Vetter entgegnete:

„Dieweil ſich alle zum Abzug rüſten, ſo ſchickt es ſich wohl nicht anders, als daß wir ein Gleiches thun. Gar gerne hätte ich zwar den Karlſtein von Innen geſehen, dieweil es oder nicht ſeyn ſoll, ſo will ich mir ſelben wenigſtens noch einmal von Nahem betrachten."

Mit dieſen Worten ging der Prinz über den Kirchhof und näherte ſich dem Schloſſe von der Waldſeite; aber wie er ſo hinauf ſchaute, ſchoß einer von den Belagerten oberhalb des Brunnens aus kleinem Geſchütz herunter und traf Wiaſrſko in den Kopf, daß er alſobald todt niederfiel und nach Prag gebracht wurde, wo man ihn im Kloſter zu St. Thomas begrub und ihm einen marmornen Leichenſtein ſetzte.

Alſo wurden die Belagerten durch den Abzug ihrer ungebetenen Gäſte höchlich erfreut und dieſe grauſame und hartnäckige Belagerung zu Ende gebracht.

6.

Johann Zizka vor Raby.

(Zwiſchen den Städtchen Schüttenhofen und Horaſchowitz liegt am Fluſſe Wottawa, auf einem ziemlich hohen Berge, die alte Bergveſte Raby, das Stammſchloß der Herren Schwihowſky von Rieſenberg, welches wahrſcheinlich im dreizehnten Jahrhundert erbaut wurde, und über deſſen erſten Gründer es gänzlich an gründlichen Nachrichten fehlt; doch erhielt im Huſſitenkrieg dieſe Veſte eine große Wichtigkeit in der Geſchichte Böhmens.)

Zizka ſtand an der Spitze eines anſehnlichen Heeres gegen König Sigismund; er hatte mehrere feſte Burgen erobert, Klöſter und Kirchen verwüſtet, das königliche Heer bei Sudomierzitz geſchlagen, Auſſig zerſtört, und deſſen Geld zum Bau ſeiner Veſte Tabor verwendet; aber als er hörte, daß viele von der Gegenparthei, Geiſtliche und Weltliche, mit ihren Schätzen auf die Burg Raby geflüchtet ſeyen, ſo rückte er mit Heeresmacht vor dieſelbe, und da es den Belagerten an Lebensmitteln gebrach, ſie auch noch auf einige Schonung von dem grauſamen Huſſitenanführer rechneten, ſo ward ihm die Veſte übergeben; aber ſie ſahen ſich in ihrer Hoffnung getäuſcht, denn Zizka ſchleppte die Eigenthümer der Burg, Johann und Wilim von Rieſenberg mit ſich fort, ließ den größten Theil der Beſatzung niederhauen und ſieben Prieſter im Angeſichte des Schloſſes verbrennen; ja ſogar koſtbare Geräthe wurden den Flammen übergeben, dann zogen die Taboriten von dannen und ſchleppten Schätze und Waffen mit ſich fort.

Kaum hatte Zizka die Gegend verlaſſen, ſo nahmen die Königlichen das Bergſchloß wieder in Beſitz, und Wilim von Rieſenberg, der ſich der Haft der Huſſiten ſchnell wieder entledigt hatte, ſammelte einen Heerhaufen ſeiner Anhänger, ſetzte die Veſte wieder in Vertheidigungszuſtand und verſah ſie ſorgfältig mit Lebens- und Kriegsvorräthen.

Zizka hatte mittlerweile Prag vor dem Angriffe des Königs beſchützt, Udalrich von Roſenberg von der Gegenparthei losgeriſſen und viele Gegenden des Pilſner Kreiſes mit Feuer und Schwert heimgeſucht, als er zum zweitenmale vor Raby erſchien; doch fand er nun eine ſtandhafte Gegenwehr — ein Sturm der Huſſiten wurde tapfer abgeſchlagen, und als der Feldherr, um einen günſtigen Platz zum zweiten Angriff auszuwählen, mit geringer Begleitung den Berg umritt und ſich der Burg etwas näherte, ſchoß ein Ritter aus der Veſte, mit Namen Korzowſky, einen Pfeil auf ihn ab, und traf ihn oberhalb ſeines einzigen Auges. Zizka wurde ins Lager und dann nach Prag gebracht, um ſich heilen zu laſſen, während man die Belagerung aufhob, aber alle Mühe der Wundärzte war fruchtlos und Zizka verlor auch das eine Auge, doch blieb er, ſelbſt blind, ein furchtbarer Feldherr und verbreitete auch nach dieſem Vorfalle noch drei Jahre den Schreck unter ſeine Gegner.

Auf dem Schloß Raby wurde dieſe Begebenheit oberhalb des Einlaßthores in Farben abgebildet, und Balbin hat dieſes Gemälde noch geſehen: Zizka war darauf in voller Rüſtung und mit einer Keule bewaffnet, abgebildet, und ſaß zu Pferde vor dem Thurm, hinter ihm einige geharniſchte Männer. Oben von dem Walle der Burg ſandte Korzowſky einen Pfeil nach dem Antlitz des Huſſiten, deſſen Viſir geöffnet war, und unter dem Bilde ſtanden folgende Worte in böhmiſcher Sprache:

Korzowſky.

„Biſt du es, Bruder Zizka?"

Zizka.

„Ich bin's."

Korzowſky.

„So bedecke deine Blöße."

Der damalige Beſitzer von Raby, Wilim von Rieſenberg, war einer der tapferſten Ritter von der Parthei König Siegmunds, und auch ſeine Gemahlin, Plichta von Zierotin, ſoll oft voll Muth an ſeiner Seite gekämpft haben; ſein älteſter Sohn, Puta, Oberſtlandrichter im Königreich Böhmen, und ein Freund des berühmten Bohuslaw von Lobkowitz, ſtellte die Veſte ſorgfältig wieder her, doch meldet uns kein böhmiſcher Hiſtoriker, zu welcher Zeit ſelbe — welche jetzt ganz in Trümmern liegt — zerſtört worden iſt.

7.

Der Beſchließerin Erzählung vom Langmantel.

Ohngefähr eine Stunde von Innsbruck liegt ein Schloß, welches von ſeiner Lage an einem großen Weiher auch Weiherburg genannt wird; in dieſem wohnte vor alten Zeiten ein Hausgeiſt, der wohl nicht viel weniger bekannt und berühmt war, als die weiße Frau von Neuhaus in Böhmen, da er mit derſelben Sorgfalt und Befliſſenheit ſich des Schloſſes annahm, und ob der Schickſale ſeiner Bewohner wachte.

Der gute Geiſt trug einen langen, ſchwarzen Mantel, der ihm beinahe nachſchleppte (wovon er den Namen Langmantel erhielt), um den Hals trug er eine altväteriſche Krauſe, einen hohen, ſpitzigen Hut auf dem Haupte, und ein langer weißer Bart hing ihm über die Bruſt herunter; aber wie er gleichſam die Bewachung des ganzen Schloſſes allein auf ſich genommen, ſo duldete er weder in den Gärten und Forſten noch in den Ställen einen Wilddieb, noch weniger Hunde, welche er oft ſo erbärmlich zerpeitſchte, daß man ſie des folgenden Tages halb todt wieder fand, und ſo lange der Geiſt das Schloß bewachte, wurde niemals etwas von einem Diebſtahl oder der geringſten Entfremdung gehört. Ueberdieß erzählte eine bejahrte Beſchließerinn von dem Hausgeiſt Folgendes:

„Der Langmantel iſt ein recht gutmüthiges Weſen, und mir iſt er ſeit dreißig Jahren in aller Arbeit zur Hand gegangen, ſo, daß ich endlich ganz vertraut mit ihm geworden, und es mir gar nicht mehr vorgekommen, als ob ich mit einem Geiſt umginge; wenn er mir dann irgend einen Schabernack machte, ſo warf ich, was mir eben in die Hand kam, oder ſchlug nach ihm; aber da flog alles in die Luft, und er blies mir im Verſchwinden ſo heftig ins Antlitz, daß ich mich wieder gar wohl erinnerte, mit wem ich es zu thun habe; auch wurde er bald wieder gut, und war mir in allen Dingen behülflich; wenn ich ihn finden wollte, ſo durfte ich meiſtens nur in den Saal gehen, wo Kaiſer Maximilian einſt den Abgeſandten der Venetianer Audienz ertheilt hat, da ſitzt er auf dem hölzernen Throne, als wollte er das Regiment über das Schloß führen; oft aber, wenn er nicht da war, konnte ich ſicher darauf rechnen, ihn in der Küche, im Keller, oder ſonſt an einem Orte zu finden, wo die Menſchen zu arbeiten pflegen, denen er ſehr gewogen zu ſeyn ſcheint, obſchon er ſich ihnen nicht immer zeigt. Vor allem aber hat Langmantel die Kinder lieb, und miſcht ſich gar zu gern in ihre unſchuldigen Spiele. Eines Tages, als einige benachbarte Junkers und Fräuleins bei der lieben Jugend unſers gnädigen Herrn zu Gaſte waren, ich aber auf Befehl der Herrſchaft ins benachbarte Dorf gehen mußte, um einige Geſchäfte auszurichten, ſo führte ich all die adeligen Kleinen und meine eigenen zwo in das große Tafelzimmer, trug ihnen allerhand Spielzeug, wohlſchmeckendes Backwerk und ſüße Früchte zu, damit ſie ſich in meiner Abweſenheit die Zeit vertreiben konnten, dann ſchloß ich die Thüre ab und ging mit meiner Muhme ruhig fort; als ich aber nach geraumer Zeit wieder heim kam und die Thüre öffnete, fand ich die Kinder gar frohmüthig ſpielend, und zu meiner großen Verwunderung den Langmantel mitten unter ihnen. Meine Muhme, welche den geſpenſtiſchen Hausfreund noch niemals geſehen hatte, erſchrack über dieſen Anblick ſo heftig, daß ſie in Ohnmacht fiel, und ich wahrhaftig nicht wußte, ob ich ihr zuerſt beiſtehen, oder den Hausgeiſt fortjagen ſollte; ich drohte ihm mit der Fauſt, er aber machte Miene, als wollte er mir eine Ohrfeige geben, und ſpielte immer fort mit den Kindern, bis ich endlich in die Nebenſtube ging und die Kinder hinaus rief, welche mir alle folgten, ohne etwas von ihrem verwunderlichen Spielgenoſſen bemerkt zu haben. Langmantel verſchwand zornig, und während ich meiner Muhme in ihrer Entkräftung beiſtand, hörte ich draußen ein Getöſe, als ob all mein Küchengeſchirr in tauſend Stücken ginge; aber wie ich ſohin in die Küche kam, fand ich zwar alle meine Töpfe durcheinander auf der Erde, doch ohne Schaden, und Langmantel lachte mich, aus der Eſſe herab, brav aus, wie ich das zerbrechliche Weſen zuſammen las."

8.

Der Ritter und ſein Hund.

Vor alter Zeit hatte ein ſehr tapfer Ritter aus edlem Geſchlechte im heiligen römiſchen Reiche einen gar geliebten, kleinen Sohn, der ungefähr ein halbes Jahr alt war, und damit es ihm an Pflege und Sorgfalt nicht fehlen möge, hielt er drei Ammen für das kleine Kind.

Eines Tages hatte der Ritter ein glanzvolles Stechen veranſtaltet, welchem auch ſeine Gemahlinn mit ihrem ganzen Hofgeſinde beiwohnte, ſo daß das Kind mit den drei Ammen allein im Saale blieb; als aber der Schall der Trommeten verkündete, daß die Herrſchaften auf die Stechbahn zögen, da liefen die Ammen auch fort und ließen das Kindlein ganz allein in ſeiner Wiege; es blieb niemand in dem Saale, als ein Falke und ein getreuer Hund, den der Ritter gar lieb hatte und ſich oft mit ihm die Zeit vertrieb; (der Hund hatte dieſe Weiſe, wenn ſein Herr gegen einen andern Ritter ritt oder turnirte, mit ihm aufzuſpringen, oder wenn ihm dieſes nicht gelang, ſo biß er dem fremden Pferde in den Schwanz, um jenem den Sieg zu erleichtern.) Dießmal lag er im Saal und ſchlummerte, als eine große Schlange, die in einem Loche verborgen gelegen, hervorkroch, um das Kindlein in der Wiege zu tödten — das ſah der Falke und konnte in der Angſt nur ſeine Stange erſchüttern, daß die Schellen ertönten und den Hund aus ſeiner Ruhe erweckten, der ſchnell auf die Schlange zulief und ſie angriff, als ſie eben die Wiege erreicht hatte — die Schlange blies ihn an — er ergriff ſie in der Mitte des Leibes mit ſeinen ſcharfen Zähnen, und es begann ein fürchterlicher Kampf, denn die Schlange wehrte ſich nach ihrer Art mit Stich, Biß und Gift, ſo daß ſie dem Hund viele Wunden beibrachte, der in dem Streit die Wiege mit ſammt dem Kinde umwarf, doch blieb jenes auf den vier Knöpfen liegen, und es geſchah dem Kinde nichts zu leide; aber dem treuen Hunde gelang es endlich, die Schlange in Stücke zu zerbeißen, worauf er ſich, von großem Blutverluſt ganz ermattet, neben die Wiege hinlegte, um auszuruhen.

Um dieſe Zeit hatte auch das Stechen ein Ende; aber wie die Ammen wieder in den Saal kamen, die Wiege umgeſtürzt und alles voll Blut ſahen, da erhoben ſie eine große Wehklage und meinten nicht anders, als der Hund habe das Kindlein zu todt gebiſſen, — in großem Leid rangen ſie die Hände, doch fiel es keiner ein, die Wiege aufzuheben, ſondern ſie liefen der Burgfrau entgegen und ſagten ihr, wie das zarte Söhnlein von dem Hunde todtgebiſſen ſey. Als der Ritter von der Stechbahn in ſeine Gemächer kam, fand er lautes Weinen und Schreien, und die Frau entgegnete auf ſeine Frage:

„Weh uns, mein Gemahl! denn unſer Kindlein iſt hin, und dein Hund hat es todt gebiſſen.“

Erſchrocken und erzürnt eilte der Ritter in den Saal, und, wie er die Wiege umgeſtürzt und den Saal voll Blutflecken ſah, da zweifelte er nicht mehr an der Wahrheit deſſen, was man ihm erzählt, und als ſein getreuer Hund, ihn erblickend, ſo ſchwach er auch war, ſich erhob und mit wedelndem Schweif auf ihn zukam, da war er auch ganz blutig, und der Ritter zog ſein Schwert und hieb das arme Thier mitten von einander — dann ging er erſt den Saal entlang und hob die Wiege auf — aber darin fand er ſein Kind ganz unverſehrt, das ihn mit Lächeln anſah, und neben der Wiege erblickte er die zerbiſſene, ungeheure Schlange; da konnte er rrathen, daß ſie der Hund erwürgt, und dadurch das nes jungen Sohnes errettet habe; gar ſehr bereute er, Treue mit dem Tode belohnt zu haben, und gelobte it in drei Stücke, feierlich gelobend, kein Ritter- zu treiben und aller Kurzweil zu entſagen. Ritter war dann ſtets ein ſorgſamer Vater und und erlebte große Freude an dem ſo wunderbar ohne.

9.

s Haupt im Blumentopf.

Ein reicher Kaufmann in Meſſina hatte drei Söhne und eine Tochter, welche letztere Lisbetta hieß, und ſo ſchön und lieblich war, daß viele reiche und angeſehene Jünglinge um ihre Hand warben, ohne daß jemals ſich ihr Herz für einen entſchieden hätte.

Als nun der alte Kaufmann ſtarb, beſchloſſen die Söhne, ſie wollten ferner beiſammen bleiben und die Handlung fortführen, auf gleichen Gewinn und Verluſt, auch ging ihr Handel gar wohl von Statten, und ſie gewannen große Summen, wozu vorzüglich ein getreuer Handlungsdiener viel beitrug; dieſer hieß Lorenz und war ein Teutſcher, ſo hold an Geſtalt, als reich an Geſchick zu allen Geſchäften und ehrbar an Wandel; der aber fühlte ſein Herz verwundet von dem Liebreiz der ſchönen Lisbetta, daß er ſeine Gedanken gar nicht mehr von ihr ablenken konnte. Der Jungfrau ging es nicht beſſer, und nachdem ſie ſich einige Zeit in heimlichem Sehnen ſchier verzehrt, bekannten ſie ſich wechſelsweiſe ihre Liebe und waren ſo glücklich in ihrem Beſitze, daß ſie der Zukunft gar nicht gedachten; aber wie das Sprichwort ſagt, daß die Liebe ſich nicht verbergen laſſe, ſo währte ihr Verſtändniß kaum ein Vierteljahr, als Lisbetta's Brüder es inne wurden, und der eine ſprach:

„Meine Brüder! mir kommt vor, daß es in unſerm Hauſe nicht ſteht, wie es ſoll, denn ich habe allerhand Blicke zwiſchen Lisbetta und unſerm Knecht geſehen, die mich das Schlimmſte befürchten laſſen; drum, ſo es euch gefällt, will ich mich heute Nacht unter ihr Bett verſtecken, und wenn es wahr iſt, daß der Knecht heimlich zu ihr ſchleicht, ſo ſoll er ſeinen Lohn dafür erhalten.“

Der Rath gefiel den beiden Brüdern ſehr wohl, und Abends kroch der Aelteſte unter das Bett — dann kam Lisbetta in ihr Gemach, legte ſich aber nicht nieder, ſondern ſtand am Fenſter und ſah ſo lange in den nächtlichen Sternenglanz, bis Lorenz zu ihr ſchlich, und ſie unter ſüßem Geſchwätz die Nacht hinbrachten. Am Morgen, wie der Jüngling fortgegangen war, legte ſich Lisbetta nieder, und war kaum eingeſchlummert, als der älteſte Bruder unter dem Bette hervorkroch, den beiden andern Nachricht zu geben, und rief:

„Greift zu den Waffen, meine Brüder! denn der niedrige Knecht wagt es, ſeine Augen zu der Schweſter ſeiner Herren zu erheben, und hat die ganze Nacht in ihrer Kammer zugebracht, drum muß er das Leben verlieren — wir wollen dieſen Morgen einen Spaziergang in den Wald machen und den Lorenz mitnehmen, daß wir unſre Hausehre an dem teutſchen Verräther rächen.“

Nach dem Frühſtück aber ſprachen ſie:

„Wir drei wollen heut in den Wald ſpazieren gehen, und Lorenz ſoll uns begleiten; aber du, Lisbetta! bleibſt daheim, das Haus zu bewahren.“

Dann gingen ſie alle drei fort, und Lorenz folgte ſeinen Herren, wie ihm geheißen worden; aber er ſah ſich vielmal nach ſeiner geliebten Lisbetta um, die er nimmer wieder ſehen ſollte.

Als alle vier in den tiefen Wald gekommen waren, da begann der älteſte Bruder:

„Lorenz, du ungetreuer Knecht! du haſt unſre Schweſter, deine Herrin, zur Liebe verführt, darum mußt du ſogleich ſterben.“

Da fiel Lorenz auf die Knie und bat, ſie möchten ihm ſein Leben laſſen; aber der eine durchſtieß ihn ſogleich mit ſeinem Schwerte, und die beiden andern verſetzten ihm viele tiefe Wunden, ſo daß er ſeine Seele Gott befahl und verſchied. Dann machten die drei Brüder ein tiefes Grab, gruben den getödteten Leib ein, und kehrten heim, wo Lisbetta ſchon vor dem Hauſe ſtand, und fragte, wo Lorenz geblieben ſey?

Da erwiederte ein Bruder:

„Nach dem ſollſt du nimmer fragen, denn er hat uns viel Gut geraubt, und iſt heimlich damit fortgezogen.“

Aber Lisbetta entgegnete:

„Ich weiß, das iſt nicht wahr.“

Da wurden die Brüder zornig und verboten ihr bei ſchwerer Strafe, den Lorenz jemals wieder zu nennen; aber Lisbetten wurde es gar ſchwer ums Herz, ſie ging in ihre Kammer, wo ſie ſehr weinte, und mit erſtickter Stimme ausrief:

„O mein geliebter Lorenz! wo weilſt du fern von mir!“

Solche Klagen führte die Jungfrau ſchier einen Monat, und als ſie endlich einer Nacht unter bittern Thränen entſchlummert war, da erſchien ihr im Traumgeſicht der blutige Lorenz und ſprach ſeufzend zu ihr:

„Wehe uns, Lisbetta, dreimal Weh; du wirſt mich nimmer ſehen, und darfſt nicht nach mir fragen, denn deine Brüder haben mich meuchelmörderiſch getödtet, und heute iſt es der dreißigſte Tag, daß ſie mich dort im Walde unter eine Linde vergraben haben, deren Stamm mit meinem Blute beſprützt iſt. Drum rufe mich nicht, denn ich kann nicht mehr zu dir kommen, und du mehrſt dadurch nur meine Leiden. Behüte dich Gott, Lisbetta! ich muß von hinnen.“

Mit dieſen Worten verſchwand der Geiſt und Lisbetta erwachte alsbald; aber als ſie ihr Lager verließ, war ſie ſehr matt, und bat ihre Brüder gar freundlich, ſie ſollten ſie in einen Garten ſpazieren gehen laſſen, dann nahm ſie ihre treue Magd mit ſich, die um alle ihre Heimlichkeiten wußte, und ging eilig mit ihr in den Wald, wo ſie nach langem Suchen eine große Linde fanden, die ihre Aeſte weit herum ausbreitete und unten am Stamm mit Blut befleckt war — das ſah

Liebetta, und sank ohnmächtig nieder; aber als sie die Magd gelabt und wieder zu sich gebracht hatte, da sahen sie einen Hügel von neu aufgeworfener Erde, den gruben sie auf und fanden den blutigen Leichnam des armen Lorenz; Liebetta küßte seine tiefen Wunden, und hätte gern den ganzen Leichnam mit sich heim genommen; weil dieß aber nicht anging, so löste sie das Haupt vom Rumpfe, und trug dieses, in ein grünseidenes Tuch verhüllt, mit sich fort, und, [illegible] gelandet, [illegible] sie [illegible], rang die Hände und rief:

„O du grimmiger Tod! der du mir die Wonne meines Lebens geraubt hast — komm und mache auch mir ein schnelles Ende!“

Die beiden Jungfrauen gruben den Leichnam wieder ein, und als Liebetta heim gekommen war, schloß sie die Thüre ihrer Kammer ab, und zog das Todtenhaupt hervor, küßte solches vielmal und ließ ihren Thränen freien Lauf — dann balsamirte sie das Haupt mit köstlichen Spezereien ein, schlug es wieder in das grüne Tuch und legte es in einen großen Blumentopf, that frische Erde darauf und pflanzte in selbe ein Rosmarinreis, aus welchem ihr einst nach ihrem Tode die Brautkrone gewunden werden sollte. So oft die Jungfrau am Morgen ihr Lager verließ, ging sie zu ihrem Blumentopf, begoß ihn mit ihren Thränen und köstlichem Rosenwasser, daß der Rosmarinstock gar schön grünte und blühte, weil Liebetta [illegible] den Blumentopf so [illegible], daß sie endlich den ganzen Tag bei ihm verweilte.

Als solches die gestrengen Brüder bemerkten, wurden sie neugierig, was wohl in diesem Blumentopf sein möchte; sie entwendeten ihn heimlich in der Nacht, und wie Liebetta aufstand und ihn nicht mehr sah, rief sie:

„O Gott! nun muß ich sterben, denn ich habe meinen Rosmarinstock verloren!“

Liebetta fiel zu Boden und wurde sehr krank, während die Brüder den Blumentopf durchsuchten, ob sie etwa einen Schatz darin verborgen hätte; aber als sie den Topf umstürzten und den Rosmarin und die Erde herausgenommen hatten, fanden sie das Haupt und erkannten gar bald, weil sie schon die Züge des ermordeten Lorenz erkannten; sie verbargen das Haupt, nahmen ihre Barschaft zusammen und flohen aus Furcht vor der Strafe, [illegible] Kind [illegible] eine Frau den Blumentopf und brachte ihn der bekümmerten Liebetta, welche alsogleich sich im Bette aufrichtete und solchen betrachten ließ; aber das Haupt war nicht mehr darin, und wie sie dieses sah, fiel sie ins Bette zurück, und gab die Seele auf.

Da erzählte die treue Magd die ganze Geschichte, wie Lorenz im Walde ermordet läge, worauf man seinen Leib von dort abholte, und, nachdem man auch das Haupt gefunden, beide Leichname in ein Grab legte, wo sie nun wenigstens im Tode ungetrennt blieben.

10.

Der Tugend Sieg und Leid.

Hieronymus, ein Bürgerssohn zu Florenz, entbrannte einst in heftige Liebe für die holde Sylvia, die eines Schneiders Tochter in seiner Nachbarschaft, aber so schön und züchtig war, wie keine Jungfrau in der Stadt.

Sylvia erwiederte die Zuneigung des Jünglings, wie es einer ehrbaren Jungfrau geziemt, und so erfreuten sie sich einer wahren und tugendhaften Liebe, bis endlich die Mutter des Hieronymus dahinter kam, und weil sie besorgte, er möchte sein Liebchen zum Weibe nehmen, sandte sie ihn alsbald nach Paris, hoffend, er werde dort seine Liebe vergessen; aber diese wuchs von Tage zu Tage und er konnte keine andere Freude finden, als wenn er zärtliche Lieder an seine Geliebte dichtete. So vergingen zwei Jahre, und als Hieronymus wieder heim kam und hörte, daß seine Sylvia verheirathet sei, da ging er unmuthig vor ihrem Hause spazieren und versäumte weder bei Nacht noch bei Tage, ihr Zeichen seiner noch immer glühenden Liebe zu geben; aber Sylvia benahm sich, wie es einer tugendhaften Ehefrau ziemet, that nicht dergleichen, als ob sie ihn bemerke, und wandte jederzeit ihr Antlitz von ihm ab.

Hieronymus grämte sich sehr ob dieser großen Strenge, und beschloß zu sterben, so es ihm nicht gelänge, ihr Herz wieder zu gewinnen; so schlich er eines Abends, als Sylvia und ihr Mann auswärts geladen waren, in ihr Haus und Schlafkämmerlein; darin verbarg er sich, und wie der Mann fest eingeschlafen war, erweckte er die Geliebte und sprach zu ihr mit leiser Stimme:

„Erschrick nicht, Herzliebchen! ich bin Hieronymus, dein Getreuer.“

Die Frau trieb ihn ernstlich von sich, und entgegnete:

„Geh eilend von dannen, denn ich bin eines Andern Herzliebste und so du mich nicht augenblicklich verläßest, werde ich meinen Mann wecken.“

So schön und rührend der verliebte Hieronymus flehte, war doch all sein Bitten an der tugendhaften Frau verloren, und er schloß mit den Worten:

„Ich bin ganz vom Frost erstarrt, vergönne mir daher nur, daß ich mich eine Viertelstunde hier erwärme, dann will ich dir nimmer zur Last fallen.“

Zum Trost aus Mitleid, noch mehr aber, daß er sein Wort halten möge, vergönnte Sylvia ihrem unglücklichen Liebhaber, daß er an ihrer Seite im Bette sich erwärmen möge; aber sein Herz war so betrübt, daß, an der Seite der theuren Frau liegend, der Gedanke, wie er nun gar keine Hoffnung mehr habe, ihm dasselbe brach und er plötzlich verschied. Sylvia meinte, er sei eingeschlafen; aber als sie ihn bewegte, ihn zu erwecken, lag er steif und todt ausgestreckt — da erweckte sie ihren Mann und sprach zu ihm:

„Mein Mann! was würdest du wohl thun, wenn einer zu mir [illegible] und wider meinen Willen bei mir schlafen wollte, und nachdem ich ihm mit strafenden Worten sein Begehren abgeschlagen, [illegible] und stürbe darauf!“

Da entgegnete der Mann:

„Je nun, ich würde ihn auf die Gasse tragen.“

Und die Frau fuhr fort:

„Mein Mann! Alles, was ich dir erzählt habe, ist in der That geschehen. Hieronymus, unsers Nachbarn Sohn, der mich schon vor Jahren sehr geliebt hat, liegt hier und ist todt. Gott sei der armen Seele gnädig!“

Da stand der Ehemann von seinem Lager auf, trug den todten Jüngling hinaus und legte ihn vor seiner Mutter Hausthüre. Als man den Leichnam dort fand, entstand große Trauer; aber als die Leiche in die Kirche getragen wurde, da öffnete sich Sylvia's Herz der alten Liebe wieder, so sie in früher Jugend erfüllt; sie bereute, daß eine Härte ihm sein junges Leben geraubt, drang zur Todtenbahre hin und neigte sich über den Todten — und als sie also über ihm gebückt stand, ward sie vom großen Herzleid besiegt und sank getödtet auf den Geliebten nieder.

11.

König Frote in Dänemark.

Als in der Zeit, da der Heiland geboren wurde, König Frote, der Dritte dieses Namens, in Dänemark das Regiment führte, da war dieses Land in tiefem Frieden, und der König benutzte solche Zeit, um Recht und Ordnung im Reiche herzustellen; vor allen Verbrechen war er aber dem Diebstahl abhold, darum ließ er an einer Stange ein Stück Gold aufhängen, und darunter [illegible] schreiben, derjenige, der es nehme, solle mit dem Tode bestraft werden.

Nun lebte allda ein altes Weib, welches sich auf Zauberkünste verstand; sie lockte ihren Sohn an, er solle des Königs Gold von der Stange holen, sie wolle dann durch ihre schwarze Kunst ihm schon die Strafe ersparen; als jedoch der Sohn das Gold gestohlen hatte, wurde es gleich am frühen Morgen lautbar, und man fing Mutter und Sohn, um sie an den Galgen zu hängen. — Aber siehe! auf dem Wege zum Richtplatz verwandelte sich die Alte in einen Stier und die Gestalt des Jünglings veränderte sich in ein Kalb. Das Volk staunte über ein so großes Wunder, und der König stieg vom Rosse, um das Ding in der Nähe zu betrachten, doch kaum hatte ihn der Stier absteigen sehen, so lief er mit tückischem Gesichte auf ihn zu, und stieß sein Horn in des Königs rechte Seite, worauf Stier und Kalb den Augen des Volkes verschwunden waren, welches herbei eilte, seinem verwundeten Herrn zu helfen, der sogleich in seinen Palast getragen wurde, wo er am dritten Tage, viel betrauert, dahin starb; das böse Weib aber ward nimmer in Dänemark gesehen.

12.

Die beiden Freunde.

Auf der Insel Samos in Griechenland, welche der Juno geheiligt war, lebten einst zwei Jünglinge, Klinias und Agathokles, die einander innig liebten; aber Jener, welcher von seinem Vater ein großes Erbgut bekommen hatte, war leichtsinnig, stets von Schmarotzern und Verführern umgeben, verschwendete große Summen auf unnütze Weise, und als ihn Agathokles darüber zur Rede stellte und zu einem ordentlichen Leben ermahnte, nahm er dieß gewaltig übel und brach ſeinen ganzen Umgang mit dem treuen Freunde ab.

Nachdem entbrannte Klinias in Liebe für ein reizendes Weib, deren Gemüthsart aber gar nicht ihrem ſchönen Leibe entſprach; ſie ſtellte ſich ihm gewogen und in voller Liebe, bis ſie nach und nach durch allerlei Liſt und Kunſtgriffe ihm all ſein Gut abgelockt und völlig arm gemacht hatte; dann gedachte ſie ſeiner los zu werden und ſagte zu ihm: ihr Mann habe ſeine Liebe erfahren und wolle ihn ohne Barmherzigkeit tödten; es wäre alſo nur ein Beweis ihrer großen Liebe, daß ſie ihn nie mehr in ihrem Hauſe aufnehmen werde.

Auch die Schmarotzer verließen den Jüngling, als er kein Geld mehr hatte, und in großer Noth wandte er ſich wieder an den verſchmähten Agathokles, der ihn mit Freuden empfing, all ſeine Habe verkaufte und ihm die Hälfte davon gab; doch wie die Schmarotzer und die Buhlerinn erfuhren, daß Klinias wieder Geld habe, ſuchten ſie ihn abermals auf; jene kamen bei ihm zu Gaſte, und dieſe beſtellte ihn Abends zu ſich; aber ſie hatte liſtiger Weiſe ihren Mann in den Hinterhalt geſtellt, um den Klinias zu überfallen und ihm eine große Summe Geldes abzupreſſen. Alles geſchah, wie das tückiſche Weib es angelegt, und der Mann fand den Jüngling in ſeines Weibes Armen; aber Klinias erkannte ſogleich die böſe Argliſt, und erſchlug Mann und Weib, worauf er zu Agathokles entfloh — doch er wurde auch dort gefunden und vor den Statthalter geſchleppt, der ihn auf vieles Bitten ſeiner Verwandten und des treuen Freundes, ſtatt zum Tode, nur zur Verbannung auf ein fernes Eiland verurtheilte. Agathokles folgte ſeinem Freunde auch ins Elend, um alle Noth mit ihm zu theilen; er ernährte ihn und ſich mit der Arbeit ſeiner Hände, und als jener von einem böſen Fieber niedergeworfen wurde, pflegte er ihn mit aller Liebe und Geduld, bis Klinias ſtarb, worauf er ihn gar ehrbar begrub, und (ſeinen Freund auch im Tode nicht zu verlaſſen) ſein ganzes Leben auf demſelben Eiland zubrachte.

13.

St. Petrus auf Urlaub.

Eines Tages trat Petrus zu dem Herrn, und bat ihn um einen freundlichen Urlaub, daß er auf die Erde herabfahren dürfe, ſich mit ſeinen Freunden zu letzen, weil es eben Faſtnacht ſey, und der Herr ſprach:

„Acht Tage geb' ich dir Friſt — da erfreue dich, wie man auf Erden pflegt, und komme zu rechter Zeit wieder."

Alſo ſchwang ſich Petrus hernieder und kam zu ſeinen Freunden, die ihn gar liebreich empfingen, und ſogleich einer zum andern führte, ſo daß er beim ſüßen Wein des Himmels Thür vergaß und nicht eher wieder an ſelben gedachte, bis ein Monat vergangen war und ihm eines Tages der Kopf weh that von der Völlerei. Da kehrte Petrus gen Himmel, und der Herr fragte freundlich: warum er ſo ſpät wieder komme?

Aber Petrus entgegnete:

„O Herr! wir waren unten guten Muthes, denn der Moſt war wohlfeil und ſchmeckte herrlich, Alles war wohl gerathen, ſo daß wir vor Freude tanzten, ſangen und ſprangen; ja, es ging unten ſo fröhlich zu, daß ich ſchier des Wiederkommens vergeſſen hatte."

Da ſprach der Herr:

„Sag an, o Petrus! waren wir die Menſchen auch dankbar in ihrem Wohlleben, weil ich ihnen aus milder Hand den Moſt und alle andre Gaben mittheilte?"

Petrus ſchüttelte den Kopf und erwiederte:

„Wahrlich, Herr! im ganzen Land gedachte deiner Niemand, ein altes Weib ausgenommen, welcher Haus und Hof abgebrannt war, und die ſchrie ſo gewaltig zu dir, daß ſie Alle auslachten."

Da ſandte der Herr den Petrus an die Himmelsthüre, daß er, nach wie vor, fleißig ſeines Amtes warte, und im folgenden Jahre gab er ihm abermals Urlaub, ſo er wollte zu ſeinen Freunden auf die Erde niederfahren, und geſtattete ihm einen ganzen Monat dort zu verbleiben. Petrus war herzensfroh, und wie er vom Himmel herabfuhr, nahm er ſich vor, ein paar Monate mit ſeinen Freunden in Luſt und Jubel zu leben; aber wie er die Erde erreicht, fand er die Sachen ſehr verändert, und war ſchon am dritten Tage mit einem gar ſauern Geſicht wieder in dem Himmel, wo ihn der Herr fragte:

„Petrus! wie geſchieht es, daß du diesmal ſo ſchnell heim kommſt?"

Und Petrus entgegnete:

„O Herr! ſeit ich nicht auf Erden war, hat ſich Alles verkehrt; es iſt nicht mehr ſo luſtig als im vorigen Jahre, denn Wein und Getreide ſind verdorben; das Volk ſtirbt ſchier Hungers und dabei herrſcht überall Peſt, Krieg, Gefängniß, Raub, Mord und Brand — deshalb lebt man nicht mehr im Jubel, ſondern Jeder bleibt traurig zu Hauſe, ſich mit Seufzen und Weinen die Zeit zu vertreiben. Da mochte ich nicht länger unten bleiben, weil es gar ſo langweilig zugeht."

Und der Herr fragte weiter:

„Sage, Petrus! weil das Volk ſo ſchweres Leiden erduldet, fragt denn noch Niemand nach mir?"

Aber Petrus erwiederte:

„Lieber Herr! zu dir ſeufzet und ſchreit Alles — Jung und Alt wirft ſich im Gebet vor dir nieder und fleht, daß du ihnen die Sünden vergiebeſt und ſie wieder deiner Gnade theilhaftig macheſt, und da ſie ſo kläglich zu dir flehen, ſo wollte ich dich ſelbſt bitten, du mögeſt ihnen wieder dein Antlitz zuwenden, daß ihr großes Leid einen Ausgang finde."

Jetzt ſprach der Herr:

„Siehſt du, Petrus! wenn ich meine milde Hand aufthue und dieſem Volke Ruhe und eine fröhliche Zeit verſchaffe, ihnen Geſundheit und fruchtbare Jahre ſchenke, daß Wein und Getreide im Ueberfluß und alle Dinge wohlfeil ſind, da werden die Menſchen nur frech und wolluſtig, und vergeſſen mein, von dem doch all dieſe Wohlthat kommt; ſie ergeben ſich allen Sünden und Laſtern, ſind immer auf der Seite des Teufels gegen mich gewaffnet, und verbringen ein ſo ruchloſes Leben, daß meine Spenden ihnen mehr zum Nachtheil als zum Vortheil gereichen und ſie der ewigen Verdammniß entgegen führen. Darum muß ich wohl meine milden Gaben zurücknehmen, und ihren böſen Sinn, der durch meine Wohlthaten ſich von mir wendet, mit Hunger, Schwert und Sterben bezähmen, und weil das Gute ihr Herz nicht zu mir zieht, muß ich ſie auf ſolche Weiſe mahnen: daß ſie ihre Sünden von ſich werfen und mich erkennen als das wahrhafte, höchſte Gut. Schau, Petrus! da wirſt du bemerken, wie ein ſolches Kreuz eine wahre Arznei iſt, den unkräftigen Geiſt zu ſtärken, damit die Menſchen an Gottesfurcht zunehmen mögen.

Johann Iſaak Freiherr v. Gerning

ein Sohn des berühmten Naturforſchers Johann Chriſtian Gerning, ward am 14. November 1769 zu Frankfurt am Main geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und bezog darauf die Univerſität Jena, um daſelbſt Geſchichte und Staatswiſſenſchaften zu ſtudiren. Hierauf machte er größere Reiſen, beſuchte die Schweiz, Frankreich, England und Holland und ging dann auf beſondere Einladung des Königs und der Königin nach Neapel, wo er im diplomatiſchen Fache angeſtellt wurde. Später begab er ſich als neapolitaniſcher Geſandter zu dem Congreß von Raſtadt und privatiſirte dann eine Zeit lang in Weimar und Frankfurt. Im Jahre 1804 ernannte ihn der Landgraf von Heſſen-Homburg, 18.9 aber der Großherzog von Heſſen zum Geheimerath, auch erhob ihn der Letztere 1818 in den Freiherrnſtand. 1816 war er Geſandter des Landgrafen am Bundestage und 1818 ging er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach London. Er ſtarb am 21. Februar 1837 in Frankfurt am Main.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

- Der Friede Neapels. O. O. u. J. 4.
- Kantate zur Vermählung des Kronprinzen beider Sicilien. Offenbach 1797. 4.
- Skizzen von Frankfurt. Frankfurt 1800. 4.
- Das 18. Jahrhundert. Säculargeſang. Gotha 1801. 4.
- Reiſe durch Oeſtreich und Italien. Frankfurt 1802. 3 Thle.
- Die Heilquellen am Taunus. Lehrgedicht. Leipzig 1814.
- Ovid's erotiſche Gedichte. Frankfurt 1815.

Die Rheingegenden. London 1821.
Die Lahn- und Maingegenden. Wiesbaden 1821.

Gedankenreichthum, Fülle der Anſchauungen, Innigkeit und Würde und eine feine und edle Behandlungsweiſe ſind von Gernings Schriften eigen; namentlich iſt ſein Lehrgedicht, die Heilquellen am Taunus, eine der beſten Arbeiten, die wir in dieſer Gattung beſitzen und reiht ſich ſeinem vortrefflichen Vorbilde, dem Geſundbrunnen von Neubeck, unmittelbar an.

Die Heilquellen am Taunus.*)

Erſter Geſang.

Soden.

Taunus! dich feir'e mein Lied, es feir'e die heilenden Quellen,
Die mit verjüngender Kraft fließen aus deinem Gefild.

Francofordia[1]) prangt in reicher Geſtalt, ein Corinthus,
Wo den Süden vom Nord trennet das heimiſche Land.
Fernher ragt ihr gothiſcher Thurm und ſchauet, ein Fremdling
Aus vergangener Zeit, nach den Gebilden ſich um;
(Alſo ſteht vom geheiligten Hain die letzte der Eichen,
Trauernd ſenkt ſie das Haupt in der verwandelten Flur.)
Hier aus wimmelndem Thal am rebenbekränzeten Moenus[2])
Und das Ufer umzier'n Tempel vom hohen Geſtad:
Vier Wartthürme, geweiht dem alten Germaniſchen Grenzgott,
(Als dem fernen Gebild eigene Sitte noch galt.)
Blicken hervor aus Thälern und Höh'n voll ſeliger Fülle,
Weſtindiens Platanus grünt hier mit der Pappel und Ulm'.
Auen voll Heerdengebrüll und dunkel umſchattende Forſte,
Schwellendes Gartengewächs, emſig in Beete gereiht;
Rebenhügel, verſchönt durch Tempel und Haine Pomona's,
Gärten üppig erblüht, Dörfer mit ländlichem Reiz,
Kränzen die glückliche Stadt, wo Freiheit, Kunſt und Gewerbfleiß,
Seh'n Jahrhunderte lang ſchützte Germania's Bund.
Schöner umkränzen ſie noch, anlachend die Tauniſchen Bergeshöh'n,
Wo das Auge ſo gern weilt und das ſtille Gemüth.
Gleich dem Helikon und dem Parnaß, mit dem gedoppelten Gipfel,
Steigt das Brüdergebirg[3]) dort in der Mitte hinan.
Wohl! nun flüchte dahin. Sind angeſchirret die Roſſe,
Dann iſt ferne nicht mehr muthigen Lenkern das Ziel.
Welch entzückendes Bild gebildet Mutter Natur hier,
Wie nacheifernde Kunſt nimmer zu malen vermag,
Wo die rauſchende Nidda ſich ſchlingt um Dörfer und Auen,
Und wo Nobia's[4]) Flur Gärten und Tempel erblüh'n.
Schaue den Taunus dort, in mannigfaltiger Anmuth
Hingezaubert, wie ſanft ſenkt er die Arme hinab,
Breitet ſie traulich aus und umſchlingt die Wonnegefilde,
Daß auch die Sehnſucht hier ſchon zur Begeiſterung wird!
Blaue Gebirgesreih'n dehnen ſich weit in heiterem Luftraum
Und verſchwimmen ſo mild fern im ätheriſchen Duft.
Nicht ermüdet den Wandrer die ſanft aufſteigende Fläche,
Groß iſt der Umblick, ſchön prangt Germanien hier,
Auf dem erhabenen Feld Eſchborns[5]), dem ragenden Kirchthurm
Sulzbachs[6]) freudig genaht und dem geweiheten Höchſt.[7])
Welches unſer [illegible] ergänzt, wenn am ſcheidenden Tage,
Spiegelnde Fenſterreih'n zittern in ſonniger Glut.
Reizend erſcheint das Gebirg im Abenddufte verſchleiert,
Wie die Geliebte dem Freund leiſe, wenn Hesperus blinkt.
Hold liegt Soden verſteckt, umkränzt von freundlichen Anhöh'n,
Wie das lächelnde Kind in der Gebärerin Arm.
Halb in Gebüſche verhüllt, mit Fenſterumrankenden Reben,
Jegliche Hütt' umgrünt wirthlich ein ſchattender Baum.
Sieh' und die vielgeſtreiften, die ſanft in einander geſchlung'nen
Hügel, emſig gepflegt, laden zum Wonnegenuß.
Welch ein Amphitheater erſchuf die milde Natur da!
Welch ein Zaubergefild öffnet dem Kommenden ſich!
Wieſen und Wälder und Höh'n, und Thäler mit goldenen Saaten,
Feſſeln den weilenden Gang und den gehobenen Blick;
Fern von Städtegeräuſch hallt Rindergebrüll und Geblöke
Friedlicher Schaafe, die Luft wirbelt vom Lerchengeſang.
Zarte Geſtalten regen ſich hier in ländlicher Anmuth,
Und bilden die Flur auch mit der Holdinnen Reiz.
Teppiche ſind hier Au'n, und Spiegel die Teiche, der Eichwald
Prangt, ein Säulenpalaſt, den die Natur ſich erbaut.
Barden ſangen ihm einſt vom Kampfe der Katten und Römer,
Nun ach! ſchweigen verhüllt Barden vom Kampfe der Zeit!

Dort erfüllt ihr Thäler und Höh'n, ihr labenden Quellen!
Hauchet dem Bekümmerten Heil in das verwaiſte Gemüth.
Milde Hygea[1]) ſey nun hülfreich deinen Verehrern,
Wem du nicht huldvoll blickſt, winken die Freuden umſonſt.
Menſchen-Erhalterin du! mit dir hauchet Kraft und Empfindung
Jugend und Alter, mit dir blühet das Leben ſo ſchön.
Ohne dich iſt der Jüngling ein Greis, und der König ein Bettler,
Ohne dich fühlt ſich nie ſelig auf Erden der Menſch.

Horch! ſchon rauſchen die Bäche, der heilige Born der Geneſung
Ladet den Siechling: komm! dich zu verjüngen bei mir.
Lockend erſcheint das gaſtliche Dorf, durchflochten mit Gärten,
Und das betreuende Volk grüßt die Beladenen hold.
Frey auch wars, da Germania Tauſende zählte der Lenker,
Edle Beherrſcher verlieh'n ihm das geliebte Geſchenk.
Als lehnten Germaniſche Kaiſer ihre Getreuen,
Freyheit ſpendend und Recht, Liebe nur fordernd und Pflicht.
Gutes und Schönes erblühete dann der emſigen Pflege,
Oft auch theilte die Stadt treu mit dem Dorfe den Preiß.
Friedliche Schatten umflatterten ſanft den umwohnenden Heilquell,
Bis mit dem Schlangengelock ſich die Erinnys[2]) erhob.
Da verfolgte der Zorn, — da flohen die Nymphen, als dreyßig
Schreckliche Jahre nur Blut floß in den Bächen umher.

Schützerin du der Quellen und Höh'n, o Mutter-Najade!
Höre den Preißgeſang an der verjüngenden Fluth.
O Taunide! ſo rauſchet umkränzt mit Blumen des Liedes,
Spende dem Sänger dafür ſpäteres Alter zum Lohn!
Unſichtbare! du wohnſt, dem menſchlichen Auge verborgen,
Mit dem Geiſt der Natur innig in Liebe vereint.
Laß die ſchüchterne Muſe dir nah'n im belebenden Anſchau'n,
Und entſchleire dich ihr in der geweiheten Kluft.
Ja! nun ſtrahleſt du, mild umkränzt vom heiligen Epheu,
Herrlich mit Phöbus beglänzenden Perlen geſchmückt.
Roſen und Lilien blüh'n auf deinem erheiterten Antlitz,
Ewiger Jugendreiz ſtrahlet um deine Geſtalt.
Emſig walteſt du dort, umſchwebet von ſtrahlenden Geiſtern,
Tief in der Felſenwelt, welche der Taunus umſchirmt.
Aber in heiliges Dunkel gehüllt, iſt Göttin! dein Wirken,
Was du ſchaffeſt vermag nimmer der Blick zu erſpähn.
Tief in der Nacht bereiteſt du dort wohlthätige Kräfte,
Leben, dem Menſchen verwandt, ſchaffſt du in Pflanzen und Stein.
Und vom Aether umhaucht wird losgebunden der Heilſtoff,
Mit der himmliſchen Glut, welche das Leben erneut.

Mögen andere ſich umſtürmte Brunnen erkieſen,
An Sodenia's[3]) Quell ſchöpf' ich Geneſung und Ruh.
Freundlichen Auen entſteigt ihr tauſendjähriger Eichwald,

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*) Aus: J. J. Freih. v. Gernings Gedichten.

[1]) Francofordia, Frankfurt.

[2]) Moenus, der Mayn.

[3]) Der Feldberg und der Altkönig.

[4]) Nobia, Rödelheim.

[5] [6] [7]) Namen der Orte.

[1]) Hygea, die Göttin der Geſundheit.

[2]) Erinnys, hier als Furie des Kriegs.

[3]) Sodenia, Soden.

Und der Kaſtanienwald ſchlinget ſich duftend umher.
Sieh das lachende Thal, umwallet von Bergen und Hügeln,
Doppelt mit Reizen geſchmückt von der erhab'nen Natur.
Rauhem Winde verbeut ſie ſtreng den ſtürmenden Eingang,
Mild her wehet der Oſt und der bezähmete Nord.

Götter ſchützen die Flur, ſanft ſäuſeln die Blätter der Eichen,
Und als wandelten da Geiſter, ſo flüſtert der Hain.
Unterm gewölbten Baum, der trauliche Schatten umher-
ſtreu't,
Tönet die Leyer von ſelbſt, wird das Gefühl zum Geſang.
Horch! es rauſchen die Wipfel dem Bad vom geweiheten
Boden,
Heiliges Moos bedeckt auch den Druiden-Altar.
Wolkenlos iſt der Himmel und unbewölket die Seele,
Jede Blume nun haucht Hoffnung in's heit're Gemüth.
Erde! wie biſt du ſo ſchön, wie biſt du gütig als Mutter;
Führeſt den Geſunden zur Luſt, führeſt den Kranken zum
Heil.

Nun mit verjüngender Kraft Sodenia! ſtärkſt du den
Siechen,
Knüpfeſt den Faden ihm feſt, welchen die Parze bedroht;
Neuer fließet dem [illegible] des Lebens erquickender Strom hin,
Milder duftet der Tag über dem perlenden Quell.
Dreimal werde geprieſen in Luna's vollerem Kreislauf;
Dreimal töne dein Gruß aus der erweiterten Bruſt!
Wann am lauen Abend, der goldene Käfer Johannis,
Als ein geflügelter Stern funkelt im dunklen Gebüſch;
Wann die Kaſtanie blüht, und der [illegible] Weinſtock,
Köſtlichen Wohlgeruch hauchet im nächtlichen Thal;
Wann der Quelle Geſang erſchallt mit dem Hymnus der
Lerche,
Und die Eichel erklingt, laden die Nymphen zum Quell.
Gaſtlich ſpenden ſie dann labende Fülle des Lebens,
Und die bedürftige Schaar ſaugt ſie mit gnädigem
Sinn.
Die ſich oft im Getümmel der Stadt kaum ſahen und kannten,
Nun erkennen ſie bald ſich in der ſtillen Natur.
Keine ſtädtiſche Welt ergänzt im geprieſenen Luſtgang;
Hier ja waltet Natur, frei von dem Zwange der Kunſt.
Eitel vergnügt man nicht den erheiternden Morgen am Spiegel,
Einfach lebet der Menſch hin und genießet ſich ſelbſt.
Lockender Schauſpiel zeigt auch hier das bewegliche Herz nie,
Da verbannte die Kunſt als der Natur ſich zu nah'n.
Und es heitert dein Bad erquickender Spiele die Ruhe,
Was zum Sorgen erweckt, bleibt im Getümmel zurück.
Frohe Genügſamkeit iſt verſchwiſtert hier mit der Einfalt,
Wenig entbehret dann, wer Vieles entbehren gelernt.
Du mit dem trüben Blick und der verblichenen Wange,
Weit er dem Orkus[1] nah, ſchwankeſt am zitternden Stab;
Leidender! walle hierher, [illegible]
Hat dich harter Geſchick nahe dem Grabe gebracht,
Grämler! biſt du verfolgt von Schreckensgeſtalten — ſie
fliehen,
Wenn du mit heiliger Fluth dir Libitinen[2] verſöhnſt.
Fiel die Blüthe dir ab vor der Zeit, erſtarrte das rege
Glühende Leben in dir, wenn es Marbona[3] beſtürmt;
Sind die Menſchen ein Greu'l und haſt du dich ſelber ver-
loren:
Komm dann von der Natur, Glauben und Liebe zurück.
Athmeſt du ſchwer auf, fleugſt bangvoll die beklemmete Bruſt
dir;
Trinke vom Heilborn, bald athmeſt du freier und leicht.
Fühlt die brennende Qual die krampfbefallenen [illegible],
Mächtig, wie Jupiters Groll, bannt den Paroxysmus am
Fels;
Tritt in dir erſt ein Wetterverkündender [illegible],
Drohet Wind und Sturm an im [illegible] Band:
Wolke gerollt darüber, — die Luft ſchon [illegible]
Freundlicher [illegible] Hand macht von der Feſſel dich
frei.
Iſt die Sonne dir ſchlaff und fehlt es den Nerven an
Spannkraft,
Sauge den Balſamduft ein, wehend am [illegible]
Hain;
Und da ſtählſt dich ſanft erregt von ſtärkendem Balſam,
Und die kraftvolle Kraft heilet dein dunkles Gemüth.
Haſt du die folternden Geiſter gebannt, und heut die Geſund-
heit

Die mit freundlichem Blick wieder zum Leben dir dankt:
Sey dann Helfer dir ſelbſt, und fliehe der Sorgen Drangſal:
Wenn ſie Schaden gebracht, ſuchen ſie ſchädlich zu ſeyn.
Folge dem Prieſter der Heilkunſt, der dein leitender Stern
war,
Und mit dem Heilsquell halte dein Inneres auf.
Reiße den weichen Sinn ſchnell ab von der täuſchenden
Sorge,
Daß die Beſchwerde, ſie bringt unter den Roſen den Tod.
Lerne genießen und lern entbehren zugleich von der Weisheit,
Glücklich zu leben iſt ſchwer, glücklich zu leben iſt leicht!

Weib und Mädchen! es bauet auch eure Geſundheit Hygea,
Hier am heilenden Born wandeln ſich Schmerzen in
Luſt.
Amor pflücket euch dann im Zaubergarten der Liebe
Schöne Roſen, und gern windet ſie Hymen zum Kranz.

Eil' auf willigem Roß, dem raſchen Gefährten, die Flur
durch,
Nach vermeile — da ſieht Vieles was lockt und entzückt.
Doch beſuche den edlen Freund, in der ſchattigen Laube
Seines Tusculum's[1], die bietend ein ländliches Mahl.
Heil dem Wandernden, dem ein Tempelchen heiliger Freund-
ſchaft
Hier erſcheinet und dort, ihm zu erhöh'n den Genuß;
Schnell bequemet das Fremde ſich dann in der Nähe des
Guten,
Und im traulichen Geſpräch wird das Vergangene neu.

Von dem erglühten Veſuv zum Eisumzingerten Hekla,
Bis zu den Andesgebirg'[2] glänzend Amerika's Welt,
Hat die Natur dich hold vor allen begabet, o Taunus!
Außen mit Reiz der Geſtalt, innen mit ſtärkendem Thau;
Hingeſtellt in Europa's freundliche Mitte, da biſt du
Grenze dem Süd und Nord, ſchöneren Fluren ein Schutz.
Reich an Geſundheitsquellen ſind Teutſchlands herrliche Ge-
den,
Milder und milder jedoch ſtrömet Geneſung aus dir.
Groß iſt keine Geſtalt in ſchönen Maßen verſchmolzen,
Majeſtätiſch-groß und ſchön, ferne zu ſchauen und nah.

Blühendes Land! umkränzt vom Melibocus[3] und Altking
Hier, und vom Donnersberg dort im goldenen
[illegible];
Teutſches Heſperien[4] du, da wuchs ein ſchwellender Se-
gen,
Noch in dem Ungeheim leben die Kinder der Flur.
Wogen umrauſchten in alter Zeit den ſchattigen Bergwald,
Wo nun ſchwebt Gewild flüchtig der Jäger verfolgt.
Wo einſt Auerochſen-Gebrüll und eiſerner Kolben
Waffenſchlag erſcholl, unter dem Bärengeheul,
Ragt das Rhinoceros-Horn aus ausgegrabenem Boden,
Wälzte der fremde Baum ſich in dem ſtrömenden Fels.
Staunend ergreift den Forſcher, wenn ihm die dunkle Geſchichte
Alter Vulkanen hier in dem Boden ſich enthüllt.
Ringsher brachte Vulkan dem mächtigen Flammen-Gewölbe
Unter dem Erdkreis hin weit im verborg'nen Gefild,
Durch die gewundene Bahn, mit Neptuns geläuterter
Heerfluth,
Und verleihet den Heilquellen die nährende Kraft.
Alſo wallet das Blut, bewandt mit dem Hauche des Lebens,
Rothes Leben und weckt ſelber die geiſtige Gluth.

Auf Salzfluthen, entſtiegen dem urweltlichen Meere,
Steigen aus bläulichen Au'n, welche der Taunus um-
ſchlingt.
Wetteravia's[5] Flur zeigt Naubeims langen Gradirbau,
Homburgs Quelle, die heut [illegible] umweht.
Salz auch ſtrömt noch ungepflegt in Caronia's[6] Bergthal,
Und Sodenia trägt rühmlich den Namen davon.
Pflanzen, welche das Salz nur pflegt an dem brauſenden
Ufer,
Wachſen, der Heimath fern, in der umwaldeten Au;
Und der geflügelte Welt der Inſekten vom Meeresgeſtade,
Schwebt im weiteren Flug über dem ſalzigen Duft.

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[1] Orkus, die Unterwelt.
[2] Libitina, die Göttin der Unterwelt
[3] Morbona, die Krankheitsgöttin.

[1] Tusculum, ein Landſitz des Cicero.
[2] Cordilleras de los Andes, die höchſten Gebirge der Erde.
[3] Der Melibocus oder Malchenberg an der Bergſtraße.
[4] Heſperien, der ſüdliche Theil von Italien.
[5] Wetteravia, die Wetterau.
[6] Caronia, Kronberg.

Sieh', es winket die Nymphe des Quells, o wandernde Muſe!
Unter dem Hirtengetön wachen die Schlummernden auf.
Bald begegnen ſich froh Sodenia's Brüder und Schweſtern,
Und im Gruße verjüngt geſtrige Wonne ſich dann.
An dem Geneſungs-Born empfängt ſie das duftende Frühmahl,
Und ſie wallen umher, pflegend ein trautes Geſpräch.
Wie auf grüner Aue verſchwiſterte Blumen vereint ſind,
Schlinget geſellige Huld hier um die Menſchen den Kranz.
Flüchtiger zwar als der flüchtige Geiſt vom labenden Heiltrank,
Fliehet auch Bad-Freundſchaft hin als ein täuſchender Traum;
Oftmals wird ſie genährt von gleichgeſtimmten Gemüthern,
Und mit jeglichem Jahr blühet ſie wieder am Quell.
Sieh' und Manchem erſcheint Bad-Liebe zur tändelnden Kurzweil,
Was ein Moment gefügt, trennet der andre Moment;
Doch es finden ſich da verſchwiſterte Seelen, die Heimath
Trennet nimmer den Bund, welchen die Ferne geknüpft.
Ländlicher Stolz entweicht an des Landmanns traulicher Schwelle,
Einfalt bietet zugleich feinerer Sitte die Hand,
Drückende Bande ſie fallen dann ab und ſanftere knüpfet,
Aus den Blumen der Au'n, hier die geſellige Luſt.
Glückliches Dichterthum! du biſt edler in freyer Natur hier,
Als unwürdiges Thun dort im Getreibe der Stadt.
Oefter tönet von ſelbſt die lange vergeſſene Leyer,
Wenn der geflügelte Scherz leiſe die Saiten berührt.

Manche vergnügt, entſchwundener Leiden zu denken: was Einem
Heilung gewähret, es regt Hoffnung im Anderen auf.
Bald durchzieh'n ſie die Flur und ſaugen ein ſtärkendes Luftbad,
Bis der Najade Geheiß winket zum kühlen Gemach.
Doch ſie folgen zuerſt der Stimme vertraulicher Muſen,
Und erquicken den Geiſt an dem caſtaliſchen[1]) Quell.
Bald auch labet ſie Ruh', auf ſtillumdämmertem Lager,
Leichter wallen ſie dann hin mit erneuerter Kraft.
Künſtlich bilden ſie noch mit dem Flugball ſchwebende Bogen,
Endlich rufet zum Mahl klingendes Glockengetön.
Manch luculliſch[2]) Gericht folgt jenem behaglichen Gaſte,
Der die Stadt mit dem Land wohl zu vereinen verſteht;
Froh mittheilend dem Badgenoß, erfreut es ihn zwiefach,
Selber, als Gaſtgeſchenk, gab's ihm ein freundlicher Gott.
Plötzlich erſchallet Getön' aus Geigen mit grellem Gewiebel,
Stimmend ein Volkslied an, tritt ein Rhapſode[3]) herein,
Und als Jude vermummt, Scherzlieder trillernd, entlockt er,
In Mißlaute verſteckt, auch Harmonien der Bruſt.
Schau, die gefällige Freundſchaft winkt zur Spende des theuren
Bräunlichen Labetranks, unter dem Schattengewölb.
Die das gute Geſchick am Ziele der Leiden vereint hier,
Schließen den ruhigen Sinn gerne der Freude nun auf.
Holdes Gefühl erwacht in der Kühlung-hauchenden Laube,
Dieſer Gruppe gefällt Ruhe mit feinem Geſpräch;
Jene weilt in der Allee; zur hügelumſchlungenen Wieſe
Schweift der bewegte Freund, mit dem Genoſſen am Arm.
Jener beſuchet ſich ſelbſt, gelagert am ſchattenden Fruchtbaum,
Oder zum Quellenſpiel lockt ihn der röthliche Bach.
Andere wallen umher auf traulichen Pfaden und finden
Bald ſich wieder, und neu bildet ſich fröhlich ein Kreis.
Alſo wechſelt zerſtreuende Luſt; — ſo will es Hygea,
Daß in Erholungen hier leicht ſich erhole der Menſch.

Pflücke mit Mäßigung dir vom Baume die Gabe des Sommers,
Schone der Blüthe, ſie giebt ſpäter die reifere Frucht.
Weiſe nicht kalt zurück, was willig die Stunde dir bietet,
Doch willkommener ſey Wonne mit Grazie dir.
Eile hinaus, einathmend erfriſchende Düfte des Feldes,
Wann der Himmel entwölkt lächelt im heiteren Blau.
Flüchte jedoch am trüberen Tag zum geſelligen Heerde,
Wo der beflügelte Scherz eilt mit den Stunden dahin.
Dem nur waltet ein glücklicher Stern, wer zu den Penaten[4]),
Die, mit Flügel und Zaum, leitende Göttin geſellt.[1])
Seht die Zöglinge wandeln umher, von Hoffnung belebet,
Auf Sodenia's Flur, oder im ſchattigen Hain.
(Schau! es beſtrahlt ihn die Sonn', er ſchimmert vom Reiz der Gefilde,
Wo die Erinnerung ſich ſpiegelt im goldenen Licht.)
Froher nun kehren ſie wieder, vom Schnittergeſange begleitet,
Wann das Abendgeläut Höhen und Thäler durchhallt.
Weſte mildern den Abend, und Scherze nun locken zum Mahle
Das dem ſcheidenden Tag Blumen der Freude noch ſtreut.
Und das Gedankenſpiel, das Spiel von Schenken und Nehmen,
Füllet die rege Bruſt, füllt den geſelligen Kreis.
Leicht umgaukelt geflügelter Witz den dampfenden Punſchnapf;
„Was wir lieben, was uns liebet" erklinget das Glas.
Auch ein Ständchen erfreut den gefühlvollhorchenden Schönen,
Raſch von des Nachthorns grellſeufzendem Laute durchſauſt.
Höher nun ſchlägt das Herz, von trauten Geſprächen erglühet:
Luna's dämmerndes Licht winket zum magiſchen Gang.
Freundſchaft murmelt der Bach, und Liebe liſpeln die Quellen,
Und Cytheren's[2]) Geſtirn funkelt dem ſtillen Gefühl.
Heimchengeſang ſchrillt ſanft umher, und erheiternde Ruhe
Kehrt in des Einſamumwallenden Seele zurück.
Bald entſchwingt ſich der Geiſt, von himmliſchem Feuer entglühet,
Auf zum Sterngefild, tief in Betrachtung verſenkt.

Sieh'! es wandelt ſich nun zur Aeſklepiade[3]) der Sonntag;
Freundes-Beſuch erſcheint aus der geräuſchigen Stadt.
Tafeln verlängen ſich dann, es erweckt das Lied und der Walzer
Jedes verſunk'ne Gefühl; Tänze verfolgen den Tanz.
Luſtige Städter ſie hüpfen umher in bäuriſcher Kleidung,
Und der Dörflinge Schaar ſiehet verwandelt ihr Bild.
Und ein beriß'ner Silen, vom Hochgebohrten getragen,
Trabet mit ernſtem Schritt in die Verſammlung hinein.
Froh begrüßt ſie das Thier im langanhaltenden Triller,
Doch der lachende Schwarm dränget ſich ſchüchtern zurück.
Aber am Kirchweihfeſt kommt Saturnaliſche[4]) Zeit auch,
Ungebundenen Fluges, wieder mit bäuriſchem Sinn.
Seht ein fröhlicher Zug, umſchwirrt von Jugend und Alter,
Pflanzt die Tanne, ſie trägt Kränze mit flatterndem Band.
Geigen ſchnarren, es klappert das Hackbrett munter zum Tanze,
Und den verlornen Tact ſtampfet ein rüſtiger Fuß.
Buden ſtehen umher, gefüllt mit dörflicher Unzier:
Taſſen ſcheckig bemalt, Gläſer mit ſinnigem Prunk;
Spiegel in rothem Papier, zum Sonntagsputze der Schönen;
Herzen von Zucker und Teig, kleine Trompeten von Holz;
Pfeifen mit gellendem Ton, Maultrommeln mit dumpfem Gemurmel,
Und die Kinder des Orts jubeln errungenen Preiß.
Gaffendes Volk zieht hin und her zu dem raſſelnden Glückstopf,
Und der Würfel gewinnt oft dem Verliebten ſein Glück.
Weicht nun der heiße Tag dem ſanftverglühenden Abend,
Wallen die Trauteſten dann ſinnend zur ſtilleren Flur;
Im Philoſophengang vom liſpelnden Bache begleitet,
Oder im dunkelen Hain ernſter Betrachtung geweiht.
Und mit geleitendem Blick zum ſanftanlockenden Hügel:
Villa-Bella[5]) vordeinſt, Römern zum Danke genannt.

Tochter der Schöpfung, Natur! der Menſchheit Leiden zu mildern,
Gab dein Boden auch uns Quellen von heilender Kraft;
Wo ſich quälender Schmerz auflöſet in linderndem Frohſinn,
Daß die Boten der Nacht fliehen, vom Leben verſcheucht.

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[1]) Die Quellen der Muſen.
[2]) Lucullus, ein römiſcher Gaſtronom.
[3]) Ein Bänkelſänger.
[4]) Penaten, die Hausgötter.

[1]) Die Mäßigkeit, nach Raphael.
[2]) Venus, der Abendſtern.
[3]) Aeſklepiade, Feier zur Ehre des Aeſculap.
[4]) Saturnalien, römiſche Volksfeyer.
[5]) Der Gibel oder das Dach.

Friſch mit Roſen umblüht erſcheint nun wieder die Jugend,
Noch im Alter verjüngt Körper und Seele ſich hier.
Holde Sodenia! du giebſt wieder dem Gatten die Gattin,
Giebſt dem Freunde den Freund, Liebe der Liebe zurück.
Wer dich glücklich umwohnt, ſtrebt nicht nach fernen Geſtaden,
Fremdes zu ſuchen, und noch fremder zu werden ſich ſelbſt.
Du warſt ſchmerzlicher Krankheit oft die geheiligte Lethe,[1]
Die dem Leidenden gern ſüßes Vergeſſen gebracht.
Spendeſt, dem Seebad gleich, wohlthätigen Thau der Geneſung,
Welt und Ozean mißt hier der Umwohnende nicht;
Albions Brighton[2] nicht, und Italia's blühende Küſten,
Und von Wogen umrauſcht Doberan's[3] nördliches Bad.
Kannte dich Arnſtadt's Barde, ſo blühte dem Kranze der Quellen,[4]
Welchen er kunſtreich wand, lieblich dein Name zugleich.

Nenn', o Muſe! ſie noch die heilanlächelnden Nymphen,
Welche die Brunnen umher ſchirmen mit zärtlicher Huld:
Schwalheim's Nymphe ſie ſchöpft am ländlich-einſamen Stahlquell,
Gern den Medeiſchen[5] Trank, welcher das Alter verjüngt.
Herrlich und weitberühmt als Labſal über das Weltmeer,
Schwimmt mit dem Schiffenden treu, Perlen Selteria's[6] ihr,
Welche, die Wogen der Bruſt beſänftigend, leicht mit Erfriſchung
Durch das wallende Blut rollen im lindernden Hauch.
Nymphe Selteria![6] dir auch töne begeiſtert mein Loblied,
Die ſo milde den Trank ſpendet mit reichlicher Huld.
Dich umſchirmen, im länglichen Wieſengrund voll rauſchender Bäche,
Sanfte Hügel, geſenkt von den Taunien herab.
Feſtlich kündet dem Wanderer dich die erhabene Reihe
Schlanker Pappeln, zur Luſt dir und der Quelle gepflanzt.
Unter Gelübden ſo nahet er dir und dem zierlichen Tempel,
Wählend zum Dankaltar deinen beſeelenden Born.
Unſichtbare! du ſelbſt erſcheinſt hier öfter dem Siechling,
Ihm in der Schaale nun darbietend Geneſung und Kraft.
Oft betäubet ihn zwar die Fülle von deiner Umwallung,
Wenn er ſich ungeprüft tauchte zur geiſtigen Fluth.
Doch wer dir mit Vertrau'n im Heiligthume genahet,
Ihn umarmeſt du, lohnſt ihn mit Erquickungen dann.
Unter Geſängen ſo ſchöpfen den Heiltrank deine Najaden,
Denn er ſtimmt ja die Bruſt und das Gefühl zum Geſang.
Welch ein reges Gewühl! hier klingen gethürmte Gefäße,
Neben einander gereiht von dem geſchäftigen Volk.
Siehe, der Fuhrmann harrt und ſchmaucht ſein labendes Pfeifchen,
Und das wiehernde Roß will mit der Beute davon.
Selbſt auch holt der Umwohnende ſie; — dem Gefilde der Nachbarn
Bringt ſie der Doppel-Korb auf dem geduldigen Thier.

Und es entſprudelt verjüngt auch Homburgs Auen ein Heilborn,
Selters Quelle verwandt, ſinniger Pflege zum Lohn.

Fühlet nicht Weilbachs Nymphe die Schwefelſchale dem Weiſen,
Welcher dem edleren Ruhm Nächte geopfert und Ruh'!
Wer von dem Becher der Luſt oft nippte, dem Leben zum Unheil,
Saugt mit balſamiſcher Fluth heilige Labungen hier.
Wer in berückender Fülle von Hochheims goldenem Trank ſog,
Findet in Hochheims Thal auch den verſöhnenden Born.
Feindlich dem Kupfer und Blei, ſo bannt er aus ſchwächlicher Hülle,
Schleichendes Gift hinweg, welches erzeuget den Tod.
Francofordia beut am lindenumſchatteten Grünborn,
Und im Gewühle der Stadt, Quellen ſulphuriſcher Kraft.
Villa-Bella[1] bewahrt an der Auen-umſchlingenden Nidda,
Noch den ſprudelnden Stahl, welcher den Römer gelabt.
Freundlich im Wieſengrund', umgürtet von altem Gemäuer,
Schließen ſich Karbens Geſundbrunnen dem Kranken auf.
Und Hanovia's[2] Fluren erquickt die verſchwiſterte Nymphe,
Die mit der Tauniſchen ſanft lächelt im holden Verein.
Dürftig an heilender Kraft, und reich an gefälligen Reizen,
Pflegt ſie liebend und treu, bald in den Lauben umher,
Bald in gereiheten Hallen, im Ring-Wettrennen und Wurfſpiel,
Noch im Taumel der Luſt munteres Kattengeſchlecht.
Wilhelmsbad, — ſo nannte den Born des Gefildes Umſchaffer,
Dort auch glänzte vereinſt Haſſia's[3] Name mit Ruhm!
Schweigend im Hainthal noch, und in manchem verborg'nen Geklüfte,
Rieſelt ſo mancher Quell, froher Geneſung geweiht.

Hier iſt der Heilkraft heiliges Land, hier haben die Götter
Zu dem Schönen umher, heiter das Gute geſellt.
Siehe! da winken Bargilla's[4] Höh'n, wo friedlich der Weinſtock
Ueber dem Heldengrab Teutſcher und Gallier grünt.
Schaue! der Ubier[5] Urland hier, im waldigen Thalgrund
Ragen die Gräber hervor unter den Hügeln gereiht.
Jammernd zog das entartete Volk auf ſchirmende Veſten,[6]
Seine Habe dahin flüchtend vor Suevengewalt;
Bis die rächenden Haſſer der Römer, und ihrer Genoſſen
Nahten, und Jene hinabſtürzten von felſigen Höh'n.
Alſo ſtrafte ſie ſelbſt Untreu' am heimiſchen Lande,[7]
Feindes Boden zuletzt nahm die Verlaſſenen auf.
Weithin pranget Mönavien hier im geſegneten Maingau,
Milder Himmel umfließt hier das germaniſche Land.

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[1] Lethe, die Fluth der Vergeſſenheit.
[2] Albion, England; Brighton, das dortige Seebad.
[3] Doberan, ein Seebad an der mecklenburgiſchen Küſte.
[4] Neudeck und ſeine Geſundbrunnen.
[5] Der Medea Zaubertrank.
[6] Selteria, Selters.

[1] Vilbel.
[2] Hanovia, Hanau.
[3] Haſſia, Heſſen.
[4] Bargilla, Bergen.
[5] Ubier, Bewohner der Wetterau.
[6] Cäſar d. B. G. L. 6. C. 10.
[7] Cäſar L. 1. C. 54.

Charlotte Eleonore Wilhelmine v. Gersdorf,

geborene von Gersdorf, ward am 28. October 1768 zu Oberbellmannsdorf in der Oberlauſitz geboren, vermählte ſich 1792 mit dem K. Sächſiſchen Kammerherrn von Gersdorf und lebte Anfangs zu Bieſig bei Reichenbach, ſpäter in Bautzen und ſeit 1811 in Dresden.

Sie ſchrieb:

Die Armenierin. 2 Thle. Braunſchweig 1820.
Aurora, Gräfin von Königsmark, 2 Thle. Quedlinburg 1817.
Der Eichwald, 2 Thle. Brünn 1819.
Emmerich Tököly, Fürſt von Siebenbürgen. Celle 1834. 2 Thle.
Erzählungen. 24 Bde. Leipzig 1821—1830.
Eternelle oder die Blindgeborne, 2 Thle. N. A. Leipzig 1832.
Die Geſchiedene. Braunſchweig 1830. 2 Thle.
Die Himmelfahrtstage. Meißen 1818. 3 Thle.
Ritter Julian und die ſchöne Iſolde. 2 Thle. Merſeburg 1833.
Nectarine von Klarenfeld. Chemnitz 1818.

Ladislaus Poſthumus, Erzherzog von Oeſtreich. Brünn 1818.
Mirabilis oder der Alte Ueberall und Nirgends. Leipzig 1822.
Mnemoſyne oder meine Erinnerung. 2 Thle. Deſſau 1797—1798.
Mnemoſyne die zweite. Leipzig 1812.
Mnemoſyne die dritte. Halle 1822.
Nachtſchatten. Berlin 1828.
Nachtviolen. Berlin 1823.
Renate. 2 Bdchen. Leipzig 1833.
Der belgiſche Ritter. Meißen 1830.
Ritter Robert Carre. Berlin 1828.
Die Roſe von Rubinen. Görlitz 1821.
Selbſtverblendung. Leipzig 1831.
Senſitiven. Merſeburg 1833.
Sinn-Violen. Berlin 1830.
Der St. Valentins-Tag. Leipzig 1827.
Der Zigeunerraub. Meißen 1824.

Eine äußerſt fruchtbare Erzählerin, die, nicht ohne Talent, ſich ein zahlreiches, wenn auch untergeordnetes Publikum zu erwerben wußte, das ihren Leiſtungen Beifall und Aufmerkſamkeit ſpendet.

Heinrich Wilhelm von Gerſtenberg

ward am 3 Januar 1737 zu Tondern in Schleswig geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung auf dem Chriſtianeum in Altona und ſtudirte dann kurze Zeit in Jena, gab aber nach dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters dieſe Laufbahn auf und trat in däniſche Kriegsdienſte. Während des Feldzuges gegen Rußland avancirte er bis zum Rittmeiſter, nahm jedoch nach dem Frieden ſeinen Abſchied und erhielt eine Anſtellung bei der deutſchen Kanzlei zu Kopenhagen. Im Jahre 1775 begab er ſich als däniſcher Miniſter-Reſident nach Lübeck und verweilte daſelbſt bis 1785 wo er als Mitdirector des Lottojuſtizweſens nach Altona berufen wurde. Dieſes Amt verwaltete er bis 1820 und zog ſich dann gänzlich von allen öffentlichen Geſchäften zurück. Er ſtarb am 1 November 1823.

Von ihm erſchien:

Tändeleien. Leipzig, 1759 u. öfter.
Proſaiſche Gedichte. Altona, 1759.
Ariadne auf Naxos. Kopenhagen, 1767.
Gedicht eines Skalden. Kopenhagen, 1766.
Der Hypochondriſt (gemeinſchaftlich mit J. F. Schmidt.) Schleswig, 1767. 2 Bde. N. A. 1784.
Briefe über Merkwürdigkeiten der Litteratur. Schleswig, 1766—1770. 4 Sammlungen.
Die Braut. Trauerſpiel. Kopenhagen, 1765.
Ugolino. Trauerſpiel. Hamburg, 1768.
Minona oder die Angelſachſen. Melodrama, Hamburg, 1785.
Die Theorie der Kategorieen. Altona, 1795.
Sendſchreiben an Villers, das gemeinſchaftliche Princip der theoretiſchen und practiſchen Philoſophie betreffend. Altona, 1821.
Beattie's Verſuch über die Natur und Unveränderlichkeit der Wahrheit. Aus dem Engliſchen. Kopenhagen und Leipzig, 1772. N. A. 1775.
Vermiſchte Schriften. 3 Bde. Altona. 1815—17.

Dieſem geiſtreichen und ſcharfſinnigen Manne hat die deutſche Literatur nicht Geringes zu verdanken. Er war es, der zuerſt mit Erfolg auf die Schätze nordiſcher und kritiſcher Poeſie aufmerkſam machte und in ſeinem Gedicht eines Skalden, in welchem er ſich Klopſtock anſchloß, eine neue Bahn zu brechen und Kraft und Gewalt des Ausdrucks mit Innigkeit der Empfindung zu verbinden ſtrebte. Höchſt anmuthig und gewandt zeigte er ſich dagegen in ſeinen Tändeleien, einem damals ſehr beliebten Genre, das vor ihm noch nicht mit ſolcher Feinheit und Eleganz, ſo reichem Witz und ſo lieblich ſpielender Phantaſie war behandelt worden. Noch bedeutender erſchien er jedoch in ſeinem Drama „Ugolino", durch welches er die von Leſſing mit ſo großem Erfolg aufgeſtellten und durchgeführten Principien practiſch beförderte. Wenn auch die Wahl des aus der Hölle des Dante entlehnten Stoffes immer ein Mißgriff bleibt, ſo muß man doch über die Kühnheit und Kraft erſtaunen, mit welcher G. denſelben der von Leſſing eingeführten Form des ſogenannten bürgerlichen Trauerſpieles unterwarf. Abgeſehen von dem eben erwähnten Mißgriffe der Wahl bleibt jenes Stück immer ein großartiges Meiſterwerk, in welchem der Dichter die höchſte Beſonnenheit mit dem tiefſten Gefühl und einer ſeltenen Stärke und Macht des Ausdruckes zu verbinden verſtand. Hier iſt nichts überflüſſig; Alles greift genau in einander und drängt ſeinem Ziele zu, und die Steigerung ſchreitet ohne Ermatten bis an den Schluß fort, ohne daß auf der anderen Seite die Spannung der Leidenſchaft übertrieben und dadurch unnatürlich würde. — Man iſt im Ganzen gegen dieſes Werk ungerecht geweſen; der geſunde Sinn der Nation wandte ſich, und zwar mit Recht, befremdet von einem Gegenſtande ab, deſſen innere Gräßlichkeit alle poetiſche Schönheit von vorn herein zerſtört; aber man hätte dagegen auch bedenken und anerkennen ſollen, daß dieſes Trauerſpiel das Erzeugniß eines ſeltenen und großartigen Dichtergeiſtes war, der ſelbſt in ſeinen Verirrungen aufrichtige Bewunderung verdient.

Auch für die Verbreitung der Kantiſchen Philoſophie wie für die Bildung des Geſchmackes und namentlich für die richtige Würdigung Shakſpears hat von Gerſtenberg viel Lobenswerthes geleiſtet; ſein Name wird daher immer gleich nach jenen großen Männern, denen unſere Literatur ſo Herrliches verdankt und die wir als Sterne erſter Größe am Himmel unſerer vaterländiſchen Poeſie zu betrachten gewohnt ſind, mit aufrichtiger und inniger Verehrung angeführt werden.

Vgl. eine autobiographiſche Skizze von Gerſtenbergs, abgedruckt in Jördens Lexicon deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten, Th. 6. S. 171 fgde.

Ugolino.

Tragödie von W. v. Gerſtenberg.

Vierter Aufzug.

Ugolino.

Bin ich endlich allein? (Er ſchiebt den Sargdeckel ab.) Hier war ich König! Hier war ich Freund und Vater! Hier war ich angebetet! Ich herſchte mehr. Ich wollte Sklaven im Staube meines Fußtritts ſehen; und ſo verlor ich alles, was das parteiliche Verhängniß mir geben konnte. Wenn ich mir jetzt das goldne Gepränge, die Trophäen, den Stolz meiner kriegeriſchen Tage zurück erkaufen könnte, ach mit Entzücken gäb' ich ſie alle die geprahlten Nichtswürdigkeiten, um ein dankbares Lächeln ihrer erröthenden Wangen, um einen belohnenden Blick ihrer Augen, um einen Ton ihrer Lippen, um einen Seufzer der Freude aus ihr Bruſt. Ach Ugolino, du warſt glücklich! Kein Sterblicher war glücklicher! Und du hätteſt glücklich vollenden können! Da ſitzt der Stachel! Ich bin der Mörder meiner Gianetta! Wider mich hebt ſie ihr bleiches Antlitz zum Himmel! Auf ihren Ugolino ruft ihr unwilliger Schatten den Richter herab! Liebenswürdiger Geiſt! liebenswürdig in deinem Unmuth! Iſt dein Antlitz ganz ernſt? Ah! dein Antlitz iſt ernſt! Einſt hab' ich dich geſehn, meine Gianetta; liebevoll und ſchüchtern ſankſt du in meine Arme. Ruggieri Ubaldini trat heran; das Gewand des Heuchlers rauſchte lauter; ſein bleifarbigtes wäſſerichtes Angeſicht tobte vom Sturm ſeiner Seele; er wälzte ſeine abrichten Augen weit hervor; Tücke und Verderben lauſchten nicht mehr im Schleier der Nacht! Du aber lagſt furchtſam athmend an meinem Halſe. Da erhob ſich mein Herz! Da erkannte Ruggieri noch einmal Gherardesca, den Mann! Da waren deine Blicke mild, wie der Morgenthau; und deine ſüßen Lippen, deine Nektarlippen, deine Wonnelippen (er küßt ſie) nannten Piſa's Befreier, deinen Erretter! Nun bin ich gebeugt, meine Liebe! Mein Haar iſt nun grau, und mein Bart iſt fürchterlich, wie eines Gefangenen. Doch der große Morgen wird ja kommen! ſchrecklich, dunkelroth und ſchwül von Gewittern wird er ja kommen! In ſeinem ſchwarzen Strahle will ich erlöſchen! In ſeiner gebärenden Wolke ſoll, wie Feuer vom Himmel, mein Geiſt über Piſa ſtehn! Dann erzittre ein Elender! aber nur einer. Feuer und Rache! iſt meine Gianetta gefallen! (ſteht tiefſinnig) Mit Gift hingerichtet haben ſie meine Gianetta! Gift ſogen ſie aus den Worten meiner Liebe? ah! aus den Worten meiner Liebe! Einſame Erde! ich traure! Was? mit Gift hingerichtet haben ſie meine Gianetta? (geht ſtillſchweigend.) Gern möcht' ich die Stimme des Abgrundes vergeſſen! o daß ich ſie nie gehört hätte! Ein Gebeinhaus der Verhungernden! Ein Gebeinhaus der Verhungernden! denn der Thurm iſt von dieſer Stunde an verflucht! Ein Gebeinhaus der Verhungernden! Ha! wie er wüthet, der Gedanke! wie er ſich in mir umkehrt! Ich kann ihn nicht ausdenken! und mag nicht! O pfui! pfui! Brandmal für die Menſchlichkeit! ewiges Brandmal! Ich kann mich deiner nicht erwehren; du Wohnhaus des Schreckens! nicht mehr Kerker meiner Erniedrigung! Gruft! Gruft der Gebeine Gherardesca's! Gruft meiner Auferſtehung! aber erſt meiner Verweſung! ah! nicht nur meiner! Fürchterlich! hier hinſinken! hier mit dem Tode ringen! einſam! von keiner freundſchaftlichen Hand unterſtützt! ganz einſam! mein Weib, meine Kinder rings um mich geſammelt! dennoch ganz einſam! jeder Sinn voll ihrer Verweſung! fürchterlicher als einſam! Tod, wie keiner dich ſtarb, o du biſt fürchterlich! Ich will nicht, ich will dich nicht denken! (er ſieht Gaddo.) Doch zwingt mich dieſer Anblick. Ach! daß ich Vater und Menſch ſein muß! Steh auf, armer Gaddo! Du antworteſt nicht?

Gaddo. Ich bin gelähmt.

Ugolino. Aha, war das die Urſache?

Gaddo. Hilf mir, mein Vater!

Ugolino. So!

Gaddo. Lächle, trauter Vater, und hilf deinem Gaddo!

Ugolino. So!

Gaddo. Gott ſegne dich!

Ugolino (hebt ihn auf ſeinen Schooß). Wo ſchmerzt es dich, mein Gaddo? Sage mir's, armes Kind!

Gaddo (ihn ſehr beweglich anſehend). Du wirſt mich nicht Hungers ſterben laſſen, mein Vater!

Ugolino. Wo ſitzt deine Krankheit?

Gaddo. Im Herzen, im Magen, im Kopf: ich kann's dir nicht ſagen. O mich ekelt!

Ugolino. Ich habe dich nicht ſchreien gehört.

Gaddo. O der Hirnſchädel wäre mir geborſten.

Ugolino. Deine Augen ſind blau und geſchwollen.

Gaddo. Sie wollen nicht weinen.

Ugolino. Gewiß, gewiß, es iſt ſehr bitter!

Gaddo. Liebt meine Mutter mich noch?

Ugolino. Sie liebt dich immer: wir lieben dich beide.

Gaddo. Hah! wenn dem ſo wäre! Es iſt unglaublich.

Ugolino. Warum unglaublich, mein Gaddo! Sprich! Ich bin dein liebender Vater.

Gaddo. Sie hat mich an ihrem Buſen genähret, jetzt läßt ſie mich verſchmachten. Doch ſie kann mich verſchmachten laſſen, und doch lieben: denn du liebſt mich, mein Vater; ſagteſt du nicht ſo?

Ugolino (küßt ſeine Augen). Habe Mitleid, Strafengel! o ſchone!

Gaddo (ſeufzt). Ach!

Ugolino. O nein! nein! lieber rede! daß Gott im Himmel dich höre! rede: ſtrafe deinen Vater; girre nach deiner Mutter, Verlorner! Aermſter! nur laß mich dich, ſüßes Kind, nie wieder ſeufzen hören!

Francesco (eilig). Es müſſen Leute im Thurm ſein: ich hörte Fußtritte.

Ugolino (beſtürzt). Wie? was? (legt Gaddo hin.)

Anſelmo (langſam). Du wollteſt vermuthlich die Männer im Thurme ſehen. Es ſind dieſelben, die ich vorher bat, mich und Gaddo mitzunehmen: Männer ohne Herz. Sie ſchlichen fort, da ſie mich wahrnahmen, als fürchteten ſie mich. Sie ſind nicht mehr da.

Francesco. Horch! horch!

Anſelmo. Auch die Oeffnung iſt nicht mehr. Er! Er!

Francesco (erblaßt). Die Thurmthüre! ha! (Man hört ſie ſtark zuſchlagen.)

Anſelmo. Sie wird verſchloſſen. (Ein ſehr langes und ſchreckenvolles Stillſchweigen: worauf Anſelmo ſeinen Bruder leiſe anſtößt.) Du ſiehſt den Geiſt an der Mauer, Francesco! Nein, ſieh nicht dort hin; ſieh unſern Vater. Erſtarrt? Verſteinert? Bleich war das Antlitz unſers Vaters; aber ſieh, Francesco, jetzt iſt's ſchrecklich. Weh mir! ihm in's rothe, in's unbewegliche Auge zu ſehn, ſchaudert mich! Ach mein Vater! (küßt ſeine Hand.) Und auch du, Francesco! Du ſchweigſt! ſeufzeſt? auch du, Francesco! und ſchluchzeſt! Mein Vater! (küßt ſeine Hand noch einmal, ſteht auf, und erſchrickt.) Auf dich wirft er einen ſchnell zurückgezognen Blick, und auf mich, und auf Gaddo! Blut ſtrömt vom gewaltigen Biß ſeiner Lippen! Seine Geſichtsmuskeln ſtehn aufwärts gedrängt und ſtarr! Mein Vater! (wirft ſich ihm zu Füßen.)

Francesco. Sei ruhig, Anſelmo, ich bitte dich! (er richtet ihn auf.)

Anſelmo (mit Heftigkeit.) Mein Vater! mein Vater! (mit den Füßen ſtampfend.) Mein Vater! (ängſtlich ſchreiend.)

Francesco. Was ängſtigt dich, mein Anſelmo? Was ſchreckt dich, Lieber? ach! laß unſern Vater nichts von dieſer Heftigkeit ſehen! ſei gelaſſen! ſei ruhig!

Anſelmo. Gut, Mann! entferne dich nur! aber ſchnell, ſchnell aus meinen Augen! wenn dein Leben dir lieb iſt, Mann!

Francesco. Ich darf ihn jetzt nicht verlaſſen, nein. Und mein Vater! o ewige Vorſicht.

Anſelmo. Ich irrte mich. Dieſer da iſt keiner von ihnen. (ſieht ſich furchtſam nach allen Seiten um.) Ach! (indem er die Hände ringt.) Nun iſt es gewiß. Weggeführt haben die Prieſterſklaven das Opfer! und die Reihe wird an mich kommen: aber deſto beſſer.

Francesco. Gieb dich zufrieden, Anſelmo! Kennſt du mich nicht?

Anſelmo. Dich? (mißt ihn mit den Augen.)

Francesco. Kennſt du mich?

Anſelmo. Ha! ha! ha! Wie ſollt' ich dich nicht kennen. Du biſt ja Er, der aus dem Abgrunde heraufkam. Ich ſah dich aus deiner Grotte ſteigen: eine Grotte, wie ich mir keine wünſche, ſchmal und eckicht. Hatte ſie keinen giftigen Einwohner, als dich?

Francesco. Er redet vom Sarge, und ſeine Geiſter ſcheinen ſich zu ſammeln. Beruhige dich, Anſelmo; ich bin dein Bruder Francesco, und ich lebe.

Anſelmo. Wohl dir, daß du lebſt! Draußen, ach weh! drohn die Gefahren! man kann dir nicht Schuld geben, daß du ihnen nicht zeitig genug ausgewichen ſeiſt. Willkommen, Thurmſpringer! Sicherheit iſt die Blume des Lebens.

Francesco. Ich vergebe dir den Spott. Thurmſpringer nennſt du mich! Wollte Gott, ich hätte den unſeligen Sprung nicht gewagt! Alles wäre gut geweſen! Keins unter euch hätte viel gehofft, noch viel gefürchtet! Wie wund muß euer Gefühl ſeyn! Wie ſehr vergrößert ſich meine Uebereilung! Vergieb mir, mein Bruder! o vergieb mir! die Abſicht war nicht unedel.

Gaddo (ruft). Francesco!

Anſelmo. Gut! ſei gerichtet nach deinen Thaten! (er geht auf und ab, bald ſchnell, bald langſam.)

Gaddo. Francesco!

Francesco. Was verlangt mein Gaddo?

Gaddo. Sei mein Fürſprecher, Francesco! Ich bin dir auch gut.

Francesco. Bei wem, du geliebter Gaddo? Sprich!

Gaddo. Bin ich dein geliebter Gaddo? Ich frage nicht umſonſt.

Francesco. Ja! Gott weiß es!

Gaddo. Ach! Jedermann liebt mich, und ich liebe jedermann, und doch hilft mir keiner. Hilf du mir, geliebter Francesco. Vertritt mich bei Anſelmo; du gilſt viel bei ihm.

Francesco. Worin, Gaddo, worin ſoll ich dich vertreten?

Gaddo. Erſt bitt' ich dich, mir eine Zechine zu leihen.

Francesco. Eine Zechine? wozu die?

Gaddo. Ich habe viele Zechinen unter meinen Sparpfennigen: ſie ſollen alle dein ſein. Ich bitte dich nur um eine.

Francesco. Hier haſt du ſie, Gaddo.

Gaddo. Nimm dieſe Zechine, und überrede Anſelmchen, daß er mir ein einziges Ei aus den vielen Neſtern gebe, die er mir kurz vorher ſchenken wollte: ſollt's auch nur ſo viel ſein, als ein Hänflingei.

Francesco. Du ſprichſt mir Räthſel.

Gaddo. Ich will die Auerhähne gerne entbehren, die uns dein Sprung vom Thurme verſchafft hat: jetzt brauche ich nur ein einziges Hänflingei. Thu es, Francesco, aber bitte ihn höflich, daß er dir's nicht abſchlage.

Francesco. Schöne Folgen des Sprungs vom Thurme!

Ich war nicht allein ein Thor, ich war auch ungehorſam: allein, o Himmel, die Strafe iſt hart! Vergieb auch du mir mein Gaddo! Und doch mit welcher Stirne kann ich's wünſchen?

Gaddo. Ein Ei würde mich retten! Ein Hänflingei! Bedenke, Franceſco! Kannſt du mir ein Hänflingei verſagen? O lieber Gott! Gieb mir die Zechine zurück: ich will Anſelmo ſelbſt bitten. Ich wollt' ihm zu Füßen fallen, wenn ich könnte: allein ich kann mich nicht regen. (Franceſco giebt ihm die Zechine, und geht mit aufgehobnen Augen ab.) Anſelmo! großmüthiger Anſelmo! mein Bruder!

Anſelmo (auffahrend). So iſt's recht! Laßt die Hörner tönen am hallenden Fels!

Gaddo (ſanft bittend). Anſelmo! mein Bruder Anſelmo!

Anſelmo (rauh). Wer ruft? He! wer ruft denn da? wer ruft? wer ruft?

Gaddo (erſchrocken). Ich wenigſtens bin hier der Rufende nicht!

Anſelmo. Du da auf dem Stroh, ich habe zu thun!

Gaddo (ſtreckt die Hände aus, und legt ſich ſeitwärts).

Anſelmo. Hinweg! (er pfeift) Hinweg! in meinem Kopf ſollſt du mir nicht ſpinnen! (pfeift wieder). Hinweg, ich verbanne dich auf ewig aus meinem Kopf! (macht eine Bewegung mit der Hand) Nun, wie ſteht's, ihr im ſilbernen Gewande, unſterbliche Töchter des hohen Oceanus! haben wir das Wild? Mit dieſen Nägeln will ich's zerreißen; mit dieſem Gebiß will ich's zermalmen; ſo, ſo, ſo will ich das Wonneblut trinken! Schnaubend ſtürzt der Tiger vom Abhang; ſie haben ihm ſeinen Raub entwandt; ſpringt glühend hoch auf, wittert in den Wind, zerſtiebt mit langgeſtreckter Klaue den Fußtritt des Schnellen im glutrothen Sand. Grimm knirſcht in ſeinen Zähnen, Hunger ſprüht heiß im Aug: umſonſt, Tiger, am Bart des Jägers glänzt's! Ich will mich an dieſen Abhang ſetzen. Durch dieſe Felsritze kann ich die Tigerkatzen über mir, und von dieſer Höhe die Marder unter mir ſpähen. So will ich euch den Fang ablauſchen, ihr Räuber! Meine Hühnchen niſten am Saume, wo der Marder mit geſenkten Ohren hinabſchleicht. Weg ſind ſie! Stoßt in's Horn, Müßige! ſtoßt in's Horn! ſtoßt in's Horn! (ſingt)

Der muntre Jagdzug ſchwebet
In blauer Luft!
Roß, Hund, und Jäger drängt ſich
Daher, dem Himmel zu!

Hab ich den Dieb? Langohrigter! laß deine Stimme hören! (er bellt) Ho! ho! ho! Dieb, ſiehſt du den Pudel nicht!

Gaddo. Was iſt das!

Anſelmo. Sei gegrüßt, Endymion. Wir haben gute Weile. Kannſt du einen Wettgeſang ſingen?

Gaddo. Ich ſinge wenig, Anſelmo.

Anſelmo. Was ſchadet's? Wir wollen einen Wettgeſang ſingen.

Gaddo. Ich kann kaum reden, Anſelmo! und ſollte ſingen?

Anſelmo. Singe, Träger, oder bei jenem hinabhangenden Monde! ich zerſtoße dich mit dem Felsbruche!

Gaddo. Wie Anſelmo, du weißt, daß ich nicht ſingen kann.

Anſelmo. Singe!

Gaddo. Ich ſingen?

Anſelmo. Singe!

Gaddo. Ich, der ich weinen möchte, wenn ich könnte?

Anſelmo. Singe weinend! Singe!

Gaddo. Nun dann, Anſelmo, ich will ſingen: aber mein Hals iſt roh und heiſer. Schenke mir, wenn ich bitten darf, ein kleines Hänflingei, wie es dir am nächſten zur Hand iſt, um meine Stimme zu bereiten.

Anſelmo (bei Seite). Was gilt's, dieß iſt der Marder, der mir die Eier austrinkt! Durch ſeine Larve hindurch erkenn' ich den tückiſchen Heuchler! Er iſt's! bei meinem Leben! Ich will ihn ausfragen.

Gaddo. Aber ſchenke mir's bald, Lieber! meine Stimme iſt vertrocknet.

Anſelmo. Gut! gut! Du möchteſt alſo ein Hänflingei haben?

Gaddo. Ich will's nicht läugnen.

Anſelmo. Oder ein Zeiſigei?

Gaddo. Ach ja!

Anſelmo. Hm! wäre dir nicht mit einem Hühnerei gedient?

Gaddo. Das wäre zu viel Güte.

Anſelmo. Ei ja, nimm ein Hühnerei.

Gaddo. Ich danke.

Anſelmo. Es iſt ein friſches Ei, eins von den beſten die ich in meinem Stall habe. He!

Gaddo. Weil es von deiner Hand kommt, will ich's nicht ausſchlagen.

Anſelmo. Ich dachte es. (Faßt ihn an der Kehle.) Räuber, bekenne mir, wie lange haſt du dieſen heilloſen Frevel verübt?

Gaddo. Weh mir!

Anſelmo. Wie viele Eier haſt du mir ausgetrunken? Sieh, dein Leben iſt in meiner Hand. Bekenne, wie viel!

Gaddo. Ah! Du wirſt mich nicht umbringen, Anſelmo?

Anſelmo. Ich, Marder! ich! ich! umbringen, Marder! Dich Marder! gieb Acht, Marder!

Gaddo. Hülfe! Hülfe!

Franceſco (ſpringt zu und befreit Gaddo). Entſetzlich! Anſelmo ſchlägt ſeinen Bruder Gaddo!

Gaddo. Ah! ah!

Franceſco. Seinen kranken, gelähmten, verſchmachtenden Bruder ſchlägt Anſelmo!

Anſelmo (giebt Franceſco unvermuthet einen Stoß um ſich loszureißen).

Gaddo. Halt ihn! ach halt ihn!

Franceſco. Eine eiſerne Hand!

Gaddo. Nach mir ſieht er hin. Trauter Franceſco, halt ihn!

Franceſco. Ein Luchs blickt nicht wilder. Der Blick quer, flammicht der Stern. Und es iſt Tücke darin. Wie kann Tücke in ein Auge kommen, wo das Herz ſo gut, ſo brüderlich gut iſt! O mein Anſelmo! Er ſchweigt hartnäckig.

Gaddo. Ich aber ſollte ſingen!

Franceſco. Unſer Vater wird gleich hier ſein; er muß dich nicht ſehn. Ich beſchwöre dich, Anſelmo, laß mich dich entfernen, daß unſer Vater dich jetzt nicht ſehe. Es würd' ihn tödten!

Gaddo. Schone ſeiner, Franceſco. Ein Marder hat ihn wider mich aufgebracht; ich weiß ſelbſt nicht, wie. Ah! nun ſchaut er ſchon wieder um ſich.

Franceſco. Er erſchrickt. Es dämmert in ſeinem Auge. O Anſelmo! wo biſt du geweſen, Anſelmo?

Gaddo. Das ging ihm an's Herz!

Franceſco. Eine mildere Röthe umzieht ſeinen Blick. Seine Wangen glühn. Er ſchmilzt, er ſchmilzt wirklich. Fürchte dich nicht, mein Bruder Anſelmo! Dein Auge weinet. Gottlob! da ſtürzt die Thräne! da ſtürzt die Thräne!

Anſelmo. Ihr Heerſchaaren des Himmels! Welcher Gegenwille unter euch ſtellt ſich zwiſchen mein Herz und die umſpannende Kralle?

Franceſco. Erbärmlicher Anblick!

Anſelmo. Läuft die Natur im Kreiſe vor mir herum? Wohin, mein Bruder?

Franceſco. Dir ſchwindelt, armer Anſelmo. Es iſt alles unbeweglich um Dich her. Unſer Vater kommt. Um Gottes willen theuerſter Anſelmo, mäßige dich jetzt, da unſer Vater kommt!

Anſelmo. Wie könnt' er kommen? Er lebt ja nicht mehr!

Ugolino (ſehr freundlich). Ihr guten Kinder!

Anſelmo (fällt ihm um den Hals und ſchluchzt).

Ugolino (ihn küſſend). So lieb' ich euch! meine Kinder. Euch in dieſer reizenden Vertraulichkeit beiſammen ſehn, iſt Erquickung zum Leben! Warum ſtutzt mein Anſelmo? betrachtet mich ſo aufmerkſam?

Franceſco. Das Vergnügen, mein Vater, dich ſo heiter zu finden —

Ugolino. Wir wollen recht heiter ſein, meine Kinder. Es iſt eine heitre Stunde. (Er nimmt einen Stuhl und ſetzt ſich.) Setze dich neben mich, Franceſco, und du, Anſelmo. Will Gaddo auf ſeines Vaters Schooß ſitzen?

Gaddo. Ob ich will? (bewegt ſich, um hinzukommen.)

Franceſco (bringt ihn ſeinem Vater).

Ugolino. Wir haben viel fröhliche Tage gelebt, meine Söhne. Wollen wir nachrechnen? Es wird uns ſchwer fallen, ſie alle zuſammen zu rechnen.

Franceſco. Das war ein ſchöner fröhlicher Tag, da Anſelmo geboren ward. Ich erinnere mich's recht genau. Ich war damals ſieben Jahre alt.

Ugolino. Ein ſchöner Tag; du haſt Recht, Franceſco. Ganz Piſa nahm daran Theil. Die Freudenfeier und die feſtlichen Tänze dauerten drei Tage, und darüber.

Gaddo. Da wird was rechts geſchmauſt worden ſein, mein Vater! War ich auch dabei?

Franceſco. Du warſt noch nicht geboren, Gaddo.

Gaddo. Schade!

Ugolino. Wie ſo ſtill, Anſelmo?

Anſelmo. (Nachdem er ihn ſtarr angeſehn hat.) So biſt du's denn wirklich? Nun (blickt zum Himmel) ich danke dir!

Franceſco. Anſelmo wähnte, daß dir nicht wohl ſei.

Auch das war ein ſchöner Tag, mein Vater, da die Mütter, Jungfrauen und Jünglinge dir nach dem großen Siege vor die Stadt entgegen kamen.

Ugolino. Ganz recht. Ihr Zuruf im Klange der Klarenette und Trompeten machte mir warm. Aber ich wollte, daß ihr mir auch einige von euren fröhlichen Tagen herrechnetet.

Anſelmo. War das nicht ein ſchöner und ein fröhlicher Tag, ihr Brüder, da mich Ruggieri meinem Vater nachſchickte! und —

Francesco. Und da wir, auf dem goldnen Kahne, unſrer Mutter entgegen ſegelten, als die dankbaren Piſaner ſie im Triumphe den Arno hinaufführten bis zur Villa Gherardesca!

Ugolino. Du warſt auch zugegen, Gaddo: was ſagſt du dazu?

Gaddo. Mir wird ganz trübe vor den Augen.

Ugolino. Genug, meine Kinder! wir haben alle viel frohe Tage gelebt. Zu bedauern iſt's, daß dieß Leben nicht immer fortwährt. Man iſt auf der Welt ſo glücklich.

Gaddo (ſeufzend). Ach ja! das Leben iſt ſo was ſüßes!

Francesco. Das dächt' ich nicht, mein Vater! Wenn man bei'm Tauſch verlöre, da ließ ich's gelten. So aber gewinnt man ja in jeder Abſicht.

Ugolino. Du haſt's getroffen, Francesco. Das menſchliche Leben iſt zwar ſehr glücklich; aber das höhere Leben nach dem Tode iſt doch viel glücklicher; es hat keine Abwandlungen, es iſt ein höheres Leben. Ach! von Vaterhuld floß das Herz unſers Schöpfers, da er Menſchen ſchuf. Er ſetzte ſie in einen irdiſchen Garten, und bereitete ihnen den Uebergang in einen Garten des Himmels.

Francesco. Mir fällt dabei das Sterbelied unſers Schutzheiligen, Sanct Stephans, ein, wie ich's einmal von einer ſehr angenehmen Stimme gehört habe.

Ugolino. Sing' es.

Francesco (ſingt).

Ich ſoll den Lichtquell trinken
Am himmliſchen Geſtad!
Ach! wo das Lied der Sterne ſtrömt,
Am himmliſchen Geſtad,
Da ſtrömt ihr Silberſtrom
Unſterblichkeit!
Ihn ſoll ich ſchaun! Gedank'!
Unausdenkender Gedank'!
Ach! ich verſtumme dir!

Ugolino. Du haſt's gut geſungen. (bei Seite) Herunter, mein Herz! So weit war's wohl gethan, Ugolino!

Anſelmo (ſteht vom Stuhl auf). O Licht! Licht! o Salamis, heiliger Vaterlandsboden! Heerd meiner Väter! und du, ruhmvolles Athen! und du, mit mir auferzogenes Geſchlecht! ihr Quellen, ihr Flüſſe, ihr trojaniſchen Felder! euch ruf' ich! ſeid mir gegrüßt, o ihr meine Pflegerinnen! Dieß letzte Wort ruft Ajax euch zu; das Uebrige will ich im Elyſium den Schatten erzählen.

Ugolino. Was ſagſt du?

Francesco. Er hat die Rolle des Ajax Telamonius im Auguſtinerkloſter geſpielt. Dieß iſt nichts, als eine zufällige Regung ſeines Herzens.

Ugolino. Gut; ich verlaſſe euch, meine Kinder. Der Morgen naht heran, und keins von euch hat noch den balſamiſchen Schlaf genoſſen. Schlaft nun wohl, ihr Geliebten. (legt Gaddo wieder hin) Wenn wir uns wieder ſehn, ſo — (geht eilig ab.)

Anſelmo. Schläfert dich?

Francesco. Freilich; aber ohne meines Vaters Segen will ich nicht einſchlummern! O mein Schlaf wird ein herzerquickender Schlaf ſeyn.

Anſelmo. Mein Vater ſoll mich auch ſegnen. (Geht ab.)

Gaddo. Mich hat er geſegnet. Dennoch könnt' ich jetzt nicht einſchlummern.

Fünfter Aufzug.

Anſelmo.

Ich bin voller Erwartung.

Francesco. Er ſprach die Worte: Es iſt ein Gott, meine Kinder! mit großer väterlicher Gemüthsbewegung aus; er konnte keinen Ton mehr vollenden. O mein Anſelmo! du weißt nicht, warum ich unſern Vater ſo ſchnell verließ.

Anſelmo. Noch warum du mir winkteſt, dir zu folgen.

Francesco. Umarme mich, mein Bruder, daß ich dich feſt an mein Herz drücke, Geliebter! Du biſt doch nun völlig wieder Anſelmo?

Anſelmo. Ich bin mild, wie der Honig vom Hymettus.

Francesco. Ruggieri hat mir Gift gegeben, und ich werde ſterben. Mein Vater wähnte, ich hätte mich betrogen; ich wähnt' es ſelbſt. Mein Vater ſoll mich nicht ſterben ſehen. Mein Vater hat mich zum letztenmal geſehen. Du erblaſſeſt? Was iſt dir, mein Werther?

Anſelmo. Cithäron fällt, die erhabne Pallene zittert, und Tempe welkt!

Francesco. Noch immer dieſe hochfliegenden Phantome! Ach, wie quälſt du mich, mein Anſelmo!

Anſelmo. Sprich es noch einmal aus, das geliebte tonvolle Wort. Wie war's? Sterben!

Francesco. In dieſer Stunde. Daß ich euch jetzt ſchon zurücklaſſen ſoll, meinen niedergebeugten Vater, dich, mein Anſelmo, dich, mein Gaddo (indem er Gaddo mitleidig anſieht), das, das thut mir weh. Doch, ihr Armen, ich gehe nicht lange voraus.

Anſelmo. Ha!

Francesco. Anſelmo, ich will dir etwas in's Ohr ſagen, ehe ich ſterbe. Ich fürchte unſers Vaters Stillſchweigen. Er iſt arm an Worten, ſchwer beladen mit Jammer, ſchwerer, als ein Menſch es vor ihm geweſen iſt. Kann er ſeine Seele bis ans Ende behaupten, ſo iſt er der größte Sterbliche der Erde, wie er der größte in Piſa war. Aber ſeine Leiden ſind zu vielfach. Deswegen hab' ich gewünſcht, ihn zu überleben, mein Bruder, um der Stab ſeines ſinkenden Alters zu ſeyn. Du biſt ein Knabe von ſtarker Seele, Anſelmo! ja du biſt mehr, als ein Knabe. Weine nicht, Liebſter. Doch, weine nur. Ich verſtehe den ganzen Sinn dieſer Zähre.

Anſelmo. Wie ſchwach ich mir jetzt vorkomme, du [illegible]!

Francesco. Ein Wort ſagte unſer Vater: es gellt noch in meinen Ohren. Ach, Herr, bewahre mich vor Verzweiflung! So ſagte unſer Vater! So ſagte Gherardesca! Er nannte ſich den von Gott Verlaſſenen. Entſetzen fuhr durch meine Seele; aber ich hielt mich, daß ich nicht ausſchrie. Bete für unſern Vater, Anſelmo! (indem er ihm die Hand drückt.) Ich wollte dich auffordern — Nun vergaß ich, wozu ich dich auffordern wollte. Die Rede eines Sterbenden

Anſelmo. Sprich nicht eines Sterbenden, ehrwürdiger Jüngling! Wie, Lichtheller, du wirſt mich nicht in dieſem engen Thurme, von der Welt und aller menſchlichen Hülfe abgeſondert, mit Gaddo allein laſſen! Ueberdem iſt mein Kopf zerſtört. Ich ſchaudre, zurück, ich ſchaudre, vorwärts zu ſchauen.

Francesco. Nicht ſo, das war's, wozu ich dich auffordern wollte. Laß Ruggieri nicht über die Seele eines Gherardesca triumphiren! Sei ſtärker als deine Jahre. Tritt mit Anſtand in die Laufbahn. Waffne aber deine Vernunft! Ruggieri allein ſei der Zagende, aber auch der [illegible]! Er, der jetzt jauchzt, ſei der Winſelnde, der Kriechende, das Inſekt! Stirb du deines Namens würdig, Anſelmo. Stirb, daß ich dich an jenem Ufer umarmen könne, wie ich dich hier umarme. Gut! das Zittern deines Antlitzes verlieret ſich! Dein ſtolzes Herz ſteigt ſichtbar in deinen Wangen empor! Du biſt mein Bruder!

Anſelmo (fällt ihm in die Arme). Ah!

Francesco. Meine Bitte hat ihre Deutung, Geliebter. Auch deines Vaters wegen wünſcht' ich dich ſtandhaft. Kränk' ihn nicht durch vergeblichen Jammer: er hat der Leiden genug. Laß mich keine [illegible] ſehn, gieb mir deine Hand darauf. Jetzt ſterb' ich vergnügt. Eine heilige [illegible] zwar der [illegible]! Meine Thräne ſteigt um mich in ſeinen Tempeln. Kein Bürger im undankbaren Piſa trägt meinen wandernden Geiſt auf den Flügeln ſeiner Andacht zum Himmel. Aber wo ihr ſeid, will ich ſeyn. Auf dieſer [illegible] ſoll mein Geiſt verweilen, auf dieſer ſchwarzen Erde hingeheftet ruhn, mit dem [illegible] Freudigkeit des Todes auf euch niederlächeln, bis ihr verklärt ſeid, wie ich.

Anſelmo (Entſchloſſen.) Da haſt du meine Hand, Kind der himmliſchen Gnade, Erſtgeborner des großen Gherardesca! Nimm ſie, nimm ſie zum zweitenmale. Er ſoll [illegible]! er ſoll [illegible]! Ich bin eingedenk meines Schwurs, des Erſtlingsgelübdes; und ich will's halten.

Francesco. Ah! deine Geiſter ſind im Aufruhr! Sammle ſie, geliebter, theurer Anſelmo!

Anſelmo. Rache! Rache!

Francesco. Es giebt nur eine. Verzeih ihm.

Anſelmo. Wenn das Schwert meiner männlichen Hand ihn nicht erreichen kann, ſo treff' ihn das Gebet meiner Seele in der Todesſtunde! —

Francesco. Das Gebet ihrer Großmuth und herablaſſenden Huld. So rächen die Beleidigten im Himmel!

Anſelmo. O du! — ich kann deine Glorie nicht ertragen. Aber es ſei, wie du gebieteſt.

Franceſco. Ich fühl's, ich muß eilen. Nimm, mein Bruder, nimm meinen Abſchiedskuß. Ich ſollte Gaddo umarmen — Seltſam! meine Füße wollen mich nicht hintragen (lehnt ſich auf Anſelmo.)

Anſelmo. Siehſt du! ich bin ſtark, Franceſco.

Franceſco. Er ſchlummert.

Anſelmo. Mächtig pocht das Herz des Knaben, wie meins pocht. Wie kann es pochen?

Franceſco. Schon iſt's ſeiner Wohnung zu groß. So iſt Deins. Freue dich. Die Gekerkerten ſind am Ziele ihrer Freiheit.

Anſelmo. Wenn dies Schlummer iſt, ſo iſt's ein angſtvoller.

Franceſco. Die Stunde wird kommen. Fahre wohl, Unſchuld! Für dich darf ich nicht beten! (macht das Kreuz über ihn.) Laß uns eilen. Jetzt! jetzt! Ich will am Sarge meiner Mutter ſterben. Gute Nacht! Erde! du Stiefmütterliche! (er legt ſich in einiger Entfernung mit Bedacht an die Seite des Sargs. Anſelmo hält ihn in ſeinen Armen.) Gute Nacht! Hier will ich beſſer ruhn. Jetzt verlaß mich! (indem er Anſelmo mit der Hand winkt, wegzugehen.)

Anſelmo. Nicht alſo! Ich habe noch nie einen Sterbenden geſehen. (nach einer kurzen Pauſe.) Iſt das ſterben? Betracht' es wohl, Anſelmo! Iſt das ſterben? Gott ſei mir gnädig!

Franceſco. Er hat mich ergriffen — Gott! Gott!

Anſelmo. Erbarmen! Erbarmen! Erbarmen! Noch windet der Wurm ſich! Noch! Noch! Wehe mir! Sterben iſt grauenvoll!

Franceſco (ſtreckt den Arm gegen Anſelmo aus, und ſtirbt.)

Anſelmo (ſchlägt ſich vor die Bruſt, und entfernt ſich ſchnell.) Er iſt dahin! mit ihm meine Entſchloſſenheit. Sterben iſt grauenvoll! Geboren werden iſt auch grauenvoll! Dies Räthſel iſt mir zu fein. (er betrachtet den Leichnam.) Wer nennt den Tod ein Gerippe? Ich hab' ihn geſehn: ſein Fleiſch iſt Sehne, ſeine Knochen ſind gegoſſnes Erz. Ein vollblütiger, breitſchultriger Mann. Franceſco rang mit ihm, es iſt wahr: aber Franceſco iſt der Kraftvollſte der krotoniſchen Jugend. Franceſco hat einen Stier an den Hörnern zu Boden geſtürzt: allein dem erhabnen Fremdling erlag Franceſco. Ich bewundre den Bau ſeiner Glieder. Wenn dieſer Jüngling in der Schlacht gefallen wäre: welch ein Mahl für die Adler! Hier iſt liebliche Speiſe! hier iſt Vorrath! Jupiter iſt parteiiſch. Den Raubvögeln giebt er im Ueberfluß; Menſchen darben. Huſch! warum nenn' ich ihn parteiiſch! Sorgt er nicht für mich, wie für die jungen Raben! Ladet er mich nicht ein! Nein, hier widerſteht etwas! In meinem Herzen empört ſich's, und ruft: Iß nicht Anſelmo, iß nicht von dieſem Fleiſch. Ein guter Rath! Dis Fleiſch könnte mir ſchaden; es iſt vergiftet. Hieher winkt der Verſorger. Ein offner Sarg, der einen weiblichen Körper voll himmliſcher Schönheit für mich aufbewahrt! Soll ich? Glück, ſoll ich? Ich folge dir, Glück! Meine Zähne knirſchen! Der Wolf iſt in mir! Ha, verwünſcht will ich ſein, wenn ich dieſer Weibsbruſt ſchone! (Indem er ſich über den Sarg erhebt, fällt der Deckel.)

Ugolino. Tiger! in deiner Mutter Buſen wollteſt du deine Zähne ſetzen? Du greinſt? Du biſt deiner Mutter Sohn nicht, du Ungeheuer!

Anſelmo. Woher dieſer Starke? Der Tod kann er nicht ſein: er iſt hager und bärtig.

Ugolino. Wenn Ruggieri dies ſähe, dies hörte!

Anſelmo. Er droht mir!

Ugolino. Der Menſch iſt Menſch; mehr nicht, Herrſcher im Himmel! deine Laſten ſind zu ſchwer! Was hab' ich nicht erlitten! Könnt' ich, wie das morgenländiſche Weib, eine Marmorſäule daſtehn, ſo wollt' ich zurückſchaun! O nun beb', Erde! nun brüllt, Sturmwinde! nun wimmre, Natur! wimmre, Gebärerinn! wimmre! wimmre! die Stunde deines Kreiſſens iſt eine große Stunde!

Anſelmo. Dies Weib war meine Mutter!

Ugolino. Dies Weib war deine Mutter, du mit dem dreifachen Rachen!

Anſelmo. (indem er ſich mit geballter Fauſt vor die Stirne ſchlägt.) Dies Weib war meine Mutter!

Ugolino. Gorgo, was haſt du gethan!

Anſelmo. Hunger, Hunger! Ach er wüthet in meinem Eingeweide! er wüthet in meinem Gehirne!

Ugolino. Du Gräuel meiner Augen, der du wie ein bösartiger Krebs deiner Mutter Buſen zernagſt!

Anſelmo. Unmenſchlich! o unmenſchlich!

Ugolino. Wenn der Sohn mit dem Gebiß einer Hyäne am Fleiſche zehrt, das ihn gebar: o ihr Elemente! ſo ſei der Krieg allgemein. Sulphuriſches Feuer zerſprenge den Schooß der Mutter Erde! der Abend verſchlinge den Morgen! die Nacht den Tag! ewiger chaotiſcher ſtinkender Nebel die heilige Quelle des Lichts! Hebe dich weg von mir, Abart! Du triefſt von dem Blute deiner Mutter! ſei unſtät und flüchtig! Die Rache zeichne dich aus!

Anſelmo. (wirft ſich auf Franceſco's Leichnam.) Verbirg du mich dem Grimme meines Vaters, brüderlicher Buſen! Bei den Todten will ich Schutz ſuchen: denn ach! die Lebenden ſind furchtbar!

Ugolino. (indem er Franceſco's Leichnam ſieht.) Sie iſt da, die feierliche Stunde! die mächtige, die prüfende, ſie iſt da! Nun, Gherardeſca! Nun, wenn du ein Mann biſt, die entſcheidende, feierliche Stunde iſt da! Wann ward dieſer erſte Aſt vom Stamme geriſſen? Der Schrecken hat den unglücklichen Knaben getödtet. Warum zürnt ich? O Himmel! er wußte wohl nicht, was er that. Anſelmo, mein Sohn Anſelmo! du ängſtigeſt mich. Sohn des Entſetzens! ach, biſt du der Mörder dieſes Leichnams?

Anſelmo (ſeines Vaters Knie umfaſſend.) Sei milde! ſchone, ſchone!

Ugolino (ihn aufrichtend.) Betrübe mich nie wieder ſo!

Anſelmo. Nie! oder du magſt mich zertreten, wie einen Scorpion. Ein reiſſendes Thier brüllt in meinem Eingeweide! ich will mit ihm kämpfen; kämpfen will ich mit dem ſchändlichen Thiere! Aber ach, mein Vater! warum muß Gaddo hungern? Dich hungert nicht, ſagteſt du: warum ſoll denn Gaddo hungern? Betrachte Gaddo, mein Vater!

Ugolino. Kann ich den Hülfloſen ſehn, den ich nicht zu retten weiß? Lieber will ich dieſen Entbundnen ſehn!

Anſelmo. Dieſer Entbundne iſt Franceſco.

Ugolino. Und dieſe im Sarge iſt deine Mutter. Zween ſind itzt Leichname der Todten: drei tappen noch an ihrer Grabſtätte. Franceſco verließ mich ſchnell.

Anſelmo. Er ſtarb in meinem Arme.

Ugolino. Der Großmüthige! Ich ſollt' ihn nicht ſterben ſehn! warum ſah ich ihn geſtorben! Hier iſt keine Erquickung! Nirgend ein Winkel, der mir nicht einen Gegenſtand des Grauens darbeut. So weit die Schöpfung reicht, iſt kein Ort, von dem der Erſchaffende ſeinen Blick abwandte, als der Ort der ewigen Finſterniß, und dieſer!

Anſelmo. O ſieh! ſieh, mein Vater! Gaddo bewegt ſich vorwärts. Was iſt dem Kinde?

Ugolino. Daß ich mit Blindheit geſchlagen wäre! mein Auge nichts ſähe, mein Ohr nichts hörte. Sind alle Leiden der Erde in eine einzige Stunde zuſammengedrängt?

Gaddo. (kriecht zu ſeinem Vater hin, deſſen Zipfel er faßt.) Nur ein Broſämchen, mein Vater! nur eins, oder ich ſterbe zu deinen Füßen!

Ugolino. (zitternd.) O Gott!

Gaddo. Ach, Anſelmo! hilf mir meinen Vater erbitten! Der Tod ſitzt auf meinen Lippen: warum ſoll ich Hungers ſterben!

Anſelmo. (den andern Zipfel anfaſſend, und gleichfalls knieend.) Um deiner Liebe willen, laß Gaddo nicht Hungers ſterben!

Gaddo. Schier verſchmacht' ich! bin doch nicht vaterlos, noch mutterlos! Gieb mir, daß dein Vater im Himmel dir's wiedergebe!

Anſelmo. Da dich ſelbſt nicht hungert, o Verſorger! gieb Gaddo von deinem Vorrathe! Laß den Wolf hungern. Der Wolf mag hungern. Laß den ſchändlichen Anſelmo hungern. Der ſchändliche Anſelmo mag hungern. Aber o du mit der finſtern Stirne! warum dieſes fromme, ſanftmüthige, ſchweigende Lamm?

Gaddo. Schon ein halber Biſſen wird mir das Leben retten! ja die Hälfte eines halben Biſſens wird mich retten!

Anſelmo. Als der Mangel ferne von uns war, ſtrömten die Schätze des Gottes wie ein Sommerregen herab! herab auf den gierigen Adler! herab auf das idäiſche Ambroſia durſtende Kind!

Gaddo (indem er kraftlos zurück ſinkt). Hier will ich mein Leben ausſchmachten! hier auf dieſer Stelle. Den Troſt ſoll man mir doch nicht nehmen, daß ich zu meines Vaters Füßen ſterbe. (mit gebrochner Stimme.) Gott ſegn' ihn!

Ugolino. Mark und Bein kann es nicht aushalten! (er ſinkt bei ſeinen Kindern zu Boden.)

Anſelmo. Jenſeits, wo ſie am Styx ſchweben, iſt die Ausſicht. So pflegte unſre theure Mutter zu ſagen. Jenſeits iſt die Ausſicht!

Gaddo. Engel Gottes! der du mich hier abfordern wirſt, laß ein Blümchen unter meines Vaters Füßen aufblühen! (mit ſchwächrer Stimme) ein geknicktes kleines Blümchen! (küßt ſeines Vaters Füße) ſo blühe mein Leichnam!

Anſelmo. Getroſt, ſchöner Sterbender! Das Leben iſt der Thränen nicht werth! Was ſagte unſre Mutter oft! Sicherheit blüht nicht unter der Senſe des Zeitvaters! Jenſeits iſt die Ausſicht!

Ugolino. Ihr Mütter der Kinder und Säuglinge! Ihr Weiber mit zartfühlenden Herzen; Menſchengeſchlecht! heult zum Mond auf! heult zu ihm auf, der höher, als der Mond iſt! zu ihm, der eure Wehklage hören kann! Klagt's dem Allwiſſenden, daß dieß Loos ein Loos der Kinder und Säuglinge iſt! Und du, blaſſe Bewohnerin dieſes Sarges! (kniet vor den Sarg hin.) Heilige unter den Heiligen! Verklärte am Thron! wenn du auf mich herabſiehſt! durchſchaue die Leiden deines Ugolino!

Anſelmo. Armer neugeborner Unglücklicher! umſonſt! der Alte hat ſeine Zähne gewetzt, und du mußt ſterben!

Ugolino. Wenn er ſtirbt; wenn der Unſchuldige ſtirbt! für eure Verbrechen ſtirbt! Hungers, Hungers! ſtirbt: o Ugolino! o Ruggieri! wo iſt eine Verdammniß, die euch Grauſamen, euch wider dieſe duldende Unſchuld Verſchwornen! nicht gebührt!

Anſelmo. Mit Verwünſchungen ſpricht er das Todesloos über dich aus! Aber deine gebrochnen weißſchimmernden Augen reden eine Sprache! und wohl mir! daß ich ſie verſtehe!

Ugolino (nimmt Gaddo in ſeine Arme). Ich laſſe dich nicht, Engel! nicht aus meinem Arme ſollſt du mir entſchlüpfen! Ringender! willſt du die Hölle auf deinen Vater herabrufen?

Anſelmo. So! reiß ihm das Herz aus dem Leibe! Friſch! Nun haſt du's! Dieß Zucken kenn' ich. Fahre wohl, ſchöner Knabe, fahre wohl!

Ugolino. Verderben komm über mein Haupt! (läßt Gaddo fallen, und tritt zurück.)

Anſelmo. Friſch! du Vater deiner Kinder! wohlthätiger Saturnus! dieſen haſt du gewiß! Aber warum ſcheu? warum bleich und mit entſtelltem Antlitze? warum wendeſt du deine gelben Blicke? warum nagſt du deine Hände? Will er ſein Fleiſch von ſeinem Gebein abnagen, ſeinen Hunger zu ſtillen? Sieht er mich denn nicht? Ich bin ja der einzige Uebriggebliebene! Ich kann ihm nicht entſchlüpfen, und ich will nicht! Er nagt an ſeinem Fleiſch! Beim Styx! große Schweißtropfen fallen von der Stirn auf die zernagten Hände Saturns, des Niedergebeugten! Kann er mich nicht abmähen? Warum ſäumt er? Oder ſoll ich mein Fleiſch ihm darbieten? So will's die kindliche Pflicht! Ich ſoll mein Fleiſch ihm darbieten! Ich fühle mich von Mitleiden und Erbarmen durchdrungen, dieſen Alten ſo ungewöhnlich hungern zu ſehn. Ich weiß auch, was Hunger iſt! Nein, ich kann's nicht anſehn! (er hängt ſich an ſeines Vaters Arm.) Mich! mich! mich verzehre, du eisgrauer Alter! Sieh, dein einziger Zurückgebliebener lebt! Mir laß das Verdienſt, deinen Hunger zu ſtillen!

Ugolino (in einer Art von Betäubung). Ruggieri! Ruggieri! Ruggieri!

Anſelmo. Schwer liegt die Hand des Schreckenden an meinem Nacken! Gott der Götter! Du, den ich in der Angſt meines Todes — Es iſt Ugolino! (er ſträubt ſich im Arme ſeines Vaters.)

Ugolino. O! hab' ich dich ſo in meinen Armen! Schurkiſches Ungeheuer! hab ich dich endlich in meinen Armen! Nun winde dich, Otter! umflicht meine Schenkel! umflicht meine Arme! Gherardesca ſoll mit männlicher und mit nervichter Fauſt auf dich treffen! Schurkiſches vielköpfiges Ungeheuer! Siehſt du? ha! ſiehſt du? ha! ſiehſt du!

Anſelmo (flieht).

Ugolino (ſtreckt den Arm nach ihm aus und ſchlägt ihn zu Boden). Alſo treff' ich —

Anſelmo (ſchwimmt in ſeinem Blute).

Ugolino. Der Sterbenden Geſchrei! der Kinder Wehklag' im Leichenfeld! das Gewinſel der Weiber und ihrer Säuglinge! o Sieger Ugolino! Alles wieder ſtill! Kein Hauch mehr in der Luft! Keine Kühlung um meine Schläfe! und mir iſt beſſer! Doch meine Augen ſind mit Blindheit geſchlagen! Wo find' ich meine Laute?

(Nachdem er einige Griffe auf der Laute gethan, wird eine ſanfte traurige Muſik gehört.)

Iſt's Ruggieri, der Leichenbeſtatter? Dieſe Harmonien ſchweben nah um den Hungerthurm. Oder ſeid ihr's, ihr wenigen Rechtſchaffnen, die ihr unter Ugolino's martervollem Kerker weinet?

(Die Muſik fährt fort.)

Franceſco iſt am Gift geſtorben, ſagſt du? was iſt's mehr? Wär' er vom Schwert, vom Dolch, vom Beil geſtorben, würd' er weniger todt ſein? Lern' es, mein Sohn! Vergiften, Ermorden, Hinrichten iſt ein heiliges Vergnügen: es iſt ein biſchöfliches Vergnügen! Wie iſt das? Bin ich hier allein? Wer dieſer Jüngling an der blutigen Mauer?

(Anſelmo ſchreit, da ſein Vater ſich ihm nähert. Dieſer fährt voll Entſetzen zurück.)

Verflucht ſei das Weib, das mich gebar! Verflucht die Wehemutter, die das Wort ausſprach: Der Knabe lebt.

Anſelmo. Nur verzehre mich nicht, du hungernder Vater! nur mich Lebenden nicht!

Ugolino. Und hab' ich — O Furchtbarſter in deiner Rache, hier liege, Mörder! (er wirft ſich heftig neben Anſelmo hin) Hier weihe dich der Erde auf ewig!

(Er ſpreizet ſeine Arme über den Boden aus. Die Muſik fährt fort.)

Anſelmo! (wehklagend) einſt mein Anſelmo! einſt Freude und Labſal meiner Augen! Dein Vater iſt's, der dich in's frühe Grab ſandte. Die Klage des Mörders eilt von einer Leiche zur andern. Fluch ihm! Sie wird's ewig!

Anſelmo. Dich, Hungertod, werd' ich nicht ſterben. Heil ihm!

Ugolino. Auf mich rauſche daher! Hungertod daher! Ich bin müde und lebensſatt! Hier ſollſt du den morſchen Gebeinbau finden. Hier zerſtieb' er, bis die Gerichtspoſaune dieſen Staub, und dieſen, und dieſen erweckt! Hier vermiſch' er ſich mit der Verweſung der Unſchuldigen, die hier, hier, und hier um mich her zerſtreut liegen! Und Peſtilenz, Peſtilenz, du Verweſungsluft der Gherardesca's! ſei jedem Pisaner, der dich eintrinkt! Mit dieſem Vermächtniß —

Anſelmo (indem ſich die Muſik entfernt).

Wonnegeſang! Wonnegeſang!
Iſt am Ziel dann nicht Vollendung? *)
Nicht im Thale des Tod's Wonnegeſang?

Ugolino. Ich hebe meine Augen zu Gott auf! Meine zerrißne Seele iſt geheilt. Mit dieſem Vermächtniß — mit dieſem Vermächtniß — Himmel und Erde! eines Verhungernden! langſam, langſam, unter jeder Gewiſſensangſt! Was? Tage und Nächte lang angeſtarrt von jenen weit offnen Augen deiner Erſchlagnen und auch Verhungerten! was? Nein! nein! nein! bei allen Schauern des Abgrundes! nein! Ich will es nicht aushalten! beim allmächtigen Gott! ich will nicht! (er hebt ſich gählings, wie um gegen die Mauer zu rennen) Du im Himmel! (fährt aber plötzlich zurück) Ha! (mit zum Himmel gehobnen Augen) Mein Herr und mein Richter! Ha, Ugolino! noch lebſt du! noch — lebſt du! klein zwar nun, und nun dir verächtlich, und nun unwürdig des Prüfungsloſes! Aber ich lebe! Schwur ich's! bei dem allmächtigen Gott ſchwur ich's! O Schwur, wie ihn nie die Verzweiflung geſchworen hat! Drei Tage dieſer Dämmrung, Ugolino! drei Nächte dieſer Dämmrung! Dieſe Felslaſt auf meinem Herzen! ſie nicht abwälzen! Ja, es iſt ſchwer! Oder Jahrtauſende jenſeits in der Finſterniß der Finſterniſſe! Jahrtauſende lang an allen Wänden aller Felſen meine Stirne zerſchmettern! Wehe mir! in jeder ſchamvollen Erinnerung meiner unſterblichen Seele ſterben! und wieder leben! und wieder ſterben! Ach! es iſt grauenvoll! Jahrtauſende lang in der ſchwarzen Flamme des Reinigers! und neue Jahrtauſende lang! und vielleicht eine Ewigkeit lang, hinzitternd vor dem furchtbaren Antlitze des Rächers! Und wie würde der mitverdammte Pisaner die Zähne blöcken! Wie würde der Mitverdammte die Zähne blöcken! Vergieb mir! vergieb mir, o mein Richter und Erbarmer! vergieb mir! Sind nicht meine arme unſchuldige Kinder gefallen! Armer Gaddo! da wand er ſich! da umher liegen die Leichname! armer Franceſco! und meine Gianetta! meine Gianetta! und — und — (mit erſtickter Stimme) Sie murrten nicht! So hingebeugt der Verweſung! So ſie! Kein Murren in ihrer Seele! Ah! was wär's wenn ſich der Verbrecher empörte!

(Er weint bitterlich, und verhüllt ſich das Haupt. Die Muſik wird klagender.)

Eine unmännliche Thräne (in edler Stellung) Kannſt du die Bande der ſieben Sterne zuſammenbinden? Oder das Band des Orion auflöſen? Kannſt du den Morgenſtern hervorbringen zu ſeiner Zeit? Oder den Wagen am Himmel über ſeine Kinder führen? Weißt du, wie der Himmel zu regieren iſt? Oder kannſt du ihn meiſtern auf Erden?

(Die Muſik endigt erhaben.)

Ich will meine Lenden gürten, wie ein Mann. Ich hebe mein Auge zu Gott auf. Meine zerrißne Seele iſt geheilt. Mit dir, Hand in Hand, du Nahverklärter! (Anſelmo umfaſſend) Und dann ſeid mir geprieſen, die ihr dieſen Leib der Verweſung hinwarft! Ganz nahe bin ich am Ziel.

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*) Aus einer Strophe von Klopſtock

Georg Friedrich Konrad von Gerſtenbergk,

als Schriftſteller Friedrich Müller genannt, ward im Jahr 1780 zu Ronneburg geboren, wo ſein Vater, der Herzogl. Sachſen-Altenburgiſche Juſtizrath Müller, lebte. Später, von ſeinem Oheim adoptirt, nahm er den Namen von G. an. Er ſtudirte die Rechte in Jena und Leipzig, wurde anfangs Advocat, dann Syndicus in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, trat jedoch 1812 in Herzogl. Sachſchen Weimariſche Dienſte und ſtieg bis zur Würde eines Kanzlers der Landesregierung zu Eiſenach. — 1836 nahm er Kränklichkeits halber ſeinen Abſchied. —

Er gab heraus:
Kaledoniſche Erzählungen. Tübingen 1814.
Phalänen. Leipzig 1817.
Einzelne Erzählungen in Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Als Erzähler, beſonders im Fach der ſentimentalen Klaſſe dieſer Gattung, hat v. G. Vorzügliches geleiſtet, und ſeine kaledoniſchen Erzählungen verdienen eine weit größere Verbreitung als ſie gefunden haben, da ſie ſich durch Gedankenreichthum, Innigkeit der Empfindung, Phantaſie und eine an das Herz redende Sprache auszeichnen. — Weniger glücklich iſt er in ſeinen lyriſchen Gedichten, in welchen der Gedanke zu oft durch die Form und den Ausdruck beeinträchtigt wird.

Raguhild und Audna*).

Geſchichtliche Sage.

Noch über den ſchottiſchen Hochlanden liegt nördlich eine Gruppe von Inſeln, die, wild wie ihre weſtlichern Schweſtern, die Hebriden, doch weniger Naturſchönheiten bieten, als dieſe, und daher faſt nicht beſucht werden. Herabgeſunken zu ziemlich verödeten Eilanden, abhängig von der, nun ſelbſt dienſtbaren, ſchottiſchen Krone, wird man bald ihren Namen nur noch bei den Geographen finden.

So war es nicht immer. In jenen grauen Zeiten, wo überhaupt der höchſte Norden an Macht wie an Poeſie ſo reich war, als wir nur zum kleinſten Theile es wiſſen, behaupteten dieſe Inſeln ihre Freiheit oft gegen die mächtigſten Invaſionen ſchottiſcher, ſelbſt norwegiſcher Könige. Schon ihr Name Orkaden, der in das hohe Alterthum reicht, bezeichnet ihre einzige Kraft. Orca bedeutet im Alt-Däniſchen: Stärke: ore oder im nordiſchen Dialekte: Inſel. Dieſe Orkaners verlieren ſich bei den alten Geſchichtſchreibern unter den, rings um Großbritannien gelegenen, Inſeln, welche von den Britten der alten Zeit, den Karthagern, oder, was noch ungewiſſer iſt, von einer griechiſchen Kolonie zu Marſeille aufgefunden ſeyn ſollen. Pomponius Mela**), Iſidor, Plinius***), und Tacitus†), oder nannten ſie ſchon beſtimmter. Spät erreichte ſie die römiſche Univerſal-Gewalt††), früh ſchüttelten ſie das italiſche Joch ab. Piraten und Flüchtige von den nahen Küſten bevölkerten ſie und eine dunkle Spur ſcheint darauf zu deuten, daß ihre Prieſter und Sänger von Irland kamen†††).

Noch beſitzen dieſe Inſeln Ruinen, die man Picts-houſes nennt, völlig ähnlich denen bei Drontheim. Ueberall begegnen dem aufmerkſamen Auge Spuren aus den Zeiten des Paganism. Wunderbar hoch aufgerichtete Steine ohne Inſchriften und Zierde, die den öden Haiden und Bergen das Anſehen eines ungeheuern Kirchhofs geben, ſtehen noch da; theils einzeln, theils in Reihen, der Zeit zum Trotz. In den Hügeln, den Gräbern ihrer Helden, finden ſich Urnen und Waffen der Verehrer Odins und der Namen dieſes Gottes hat ſich bis jetzt im Lande erhalten durch mehrere örtliche Benennungen*).

Es ſchien mir nicht unintereſſant, bei der Geſchichte und den Sagen dieſer Inſeln zu weilen. Vorzüglich aber zog mich das Geſchick zweier Frauen an, welche in grauer Zeit hier herrſchten. Um verſtändlicher darzuſtellen, führe ich zurück auf die Geſchichte der Eilande unter den Grafen, aus dem norwegiſchen Stamm der Ronalds.

Frei und glücklich lebten die Orkader des neunten Jahrhunderts ein einfach-ſtilles, ruhiges Hirtenleben, als der nordiſche Eroberer Harald Harfager ſeine ſiegreichen Waffen bis zu ihrem fernen, friedlichen Aufenthalte trug. Das große Norwegen, welches er durch glückliche Kriege mit ſeinen Nachbarn bald ungetheilt beſaß, war ihm zu klein. Er rüſtete eine Flotte und landete nach mancher Eroberung auf den Orkaden**). Er brachte den Zwiſt auf dieſe ſtillen Eilande, wußte die Meinungen der Volks-Häupter zu entzweien und bald folgte Zerſtörung, Verzweiflung, Knechtſchaft. Was die Sklaverei nicht tragen konnte, floh weſtwärts, doch Harald Harfagers eiſerne Hand erreichte auch dieſe Ziele. Als es nichts mehr zu rauben, zu verwüſten gab, raſtete er nicht länger auf den Orkaden, doch um die gemachte Eroberung zu ſichern und Ruhe in der unterworfenen Provinz zu erhalten, ernannte er einen ſeiner Vaſallen zum Herrſcher dieſer Inſeln. Ronald, Graf von Merca, war ſein Name, ſein Geſchlecht eins der edelſten, ſeine Anhänglichkeit an den König erprobt. Von dieſer Zeit an wüthete auf den Inſeln ein ewiger Kampf zwiſchen dieſen Grafen von Orkney und der Krone Norwegen, den orkadiſchen Earls (Grafen) und ihren Vaſallen unter ſich, zwiſchen Erben und Uſurpatoren, den Pikten auf den Orkaden und in Schottland.

Ronald hatte zu ſchöne Beſitzungen, zu theure Angehörige in Norwegen, er war zu ſehr gewöhnt an das prächtige Hoflager, als daß ihn der ſtille Grafenſitz auf Orkney feſſeln konnte, wie unbedingt er auch hier gebot. Er gab daher die Herrſchaft der Orkaden ſeinem Bruder Sigurd, reiſte ab und bewog den König, daß er Sigurd zum Grafen beſtätigte. Doch bald ward dieſer ermordet, deſſen Sohn, Guttorm, ſtarb ſchnell nach und Ronald, an den die Grafſchaft zurückfiel, ſandte einen ſeiner Söhne zum Herrſcher der Orkaden. Hallad war ſein Name; doch er hatte vom Vater keine der Herrſchertugenden empfangen. Indolent und furchtſam zog er ſich zurück auf das entlegene Neuſar. Gleichgültig blieb ihm der Zuſtand der Unterthanen, thatenlos ſah er den Räubereien fremder Piraten zu.

Als nun die Inſelbewohner ihre beſte Mannſchaft bei dieſen Kämpfen fallen, ihre Frauen und Reichthümer fortſchleppen und bei all dieſem Elende ſich von dem nicht beſchützt ſahen, der wider ihren Willen ſie zu beherrſchen gekommen war, hielten die Männer von Orkney jene Indolenz für Einverſtändniß mit den Fremden und zwangen Hallad, zurück zu kehren nach Norwegen. Sein Vater, entrüſtet, ſeinen Stamm durch Hallads Feigheit beſchimpft zu ſehen, rief ſeine übrigen Söhne vor ſich und fragte ſie: welcher unter ihnen den Platz ausfüllen wolle, den Hallad ſo ſchimpflich verlaſſen hatte? Zwei derſelben wetteiferten um den Vorzug, die Ehre des Namens herzuſtellen. Einer, Rollo genannt, auf dem des Königs Zorn lag, ſegelte auf der Stelle nach den weſtlichen Inſeln, wo ſich die Blüthe des von Harald vertriebenen Adels geſammelt hatte. Gleich durſtend nach Ruhm, wie nach Rache, folgten die Flüchtigen Rollo mit Freuden aus ihrer thatenloſen Verbannung zu einer Unternehmung auf ferne Küſten. Der Zug ging nach England, welches damals die Ketten der Dänen trug. Anſtatt Beute und Ehre, die ſie ſuchten, fanden ſie aber hier, ganz unerwartet, die Britten verſammelt unter den Fahnen Alfred des Großen, der eben aufgeſtanden war, um das Land aus den Händen ſeiner fremden Tyrannen zu retten. Er ſchlug die Norweger, wo er ſie erreichte, und eilig ſuchten dieſe eine Küſte, wo kein Alfred noch gekommen war. Sie fanden ſie in Frankreich. Hier ſaß Karl der Einfältige auf dem Throne. Rollo ging die Seine hinauf, nahm Rouen, zwang den König, ihm mit ſeiner Tochter Geſſa die Provinz Neuſtrien zu geben und wurde ſomit der erſte Herrſcher der Normandie. Orkney war ihm nun zu klein, er entſagte ihm, und Einar ſegelte dahin, um es zu erobern. Natürlicher Sohn von Ronald, entzog ihm der frühe Verluſt eines Auges und eine unangenehme Geſtalt die Liebe des Vaters, der ſeine Entfernung gern ſah. Unglück hatte ihm Erfahrung und Stärke des Geiſtes und Körpers gegeben. Er reinigte die Orcaden von Räubern, ſchützte ihre Bewohner vor äußerer Gewalt, gab ihnen Geſetze und Frieden im Innern, erklärte, daß er auf Orkney leben und ſterben, wie in ſein Vaterland zurückkehren wolle.

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*) Aus Friedrich Müller's Kaledoniſchen Erzählungen. Tübingen 1814.

**) Lebte unter Klaudian, und nennt 30 orkadiſche, 9 ämodiſche (Shetlands) Inſeln.

***) Setzt noch 10 Orkaden hinzu und erwähnt zuerſt der Hebuden.

†) Incognitas ad id tempus insulas, quas Orcades vocant, invenit, domuitque.

††) Littora juvernae promovimus et modo captas Orcades. Juvenalis.

†††) Pinkerton Introd. Hist. Scot.

*) Odinswik, Odinseur.

**) Mallet Einleitung in die Geſchichte Dänemarks.

Die Orkader hörten auf, den Fremden zu haſſen und verehrten ihn bald wie eine ſchützende Gottheit, als er auf dieſen nördlichen, vom Holze entblößten, Eilanden den Gebrauch des Torfes lehrte, der ſie nun ſchützte vor der Kälte. Er empfing vom Volke den Zunamen Torfeinar und die Barden erhoben ihn durch Geſänge, die zum Theil noch leben in der Tradition.

Der Ruf von dem blühenden Zuſtande der Orkaden, vom Ruhme ihres Herrſchers, erreichte ſelbſt Norwegen. Die Söhne des Königs, die eben in das Alter der Mannbarkeit getreten waren, fanden, daß ſolche Gewalt, ſolches Glück dem königlichen Stamme mehr gebühre, als der Familie des Vaſallen Roland. Sie drangen in ihren Vater und bald empfingen ſie die gebetene Erlaubniß, Einars friedliche Eilande mit dem Schwerte anzufallen. Die Unternehmung ſollte ſo heimlich und ſchnell ausgeführt werden, als man ſie beſchloſſen hatte. Die Prinzen überfielen daher zuerſt den Greis Ronald auf Norwegen, erſchlugen ihn und bemächtigten ſich ſeiner Beſitzung. Dann ſegelte einer derſelben, Halfdan, ſchnell nach Orkney, um Ronalds Sohne den Herrſcherſtab zu entreißen, der längſt der Gegenſtand habſüchtiger Sehnſucht geworden war. Halfdan landete ohne Widerſtand, denn der Graf war keines Ueberfalls gewärtig. Dieſer verließ klug ſeine Reſidenz, zog ſich zurück nach Caithneß, vereinigte ſeine Macht und wartete ruhig auf einen günſtigen Augenblick. Halfdan drang vor und viel Orkneyer, — ob aus Wankelmuth oder Furcht vor dem ſiegenden, grauſamen Eroberer — ſammelten ſich unter ſeinen Fahnen. Was treu hielt zu Einar Torfeinar, mußte ſterben, kam es in Halfdans Gewalt, und bald ließ er ſich zum Herrſcher ausrufen, nicht zum Grafen — dies war ihm zu gering — ſondern zum König der Orkadiſchen Inſeln. Das Glück, welches ihm zu folgen ſchien, ſtürzte ihn bald in übermüthige Sicherheit. Was vor der Grauſamkeit Halfdans floh, verſtärkte Einars kleines Heer und die Treuen benachrichtigten ihn von jedem Ereigniſſe in dem eroberten Theile von Orkney. Die Prieſter erhöhten ſeinen Muth, Odin war dieſen erſchienen und hatte ihnen Sieg für Opfer verſprochen. Liebe für Religion, Herd, Weib und Kind entflammten die wenigen Getreuen, und als Halfdan den glücklichen Erfolg mit Schwelgen feierte und vom Heere der Norweger Alles ſchlief, was nicht mehr trank, brach Einars Schaar, geführt von begeiſterten Barden, herein in Halfdans Lager.

Wenig konnte entfliehen, faſt Alles wurde erſchlagen. Halfdan entkam; eine Felſenhöhle barg ihn vor dem mit Recht erzürnten Feinde, doch nicht lange. Hunger trieb ſeine wenigen Gefährten, Nahrung zu ſuchen. Sie wurden einzeln gefangen und einer derer, die abgefallen waren von Einar in der Zeit der Noth, bewies jetzt im Elende dem Königsſohn nicht mehr Treue. Er verrieth die Höhle; man fand Halfdan bleich, ermattet vor Hunger und Gram. Der Findenden Jubel kündigte ihn im orkadiſchen Lager an, und die Prieſter forderten ihn zum Opfer. Als Torfeinar hörte, daß Halfdan es ſey, von deſſen blutigen Händen ſein grauer Vater gefallen war, übergab er ihn den Prieſtern und dieſe opferten den vierwöchentlichen Orkaden-König unter ſchauderhaften Zeremonien ihrem Odin, dem ſie zum Dank für den Sieg die Adern des Zerſtückten am Odin-Steine*) darbrachten. Ein Geſang zu dem Feſte, 890 gedichtet, iſt in der Orkneyinga Saga erhalten worden und ſagt: daß die Schickſals-Schweſtern den Manen Ronalds die Reſte Halfdans zum Sühnopfer bringen.

Nicht ſobald hatte der Ruf den unglücklichen Ausgang von des Geopferten Unternehmung nach Norwegen gebracht, als Harald die Grauſamkeit Einars zu ſtrafen, den Tod des Sohnes zu rächen beſchloß. Mit überwiegender Macht landete er auf Orkney. Abermals zog ſich der Graf nach Caithneß zurück. Der nachfolgende König ſtieß überall auf Spuren der Verwüſtung und Grauſamkeit. Fragte er, ſo rührten ſie von ſeinem geopferten Sohne her. Das minderte ſeinen Zorn, ſeine Rach-Begierde; er ließ ſich auf Unterhandlungen ein und forderte 60 Mark Goldes zur Sühne für den getödteten Halfdan. Der Graf ſandte das Geld aus eigenen Mitteln und nahm zur Entſchädigung pfandweiſe die Ländereien ſeiner Vaſallen, welche ihren Antheil nicht zahlen konnten. Mit Gold geſättigt, zog der König ab und die Inſeln erlebten nun eine Reihe ruhiger, glücklicher Jahre, bis der weiſe Einar im hohen Alter ſtarb.

Die zwei älteſten Söhne, Arnkel und Erlend, erhielten jetzt die Grafſchaft, doch bald ſehnten auch dieſe ſich nach Ruhm und Krieg. Der Tod von Harald Harfager hatte den bürgerlichen Krieg in Norwegen aufgeregt. Man ſtritt ſich blutig um ſeine Krone, und der Prinz Eric Blodex mußte aus dem Reiche fliehen. England nahm ihn auf, doch bald verjagte es ihn wieder. Er ſchloß nun mit den zwei Grafen von Orkney Bündniß, um ſich zu rächen. Dieſe ließen eine ſolche Gelegenheit, ſich zu waffnen, nicht vorüber, landeten mit Eric Blodex in England und fielen mit ihm in einer Schlacht, einer an des andern Seite, den Tod der Helden.

Der dritte Bruder, Thorfin Hauſakliufars, folgte in der Grafſchaft, und wie Einar der Romulus der Orkaden war, ſo wurde dieſer Graf der Numa derſelben. Er ward begraben in Ronaldsay unter einem Hügel, damals Haugagerdium, jetzt How of Hoogsar genannt. Lange, ruhig und ſtill war ſeine Regierung, die Geſchichte weiß nichts von ihr, als daß ſie glücklich war. Deſto mehr Stoff bieten ſeine unglücklichen Söhne, Arnfin, Havard, Hlodver*), Liot, Scullus, und die Epoche ihrer Regierung umfaßt die Zeit, wo jene Frauen, deren der Eingang gedachte, hervortraten aus dem Dunkel der mythen-gleichen Geſchichte.

Jener Eric Blodex war beſtimmt, den Herrſcher-Stamm der Ronalds auf den Orkaden auszutilgen. Nicht genug, daß die zwei tapfern Brüder Arnkel und Erlend ihr Leben für ihn in England verloren, auch des dritten Bruders Söhne, obſchon fünf an der Zahl, fanden Unglück und Tod durch ſeine Tochter Ragnhild, die Helena der Orkaden.

Der älteſte Sohn Ronalds, Arnfin, warb um ſie. Ragnhild war ihm wenig gewogen, doch die Herrſcher-Krone, welche er trug, reizte ihre Jugend und ſo reichte ſie ihm die Hand. Aus ihren blauen großen Augen ſtrahlte ein herrlicher Geiſt und ſie waren von ſo hoher Schönheit, daß Niemand widerſtand, wer ſich nahte. Havard, des Grafen zweiter Bruder, theilte dies allgemeine Loos. Er kam als der fremden Norwegin bittrer Feind, doch er war ihr Sklav von dem Augenblicke an, wo ſie ihm in der väterlichen Halle freundlich entgegen trat. Sein wildes Gemüth kannte keine Grenze deſſen, was er durfte; mit ganzer Gewalt überließ er ſich einer Neigung, die ſchnell zur ungezügelten Flamme emporloderte und bald bemächtigte ſich Locke**) ſeiner Sinne. Nicht leben wollte er fortan ohne den Beſitz der Gräfin, die ſein Flehen um Liebe mit einem Stolze zurückwies, der ihn ungewiß machte: ob Pflicht, oder Mangel einer Grafenkrone ihm im Wege ſtehe. Bald mußten die brüderlichen Gefühle einer Leidenſchaft weichen, die unaufhaltſam vorſchritt und Alles nieder trat, was ſich entgegen ſetzen wollte. Der Graf ward das Opfer. Er endete ſchnell und gewaltſam. Verdacht fiel auf Havard, doch Niemand zieh Ragnhild der That; ſie hatte nicht Theil an dem Frevel, der Havard zur Grafenkrone verhalf. Ragnhild ward ſpäter ſeine Gemahlin, doch ſchien auch dieſe Ehe ihr gleichgültig, wie es Arnfins Tod geblieben war. Als Havards Leidenſchaft kühl wurde durch Beſitz, regte ſich in nächtlichen Stunden nicht ſelten das Gewiſſen. Der blutige Schatten des Bruders ſtieg oft aus ſeinem Todtenhügel zu Murkle und ſcheuchte Havard vom Lager, welches er ſich furchtbar gebettet hatte. Er ſuchte durch ſtrenge Uebung ſeiner Herrſcher-Pflicht, durch Opfer zu büßen. Umſonſt. Schwarze Ahnungen, düſterer Sinn empfingen ihn und der Genuß des errungenen Beſitzes erhöhte ſeine Schwermuth. Dies ſtieß auch die Gräfin von ihm ab, und ihr heftig aufwallender Sinn fand ſich läſtig beengt in dem alten Schloſſe, deſſen Mauern der Graf nur verließ, um auf die Jagd zu gehen. Kaum zwanzig Jahre alt, ohne Liebe, ohne Freuden, ſtand ſie allein. Da nah'te ihr Liotus, der vierte, jüngere Bruder ihres Gemahls, im erſten Schmuck der Jugend. Seine Haare glichen dem Amethyſt***) an Farbe, ſeine Augen der Bläue des Himmels, ſeine Geſtalt den Tannen des Waldes im Gebirge, und ausgeſtattet mit jeglicher Schönheit und kriegeriſcher Tugend, überſtrahlte er an Glanz alle Edle ſeines väterlichen Hofes.

Eben kehrte er zurück von einer langen Fahrt nach feindlichen Küſten, und ſchon war für das nächſte Frühjahr ein neuer Zug beſchloſſen, doch der Winter auf des Bruders Schloſſe feſſelte ihn hier auf immer. Ihm war in der Gräfin das Licht ſeines Lebens aufgegangen und, wie jede noch reine, jugendliche Seele, machte dieſe Liebe ihn nur beſſer, tapferer, edler. Er war auf Jagden, wie zu Hauſe, der Schatten Ragnhilds. Kein Wunder, wenn die Augen dieſer bald mit Wohlgefallen auf Liot ruhten. Beide waren nur glücklich, wenn ſie ſich ſahen, doch kein Laut verrieth ihre Wünſche. Auch Ragnhild liebte jetzt wahr und ihre Seelen befleckte kein unreiner Gedanke. Zwiſchen ihre unſchuldigen Freuden trat nun der Graf wie ein finſterer Geiſt. Auch ſah dieſer bald, wie ſehr Liot die Liebe Ragnhilds beſitze, die ihn nie beglückt hatte, und als einſt auf der Jagd der Geliebte ſich mit höchſter Gefahr des Lebens einem Rudel Bären entgegenwarf, die Ragnhild anfielen, ließ er im ſtillen Grimm Liot allein kämpfen. Der Tapfere warf zwei der wilden Thiere nieder, die andern flohen. Jetzt aber wandte ſich Liot und überhäufte den Grafen mit Vorwürfen. Der Graf rief: er werde dem nicht beiſtehen, den er haſſe auf den Tod. Ein heftiger Streit folgte; beide warfen die Lanzen, Liot traf, Havard ſank, und rief ſterbend: ich ſinke wie ein Arnin, doch Liot wird ſterben wie ich. Der Streit fiel vor zu Stennis, auf der Stelle, die noch jetzt Havardstugar (Havards Mord) heißt.

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*) Er ſteht noch auf Shapinſch, einer der Inſeln.

*) Auch Ludver (Ludwig).

**) Die faſt einzige böſe Gottheit der nordiſchen Mythologie.

***) Die nordiſchen Sänger verglichen die Farbe des Haares ihrer geprieſenen Schönheiten oft mit der Farbe dieſes Edelſteins, welche nicht blos violett iſt, ſondern oft ganz ins Weiße fällt.

In jenen Zeiten war ein ſolcher Kampf nicht Verbrechen. Der Sieg entſchied für das Unrecht des Gefallenen, und ſo ſah das Volk ruhig zu, wie ſpäterhin Ragnhild Liots Gemahlin ward. Die Orkneyer huldigten ihm als Grafen ihrer Inſeln, obſchon Hlodver älter war. Dieſer befand ſich gerade in Irland; doch deſto lauter ſprach der jüngſte Bruder Sculius über die That. Er argwohnte, ſie ſey Folge des böſen Vorſatzes und Grafſchaft und Wittwe Eigenthum eines Brudermörders. Nicht lange genoß Liot daher der Ruhe. Sculius ließ ihn wiſſen: er komme, um den gefallenen Bruder zu rächen an Ragnhild und ihm. Mehr mochte es jedoch des Sculius hohem, aber ehrſüchtigem Gemüthe um die Grafen-Gewalt ſeyn, und damit er dieſe deſto ſicherer erlange, ging er nach Schottland, nahm die Grafſchaft der Orkaden zum Lehn vom ſchottiſchen Könige, der kein Recht ſie zu vergeben hatte, und landete mit einer beträchtlichen Hülfs-Macht in Caithneß. Hier fand er viel Anhänger und bald ſah ihn Orkney mit einem großen Heere. Doch auch Liot war nicht ſäumig geweſen, Sculius genau von ihm beobachtet worden. Er kannte deſſen Bewegungen durch Kundſchafter, und was in Orkney Waffen tragen konnte, war aufgeſtellt, um es zu vertheidigen. Wohl wußte er, daß er Alles zu verlieren, nichts zu gewinnen habe und ſo bot er Frieden an, den der zürnende Bruder mit Verachtung von ſich wies. Eine Schlacht folgte. Von beiden Seiten Wunder der Tapferkeit. Endlich ſiegte das Feldherrn-Talent des Liot; Sculius mußte fliehen, woher er gekommen war. Der Graf verfolgte ihn, doch früher, als dieſer die erſchöpfte Macht zum Nachſetzen geſammelt hatte, war Sculius ſchon auf Caithneß. Auch hieher zog der Graf ſchnell nach, aber ehe er den Geſchlagenen zu einem zweiten Treffen bringen konnte, hatte dieſer friſche Hülfstruppen von Schottland erhalten. Beide Heere beſeelte ein ungewöhnlicher Muth, beide Feldherrn waren von erprobter Tapferkeit, und wenn Sculius ſeinen Bruder an dieſer vielleicht noch übertraf, ſo ſiegte allein des letztern überwiegender Geiſt im Anordnen und Leitung der Schlacht. Durch jene Hülfstruppen verſtärkt, verließ Sculius ſeine Höhen und es kam in den Thälern von Caithneß zu einer zweiten Schlacht, die ſo mörderiſch war als entſcheidend. Ehe ſie begann, durchritt Liot die Reihen und befahl ſeinen Truppen auf das Strengſte: ruhig zu ſtehen, die Angriffe der Feinde, ohne vom Platze zu wanken, mit Kälte abzuſchlagen; wenn ſie wichen, ſie nicht zu verfolgen und erſt dann mit dem höchſten Ungeſtüm auf ſie zu ſtürzen, wenn ſie erſchöpft wären vom wiederholten Angriff. In jener Zeit kannten die Picten faſt nur den Kampf des Mannes gegen Mann, die Stärke entſchied allein und ihre Schlachten waren, wie alle Angriffe ungeregelter Krieger gewöhnlich ſind. Um ſo größer erſcheint Liot, der zuerſt Regeln in die Gefechte der Seinigen, Ordnung in ihre Reihen brachte. Die ſtrenge Disziplin, die er handhabte, verſchaffte ſeinen Befehlen unbedingten Gehorſam. Sein Heer hielt in geſchloſſener Ordnung den erſten gewaltigen Angriff ruhig aus, ein Wort von ihm feſſelte es an ſeinen Platz, als es dem zurückziehenden Feinde doch folgen wollte und machte es erſt dann mit aller Kraft auf Sculius und ſeine Schotten ſtürzen, als dieſe ihre beſten Kräfte auf fruchtloſe Angriffe bereits gewendet hatten und nun den Ungeſtüm der Schaaren des Liot zu ertragen nicht vermochten. Liots Auge war überall und auch ſein Arm. Er erfüllte mit den Pflichten des Anführers die des gemeinen Soldaten, unwiderſtehlich drang er vor, ſchlug, verfolgte. Auch Sculius, angefeuert durch die Hoffnungen, die er mit dem heutigen Tage alle zu verlieren in Gefahr war, that ſeiner Seits Wunder der Tapferkeit, bat, ermahnte, ſammelte, griff wieder an, und als er ſah, daß Alles verloren ſey, beſchloß er: nicht unterthan zu ſeyn dem glücklichern Bruder, ſondern zu ſterben im Kampfe um das väterliche Erbe und für die Rache der geopferten Brüder. Er ſammelte noch einmal, was er konnte, rief ſeine Getreuen an: einen ehrenvollen Tod vorzuziehen der Schande der Flucht. Sein Barde ſtimmte an den Todesſang und ſo kämpften ſeine Wenigen gegen Liots ganzes Heer, bis der Tag ſich neigte. Da fiel endlich der heldenmüthige Sculius. Seine Treuen nahmen ihn in die tapfere Mitte. Einer nach dem andern ſank auf die Hügel der im Tode noch ſchützenden Waffengenoſſen und ſpät erſt der letzte, Sculius Barde, die Seele des ſiegenden Liotus weihend den rächenden Schweſtern.

Und dieſe zögerten nicht lange. Die Schotten, welche flüchtig aus jener Schlacht ihre heimiſchen Berge erreichten, konnten den Schimpf nicht vergeſſen. Sie ſtellten ihrem Könige vor, daß ihre zu Tauſenden auf Orkney gefallenen Brüder nur Ruhe finden konnten, wären ſie gerächt; daß Liotus Macht gebrochen werden müſſe, ſollte er nicht ſelbſt Schottland fürchterlich werden. Mit noch größerer Zahl fielen ſie nun auf Orkney und der Bruder des Thans, welcher in der letzten Schlacht, die Schotten führend, neben Sculius gefallen war, verband ſich mit hundert edlen Jünglingen, Liot im Treffen zu ſuchen, zu tödten.

Dieſer hörte furchtlos, was da kommen müßte, denn das unbedingte Vertrauen, die Anhänglichkeit ſeiner Krieger verſprach ihm Sieg, nicht weniger verließ er ſich auf ſeinen Arm. Deſto ängſtlicher war Ragnhild. Sie beſchwor ihn, das Treffen zu meiden, denn, kinderlos, ſtand ſie ohne ihn allein, und das Volk haßte ſie, die Fremde, die — wiewohl ſchuldlos — den innern Krieg gebracht hatte in dieſes Eiland. Auch hegte ſie Mißtrauen gegen die tiefe, theilnahmloſe Stille, in welcher der ältere Bruder ihres Gatten, ſie meidend, an dem weſtlichen Ende von Mainland zu Birſa*) lebte. Wie Liot, ihren Bitten taub, dennoch beſchloß, ſeine Orkneyer gegen die Schotten ſelbſt zu führen, nahm ſie eine Rüſtung und begleitete ihn. Er konnte ſie nicht davon zurückhalten, wie ſehr er auch in ſie drang. Als es zur Schlacht kam, befahl er Tullach, einem Anführer ſeiner Garde, mit einem Trupp Tapferer ſeine Gemahlin zu ſchützen. Auch diesmal ſiegte er, doch die hundert Schotten, die ſich dem Rache-Tod geweiht hatten und Liot in der Mitte der Garde vermutheten, ſtürzten auf Tullach und ſeine Schaar. Hier war Widerſtand unmöglich; Tullach, der mit ſeinem Leben für das der Ragnhild zu haften gelobt hatte, bezahlte dies Verſprechen mit ſeinem Tode; was nicht fiel, floh, und Ragnhild ward in glänzender Rüſtung von den Schotten jubelnd davon geführt. Geſchlagen ſelbſt, glaubten ſie ſich Sieger, im Wahne: der Gefangene ſey Liot; doch dieſer erreichte ſie, verfolgend, als er mit Blitzesſchnelle herbei kam, Ragnhild zu retten. Als dieſe Liot heranſprengen ſah, rief ſie in der Angſt ſeinen Namen und daß er ſie laſſen, ſich nicht vermeſſen nahen ſollte. Die Schotten hörten nun: Liot ſey es, der ſie verfolge; ihres Schwures eingedenk, wandten ſie ſich und ein neues fürchterliches Blutbad begann. Keiner von den hundert Schotten ſah ſein Vaterland wieder. Ragnhild ward gerettet, doch Liot ſchwer verwundet. Wenig Tage darauf ſtarb er in den Armen ſeiner Gemahlin, die ihn in den Tod geſtürzt hatte, wie drei ſeiner Brüder vor ihm. Liotus Körper ward verbrannt auf dem Felde, wo er die letzte Schlacht ſchlug, ſeinen Hügel thürmten die Gebeine der erſchlagenen Schotten. Ragnhild wollte ſeine Aſche mit nach Norwegen nehmen, wohin ſie, flüchtend vor Hlodver, ging; das Volk duldete es aber nicht. Schon ſah es ſie einſchiffen und hob die Hände dankend zu Odin, daß er Ragnhild wieder dahin ſende, woher ſie kam, zu ihren Feinden, über die ſie nach ihrer Meinung das Unheil nun bringen müſſe, was ihren Fußſtapfen auf Orkney unabwendbar gefolgt war.

Ein Sturm verſchlug ſie an die Küſte von Irland; die Schiffer glaubten, Aeger**) ſende ſeine neun Töchter***) und Niord ſeine Winde und verfolge die Gräfin im Sturm; ſie weigerten ſich, mit ihr wieder ins Meer zu gehen. Wider ihren Willen mußte ſie alſo landen und wider ihre Hoffnung fand ſie Schutz und Aufnahme bei Aubna, der Tochter Kiarvalas, eines der vielen kleinen Könige, die damals Irland beherrſchten.

Aubna liebte einen jungen Orkader, welcher mit ſeinem Schiffe Irland zuweilen beſuchte, doch ihr Vater wollte einen König zum Eidam, ſie ihren Vater wider ſeinen Willen nicht verlaſſen und ſo zog ſie vor, auf Irland ihr Geheimniß zu verbergen, anſtatt mit Mardo zu fliehen, der dies oft von ihr begehrt hatte. Sie lebte, der Magie ergeben, in großem Anſehen unter ihrem Volke, welches ſie als eine Seherin verehrte. Ueber Alles befragt, entſchied ſie oft Krieg und Frieden. Das väterliche Schloß lag unfern des Meeres. Es lehnte ſich an einen hohen Felſen, in welchem die Natur mehrere große Höhlen gebildet hatte. Dieſe waren nur ihr offen und einem alten Prieſter, der bei ihr lebte und die heiligen Gebräuche mit verrichten half, wenn die Sterne befragt wurden. Faſt immer bewohnte ſie eine Halle in dieſen Felſen und Niemand durfte dieſer ohne Erlaubniß nahen, auch der König nicht.

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*) Birſa iſt das gothiſche Wort für Jagen. Jene Gegend war reich an Wildpret und es wurde dort vorzüglich gejagt. (Siehe Ire, Gloss. Suigoth.) Daher der Jäger-Ausdruck: birſchen.

**) Der Gott des Meeres.

***) Die Wellen des Meeres.

Willkommen war ihr das orkadiſche Schiff, welches Ragnhild brachte, denn es trug Murdos Flagge. An Ragnhilds Geſchick nahm ſie vielen Antheil, denn es war ja eine Vertriebene. Ragnhilds noch immer hohe Schönheit, ihr ſtrahlender Geiſt gewann ihr bald das Herz Audnas. Wenn jene von Liot erzählte und ſeiner Schönheit und ſeinem Heldenſinn und ſeinem Unglücke, dann glaubte dieſe das Bild ihres Murdos zu ſehen. Sie wurden bald beide unzertrennlich und ſelbſt der Haß des Königs Kiarvalas gegen die Orkadin ſchmolz, wenn ihre Augen ihn herrſchend anſahen und ſie erzählte von ihrem Schickſale, ihrer Flucht von dem Lande, das ſie beherrſcht hatte. Ein Räthſel blieb Ragnhild übrig: ſie kannte keinen Orkneyer, der Murdo hieß, und um ſo heißer ward deſſen Ankunft jetzt auf Irland erwartet. Er kam lange nicht.

Es war Hlodver, welcher ſich dieſen Namen gegeben hatte, der letzte von Thorfins Söhnen, durch den Tod von Liotus nun Graf der Orkaden. Seine Geburt hätte ihn nach Havard vor Liotus und Skulius dazu gerufen, doch, ein edler Menſch, dem der bürgerlichen Krieges in ſeinem Vaterlande ſchon zu viel war, zog er, bei den Fehden der Brüder, das Glück der Inſeln und eine ſtille Liebe ſeinem Ehrgeize vor. In früher Jugend kam er einſt auf einem Zuge nach den benachbarten Inſeln, die damals Jünglinge ſo häufig unternahmen, auch nach Irland. Ergeben der Magie, wie ſein ganzes Zeitalter, ging er zu Audna, um ſein Geſchick zu erfragen. Erwartend ſtand er lange vor der Höhle der Seherin, da trat ihm endlich die reizende Königstochter aus ihrem Felſen entgegen und grüßte ihn mit Seher-Worten, die ihm unverſtändlich blieben. Er hörte nicht, er fragte nicht weiter, er ſah nur die Wunder-Geſtalt. Die ſchwarzen hohen Felſenwände, die ihn umſchloſſen, wurden beleuchtet von Fackeln, welche die ſeltſamſten Konturen an den Geſteinen in Licht und Schatten zeichneten. Eingetreten war er ſchon mit Ehrfurcht, der Gedanke zu hören ſein Geſchick aus Geiſter-Munde, hatte ſeine Sinne alle aufgeregt; erwartet hatte er eine bejahrte Magierin mit ſchneeigen Scheiteln, hoch an Jahren, und nun ſprachen die Orakel aus dem roſigen Munde der Jugendblüthe. Fulla*) ſelbſt ſchien von Walhalla herabgekommen zu ſeyn, um mit dem Zauber der höchſten Anmuth ihm das Göttliche zu verkünden. Strahlend ruhten auf ihm ihre wundervollen Augen; er ſah und ſah und blieb leblos. Auch ſie ſtand lange, unverwandt blickend auf den Fremden, der ein Bild der Güte und Schönheit war wie Balder**), ſtand, als ob ſie erwarte, daß er mehr fragen werde, doch endlich wandte ſie ſich.

Nächſten Abend kam er wieder und ging noch verwandelter zurück. So ging, ſo kam er immer wieder, bis Audna eines Abends endlich, als die Menge der Fragenden befriedigt war, dem ängſtlich Harrenden erſchien ohne das magiſche Gewand, in einfacher Kleidung ein ſchönes Mädchen, und ihm die Gewißheit wurde: der Liebling der Götter fühle menſchlich. Lange wollte er nicht glauben dies überſchwengliche Glück, lange konnte er nicht begreifen ſein wunderbares Geſchick, doch es riß ihn hin zu ihren Füßen, er ſtürzte ſich in die Arme, die ſich ihm öffneten, ihn umſchlangen und ihm ſelige Stunden des Entzückens, die nur der kennt, welchem der Stern der Liebe aufging auf dieſer dunkeln Lebensbahn. Ihr Geheimniß mußte dem Könige verborgen bleiben, denn dieſer haßte unbedingt alle Orkneyer und ſeiner einzigen Tochter hatte er den Mann beſtimmt, der ihm folgen würde im Reiche; aber um ſo ſüßer war ihr Verhältniß, der Reiz des Geheimniſſes erhöhte die Freuden der Liebe. Audnas Kenntniß im Deuten der Sterne umgab ſie mit einer heiligen Scheu, die das Volk vor ihr fühlte. Nur wenn ſie es ausdrücklich geſtattete, durfte man in die Druiden-Halle, und ſie ſah jetzt in der geweihten Höhle faſt Niemand.

Dieſe ſtreckte ihre ſchwarzen, felſigen Arme weit hinein in die Nacht des Gebirgs. Lange Gänge, gewölbt, erleuchtet, führten zu Rieſen-Bogen, aus dieſen zu engen Schluchten immer fort, weit hinab, über ſchwärzliche Ströme, wieder zu gewölbten Pfaden, welche ſpät endeten in ein hohes Gemach, das heimlichen Ausgang hatte auf das Meer. Nur Audna kannte ihn und jener alte Druide. Von dieſer Meer-Seite kam Murdo zu der Geliebten, wenn er vor den Augen Irlands geſchieden war. Hier lebte er ein Leben voll ſtillen, aber unendlichen Glückes und nur kurze Zeit trennte er ſich, um auf Orkney zu ſehen, wie es hier ſtehe um ſeine Brüder, ſeine Inſeln. Audna ſagte ihm, ſie wiſſe, daß er ſich nicht nenne wie er auf ſeiner Inſel heiße, und er verbarg ihr nicht einen Augenblick, daß er einen andern Namen trage, um der Gefahr auszuweichen, von ihrem Vater gefangen gehalten zu werden, doch als er ausſprechen wollte, wer er ſey und ſein Geſchlecht, fiel ſie ihm ins Wort und bat und er mußte ihr verſprechen: nie ſeinen Namen ihr zu nennen, wenn es nicht die Noth fordere. Murdo, rief ſie, hieß mein Glück, meine erſte Liebe, meine einzige. Jeder andere Name würde mich fürchten laſſen, dieſes Glück zu verlieren. Du biſt mir nicht Fremder, nicht Orkneyer, du biſt mir Murdo, bleibe es. Sie faßte ihn an der Hand und opferte mit ihm Widar, dem Gotte des glücklichen Schweigens, und ihr ſüßes Geheimniß feſſelte nun der Eid zu dem Sohne Gridurs*).

In dieſem ſonderbaren Geſchicke brachen ſich alle die wilden Wünſche Hlodvers, das hieß ihn ſchweigen nach dem Tode Havards, und die Wohnung der ſchönſten Liebe, die ſtrahlenden Blicke Audnas, ſie waren ihm mehr als jene Grafenkrone, die ihm gebührte und um deren Beſitz der Boden ſeiner Eilande das brüderliche Blut in vollen Zügen trank. Wurde denn doch einmal ſein innerer Drang zu mächtig — denn ſtets treiben unruhige, wilde, wie raſende Wünſche den Menſchen aus dem ſtillen Hafen in die offne See — und wollte er dann Audnan erzählen, ſo umſchlangen ihn ihre Arme und ſein Mund verſtummte unter ihren Küſſen. Sie wiederholte, daß mit der Täuſchung des Namens ihr wirkliches Glück dahin ſeyn würde und Hlodver ſchauerte vor dem Sehergeiſte ſeines Weibes, denn dies war ihm Audna geworden vor dem Altare der Göttinn Wara**), welche die Schwüre hört und die Geheimniſſe der Liebenden, dieſe zum ſeligen Bunde weiht, wenn ſie treu ſind, und ewig zürnt, wenn ſie brechen.

In dem langen Zwiſchenraume, wo Hlodver nicht kam, wo ſein letzter Bruder gefallen und Ragnhild geflohen war, wurde Audna krank. Ihr Vater Kiarvala empfahl ſie der Wartung einer alten Amme und der Pflege des alten Druiden, der die irdiſchen Heilmittel kannte, während er und das Volk die himmliſche Eira***) um Herſtellung Audnas anflehten. Die Königstochter genas, doch Niemand als der alte Druide und ihre treue Amme wußte die wahre Urſache, ſahen den Sohn Murdo's, den ſie gebahr.

Hlodver, welchem ihr Zuſtand nicht verborgen geblieben war, konnte nichts auf Orkney halten, als der Tod des kinderloſen Liotus, der ihn, den einzigen, letzten Bruder, eben zum Grafen der Orkaden gemacht hatte und doch blieb, er nur mit unendlicher Angſt. Einen Treuen abzuſchicken, wagte er nicht, denn Audna hatte ſeinen Schwur des unbedingteſten Schweigens und doch fürchtete er Entdeckung, Zorn Kiarvalas des Königs, Tod der Gattinn mit der Angſt des Liebenden. Er konnte ſich nicht freuen, als er auf dem alten Steine ſaß, wo die Grafen ſitzen mußten, während die Vaſallen unter freiem Himmel um ihn herſtanden ihm zu huldigen, er dann opferte und den Unterthanen wiederum ſchwur nach nordiſcher Sitte. Der Fürſten-Stuhl ſeiner Väter rauchte vom Blute der Seinigen und ihm war, als ſchwöre man Untergang ſeines Glückes. Nicht ſogleich konnte er fort, denn der Feind war noch im Lande und die ewigen Fehden hatten die Gemüther verwildert. Krieg war das Handwerk geworden des Orkaden-Bewohners, leicht konnte ein mächtiger Vaſall ſich der Herrſchaft bemächtigen und die wollte er doch nicht fahren laſſen, ſeit er das ſüße Gefühl kannte, ſich gehuldigt zu ſehen. Endlich war der Feind von den Inſeln vertrieben, endlich konnte Hlodver ſeine Hauptſtadt verlaſſen unter dem Vorwande, die Inſeln zu durchſtreifen. Von der weſtlichen, Hoywells, ging er mit geringer, treuer Bedeckung nach Irland. Seine Begleiter mußten ihn auch jetzt noch Murdo nennen. Als er der Oeffnung, der wohlbekannten, die den Glücklichen oft aufgenommen hatte, vorüberfuhr, konnte er ſich kaum halten. Doch er mußte vorüber, landen, wo andere Schiffe landeten und warten bis der dunkle Abend hereinbräche. Er hatte vergeſſen, daß in dieſer Jahreszeit den Norden beinahe keine Nacht verhüllte; ſchnell beſtieg er daher einen Nachen und ruderte zurück zu der freundlichen Bucht. Sie nahm ihn auf, heimlich und ſtill, wie immer. Er griff ſich fort in den dunkeln Gängen, dem Geſange des Alten nach, der aus dem Innern tönte. Angſtvoll trat er raſch vorwärts, denn er hatte gemeint: ſeine Gattinn am Eingange harrend zu finden. Endlich an der Halle riß er die Pforten auf und Audna ſaß zu den Füßen des grauen Sängers und ihre Thränen fielen auf ihren Knaben.

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*) Freias Vertraute, eine Jungfrau mit ſchönen über die Schultern herabfliegenden Locken und goldenem Stirnbande.

**) Sohn Odins und Freias.

*) Widars Mutter.

**) Göttin der Ehe.

***) Göttin der Arzneikunſt.

Audna! rief er, warf ſich auf den Boden zu der Geliebten, umfaßte ſie, nahm das Kind auf mit leuchtenden Augen und in den ſeinen hingen Thränen der Freude. Er hatte wieder, was ihm das Leben ſchmückte und alle Orkaden waren vergeſſen und warum er kam. Audna drückte ihn an ihre volle Bruſt und rief mit ängſtlicher Stimme: ich halte dich umfaßt und wie gehſt du wieder ohne mich. Nie! ſprach er. Er meinte, ſie wüßte ſchon, daß er komme ſie zu holen, ſie aber ängſtete ein Traumgeſicht, welches ihr geſagt hatte: Murdo komme zum letztenmale. Darum weinte ſie, als er kam, darum ſchlug ihm die Freude nicht entgegen nach ſo langer Trennung. Sie erzählte ihm nun, wie es ihr gegangen ſey, wie ſie die Sorge vor Entdeckung geängſtet habe. Der Knabe heißt Sigurd, fügte ſie hinzu, denn es entſchlüpfte dir einſt: dein Ahn habe dieſen Namen getragen, er ſey dir lieb. Stumm ſah Murdo vor ſich nieder, denn er dachte über ſeine Pflicht nach, dem Knaben den geerbten Thron, ſein eigentliches Vaterland zu geben, und er wollte eben beginnen und erzählen, was ihn ſo lange abgehalten habe zu kommen, als man klopfen hörte. Die Amme ging und kündigte Ragnhild an. Ragnhild! rief entſetzt Murdo, die Norwegin! Und hier! Und bei dir! Vor allen ihr verberge mich, wenn dir das Glück unſerer Liebe heilig iſt, ich beſchwöre dich. Audna begriff ihn nicht, doch ſie ſah, wie bleiches Entſetzen ſich auf ſeinem Geſichte malte und gab ihm verſprechend die Hand. Er zog ſich zurück, Ragnhild trat ein. Sie kam ſo ſpät, um ihrer Freundin noch die freudige Botſchaft zu bringen, daß ſie unter den heut Angekommenen einen Edlen der Garde der Grafen von Orkney erkannt habe und daß dies zwar nicht Murdo ſeyn könne, denn ſie erinnere ſich, daß er Moddan heiße, daß er aber entweder Kunde bringe, oder doch geben könne von Audnas Geliebten. Geſtört durch den diesmal unwillkommenen Beſuch, erſchreckt durch Murdos Entſetzen beim Hören des Namens Ragnhild, vermochte Audna kaum zu antworten. Jener entging die Verlegenheit nicht, welche überall herrſchte, und während Audnan der Gedanke marterte, irgend ein nahes Verhältniß [illegible] Ragnhild mache ihren Geliebten bangen vor dem Zuſammentreffen mit dieſer, ſah Ragnhild verwundert in der Halle umher. Ihre Augen fielen bald auf den Mantel Murdo's, der in der Verwirrung auf dem Lager Audnas liegen geblieben war. Er war von der Farbe der Mäntel der orkadiſchen Garden*), und, wie die Führer derſelben tragen, mit Purpur umſäumt. Hlodver hatte ihn genommen, um unerkannt zu bleiben. Ragnhild begriff das Schweigen der ſonſt offnen Freundin nicht, ſo viel aber ſah ſie, ihre Nachricht kam zu ſpät und Moddan war ſchon hier. Auf der Stelle verließ ſie die Halle, nicht ohne Empfindlichkeit über das Mißtrauen der Freundin. Dieſe dagegen erblickte in dem ſchnellen Verlaſſen Beſtätigung ihrer Furcht, daß Murdo Ragnhild einſt theuer geweſen ſey. Sie vergaß, daß ſie die Enthüllung der Geheimniſſe ſelbſt gefürchtet hatte und drang in den wieder hervortretenden Murdo, ihr zu ſagen, warum er Ragnhilds Anblick zu ſcheuen habe? Sie iſt die Feindin meines Geſchlechts, ihr ſind die Meinen gefallen! rief er; wie kam ſie dir nah, ſie, an deren Ferſen ſich jedes fürchterliche Geſchick hängt? Audna erzählte, wie unglücklich ihre Freundin ſey, wie ſie die Flüchtige aus Mitleid aufgenommen habe und dieſe wiederum ihr Troſt geworden ſey in einſamen Stunden. Der Verdacht, der ſo ſchnell gekommen war, wich eben ſo ſchnell der Verſicherung des Geliebten und bald vergaßen die Glücklichen wieder Alles außer ſich ſelbſt.

Audna wiederholte: Murdo dürfe nicht wieder fort; denn ſie ſchloß aus Ragnhilds Erzählung auf ſeinen Stand als Gardiſt. Sie malte ihm ihre ſtill verborgene glückliche Zukunft auf Irland, zeigte ihm in der Entfernung ſelbſt Hoffnung zu dem Throne ihres Vaters, oder nach deſſen Tode, wenigſtens Aufhebung des Schleiers, der jetzt ihr Geheimniß decke, und Hlodver, theils hingeriſſen von dieſen Hoffnungen, theils zu glücklich, um die erſten Stunden der Wiedervereinigung mit Erzählungen der blutigen Auftritte auf Orkney zu verbittern, verſchob ein Geſpräch, was er fürchtete. Er beſchloß den folgenden Tag in der Höhle zu bleiben. Als nach ſüßer Nacht das Geſtirn des Tages wieder heraufſtieg, ſetzte ſich Hlodver an das Lager der Gattin, und verſicherte ihr, das Geſchick zwinge ihn zu ſprechen. Audna hob bittend ihre Augen zu ihm, hielt ihm mit flehender Miene das Kind entgegen, doch Hlodver ſchwur: er müſſe reden. Ziehe dann — ſprach ſie — wenn du mußt, den Schleier hinweg, der mein ſtilles Glück barg vor dem neidiſchen Geſchick.

Audna hörte nun, daß ſie die Gräfin der Orkaden ſey. Zu einem Entſchluſſe kam es jedoch nicht, ob er auf Irland bleiben, ſie ihm auf Orkney folgen ſolle.

Noch unruhiger wie hier, war es außerhalb der Halle. Als Ragnhild Audnan verließ, wandelte Moddan, den ſie in der Halle glaubte, mit dem purpurumſäumten Mantel wieder vor ihr. Sie faßte es nicht, und um ſicher zu ſeyn, wollte ſie ihn anreden. Moddan aber, entſetzt, den Geiſt der nach Norwegen gegangenen Ragnhild hier in Irland vor ſich zu ſehen, wich ſcheu ihm aus und wandte ſich ſchnell zu den Gefährten, denen er bleich erzählte, was er ſah und die mit ihm feſt glaubten: Ragnhilds Schatten ſey aus Norwegen gekommen, um ihren Grafen hier zu beunruhigen, zu verfolgen. Dieſer Wahn ſtieg, als das Boot leer an die Küſte geſchwommen kam, worein ihr Gebieter Tags zuvor geſtiegen war. In der frohen Haſt, ſeine Gattin wieder zu ſehen, hatte dieſer vergeſſen, es ans Ufer zu befeſtigen und ſo trieb es die Fluth zurück. Die Angſt der Gefährten Hlodvers um dieſen ward zur Gewißheit ſeines Todes, als er auch den zweiten Tag nicht kam, weil er das Boot nicht fand, was ihn zurückbringen ſollte. Die Orkneyer waren troſtlos und wollten eben zur Seherin gehen, um zu fragen, wo ihr Gebieter ſey? als ſie Ragnhild anſichtig wurden. Gefeſſelt blieben ſie ſtehen, doch dieſe redete ſie an, und als die Orkader ſich überzeugt hatten, es ſey kein Schatten, umringten ſie ihre vormalige Herrſcherin und forderten Hlodver von ihr. Ragnhild meinte, auch dieſer ſey tod wie ſeine Brüder, ihre Gatten, und wollte ſich flüchten vor den Schwertern der Wüthenden, doch dieſe hielten ſie. Sie rief nach Hülfe, die herzueilenden Irländer bemächtigten ſich nach kurzem Gefecht der kleinen Anzahl Orkneyer. Moddan fiel. Der König, erzürnt, daß die Fremden ſeine Gaſtfreundin auf ſeinem Gebiete angefallen hatten, ließ ſie einkerkern und kündigte ihnen den folgenden Morgen den Tod an.

Als Audna dies Alles vernahm, rieth ihr Hlodver, ſich vor allen Ragnhilds zu bemächtigen, die ſonſt ihm Alles verrathen würde. Dieſe ihrer Seits ſcheute ſich vor dem erſten Wiederſehen Audnas, im Wahne, Moddan ſey deren Geliebter und dieſer durch ſie gefallen. So fürchtete eins des Andern Zorn und Rache. Daß aber Ragnhild ſich nicht blicken ließ, beſtärkte Hlodver und Audna in ihrer Sorge und der Graf von Orkney bewies ſeiner Gattin, daß ſie beide und das Kind unwiederbringlich verloren wären, flöhen ſie nicht in der kommenden Nacht. Der Tochter ſchauerte es bei dem Gedanken, zu ſcheiden von Vater, Volk, Land; doch die Liebe, noch mehr die Angſt um den Gemahl, das Kind, war ſtärker als alle Bande. Der Druide mußte für ein Schiff ſorgen und es an den Ausgang der Höhle am Meer bringen laſſen. Audna, deren mächtige Gegenwart die Wächter feſſelte, ging in den Kerker der Orkader und löſte ihre Bande. Durch die Befreiten ließ ſie dann Ragnhild in ihre Halle bringen. Dieſe wähnte: Audna komme, ihren Geliebten, Moddan, zu rächen. Wortlos folgte ſie in die Halle, die ſonſt der Sitz der Freundſchaft, der Liebe war.

Um Mitternacht nahm Audna wehmüthig Abſchied von der geliebten Höhle, wo ſie, begeiſtert, den Fragenden das Schickſal kündete, wo ſie Murdo zuerſt ſah, wo ſie in ſeliger Vergeſſenheit mit ihm auf ſchwellendem Lager von Moos ſaß und der Felſen ſie ſchied von der alltäglichen Welt, wo ſie Murdo's harrte mit liebender Sehnſucht, jauchzend in die Arme des Erſehnten ſtürzte, wo ſie betete für ihn, wenn er ging, trauerte um den fernen Geliebten, die kommende Seligkeit nachrechnete an dem Zünden der Kerzen für die einſame Nacht, wo ſelbſt heiliger Schwur die Treue für den Fremden beſiegelte, wo ſie Mutter wurde und Kind war, Gattin und Tochter, Seherin und Mädchen, Liebling der Menſchen und der Götter. Still und nachſinnend folgte ihr Hlodver, den Knaben auf den Armen, die Amme Audnas mit dem liebſten Schmucke, dann Ragnhild mit Hlodvers Begleitern, vor ihnen der alte, treue Gefährte Audnas. Dieſer hatte die Felſen-Stirnen und Hallen noch einmal geſchmückt. Ueberraſcht traten die Fliehenden in das Innere, von Fackeln überall erleuchtet. Die düſtern Flammen brachen ſich an den fallenden Tropfen, an den Wänden der Rieſengewölber, an den Gewölben über den Häuptern der Scheidenden. Langſamen Schrittes trat der Zug in die höchſte Wölbung des Felſen. Es war die Grotte des Rachegottes. Die Natur hatte hier dem Geſtein die Konturen einer mächtigen Rieſengeſtalt aufgedrückt und rohe unbeholfene Kunſt dieſe Andeutungen auszubilden geſtrebt. In dem mit Finſterniß bedeckten Boden wurzelte, ein Klumpen von Quarz, der vorſchreitende Fuß, auf ihm ruhte, als Körper des Mächtigen, ein gewaltiger Fels. Ueberhangende, tief herabreichende Granitadern bildeten die ſtarken Arme, ein von Gewäſſer zerriſſener Sienit ſtellte das Haupt dar, von dem die Schlangenhaare in graulichem Mooſe und langen Flechten-Gewächſen herabhingen über das ſchreckenerregende Geſicht. Als Augen flammten zwei dort befeſtigte lodernde Fackeln: ſie erleuchteten eine ſchwarze Felſenſpalte, in welche der weit geöffnete Mund auslief. Unwillkürlich barg Hlodver den Knaben vor der Geſtalt, um des Kindes geliebte Züge nicht vor die Augen des Schrecklichen zu bringen, denn leicht iſt es, dieſes Gottes Antlitz zu wenden auf das Haupt des Unſchuldigen. Audna ſank wieder vor dem Rieſenbilde, umfaßte den vorſchreitenden Felſen-Fuß des Schrecklichen und weihte ihm, was die Amme ihr reichen mußte, den liebſten Schmuck. Hinter ihr knieete der Druide und ſang in tiefen Mollakkorden Worte des Flehens. Im hinterſten Grunde athmeten die Uebrigen kaum, Entſetzen ſträubte ihr Haar; ſie ſchlichen bebend vorüber als der Alte aufſtand, Audna ſich erhob und dieſe den Zug weiter führte in die Halle der freundlichen Unſterblichen. Auch ſie flammte von ſtrahlenden Kerzen, doch leuchteten dieſe mild über den ſeligen Häuptern der Götter von den Sehern verſunkener Jahrhunderte in das Geſtein gehauen mit roher, frommer Hand. Rings in magiſchen Kreis geſtellt, umgaben ſie die Eintretenden in kunſtloſen Gebilden. Ihre Ahnen-Geſtalten ſahen herrſchend herab, doch nicht zürnend. Dem Gott ihrer Küſten gelobte Audna Wiederkehr, von den Gebieterinnen der Fluthen flehte ſie Schutz vor den Wellen für die Geliebten ihres Herzens, dem Gotte der verſchwiegenen Liebe brachte ſie die köſtlichſten Wohlgerüche und wandte ſich thränenvoll von ihm. Dann umfaßte ſie den Gatten, der mit ihr niedergeſunken war, und den Knaben, erhob ſich und ſchritt, die naſſen Blicke zurückgewendet, weiter, die langen Gänge fort. Dumpf hallten die Schritte der Folgenden an den Felſen wieder, wo ſich ſonſt ſelten ein menſchlicher Laut brach. Sie kamen an das Gewäſſer, ſie ſtiegen zum Theil in den ſchmalen Nachen. Die Felſen ſenkten ſich und ſpärlich blickte die einzige Leuchte hinab in die ſchmale Fluth, die ſchwarz dahin rauſchte wie der Strom der Unterwelt. Es war als ob es zum Tode ginge. Nur der Ruderſchlag des Druiden zeigte vom Daſeyn des Lebens in dieſem Gemache ewiger Finſterniß. Die Fahrenden verhüllten ſich vor Grauen; doch bald landeten ſie wieder, nach und nach ruderte der Alte, des Weges kundig, Alle hinüber: ſie wandelten wieder in Gängen, die, gleich denen jenſeits des Waſſers, von dem alten Prieſter erleuchtet waren. Endlich umfing ſie eine weite Halle, wo die Leuchten matt nur brannten vor einem hellen Strahle, der von oben herein brach aus der Fülle des göttlichen Tages. Eine weite Spalte ſendete dies Licht: es fiel auf einen einſamen Sitz. Hier ſollſt du mich wieder finden, Audna, rief der Greis, wenn du von Orkney kommſt, lebend oder todt. Hier harre ich deiner, denn ich will das Land meiner Väter nicht verlaſſen. Bleibe! ſprach Audna bewegt, bleibe in dem Lande meiner Kindheit, in der Halle meines Glücks. Sage meinem Vater: ich kehre wieder, erhalte Alles in der Höhle, daß ich die Stellen wieder finde, wo ich ſelig war. Das will ich, ſprach der Greis, du kehreſt wieder; Murdo, gib mir die Hand, fürchte die Götter. Hlodver reichte ihm ſtumm die Hand, hob tief bewegt Audnan in das Schiff, die Amme, Ragnhild und Hlodvers Begleiter folgten. Der Druide ſetzte ſich an den Ausgang der Höhle und ſang zu ſeinen Göttern für Audna. Lange noch hörten ſie die zitternde Stimme des Göttergeliebten Greiſes und als ſeine Töne ſich brachen an dem Murmeln der Wellen und bald nun Wolken und Felſen ihn verhüllten dem rückblickenden Auge, da warf ſich Audna an die Bruſt Hlodvers. Ihr Blick ſagte ihm: Dir opferte ich Alles, weil Du allein mir Alles biſt.

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*) Die Historia Islandica Niala erzählt uns, wie mächtig die Grafen der Orkaden damals waren. Selbſt Isländer traten unter ihre Garden. (Satellites purpurati) unter Andern Grim und Helge, Söhne des berühmten Nials.

Audna! rief es hinter ihr, ich tödtete den Geliebten nicht! Wo führſt du mich hin! Es war Ragnhild, die verhüllt gefolgt war, wohin man ſie leitete. Nach Orkney, antwortete der Graf, ſein Geſicht wendend. Wie! Du lebſt Hlodver! rufte verwundernd Ragnhild, und biſt Murdo! Sie ging auf Audna zu, umarmte ſie und ſprach: ſey glücklich, Schweſter! wie ich auf Orkney und ſeinem blutigen Thron. Freundlich löſten ſich nun die Irrthümer von allen Seiten, und günſtiger Wind brachte den Orkaden bald ihren Herrſcher mit Weib und Sohn.

Auch Ragnhilds Fuß berührte alſo dieſen Boden unfreiwillig wieder, wo ſie geherrſcht hatte, geliebt und zerſtört. Hlodver wollte ſie ſogleich nach Norwegen ſenden, doch Audna bat für ſie. Unter ihrem Schutze lebte Ragnhild einſam, denn ſcheu betrachteten die Orkneyer ſie und ihre Beſchäftigung, Weben, welche ſie trieb, den luftigen geiſtigen Schweſtern, den Walkyren gleich, die, nach der Skalden-Lehre, das Geſchick der Krieger flechten, wie Odin es will.

Audna und Hlodver lebten das Leben der Glücklichen, ſelig, doch kurz; denn Hlodver ſtarb mitten in der Beſchäftigung, ſeinen Inſulanern das Glück dauerhaften Friedens zu geben, ſie deſſen Früchte genießen zu lehren.

Der tiefſte Schmerz faßte Audna. Bald geſellte ſich ihm Sorge für den Knaben Sigurd, auf deſſen zartem Haupte die Grafen-Krone unſicher ruhte. Ein Schotte, Graf Finlicus, wollte des Herrſchers Jugend nützen und ſandte ihm einen Fehdebrief, doch Audnas großer Geiſt ruhte auf dem Jüngling von ſechzehn Jahren. Sie gab den Vaſallen auf Orkney die Güter wieder, die deren Vorfahren dem Torfeinar verpfändet hatten, unter der Bedingung: ihren Sohn gegen den Schotten-Grafen zu ſchirmen mit all ihrer Macht. Dies brachte Sigurd tauſend Arme ihn zu vertheidigen, und tauſend Herzen, die ihn liebten.

Ragnhild hatte in ihren einſamen Stunden für ihre verwittwete ſchweſterliche Freundin Audna eine Kriegs-Standarte gewoben. Ein großer ſchwarzer Rabe*) mit gebreiteten Schwingen in den Aether ſich erhebend, war darauf abgebildet. Audna nahm ſie, weihte ſie mit wunderbaren Bräuchen und überreichte ſie dem jungen Sigurd, mit den Worten: empfange dieſe Fahne, ihr folgen alle meine Wünſche, meine Sorgen, Ragnhild wob darin all ihre Kunſt. Sie wird, tödtlich Jedem, der ſie trägt, den zum Siege führen, für den ſie getragen wird; ſo ſagen mir es die Sterne, die, mächtiger als Gefahren, unſerm Schickſale gebieten. Muthig zog Sigurd nun in die Schlacht. Drei Jünglinge fielen, die das Panier trugen, ſo tödtlich war es, doch immer drängte ſich ein anderer herbei und hob es wieder hoch für Sigurd und brachte dieſem Sieg. Der gedrängte muthige Jüngling ward bald ſelbſt angreifender Theil, und war die Raben-Fahne bisher getragen worden im Kampfe für die Hausgötter, ſo wehte ſie nun bald auf fremden Küſten im Kriege der Eroberung, auf Sutherland, ſelbſt bis nach Argyle, denn der Jüngling Sigurd machte ſich furchtbar in den Gewäſſern der Nordſee. Doch auch immer fremder wurde er der Mutter, wenig blieb er auf Orkney und die Halle der Grafen ſtand beinah öde. Nur Audna und Ragnhild lebten dort ſchweſterlich dem Andenken der geliebten Brüder, und erſtere ſehnte ſich allgemach zurück nach der iriſchen Halle. Da kam ein Bote von dem vaterländiſchen Geſtade. Raſch trat ihm Audna entgegen, doch mit Entſetzen ſah ſie an ſeiner Rüſtung Zeichen der Trauer-Botſchaft. Der Druide ſandte ihn, und ließ ihr ſagen: ſie ſolle zurückkehren, ſich vom Grabe des Gatten zu dem des Vaters wenden. Kiawalla war todt. Noch in der Nacht ſagte ſie auf immer Abſchied von Ragnhild. Sie haßte Orkney, deſſen Herrſchaft ihr den Gatten, die Nähe des Vaters, die ſüße, ſtille Ruhe in der Heimath gekoſtet hatte; nichts wollte ſie mit ſich nehmen, als die Aſche ihres theuern Hlodvers. Sie that es im Stillen und beſtieg mit dieſen geliebten Ueberreſten das iriſche Fahrzeug.

Treu ſaß der alte Druide am Eingange der Höhle auf Irland. Das Licht ſeiner Augen war matt geworden, doch als er, — ſeit zwei Tagen lauſchend — das Fahrzeug in den Wellen daher rauſchen hörte und den Geſang des Ruderers, breitete er die kraftloſen Arme nach der Gegend, woher Audna ſegelte und ſang das Lied wieder, was dieſer einſt nachgeklungen hatte beim Abſchiede. Audna hatte vor unausſprechlicher Rührung keinen Ton der Freude. Sie ſah die Küſte ihrer Kindheit wieder, die ſie verlaſſen hatte im ſeligen Rauſche, doch was ſie liebte, war nun fern; der Gatte, dem ſie gefolgt war, eine Hand voll Aſche, die Amme todt auf den Orkneys, der Sohn im grimmigen Kriege, der Vater geſtorben ohne ſein Kind noch einmal zu ſehen. Nur den Führer ihrer Kindheit hatten die Götter ihr gelaſſen. Von der Zeit berührt, nicht zerſtört, fand ſie ihn, die faſt erblindeten Augen voll Thränen der Rührung, ſitzend auf dem Steine, wo er ihr gelobt hatte: hier findeſt du mich lebend oder todt. Sie warf ſich ſchluchzend in ſeine Arme, er drückte ſie feſt an ſich. Dein Vater glaubte dich in Walhalla zu finden an dem bebenden Throne Odins, ſprach er, er zürnte dir nicht. Habe Dank Ugan**), rief Audna, ich bringe Murdo mit. Verwundert erwiederte der Greis: lebt er! Die Sterne verkündeten mir ſeinen Tod. Da hielt Audna dem Greiſe die irdene Urne hin, die ſie trug, und dieſer, ſie faſſend, ſprach: laß uns die Aſche Hlodvers vereinen mit den Reſten Kiawalas. Führe uns, Moddan! Befremdet ſah Audna einen Unbekannten in Druiden-Tracht vor ſich, und Ugan erzählte: man habe Moddan an dem Tage ihrer Flucht ſcheintodt in ihre Höhle gebracht; er habe ihn zum Leben gerufen und zum Seher-Dienſt geweiht, um die Halle Audnas zu erhalten, wenn er ſtürbe und ihn zu begraben, wo er gelebt habe. Ugan reichte die Urne an Moddan, dieſer drückte ſie an ſich und ſagte traurig: ich war todt, drum mußteſt du von hier, Hlodver, ich lebte auf, um dich todt hier wieder zu umfangen. Wunderbares Geſchick. Mit geſenktem Haupt führte er den kleinen Zug, Audna leitete den Greis, der Bote ſchlich hinterdrein. Auch jetzt erhellten einzelne Fackeln die düſtere Höhle. Die Zeit war vorwärt geſchritten auf der Erdfläche, innerhalb des Felſens ſtand noch Alles, wie es war, ſo lange Audna denken konnte. Sie erreichten das ſchwärzliche, rauſchende Gewäſſer. Derſelbe Kahn trug ſie hinüber, wo die alten bekannten Geſteine die lang Entbehrte begrüßten. Da traten ſie zu der hohen Halle der Götter-Gebilde. Ein blaſſer Geiſter-Tag lag in dieſer Halle und nur von den Häuptern der Unſterblichen floſſen die ewigen Schimmer und goſſen Glanz auf die Stirnen der Seherin und der Druiden. Nieder warf ſich Audna, ehrerbietig grüßend die Schutz-Gebilde der vaterländiſchen Inſeln. Vor allen opferte ſie dem Forſete, der jenſeits die Schatten verſöhnt, die ſich auf Erden nicht liebten. Gerüſtet erhob ſie ſich und ſchritt aus der Wölbung weiter mit halbgewandtem Geſichte die Grotte des Rache-Gottes hindurch. Hier lag zu dem Fuße des Fürchterlichen das Opfer, was ſie ihm einſt gebracht hatte, unberührt. Sie erkannte im Leuchten der Edelſteine den Schmuck wieder, der einſt um den Hals von Schnee ſich ſchmiegte und auch verachtet von dem, dem er geweiht war, hell ſtrahlte an dem dunkelgrauen Geſteine. Du verſchmähteſt meine Gabe, du hörteſt mein Flehen nicht, Unerbittlicher! ſchluchzte Audna, ich trage den Staub mit mir, deſſen blühendes Leben du den Flammen gabſt dafür, daß ich mit ihm ging von den Göttern meiner Inſel. Nun bringe ich ihn zurück, auf immer. Komm! rief Ugan, komm, zu der Aſche deines Vaters. Da ſtanden ſie am Todtenhügel des Königs, errichtet in der Höhle, neben den Hügeln ſeiner Ahnen. Locker lag das graue Geſtein um den irdenen Aſchenkrug. Audna und die Druiden warfen die Felſenſtücke auseinander, die ſie noch nicht verbunden hatten zu einer freundlichen Decke voll Grüns. Da blickte die einfache Urne traurig hervor, immer mehr enthüllte ſich der Name: Kiamalla, der einſt mächtig gerufen hatte in der Schlacht und nun ſtill ſprach zu der gebeugten Tochter. Sie küßte ihn, lang hielt ſie ſprachlos den Aſchenkrug umfaßt, dann nahm ſie die Urne voll des Staubes von Hlodvers geliebter Hülle, ſtellte ſie friedlich zu der des Vaters, umwand die Todtenkrüge mit den goldenen Ketten, die der Gott als Opfer verſchmäht hatte und verband die im Tode, ſo ſich unerkannt nah ſtanden im Leben und doch ſo fern geblieben waren in der Feindſchaft der Väter. Unter Todten-Geſängen warf ſie dann das rollende Geſtein wieder über den friedlichen Staub, immer weniger blickten die theuren Urnen hervor, bald verborgen ſie ſich ganz und hoch thürmte die Liebe und Treue den heiligen Hügel.

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*) Reafan, hieß eine ſolche Fahne.

**) Name des Druiden, bedeutet auf erſiſch: Fels-Geſtade. In letzterm wohnten die Seher gewöhnlich.

Dann erſt begrüßte Audna die Stellen ihres jugendlichen Glückes, dann erſt hüllte ſie ſich in das Seherin-Gewand und zeigte ſich dem erſtaunten Volke, das ſie aus den Wolken zurückgekehrt wähnte, jubelnd ſich herandrängte und laut ſie erkannte als prophetiſche Herrſcherin. Jetzt hatte ſie alles Irdiſche abgeſtreift, lebte jetzt ganz den heiligen Gebräuchen, ihrem Schmerze, der Erinnerung und den Sternen.

Frohlockend wallte das Volk aufs Neue zu ihrem Sitze, ihm war ſie, eine lang erſehnte, ſchmerzlich vermißte Erſcheinung, und bald verließ ſie ihre Halle nicht mehr, die ihre ſüßeſten Freuden geſehen hatte, wie ſie jetzt Zeuge war des nie endenden Schmerzes an dem Doppel-Grabe ihres Vaters, ihres Gatten. Der einzige Sohn ihrer Liebe, der ihres Daſeins Freude hätte werden können, verlebte ſein ruhmvoll begonnenes Leben in ewigen Fehden. Sie hörte nur von ihm, wenn ſeine Boten kamen, ſie zu fragen über den Ausgang ſeiner Unternehmungen. Tyr*) wollte ihm wohl, er hörte damals noch der Stimme der Mutter und ſo blieb ihm der Sieg treu. Doch bald ward er übermüthig, achtete die Götter nicht mehr wie ſonſt, und dieſe ahndeten den Frevel nur zu bald. Ragnhild war auch hier das Werkzeug, deſſen ſie ſich bedienten zu des Trotzigen Fall.

Als Audna Orkney verlaſſen hatte, ſchützte des Liotus unglückliche Witwe Niemand mehr. Die Orkader ſcheuten ſie und ſagten ihr den Schutz auf. Ragnhild flüchtete nach Norwegen und das wilde Geheul des Frohlockens der rohen Menge war ihr Lebewohl, als das Schiff von der Inſel ſtieß. Es zerriß ihr das Herz nicht, was groß geſchlagen hatte unter dem tiefſten Schmerz. Nicht ihr Wille, nicht ein ſchuldbeflecktes Leben hatte das Unglück an ihre Schritte gebannt. Ein mächtigeres Geſchick war es, was der rohe Haufe nie erkennt, der Edle trägt mit dem Stolze der Unſchuld. Nur eines war ihr heilig auf Orkney, Liotus Aſche, und als man ihr dieſe weigerte, wandelte ſie thränenlos dem Strande zu, beſtieg, die beleidigten Götter anrufend, das Schiff und fuhr ihrem Vaterlande zu mit der Ruhe, die uns ergreift, wenn wir ſchuldlos Alles verloren und darum nichts mehr zu verlieren haben.

Durch ſie erhielt Olaf, König von Norwegen, Kunde von der Macht der orkadiſchen Grafen. Olaf predigte damals dem Norden das Kreuz mit Feuer und Schwert. Was St. Servan nicht gelungen war auf Orkney, das wollte er vollbringen. Mit mächtiger Flotte ging er an die Ufer der Orkaden, und lud Sigurd, unter dem Vorgeben: zu gemeinſchaftlicher Kriegs-Unternehmung ein Bündniß zu ſchließen, auf die norwegiſchen Schiffe. Sigurd kam mit großem Gefolge, und Olaf, ſelbſt das Schwert auf ihn zückend, ließ ihm nur die Wahl zwiſchen augenblicklichem Tode oder Aenderung des Glaubens. Sigurd mußte das Kreuz nehmen mit ſeinem ganzen Volke. Die Prieſter flohen auf die Berge, Alles lag unter dem Schrecken gefangen. Olaf behielt Geiſeln. Doch als dieſe umgekommen, als die Norweger heim gekehrt waren, kehrten auch die alten Prieſter zurück in die Ebenen und mit ihnen die alten Götter.

Von Norwegen aus fürchtete Sigurd jetzt nichts; raſten konnte er nicht, ſo ging er nach Irland, Theil zu nehmen an einem Kriege, der zwiſchen mehrern kleinen Königen auszubrechen drohte.

Audna hatte ihn warnen laſſen, denn die Nornen*) waren ihr erſchienen und Skuld**) hatte ihr vertraut: Alfadur***) zürne ihrem Sohne, daß er die fremde Lehre des Norwegers vorgezogen einem rühmlichen Tode und habe den Walkyren†) Befehl gegeben, zu weben das Gewebe des Todes für Sigurds nächſte Schlacht.

Sie ſah im Geiſte den Letzten des Stammes ihres Gemahls, ihren Einzigen ſinken, ſie konnte ſein Leben nicht wünſchen bei ſeinem Abfall und ſo war ihr der letzte Schimmer ihres einſt glänzenden Glücks untergegangen.

Sie fürchtete Sigurd zu ſehen, ſie ſehnte ſich ihn zu umarmen, es grauſte ihr vor dem Todtgeweihten, doch warnen mußte das Mutterherz, wahr ſprechen die Seherin. Als ſie einſt daſtand im Glanze ihrer Halle, um den Fragenden das dunkle Geſchick zu deuten, trat ein Fremder ein in orkadiſchen Farben. Es war Hlodvers Geſtalt, doch anſtatt der milden Bläue der Augen blitzten zwei Flammen, drohend war ſein Gang, ſtolz ſeine Haltung. Sigurd war es, der zu der Halle kam, die ihn gebahr. Kaum konnte Audna ſich halten, ſchnell gebot ſie den Fragenden, ſich zu entfernen, dann eilte ſie dem Sohne in die Arme. Vor Allem fragte ſie nach dem fremden Glauben, ſcheu und leiſe, als ob die Gebilde der innern Halle es nicht hören ſollten, und erſt als ſie vernahm, daß Sigurd wieder an den alten Göttern hange, zog ſie ihn zu dem Todtenhügel ſeines und ihres Vaters. Bei der vereinigten Aſche Beider bat ſie den Sohn: in keine Schlacht zu gehen, bevor die Götter verſöhnt ſeyen; ſie erzählte ihm ihr Geſicht, ſie beſchwor ihn. Was iſt ein Herrſcher ohne Heer, antwortete er, ein Heer ohne Schlacht! In meinem Herzen entſagte ich dem Glauben der Väter nie, ich lebte, um mich zu rächen; erſt ziehe ich gegen Brian, König von Dublin, dann gegen Olaf. Kommen die Walkyren zu tödten, ſo kommen ſie auch, mich nach Walhalla zu geleiten, zu dem bebenden Throne††) Odins, ich werde dann bei meinen Vätern ehrenvoll ſitzen. Auch ſchützt mich mein Reafan, den du mir gabſt und Ragnhild wob. Umſonſt blieb ſo die Bitte der Mutter. Sein bisheriges Glück, Kriegsluſt und große Verſprechungen des Königs Sertrobards lockten Sigurd. Dieſer König zog um der ſchönen Kormlod†††) willen gegen Brian und gelobte Sigurd, dann wiederum mit ihm gegen Olaf zu kriegen. Der Reiz war zu mächtig. Er riß ſich aus den Armen der Mutter und brauchte nur die Vorſicht: ſeinen liebſten Freund Harcus zurück nach den Orkaden zu ſenden, um Hülfe zu bringen, wenn er Botſchaft ſende. Feierlich mußte er Harcus verſprechen: dieſer ſolle der erſte ſeyn, der Nachricht erhalte vom Ausgange der Schlacht.

So kehrte Harcus zu den Orkaden, Sigurd zog gegen Brian, Audna hüllte ſich in Trauer und verſuchte es, Odin zu bewegen durch doppelte Opfer. Sie wußte als Seherin, daß der Sohn nimmer wiederkehre, doch die Liebe der Mutter widerſprach und flehte laut. Ugan konnte ſie nicht mehr tröſten. Sterbend drückte er eben ihre Hand an ſeine matt ſchlagende Bruſt. Dann ſprach er langſam: ich werde den kalten Erdenhügel nicht ſehen, der ſich zwiſchen das Herz der Mutter und des Sohnes legt. Mein Auge hüllt ſich ein, folge wie bald dorthin, wo auch dein Auge ſich ſchließt vor allen Thränen, wo lichte Gewölke den Kummer bedecken, und die Sterne den ewigen Tag umkränzen im ſtrahlenden Glanze. Schlafe du wohl und wenn ich ſchlafe, gehe zu Darradus. — Er verſchied ſanft. Seine Seele war ſchon bei den Seligen, noch wie er lebte. Alles ſtirbt, ſagte Audna voll Schmerz, und legte mit Moddan den Leichnam auf den heiligen Holzſtoß. Herrlich ſtieg die Flamme zum Aether: rein, wie Ugans Daſeyn war. Einen Hügel häufte Audna am Ausgang der Höhle, wo das Tageslicht durch die Spalten der Felſen fiel und wo er ſtets gern im Leben geweilt hatte. Dann ging ſie zu ſeinem Freunde Darradus, wie er gewollt hatte.

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*) Gott der Stärke, Kühnheit und Unerſchrockenheit; den Kriegern hold, doch verſchieden vom Gott des Krieges.

*) Schickſals-Göttinnen.

**) Die jüngſte derſelben (Zukunft).

***) Der höchſte Gott, Vater Odins.

†) Sie führten die dem Tode Beſtimmten und tapfer Gefallenen nach Walhalla. Ihre Zahl findet ſich bald auf 3, bald auf 12. 14 und ſogar auf 24 angegeben. Sie waren ſehr reizend, mit Schwanenfedern geſchmückt, bewaffnet. Ihr Name kommt von Valer, tödten in der Schlacht, und Kyria (küren) wählen.

††) Die Skandinavier nannten ihn Hlidskialf.

†††) Der isländiſche Dichter Thorgils-Orraſkald erwähnt ihrer.

Entfernt trat dieſer aus ſeiner Felſen-Halle ihr entgegen, nahm ſie ſchweigend bei der Hand und führte ſie zu einem Berge. Durch einen ungeheuren Riß deſſelben erblickten ſie im Innern einer nach der andern Seite ſich öffnenden Höhle die ſchrecklichen zwölf Jungfrauen. Webend ſangen ſie. Es waren die Schweſtern, die Odin geſendet hatte, um die Todes-Opfer der Schlacht zu erkieſen, die Sigurd eben ſchlagen wollte. Der Sturm raſte in dieſen Höhlen. Audna hörte Geklirr der Helme, Pfeile, Lanzen und Schwerter und mitten durch den fürchterlichen Geſang, der da verkündete, was ſie einwoben in das Schickſals-Geflechte. Tradition und Geſchichte*) haben ihn aufbehalten.

In unendlicher Ferne
Von erblaſſenden Sternen
Ziehen wir fürder mit gewaltiger Macht,
Wo Tag durch Wolken von Pfeilen wird Nacht.

Hier rüſtet den Webſtuhl des Schickſals in Eile,
Wo die Windsbraut toſet, die Sonne erbleicht,
In den Lüften raſſelt ſo fürchterlich
Der eiſerne Hagel todbringender Pfeile.
Hier trinken den blutigen Regen die Haiden.
Auf, Schweſtern! den Webſtuhl der Schlacht zu bereiten.

Herbei durch die Lüfte
Ihr Geſpielen der Grüfte!
Dort treffen ſich Helden in eiſerner Schlacht
Und wen wir erwählen, verſinket in Nacht.

Wir ſpannen, gemeſſen, auf blinkende Lanzen
Die dämmernden Fäden, wir wirken, wir weben
Der Krieger Verhängniß, im Tode, im Leben,
Indeß ſie den klingenden Waffentanz tanzen.
Heut weben wir Tod auf blutigen Pfaden
Dir Sigurd, Verderben dem Land der Orkaden.

Es wächſt Gewebe, bei Zaubergeſängen
Aus Eingeweiden von Menſchen gemacht,
Die blut'gen Gewichte, die bebend dran hängen,
Sind zuckende Häupter vom Schlachtfeld gebracht.

Durch Fäden von Lanzen fahr hin, fahr zurücke
Du Schiffchen aus Dolchen mit Herzblut getränket;
Die zitternden eine, zum Tode geſenket,
Halt mächtig zuſammen das düſt're Geſtricke,
Du Schwert, was Könige vor tauſend Jahren,
In Schlachten trugen, eh' unſer ſie waren.

Komm Hildur, komm Schwipul,
Sangrid und Hörthrimul!
Jungfräuliche Schweſtern, mit furchtbaren Händen.
Des Todes Zauber-Gewebe zu enden.

Horch! doch durch die Lüfte ſie kommen geflogen,
Es ſplittern die Lanzen, die Helme erklingen,
Die Schilde ertönen, die Panzer zerſpringen.
Die Pfeile fliegen tödtend vom Bogen,
Sobald die Sonne blutroth verſinkt
Und Odin gebietend aus Wolken uns winkt.

Mit höh'rer Gewalt dem ſinkenden Feinde,
Der Unſrigen Schwerter durchbohren den Schild;
Wir aber ſchirmen auf Irlands Gefild
Vor tödtlichen Lanzen des Göttlichen Freunde.

Und webend das düſt're Gewebe des Krieges,
Schwingen wir raſch die Flügel zur Haide,
Dorthin in's Getümmel, den Freunden zur Seite,
Und flechten und bringen die Krone des Sieges.
Den Todten öffnen wir goldene Hallen,
Wenn tapfer ſie kämpfen, wenn tapfer ſie fallen.

Auf des Geſchickes Pfade weiter zu ſchreiten
Müſſen wir fort und rufen euch laut
Gondula, Gunnur! die Schilde zu breiten
Ueber den König, euch ſey er vertraut.

Es wächſet furchtbar das Gewebe der Schlacht.
Doch können wir tödten, wir können auch wehren.
Der König muß leben, trotz allen Gefahren.
Wir führen die Zügel des Kampfes, der Macht.
Die tapferen Fremden, gekommen zum Streite,
Nie kehren ſie heim, ihr Grab ſey die Haide.

Es küſſen den Staub, dem Aar eine Beute,
Furchtloſe Helden im Gewande von Stahl.
Doch größer noch fällt dem Tode wohl heute
Der feindliche Führer nach Odins Wahl.

Das Feld iſt geröthet. Und Eirin berührt
Und Orkney nun bald unendliche Schmerzen:
Verlöſchen ihres Ruhms hellleuchtende Kerzen.
Zerſtreut ſind die Heere, und der ſie geführet,
Er wird mit all' ſeinen Helden erſchlagen.
Den Tag wird Orkney auf immer beklagen.

Auf zertretener Haide ruht blutiger Schrecken,
Sein Widerſchein röthet der Wolken Gebild;
Die leuchtende Sonne muß Dunkel bedecken
Daß unſer prophetiſches Wort ſich erfüllt. —

Nun iſt das Schlachten-Gewebe gewoben. —
Jetzt raſtet, Schweſtern! das Werk ſey vollbracht.
Die unten verſunken in düſtere Nacht
Laßt tragen uns zu den Hallen dort oben;
Heil ſingen dem Sieger mit jubelnden Tönen,
Triumph dem König, dem jugendlich Schönen.

Ihr aber, die ihr lauſchtet den Geiſter-Geſängen,
Und ſaht das Gewebe von höherer Hand,
Ihr ſollt das Lied mit goldenen Klängen
Tragen in des Sanges ewiges Land.

Denn wir, wir zerreißen, was blutig gewoben,
Und müſſen vollbringen in nächtlicher Schlacht
Was hier wir, wirkend, im Zauber gemacht;
Sind bald in der Lüfte Bahnen zerſtoben.
Auf! Jede beſteige ihr rabenſchwarz Pferd
Und ſchwinge zum Tödten das blitzende Schwert.

Während des Sanges blickten die Schweſtern ſeitwärts nach den Lauſchenden, und als ſie geendet hatten, zerriſſen ſie mit fürchterlichen Tönen das entſetzliche Gewebe in Stücke. Jede von ihnen nahm ihren Theil, ſchwang ſich auf ihr luftiges Roß, hin nach der Schlacht zu, um dort die Fäden des Geſchickes zu entwirren, von ihnen gewoben mit unaufhaltbarem Arm.

Audna war tief erſchüttert. Dem Tode des Sohnes galt das Gewebe. Ohne Laut wandte ſie ſich von Darradus, in Schmerz verſunken erreichte ſie ihre Halle, die ſie ſchloß vor der Menge der Fragenden. Am dritten Tage ſah ſie in dem geſenkten Blicke Moddans die Beſtätigung deſſen, was ſie aus dem Munde der Walkyren ſchon wußte. Sie zwang ihn zu erzählen.

Anfangs hatte Sigur die Dubliner vor ſich her getrieben, wo er ſie fand; doch das war nur verſteckter Rückzug des Königs Brian, denn bei Clontarf ſtieß das vereinigte Heer auf die Stärke des Feindes und auf allen Bergen rings um ſie her regte es ſich auf einmal von Kriegern Brians. Sigurd und ſeine Verbündeten waren umringt. Er ſammelte ſeine Krieger, zeigte ihnen ſelbſt rings die Feinde und ihre Stärke, rief ihnen zurück was ſie gethan, entflammte ihren Muth, und ließ das Panier ſeiner Siege ihnen vortragen, was ihm ſtets zum Ruhme vorangegangen war. Er verſicherte ihnen: das Glück ſey an dieſe Standarte gefeſſelt, ſo lange ſie wehe. Er ſelbſt wählte ſich den ſtärkſten feindlichen Punkt, und ſo wie die Mitternacht ſich herabgeſenkt hatte mit ihrem Grauen, begann die Schlacht, anfangs mit ſtillem Mord, dann mit lautem Geheul und unter dem Geſange der Barden.

Wo Sigurd kämpfte, wich Alles vor ihm, doch nicht alle Verbündeten ſtritten wie die Orkader und die Dunkelheit hatte verhindert zu ſehen, daß jenes Panier, welches ſtets den Träger bald nach Walhalla ſendete, geſunken war. Das Glück wendete ſich. Die Tapferkeit der Schaaren Sigurds ward erdrückt in der Menge der von allen Seiten eindringenden Feinde. Zu ſpät vermißte er ſeine Fahne, ſie wehte doch in den Reihen der Dubliner, als der Tag dämmernd hereinbrach. Von ihrem Beſitz hing Leben und Schickſal ab. Er ſammelte noch einmal die Beſten, die um ihn kämpften, und was er zuſammenraffen konnte für den entſcheidenden Moment. Mit der letzten Kraft ſtürzten ſich die Orkader nach dem Haufen, wo tief in der Mitte der Feinde der ſchwarze Vogel Ragnhild wehte. Die Barden ſangen den Geſang des Todes und ermunterten, ſelbſt kämpfend, zu Eroberung des Zauber-Paniers. Der Verzweiflung mußte weichen, ſterben, was ſich entgegen warf. Wunder der Tapferkeit verrichteten die orkadiſchen Satelliten, vor allen die Isländer Helge und Karius, der einen Speer, auf den Grafen gerichtet, im Fluge auffing und ihn, Tod bringend, auf ſeinen Beſitzer Hundius zurückſchleuderte. Sigurd ſelbſt war der Erſte, der die heilige Fahne erreichte. Seine Rechte hieb den Fahnenträger nieder, er faßte mit der Linken die ſinkende tödtliche Fahne, doch in dem Augenblicke durchſtieß auch König Brian mit ſeinem Speer die tapfere Bruſt Sigurds. Er ſank und mit ihm die Fahne, die ihn deckte. Ihm folgten die Barden und Tapferſten in den Tod, auch der König, ſein Verbündeter, blieb, und nur Wenige erreichten die Stadt Kirwalls.

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*) Der Däniſche Geſchichtſchreiber Torfeus gibt ihn zum Theil in der Urſprache und lateiniſch.

So war ich beſtimmt die letzte meines Stammes zu ſeyn! rief Autna, winkte Moddan zu gehen und verhüllte ſich tief in ihr weites Gewand. Er ging, und ehe die Sonne des andern Tages die Gipfel der Felſen erhellte, weckte ihn die Ankunft einer Menge Orkaden, die Sigurd zu Hülfe ziehen wollten.

Dieſer hatte ſeinem Waffengenoſſen Harcus Wort gehalten, denn als die Schlacht bei Clontarf auf Irland geſchlagen wurde, erblickte Harcus auf Orkney ſeinen Grafen an der Spitze eines Haufens abwärts ſeiner Wohnung geritten kommen. Schnell rief Harcus nach ſeinem Pferde, um zu Sigurd zu ſtoßen, ſaß auf in Haſt und die er gerufen hatte, ihn zu begleiten, ſahen ihn und den Grafen reiten, zuſammen ſtoßen, ſich umarmen, trennen, wieder vereinen, bis der ganze Trupp vor den Augen der Angehörigen des Harcus einen Berg hinaufſprengte und in den Lüften zerrann, daß keine Spur ſich fand von Sigurd und Harcus und ihren Gefährten und Roſſen.

Das verbreitete tödtliches Schrecken auf den Orkaden' Verſtärkung ging auf der Stelle ab nach Irland und die Führer derſelben traten eben in die Halle Autnas, um nach Nachrichten von Sigurd zu fragen. Moddan erzählte auch ihnen die Niederlage des verbündeten Heeres, den Tod des Grafen. Die Orkaden wollten jetzt wenigſtens Autnan fragen: ob ſie zurück kehren ſollten? und hießen Moddan, ſie vorzuführen. Doch dieſer fand das Lager ſeiner Herrin leer; ihm ahnete das Schlimmſte. Er rief den Orkaden, ſie zündeten Fackeln an und ſuchten nach der Seherin. Vergebens ſetzten ſie über das Gewäſſer, vergebens drangen ſie an das Ende der Höhle. Sie mußten ſich wenden. Als ſie zurück fuhren über den dunkeln Strom, löſchte ein leichter Luftzug, rauſchend wie Gewand, ihre Leuchten. Eiskalter Schrecken überfiel ſie und das Ruder entſank ihren Händen, als ſie jenſeits des Waſſers Autnan ſtehen ſahen. Ihr weißes, ſchneeiges Gewand theilte glänzend die tiefe Finſterniß, ihre Augen ſtrahlten mild, das weiße ſtille Angeſicht ſah freundlich über die dunkeln Wellen auf die entſetzten Geſtalten, zu ſich winkte langſam die bleiche rechte Hand, in der Linken hielt ſie eine Fackel, abwärts geſenkt, doch leuchtend. Als ſie wieder und immer wieder winkte, ging der Kahn, ruderlos, langſam von den Wellen getragen, vorwärts. Endlich faßte Moddan Muth. Er zuerſt ſtieg aus dem Fahrzeug, dann die Gefährten. Lautlos ſchlichen ſie der Lichtgeſtalt nach, die ſie kundig den langen Weg führte durch alle die Hallen und Gänge. Die Grabgeſtalt nahm die Richtung nach dem Grabe zu, was die Urnen Kirwallas und Gletvers vereinte. Als ſie dies erreicht hatte, entfiel ihrer Hand die leitende Fackel, ſie aber zerfloß in lichten Aether, die Leuchte noch verdunkelnd im Entſchweben.

Matt glomm die Fackel auf dem Hügel. Bald erloſch auch ſie. Niemals kehrte Autna wieder. Sie war zu den Ihren gegangen, ſpurlos. Am Hügel des Geliebten endete ihr Pfad, denn die ſchöne Ewigkeit ziehet alles Theure nach in ihren Aether, von Sternen berühret.

Salomon Geßner

ward am 1 April 1730 in Zürich geboren, wo ſein Vater als Mitglied des großen Rathes und Begründer der Geßnerſchen Buchhandlung lebte. Da er als Knabe hinter allen ſeinen Mitſchülern zurück blieb, ſo ward er einem benachbarten Landprediger zur Erziehung übergeben. Bei der vortrefflichen Behandlung dieſes wackeren Mannes, entwickelten ſich ſeine glücklichen Fähigkeiten ſehr ſchnell und erregten das Erſtaunen Aller die ihn früher gekannt hatten. Nachdem er das gehörige Alter erreicht hatte, ſandte ihn ſein Vater nach Berlin, um dort die Buchhandlung zu erlernen; er zeigte jedoch einen entſchiedenen Widerwillen gegen dieſen Stand und beſchäftigte ſich ſo ausſchließlich mit Malerei und Poeſie, daß ſeine Eltern ihm endlich geſtatteten, ganz ſeiner Neigung zu leben. Er kehrte nach längerem Aufenthalt in Berlin und Hamburg in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, ward daſelbſt Mitglied des großen Rathes und lebte hochgeachtet als Maler, Dichter, Kupferſtecher und Buchhändler bis an ſeinen am 2 März 1787 durch einen Schlagfluß bewirkten Tod.

Von ihm erſchien:

Schriften. — Zürich, 1762. 4 Thle. — 1772. 5 Thle. — 1774. 5 Thle. — 1777. 2 Bde in 4. — 1782. 5 Thle. 1788. 2 Thle. 1789, 1795, 1801, 1810, 1818. 3 Thle. — Dieſelben enthalten:

Der Tod Abels in fünf Geſängen. — Der erſte Schiffer, in 2 Geſ. — Daphnis, in 3 Büchern. — Evander und Alcimna, ein Schäferſpiel. — Eraſt. — Ein Gemälde aus der Sündfluth. — Der Wunſch. — Die Nacht. — Die Gegend im Graſe. — Der Frühling. — Idyllen. — Vermiſchte Gedichte. — Brief über die Landſchaftsmalerei. —

Geßner iſt einer der wenigen deutſchen Dichter, welche die Idylle mit Erfolg behandelten. Der Beifall, den er zu ſeiner Zeit, im Auslande verhältnißmäßig noch ſtärker als in ſeinem Vaterlande, fand, war überaus groß, und konnte unmöglich von Dauer ſeyn. Jetzt wird er bei uns kaum noch geleſen und viele Kunſtrichter unſerer Zeit haben ſich entſchieden gegen ihn ausgeſprochen und betrachten ſein Streben als ein gänzlich verfehltes. — Das Richtige liegt, wie immer, in der Mitte. Er war kein großer Dichter, aber er beſaß ein angenehmes Talent der Nachbildung und würde in ſeinen Hirtenpoeſieen weit mehr erreicht haben, wenn er eine tüchtige Wirklichkeit mit poetiſchem Sinn und Blick reproducirt hätte, ſtatt eine ideale Unſchuldswelt zu erfinden, der es an Kraft und Gehalt mangelte und die durch ihre beſtändige Zartheit und Feinheit auch den empfindendſten Leſer zuletzt ermüden mußten. Es iſt zu viel Oberflächlichkeit, zuviel Spielend und zu wenig Mark in ſeinen Geſtaltungen, obgleich er auf der anderen Seite Alles geleiſtet hat, was ſich in dieſer von ihm neu geſchaffenen aber höchſt beſchränkten Gattung nur erdenklicherweiſe hervorbringen ließ. — Seine Sprache iſt dem Inhalte ſeiner Leiſtungen angemeſſen, zart und elegant, aber beides Letztere zu ſehr, um nachhaltig wirken zu können. Man kann mit Recht jenen geiſtreichen franzöſiſchen Ausſpruch auf ihn anwenden: Il est grand dans son genre, mais son genre est infiniment petit. —

Lycas,

oder

die Erfindung der Gärten.

Jetzt ſchließt uns der ſtürmende Winter ins Zimmer, und Wirbelwinde durchwühlen den ſilbernen Regen der Flocken. Jetzt ſoll mir die Einbildungskraft den Schatz von Bildern ſchönen, den ſie in dem blumigen Lenz und in dem ſchwülen Sommer und in dem bunten Herbſt ſich geſammelt; aus ihnen will ich jetzt die ſchönſten wählen, und für dich, ſchöne Daphne! in Gedichte ſie ordnen. So wählt ein Hirt ſeinem Mädchen zum Kranze nur die ſchönſten Blumen. O daß es dir gefalle! wenn meine Muſe dir ſingt, wie in der Jugend der Tage ein Hirt der Gärten Kunſt erfand.

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*) Aus: S. Geßners Schriften. Zürich 1762.

Das iſt der Ort, ſprach Lycas, der ſchöne Hirt; hier unter dieſem Ulmbaum iſt's, wo geſtern, als die Sonne wich, die ſchöne Chloe mir die erſten Küſſe gab; hier ſtundeſt du und ſeufzteſt, als meine zitternden Arme dich umſchlangen, als meine ſtockende Stimme meine Liebe dir ſagte, und mein pochendes Herz und meine Thränen im Auge. O da, Chloe! da entſank dein Hirtenſtab der zitternden Hand; da ſankſt du an meine bebende Bruſt. Lycas! ſo ſtammelteſt du, o Lycas! ich liebe dich! Ihr ſtillen Büſche, ihr einſamen Quellen ſeyd Zeugen, euch hab' ich meine Liebe geklagt; und ihr, ihr Blumen, ihr trunket meine Thränen wie Thau!

O Chloe! wie bin ich entzückt! Welch unausſprechliches Glück iſt die Liebe! Hier dieſer Ort ſey der Liebe geheiligt! Ich will um die Ulme her Roſenſtauden pflanzen, und die ſchlanke Waldwinde ſoll ſich an ihrem Stamm hoch hinaufſchlingen, mit den weißen zurückgeſtreiften Blumen geſchmückt. Ich will hieher den ganzen Frühling ſammeln; die ſchöne Gartroſe will ich hier bei der Ulme pflanzen. Ich will auf die Wieſen und auf die Hügel gehen, und will ihnen die blumigen Pflanzen rauben; die Viole und die Nelke, und die blaue Glockenblume, und die braune Scabioſe, alles, alles will ich ſammeln; dann ſoll es ſeyn wie ein Hain voll Gerüche; und dann will ich um den Blumenhain her die nahe Quelle leiten, daß er zur kleinen Inſel wird; und rings umher will ich einen Zaun von Dorngebüſchen und von wilden Roſen pflanzen, daß die Ziegen und die Schaafe die Blumen nicht verwüſten. O dann kommet, ihr, die ihr der Liebe lebt, ſeufzende Turteltauben! kommt dann im Wipfel der Ulme zu klagen; und ihr, ihr Sperlinge! verfolgt euch durchs Roſengebüſch, und ſingt von wiegenden Aeſten; und ihr, ihr bunten Schmetterlinge! haſchet euch im Blumenhain, und paart euch auf wankenden Lilien.

Dann ſagt der Hirt, der vorübergeht, wenn ihm die Zephire die Gerüche weit her entgegentragen: Welcher Gottheit iſt dieſer Ort heilig? Gehört er der Venus, oder hat ihn Diana ſo ſchön geſchmückt, um müde von der Jagd hier zu ſchlummern!

Palemon.

Wie lieblich glänzt das Morgenroth durch die Haſelſtaude und die wilden Roſen am Fenſter! Wie froh ſinget die Schwalbe auf dem Balken unter meinem Dach, und die kleine Lerche in der hohen Luft! Alles iſt munter, und jede Pflanze hat ſich im Thau verjüngt. Auch ich, auch ich ſcheine verjünget; mein Stab ſoll mich Greis vor die Schwelle meiner Hütte führen: da will ich mich der kommenden Sonne gegenüber ſetzen, und über die grünen Wieſen hinſehn. O wie ſchön iſt alles um mich her! Alles, was ich höre, ſind Stimmen der Freude und des Danks. Die Vögel in der Luft und der Hirt auf dem Felde ſingen ihr Entzücken; auch die Heerden brüllen ihre Freude von den grasreichen Hügeln und aus dem durchwäſſerten Thal. O wie lang, wie lang, ihr Götter! ſoll ich noch eurer Gütigkeit Zeuge ſeyn! Neunzigmal hab' ich jetzt den Wechſel der Jahrszeiten geſehn; und wann ich zurückdenke, von jetzt bis zur Stunde meiner Geburt — eine weite liebliche Ausſicht, die ſich am Ende, mir unüberſehbar in dämmernder Luft verliert — o wie wallet dann mein Herz auf! Iſt das Entzücken, das meine Zunge nicht ſtammeln kann — ſind meine Freudenthränen, ihr Götter! nicht ein zu ſchwacher Dank! Ach! fließet, ihr Thränen! fließet die Wangen herunter! Wenn ich zurückſehe, dann iſt's, als hätt' ich nur einen langen Frühling gelebt; und meine trüben Stunden waren kurze Gewitter; ſie erfriſchten die Felder, und belebten die Pflanzen. Nie haben ſchädliche Seuchen unſere Heerden gemindert; nie hat ein Unfall unſere Bäume verletzt, und bei dieſer Hütte hat nie ein langwierig Unglück geruhet. Entzückt ſah' ich in die Zukunft hinaus, wenn meine Kinder lächelnd auf meinem Arm ſpielten, oder wenn meine Hand des plappernden Kindes wankenden Fußtritt leitete. Mit Freudenthränen ſah' ich in die Zukunft hinaus, wenn ich dieſe jungen Sproſſen aufkeimen ſah'. Ich will ſie vor Unfall ſchützen, ich will ihres Wachsthums warten, ſprach ich; die Götter werden die Bemühung ſegnen; ſie werden emporwachſen und herrliche Früchte tragen, und Bäume werden, die mein ſchwaches Alter in erquickenden Schatten nehmen. So ſprach ich, und drückte ſie an meine Bruſt; jetzt ſind ſie voll Segen emporgewachſen, und nehmen mein graues Alter in erquickenden Schatten. So wuchſen die Aepfelbäume und die Birnenbäume, und die hohen Nußbäume, die ich als Jüngling um die Hütte her gepflanzt habe, hoch empor; ſie tragen die alten Aeſte weit umher, und nehmen die kleine Wohnung in erquickenden Schatten. Dieß, dieß war mein heftigſter Gram, o Mirta! da du an meiner bebenden Bruſt in meinen Armen ſtarbeſt. Zwölfmal hat jetzt ſchon der Frühling dein Grab mit Blumen geſchmückt. Aber der Tag nahet, ein froher Tag! da meine Gebeine zu den deinen werden hingelegt werden; vielleicht führt ihn die kommende Nacht herbei! O! ich ſeh' es mit Luſt, wie mein grauer Bart ſchneeweiß über meine Bruſt herunter wallet. Ja, ſpiele mit dem weißen Haar auf meiner Bruſt, du kleiner Zephir! der du mich umhüpfeſt; es iſt es ſo werth, als das goldene Haar des frohen Jünglings, und die braunen Locken am Nacken des aufblühenden Mädchens. O dieſer Tag ſoll mir ein Tag der Freude ſeyn! Ich will meine Kinder um mich her ſammeln, bis auf den kleinen ſtammelnden Enkel und will den Göttern opfern. Hier vor meiner Hütte ſey der Altar. Ich will mein kahles Haupt umkränzen, und mein ſchwacher Arm ſoll die Leier nehmen; und dann wollen wir, ich und meine Kinder, um den Altar her Loblieder ſingen. Dann will ich Blumen über meine Tafel ſtreuen, und unter frohen Geſprächen das Opferfleiſch eſſen.

So ſprach Palemon, und hub ſich zitternd an ſeinem Stab auf, und rief die Kinder zuſammen, und hielt den Göttern ein frohes Feſt.

Die Erfindung
des
Saitenſpiels und des Geſanges.

In der erſten Jugend der Tage, da die wenigen Bedürfniſſe der Unſchuld und die Natur unter den noch unverdorbenen Menſchen die jungen Künſte erzeugten, da lebt' ein Mädchen; in denſelben Tagen war keines ſo ſchön, keines war ſo zärtlich gebildet, die Schönheiten der Natur zu empfinden. Freudenthränen begrüßten das Morgenroth und die ſchöne Gegend, und Entzücken das Abendroth und den Schimmer des Mondes. Damals war der Geſang noch ein regelloſes Jauchzen der Freude. Sobald der frühe Hahn von der Hütte rief, daß der Morgen da ſey — denn da hatten ſie ſich zur Freude ſchon geſellige Thiere mit Speiſe vor die Hütte gewöhnet — dann ging ſie unter ihrem ſchützenden Dach hervor; ein Dach von Schilf und Tannenäſten, an den Stämmen nahe ſtehender Bäume befeſtigt; da wohnte ſie im Schatten, und über ihr, in den dichtbelaubten Aeſten, die ſingenden Vögel. Sie ging dann hinaus, die Gegend zu ſehn, wie ſie im Thau glänzt, und den Geſang der Vögel im nahen Hain zu behorchen. Entzückt ſaß ſie dann da und horchte, und ſuchte ihren Geſang nachzulallen. Harmoniſchere Töne floſſen jetzt von ihren Lippen, harmoniſcher, als noch kein Mädchen geſungen hatte; was ihre liebliche Stimme von eines jeden Geſang nachahmen konnte, ordnete ſie verſchieden zuſammen. Ihr kleinen frohen Sänger! (ſo ſprach ſie mit ſingenden Worten) Wie lieblich tönt euer Lied von hoher Bäume Wipfeln und aus dem niedern Geſträuch! Könnt' ich dem glänzenden Morgen ſo lieblich wechſelnde Tön' entgegenſingen! O! lehrt mich die wechſelnden Töne, dann ſing' ich mein ſanftes Entzücken mit euch dem frühen Sonnenſtrahl. So ſang ſie, und unvermerkt ſchmiegten ihre Worte ſich harmoniſch in ſüßtönendem Maaß nach ihrem Geſange; voll Entzücken bemerkte ſie die neue Harmonie gemeſſener Worte. Wie glänzt der geſangvolle Hain! ſo fuhr ſie erſtaunt fort; wie glänzt die Gegend umher im Thau! O du, der dieſes alles that! Wie bin ich entzückt! Jetzt kann ich mit lieblichern Tönen dich loben, als meine Geſpielen. So ſang ſie, und die Gegend behorchte entzückt die neue Harmonie, und die Vögel des Haines ſchwiegen und horchten.

Alle Morgen ging ſie jetzt, die neue Kunſt zu üben, in den Hain. Aber ein Jüngling hatte ſie ſchon lange in dem Haine behorcht; entzückt ſtand er dann im deckenden Buſch, und ſeufzt' und ging tiefer in den Hain, und ſucht' ihr Lied nachzuahmen. Einſtmals ſaß er ſtaunend unter ſeinem Schilfdach, auf ſeinen Bogen gelehnt; denn er hatte die Kunſt, den Bogen zu führen, erfunden, um die Raubvögel zu tödten, die ſeine Tauben ihm raubten, denen er auf dem nahen Stamm ein Haus von ſchlanken Weidenäſten geflochten hatte. Was iſt das, ſo ſprach er, das aus meinem Buſen heraufſeufzt, das ſo bang in meinem Herzen ſitzt! Zwar wechſelt es ab mit Entzücken und mit Freudenthränen, wenn ich das Mädchen im Hain ſehe, und ſeinen Geſang höre; aber wenn ſie weg iſt, o dann, dann ſitzt Schwermuth in meinem Buſen! Ach! was iſt es, das aus meinem Buſen heraufſeufzt! Indeß ſpielte ſeine Hand mit der angeſpannten Saite des Bogens, und ein lieblicher Ton ging von der Saite, und der Jüngling horchte und wiederholt' erſtaunt den Ton. Dann ſtaunt' er, und dacht', eine neue Erfindung zu entwickeln, tief nach, und dann ſpielt' er wieder mit der angeſpanneten Saite des Bogens, von den Gedärmen der Raubvögel geflochten. Aber jezt ſprang er auf, und fing an, Stäbe zu ſchneiden; zwei lange Stäbe und zwei kürzere; und die zwei kürzern befeſtigt' er unten und oben gegen die zwei längern Stäbe, und ſpannte, zwiſchen den zwei längern, Saiten an die kürzern feſt. Jzt hub ſeine Hand an zu ſpielen, und da bemerkt' er die liebliche Verſchiedenheit der Töne, der ſchwächern und ſtärkern Saiten; dann band er ſie wieder los, und ordnete verſchiednere Saiten in eine harmoniſchere Reihe, und jezt hub er an zu ſpielen, und voll Freude zu hüpfen.

Jezt ging der Jüngling, ſo oft der Morgen kam, die neue Kunſt zu üben, in den dichten Hain, und ſuchte zu den Liedern, die er dem Mädchen im Hain abgehorchet hatte, harmoniſch begleitende Töne auf ſeinen Saiten. Aber man ſagt, er habe lange umſonſt gelauſcht, und viele Töne haben den Geſang nicht begleiten wollen; aber ein Gott ſey im Hain ihm erſchienen, und habe die Saiten der Leyer harmoniſch geordnet, und ſeine Lieder ihm vorgeſpielt. Bei jedem Morgenroth ſucht' er jezt das Mädchen im Hain, und lernte neue Lieder, und ging dann an die Quelle zurück, auf ſeiner Leyer ſie nachzuſpielen.

An einem ſchönen Morgen ſaß das Mädchen im Hain; mit Blumen bekränzt ſaß es da, und ſang: Sey gegrüßt, liebliche Sonne! hinter dem Berg hervor; ſchon beglänzen deine Strahlen der Bäume Gipfel auf den hohen Hügeln, und der frohen Lerche hoch ſchwebendes Gefieder. Dir ſingen die Vögel des Hains entgegen, und — jezt ſchwieg ſie, und ſah aufmerkſam umher: Welche liebliche Stimme miſchet ſich in meinen Geſang? (ſo rief ſie erſtaunt) Sie begleitet jeden Ton meines Geſanges! Wo biſt du! — Warum ſchweigeſt du, Lieb'? Singe, liebliche Stimme! Biſt du ein gefiederter Bewohner dieſes Haines, o ſo ſchwinge die Flügel hieher auf dieſen Fichtenbaum, daß ich dich ſehe und deinen Geſang höre! So ſprach ſie, und ſah weit in den Gipfeln umher. Biſt du ſchüchtern weggeflogen? Oder — dieſe Stimme hab' ich noch nie im Hain gehört — Wenn ich mich betrogen hätte? Mich täuſcht doch kein Traum! ich will noch ein Lied ſingen: Seyd willkommen, liebliche Blümchen umher! Geſtern waret ihr Knospen, jezt ſtehet ihr offen da; euch grüßen die lieblichen Morgenlüfte, und die ſumſenden Bienchen, und der bunte Schmetterling; er flattert froh um euch her, und trinket euern Thau. So ſang ſie, oft unterbrochen, rund umherſpähend; denn die Stimme hatte den Geſang wieder begleitet.

Jezt ſtund ſie ſchüchtern auf. Nein! ich habe mich nicht betrogen; jeden Ton hat die Stimme begleitet. So ſprach ſie, als der Jüngling aus dem Gebüſche hervortrat, mit Blumen bekränzt, die Leyer unter dem Arm. Lächelnd nahm er des ſchüchternen Mädchens Hand. O du ſchönes Mädchen! (ſprach ſein ſanft lächelnder Mund mit lieblicher Stimme) Kein beflügelter Bewohner des Hains hat deinen Geſang nachgeſungen. Ich war es, der deinen Geſang mit dieſen Saiten begleitete. Alle Morgen ging ich in den Hain, deinen Geſang zu hören: und dann ging ich einſam tief in den Hain, die Lieder auf den Saiten zu ſingen. Und glaube, Mädchen! mich hat's ein Gott im Hain gelehrt. — Der flüchtige Blick des Mädchens ſtreifte oft ſchüchtern über den Jüngling hin, und ruhete dann auf den Saiten. O ſchönes Mädchen! (fuhr der Jüngling fort, indem ſein Auge ſchmachtend ſie anblickte) wär' ich entzückt, wenn du mir vergönnteſt, mit dir in den Hain zu gehen, an deiner Seite ſitzend, deinem Geſang mit dieſen Saiten zu folgen! Jezt ſah' das Mädchen auf. Jüngling, ſo ſprach es, froh bin ich, wenn dein Saitenſpiel meine Lieder begleitet; lieblicher wird es ſeyn als der Wiederhall! Und jezt komm mit mir unter mein ſchattiges Dach; denn die Mittagsſonne brennet ſchon. Ich will in meinem düſtern Schatten ſüße Früchte zum Mittagmahl dir aufſtellen, und friſche ſüße Milch.

Jezt ging der Jüngling mit dem Mädchen unter das Dach; und ſie lehrten die Jünglinge und die Mädchen den Geſang und das Saitenſpiel. Erſt lange hernach ward es von der Flöte begleitet; denn Marſyas brachte die Flöte unter die Waldgötter, die die Erfinderin Minerva im gerechten Zorn über den Spott der Göttinnen in den Sand warf. Man pflanzte da zwei Bäume auf einem hohen Hügel dem Mädchen und dem Jüngling, und die ſpäten Enkel erzählten den Kindern in ihrem Schatten die Erfindung des Saitenſpiels und des Geſanges.

Mirtil. Thyrſis.

Mirtil hatte ſich in einer kühlen nächtlichen Stunde auf einen weit umſehenden Hügel begeben; geſammelte dürre Reiſer brannten vor ihm in hellen Flammen, indeß daß er, einſam ins Gras geſtrecket, mit irrenden Blicken den Himmel, mit Sternen beſäet, und die vom Mond beleuchtete Gegend durchlief. Aber ſchüchtern ſah' er ſich jezt um; denn es rauſchte etwas im Dunkeln daher. Es war Thyrſis. Sey mir willkommen, ſprach er; ſetze dich zum wärmenden Feuer; Wie kömmſt du hieher, izt da die ganze Gegend ſchlummert?

Thyrſis. Sey mir gegrüßt! hätt' ich dich zu finden geglaubt, ich hätte nicht ſo lange gezaudert, den lodernden Flammen zu folgen, die im Dunkeln ſo ſchön ins Thal glänzen. Aber höre, Mirtil! jezt, da des Mondes düſtrer Schimmer und die einſame Nacht zu ernſten Geſängen uns locket, höre, Mirtil! ich ſchenke dir eine ſchöne Lampe, die mein künſtlicher Vater aus Erde gebildet hat: eine Schlange mit Flügeln und Füßen, die den Mund weit aufſperrt, aus dem das kleine Licht brennt; den Schweif ringelt ſie empor, bequem zur Handhabe. Dieſe ſchenk' ich dir, wenn du mir die Geſchichte des Daphnis und der Chloe ſingeſt.

Mirtil. Ich will dir die Geſchichte des Daphnis und der Chloe ſingen, jezt da die Nacht zu ernſten Geſängen lockt. Hier ſind dürre Reiſer; ſieh du indeß, daß das wärmende Feuer nicht erlöſche.

Klaget mir nach, ihr Felſenklüfte! traurig töne mein Lied zurück, durch den Hain und vom Ufer!

Sanft glänzte der Mond, als Chloe am einſamen Ufer ſtund, ſehnlich wartend; denn ein Nachen ſollte den Daphnis über den Fluß bringen. Lange ſäumt mein Geliebter, ſo ſprach ſie; die Nachtigall ſchwieg und horchte die zärtlichen Accente. Lange ſäumt er: doch — horch' — ich höre ein Plätſchern, wie Wellen, die wider einen Nachen ſchlagen. Kömmſt du? Ja! — doch nein! — Wollt ihr mich noch oft betrügen, ihr plätſchernden Wellen? O! ſpottet nicht des ungeduldigen Wartens des zärtlichſten Mädchens! Wo biſt du jezt, Geliebter! Beflügelt Ungeduld nicht deine Füße! wandelſt du jezt im Hain dem Ufer zu! O daß kein Dorn die eilenden Füße verletze, und keine ſchleichende Schlange deine Ferſen! Du keuſche Göttin, Luna oder Diana! mit dem nie fehlenden Bogen, ſtreue von deinem ſanften Glanz auf ſeinen Weg hin! O! wenn du aus dem Nachen ſteigeſt, wie will ich dich umarmen! — Aber jezt, gewiß jezt, jezt trügt ihr mich doch nicht, ihr Wellen! O! ſchlaget ſanft den Nachen! traget ihn ſorgfältig auf euerm Rücken! Ach! ihr Nymphen! wenn ihr je geliebet habet! wenn ihr je wißt, was zärtliche Erwartung iſt — Ich ſeh' ihn, ſey mir gegrüßt! — Du antworteſt nicht? Götter! — Jezt ſank Chloe ohnmächtig am Ufer hin.

Klaget mir nach, ihr Felſenklüfte! traurig töne mein Lied zurück, durch den Hain und vom Ufer!

Ein umgeſtürzter Nache ſchwamm daher, der Mond beſchien die klägliche Geſchichte. Am Ufer lag Chloe ohnmächtig, und eine ſchauernde Stille herrſchte umher! Aber ſie erwachte wieder, ein ſchreckliches Erwachen! Sie ſaß am Ufer! bebend und ſprachlos, und der Mond verbarg ſich hinter den Wolken; ihre Bruſt bebte von Schluchzen und Seufzen. Jezt ſchrie ſie laut, und die Echo wiederholte der traurenden Gegend ihr Geſchrei, und ein banges Winſeln rauſchte durch den Hain und durch die Gebüſche; ſie ſchlug die ringelnden Hände auf die Bruſt, und riß die Locken vom Haupte. Ach Daphnis, Daphnis! o ihr treuloſen Wellen! ihr Nymphen! ach! ich Elende! ich zaudre, ich ſäume, den Tod in den Wellen zu ſuchen, die mir die Freude meines Lebens geraubt haben! So rief ſie, und ſprang vom Ufer in den Fluß.

Klaget mir nach, ihr Felſenklüfte! traurig töne mein Lied zurück, durch den Hain und vom Ufer!

Aber die Nymphen hatten den Wellen befohlen, ſorgfältig ſie auf dem Rücken zu tragen. Grauſame Nymphen! rief ſie, ach! zögert nicht meinen Tod! ach! verſchlingt mich, Wellen! Aber die Wellen verſchlangen ſie nicht, ſie trugen ſie ſanft auf dem Rücken, zum Ufer eines kleinen Eylandes. Daphnis hatte mit Schwimmen ſich ans Eyland gerettet. Wie zärtlich ſie ihm in die Arme ſank und ihr Entzücken, o das kann ich nicht ſingen! zärtlicher als wenn die Nachtigall ihrem Gefängniß entfliegt; ihr Gatte hatte Nächte durch im Gipfel kläglich geſeufzet; ſie fliegt entzückt dem ſchauernden Gatten zu, ſie ſeufzen und ſchnäbeln und umſchlagen ſich mit ihren Flügeln; aber jezt tönt ihr Entzücken in Freudenliedern die ſtille Nacht durch.

Klaget jezt nicht mehr, ihr Felſenklüfte! Freude töne jezt vom Hain zurück und vom Ufer. Und du gieb mir die Lampe; denn ich habe dir die Geſchichte des Daphnis und der Chloe geſungen.

Der Faun.

Kein für mich kein froher Tag! ſo rief der Faun, als er beim Morgenroth aus ſeinem Felſen taumelte. Seit mir die ſchönſte Nymph' entfloh', haſſ' ich den Schein der Sonne. Bis ich ſie wieder finde, ſoll kein Epheukranz um meine Hörner ſich winden, ſoll keine Blume rings um meine Höhle ſtehn; mein Fuß ſoll ſie noch ehe ſie blühen, zertreten; und meine Flöte ſoll — und dieſen Krug ſoll er zertreten.

Sein Fuß zertrat, da kam ein andrer Faun; er hub den ſchweren Schlauch von ſeiner Schulter. Du raſeſt, du! rief er, und lachte; heut, an dem frohen Tag, Evans Feſt! Schnell wind' einen Epheukranz um deine Hörner, und komm zum Feſt, dem beſten Tag im Jahre!

Nein, für mich kein froher Tag, ſo ſprach der Faun, ich ſchwöre! bis ich ſie finde, ſoll kein Epheukranz um meine Hörner ſich winden. O ſchwarze Stunde, da mir die Nymph' entfloh; ſie floh' bis an den Fluß, der ihren Lauf jetzt hemmte. Unentſchloſſen ſtund ſie da! ich bebte ſchon für Freude; ſchon glaubt' ich, das ſträubende Mädchen mit ſtarken Armen zu umfaſſen, als die Tritonen, o die verfluchten Räuber! ſich aus dem Fluß erhoben, und die Nymph' um ihre Hüften faßten und dann, in die Hörner blaſend, ſchnell mit ihr an das andre Ufer ſchwammen. Ich ſchwöre beim Styx! bis ich ſie wieder finde, ſoll kein Kranz von Epheu um meine Hörner ſich winden.

Und eine ſpröde Nymphe macht dir — ſo ſagt der andre Faun, o ich muß lachen! — und eine ſpröde Nymphe macht dir ſo trübe Tage! Mir, Faun! mir ſoll die Liebe nicht eine trübe Stunde machen; nein, keine trübe Stunde! Verſagt' mir dieſe den Kuß, dann hüpft' ich zu der andern hin. Ich ſchwör' es dir, Faun! meine Lippen ſollen keine Nymphe mehr küſſen, wenn mich Eine nur eine Stunde in ihren Armen behält, heut an dem frohen Feſt; ich will ſie alle lieben, alle will ich küſſen. Kränke dich nicht, Faun! du biſt noch jung und ſchön; ſchön iſt dein braunes Geſicht, und wild dein großes ſchwarzes Aug', und dein Haar kräuſelt ſich ſchön um die krummen Hörner her; ſie ſtehen aus den Locken empor, wie zwei Eichen aus dem wildeſten Buſch. Laß dich kränzen, Faun! hier iſt das ſchönſte Schoß, laß dich kränzen! Ich höre ſchon ferne her ein wildes Geräuſche von Thyrſusſtäben, und Klapperſchaalen und Flöten! Bücke dich her, das Geſchrei kömmt ſchon nahe; ſchon kommen ſie hinter dem Hügel hervor; laß dich kränzen! Wie ſtolz die Tiger den Wagen ziehn! O Evans! ſieh' die Faunen, die Nymphen, wie ſie hüpfen! welch frohes Getöſe! O Evan Evoe! — du biſt bekränzt! ſchnell hebe den Schlauch mir auf die Schulter. O Evan Evoe!

Chloe.

Ihr freundlichen Nymphen, die ihr in dieſem ſtillen Felſen wohnet, ihr habt dichtes Geſträuch vor die kühle Oeffnung hingepflanzt, daß ſtille Ruhe und ſanfter Schatten euch erquicke; die ihr dieſe klare Quelle aus euern Urnen gießet, wenn ihr nicht jetzt im dichten Hain mit den Waldgöttern euch freut, oder auf dem nahen Hügel, oder wenn ihr auf euern Urnen ſchlummert, o dann ſtöre meine Stimme nicht eure Ruhe! Aber höret meine Klagen, freundliche Nymphen! wenn ihr wachet. Ich liebe — ach! — ich liebe den Lycas mit dem gelben Haar! Habt ihr den jungen Hirten nicht geſehn, wenn er ſeine gefleckten Kühe und die hüpfenden Kälber hier vorübertreibt, und hinter ihnen hergehend auf ſeiner Flöte dem Wiederhall ruft! Habt ihr ſeine blauen Augen, ſein ſanftes Lächeln nicht geſehn? Oder habt ihr ſeinen Geſang gehört, wenn er vom frohen Frühling ſingt, oder von der frohen Erndte, oder vom bunten Herbſt, oder von der Pflege der Heerde! Ach! ich liebe den ſchönſten Hirten; und er weiß es nicht, daß ich ihn liebe. O wie lang wareſt du, herber unfreundlicher Winter! der du von den Fluren uns ſcheuchteſt! Wie lang iſt's, ſeit ich im Herbſt ihn das letztemal ſah! Ach! da lag er ſchlummernd im Buſch! wie ſchön lag er da! Wie ſpielten die Winde mit ſeinen Locken, und der Sonnenſchein ſtreute ſchwebende Schatten der Blätter auf ihn hin! O! ich ſeh' ihn noch; ſie hüpften auf ſeinem ſchönen Geſicht umher, die Schatten der Blätter, und er lächelte wie im froheſten Traum. Schnell ſammelt' ich da Blumen, und wand ſanft einen Kranz um des Schlafenden Haar und um ſeine Flöte; und da trat ich zurück. Ich will doch warten, ſprach ich, bis er aufwacht; wie wird er lächeln, wie wird er ſich wundern, wenn er ſein Haupt umkränzt ſieht, und ſeine Flöte. Hier will ich's erwarten; er muß mich wohl ſehen, wenn ich hier ſtehe; und wenn er mich nicht ſieht — dann will ich laut lachen. So ſprach ich, und ſtund im nahen Buſch, als meine Geſpielen mich riefen. O wie war ich böſe, ich mußt' jetzt gehen, und konnte ſein Lächeln nicht und ſeine Freude nicht ſehen, als er ſein Haar und ſeine Flöte bekränzet ſah. Wie froh bin ich! jetzt kömmt der Frühling zurück; jetzt werd' ich ihn wieder auf den Fluren ſehn! Ihr Nymphen! hier will ich Kränze an die Aeſte der Gebüſche hängen, die eure Höhle beſchatten; es ſind die erſten Blumen, frühe Violen, und Marblumen, und gelbe Schlüſſelblumen, und röthliche Maaslieben, und die erſten Blüthen. Seyd meiner Liebe gewogen, und wenn der Hirt an dieſer Quelle ſchlummert, dann ſagt im Traum ihm, daß es Chloe iſt, die ſeine Flöte und ſein Haar bekränzt hat; daß es Chloe iſt, die ihn liebt.

So ſprach Chloe, und umhing die noch unbelaubten Gebüſche mit den erſten Blumen, und ein ſanftes Geräuſch drang aus der Höhle, wie wenn die Echo den fernen Geſang einer Flöte nachſingt.

Tityrus. Menalkas.

Auf einem Hügel lag der Greis Menalkas, am mildern Sonnenſtrahl, und ſah durch die herbſtliche Gegend hin, ſanft ſtaunend, als Tityrus, ſein jüngſter Sohn, unbemerkt ſchon lang an ſeiner Seite ſtund; voll ſanften Entzückens ſeufzte der Greis, und der Sohn ſah lang mit ſtiller Freude auf den Vater herunter. Vater! ſprach er jetzt mit ſanften Worten: wie ſüß muß dein Entzücken ſeyn! Lange ſchon ſeh' ich's wie dein Blick die herbſtliche Gegend durchwandelt, und höre dein Seufzen. Vater! gewähre mir jetzt eine Bitte.

Menalkas. Sage deine Bitte, mein Lieber! und ſetze dich an meine Seite, daß ich die Stirne dir küſſe; und Tityrus ſetzte ſich an ſeine Seite und der Greis küßte zärtlich des Sohnes Stirne. Vater! ſo fuhr der Jüngling fort, wie erzählte mein älteſter Bruder — denn oft, wenn wir im Schatten bei der Heerde ſitzen, dann reden wir von dir, und dann fließen uns Thränen von den Augen, Freudenthränen — Er hat mir erzählt, dich habe vordem die Gegend den beſten Sänger genannt, und manche Ziege habeſt du im Wettgeſange gewonnen. O wollteſt du es verſuchen, mir jetzt ein Lied zu ſingen, jetzt da die herbſtliche Gegend dich entzückt! Gewähre mir, Vater! gewähre mir dieſe Bitte.

Sanft lächelnd ſprach jetzt Menalkas: Ich will es verſuchen, ob mich die Muſen noch lieben, die ſo oft den Preis mir erſingen halfen; ich will ein Lied dir ſingen.

Jetzt durchlief ſein Blick noch einmal die Gegend; und jetzt hub er an:

Höret mich, Muſen! höret mein heiſcheres Rufen. Im Frühling meiner Tage habt ihr an rauſchenden Bächen und in ſtillen Hainen nie unerhört mich gelaſſen. Laßt mir dieß Lied gelingen, mir grauem Greiſe!

Was für ein ſanftes Entzücken fließt aus dir mir jetzt zu, herbſtliche Gegend! Wie ſchmückt ſich das ſterbende Jahr! Gelb ſtehn die Saalbuchen und die Weiden um die Teiche her; gelb ſtehn die Aepfel- und die Birnbäume, auf bunten Hügeln und auf der grünen Flur, vom feurigen Roth des Kirſchenbaums durchkreuzet. Der herbſtliche Hain iſt bunt, wie im Frühling die Wieſe, wenn ſie voll Blumen ſteht. Ein röthliches Gemiſche zieht von dem Berg ſich ins Thal, von immer grünen Tannen und Fichten gefleckt. Schon rauſchet geſunkenes Laub unter des Wandelnden Füßen, ernſthaft irren die Heerden auf welkem, blumenloſem Gras; nur ſteht die röthliche Zeitloſe da, der einſame Bote des Winters. Jetzt kömmt die Ruhe des Winters, ihr Bäume! die ihr uns mild eure reifen Früchte gegeben, und kühlenden Schatten dem Hirt und der Heerde. O! ſo gehe keiner zur Ruhe des Grabes, er habe denn ſüße Früchte getragen, und erquickenden Schatten über den Nothleidenden geſtreut. Denn, Sohn! der Segen ruhet bei der Hütte des Redlichen, und bei ſeiner Scheune. O Sohn! wer redlich iſt, und auf die Götter traut, der wandelt nicht auf trügendem Sumpf. Wenn der Redliche opfert, dann ſteigt der Opferrauch hoch zum Olymp, und die Götter hören ſegnend ſeinen Dank und ſein Flehen. Ihm ſinget die Eule nicht banges Unglück, und der traurig krächzende Nachtrabe; er wohnet ſicher, und ruhet unter ſeinem friedlichen Dach; die freundlichen Hausgötter ſehen des Redlichen Geſchäfte, und hören ſeine freundlichen Reden, und ſegnen ihn. Zwar kommen trübe Tag' im Frühling, zwar kommen donnernde Wolken im ſegenvollen Sommer; aber, Sohn! murre nicht! wenn Zeus unter deine Hand voll Tage auch trübe Stunden miſchet. Vergiß nicht meine Lehren, Sohn! ich gehe vor dir her zum Grabe. Schonet ihr Sturmwinde! ſchonet des herbſtlichen Schmuckes; laßt ſanftere Winde, ſpielend, das ſterbende Laub langſam den Bäumen rauben, ſo kann mich die bunte Gegend noch oft entzücken. Vielleicht, wenn du wiederkömmſt, ſchöner Herbſt! vielleicht ſeh' ich dich dann nicht mehr. Welchem Baum entſinkt dann das ſterbende Laub auf mein ruhiges Grab?

So ſang der Greis; und Tityrus drückte weinend des Vaters Hand an ſeine Wangen.

Mirtil und Daphne.

Schon ſo frühe, meine Schweſter! noch iſt die Sonne nicht hinterm Berg' hervor; kaum hat die Schwalbe ihren Geſang angefangen, der frühe Hahn hat kaum noch den Morgen gegrüßt, und du biſt ſchon in den Thau hinausgegangen. Was willſt du heute für ein Feſt bereiten, daß du ſo frühe dein Körbchen voll Blumen ſammelſt?

Daphne. Sey mir gegrüßt, geliebter Bruder! woher am feuchten Morgen? Was beginneſt du in der ſtillen Dämmerung? Ich habe hier Veilchen geſucht und Markblumen und Roſen, und will jezt da unſer Vater und unſere Mutter noch ſchlafen, ſie auf ihre Betten hinſtreun; dann werden ſie unter lieblichen Gerüchen erwachen und ſich freuen, wenn ſie mit Blumen ſich umſtreuet ſehn.

Mirtil. O du geliebte Schweſter! mein Leben lieb' ich nicht ſo ſehr, wie ich dich liebe! Und ich — Du weißt es, Schweſter! geſtern beim Abendroth, als unſer Vater nach unſerm Hügel hinſah, auf dem er oft ruhet: Lieblich wär' es, ſo ſprach er, ſtünd' eine Laube dort die uns in ihren Schatten nähme — ich hört' es, und that als hätt' ich's nicht gehört; aber früh vor der Morgenſonne ging ich hin, und baute die Laube, und band die flatternden Haſelſtauden an ihren Seiten feſt. O meine Schweſter! ſieh' hin, die Arbeit iſt vollendet. Verrathe nichts, bis er es ſelbſt ſieht: der Tag ſoll uns voll Freude ſeyn!

Daphne. O mein Bruder! wie angenehm wird er erſtaunen, wenn er die Laube von ferne ſieht! Izt geh' ich hin, ſchleiche leiſe zu ihrem Bette mich hin, und ſtreue dieſe Blumen um ſie her.

Mirtil. Wenn ſie unter den lieblichen Gerüchen erwachen, dann werden ſie mit freundlichem Lächeln ſich anſehn, und ſagen: das hat Daphne gethan: Wo iſt ſie, das beſte Kind! Sie hat für unſre Freude vor unſerm Erwachen geſorgt.

Daphne. Und Bruder! wenn er dann vom Fenſter her die Laube ſieht: Wie, trüg' ich mich? ſo ſagt er dann; eine Laube ſteht dort auf dem Rücken des Hügels! Gewiß, die hat mein Sohn gebaut. Geſegnet ſei er! Ihn hält die Ruhe der Nacht nicht ab, für unſers Alters Freude zu ſorgen! Dann, Bruder! dann iſt uns der ganze Tag voll Wonne. Denn wer am Morgen was Gutes beginnt, dem gelingt alles beſſer, und auf jeder Stunde wächſt ihm Freude.

Milon.

Der junge Milon fing im Tannenhain ſchlau einen Vogel, der von Federn ſchön, doch ſchöner noch war ſein Geſang. Er macht in hohlen Händen ihm ein luftig Neſt, und bringt voll Freud' ihn dahin, wo ſein Vieh im Schatten lag; und da legt' er den hohlen Strohhut auf den Boden hin, thut den Gefangnen drunter, eilt ſchnell zu nahen Weiden, und ſuchet ſich die ſchlankſten Aeſte; denn er will ein ſchönes Käfficht bauen. Wenn ich nun, ſo ſprach der Hirt, das ſchöne Käfficht habe, dann trag ich, Vogel! dich zu Chloen hin. Für dieß Geſchenk begehr ich dann von ihr, ach! einen ſüßen Kuß. Sie iſt nicht wunderlich, den giebt ſie wohl; und giebt ſie den, dann raub' ich ſchlau zwei, drei, wohl viere noch dazu. O wär' der Bauer nur ſchon jezt gebaut! So ſprach er, und da lief er ſchnell, die Weidenſchoſſe unter ſeinem Arm, zu ſeinem Strohhut hin. Allein wie ſtund er traurig da! Der Hut lag umgekehrt durch einen böſen Wind; und mit dem Vogel waren ſeine Küſſe weg.

Die übel belohnte Liebe.

Im Jagdneze verwickelt lag der Satyr bis zu dem Morgenroth im Schilfe des Sumpfes; ſein einer Ziegenfuß ſtack über ſich aus dem Neze hervor; ermattet lag er da, unvermögend, ein einziges Glied loszuwickeln. Die Vögel, die um den Schilf flatterten, flogen herbey, und die quakenden Frösche hüpften furchtſam näher, über den wunderbaren Fang erſtaunt. Jezt will ich heulen, ſprach er; was meine Kehle vermag, will ich heulen, bis jemand herbeikömmt. Und er heulte, daß es rings umher von Hügeln zu Hügeln durch Haine und Thäler durchs weite Land nachheulte. Fünfmal heult' er, und fünfmal umſonſt; da kam ein Faun aus dem Hain hervor. Woher kömmt dieß häßliche Geſchrei! ſo rief er. Laß die freundliche Stimme noch einmal hören, daß ich den Ort deines Aufenthalts finde. Und der Satyr heulte noch einmal; und der Faun lief zum Sumpf, und fand den lächerlich Gefangenen. Um aller Götter willen! rief der Satyr; Freund! wickle mich los aus dem verfluchten Neze. Schon ſeit dem frühen Mondſchein lieg ich hier im Sumpf. Aber der Faun ſtund da, hielte vor Lachen erſchütterte Hüften unterſtüzt, da er die lächerlich zuſammengewickelte Geſtalt im Neze ſah, das eine Bein unbeweglich emporgeſtreckt, mit halbem Leib im Sumpfe verſunken. Jezt hub er an, das Nez loszuwickeln, und ſtellt' ihn auf die Füße. So ſchläft ſich's gut, ſprach er, nicht wahr? Sag', um aller Götter willen! ſag mir, durch was für ein Schickſal haſt du die wunderbare Schlafſtätte gefunden? O ihr Götter! ſo ſprach der Losgewickelte, ſo wird die feurigſte Liebe belohnt! O! verfluchet ſey die Stunde, da ich ſie zum erſtenmal ſah! Aber laß uns dort auf die ſchief überhangende Weide uns ſezen; mich ſchmerzt das eine Bein. Sie ſezten ſich auf die Weide, und da hub er die traurige Geſchichte an: Ein ganzes Jahr ſchon lieb' ich die Nymphe jenes Baches, der dort aus dem Geſträuche unter jenem Felſen hervorquillt, dort, wo die Tanne auf dem Felſen ſteht. Unerhört, immer unerhört, ein Jahr lang, ſtand ich halbe Nächte durch vor ihrer Höhle, und klagt' ihr meine Pein, ſtand unerhört da, und ſeufzt' und jammert', oder blies ihr zur Luſt auf meiner Querpfeife, oder ſang ihr ein bewegliches Lied von meiner Liebe, daß die Felſen hätten weinen mögen; aber immer unerhört.

Das Lied möcht' ich wohl hören, ſprach der Faun.

Sollt' ich's dir nicht ſingen! ſprach der Satyr; es iſt das beſte, das ich in meinem Leben gemacht habe. Da hub er an, ſein Lied zu ſingen:

O du! ſchönſte Göttin! denn gegen dir iſt Venus ein gemeines Weib. Willſt du meine Liebe unerhört laſſen? Immer taub ſeyn bei meinen Klagen, wie der Stein hier, auf dem ich ſize! O ich Elender, ſoll ich immer umſonſt vor deiner Höhle pfeifen, und ſingen, und winſeln und klagen, am heiſſen Mittag und in der kalten Nacht! Wüßteſt du, wie ſüß es iſt, einen jungen Gatten zu haben! Frage jene ſtille Eule, die hinter deinem Felſen im hohlen Stamme wohnt, und die des Nachts für Freude jauchzt, wie ich in meinen guten Tagen jauchzte, wenn ich trunken nach meiner Höhle ging. O! wüßteſt du es, du würdeſt hervorhüpfen, mit deinen weiſſen Armen meinen braunen Rücken umſchlingen, und mich freundlich in deine Wohnung führen; dann würd' ich für Freude hoch aufhüpfen, wie ein junges Kalb hüpft. O du Grauſame! Wie oft hab' ich deine Höhle mit Tannenäſten geſchmückt, an denen die ſtarkriechende Frucht hing, und mit Aeſten von Eichen, damit, wenn du vom Tanz oder von den Spielen (ach! mit andern) nach Hauſe kömmſt, du über der ſchönen Pracht erſtauneſt. Wie oft hab ich, du Unempfindliche! im jungen Frühling die erſten Brombeeren in großen Körben vor deine Höhle geſtellt, oder was jede Jahreszeit gab, Haſelnüſſe und die beſten Wurzeln. Hab ich dir nicht im Herbſt in meinem gröſſeſten Gefäße geſtohlene Trauben gebracht, die in ihrem ſchäumenten Moſt ſchwammen, und friſchen Ziegenkäs'? Schon lange unterricht' ich einen ſchwarzen Ziegenbock für dich, und lehr' ihn Künſte, die dich erfreuen ſollen. Er ſteht, wenn ich ihn rufe, an mir auf, und küßt mich; und wenn ich auf meiner Querpfeife blaſe, dann ſtellt er ſich, das ſollteſt du ſehen, auf ſeine hintern Füße, und tanzet, wie ich tanze. O du Grauſame! Seit meine Liebe mich ſo heftig plagt, ſeitdem ſchmeckt mir weder Speiſe noch Trank, und mein Weinſchlauch liegt des Tages oft eine ganze Stunde uneröffnet da. Ehedem war mein Geſicht rund, wie eine Kürbisflaſche; jezt bin ich hager und entſtellt; auch iſt der ſüße Schlaf von mir gewichen. O wie ſüß ſchlief ich ſonſt, bis die heiſſe Mittagsſonn' in meiner Höhle mich brannte, oder der Durſt mich weckte! O Nymphe! quäle, ach quäle mich nicht länger! Viel lieber wollt' ich in Neſſelſtauden mich wälzen, lieber ohne einen Tropfen Wein eine Stunde lang im heiſſen Sand an der brennenden Sonne liegen. O komm, komm, du milchweiſſe Nymphe! komm aus deiner Einſamkeit mit mir in meine Höhle; ſie iſt die ſchönſte im ganzen Hain. Ich habe weiche Ziegenfelle für dich und mich ausgebreitet; an ihren beiden Seiten hängen und ſtehen meine Trinkgefäße, groß und klein in zierlicher Ordnung, und ein herrlicher Geruch von Moſt und Wein kömmt dir von auſſenher entgegen. O denke, denke, wie ſüß es iſt, wenn einſt die muntern Kinder um unſre Weinkrüge her ſich jagen, oder auf dem Weinſchlauch ſizen und lallen! Vor meiner Höhle ſteht eine hohe Eiche und in ihrem Schatten das Bildniß des Pans; ich hab' ihn ſelbſt künſtlich aus Eichenholz geſchnitten, er weint über die Nymphe, die in Schilf ihm verwandelt ward. Sein Mund iſt weit offen; du könnteſt einen ganzen Apfel drein legen, ſo ſtark hab' ich ſeinen Schmerz ausgedrückt, ja ſelbſt die Thränen, die Tropfen ſelbſt hab' ich ins Holz geſchnitten. Aber ach! du kommſt nicht, du kommſt nie! Ich muß meine Verzweiflung wieder nach meiner einſamen Höhle tragen.

Hier ſchwieg der Satyr, und erwartete nun das [illegible] ſeines Freundes. Nun ſage mir, ſprach der Faun, wie kamſt du in das Nez?

Geſtern, wie gewohnt, ſo ſprach der Verliebte, ſtand ich der Höhle nahe, und ſang mein Lied in den beweglichſten Accenten, wohl dreimal, mit lautem Seufzen unterbrochen; und da ich traurig zurückging, ſtack das eine meiner Beine in einem Netz, das ſchnell über mich geworfen ward. Ich ſank zu Boden, und da ich mich losmachen wollte, verwickelt' ich mich immer mehr; ein lautes Gelächter entſtand um mich her. Die Nymphe mit ihren Geſpielen ſtanden um mich her, und ſchleppten mich immer mehr verwickelt in den Sumpf. „Hier bin ich, (ſprach die Grauſame und ſtand mit ihren Geſpielen laut lachend am Sumpf.) Und du kommſt nicht, daß ich deinen braunen Rücken umarme, und du hüpfeſt nicht wie ein junges Kalb, du Grauſamer! So ſchlafe denn hier, und ich trage meine Verzweiflung in meine einſame Höhle zurück.“ Izt giengen ſie zurück, weither hört' ich noch ihr ſpöttiſches Gelächter. Aber mich ſollen die wilden Thiere zerreißen, wenn ich je zu ihrer Höhle zurückgeh'!

Geh', ſprach der Faun, ich hätte für deine beſchwerliche Liebe dich früher geſtraft; geh', tanze mit deinem Ziegenbock, und vergiß deiner Liebe oder ſchneide dein Abentheuer in Eichenholz.

Daphne. Chloe.

Daphne.

Sieh', ſchon ſteigt der Mond hinter dem ſchwarzen Berg' herauf, ſchon glänzt er durch die oberſten Bäume. Hier dünkt es mich ſo anmuthsvoll, laß uns hier noch verweilen; indeß wird mein Bruder die Heerde wohlbeſorgt nach Hauſe führen.

Chloe. Lieblich iſt dieſe Gegend, lieblich des Abends Kühlung; laß uns hier verweilen.

Daphne. Sieh', da an der Seite des Felſens, da iſt der Garten des jungen Alexis. Komm, laß uns über den Zaun ſehn. Im ganzen Land iſt dieß der lieblichſte Garten; keiner ſo niedlich geordnet, keiner iſt ſo gut gepflegt.

Chloe. Sey's denn, wir wollen.

Daphne. Kein Hirt weiß die Pflege der Pflanzen, wie er. Iſt's nicht ſo?

Chloe. O ja!

Daphne. Sieh', wie alles mit geſundem Wuchſe aufblühet, was an der Erde wächſt, und was an Stäben ſich emporhält. Dort rieſelt Waſſer vom Felſen; ſieh' wie es, ein Bächlein, durch die Schatten des Gartens fließt. Sieh', auf dem Felſen, wo die Quelle ſich ſtürzt, hat er von Geißblatt eine Laube gepflanzt, da muß man wohl ganz die weite ſchöne Gegend ſehn.

Chloe. Mädchen! du lobeſt mit Hitze. Lieblich iſt alles. Lieblicher der Garten des braunen Alexis, als alle Gärten des Landes; ſchöner ſeine Blumen als alle Blumen; ſo angenehm, wie dieſe, rieſelt keine Quelle; kein Waſſer iſt ſo kühl, kein Waſſer iſt ſo ſüß.

Daphne. Aber du lacheſt, Chloe?

Chloe. Ei nicht doch! ſieh', ich breche dieſe Roſe; ſage mir, iſt ihr Geruch nicht ſüßer, als aller andern Roſen? Lieblich, als hätte Amor ſelbſt ſie gepflegt.

Daphne. Ach! ſey nicht ſchalkhaft.

Chloe. Nun, aber — unterdrücke den Seufzer nicht, der deinen Buſen hinaufdringt.

Daphne. Ach! du biſt boshaft; komm, laß uns gehn.

Chloe. So plötzlich? Mir gefällt's hier ſo wohl, ſo wohl. Doch horche — Ich höre rauſchen. Da unter dem Hollundergeſträuch ſieht man uns nicht. Ha! ſieh', er iſt es ſelbſt. Still! ſage mir in's Ohr, er iſt doch wohl auch ſchöner als jeder andre Hirt!

Daphne. Ach! ich gehe.

Chloe. Ich laſſe dich nicht; Sieh', er ſtaunt er ſeufzt; gewiß ein Mädchen liegt ihm tief im Buſen. Kind! deine Hand zittert. Fürchte dich nicht, es iſt ja kein Wolf da.

Daphne. Laß mich, ach! laß mich.

Chloe. Still! horche —

Im Schatten des Hollundergeſträuches ſtunden die Mädchen verborgen. Indeß hub Alexis, unbewußt daß er behorcht iſt, mit lieblicher Stimme dieſen Geſang an:

Du blaſſer ſtiller Mond, ſey Zeuge meiner Seufzer; und ihr, ihr ſtillen Schatten! wie oft habt ihr: Daphne, mir nachgeſeufzt. Ihr Blümchen, die ihr mich umduftet, Thau blinkt auf euern Blättern, wie der Liebe Thräne auf meinen Wangen blinkt! O dürft' ich's ihr ſagen, daß ich ſie liebe, mehr als die Biene den Frühling liebt! Jüngſt fand ich am Brunnen ſie, einen ſchweren Krug mit Waſſer gefüllt. Laß mich dir den zu ſchwere Laſt des Kruges nach deiner Hütte tragen. So ſtammelt' ich: Wie biſt du gütig! ſo ſprach ſie. Zitternd nahm ich den Krug, und blöde, und ſeufzend den Blick zur Erde geſchlagen, ging ich an Daphnens Seite, und durft' ihr nicht ſagen, daß ich ſie liebe, mehr als die Biene den Frühling liebt. Wie hängſt du traurig da, an meiner Seite, kleine Narziſſe! dieſen Mittag noch in friſcher Blüthe, jetzt verwelkt! Ach! ſo, ſo werd' ich junger Hirte verwelken, wenn Daphne meine Liebe verſchmäht; dann werdet ihr, ihr Blumen, ihr mannigfaltigen Pflanzen, bisher meine Freude, meine ſüßeſte Sorge, dann werdet ihr ungepflegt alle verwelken; denn für mich blüht keine Freude mehr. Wildes Unkraut wird euch dann erſticken, und verwachſne Dorngebüſche werden mit ungeſundem Schatten euch decken. Ihr Bäume, die ihr die ſüßeſten Früchte traget, von meiner Hand hier gepflanzt; von Laub und Früchten entblößt, werden eure todten Stämme traurig aus der Wildniß emporſtehn, und hier werd' ich mein übriges Leben verſeufzen. Mögeſt du denn, indeß meine Aſche hier ruhet, mögeſt du in den Armen eines liebenswürdigern Gatten jedes ſüßeſte Glück in vollem Maaße genießen! Doch nein! was plagt ihr mich, ihr Bilder ſchwarzer Verzweiflung? Noch blühet meine Hoffnung. Lächelt ſie doch freundlich, wenn ich zögernd neben ihr vorübergehe. Jüngſt blies ich am Hügel auf meinem Rohr, als ſie durch die nahe Wieſe ging; ſie ſtund ſtille. Kaum hatt' ich ſie erblickt, ſo zitterten meine Lippen und jeder meiner Finger; und blies ich gleich ſo ſchlecht, doch blieb ſie ſtehn und horchte. O wenn ich einſt ſie als Braut in eure Schatten führe, dann ſollen eure Farben höher glühen, ihr Blumen; dann düftet ihr jeden Wohlgeruch zu! dann bieget, ihr Bäume, bieget die ſchattigen Aeſte zu ihr herunter, mit ſüßen Früchten behangen!

So ſang Alexis. Daphne ſeufzte, und ihre Hand zitterte in ihrer Freundin Hand. Aber Chloe rief ihm: Alexis, ſie liebt dich! Hier ſteht ſie unter dem Hollunderbaum; komm, küſſe die Thränen von ihren Wangen, die ſie für Liebe weint. Schüchtern trat er hin; aber ſein Entzücken kann ich nicht ſagen, als Daphne, ſchamhaft an Chloens Buſen geſchmiegt, ihm geſtund, daß ſie ihn liebe.

Die Schifffahrt.

Es flieht, das Schiff, das Daphnen weg
Zu fernem Ufer führt!
Zwar dich umflattre Zephyr nur,
Nur Liebesgötter dich;

Ihr Wellen, hüpfet ſanft um's Schiff!
Wenn nun ihr ſüßer Blick
Auf euern ſanften Spielen ruht,
Ach! dann denkt ſie an mich.

In's Ufers Schatten ſinge ihr
Jetzt jeder Vogel zu;
Und Schilf und Sträuche winket ihr,
Von ſanftem Wind bewegt.

Du glatter See bleib immer ſanft!
Du trägſt das ſchönſte Kind,
Das je den Fluthen ſich vertraut;
Rein, wie der Sonne Bild,

Das dort auf deinem Spiegel ſtrahlt;
Schön wie die Venus einſt,
Als ſie aus weißem Schaum hervor,
Auf ihre Muſchel ſtieg.

Die Waſſergötter, die ſie ſah'n,
Vergaßen da entzückt
Ihr plätſchernd Spiel, vergaßen da
Die ſchilfbekränzte Nymph'.

Sie ſah'n der Eiferſücht'gen Blick
Und lächelnd Winken nicht;
Die ſüße Göttin ſahn ſie nur,
Bis ſie an's Ufer ſtieg.

Die Nelke.

Ein Nelkenſtock iſt in Daphnens Garten, am Zaun. Im Garten ging ſie, und trat zum Nelkenſtock; eine Nelke, rothgeſtreift, blühte da friſch auf. Jetzt bog ſie lächelnd die Blume zu ihrem ſchönen Geſicht, und freute ſich des ſüßen Geruches; die Blume ſchmiegte ſich an ihre Lippen. Warme Röthe ſtieg auf meine Wangen; denn ich dachte: Könnt', o könnt' ich ſo die ſüßen Lippen berühren! Weg ging jetzt Daphne; da trat ich an den Zaun. Soll ich, ſoll ich die Nelke brechen, die ihre Lippen berührten? Mehr würd' ihr Geruch mich erquicken, als Thau die Blumen erquickt. Begierig langt' ich nach ihr: Nein! ſo ſprach ich, ſollt' ich die Nelke rauben, die ſie liebt? Nein! an ihrem Buſen wird Daphne ſie pflanzen; dann werden ihre ſüßen Gerüche zum ſchönen Geſicht aufdüften, wie ein ſüßer Geruch zum Olymp aufſteigt, wenn man der Göttin der Schönheit opfert.

Daphne. Micon.

Daphne.

Sage mir, mein Geliebter! was ſoll dieſer kleine Altar hier? Welcher Gottheit iſt er wohl heilig?

Micon. Dem Amor, meine Geliebte! dem Amor iſt er heilig. Ach! wie ſüß iſt's mir, an dieſer Quelle zu ruhen, wo wir, du weißt es — kleine Kinder waren wir noch, nicht höher als dieſe Aglaye — manche Stunde in ſüßen unſchuldigen Spielen verkürzten. Ich ſelbſt, ich habe dem Amor dieſen Altar geweiht: Denn da, ſüßes Andenken! da keimte die Liebe ſchon in unſerm Buſen.

Daphne. Weißt du was, ich will Myrthen und Roſen um dieſen Altar pflanzen; dann ſoll ſich's, ſchützet ſie Pan, wie ein kleiner Tempel wölben: denn auch mir, mein Geliebter! iſt jenes Andenken ſüß.

Micon. Weißt du noch? Wir machten Schalen von Kürbiß, legten Kirſchen und Brombeeren drein, und ließen im Bach wie Schiffe ſie ſchwimmen.

Daphne. Weißt du noch! Kleine Schälchen von Haſelnüſſen, und Schälchen von Eicheln, und der gehöhlte Saamenkopf der Feuerblume, waren unſer Hausgeräth: Wir tranken Tröpfchen Milch daraus, oder wir aßen Broſamen und kleine Kernen draus. Du warſt da ſpielweiſe mein Mann und ich dein Weib.

Micon. So iſt es. Siehſt du dieſes Geſträuche? Noch wölbt ſich's, aber nun iſt es verwildert, das war unſre Wohnung: wir wölbten's ſo hoch wir reichen konnten. So klein war's, eine junge Ziege würde mit dem Hörnchen das oberſte des Gewölbes zerriſſen haben. Von Aeſtchen und Weidenruthen flochten wir die Wände umher, und vorne ſchloß ein Gitterchen unſer Haus. Ach! wie ſüß, wie ſüß war jede Stunde, die wir rauben konnten, um als Mann und Weib hier zu wohnen.

Daphne. Ein Gärtchen pflanzt' ich vor dem Haus, weißt du noch? Von Schilf pflanzten wir einen Zaun umher. In einem Augenblick würd's ein Schaaf ganz abgefreſſen haben, ſo groß war's.

Micon. Noch weiß ich's, die kleinſten Blümchen der Wieſe und der Flur pflanzteſt du drein.

Daphne. Erfindſam warſt du immer, mein Lieber! Aus der Quelle haſt du einen Brunnen geleitet, in unſern Zaun hinein; durch hohlen Schilf führteſt du das Waſſer. In ein Bett fiel's, das du von Holz höhlteſt; ganz angefüllt wär's dem Durſtigen ein guter Trunk geweſen. Doch ſieh', da liegt es noch am Bache.

Micon. Ungeſegnet iſt das Haus, wo keine Kinder ſind. Ein verſtümmelt Bildchen des Amor hatteſt du gefunden. Du pflegteſt ihn, und zogeſt ihn, als eine treue Mutter. Eine Nußſchaale war ſein Bett'; da ſchlief er bei deinem Geſang auf Roſenblättern und Blümchen.

Daphne. Ja, nun wird er uns die gute Pflege belohnen.

Micon. Einſt macht' ich von Binſen ein kleines Käfich; ein Heupferdchen that ich drein, und gab dir das Geſchenke. Du nahmſt es heraus, mit ihm zu ſpielen. Du hielteſt es; aber gewaltſam wollt' es entfliehen, und ließ ein Beinchen in deinen Fingern zurück. Vor Schmerzen zitternd ſaß es da auf einem Gräschen. Sieh', o ſieh' das arme Thierchen! ſieh', wie es zittert; es ſchmerzt dich; ach! ich hab', ich habe dir weh' gethan. So ſagteſt du, und weinteſt voll Mitleid. Ach! wie entzückend war es mir, ſo gütig dich zu ſehn.

Daphne. Noch gütiger warſt du wohl, mein Geliebter! da, als mein Bruder zwei Vögelchen aus dem Neſte ſtahl! Gieb mir die Vögelchen, ſo ſagteſt du; aber er gab ſie nicht. Dieſen Stab will ich dir für die Vögelchen geben; ſieh', mit Müh' und Fleiß hab' ich die braune Rinde geſchnitten, daß Aeſtchen mit Laub um den ſonſt weißen Stab ſich winden. Der Tauſch war gemacht, die Vögelchen dein. In deine Hirtentaſche thateſt du ſie, klimmteſt ſchnell den Baum hinauf, und ſetzteſt ſie in ihr Neſt! Freudenthränen, mein Lieber! netzten da meine Wangen. Hätt' ich dich vorher nicht geliebt, ſo hätt' ich doch von da dich geliebt.

Micon. So waren die Tage unſerer Kindheit honigſüße, da zum Spiel ich dein Mann war, du mein Weib.

Daphne. Auch mein graues Alter wird ſie nicht vergeſſen.

Micon. Wie glücklich, meine Geliebte! werden unſre Tage ſeyn, wenn den kommenden Mond, ſo hat es deine Mutter geordnet, Hymen zum Ernſt machet, was bisher nur ſüßes Kinderſpiel war.

Daphne. Segnen die gütigen Götter uns, dann, mein Geliebter! war Mann und Weib nie glücklicher als wir.

Der Herbſtmorgen.

Die frühe Morgenſonne ſchimmerte ſchon hinter dem Berg herauf, und verkündigte den ſchönſten Herbſttag, als Micon ans Gitterfenſter ſeiner Hütte trat. Schon glänzte die Sonne durch das purpurgeſtreifte, grün und gelb gemiſchte Rebenlaub, das, von ſanften Morgenwinden bewegt, am Fenſter ſich wölbte. Hell war der Himmel; Nebel lag wie ein See im Thal, und die höhern Hügel ſtanden, Inſeln gleich, draus empor, mit ihren rauchenden Hütten, und ihrem bunten herbſtlichen Schmuck, im Sonnenglanz: gelb und purpurn, wenige noch grün, ſtanden die Bäume, mit reifen Früchten überhangen, im ſchönſten Gemiſche. In frohem Entzücken überſah er die weit ausgebreitete Gegend, hörte das frohe Gebrüll der Heerden, und die Flöten der Hirten, nah und fern, und den Geſang der muntern Vögel, die bald hoch in heller Luft ſich jagten, bald tiefer im Nebel des Thals ſich verloren. Staunend ſtand er lange ſo; aber in frommer Begeiſterung nahm er jetzt die Leyer von der Wand, und ſang:

Möcht' ich, ihr Götter! Möcht' ich mein Entzücken, meinen Dank euch würdig ſingen. Alles, alles glänzt in reifer Schönheit, alles überſtrömt in vollem Segen; Anmuth herrſchet überall und Freude und von Blumen und vom Weinſtock lächelt des Jahres Segen. Schön, ſchön iſt die ganze Gegend, in des Herbſtes feyerlichſtem Schmucke.

Glücklich iſt der, deſſen unbeflecktes Gemüth keine begangene Bosheit nagt; der ſeinen Segen zufrieden genießt, und wo er kann, Gutes thut. Ihn weckt zur Freude der helle Morgen; der ganze Tag iſt ihm voll Wonne, und ſanft umfängt die Nacht ihn mit ſüßem Schlummer. Jede Schönheit, jede Freude genießt ſein frohes Gemüthe; ihn entzückt jede Schönheit des wechſelnden Jahres, jeder Segen der Natur.

Aber gedoppelt glücklich iſt, der ſein Glück mit einer Gattin theilt, die Schönheit und jede Tugend ſchmückt; einer Gattin, wie du biſt, geliebte Daphne! Seit Hymen uns verband, iſt jedes Glück mir ſüßer. Ja, ſeit Hymen uns verband, war unſer Leben wie zwei wohlgeſtimmte Flöten, die in ſanften Tönen das gleiche Lied ſpielen; kein Mißton ſtört die ſüße Harmonie, und wer es hört, wird mit Freud' erfüllt. War je ein Wunſch, den mein Auge verrieth, den du nicht erfüllteſt? War je eine Freude, die ich genoß, die du nicht durch deine Freude verſüßteſt? Hat ein Unmuth je mich bis in deine Arme verfolgt, der nicht, wie ein Frühlingsnebel vor der Sonne, verſchwand? Ja, da ich als Braut dich in meine Hütte führte, folgte dir jede Anmuth des Lebens. Zu unſern freundlichen Hausgöttern ſetzten ſie ſich, um nimmer von uns zu weichen: wirthſchaftliche Ordnung und Reinlichkeit, und Muth und Freude bei jedem Unternehmen; und alles, was du vollführeſt, iſt von den Göttern geſegnet.

Seit du, o ſeit du der Segen meiner Hütte biſt, ſeitdem iſt mir Alles mit gedoppelter Anmuth geſchmückt; geſegnet iſt meine Hütte, geſegnet meine Heerde, und alles was ich pflanze, und alles was ich ſammle. Freudig iſt jeden Tages Arbeit; und komm' ich müde zurück unter mein ruhiges Dach, o wie entzücket mich da deine holde Geſchäftigkeit, mich zu erquicken! Schöner iſt mir der Frühling, ſchöner der Sommer und der Herbſt; und, wenn der Winter um unſre Hütten ſtürmet, dann beim Feuerheerde, an deiner Seite, unter Geſchäften und ſanftem Geſpräche, fühl' ich ganz die Anmuth häuslicher Sicherheit: Bei dir eingeſchloſſen mögen Winde wüthen, und Schneegeſtöber die ganze Ausſicht rauben: Dann erſt fühl' ich's, wie du mir alles biſt.

Die Fülle meines Glückes ſeyd ihr, ihr anmuthsvollen Kinder, mit jedem Liebreiz der Mutter geſchmückt; was für Segen blüht in euch uns auf! Die erſte Silbe, die ſie euch ſtammeln lehrte, war, mir zu ſagen, daß ihr mich liebet. Geſundheit und Freude blühen in euch auf, und ſanfte Gefälligkeit herrſchet ſchon in jedem eurer Spiele. Die Freude ſeyd ihr unſrer Jugend, und euer Glück wird einſt des Alters Freude ſeyn. Wenn ihr, komm' ich vom Felde oder von der Heerde zurück, an der Schwelle mit frohem Getümmel mich rufet; an meinen Knieen hangend, mit kindiſcher Freude die kleinen Geſchenke empfanget, ſüße Früchte, oder was ich, bei der Wartung der Heerde, kleines Feld- oder Gartengeräthe euch ſchnitze, eure kleine Geſchäftigkeit zu üben; o wie erquickt mich dann jede eurer unſchuldvollen Freuden! Mit Entzücken eil' ich dann, o Daphne! in deine offnen Arme, und mit holder Anmuth küſſeſt du die Thränen meiner Freude von meinen Wangen.

Aber jetzt kam Daphne, ein anmuthsvolles Kind auf jedem Arm; ſchön war ſie wie der thaubenetzte Morgen, mit Freudenthränen auf den Wangen. O mein Geliebter, ſo ſchluchzte ſie, o wie bin ich glücklich! Wir kommen, o wir kommen dir zu danken, daß du ſo uns liebſt.

Jetzt ſchließt er alle drei in ſeine Arme. Sie redeten nicht, ſie empfanden nur ihr ganzes Glück; und wer ſie da geſehen hätte, würde, durch die ganze Seele gerührt, empfunden haben, daß Tugendhafte glücklich ſind.

Das Gelübde.

Laßt, Nymphen, o laßt das Waſſer eurer Quelle an mir geſegnet ſeyn, wenn von der Hüft' ich mein Blut waſche, das aus der Wunde floß! Laßt, o laßt mir's heilſam ſeyn, ihr Nymphen dieſer Quelle! Nicht Zank, nicht Feindſchaft iſt die Schuld von dieſem Blut. Amyntas Knabe ſchrie im Hain, von einem Wolf ergriffen; er ſchrie, und ſchnell, den Göttern ſey's gedankt! war ich zur Rettung da. Als unter meinen Streichen der Wolf noch rang, hat er mit ſcharfer Klaue die Hüfte mir verwundet! Ihr Nymphen, ſeyd nicht böſe, wenn ich die reine Quelle trübe, mit Blut, das aus der Wunde floß! Ein junges Böckchen will ich morgen früh' euch hier am Ufer opfern, weiß wie der Schnee, der eben fiel.

Die Zephyre.

Erſter Zephyr.

Was flatterſt du ſo müßig hier im Roſenbuſche? Komm, fliege mit mi[illegible]in's ſchattige Thal; dort baden Nymphen ſich im Teiche.

Zweiter Zephyr. Nein, ich fliege nicht mit dir. Fliege du zum Teich, umflattre deine Nymphen; ein ſüßeres Geſchäft will ich verrichten. Hier kühl' ich meine Flügel im Roſenthau, und ſammle [illegible]liche Gerüche.

Erſte[illegible]ephyr. Was iſt denn dein Geſchäft, das ſüßer iſt, al[illegible]m die Spiele froher Nymphen ſich zu mühen?

Zweiter Zephyr. Bald wird ein Mädchen hier den Pfad vorübergehen, ſchön wie die jüngſte der Grazien. Mit einem vollen Korbe geht ſie bei jedem Morgenroth zu jener Hütte, die dort am Hügel ſteht; ſieh', die Morgenſonne glänzt an ihr bemooſtes Dach. Dort reichet ſie der Armuth Troſt, und jedes Tages Nahrung. Dort wohnt ein Weib, fromm, krank und arm; zwei unſchuldvolle Kinder würden hungernd an ihrem Bette weinen, wäre Daphne nicht ihr Troſt. Bald wird ſie wieder kommen, die ſchönen Wangen glühend, und Thränen im unſchuldvollen Auge; Thränen des Mitleids, und der ſüßen Freude, der Armen Troſt zu ſeyn. Hier wart' ich, hier im Roſenbuſch, bis ich ſie kommen ſehe: Mit dem Geruche der Roſen, und mit kühlen Schwingen flieg' ich ihr dann entgegen; dann kühl' ich ihre Wangen, und küſſe Thränen von ihren Augen. Sieh', das iſt mein Geſchäft.

Erſter Zephyr. Du rühreſt mich: Wie ſüß iſt dein Geſchäft! Mit dir will ich meine Flügel kühlen, mit dir Gerüche ſammeln, mit dir will ich fliegen, wenn ſie kömmt. Doch — ſieh'! am Weidenbuſch herauf kommt ſie daher; ſchön iſt ſie wie der Morgen; Unſchuld lächelt ſanft auf ihren Wangen, voll Anmuth iſt jede Geberde. Auf, da iſt ſie, ſchwinge deine Flügel; ſo ſchöne Wangen hab' ich noch nie gekühlt!

Micon.

Von Miletus kamen wir, Milon und ich, Apollen unſer Opfer zu bringen. Schon ſahn wir von Ferne den Hügel, wo der Tempel auf glänzenden Säulen aus dem Lorbeerhain hoch in die blaue Luft emporſteht und weiter hinaus flimmerte, dem Aug endlos, die Ausſicht ins Meer. Mittag war's, und der Sand brannte unſre Solen, und die Sonne den Scheitel; ſo gerade ſtund ſie über uns, daß die Locken an der Stirne ihre Schatten das ganze Geſicht herunterwarfen. Die Eidexe ſchlich lechzend im Farrenkraut am Weg, und die Grille und die Heuſchrecke zwitſcherten unter dem Schatten der Blätter im geſengten Graſe. Von jedem Tritt flog heißer Staub auf, und brannte die Augen, und ſaß auf den gedörrten Lippen. So gingen wir ſchmachtend: Aber wir verlängerten die Schritte, denn vor uns ſahn wir am Wege dicht emporſtehende Bäume; ſchwarz war der Schatten unter ihnen, wie Nacht. Mit ſchauerndem Entzücken traten wir da in die lieblichſte Kühlung. Entzückender Ort, der ſo plötzlich mit jeder Erquickung uns übergoß! Die Bäume umkränzten ein großes Bett, worein die reinſte, die kühlſte Quelle ſich ergoß. Die Aeſte hingen ringsum zu ihr herunter, mit reifen Aepfeln und Birnen behangen, und zwiſchen den Stämmen der Bäume flatterten fruchtbare Geſträuche, Krauſelbeeren und Brombeeren, und die Erdbeerſtaude. Aber die Quelle rauſchte aus dem Fuß eines Grabmahls hervor, das Geißblatt und die ſchlanke Winde, und ſchleichender Epheu umwanden. Götter! ſo rief ich, wie lieblich iſt dieſer Ort der Erquickung! Heilig und geſegnet ſey mir, der dieſe Schatten ſo gutthätig gepflanzt hat; vielleicht ruht ſeine Aſche hier. Hier, ſprach Milon, hier an der Vorderſeite des Grabmahls ſehe ich, unter den Ranken von Geißblatt eingegrabene Züge; vielleicht ſagen uns die, wer er iſt, der ſo für des Wanderers Erfriſchung ſorgt. Und jetzt hob er die Ranken mit ſeinem Stab, und las:

Hier ruhet die Aſche des Micon! Gutthätigkeit war ſein ganzes Leben. Lange nach ſeinem Tode wollt' er noch Gutes thun, und leitete dieſe Quelle hierher, und pflanzte dieſe Bäume.

Geſegnet ſey deine Aſche, du Redlicher! ſo ſprach ich: geſegnet die Deinen, die du zurückließeſt! Und da kam jemand unter den Bäumen hervor; ein ſchönes Weib war's, von ſchlanker Geſtalt und edlem Anſehn. Einen Waſſerkrug trug ſie am Arm, und ſo kam ſie zu der Quelle. Seyd mir geſegnet in dieſen Schatten, ſo redete ſie mit holder Freundlichkeit; ihr ſeyd Fremde, vielleicht hat ein zu weiter Weg bei der Sonnenhitze euch ermüdet. Sagt, kann zu eurer Erfriſchung noch etwas euch dienen, als was ihr hier findet?

Sey uns geſegnet, ſo erwiederten wir, gutthätiges Weib! Wir bedürfen keiner andern Erfriſchung; ſüß hat uns dieſe Quelle, ſüß dieſe Früchte und dieſer Schatten erquickt. Ehrfurcht erfüllt uns für den Redlichen, deſſen Aſche hier ruhet, der ſo für die Bedürfniſſe des Wanderers ſorgte. Du biſt von dieſer Gegend, du kannteſt den Mann; ſag' uns, indeß dieſer heilige Schatten uns kühlt, ſag' uns, wer er war?

Jetzt ſtellte die Frau ihren Waſſerkrug auf den Fuß des Grabmahls, lehnte ſich drauf, und ſprach mit freundlichem Lächeln:

Micon, ſo hieß er, der die Götter ehrte; deſſen ſüßeſte Wolluſt war, andern Gutes zu thun. In dieſer ganzen Gegend wird kein Hirt ſeyn, der nicht mit Freundſchaft und Dankbarkeit ſein Andenken ehrt; keiner, der nicht Geſchichten ſeiner Redlichkeit und ſeiner Güte mit Freudenthränen erzählt. Ich ſelbſt, ich dank's ihm, daß ich das glücklichſte Weib bin — hier glänzten Thränen in ihren Augen — das Weib ſeines Sohns. — Mein Vater war geſtorben; in kummervoller Armuth ließ er ein redliches Weib und mich zurück. In häuslicher Stille, von unſrer Arbeit und frommer Gutthätigkeit genähret, lebten wir, und Tugend und Frömmigkeit war unſer einziger Reichthum. Zwei Ziegen gaben uns ihre Milch, und ein kleiner Baumgarten ſeine Früchte. Nicht lange lebten wir in dieſer Ruhe; auch meine Mutter ſtarb, und hinterließ mich troſtloſes Kind. Aber Micon nahm mich in ſein Haus, und übergab mir häusliche Geſchäfte, und war mehr mein Vater als mein Herr. Sein Sohn, der beſte und ſchönſte Hirt der ganzen Gegend, ſah meine redliche Geſchäftigkeit, und meine aufmerkſame Sorge, meines Glückes werth zu ſeyn; er ſah' es und liebte mich und ſagt' es mir, daß er mich liebte. Was in meinem Herzen ich empfand, wollt' ich mir ſelbſt nicht geſtehn. O Damon, Damon! vergiß deine Liebe! Ich armes Mädchen bin glücklich genug, die Dienſtmagd deines Hauſes zu ſeyn. So fleht' ich ihn immer; aber er vergaß ſeine Liebe nicht. Eines Morgens war ich eben im Vorhaus beſchäftigt, die Wolle der Heerde zur Arbeit zu rüſten; da trat Micon herein und ſetzte ſich neben mir an die Morgenſonne. Lange ſah' er mit freundlichem Lächeln mich an. Kind! ſo ſprach er jetzt, deine Frömmigkeit, deine Geſchäftigkeit, dein ganzes Betragen gefallen mir ſo wohl, du biſt das beſte Kind, und ich will, geben die Götter das Gedeihen! ich will dich glücklich ſehn. Könnt' ich, mein beſter Herr! könnt' ich glücklicher ſeyn, als wenn ich deiner Gutthaten würdig bin? So antwortete ich, und Thränen der Dankbarkeit floſſen von meinen Augen. Kind! ſprach er, ich möchte das Andenken deines Vaters und deiner Mutter ehren; ich möcht' in meinem Alter meinen Sohn und dich glücklich ſehn. Er liebt dich; kannſt du, ſage mir's, kannſt du durch ſeine Liebe glücklich ſeyn? Jetzt entſank die Arbeit meiner Hand; zitternd, erröthend ſtund ich vor ihm. Er nahm meine Hand; und kannſt du, ſo ſagt er, kannſt du durch ſeine Liebe glücklich ſeyn? Ich fiel vor ihm nieder, drückte im ſtummen Entzücken ſeine Hand an mein bethräntes Geſicht; und von ſelbigem Tag an bin ich das glücklichſte Weib. Jetzt trocknete ſie ihre Augen. Das war der Mann, der hier ruhet, ſo fuhr ſie fort: Aber wie er dieſe Quelle hieher geleitet, und dieſe Schatten gepflanzt hat, das wünſcht ihr noch zu wiſſen, und ich will's euch erzählen:

Gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens ging er oft, und ſetzte ſich hier an der Straße, grüßte freundlich den Wandrer, und bot dem Armen und dem Müden Erquickung. Wie, wenn ich einen kühlen Schatten von fruchtbaren Bäumen hier pflanzte, und eine kühle Quelle in dieſen Schatten leitete? Weither iſt keine Quelle und kein Schatten; ſo erquickt' ich, wenn ich lange nicht mehr bin, den Müden, und den, der in der Sonnenhitze ſchmachtet. So ſprach er, und ließ vom Feld her die kühlſte Quelle leiten, und pflanzte fruchtbare Bäume umher, die früher und ſpäter reifen. Die Arbeit war vollendet; und jetzt ging er zum Tempel des Apollo, opferte und bat: Laß, was ich pflanzte, gedeihen; ſo kann der Fromme, der fernher zu deinem Tempel geht, im kühlen Schatten ſich erquicken.

Der Gott hatte ſeine Bitte gnädig erhört. Den folgenden Morgen erwacht' er frühe, und ſah' aus ſeinem Fenſter nach der Straße. Da ſah' er, wo er die Sprößlinge gepflanzt, hohe aufgewachſene Bäume. Götter, ſo rief er, was ſeh' ich! Kinder, ſagt mir's, täuſcht mich ein Traum? Ich ſehe, was ich geſtern gepflanzt, zu Bäumen emporgewachſen. Voll heiligen Erſtaunens gingen wir jetzt unter den Schatten; im vollſten Wuchſe ſtunden die Bäume da, und ſtreckten die ſtarken Aeſte weit umher, die Laſt der reifen Früchte bog ſie herunter zum blumigten Gras. O Wunder! ſo rief der Greis, ich Alter ſoll ſelbſt noch in dieſen Schatten wandeln! Und wir dankten und opferten dem Gotte, der, ſo gnädig, noch mehr als ſeine Wünſche erfüllte. Aber, ach! er wandelte nicht lange mehr in dieſen Schatten! er ſtarb, und wir begraben ihn hier, daß der, welcher in dieſen Schatten ruhet, dankbar ſeine Aſche ſegne.

So erzählte ſie. Gerührt ſegneten wir die Aſche des Redlichen. Süß hat uns die Quelle, ſüß der Schatten erquickt; aber mehr noch, was du uns ſo freundlich erzählteſt. Sey uns geſegnet! ſo ſprachen wir, und gingen voll frommer Empfindung zum Tempel des Apollo.

Thyrſis.

Umſonſt, ſo klagte Thyrſis ſeine Qual, für mich umſonſt, ihr gütigen Nymphen, ſchwebt angenehme Kühlung in dieſen Schatten, wo ihr eure Quellen im wölbenden Geſträuch ausgießet. Ich ſchmachte, ach! wie man an der Sommerſonne ſchmachtet. Unten am kleinen Hügel, auf dem die Hütte der Chloe ſteht, ſaß ich, und blies der Echo ein ſanftes Liedchen vor. Oben beſchattet den Hügel der Baumgarten, den ſie wartet und pflanzt, und neben mir plätſcherte das Waſſer herunter, das ihn durchſchlängelt, an deſſen blumigem Bord ſie oft ſchlummert, oft ihre Hände und Wangen kühlt. Plötzlich hört' ich das Knarren des Riegels, der des Gartens Thüre ſchließt. Sie trat heraus; ein ſanfter Wind flatterte in ihrem blonden Haar und im leichten Gewand. O wie ſchön, wie ſchön war ſie! Ein reinliches Körbchen voll glänzender Früchte trug ſie an der einen Hand; und ſchamhaft, auch da, wo ſie keinen Zeugen vermuthet, hielt ſie mit der andern das Gewand über den jungen Buſen feſt: denn ihn würde der Wind in ſeinem Spiel entblößet haben; aber es ſchmiegte ſich um Hüften und Knie, und flatterte ſanft rauſchend rückwärts in die Luft. So ging ſie auf der Höhe des Hügels vorüber. Aber zween Aepfel fielen vom Körbchen, und hüpften den Hügel hinunter, gerade auf mich, auf mich zu, als hätt' Amor ſelbſt ihren Lauf gelenkt. Ich nahm ſie von der Erde, und drückt' an meine Lippen ſie; und ſo trug ich ſie den Hügel hinauf, und gab ſie dem Mädchen wieder. Meine Hand zitterte, ich wollte reden; aber ich ſeufzte nur. Aber Chloe blickte nieder, ſanfte Röthe überhauchte ihre ſchönen Wangen; ſanft lächelnd, und röther, ſchenkte ſie die ſchönen Aepfel mir. Jetzt ſtunden wir — ach was ich empfand! — ſchüchtern beyde; dann ging ſie mit ſanftem Schritt der Hütte zu. Mein unverwandter Blick ſah' ihr nach; da ſie hineintrat, ſah' ſie zögernd und freundlich noch einmal zurücke; ſah' ich ſie gleich nicht mehr, mein Blick war doch an die Schwelle der Thüre geheftet. Jetzt ging ich, Zittern war in meinen Knieen, den Hügel hinunter. Ach! ſtehe du mir bei, gütiger Amor! Was ich ſeither empfinde, wird nie wieder in meinem Buſen erlöſchen.

An den Amor.

Ach! Amor, lieber Amor!
Schon an dem erſten May
Baut' in des Gartens Ecke
Ich den Altar für dich,
Und pflanzte Roſenhecken
Und Myrthen drüber her:
Und lag nicht jeden Morgen
Thauvoll ein Blumenkranz
Auf deines Altars Mitte!
Ach! alles war umſonſt.
Schon ſtreifen Winterwinde
Das Laub von Baum und Strauch,
Und Phillis iſt noch ſpröde,
Spröd' wie am erſten May.

Thyrſis und Menalkas.

Thyrſis.

Dem Amor hatt' ich ein Gelübde gebracht, im kleinen marmornen Tempel. Ein reinliches ganz neues Körbchen hing ich im Myrthenwäldchen auf, und einen friſchen Kranz, und meine beſte Flöte. O lieber Amor, ſey, (ſo fleht' ich) ſey meiner Liebe gewogen! Heute ging ich beim kleinen Tempel vorbei, trat in den Myrthenhain, und ſah' nach meinem Körbchen. Und ſieh', ſieh', was ich da ſah! Ein Vögelchen ſaß auf des Körbchens Rand, und ſang. Da trat ich näher, da flog es weg; ich ſah ins Körbchen, und ſieh', ein wohlgebautes Neſtchen war, und Eierchen waren drinnen; und das Weibchen ſchmiegte ſorgſam ſich drüber, und blickte mich an, als wollt' es mich flehn: Zerſtöre, junger Hirt! o zerſtöre die kleine Wirthſchaft nicht! der andre flatterte um meine Stirn' und Haare. Ich ging zurück, ſchnell war das Männchen wieder auf des Körbchens Rand; mit frohem Zwitſchern freuten ſie ſich und ſangen. Nun ſage du mir, lieber Menalkas! der du alle Deutungen weißt, ſage mir, was bedeutet das?

Menalkas. Glücklich werdet ihr, dein Mädchen und du, beiſammen wohnen und fruchtbar wird eure Liebe ſeyn.

Thyrſis. Bei den Göttern! das dacht' ich auch; doch wollt' ich deine Weisheit hören. Sieh, dieſes junge Zickchen ſchenk' ich dir; und dieſe Flaſche voll Honig, ſüß wie meines Mädchens Lippen, und lauter wie die Luft. So ſprach er, und hüpfte für Freude, wie eine junge Ziege im Maienthau hüpft.

Der Blumenſtrauß.

Daphnen ſah ich! Vielleicht, ach! vielleicht würd's mein Glück ſeyn, hätt' ich ſie nicht geſehn! So reizend ſah ich ſie nie. In der heißen Mittagsſonne lag ich im dunkeln Weidenbuſch, am kühlen Bache, da wo er ſanft rieſelnd durch Steine fällt. Schatten wölbte ſich über mir, und über dem kühlen Bache; da ſaß ich ruhig: Aber ſeitdem, ach! iſt für mich keine Ruhe mehr. Nicht weit von mir rauſchte das Geſträuche, und Daphne, Daphne kam durch des Bordes Schatten, herunter an den Bach. Reinlich zog ſie ihr blaues Gewand von den kleinen weißen Füßen herauf und trat in die helle Fluth. Sie bückte ſich, und wuſch mit der rechten Hand ihr reizvolles Geſicht; mit der linken hielt ſie ihr Gewand, daß nicht das Waſſer es netzte. Aber nun ſtund ſie ſtill und wartete bis kein Tropfen von ihrer Hand mehr das Waſſer bewegte. Still war's und jeder ihrer Reize ſchien ungefälſcht ihr entgegen. Jetzt lächelte ſie ihre eigne Schönheit an, und drückte das Geflechte der goldnen Haare zurechte, die ſich in einen reizvollen Knoten verbanden. Für wen, ſo ſeufzt' ich, ach! für wen dieſe Sorgfalt! Wem, ach! wem will ſie gefallen? Wer iſt der Glückliche, um deßwillen ſie mit zufriednem Lächeln ſieht, daß ſie ſo reizend iſt? Indeß ſie gebückt ſo über dem Bache ſtund, fiel der Blumenſtrauß von ihrem Buſen ins Waſſer, und ſchwamm, indeß ſie wegging, zu mir herunter. Ich fing ihn, ich küßt' ihn; für eine ganze Heerde hätt' ich ihn nicht gegeben. Aber, ach! der Blumenſtrauß welkt, ach! er welkt, der, nur zween Tage ſind's, mit der Quelle zu mir floß. Ach! wie ich ihn pflegte! In meiner Trinkſchaale ſtund er, die ich im Frühling mit Geſang gewann. Amor ſitzt künſtlich drauf geſchnitten, in einer Laube von Geißblatt; lächelnd verſucht er die Schärfe ſeiner Pfeile mit der Spitze der Finger, und vor ihm ſchnäbeln ſich zwo Tauben. Dreimal des Tages goß ich ihm friſch Waſſer zu, und des Nachts ſtellt' ich ihn am Gitter meines Fenſters in den Thau. Dann ſtund ich vor ihm und athmete ſeine ſüßen Gerüche. Süßer waren die Gerüche, glühender waren die Farben, als aller Blumen des Frühlings denn, ach! an ihrem Buſen haben ſie geblüht! Staunend ſtund ich dann vor der Schaale. Ja, Amor! ſo ſeufzt' ich, ſie ſind ſcharf, deine Pfeile; wie ſehr wie ſehr, muß ich's fühlen! laß, o laß Daphnen nur die Hälfte ſo für mich empfinden; dann will ich dieſe Schaale dir weihn! Auf einem kleinen Altar ſoll ſie ſtehn, und alle Morgen umwind ich ſie mit einem friſchen Blumenkranz, und, iſt es Winter, mit einem Myrthenſchoß. O möchtet ihr, kleine Tauben, möchtet ihr ein Bild meines künftigen Glückes ſeyn! Aber ach! der Blumenſtrauß welkt, ſo ſehr ich ihn pflege; traurig hängen die Blumen und blaß am Borde der Schaale herunter, hauchen keine Gerüche mehr, und ihre Blätter fallen. Ach! Amor, laß, ach laß ihr Welken für meine Liebe nicht von übler Deutung ſeyn.

Der Sturm.

Auf dem Vorgebürge, an deſſen Seite der ſchilfreiche Tifernus ins Meer flieſſet, ſaßen Lacon und Battus, die Hirten der Rinder. Ein ſchwarzes Gewitter ſtieg fernher auf, ängſtliche Stille war in den Wipfeln der Bäume, und die Seevögel und die Schwalben ſchwirreten in banger Unruhe hin und her. Schon hatten ſie die Heerden vom Gebürge nach ihrer Wohnung geſchickt: ſie aber blieben auf dem Gebürge zurück, die fürchterliche Ankunft des Gewitters, und den Sturm auf dem Meere zu ſehn. Fürchterlich iſt die Stille, ſo ſagte Lacon: Sieh'! die untergehende Sonne verbirgt ſich in jenen Wolken, die Gebürgen gleich am Saume des Meeres aufſteigen.

Battus. Schwarz liegt das unabſehbare Meer vor uns. Noch ruhig — aber eine bange Stille, die bald mit fürchterlichem Tumulte wechſeln wird. Ein dumpfes Geräuſche tönt fernher, wie das Geheul der Angſt und eines allgemeinen plötzlichen Unglücks etwa von Ferne gehört wird.

Lacon. Sieh'! langſam ſteigen die Gebürge der Wolken; immer ſchwärzer, immer fürchterlicher heben ſie ihre Schultern hinter dem Meer hinauf.

Battus. Immer fürchterlicher wird das dumpfe Geräuſche; Nacht liegt auf dem Meere; ſchon hat ſie die Diomediſchen Inſeln verſchlungen, du ſiehſt ſie nicht mehr. Nur flimmert noch die Flamme des Leuchtthurms von jenem Vorgebürge in der ſchauervollen Dunkelheit. Aber jetzt, jetzt fängt das Geheul der Winde an; ſieh'! ſie zerreiſſen die Wolken — treiben ſie wüthend empor: ſie toben auf dem Meere, es ſchäumt.—

Lacon. Fürchterlich kömmt der Sturm daher. Doch gern will ich ihn wüthen ſehn; mit Angſt gemiſchte Wolluſt ſchwellt ganz meinen Buſen. Wenn du willſt, ſo bleiben wir; bald ſind wir das Gebürge herunter in unſrer wohlverwahrten Hütte.

Battus. Gut! ich bleibe mit dir. Schon iſt das Gewitter da! ſchon toben die Wellen an unſerm Ufer, und die Winde heulen durch die gebogenen Wipfel.

Lacon. Ha! ſieh', wie die Wellen toben, ihren Schaum in die Wolken emporſpritzen, fürchterlich wie Felſengebürge ſich heben, und fürchterlich in den Abgrund ſich ſtürzen. Die Blitze flammen an ihren Rücken, und erleuchten die ſchreckenvolle Scene.

Battus. Götter! ſieh', ein Schiff: wie ein Vogel auf einem Vorgebürge ſitzt, ſitzt es auf jener Welle. Ha! ſie ſtürzt. Wo iſt's nun, wo ſind die Elenden? Begraben, im Abgrund.

Lacon. Trüg' ich mich nicht, ſo ſteigt's dort auf dem Rücken jener Welle wieder empor. Götter! Rettet, o rettet ſie. Sieh'! ſieh'! die nächſte Welle ſtürzt mit ihrer ganzen Laſt auf ſie her. O was ſuchtet ihr, daß ihr ſo, euer väterliches Ufer verlaſſend, auf ungeheuern Meeren ſchwebt! Hatte euer Geburtsland nicht Nahrung genug, euern Hunger zu ſättigen? Reichthum ſuchtet ihr, und fandet einen jammervollen Tod.

Battus. Am väterlichen Ufer werden eure Väter und eure Weiber und eure Kinder vergebens weinen; vergebens für eure Rückkunft in den Tempeln Gelübde thun. Leer wird euer Grabmahl ſeyn; denn euch werden Raubvögel am Ufer freſſen, verſchlingen die Ungeheuer des Meeres euch nicht. O Götter, laßt immer mich ruhig in armer Hütte wohnen! Zufrieden mit wenigem, nähre mein Anger mich, und mein kleines Feld und meine Heerde.

Lacon. Strafet mich, Götter! wie dieſe, wenn je Unzufriedenheit in meinem Buſen ſeufzt; wenn ich je mehr wünſche, als was ich habe, Ruhe und mäßige Nahrung!

Battus. Laß uns hinuntergehn; vielleicht daß die Wellen einige von dieſen Elenden ans Ufer werfen. Leben ſie noch, ſo haben wir den Troſt ſie zu retten; ſind ſie todt, ſo beruhigen wir doch ihren Geiſt, und geben ihnen ein ruhiges Grab.

Sie gingen hinunter an's Ufer, und fanden im Sand ausgeſtreckt einen ſchönen Jüngling todt. Mit Thränen begruben ſie ihn am Ufer. Trümmer des Schiffes lagen im Sande zerſtreut; und ſie fanden unter den Trümmern eine Kiſte, öffneten ſie, und ſchwere Reichthümer von Gold waren darinnen. Was ſoll uns das, ſagte Battus?

Lacon. Behalten wollen wir's; nicht um reich zu ſeyn, dafür bewahren mich die Götter! um's zurückzugeben, wenn's ein Eigenthümer ſucht, oder einem, der's mehr nöthig hat als wir.

Ungenutzt, und ungeſucht lag der Schatz lange bei den Beiden; da lieſſen ſie draus am Ufer einen kleinen Tempel bauen. Sechs Säulen von weißem Marmor hielten den ſchattigen Vordergiebel empor, und in der Vertiefung ſtand die Bildſäule des Pans. Der Zufriedenheit war dieſer Tempel geweiht, und dir, gütiger Pan!

Erythia.

Mirſon.

Hier laß' uns im Bache gehn, das Waſſer kühlt unſre Füße; über uns wölben ſich Weiden und ſchlanke Eſchen im Schatten.

Lycas. Geh's denn; bei dieſer ſchwülen Hitze ſucht jeder ſchmachtend die Kühlung.

Myrſon. Laß uns gehen bis dahin, wo der Bach herunter ſich ſtürzt; lieblich iſt's dort und kühl, als ſchwämmſt du beim Mondſchein im Waſſer.

Lycas. Horche, ſchon hör' ich des fallenden Waſſers Geräuſche. Es iſt, als ſucht' jedes Geſchöpf in dieſen Schatten ſeine Freude. Welch Geſumſe, welch Schwirren, welch Zwitſchern, welch frohes buntes Gewimmel flattert da im Schatten! Dieſe kleine Waſſerſtelze, will ſie den Weg uns weiſen? Sieh', wie ſie vor uns her ſo munter von Stein zu Steine hüpft. Ha! Sieh' da, wie ein heller Sonnenſtrahl in dieſen hohlen Weidenſtamm fällt, mit Winden und Epheu behangen. Sieh' doch, ein junges Böckchen ſchläft drinnen; wie ſchlau hat ſich das die angenehme Ruhſtatt gewählt!

Myrſon. Du ſiehſt alles; nur nicht, daß wir da ſind, wo wir ſeyn ſollen.

Lycas. Ha, ja! Pan! Ihr Götter! Welch angenehmer Ort iſt das!

Myrſon. Wie ein ſilberner Teppich, den ein ſanfter Wind bewegt, deckt der ſtürzende Bach die hinter ihm ſich wölbende Höhle; ein Kranz von Geſträuchen umfaßt ihn. Komm, laß uns hinter den Waſſerfall in die Höhle gehn.

Lycas. Ha! mir ſchauerts von angenehmer Kühlung. Wie der Bach vor uns niederplätſchert! Jeder ſtürzende Tropfen flimmert am Sonnenſtrahl wie Feuer.

Myrſon. Laß hier auf die höhern mit Moos bedeckten Steine uns ſitzen; unſre Füße ruhen unbenetzt auf denen, die in dem Waſſer liegen, indeß daß der Waſſerfall uns in die Höhle verſchließt.

Lycas. So einen anmuthsvollen Ort hab' ich noch nie geſehn.

Myrſon. Ja anmuthsvoll iſt er, auch iſt er dem Pan heilig. Am Mittag fliehn ihn die Hirten; man ſagt, daß er dann oft da ruhet. Auch wird von der Quelle eine Geſchichte geſungen; verlangeſt du das, ſo will ich ſie ſingen.

Lycas. Hier ſitzen wir bequem; auf dieſem Polſter von Moos lehn' ich mich an die Felſenwand hin, und höre mit Entzücken deinen Geſang.

Schön, du Tochter des Eridanus! ſchöner als alle von Dianens Gefolge, warſt du, Erythia! War gleich ihre Schönheit noch im Aufblühn, halb Kind noch, war ſie ſchon von ſchlanker Größe; kindiſche Unſchuld lächelte noch im ſchönſten Geſichte, und Schüchternheit im glänzend blauen Aug; ihr junger Buſen, nur ſanft gewölbt, verſprach erſt noch den vollern Wuchs. Bei der Sonnenhitze hatte mit ihren Geſpielen ſie auf den Gebürgen die Rehe verfolgt; und müde und von Durſt ſchmachtend lief ſie zu einer Quelle. Sie kühlte die Hand, und wuſch ihr ſchönes Geſicht; dann ſchöpfte ſie einen kühlen Trank, und ſchlürft' ihn mit kleinen Lippen. So beſchäftigt, über den Bach gebückt, dachte ſie an keine Gefahr; aber Pan hatte aus nahen Geſträuchen ſie betrachtet, und Liebe flammete ſchnell in ſeinem Buſen auf. Ihr unbemerkt ſchlich er herbei, bis das Geräuſche des nächſten Graſes an ihrem Rücken ihn verrieth. Erſchrocken ſprang ſie auf, entwiſchte ſeinen nervigten für Verlangen zitternden Armen; ſchon fühlte ſeine Wärme ſie an ihren Hüften; ein Roſenblatt hätt' ausgefüllt, was zwiſchen ihr und ſeiner Hand noch war. Schnell ſprang ſie über den Bach, leicht war ſie wie ein Reh, Schrecken machte ſie ſchneller: ſo lief ſie; er lief ihr nach; ſo lief ſie über die Trift hin, wie ein ſchneller Wind über des Graſes Spitzen ſtreift. Aber plötzlich ſtand ſie für Entſetzen ſtill. Am äußerſten Rand eines Felſens ſtand ſie, bebte zurück, und ſah erblaſſend ins tiefe Thal. Dann rief ſie mit ängſtlichem Geſchrei: O Diana! Schützerin der Keuſchheit, o rette, rette mich, daß kein unkeuſcher Arm meine Hüften umſchlinge! Rette, o rette, Diana, Schützerin der Keuſchheit! Aber der Gott war an ihrer Ferſe ſchon — ſchon fühlt ſie ſeinen Athem — und jetzt ſeinen umſchlingenden Arm. Doch, die der Liebe ungewogene Göttin hört' ihr angſtvolles Flehn. Waſſer trieft von ſeinen umſchlingenden Armen, und die an ſie gedrückte Bruſt herunter; ſie zerſchmilzt in ſeiner Umarmung zur Quelle — ſchmilzt, wie Frühlingsſchnee an einem braunen Felſen — ſchmilzt, trieft von ſeinen Armen — rieſelt ſein Knie herunter — rieſelt durchs Gras — ſtürzt von der Felſenwand, und rieſelt ſchon unten im Thal. Und ſo entſtund Erethia, die reine Quelle.

Karl Heinrich Ludwig Gieſebrecht

ward am 9. Juni 1782 zu Mirow in Mecklenburg geboren und lebte als Dr. phil. und erſter Profeſſor am Kölniſchen Gymnaſium in Berlin.

Er gab heraus:

Armida. Tragödie. Penig 1804.
Sartorius. Tragödie. Bremen 1807.
Mnemoſyne. Bremen 1807.
Deutſche Blätter. 1e Sammlung. Brandenburg 1822.

Ein ſchönes, gründlich durchgebildetes Talent, das beſonders im Fache der romantiſchen Tragödie Ausgezeichnetes leiſtete, und bei dem es lebhaft zu bedauern iſt, daß es die ruhmvoll angetretene Bahn ſchon ſo früh wieder verließ. —

Friedrich Chriſtlieb Girardet

ward am 14. Februar 1789 zu Stettin geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, erhielt darauf 1808 eine Anſtellung am theologiſchen Seminar zu Berlin und 1811 das Amt eines Predigers bei der reformirten Gemeine zu Dresden, das er gegenwärtig noch bekleidet.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Andachtsſtunden. 3 Bde. Dresden 1823—1828.
Das Brautgeſchenk. Leipzig 1819. N. A. 1824.
Gewiſſensfragen an und für die katholiſche Geiſtlichkeit zu Dresden. Dresden 1831.
Das Evangelium der Jeſuiten. 2. A. Leipzig 1829.
Predigten über das Gebet des Herrn. Dresden 1818.
Die drei Scheidewege des Jugendlebens. Dresden 1825.
Der 6. September in ſeiner hohen Bedeutung. Dresden 1832.
Ein Wort zur Ehrenrettung der Presbyteren. Leipzig 1832.
Zwei Predigten am 3. Jubelfeſte des Augsburgiſchen Glaubensbekenntniſſes; (mit J. H. Blaß). Dresden 1830.
Hebels allemanniſche Gedichte, in das Hochdeutſche überſetzt. — Dresden 1821.
Der Galeerenſclave. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Dresden 1829. 2 Thle.

G. erwarb ſich einen gefeierten Namen durch die Herausgabe vortrefflicher religiöſer, namentlich aſcetiſcher Schriften, in welchen tiefes Gefühl mit einer klaren und wohlthuenden Anſicht von den höchſten Dingen verbunden und in einer edeln und würdigen, ſtets ihrem Gegenſtande wie dem Publikum für das die einzelnen Schriften beſtimmt wurden, angemeſſenen Sprache vorgetragen iſt. —

Unſer Oſterfeſt oder unſer Erwachen in der Ewigkeit *).

Text:
1. Kor. 6, 14.

„Gott aber hat den Herrn auferwecket, und wird uns auch auferwecken durch ſeine Kraft."

Ein ſchönes Feſt hat uns heute an dieſer heiligen Stätte vor dem Angeſichte des Herrn verſammelt — das Siegesfeſt des Lebens über den Tod, des Lichtes über die Finſterniß. Das Licht, das wir am Weihnachtsfeſte mit den Weiſen des Morgenlandes als einen neu aufgehenden Stern erblickten, und das wir an der Krippe des Heilandes mit Freude und Dank gegen Gott als die Morgenröthe eines ſchönern Tages begrüßten; das Licht, das wir im Kampfe mit der Finſterniß am Charfreitage wieder mit trauerndem Herzen und tiefer Wehmuth ſcheinbar erlöſchen ſahen, dringt heute wieder in ſiegender Herrlichkeit aus der Nacht hervor, und erhellt und erwärmt die ganze Welt wieder, wie eine unvergängliche Sonne. Das Leben, deſſen erſte Geburt aus Gott wir am Weihnachtsfeſte mit dankbarem Herzen feierten, das am Charfreitage wieder zerknickt von der eiſernen Hand des Todes in das Grab ſank, geht heute wieder aus ſeiner ſcheinbaren Vernichtung hervor, und ſteht wieder in göttlicher Kraft und Herrlichkeit da als Sieger des Todes und der Finſterniß. Ja, m. Br., Chriſtus iſt erſtanden: das iſt die fröhliche Bothſchaft, mit welcher uns dieſes Oſterfeſt begrüßt. Chriſtus iſt erſtanden: das rufen heute Millionen und aber Millionen Lippen und Herzen mit Dank und Freude zum Himmel empor. Und wiederum ſcheint der Himmel uns Antwort zu geben auf dieſen feſtlichen Gruß, und ihn nur mit der eben ſo tröſtlichen Botſchaft zu erwiedern: Auch ihr werdet ſo wieder aufſtehen, auch ihr werdet ſo durch den Tod nur zu einem neuen Leben eingehen, und hier nur einſchlummern, um dort in einer ſchönern Welt wieder zu erwachen! Aus jedem Ton der Glocken ſcheint uns in dieſen feſtlichen Tagen dieſer freudige Zuruf entgegenzuſchallen; jedes wärmere Frühlingslüftchen ſcheint uns denſelben zuzuwehen; aus jedem hervorſtrebenden Keime ſcheint er zu uns herüberzudringen, die ganze neu erwachte Natur ſcheint ihn mit tauſend und aber tauſend Stimmen zu wiederholen und zu beſtätigen.

Oder vereinigt ſich nicht alles, um uns dieſes Feſt der Auferſtehung des Herrn zu unſerem eignen Oſterfeſte, zum Feſte unſerer eignen Unſterblichkeit zu machen? Iſt es nicht eine wunderbare Fügung der göttlichen Verſehung, daß wir das Andenken an dieſe große Begebenheit gerade zu einer Zeit feiern müſſen, wo die ganze irdiſche Schöpfung ihr Auferſtehungsfeſt feiert, und uns die Hoffnung auf unſere eigne Wiederbelebung in tauſend Sinnbildern und Gleichniſſen vor Augen hält! Iſt es nicht, als wenn der Allgütige dadurch unſerer Kleingläubigkeit zu Hülfe kommen, und uns durch unſre Sinne ſelbſt die dunkeln Vorgefühle und Ahnungen unſers Herzens deutlicher und anſchaulicher machen wollte? — Ja, gehe hinaus, o Menſch, in den heiligen Tempel der Natur, und ſieh, wie dort überall neues Leben aufkeimt, wo noch vor Kurzem nichts als Tod und Verweſung war: wo könnteſt du deutlicher einſehen, daß alles nur ſtirbt, um durch den Tod ſelbſt wieder zum Leben einzugehen, alles nur geſäet wird, um ſchöner und herrlicher wieder aufzublühen? wo könnteſt du eine beſſere Erklärung zu den Worten des Apoſtels finden: „Es wird geſäet verweslich, und wird auferſtehen unverweslich; es wird geſäet in Unehre, und wird auferſtehen in Herrlichkeit; es wird geſäet in Schwach-

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*) Aus: Fr. Girardet's Predigten. Dresden 1825.

heit, und wird auferſtehen in Kraft; es wird geſäet ein natürlicher Leib, und wird auferſtehen ein geiſtiger Leib.“ — Gehe hinaus in den heiligen Tempel der Natur, und ſieh, wie dort auf den Auferſtehungsruf des Allmächtigen jetzt alles zu einem neuen Daſeyn erwacht, wo vor Kurzem noch alles einen ewigen und eiſernen Todesſchlaf zu ſchlummern ſchien: wo könnte es dir deutlicher vor Augen treten, daß aller Tod nur ein Schlummer iſt, der zu einem fröhlichen Erwachen führt! wo könnteſt du dich tiefer ergriffen fühlen von der Wahrheit, die uns der Apoſtel in den Worten unſers heutigen Textes verhält: „Gott aber hat den Herrn auferwecket, und wird uns auch auferwecken durch ſeine Kraft!“ —

Ja, m. Br., wie verſchieden auch unſer Erwachen von dem des Erlöſers in ſo manchen Nebenumſtänden ſeyn möge, dort müſſen wir es fühlen, daß es in der Hauptſache doch daſſelbe ſeyn wird. Dieſelbe allmächtige Kraft, die ihn aus dem Grabe herausführte, wird auch uns aus demſelben erwecken. Und ſo können wir wohl mit vollem Rechte das Feſt ſeiner Auferſtehung als das Feſt unſrer eignen Unſterblichkeit begehen; ſo können wir wohl, mit vollem Rechte, in dem Erwachen Chriſti zu einem neuen Leben das Vorbild unſers eignen Erwachens in der Ewigkeit ſehen, wie es auch zu allen Zeiten geſchehen iſt, und die Worte unſers Textes beides auch nahe und deutlich genug zuſammenſtellen, um uns nicht den geringſten Zweifel darüber zu laſſen. „Gott aber hat den Herrn auferwecket, und wird uns auch auferwecken durch ſeine Kraft.“ Auch unſer wartet alſo ein Oſtermorgen, wo die Kraft des Höchſten uns erwecken wird aus unſerm Todesſchlummer, wo wir neu belebt erwachen werden in der Ewigkeit. Laßt uns dieſen Gedanken feſthalten, und ſehen, was er für unſern Geiſt, für unſer Herz und für unſer Gewiſſen iſt. Für den Geiſt iſt es ein großer und kühner Gedanke; für das Herz iſt es ein großer und troſtreicher Gedanke; für das Gewiſſen endlich iſt es ein großer und ernſter Gedanke. Das ſoll der dreifache Gegenſtand unſrer Betrachtungen in dieſer Stunde der Andacht ſeyn.

1. Ja allerdings, m. Br., ſcheint der Gedanke an ein Erwachen in der Ewigkeit ein großer und kühner Gedanke für den menſchlichen Geiſt zu ſeyn, und faſt zu groß und zu kühn, als daß der Menſch es wagen dürfte, ihn zu faſſen, und ſich dieſer kühnen Hoffnung hinzugeben. In ewig unerreichbarer Ferne ſcheint ihm dieſer Gedanke zu liegen, wenn er am Sarge oder an den Gräbern ſeiner Brüder einen Blick in die geheime Werkſtatt des Todes wirft, und ſieht, wie ſich hier unter ſeiner zerſtörenden Hand alles auflöſet und in grauſende Vernichtung übergeht; und nur die Thorheit, nur die offenbarſte Verblendung ſcheint da noch etwas hoffen, ſcheint da dem Augenſcheine zum Trotz noch an eine Fortdauer, an ein Erwachen in der Ewigkeit denken und glauben zu können. Und doch kann es der Menſch nicht laſſen, daran zu denken und darauf zu hoffen; doch glaubt er hier der Stimme ſeines Herzens noch mehr als ſeinen Augen, und läßt ſich in dieſem Glauben durch keinen Widerſpruch der Sinne, durch keine Bedenklichkeiten des klügelnden Verſtandes irre und wankend machen. Möge er ſich auch zuweilen augenblicklich von dieſem Widerſpruch und dieſen Bedenklichkeiten überwältigt, ſich auch zuweilen augenblicklich von ſeinem Muthe und ſeiner Hoffnung verlaſſen fühlen: immer kehrt der eine und die andere doch wieder in ſein Herz zurück; immer folgen auf ſolche Augenblicke des Zweifelns doch wieder Augenblicke der freudigſten Zuverſicht, wo ſein Geiſt ſich wieder ermannt und ermuthigt, einen Gedanken zu ergreifen, von deſſen Rieſengröße er ſich augenblicklich erdrückt fühlte. Nur die irdiſche Hülle ſieht er dann im Tode fallen, und wieder in den Staub zurückkehren, aus welchem ſie genommen wurde; aber mit der unſterblichen Seele, die dieſe Hülle bewohnt, trotzt er der zerſtörenden Gewalt des Todes und allen Schreckniſſen des Grabes; durch ſie fühlt er ſich noch mit einer andern Welt verwandt und befreundet; ſie iſt ihm die Bürgſchaft, daß er hier nur einſchlummert, um dort wieder zu einem neuen Leben zu erwachen. O ſchon darin, daß des Menſchen Geiſt dieſen großen Gedanken zu faſſen vermag, liegt auch der erſte Beweis, daß er ihn mit vollem Rechte faſſen und feſthalten darf. Wäre er nicht für ein anderes Leben beſtimmt, er würde auch nicht die Sehnſucht nach demſelben empfinden, würde auch nicht die Möglichkeit deſſelben zu begreifen vermögen. Unſterblichkeit kann nur ein Weſen ahnen, das zur Unſterblichkeit geboren und berufen iſt.

Freilich liegt dieſer Gedanke auf einem Gebiete, das der ſchwache ſterbliche Menſch nicht betreten kann, ohne ſich von dem Lichte ſeiner Vernunft verlaſſen zu fühlen, und in welchem er alles nur „wie durch eine Scheibe an einem dunkeln Orte ſieht;“ freilich erfaßt den menſchlichen Geiſt ein Schwindel, ſo oft er in die bodenloſe Tiefe hinabſchaut, die ſich ihm in dieſem Gedanken aufthut; freilich ſtößt er hier auf ſo viel Räthſelhaftes und Unbegreifliches, auf ſo viel ſcheinbare Widerſprüche, daß es ſich wohl erklären läßt, wie er hier oft nichts als die Traumbilder ſeiner eignen Einbildungskraft zu ſehen meint, und alles für Täuſchung und Selbſtbetrug hält. Allein haben wir deshalb ein Recht, etwas zu bezweifeln oder gar zu verwerfen, weil es uns unerklärlich und räthſelhaft iſt? Würden wir, wenn das ein Recht dazu gäbe, nicht tauſend Dinge in Zweifel ziehen müſſen, deren Daſeyn und Wirklichkeit anzutaſten uns doch nie in den Sinn kommt? Oder ſage mir doch, o Menſch, kannſt du begreifen, wie aus dem verweſenden Saamenkorn ſich der Keim eines neuen Lebens entwickelt? und würdeſt du dies nicht für eben ſo unmöglich halten, wenn es nicht eine ſo alltägliche Erſcheinung wäre, daß ſie gar nichts Wunderbares und Befremdendes mehr für dich hat? Kannſt du begreifen, wie der Schmetterling aus der Hülle hervorgeht, in welcher die Raupe ihr Grab und das Ende ihres Daſeyns fand? Kannſt du tauſend andere Räthſel löſen, tauſend andere Wunder erklären, die dir die Natur überall vor Augen hält, und die dir ſo nahe liegen, daß ſie nur eben deswegen dir gar nicht mehr auffallen und als Räthſel und Wunder erſcheinen? — Und findeſt du denn auf der andern Seite nicht eben ſo viel und noch viel mehr Unerklärliches und Räthſelhaftes? Verwickelſt du dich nicht noch in weit größere Widerſprüche, indem du eine Fortdauer nach dem Tode leugneſt, und die Hoffnung der Unſterblichkeit aufgiebſt? Oder was willſt du mir antworten, wenn ich dich frage, wie Gott uns nur mit ſo großen und herrlichen Anlagen und Fähigkeiten ausgeſtattet haben ſollte, um ſie in der erſten Blüthe ihrer Entwickelung wieder im Grabe vermodern zu laſſen? Wie willſt du es erklären, daß er uns hier in Wahrheit, Tugend und höherer Vollendung ein Ziel vor Augen hält, das wir auf dieſe Weiſe nimmer erreichen könnten, und das nach den erſten Schritten, die uns demſelben näher brachten, unſern Augen ſo ſchön, für immer wieder verſchwinden müßte? Wie ſollte es dir nicht ganz undenkbar ſeyn, daß er uns dieſe heiße, glühende Sehnſucht nach Fortdauer und Unſterblichkeit gegeben hätte, wenn wir nimmer das Land finden ſollten, wo ſie geſtillt und befriedigt werden kann! Wie ſollteſt du keinen Widerſpruch darin finden, daß er hier nur mit ſo feſten Banden Herz an Herz, und Seele an Seele knüpfen ſollte, um ſie nach kurzer Zeit wieder für ewig zu trennen und aus einander zu reißen! Wie ſollte dir ſo nicht das ganze Leben des Menſchen als ein dunkles, unauflösliches Räthſel und als ein Gewebe von Widerſprüchen erſcheinen müſſen! — Und können wir das nicht leugnen, ſo müſſen wir ja auch in dieſen Räthſeln und Widerſprüchen ſelbſt noch einen zweiten Beweis finden, daß der Gedanke an ein Erwachen in der Ewigkeit mehr iſt, als ein leeres Trugbild, durch welches wir uns nur gegen das uns bevorſtehende Loos zu verblenden ſuchen, und daß wir uns nimmer irren können, wenn wir mit Glauben und froher Zuverſicht dem Grabe nur als der Pforte eines neuen Daſeyns entgegengehen.

Und ein dritter ſiegender Beweis dafür liegt gewiß auch noch darin, daß wir uns das Gegentheil faſt gar nicht denken können, und daß es faſt kein beſſeres Mittel giebt, uns die Hoffnung einer Fortdauer nach dem Tode recht klar und einleuchtend zu machen, als uns recht lebhaft in den ſchrecklichen Gedanken hineinzudenken, daß wir, gleich jedem andern Geſchöpfe der Erde, durch den Tod nur in die ewige Nacht des Nichts zurückſänken. Oder wo iſt der Menſch, der dieſen Gedanken zu ertragen vermöchte, deſſen ganzes Weſen ſich nicht gegen denſelben krampfhaft zuſammenballte, der nicht ſein Innerſtes von demſelben empört fühlte, und ſich dabei nur mit deſto feſterer Ueberzeugung der Hoffnung eines beſſern Lebens wieder in die Arme werfen müßte! — Siehe, o Menſch, ich will deine Zweifel und Bedenklichkeiten nicht bekämpfen, deine Gründe nicht widerlegen, deinen wankenden Glauben an Fortdauer und Unſterblichkeit nicht in deinem Herzen befeſtigen; nein, das Heiligthum deſſelben in deiner Bruſt will ich dir nur vollends zerſtören und verwüſten helfen, befeſtigen will ich dich nur in deinen Zweifeln, Beifall geben allen deinen Scheingründen, zurufen will ich dir geradezu mit der Grauſen erregenden Kälte und Ruhe des Gottesleugners: Nein, es giebt kein Jenſeits, kein Erwachen in der Ewigkeit für dich; der Augenblick des Todes iſt für dich auch der Augenblick gänzlicher Vernichtung; indem du ſtirbſt, ſcheideſt du auch für immer aus dem Daſeyn, zu welchem dich der Odem des Schöpfers hervorrief, wirſt du auch für immer ausgeſtoßen aus der Reihe lebender Weſen, und jenſeits des Grabes umfängt dich nur die ewige Nacht des Nichts und der Bewußtloſigkeit! — — O nimmermehr, wirſt du gewiß zuſammenſchaudernd bei dieſem troſtloſen Gedanken ausrufen müſſen, nimmermehr kann das mein Loos und meine Beſtimmung ſeyn, oder ich müßte ganz irre an Gott und an mir ſelbſt werden! Wie könnte Gott das Meiſterſtück ſeiner Schöpfung nur aus dem Nichts hervorgerufen, und nach ſeinem Bilde geformt haben, um es nach wenigen Augenblicken wieder hohnlächelnd mit grauſamer Hand zu zertrümmern? — Nein, o Gott, das wollteſt du nicht, das kannſt du nicht wollen; kühn berufen wir uns auf deine Weisheit, auf deine Gerechtigkeit, auf deine Vaterliebe, die nichts ſeyn würden, wenn Vernichtung unſer Loos und unſere Beſtimmung wäre; kühn ſtrecken wir die Hand nach deinem Himmel aus, und fordern von dir, daß du uns dem Tode nicht zum Raube laſſeſt, daß deine Kraft uns jenſeits des Grabes wieder erwecke zu einem neuen Leben. Unſer Geiſt beugt ſich vor dieſem großen Gedanken, aber er kann ihn nicht aufgeben, ohne ſich und — dich aufzugeben! —

II. Wie groß und kühn der Gedanke der Unſterblichkeit und des Erwachens in der Ewigkeit daher auch immer für den Menſchen zu ſeyn, in welcher unerreichbaren Ferne er Ihm auch immer zu liegen ſcheine, dennoch kann ihn nichts verhindern, ſeinen Geiſt zu demſelben zu erheben, und in ihm die Stütze zu ſuchen, deren ſein Herz ſo ſehr bedarf, und die er ſonſt nirgends zu finden vermag. Oder wie ſollte das Herz jemals dieſen großen, troſtreichen Gedanken entbehren können, wenn das Leben auch ein ewig heiterer und unbewölkter Frühlingstag wäre, wenn ſonſt auch nichts hienieden die Glückſeligkeit des Menſchen ſtörte und ihm ſein Daſeyn verbitterte, und alles ſich nur vereinigte, um ihm die Erde zu einem blühenden Paradieſe, zu einem Himmel voll Freude und Seligkeit zu machen; denn auch dann würde der Gedanke an die ihm bevorſtehende Vernichtung ihm jeden Genuß des Lebens verkümmern, ihm jeden Tropfen Freude vergällen, und ihn mitten unter allen Gütern und Herrlichkeiten der Erde zum unglücklichſten und elendeſten aller Geſchöpfe machen. — Allein wie nun erſt, da das Leben ſo reich an Wermuth und Dornen, an Jammer und Herzeleid iſt? wie nun erſt, da der Menſch hienieden ſo oft mit Mangel und Noth, mit Krankheiten und Schmerzen, mit tauſend Leiden und Widerwärtigkeiten zu kämpfen hat, und in dieſem immerwährenden Kampfe oft ſeines Daſeyns kaum einen Augenblick froh werden kann! Woran ſollte des Menſchen Herz ſich da in tauſend trüben Augenblicken des Lebens halten! woran ſich da halten, wenn der Tod es blutend von einem andern liebenden Herzen reißt! woran ſich da halten, wenn es ſelbſt nach und nach erſtarrt und erkaltet, und ängſtlich zwiſchen Seyn und Nichtſeyn über den grauſenden Abgründen des Todes ſchwebt! — Nein, da kannſt nur du, Hoffnung eines beſſern Lebens! die leidende, gequälte Seele, das zerriſſene, brechende Herz halten und ſtützen, und vor dumpfer Verzweiflung bewahren; da kannſt nur du, Gedanke der Unſterblichkeit! dem Menſchen Erſatz und Entſchädigung, Troſt und Beruhigung, Lebens- und Todesmuth geben!

O darum freue dich, o Menſch, daß du dieſen großen Gedanken zu faſſen vermagſt; darum freuet euch, ihr, die ihr mühſelig und beladen ſeid," daß der Gott, der an einem Tage wie der heutige, den Herrn auferweckte, auch euch durch ſeine Kraft auferwecken wird zu einem neuen Leben! Findet ihr ſonſt nirgends Ruhe für die matt und müde gequälte Seele, hier in dieſem großen, troſtreichen Gedanken findet ihr ſie gewiß. Wohl iſt das Leben nur ein mühſeliges, freudenleeres Tagewerk für euch; wohl habt ihr hier ſo manches Leiden zu überwinden; aber blicket freudig und getroſt zu dem beſſern Jenſeits hinauf, wenn das Kreuz, das euch der Himmel auflegte, euch zu ſchwer, der Leidensweg, den ihr wandeln müßt, euch zu lang wird, und ihr nimmer das Ende deſſelben abzuſehen vermöget, nimmer wieder auf beſſere und glücklichere Tage hoffen könnet! Denn ſehet, über ein Kleines iſt alles überſtanden; ſehet, wie die Sonne eures Lebens ſich immer mehr und mehr zum Untergange neigt: bald iſt der Abend da, der euch zur Ruhe ruft, bald drückt euch der Tod die müden und trüben Augen zu, und umfängt euch wie ein ſanfter Schlummer nach des Tages Laſt und Hitze. Und iſt die Nacht vergangen, dann wartet euer ein neuer und ſchönerer Morgen; dann erwacht ihr erquickt und geſtärkt in der beſſern Heimath, in dem himmliſchen Vaterhauſe, und der Vater nimmt liebend ſeine Kinder in ſeine treuen Vaterarme, und legt ſie an ſein Vaterherz, und trocknet ihre Thränen, heilt ihre Wunden, ſtillt ihre Schmerzen, und giebt ihnen tauſendfachen Erſatz für alle ausgeſtandenen Drangſale ihrer Pilgrimſchaft.

Allein möchte ſeine unendliche Liebe auch noch ſo viel geben, auch noch ſo viel gut machen: ein Schmerz würde doch bleiben, ein Thränenquell würde doch nicht verſiegen, eine Wunde würde ſich doch nicht ſchließen, und auch im Lande der Seligen noch fortbluten, wenn wir dort bei unſerm Erwachen in der Ewigkeit nicht alle die Theuren wiederfänden, an denen unſer Herz hienieden mit ſo unendlicher Liebe hing. Iſt dieſer Gedanke doch das Einzige, was uns bei ihrem Scheiden tröſten und aufrichten kann; iſt die Hoffnung des Wiederſehens doch das Einzige, was uns in ſolchen dunkeln Stunden bleibt, und ohne was unſer liebendes Herz brechen und vergehen würde in ſeinem endloſen Gram und Kummer. Ach wie elend und troſtlos würde der Menſch ſonſt mit ſeinem Herzen voll Liebe und Sehnſucht am Sterbebette oder am Grabe ſeiner Lieben ſtehen! Da ſieht er alles vernichtet, was noch ſo eben die Wonne ſeines Lebens war; da bedeckt Todesnacht dieſe Augen, die ihm ſo oft liebend zulächelten; da ſchließen Todesſiegel dieſe Lippen, von denen er ſo oft den ſüßen Gatten- und Kindes-, Vater- und Mutternamen hörte; da erfüllt Todeskälte die Hand, deren warmen Liebesdruck er ſo oft in der ſeinigen fühlte; da bricht im Todeskampfe das Herz, in welchem für ihn eine ganze Welt voll Liebe und Seligkeit untergeht; da iſt nichts mehr, als die kalte, erſtarrte, entſeelte Hülle. Todt, verloren, verloren für immer! ſcheint ihm Alles zuzurufen; verloren für immer! wiederholt ſein troſtloſes Herz im erſten Augenblicke des Schmerzes. — Nein, o Menſch, nicht verloren für immer, „nicht todt," ruft dir der Heiland entgegen, „ſondern es ſchläft nur*)", iſt nur hinübergeſchlummert in die Ewigkeit, und hat dort ſchon ſeinen Oſtermorgen gefunden, hat dort ſchon den neuen Tag erlebt, der auf die dunkle Nacht des Grabes folgt. Und kommt einſt auch dein Oſtermorgen herbei, erwachſt auch du einſt auf den Auferſtehungsruf des Allmächtigen in jenen Lichtgefilden einer beſſern Welt: dann fällt dein erſter Blick wieder auf ſie, die ſo lange und ſchmerzlich Vermißten, dann begrüßen dich wieder ihre Lippen, dann umſchlingen dich wieder ihre Arme, dann ſchlägt nach ſo langer Trennung wieder Herz an Herz in der Wonne des Wiederſehens! —

III. Aber eben ſo tröſtlich, wie der Gedanke an ein Erwachen in der Ewigkeit für das Herz iſt, eben ſo ernſt iſt er auch für das Gewiſſen, da die Stunde des Erwachens auch zugleich die Stunde des Gerichts iſt, und da folglich ſo viel darauf ankommt, wie und in welchem Zuſtande wir dort erwachen werden. Der Todesſchlummer kann uns nichts geben und nichts nehmen; ſondern eben ſo wie wir hier eingeſchlummert ſind, werden wir dort auch erwachen; in demſelben Zuſtande, in welchem uns hier die Nacht überfiel, werden wir dort auch den Morgen der Auferſtehung ſehen; mit demſelben Bewußtſeyn, das wir hier in das Grab mitnahmen, werden wir dort auch zu dem neuen Leben erwachen, zu welchem uns Gott wieder erwecken wird durch ſeine Kraft. Ja, wie uns am Morgen beim Erwachen die Begebenheiten und Handlungen des vorigen Tages erſt recht klar und deutlich vor Augen ſtehen, und wir bei der ruhigen Ueberlegung, zu welcher uns ſeine Stille erweckt, erſt ſo manches wahrnehmen, was uns im Getümmel des Tages und der aufgeregten Leidenſchaften entging: ſo wird es auch mit dem großen Morgen der Auferſtehung ſeyn. Auch dort wird dem zu neuem Daſeyn erwachten Auge ſo manches in einem ganz andern Lichte erſcheinen, als es uns hier im Gedränge der Welt und ihrer Geſchäfte und Zerſtreuungen immer vor Augen trat: auch dort wird der durch den Schlummer des Todes geſtärkte und geſchärfte Blick auf ſo manches fallen, was wir hier nicht ſehen wollten, oder auch vor dem verdunkelten Schleier der Leidenſchaften und der Eigenliebe nicht ſehen konnten. Verhallt iſt dann das Geräuſch und Getümmel des irdiſchen Lebens, das unſere Aufmerkſamkeit hier immer von uns abzog, und auf tauſend fremdartige Dinge und Gegenſtände hinlenkte; gelegt hat ſich dann der Sturm der Leidenſchaften in unſerer Bruſt, in deſſen lautem Toben hier ſo oft die Stimme des Gewiſſens verklang: tiefe Stille und Ruhe herrſcht dann um uns und in uns, und nichts ſtört dann die Seele in dem Ueberblicke der Vergangenheit, und in der Rechnung, die ſie mit ſich ſelbſt hält; nichts dämpft und übertäubt dann die Gottesſtimme des richtenden Gewiſſens; nichts verhüllt uns dann den Zuſtand unſers Herzens, und das Thun und Treiben eines ganzen Lebens.

Und wie, o Menſch, wenn dein Gewiſſen dir dann nichts Tröſtliches zu ſagen hat, ſondern nur zürnend und anklagend zu dir ſprechen kann! Wie, wenn dein Blick dann überall nur auf verlorne und vergeudete Augenblicke, auf verſäumte Gelegenheiten, auf gemißbrauchte Kräfte und Mittel, auf tauſend Verirrungen und Werke der Finſterniß fällt? Wie, wenn das Leben, das dann wie ein aufgeſchlagenes Buch vor deinen Augen liegt, dir überall nur leere oder ſchwarze Blätter zeigt, und dir in unauslöſchlichen Flammenzügen nur vom Anfang bis zum Ende das lange Regiſter deiner Sünden und Thorheiten vorhält! — Würdeſt du dann nicht lieber dein Auge vor dem neu angebrochenen Tage wieder ſchließen, und dich in die ewige Nacht des Nichts zurückſtürzen wollen, als mit einem ſolchen Bewußtſeyn vor das Angeſicht des Vaters und der Getreuen zu treten! Würdeſt du dann nicht lieber auf das ſüße Licht der Sonne, die dort jener beſſern Welt ſcheinet, Verzicht leiſten, als dich ſo von ihr nur in deiner Blöße und Schlechtigkeit beleuchten zu laſſen? —

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*) Math. IX, 4.

O wir dürfen nicht daran zweifeln, m. Br. Macht uns das Gefühl der Selbſtverachtung doch hier ſchon oft das Daſeyn zu einer unerträglichen Bürde, und nimmt uns alle Freude und alle Luſt am Leben. Aber hier ſind es nur Augenblicke, die uns dies fühlbar machen, da wir immer tauſend Mittel zu finden wiſſen, dem Richter in unſrer Bruſt zu entrinnen, oder uns wenigſtens gegen ſeine Stimme zu betäuben. Dort hingegen iſt es eine ganze Ewigkeit, durch welche wir das drückende Gefühl unſrer Schlechtigkeit mit uns herumſchleppen, und immer und ewig nichts, als die ſtrafende Stimme deſſelben vernehmen ſollen, bis das geläuterte Herz nach langer und ſchwerer Buße endlich den Frieden wiederfindet, den es hier leichtſinnig von ſich ſtieß, und *der allein uns die andere Welt zu einem Himmel voll Seligkeit machen kann.*

O darum laßt uns bedenken, was zu unſerm wahren Frieden dienet, „*ſo lange es noch Tag iſt, ehe denn die Nacht kommt*“ mit ihrem Todesſchlummer und ihrem Erwachen in der Ewigkeit. Ruhig und freudig können wir ſie nur kommen, und allmählig oder plötzlich über uns hereinbrechen ſehen, wenn wir ruhig und freudig auf unſer vollendetes Tagewerk zurückblicken können. Ruhig und freudig können wir ſie nur enden, und den großen Morgen der Auferſtehung anbrechen ſehen, wenn unſer Bewußtſeyn uns beim Erwachen ſagt, daß wir hier auf Erden nicht vergebens lebten, ſondern ſtets mit Ernſt und Eifer darauf bedacht waren, uns durch Tugend und gemeinnützige Wirkſamkeit der höhern Stelle würdig zu machen, die wir dort in den Reihen der Seligen und in einer höhern Weltordnung einnehmen ſollen.

Wäre unſer Erwachen in der Ewigkeit alſo auch noch ſo ungewiß, ſo würde ſchon die *bloße Möglichkeit deſſelben*, die wenigſtens kein vernünftiger Menſch beſtreiten und ableugnen wird, uns die heilige *Pflicht* auflegen, hier ſtets ſo zu leben und zu handeln, daß wir den Augenblick deſſelben nicht zu fürchten hätten, und daß wir mit Ruhe abwarten könnten, was Gott über uns beſchloſſen hat; denn *auch die bloße Möglichkeit iſt hier noch ein zu ernſter Gedanke*, als daß wir ihn leichtſinnig unberückſichtigt laſſen könnten. Das haben auch von jeher alle redlichen Zweifler erkannt und gethan; das müſſen auch wir erkennen und thun, wir mögen nun von einer Fortdauer nach dem Tode überzeugt ſeyn oder nicht. So können wir dann noch beſorgen, uns über dieſelben zu täuſchen; aber ſo dürfen wir dann nie beſorgen, die Möglichkeit derſelben einſt in ſchreckliche Gewißheit verwandelt zu ſehen. Während wir ſonſt, wenn unſere Seele ſich einſt in einer andern Welt wiederfindet und zum Bewußtſeyn ihrer ſelbſt erwacht, nur mit Schrecken und Reue ausrufen würden: „Alſo doch ein anderes Leben, alſo war es doch kein bloßer Traum, daß uns die Kraft des Höchſten einſt wiedererwecken würde zu einem neuen Daſeyn!“ werden wir die andere Welt dann nur mit Freude und Frohlocken begrüßen, und das Wonnegefühl des neuen Lebens, zu welchem wir erwachten, durch nichts geſtört und verbittert ſehen, als durch den Rückblick auf die Kleingläubigkeit, mit welcher wir hier noch immer an der Kraft des Höchſten und den Verheißungen des Chriſtenthums zweifelten. O darum können wir hier wohl ſagen: „*Selig ſind die da nicht ſehen, und doch glauben;*“ ſelig aber auch noch die da *nicht glauben*, aber doch *leben und handeln, als wenn ſie glaubten*. Amen.

Giſander ſ. S. ſ. Schnabel.

Nicolaus Dietrich Giſeke

hieß eigentlich *Köszeghi*, änderte aber dieſen Namen ganz um in den obenangeführten. Er ward am 2. April 1724 zu Günz in Niederungarn, wo ſein Vater als deutſcher lutheriſcher Prediger lebte, geboren. Da er denſelben bald nach ſeiner Geburt verlor, begab ſich ſeine Mutter mit ihm zu ihren Verwandten nach Hamburg. Er erhielt hier eine vortreffliche Erziehung, ſtudirte alsdann in Leipzig Theologie und lebte darauf mehrere Jahre als Hauslehrer in Hannover und Braunſchweig. 1753 wurde er Prediger zu Trautenſtein im Blankenburgiſchen und bereits das Jahr darauf Oberhofprediger in Quedlinburg. 1760 berief ihn der Fürſt von Schwarzburg-Sondershauſen zu ſich als Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor und Superintendent. Er ſtarb am 23. Februar 1765 in Sondershauſen.

Von ihm erſchien:

Das Glück der Liebe. Braunſchweig 1760.
Predigten. 2 Thle. (der 2. Thl. herausgegeben von J. A. Schlegel). Leipzig 1780.
Poetiſche Werke (herausgegeben von K. C. Gärtner). Braunſchweig 1767.

Einer der älteren deutſchen Dichter, erwarb ſich G. größeres Verdienſt durch die Mühe die er ſich gab, den guten Geſchmack zu befördern, als durch ſeine Poeſien, denen alle eigentliche Genialität abgeht, die ſich aber doch durch Wärme des Gefühls und Correctheit der Sprache und der Form höchſt vortheilhaft vor vielen gleichzeitigen Reimereien auszeichnen und das ihrige beitrugen, einer beſſeren und höheren Richtung die Bahn zu brechen.

Johann Chriſtian Hermann Gittermann

ward am 27. Juli 1768 zu Dimum in Oſtfriesland geboren, ſtudirte von 1786 bis 1788 Theologie in Halle, erhielt darauf das Amt eines Predigers im Jahre 1790 zu Weſterhofe, 1794 ein gleiches zu Neuſtadt Gödnes und 1807 die zweite Predigerſtelle zu Emden.

Er gab heraus:

Pallas. Jahresſchrift (mit J. G. Gerdes) Norden 1799—1802.

Die beſte Welt (von Mercier). Norden 1799.

Zwei romantiſche Erzählungen (mit Seume). Frankfurt 1802.

Romantiſche Erzählungen. Berlin 1803. N. A. 1816.

Gedichte. Münſter 1812.
Oſtfrieſiſches Taſchenbuch für 1813—1821; 1824. bis 26. O. O.
Religiöſe Gedichte. Leipzig 1819.
Hoſiannah. — Das Leben Jeſu in Geſängen. Hannover 1821.
Chriſtliche Lieder. Bremen 1833.
Jugendſchriften; einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

Tiefes Gefühl, echte herzerhebende Frömmigkeit und ein ſeltener Wohlklang verleihen den Poeſien dieſes vortrefflichen Mannes einen hohen Werth.

Religion.*)

Des Menſchen Herz umwogt ein Ocean
Abwechſelnder, verworrener Gefühle;
Ein leichter Preis dem überlegnen Spiele
Des Schickſals, ſchwankt ſtets unſers Lebens Kahn.

Im Arm des Glücks lacht Heuchelei und Wahn,
Und Sinnlichkeit mit tobendem Gewühle.
Strebt wohl die Welt zu irgend einem Ziele?
Hat Menſchenloos und Daſeyn einen Plan?

Religion! Du ebneſt jede Welle
Des Zweifels doch; vor deiner Sonnenhelle
Verſtummt der Wahn, erblaßt der kühnſte Spott.

Ob auch ein Anſchein uns die Welt verſtelle:
Durch die Vernunft entwickelt aus der Quelle
Des reinen Herzens ſich — der Glaub' an Gott.

Worte des Glaubens.

Es iſt ein Gott!
So ſtrahlt es hoch vom Sternenhimmel;
So rauſcht es durch das Weltgetümmel;
So ſteh'ts tief in des Menſchen Bruſt,
Und mahnet ihn in Schmerz und Luſt. —
Es iſt ein Gott!

Und Gott regiert
Das ganze, große Weltgetriebe
Mit Allmacht und mit Vaterliebe.
Ob Wechſel auch den Wechſel drängt,
Doch Alles an dem Einen hängt,
Der es regiert.

Der Menſch iſt frei!
Schwankt unſer Daſeyn auch und Wollen,
Wir wiſſen dennoch, was wir — ſollen;
Und überall ſtrahlt uns ein Licht,
Der nie verſchwundne Strahl der Pflicht. —
Der Menſch iſt frei!

Und ewig lebt
Die Seele! Mag der Leib verblühen!
Dort, wo die klaren Wolken ziehen,
Das Heer der ew'gen Sterne winkt, —
Dort iſt's, wo, wenn der Körper ſinkt,
Die Seele lebt.

Vereinigung mit Gott.

Empor mein Herz, zum höchſten aller Ziele,
Zu Gott, dem Quell der ſeligſten Gefühle!
Die Welt lacht Dir nur einen Augenblick;
Vereinigung mit Gott iſt wahres Glück.

Wie ſüß iſt es, o Gott, an dich zu denken;
In deinen Schooß ſich betend zu verſenken!
Fällt auch mit Macht auf mich der ſchwerſte Schmerz:
Ich klag' es dir, und leicht wird mir das Herz.

Das Glück der Welt, ihr ſüßeſtes Entzücken,
Nach dem mit Sucht ſelbſt ihre Weiſen blicken,
Vergleich ich es, o Gott! mit deiner Gunſt —
Was iſt es doch? Nichts als ein Nebeldunſt.

Getäuſcht vom Schein und äußerlichen Reizen,
Pflegt' ich nach dem Genuß der Welt zu geizen;
Ich rang nach Lob, ich ſuchte frohen Scherz;
Und nichts davon befriedigte mein Herz.

Mit dir jedoch in Licht und Luſt zu ſchweben,
Mit dir vereint, o Gott! — nur das iſt Leben.
Nur das erhebt die Bruſt mit Zuverſicht,
Wenn einſt das Herz im Kampf des Todes bricht.

Von dir getrennt, — was hilft im Weltgetümmel
Mir Armen, ach! was hilft mir Erd' und Himmel?
Mit dir vereint, verfliegt mir Raum und Zeit,
Und ſelig ruh' ich in Unendlichkeit.

Wenn im Gebet mein Herz zu dir ſich ſchwinget,
Und große Kraft mein Innerſtes durchdringet;
Wenn, Gott! dein Geiſt mich für dein Kind erklärt:
Was iſt mir dann das ganze Weltall werth? —

Ja, Gott iſt mein, und will mich ewig lieben!
Mein Name ſteht dort oben angeſchrieben;
Und legt der Tod mich einſt zur ew'gen Ruh,
Als Vater drückt mir Gott die Augen zu.

Erwach' ich dann zu einem neuen Leben,
So wird er in den Himmel mich erheben;
Und ewig ſchwimm' ich in der ſüßen Flut,
Wo rein und ganz das Seyn in Gott beruht.

An Gott.

Mit welchem Jubelton ſoll ich
Das Lob der höchſten Huld beginnen! —
Unendlicher! Du ſiehſt auch mich;
Du ſiehſt die leiſe Thräne rinnen,
Die aus dem Grunde meines Herzens dringt,
Das lebend dir ſich ſelbſt zum Opfer bringt.

Ich fühle mich in meinem Nichts;
Die Funken meiner Kraft verdunkeln
Sich vor dem Abglanz deines Lichts,
Wenn die tauſend Sonnen funkeln,
Die meinem Blick die wundervolle Nacht
Enthüllt in dem Gewölbe deiner Macht.

Mein Herz erbebt wie dürres Laub
Vor deiner Allgewalt, und ſenket
Sich ſtillanbetend in den Staub,
Indem es deine Größe denket. —
Vor deinem Blick, o Gott, wo eil' ich hin?
Ich fühle, daß ich nichts, als Thorheit bin.

Zum Troſt indeß vernimmt mein Ohr
Von oben deine Vaterſtimme;
„Empor, o Menſch — zu Gott! Empor
Durch Finſterniß zum Licht! Erklimme
Das höchſte Glück! Dein Weg ſey noch ſo ſteil:
Dich leitet Gott, er leitet dich zum Heil.“

O könnt' ich mit der reinen Glut
Der Engel deine Huld erheben:
Wie du, o Gott, ſo weiſ' und gut
Mich leiteteſt in meinem Leben!
Mit welchen Worten dank' ich Armer dir?
O Heiligſter! die Worte fehlen mir.

In ſtiller Andacht fühl' ich dich
In meinem Innern, troz der Sünde.
Dein Geiſt umſchwebe mich, daß ich
Dich immer inniger empfinde!
Dies glühende Gefühl, o Gott! von dir,
Wie wonnevoll, wie ſelig iſt es mir!

In dir, o Vater, wohnet ſie,
In ihrer weſentlichen Klarheit.
In ihrer himmliſchen Magie
Und höchſten Kraft, — die reine Wahrheit.
Du haucheſt ſie dem Sinn des Menſchen ein;
Und alles Wahre, was er weiß, iſt dein.

O Quell des Lichts, aus dem auch mir
Der Wahrheit Strom entgegen quillet!
Du ſiehſt die Ehrfurcht, die vor dir,
O Gott, mein Innerſtes erfüllet!
Siehſt meinen heißen Durſt, am fromm und rein
Und wahr vor dir, dem Heiligſten, zu ſeyn.

Woher kommt in die nackte Bruſt
Des Erdenwurms dies hohe Sehnen?
Woher die ſchauerliche Luſt,
Woher die himmliſch ſüßen Thränen,
Die mit entzücktem Geiſt mein Auge weint,
Wenn mir in der Natur — dein Bild erſcheint!

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*) Aus: J. C. H. Gittermanns Religiöſen Gedichten.

Von dir, o Gott! Du ließeſt mich
In Liebe gegen Dich entbrennen;
Dein Licht erleuchtet mich, um dich
In deinem Glanze zu erkennen;
Ein Tempel wird durch dich mir die Natur,
Und ich erſchau' im All den Einen nur.

Dein Weſen freilich haſt du mir,
Dem armen Sterblichen, verhüllet;
Doch dies verwehrt mir nicht, daß dir
Mein ganzes Herz entgegen ſchwillet. —
Daß nicht der Glanz in deinem Weſen mich
Vernichtete, umſchleierteſt du dich,

Doch fühl' ich dich in jedem Sturm,
In jedem ſanften Regenſchauer.
Das ſtarke Roß, der ſchwache Wurm
Erinnert mich an den Erbauer,
Nach deſſen Plan, durch deſſen Allmachtshand
Das große Werk des Weltſyſtems entſtand.

Wer ſonſt bewirkt, wer ſonſt erhält
Den Umſchwung der geheimen Räder
Des Lebens dieſer großen Welt?
Wer ſonſt, als Gott, — die erſte Feder,
Durch deren Kraft die ganze Schöpfung lebt,
Und alles iſt, und alles wirkt und webt!

Wer bin ich Armer gegen Ihn,
Durch den die Millionen Flammen,
Die an des Himmels Wölbung glüh'n,
Auf Einen Wink ins Daſeyn ſchwammen!

Ein Tropfen ich, der an dem Eimer klebt,
Vor dem, in deſſen Hand das Weltall ſchwebt.

Dennoch iſt dieſer Tropfen auch,
Gleich jenen ungeheuren Sonnen,
Durch des Erſchaffers Allmachtshauch
Aus ſeiner Urkraft Quell geronnen. —
Auf meinem Angeſichte ſteht die Spur
Von deiner Hand, o Vater der Natur!

Den Menſchen haſt du zu der Zier
Des ganzen Erdballs auserleſen.
Dem Menſchen gabſt du Wißbegier
Und Liebeskraft vor allen Weſen
Im Erdenthal. Ein reiner Theil von dir,
Mein Schöpfer, denkt und fühlt und wirkt in mir.

Der Tropfen, der vom Himmel quoll,
Soll ewig nicht am Staube kleben;
Der hohe Himmelsfunken ſoll
Zurück zu ſeinem Urlicht ſchweben;
Soll einſt, verjüngt, vom Staub der Erde rein,
In Ewigkeit mit Gott vereinigt ſeyn.

In Lieb' und Glauben hab' ich dich
Geſucht, o Gott, und dich gefunden!
In ſüßer Wonne fühl ich mich
In Ewigkeit mit dir verbunden;
Des Lebens Laſt, der Tod ſogar iſt mir
Ein leeres Wort, — ich leb' und ſterbe dir!

Glanzow. ſ. Puſtkuchen.

Adolph Glasbrenner

ward am 17. März 1816 zu Berlin geboren, entwickelte ſchon früh ſehr glückliche Fähigkeiten und wandte ſich mit beſonderer Vorliebe poetiſchen Beſchäftigungen zu. — Familienverhältniſſe zwangen ihn jedoch, ſeiner Neigung zu den Wiſſenſchaften zu entſagen und ſich dem Kaufmannsſtande zu widmen. Nachdem er ſechs volle Jahre dieſem Beruf gewidmet, riß er ſich endlich los und lebt ſeit dieſer Zeit als Privatmann, ſich ganz der Ausbildung und Pflege ſeines Talentes widmend. Eine von ihm geſtiftete Zeitſchrift, „Don Quixote,“ welche ſich namentlich in ſeiner Vaterſtadt großer Theilnahme erfreute, mußte auf höheren Befehl wieder aufhören.

Seine übrigen Schriften ſind:

Berlin wie es iſt und trinkt. Berlin und Leipzig 1832—1837, 12 Hefte, welche dreißig Auflagen erlebten.

Leben und Treiben der feinen Welt. Leipzig 1833.

Aus den Papieren eines Hingerichteten. Leipzig 1835.

Novellen Almanach. Leipzig 1835.

Bilder und Träume aus Wien. 2 Thle. Lpz. 1836.

Mehrere bis jetzt ungedruckte Luſt- und Schauſpiele.

Erzählungen und Gedichte in Journalen u.ſ.w.

Ein äußerſt glückliches humoriſtiſches Talent, das, mit der Gabe ausgerüſtet, das Leben von der heiterſten Seite aufzufaſſen und die komiſchen Eigenheiten deſſelben mit eben ſo viel Biegſamkeit als Witz zu reproduciren, nicht ſo geſchätzt wird, wie es daſſelbe im reichen Maaße verdient, weil es zuerſt einem Genre der niedrig-komiſchen Literatur die Bahn brach, das von ungeſchickten und geiſtloſen Nachahmern nur zu bald in die Gemeinheit hinab gezerrt wurde. — Glasbrenners Muſe iſt allerdings oft muthwillig, aber man kann ihr eben ſo wenig große Gewandtheit und inniges Gefühl, als dem Dichter ſelbſt einen lebhaften Eifer für das Edle und Schöne abſprechen. Sein Spott wird nie bösartig, ſein Scherz nie gemein, und in guten Momenten weiß er ſich zu einer Höhe des Humors und der Empfindung aufzuſchwingen, welche in ſeinen reiferen Jahren, bei einem glücklichen Geſchick, noch ſehr Gelungenes von ihm hoffen laſſen.

Der See.

Fiſcherknabe ſteht alleine
An dem dunklen See,
Klagt dem bleichen Mondenſcheine
Seines Herzens Weh —
Und die ſtillen Trauerweiden
Ringsum werden wach,
Neigen ſich bei ſeinen Leiden
Und verſtehn ſein Ach!

Und er ſteht mit herben Thränen
An dem Hügel hier:
Stille, Gott, mein heißes Sehnen,
Führe mich zu ihr! —
Und die Zeugen ſeiner Leiden
Neigen ſich herab,
Dieſe ſtillen Trauerweiden
Stehn um Liebchens Grab.

Löſche meines Herzens Gluthen,
Lind're Du mein Weh!
Sprichts, und ſtürzt ſich in die Fluthen,
In den dunklen See.
Und die kalten Wogen fühlen, —
Reißen ihn hinab,
Heben todt ihn auf und ſpülen
Ihn auf Liebchens Grab. —

Das Poſthorn.

Das Poſthorn ſchmettert, die Peitſche knallt,
Mir wird ſo weh um's Herz!
Sie fahren dahin, der Ton verhallt,
Verhalle nun auch, mein Schmerz!
Sobald die linden Lüfte wehn,
Wirſt du ſie Alle wiederſehn,
Die ich geliebt,
Die mich geliebt.

Ich möchte wohl einſt ſo begraben ſein
Vom blaſenden Poſtillon!
Nach jenem Lande ſo ſtill und klein —
Sehn' ich mich lange ſchon!
Sobald die linden Lüfte wehn,
Werd' ich ſie Alle wiederſehn,
Die ich geliebt,
Die mich geliebt.

Der deutſche Dichter am Hofe.

Er ſteht ſo ganz verlaſſen da,
Und Niemand ſieht ihn an;
Von allen kleinen großen Herrn,
Der einz'ge große Mann.

Ihr bückt euch rechts und bückt euch links
Vor dem, der hochgezeugt:
So beugt euch lieber doch vor dem,
Der nimmer ſich gebeugt!

Ihr drängt euch voller Schmeichelei
An Kön'ge dieſer Welt:
So drängt euch doch um jenen Mann,
Den Gott ſo hoch geſtellt!

Meint ihr, daß er nicht mächtig ſei,
So trügt euch nur der Schein:
Des Dichters Reich iſt Gottes Reich,
Die ganze Welt iſt ſein!

Und achtet ihr ihn ſo gering,
Weil ihn kein Orden ſchmückt?
Weil dorten ſeine Bruſt ſo kahl,
Wohin ihr ewig blickt!

Schaut ihm nur tief in's Herz hinein,
Ihr großen, blanken Herrn:
Da hat er manches ſchwarze Kreuz
Und manchen gold'nen Stern.

Liebe.

Sie ſaß an ſeinem Hügel,
Und weinte bitterlich;
Die bunten Blumen, wie zum Troſt,
Bewegten leiſe ſich;
Tief in der Zweige Dunkel,
Da ſang die Nachtigall,
Und Heil und ſüßer Friede
Lag auf dem weiten All.

Da kam mit langſam'n Schritten
Ein ſehr gelehrter Mann,
Der ſah das tiefbetrübte Kind
Mit ernſter Miene an,
Und ſprach: „Was fehlt Dir, Dirne,
Daß Du ſo bitter weinſt,
Und Gottes ſchönen Frühling
Zu überſehen ſcheinſt?"

„Was frommt mir doch der Frühling!"
Sprach ſie und weinte zu:
„Nicht ſingt mir meinen heißen Schmerz
Die Nachtigall in Ruh'!
Hier unten liegt mein Liebſter,
Wo meine Thräne fällt;
Den hab' ich doch geliebet
Ueb'r Alles in der Welt!"

„So weine fort, die Thräne,"
Sprach darauf der weiſe Mann,
„Iſt aus der Lethe Strom geſchöpft,
Daß man vergeſſen kann." —
„Kann dies die Thräne?" fragte ſie,
„Vergeſſen? Ihn? Den Freund?"
Drauf trocknet ſie ihr Auge ſchnell,
Und hat nie mehr geweint.

Mikrokosmus.

Was bildet und ſchafft in dieſer Welt,
Lockt neue Keime und Triebe?
Das Gottesblut durch das ganze All,
Gott ſelber, es iſt die Liebe!

Drum drück' ich den Menſchen an meine Bruſt,
Den ich finde im bunten Gewimmel:
Ich hab' ſo unendlich viel Liebesluſt,
Als wär' ich die Sonne am Himmel!

Du aber, Du ſüßes Mädchen mein,
Du, die ich nimmer verlaſſe,
Du ſollſt meine blühende Erde ſein,
Die ich voll Liebe umfaſſe!

Fröhlichkeit.

Im Winter bin ich deshalb froh,
Weil noch die Mädchen blühen;
Im Herbſte bin ich deshalb froh,
Weil dann die Trauben glühen;
Im Sommer, weil man wandern kann;
Im Frühling, weil es Frühling dann!
Und wär' noch eine Jahreszeit,
Ich fände Grund zur Fröhlichkeit!

Menſchliches.

Ihr könnt mir's wahrlich glauben:
Ich bin ein edler Mann!
Ich ziehe mir am liebſten
Den liebſten Menſchen an;
Ich wälz' mich nicht im Schmutze,
Und aufrecht iſt mein Gang;
An meiner Seele putze
Ich ſchon viel Jahre lang.

Ihr könnt mir's wahrlich glauben:
Ich bin ſehr arrogant!
Ich weiß, ich hab' ein Herze
Und ziemlich viel Verſtand;
Wenn Gutes mir gelungen,
So nenn' ich's immer gut,
Und wenn ich Unrecht ſehe,
Kocht mir ſogleich das Blut.

Ihr könnt mir's wahrlich glauben:
Ihr ſeid gewaltig dumm!
Ihr nehmt die meiſten Dinge
Im Leben ſchief und krumm!
Mit neid'ſchen Wenn's und Aber's
Kraßt ihr Jahr aus, Jahr ein,
Die vollſte, ſtärkſte Seele,
Der euren gleich, ſo klein!

Betrogene Liebe.

Es flog ein ſchöner Schmetterling
Auf eine ſchöne Roſe,
Und flüſterte manch ſüßes Wort
Mit ſchmeichelndem Gekoſe.

Die Roſe athmet Frühlingsluſt
Im warmen Strahl der Sonne,
Sie herzt und küßt den Schmetterling
Und duftet Lieb' und Wonne.

Der Schmetterling flog weiter fort,
Auf Tulpen und auf Nelken,
Die Roſe ſah ihm zitternd nach
Und ließ die Blätter welken.

Friedrich Gleich

ward am 24. November 1782 zu Wegelsdorf, in Schleſien, geboren, war längere Zeit Schauſpieldirector in Erfurt, privatiſirte darauf in Leipzig und zog dann nach Altenburg, wo er noch als Dr. phil., Verlagsbuchhändler und Herausgeber der Zeitſchrift „Der Eremit" lebt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Paramythien. Leipzig 1815.
Jacob Reinhard. Leipzig 1816. 2 Thle.
Die Geſchwiſter. Leipzig 1816.
Sehnſucht und Liebe. Leipzig 1816.
Der Zauberbrunnen. Leipzig 1816.
Anemonen. Leipzig 1817.
Guſtav und Ida-Achmet. Leipzig 1817.
Neue Erzählungen. Leipzig 1818.
Nordlandsblumen. Leipzig 1818.
Das Leben Guido's. Frankfurt 1819. 2 Thle.
Aſtern. Leipzig 1820.
Fürſt Rudgar und die Seinen. Leipzig 1820.
Der Eheteufel auf Reiſen. Leipzig 1821.
Leberechts Abentheuer. Leipzig 1821.
Die Verſchwörung in Buchheim u. ſ. w. Leipz. 1821.
Maria Normont. Leipzig 1821.
Pater Klemens. Frankfurt 1826.
Romane und Erzählungen. 5 Thle. Leipzig 1830.
Viele Ueberſetzungen, namentlich aus dem Franzöſiſchen u. ſ. w.

Außerdem gab er noch heraus:

Allgemeine deutſche Zeitung. Erfurt 1816 — 1818.
Zeitblüthen. 1814—1817. Breslau, Leipzig und Berlin.
Der Eremit. Leipzig 1829 — 37 und ferner.

Ein talentvoller Erzähler, welcher große Gewandtheit ſowohl in der Behandlung ſeiner, größtentheils dem täglichen Leben entlehnten Stoffe, als auch in den von ihm aus fremden Sprachen übertragenen Werken, beurkundet hat. — In der neueſten Zeit hat er ſich faſt ganz auf die Herausgabe ſeines Journals „Der Eremit" beſchränkt, und hier gemäßigte liberale Anſichten mit Beſonnenheit, Anſtand und Würde aufzuſtellen und auszuführen geſtrebt.

Johann Aloys Gleich

ward am 14. September 1772 in Wien geboren, war früher Beamter der K. K. Niederöſtreichiſchen Regierungsbuchhalterei und wurde dann Theaterdichter bei der Joſephſtädter Bühne daſelbſt. — Als Schriftſteller nannte er ſich auch della Roſa und Anton Blum.

Seine Schriften ſind theils anonym, theils pſeudonym, theils mit ſeinem wirklichen Namen folgende:

Romane.

Appel von Vitzthum.
Adiger der graue Wanderer.
Blandetto.
Ad. Blum.
Dellaroſa.
Edwin und Blanka.
Die Familie von Eichwalde.
Eliſe von Eiſenthurn.
Emmerich von Wolfsthal.
Die Familie aus Peterswaldau.
Feinſteins Fall.
Die Findlinge.
Die edeln Flüchtlinge.
Idealiſche Gemälde.
Gelaner's Geiſt.
Gideon, der bedrängte Wanderer.
Guadrino's Schatten.
Die 300jährige Händlerin.
Harald oder der Kronenkrieg.
Jetta die ſchöne Zigeunerin.
Juliette von Luneville.
Kiſchtaby und Zöhendler.
Mangolf von Rothenburg.
Erdmann Mühlenberg.
Mutter Irmentraut.
Drei Nächte außer dem Brautbette.
Graf Odomar.
Peter Schwalbe.
Das Räubermädchen von Baden.
Rinold, der Maler.
Der ſchwarze Ritter.
Runalda.
Scenen aus dem menſchlichen Leben.
Die beiden Eremer.
Die Brüder von Stauffenburg.
Ottfried von Tannenberg.
Die Todtenfackel.
Udo, der Stählerne.
Die Unbekannten im Tannenhain.
Der Graf von Varrennes.
Waldraf, der Wandler.
Wallrad von Schreckhorn.
Ritter Ubert's Wanderungen.
Lord John Watwort.
Wendelin von Höllenſtein.
Werner der Kühne.
Edmund Weſterbolt.
Winfened oder der Zwerg.
Wiron von Königsſtein.
Der warnende Zaubergürtel.
Die Zwillinge von Wolfsberg.

Sämmtlich zu Wien erſchienen während der Jahre 1796 — 1830.

Schau- und Luſtſpiele u. ſ. w.

Komiſche Theaterſtücke. 1 Bd. Brünn 1820.
Aragis von Benevent. Wien 1806.
Der Eheteufel auf Reiſen. Brünn 1824.
Es iſt Friede. Wien 1806.
Eppo von Gailingen. Wien 1806.
Die Fürſten der Longobarden. Wien 1808.
Geba. Wien 1807.
Die vier Heymonskinder. Wien 1809.
Hildegunde und Siegebertsky. Wien 1806.
Inde und Periko. Wien 1807.
Die eiſerne Jungfrau. Wien 1806.

Kunz von Kaufungen. Wien 1808.
Die bezauberte Leyer. Wien 1809.
Lohn der Nachwelt. Wien o. J.
Die Löwenritter. Wien 1807.
Der brave Mann. Wien 1806.
Die beiden Marillo. Wien 1808.
Die Muſikanten am hohen Markt. — Adam Kratzerl von Kratzerfeld. Zwei Poſſen. Wien 1806.
Der rothe Thurm in Wien. Wien 1806.
Die Vermählungsfeier Alberts von Oeſtreich. Wien o. J.
Albert der Bär. Wien 1806.
Der Hungerthurm. Wien 1806.
Die kleinen Milchſchweſtern. Wien 1806.
Der Mohr von Semegonda. Wien 1806.

Es möchte ſchwer werden zu entſcheiden, ob dieſes Verfaſſers Fruchtbarkeit, oder die Mittelmäßigkeit ſeiner Leiſtungen größer ſei, jedenfalls war das Publicum, das er dabei im Auge hatte, ein ſehr untergeordnetes.

Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim

ward am 2. April 1719 zu Ermsleben bei Halle geboren, erhielt ſeine gelehrte Vorbildung auf der Stadtſchule zu Wernigerode und bezog dann die Univerſität Halle, um daſelbſt die Rechte zu ſtudiren. Hier verband er ſich mit **Götz** und **Uz**, mit denen er ſich gemeinſchaftlich für die deutſche Poeſie auszubilden ſuchte; eine Folge dieſer Beſtrebungen waren ſeine mehrere Jahre nachher im Druck erſchienenen ſcherzhaften Lieder. Im Jahre 1740 verließ er Halle und ward zu Potsdam Hauslehrer bei einem Obriſten der preußiſchen Garde, entſagte jedoch bald wieder dieſem Berufe und trat als Secretair in die Dienſte des Prinzen Wilhelm von Brandenburg-Schwedt. Nach dem Tode dieſes Fürſten kam er in gleicher Eigenſchaft zu Leopold von Deſſau, forderte aber, als er Zeuge der faſt an Unmenſchlichkeit ſtreifenden Härte dieſes ausgezeichneten Feldherrn hatte ſein müſſen, ſeine Entlaſſung (1746) und ging auf einige Zeit nach Berlin. Im Jahre 1747 wurde er Domſecretair zu Halberſtadt, ein Amt, das er volle fünfzig Jahre bekleidete und mit welchem er ſpäter ein Canonicat des Stiftes Walbeck verband. — In angenehmen Verhältniſſen verbrachte er, befreundet mit faſt allen deutſchen Dichtern und eifrig bemüht, jedes neu ſich entwickelnde Talent zu fördern und nach beſten Kräften zu unterſtützen, ein ſorgenfreies und behagliches Leben, deſſen gleichförmige Heiterkeit erſt gegen das Ende durch allmählig eingetretene Blindheit zerſtört wurde. Er ſtarb am 18. Februar 1803.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Verſuch in ſcherzhaften Liedern. Berl. 1744—1747.
Fabeln. Berlin 1756. u. ö.
Romanzen. Berlin 1756 u. ö.
Preußiſche Kriegslieder in den Feldzügen 1756 und 1757 von einem Grenadier. Berlin 1758. N. A. Halberſtadt 1778.
Preußiſche Kriegslieder im März und April 1778. Leipzig 1778.
Preußiſche Kriegslieder im Mai, Juni und Juli 1778. Halberſtadt.
Preußiſche Soldatenlieder in den Jahren 1788 — 1790. Halberſtadt.
Zeitgedichte. Leipzig 1793.
Lieder nach Anakreon. Berlin 1766.
Gedichte nach den Minneſingern. Berlin 1773.
Epiſteln. Leipzig 1783.
Der blöde Schäfer. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1745 u. ö.
Philotas. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1760.
Der Apfeldieb. Dramat. Singgedicht. Berlin 1770.
Halladat, oder das rothe Buch. Hamburg 1775. N. A. Neuſtadt 1812.
Viele einzelne Sammlungen kleiner Gedichte, einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. enthalten in:
Sämmtliche Werke von J. W. L. Gleim. — Erſte Originalausgabe aus des Dichters Handſchriften durch Wilhelm Körte. Halberſtadt 1811 — 1813. 7 Bde.
Briefe deutſcher Gelehrten aus Gleims litterariſchem Nachlaſſe, herausgegeben von Wilhelm Körte. Zürich 1804 — 1806. 3 Bde.

Gleims poetiſche Leiſtungen wurden früher über ihr Verdienſt geprieſen und ſind dagegen in der neuſten Zeit häufig zu ſehr herabgeſetzt worden. Wenn redlicher Wille und reiner lebendiger Eifer allein Anſpruch auf den Namen eines Dichters geben könnten, ſo verdiente er unbedingt als einer der Erſten aufgeführt zu werden, denn nicht leicht hat bei irgend einem Volke ein Privatmann mit allen ſeinen Kräften die Poeſie zu befördern geſucht, nicht leicht mit der zarteſten und herzlichſten Uneigennützigkeit junge werdende Talente zu unterſtützen und zu begünſtigen geſtrebt, wie er es gethan. Der Name **Vater Gleim**, den ihm die jüngern deutſchen Dichter unter ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen in dankbarer Anerkennung gaben, iſt ſein ſchönſter Titel und die uns hinterbliebenen Briefe dieſes wackeren deutſchen Mannes liefern die herrlichſten Beweiſe von ſeiner Güte und freundlichen Bereitwilligkeit, wenn uns Spätere auch gleich der nur zu oft zu einer ſüßlichen Sentimentalität ſich hinneigende Ton derſelben, obwohl er damals an der Tagesordnung war, befremdet.

Durch ſeine innige Theilnahme an allem Schönen und ſeinen unabläſſigen Eifer, es zu befördern und zu verbreiten, iſt Gleim unſerer Literatur von unberechenbarem Nutzen geweſen, denn er trug viel dazu bei, ihr alle Hinderniſſe aus dem Wege zu räumen, damit ſie ihre Flügel deſto freier entfalten könne. — Weniger hat er durch ſeine eigenen Dichtungen dafür gethan; auch vermochten dieſe nicht, ihm den früher erworbenen Ruf, zu dem die Zeitumſtände ſehr viel, ja das Meiſte beigetragen, zu bewahren und zu erhalten. Streng genommen, beſitzt er nur ein hübſches, gefälliges Talent für die Form, das daher in einer Periode, wo dieſe weit mehr Schwierigkeiten darbot, lebhafter anerkannt werden mußte, als es jetzt der Fall ſein würde. Es fehlt ihm dagegen an Originalität, Tiefe und Phantaſie und nur in einer Gattung, in welcher ſein reiches und volles Herz, glühend von Patriotismus, die Stelle derſelben vertrat, in den „Liedern eines Grenadiers" nämlich war es ihm vergönnt, ſich auf eine Höhe zu ſchwingen, wie er ſie früher nie erreicht hatte, ſpäter nie wieder erreichte. Dieſe Lieder werden, als der reine Abdruck eines für einen großen Gegenſtand entflammten redlichen Gemüthes, daher auch immer ihren Werth behalten. Unbedeutend ſind dagegen faſt alle ſeine übrigen kleineren und größeren Gedichte und ſelbſt ſein **Halladat** überſchreitet die Schranken oberflächlicher Gewöhnlichkeit nicht, und bietet dem Leſer weder neue Gedanken noch eine kühne und überraſchende Darſtellung. — Glücklicher iſt er in einigen Fabeln, zu deren Behandlung ſeine geringen Kräfte und ſein gebildeter Verſtand ausreichen; ſeine anakreontiſchen Lieder u.ſ.w. ſind, obwohl ſie ſich einſt einer freundlichen und günſtigen Aufnahme aus den oben angegebenen Gründen erfreuten, weiter nichts als geringfügige Kleinigkeiten, niedliche Spielereien, oder alltägliches, in eine poetiſche Form gehülltes

Raiſonnement, das, ſeiner Einkleidung beraubt, weiter nichts gewähren würde, als zwar gutgemeinte aber nüchterne und proſaiſche Gedanken.

Lieder des Preußiſchen Grenadiers*).

Am Geburtstage des Königs, 1778.

Der König lebe! denn er iſt
Der bravſte Mann im Reich!
An Kriegesmuth und Kriegesliſt
Den alten Helden gleich!

Der König lebe! denn er heißt:
Der Eine große Mann,
Dem jeder ſeinen Heldengeiſt
Im Auge ſehen kann!

Der König lebe! denn er war,
Wie noch kein and'rer Held,
In Thaten hehr und wunderbar,
Zum Staunen aller Welt!

Der König lebe! denn er geht
Auf ſeiner Heldenbahn
Mit ſo beſcheid'ner Majeſtät,
Als hätt' er nichts gethan!

Der König lebe! denn er iſt
Der erſte Patriot,
Der keine Vaterpflicht vergißt
In Kriegs- und Hungersnoth!

Er lebe, hochgefeiert, hoch!
Die längſte Lebensfriſt,
Bis Seines gleichen einmal noch
Auf Erden wieder iſt!

Zur letzten Geburts-Feier des Königs.

Am 24. Jan. 1786.

Mit Pauken- und Trompetenton
Erſchall's in alle Welt:
Ein Weiſer ſtieg er auf den Thron,
Mein Friederich, mein Held!

War nur Monarch, war nicht Despot,
Macht ging ihm nie vor Recht;
War, unſer erſter Patriot,
Des Vaterlandes Knecht!

Knecht immer mehr, als alle wir,
In Arbeit Tag und Nacht;
Bei der hab' ich, der Grenadier,
Ihn hundertmal bewacht!

Und, was nicht zu vergeſſen iſt,
Er liebte Tugend ſehr;
War wenig nur in Worten Chriſt,
In Thaten deſto mehr!

Hingehend ſeinen ſteilen Gang
Auf ſeiner Sonnenbahn,
Hat er in Schickſals Sturm und Drang
Unglaubliches gethan!

Der Freuden hatt' er wenig hier,
War ſelten ſeiner froh;
Schlief oft, das weiß ſein Grenadier,
Im Feld' auf Stein und Stroh!

Der du den hohen Himmel wölbſt,
Du wirſt ihn dort erfreu'n;
Er ließ uns alle Freiheit, ſelbſt
Die Freiheit — dumm zu ſeyn!

Bei Friedrich's Todes-Feier.

Am 17. Auguſt 1786.

An Johannes Müller.

Ihn ſingen, Ihn, wie ſeine Schlachten!
Das kann ich nicht! — Der Grenadier
Sah neben ſeinem Feldpanier
Den Schlachtenmann, konnt' ihn betrachten,
Sang, ein Soldat, in Worten ohne Zier
Die Thaten, die unſterblich machten;
Sang, brauchte keinen Geiſt und keiner Worte Klang,
Die Thaten machten den Geſang!

Ihn ſelber muß ein Gottgerührter ſingen,
Der mehr den König als den Held,
Den Landesvater mehr, als nur den Herrn der Welt
Zu ſingen weiß; von wunderbaren Dingen
Nicht wunderbar, erhaben, ſchön und leicht!
Ein Sänger, welcher keinem
Von unſern Sängern weicht:
Ein Klopſtock, ein Homer, ein Fenelon in Einem!

An unſre Dichter.

Singt Ihn, den Einzigen!
Den Unerſetzlichen!
Den Nichtgeſtorbenen!
Den Ewiglebenden!
Um welchen bang' uns ward, und bang' und immer bänger.

Singt Ihn, ihr Edelſten der Sänger,
Daß Er, wie in den Seinigen,
In Euren Liedern lebt
So lang' ein Leben lebt! Hebt
Euch hoch auf eures Geiſtes Schwingen! —
Ich kann nicht ſingen!

Marſchlieder.

1.

Wach' auf, mein Herz, und ſinge
Dem Schöpfer aller Dinge;
Dem Geber aller Gaben,
Die wir Erſchaffnen haben!

Ihm danken wir die Stärke
Zu jedem guten Werke,
Die guten Herzensgaben,
Und alles, was wir haben!

Aus ſeines Herzens Fülle,
Kommt uns der gute Wille,
Das Gute zu vollbringen,
Das Böſe zu bezwingen!

Wenn wir mit uns im Kriegen
Uns ſelber nicht beſiegen,
Dann wird's uns nicht gelingen,
Den andern Feind zu zwingen!

Darum, o Herr! verleihe,
Daß ich mit aller Treue
Das Gute gern vollbringe,
Das Böſe gern bezwinge!

Dem lieben Vaterlande
Mach' ich dann keine Schande,
Für Vaterland und König
Thu' ich dann nicht zu wenig!

Dann ſchlag' ich ſeine Feinde,
Dann ſingen meine Freunde,
Gar lieblich anzuhören,
Ein Loblied mir zu Ehren!

---

*) Aus Gleims ſämmtlichen Schriften.

Stolz ſoll's in mich nicht bringen,
Sie mögen's immer ſingen!
Nach Ehr' und Ruhm zu geizen,
Soll's nur noch ſtärker reizen!

2.

Leb wohl, du braves, gutes Weib!
Weil's doch nicht anders iſt
Als Gott es haben will, und bleib
Was du geweſen biſt:

Mein Auge, meine rechte Hand,
Mein Troſt in aller Noth!
Ich denk' an dich, ans Vaterland,
Und denk' an keinen Tod!

Ich denk' an dich auf jedem Schritt,
O du mein Hab' und Gut!
Ich nehme dich im Herzen mit,
Und habe guten Muth!

Zurück bring' ich, von Liebe voll,
Ruhm und geſundem Leib!
Das iſt mein Abſchied! — Lebe wohl,
Du braves, gutes Weib!

3.

Am Abend des Ausmarſches.

Zum letztenmale küſſ' ich dich,
Mein liebes Kind! und du
Zum letztenmale küſſe mich,
Und thu' die Aeuglein zu!

Wenn Jedermann, was ihm gehört,
Erſt wieder hat mit Recht!
Und wenn der Friede wiederkehrt
Ins menſchliche Geſchlecht;

Wenn böſe Feinde nicht mehr ſind
Um Vaterland und mich,
Dann komm' ich wieder, liebes Kind,
Und herz' und küſſe dich!

Und pflege dein und ſehe dir
Im Blick den Vater an,
Und deine Mutter hat an mir
Den bravſten Kriegesmann!

4.

Gott, unſer Gott, bewohnt kein Haus
Und ſitzt auf keinem Thron,
Er geht nicht ein und geht nicht aus,
Wie ſein Geſchöpf von Thon!

Er iſt, das iſt genug! und wir
Sind alle, weil Er iſt,
Der König und der Grenadier,
Der Türke, wie der Chriſt!

Der aber iſt ihm angenehm,
Der jeden Feind beſiegt,
In ſich und außer ſich, und dem
Sein Freund am Herzen liegt!

Darum iſt der ein großer Held,
Der alles Böſe flieht,
Und alles Gute, wie ſein Zelt,
Um ſeine Seele zieht;

Und ſorgt, daß Sturm der Leidenſchaft
Ihr nimmer ſchädlich ſei!
Dazu ſteh' uns, o Gott! mit Kraft
Von deinen Kräften bei!

5.

Ich ſinge Wahrheit, keinen Wahn:
Die Hölle hat ſich aufgethan,
Die Zwietracht iſt herausgeflogen,
Der Himmel hat ſich ſchwarz bezogen!

Die Zwietracht fliegt von Thron zu Thron,
Man greift zu Mordgewehren ſchon,
Ich ſehe ſchon die wilden Horden,
Der Bruder wird den Bruder morden!

O Vater, Vater, ſieh darein!
Dein iſt die Hülfe, Vater, dein!
Ein Wort, ſo ſtürzt ſie mit Gebelle
Das Weib zurück in ihre Hölle!

So klärt die Himmelsburg ſich auf,
Kein Kriegesheldenlebenslauf
Wird aufgezählt und ſchön beſchrieben,
Weil ſich die Menſchen wieder lieben!

Sieh, ew'ger Vater! ſieh darein!
Dein iſt die Hülfe, Vater, dein!
Dein ſind die Mittel, ſind die Wege,
Dein iſt des edlen Friedens Pflege!

O Vater, ſieh, o ſieh darein!
Laß uns die Friedensſtifter ſeyn!
Das beſte Loos wird' uns beſchieden,
Denn ſieh, wir wollen nichts als
Frieden!

Soldatenlieder.

Das Lied vom braven Manne.

Der brave Mann iſt braver Mann
In allem, was er thut,
Thut all' das Gute, das er kann,
Mit immer gutem Muth!

Geht nicht auf böſem Wege, geht
Gerade ſeinen Gang;
Und ſingt, wenn er am Ende ſteht,
Dem Himmel Lobgeſang!

Und hängt an ſeinem Gott und Herrn,
So lang' er athmen kann!
Darum, wer wäre wohl nicht gern
Ein rechter braver Mann!

Das Lied von Sorgen.

Auf! Laßt uns ſingen! — Singen wir,
So fliehn die Sorgen, ſo
Wird Grenadier und Officier
Des Erdenlebens froh!

Geſang, du ſteh'ſt ja vor der Thür
Seit geſtern Abend ſchon;
Herein zu deinem Grenadier,
Und bring ihn in den Ton!

Wen ſingen wir? Den beſten Mann,
Den Sonn und Mond beſcheint,
Den tapferſten hernach, und dann
Zuletzt den beſten Freund!

Klingt alle, liebe Gläſer, klingt!
Die treue ſegne Gott!
Und wer's nicht trinkt, nicht mit uns ſingt,
Der iſt . . . ein Hottentott!

Das Lied vom Tode für's Vaterland.

Wir müſſen alle fort von hier
An einen andern Ort;
Der Tod der klopft an jede Thür,
Wir müſſen alle fort!

Da hilft kein Bitten und kein Flehn,
Kein Alter und kein Stand;
Das Beſt' iſt, daß wir willig gehn
An unſers Führers Hand!

Der ſtirbt am Fieber, der an Gicht,
An Schwindſucht der und der!
„Willkommen Tod!“ ſagt keiner nicht;
Iſt doch nichts kläglicher!

Sterbt alle, Menſchen! iſt Gebot,
In aller Welt bekannt!
Ich wüßte keinen ſchönern Tod,
Als den für's Vaterland!

Das Lied vom Zweikampf.

Laß, Bruder, ab, von dem Entſchluß,
Im Herzen ſchon gefaßt;
Dem gibt kein Engel einen Kuß,
Der einen Menſchen haßt!

Laß ab, und ſchlag' in Bruderhand!
Topp! wir ſind Freunde, wir! —
Geh, ſchlage dich für's Vaterland,
Du braver Grenadier!

Abſchied des alten Grenadiers. 1796.

Ich bin der alte Grenadier,
Der Kriegeslieder ſang,
Nun aber einſam, ſitz' ich hier
Im Hüttchen und bin krank!

Ich hör': in aller Welt iſt Krieg,
Die Völker ſchlachten ſich;
Gott gibt den Ungerechten Sieg,
Ihr „Ach und Weh!“ hör' ich,

Und ſinge keine, denke die
Geſung'nen und die Zeit
Der achtzig Jahre, nenne ſie
Theil meiner Ewigkeit.

Im Selbſtgeſpräche frag' ich ſtill:
Was wird ſie ſeyn nach mir! —
„Was der im Himmel haben will,
„Das wird ſie ſeyn nach dir!

Die alten Freunde ſind nicht mehr,
Die jungen ſind nicht alt;
Ach, und von unſerm Kriegesheer
Starb' ich, der Letzte, bald!

Geſtorben, hör' ich nichts von Blut,
Gefloſſen in den Rhein!
Geſtorben, nichts von Uebermuth,
In Gottes Sonnenſchein!

Folgt ſtolzer Menſchen Hohn und Spott,
Mir nach ins kühle Grab,
Es ſchadet nichts! ich bin bei Gott,
Und ſeh' auf ſie herab!

In jenem Leben ſind wir gleich,
Die Stolzen ſchämen ſich, —
Seht ihr ein Wölkchen über Euch!
Hochmüthler, das bin ich!

Sinngedichte.

An Aglaja.

Du lachſt? o lache nicht, Aglaja! laute Freuden
Verſtellen dein Geſicht!
Wie ſchön iſt Niobe! ſieh nur ihr ſtilles Leiden:
Sie leidet, aber weinet nicht.

Der Vater an die nicht ſchöne Tochter.

Du magſt dich nicht, mein gutes Kind, betrüben,
Wenn eine Schöne nur der Herzen Heldin iſt;
Denn, glaub', man wird auch dich wie eine Schöne lieben,
Wenn du die Grazie der ſchönen Kinder biſt!

Als man mich des Schmeichelns beſchuldigte.

Von meinem Friederich
Wär' ich ein Schmeichler? — Ich,
Aus deſſen Munde ſich
Kein Wort begeben darf, das nicht das Herz auch ſpricht? —
Bedenkt, mein Lob iſt deutſch, und deutſches lieſ't er nicht!

Auf Herders Blumen.

Pyramiden liegen in Ruinen,
Marmor bricht der Zahn der Zeit:
Herders Blumen blüh'n und grünen
Bis in Ewigkeit!

Der Reiſende.

Er kommt geflogen, wie ein Pfeil,
Fliegt unſre Städte durch, hört alles, was zu hören
Auf ihren Gaſſen iſt, hört Meiſter, ſchnattert Lehren,
Denkt, billigt, tadelt, ſchreibt, und — Alles in der Eil!

Bildung auf Reiſen.

Als Herr von Quiſt von ſeinen Reiſen
Zu Hauſe kam, erzählte Herr von Quiſt:
„Zu Frankfurt iſt
„Im rothen Hauſe gut zu ſpeiſen!“

Der reiche Luz.

Gott und Satan zu betrügen,
Ließ er den armen Lazarus
In ſeinem Jammer liegen,
Und gab der armen Lais — einen Kuß!

Leſſing und Kunz und Klaus.

„Werde Licht!“ ſprach Er;
Licht ward um ihn her;
Aber Kunz und Klaus
Löſchten's wieder aus!

An unſre Streit-Theologen.

Ihr ſtreitet: ob der Geiſt vom hohen Himmelsthron
Ausgeh' in alle Welt, vom Vater oder Sohn!
Mit euch gelehrten Leuten
Iſt nicht darob zu ſtreiten;
Ihr habt Theologie, wir — nur Religio

A.

Ob's chriſtlich iſt, zu Höllenflammen
Die frommen Helden zu verdammen,
Den Socrates, den Seneca, den Mark-Aurel und Hadrian?

B.

Wenn's chriſtlich wäre, ganz gewiß, ſo hätt' es Chriſtus auch gethan.

Lalage.

„Ich gebe keinen Kuß!“ ſpricht Lalage, die Roſe
Der Mädchen, und empfängt
Von Damon hundert! Ha, weiß nicht die kleine Loſe,
Daß Küſſe giebt, wer ſie empfängt!

Der ſterbende Dichter.

Sein Maß der Sünden iſt mit Liedern vollgemeſſen,
Nur Lieder quälen ihn, den ſterbenden Greiſ:
Gott wollʼ in jener Welt die Lieder doch vergeſſen,
Wie man in dieſer ſie vergißt!

Amor und die Nymphen.

Als blöde Nymphen einſt Cytherens loſen Sohn
Aus Furcht vor ſeinen Waffen flohn,
Da warf der kleine Gott in Eil
Den Bogen weg, lief ohne Pfeil
Und ohne Kleid, in nackender Geſtalt,
Den blöden Nymphen nach, in einen Myrtenwald!

Und da die Nymphen die den Knaben ohne Waffen
Und nackend ſitzen ſahn,
Nicht fürchteten ihn anzugaffen,
Nicht ſcheuten ihm zu nahn;
Da rief aus einem Buſch Diana: „Nymphen, wißt:
„Er iſt gefährlicher, je nackender er iſt!“

Der Sieg.

Die Laſter ſtritten, wer von ihnen
Am eifrigſten geweſen ſey,
Dem Böſen in der Welt zu dienen:
Den Sieg erhielt, — die Heuchelei.

Des Pythagoras Statue.

Soll dieſer Mann von Stein
Pythagoras, der Schweiger, ſeyn?
Pythagoras, der Schweiger, iſt er nicht,
Denn ſeht, er ſpricht!

An Venus.

Ich weiß, o Göttin, daß dein Sohn
Von deinem Schooße dir entflohn,
Daß er vor dir ſich hat verſteckt,
Und daß du den, der ihn entdeckt,
Belohnen willſt mit ſüßem Kuß; —
O ſchöne Göttin, ſieh, ich muß
Verräther ſeyn, — gib mir den Lohn:
In meinem Herzen iſt dein Sohn!

Gottſcheds Cato.

Wie dieſer Sachſe Cato ſpricht;
So ſprach der Römer Cato nicht;
Hört' er die Reden des Poeten,
Er würde noch einmal ſich tödten!

Neſſeln.

1.

Den armen Bauer, der zu ſeinem Edelmann
Einſt ſagte: „Lieber Herr, ſeyd doch ein Menſch!“ den haben
Sein Pfarrer und der Edelmann,
Als einen Sünder hier begraben!

2.

Ich ſchlechter Sandſtein, ſoll nicht ſagen,
Wer unter mir begraben liegt!
Er ward mit großem Pomp in ſeine Gruft getragen,
Die Träger waren höchſt vergnügt,
Und ſüßen Weines voll.
Geh', Wanderer, und lebe wohl!

Markolph.

„Ob Dichter fähig ſind, Geſchäfte gut zu treiben?“
Fragt Cäſar, fragt Auguſt, fragt Carl der Zwölfte nicht!
Markolph, der gar nichts kann, kaum leſen nur und ſchreiben,
Der fragt's und ſchilt auf jegliches Gedicht!

Schmeichelei.

Herr, in Wahrheit, Euer Knecht
Stimmt in die Behauptung ein:
Reich an Golde, habt ihr Recht,
Arm an Geiſt zu ſeyn!

Unſers Gottes reiche Gaben,
Haben Griech' und Hottentott:
Einer kann nicht Alles haben,
Alles hat nur Gott!

Die Helden der Geſchichte
Sind Gottes Werke;
Die Helden der Gedichte
Sind's auch: die Geiſtesſtärke,
Mit welcher Klopſtock und Homer
Sie ſchufen, kam von oben her!

Demoſthenes.

Er war's, er öffnete die feſtverſchloſſ'nen Pforten
Der Freiheit mit Verſtand und Witz;
Er donnerte mit Worten,
Wie Zeus mit ſeinem Blitz!

Gleiche Gedanken.

Herr Nikolaus lag auf dem Sterbebette
Und tröſtete die weinende Liſette,
Sein treues Weib: „Ach,“ ſprach er, „Kind, ich hätte
„Wohl Eine Bitte noch an dich!“ —
Und welche, Kind? — „Zum Mann' nach mir, bitt' ich,
„Nimm Herrn Kriſt;
„Mich däucht, er iſt
„Ein guter, reicher Mann.“ —
Ach, Männchen! ſagte ſie, ich dacht' auch eben dran!

Die zwei letzten Blicke Friedrichs.

Zwei Blicke that er hin auf ſeine Lebenszeit,
Eh' er hinüberging in die Unſterblichkeit:
Die Todten aller ſeiner Schlachten
Sah er mit ſeinem einen Blick;
Mit ſeinem andern all' das Glück,
Das ſeine Lebenstage machten.
Der eine: furchtbar, ſtarr, erfüllt mit Gram und Graus;
Der andre: löſchend ganz das Bild des erſten aus!

Kleiſt's Grab.

In dieſem Grabe ruht der treu'ſte Freund der Freunde!
Du, Roſe, ſollſt allein auf ſeinem Grabe blühn.
Kleiſt iſt ſein Name, ſeine Feinde
Begruben und beweinten ihn!

Auf Betty's Stammbuchblatt.

Ein Wort auf dieſes Blatt? — Nicht mehr nicht minder?
Ein Wort iſt nicht genug für mich,
Ich bin zu ſehr ein Freund der ſchönen Kinder,
Und ſchreibe gern: „Ich liebe dich!"

Muſik.

Iſt die Muſik nur Spiel und Scherz,
Nur Scherz und Spiel,
Bewegt zum Guten ſie nicht unſer böſes Herz:
Dann iſt Muſik nicht viel!

Der Witzling.

Witz auf Witz,
Auf nichts gegründet;
Blitz auf Blitz,
Und keiner zündet!

Ueber das Bild Friederichs.

Von dieſem Einzigen wird man wie ein Gedicht
Einſt die Geſchichte leſen;
Denn wahr, was ſie erzählt, iſt alles zwar geweſen,
Wahrſcheinlich aber nicht!

Pfarrer Kunz.

„Geht auf dem ſchmalen Weg, der euch zum Himmel führt!"
Sprach Kunz, der Pfarrer, zu den Leuten,
Die lieber gingen auf dem breiten,
Der in die Hölle ſich verliert:
— „Gern," war die Antwort, „Herr, Sie ſind ein braver Mann,
„Doch gehn Sie nur voran!"

Sprüche.

1.

Wer Samenkörner ſtreut, der nehme ſich in Acht,
Daß ihn einmal es nicht gereue. —
Welch Unglück haben in die Reihe
Der Dinge Worte nicht gebracht!

2.

An jeden Ort, wohin du gehſt,
Nimm deinen Maßſtab mit; zum Schmaus, zum Tanz, zum Spiel:
Und wenn du ruhend ſtille ſteheſt,
Dann frage: War's zu viel?

3.

Der Mann, der ſtark ſich dünkt, der trete zu den Schwachen;
Wer glaubt, er fehle nicht, der Mann der irret ſich!
Haſt aber du gefehlt, ſo rüſte eilends dich,
Den Fehler wieder gut zu machen!

4.

Wer eines Menſchen Freude ſtört,
Der Menſch iſt keiner Freude werth!

5.

Der iſt ein Ehrenmann, der eines Andern Fehler
Mehr als die eigenen entſchuldigt und verſchweigt,
Und And'rer Tugenden wie rechte Ehren-Mähler
Dem, der ſie recht nicht ſieht, im rechten Lichte zeigt.

6.

In unſers Gottes Welt ſind wir an allen Enden,
Im Mond, im Sirius, in treuen Vater-Händen;
Darum, was kümmert's dich, ob unſers Gottes Welt
Heut noch in Trümmer fällt!

7.

Vernünft'le nicht, o Freund! Vernünfteln iſt: zu weit
In's Allerheiligſte der Wahrheit ſehen wollen,
In welches wir nicht ſehen ſollen
Mit Augen dieſer Zeit!

8.

Das Unglück iſt ein Sturm, das Glück ein Sonnen-Blick.
Ertrage, wenn du kannſt, das Unglück wie das Glück!

9.

Sprich nicht zu viel von deinen Pflichten;
Wir haben kurze Lebenszeit!
Die Zeit zum Ueben und Verrichten
Verſchwindet unterdeß ins Meer der Ewigkeit!

10.

Wo man von Frömmigkeit mit vielen Worten ſpricht,
Da ſuche nur den Frommen nicht!

11.

Wer beſſer iſt wie du, den ſchätze lieb und werth,
Den ſetz' an deinem Tiſch, den wärm' an deinem Herd,
Er macht dir Ehre, dir! und wäreſt du ein Fürſt,
Und lohnt dich, wenn du beſſer wirſt!

12.

Die Glocke ſchlägt! Was hat's geſchlagen?
Antworte, Zeit! — Die Zeit antwortet dir:
„Ich habe dich zu lieb, ich mag es dir nicht ſagen;
„Der Kirchhof iſt nicht weit von hier!"

13.

„Erkenne, ſuche, lieb' und ehre,
„Was gut und ſchön iſt, und vermehre
„Nach Möglichkeit, mit weiſer Wahl,
„Des Guten und des Schönen Zahl!"
Das iſt die ganze Sittenlehre!

14.

Nur Thoren bauen all' ihr Glück
Auf eines Menſchen Blick!

15.

Nicht mehr zu klagen, rath' ich dir,
Unglücklichſter auf Erden;
Unglück wird Glück, wenn wir
Durch Unglück beſſer werden!

16.

Mahomet, im Koran, ſagte:

Dem Menſchen, welcher dich beleidigte, vergieb;
Hab' alle Menſchen lieb,
Und bringe frevelnd nicht aus ſeiner Seelenruh
Den Mann, der minder weiſ' wie du!

Engel Gabriel erklärte dieſe Stelle:

Such' in den Wüſten auf den Mann, der dich verjagte;
Nimm in gerechten Schutz den Mann, der dich verklagte;
Dem gieb, der dir genommen hat!
Und in geheimſter Herzens-Stille
Denk' an die gute That;
Denn ſiehe, das iſt Gottes Wille!

17.

Wohin mit Deinem Blick? — Den Himmel durchzuſehn,
Iſt er nicht ſcharf genug! Lenk' ihn zur Erde nieder,
Und, nach ſo langer Zeit, ſieh deine Blumen wieder,
Sie ſind doch gar zu ſchön!

18.

Blühe, du Roſe, du blühſt dem Welt-Erſchaffer zur Ehre,
Schönſte der Blumen, du biſt ſeinem Geſchöpfe der Schmuck!
Dich, du Liebliche, dich in deinem Leben zu ſchützen
Vor dem häßlichen Stolz, gab er Vergänglichkeit dir!

19.

Die Tugend geht auf Dornenſpitzen,
Und ſcheut nicht ſich den Fuß zu ritzen!
Geht unverweilt
Und mit getroſtem Muth
Auf ihrem Wege fort! Warum? ſie weiß zu gut,
Daß droben Einer iſt, der ihre Wunden heilt!

20.

Verdienſt, das ſich hervor, geſehn zu werden, drängt.
Und das für jede That, für Lied, für Lobgeſänge,
Für jedes Lohn begehrt, und Geld und Band empfängt,
Iſt auch Verdienſt, o Freund! doch ſolchen giebt's die Menge!

Das aber, welches ſtill, wie Gott, das Gute thut,
Aus wahrer Liebe, nicht zum Scheine;
Das etwa nur zu ſich ſtill ſaget: Das war gut!
Das iſt das ſelt'ne, das ich meine!

21.

Was iſt's, daß man dich lobt: „du habeſt keine Mängel,
„Seyſt Held der Helden deiner Zeit!"
Was iſt es, wenn dein Engel
Sich nicht des Lobes freut?

22.

Sey nicht der Stoa feind, doch fühle jeden Schmerz! —
Gleichgültigkeit legt Eis ums Herz!

23.

Darf eine Grazie durchaus dein Buch nicht leſen,
Und giebt's der Grazien in deiner Vaterſtadt,
So wirf's in's Feuer, brenn's zu Pulver, nimm den Beſen,
Und fege, wo's gelegen hat!

24.

Erzfeind von allem Heuchelſchein,
Sey jedem Auge, was du biſt;
Man muß in allen Augen ſeyn,
Was man in Gottes Augen iſt!

25.

Auf böſer Menſchen Schimpf und Spott,
Und wär' er bitterer als Wermuth, achte nicht!
Thu' aber redlich deine Pflicht,
Das andere thut Gott!

26.

Auf Wunder warte nicht! — Sieh, deine Zeit fliegt hin,
Und läßt dir keine Spur
Dahier von ihrem Gleis!
Auf Wunder warte nicht, du haſt deß nicht Gewinn:
Die Götter helfen nur
Durch Tugend und durch Fleiß!

27.

In Worten nichts, in Werken viel,
Bringt am geſchwindeſten zum Ziel!

28.

Den Preis des Wettlaufs zu gewinnen,
Darfſt du nicht ſtehn und dich beſinnen!

29.

Berechne jeden Tag, wie viel der Stunden du
Verwendet haſt auf Mittagsruh,
Wie viel auf Schmauſerei, wie viel
Auf Tanz und Spiel
Und auf Geſchwätz, das nicht Geſpräch geweſen iſt:
Und dann, o Menſch, zieh' ab und ſieh' wie alt du biſt!

30.

Aurora, Schöpferin der Roſenfarbe, röthet
Die Dächer ſchon, und ihr, die Unbeſorgten, tödtet
Noch ſchlafend eure ſchöne Zeit!
Auf, auf! es iſt zu wachen,
Und edelnützlicher Gebrauch von ihr zu machen
Für Eures Daſeyns Ewigkeit!

31.

Darf ich rathen, guter Mann?
Was dich quält, das klage Keinem,
Als dem Einen,
Der dir helfen kann!

32.

Die Menſchen die du liebſt, und die dich wieder lieben,
Bewahr' dir Gott vor Armuth und vor Neid!
Die ſchwerſte Tugend auszuüben,
Iſt die der Dankbarkeit!

33.

Vor Armuth fürchte dich faſt ſehr!
Vor Schande deſto mehr!

34.

Wer Wohlthat dir erwies, ſey deines Danks gewiß;
Die du erweiſeſt, die vergiß!

35.

Gut ſeyn und weiter nichts, bei Gott, das iſt nicht viel!
Man muß auch tapfer ſeyn, dem Böſen Trutz zu bieten,
Und, iſt des Böſen nächſtes Ziel,
Zu herrſchen, — zu verhüten,
Daß es nicht herrſche! — Sey nur gut,
Nur wie ein Lämmchen fromm, und furchtſam wie ein Haſe,
So nennt der Böſe dich ein gutes treues Blut,
Und ſpielt dir auf der Naſe!

Der gute Mann.

(Aus dem Halladat oder rothen Buche.)

Abdu Beballa war ein guter Mann!
Zwar lebt' er Tage, Wochen, Jahre, wie
Die meiſten Menſchen leben, ohn' einmal,
Mit brünſtiger erweckter Seele, Welt
Und Gott zu denken, aber jeden Tag,
Wenn ſchon die Sonne weggegangen war,
Ging er in eine kleine Kammer, die
Die Rechenkammer hieß, und zählte da
Sich alle ſeine Tagewerke vor;
Und, nicht die guten ſchrieb er auf, er ſchrieb
Die böſen auf, ſchrieb ſie an eine Wand,
Und jeden Morgen, wenn die Sonne ſchon
Heraufgeſtiegen war, ging er, und las — —
Und, wenn er (ſelten war's geſchehn, ſo ſtreng
War er ein ſcharfer Rechenmeiſter) nichts
Zu leſen fand, dann ſtutzt' er, dachte nach:
Ob etwa geſtern was vergeſſen ſey?
Dacht's nach, und meiſtentheils fand er,
Daß was vergeſſen ſey, und dann ſo ſchrieb's
Nicht er, von ſeinen Kindern eines ſchrieb's
An ſeine Wand, und ſieben Tage ward's
Von ihm geleſen, ſiebenmal des Tags
Von ihm bedacht: durch welches Gute wohl,
Das Böſe gut geworden ſey? — Und dann,
Wenn er, ein ſcharfer Rechenmeiſter, ſich's
Zu gute ſchrieb, dann endlich hört' er auf,
Es zu bedenken. Keine Sylbe ſprach
Der gute Mann von ſeinen Werken, kein
Erforſcher forſchte Gutes aus; er that's,
Und nicht die kleinſte Spur verrieth's. Er war
Ein guter Mann! — — Er ſtarb, und ſchönes Lob
Ward nicht geredet, nicht geſungen, ward
Zu ſeinem Ruhm in Marmor nicht gehau'n;
Nach dreißig Jahren aber deckte Gott
Die Decken, die der gute Mann mit Fleiß
Vor alle ſeine guten Werke zog.

Aus Vatertreuer Wahrheitsliebe ſelbſt
Den Menſchen auf, den Menſchen! Zwei ſahn
Den guten Mann, wie er geweſen war:
Abuballott, der Bäcker, der mit ihm
Gereiſet war, und: der Efubaboll,
Der's oft noch rühmt, daß er, ein armes Kind,
Auf ſeinem Schooß einmal geſeſſen ſey.
Und ſagten: ach! Er war ein guter Mann!

Hingegen Abnik Sabagalla, der
Sein Seelenpeiniger geweſen war,
Behauptete das Gegentheil und ſprach:
Als wie ein ſeelenloſes Thier hat er
Sein langes Menſchenleben durchgelebt!
In ſeiner langen Winternacht hat er
Durchs blaue Sterngewölbe ſeinen Gott
Mit ſeinem Feuerauge ſcharf geſehn;
Mit ſeines Geiſtes Feuerauge nicht
Im Unermeßlichen geſehn, wie viel
Gott, unſer Gott der Götter, größer iſt,
Als andre Götter! Eingekerkert oft
In ſeinem Zelly*) hin zu ſitzen, und
Mit angeſtrengter Feuer-Seelenkraft
Den Gott zu denken, welcher größer iſt,
Als alle Götter, hab' ich Tag für Tag
Ihm angelegen, immer aber war
Ihm keine Zeit; er müſſe Thaten thun,
Sprach der wahrhaftige Verkleinerer
Des großen Gottes! „Unſer Gott," ſprach er,
„Will eben nicht Betrachtung; Unſer Gott
„Iſt Meiſter, wir Geſellen! Unſer Gott
„Iſt immer gnädig!" Solch Geſchwätze ging
Aus ſeinem Munde; Beta Millizell
Und Bora Karabadda hab's gehört!

Als aber Abnik Sabagalla ſchwieg,
Da redeten die Zweie, welchen Gott
Den guten Mann, wie er geweſen war,
In ſeinem Licht der Wahrheit ſehen ließ.

Abuballot, der erſte: „Wenn ein Trieb,
„Mit ſeinem Gott zu ſprechen, ſeinen Geiſt
„Aufforderte, ſein Herz, Gefühl und Geiſt,
„Geläutert ſcharf im Tiegel, war, dann ſchlich
„Der gute Mann (ich habe Morgens einſt
„Und Abends einſt ſtillſchweigend ihn bemerkt)
„In ſeinen Weinberg, und, verſchloſſen Thor
„Und Thür, rund umgeſehen, Wand und Zaun,
„War er darin, mit ſeinem Gott, allein!"

Efubaboll, der andere: „Mich that
„Der gute Mann als eine Waiſe, die
„Nicht Mutter und nicht Vater hatte, hin
„Zu einem Weisheitslehrer, ohne daß
„Der gute Weisheitslehrer wußte, wer
„In ſeinem Herzen zum Erbarmer mir,
„Von meinem Gott gerufen ſey, und erſt
„Nach ſeinem Tode, Menſchen! hab' ich's mit
„Mit Müh' erforſcht; ach! ganz gewiß war er
„Ein guter Mann! Und Sabagalla ſoll
„Vor ſeinem Gott entſchuldigen, daß er
„Den guten Mann für einen guten Mann
„Nicht achten will! Er bring' uns etwas mehr,
„Als nur Geſchwätzes, er, der ihn vor uns
„Und unſerm Gott da ſo zur Rede ſtellt!"

Abuballot, der erſte: „Mangel war
„In unſerm Vaterlande damals nicht,
„Als ſeinen Segen unſer guter Gott
„In ſeinen Wolken über unſerm Haupt
„Wegtragen ließ, in fernes Land; der Fürſt,
„Den unſer Gott mit Weisheit und mit Macht
„Geſegnet hat, war wahrer Vater! Rund
„Um unſer ſattes Vaterland ſaß itzt
„Der Hungrige! da, Menſchen, backte Brot
„In ſeinem Weinberg, Nachts, wenn alles ſchlief,
„Abdu Bedulla ſelbſt, und trugs hinaus,
„Aus ſeinem Weinberg an die Grenze, wo
„Der Hungrige mit Weib und Kinde ſaß,
„Und gab's dem Kinde! Wahrlich, lieber Herr!
„Abdu Bedulla war ein guter Mann!"

Und alles Volk, aus einem Munde, rief:
Abdu Bedulla war ein guter Mann!

Aus Amor und Pſyche.

1.

Amor kam mit einem Köcher,
Voll von Pfeilen, zu den Muſen,
Und die Muſen alle flohen!
Amor aber, winkend: „fliehet,"
Rief er, „fliehet nicht; ich bitte,
Dieſen Pfeilgefüllten Köcher
Anzunehmen!" — Und geſchäftig
Nahm ihn Amor von der Schulter,
Legt' ihn lächelnd hin auf Blumen,
Und entfloh dann. — Leiſe traten
Alle Muſen hin zum Köcher!
Jede Muſe nahm ſich einen
Von den Pfeilen, und ſeit dieſem
Herrſcht die Lieb' in ihren Werken!

2.

Traurig klagend, fragte Amor
Einen ſeiner liebſten Brüder:

„Wo entzünd' ich meine Fackel
An dem allerreinſten Feuer?"
Und indem er fragte, ſah er
Seiner Pſyche lichte Augen!
„Willſt du's leiden," ſprach er, „Liebe?"
Hielt die Fackel ſanft an ihre
Lichten Augen und die Fackel
Brannte ſanft, wie Pſychens Augen!

3.

Die Weisheit und die Liebe gingen
Luſtwandeln ins Parnaſſus-Feld,
Und dorten Pſychen leiſe ſingen:
„Mein Amor iſt ein Kriegesheld!" —

„Sie weiß," ſprach Pallas, „nichts vom Kriege,
Kennt ſeine kleinſte Schlacht nicht,
Hat nur gehört von Amors Siege,
Sie ſäng' ihm ſonſt kein Lobgedicht!"

4.

„Willſt du die Herrſchaft haben?" fragte,
Nach der Vermählung, ſeine Pſyche
Der Gott der Liebe. —

„Nein ich müßte
Mann ſeyn," ſprach Pſyche, „mir behaget
Dein Weib zu ſeyn, und deinen Willen
Zu ſpähen, glücklich dich zu machen!"

Du haſt ſie, dieſe Herrſchaft; dachte
Der Gott der Liebe, und ſah immer
In ihren Augen ſeinen Willen!

Vermiſchte Gedichte.

Unglaube und Aberglaube.

1758.

Unglaube, du biſt nicht ſo ſehr ein Ungeheuer,
Als Aberglaube, du!
Für deinen Affengott gehſt du mit Schwert und Feuer
Auf ſeine Feinde zu!

Streckſt ſie zu Boden, trinkſt ihr Blut aus ihrem Schädel,
Wirſt Märtrer mit Prunk,
Biſt grauſam, dumm und ſtolz, dünkſt tapfer dich und edel
Bei deinem Schädeltrunk!

Unglaube ſtreitet nur mit Worten und wird müde;
Dir, Ungeheuer, brennt
Die ganze Seele! Dir iſt nirgends Ruh und Friede,
Krieg iſt dein Element!

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*) In ſeinem Gebetzimmer.

Dir iſt, o du Tyrann, den Hirten bei den Schafen
Ermorden, keine Pein.
Gott, will er eine Welt für ihre Sünden ſtrafen,
So ſchickt er dich hinein!

Der Patient

Anekdote.

Ich lag gefährlich krank;
Gequält von Pillen und von Trank,
War, ach! mein Wunſch, mein Troſt in dieſer Noth,
Herr Doktor Markus und der Tod.
Die Beiden zankten ſich
Wie unverſöhnliche, geſchwor'ne Feind' um mich.

„Ach!“ ſeufzt' ich, „eh' ich lang' auf dieſem Lager liege,
So gib, o Gott, daß Einer bald nur ſiege!“
Kaum war der Seufzer fort,
Da ſchallet in mein Ohr das Wort:
„Trink!“ — Und es ſtand vor meinem Bett' ein Freund,
(Mehr Freund, als Doctor Tod und Doctor Markus meint)
Der reichte mir ein Glas Burgunder,
Und ſprach: „Trink das!“ — Ich trank, und o welch Wunder,
Der Magen, welcher Trank und Pillen
Nicht annahm, nahm den Wein
Gehorſam ein!
Ich bat, Ein Glas nur noch zu füllen:
Die Lebensgeiſter kommen wieder
In die ſchon bald erſtorb'nen Glieder;
Friſch war mein Herz, und roth der Mund,
Mein Weinglas leer, und ich — geſund!
Herr Markus und der Tod ſahn ſich einander an,
Und fragten: „Du, wer iſt der Mann?“

Als von Despoten geſprochen wurde.

Despoten mancher Art gibt's in der kleinſten Welt;
Der größte aber iſt — und welcher denn? — das Geld!
Geld legt den freiſten Mann in Ketten,
Giebt Sünden-Sklaven Schwanenbetten,
Macht klein den größten Geiſt, und ſchwach den ſtärkſten Held!

Das Lied.

Den Odenſchwung verſchmäht das Lied;
Das Lied fließt aus dem Herzen,
Wie aus dem Felſen unbemüht
Ein klares Bächlein, das man ſieht
Mit zarten Blumen ſcherzen!

Die drei Federn.

1802.

Drei Federn hat Olint: die eine gab ein Engel
Aus ſeinem Fittig ihm; mit dieſer ſchreibt er Mängel
Der Menſchen in Gelaſſenheit.

Die zweite Feder war in eines Adlers Flügel
Schwungfeder. Dieſe hält kein Zügel;
Mit ihr ſchreibt er in Groll die Mängel ſeiner Zeit.

Aus eines Amors leichten Schwingen
Zog er die dritte; die
Gebraucht er, Herzen zu bezwingen,
Und ſchreibt mit ihr an Sie;
„Bis in die Ewigkeit wird mein's getreu verbleiben!“

Möcht' er mit dieſer Alles ſchreiben!

Meinung des Atheiſten.

Sonne, Mond, Sterne,
Große, kleine, ferne,
Welche kein Vermeſſer mißt,
Sprangen aus dem kleinſten Stäubchen,
Meint der Atheiſt;
Und die Männchen und die Weibchen
Sprangen auch, meint er,
Aus der Erde leicht und ſchwer;
Und die ſchönen Schalle,
Tönend jetzt noch im Homer,
Sprangen alle
Schön in ſeinen Vers, aus der Luft, meint er!

Mein Hüttchen.

Lieb' und Freundſchaft gingen beide,
Wie zwei Schweſtern angefaßt,
Hinter ihnen ging die Freude; —
„Kinder“ ſprach die Freude, „laßt
„Mich in Eurer Mitte gehen,
„Was ihr heimlich etwa ſprecht,
„Seht, das will ich nicht verſtehen!“ —
„Komm nur, das iſt uns ſchon recht!“
Sprachen die umarmten Zweie.
Plötzlich war ein ſchönes Drei!
Und ſo gingen alle Dreie,
Meinem Hüttchen, ach, vorbei;

Wären ſie herein gekommen,
Damals, wahrlich, hätt' ich ſie
Offnen Armes aufgenommen,
Und bewirthet hätt' ich ſie!

Angebetet hätt' ich ihre
Schöne Gottheit ganz allein,
Aber, aber! ach, für Viere
War das Hüttchen doch zu klein!

Te Deum Laudamus.

Herr Gott, dich loben wir!
Lob, Ehre, Preis und Dank
Sey, Gott der Welten, dir!

Dir, Vater, Sohn und Geiſt,
Dir ſchalle hoher Lobgeſang
In aller Welt! Er ſchalle weit und breit
In Zeit und Ewigkeit!

Singt, Engel, ſingt ihm hoch
Den göttlichen Geſang!
Singt, Sänger Gottes, Cherubim:
Singt ihm mit hoher Stimm',
Denn unſ're Stimm' iſt ſchwach!

Herr, Gott, dich loben wir!
Lob, Ehre, Preis und Dank
Sey, Gott der Welten, dir!

Hochheilig iſt dein Nam', Herr, Zebaoth!
Allmächtig deine Macht,
Du ſtarker, großer Gott

Dein Himmel über uns verbreitet weit und breit,
Herr, deine Herrlichkeit,
Verbreitet Wunder ohne Zahl!
Wenn wir hinauf in deine Sonne ſehn,
Dann ſingen wir in ihrem Strahl:
Wie groß iſt Gott, und ſeine Welt ſo ſchön!

Die Cherubim alle vereinigen ſich,
Verhüllen ihr Antlitz, verherrlichen dich,
Lobſingen dir, Herr, Zebaoth:
„Heilig, heilig, heilig, iſt Gott!“

Die Heiligen alle vereinigen ſich,
Auf ihren Knien anbeten ſie dich,
Und ſingen dir, Herr, Zebaoth:
„Heilig, heilig, heilig iſt Gott!“

Die Märtyrer alle vereinigen ſich,
Die Kronen vom Haupte, anbeten ſie dich;
Sie waren der Erde Verachtung und Spott;
Nun ſingen ſie: „Heilig, heilig iſt Gott!“

Die Chriſten der Erde vereinigen ſich;
Gebückt im Staube bekennen ſie Dich;
Sehn drohende Hölle, ſehn Teufel und Tod,
Und ſingen erlöſet: „Heilig iſt Gott!“

Zu ſeiner Rechten ſaßeſt du,
Erlöſer, Gottes Sohn!
Sahſt hoch von deines Vaters Thron
Der Erde Sünden zu;
Sahſt über ihr den ausgeſtreckten Arm
Des allzuſtrengen Rechts,
Erbarmteſt dich des ſündigen Geſchlechts,
Verbluteteſt dein heilig Blut darauf,
Und ſchloſſeſt uns den Himmel auf!

Du ſtiegſt, ein Gott, herab
Von deinem hohen Thron,
Und wurdeſt eines Menſchen Sohn,
Und wurdeſt an Geſtalt, an Sünden nicht ihm gleich:
Stiegſt in die Höll' hinab,
Zerſtöreteſt ihr Reich,
Kamſt im Triumph herauf,
Und ſchloſſeſt uns den Himmel auf!

Zur Rechten Gottes ſitzeſt du
In deines Vaters Reich,
An Herrlichkeit und Preis und Ehr' ihm gleich;
Biſt aller Heiligen Anbetung, Heil und Ruh;
Biſt deiner Erde Gnadenſonne!
Ein Blick nach dir, Erlöſer, lindert uns
Den größten Seelenſchmerz,
Ein Blick von dir erquickt mit Freud' und Wonne
Das bängſte Herz!

Wenn aber Erd' und Himmel fällt,
Dann, Heiland, ſehn wir dich als Richter aller Welt;
Dann hören wir der ſchrecklichen Poſaunen Ton
Und Donner unter deinem Thron!

Dann bitten wir, Erlöſer! dich,
Wir tiefgebeugten Sünder bitten dich:
Erlöſer, ach, erbarme dich!
Erbarme dich der Sünder auf den Knien,
Und derer, die in Felſenhöhlen fliehn
Und nach Erbarmung ſchrein!
Erlöſe ſie aus ihrer Höllen Glut,
Und führe ſie in deinen Himmel ein:
Sie ſind erlöſ't mit deinem Blut!

Dann, Heiland, dann vollenden wir
Den angefangnen Lobgeſang,
Und loben ewig deinen Namen:

Herr, Gott, dich loben wir!
Lob, Ehre, Preis und Dank
Sey, Gott der Welten, dir!
Heil, Halleluja! Amen.

Gottes Liebe.

Ich zage nicht: Er iſt die Liebe,
Sein Vaterauge fehlt mich nicht!
Und wär's um mich auch noch ſo trübe,
So wär's um mich doch wieder Licht! —
Er iſt die Lieb', ich zage nicht!

Er hat's gegeben, hat's genommen;
Sein iſt ja Sturm und Sonnenſchein!
Ich zage nicht, Er wird ſchon kommen,
Die rechte Zeit mag noch nicht ſeyn;
Die weiß nur Er, nur Er allein.

Wer Alles weiß, weiß auch das Beſte
Zu meinem Beſten zu erſchau'n!
Auf Ihm, auf Ihm ſteht felſenfeſte
Mein ganzes kindliches Vertrau'n:
Ich will auf Seine Hülfe bau'n!

Er hat noch keinmal mich verlaſſen,
Er läßt mich nicht in dieſer Noth;
Er kommt, er kann ſein Kind nicht laſſen,
Ich ſehe ſchon ſein Morgenroth! —
Er läßt mich nicht in dieſer Noth!

Gottes Güte.

Für wen ſchuf deine Güte,
Herr, dieſe Welt ſo ſchön?
Für wen iſt Blum' und Blüthe
In Thälern und auf Höhn?
Für wen iſt hohe Wonne
Da, wo das Saatfeld wallt?
Für wen beſcheint die Sonne
Die Wieſen und den Wald?

Für wen tönt das Getümmel
Der Heerden auf der Au'?
Für wen wölbt ſich der Himmel
So heiter und ſo blau?
Für wen ſind Thal und Gründe
So lieblich anzuſehn?
Für wen gehn kühle Winde?
Für wen iſt Alles ſchön?

Uns gabſt du ein Vermögen,
Die Schönheit einzuſehn,
Uns Menſchen, deinen Segen
Zu fühlen, zu verſtehn;
Uns ſollte all' die Wonne
Ein Ruf der Liebe ſeyn,
Mit jeder Morgen-Sonne
Dir unſer Herz zu weihn!

Nun ſieh, o Gott, wir weihen
Ein Herz voll Dankbarkeit
Dir, der uns liebt, und freuen
Uns deiner Gütigkeit!
Du hauchteſt nicht vergebens
Ein fühlend Herz uns ein
Ein Vorhof jenes Lebens
Soll uns die Erde ſeyn!

Der Menſch iſt eine Blume.

Die Blume blühet und verblüht,
Zu ihres Schöpfers Ruhme;
Wer heut' noch ihre Schönheit ſieht,
Iſt morgen ſchon, wie ſie, verblüht:
Der Menſch iſt eine Blume.

Und wie die Blume wieder blüht,
Wenn Gottes Auge nieder
[illegible] ſie von ſeinem Himmel ſieht,
[illegible] unter ihr die Erde glüht:
So blüht der Menſch auch wieder!

Gottes Allgegenwart.

Allgegenwärtiger,
Du biſt, biſt dort und hier!
Und hier und überall,
Erhabner, wandelſt du!
Du wandelſt, Heiliger,
Auf einem Veilchen hier!
Auf einer Sonne dort!

Du biſt in Hauch, in Sturm,
In Licht, in Finſterniß!

Erhabener du biſt
Allgegenwärtig hier,
In meinem Hüttchen, biſt's
In dieſem Blumenthal,
Und hörſt mein ſchwaches Lied,
Und hörſt im Ocean
Der Welten um dich her
Eloa's Harfenklang;
Eloa's! — Steig hinauf,
O du Gedanke, — ſteig
Zu deinem Gott hinauf

Der du Eloa's Gott
Und meiner biſt, du hörſt
Den nächſten dir und mich
Und dieſe Lerche, die
Zu deinem Himmel ſteigt,

Und dieſe Biene, die
Auf meiner Roſe ſummt!

Allgegenwärtiger!
Erhöre mich, und gib,
Daß deine Gegenwart
In meinem Leben ſtets
Mir gegenwärtig ſey!
Daß ich gefliſſentlich
Das alles was gedacht
In meiner Seele wird,
So denk', als denk' ich es
In deiner Gegenwart;
Und alles was ich thu',
So thu', als thu' ich es
In deiner Gegenwart.
Damit, Allmächtiger,
Wenn deine Geiſterwelt
Vor ihrem Richter ſteht,
Und dann Eloa mich
Betrachtet, ich vor ihm
Und ſeinem Blick in Nacht
Nicht ſchwinden darf und nicht
Entfliehen darf vor dir,
Allgegenwärtiger,
In eine Felſenkluft

Betty Gleim,

Tochter eines angeſehenen Kaufmanns in Bremen, ward daſelbſt am 13. Auguſt 1781 geboren und widmete ſich aus eigenem Antriebe dem Erziehungsweſen. — Eine von ihr 1805 in ihrer Vaterſtadt errichtete Töchterſchule erfreute ſich der lebhafteſten Anerkennung und ward von ihr bis zu ihrem Tode, der am 27. März 1827 erfolgte, verwaltet.

Sie gab heraus:

Kindermoral. 2 Thle. Bremen 1810 — 1815.

Erziehung und Unterricht des weiblichen Geſchlechtes. Bremen 1810.

Erzählungs- und Bildungsbuch für Mütter. Bremen 1810.

Anweiſung zur Kunſt des Versbaues. Bremen 1814.

Grammatik. Bremen 1815.

Tellus oder Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Erdbeſchreibung. Bremen 1816.

Anſchauungslehre der Sprachformen. Heidelberg 1816.

Bremiſches Kochbuch. 5. A. Bremen 1830.

Randzeichnungen zu dem Werke der Frau von Staël über Deutſchland. Bremen 1814.

Einzelne Flugſchriften u. ſ. w. —

Ein reichgebildeter Geiſt der mit einer bei Schriftſtellerinnen im Ganzen ſelten vorkommenden Gründlichkeit und Tiefe ſeinen Gegenſtand aufzufaſſen und zu behandeln verſtand und ihn in einer reinen correcten und anmuthigen Sprache vortrug. —

Ernſt Auguſt Anton von Göchhauſen

ward am 12. Juni 1740 zu Weimar geboren, trat, nachdem er Page bei dem Prinzen Heinrich von Preußen geweſen, in preußiſche Kriegsdienſte und avancirte bis zum Hauptmann. Im Jahre 1769 nahm er ſeine Entlaſſung und erhielt eine Anſtellung als Aſſeſſor bei dem Kammercollegium zu Eiſenach. Allmählig in dieſer Laufbahn vorrückend ward er 1802 Director ſeines Collegiums ſo wie 1809 Geheimerath und Schloßhauptmann zu Eiſenach. Im Jahre 1819 feierte er ſein Dienſtjubiläum. Er ſtarb am 23. März 1824 als G. S. Geheimerath und Comthur des Falkenordens.

Seine Schriften, welche größtentheils anonym erſchienen, ſind:

M.... R.... (Meine Reiſe) 1 Th. 1773. 3. A. 1776. 2r Thl. 1798. N. A. in 2 Abtheilungen. Leipzig 1807.

Enthüllung des Syſtems der Weltbürgerrepublik. Rom 1786.

Aufſchluß des Syſtems der Weltbürgerrepublik. Leipzig 1787.

Fragment der Geſchichte und Meinungen eines Menſchenſohns. Eiſenach 1787.

Materialien zur Geſchichte des Sokratismus. Eiſenach 1788.

Geſpräche über Gallicismen und Germanismen. Erfurt 1790.

Wanderung durch die Rhein- und Maingegenden. Frankfurt a. M. 1795.

Antoinette, ein Mährchen aus der andern Welt. Leipzig 1776.

Das Wertherfieber. Leipzig 1776.

Ein eigenthümlicher, mit Scharfſinn, Beobachtungsgabe und Laune ausgeſtatteter Geiſt, der in ſeinen Schriften ſtets den falſchen Richtungen der Zeit, beſonders der kränklichen und übertriebenen Sentimentalität kräftig entgegentrat. In dem Buche M...., R.... das ihm den meiſten Ruf erwarb und in welchem ſich viele intereſſante Mittheilungen über ſein Leben finden, hat er beſonders ſeine Anſichten niedergelegt. — Bei dem Mährchen, Antoinette, das indeſſen geringeren Beifall fand, war Wieland's Diogenes von Synope ſein Vorbild.

Leopold Friedrich Günther von Göckingk

ward am 13. Juli 1748 zu Gröningen, einem Dorfe im Halberſtädtiſchen, geboren, in welchem ſein Vater als Gutsbeſitzer lebte, erhielt ſeine gelehrte Vorbildung auf der Domſchule zu Halberſtadt und dem Pädagogium zu Halle, wo Bürger ſein Freund und Schulgenoſſe wurde und ſtudierte dann in Halle die Rechtswiſſenſchaft. Nach beendigter akademiſcher Laufbahn wurde er 1768 Referendar bei der Königlichen Kriegs- und Domainenkammer zu Halberſtadt und zwei Jahre ſpäter Kanzleidirector zu Ellrich. Dieſes Amt ließ ihm hinreichende Muße, ſeiner Neigung zur Dichtkunſt Folge zu leiſten; namentlich erwarben ihm ſeine, während jener Zeit entſtandenen Lieder zweier Liebenden, in denen er ſeine nachherige Gattin feierte, großen Ruf. Er zeichnete ſich indeſſen eben ſo ſehr als Beamter durch ſeine Tüchtigkeit und Thätigkeit aus, und ſtieg im Laufe der nächſten Jahre von Stufe zu Stufe; 1768 ward er Kriegs- und Domainenrath zu Magdeburg, 1788 Land- und Steuerrath und preußiſcher Ortscommiſſair zu Wernigerode, 1789, wegen der Ordnung ſchwieriger Verhältniſſe bei der fürſtlichen Abtei zu Quedlinburg, von ſeinem Könige geadelt und 1793 als geheimer Oberfinanzrath nach Berlin berufen. Nach vielen vortrefflichen Leiſtungen im Staatsdienſte erbat er ſich ſeinen Abſchied, den er mit Penſion erhielt (1814) und lebte nun, theils in Berlin, theils auf ſeinen Gütern oder bei ſeinem Schwiegerſohne in Schleſien, zuletzt auf Wartenberg bei Breslau, wo er am 18. Februar 1828 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Charaden und Logogryphen. Frankfurt 1817.
Gedichte. 4 Thle. Frankfurt 1780 — 82. 4. A. 1821.
Lieder zweier Liebenden. Leipzig 1777. — 3. A. 1819. 11. A. Wien 1824.
Proſaiſche Schriften. 1r Th. Frankfurt 1784.
Sinngedichte. Nordhauſen 1772. N. A. in 3 Büchern. Leipzig 1778.
Ramlers Leben (vor Ramlers poetiſchen Werken).
Leben des A. J. la Bothillier de Rancé. Berlin 1820. 2 Thle.
Friedrich Nicolai's Leben. Berlin 1820.
Göttinger Muſenalmanach 1776 — 77 und 1788.
Hamburger Muſenalmanach (mit Voß).
Journal von und für Deutſchland. Elrich 1784. 13 Stück.

Ein reicher, feingebildeter, über die Intereſſen des Lebens und der Welt ſcharfſinnig reflectirender Geiſt, zeigte v. G. in ſeinen Poeſieen große Wärme des Gefühls, Tiefe der Empfindung, Zartheit und Naivetät, und wußte ein ſchönes Talent der Darſtellung, Reinheit und Correctheit damit zu verbinden. — Seine „Lieder zweier Liebenden" erwarben ihm einſt den Beifall von ganz Deutſchland und verdienen um der Wahrheit und Natürlichkeit willen, die ſich in ihnen als ein Hauptcharakterzug ausſpricht, noch jetzt dankbare Anerkennung; ſie werden ihre Wirkung auf ein unverdorbenes, zärtliches Gemüth nie verfehlen, denn die Innigkeit, welche dieſelben belebt, veraltet nicht. Noch glücklicher war er in ſeinen Epiſteln, einer Gattung, die er auf eine Höhe zu bringen wußte, wie man ſie in Deutſchland noch nicht gekannt, und in welchen er, obwohl er ſich nach ausländiſchen Muſtern in dieſem Fach bildete, doch ſeine Nationalität treu und unvermiſcht zu bewahren verſtand. Hier iſt er noch nicht übertroffen worden. Er verſuchte ſich ferner in faſt allen Arten der lyriſchen Poeſie und in keiner ohne Erfolg, namentlich ſind einige ſeiner Elegien vortrefflich.

Lieder[*]

zweier Liebenden.

Nach dem erſten nächtlichen Beſuche.

Bin ich nüchtern, bin ich trunken?
Wach' ich, oder träum' ich nur?
Bin ich aus der Welt geſunken?
Bin ich anderer Natur?
Fühlt ein Mädchen ſchon ſo was?
Wie begreif' ich alles das?

Weiß ich, daß die Roſen blühen?
Hör' ich jene Raben ſchrein?
Fühl' ich, wie die Wangen glühen?
Schmeck' ich einen Tropfen Wein?
Seh' ich dieſes Morgenroth? —
Todt ſind alle Sinne, todt!

Alle ſeid ihr denn geſtillet?
Alle! Habet alle Dank!
Könnt' ich ſo in mich gehüllet,
Ohne Speiſ' und ohne Trank,
Nur ſo ſitzen Tag für Tag
Bis zum letzten Herzensſchlag'.

In die Nacht der Freude fliehet
Meine Seele wieder hin!
Hört und ſchmeckt, und fühlt und ſiehet
Mit dem feinen inn'ren Sinn!
O Gedächtniß! ſchon in dir
Liegt ein ganzer Himmel mir!

Worte, wie ſie abgeriſſen
Kaum ein Seufzer von ihm ſtieß,
Hör' ich wieder, fühl' ich küſſen:
Welche Sprache ſagt, wie ſüß!
Seh' ich Thränchen — Komm herab!
Meine Lippe küßt dich ab!

Wie ich noch ſo vor ihm ſtehe,
Immer ſpreche: Gute Nacht!
Bald ihn flehend wieder flehe:
Bleibe, bis der Hahn erwacht!
Wie mein Fuß bei jedem Schritt'
Wankt, und mein Liebſter mit!

Wie ich nun, an ſeine Seite
Feſtgeklammert, küſſend ihn
Durch den Garten ihn begleite!
Bald uns halten, bald uns ziehn!
Wie da Mond und Sterne ſtehn,
Unſerm Abſchied zuzuſehn.

Ach da ſind wir an der Thüre!
Bebend hält er in der Hand
Schon den Schlüſſel. — Wart', ich ſpüre
Jemand gehen, Amarant!
Warte nur das Bischen doch!
Einen Kuß zum Abſchied noch

Ich verliere, ich verliere
Mich in dieſem Labyrinth!
Träumt' ich je, daß ich erführe,
Was für Freuden Freuden ſind?
Wenn die Freude tödten kann,
Triffſt du nie mich wieder an.

Der Frühlingsmorgen.

Dieſer Tag iſt gänzlich mein!
Und der Himmel iſt ſo blau,
Und die Tröpfchen Morgenthau
Blinken ſo im Sonnenſchein,
Und die Tauber laufen ſo
Hinter ihren Täubchen her,
Und die Spatzen närriſch froh,
Tanzen in die Kreuz und Quer,
Und die Hühner wälzen ſich
In dem warmen Sand herum,
Und die Hähne fliegen mich,
Blind vor Freuden, um und um;
Alle Schnäbel, grad' und krumm,
Wetzen ſich zum Streit und Kuß,
Und der Truthahn, ſtolz und dumm,
Steht da, ärgert, brüſtet ſich,
Wie ein junger Kritikus,
Und der Pfau, mit ſeinem Schweif,
Tritt einher ſo keck und ſteif,
Wie die hochgebornen Herrn
Mit erkrochnem Ordensſtern.

Alles ziehet in die Bruſt
Neues Leben, neue Luſt,
Mit der Frühlingsluft hinein!
Alles ſchenkt' ich heute hin,
So zufrieden wie ich bin!
Selbſt der Bosheit Spötterei'n
Nähm' ich heute lachend hin,
So zufrieden wie ich bin:
Denn der ſchöne Tag iſt mein.

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[*] Aus: von Göckingk's Gedichten. Frankfurt 1821. 4 Thle.

Heut iſt alles möglich mir,
Was mir ſonſt unmöglich iſt!
Willſt du Lieder, Ruhmbegier?
Heute ſäng' ich Eins ſo ſchön,
Wie von Gleimen Nantchen küßt:
Aber, laß mich heute gehn!
Bringſt du Akten, Dienſtbegier?
Heute referirt' ich ſchier
Aus Geſchmiere, bunt und kraus,
Etwas menſchliches heraus:
Aber packe dich von hier!
Schade wär' es, dieſen Tag
So verſchleudern, ſo entweih'n.
Renn' um Ehre, wer da mag!
Wär' es auch mein Sterbetag,
Dennoch wollt' ich mich erfreu'n!

Sattelt! ſattelt! ich muß hin
Zu der großen Königin
Meines Herzens! durch den Hain,
Ueber Graben, Stock und Stein
Reit' ich heute ohne Scheu,
Heut' einmal recht ſorgenfrei
Mit der Sängerin zu ſein.

An dem Rieſenhöhlenbach *)
Wollen wir uns lagern, ach!
Wollen da ſo fröhlich ſein
Wie die Vögelchen im Hain;
Wollen da auf ihrem Schooß
Tafel halten, und du Moos
Sollſt uns wiegen, und du Hain
Wollſt ein Wiegenlied dazu
Singen, und du Linde du
Statt des Sonnenſchirmes ſein.

Zäumt den Rappen! ich muß hin
Zu der Liederſängerin!

Welt! wie biſt du heute ſchön!
Was da ſiehet, ſtarr't dich an,
Doch, wer Nantchen ſehen kann,
Wird auf dich nicht lange ſeh'n;
Und, o Glück, ich bin der Mann!
Und die deutſche Sappho ſoll
Ruhn in dieſem Arme hier!
Clive! tauſcheſt du mit mir?
O gewiß, du tauſcheſt wohl,
Aber ich nur nicht mit dir.
Haſt Guineen Säcke voll,
Geh, und kaufe denn dafür
Ihre Freud' und ihren Scherz,
Ihre Lieder und ihr Herz!
Denk' einmal, das koſtet mir
Nur ein wenig, wenig Schmerz.

Bringt den Rappen! ich muß hin
Zu der Freudengeberin!

Zwar ihr Herz iſt immer mein:
Aber ach! die Hand! die Hand! —
Zwinge mind'ſtens in kein Band,
Liebes Glück! ſie ſträubend ein!
Laß ſie, laß ſie mein noch ſein!
Und, wo nicht, ſo bitt' ich dich,
Wiege heute Sie und mich,
Bruſt an Bruſt, zum Schlummer ein,
Aus dem Rauſch der Freuden, ach!
Mit dem Morgenrothe, wach
In Elyſium zu ſein.

Flur und Wald.

Wer darum nur die Morgenröthe grüßet,
Nur darum gern durch Saat und Hecken ſtreicht,
Weil's ihn ergötzt, wenn, durch ſein Blei erreicht,
Ein Huhn die rothen Aeuglein ſchließet:

Wer darum nur zum reinen Himmel blicket,
Nur darum ſeufz't: Wo bleibt der Abendſtern?
Weil er im Lerchengarne, ach! ſo gern!
Das Köpfchen voll Geſang zerdrücket;

Wer darum nur dem Lärm der Stadt entfliehet,
Nur darum in dem Rohr der Teiche ruht,
Weil er ſo gern den Hecht, betrieft mit Blut,
Am Widerhaken zappeln ſiehet:

Der biete nie mir ſeinen Arm zum Gange
Durch Flur und Wald, wo mir die Lerche ſingt,
Das Rebhuhn girrt, der Hecht im Teiche ſpringt:
Weg mit dem Mann! Er macht mich bange.

Nimm du, o Freund, mich auf in deine Arme!
Mit dir ging' ich, ich wüßte nicht, wie weit!
Du freueſt dich, wenn ein Geſchöpf ſich freu't,
Und härmſt dich mit bei ſeinem Harme.

Alles, nur nicht die Ruhe.

An Nantchen.

Ein jeder Schurk iſt Herr von meinem Leben,
Wie Ravaillac von Heinrichs Leben war:
Was ſollt' ich denn vor dir, o Tod! noch beben?
Es iſt mein Leib! — mein Geiſt — lacht der Gefahr!

Ein jeder Brand iſt Herr von meinem Gute:
Was hängt ſich mein Herz an dieſen Tand!
Nur wenig Glück brauch' ich bei meinem Muthe,
Und dieſen Muth ſetzt keine Flamm' in Brand.

Der König iſt zwar Herr von meinem Range,
Allein zum Glück nur in der Körperwelt:
Was wär' ich viel für ſeinen Titel bange!
Wenn Weiſen nur mein Name noch gefällt.

Drum, was du thun willſt, Schickſal! nun das thue
Verfolgſt du mich: ich bleibe willig ſteh'n;
Du, Nantchen, nur, biſt Herr von meiner Ruhe,
Nimmſt du mir die, dann iſt's um mich geſcheh'n!

Iſt ſie von Adel.

Auf meines Vaters Wappen ſteh'n
Nicht Helme oder Fahnen,
Allein ſein Geiſt war engelſchön,
Und meiner Mutter Ahnen:
Ein frommes Herz und guter Sinn:
Wohl mir, daß ich kein Fräulein bin!

Mein Vater ſcharr'te Thaler nur,
Nicht Louisd'or zuſammen;
Sein Geld war mild wie die Natur,
Und raſch wie Feuerflammen
Zum Geben, langſam zum Gewinn:
Wohl mir, daß ich nicht reicher bin!

Ein ſchläfrig Auge, das bei dir
Zuerſt ſich aufgeſchloſſen,
Gab die Natur zur Mitgift mir,
Und tauſend Sommerſproſſen
Statt eines Grübchens in dem Kinn:
Doch gut, daß ich nicht ſchöner bin.

Wär' ich ein Fräulein! Könnt' ich dich
So ſeh'n und Vetter nennen?
Und wär' ich reich! wie würd' um mich
Der Durſt nach Golde rennen!
Und wär' ich ſchön; das Stutzerheer
Macht' endlich eine Närrin mehr.

Kein Fräulein, und nicht ſchön, nicht reich,
Ging Eigennutz und Adel
Und Stutzer mir vorbei, denn gleich
Sah jeder meine Tadel.
Nur du allein bleibſt vor mir ſteh'n;
Bin ich nicht edel, reich und ſchön?

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*) Eine Gegend bei Klettenberg, in der Grafſchaft Hohenſtein.

Im Herbſt.

Sieh', Amarant, wie werden an der Laube
Die Blätter gelb und roth!
Horch! wie da ſchon der Nord, zu ſeinem Raube
Sie abzuholen, droht!

Was wird uns nun im Vollmond' noch verſtecken?
Kalt ſei die Nacht; für mich
Iſt's warm genug; doch wird kein Schnee entdecken,
Wer durch das Pförtchen ſchlich!

Wird nicht der Gänſe Schnattern, nicht das Knarren
Der Thüren, das Gebell
Der Hunde, dich verrathen? Welch' ein Harren
Für mich, am Kammerſchwell'?

Ein jeder Laut ruft da gewiß dem bangen,
Verzagten Herzen zu:
Horch', Nante! deine Mutter kommt gegangen,
Und, was ſie ſucht, biſt du!

Doch, den ſie finden wird, auf leiſen Socken
Einſchleichend, wie ein Dieb,
Der, — ha! wie ſteht ſie ſtaunend und erſchrocken! —
War heut ihr noch ſo lieb!

Nein! lieber Mann! wo willſt du ſonſt mich ſprechen?
Und finden ſollſt du mich!
Nur ſolch ein ſchönes Mutterherz zu brechen —
Ich liebe ſie — wie dich.

An ihr Halstuch.

Gleich ihr, ſo prunklos, ſo beſcheiden!
Und doch — um Goldſtoff tauſcht' ich's nicht
Es weiß allein um ihre Leiden,
Und ſah allein bei Mondenlicht
Des Mädchens ſtille Thränen rinnen,
Und fing ſie im Verborgnen auf,
Und hört' allein ihr Seufzen: Weg von hinnen!
Hinauf! zu Gott hinauf!

Auch meine Thränen hat's getrunken,
Als ich — o Nacht des neunten März! —
An ihren Buſen war geſunken
In Lieb', in Mitleid und in Schmerz.
Da ſtand der Puls der Adern ſtille,
Da ſchloſſen Augen ſich und Ohr,
Da hob nicht mehr ſelbſt dieſe leichte Hülle
Ihr Buſen noch empor.

Sie gab mir, wach aus dieſem Schlummer,
Von unſern Thränen noch benetzt,
Dich, Zeuge ſonſt von meinem Kummer,
Und meiner Freude Zeuge jetzt.
Sei du durch's Leben mein Begleiter;
Mehr wirſt du, als ein Talisman.
Die dich mir gab, war ſelbſt bei Schmerzen heiter,
Und duldet' als ein Mann.

Nach der Vorſtellung von Romeo und Julie.

So kann denn ſelbſt die fromme, treue Liebe
Der große Sturm zu Schiffbruch ſein?
Ich träumte ſonſt, ihr leiſes Lüftchen triebe
Den leichten Nachen dieſes Lebens
In deinen Port, o Ruh'! hinein!

Ach! ſeh' ich dich den Todesbecher trinken,
So will ich fort, Romeo, will ihn dir
Entringen, will dir hin zu Füßen ſinken,
Mich um dich klammern, ſchluchzend bitten:
Bleib', große Seele, bleib' doch hier!

Doch, Julia! wenn du nicht einen Tropfen*)
Für dich ließ, dann beweint' ich dich!
Muß nicht die Angſt den Lebensquell verſtopfen?
Dann laß ihn fließen, und er windet
Durch Sümpf' in's Thal des Todes ſich.

Sieh, Amarant! auch mich kannſt du verlieren.
Geſchieht's, beweine du mich dann!
Doch auf den Pfad des Todes dich zu führen:
Das ſoll es nicht! denn Haß dem feigen,
Und Liebe dem beherzten Mann!

Das ſoll es nicht! Es könnt' uns ewig ſcheiden;
Und fliegt mein Geiſt zum Himmel hin
Schon jetzt voraus, die zweite meiner Freuden
Iſt, dort auch, die: daß ich auf ewig
Bei deiner Liebe ſelig bin!

Das ſoll es nicht! des Herzens voller Güte,
Des Kopfs voll Geiſt iſt dieſe Welt
Kaum werth, allein bedürftig; und was blühte
So friſch der Lorbeer, den die Ehre
Für dich in ihren Händen hält?

Wenn aber du den Kelch (dem Thoren — trübe,
Dem Weiſen — klar), noch vor mir leerſt —
Ach! bin ich nicht ein Mädchen? und voll Liebe?
O guter Gott! und all' ihr Engel!
Mir, mir den Todestrank zuerſt!

An Nantchen.

Nach einem Brande.

Ich hatte dieſe Nacht mich kaum
Zum Schlummer hingeſtreckt,
Da ward ich, ach! aus ſüßem Traum
Schon wieder aufgeſchreckt.

Die Trommel ging, die Glocke klang,
Der Wächter ſtieß in's Rohr,
Aus jeder Thür und Fenſter ſprang
Ein bloßes Hemd hervor.

Wie flog ich aus dem Bett heraus!
Mein ſüßer Traum verſchwand,
Mein Muth dazu, des Nachbars Haus
Stand lichterloh in Brand.

Bild, Lock' und Lieder! bleibt nur mein!
Kommt! folgt mir bis in's Grab!
Und nun, mein Häuschen, muß es ſein,
Nun wohl! ſo brenn' jetzt ab!

Auf unſern Kirchhof lief ich da
Mit meinem Schatz, und ſtand
Und küßte dein Portrait, und ſah
Gelaſſen in den Brand.

Dein Schutzgeiſt, welcher über mir
Dein Bild mich küſſen ſah,
Sprach zu der Flamme: Stehe hier:
Und plötzlich ſtand ſie da!

Als der erſte Schnee fiel.

Gleich einem König, der in ſeine Staaten
Zurück als Sieger kehrt, empfängt ein Jubel dich!
Der Knabe balgt um deine Flocken ſich,
Wie bei der Krönung um Dukaten.

Selbſt mir, obſchon ein Mädchen, und der Ruthe
Lang nicht mehr unterthan, biſt du ein lieber Gaſt;
Denn ſiehſt du nicht, ſeit du die Erde haſt
So weich belegt, wie ich mich ſpute?

---

*) Aus Romeo's Giftbecher.

Zu fahren, ohne Segel, ohne Räder,
Auf einer Muſchel, hin durch deinen weißen Flor,
So ſanft, und doch ſo leicht, ſo ſchnell, wie vor
Dem Weſtwind eine Flaumenfeder.

Aus allen Fenſtern, und aus allen Thüren,
Sieht mir der bleiche Neid aus hohlen Augen nach,
Selbſt die Matrone wird ein leiſes Ach!
Und einen Wunſch um mich verlieren.

Denn der, um den wir Mädchen oft uns ſtritten,
Wird hinter mir, ſo ſchlank wie eine Tanne ſtehn,
Und ſonſt auf nichts mit ſeinen Augen ſehn,
Als auf das Mädchen in dem Schlitten.

An Nantchen.

Dank für das Glück ihrer Liebe.

Daß mir dieſe Welt mit allen
Ihren Narren wohlgefällt;
Daß, vom Dummkopf angefallen,
Von dem Neider angebellt,
Rach' und Spott zurücke prallen:
Dafür nimm, du Zauberin,
Dieſen Kuß zum Danke hin!

Daß ich keine Sorgen nähre,
Titel nicht erſchmeicheln mag,
Bunt Gepränge gern entbehre,
Kurz, daß mir ein froher Tag
Mehr iſt, als ein Jahr voll Ehre:
Dafür, holde Schmeichlerin!
Nimm dieß Lied zum Danke hin!

Daß in zärtlichen Geſängen
Deine Liebe ſanften Schmerz
Mit der Freude weiß zu mengen,
So daß Schauer in mein Herz
Sich wie Meereswogen drängen:
Dafür nimm, du Sängerin,
Thränen ſtatt des Dankes hin!

Daß ich oft zur Sternenhöhe
Bald mit heiterm Angeſicht',
Bald mit ſtillen Thränen ſehe;
Daß ich dann um Güter nicht,
Nur um dich und Weisheit flehe;
Dafür, du Bekehrerin!
Nimm mein Herz zum Danke hin!

Zum Gedächtniß des fünfzehnten Julius.

Bei deines Morgens erſtem Sonnenſtrahle,
Steh' ich, dich mit Geſang erwartend, dankbar da,
Dich, o du Tag, an dem zum erſten male
Ich Amaranten ſah.

Die ſchwarzen Locken troffen noch von Regen,
Und hingen, wie ſein Frack, im Wirrwar um ihn her:
Wir Mädchen alle waren zwar verlegen
Dabei, allein nicht er.

Mit ſeinen Augen, blau wie junge Veilchen,
Blickt' er uns lächelnd an. Als er ſo überſah
Den bunten Kreis, ruht' er auf mir ein Weilchen;
O Herz! wie ſchlugſt du da!

Gleich aber wandt' er ſeine Adlerblicke
Von meiner Röthe weg, ſucht einen Weiſen ſich,
War um ihn her, wie um ein Licht die Mücke
Und ach! vergeſſen ich.

So gleichen wir den Puppen denn im Schache,
Womit der Mann von Geiſt kaum zur Erholung ſpielt?
Und mehr bei dem Geſchwätz von einem Bache
Als bei dem unſern fühlt?

Ha! ſollte da mein Blut nicht ſtärker wallen?
Sagt, welches Mädchen nicht auch Eitelkeit beſitzt?
O hätt' ihm nicht mein frohes Herz gefallen:
Was, Nante, wärſt du jetzt?

So aber ſitz' ich hier in einer Laube,
Die dieſen Mann und mich in künft'ger Nacht verſteckt,
Und dann in Deutſchland, wie ich glaube,
Die Glücklichſten bedeckt.

An Nantchen.

Als er erfuhr, daß ſie ihre Hand an einen Andern überlaſſen wolle.

Ha! nun kenn' ich endlich deine Tücke!
O du Falſche! o du Buhlerin!
Sieh! zerriſſen hab' ich deine Stricke!
Dich verlieren iſt für mich Gewinn!
Schande! Schande! daß durch deine Blicke
Jemals ich bezaubert worden bin!
Aber welches Aug' auf Erden iſt
Scharf genug für deine Schlangenliſt!

Haſt du nicht bei Mondlicht manche Stunde
Ach! ſo gern an meiner Bruſt geruht?
Weggeküßt mit deinem Feuermunde
Meiner Augen milde Thränenfluth?
Und verließ, im Rieſenhöhlengrunde,
Deine Tugend nicht zuerſt der Muth?
Aber ich, du weißt es wohl, ich rang
Mit der Wolluſt, bis ich ſie bezwang.

Und warum dieß Ringen? Sieh! geſtehen
Will ich's dir, aus Tugend rang ich nicht!
Zwar ich hörte willig auf ihr Flehen,
Aber in dem Tumult! — was iſt Pflicht?
Nur, dich im voraus ſchon weinen ſehen,
War für mich mehr als das Weltgericht.
Lieber mir den Tod, als dich betrübt:
Sage, wer hat zärtlicher geliebt?

Rede nun, wo bleiben deine Schwüre?
Schwurſt du, ſicher zu betrügen, ſie?
Nicht genug, daß ich dein Herz verliere,
Sondern wie verlier' ich's, Falſche, wie?
Gibſt du dich nicht einem wilden Thiere?
Denn was iſt der ſonſt, der ſeine Knie
Mit Geſchenken vor dir biegt,
Und, mit Brunſt im Auge, Liebe lügt?

Geh' denn! hole Amarantens Lieder,
Die er oft um Mitternacht erſann;
Geh und gib ihm ſeine Briefe wieder;
Der ſie ſchrieb, war ein bethörter Mann;
Und ein jeder Tropfen, der hernieder
Auf das Lob von einer Falſchen rann,
Brenne nun in ſchlummerloſer Nacht
In dem Auge, das der Treue lacht!

O! ihr Küſſe! die ſie meinen Wangen
In der Rebenlaube aufgedrückt,
Werdet ſo viel Biſſe falſcher Schlangen!
Wenn ſie in dem Garten Veilchen pflückt!
O! du Druck der Hand! womit vergangen
Sie mich noch zum letzten mal berückt,
Preſſe doch ihr ſchwurvergeßnes Herz,
Wenn die Reu' erwacht, mit Folter-Schmerz!

Und ihr Tropfen Schweiß, die mir entfielen,
Wenn ich zu ihr eilt' in fremder Tracht,
Drohende Gefahren mir zu Spielen,
Nacht zum Tage, und den Tag zur Nacht,
Oder in dem hohen Schnee zu wühlen,
Zum Vergnügen, (ach! für wen?) gemacht:
O ihr Tropfen! badet feuerheiß
Ihre Stirn' dereinſt im Todesſchweiß!

Schrecklich macht ſie dieſer Lied' ein Ende,
Welcher keine gleich an Freude zwar,
Aber auch, von einer Sonnenwende
Bis zur andern gleich an Untreu' war.
Doch, was iſt das? Himmel! ich verſchwende
Dieſe Thränen, Nante! noch ſogar?
Strafe dich der Himmel nicht dafür!
Ja! dein eigen Herz vergebe dir!

An Nantchen.

Warnung vor ihrem neuen Liebhaber.

Ach! gelaſſen, nicht mit Grimme,
Bitt' ich dich noch einmal um Gehör;
Oder kennſt du meine Stimme,
Die dir ſonſt bezaubernd klang, nicht mehr?
Fürchteſt du, der Schwermuth Klagen
Möchten dir am Herzen nagen?
Fürchte nichts! ich liebe dich zu ſehr!

Kannſt du jetzt dich noch beſinnen,
Armes Mädchen, ſo beſinne dich!
Glaube, meine Thränen rinnen
Mehr um deine Blindheit, als für mich.
Sei aus meinem Arm entronnen,
Stürze nur nicht unbeſonnen
Ohn' Erretten in den Abgrund dich!

Welcher Trank hat deine Sinnen,
Deine Sklaven, wider dich empört?
Gibt es jetzt noch Zauberinnen,
Wie Ovid und Arioſt ſie lehrt?
Gab auch die Natur dem Weibe
Schwächern Geiſt, bei ſchönerm Leibe,
Dennoch ward ſo ſchwach er nicht genährt.

Zwar die Liebe trotzt Barbaren
Thränen für den Kuß der Hirtin ab,
Lehret den Verſchwender ſparen,
Oeffnet Geizigen des Goldes Grab;
Bricht, wie Glas, durch zarte Hände
Stäb' und Riegel; hohe Wände
Springt die Feigheit ſelbſt durch ſie herab.

Laß ſie mit den Thoren ſcherzen,
Mit zwei edlen Seelen ſcherzt ſie nicht!
Durch die Sympathie der Herzen
Lockt ſie hier, und dort mit dem Geſicht.
Was den ſtillen Hirſch empöret,
Selbſt was Täubchen girren lehret,
Das verdient den Namen Liebe nicht.

Nicht des Plato Schwärmereien,
Nicht Petrarchens ſüße Traurigkeit,
Nicht la Farre's Tändeleien,
Nicht der Wolluſt ſei mein Herz geweiht.
Aber etwas von dem Allen
Mög' in meinem Blute wallen,
Wo die Tugend Ebb' und Flut gebeut.

Dieſe Miſchung tränkt mit Freuden,
Die von Tauſenden nur Einer kennt.
Aber hatte nicht uns beiden
Dieß Geheimniß die Natur gegönnt?
Wird — wie ſoll ich wohl ihn nennen? —
Wird auch der es jemals kennen,
Welchem jetzt dein Fuß entgegen rennt?

Wird ſein Herz wie Wachs zerfließen?
Wenn er ja noch deine Liebe lieſt!
Wird ſein Geiſt den Kuß verſüßen,
Den ſein Mund von deinem Munde küßt?
Wird vor deinen Melodien
Wohl ſein Eigenſinn entfliehen,
Wenn der Ekel ſeine Freuden frißt?

Wird er mit des Witzes Kerze
Je die Nacht auf deiner Stirn zerſtreun?
Wird er deinem ſtummen Schmerze
Seine troſtbereite Zunge leihn?
Wird er weinend auf dich blicken,
Seufzend dir die Hände drücken,
Wenn Clariſſen Ungeheuer dräun?

Noch bei grauem Sternenhimmel
Wird er weg von deiner Seite fliehn,
In dem Hund- und Roßgetümmel
Froh und wild hinaus zum Morden ziehn,
Und bedeckt von Blut und Staube
Wird er ſtehn bei ſeinem Raube,
Ohn' um deinen Kuß ſich zu bemühn!

Aberwitz des lahmen Boten*)
Oeffnet ihm der Weisheit goldnes Thor,
Lieblicher als Hillers Noten
Dünket Caro's**) Bellen ſeinem Ohr;
Eine Wolke ſeines Braunen
Hebt zu himmliſcherm Erſtaunen
Als der Flug von Klopſtock ihn empor.

Wenn aus ahnenreichen Bauren
Sein Burgunder frechen Unſinn ſchreit,
O! wie wirſt du heimlich trauren,
Wenn man ſo dein heilig Ohr entweiht;
Daß dein Blut heraufgegangen
Aus dem Herzen in die Wangen,
Wie dein Auge jeden Anblick ſcheut.

Reize, die ich dann noch fände,
Wenn ſie ſchon ein Raub der Jahre ſind,
Nehmen ſchnell bei ihm ein Ende,
Denn ſein Aug' iſt für die Seele blind.
Willſt du weinen? willſt du zürnen?
Wenn ihn eine deiner Dirnen
Mit der Herrſchaft über dich gewinnt?

Wagt' ich je den Stolz, zu ſagen:
Ich verdiente dich, der Mädchen Preis?
Das Vergangne will ich tragen;
Kannſt du mich nicht lieben? Nun, ſo ſei's!
Ich will ſelbſt zuerſt dich preiſen,
Schenke nur dich einem Weiſen,
Der dich, ſo wie ich, zu ſchätzen weiß.

Als der Kummer über Nantchen's Wankelmuth ihm eine Krankheit zuzog.

Ganze Tage, ganze Nächte
Sitz' ich hier, auf meine Rechte
Dieſes kummerſchwere Haupt geſtützt;
Sitze weinend, und betrübe
Meinen Geiſt, daß deine Liebe
Nun ein Andrer, falſches Herz! beſitzt.

Thöricht ſuch' ich da nach Gründen,
Wo die Hoffnung, Grund zu finden,
Wie ſo kühn ſie immer ſei, verzagt.
Kann ich mir begreiflich machen,
Was die Seele nie im Wachen,
Selbſt im Traum zu denken nicht gewagt?

Sage mir, daß Vaterbitten,
Mutterthränen dich beſtritten,
Daß dein Kummer deinen Muth verzehrt,
Daß ſie unter Thränengüſſen
Dir die Hand nur weggeriſſen,
Aber daß dein Herz noch mir gehört.

Sage das! ich will es glauben,
Will mir das Bewußtſein rauben,
Daß ich ſelbſt den falſchen Balſam gab;
Denn bei ſo viel tauſend Schwüren,
Ungetreue! dich verlieren,
O! das foltert langſam mich in's Grab.

Oder kannſt du jene Scenen,
Jenes Schmachten, dieſes Sehnen,
Jene Seligkeit und dieſe Pein,
Kannſt du die mit deinem Bilde
Tilgen in mir? Sei ſo milde!
Meine letzte Bitte ſoll es ſein.

---

*) Ein politiſches Blatt, ſonſt der hinkende Staatsbote genannt, das in der Gegend häufig von den Landedelleuten geleſen wurde.

**) Name eines Jagdhundes.

Kannſt du das nicht, Ungetreue!
Nun wohlan! ſieh her und freue
Deines Werkes, meiner Qualen dich!
Wen ein ſchleichend Gift verzehret,
Stirbt entſetzlich, doch verheeret
Nicht entſetzlicher der Kummer mich?

Glaube nicht, daß vor dem Grabe
Je dieß Herz gezittert habe;
Ohne Klopfen geht es noch dahin!
Gern verzeiht es deine Tücke,
Ließ' es dich nur nicht zurücke,
Und zurück — als eine Mörderin!

Als er ſeinem Tode entgegen ſah.

Meine Thränen ſind geweint!
Meine Seufzer ſind verflogen!
Ruhig bin ich, keinem feind,
Selbſt nicht der, die mich betrogen.
Zwar wie liegt die Müdigkeit
Schwer auf meinem ganzen Weſen!
Aber nur noch kurze Zeit,
Kranker! und du biſt geneſen!

O! dem Ekel ſei es Dank,
Daß er gern den Gram begleitet,
Daß er gütig Speiſ' und Trank
Mir mit Wermuth zubereitet;
Denn in jedem Biſſen Brod
Und in jedem Tropfen Weine
Nähm' und tränk' ich ſpätern Tod
In die ſchmachtenden Gebeine.

Ha! zum allererſten Mal
Seh' ich mich vergnügt im Spiegel;
Welch ein dürres weißes Thal
Sind jetzt dieſe Roſenhügel
Meiner Wangen! wie ſo klein,
Wie ſo düſter dieſe Sonnen?
Suada, Scherz und Schmeicheleien
Sind von meinem Mund entronnen.

Nur noch wenig, wenig Fluth
Treibt des Herzens träge Mühle;
Halt, ihr müden Füße, ruht,
Ruht euch aus am nahen Ziele!
Ach! Gehirn! dein Feuer macht
Meines Lebens Abend ſchwüle.
Aber ſieh! da kommt die Nacht!
Dieſe bringet mich in's Kühle.

Todesnacht! ſoll' ich in dir,
Ungewiß, wie lange, ſchlafen?
O! wie könnte ſchon mich hier
Die Natur wohl härter ſtrafen?
Schlafen oder nicht mehr ſein,
Das iſt Eins, eh' er's erfähret;
Ruhe werde dem Gebein'
Und Gefühl dem Geiſt gewähret.

Wieder wachen wirſt du, Geiſt!
Zwar wie liegt die trockne Hülle,
Die der Schmetterling zerreißt,
Gleich als ſchlief' er noch, ſo ſtille?
Aber ſieh! dort fliegt er ſchon
Auf die blaue Veilchen-Aue,
Sauget Honig aus dem Mohn,
Oder trinkt vom Roſenthaue.

Doch, o Seele! ſei auch wach:
Wirſt du dieſe Welt nicht miſſen?
Wirſt du noch von Nantchen (ach!
Dort gewiß mein Nantchen) wiſſen?
Wirſt du, oder wirſt du nicht? —
Nicht? — Entſetzen! Tod! Erbarmen
Schone! ſieh! mein Herz zerbricht!
Mörder! fort aus meinen Armen!

Ahnung? Traum? was iſt es? wie?
Bleibt mein Nantchen in mir leben?
Bleib' ich hier? und werd' ich ſie
Wie die dichte Luft umgeben?
Wann die Reu' in ihr erwacht,
Werd' ich Tröſter ſein, nicht Rächer?
Werd' ich? — Leben! gute Nacht!
Gib mir, Tod! den Schlummerbecher!

Zur Verſöhnung.

Brauſe nicht mit deinen Flüchen länger
In des abgehärmten Mädchens Ohr;
Oeffne du nicht ſelbſt, geliebter Sänger,
Ihr das Todesthor.

Denn vielleicht, nur eben durchgegangen,
Würd' es ſchon vor deinen Blicken klar,
Und du ſähſt zu ſpäte, ſtatt der Schlangen,
Lilien um mein Haar.

Steh' und poche dann! Wird er dich hören?
Lieg' und bettle deine Kniee wund:
Werd' ich darum jemals wiederkehren
Aus des Todes Schlund?

Mit Gewalt — ich kenne deine Hitze!
Sprengſt du, mich zu ſuchen, wohl das Thor;
Aber ach! du dringſt zu meinem Sitze
Mit Gewalt nicht vor.

In dem Lande, wo man nur die Treue
Und den Frieden, ihren Bruder, kennt,
Weiß man nicht, was dieſer Erdball Reue
Oder Thränen nennt.

Hier, nur hier, iſt's möglich, deinen Jammer
Umzuſchaffen in der Liebe Ruh';
Führe denn, o Liebe! meiner Kammer
Heut' ihn wieder zu!

Antwort.

Noch immer dreht ſich unter mir die Erde,
Noch lehn' ich mit der Stirn' mich an die Wand;
Es iſt zu viel, daß ich ſo glücklich werde,
Ich, der am Grabe ſtand.

So glücklich! und doch fang' ich an zu weinen?
So glücklich! und doch werd' ich ſo betrübt?
O Gott im Himmel! Nantchen hätte keinen
Als mich allein geliebt!

Ha! jeder Bube mag mich jetzt verfluchen,
Und ſtumm will ich, verſenkt in meinen Gram,
Ein Plätzchen nur zu meinen Füßen ſuchen,
Für meiner Augen Scham!

Um gegen die ſie morgen aufzuſchlagen,
Aus deren Arm muthwillig du entronnſt,
Die morgen mich ſo ſanft und zärtlich fragen:
„Liebſt du mich noch wie ſonſt?“

O weh mir! Immer tiefer wird die Wunde!
Denn Jahre lang ertrug' ich ihren Zorn;
Doch ihre Güte — ach! ſchon eine Stunde
Zermalmt mein Herz wie Korn.

Hier bin ich, liebes Mädchen! ein Gerippe,
Wie deine Hand mich aus dem Grabe zieht.
Doch einen Kuß auf die verblaßte Lippe,
Und dein Verwelkter blüht!

Elegien.

Auf Bürger's Tod, 1796.

Kaum vermocht' ich vor ihm mein ſchwimmendes Auge zu bergen,
Als ich, Jahre getrennt, endlich ihn wieder umfing!
Feuer im Auge, wohin? — Zu todter Aſche verglommen!
Und du Stimme voll Klang? Tief in den Buſen verſenkt!

Thränen erpreßt mir der Sohn, den Kummer und Liebe
Mit einander gezeugt, zärtlich die Muſe geſtillt.
Als auch dieſe zuletzt, gleich einer alternden Amme,
Immer launichter ward, winkte der freundliche Tod.
Und ich traure nicht mehr, obgleich ich ihn ſcheiden geſehen,
Kehrt er gleich nimmer zurück, dieſer mein älteſter Freund.
Endlich hätte vielleicht mein lange vergebliches Streben
Ihn mit dem Boden vereint, dem er ſo lieblich entſproß.
Blüthen trieb er auf ihm, doch ſeine goldenen Früchte,
Wie ſie der Himmel Petrarchs ſelten zu reifen vermag,
Trug er, — unglückliche Wahl! am fremden Ufer der Leine,
Aber ein zeitiger Herbſt welkte die Blätter zu früh.
Doch ich traure nicht mehr, denn ſelbſt an's Ufer der Spree,
Oder und Saale verpflanzt, hätt' er nicht länger gegrünt.
Vormals konnt' ich ja bloß mit meinen Thränen ihn netzen,
Jetzt kam aber zu ſpät freundliche Sorge für ihn*).
Nein! ich traure nicht mehr. Er windet aus bleiernem Schlafe
Nicht am Morgen ſich noch mühevoll dehnend empor,
Ungewiſſen Erfolg im Auge des Arztes zu leſen,
Das an der Grenze der Kunſt trübe zur Erde ſich ſenkt.
Ihm verwandelt nicht mehr Bocazzo's betrogener Ehmann,
Den ein Fremder belacht, plötzlich in Galle den Wein.
Und nun ruhet der Streit des Geiſtes, der immer nach Thaten,
Und des Körpers, der ſtets ſich nach der Ruhe geſehnt.

So, ſo ſank er dahin im ſchönſten männlichen Alter,
Den ich ſchon herzlich geliebt, als er dem Rehe noch glich,
Als ſein kräftiger Arm den Federball über die Spitze
Jenes Denkmals trieb, das ſich einſt Francke gebaut**).
Warum kehrteſt du nicht zurück zur wartenden Heimath?
Hoffteſt du leichtere Bahn, irgendwo größeren Preis!
Du! am Ufer der Lein' ein Fremdling! Hätte die Spree
Dem Verdienſte vielleicht engere Schranken geſetzt!
Ach! dort ließeſt du dich mit Schnüren binden von Amorn,
Zwar aus Myrthen geknüpft, aber ſo haltbar wie Hanf.
Dennoch verziehen wir leicht dem ausgewanderten Freunde,
Denn der Gebundene war froher als nimmer zuvor.
Wie zufrieden er ſaß bei ſeinem ländlichen Mahle!
Denn mit eigener Hand hatt' er die Bohnen gelegt,
Selbſt gebrochen das Obſt, und ſelbſt gewölbet die Laube,
Die dem brennenden Strahl Gattin und Freunde verbarg.
Wie ſo ruhig er ſchlief in ſeiner reinlichen Hütte!
Denn er hatte des Amts treulich am Tage gewartet.
Konnt' er wohl glücklicher ſein! Ein Landmann, Weiſer und Dichter,
Einig mit Andern und ſich: Konnt' er wohl glücklicher ſein!

Jüngling! hüte dein Herz! Ach! dünke gegen die Schönheit
Dir dich weiſe genug, nimmer dir ſicher als ſie.
Leb verleihet die Flucht und Talent der mildeſte Zweikampf,
Der des ſtolzeſten Mannes Herzen den Untergang droht.
Daß der Kühle du mehr als Bürger! Gedacht zu müſſen,
Welchen gewaltigen Kampf Jahre lang dieſer beſtand!
Doch, wenn nicht der Tod, ſo ſiegt am Ende die Liebe,
Wenn man ſich ihrer Gewalt leichtſinnig zu trotzen vermißt.
Sei es dem noch vergönnt, der, gleich dem germaniſchen Spieler,***
Seine Freiheit ſogar ſetzt aufs trügliche Spiel.
Aber die hatte bereits der zärtliche Sänger verloren,
Und ſo ward es ein Kampf, Himmel! auf Leben und Tod!

Einem Stummen gleich ſaß er bei'm ländlichen Mahle,
Denn er hatte nicht mehr ſelber die Bohnen gelegt.
Jede Stunde der Nacht vernahm er das Krähen der Hähne,
Denn der vergangene Tag füllte mit Träumen die Nacht.
Gab um einen Preis, der ihm ſelbſt Thränen erpreßte,
Gleich die verlorene Ruh Hymen ihm wieder zurück,
O ſo gab er doch nicht, (wie konnt' er!) den Frohſinn ihm wieder,
Dem, ein ſchweres Gewicht leichter zu fühlen, genügt.
Dennoch hätte vielleicht die zweite Pflegerin lange
Frei von Falten die Stirn ihm zu erhalten gewußt:
Sie, die ein hohes Lied ſelbſt fremder Barden verdiente,
Tauſendfach mehr noch ſeins, das ihr Unſterblichkeit gab?
Sie, die Alles für ihn erduldet, Alles geopfert,
Seine Freude zu ſein! — wurde, verſcheidend, ſein Schmerz.
Mitten im frohen Gewühl der Jünglinge ſchwankte ſein Leben,
Wenn ein düſterer Gram Leben zu heißen verdient.
Siehe! da bringet ein holdes Geſchöpf, die Thräne des Mitleids
In dem Auge voll Geiſt, Lieder im roſigen Mund,
Ihm aus Schwaben ihr Herz, zufrieden, fände der Wittwer
Nur zur Hälfte darin ſeines Verluſtes Erſatz.
Was bedurft' es denn mehr, die Seele des Dichters zu wecken,
Der, ſo dürftig er war, höher dieß ſchätzte als Gold!
Ach! es ſpornte ſo lange des Eremiten Entſchlüſſe,
Bis der gefährliche Sprung nicht mehr ein Wageſtück ſchien,
Bis er, taumelnd, vergaß, ob eingefallene Wangen,
Und ein Auge, das kaum Sternengeflimmer noch glich,
Lange der Schwärmerin wohl auch da zu gefallen vermöchten,
Wo der Aeonen ein Heer Augen und Ohren beſtürmt.
Nein! ich traure nicht mehr. Er wandelt im Lande der Ruhe,
Frei von dem feurigen Blut, welches ſein Treiber hier war.
Ein zu zärtliches Herz — was werfet, ihr kälteren Tadler,
Sonſt dem Sänger noch vor, kanntet ihr anders ſein Herz?
Aber ihr kennt vielleicht nur ſeiner Leier Geſänge?
Alſo — dieß ſchwöret ſein Freund! — grade ſein kleinſtes Verdienſt.

Marcus Herz,

geſtorben den 20ſten Januar 1803.

Tauſenden, (und auch mir!) hat er das Leben verlängert,
Nur das ſeinige hat leider! ſein Eifer verkürzt.
Und doch hätt' er ſo gern ſich länger des Lebens gefreuet;
Aber federleicht wog es ihm gegen die Pflicht.
Lauſchend mit ſpähendem Blick, erforſcht' an der dunkeln Werkſtatt
Der Natur ſein Geiſt ihre verheimlichte Kraft.
Hofft' er, irgend den Kreis des menſchlichen Wiſſens und Wirkens
Sich erweitert zu ſehn, um eine Linie nur:
Wie erheiterte ſich ſein Auge! Wie freut' er der Nachwelt
Glückes ſich im voraus, gleich als genöß' er es ſelbſt.

Eine Gattin war ſein, mit immer noch blühenden Reizen,
Hätte der Lenz ſie gleich zwanzig ſchon mit ihm verlebt.
Doch es konnt' ihr Reiz im erſten Frühlinge ſchwinden,
Klein war dieſer Verluſt, blieb ihr der ſchönere Theil,
Blieb der zarte Scherz nur immer in ihrem Gefolge,
Und lebendig der Wunſch, heiter den Gatten zu ſehn,
Und der beſcheidene Sinn, der alle Tugenden hebet,
Wie der Puder den Grund einer Aurikel verſchönt.
Welch ein liebender Kreis von weiſen Freunden umgab ihn!
Jeder ſchätzte den Arzt, Denker und Spötter in ihm!
Aber alle noch mehr den Mann, deß Leben ein Einklang
Süßerer Töne war, als ſie die Stoa noch gab.
Gleich den Weiſen Athens liebt' er die fröhlichen Zirkel
Seine Sorgen allein blieben im Herzen verſteckt;
Alles opfert' er ſonſt auf dem Altare der Freundſchaft,
Seinen Witz und Wein, ſeine Erfahrungen gern.

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*) Der Verfaſſer hatte ſich für Bürger verwendet, ihn als beſoldeten Profeſſor in Halle anzuſtellen, und große Hoffnung, dieß bei der erſten Vacanz erfüllt zu ſehen, als Bürger ſtarb.

**) Das Pädagogium zu Halle, auf dem Bürger und der Verfaſſer zu gleicher Zeit erzogen wurden.

***) Tacitus, von den Sitten Germaniens, im 23. Cap.

Von den Pfeilen, geſchnellt von fremden Bogen, ging keiner
Je verloren für ihn; wie er behende ſie fing!
Und wie ſchickt' er ſie oft, bei lächelndem Munde, mit Roſen
Ihre Spitzen bedeckt, hurtig dem Schützen zurück!

Und ſo glich ſein Lebensgenuß den ſchlängelnden Gängen
Eines engliſchen Parks, ja! noch verdoppelt ſogar!
Denn die Armuth hatt' am kalten eiſernen Arme
Ihn in früherer Zeit rauhere Pfade geführt.
Ach! drum hätt' er ſo gern ſich länger des Lebens gefreut,
Aber federleicht wog es ihm gegen die Pflicht,
Und ſo verließ er uns früh! Ihn tadeln möchte die Freundſchaft,
Nur die Bewunderung hält jeglichen Tadel zurück.

Chriſtian Gottlieb Auguſt Goede

ward am 20. Februar 1774 zu Dresden geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte zu Leipzig und lebte dann von 1802 bis 1803 als Begleiter des Legationsrathes von Brümmer in England. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr ward er zuerſt außerordentlicher Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Jena, 1807 aber ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte zu Göttingen, wo er am 2. Juli 1812 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

England, Wales, Irland und Schottland. Erinnerungen an Natur und Kunſt, aus einer Reiſe von 1802 und 1803. Dresden 1804—1806. 5 Thle. N. A. 1807.

Das ſo eben angeführte Werk, das einzige das der Verfaſſer uns hinterlaſſen, gehört noch immer zu den beſten dieſer Art, die wir in deutſcher Sprache beſitzen. — Gründlichkeit, feiner Geſchmack, würdiger Ernſt, ein treffender Blick, Anmuth und Würde der Darſtellung und eine edle und gebildete Sprache vereinigen ſich, um ihm den hohen Werth, deſſen es ſich erfreut, zu verleihn.

Karl Göppinger,

als Dichter Karl Geib genannt, ward 1781 in Halberſtadt geboren, trat in preußiſche Militärdienſte, rückte bis zum Oberſtlieutenant auf und nahm dann ſeinen Abſchied, den er ſehr ehrenvoll mit einer Penſion erhielt. Er privatiſirte darauf, anfänglich am Rhein, ſpäter in Weißenfels.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Handbuch der griechiſchen und römiſchen Mythologie. Erlangen 1832.
Die Volksſagen des Rheinlandes, in Romanzen und Balladen. 1r. Bdchen. Heidelberg 1828.
Aubriet, politiſche und militäriſche Lebensgeſchichte des Fürſten Eugen, Vicekönig von Italien; deutſch von K. G., Soeſt 1826.
Neue Biographie der Zeitgenoſſen. Heidelberg 1821—1823. 3 Bde.
Des P. Ovidius Naſo Feſtkalender. Erlangen 1828.
Barthelemy's Waterloo. Frankfurt 1830.
Maleriſche Reiſe an der Moſel von Coblenz nach Trier. Nebſt der Moſella des Auſonius, überſetzt von K. G. Heidelberg. O. J. Quer Folio.

G. hat ſich als Dichter, vorzüglich durch eine glückliche, ihrem Geiſte angemeſſene poetiſche Behandlung der rheiniſchen Sagen, einen geſchätzten Namen erworben. Seine übrigen Schriften beurkunden den durch ein bewegtes Leben gebildeten Mann von gründlichen Kenntniſſen und feinem Geſchmack.

Die Jungfrau vom Lurley.*)

Wie Flötenklang im Abendgold
Durch Auen und den Hain,
Tönt eine Stimme wunderhold
Von Lurley's Fels am Rhein.

Oft, wenn die Sonn' aus Oſten wallt,
Wenn Mond beglänzt die Höh'n,
Läßt ſich in lieblicher Geſtalt
Dort eine Jungfrau ſeh'n.

Doch wer vom Waſſer oder Land
Zur Jungfrau hebt den Blick,
Dem plötzlich ſie wie Duft entſchwand,
Läßt Wehmuth ihm zurück.

Auch bebt ihr Wandrer auf dem Schiff,
Lenkt er den Strom hinab,
Wie träumend — ſtößt an's Felſenriff,
Und ſinkt in's feuchte Grab.

Nur einem jungen Fiſcherpaar,
Das hier des Abends Glüh'n
Im Tagwerk noch geſchäftig war,
Die holde Maid erſchien.

Und vor die Scheuern trat mit Gruß
Sie leicht und mit Geſang,
Zeigt' ihnen dann im ſchnellen Fluß
Den allerreichſten Fang.

Bald hat in Thälern und auf Höh'n
Das Land die Sag' erfüllt,
Wie jene Fiſcher dort geſeh'n
Das göttlich ſchöne Bild.

Es herrſcht' ein Pfalzgraf an dem Rhein,
Hatt' einen edlen Sohn,
Der folgt' ſo gern durch Flur und Hain
Dem Wild beym Hörnerton.

Sein Lager hielt der junge Graf
In Freud' und Glanz allhier,
Wo manchen Hirſch ſein Bogen traf
Im waldigen Revier.

Doch als auch ihm die Sag' erſcholl,
Wie hold zum Strande kam
Das Kind der Felſen, ach! da ſchwoll
Sein Herz von Luſt und Gram.

Und wie, umſtrahlt vom Silberlicht,
Die Feen im Morgenland,
So hält in manchem Nachtgeſicht
Die Jungfrau vor ihm ſtand.

Ihn läßt die Sehnſucht nimmer ruh'n,
Er bietet Waffen auf;
Stromabwärts eilt gen Weſel nun
Der muth'gen Roſſe Lauf.

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*) Aus Karl Göppinger's Volksſagen des Rheinlandes, in Romanzen und Balladen. 1r. Bd. Heidelberg 1828.

Und dort beſteigt er einen Kahn,
Und fährt dem Lurley zu:
Schon ſinkt auf Berg und Wieſenplan
Die Nacht in ſtiller Ruh'.

Die goldnen Sterne leuchten hell:
„Ach! ſeht die Zauberin!
(So rufen ihm die Rudrer ſchnell;)
Doch fahren wir nicht hin!"

Da ſieht der Jüngling die Geſtalt;
Sie ſitzt am Felſenhang
Im Schneegewand und jetzo ſchallt
Ihr himmliſcher Geſang.

Dann lächelnd geht ſie weiter vor,
Und flicht im Sternenglanz
Von Waſſerblumen, Binſ' und Rohr
Sich einen Lockenkranz.

„Ach, Herr! Wie lieblich (ruft die Schaar)
Iſt dieſe Zauberin!
Welch Angeſicht! welch goldnes Haar!
Doch fahrt, o fahrt nicht hin!"

Allein, wie Sturm die Wolke, drängt
Die ſüße Qual ihn fort,
Und er gebeut: „Ihr Schiffer, lenkt
Den Kahn zu jenem Ort!"

Schon will man ſich dem Strande nah'n,
Wo jene freundlich winkt,
Als ſchnell der Graf, um ſie zu fah'n,
Aus ſeinem Nachen ſpringt.

Doch er erreicht das Ufer nicht,
Sinkt in den Strom hinab,
Der grollend ſich am Felſen bricht —
Ihn deckt der Fluthen Grab.

Und bang, in raſcher Eile, fährt
Der Knechte Schaar zurück,
Und meldet, als ſie heimgekehrt,
Des Jünglings Mißgeſchick.

Der Pfalzgraf hört's: o Trauerton!
Wie beugt der wilde Schmerz
Um den entriſſ'nen lieben Sohn
Das väterliche Herz!

An ſeine Reiſigen voll Grimm
Erläßt er das Gebot:
„Auf! Bringet mir das Ungethüm
Lebendig oder todt!" —

„Herr! (ſpricht der Hauptmann) Euer Wort
In Ehren! Doch wär's gut,
Zu ſtürzen gleich die Hexe dort
Hinunter in die Fluth;

Sonſt macht ſie Euch der böſe Feind
Aus Kett' und Banden frey." —
„Wohl! (ſagt der Pfalzgraf) wohl, mein Freund!"
Ab zieht die Reiterey.

Die Sterne ſchwinden, bald erhellt
Der junge Morgenſtrahl,
Der von der Berge Zinnen fällt,
Rings Auen, Strom und Thal.

Es führt mit ſeinem Waffentroß
Der Ritter über'n Rhein,
Und Alle ſchließen ſchnell zu Roß
Den Lurleyfelſen ein.

Mit drey'n der Wackerſten erſteigt
Der Hauptmann jetzt die Höh'n,
Als oben ſich die Jungfrau zeigt,
Und ihre Locken weh'n:

Von Bernſtein hält ſie eine Schnur
In lilienweißer Hand:
„Wen ſucht Ihr, Leute jener Flur,
An dieſer ſteilen Wand?" —

„Nur Dich! (verſetzt der Führer) Halt!
Gefangen biſt Du nun;
Drum ſollſt Du, Zauberin, alsbald
Den Sprung in's Waſſer thun."

Sie lacht. „Das Waſſer hole mich!"
Und wirft im leichten Gang
Die Schnur hinab, und ſchauerlich
Tönt ihrer Stimme Klang:

„Die weißen Roſſe ſchicke mir,
O Vater, Deinem Kind,
Auf daß ich reite fort von hier
Mit Wogenlauf und Wind!"

Da brauſ't ein Sturm mit Regenguß,
Die Brandung ſchäumt empor:
Zwei Wellen wandeln aus dem Fluß,
Gleich Roſſen, hoch hervor.

Hinan den Felſen ſteigen ſie,
Und tragen blitzesſchnell
Die Jungfrau in den Strom — und ſieh'!
Umher iſt's wieder hell. —

Dem Wunder ſtaunt der Männer Schaar
Mit Beben, und erkennt,
Daß jene von den Geiſtern war,
Die man **Undinen** nennt.

Und als zu ihrem Herrn zurück
Sie mit der Kunde flieh'n,
Da fand ſich auch — o welch ein Glück! —
Der todtgewähnte Sohn.

Gehoben hatt' ihn dort hinan
Mit halb betäubtem Sinn
Das Wellenſpiel, und trug ihn dann
Sanft an das Ufer hin. —

Nicht mehr ließ ſich die Jungfrau ſeh'n;
Nur aus der Felſenkluft
Sie neckend noch, wenn Schiffe geh'n,
Der Segler Stimme ruft.

Die beiden Brüder.

Auf ſeiner Felſenburg am Rhein
Ruht endlich von des Lebens Mühen
Der Ritter **Hans vom Liebenſtein**;
Oft ſah man ihn zu Felden ziehen:
Für Kaiſer, Recht, und Vaterheerd
Trug er allein das tapfre Schwert.

Sein Weib verſchied vor langer Zeit,
Doch ließ ſie ihm zwei edle Kronen,
Zwei Söhne, die, voll Biederkeit
Und Muth, wie er, den Schmerz belohnen;
Man nennt ringsum, wo Thaten blühn,
Die Namen **Richard**, **Balduin**.

Mehr ernſthaft ſcheint der Erſte nur;
In ſich verſunken weilt er gerne
Im ſtillen Thal auf heim'ſcher Flur;
Der **Zweyte** ſtrebet nach der Ferne;
Zwar offen iſt ſein Herz und gut,
Jedoch zu leicht ſein raſches Blut.

Da war auch eine ſchöne Maid
Zum Schloſſe Liebenſtein gekommen;
Es hat die junge **Adelheid**
Der greiſe Burgherr aufgenommen
Als Freund von ihrem Aelternpaar,
Das ihr zu früh' entriſſen war.

Das Fräulein iſt an Gütern reich,
Doch mehr an weiblich-holder Sitte,
Ihr Herz **voll** Tugend mild und weich,
Und wie wir in der Blumen Mitte
Die zarte Mayenroſe ſchau'n,
So blüht ſie unter andern Frau'n.

Der Vater denkt: „die Zeit vergeht,
Gereift zu Männern ſind die Söhne!“
Darum in ihm der Wunſch entſteht:
„Wählt' einen doch die edle Schöne
Zum Gatten!“ Nichts belehret ihn,
Daß Beyde für die Jungfrau glüh'n.

So iſt es. Aber Richard meint,
Daß, wenn ſie ihm auch Huld erzeiget,
Sich Adelheid doch, wie es ſcheint,
Mehr zu dem jüngern Bruder neiget:
Der edle Mann bezwingt ſein Herz,
Obwohl durchbohrt von Gluth und Schmerz.

Er geht — was auch ſein Inn'res litt —
Zu bitten, daß ſie ſich erkläret
Für Balduin: welch herber Schritt!
Ach! ſein Verlangen iſt gewähret;
Er ſieht ihr Glück ohn' allen Neid,
Doch ſtärker wachſen Lieb' und Leid.

Den Bund mit Freudenthränen weih'n
Sieht man, als Beyde ſich verlieben,
Den alten Herrn vom Liebenſtein;
Doch ihre Trauung iſt verſchoben
Auf Monde, bis ein Waffenfreund,
Der ferne weilt, am Feſt erſcheint.

Nur Richard zieht mit düſterm Sinn,
Verſchließend das, was in ihm wohnet,
Nach Konrad's Hof'n zum Fürſten hin,
Der herrlich dort auf Felſen thronet,
Und gern in ſein Gefolg ihn nahm;
Doch bleibt auch hier der ſtille Gram.

Da kommt Sankt Bernhard in das Land,
Und hebt empor des Kreuzes Zeichen:
„Auf! (ruft er) von dem heil'gen Strand,
Entweih'nde Heiden zu verſcheuchen!“
Sein Feuerblick, ſein kräftig Wort
Reißt Alles wie im Taumel fort.

Und an des Rheins Geſtad' wieder
Tönt ſchon der Kriegstrommete Schallen;
Zu Roß und Fuß, mit Schwert und Speer,
Sieht man die Schaar zum Jordan wallen:
Auch Balduins entflammter Muth
Iſt ſchnell gefaßt von dieſer Gluth.

Der Alte hört es, und die Braut,
Und Schmerz ergreift die junge Schöne:
Vor dem Geliebten ohne Laut
Steht ſie, und birgt die heiße Thräne,
Die floß vom holden Angeſicht;
Jedoch der edle Vater ſpricht:

„O Sohn, es wird das heil'ge Grab
Genug der braven Streiter finden:
Du weile, meines Alters Stab,
Bey Deinem Weib in dieſen Gründen!
Auch hier kann droh'n der Feinde Schwarm
Und Schutz verleih'n ein tapfrer Arm.“ —

Drauf Balduin: „Ach! Widerſteh'n
Kann nichts dem Drang, der mich beſeelet:
Wenn neu wir uns, Geliebte! ſeh'n,
Dann bin ich würdig Dir vermählet;
Kehrt, Vater! je Dein Sohn zurück,
So ſey's mit Ehre, Ruhm und Glück.“ —

Schon eilet weg ſein raſcher Flug,
Ihm folgt die Schaar von wackern Mannen;
Gewappnet geht der Ritter Zug
Mit ihrem Fähnlein ſchnell von dannen
Zu Kaiſer Konrad's Heer am Main,
Dann fort gen Süd' in ſtolzen Reih'n.

Auch Richard will ſich ihrer Zahl
Geſellen; ſchon iſt er gerüſtet,
Im Kampf zu tilgen ſeine Qual:
Doch als er hört, wie's auch gelüſtet
Den Bruder, wendet er ſein Roß,
Und zieht auf's väterliche Schloß.

Er findet Balduin nicht mehr,
Und Pflicht gebeut ihm, hier zu bleiben;
Zwar kann den Dämon nichts, wie ſehr
Er kämpft, aus ſeinem Herzen treiben;
Doch duldet feſt der bied're Mann,
Und ſieht die Maid als Schweſter an.

Mit Adelheid iſt er bemüht
Zu hellen ſeines Vaters Trübe.
Ach! Sie bemerkt, was in ihm glüht,
Und ſeufzet: „Werth iſt er der Liebe!“
Doch denkt ſie, daß es ſündhaft ſey,
Und bleibet dem Entfernten treu.

Dem Alten winket Troſt im Weh
Um Balduin; er will vertrauen,
Und läßt die Burg auf naher Höh',
Genannt der Sternfels, ihm erbauen:
Da ſtirbt der Greis, und Thränen weiht
Sein Sohn ihm dort mit Adelheid.

Zwey Jahr' in's Meer der Zeiten flieh'n,
Da ſchallt vom Berg, zum Thal hernieder:
„Es kehret Ritter Balduin
Aus Paläſtina's Auen wieder;
Doch führt er an des Rheines Strand
Ein ſchönes Weib aus Griechenland.“

Wie blutet der Verlaſſ'nen Herz!
Ach! Faſt erliegt ſie dieſem Dorne,
Und Richard weint zu ihrem Schmerz;
Doch glüht er bald von edlem Zorne:
Dem Knecht, der naht mit dem Berichte,
Wirft er den Handſchuh hin, und ſpricht:

„Dies Fehdezeichen trag' ihm hin!
Er hat ein heil'ges Wort gebrochen:
Was er entweiht mit frechem Sinn,
Wird auch durch höh're Macht gerochen;
Den kenn' ich nicht als mein Geſchlecht,
Der ſo verletzet Lieb' und Recht.“

Schon zog auf Sternfels jene ein,
Sie nah'n ſich täglich mit den Baſen,
Wo auf den Feldern ihre Reih'n
Das Blut im Streite fließen laſſen;
Und jetzt entbieten feyerlich
Zum Zweykampf beyde Brüder ſich.

Im Waffenkreiſe ſteh'n bereit
Die Ritter mit gezog'ner Wehre —
Da zwiſchen ſie tritt Adelheid
Mit ihren Frau'n, bleich, ohne Zähre:
„Des Vaters, nun im Himmelreich,
Gedenket, und verſöhnet Euch!

Dir, Balduin, mag Gott verzeih'n,
Dir, Richard, ſchenk' er heit'res Leben!
Mich werd' ich heil'gem Dienſte weih'n,
Im Schleyer, fern von eitlem Streben.“
Sie ſpricht's. Gehorchend ihrem Blick
Zieht jeder mit der Schaar zurück.

Auf Liebenſtein herrſcht Oede nur,
Auf Sternfels Prunk der frohen Tönen,
Wo mancher Fant hin eilt und fuhr,
Und huldigte der neuen Schönen;
Sie nimmt es an mit leichtem Sinn,
Wie eine ſchnöde Buhlerin.

Da hört plötzlich ihr Gemahl,
Daß untreu ſie an ihm geworden;
Er eilt voll Wuth, mit blankem Stahl,
Sie und den Buhlen zu ermorden:
Vergebens! Beyde waren ſchon
In ein entferntes Land entfloh'n.

Er klagt dem Bruder ſeinen Schmerz,
Und fleht: „Vergib mir alle Fehle!“
Und Richard drückt ihn an ſein Herz:
„O! (ruft er) bey des Vaters Seele,
Bey ihr, die fromm, durch ſich beſeelt,
In trüben Kloſtermauern wohnt! —

Uns, welchen Gram die Liebe gab,
Laß ehelos, o Bruder, bleiben!"
Sie ſchwören's an des Edlen Grab:
So weit des Lebens Wogen treiben,
Iſt jeder nun, im Bund vereint,
Dem Andern Hülfe, Troſt und Freund. —

Seht dort am rebumkränzten Rhein,
Im Tagesglanz, im Mondenſchimmer,
Den Sternfels und den Liebenſtein!
Es ſchauen die bemooſten Trümmer
Herab auf waldbegrüntes Land,
Und ſind die Brüder noch genannt.

Die Gräfin von Cleve.

Schön und hold vor allen Frau'n
Iſt Beatrix anzuſchau'n,
An des Stromes blüh'ndem Strand
Gräfin von dem Cleverland.

Mit des Kreuzes muth'gem Heer
Zog ihr Vater über's Meer;
Kund' erſcholl, daß manche Noth
Er gefunden, Sieg und Tod.

Bald auch folgt die Mutter nach,
Weil ihr Herz in Kummer brach,
Und der Jungfrau letzten Stab
Deckt das kühle, dunkle Grab.

Auf dem Söller, trüb' und bang',
Saß die Holde tagelang,
Auf der Väter hohem Schloß,
Und die ſanfte Thräne floß.

Oft, bei Sturm, bei Sonnenſchein,
Blickt ſie fern zum ſtolzen Rhein:
Segel auf den Fluthen nah'n,
Wandrer zieh'n hinab die Bahn.

Einſt, als Sommerabend mild
Grüßt den Hain und das Gefild,
Weilt ſie hier. Doch Stille nur
Wohnt am Rhein und auf der Flur.

Einſam und verlaſſen denkt
Sich Beatrix, ach! und ſenkt
Nieder den bethauten Blick:
„Mutter, komm, o komm zurück!"

Als ſie jetzt das Aug' erhebt
Zu dem Himmel — ſieh! da ſchwebt
Her ein Schiff im raſchen Lauf,
Spannend hoch die Segel auf.

Und ſie ſieht das Fahrzeug nah'n:
Auf dem Maſte glänzt ein Schwan;
Unten hängt ein Ritterſchild
Mit des Schwanes goldnem Bild.

An den Strand die Segler geh'n,
Und ein Ritter, ſtattlich ſchön,
Fliegt weiter zu Roſſe leicht;
Schüchtern ſie vom Söller weicht.

Als am Schloß er fragend hält,
Ob der Herrin es gefällt,
Ein Obdach ihm zu verleih'n,
Pocht ihr Herz — man läßt ihn ein.

Und er ſpricht: „Ich heiß' Erlin
Von der Schwanenburg; zu zieh'n
In das Cleverland gebot
Mir der Graf; er iſt nicht todt.

Ihm in Antiochia
Kämpft' ich, edle Gräfin! nah';
Aber des Gelübdes Band
Feſſelt ihn an's heil'ge Land.

Darum auf der Heimath Flur
Bring' ich Euch des Vaters Gruß." —
Ach! wie bebt in Freud' und Schmerz
Der erſtaunten Jungfrau Herz!

Größer iſt der Schmerz: nicht mehr
Kommt der theure Vater her!
Viel erzählen ihr jedoch
Muß von ihm der Fremde noch.

Auf des edlen Mannes Geſtalt
Ruht ihr Aug', der Buſen wallt:
Daß der Liebe Funken ſchlich
In ihr Herz, verhehlt ſie ſich.

Als drei Tage ſind entfloh'n,
Sagt er: „Trennung nahet ſchon;
Gräfin! Ob ich nun entweich
Oder bleibe, ſteht bei Euch."

Jetzo reicht er ihr ein Blatt,
Das er von dem Grafen hat:
Ach! des Vaters Züge ſind
Werth dem liebevollen Kind.

Und ſie lieſt: „Es ſoll Erlin,
Mein Genoſſ', nach Cleve ziehn;
Wird der Edle Dein Gemahl,
Freut mich Deines Herzens Wahl."

Und noch in derſelben Stund'
Einet ſich im ſchönſten Bund
Mit Erlin die junge Maid:
Glücklich ſchwindet ihre Zeit.

Auch entſproßt dem edlen Blut
Sind drei Söhne, brav und gut:
Dietrich, Gottfried, Konrad, weihn
Sich den Waffen, kühn und rein.

Als der Vater ſie bewehrt,
Reicht dem Dietrich Schild und Schwert
Mit den Worten er: „Nach mir,
Sohn! gehört die Grafſchaft Dir."

Gottfried hat ſein Silberhorn,
Konrad aber Ring und Sporn;
Beiden er auch Land ertheilt,
Wo zum Rhein der Lahnfluß eilt.

Drauf, nach ſtiller Frühlingsnacht,
Als die Morgenröthe lacht:
Iſt der Schwanenritter fort,
Niemand ſah ihn geh'n von dort.

Zeilen doch läßt er zurück,
Und der Gattin Trauerblick
Lieſt: „Mich ruft ein heil'ger Schwur
Neu in Paläſtina's Flur.

Dies dem Vater ich verſprach;
Wack're Söhne laſſ' ich nach
Dir zum Troſt; mein Herz erfüllt
Deine Liebe und Dein Bild!" —

Ach! vom Söller, trüb' und bang,
Schaut Beatrix tagelang,
Ob der Gatte wieder naht:
Öde bleiben Strom und Pfad.

Bald erliſcht des Lebens Licht,
Weil ihr Herz in Kummer bricht;
An der Mutter Seite ruht
Sie, beweint als mild und gut.

Doch das Schloß in jenem Land
Wird nach Schwanenburg genannt.
Golden ſtrahlt, bei Sonn' und Sturm,
Noch der Schwan von Cleve's Thurm.

Kaiſer Friedrich und Gela.

Friedrich Barbaroſſa nennet
Jeder gern, den Biedermann,
Ihn, der Minnelieder tönte,
Welchen Ehr' und Sieg bekrönte,
Der getrotzt dem Prieſterbann.

Zu der Laute ſey geſungen,
Was von ihm die Kund' enthüllt,
Als er, noch in Jünglingsjahren,
Wonn' und Schmerzen einſt erfahren
In der Wetterau Gefild.

Dorten hauſ't am Kinzigufer
Hohenſtaufens edler Sohn,
Auf der Jagd die Flur durcheilend,
Gern auch ſtill im Haine weilend
Bei der Nachtigallen Ton.

Doch was ſcheucht aus ſeinem Herzen
Bald die Ruh' und heitre Luſt?
Eine Jungfrau, die vor allen
Reiz und Anmuth läßt umwallen,
Zaubert Lieb' ihm in die Bruſt.

Gela, ſeines Burgmanns Tochter,
Sieht er in dem Bogengang,
Und entglüht im heißen Triebe:
„Schönſtes Fräulein, ach! ich liebe
Euch!“ ſo ruft er leiſ' und bang.

Doch erröthend, mit geſenktem
Auge, flieht die junge Maid.
„Zürne (fleht der Ritter), zürne
Nicht dem Kühnen, edle Dirne,
Wenn er deine Hand entweiht!“

Und er läßt die Hand, und eilet
Fort, doch Gela meidet ihn
Seit dem Tag'; in ſich verſchloſſen,
Trübe, finſter und verdroſſen,
Schweift er durch die Wälder hin.

Langſam wandelt einſt am Abend
Friedrich an des Haines Bucht;
Da erſcheint im weißen Kleide
Sie, die Kräuter auf der Haide
Für die kranke Schweſter ſucht.

Grüßend ſie mit Ehrfurcht, wallet
Er vorüber — ach! der Saum
Des Gewands berührt ihn; ſtrebend,
Sich zu faſſen, wankt er bebend
An den nächſten Eichenbaum.

Tief wird Gela's Herz gerühret,
Lieb' auch fühlt die Maid in ſich;
Schüchtern ſagt ſie: „Ihr könnt finden
Morgen, wenn die Sterne ſchwinden,
In der Burgkapelle mich!“ —

Früh' im feyerlichen Tempel,
Wo die heil'ge Stille wohnt,
Seh'n ſich Beyd' im letzten Scheine,
Den, beſtrahlend Flur und Haine,
Auf den Altar wirft der Mond.

Ihm zur Seite ſpricht die Holde:
„Höre, Friedrich, auf mein Wort:
Du bekannteſt deine Triebe,
Ich geſteh' auch meine Liebe
Dir am gottgeweihten Ort.

Doch Dir kann ich nimmer werden
Gattin; über Leut' und Land
Wirſt Du einſt zum Herrn erwählet,
Und ein Weib ſey Dir vermählet
Aus der Fürſten hohem Stand!

Aber — fehl' ich, ſo vergebe
Die Erbarmungsreiche mir,
Deren Bild wir nahe flehen! —
Jeden Morgen kannſt Du ſehen
Mich in der Kapelle hier.

Aber ohne Zeugen nimmer
Darf ich unterdeß Dich ſchau'n;
Rein ſey unſre Lieb' im Leben!
Die mit mir hinüberſchweben
Soll ſie einſt in ſel'ge Au'n.“ —

„Ha! für Dich (ruft der Entbrannte)
Laß ich Fürſten-Ruhm und Glanz,
Werd' ein Pilger dieſer Erde,
Wähl' als Hirt die kleine Heerde;
Denn mich lohnt der Liebe Kranz.“

Aber Gela's ſanfte Worte
Gießen neue Kraft und Licht
In die Seele des Betrübten —
Ja, er folget der Geliebten,
Und gedenkt der herben Pflicht.

Jeden Tag im Zwielicht eilen
Beyde nach dem Tempel hin,
Knie'n, im Wonnetraum gewieget,
Und an Gela's Wange ſchmieget
Er ſich, doch mit reinem Sinn.

Ein beglücktes Jahr entſchwindet,
Sieh! Da folgt des Kaiſers Ruf
Mit dem Heer nach fernen Landen
Wider Sarazen'ſche Banden.
Rings ertönt der Roſſe Huf.

Ehr' und Pflicht, und der Geliebten
Stimm', ermahnen Friedrich; fort
Eilend ruft er: „Ewig währet
Unſ're Lieb', und unverſehret!“ —
„Ewig!“ iſt ihr letztes Wort.

Fern geht er zum heil'gen Strande,
Kehrt zurück mit Sieg und Ruhm;
Schon in beſſ're Welt enteilet
Iſt ſein Vater, und ertheilet
Wird ihm Schwabens Herzogthum.

Und er ſucht am Kinzigufer
Seine Gela — doch es hat
In dem nahen Siz der Frommen
Jüngſt den Schleier ſie genommen;
Traurig lieſ't er dieſes Blatt:

„Hohenſtaufen! Deiner Würde
„Ziemt ein Weib vom Fürſtenſtand.
„Froh ſah ich ein Jahr verſchweben;
„Dieß genüget meinem Leben:
„Unſ're Lieb' iſt ew'ges Band!“ —

Friedrich, als zum Kaiſerthrone
Er emporgeſtiegen, nahm
Eine Gattin, die er ehret,
Doch nicht liebt, und immer währet
Um die Jungfrau Lieb' und Gram.

An dem Hain, wo ihm begegnet
Einſt das holde Mädchenbild,
Läßt er eine Stadt erbauen —
Gela'shauſen — die mit ſchönſte
In der Wetterau Gefild. —

Johann Joſeph Görres

ward am 25. Januar 1776 zu Coblenz geboren, und ſtudierte auf dem akademiſchen Gymnaſium daſelbſt, als, in Folge des franzöſiſchen Revolutionskrieges, ſeine Vaterſtadt abwechſelnd bald von dieſer bald von jener Armee occupirt wurde. Er wandte ſich den neuerweckten liberalen Ideen zu, zeigte ſich mit Glück als Redner und gab ein politiſches Journal heraus, welches um der Tüchtigkeit und Redlichkeit ſeines Verfaſſers willen allgemeinen Beifall fand, zwar auf höhere Veranlaſſung unterdrückt wurde, aber bald unter neuem Titel wieder erſchien. (S. unten). 1799 ging er an der Spitze einer Deputation ſeiner Vaterſtadt nach Paris, mußte aber unverrichteter Sache wegen wieder umkehren und ward nun als Lehrer bei der Secondairſchule zu Coblenz angeſtellt. Hier blieb er bis 1806, wo er nach Heidelberg ging und dort fleißig beſuchte Vorleſungen hielt, dann aber 1808 in ſeine alten Verhältniſſe zurücktrat. In Folge des franzöſiſch-ruſſiſchen Krieges von 1812 ward er Mitglied des Jugendbundes und gab ſeit 1814 den „Rheiniſchen Merkur" heraus, welcher jedoch ſchon 1816 verboten wurde. Er zog nun von Neuem nach Heidelberg, begab ſich ſpäter wieder nach Coblenz zurück und floh, um der Gefangenſchaft zu entgehen, die ſeine Schrift „Deutſchland und die Revolution" ihm zu bereiten drohte, nach Frankreich (1819). In dem darauf folgenden Jahre lebte er in der Schweiz und nahm dann ſeinen Aufenthalt zu Frankfurt am Main. 1827 folgte er einem Rufe als Profeſſor der allgemeinen und Literaturgeſchichte nach München, wo er gegenwärtig ſich noch befindet. —

Er gab heraus:

Das rothe Blatt. Coblenz 1797.
Der Rübezahl. — Coblenz 1798.
Aphorismen über Organonomie. Coblenz 1803.
Aphorismen über die Kunſt. Coblenz 1804.
Expoſition der Phyſiologie. Coblenz 1805.
Glauben und Wiſſen. München 1805.
Die teutſchen Volksbücher. Heidelberg 1807.
Mythengeſchichte der aſiatiſchen Welt. Heidelberg 1810. 2 Thle.
Rheiniſcher Merkur. 1814.
Deutſchlands künftige Verfaſſung. Frankfurt 1816.
Altdeutſche Volks- und Meiſterlieder. Frankfurt 1816.
Deutſchland und die Revolution. 1819.
Das Heldenbuch von Iran. Berlin 1820. 2 Thle.
Europa und die Revolution. Stuttgart 1821.
In Sachen der Rheinprovinzen u. ſ. w. Stuttgart 1821.
Die heilige Allianz und die Völker auf dem Congreß zu Verona. Stuttgart 1822.
Standrede an König Ludwig. Frankfurt 1827.
Emanuel Swedenborg, ſeine Viſionen und ſein Verhältniß zur Kirche. Straßburg 1827.
Ueber die Grundlage, Gliederung und Zeitenfolge der Weltgeſchichte. Breslau 1830.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ueber dieſen reichbegabten, eigenthümlichen Denker, der ſich in den mannigfachſten Richtungen verſuchte und eben ſo viel Feinde als Bewunderer fand, ein Urtheil zu fällen, geſtatten wir uns nicht, da wir bei entſchieden anderer Sinnesart leicht ungerecht werden, oder uns ſelbſt bei dem beſten Willen nicht von einſeitiger Befangenheit frei erhalten können. — Es muß Solches einer ſpäteren Zeit aufbehalten bleiben. — So viel genüge hier zu ſagen, daß Deutſchland in Görres einen tiefen, feurigen Geiſt beſitzt, dem es in mancher Hinſicht, und namentlich in den Jahren politiſcher Erniedrigung, viel verdankte und deſſen Schriften eine Fundgrube köſtlicher Gedanken ſind, die in ſich aufzunehmen und zu verarbeiten aber eben ſo viel Characterſtärke als geiſtige Durchbildung erfordert wird — Sein Styl, im Ganzen zu bilderreich, iſt voll gewaltiger Kraft und oft hinreißend ſchön. —

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

Die Lebensumſtände dieſes großen Dichters ſind theils durch ſeine eigene Autobiographie, theils durch die Herausgabe ſeines Briefwechſels mit Verſchiedenen und endlich durch die raſtloſen Bemühungen ſeiner Freunde und Verehrer ſo allgemein bekannt und verbreitet, daß es uns, bei der Beſchränktheit des uns geſtatteten Raumes, unmöglich fallen würde, etwas Neues oder überhaupt mehr als eine kurze, chronologiſch beſtimmte Skizze ſeiner äußeren Lebensſchickſale zu geben. Es ſcheint uns aus dieſem Grunde zweckdienlicher, mit größerer Ausführlichkeit bei den mitzutheilenden kritiſchen und literarhiſtoriſchen Notizen über ſeine Schriften, welche ſich in gewohnter Form den biographiſchen Darſtellungen anreihen, zu verweilen, um ſo mehr, als wir hier überhaupt nur Andeutungen und Hülfsmittel zu gewähren vermögen, deren ſteter Zweck bleiben muß, dem Freunde unſerer Nationalliteratur die genauere Bekanntſchaft mit derſelben zu erleichtern. Man erwarte demgemäß von dem Folgenden weiter nichts, als eine ſo gewiſſenhaft und genau wie möglich zuſammengeſtellte bibliographiſche Notiz, wie ſie die Verhältniſſe dieſes Werkes beſtimmen und vorſchreiben und ſtelle nicht Forderungen an eine ſolche, wie ſie nur in einem eigenen Werke befriedigt und erfüllt werden können; wir unſererſeits dürfen uns wenigſtens hier nicht verbindlich machen, Anſprüchen dieſer Art genügen zu wollen und verwahren uns ſtreng und entſchieden vor denſelben.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe ward am 28. Auguſt 1749 zu Frankfurt am Main, wo ſein Vater, ein eben ſo gebildeter als wohlhabender Mann, mit dem Charakter eines kaiſerlichen Rathes im Privatſtande lebte, geboren. Eine ſorgfältige Erziehung ward dem Knaben, der, als ſein jüngerer Bruder durch den Tod entriſſen ward, der einzige Sohn blieb, im elterlichen Hauſe durch Privatunterricht zu Theil. Wie raſch und eigenthümlich ſich ſeine glänzenden Fähigkeiten entwickelten, das hat uns der Dichter ſelbſt in ſeiner Autobiographie (Aus meinem Leben, Dichtung und Wahrheit, Bd. 1 und 2) erzählt. Nachdem die häusliche Vorbildung abwechſelnd größere und geringere Störungen, wie z. B. durch den ſiebenjährigen Krieg, erlitten, aber dennoch den munter aufblühenden, vielverſprechenden Knaben zum vorgeſteckten Ziel geführt hatte, bezog der junge G., bereits erprobt durch ſchmerzliche Erfahrungen der erſten jugendlichen Liebe, die Univerſität Leipzig, um dort nach eigener Wahl und nach dem Willen ſeines Vaters die Rechte zu ſtudieren. Weit mehr aber als dies in ſeinen Anfängen beſonders trockene Studium zogen ihn die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte an und er widmete daher den Vorleſungen Erneſti's und Gellerts, ſo wie dem praktiſchen Unterrichte

Oſers und eigenen poetiſchen Verſuchen, bei denen er jedoch, was die Theorie betraf, noch ſehr unſicher und ungewiß war, ſeine Vorliebe und Aufmerkſamkeit. Seine wohl etwas unregelmäßige Lebensweiſe, vorzüglich diätetiſche Fehler bei derſelben, ſchwächten ſeine Geſundheit und führten ihn, zum großen Aerger ſeines Vaters, ſiech (1768) in das elterliche Haus zurück. Nachdem er hier geraume Zeit verweilt und ſeine Geneſung abgewartet hatte, begab er ſich nach Straßburg, wo er ſeine juriſtiſchen Studien fortſetzte und beendete und ſich herkömmlich die Doctorwürde erwarb (1771). In Straßburg war es auch, wo er zuerſt Herder kennen lernte, deſſen Umgang in vielfacher Hinſicht anregend auf ihn wirkte. Er lebte darauf abwechſelnd in Frankfurt am Main, Wetzlar und Offenbach und gab während dieſer Zeit zuerſt ſeinen Götz von Berlichingen (1773), dann ſeinen Werther (1773) heraus, mit welchen Beiden ein neuer Abſchnitt in der Geſchichte deutſcher Literatur anbrach und die Augen Aller auf ihn gerichtet wurden. Dies war auch die Veranlaſſung, daß ihn der Erbprinz von Weimar auf einer Reiſe in Frankfurt kennen lernte und ihn 1775, nachdem er die Regierung angetreten hatte, zu ſich einlud. Goethe leiſtete dieſer ſchmeichelhaften Aufforderung Folge und trat bald darauf (1776) als Geheimer Legationsrath mit Sitz und Stimme in die Dienſte dieſes unvergeßlichen Fürſten. Von nun an blieb das kleine, kunſtſinnige Weimar ſein dauernder Wohnſitz, von dem aus er zwar größere Reiſen machte, das er aber mit Recht als ſein zweites Vaterland betrachtete. Eben ſo unwandelbar war auch die Neigung ſeines hochſinnigen Fürſten, der ihn nicht allein von Würde zu Würde hob, ſondern ihn wie ſeinen Freund behandelte und ihm vollkommene Freiheit und Muße gewährte. Was er für ihn gethan, hat Goethe ſelbſt uns angedeutet, doch bei Weitem nicht genügend charakteriſirt in den bekannten Zeilen:

Klein iſt unter den Fürſten Germaniens freilich der meine,
Kurz und ſchmal iſt ſein Land, mäßig nur was er vermag.
Aber ſo wende nach innen, ſo wende nach außen die Kräfte
Jeder: da wär's ein Feſt, Deutſcher mit Deutſchen zu ſein.
Doch, was preiſeſt du ihn, den Thaten und Werke verkünden?
Und beſtochen erſchien' deine Verehrung vielleicht;
Denn mir hat er gegeben, was Große ſelten gewähren:
Neigung, Muße, Vertrau'n, Felder und Garten und Haus.
Niemand braucht' ich zu danken als Ihm, und Manches bedurft' ich,
Der ich mich auf den Erwerb ſchlecht als ein Dichter verſtand. u. ſ. w.

Im Jahre 1779 ward Goethe wirklicher Geheimerath, bereiſte dann in Begleitung der Herzogin von Weimar die Schweiz und erhielt nach ſeiner Heimkehr 1782 das Amt eines Kammerpräſidenten. Zu gleicher Zeit wurde er in den Adelſtand erhoben. 1786 ging er nach Italien, blieb daſelbſt, beſonders in Rom, bis 1788 und beſuchte es 1790 von Neuem. Zwiſchen dieſen beiden Reiſen entſpann ſich ſeine Bekanntſchaft mit Schiller, die jedoch erſt ſpäter ein dauernderes Verhältniß erhielt. Im Gefolge ſeines Fürſten machte er 1792 den Feldzug in der Champagne mit. Seit dieſer Zeit verließ er Weimar nur für kürzere Reiſen, und machte ſich beſonders verdient um das Aufblühen der dortigen Bühne, ſo wie in ſeiner amtlichen Stellung um die Belebung der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften. Als 1806 die Stürme des Krieges verheerend über das Weimariſche Land zogen, vermählte er ſich mit Demoiſelle Vulpius, mit der er ſchon eine Reihe von Jahren in vertrautem Umgang gelebt, und die ihm mehrere Kinder geboren hatte, von denen jedoch nur ein Sohn am Leben geblieben war. Leider ſah er auch dieſen in ſpäteren Jahren in die Grube ſinken, noch ehe er ſelbſt das Ziel ſeiner Tage erreichte. 1815 ward er erſter Weimariſcher Staatsminiſter, zog ſich aber 1828 nach dem Tode ſeines fürſtlichen Freundes von den Geſchäften faſt gänzlich zurück, allein noch die Verwaltung der wiſſenſchaftlichen und Kunſtanſtalten des Großherzogthumes führend. Unausgeſetzt thätig und bis zu ſeinem letzten Augenblicke Herr ſeiner Seele wie ſeines Leibes, im edelſten und ſchönſten Sinne, ſtarb er, nach kurzer, ſchmerzloſer Krankheit im 84. Jahre ſeines Alters, am 22. März 1832 zu Weimar. — Seine irdiſchen Ueberreſte ruhen in der Fürſtengruft daſelbſt, neben den Särgen ſeines erhabenen Gönners und des herrlichen Schiller.

Seine Schriften ſind, in chronologiſcher Ordnung:

1) Parodie auf Clodius Medon (aus [illegible]). Leipzig 1767.
2) Neue Lieder, componirt von Breitkopf. (Leipzig) 1768.
3) Von deutſcher Baukunſt D. M. Erwini a Steinbach. 1773, abgedruckt in der von Herder herausgegebenen Schrift: Von deutſcher Art und Kunſt. Hamburg 1773.
4) Brief des Paſtors zu … an den neuen Paſtor zu … Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. O. O. 1773.
5) Götz von Berlichingen, ein Schauſpiel. Hamburg 1773 (Selbſtverlag).
6) Zwo wichtige bisher unerörterte bibliſche Fragen, zum erſten mal gründlich beantwortet von einem Landgeiſtlichen in Schwaben. O. O. 1773.
7) Prolog zu den neueſten Offenbarungen Gottes. 1774. O. O.
8) Götter, Helden und Wieland. Eine Farce. Leipzig 1774.
9) Die Leiden des jungen Werther's. Leipzig 1774.
10) Clavigo. Ein Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1774.
11) Moraliſch politiſches Puppenſpiel. Leipzig und Frankfurt 1774.
12) Erwin und Elmire, ein Singſpiel. Frankfurt 1775.
13) Etwas aus Goethens Brieftaſche, als Anhang zu Merciers Verſuch über die Schauſpielkunſt. Leipzig 1776.
14) Stella, ein Schauſpiel für Liebende. Berlin 1776.
15) Claudine von Villa Bella. Berlin 1776.
16) Schriften. Erſter bis vierter Band. Leipzig 1787. (In dieſem erſchienen zuerſt neu: Die Mitſchuldigen, Iphigenia. 5. Bd. Leipzig 1788. Hierin neu: Egmont. 6. Bd. Leipzig 1790, neu: Lila, Torquato Taſſo; 7. Bd. Leipzig 1790, neu: Jery und Bätely, Fauſt (Fragment), Scherz, Liſt und Rache; 8. Bd. Leipzig 1790, neu: die Faſtnachtſpiele, und vermiſchte Gedichte.
17) Das römiſche Carneval. Weimar und Gotha 1789.
18) Verſuch, die Metamorphoſe der Pflanzen zu erklären. Gotha 1790.
19) Beiträge zur Optik, 2 St. Weimar 1791—92.
20) Der Groß-Cophta, Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1792.
21) Der Bürgergeneral. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1793.
22) Reineke Fuchs. Berlin 1794.
23) Wilhelm Meiſters Lehrjahre. Berlin 1794—96. 4 Bde.
24) Hermann und Dorothea. Berlin 1798. Braunſchweig 1799.
25) Propyläen, eine periodiſche Schrift. Tübingen 1798—1800. 3 Bde.
26) Mahomet; ein Trauerſpiel nach Voltaire. Tübingen 1802.
27) Tancred, ein Trauerſpiel nach Voltaire. Tübingen 1802.
28) Was wir bringen. Vorſpiel. Tübingen 1802.
29) Leben des Benvenuto Cellini. Tübingen 1803. 2 Thle.
30) Die natürliche Tochter. Trauerſpiel. Tübingen 1804.
31) Rameau's Neffe, ein Dialog von Diderot. Leipzig 1805.
32) Winkelmann und ſein Jahrhundert. Tübingen 1805.
33) Fauſt, eine Tragödie. Tübingen 1807.
34) Ideen über organiſche Bildung. Tübingen 1807.

35) Sammlung zur Kenntniß der Gebirge von und um Karlsbad. Karlsbad 1807.
36) Die Wahlverwandtſchaften, ein Roman. Tübingen 1809. 2 Bde.
37) Pandora. Wien 1810.
38) Zur Farbenlehre. Stuttgart 1810. 2 Bde.
39) Aus meinem Leben. Dichtung und Wahrheit. Stuttgart 1811—22. 6 Bde.
40) Philipp Hackert. Tübingen 1811.
41) Die Höhen der alten und neuen Welt. Weimar 1813.
42) Des Epimenides Erwachen. Berlin 1815.
43) Kunſt und Alterthum in den Rhein- und Maingegenden. Stuttgart 1816 u. fg.
44) Zur Naturwiſſenſchaft überhaupt, beſonders zur Morphologie. Stuttgart 1817—24. 2 Bde.
45) Maskenzug in Weimar. Stuttgart 1819.
46) Weſtöſtlicher Divan. Stuttgart 1819.
47) Wilhelm Meiſters Wanderjahre. Stuttgart 1821.

Geſammtausgaben ſeiner Schriften, in welchen ſich Vieles findet, das nicht einzeln im Buchhandel erſchien, ſind, mit Ausnahme der bereits oben unter No. 16. angeführten:

a) Sämmtliche Schriften. Berlin 1776. 2 Thle. 3. A. 1779. 4 Bde. (ohne Goethe's Wiſſen gedruckt.)
b) Goethe's Werke. Tübingen 1806. 13 Bde.
c) Goethe's Werke. Stuttgart 1816 u. f. J. 20 Bde.
d) Goethe's Werke. Vollſtändige Ausgabe letzter Hand. Stuttgart 1828—34. (mit den nachgelaſſenen Werken) 55 Bde. Ausgabe in 8. und in 12. — Dieſe enthalten:

Bd. 1—4 Gedichte.
» 5. Weſtöſtlicher Divan.
» 6. Noten und Abhandlungen zu demſelben.
» 7. Die Laune des Verliebten, die Mitſchuldigen, die Geſchwiſter, Mahomet, Tancred.
» 8. Götz von Berlichingen. — Egmont.
» 9. Iphigenie auf Tauris. — Torquato Taſſo. — Die natürliche Tochter.
» 10. Elpenor. — Clavigo. — Stella. — Claudine von Villa Bella — Erwin und Elmire.
» 11. Jery und Bätely. — Lila. — Die Fiſcherin. — Scherz, Liſt und Rache. — Der Zauberflöte zweiter Theil. Paläophron und Neoterpe. — Vorſpiel zur Eröffnung des Weimar. Theaters am 19. September 1807. Was wir bringen. — Fortſetzung [illegible]. — Theaterreden.
» 12. Fauſt. 1. Thl. — 2. Thl. ſ. Bd. 41.
» 13. Neueröffnetes moraliſch-politiſches Puppenſpiel. — Faſtnachtsſpiel vom Pater Brey. — Satyros. — Prolog zu den neueſten Offenbarungen Gottes. — Parabeln. — Legende. — Erklärung eines alten Holzſchnittes, vorſtellend Hans Sachſens poetiſche Sendung. — Auf Miedings Tod. — Künſtler's Erdenwallen. — Künſtler's Apotheoſe. — Epilog zu Schillers Glocke. — Die Geheimniſſe. — Maskenzüge. — Die romantiſche Poeſie. Stanzen. Im Namen der Bürgerſchaft von Carlsbad. — Des Epimenides Erwachen.
» 14. Der Triumph der Empfindſamkeit. — Die Vögel. — Der Groß-Cophta. — Der Bürgergeneral.
» 15. Die Aufgeregten. — Unterhaltungen deutſcher Ausgewanderten. — Die guten Weiber.
» 16. Leiden des jungen Werther. — Briefe aus der Schweiz. 1. Abth.
» 17. Die Wahlverwandtſchaften.
» 18—20. Wilhelm Meiſters Lehrjahre.
» 21—23. Wilhelm Meiſters Wanderjahre. — Aus Makariens Archiv.
» 24—26. Aus meinem Leben.
» 27—28. Italieniſche Reiſe.
» 29. Zweiter römiſcher Aufenthalt.
» 30. Campagne in Frankreich.
» 31. Tages- und Jahreshefte von 1749—1806.
» 32. Tages- und Jahreshefte von 1807—1822. — Zum Andenken der F. Herzogin Anna Amalia. — Zum Andenken Wieland's
Bd. 33. Recenſionen. — Prometheus. — Götter, Helden und Wieland.
» 34—35. Benvenuto Cellini.
» 36. Rameau's Neffe. — Anmerkungen zu demſelben. — Diderot's Verſuch über die Malerei.
» 37. Winkelmann. — Philipp Hackert.
» 38. Einleitung in die Propyläen. — Ueber Laokoon. — Der Sammler und die Seinigen. — Ueber Wahrheit und Wahrſcheinlichkeit der Kunſtwerke. — Ueber Italien. — Fragmente eines Reiſejournals. — Aeltere Gemälde. — Don Ciccio. — Neuere italieniſche Literatur.
» 39. Philoſtrat's Gemälde. — Abendmahl von Leonardo da Vinci. — Cäſar's Triumphzug. — Kupferſtich nach Tizian. — Tiſchbein's Idyllen. — Handzeichnungen von Goethe. — Skizzen zu Caſti's redenden Thieren. — Blumen-Malerei. — Gérard's hiſtoriſche Portraits. — Ruysdael als Dichter. — Altdeutſche Gemälde in Leipzig. — Bildhauerei. — Münzen, Medaillen, geſchnittene Steine. — Vorbilder für Fabrikanten und Handwerker. — Altdeutſche Baukunſt.
» 40. Reineke Fuchs. — Herrmann und Dorothea. — Achilleis. — Pandora.
» 41—55. (Auch unter dem Titel: Nachgelaſſene Werke.)
» 41. (1). Fauſt, der Tragödie 2. Theil.
» 42. (2). Geſchichte Gottfriedens von Berlichingen mit der eiſernen Hand. Dramatiſirt. — Götz von Berlichingen. Schauſpiel, für die Bühne bearbeitet.
» 43. (3). Aus einer Reiſe in die Schweiz im Jahre 1797. — Aus einer Reiſe am Rhein in den Jahren 1814—15.
» 44. (4). Kunſt.
» 45. (5). Theater und deutſche Literatur.
» 46. (6). Auswärtige Literatur.
» 47. (7). Jugendgedichte. — Lieder für Liebende. — Chineſiſch-deutſche Jahres- und Tageszeiten. — Vermiſchte Gedichte. — Original und Nachbildung. — Feſtgedichte. — Gedichte zu Bildern. — Inſchriften und Erinnerungsblätter. — Politica. — Zahme Xenien. — Der neue Alcinous.
» 48. (8.) Aus meinem Leben. 4r Thl.
» 49. (9). Einzelnheiten, Maximen und Reflexionen.
» 50. (10). Zur Naturwiſſenſchaft im Allgemeinen.
» 51. (11). Mineralogie, Geologie, Meteorologie.
» 52. (12). Zur Farbenlehre.
» 53—54. (13—14). Geſchichte der Farbenlehre.
» 55. (15). Nachträge zur Farbenlehre, zur Pflanzenlehre, zur Osteologie.

Goethe's Briefwechſel erſchien in folgenden Sammlungen:

a) Briefe an Lavater. Aus den Jahren 1774—83. Herausgegeben von H. Hirzel. Leipzig 1833.
b) Briefwechſel zwiſchen Schiller und Goethe in den Jahren 1794—1805. 6 Thle. Stuttgart 1828—1829.
c) Briefwechſel zwiſchen Goethe und Zelter in den Jahren 1796—1832. Herausgegeben von F. W. Riemer. Berlin 1833—34. 6 Thle.
d) Goethe's Briefe an ein Kind. (Bettina von Arnim geb. Brentano.) Berlin 1835. 3 Thle. 2. A. Berlin 1837.
e) Kurzer Briefwechſel zwiſchen Klopſtock und Goethe im Jahre 1776. Leipzig 1833.

Einzelne Briefe Goethe's finden ſich in:

Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck von Goethe, Herder, Wieland u. A. Darmſtadt 1835.
Theaterbriefe von Goethe u. ſ. w. Berlin 1835.
Vogel C., Goethe in amtlichen Verhältniſſen. Jena 1834.

Sämmtliche bekannt gewordenen Briefe aber zuſammengeſtellt in:

Goethe's Briefe in den Jahren 1768 bis 1832. Herausgegeben von D. Heinrich Döring. Leipzig 1837 1 Bd. in Lexikonformat.

So verſchieden auch die Urtheile über Goethe im Allgemeinen, vorzüglich während der letzten Jahre, geweſen ſind, und ſo ſchroff ſich auch immer ſeine Verehrer und ſeine Gegner, auf beiden Seiten übertreibend, einander gegenüberſtellten, ſo beginnen ſie doch von Tage zu Tage mehr darin übereinzuſtimmen, daß er der reichſte vielſeitigſte, ausgebildetſte und ſomit der größte deutſche Dichter ſei, und daß Jahrhunderte vergehen können, ehe wieder ein Mann, der ihm gleiche oder gar ihn überträfe, unter uns erſteht. — Was in ſtrengſter Unterſuchung von einem wahren Dichter gefordert werden darf: Tiefe des Gefühls, ſchöpferiſche Kraft, Reichthum der Anſchauung, Gluth der Phantaſie, Adel der Gedanken und Herrſchaft über die Form in der ganzen Bedeutung dieſes Ausdruckes, das beſaß Goethe wie Keiner, und verband noch damit eine ſeltene Schärfe des Verſtandes und den feinſten Geſchmack. Die alte, zur Streitfrage gewordene, von einigen ſeiner Gegner aufgeſtellte Behauptung, daß er eigentlich nur Talent, aber kein Genie beſeſſen, indem er nie eigentlich Neues hervorgebracht, ſondern nur das ſchon Vorhandene ſich angeeignet und in größter Vervollkommnung reproducirt habe, darf hier, obwohl ihr einige Wahrheit zu Grunde liegt, nicht in Betracht kommen, da ſie auf die Schätzung der Leiſtungen des Dichters ſelbſt keinen Einfluß haben kann. —

Mit dieſen letzteren haben auch wir nur in dieſem Werke zu thun, und werden daher uns überall, wo eine tiefere Verbindung es nicht unumgänglich nothwendig macht, gewiſſenhaft bemühen, Goethe den Menſchen ſcharf von Goethe dem Dichter zu trennen und ſein äußeres Leben als ein moraliſches Ganze, das zu dem für ſich beſtehenden Ganzen ſeiner Werke in keiner directen Beziehung ſteht, durchaus unberührt laſſen. Die Einwirkung, welche Goethe im Laufe eines langen Lebens nach mannichfachen Richtungen hin willkürlich oder unwillkürlich auf ſeine Nation ausübte, während er ſich oft, mit dem vollſten Bewußtſein, wenigſtens hinſichtlich der Wirkung nach außen, den höchſten Intereſſen derſelben fern hielt, hat, da er der Gegenwart ſo lange angehörte und die verſchiedenartigſten Beſtrebungen in deutſcher Literatur neben ihm auftauchten und wieder verſanken, zu oft die Gemüther verleitet, bei der Betrachtung ſeiner Leiſtungen ſeine Individualität mit ihren eigenthümlichſten Verhältniſſen dieſen gegenüber zu ſtellen und, die eine zum Maßſtabe bei der Würdigung der anderen nehmend, bald dieſe, bald jene mit Lob oder Tadel zu belegen. — Dadurch iſt, weil ein ſo entwickeltes Urtheil nothwendig von den ſubjectiven Anſichten jedes Einzelnen bedingt wurde, eine Verwirrung der Begriffe in Allem was Goethe betrifft entſtanden, welche erſt von der ruhiger und nach allgemein gültigen und wahren Grundſätzen beurtheilenden Nachwelt wird beſeitigt werden können. — Seine bleibende echte und wahre Stellung in der Geſchichte deutſcher Literatur und Kunſt erhält Goethe vielleicht kaum in hundert Jahren und noch ſpäter angewieſen; dieſe möge ſich indeſſen geſtalten wie ſie wolle, darin müſſen ſtets alle Nationen und alle Zeiten übereinſtimmen, daß er ſich den größten Dichtern aller Zeiten und aller Nationen als ihr würdiger Genoſſe anſchließe, und als ſolcher ſtets bei einer Nennung derſelben mit vollſtem Rechte anzuführen ſei. —

Länger denn ein halbes Jahrhundert hat ſich Goethe als Dichter thätig bewieſen und in nie unterbrochener Folge poetiſche Werke geliefert. Wir haben es bereits geſagt, wie neben ihm die eigenthümlichſten Erſcheinungen in dieſem Gebiete auftauchten und verſanken; ſetzen wir hier als Einleitung zu dem Folgenden noch hinzu, daß er ſtets mit unvermindertem Selbſtbewußtſein auf dem Wege, den er als den rechten erkannt hatte, ſeinem vorgeſteckten Ziele zuſchritt, unbekümmert um die Gunſt der Menge und weder mit ihr auf gutes Glück im Dunkel tappend, um das Rechte in günſtigem Zufall zu ergreifen, noch mit den Einzelnen ſich gewaltſam neue Bahnen brechend, um durch ungewohnten oder fremdartigen Glanz der Maſſe zu imponiren. Faſſen wir ſeine ſämmtlichen poetiſchen Werke als das Reſultat ſeines Lebens und daher als ein Ganzes zuſammen, ſo finden wir, daß durchgängig eine großartige Idee ihnen zu Grunde liegt und ſich ſtets in der Schilderung der durch ſie entſpringenden Verhältniſſe ausſpricht; es iſt der Kampf, den der Menſch als Einzelner, innerhalb der um ihn gezogenen Schranken und durch dieſelben mit der ſinnlichen wie mit der überſinnlichen Außenwelt, nach den verſchiedenſten Richtungen hin und in den mannichfaltigſten Erſcheinungen zu beſtehen hat; der Kampf des Subjectes mit dem Objecte, des Mikrokosmus mit dem Makrokosmus. Wie Goethe in der Wirklichkeit in langer Jahresreihe ein ganzes, vollendetes Leben durchlebte, ſo durchſchreitet er es innerhalb ſeiner Werke in der Darſtellung dieſes Kampfes, der in ſeinem Götz von Berlichingen nur die äußerſte Seite ſeiner Verhältniſſe zeigt, im Werther das feindliche Entgegenſtehen des Innern und Aeußern hervorhebt, im Wilhelm Meiſter und den Wahlverwandtſchaften eine mögliche Ausgleichung des Zwieſpaltes, in welchem ſich der Einzelne zu der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft und ihren Geſetzen befinden kann, andeutet, und endlich im Fauſt die höchſte Potenzirung im Conflict des Sinnlichen mit dem Ueberſinnlichen offenbart, aber auch zugleich die höchſte und ſchönſte Ausſöhnung, die der Liebe nämlich, mit ſich führt. Dazwiſchen reihen ſich die anderen Werke des Dichters als eben ſo viele Nuancirungen der Durchführung jener Aufgabe ein. — Dieſe ethiſche Seite der dichteriſchen Werke Goethe's, welche ihnen zu derſelben die höchſte moraliſche Würde verleiht, iſt noch bei Weitem nicht ſcharf und beſtimmt genug von den Kritikern hervorgehoben worden, und namentlich haben ſeine Gegner, ſei es unbewußt oder gefliſſentlich, ſie faſt gar nicht beachtet und ſo ſehr oft Dinge zum Vorwurf gegen ihn erhoben, die gerade die reinſte und wärmſte zwiefache, äſthetiſche wie ethiſche, Anerkennung verdienen, indem ſie Aeußerungen und Erfindungen ſeinem ſubjectiven Menſchen zur Laſt legten, welche dieſer nur erſchaffen, weil der Dichter in ihm ſie objectiv, um der Vollendung ſeines Kunſtwerkes willen für nothwendig hielt, theils aus einer poetiſchen Intuition, theils in Folge gewiſſenhafteſter Erwägung; denn wir wiſſen und die Beweiſe dafür finden ſich beſonders in den Briefen Goethe's und den ſie begleitenden Zeugniſſen und Berichten der ihm näher ſtehenden Mitlebenden, daß kein Dichter mit ſolcher Strenge und mit ſolchem Fleiße arbeitete wie er. Es kann nicht genug darauf (auf jene ethiſche Beſtrebungen nämlich) aufmerkſam gemacht werden, und wir thun es hier von Neuem, obgleich wir uns darauf beſchränken müſſen, ſie hier nur anzudeuten.

Es gibt faſt keine Gattung der Poeſie, in welcher Goethe nicht Bedeutendes geleiſtet hätte; da jedoch eine Charakteriſtik ſeiner Werke im Einzelnen zu weit führen würde, ſcheint es nothwendig, ſeine Eigenthümlichkeit im Allgemeinen, ſo wie ſie mehr oder weniger eben in jenen beſondern Gattungen ſich zeigte, hervorzuheben. — Wir müſſen hier namentlich mehreres von uns bereits früher an anderen Orten Ausgeſprochene, theils ganz ſo wiederholen, wie wir es dort äußerten, indem unſere Anſicht unverändert blieb, theils aber es ergänzend fortführen, damit der Leſer hier eine vollſtändige Zuſammenſtellung erhalte. Wir glauben uns dieſe Anführung eigener Meinungen um ſo eher geſtatten zu dürfen, als ſolche das Reſultat jahrelanger ernſter Beſchäftigungen mit den

Werken des großen Dichters ſind, das wir hier in genauem Zuſammenhange dem Leſer mitzutheilen uns durch Ziel und Aufgabe dieſes Werkes verpflichtet fühlen.

Ueber die lyriſchen Gaben, mit welchen er Deutſchland erfreute und bereicherte, ſprachen wir uns an anderem Orte *) bereits folgendermaßen aus: „Als Lyriker ſteht Goethe unendlich hoch und iſt wohl als das Vorbild der Dichter aller Nationen zu betrachten, wenigſtens könnte er es ſein und wird es gewiß immer mehr, je mehr ſich die Kenntniß ſeiner kleineren Gedichte im Auslande verbreitet. Sein eigenthümlichſtes Talent, das Schöne aufzufaſſen und es ſo, wie es iſt, ohne daß es in ſeinem Inneren, oder durch die Darſtellung, Veränderung erleidet, hinzuſtellen, beurkundet ſich nirgends ſo wie hier. — In allen dieſen Gedichten iſt Goethe immer was er ſein will, nur nicht er ſelbſt, oder vielmehr er iſt ein Proteus, der ſich nie in ſeiner wahren Geſtalt zeigt, weil er eine beſſere, ſchönere, unſchuldigere im Reiche der Poeſie fand. — Aber eben dies gewaltige Talent, das Einzelne ſo aufzufaſſen und darzuſtellen, wie es ſich durchaus allgemein offenbart, und ihm nun durch die lyriſche Weiſe den Reiz der ſubjectiven Empfindung zu geben, die ſtets eine Täuſchung bei dem Leſer hervorbringt, nimmt alle Gemüther ſo mächtig für ihn ein, jedes findet ſein Selbſt oder Theile ſeines Selbſt, wie in einem Spiegel dort wieder. Dazu geſellt ſich nun der herrliche Blick in die Natur, der ihm eigen iſt, wie Keinem; er wählt nicht ängſtlich die Farben aus zum Gemälde, ſondern indem er die Empfindungen hinſtellt, geſellt er auch ſchon, im richtigen Gefühl, die Umgebungen zu ihnen, in welchen ſie ſich am Vortheilhafteſten ausnehmen, und in denen ſich eine ſolche Gemüthsſtimmung vor Allem gefällt. — Andere Dichter beſchwören gewaltig die Phantaſie des Leſers durch ihre eigene herauf, damit ſie ihnen diene; er thut das nicht, weil er es nicht nöthig hat, und doch wird ſie, bei ſeinen Gedichten, unzertrennlich von dem Leſenden ſein und ſich bei der erſten Zeile, ja, ich möchte ſagen, ſchon bei dem erſten Worte, als Begleiterin durch das Ganze einſtellen. Nirgends vergißt man ſich ſo gänzlich und fühlt und denkt, wie der Dichter es haben will, als bei Goethe. — Wir finden in ſeinen Liedern das Edelſte und Eigenthümlichſte des deutſchen Charakters wieder, und nirgends tritt die reine und ſüße Jungfräulichkeit unſerer Sprache ſo hervor, als bei ihm. Alles aber, was er bringt, zeigt ſich in ſchöner Geſtaltung, im vollendetſten Ebenmaß, im einſchmeichelndſten Wohllaut. — In ſeinen ſpäteren und ſpäteſten Gedichten wurde Goethe leider theils zu conventionell, theils allegoriſirte er zu ſehr; (dies Letztere aus Altersſchwäche: die ſchaffende Kraft erlahmte und er glaubte ſie, in Selbſttäuſchung, auf dieſe Weiſe zu erſetzen) und zerſtörte dabei die lyriſchen Elemente, indem er nur zu häufig die ihm früher ſo eigenthümliche und nothwendige Klarheit der Gedanken zerſtörte."

Was hier von Goethe als lyriſchem Dichter geſagt wurde, das läßt ſich auch in mehrfacher Hinſicht auf ſeine dramatiſchen Werke anwenden, vorzüglich in Hinſicht auf ihren Grundcharakter, die reine Wahrheit und treue Natürlichkeit der Handelnden in denſelben. Er griff hier ſtets mit kräftiger Hand in das vollſte Leben und ſtellte den von ihm erwählten Gegenſtand in hellſter Klarheit, zwar verſchönt durch das nothwendige poetiſche Gewand, aber ſonſt in treffendſter Wirklichkeit dar. Goethe zeichnete in ſeinen Dramen den Menſchen wie er iſt, Schiller dagegen denſelben wie er ſein ſollte, kämpfend mit allen Schwächen ſeiner Natur, aber ihnen geiſtig nie erliegend; hierin beſteht vor Allem die Verſchiedenheit dieſer beiden großen Männer, und wenn ſie auch in den Endpunkten ſich wieder begegneten, da alles rein Menſchliche und Echte nothwendig zum Göttlichen führen muß, ſo wichen doch die Wege, welche ſie dahin leiteten, gänzlich von einander ab und nahten ſich nur am Ziele von Neuem, um ſich hier zu vereinen. — Die hohe moraliſche Würde der Schiller'ſchen Charaktere iſt daher denen Goethe's oft gegenüber geſtellt und dieſem, ganz mit Unrecht, zum Vorwurf gemacht worden, da die letzteren keinen ihrer Mängel verbergen ſondern ihn ſogar mitunter anmuthig zeigen und den Reiz des Ganzen dadurch vermehren. Dieſer Tadel konnte aber nicht Goethe den Dichter, ſondern nur Goethe den Menſchen und zwar nur als Solchen treffen, wenn er wirklich, wie das behauptet wurde und auch von ihm theilweiſe hier und da zugegeben worden iſt, in ihnen nur ſich ſelbſt zeichnete; allerdings erſchien dann manches Unmoraliſche, wie an ihnen, ſo auch an ihm, aber der Tadel blieb ungegründet, denn es mußte doch erſt erwieſen werden, daß er dieſe Immoralität nähre und pflege, anſtatt ſie zu bekämpfen und mit beſten Kräften auszurotten. Wer aber außer der Gottheit vermöchte den hier erforderlichen Beweis zu führen!! Obendrein durfte die wahre Kritik ſich um ſolche Beſchuldigungen nicht kümmern; wie der Dichter den Charakter ſchuf, das ging eigentlich nur dieſen an; ſie hatte ganz allein zu unterſuchen, ob derſelbe poetiſch wahr, das heißt, nach den gegebenen Verhältniſſen als möglich denkbar, und ob er durch die ganze von ihm getragene oder durch ihn beförderte Handlung pſychologiſch richtig und conſequent durchgeführt ſei. Die nähere Betrachtung dieſer Frage ſtellt aber die eigentliche Glanzſeite der Goethe'ſchen Dramen in das hellſte Licht und verwandelt allen Tadel in das entſchiedene Lob, denn treuer, feiner und treffender als Goethe hat noch kein Dichter die Menſchennatur in ihren mannichfachen Erſcheinungen gezeichnet; in dem inneren Leben ſeiner handelnden Perſonen iſt der genaueſte Zuſammenhang, nirgends zeigt ſich eine Lücke oder ein Flickwerk, es iſt ein und derſelbe wohlgerathene Guß in ſchönſter Vollkommenheit aller Formen. Dazu kommt noch, daß er ihnen gegenüber mit eben ſolcher Treue und Richtigkeit die Maſſen wie die Verhältniſſe zu ſtellen und zu ordnen weiß, daß ſeine Motive, überall ihrer inneren Natur nach wahr und rein, die Folgen in ſtrengſter Nothwendigkeit herbeiführen, und daß durch das Geſammteinwirken aller Theile auf einander jedesmal das dramatiſche Ganze ein vollkommenes, harmoniſches Kunſtwerk wird, das ſelbſt bei größter geiſtiger Freiheit die wahren Regeln und Forderungen der Kunſt nie verletzt, ſondern ſtets ſich mit ihnen im Einklange zeigt. Keine Nation hat ſolche Vollendung der äußeren wie der inneren Form in Werken dramatiſcher Kunſt aufzuweiſen, wie wir ſie in der Iphigenie, im Taſſo, im Egmont beſitzen.

Daſſelbe Lob erſtreckt ſich auf die Romane Goethe's, namentlich auf Werther's Leiden, in welche er die ganze volle Gluth ſeiner jugendlichen Seele ausſtrömte, und auf Wilhelm Meiſters Lehrjahre, in welchen der gereifte Mann ſeine Weltanſchauung, umſtellt von den Verhältniſſen und Erſcheinungen ſeiner Zeit, niederlegte. — Hinſichtlich der äußeren Form ſtehen vielleicht die Wahlverwandtſchaften als Kunſtwerk noch höher; doch wird man ſich nie zu einer allgemeinen Stimme des Lobes über ſie erheben können, da eine befriedigende Löſung der Frage, ob es nicht ein Mißgriff des Dichters ſei, die gehäſſigſten Seiten menſchlicher Verirrung und Lüge in den Verhältniſſen der gebildetſten bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft zur Aufgabe für ein Kunſtwerk zu wählen, ſchwerlich gefunden werden kann. —

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*) O. L. B. Wolff, die ſchöne Literatur Europa's in der neueſten Zeit, dargeſtellt nach ihren bedeutendſten Erſcheinungen. Leipzig 1832. S. 649 folg.

Abgeſehen von derſelben, weicht dieſes Werk an Tiefe der Gedanken und Empfindungen, an Vollendung der Form, an Treue und Eleganz der Darſtellung, gewiß keiner anderen Leiſtung deſſelben Meiſters. Wilhelm Meiſters Wanderjahre endlich ſind ein durch widrige Umſtände haſtig zuſammengedrängtes Werk, und es fehlt ihnen die eigentliche Einheit; doch enthalten ſie dagegen außerordentlich ſchöne Einzelnheiten und einen reichen Schatz erprobteſter Lebensweisheit und Erfahrung. — Herrmann und Dorothea, nur der äußern Form nach ein Epos, in ſeinem ganzen inneren Weſen aber ein familiengeſchichtlicher Roman, muß durch ſeine einfache Wahrheit und Treue, ſein reines Gefühl, und die liebenswürdige Anſpruchsloſigkeit und Feinheit der Darſtellung jedes unverdorbene, empfängliche Gemüth ſtets auf das Lebhafteſte ergreifen und rühren, und wird ſich daher immer als ein Liebling bei einem großen Theile unſerer Nation erhalten. —

Was Goethe für die Kritik, die Wiſſenſchaft und die Kunſt geleiſtet hat, iſt mit wenigen Worten angedeutet und findet ſich wieder ausgeſprochen, wenn wir kurz zuſammenfaſſen, was ihm Deutſchland überhaupt verdankt. Er war es, der die deutſche Poeſie und Literatur von den Abwegen, auf die ſie gerathen war, zur Wahrheit und Natur zurückführte, der den Deutſchen durch ſeine Werke zeigte, wie ſie in ihrem innerſten Weſen allein beſäßen, was ihnen frommte und ſie weiter zu bringen vermöchte, ohne daß ſie von fremden Völkern Schmuck zu borgen brauchten, der allein bis dahin gedient hatte, um ihre Blößen nothdürftig zuzudecken; er endlich erſchloß dem deutſchen Geiſte mit ſicherer Hand neue reichbegabte Kreiſe und zeigte, indem er voranwandelte, den Weg, der in dieſelben führte; durch ihn zuerſt gelang es uns, die Höhe zu erreichen, auf welcher ſich andere Nationen bereits befanden, uns ihnen gleichzuſtellen und einen überaus würdigen Platz im Gebiete der Weltliteratur einzunehmen.

Vgl. J. Falk. Goethe aus näherem perſönlichen Umgange dargeſtellt. Leipzig 1832.
J. P. Eckermann, Geſpräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren ſeines Lebens. Leipzig 1836. 2 Bde.
H. Döring J. W. v. Goethe's Leben. Weimar 1828. (Hier finden ſich die Schriften über Goethe's Leben und Werke bis zu 1828 am vollſtändigſten zuſammengeſtellt, S. 491—518.
Ferner als Stimme des entſchiedenſten und bedeutendſten Gegners von Goethe: W. Menzel. Die deutſche Literatur. Stuttgart 1828. Th. II. S. 219 fgde.

A) Gedichte.*)

An die Erwählte.

Hand in Hand! und Lipp' auf Lippe!
Liebes Mädchen, bleibe treu!
Lebe wohl! und manche Klippe
Fährt dein Liebſter noch vorbei;
Aber wenn er einſt den Hafen,
Nach dem Sturme, wieder grüßt,
Mögen ihn die Götter ſtrafen,
Wenn er ohne dich genießt.

Friſch gewagt iſt ſchon gewonnen,
Halb iſt ſchon mein Werk vollbracht;
Sterne leuchten mir wie Sonnen,
Nur dem Feigen iſt es Nacht.
Wär' ich müßig dir zur Seite,
Drückte noch der Kummer mich;
Doch in aller dieſer Weite
Wirk' ich raſch und nur für dich.

Schon iſt mir das Thal gefunden,
Wo wir einſt zuſammen gehn,
Und den Strom in Abendſtunden
Sanft hinunter gleiten ſehn.
Dieſe Pappeln auf den Wieſen,
Dieſe Buchen in dem Hain!
Ach, und hinter allen dieſen
Wird doch auch ein Hüttchen ſeyn.

Nähe des Geliebten.

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere ſtrahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn ſich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

Ich ſehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub ſich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem ſchmalen Stege
Der Wandrer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauſchen
Die Welle ſteigt.
Im ſtillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauſchen,
Wenn alles ſchweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du ſeyſt auch noch ſo ferne,
Du biſt mir nah!
Die Sonne ſinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärſt du da!

Willkommen und Abſchied.

Es ſchlug mein Herz; geſchwind zu Pferde!
Es war gethan faſt eh' gedacht;
Der Abend wiegte ſchon die Erde
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht:
Schon ſtand im Nebelkleid die Eiche
Ein aufgethürmter Rieſe da,
Wo Finſterniß aus dem Geſträuche
Mit hundert ſchwarzen Augen ſah.

Der Mond von einem Wolkenhügel
Sah kläglich aus dem Duft hervor,
Die Winde ſchwangen leiſe Flügel,
Umſauſ'ten ſchauerlich mein Ohr;
Die Nacht ſchuf tauſend Ungeheuer;
Doch friſch und fröhlich war mein Muth;
In meinen Adern welches Feuer!
In meinem Herzen welche Gluth!

Dich ſah ich, und die milde Freude
Floß von dem ſüßen Blick auf mich;
Ganz war mein Herz, an deiner Seite
Und jeder Athemzug für dich.
Ein roſenfarb'nes Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Geſicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich — Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es, ich verdient' es nicht!

Doch ach, ſchon mit der Morgenſonne
Verengt der Abſchied mir das Herz:
In deinen Küſſen, welche Wonne,
In deinem Auge, welcher Schmerz!
Ich ging, du ſtand'ſt und ſah'ſt zur Erden,
Und ſah'ſt mir nach mit naſſem Blick:
Und doch, welch' Glück geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück!

Neue Liebe, neues Leben.

Herz, mein Herz, was ſoll das geben?
Was bedränget dich ſo ſehr?
Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.
Weg iſt alles, was du liebteſt,
Weg warum du dich betrübteſt,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh' —
Ach, wie kamſt du nur dazu!

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*) Aus J. W. v. Goethe's Werken.

Feſſelt dich die Jugendblüthe,
Dieſe liebliche Geſtalt,
Dieſer Blick voll Treu' und Güte,
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich raſch mich ihr entziehen,
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,
Führet mich im Augenblick,
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.

Und an dieſem Zauberfädchen,
Das ſich nicht zerreißen läßt,
Hält das liebe loſe Mädchen,
Mich ſo wider Willen feſt;
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreiſe
Leben nun auf ihre Weiſe.
Die Veränd'rung, ach, wie groß!
Liebe! Liebe! laß mich los!

Schäfers Klagelied.

Da droben auf jenem Berge
Da ſteh' ich tauſendmal
An meinem Stabe gebogen
Und ſchaue hinab in das Thal.

Dann folg' ich der weidenden Heerde,
Mein Hündchen bewahret mir ſie.
Ich bin herunter gekommen
Und weiß doch ſelber nicht wie.

Da ſtehet von ſchönen Blumen
Die ganze Wieſe ſo voll.
Ich breche ſie, ohne zu wiſſen,
Wem ich ſie geben ſoll.

Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter
Verpaß' ich unter dem Baum,
Die Thüre dort bleibet verſchloſſen;
Doch alles iſt leider ein Traum.

Es ſtehet ein Regenbogen
Wohl über jenem Haus!
Sie aber iſt weggezogen,
Und weit in das Land hinaus.

Hinaus in das Land und weiter,
Vielleicht gar über die See.
Vorüber, ihr Schafe, vorüber!
Dem Schäfer iſt gar ſo weh.

Jägers Abendlied.

Im Felde ſchleich' ich ſtill und wild,
Geſpannt mein Feuerrohr.
Da ſchwebt ſo licht dein liebes Bild,
Dein ſüßes Bild mir vor.

Du wandelſt jetzt wohl ſtill und mild
Durch Feld und liebes Thal,
Und ach! mein ſchnell verrauſchend Bild
Stellt ſich dir's nicht einmal!

Des Menſchen, der die Welt durchſtreift
Voll Unmuth und Verdruß,
Nach Oſten und nach Weſten ſchweift,
Weil er dich laſſen muß.

Mir iſt es, denk' ich nur an dich,
Als in den Mond zu ſehn;
Ein ſtiller Friede kommt auf mich,
Weiß nicht wie mir geſchehn.

Generalbeichte.

Laſſet heut im edeln Kreis
Meine Warnung gelten!
Nehmt die ernſte Stimmung wahr,
Denn ſie kommt ſo ſelten.
Manches habt ihr vorgenommen,
Manches iſt euch ſchlecht bekommen,
Und ich muß euch ſchelten.

Reue ſoll man doch einmal
In der Welt empfinden!
So bekennt vertraut und fromm,
Eure größten Sünden!
Aus des Irrthums falſchen Weiten
Sammelt euch und ſucht bei Zeiten
Euch zurechtzufinden.

Ja, wir haben, ſei's bekannt,
Wachend oft geträumet,
Nicht geleert das friſche Glas,
Wenn der Wein geſchäumet;
Manche raſche Schäferſtunde,
Flücht'gen Kuß vom lieben Munde,
Haben wir verſäumet.

Still und maulfaul ſaßen wir,
Wenn Philiſter ſchwätzten,
Ueber göttlichen Geſang
Ihr Geklatſche ſchätzten;
Wegen glücklicher Momente,
Deren man ſich rühmen könnte,
Uns zur Rede ſetzten.

Willſt du Abſolution
Deinen Treuen geben,
Wollen wir nach deinem Wink
Unabläßlich ſtreben,
Uns vom Halben zu entwöhnen,
Und im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen,
Reſolut zu leben.

Den Philiſtern allzumal
Wohlgemuth zu ſchnippen,
Jeden Perlenſchaum des Weins
Nicht nur flach zu nippen,
Nicht nur liebeln leiſ' mit Augen,
Sondern feſt uns anzuſaugen
An geliebte Lippen.

Muſen und Grazien in der Mark.

O wie iſt die Stadt ſo wenig;
Laßt die Maurer künftig ruhn!
Unſre Bürger, unſer König
Könnten nicht was beſſers thun.
Ball und Oper wird uns tödten;
Liebchen, komm auf meine Flur,
Denn beſonders die Poeten,
Die verderben die Natur.

O wie freut es mich, mein Liebchen,
Daß du ſo natürlich biſt;
Unſre Mädchen, unſre Bübchen,
Spielen künftig auf dem Miſt!
Und auf unſren Promenaden
Zeigt ſich erſt die Neigung ſtark.
Liebes Mädchen! laß uns waden,
Waden noch durch dieſen Quark.

Dann im Sand uns zu verlieren,
Der uns keinen Weg verſperrt!
Dich den Anger hin zu führen,
Wo der Dorn das Röckchen zerrt!
Zu dem Dörfchen laß uns ſchleichen,
Mit dem ſpitzen Thurme hier;
Welch ein Wirthshaus ſonder gleichen!
Trocknes Brot! und ſaures Bier!

Sagt mir nichts von gutem Boden,
Nichts vom Magdeburger Land!
Unſre Samen, unſre Todten,
Ruhen in dem leichten Sand.
Selbſt die Wiſſenſchaft verlieret
Nichts an ihrem raſchen Lauf,
Denn bei uns, was vegetiret,
Alles keimt getrocknet auf.

Geht es nicht in unſerm Hofe
Wie im Paradieſe zu?
Statt der Dame, ſtatt der Zofe
Macht die Henne Glu! glu! glu!
Uns beſchäftigt nicht der Pfauen,
Nur der Gänſe Lebenslauf;
Meine Mutter zieht die grauen,
Meine Frau die weißen auf.

Laß den Witzling uns bekritteln!
Glücklich, wenn ein deutſcher Mann
Seinem Freunde Vetter Michel
Guten Abend bieten kann.
Wie iſt der Gedanke labend:
Solch ein Edler bleibt uns nah!
Immer ſagt man: geſtern Abend
War doch Vetter Michel da!

Und in unſern Liedern keimet
Sylb' aus Sylbe, Wort aus Wort;
Ob ſich gleich auf Deutſch nichts reimet,
Reimt der Deutſche dennoch fort.
Ob es kräftig oder zierlich,
Geht uns ſo genau nicht an;
Wir ſind bieder und natürlich
Und das iſt genug gethan.

Der Sänger.

Was hör' ich draußen vor dem Thor,
Was auf der Brücke ſchallen?
Laß den Geſang vor unſerm Ohr
Im Saale wiederhallen!
Der König ſprach's, der Page lief;
Der Knabe kam, der König rief:
Laßt mir herein den Alten!

Gegrüßet ſeyd mir, edle Herrn,
Gegrüßt ihr, ſchöne Damen!
Welch' reicher Himmel, Stern bei Stern!
Wer kennet ihre Namen?
Im Saal voll Pracht und Herrlichkeit
Schließt, Augen, euch; hier iſt nicht Zeit,
Sich ſtaunend zu ergötzen.

Der Sänger drückt' die Augen ein,
Und ſchlug in vollen Tönen;
Die Ritter ſchauten muthig drein,
Und in den Schooß die Schönen.
Der König, dem das Lied gefiel,
Ließ, ihn zu ehren für ſein Spiel,
Ein' goldne Kette reichen.

Die goldne Kette gib mir nicht,
Die Kette gib den Rittern,
Vor deren kühnem Angeſicht
Der Feinde Lanzen ſplittern;
Gib ſie dem Kanzler, den du haſt,
Und laß ihn noch die goldne Laſt
Zu andern Laſten tragen.

Ich ſinge wie der Vogel ſingt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnet;
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,
Iſt Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.
Doch darf ich bitten, bitt' ich eins:
Laß mir den beſten Becher Weins
In purem Golde reichen.

Er ſetzt' ihn an, er trank ihn aus:
O Trank voll ſüßer Labe!
O wohl dem hochbeglückten Hauſe,
Wo das iſt kleine Gabe!
Ergeht's euch wohl, ſo denkt an mich,
Und danket Gott ſo warm, als ich
Für dieſen Trunk euch danke.

Erlkönig.

Wer reitet ſo ſpät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es iſt der Vater mit ſeinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn ſicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgſt du ſo bang dein Geſicht? —
Siehſt, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?
Mein Sohn, es iſt ein Nebelſtreif. —

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh' mit mir!
„Gar ſchöne Spiele ſpiel' ich mit dir;
„Manch' bunte Blumen ſind an dem Strand;
„Meine Mutter hat manch' gülden Gewand.“

Mein Vater, mein Vater und höreſt du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leiſe verſpricht? —
Sey ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern ſäuſelt der Wind. —

„Willſt, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
„Meine Töchter ſollen dich warten ſchön;
„Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
„Und wiegen und tanzen und ſingen dich ein.“

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und ſiehſt du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düſtern Ort? —
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich ſeh' es genau;
Es ſcheinen die alten Weiden ſo grau. —

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine ſchöne Geſtalt;
„Und biſt du nicht willig, ſo brauch' ich Gewalt.“ —
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids gethan! —

Dem Vater grauſet's, er reitet geſchwind,
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Noth;
In ſeinen Armen das Kind war todt.

Der Fiſcher.

Das Waſſer rauſcht', das Waſſer ſchwoll,
Ein Fiſcher ſaß daran,
Sah nach dem Angel ruhevoll,
Kühl bis ans Herz hinan.
Und wie er ſitzt und wie er lauſcht,
Theilt ſich die Fluth empor;
Aus dem bewegten Waſſer rauſcht
Ein feuchtes Weib hervor.

Sie ſang zu ihm, ſie ſprach zu ihm:
Was lockſt du meine Brut
Mit Menſchenwitz und Menſchenliſt
Hinauf in Todesgluth?
Ach wüßteſt du, wie's Fiſchlein iſt
So wohlig auf dem Grund,
Du ſtiegſt herunter wie du biſt
Und würdeſt erſt geſund.

Labt ſich die liebe Sonne nicht,
Der Mond ſich nicht im Meer?
Kehrt wellenathmend ihr Geſicht
Nicht doppelt ſchöner her?
Lockt dich der tiefe Himmel nicht,
Das feuchtverklärte Blau?
Lockt dich dein eigen Angeſicht
Nicht her in ew'gen Thau?

Das Waſſer rauſcht', das Waſſer ſchwoll,
Netzt' ihm den nackten Fuß;
Sein Herz wuchs ihm ſo ſehnſuchtsvoll,
Wie bei der Liebſten Gruß.
Sie ſprach zu ihm, ſie ſang zu ihm;
Da war's um ihn geſchehn;
Halb zog ſie ihn, halb ſank er hin,
Und ward nicht mehr geſehn.

Der König in Thule.

Es war ein König in Thule
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem ſterbend ſeine Buhle
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu ſterben,
Zählt' er ſeine Städt' im Reich,
Gönnt' alles ſeinem Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er ſaß beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Vätersaale
Dort auf dem Schloß am Meer.

Dort ſtand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensgluth,
Und warf den heil'gen Becher
Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er ſah ihn ſtürzen, trinken,
Und ſinken tief ins Meer.
Die Augen thäten ihm ſinken;
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

Die Braut von Korinth.

Nach Korinthus von Athen gezogen
Kam ein Jüngling, dort noch unbekannt.
Einen Bürger hofft' er ſich gewogen;
Beide Väter waren gaſtverwandt,
Hatten frühe ſchon
Töchterchen und Sohn
Braut und Bräutigam voraus genannt.

Aber wird er auch willkommen ſcheinen,
Wenn er theuer nicht die Gunſt erkauft?
Er iſt noch ein Heide mit den Seinen,
Und ſie ſind ſchon Chriſten und getauft.
Keimt ein Glaube neu,
Wird oft Lieb' und Treu
Wie ein böſes Unkraut ausgerauft.

Und ſchon lag das ganze Haus im Stillen,
Vater, Töchter, nur die Mutter wacht;
Sie empfängt den Gaſt mit beſtem Willen,
Gleich ins Prunkgemach wird er gebracht.
Wein und Eſſen prangt,
Eh' er es verlangt;
So verſorgend wünſcht ſie gute Nacht.

Aber bei dem wohlbeſtellten Eſſen
Wird die Luſt der Speiſe nicht erregt;
Müdigkeit läßt Speiſ' und Trank vergeſſen,
Daß er angekleidet ſich auf's Bette legt;
Und er ſchlummert faſt,
Als ein ſeltner Gaſt
Sich zur offnen Thür hereinbewegt.

Denn er ſieht bei ſeiner Lampe Schimmer
Tritt, mit weißem Schleier und Gewand,
Sittſam ſtill ein Mädchen in das Zimmer,
Um die Stirn ein ſchwarz- und goldnes Band.
Wie ſie ihn erblickt,
Hebt ſie, die erſchrickt,
Mit Erſtaunen eine weiße Hand.

Bin ich, rief ſie aus, ſo fremd im Hauſe,
Daß ich von dem Gaſte nichts vernahm?
Ach, ſo hält man mich in meiner Klauſe!
Und nun überfällt mich hier die Scham.
Ruhe nur ſo fort
Auf dem Lager dort,
Und ich gehe ſchnell, ſo wie ich kam.

Bleibe, ſchönes Mädchen! ruft der Knabe,
Rafft von ſeinem Lager ſich geſchwind:
Hier iſt Ceres, hier iſt Bacchus Gabe;
Und du bringſt den Amor, liebes Kind!
Biſt vor Schrecken blaß!
Liebe, komm und laß,
Laß uns ſehn, wie froh die Götter ſind.

Ferne bleib', o Jüngling! bleibe ſtehen;
Ich gehöre nicht den Freuden an.
Schon der letzte Schritt iſt, ach! geſchehen,
Durch der guten Mutter kranken Wahn,
Die geneſend ſchwur:
Jugend und Natur
Sei dem Himmel künftig unterthan.

Und der alten Götter bunt Gewimmel
Hat ſogleich das ſtille Haus geleert.
Unſichtbar wird Einer nur im Himmel,
Und ein Heiland wird am Kreuz verehrt;
Opfer fallen hier,
Weder Lamm noch Stier,
Aber Menſchenopfer unerhört.

Und er fragt und wäget alle Worte,
Deren keines ſeinem Geiſt entgeht.
Iſt es möglich, daß am ſtillen Orte
Die geliebte Braut hier vor mir ſteht?
Sei die meine nur!
Unſrer Väter Schwur
Hat vom Himmel Segen uns erfleht.

Mich erhältſt du nicht, du gute Seele!
Meiner zweiten Schweſter gönnt man dich.
Wenn ich mich in ſtiller Klauſe quäle,
Ach! in ihren Armen denk' an mich,
Die an dich nur denkt,
Die ſich liebend kränkt;
In die Erde bald verbirgt ſie ſich.

Nein! bei dieſer Flamme ſey's geſchworen,
Gütig zeigt ſie Hymen uns voraus;
Biſt der Freude nicht und mir verloren,
Kommſt mit mir in meines Vaters Haus.
Liebchen, bleibe hier!
Feyre gleich mit mir
Unerwartet unſern Hochzeitſchmaus.

Und ſchon wechſeln ſie der Treue Zeichen,
Golden reicht ſie ihm die Kette dar,
Und er will ihr eine Schale reichen,
Silbern, künſtlich, wie nicht eine war.
Die iſt nicht für mich;
Doch, ich bitte dich,
Eine Locke gib von deinem Haar.

Eben ſchlug die dumpfe Geiſterſtunde,
Und nun ſchien es ihr erſt wohl zu ſeyn.
Gierig ſchlürfte ſie mit blaſſem Munde
Nun den dunkel blutgefärbten Wein;
Doch vom Weizenbrot,
Das er freundlich bot,
Nahm ſie nicht den kleinſten Biſſen ein.

Und dem Jüngling reichte ſie die Schale,
Der, wie ſie, nun haſtig lüſtern trank.
Liebe fordert er beim ſtillen Mahle;
Ach, ſein armes Herz war liebekrank.
Doch ſie widerſteht,
Wie er immer fleht,
Bis er weinend auf das Bette ſank.

Und ſie kommt und wirft ſich zu ihm nieder:
Ach, wie ungern ſeh' ich dich gequält!
Aber, ach! berührſt du meine Glieder,
Fühlſt du ſchaudernd, was ich dir verhehlt.
Wie der Schnee ſo weiß,
Aber kalt wie Eis,
Iſt das Liebchen, das du dir erwählt.

Heftig faßt er ſie mit ſtarken Armen,
Von der Liebe Jugendkraft durchmannt:
Hoffe doch bei mir noch zu erwarmen,
Wär'ſt du ſelbſt mir aus dem Grab geſandt!
Wechſelhauch und Kuß!
Liebesüberfluß!
Brennſt du nicht und fühleſt mich entbrannt?

Liebe ſchließet feſter ſie zuſammen,
Thränen miſchen ſich in ihre Luſt;
Gierig ſaugt ſie ſeines Mundes Flammen,
Eins iſt nur im Andern ſich bewußt.
Seine Liebeswuth
Wärmt ihr ſtarres Blut,
Doch es ſchlägt kein Herz in ihrer Bruſt.

Unterdeſſen ſchleichet auf dem Gange
Häuslich ſpät die Mutter noch vorbei,
Horchet an der Thür und horchet lange,
Welch ein ſonderbarer Ton es ſey.
Klag- und Wonnelaut
Bräutigams und Braut,
Und des Liebeſtammelns Raſerei.

Unbeweglich bleibt ſie an der Thüre,
Weil ſie erſt ſich überzeugen muß,
Und ſie hört die höchſten Liebesſchwüre,
Lieb' und Schmeichelworte, mit Verdruß —
Still! der Hahn erwacht! —
Aber morgen Nacht
Biſt du wieder da? — und Kuß auf Kuß —

Länger hält die Mutter nicht das Zürnen,
Oeffnet das bekannte Schloß geſchwind: —
Gibt es hier im Hauſe ſolche Dirnen,
Die dem Fremden gleich zu Willen ſind? —
So zur Thür' hinein.
Bei der Lampe Schein
Sieht ſie — Gott! ſie ſieht ihr eigen Kind.

Und der Jüngling will im erſten Schrecken
Mit des Mädchens eignem Schleierflor,
Mit dem Teppich die Geliebte decken;
Doch ſie windet gleich ſich ſelbſt hervor.
Wie mit Geiſt's Gewalt
Hebet die Geſtalt
Lang' und langſam ſich im Bett empor.

Mutter! Mutter! ſpricht ſie hohle Worte:
So mißgönnt ihr mir die ſchöne Nacht!
Ihr vertreibt mich von dem warmen Orte.
Bin ich zur Verzweiflung nur erwacht!
Iſt's euch nicht genug,
Daß in's Leichentuch,
Daß ihr früh mich in das Grab gebracht!

Aber aus der ſchwerbedeckten Enge
Treibet mich ein eigenes Gericht.
Eurer Prieſter ſummende Geſänge
Und ihr Segen haben kein Gewicht;
Salz und Waſſer kühlt
Nicht, wo Jugend fühlt;
Ach! die Erde kühlt die Liebe nicht.

Dieſer Jüngling war mir erſt verſprochen,
Als noch Venus heitrer Tempel ſtand.
Mutter, habt ihr doch das Wort gebrochen,
Weil ein fremd, ein falſch Gelübd' euch band!
Doch kein Gott erhört,
Wenn die Mutter ſchwört,
Zu verſagen ihrer Tochter Hand.

Aus dem Grabe werd' ich ausgetrieben,
Noch zu ſuchen das vermißte Gut,
Noch den ſchon verlornen Mann zu lieben
Und zu ſaugen ſeines Herzens Blut.
Iſt's um den geſchehn,
Muß nach andern gehn,
Und das junge Volk erliegt der Wuth.

Schöner Jüngling kannſt nicht länger leben;
Du verſiecheſt nun an dieſem Ort.
Meine Kette hab' ich dir gegeben;
Deine Locke nehm' ich mit mir fort.
Sieh' ſie an genau!
Morgen biſt du grau,
Und nur braun erſcheinſt du wieder dort.

Höre, Mutter, nun die letzte Bitte:
Einen Scheiterhaufen ſchichte du;
Oeffne meine bange kleine Hütte,
Bring' in Flammen Liebende zur Ruh!
Wenn der Funke ſprüht,
Wenn die Aſche glüht,
Eilen wir den alten Göttern zu.

Der Gott und die Bajadere.

Indiſche Legende.

Mahadöh, der Herr der Erde,
Kommt herab zum ſechſtenmal,
Daß er unſers gleichen werde,
Mit zu fühlen Freud' und Qual.
Er bequemt ſich hier zu wohnen,
Läßt ſich alles ſelbſt geſchehn.
Soll er ſtrafen oder ſchonen,
Muß er Menſchen menſchlich ſehn.
Und hat er die Stadt ſich als Wandrer betrachtet,
Die Großen belauert, auf Kleine geachtet,
Verläßt er ſie Abends, um weiter zu gehn.

Als er nun hinausgegangen,
Wo die letzten Häuſer ſind,
Sieht er, mit gemahlten Wangen,
Ein verlornes, ſchönes Kind.
Grüß' dich, Jungfrau! — Dank der Ehre!
Wart', ich komme gleich hinaus —
Und wer biſt du? — Bajadere,
Und dieß iſt der Liebe Haus.
Sie rührt ſich, die Cymbeln zum Tanze zu ſchlagen;
Sie weiß ſich ſo lieblich im Kreiſe zu tragen,
Sie neigt ſich und biegt ſich, und reicht ihm den Strauß.

Schmeichelnd zieht ſie ihn zur Schwelle,
Lebhaft ihn in's Haus hinein.
Schöner Fremdling, lampenhelle
Soll ſogleich die Hütte ſeyn.
Biſt du müd', ich will dich laben,
Lindern deiner Füße Schmerz.
Was du willſt, das ſollſt du haben,
Ruhe, Freuden oder Scherz.
Sie lindert geſchäftig geheuchelte Leiden.
Der Göttliche lächelt; er ſiehet mit Freuden
Durch tiefes Verderben ein menſchliches Herz.

Und er fordert Sklavendienſte;
Immer heitrer wird ſie nur,
Und des Mädchens frühe Künſte
Werden nach und nach Natur.
Und ſo ſtellet auf die Blüthe
Bald und bald die Frucht ſich ein;
Iſt Gehorſam im Gemüthe,
Wird nicht fern die Liebe ſeyn.
Aber, ſie ſchärfer und ſchärfer zu prüfen,
Wählet der Kenner der Höhen und Tiefen
Luſt und Entſetzen und grimmige Pein.

Und er küßt die bunten Wangen,
Und ſie fühlt der Liebe Qual,
Und das Mädchen ſteht gefangen,
Und ſie weint zum erſtenmal;
Sinkt zu ſeinen Füßen nieder,
Nicht um Wolluſt noch Gewinnſt,
Ach! und die gelenken Glieder
Sie verſagen allen Dienſt.
Und ſo zu des Lagers vergnüglicher Feier
Bereiten den dunklen behaglichen Schleier
Die nächtlichen Stunden das ſchöne Geſpinnſt.

Spät entſchlummert unter Scherzen,
Früh erwacht nach kurzer Raſt,
Findet ſie an ihrem Herzen
Todt den vielgeliebten Gaſt.
Schreiend ſtürzt ſie auf ihn nieder;
Aber nicht erweckt ſie ihn,
Und man trägt die ſtarren Glieder
Bald zur Flammengrube hin.
Sie höret die Prieſter, die Todtengeſänge,
Sie raſet und rennet und theilet die Menge.
Wer biſt du? was drängt zu der Grube dich hin?

Bei der Bahre ſtürzt ſie nieder,
Ihr Geſchrei durchdringt die Luft:
Meinen Gatten will ich wieder!
Und ich ſuch' ihn in der Gruft.
Soll zu Aſche mir zerfallen
Dieſer Glieder Götterpracht?
Mein! er war es, mein vor allen!
Ach, nur eine ſüße Nacht!
Es ſingen die Prieſter: wir tragen die Alten,
Nach langem Ermatten und ſpätem Erkalten,
Wir tragen die Jugend, noch eh' ſie's gedacht.

Höre deiner Prieſter Lehre:
Dieſer war dein Gatte nicht.
Lebſt du doch als Bajadere,
Und ſo haſt du keine Pflicht.
Nur dem Körper folgt der Schatten
In das ſtille Todtenreich;
Nur die Gattin folgt dem Gatten:
Das iſt Pflicht und Ruhm zugleich.

Ertöne, Drommete, zu heiliger Klage!
O nehmet, ihr Götter! die Zierde der Tage,
O nehmet den Jüngling in Flammen zu euch!

So das Chor, das ohn' Erbarmen
Mehret ihres Herzens Noth;
Und mit ausgeſtreckten Armen
Springt ſie in den heißen Tod.
Doch der Götter-Jüngling hebet
Aus der Flamme ſich empor,
Und in ſeinen Armen ſchwebet
Die Geliebte mit hervor.
Es freut ſich die Gottheit der reuigen Sünder;
Unſterbliche heben verlorene Kinder
Mit feurigen Armen zum Himmel empor.

Alexis und Dora.

Ach! unaufhaltſam ſtrebet das Schiff mit jedem Momente
Durch die ſchäumende Fluth weiter und weiter hinaus!
Langhin furcht ſich die Gleiſe des Kiels, worin die Delphine
Springend folgen, als flöh' ihnen die Beute davon.
Alles deutet auf glückliche Fahrt: der ruhige Bootsmann
Ruckt am Segel gelind, das ſich für alle bemüht;
Vorwärts dringt der Schiffenden Geiſt, wie Flaggen und Wimpel;
Einer nur ſteht rückwärts traurig gewendet am Maſt,
Sieht die Berge ſchon blau, die ſcheidenden, ſieht in das Meer ſie
Niederſinken, es ſinkt jegliche Freude vor ihm.
Auch dir iſt es verſchwunden, das Schiff, das deinen Alexis,
Dir, o Dora, den Freund, ach! dir den Bräutigam raubt;
Auch du blickeſt vergebens nach mir. Noch ſchlagen die Herzen
Für einander, doch, ach! nun aneinander nicht mehr.
Einziger Augenblick, in welchem ich lebte! du wiegeſt
Alle Tage, die ſonſt kalt mir verſchwindenden, auf.
Ach! nur im Augenblick, im letzten, ſtieg mir ein Leben,
Unvermuthet in dir, wie von den Göttern, herab.
Nur umſonſt verklärſt du mit deinem Lichte den Aether;
Dein allleuchtender Tag, Phöbus, mir iſt er verhaßt.
In mich ſelber kehr' ich zurück; da will ich im Stillen
Wiederholen die Zeit, als ſie mir täglich erſchien.
War es möglich, die Schönheit zu ſehn und nicht zu empfinden?
Wirkte der himmliſche Reiz nicht auf dein ſtumpfes Gemüth?
Klage dich, Armer, nicht an! — So legt der Dichter ein Räthſel,
Künſtlich mit Worten verſchränkt, oft der Verſammlung in's Ohr.
Jeden freuet die ſeltne, der zierlichen Bilder Verknüpfung,
Aber noch fehlet das Wort, das die Bedeutung verwahrt.
Iſt es endlich entdeckt, dann heitert ſich jedes Gemüth auf,
Und erblickt im Gedicht doppelt erfreulichen Sinn.
Ach, warum ſo ſpät, o Amor, nahmſt du die Binde,
Die du um's Aug' mir geknüpft, nahmſt ſie zu ſpät mir hinweg!
Lange ſchon harrte befrachtet das Schiff auf günſtige Lüfte;
Endlich ſtrebte der Wind glücklich vom Ufer in's Meer.
Leere Zeiten der Jugend! und leere Träume der Zukunft!
Ihr verſchwindet, es bleibt einzig die Stunde mir nur.
Ja, ſie bleibt, es bleibt mir das Glück! ich halte dich, Dora!
Und die Hoffnung zeigt, Dora, dein Bild mir allein.
Oefter ſah' ich zum Tempel dich gehn, geſchmückt und geſittet,
Und das Mütterchen ging feierlich neben dir her.
Eilig warſt du und friſch, zu Markte die Früchte zu tragen;
Und vom Brunnen, wie kühn! wiegte dein Haupt das Gefäß.
Da erſchien dein Hals, erſchien dein Nacken vor allen,
Und vor allen erſchien deiner Bewegungen Maß.
Oftmals hab' ich geſorgt, es möchte der Krug dir entſtürzen;
Doch er hielt ſich ſtets auf dem geringelten Tuch.
Schöne Nachbarin, ja, ſo war ich gewohnt dich zu ſehen,
Wie man die Sterne ſieht, wie man den Mond ſich beſchaut,
Sich an ihnen erfreut, und innen im ruhigen Buſen
Nicht der entfernteſte Wunſch, ſie zu beſitzen, ſich regt.
Jahre, ſo gingt ihr dahin! Nur zwanzig Schritte getrennet
Waren die Häuſer, und nie hab' ich die Schwelle berührt.
Und nun trennt uns die gräßliche Fluth! Du lügſt nur den Himmel,
Welle! dein herrliches Blau iſt mir die Farbe der Nacht.
Alles rührte ſich ſchon; da kam ein Knabe gelaufen
An mein väterlich Haus, rief mich zum Strande hinab.
Schon erhebt ſich das Segel, es flattert im Winde: ſo ſprach er;
Und gelichtet mit Kraft, trennt ſich der Anker vom Sand.
Komm, Alexis, o komm! Da drückte der wackere Vater,
Würdig, die ſegnende Hand mir auf das lockige Haupt;
Sorglich reichte die Mutter ein nachbereitetes Bündel:
Glücklich kehre zurück! riefen ſie, glücklich und reich!
Und ſo ſprang ich hinweg, das Bündelchen unter dem Arme,
An der Mauer hinab, fand an der Thüre dich ſtehn
Deines Gartens. Du lächelteſt mir und ſagteſt: Alexis!
Sind die Lärmenden dort deine Geſellen der Fahrt?
Fremde Küſten beſucheſt du nun, und köſtliche Waaren
Handelſt du ein, und Schmuck reichen Matronen der Stadt.
Aber bringe mir auch ein leichtes Kettchen; ich will es
Dankbar zahlen: ſo oft hab' ich die Zierde gewünſcht!
Stehen war ich geblieben, und fragte, nach Weiſe des Kaufmanns,
Erſt nach Form und Gewicht deiner Beſtellung genau.
Gar beſcheiden erwogſt du den Preis! da blickt' ich indeſſen
Nach dem Halſe, des Schmucks unſerer Königin werth.
Heftiger tönte vom Schiff das Geſchrei: da ſagteſt du freundlich:
Nimm aus dem Garten noch einige Früchte mit dir!
Nimm die reifſten Orangen, die weißen Feigen; das Meer bringt
Keine Früchte, ſie bringt jegliches Land nicht hervor.
Und ſo trat ich herein. Du brachſt nun die Früchte geſchäftig,
Und die goldene Laſt zog das geſchürzte Gewand.
Oefters bat ich: es ſey nun genug! und immer noch eine
Schönere Frucht fiel dir, leiſe berührt, in die Hand.
Endlich kamſt du zur Laube hinan; da fand ſich ein Körbchen,
Und die Myrte bog blühend ſich über uns hin.
Schweigend begannest du nun geſchickt die Früchte zu ordnen;
Erſt die Orange, die ſchwer ruht, als ein goldener Ball,
Dann die weichliche Feige, die jeder Druck ſchon entſtellet;
Und mit Myrte bedeckt ward und geziert das Geſchenk.
Aber ich hub es nicht auf; ich ſtand. Wir ſahen einander
In die Augen, und mir ward vor dem Auge ſo trüb.
Deinen Buſen fühlt' ich an meinem! Den herrlichen Nacken,
Ihn umſchlang nun mein Arm; tauſendmal küßt' ich den Hals;
Mir ſank über die Schulter dein Haupt; nun knüpften auch deine
Lieblichen Arme das Band um den Beglückten herum.
Amors Hände fühlt' ich: er drückt' uns gewaltig zuſammen,
Und aus heiterer Luft donnert' es dreimal: da floß
Häufig die Thräne vom Aug' mir herab, du weinteſt, ich weinte,
Und vor Jammer und Glück ſchien uns die Welt zu vergehn.
Immer heftiger rief es am Strand; da wollten die Füße
Mich nicht tragen, ich rief: Dora! und biſt du nicht mein?
Ewig! ſagteſt du leiſe. Da ſchienen unſere Thränen,
Wie durch göttliche Luft, leiſe vom Auge gehaucht.
Näher rief es: Alexis! Da blickte der ſuchende Knabe
Durch die Thüre herein. Wie er das Körbchen empfing!
Wie er mich trieb! Wie ich dir die Hand noch drückte! — Zu Schiffe
Wie ich gekommen? Ich weiß, daß ich ein Trunkener ſchien.
Und ſo hielten mich auch die Geſellen, ſchonten den Kranken;
Und ſchon deckte der Hauch trüber Entfernung die Stadt.
Ewig! Dora, liſpelteſt du; mir ſchallt es im Ohre
Mit dem Donner des Zeus! Stand ſie doch neben dem Thron,
Seine Tochter, die Göttin der Liebe; die Grazien ſtanden
Ihr zur Seiten! Er iſt götterbekräftigt, der Bund!
O ſo eile denn, Schiff, mit allen günſtigen Winden!
Strebe, mächtiger Kiel, trenne die ſchäumende Fluth!
Bringe dem fremden Hafen mich zu, damit mir der Goldſchmied
In der Werkſtatt gleich ordne das himmliſche Pfand.
Wahrlich! zur Kette ſoll das Kettchen werden, o Dora!
Neunmal umgebe ſie dir, locker gewunden, den Hals.
Ferner ſchaff' ich noch Schmuck, den mannichfaltigſten; goldne
Spangen ſollen dir auch reichlich verzieren die Hand:
Da wetteifre Rubin und Smaragd, der liebliche Sapphir
Stelle dem Hyacinth ſich gegenüber, und Gold
Halte das Edelgeſtein in ſchöner Verbindung zuſammen.
O, wie den Bräutigam freut einzig zu ſchmücken die Braut!
Seh' ich Perlen, ſo denk' ich an dich; bei jeglichem Ringe
Kommt mir der länglichen Hand ſchönes Gebild' in den Sinn.
Tauſchen will ich und kaufen; du ſollſt das Schönſte von allem
Wählen; ich widmete gern alle die Ladung nur dir.
Doch nicht Schmuck und Juwelen allein verſchafft dein Geliebter:
Was ein häusliches Weib freuet, das bringt er dir auch

Feine wollene Decken mit Purpurſäumen, ein Lager
Zu bereiten, das uns traulich und weichlich empfängt;
Köſtlicher Leinwand Stücke. Du ſitzeſt und näheſt und kleideſt
Mich und dich, auch wohl noch ein Drittes darein.
Bilder der Hoffnung, täuſchet mein Herz! O mäßiget, Götter,
Dieſen gewaltigen Brand, der mir den Buſen durchtobt!
Aber auch ſie verlang' ich zurück, die ſchmerzliche Freude,
Wenn die Sorge ſich kalt, gräßlich gelaſſen, mir naht.
Nicht der Erinnyen Fackel, das Bellen der hölliſchen Hunde
Schreckt den Verbrecher ſo, in der Verzweiflung Gefild,
Als das gelaſſ'ne Geſpenſt mich ſchreckt, das die Schöne von fern mir
Zeiget: die Thüre ſteht wirklich des Gartens noch auf!
Und ein Anderer kommt! Für ihn auch fallen die Früchte!
Und die Feige gewährt ſtärkenden Honig auch ihm!
Lockt ſie auch ihn nach der Laube? und folgt er? O macht mich, ihr Götter,
Blind, verwiſchet das Bild jeder Erinnrung in mir!
Ja, ein Mädchen iſt ſie! und die ſich geſchwinde dem Einen
Gibt, ſie kehret ſich auch ſchnell zu dem Andern herum.
Lache nicht dießmal, Zeus, der frechgebrochenen Schwüre!
Donnere ſchrecklicher! Triff! — Halte die Blitze zurück!
Sende die ſchwankenden Wolken mir nach! Im nächtlichen Dunkel
Treffe dein leuchtender Blitz dieſen unglücklichen Maſt!
Streue die Planken umher, und gib der tobenden Welle
Dieſe Waaren, und mich gib den Delphinen zum Raub! —
Nun, ihr Muſen, genug! Vergebens ſtrebt ihr zu ſchildern,
Wie ſich Jammer und Glück wechſeln in liebender Bruſt.
Heilen könnet die Wunden ihr nicht, die Amor geſchlagen;
Aber Linderung kommt einzig, ihr Guten, von euch.

Euphroſyne.

Auch von des höchſten Gebirgs beeiſten zackigen Gipfeln
Schwindet Purpur und Glanz ſcheidender Sonne hinweg.
Lange verhüllt ſchon Nacht das Thal und die Pfade des Wandrers,
Der, am toſenden Strom, auf zu der Hütte ſich ſehnt,
Zu dem Ziele des Tags, der ſtillen hirtlichen Wohnung;
Und der göttliche Schlaf eilet gefällig voraus,
Dieſer holde Geſelle des Reiſenden. Daß er auch heute,
Segnend, kränze das Haupt mir mit dem heiligen Mohn!
Aber was leuchtet mir dort vom Felſen glänzend herüber,
Und erhellet den Duft ſchäumender Ströme ſo hold?
Strahlt die Sonne vielleicht durch heimliche Spalten und Klüfte?
Denn kein irdiſcher Glanz iſt es, der wandelnde, dort.
Näher wälzt ſich die Wolke, ſie glüht. Ich ſtaune dem Wunder!
Wird der roſige Strahl nicht ein bewegtes Gebild?
Welche Göttin nahet ſich mir? und welche der Muſen
Suchet den treuen Freund, ſelbſt in dem grauſen Geklüft?
Schöne Göttin! enthülle dich mir, und täuſche, verſchwindend,
Nicht den begeiſterten Sinn, nicht das gerührte Gemüth.
Nenne, wenn du es darfſt vor einem Sterblichen, deinen
Göttlichen Namen, wo nicht: rege bedeutend mich auf,
Daß ich fühle, welche du ſeiſt von den ewigen Töchtern
Zeus, und der Dichter ſogleich preiſe dich würdig im Lied.
„Kennſt du mich, Guter, nicht mehr? Und käme dieſe Geſtalt dir,
Die du doch ſonſt geliebt, ſchon als ein fremdes Gebild?
Zwar der Erde gehör' ich nicht mehr, und trauernd entſchwang ſich
Schon der ſchaudernde Geiſt jugendlich frohem Genuß;
Aber ich hoffte, mein Bild noch feſt in des Freundes Erinn'rung
Eingeſchrieben, und noch ſchön durch die Liebe verklärt.
Ja, ſchon ſagt mir gerührt dein Blick, mir ſagt es die Thräne:
Euphroſyne, ſie iſt noch von dem Freunde gekannt.
Sieh, die Scheidende zieht durch Wald und grauſes Gebirge,
Sucht den wandernden Mann, ach! in der Ferne noch auf;
Sucht den Lehrer, den Freund, den Vater, blicket noch einmal
Nach dem leichten Gerüſt irdiſcher Freuden zurück.
Laß mich der Tage gedenken, da mich, das Kind, du dem Spiele
Jener täuſchenden Kunſt reizender Muſen geweiht.
Laß mich der Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren Umſtands.
Ach, wer ruft nicht ſo gern Unwiederbringliches an!
Jenes ſüße Gedränge der leichteſten irdiſchen Tage,
Ach, wer ſchätzt ihn genug, dieſen vereilenden Werth!
Klein erſcheinet es nun, doch ach! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen;
Macht die Liebe, die Kunſt, jegliches Kleine doch groß.
Denkſt du der Stunde noch wohl, wie, auf dem Breter-Gerüſte,
Du mich der höheren Kunſt ernſtere Stufen geführt?
Knabe ſchien ich, ein rührendes Kind, du nannteſt mich Arthur,
Und belebteſt in mir britiſches Dichter-Gebild,
Drohteſt mit grimmiger Gluth den armen Augen, und wandteſt
Selbſt den thränenden Blick, innig getäuſchet, hinweg.
Ach! da warſt du ſo hold und ſchützteſt ein trauriges Leben,
Das die verwegene Flucht endlich dem Knaben entriß.
Freundlich faßteſt du mich, den Zerſchmetterten, trugſt mich von dannen,
Und ich heuchelte lang', dir an dem Buſen, den Tod.
Endlich ſchlug die Augen ich auf, und ſah dich, in ernſte,
Stille Betrachtung verſenkt, über den Liebling geneigt.
Kindlich ſtrebt' ich empor, und küßte die Hände dir dankbar,
Reichte zum reinen Kuß dir den gefälligen Mund,
Fragte: warum, mein Vater, ſo ernſt? und hab' ich gefehlet,
O! ſo zeige mir an, wie mir das Beſſ're gelingt.
Keine Mühe verdrießt mich bei dir, und Alles und Jedes
Wiederhol' ich ſo gern, wenn du mich leiteſt und lehrſt.
Aber du faßteſt mich ſtark und drückteſt mich feſter im Arme,
Und es ſchauderte mir tief in dem Buſen das Herz.
Nein! mein liebliches Kind, ſo riefſt du, Alles und Jedes,
Wie du es heute gezeigt, zeig' es auch morgen der Stadt.
Rühre ſie alle, wie mich du gerührt, und es fließen, zum Beifall,
Dir von dem trockenſten Aug' herrliche Thränen herab.
Aber am tiefſten trafſt du doch mich, den Freund, der im Arm dich
Hält, den ſelber der Schein früherer Leiche geſchreckt.
Ach, Natur, wie ſicher und groß in allem erſcheinſt du!
Himmel und Erde befolgt ewiges, feſtes Geſetz.
Jahre folgen auf Jahre, dem Frühlinge reichet der Sommer,
Und dem reichlichen Herbſt traulich der Winter die Hand.
Felſen ſtehen gegründet, es ſtürzt ſich das ewige Waſſer
Aus der bewölkten Kluft, ſchäumend und brauſend hinab.
Fichten grünen ſo fort, und ſelbſt die entlaubten Gebüſche
Hegen, im Winter ſchon, heimliche Knoſpen am Zweig.
Alles entſteht und vergeht nach Geſetz; doch über des Menſchen
Leben, dem köſtlichen Schatz, herrſchet ein ſchwankendes Loos.
Nicht dem blühenden nickt der willig ſcheidende Vater,
Seinem trefflichen Sohn, freundlich vom Rande der Gruft;
Nicht der Jüngere ſchließt dem Aelteren immer das Auge,
Das ſich willig geſenkt, kräftig dem Schwächeren zu.
Oefter, ach! verkehrt das Geſchick die Ordnung der Tage;
Hülflos klaget ein Greis Kinder und Enkel umſonſt,
Steht ein beſchädigter Stamm, dem rings zerſchmetterte Zweige
Um die Seiten umher ſtrömende Schloßen geſtreckt.
Und ſo, liebliches Kind, durchdrang mich die tiefe Betrachtung,
Als du zur Leiche verſtellt über die Arme mir hingſt;
Aber freudig ſeh' ich dich mir, in dem Glanze der Jugend,
Vielgeliebtes Geſchöpf, wieder am Herzen belebt.
Springe fröhlich dahin, verſtellter Knabe! das Mädchen
Wächſt zur Freude der Welt, mir zum Entzücken heran.
Immer ſtrebe ſo fort, und deine natürlichen Gaben
Bilde, bei jeglichem Schritt ſteigenden Lebens, die Kunſt.
Sey mir lange zur Luſt, und eh' mein Auge ſich ſchließet,
Wünſch' ich dein ſchönes Talent glücklich vollendet zu ſehn. —
Alſo ſprachſt du, und nie vergaß ich der wichtigen Stunde!
Deutend entwickelt' ich mich an dem erhabenen Wort.
O wie ſprach ich ſo gerne zum Volk die rührenden Reden,
Die du, voller Gehalt, kindlichen Lippen vertraut!
O wie bildet' ich mich an deinen Augen, und ſuchte
Dich im tiefen Gedräng' ſtaunender Hörer heraus!
Doch dort wirſt du nun ſeyn, und ſtehn, und nimmer bewegt ſich
Euphroſyne hervor, dir zu erheitern den Blick.
Du vernimmſt ſie nicht mehr, die Töne des wachſenden Zöglings,
Die du zu liebendem Schmerz frühe, ſo frühe! geſtimmt.
Andere kommen und gehen; es werden dir Andre gefallen,
Selbſt dem großen Talent drängt ſich ein größeres nach.
Aber du, vergeſſe mich nicht! Wenn Eine dir jemals
Sich im verworrnen Geſchäft heiter entgegen bewegt,
Deinem Winke ſich fügt, an deinem Lächeln ſich freut,
Und am Platze ſich nur, den du beſtimmt, gefällt;
Wenn ſie Mühe nicht ſpart noch Fleiß, wenn thätig der Kräfte,
Selbſt bis zur Pforte des Grab's, freudiges Opfer ſie bringt:
Guter! dann gedenkeſt du mein, und rufeſt auch ſpät noch:
Euphroſyne, ſie iſt wieder erſtanden vor mir!
Vieles ſagt' ich noch gern; doch, ach! die Scheidende weilt nicht,
Wie ſie wollte; mich führt ſtreng ein gebietender Gott.

Lebe wohl! ſchon zieht mich's dahin in ſchwankendem Eilen.
Einen Wunſch nur vernimm, freundlich gewähre mir ihn:
Laß nicht ungerühmt mich zu den Schatten hinabgehn!
Nur die Muſe gewährt einiges Leben dem Tod.
Denn geſtaltlos ſchweben umher in Perſephoneia's
Reiche, maſſenweis, Schatten vom Namen getrennt;
Wen der Dichter aber gerühmt, der wandelt, geſtaltet,
Einzeln, geſellet dem Chor aller Heroen ſich zu.
Freudig tret' ich einher, von deinem Liede verkündet,
Und der Göttin Blick weilet gefällig auf mir.
Mild empfängt ſie mich dann, und nennt mich; es winken die hohen
Göttlichen Frauen mich an, immer die nächſten am Thron.
Penelopeia redet zu mir, die treuſte der Weiber,
Auch Evadne, gelehnt auf den geliebten Gemahl.
Jüngere nahen ſich dann, zu früh heruntergeſandte,
Und beklagen mit mir unſer gemeines Geſchick.
Wenn Antigone kommt, die ſchweſterlichſte der Seelen,
Und Polyxena, trüb' noch von dem bräutlichen Tod,
Seh' ich als Schweſtern ſie an und trete würdig zu ihnen;
Denn der tragiſchen Kunſt holde Geſchöpfe ſind ſie.
Bildete doch ein Dichter auch mich; und ſeine Geſänge,
Ja, ſie vollenden an mir, was mir das Leben verſagt."
Alſo ſprach ſie, und noch bewegte der liebliche Mund ſich,
Weiter zu reden; allein ſchwirrend verſagte der Ton.
Denn aus dem Purpurgewölk, dem ſchwebenden, immer bewegten,
Trat der herrliche Gott Hermes gelaſſen hervor.
Mild erhob er den Stab und deutete; wallend verſchlangen
Wachſende Wolken, im Zug, beide Geſtalten vor mir.
Tiefer liegt die Nacht um mich her; die ſtürzenden Waſſer
Brauſen gewaltiger nun neben dem ſchlüpfrigen Pfad.
Unbezwingliche Trauer befällt mich, entkräftender Jammer,
Und ein mooſiger Fels ſtützet den Sinkenden nur.
Wehmuth reißt durch die Saiten der Bruſt; die nächtlichen Thränen
Fließen, und über dem Wald kündet der Morgen ſich an.

Epiſteln.

Erſte Epiſtel.

Jetzt da jeglicher lieſ't und viele Leſer das Buch nur
Ungeduldig durchblättern und, ſelbſt die Feder ergreifend,
Auf das Büchlein ein Buch mit ſeltner Fertigkeit pfropfen,
Soll auch ich, du willſt es, mein Freund, dir über das Schreiben
Schreibend die Menge vermehren und meine Meinung verkünden,
Daß auch andere wieder darüber meinen und immer
So ins Unendliche fort die ſchwankende Woge ſich wälze.
Doch ſo fähret der Fiſcher dem hohen Meer zu, ſobald ihm
Günſtig der Wind und der Morgen erſcheint; er treibt ſein Gewerbe,
Wenn auch hundert Geſellen die blinkende Fläche durchkreuzen.

Edler Freund, du wünſcheſt das Wohl des Menſchengeſchlechtes,
Unſerer Deutſchen beſonders und ganz vorzüglich des nächſten
Bürgers, und fürchteſt die Folgen gefährlicher Bücher; wir haben
Leider oft ſie geſehen. Was ſollte man, oder was könnten
Biedere Männer vereint, was könnten die Herrſcher bewirken?
Ernſt und wichtig erſcheint mir die Frage, doch trifft ſie mich eben
In vergnüglicher Stimmung. Im warmen heiteren Wetter
Glänzet fruchtbar die Gegend; mir bringen liebliche Lüfte
Ueber die wallende Fluth ſüß duftende Kühlung herüber,
Und dem Heitern erſcheint die Welt auch heiter, und ferne
Schwebt die Sorge mir nur in leichten Wölkchen vorüber.

Was mein leichter Griffel entwirft, iſt leicht zu verlöſchen,
Und wie viel tiefer prägt ſich nicht der Eindruck der Lettern,
Sie, ſo ſagt man, der Ewigkeit treuen. Freilich an viele
Spricht die gedruckte Columne; doch bald, wie jeder ſein Antlitz,
Das er im Spiegel geſehen, vergißt, die behaglichen Züge,
So vergißt er das Wort, wenn auch von Erz es geſtempelt.

Reden ſchwanken ſo leicht herüber, hinüber, wenn viele
Sprechen und jeder nur ſich im eigenen Worte, ſogar auch
Nur ſich ſelbſt im Worte vernimmt, das der Andere ſagte.
Mit den Büchern iſt es nicht anders. Lieſ't doch nur jeder
Aus dem Buch ſich heraus, und iſt er gewaltig, ſo lieſ't er
In das Buch ſich hinein, amalgamirt ſich das Fremde.
Ganz vergebens ſtrebſt du daher, durch Schriften des Menſchen
Schon entſchiedenen Hang und ſeine Neigung zu wenden;
Aber beſtärken kannſt du ihn wohl in ſeiner Geſinnung,
Oder wär' er noch neu, in dieſes ihn tauchen und jenes.

Sag' ich, wie ich es denke, ſo ſcheint durchaus mir, es bildet
Nur das Leben den Mann und wenig bedeuten die Worte.
Denn zwar hören wir gern, was unſere Meinung beſtätigt,
Aber das Hören beſtimmt nicht die Meinung; was uns zuwider
Wäre, glaubten wir wohl dem künſtlichen Redner; doch eilt
Unſer befreites Gemüth, gewohnte Bahnen zu ſuchen.
Sollen wir freudig horchen und willig gehorchen, ſo mußt du
Schmeicheln. Sprichſt du zum Volke, zu Fürſten und Königen, Allen
Magſt du Geſchichten erzählen, worin als wirklich erſcheinet,
Was ſie wünſchen, und was ſie ſelber zu leben begehrten.

Wäre Homer von Allen gehört, von Allen geleſen,
Schmeichelt' er nicht dem Geiſte ſich ein, es ſei auch der Hörer,
Wer es ſei, und klinget nicht immer im hohen Palaſte,
In des Königes Zelt, die Ilias herrlich dem Helden?
Hört nicht aber dagegen Ulyſſens wandernde Klugheit
Auf dem Markte ſich beſſer, da wo ſich der Bürger verſammelt?
Dort ſieht jeglicher Held in Helm und Harniſch, es ſieht hier
Sich der Bettler ſogar in ſeinen Lumpen veredelt.

Alſo hört' ich einmal, am wohlgepflaſterten Ufer
Jener Neptuniſchen Stadt, allwo man geflügelte Löwen
Göttlich verehrt, ein Mährchen erzählen. Im Kreiſe geſchloſſen,
Drängte das horchende Volk ſich um den zerlumpten Rhapſoden.
Einſt, ſo ſprach er, verſchlug mich der Sturm ans Ufer der Inſel,
Die Utopien heißt. Ich weiß nicht, ob ſie ein Andrer
Dieſer Geſellſchaft jemals betrat; ſie lieget im Meere,
Links von Hercules Säulen. Ich ward gar freundlich empfangen:
In ein Gaſthaus führte man mich, woſelbſt ich das beſte
Eſſen und Trinken fand und weiches Lager und Pflege.
So verſtrich ein Monat geſchwind. Ich hatte des Kummers
Völlig vergeſſen und jeglicher Noth; da fing ſich im Stillen
Aber die Sorge nun an: wie wird die Zeche dir leider
Nach der Mahlzeit bekommen! Denn nichts enthielte der Seckel.
Reiche mir weniger! bat ich den Wirth; er brachte nur immer
Deſto mehr. Da wuchs mir die Angſt, ich konnte nicht länger
Eſſen und trinken, und ſagte zuletzt: Ich bitte, die Zeche
Billig zu machen, Herr Wirth! Er aber mit finſterem Auge
Sah von der Seite mich an, ergriff den Knittel und ſchwenkte
Unbarmherzig ihn über mich her und traf mir die Schultern,
Traf den Kopf und hätte beinah mich zu Tode geſchlagen.
Eilend lief ich davon und ſuchte den Richter; man holte
Gleich den Wirth, der ruhig erſchien und bedächtig verſetzte:

Alſo müßt' es Allen ergehn, die das heilige Gaſtrecht
Unſerer Inſel verletzen und, unanſtändig und gottlos,
Zeche verlangen vom Manne, der ſie doch billig bewirthet.
Sollt' ich ſolche Beleidigung dulden im eigenen Hauſe?
Nein! es hätte fürwahr ſtatt meines Herzens ein Schwamm nur
Mir im Buſen gewohnt, wofern ich dergleichen gelitten.

Darauf ſagte der Richter zu mir: Vergeſſet die Schläge,
Denn ihr habt die Strafe verdient, ja ſchwerere Schmerzen;
Aber wollt ihr bleiben und mitbewohnen die Inſel,
Müſſet ihr euch erſt würdig beweiſen und tüchtig zum Bürger.
Ach! verſetzt' ich, mein Herr, ich habe leider mich niemals
Gerne zur Arbeit gefügt. So hab' ich auch keine Talente,
Die den Menſchen bequemer ernähren; man hat mich im Spott nur
Hans Ohnſorge genannt und mich von Hauſe vertrieben.

O ſo ſei uns gegrüßt! verſetzte der Richter, du ſollſt dich
Oben ſetzen zu Tiſch, wenn ſich die Gemeine verſammelt,
Sollſt im Rathe den Platz, den du verdieneſt, erhalten.
Aber hüte dich wohl, daß nicht ein ſchändlicher Rückfall
Dich zur Arbeit verleite, daß man nicht etwa das Grabſcheit
Oder das Ruder bei dir im Hauſe finde, du würdeſt
Gleich auf immer verloren und ohne Nahrung und Ehre.

Aber auf dem Markte zu ſitzen, die Arme geſchlungen
Ueber dem ſchwellenden Bauch, zu hören luſtige Lieder
Unſerer Sänger, zu ſehn die Tänze der Mädchen, der Knaben
Spiele, das werde dir Pflicht, die du gelobeſt und ſchwöreſt.

So erzählte der Mann und heiter waren die Stirnen
Aller Hörer geworden und alle wünſchten des Tages
Solche Würde zu finden, zu ſolche Schläge zu dulden.

Zweite Epiſtel.

Würdiger Freund, du runzelſt die Stirn; dir ſcheinen die Scherze
Nicht am rechten Orte zu ſein; die Frage war ernſthaft.
Und bedeutend verlangſt du die Antwort; da weiß ich, beim Himmel!
Nicht, wie eben ſich mir der Schalk im Buſen bewegte.
Doch ich fahre bedächtiger fort. Du fragſt mich: ſo möchte
Meinetwegen die Menge ſich halten im Leben und Leſen,
Wie ſie könnte; doch denke dir nur die Töchter im Hauſe,
Die mir der [illegible] Dichter mit allem Böſen bekannt macht.

Dem iſt leichter geholfen, verſetz' ich, als wohl ein Andrer
Denken möchte. Die Mädchen ſind gut und machen ſich gerne
Was zu ſchaffen. Da gib nur dem einen die Schlüſſel zum Keller,
Daß es die Weine des Vaters beſorge, ſobald ſie, vom Winzer
Oder vom Kaufmann geliefert, die weiten Gewölbe bereichern.
Manches zu ſchaffen hat ein Mädchen, die vielen Gefäße,
Fäſſer und Flaſchen in reinlicher Ordnung zu halten.
Dann betrachtet ſie oft des ſchäumenden Moſtes Bewegung,
Gießt das Fehlende zu, damit die wallenden Blaſen
Leicht die Oeffnung des Faſſes erreichen, trinkbar und helle
Endlich der edelſte Saft ſich künftigen Jahren vollende.
Unermüdet iſt ſie alsdann zu füllen, zu ſchöpfen,
Daß ſtets geiſtig der Trank und rein die Tafel belebe.

Laß der andern die Küche zum Reich; da gibt es, wahrhaftig!
Arbeit genug, das tägliche Mahl, durch Sommer und Winter,
Schmackhaft ſtets zu bereiten und ohne Beſchwerde des Beutels.
Denn im Frühjahr ſorget ſie ſchon, im Hofe die Küchlein
Bald zu erziehen und bald die ſchnatternden Enten zu füttern.
Alles was ihr die Jahrzeit gibt, das bringt ſie bei Zeiten
Dir auf den Tiſch und weiß mit jeglichem Tage die Speiſen
Klug zu wechſeln, und reift nur eben der Sommer die Früchte,
Denkt ſie an Vorrath ſchon für den Winter. Im kühlen Gewölbe
Gährt ihr der kräftige Kohl, und reifen im Eſſig die Gurken;
Aber die luftige Kammer bewahrt ihr die Gaben Pomonens.
Gerne nimmt ſie das Lob vom Vater und allen Geſchwiſtern,
Und mißlingt ihr etwas, dann iſt's ein größeres Unglück,
Als wenn dir ein Schuldner entläuft und den Wechſel zurückläßt.
Immer iſt ſo das Mädchen beſchäftigt und reifet im Stillen
Häuslicher Tugend entgegen, den klugen Mann zu beglücken.
Wünſcht ſie dann endlich zu leſen, ſo wählt ſie gewißlich ein Kochbuch,
Deren hunderte ſchon die eifrigen Preſſen uns gaben.

Eine Schweſter beſorget den Garten, der ſchwerlich zur Wildniß,
Deine Wohnung romantiſch und feucht zu umgeben verdammt iſt,
Sondern in zierliche Beete getheilt als Vorhof der Küche,
Nützliche Kräuter ernähret und jugend-beglückende Früchte.
Patriarchaliſch erzeuge ſo ſelbſt dir ein kleines gedrängtes
Königreich und bevölkre dein Haus mit treuem Geſinde.
Haſt du der Töchter noch mehr, die lieber ſitzen, und ſtille
Weibliche Arbeit verrichten, da iſt's noch beſſer, die Nadel
Ruht im Jahre nicht leicht; denn noch ſo häuslich im Hauſe,
Mögen ſie öffentlich gern als müßige Damen erſcheinen.
Wie ſich das Nähen und Flicken vermehrt, das Waſchen und Bügeln,
Hundertfältig ſeitdem in weißer arkadiſcher Hülle
Sich das Mädchen gefällt, mit langen Röcken und Schleppen
Gaſſen kehret und Gärten, und Staub erregt im Tanzſaal.
Wahrlich! wären mir nur der Mädchen ein Dutzend im Hauſe,
Niemals wär' ich verlegen um Arbeit, ſie machen ſich Arbeit
Selber genug; es ſollte kein Buch im Laufe des Jahres
Ueber die Schwelle mir kommen, vom Büchertrödler geſendet.

Aus den Epigrammen.

1.

Sarkophagen und Urnen verzierte der Heide mit Leben:
Faunen tanzen umher, mit der Bacchantinnen Chor
Machen ſie bunte Reihe; der ziegengefüßte Pausback
Zwingt den heiſeren Ton wild aus dem ſchmetternden Horn.
Cymbeln, Trommeln erklingen, wir ſehen und hören den Marmor.
Flatternde Vögel! wie ſchmeckt herrlich dem Schnabel die Frucht!
Euch verſcheuchet kein Lärm, noch weniger ſcheucht er den Amor,
Der in dem bunten Gewühl erſt ſich der Fackel erfreut.
So überwältiget Fülle den Tod, und die Aſche da drinnen
Scheint, im ſtillen Bezirk, noch ſich des Lebens zu freun.
So umgebe denn ſpät den Sarkophagen des Dichters
Dieſe Rolle, von ihm reichlich mit Leben geſchmückt.

2.

Kaum an dem blaueren Himmel erblickt' ich die glänzende Sonne,
Reich, vom Felſen herab, Epheu zu Kränzen geſchmückt;
Sah den emſigen Winzer die Rebe der Pappel verbinden,
Ueber die Wiege Virgils kam mir ein laulicher Wind:
Da geſellten die Muſen ſich gleich zum Freunde; wir pflegen
Abgeriſſnes Geſpräch, wie es den Wanderer freut.

3.

Immer halt' ich die Liebſte begierig im Arme geſchloſſen,
Immer drängt ſich mein Herz feſt an den Buſen ihr an,
Immer lehnet mein Haupt an ihren Knieen, ich blicke
Nach dem lieblichen Mund, ihr nach den Augen hinauf.
Weichling! ſchölte mich einer, und ſo verbringſt du die Tage?
Ach, ich verbringe ſie ſchlimm! Höre nur, wie mir geſchieht:
Leider wend' ich den Rücken der einzigen Freude des Lebens,
Schon den zwanzigſten Tag ſchleppt mich der Wagen dahin.
Vetturine trotzen mir nun, es ſchmeichelt der Kämmerer,
Und der Bediente vom Platz ſinnet auf Lügen und Trug.
Will ich ihnen entgehn, ſo faßt mich der Meiſter der Poſten,
Poſtillone ſind Herrn, dann die Dogana dazu!
„Ich verſtehe dich nicht! du widerſprichſt dir! du ſchienſt
Paradieſiſch zu ruhn, ganz wie Rinaldo beglückt."
Ach! ich verſtehe mich wohl: es iſt mein Körper auf Reiſen,
Und es ruhet mein Geiſt ſtets der Geliebten im Schooß.

4.

Das iſt Italien, das ich verließ. Noch ſtäuben die Wege,
Noch iſt der Fremde geprellt, ſtell' er ſich, wie er auch will.
Deutſche Redlichkeit ſuchſt du in allen Winkeln vergebens;
Leben und Weben iſt hier, aber nicht Ordnung und Zucht;
Jeder ſorgt nur für ſich, mißtrauet dem Andern, iſt eitel,
Und die Meiſter des Staats ſorgen nur wieder für ſich.
Schön iſt das Land; doch ach! Fauſtinen find' ich nicht wieder.
Das iſt Italien nicht mehr, das ich mit Schmerzen verließ.

5.

In der Gondel lag ich geſtreckt und fuhr durch die Schiffe,
Die in dem großen Canal, viele befrachtete, ſtehn.
Mancherlei Waare findeſt du da für manches Bedürfniß,
Weizen, Wein und Gemüſe, Scheite, wie leichtes Geſträuch.
Pfeilſchnell drangen wir durch; da traf ein verlorener Lorbeer
Derb mir die Wangen. Ich rief: Daphne, verletzeſt du mich?
Lohn erwartet' ich eher! Die Nymphe lispelte lächelnd:
Dichter ſünd'gen nicht ſchwer. Leicht iſt die Strafe. Nur zu!

6.

Seh' ich den Pilgrim, ſo kann ich mich nie der Thränen enthalten.
O, wie beſeliget uns Menſchen ein falſcher Begriff!

7.

Eine Liebe hatt' ich, ſie war mir lieber als Alles!
Aber ich hab' ſie nicht mehr! Schweig, und ertrag' den Verluſt!

8.

Dieſe Gondel vergleich' ich der ſanft einſchaukelnden Wiege,
Und das Käſtchen darauf ſcheint ein geräumiger Sarg.
Recht ſo! Zwiſchen der Wieg' und dem Sarg wir ſchwanken und ſchweben
Auf dem großen Canal ſorglos durch's Leben dahin.

9.

Feierlich ſehn wir neben dem Doge den Nuncius gehen;
Sie begraben den Herrn, einer verſiegelt den Stein.
Was der Doge ſich denkt, ich weiß es nicht; aber der Andre
Lächelt über den Ernſt dieſes Gepränges gewiß.

10.

Warum treibt ſich das Volk ſo, und ſchreit? Es will ſich ernähren,
Kinder zeugen, und die nähren, ſo gut es vermag.
Merke dir, Reiſender, das, und thue zu Hauſe desgleichen!
Weiter bringt es kein Menſch, ſtell' er ſich, wie er auch will.

11.

Wie ſie klingeln, die Pfaffen! Wie angelegen ſie's machen,
Daß man komme, nur ja plappre, wie geſtern ſo heut!
Scheltet mir nicht die Pfaffen; ſie kennen des Menſchen Bedürfniß!
Denn wie iſt er beglückt, plappert er morgen wie heut!

12.

Mache der Schwärmer ſich Schüler, wie Sand am Meere — der Sand iſt
Sand, die Perle ſei mein, du, o vernünftiger Freund!

13.

Süß, den ſproſſenden Klee mit weichlichen Füßen im Frühling,
Und die Wolle des Lamms taſten mit zärtlicher Hand;
Süß, voll Blüthen zu ſehn die neulebendigen Zweige,
Dann das grünende Laub locken mit ſehnendem Blick.
Aber ſüßer, mit Blumen dem Buſen der Schäferin ſchmeicheln;
Und dieß vielfache Glück läßt mich entbehren der Mai.

14.

Dieſem Amboß vergleich' ich das Land, den Hammer dem Herrſcher;
Und dem Volke das Blech, das in der Mitte ſich krümmt.
Wehe dem armen Blech! wenn nur willkürliche Schläge
Ungewiß treffen, und nie fertig der Keſſel erſcheint.

15.

Schüler macht ſich der Schwärmer genug, und rühret die Menge,
Wenn der vernünftige Mann einzelne Liebende zählt.
Wunderthätige Bilder ſind meiſt nur ſchlechte Gemälde:
Werke des Geiſt's und der Kunſt ſind für den Pöbel nicht da.

16.

Mache zum Herrſcher ſich der, der ſeinen Vortheil verſtehet:
Doch wir wählen uns den, der ſich auf unſern verſteht.

17.

Noth lehrt beten, man ſagt's; will Einer es lernen, er geh
Nach Italien! Noth findet der Fremde gewiß.

18.

Welch ein heftig Gedränge nach dieſem Laden! Wie emſig
Wägt man, empfängt man das Geld, reicht man die Waare dahin!
Schnupftoback wird hier verkauft. Das heißt ſich ſelber erkennen!
Nieſewurz holt ſich das Volk, ohne Verordnung und Arzt.

19.

Jeder Edle Venedigs kann Doge werden; das macht ihn
Gleich als Knabe ſo fein, eigen, bedächtig und ſtolz.
Darum ſind die Oblaten ſo zart im katholiſchen Welſchland;
Denn aus demſelbigen Teig weihet der Prieſter den Gott.

20.

Ruhig am Arſenal ſtehn zwei altgriechiſche Löwen;
Klein wird neben dem Paar Pforte, wie Thurm und Canal.
Käme die Mutter der Götter herab, es ſchmiegten ſich beide
Vor den Wagen, und ſie freute ſich ihres Geſpanns.
Aber nun ruhen ſie traurig; der neue geflügelte Kater
Schnurrt überall, und ihn nennet Venedig Patron.

Mächtiges Ueberraſchen.

Ein Strom entrauſcht umwölktem Felſenſaale,
Dem Ocean ſich eilig zu verbinden;
Was auch ſich ſpiegeln mag von Grund zu Gründen,
Er wandelt unaufhaltſam fort zu Thale.

Dämoniſch aber ſtürzt mit einem Male —
Ihr folgten Berg und Wald in Wirbelwinden —
Sich Oreas, Behagen dort zu finden,
Und hemmt den Lauf, begränzt die weite Schale.

Die Welle ſprüht, und ſtaunt zurück und weichet,
Und ſchwillt bergan, ſich immer ſelbſt zu trinken;
Gehemmt iſt nun zum Vater hin das Streben.

Sie ſchwankt und ruht, zum See zurückgedeichet;
Geſtirne, ſpiegelnd ſich, beſchaun das Blinken
Des Wellenſchlags am Fels, ein neues Leben.

Freundliches Begegnen.

Im weiten Mantel bis ans Kinn verhüllet
Ging ich den Felſenweg, den ſchroffen, grauen,
Hernieder dann zu winterhaften Auen,
Unruh'gen Sinns, zur nahen Flucht gewillet.

Auf einmal ſchien der neue Tag enthüllet:
Ein Mädchen kam, ein Himmel anzuſchauen,
So muſterhaft wie jene lieben Frauen
Der Dichterwelt. Mein Sehnen war geſtillet.

Doch wandt' ich mich hinweg und ließ ſie gehen
Und wickelte mich enger in die Falten,
Als wollt' ich trutzend in mir ſelbſt erwarmen;

Und folgt' ihr doch. Sie ſtand. Da war's geſchehen!
In meiner Hülle konnt' ich mich nicht halten,
Die warf ich weg. Sie lag in meinen Armen.

Kurz und gut.

Sollt' ich mich denn ſo ganz an Sie gewöhnen?
Das wäre mir zuletzt doch reine Plage.
Darum verſuch' ich's gleich am heut'gen Tage,
Und nahe nicht dem vielgewohnten Schönen.

Wie aber mag ich dich, mein Herz, verſöhnen,
Daß ich im wicht'gen Fall dich nicht befrage?
Wohlan! Komm her! Wir äußern unſre Klage
In liebevollen, traurig heitern Tönen.

Siehſt du, es geht! Des Dichters Wink gewärtig,
Melodiſch klingt die durchgeſpielte Leier,
Ein Liebesopfer traulich darzubringen.

Du denkſt es kaum und ſieh! das Lied iſt fertig;
Allein was nun? — Ich dächt' im erſten Feuer
Wir eilten hin, es vor ihr ſelbſt zu ſingen.

Das Mädchen ſpricht.

Du ſiehſt ſo ernſt, Geliebter! Deinem Bilde
Von Marmor hier möcht' ich dich wohl vergleichen;
Wie dieſes giebſt du mir kein Lebenszeichen;
Mit dir verglichen zeigt der Stein ſich milde.

Der Feind verbirgt ſich hinter ſeinem Schilde,
Der Freund ſoll offen ſeine Stirn uns reichen.
Ich ſuche dich, du ſuchſt mir zu entweichen;
Doch halte Stand, wie dieſes Kunſtgebilde.

An wen von beiden ſoll ich mich nun wenden?
Sollt' ich von beiden Kälte leiden müſſen,
Da dieſer todt und du lebendig heißeſt!

Kurz, um der Worte mehr nicht zu verſchwenden,
So will ich dieſen Stein ſo lange küſſen,
Bis eiferſüchtig du mich ihm entreißeſt.

Wachsthum.

Als kleines art'ges Kind nach Feld und Auen
Sprangſt du mit mir, ſo manchen Frühlingsmorgen.
„Für ſolch ein Töchterchen, mit holden Sorgen,
Möcht' ich als Vater ſegnend Häuſer bauen!“

Und als du anfingſt in die Welt zu ſchauen,
War deine Freude häusliches Beſorgen.
„Solch eine Schweſter! und ich wär' geborgen:
Wie könnt' ich dir, ach! wie ſie mir vertrauen!“

Nun kann den ſchönen Wachsthum nichts beſchränken;
Ich fühl' im Herzen heißes Liebetoben.
Umfaſſ' ich ſie, die Schmerzen zu beſchwicht'gen?

Doch ach! nun muß ich dich als Fürſtin denken:
Du ſtehſt ſo ſchroff vor mir emporgehoben;
Ich beuge mich vor deinem Blick, dem flücht'gen.

Johanna Sebus.

Zum Andenken der ſiebzehnjährigen Schönen Guten aus dem Dorfe Brienen, die am 13. Januar 1809 bei dem Eisgange des Rheins und dem großen Bruche des Dammes von Cleverham Hülfe reichend unterging.

Der Damm zerreißt, das Feld erbrauſt,
Die Fluthen ſpülen, die Fläche ſauſt.
„Ich trage dich, Mutter, durch die Fluth,
Noch reicht ſie nicht hoch, ich wate gut.“
„Auch uns bedenke, bedrängt wie wir ſind,
Die Hausgenoſſin, drei arme Kind!
Die ſchwache Frau! . . . Du gehſt davon!“
Sie trägt die Mutter durch's Waſſer ſchon.
„Zum Bühle da rettet euch! harret derweil;
Gleich kehr' ich zurück, uns allen iſt Heil.
Zum Bühl iſt's noch trocken und wenige Schritt;
Doch nehmt auch mir meine Ziege mit!“

Der Damm zerſchmilzt, das Feld erbrauſt,
Die Fluthen wühlen, die Fläche ſauſt.
Sie ſetzt die Mutter auf ſichres Land;
Schön Suschen, gleich wieder zur Fluth gewandt:
„Wohin! Wohin! Die Breite ſchwoll;
Des Waſſers iſt hüben und drüben voll.
Verwegen in's Tiefe willſt du hinein!“ —
„Sie ſollen und müſſen gerettet ſeyn!“

Der Damm verſchwindet, die Welle brauſt,
Eine Meereswoge, ſie ſchwankt und ſauſt.
Schön Suschen ſchreitet gewohnten Steg,
Umſtrömt auch gleitet ſie nicht vom Weg,
Erreicht den Bühl und die Nachbarin;
Doch der und den Kindern kein Gewinn!

Der Damm verſchwand, ein Meer erbrauſt's,
Den kleinen Hügel im Kreis umſauſt's.
Da gähnet und wirbelt der ſchäumende Schlund
Und ziehet die Frau mit den Kindern zu Grund;
Das Horn der Ziege faßt das ein',
So ſollten ſie alle verloren ſeyn!
Schön Suschen ſteht noch ſtrack und gut:
Wer rettet das junge, das edelſte Blut!
Schön Suschen ſteht noch wie ein Stern;
Doch alle Werber ſind alle fern.
Rings um ſie her iſt Waſſerbahn,
Kein Schifflein ſchwimmet zu ihr heran.
Noch einmal blickt ſie zum Himmel hinauf,
Da nehmen die ſchmeichelnden Fluthen ſie auf.

Kein Damm, kein Feld! Nur hier und dort
Bezeichnet ein Baum, ein Thurm den Ort,
Bedeckt iſt alles mit Waſſerſchwall;
Doch Suschens Bild ſchwebt überall. —
Das Waſſer ſinkt, das Land erſcheint
Und überall wird ſchön Suschen beweint.
Und dem ſey, wer's nicht ſingt und ſagt,
Im Leben und Tod nicht nachgefragt!

Das Göttliche.

Edel ſey der Menſch,
Hülfreich und gut!
Denn das allein
Unterſcheidet ihn
Von allen Weſen,
Die wir kennen.

Heil den unbekannten
Höhern Weſen,
Die wir ahnen!
Sein Beiſpiel lehr' uns
Jene glauben.

Denn unfühlend
Iſt die Natur:
Es leuchtet die Sonne
Ueber Bös' und Gute,
Und dem Verbrecher
Glänzen, wie dem Beſten,
Der Mond und die Sterne.

Wind und Ströme,
Donner und Hagel
Rauſchen ihren Weg,
Und ergreifen,
Vorüber eilend,
Einen um den andern.

Auch ſo das Glück
Tappt unter die Menge,
Faßt bald des Knaben
Lockige Unſchuld,
Bald auch den kahlen
Schuldigen Scheitel.

Nach ewigen, ehrnen,
Großen Geſetzen
Müſſen wir alle
Unſers Daſeins
Kreiſe vollenden.

Nur allein der Menſch
Vermag das Unmögliche;
Er unterſcheidet,
Wählet und richtet;
Er kann dem Augenblick
Dauer verleihen.

Er allein darf
Den Guten lohnen,
Den Böſen ſtrafen,
Heilen und retten,
Alles Irrende, Schweifende
Nützlich verbinden.

Und wir verehren
Die Unſterblichen,
Als wären ſie Menſchen,
Thäten im Großen,
Was der Beſte im Kleinen
Thut oder möchte.

Der edle Menſch
Sey hülfreich und gut!

Unermüdet ſchaff' er
Das Nützliche, Rechte,
Sey uns ein Vorbild
Jener geahneten Weſen!

Der Wandrer.

Wandrer.
Gott ſegne dich, junge Frau,
Und den ſäugenden Knaben
An deiner Bruſt!
Laß mich an der Felſenwand hier,
In des Ulmbaums Schatten,
Meine Bürde werfen,
Neben dir ausruhn.

Frau.
Welch' Gewerb treibt dich
Durch des Tages Hitze
Den ſtaubigen Pfad her?
Bringſt du Waaren aus der Stadt
Im Land herum?
Lächelſt, Fremdling,
Ueber meine Frage?

Wandrer.
Keine Waaren bring' ich aus der Stadt:
Kühl wird nun der Abend.
Zeige mir den Brunnen,
Daraus du trinkeſt,
Liebes junges Weib!

Frau.
Hier den Felſenpfad hinauf.
Geh' voran! Durch's Gebüſche
Geht der Pfad nach der Hütte,
D'rin ich wohne,
Zu dem Brunnen,
Den ich trinke.

Wandrer.
Spuren ordnender Menſchenhand
Zwiſchen dem Geſträuch!
Dieſe Steine haſt du nicht gefügt,
Reichhinſtreuende Natur!

Frau.
Weiter hinauf!

Wandrer.
Von dem Moos gedeckt ein Architrav!
Ich erkenne dich, bildender Geiſt!
Haſt dein Siegel in den Stein geprägt.

Frau.
Weiter, Fremdling!

Wandrer.
Eine Inſchrift, über die ich trete!
Nicht zu leſen!
Weggewandelt ſeyd ihr,
Tiefgegrabne Worte,
Die ihr eures Meiſters Andacht
Tauſend Enkeln zeigen ſolltet.

Frau.
Staunest, Fremdling,
Dieſe Stein' an!
Droben ſind der Steine viel
Um meine Hütte.

Wandrer.
Droben!

Frau.
Gleich zur Linken
Durch's Gebüſch hinan,
Hier.

Wandrer.
Ihr Muſen und Grazien!

Frau.
Das iſt meine Hütte.

Wandrer.
Eines Tempels Trümmer!

Frau.
Hier zur Seit' hinab
Quillt der Brunnen,
Den ich trinke.

Wandrer.
Glühend webſt du
Ueber deinem Grabe,
Genius! über dir
Iſt zuſammengeſtürzt
Dein Meiſterſtück,
O du Unſterblicher!

Frau.
Wart', ich hole das Gefäß
Dir zum Trinken.

Wandrer.
Epheu hat deine ſchlanke
Götterbildung umkleidet.
Wie du emporſtrebſt
Aus dem Schutte,
Säulenpaar!
Und du einſame Schweſter dort,
Wie ihr,
Düſtres Moos auf dem heiligen Haupt,
Majeſtätiſch trauernd herabſchaut
Auf die zertrümmerten
Zu euern Füßen,
Eure Geſchwiſter!
In des Brombeergeſträuches Schatten
Deckt ſie Schutt und Erde,
Und hohes Gras wankt d'rüber hin.
Schätzeſt du ſo, Natur,
Deines Meiſterſtücks Meiſterſtück?
Unempfindlich zertrümmerſt du
Dein Heiligthum?
Säeſt Diſteln d'rein?

Frau.
Wie der Knabe ſchläft!
Willſt du in der Hütte ruhn,
Fremdling? Willſt du hier
Lieber in dem Freien bleiben!
Es iſt kühl! Nimm den Knaben,
Daß ich Waſſer ſchöpfen gehe.
Schlafe, Lieber! ſchlaf!

Wandrer.
Süß iſt deine Ruh!
Wie's, in himmliſcher Geſundheit
Schwimmend, ruhig athmet!
Du, geboren über Reſten
Heiliger Vergangenheit,
Ruh' ihr Geiſt auf dir!
Welchen der umſchwebt,
Wird in Götterſelbſtgefühl
Jedes Tags genießen.
Voller Keim, blüh' auf,
Des glänzenden Frühlings
Herrlicher Schmuck,
Und leuchte vor deinen Geſellen!
Und welkt die Blüthenhülle weg,
Dann ſteig' aus deinem Buſen
Die volle Frucht
Und reife der Sonn' entgegen.

Frau.
Geſegne's Gott! — Und ſchläft er noch!
Ich habe nichts zum friſchen Trunk,
Als ein Stück Brod, das ich dir bieten kann.

Wandrer.
Ich danke dir.
Wie herrlich alles blüht umher
Und grünt!

Frau.
Mein Mann wird bald
Nach Hauſe ſeyn
Vom Feld. O bleibe, bleibe, Mann!
Und iß mit uns das Abendbrod.

Wandrer.
Ihr wohnet hier?

Frau.
Da, zwiſchen dem Gemäuer her.
Die Hütte baute noch mein Vater
Aus Ziegeln und des Schuttes Steinen.

Hier wohnen wir.
Er gab mich einem Ackersmann,
Und ſtarb in unſern Armen. —
Haſt du geſchlafen, liebes Herz?
Wie er munter iſt, und ſpielen will!
Du Schelm!

Wandrer.

Natur! du ewig keimende,
Schaff'ſt jeden zum Genuß des Lebens,
Haſt deine Kinder alle mütterlich
Mit Erbtheil ausgeſtattet, einer Hütte.
Hoch baut die Schwalb' an das Geſims,
Unfühlend, welchen Zierrath
Sie verklebt;
Die Raup' umſpinnt den goldnen Zweig
Zum Winterhaus für ihre Brut;
Und du flickſt zwiſchen der Vergangenheit
Erhabene Trümmer
Für deine Bedürfniſſ'
Eine Hütte, o Menſch,
Genießeſt über Gräbern! —
Leb wohl, du glücklich Weib!

Frau.

Du willſt nicht bleiben?

Wandrer.

Gott erhalt' euch,
Segn' euren Knaben!

Frau.

Glück auf den Weg!

Wandrer.

Wohin führt mich der Pfad
Dort über'n Berg?

Frau.

Nach Cuma.

Wandrer.

Wie weit iſt's hin?

Frau.

Drei Meilen gut.

Wandrer.

Leb wohl!
O leite meinen Gang, Natur
Den Fremdlings-Reiſetritt,
Den über Gräber
Heiliger Vergangenheit
Ich wandle.
Leit' ihn zum Schutzort,
Vor'm Nord gedeckt,
Und wo dem Mittagsſtrahl
Ein Pappelwäldchen wehrt.
Und kehr' ich dann
Am Abend heim
Zur Hütte,
Vergoldet vom letzten Sonnenſtrahl,
Laß mich empfangen ſolch ein Weib,
Den Knaben auf dem Arm!

Amor als Landſchaftsmaler.

Saß ich früh auf einer Felſenſpitze,
Sah mit ſtarren Augen in den Nebel;
Wie ein grau grundirtes Tuch geſpannet
Deckt' er alles in die Breit' und Höhe.

Stellt' ein Knabe ſich mir an die Seite,
Sagte: lieber Freund, wie magſt du ſtarrend
Auf das leere Tuch gelaſſen ſchauen?
Haſt du denn zum Malen und zum Bilden
Alle Luſt auf ewig wohl verloren?

Sah ich an das Kind und dachte heimlich:
Will das Bübchen doch den Meiſter machen!

Willſt du immer trüb' und müßig bleiben,
Sprach der Knabe, kann nichts Kluges werden;
Sieh, ich will dir gleich ein Bildchen malen,
Dich ein hübſches Bildchen malen lehren.

Und er richtete den Zeigefinger,
Der ſo röthlich war wie eine Roſe,
Nach dem weiten ausgeſpannten Teppich,
Fing mit ſeinem Finger an zu zeichnen:

Oben malt' er eine ſchöne Sonne,
Die mir in die Augen mächtig glänzte,
Und den Saum der Wolken macht' er golden,
Ließ die Strahlen durch die Wolken dringen;
Malte dann die zarten leichten Wipfel
Friſch erquickter Bäume, zog die Hügel,
Einen nach dem andern, frei dahinter;
Unten ließ er's nicht an Waſſer fehlen,
Zeichnete den Fluß ſo ganz natürlich,
Daß er ſchien im Sonnenſtrahl zu glitzern,
Daß er ſchien am hohen Rand zu rauſchen.

Ach, da ſtanden Blumen an dem Fluſſe,
Und da waren Farben auf der Wieſe,
Gold und Schmelz und Purpur und ein Grünes,
Alles wie Smaragd und wie Karfunkel!
Hell und rein laſirt' er drauf den Himmel
Und die blauen Berge fern und ferner,
Daß ich ganz entzückt und neu geboren
Bald den Maler, bald das Bild beſchaute.

Hab' ich doch, ſo ſagt' er, dir bewieſen,
Daß ich dieſes Handwerk gut verſtehe;
Doch es iſt das Schwerſte noch zurücke.

Zeichnete darnach mit ſpitzem Finger
Und mit großer Sorgfalt an dem Wäldchen,
Grad' an's Ende, wo die Sonne kräftig
Von dem hellen Boden widerglänzte,
Zeichnete das allerliebſte Mädchen,
Wohlgebildet, zierlich angekleidet,
Friſche Wangen unter braunen Haaren,
Und die Wangen waren von der Farbe,
Wie das Fingerchen, das ſie gebildet.

O du Knabe! rief ich, welch ein Meiſter
Hat in ſeine Schule dich genommen,
Daß du ſo geſchwind und ſo natürlich
Alles klug beginnſt und gut vollendeſt?

Da ich noch ſo rede, ſieh, da rühret
Sich ein Windchen, und bewegt die Gipfel,
Kräuſelt alle Wellen auf dem Fluſſe,
Füllt den Schleier des vollkommnen Mädchens,
Und was mich Erſtaunten mehr erſtaunte,
Fängt das Mädchen an den Fuß zu rühren,
Geht zu kommen, nähert ſich dem Orte,
Wo ich mit dem loſen Lehrer ſitze.

Da nun alles, alles ſich bewegte,
Bäume, Fluß und Blumen und der Schleier,
Und der zarte Fuß der Allerſchönſten;
Glaubt ihr wohl, ich ſei auf meinem Felſen,
Wie ein Felſen, ſtill und feſt geblieben!

Vorſchlag zur Güte.

Er.

Du gefällſt mir ſo wohl, mein liebes Kind,
Und wie wir hier bei einander ſind,
So möcht' ich nimmer ſcheiden;
Da wär' es wohl uns beiden.

Sie.

Gefall ich dir, ſo gefällſt du mir;
Du ſagſt es frei, ich ſag' es dir.
Eh nun! heirathen wir eben!
Das übrige wird ſich geben.

Er.

Heirathen, Engel, iſt wunderlich Wort;
Ich meint', da müßt' ich gleich wieder fort.

Sie.

Was iſt's denn ſo großes Leiden!
Geht's nicht, ſo laſſen wir uns ſcheiden.

Schneider-Courage.

„Es iſt ein Schuß gefallen!
Mein! ſagt, wer ſchoß dadrauß?“
Es iſt der junge Jäger,
Der ſchießt im Hinterhaus.

Die Spatzen in dem Garten
Die machen viel Verdruß.
Zwei Spatzen und ein Schneider
Die fielen von dem Schuß;

Die Spatzen von den Schroten,
Der Schneider von dem Schreck;
Die Spatzen in die Schoten,
Der Schneider in den —.

Ballade.

Herein, o du Guter! du Alter herein!
Hier unten im Saale da ſind wir allein,
Wir wollen die Pforte verſchließen.
Die Mutter ſie betet, der Vater im Hain
Iſt gangen die Wölfe zu ſchießen.
O ſing uns ein Mährchen, o ſing es uns oft,
Daß ich und der Bruder es lerne;
Wir haben ſchon längſt einen Sänger gehofft,
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Im nächtlichen Schrecken, im feindlichen Graus
Verläßt er das hohe, das herrliche Haus,
Die Schätze die hat er vergraben.
Der Graf nun ſo eilig zum Pförtchen hinaus,
Was mag er im Arme denn haben!
Was birget er unter dem Mantel geſchwind!
Was trägt er ſo raſch in die Ferne!
Ein Töchterlein iſt es, da ſchläft nun das Kind. —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Nun hellt ſich der Morgen, die Welt iſt ſo weit,
In Thälern und Wäldern die Wohnung bereit,
In Dörfern erquickt man den Sänger,
So ſchreitet und heiſcht er unendliche Zeit,
Der Bart wächſ't ihm länger und länger;
Doch wächſ't in dem Arme das liebliche Kind,
Wie unter dem glücklichſten Sterne,
Geſchützt in dem Mantel vor Regen und Wind —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Und immer ſind weiter die Jahre gerückt,
Der Mantel entfärbt ſich, der Mantel zerſtückt,
Er könnte ſie länger nicht faſſen.
Der Vater er ſchaut ſie, wie iſt er beglückt!
Er kann ſich für Freude nicht laſſen;
So ſchön und ſo edel erſcheint ſie zugleich,
Entſproſſen aus tüchtigem Kerne,
Wie macht ſie den Vater, den theuren, ſo reich! —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Da reitet ein fürſtlicher Ritter heran,
Sie reckt die Hand aus, der Gabe zu nahn,
Almoſen will er nicht geben.
Er faßt das Händchen ſo kräftiglich an:
Die will ich, ſo ruft er, auf's Leben!
Erkennſt du, erwiedert der Alte, den Schatz,
Erhebſt du zur Fürſtin ſie gerne;
Sie ſei dir verlobet auf grünendem Platz —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Sie ſegnet der Prieſter am heiligen Ort,
Mit Luſt und mit Unluſt nun ziehet ſie fort,
Sie möchte vom Vater nicht ſcheiden.
Der Alte er wandelt nun hier und bald dort;
Er trüget in Freuden ſein Leiden.
So hab' ich mir Jahre die Tochter gedacht,
Die Enkelein wohl in der Ferne;
Sie ſegn' ich bei Tage, ſie ſegn' ich bei Nacht —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Er ſegnet die Kinder; da poltert's am Thor,
Der Vater da iſt er! Sie ſpringen hervor;
Sie können den Alten nicht bergen —
Was lockſt du die Kinder! du Bettler! du Thor!
Ergreift ihn, ihr eiſernen Schergen!
Zum tiefſten Verließ den Verwegenen fort!
Die Mutter vernimmt's in der Ferne,
Sie eilet, ſie bittet mit ſchmeichelndem Wort —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Die Schergen ſie laſſen den Würdigen ſtehn,
Und Mutter und Kinder ſie bitten ſo ſchön;
Der fürſtliche Stolze verbeißet
Die grimmige Wuth, ihn entrüſtet das Flehn,
Bis endlich ſein Schweigen zerreißet.
Du niedrige Brut! du vom Bettlergeſchlecht!
Verfinſterung fürſtlicher Sterne!
Ihr bringt mir Verderben! Geſchieht mir doch Recht —
Die Kinder ſie hören's nicht gerne.

Noch ſtehet der Alte mit herrlichem Blick,
Die eiſernen Schergen ſie treten zurück,
Es wächſ't nur das Toben und Wüthen.
Schon lange verflucht' ich mein ehliches Glück,
Das ſind nun die Früchte der Blüthen!
Man läugnete ſtets, und man läugnet mit Recht,
Daß je ſich der Adel erlerne,
Die Bettlerin zeugte mir Bettlergeſchlecht —
Die Kinder ſie hören's nicht gerne.

Und wenn euch der Gatte, der Vater verſtößt,
Die heiligſten Bande verwegentlich löſ't;
So kommt zu dem Vater, dem Ahnen!
Der Bettler vermag, ſo ergraut und entblößt,
Euch herrliche Wege zu bahnen.
Die Burg die iſt meine! Du haſt ſie geraubt,
Mich trieb dein Geſchlecht in die Ferne;
Wohl bin ich mit köſtlichen Siegeln beglaubt! —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Rechtmäßiger König er kehret zurück,
Den Treuen verleiht er entwendetes Glück,
Ich löſe die Siegel der Schätze.
So rufet der Alte mit freundlichem Blick:
Euch künd' ich die milden Geſetze.
Erhole dich, Sohn! Es entwickelt ſich gut,
Heut einen ſich ſelige Sterne,
Die Fürſtin ſie zeugte dir fürſtliches Blut —
Die Kinder ſie hören es gerne.

Trauerloge.

An dem öden Strand des Lebens,
Wo ſich Dün' auf Düne häuft,
Wo der Sturm im Finſtern träuft,
Setze dir ein Ziel des Strebens.
Unter ſchon verloſchnen Siegeln
Tauſend Väter hingeſtreckt,
Ach! von neuen friſchen Hügeln
Freund' an Freunden überdeckt.

Haſt du ſo dich abgefunden,
Werde Nacht und Aether klar,
Und der ew'gen Sterne Schaar
Deute dir belebte Stunden,
Wo du hier mit Ungetrübten,
Treulich wirkend, gern verweilſt,
Und auch treulich den geliebten
Ewigen entgegen eilſt.

Aus dem weſtöſtlichen Divan.

Wiederfinden.

Iſt es möglich! Stern der Sterne,
Drück' ich wieder dich an's Herz!
Ach, was iſt die Nacht der Ferne
Für ein Abgrund, für ein Schmerz!
Ja du biſt es! meiner Freuden
Süßer, lieber Widerpart;
Eingedenk vergangner Leiden
Schaudr' ich vor der Gegenwart.

Als die Welt im tiefſten Grunde
Lag an Gottes ew'ger Bruſt,
Ordnet' er die erſte Stunde
Mit erhabner Schöpfungsluſt,
Und er ſprach das Wort: Es werde!
Da erklang ein ſchmerzlich Ach!
Als das All mit Machtgebärde
In die Wirklichkeiten brach.

Auf that ſich das Licht: ſo trennte
Scheu ſich Finſterniß von ihm,
Und ſogleich die Elemente
Scheidend auseinander fliehn.
Raſch, in wilden wüſten Träumen
Jedes nach der Weite rang,
Starr, in ungemeſſ'nen Räumen,
Ohne Sehnſucht, ohne Klang.

Stumm war alles, ſtill und öde,
Einſam Gott zum erſtenmal;
Da erſchuf er Morgenröthe,
Die erbarmte ſich der Qual;
Sie entwickelte dem Trüben
Ein erklingend Farbenſpiel,
Und nun konnte wieder lieben
Was erſt auseinander fiel.

Und mit eiligem Beſtreben
Sucht ſich was ſich angehört;
Und zu ungemeſſ'nem Leben
Iſt Gefühl und Blick gekehrt.
Sey's Ergreifen, ſey es Raffen,
Wenn es nur ſich faßt und hält!
Allah braucht nicht mehr zu ſchaffen,
Wir erſchaffen ſeine Welt.

So, mit morgenrothen Flügeln,
Riß es mich an deinen Mund,
Und die Nacht mit tauſend Siegeln
Kräftigt ſternenhell den Bund.
Beide ſind wir auf der Erde
Muſterhaft in Freud' und Qual,
Und ein zweites Wort: Es werde!
Trennt uns nicht zum zweitenmal.

In tauſend Formen magſt du dich verſtecken.

In tauſend Formen magſt du dich verſtecken,
Doch, Allerliebſte, gleich erkenn' ich dich;
Du magſt mit Zauberſchleiern dich bedecken,
Allgegenwärt'ge, gleich erkenn' ich dich.

An der Cypreſſe reinſtem, jungem Streben,
Allſchöngewachſne, gleich erkenn' ich dich;
In des Canales reinem Wellenleben,
Allſchmeichelhafte, wohl erkenn' ich dich.

Wenn ſteigend ſich der Waſſerſtrahl entfaltet,
Allſpielende, wie froh erkenn' ich dich;
Wenn Wolke ſich geſtaltend umgeſtaltet,
Allmannichfalt'ge, dort erkenn' ich dich.

An des geblümten Schleiers Wieſenteppich,
Allbuntbeſternte, ſchön erkenn' ich dich;
Und greift umher ein tauſendarm'ger Eppich,
O Allumklammernde, da kenn' ich dich.

Wenn am Gebirg der Morgen ſich entzündet,
Gleich, Allerheiternde, begrüß' ich dich,
Dann über mir der Himmel rein ſich ründet,
Allherzerweiternde, dann athm' ich dich.

Was ich mit äußerm Sinn, mit innerm kenne,
Du Allbelehrende, kenn' ich durch dich;
Und wenn ich Allah's Namenhundert nenne,
Mit jedem klingt ein Name nach für dich.

Berechtigte Männer.

Nach der Schlacht von Bedr,
Unterm Sternenhimmel.

Mahomet ſpricht.

Seine Todten mag der Feind betrauern:
Denn ſie liegen ohne Wiederkehren;
Unſre Brüder ſollt ihr nicht bedauern:
Denn ſie wandeln über jenen Sphären.

Die Planeten haben alle ſieben
Die metallnen Thore weit gethan,
Und ſchon klopfen die verklärten Lieben
Paradieſes Pforten kühnlich an.

Finden, ungehofft und überglücklich,
Herrlichkeiten, die mein Flug berührt,
Als das Wunderpferd mich augenblicklich
Durch die Himmel alle durchgeführt.

Weisheitsbaum an Baum cypreſſeragend,
Heben Aepfel goldner Zierd' empor,
Lebensbäume, breite Schatten ſchlagend,
Decken Blumenſitz und Kräuterflor.

Und nun bringt ein ſüßer Wind von Oſten
Hergeführt die Himmelsmädchenſchaar;
Mit den Augen fängſt du an zu koſten,
Schon der Anblick ſättigt ganz und gar.

Forſchend ſtehn ſie, was du unternahmeſt?
Große Plane? fährlich blut'gen Strauß?
Daß du Held ſeyſt ſehn ſie, weil du kameſt;
Welch ein Held du ſeyſt? ſie forſchen's aus.

Und ſie ſehn es bald an deinen Wunden,
Die ſich ſelbſt ein Ehrendenkmal ſchreibt.
Glück und Hoheit, alles iſt verſchwunden,
Nur die Wunde für den Glauben bleibt.

Führen zu Chiosken dich und Lauben,
Säulenreich von buntem Lichtgeſtein,
Und zum edlen Saft verklärter Trauben
Laden ſie mit Nippen freundlich ein.

Jüngling! mehr als Jüngling biſt willkommen!
Alle ſind wie alle licht und klar;
Haſt du eine dir ans Herz genommen,
Herrin, Freundin iſt ſie deiner Schaar.

Doch die allertrefflichſte gefällt ſich
Keineswegs in ſolchen Herrlichkeiten,
Heiter, neidlos, redlich unterhält ſich
Von den mannichfalt'gen andrer Trefflichkeiten.

Eine führt dich zu der andern Schmauſe,
Den ſich jede äußerſt ausersinnt;
Viele Frauen haſt und Ruh im Hauſe,
Werth daß man darob das Paradies gewinnt.

Und ſo ſchicke dich in dieſen Frieden:
Denn du kannſt ihn weiter nicht vertauſchen;
Solche Mädchen werden nicht ermüden,
Solche Weine werden nicht berauſchen.

Und ſo war das Wenige zu melden,
Wie der ſel'ge Muſelmann ſich brüſtet:
Paradies der Männer Glaubenshelden
Iſt hiemit vollkommen ausgerüſtet.

Höheres und Höchſtes.

Daß wir ſolche Dinge lehren,
Möge man uns nicht beſtrafen:
Wie das alles zu erklären,
Dürft ihr euer Tiefſtes fragen.

Und ſo werdet ihr vernehmen:
Daß der Menſch, mit ſich zufrieden,
Gern ſein Ich gerettet ſähe,
So da droben wie hienieden.

Und mein liebes Ich bedürfte
Mancherlei Bequemlichkeiten,
Freuden, wie ich hier ſie ſchlürfte,
Wünſcht' ich auch für ew'ge Zeiten.

So gefallen ſchöne Gärten,
Blum' und Frucht und hübſche Kinder,
Die uns allen hier gefielen,
Auch verjüngtem Geiſt nicht minder.

Und ſo möcht' ich alle Freunde,
Jung und alt, in Eins verſammeln,
Gar zu gern in deutſcher Sprache
Paradieſes-Worte ſtammeln.

Doch man horcht nun Dialekten
Wie ſich Menſch und Engel koſen,
Der Grammatik, der verſteckten,
Deklinierend Mohn und Roſen.

Mag man ferner auch in Blicken
Sich rhetoriſch gern ergehen,
Und zu himmliſchem Entzücken
Ohne Klang und Ton erhöhen.

Ton und Klang jedoch entwindet
Sich dem Worte ſelbſt verſtändlich,
Und entſchiedener empfindet
Der Verklärte ſich unendlich.

Iſt ſomit dem Fünf der Sinne
Vorgeſehn im Paradieſe,
Sicher iſt es, ich gewinne
Einen Sinn für alle dieſe.

Und nun dring' ich aller Orten
Leichter durch die ewigen Kreiſe,
Die durchdrungen ſind vom Worte
Gottes rein-lebendigerweiſe.

Ungehemmt mit heißem Triebe
Läßt ſich da kein Ende finden,
Bis im Anſchaun ew'ger Liebe
Wir verſchweben, wir verſchwinden.

Aus Egmont.

[Erſter Aufzug]

Armbruſtſchießen.

Soldaten und Bürger (mit Armbrüſten.)

Jetter (Bürger von Brüſſel, Schneider, tritt vor und ſpannt die Armbruſt). Soeſt (Bürger von Brüſſel, Krämer).

Soeſt.

Nun ſchießt nur hin, daß es alle wird! Ihr nehmt mir's doch nicht! Drei Ringe ſchwarz, die habt ihr eure Tage nicht geſchoſſen. Und ſo wär' ich für dies Jahr Meiſter.

Jetter. Meiſter und König dazu. Wer mißgönnt's euch? Ihr ſollt dafür auch die Zeche doppelt bezahlen; ihr ſollt eure Geſchicklichkeit bezahlen, wie's recht iſt.

Buyck

(ein Holländer, Soldat unter Egmont).

Jetter, den Schuß handl' ich euch ab, theile den Gewinnſt, traktire die Herren: ich bin ſchon lange hier und für viele Höflichkeit Schuldner. Fehl' ich, ſo iſt's als wenn ihr geſchoſſen hättet.

Soeſt. Ich ſollte drein reden: denn eigentlich verlier' ich dabei. Doch, Buyck, nur immerhin.

Buyck (ſchießt). Nun, Pritſchmeiſter, Reverenz! — Eins! Zwei! Drei! Vier!

Soeſt. Vier Ringe? Es ſei!

Alle. Vivat, Herr König, hoch, und abermal hoch!

Buyck. Danke, ihr Herren. Wäre Meiſter zu viel! Danke für die Ehre.

Jetter. Die habt ihr euch ſelbſt zu danken.

Ruyſum

(ein Friesländer, Invalide und taub).

Daß ich euch ſage!

Soeſt. Wie iſt's, Alter?

Ruyſum. Daß ich euch ſage! — Er ſchießt wie ſein Herr, er ſchießt wie Egmont.

Buyck. Gegen ihn bin ich nur ein armer Schlucker. Mit der Büchſe trifft er erſt, wie Keiner in der Welt. Nicht etwa wenn er Glück oder gute Laune hat; nein! wie er anlegt, immer rein ſchwarz geſchoſſen. Gelernt habe ich von ihm. Das wäre auch ein Kerl, der bei ihm diente und nichts von ihm lernte. — Nicht zu vergeſſen, meine Herren! Ein König nährt ſeine Leute; und ſo, auf des Königs Rechnung, Wein her!

Jetter. Es iſt unter uns ausgemacht, daß jeder —

Buyck. Ich bin fremd und König, und achte eure Geſetze und Herkommen nicht.

Jetter. Du biſt ja ärger als der Spanier; der hat ſie uns doch bisher laſſen müſſen.

Ruyſum. Was?

Soeſt (laut). Er will uns gaſtiren, er will nicht haben, daß wir zuſammenlegen, und der König nur das Doppelte zahlt.

Ruyſum. Laßt ihn! doch ohne Präjudiz! Das iſt auch ſeines Herrn Art, ſplendid zu ſeyn, und es laufen zu laſſen wie es gedeiht.

(Sie bringen Wein.)

Alle. Ihro Majeſtät Wohl! Hoch!

Jetter (zu Buyck). Verſteht ſich Eure Majeſtät.

Buyck. Danke von Herzen, wenn's doch ſo ſeyn ſoll.

Soeſt. Wohl! Denn unſerer Spaniſchen Majeſtät Geſundheit trinkt nicht leicht ein Niederländer von Herzen.

Ruyſum. Wer?

Soeſt (laut). Philipps des Zweiten, Königs in Spanien.

Ruyſum. Unſer allergnädigſter König und Herr! Gott geb' ihm langes Leben.

Soeſt. Hattet ihr ſeinen Herrn Vater, Karl den Fünften, nicht lieber?

Ruyſum. Gott tröſt' ihn! Das war ein Herr! Er hatte die Hand über den ganzen Erdboden, und war euch alles in allem; und wenn er euch begegnete, ſo grüßt' er euch wie ein Nachbar den andern; und wenn ihr erſchrocken wart, wußt' er mit ſo guter Manier — Ja, verſteht mich — Er ging aus, ritt aus, wie's ihm einkam, gar mit wenig Leuten. Haben wir doch alle geweint, wie er ſeinem Sohn das Regiment hier abtrat — ſagt' ich, verſteht mich — der iſt ſchon anders, der iſt majeſtätiſcher.

Jetter. Er ließ ſich nicht ſehen, da er hier war, als in Prunk und königlichem Staate. Er ſpricht wenig, ſagen die Leute.

Soeſt. Es iſt kein Herr für uns Niederländer. Unſre Fürſten müſſen froh und frei ſeyn wie wir, leben und leben laſſen. Wir wollen nicht verachtet noch gedrückt ſeyn, ſo gutherzige Narren wir auch ſind.

Jetter. Der König, denk' ich, wäre wohl ein gnädiger Herr, wenn er nur beſſere Rathgeber hätte.

Soeſt. Nein, nein! Er hat kein Gemüth gegen uns Niederländer, ſein Herz iſt dem Volke nicht geneigt, er liebt uns nicht; wie können wir ihn wieder lieben? Warum iſt alle Welt dem Grafen Egmont ſo hold? Warum tragen wir ihn Alle auf den Händen? Weil man ihm anſieht, daß er uns wohl will; weil ihm die Fröhlichkeit, das freie Leben, die gute Meinung aus den Augen ſieht; weil er nichts beſitzt, das er dem Dürftigen nicht mittheilte, auch dem, der's nicht bedarf. Laßt den Grafen Egmont leben! Buyck, an euch iſt's, die erſte Geſundheit zu bringen! Bringt eures Herrn Geſundheit aus.

Buyck. Von ganzer Seele denn: Graf Egmont hoch!

Ruyſum. Ueberwinder bei St. Quintin.

Buyck. Dem Helden von Gravelingen!

Alle. Hoch!

Ruyſum. St. Quintin war meine letzte Schlacht. Ich konnte kaum mehr fort, kaum die ſchwere Büchſe mehr ſchleppen. Hab' ich doch den Franzoſen noch Eins auf den Pelz gebrennt, und da kriegt' ich zum Abſchied noch einen Streifſchuß an's rechte Bein.

Buyck. Gravelingen! Freunde! da ging's friſch! Den Sieg haben wir allein. Brannten und ſengten die wälſchen Hunde nicht durch ganz Flandern? Aber ich mein', wir trafen ſie! Ihre alten, handfeſten Kerle hielten lange wider, und wir drängten und ſchoſſen und hieben, daß ſie die Mäuler verzerrten und ihre Linien zuckten. Da ward Egmont das Pferd unter dem Leibe niedergeſchoſſen, und wir ſtritten lange hinüber und herüber, Mann für Mann, Pferd gegen Pferd, Hauſe mit Hauſe, auf dem breiten flachen Sand' an der See hin. Auf einmal kam's, wie vom Himmel herunter, von der Mündung des Fluſſes, bau, bau! immer mit Kanonen in die Franzoſen drein. Es waren Engländer, die unter dem Admiral Malin von ungefähr von Dünkirchen her vorbeifuhren. Zwar viel halfen ſie uns nicht; ſie konnten nur mit den kleinſten Schiffen herbei, und das nicht nah' genug; ſchoſſen auch wohl unter uns — Es that doch gut! Es brach die Wälſchen und hob unſern Muth. Da ging's! Rick! rack! herüber, hinüber! Alles todt geſchlagen, alles in's Waſſer geſprengt. Und die Kerle erſoffen, wie ſie das Waſſer ſchmeckten; und was wir Holländer waren, gerad hinten drein. Uns, die wir beidlebig ſind, ward es wohl im Waſſer wie den Fröſchen; und immer die Feinde im Fluß zuſammengehauen, weggeſchoſſen wie die Enten. Was nun noch durchbrach, ſchlugen euch auf der Flucht die Bauerweiber mit Hacken und Miſtgabeln todt. Mußte doch die wälſche Majeſtät gleich das Pfötchen reichen und Friede machen. Und den Frieden ſeyd ihr uns ſchuldig, dem großen Egmont ſchuldig.

Alle. Hoch! dem großen Egmont hoch! und abermal hoch!

Jetter. Hätte man uns den ſtatt der Margarete von Parma zum Regenten geſetzt!

Soeſt. Nicht ſo! Wahr bleibt wahr! Ich laſſe mir Margareten nicht ſchelten. Nun iſt's an mir. Es lebe unſre gnäd'ge Frau!

Alle. Sie lebe!

Soeſt. Wahrlich, treffliche Weiber ſind in dem Hauſe. Die Regentin lebe!

Jetter. Klug iſt ſie, und mäßig in allem was ſie thut; hielte ſie's nur nicht ſo ſteif und feſt mit den Pfaffen. Sie iſt doch auch mit ſchuld, daß wir die vierzehn neuen Biſchofsmützen im Lande haben. Wozu die nur ſollen? Nicht wahr, daß man Fremde in die guten Stellen einſchieben kann, wo ſonſt Aebte aus den Capiteln gewählt wurden! und wir ſollen glauben, es ſey um der Religion willen. Ja es hat ſich. An drey Biſchöfen hatten wir genug: da ging's ehrlich und ordentlich zu. Nun muß doch auch jeder thun als ob er nöthig wäre; und da ſetz's allen Augenblick Verdruß und Händel. Und je mehr ihr das Ding rüttelt und ſchüttelt, deſto trüber wird's. (Sie trinken.)

Soeſt. Das war nun des Königs Wille; ſie kann nichts davon, noch dazu thun.

Jetter. Da ſollen wir nun die neuen Pſalmen nicht ſingen; aber Schelmenlieder, ſo viel wir wollen. Und warum! Es ſeyen Ketzereien drin, ſagen ſie, und Sachen, Gott weiß. Ich hab' ihrer doch auch geſungen; es iſt jetzt was neues, ich hab' nichts drin geſehen.

Buyck. Ich wollte ſie fragen! In unſrer Provinz ſingen wir was wir wollen. Das macht, daß Graf Egmont unſer Statthalter iſt; der fragt nach ſo etwas nicht. — In Gent, Ypern, durch ganz Flandern ſingt ſie, wer Belieben hat. (Laut) Es iſt ja wohl nichts unſchuldiger, als ein geiſtlich Lied? Nicht wahr, Vater?

Ruyſum. Ey wohl! Es iſt ja ein Gottesdienſt, eine Erbauung.

Jetter. Sie ſagen aber, es ſey nicht auf die rechte Art, nicht auf ihre Art; und gefährlich iſt's doch immer, da läßt man's lieber ſeyn. Die Inquiſitionsdiener ſchleichen herum und paſſen auf; mancher ehrliche Mann iſt ſchon unglücklich geworden. Der Gewiſſenszwang fehlte noch! da ich nicht thun darf was ich möchte, können ſie mich doch denken und ſingen laſſen was ich will.

Soeſt. Die Inquiſition kommt nicht auf. Wir ſind nicht gemacht, wie die Spanier, unſer Gewiſſen tyranniſiren zu laſſen. Und der Adel muß auch bei Zeiten ſuchen ihr die Flügel zu beſchneiden.

Jetter. Es iſt ſehr fatal. Wenn's den lieben Leuten einfällt in mein Haus zu ſtürmen, und ich ſitz' an meiner Arbeit, und ſumme juſt einen Franzöſiſchen Pſalm, und denke nichts dabei, weder Gutes noch Böſes; ich ſumme ihn aber, weil er mir in der Kehle iſt; gleich bin ich ein Ketzer und werde eingeſteckt. Oder ich gehe über Land, und bleibe bei einem Haufen Volks ſtehen, das einem neuen Prediger zuhört, einem von denen, die aus Deutſchland gekommen ſind; auf der Stelle heiß' ich ein Rebell, und komme in Gefahr meinen Kopf zu verlieren. Habt ihr je Einen predigen hören?

Soeſt. Wackre Leute. Neulich hört ich Einen auf dem Felde vor tauſend und tauſend Menſchen ſprechen. Das war ein ander Geköch, als wenn unſre auf der Kanzel herumtrommeln und die Leute mit lateiniſchen Brocken erwürgen. Der ſprach von der Leber weg; ſagte, wie ſie uns bisher hätten bei der Naſe herumgeführt, uns in der Dummheit erhalten und wie wir mehr Erleuchtung haben könnten. — Und das bewies er euch alles aus der Bibel.

Jetter. Da mag doch auch was dran ſeyn. Ich ſagt's immer ſelbſt, und grübelte ſo über die Sache nach. Mir iſt's lang im Kopf herumgegangen.

Buyck. Es läuft ihnen auch alles Volk nach.

Soeſt. Das glaub' ich, wo man was Gutes hören kann und was Neues.

Jetter. Und was iſt's denn nun? Man kann ja einen jeden predigen laſſen nach ſeiner Weiſe.

Buyck. Friſch, ihr Herren! Ueber dem Schwätzen vergeßt ihr den Wein und Oranien.

Jetter. Den nicht zu vergeſſen. Das iſt ein rechter Wall: wenn man nur an ihn denkt, meint man gleich man könne ſich hinter ihn verſtecken, und der Teufel brächte einen nicht hervor. Hoch! Wilhelm von Oranien, hoch!

Alle. Hoch! hoch!

Soeſt. Nun, Alter, bring' auch deine Geſundheit.

Ruyſum. Alle Soldaten! Alle Soldaten! Es lebe der Krieg!

Buyck. Bravo, Alter! Alle Soldaten! Es lebe der Krieg!

Jetter. Krieg! Krieg! Wißt ihr auch was ihr ruft! Daß es euch leicht vom Munde geht, iſt wohl natürlich; wie lumpig aber unſer einem dabei zu Muthe iſt, kann ich nicht ſagen. Das ganze Jahr das Getrommel zu hören; und nichts zu hören, als wie da ein Haufen gezogen kommt und dort ein andrer, wie ſie über einen Hügel kamen und dort bei einer Mühle hielten, wie viel da geblieben ſind, wie viel dort, und wie ſie ſich drängen, und Einer gewinnt, der Andere verliert, ohne daß man ſein Tage begreift, wer was gewinnt oder verliert. Wie eine Stadt eingenommen wird, die Bürger ermordet werden, und wie's den armen Weibern, den unſchuldigen Kindern ergeht. Das iſt eine Noth und Angſt, man denkt jeden Augenblick: „Da kommen ſie! Es geht uns auch ſo.“

Soeſt. Drum muß auch ein Bürger immer in Waffen geübt ſeyn.

Jetter. Ja, es übt ſich, wer Frau und Kinder hat. Und doch hör' ich noch lieber von Soldaten, als ich ſie ſehe.

Buyck. Das ſollt' ich übel nehmen.

Jetter. Auf euch iſt's nicht geſagt, Landsmann. Wie wir die ſpaniſchen Beſatzungen los waren, holten wir wieder Athem.

Soeſt. Gelt! die lagen dir am ſchwerſten auf?

Jetter. Vexir' Er ſich.

Soeſt. Die hatten ſcharfe Einquartirung bei dir.

Jetter. Halt dein Maul.

Soeſt. Sie hatten ihn vertrieben aus der Küche, dem Keller, der Stube — dem Bette.

(Sie lachen.)

Jetter. Du biſt ein Tropf.

Buyck. Friede, ihr Herren! Muß der Soldat Friede rufen! — Nun da ihr von uns nichts hören wollt, nun bringt auch eure Geſundheit aus, eine bürgerliche Geſundheit.

Jetter. Dazu ſind wir bereit! Sicherheit und Ruhe!

Soeſt. Ordnung und Freiheit!

Buyck. Brav! das ſind auch wir zufrieden!

(Sie ſtoßen an und wiederholen fröhlich die Worte, doch, daß jeder ein anderes ausruft, und es eine Art Canon wird. Der Alte horcht und fällt endlich auch mit ein.)

Alle. Sicherheit und Ruhe! Ordnung und Freiheit!

Fünfter Aufzug.

Gefängniß

durch eine Lampe erhellt, ein Ruhebett im Grunde.

Egmont (allein).

Alter Freund! immer getreuer Schlaf, fliehſt du mich auch wie die übrigen Freunde! wie willig ſenkteſt du dich auf mein freies Haupt herunter und kühlteſt, wie ein ſchöner Myrtenkranz der Liebe, meine Schläfe! Mitten unter Waffen, auf der Woge des Lebens, ruht' ich leicht athmend, wie ein aufquellender Knabe, in deinen Armen. Wenn Stürme durch Zweige und Blätter ſauſten, Aſt und Wipfel ſich knirrend bewegten, blieb innerſt doch der Kern des Herzens ungeregt. Was ſchüttelt dich nun? was erſchüttert den feſten treuen Sinn? Ich fühl's, es iſt der Klang der Mordaxt, die an meiner Wurzel naſcht. Noch ſteh' ich aufrecht, und ein innrer Schauer durchfährt mich. Ja, ſie überwindet, die verrätheriſche Gewalt; ſie untergräbt den feſten hohen Stamm, und eh' die Rinde dorrt, ſtürzt krachend und zerſchmetternd deine Krone.

Warum denn jetzt, der du ſo oft gewalt'ge Sorgen gleich Seifenblaſen dir vom Haupte weggewieſen, warum vermagſt du nicht die Ahnung zu verſcheuchen, die tauſendfach in dir ſich auf- und niedertreibt! Seit wann begegnet dir der Tod fürchterlich, mit deſſen wechſelnden Bildern, wie mit der übrigen Geſtalten der gewohnten Erde, du gelaſſen lebteſt? — Auch iſt Er's nicht, der raſche Feind, dem die geſunde Bruſt wetteifernd ſich entgegen ſehnt; der Kerker iſt's, des Grabes Vorbild, dem Helden wie dem Feigen widerlich. Unleidlich ward mir's ſchon auf meinem gepolſterten Stuhle, wenn in ſtattlicher Verſammlung die Fürſten, was leicht zu entſcheiden war, mit wiederkehrenden Geſprächen überlegten, und zwiſchen düſtern Wänden eines Saals die Balken der Decke mich erdrückten. Da eilt' ich fort, ſobald es möglich war, und raſch auf's Pferd mit tiefem Athemzuge. Und friſch hinaus, da wo wir hingehören! in's Feld, wo aus der Erde dampfend jede nächſte Wohlthat der Natur, und durch die Himmel wehend alle Segen der Geſtirne uns umwittern; wo wir, dem erdgebornen Rieſen gleich, von der Berührung unſrer Mutter kräftiger uns in die Höhe reißen; wo wir die Menſchheit ganz, und menſchliche Begier in allen Adern fühlen; wo das Verlangen vorzudringen, zu beſiegen, zu erhaſchen, ſeine Fauſt zu brauchen, zu beſitzen, zu erobern, durch die Seele des jungen Jägers glüht; wo der Soldat ſein angebornes Recht auf alle Welt mit raſchem Schritt ſich anmaßt, und in fürchterlicher Freiheit wie ein Hagelwetter durch Wieſe, Feld und Wald verderbend ſtreicht, und keine Gränzen kennt, die Menſchenhand gezogen.

Du biſt nur Bild, Erinnerungstraum des Glücks, das ich ſo lang beſeſſen; wo hat dich das Geſchick verrätheriſch hingeführt? Verſagt es dir, den nie geſcheuten Tod im Angeſicht der Sonne raſch zu gönnen, um dir des Grabes Vorgeſchmack im ekeln Moder zu bereiten? Wie haucht er mich aus dieſen Steinen widrig an! Schon ſtarrt das Leben, vor dem Ruhebette wie vor dem Grabe ſcheut der Fuß. —

O Sorge, Sorge! die du vor der Zeit den Mord beginnſt, laß ab! — Seit wann iſt Egmont denn allein, ſo ganz allein in dieſer Welt? Dich macht der Zweifel fühllos, nicht das Glück. Iſt die Gerechtigkeit des Königs, der du lebenslang vertrauteſt, iſt der Regentin Freundſchaft, die faſt (du darfſt es dir geſtehn), faſt Liebe war, ſind ſie auf einmal, wie ein glänzend Feuerbild der Nacht, verſchwunden? und laſſen dich allein auf dunkelm Pfad zurück? Wird an der Spitze deiner Freunde Oranien nicht wagend ſinnen? Wird nicht ein Volk ſich ſammeln und mit anſchwellender Gewalt den alten Freund erretten?

O haltet, Mauern, die ihr mich umſchließt, ſo vieler Geiſter wohlgemeintes Drängen nicht von mir ab; und welcher Muth aus meinen Augen ſonſt ſich über ſie ergoß, der kehre nun aus ihren Herzen in meines wieder. O ja, ſie rühren ſich zu Tauſenden! ſie kommen! ſtehen mir zur Seite! Ihr frommer Wunſch eilt dringend zu dem Himmel, er bittet um ein Wunder. Und ſteigt zu meiner Rettung nicht ein Engel nieder; ſo ſeh' ich ſie nach Lanz' und Schwertern greifen. Die Thore ſpalten ſich, die Gitter ſpringen, die Mauer ſtürzt von ihren Händen ein, und der Freiheit des einbrechenden Tages ſteigt Egmont fröhlich entgegen. Wie manch bekannt Geſicht empfängt mich jauchzend! Ach, Clärchen, wärſt du Mann; ſo ſäh' ich dich gewiß auch hier zuerſt und dankte dir, was einem Könige zu danken hart iſt, Freiheit.

Aus Iphigenie.

Dritter Aufzug.

Erſter Auftritt.

Iphigenie. Oreſt.

Iphigenie.

Unglücklicher, ich löſe deine Bande
Zum Zeichen eines ſchmerzlichern Geſchicks.
Die Freiheit, die das Heiligthum gewährt,
Iſt, wie der letzte lichte Lebensblick
Des ſchwer Erkrankten, Todesbote. Noch
Kann ich es mir und darf es mir nicht ſagen,
Daß ihr verloren ſeyd! Wie könnt' ich euch
Mit mörderiſcher Hand dem Tode weihen?
Und niemand, wer es ſey, darf euer Haupt,
So lang' ich Prieſterin Dianens bin,
Berühren. Doch verweigr' ich jene Pflicht,
Wie ſie der aufgebrachte König fordert;
So wählt er eine meiner Jungfraun mir
Zur Folgerin, und ich vermag alsdann
Mit heißem Wunſch allein euch beyzuſtehn.
O werther Landsmann! Selbſt der letzte Knecht,
Der an den Heerd der Vatergötter ſtreifte,
Iſt uns in fremdem Lande hoch willkommen:
Wie ſoll ich euch genug mit Freud' und Segen
Empfangen, die ihr mir das Bild der Helden,
Die ich von Eltern her verehren lernte,
Entgegen bringet und das innre Herz
Mit neuer ſchöner Hoffnung ſchmeichelnd labet!

Oreſt.

Verbirgſt du deinen Namen, deine Herkunft
Mit klugem Vorſatz? oder darf ich wiſſen,
Wer mir, gleich einer Himmliſchen, begegnet?

Iphigenie.

Du ſollſt mich kennen. Jetzo ſag' mir an,
Was ich nur halb von deinem Bruder hörte,
Das Ende derer, die von Troja kehrend
Ein hartes unerwartetes Geſchick
Auf ihrer Wohnung Schwelle ſtumm empfing.
Zwar ward ich jung an dieſen Strand geführt;
Doch wohl erinnr' ich mich des ſcheuen Blicks,
Den ich mit Staunen und mit Bangigkeit
Auf jene Helden warf. Sie zogen aus,
Als hätte der Olymp ſich aufgethan
Und die Geſtalten der erlauchten Vorwelt
Zum Schrecken Ilions herabgeſendet,
Und Agamemnon war vor allen herrlich!
O ſage mir! Er fiel, ſein Haus betretend,
Durch ſeiner Frauen und Aegiſthens Tücke?

Oreſt.

Du ſagſt's!

Iphigenie.

Weh dir, unſeliges Mycen!
So haben Tantals Enkel Fluch auf Fluch
Mit vollen wilden Händen ausgeſä't!
Und gleich dem Unkraut, wüſte Häupter ſchüttelnd
Und tauſendfält'gen Samen um ſich ſtreuend,
Den Kindeskindern nahverwandte Mörder
Zur ew'gen Wechſelwuth erzeugt! Enthülle,
Was von der Rede deines Bruders ſchnell
Die Finſterniß des Schreckens mir verdeckte.
Wie iſt des großen Stammes letzter Sohn,
Das holde Kind, beſtimmt des Vaters Rächer
Dereinſt zu ſeyn, wie iſt Oreſt dem Tage
Des Bluts entgangen? Hat ein gleich Geſchick
Mit des Avernus Netzen ihn umſchlungen?
Iſt er gerettet? Lebt er? Lebt Elektra?

Oreſt.

Sie leben.

Iphigenie.

Goldne Sonne, leihe mir
Die ſchönſten Strahlen, lege ſie zum Dank
Vor Jovis Thron! denn ich bin arm und ſtumm.

Oreſt.

Biſt du gaſtfreundlich dieſem Königs-Hauſe,
Biſt du mit nähern Banden ihm verbunden,
Wie deine ſchöne Freude mir verräth:
So bändige dein Herz und halt es feſt!
Denn unerträglich muß dem Fröhlichen
Ein jäher Rückfall in die Schmerzen ſeyn.
Du weißt nur, merk' ich, Agamemnons Tod.

Iphigenie.

Hab ich an dieſer Nachricht nicht genug?

Oreſt.

Du haſt des Gräuels Hälfte nur erfahren.

Iphigenie.

Was fürcht' ich noch? Oreſt, Elektra leben.

Oreſt.

Und fürchteſt du für Klytämneſtren nichts?

Iphigenie.

Sie rettet weder Hoffnung, weder Furcht.

Oreſt.

Auch ſchied ſie aus dem Land der Hoffnung ab.

Iphigenie.

Vergoß ſie reuig wüthend ſelbſt ihr Blut?

Oreſt.

Nein, doch ihr eigen Blut gab ihr den Tod.

Iphigenie.

Sprich deutlicher, daß ich nicht länger ſinne.
Die Ungewißheit ſchlägt mir tauſendfältig
Die dunkeln Schwingen um das bange Haupt.

Oreſt.

So haben mich die Götter auserſehn
Zum Boten einer That, die ich ſo gern
In's klanglos dumpfe Höllenreich der Nacht
Verbergen möchte! Wider meinen Willen
Zwingt mich dein holder Mund! allein er darf
Auch etwas Schmerzlich's fordern und erhält's.
Am Tage, da der Vater fiel, verbarg
Elektra rettend ihren Bruder: Strophius,
Des Vaters Schwäher, nahm ihn willig auf,
Erzog ihn neben ſeinem eignen Sohne,
Der, Pylades genannt, die ſchönſten Bande
Der Freundſchaft um den Angekommnen knüpfte.
Und wie ſie wuchſen, wuchs in ihrer Seele
Die brennende Begier, des Königs Tod
Zu rächen. Unverſehen, fremd gekleidet,
Erreichen ſie Mycen, als brächten ſie
Die Trauernachricht von Oreſtens Tode
Mit ſeiner Aſche. Wohl empfängt ſie
Die Königin; ſie treten in das Haus.
Elektren gibt Oreſt ſich zu erkennen;
Sie bläſ't der Rache Feuer in ihm auf,
Das vor der Mutter heil'ger Gegenwart
In ſich zurückgebrannt war. Stille führt
Sie ihn zum Orte, wo ſein Vater fiel,
Wo eine alte leichte Spur des frech
Vergoſſ'nen Blutes oftgewaſchnen Boden
Mit blaſſen ahndungsvollen Streifen färbte.
Mit ihrer Feuerzunge ſchilderte
Sie jeden Umſtand der verruchten That,
Ihr knechtiſch elend durchgebrachtes Leben,
Den Uebermuth der glücklichen Verräther,
Und die Gefahren, die nun der Geſchwiſter
Von einer ſtiefgewordnen Mutter warteten. —
Hier drang ſie jenen alten Dolch ihm auf,
Der ſchon in Tantals Hauſe grimmig wüthete,
Und Klytämneſtra fiel durch Sohnes Hand.

Iphigenie.

Unſterbliche, die ihr den reinen Tag
Auf immer neuen Wolken ſelig lebet,
Habt ihr nur darum mich ſo manches Jahr
Von Menſchen abgeſondert, mich ſo nah
Bei euch gehalten, mir die kindliche
Beſchäftigung, des heil'gen Feuers Gluth
Zu nähren, aufgetragen, meine Seele
Der Flamme gleich in ew'ger frommer Klarheit
Zu euern Wohnungen hinaufgezogen,
Daß ich nur meines Hauſes Gräuel ſpäter
Und tiefer fühlen ſollte? — Sage mir
Vom Unglückſel'gen! Sprich mir von Oreſt! —

Oreſt.

O könnte man von ſeinem Tode ſprechen!
Wie gährend ſtieg aus der Erſchlagnen Blut
Der Mutter Geiſt
Und ruft der Nacht uralten Töchtern zu,
„Laſſ't nicht den Muttermörder entfliehn!
Verfolgt den Verbrecher! Euch iſt er geweiht!“
Sie horchen auf, es ſchaut ihr hohler Blick
Mit der Begier des Adlers um ſich her.
Sie rühren ſich in ihren ſchwarzen Höhlen,
Und aus den Winkeln ſchleichen ihre Gefährten,
Der Zweifel und die Reue, leiſ' herbei.
Vor ihnen ſteigt ein Dampf vom Acheron;
In ſeinen Wolkenkreiſen wälzet ſich
Die ewige Betrachtung des Geſcheh'nen
Verwirrend um des Schuld'gen Haupt umher,
Und ſie, berechtigt zum Verderben, treten
Der gottbeſä'ten Erde ſchönen Boden,
Von dem ein alter Fluch ſie längſt verbannte.
Den Flüchtigen verfolgt ihr ſchneller Fuß;
Sie geben nur um neu zu ſchrecken Raſt.

Iphigenie.

Unſeliger, du biſt in gleichem Fall,
Und fühlſt was er, der arme Flüchtling, leidet!

Oreſt.

Was ſagſt du mir? Was wähnſt du gleichen Fall?

Iphigenie.

Dich drückt ein Brudermord wie jenen; mir
Vertraute dieß dein jüngſter Bruder ſchon.

Oreſt.

Ich kann nicht leiden, daß du, große Seele,
Mit einem falſchen Wort betrogen werdeſt.
Ein lügenhaft Gewebe knüpf' ein Fremder
Dem Fremden, ſinnreich und der Liſt gewohnt,
Zur Falle vor die Füße; zwiſchen uns
Sey Wahrheit!
Ich bin Oreſt! und dieſes ſchuld'ge Haupt
Senkt nach der Grube ſich und ſucht den Tod;
In jeglicher Geſtalt ſey er willkommen!
Wer du auch ſeyſt, ſo wünſch' ich Rettung dir
Und meinem Freunde; mir wünſch' ich ſie nicht.
Du ſcheinſt hier wider Willen zu verweilen;
Erfindet Rath zur Flucht und laßt mich hier.
Es ſtürze mein entſeelter Leib vom Fels,
Es rauche bis zum Meer' hinab mein Blut,
Und bringe Fluch dem Ufer der Barbaren!
Geht ihr, daheim im ſchönen Griechenland,
Ein neues Leben freundlich anzufangen.

(Er entfernt ſich.)

Iphigenie.

So ſteigſt du denn, Erfüllung, ſchönſte Tochter
Des größten Vaters, endlich zu mir nieder!
Wie ungeheuer ſteht dein Bild vor mir!
Kaum reicht mein Blick dir an die Hände, die
Mit Frucht- und Segenskränzen angefüllt
Die Schätze des Olympus niederbringen.
Wie man den König an dem Uebermaß
Der Gaben kennt: denn ihm muß wenig ſcheinen
Was Tauſenden ſchon Reichthum iſt; ſo kennt
Man euch, ihr Götter, an geſparten, lang'
Und weiſe zubereiteten Geſchenken.
Denn ihr allein wißt, was uns frommen kann,
Und ſchaut der Zukunft ausgedehntes Reich,
Wenn jedes Abends Stern- und Nebelhülle
Die Ausſicht uns verdeckt. Gelaſſen hört
Ihr unſer Flehn, das um Beſchleunigung
Euch kindiſch bittet; aber eure Hand
Bricht unreif nie die goldnen Himmelsfrüchte;
Und wehe dem, der ungeduldig ſie
Ertrotzend ſaure Speiſe ſich zum Tod'
Genießt. O laſſ't das lang' erwartete,
Noch kaum gedachte Glück nicht, wie den Schatten
Des abgeſchiednen Freundes, eitel mir
Und dreyfach ſchmerzlicher vorübergehn!

Oreſt (tritt wieder zu ihr).

Rufſt du die Götter an für dich und Pylades,
So nenne meinen Namen nicht mit eurem.
Du retteſt den Verbrecher nicht, zu dem
Du dich geſell'ſt, und theileſt Fluch und Noth.

Iphigenie.

Mein Schickſal iſt an deines feſt gebunden.

Oreſt.

Mit nichten! Laß allein und unbegleitet
Mich zu den Todten gehn. Verhülleteſt du
In deinen Schleier ſelbſt den Schuldigen;
Du birgſt ihn nicht vor'm Blick der Immerwachen,
Und deine Gegenwart, du Himmliſche,
Drängt ſie nur ſeitwärts und verſcheucht ſie nicht.
Sie dürfen mit den ehrnen frechen Füßen
Des heil'gen Waldes Boden nicht betreten;
Doch hör' ich aus der Ferne hier und da
Ihr gräßliches Gelächter. Wölfe harren
So um den Baum, auf den ein Reiſender
Sich rettete. Da draußen ruhen ſie
Gelagert; und verlaß' ich dieſen Hain,
Dann ſteigen ſie, die Schlangenhäupter ſchüttelnd,
Von allen Seiten Staub erregend auf
Und treiben ihre Beute vor ſich her.

Iphigenie.

Kannſt du, Oreſt, ein freundlich Wort vernehmen?

Oreſt.

Spar' es für einen Freund der Götter auf.

Iphigenie.

Sie geben dir zu neuer Hoffnung Licht.

Oreſt.

Durch Rauch und Qualm ſeh' ich den matten Schein
Des Todtenfluſſes mir zur Hölle leuchten.

Iphigenie.

Haſt du Elektren, Eine Schweſter nur?

Oreſt.

Die Eine kannt' ich; doch die ält'ſte nahm
Ihr gut Geſchick, das uns ſo ſchrecklich ſchien,
Bei Zeiten aus dem Elend unſers Hauſes.
O laß dein Fragen und geſelle dich
Nicht auch zu den Erinnyen; ſie blaſen
Mir ſchadenfroh die Aſche von der Seele,
Und leiden nicht, daß ſich die letzten Kohlen
Von unſers Hauſes Schreckensbrande ſtill
In mir verglimmen. Soll die Gluth denn ewig,

Vorſätzlich angefacht, mit Höllenſchwefel
Genährt, mir auf der Seele marternd brennen?

Iphigenie.

Ich bringe ſüßes Rauchwerk in die Flamme.
O laß den reinen Hauch der Liebe dir
Die Gluth des Buſens leiſe wehend kühlen.
Oreſt, mein Theurer, kannſt du nicht vernehmen?
Hat das Geleit der Schreckensgötter ſo
Das Blut in deinen Adern ausgetrocknet?
Schleicht, wie vom Haupt der gräßlichen Gorgone,
Verſteinernd dir ein Zauber durch die Glieder?
O wenn vergoſſ'nen Mutterblutes Stimme
Zur Höll' hinab mit dumpfen Tönen ruft:
Soll nicht der reinen Schweſter Segenswort
Hülfreiche Götter vom Olympus rufen?

Oreſt.

Es ruft! es ruft! So willſt du mein Verderben?
Verbirgt in dir ſich eine Rachegöttin?
Wer biſt du, deren Stimme mir entſetzlich
Das Innerſte in ſeinen Tiefen wendet!

Iphigenie.

Es zeigt ſich dir im tiefſten Herzen an:
Oreſt, ich bin's! Sieh Iphigenien!
Ich lebe!

Oreſt.

Du!

Iphigenie.

Mein Bruder!

Oreſt.

Laß! Hinweg!
Ich rathe dir, berühre nicht die Locken!
Wie von Kreuſa's Brautkleid zündet ſich
Ein unauslöſchlich Feuer von mir fort.
Laß mich! Wie Herkules will ich Unwürd'ger
Den Tod voll Schmach, in mich verſchloſſen, ſterben.

Iphigenie.

Du wirſt nicht untergehn! O daß ich nur
Ein ruhig Wort von dir vernehmen könnte!
O löſe meine Zweifel, laß des Glückes,
Des lang' erflehten, mich auch ſicher werden.
Es wälzet ſich ein Rad von Freud' und Schmerz
Durch meine Seele. Von dem fremden Manne
Entfernet mich ein Schauer; doch es reißt
Mein Innerſtes gewaltig mich zum Bruder.

Oreſt.

Iſt hier Lyäens Tempel? und ergreift
Unbändig-heil'ge Wuth die Prieſterin?

Iphigenie.

O höre mich! O ſieh mich an, wie mir
Nach einer langen Zeit das Herz ſich öffnet,
Der Seligkeit, dem Liebſten, was die Welt
Noch für mich tragen kann, das Haupt zu küſſen,
Mit meinen Armen, die den leeren Winden
Nur ausgebreitet waren, dich zu faſſen!
O laß mich! Laß mich! Denn es quillet heller
Nicht vom Parnaß die ew'ge Quelle ſprudelnd
Von Fels zu Fels in's goldne Thal hinab,
Wie Freude mir vom Herzen wallend fließt,
Und wie ein ſelig Meer mich rings umfängt.
Oreſt! Oreſt! mein Bruder!

Oreſt.

Schöne Nymphe,
Ich traue dir und deinem Schmeicheln nicht.
Diana fordert ſtrenge Dienerinnen
Und rächet das entweih'te Heiligthum.
Entferne deinen Arm von meiner Bruſt!
Und wenn du einen Jüngling rettend lieben,
Das ſchöne Glück ihm zärtlich bieten willſt,
So wende meinem Freunde dein Gemüth,
Dem würd'gern Manne, zu. Er irr't umher
Auf jenem Felſenpfade: ſuch' ihn auf,
Weiſ' ihn zurecht und ſchone meiner.

Iphigenie.

Faſſe
Dich, Bruder, und erkenne die Gefund'ne!
Schilt einer Schweſter reine Himmelsfreude
Nicht unbeſonnene, ſtrafbare Luſt.
O nehmt den Wahn ihm von dem ſtarren Auge,
Daß uns der Augenblick der höchſten Freude
Nicht dreifach elend mache! Sie iſt hier,
Die längſt verlorne Schweſter. Vom Altar
Riß mich die Göttin weg und rettete
Hierher mich in ihr eigen Heiligthum.
Gefangen biſt du, dargeſtellt zum Opfer,
Und findeſt in der Prieſterin die Schweſter.

Oreſt.

Unſelige! So mag die Sonne denn
Die letzten Gräuel unſers Hauſes ſehn!
Iſt nicht Elektra hier? damit auch ſie
Mit uns zu Grunde gehe, nicht ihr Leben
Zu ſchwererem Geſchick' und Leiden friſte.
Gut, Prieſterin! ich folge zum Altar:
Der Brudermord iſt hergebrachte Sitte
Des alten Stammes; und ich danke, Götter,
Daß ihr mich ohne Kinder auszurotten
Beſchloſſen habt. Und laß dir rathen, habe
Die Sonne nicht zu lieb und nicht die Sterne;
Komm, folge mir in's dunkle Reich hinab!
Wie ſich vom Schwefelpfuhl' erzeugte Drachen
Bekämpfend die verwandte Brut verſchlingen,
Zerſtört ſich ſelbſt das wüthende Geſchlecht;
Kommt kinderlos und ſchuldlos mit hinab!
Du ſiehſt mich mit Erbarmen an? Laß ab!
Mit ſolchen Blicken ſuchte Klytämneſtra
Sich einen Weg nach ihres Sohnes Herzen;
Doch ſein geſchwung'ner Arm traf ihre Bruſt.
Die Mutter fiel! — Tritt auf, unwill'ger Geiſt!
Im Kreis geſchloſſen tretet an, ihr Furien,
Und wohnet dem willkommnen Schauſpiel bei,
Dem letzten, gräßlichſten, das ihr bereitet!
Nicht Haß und Rache ſchärfen ihren Dolch;
Die liebevolle Schweſter wird zur That
Gezwungen. Weine nicht! Du haſt nicht Schuld.
Seit meinen erſten Jahren hab' ich nichts
Geliebt, wie ich dich lieben könnte, Schweſter.
Ja, ſchwinge deinen Stahl, verſchone nicht,
Zerreiße dieſen Buſen, und eröffne
Den Strömen die hier ſieden einen Weg!
(Er ſinkt in Ermattung).

Iphigenie.

Allein zu tragen dieſes Glück und Elend
Vermag ich nicht. — Wo biſt du, Pylades?
Wo find' ich deine Hülfe, theurer Mann!
(Sie entfernt ſich ſuchend.)

Aus Taſſo.

Vierter Aufzug.

Zweiter Auftritt.

Leonore. Taſſo.

Leonore.

Was iſt begegnet? lieber Taſſo, hat
Dein Eifer dich, dein Argwohn ſo getrieben?
Wie iſt's geſchehn? Wir alle ſtehn beſtürzt.
Und deine Sanftmuth, dein gefällig Weſen,
Dein ſchneller Blick, dein richtiger Verſtand,
Mit dem du jedem gibſt was ihm gehört,
Dein Gleichmuth, der erträgt, was zu ertragen
Der Edle bald, der Eitle ſelten lernt,
Die kluge Herrſchaft über Zung' und Lippe —
Mein theurer Freund, faſt ganz verkenn' ich dich.

Taſſo.

Und wenn das alles nun verloren wäre?
Wenn einen Freund, den du einſt reich geglaubt,
Auf einmal du als einen Bettler fändeſt?
Wohl haſt du recht, ich bin nicht mehr ich ſelbſt,
Und bin's doch noch ſo gut als wie ich's war.
Es ſcheint ein Räthſel, und doch iſt es keins.
Der ſtille Mond, der dich bei Nacht erfreut,
Dein Auge, dein Gemüth mit ſeinem Schein
Unwiderſtehlich lockt, es ſchwebt am Tage
Ein unbedeutend blaſſes Wölkchen hin.
Ich bin vom Glanz des Tages überſchienen,
Ihr kennet mich, ich kenne mich nicht mehr.

Leonore.

Was du mir ſagſt, mein Freund, verſteh' ich nicht,
Wie du es ſagſt. Erkläre dich mit mir.
Hat die Beleidigung des ſchroffen Mann's
Dich ſo gekränkt, daß du dich ſelbſt und uns
So ganz verkennen magſt? Vertraue mir.

Taſſo.

Ich bin nicht der Beleidigte; du ſiehſt
Mich ja beſtraft, weil ich beleidigt habe.
Die Knoten vieler Worte löſ't das Schwert
Gar leicht und ſchnell, allein ich bin gefangen.

Du weißt wohl kaum — erſchrick nicht, zarte Freundin —
Du triffſt den Freund in einem Kerker an.
Mich züchtiget der Fürſt wie einen Schüler.
Ich will mit ihm nicht rechten, kann es nicht.
Leonore.
Du ſcheineſt mehr als billig iſt bewegt.
Taſſo.
Hältſt du mich für ſo ſchwach, für ſo ein Kind,
Daß ſolch ein Fall mich gleich zerrütten könne?
Das was geſchehn iſt kränkt mich nicht ſo tief,
Allein das kränkt mich, was es mir bedeutet.
Laß meine Neider, meine Feinde nur
Gewähren! Frei und offen iſt das Feld.
Leonore.
Du haſt gar manchen fälſchlich in Verdacht,
Ich habe ſelbſt mich überzeugen können.
Und auch Antonio feindet dich nicht an,
Wie du es wähnſt. Der heutige Verdruß —
Taſſo.
Den laſſ' ich ganz bei Seite, nehme nur
Antonio wie er war und wie er bleibt.
Verdrießlich fiel mir ſtets die ſteife Klugheit,
Und daß er immer nur den Meiſter ſpielt.
Anſtatt zu forſchen, ob des Hörers Geiſt
Nicht ſchon für ſich auf guten Spuren wandle,
Belehrt er dich von Manchem, das du beſſer
Und tiefer fühlteſt, und vernimmt kein Wort
Das du ihm ſagſt, und wird dich ſtets verkennen.
Verkannt zu ſeyn, verkannt von einem Stolzen,
Der lächelnd dich zu überſehen glaubt!
Ich bin ſo alt noch nicht und nicht ſo klug,
Daß ich nur duldend gegenlächeln ſollte.
Früh oder ſpät, es konnte ſich nicht halten,
Wir mußten brechen; ſpäter wär' es nur
Um deſto ſchlimmer worden. Einen Herrn
Erkenn' ich nur, den Herrn der mich ernährt,
Dem folg' ich gern, ſonſt will ich keinen Meiſter.
Frei will ich ſeyn im Denken und im Dichten;
Im Handeln ſchränkt die Welt genug uns ein.
Leonore.
Er ſpricht mit Achtung oft genug von dir.
Taſſo.
Mit Schonung willſt du ſagen, fein und klug.
Und das verdrießt mich eben; denn er weiß
So glatt und ſo bedingt zu ſprechen, daß
Sein Lob erſt recht zum Tadel wird, und daß
Nichts mehr, nichts tiefer dich verletzt, als Lob
Aus ſeinem Munde.
Leonore.
Möchteſt du, mein Freund,
Vernommen haben, wie er ſonſt von dir
Und dem Talente ſprach, das dir vor Vielen
Die gütige Natur verlieh. Er fühlt gewiß
Das was du biſt und haſt, und ſchätzt es auch.
Taſſo.
O glaube mir, ein ſelbſtiſches Gemüth
Kann nicht der Qual des engen Neids entfliehen.
Ein ſolcher Mann verzeiht dem andern wohl
Vermögen, Stand und Ehre; denn er denkt,
Das haſt du ſelbſt, das haſt du wenn du willſt,
Wenn du beharrſt, wenn dich das Glück begünſtigt.
Doch das was die Natur allein verleiht,
Was jeglicher Bemühung, jedem Streben
Stets unerreichbar bleibt, was weder Gold,
Noch Schwert, noch Klugheit, noch Beharrlichkeit
Erzwingen kann, das wird er nie verzeihn.
Er gönnt es mir? Er, der mit ſteifem Sinn
Die Gunſt der Muſen zu ertrotzen glaubt?
Der, wenn er die Gedanken mancher Dichter
Zuſammenreiht, ſich ſelbſt ein Dichter ſcheint?
Weit eher gönnt er mir des Fürſten Gunſt,
Die er doch gern auf ſich beſchränken möchte,
Als das Talent, das jene Himmliſchen
Dem armen, dem verwaiſten Jüngling gaben.
Leonore.
O ſäheſt du ſo klar, wie ich es ſehe!
Du irrſt dich über ihn; ſo iſt er nicht.
Taſſo.
Und irr' ich mich an ihm, ſo irr' ich gern!
Ich denk' ihn mir als meinen ärgſten Feind,
Und wär' untröſtlich, wenn ich mir ihn nun
Gelinder denken müßte. Thöricht iſt's,
In allen Stücken billig ſeyn; es heißt
Sein eigen Selbſt zerſtören. Sind die Menſchen
Denn gegen uns ſo billig? Nein, o nein!
Der Menſch bedarf in ſeinem engen Weſen
Der doppelten Empfindung, Lieb' und Haß.
Bedarf er nicht der Nacht als wie des Tags?
Des Schlafens wie des Wachens? Nein, ich muß
Von nun an dieſen Mann als Gegenſtand
Von meinem tiefſten Haß behalten; nichts
Kann mir die Luſt entreißen, ſchlimm und ſchlimmer
Von ihm zu denken.
Leonore.
Willſt du, theurer Freund,
Von deinem Sinn nicht laſſen, ſeh' ich kaum
Wie du am Hofe länger bleiben willſt.
Du weißt wie viel er gilt und gelten muß.
Taſſo.
Wie ſehr ich längſt, o ſchöne Freundin, hier
Schon überflüſſig bin, das weiß ich wohl.
Leonore.
Das biſt du nicht, das kannſt du nimmer werden!
Du weißt vielmehr, wie gern der Fürſt mit dir,
Wie gern die Fürſtin mit dir lebt; und kommt
Die Schweſter von Urbino, kommt ſie faſt
So ſehr um deinet- als der Geſchwiſter willen.
Sie denken alle gut und gleich von dir,
Und jegliches vertraut dir unbedingt.
Taſſo.
O Leonore, welch Vertraun iſt das?
Hat er von ſeinem Staate je ein Wort,
Ein ernſtes Wort mit mir geſprochen? Kam
Ein eigner Fall, worüber er ſogar
In meiner Gegenwart mit ſeiner Schweſter,
Mit andern ſich berieth, mich fragt' er nie.
Da hieß es immer nur: Antonio kommt!
Man muß Antonio ſchreiben! Fragt Antonio!
Leonore.
Du klagſt anſtatt zu danken. Wenn er dich
In unbedingter Freiheit laſſen mag,
So ehrt er dich, wie er dich ehren kann.
Taſſo.
Er läßt mich ruhn, weil er mich unnütz glaubt.
Leonore.
Du biſt nicht unnütz, eben weil du ruhſt.
So lange hegſt du ſchon Verdruß und Sorge
Wie ein geliebtes Kind an deiner Bruſt.
Ich hab' es oft bedacht, und mag's bedenken
Wie ich es will: auf dieſem ſchönen Boden,
Wohin das Glück dich zu verpflanzen ſchien,
Gedeihſt du nicht. O Taſſo! — Rath' ich dir's?
Sprech' ich es aus? — Du ſollteſt dich entfernen!
Taſſo.
Verſchone nicht den Kranken, lieber Arzt!
Reich' ihm das Mittel, denke nicht daran,
Ob's bitter ſey. — Ob er geneſen könne,
Das überlege wohl, o kluge, gute Freundin!
Ich ſeh' es alles ſelbſt, es iſt vorbei!
Ich kann ihm wohl verzeihen, er nicht mir;
Und ſein bedarf man, leider meiner nicht.
Und er iſt klug, und leider bin ich's nicht.
Er wirkt zu meinem Schaden, und ich kann,
Ich mag nicht gegenwirken. Meine Freunde,
Sie laſſen's gehn, ſie ſehen's anders an,
Sie widerſtreben kaum, und ſollten kämpfen.
Du glaubſt, ich ſoll hinweg; ich glaub' es ſelbſt —
So lebe denn wohl! ich werd' auch das ertragen.
Ihr ſeyd von mir geſchieden — werd' auch mir,
Von euch zu ſcheiden, Kraft und Muth verliehn!
Leonore.
Auch in der Ferne zeigt ſich alles reiner,
Was in der Gegenwart uns nur verwirrt.
Vielleicht wirſt du erkennen, welche Liebe
Dich überall umgab, und welchen Werth
Die Treue wahrer Freunde hat, und wie
Die weite Welt die Nächſten nicht erſetzt.
Taſſo.
Das werden wir erfahren! Kenn' ich doch
Die Welt von Jugend auf, wie ſie ſo leicht
Uns hülflos, einſam läßt, und ihren Weg
Wie Sonn' und Mond und andre Götter geht.
Leonore.
Vernimmſt du mich, mein Freund, ſo ſollſt du nie
Die traurige Erfahrung wiederholen.
Soll ich dir rathen, ſo begibſt du dich
Erſt nach Florenz, und eine Freundin wird
Gar freundlich für dich ſorgen. Sey getroſt,
Ich bin es ſelbſt. Ich reiſe, den Gemahl
Die nächſten Tage dort zu finden, kann

Nichts freudiger für ihn und mich bereiten,
Als wenn ich dich in unſre Mitte bringe.
Ich ſage dir kein Wort, du weißt es ſelbſt,
Welch einem Fürſten du dich nahen wirſt,
Und welche Männer dieſe ſchöne Stadt
In ihrem Buſen hegt, und welche Frauen.
Du ſchweigſt? Bedenk' es wohl! Entſchließe dich.

Taſſo.

Gar reizend iſt, was du mir ſagſt, ſo ganz
Dem Wunſch gemäß, den ich im Stillen nähre;
Allein es iſt zu neu: ich bitte dich,
Laß mich bedenken, ich beſchließe bald.

Leonore.

Ich gehe mit der ſchönſten Hoffnung weg
Für dich und uns und auch für dieſes Haus.
Bedenke nur, und wenn du recht bedenkſt,
So wirſt du ſchwerlich etwas Beſſers denken.

Taſſo.

Noch eins, geliebte Freundin, ſage mir,
Wie iſt die Fürſtin gegen mich geſinnt?
War ſie erzürnt auf mich? Was ſagte ſie? —
Sie hat mich ſehr getadelt? Rede frei.

Leonore.

Da ſie dich kennt, hat ſie dich leicht entſchuldigt.

Taſſo.

Hab' ich bei ihr verloren? Schmeichle nicht.

Leonore.

Der Frauen Gunſt wird nicht ſo leicht verſcherzt.

Taſſo.

Wird ſie mich gern entlaſſen, wenn ich gehe?

Leonore.

Wenn es zu deinem Wohl gereicht; gewiß.

Taſſo.

Werd' ich des Fürſten Gnade nicht verlieren?

Leonore.

In ſeiner Großmuth kannſt du ſicher ruhn.

Taſſo.

Und laſſen wir die Fürſtin ganz allein?
Du gehſt hinweg; und wenn ich wenig bin,
So weiß ich doch daß ich ihr etwas war.

Leonore.

Gar freundliche Geſellſchaft leiſtet uns
Ein ferner Freund, wenn wir ihn glücklich wiſſen.
Und es gelingt, ich ſehe dich beglückt,
Du wirſt von hier nicht unzufrieden gehn.
Der Fürſt befahl's, Antonio ſucht dich auf.
Er tadelt ſelbſt an ſich die Bitterkeit,
Womit er dich verletzt. Ich bitte dich,
Nimm ihn gelaſſen auf ſo wie er kommt.

Taſſo.

Ich darf in jedem Sinne vor ihm ſtehn.

Leonore.

Und ſchenke mir der Himmel, lieber Freund,
Noch eh' du ſcheideſt, dir das Aug' zu öffnen:
Daß niemand dich im ganzen Vaterlande
Verfolgt und haßt, und heimlich drückt und neckt!
Du irrſt gewiß, und wie du ſonſt zur Freude
Von andern dichteſt, leider dichteſt du
In dieſem Fall ein ſeltenes Gewebe,
Dich ſelbſt zu kränken. Alles will ich thun,
Um es entzwey zu reißen, daß du frei
Den ſchönen Weg des Lebens wandeln mögeſt.
Leb' wohl! ich hoffe bald ein glücklich Wort.

Aus dem erſten Theile des Fauſt.

Gretchens Stube.

Gretchen
am Spinnrade allein.

Meine Ruh' iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer;
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Iſt mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Iſt mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Iſt mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Iſt mir zerſtückt.

Meine Ruh' iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer;
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur ſchau' ich
Zum Fenſter hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Geſtalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und ſeiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach ſein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer,
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Buſen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich faſſen
Und halten ihn!

Und küſſen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An ſeinen Küſſen
Vergehen ſollt'!

Marthens Garten.

Margarete. Fauſt.

Margarete.

Verſprich mir, Heinrich!

Fauſt.

Was ich kann!

Margarete.

Nun ſag', wie haſt du's mit der Religion?
Du biſt ein herzlich guter Mann,
Allein ich glaub', du hältſt nicht viel davon.

Fauſt.

Laß das, mein Kind! Du fühlſt, ich bin dir gut;
Für meine Lieben ließ ich Leib und Blut,
Will niemand ſein Gefühl und ſeine Kirche rauben.

Margarete.

Das iſt nicht recht, man muß d'ran glauben!

Fauſt.

Muß man!

Margarete.

Ach! wenn ich etwas auf dich könnte!
Du ehrſt auch nicht die heil'gen Sacramente.

Fauſt.

Ich ehre ſie.

Margarete.

Doch ohne Verlangen.
Zur Meſſe, zur Beichte biſt du lange nicht gegangen.
Glaubſt du an Gott?

Fauſt.

Mein Liebchen, wer darf ſagen:
Ich glaub' an Gott?
Magſt Prieſter oder Weiſe fragen,
Und ihre Antwort ſcheint nur Spott
Ueber den Frager zu ſein.

Margarete.

So glaubſt du nicht?

Fauſt.

Mißhör' mich nicht, du holdes Angeſicht!
Wer darf ihn nennen?
Und wer bekennen:
Ich glaub' ihn.
Wer empfinden
Und ſich unterwinden
Zu ſagen: ich glaub' ihn nicht?
Der Allumfaſſer,

Der Allerhalter,
Faßt und erhält er nicht
Dich, mich, ſich ſelbſt!
Wölbt ſich der Himmel nicht dadroben?
Liegt die Erde nicht hierunten feſt!
Und ſteigen freundlich blickend
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf!
Schau' ich nicht Aug' in Auge dir,
Und drängt nicht alles
Nach Haupt und Herzen dir,
Und webt in ewigem Geheimniß
Unſichtbar ſichtbar neben dir!
Erfüll' davon dein Herz, ſo groß es iſt,
Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle ſelig biſt,
Nenn' es dann wie du willſt,
Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott!
Ich habe keinen Namen
Dafür! Gefühl iſt alles;
Name iſt Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth.

Margarete.
Das iſt alles recht ſchön und gut;
Ungefähr ſagt das der Pfarrer auch,
Nur mit ein bißchen andern Worten.
Fauſt.
Es ſagen's aller Orten
Alle Herzen unter dem himmliſchen Tage,
Jedes in ſeiner Sprache;
Warum nicht ich in der meinen?
Margarete.
Wenn man's ſo hört, möcht's leidlich ſcheinen,
Steht aber doch immer ſchief darum;
Denn du haſt kein Chriſtenthum.
Fauſt.
Lieb's Kind!
Margarete.
Es thut mir lang' ſchon weh,
Daß ich dich in der Geſellſchaft ſeh'.
Fauſt.
Wie ſo?
Margarete.
Der Menſch, den du da bei dir haſt,
Iſt mir in tiefer inn'rer Seele verhaßt!
Es hat mir in meinem Leben
So nichts einen Stich in's Herz gegeben,
Als des Menſchen widrig Geſicht.
Fauſt.
Liebe Puppe, fürcht' ihn nicht!
Margarete.
Seine Gegenwart bewegt mir das Blut.
Ich bin ſonſt allen Menſchen gut;
Aber, wie ich mich ſehne dich zu ſchauen,
Hab' ich vor dem Menſchen ein heimlich Grauen,
Und halt' ihn für einen Schelm dazu!
Gott verzeih' mir's, wenn ich ihm Unrecht thu'!
Fauſt.
Es muß auch ſolche Käuze geben.
Margarete.
Wollte nicht mit ſeines Gleichen leben!
Kommt er einmal zur Thür herein,
Sieht er immer ſo ſpöttiſch drein,
Und halb ergrimmt;
Man ſieht, daß er an nichts einen Antheil nimmt;
Es ſteht ihm an der Stirn' geſchrieben,
Daß er nicht mag eine Seele lieben.
Mir wird's ſo wohl in deinem Arm,
So frei, ſo hingegeben warm,
Und ſeine Gegenwart ſchnürt mir das Inn're zu.
Fauſt.
Du ahnungsvoller Engel du!
Margarete.
Das übermannt mich ſo ſehr,
Daß, wo er nur mag zu uns treten,
Mein' ich ſogar, ich liebte dich nicht mehr.
Auch wenn er da iſt, könnt' ich nimmer beten,
Und das frißt mir in's Herz hinein;
Dir, Heinrich, muß es auch ſo ſein.
Fauſt.
Du haſt nun die Antipathie!
Margarete.
Ich muß nun fort.
Fauſt.
Ach kann ich nie
Ein Stündchen ruhig dir am Buſen hängen
Und Bruſt an Bruſt und Seel' in Seele drängen?
Margarete.
Ach wenn ich nur alleine ſchlief'!
Ich ließ' dir gern heut Nacht den Riegel offen;
Doch meine Mutter ſchläft nicht tief:
Und würden wir von ihr betroffen,
Ich wär' gleich auf der Stelle todt!
Fauſt.
Du Engel, das hat keine Noth.
Hier iſt ein Fläſchchen! Drey Tropfen nur
In ihren Trank umhüllen
Mit tiefem Schlaf gefällig die Natur.
Margarete.
Was thu' ich nicht um deinetwillen?
Es wird ihr hoffentlich nicht ſchaden!
Fauſt.
Würd' ich ſonſt, Liebchen, dir es rathen?
Margarete.
Seh' ich dich beſter Mann, nur an,
Weiß nicht was mich nach deinem Willen treibt;
Ich habe ſchon ſo viel für dich gethan,
Daß mir zu thun faſt nichts mehr übrig bleibt.
ab.
Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.
Mephiſtopheles.
Der Grasaff'! iſt er weg?
Fauſt.
Haſt wieder ſpionirt!
Mephiſtopheles.
Ich hab's ausführlich wohl vernommen,
Herr Doctor wurden da katechiſirt;
Hoff', es ſoll Ihnen wohl bekommen.
Die Mädels ſind doch ſehr intereſſirt,
Ob einer fromm und ſchlicht nach altem Brauch.
Sie denken, duckt er da, folgt er uns eben auch.
Fauſt.
Du Ungeheuer ſiehſt nicht ein,
Wie dieſe treue, liebe Seele,
Von ihrem Glauben voll,
Der ganz allein
Ihr ſelig machend iſt, ſich heilig quäle,
Daß ſie den liebſten Mann verloren halten ſoll.
Mephiſtopheles.
Du überſinnlicher ſinnlicher Freier,
Ein Mägdelein naſeführet dich.
Fauſt.
Du Spottgeburt von Dreck und Feuer!
Mephiſtopheles.
Und die Phyſiognomie verſteht ſie meiſterlich.
In meiner Gegenwart wird's ihr ſie weiß nicht wie,
Mein Mäskchen da weiſſagt verborgnen Sinn;
Sie fühlt, daß ich ganz ſicher ein Genie,
Vielleicht wohl gar der Teufel bin.
Nun heute Nacht —?
Fauſt.
Was geht dich's an?
Mephiſtopheles.
Hab' ich doch meine Freude d'ran!

Am Brunnen.

Gretchen und Lieschen
mit Krügen.

Lieschen.
Haſt nichts von Bärbelchen gehört?
Gretchen.
Kein Wort. Ich komm' gar wenig unter Leute.
Lieschen.
Gewiß, Sibylle ſagt' mir's heute!
Die hat ſich endlich auch bethört.
Das iſt das Vornehmthun!
Gretchen.
Wie ſo?
Lieschen.
Es ſtinkt!
Sie füttert zwei, wenn ſie nun ißt und trinkt.
Gretchen.
Ach!
Lieschen.
So iſt's ihr endlich recht ergangen.
Wie lange hat ſie an dem Kerl gehangen!

Das war ein Spazieren,
Auf Dorf und Tanzplatz Führen,
Mußt' überall die Erſte ſeyn,
Curteſirt' ihr immer mit Paſtetchen und Wein;
Bild't ſich was auf ihre Schönheit ein,
War doch ſo ehrlos ſich nicht zu ſchämen
Geſchenke von ihm anzunehmen.
War ein Gekoſ' und ein Geſchleck';
Da iſt denn auch das Blümchen weg!

Gretchen.

Das arme Ding!

Lieschen.

Bedauerſt ſie noch gar!
Wenn unſer Eins am Spinnen war,
Uns Nachts die Mutter nicht hinunterließ;
Stand ſie bei ihrem Buhlen ſüß,
Auf der Thürbank und im dunklen Gang
Ward ihnen keine Stunde zu lang.
Da mag ſie denn ſich ducken nun,
Im Sünderhemdchen Kirchbuß' thun!

Gretchen.

Er nimmt ſie gewiß zu ſeiner Frau.

Lieschen.

Er wär' ein Narr! Ein flinker Jung'
Hat anderwärts noch Luft genung.
Er iſt auch fort.

Gretchen.

Das iſt nicht ſchön!

Lieschen.

Kriegt ſie ihn, ſoll's ihr übel gehn.
Das Kränzel reißen die Buben ihr,
Und Häckerling ſtreuen wir vor die Thür!

ab.

Gretchen
nach Hauſe gehend.

Wie konnt' ich ſonſt ſo tapfer ſchmählen,
Wenn thät ein armes Mägdlein fehlen!
Wie konnt' ich über andrer Sünden
Nicht Worte g'nug der Zunge finden!
Wie ſchien mir's ſchwarz, und ſchwärzt's noch gar,
Mir's immer doch nicht ſchwarz g'nug war,
Und ſegnet' mich und that ſo groß,
Und bin nun ſelbſt der Sünde bloß!
Doch — alles was dazu mich trieb,
Gott! war ſo gut! ach war ſo lieb!

Zwinger.

In der Mauerhöhle ein Andachtsbild der Mater dolorosa, Blumenkrüge davor.

Gretchen
ſteckt friſche Blumen in die Krüge.

Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth!

Das Schwert im Herzen,
Mit tauſend Schmerzen
Blickſt auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.

Zum Vater blickſt du,
Und Seufzer ſchickſt du
Hinauf um ſein' und deine Noth.

Wer fühlet,
Wie wühlet
Der Schmerz mir im Gebein?
Was mein armes Herz hier banget,
Was es zittert, was verlanget,
Weißt nur du, nur du allein!

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe
Wird mir im Buſen hier!
Ich bin ach kaum alleine,
Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
Das Herz zerbricht in mir.

Die Scherben vor meinem Fenſter
Bethaut' ich mit Thränen, ach!
Als ich am frühen Morgen
Dir dieſe Blumen brach,
Schien hell in meine Kammer
Die Sonne früh herauf,
Saß ich in allem Jammer
In meinem Bett ſchon auf.

Hilf! rette mich von Schmach und Tod!
Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth!

Nacht.

Straße vor Gretchens Thür.

Valentin, Soldat, Gretchens Bruder.

Wenn ich ſo ſaß bei einem Gelag,
Wo mancher ſich berühmen mag,
Und die Geſellen mir den Flor
Der Mägdlein laut geprieſen vor,
Mit vollem Glas das Lob verſchwemmt,
Den Ellenbogen aufgeſtemmt
Saß ich in meiner ſichern Ruh,
Hört' all' dem Schwadroniren zu,
Und ſtreiche lächelnd meinen Bart,
Und kriege das volle Glas zur Hand
Und ſage: Alles nach ſeiner Art!
Aber iſt eine im ganzen Land,
Die meiner trauten Gretel gleicht,
Die meiner Schweſter das Waſſer reicht?
Top! Top! Kling! Klang! das ging herum!
Die einen ſchrieen: er hat Recht,
Sie iſt die Zier vom ganzen Geſchlecht!
Da ſaßen alle die Lober ſtumm.
Und nun! — um's Haar ſich auszuraufen
Und an den Wänden hinauf zu laufen! —
Mit Stichelreden, Naſerümpfen
Soll jeder Schurke mich beſchimpfen!
Soll wie ein böſer Schuldner ſitzen,
Bei jedem Zufallswörtchen ſchwitzen!
Und möcht' ich ſie zuſammenſchmeißen;
Könnt' ich ſie doch nicht Lügner heißen.

Was kommt heran? Was ſchleicht herbei?
Irr' ich nicht, es ſind ihrer zwei.
Iſt er's, gleich pack' ich ihn beim Felle,
Soll nicht lebendig von der Stelle!

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.

Wie von dem Fenſter dort der Sacriſtei
Aufwärts der Schein des ew'gen Lämpchens flämmert
Und ſchwach und ſchwächer ſeitwärts dämmert,
Und Finſterniß drängt ringsum bei!
So ſieht's in meinem Buſen nächtig.

Mephiſtopheles.

Und mir iſt's wie dem Kätzlein ſchmächtig,
Das an den Feuerleitern ſchleicht,
Sich leiſ' dann um die Mauern ſtreicht;
Mir iſt's ganz tugendlich dabei,
Ein bißchen Diebsgelüſt, ein bißchen Rammelei.
So ſpukt mir ſchon durch alle Glieder
Die herrliche Walpurgisnacht.
Die kommt uns übermorgen wieder,
Da weiß man doch warum man wacht.

Fauſt.

Rückt wohl der Schatz indeſſen in die Höh',
Den ich dorthinten flimmern ſeh'?

Mephiſtopheles.

Du kannſt die Freude bald erleben,
Das Keſſelchen herauszuheben.
Ich ſchielte neulich ſo hinein,
Sind herrliche Löwenthaler drein.

Fauſt.

Nicht ein Geſchmeide? Nicht ein Ring?
Meine liebe Buhle damit zu zieren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich ſah dabei wohl ſo ein Ding,
Als wie eine Art von Perlenſchnüren.

Fauſt.

So iſt es recht! Mir thut es weh,
Wenn ich ohne Geſchenke zu ihr geh'.

Mephiſtopheles.
Es ſollt' euch eben nicht verdrieſſen,
Umſonſt auch etwas zu genieſſen.
Jezt da der Himmel voller Sterne glüht,
Sollt ihr ein wahres Kunſtſtück hören:
Ich ſing ihr ein moraliſch Lied,
Um ſie gewiſſer zu bethören.

Singt zur Zither.
Was machſt du mir
Vor Liebchens Thür
Kathrinchen hier
Bei frühem Tagesblicke?
Laß, laß es ſeyn!
Er läßt dich ein
Als Mädchen ein,
Als Mädchen nicht zurücke.

Nehmt euch in Acht!
Iſt es vollbracht,
Dann gute Nacht
Ihr armen, armen Dinger!
Habt ihr euch lieb,
Thut keinem Dieb
Nur nicht's zu Lieb',
Als mit dem Ring am Finger.

Valentin tritt vor.
Wen lockſt du hier? beim Element!
Vermaledeyter Rattenfänger!
Zum Teufel erſt das Inſtrument!
Zum Teufel hinter drein den Sänger!

Mephiſtopheles.
Die Zither iſt entzwei! an der iſt nichts zu halten.

Valentin.
Nun ſoll es an ein Schädelſpalten!

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.
Herr Doctor nicht gewichen! Friſch!
Hart an mich an, wie ich euch führe.
Heraus mit eurem Flederwiſch!
Nur zugeſtoßen! Ich parire.

Valentin.
Parire den!

Mephiſtopheles.
Warum denn nicht!

Valentin.
Auch den!

Mephiſtopheles.
Gewiß!

Valentin.
Ich glaub' der Teufel ficht!
Was iſt denn das? Schon wird die Hand mir lahm.

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.
Stoß zu!

Valentin fällt.
O weh!

Mephiſtopheles.
Nun iſt der Lümmel zahm!
Nun aber fort! Wir müſſen gleich verſchwinden:
Denn ſchon entſteht ein mörderlich Geſchrei.
Ich weiß mich trefflich mit der Polizei,
Doch mit dem Blutbann ſchlecht mich abzufinden.

Marthe am Fenſter.
Heraus! Heraus!

Gretchen am Fenſter.
Herbei ein Licht!

Marthe wie oben.
Man ſchilt und rauft, man ſchreit und ficht.

Volk.
Da liegt ſchon einer todt!

Marthe heraustretend.
Die Mörder, ſind ſie denn entflohn?

Gretchen heraustretend.
Wer liegt hier?

Volk.
Deiner Mutter Sohn.

Gretchen.
Allmächtiger! welche Noth!

Valentin.
Ich ſterbe! das iſt bald geſagt
Und bälder noch gethan.
Was ſteht ihr Weiber, heult und klagt?
Kommt her und hört mich an!
(Alle treten um ihn).
Mein Gretchen ſieh! du biſt noch jung,
Biſt gar noch nicht geſcheidt genung,
Machſt deine Sachen ſchlecht.
Ich ſag' dir's im Vertrauen nur:
Du biſt doch nun einmal eine Hur';
So ſei's auch eben recht.

Gretchen.
Mein Bruder! Gott! Was ſoll mir das?

Valentin.
Laß' unſern Herr Gott aus dem Spaß.
Geſchehn iſt leider nun geſchehn,
Und wie es geh'n kann, ſo wird's gehn.
Du fingſt mit einem heimlich an,
Bald kommen ihrer mehre dran,
Und wenn dich erſt ein Dutzend hat,
So hat dich auch die ganze Stadt.

Wenn erſt die Schande wird geboren,
Wird ſie heimlich zur Welt gebracht,
Und man zieht den Schleier der Nacht
Ihr über Kopf und Ohren;
Ja, man möchte ſie gern ermorden.
Wächſt ſie aber und macht ſich groß,
Dann geht ſie auch bei Tage bloß,
Und iſt doch nicht ſchöner geworden.
Je häßlicher wird ihr Geſicht,
Je mehr ſucht ſie des Tages Licht.

Ich ſeh' wahrhaftig ſchon die Zeit,
Daß alle braven Bürgersleut',
Wie von einer angeſteckten Leichen,
Von dir, du Metze! ſeitab weichen.
Dir ſoll das Herz im Leib verzagen,
Wenn ſie dir in die Augen ſehn!
Sollſt keine goldne Kette mehr tragen!
In der Kirche nicht mehr am Altar ſtehn!
In einem ſchönen Spitzenkragen
Dich nicht bei'm Tanze wohlbehagen!
In eine finſtre Jammerecken
Unter Bettler und Krüppel dich verſtecken,
Und wenn dir denn auch Gott verzeiht,
Auf Erden ſein vermaledeyt!

Marthe.
Befehlt eure Seele Gott zu Gnaden!
Wollt ihr noch Läſtrung auf euch laden?

Valentin.
Könnt' ich dir nur an den dürren Leib,
Du ſchändlich kuppleriſches Weib!
Da hofft' ich aller meiner Sünden
Vergebung reiche Maß zu finden.

Gretchen.
Mein Bruder! Welche Höllenpein!

Valentin.
Ich ſage, laß die Thränen ſeyn!
Da du dich ſprachſt der Ehre los,
Gabſt mir den ſchwerſten Herzensſtoß.
Ich gehe durch den Todesſchlaf
Zu Gott ein als Soldat und brav.
(Stirbt.)

Dom.

Amt, Orgel und Geſang.

Gretchen unter vielem Volke. **Böſer Geiſt** hinter Gretchen.

Böſer Geiſt.
Wie anders, Gretchen, war dir's,
Als du noch voll Unſchuld
Hier zum Altar trat'ſt,
Aus dem vergriffnen Büchelchen
Gebete lallteſt,
Halb Kinderſpiele,
Halb Gott im Herzen!
Gretchen!
Wo ſteht dein Kopf?
In deinem Herzen,
Welche Miſſethat?
Bet'ſt du für deiner Mutter Seele, die
Durch dich zur langen, langen Pein hinüberſchlief?
Auf deiner Schwelle weſſen Blut?
— Und unter deinem Herzen
Regt ſich's nicht quillend ſchon,
Und ängſtet dich und ſich
Mit ahnungsvoller Gegenwart?

Gretchen.
Weh! Weh!
Wär' ich der Gedanken los,
Die mir herüber und hinüber gehen
Wider mich!
Chor.
Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla.
Orgelton.
Böſer Geiſt.
Grimm faßt dich!
Die Poſaune tönt!
Die Gräber beben!
Und dein Herz,
Aus Aſchenruh'
Zu Flammenqualen
Wieder aufgeſchaffen,
Bebt auf!
Gretchen.
Wär' ich hier weg!
Mir iſt als ob die Orgel mir
Den Athem verſetzte,
Geſang mein Herz
Im Tiefſten löſ'te.
Chor.
Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
Gretchen.
Mir wird ſo eng'!
Die Mauern-Pfeiler
Befangen mich!
Das Gewölbe
Drängt mich! — Luft!
Böſer Geiſt.
Verbirg' dich! Sünd' und Schande
Bleibt nicht verborgen.
Luft? Licht?
Weh dir!
Chor.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus!
Cum vix justus sit securus.
Böſer Geiſt.
Ihr Antlitz wenden
Verklärte von dir ab.
Die Hände dir zu reichen,
Schauert's den Reinen.
Weh!
Chor.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Gretchen.
Nachbarin! Euer Fläſchchen! —
Sie fällt in Ohnmacht

Kerker.

Fauſt, mit einem Bund Schlüſſel und einer Lampe, vor einem eiſernen Thürchen.

Mich faßt ein längſt entwohnter Schauer,
Der Menſchheit ganzer Jammer faßt mich an.
Hier wohnt ſie, hinter dieſer feuchten Mauer,
Und ihr Verbrechen war ein guter Wahn!
Du zauderſt zu ihr zu gehen!
Du fürchteſt ſie wieder zu ſehen!
Fort! Dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran.

Er ergreift das Schloß. Es ſingt inwendig.

Meine Mutter, die Hur,
Die mich umgebracht hat!
Mein Vater, der Schelm,
Der mich gegeſſen hat!
Mein Schweſterlein klein
Hub auf die Bein,
An einem kühlen Ort;
Da ward ich ein ſchönes Waldvögelein;
Fliege fort, fliege fort!

Fauſt aufſchließend.
Sie ahnet nicht, daß der Geliebte lauſcht,
Die Ketten klirren hört, das Stroh das rauſcht.
Er tritt ein.

Margarete ſich auf dem Lager verbergend.
Weh! Weh! Sie kommen. Bittrer Tod!
Fauſt leiſe.
Still! Still! ich komme dich zu befreien.
Margarete ſich vor ihm hinwälzend.
Biſt du ein Menſch, ſo fühle meine Noth.
Fauſt.
Du wirſt die Wächter aus dem Schlafe ſchreien!
Er faßt die Ketten, ſie aufzuſchließen.
Margarete auf den Knieen.
Wer hat dir Henker dieſe Macht
Ueber mich gegeben!
Du holſt mich ſchon um Mitternacht.
Erbarme dich und laß mich leben!
Iſt's morgen früh nicht zeitig genug?
Sie ſteht auf.
Bin ich doch noch ſo jung, ſo jung!
Und ſoll ſchon ſterben!
Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben.
Nah war der Freund, nun iſt er weit;
Zerriſſen liegt der Kranz, die Blumen zerſtreut.
Faſſe mich nicht ſo gewaltſam an!
Schone mich! Was hab' ich dir gethan?
Laß mich nicht vergebens flehen,
Hab' ich dich doch mein Tage nicht geſehen!
Fauſt.
Werd' ich den Jammer überſtehen!
Margarete.
Ich bin nun ganz in deiner Macht.
Laß mich nur erſt das Kind noch tränken.
Ich herzt' es dieſe ganze Nacht.
Sie nahmen mir's, um mich zu kränken,
Und ſagen nun, ich hätt' es umgebracht.
Und niemals werd' ich wieder froh.
Sie ſingen Lieder auf mich! Es iſt bös von den Leuten!
Ein altes Mährchen endigt ſo,
Wer heißt ſie's deuten?
Fauſt wirft ſich nieder.
Ein Liebender liegt dir zu Füßen,
Die Jammerknechtſchaft aufzuſchließen.
Margarete wirft ſich zu ihm.
O laß uns knien, die Heil'gen anzurufen!
Sieh! unter dieſen Stufen,
Unter der Schwelle
Siedet die Hölle!
Der Böſe,
Mit furchtbarem Grimme,
Macht ein Getöſe!
Fauſt laut.
Gretchen! Gretchen!
Margarete aufmerkſam.
Das war des Freundes Stimme!
Sie ſpringt auf. Die Ketten fallen ab.
Wo iſt er? Ich hab' ihn rufen hören.
Ich bin frei! Mir ſoll niemand wehren.
An ſeinen Hals will ich fliegen,
An ſeinem Buſen liegen!
Er rief Gretchen! Er ſtand auf der Schwelle.
Mitten durch's Heulen und Klappen der Hölle,
Durch den grimmigen, teufliſchen Hohn,
Erkannt ich den ſüßen, den liebenden Ton.
Fauſt.
Ich bin's!
Margarete.
Du biſt's! O ſag' es noch einmal!
Ihn faſſend.
Er iſt's! Er iſt's! Wohin iſt alle Qual?
Wohin die Angſt des Kerkers? der Ketten?
Du biſt's! Kommſt mich zu retten!
Ich bin gerettet! —
Schon iſt die Straße wieder da,
Auf der ich dich zum erſtenmale ſah.
Und der heitere Garten,
Wo ich und Marthe deiner warten.
Fauſt fortſtrebend.
Komm mit! Komm mit!
Margarete.
O weile!
Weil' ich doch ſo gern wo du weileſt.
Liebkoſend.
Fauſt.
Eile!
Wenn du nicht eileſt,
Werden wir's theuer büßen müſſen.

Margarete.
Wie? du kannſt nicht mehr küſſen?
Mein Freund, ſo kurz von mir entfernt,
Und haſt's Küſſen verlernt?
Warum wird mir an deinem Halſe ſo bang?
Wenn ſonſt von deinen Worten, deinen Blicken
Ein ganzer Himmel mich überdrang,
Und du mich küßteſt als wollteſt du mich erſticken.
Küſſe mich!
Sonſt küſſ' ich dich!
(Sie umfaßt ihn.)
O weh! deine Lippen ſind kalt,
Sind ſtumm.
Wo iſt dein Lieben
Geblieben?
Wer brachte mich drum?
(Sie wendet ſich von ihm.)
Fauſt.
Komm! Folge mir! Liebchen, faſſe Muth!
Ich herze dich mit tauſendfacher Gluth!
Nur folge mir! Ich bitte dich nur dieß!
Margarete (zu ihm gewendet.)
Und biſt du's denn? Und biſt du's auch gewiß?
Fauſt.
Ich bin's! Komm mit!
Margarethe.
Du machſt die Feſſeln los,
Nimmſt wieder mich in deinen Schooß.
Wie kommt es, daß du dich vor mir nicht ſcheuſt? —
Und weißt du denn, mein Freund, wen du befreiſt?
Fauſt.
Komm! komm! Schon weicht die tiefe Nacht.
Margarete.
Meine Mutter hab' ich umgebracht,
Mein Kind hab' ich ertränkt.
War es nicht dir und mir geſchenkt?
Dir auch — Du biſt's! ich glaub' es kaum.
Gib deine Hand! Es iſt kein Traum!
Deine liebe Hand! — Ach aber ſie iſt feucht!
Wiſche ſie ab! Wie mich däucht
Iſt Blut dran.
Ach Gott! Was haſt du gethan!
Stecke den Degen ein;
Ich bitte dich drum!
Fauſt.
Laß das Vergang'ne vergangen ſein,
Du bringſt mich um.
Margarete.
Nein, du mußt übrig bleiben!
Ich will dir die Gräber beſchreiben.
Für die mußt du ſorgen
Gleich morgen;
Der Mutter den beſten Platz geben,
Meinen Bruder ſogleich darneben,
Mich ein wenig bei Seit',
Nur nicht gar zu weit!
Und das Kleine mir an die rechte Bruſt.
Niemand wird ſonſt bei mir liegen! —
Mich an deine Seite zu ſchmiegen
Das war ein ſüßes, ein holdes Glück!
Aber es will mir nicht mehr gelingen;
Mir iſt's als müßt' ich mich zu dir zwingen,
Als ſtießeſt du mich von dir zurück;
Und doch biſt du's und blickſt ſo gut, ſo fromm.
Fauſt.
Fühlſt du, daß ich es bin, ſo komm!
Margarete.
Dahinaus?
Fauſt.
In's Freie.
Margarete.
Iſt das Grab drauß',
Lauert der Tod, ſo komm!
Von hier in's ewige Ruhebett
Und weiter keinen Schritt —
Du gehſt nun fort? O Heinrich, könnt' ich mit!
Fauſt.
Du kannſt! ſo wolle nur! Die Thür ſteht offen.
Margarete.
Ich darf nicht fort; für mich iſt nichts zu hoffen.
Was hilft es fliehn? Sie lauern doch mir auf.
Es iſt ſo elend betteln zu müſſen,
Und noch dazu mit böſem Gewiſſen!
Es iſt ſo elend in der Fremde ſchweifen,
Und ſie werden mich doch ergreifen!

Fauſt.
Ich bleibe bei dir.
Margarete.
Geſchwind! Geſchwind!
Rette dein armes Kind.
Fort! Immer den Weg
Am Bach hinauf,
Ueber den Steg
In den Wald hinein,
Links wo die Planke ſteht,
Im Teich.
Faß es nur gleich!
Es will ſich heben,
Es zappelt noch!
Rette! rette!
Fauſt.
Beſinne dich doch!
Nur Einen Schritt, ſo biſt du frei!
Margarete.
Wären wir nur den Berg vorbei!
Da ſitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein,
Es faßt mich kalt bei'm Schopfe!
Da ſitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein
Und wackelt mit dem Kopfe;
Sie winkt nicht, ſie nickt nicht, der Kopf iſt ihr ſchwer;
Sie ſchlief ſo lange, ſie wacht nicht mehr.
Sie ſchlief damit wir uns freuten.
Es waren glückliche Zeiten!
Fauſt.
Hilft hier kein Flehen, hilft kein Sagen,
So wag' ich's dich hinweg zu tragen.
Margarete.
Laß mich! Nein, ich leide keine Gewalt!
Faſſe mich nicht ſo mörderiſch an!
Sonſt hab' ich dir ja alles zu lieb gethan.
Fauſt.
Der Tag graut! Liebchen! Liebchen!
Margarete.
Tag! Ja es wird Tag! der letzte Tag dringt herein;
Mein Hochzeittag ſollt' es ſein!
Sag niemand daß du ſchon bei Gretchen warſt.
Weh meinem Kranze!
Es iſt eben geſchehn!
Wir werden uns wiederſehn;
Aber nicht beim Tanze.
Die Menge drängt ſich, man hört ſie nicht.
Der Platz, die Gaſſen
Können ſie nicht faſſen.
Die Glocke ruft, das Stäbchen bricht.
Wie ſie mich binden und packen!
Zum Blutſtuhl bin ich ſchon entrückt.
Schon zuckt nach jedem Nacken
Die Schärfe die nach meinem zückt.
Stumm liegt die Welt wie das Grab!
Fauſt.
O wär' ich nie geboren!
Mephiſtopheles (erſcheint draußen.)
Auf! oder ihr ſeid verloren.
Unnützes Zagen! Zaudern und Plaudern!
Meine Pferde ſchaudern,
Der Morgen dämmert auf.
Margarete.
Was ſteigt aus dem Boden herauf?
Der! der! Schick' ihn fort!
Was will der an dem heiligen Ort?
Er will mich!
Fauſt.
Du ſollſt leben!
Margarete.
Gericht Gottes! Dir hab' ich mich übergeben!
Mephiſtopheles (zu Fauſt.)
Komm! komm! Ich laſſe dich mit ihr im Stich.
Margarete.
Dein bin ich, Vater! Rette mich!
Ihr Engel! Ihr heiligen Schaaren,
Lagert euch umher, mich zu bewahren!
Heinrich! Mir graut's vor dir.
Mephiſtopheles.
Sie iſt gerichtet!
Stimme (von oben.)
Iſt gerettet!

Mephiſtopheles (zu Fauſt.)
Her zu mir!
(Verſchwindet mit Fauſt.)
Stimme (von innen, verhallend.)
Heinrich! Heinrich!

Aus dem zweiten Theile des Fauſt.

Schluß des vierten Acts.

Kaiſer.
Es ſei nun wie ihm ſei! uns iſt die Schlacht gewonnen,
Des Feind's zerſtreute Flucht im flachen Feld zerronnen.
Hier ſteht der leere Thron, verrätheriſcher Schatz,
Von Teppichen umhüllt, verengt umher den Platz.
Wir, ehrenvoll, geſchützt von eignen Trabanten,
Erwarten kaiſerlich der Völker Abgeſandten;
Von allen Seiten her kommt frohe Botſchaft an:
Beruhigt ſei das Reich, uns freudig zugethan.
Hat ſich in unſern Kampf auch Gaukelei geflochten,
Im Ende haben wir uns nur allein gefochten.
Zufälle kommen ja den Streitenden zu gut,
Vom Himmel fällt ein Stein, dem Feinde regnet's Blut,
Aus Felſenhöhlen tönt's von mächtigen Wunderklängen,
Die unſre Bruſt erhöhn, des Feindes Bruſt verengen.
Der Ueberwundne fiel, zu ſtets erneutem Spott,
Der Sieger, wie er prangt, preiſ't den gewognen Gott.
Und alles ſtimmt mit ein, er braucht nicht zu befehlen,
Herr Gott dich loben wir! aus Millionen Kehlen.
Jedoch zum höchſten Preis wend' ich den frommen Blick,
Das ſelten ſonſt geſchah, zur eignen Bruſt zurück.
Ein junger muntrer Fürſt mag ſeinen Tag vergeuden,
Die Jahre lehren ihn des Augenblicks Bedeuten.
Deßhalb denn ungeſäumt, verbind' ich mich ſogleich
Mit euch vier Würdigen für Haus und Hof und Reich.
(Zum Erſten.)
Dein war, o Fürſt! des Heer's geordnet kluge Schichtung,
Sodann, im Hauptmoment, heroiſch kühne Richtung;
Im Frieden wirke nun wie es die Zeit begehrt,
Erbmarſchall nenn' ich dich, verleihe dir das Schwert.

Erbmarſchall.
Dein treues Heer, bis jetzt im Innern beſchäftiget,
Wenn's an der Grenze dich und deinen Thron bekräftiget,
Dann ſei es uns vergönnt, bei Feſtesdrang im Saal
Geräumiger Väterburg, zu rüſten dir das Mahl.
Blank trag' ich's dir dann vor, blank halt' ich dir's zur Seite,
Der höchſten Majeſtät zu ewigem Geleite.

Der Kaiſer (zum Zweiten).
Der ſich, als tapfrer Mann, auch zart gefällig zeigt,
Du! ſei Erzkämmerer, der Auftrag iſt nicht leicht.
Du biſt der Oberſte von allem Hausgeſinde,
Bei deren innerm Streit ich ſchlechte Diener finde;
Dein Beiſpiel ſei fortan in Ehren aufgeſtellt,
Wie man dem Herrn, dem Hof, und Allen wohlgefällt.

Erzkämmerer.
Des Herren großen Sinn zu fördern bringt zu Gnaden,
Den Beſten hülfreich ſeyn, den Schlechten ſelbſt nicht ſchaden,
Dann klar ſein ohne Liſt, und ruhig ohne Trug!
Wenn du mich, Herr, durchſchauſt, geſchieht mir ſchon genug.
Darf ſich die Phantaſie auf jenes Feſt erſtrecken!
Wenn du zur Tafel gehſt, reich' ich das goldne Becken,
Die Ringe halt' ich dir, damit zur Wonnezeit,
Sich deine Hand erfriſcht, wie mich dein Blick erfreut.

Kaiſer.
Zwar fühl' ich mich zu ernſt, auf Feſtlichkeit zu ſinnen,
Doch ſei's! Es fördert auch frohmüthiges Beginnen.
(Zum Dritten.)
Dich wähl' ich zum Erztruchſeß! Alſo ſei fortan,
Dir Jagd, Geflügel-Hof und Vorwerk unterthan;
Der Lieblingsſpeiſe Wahl laß mir zu allen Zeiten
Wie ſie der Monat bringt und ſorgſam zubereiten.

Erztruchſeß.
Streng Faſten ſey für mich die angenehmſte Pflicht,
Bis, vor dich hingeſtellt, dich freut ein Wohlgericht.
Der Küche Dienerſchaft ſoll ſich mit mir verein'gen,
Das Ferne beizuziehn, die Jahrszeit zu beſchleun'gen.
Dich reizt nicht Fern und Früh, womit die Tafel prangt,
Einfach und kräftig iſt's, wornach dein Sinn verlangt.

Kaiſer (zum Vierten.)
Weil unausweichlich hier ſich's nur von Feſten handelt,
So ſei mir, junger Held, zum Schenken umgewandelt.
Erzſchenke, ſorge nun, daß unſre Kellerei
Auf's reichlichſte verſorgt mit gutem Weine ſei.
Du ſelbſt ſey mäßig, laß nicht über Heiterkeiten
Durch der Gelegenheit Verlocken dich verleiten.

Erzſchenk.
Mein Fürſt, die Jugend ſelbſt, wenn man ihr nur vertraut,
Steht, eh' man ſich's verſieht, zu Männern auferbaut.
Auch ich verſetze mich zu jenem großen Feſte;
Ein kaiſerlich Büffet ſchmück' ich auf's allerbeſte
Mit Prachtgefäßen, gülden, ſilbern allzumal;
Doch wähl' ich dir voraus den lieblichſten Pokal.
Ein blank venediſch Glas, worin Behagen lauſchet,
Des Weins Geſchmack ſich ſtärkt und nimmermehr berauſchet.
Auf ſolchen Wunderſchatz vertraut man oft zu ſehr;
Doch deine Mäßigkeit, du Höchſter, ſchützt noch mehr.

Kaiſer.
Was ich euch zugedacht in dieſer ernſten Stunde,
Vernahmt ihr mit Vertraun aus zuverläſſigem Munde.
Des Kaiſers Wort iſt groß und ſichert jede Gift,
Doch zur Bekräftigung bedarf's der edlen Schrift,
Bedarf's der Signatur. Die förmlich zu bereiten,
Seh' ich den rechten Mann zur rechten Stunde ſchreiten.

Der Erzbiſchof (tritt auf).

Kaiſer.
Wenn ein Gewölbe ſich dem Schlußſtein anvertraut,
Dann iſt's mit Sicherheit für ewige Zeit erbaut.
Du ſiehſt vier Fürſten da! Wir haben erſt erörtert,
Was den Beſtand zunächſt von Haus und Hof befördert.
Nun aber, was das Reich in ſeinem Ganzen hegt,
Sei, mit Gewicht und Kraft, der Fünfzahl auferlegt.
An Ländern ſollen ſie vor allen andern glänzen,
Deßhalb erweitr' ich gleich jetzt des Beſitzthums Gränzen,
Vom Erbtheil jener die ſich von uns abgewandt.
Euch Treuen ſprech' ich zu ſo manches ſchöne Land,
Zugleich das hohe Recht, euch, nach Gelegenheiten,
Durch Anfall, Kauf und Tauſch in's Weitre zu verbreiten;
Dann ſei beſtimmt vergönnt, zu üben ungeſtört,
Was von Gerechtſamen euch Landesherrn gehört.
Als Richter werdet ihr die Endurtheile fällen,
Berufung gelte nicht von eurer höchſten Stellen.
Dann Steuer, Zins und Beth', Lehn und Geleit und Zoll,
Berg-, Salz- und Münzregal euch angehören ſoll.
Denn meine Dankbarkeit vollgültig zu erproben,
Hab' ich euch ganz zunächſt der Majeſtät erhoben.

Erzbiſchof.
Im Namen aller ſei dir tiefſter Dank gebracht,
Du machſt uns ſtark und feſt und ſtärkeſt deine Macht.

Kaiſer.
Euch Fünfen will ich noch erhöht're Würden geben.
Noch leb' ich meinem Reich und habe Luſt zu leben;
Doch hoher Ahnen Kette zieht bedächtigen Blick
Aus raſcher Strebſamkeit in's Drohende zurück.
Auch werd' ich, ſeiner Zeit, mich von den Theuren trennen,
Dann ſei es eure Pflicht, den Folger zu ernennen.
Gekrönt erhebt ihn hoch auf heiligem Altar
Und friedlich ende dann was jetzt ſo ſtürmiſch war.

Erzcanzler.
Mit Stolz in tiefſter Bruſt, mit Demuth an Gebärde,
Stehn Fürſten dir gebeugt, die erſten auf der Erde.
So lang das treue Blut die vollen Adern regt,
Sind wir der Körper, den dein Wille leicht bewegt.

Kaiſer.
Und alſo ſei, zum Schluß, was wir bisher bethätigt,
Für alle Folgezeit durch Schrift und Zug beſtätigt.
Zwar habt ihr den Beſitz als Herren völlig frei,
Mit dem Beding jedoch, daß er untheilbar ſei.
Und wie ihr auch vermehrt was ihr von uns empfangen,
Es ſoll's der ält'ſte Sohn in gleichem Maaß erlangen.

Erzkanzler.
Dem Pergament alsbald vertrau' ich wohlgemuth,
Zum Glück dem Reich und uns, das wichtigſte Statut;
Reinſchrift und Siegelung ſoll die Kanzlei beſchäft'gen,
Mit heiliger Signatur wirſt du's, der Herr, bekräft'gen.

Kaiſer.
Und ſo entlaſſ' ich euch, damit den großen Tag,
Geſammelt, jedermann ſich überlegen mag.

Die weltlichen Fürſten
(entfernen ſich).

Der Geiſtliche
(bleibt und ſpricht pathetiſch).
Der Kanzler ging hinweg, der Biſchof iſt geblieben,
Vom ernſten Warnegeiſt zu deinem Ohr getrieben!
Sein väterliches Herz von Sorge bangt um dich.

Kaiſer.
Was haſt du Bängliches zur frohen Stunde? ſprich!

Erzbiſchof.
Mit welchem bittern Schmerz find' ich, in dieſer Stunde,
Dein hochgeheiligt Haupt mit Satanas im Bunde.
Zwar, wie es ſcheinen will, geſichert auf dem Thron,

Doch leider! Gott dem Herrn, dem Vater Papſt zum Hohn,
Wenn dieſer es erfährt, ſchnell wird er ſträflich richten,
Mit heiligem Strahl dein Reich, das ſündige, zu vernichten.
Denn noch vergaß er nicht, wie du, zur höchſten Zeit,
An deinem Krönungstag, den Zauberer befreit.
Von deinem Diadem, der Chriſtenheit zum Schaden,
Traf das verfluchte Haupt der erſte Strahl der Gnaden.
Doch ſchlag' an deine Bruſt und gib vom frevlen Glück
Ein mäßig Schärflein gleich dem Heiligthum zurück.
Den breiten Hügelraum, da wo dein Zelt geſtanden,
Wo böſe Geiſter ſich zu deinem Schutz verbanden,
Dem Lügenfürſten du ein horchſam Ohr geliehn,
Den ſtifte, fromm belehrt, zu heiligem Bemühn.
Mit Berg und dichtem Wald, ſo weit ſie ſich erſtrecken,
Mit Höhen die ſich grün zu fetter Weide decken,
Fiſchreichen klaren Seen, dann Bächlein ohne Zahl,
Wie ſie ſich, eilig ſchlängelnd, ſtürzen ab zu Thal.
Das breite Thal dann ſelbſt, mit Wieſen, Gauen, Gründen:
Die Reue ſpricht ſich aus, und du wirſt Gnade finden.
Kaiſer.
Durch meinen ſchweren Fehl bin ich ſo tief erſchreckt,
Die Gränze ſei von dir nach eignem Maß geſteckt.
Erzbiſchof.
Erſt: der entweihte Raum, wo man ſich ſo verſündigt,
Sei alſobald zum Dienſt des Höchſten angekündigt.
Behende ſteigt im Geiſt Gemäuer ſtark empor,
Der Morgenſonne Blick erleuchtet ſchon das Chor,
Zum Kreuz erweitert ſich das wachſende Gebäude,
Das Schiff erlängt, erhöht ſich zu der Gläubigen Freude,
Sie ſtrömen brünſtig ſchon durch's würdige Portal,
Der erſte Glockenruf erſcholl durch Berg und Thal,
Von hohen Thürmen tönt's, wie ſie zum Himmel ſtreben,
Der Büßer kommt heran, zu neugeſchaffnem Leben.
Dem hohen Weihetag — er trete bald herein! —
Wird deine Gegenwart die höchſte Zierde ſeyn.
Kaiſer.
Mag ein ſo großes Werk den frommen Sinn verkünd'gen,
Zu preiſen Gott den Herrn, ſo wie mich zu entſünd'gen.
Genug! Ich fühle ſchon wie ſich mein Sinn erhöht.
Erzbiſchof.
Als Canzler fördr' ich nun Schluß und Formalität.
Kaiſer.
Ein förmlich Dokument, der Kirche das zu eignen,
Du legſt es vor, ich will's mit Freuden unterzeichnen.
Erzbiſchof
(hat ſich beurlaubt, kehrt aber beim Ausgang wieder um).
Dann widmeſt du zugleich dem Werke, wie's entſteht,
Geſammte Landsgefälle: Zehnten, Zinſen, Beth',
Für ewig. Viel bedarf's zu würdiger Unterhaltung,
Und ſchwere Koſten macht die ſorgliche Verwaltung.
Zum ſchnellen Aufbau ſelbſt auf ſolchem wüſten Platz,
Reichſt du uns einiges Gold aus deinem Beuteſchatz.
Daneben braucht man auch, ich kann es nicht verſchweigen,
Entferntes Holz und Kalk und Schiefer und dergleichen.
Die Fuhren thut das Volk, vom Predigtſtuhl belehrt,
Die Kirche ſegnet den, der ihr zu Dienſten fährt.
(Ab).
Kaiſer.
Die Sünd' iſt groß und ſchwer womit ich mich beladen,
Das leidige Zaubervolk bringt mich in harten Schaden.
Erzbiſchof
(abermals zurückkehrend mit tiefſter Verbeugung).
Verzeih', o Herr! Es ward dem ſehr verrufnen Mann
Des Reiches Strand verliehn; doch dieſen trifft der Bann,
Verleihſt du reuig nicht der hohen Kirchenſtelle
Auch dort den Zehnten, Zins und Gaben und Gefälle.
Kaiſer (verdrießlich).
Das Land iſt noch nicht da, im Meere liegt es breit.
Erzbiſchof.
Wer's Recht hat und Geduld, für den kommt auch die Zeit.
Für uns mög' Euer Wort in ſeinen Kräften bleiben!
Kaiſer (allein).
So könnt' ich wohl zunächſt das ganze Reich verſchreiben.

Fünfter Akt.

Offene Gegend.

Wanderer.
Ja! ſie ſind's die dunklen Linden,
Dort, in ihres Alters Kraft.
Und ich ſoll ſie wieder finden
Nach ſo langer Wanderſchaft!
Iſt es doch die alte Stelle,
Jene Hütte, die mich barg,
Als die ſturmerregte Welle
Mich an jene Dünen warf!
Meine Wirthe möcht' ich ſegnen,
Hülfsbereit, ein wackres Paar,
Das, um heut mir zu begegnen,
Alt ſchon jenen Tage war.
Ach! das waren fromme Leute!
Poch' ich? ruf' ich? — Seid gegrüßt!
Wenn, gaſtfreundlich, auch noch heute
Ihr des Wohlthuns Glück genießt.
Baucis.
(Mütterchen, ſehr alt).
Lieber Kömmling! Leiſe! Leiſe!
Ruhe! laß den Gatten ruhn;
Langer Schlaf verleiht dem Greiſe
Kurzen Wachens raſches Thun.
Wanderer.
Sage, Mutter, biſt du's eben,
Meinen Dank noch zu empfahn,
Was du für des Jünglings Leben
Mit dem Gatten einſt gethan?
Biſt du Baucis, die, geſchäftig,
Halberſtorbnen Mund erquickt?
(Der Gatte tritt auf.)
Du Philemon, der, ſo kräftig,
Meinen Schatz der Fluth entrückt?
Eure Flammen raſchen Feuers,
Eures Glöckchens Silberlaut,
Jenes grauſen Abenteuers
Löſung war euch anvertraut.

Und nun laßt hervor mich treten,
Schaun das gränzenloſe Meer;
Laßt mich knieen, laßt mich beten,
Mich bedrängt die Bruſt ſo ſehr.
(Er ſchreitet vorwärts auf der Düne).
Philemon zu Baucis.
Eile nur den Tiſch zu decken,
Wo's im Gärtchen munter blüht.
Laß ihn rennen, ihn erſchrecken,
Denn er glaubt nicht was er ſieht.
(Ihm folgend).
Philemon
(neben dem Wanderer ſtehend).
Das euch grimmig mißgehandelt,
Wog' auf Woge, ſchäumend wild,
Seht als Garten ihr behandelt,
Seht ein paradieſiſch Bild.
Aelter, war ich nicht zu Handen,
Hülfreich nicht wie ſonſt bereit;
Und, wie meine Kräfte ſchwanden,
War auch ſchon die Woge weit.
Kluger Herren kühne Knechte
Gruben Gräben, dämmten ein,
Schmälerten des Meeres Rechte,
Herrn an ſeiner Statt zu ſein.
Schaue grünend Wieſ' an Wieſe,
Anger, Garten, Dorf und Wald.
Komm nun aber und genieße,
Denn die Sonne ſcheidet bald. —
Doch! im Fernſten ziehen Segel!
Suchen nächtlich ſichern Port —
Kennen doch ihr Neſt die Vögel —
Denn jetzt iſt der Hafen dort.
So erblickſt du in der Weite
Erſt des Meeres blauen Saum,
Rechts und links, in aller Breite,
Dichtgedrängt bewohnten Raum.

Im Gärtchen.

(Am Tiſche zu Drei).
Baucis
(zum Fremdling).
Bleibſt du ſtumm? und keinen Biſſen
Bringſt du zum verlechzten Mund?
Philemon.
Möcht' er doch vom Wunder wiſſen,
Sprichſt ſo gerne, thu's ihm kund.
Baucis.
Wohl! ein Wunder iſt's geweſen!
Läßt mich heut noch nicht in Ruh;

Denn es ging das ganze Weſen
Nicht mit rechten Dingen zu.

Philemon.

Kann der Kaiſer ſich verſündigen,
Der das Ufer ihm verliehn?
Thät's ein Herold nicht verkündigen
Schmetternd im Vorüberziehn?
Nicht entfernt von unſern Dünen
Ward der erſte Fuß gefaßt,
Zelte, Hütten! — Doch im Grünen
Richtet bald ſich ein Palaſt.

Baucis.

Tags umſonſt die Knechte lärmten,
Hack' und Schaufel, Schlag und Schlag,
Wo die Flämmchen nächtig ſchwärmten,
Stand ein Damm den andern Tag.
Menſchenopfer mußten bluten,
Nachts erſcholl des Jammers Qual,
Meerab floſſen Feuergluthen,
Morgens war es ein Canal.
Gottlos iſt er, ihn gelüſtet
Unſere Hütte, unſer Hain;
Wie er ſich als Nachbar brüſtet,
Soll man unterthänig ſein.

Philemon.

Hat er uns doch angeboten
Schönes Gut im neuen Land!

Baucis.

Traue nicht dem Waſſerboden,
Halt' auf deiner Höhe Stand.

Philemon.

Laßt uns zur Capelle treten!
Letzten Sonnenblick zu ſchaun.
Laßt uns läuten, knieen, beten!
Und dem alten Gott vertraun.

Palaſt.

Weiter Ziergarten, großer gradgeführter Canal.

Fauſt (im höchſten Alter wandelnd, nachdenkend).

Lynceus der Thürmer (durch's Sprachrohr).

Die Sonne ſinkt, die letzten Schiffe
Sie ziehen munter hafenein.
Ein großer Kahn iſt im Begriffe,
Auf dem Canale hier zu ſein.
Die bunten Wimpel wehen fröhlich,
Die ſtarren Maſten ſtehn bereit,
In dir preiſ't ſich der Bootsmann ſelig,
Dich grüßt das Glück zur höchſten Zeit.

(Das Glöckchen läutet auf der Düne).

Fauſt (auffahrend).

Verdammtes Läuten! Allzuſchändlich
Verwundet's, wie ein tückiſcher Schuß;
Vor Augen iſt mein Reich unendlich,
Im Rücken neckt mich der Verdruß,
Erinnert mich durch neidiſche Laute,
Mein Hochbeſitz er iſt nicht rein,
Der Lindenraum, die braune Baute,
Das morſche Kirchlein iſt nicht mein.
Und wünſcht' ich dort mich zu erholen,
Vor fremden Schatten ſchaudert mir,
Iſt Dorn den Augen, Dorn den Sohlen,
O! wär' ich weit hinweg von hier!

Thürmer (wie oben).

Wie ſegelt froh der bunte Kahn,
Mit friſchem Abendwind heran!
Wie thürmt ſich ſein behender Lauf
In Kiſten, Kaſten, Säcken auf!

(Prächtiger Kahn, reich und bunt beladen mit Erzeugniſſen fremder Weltgegenden).

Mephiſtopheles. Die drei gewaltigen Geſellen.

Chorus.

Da landen wir,
Da ſind wir ſchon.
Glück an! dem Herren,
Dem Patron.

(Sie ſteigen aus, die Güter werden an's Land geſchafft).

Mephiſtopheles.

So haben wir uns wohl erprobt,
Vergnügt wenn der Patron es lobt,
Nur mit zwei Schiffen ging es fort,
Mit zwanzig ſind wir nun im Port.
Was große Dinge wir gethan,
Das ſieht man unſrer Ladung an.
Das freie Meer befreit den Geiſt,
Wer weiß da was Beſinnen heißt!
Da fördert nur ein raſcher Griff,
Man fängt den Fiſch, man fängt ein Schiff,
Und iſt man erſt der Herr zu drei,
Dann hakelt man das vierte bei,
Da geht es denn dem fünften ſchlecht,
Man hat Gewalt, ſo hat man Recht.
Man fragt um's Was? und nicht um's Wie?
Ich müßte keine Schifffahrt kennen:
Krieg, Handel und Piraterie,
Dreieinig ſind ſie, nicht zu trennen.

Die drei gewaltigen Geſellen.

Nicht Dank und Gruß!
Nicht Gruß und Dank!
Als brächten wir
Dem Herrn Geſtank!
Er macht ein wi-
derlich Geſicht;
Das Königsgut
Gefällt ihm nicht.

Mephiſtopheles.

Erwartet weiter
Keinen Lohn,
Nahmt ihr doch euren
Theil davon.

Die Geſellen.

Das iſt nur für
Die Langeweil,
Wir alle fordern
Gleichen Theil.

Mephiſtopheles.

Erſt ordnet oben
Saal an Saal
Die Koſtbarkeiten
Allzumal.
Und tritt er zu
Der reichen Schau,
Berechnet er alles
Mehr genau,
Er ſich gewiß
Nicht lumpen läßt
Und gibt der Flotte
Feſt nach Feſt.
Die bunten Vögel kommen morgen,
Für die werd' ich zum Beſten ſorgen.

(Die Ladung wird weggeſchafft).

Mephiſtopheles (zu Fauſt.)

Mit ernſter Stirn, mit düſterm Blick
Vernimmſt du dein erhaben Glück.
Die hohe Weisheit wird gekrönt,
Das Ufer iſt dem Meer verſöhnt,
Vom Ufer nimmt, zu raſcher Bahn,
Das Meer die Schiffe willig an,
So ſprich daß hier, hier vom Palaſt
Dein Arm die ganze Welt umfaßt.
Von dieſer Stelle ging es aus,
Hier ſtand das erſte Bretterhaus,
Ein Gräbchen ward hinabgeritzt
Wo jetzt das Ruder emſig ſpritzt.
Dein hoher Sinn, der Deinen Fleiß
Erwarb des Meers, der Erde Preis.
Von hier aus —

Fauſt.

Das verfluchte hier!
Das eben leidig laſtet mir.
Dir Vielgewandtem muß ich's ſagen,
Mir giebt's im Herzen Stich um Stich,
Mir iſt's unmöglich zu ertragen!
Und wie ich's ſage, ſchäm' ich mich.
Die Alten droben ſollten weichen,
Die Linden wünſcht' ich mir zum Sitz,
Die wenigen Bäume, nicht mein eigen,
Verderben mir den Welt-Beſitz.
Dort wollt' ich, weit umher zu ſchauen,
Von Aſt zu Aſt Gerüſte bauen,
Dem Blick eröffnen weite Bahn,
Zu ſehn was alles ich gethan,
Zu überſchaun mit einem Blick
Des Menſchengeiſtes Meiſterſtück,

Bethätigend, mit klugem Sinn,
Der Völker breiten Wohngewinn.

So ſind am härtſten wir gequält:
Im Reichthum fühlend was uns fehlt.
Des Glöckchens Klang, der Linden Duft
Umfängt mich wie in Kirch' und Gruft.
Des allgewaltigen Willens-Kür
Bricht ſich an dieſem Sande hier.
Wie ſchaff' ich mir es vom Gemüthe!
Das Glöcklein läutet und ich wüthe.
Mephiſtopheles.
Natürlich, daß ein Hauptverdruß
Das Leben dir vergällen muß.
Wer läugnet's! Jedem edlen Ohr
Kommt das Geklingel widrig vor.
Und das verfluchte Bim-Baum-Bimmel,
Umnebelnd heitern Abendhimmel,
Miſcht ſich in jegliches Begebniß,
Vom erſten Bad bis zum Begräbniß,
Als wäre, zwiſchen Bimm und Baum,
Das Leben ein verſchollner Traum.
Fauſt.
Das Widerſtehn, der Eigenſinn
Verkümmern herrlichſten Gewinn,
Daß man, zu tiefer, grimmiger Pein,
Ermüden muß gerecht zu ſein.
Mephiſtopheles.
Was willſt du dich denn hier geniren,
Mußt du nicht längſt coloniſiren!
Fauſt.
So geht und ſchafft ſie mir zur Seite!
Das ſchöne Gütchen kennſt du ja,
Das ich dem Alten auserſah.
Mephiſtopheles.
Man trägt ſie fort und ſetzt ſie nieder.
Eh' man ſich umſieht ſtehn ſie wieder;
Nach überſtandener Gewalt
Verſöhnt ein ſchöner Aufenthalt.
(Er pfeift gellend).
Die Drei treten auf.
Mephiſtopheles.
Kommt! Wie der Herr gebieten läßt,
Und morgen giebt ein Flottenfeſt.
Die Drei.
Der alte Herr empfing uns ſchlecht,
Ein flottes Feſt iſt uns zu Recht.
Mephiſtopheles (ad Spectatores).
Auch hier geſchieht was längſt geſchah,
Denn Naboths Weinberg war ſchon da.
(Regum I. 21).

Tiefe Nacht.

Lynceus, der Thürmer (auf der Schloßwarte ſingend):

Zum Sehen geboren,
Zum Schauen beſtellt,
Dem Thurme geſchworen
Gefällt mir die Welt.
Ich blick' in die Ferne,
Ich ſeh' in der Näh',
Den Mond und die Sterne
Den Wald und das Reh.
So ſeh' ich in allen
Die ewige Zier,
Und wie mir's gefallen,
Gefall' ich auch mir.
Ihr glücklichen Augen!
Was je ihr geſehn,
Es ſei wie es wolle,
Es war doch ſo ſchön!
(Pauſe).
Nicht allein mich zu ergötzen
Bin ich hier ſo hoch geſtellt;
Welch ein gräuliches Entſetzen
Droht mir aus der finſtern Welt!
Funkenblicke ſeh' ich ſprühen
Durch der Linden Doppelnacht,
Immer ſtärker wühlt ein Glühen
Von der Zugluft angefacht.
Ach! die inn're Hütte lodert,
Die bemooſ't und feucht geſtanden,
Schnelle Hülfe wird gefodert,
Keine Rettung iſt vorhanden.
Ach! die guten alten Leute,
Sonſt ſo ſorglich um das Feuer,
Werden ſie dem Qualm zur Beute!
Welch ein ſchrecklich Abenteuer!
Flamme flammet, roth in Gluthen
Steht das ſchwarze Moosgeſtelle,
Retteten ſich nur die Guten
Aus der wildentbrannten Hölle!
Züngelnd lichte Blitze ſteigen
Zwiſchen Blättern, zwiſchen Zweigen;
Aeſte dürr, die flackernd brennen,
Glühen ſchnell und ſtürzen ein.
Sollt ihr Augen dieß erkennen!
Muß ich ſo weitſichtig ſein!
Das Capellchen bricht zuſammen
Von der Aeſte Sturz und Laſt;
Schlängelnd ſind, mit ſpitzen Flammen,
Schon die Gipfel angefaßt.
Bis zur Wurzel glühn die hohlen
Stämme, purpurroth im Glühn.
(Lange Pauſe, Geſang).
Was ſich ſonſt dem Blick empfohlen
Mit Jahrhunderten, iſt hin.
Fauſt
(auf dem Balkon, gegen die Dünen).
Von oben welch ein ſingend Wimmern?
Das Wort iſt hier, der Ton zu ſpat,
Mein Thürmer jammert; mich, im Innern,
Verdrießt die ungeduldige That.
Doch ſei der Lindenwuchs vernichtet,
Zu halbverkohlter Stämme Graun,
Ein Luginsland iſt bald errichtet,
Um in's Unendliche zu ſchaun.
Da ſeh' ich auch die neue Wohnung,
Die jenes alte Paar umſchließt,
Das, im Gefühl großmüthiger Schonung,
Der ſpäten Tage froh genießt.
Mephiſtopheles und die Dreie (unten).
Da kommen wir mit vollem Trab.
Verzeiht! es ging nicht gütlich ab.
Wir klopften an, wir pochten an,
Und immer ward nicht aufgethan;
Wir rüttelten, wir pochten fort,
Da lag die morſche Thüre dort;
Wir riefen laut und drohten ſchwer,
Allein wir fanden kein Gehör.
Und wie's in ſolchem Fall geſchicht,
Sie hörten nicht, ſie wollten nicht,
Wir aber haben nicht geſäumt,
Behende dir ſie weggeräumt.
Das Paar hat ſich nicht viel gequält,
Vor Schrecken fielen ſie entſeelt.
Ein Fremder, der ſich dort verſteckt,
Und fechten wollte, ward geſtreckt,
In wilden Kampfes kurzer Zeit
Entflammte Stroh. Nun lodert's frei,
Als Scheiterhaufen dieſer drei.
Fauſt.
War't ihr für meine Worte taub!
Tauſch wollt' ich, wollte keinen Raub.
Dem unbeſonnenen wilden Streich
Ihm fluch' ich! theilt es unter euch.
Chorus.
Das alte Wort, das Wort erſchallt:
Gehorche willig der Gewalt!
Und biſt du kühn, und hältſt du Stich,
So wage Haus und Hof und — Dich.
(Ab).

Fauſt (auf dem Balkon).
Die Sterne bergen Blick und Schein,
Das Feuer ſinkt und lodert klein;
Ein Schauerwindchen fächelt's an,
Bringt Rauch und Dunſt zu mir heran.
Geboten ſchnell, zu ſchnell gethan! —
Was ſchwebet ſchattenhaft heran?

Mitternacht.

Vier graue Weiber treten auf.

Erſte.

Ich heiße der Mangel.

Zweite.
Ich heiße die Schuld.
Dritte.
Ich heiße die Sorge.
Vierte.
Ich heiße die Noth.
Zu drei.
Die Thür iſt verſchloſſen, wir können nicht ein,
Drinn wohnet ein Reicher, wir mögen nicht 'nein.
Mangel.
Da werd' ich zum Schatten.
Schuld.
Da werd' ich zu nicht.
Noth.
Man wendet von mir das verwöhnte Geſicht.
Sorge.
Ihr Schweſtern ihr könnt nicht und dürft nicht hinein;
Die Sorge ſie ſchleicht ſich durch's Schlüſſelloch ein.
(Sorge verſchwindet).
Mangel.
Ihr, graue Geſchwiſter, entfernt euch von hier.
Schuld.
Ganz nah an der Seite verbind' ich mich dir.
Noth.
Ganz nah an der Ferſe begleitet die Noth.
Zu drei.
Es ziehen die Wolken, es ſchwinden die Sterne!
Dahinten, dahinten! von ferne, von ferne,
Da kommt er, der Bruder, da kommt er der — — —
— — Tod.
Fauſt (im Palaſt).
Vier ſah ich kommen, drei nur gehn,
Den Sinn der Rede konnt' ich nicht verſtehn.
Es klang ſo nach als hieß es — Noth,
Ein düſtres Reimwort folgte — Tod.
Es tönte hohl, geſpenſterhaft gedämpft.
Noch hab' ich mich in's Freie nicht gekämpft.
Könnt' ich Magie von meinem Pfad entfernen,
Die Zauberſprüche ganz und gar verlernen,
Stünd' ich, Natur! vor dir ein Mann allein,
Da wär's der Mühe werth ein Menſch zu ſeyn.

Das war ich ſonſt, eh' ich's im Düſtern ſuchte,
Mit Frevelwort mich und die Welt verfluchte.
Nun iſt die Luft von ſolchem Spuk ſo voll,
Daß niemand weiß wie er ihn meiden ſoll.
Wenn auch Ein Tag uns klar vernünftig lacht,
In Traumgeſpinnſt verwickelt uns die Nacht;
Wir kehren froh von junger Flur zurück,
Ein Vogel krächzt, was krächzt er? Mißgeſchick,
Von Aberglauben früh und ſpat umgarnt.
Es eignet ſich, es zeigt ſich an, es warnt.
Und ſo verſchüchtert, ſtehen wir allein;
Die Pforte knarrt und niemand kommt herein.
(Erſchüttert).
Iſt jemand hier?
Sorge.
Die Frage fordert Ja!
Fauſt.
Und du, wer biſt denn du?
Sorge.
Bin eimal da.
Fauſt.
Entferne dich!
Sorge.
Ich bin am rechten Ort.
Fauſt (erſt ergrimmt, dann beſänftigt für ſich).
Nimm dich in Acht und ſprich kein Zauberwort.
Sorge.
Würde mich kein Ohr vernehmen,
Müßt' es doch im Herzen dröhnen;
In verwandelter Geſtalt
Üb' ich grimmige Gewalt.
Auf den Pfaden, auf der Welle,
Ewig ängſtlicher Geſelle,
Stets gefunden, nie geſucht,
So geſchmeichelt wie verflucht.
Haſt du die Sorge nie gekannt? —
Fauſt.
Ich bin nur durch die Welt gerannt;
Ein jed' Gelüſt ergriff ich bei den Haaren,
Was nicht genügte ließ ich fahren,
Was mir entwiſchte ließ ich ziehn.
Ich habe nur begehrt und nur vollbracht,
Und abermals gewünſcht, und ſo mit Macht
Mein Leben durchgeſtürmt; erſt groß und mächtig,
Nun aber geht es weiſe, geht bedächtig.
Der Erdenkreis iſt mir genug bekannt.
Nach drüben iſt die Ausſicht uns verrannt;
Thor! wer dorthin die Augen blinzend richtet,
Sich über Wolken ſeines gleichen dichtet!
Er ſtehe feſt und ſehe hier ſich um;
Dem Tüchtigen iſt dieſe Welt nicht ſtumm.
Was braucht er in die Ewigkeit zu ſchweifen!
Was er erkennt läßt ſich ergreifen.
Er wandle ſo den Erdentag entlang;
Wenn Geiſter ſpuken geh' er ſeinen Gang;
Im Weiterſchreiten find' er Qual und Glück,
Er! unbefriedigt jeden Augenblick.
Sorge.
Wen ich einmal mir beſitze,
Dem iſt alle Welt nichts nütze,
Ewiges Düſtre ſteigt herunter,
Sonne geht nicht auf noch unter,
Bei vollkommnen äußern Sinnen
Wohnen Finſterniſſe drinnen.
Und er weiß von allen Schätzen
Sich nicht in Beſitz zu ſetzen.
Glück und Unglück wird zur Grille,
Er verhungert in der Fülle,
Sei es Wonne, ſei es Plage,
Schiebt er's zu dem andern Tage,
Iſt der Zukunft nur gewärtig,
Und ſo wird er niemals fertig.
Fauſt.
Hör' auf! ſo kommſt du mir nicht bei!
Ich mag nicht ſolchen Unſinn hören.
Fahr' hin! die ſchlechte Litaney
Sie könnte ſelbſt den klügſten Mann bethören.
Sorge.
Soll er gehen? ſoll er kommen?
Der Entſchluß iſt ihm genommen;
Auf gebahnten Weges Mitte
Wankt er taſtend halbe Schritte.
Er verliert ſich immer tiefer,
Siehet alle Dinge ſchiefer,
Sich und andre läſtig drückend,
Athem holend und erſtickend;
Nicht erſtickt und ohne Leben,
Nicht verzweifelnd, nicht ergeben.
So ein unaufhaltſam Rollen,
Schmerzlich Laſſen, widrig Sollen,
Bald Befreien, bald Erdrücken,
Halber Schlaf und ſchlecht Erquicken,
Heftet ihn an ſeine Stelle
Und bereitet ihn zur Hölle.
Fauſt.
Unſelige Geſpenſter! ſo behandelt ihr
Das menſchliche Geſchlecht zu tauſend Malen;
Gleichgültige Tage ſelbſt verwandelt ihr
In garſtigen Wirrwarr netzumſtrickter Qualen.
Dämonen, weiß ich, wird man ſchwerlich los,
Das geiſtig-ſtrenge Band iſt nicht zu trennen;
Doch deine Macht, o Sorge, ſchleichend groß,
Ich werde ſie nicht anerkennen.
Sorge.
Erfahre ſie, wie ich geſchwind
Mich mit Verwünſchung von dir wende!
Die Menſchen ſind im ganzen Leben blind,
Nun Fauſte werde du's am Ende! —
(Sie haucht ihn an).
Fauſt (erblindet).
Die Nacht ſcheint tiefer tief hereinzudringen,
Allein im Innern leuchtet helles Licht;
Was ich gedacht, ich eil' es zu vollbringen;
Des Herren Wort es gibt allein Gewicht.
Vom Lager auf, ihr Knechte! Mann für Mann!
Laßt glücklich ſchauen was ich kühn erſann.
Ergreift das Werkzeug, Schaufel rührt und Spaten!
Das Abgeſteckte muß ſogleich gerathen.
Auf ſtrenges Ordnen, raſchen Fleiß,
Erfolgt der allerſchönſte Preis;
Daß ſich das größte Werk vollende,
Genügt Ein Geiſt für tauſend Hände.

Legende.

Als noch, verkannt und ſehr gering,
Unſer Herr auf der Erde ging,
Und viele Jünger ſich zu ihm fanden,
Die ſehr ſelten ſein Wort verſtanden,
Liebt' er ſich gar über die Maßen,
Seinen Hof zu halten auf der Straßen,
Weil unter des Himmels Angeſicht
Man immer beſſer und freier ſpricht.
Er ließ ſie da die höchſten Lehren
Aus ſeinem heiligen Munde hören;
Beſonders durch Gleichniß und Exempel
Macht' er einen jeden Markt zum Tempel.

So ſchlendert' er in Geiſtes Ruh
Mit ihnen einſt einem Städtchen zu,
Sah etwas blinken auf der Straß,
Das ein zerbrochen Hufeiſen was.
Er ſagte zu St. Peter d'rauf:
Heb' doch einmal das Eiſen auf!
Sanct Peter war nicht aufgeräumt,
Er hatte ſo eben im Gehen geträumt,
So was vom Regiment der Welt,
Was einem jeden wohlgefällt:
Denn im Kopf hat das keine Schranken;
Das waren ſo ſeine liebſten Gedanken,
Nun war der Fund ihm viel zu klein,
Hätte müſſen Kron' und Scepter ſein;
Aber wie ſollt' er ſeinen Rücken
Nach einem halben Hufeiſen bücken?
Er alſo ſich zur Seite kehrt
Und thut als hätt' er's nicht gehört.

Der Herr, nach ſeiner Langmuth, d'rauf
Hebt ſelber das Hufeiſen auf,
Und thut auch weiter nicht dergleichen.
Als ſie nun bald die Stadt erreichen,
Geht er vor eines Schmiedes Thür,
Nimmt von dem Mann drei Pfennig dafür.
Und als ſie über den Markt nun gehen,
Sieht er daſelbſt ſchöne Kirſchen ſtehen,
Kauft ihrer, ſo wenig oder ſo viel,
Als man für einen Dreier geben will,
Die er ſodann nach ſeiner Art
Ruhig im Aermel aufbewahrt.

Nun ging's zum andern Thor hinaus,
Durch Wieſ' und Felder ohne Haus,
Auch war der Weg von Bäumen bloß;
Die Sonne ſchien, die Hitz' war groß,
So daß man viel an ſolcher Stätt'
Für einen Trunk Waſſer gegeben hätt.
Der Herr geht immer voraus vor Allen
Läßt unverſehens eine Kirſche fallen.
Sanct Peter war gleich dahinter her,
Als wenn es ein goldner Apfel wär;
Das Beerlein ſchmeckte ſeinem Gaum.
Der Herr, nach einem kleinen Raum,
Ein ander Kirſchlein zur Erde ſchickt,
Wornach Sanct Peter ſchnell ſich bückt.
So läßt der Herr ihn ſeinen Rücken
Gar vielmal nach den Kirſchen bücken.
Das dauert eine ganze Zeit;
Dann ſprach der Herr mit Heiterkeit:
Thät'ſt du zu rechter Zeit dich regen,
Hätt'ſt du's bequemer haben mögen.
Wer geringe Ding' wenig acht't,
Sich um geringere Müh' macht.

Novelle.

Ein dichter Herbſtnebel verhüllte noch in der Frühe die weiten Räume des fürſtlichen Schloßhofes, als man ſchon mehr oder weniger durch den ſich lichtenden Schleier die ganze Jägerei zu Pferde und zu Fuß durch einander bewegt ſah. Die eiligen Beſchäftigungen der Nächſten ließen ſich erkennen: man verlängerte, man verkürzte die Steigbügel, man reichte ſich Büchſe und Patrontäſchchen, man ſchob die Dachsranzen zurecht, indeß die Hunde ungeduldig am Riemen den Zurückhaltenden mit fortzuſchleppen drohten. Auch hie und da geberdete ein Pferd ſich muthiger, von feuriger Natur getrieben oder von dem Sporn des Reiters angeregt, der ſelbſt hier in der Halbhelle eine gewiſſe Eitelkeit, ſich zu zeigen, nicht verleugnen konnte. Alle jedoch warteten auf den Fürſten, der, von ſeiner jungen Gemahlin Abſchied nehmend, allzulange zauderte.

Erſt vor kurzer Zeit zuſammen getraut, empfanden ſie ſchon das Glück übereinſtimmender Gemüther; beide waren von thätiglebhaftem Charakter, eines nahm gern an des andern Neigungen und Beſtrebungen Antheil. Des Fürſten Vater hatte noch den Zeitpunkt erlebt und genutzt, wo es deutlich wurde, daß alle Staatsglieder in gleicher Betriebſamkeit ihre Tage zubringen, in gleichem Wirken und Schaffen, jeder nach ſeiner Art, erſt gewinnen und dann genießen ſollte.

Wie ſehr dieſes gelungen war, ließ ſich in dieſen Tagen gewahr werden, als eben der Hauptmarkt ſich verſammelte, den man gar wohl eine Meſſe nennen konnte. Der Fürſt hatte ſeine Gemahlin geſtern durch das Gewimmel der aufgehäuften Waaren zu Pferde geführt und ſie bemerken laſſen, wie gerade hier das Gebirgsland mit dem flachen Lande einen glücklichen Umtauſch treffe; er wußte ſie an Ort und Stelle auf die Betriebſamkeit ſeines Länderkreiſes aufmerkſam zu machen.

Wenn ſich nun der Fürſt faſt ausſchließlich in dieſen Tagen mit den Seinigen über dieſe zudringenden Gegenſtände unterhielt, auch beſonders mit dem Finanzminiſter anhaltend arbeitete, ſo behielt doch auch der Landjägermeiſter ſein Recht, auf deſſen Vorſtellung es unmöglich war, der Verſuchung zu widerſtehen, an dieſen günſtigen Herbſttagen eine ſchon verſchobene Jagd zu unternehmen, ſich ſelbſt und den vielen angekommenen Fremden ein eigenes und ſeltenes Feſt zu eröffnen.

Die Fürſtin blieb ungern zurück; man hatte ſich vorgenommen, weit in das Gebirg hineinzudringen, um die friedlichen Bewohner der dortigen Wälder durch einen unerwarteten Kriegszug zu beunruhigen.

Scheidend verſäumte der Gemahl nicht, einen Spazierritt vorzuſchlagen, den ſie im Geleite Friedrich's, des fürſtlichen Oheims, unternehmen ſollte; auch laſſe ich, ſagte er, dir unſern Honorio, als Stall- und Hofjunker, der für alles ſorgen wird; und im Gefolg dieſer Worte gab er im Hinabſteigen einem wohlgebildeten jungen Mann die nöthigen Aufträge, verſchwand ſodann bald mit Gäſten und Gefolge.

Die Fürſtin, die ihrem Gemahl noch in den Schloßhof hinab mit dem Schnupftuch nachgewinkt hatte, begab ſich in die hinteren Zimmer, welche nach dem Gebirg eine freie Ausſicht ließen, die um deſto ſchöner war, als das Schloß ſelbſt von dem Fluſſe herauf in einiger Höhe ſtand und ſo vor- als hinterwärts mannichfaltige bedeutende Anſichten gewährte. Sie fand das treffliche Teleſkop noch in der Stellung wo man es geſtern Abend gelaſſen hatte, als man, über Buſch, Berg und Waldgipfel die hohen Ruinen der uralten Stammburg betrachtend, ſich unterhielt, die in der Abendbeleuchtung merkwürdig hervortraten, indem alsdann die größten Licht- und Schattenmaſſen den deutlichſten Begriff von einem ſo anſehnlichen Denkmal alter Zeit verleihen konnten. Auch zeigte ſich heute früh durch die annähernden Gläſer recht auffallend die herbſtliche Färbung jener mannichfaltigen Baumarten, die zwiſchen dem Gemäuer ungehindert und ungeſtört durch lange Jahre emporſtrebten. Die ſchöne Dame richtete jedoch das Fernrohr etwas tiefer nach einer öden, ſteinigen Fläche, über welche der Jagdzug weggehen mußte; ſie erharrte den Augenblick mit Geduld und betrog ſich nicht: denn bei der Klarheit und Vergrößerungsfähigkeit des Inſtrumentes erkannten ihre glänzenden Augen deutlich den Fürſten und den Oberſtallmeiſter; ja ſie enthielt ſich nicht, abermals mit dem Schnupftuche zu winken, als ſie ein augenblickliches Stillhalten und Rückblicken mehr vermuthete als gewahr ward.

Fürſt Oheim, Friedrich mit Namen, trat ſodann, angemeldet, mit ſeinem Zeichner herein, der ein großes Portefeuille unter dem Arm trug. Liebe Couſine, ſagte der alte rüſtige Herr, hier legen wir die Anſichten der Stammburg vor, gezeichnet um von verſchiedenen Seiten anſchaulich zu machen, wie der mächtige Trutz- und Schutzbau von alten Zeiten her dem Jahre und ſeiner Witterung ſich entgegen ſtemmte, und wie doch hie und da ſein Gemäuer weichen, da und dort in wüſte Ruinen zuſammenſtürzen mußte. Nun haben wir manches gethan, um dieſe Wildniß zugänglicher zu machen, denn mehr bedarf es nicht, um jeden Wanderer, jeden Beſuchenden in Erſtaunen zu ſetzen, zu entzücken.

Indem nun der Fürſt die einzelnen Blätter deutete, ſprach er weiter: Hier, wo man, den Hohlweg durch die äußern Ringmauern heraufkommend, vor die eigentliche Burg gelangt, ſteigt uns ein Felſen entgegen von den feſteſten des ganzen Gebirgs; hierauf nun ſteht gemauert ein Thurm, doch niemand wüßte zu ſagen, wo die Natur aufhört, Kunſt und Handwerk aber anfangen. Ferner ſieht man ſeitwärts Mauern angeſchloſſen und Zwinger terraſſenmäßig herab ſich erſtreckend. Doch ich ſag' nicht recht, denn es iſt eigentlich ein Wald, der dieſen alten Gipfel umgibt. Seit hundert und funfzig Jahren hat keine Axt hier geklungen und überall ſind die mächtigſten Stämme emporgewachſen; wo ihr euch an den Mauern andrängt, ſtellt ſich der glatte Ahorn, die rauhe Eiche, die ſchlanke Fichte mit Schaft und Wurzeln entgegen; um dieſe müſſen wir uns herumſchlängeln und unſere Fußpfade verſtändig führen. Seht nur, wie trefflich unſer Meiſter dieß Charakteriſtiſche auf dem Papier ausgedrückt hat, wie kenntlich die verſchiedenen Stamm- und Wurzelarten zwiſchen das Mauerwerk verflochten und die mächtigen Aeſte durch die Lücken durchgeſchlungen ſind. Es iſt eine Wildniß wie keine, ein zufällig-einziges Local, wo die alten Spuren längſt verſchwundener Menſchenkraft mit der ewig lebenden und fortwirkenden Natur ſich in dem ernſteſten Streit erblicken laſſen.

Ein anderes Blatt aber vorlegend fuhr er fort: Was ſagt Ihr nun zum Schloßhofe, der, durch das Zuſammenſtürzen des alten Thorthurmes unzugänglich, ſeit undenklichen Jahren von niemand betreten ward. Wir ſuchten ihm von der Seite beizukommen, haben Mauern durchbrochen, Gewölbe geſprengt und ſo einen bequemen aber geheimen Weg bereitet. Inwendig bedurfte es keines Aufräumens, hier findet ſich ein flacher Felsgipfel von der Natur geplättet, aber doch haben mächtige Bäume hie und da zu wurzeln Glück und Gelegenheit gefunden; ſie ſind ſachte aber entſchieden aufgewachſen; nun erſtrecken ſie ihre Aeſte bis in die Galerien hinein, auf denen der Ritter ſonſt auf und abſchritt, ja durch Thüren durch und Fenſter in die gewölbten Säle, aus denen wir ſie nicht vertreiben wollen; ſie ſind eben Herr geworden und mögen's bleiben. Tiefe Blätterſchichten wegräumend haben wir den merkwürdigſten Platz geebnet gefunden, deſſen Gleichen in der Welt vielleicht nicht wieder zu ſehen iſt.

Nach allem dieſem aber iſt es immer noch bemerkenswerth und an Ort und Stelle zu beſchauen, daß auf den Stufen, die in den Hauptthurm hinaufführen, ein Ahorn Wurzel geſchlagen und ſich zu einem ſo tüchtigen Baume gebildet hat, daß man nur mit Noth daran vorbeidringen kann, um die Zinne, der unbegrenzten Ausſicht wegen, zu beſteigen. Aber auch hier verweilt man bequem im Schatten, denn dieſer Baum iſt es, der ſich über das Ganze wunderbar hoch in die Luft hebt.

Danken wir alſo dem wackern Künſtler, der uns ſo löblich in verſchiedenen Bildern von allem überzeugt, als wenn wir gegenwärtig wären; er hat die ſchönſten Stunden des Tages und der Jahrszeit dazu angewendet und ſich wochenlang um dieſe Gegenſtände herumbewegt. In dieſer Ecke iſt für ihn und den Wächter, den wir ihm zugegeben, eine kleine angenehme Wohnung eingerichtet. Sie ſollten nicht glauben, meine Beſte, welch eine ſchöne Aus- und Anſicht er in's Land, in Hof und Gemäuer ſich dort bereitet hat. Nun aber, da alles ſo rein und charakteriſtiſch umriſſen iſt, wird er es hier unten mit Bequemlichkeit ausführen. Wir wollen mit dieſen Bildern unſern Gartenſaal zieren, und niemand ſoll über unſere regelmäßigen Parterre, Lauben und ſchattigen Gänge ſeine Augen ſpielen laſſen, der nicht wünſchte, ſich dort oben in dem wirklichen Anſchauen des Alten und Neuen, des Starren, Unnachgiebigen, Unzerſtörlichen, und des Friſchen, Schmiegſamen, Unwiderſtehlichen ſeine Betrachtungen anzuſtellen.

Honorio trat ein, und meldete, die Pferde ſeien vorgeführt; da ſagte die Fürſtin, zum Oheim gewendet: Reiten wir hinauf und laſſen Sie mich in der Wirklichkeit ſehen, was Sie mir hier im Bilde zeigten. Seit ich hier bin, hör' ich von dieſem Unternehmen, und wünſche jetzt erſt recht verlangend, mit Augen zu ſehen, was mir in der Erzählung unmöglich ſchien und in der Nachbildung unwahrſcheinlich bleibt. — Noch nicht, meine Liebe, verſetzte der Fürſt; was Sie hier ſahen, iſt, was es werden kann und wird; jetzt ſtockt noch manches im Beginnen; die Kunſt muß erſt vollenden, wenn ſie ſich vor der Natur nicht ſchämen ſoll. — Und ſo reiten wir wenigſtens hinaufwärts, und wär' es nur bis an den Fuß; ich habe große Luſt, mich heute weit in der Welt umzuſehen. — Ganz nach Ihrem Willen, verſetzte der Fürſt. — Laſſen Sie uns aber durch die Stadt reiten, fuhr die Dame fort, über den großen Marktplatz, wo eine zahlloſe Menge von Buden die Geſtalt einer kleinen Stadt, eines Feldlagers angenommen hat. Es iſt als wären die Bedürfniſſe und Beſchäftigungen ſämmtlicher Familien des Landes umher, nach außen gekehrt, in dieſem Mittelpunkt verſammelt, an das Tageslicht gebracht worden; denn hier ſieht der aufmerkſame Beobachter alles was der Menſch leiſtet und bedarf; man bildet ſich einen Augenblick ein, es ſei kein Geld nöthig, jedes Geſchäft könne hier durch Tauſch abgethan werden, und ſo iſt es auch im Grunde. Seitdem der Fürſt geſtern Anlaß zu dieſen Ueberſichten gegeben, iſt es mir gar angenehm zu denken, wie hier, wo Gebirg und flaches Land aneinander gränzen, beide ſo deutlich ausſprechen, was ſie brauchen und was ſie wünſchen. Wie nun der Hochländer das Holz ſeiner Wälder in hundert Formen umzubilden weiß, das Eiſen zu einem jeden Gebrauch zu vermannichfaltigen, ſo kommen jene drüben mit den vielfältigſten Waaren ihm entgegen, an denen man den Stoff kaum unterſcheiden und den Zweck oft nicht erkennen mag.

Ich weiß, verſetzte der Fürſt, daß mein Neffe hierauf die größte Aufmerkſamkeit wendet; denn gerade zu dieſer Jahreszeit kommt es hauptſächlich darauf an, daß man mehr empfange als gebe; dieß zu bewirken iſt am Ende die Summe des ganzen Staatshaushaltes, ſo wie der kleinſten häuslichen Wirthſchaft. Verzeihen Sie aber, meine Beſte, ich reite niemals gern durch Markt und Meſſe: bei jedem Schritt iſt man gehindert und aufgehalten, und dann flammt mir das ungeheure Unglück wieder in die Einbildungskraft, das ſich mir gleichſam in die Augen eingebrannt, als ich eine ſolche Güter- und Waarenbreite in Feuer aufgehen ſah. Ich hatte mich kaum —

Laſſen Sie uns die ſchönen Stunden nicht verſäumen, fiel ihm die Fürſtin ein, da der würdige Mann ſie ſchon einigemal mit ausführlicher Beſchreibung jenes Unheils geängſtigt hatte, wie er ſich nämlich, auf einer großen Reiſe begriffen, Abends im beſten Wirthshauſe auf dem Markte, der eben von einer Hauptmeſſe wimmelte, höchſt ermüdet zu Bette gelegt, und Nachts durch Geſchrei und Flammen, die ſich gegen ſeine Wohnung wälzten, gräßlich aufgeweckt worden.

Die Fürſtin eilte, das Lieblingspferd zu beſteigen, und führte, ſtatt zum Hinterthore bergauf, zum Vorderthore bergunter ihren widerwillig-bereiten Begleiter; denn wer wäre nicht gern an ihrer Seite geritten, wer wäre ihr nicht gern gefolgt. Und ſo war auch Honorio von der ſonſt ſo erſehnten Jagd willig zurückgeblieben, um ihr ausſchließlich dienſtbar zu ſein.

Wie vorauszuſehen, durften ſie auf dem Markte nur Schritt vor Schritt reiten; aber die ſchöne Liebenswürdige erheiterte jeden Aufenthalt durch eine geiſtreiche Bemerkung. Ich wiederhole, ſagte ſie, meine geſtrige Lection, da denn doch die Nothwendigkeit unſere Geduld prüfen will. Und wirklich drängte ſich die ganze Menſchenmaſſe dergeſtalt an die Reitenden heran, daß ſie ihren Weg nur langſam fortſetzen konnten. Das Volk ſchaute mit Freuden die junge Dame und auf ſo viel lächelnden Geſichtern zeigte ſich das entſchiedene Behagen, zu ſehen, daß die erſte Frau im Lande auch die ſchönſte und anmuthigſte ſei.

Untereinander gemiſcht ſtanden Bergbewohner, die zwiſchen Felſen, Fichten und Föhren ihre ſtillen Wohnſitze hegten, Flachländer von Hügeln, Auen und Wieſen her, Gewerbsleute der kleinen Städte und was ſich alles verſammelt hatte. Nach einem ruhigen Ueberblick bemerkte die Fürſtin ihrem Begleiter, wie alle dieſe, woher ſie auch ſeien, mehr Stoff als nöthig zu ihren Kleidern genommen, mehr Tuch und Leinwand, mehr Band zum Beſatz. Iſt es doch als ob die Weiber nicht bauſchig und die Männer nicht pauſig genug ſich gefallen könnten.

Wir wollen ihnen das ja laſſen, verſetzte der Oheim; wo auch der Menſch ſeinen Ueberfluß hinwendet, ihm iſt wohl dabei, am wohlſten, wenn er ſich damit ſchmückt und anputzt. Die ſchöne Dame winkte Beifall.

So waren ſie nach und nach auf einen freien Platz gelangt, der zur Vorſtadt hinführte, wo am Ende vieler kleiner Buden und Kramſtände ein größeres Brettergebäude in die Augen fiel, das ſie kaum erblickten, als ein ohrzerreißendes Gebrülle ihnen entgegen tönte. Die Fütterungsſtunde der dort zur Schau ſtehenden wilden Thiere ſchien herangekommen; der Löwe ließ ſeine Wald- und Wüſtenſtimme auf's kräftigſte hören, die Pferde ſchauderten und man konnte der Bemerkung nicht entgehen, wie in dem friedlichen Weſen und Wirken der gebildeten Welt der König der Einöde ſich ſo furchtbar verkündige. Zur Bude näher gelangt durften ſie die bunten koloſſalen Gemälde nicht überſehen, die mit heftigen Farben und kräftigen Bildern jene fremden Thiere darſtellten, welche der friedliche Staatsbürger zu ſchauen unüberwindliche Luſt empfinden ſollte. Der grimmig ungeheure Tiger ſprang auf einen Mohren los, im Begriff ihn zu zerreißen; ein Löwe ſtand ernſthaft majeſtätiſch, als wenn er keine Beute ſeiner würdig vor ſich ſähe; andere wunderliche bunte Geſchöpfe verdienten neben dieſen mächtigen weniger Aufmerkſamkeit.

Wir wollen, ſagte die Fürſtin, bei unſerer Rückkehr doch abſteigen und die ſeltenen Gäſte näher betrachten. — Es iſt wunderbar, verſetzte der Fürſt, daß der Menſch durch Schreckliches immer aufgeregt ſein will. Drinnen liegt der Tiger ganz ruhig in ſeinem Kerker, und hier muß er grimmig auf einen Mohren losfahren, damit man glaube, dergleichen inwendig ebenfalls zu ſehen; es iſt an Mord und Todtſchlag noch nicht genug, an Brand und Untergang; die Bänkelſänger müſſen es an jeder Ecke wiederholen. Die guten Menſchen wollen eingeſchüchtert ſein, um hinterdrein erſt recht zu fühlen, wie ſchön und löblich es ſei, frei Athem zu holen.

Was denn aber auch Bängliches von ſolchen Schreckensbildern mochte übrig geblieben ſein, alles und jedes war ſogleich ausgelöſcht, als man, zum Thore hinausgelangt, in die heiterſte Gegend eintrat. Der Weg führte zuerſt am Fluſſe hinan, an einem zwar noch ſchmalen, nur leichte Kähne tragenden Waſſer, das aber nach und nach als größter Strom ſeinen Namen behalten und ferne Länder beleben ſollte. Dann ging es weiter durch wohlverſorgte Frucht- und Luſtgärten ſachte hinaufwärts, und man ſah ſich nach und nach in der aufgethanen wohlbewohnten Gegend um, bis erſt ein Buſch, ſodann ein Wäldchen die Geſellſchaft aufnahm, und die anmuthigſten Oertlichkeiten ihren Blick begrenzten und erquickten. Ein aufwärts leitendes Wieſenthal, erſt vor kurzem zum zweitenmale gemäht, ſammetähnlich anzuſehen, von einer oberwärts, lebhaft auf einmal reichentſpringenden Quelle gewäſſert, empfing ſie freundlich und ſo zogen ſie einem höheren, freieren Standpunkt entgegen, den ſie, aus dem Walde ſich bewegend, nach einem lebhaften Stieg, erreichten, alsdann aber vor ſich noch in bedeutender Entfernung über neuen Baumgruppen das alte Schloß, den Zielpunkt ihrer Wallfahrt, als Fels- und Waldgipfel hervorragen ſahen. Rückwärts aber — denn niemals gelangte man hierher ohne ſich umzukehren — erblickten ſie durch zufällige Lücken der hohen Bäume das fürſtliche Schloß links, von der Morgenſonne beleuchtet; den wohlgebauten höhern Theil der Stadt von leichten Rauchwolken gedämpft, und ſofort nach der Rechten zu die untere Stadt, den Fluß in einigen Krümmungen, mit ſeinen Wieſen und Mühlen; gegenüber eine weite nahrhafte Gegend.

Nachdem ſie ſich an dem Anblick erſättigt, oder vielmehr, wie es uns bei dem Umblick auf ſo hoher Stelle zu geſchehen pflegt, erſt recht verlangend geworden nach einer weiteren, weniger begrenzten Ausſicht, ritten ſie eine ſteinige breite Fläche hinan, wo ihnen die mächtige Ruine als ein grüngekrönter Gipfel entgegen ſtand, wenig alte Bäume tief unten um ſeinen Fuß; ſie ritten hindurch und ſo fanden ſie ſich gerade vor der ſteilſten unzugänglichſten Seite. Mächtige Felſen ſtanden von Urzeiten her, jedem Wechſel unangetaſtet, feſt, wohlgegründet voran, und ſo thürmte ſich's aufwärts; das dazwiſchen Herabgeſtürzte lag in mächtigen Platten und Trümmern unregelmäßig übereinander und ſchien dem Kühnſten jeden Angriff zu verbieten. Aber das Steile, Jähe ſcheint der Jugend zuzuſagen; dieß zu unternehmen, zu erſtürmen, zu erobern iſt jungen Gliedern ein Genuß. Die Fürſtin bezeugte Neigung zu einem Verſuch, Honorio war bei der Hand, der fürſtliche Oheim, wenn ſchon bequemer, ließ ſich's gefallen und wollte ſich doch auch nicht unkräftig zeigen; die Pferde ſollten am Fuß unter den Bäumen halten, und man wollte bis zu einem gewiſſen Punkte gelangen, wo ein vorſtehender mächtiger Fels einen Flächenraum darbot, von wo man eine Ausſicht hatte, die zwar ſchon in den Blick des Vogels überging, aber ſich doch noch maleriſch genug hintereinander ſchob.

Die Sonne, beinahe auf ihrer höchſten Stelle, verlieh die klarſte Beleuchtung, das fürſtliche Schloß mit ſeinen Theilen, Hauptgebäuden, Flügeln, Kuppeln und Thürmen erſchien gar ſtattlich; die obere Stadt in ihrer völligen Ausdehnung; auch in die untere konnte man bequem hineinſehen, ja durch das Fernrohr auf dem Markte ſogar die Buden unterſcheiden. Honorio war immer gewohnt ein ſo förderliches Werkzeug überzuſchnallen; man ſchaute den Fluß hinauf und hinab, dieſſeits das bergartig terraſſenweis unterbrochene, jenſeits das aufgleitende flache und in mäßigen Hügeln abwechſelnde fruchtbare Land; Ortſchaften unzählige; denn es war längſt herkömmlich, über die Zahl zu ſtreiten, wie viel man deren von hier oben gewahr werde.

Ueber die große Weite lag eine heitere Stille, wie es am Mittag zu ſein pflegt, wo die Alten ſagten, der Pan ſchlafe, und alle Natur halte den Athem an, um ihn nicht aufzuwecken.

Es iſt nicht das erſtemal, ſagte die Fürſtin, daß ich auf ſo hoher weitumſchauender Stelle die Betrachtung mache, wie doch die klare Natur ſo reinlich und friedlich ausſieht, und den Eindruck verleiht als wenn gar nichts Widerwärtiges in der Welt ſein könne; und wenn man denn wieder in die Menſchenwohnung zurückkehrt, ſie ſei hoch oder niedrig, weit oder eng, ſo giebt's immer etwas zu kämpfen, zu ſtreiten, zu ſchlichten und zurecht zu legen.

Honorio, der indeſſen durch das Sehrohr nach der Stadt geſchaut hatte, rief: Seht hin! Seht hin! auf dem Markte fängt es an zu brennen. Sie ſahen hin und bemerkten wenigen Rauch, die Flamme dämpfte der Tag. Das Feuer greift weiter um ſich! rief man, immer durch die Gläſer ſchauend; auch wurde das Unheil den guten unbewaffneten Augen der Fürſtin bemerklich; von Zeit zu Zeit erkannte man eine rothe Flammengluth, der Dampf ſtieg empor und Fürſt Oheim ſprach: Laßt uns zurückkehren, das iſt nicht gut, ich fürchtete immer das Unglück zum zweitenmale zu erleben. Als ſie, herabgekommen, den Pferden wieder zugingen, ſagte die Fürſtin zu dem alten Herrn: Reiten Sie hinein, eilig, aber nicht ohne den Reitknecht, laſſen Sie mir Honorio, wir folgen ſogleich. Der Oheim fühlte das Vernünftige, ja das Nothwendige dieſer Worte und ritt ſo eilig als der Boden erlaubte, den wüſten ſteinigen Hang hinunter.

Als die Fürſtin aufſaß, ſagte Honorio, reiten Ew. Durchlaucht, ich bitte, langſam! in der Stadt wie auf dem Schloß ſind die Feueranſtalten in beſter Ordnung, man wird ſich durch einen ſo unerwartet außerordentlichen Fall nicht irre machen laſſen. Hier aber iſt ein böſer Boden, kleine Steine und kurzes Gras, ſchnelles Reiten iſt unſicher, ohnehin bis wir hineinkommen wird das Feuer ſchon nieder ſein. Die Fürſtin glaubte nicht daran, ſie ſah den Rauch ſich verbreiten, ſie glaubte einen aufflammenden Blitz geſehen, einen Schlag gehört zu haben und nun bewegten ſich in ihrer Einbildungskraft alle die Schreckbilder, welche des trefflichen Oheims wiederholte Erzählung von dem erlebten Jahrmarkts-Brande leider nur zu tief eingeſenkt hatte.

Fürchterlich wohl war jener Fall, überraſchend und eindringlich genug, um zeitlebens eine Ahnung und Vorſtellung wiederkehrenden Unglücks ängſtlich zurückzulaſſen, als zur Nachtzeit auf dem großen budenreichen Marktraum ein plötzlicher Brand Laden auf Laden ergriffen hatte, ehe noch die in und an dieſen leichten Hütten Schlafenden aus tiefen Träumen geſchüttelt wurden; der Fürſt ſelbſt, als ein ermüdet angelangter erſt eingeſchlafener Fremder, an's Fenſter ſprang, alles fürchterlich erleuchtet ſah, Flamme nach Flamme, rechts und links ſich überſpringend, ihm entgegen züngelte. Die Häuſer des Marktes, vom Widerſchein geröthet, ſchienen ſchon zu glühen, drohend ſich jeden Augenblick zu entzünden und in Flammen aufzuſchlagen; unten wüthete das Element unaufhaltſam, die Breter praſſelten, die Latten knackten, Leinwand flog auf und ihre düſtern an den Enden flammend ausgezackten Fetzen trieben in der Höhe ſich umher, als wenn die böſen Geiſter in ihrem Elemente um und um geſtaltet ſich muthwillig tanzend verzehren und da und dort aus den Gluthen wieder auftauchen wollten. Dann aber mit kreiſchendem Geheul rettete jeder was zur Hand lag; Diener und Knechte mit den Herren bemühten ſich, von Flammen ergriffene Ballen fortzuſchleppen, von dem brennenden Geſtell noch einiges wegzureißen, um es in die Kiſte zu packen, die ſie denn doch zuletzt den eilenden Flammen zum Raube laſſen mußten. Wie mancher wünſchte nur einen Augenblick Stillſtand dem heranpraſſelnden Feuer, nach der Möglichkeit einer Beſinnung ſich umſehend, und er war mit aller ſeiner Habe ſchon ergriffen; an der einen Seite brannte, glühte ſchon, was an der andern noch in finſterer Nacht ſtand. Hartnäckige Charaktere, willenſtarke Menſchen widerſetzten ſich grimmig dem grimmigen Feinde und retteten manches, mit Verluſt ihrer Augenbraunen und Haare. Leider nun erneuerte ſich vor dem ſchönen Geiſte der Fürſtin der wüſte Wirrwarr, nun ſchien der heitere morgendliche Geſichtskreis umnebelt, ihre Augen verdüſtert, Wald und Wieſe hatten einen wunderbaren bänglichen Anſchein.

In das friedliche Thal einreitend, ſeiner labenden Kühle nicht achtend, waren ſie kaum einige Schritte von der lebhaften Quelle des nahen fließenden Baches herab, als die Fürſtin ganz unten im Gebüſche des Wieſenthals etwas Seltſames erblickte, das ſie alſobald für den Tiger erkannte; heranſpringend, wie ſie ihn vor kurzem gemalt geſehen, kam er entgegen: und dieſes Bild zu den furchtbaren Bildern, die ſie ſo eben beſchäftigten, machte den wunderſamſten Eindruck. Flieht! gnädige Frau, rief Honorio, flieht! Sie wandte das Pferd um, dem ſteilen Berg zu, wo ſie herabgeklommen waren. Der Jüngling aber, dem Unthier entgegen, zog die Piſtole und ſchoß, als er ſich nahe genug glaubte; leider jedoch war gefehlt, der Tiger ſprang ſeitwärts, das Pferd ſtutzte, das ergrimmte Thier aber verfolgte ſeinen Weg, aufwärts unmittelbar der Fürſtin nach. Sie ſprengte, was das Pferd vermochte, die ſteile, ſteinige Strecke hinan, kaum fürchtend, daß ein zartes Geſchöpf, ſolcher Anſtrengung ungewohnt, ſie nicht aushalten werde. Es übernahm ſich, von der bedrängten Reiterin angeregt, ſtieß am kleinen Gerölle des Hanges an und wieder an, und ſtürzte zuletzt nach heftigem Beſtreben kraftlos zu Boden. Die ſchöne Dame, entſchloſſen und gewandt, verfehlte nicht, ſich ſtracks auf ihre Füße zu ſtellen, auch das Pferd richtete ſich auf, aber der Tiger nahte ſchon, obgleich nicht mit heftiger Schnelle; der ungleiche Boden, die ſcharfen Steine ſchienen ſeinen Antrieb zu hindern und nur daß Honorio unmittelbar hinter ihm herflog, neben ihm gemäßigt herauftritt, ſchien ſeine Kraft auf's neue anzuſpornen und zu reizen. Beide Renner erreichten zugleich den Ort wo die Fürſtin am Pferde ſtand; der Ritter beugte ſich herab, ſchoß und traf mit der zweiten Piſtole das Ungeheuer durch den Kopf, daß es ſogleich niederſtürzte und ausgeſtreckt in ſeiner Länge erſt recht die Macht und Furchtbarkeit ſehen ließ, von der nur noch das Körperliche übrig geblieben dalag. Honorio war vom Pferde geſprungen und kniete ſchon auf dem Thiere, dämpfte ſeine letzten Bewegungen und hielt den gezogenen Hirſchfänger in der rechten Hand. Der Jüngling war ſchön; er war herangeſprengt, wie ihn die Fürſtin oft im Lanzen- und Ringelſpiel geſehen hatte. Eben ſo traf in der Reitbahn ſeine Kugel im Vorbeiſprengen den Türkenkopf auf dem Pfahl, gerade unter dem Turban in die Stirne, eben ſo ſpießte er, flüchtig heranſprengend, mit dem blanken Säbel das Mohrenhaupt vom Boden auf. In allen ſolchen Künſten war er gewandt und glücklich, hier kam beides zu Statten.

Gebt ihm den Reſt, ſagte die Fürſtin, ich fürchte er beſchädigt Euch noch mit den Krallen. — Verzeiht! erwiederte der Jüngling, er iſt ſchon todt genug, und ich mag das Fell nicht verderben, das nächſten Winter auf Eurem Schlitten glänzen ſoll. — Frevelt nicht! ſagte die Fürſtin; alles was von Frömmigkeit im tiefen Herzen wohnt, entfaltet ſich in ſolchem Augenblick. — Auch ich, rief Honorio, war nicht frömmer als jetzt eben, deßhalb aber denke ich an's Freudigſte, ich blicke dieſes Fell nur an, wie es Euch zur Luſt begleiten kann. — Es würde mich immer an dieſen ſchrecklichen Augenblick erinnern, verſetzte ſie. Iſt es doch, erwiederte der Jüngling mit glühender Wange, ein unſchuldigeres Triumphzeichen, als wenn die Waffen erſchlagener Feinde vor dem Sieger her zur Schau getragen werden. — Ich werde mich an Eure Kühnheit und Gewandtheit dabei erinnern, und darf nicht hinzuſetzen, daß Ihr auf meinen Dank und auf die Gnade des Fürſten lebenslänglich rechnen könnt. Aber ſteht auf; ſchon iſt kein Leben mehr im Thiere, bedenken wir das Weitere, vor allen Dingen ſteht auf! — Da ich nun einmal kniee, verſetzte der Jüngling, da ich mich in einer Stellung befinde, die mir auf jede andere Weiſe unterſagt wäre, ſo laßt mich bitten, von der Gunſt, von der Gnade die Ihr mir zuwendet, in dieſem Augenblick verſichert zu werden. Ich habe ſchon ſo oft Euren hohen Gemahl gebeten um Urlaub und Vergünſtigung einer weitern Reiſe. Wer das Glück hat an Eurer Tafel zu ſitzen, wen Ihr beehrt Eure Geſellſchaft unterhalten zu dürfen, der muß die Welt geſehen haben. Reiſende ſtrömen von allen Seiten her, und wenn von einer Stadt, von einem wichtigen Punkte irgend eines Welttheils geſprochen wird, ergeht an den Eurigen jedesmal die Frage, ob er daſelbſt geweſen ſei? Niemanden traut man Verſtand zu, als wer das alles geſehen hat; es iſt als wenn man ſich nur für andere zu unterrichten hätte.

Steht auf! wiederholte die Fürſtin, ich möchte nicht gern gegen die Ueberzeugung meines Gemahls irgend etwas wünſchen und bitten, allein wenn ich nicht irre, ſo iſt die Urſache, warum er Euch bisher zurückhielt, bald gehoben. Seine Abſicht war, Euch zum ſelbſtſtändigen Edelmann herangereift zu ſehen, der ſich und ihm auch auswärts Ehre machte, wie bisher am Hofe, und ich dächte Eure That wäre ein ſo empfehlender Reiſepaß, als ein junger Mann in die Welt mitnehmen kann.

Daß anſtatt einer jugendlichen Freude eine gewiſſe Trauer über ſein Geſicht zog, hatte die Fürſtin nicht Zeit zu bemerken, noch er ſeiner Empfindung Raum zu geben, denn haſtig den Berg herauf, einen Knaben an der Hand, kam eine Frau, geradezu auf die Gruppe los, die wir kennen, und kaum war Honorio ſich beſinnend aufgeſtanden, als ſie ſich heulend und ſchreiend über den Leichnam her warf, und an dieſer Handlung, ſo wie an einer, obgleich reinlich anſtändigen, doch bunten und ſeltſamen Kleidung ſogleich errathen ließ, ſie ſei die Meiſterin und Wärterin dieſes dahin geſtreckten Geſchöpfes, wie denn der ſchwarzaugige, ſchwarzlockige Knabe, der eine Flöte in der Hand hielt, gleich der Mutter weinend, weniger heftig, aber tief gerührt, neben ihr kniete.

Den gewaltſamen Ausbrüchen der Leidenſchaft dieſes unglücklichen Weibes folgte, zwar unterbrochen, ſtoßweiſe, ein Strom von Worten, wie ein Bach ſich in Abſätzen von Felſen zu Felſen ſtürzt. Eine natürliche Sprache, kurz und abgebrochen, machte ſich eindringlich und rührend; vergebens würde man ſie in unſere Mundarten überſetzen wollen; den ungefähren Inhalt dürfen wir nicht verfehlen. Sie haben Dich ermordet, armes Thier! ermordet ohne Noth! Du warſt zahm und hätteſt Dich gern ruhig niedergelaſſen und auf uns gewartet; denn Deine Fußballen ſchmerzten Dich, und Deine Krallen hatten keine Kraft mehr! Die heiße Sonne fehlte Dir, ſie zu reifen. Du warſt der Schönſte Deines Gleichen; wer hat je einen königlichen Tiger ſo herrlich ausgeſtreckt im Schlafe geſehen, wie Du nun hier liegſt, todt um nicht wieder aufzuſtehen. Wenn Du des Morgens aufwachteſt beim frühen Tagſchein und den Rachen aufſperrteſt, ausſtreckend die rothe Zunge, ſo ſchienſt du uns zu lächeln, und, wenn ſchon brüllend, nahmſt du doch ſpielend Dein Futter aus den Händen einer Frau, von den Fingern eines Kindes! Wie lange begleiteten wir Dich auf Deinen Fahrten, wie lange war Deine Geſellſchaft uns wichtig und fruchtbar! Uns! uns, ganz eigentlich kam die Speiſe von den Freſſern, und ſüße Labung von den Starken. So wird es nicht mehr ſein! Wehe, wehe!

Sie hatte noch nicht ausgeklagt, als über die mittlere Höhe des Bergs am Schloſſe heran Reiter heranſprengten, die alſobald für das Jagdgefolge des Fürſten erkannt wurden, er ſelbſt voran. Sie hatten, in den hinteren Gebirgen jagend, die Brandwolken aufſteigen ſehen und durch Thäler und Schluchten, wie auf gewaltſam hetzender Jagd, den geraden Weg nach dieſem traurigen Zeichen genommen. Ueber die ſteinige Blöße einherſprengend ſtutzten und ſtarrten ſie, nun die unerwartete Gruppe gewahr werdend, die ſich auf der leeren Fläche merkwürdig auszeichnete. Nach dem erſten Erkennen verſtummte man, und nach einigem Erholen ward, was der Anblick nicht ſelbſt ergab, mit wenigen Worten erläutert. So ſtand der Fürſt vor dem ſeltſamen unerhörten Ereigniß, einen Kreis umher von Reitern und Nacheilenden zu Fuße. Unſchlüſſig war man nicht was zu thun ſei; anzuordnen, auszuführen war der Fürſt beſchäftigt, als ein Mann ſich in den Kreis drängte, groß von Geſtalt, bunt und wunderlich gekleidet wie Frau und Kind. Und nun gab die Familie zuſammen Schmerz und Ueberraſchung zu erkennen. Der Mann aber gefaßt, ſtand in ehrfurchtsvoller Entfernung vor dem Fürſten und ſagte: Es iſt nicht Klagenszeit; ach, mein Herr und mächtiger Jäger, auch der Löwe iſt los, auch hier nach dem Gebirg iſt er hin, aber ſchont ihn, habt Barmherzigkeit, daß er nicht umkomme, wie dieß gute Thier.

Der Löwe! ſagte der Fürſt, haſt du ſeine Spur? — Ja Herr! Ein Bauer dort unten, der ſich ohne Noth auf einen Baum gerettet hatte, wies mich weiter hier links hinauf, aber ich ſah den großen Trupp Menſchen und Pferde vor mir, neugierig und hülfsbedürftig eilt' ich hierher. „Alſo, — beorderte der Fürſt — muß die Jagd ſich auf dieſe Seite ziehen; ihr ladet Eure Gewehre, geht ſachte zu Werk, es iſt kein Unglück, wenn ihr ihn in die tiefen Wälder treibt; aber am Ende, guter Mann, werden wir Euer Geſchöpf nicht ſchonen können; warum waret Ihr unvorſichtig genug ſie entkommen zu laſſen?“ — Das Feuer brach aus, verſetzte jener, wir hielten uns ſtill und geſpannt, es verbreitete ſich ſchnell, aber fern von uns, wir hatten Waſſer genug zu unſerer Vertheidigung, aber ein Pulverſchlag flog auf und warf die Brände bis an uns heran, über uns weg; wir übereilten uns und ſind nun unglückliche Leute.

Noch war der Fürſt mit Anordnungen beſchäftigt, aber einen Augenblick ſchien alles zu ſtocken, als oben vom alten Schloß herab eilig ein Mann heranſpringend geſehen ward, den man bald für den angeſtellten Wächter erkannte, der die Werkſtätte des Malers bewachte, indem er darin ſeine Wohnung nahm und die Arbeiter beaufſichtigte. Er kam außer Athem ſpringend, doch hatte er bald mit wenigen Worten angezeigt: oben hinter der höheren Ringmauer habe ſich der Löwe im Sonnenſchein gelagert, am Fuße einer hundertjährigen Buche und verhalte ſich ganz ruhig. Aergerlich aber ſchloß der Mann: warum habe ich geſtern meine Büchſe in die Stadt getragen um ſie ausputzen zu laſſen, er wäre nicht wieder aufgeſtanden, das Fell wäre doch mein geweſen, und ich hätte mich deſſen, wie billig, zeitlebens gebrüſtet.

Der Fürſt, dem ſeine militäriſchen Erfahrungen auch hier zu ſtatten kamen, da er ſich wohl ſchon in Fällen befunden hatte, wo von mehreren Seiten unvermeidliches Uebel herandrohte, ſagte hierauf: welche Bürgſchaft gebt Ihr mir, daß wenn wir Eures Löwen ſchonen, er nicht im Lande unter den Meinigen Verderben anrichtet!

Hier dieſe Frau und dieſes Kind, erwiederte der Vater haſtig, erbieten ſich ihn zu zähmen, ihn ruhig zu erhalten, bis ich den beſchlagenen Kaſten heraufſchaffe, da wir ihn denn unſchädlich und unbeſchädigt wieder zurückbringen werden.

Der Knabe ſchien ſeine Flöte verſuchen zu wollen, ein Inſtrument von der Art, das man ſonſt die ſanfte, ſüße Flöte zu nennen pflegte; ſie war kurz geſchnäbelt wie die Pfeifen; wer es verſtand, wußte die anmuthigſten Töne daraus hervorzulocken. Indeß hatte der Fürſt den Wärtel gefragt, wie der Löwe hinaufgekommen. Dieſer aber verſetzte: durch den Hohlweg, der, auf beiden Seiten vermauert, von jeher der einzige Zugang war, und der einzige bleiben ſoll; zwei Fußpfade, die noch hinaufführten, haben wir dergeſtalt entſtellt, daß Niemand als durch jenen erſten engen Anweg zu dem Zauberſchloſſe gelangen könne, wozu es Fürſt Friedrichs Geiſt und Geſchmack ausbilden will.

Nach einigem Nachdenken, wobei ſich der Fürſt nach dem Kinde umſah, das immer ſanft gleichſam zu präludiren fortgefahren hatte, wendete er ſich zu Honorio und ſagte: Du haſt heute viel geleiſtet, vollende das Tagwerk. Beſetze den ſchmalen Weg, haltet Eure Büchſen bereit, aber ſchießt nicht eher als bis Ihr das Geſchöpf nicht ſonſt zurückſcheuchen könnt; allenfalls macht ein Feuer an, vor dem er ſich fürchtet, wenn er herunter will. Mann und Frau möge für das Uebrige ſtehen. Eilig ſchickte Honorio ſich an, die Befehle zu vollführen.

Das Kind verfolgte ſeine Melodie, die keine war, eine Tonfolge ohne Geſetz, und vielleicht eben deswegen ſo herzergreifend; die Umſtehenden ſchienen wie bezaubert von der Bewegung einer liederartigen Weiſe, als der Vater mit verſtändigem Enthuſiasmus zu reden anfing und fortfuhr:

Gott hat dem Fürſten Weisheit gegeben, und zugleich die Erkenntniß, daß alle Gotteswerke weiſe ſind, jedes nach ſeiner Art. Seht den Felſen wie er feſt ſteht und ſich nicht rührt, der Witterung trotzt und dem Sonnenſchein; uralte Bäume zieren ſein Haupt und ſo gekrönt ſchaut er weit umher; ſtürzt aber ein Theil herunter, ſo will es nicht bleiben was es war, es fällt zertrümmert in viele Stücke und bedeckt die Seite des Hanges. Aber auch da wollen ſie nicht verharren, muthwillig ſpringen ſie tief hinab, der Bach nimmt ſie auf, zum Fluſſe trägt er ſie. Nicht widerſtehend, nicht widerſpenſtig, eckig, nein, glatt und abgerundet gewinnen ſie ſchneller ihren Weg und gelangen von Fluß zu Fluß, endlich zum Ocean, wo die Rieſen in Schaaren daher ziehen und in der Tiefe die Zwerge wimmeln.

Doch wer preiſ't den Ruhm des Herrn, den die Sterne loben von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit! Warum ſeht ihr aber im Fernen umher! betrachtet hier die Biene, noch ſpät im Herbſt ſammelt ſie emſig und baut ſich ein Haus, winkel- und wagerecht, als Meiſter und Geſelle; ſchaut die Ameiſe da! ſie kennt ihren Weg und verliert ihn nicht, ſie baut ſich eine Wohnung aus Grashalmen, Erdbröslein und Kiefernadeln, ſie baut es in die Höhe und wölbet es zu; aber ſie hat umſonſt gearbeitet, denn das Pferd ſtampft und ſcharrt alles auseinander; ſeht hin! es zertritt ihre Balken und zerſtreut ihre Planken, ungeduldig ſchnaubt es und kann nicht raſten; denn der Herr hat das Roß zum Geſellen des Windes gemacht und zum Gefährten des Sturms, daß es den Mann dahin trage, wohin er will und die Frau wohin ſie begehrt. Aber im Palmenwald trat er auf, der Löwe, ernſten Schrittes durchzog er die Wüſte, dort herrſcht er über alles Gethier und nichts widerſteht ihm. Doch der Menſch weiß ihn zu zähmen und das grauſamſte der Geſchöpfe hat Ehrfurcht vor dem Ebenbilde Gottes, wornach auch die Engel gemacht ſind, die dem Herrn dienen und ſeinen Dienern. Denn in der Löwengrube ſcheute ſich Daniel nicht; er blieb feſt und getroſt, und das wilde Brüllen unterbrach nicht ſeinen frommen Geſang.

Dieſe mit dem Ausdruck eines natürlichen Enthuſiasmus gehaltene Rede begleitete das Kind hie und da mit anmuthigen Tönen; als aber der Vater geendigt hatte, fing es mit reiner Kehle, heller Stimme und geſchickten Läufen zu intoniren an, worauf der Vater die Flöte ergriff, im Einklang ſich hören ließ, das Kind aber ſang:

Aus den Gruben, hier im Graben,
Hör' ich des Propheten Sang;
Engel ſchwebten ihn zu laben,
Wäre da dem Guten bang?
Löw' und Löwin, hin und wieder,
Schmiegen ſich um ihn heran;
Ja, die ſanften frommen Lieder
Haben's ihnen angethan!

Der Vater fuhr fort die Strophe mit der Flöte zu begleiten, die Mutter trat hie und da als zweite Stimme mit ein.

Eindringlich aber ganz beſonders war, daß das Kind die Zeilen der Strophe nunmehr zu anderer Ordnung durcheinanderſchob, und dadurch, wo nicht einen neuen Sinn hervorbrachte, doch das Gefühl in und durch ſich ſelbſt aufregend erhöhte.

Engel ſchweben auf und nieder
Uns in Tönen zu erlaben,
Welch ein himmliſcher Geſang!
In den Gruben, in dem Graben
Wäre da dem Kinde bang?
Dieſe ſanften frommen Lieder
Laſſen Unglück nicht heran:
Engel ſchweben hin und wieder
Und ſo iſt es ſchon gethan.

Hierauf mit Kraft und Erhebung begannen alle Drei:

Denn der Ew'ge herrſcht auf Erden,
Ueber Meere herrſcht ſein Blick;
Löwen ſollen Lämmer werden,
Und die Welle ſchwankt zurück.
Blankes Schwert erſtarrt im Hiebe;
Glaub' und Hoffnung ſind erfüllt;
Wunderthätig iſt die Liebe,
Die ſich im Gebet enthüllt.

Alles war ſtill, hörte, horchte und nur erſt als die Töne verhallten, konnte man den Eindruck bemerken und allenfalls beobachten. Alles war wie beſchwichtigt; jeder in ſeiner Art gerührt. Der Fürſt, als wenn er erſt jetzt das Unheil überſähe, das ihn vor kurzem bedroht hatte, blickte nieder auf ſeine Gemahlin, die, an ihn gelehnt, ſich nicht verſagte das geſtickte Tüchlein hervorzuziehen und die Augen damit zu bedecken. Es that ihr wohl, die jugendliche Bruſt von dem Druck erleichtert zu fühlen, mit dem die vorhergehenden Minuten ſie belaſtet hatten. Eine vollkommene Stille beherrſchte die Menge, man ſchien die Gefahren vergeſſen zu haben, unten den Brand und von oben das Erſtehen eines bedenklich ruhenden Löwen.

Durch einen Wink, die Pferde näher herbei zu führen, brachte der Fürſt zuerſt wieder in die Gruppe Bewegung, dann wendete er ſich zu dem Weibe und ſagte: Ihr glaubt alſo, daß Ihr den entſprungenen Löwen, wo Ihr ihn antrefft, durch Euren Geſang, durch den Geſang dieſes Kindes, mit Hülfe dieſer Flötentöne beſchwichtigen und ihn ſodann unſchädlich, ſo wie unbeſchädigt in ſeinen Verſchluß wieder zurückbringen könntet! Sie bejahten es, verſichernd und betheuernd; der Caſtellan wurde ihnen als Wegweiſer zugegeben. Nun entfernte der Fürſt mit Wenigen ſich eiligſt, die Fürſtin folgte langſamer mit dem übrigen Gefolge; Mutter aber und Sohn ſtiegen, von dem Wärtel, der ſich eines Gewehrs bemächtigt hatte, ſteiler gegen den Berg hinan.

Vor dem Eintritt in den Hohlweg, der den Zugang zu dem Schloß eröffnete, fanden ſie die Jäger beſchäftigt dürres Reiſig zu häufen, damit ſie auf jeden Fall ein großes Feuer anzünden könnten. — Es iſt nicht Noth, ſagte die Frau, es wird ohne das alles in Güte geſchehen.

Weiter hin, auf einem Mauerſtücke ſitzend, erblickten ſie Honorio, ſeine Doppelbüchſe in den Schooß gelegt, auf einem Poſten als wie zu jedem Ereigniß gefaßt. Aber die Herankommenden ſchien er kaum zu bemerken, er ſaß wie in tiefen Gedanken verſunken, er ſah umher wie zerſtreut. Die Frau ſprach ihn an mit der Bitte, das Feuer nicht anzünden zu laſſen, er ſchien jedoch ihrer Rede wenig Aufmerkſamkeit zu ſchenken; ſie redete lebhaft fort und rief: „Schöner junger Mann, Du haſt meinen Tiger erſchlagen, ich fluche Dir nicht, ſchone meinen Löwen, guter junger Mann, ich ſegne Dich."

Honorio ſchaute gerad vor ſich hin, dorthin wo die Sonne auf ihrer Bahn ſich zu ſenken begann — Du ſchauſt nach Abend, rief die Frau, Du thuſt wohl daran, dort gibt's viel zu thun; eile nur, ſäume nicht, Du wirſt überwinden. Aber zuerſt überwinde Dich ſelbſt. Hierauf ſchien er zu lächeln, die Frau ſtieg weiter, konnte ſich aber nicht enthalten nach dem Zurückbleibenden nochmals umzublicken; eine röthliche Sonne überſchien ſein Geſicht, ſie glaubte nie einen ſchönern Jüngling geſehen zu haben.

Wenn Euer Kind, ſagte nunmehr der Wärtel, flötend und ſingend, wie Ihr überzeugt ſeyd, den Löwen anlocken und beruhigen kann, ſo werden wir uns deſſelben ſehr leicht bemeiſtern, da ſich das gewaltige Thier ganz nah an die durchbrochenen Gewölbe hingelagert hat, durch die wir, da das Hauptthor verſchüttet iſt, einen Eingang in den Schloßhof gewonnen haben. Lockt ihn das Kind hinein, ſo kann ich die Oeffnung mit leichter Mühe ſchließen, und der Knabe, wenn es ihm gut däucht, durch eine der kleinen Wendeltreppen, die er in der Ecke ſieht, dem Thiere entſchlüpfen. Wir wollen uns verbergen, aber ich werde mich ſo ſtellen, daß meine Kugel jeden Augenblick dem Kinde zu Hülfe kommen kann.

Die Umſtände ſind alle nicht nöthig, Gott und Kunſt, Frömmigkeit und Glück müſſen das Beſte thun. Es ſei, verſetzte der Wärtel, aber ich kenne meine Pflichten. Erſt führ' ich Euch durch einen beſchwerlichen Steig auf das Gemäuer hinauf, gerade dem Eingang gegenüber, den ich erwähnt habe, das Kind mag hinabſteigen, gleichſam in die Arena des Schauſpiels und das beſänftigte Thier dort hereinlocken. Das geſchah; Wärtel und Mutter ſahen verſteckt von oben herab, wie das Kind die Wendeltreppen hinunter in dem klaren Hofraum ſich zeigte, und in der düſtern Oeffnung gegenüber verſchwand, aber ſogleich ſeinen Flötenton hören ließ, der ſich nach und nach verlor und endlich verſtummte. Die Pauſe war ahnungsvoll genug, den alten mit Gefahr bekannten Jäger beengte der ſeltene menſchliche Fall. Er ſagte ſich, daß er lieber perſönlich dem gefährlichen Thiere entgegen ginge; die Mutter jedoch, mit heiterem Geſicht, übergebogen horchend, ließ nicht die mindeſte Unruhe bemerken.

Endlich hörte man die Flöte wieder, das Kind trat aus der Höhle hervor mit glänzend befriedigten Augen, der Löwe hinter ihm drein, aber langſam und wie es ſchien mit einiger Beſchwerde. Er zeigte hie und da Luſt ſich niederzulegen, doch der Knabe führte ihn im Halbkreiſe durch die wenig entblätterten, buntbelaubten Bäume, bis er ſich endlich in den letzten Strahlen der Sonne, die ſie durch eine Ruinenlücke hereinſandte, wie verklärt niederſetzte und ſein beſchwichtigendes Lied abermals begann, deſſen Wiederholung wir uns auch nicht entziehen können.

Aus den Gruben, hier im Graben,
Hör' ich des Propheten Sang;
Engel ſchweben ihn zu laben,
Wäre da dem Guten bang?
Löw' und Löwin hin und wieder,
Schmiegen ſich um ihn heran;
Ja, die ſanften frommen Lieder
Haben's ihnen angethan.

Indeſſen hatte ſich der Löwe ganz knapp an das Kind hingelegt und ihm die ſchwere rechte Vordertatze auf den Schoos gehoben, die der Knabe fortſingend anmuthig ſtreichelte, aber gar bald bemerkte, daß ein ſcharfer Dornzweig zwiſchen die Ballen eingeſtochen war. Sorgfältig zog er die verletzende Spitze hervor, nahm lächelnd ſein buntſeidenes Halstuch vom Nacken, und verband die gräuliche Tatze des Unthiers, ſo daß die Mutter ſich vor Freuden mit ausgeſtreckten Armen zurückbog und vielleicht angewohnterweiſe Beifall gerufen und geklatſcht hätte, wäre ſie nicht durch einen derben Fauſtgriff des Wärtels erinnert worden, daß die Gefahr nicht vorüber ſei.

Glorreich ſang das Kind weiter, nachdem es mit wenigen Tönen vorgeſpielt hatte:

Denn der Ew'ge herrſcht auf Erden,
Ueber Meere herrſcht ſein Blick;
Löwen ſollen Lämmer werden,
Und die Welle ſchwankt zurück.
Blankes Schwert erſtarrt im Hiebe,
Glaub' und Hoffnung ſind erfüllt;
Wunderthätig iſt die Liebe,
Die ſich im Gebet enthüllt.

Iſt es möglich zu denken, daß man in den Zügen eines ſo grimmigen Geſchöpfes, des Tyrannen der Wälder, des Despoten des Thierreiches einen Ausdruck von Freundlichkeit, von dankbarer Zufriedenheit habe ſpüren können, ſo geſchah es hier, und wirklich ſah das Kind in ſeiner Verklärung aus wie ein mächtiger ſiegreicher Ueberwinder, jener zwar nicht wie der Ueberwundene, denn ſeine Kraft blieb in ihm verborgen, aber doch wie der Gezähmte, wie der dem eigenen friedlichen Willen Anheimgegebene. Das Kind flötete und ſang ſo weiter, nach ſeiner Art die Zeilen verſchränkend und neue hinzufügend:

Und ſo geht mit guten Kindern
Sel'ger Engel gern zu Rath,
Böſes Wollen zu verhindern,
Zu befördern ſchöne That.
So beſchwören, feſt zu bannen
Lieben Sohn an's zarte Knie,
Ihn, des Waldes Hochtyrannen,
Frommer Sinn und Melodie.

Aus Wilhelm Meiſters Wanderjahren.

Erſtes Capitel.

Die Flucht nach Aegypten.

Im Schatten eines mächtigen Felſen ſaß Wilhelm an grauſer, bedeutender Stelle, wo ſich der ſteile Gebirgsweg um eine Ecke herum ſchnell nach der Tiefe wendete. Die Sonne ſtand noch hoch und erleuchtete die Gipfel der Fichten in den Felſengründen zu ſeinen Füßen. Er bemerkte eben etwas in ſeine Schreibtafel, als Felix, der umhergeklettert war, mit einem Stein in der Hand zu ihm kam. „Wie nennt man dieſen Stein?“ ſagte der Knabe.

„Ich weiß nicht,“ verſetzte Wilhelm.

„Iſt das wohl Gold, was darin ſo glänzt?“ ſagte jener.

„Es iſt kein's! verſetzte dieſer: und ich erinnere mich, daß es die Leute Katzengold nennen.“

„Katzengold! ſagte der Knabe lächelnd: und warum?“

„Wahrſcheinlich weil es falſch iſt und man die Katzen auch für falſch hält.“

„Das will ich mir merken,“ ſagte der Sohn, und ſteckte den Stein in die lederne Reiſetaſche, brachte jedoch ſogleich etwas anderes hervor und fragte: „was iſt das?“ Eine Frucht, verſetzte der Vater, und nach den Schuppen zu urtheilen, ſollte ſie mit den Tannenzapfen verwandt ſeyn. — „Das ſieht nicht aus wie ein Zapfen, es iſt ja rund“. — „Wir wollen den Jäger fragen; die kennen den ganzen Wald und alle Früchte, wiſſen zu ſäen, zu pflanzen und zu warten, dann laſſen ſie die Stämme wachſen und groß werden wie ſie können“. — „Die Jäger wiſſen alles; geſtern zeigte mir der Bote, wie ein Hirſch über den Weg gegangen ſey, er rief mich zurück und ließ mich die Fährte bemerken, wie er es nannte; ich war darüber weggeſprungen, nun aber ſah ich deutlich ein Paar Klauen eingedrückt; es mag ein großer Hirſch geweſen ſeyn“. — „Ich hörte wohl wie du den Boten ausfragteſt.“ — „Der wußte viel und iſt doch kein Jäger. Ich aber will ein Jäger werden. Es iſt gar zu ſchön den ganzen Tag im Walde zu ſeyn und die Vögel zu hören, zu wiſſen wie ſie heißen, wo ihre Neſter ſind, wie man die Eier aushebt oder die Jungen; wie man ſie füttert und wenn man die Alten fängt: das iſt gar zu luſtig.“

Kaum war dieſes geſprochen, ſo zeigte ſich den ſchroffen Weg herab eine ſonderbare Erſcheinung. Zwei Knaben, ſchön wie der Tag, in farbigen Jäckchen, die man eher für aufgebundene Hemdchen gehalten hätte, ſprangen einer nach dem andern herunter, und Wilhelm fand Gelegenheit ſie näher zu betrachten, als ſie vor ihm ſtutzten und einen Augenblick ſtill hielten. Um des Aelteſten Haupt bewegten ſich reiche blonde Locken, auf welche man zuerſt blicken mußte, wenn man ihn ſah, und dann zogen ſeine klar-blauen Augen den Blick an ſich, der ſich mit Gefallen über ſeine ſchöne Geſtalt verlor. Der zweyte, mehr einen Freund als einen Bruder vorſtellend, war mit braunen und ſchlichten Haaren geziert, die ihm über die Schultern herabhingen, und wovon der Widerſchein ſich in ſeinen Augen zu ſpiegeln ſchien.

Wilhelm hatte nicht Zeit dieſe beiden ſonderbaren und in der Wildniß ganz unerwarteten Weſen näher zu betrachten, indem er eine männliche Stimme vernahm, welche um die Felsecke herum ernſt aber freundlich herabrief: „Warum ſteht ihr ſtille! verſperrt uns den Weg nicht!“

Wilhelm ſah aufwärts und, hatten ihn die Kinder in Verwunderung geſetzt, ſo erfüllte ihn das, was ihm jetzt zu Augen kam, mit Erſtaunen. Ein derber, tüchtiger, nicht allzugroßer junger Mann, leicht geſchürzt, von brauner Haut und ſchwarzen Haaren, trat kräftig und ſorgfältig den Felsweg herab, indem er hinter ſich einen Eſel führte, der erſt ſein wohlgenährtes und wohlgeputztes Haupt zeigte, dann aber, die ſchöne Laſt, die er trug, ſehen ließ. Ein ſanftes, liebenswürdiges Weib ſaß auf einem großen, wohlbeſchlagenen Sattel; in einem blauen Mantel, der ſie umgab, hielt ſie ein Wochenkind, das ſie an ihre Bruſt drückte und mit unbeſchreiblicher Lieblichkeit betrachtete. Dem Führer ging's wie den Kindern: er ſtutzte einen Augenblick, als er Wilhelm erblickte. Das Thier verzögerte ſeinen Schritt, aber der Abſtieg war zu jäh, die Vorüberziehenden konnten nicht anhalten und Wilhelm ſah ſie mit Verwunderung hinter der vorſtehenden Felswand verſchwinden.

Nichts war natürlicher, als daß ihn dieſes ſeltſame Geſicht aus ſeinen Betrachtungen riß. Neugierig ſtand er auf und blickte von ſeiner Stelle nach der Tiefe hin, ob er ſie nicht irgend wieder hervorkommen ſähe. Und eben war er im Begriff hinabzuſteigen und dieſe ſonderbaren Wandrer zu begrüßen, als Felix heraufkam und ſagte: „Vater, darf ich nicht mit dieſen Kindern in ihr Haus? Sie wollen mich mitnehmen. Du ſollſt auch mitgehen, hat der Mann zu mir geſagt. Komm! dort unten halten ſie.“

„Ich will mit ihnen reden,“ verſetzte Wilhelm.

Er fand ſie auf einer Stelle, wo der Weg weniger abhängig war, und verſchlang mit den Augen die wunderlichen Bilder, die ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit ſo ſehr an ſich gezogen hatten. Erſt jetzt war es ihm möglich, noch einen und den andern beſondern Umſtand zu bemerken. Der junge rüſtige Mann hatte wirklich eine Polirart auf der Schulter und ein langes ſchwankes eiſernes Winkelmaß. Die Kinder trugen große Schilfbüſchel, als wenn es Palmen wären; und wenn ſie von dieſer Seite den Engeln glichen, ſo ſchleppten ſie auch wieder kleine Körbchen mit Eßwaaren und glichen dadurch den täglichen Boten, wie ſie über das Gebirg hin- und herzugehen pflegen. Auch hatte die Mutter, als er ſie näher betrachtete, unter dem blauen Mantel ein röthliches, zartgefärbtes Unterkleid, ſo daß unſer Freund die Flucht nach Aegypten, die er ſo oft gemalt geſehen, mit Verwunderung hier vor ſeinen Augen wirklich finden mußte.

Man begrüßte ſich, und indem Wilhelm vor Erſtaunen und Aufmerkſamkeit nicht zu Wort kommen konnte, ſagte der junge Mann: „Unſere Kinder haben in dieſem Augenblick ſchon Freundſchaft gemacht. Wollt Ihr mit uns, um zu ſehen, ob auch zwiſchen den Erwachſenen ein gutes Verhältniß entſtehen könne?“

Wilhelm bedachte ſich ein wenig und verſetzte dann: „Der Anblick Eures kleinen Familienzuges erregt Vertrauen und Neigung, und, daß ich's nur gleich geſtehe, eben ſowohl Neugierde und ein lebhaftes Verlangen Euch näher kennen zu lernen. Denn im erſten Augenblicke möchte man bei ſich die Frage aufwerfen: ob Ihr wirklich Wanderer oder ob Ihr nur Geiſter ſeyd, die ſich ein Vergnügen daraus machen, dieſes unwirthbare Gebirg durch angenehme Erſcheinungen zu beleben.“

„So kommt mit in unſere Wohnung,“ ſagte jener. „Kommt mit!“ riefen die Kinder, indem ſie den Felix ſchon mit ſich fortzogen. „Kommt mit!“ ſagte die Frau, indem ſie ihre liebenswürdige Freundlichkeit von dem Säugling auf den Fremdling wendete.

Ohne ſich zu bedenken, ſagte Wilhelm: „Es thut mir leid, daß ich Euch nicht ſogleich folgen kann. Wenigſtens dieſe Nacht noch muß ich oben auf dem Gränzhauſe zubringen. Mein Mantelſack, meine Papiere, alles liegt noch oben, ungepackt und unbeſorgt. Damit ich aber Wunſch und Willen beweiſe, Eurer freundlichen Einladung genug zu thun, ſo gebe ich Euch meinen Felix zum Pfande mit. Morgen bin ich bei Euch. Wie weit iſt's hin?“

„Vor Sonnenuntergang erreichen wir noch unſere Wohnung,“ ſagte der Zimmermann, „und von dem Gränzhauſe habt Ihr nur noch anderthalb Stunden. Euer Knabe vermehrt unſern Haushalt für dieſe Nacht; morgen erwarten wir Euch.“

Der Mann und das Thier ſetzten ſich in Bewegung. Wilhelm ſah ſeinen Felix mit Behagen in ſo guter Geſellſchaft, er konnte ihn mit den lieben Engeln vergleichen, gegen die er kräftig abſtach. Für ſeine Jahre war er nicht groß, aber ſtämmig, von breiter Bruſt und kräftigen Schultern; in ſeiner Natur war ein eigenes Gemiſch von Herrſchen und Dienen; er hatte ſchon einen Palmzweig und ein Körbchen ergriffen, womit er beides auszuſprechen ſchien. Schon drohte der Zug abermals um eine Felswand zu verſchwinden, als ſich Wilhelm zuſammennahm und nachrief: „Wie ſoll ich Euch aber erfragen?“

„Fragt nur nach Sanct Joſeph!“ erſcholl es aus der Tiefe, und die ganze Erſcheinung war hinter den blauen Schattenwänden verſchwunden. Ein frommer mehrſtimmiger Geſang tönte verhallend aus der Ferne, und Wilhelm glaubte die Stimme ſeines Felix zu unterſcheiden.

Er ſtieg aufwärts und verſpätete ſich dadurch den Sonnenuntergang. Das himmliſche Geſtirn, das er mehr denn einmal verloren hatte, erleuchtete ihn wieder, als er höher trat, und noch war es Tag, als er an ſeiner Herberge anlangte. Nochmals erfreute er ſich der großen Gebirgsanſicht, und zog ſich ſodann auf ſein Zimmer zurück, wo er ſogleich die Feder ergriff und einen Theil der Nacht mit Schreiben zubrachte.

Wilhelm an Natalien.

Nun iſt endlich die Höhe erreicht, die Höhe des Gebirgs, das eine mächtigere Trennung zwiſchen uns ſetzen wird, als der ganze Landraum bisher. Für mein Gefühl iſt man noch immer in der Nähe ſeiner Lieben, ſo lange die Ströme von uns zu ihnen laufen. Heute kann ich mir noch einbilden, der Zweig, den ich in den Waldbach werfe, könnte füglich zu Ihr hinabſchwimmen, könnte in wenigen Tagen vor Ihrem Garten landen; und ſo ſendet unſer Geiſt ſeine Bilder, das Herz ſeine Gefühle bequemer abwärts. Aber drüben, fürchte ich, ſtellt ſich eine Scheidewand der Einbildungskraft und der Empfindung entgegen. Doch iſt das vielleicht eine voreilige Beſorglichkeit: denn es wird wohl auch drüben nicht anders ſeyn als hier. Was könnte mich von dir ſcheiden! von dir, der ich auf ewig geeignet bin, wenn gleich ein wunderſames Geſchick mich von dir trennt und mir den Himmel, dem ich ſo nahe ſtand, unerwartet zuſchließt. Ich hatte Zeit mich zu faſſen, und doch hätte keine Zeit hingereicht, mir dieſe Faſſung zu geben, hätte ich ſie nicht aus deinem Munde gewonnen, von deinen Lippen in jenem entſcheidenden Moment. Wie hätte ich mich losreißen können, wenn der dauerhafte Faden nicht geſponnen wäre, der uns für die Zeit und für die Ewigkeit verbinden ſoll. Doch ich darf ja von allem dem nicht reden. Deine zarten Gebote will ich nicht übertreten; auf dieſem Gipfel ſey es das letztemal, daß ich das Wort Trennung vor dir ausſpreche. Mein Leben ſoll eine Wanderſchaft werden. Sonderbare Pflichten des Wanderers habe ich auszuüben und ganz eigene Prüfungen zu beſtehen. Wie lächle ich manchmal, wenn ich die Bedingungen durchleſe, die mir der Verein, die ich mir ſelbſt vorſchrieb! Manches wird gehalten, manches übertreten; aber ſelbſt bei der Uebertretung dient mir dieß Blatt, dieſes Zeugniß von meiner letzten Beichte, meiner letzten Abſolution, ſtatt eines gebietenden Gewiſſens, und ich lenke wieder ein. Ich hüte mich, und meine Fehler ſtürzen ſich nicht mehr wie Gebirgswaſſer einer über den andern.

Doch will ich dir gern geſtehen, daß ich oft diejenigen Lehrer und Menſchenführer bewundere, die ihren Schülern nur äußere, mechaniſche Pflichten auflegen. Sie machen ſich's und der Welt leicht. Denn gerade dieſen Theil meiner Verbindlichkeiten, der mir erſt der beſchwerlichſte, der wunderlichſte ſchien, dieſen beobachte ich am bequemſten, am liebſten.

Nicht über drey Tage ſoll ich unter einem Dache bleiben. Keine Herberge ſoll ich verlaſſen, ohne daß ich mich wenigſtens eine Meile von ihr entferne. Dieſe Gebote ſind wahrhaft geeignet, meine Jahre zu Wanderjahren zu machen und zu verhindern, daß auch nicht die geringſte Verſuchung des Anſiedelns bei mir ſich finde. Dieſer Bedingung habe ich mich bisher genau unterworfen, ja mich der gegebenen Erlaubniß nicht einmal bedient. Hier iſt eigentlich das erſtemal, daß ich ſtill halte, das erſtemal, daß ich die dritte Nacht in demſelben Bette ſchlafe. Von hier ſende ich dir manches bisher Vernommene, Beobachtete, Geſparte, und dann geht es morgen früh auf der andern Seite hinab, zuerſt zu einer wunderbaren Familie, zu einer heiligen Familie möchte ich wohl ſagen, von der du in meinem Tagebuche mehr finden wirſt. Jetzt lebe wohl und lege dieſes Blatt mit dem Gefühl aus der Hand, daß es nur Eins zu ſagen habe, nur Eines ſagen und wiederholen möchte, aber es nicht ſagen, nicht wiederholen will, bis ich das Glück habe, wieder zu deinen Füßen zu liegen und auf deinen Händen mich über alle das Entbehren auszuweinen.

Morgens.

Es iſt eingepackt. Der Bote ſchnürt den Mantelſack und das Reff. Noch iſt die Sonne nicht aufgegangen, die Nebel dampfen aus allen Gründen; aber der obere Himmel iſt heiter. Wir ſteigen in die düſtere Tiefe hinab, die ſich auch bald über unſerm Haupte erhellen wird. Laß mich mein letztes Ach zu dir hinüberſenden! Laß meinen letzten Blick zu dir ſich noch mit einer unwillkürlichen Thräne füllen! Ich bin entſchieden und entſchloſſen. Du ſollſt keine Klagen von mir hören; du ſollſt nur hören, was dem Wanderer begegnet. Und doch kreuzen ſich, indem ich ſchließen will, nochmals tauſend Gedanken, Wünſche, Hoffnungen und Vorſätze. Glücklicherweiſe treibt man mich hinweg. Der Bote ruft und der Wirth räumt ſchon wieder auf in meiner Gegenwart, eben als wenn ich hinweg wäre, wie gefühlloſe unvorſichtige Erben vor dem Abſcheidenden die Anſtalten, ſich in Beſitz zu ſetzen, nicht verbergen.

Zweites Capitel.

Sanct Joſeph der Zweyte.

Schon hatte der Wanderer, ſeinem Boten auf dem Fuße folgend, ſteile Felſen hinter und über ſich gelaſſen, ſchon durchſtrichen ſie ein ſanfteres Mittelgebirg und eilten durch manchen wohlbeſtandnen Wald, durch manchen freundlichen Wieſengrund, immer vorwärts, bis ſie ſich endlich an einem Abhange befanden, und in ein ſehr ſorgfältig bebautes, von Hügeln rings umſchloſſenes Thal hinabſchauten. Ein großes, halb in Trümmern liegendes, halb wohlerhaltenes Kloſtergebäude zog ſogleich die Aufmerkſamkeit an ſich. „Dieß iſt Sanct Joſeph,“ ſagte der Bote: „Jammerſchade für die ſchöne Kirche! Seht nur, wie ihre Säulen und Pfeiler durch Gebüſch und Bäume noch ſo wohl erhalten durchſehen, ob ſie gleich ſchon viele hundert Jahre in Schutt liegt.“

„Die Kloſtergebäude hingegen,“ verſetzte Wilhelm, „ſehe ich, ſind noch wohl erhalten.“ „Ja,“ ſagte der andere, „es wohnt ein Schaffner daſelbſt, der die Wirthſchaft beſorgt, die Zinſen und Zehnten einnimmt, welche man weit und breit hieher zu zahlen hat.“

Unter dieſen Worten waren ſie durch das offene Thor in den geräumigen Hof gelangt, der, von ernſthaften, wohlerhaltenen Gebäuden umgeben, ſich als Aufenthalt einer ruhigen Sammlung ankündigte. Seinen Felix mit den Engeln von geſtern ſah er ſogleich beſchäftigt um einen Tragkorb, den eine rüſtige Frau vor ſich geſtellt hatte: ſie waren im Begriff Kirſchen zu handeln; eigentlich aber feilſchte Felix, der immer etwas Geld bei ſich führte. Nun machte er ſogleich als Gaſt den Wirth, ſpendete reichliche Früchte an ſeine Geſpielen, ſelbſt dem Vater war die Erquickung angenehm mitten in dieſen unfruchtbaren Mooswäldern, wo die farbigen glänzenden Früchte noch einmal ſo ſchön erſchienen. Sie trage ſolche weit herauf aus einem großen Garten, bemerkte die Verkäuferin, um den Preis annehmlich zu machen, der den Käufern etwas zu hoch geſchienen hatte. Der Vater werde bald zurückkommen, ſagten die Kinder, er ſolle nur einſtweilen in den Saal gehen und dort ausruhen.

Wie verwundert war jedoch Wilhelm, als die Kinder ihn zu dem Raume führten, den ſie den Saal nannten. Gleich aus dem Hofe ging es zu einer großen Thür hinein, und unſer Wanderer fand ſich in einer ſehr reinlichen, wohlerhaltenen Capelle, die aber, wie er wohl ſah, zum häuslichen Gebrauch des täglichen Lebens eingerichtet war. An der einen Seite ſtand ein Tiſch, ein Seſſel, mehrere Stühle und Bänke, an der andern Seite ein wohlgeſchnitztes Gerüſt mit bunter Töpferwaare, Krügen und Gläſern. Es fehlte nicht an einigen Truhen und Kiſten, und ſo ordentlich alles war, doch nicht an dem Einladenden des häuslichen, täglichen Lebens. Das Licht fiel von hohen Fenſtern an der Seite herein. Was aber die Aufmerkſamkeit des Wanderers am meiſten erregte, waren farbige, auf die Wand gemalte Bilder, die unter den Fenſtern in ziemlicher Höhe, wie Teppiche, um drey Theile der Capelle herumreichten und bis auf ein Getäfel herabhingen, und die übrige Wand bis zur Erde bedeckten. Die Gemälde ſtellten die Geſchichte des heiligen Joſeph vor. Hier ſah man ihn mit ſeiner Zimmerarbeit beſchäftigt; hier begegnete er Marien, und eine Lilie ſproßte zwiſchen beiden aus dem Boden, indem einige Engel ſie lauſchend umſchwebten. Hier wird er getraut; es folgt der engliſche Gruß. Hier ſitzt er mißmuthig zwiſchen angefangener Arbeit, läßt die Axt ruhen und ſinnt darauf, ſeine Gattin zu verlaſſen. Zunächſt erſcheint ihm aber der Engel im Traum, und ſeine Lage ändert ſich. Mit Andacht betrachtet er das neugeborne Kind im Stalle zu Bethlehem und betet es an. Bald darauf folgt ein wunderſam ſchönes Bild. Man ſieht mancherlei Holz gezimmert; eben ſoll es zuſammengeſetzt werden, und zufälligerweiſe bilden ein paar Stücke ein Kreuz. Das Kind iſt auf dem Kreuze eingeſchlafen, die Mutter ſitzt daneben und betrachtet es mit inniger Liebe, und der Pflegevater hält mit der Arbeit inne, um den Schlaf nicht zu ſtören. Gleich darauf folgt die Flucht nach Aegypten. Sie erregte bei dem beſchauenden Wanderer ein Lächeln, indem er die Wiederholung des geſtrigen lebendigen Bildes hier an der Wand ſah.

Nicht lange war er ſeinen Betrachtungen überlaſſen, ſo trat der Wirth herein, den er ſogleich als den Führer der heiligen Karavane wieder erkannte. Sie begrüßten ſich auf's herzlichſte, mancherlei Geſpräche folgten; doch Wilhelms Aufmerkſamkeit blieb auf die Gemälde gerichtet. Der Wirth merkte das Intereſſe ſeines Gaſtes und fing lächelnd an: „Gewiß, Ihr bewundert die Uebereinſtimmung dieſes Gebäudes mit ſeinen Bewohnern, die Ihr geſtern kennen lerntet. Sie iſt aber vielleicht noch ſonderbarer, als man vermuthen ſollte: das Gebäude hat eigentlich die Bewohner gemacht. Denn wenn das Lebloſe lebendig iſt, ſo kann es auch wohl Lebendiges hervorbringen.“

„O ja!“ verſetzte Wilhelm: „Es ſollte mich wundern, wenn der Geiſt, der vor Jahrhunderten in dieſer Bergöde ſo gewaltig wirkte und einen ſo mächtigen Körper von Gebäuden, Beſitzungen und Rechten an ſich zog, und dafür mannichfaltige Bildung in der Gegend verbreitete, es ſollte mich wundern, wenn er nicht auch aus dieſen Trümmern noch ſeine Lebenskraft auf ein lebendiges Weſen ausübte. Laßt uns jedoch nicht im Allgemeinen verharren, macht mich mit Eurer Geſchichte bekannt, damit ich erfahre, wie es möglich war, daß ohne Spielerey und Anmaßung die Vergangenheit ſich wieder in Euch darſtellt, und das was vorüberging, abermals hervortritt.“

Eben als Wilhelm belehrende Antwort von den Lippen ſeines Wirthes erwartete, rief eine freundliche Stimme im Hofe den Namen Joſeph. Der Wirth hörte darauf und ging nach der Thür.

Alſo heißt er auch Joſeph! ſagte Wilhelm zu ſich ſelbſt. Das iſt doch ſonderbar genug und doch eben nicht ſo ſonderbar, als daß er ſeinen Heiligen im Leben darſtellt. Er blickte zu gleicher Zeit nach der Thüre, und ſah die Mutter Gottes von geſtern mit dem Manne ſprechen. Sie trennten ſich endlich: die Frau ging nach der gegenüberſtehenden Wohnung: „Marie!“ rief er ihr nach: „nur noch ein Wort!“ „Alſo heißt ſie auch Marie: es fehlt nicht viel, ſo fühle ich mich achtzehnhundert Jahre zurückverſetzt.“ Er dachte ſich das ernſthaft eingeſchloſſene Thal, in dem er ſich befand, die Trümmer und die Stille, und eine wunderſam alterthümliche Stimmung überfiel ihn. Es war Zeit, daß der Wirth und die Kinder hereintraten. Die letztern forderten Wilhelm zu einem Spaziergange auf, indeß der Wirth noch einigen Geſchäften vorſtehen wollte. Nun ging es durch die Ruinen des ſäulenreichen Kirchengebäudes, deſſen hohe Giebel und Wände ſich in Wind und Wetter zu befeſtigen ſchienen, indeſſen ſich ſtarke Bäume von Alters her auf den breiten Mauerrücken eingewurzelt hatten, und in Geſellſchaft von mancherlei Gras, Blumen und Moos kühn in der Luft hängende Gärten vorſtellten. Sanfte Wieſenpfade führten einen lebhaften Bach hinan, und von einiger Höhe konnte der Wanderer nun das Gebäude nebſt ſeiner Lage mit ſo mehr Intereſſe überſchauen, als ihm deſſen Bewohner immer merkwürdiger geworden, und durch die Harmonie mit ihrer Umgebung ſeine lebhafteſte Neugier erregt hatten.

Man kehrte zurück, und fand in dem frommen Saal einen Tiſch gedeckt. Oben an ſtand ein Lehnſeſſel, in den ſich die Hausfrau niederließ. Neben ſich hatte ſie einen hohen Korb ſtehen, in welchem das kleine Kind lag; den Vater ſodann zur linken Hand und Wilhelm zur rechten. Die drey Kinder beſetzten den untern Raum des Tiſches. Eine alte Magd brachte ein wohlzubereitetes Eſſen. Speiſe- und Trinkgeſchirr deuteten gleichfalls auf vergangene Zeit. Die Kinder gaben Anlaß zur Unterhaltung, indeſſen Wilhelm die Geſtalt und das Betragen ſeiner heiligen Wirthin nicht genugſam beobachten konnte.

Nach Tiſche zerſtreute ſich die Geſellſchaft; der Wirth führte ſeinen Gaſt an eine ſchattige Stelle der Ruine, wo man von einem erhöhten Platze die angenehme Ausſicht das Thal hinab vollkommen vor ſich hatte, und die Berghöhen des untern Landes mit ihren fruchtbaren Abhängen und waldigen Rücken hintereinander hinausgeſchoben ſah. „Es iſt billig,“ ſagte der Wirth, „daß ich Ihre Neugierde befriedige, um ſo mehr als ich an Ihnen fühle, daß Sie im Stande ſind, auch das Wunderliche ernſthaft zu nehmen, wenn es auf einem ernſten Grunde beruht. Dieſe geiſtliche Anſtalt, von der Sie noch die Reſte ſehen, war der heiligen Familie gewidmet, und vor Alters als Wallfahrt wegen mancher Wunder berühmt. Die Kirche war der Mutter und dem Sohne geweiht. Sie iſt ſchon ſeit mehreren Jahrhunderten zerſtört. Die Capelle, dem heiligen Pflegevater gewidmet, hat ſich erhalten, ſo auch der brauchbare Theil der Kloſtergebäude. Die Einkünfte bezieht ſchon ſeit geraumen Jahren ein weltlicher Fürſt, der ſeinen Schaffner hier oben hält, und der bin ich, Sohn des vorigen Schaffners, der gleichfalls ſeinem Vater in dieſer Stelle nachfolgte.

Der heilige Joſeph, obgleich jede kirchliche Verehrung hier oben längſt aufgehört hatte, war gegen unſere Familie ſo wohlthätig geweſen, daß man ſich nicht verwundern darf, wenn man ſich beſonders gut gegen ihn geſinnt fühlte; und daher kam es, daß man mich in der Taufe Joſeph nannte, dadurch gewiſſermaßen meine Lebensweiſe beſtimmte. Ich wuchs heran, und wenn ich mich zu meinem Vater geſellte, indem er die Einnahme beſorgte, ſo ſchloß ich mich eben ſo gern, ja noch lieber, an meine Mutter an, welche nach Vermögen gern ausſpendete und durch ihren guten Willen und durch ihre Wohlthaten im ganzen Gebirge bekannt und geliebt war. Sie ſchickte mich bald da, bald dorthin, bald zu bringen, bald zu beſtellen, bald zu beſorgen, und ich fand mich ſehr leicht in dieſe Art von frommem Gewerbe.

Ueberhaupt hat das Gebirgsleben etwas Menſchlicheres als auf dem flachen Lande. Die Bewohner ſind einander näher, wenn man will auch ferner; die Bedürfniſſe gering, aber dringender. Der Menſch iſt mehr auf ſich geſtellt, ſeinen Händen, ſeinen Füßen muß er vertrauen lernen. Der Arbeiter, der Bote, der Laſtträger, alle vereinigen ſich in Einer Perſon; auch ſteht jeder dem andern näher, begegnet ihm öfter und lebt mit ihm in einem gemeinſamen Treiben.

Da ich noch jung war und meine Schultern nicht viel zu ſchleppen vermochten, fiel ich darauf, einen kleinen Eſel mit Körben zu verſehen und vor mir her die ſteilen Fußpfade hinauf- und hinabzutreiben. Der Eſel iſt im Gebirg kein ſo verächtlich Thier als im flachen Lande, wo der Knecht, der mit Pferden pflügt, ſich für beſſer hält als den andern, der den Acker mit Ochſen umreißt. Und ich ging um ſo mehr ohne Bedenken hinter meinem Thier her, als ich in der Capelle früh bemerkt hatte, daß es zu der Ehre gelangt war, Gott und ſeine Mutter zu tragen. Doch war dieſe Capelle damals nicht in dem Zuſtande, in welchem ſie ſich gegenwärtig befindet. Sie ward als ein Schuppen, ja faſt wie ein Stall behandelt. Brennholz, Stangen, Geräthſchaften, Tonnen und Leitern, und was man nur wollte, war übereinander geſchoben. Glücklicherweiſe daß die Gemälde ſo hoch ſtehen und die Täfelung etwas aushält. Aber ſchon als Kind erfreute ich mich beſonders, über alles das Gehölz hin und her zu klettern, und die Bilder zu betrachten, die mir niemand recht auslegen konnte. Genug, ich wußte, daß der Heilige, deſſen Leben oben gezeichnet war, mein Pathe ſey, und ich erfreute mich an ihm, als ob er mein Onkel geweſen wäre. Ich wuchs heran, und weil es eine beſondere Bedingung war, daß der, welcher an das einträgliche Schaffneramt Anſpruch machen wollte, ein Handwerk ausüben mußte, ſo ſollte ich, dem Willen meiner Eltern gemäß, welche wünſchten, daß künftig dieſe gute Pfründe auf mich erben möchte, ein Handwerk lernen, und zwar ein ſolches, das zugleich hier oben in der Wirthſchaft nützlich wäre.

Mein Vater war Böttcher und ſchaffte alles, was von dieſer Arbeit nöthig war, ſelbſt, woraus ihm und dem Ganzen großer Vortheil erwuchs. Allein ich konnte mich nicht entſchließen, ihm darin nachzufolgen. Mein Verlangen zog mich unwiderſtehlich nach dem Zimmerhandwerke, wovon ich das Arbeitszeug ſo umſtändlich und genau, von Jugend auf, neben meinem Heiligen gemalt geſehen. Ich erklärte meinen Wunſch; man war mir nicht entgegen, um ſo weniger als bei ſo mancherlei Baulichkeiten der Zimmermann oft von uns in Anſpruch genommen ward, ja, bei einigem Geſchick und Liebe zu feinerer Arbeit, beſonders in Waldgegenden, die Tiſchler- und ſogar die Schnitzerkünſte ganz nahe liegen. Und was mich noch mehr in meinen höhern Ausſichten beſtärkte, war jenes Gemälde, das leider nunmehr ganz verloſchen iſt. Sobald Sie wiſſen, was es vorſtellen ſoll, ſo werden Sie ſich's entziffern können, wenn ich Sie nachher davor führe. Dem heiligen Joſeph war nichts Geringeres aufgetragen, als einen Thron für den König Herodes zu machen. Zwiſchen zwey gegebenen Säulen ſoll der Prachtſitz aufgeführt werden. Joſeph nimmt ſorgfältig das Maß von Breite und Höhe und arbeitet einen köſtlichen Königsthron. Aber wie erſtaunt iſt er, wie verlegen, als er den Prachtſeſſel herbeiſchafft: er findet ſich zu hoch und nicht breit genug. Mit König Herodes war, wie bekannt, nicht zu ſpaßen: der fromme Zimmermeiſter iſt in der größten Verlegenheit. Das Chriſtkind, gewohnt ihn überall zu begleiten, ihm in kindlich demüthigem Spiel die Werkzeuge nachzutragen, bemerkt ſeine Noth und iſt gleich mit Rath und That bei der Hand. Das Wunderkind verlangt vom Pflegevater: er ſolle den Thron an der einen Seite faſſen; es greift in die andere Seite des Schnitzwerks und beide fangen an zu ziehen. Sehr leicht und bequem, als wär' er von Leder, zieht ſich der Thron in die Breite, verliert verhältnißmäßig an der Höhe und paßt ganz vortrefflich an Ort und Stelle, zum größten Troſte des beruhigten Meiſters und zur vollkommenen Zufriedenheit des Königs.

Jener Thron war in meiner Jugend noch recht gut zu ſehen, und an den Reſten der einen Seite werden Sie bemerken können, daß am Schnitzwerk nichts geſpart war, das freilich dem Maler leichter fallen mußte, als es dem Zimmermann geweſen wäre, wenn man es von ihm verlangt hätte.

Hieraus zog ich aber keine Bedenklichkeit, ſondern ich erblickte das Handwerk, dem ich mich gewidmet hatte, in einem ſo ehrenvollen Lichte, daß ich nicht erwarten konnte, bis man mich in die Lehre that, welches um ſo leichter auszuführen war, als in der Nachbarſchaft ein Meiſter wohnte, der für die ganze Gegend arbeitete und mehrere Geſellen und Lehrburſche beſchäftigen konnte. Ich blieb alſo in der Nähe meiner Eltern und ſetzte gewiſſermaßen mein voriges Leben fort, indem ich Feyerſtunden und Feyertage zu den wohlthätigen Botſchaften, die mir meine Mutter aufzutragen fortfuhr, verwendete."

Die Heimſuchung.

„So vergingen einige Jahre," fuhr der Erzähler fort; „ich begriff die Vortheile des Handwerks ſehr bald, und mein Körper, durch Arbeit ausgebildet, war im Stande, alles zu übernehmen, was dabei erfordert wurde. Nebenher verſah ich meinen alten Dienſt, den ich der guten Mutter, oder vielmehr Kranken und Nothdürftigen leiſtete. Ich zog mit meinem Thier durch's Gebirg, vertheilte die Ladung pünktlich und nahm von Krämern und Kaufleuten rückwärts mit, was uns hier oben fehlte. Mein Meiſter war zufrieden mit mir und meine Eltern auch. Schon hatte ich das Vergnügen, auf meinen Wanderungen manches Haus zu ſehen, das ich mit aufgeführt, das ich verziert hatte. Denn beſonders dieſes letzte Einkerben der Balken, dieſes Einſchneiden von gewiſſen einfachen Formen, dieſes Einbrennen zierender Figuren, dieſes Rothmalen einiger Vertiefungen, wodurch ein hölzernes Berghaus den ſo luſtigen Anblick gewährt, ſolche Künſte waren mir beſonders übertragen, weil ich mich am beſten aus der Sache zog, der ich immer den Thron Herodes und ſeine Zierrathen im Sinne hatte.

Unter den hülfsbedürftigen Perſonen, für die meine Mutter eine vorzügliche Sorge trug, ſtanden beſonders junge Frauen oben an, die ſich guter Hoffnung befanden, wie ich nach und nach wohl bemerken konnte, ob man ſchon in ſolchen Fällen die Botſchaften gegen mich geheimnißvoll zu behandeln pflegte. Ich hatte dabei niemals einen unmittelbaren Auftrag, ſondern alles ging durch ein gutes Weib, welche nicht fern das Thal hinab wohnte und Frau Eliſabeth genannt wurde. Meine Mutter, ſelbſt in der Kunſt erfahren, die ſo manchen gleich beim Eintritt in das Leben das Leben rettet, ſtand mit Frau Eliſabeth in fortdauernd gutem Vernehmen, und ich mußte oft von allen Seiten hören, daß mancher unſerer rüſtigen Bergbewohner dieſen beiden Frauen ſein Daſeyn zu danken habe. Das Geheimniß, womit mich Eliſabeth jederzeit empfing, die bündigen Antworten auf meine räthſelhaften Fragen, die ich ſelbſt nicht verſtand, erregten mir ſonderbare Ehrfurcht für ſie, und ihr Haus, das höchſt reinlich war, ſchien mir eine Art von kleinem Heiligthume vorzuſtellen.

Indeſſen hatte ich durch meine Kenntniſſe und Handwerksthätigkeit in der Familie ziemlichen Einfluß gewonnen. Wie mein Vater als Böttcher für den Keller geſorgt hatte, ſo ſorgte ich nun für Dach und Fach, und verbeſſerte manchen ſchadhaften Theil der alten Gebäude. Beſonders wußte ich einige verfallene Scheuern und Remiſen für den häuslichen Gebrauch wieder nutzbar zu machen; und kaum war dieſes geſchehen, als ich meine geliebte Capelle zu räumen und zu reinigen anfing. In wenigen Tagen war ſie in Ordnung, faſt wie Ihr ſie ſehet: wobei ich mich bemühte, die fehlenden oder beſchädigten Theile des Täfelwerks dem Ganzen gleich wieder herzuſtellen. Auch ſolltet Ihr dieſe Flügelthüren des Eingangs wohl für alt genug halten; ſie ſind aber von meiner Arbeit. Ich habe mehrere Jahre zugebracht, ſie in ruhigen Stunden zu ſchnitzen, nachdem ich ſie vorher aus ſtarken eichenen Bohlen im Ganzen tüchtig zuſammengefügt hatte. Was bis zu dieſer Zeit von Gemälden nicht beſchädigt oder verloſchen war, hat ſich auch noch erhalten und ich half dem Glasmeiſter bei einem neuen Bau, mit der Bedingung, daß er bunte Fenſter herſtellte.

Hatten jene Bilder und die Gedanken an das Leben der Heiligen meine Einbildungskraft beſchäftigt, ſo drückte ſich das alles nur lebhafter bei mir ein, als ich den Raum wieder für ein Heiligthum anſehen, darin, beſonders zur Sommerzeit, verweilen, und über das was ich ſah oder vermuthete, mit Muße nachdenken konnte. Es lag eine unwiderſtehliche Neigung in mir, dieſem Heiligen nachzufolgen; und da ſich ähnliche Begebenheiten nicht leicht herbeirufen ließen, ſo wollte ich wenigſtens von unten auf anfangen, ihm zu gleichen: wie ich denn wirklich durch den Gebrauch des laſtbaren Thiers ſchon lange begonnen hatte. Das kleine Geſchöpf, deſſen ich mich bisher bedient, wollte mir nicht mehr genügen; ich ſuchte mir einen viel ſtattlichern Träger aus, ſorgte für einen wohlgebauten Sattel, der zum Reiten wie zum Packen gleich bequem war. Ein paar neue Körbe wurden angeſchafft, und ein Netz von bunten Schnüren, Flocken und Quaſten, mit klingenden Metallſtiften untermiſcht, zierte den Hals des langohrigen Geſchöpfs, das ſich nun bald neben ſeinem Muſterbilde an der Wand zeigen durfte. Niemanden fiel ein über mich zu ſpotten, wenn ich in dieſem Aufzuge durchs Gebirge kam: denn man erlaubt ja gern der Wohlthätigkeit eine wunderliche Außenſeite.

Indeſſen hatte ſich der Krieg, oder vielmehr die Folge deſſelben, unſerer Gegend genähert, indem verſchiedenemal gefährliche Rotten von verlaufenem Geſindel ſich verſammelten und hie und da manche Gewaltthätigkeit, manchen Muthwillen ausübten. Durch die gute Anſtalt der Landmiliz, durch Streifungen und augenblickliche Wachſamkeit wurde dem Uebel zwar bald geſteuert; doch verfiel man zu geſchwind wieder in Sorgloſigkeit, und ehe man ſich's verſah, brachen wieder neue Uebelthaten hervor.

Lange war es in unſerer Gegend ſtill geweſen, und ich zog mit meinem Saumroſſe ruhig die gewohnten Pfade, bis ich eines Tages über die friſchbeſä'te Waldblöße kam und an dem Rande des Hegegrabens eine weibliche Geſtalt ſitzend, oder vielmehr liegend, fand. Sie ſchien zu ſchlafen oder ohnmächtig zu ſeyn. Ich bemühte mich um ſie, und als ſie ihre ſchönen Augen aufſchlug und ſich in die Höhe richtete, rief ſie mit Lebhaftigkeit aus: „Wo iſt er? Habt Ihr ihn geſehen?" Ich fragte: „wen?" Sie verſetzte: „meinen Mann!" Bei ihrem höchſt jugendlichen Anſehen war mir dieſe Antwort unerwartet; doch fuhr ich nur um deſto lieber fort ihr beizuſtehen und ſie meiner Theilnahme zu verſichern. Ich vernahm, daß die beiden Reiſenden ſich wegen der beſchwerlichen Fahrwege von ihrem Wagen entfernt gehabt, um einen nähern Fußweg einzuſchlagen. In der Nähe ſeyen ſie von Bewaffneten überfallen worden, ihr Mann habe ſich fechtend entfernt, ſie habe ihm nicht weit folgen können und ſey an dieſer Stelle liegen geblieben, ſie wiſſe nicht wie lange. Sie bitte mich inſtändig ſie zu verlaſſen und ihrem Manne nachzueilen. Sie richtete ſich auf ihre Füße, und die ſchönſte liebenswürdigſte Geſtalt ſtand vor mir; doch konnte ich leicht bemerken, daß ſie ſich in einem Zuſtande befinde, in welchem ſie die Beihülfe meiner Mutter und der Frau Eliſabeth bald bedürfen möchte. Wir ſtritten uns eine Weile: denn ich verlangte ſie erſt in Sicherheit zu bringen; ſie verlangte zuerſt Nachricht von ihrem Manne. Sie wollte ſich von ſeiner Spur nicht entfernen, und alle meine Vorſtellungen hätten vielleicht nicht gefruchtet, wenn nicht eben ein Commando unſerer Miliz, welche durch die Nachricht von neuen Uebelthaten rege geworden war, ſich durch den Wald her bewegt hätte. Dieſe wurden unterrichtet, mit ihnen das Nöthige verabredet, der Ort des Zuſammentreffens beſtimmt und ſo für dießmal die Sache geſchlichtet. Geſchwind verſteckte ich meine Körbe in eine benachbarte Höhle, die mir ſchon öfters zur Niederlage gedient hatte, richtete meinen Sattel zum bequemen Sitz und hob, nicht ohne eine ſonderbare Empfindung, die ſchöne Laſt auf mein williges Thier, das die gewohnten Pfade ſogleich von ſelbſt zu finden wußte und mir Gelegenheit gab nebenher zu gehen.

Ihr denkt, ohne daß ich es weitläufig beſchreibe, wie wunderlich mir zu Muthe war. Was ich ſo lange geſucht, hatte ich wirklich gefunden. Es war mir als wenn ich träumte, und dann gleich wieder als ob ich aus einem Traume erwachte. Dieſe himmliſche Geſtalt, wie ich ſie gleichſam in der Luft ſchweben und vor den grünen Bäumen ſich her bewegen ſah, kam mir jetzt wie ein Traum vor, der durch jene Bilder in der Capelle ſich in meiner Seele erzeugte. Bald ſchienen mir jene Bilder nur Träume geweſen zu ſeyn, die ſich hier in eine ſchöne Wirklichkeit auflösten. Ich fragte ſie manches, ſie antwortete mir ſanft und gefällig, wie es einer anſtändigen Betrübten ziemt. Oft bat ſie mich, wenn wir auf eine entblößte Höhe kamen, ſtille zu halten, mich umzuſehen, zu horchen. Sie bat mich mit ſolcher Anmuth, mit einem ſolchen tiefwünſchenden Blick unter ihren langen ſchwarzen Augenwimpern hervor, daß ich alles thun mußte, was nur möglich war; ja, ich erkletterte eine freiſtehende, hohe, aſtloſe Fichte. Nie war mir dieſes Kunſtſtück meines Handwerks willkommener geweſen; nie hatte ich mit mehr Zufriedenheit von ähnlichen Gipfeln, bei Feſten und Jahrmärkten, Bänder und ſeidene Tücher heruntergeholt. Doch kam ich dieſesmal leider ohne Ausbeute; auch oben ſah und hörte ich nichts. Endlich rief ſie ſelbſt mir herabzukommen und winkte gar lebhaft mit der Hand; ja, als ich endlich bei'm Herabgleiten mich in ziemlicher Höhe losließ und herunterſprang, that ſie einen Schrei, und eine ſüße Freundlichkeit verbreitete ſich über ihr Geſicht, da ſie mich unbeſchädigt vor ſich ſah.

Was ſoll ich Euch lange von den hundert Aufmerkſamkeiten unterhalten, womit ich ihr den ganzen Weg über angenehm zu werden, ſie zu zerſtreuen ſuchte. Und wie könnte ich es auch! denn das iſt eben die Eigenſchaft der wahren Aufmerkſamkeit, daß ſie im Augenblick das Nichts zu Allem macht. Für mein Gefühl waren die Blumen, die ich ihr brach, die fernen Gegenden, die ich ihr zeigte, die Berge, die Wälder, die ich ihr nannte, ſo viel koſtbare Schätze, die ich ihr zuzueignen dachte, um mich mit ihr in Verhältniß zu ſetzen, wie man es durch Geſchenke zu thun ſucht.

Schon hatte ſie mich für das ganze Leben gewonnen, als wir in dem Orte vor der Thüre jener guten Frau anlangten und ich ſchon eine ſchmerzliche Trennung vor mir ſah. Nochmals durchlief ich ihre ganze Geſtalt, und als meine Augen an den Fuß herabkamen, bückte ich mich, als wenn ich etwas am Gurte zu thun hätte, und küßte den niedlichſten Schuh, den ich in meinem Leben geſehen hatte, doch ohne daß ſie es merkte. Ich half ihr herunter, ſprang die Stufen hinauf und rief in die Hausthüre: Frau Eliſabeth, Ihr werdet heimgeſucht! Die Gute trat hervor und ich ſah ihr über die Schultern zum Hauſe hinein, wie das ſchöne Weſen die Stufen hinaufſtieg, mit anmuthiger Trauer und innerlichem ſchmerzlichem Selbſtgefühl, dann meine würdige Alte freundlich umarmte, und ſich von ihr in das beſſere Zimmer leiten ließ. Sie ſchloſſen ſich ein und ich ſtand bei meinem Eſel vor der Thür, wie einer der koſtbare Waaren abgeladen hat und wieder ein eben ſo armer Treiber iſt als vorher."

Der Lilienſtengel.

„Ich zauderte noch mich zu entfernen, denn ich war unſchlüſſig was ich thun ſollte, als Frau Eliſabeth unter die Thüre trat und mich erſuchte, meine Mutter zu ihr zu berufen, alsdann umherzugehen und wo möglich von dem Manne Nachricht zu geben. „Marie läßt euch gar ſehr darum erſuchen, ſagt ſie." „Kann ich ſie nicht noch einmal ſelbſt ſprechen? verſetzte ich. „Das geht nicht an," ſagte Frau Eliſabeth, und wir trennten uns. In kurzer Zeit erreichte ich unſere Wohnung; meine Mutter war bereit noch dieſen Abend hinabzugehen und der jungen Fremden hülfreich zu ſeyn. Ich eilte nach dem Lande hinunter und hoffte bei dem Amtmann die ſicherſten Nachrichten zu erhalten. Allein er war noch ſelbſt in Ungewißheit, und weil er mich kannte, hieß er mich die Nacht bei ihm verweilen. Sie ward mir unendlich lang und immer hatte ich die ſchöne Geſtalt vor Augen, wie ſie auf dem Thiere ſchwankte und ſo ſchmerzhaft freundlich zu mir herunterſah. Jeden Augenblick hofft' ich auf Nachricht. Ich gönnte und wünſchte dem guten Ehemann das Leben, und doch mochte ich ſie mir ſo gern als Wittwe denken. Das ſtreifende Commando fand ſich nach und nach zuſammen und nach mancherlei abwechſelnden Gerüchten zeigte ſich endlich die Gewißheit, daß der Wagen gerettet, der unglückliche Gatte aber an ſeinen Wunden in dem benachbarten Dorfe geſtorben ſey. Auch vernahm ich, daß nach der früheren Abrede einige gegangen waren dieſe Trauerbotſchaft der Frau Eliſabeth zu verkündigen. Alſo hatte ich dort nichts mehr zu thun, noch zu leiſten, und doch trieb mich eine unendliche Ungeduld, ein unermeßliches Verlangen durch Berg und Thal wieder vor ihre Thüre. Es war Nacht, das Haus verſchloſſen, ich ſah Licht in den Zimmern, ich ſah Schatten ſich an den Vorhängen bewegen, und ſo ſaß ich gegenüber auf einer Bank, immer im Begriff anzuklopfen und immer von mancherlei Betrachtungen zurückgehalten.

Jedoch was erzähl' ich umſtändlich weiter, was eigentlich kein Intereſſe hat. Genug, auch am folgenden Morgen nahm man mich nicht in's Haus auf. Man wußte die traurige Nachricht, man bedurfte meiner nicht mehr; man ſchickte mich zu meinem Vater, an meine Arbeit; man antwortete nicht auf meine Fragen; man wollte mich los ſeyn.

Acht Tage hatte man es ſo mit mir getrieben, als mich endlich Frau Eliſabeth hereinrief. „Tretet ſachte auf, mein Freund, ſagte ſie: aber kommt getroſt näher!" Sie führte mich in ein reinliches Zimmer, wo ich in der Ecke durch halbgeöffnete Bettvorhänge meine Schöne aufrecht ſitzen ſah. Frau Eliſabeth trat zu ihr, gleichſam um mich zu melden, hub etwas vom Bette auf und brachte mir's entgegen, in das weißeſte Zeug gewickelt den ſchönſten Knaben. Frau Eliſabeth hielt ihn gerade zwiſchen mich und die Mutter, und auf der Stelle fiel mir der Lilienſtengel ein, der ſich auf dem Bilde zwiſchen Maria und Joſeph, als Zeuge eines reinen Verhältniſſes aus der Erde hebt. Von dem Augenblicke an war mir aller Druck vom Herzen genommen; ich war meiner Sache, ich war meines Glücks gewiß. Ich konnte mit Freiheit zu ihr treten, mit ihr ſprechen, ihr himmliſches Auge ertragen, den Knaben auf den Arm nehmen und ihm einen herzlichen Kuß auf die Stirn drücken.

„Wie danke ich euch für eure Neigung zu dieſem verwaiſten Kinde!" ſagte die Mutter. — Unbedachtſam und lebhaft rief ich aus: „Es iſt keine Waiſe mehr, wenn ihr wollt!"

Frau Eliſabeth, klüger als ich, nahm mir das Kind ab und wußte mich zu entfernen.

Noch immer dient mir das Andenken jener Zeit zur glücklichſten Unterhaltung, wenn ich unſere Berge und Thäler zu durchwandern genöthigt bin. Noch weiß ich mir den kleinſten Umſtand zurückzurufen, womit ich Euch jedoch, wie billig, verſchone. Wochen gingen vorüber; Maria hatte ſich erholt, ich konnte ſie öfter ſehen, mein Umgang mit ihr war eine Folge von Dienſten und Aufmerkſamkeiten. Ihre Familienverhältniſſe erlaubten ihr einen Wohnort nach Belieben. Erſt verweilte ſie bei Frau Eliſabeth; dann beſuchte ſie uns, meiner Mutter und mir für ſo vielen freundlichen Beiſtand zu danken. Sie gefiel ſich bei uns und ich ſchmeichelte mir, es geſchehe zum Theil um meinetwillen. Was ich jedoch ſo gern geſagt hätte und nicht zu ſagen wagte, kam auf eine ſonderbare und liebliche Weiſe zur Sprache, als ich ſie in die Capelle führte, die ich ſchon damals zu einem wohnbaren Saal umgeſchaffen hatte. Ich zeigte und erklärte ihr die Bilder, eins nach dem andern, und entwickelte dabei die Pflichten eines Pflegevaters auf eine ſo lebendige herzliche Weiſe, daß ihr die Thränen in die Augen traten und ich mit meiner Bilderdeutung nicht zu Ende kommen konnte. Ich glaubte ihrer Neigung gewiß zu ſeyn, ob ich gleich nicht ſtolz genug war, das Andenken ihres Mannes ſo ſchnell auslöſchen zu wollen. Das Geſetz verpflichtet die Witwen zu einem Trauerjahre, und gewiß iſt eine ſolche Epoche, die den Wechſel aller irdiſchen Dinge in ſich begreift, einem fühlenden Herzen nöthig, um die ſchmerzlichen Eindrücke eines großen Verluſtes zu mildern. Man ſieht die Blumen welken und die Blätter fallen, aber man ſieht auch Früchte reifen und neue Knoſpen keimen. Das Leben gehört den Lebendigen an, und wer lebt, muß auf Wechſel gefaßt ſeyn.

Ich ſprach nun mit meiner Mutter über die Angelegenheit, die mir ſo ſehr am Herzen lag. Sie entdeckte mir darauf, wie ſchmerzlich Marien der Tod ihres Mannes geweſen und wie ſie ſich ganz allein durch den Gedanken, daß ſie für das Kind leben müſſe, wieder aufgerichtet habe. Meine Neigung war den Frauen nicht unbekannt geblieben, und ſchon hatte ſich Marie an die Vorſtellung gewöhnt, mit uns zu leben. Sie verweilte noch eine Zeit lang in der Nachbarſchaft, dann zog ſie zu uns herauf und wir verlebten noch eine Weile in dem frömmſten und glücklichſten Brautſtande. Endlich verbanden wir uns. Jenes erſte Gefühl, das uns zuſammengeführt hatte, verlor ſich nicht. Die Pflichten und Freuden des Pflegevaters und Vaters vereinigten ſich; und ſo überſchritt zwar unſere kleine Familie, indem ſie ſich vermehrte, ihr Vorbild an Zahl und Perſonen, aber die Tugenden jenes Muſterbildes an Treue und Reinheit der Geſinnungen wurden von uns heilig bewahrt und geübt. Und ſo erhalten wir auch mit freundlicher Gewohnheit den äußern Schein, zu dem wir zufällig gelangt, und der ſo gut zu unſerm Innern paßt: denn ob wir gleich alle gute Fußgänger und rüſtige Träger ſind, ſo bleibt das laſtbare Thier doch immer in unſerer Geſellſchaft, um eine oder die andere Bürde fortzubringen, wenn uns ein Geſchäft oder Beſuch durch dieſe Berge und Thäler nöthigt. Wie Ihr uns geſtern angetroffen habt, ſo kennt uns die ganze Gegend, und wir ſind ſtolz darauf, daß unſer Wandel von der Art iſt, um jenen heiligen Namen und Geſtalten, zu deren Nachahmung wir uns bekennen, keine Schande zu machen.“

Aus der italieniſchen Reiſe.

Bericht.

April.

Meine Correſpondenz der letzten Wochen bietet wenig Bedeutendes; meine Lage war zu verwickelt zwiſchen Kunſt und Freundſchaft, zwiſchen Beſitz und Beſtreben, zwiſchen einer gewohnten Gegenwart und einer wieder neu anzugewöhnenden Zukunft. In dieſen Zuſtänden konnten meine Briefe wenig enthalten; die Freude, meine alten geprüften Freunde wieder zu ſehen, war nur mäßig ausgeſprochen, der Schmerz des Loslöſens dagegen kaum verheimlicht. Ich faſſe daher in gegenwärtigem nachträglichen Bericht manches zuſammen und nehme nur das auf, was aus jener Zeit mir, theils durch andere Papiere und Denkmale bewahrt, theils in der Erinnerung wieder hervorzurufen iſt.

Tiſchbein verweilte noch immer in Neapel, ob er ſchon ſeine Zurückkunft im Frühling wiederholt angekündigt hatte. Es war ſonſt mit ihm gut leben, nur ein gewiſſer Tik ward auf die Länge beſchwerlich. Er ließ nämlich alles was er zu thun vorhatte in einer Art Unbeſtimmtheit, wodurch er oft, ohne eigentlich böſen Willen, andere zu Schaden und Unluſt brachte. So erging es mir nun auch in dieſem Falle; ich mußte, wenn er zurückkehrte, um uns alle bequem logirt zu ſehen, das Quartier verändern, und da die obere Etage unſeres Hauſes eben leer ward, ſäumte ich nicht ſie zu miethen und ſie zu beziehen, damit er bei ſeiner Ankunft in der untern alles bereit fände.

Die oberen Räume waren den unteren gleich, die hintere Seite jedoch hatte den Vortheil einer allerliebſten Ausſicht über den Hausgarten und die Gärten der Nachbarſchaft, welche, da unſer Haus ein Eckhaus war, ſich nach allen Seiten ausdehnte.

Hier ſah man nun die verſchiedenſten Gärten regelmäßig durch Mauern getrennt, in unendlicher Mannichfaltigkeit gehalten und bepflanzt; dieſes grünende und blühende Paradies zu verherrlichen trat überall die einfach edle Baukunſt hervor: Gartenſäle, Balcone, Terraſſen, auch auf den höheren Hinterhäuschen eine offene Loge, dazwiſchen alle Baum- und Pflanzenarten der Gegend.

In unſerm Hausgarten verſorgte ein alter Weltgeiſtlicher eine Anzahl wohlgehaltener Citronenbäume, von mäßiger Höhe, in verzierten Vaſen von gebrannter Erde, welche im Sommer der freien Luft genoſſen, im Winter jedoch im Gartenſaale verwahrt ſtanden. Nach vollkommen geprüfter Reife wurden die Früchte ſorgfältig abgenommen, jede einzeln in weiches Papier gewickelt, ſo zuſammengepackt und verſendet. Sie ſind wegen beſonderer Vorzüge im Handel beliebt. Eine ſolche Orangerie wird als ein kleines Capital in bürgerlichen Familien betrachtet, wovon man alle Jahre die gewiſſen Intereſſen zieht.

Dieſelbigen Fenſter, aus welchen man ſo viel Anmuth beim klarſten Himmel ungeſtört betrachtete, gaben auch ein vortreffliches Licht zu Beſchauung maleriſcher Kunſtwerke. So eben hatte Kniep verſchiedene Aquar.-Zeichnungen, ausgeführt nach Umriſſen die er auf unſerer Reiſe durch Sicilien ſorgfältig zog, verabredetermaßen eingeſendet, die nunmehr bei dem günſtigſten Lichte allen Theilnehmenden zu Freude und Bewunderung gereichten. Klarheit und luftige Haltung iſt vielleicht in dieſer Art keinem beſſer gelungen als ihm, der ſich mit Neigung gerade hierauf geworfen hatte. Die Anſicht dieſer Blätter bezauberte wirklich, denn man glaubte die Feuchte des Meers, die blauen Schatten der Felſen, die gelbröthlichen Töne der Gebirge, das Verſchweben der Ferne in dem glanzreichſten Himmel wieder zu ſehen, wieder zu empfinden. Aber nicht allein dieſe Blätter erſchienen in ſolchem Grade günſtig, jedes Gemälde, auf dieſelbe Staffelei an denſelben Ort geſtellt, erſchien wirkſamer und auffallender: ich erinnere mich, daß einigemal als ich ins Zimmer trat mir ein ſolches Bild wie zauberiſch entgegen wirkte.

Das Geheimniß einer günſtigen oder ungünſtigen, directen oder indirecten, atmoſphäriſchen Beleuchtung war damals noch nicht entdeckt, ſie ſelbſt aber durchaus gefühlt, angeſtaunt, und als nur zufällig und unerklärbar betrachtet.

Dieſe neue Wohnung gab nun Gelegenheit, eine Anzahl von Gypsabgüſſen, die ſich nach und nach um uns geſammelt hatten, in freundlicher Ordnung und gutem Lichte aufzuſtellen, und man genoß jetzt erſt eines höchſt würdigen Beſitzes. Wenn man, wie in Rom der Fall iſt, ſich immerfort in Gegenwart plaſtiſcher Kunſtwerke der Alten befindet, ſo fühlt man ſich, wie in Gegenwart der Natur, vor einem Unendlichen, Unerforſchlichen. Der Eindruck des Erhabenen, des Schönen, ſo wohlthätig er auch ſeyn mag, beunruhigt uns, wir wünſchen unſre Gefühle, unſre Anſchauung in Worte zu faſſen: dazu müßten wir aber erſt erkennen, einſehen, begreifen; wir fangen an zu ſondern, zu unterſcheiden, zu ordnen, und auch dieſes finden wir, wo nicht unmöglich, doch höchſt ſchwierig, und ſo kehren wir endlich zu einer ſchauenden und genießenden Bewunderung zurück.

Ueberhaupt aber iſt dies die entſchiedenſte Wirkung aller Kunſtwerke, daß ſie uns in den Zuſtand der Zeit und der Individuen verſetzen, die ſie hervorbrachten. Umgeben von antiken Statuen empfindet man ſich in einem bewegten Naturleben, man wird die Mannichfaltigkeit der Menſchengeſtaltung gewahr und durchaus auf den Menſchen in ſeinem reinſten Zuſtande zurückgeführt, wodurch denn der Beſchauer ſelbſt lebendig und rein menſchlich wird. Selbſt die Bekleidung, der Natur angemeſſen, die Geſtalt gewiſſermaßen noch hervorhebend, thut im allgemeinen Sinne wohl. Kann man dergleichen Umgebung in Rom tagtäglich genießen, ſo wird man zugleich habſüchtig darnach; man verlangt ſolche Gebilde neben ſich aufzuſtellen, und gute Gypsabgüſſe, als die eigentlichſten Facſimile's, geben hiezu die beſte Gelegenheit. Wenn man des Morgens die Augen aufſchlägt, fühlt man ſich von dem Vortrefflichſten gerührt; alles unſer Denken und Sinnen iſt von ſolchen Geſtalten begleitet, und es wird dadurch unmöglich, in Barbarei zurückzufallen.

Den erſten Platz bei uns behauptete Juno Ludoviſi, um deſto höher geſchätzt und verehrt, als man das Original nur ſelten, nur zufällig zu ſehen bekam, und man es für ein Glück achten mußte, ſie immerwährend vor Augen zu haben; denn keiner unſrer Zeitgenoſſen, der zum erſtenmal vor ſie hintritt, darf behaupten dieſem Anblick gewachſen zu ſeyn.

Noch einige kleinere Junonen ſtanden zur Vergleichung neben ihr, vorzüglich Büſten Jupiters und, um anderes zu übergehen, ein guter alter Abguß der Meduſa Rondanini; ein wunderſames Werk, das, den Zwieſpalt zwiſchen Tod und Leben, zwiſchen Schmerz und Wolluſt ausdrückend, einen unnennbaren Reiz wie irgend ein anderes Problem über uns ausübt.

Doch erwähn' ich noch eines Hercules Anax, ſo kräftig und groß, als verſtändig und mild; ſodann eines allerliebſten Mercur, deren beider Originale ſich jetzt in England befinden.

Halberhobene Arbeiten, Abgüſſe von manchen ſchönen Werken gebrannter Erde, auch die Aegyptiſchen, von dem Gipfel des großen Obelisk genommen, und was nicht ſonſt an Fragmenten, worunter einige marmorne waren, ſtanden wohl eingereiht umher.

Ich ſpreche von dieſen Schätzen, welche nur wenige Wochen in die neue Wohnung gereiht ſtanden, wie einer, der ſein Teſtament überdenkt, den ihn umgebenden Beſitz mit Faſſung, aber doch gerührt anſehen wird. Die Umſtändlichkeit, die Bemühung und Koſten und eine gewiſſe Unbehülflichkeit in ſolchen Dingen hielten mich ab, das Vorzüglichſte ſogleich nach Deutſchland zu beſtimmen. Juno Ludoviſi war der edlen Angelica zugedacht, weniges andere den nächſten Künſtlern, manches gehörte noch zu den Tiſchbeiniſchen Beſitzungen, anderes ſollte unangetaſtet bleiben, und von Bury, der das Quartier nach mir bezog, nach ſeiner Weiſe benutzt werden.

Indem ich dieſes niederſchreibe, werden meine Gedanken in die frühſten Zeiten hingeführt und die Gelegenheiten hervorgerufen, die mich anfänglich mit ſolchen Gegenſtänden bekannt machten, meinen Antheil erregten, bei einem völlig ungenügenden Denken einen überſchwenglichen Enthuſiasmus hervorriefen, und die gränzenloſe Sehnſucht nach Italien zur Folge hatten.

In meiner frühſten Jugend ward ich nichts Plaſtiſches in meiner Vaterſtadt gewahr; in Leipzig machte zuerſt der gleichſam tanzend auftretende, die Cymbeln ſchlagende Faun einen tiefen Eindruck, ſo daß ich mir den Abguß noch jetzt in ſeiner Individualität und Umgebung denken kann. Nach einer langen Pauſe ward ich auf einmal in das volle Meer geſtürzt, als ich mich von der Mannheimer Sammlung, in dem oben wohlbeleuchteten Saale, plötzlich umgeben ſah.

Nachher fanden ſich Gypsgießer in Frankfurt ein, ſie hatten ſich mit manchen Originalabgüſſen über die Alpen begeben, welche ſie ſodann abformten und die Originale für einen leidlichen Preis abließen. So erhielt ich einen ziemlich guten Laokoons Kopf, Niobe's Töchter, ein Köpfchen ſpäter für eine Sappho angeſprochen, und noch ſonſt einiges. Dieſe edlen Geſtalten waren eine Art von heimlichem Gegengift, wenn das Schwache, Falſche, Manierirte über mich zu gewinnen drohte. Eigentlich aber empfand ich immer innerliche Schmerzen eines unbefriedigten, ſich aufs Unbekannte beziehenden, oft gedämpften und immer wieder auflebenden Verlangens. Groß war der Schmerz daher, als ich aus Rom ſcheidend, von dem Beſitz des endlich Erlangten, ſehnlichſt Gehofften mich lostrennen ſollte.

Die Geſetzlichkeit der Pflanzenorganiſation, die ich in Sicilien gewahr worden, beſchäftigte mich zwiſchen allem durch, wie es Neigungen zu thun pflegen, die ſich unſeres Innern bemächtigen und ſich zugleich unſern Fähigkeiten angemeſſen erzeigen. Ich beſuchte den botaniſchen Garten, welcher, wenn man will, in ſeinem veralteten Zuſtande geringen Reiz ausübte, auf mich aber doch, dem vieles was er dort vorfand neu und unerwartet ſchien, einen günſtigen Einfluß hatte. Ich nahm daher Gelegenheit manche ſeltenere Pflanzen um mich zu verſammeln und meine Betrachtungen darüber fortzuſetzen, ſo wie die von mir aus Samen und Kernen erzogenen fernerhin pflegend zu beobachten.

In dieſe letzten beſonders wollten bei meiner Abreiſe mehrere Freunde ſich theilen. Ich pflanzte den ſchon einigermaßen erwachſenen Pinienſprößling, Vorbildchen eines künftigen Baumes, bei Angelica in den Hausgarten, wo er durch manche Jahre zu einer anſehnlichen Höhe gedieh, wovon mir theilnehmende Reiſende, zu wechſelſeitigem Vergnügen, wie auch von meinem Andenken an jenem Platze, gar manches zu erzählen wußten. Leider fand der, nach dem Ableben jener unſchätzbaren Freundin eintretende neue Beſitzer es unpaſſend, auf ſeinen Blumenbeeten ganz unörtlich Pinien hervorwachſen zu ſehen. Späterhin fanden wohlwollende darnach forſchende Reiſende die Stelle leer und hier wenigſtens die Spur eines anmuthigen Daſeyns ausgelöſcht.

Glücklicher waren einige Dattelpflanzen, die ich aus Kernen gezogen hatte. Wie ich denn überhaupt die merkwürdige Entwicklung derſelben, durch Aufopferung mehrerer Exemplare, von Zeit zu Zeit beobachtete; die überbliebenen, friſch aufgeſchoſſenen, übergab ich einem römiſchen Freunde, der ſie in einen Garten der Sixtiniſchen Straße pflanzte, wo ſie noch am Leben ſind, und zwar bis zur Manneshöhe herangewachſen, wie ein erhabener Reiſender mir zu verſichern die Gnade hatte. Mögen ſie den Beſitzern nicht unbequem werden und fernerhin zu meinem Andenken grünen, wachſen und gedeihen.

Auf dem Verzeichniſſe, was vor der Abreiſe von Rom allenfalls nachzuholen ſeyn möchte, fanden ſich zuletzt ſehr disparate Gegenſtände, die Cloaca Maſſima und die Catacomben bei S. Sebaſtian. Die erſte erhöhte wohl noch den koloſſalen Begriff, wozu uns Piraneſi vorbereitet hatte; der Beſuch des zweiten Locals gerieth jedoch nicht zum beſten, denn die erſten Schritte in dieſe dumpfigen Räume erregten mir alſobald ein ſolches Mißbehagen, daß ich ſogleich wieder ans Tageslicht hervorſtieg und dort, im Freien, in einer ohnehin unbekannten, fernen Gegend der Stadt, die Rückkunft der übrigen Geſellſchaft abwartete, welche, gefaßter als ich, die dortigen Zuſtände getroſt beſchauen mochte.

In dem großen Werke: Roma sotterranea, di Antonio Bosio, Romano, belehrt' ich mich lange Zeit nachher umſtändlich von allem dem was ich dort geſehen, oder auch wohl nicht geſehen hätte, und glaubte mich dadurch hinlänglich entſchädigt.

Eine andere Wallfahrt wurde dagegen mit mehr Nutzen und Folge unternommen: es war zu der Akademie Luca, dem Schädel Raphaels unſre Verehrung zu bezeigen, welcher dort als ein Heiligthum aufbewahrt wird, ſeitdem er aus dem Grabe dieſes außerordentlichen Mannes, das man bei einer baulichen Gelegenheit eröffnet hatte, daſelbſt entfernt und hierher gebracht worden.

Ein wahrhaft wunderſamer Anblick! Eine ſo ſchön als nur denkbar zuſammengefaßte und abgerundete Schale, ohne eine Spur von jenen Erhöhungen, Beulen und Buckeln, welche, ſpäter an andern Schädeln bemerkt, in der Galliſchen Lehre zu ſo mannichfaltiger Bedeutung geworden ſind. Ich konnte mich von dem Anblick nicht losreißen, und bemerkte beim Weggehen, wie bedeutend es für Natur- und Kunſtfreunde ſeyn müßte, einen Abguß davon zu haben, wenn es irgend möglich wäre. Hofrath Reiffenſtein, dieſer einflußreiche Freund, gab mir Hoffnung, und erfüllte ſie nach einiger Zeit, indem er mir wirklich einen ſolchen Abguß nach Deutſchland ſendete, deſſen Anblick mich noch oft zu den mannichfaltigſten Betrachtungen aufruft.

Das liebenswürdige Bild von des Künſtlers Hand, St. Lucas, dem die Mutter Gottes erſcheint, damit er ſie in ihrer vollen göttlichen Hoheit und Anmuth wahr und natürlich darſtellen möge, gewährte den heiterſten Anblick. Raphael ſelbſt, noch jung, ſteht in einiger Entfernung, und ſieht dem Evangeliſten bei der Arbeit zu. Anmuthiger kann man wohl nicht einen Beruf, zu dem man ſich entſchieden hingezogen fühlt, ausdrücken und bekennen.

Peter von Cortona war ehmals der Beſitzer dieſes Werks und hat ſolches der Akademie vermacht. Es iſt freilich an manchen Stellen beſchädigt und reſtaurirt, aber doch immer ein Gemälde von bedeutendem Werth.

In dieſen Tagen jedoch ward ich durch eine ganz eigene Verſuchung geprüft, die meine Reiſe zu verhindern und mich in Rom aufs neue zu feſſeln drohte. Es kam nämlich von Neapel Herr Antonio Rega, Künſtler und ebenfalls Kunſthändler, zu Freund Meyer, ihm vertraulich ankündigend: er ſey mit einem Schiffe hier angekommen, welches draußen an Ripa grande liege, wohin er ihn mitzugehen hiedurch einlade, denn er habe auf demſelben eine bedeutende antike Statue, jene Tänzerin oder Muſe, welche in Neapel, im Hofe des Palaſts Caraffa Colombrano, nebſt andern in einer Niſche ſeit undenklichen Jahren geſtanden und durchaus für ein gutes Werk gehalten worden ſei. Er wünſche dieſe zu verkaufen, aber in der Stille, und frage deshalb an: ob nicht etwa Herr Meyer ſelbſt oder einer ſeiner vertrauten Freunde ſich zu dieſem Handel entſchließen könnte? Er biete das edle Kunſtwerk zu einem auf alle Fälle höchſt mäßigen Preiſe von dreyhundert Zechinen, welche Forderung ſich ohne Frage erhöhen möchte, wenn man nicht in Betracht der Verkäufer und des Käufers mit Vorſicht zu verfahren Urſache hätte.

Mir war die Sache ſogleich mitgetheilt und wir eilten ſelbdritte zu dem von unſerer Wohnung ziemlich entfernten Landungsplatze. Rega hub ſogleich ein Bret von der Kiſte, die auf dem Verdeck ſtand, und wir ſahen ein allerliebſtes Köpfchen, das noch nie vom Rumpfe getrennt geweſen, unter freien Haarlocken hervorblickend, und nach und nach aufgedeckt eine lieblich bewegte Geſtalt, im anſtändigſten Gewande, übrigens wenig verſehrt und die eine Hand vollkommen gut erhalten.

Sogleich erinnerten wir uns recht gut, ſie an Ort und Stelle geſehen zu haben, ohne zu ahnen, daß ſie uns je ſo nah kommen könnte.

Hier nun fiel uns ein, und wem hätte es nicht einfallen ſollen: gewiß, ſagten wir, wenn man ein ganzes Jahr mit bedeutenden Koſten gegraben hätte und zuletzt auf einen ſolchen Schatz geſtoßen wäre, man hätte ſich höchſt glücklich gefunden. Wir konnten uns kaum von der Betrachtung losreißen, denn ein ſo reines wohlerhaltenes Alterthum in einem leicht zu reſtaurirenden Zuſtande kam uns wohl niemals zu Geſicht. Doch ſchieden wir zuletzt mit Vorſatz und Zuſage, baldigſte Antwort vernehmen zu laſſen.

Wir waren beiderſeits in einem wahrhaften Kampf begriffen; es ſchien uns in mancher Betrachtung unräthlich dieſen Ankauf zu machen; wir entſchloſſen uns daher den Fall der guten Frau Angelica zu melden, als wohl vermögend zum Ankauf und durch ihre Verbindung zu Reſtauration und ſonſtigen Vorkommenheiten hinlänglich geeignet. Meyer übernahm die Meldung, wie früher die wegen des Bildes von Daniel von Volterra, und wir hofften deshalb das beſte Gelingen. Allein die umſichtige Frau, mehr aber noch der ökonomiſche Gemahl lehnten das Geſchäft ab, indem ſie wohl auf Malereien bedeutende Summen verwendeten, ſich aber auf Statuen einzulaſſen keineswegs den Entſchluß faſſen konnten.

Nach dieſer ablehnenden Antwort wurden wir nun wieder zu neuer Ueberlegung aufgeregt; die Gunſt des Glückes ſchien ganz eigen; Meyer betrachtete den Schatz noch einmal und überzeugte ſich, daß das Bildwerk nach ſeinen Geſammtzeichen wohl als griechiſche Arbeit anzuerkennen ſei und zwar geraume Zeit vor Auguſtus hinauf, vielleicht bis an Hiero II. geordnet werden konnte.

Den Credit hatte ich wohl, dieſes bedeutende Kunſtwerk anzuſchaffen, Rega ſchien ſogar auf Stückzahlung eingehen zu wollen, und es war ein Augenblick wo wir uns ſchon im Beſitz des Bildniſſes und ſolches in unſerm großen Saal wohlbeleuchtet aufgeſtellt zu ſehen glaubten.

Wie aber denn doch zwiſchen einer leidenſchaftlichen Liebesneigung und einem abzuſchließenden Heirathscontract noch manche Gedanken ſich einzudringen pflegen, ſo war es auch hier, und wir durften ohne Rath und Zuſtimmung unſrer edlen Kunſtverwandten, des Herrn Zucchi und ſeiner wohlmeinenden Gattin, eine ſolche Verbindung nicht unternehmen, denn eine Verbindung war es im ideellpygmalioniſchen Sinne, und ich läugne nicht, daß der Gedanke, dieſes Weſen zu beſitzen, bei mir tiefe Wurzel gefaßt hatte. Ja, als ein Beweis, wie ſehr ich mir hierin ſchmeichelte, mag das Bekenntniß gelten, daß ich dieſes Ereigniß als einen Wink höherer Dämonen anſah, die mich in Rom feſtzuhalten und alle Gründe die mich zum Entſchluß der Abreiſe vermocht, auf das thätigſte niederzuſchlagen gedächten.

Glücklicherweiſe waren wir ſchon in den Jahren, wo die Vernunft dem Verſtand in ſolchen Fällen zu Hülfe zu kommen pflegt, und ſo mußte denn Kunſtneigung, Beſitzesluſt und was ihnen ſonſt beiſtand, Dialektik und Aberglaube, vor den guten Geſinnungen weichen, welche die edle Freundin Angelica, mit Sinn und Wohlwollen an uns zu wenden die Geneigtheit hatte. Bei ihren Vorſtellungen traten daher aufs klarſte die ſämmtlichen Schwierigkeiten und Bedenklichkeiten an den Tag, die ſich einem ſolchen Unternehmen entgegen ſtellten. Ruhige, bisher den Kunſt- und Alterthumsſtudien ſich widmende Männer griffen auf einmal in den Kunſthandel ein und erregten die Eiferſucht der zu ſolchem Geſchäft herkömmlich Berechtigten. Die Schwierigkeiten der Reſtauration ſeyen mannichfaltig, und es frage ſich, inwiefern man dabei werde billig und redlich bedient werden. Wenn ferner bei der Abſendung auch alles in möglichſter Ordnung gehe, ſo könnten doch wegen der Erlaubniß der Ausfuhr eines ſolchen Kunſtwerkes am Schluß noch Hinderniſſe entſtehen und was alsdann noch wegen der Ueberfahrt und des Anlandens und Ankommens zu Hauſe alles noch für Widerwärtigkeiten zu befürchten ſeyen. Ueber ſolche Betrachtungen, hieß es, gehe der Handelsmann hinaus, ſowohl Mühe als Gefahr ſetze ſich in einem großen Ganzen ins Gleichgewicht, dagegen ſey ein einzelnes Unternehmen dieſer Art auf jede Weiſe bedenklich.

Durch ſolche Vorſtellungen wurde denn nach und nach Begierde, Wunſch und Vorſatz gemildert, geſchwächt, doch niemals ganz ausgelöſcht, beſonders da ſie endlich zu großen Ehren gelangte; denn ſie ſteht gegenwärtig im Muſeo Pio-Clementino in einem kleinen angebauten aber mit dem Muſeum in Verbindung ſtehenden Cabinet, wo im Fußboden die wunderſchönen Moſaiken von Masken und Laubgewinden eingeſetzt ſind. Die übrige Geſellſchaft von Statuen in jenem Cabinet beſteht 1) aus der auf der Ferſe ſitzenden Venus, an deren Baſe der Name des Bupalus eingegraben ſteht; 2) ein ſehr ſchöner kleiner Ganymedes; 3) die ſchöne Statue eines Jünglings, dem, ich weiß nicht ob mit Recht, der Name Adonis beigefügt wird; 4) ein Faun aus Roſſo Antico; 5) der ruhig ſtehende Discobolus.

Visconti hat im dritten, gedachtem Muſeum gewidmeten Bande dieſes Denkmal beſchrieben, nach ſeiner Weiſe erklärt und auf der dreyßigſten Tafel abbilden laſſen; da denn jeder Kunſtfreund mit uns bedauern kann, daß es uns nicht gelungen ſie nach Deutſchland zu ſchaffen und ſie irgend einer vaterländiſchen Sammlung hinzuzugeſellen.

Man wird es natürlich finden, daß ich bei meinen Abſchiedsbeſuchen jene anmuthige Mailänderin nicht vergaß. Ich hatte die Zeit her von ihr manches Vergnügliche gehört: wie ſie mit Angelica immer vertrauter geworden und ſich in der höhern Geſellſchaft, wohin ſie dadurch gelangt, gar gut zu benehmen wiſſe. Auch konnte ich die Vermuthung nähren und den Wunſch, daß ein wohlhabender junger Mann, welcher mit Zucchis im beſten Vernehmen ſtand, gegen ihre Anmuth nicht unempfindlich und ernſtere Abſichten durchzuführen nicht abgeneigt ſey.

Nun fand ich ſie im reinlichen Morgenkleide wie ich ſie zuerſt in Caſtel Gandolfo geſehen; ſie empfing mich mit offener Anmuth und drückte, mit natürlicher Zierlichkeit, den wiederholten Dank für meine Theilnahme gar liebenswürdig aus. „Ich werd' es nie vergeſſen, ſagte ſie, daß ich, aus Verwirrung mich wieder erholend, unter den anfragenden geliebten und verehrten Namen auch den Eurigen nennen hörte; ich forſchte mehrmals, ob es denn auch wahr ſey! Ihr ſetztet Eure Erkundigungen durch mehrere Wochen fort, bis endlich mein Bruder Euch beſuchend für uns beide danken konnte. Ich weiß nicht, ob er's ausgerichtet hat wie ich's ihm auftrug; ich wäre gern mitgegangen, wenn ſich's geziemte.“ Sie fragte nach dem Weg den ich nehmen wollte, und als ich ihr meinen Reiſeplan vorerzählte, verſetzte ſie: „Ihr ſeyd glücklich, ſo reich zu ſeyn, daß Ihr Euch dieß nicht zu verſagen braucht; wir andern müſſen uns in die Stelle finden, welche Gott und ſeine Heiligen uns angewieſen. Schon lange ſeh' ich vor meinem Fenſter Schiffe kommen und abgehen, ausladen und einladen; das iſt unterhaltend, und ich denke manchmal woher und wohin das alles!“ Die Fenſter gingen gerade auf die Treppen von Ripetta, die Bewegung war eben ſehr lebhaft.

Sie ſprach von ihrem Bruder mit Zärtlichkeit, freute ſich, ſeine Haushaltung ordentlich zu führen, ihm möglich zu machen daß er, bei mäßiger Beſoldung, noch immer etwas zurück in einem vortheilhaften Handel anlegen könne; genug ſie ließ mich zunächſt mit ihren Zuſtänden durchaus vertraut werden. Ich freute mich ihrer Geſprächigkeit; denn eigentlich macht' ich eine gar wunderliche Figur, indem ich ſchnell alle Momente unſeres zarten Verhältniſſes, vom erſten Augenblick an bis zum letzten, mir wieder vorzurufen gedrängt war. Nun trat der Bruder herein, und der Abſchied ſchloß ſich in freundlicher mäßiger Proſa.

Als ich vor die Thüre kam, fand ich meinen Wagen ohne den Kutſcher, den ein geſchäftiger Knabe zu holen lief. Sie ſah heraus zum Fenſter des Entreſols, den ſie in einem ſtattlichen Gebäude bewohnten; es war nicht gar hoch, man hätte geglaubt ſich die Hand reichen zu können.

„Man will mich nicht von Euch wegführen, ſeht Ihr,“ rief ich aus, „man weiß, ſo ſcheint es, daß ich ungern von Euch ſcheide.“

Was ſie darauf erwiederte, was ich verſetzte, den Gang des anmuthigſten Geſpräches, das, von allen Feſſeln frei, das Innere zweyer ſich nur halbbewußt Liebenden offenbarte, will ich nicht entweihen durch Wiederholung und Erzählung; es war ein wunderbares zufällig eingeleitetes, durch innern Drang abgenöthigtes lakoniſches Schlußbekenntniß der unſchuldigſten und zarteſten wechſelſeitigen Gewogenheit, das mir auch deshalb nie aus Sinn und Seele gekommen iſt.

Auf eine beſonders feierliche Weiſe ſollte jedoch mein Abſchied aus Rom vorbereitet werden; drey Nächte vorher ſtand der volle Mond am klarſten Himmel, und ein Zauber, der ſich dadurch über die ungeheure Stadt verbreitet, ſo oft empfunden, ward nun aufs eindringlichſte fühlbar. Die großen Lichtmaſſen, klar, wie von einem milden Tage beleuchtet, mit ihren Gegenſätzen von tiefen Schatten, durch Reflexe manchmal erhellt, zur Ahnung des Einzelnen, ſetzen uns in einen Zuſtand wie von einer andern, einfachern, größern Welt.

Nach zerſtreuenden, mitunter peinlich zugebrachten Tagen, macht' ich den Umgang mit wenigen Freunden einmal ganz allein. Nachdem ich den langen Corſo, wohl zum letztenmal, durchwandert hatte, beſtieg ich das Capitol, das wie ein Feenpalaſt in der Wüſte daſtand. Die Statue Marc Aurels rief den Commandeur in Don Juan zur Erinnerung und gab dem Wanderer zu verſtehen, daß er etwas Ungewöhnliches unternehme. Dem ungeachtet ging ich die hintere Treppe hinab. Ganz finſter, finſtern Schatten werfend, ſtand mir der Triumphbogen des Septimius Severus entgegen; in der Einſamkeit der Via Sacra erſchienen die ſonſt ſo bekannten Gegenſtände fremdartig und geiſterhaft. Als ich aber den erhabenen Reſten des Coliſeums mich näherte und in deſſen verſchloſſenes Innere durchs Gitter hineinſah, darf ich nicht läugnen, daß mich ein Schauer überfiel und meine Rückkehr beſchleunigte.

Alles Maſſenhafte macht einen eignen Eindruck zugleich als erhaben und faßlich, und in ſolchen Umgängen zog ich gleichſam ein unüberſehbares Summa Summarum meines ganzen Aufenthaltes. Dieſes in aufgeregter Seele tief und groß empfunden erregte eine Stimmung, die ich bereits elegiſch nennen darf, woraus ſich in poetiſcher Form eine Elegie zuſammenbilden wollte.

Und wie ſollte mir gerade in ſolchen Augenblicken Ovids Elegie nicht ins Gedächtniß zurückkehren, der, auch verbannt, in einer Mondnacht Rom verlaſſen ſollte. Cum repeto noctem! ſeine Rückerinnerung, weit hinten am ſchwarzen Meere, im trauer= und jammervollen Zuſtande, kam mir nicht aus dem Sinn, ich wiederholte das Gedicht, das mir theilweiſe genau im Gedächtniß hervorſtieg, aber mich wirklich an eigner Production irre werden ließ und hinderte; die, auch ſpäter unternommen, niemals zu Stande kommen konnte.

* * *

Zu brüderlichem Andenken Wielands 1813.

Durchlauchtigſter Protector,
Sehr ehrwürdige Meiſter,
Verehrungswürdigſte Anweſende!

Iſt es gleich dem Einzelnen unter keiner Bedingung geziemend, alten ehrwürdigen Gebräuchen ſich entgegen zu ſtellen, und das, was unſere weiſen Vorfahren beliebt und angeordnet, eigenwillig zu verändern, ſo würde ich doch, ſtünde mir der Zauberſtab wirklich zu Gebote, den die Muſe unſerem abgeſchiedenen Freunde geiſtig anvertraut, ich würde dieſe ganze düſtere Umgebung augenblicklich in eine heitere verwandeln: dieſes Finſtere müßte ſich gleich vor Augen erhellen, und ein feſtlich geſchmückter Saal mit bunten Teppichen und muntern Kränzen, ſo froh und klar als das Leben unſeres Freundes, ſollte vor Ihnen erſcheinen. Da möchten die Schöpfungen ſeiner bildenden Phantaſie Ihre Augen, Ihren Geiſt anziehn, der Olymp mit ſeinen Göttern, eingeführt durch die Muſen, geſchmückt durch die Grazien, ſollte zum lebendigen Zeugniß dienen, daß derjenige, der in ſo heiterer Umgebung gelebt, und dieſer Heiterkeit gemäß auch von uns geſchieden, unter die glücklichſten Menſchen zu zählen, und keineswegs mit Klage, ſondern mit Ausdruck der Freude und des Jubels zu beſtatten ſey.

Was ich jedoch den äußern Sinnen nicht darſtellen kann, ſey den innern dargebracht. Achtzig Jahre! wie viel in wenigen Sylben! Wer von uns wagt es, in der Geſchwindigkeit zu durchlaufen und ſich zu vergegenwärtigen, was ſo viele Jahre, wohl angewandt, bedeuten! Wer von uns möchte behaupten, daß er den Werth eines, in jedem Betracht vollſtändigen, Lebens ſogleich zu ermeſſen und zu ſchätzen wiſſe!

Begleiten wir unſern Freund auf dem Stufengange ſeiner Tage, ſehen wir ihn als Knaben, Jüngling, Mann und Greis, ſo finden wir, daß ihm das ungemeine Glück zu Theil ward, die Blüthe einer jeden dieſer Jahreszeiten zu pflücken; denn auch das hohe Alter hat ſeine Blüthe, und auch dieſer auf das heiterſte ſich zu freuen war ihm gegönnt. Nur wenig Monate ſind es, als die verbundenen Brüder ihre geheimnißvolle Sphinx für ihn mit Roſen bekränzten, um auszudrücken, daß, wenn Anakreon, der Greis, ſeine erhöhte Sinnlichkeit mit leichten Roſenzweigen zu ſchmücken unternahm, die ſittliche Sinnlichkeit, die gemäßigte, geiſtreiche Lebensfreude unſeres Edlen einen reichen, gedrängt gewundenen Kranz verdiene.

Wenige Wochen ſind es, daß dieſer treffliche Freund noch unſern Zuſammenkünften nicht nur beiwohnte, ſondern auch in ihnen thätig wirkte. Er hat ſeinen Ausgang aus dem Irdiſchen durch unſern Kreis hindurch genommen; wir waren ihm auch noch zuletzt die Nächſten, und wenn das Vaterland, ſo wie das Ausland, ſein Andenken feyert, wo ſollte dieß früher und kräftiger geſchehen, als bei uns!

Den ehrwürdigen Geboten unſerer Meiſter habe ich mich daher nicht entziehen dürfen, und ſpreche in dieſer angeſehenen Verſammlung zu ſeinem Andenken um ſo lieber einige Worte, als ſie flüchtige Vorläufer ſeyn können deſſen, was künftig die Welt, was unſere Verbrüderung für ihn thun wird. Dieſe Geſinnung iſt's, dieſe Abſicht, um derentwillen ich mir ein geneigtes Gehör erbitten darf; und wenn dasjenige, was ich mehr aus einer faſt vierzig Jahre geprüften Neigung, als aus redneriſcher Ueberlegung, keineswegs in gehöriger Verbindung, ſondern vielmehr in kurzen Sätzen, ja ſprungweiſe vortrage, weder des Gefeierten, noch der Zuhörenden würdig erſcheinen dürfte, ſo muß ich bemerken, daß hier nur eine Vorarbeit, ein Entwurf, ja nur der Inhalt und wenn man will, Marginalien eines künftigen Werks zu erwarten ſeyen. Und ſo werde denn, ohne weiteres Zaudern, zu dem uns ſo lieben, werthen, ja heiligen Gegenſtand geſchritten!

Wieland war in der Nähe von Biberach, einer kleinen Reichsſtadt in Schwaben, 1733 geboren. Sein Vater ein evangeliſcher Geiſtlicher, gab ihm eine ſorgfältige Erziehung und legte bei ihm den erſten Grund der Schulkenntniſſe. Hierauf ward er nach Kloſter Bergen an der Elbe geſendet, wo eine Erziehungs= und Lehranſtalt, unter der Aufſicht des wahrhaft frommen Abtes Steinmetz, in gutem Rufe ſtand. Von da begab er ſich auf die Univerſität zu Tübingen, ſodann lebte er einige Zeit als Hauslehrer in Bern, ward aber bald nach Zürich zu Bodmern gezogen, den man in Süddeutſchland, wie Gleimen nachher in Norddeutſchland, die Hebamme des Genie's nennen konnte. Dort überließ er ſich ganz der Luſt, welche das Selbſthervorbringen der Jugend verſchafft, wenn das Talent unter freundlicher Anleitung ſich ausbildet, ohne daß die höheren Forderungen der Kritik dabei zur Sprache kommen. Doch entwuchs er bald jenen Verhältniſſen, kehrte in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, und ward von nun an ſein eigner Lehrer und Bildner, indem er auf das vortheilhafteſte ſeine literariſch poetiſche Neigung fortſetzte. Die mechaniſchen Amtsgeſchäfte eines Vorſtehers der Canzley raubten ihm zwar Zeit, aber nicht Luſt und Muth, und damit ja ſein Geiſt in ſo engen Verhältniſſen nicht verkümmerte, wurde er dem in der Nähe begüterten Grafen Stadion, kurfürſtlich Mainziſchem Miniſter, bekannt. In dieſem angeſehenen, wohleingerichteten Hauſe wehte ihn zuerſt die Welt= und Hofluft an; innere und äußere Staatsverhältniſſe blieben ihm nicht fremd, und ein Gönner für das ganze Leben ward ihm der Graf. Hierdurch blieb er dem Kurfürſten von Mainz nicht unbekannt, und als unter Emmerich Joſeph die Akademie zu Erfurt wieder belebt werden ſollte, ſo berief man unſern Freund dahin, und bethätigte dadurch die duldſamen Geſinnungen, welche ſich über alle chriſtlichen Religionsverwandten, ja über die ganze Menſchheit, vom Anfange des Jahrhunderts her verbreitet.

Er konnte nicht lange in Erfurt wirken, ohne der Herzogin Regentin von Weimar bekannt zu werden, wo ihn der für alles Gute ſo thätige Carl von Dalberg einzuführen nicht ermangelte. Ein auslangend bildender Unterricht ihrer fürſtlichen Söhne war das Hauptaugenmerk einer zärtlichen, ſelbſt höchſt gebildeten Mutter, und ſo ward er herüber berufen, damit er ſeine literariſchen Talente, ſeine ſittlichen Vorzüge zum Beſten des fürſtlichen Hauſes, zu unſerm Wohl und zum Wohl des Ganzen verwendete.

Die ihm nach Vollendung des Erziehungsgeſchäftes zugeſagte Ruhe wurde ihm ſogleich gegeben, und als ihm eine mehr als zugeſagte Erleichterung ſeiner häuslichen Umſtände zu Theil ward, führte er ſeit beinahe vierzig Jahren ein, ſeiner Natur und ſeinen Wünſchen völlig gemäßes Leben.

Die Wirkungen Wielands auf das Publicum waren ununterbrochen und dauernd. Er hat ſein Zeitalter ſich zugebildet, dem Geſchmack ſeiner Jahresgenoſſen ſo wie ihrem Urtheil eine entſchiedene Richtung gegeben, dergeſtalt, daß ſeine Verdienſte ſchon genugſam erkannt, geſchätzt, ja geſchildert ſind. In manchem Werke über Deutſche Literatur iſt ſo ehrenvoll als innig über ihn geſprochen; ich gedenke nur deſſen, was Küttner, Eſchenburg, Manſo, Eichhorn von ihm gerühmt haben.

Und woher kam die große Wirkung, welche er auf die Deutſchen ausübte? Sie war eine Folge der Tüchtigkeit und der Offenheit ſeines Weſens. Menſch und Schriftſteller hatten ſich in ihm ganz durchdrungen, er dichtete als ein Lebender und lebte dichtend. In Verſen und Proſa verhehlte er niemals was ihm augenblicklich zu Sinne, wie es ihm jedesmal zu Muthe ſey, und ſo ſchrieb er auch urtheilend und urtheilte ſchreibend. Aus der Fruchtbarkeit ſeines Geiſtes entquoll die Fruchtbarkeit ſeiner Feder.

Ich bediene mich des Ausdrucks Feder nicht als einer redneriſchen Phraſe; er gilt hier ganz eigentlich, und wenn eine fromme Verehrung manchem Schriftſteller dadurch huldigte, daß ſie ſich eines Kiels, womit er ſeine Werke gebildet, zu bemächtigen ſuchte, ſo dürfte der Kiel, deſſen ſich Wieland bediente, gewiß vor vielen dieſer Auszeichnung würdig ſeyn. Denn daß er alles mit eigener Hand und ſehr ſchön ſchrieb, zugleich mit Freiheit und Beſonnenheit, daß er das Geſchriebene immer vor Augen hatte, ſorgfältig prüfte, veränderte, beſſerte, unverdroſſen bildete und umbildete, ja nicht müde ward, Werke von Umfang wiederholt abzuſchreiben, dieſes gab ſeinen Productionen das Zarte, Zierliche, Faßliche, das Natürlich-elegante, welches nicht durch Bemühung, ſondern durch heitere, geniale Aufmerkſamkeit auf ein ſchon fertiges Werk hervorgebracht werden kann.

Dieſe ſorgfältige Bearbeitung ſeiner Schriften entſprang aus einer frohen Ueberzeugung, welche zu Ende ſeines Schweizeriſchen Aufenthalts in ihm mag hervorgetreten ſeyn, als die Ungeduld des Hervorbringens ſich in etwas legte, und der Wunſch, ein Vollendetes dem Gemeinweſen darzubringen, entſchiedener und deutlicher rege ward.

Da nun bei ihm der Mann und der Dichter Eine Perſon ausmachten, ſo werden wir, wenn wir von jenem reden, auch dieſen zugleich ſchildern. Reizbarkeit und Beweglichkeit, Begleiterinnen dichteriſcher und redneriſcher Talente, beherrſchten ihn in einem hohen Grade; aber eine mehr angebildete als angeborne Mäßigung hielt ihnen das Gleichgewicht. Unſer Freund war des Enthuſiasmus im höchſten Grade fähig, und in der Jugend gab er ſich ihm ganz hin, und dieſes um ſo lebhafter und anhaltender, als jene ſchöne Zeit, in welcher der Jüngling den Werth und die Würde des Vortrefflichſten, es ſey erreichbar oder unerreichbar, in ſich fühlt, für ihn ſich durch mehrere Jahre verlängerte.

Jene frohen, reinen Gefilde der goldenen Zeit, jene Paradieſe der Unſchuld, bewohnte er länger als andere. Sein Geburtshaus, wo ein gebildeter Geiſtlicher als Vater waltete, das uralte, an den Ufern der Elbe lindenumgebene Kloſter Bergen, wo ein frommer Lehrer patriarchaliſch wirkte, das in ſeinen Grundformen noch klöſterliche Tübingen, jene einfachen Schweizerwohnungen, umrauſcht von Bächen, beſpült von Seen, umſchloſſen von Felſen; überall fand er ſein Delphi wieder; überall die Haine, in denen er, als ein ſchon erwachſener gebildeter Jüngling, noch immer ſchwelgte. Dort zogen ihn die Denkmale mächtig an, die uns von der männlichen Unſchuld der Griechen hinterlaſſen ſind. Cyrus, Araspes und Panthea und gleich hohe Geſtalten lebten in ihm auf, er fühlte den Platoniſchen Geiſt in ſich weben, er fühlte, daß er deſſen bedurfte, um jene Bilder für ſich und für andere wiederherzuſtellen, und dieſes um ſo eher, als er nicht ſowohl dichteriſche Schattenbilder hervorzurufen, ſondern vielmehr wirklichen Weſen einen ſittlichen Einfluß zu verſchaffen hoffte.

Aber gerade daß er ſo lange in dieſen höheren Regionen zu verweilen das Glück hatte, daß er alles was er dachte, fühlte, in ſich bildete, träumte, wähnte, lange Zeit für die vollkommenſte Wirklichkeit halten durfte, eben dieſes verbitterte ihm die Frucht, die er von dem Baum des Erkenntniſſes zu pflücken endlich genöthigt ward.

Wer kann dem Conflict mit der Außenwelt entgehen! Auch unſer Freund wird in dieſen Streit hineingezogen; ungern läßt er ſich durch Erfahrung und Leben widerſprechen, und da ihm nach langem Sträuben nicht gelingen will, jene herrlichen Geſtalten mit denen der gemeinen Welt, jenes hohe Wollen mit den Bedürfniſſen des Tages zu vereinigen, entſchließt er ſich, das Wirkliche für das Nothwendige gelten zu laſſen, und erklärt das ihm bisher Wahrgeſchienene für Phantaſterey.

Aber auch hier zeigte ſich die Eigenthümlichkeit, die Energie ſeines Geiſtes bewundernswürdig. Bei aller Lebensfülle, bei ſo ſtarker Lebensluſt, bei herrlichen innern Anlagen, bei redlichen geiſtigen Wünſchen und Abſichten, fühlte er ſich von der Welt verletzt und um ſeine größten Schätze bevortheilt. Nirgends kann er nun mehr in der Erfahrung wiederfinden, was ſo viele Jahre ſein Glück gemacht hatte, ja der innigſte Beſtand ſeines Lebens geweſen war; aber er verzehrt ſich nicht in eitlen Klagen, deren wir in Proſa und Verſen von andern ſo viele kennen: ſondern er entſchließt ſich zur Gegenwirkung. Er kündigt allem, was ſich in der Wirklichkeit nicht immer nachweiſen läßt, den Krieg an, zuvörderſt alſo der Platoniſchen Liebe, ſodann aller dogmatiſirenden Philoſophie, beſonders den beiden Extremen, der Stoiſchen und Pythagoreiſchen. Unverſöhnlich arbeitet er ferner dem religiöſen Fanatismus und allem, was dem Verſtande excentriſch erſcheint, entgegen.

Aber ſogleich überfällt ihn die Sorge, er möge zu weit gehn, er möge ſelbſt phantaſtiſch handeln, und nun beginnt er zugleich einen Kampf gegen die gemeine Wirklichkeit. Er lehnt ſich auf gegen alles, was wir unter dem Wort Philiſterey zu begreifen gewohnt ſind, gegen ſtockende Pedanterey, kleinſtädtiſches Weſen, kümmerliche äußere Sitte, beſchränkte Kritik, falſche Sprödigkeit, platte Behaglichkeit, anmaßliche Würde, und wie dieſe Ungeheuer, deren Name Legion iſt, nur alle zu bezeichnen ſeyn mögen.

Hierbei verfährt er durchaus genialiſch, ohne Vorſatz und Selbſtbewußtſeyn. Er findet ſich in der Klemme zwiſchen dem Denkbaren und dem Wirklichen, und indem er beide zu gewältigen oder zu verbinden Mäßigung anrathen muß, ſo muß er ſelbſt an ſich halten, und, indem er gerecht ſeyn will, vielſeitig werden.

Die verſtändige reine Rechtlichkeit edler Engländer und ihre Richtung in der ſittlichen Welt, eines Addiſon, eines Steele, hatten ihn ſchon längſt angezogen; nun findet er aber in dieſer Genoſſenſchaft einen Mann, deſſen Sinnesart ihm weit gemäßer iſt.

Shaftesbury, den ich nur zu nennen brauche, um jedem Gebildeten einen trefflichen Denker ins Gedächtniß zu rufen, Shaftesbury lebte zu einer Zeit, wo in der Religion ſeines Vaterlandes manche Bewegung vorging; wo die herrſchende Kirche mit Gewalt die Andersgeſinnten zu bezähmen dachte. Auch den Staat, die Sitten bedrohte manches, was einen Verſtändigen, Wohldenkenden in Sorge ſetzen muß. Gegen alles dieſes, glaubte er, ſey am beſten durch Frohſinn zu wirken; nur das, was man mit Heiterkeit anſehe, werde man recht ſehn, war ſeine Meinung. Wer mit Heiterkeit in ſeinen eigenen Buſen ſchauen könne, müſſe ein guter Mann ſeyn. Darauf komme alles an, und alles übrige Gute entſpringe daher. Geiſt, Witz, Humor ſeyen die ächten Organe, womit ein ſolches Gemüth die Welt anfaſſe. Alle Gegenſtände, ſelbſt die ernſteſten, müßten eine ſolche Klarheit und Freiheit ertragen, wenn ſie nicht mit einer nur anmaßlichen Würde prunkten, ſondern einen ächten, die Probe nicht ſcheuenden Werth in ſich ſelbſt enthielten. Bei dieſem geiſtreichen Verſuch, die Gegenſtände zu gewältigen, konnte man nicht umhin, ſich nach entſcheidenden Behörden umzuſehn, und ſo ward einerſeits der Menſchenverſtand über den Inhalt, und der Geſchmack über die Art des Vortrags zum Richter geſetzt.

An einem ſolchen Manne fand nun unſer Wieland nicht einen Vorgänger, dem er folgen, nicht einen Genoſſen, mit dem er arbeiten ſollte, ſondern einen wahrhaften älteren Zwillingsbruder im Geiſte, dem er vollkommen glich, ohne nach ihm gebildet zu ſeyn; wie man denn von Menächmen nicht ſagen konnte, welcher das Original, und welcher die Copie ſey.

Was jener, in einem höheren Stande geboren, an zeitlichen Mitteln mehr begabt, durch Reiſen, Aemter, Weltumſicht mehr begünſtigt, in einem weiteren Kreiſe, zu einer ernſteren Zeit, in dem meerumfloſſenen England leiſtete, eben dieſes bewirkte unſer Freund von einem anfangs ſehr beſchränkten Punkt aus, durch eine beharrliche Thätigkeit, durch ein ſtetiges Wirken in ſeinem, überall von Land und Bergen umgränzten Vaterlande, und das Reſultat davon war, damit wir uns bei unſerm gedrängten Vortrage eines kurzen, aber allgemein verſtändlichen Wortes bedienen, jene Popularphiloſophie, wodurch ein praktiſch geübter Sinn zum Urtheil über den moraliſchen Werth der Dinge, ſo wie über ihren äſthetiſchen zum Richter beſtellt wird.

Dieſe, in England verbreitet und auch in Deutſchland durch Umſtände gefördert, ward alſo durch dichteriſche und gelehrte Werke, ja durchs Leben ſelbſt, von unſerm Freunde, in Geſellſchaft von unzähligen Wohlgeſinnten verbreitet.

Haben wir jedoch, inſofern von Anſicht, Geſinnung, Ueberſicht die Rede ſeyn kann, Shaftesbury und Wieland vollkommen ähnlich gefunden, ſo war doch dieſer jenem an Talent weit überlegen: denn was der Engländer verſtändig lehrt und wünſcht, das weiß der Deutſche, in Verſen und Proſa, dichteriſch und redneriſch auszuführen.

Zu dieſer Ausführung aber mußte ihm die Franzöſiſche Behandlungsweiſe am meiſten zuſagen. Heiterkeit, Witz, Geiſt, Eleganz iſt in Frankreich ſchon vorhanden; ſeine blühende Einbildungskraft, welche ſich jetzt nur mit leichten und frohen Gegenſtänden beſchäftigen will, wendet ſich nach den Feen- und Rittermährchen, welche ihm die größte Freiheit gewähren. Auch hier reicht ihm Frankreich in der Tauſend und Einen Nacht, in der Romanbibliothek ſchon halb verarbeitete zugerichtete Stoffe, indeſſen die alten Schätze dieſes Fachs, welche Deutſchland beſitzt, noch roh und ungenießbar dalagen.

Gerade dieſe Gedichte ſind es, welche Wielands Ruhm am meiſten verbreiteten und beſtätigten. Ihre Munterkeit fand bei jedermann Eingang, und ſelbſt die ernſteren Deutſchen ließen ſie ſich gefallen: denn alle dieſe Werke traten wirklich zur rechten und günſtigen Zeit hervor. Sie waren alle in dem Sinne geſchrieben, den wir oben entwickelt haben. Oft unternahm der glückliche Dichter das Kunſtſtück, ganz gleichgültigen Stoffen durch die Bearbeitung einen hohen Werth zu geben, und wenn es nicht zu läugnen iſt, daß er bald den Verſtand über die höheren Kräfte, bald die Sinnlichkeit über die ſittlichen triumphiren läßt, ſo muß man doch auch geſtehen, daß am rechten Ort alles, was ſchöne Seelen nur zieren mag, die Oberhand behalte.

Früher, wo nicht als alle, doch als die meiſten dieſer Arbeiten, war die Ueberſetzung Shakeſpear's. Wieland fürchtete nicht, durch Studien ſeiner Originalität Eintrag zu thun, ja ſchon früh war er überzeugt, daß, wie durch Bearbeitung ſchon bekannter Stoffe, ſo auch durch Ueberſetzung vorhandener Werke, ein lebhafter reicher Geiſt die beſte Erquickung fände.

Shakeſpearn zu überſetzen, war in jenen Tagen ein kühner Gedanke, weil ſelbſt gebildete Literatoren die Möglichkeit läugneten, daß ein ſolches Unternehmen gelingen könne. Wieland überſetzte mit Freiheit, erhaſchte den Sinn ſeines Autors, ließ bei Seite, was ihm nicht übertragbar ſchien, und ſo gab er ſeiner Nation einen allgemeinen Begriff von den herrlichſten Werken einer andern, ſeinem Zeitalter die Einſicht in die hohe Bildung vergangener Jahrhunderte.

Dieſe Ueberſetzung, ſo eine große Wirkung ſie in Deutſchland hervorgebracht, ſcheint auf Wieland ſelbſt wenig Einfluß gehabt zu haben. Er ſtand mit ſeinem Autor allzuſehr im Widerſtreit, wie man genugſam erkennt aus den übergangenen und ausgelaſſenen Stellen, mehr noch aus den hinzugefügten Noten, aus welchen die Franzöſiſche Sinnesart hervorblickt.

Andrerſeits aber ſind ihm die Griechen, in ihrer Mäßigung und Reinheit, höchſt ſchätzbare Muſter. Er fühlt ſich mit ihnen durch Geſchmack verbunden; Religion, Sitten, Verfaſſung, alles gibt ihm Anlaß, ſeine Vielſeitigkeit zu üben, und da weder die Götter, noch die Philoſophen, weder das Volk noch die Völker, ſo wenig als die Staats- und Kriegsleute ſich unter einander vertragen, ſo findet er überall die erwünſchteſte Gelegenheit, indem er zu zweifeln und zu ſcherzen ſcheint, ſeine billige, duldſame, menſchliche Lehre wiederholt einzuſchärfen.

Zugleich gefällt er ſich, problematiſche Charaktere darzuſtellen, und es macht ihm z. B. Vergnügen, ohne Rückſicht auf weibliche Keuſchheit, das Liebenswürdige einer Muſarion, Lais und Phryne hervorzuheben, und ihre Lebensweisheit über die Schulweisheit der Philoſophen zu erhöhen.

Aber auch unter dieſen findet er einen Mann, den er als Repräſentanten ſeiner Geſinnungen ausbilden und darſtellen kann, ich meine Ariſtippen. Hier ſind Philoſophie und Weltgenuß durch eine kluge Begränzung ſo heiter und wünſchenswerth verbunden, daß man ſich als Mitlebender in einem ſo ſchönen Lande, in ſo guter Geſellſchaft zu finden wünſcht. Man tritt ſo gern mit dieſen unterrichteten, wohldenkenden, gebildeten, frohen Menſchen in Verbindung, ja man glaubt, ſo lange man in Gedanken unter ihnen wandelt, auch wie ſie geſinnt zu ſeyn, wie ſie zu denken.

In dieſen Bezirken erhielt ſich unſer Freund durch ſorgfältige Vorübungen, welche dem Ueberſetzer noch mehr als dem Dichter nothwendig ſind; und ſo entſtand der Deutſche Lucian, der uns den Griechiſchen um deſto lebhafter darſtellen mußte, als Verfaſſer und Ueberſetzer für wahrhafte Geiſtesverwandte gelten können.

Ein Mann von ſolchen Talenten aber, predige er auch noch ſo ſehr das Gebührende, wird ſich doch manchmal verſucht fühlen, die Linie des Anſtändigen und Schicklichen zu überſchreiten, da von jeher das Genie ſolche Wagſtücke unter ſeine Gerechtſame gezählt hat. Dieſen Trieb befriedigte Wieland, indem er ſich dem kühnen, außerordentlichen Ariſtophanes anzugleichen ſuchte, und die eben ſo verwegnen als geiſtreichen Scherze durch eigne angeborne Grazie gemildert überzutragen wußte.

Freilich war zu allen dieſen Darſtellungen auch eine Einſicht in die höhere bildende Kunſt nöthig, und da unſerm Freund niemals das Anſchauen jener überbliebenen alten Meiſterwerke gegönnt ward, ſo ſuchte er durch den Gedanken ſich zu ihnen zu erheben, ſie durch die Einbildungskraft zu vergegenwärtigen, dergeſtalt, daß man bewundern muß, wie der vorzügliche Geiſt ſich auch von dem Entfernten einen Begriff zu machen weiß, ja es würde ihm vollkommen gelungen ſeyn, hätte ihn nicht eben ſeine lobenswerthe Behutſamkeit abgehalten, entſchiedene Schritte zu thun; denn die Kunſt überhaupt, beſonders aber die der Alten, läßt ſich ohne Enthuſiasmus weder faſſen noch begreifen. Wer nicht mit Erſtaunen und Bewunderung anfangen will, der findet nicht den Zugang in das innere Heiligthum. Unſer Freund aber war viel zu bedächtig, und wie hätte er auch in dieſem einzigen Falle eine Ausnahme von ſeiner allgemeinen Lebensregel machen ſollen?

War er jedoch mit den Griechen durch Geſchmack nah verwandt, ſo war er es mit den Römern noch mehr durch Geſinnung. Nicht daß er ſich durch republicaniſchen oder patriotiſchen Eifer hätte hinreißen laſſen, ſondern er findet, wie er ſich den Griechen gewiſſermaßen nur andichtete, unter den Römern wirklich ſeines Gleichen. Horaz hat viel Aehnliches von ihm: ſelbſt kunſtreich, ſelbſt Hof- und Weltmann, iſt er ein verſtändiger Beurtheiler des Lebens und der Kunſt; Cicero, Philoſoph, Redner, Staatsmann, thätiger Bürger, und beide aus unſcheinbaren Anfängen zu großen Würden und Ehren gelangt.

Wie gern mag ſich unſer Freund, indem er ſich mit den Werken dieſer beiden Männer beſchäftigt, in ihr Jahrhundert, in ihre Umgebungen, zu ihren Zeitgenoſſen verſetzen, um uns ein anſchauliches Bild jener Vergangenheit zu übertragen, und es gelingt ihm zum Erſtaunen. Vielleicht könnte man im Ganzen mehr Wohlwollen gegen die Menſchen verlangen, mit denen er ſich beſchäftigt, aber er fürchtet ſich ſo ſehr vor der Parteylichkeit, daß er lieber gegen ſie als für ſie Partey nehmen mag.

Es gibt zwey Ueberſetzungsmaximen: die eine verlangt, daß der Autor einer fremden Nation zu uns herüber gebracht werde, dergeſtalt, daß wir ihn als den unſrigen anſehen können; die andere hingegen macht an uns die Forderung, daß wir uns zu dem Fremden hinüber begeben und uns in ſeine Zuſtände, ſeine Sprachweiſe, ſeine Eigenheiten finden ſollen. Die Vorzüge von beiden ſind durch muſterhafte Beiſpiele allen gebildeten Menſchen genugſam bekannt. Unſer Freund, der auch hier den Mittelweg ſuchte, war beide zu verbinden bemüht, doch zog er als Mann von Gefühl und Geſchmack in zweifelhaften Fällen die erſte Maxime vor.

Niemand hat vielleicht ſo innig empfunden, welch verwickeltes Geſchäft eine Ueberſetzung ſey, als er. Wie tief war er überzeugt, daß nicht das Wort, ſondern der Sinn belebe. Man betrachte, wie er in ſeinen Einleitungen uns erſt in die Zeit zu verſetzen und mit den Perſonen vertraut zu machen bemüht iſt, wie er alsdann ſeinen Autor auf eine uns ſchon bekannte, unſerm Sinn und Ohr verwandte Weiſe ſprechen läßt, und zuletzt noch manche Einzelheit, welche dunkel bleiben, Zweifel erregen, anſtößig werden könnte, in Noten auszulegen und zu beſeitigen ſucht. Durch dieſe dreyfache Bemühung ſieht man recht wohl, hat er ſich erſt ſeines Gegenſtandes bemächtigt, und ſo gibt er ſich denn auch die redlichſte Mühe, uns in den Fall zu ſetzen, daß ſeine Einſicht uns mitgetheilt werde, auf daß wir auch den Genuß mit ihm theilen.

Ob er nun gleich mehrerer Sprachen mächtig war, ſo hielt er ſich doch feſt an die beiden, in denen uns der Werth und die Würde der Vorwelt am reinſten überliefert iſt. Denn ſo wenig wir läugnen wollen, daß aus den Fundgruben anderer alten Literaturen mancher Schatz gefördert worden und noch zu fördern iſt, ſo wenig wird man uns widerſprechen, wenn wir behaupten, die Sprache der Griechen und Römer habe uns bis auf den heutigen Tag köſtliche Gaben überliefert, die an Gehalt dem übrigen Beſten gleich, der Form nach allem andern vorzuziehen ſind.

Die Deutſche Reichsverfaſſung, welche ſo viele kleine Staaten in ſich begriff, ähnlichte darin der Griechiſchen. Die geringſte, unſcheinbare, ja unſichtbare Stadt, weil ſie ein eignes Intereſſe hatte, mußte ſolches in ſich hegen, erhalten und gegen die Nachbarn vertheidigen. Daher war ihre Jugend frühzeitig aufgeweckt und aufgefordert über Staatsverhältniſſe nachzudenken. Und ſo war auch Wieland, als Canzleyverweſer einer der kleinſten Reichsſtädte, in dem Fall, Patriot und im beſſern Sinne Demagog zu ſeyn; wie er denn einmal über einen ſolchen Gegenſtand die zeitige Ungnade des benachbarten Grafen Stadion, ſeines Gönners, lieber auf ſich zu ziehen, als unpatriotiſch nachzugeben, die Entſchließung faßte.

Schon ſein Agathon belehrt uns, daß er auch in dieſem Fache geregelten Geſinnungen den Vorzug gab, indeß gewann er doch Gegenſtänden ſo viel Antheil ab, daß alle ſeine Beſchäftigungen und Neigungen in der Folge ihn nicht hinderten, über dieſelben zu denken. Beſonders fühlte er ſich auf's neue dazu aufgefordert, als er ſich einen bedeutenden Einfluß auf die Bildung hoffnungsvoller Fürſten verſprechen durfte.

Aus allen den Werken, die er in dieſer Art geliefert, tritt ein weltbürgerlicher Sinn hervor, und da ſie in einer Zeit geſchrieben ſind, wo die Macht der Alleinherrſchaft noch nicht erſchüttert war, ſo iſt ſein Hauptgeſchäft, den Machthabern ihre Pflichten dringend vorzuſtellen und ſie auf das Glück hinzuweiſen, das ſie in dem Glück der Ihrigen finden ſollten.

Nun aber trat die Epoche ein, in der eine aufgeregte Nation alles bisher Beſtandene niederriß und die Geiſter aller Erdbewohner zu einer allgemeinen Geſetzgebung zu berufen ſchien. Auch hierüber erklärt er ſich mit umſichtiger Beſcheidenheit und ſucht durch verſtändige Vorſtellungen, die er unter mancherlei Formen verkleidet, irgend ein Gleichgewicht in der bewegten Menge hervorzubringen. Da aber der Tumult der Anarchie immer heftiger wird, und eine freiwillige Vereinigung der Maſſe undenkbar erſcheint, ſo iſt er der erſte, der die Einherrſchaft wieder anräth und den Mann bezeichnet, der das Wunder der Wiederherſtellung vollbringen werde.

Bedenkt man nun hiebei, daß unſer Freund über dieſe Gegenſtände nicht etwa hinterdrein, ſondern gleichzeitig geſchrieben, und als Herausgeber eines vielgeleſenen Journals Gelegenheit hatte, ja genöthigt war, ſich monatlich aus dem Stegreiſe vernehmen zu laſſen, ſo wird derjenige, der ſeinem Lebensgange chronologiſch zu folgen berufen iſt, nicht ohne Bewunderung gewahr werden, mit welcher Aufmerkſamkeit er den raſchen Begebenheiten des Tages folgte und mit welcher Klugheit er ſich als ein Deutſcher und als ein denkender Theilnehmender Mann durchaus benommen hat. Und hier iſt es der Ort, der für Deutſchland ſo wichtigen Zeitſchrift, des Deutſchen Mercurs, zu gedenken. Dieſes Unternehmen war nicht das erſte in ſeiner Art, aber doch zu jener Zeit neu und bedeutend. Ihm verſchaffte ſogleich der Name des Herausgebers ein großes Zutrauen; denn daß ein Mann, der ſelbſt dichtete, auch die Gedichte anderer in die Welt einzuführen verſprach, daß ein Schriftſteller, dem man ſo herrliche Werke verdankte, ſelbſt urtheilen, ſeine Meinung öffentlich bekennen wollte, dieß erregte die größten Hoffnungen. Auch verſammelten ſich werthvolle Männer bald um ihn her, und dieſer Verein vorzüglicher Literatoren wirkte ſo viel, daß man durch mehrere Jahre ſich des Mercurs als Leitfadens in unſerer Literaturgeſchichte bedienen kann. Auf das Publicum überhaupt war die Wirkung groß und bedeutend; denn wenn auf der einen Seite das Leſen und Urtheilen über eine größere Maſſe ſich verbreitete, ſo ward auch die Luſt, ſich augenblicklich mitzutheilen, bei einem jeden rege, der irgend etwas zu geben hatte. Mehr als er erwartete und verlangte, floß dem Herausgeber zu; ſein Glück weckte Nachahmer, ähnliche Zeitſchriften entſtanden, die erſt monatlich, dann wochen- und tageweiſe ſich ins Publicum drängten und endlich jene Babyloniſche Verwirrung hervorbrachten, von der wir Zeuge waren und ſind, und die eigentlich daher entſpringt, daß jedermann reden und niemand hören will.

Was den Werth und die Würde des Deutſchen Mercurs viele Jahre durch erhielt, war die dem Herausgeber deſſelben angeborne Liberalität. Wieland war nicht zum Parteihaupt geſchaffen; wer die Mäßigung als Hauptmaxime anerkennt, darf ſich keiner Einſeitigkeit ſchuldig machen. Was ſeinen regen Geiſt aufreizte, ſuchte er durch Menſchenverſtand und Geſchmack bei ſich ſelbſt in's Gleiche zu bringen, und ſo behandelte er auch ſeine Mitarbeiter, für die er ſich keineswegs enthuſiasmirte; und wie er die von ihm ſo hoch geachteten alten Autoren, indem er ſie mit Sorgfalt überſetzte, doch öfters in den Noten zu bekriegen pflegte, ſo machte er auch oft geſchätzte, ja geliebte Mitarbeiter durch mißbilligende Noten verdrießlich, ja ſogar abwendig.

Schon früher hatte unſer Freund wegen größerer und kleinerer Schriften gar manche Anfechtung leiden müſſen, um ſo weniger konnte es ihm als Herausgeber einer Zeitſchrift an literariſchen Fehden ermangeln. Aber auch hier bewieſt er ſich als immer derſelbe. Ein ſolcher Federkrieg darf ihm niemals lange dauern, und wie ſich's einigermaßen in die Länge ziehen will, ſo läßt er dem Gegner das letzte Wort, und geht ſeines gewohnten Pfades.

Ausländer haben ſcharfſinnig bemerkt, daß Deutſche Schriftſteller weniger als die Autoren anderer Nationen auf das Publicum Rückſicht nehmen, und daß man daher in ihren Schriften den Menſchen, der ſich ſelbſt ausbildet, den Menſchen, der ſich ſelbſt etwas zu Danke machen will, und folglich den Charakter deſſelben, gar bald abnehmen könne. Dieſe Eigenſchaft haben wir ſchon oben Wielanden beſonders zugeſchrieben, und es wird um ſo intereſſanter ſeyn, ſeine Schriften wie ſein Leben in dieſem Sinne zu revidiren und zu verfolgen, als man früher und ſpäter den Charakter unſeres Freundes aus eben dieſen Schriften verdächtig zu machen ſuchte. Gar viele Menſchen ſind noch jetzt an ihm irre, weil ſie ſich vorſtellen, der Vielſeitige müſſe gleichgültig und der Bewegliche wankelmüthig ſeyn. Man bedenkt nicht, daß der Charakter ſich nur durchaus aufs Praktiſche beziehe. Nur in dem, was der Menſch thut, zu thun fortfährt, worauf er beharrt, darin zeigt er Charakter, und in dieſem Sinne hat es keinen feſtern, ſich ſelbſt immer gleichern Mann gegeben als Wieland. Wenn er ſich der Mannichfaltigkeit ſeiner Empfindungen, der Beweglichkeit ſeiner Gedanken überließ, keinem einzelnen Eindruck Herrſchaft über ſich erlauben wollte, ſo zeigte er eben dadurch die Feſtigkeit und Sicherheit ſeines Sinnes. Der geiſtreiche Mann ſpielte gern mit ſeinen Meinungen, aber, ich kann alle Mitlebenden als Zeugen auffordern, niemals mit ſeinen Geſinnungen. Und ſo erwarb er ſich viele Freunde und erhielt ſie. Daß er irgend einen entſchiedenen Feind gehabt, iſt mir nicht bekannt geworden. Im Genuß ſeiner dichteriſchen Arbeiten lebte er viele Jahre in häuslicher, bürgerlicher, freundlich-geſelliger Umgebung, und erreichte die Auszeichnung eines vollſtändigen Abdrucks ſeiner ſorgfältig durchgeleſenen Werke, ja einer Prachtausgabe derſelben.

Nun er ſollte noch im Herbſt ſeiner Jahre den Einfluß des Zeitgeiſtes empfinden und auf eine nicht vorzuſehende Weiſe ein neues Leben, eine neue Jugend beginnen. Der Segen des holden Friedens hatte lange Zeit über Deutſchland gewaltet, äußere allgemeine Sicherheit und Ruhe traf mit den innern, menſchlichen, weltbürgerlichen gar ſchön zuſammen. Der friedliche Städter ſchien ſeiner Mauern nicht mehr zu bedürfen, man entzog ſich ihnen, man ſehnte ſich auf's Land. Die Sicherheit des Grundbeſitzers gab jedermann Vertrauen, das freie Naturleben zog jedermann an, und wie der geſellig geborne Menſch ſich öfters den ſüßen Trug vorbilden kann, als lebe er beſſer, bequemer, froher in der Abgeſchiedenheit, ſo ſchienen auch Wieland, dem bereits die höchſte literariſche Muße gegönnt war, ſich nach einem noch muſenhaft ruhigern Aufenthalt umzuſehen; und als er gerade in der Nähe von Weimar ſich ein Landgut zuzueignen Gelegenheit und Kräfte fand, faßte er den Entſchluß, daſelbſt den Reſt ſeines Lebens zuzubringen. Und hier mögen die, welche ihn öfters beſucht, welche mit ihm gelebt, umſtändlich erzählen, wie er gerade hier in ſeiner ganzen Liebenswürdigkeit erſchien, als Haus- und Familienvater, als Freund und Gatte, beſonders aber, weil er ſich den Menſchen wohl entziehen, die Menſchen ihn aber nicht entbehren konnten, wie er als gaſtfreier Wirth ſeine geſelligen Tugenden am anmuthigſten entwickelte.

Indeß ich nun jüngere Freunde zu dieſer idylliſchen Darſtellung auffordere, ſo muß ich nur kurz und theilnehmend gedenken, wie dieſe ländliche Heiterkeit durch das Hinſcheiden einer theuern mitwohnenden Freundin und dann durch den Tod ſeiner werthen, ſorgſamen Lebensgefährtin getrübt worden. Er legt dieſe theueren Reſte auf eignem Grund und Boden nieder, und indem er ſich entſchließt, die für ihn allzuſehr verflochtene landwirthſchaftliche Beſorgung aufzugeben, und ſich des einige Jahre froh genoſſenen Grundbeſitzes zu entäußern, ſo behält er ſich doch den Platz, den Raum zwiſchen beiden Geliebten vor, um dort auch ſeine ruhige Stätte zu finden. Und dorthin haben denn die verehrten Brüder ihn begleitet, ja gebracht, und dadurch ſeinen ſchönen und anmuthigen Willen erfüllt, daß die Nachkommen ſeinen Grabhügel in einem lebendigen Haine beſuchen und heiter verehren ſollten.

Nicht ohne höhere Veranlaſſung aber kehrte der Freund nach der Stadt zurück; denn das Verhältniß zu ſeiner großen Gönnerin, der Herzogin Mutter, hatte ihm jenen ländlichen Aufenthalt mehr als einmal verkümmert. Er fühlte nur zu ſehr, was es ihm koſte, von ihr entfernt zu ſeyn. Er konnte ihren Umgang nicht entbehren, und deſſelben doch nur mit Unbequemlichkeit und Unſtatten genießen. Und ſo, nachdem er ſeine Familie bald erweitert, bald verengt, bald vermehrt, bald vermindert, bald verſammelt, bald zerſtreut geſehen, zieht die erhabene Fürſtin ihn in ihren nächſten Kreis. Er kehrt zurück, bezieht eine Wohnung ganz nahe der fürſtlichen, nimmt Theil an dem Sommeraufenthalt in Tiefurt, und betrachtet ſich nun als Glied des Hauſes und Hofes.

Wieland war ganz eigentlich für die größere Geſellſchaft geboren, ja die größte würde ſein eigentliches Element geweſen ſeyn; denn weil er nirgends oben an ſtehen, wohl aber gern an allem Theil nehmen wollte, und über alles mit Mäßigung ſich zu äußern geneigt war, ſo mußte er nothwendig als angenehmer Geſellſchafter erſcheinen, ja er wäre es unter einer leichtern, nicht jede Unterhaltung allzu ernſt nehmenden Nation noch mehr geweſen.

Denn ſein dichteriſches, ſo wie ſein literariſches Streben war unmittelbar auf's Leben gerichtet, und wenn er auch nicht gerade immer einen praktiſchen Zweck ſuchte, ein praktiſches Ziel hatte er doch immer nah oder fern vor Augen. Daher waren ſeine Gedanken beſtändig klar, ſein Ausdruck deutlich, gemeinfaßlich, und da er, bei ausgebreiteten Kenntniſſen, ſtets an dem Intereſſe des Tages feſthielt, demſelben folgte, ſich geiſtreich damit beſchäftigte, ſo war auch ſeine Unterhaltung durchaus mannichfaltig und fließend; wie ich denn auch nicht leicht jemand gekannt habe, welcher das, was von andern Glückliches in die Mitte gebracht wurde, mit mehr Freudigkeit aufgenommen und mit mehr Lebendigkeit erwiedert hätte.

Bei dieſer Art zu denken, ſich und andere zu unterhalten, bei der redlichen Abſicht, auf ſein Zeitalter zu wirken, verargt man ihm nun wohl nicht, daß er gegen die neuern philoſophiſchen Schulen einen Widerwillen faßte. Wenn früher Kant in kleinen Schriften nur von ſeinen größern Anſichten präludirte, und in heitern Formen ſelbſt über die wichtigſten Gegenſtände ſich problematiſch zu äußern ſchien, da ſtand er unſerm Freunde noch nah genug; als aber das ungeheure Lehrgebäude errichtet war, ſo mußten alle die, welche ſich bisher in freiem Leben, dichtend ſo wie philoſophirend ergangen hatten, ſie mußten eine Drohburg, eine Zwingfeſte daran erblicken, von woher ihre heitern Streifzüge über das Feld der Erfahrung beſchränkt werden ſollten.

Aber nicht allein für den Philoſophen, auch für den Dichter war, bei der neuen Geiſtesrichtung, ſobald eine große Maſſe ſich mit ihr hinziehen ließ, viel, ja alles zu befürchten. Denn ob es gleich im Anfang ſcheinen wollte, als wäre die Abſicht überhaupt nur auf Wiſſenſchaft, ſodann auf Sittenlehre und was hievon zunächſt abhängig iſt, gerichtet, ſo war doch leicht einzuſehen, daß wenn man jene wichtigen Angelegenheiten des höhern Wiſſens und des ſittlichen Handelns, feſter als bisher geſchehen, zu begründen dachte, wenn man dort ein ſtrengeres, in ſich mehr zuſammenhängendes, aus den Tiefen der Menſchheit entwickeltes Urtheil verlangte, daß man, ſag' ich, den Geſchmack auch bald auf ſolche Grundſätze hinweiſen, und deßhalb ſuchen würde, individuelles Gefallen, zufällige Bildung, Volkseigenheiten durchaus zu beſeitigen, und ein allgemeines Geſetz zur Entſcheidungsnorm hervorzurufen.

Dieß geſchah auch wirklich, und in der Poeſie that ſich eine neue Epoche hervor, welche mit unſerm Freunde, ſo wie er mit ihr in Widerſpruch ſtehen mußte. Von dieſer Zeit an erlebte er manches unbillige Urtheil, ohne jedoch ſehr davon gerührt zu werden, und ich erwähne dieſes Umſtandes hier ausdrücklich, weil der daraus in der Deutſchen Literatur entſtandene Conflikt noch keineswegs beruhigt und ausgeglichen iſt, und weil ein Wohlwollender, wenn er Wielands Verdienſt ſchätzen und ſein Andenken kräftig aufrecht erhalten will, von der Lage der Dinge, von dem Herankommen ſo wie der Folge der Meinungen, von dem Charakter, den Talenten der mitwirkenden Perſonen genau unterrichtet ſeyn, die Kräfte, die Verdienſte beider Theile wohl kennen, und, um unparteiiſch zu wirken, beiden Parteyen gewiſſermaßen angehören müßte.

Doch von jenen hieraus entſprungenen, kleineren oder größeren Fehden zieht mich eine ernſte Betrachtung ab, der wir uns nunmehr zu überlaſſen haben.

Die zwiſchen unſern Bergen und Hügeln, in unſern anmuthig bewäſſerten Thälern viele Jahre glücklich angeſiedelte Ruhe war ſchon längſt durch Kriegszüge wo nicht verſcheucht, doch bedroht. Als der folgenreiche Tag anbrach, der uns in Erſtaunen und Schrecken ſetzte, da das Schickſal der Welt in unſern Spaziergängen entſchieden ward, auch in dieſen ſchrecklichen Stunden, denen unſer Freund ſorglos entgegenlebte, verließ ihn das Glück nicht; denn er ward, erſt durch die Vorſorge eines jungen entſchloſſenen Freundes, dann durch die Aufmerkſamkeit der Franzöſiſchen Gewalthaber gerettet, die in ihm den verdienten weltberühmten Schriftſteller und zugleich ein Mitglied jenes großen wiſſenſchaftlichen Inſtituts verehrten.

Er hatte bald hierauf mit uns allen den ſchmerzlichen Verluſt Amaliens zu ertragen. Hof und Stadt waren eifrig bemüht, ihm jeden Erſatz zu reichen, und bald darauf ward er von zwey Kaiſern mit Ehrenzeichen begnadet, dergleichen er in ſeinem langen Leben nicht geſucht, ja nicht einmal erwartet hatte.

Aber ſo wie am trüben, ſo auch am heitern Tage war er ſich ſelbſt gleich, und er bethätigt hiedurch den Vorzug zartgebildeter Naturen, deren mittlere Empfänglichkeit dem guten wie dem böſen Geſchick mäßig zu begegnen verſteht.

Am bewunderungswürdigſten jedoch erſchien er, körperlich und geiſtig betrachtet, nach dem harten Unfall, der ihn in ſo hohen Jahren betraf, als er durch den Sturz des Wagens zugleich mit einer geliebten Tochter heftig verletzt ward. Die ſchmerzlichen Folgen des Falles, die Langeweile der Geneſung ertrug er mit dem größten Gleichmuth, und tröſtete mehr ſeine Freunde als ſich ſelbſt durch die Aeußerung: es ſey ihm niemals ein dergleichen Unglück begegnet, und es möge den Göttern wohl billig geſchienen haben, daß er auch auf dieſe Weiſe die Schuld der Menſchheit abtrage. Nun genaß er auch bald, indem ſich ſeine Natur wie die eines Jünglings ſchnell wieder herſtellte, und ward uns dadurch zum Zeugniß, wie der Zartheit und Reinheit auch eine hohe phyſiſche Kraft verliehen ſey.

Wie ſich nun ſeine Lebensphiloſophie auch bei dieſer Prüfung bewährte, ſo brachte ein ſolcher Unfall keine Veränderung in der Geſinnung noch in ſeiner Lebensweiſe hervor. Nach ſeiner Geneſung geſellig wie vorher, nahm er Theil an den herkömmlichen Unterhaltungen des umgänglichen Hof- und Stadtlebens, mit wahrer Neigung und anhaltendem Bemühen an den Arbeiten der verbundenen Brüder. So ſehr auch jederzeit ſein Blick auf das Irdiſche, auf die Erkenntniß, die Benutzung deſſelben gerichtet ſchien — des Außerweltlichen, des Ueberſinnlichen konnte er doch, als ein vorzüglich begabter Mann, keineswegs entbehren. Auch hier trat jener Conflict, den wir oben umſtändlich zu ſchildern für Pflicht gehalten, merkwürdig hervor; denn indem er alles abzulehnen ſchien, was außer den Gränzen der allgemeinen Erkenntniſſe liegt, außer dem Kreiſe deſſen, was ſich durch Erfahrung bethätigen läßt, ſo konnte er ſich doch niemals enthalten, gleichſam verſuchsweiſe, über die ſo ſcharf gezogenen Linien wo nicht hinauszuſchreiten, doch hinüber zu blicken und ſich eine außerweltliche Welt, einen Zuſtand, von dem uns alle angebornen Seelenkräfte keine Kenntniß geben können, nach ſeiner Weiſe aufzuerbauen und darzuſtellen.

Einzelne Züge ſeiner Schriften geben hiezu mannichfaltige Belege, beſonders aber darf ich mich auf einen Agathodämon, auf ſeine Euthanaſia berufen, ja auf jene ſchönen, ſo verſtändigen als herzlichen Aeußerungen, die er noch vor kurzem offen und unbewunden dieſer Verſammlung mittheilen mögen. Denn zu unſerm Brüderverein hatte ſich in ihm eine vertrauensvolle Neigung aufgethan. Schon als Jüngling war ihm dasjenige bekannt, was uns von den Myſterien der Alten hiſtoriſch überliefert worden, floh er zwar nach ſeiner heitern, klaren Sinnesart jene trüben Geheimniſſe, aber verläugnete ſich nicht, daß gerade unter dieſen, vielleicht ſeltſamen Hüllen zuerſt unter die rohen und ſinnlichen Menſchen höhere Begriffe eingeführt, durch ahnungsvolle Symbole mächtige, leuchtende Ideen erweckt, der Glaube an einen über alles waltenden Gott eingeleitet, die Tugend wünſchenswerther dargeſtellt, und die Fortdauer unſers Daſeyns ſowohl von falſchen Schreckniſſen eines trüben Aberglaubens, als von den eben ſo falſchen Forderungen einer lebensluſtigen Sinnlichkeit gereinigt worden.

Nun als Greis von ſo vielen werthen Freunden und Zeitgenoſſen auf der Erde zurückgelaſſen, ſich in manchem Sinne einſam fühlend, näherte er ſich unſerm theuren Bunde. Wie froh er in denſelben getreten, wie anhaltend er unſere Verſammlungen beſucht, unſern Angelegenheiten ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit gegönnt, ſich der Aufnahme vorzüglicher junger Männer erfreut, unſern ernſten Gaſtmahlen beigewohnt, und ſich nicht enthalten, über manche wichtige Angelegenheit ſeine Gedanken zu eröffnen, davon ſind wir alle Zeugen, wir haben es freundlich und dankbar anerkannt. Ja wenn dieſer alte gegründete und nach manchem Zeitwechſel oft wieder hergeſtellte Bund eines Zeugniſſes bedürfte, ſo würde hier das vollkommenſte bereit ſeyn, indem ein talentvoller Mann, verſtändig, vorſichtig, umſichtig, erfahren, wohlwollend und mäßig, bei uns ſeines Gleichen zu finden glaubte, ſich bei uns in einer Geſellſchaft fühlte, die er, der beſten gewohnt, als Vollendung ſeiner menſchlichen und geſelligen Wünſche ſo gern anerkannte.

Vor dieſer ſo merkwürdigen und hochgeſchätzten Verſammlung, obgleich von unſern Meiſtern aufgefordert, über den Abgeſchiedenen wenige Worte zu ſprechen, würde ich wohl haben ablehnen dürfen, in der Betrachtung, daß nicht eine flüchtige Stunde, leichte, unzuſammenhängende Blätter, ſondern ganze Jahre, ja manche wohl überdachte und geordnete Bände nöthig ſind, um ſein Andenken rühmlich zu feyern, neben dem Monumente, das er ſich ſelbſt in ſeinen Werken und Wirkungen würdig errichtet hat. Auch übernahm ich dieſe ſchöne Pflicht nur in der Betrachtung: es könne das von mir Vorgetragene dem zur Einleitung dienen, was künftig, bei wiederholter Feyer ſeines Andenkens, von andern beſſer zu leiſten wäre. Wird es unſern verehrten Meiſtern gefallen, mit dieſem Aufſatz in ihre Lade alle dasjenige niederzulegen, was öffentlich über unſern Freund erſcheinen wird, noch mehr aber dasjenige, was unſere Brüder, auf die er am meiſten und am eigenſten gewirkt, welche eines ununterbrochenen nähern Umgangs mit ihm genoſſen, vertraulich äußern und mittheilen möchten, ſo würde hiedurch ein Schatz von Thatſachen, Nachrichten und Urtheilen geſammelt, welcher wohl einzig in ſeiner Art ſeyn dürfte, und woraus dann unſere Nachkommen ſchöpfen könnten, um mit ſtandhafter Neigung ein ſo würdiges Andenken immerfort zu beſchützen, zu erhalten und zu verklären.

Bei Betrachtung von Schiller's Schädel.

Im ernſten Beinhaus war's wo ich beſchaute
Wie Schädel Schädeln angeordnet paßten;
Die alte Zeit gedacht' ich, die ergraute.
Sie ſtehn in Reih' geklemmt die ſonſt ſich haßten,
Und derbe Knochen, die ſich tödlich ſchlugen,
Sie liegen kreuzweis, zahm allhier zu raſten.
Entrenkte Schulterblätter! Was ſie trugen?
Fragt Niemand mehr, und zierlich thätige Glieder,
Die Hand, der Fuß zerſtreut aus Lebensfugen.
Ihr Müden alſo lagt vergebens nieder;
Nicht Ruh' im Grabe ließ man euch, vertrieben
Seyd ihr herauf zum lichten Tage wieder,
Und niemand kann die dürre Schale lieben,
Welch herrlich edlen Kern ſie auch bewahrte.
Doch mir Adepten war die Schrift geſchrieben,
Die heiligen Sinn nicht jedem offenbarte,
Als ich in Mitten ſolcher ſtarren Menge
Unſchätzbar herrlich ein Gebild gewahrte,
Daß in des Raumes Moderkält' und Enge
Ich frei und wärmefühlend mich erquickte,
Als ob ein Lebensquell dem Tod entſpränge.

Wie mich geheimnißvoll die Form entzückte!
Die gottgedachte Spur, die ſich erhalten!
Ein Blick, der mich an jenes Meer entrückte,
Das fluthend ſtrömt geſteigerte Geſtalten.
Geheim Gefäß! Orakelſprüche ſpendend,
Wie bin ich werth dich in der Hand zu halten!
Dich höchſten Schatz aus Moder fromm entwendend,
Und in die freie Luft zu freiem Sinnen,
Zum Sonnenlicht andächtig hin mich wendend.
Was kann der Menſch im Leben mehr gewinnen,
Als daß ſich Gott-Natur ihm offenbare,
Wie ſie das Feſte läßt zu Geiſt verrinnen,
Wie ſie das Geiſterzeugte feſt bewahre.

Ueber Moſes Leichnam ſtritten
Selige mit Fluch-Dämonen;
Lag er doch in ihrer Mitten
Kannten ſie doch kein Verſchonen!
Greift der ſtets bewußte Meiſter
Nochmals zum bewährten Stabe,
Hämmert auf die Puſtrichs-Geiſter;
Engel brachten ihn zu Grabe. —

Zahme Xenie. Goethe's Werke Bd. IV. S. 374.

Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter.

Dieſer um das Aufblühen der neuern Literatur Deutſchlands höchſt verdiente Dichter wurde geboren den 3. September 1746 zu Gotha und erhielt in dieſem Sitze der Geiſtescultur und des guten Geſchmacks und unter der obern Leitung ſeines allgemein geachteten Vaters, des nachmaligen Aſſiſtenzrathes G., eine weniger claſſiſche als humaniſtiſche und moraliſche Bildung. Um die Rechte zu ſtudiren, ging er 1763 nach Göttingen, wurde 1766 zweiter geheimer Archivar zu Gotha, begleitete 1767 den Freiherrn von Gemmingen als Legationsſecretair nach Wetzlar und 1768 zwei junge Edelleute als Führer nach Göttingen zurück, wo die mit ſeinem Freunde Boje begründete Herausgabe des „Muſenalmanach's“ ihm zuerſt einen literariſchen Namen und die Freundſchaft Heyne's und Käſtner's erwarb. Viel Einfluß auf ihn hatte damals die treffliche Ackermann'ſche Schauſpielergeſellſchaft und ſeine innige Verbindung mit Goethe und dem jungen Jeruſalem, als er 1769 nach Wetzlar zurückgekehrt war. Eine Reiſe nach Lyon und zurück durch die Schweiz machte ihn mit dem franzöſiſchen Theater ſo wie mit Geßner und Lavater genauer bekannt. Er ſtarb als Geheimſecretair und Legationsrath zu Gotha den 18. März 1797. — Von Kindheit auf ſchwachen Körpers, aber lebendigen und friſchen Geiſtes, belebte und feſſelte er durch bewundernswürdige Declamationsgabe, ungemein leichte und meiſt geiſtreiche Impromptu's und hohe Liebenswürdigkeit jede Geſellſchaft und war wegen ſeiner Kenntniſſe und Moralität allgemein geehrt und von den Seinigen innigſt geliebt.

Er ſchrieb:

Singſpiele. Leipzig 1778 und 1779. 1 Bd. in 8.
Gedichte. Gotha 1787 und 1788. 2 Bde. in gr. 8.
Zum Andenken der Frau von Buchwald, nebſt 2 ungedruckten Briefen des Herrn von Voltaire. Gotha 1790. gr. 8. mit dem Bildniß der Fr. v. B.
Schauſpiele. Leipzig 1795.
Gedichte. 3. Bd. oder: literariſcher Nachlaß von Fr. Wilh. G., mit deſſen Bildniß und Biographie, Gotha 1802 in 8. von ſeinen Freunden beſorgt.

Einzeln haben wir denn noch von ihm:

Tom Jones. Eine Operette, aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Mannheim 1772 in 8.
Die Dorfgala. Luſtſpiel. Gotha 1772 in 8. Neu aufgelegt. Ebendaſ. 1774 in 8.
Oreſt und Elektra. Gotha 1774 in 8.
Merope. Ein Trauerſpiel. Gotha 1774 in 8.
Die falſchen Entdeckungen. Luſtſpiel. Gotha 1774 in 8.
Medea. Ein Drama. Gotha 1775. 8.
Mariane. Ein Trauerſpiel. Gotha 1776. 8. Das berühmteſte und vorzüglichſte von G.
Jeanette. Luſtſpiel nach Voltaire. Hamburg 1777. 8. Neue Auflage Ebendaſ. 1784 in 8.
Der Eheſcheue. Luſtſpiel. 1777. 8.
Der Kobolt. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1778. 8.
Der Faſchingsſtreich. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1778. 8.
Der argwöhniſche Ehemann. Luſtſpiel. Hamburg 1778 in 8. Wieder aufgelegt ebendaſ. 1785. 8.
Der Jahrmarkt. Leipzig 1778. 8.
Walder. Ländliches Schauſpiel. Gotha 1778. 8.
Romeo und Julie. Leipzig 1779. 8. Neue Auflage 1785. 8.
Das tartariſche Geſetz. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1779. 8.
Trunkner Mund, wahrer Mund. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1779. 8.
Die unverſehne Wette. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1781. 8.
Das öffentliche Geheimniß. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1781. 8.
Adelaide oder Antipathie gegen die Liebe. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1781. 8.
Zwei Onkel für einen. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1781. 8.
Der Mann, der ſeine Frau nicht kennt. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1781. 8.
Die Mutter. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1781. 8. dann: 1790 in 8.
Geſellſchaftstheater. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen der Frau von Genlis frei überſetzt. Leipzig 1782 in 8., erſter Band.
Die Vaterſchaft. Leipzig 1784. in 8.
Der ſchwarze Mann. Poſſe. Leipzig 1784. in 8.
Veit von Solingen. Luſtſpiel. Wien 1784. in 8.
Der Weiſe in der That. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1787. in 8.
Die Erbſchleicher. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1789 in 8. Neue Auflage. Ebendaſ. 1795. 8.
Maria Thereſia bei ihrem Abſchied aus Frankreich. Leipzig 1796. gr. 4. Cantate.
Die Geiſterinſel. Singſpiel. Leipzig und Berlin, 2 mal aufgelegt 1799 in 4.
Andere Arbeiten in Journalen, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Gotter's poetiſche Leiſtungen ſind der getreueſte Abdruck ſeiner franzöſiſchen Bildung und eleganten Geſchmacks in der deutſchen Literatur. In ſeinen lyriſchen Gedichten ſpricht eine zarte Innigkeit ſanfter Gefühle, erhöht durch große Correctheit der Sprache und des Versbaues und eine anmuthige Wahl der Bilder den Leſer wohlthuend an, namentlich zeichnete er ſich dadurch im Liede und in der Epiſtel vortheilhaft aus. In ſeinen Luſtſpielen, welche er mehr oder weniger ausländiſchen Muſtern nachgebildet hatte, herrſchte eine glückliche Intrigue, gewandte Charakterzeichnung und ein lebhafter und witziger Dialog vor; mehrere derſelben waren lange Zeit Lieblinge des Publikums, wie z. B. die Erbſchleiher, der ſchwarze Mann, u. d. m. und haben ſich auf der Bühne erhalten; ſeinen Trauerſpielen fehlt es dagegen an Tiefe und Kraft, obwohl die Diction ſtets angemeſſen iſt, und ſich nicht, wie ſo oft geſchieht, um dieſe Mängel zu verdecken, in rhetoriſcher Schwulſt und Prunk verliert. Durch die Herausgabe des deutſchen Muſenalmanachs, eine Idee, welche von ihm ausging, erwarb er ſich ein bleibendes Verdienſt um das Wiederaufblühen unſerer Literatur.

Ueber die Starkgeiſterei.*)

(Bruchſtück einer Epiſtel.)

„Mit eignen Augen in die Welt zu gaffen,
Und in der Denkungsart nicht Affen,
Wie in dem Kleiderbrauch zu ſeyn;
Sich ſein Syſtemchen ſelbſt zu ſchaffen;
Des Aberglaubens Träumerey'n,
Der Vorurtheile Kinderey'n,
Und allen Schulpedanterey'n
Auf ewig gute Nacht zu ſagen —
Wen nimmt der Vorſatz nicht mit edlem Eifer ein,
Sich muthig an das Werk zu wagen?
Doch Wahrheit wohnet nicht auf dem gebahnten Weg;
Man muß, der Göttin Schloß zu finden,
Durch manchen Dornenpfad ſich winden,
Muß über manchen ſchmalen Steg,
Muß auf die ſteilſten Felſen klimmen;
Da wird zuletzt ein junges Herzchen ſchwach,
Verlieret die Geduld, und ſchleichet falſchen Stimmen,
Die hier und dort im Walde ſchallen, nach.
„Was ſucht ihr? rufen die Sirenen,
Die Wahrheit iſt ein leerer Schall.
Wollt ihr in ſich'rer Ruhe gähnen,
So glaubet nichts! der Erdenball
Sprang aus des blinden Zufalls Schooße;
Durch eben die Metamorphoſe
Kehrt er einſt in ſein Nichts zurück;
Das Leben iſt ein Augenblick,
Der Menſch ein Hauch; der Zukunft Lohn und Strafen
Erſann die Politik; weil, ohne dieſen Traum,
Des Pöbels Ungeſtüm ihr ſchwacher Arm im Zaum?
Des Alterthumes Götter ſchlafen;
Der Neuern Gott iſt ein Gedicht, wie ſie;
Der Weiſe liebt aus Sympathie
Die Tugend, und bedarf nicht knechtiſcher Geſetze,
Um edel, groß, ein Menſchenfreund zu ſeyn;
Doch hindert ihn auch kein Verbot, der Schätze,
Die die Natur ihm beut, ſich ſorgenlos zu freu'n,
Und jeden Augenblick der Sinnenluſt zu weih'n.“ —

Der arme Thor! die Lehren kitzeln
Sein ſtolzes Herz, erhitzen ihm das Blut;
Er ſchlürft ſie ein, geht weiter, faßt ſich Muth,
Auf Koſten eines Spruchs zu witzeln,
Wird angehört, belacht; ihm wächſt der Kamm;
Nun wagt er gar ein Epigramm;
Nun ſammelt er die leichteſten Broſchüren,
Bei denen Fabrikant und Trödler ſich maskiren,
Und London oder Amſterdam,
Und dunkle Motto's, die den Titel zieren,
Verräther deſſen ſind, was ſie im Schilde führen.
Nun will er ſelber laboriren,
Gießt ihren Geiſt in ein's, fängt an zu diſtilliren —
Ach, aber die Phiole ſpringt! da liegt
Des Weiſen Stein am Boden, und verfliegt!
Verdienter Spott lohn' ihm für die verlor'ne Mühe!

Dem Jüngling aber, welcher frühe,
Durch's Beiſpiel angeſteckt, den rechten Pfad verlor,
Sein unerfahrnes Herz bethören ließ, ſein Ohr
Verführern lieh, dem ſey des Mitleids Zähre,
Dem ſey der Wunſch geweiht, daß ihn ſein Gott bekehre!
Er irrt in einem Labyrinth
Voll metaphyſiſcher Syſtemen, Hypotheſen,
Die noch verworr'ner, als Mäanders Krümmen, ſind:
Von unerſchaffnem nothwendig freiem Weſen,
Von allgemeiner Kraft, von blindem Ungefähr,
Von todtem Urſtoff — ewiger Bewegung.
Im Kampf mit dieſem Paradoxenheer,
Erlieget ihm die Kraft der Ueberlegung.
Der hält die Welt für Gott; ihm ſind der Mond,
Die Luft, der Pavian, der Baum, die Marmorſäule,
Der vierte Heinrich und ſein Mörder, alles Theile
Der Gottheit, die in ihm und um ihn wohnt.
„Wie thöricht! ruft ein And'rer, macht den Laffen,
Nicht Denkern weiß! Gott iſt ein Geiſt voll Majeſtät;
Von Ewigkeit hat er die Welt erſchaffen,
Und ſitzt auf ſeinem Thron, [illegible] den Wolken ſteht,
Und läßt ſie gehen — wie ſie geht.“

Ein jeder preiſet ſeine Waare,
Will ſeinem Nachbar in die Haare,
Und ſchlägt ſich ſelber auf den Mund;
Ein jeder demonſtrirt aus einem andern Grund,
Wie dieſer Ball am Firmamente ſchwebe,
Ihm Sonn' und Wind die rechte Wärme gebe,
Und ſich kein Rad aus ſeinem Gleiſe hebe.
Der glaubt, das Feuer ſei der Geiſt,
Der die Natur von Pol zu Pol beſeele;
Der ſpricht: das Waſſer iſt's! da doch ein Dritter dreiſt
Der Luft die Kraft ertheilt, und ſeinen Satz beweiſt.
Der malt die Tugend uns als eine ſanfte Schöne,
Im Schooß der frommen Mutter aufgeſäugt,
Voll Grazie, voll Reiz, die ihre ſanften Söhne
Unwiderſtehlich nach ſich zieht;
Die Tugend, der empfindungsloſe Herzen
Den Ausbruch ihres ſchwarzen Blutes leih'n;
Indeſſen über ſie die Hypolaſe ſcherzen,
Und ſie als Hirngeſpinnſt verſchrey'n.
„Den Himmel mögen Wolken ſchwärzen,“
Ruft Epikur, „laß uns ſtets heiter ſeyn.
Denn, wie das Blümchen auf der Aue,
Neigt unſer Köpfchen ſich, im kühlen Abendthaue;
Mein Seelchen, morgen biſt du nichts!“
„Nein, Seele,“ ruft, vom Nektar trunken,
Freund Plato, „nein, du biſt ein Götterfunken,
Und kehrſt zurück zum Quell des Lichts!“

Der Jüngling ſteht, im Widerſpruch verſunken.
„Wie glücklich war ich, ſeufzt er tief,
Wie glücklich, als ich noch im dunkeln Chaos ſchlief;
Wie elend nun! — Gibt's eine Gottheit? Rief
Sie mich zum Glück — zum Unglück! Darf ich wollen?
Bin ich ein Uhrwerk? Rollen
Die Räder unaufhaltſam mit mir hin?
Sind Lieb' und Haß Ausflüſſe meiner Säfte?
Iſt's eitle Müh' daß ich, bei jeglichem Geſchäfte,
Bei jedem Schritt den Blick auf Tugend hefte,
Und ſie zu meiner Führerin
Erkieſe — da des Zufalls Eigenſinn
Die Bahn mir zeichnete, die ich vom Anbeginn
Betreten mußte — da, im Buche
Des Schickſals, ich vielleicht zum Böſewicht, zum Fluche
Der Menſchheit auserſehen bin? —
Iſt meine Seele nur ein Sinn,
So ſtocket, mit der Nerven letztem Zücken,
Auch das Gedankenrad; die taube Maſſe ruht,
Kehrt in der Schöpfung Ebb' und Fluth
Zurück, fängt wieder an unmerklich fortzurücken —
Ein Wurm — dann eine Pflanze — dann ein Thier —
Dann wieder Menſch. Was hilft es mir,
Daß ich, wie Cato, ſtrenge lebte,
Vor Wallungen des Blutes bebte,
Gott ſuchte, den ich niemals fand! —

Ja, wenn dieß Erdenvolk, ſo zahllos, als der Sand
Am Meer, der Vorſicht vor den Augen ſchwebte!
Wenn je das kleinſte Körnchen, mich,
Auch kennte! — doch was nährſt du dich
Mit einem ſüß bethörten Wahne?
Warum verhängte ſie Sturm, Fluthen, Hunger, Peſt
Und jede Noth, die Thränen uns erpreßt?
Wie duldete ſie Krieg und Raubgier, und Tyranne!
Wie kämen die Domitiane
Zum Thron der Welt, zum Bettelſtab
Der Menſchenfreund, der Held zur [illegible]?
Wie ſtürbe, lebensſatt, in ungeſtörtem Glücke,
Der graue Böſewicht, indeß ein frühes Grab,
In ihrem Lenz, vom Kind und Gatten
Die gute Hausfrau trennt? Wie ſucht' ich meinen Freund
Schon in dem Aufenthalt der Schatten? —

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*) Aus Friedr. Wilh. Gotter's Gedichten.

Doch Ewigkeit! — Ein Licht, das immer [illegible]!
Ein Tag, der das Verlor'ne wiederbringet,
Und das Geſchiedene vereint,
Das Unrecht ausgleicht, und Verworrenheit entſchlinget! —
Und o, dem Kämpfer, der hier ſtandhaft ringet,
Die Siegeskrone dort, aus des Vergelters Hand! —
Wahn, neuer Wahn, ſo lieblich er auch klinget!
Ach, zeigt mir erſt den Mann, der aus dem dunkeln Land
Die frohe Botſchaft wiederbringet! —

Wo wankſt du, ſchwindelnder Verſtand? —
„Allvater, oder wie der Sphären Jubellieder
Dich nennen, ewiger, gerechter, weiſer Geiſt,
Vergib — hier fall' ich reuig vor dir nieder —
Vergib mir, wenn ich irre! Herr, du weißt!
Ob ich nicht Tugend über Alles ſchätze!
Du zählſt die Thränen, in verſchwieg'ner Nacht,
Mit denen ich mein Lager netze!
Siehſt, wie das Herz mir klopft, in deiner Pracht
Dich zu erkennen! Ach, enthülle
Mir deine Wege! Send' aus deines Lichtes Fülle
Nur einen Strahl herab, der mir den Ausgang zeigt
Aus dieſem Abgrund von Gedanken! —
Ach, immer dunkler wird's um mich — der Boden weicht —
Die ungewiſſen Füße ſchwanken —
Unendlicher, erbarme dich der Schranken
Des Endlichen! Nur einen Strahl!“ — Er ſchweigt;
Sein Blick erſtarrt; die trübe Stirne neigt
Sich zu der Bruſt; Gehör und Sprache fehlen
Dem Staunenden. Die Krankheit edler Seelen,
Melancholey, nimmt ſtündlich in ihm zu.
Für jede Freude todt, nur ſinnreich, ſich zu quälen,
Unſchlüſſig zu verdammen, zu erwählen,
Wirft er Voltairen oder Baylen,
Voll Unmuth aus der Hand, und findet nirgends Ruh.

Auf! eile, Jüngling, in des Oehlbergs Schatten,
Eh' deiner Feinde Zahl ſich häuft,
Eh' deinen Geiſt Fühlloſigkeit ergreift,
Und Muth und Kraft in dir ermatten,
Eh' die Verzweiflung — Ach! welch' Angedenken faßt
Bey'm Schopfe mich, wirft mich an eine Klippe,
Daß das Gebein mir kracht, und meine Wang' erblaßt?
Nein! der geliebte Nam' entſchlüpfe nie der Lippe,
Sei heilig meinem Schmerz in dunk'ler Einſamkeit,
Sey von dem Pöbel unentweiht!
Er hat die Ruhe nun, die er geſucht, gefunden *). —
Eh' die Verzweiflung, die in ihres Opfer Wunden
Gift, ſtatt des Balſams, gießt, bei zeugenloſer Nacht
Den Dolch dir reicht, und in der ſchrecklichſten der Stunden
Dich ohne Rettung elend macht. —

Der Vorhang rauſcht. — Weh' euch! Ich ſeh' die Frucht,
Ihr Neuerer, die euer Beiſpiel ſtiftet;
Jahrhunderte, durch eure Zweifelſucht
Und Spötterei und Tollkühnheit vergiftet.
Ich ſeh' die Bande der Natur
Zerriſſen; Redlichkeit im Staube; Unſchuld, Ehre,
Verbannt; zertrümmeret die Altäre
Der Freundſchaft, und gebrochen Pflicht und Schwur.
Ich ſeh' den Untergang der edelſten Geſchlechter,
Verruchte Väter, Mütter ohne Scham,
In ſchnöden Künſten auferzog'ne Töchter,
Und Männer ohne Bart, gebor'ne [illegible],
In denen nie der Mann zur Reife kam;
Ich ſeh' die Ruh' der ſchönſten Ehe
Durch einen Lovelace geſtört;
Ein junges, ſchwaches Weib, durch Leidenſchaft bethört,
In einem Augenblick von ihrer Tugend Höhe
Herabgeſtürzt, in Thränen ſchwimmen; ſehe
Verführter Jungfrau'n Angſt; ſie ſchreien: Wehe! Wehe!
Und zücken einen Dolch, den Zeugen ihrer Schmach,
In ihrer Bruſt, im Schlafe, zu durchbohren.
Unwiederbringlich iſt ein ganzes Volk verloren,
Vertrocknet ſeine Kraft, als wie ein Regenbach.
Die Tugend flieht, und ſeufzt noch Einmal: Ach!
Und ſteigt empor zu ihrer Freunde Chore,
Siegprangend zieht das Laſter durch die Thore,
Und Elend, ſein Gefolge, wimmelt nach.
Banditen, Phrynen, Räuber und [illegible]
Sind nun ein feiler Staat;
Den Thron entweih'n Nerone,
Narciſſe den Senat.
Ich ſehe Tonnen Gold's, wie Schnee im Lenz zerrinnen;
Ihr ſtolzer Herr ſeufzt in des Kerkers Staub,
Und ſeine Sclaven, ſeine Kupplerinnen
Bewohnen ſeine Schlöſſer, theilen ſeinen Raub,
Und ſtoßen ſeine hülfentblößten Kinder,
Die bleich um Brod nur fleh'n, mit ihren Füßen fort.
Der Freund erwürgt den Freund — dort fallen beide, dort —
In jedem Frevel ausgelernte Sünder!
Sie wälzen ſich in Blut, und fluchen — fluchen ſich,
Wie Teufel thun — verzweifeln — ſterben. —
Wer brüllt zu meiner Linken fürchterlich
Auf kaltem Stroh? Tod und Verweſung färben
Schon ſeine Lippen: Gift, ſein letzter Troſt, durchwühlt,
Wie Feuer, ſein Gebein; Er aber fühlt
Nicht dieſe Gluth; ihn tödten and're Qualen:
Furchtbare Hände fahren aus der Wand,
Die ſeine Thaten all' auf ſchwarzem Teppich mahlen;
Er ſchaudert vor dem Bild zurück — ſinkt an den Rand
Der Ewigkeit — und ſchaudert wieder. — —
Grauſame Phantaſie, ſchwing' endlich dein Gefieder!
Und du, o Greuelvolle Gruft,
Schleuß' dich vor meinen Blicken wieder! —
Sie flieht. Der Vorhang wallet nieder,
Und die beklemm'ne Bruſt ſchöpft wieder friſche Luft.

Wenn ich in meines Eifers Strenge
Den Pfuſcher in der Kunſt, den Meiſter, der ſie kennt,
Auf einen Augenblick, dem Scheine nach, vermenge;
Verzeih' es mir, o weiſes Parlament!
Nein! weil, um zügelfreien Lüſten
Sich, ſorglos, wie das Thier, zu weih'n,
Verderbte Menſchen ſich mit eurem Orden brüſten,
Und mißverſtand'ne Grübelei'n
Ein tiefgelehrtes Anſeh'n leih'n,
Und vor den Strafen, die verſtockten Frevlern dräu'n,
Sich in die Burg der Allesläug'ner retten:
Verkenn' ich eu'ren milden Einfluß nicht.
Und Ehrfurcht gegen Euch iſt meine Lieblingspflicht.

Allein geſetzt, Adepten hätten
Bis in die Nacht, wo ſich ſein Quell verliert,
Der Wahrheit Lichte nachgeſpürt;
Die Knoten, die uns unſ're Wiegenbetten
Der Wärterinnen Einfalt flicht,
Wie Philipps Sohn, zerhau'n; den erſten Unterricht,
Der an uns hängen bleibt, wie Kletten,
Rein von ſich abgeſchüttelt; hätten
Mit Adlerblicken alles tief durchſchaut,
Verſchlungen, wiederkäu't, verdaut,
Was je auf dieſem Erdenrunde
Ein Weiſer ſeinen Zöglingen vertraut;
Und nun auf dieſem Felſengrunde
Den Forſchungsgeiſt, Natur- und Völkerkunde
Sich ihres Denkens Schloß erbaut;
Iſt ihre Tugend aufgeklärter,
Iſt ihre Redlichkeit bewährter,
Ihr Mitleid thätiger als unſer Mitleid iſt?
Sind ſie getreu're Bürger, beſſ're Diener,
Im Unglück ruhiger, und in Gefahren kühner?
Sind ſie verſöhnlicher im Zwiſt?
Sind ihnen Weib und Kinder lieber?
Genießen froher ſie des Lebens kurze Friſt?
Und ſchlummern ſie gelaſſener hinüber,
Als, in des Glaubens Arm, der Chriſt?
Gut mögt ihr ſeyn, ihr Herrn, doch beſſer bleibet beſſer;
Held Scipio war groß, Held Guſtav Adolph größer.
Oft iſt das Unglück nur, daß wir uns nicht verſteh'n.
Ihr ſtoßt euch an die Schlacken — laßt uns ſeh'n,
Ob in dem Tiegel ſich das Gold bewähre!
O, kenntet ihr die reine Lehre,
Rein, wie ſie von dem Lehrer ging,
Eh' Stolz und Eigennutz mit Lumpen ſie behing,
Du, zärtlicher Jean Jaques, du beißender Voltaire,
Ihr gäbt ihr heute noch die Ehre,
Und eiltet ihrem Tempel zu!

Wohl dem, Geliebter, deſſen Ruh'
Kein Zweifel unterbrach, ſeit, mit der Ammennahrung,
Er jenen milden Glauben in ſich ſog,
Der ſeine herzlichen Verehrer nie betrog!
Ach, auf dem Pfühl der Offenbarung

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*) Anſpielung auf einen hoffnungsvollen jungen Mann, deſſen überſpannter Hang zu metaphyſiſchen Spekulationen mit Tiefſinn und Selbſtmord endigte.

[illegible] ſich ſo ſanft! — Doch ſchreibt auf Welt und Bernier.
Ob nicht die Tugend ehrt und ſchmeichelt nicht den Sinnen.
Zur Arbeit [illegible] der Menſch. [illegible] ihr,
Daß ſchnell die Stunden uns, bei [illegible] Fleiß, entrinnen,
[illegible] Freuden ſind, die wir durch ihn gewinnen;
[illegible] den Vorwitz an, wie wir!
Treibt euch der Müßiggang, Phantomen auszuſinnen —
[illegible] Holz! ſpornt euch der Hunger — lernet ſpinnen!

Daß ſich das Auge dieſer Welt
Durch einen Stoff vom wilden Chaos trennen,
Und ſo den Platz am Himmel nehmen können,
Daß es uns nicht verzehrt, nur wärmet und erhellt?
Wer hieß die Millionen Lichter brennen,
Die kühle Ruh' und ſanften Wiederſchein,
Von ihrem Thron, auf unſ're Hütten ſtreu'n?
Und wer gebot dem Mond, die Erde zu begleiten?
Und wer iſt's, der den Ocean
Bezähmet, daß er nicht aus ſeinem Ufer gleiten
Und uns die Sündfluth wiederbringen kann?
Wer hatte Kraft, den Mantel auszubreiten,
Der tauſendfarbig über unſ'rem Haupte fließt,
Des Lenzes Hoffnung und des Herbſtes Schätze
In ſeiner Falten Schooß verſchließt?
Wer gab dem Waſſer und der Luft Geſetze,
Daß keines in das and're ſich verlor?
Wer ſchrieb den Winden ihre Laufbahn vor?

Iſt euer Auge blind, verſchloſſen euer Ohr,
Daß ihr des Schöpfers noch nicht achtet,
So kehrt in euer Herz zurück!
Vielleicht entdeckt ihn euer Blick,
Wenn ihr euch ſelbſt, vom Wahne frei, betrachtet.
Der Geiſt, der in euch wohnt, der nach Unſterblichkeit
Voll unſtillbaren Durſtes, ſchmachtet;
Mit zitternder Begier die Dunkelheit,
Die euch umhüllet, zu durchbrechen trachtet;
Sich muthig in die Wolken ſchwingt,
Und Klarheit aus der Sonne trinkt;
Der alles um euch her zu ſeinem Dienſte zwingt,
Und, Herr der Erde, ſelbſt erſchafft,
Zuſammenträgt, erbaut, verbindet,
Verſchönert, umſchafft und zerſtört;
Der Drang, den euer Herz bei fremdem Leid empfindet;
Die Wolluſt, die ihr oft in ſtillen Thränen findet;
Der Schauder, der durch euer Weſen fährt,
Wenn eure Jugendſtärke ſchwindet,
Euch Alter oder Krankheit überwindet,
Und ihr den Tritt des Todes hört:
Ach! alle dieſe Stimmen klagen
Euch Himmelsſtürmer an; ſie zwingen euch, zu zagen
Und vor dem Herrn von euren Tagen,
Und allem was da lebt, anbetend hinzuknien.
Noch herrlicher erblickt ihr ihn
In Männern, die ſein Bild auf ihrer Stirne tragen
In Newton und in Antonin.
Ja, lauter, als die Sonnenkreiſe,
Und der Planetentanz um ſie,
Als der Kometen ungemeſſ'ne Reiſe,
Des ganzen großen Baues Harmonie,
Und der Geſchöpfe wunderbare Stufen,
Vom Wurme bis zum Behemoth,
Vom Schwamme bis zur Eiche — lauter rufen
Die Tugend, das Genie: Es iſt ein Gott!
Ihr fühlt es, doch um neu, um ſonderbar zu ſcheinen,
Treibt euch der Stolz, es zu verneinen,
Obgleich das Herz den Lippen widerſpricht.
O! lernt erſt dieß Gefühl bekämpfen,
Lernt des Gewiſſens Aufruhr dämpfen,
Sonſt ſeid ihr Atheiſten nicht.

War je ein Menſch, der keine Gottheit glaubte,
So wußt' er nichts von innerlichem Streit
Und grübelnder Spitzfindigkeit;
Er ſchwamm im Strom' der Dinge fort, erlaubte
Sich jeden Wunſch, blieb in der Freude kalt,
Und kalt im Schmerz. Vom heftigen Verlangen,
Der Weſen Triebwerk zu umfangen
Und jedes Rad zu ſeh'n, hat nie ſein Blut gewallt;
Vertieft in traurige Chimären,
Schlich er dahin, vom Kitzel fern,
Sich im Marktſchreierton zu lehren,
Und kleine Geiſter zu bekehren;
Sah ungerührt der Wiſſenſchaften Kern
In [illegible],
Die Narren, [illegible] blüh'n, und [illegible], die verzagen,
Das Laſter auf dem Thron, die Tugend auf dem Block;
Ihm galt ſein Leben, wie ſein Rock,
Er zog ihn aus, wenn er ihn drückte;
Kein Kummer nagte, keine Hoffnung ſchmückte
Sein welkes Herz; nichts band ihn an die Welt;
Der gold'nen Feenmährchen müde,
Mit denen ſich die Jugend unterhält,
Umgab ihn todtenſtiller Friede.
So glomm er langſam weg, erloſch und merkt' es kaum;
Sein Tod war, wie ſein Leben, nur ein Traum.

Doch, Muſe, halt! Zurück in deiner Kräfte Raum!
(Du, Schmetterling, wirſt dir den Fittig ſengen!)
Bin ich der Mann, den Unſinn zu verdrängen,
Der, von der Seine her, im Strom' der Mode [illegible],
Und unſer Deutſchland, ungehemmt,
Mit Wörterbüchern und Romanen und Geſängen
Voll ſchalen Witzes, überſchwemmt?
Umſonſt hat [illegible] ſchon entgegen ſich geſtemmt,
Die [illegible] umgeſtürzt, gewürzt die Anekdoten,
Enthüllt des Spottes traurige Figur;
Umſonſt hat man, weil keine Cur
Gelingen will, Fiscal und Henker aufgeboten.
Die Herr'n gefallen ſich in der Carricatur,
Halb Skeptiker und halb Deiſten,
Und wiſſen ſtets den Weg, ſich tiefer einzuniſten.
Sie leſen nichts, was ihren Kopf beſchwert;
Und halten ſie's der Müh', es durchzublättern werth,
(Statt Opiums, wenn ihnen Schuldenliſten
Durch's Köpfchen zieh'n,) ſo bringt ihr ausgelaſſner Hohn
Des Deutſchen trock'nen Ernſt, die Opponenten[illegible],
Den feierlichen Kanzelton
Gleich parodirend auf die Bühne.
Wir ärgern uns und ſchreiben noch einmal;
Logik, Metaphyſik, Dogmatik und Moral
Wird ausgekramt; nun glaubt man ſie zu haſchen;
Sie drehen ſich — weg war der Aal!
Ha! lieber wollt' ich Mohren waſchen!

Sprich aber, Freund, was wollen nur
Die philoſophiſchen Despoten?
Vertilget iſt der falſchen Eif'rer Spur,
Die der Vernunft mit Macht und Feſſeln drohten,
Vertrocknet das vergoſſ'ne Blut,
Und ausgelöſcht der Scheiterhaufen Gluth.
Die orthodoxiſchen Scholaſten,
Die, wie ein Prieſter, wild, wann Phöbus in ihm ſtürmt,
Sich über Dogmen, die ſie ſelbſt nicht faßten,
Und über Träumerei'n, auf Träumerei'n gethürmt,
Zum Aergerniß der Laien baßten,
Sich bis in's Grab verfolgten — ach, ſie raſten,
Tief in des Lebens Strom getaucht!
Der Zinzendorfe Schwindel iſt verraucht.
Die Fürſten weiden ihre Nationen,
Als gute Hirten, mit gelindem Stab;
Im Frieden werden wir geboren, wohnen
Im Frieden, ſinken friedlich in das Grab.
Kein Bannſtrahl aus dem Vaticane
Schreckt die Regenten, keine Kreuzesfahne
Ruft das betrog'ne Volk von ſeiner Pflugſchar ab
Der Bund, der, wie mit einem Talismane,
Von Rom bis Paraguay der Welt Geſetze gab,
Er iſt zerſtört; die trägern Tagediebe
Flieh'n ſcheu zurück zur Zelle, zum Altar.
Die Prieſter lehren einen Gott der Liebe,
Und zwingen nicht zum Glaubensformular.
Wer mild und gütig iſt, wie einſt ihr Meiſter war,
O, dem verzeihen ſie des warmen Blutes Triebe.
Ruft einer unter ihnen noch:
„Streng iſt ſein Wille, hart ſein Joch,
Und den trifft ewig Fluch, der weicht von den Gebothen!“
So ſpotten ſelbſt die Weiſern des Zeloten.

Und dennoch ſchrei'n die überklugen Herr'n
Noch über Wahn und Blindheit, ſchickten gern
Ihr Licht zu uns herab, zu uns Lebendigtodten.
Nein! nein! behaltet nur die Fackel der Vernunft!
Wir ſcheuen allzugroße Helle;
Des Glaubens Lämpchen g'nügt für unſ're kleine Zelle.

Genug von der Apoſtelzunft!
Laß uns, mein Freund, den Gott im Stillen lieben,

Der uns zuerſt geliebt, der uns zu Kindern
Von Ewigkeit gewählet hat,
Von Ewigkeit uns in ſein Herz geſchrieben,
Und für ein grenzenloſes Glück beſtimmt;
Der gern das Schaf, das aus der Irre kehret,
Zur großen Heerde wieder nimmt;
Der ſanfte Pflichten nur uns lehret:
Die Mäßigkeit, die durch ſich ſelbſt uns lohnt;
Die Menſchenliebe, die (der unſichtbaren Güte
Statthalterin!) in edlen Seelen wohnt;
Und die Geduld, die bei zerſchlag'ner Blüthe,
Bei Flammenraub, beim Sarg des Sohnes und der Braut,
In die entfloh'nen Tage ſchaut,
Und nicht vergißt, daß er, der ungern kränket,
Zum Beſten ſtets die kurzen Leiden lenket;
Und ruhige Genügſamkeit;
Und himmliſche Verträglichkeit,
Die dem Beleidiger verzeiht,
Und den nicht haßt, der irrig denket.

Ein guter Gott iſt er, dem unerſchrock'ner Muth
Und eines reinen Herzens Lallen
Mehr, als der jungen Rinder Blut
Und Hekatombenſtolz, gefallen;
Dem unbewußt kein Haar von unſ'rem Haupte fällt;
Der meiner Thaten kleinſte kennet,
Und jede Luſt, die im Verborg'nen brennet,
Und jeden Wind, der meine Segel ſchwellt.
Wär' er zu groß, um mich ſich zu bekümmern,
Ein Gott Homer's, der auf dem Ida ſchlief,
Indeß aus tiefer Noth das Heer der Teucrer rief;
Ließ, unter ihres Glückes Trümmern,
Er, ohne Troſt, die Unſchuld ewig wimmern:
Wo bliebe ſeine Macht? wo ſeine Gegenwart?
Hält den Unendlichen im Himmel wer gefangen?
Iſt ſeinem Blick der kleinſte Wurm entgangen?
Hat noch ein Menſch umſonſt auf ihn geharrt?
Nur fordre nicht, du Thor, daß ſich, auf deine Bitte,
Die Ordnung der Natur zerrütte,
Sich aus der Dinge Kett' ein Glied
Verdrehe, daß, erweicht durch eines Schwärmers Lied,
Auf dürre Flur der Himmel Regen ſchütte,
Die Peſt verſchwinde, die dein Volk verheert;
Und daß der Untergang verſchone deine Hütte,
Wenn du ſie ſelbſt durch Schwelgerei zerſtört!
Nur murre nicht, kurzſichtiger Bewohner
Des kleinſten Puncts, wenn dir ein Plan mißlingt,
Wenn Undank triumphirt, Verdienſt mit Mangel ringt,
Wenn, deinem Dünkel nach, der Schooner
Des Frevlers Stolz zu lange trägt!
Was biſt du gegen den, der Recht und Unrecht wägt!
Du ſieh'ſt dich um — und ſtirbſt! der Wiege folgt die Bahre!
Ihm iſt ein Tag, wie tauſend Jahre,
Und tauſend Jahre wie ein Tag.
Er ſah den Keim der in der Erde lag —
Den Baum — den Blitz, der ihn zerſplittert,
Mit einem Blick. Der Sturm, der hier ein ganzes Land
In ſeinem Mittelpunct' erſchüttert,
Bringt dort ein hoffnungsloſes Schiff zum Strand.
Vor ihm entwickelt ſich, was ungleich und verſchlungen
Hienieden ſcheint; des Lebens Dämmerungen
Zerfließen ihm in Licht.
Dein Auge folgt dem Flug der Lerche nicht,
Und will bis in den Himmel reichen!

Ein guter Gott iſt er, der nicht von mir begehrt:
Du ſollſt in finſt'ren Wüſten ſchleichen,
Von deiner Sündenlaſt beſchwert,
Dich nähren, wie der Stier ſich nähret!
Der nicht umſonſt, ſo köſtlich anzuſchauen,
Das Weibchen und die Traube ſchuf;
Der Vater Noah's den Beruf,
Der Sorgen Gegengift zu brauen,
Und mir den Trieb verlieh, mein Neſtchen auch zu bauen;
Der Vögel für uns ſingen, Quellen rauſchen, Auen
Im Lenze blühen heißt, und laue Weſte weh'n;
Ach, der nicht ſauer ſieht, wenn wir mit friſchen Kränzen
Des Frühlings Wiederkehr, der Ernte Feſt begeh'n,
Und, unter Liedern, unter Tänzen,
Voll Dankes auf zu ſeinem Himmel ſeh'n;
Wenn wir der Tonkunſt Reiz tief in der Seele fühlen,
Wenn Schweizers Zauber bald den wonnetrunk'nen Geiſt
Hinüber in das Land beglückter Schatten reißt *),
Bald, unſ're Phantaſie zu kühlen,
Ein Liedchen aus der [illegible] von Chloens Lippen fleußt;
Wenn wir, der Arbeit müde, mit [illegible],
Den edlen Söhnen der Natur,
Des Winters lange Weile tödten,
Und, aus Geſundheitsliebe nur,
Die trägen Geiſter zu erwärmen,
Mit weiſen Freunden weiſe ſchwärmen;
Jetzt, bei der Journaliſten Katzenwuth,
Nicht ohne Schadenfreude, kitzeln,
Und jetzt, bei Toby's Laun' und Triſtram's gelaſſ'nem Blut
Das Zwergfell heilſamlich erſchüttern:
Denn Lachen ſchützt vor Spleen, begünſtigt das Verdau'n,
Und riß ſogar, darf man der Sage trau'n,
Den Mann, der Narrheit pries, einſt aus des Todes Klau'n **).

Ein guter Gott iſt er, der (wenn die Zunft von Götzen ***)
Im Schauſpiel nichts, als weit und breit
Des Satans Mordhaus, ſieht), den Frevel gern verzeiht,
Daß wir uns an Zayrens Leid,
An Werner's guter Seel' ergötzen,
Und nicht dem Mann, der unſer Herz erfreut,
Für ſeine Müh', aus Dankbarkeit,
Ein Stühlchen in der Hölle ſetzen.

Wer dieſen Gott mir zu entzieh'n vermeint,
Sein theures Bild aus meinem Herzen
Mit Pfeilen der Satyre merzen,
Mich ſo erleuchten will, der iſt mein Feind,
Und ſo gelehrt und klug er immer ſcheint,
Mir iſt er nur ein gifterfüllter Schwätzer.

Ich lobe mir geſunden, ſchlichten Sinn,
Und danke Gott, daß ich kein Grübler bin.
Schlendr' ich auch dann und wann auf einen Abweg hin,
So ſey's mit Nothanker, dem Ketzer,
Und ſeinen Brüdern in dem Herrn;
Dem nachſichtsvollen, ſanften Stern,
Und o! dem guten Wakefielder.
Ich haſſe Fanatismus, der uns wilder
Als Cannibalen macht.
Mich ſchrecken Fabeln nicht, in öder Zellen Nacht,
Vom blöden Müßiggang erdacht!
Noch von der Barbarei in Holz geſchnitzte Bilder
Des pferdefüßigen Monarchs vom Schwefelpfuhl.
Im Dunkel thront des Richters Stuhl,
Im Dunkel ruhen ſeine Blitze.
Weh' dem, der mit verweg'ner Hitze
Den Vorhang zu zerreißen wagt;
Den ſchwarzen Ausfluß ſeiner Galle
Der Gottheit unterſchiebt; mit hohler Stimme Schalle
Furcht in die ſchwächeren Seelen jagt;
Und raſch das Urtheil ſpricht, daß Socrates, der Weiſe,
Der, für die Wahrheit, unverzagt
Begann die ungewiſſe Reiſe,
Und Marc Aurel und Titus und Trajan
Für ihrer Großmuth gold'ne Thaten,
Nun ewig an dem Spieß und auf dem Roſte braten,
Weil ſie den Stern aus Morgenland nicht ſah'n!
Streit, wie ihr wollt, mein Herz legt ſich [illegible].
Naturaliſt, Deiſt, Papiſt und Proteſtant
Sind alle meine lieben Brüder,
Und nur auf den ſeh' ich voll Abſcheu nieder,
Der Menſchenliebe nie empfand —
Auf euch, die ihr mit Feuer und mit Schwerte
(Wozu verführſt du nicht, verfluchter Durſt nach Gold!)
Die Bürger einer halben Erde,
Geſchwinder, als der Donner rollt,
Von ihrem väterlichen Herde,
Von ihren Tempeln weggeſcheucht,
Sie, wie des Waldes Thier', erſchlagen,
Mit euren Seuchen, euren Laſtern angeſteckt,
Und über ſie die ſchrecklichſte der Plagen,
Die Sclaverei gebracht!
Ihr habt des Chriſten Ruhm, mit welchem ihr euch brüſtet,
Zum Hohn der halben Welt gemacht.
Wie weit ich gegen Euch entrüſtet,

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*) Alceſte war um dieſe Zeit erſchienen.

**) Anſpielung auf die Anecdote von Erasmus Geſchwür.

***) Der berühmte Orthodoxe dieſes Namens hat ſich ſelbſt, in der bekannten Geſchichte mit dem Paſtor Schloſſer, an die Spitze der Theaterfeinde geſtellt.

Wenn Schwermuth meinen Geiſt auf jene Küſten bannt,
Wo ihr mit Menſchenblut erkauft, was euch gelüſtet;
Wo Menſchen, ſo wie ihr, mit Thränen nach dem Land,
Aus dem ihr ſie entführtet, ſchauen,
Mit Thränen eure Felder bauen,
Vom Hunger abgezehrt, von Arbeit übermannt,
Geſpenſtern gleich, die Nachts um Gräber ſchleichen,
Entkräftet, wund, in ihrem Joche keuchen;
Wo für ein Nichts ihr ſie auf Foltern ſpannt,
Und ihr Geſchrey und eurer Peitſche Knallen
Erſchrecklich mir von Felſen wiederhallen!

Philoſophie — ich hab' es ſchon bekannt —
Philoſophie laſſ' ich in ihrer Würde!
Sie zeuget Freiheit, Tugend, Muth; entflammt
Das Herz für Gott, von dem ſie ſtammt;
Erleichtert menſchenfreundlich uns die Bürde
Des Lebens; iſt ein Quell in dürren Wüſteney'n;
Der Pharus, deſſen ſanfter Schein
Mein Schiffchen wahrt, daß es nicht ſtrande.
Entweichet ſie aus einem Lande,
So wankt der Thron, und der Monarch
Kann ſich durch keine Schweizer ſchützen;
So läßt den Dolch, den er bisher verbarg,
Der Aberglaube wieder blitzen,
So wird die Freiſtatt der Vernunft — ein Sarg;
So ſteigen unzählbare Stimmen
Im Schlaf erwürgter Opfer himmelan;
Im blutbedeckten Bette ſchwimmen
Der Säugling und der Mann;
So ſieht das Weib mit höll'ſchfrohem Lächeln,
Des Gatten Scheiterhaufen glüh'n;
Der Vater hört entzückt des Sohnes Röcheln,
Er tödtete ja Gott zu Ehren ihn;
So ſchleichet, im Tartüffiſchen Gewande,
Das Laſter frech von Haus zu Haus,
Und bringt in die Geſchlechter Zwiſt und Schande
Und ſaugt das Mark des Landes aus;
So ſchließen Geld und Geißelung die Thore
Des Himmels auf, und moderndes Gebein
Befreit vom Kropf, vom Stein, vom Zipperlein;
So bebt das Volk vor einem Meteore,
Vor einer alten Frau, vor eines Raben Schrei;
Den Landmann treibet Schwärmerei,
Daß er in Wälder flieh', in Mauern ſich verſperre;
Todt liegt der Acker — eine Wüſteney;
Die Wiſſenſchaft wird Barbarei,
Und die Religion — Geplärre.

So jammervoll, durch Glaubenszwang entſtellt,
Gehüllt in öde Finſterniſſe,
Lag Deutſchland einſt. Daß aus den Chroniken der Welt
Ein Genius die ſchwarzen Blätter riſſe! —
Doch mit hellglänzendem Panier
Stieg Weisheit wieder von dem Himmel,
Mit ihr der Friede; das Gewimmel
Der Dummheit floh; die Nacht verſchwand, die Thür
Des Elends wurde zugeriegelt! —
Dank ſei ihr, ewig Dank dafür!
Nur wenn ſie ſich vermißt, ſich ungezügelt
In's Meer der Gottheit ſtürzt, und klügelt,
Wo, tief anbetend, der Verſtand
Der Leibnitze, der Haller ſtille ſtand,
Wo ſelbſt der Seraph ſeinen Mund verſiegelt —
Wird ſie zum Schwert in eines Narren Hand.

So denk' ich, theurer Freund, und laſſe
Die Geiſter von der höhern Klaſſe
Den alten Wein aus Rom und Griechenland
Mit ihres Witzes Schaum durchwäſſern,
Und unſ're beſte Welt regieren und verbeſſern.
Auch laſſ' ich gern den Unverſtand,
Wie's ihm beliebt, die Scheidewand
Des Himmels und der Hölle ſetzen,
Und Erd' und Himmel wider den verhetzen,
Der Spott mit ſeinen Anathemen treibt.
Mich weiß Apoll und Freundſchaft und Vergnügen
Um meine Muße zu betrügen,
Daß zu Sophiſterei'n und Glaubensritterzügen
Kein Viertelſtündchen übrig bleibt.
Ich lebe, frei von ſchwarzen Sorgen,
Gemächlich in den Tag hinein,
Und denke nur am frühen Morgen,
Ihn ganz mit Blumen zu beſtreu'n,
Um mich des Augenblicks zu freu'n,
Ward mir der Zukunft Nacht verborgen.
Ja, Freund, verſchwend'riſch mit der Zeit
Und mit der Freude karg verfahren,
Genießen die Gelegenheit,
Für trübe Stunden Heiterkeit,
Und Hoffnung, wenn ein Sturm uns droht,
Und einen Wunſch für morgen ſparen —
Hat keinen Weiſen noch gereut,

Und daß ich nicht auf dieſem Pfade wanke,
Verdank' ich Ihm, dem ich mein Leben danke.
Ach, welch ein Mann! Voll Menſchenfreundlichkeit,
Voll ächter, deutſcher Redlichkeit!
Ihm gleich zu ſeyn — welch ein Gedanke!
Froh that er ſeine Pflicht, und fürchtete nur Gott,
Und dient' ihm ohne Falſch, und haßte frechen Spott.
Ein guter Vater, liebevoller Gatte,
War er vergnügt mit ſeinem Loos,
Im Leiden durch Geduld, im Glück durch Demuth groß,
Und fand, wenn er die Laſt des Tags getragen hatte,
Den ſüß'ſten Lohn in treuer Freundſchaft Schooß,
Und im Genuſſe häuslich ſtiller Freuden,
Die das Geräuſch der großen Häuſer meiden.
Ach, meine Bruſt bleibt ewig ſein Altar!
Ein Beiſpiel, das mich früh zu gutem Muth gewöhnte,
Heil ihm, daß er's mit einem Tode krönte,
Der lehrreich, wie ſein Leben war!
Ihn ſchreckte nicht die ſteigende Gefahr;
Sein Auge lächelte, da ſeine Lippe ſtöhnte,
Und ſchon Zerſtörung ihm durch jede Nerve drang.
„Ich gehe, ſprach er, meiner Väter Gang;
Was weinet ihr wenn ich mich freue?“
Weg mit der Feder! — Fließt, ihr Thränen, fließt auf's neue!

Und, daß ich nie ſein edles Bild entweihe,
Erinn'rung, ſtell' es mir ſo treu, ſo täuſchend wahr,
Als es mich jetzt umſchwebt, auf jedem Schritte dar! — —

Wenn auch mein Stundenglas gemach zum Ende rinnet,
Die Ewigkeit vor meinen Blicken tagt,
Das ſchreckliche Verhör beginnet,
Dem der verborgenſte Gedanke nicht entrinnet —
Und dann kein Fluch verführter Unſchuld mich verklagt,
Kein Haß in meinem Buſen lodert,
Kein Mündel ſeiner Väter Schweiß, kein Freund
Das anvertraute Pfand von meinen Händen fodert,
Noch über mich des Armen Witwe weint;
Wenn der Gedank' an mit vergoſſ'ne Thränen,
An einen Waſſertrank, dem Dürſtenden gereicht,
Allein mir übrig bleibt, indeß, vom Tod verſcheucht,
Der eitlen Freuden Chor auf immer von mir weicht;
Wenn meines Lebens bunte Scenen,
Mit Schwachheit nur und Irrthum angefüllt,
Des Vaters Lieb' in ihren Schleier hüllt,
Des Vaters, der durch Reue ſich verſöhnen,
Und Gnade gern für Recht ergehen läßt;
Wenn um mein Ohr der Freundſchaft Seufzer tönen,
Und ihre Hand nicht meine Hand verläßt —
Soll ich dann noch vor Menſchendrohung zittern,
Und meiner Augenblicke Reſt
Durch ſelbſtgemachte Furcht verbittern?
Das gebe deine Huld nicht zu,
Du liebevoller Quell der Ruh'!
Erhöre mein Gebet, das mit dem Dank der Biene,
Das mit der Lerche Lied ſich himmelan erhebt;
Verleih', daß dieſe leidende Maſchine
Dem Geiſt, der immer aufwärts ſtrebt
Und wieder niederſinkt und an dem Boden klebt,
Zu einem ſanften Kerker diene,
Bis ihn dein Ruf zu deinem Throne hebt!

Geliebter, deſſen holde Miene
Stilllächelnd mir vor Augen ſchwebt,
Wenn ſich mein Geiſt, von Traurigkeit durchbebt,
Mit ſeinen Schlummernden begräbt;
Du, der itzt unter Engeln lebt,
Zu gut für eine Welt, wo zartgeſchaff'nen Seelen,
Die, Mißtrau'ns unbewußt, oft nach dem Scheine wählen,
Auf jedem Tritt die Falſchheit Netze webt,
Und eine Gruft für ihre Treue gräbt —
Mein Seebach*), der mich unter ſeinen Füßen

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*) Er ſtarb 1778 als Hofmeiſter zu Göttingen; ſeinen Freunden, wegen ſeines Herzens, unvergeßlich.

Verlaſſen leiden ſieht — komm' denn herab, [illegible]
Den letzten Kampf mir zu verſüßen,
Zu ſtärken den erſchöpften Geiſt
Und ihn, wenn er ſich los von ſeinen Banden reißt,
Mit Engelliedern zu begrüßen.

Pflicht und Liebe.

Du, der ewig um mich trauert,
Nicht allein, nicht unbedauert,
Jüngling, ſeufzeſt du;
Wann vor Schmerz die Seele ſchauert,
Lüget meine Stirne Ruh.

Deines naſſen Blickes Flehen
Will ich, darf ich nicht verſtehen;
Aber zürne nicht.
Was ich fühle, zu geſtehen,
Unterſagt mir meine Pflicht.

Unbekannt mit Reu' und Leide,
Wie die Lämmchen auf der Weide,
Spielten ich und du.
Jeder Tag rief uns zur Freude,
Jede Nacht zur ſanften Ruh.

Ewig ſind wir nun geſchieden!
Damon, liebſt du Philaiden,
Fleuch ihr Angeſicht!
Nimm ihr nicht der Tage Frieden,
Und der Nächte Schlummer nicht!

Freund, ſchweif' aus mit deinen Blicken!
Laß dich die Natur entzücken,
Die dir ſonſt gelacht;
Ach, ſie wird auch mich beglücken,
Wenn ſie dich erſt glücklich macht.

Trauter Jüngling, lächle wieder!
Sieh, bei'm Gruße froher Lieder
Steigt die Sonn' empor!
Trübe ſank ſie geſtern nieder;
Herrlich geht ſie heut' hervor.

Die Trauer.

Romanze.

Die Schönen ſind fürwahr geplagt
In Tiefen und auf Höhen.
Weil ihnen Thränen, wie man ſagt,
Leicht zu Geſichte ſtehen,
Und weil Schmerz ihren Reiz erhöht,
Verfolgt des Schickſals Laune
Schnell, wie ein Wetterhahn ſich dreht,
Die Blonde, wie die Braune.

Bald bricht ein kleiner Hund das Bein,
Bald fliegt ein Specht zum Fenſter,
Bald fällt zur Unzeit Regen ein,
Bald wird ein Mühmchen kränker,
Bald reiſt ein Schäfer über's Meer,
Bald hört er auf zu lieben,
Und was dergleichen Unfug mehr,
Sich herzlich zu betrüben.

Doch Henriettens Unglücksſtern
Iſt keinem zu vergleichen.
Laßt es, ihr lieben Frau'n und Herr'n,
Zum Mitleid euch erweichen!
Ihr, die ihr Leidende beklagt,
Fühlbare, gute Seelen,
Euch wird es, wenn euch Kummer nagt,
Auch nicht an Tröſtern fehlen.

Denkt euch ein Mädchen, das jetzt hold,
Jetzt finſter ſich geſtaltet,
Und ob es lacht, und ob es ſchmollt,
Stets neuen Reiz entfaltet;
Ein Mädchen, Meiſter im Talent
Die Herzen anzuketten,
Und ſchalkhaft, wie ihr wenig kennt,
So habt ihr Henrietten

Noch matt von einem Tafelſchmaus,
In weißer Morgenkutte,
Saß ſie und dachte Masken aus
Zur kommenden Redoute.
Da pocht es an. — „Herein!“ — Ein Brief!
Mit ſchwarzem Rand und Siegel!
Sie nahm ihn, wie im Traume, lief
Halbtaumelnd hin zum Spiegel;

Und rieb die Aeugelchen ſich hell,
Und buchſtabirte leiſe:
„Die arme Mutter! — geſtern — ſchnell —
Erſchrick nicht! — Du biſt Waiſe!“ —
Sie ſinkt — ſo ſinkt, von Orosman
Durchbohrt, Zaire nieder.
Mama! ruft ſie, ſo laut ſie kann,
Ma! ſchallt's im Zimmer wieder.

„Ey, hält nicht Abgang und Erſatz
Auf Erden gleiche Schritte!
Die Mutter macht der Tochter Platz,
War das nicht immer Sitte?“
So ſchreit vielleicht ein Philoſoph
Aus weinerhitzter Kehle.
Allein gewebt aus feinerm Stoff
War meiner Heldin Seele.

Und dießmal floß ihr tiefes Leid
Aus zwei verſchied'nen Quellen.
Bald galt es frommer Dankbarkeit,
Und bald den Maskenbällen.
O, werdet auch im Carneval
Zum Freudenhaß verpflichtet,
Dann ſetzet euch in ihren Fall,
Ihr Schönen, dann erſt richtet!

Eliſe, die gern Thränen ſtillt,
Verirrte gerne leitet,
Und über kleine Schwächen mild
Der Liebe Mantel breitet,
Eliſe ſteht der Freundin bei
In dieſer ſchwarzen Stunde,
Und gießt, gleich einer guten Fey,
Ihr Balſam in die Wunde.

Weil aber alles fruchtlos iſt,
Troſt, Bitten, Wangenſtreicheln,
Erſinnt ſie plötzlich eine Liſt,
Um ihrem Schmerz zu ſchmeicheln.
Ein alt Rezeptchen fiel ihr ein;
(Es hilft, ihr könnt' es verſuchen.)
Den Kindern, wenn ſie troſtlos ſchrei'n,
Gib Puppen oder Kuchen!

„Kind,“ ſpricht ſie, „eine Stunde nur
Laß ab vom lauten Jammer!
Pariſer Rock und Garnitur
Sind ſchon in deiner Kammer.
Wirf dich in Trauer! komm' bald nach! —
Sie geht, und Henriette
Fand, was die Freundin ihr verſprach,
Auf ihrer Toilette.

Sie drückt ſie ſchluchzend an die Bruſt,
Die theuren Klaggewänder,
Und löſet ſchon, ſich unbewußt,
Des Nachtkleids Roſabänder.
Huſch ſteht ſie, wie Cornelia
Mit des Pompejus Urne,
So ſchwarz und majeſtätiſch da,
Als trügen ſie Cothurne.

Ihr glaubt nicht, wie durch dieſe Tracht
Farb' und Contour gewannen!
Ihr Buſen glänzt, wie Schnee bei Nacht,
Die Taill' iſt zu umſpannen.
So reizt im Probeſchleier nicht
Die jüngſte Kloſterſchöne,
Und ein zerknirſchteres Geſicht
Macht keine Magdalene.

Indeſſen war von Club zu Club
Die Trauerpoſt geflogen.
Schon kommt, nach altem Brauch, ein Trupp
Stutzer angezogen.

Man ſieht ſie, ſtaunt, und prallt zurück,
Fängt an zu gratuliren,
Und wünſcht ihr zu der Mutter Glück,
Anſtatt zu condoliren.

Ach, aber in der Dinge Lauf
Wird mancher Spaß verderben.
Ihr Bruder ſchreibt den Tag darauf:
„Mama iſt nicht geſtorben.“
Alsbald erliſcht der Wange Roth,
Des blauen Auges Schimmer!
Sie rafft ſich auf, und ſtürzt halbtodt
In ihrer Freundin Zimmer.

„Eliſe, theile meinen Schmerz —
Die Freude, wollt' ich ſagen! —
Ach, dein Geſchenk — wie bricht das Herz —
Ich darf's hinfort nicht tragen.
Ich kann nicht länger ohne Grund
Der Mutter Thränen zollen,
Und morgen geh' ich wieder bunt,
Weil es die Götter wollen.

Denn ach, geſtorben iſt ſie nicht,
Iſt wieder außer Bette —
Und dein Geſchenk“ — Eliſe ſpricht:
„Sey ruhig, Henriette!
Du hängſt es hin. Ein ſchwarzes Kleid
Siegt über Zeit und Mode.
Man ſpart es auf ein and'res Leid,
Gleich einer Trauerode.

Doch hat ein alter Mann dereinſt
Dir Tonnen Gold's verlaſſen;
Und weißt du dich, ſo ſehr du weinſt,
In den Verluſt zu faſſen;
Fühlſt du im Wittwenflore ſchon
Den Hang zu ſüßern Banden;
Dann melde ja kein Poſtillon:
Der Mann iſt auferſtanden!“

Mütterliche Warnung.

Selbſt die glücklichſte der Ehen,
Tochter, hat ihr Ungemach;
Selbſt die beſten Männer gehen
Oefters ihren Launen nach.
Wer ſich von dem gold'nen Ringe
Gold'ne Tage nur verſpricht,
O, der kennt den Lauf der Dinge
Und das Herz des Menſchen nicht!

Manche wirft ſich ohne Sorgen
In des Gatten Arm, wie du,
Und beweint am andern Morgen
Ihre Freiheit, ihre Ruh.
Aus dem Sclaven ihrer Blicke
Wird ein mürriſcher Tyrann;
Banger Kummer folgt dem Glücke,
Das mit ihrem Traum zerrann.

Doch dein Glück dir ſelbſt zu ſchaffen,
Tochter, ſteht in deiner Hand:
Die Natur gab dir die Waffen,
Gab dir Sanftmuth und Verſtand.
Lerne deines Gatten Herzen
Liebevoll entgegen geh'n,
Leichte Kränkungen verſchmerzen,
Kleine Fehler überſeh'n.

Eckhof.

Die deutſche Bühne war der Nachbarn Hohn;
Verzerrung galt für Witz, Klopffechten und Gebelle
Für Leidenſchaft; da ſandt' Natur uns ihren Sohn.
Ein Proteus von Geſtalt, ein Zauberer im Ton,
Stieß er den Unſinn vom entweihten Thron,
Und ſetzte Wahrheit an die Stelle.
Die ihr dem Heiligthum Melpomenens euch naht,
Ihm opfert dankbar an des Tempels Schwelle,
Ihm widmet Herz und Mund und That!
Wißt: Eckhof war es, der dem tiefen Britten,
Dem leichten Gallier den Lorbeerzweig entwand!
Wißt: Er ſchuf euch die Kunſt, und adelte den Stand,
[illegible] eures Spiels, und [illegible] eurer Sitten.

Weiberliſt.

Weiberliſt höhnt Schloß und Riegel;
Selbſt ein Argus wird berückt,
Wenn nicht Zärtlichkeit das Siegel
Auf den Bund der Treue drückt.

Wilder ſchwärmet, hinter Gittern,
Die entbrannte Phantaſie;
Die, wie Sclaven, vor ihm zittern,
Lieben ihren Gatten nie.

Oefter macht der Mangel Diebe,
Oefter, als Gelegenheit.
Liebe nur erzeuget Liebe,
Treue nur Beſtändigkeit.

Lied.

Wie der Tag mir ſchleichet,
Ohne dich vollbracht!
Die Natur erbleichet,
Rings um mich wird's Nacht.
Ohne dich hüllt alles
Sich in Schwermuth ein,
Und zur öden Wüſte
Wird der grünſte Hain.

Kommt der Abend endlich
Ohne dich herab,
Lauf' ich bang und ſuche
Dich bergauf, bergab,
Hab' ich dich verloren,
Bleib' ich weinend ſteh'n,
Glaub', in Schmerz verſunken,
Langſam zu vergeh'n.

Wie ich ahnend zitt're,
Wann dein Tritt mir ſchallt!
Wann ich dich erblicke,
Wie das Blut mir wallt!
Oeffneſt du die Lippen,
Klopft mein ganzes Herz.
Deiner Hand Berühren
Reißt mich himmelwärts.

Glück und Unglück.

Erzählung.

Zwei Freunde, die ſich lange nicht geſeh'n,
Begegneten ſich einſt; (den Ort hab' ich vergeſſen).
Wie geht's? fragt' Einer — Wie ſoll's gehn?
Bald hoch, bald tief. Ich hab' indeſſen
Ein Weib genommen. — Nu! das haſt du gut gemacht —
Nicht gar zu gut. Zwar hat's im Schlafe
Zwei hundert Pfund mir eingebracht —
Zwei hundert Pfund ſind viel! — So gut wie nichts. Die Schafe,
Die ich dafür mir angeſchafft,
Hat eine Seuche weggerafft. —
Ey! das iſt ärgerlich. — So ſehr nicht! Woll' und Häute
Verkauft' ich, ſetzt' in's Lotto, und gewann
Zwei tauſend Pfund. — Fürwahr! das Glück neckt ſeine Leute.
Nun biſt du ja ein reicher Mann!
Nichts weniger. Das Haus, in dem mein theuer
Erworb'ner Mammon lag, ging — denke dir den Streich! —
Ging geſtern auf im Feuer — —
Das nenn' ich Unglück! — Oder Glück? das Feuer
Fraß Haus und — Weib zugleich.

Der Gratulant.

Der höfliche Kornar
Wünſcht euch, an jedem Tag der zwei und fünfzig Wochen
Im lieben, langen Jahr
Zu Allem Glück, der höfliche Kornar!
Und hättet ihr das Bein gebrochen,
Er wünſcht euch Glück, daß — es der Hals nicht war:
Der höfliche Kornar!

Die Eiferſucht.

Eiferſucht, der Liebe Hölle!
Elend, elend, wer dich fühlt.
Wem dein Dolch, getränkt mit Gifte,
Raſtlos in dem Buſen wühlt,

Wenn der Seele Tiefen zittern,
Wie die Fluthen in Gewittern;
Wenn kein Wort, kein Wort des Troſtes
Deiner Marter Gluthen kühlt,
Eiferſucht, der Liebe Hölle!
Elend, elend, wer dich fühlt!

Eiferſucht, der Liebe Himmel!
Selig, ſelig, wer dich fühlt!
Wenn ein Wort, ein Wort des Troſtes
Deiner Marter Gluthen kühlt;
Wenn der Reue Thräne fließet;
Wenn Verſöhnung uns umſchließet;
Und der Nektar ihres Kuſſes
Alle Spuren des Verdruſſes
Aus der Seele Tiefen ſpühlt;
Eiferſucht, der Liebe Himmel!
Selig, ſelig, wer dich fühlt!

Der künſtliche Blumenſtrauß.

Die Blumen, Daphne, die, zu deinem Feſte
Dein Hylas auf des Winters Fluren fand,
Entfalteten ſich nicht, gepflegt von Florens Hand,
Dem Lebenshauche lauer Weſte.
Doch ſchwindet auch ihr ſanfter Schimmer nicht
Mit eines Sommertages Wonne.
Sie blühen immer friſch — Dein Blick iſt ihre Sonne —
Und trotzen dem Geſchick, das ihre Schweſtern bricht.
So blüht der Kranz, den uns die Freundſchaft flicht,
Indeß der Liebe wilde Roſen
Ein Strahl verjüngt, ein Hauch verweht.
Er ſoll uns noch die weißen Schläfe ſchmücken,
Durch Götterduft uns noch erquicken,
Wann uns der Senſenſchwinger mäht.

Die Nachcur.

Epiſtel,

an den Prinzen A. v. S. G.

Verdauen, Prinz, iſt mehr werth, als Erfinden,
Und ſanfter Schlaf mehr, als Gelehrſamkeit.
Was hilft die Kunde der Vergangenheit,
Was hilft die Weisheit ſeiner Zeit,
Was hilft ein Saitenſpiel, von Phöbus ſelbſt geweiht,
Dem Manne, deſſen Kräfte ſchwinden,
Der Komus Freuden ängſtlich ſich verſagt,
Und, wie vor Schierling, ſich vor Evans Becher hütet,
Weil ihm ein Wurm, der gern in Lorbern brütet,
Hypochondrie, am Lebensfaden nagt?

O du, für deſſen unſchätzbare Tage
Die Menſchheit fleht, gebeugt im Staub,
Zum Himmel ruft: laß dich erweichen! Jage
Gemächlicher den Roſen nach! Der Raub,
So ſehr auch ſeine Flitterſeite blendet,
Lohnt oft des Athems nicht, den man um ihn verſchwendet.
Denk' an den Mann, den Schalkheit, Laune, Witz,
In jenem ſchönen Land, (einſt ihrem Lieblingsſitz!)
Zu ſeinem Landsmann Flaccus heben*)!
Den Wink, den er dir gab, als vom Beſtreben
Um Frauengunſt und Minneſold
Die Rede war; (gern ſäh' ich ihn in Sold)
„Die Schönen ſind ſo lang, und ach, ſo kurz — das Leben!" —

Wend' ihn auf die neun Schweſtern an!
Ja, länger ſind und waren keine Schönen.
Wer ihnen huldigt, muß, ſo lang er athmet, fröhnen,
Und hat, am Ende ſeiner Bahn,
In ihren Augen nichts, als — ſeine Pflicht gethan.

Mit ihnen, Jedwern gleich, die unter Blumen tändeln,
Zu ſcherzen, Prinz, iſt ſüß, doch weg mit Herzenshändeln!
Wen das Geſchick, wie dich, ſie zu beſchützen rief,
Der warte ſeines Amts! der ſinke nicht ſo tief,
An ihrem Altar ſelbſt zu dienen! —
Was thu' ich! Schlöſſe man aus meinem Ernſte nicht,
Ich warnte dich aus Eiferſucht vor ihnen?
Und doch iſt's nur der reinſten Ehrfurcht Pflicht,
Iſt's Freundſchaft nur, (verzeih' das Wort,) die aus mir ſpricht.
O, daß die Hoffnung erſt, die kaum durch Nebel bricht,
In hellen Mittag ſich verkläre!
O, daß erſt, gleich dem Lebensſaft
Der Eich' im Lenze, neue Kraft
In dein erſchöpftes Triebwerk wiederkehre.
Daß erſt dein blühendes Geſicht
Uns der Geſundheit Sieg verkünde!
Dann widerruf' ich und entbinde
Dich jauchzend jeder Krankenpflicht.

Wo ſtockt es noch? Dank, Lob' und Ehre
Sey deinem Aeſculap! Doch, wenn ich Sulzer wäre,
Ich ließe jetzt Hypocrates in Ruh,
Die Apotheke ſchlöſſ' ich zu,
Und Küch' und Keller auf. Du lächelſt des Phantaſten?
O, duldſam, wie du biſt, verſag' ihm nicht das Ohr!

Ich ſchriebe dir das ſtrengſte Seelenfaſten
Zur Nachkur, ſchriebe dir ein klöſterliches Raſten
Von Sorgen und Geſchäften vor.
Du pflegteſt, Domherrn gleich, bei immer frohem Muthe,
Vor allen Dingen deinen Bauch.
Das Werkzeug deiner Laune ruhte
Im trock'nen Tintenfaß, nach weiland Fürſtenbrauch.
Und, weil das Feuer deiner Rede ſich dem Blute
Schnell mittheilt, ſchränkteſt du auf karges Ja und Nein
Der Unterhaltung Zauber ein.
Du gäbſt den müßigſten Geſchwätzen,
Geſundheitsmärtyrer! dein Ohr am liebſten Preis,
Und ſuchteſt, deinen Geiſt zu letzen,
(Ja nicht aus Augenluſt!) der jüngſten Mädchen Kreis.
Selbſtleſen taucht den Kopf in Gluth, die Füß' in Eis.
Ein Neuling in der Kunſt zu leſen,
(Denn Ohrenkitzel ſelbſt verſpätet das Geneſen)
Erbaute dich mit Büchern meiner Wahl.
Zwar braucht's mein vidit nicht zu Zeitung und Journal;
Denn dieſe Labeſchriften ſtillen
Schlafloſigkeit und Krampf, trotz Opium und Pillen;
Doch läg' im ſiebenfachen Bann
Das Heer Aeſthetiker, Sprachforſcher, Philoſophen —
Poeten ſelbſt. Nur dann und wann
Gönnt' ich, zum Nachtiſch, dir, großmüthig, ein Paar Strophen
Aus Oberon, der bald von tiefem Spleen entladen,
Bald in die tiefſte Schwermuth wiegen kann;
Und zur Abkühlung, noch ein Tellerchen — Charaden.

Du ſiehſt, dein neuer Arzt iſt kein Tyrann.
Er weiß der Freuden mehr, die ſeinem Zweck nicht ſchaden.
Exempli gratia — Muſik? Sie erfriſcht das Blut,
Spannt jede Nerve, ſchlägt dem Herzen Wunden;
Zu lebhaft hab' ich's oft bei Orpheus Schlick*) empfunden.
Schach? Das verhüt' Apoll! Schach hat, aus Uebermuth,
Ein Schach, der nichts bedurft' — als Arbeit, einſt erfunden.
Nein, Prinz, nichts täuſcht ſo ſanft die Winterabendſtunden,
Nichts ſetzt allmächtiger den Grillen Maß und Ziel,
Als, — was der Schweſter Evens, was Pandoren,
Nebſt andern Meſſern in die Hand des Thoren,
Aus der verboten'en Schachtel fiel:
Als — frommes Kartenſpiel!
Doch frommt's nur dann, wenn, (zürnet nicht, ihr ſtrengen
Kunſtrichterchen, daß, allzukühn vielleicht,
Die Muſe Groß und Klein vergleicht!)
Wenn uns, nach Opernart, die Zeit bei'm Kartenmengen
So ſanft, als dort bei'm Ritornell, verſtreicht,
Und, wie dort Liedern und Geſängen
Verſtand und Intereſſe weicht,
Auch hier die Handlung unter Epiſoden ſchleicht,
Und zwiſchen jedes Blatt ſich Frag' und Antwort drängen.

O, möchteſt du mein Recipe,
Statt Pulver, Tropfen, Kräuterthee,
Geliebter Prinz, zur Probe, wagen!
Was gilt's! Nach wenig ausgeharrten Tagen
Erſchieneſt du (nicht bleich und abgezehrt,
Wie, bei der Faſten Schluß, Karthäuſer in den Metten:)
Nein, wie ein Abt, der blühend, wohlgenährt,
Vom Faſtnachtsſchmaus zur Aſchenweihe fährt.
Die Grazien und Scherz' und Amoretten
Umſchlängen dich mit Blumenketten,
Und feierten, durch Tanz und durch Geſang,
Den Prinzen, den, zu vieler Hülfe,
Hygea der Gefahr entſchwang,
Den Weiſen, der ſich ſelbſt bezwang,
Und den Triumph der langen Weile!

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*) Der Abbé Galiani in Neapel.

*) Violoncelliſt in des Prinzen Dienſten.

Kaspar Friedrich Gottſchalk

ward den 15. Juli 1772 zu Sondershauſen geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Erziehung und wurde 1793 an der herzoglich bernburgiſchen Kanzlei zu Ballenſtedt als Archivar angeſtellt. 1796 wurde er Kanzleiſecretär und fürſtlicher Handbibliothekar daſelbſt, wo er gegenwärtig als Aſſiſtenzrath noch lebt. Der König von Sachſen ehrte ſein Verdienſt durch Ertheilung des ſächſiſchen Civilverdienſtordens.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Wanderungen in einige Gegenden von Göttingen. Halle 1797.
Taſchenbuch für Reiſende in den Harz. Magdeburg 1806. Fernere Auflagen:
Die Bergſchlöſſer und Ritterburgen Deutſchlands. Halle 1810 — 1819. 7 Bde.
Das Chamounithal. Halle 1811.
Sagen und Volksmährchen der Deutſchen. Halle 1815. Erſtes Bändchen mit Kupfern.
Almanach der Ritterorden. Leipzig 1817 — 1819. 3 Abth.
Das Alexisbad. Halle 1819. Mit Dr. Kurze.

Ein in vielfacher Hinſicht verdienter Schriftſteller, welcher namentlich in ſeinem Werke über die Ritterburgen und Bergſchlöſſer Deutſchlands gründliche Forſchung mit anmuthiger und gefälliger Darſtellung verband, und ſich durch daſſelbe großen Beifall erwarb.

Die Bergſchlöſſer und Ritterburgen Deutſchlands.

Kynaſt.

Verdient je ein Theil Deutſchlands, daß man ihn bereiſe, ſo iſt es Schleſien. Man könnte es eine vollſtändige Encyklopädie des Sehenswerthen auf dem Erdboden nennen, wenn es im Beſitze eines glänzenden Hofes wäre, der durch die Werke der Kunſt, die nur in ſeinem Gefolge aufblühen, die Lücken füllte, welche hier noch zu finden ſind. Wer Schleſiens ſchöne Natur noch nicht erblickte, ſeines Rieſengebirges wilde Maſſen — über welchen Rübezahl einſt waltete — noch nicht durchſtrich, von den hohen Felſenzinnen dieſer gigantiſchen Bergkette noch nicht herabſah auf Landſchaften, welche unbeſchreiblich ſchöne Gemälde bilden, der kann auch nicht ſagen, daß er die ſchönſten Theile unſers immer kleiner werdenden Vaterlandes geſehen habe. Wer es aber bereiſte, der beſtieg auch gewiß die ſehenswerthen Ruinen der Burg Kynaſt, mit deren Beſchreibung und Geſchichte ich dieſe Gallerie deutſcher Burgen eröffnen will.

Drei Viertelſtunden von dem bekannten Badeorte Warmbrunn liegt das dem Grafen von Schafgotſch gehörige Dorf Hermsdorf. Es liegt dicht unter dem Berge, auf welchem die Ruinen des Kynaſts ſtehen; und wer dieſe beſteigen will, den führt der Weg erſt durch dieſes Dorf. Ueber der Thür eines Hauſes findet man hier eine große Tafel befeſtigt, mit den Worten:

> Wer den Kynaſt will beſchauen,
> Kann ſich hier mir anvertrauen.

Der Bewohner davon iſt nämlich der Geleitsmann der Fremden auf die alte Burg, und man muß ſich ſchon an ihn wenden, da er den Schlüſſel zu dem Häuschen vor den Ruinen, ſo wie zu der Stube im ehemaligen Wachtthurme hat, und zugleich der Wirth der Reiſenden auf der Burg iſt. Dies Aemtchen giebt ihm in Hermsdorf den glänzenden Titel eines Kommandanten des Kynaſts.

Mit ihm ſteigt man einen bequemen, eine halbe Stunde langen Weg — der im Jahre 1800, wo die Königin von Preußen den Kynaſt beſuchte, gemacht wurde — hinan. Wem er aber noch nicht bequem genug wäre, der kann ſich auch in Seſſeln, die zu dem Ende in Hermsdorf bereit ſtehen, hinauftragen laſſen. Auf dieſem Wege trifft man eine ſehenswerthe Naturmerkwürdigkeit an. Von über einander geſtürzten Granitblöcken wird nämlich eine Kluft gebildet, die „der hohle Stein" heißt. Wenn man ſich mit etwas Mühe durch ihren Eingang gedrängt hat, ſo kommt man, nach ungefähr dreißig Schritten, an einer andern Stelle des Berges wieder heraus. Das allmählige Entſchwinden des Tageslichts beim Hineingehen, wo man zuletzt ganz im Finſtern tappt, und das eben ſo allmählige Wiedererſcheinen deſſelben, je mehr man ſich dem Ausgange nähert, macht einen eben ſo ſeltenen als ſchönen Eindruck. Schon oft hat dieſe Höhle denen, die durch Uebermacht oder Unbilligkeit verfolgt wurden, in ältern und neuern Zeiten, zum ſichern Schlupfwinkel gedient; und noch im Jahre 1807 verbarg ſich eine Menge Soldaten des Freikorps des Prinzen von Anhalt-Pleß daſelbſt.

Von hier führt der Cicerone auf den „Wachtſtein," von welchem er erzählt, daß hier ſonſt eine Wache geſtanden habe, um die benachbarte Gegend zu überſehen, und Angriffe auf die Burg zu verrathen; und nun iſt man vor dem Thore nach der alten Veſte.

Das Aeußere derſelben, zu deren Befeſtigung die Natur ſchon ſo viel durch Felſengebirge und Steinklüfte mitgewirkt hat, beſtand aus zwei, durch hohe und ſtarke Mauern von einander abgeſonderten Baſteien, mehrern Rundelen und Streichwehren, und einem ſehr hohen Thurme. Im Innern befanden ſich eine vortreffliche Kapelle, die zur öffentlichen Andacht beſtimmt war, ein großes Wohnzimmer, vier kleinere Zimmer, neun Kammern, zwei Schüttböden, zwei Keller in Felſen gehauen, eine Küche, ein Backhaus, ein Stall für zwölf Pferde, ein Pulvermagazin, drei tiefe Brunnen und eine Waffen- oder Rüſtkammer, ein Garten, und ein Gefängniß über und eins unter der Erde. Von allem dieſem ſieht man jetzt nur die Ueberreſte, ſo wie auch eine ſteinerne Säule, an welcher die Arbeiter der Feſtung ſchwören mußten, nichts von ihrer innern Structur zu verrathen. Von den drei Brunnen giebt der eine noch Waſſer; der zweite iſt verſchüttet, und der dritte iſt ungefähr noch zwanzig Fuß tief. Ein Franzoſe, der im Jahr 1807 den Kynaſt allein beſuchte, fiel in dieſen, arbeitete ſich aber doch mit unſäglicher Mühe wieder heraus, ungeachtet der Brunnen oben trichterförmig zuläuft.

Nebſt der äußern geräumigen Terraſſe giebt es noch drei Hofräume oder freie Plätze im Innern des Schloſſes. In dieſes kommt man durch drei Thore. Die ſehr hohen Mauern, welche es umgeben, ſind ohne Dach, mit Bogen von Sandſtein oder mit Zinnen ausgezackt. Ein hoher, runder Thurm an der Südſeite krönt dieſe große Ruine, welche zum Theil mit Raſen bezogen und mit dazwiſchen aufgeſproßten Bäumen und Geſträuch umgrünt iſt. Habichte horſten in den Spalten, ob es gleich den ganzen Sommer hindurch von beſuchenden Fremden ſelten leer wird.

Auf dem innern Hofraum iſt zur Beluſtigung der Bauern aus den nahen Dörfern eine Kegelbahn angelegt worden, und jährlich wird noch einmal am Sonntage nach Pfingſten ein Pfefferkuchenmarkt, als Schatten eines ehemaligen Jahrmarkts, unter dieſen Mauern gehalten, welcher eine große Menge Landleute aus den umliegenden Dörfern zuſammenlockt.

Schön und über alle Beſchreibung herrlich iſt die Ausſicht von dieſer Höhe. Zwiſchen Morgen und Mittag zeigt ſich in einer maleriſchen Ebene, welche durch alle Reize holder Ländlichkeit entzückt, die Stadt Schmiedeberg. Das nahe in Süden unmittelbar anſteigende Rieſengebirge, auf welchem die Schneekoppe gleich einem Dome ruht, überraſcht dagegen wieder durch den Ernſt und die Größe ſeines Charakters. Nach dieſer Seite hin hört man ein dreifaches vortreffliches Echo. Gewöhnlich veranſtaltet der Kynaſt-Kommandant das Losbrennen eines Böllers, um es den Fremden hören zu laſſen; und wirklich ahmt es alsdann das ſtärkſte Rollen des Donners nach. Von Abend gegen Mitternacht ſieht man über Felder und Wieſen nach Greifenſtein, an deſſen rechter Seite der ſieben Meilen weit entfernte Grätzberg im Fürſtenthum Liegnitz ſich vorzüglich darſtellt. Auf dieſem ſtand vordem auch ein wichtiges Bergſchloß, deſſen Beſatzung es mit der auf dem Kynaſt verabredet hatte, ſich gegenſeitig von der Ankunft des Feindes oder andern Gefahren durch Feuerſignale Nachricht zu geben. Von Mitternacht gegen Morgen ſieht man die Städte Hirſchberg und Warmbrunn.

Eine kleine Hütte, am Eingange in die Burg erbaut, bewahrt einen großen Folianten, in den die Hiergeweſenen ihren Namen ſchreiben. Seltſam iſt es, als Titelblatt darin eine Handzeichnung zu ſehen, die den Kynaſt und ſeine Umgebungen vor der Sündfluth darſtellt.

Wahrſcheinlich hat der Berg Kynaſt von Kienbäumen oder Kiefern den Namen, vielleicht auch von einem ſolchen Baume, der wegen ſeiner vorzüglichen Höhe merkwürdig geweſen, und in den älteſten Zeiten da geſtanden haben ſoll, wo jetzt die Ruinen des Schloſſes ſtehen.

Ueber den Kynaſt gehen mehrere Legenden, welche durch Urkunden zu widerlegen oder zu beſtätigen die Mühe lohnte.

Zu dieſen gehören vorzüglich die Prophezeihungen des Predigers Dühm in dem benachbarten Obergeorgsdorf. Dieſer Mann wollte die Gabe beſitzen, aus der Konſtellation die Schickſale der Menſchen vorherzuſagen, wenn er die Stunde ihrer Geburt wüßte. Auf dieſe Kraft geſtützt, deutete er auch dem unglücklichen, hernach in Regensburg enthaupteten Grafen von Schafgotſch, Beſitzer vom Kynaſt, einen unnatürlichen Tod Jahre vorher an. Er that dies an dem Geburtstage des Grafen im Jahre 1634, zu deſſen Feier eine große Geſellſchaft auf dem Schloſſe Kynaſt verſammelt war. Der Saturn und der Mars hätten, ſagte er, bei der Geburt des Grafen in dem vierten Hauſe der Sonne eine gefährliche Oppoſition gehabt, und das deute auf einen gewaltſamen Tod durch ein kaltes Eiſen. Dabei gerieth der Prophet ſelbſt in ein ſo ernſtes Erſtaunen, daß er zu Gott betete, es zum Beſten des Grafen zu lenken. Der Graf hatte zum Glück das Geſellſchaftszimmer ſchon verlaſſen, hörte daher dieſe übel angebrachte Weisheitsäußerung nicht; aber die übrige Geſellſchaft, welche aus dem Glaſe Fröhlichkeit geſchlürft hatte, und ſich durch dieſe Worte verſtimmt fühlte, ſetzte den Herrn Paſtor derb darüber zur Rede. Beſonders erbittert war der Stallmeiſter des Grafen, welcher ſagte: „er ſolle nicht ſo albernes Zeug ſprechen, denn noch „wäre kein Fernglas geſchliffen, womit man in das Kabinet „der göttlichen Geheimniſſe ſehen könne,“ und drohte zugleich, dem Grafen Alles zu erzählen. Die Uebrigen baten ihn zwar, nicht Übel ärger zu machen; allein als ſie fort waren, er den Grafen auskleidete, und dieſer nach der Unterhaltung ſeiner Gäſte fragte, war er ſchwach genug, ihm Alles zu erzählen. Der Graf lachte über den Paſtor, ſchickte aber ſogleich allen Gäſten reitende Boten nach, mit dem Erſuchen, ſich morgen wieder bei ihm einzufinden. Er war nämlich Willens, den Propheten durch eine neue Aufgabe vor allen Gäſten aufs Glaſe zu ſtellen. Was geſchah? Als des andern Tages die Eingeladenen da waren, ließ er ein ſäugendes Lamm holen und ſagte zum Prediger Dühm, er habe von ſeiner Weiſſagungsgabe gehört, und wünſche davon einen Beweis zu erhalten. Hier wäre ein Lamm, er möchte ſo gut ſeyn, und dieſem die Nativität ſtellen. — Herr Dühm weigerte ſich zwar, und meinte, daß ein großer Unterſchied zwiſchen einem Thiere und einem Menſchen ſey; allein der Graf ließ nicht nach, in ihn zu dringen. Noch hätte der Prophet ſeine Tags zuvor gethane unüberlegte Aeußerung wieder gut machen und Unfähigkeit in dieſem Falle vorſchützen können, er wäre dann vielleicht ausgelacht, und das Ganze für einen Scherz gehalten worden; allein nicht alſo: er glaubte ſeinen Ruf begründen zu müſſen, und bat daher, man möchte den Schäfer der Heerde, von welcher dies Lamm ſei, kommen laſſen. Dieſen fragte er, in welcher Woche, an welchem Tage und in welcher Stunde das Lamm geboren ſei. Nach erhaltener Antwort machte er ſeine aſtronomiſchen Berechnungen, und ſagte dann: „dies Lamm wird der Wolf freſſen!“

Alle lachten laut auf. Der Graf gab aber ins Geheim Befehl, das Lamm gleich zu ſchlachten, und es ganz zu braten, ohne jedoch dem Koche die Urſache davon zu ſagen; und nun begab ſich, bis zum Mittagsbrod, die Geſellſchaft auf die Jagd.

Auf dem Schloſſe lief nun ſchon ſeit zehn Jahren ein zahmer Wolf herum. Er ging, wie ein Hund, allerwärts hin, und auch in die Küche, wo er jedoch nie etwas angerührt hatte, was ihm nicht vorgeworfen war, und wo er ſogar oft zum Drehen der Bratmaſchine gebraucht wurde. Zufällig kam er in die Küche, als das Lamm am Spieße ſtak und ſchon bald gebraten war; und da den Koch ein Geſchäft aus der Küche entfernt hatte, machte der Wolf ſich über den Lammsbraten her und fraß ihn rein auf. Dem Koch war es zwar ärgerlich, als er bei ſeiner Rückkehr nur noch die Reſte fand; er prügelte auch den Wolf tüchtig durch; da er aber die Wichtigkeit des Umſtandes nicht kannte, ſo glaubte er, daß bei der Menge der übrigen Gerichte der Braten nicht vermißt werden würde, und war getröſtet.

Die Jagdgeſellſchaft kam zurück, man ſetzte ſich fröhlich zur Tafel, ſcherzte mit dem Paſtor Dühm, und der Graf freute ſich ſchon auf den Augenblick, wo er ihm das gebratene Lamm werde vorzeigen können. Aber das Lamm blieb aus. Der Graf ließ ſich nach der Urſache erkundigen. Da trat der Mundkoch herein, warf ſich zu ſeines Herrn Füßen, und erzählte das Geſchehene zum Erſtaunen aller Anweſenden. Der Graf legte ruhig und mit den Worten ſein Meſſer auf den Tiſch: „Der Wille des Herrn geſchehe! Ich weiß, daß ich „jederzeit meinem Kaiſer treu gedient und des Landes Beſte „redlich geſucht habe! Herr du wirſt meine Unſchuld gewiß „an den Tag bringen!“ Er mußte ſich zu Bett begeben, da er ſich nicht wohl fühlte, und die Gäſte ſchlichen traurig nach Hauſe. Daß die Prophezeihung bald darauf an ihm wirklich in Erfüllung ging, wird nachher erzählt werden.

Eine weit ältere Sage aus der fabelhaften Vorzeit iſt die von der ſpröden und ſchönen Kunigunde. Im Taſchenbuche für Freunde des Rieſengebirges findet man ſie ſehr anziehend bearbeitet, woraus ich ſie, im Auszuge, hier wiedererzählen will.

Kunigunde, das einzige Kind eines der früheſten Beſitzer des Kynaſts, hatte von ihrem Vater, der mit dem Himmel haderte, daß er ihm keinen Sohn gegeben hatte, eine männliche Erziehung genoſſen. Wenn ſie recht wild umhertobte, mit den Waffen ſpielte, Pferde bändigte, mit ſeinen Reiſigen ſich unterhielt, liebkos'te er ſie am zärtlichſten. Sie liebte ihn aber auch höchſt innig, und war daher ganz untröſtlich, als er in der Trunkenheit mit dem Pferde in einen Abgrund ſtürzte, und an den Felſen den Kopf zerſchellte. Sie ließ den Entſeelten an dem faſt unzugänglichen Orte, wo er gefallen war, beerdigen, und machte es ſich nun zur Gewohnheit, täglich das Grab zu beſuchen. Ihre vorige Lebensart ſetzte ſie fort, nur daß ihre Wildheit noch rauher und düſterer war. Ihre Beſuche beim Grabe des Vaters nährten ihren Haß gegen die Felſen, welche ihr, wie ſie ſagte, ihren Vater geraubt hatten; und doch wollte ſie die Bergwohnung nicht verlaſſen, ob ſie gleich mehrere Burgen in fruchtbaren Thälern hatte. Sie ſchien ihren Aufenthalt zu lieben, weil ſie mit ihm zürnen konnte.

Nach ihres Vaters Tode fanden ſich eine Menge ſtattlicher Ritter ein, die alle um die Hand des reichen Fräuleins buhlten. Keiner erhielt aber eine entſcheidende Antwort, und keiner wußte woran er war, bis ſie endlich erklärte, daß ſie ſich alle auf den nächſten Gertrudstag einfinden möchten, um das Ultimatum aus ihrem Munde zu hören. Der Tag erſchien, und auf Kynaſt wimmelte es von Freiern, denn die ſonderbare Beſtellung Aller auf Einen Tag hatte auch Manchen aus bloßer Neugier herbeigeführt. An einer köſtlich beſetzten Tafel wurde wacker gezecht, und durch das Oel der Traube die Flamme der Hoffnung bei Allen lichterloh erhalten. Schon nahete der Abend, und noch hatte Kunigunde ihrer Erklärung nicht erwähnt. Mancher, durch den edeln Wein begeiſtert, ſtürmte auf ſie ein, aber vergebens. Endlich fuhr ſie, wie aus dem Traum erwachend, von der Tafel auf, und rief: „Nun iſts Zeit, die ſo trotzig geforderten Bedingungen meiner Liebe und meiner Hand zu offenbaren. Wer ſie hören will, folge mir.“

Sie lief hinab in den Burghof, und das Freierheer folgte tobend nach. Sie trat aus dem Schloßthor, und eilte nun, auf einem neu gebahnten Wege, bei Fackelſchein, zum Grabe ihres Vaters, wohin ihr die Menge nachtaumelte. Als ſie angelangt war, riß ſie dem Pater das Kruzifix aus der Hand, hob es in die Höhe, und rief nun begeiſtert aus: „Hier ruht der Einzige, den ich liebte. Hier ſchwör' ichs, keinen zu lieben, keinen zu ehelichen, der nicht im ritterlichen Harniſch, zu Roſſe ſitzend, den obern Rand der Burgmauer umreitet, und ſo den Felſen trotzt, die mit meines Vaters Blute gefärbt ſind!“

So ſprach ſie, wünſchte den Gäſten eine gute Nacht, und ließ ſie fluchend, lachend, murmelnd und ſchweigend ſtehen.

Das Gerücht von der ſonderbaren Heirathsbedingung verbreitete ſich bald weit umher. So gefahrvoll es aber auch war, ſie einzugehen, ſo gab es doch Wagehälſe, die ihr Glück verſuchen wollten. Um aber bloße Neugierige von ſich abzuhalten, hatte Kunigunde am Wege auf den Berg eine Wache poſtirt, welche jeden Ritter von der Bedingung, und der damit verknüpften Gefahr unterrichten mußte. Wenn dieſer nun verſprach, ſich ihr zu fügen, ſo wurde er hinauf bis zur Burg geleitet, dem Fräulein vorgeſtellt, durfte in ihrer Geſellſchaft einen Tag ausruhen, und mußte dann, unter folgenden Ceremonien, das Abentheuer beſtehen. Im Hofe beſtieg er, unter dem Schalle der Trommete und dem Brüllen einiger Donnerbüchſen, das Roß; Kunigunde ſah aus dem Erker auf ihn nieder, wiederholte ihre Verſicherung, und wünſchte ihm Glück. Er verſprach ihr die Erfüllung der Bedingung, und nun ritt er, von ſeinem weinenden Gefolge begleitet, über die Zugbrücke und auf die Mauer. Die Trommeten blieben auf ihren Poſten, die Büchſen wurden wieder geladen, um den Ritter, welcher die Aufgabe glücklich löſen werde, glorreich zu empfangen; aber nie ertönten ſie zum zweiten Male, denn in den Abgrund hinab ſtürzten alle die Unglücklichen, die ſich durch Eitelkeit oder Habſucht zu dem Wageſtück entſchloſſen hatten.

Groß war die Zahl derer, die auf ſolche Art ihren Tod fanden und ein trauriges Opfer einer unmenſchlichen Bedingung wurden. Weit umher verbreitete ſich die Kunde davon, und nach und nach wurde es auf Kynaſt ſtill und leer, denn jeden ſchreckte das Beiſpiel ſeiner Vorgänger zurück. Kunigundens Muth darüber ſtieg von Woche zu Woche, aber die Landleute umher freueten ſich, daß die Ritter endlich einmal klug geworden wären, und ſich nicht mehr [illegible] in ihr Verderben ſtürzten.

So verging eine lange, lange Zeit, als plötzlich ein ſtattlicher Ritter, von einem einzigen Knappen begleitet, den Berg heraufgeſprengt kam. Die fahrläſſig gewordenen Knechte am Wege fuhren ob der ungewohnten Erſcheinung erſchrocken durch einander, wollten ſich in Eil ordnen und den Ankommenden prüfen, aber ein trotziges: „Fort ihr Knechte“ entwaffnete ihren Muth. Sie ließen ihn durch, ſahen ihm verwundernd nach, ſahen ſich erſtaunt an, und meinten, daß das nicht gut für ſie ablaufen werde.

Kunigunde lachte laut auf, als man ihr meldete, daß ſich wieder ein Ritter eingefunden habe, und ſprang voll ſtolzer Freude ans Fenſter. Aber eine nie gefühlte Empfindung bemächtigte ſich ihrer. Mit ſteigender Aufmerkſamkeit, mit einer ihr ſonſt gar nicht eigenen Verwirrung, betrachtete ſie des ſchönen Fremdlings majeſtätvollen Anſtand und ſein ſchönes blaues Auge, das feſt und ſicher zu ihr hinaufblickte. Ehe ſie es glaubte, trat er ſchon in ihr Zimmer, grüßte ſie höflich, und ſie verneigte ſich unwillkührlich tiefer als je vor einem ſeines Gleichen.

„Fräulein,“ ſo redete er ſie an, „ich kenne die Aufgabe, die Ihr der ganzen Ritterſchaft gemacht habt. Wenn mir das Glück wohl will, ſo bin ich der Letzte, der das Abentheuer beſteht!“

Er betrug ſich von dieſem Augenblicke an mit einer edeln Unbefangenheit, ſprach über vielerlei Gegenſtände ſo eindringend, ſo räthſelhaft, ſo entſchieden und zuverſichtlich, daß Kunigunde es gar nicht wagte, ihn, ſo wie andere ſeiner Vorgänger, auf die gewohnte Manier zu behandeln. Alles, was er ſagte, klang ihr neu und reizend. Sein ſtolzer Trotz beleidigte ſie nicht, ſeine gefühlvollen Schilderungen weckten fremde Empfindungen in ihr, aber ſeine ganze Art, ſich zu benehmen und ſie zu behandeln, machte ſie verlegen, und ließ ſie fühlen, daß ſie eine alberne Rolle ſpiele.

Indem ſie dies entdeckte, fiel ihr zugleich ein, daß ſie noch gar nicht wiſſe, wer der Fremde ſei. Gewohnt, hiervon immer ſchon vor der Ankunft jedes Ritters unterrichtet zu ſein, ergrimmte ſie heftig über dieſe Nachläſſigkeit ihrer Diener. Sie verließ das Zimmer plötzlich, jenes zu erfragen und dieſe auszuſchelten. Aber kein Menſch wußte ihr befriedigende Antwort zu ertheilen, und der Knappe des fremden Ritters war in ſeinen Antworten ſo lakoniſch und räthſelhaft, daß ſie ihm voll Aerger eine Ohrfeige gab und nach dem Zimmer zurücklief, um von dem Unbekannten ſelbſt den Namen zu erfragen. Sie wollte dies mit Ernſt und Strenge thun; aber des Ritters neues Benehmen entwaffnete ſie. Er hatte in ihrer Abweſenheit eine Laute ergriffen, auf welcher er eben phantaſirte, als ſie haſtig eintrat. Die ſanften Töne, durch welche fremde, wohlthuende Empfindungen auf ſie einſtrömten, erweichten ihr ganzes Weſen. Der Zorn wich von ihrer Stirn. Sie ſetzte ſich mit niedergeſenktem Blick dem Ritter gegenüber, der ihr mit männlich ſchöner Stimme ein Lied verſang, deſſen Inhalt ſo mächtig auf ſie wirkte, daß ſie die Thränen nicht verbergen konnte.

So verging der Tag; und als die Nacht einbrach, verließ der Ritter das Zimmer mit der Nachricht, daß er morgen in aller Früh die Burg auf der Mauer umreiten werde. Mit ängſtlichem Herzklopfen hörte es Kunigunde, ſuchte Aufſchub zu bewirken, und wünſchte, daß der Ritter davon abſtehen möchte; aber er blieb bei ſeinem Vorſatze.

Mit dem Gefühl einer erwachenden Liebe und der Qual eines gebändigten Stolzes blieb Kunigunde allein. Sie warf ſich auf ihr Lager; aber kein Schlaf erquickte ſie, und erſt nach längſt gewichener Mitternacht verſank ſie in einen von wilden Träumen begleiteten Schlummer.

Beim erſten Anbrechen des Tages ließ ſich der fremde Knappe das Thor öffnen und lief auf die Mauer. Und als der Himmel im Oſten ſich röthete, alle Gegenſtände deutlich zu erkennen waren, ging er in den Burghof zurück, und zog die Roſſe aus dem Stalle. Da kam der fremde Ritter in leichter Kleidung die Treppe herab, umarmte den Knappen, ſchwang ſich auf ſein Pferd, und ritt ſtolz zum Thor hinaus.

„Nun mache Alles im Schloſſe wach,“ rief der Knappe dem zitternden Thorwächter zu, „aber laß niemanden der Mauer ſich nähern.“

Bis an den Aufgang der Mauer begleitete der Knappe ſeinen Herrn. Mit einem freundlichen Blick auf ihn ritt dieſer hinauf, hob die Füße aus den Bügeln, und ließ nachläſſig auf den Hals des Pferdes die Zügel hängen. Sichern Trittes ging es auf dem ſchmalen Pfade. Ruhig blickte der Ritter in das gräßliche Thal, wo noch finſtere Nacht war. Im Oſten ſprang die Sonne herauf, die Lerche erhob ſich; aber er ſah weder Sonne noch Lerche: nur auf den neben der Mauer hergehenden Knappen blickte er bisweilen freundlich hin.

Unterdeſſen war Alles im Schloſſe wach geworden, und lief ängſtlich und verwirrt durch einander. Kunigunde war auch erwacht. Kaum hörte ſie, daß der Ritter auf der Mauer ſei, als ſie ein fieberhafter Schauder ergriff. „Er iſt todt!“ ſchrie ſie, und flog hinab in den Burghof. „Wo iſt ſein Leichnam?“ Niemand antwortete, Alle ſtanden mit gefalteten Händen.

Als nun das ängſtigende Gefühl Aller den höchſten Grad erreicht hatte, ſiehe, da ſchwebte der Ritter auf ſeinem mit Schweiß bedeckten Roſſe um die Ecke des an das andere Ende der Mauer ſtoßenden Gebäudes und näherte ſich dem Ende des furchtbaren Pfades. Kunigunde war einer Ohnmacht nahe, als er wohlbehalten von der Mauer herabritt und vom Pferde ſtieg. Die Knechte ergriff die lauteſte Freude; ſie jubelten, ſchrieen und tanzten. Auf dem Hofe ſchmetterten Trompeten, und das Geſchütz donnerte es über die ganze Gegend hin, daß der Sieg errungen ſei.

„Huldigt Eurem Herrn!“ ſchrie Kunigunde, und wankte auf den Ritter los. „Ihr habt die Bedingungen erfüllt, edler Ritter,“ ſprach ſie; „Ihr habt den Geiſt meines Vaters verſöhnt. Ich übergebe Euch dieſe Burg und ihr Gebiet, und bin bereit, Euch Gemahl zu nennen.“ Aufs neue ſchmetterten die Trompeten.

Mit Hoheit und Adel erwiederte der Ritter in ernſtem Tone: „Fräulein, der ſchreckliche Zauber iſt gelöſt, der ſo vielen Edeln das Leben koſtete. Ich freue mich, Eurem Stolze und Eurer Grauſamkeit Grenzen geſetzt zu haben, und danke Gott für ſeinen mir geleiſteten Schutz dabei. Fluch und ewige Schande dem, der nach mir das Wageſtück nochmals beginnen wollte. Dies laut zu erklären, daß es durch alle Länder ſchalle, war der einzige Zweck meiner Erſcheinung auf dieſer Burg. Seit einem Jahre iſt dieſes Roß geübt worden, auf ſchmalen Pfaden zu gehen, und es war nicht das erſte Mal, daß das edle Thier auf einem ſolchen Pfade ging; aber es war das letzte Mal. Und du, die du mit unmenſchlichem Herzen das Loos des Verderbens über ſo viele unglückliche Jünglinge warfſt, kehre zurück, laß das Gefühl der Natur und der Menſchlichkeit in deinem Herzen erwachen. Verabſcheuung und Fluch der ſtolzen Kunigunde, Ehre und Freundſchaft der fühlenden, der freundlichen. Zerſchlage die Rinde, die Dein Herz umgab, wecke Gefühle, die dem Weibe ziemen. Werde Weib und Gattin, und erſetze der Welt die Leben, die dein Stolz opferte.“

„Ich kann dein Gatte nicht werden. Ich bin — Adalbert, Landgraf von Thüringen, den ſchon das edelſte Weib liebt; aber ich beſchwöre Euch, ſchenkt Euch der Welt und der Menſchheit wieder. Und wollt Ihr einen Gehülfen in Eurem ſchönen Beginnen, ſo wählt meinen Freund, dieſen Knappen, den biedern Hugo von Erbach.“

„Ihr aber, die Ihr voll Staunen mich umringt, Ihr Zeugen des grauſamſten Frevels, ſeid auch Zeugen der Reue und Beſſerung. Gehorcht Eurer Gebieterin; aber bedenkt ſtets, daß man Gott mehr als dem Menſchen gehorchen müſſe.“

„Und nun lebt wohl, Fräulein! Verzeiht die Demüthigung, Ihr habt ſie aber verdient. Wenn die Sichel des Mondes erſcheint, kehrt mein Freund zurück, um Zeuge und vielleicht Theilnehmer Eurer veränderten Geſinnungen zu ſein. Lebt wohl.“ Er ſchwang ſich auf ſein Roß, und ritt mit ſeinem Knappen den Berg hinab.

Kunigunde wurde ohnmächtig in ihr Gemach getragen. Sie lag acht Tage krank darnieder; dann betete und faſtete ſie in dumpfer Betäubung. Am Ende der vierten Woche erſchien Ritter Hugo von Erbach mit einem glänzenden Gefolge vor dem Thore Kynaſts. Kunigunde wurde ſeine Gattin. Die gefährliche Mauer ward abgebrochen, und für die Seelen der Geopferten ſtiftete ſie reichliche Meſſen. Die Liebe Hugo's und die Freundſchaft Adalberts milderten Kunigundens Reue, und ihr letztes Wort an ihre Kinder war die Bitte, nicht durch Trotz gegen die Natur Blutſchulden auf ſich und die Menſchheit zu laden.

Wenn man auf den Kynaſt kommt, ſo bringen gewöhnlich die Kinder des Kommandanten ein ungeſtaltetes hölzernes weibliches Bruſtbild, mit Igelborſten ſtatt der Haare. Dies ſoll die ſchöne Kunigunde vorſtellen, die man zu küſſen von ihnen eingeladen wird, oder ſich durch ein Geſchenk von dem Kuſſe befreien muß.

Jetzt zur Geſchichte des Schloſſes. Der ſchleſiſche Fürſt Bolko I., Herzog von Schweidnitz, mit dem verdienten Zunamen „der Streitbare,“ erbaute im Jahre 1292 Kynaſt, dieſe in vorigen Zeiten wichtige Feſtung, auf der Höhe des Kynaſtberges, worauf noch vierzehn Jahre früher ein Jagdhaus ſtand. Bald nach vollendetem Bau, 1301, ſtarb er, und wurde im Kloſter Grüſſau beerdigt. Sein Enkel Bolko II. war Erbe der großväterlichen Burg, und hatte eine Erzherzogin von Oeſterreich zur Gemahlin. Da er in einer kinderloſen Ehe lebte, ſo vermachte er Kaiſer Karl IV. ſeine beiden abſchaliſchen Fürſtenthümer Schweidnitz und Jauer, unter der Bedingung, daß, wenn er ohne leibliche Erben ſterben ſollte, ſeine Gemahlin bis an ihr Ende Regentin bliebe. Er ſtarb ohne Erben im Jahre 1368, und ſeine Gemahlin vierundzwanzig Jahre nach ihm. Sein vertrauteſter Freund, Liebling und zugleich Waffenträger war Gotthard Schof, gewöhnlicher Gotſche-Schof genannt. Dieſem ſchenkte er aus Dankbarkeit für die ihm geleiſteten Dienſte das Schloß Kynaſt nebſt den umliegenden Dörfern.

Im Jahre 1377 begleitete dieſer den Kaiſer Karl IV. in einem ſeiner Feldzüge, und bewies ſeinen Heldenmuth auf eine ausgezeichnete Art bei der Belagerung der Stadt Erfurt. Der Kaiſer, Augenzeuge ſeiner Tapferkeit, reichte ihm zum Beweiſe des Dankes und ſeiner Zufriedenheit die Hand. Gotthard Schof, deſſen Rechte mit Blut beſchmutzt war, wollte ſie nicht ſo dem Kaiſer hinreichen, konnte ſie aber auch ſogleich nicht anders reinigen, als daß er ſie an den Küraß abwiſchte, wodurch vier blutige Streifen auf deſſen blanker Fläche entſtanden. Als ihn nun Karl zum Ritter ſchlug, erhielt er in ſein Wappen vier rothe Streifen zum ruhmvollen Andenken an dieſen Tag. Dieſe Standeserhöhung war aber kein bloßer Titel. Karl gab ihm auch noch als Eigenthum die um den Kynaſt herum gelegenen Städte Friedeberg und Greifenberg, das Schloß Greifenſtein und die dazu gehörigen Dorfſchaften. Seinen Nachkommen blieb ſein Name in ſo rühmlichem Andenken, daß ſie ſeinen Taufnamen Gotſche (d. i. Gotthard) ihrem Geſchlechtsnamen beifügten und ſich ſeit der Zeit Schaffgotſch ſchrieben.

Kynaſt gehört unter die Zahl derjenigen Burgen, welchen die militäriſche Sprache das Beiwort „jungfräulich“ giebt. Selbſt die Huſſiten, unter deren Streichen ſo manche Burg ſank, mußten im Jahre 1426 eine langwierige Belagerung derſelben unverrichteter Sache aufheben. Dies jungfräuliche Vorrecht wurde hier in älteſten Zeiten den Fremden dadurch kund gemacht, daß ſie an die oben erwähnte ſteinerne Säule durch ein Halseiſen gefeſſelt, und ſo, wie man es nannte, mit der Burg vermählt wurden. Was aber menſchlicher Kraft und Kunſt unmöglich war, das zerſtörte ein Blitzſtrahl in wenigen Stunden. Am 31ſten Auguſt 1674 war es, wo der Blitz in den vorzüglich hohen und ſchönen Thurm, an welchem ſich eine Uhr befand, fuhr. Er zündete zugleich alle Gebäude an, und binnen zwei Stunden waren ſie, nebſt den darin befindlichen Koſtbarkeiten und den Documenten, durch welche die Geſchichte dieſer Burg außer Zweifel zu ſetzen wäre, in Aſche verwandelt. Das Unglück war um ſo größer, da gerade damals ein großer Theil der reichen Gebirgsbewohner, aus Furcht vor den Schweden, welche in die Mark Brandenburg eingefallen waren, ihre beſten Sachen auf den Kynaſt in Sicherheit gebracht hatten, und dies alles die Flammen ihnen verzehrten. In ein Gewölbe, das mit ſieben großen Pulverfäſſern angefüllt war, drang jedoch die wilde Gluth nicht. Die eiſerne Thür deſſelben war zwar ſchon glühend, die Reifen der Fäſſer, welche der Thür zunächſt waren, ſchon ſchwarz, aber dennoch blieben ſie verſchont. Wäre dieſer Pulvervorrath aufgeſchlagen, ſo würden wir jetzt nur noch wenige Spuren dieſes Schloſſes finden können.

Zum Schluſſe will ich nun noch die merkwürdige Enthauptungsgeſchichte des Grafen von Schaffgotſch, die Erfüllung der oben erwähnten Weiſſagung, mittheilen.

Hans Ulrich Graf von Schaffgotſch, dem ſeine Freunde und Untergebenen den Ruhm einer wahren ungeheuchelten Frömmigkeit, und ſelbſt ſeine Feinde das Lob der Rechtſchaffenheit geben mußten, wurde am 25ſten Junius 1635 nach Regensburg gefordert, um ſich vor den Reichsſtänden wegen einiger Punkte zu verantworten oder zu entſchuldigen, und wegen der Verwaltung ſeines Amts (er war General der kaiſerlichen Truppen in Schleſien) Rechenſchaft zu geben. Seine Freunde baten ihn mit Thränen, ſeiner zu ſchonen, und wollten ihn von der Reiſe zurückhalten; aber er reiſte doch. Kaum war er in Regensburg angelangt, ſo beſetzte ein Dragonerhauptmann mit zwanzig Mann ſeine Wohnung, kündigte ihm Arreſt an, und forderte im Namen des Kaiſers Ferdinand II. ihm den Degen ab, den er ihm aber mit den Worten verweigerte: „Ich habe ihn immer rühmlich geführt, habe ihn „aus des Kaiſers Händen empfangen, und werde ihn keinem „Kapitain übergeben!“ Bald darauf kam ein Oberſter, dem er ihn überreichte. Tags darauf führte man den Grafen aufs Rathhaus, und legte ihm folgende drei Fragen vor: Ob er nicht mit dem Feinde ſeiner Majeſtät nach Schweden geheime Korreſpondenz gehalten? Ob er nicht die an das in Ungarn zu verſorgen habende Detaſchement zu zahlenden Gelder unterſchlagen habe, um dadurch die Soldaten zu einer Revolte zu bringen? Ob er nicht ſeine lutheriſchen Unterthanen in Schleſien aufgewiegelt habe, ſich zuſammen zu rotten und die Katholiken zu vertilgen? — „Das Erſte,“ erwiederte er, „habe ich nie im Sinne gehabt; an das Zweite nie gedacht; das Dritte darf ich nicht erſt widerlegen, weil meine katholiſchen Bedienten wiſſen, daß dies nicht iſt.“ Man legte ihm falſche untergeſchobene Briefe vor, die er geſchrieben haben ſollte, woraus man ihm den Hochverrath beweiſen wollte. „Wer dieſe geſchrieben,“ ſagte er ganz gelaſſen, „mag den Inhalt vor Gott verantworten.“ Er wurde öfters wegen der genannten drei Punkte befragt, da er aber immer bei ſeiner vorigen Antwort blieb, ſo ſchickte man ihm den Scharfrichter zu, welcher ihn mit der Tortur bedrohen mußte. Nach einer harten Tortur, wodurch man aber auch nicht ein Wort erzwingen konnte, welches ihn etwa verdächtig gemacht hätte, kamen am 20ſten Julius der Obriſt Teufel und der Oberauditeur Götze von Wien zurück, welche dem Kaiſer von dem Verlauf der ganzen Sache Nachricht gegeben und ihm die Prozeßakten vorgelegt hatten. Am 21ſten Julius kamen einige Offiziers zu ihm aufs Rathhaus in ſein Zimmer, entſchuldigten ſich mit bebender Stimme, daß ſie ihm die traurige Nachricht brächten, daß er auf kaiſerlichen Befehl ſterben ſolle. „Ich weiß,“ ſagte er, „daß „mein Blut ſchon lange eingeſchenkt iſt; es darf nur getrunken „werden! So gern ich ſterbe, und lieber Unrecht leiden als „Unrecht thun will, ſo jammern mich doch meine Kinder. „Ich bitte nun um einen Prediger, mit dem ich mich unterreden kann.“ Nach einer rührenden Unterhaltung fragten ihn die Abgeordneten: ob er in dieſem Zimmer ſterben wolle; man würde ihm dies nicht abſchlagen! Er ſagte: „Ich habe „ſo gelebt, daß dieſer Schimpf und Spott zwar groß, mein „Gewiſſen aber doch rein iſt; und wenn ich das für Gnade „halten ſoll, ſo bleibe es lieber bei der Ungnade! Ich will „lieber unter meines Gottes freiem Himmel ſterben, als im „Dunkeln hingerichtet werden!“ Die Abgeordneten und alle anweſenden Offiziere entfernten ſich und nahmen mit vielen Thränen von ihm Abſchied. Er wurde nie traurig, nur wenn er an ſeine Kinder gedachte. Nun kam der Superintendent M. Lenz zu ihm, der ſich lange mit ihm unterhielt. Gleich nach ihm kamen mehrere Jeſuiten, und ließen Herrn Lenz gehen. Sie blieben drei Stunden beim Grafen, redeten ihn hart an, und disputirten mit ihm. Er ließ während dieſem Geſpräch mit ihnen eine Bibel holen, worauf ſie ihn ſogleich verließen. An dieſem Tage durfte Lenz beim Grafen nicht vorgelaſſen werden. Aber am 22ſten Julius kam er und noch ein Prediger zu ihm, wo er mit der größten Andacht bei offenen Thüren beichtete und das heilige Abendmahl empfing, ſo daß er ſelbſt vor den lauten Thränen und Klagen der Anweſenden kaum ſprechen konnte. Nachdem die Geiſtlichen ihn verlaſſen hatten, ſchrieb er noch mehrere Abſchiedsbriefe an die Seinigen, vertheilte ſeine Sachen unter die Bedienten, ließ ſich den Sarg machen und bereitete ſich zum Tode. Er brachte die letzte Nacht mit Gebet zu. Früh am 23ſten Julius beſuchten ihn noch einmal die Geiſtlichen, die er nach Verſicherung des herzlichſten Danks mit den Worten entließ: „ich habe nun durch „Gott einen ſolchen Troſt gefaßt, daß ich weiter keines Troſtes „mehr bedarf!“ Ein Offizier forderte ihn zur Richtſtätte. Mit gelaſſenem Muthe und bewundernswürdiger Standhaftigkeit ging er mit ihm vom Rathhauſe und wurde auf den Platz zur Heide gebracht, wo in dem Gaſthofe, zum Kreuz genannt, Standrecht über ihn gehalten und er dann zur Bühne auf einem Wagen geführt wurde. Es traten einige Jeſuiten zu ihm, die ihn mit ihrer Fürſprache aber ſo beunruhigten, daß er ſie gehen hieß. Er ſtieg mit heiterer Miene ab und die Bühne hinauf, wo er auf das Tuch kniete, welches er ſich ſelbſt hatte ausbreiten laſſen, und betete. Er ſtand auf, ſegnete ſeine Kinder, ſeine Freunde, ſeine Bedienten, und zuletzt alle ſeine Unterthanen mit der herzlichſten Rührung. Darauf wandte er ſich zum Oberſten, zum Auditeur und den Beiſitzern, und fragte zum erſten Mal: „Weil ich ſterben ſoll, ſo mag „man mir doch vor Gott und aller Welt ſagen, welches die „Urſache meines Todes ſei, damit nicht jemand meinen dürfe, „ich ſtürbe als ein Dieb oder Uebelthäter!“ Der Richter gab ihm zur Antwort: Wir thun, was uns der Römiſche Kaiſer befiehlt! Er fragte zum zweitenmal nach der Urſache ſeines Todes, und erhielt die vorige Antwort. Da er die Frage zum drittenmal wiederholte, ließ man die Trommeln rühren, um nicht mehr zu hören, was er ſprach.

Nachdem ihm ſein Kammerdiener den Oberrock ausgezogen und die Haare mit einem weißen Tuche hinaufgebunden hatte, ſagte er: „nun ſo will ich mich hierher ſetzen, um meines Gottes Willen, dem ich mich mit Leib und Seele übergeben habe, „und in Geduld ſeiner erwarten!“ Er ſetzte ſich auf den für ihn bereiteten Stuhl nieder, wo ihm durch den Scharfrichter der Kopf abgeſchlagen wurde. Einige ſeiner Bedienten nahmen den Körper von dem Stuhle herunter, fielen nieder und beteten, legten ihn und den Kopf in den Sarg, und trugen ihn in Gegenwart vieler tauſend Zuſchauer in ſein Zimmer. Noch an dieſem Tage wurde er ohne alle Ceremonie auf den Kirchhofe zur heiligen Dreifaltigkeit in ein gewölbtes Grab geſetzt, welches er ſich ſelbſt hatte machen laſſen, wohin ihn eine Menge Volks begleitete, die vor dem Sarge niederknieten und ſeinen Tod beweinten. Sein Leichnam wurde nicht abgewaſchen, weil er dies ſelbſt nicht haben wollte, ſondern geſagt hatte: ich will ſo, wie ich nach meinem Tode ſeyn werde, vor dem Richterſtuhl Chriſti erſcheinen.

Dies iſt die wahre Darſtellung einer Begebenheit, welche ein immerwährendes Denkmal und merkwürdiges Beiſpiel des Religionshaſſes und Verfolgungsgeiſtes der Jeſuiten bleiben wird. Denn nicht wegen einer geheimen Verſchwörung gegen den Kaiſer und einer Korreſpondenz mit dem Könige von Schweden wurde der unſchuldige Graf hingerichtet, ſondern aus Religionshaß der Jeſuiten.

Zu Hermsdorf unterm Kynaſt wird das Schwerdt, mit welchem er hingerichtet worden iſt, noch aufbewahrt, aber nicht gezeigt.

B.

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Abbildungen von den Ruinen des Kynaſts befinden ſich in folgenden Werken:

1) In den maleriſchen Wanderungen durch das Rieſengebirge in Schleſien, von Reitze. Weimar 1806 (10 Rthlr.) Zwei Blätter in Querfolio ſtellen den Eingang des Schloſſes und die Anſicht der Ruinen von der Südſeite dar. Sie ſind in Aquatinta von Rothe, Ebert und Häſel brav gearbeitet, und auch einzeln ohne den Text zu haben.

2) Im Taſchenbuche für Freunde des Rieſengebirges ſind zwei kleine Abbildungen in 8., jedoch von keinem großen Werthe.

3) Im Magazin der neueſten Reiſebeſchreibungen in Auszügen, Bd. 2. S. 214. Berlin 1803, iſt ebenfalls eine Abbildung in 8.

4) Im erſten Hefte der maleriſchen Reiſe durch Schleſien, welche, der Ankündigung des Buchhändlers Salfeld in Berlin zu Folge, in dieſem Jahre noch erſcheinen ſoll, wird ſich auch eine Abbildung, 9½ Zoll hoch, 1 Fuß 3 Zoll breit, befinden.

Bei Bearbeitung des Vorſtehenden habe ich benutzt: Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe durch einen Theil des ſchleſiſchen Gebirgs und der Grafſchaft Glatz. Breslau 1793. 8. — Reiſe durch Schleſien im Jahr 1801. 1ſter Bd. Berlin 1804. 8. — Das Rieſengebirge, von Hoſer. Wien, 2ter Bd. 1804. 8. — Morgenblatt, 200ſtes St. 1809. — Der Wintergarten von Arnim. Berlin 1809. 8.

Johann Chriſtoph Gottſched,

der ſelbſt in ſeinen Abgeſchmacktheiten verehrungswürdige Begründer einer neuen Epoche der deutſchen Literatur, ward den 2. Februar 1700 zu Juditenkirch in Preußen geboren und zuerſt von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Prediger, wiſſenſchaftlich und moraliſch gebildet. Um Theologie zu ſtudiren ging er 1714 nach Königsberg, wandte ſich aber dort bald der Philoſophie und den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu, wurde 1723 Magiſter und, um dem Militairdienſt zu entgehen, 1724 Erzieher der Kinder des berühmten Polyhiſtor Menke in Leipzig. Nachdem er hier mit Beifall die Humaniora öffentlich gelehrt, 1729 Senior der dortigen poetiſchen Geſellſchaft geworden war und auf einer Reiſe in ſein Vaterland die Bekanntſchaft ſeiner nachmaligen Gattin und der berühmteſten Gelehrten des Nordens gemacht hatte, wurde er 1730 außerordentlicher und 1734 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Logik und Metaphyſik daſelbſt. Er ſtarb als Decemvir der Univerſität, Senior der philoſophiſchen Facultät und des Fürſtencollegiums und Mitglied mehrerer auswärtiger Akademien den 12. December 1766. — Ein impoſantes und ſchönes Aeußere, raſtloſe Thätigkeit, nicht gewöhnliche Kenntniſſe, aber auch die Verdienſte Andrer geringſchätzende Eitelkeit und hartnäckige Anmaßung zeichneten ihn aus und waren die Quellen mancher Leiden für ihn.

Von ihm ſelbſt haben wir in deutſcher Sprache.

Pietſchens geſammelte Schriften, mit Vorrede und Zugabe einiger Gedichte. Leipzig 1725. 8. Dabei die Ueberſetzung von le Clerc's Abhandlung von der Poeſie.

Bernhard's von Fontenelle Geſpräche, überſetzt mit Anmerkungen, Erläuterungen und Zugaben. Leipzig 1726, 1727, 1730, 1751; 4 Thle. 8. Des 1. Theils 3. Aufl. ebendaſ. 1738. 8.; die des 4. ebendaſ. 1760.

Nachricht von der erneuerten deutſchen Geſellſchaft. Leipzig 1727. 8. Neue Auflage 1731. 8.

Grundriß zu einer vernunftmäßigen Redekunſt. Hannover 1728. 8. Fernere Ausgaben mit verſchiedenen Abänderungen und Erweiterungen 1735, 1739, 1750 und als: Ausführliche Redekunſt 1759. 8. 2 Thle.

Verſuch einer kritiſchen Dichtkunſt. Durchgehends mit den Exempeln unſerer beſten Dichter erläutert. Anſtatt der Einleitung Horazens Dichtkunſt überſetzt und erläutert. Leipzig 1730. gr. 8. Dann ebendaſ. 1737, 1742, 1751 in 2 Theilen. — Ein Auszug daraus ſind: Vorübungen der lateiniſchen und deutſchen Dichtkunſt, für Schulen. Leipzig 1756; ferner 1760 und 1775 ſämmtlich in 8.

Der deutſchen Geſellſchaft in Leipzig geſammelte Reden und Gedichte. Leipzig 1732. 8.

Gedichte, geſammelt und herausgegeben von Johann Joachim Schwabe. Leipzig 1736. gr. 8. und 1751. 2 Thle. Mit G's Bildniß von Erſang.

B. Neukirchs auserleſene Gedichte, geſammelt und herausgegeben. Leipzig 1744. gr. 8.

Deutſche Sprachkunſt, nach den beſten Schriftſtellern des vorigen und jetzigen Jahrhunderts. Leipzig 1748 gr. 8.; ferner ebendaſ. 1749, 1752, 1756, 1762 und durch Johann Gottlieb Hofmann 1776, gr. 8., wurde ins Lateiniſche, Franzöſiſche, Holländiſche, Ungariſche und Ruſſiſche überſetzt. Einen Auszug daraus bildet der Kern der deutſchen Sprachkunſt, zum Gebrauch der Jugend von ihm ſelbſt ins Kurze gezogen. Leipzig 1753. 8. 5. Auflage beſorgt durch J. G. Hofmann. Ebendaſ. 1777. 8.

Geſammelte neueſte Gedichte, herausgegeben von der Königlich deutſchen Geſellſchaft. Königsberg 1750. 8.

Chriſtoph Otto's, Freiherrn von Schönaich, Herrmann oder das befreite Deutſchland, ein Heldengedicht mit einer Vorrede ans Licht geſtellt. Leipzig 1751. 4.

Heinrich's von Alkmar Reineke der Fuchs, nach der Ausgabe von 1498 ins Hochdeutſche überſetzt und mit einer Abhandlung von dem Urheber, wahren Alter und großen Werthe dieſes Gedichtes verſehen. Leipzig und Amſterdam 1752. kl. Fol. Mit dem Grundtext als Anhang.

Vorübungen der Beredſamkeit, zum Gebrauch der Gymnaſien und größern Schulen. Leipzig 1754. 8. Fernere Auflagen: Ebendaſ. 1756, 1764 und 1775 ſämmtlich in 8.

Der ſterbende Cato, ein Trauerſpiel, mit Fenelon's Gedanken von den Trauerſpielen und einem kritiſchen Anhange. Leipzig 1732. 10. Auflage beſorgt von C. G. Köllner. Ebendaſ. 1757.

Auszug aus Batteux ſchönen Künſten, aus dem einzigen Grundſatze der Nachahmung hergeleitet, mit verſchiedenen Zuſätzen und Anmerkungen. Leipzig 1754. 4.

Hiſtoriſche Lobſchrift Chriſtians, Freiherrn von Wolf. Nebſt deſſ. Kupferbilde. Halle 1755. gr. 4.

Geſchichte der Stiftung der vormaligen fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft. Leipzig 1755. 4.

Nöthiger Vorrath zur Geſchichte der deutſchen dramatiſchen Dichtkunſt. Leipzig 1757 — 1765. 8. 2 Thle.

Beobachtungen über den Gebrauch und Mißbrauch vieler deutſchen Wörter und Redensarten. Straßburg und Leipzig 1758. 8.

Akademiſche Redekunſt, zum Gebrauche der Vorleſungen auf hohen Schulen. Leipzig 1759. 8.

Freieslebens kleine Nachleſe zu dem nöthigen Vorrathe zur Geſchichte u. ſ. w. Leipzig 1760. 8. Auch als Anhang zu Letzterem. Ebend. 1765.

Der [illegible], ein Scherzgedicht, im Jahre 1740 ſeiner theuerſten Freundin Luiſe Adelgunde Viktorie G., geb. Kulmus gewidmet, als opus posthumus der Nachwelt geſchenkt, 1774. 8.

Unter Beyhilfe ſeiner Gattin und ſeiner Freunde:

Die vernünftigen Tadlerinnen, eine moraliſche Wochenſchrift. Halle und Leipzig 1725, 1726. gr. 8. Neue Auflage, Hamburg 1747. 8. 2 Thle. An deren Stelle trat: Der Biedermann, eine moraliſche Schrift. Leipzig 1727, 1728. 2 Bde.

Oden der deutſchen Geſellſchaft in Leipzig. Ebendaſ. 1728 und 1738. 8. 2 Thle.

Der deutſchen Geſellſchaft in Leipzig eigene Schriften und Ueberſetzungen in gebundener und ungebundener Schreibart. Leipzig 1730 — 1739, 3 Thle. in 8. 2 Ausgabe 1742 in 8.

Beiträge zur kritiſchen Hiſtorie der deutſchen Sprache, Poeſie und Beredſamkeit. Leipzig 1732 — 1744. 8 Bde. in 8.

Baylens hiſtoriſches und kritiſches Wörterbuch, nach der Auflage von 1740 überſetzt, mit einer Vorrede und verſchiedenen Anmerkungen. Nebſt dem Leben des Herrn Bayle nach Desmaizeaux. Leipz. 1741 — 1744. 4 Thle. in Fol.

Die deutſche Schaubühne nach den Regeln der alten Griechen und Römer, mit Vorrede. Leipzig 1741 — 45. 6 Thle. in 8. 2. Auflag. Ebend. 1746 — 1750.

M. T. Cicero drei Bücher von der menſchlichen Pflicht, überſetzt und mit Anmerkungen, wie auch des Cicero Leben erläutert von Joh. Adolph Hofmann, mit Vorrede von G. Hamburg 1742. 8.

Leibnitz Theodicee, das iſt, Verſuch von der Güte Gottes u. ſ. w., überſetzt und mit verſchiedenen Zuſätzen und Anmerkungen. Hannover 1744. gr. 8.

Neuer Bücherſaal der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und freien Künſte. Leipzig 1745 — 1754 in 8. 10 Bde.

Lucian's von Samoſata Auserleſene Schriften durch verſchiedene Federn verdeutſcht. Leipzig 1746. 8.

Geſammelte Reden in 3 Abtheilungen. Leipzig 1749. gr. 8. Mehrere darunter vorher einzeln. Ebendaſ. 1739 — 1746 in 4. und 8.

Geſchichte der Königlichen Akademie der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu Paris. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen überſetzt von Luiſe Adelgunde Viktorie G. Mit einer Vorrede von J. Ch. G. Leipzig 1749. gr. 8.

Das Neueſte aus der anmuthigen Gelehrſamkeit. Leipzig 1751 — 1762. 12 Bde. mit Kupfern in 8.

Sammlung einiger ausgeſuchten Stücke der Geſellſchaft der freien Künſte zu Leipzig. Ebend. 1754 u. 1755. 3 Thle. in gr. 8.

Handlexikon oder kurzgefaßtes Wörterbuch der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und freien Künſte. Leipzig 1760. gr. 8.

Gottſched gehörte zu denjenigen Erſcheinungen in der Geſchichte der Literatur, welche das Unglück hatten, nie richtig gewürdigt zu werden, und deren eigentliche Stellung zu ihrer Zeit ſelbſt die ruhiger und unbefangener urtheilende Nachwelt nicht genau zu beſtimmen vermochte. Während er in der Periode ſeiner wirkſamſten Thätigkeit von ſeinen Schülern und Anhängern als ein Licht der Welt geprieſen wurde, griffen ihn ſeine nicht minder befangenen Gegner auf das Schonungsloſeſte an und ſuchten, ſelbſt das untergeordnete Verdienſt, das er ſich um deutſche Sprache und Wiſſenſchaft erwarb, und das ihm durchaus nicht abzuſprechen iſt, als gänzlich nichtig darzuſtellen. — In ſpäteren Tagen, in welchen unſere Literatur plötzlich einen ſo außerordentlichen Aufſchwung nahm, und man ganz Anderes von einem Geſchmacksrichter, für den er durchaus während eines langen Lebens gelten wollte, mit Recht verlangte, ſank ſein Name faſt zu einem ſprüchwörtlichen Gebrauche herab, um geiſtloſe, breite und arrogante Pedanterie damit zu bezeichnen, und würde ganz vergeſſen und verſchollen ſeyn, wenn ſeine unaufhörlichen und heftigen Streitigkeiten, welche damals ſo viele Federn in Bewegung ſetzten, ihn nicht nothwendig in den Annalen unſerer Literatur hätten aufbewahren müſſen. Um gerecht gegen ihn zu ſeyn, darf man nicht außer Acht laſſen, daß er zu einer Zeit auftrat, in welcher die Poeſie in unſerem Vaterlande auf das Tiefſte geſunken war, und durch die Unfähigkeit der geiſtloſen Nachahmer der Schule Hoffmannswaldau's und Lohenſtein's eine höchſt verderbliche Richtung genommen hatte. Dieſer ſtemmte er ſich mit allen Kräften entgegen und ſuchte, durch Lehre und Beiſpiel, Keuſchheit, Regelmäßigkeit und Correctheit einzuführen. Hätte er ſich hierauf beſchränkt, ſo würde er ſeinen Zweck nicht verfehlt haben; aber er ging noch weiter, und wollte, durch Eitelkeit und Selbſtüberſchätzung verführt, eine neue Bahn brechen, und als das Haupt und der Mittelpunkt eines allein gültigen Strebens dictatoriſch daſtehn. Dazu fehlte ihm jedoch das Nothwendigſte; wenn es ihm auch auf der einen Seite weder an bedeutenden vielumfaſſenden Kenntniſſen und an geſundem Verſtande gebrach, ſo ermangelte er doch dagegen aller philoſophiſchen Tiefe, der Phantaſie, des Witzes und eines reinen vorurtheilsfreien Geſchmackes. Sein ganzes Treiben mußte dadurch höchſt einſeitig werden, um ſo mehr, als ihn eine faſt unglaubliche Anmaßung fortwährend verblendete, und ihn zum Herolde einer Literatur (der franzöſiſchen) machte, deren ganzes Weſen dem deutſchen Geiſte faſt in allen Punkten widerſprach.

Was ſein raſtloſer Fleiß deshalb hervorbrachte, konnte nach den eben angedeuteten Verhältniſſen daher auf keine Weiſe dauernde Früchte tragen; doch dürfen ſeine Leiſtungen für die Ausbildung unſerer Sprache und die Kenntniß unſerer Literatur keineswegs verkannt werden. Als Dichter iſt er höchſt unbedeutend, da er faſt nichts beſitzt als eine gewandte Herrſchaft über die äußere Form; ſeine Poeſien ſind demzufolge auch weiter nichts als ſchaale Gelegenheitsreimereien, voll gezierter Wendungen, froſtiger Bilder und unerſchöpflicher breiter Geſchwätzigkeit. Dieſelbe Weitſchweifigkeit herrſchte in ſeinen proſaiſchen Leiſtungen, namentlich in ſeinen nach dem Muſter der franzöſiſchen gearbeiteten Reden und Lehrbüchern.

Trotz dem Allem geziemte es aber der ſpäteren Generation nicht, das wirklich Lobenswerthe an Gottſched zu verkennen; dies war der wirklich echte Patriotismus, der ihn beſeelte, für die Ehre und das Wohl der deutſchen Nation und ihrer Literatur auf das Eifrigſte zu ſtreben.

Wir laſſen der Vollſtändigkeit wegen hier einige der beſten Gedichte, ſo wie eine Rede Gottſched's folgen.

V. Ode.

Bei widriger Schiffahrt über die Oſtſee,

(auf der Höhe von Bornholm entworfen, 1729 im Juni.)

Andrer Vater deutſcher Lieder,
Edler Flemming, Phöbus Sohn,
Komm, erneure doch den Ton
Deiner edlen Laute wieder!
Haſt du Reuſſen und Circaſſen,
Und die wilde Tartarey,
Ja die Perſer hören laſſen,
Was die Kunſt der Muſen ſey,
O ſo ſtimme, wie vorzeiten,
Meiner Zither ſchlaffe Seyten.

Stand nicht Liefland halb vernarret?
Stutzte nicht der kalte Belt?
War die halbe Nordenwelt,
Bis zur Wolga, nicht erſtarret?
Deines hohen Geiſtes Feuer
Schmelzte Rußlands tiefſten Schnee,
Ja das Eis ward endlich theuer
An der rauhen Caſperſee.
O wo iſt von deinen Trieben
Die verglimmte Glut geblieben.

Eben die beſchäumten Wellen,
Deren Spiel ich itzo bin,
Sah ja dein geſetzter Sinn
Vormals zu den Wolken ſchwellen.
Aber wenn ſie rauſchend rollten,
Und durch ihrer Fluthen Fall
Deine Lieder dämpfen wollten,
Dämpfte Thetis ihren Schall;
Thetis, die das Sprudeln hörte,
Wenn ſie dich von weiten hörte.

Sagt, ihr bläulichten Tritonen!
Warum hört ihr mir nicht zu?
Warum wollt ihr meine Ruh
Nicht ſowohl, als Flemmings, ſchonen?
Doch ich kann es leichtlich merken:
Könnt ich nur mein Seytenſpiel
Recht nach ſeiner Laute ſtärken,
Die euch damals wohlgefiel;
Würdet ihr zu meinem Dichten
Williger die Ohren richten.

Raſt denn, raſt, ihr Waſſerwogen!
Sprizt und ſchäumet noch ſo viel;
Mein verwerflich Seytenſpiel
Iſt mit eigner Hand bezogen.
Wälzt euch, ihr geſalznen Hügel
Schwemmt mein Schiff durch Sturm und Wind,
Deſſen ausgeſpannte Flügel
Eure naſſe Nachbarn ſind;
Aber endlich legt euch wieder,
Und vernehmt auch meine Lieder.

Ich beſinge mit Vergnügen
Mein verlaßnes Vaterland,
Wo ich an Euterpens Hand
Den Parnaß zuerſt beſtiegen;
Odoacers Schloß und Brücken,
Albertinens Glanz und Pracht,
Der des Pregels breiter Rücken
Alle Länder zinsbar macht;
Und wo mit geübten Zungen
Dach und Pietſch mir vorgeſungen.

Dann erheb ich, außer Preußen,
Sachſens ſchöne Lindenſtadt,
Leipzig, das nichts gleiches hat,
Und das glückerfüllte Meißen.
Leipzig, wo ſich meine Flöten
Etwas beſſer ausgeſpielt,
Und im Chore der Poeten
Manches Kenners Lob erzielt:
Als von Friedrich Auguſts Thaten
Mir ein Heldenlied gerathen.

Nebſt der klugen Philurenen,
Wo ich mich bisher befand,
Rühm ich auch den Weichſelſtrand,
Und die Anmuth meiner Schönen;
Meiner dichtenden Louiſen,
Welche mich ſo ſtark gerührt;
So viel Geiſt und Witz erwieſen,
Als ich irgendwo geſpürt;
Und durch angenehme Sitten
Mir zuerſt das Herz beſtritten.

Theurer Opitz! deſſen Schatten,
Deſſen Gruft noch Danzig ehrt,
Haſt du meinen Wunſch erhört,
So wirſt du mir eins verſtatten.
Sang dein ſüßes Rohr vorzeiten,
Von der langen Vandala:
O ſo rühr itzt meine Seyten,
Auf mein Licht, Victoria;
Auf mein Leben, Adelgunden,
Die mich neulich überwunden.

Sie verdients mit allem Rechte,
Sie, die Geiſt und Schönheit hat,
Daß ſie dein unſterblich Blatt
Auf die ſpäte Nachwelt brächte.
Doch was braucht ſie fremder Werke
Zum Gewinnſt der Ewigkeit?
Ihres eignen Griffels Stärke
Trotzt ſchon der Vergeſſenheit.
Könnt ich ihr nur auch entrinnen,
Fürſtinn deutſcher Caſtalinnen

Iſt mir recht? die ſtolzen Wellen
Legen ſich mit ihrer Wuth;
Und der Tiefen müde Fluth
Höret auf ſo ſehr zu bellen.
Die begierigen Sirenen
Geben auf mein Singen acht,
Weil der Namen meiner Schönen,
Jeden Ton ganz lieblich macht.
Seht doch, wie ſich die Najaden
Scherzend um mein Schifflein baden!

Ach! entzückt du auch die Winde,
Schönſte! warum ſtrafſt du mich?
Warum zürnſt du, daß ich dich
Witzig, ſchön und artig finde?
Soll ich, blinder als die Fluthen,
Tauber, als die Stürme, ſeyn?
Iſt mir das wohl zuzumuthen?
Selbſt die Wahrheit ſpricht ja: Nein.
Warum ſoll ich denn im Schreiben
Gegen dich ganz froſtig bleiben?

Warum kannſt du es nicht leiden,
Daß mein Schiff die Hoffnung heißt?
Soll denn mein getreuer Geiſt
Deinen Wohnplatz ewig meiden?
Warum ſoll ich doch nicht hoffen?
Steht entweder meinem Bort
Danzigs Hafen nicht mehr offen?
Oder ſperrſt du ſelbſt den Port?
Nein! Die Hoffnung und mein Glücke
Führt mich doch dereinſt zurücke.

Aendre künftig die Befehle,
Zwinge meine Regung nicht.
Schilt nicht, daß ich dich, mein Licht!
Unter große Seelen zähle.
Ueberlaß mich nur den Trieben,
Die du ſelbſt in mir erweckt:
Denn ſoll ich den Geiſt nicht lieben,
Den dein Weſen mir entdeckt;
O ſo wird noch einſt auf Erden
Alles Lieben ſtrafbar werden.

Jubelode.

Seht! Babel wankt, und ſinkt, und fällt,
Daß Grund und Catacomben beben;
Nun kann der Kreis der hart geplagten Welt
Sein ſorgenfreyes Haupt erheben.
Der ſieben Berge Glanz und Pracht
Verſinkt in Schutt und Graus und Nacht,
Die Metze ſchmeißt den Zauberkelch in Stücken:
Ha! ſtolzes Weib, nun wirſt du dich
Nicht mehr ſo frech und läſterlich
Durch den ergeizten Putz der reichſten Buhler ſchmücken.

O! welch ein Heulen und Getümmel
Erhebt das Reich der Finſterniß!
Dort ſteigt ja noch der Engel durch den Himmel,
Der uns aus ſolchen Schatten riß.
Man hört die Jubelſtimme ſchallen:
Sie fällt! ſie fällt! ſie iſt gefallen;
Gefallen iſt die große Wunderſtadt!
Die durch den Wein der Hurereyen,
Bey Liſt und Zwang und Schmäuchelereyen,
Die Völker aller Welt bisher bezaubert hat.

Geſtürztes Rom! Wo iſt nunmehr
Des Thieres große Macht auf Erden!
Welch Königreich wird künftighin ſo ſehr
Verführt, beſtrickt, bezaubert werden?
Wer nimmt dein ſchnödes Zeichen an;
Da die den Schandfleck abgethan,
Die ſonſt dieß Maal mit Stolz und Eifer trugen?
Nur weg damit von Stirn und Hand!
Des Himmels Zorn iſt ſchon entbrannt
Auf alle, die ſich ſonſt zu deiner Rotte ſchlugen.

Wie dort vom Klange der Poſaunen
Ganz Iſrael und Joſua,
Bey Jericho, zwar froh, doch mit Erſtaunen,
Schloß, Thurm und Bollwerk ſinken ſah;

Man läßt ein Feldgeſchrey erſchallen,
Und ſeht, ſo Thor als Mauren fallen:
Wiewohl kein Menſch die Hand daran gelegt:
So fällt auch Babels Pracht und Schöne,
Bloß durch ein kräftiges Getöne
Des ewigſtarken Worts, das Erd und Himmel trägt.

Geht aus, aus der verbannten Stadt,
Erlöſte! flieht aus Babels Thoren!
Des Gräuels Wuſt, dem ſie geopfert hat,
Hat Anſehn und Gewalt verlohren.
Berühret nichts, was ſie geweiht;
Es iſt der Afterheiligkeit
Verworfne Frucht und Misgeburt zu nennen;
Des Aberglaubens blinde Brut
Mag, wie ſie gern im Dunkeln ruht,
Sich in Aegyptens Nacht von Goſens Sonne trennen.

Was ſiehſt du doch in deinen Zimmern?
Was ſiehſt du, finſtrer Vatican?
Was hilft es dir, daß tauſend Lampen ſchimmern,
Da keine dich erleuchten kann?
Wie lange ſoll auf den Altären
Das trübe Licht der Kerzen währen,
Das aller Welt des Irrthums Leitſtern war?
Hinaus mit dem verwünſchten Scheine!
Der Wahrheit heitrer Stral alleine
Vertreibt die Finſterniß und macht die Kirche klar.

Aus dir, geprieſnes Sachſenland!
Entſpringt das Licht der reinen Lehre.
Du haſt das Tocht des Glaubens angebrannt,
Das ſonſt faſt gar erloſchen wäre.
Aus deinen Mauren, Wittenberg!
Entſteht das unerhörte Werk:
Die Tyber ſelbſt erſtaunt vor deiner Elbe.
Die Engelsburg erbebt vor dir;
Der Riegel bricht, es ſpringt die Thür;
Es wanket Grund und Dach und Pfeiler und Gewölbe.

Den Tag ſoll keine Zeit vergeſſen,
Als dort, auf ſeinem Kaiſerthron,
Der fünfte Karl im Fürſtenrath geſeſſen,
Karl, Deutſchlands loberfüllter Sohn.
Die holde Majeſtät der Blicke
Verſpricht Germanien ein Glücke,
Dem keines gleicht, davon es ſonſt geblüht;
Karl iſt ein zwiefachgroßer Kaiſer,
Indem er zwar auf Lorberreiſer,
Doch auf den Glauben auch mit heiterm Geiſte ſieht.

Ihr Fürſten! auf! denn euer Mund
Muß itzt den ganzen Weltkreis lehren.
Hier thut getroſt des Glaubens Inhalt kund;
Nord, Oſt und Weſten wird euch hören.
Seyd keck und voller Freudigkeit,
Ihr ſprecht hier für die Chriſtenheit;
Vollendet dann, wozu euch Gott erkohren.
Durch euch muß hier ein Werk geſchehn,
Dazu die Vorſicht euch erſehn,
Bevor euch die Natur ans Licht der Welt gebohren.

Es ſchützt euch Anſehn, Stand und Würde,
Gewalt und Ankunft, Volk und Land;
Der Fürſtenhut und die Regentenbürde
Hat euch ja nicht den Muth entwandt.
Das Schwert umgürtet euch die Lenden,
Ergreift es mit beherzten Händen,
Vertheidigt euch, dafern man euch verletzt.
Seyd fertig, Blut und Haupt zu wagen!
Denn hier ſein Leben ſeil getragen,
Iſt chriſtlicher, als Gott der Ruhe nachgeſetzt.

Ihr thuts. Die Wahrheit ſteht euch bey,
Ihr kämpft, und ſiegt, und triumphiret.
Der Feinde Wuth und wüſte Raſerey
Hat eure Großmuth nicht gerühret.
Euch dankt das frohe Lutherthum!
Euch giebt die halbe Welt den Ruhm!
Euch wird man noch nach tauſend Jahren ehren!
Euch preiſet auch dieß Lied; : : Doch nein!
Weil Ehre, Dank und Preis allein
Dem Vater alles Lichts im Himmel zugehören.

Wer kennt nicht Luthers Geiſt und Feuer,
Melanchthons ſanfte Lindigkeit?
Die beyderſeits, bey dieſem Ungeheuer,
Ihr Haupt gewagt, und nichts geſcheut.
Wenn jener brannte, dieſer dämpfte,
Der eine löwenmüthig kämpfte,
Der andre ſtets auf Friedenspuncte ſann:
Wer hats ſo weislich angefangen,
Erdacht, beſchloſſen und verhangen,
Daß ein ſo widrig Paar dennoch zuletzt gewann?

Dort trotzt ein feſter Heldenmuth;
Hier bebt ein halbverzagter Glaube:
Dort ſpottet man der ärgſten Feinde Wuth;
Hier kriecht die Blödigkeit im Staube
Die Eintracht ſah der Zwietracht gleich:
Sie ſtörten beyde Babels Reich,
Theils durch Gewalt, theils durch ein kluges Weichen.
Gott ſelbſt! Gott ſelbſt hat das verſehn!
Nur dergeſtalt konnt es geſchehn,
Das vorgeſteckte Ziel der Schlüſſe zu erreichen.

Kein Menſch, ſo weit ſein Witz auch langet,
Langt hier mit ſeiner Vorſicht zu.
Wer trieb das Werk, damit itzt Zion pranget,
O höchſte Weisheit! ſonſt als du?
Aus tauſend wundervollen Werken
War leichtlich Hand und Kraft zu merken,
Die alles trieb, bedacht, erhielt und that.
Beſchämte Spötter! weicht zurücke,
Ihr ſeyd zu ſchwach; drum kehrt die Blicke
Auf eurer Einfalt Troſt, den eiteln Bilderſtaat.

Fallt nieder, murmelt, ſchlagt die Bruſt,
Zerſtoßt die Stirn, erzwinget Zähren,
Zerpeitſcht den Leib, dem Heiligen zur Luſt;
Er wird ſich ſchon geneigt erklären.
Küßt hundertmal ein faules Bein,
Den ſchnöden Raub vom Rabenſtein,
Den der Betrug in Gold und Glas geſchoben;
Vergöttert Lumpen, Aſch und Koth,
Die man für Krankheit, Schmerz und Tod,
Zur Panacee beſtimmt und heilig aufgehoben.

Hängt Kutten um, erhandelt Meſſen,
Zieht Glocken, räuchert, bethet an,
Schlagt Kreuzer vor, enthaltet euch vom Eſſen,
Zeigt, daß die Andacht hungern kann.
Noch mehr: manch Gaukelſpiel erſcheine,
Der Mutter Gottes Auge weine,
Es fließe dort das Blut vom Januar.
Was hilfts? den tauber Götzen Ohren
Iſt Seufzen und Gebeth verlohren;
Denn todtes Holz und Stein nimmt keiner Ehrfurcht wahr.

Sagt, läßt ſich noch kein Helfer ſehn?
Erſcheint kein Heiliger auf Erden?
Will Nepomuck, durch euer heißes Flehn,
Noch nicht gerührt, nicht günſtig werden?
Umſonſt! Ein lahmer Lojola
Iſt, ſtatt der Himmelsbürger, da?
Iberien heckt ſeinen neuen Orden.
Der ſtützet Roms zerbrochnen Stuhl,
Der zeucht das Thier aus ſeinem Pfuhl,
In den es ſchon geſtürzt und faſt vergraben worden.

Wie ſonſt durch Sonnenſchein und Regen,
Bey angebrochner Frühlingszeit,
Der Gärten Peſt, die ganz erſtarrt gelegen,
Die ſchnöde Raupenbrut gedeiht;
Sie kriecht aus ihrem engen Neſte,
Und breitet ſich durch Laub und Aeſte
Auf jedes Blatt, auf alle Knoſpen aus,
Und kehrt durch ihr verwegnes Wüthen
Den Schmuck der hoffnungsvollen Blüthen,
In Stengel, Zweig und Stamm in Abſcheu, Wuſt und Graus.

So wuchs auch die beſchorne Schaar
Der kaum entſtandnen Lojoliter;
Und fraß darauf, ſobald ſie zeitig war,
Der Königreiche Mark und Güter.
Europa wird ihr unterthan;
Ein Heer, das niemand zählen kann,

Beſchwert den Kreis der überſchwemmten Erden.
Nunmehr iſt weder Hülf noch Rath!
Es haßt und ſcheut ſie Fürſt und Staat,
Wiewohl, es iſt zu ſpät, davon befreyt zu werden.

Weh euch! ihr armen Proteſtanten,
Weh euch! denn die Gefahr iſt groß.
Flieht Haab und Gut, gleich Mördern und Verbannten;
Wo nicht, ſo kehrt in Babels Schooß.
Auf euch iſt ihre Wuth erhitzet,
Ihr tückerfülltes Auge blitzet,
Sie drohen euch mit Flammen, Strick und Stahl!
Der Untergang iſt euch geſchworen;
Ihr flieht umſonſt, ihr ſeyd verlohren!
Es donnert ſchon in Rom des Bannes Wetterſtral.

Nein! Zion ſoll und wird beſtehn,
So lange Mond und Sonne ſcheinen.
Doch Babels Macht muß endlich untergehn;
Und ſollten alle Mönche weinen.
Lucern droht ihm den neuen Fall,
Es droht ihm dort in Portugall
Ein weiſer Held, der ſeine Rechte ſchützet.
Nur friſch gewagt! Das Lateran
Hat ſeinen Donner weggethan,
So daß kein Bannſtral mehr auf Feind und Ketzer blitzet.

Dort, wo die Welt im Eiſe wohnet,
Blüht auch das Evangelium.
Da, wo der Dän' und Schwed' und Preuße thronet,
In Chur- und Liefland herrſcht ſein Ruhm.
Ein Theil der Reußen und Sarmaten,
Ein Theil von Stambols weiten Staaten,
Halb Deutſchland, Schweiz und Holland nimmt es an.
Pannonien, die Britten, Schotten,
Virginier und Hottentotten,
Sammt Coromandels Volk ſind ihm ſchon zugethan.

O! möchte ſeiner Lehren Blitz
Der Länder Ueberreſt durchdringen;
Und überall der Pfaffen Aberwitz,
Des Aberglaubens Macht bezwingen!
O müßte noch der Theil der Welt,
Den Mahomet gefeſſelt hält,
Den hellen Glanz der Wahrheit einſt erblicken!
O ſollt auch jenes Südenland,
Das kein Columbus noch erfand,
Die Tempel durch den Dienſt des wahren Gottes ſchmücken!

Wie iſt mir? meiner blöden Blicke
Geſchwächter Stral verſtärket ſich.
Wie wohl iſt mir! ein günſtiges Geſchicke
Erhört den Wunſch und tröſtet mich.
O welch ein Schauplatz läßt ſich ſehen!
Denn was noch künftig ſoll geſchehen,
Wird mir entdeckt, und ſtellt ſich völlig dar.
O ſüßer Anblick! ſchöne Zeiten!
Ich ſeh, ich ſehe ſchon von weiten,
Was jedermann gewünſcht, was kaum zu hoffen war.

Ich ſehe ſchon den Tyberſtrom
Die Herrſchaft geiſtlicher Tyrannen
Mit Muth und Kraft aus dem gedrückten Rom,
Aus ganz Heſperien verbannen.
Ich ſehe Tempel und Altar,
Und Mönch und Pfaffen in Gefahr,
Den Bilderdienſt, das Fegefeuer ſchwinden.
Kein Pabſt iſt mehr, kein Cardinal;
Der Klöſter ungeheure Zahl,
Die Wuſt und Staub bedeckt, iſt gar nicht mehr zu finden.

Die Wahrheit herrſcht und triumphiret,
Sie hat der Lügen Schwarm gedämpft;
Der Sonnenſtral, der ihre Scheitel zieret,
Das Reich der Finſterniß bekämpft.
Man ſieht bey ihren Reichsgenoſſen
Die ſchönſten Tugendzweige ſproſſen,
Die ſtetig blühn, ſtets voller Früchte ſtehn:
Der Thorheit Saamen iſt verdorben,
Die Brut der Laſter ausgeſtorben,
Und ihr erwünſchter Thron ſoll niemals untergehn.

Erſcheine bald, du güldne Zeit!
Beſchleunigt euren Lauf, ihr Tage!
Daß einſt die Welt, mit froher Dankbarkeit,
Von unſrer Wünſche Nachdruck ſage.

O wäret ihr ſchon itzo da!
O! wären wir euch ſchon ſo nah,
Als unſer Herz es wünſchet und begehret!
Das Pabſtthum wäre ſchon verbannt,
Der Muſelmann ganz unbekannt,
Der Jud' und Heide ſelbſt zu Zions Gott bekehret.

Veſuv und tauſend Schwefelgrüfte,
Die Wälſchland längſt den Fall gedräut,
Verdoppelten die flammenreichen Düfte,
Bey Zions erſter Jubelzeit.
Der Zunder tiefverborgner Schläuche
Zerriß der Erden hohle Bäuche,
Und öffnete der Berge wüſten Schlund;
Er drohte Babel zu verwüſten,
Und that dem Sitz des Antichriſten
Schon dazumal die Glut der Rache Gottes kund.

Zwar itzo ſchont des Himmels Huld,
Auch ſeiner Wahrheit tolle Feinde.
Die Langmuth hat mit ihrem Trotz Geduld,
Und ſchützt indeſſen ihre Freunde.
Doch wacht dereinſt ſein Eifer auf,
So wird ſein Arm der Bosheit Lauf,
Mit leichter Müh, durchaus zu hemmen wiſſen.
Alsdann wird Trotz und Widerſtand
Vor ſolcher ſtarken Allmachtshand,
Wie Dampf, in reiner Luft, gar bald verſchwinden müſſen.

Herr! der du einſt das ſchnöde Toben
Des unbekehrten Sauls beſiegt;
Durch Blitz und Ruf ſein Schnauben aufgehoben,
Womit er dich zuvor bekriegt:
Ach! ſtrale doch mit hellem Lichte
Auch Zions Feinden ins Geſichte,
Bis ihre Wuth vor deiner Gnade weicht;
Bis Tyger, Lämmer, Scorpionen,
Und Tauben bey einander wohnen,
Und deiner Weisheit Schluß den vollen Zweck erreicht

Dort fängt bereits der Orient
Die Wiſſenſchaften an zu lieben;
Die doch bisher nur bloß der Occident,
Europens beſter Theil, getrieben.
Der Moſcowit und die Türkey
Vergißt der alten Barbarey,
Und ſucht und liebt den Flor der freyen Künſte.
So gings auch hier, eh Luther kam.
Verſtand und Witz macht Völker zahm,
Und jede Kunſt gereicht dem Glauben zum Gewinnſte.

Verſchonet doch, ihr rauhen Zeiten!
Verſchonet doch dieß ſchlechte Blatt,
Der ſpäten Welt, wo möglich, anzudeuten,
Was man von ihr gehoffet hat.
Ihr neuen Völker! werft die Blicke
Auf unſer Alterthum zurücke;
Ahmt unſrer Luſt und Jubelfreude nach:
Ja übertrefft uns, wenn ihr könnet.
Vielleicht wird euch das Glück gegönnet,
Die Frucht gereift zu ſehn, ſo itzt die Knoſpen brach.

Es herrſcht itzt Karl, der Deutſchen Luſt,
Der ſelber Zions Rechte ſchützet.
In Pohlen herrſcht ein ſächſiſcher Auguſt,
Der Zions Mauren oft geſtützet.
Der große Wilhelm, Friedrichs Sohn,
Beſitzt der Preußen Königsthron,
Und Brandenburg, die Freyſtatt der Verbannten.
Hannovers Chur und Engelland
Regiert Georgs des andern Hand.
So ſtark iſt euer Schutz, ihr ſichern Proteſtanten!

Wie lob' ich Schwedens Haupt aus Heſſen?
Wie Gothens weiſen Friederich?
Wie Dänemark? und was ich faſt vergeſſen,
Dich, Würtemberg, und Braunſchweig, dich?
Genug: die müden Seyten ſchweigen.
Der Wahrheit ſey dieß Lied ganz eigen,
Und allem dem, ſo ihren Fortgang liebt;
Dir, Herrſcher dieſer Welt, vor allen:
O welch ein Glück! wenn dirs gefallen,
Was hier die Poeſie zum Jubelopfer giebt.

Die Pflichten eines Lehrers der Weltweiſheit.

So geht und tretet denn auf die geweihten Stufen,
Dahin euch Glück und Recht, ihr werthen Freunde! ruffen.
Empfanget nach Verdienſt der Lorberzweige Schmuck.
Wer ſie ſo würdig trägt, der trägt ſie würdig gnug;
Dem darf auch Momus nicht den bittern Vorwurf dräuen,
Den andre ſonſt mit Recht bey neuen Titeln ſcheuen.

Allein, verzeihet mir, wenn euch dieß Blatt erklärt,
Was Pallas eurer Stirn für einen Kranz gewährt!
Und was es heißen ſoll, wenn ſie von ihren Söhnen
Die Anſtalt machen läßt, euch öffentlich zu krönen!
Wie mancher kennt daher nicht ſie, nicht ſeine Pflicht,
Ja ſelbſt den hohen Werth von dieſer Würde nicht;
Und geht und eilt und läuft, mit ungewaſchnen Händen,
Minervens Heiligthum und Götterbahn zu ſchänden.
Doch, wenn es ihm gelingt, ſo bleibt er, wer er war.
Kein Werk, kein halbes Werk, kein einzig Wort ſo gar,
Entdeckt hernach von ihm, daß er im Lehrerorden,
Den er vergrößert hat, ein tüchtig Glied geworden.
Ihr, Freunde! wißt es zwar, und habt es längſt bedacht,
Was euren blauen Hut ſo ehrenwürdig macht:
Ja ſelber euch geſcheut, mit allzukühnen Sprüngen,
Euch auf den hohen Sitz der Lehrenden zu ſchwingen.
Ich weis es gar zu wohl. Doch hört mich dießmal an;
Weil das, was ihr ſchon wißt, doch andern nutzen kann.
Und wie! gefiel euch ſonſt mein treugeſinntes Lehren,
So ſchämt euch heute nicht den Schluß davon zu hören.

Die Weisheit, der ihr hold, ja ganz ergeben ſeyd,
Iſt nicht ein ſchnödes Spiel der Unbedachtſamkeit,
Iſt nicht ein Tockenwerk der ungeübten Jugend:
Ihr Werk iſt Wiſſenſchaft, Gelehrſamkeit und Tugend.
Minerva gleicht fürwahr den frechen Dirnen nicht,
Die den gemahlten Putz auf ihrem Angeſicht,
Mit unverſchämter Stirn, den jüngſten Buhlern zeigen,
Und jedem, der es wünſcht, ins geile Lager ſteigen.
Man haut kein prächtig Bild aus jedem Kieſelſtein:
Kein niederträchtig Herz kann ihre Wohnung ſeyn.
Es muß ein edler Geiſt von ungemeinen Gaben,
Von ſeltnen Kräften ſeyn, der ſie zur Freundin haben,
Ihr Herz gewinnen will. Wer nicht die Wahrheit liebt,
Des Pöbels Thorheit haßt, der Einfalt Abſchied giebt,
Vernunft und Klugheit mehr, als Geld und Wolluſt achtet,
Der Dinge Grund erforſcht, den Bau der Welt betrachtet,
Sich ſelber ausſtudirt; und dann auf dieſer Spur
Den unumſchränkten Geiſt, den Meiſter der Natur,
In ſeinen Werken ſucht, ergründet und entdecket;
Wem nicht ein großes Herz in ſtarken Brüſten ſtecket,
So ſich der Tugend weiht, die Lüſte niederſchlägt,
Der Menſchen Beſtes ſucht, zu allen Liebe trägt;
Vor keinem Unfall bebt, von keinem Mißvergnügen,
Verdruß und Kummer weiß, wer nicht nach Ehre ſtrebt,
Die aus der Tugend kömmt, kurz, wer nicht denkt und lebt,
Wie weiſe Männer thun; der irrt bey offnen Sinnen,
Und ſchmäuchelt ſich umſonſt, die Göttinn zu gewinnen.

So, ſo war **Sokrates**, Minervens ächtes Kind,
So war auch **Epikur**, der große Mann, geſinnt;
Der darin nur gefehlt, daß er die weiten Bogen
Des Weltraums dem Geſchick der Gottheit ganz entzogen.
So hat ſich **Zeno** ſtets und **Plato** dargeſtellt;
So wies ſich **Epiktet** als einen Tugendheld;
So war auch **Tullius** mehr in der Zahl der Weiſen,
Als in der Rednerzunft, für ungemein zu preiſen.
Dich, **Cato**, hat der Tod weit mehr, als ihn erſchreckt,
Als er ſein graues Haupt dem Mörder hingeſtreckt.
So iſt ein **Seneca** in Pallas Dienſt geſtorben;
So hat ſich **Antonin** ein ewig Lob erworben;
So hat **Boethius**, das Bild der Redlichkeit,
Nicht des Tyrannen Zorn, nicht Bann und Tod geſcheut;
So haben andre mehr, die noch die Welt erhebet,
Der Tugend nachgejagt, der Weisheit nachgeſtrebet.
Ihr Ruhm verſchwindet nicht, ſo lange Sonn und Mond
Die Zeiten theilen wird, der Menſch auf Erden wohnt.

Das ſind die Helden nun, auf die euch Pallas führet,
Ihr Freunde! wenn ſie euch die muntre Scheitel zieret.
Wie ſie, als **Mentor** dort, dem jungen **Telemach**
Nur von **Ulyſſens** Muth, Ulyſſens Tugend ſprach:
So weiſt ſie einen Geiſt, der von dem Himmel ſtammet,
In dem die edle Glut der Weisheitliebe flammet,
Der faſt vergeßnen Spur der Alten nachzugehn,
Und ſich, wie ſie gethan, durch Tugend zu erhöhn:
Durch Tugend, die ſich zeigt durch ein vernünftig Wiſſen,
Die Gott und Menſchen dient, und ſich dem Wahn entriſſen.

Ihr Freunde, folgt ihr dann! ach folgt der Führerinn!
Ja, ja! ich kenne ſchon den ungemeinen Sinn,
Der eure Bruſt belebt. Ihr nehmt den Lehrertitel
Wohl nicht aus Prahlſucht an: ihr braucht ihn, als ein Mittel,
Das andern zeigen ſoll, was ihr euch wünſcht zu ſeyn.
Der Grund iſt ſchon gelegt, ihr kennet Holz und Stein,
Und Marmor und Metall, die ein Gebäude zieren,
Minervens Tempelbau vollkommen aufzuführen.
Vollendet ihn beglückt, vermehrt die Wiſſenſchaft:
Es fehlt euch nicht an Luſt, es fehlt euch nicht an Kraft.
Begnügt euch daran nicht, was ihr von mir gehöret;
Forſcht ſelber fleißig nach, was **Wolf** und **Leibnitz** lehret,
Was Holl- und Engelland, und Frankreich uns entdeckt,
Und was für Fleiß und Witz in Welſchland ſelber ſteckt.
Die Kunſt iſt nicht erſchöpft: wer kann ſie ganz ergründen?
Wer eine Wahrheit weis, kann hundert andre finden.
Der Wunder ſind wir ſelbſt, Natur und Welt ſo voll,
Daß niemand ihre Zahl ſo leicht ergründen ſoll.
Drum laßt uns emſig ſeyn, und keine Mühe ſparen!
Was man nicht heute lernt, das kömmt doch mit den Jahren.

Doch dient auch, wie ihr könnt, der Welt durch euren Fleiß,
Lehrt andre, was ihr wißt, und nicht ein jeder weis.
Wir müſſen unſer Pfund, das wir vom Himmel haben,
Nicht in den lockern Sand des Müßigganges graben.
Beſtreitet überall das Vorurtheil der Welt,
Die Philoſophen nur für Grillenfänger hält;
Und laſſet künftighin in Worten, Schriften, Werken,
Ein philoſophiſch Thun und weiſes Weſen merken:
Denn wo nicht ſelbſt die That von wahrer Weisheit ſpricht,
Da glaubt man Hut und Ring und allen Titeln nicht.

Lob- und Gedächtnißrede auf Martin Opitzen von Boberfeld.

Rector Academiae Magnifice,

Erlauchter,*) Hochgeborne, Hochwohlgeborne, Hochehrwürdiger, Hoch- und Wohledle, allerſeits Hoch- und Werthgeſchätzte Anweſende.

Wenn es heute zu Tage gewöhnlich wäre, die Verdienſte großer Männer, die ihrem Vaterlande wichtige Vortheile verſchaffet, ihren Mitbürgern viel Ehre gemacht; ſich ſelbſt aber, durch Verſtand und Muth, über viele tauſende empor geſchwungen haben, durch anſehnliche Denkmäler und ſonderbare Ehrenzeichen, dem Andenken der Nachwelt zu empfehlen: ſo würde ich jetzo dieſen öffentlichen Rednerſtuhl nicht betreten haben. Alsdann würde es ein Ueberfluß geweſen ſeyn, das hundertjährige Gedächtniß eines großen Mannes zu erneuern, dem das erkenntliche Deutſchland bereits den gebührenden Dank abgeſtattet, welchem alle Liebhaber der freyen Künſte ſchon eine unauslöſchliche Ehrfurcht und Hochachtung gewidmet hätten. Allein, dieſes iſt die Unempfindlichkeit unſers Jahrhunderts: daß es die Wohlthaten der vorigen, weder auf eine dankbare Art erkennet, noch ihrer rühmlich erwähnet, noch auch ihren Urhebern die geringſte Vergeltung dafür zu Theil werden läßt.

Das dankbare Alterthum hat, unter unzähligen andern Vorzügen, die es vor unſern Zeiten beſeſſen, auch dieſen gehabt: daß es in Verehrung der Tugend und Geſchicklichkeit gerechter, auf ſeine einheimiſche Ehre eifriger, gegen ſeine Wohlthäter erkenntlicher, und vom Neide freyer geweſen. Welchem Helden hat es wohl vormals, ſonderlich in Griechenland und Italien, an Ehrenmälern und Denkſäulen gefehlet? Welchen Erfinder nützlicher Dinge hat man nicht vergöttert? Und welchem vortrefflichen Manne, der ſich nur einigermaßen durch Wiſſenſchaft und Witz hervorgethan, hat man es an einem Grabmaale oder Ehrenbilde fehlen laſſen? Dieſe ſcharfſinnige Kenner des menſchlichen Herzens ſahen es nur gar zu wohl ein: daß nichts ſo vermögend wäre, edle Gemüther zu lobwürdigen Thaten anzuſpornen, als Ruhm und Ehre. Und da ſie zugleich für die Wohlfahrt ihres Vaterlandes beſorgt waren; da ſie alle rechtſchaffne Mitbürger aufmuntern wollten, das gemeine Beſte nach Vermögen zu befördern: ſo mußten ihnen Marmor und Metall zur Verewigung wohlverdienter Männer dienen; ſo mußten dauerhafte Bildſäulen und koſtbare Gedächtnißmähler, die in den Herzen der Lebendigen verborgenen Funken der Ehrliebe anfachen, und ſie zu löblichen Unternehmungen anfriſchen, dadurch ſie ſich gleichfalls Bewunderung und Unſterblichkeit erwerben könnten.

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*) Dieſes waren Se. Excell. der Herr Cabinetsminiſter Graf von Manteufel, welchem ein Graf von Promnitz, ein Graf von Solms, und einige andre allhier damals ſtudirende Grafen und Freyherren Geſellſchaft leiſteten.

So war das griechiſche und römiſche Alterthum geſinnet, gnädige und hochzuehrende Anweſende! Ganz anders aber verhält es ſich mit unſern Zeiten. Zwar die Ueberreſte der vormaligen Schnitzkunſt, die durch Stein und Erzt der Tugend ihr Recht haben wiederfahren laſſen, werden von uns noch ſorgfältig aufgehoben. Wir bewundern und verehren dieſelben noch itzo, auf eine faſt abergläubiſche Weiſe. Ja wir verabſcheuen oftmals die Wuth unſrer barbariſchen Vorfahren, derjenigen gothiſchen, vandaliſchen, normanniſchen und longobardiſchen Völker, die bey ihren Einfällen in Wälſchland eine unzählbare Menge von marmornen, ehernen und andern noch wohl prächtigern Gedächtnißſäulen der tapferſten, weiſeſten und tugendhafteſten Leute zu Boden geworfen, zermalmet und vernichtet haben. Allein, indem wir dieſes thun, ſo treten wir ſelbſt gleichwohl gewiſſermaßen in ihre Fußtapfen. So groß iſt unſre Ungerechtigkeit! Wir loben an Athen und Rom dasjenige, was wir doch ſelbſt nicht thun. Wir helfen, durch die ſorgfältige Bewahrung und Erklärung der Alterthümer, einer ausländiſchen Tugend ihren Lohn ertheilen; ſind aber zu gleicher Zeit gegen einheimiſche Verdienſte unerkenntlich. Urtheilen ſie ſelbſt, hochzuehrende Anweſende, ob ich die Wahrheit ſage! Wo ſieht man doch unter uns die Ehrenmäler großer Leute, die unſerm Vaterlande wichtige Dienſte geleiſtet haben? Und werden wir hierinnen nicht faſt von allen unſern Nachbarn beſchämet? Wofern ſich die Eitelkeit nicht ſelbſt vergöttert; woferne ſich der Stolz, als der beſtändige Gefährte des Ueberfluſſes, nicht bey lebendigem Leibe ein Andenken ſtiftet; oder es doch den Seinigen als eine theure Pflicht auferlegt, ihm ein Ehrenmaal zu bauen: ſo ſieht man ja faſt nichts von dieſer Art zum Vorſcheine kommen. Die Tugend muß nicht nur, ſo lange ſie lebet, im Staube liegen: nein, ſie kann auch ſicher ſterben, ohne zu beſorgen, daß man jemals ihre Gebeine mit einer Laſt von Marmor beſchweren; oder die Hand der Künſtler mit Abbildung ihrer Geſtalt, und mit Eingrabung ihres Namens, ermüden werde.

Verlangt man Beweiſe von dieſer Unachtſamkeit unſers Vaterlandes: ſo gehe man in die Niederlande, und ſehe wie Rotterdam ſeinen Erasmus in einer Bildſäule verewigt hat. Man gehe nach Wälſchland, wo man vormals des Virgils, des Cicero, und des Catulls, und noch in neuern Zeiten des Fracaſtorius *), ja unzähliger andern gelehrten Männer Andenken, auf dieſe Weiſe verewigt hat. Man gehe nach Griechenland, wo vor Zeiten faſt kein berühmter Redner, Dichter oder Weltweiſer geweſen, denen nicht entweder ihre Geburtsſtädte, oder andere ganz fremde Oerter dergleichen Ehre erwieſen haben: ſo gar, daß auch die Athenienſer einem phrygiſchen Sklaven, dem Aeſopus, aus reiner Hochachtung, eine Bildſäule aufgerichtet haben. Man gehe endlich nach Engelland, wo die Abtey zu Weſtmünſter nicht nur die Gräber der Könige und Helden, ſondern auch ihrer Weltweiſen und Dichter, eines Newtons, Addiſons und Steelens, in prächtigen Ehrenmälern und Denkſchriften bewahret. Und alsdann ſage man mir, warum nicht Leipzig ſeinem Stifter, Johann von Münſterberg, Augſpurg ſeinem Celtes, das Frankenland einem Ulrich von Hutten, Wittenberg ſeinem Melanchton, Nürnberg ſeinem Pirkheimer, Thorn ſeinem Copernicus, Königsberg ſeinem Sabinus, Magdeburg ſeinem Guericke, Danzig ſeinem Hevelius; die Lauſnitz ihrem Tſchirnhaus, Berlin einem Leibnitz, und Halle ſeinem Thomaſius, vieler andern voritzo zu geſchweigen, eine gleiche Ehre haben wiederfahren laſſen?

Doch, was ſage ich? Du vor allen andern hätteſt es verdient, unſterblicher Opitz, daß dein Andenken, auf Veranſtaltung deines ganzen Vaterlandes, durch ein prächtiges, und dauerhaftes Ehrenmaal wäre verewigt worden: du, der du Deutſchland allein ſo viel Ehre gemacht haſt, daß ſich alle ſeine Landſchaften um die Wette hätten bemühen ſollen, dein Grabmaal unter ſich zu haben. Gleichwohl biſt du bis auf dieſe Stunde noch keiner ſolchen Ehre theilhaftig geworden. Deine Gebeine haben bisher in einer Gruft verweſen müſſen, deren Grabſtein auch nicht einmal deinen Namen hat aufweiſen können. Dein Bildniß iſt uns kaum durch ein einziges Gemälde, von der geſchickten Hand des berühmten Strobels, und zwar in Danzig, aufbehalten worden, wo du dein ruhmvolles Leben beſchloſſen haſt. Doch bey der allgemeinen Nachläſſigkeit Deutſchlandes iſt dieß keine Schande, daß du biſt vergeſſen worden; daß auch ſo gar diejenige Landſchaft, die das meiſte Recht hatte, auf dich ſtolz zu ſeyn, deine Verdienſte nicht zu belohnen gewußt hat. Vielmehr gereicht es dir zu einer beſondern Ehre, daß auch eine fremde Stadt, darinnen du nicht gebohren worden, darinnen du nur als ein Fremder geſtorben biſt, dich dennoch in das vornehmſte ihrer Gotteshäuſer begraben hat; auch bey ermangelnder Aufſchrift deiner Ruhekammer, den Ort noch itzo zeigen kann, wo der Vater des deutſchen Witzes, der unſterbliche Martin Opitz von Boberfeld, begraben liegt.

So ſtark, hochzuehrende Anweſende, iſt die Kraft ausnehmender Verdienſte, daß ſie auch die natürliche Undankbarkeit der Menſchen überwältigen kann. Sie nöthiget auch die Unempfindlichkeit ſelbſt, erkenntlich zu werden; und da man hundert vergüldete Grabmäler ſolcher Todten nicht mehr zu finden weis, die ſich, durch ihre Schätze, der Vergeſſenheit gern entriſſen hätten: ſo zieht auch der leere Leichenſtein eines großen Mannes, die Bewunderung und die Neubegierde der Nachkommen auf ſich. So gewiß iſt es, daß nicht das Grabmaal den Todten: ſondern der Verſtorbene ſein Grabmaal anſehnlich und herrlich mache.

Ein redlicher Eifer für die Ehre unſers Vaterlandes, und eine tiefgewurzelte Liebe zu den freyen Künſten, gnädige, hochgeſchätzte Anweſende, haben mich längſt getrieben, ja ſo zu reden, gezwungen, denjenigen beſonders hoch zu ſchätzen, dem wir es faſt einzig und allein zu danken haben, daß ſich der deutſche Witz vor dem Witze benachbarter Völker nicht ſchämen darf. Kaum war mir nunmehr ſchon vor fünf und zwanzig Jahren von einem meiner akademiſchen Lehrer der große Martin Opitz, als der Vater der deutſchen Poeſie, genennet worden, als ich ſchon begierig ward, die Schriften deſſelben zu leſen. Je mehr ich dieſelben kennen lernte; je mehr mein Nachſinnen mit anwachſenden Jahren zunahm; je mehr ich aus den Exempeln und Regeln des Alterthums, mit den wahren Schönheiten der Natur bekannt ward: deſto höher lernte ich einen Mann ſchätzen, der dieſelben in unſerer Mutterſprache zuerſt ſo glücklich nachgeahmet hat. Nunmehr iſt es Zeit, dieſer meiner alten Hochachtung einen öffentlichen Ausbruch zu geſtatten. Heute, hochgeſchätzte Anweſende, heute, ſage ich, iſt ein volles Jahrhundert verfloſſen, daß dieſer deutſche Heſiodus, in dem Schooße meines geliebten Preußenlandes, die Welt verlaſſen hat. Ein ſolcher Tag iſt mir viel zu denkwürdig vorgekommen, daß ich ihn mit einem kaltſinnigen Stillſchweigen hätte übergehen können. Und wer will mir dieſes verargen? Mußte doch ehedeſſen ein Cicero, nach Sicilien kommen, und den unachtſamen Syrakuſanern das Grab eines großen Archimedes bekannt machen: welches ſie, aus einer ſträflichen Unbedachtſamkeit, nicht mehr zu finden wußten. Was wird es mir denn für einen Vorwurf abgeben, wenn ich gleichfalls, als Fremdling in Deutſchland, den nähern Landsleuten des großen Opitz gleichſam das Grab dieſes unſterblichen Dichters zeigen werde; welches ich zuerſt vor zehn, und hernach vor vier Jahren, noch geſehen; und bey welchem ich, ſo zu reden, das Gelübde gethan habe, heute ſein Andenken zu erneuern.

Gönnen ſie mir nur, Magnifice, hochgebohrne, hoch- und wohlgebohrne, allerſeits hochgeſchätzte Anweſende, bey dieſem meinem Vorhaben, dero gnädige und geneigte Aufmerkſamkeit. Zeigen ſie itzo durch ihr rühmliches Exempel, daß es uns, weder an Liebhabern der freyen Künſte, noch an Verehrern der Tugend und großer Verdienſte; noch an ehrliebenden Deutſchen fehle, die auch das Lob eines gelehrten und rechtſchaffenen Mannes ertragen können, dem wir es faſt allein zu danken haben, daß wir, in der Dicht- und Redekunſt keinem einzigen heutigen Volke viel nachgeben dürfen. Dieſer patriotiſche Eifer, den ich aus ihrer aller Augen leſe, wird auch die Fehler meiner Rede erſetzen: als die ohnedieß allen ihren Werth, von der Gegenwart ſo vieler und ſo anſehnlicher Zuhörer, und von ihrem gnädigen und geneigten Beyfalle, wird erhalten müſſen.

Es iſt niemals ein Vorrecht großer und berühmter Städte geweſen, große Männer hervor zu bringen, die ſich durch Verſtand und Tugend in der Welt hervor gethan haben. Man hat es faſt durchgehends angemerkt, daß die kleinſten Oerter, die geringſten Flecken, es faſt zu allen Zeiten den prächtigſten Hauptſtädten darinnen zuvor gethan haben. So ſehr auch vormals, ſieben der berühmteſten Städte um die Ehre geſtritten haben, des göttlichen Homers Geburtsort zu ſeyn: ſo gewiß iſt es ausgemacht, daß keine von ihnen recht gehabt; und daß ein unanſehnliches Dorf, ja, vielleicht gar ein offenes Feld, oder das Ufer eines Fluſſes, dieſem großen Dichter den erſten Athem gegeben hat. Ein kleiner Flecken bey Mantua hat der

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*) Siehe des Herrn Hofraths Menkens Leben des Fracaſtorius. Eben dieſer gelehrte Freund hat ein ganzes Werk von denen Bildſäulen unter Händen, die den Gelehrten zu Ehren an verſchiedenen Orten aufgerichtet worden, darinn wir eine große Menge ſolcher Ehrenmäler, von verſchiedenen Völkern beyſammen antreffen werden.

Weltbeherrſcherinn, Rom, den größten unter allen ihren Dichtern geliefert; und ein arpinatiſches Dorf hat ihm den vortrefflichſten Redner geſchenket, deſſen Verſtand und Geiſt der Größe des römiſchen Reiches gleich und würdig geweſen. Was iſt es alſo Wunder, daß auch das kleine Bunzlau unſerm großen Germanien einen Poeten geliefert hat, den auch die größten Reſidenz- und Handelsſtädte noch durch keinen ihrer Söhne übertroffen haben. Ich verachte deswegen dieſe, wegen ihrer angenehmen Lage, und fruchtbaren Gegend, beliebte Stadt ganz und gar nicht. Ich geſtehe, daß ſie auch anderer gelehrten Männer wegen, die ſie hervorgebracht hat, ſchon merkwürdig genug ſeyn würde. Ich preiſe ſie vielmehr glücklich, daß ſie es darinn allen andern Städten Deutſchlands zuvor gethan, indem ſie uns den unſterblichen Opitz zur Welt gebohren hat; der ſie, wenn ſie gleich ſonſt nichts merkwürdiges aufzuweiſen hätte, bis auf die ſpäteſten Zeiten in dem Andenken der Nachwelt erhalten könnte.

Doch, was halte ich mich bei der Vaterſtadt unſers deutſchen Ennius auf, da doch dieſelbe mehr Glanz von ihrem Sohne erlanget hat, als ſie demſelben hat mittheilen können! Hätte man nicht dieſelbe lieber gar mit Stillſchweigen übergehen ſollen: da es ohnedieß ein ſchlechtes Lob großer Leute iſt, welches von der Geburtsſtadt, oder von dem Vaterlande derſelben hergenommen wird! Allerdings, Magnifice, gnädige, und hochzuehrende Anweſende, hätte man bey unſerm vortrefflichen Dichter daſſelbe gänzlich verſchweigen können; und wenn es gleich ein berühmtes Athen, ein großes Rom, oder ein gelehrtes Alexandria, geweſen wäre. Allein, ich habe es mit gutem Bedachte angeführet, um in dieſem beſondern Falle deſto deutlicher zu zeigen, daß unſer Poet keines fremden Beyſtandes benöthiget, und durch ſich ſelbſt allein groß geweſen ſey. Geht nur hin, und trotzet auf den Ruhm eurer Geburtsſtädte, ihr unartigen Kinder! die ihr zwar eures Vaterlandes Ehre auf eure eigene Rechnung ſchreibet; ſelbſt aber demſelben lauter Schande machet. Geht hin, und brüſtet euch nur mit den Verdienſten eurer vormaligen, oder jetzigen Mitbürger! Wiſſet aber auch, daß eure Vaterſtadt euch ſchlechten Dank dafür wiſſen wird, daß ihr ihren Ruhm durch keine löbliche That zu erweitern bedacht ſeyd; und daß ſie euch, als unwürdige Kinder, auch desjenigen Antheils an ſeiner Ehre unwürdig erklären wird, der euch irgend, bey einem guten Verhalten, zuſtatten gekommen wäre.

Eben in der Abſicht, höchſtzuehrende Anweſende, erwähne ich auch der rechtſchaffenen Aeltern unſers Dichters allhier: nicht, weil etwa der große Sohn mit ihrem Geſchlechte und Anſehen hat pralen können; ſondern, weil ſie, durch einen ſo würdigen Zweig, ihren ganzen Stamm gezieret haben. Man verehret zwar billig alle die berühmten Geſchlechter, deren Stammtafeln faſt eine ungetrennte Kette großer Leute darſtellen; wo man faſt eben ſo viel Helden, als Ahnen, zählet, und die Lorbeerreiſer zu hunderten rechnen kann, die ihre Bilder und Helme vormals gekrönet haben. Allein, es bedünkt mich allemal viel rühmlicher zu ſeyn, wenn ein edler Sohn ſeine unberühmten Aeltern adelt, und denjenigen Stamm, ſo zu reden, krönet, dem er ſeine Geburt zu danken hat: als wenn ſich ein fauler Aſt mit denen Früchten breit machet, die andre fruchtbare Zweige ſeines Baumes getragen haben. Das fabelhafte Alterthum hat zwar die Ehrerbiethung gehabt, das Geſchlecht großer Leute von den Göttern herzuleiten; und z. E. einem Muſäus die Calliope zur Mutter, wie dem Orpheus den Apollo ſelbſt zum Vater anzuweiſen. Allein, mir iſt es allezeit als ein ſchädliches Vorurtheil vorgekommen, dadurch die Tugend mehr unterdrückt und gehindert, als befördert wird. Denn, zu geſchweigen, daß der Stolz eines Alexanders dadurch um ein merkliches vergrößert wird, wenn ihn die Schmäucheley zu einem Sohne Jupiters macht: ſo ſchlägt auch die falſche Einbildung, daß nur die Kinder berühmter Vorältern, Muth und Fähigkeit zu großen Dingen beſitzen können, tauſend edle Gemüther nieder. Sie würden ſich auch, durch Verſtand und Tugend, erhoben haben; wenn ſie ſich nur die dazu gehörigen Kräfte zugetrauet hätten. So aber erſticken ſie gleichſam in dem Schlamme der Niedrigkeit, bloß, weil ſie ſich, aus verwerflicher Kleinmüthigkeit, für eine unedlere Art von Geſchöpfen anſehen, welche zu edlen Thaten unfähig wären: und das Recht, große Dinge auszuüben, nur den Abkömmlingen gewiſſer Halbgötter überlaſſen müßten.

Wie wenig war doch unſer Opitz von einem ſo ſchädlichen Vorurtheile eingenommen! Sein rechtſchaffener Vater, Sebaſtian Opitz, war zwar nur ein ehrlicher Bürger; und ſeine Mutter, Martha Rothmanninn, die er in früher Jugend verlor, eine Tochter eines bunzlauiſchen Rathsherrn. Doch dieſes ſchlug ſeinen Muth ſo wenig nieder, als vormals Sokrates dadurch kleinmüthig ward, daß ſein Vater Sophroniſkus nur ein armer Bildhauer war. Und geſetzt, daß man ſeine Aeltern gar nicht hätte nennen können; geſetzt, daß ſie unbekannter, als Homers oder Amphions Aeltern, geweſen wären: der überaus muntre Geiſt, der ſein Gemüth belebte, würde ſich dennoch, durch eigene Kräfte zum Gipfel der Ehren erhoben haben. Und wie er dadurch dem abergläubiſchen Alterthume Gelegenheit gegeben hätte, ihn, wie den Orpheus, für einen Sohn des Phöbus zu halten: alſo iſt er jetzo, bei anwachſenden Jahren, durch die Gnade, die er ſich bei dem Herzoge zu Liegnitz erworben, ſeinem Vater zu einer Rathsherrenſtelle in Bunzlau, beförderlich geweſen.

Bemerken ſie doch hier, **Magnifice Academiae Rector**, hochgebohrne, gnädige und hochzuehrende Anweſende! das Sonderbare, welches in dieſer Begebenheit vorkömmt. Ich weiß nämlich nicht, ob ich mehr denjenigen Sohn, der ſeinen Vater erhöhet, bewundern; oder diejenige Stadt rühmen ſoll, die um eines berühmten Sohnes halber, den Vater für ehrenwerth ſchätzet! Jener zwar, beſchämt dadurch tauſend Söhne, die von ihren Aeltern ihr ganzes Anſehen borgen; aber ihnen daſſelbe niemals wiedergeben. Werden nun dieſe dergeſtalt denen feuchten Thälern ähnlich, die zwar von den Bergen die Ströme empfangen, dieſelben aber niemals wieder zurücke ſenden: ſo ward hingegen unſer Opitz ſelbſt einer wohlthätigen Wolke gleich, die ihre heilſame Feuchtigkeit auch auf trockne Landereyen fallen läßt, von welchen ſie gar keine, oder doch ſehr wenige Dünſte empfangen hatte. Dieſe aber, nämlich die Vaterſtadt unſers Dichters, hielt auf eine löbliche Art dafür, die Nachwelt würde es ihr einmal für eine Unerkenntlichkeit auslegen, wenn ſie diejenige Quelle nicht verehret hätte, daraus ihr ſo viele Ströme der Ehren zugefloſſen. Glückſeliger Vater! der du deinem berühmten Sohne eine anſehnliche Ehrenſtelle zu verdanken hatteſt. Aber, noch weit beglückterer Sohn! der du, auf eine beſonders rühmliche Art, der Wohlthäter deines Vaters geworden biſt.

Sie wiſſen es alſo, hochzuehrende Herren, wer unſer Dichter, ſeiner Abkunft nach, geweſen iſt. Soll ich ihnen denſelben nunmehr auch in einer genauern perſönlichen Abbildung vor die Augen malen! Soll ich ihnen ſeine muntere Jugend, ſeine angebohrne Lebhaftigkeit des Geiſtes, ſein unvergleichliches Gedächtniß, ſeine unruhige Ehrliebe auf niedrigen und hohen Schulen vorſtellen! Soll ich ihnen den geſchickten Senftleben, der ihn in Bunzlau unterwieſen; oder die andern gelehrten Männer rühmen, unter welchen er im magdalenäiſchen Gymnaſio ſtudiret hat! Soll ich ihnen ſeinen unermüdeten Fleiß in Frankfurt an der Oder, in Heidelberg, in Straßburg und in Tübingen beſchreiben? Oder ſoll ich ihnen ſeine Gönner und Freunde namhaft machen, die er ſich in allen dieſen Orten erworben hat? Soll ich ihnen ſeine Reiſen in die vereinigten Niederlande, als den damaligen Sitz der gelehrteſten Männer, und nach Holſtein, entwerfen; wohin er einem jungen däniſchen von Adel gefolget iſt, dem er zum Reiſegefährten gedienet! Soll ich ferner ſein Glück an den Höfen zu Liegnitz, in Siebenbürgen, in Anhaltköthen, in Dresden, ja in Wien und Paris beſchreiben? Oder ſoll ich endlich den Antheil an den öffentlichen Staatsgeſchäfften ſeiner Zeit vorſtellig machen, den er, theils in des Königs Vladislaus Dienſten, mit vielem Ruhme gehabt hat?

Was für ein Feld würde mir nicht hier überall offen ſtehen, unſern Dichter mit Nachdrucke zu loben? Bald würde ich ihnen, hochgeſchätzte Anweſende, die unvergleichlichen Gaben abſchildern müſſen, womit ihn die Natur ſelbſt ausgerüſtet hatte. Bald würde ich ihnen den unermüdeten Fleiß ſeiner jungen Jahre entwerfen. Bald würde ich ihnen die Namen der gelehrteſten Männer, eines Lingelsheims, eines Gruters, eines Frehers, eines Pareus, eines Xylanders, eines Venators und Berneggers nennen müſſen, die damals in der Pfalz, im Elſaß und im Würtembergiſchen, ihn ihres Unterrichtes, ihres Umganges und ihrer Freundſchaft gewürdiget haben. Bald würde ich ihnen die damaligen Lichter der Niederlande, einen Scriverius, einen Voßius, einen Barläus, einen Rutgerſius, einen Heinſius und einen Grotius vor Augen malen, bey denen er ſich gleichfalls mit Schätzen der Weisheit und Wiſſenſchaft bereichert hat. Bald würde ich ihnen die arminianiſchen Religionsſtreitigkeiten, und die dordrechtiſche Kirchenverſammlung ins Gedächtniß bringen, die unſer Opitz, als ein lebendiger Zeuge, mit angeſehen hat. Bald würde ich ihnen die glücklichen Arbeiten unſers Dichters erzählen, wodurch er ſich in dreyerley Schreibart ſeinem Vaterlande gewieſen; und ſelbigem, als ein aufgehendes Geſtirn, in die Augen geleuchtet hat. Endlich aber würde ich ihnen auch die Belohnungen aller dieſer Verdienſte zeigen müſſen, da er bald von dem ſiebenbürgiſchen Fürſten, Gabriel Bethlem, zum Lehrer eines neuangelegten Gymnaſii berufen, bald von dem liegnitziſchen Herzoge reichlich verſorget; bald am anhältiſchen Hofe mit Gnadenbezeugungen beehret worden; bald am kaiſerlichen Hofe ſelbſt, Adel und Wappen empfangen, und davon getragen hat. Und wie ſpät würde ich doch mit ihm allen fertig werden? Wenn würde ich endlich das Hauptwerk meiner Rede berühren können! Die getreuen Federn der Geſchichtſchreiber mögen alſo dasjenige ausführlich erzählen, was ich hier, gleichſam nur im Vorbeygehen, habe berühren können.

Meine Abſicht iſt auf etwas größers gerichtet. Ich werde von einer Sache reden, die, auch ohne alles übrige, was man von Opitzen rühmen kann, ihn ganz allein unſterblich gemacht haben würde. Seine Verdienſte um unſere Mutterſprache, Dichtkunſt und Beredſamkeit ſind es, die ich hauptſächlich entwerfen will. Dieſe ganz allein, werden Ihnen, Rector Academiae Magnifice, hochgebohrne, gnädige und hochzuehrende Anweſende, dieſen deutſchen Petrarcha ſo groß vor Augen ſtellen, daß ſie keiner fernern Abſchilderung ſeiner übrigen Beſchäfftigungen und Begebenheiten von mir verlangen werden. Deutſchland hat ſeit zweyhundert Jahren unzählige gelehrte Männer von allerley Arten hervorgebracht, mit welchen es allen Ländern von Europa Trotz biethen kann. Aber es hat nur einen einzigen Opitz aufzuweiſen, der, da er in allen übrigen Arten der Gelehrſamkeit hätte groß werden können, dennoch die Ehre ſeines Vaterlandes der ſeinigen vorgezogen, und ſeiner Mutterſprache Dienſte geleiſtet hat, die ſie von niemanden anders ſo gut hätte erwarten können. Diß, dieß iſt das ſeltene Lob, welches unſerm Dichter ganz eigen iſt.

Hier ſetze ich es zum Voraus, daß derjenige ſeinem Vaterlande keinen geringen Dienſt erweiſet, der demſelben durch nützliche und ſinnreiche Schriften, und zwar in ſeiner Mutterſprache, Ehre macht. Will man mir dieſen Satz in Zweifel ziehen: ſo gehe man in die älteſten Zeiten, und zu den geſcheideſten Völkern zurück. Man ſage mir doch, wodurch denn das kleine Griechenland vor ſo vielen weſtlichen, nordiſchen, morgenländiſchen und mittäglichen Reichen, in den Augen aller Welt einen ſo großen Vorzug erhalten hat! Aegypten iſt ihm an Alterthume ſeiner Weisheit und Jahrbücher, an prächtigen Gebäuden, und an ſeltſamen Wundern der Natur weit überlegen geweſen. Babylon hat ein kleines Athen an Weitläuftigkeit und Stärke ſeiner Mauren, an Menge ſeiner Unterthanen, ja an Macht und Dauer ſeines Reiches ungemein übertroffen. Perſien iſt ihm an Schätzen und zahlreichen Kriegsheeren; Phrygien aber, Scythien und die andern celtiſchen Völker, ſind ihm an Tapferkeit und Aufrichtigkeit, um ein großes vorzuziehen geweſen. Aber alle dieſe Völker und Reiche ſind von dem einzigen Griechenlande gleichſam verdunkelt, und, ſo zu reden, aus dem Andenken der Menſchen vertilgt worden; außer in ſo weit Griechenland ſelbſt mit ihnen zu thun gehabt. Eben das könnte von Italien in den alten Zeiten erwieſen werden, wenn man es gegen Carthago, Hiſpanien, Gallien und Germanien halten wollte. Denn, ob es gleich durch ſeine ſiegreiche Waffen ſich alle dieſe Länder, das letzte nur ausgenommen, unterwürfig gemacht: ſo hat es doch damals mehr durch ſeinen Verſtand und Witz, mehr durch Weisheit und Tugend, als durch eine blinde Gewalt, andere Völker beſieget und beherrſchet. Wem nun die Römer dieſen ihren Verſtand zu danken gehabt, dem haben ſie ohne Zweifel auch ihren großen und unvergänglichen Ruhm zu danken gehabt. Wer ſieht aber nicht von ſich ſelbſt, daß es bloß die geiſtreichen und witzigen Köpfe, die guten und ſcharfſinnigen Schriftſteller geweſen, die Rom zuerſt aus ſeiner alten Barbarey geriſſen, und ſeine Bürger zu einem geſcheiden Volke gemacht haben!

Ich weiß wohl, was man mir hier einwenden wird. Man wird nämlich ſprechen: dieſes könnte zwar von den erſten Zeiten der Welt gelten, als noch gar keine witzige Völker vorhanden geweſen, die ſowohl Weisheit als Wiſſenſchaften in Schriften verfaſſet gehabt hätten: allein, nachdem wir bereits die Bücher der weiſen Griechen und Römer in Händen gehabt; ſo wäre es gar nicht mehr nöthig geweſen, auch in unſern neuern Sprachen noch Gedichte und andere Sachen abzufaſſen. Man dürfte ſich ja nur auf die alten Sprachen befleißen: wie man denn lange vor Opitzen, auch in Deutſchland ſchon gethan hätte: ſo könnte man aller Scribenten in ſeiner Mutterſprache gänzlich entbehren.

So lauten ungefähr, hochgeſchätzte Anweſende! die Worte gewiſſer Liebhaber der Finſterniß; oder, daß ich ſie bey ihrem rechten Namen nenne, wahrer Feinde ihres Vaterlandes: die uns bewegen wollen, daß wir unſere Landesleute in einer ewigen Unwiſſenheit und Barbarey ſollen ſtecken laſſen. Dieſes ſind die Gedanken derer, die uns überreden wollen, nach Art der alten Aegyptier, aus der Gelehrſamkeit und Wiſſenſchaft ein Geheimniß zu machen; Vernunft und Witz als ein Handwerk anzuſehen, und die Unſtudierten, das iſt, den größten und edelſten Theil eines Volkes, faſt zu der Unwiſſenheit der Beſtien hinunter zu ſtoßen. Denn, was kann wohl ſonſt die Meynung dieſer Leute ſeyn? Oder was für Abſichten können ſie hegen, wenn ſie es uns verbiethen wollen, in unſrer Mutterſprache gute Schriften abzufaſſen; wenn ſie alle, die ſolches thun, verſpotten, und wenn ſie auch diejenigen, die ſolches mit mehrerm Witze und mit größerer Schönheit ins Werk richten, als alle andere, gar keines Lobes würdig achten; bloß weil ſie es in keiner alten und abgeſtorbenen Sprache thun? Allein, man erwäge nur die ſchlechten Gründe, darauf dieſes Vorurtheil beruhet; und betrachte hingegen die feſten Säulen der Wahrheit, darauf unſre Meynung ſich gründet. Wie viel griechiſche Scribenten haben denn ehemals in der Sprache der Brachmanen, der Phönizier, oder der ägyptiſchen Weiſen geſchrieben? Oder wie viele Römer haben uns ihre Gedichte und Schriften in der Mundart der Griechen abgefaſſet? Dichteten denn Homer und Heſiodus, Anakreon und Pindarus phöniziſch, oder ſchrieben Herodot und Pherecydes ägyptiſch, um ihre Griechen klug zu machen? Schrieben nicht Ennius, Plautus, Terenz, Lucrez, Cicero und Cäſar, Virgil und Livius in ihrer Mutterſprache; auch zu der Zeit ſchon, als das Latein noch keine gelehrte, ſondern eine gemeine Sprache war? Und warum ſollen wir es anders machen? Warum ſollen wir uns dieſe großen Geiſter nur eben darinn nicht zu Muſtern nehmen, wodurch ſie am meiſten ihrem Vaterlande genützet, ja ſich und ihre Mutterſprachen unſterblich gemacht haben?

Hier ſpricht man: die damaligen gelehrten Sprachen wären unter den gedachten Völkern nur ſehr wenigen bekannt geweſen: heut zu Tage aber, da alle Gelehrten, und welch eine Menge derſelben haben wir nicht? des Lateiniſchen mächtig wären: ſo würde es uns an Leſern nicht fehlen, wenn wir gleich die Sprache der Römer in unſern Schriften brauchten. Jedoch, auch dieſer Einwurf iſt nichtig. Was würde doch die kleine Anzahl der ſogenannten Lateiniſchgelehrten dem großen Germanien für ein ſchlechtes Anſehen geben, wenn der ganze übrige Haufen der Einwohner unſers Vaterlandes, in einer wüſten Barbarey ſtecken bliebe? Mit was für Vergnügen würde man doch ſein Leben unter einem ſo wüſten Volke zubringen können, welches weder Gott, noch ſich ſelbſt, noch ſeine Pflichten kennete; weder von den Geſchichten, noch von den Wiſſenſchaften, noch freyen Künſten das Geringſte wüßte? Was für Anmuth würde man in der Welt genießen, wenn noch die viehiſche Wildheit und Unwiſſenheit unter unſern Bürgern und Landleuten herrſchete, die vormals unſern Vorfahren ſo beſchwerlich als ſchimpflich geweſen iſt? Soll man denn aber allen Witz in die Wolken einer fremden Sprache verhüllen? Soll es ſonſt niemanden erlaubt ſeyn, einige Kenntniß der Vernunft und Tugend zu erlangen, als denen, die ſich erſt zwanzig Jahre auf alte Sprachen befliſſen, und dieſelben doch noch nicht halb erlernet haben? Weg, weg mit ſo abgeſchmackten Forderungen, gnädige und hochzuehrende Anweſende! Wir laſſen uns durch dergleichen ſeltſame Rathgeber nicht irre machen. Es bleibt vielmehr dabey: diejenigen verdienen viel Ruhm und Ehre, die ihrem Vaterlande mit nützlichen und erbaulichen Schriften in ihrer Mutterſprache an die Hand gehen.

Ich muß noch eine Betrachtung hinanſetzen, hochgeſchätzte Anweſende! Wenn alle Scribenten, die ihrem Vaterlande mit nützlichen Schriften dienen, Lob und Ehre werth ſind: wie vielmehr werden nicht diejenigen einer beſondern Hochachtung würdig ſeyn, die ſich vor andern durch ſinnreiche Schriften, voll witziger Gedanken, und durch eine geiſtreiche und lebhafte Schreibart hervorthun! Urtheilen ſie ſelbſt nach ihrer Einſicht. Ein nützliches Buch bringt ſeinem Urheber, und einem ganzen Volke, ohne Zweifel deſto mehr Ehre, je mehr es geleſen wird. Nun werden aber ſinnreiche Schriften in gebundener und ungebundener Rede ohne Zweifel ſehr häufig geleſen, oft wiederholet, ja faſt auswendig gelernet; indeſſen daß andere, die zwar auch nützliche Dinge in ſich enthalten, aber keine anmuthige Schreibart haben, mit Würmern, Staub und Schimmel zu ſtreiten haben. Wie ſonſt ein wohlangelegter Garten, voll bunter wohlriechender Blumen, und fruchtbarer Bäume, deren Aeſte faſt von der Laſt ihrer Früchte brechen, einem wilden Walde vorgezogen wird; ungeachtet vielleicht dieſer ſeinem Beſitzer weit mehr Holz und Schatten giebt: ſo iſt auch ein geiſtreiches Buch, wo viel witzige Einfälle die nützlichſten Wahrheiten zieren, und wo die erbaulichſten Lehren in einer ſinnreichen und ſchönen Schreibart vorgetragen werden, allen andern Schriften vorzuziehen, wo nur ein trockner Vortrag, ohne Lebhaftigkeit und Anmuth herrſchet. Ja nicht nur das eine Land, wo ſolche Bücher geſchrieben werden, vergnüget ſich daran: ſelbſt auswärtige Völker werden insgemein begierig darnach. Sie lernen oft, um ſolcher Schriften halber, die Sprachen, darinn dieſelben geſchrieben worden. Sie bewundern den Geiſt und Witz ihres Verfaſſers; und ſchöpfen eine gewiſſe Hochachtung gegen das kluge Volk, darinnen es ſolche Scribenten giebt. Dadurch wächſt dann die Ehre einer ſolchen Nation, bey allen ihren Nachbarn, und ſo können ein Homer und Virgil, ein Pindar und Horaz ihrem Vaterlande vielmehr Ehre machen, als Ariſtoteles und Varro, als Euklides oder Vitruvius; deren Schriften nur von wenigen tiefſinnigen

Köpfen geleſen oder verſtanden werden. Ja ſo ſehen ſich oft die Weltweiſen ſelbſt genöthiget, ſich mit einem göttlichen Plato und beredten Cicero, mit dem Theophraſt und Seneca, auch auf die Schönheit des Ausdrucks zu befleißen, und durch die Künſte der Dichter und Redner, ihre an ſich ſelbſt trocknen Wahrheiten auszuſchmücken.

Nunmehr wird es leicht ſeyn, die Deutung dieſes feſtſtehenden Grundſatzes, auf unſern unſterblichen Martin Opitz von Boberfeld zu machen. Doch, was darf ich ſolches allererſt thun; da ſie alle, **Rector Academiae Magnifice**, hochgebohrne, gnädige und hochzuehrende Anweſende! es unfehlbar ſchon in ihren Gedanken gethan haben! Sie ſind mir ohne Zweifel darinnen ſchon zuvor gekommen, und ich werde ihnen, zum Lobe dieſes großen Mannes, nicht viel ſagen können, das ihnen nicht ſchon ſelber beygefallen wäre. Denn, wem ſind wohl die ſo nutz- als anmuthsvollen, die ſinnreichen, die geiſterfüllten Schriften unſers Poeten unbekannt! Wer weis es nicht, zum mindeſten aus dem gemeinen Rufe, daß dieſer ſcharfſinnige Kopf, ſeit hundert Jahren, für den Vater aller guten deutſchen Scribenten, beydes in gebundener und ungebundener Rede, gehalten worden! Alle witzige Köpfe ſeiner Zeit haben ihm mit einhälligem Munde, dieſes Lob beygelegt. Der berühmte wittenbergiſche Lehrer, Auguſt Buchner*), der meißniſche Schwan, Paul Flemming**), der patriotiſche Jul. Wilh. Zinkgräf***), der ſcharfſinnige Bunzlauer, Tſcherning*), der gelehrte Venator**), der gottſelige Niederſachſe, Johann Riſt***), der an-

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*) Auguſt Buchner hat folgendes Gedicht auf unſern Opitz verfertiget:

S C A Z O N.

Virtute et armis praestat hactenus Teuto,
Et tot meretur laureas triumphosque
Quot fulminante dextera patrat pugna.
Flos praeliorum, Martis igneum germen.
At nunc lepores Gratiasque venari.
Et vatibus quodcunque Phoebus indulget,
Potenter instans patriae sono linguae,
Quantus futurus? Opiti docet Musa,
Arguta, docta, dulcis Opiti Musa.
Cui tot resultant ora, quod canunt Musae.
Quicquid cothurnus detonat Sophocleus,
Quicquid Maronis cothurnum sonat carmen,
Et tu Calabrae rite qui moves chordas,
Non aemulandi vatis aemulus vates,
Divine Horati! tuque, tu tener Naso,
Cujus venusto vix venustior versu
Amathuntia ipsa est; quicquid usquam pangunt
Vates Pelasgi, Romulique cantores,
Et vos, Poetae, Celticique Tuscique,
(O rarum! o ingens! o sacrum ingenii monstrum!)
Id omne dulcis Opitii canit Musa.
Quod porro vincas, Teuto, id tibi restat:
I, et supremum gloriae occupa culmen,
Bellator ante, nunc et optimus Vates.

**) Auf der 58 und 59ſten Seite ſeiner Gedichte ſteht folgendes:

Miſenus mußte ſingen,
Sollt Hector luſtig ſeyn. Wenn Schützens Lieder klingen,
So wächſt des Sachſen Luſt. Wenn Nauwach das Pandor
Läßt hören, und mit ihm den künſtlichen Tenor:
Da wacht mein Opitz auf, daß er des Künſtlers Stimmen
So hoch, wo über uns der Leyer Sterne klimmen,
Durch ſeinen erſten Fleiß die deutſchen Vers empört,
Weil immer eine Kunſt die andre liebt und ehrt.

Und auf der 97ſten Seite heißt es:

Es hätte Maro nicht ſein ewigs Buch vollführet,
Hätt ihn Auguſtus nicht mit Ehren ſo gezieret:
So hätte Flaccus auch es nicht ſo weit gebracht,
Wenn ſein Mäcenas ihm nicht hätte Luſt gemacht.
Bey uns gehts auch noch ſo. Der Fürſt der deutſchen Lieder,
Der Bunzlau Mutter heißt, legt ſeine Laute nieder,
Bis Hannibal ihm winkt; den er ſo hoch erhebt,
Daß er auch ſeinen Tod nun recht hat überlebt.

***) Siehe das ſchöne Sinngedichte, ſo er auf unſern Dichter verfertiget hat, welches ſo lautet:

In Effigiem.

Qualis in hoc spirat generosus Opitius aere,
In nostro talem pectore scripsit Amor,
Vnde ipsam non ulla aetas delebit; at olim
Tam pulchram tabulam fors premet atra dies.
Caetera praetereunt; divinae mentis imago
Vivet in aeternis, quos dedit ipse, modis.

Hactenus incultam patriae Germania credens
Linguam suam, externos est venerata sonos;
Quisquiliasque suo peregrinas praetulit auro;
Ergo peregrinus credidit omnis idem.
Verius ut patriam sermonis honore tuetur
Opitius nostrae gloria prima lyrae.
Nil mihi vobiscum, impuro qui lingitis ore
Romani faeces reliquiasque meri.
Cedite, dicam ipsis, Romani! cedite Graii!
Germanus, qui vos exsuperabit, adest.

*) Dieſer ſchreibt auf der 7ten Seite ſeines Frühlings:

Wer kennt den Opitz nicht, die ſchöne Pierian,
Als der den Helikon durch ſeinen hohen Sinn
In Deutſchland hat verſetzt?

Und, nachdem er Opitzen den König der Poeten geheißen, lieſt man auf der 123ſten Seite:

Lebt hierbey der Zuverſicht,
Daß ein ſolcher Opitz nicht
Alle Jahre wird gebohren.

Auch auf der 22ſten Seite heißt es:

Ich höre deinen Fleiß izt noch die ganze Stadt erheben,
Bis zu den Sternen hin, in der mir Geiſt und Leben
Der Himmel hat verehrt: die nun ſo hoch und weit
Durch ihren Opitz ſteigt, als etwan vor der Zeit
Durch Maro Mantua.

**) Siehe das Glückwünſchungsgedicht an Opitzen, ſo bey ſeinen Werken zu finden iſt:

Res est perfacilis dolare versum
Dicit praecipitum genus Truonum,
Qui credunt satis hoc bono Poetae,
Si possit numeris ligare voces,
Et grandes calamo inquinare chartas.
Quantumvis sapiant suam peremptam.
Hoc plebs et genios suos aderat,
Hos aequat titulis Maronianis.
Et pridem queritur Latina Musa,
Secum prostitui suas sorores.
Quo quis praestat ineptius Poetam,
Tanto plus superat bonos Poetas.
Rari indicii est, greges olorum
A nigris hodie expedire corvis.
At quid non patitur, vel ante passa est,
Felix ingeniis, sed arte dispar,
Magnae Teutoniae jacens Poësis?
Quid si non aliquis sagax veniret
Gustator Viadri Silesiani?
Mansisset tenebris sepulta merces
Germanae decus aureum Thaliae.
Hanc nobis redimit fides Opiti,
Quem mersit liquidas Apollo in undas,
Quas Pelignus Opitius bibebat,
Cum nondum Dominam timebat iram.
Quisquis vult Latio tumere Phoebo,
Quisquis Teutonica lyra probari,
Nec credit tamen id laboris esse:
Is tentet numeros Opitianos,
An rursum temere, videbo, dicat:
Res est perfacilis dolare versum.

***) Dieſer ſchreibt in der Vorrede zu ſeinem poetiſchen Luſtgarten, der 1638 herausgekommen: Es hat uns zwar der edle und hochberühmte Poet, Martin Opitz, in ſeinen theils luſtigen, theils nützlichen Schriften und Gedichten, genugſam Anleitung gegeben, wie wir unſere faſt verderbten, und durch ſo viel Fremdes in dieſelben, gleichſam vermummten deutſchen Sprache, wieder auf die Beine helfen, ihr die unbekannten Larven wieder abziehen, und derſelben Glanz, Zier und Reinlichkeit zu Aufnehmen bringen könnten 2c. Und in ſeiner **Musa Teutonica**, die 1640 herausgekommen, heißt es gleichfalls in der Vorrede: Wir Deutſchen, ob wir ſchon in den lateiniſchen und griechiſchen Sprachen ſo vortreffliche Poeten gehabt, und noch zur Zeit haben, daß wir auch keinen fremden Nationen in denſelben etwas bevorgeben: ſo iſt doch faſt niemand gefunden, der ſich um unſre ſo ſchöne und wortreiche Mutterſprache hätte bekümmern, oder dieſelbe durch göttliche Poeſie hätte berühmt machen wollen; bis endlich vor wenig Jahren, der hochgelahrte OPITIVS hervorgekommen, der den Weg zur ſelbigen gebahnet, das Eis gebrochen, und uns Deutſchen die rechtgenehme Kaldenbach *), dieſe alle ſage ich, und noch unzählige andere, haben ihm dieſes unpartheyiſche Zeugniß gleichſam um die Wette gegeben. Und, was noch mehr iſt, ſelbſt Caſpar Barth **), der berühmte Leipziger Polyhiſtor, der doch die Schönheiten gelehrter Sprachen ſo vollkommen einſah; ſelbſt Daniel Heinſius ***), der große Kunſtrichter damaliger Zeiten, dem die Regeln und Exempel der Alten ſo vollkommen bekannt waren; ſelbſt Hugo Grotius *), deſſen Name allein genug iſt, einen großen Geiſt anzuzeigen, der mit ſeinem durchdringenden Verſtande, ungemeinen Witze, und faſt göttlichen Gedächtniſſe, zu einer allgemeinen Gelehrſamkeit gelanget war: dieſe drey große Zeugen, ſage ich, treten für mich auf, unſerm hochverdienten Opitz ſein gebührendes Lob zu geben. Sie geſtehen nämlich mit einem Munde, daß er die deutſche Poeſie der alten griechiſchen und römiſchen, und die Sprache der Deutſchen ihren Waffen gleich gemacht; daß er den tragiſchen Geiſt des Sophokles, den epiſchen des Virgil, die erhabene Leyer des Horaz, und die anmuthigen Saiten des Ovidius erreichet, ja allen neuern Wälſchen und Franzoſen nichts zuvor gegeben habe.

Es iſt wahr, alle dieſe gelehrte Männer ſind Freunde und Gönner unſers Poeten geweſen: ja, die beyden letztern haben ihm ſogar, für die Ueberſetzung verſchiedener ihrer Werke zu danken gehabt. Allein, weit gefehlt, daß dieſes ihr Zeugniß entkräften ſollte; ſo erwächſt ihm daraus vielmehr eine neue Stärke. Denn was war es doch immermehr, wodurch ſich Opitz die Gunſt und die Freundſchaft ſo vieler ſinnreichen Köpfe, ſo vieler Lichter unſers Deutſchlandes, und der Niederlande erworben hat? Gewiß nichts anders, als der ſonderbare Geiſt und Witz, den er in ſeinen unvergleichlichen Gedichten wies; nichts, als die vortrefflichen Muſter der deutſchen Schreibart, die er, ſchon in ſeinen jungen Jahren der Welt vor Augen gelegt hatte; nichts anders, als die glücklichen Ueberſetzungen ſelbſt, die er von den artigſten und nützlichſten Werken abgefaſſet hatte. Eine Freundſchaft aber, die ſich auf dieſen Grund ſtützet, iſt gewiß die allerreinſte, die man wünſchen kann. Wenn dorten der Poet Archias, nach dem Berichte Cicerons, Gönner und Freunde fand, ſo bald er nach Rom kam; bloß, weil der Ruhm von ſeinem Witze bereits vor ihm hergegangen war: oder wenn jener Spanier, nur um den großen Geſchichtſchreiber Livius zu ſehen, nach Rom gekommen, und, ſo bald er ihn geſehen, vergnügt wieder an Bord geſtiegen, und unter Segel gegangen; gerade als ob nichts merkwürdiges mehr in Rom zu ſehen wäre: ſo hat man eine ſolche Zuneigung gewiß nur einem unſtreitigen Verdienſte dieſer geſchickten Männer zuzuſchreiben gehabt. Und was hätte wohl ſonſt unſern Opitz den Unbekannten ſo beliebt machen können; da ihm, weder eine hohe Geburt, noch eine anſehnliche Bedienung bey Hofe, noch ein großes Vermögen, Schmäuchler zuwege bringen konnte? Wie glücklich ſeyd ihr derowegen, ihr aufgeweckten Köpfe! ihr ſcharfſinnigen Scribenten! Eure Freundſchaften allein ſind ohne Argwohn! Eure Verdienſte aber ſind unſtreitig, und erwerben euch aufrichtige Gönner und Freunde; indeſſen daß Hoheit und Reichthum gegen alles mistrauiſch ſeyn müſſen, was ihnen oft auch ſo viele Lobſprüche verſchwendet.

Doch, nicht nur die damals lebenden Helden in der gelehrten Welt, haben unſern Dichter, für den Vater des deutſchen Witzes erkläret. Selbſt unter den Neuern haben ihn die größten Meiſter, Kenner und Richter ſinnreicher Schriften, faſt bis an den Himmel erhoben. Zu den erſten rechne ich den ſcharfſinnigen Rachelius, unſern deutſchen Lucil **), und den

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Art gezeiget, wie auch wir in unſrer Sprache Petrarchas, Arioſtos und Ronſardos haben können ꝛc.

*) Dieſer geſchickte Dichter, der anfänglich in Königsberg, hernach in Tübingen gelebet, ſchreibt auf der 488ſten Seite in ſeinem Gedichte:

Schaut, unſre Weichſel rinnt,
Gottlob! der Pregel auch, durch keinen Zwiſt entzündt:
Hier, wo der Bunzler-Schwan, wiewohl auf kurze Zeiten,
Auch ſeine Ruh noch fand.

Und an den König Uladislaus ſchreibt er auf der 383ſten Seite, ſo von ihm:

Der nie von Schaam entfärbet,
Dein Stimmwerk ſelbſt gerühret. Opitz der edle Schwan,
Den Bunzlau trug auf Erdt, auf deſſen hoher Bahn
Ich, Phöbus, ſetze nach, fand bey ihm Huld und Gnade,
Dem er ſein ſchönes Lob, am baltiſchen Geſtade
Auch rühmlich ſang: hier, wo ſein irdiſches Gebein
Der weit gehöhlten Gruft noch ſteht geſendet ein.
Er gab ihm Raum und Fug, ſein würdiges Lob zu ſchreiben,
Hieß ſeiner Zeiten Lauf der Weisheit einverleiben,
Die auf die Nachwelt ſieht. So lange man forthin
Der edlen Wiege Ruhm am Bober an wird ziehn,
Und das berühmte Grab bei Danzig aufzuweiſen;
Wird auch dein ſüßes Lob den lieben Purpur preiſen,
Der ihm ſich zugewandt.

**) Dieſer hat auf Opitzens deutſche Gedichte folgendes Sinngedicht aufgeſetzet:

Germanae tubicen novellae Peithus,
Qui plectrum rude Martiae loquelae
Priscis cedere non sinis Pelasgis;
Quin quicquid grave, sordidum, molestum,
Bellacis studiosior lacerti
Albis moribus assonabat olim,
Nunc voce premat eloquente Teuto,
Nec praeconia gloriae superba
A victo petat impotenter hoste:
An longis tibi saeculis nepotes
Dignas dicere gratias valebunt,
Quod te vindice, literate Vates,
Maternae gravitas leposque linguae
Et Grajos premit, et premit Latinos?
Per te, qui bene dimicabat olim
Teuto, nunc bene non minus loquetur.

In Ejusdem Effigiem.

Potor Pegasei potens fluenti
Talem sese hominem ferebat inter,
Ingens ingenii, lepore promtus,
Castis moribus aemulus priscos,
Non istis modo qui probantur aevo,
Sed quos sanctior extulit vetustas:
Qualem mentis Opitium bearit
Naturae favor, artiumque cultus,
Vitae dotibus, et decore linguae,
Rumori dare calculum caveto;
Ipsum, Lector, adi; videbis omnes
Tot laudum superare cantilenas,
O sacrum caput! o cor entheatum!
Siren Teutona, Silesiana Peitho,
Quis verbis variare tot nitelas,
Tot morum joca posset innocentum!
Felices tabulae; sacrantur aera,
Tanti queis typus incidet Poëtae:
Illas postera dedicabit aetas.

***) Dieſem, auch in holländiſchen Verſen ſehr geſchickten Poeten, geſteht Opitz in einem Gedichte, auf deſſelben niederländiſche Gedichte, daß er von ihm die deutſche Poeſie gelernet habe.

Ich auch, weil ihr mir ſeyd im Schreiben vorgegangen,
Was ich für Ehr und Ruhm durch Hochdeutſch werd erlangen,
Will meinem Vaterland eröffnen rund und frey:
Daß eure Poeſie der meinen Mutter ſey.

*) Auch dieſer hat in einem kurzen Gedichte unſerm Poeten ſeinen Beyfall öffentlich bezeuget:

Quod mihi misisti doctissime munus Opiti,
  Ingratus, gratum ni foret, ipse forem.
Multum ego, sed multo tibi plus Germania debet,
  Aonias quae jam te duce potat aquas.
Quantum Maeonidi facundo Graecia debet,
  Patria Maeonidi Graecia tota suo;
Quantum grandiloquo regnatrix Roma Maroni;
  Petrarchae quantum serior Italia;
Quantum Sortilegis Ronsardi Gallia Musis,
  Vel mea Douseis patria carminibus:
Tantum Teutonici debet tibi nominis, et quod
  Nunc viget, et quantum saecla futura dabunt.
Hoc habuit Rhenus; sed nunc, ne maximus inter
  Invideat, clarum Dacia surgit opus.
Ergo novo, gens prisca, Getae, gaudete triumpho:
  Ausoniae vobis hic dabit usque opes.
Idem qui nuper teneris dedit ante Camoenis,
  Ex orco veteres suscitat historias.

***) Dieſer ſchreibt in ſeiner Satire, der Poet genannt:

Schreib wenig, wo nicht viel, doch das nach Arbeit ſchmecket:
Ein kleines Werklein hat oft großen Ruhm erwecket.
Zwo Zeilen oder drey, von Buchnern aufgeſetzt,
Sind billig mehr, als dieß mein ganzes Buch geſchätzt.

edlen Caniz*), unſern Horaz, zweene Meiſter in der ſatyriſchen Schreibart der Deutſchen. In den andern will ich gleichfalls nur zween, nämlich den beleſenen Morhof**), und den, faſt in allen Theilen der Gelehrſamkeit gründlich gelehrten Leibniz***), zählen. Alle dieſe bezeugen mit den nachdrücklichſten Worten, daß Opitz der erſte und größte unſerer Poeten geweſen, dem bis auf ihre Zeiten noch niemand zuvor, ja nicht einmal gleich, gekommen.

Und was für Zeiten waren es doch, darinn dieſer große Mann aufgeſtanden iſt! Waren es nicht ſolche, in welchen faſt noch nichts erträgliches in unſerer Sprache geſchrieben war? Nur die ungeſchickteſten Knittelreime herrſchten noch in ganz Deutſchland. Nur die Meiſterſänger, die würdigen Abkömmlinge jener alten Barden, die bey unſern Vorfahren, durch ihre rauhen Lieder, die Jugend verehret hatten, waren noch ganz allein die Muſter der deutſchen Dichtkunſt. Nur Hans Sachs war der große Geiſt, den Germanien damals bewunderte, und den man trotzig genug, den Homer der Deutſchen zu nennen pflegte. Nur ein Ringwald, nur ein Rollenhagen, nur ein Vogel herrſchten damals auf dem Deutſchen Parnaß. In einer ſo trüben Zeit ſtand nun unſer Dichter auf. Er hatte keine Vorgänger, als die Alten: er ſelbſt aber ward allen ſeinen Landesleuten ein Vorbild, welchem ſie nachſtreben konnten. Sein ganzes Vaterland konnte ihm, in ſeiner Mutterſprache, kein gutes Muſter darſtellen, dem er hätte folgen können. Sein großer Geiſt mußte ſich ſelbſt eine Bahn brechen, die noch kein deutſcher Fuß betreten hatte.

Zwar Wälſchland wies ihm ſchon ſeinen Dante, Petrarcha und Taſſo: auch Frankreich wies ihm ſeinen Marot und Ronſard, ſeinen Desportes und Malherbe. Allein, eines theils waren dieſe ſelbſt noch nicht gar zu weit in die Poeſie eingedrungen; theils war es auch ſo leicht nicht, in einer ziemlichen rauhen Sprache dem nachzuahmen, was ſie gutes geſchrieben hatten; theils aber hat unſer deutſcher Dichter, die meiſten darunter ſehr weit hinter ſich gelaſſen. Er ahmte ihnen anfangs nach, um ſie nachmals zu übertreffen: nicht anders, als vormals die Römer den griechiſchen Muſtern in der Dichtkunſt, Beredſamkeit, Baukunſt, und andern Künſten, zwar etwas ſpät, aber ſo glücklich nachgefolget ſind, daß ſie dieſelben weit übertroffen haben. Eben ſo iſt es mit unſern Nachbarn, den Wälſchen, Franzoſen, und Niederländern gegangen. Wir ſind allerdings etwas ſpäter mit den Muſen bekannt geworden als ſie; weil ſich kein mediceiſches Haus, kein Franciſcus, kein Richelieu, kein großer Ludewig bey uns gefunden hatten, die ſelbſt den Witz gekannt und geliebet, und durch eine königliche Freygebigkeit aufgemuntert haben. Aber getroſt, du ehrliebendes Germanien! Eben das, was dich unterdrücken und erniedrigen ſollte, das erhebet dich; das gereichet dir, zu deſto größerer Ehre. Träge Seelen werden nur durch Belohnungen und angebothene Vortheile, zu den Wiſſenſchaften aufgemuntert; deine Kinder ſind feurig genug, aus bloßer Ehrliebe darnach zu ſtreben. Ja ſie ſtreben nicht nur darnach, nein ſie werden auch vortrefflich darinnen; ja ſie laſſen alle andre Völker weit zurück. Wenn ſich nämlich unſre Deutſchen auf Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften befliſſen haben; ſo haben ſie es auch gemeiniglich, aus eignem Triebe, ihren Lehrmeiſtern und Vorgängern weit zuvor gethan.

In was für trübſeligen Umſtänden, hat nicht endlich unſer Opitz die deutſche Sprache und Dichtkunſt ſo hoch empor gebracht? Sehen ſie doch ein wenig mit mir zurück, gnädigſte und hochzuehrende Anweſende! Thun ſie doch einen Blick in die Geſchichte des vorigen Jahrhunderts. Erwägen ſie doch das traurige, das ſchreckliche Schickſal, welches unſer zerrüttetes Deutſchland damals betroffen hat. Dasjenige, welches die Quelle der menſchlichen Glückſeligkeit ſeyn ſollte, ward damals eine Quelle der Zwietracht, und des Verderbens. Der Aberglaube lag mit der Wahrheit zu Felde. Die Religion ſelbſt war der unglückſelige Zankapfel, um welches willen ſich Völker wider ihre Häupter empörten, und ihr Vaterland zu einem blutigen Schauplatze vieler erbärmlichen Trauerſpiele machten. Unzählige Städte wurden verwüſtet, unzählige Dörfer giengen im Rauche auf, und die fruchtbarſten Felder wurden mit Brand und Leichen beſäet. Die deutſchen Fürſten, die ſich wider den gemeinen Feind des chriſtlichen Namens hätten rüſten ſollen; rieben einander durch bürgerliche Kriege auf. Auch auswärtige Helden kamen der bedrängten Wahrheit auf deutſchem Boden zu Hülfe; und nordiſche Könige büßten an der Spitze ihrer Schaaren, zum Dienſte der guten Sache, das Leben ein. Die Geſetze ſchwiegen. Die Gottesfurcht gieng verlohren. Der Glaube ward oft einem blinden Religionseifer nachgeſetzt. Die Gelehrſamkeit ward vertrieben, oder doch verachtet. Die Tempel der Weisheit wurden verſchloſſen, oder doch von Lehrern und Zuhörern entblößet. Und die ſanfte Stimme der Muſen ward vor dem ängſtlichen Schwirren der Waffen, vor dem lärmenden Getöſe der Trummeln und Trompeten, und vor dem gräßlichen Knalle der Karthaunen, gar nicht mehr gehöret.

Du ſelbſt kannſt mir hier mit deinem Zeugniſſe zu ſtatten kommen, du ſo oft beſtürmtes, du ſo oft erobertes Leipzig! Du ſelbſt biſt oft genug ein Raub widriger Parteyen, und ein trauriger Schauplatz der blutigſten Schlachten und Belagerungen geweſen. Auch deine Muſen wurden dadurch oft erſchrecket und verſcheuchet. Dein ſinnreicher Sohn, der glücklichſte Nachfolger unſers großen Opitz, der berühmte Paul Flemming, verließ daher deine fruchtbare, deine anmuthige Fluren, wo er ſo oft durch ſeinen anmuthigen Geſang Wälder und Flüſſe bezaubert hatte, und entwich mit einer holſteiniſchen Geſandtſchaft, bis in die entfernten Gränzen Aſiens, wo das caſpiſche Meer die perſianiſchen Ufer benetzet. So bekam Aſtrakan und Iſpahan zum erſtenmale einen deutſchen Dichter zu hören: der aber allezeit den Jammer und das Elend, deß in ſeine Eingeweide wütenden Deutſchlandes beſeufzte. Niemand hat aber daſſelbe beſſer beſchrieben, ja ſo zu reden, mit lebendigen Farben abgeſchildert, als unſer patrio-

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Nur eine Fliege wohl, und nach der Kunſt gemahlet,
Iſt ihres Lobes werth, und wird ſo wohl bezahlet,
Als noch des Lebens Maaß ein großer Elephant,
Den nur ein Sudler hat geſchlagen von der Hand.
Kannſt du kein Opitz ſeyn, kein theurer Flemming werden?
O! es iſt Raum genug vom Himmel bis zur Erden.

*) In ſeiner Satire von der Poeſie ſchreibt dieſer große Kenner:

Iſts möglich? kann dir noch die Dichterkunſt gefallen?
Gib Achtung, bitt ich dich, wie unſre Lieder ſchallen.
Und was für eine Brut man allenthalben heckt,
So weit ſich das Gebieth des deutſchen Bodens ſtreckt.
Durch Opitz ſtillen Bach gehn wir mit trocknen Füßen ꝛc.

**) Dieſer ſchreibt in ſeinem Tractate von der deutſchen Sprache im IX Cap. gleich anfangs: Wir müſſen endlich auf die dritte Zeit der Deutſchen Poeterey kommen, da dieſelbe gleichſam aus dem Grabe wieder erwecket worden, und viel herrlicher als jemals hervorgekommen, unter des Herrn Opitzens Anführung. Es haben zwar einige vor ihm, ſich etwas darinne angenommen; aber es macht doch nichts, gegen ſeine Vollkommenheit. — Hübner, der des Bartas Schriften faſt um dieſelbe Zeit überſetzet, ſchreibet nichts, das mit Opitzen kann verglichen werden. Er ſelbſt hat in ſeinen erſten Verſen, die er geſchrieben, viel Arten zu reden und zu reimen von der alten Zeit. — Doch hat er nach dem Muſter des Herrn Ronſards im franzöſiſcher, und des Herrn Douſae und Heinſii in niederländiſcher Sprache ſeine Poeterey und Schreibart viel verbeſſert. — Herr Opitz war ein gelehrter Mann, und in Hiſtorien griechiſcher und lateiniſcher Sprache wohl erfahren, wie ſeine variae lectiones, Commentaria in Disticha Catonis, und andre Sachen zur Gnüge anzeigen. — Er war ſehr glücklich im Ueberſetzen, wie er denn viel Verſe aus dem Niederländiſchen und Franzöſiſchen ins Deutſche gebracht. — Von des Opitii Gedichten urtheilet Buchner, Epist. 51. Non potest accedere altius Musa patria, et necesse est, ut acquiescat eo fastigio, quo te collocasti. Interim te sequemur longe, et tua vestigia adorabimus: sic tamen non obscuri proceres morituri. Ich gebe ihm Beyfall, daß zu ſeiner Zeit, er der vortrefflichſte Poet geweſen iſt ꝛc.

***) Dieſer große Polyhiſtor hat gewiß die Verdienſte unſers Dichters ſowohl, als alle übrige Kenner eingeſehen. In ſeinen unvorgreiflichen Gedanken, betreffend die Ausübung und Verbeſſerung der deutſchen Sprache, die in ſeinen Collectaneis etymologicis p. 256. und in dem erſten Bande der critiſchen Beyträge, anzutreffen ſind, hat er ſeiner zu vielen malen mit großem Ruhme gedacht. Denn auf der 273ſten Seite rühmet er ihn wegen der Erläuterung eines altdeutſchen Reimes. Hernach räth er auf der 291 S. denen, die deutſche Wörterbücher ſchreiben wollten; daß ſie eine Beſichtigung, Muſterung und Ausſchuß anſtellen, und dießfalls in guten deutſchen Schriften ſich erſehen möchten, als ſonderlich in Opitzens Werken, welche nicht nur in Verſen herausgekommen, ſondern auch in freyer Rede, dergleichen ſeine Hercynia, ſeine Ueberſetzung der Argenis und Arcadia. Und endlich gehört vor allen Dingen der 97 §. p. 306 hieher, der alſo lautet: Es hat ja der treffliche Opitz, ſo bey uns, wie Virgilius bey den Römern, der erſte und letzte ſeines Schrots und Korns geweſen, kein Bedenken gehabt, dergleichen zu thun: als zum Exempel wenn er zu Heinſio ſagt:

Daß deine Poeſie der meinen Mutter ſey.

Damit hat er, meines Erachtens, dieß Wort Poeſie, aus habender ſeiner Macht, einmal für allemal, für deutſch erkläret, ſo gut und unwiderruflich, als ob ein Act of Parliament über eine engliſche Naturaliſirung ergangen. Woraus denn ſattſam erhellet, in wie hohem Werthe er unſern Dichter gehalten habe.

hochgeſchätzter Opiz, in ſeinem Troſtgedichte von Widerwärtigkeit des Krieges, gethan hat. Und wer hätte dasſelbe beſſer entwerfen können; da er ſelbſt, dieſen Ungewittern auszuweichen, die meiſte Zeit ſeines Lebens in Deutſchland herum irren, und bald in den Niederlanden, bald im Holſteiniſchen, bald in Siebenbürgen, bald endlich auch in Preußen, einen ruhigen Aufenthalt hat ſuchen müſſen.

Aller dieſer Unruhe ungeachtet, mitten unter dem Raſen der Waffen, vom 18ten bis zum 39ſten Jahre des vorigen Jahrhunderts, hat unſer unermüdeter Opiz dennoch die deutſche Sprache und Dichtkunſt aus dem Staube gehoben, und ſie faſt auf einmal, ſehr nahe an den Gipfel ihrer jetzigen Vollkommenheit erhöhet. Erhöhet hat er ſie, durch ſeine reine Schreibart, die er ſo viel möglich, von aller Vermiſchung fremder Sprachen geſaubert hat. Erhöhet hat er ſie, durch ſein fließendes Sylbenmaaß, welches er, nach Art der alten Römer, bey uns eingeführet; da die Franzoſen bis auf dieſe Stunde nichts davon wiſſen. Erhöhet hat er ſie, durch ſeine natürliche und vernünftige Art zu denken; dadurch er uns allein ein Muſter des guten Geſchmacks nachgelaſſen hat. Erhöhet hat er ſie endlich, durch erhabene Gedanken, durch lebhafte Ausdrückungen, durch ſcharfſinnige Einfälle, durch artige Scherzreden, durch angenehme und nachdrückliche Gleichniſſe, durch unzählige lehrreiche Sprüche, als ſo viele Schätze der Weisheit; und kurz, durch alles, was einen Scribenten beliebt, erbaulich, und edel machen kann.

Denn, welche Art der Gedichte hat unſer Poet nicht verſuchet? Ich ſage noch zu wenig: in welcher Art der Gedichte hat er uns nicht Meiſterſtücke geliefert? Oden, Elegien, Briefe, Satiren, Lobgedichte, Lehrgedichte, Sinngedichte, Ueberſetzungen, Sonnette, Schäferſpiele, Trauerſpiele, und kurz, faſt alle und jede Arten, worinnen ſich ſonſt viele Poeten kaum einzeln hervor gethan haben, ſind von ihm allein, faſt in gleicher Vollkommenheit verfertiget worden. Dieſes, gnädige und hochgeſchätzte Anweſende, dieß iſt das rechte Merkmaal großer Geiſter. Ihre Fähigkeit läßt ſich nicht in enge Gränzen einſchließen. Alles was ſie unternehmen, das gelinget ihnen. Wie ein reiner Spiegel alle ſichtbare Dinge darſtellet, die vor ihn gebracht werden: ſo nimmt auch der reiche Witz eines Dichters faſt alle mögliche Geſtalten an. Er erhebt ſich wie ein Adler, wann er das hohe Lob der Tugend beſinget. Er nimmt die Stimme einer zärtlich lockenden Nachtigall an, wann er eine verliebte Leidenſchaft ausdrücken will. Er girret wie eine Taube, wann er den Verluſt wichtiger Güter bedauert. Und wann er die Wohlthaten ſeines Schöpfers preiſet: ſo wird ſein Geſang von einer lieblichen Lerche die Kunſt entlehnen, womit ſie die heitre Sommerluft erfüllet, und einen aufmerkſamen Landmann zur Dankbarkeit ermuntert. Wenn ich nun zu allen dieſen Bildern, noch den herzhaften Klang einer ſchmetternden Feldtrompete hinzuſetze, womit ein muthiger Tyrtäus ſeine Leſer zu einem tapfern Schutze ihrer Rechte und Freyheiten anfeuert: ſo werde ich freylich ſehr viel, aber deſſen ungeachtet, noch nichts mehr angezeiget haben, als was unſer großer Opiz ſeinem Vaterlande wirklich geleiſtet; was er allein unſern Deutſchen, und zwar zuerſt, und faſt zu gleicher Zeit, in ſeinen Gedichten gewieſen hat.

Wo bleibt hier noch ſeine ſo wohlfließende, ſo reine, ſo nachdrückliche, und ſinnreiche Schreibart in ungebundener Rede, darinnen er uns eben ſo vollkommene Proben, als in der gebundenen, gegeben hat! Er hat zuerſt gezeiget, daß die Rauhigkeit, der Uebelklang, und das unförmliche Weſen, unſrer Mutterſprache nicht ſo eigen ſey, daß es nicht abgelegt werden könnte; und alſo den ſchändlichen Vorwurf von ihr abgelehnet, daß ſie ſich zu ſinnreichen und anmuthigen Schriften gar nicht ſchicke. Ja nicht nur er ſelbſt hat dieſes gewieſen, auch ſeine gute Freunde wurden von ihm angefeuert, ein gleiches zu thun: wie Zinkgräfs treffliche Bücher von den ſinnreichen Reden und klugen Sprüchen der Deutſchen ſattſam zeigen können. Wo bleibt endlich noch ſeine Wiſſenſchaft der deutſchen Alterthümer, ſeine Einſicht in die Regeln der Dichtkunſt, und die kritiſche Kenntniß unſrer Sprache, die er in der Erläuterung und Ausgabe eines alten deutſchen Gedichtes auf St. Anno erwieſen hat? In Wahrheit, gnädige und hochgeſchätzte Anweſende! hier ſcheue ich mich nicht zu ſagen, was ich bisher in Anſehung der Gedichte unſers Poeten, noch nicht habe wagen mögen: daß er nämlich alle Dichter des Alterthums übertroffen habe. Denn ſind dieſe gleich in der gebundenen Schreibart geübt geweſen: ſo haben ſie ſich doch in der ungebundenen ſehr ſchlecht, oder ganz und gar nicht zeigen können; vielweniger ſind ſie zugleich in der kritiſchen Einſicht ihrer Sprachen, und der Dichtkunſt ſelbſt ſtark geweſen. Unſer Opiz hingegen, iſt nicht nur ein Dichter, ſondern auch ein Redner; nicht nur ein Redner, ſondern auch ein Wortforſcher; nicht nur ein Wortforſcher, ſondern auch ein Kunſtrichter geweſen.

Wenn es nun dergeſtalt, gnädige und hochgeſchätzte Anweſende, eine ausgemachte Sache bleibt, daß gelehrte Scribenten durch lehrreiche, witzerfüllte und anmuthige Schriften in ihrer Mutterſprache, ihrem Vaterlande jederzeit viel Ehre machen, und alſo von ihren Landsleuten einen unſterblichen Ruhm und Dank verdienen; wenn es ferner ausgemachet iſt, wie ich bisher gezeiget habe, daß unſer großer Opiz ſeinem Vaterlande allerdings dieſen ſo wichtigen Dienſt, und zwar zu allererſt, bey unzähligen Schwierigkeiten kriegeriſcher Zeiten, und faſt in allen Arten ſinnreicher Schriften, geleiſtet hat: wer wollte denn, wer könnte noch wohl den geringſten Zweifel tragen, ob er nicht bey allen redlichen Deutſchen ein unſterbliches Andenken, und einen ewigen Dank verdienet habe?

Ich ſehe nur ein einziges, welches man mir einwenden kann. Um eben die Zeit, als unſer gepreiſener Opiz ſich mit ſeinen erſten Schriften hervorthat, entſtund die ſo berühmte fruchtbringende Geſellſchaft; die nichts anders zum Abſehen hatte, als die Verbeſſerung der deutſchen Sprache, Beredſamkeit und Poeſie. Hat denn dieſe, (ſo wird man mich fragen) nicht viel mehr geleiſtet, als Opiz? Und wollen wir denn derſelben alle ihre Ehre nehmen, um ſie einem einzigen Manne allein beyzulegen?

Ferne ſey es von mir, Magnifice, gnädige und hochgeſchätzte Anweſende! ferne ſey es, daß ich einer ſo patriotiſch geſinnten Geſellſchaft, ihre Ehre ſtreitig machen ſollte; einer Geſellſchaft, die aus ſo vielen durchlauchten, gräflichen und adelichen Mitgliedern beſtanden; die ſo eifrig für die deutſche Ehre geweſen, und weder Zeit, noch Fleiß, noch Koſten geſcheuet, dieſelbe zu befördern. Nein, ich verehre dieſelbe mehr, als jemand; und glaube, daß man einen großen Theil des heutigen Reichthums und Glanzes unſrer Mutterſprache derſelben zu verdanken habe. Allein wer weiß auch nicht, daß unſer großer Opiz ſelbſt, unter dem Namen des Gekrönten, ein Mitglied derſelben geweſen iſt? Wer muß es nicht geſtehen, daß er eher ein großer Dichter geweſen, als er in dieſelbe aufgenommen worden? Ohne Zweifel iſt dieſes allererſt geſchehen, als er dem damaligen Schutzherrn der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft, dem durchlauchtigſten Fürſten, Ludwig, zu Anhaltköthen, die erſte gute Auflage ſeiner geſammelten weltlichen Gedichte zugeeignet hatte. Damals war ja aber unſer Opiz ſchon ein berühmter Dichter, ja ein ſolcher, dem in derſelben Geſellſchaft kein andrer zu vergleichen war. Und wen hat doch dieſelbe auch nachmals aufzuweiſen gehabt, der mit ihm um den Vorzug hätte ſtreiten können? In Wahrheit keinen! Ein jeder unter dieſen redlichen Männern hat unſerm Dichter die Oberſtelle ſehr willig eingeräumet. Und es bleibt alſo wohl dabey, daß Opiz allein, als der Vater unſrer Dichtkunſt, vor allen andern deutſchen Schriftſtellern, einer unauslöſchlichen Hochachtung und Dankbarkeit würdig ſey.

Auf! derowegen, du aufgeklärtes Deutſchland! auf! und erzeige deinem würdigſten Sohne auch einmal die verdiente Ehre. Haſt du vormals die rauhen Barden in Ehren gehalten; haſt du Meiſterſänger und elende Reimſchmiede hochgeſchätzet, die dich doch nur mit einem einfältigen Geſchwätze beluſtigten; das Lob deiner Helden aber, doch nicht bis auf unſere Zeiten haben bringen können: o ſo ſey doch gegen einen wahren Dichter nicht unempfindlich, der deine Ehre gegen die Ausländer gerettet, deine Sprache aus der Barbarey geriſſen, deine Kinder zur Tapferkeit angeflammet, deine Gottesfurcht durch Lieder angefeuert, und die Lehren der Weisheit in einer ſo lieblichen Tracht dargeſtellet hat, daß auch die Unweiſen ſie lieb gewonnen haben.

Auf! alſo, dankbares Germanien! verwirf die ungeſchickten Nachfolger dieſes großen Meiſters, die dir durch ihr ausſchweifendes Weſen, durch ihre regelloſe Einbildungskraft, durch ihren geilen Witz und ungeſalzenen Scherz, mehr Schande gemacht, als jener dir Ehren erworben hatte. Verweiſe doch künftig deine lehrbegierige Jugend fleißiger, als du bisher gethan, auf den Vater deiner Poeſie. Lehre ſie denjenigen Geiſt bewundern und nachahmen, der ſo ſcharfſinnig als weiſe, ſo angenehm als tugendhaft, ſo fruchtbar als edel geweſen iſt: und ſetze es künftig zu einer Grundregel, daß nur derjenige von deinen Dichtern das größte Lob verdiene, der dem geſunden, dem reinen, dem natürlich ſchönen Witze des großen Opiz am ähnlichſten geworden iſt.

Du aber, vorjetzo höchſt bekümmertes Bunzlau! das du durch ein ſonderbares Schickſal, jetzo einem Steinhaufen ähnlicher biſt, als einer Stadt; nachdem eine entſetzliche Feuersbrunſt alle deine Gaſſen in die Aſche geleget hat: vergiß doch bey deiner Erneuerung, auch deines großen Sohnes nicht. Erſpare doch an deinen Baukoſten nur ſo viel, daß du dem theuren Opiz ein Denkmaal bey dir aufrichteſt. Dieſe Ehre haben vormals die Athenienſer ihrem Euripides angethan, ob er gleich in Macedonien geſtorben war, und ſie alſo ſeinen Leichnam nicht zurücke bekommen konnten. Willſt du aber unempfindlich bleiben, wirſt du denjenigen Dichter, den alle witzige Köpfe ſeiner Zeit bewundert und geehret, den ſo viele Kunſtrichter für den Vater der deutſchen Sprache und guten Schreibart erkläret, den ſo viele große Leute mit ihrer Freundſchaft beehret, den ſo viel hohe Häupter mit ihren Gnadenbezeugungen überhäufet, ja, gar des Adels würdig geachtet haben; wirſt du, ſage ich, wirſt deinen übrigen Landsleuten, einen ſolchen Mann, andern ſchwülſtigen und hochtrabenden Geiſtern nachſetzen, welche die gute Bahn die ihnen Opitz gewieſen, wieder verlaſſen haben: ſo wirſt du den Kindern ähnlich werden, die nur bunten Waſſerblaſen und vielfarbigten Schmetterlingen nachjagen; wohlriechende Blumen und geſunde Kräuter aber mit Füßen treten. Ja du wirſt denen gleichen, die eine wilde Bergart, um eines betrüglichen Glanzes halber, allen reichhaltigen Goldſtuffen vorziehen, und dich alſo durch deine üble Wahl, bey allen Kennern wahrer poetiſcher Schönheiten, verächtlich machen. Es werden ſich aber andere Verehrer des großen Opitz finden, die, weit von ſeinem Vaterlande, ſeiner Aſche diejenige Ehre erweiſen werden, die du ihm nicht haſt wiederfahren laſſen.

Ich kehre zu ihnen zurück, Magnifice, gnädige und hochzuehrende Anweſende! und erkenne aus ihrer gnädigen und gütigen Aufmerkſamkeit, daß mein poetiſcher Held noch jetzo Gönner und Freunde genug habe. Und was könnte wohl den Schriften dieſes Vaters unſrer Dichtkunſt rühmlicher ſeyn, als das gemeine Urtheil ſolcher Kenner und Liebhaber der wahren Poeſie? Fahren ſie fort, ſich ſelbſt und Opitzen dieſe Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren zu laſſen! Verehren ſie die Weisheit unſers Dichters, die ſich in ſeinen größern Gedichten in ſo edlen Bildern zeiget. Sein Troſtgedicht in Widerwärtigkeit des Krieges, ſein Vielgut und Zlatna, ſein Veſuvius, ſeine Lobgedichte auf hohe Häupter, ſeine vertrauliche Briefe an Zinkgräfen, Nüßlern, und Seußiuſſen, und andre unzählige Stücke mehr, ſind voll der vortrefflichſten Lehren und Wahrheiten, die jemals ein deutſcher Mund ausgeſprochen, ein deutſcher Kiel zu Papiere gebracht hat. O daß doch dieſe fleißig geleſen! o daß ſie doch unſrer Jugend, wie vormals in Griechenland die Schriften Homers, in die Hände gegeben würden! Wie viel geſunde Nahrung würden dieſe zarten Gemüther daraus nicht ziehen! Welch einen ſchönen Abriß der Tugend würden ſie nicht in ihr wächſernes Herz drücken! Welch einen Schatz von Gelehrſamkeit und gutem Geſchmacke, würden ſie nicht daraus einſammeln!

Was iſt noch übrig, als daß ich ihnen, Magnifice, hochgebohrne, und gnädigſte Anweſende! ſonderlich aber Eurer hochreichsgräflichen Excellenz, im Namen unſers geprieſenen Dichters; im Namen aller freyen Künſte, die ſchon mehr als 300 Jahre her in dieſem Hörſaale ihren Sitz und Tempel gehabt haben; ja endlich im Namen unſrer ganzen hohen Schule, auch hier öffentlich einen unterthänigen und ergebenſten Dank abſtatte, daß ſie Dero Gnade gegen alle dieſelben, durch Dero hohe Anweſenheit in dieſer Gedächtnißrede, haben an den Tag legen wollen. So lange die Welt von dem wohlverdienten Lobe unſers großen Opitz etwas wiſſen wird, (und wenn wird ſie daſſelbe vergeſſen?) ſo lange ſoll ſie es auch mit Dankbarkeit rühmen, daß heute der erlauchte Reichsgraf von Manteufel, ein rechter Mäcenas aller Wiſſenſchaften und freyen Künſte, daß auch die hochgebornen Reichsgrafen von Promnitz, von Solms, und von Pückler, dieſe Rede anſehnlich gemacht, und verherrlichet haben! O glückſelige Zeiten! worinnen die Beredſamkeit und Dichtkunſt, ſo viele und anſehnliche Gönner gefunden haben.

Louiſe Adelgunde Viktorie Gottſched,

Gattin des Vorigen und Tochter des bekannten polniſchen Leibarztes Dr. Kulmus, ward den 11. April 1713 zu Danzig geboren und bei ihren natürlichen Talenten im Hauſe ihres Vetters, des Danziger Profeſſor und Dr. Med. Adam Kulmus, von ihrer trefflichen Mutter mit einer über ihr Geſchlecht hinausgehenden wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildung ausgeſtattet. Beſonders Talent und Neigung zur Poeſie und Muſik und Vorliebe für die deutſche Sprache erwarben ihr 1729 die genauere Bekanntſchaft ihres nachmaligen Gatten, mit dem ſie ſich 1735 ehelich verband und dadurch eine treue Genoſſin ſeiner Arbeiten und Kämpfe wurde. Sie ſtarb den 26. Juni 1762 zu Leipzig mit dem wohl verdienten Ruhme einer zärtlichen Tochter, tugendhaften Gattin, guten Hausfrau, treuen Freundin, liebenswürdigen Geſellſchafterin, und eines Muſters der Tugend und Frömmigkeit. Für ihre Gelehrſamkeit zeugt nicht nur die genaue Kenntniß der neuern Sprachen, der Geographie, Geſchichte, Zeichnen- und Tonkunſt, ſondern auch ihre nicht gewöhnliche Bekanntſchaft mit der Beredſamkeit, Dichtkunſt, Philoſophie und der lateiniſchen und griechiſchen Sprache.

Wir beſitzen von ihr ſelbſt:

Der Frau von Lambert Betrachtungen über das Frauenzimmer, aus dem Franzöſiſchen — mit eignen Gedichten als Anhang. Leipzig 1731. in 8.

Der Sieg der Beredſamkeit, aus dem Franzöſiſchen der Frau von Gomez. Leipzig 1735. 8.

Kato, ein Trauerſpiel aus dem Engliſchen des Addiſon. Leipzig 1735. 8. Dann Ebendaſ. 1753. 8.

Die Pietiſterei im Fiſchbeinrocke. Luſtſpiel und freie Nachahmung von Bougeants Komödie La femme Docteur u. ſ. w. Roſtock, auf Koſten guter Freunde 1736. 8.

Triumph der Weltweisheit nach Art des franzöſiſchen Sieges der Beredſamkeit. — Eine Satyre. Leipzig 1739. 8.

Horatii, als eines wohlerfahrnen Schiffers, beweglicher Zuruf an alle auf dem Meere der geſunden Vernunft ſchwimmende Wolfianer, von X. Y. Z. N N. 1740. 8. Eine vom General von Manteufel veranlaßte und auf ſeine Koſten gedruckte komiſche Predigt gegen den damaligen homiletiſchen Schlendrian. Text: Horatius Epoden 7: quo scelesti ruitis!

Zwei Schriften, der Frau Marquiſe von Chatelet und des Herrn von Mairan, das Maß der lebendigen Kräfte betreffend. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1741. 8.

Popens Lockenraub, ein ſcherzhaftes Heldengedicht, aus dem Engliſchen in deutſche Verſe überſetzt. Leipzig 1744 in 4. Zweite Ausgabe; dann 1772 in gr. 8.

Der Aufſeher oder Vormund, aus dem Engliſchen des Addiſon überſetzt. Leipzig 1745. 2 Thle. in 8.

Die geſtürzten Freimäurer, aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin und Leipzig 1747. 8.

Neue Sammlung auserleſener Stücke aus Popens, Eachards und Newtons Schriften. Leipzig 1749. 8.

Vollſtändige Sammlung aller Streitſchriften über das vorgebliche Geſetz der Natur von der kleinſten Kraft in den Wirkungen der Körper. Leipzig 1752. 8. 2. Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1753. 8.

Cenie, oder die Großmuth im Unglück, aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1753. 8.

Der kleine Prophet von Böhmiſchbroda, genannt Waldſtörchel. Satyre gegen Weiße. Prag 1753. 8.

Der Königlichen Akademie der Aufſchriften und ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu Paris Ausführliche Schriften, aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1753 — 1754. 2 Thle. gr. 8.

Gedanken über die Glückſeligkeit u. ſ. w., aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin 1758. 8.

Sämmtliche kleinere Gedichte —, nebſt dem Ehrendenkmale und ihrem Leben, herausgegeben von ihrem hinterbliebenen Gatten. Leipzig 1763. gr. 8. — Mit ihrem Bildniſſe.

Briefe, herausgegeben von Dorothea Henriette von Runkel. Dresden 1771. 1772. 3 Thle. 8.

Außer dieſen, theilweiſe ſchon in den Werken ihres Mannes enthaltenen Schriften einzeln:

Das glückliche Rußland am Geburtstage Ihro Kaiſerlichen Majeſtät Anna Iwanowna. Eine Ode. Danzig 1733. 8.

Der beſte Fürſt, ein Vorſpiel auf das Geburtsfeſt der Fürſtin Johanna Eliſabeth von Anhalt-Zerbſt. Durch die Gräfin von Bentink 36 Abdrücke beſorgt. Leipzig 1755. 4.

Ferner unter Mitwirkung ihres Mannes und ihrer Freunde:

Der Zuſchauer, aus dem Engliſchen des Richard Steele und Joſeph Addiſon. Leipzig 1739 — 1743. 9 Thle. 8. wieder aufgelegt 1757. 8.
Geſchichte der Königlichen Akademie der Aufſchriften und ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu Paris. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1749 — 1757. 11 Thle. gr. 8. Der 11. Thl. u. ſ. w. von Dr. Joh. Jacob Reiske.
Des Abt Terraſſon Philoſophie. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1756. 8.
Nachrichten, zum Leben der Frau von Maintenon und des vorigen Jahrhunderts, aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1757. 3 Bde. 8.

Wenn man dieſer treuen Gehülfin ihres raſtlos ſtrebenden Gatten auch nicht das Zeugniß ertheilen kann, eine ausgezeichnete Schriftſtellerin geweſen zu ſein, woran eigentlich nur ungünſtige Verhältniſſe ſie hinderten, ſo verdient ſie dagegen mit vollem Rechte, eine vortreffliche Frau genannt zu werden, da ſie tiefes religiöſes Gefühl, moraliſche Würde, Sanftmuth und Herzensgüte, mit ſtrenger Tugend verband. Ihr Schickſal war nicht das erfreulichſte; alle jene Freuden, die einem reinen, weiblichen Weſen als die höchſten erſcheinen, waren ihr verſagt; ihre Ehe blieb kinderlos und die beſtändigen Streitigkeiten ihres Gatten, an welchen ſie thätig Antheil nehmen mußte, ließen ſie nicht zum Genuß der Ruhe kommen, deren ſie ſowohl aus eigener Neigung, wie für die Ausbildung ihrer ſchönen und bedeutenden Fähigkeiten ſo ſehr bedurfte. Ein gebildeter Verſtand, Geſchmack und inniges Gefühl waren ihr eigen und ſprechen noch immer, da Correctheit und Leichtigkeit des Ausdruckes ſich damit verbinden, vorzüglich in ihren Luſtſpielen und noch mehr in ihren Briefen, die zu den beſten aus jener Zeit zu rechnen ſind, den Leſer wohlthuend an.

Das Lob der Spielſucht.*)

Meine Herren,

Nichts iſt billiger, als daß man dasjenige lobe, von deſſen Vortrefflichkeit man überzeugt iſt. Es iſt nicht genug, daß ich die guten Eigenſchaften, ſo ich an einem Dinge bemerke, für mich ſelbſt betrachte: Die Pflicht eines jeden Patrioten erfordert es, daß er auch ſeine Mitbürger davon überzeuget. Hierdurch vermehret er ihre Glückſeligkeit; indem er ihnen den innern Werth derer Sachen vor Augen ſtellet, die um ſie ſind, mit denen ſie umgehen, und die ſie vielleicht noch niemals ſo deutlich erkannt haben.

Verdienen nun auf dieſe Art überhaupt alle Lobredner Beyfall: ſo ſind wohl gewiß diejenigen allen übrigen weit vorzuziehen, welche ſich das Lob derer Dinge angelegen ſeyn laſſen, die in einer allgemeinen Verachtung ſtehen: ich meyne, gegen welche alle Welt mit Vorurtheilen eingenommen iſt. So hat z. E. Virgil den Floh, Lucian die Fliege, Melanchthon, Agrippa und einige andere den Eſel, Iſokrates den berühmten Tyrannen Buſiris, Cardanus den Nero, Plato die Ungerechtigkeit, Eraſmus die Thorheit, Fabricius die Betteley, Ulrich von Hutten das Fieber, Dolet das Alter, Major die Lügen, und ein gewiſſer ſcharfſinniger Schriftſteller unſerer Zeiten Briontes den Jüngern gelobet.

Habet Dank ihr vortrefflichen Männer! habet Dank für eure Bemühung! Ich ſehe euch als ein beſonderes Geſchenke des Himmels an, welches dem menſchlichen Geſchlechte zur Erquickung gegeben iſt. Es giebt leider! mehr als zu viel melancholiſche Seelen, welche den Erdkreis als ein rechtes Zuchthaus vorſtellen; welche bey allen Dingen nur das Böſe ſehen, und allenthalben ſo viel Mangelhaftes finden, in allen Sachen ſo viel Unvollkommenheiten entdecken, ja, welche alles was in der Welt iſt, und vorgeht, ſo jämmerlich beſchreiben, daß ich mir, wer weis wie weit davon zu ſeyn, wünſchen möchte. Solche Leute ſind eine unerträgliche Laſt des Erdbodens. Man ſollte ſie aus der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft gänzlich verbannen. Iſt es nicht vernünftig, daß ich mir alles dasjenige, wo nicht angenehm, doch wenigſtens erträglich zu machen ſuche, deſſen ich nicht entübrigt ſeyn kann? und müſſen wir alſo denen Männern nicht ungemein verbunden ſeyn, welche uns nicht nur dasjenige anzeigen, gegen welches wir ohnedem ſchon mit guten Meynungen erfüllt ſind; ſondern welche uns die verborgene Schönheit deſſen vor Augen legen, darinnen wir nimmermehr etwas geſucht hätten. Ja freylich ſind wir euch, ihr großmüthigen Seelen! ungemeinen Dank ſchuldig, daß ihr euch der allgemeinen Wohlfahrt ſo uneigennützig angenommen habt. Denn was hattet ihr außer dieſem von eurem Verfahren für Vortheile zu hoffen? Was kann man ſich von der Thorheit, von einem Eſel oder Narren, für eine Wiedervergeltung geleiſteter Dienſte verſprechen? Nein, die bloße Vermehrung der menſchlichen Glückſeligkeit iſt euer Endzweck geweſen. Darum habet ihr, die innern Vortrefflichkeiten derjenigen zeigen wollen, womit wir umgehen, womit wir uns beſchäfftigen, ja welche wir oft in unſerem eigenen Buſen tragen.

Die Anzahl derer, welche alles aufs beſte auslegen, nimmt von Tage zu Tage ab. Ich weis nicht, was gewiſſe Leute davon haben, daß ſie alles von ſeinem natürlichen Werthe abzuſetzen trachten. Selbſt diejenigen Sachen, welche ſchon längſt in einem geruhigen Beſitze des Ruhmes geſtanden, ſind heut zu Tage vor ſolchen feindlichen Anfällen nicht ſicher. Wo denken doch ſolche Leute hin? Meynen ſie denn, daß das menſchliche Geſchlecht ſeine Natur verändern, und diejenigen Dinge zu bewundern anfangen werde, welche man ihm als ſchädlich und ſchändlich vorſtellet? Man wird bey der alten Mode bleiben; man wird ſich nur an dem ſchönen und vollkommenen beluſtigen. Sie ſehen alſo, meine Herren, wie billig es ſey, denen angeführten wackern Männern, auch in ihren Gräbern noch, für ihr edles Verfahren zu danken. Sie haben ſich bemühet, das Vergnügen ihrer Zeiten zu befördern; ſie haben alles auf der beſten Seite angeſehn: Das heißt: Sie haben die Glückſeligkeit ihrer Mitbrüder vermehret.

Meine Herren, erlauben ſie, daß ich heute in die Fußtapfen dieſer wackern Leute treten dürfe; mit denen ich mich, außer der Liebe zu meinen Mitbürgern in keinem Stücke vergleichen kann. Die beleidigte Unſchuld geht mir viel zu nahe, als daß ich mich nicht einer Tugend annehmen ſollte, welche bisher, wo nicht bey allen, dennoch bey den meiſten, in einer ſehr großen Verachtung geſtanden. Es iſt dieſes die Spielſucht. Dieſe edle Tochter der langen Weile, hat bisher ſo viel Verfolgung ausſtehen müſſen, daß ich es unmöglich länger anſehen kann. Verſagen ſie mir nur die Ehre ihrer Aufmerkſamkeit nicht: ſo will ich mich bemühen ihnen zu zeigen:

Daß die Spielſucht eine lobenswürdige Tugend ſey.

Doch! die Unſchuld ſelbſt, meine Herrn, erſuchet ſie um ein geneigtes Gehör. Die gerechte Sache ſelbſt wird ihnen für dieſe Gewogenheit Dank wiſſen! Ich aber, werde keine andere Verdienſte dabey haben, als daß ich mich der bedrängten Tugend angenommen habe: ſo wie ich auch keine andere Belohnung hoffe, als ein gütiges Nachſehen meiner Unvollkommenheiten.

Meine Herren! Ich halte es für nöthig, ihnen überhaupt zu melden, daß ich beſonders von der Spielſucht reden werde, welche ſich auf die Karten erſtreckt. Ich weis zwar, daß es noch viel mehrere Arten der Spiele giebt, welche alle fähig ſind, eine edle Seele vollkommner zu machen: Allein mich dünkt doch, daß das Kartenſpiel hierinnen vor allen andern ein groſſes voraus habe: zumal da es von Perſonen beyderley Geſchlechts getrieben werden kann, welches bey allen andern nicht allezeit möglich iſt. Von dieſer Art der Spielſucht rede ich: und dieſe iſt eine Tugend, welche Urſache hat, alle andere Vollkommenheiten des Menſchen, neben ſich zu verachten. Ich kann nicht erachten, daß mein Verfahren vielen falſchen Urtheilen unterworfen ſeyn werde. Man wird es nicht glauben, daß ich mich um die rechte Natur der Spielſucht jemals bekümmert hätte; ſonſt würde ich ihre Vertheidigung wohl nimmermehr übernehmen. Allein man irret ſich. So viel Eigenliebe beſitze ich noch nicht, daß ich mich unterfangen ſollte, von einer Sache zu reden, ohne derſelben vorhero nachgedacht zu haben. Erlauben ſie alſo, meine Herren, daß ich, um dieſen Vorwurf von mir abzulehnen, mit wenigen Worten ſagen möge, was ich unter dem Namen der Spielſucht verſtehe.

Ich verſtehe dadurch die Leidenſchaft gewiſſer Leute, wodurch ſie angetrieben werden, die Karten, ſo oft es nur immermehr möglich iſt, in Händen zu haben; und zwar ſo, daß ſie ſich durch keine andere Urſachen, als die bloße Unmöglichkeit, davon abhalten laſſen. Kein Todesfall, keine gefährliche Krankheit naher Freunde, keine Zeiten, welche in der Religion zu einer allgemeinen Andacht beſtimmet ſind, kein Verdruß, den man wegen dieſes Zeitvertreibes mit ſeinem Gatten, oder mit ſeinen

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*) Aus: Louiſe Adelgunde Victorie Gottſched's „Triumph der Weltweisheit.“

Aeltern zu befürchten hat, keine Geſchäffte, kein Wohlſtand, keine Armuth, und am allerwenigſten die Vernunft, muß einige Fähigkeit haben, dieſem edlen Zeitvertreibe Einhalt zu thun.

Ein Menſch, der von dieſer edlen Art von Spielſucht eingenommen iſt, muß ſeine ganze Glückſeligkeit bey dem Spieltiſche ſuchen: Hier muß er allein zu leben, allein ein Menſch zu ſeyn ſcheinen. Die ganze Welt muß ihm als eine Wüſte vorkommen, woferu er ſich nicht dieſelbe unter dem Bilde eines Spieltiſches vorſtellet. Er würde wünſchen, lieber todt zu ſeyn, als ohne dieſen Zeitvertreib zu leben. So lange ein Odem in ihm iſt, verläßt er ſeine Karten nicht. Und ſollte ihm gleich das Podagra, oder ein Schlagfluß die Hände lähmen; ſo wird er ſich viel lieber die Kartenblätter von ſeinem Diener vorhalten laſſen, und dieſelben mit den Zähnen ausziehen; als daß er ſich entſchlieſſen ſollte, der edlen Spielſucht untreu zu werden.

Sehen ſie, meine Herren, ſo muß ein Menſch beſchaffen ſeyn, welcher die Tugend beſitzet, von der ich jetzo rede. Sein ganzer Zeitvertreib, alle ſeine Luſt, muß in dieſer edlen Arbeit beſtehen.

Weg demnach, ihr Heuchler die ihr dieſe Vollkommenheit nicht in ſo hohem Grade beſitzet. Ihr, die ihr euch derſelben nur als einer Arzeney bedienet; die ihr nur die Karten in die Hände nehmet, um dadurch der Tadelſucht, als der gemeinſten Materie zu den Geſellſchaftsunterredungen, zu entgehen: Oder, die ihr dieſelben nur etwa ſolchen Gäſten vorleget, von welchen ihr wiſſet, daß ſie widrigenfalls euer Haus für ein Gefängniß anſehen würden, darinnen ſie etliche Stunden in Verhaft geweſen wären. Erkühnet euch nur nicht, euch unter die Anzahl derjenigen zu rechnen, welche von der edlen Tugend der Spielſucht angeflammet werden, Nimmermehr werdet ihr in die Reihe wahrer Spielhelden kommen! Nimmermehr werdet ihr einiges Lob von mir erhalten können!

Ich rede alſo von der Spielſucht in keinem andern Grade, als in dem angeführten. Nach dieſem allein iſt ſie eine Tugend, welche allen andern Trotz bieten kann; ja, welche, wie ich verſichert bin, einen rühmlichen Sieg über dieſelben davon tragen wird.

Sie wiſſen es, meine Herren, daß die Tugend eine Fertigkeit in Ausübung ſolcher Handlungen iſt, welche die Glückſeligkeit der handelnden Perſon und ihrer Mitbürger befördert. Dieſer Begriff iſt ſo gemein, und ihnen allerſeits ſo bekannt, daß ich es für unnöthig halte, denſelben weitläufig zu erweiſen. Ich eile vielmehr zu meinem Zwecke und bemühe mich ihnen zu zeigen, daß die Spielſucht wirklich die allgemeine und beſondere Glückſeligkeit befördert, und folglich eine Tugend iſt.

Hätte ich für die ungemeine Spielſucht nicht eine ſo groſſe Hochachtung: ſo könnte ich mich hier eines Hülfsmittels bedienen, welches mir nicht nur zu einer beliebten Kürze verhelfen; ſondern mir auch meine Arbeit um ein groſſes erleichtern würde. Ich dürfte nur, zum Beweiſe, daß die Spielſucht eine Tugend ſey, ſie allerſeits verſichern: daß ſie es mir glauben könnten, daß ichs nicht ſagen würde, wenn es nicht wahr wäre; daß es ſo viel andere Leute glaubten, die doch keine Narren wären. Ich weiß gewiß, hochzuehrende Herren, ſie haben zu viel Güte für mich, als daß ſie mir dieſe Gefälligkeit abſchlagen ſollten. Ich hoffe nicht, daß ſie mich ſchon auf ſo vielen Lügen betroffen haben: Und ich würde ohnedem hiermit nichts neues anfangen. Ich habe Leute vor mir, denen ich nicht das Waſſer reiche, und welche ſich wohl in wichtigern Dingen, als das Lob der Spielſucht zu ſeyn ſcheinet, keines gründlichern Beweiſes bedienet haben. Allein, ich will dieſen Vortheil fahren laſſen. Ich ſehe Leute vor mir, welche vielleicht dadurch auf den Argwohn kommen möchten: meine Sache müßte doch wohl die beſte eben nicht ſeyn; weil ich mich eines ſolchen Kunſtgriffes bediente, den man nur bey den aller ungewiſſeſten Dingen zu gebrauchen pflegt; und der auch von niemanden angenommen wird, welcher gewohnt iſt, nichts ohne gnugſame Ueberzeugung zu glauben. Sie können leicht ſehen, daß ich hier von den Philoſophen rede. Dieſes ſind Leute, welche nichts glauben, was ihnen nicht unſtreitig dargethan wird. Da ſie nun einen Theil meiner Gegner ausmachen; ſo ſehe ich mich genöthigt, aus Liebe zu meiner gerechten Sache, mich nach ihnen zu richten. Es iſt wahr, ſie können der Spielſucht ſo gar viel nicht ſchaden: Sie überzeugen die Leute nur durch Vernunft; und da hat man ſich von ihnen keines groſſen Unheils zu befürchten. Es giebt Perſonen, welche durch ihr Anſehen bey dem Volke, meiner Sache in einer Stunde mehr ſchaden können, als alle Philoſophen in zehn Jahren. Aber es iſt beſſer, und wird mir mehr Ehre bringen, wenn ich alle meine Gegner überführe; als daß noch einige Ungläubige übrig bleiben ſollten: Und wenn es auch nur dieſe Hand voll Leute, die Philoſophen, wären.

Was die allgemeine Glückſeligkeit befördern ſoll, das muß nicht nur niemanden ſchaden; ſondern es muß auch Nutzen ſchaffen. Nun weiß ich aber in Ewigkeit nicht, was der Welt daraus für ein Schade entſtehen kann, daß ſich eine gewiſſe Anzahl Leute täglich an einen Spieltiſch ſetzet, und ſich die beſchwerliche Länge der Zeit mit einigen papiernen Blättern kürzet. Sind meine Gegner Leute, die nicht nur mit bloſſen Schmähworten umgehen; ſo mögen ſie es beweiſen: Ich kann ihnen unwiderſtehlich darthun, daß ſie vielmehr Gutes ſtifte, und ungemeinen Nutzen ſchaffe.

Iſt es nicht eine weiſe Einrichtung im gemeinen Weſen, daß das Vermögen reicher Leute, dem Mangel der Dürftigen zu ſtatten kommen muß? daß es noch immer Perſonen giebt, deren Begierden auf ſolche Sachen fallen, von deren Verfertigung eine unzählige Menge armer Leute ihr Brodt hat? Dieſe bemühen ſich; damit ſie ihre Nahrung erwerben: Und jene bezahlen ihnen dieſe Bemühung. Auf dieſe Art wird beyden geholfen. Der Reiche genieſſet die Vortheile ſeines Reichthums; denn er kann dafür alles haben was er will: Und der Arme erlanget durch deſſen Neugierigkeit dasjenige, ohne welches er nicht leben konnte. Gienge dieſer Gebrauch ein; ſo würde der Reichthum keine Glückſeligkeit, kein Segen des Himmels mehr genennet werden können. Er würde denen, die ihn beſitzen, eben ſo wenig ans Herze gehen, als der Sand am Ufer des Meeres. Gegentheils würde auch der gröſte Theil des menſchlichen Geſchlechts in der äuſſerſten Dürftigkeit leben. Die meiſten Einwohner des Erdbodens würden Bettler ſeyn. Da würde ſich niemand mehr über ſeinen Stand kleiden können, welches in wohlbeſtellten Städten doch gewiß was ſchönes iſt. Nein, meine Herren, alle die Sachen, welche den Umlauf des Geldes im gemeinen Leben befördern, ſind höchſt löblich. Das Lob des Handels ſteht auf feſtem Fuſſe; und ich möchte in derjenigen Welt nicht leben, in welcher es unmöglich wäre, für einen deutſchen Leib alle nur erſinnliche ausländiſche Kleider und Lebensmittel zu haben. Es iſt wahr, man misbrauchet zuweilen dieſen Vortheil; allein der Misbrauch hebt den rechten Gebrauch nicht auf. Und was rede ich vom Misbrauch? Dieſer iſt bey meiner Spielſucht gar nicht anzutreffen! Denn eben das, was bey andern Dingen ein Misbrauch iſt, das iſt hier der rechte Gebrauch.

Doch ich komme von meinem Zwecke ab. Meine Spielſucht iſt eine ſolche Uebung, dadurch viel tauſend Menſchen in der Welt erhalten werden. Gewiß, meine Herren, die edle Handthierung der Kartenmacher jammert mich, und ich möchte Blut weinen, wenn ich dran denke, daß man ihr den Untergang drohet. Ich weiß, daß es gute ehrliche Leute ſind. Sie nähren ſich redlich; ſie dienen ihrem Nächſten durch ihrer Hände Werk. Was will man denn von ihnen haben? Warum kann man ſie nicht zufrieden laſſen? Was ſollten die guten Leute anfangen, wenn man ihnen ihr Handwerk legen wollte? Jedoch ich will nicht hoffen, daß es jemals ſo arg werden wird. Der Himmel wird das nimmermehr zulaſſen. Ihr Caffee und ihre Lerchen werden ihnen darum doch gut ſchmecken, wenn es gleich neidiſche Seelen giebt, die ihnen dieſes Vergnügen misgönnen. Ja ſie werden den Papiermüllern noch immer die Wage halten, auf deren weiſſe Blätter oftmals viel unverſtändlicheres und närriſcheres Zeug geſchmieret wird, als ſie auf die ihrigen immermehr malen können.

Kinder, welche das Glück haben, die würdigen Abkömmlinge ſpielſüchtiger Aeltern zu ſeyn, haben ſich vor allen andern eines beſondern Vorzugs zu rühmen. Hiedurch werden ſie ſchon in ihrer zarten Jugend zu derjenigen Vollkommenheit zubereitet, durch welche ſie einmal in der Welt ihr Glück machen ſollen. Die Stunden, welche ihre Aeltern beym Spieltiſche zubringen, vergehen ihnen in dem angenehmen Umgange mit dem Geſinde. Hier lernen gewiß, Perſonen beyderley Geſchlechts manche ſchöne Eigenſchaft, welche man in den vernünftigſten Geſellſchaften vergeblich ſuchen würde. Hier wird in dieſen zarten Gemüthern der Saame zu denjenigen Früchten ausgeſtreuet, welche bey ihren Aeltern in der gröſten Reife ſtehen; dieſen armen Kindern aber, ich weiß nicht, aus Eiferſucht, oder aus falſcher Blödigkeit, nicht von allen Aeltern perſönlich beygebracht werden. Da gerathen nun dieſe zarte Seelen in einen unbezwinglichen Eifer, die edlen Fußſtapfen ihrer Vorgeſetzten zu betreten. Sie bekommen einen rechten Abſcheu vor allen andern Tugenden, welche ihnen nicht in der allein tugendhaft machenden Schule des Geſindes beygebracht worden ſind. Sie können die Zeit nicht abwarten, bis ſie in den Umgang erwachſener Leute ziehet; ſie üben ſich ſo lange in dieſem engern Felde, und legen darinnen manche erſtaunenswürdige Probe ihrer künftigen Geſchicklichkeit ab: Bis ihnen endlich die Zeit erlaubet, ihre erlangte Fertigkeit vor den Augen der Welt zu zeigen, und die Bemühungen ihrer vorigen Lehrmeiſter auch andern Aeltern zur Nachfolge anzupreiſen. Doch dieſes iſt nicht der einzige Vortheil, den die Kinder von der Spielſucht ihrer Aeltern erlangen. Nein, meine Herren, in vielen Häuſeyn iſt das Kartenſpiel ohne Zweifel das unſchuldigſte, welches die armen Kinder den ganzen Tag über zu ſehen bekommen.

Das Geſinde wünſchet gewiß der edlen Spielſucht ein unaufhörliches Gedeyen. Dieſe Art von Leuten hat ihren guten Nutzen von dem Spiele. Eines theils haben ſie ihre Einkünfte von den liegenbleibenden Spielgeldern. Anderntheils aber ſind die Spielſtunden auch eine bequeme Zeit, allerley Sachen ver[illegible], dazu in den andern Stunden des Tages keine Gelegenheit iſt. Wie käme mancher Liebhaber dazu, dieſe oder jene ſchöne Tochter gewiſſer Häuſer zu ſprechen; wenn ihm nicht die Mägde, in währenden Spielſtunden der Mutter, mit großer Liſt dazu verhülfen? Wer nun weis, was dieſes für eine ſtarke Art der Einkünfte für die Mägde iſt, der kann leicht denken, daß ſich die Spielſucht, wenigſtens auf dieſer Seite, nichts böſes zu verſehen hat.

Die Männer haben der Spielſucht gewiß ſehr viel zu verdanken. Wie müßte mancher Mann ſich nicht den Kopf zerbrechen, wie er ſeine einträglichen Einkünfte auf eine anſtändige Art verthun wollte? Jetzo iſt er dieſer Mühe überhoben: Dafür ſorgt ſeine Frau. Er kann getroſt an ſeine Geſchäffte gehen; er kann ſeine Lebensgeiſter den ganzen Tag unermüdet der Arbeit widmen. Seine Frau wird es ſich ſchon angelegen ſeyn laſſen, ſeinen Erwerb zu verwenden. Sie wird ihn mit den artigſten Edelleuten, mit den vornehmſten der Stadt verſpielen. Sie wird auf die Geſundheit ihres Mannes manches unſichere Spiel eingehen: er aber wird dafür ſein Haupt des Abends ſanft niederlegen, und unbekümmert ſchlafen können. Er wird das Vergnügen haben, bey ſeiner Frauen allezeit lauter vornehme Geſellſchaften zu ſehen, oder vielmehr dieſe Zeitung zu hören: Denn ſo hoch ſteiget ſein Verdienſt noch nicht, daß er ſich erkühnen ſollte, in dieſelben mitzukommen. Und was muß es ihm für eine Ehre und Freude ſeyn, wenn ihm manche goldſtückene Weſte, manches verbrämte Kleid begegnet, welches ſein Daſeyn dem Spieltiſche ſeiner Frauen zu verdanken hat.

Doch dieſes alles iſt noch nichts, gegen denjenigen Vortheil, welchen die unverheiratheten Mannsperſonen von der Spielſucht einziehen. In Wahrheit, dieſer Theil des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, welcher ſich um die Gunſt der Schönen noch erſtlich bewerben ſoll, hätte ſich kein beſſeres Mittel hierzu erſinnen können, als das Kartenſpiel. Wie viel Mühe, wie viel Fleiß auf hohen Schulen, wie viel Tapferkeit, wie viel edle Ehrliebe, Großmuth, Witz, Verſtand; und kurz, wie viel Tugend erſparen ſie nicht; ſeit dem die ſchöne Erfindung aufgekommen iſt, daß man den Töchtern des Landes auch durch einige Thaler, die man ſie gewinnen läßt, gefallen kann? Wahrlich dieſes iſt, unter allen feindlichen Anfällen, auf das Herze eines jungen Frauenzimmers, einer der gefährlichſten; ja, er hat wohl eher unüberwindliche Veſtungen eingegeben. Es braucht keiner Verdienſte, keiner Geſchicklichkeit, keines Verſtandes, keiner Treue, keiner Artigkeit, keiner Tugend mehr, dem ſchönen Geſchlechte zu gefallen: Man braucht nur Geld, nur eine Kenntniß der Karten, die man allenfalls auch von einem Lakeyen erlernen kann. Dieſes macht den ganzen Handel aus. Welch ein ungemeiner Vortheil! Wie wird doch das männliche Geſchlecht immermehr der Spielſucht dieſen wichtigen Dienſt vergelten! Iſt es nicht wahr, daß die Jungfern durch ihre Spielſucht deutlich zu verſtehen geben, ſie wollen keinem vernünftigen Manne gefallen? Und iſt es nicht wahr, daß wenn dieſes nicht wäre, mehr als drey Theile des männlichen Geſchlechtes ihr Lebenlang Junggeſellen bleiben müßten?

Jetzo, meine Herren, komme ich mit dem innigſten Vergnügen auf diejenigen Vortheile, welche die Spielſüchtigen ſelbſt von ihrer Tugend haben. Und wie erſtaune ich nicht, über das weite Feld, welches ſich mir hier eröffnet! Wie weit iſt doch die vortreffliche Spielſucht in Bearbeitung der Vollkommenheiten unſerer Seele, allen andern Wiſſenſchaften überlegen! Sie ſchärfet den Verſtand; ſie ſtärkt das Gedächtniß; ſie vermehret den Witz; kurz, ſie iſt eine rechte Arzeney der Seelen. Urtheilen ſie ſelbſt, meine Herren, gehöret nicht eine große Scharfſinnigkeit dazu, meinen Mitſpielern es gleich anzuſehen, ob ſie gerne gewinnen wollen, oder nicht? Ob es mir erlaubt iſt, mit ihnen ſo zu ſpielen, wie es meine Karten erfordern; oder ſo wie es ihre Leidenſchaften gerne haben wollen? Gehöret nicht eine große Gegenwart des Geiſtes dazu, mich durch alles Plaudern meiner Mitſpieler, welches gemeiniglich nicht ohne alle Urſache unterhalten wird, nicht ſtören zu laſſen? Gewiß ich glaube, hier würde mancher Archimedes zu kurz kommen. Wie viel Witz, wie viel Erfindungskraft gehöret nicht dazu, manches Spiel zu gewinnen, welches, menſchlichem Anſehen nach, nicht gewonnen werden konnte? Hier legt gewiß die Scharfſinnigkeit meiner Spielhelden manche erſtaunende Probe ab. Man ſollte nicht denken, daß manche Einſätze nur einen mittelmäßigen Verluſt nach ſich ziehen würden; und ſiehe! man gewinnet noch ein anſehnliches dadurch. Dieſes ſcheinet was ganz übermenſchliches zu ſeyn: allein es ſcheinet auch denen nur ſo, welche noch nicht wiſſen, daß wohlgeübte Spieler endlich zum Gipfel einer gewiſſen Vollkommenheit gelangen, deſſen ſich kein anderer tugendhafter Menſch rühmen kann.

Ich glaube faſt, meine Herren, daß ich etwas überflüßiges thun würde, wenn ich noch weitläuftig darthun wollte, daß die Spielſucht auch das Gedächtniß ſtärket. Gewiß! als ich einmal in meinem Leben das Glück hatte, hinter dem Spieltiſche gewiſſer unvergleichlichen Spielhelden zu ſtehen; ſo bin ich über die Stärke ihres Gedächtniſſes recht erſchrocken. Sie wußten alle Karten, die ſchon heraus waren; ſie wußten alle, die noch kommen ſollten. Aus zwey oder drey Spielen, hatten ſie ſchon die Spielart eines jeden Mitſpielers bemerkt, welches ihnen ein großes Licht gab. Sie wußten in währendem Miſchen und Geben den ganzen Lebenslauf, wenn ich ſo reden darf, aller merkwürdigen Spiele zu erzählen, die ſie die Tage ausgeführet hatten. Hier möchte man einwenden, daß dieſe Perſonen von Natur ein gutes Gedächtniß gehabt: Allein, ich glaub es nicht. Denn kurz darauf fiel ein Geſpräch bey Tiſche vor, dabey man ſah, daß der Cavalier von dieſen braven Spielern ſchon vergeſſen hatte, daß Paris nicht in Polen läge, und daß die lutheriſche Religion zu Julii Cäſaris Zeiten noch nicht Mode geweſen. Die eine Dame ließ es ſich auch in ihren Tiſchreden merken, daß es ihr gänzlich entfallen wäre, daß das weibliche Geſchlecht zu einer größern Beſcheidenheit verbunden ſey, als ein zwanzig oder dreyßigjähriger Dragoner. Und der andern merkte mans nach Tiſche, da ſie ſich mit einem gewiſſen jungen Offizier entfernte, gar deutlich an, wie ſie es wohl vergeſſen haben müßte, daß ſie nur vor kurzem verheirathet worden, und folglich ihrem Manne eine unverbrüchliche Treue ſchuldig wäre. Aus dieſem ſchließe ich nun, daß dieſe Perſonen ohne Zweifel ihr Gedächtniß nur dem Lombretiſche zu verdanken hatten; weil es ihnen in allen andern Dingen ſo ſehr verſagte.

Allein das iſt noch nicht genug, meine Herren. Bey einer mittelmäßigen Tugend würde ich hier ſtehen bleiben; ich würde zufrieden ſeyn, daß ich bewieſen hätte, wie meine Tugend den Verſtand erweitere und vollkommener mache. Allein meine Spielſucht gehet weiter. Sie iſt nicht nur eine Tugend, welche dem Gemüthe zu einem Firniſſe dienet: Sie macht den Menſchen wirklich tugendhaft! Ja man kann ſie eine Mutter aller Tugenden nennen.

Die Gelaſſenheit iſt eine ächte Tochter dieſer unvergleichlichen Mutter. Wie ſehr muß man nicht ſeine Gemüthsbewegungen im Zaume halten? Wie oft muß ich ein lächelndes Geſichte zeigen, wenn gleich mein ganzes Vermögen auf dem Teller ſtehet! Ja wenn es mir geht, wie ein gewiſſer Dichter ſagt:

> Man kann von ihm getroſt, mehr als er hat, gewinnen.

Oftmals geräth mein Vermögen meinem Feinde in die Hände. Oftmals ſehe ich den Verdruß ſchon vor Augen, den ich mit meinen nahen Freunden wegen dieſes Verluſtes haben werde! Oftmals fallen mir auf einmal alle Gläubiger ein, von denen ich das Geld bis zum Abſterben meines reichen Vaters, oder Vetters, geliehen habe. Ich ſehe, daß ihnen die Zeit bey ſeinem hartnäckigten Leben lang wird. Sie fürchten, meine Schulden würden endlich höher ſteigen, als mein zuhoffendes Erbgut. Oftmals gewinnet mein Feind mein ſchönes Geld; oftmals ein Frauenzimmer, welches mir dadurch etwas gewogener werden ſoll. Es fällt mir aber zum Unglücke ein; ob ich mich auch wohl in meinem Kaufe betrogen habe? Ob der Werth dieſer Schönen auch wohl ſo gewiß ſey; als der Werth meiner Ducaten! Ob auch keine Perſon vor mir ſchon eben dergleichen Einfall könne gehabt haben? Und ob es ſo ganz unmöglich ſey, daß die, ſo heute eine Thais wäre, es ſchon vor fünf oder ſechs Monaten hätte ſeyn können? Doch einen rechten Spielſüchtigen kann dieſes alles nicht wankend machen. Er bleibt bey ſeiner Gelaſſenheit; oder, iſt er ja anfangs ein wenig ungewiß; ſo ſtärket ihn doch die edle Spielſucht je mehr und mehr; und führet ſeine Standhaftigkeit endlich auf eine Höhe, da er allem Wankelmuthe überlegen iſt.

Die Freygebigkeit hat noch niemals einen ſo hohen Grad erreicht, als in der Spielſucht. Wer iſt freygebiger als der, welcher nicht nur ohne alle Hoffnung einiger Wiedervergeltung, ſondern auch einiges Dankes, Wohlthaten ausübet? Wer verdienet aber mit ſeiner Freygebigkeit weniger Dank, als ein Spieler? Man lacht ihn zuweilen noch gar aus. Doch das iſt auch eine Niederträchtigkeit, welche von erhabenen Spielſüchtigen niemals begangen wird: Denn dieſe wiſſen wohl, daß es dem unglücklichen Spieler eben ſo wenig eine Schande iſt, daß er ſein Geld verlohren hat, als es ihnen eine Ehre iſt, daß ſie es gewonnen haben.

Ich könnte hier noch viel mehrere Tugenden aus der

Spielſucht herleiten. Ich könnte ſagen, doch was? ich könnte beweiſen, daß die Großmuth, die Geduld, die Langmuth, die Sanftmuth, die Eheliebe, alle ihren Urſprung aus der Spielſucht haben. Jedoch meine Herren, ich würde ihre Geduld misbrauchen. Ich bin verſichert, daß ſie aus dem angeführten ſchon ſehen, daß es mir nicht unmöglich ſeyn würde, auch dieſes noch erweislich zu machen. Erlauben ſie mir alſo, daß ich mich anjetzo zu meinen Gegnern wende, und ihnen noch einige Einwürfe benehme, ſo ſie wider mich und meine gute Sache aufbringen.

Sie ſetzen mir fürs erſte die Armuth entgegen. Iſt es nicht thöricht, ſagen ſie, daß man die Güter, ſo uns das Geſchicke verliehen, ſo liederlich verſchwendet? Ein Spieler kömmt durch ſeine Leidenſchaft an den Bettelſtab, und wird hernach andern Menſchen zur Laſt. Allein, meine Herren, kömmt ihnen bey dieſem elenden Einwurfe nicht das Lachen an? Gewiß, mich dünkt, er beweiſt nichts mehr, als die Bosheit meiner Gegner. Iſt denn ein Menſch, der ſein Geld im Spiele verlohren hat, wohl viel ärmer, als der Geizhals, welcher viele Tonnen Goldes im Kaſten hat; aber ſich nicht getrauet einen Heller davon zu nehmen? Ich glaube es nicht! Und wie kann man reichen Leuten vorſchreiben, wie ſie ihr Geld verthun ſollen? Das Schickſal läßt einige Leute zu großem Vermögen gelangen; damit ſie von dieſem Vortheile ihr Vergnügen haben ſollen. Der Spieler nun ſucht ſeine Luſt darinnen, daß er ſein Geld verſpielt: Warum ſollte man denn dem guten Menſchen dieſe Luſt misgönnen? Ueberdieß ſo verſchwindet doch das Geld durch die Spielſucht nicht aus der Welt: Was einer verſpielt, das gewinnt der andere: Folglich haben meine Gegner unrecht. Die Spielſucht macht nicht arm; ſondern reich. Daß aber derjenige, der ſein Geld verſpielt, arm wird, das geht weder mich, noch meine Widerſacher an: Er iſt ſein eigner Herr, und wir können es ihm nicht wehren, ſein Brod zu betteln wo er will. So viel iſt doch gewiß, daß es zuweilen ſehr gut iſt, wenn geizige Väter mit etlichen ſpielſüchtigen Kindern beſeligt werden: Denn wie geſchähe ſonſt, was der berühmte Rachel, in einer von ſeinen Satyren, ſagt:

> Zwey Schelme müſſen ſeyn, zu lang erſcharrtem Gut:
> Der eine ders erwirbt, der andre ders verthut.

Der andre Einwurf beziehet ſich auf die Verabſäumung der Geſchäffte. Meine Widerſacher ſagen, die Spieler ſind auf ihre Karten ſo erpicht, daß ſie den Dienſt des Nächſten, den Wohlſtand, die Kinderzucht, und alles drüber aus den Augen ſetzen. Hier will ichs meinen Gegnern zugeben, daß dieſes ein unverantwortlicher Fehler ſey: Wenn ſie mir nur erſtlich darthun werden, daß man von allen dieſen angeführten Stücken auch einen gewiſſen Nutzen ziehe. Sie müſſen mir alſo erweiſen, daß die Dienſte, ſo man dem Nächſten erzeiget, niemals mit Undank belohnet werden. Daß die Leute, welche den Regeln des Wohlſtandes aufs fleißigſte nachleben, auch aller Verläumdung entgehen. Daß alle Aeltern, welche ſich in ihrer Kinderzucht alle erſinnliche Mühe geben, auch allemal wohlgerathene Kinder haben. Wenn ſie mir das darthun werden; dann will ich ihnen in dieſem Stücke recht geben, und mein Kartenſpiel auf eine andere Zeit verlegen.

Meine Gegner wenden ferner ein, ein Spieler könnte wohl was beſſers thun, als daß er ſpielet: allein, ich beklage die guten Leute, daß ſie mit ſehenden Augen blind ſeyn wollen. Eben darum ſpielt er ja, weil er nichts beſſeres zu thun weiß. Und die Wahrheit zu ſagen, wenn mich mein beſter Freund fragte, wie er ſeine Zeit nützlicher anwenden ſollte; ſo würde ich ſehr bekümmert ſeyn, was ich ihm rathen könnte. Diejenigen Wiſſenſchaften, welche die Vernunft bearbeiten, möchte ich ihm gewiß nicht in Vorſchlag bringen: Mit dieſer kömmt man heut zu Tage nicht weit: Man ſieht in jetzigen Zeiten die Unbändigkeit dieſer moraliſchen Löwin gar zu wohl ein. Man hütet ſich in politiſchen Sachen, und in allen Ständen, ſo viel als möglich iſt, vor derſelben. Deswegen kommen diejenigen Perſonen auch zum höchſten Gipfel des Glücks, bey denen ſie an einer kurzen Kette liegt, handmager ausſieht, und kaum das liebe Leben hat. Ja man erwartet nur noch einen moraliſchen Herkules, der dieſe Hydra ermorden, und den Erdboden von der unerträglichen Laſt dieſes wilden Thieres befreyen wird. Ich ſag es alſo gerade heraus; ich würde meinem Freunde anrathen, ſich der Spielſucht zu ergeben: denn durch dieſe kann man in der Welt glücklich werden. Und wer kann es leugnen, daß nicht ein wohlausgeführtes Solo eine gnugſame Anwendung einer vernünftigen Seele ſey!

Ja! ſpricht man, was wird die Nachwelt von uns ſagen? Wird man diejenigen Leute nicht verachten, deren ganze Glückſeligkeit in vierzig papiernen Misgeburten beſtanden? Sie ſehen wohl, meine Herren, ich habe dieſen Einwurf mit Fleiß ſo lange verſchoben, damit ſie zu guter letzt noch etwas zu lachen hätten. Gewiß, er iſt der elendeſte von allen, und ich hätte meinen Gegnern doch noch ein wenig mehr Ehrlichkeit zugetrauet. Ein anderer Redner möchte über das fürchterliche Wort Nachkommenſchaft! erſchrecken. Aber bey mir kömmt man ſo nicht an! Ich bin von meines Widerparts Argliſt gar zu ſehr überzeugt; als daß man mich hiedurch fangen ſollte. Nun könnte ich ſie zwar kurz abfertigen; ich dürfte ſie nur mit ihrem jämmerlichen Widerlegen auslachen; und wenn ich ein überflüßiges thun wollte; ſo würde ich noch ein wenig ſchimpfen. Allein weil ich gerne gründlich gehe; ſo will ich ihnen nur zwey Dinge zu beherzigen geben. Geſetzt erſtlich, die Nachwelt lachte über uns: wer wollte denn ſo misgünſtig ſeyn, und den guten Leuten nicht auch etwas zu lachen gönnen? Fürs andre aber ſo iſt es mit unſerer Kinderzucht doch ſo arg noch nicht beſtellt, daß man ſich einer gar zu klugen Nachkommenſchaft zu befürchten hätte.

Dieſes mag für meine Gegner genug ſeyn. Diejenigen unter ihnen, welche noch einiger Unpartheylichkeit fähig ſind, werden ſchon aus dem angeführten ſchließen können, was ſie von der edlen Spielſucht zu halten haben. Diejenigen aber, welche wider beſſer Wiſſen und Gewiſſen dennoch ihre Feinde ſeyn wollen, die mögen bey ihrer Meynung bleiben. Ich kann ihnen nicht helfen! ich habs ihnen geſagt! mehr kan ich nicht thun.

Doch habe ich noch ein halbes Wort mit den Mammelucken der Spielſucht zu reden. Hierunter verſtehe ich alle diejenigen, welche ſich öffentlich gleichſam ſcheuen, von einer Tugend den Namen zu führen, der ſie doch im Herzen anhängen: Welche auch bey dieſer Rede vielleicht aus einer übermäßigen Demuth bey ſich ſelbſt denken mögen, ſie gehörten nicht zu den rechten Spielhelden; da ſie doch wohl an die Spitze derſelben kommen könnten. Bekehret euch, ihr Heuchler! Bedenket, daß die Ehre eurer Leidenſchaft nunmehro gerettet iſt! Wo nicht; ſo ſeyd verſichert, daß noch ein Mittel vorhanden iſt, den heimlichen Schwur, welchen ihr der Spielſucht gethan habt, öffentlich an den Tag zu legen. Man wird euch einen Monat lang die Karten wegnehmen! Ihr ſollt den angenehmen Anblick der Spieltiſche vier ganze Wochen lang entbehren! Was gilts! dieſes wird euch in ſolche Quaal ſetzen, daß ihr ſofort euer Bekenntniß ablegen werdet.

Du aber, o unvergleichliche Spielſucht! ſchäme dich weiter nicht deiner Verſpottung! Scheue dich nicht, deine Augen frey vor der Welt aufzuſchlagen! Fürchte keine Läſterer mehr! Hier haſt du meinen Arm! Richte dich auf! Deine entdeckte Trefflichkeit wird allen Widerſachern das Maul ſtopfen! Sie werdens nun ſelbſt geſtehen müſſen, daß ſie ſich übereilet haben. Verſage du aber auch dem menſchlichen Geſchlechte deinen fernern Beyſtand nicht! Ein großer Theil deſſelben ſuchet alle ſeine Glückſeligkeit in dir, und es iſt ſehr wahrſcheinlich, daß es ohne dich in den größten Jammer gerathen würde. Du weißt, mit welcher Beſtändigkeit es dir anhänget: Deine Pflicht iſt es auch, ihm dieſe Treue nicht übel zu nehmen.

Sie, hochzuehrende Herren, erſuche ich nunmehro allerſeits, eifrige Verehrer der edlen Spielſucht zu werden. Laſſen ſie ſich dadurch nicht abſchrecken, daß ſie es vielleicht bisher noch nicht geweſen ſind. Ich war es vor dieſem auch nicht. Ich habe in meinem Herzen allezeit die Spielſucht und ihre Anhänger ausgelacht. Allein das Lachen iſt mir wohl vergangen, als ich der Sache einmal recht nachdachte. Ich faßte ſofort den Entſchluß, meine Bekehrung der ganzen Welt kund zu thun, und dieſer vortrefflichen Tugend dasjenige öffentlich abzubitten, was ich heimlich wider ſie geſündigt hatte. Ich bin ihnen ungemein verbunden, daß ſie dieſes Bekenntniß ſo geneigt angehöret haben. Laſſen ſie mich aber auch die Wirkung deſſelben in ihren Gemüthern erfahren. Ergeben ſie ſich der Spielſucht, meine Herren. Es iſt durch dieſelbe ſchon ſo mancher kleine Geiſt zu einem großen Manne geworden: Wie ſollten ſie nicht allerſeits dadurch empor kommen, deren Verdienſte mir ſchon ſeit langer Zeit zum innigſten Vergnügen Anlaß gegeben? Ja, meine Herren, die edle Spielſucht wird ſie erheben! Sie wird ihren Beyfall nach Würden belohnen! Ich werde das Vergnügen haben, ſie glücklich zu ſehen! Ich bitte mir aber auch alsdann von ihnen die geneigte Erinnerung aus, daß ich dieſelben zuerſt dazu veranlaſſet habe.

Johann Nikolaus Götz

ward den 9. Juli 1721 in der alten Reichsſtadt Worms geboren, und erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung von ſeinem Vater und ſeit 1731 auf dem dortigen Gymnaſium. Er ſtudirte 1739 bis 1742 Theologie zu Halle und verband ſich dort mit den gleichfühlenden Jünglingen Uz und Gleim zu inniger und lebenslänglicher Freundſchaft. Nachdem er Hauslehrer bei dem Preußiſchen Kommandanten in Emden geweſen war und die wichtigſten holländiſchen Städte bereiſet hatte, berief ihn die Gräfin von Strahlenheim als Schloßprediger nach Forbach in Lothringen, wobei er zugleich die Erziehung ihrer Enkel übernahm. Er begleitete dieſe auch 1746 auf die Ritteracademie nach Luneville, wurde mit ihrem Oheim, dem franzöſiſchen Feldmarſchall, Graf von Sparre, und dadurch mit der franzöſiſchen Literatur genau bekannt und als Feldprediger bei dem Franzöſiſchen Regimente Royal Allemand angeſtellt. Doch bald kehrte er nach Lothringen zurück, wurde Pfarrer zu Hornbach im Zweibrückiſchen, 1754 Oberpfarrer und Inſpector zu Meiſenheim und endlich 1761 Pfarrer und Konſiſtorialaſſeſſor zu Winterburg in der hintern Grafſchaft Sponheim, wo er den 4. November 1781 als proteſtantiſcher Superintendent des badendurlachſchen Oberamtes Kirchberg und der Aemter Winterburg und Sprendlingen ſtarb. Treue in ſeinem Berufe, ungezwungener Frohſinn, feines und gefälliges Betragen, Talent und Gemüth erwarben ihm alle Herzen, mit denen er in Berührung kam.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Vermiſchte Gedichte, herausgegeben von K. W. Ramler. Mannheim 1785. 3 Thle. in 8. Neue Auflage, Ebendaſ. 1807. Mit G.s Portrait und ſelbſtgefertigten von ſeinem Sohne, dem Buchhändler G. daſ. vervollſtändigtem Lebenslauf.

Einzeln und ohne ſeinen Namen:

Anakreons und der Sappho Oden, nebſt einigen andern Gedichten. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1746 in 8. wiederaufgelegt Karlsruhe 1760 in 8. Mit ſeinem Freunde Uz.

Der Tempel zu Gnid, nach dem Franzöſiſchen des Monteſquieu in Proſa überſetzt. Karlsruhe 1748. in 8. 2. Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1759 in 8.

Gedichte eines Wormſers (Karlsruhe) 1752

Papperle, Scherzgedicht auf den Tod eines Papagayen. Karlsruhe 1752 in 8.

Mehrere andre, worunter die berühmt gewordene „Mädcheninſel“ in Journalen, Zeitſchriften, Almanachen, Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Götz iſt der eleganteſte Nachahmer jener leichten, tändelnden und witzigen Gattung lyriſcher franzöſiſcher Poeſie, welche zu ſeiner Zeit ſo großen Beifall in Deutſchland erhielt, und von manchem talentvollen Dichter mit glänzendem Erfolge cultivirt wurde. Geſchmack, Grazie und gewandte, anmuthige Behandlung der Sprache wie der Form, zeichnen ihn beſonders aus, da ſie mit Innigkeit und wahrem Gefühl Hand in Hand gehen. — Es war nur ein beſchränkter Kreis, in welchem er ſich, ſeine Fähigkeiten und Kräfte genau kennend, bewegte, aber innerhalb desſelben leiſtete er Vortreffliches, das mit Recht darauf Anſpruch machen kann, vor gänzlicher Vergeſſenheit bewahrt zu werden.

Vgl. Herder's Adraſtea 1803. Bd. 5. St. 2.

Johann August Ephraim Götze

ward geboren den 28. Mai 1731 zu Aſchersleben in der jetzt Preußiſchen Provinz Sachſen, ſtudirte zu Halle Theologie, kam 1756 als Prediger an die Hoſpitalkirche und 1762 an die St. Blaſienkirche zu Quedlinburg. 1747 wurde er Hofdiaconus an der daſigen Stiftskirche und ſtarb als ſolcher den 27. Juni 1793 mit dem Ruhme eines höchſt thätigen, lebhaften, ſcharfſinnigen und in den obſchwebenden Streitigkeiten ſeines verketzerungſüchtigen Bruders durch Mäßigung ausgezeichneten Mannes,, der ein äußerſt treues Gedächtniß beſaß und als Naturforſcher ſeinen Namen rühmlichſt bekannt machte.

Schriften von ihm ſind:

Verſuch einer Naturgeſchichte der Eingeweidewürmer. Deſſau 1782.

Zeitvertreib und Unterricht für Kinder. Leipzig 1783 — 1785. 5 Thle.

Kleine Reiſebeſchreibung. Ebendaſ. 1784.

Geſchichte Joſephs. Ebendaſ. 1785.

Die Harzgegend. Ebendaſ. 1785 — 88. 6 Reiſen.

Nützliches Allerlei. Ebendaſ. 1785 — 88. 6 Bdchen. Neue Auflage 1788. 3 Thle.

Eine gute Dorfreiſe. Ebendaſ. 1788.

Natur, Menſchenleben und Vorſehung. Ebendaſelbſt 1789 — 92. 6 Bde. Anhang. Ebendaſ. 1794.

Cornelius, ein Leſebuch fürs Volk. Ebendaſ. 1789 — 92. 3 Thle.

Außerdem, naturgeſchichtliche und andre Schriften und Abhandlungen.

Durch eine höchſt angemeſſene, echt populaire Darſtellung, wußte G. einer Menge nützlicher Kenntniſſe bei der Jugend und dem Volke Eingang zu verſchaffen, und hat dadurch höchſt ſegensreich gewirkt, da ſeine Schriften ſich zu ihrer Zeit großen Beifalls und vieler, eifriger Leſer erfreuten.

Chriſtian Grabbe

ward am 11. December 1801 zu Detmold geboren, erhielt eine gute Schulbildung auf dem dortigen Gymnaſium, und ſtudirte dann die Rechte in Berlin und Leipzig. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr in die Vaterſtadt ward er als Fürſtlich Lippe'ſcher Auditeur angeſtellt, gab indeſſen 1834 den Staatsdienſt wieder auf und ging nach Düſſeldorf, um daſelbſt ungeſtört ſeinen poetiſchen Beſchäftigungen zu leben. Hier verweilte er jedoch nicht lange und begab ſich 1836 in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, wo er am 12. December deſſelben Jahres ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Dramatiſche Dichtungen, nebſt einem Anhange über die Shakeſpearomanie. Frankfurt 1827. 2 Bde.
Don Juan und Fauſt. Eine Tragödie. Frankfurt 1829.
Kaiſer Friedrich Barbaroſſa. Frankfurt 1829.
Kaiſer Heinrich VI. Frankfurt 1830.
Napoleon oder die hundert Tage. Frankfurt 1831.
Hannibal. Tragödie. Düſſeldorf 1835.
Aſchenbrödel. Dramatiſches Mährchen. Düſſeldorf 1835.
Das Theater zu Düſſeldorf, mit Rückblicken auf die deutſche Schaubühne. Düſſeldorf 1835.

Es ſei uns geſtattet, hier ein Urtheil zu wiederholen, welches wir bereits vor einigen Jahren über dieſen ausgezeichneten, leider zu früh und durch ſein eigenes Selbſt zerſtörten Geiſt ausſprachen, da wir nur wenig hinzuzufügen haben, um unſere ſich treu bleibende Anſicht darzulegen. — Der genialſte dramatiſche Dichter der jüngſten Zeit iſt ohne Zweifel Grabbe; er hat in jedem neuen Werke Rieſenfortſchritte gemacht, allein er iſt nicht zur Klarheit und zum rechten Bewußtſein in der Anwendung ſeiner außerordentlichen Kräfte gelangt, und wüthet im poetiſchen Wahnſinn zu häufig gegen ſein eigenes Fleiſch und Bein. — Aber welche reiche poetiſche Natur offenbart ſich dagegen in allen ſeinen Leiſtungen, welcher Drang des Genius, welche Gluth und Fülle der Phantaſie! Wie tritt Alles bei ihm in das Leben! Seine Geiſtesblitze ſind nie kalte Schläge, ſie treffen und zünden immer, nur weiß er den Donner nicht zu regieren und fulminirt zu oft, am unrechten Orte und zur unrechten Zeit. Dabei iſt er noch ſo ganz ein poetiſches Kind, das ſich immer bei ſeinen Spielen vergißt, und hingeriſſen, ſie nicht zu ſpielen, ſondern als ernſte Begebenheiten heiter zu durchleben meint.

Im Ganzen iſt G. bis an ſeinen Tod ſo geblieben, nur daß er im inneren Drange ſtets heftiger der Erreichung ſeines Zieles zuſtrebte, und das rechte Weſen der Poeſie falſch deutend, ſich in der maſſenhaften, zuſammendrängenden Darſtellung des Stoffes namentlich durch ſchroff zu einander ſtehende Gegenſätze zu ſehr gefiel, ſo daß er die ruhigere Entwickelung und die Grazie der Form immer mehr zu vernachläſſigen begann. — Ruhe iſt es überhaupt, was ihm, im Leben, wie in der Dichtkunſt, fehlte: alle ſeine Geſtalten ſind großartig gedacht, aber ſie blieben unvollendet und unklar in ihren Einzelnheiten, wie es ſeine Weltanſchauung ſelbſt war. Mit ihm iſt ein erhabener Geiſt untergegangen, und wenn man es auch als ein Glück für ihn betrachten darf, daß ihn die Hand des Todes in ſeiner Jugendfülle fortriß, ſo hat Deutſchland doch einen ſchweren Verluſt zu betrauern, denn bei günſtigeren äußeren wie inneren Verhältniſſen, hätte er, der ſo außerordentlich Begabte, ſich zu einer Stufe emporſchwingen können, auf welcher er würdig neben den Erſten und Beſten der Nation ſtand.

Heinrich's des Löwen Tod.

Aus Grabbe's Kaiſer Heinrich der Sechſte.

Dritter Act. Zweite Scene.

(Ein Vorſaal in dem Schloſſe Heinrichs des Löwen zu Braunſchweig. Nacht. Ein paar große Leuchter brennen.)

(Chriſtoph und Wehrfried auf Wache.)

Chriſtoph.

Ob der Herzog noch wach iſt?

Wehrfried.

Gewiß. Ich glaube, er ſchläft gar nicht, ſo kränklich er auch iſt. Sicher ſitzt er wieder über den alten Chroniken, oder ſieht dort nach dem Harze, oder wandert im Schloſſe umher.

Chriſtoph.

Horch, was war das?

Wehrfried.

Der Wind ſchlägt ein paar Thüren zu, die in roſtigen Angeln gehn.

Chriſtoph.

E' iſt grauſerlich!

Wehrfried.

Daß der Wind Thüren zuſchlägt?

Chriſtoph.

Spotte nicht — Der Herzog wird die Freude, wieder in Braunſchweig zu ſeyn, nicht lange genießen. Bardewicks Eroberung wird wohl ſeine letzte That bleiben, und auch da ſchon machte ihn nur der Zorn ſo ſtark. — Es riecht im ganzen Schloſſe nach Fichtenholz —

Wehrfried.

Das geht auf ihn nicht, denn er würde in einem zinnernen Sarg begraben. Wer weiß, welche Kammerkatze grade crepirt!

Chriſtoph.

Geſtern, bei hellem lichten Mittag, geht der Adolph die große Wendeltreppe hinunter, — was ſieht er, da er auf den Flur kommt? Dich, mich, die ganze Dienerſchaft in tiefſter Trauer, mitten dazwiſchen einen großen Sarg, und darin der Löwe bleich und todt. Er will näher gehen — Weg iſt alles.

Wehrfried.

Adolph iſt guter Freund des Schloßkellermeiſters, und trinkt wohl 'mal ein Tröpfchen.

Chriſtoph.

Und — Gott ſey mit uns, und uns und dem Herzoge gnädig — Schon drei Schildwachen haben Nachts um dieſe Zeit, gegen zwölf Uhr, die weiße Frau geſehen. — Da hängt ihr Bild — Wie ſieht es aus! — Mich ſchaudert!

Wehrfried.

Schurken ſind die Schildwachen geweſen, wenn ſie die Canaille, die ihrem Herzoge Unheil verkünden will, ſey's ein Geiſt, ſey's ein Menſchenkind, nicht angehalten haben.

Chriſtoph.

Hör', mit wie lang aushallenden Tönen heulen über uns die Wetterhähne!

Wehrfried.

Der ſchlimmſte Wetterhahn iſt der Schnee auf des Löwen Haupte

Chriſtoph.

Da kommt Jemand — Nun ſey's die Hölle ſelbſt, ich ſterbe als ein ehrlicher Kerl auf dem mir angewieſenen Poſten.

Wehrfried.

Du haſt eben ſo viel Muth, als Aberglauben. — Doch, laß nur die Waffe ruh'n, — hörſt du denn nicht, daß es der Herzog iſt, der da naht? — Wir müſſen uns zurückziehen Er iſt gern allein.

(Zieht ſich mit Chriſtoph aus dem Saal zurück.)

Heinrich der Löwe

(tritt auf, im ſchlichten Gewande, einen aufgebrochenen Brief in der Hand. Er blickt noch einmal hinein. Dann:)

Wahr alſo,
Heinrich der Welfe iſt vermählt mit Agnes
Der Hohenſtaufin! — Zorn und Unmuth hätten
Vor Jahren mich darob ergriffen — Nun
Iſt's anders — Mögen Ruh' und Frieden
Aus dieſem Bündniß keimen — Ruhig möcht'
Ich ſterben. Mich umweh'n die kühlen Lüfte

Des Grabes ſchon, und ſanft und ſanfter ſchlägt
Das einſt ſo wilde Herz. —
— Wie hab' ich nicht gekämpft,
Geſiegt, gelitten, um den großen Zwiſt
Der Welfen und Waiblinger zu beenden — ?
Es war umſonſt — Jetzt endet ihn 'ne Hochzeit! —
Wie auch der Menſch voran losſtürmt — Nie erreicht er
Das Ziel, führt Gott es ihm nicht zu — — Gebirge drängen,
Mit ihren Föhrenwälder Brauen höhniſch
Und finſter auf ihn niederſchauend, ſich
Um den verirrten Wanderer — Er klimmt
Und klimmt — ringt über Felſen, windet durch
Gebüſche ſich — umſonſt! — kein Ausweg — Er
Verzagt — Da ſetzt er ſeinen Fuß zufällig
Um eines Berges Ecke, und ſieh' da: geſchmückt
Und reich, wie eine offene Muſchel mit
Der Perle, prangt vor ihm das Thal
Mit ſeiner Stadt, dem Endziel ſeiner Reiſe —
Im Sonnenſtrahle blinken ihre Thürme,
Heerſtraßen reihen Roſſ' und Wagen,
Die Ströme Schiffe brauſend zu ihr hin,
Den Wanderer mit ihnen — Aber wird
Er auch da finden, was er dort
Zu finden hoffte? Wird der junge Bund
Der Welfen und Waiblinger lange währen? —
— Ich zweifle. — Alles was ich je erfahren, lehrt
Es anders. Auf der Erde Streit und Wuth,
Selbſt unter Freunden, *Ruhe nur im Grab.* —
— — — Wie hold iſt doch das Grab! Da auszuruh'n
Von all den heft'gen Herzſchlägen, ſicher
In ew'ger Stille vor den Stürmen allen
Des Lebens und des Hauptes — Nicht vertauſcht'
Ich es um meinen Herzogsthron — Man lernt
Des Todes Wolluſt ſchätzen, wenn man achtzig Jahr
Gelebt. —
(Er tritt an das Fenſter:)
Dort liegt der Harz, hoch und gewaltig,
Und Wetter leuchten über ſeinen Scheiteln —
Ha, ſeyd ihr es, ihr glänzenden Geſtalten
Der Kampfgenoſſen aus der Weſerſchlacht?
Blickt ihr vom Himmel, winkt mich zu euch?
Wie flammt da Truchſeß, funkelt Orla —
O Freunde, Freund', ich komme bald!
— Still iſt dieß Schloß, ganz Braunſchweig ſchläft, —
Die alte, treue Stadt, und weiß nicht, daß
Ihr Herzog ſtirbt. —
— In Deutſchlands großen Fürſtenhäuſern
Wohnt nicht der Lebende allein, — nein, auch
Des Stammes Mutter wandelt durch ſie hin,
Verſagt ſich ſelbſt des Paradieſes Freuden,
Und achtet auf der ſpät'ſten Enkel Schickſal,
— So mächtig zieht es ſie zu ihren Kindern! —
Der Pöbel fürchtet und belügt
Mit blut'gen Mährchen ſie — Wir Fürſten wiſſen
Es beſſer —
Wie die Wachen flüſtern,
Soll ſie in dieſem Hauſe jetzt umgehen.
Ich glaube, daß die Wachen ſich nicht täuſchen —
Es zielt auf mich! —
Ha — Thür auf — klanglos — Was
Befällt mich? Nie gebebt hab ich im Kampfe,
Doch hier weht Geiſterodem —
(Die Thür des Saales öffnet ſich von ſelbſt, — die weiße Frau kommt durch dieſelbe, verweilt in der Mitte der Scene, und blickt den Herzog trüb an.)
O, Sie iſt's — Grad'
Wie ſie im Bild dort hängt — Das ſeid'ne Schleppkleid
Wallt weithin hinter ihr, die Schlüſſel hält
Sie in der Hand — Werd' ich denn wieder Kind
Und zittre? — Herzog Sachſens und von Baiern,
Auch in dem Geiſterreich erniedere
Dich nicht!
(zu der weißen Frau:)
Gegrüßt du Ahnin meines Stammes,
Du mir Verwandte, — und ich danke dir,
Daß du beſorgt an mich in deiner Ruhe
Gedacht, und aus dem Sarge kommſt, mir warnend
Den Tod zu künden! —
Ring' nicht ſo die Hände, wahrlich
Ich fürcht' ihn nicht. — Wann
Schlägt meine letzte Stunde?

Die weiße Frau.

Löwe, eben
Hört' ich in meinem Grabgewölb' die Domuhr
Zwölf ſchlagen, und die Räder raſſeln noch —
Den Schlag von Ein Uhr hörſt du nicht mehr.

Heinrich der Löwe.

Wohl —
Sie ſchlug — Aus denn! — Das Blatt, das Laub fällt ab! —
Es ſey, — und doch ich könnte weinen —
Iſt's mir doch faſt als ſchied' ich nun auf immer
Von einem alten Freunde — Dieſe Bruſt,
Mit der ich oft ſo freudig athmete,
Und dieſer Arm, der oft für mich ſo ſtark
Gekämpft — Nun Aſche wieder!

Die weiße Frau.

Heinrich, ſeit
Jahrhunderten hab' ich geſchwiegen, nur
Durch mein Erſcheinen deinem Hauſe ſein
Geſchick verkündet — Heute muß ich reden,
Denn Du, der Größte des Geſchlechtes, ſinkſt
Dahin nun wie die Andern — Weh' der Mutter,
Die nie gleich, ewig ihre Enkel blühen
Und welken ſieht — Tief in das Grab
Dringt wie ein Wurm zu ihr der Schmerz, und peinigt
Sie an das Licht!

Heinrich der Löwe.

Weswegen weilſt du, Mutter,
Nicht mit den andern Geiſtern in den Höh'n
Der Himmel, fern von allem Schmerz der Erde?

Die weiße Frau.

Ach,
Die Erde lieb' ich immer, immer, weil
Ich da zuerſt geliebt — 'Ne andre Liebe
Begriff ich nie, und darum wandl' ich nun,
Zu meiner Freude und zu meiner Strafe,
So lang auf ihr, bis ſie zertrümmert.

Heinrich der Löwe.

Arme!
Kein Schreckgeſpenſt, wie Mancher hat gewähnt —
Vielmehr ſo mitleidswerth — Laß mich
An deinen Buſen ſtürzen, denn ich kann
An keinem treueren verſcheiden —!

Die weiße Frau.

Halt —
— Noch *eine* Freude ſollſt du fühlen — Weither
Durch Nacht und Sturm vernehm' ich Roſſeshufen.
Ein Myrthenkranz umflicht die feindlichen
Geſchlechter — Hohenſtaufens holde Agnes,
Heinrich, dein Sohn, mit ihr vermählt, und zwiſchen ihnen
Der Kaiſer, ſprengen her, um deinen Segen
Zu ihrem Bündniß zu erfleh'n —
O
Auch dieſer Bund vergeht mit ſeinen Myrthen,
Mit Braut und Bräutigam, wie alles Ird'ſche —
Ich werd es ſehen müſſen!

Heinrich der Löwe.

Du Unſel'ge!
Nur ewig, um das Ende jedes Anfangs
Zu ſchau'n!

Die weiße Frau.

Faſt ward ich der Vergänglichkeit,
Des Glückes wie des Unglücks ſchon gewohnt —
Wenn du die Blume pflückſt, iſt ſie gebrochen,
Wenn du das Glück genieß'ſt, iſt es verſchwunden,
Und iſt das Unglück erſt nur da, ſo iſt
Es auch bald überſtanden.

Heinrich der Löwe.

Aber, aber
Sag' mir, iſt's ſo auch in den Regionen,
Wo unſer Heiland thront, der Welterlöſer?
Du kennſt ſie doch?

Die weiße Frau.

Ganz anders, anders droben,
Als du dir denkſt — Ich kann's — ich mag's — ich darf's
Nicht ſagen — Weh mir!
(Sie verſchwindet.)

Heinrich der Löwe.

Bleib' noch — Bleibe — Fort
Iſt ſie wie Nebelglanz — — Sie *mag's nicht ſagen*? —
(Er ſinkt in einen Seſſel — — Chriſtoph und Wehrfried kommen herein.)

Wehrfried.

Du ſprichſt ſchon lange ſehr laut, — Befiehlſt du etwas?

Heinrich der Löwe.

Nein.

Chriſtoph.

Vor dem Thor ſchallt eine Trompete. Oeffnen wir es?

Heinrich der Löwe.
Ja, öffnet es, und laſſet meinen Sohn
Mit ſeiner Braut und Kaiſer Heinrich ein.

Wehrfried.
Mit dem Kaiſer?

Chriſtoph.
Herzog, haſt du ihn gelockt? Sollen wir ihn hier fangen und todtſchlagen?

Wehrfried.
Nun weiß ich, warum du zugibſt, daß Prinz Heinrich eine Hohenſtaufin heirathet — Du lockerſt mit ihr den ſchlimmſten Vogel in dein Netz.

Heinrich der Löwe.
Ihr irrt euch. Kaiſer Heinrich ward mein Freund,
Wer ihm ein Haar verletzt, verletzt mich. — Oeffnet,
Und zeigt dabei ihm ſchuld'ge Ehrerbietung.

Chriſtoph.
Sein Freund? Der Waiblinger? Raſ't er?

Wehrfried.
Die beiden Freunde? Ein Thor, wer es glaubt.

Heinrich der Löwe.
Ich ſage, öffnet, öffnet — führt ſie zu mir.
(Chriſtoph und Wehrfried ab.)
Mit Unrecht nicht erſtaunen dieſe Knechte:
Der Kaiſer, Friedrichs Sohn, in Braunſchweigs Burg? —
Ihr welf'ſchen Säulen brecht ihr nicht zuſammen?

Kaiſer Heinrich
(mit Agnes und Prinz Heinrich, tritt ein.)
Begrüßt mir, Haupt der Welfen.

Heinrich der Löwe.
Ha, ſchon da —
— Verzeih', ich bin zu matt um aufzuſtehen. —

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Bleib ruhig — Wenn ſich Welfen und Waiblinger
Verſöhnen, gilt es nicht Formalitäten.
Weh' ihnen, wenn ſie ſich nach Höflingsart
Nur ſcheinbar grüßen, und ſich wieder fliehen —
Gefährlich ſpielten ſie mit ihrer Größe.
Nein, wie zwei Ströme, die dem Bergeshang
Entſtürzen, ihrem Flußbett folgend, ſich
Vereinen, ſelbſt bei Nacht, (wie wir jetzt eben)
Sich finden müſſen, und dann unzertrennlich,
Breit und gewaltig zu dem Meere fluthen,
Begegnen wir uns hier.

Heinrich der Löwe.
Sohn Friedrichs — Vieles
Hab' ich erfahren, lang gelebt — Unmöglich
Iſt ſteter Friede zwiſchen unſern Stämmen.
Ob ein paar Blätter auch, wenn Sommerwind
Sie rührt, liebkoſend ſich entgegenflüſtern —
Der Bäume Wurzeln ſind in Finſterniß
Gepflanzt und ringen ewig mit einander,
Und nach der Wurzel biegt ſich doch der Stamm.
Zwei Sonnen nicht am Himmel, und auf Erden
Nicht zwei Geſchlechter wie die unſrigen.

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Grad' weil wir ſo gewaltig ſind, gelingt
Uns das unmöglich Scheinende vielleicht.
Nicht todte, winz'ge Blätter, die ſich nur
Im Lüftchen regen, ſind wir — Leu, es regt
In uns ſich eigne Kraft, frier' auch die Wurzel
Tief in der Erde, — nah genug ſind wir
Der Sonne, ihre Gluthen einzufangen,
Und ſie hinabzuſenden zu der Tiefe,
Die Füße damit zu erwärmen! — Hoffe
Die ſchönſte Zukunft!

Heinrich der Löwe.
Junger Fürſt, wer oft
Gehofft hat, lernt — fürchten.

Kaiſer Heinrich.
(deutet auf Agnes und den Prinzen Heinrich:)
Sollte
Dich dieſer Kinder Anblick nicht noch einmal
Das Hoffen lehren?

Heinrich der Löwe.
Heinrich, o mein Sohn —
Doch Sie da — ?

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Agnes, meine Muhme, Erbin
Der Pfalz, Gemahlin deines Heinrichs — ſchön
Und liebenswürdig wie ein Engel —

Prinz Heinrich.
Ja
Als Friedensengel, Vater!

Agnes.
Sprecht nicht
Von Muhmen, Erbinnen und Engeln — laßt
Mich ſeine Tochter ſeyn!

Heinrich der Löwe.
Selbſt Welfen können
Nicht widerſteh'n, wenn Hohenſtaufen ſchmeicheln —
— Sey meine Tochter, Mädchen, — Gott beſchütze
Und ſtärke dich — Denn, Roſe, blühen mußt
Du zwiſchen Felſen!

Agnes.
Armer Löwe,
Beſorgt um mich, und ſelbſt ſo krank — O laß
Mich deiner pflegen, deine weißen Locken,
Mir theurer als das eigne Haar, mit Küſſen
Bedecken.

Heinrich der Löwe.
Kommſt zu ſpät, mein Kind. Todkündend
Erſchien mir heute Nacht die weiße Frau.

Kaiſer Heinrich (für ſich:)
Der Arme ſtirbt. Er träumt ſchon Kindermährchen.

Heinrich der Löwe.
— Und eine Hohenſtaufin pflegt mich — Das
Sind ſichre Zeichen — 'S geht mit mir zu Ende.
— Wie, Kaiſer, lautet unſer Friedensſchluß?

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Sehr ehrenvoll für dich — Von Acht und Bann
Biſt du befreit, und Sachſens Herzogthum
Empfängſt du wieder.

Heinrich der Löwe.
Aber ich beſaß
Ein andres Land noch — Flüſſe ſchrien durch
Es hin mit Donnerſtimmen — Nie vergeſſ'
Ich ſie —

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Du denkſt an Baiern — Was verlangſt
Du nach ihm? — Nie iſt es dir treu geweſen,
Und Wittelsbach beſitzt es längſt.

Heinrich der Löwe.
Nie treu —
So fahr' es wohl — Es war vielleicht zu groß,
Um feſt am Stamm zu hangen — Alle Größ'
Und Schwere trennt ſich leicht von dem, woran
Man ſie will ketten, ſey's der Apfel von
Dem Baume, ſey's der Freund vom Freunde, oder
Das Volk vom Fürſten, — Nur fällt ſie dabei
Gewöhnlich auch zu Boden —
Wo mein Otto?

Prinz Heinrich.
Ich fragte ſchon nach ihm, — ich hört', er ſchliefe.

Heinrich der Löwe.
So ſtört ihn nicht, und tretet auf die Seite.
— Man winkt mir ſchon.

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Wer winkt?

Heinrich der Löwe.
Dein Vater, Friedrich,
Und neben ihm die ſtrahlende Mathildis —
— Er beugt ſich zu mir nieder, gleich ihr lächelnd,
Der Freund, der Heldenjüngling wieder —
Die kaiſerliche Krone, die elende
Sternſchnuppe, welche uns ſo oft verwirrt,
Fällt ihm vom Haupte hin zur Hölle,
Und prachtvoll ſteigen auf die Dioskuren!

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Er phantaſirt, — ruft einen Arzt!

Heinrich der Löwe.
Nicht nöthig —
Ich bin geſund und meine Jugend kehrt zurück.
— Wie fließt der Rhein ſo ſtolz dahin — Wie ſpiegeln
Sich Schloß und Stadt in ſeinen grünen Wellen!
Heil Hochheim, Heil Johannisberg, König
Der Rebenhügel — Rechts da Rüdesheim, die Zier
Am Bergesſaume — links kommt Bingen — o
Wie tobt das Binger Loch, doch lauter tönen
Des Ofterdingen Saiten drein — Und dort
Hoch Ehrenbreitſtein, Diadem des Felſens!
Dieß iſt mein ſchönſter Tag!

Kaiſer Heinrich.
Er denkt der Rheinfahrt,
Die er mit meinem Vater und dem hehren Sänger
Der Nibelungen, Ofterdingen, einſt gemacht.

Heinrich der Löwe.
O trag' mich, Rhein, o reiß' mich fort — ſchön ſtürzt
Es ſich mit dir zum Meer, zum Tode —

Kaiſer,
Was ſag' ich deinem Vater? Eben fragt
Er mich nach dir.

Kaiſer Heinrich.

Sag' ihm,
Der Hohenſtaufe ſtrebe noch ſo hoch wie immer,
Und wenn er auf des Aetna Gipfeln ſtände,
So würd' er ſehnend über's Meer
Hinſchauen!

Heinrich der Löwe.

(mit immer matterer, aber ſehr bewegter Stimme:)
Lebe wohl, mein treues Sachſen —
Ein Troſt iſt mir: mein Leib wird doch ein Stückchen
Von deiner Erde — Weſer, Oker, fahret wohl —
Leb wohl du Harz mit deinen Felſenthalen, —
Wie gern verirrt' ich mich nur einmal noch
In dir — lebt wohl, ihr Sterne — Ach —
(Er ſinkt ſterbend hin.)

Kaiſer Heinrich.

So endet
Das Große, mit 'nem Seufzer — Er iſt todt —
(zum Prinzen Heinrich:)
Heil dir,
Herzog der Sachſen.

Prinz Heinrich.

Du rufſt Heil mir, und ich ſeh'
Ihn todt?

Kaiſer Heinrich.

Betrau're ihn, — doch dann genieß',
Was er dir hinterlaſſen. Mir ſtarb auch
Erſt jüngſt der Vater — Schmerzlich war es — Doch
Genug, nicht kann man's wiederholen:
Tod iſt der Menſchheit allgemeines Loos,
Und wer ihn ſcheut, wird niemals groß. —
(Für ſich:)
Der Löwe todt — frei kann ich nach Neapel.

Eberhard Gottlieb Graff,

ein achtungswerther deutſcher Alterthumsforſcher, deſſen Geburt und Bildungsgeſchichte noch nicht zur öffentlichen Kenntniß gekommen iſt. Er war früher Profeſſor zu Ahrensberg in Weſtphalen, kam als Preußiſcher Regierungsrath und Profeſſor an die Univerſität nach Königsberg und ſammelt ſeit 1830 theils in Halle theils an anderen Orten in den Bibliotheken Notizen für ſein altdeutſches Wörterbuch.

Von ihm haben wir:

Diutiska. Denkmäler deutſcher Sprache und Literatur aus alten Handſchriften. Den Freunden der deutſchen Vorzeit gewidmet. Stuttgart 1826 — 1830, gr. 8. wurde leider wegen Mangel an Abſatz nicht fortgeſetzt.

Otfried's Kriſt, das älteſte, im 9. Jahrhundert verfaßte hochdeutſche Gedicht, nach den 3 gleichzeitigen Handſchriften kritiſch herausgegeben. Königsberg 1831, gr. 4. Mit Proben aus jeder Handſchrift.

Altdeutſcher Sprachſchatz. (die erſten Lieferungen ſind bereits erſchienen. —

Ein ausgezeichneter und höchſt gründlicher Kenner älterer deutſcher Sprache und Literatur, deſſen Verdienſte nicht genug anerkannt werden können, da er mit dem ſeltenſten Fleiße außerordentlichen Scharfſinn und Gewandtheit der Prüfung verbindet. Namentlich wird ſein Sprachſchatz, wenn es ihm vergönnt wird, denſelben glücklich zu Ende zu führen, als ein Denkmal deutſchen Fleißes und deutſcher Gründlichkeit von den Gelehrten aller Nationen anerkannt werden müſſen.

Gerhard Anton Gramberg

ward geboren den 5. November 1744 zu Tetens im Großherzogthum Oldenburg, erwarb ſich die Doctorwürde der Medicin und Chirurgie und war als Kanzlerrath, Landphyſikus, Hof- und Garniſonsarzt zu Oldenburg angeſtellt, wo er den 10. März 1817 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Ueber Schlegels Alarkos. Münſter .... in 8.

Eine große Anzahl von Gedichten Gramberg's findet ſich zerſtreut in den Anthologien von Matthiſon, Weißer und Haug, in dem Theaterkalender, dem deutſchen Muſeum, dem Muſenalmanach, den oldenburgiſchen Anzeigen und in anderen Journalen, Zeitſchriften, Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Der ältere G. ſchloß ſich in ſeinen poetiſchen Beſtrebungen dem Göttinger Dichterverein an und lieferte in deſſen Art und Weiſe manches wohlgelungene lyriſche Gedicht.

Gerhard Anton Herrmann Gramberg,

der Sohn des Vorigen, wurde geboren den 18. September 1772 zu Oldenburg und nach beendigten Rechtsſtudien zu Erlangen Advokat in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und erſter Landesgerichtsaſſeſſor. Während der franzöſiſchen Occupation wurde er als Appellationsrichter nach Hamburg verſetzt, von wo er 1815 als Juſtizkanzlei- und Konſiſtorialaſſeſſor nach Oldenburg zurückkehrte, aber ſchon den 10 Mai 1816 daſelbſt ſtarb.

Als Dichter kennt ihn die Welt durch folgende Schriften:

Kränze, Oldenburg 1801 — 1805. 3 Bde. in 8.

Poetiſches Taſchenbuch. Berlin 1803. in 12. Mit Böhlendorff herausgegeben.

Sophonisbe, eine Tragödie. Oldenburg 1808. gr. 8.

Gedichte. Ebendaſelbſt 1816 u. 1817. 2 Thle. in 8.

Ein ſchönes lyriſches Talent, das ſich beſonders durch Tiefe, Innigkeit und Zartheit vortheilhaft auszeichnete und namentlich in idylliſchen Darſtellungen der Liebe ſehr glücklich war. Mit gleichem Geſchick ahmte es den Ton der altengliſchen Balladen, ſo wie in früheren Verſuchen Wieland's Art der Erzählung in gefälliger Weiſe nach.

Johann Baptiſt Graſer,

ward im Juli 1768 zu Eltman im Würzburgiſchen geboren, widmete ſich dem Erziehungsweſen und wurde nach vollendeten Studien Doktor der Philoſophie und Präfekt des Prieſterſeminar's zu Würzburg. Ein Ruf als Mitdirektor der erzbiſchöflichen Pagenanſtalt und des virgilianiſchen Collegiums brachte ihn nach Salzburg, von wo er 1804 als kurpfälziſcher Oberſchulenkommiſſär in ſein Vaterland zurückkehrte. Später wurde er bei der Oberſtudienkommiſſion zu Bamberg, 1810 aber als Baierſcher Regierungs- und Kreisſchulrath in Baireuth angeſtellt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Prüfung des katholiſch-praktiſchen Religionsunterrichtes. Leipzig 1800. 8.
Moraliſches Handbuch. Salzburg 1801. 2 Thle.
Andachtsübungen. Ebendaſ. 1801.
Archiv für Volkserziehung. Ebendaſ. 1803—1805. 2 Bde.
Beobachtungen und Vorſchläge über Erziehung und Schulen, in Briefen. Ebendaſ. 1804. 1805. 2 Thle.
Bairiſch fränkiſcher Schulmerkur. Bamberg 1805. und 1806. in 4.
Divinität oder das Princip der einzigen wahren Menſchenerziehung. Baireuth 1813.
Der erſte Kindesunterricht. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Die Elementarſchule für's Leben. Ebendaſ. 3. Ausgabe 1821. 2. Thl. 1828.
Das Judenthum und ſeine Reformation. Ebendaſ. 1828.
Der durch Geſicht und Tonſprache der Menſchheit wiedergegebene Taubſtumme. Ebendaſ. 1829.

G. iſt einer der geachtetſten und angeſehenſten pädagogiſchen Schriftſteller neuerer Zeit, da er gründliche Kenntniß, philoſophiſche Tiefe und Klarheit, mit Kraft, edelem Eifer und Freiſinnigkeit verbindet.

Friedrich David Gräter.

Dieſer geſchmackvolle, nordiſche Alterthumsforſcher wurde den 22. April 1768 zu Schwäbiſch-Hall geboren, ſtudirte Philologie zu Tübingen, ward Doct. derſelben, 1789 Lehrer und 1793 Konrektor am Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und 1804 Profeſſor und Rektor des Kontuberniums daſelbſt. 1818 wurde er in gleicher Eigenſchaft an das Gymnaſium nach Ulm berufen, wobei ihm zugleich das Pädagogorat des Donaukreiſes übertragen wurde. Während auswärtige Akademien ſein Verdienſt durch Ertheilung der Mitgliedſchaft ehrend anerkannten, ſtiftete er daſelbſt mit königlicher Genehmigung 1822 die „Geſellſchaft der Dänenfreunde an der Donau“ und wirkte in dieſen verſchiedenen Kreiſen mit Nutzen bis 1827, wo er ſeine Staatsſtellen aufgab und ſich nach Schorndorf im Würtembergiſchen zurückzog. Dort ſtarb er den 2. Auguſt 1830.

Er ſchrieb:

Nordiſche Blumen. Leipzig 1789.
Suhm, Geſchichte der nordiſchen Fabelzeit, überſetzt. Leipzig 1804.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Heidelberg 1809.
Sämmtliche Schriften über nordiſche Mythologie und Dichtkunſt. Eßlingen 1812. 1. Thl.
Rektorats- und Ephoratsreden. Ebendaſ. 1815. 3 Hefte.
Zerſtreute Blätter. Ulm 1822—1824. 2 Bde.

Mit Böckh, Häſlein, Münchhauſen und Andern:

Bragur, literariſches Magazin der deutſchen und nordiſchen Vorzeit. Leipzig 1791—1802. 7 Thle.
Bardenalmanach. Neuſtrelitz 1802.
Gymnaſtiſches Muſeum. Leipzig 1804.
Odina und Teutona. Breslau 1812.
Iduna und Hermode, Alterthumszeitung. Ebendaſ. 1812—1816. 4 Bde.

Durch ſeinen Eifer für die Beförderung des Studiums ſkandinaviſcher und germaniſcher Literatur, hat ſich G. große Verdienſte um daſſelbe erworben, und verdient die lebhafteſte und dankbarſte Anerkennung der Forſcher auf dieſem Gebiete, indem er, um hier nützlich zu wirken, kein Opfer ſcheute. Seine eigenen Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch Fleiß, Gründlichkeit und angenehme Darſtellung aus, ſo wie ſeine poetiſchen Arbeiten den in der beſten Schule gebildeten Geiſt verrathen, wenn es ihm gleich hier an eigentlichem produktiven Talent fehlt und gewandte Nachahmung und Beherrſchung der Form dieſen Mangel erſetzen mußte.

Ueber das Alter und den Urſprung des teutſchen Königstitels.*)

Ein Programm bei der zweiten Jahresfeier der Königswürde des Hauſes Württemberg.
Den 1. Jenner 1808.

In dem Laufe des vierten Jahrhunderts nach Chriſti Geburt kannten unſre teutſchen Voreltern den Titel König noch nicht. Bekanntlich hat man aus dieſer Zeit eine, jetzt nur wenig mehr verſtändliche teutſche Ueberſetzung der Evangelien, die auf Pergament mit Purpurgrunde und mit ſilbernen Buchſtaben geſchrieben, oder vielmehr eingebrannt war, und daher den Namen des „ſilbernen Codex“ erhielt, aus Teutſchland nach Schweden kam, und dort nunmehr der Verwitterung nahe iſt.

Man ſchreibt ſie allgemein dem Biſchof Wulfila oder Wölflein zu, der nach dem Zeugniß glaubwürdiger Schriftſteller zu den Zeiten des Kaiſers Valens, alſo zwiſchen 364 und 378 zum Arrianismus überging. In eben dieſer Zeit ungefähr war er Biſchof der chriſtlichen Gothen in Dacien, Thracien und Möſien, das heißt, derjenigen Weſtgothen, die in Dacien das Chriſtenthum angenommen hatten. Unter Fritigern und Ablavius wurde er im Jahr 376 mit 200,000 Mann ſeiner gothiſchen Landsleute in Möſien dieſſeits der Donau aufgenommen, und von dieſer Zeit an nennt man jene Weſtgothen die Möſogothen, und ihre Sprache die Möſogothiſche Sprache.

Die Evangelien in dieſer Sprache ſind das älteſte teutſche Buch, das wir beſitzen, und die Charaktere, mit denen ſie geſchrieben ſind, die älteſte teutſche Schrift.

In dem Evangelium Marci Cap. 15., da die Hauptbeſchuldigung gegen Jeſum vorkommt, daß er ſich einen König der Juden geheißen habe, weswegen dieſer Titel auch in verſchiedenen Sprachen über das Kreuz geſchrieben wurde, kommt durchaus noch der älteſte teutſche Name der Könige, thiudans, vor.

Pilatus fragt: biſt du König der Juden? Dieß drücket der teutſche Ueberſetzer alſo aus:

Thu is Thiudans Judaie?
Du biſt Thiudans der Juden!

v. 18. Und fingen an ihn zu grüßen: Gegrüßet ſeiſt du, der Juden König!

Jah dugunnun goljan ina
Hails Thiudan Judaie.
Und begannen zu grüßen ihn:
Heil Thiudan der Juden.

v. 26. Und es war oben über ihm geſchrieben, was man ihm ſchuld gab, ein König der Juden.

Dieß heißt:

Jah was Ufarmeli Fairinos is ufarmelith:
Sa Thiudans Judaie.

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*) Aus: Fr. D. Gräter's Braga und Hermode. 5. Bd. Breslau 1812.

Und war Aufſchrift Verbrechens ſeines darauf geſchrieben:
Der Thiudans der Juden!

Dieſer ältere Titel Thiudans kommt her von Thiuda, das Volk und thiudanon, ein Volk beherrſchen; daher Thiudans, der Volksherrſcher.

Auch in dem Wolfenbütler handſchriftlichen Fragmente der Römergeſchichte, welche in ein ſpäteres Alter zu ſetzen, in der Sprache wenigſtens, nach der genaueſten Vergleichung kein Grund iſt, finden ſich die beiden letztern Wörter; und wäre gerade in dieſen Stellen von einem König die Rede, ſo würde der Ausdruck Thiudans ebenfalls ſtehen.

Zu gleicher Zeit war der Römiſche Titel (Caesar, Καισαρ) ſchon in der Sprache; ſo wie auch das Wort Queen, womit die Engländer ihre Königinn vorzugsweiſe bezeichnen.

In dem 3. Cap. des Evangel. Lucä v. 1. drückt der Gothe die Wörter: In dem funfzehnten Jahre aber des Kaiſerthums des Kaiſers Tiberii, da Pontius Pilatus Landpfleger in Judäa war, alſo aus:

In Jera than fimftataihund in Thiudinaſſaus Teibairiaus Kaiſaris, raginondin
Im Jahre dann funfzehnten (des) Volksherrſchaft Tiberius des Kaiſers, regierenden
Pontiau Peilatau Judaia.
Pontio Pilato Judäa.

und v. 19. Herodes aber, der Vierfürſt, da er von ihm geſtraft ward, um Herodias willen, ſeines Bruders Weib.

Ith Herodes ſa Taitrarkes gaſakans fram imma bi
(But) Aber Herodes der (the) Tetrarche geſtraft von (from) ihm (him) (by) wegen
Herodiadein Quen Brothrs is.
Herodiate Frau (Queen) Bruders ſeins (his).

Eben ſo auch Marci 6, v. 18. Es iſt nicht recht, daß du deines Bruders Weib habeſt.

thatei ni Skuld iſt thus haban Quen Brothrs theins.
das nicht Schuld (Recht) iſt dir haben Frau Bruders deines.

Hier bei dem Evangeliſten Lucas heißt Herodes ſtets der Vierfürſt ὁ τετράρχης, bei dem Evangeliſten Marcus aber durchaus König oder βασιλεύς — dieß überſetzt auch der Gothe ſo wie jenes getreu:

v. 22. Da ſprach der König zum Mägdlein.
Quath Thiudans du thizai Maujai.
Sprach der Thiudans zu dieſem Mädchen.

v. 23. Was du wirſt von mir bitten, will ich dir geben bis an die Hälfte meines Königreichs.
Und halba Thiudansgardja meina.
bis (zur) halben Thiudangart mein.

v. 26. Und der König ward betrübt.
Jah gaurs waurthans ſa Thiudans.
Und traurig werdend der Thiudans u. ſ. w.

Und ſo durchaus, ohne eine einzige Ausnahme. Wo der Grieche βασιλεύς, und der Lateiner rex gebraucht, da hat der Gothe Thiudans.

Beweiſe, und unbeſtreitbare Beweiſe genug, daß in dem vierten Jahrhundert, falls aus dieſem die Gothiſche Bibelüberſetzung herſtammt[*], der Königstitel noch nicht in der teutſchen Sprache war.

Es könnte nun im Verfolg dieſer Deduction die Anwendung geſchehen, daß ſich von der Mœſogothiſchen auf die Fränkiſche und Allemanniſche Sprache eben ſo wenig ein Uebergang machen laſſe, als auf die Sächſiſche und Angelſächſiſche, oder auf die Scandinaviſche, d. h. Däniſche, Isländiſche und Schwediſche. Hierüber fehlt es mir jetzt an Zeit und Raum zu ſtreiten, und meine wenige Meinung, von der ich auch nach ſechszehn Jahren abzuweichen, keinen Grund finde, iſt bereits in der kritiſchen Ueberſicht des teutſchen Sprachſtammes, Bragur 1. S. 287. u. f. von mir geſagt.

Allein ich werde auch dieſen Gang nicht nehmen, ſondern ich habe alle Sprachdenkmale aller Dialecte und aller Jahrhunderte vor mir, und werde nur zeigen, bei dieſem Sprachſtamme und in dieſem Jahrhunderte war der Titel da, in jenem aber noch nicht. Dann läßt ſich erſt auch durch die Geſchichte ein Licht anzünden. — Dieß ſcheint mir zur Gewißheit der einzige Weg zu ſein.

Spätere Gothiſche Sprachdenkmale, woraus ſich noch etwas erweiſen ließe, ſind bis jetzt nicht aufgefunden, obgleich unſtreitig noch dergleichen wenigſtens in Spanien, wo die Weſtgothen ſich ſchon im Jahr 412 niederließen und eigene Reiche ſtifteten, vorhanden ſeyn müſſen[*]. — Denn die vier Gothiſchen Quittungen zu Neapel, die ich in dem 7ten Bde von Bragur habe in Kupfer ſtechen laſſen, und das kleine Arezziſche Denkmal, beziehen ſich auf keine Gegenſtände, die den Ausdruck König erfoderten.

Bei den Burgundern, verſichert Ammianus Marcellinus[**], ein Römiſcher Schriftſteller des 4ten Jahrhunderts, habe man den König Hendinos genannt: der gelehrte teutſche Sprachforſcher Wachter glaubt, darin das Gothiſche Kindins zu finden, und der gelehrteſte der ſchwediſchen Sprachforſcher, Ritter v. Ihre, gibt ihm darüber vollkommen Beifall.

Allein nach einer genauern Anſicht der Stelle muß ich bekennen, daß entweder Ammianus Marcellinus Unrecht hat, jenes Hendinos durch König zu überſetzen, oder daß die Anwendung Wachters und der Beifall Ihre's nur halb gegründet ſind.

Die Stellen der Gothiſchen Evangelien, worauf ſich dieſe Behauptung bezieht, ſind Matth. 27, 2 und 11. und 2, 2. Beide Stellen gelten indeſſen für eine — denn in der erſten iſt es der Landpfleger Pontius Pilatus, in der zweiten der Landpfleger Cyrenius, welchem der Titel Kindins beigelegt wird. Allein Luther hat nicht falſch überſetzt. Auch in der griechiſchen Urſchrift ſteht nicht βασιλεύς, König, ſondern ἡγεμών, Befehlshaber und höchſtens Regent einer beſondern Provinz, aber nicht König.

Es gibt überdieß noch eine claſſiſche Stelle, die entſcheidet. Dieſe iſt Matth. 27, 11; daſelbſt heißt es:

„Jeſus aber ſtand vor dem Landpfleger, und der Landpfleger (ἡγεμών) fragte ihn und ſprach: Biſt du der Juden König?“

Denn ganz unzweideutig ſetzt hier der Gothe ſelbſt den Thiudans als König dem Kindins als bloßen Regenten einer Provinz oder Landpfleger entgegen

Ith Jeſus ſtoth faura Kindina.
Jah frah ina ſa Kindins:
thu is Thiudans Judaie?
Aber Jeſus ſtand vor dem Kindins:
Und es fragte ihn der Kindins:
Du biſt Thiudans der Juden!

Woraus erhellet, daß Kindins keineswegs einer der ältern Titel der Könige war, und daß Ammianus Marcellinus das Burgundiſche und freilich ſehr wahrſcheinlich auch Gothiſche Hendinos oder Kindins nicht durch rex, ſondern durch praeses oder praefectus hätte überſetzen ſollen.

Hiemit ſind nun die Gothiſchen und auswärtigen Nachrichten von dem einheimiſchen Königstitel bis ins 4te Jahrhundert erſchöpft.

Die Denkmale der Franken und Sachſen fangen ſpäter an. Ich wende mich daher erſt nach Norden.

Die ganze nordiſche Sprachliteratur kennt keine ältern Denkmale als die poetiſche Edda. Die poetiſche, denn wer ſie mit der proſaiſchen, weit ſpätern des Snorre Sturleſons, der bloß einen mythologiſchen Auszug aus derſelben machte, verwechſelt, oder den allerdings würdigen Sammler derſelben Sämund Sigfuſſon auch für ihren Verfaſſer hält, hat gewiß keine Kenntniß von Nordiſcher Sprache, Proſodie und Mythologie, und thut beſſer, über Nordiſche Literatur gar nicht zu ſchreiben, geſchweige abſprechen zu wollen; denn es verlohnt ſich der Mühe nicht, ſolche Gegner zu widerlegen, oder wenn man ſie widerlegte, würde die gelindeſte Wahrheit gegen ſonſt verdiente Männer hart ſcheinen. Man fordert in der Griechiſchen und Römiſchen Literatur, daß man das verſtehe, wovon man redet, und worüber man ſich zu urtheilen herausnimmt — warum nicht in jeder Literatur? und warum nicht auch in der Nordiſchen?

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[*] Die nähere kritiſche Unterſuchung in einem folgenden Bande.

[*] Mein Freund, der gelehrte reiſende Däne, Baron Neergaard, welcher der gelehrten Welt bereits durch mehrere Schriften, vorzüglich aber durch ſein Journal du dernier Voyage du Cit. Dolomieu dans les Alpes par T. C. Bruun Neergaard. à Paris. An. X. — 1802. 8 merkwürdig und werth geworden iſt, ſchrieb mir im Sommer 1802 aus Paris, daß er eben im Begriffe ſei, nach Spanien zu reiſen, und erbot ſich zu jeder Nachforſchung für mich im Eſcurial. Ich zögerte nicht, dieſe Gelegenheit zu benutzen, um von den Herrn Bibliothekaren des Eſcurials wenigſtens darüber Auskunft zu erhalten, ob die Ephemerides Regum Longobardica ſcriptae, welche nach dem Zeugniß des Angelo Roccha zu Benevent aufbewahrt, und nach der Vermuthung des Herrn Boſa von König Philipp II. nebſt andern Schätzen nach Spanien abgeführt wurden, ſich nicht in dieſer Hauptbibliothek befinden, und hoffte, im Fall es wäre, eine diplomatiſche Abſchrift oder Nachzeichnung davon zu erhalten. Allein Neergaard kam kaum an die Grenze von Spanien, als er zur Beſitznahme ſeines Familienguts Svenstrup auf Seeland nach Dänemark zurückgerufen wurde. Damit war auch meine Hoffnung vereitelt. Aber möchten doch andere Sprach- und Geſchichtfreunde ſich Mühe geben, in Spanien und Italien über die vermodernden Denkmale der Gothen nachzuforſchen! Es iſt Zeit, wenn ſie nicht für immer verloren gehen ſollen.

[**] lib. XXVIII. c. 5. rex, qui apud eos appellatur Hendinos.

Kurz, dieſe Edda enthält die älteſten Götter- und Heldenlieder des Nordens aus der Helden- und Fabelzeit. Ihr Alter iſt indeſſen bis jezt mehr nach Gefühl und hiſtoriſchen Umſtänden, als nach den Mythen und der Sprache beſtimmt. Doch läßt ſich ziemlich abſehen, daß ſie (das Sonnenlied ausgenommen) insgeſammt älter ſind, als Regner Lodbrocks Todesgeſang, und dann daß die Lieder, welche von den Göttern handeln, in der Regel älter ſind, als diejenigen, welche die Heldenfabeln erzählen; und wieder, daß diejenigen Nordiſchen Lieder überhaupt älter ſind, als diejenigen welche die Heldenfabeln erzählen; und wieder daß diejenigen Nordiſchen Lieder überhaupt älter ſind, welche eine bloße Alliteration haben, und in der alten Versart Fornyrdalag gedichtet ſind, als diejenigen, welche bereits die Vocalharmonie beſizen, und dieſe wieder älter als diejenigen, die bereits den benachbarten teutſchen Reim angenommen haben.

Unter die älteſten gehören nun unſtreitig die berühmte Woluſpa, das eben ſo berühmte Haawamaal, die Thrymsquida, Waffthrudnismaal, Grimmismaal u. ſ. w.

In dieſen alten Eddiſchen Liedern aber kommt der Titel König durchaus nicht vor, bis auf die Unterredung des blinden Geſtuts mit dem König Heidrek.

Im Gegentheil heißt der Rieſen- oder Thurſen-König Thrym in Thrymsquida durchaus Thursa Drottinn, und ſelbſt Snorre Sturleſon behauptet in ſeiner Heimkringla, und zwar in ſeiner Geſchichte der Ynglinger, des älteſten Nordiſchen Königsſtammes c. XX., daß die älteſten Könige ſich Diar oder Drottnar genannt, und daß Ring oder Rig der erſte geweſen ſei, den man in däniſcher Sprache Konunge genannt habe.

„Hans Aettmenn höfdu aawallt sjdan konungs Nafn
fyrir et aetzta tignar Nafn."

Seine Nachfolger hielten ſtets hernach den Königstitel für einen ausgezeichneten Ehrennamen.

Hierauf fährt er fort:

Dyggwi war fyrstr Konungr kalladr sinna Ättmanna: enn andr wora their Drottnar kalladir: enn konur theirra Drottningar enn Drott Hyrdsweitin. d. h. Dygwe war zuerſt unter ſeinem Geſchlecht König genannt: denn ehedem wurden ſie Drottnar genannt, und ihre Frauen Drottningar, aber die Hofleute Drott.

Nach der Snorriſchen Chronologie war dieſer König Dygwe im Jahre 166 nach Chriſti geboren, welches ich jedoch dahin geſtellet ſein laſſe. Wäre die Chronologie richtig, ſo würde der Urſprung des Königstitels im Norden ſchon in das Ende des zweiten oder den Anfang des dritten Jahrhunderts fallen. Allein allerdings ſind in dieſer älteſten Geſchichte mehr Wahrſcheinlichkeiten und Vermuthungen als Gewißheit. Ich halte mich daher abermals an die Sprachbeweiſe, und behaupte gegen den Ritter Ihre und alle bisherigen Gloſſatoren, ſo wie gegen Snorre ſelbſt, daß das alte Drottinn keinesweges ein beſtimmter Königstitel für die höchſte Gewalt, ſondern nur ein allgemeiner Herrſcher-Name iſt, und eigentlich unſerm teutſchen Herrn entſpricht.

Dieſer alte Ausdruck für Herr findet ſich nämlich in allen alten Fränkiſchen, Allemanniſchen und Sächſiſchen Sprachdenkmalen ebenfalls, nur in den Gothiſchen nicht — da heißt ein Herr Frauja oder Frauga.

„Niemand kann zween Herren dienen,
überſezt der Gothe;

„Niemanna mag twaim Fraugam skalkinon" und Marci 12, 29. „Der Herr unſer Gott iſt ein einziger Gott! Frauja, Goth unſara, Frauja eins iſt." Im Angelſächſiſchen Frea — womit die Namen der Nordiſchen Götter Freyer und Freya noch übereinſtimmen, indem jener urſprünglich einen Herrn und dieſer eine Herrin bedeutete.

Drottinn hingegen heißt bei den Franken und Allemannen Throhtin oder Druhtin, bei den Angelſachſen drithen. Allein dieſer Ausdruck dauerte noch in der Sprache, während der Königstitel ſchon aufgekommen war, und kein Franke verwechſelt in der Ueberſezung den Namen König und Herr.

In dem Ambroſianiſchen Geſang wird das
Heilig, heilig, heilig
Herr Gott Zebaoth (der Heere)
richtig überſezt:
Wiher, wiher, wiher
Truhtin Got herro!
Hingegen:
Du König der Ehren, Jeſu Chriſt!
Thu Chuninc thero Tiurido, Chriſt!

Daß er aber in den Nordiſchen Sprachen insbeſondere keinesweges gleichbedeutend mit dem Titel eines Königs ſei dieß läßt ſich noch aus den älteſten Liedern der Edda ſelbſt erweiſen.

Denn der urſprüngliche alte Königstitel Thiudans kommt auch hier vor, und namentlich in dem berühmten Runa Capitale, das ohne Zweifel älter iſt, als alle Lieder von Thiodolf von Hwin, aus welchen Snorre Sturleſon ſeine Urgeſchichte der Ynglinger hauptſächlich geſchöpft hat.

In der 9ten Strophe heißt es:

Liod eg thau	Auch dieſes Lied
Kann er kannat	Kann ich, was nicht kann
Thiódans Kona	Des Königs Frau
egmanskis mögur.	Und keines Menſchen Sohn.

Daß dieſes Thiodans auch im Nordiſchen und hier richtig durch König überſezt wird, beweiſen die Stellen anderer und ſpäterer Dichter, in welchen dieſer Titel König vorkommt.

In der Hervararſaga, welche die Geſchichte des von künſtlichen Zwergen geſchmiedeten Zauberſchwerdts Tyrfing durch alle Abkömmlinge des Königs Swafurlams bis auf König Heidrek nach alten Liedern beſchreibt, heißt es: Hlödr, der zweite Prinz des Königs Heidrek, ſei nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters in das Reich gekommen, um von ſeinem Bruder Angantyr die Hälfte des Reichs als Erbſchaft abzufordern.

Als er vor dem Pallaſt ſeines Bruders, des Königs abſtieg, ſandte er einen der Hofbedienten hinein, um ihn zu melden. Dieſer trat vor die Tafel des Königs (geck inn fyrir Konungsbord) und ſprach alſo:

Her er Hlödr komin	Hieher iſt Hlödur gekommen,
Heidreks Arfthegi	Heidreks Erbe!
Broodr thin	Der Bruder dein
enn bed ſkammi.	Und harret nicht lange.
Mikill er ſaa Madr	Groß iſt der Mann
aa Mars Baki	Auf Roſſes Rücken!
Willnu, Thiodann*)	Und will nun, o König!
Wid thik tala.	Mit dir ſich beſprechen.

Da übrigens das Zeitalter dieſer Nordiſchen Gedichte noch nicht beſtimmt iſt, ſo entſcheidet auch ihr Anſehen für die Zeitfolge nichts; im Gegentheil tragen vielmehr ſolche vergleichende Sprachunterſuchungen dazu bei, ihrem eigenen Alter die gehörigen Grenzen zu ſezen.

Ein einziger Schluß für die Fränkiſchen und Allemanniſchen Sprachdenkmale und für das Alter des teutſchen Königsnamens läßt ſich jedoch aus dieſer Vergleichung der Gothiſchen und Skandinaviſchen Sprache ziehen, nämlich dieſer: „Daß, „da der Süd-Oſt und der Norden, aus welchen wir noch „theils chriſtliche theils heidniſche Denkmale des vierten Jahr„hunderts beſizen, einen ältern Titel für die höchſte Gewalt „wirklich darbieten, und beide, ſo entfernt ſie auch ſind, ſelbſt „in dem Ausdruck übereinſtimmen, daß der höchſten Wahr„ſcheinlichkeit nach

1) der Titel Thiudans wirklich nicht nur der Gothiſche und Nordiſche oder Skandinaviſche, ſondern der allgemeine teutſche, ältere und vielleicht älteſte teutſche Königsname wirklich iſt, und
2) daß, wenn wir noch Fränkiſche und Allemanniſche Sprachdenkmale aus dem 4ten Jahrhundert beſäßen, wie wir ſie nicht beſizen, auch in ihnen der Königsname Thiudans ſich finden würde."
3) „Daß man nach dem Ulphilas annehmen darf, und daß die Eddiſchen Gedichte nicht widerſtreiten: der jezige teutſche Königsname ſei überhaupt in dem 4ten Jahrhundert noch gar nicht in der teutſchen Sprache geweſen.

Nach dieſer nothwendigen Voruntersuchung entſteht nun erſt die Frage: in welchem der folgenden Jahrhunderte der Titel König zuerſt in der teutſchen Sprache erſcheine?

Ich antworte hierauf, im fünften wahrſcheinlich, und im ſechſten gewiß. Wir beſizen nämlich ein Bruchſtück einer Fränkiſchen Evangelien-Harmonie, welche zuerſt Hickes in ſeinem vortrefflichen Theſaurus mitgetheilt, und ſein Alter nicht beſtimmt hat, daß aber der gründliche Kenner unſerer älteſten Sprachdialekte, der würdige Michaeler, nach ſeinem kritiſchen Gefühl und durch wirkliche Zuſammenſtellung der Sprachdenkmale aus allen Jahrhunderten in das fünfte Jahrhundert zu ſetzen ſich berechtigt glaubte.*)

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*) S. Hervarar-Saga ok Heidreks Konge sumtibus P. F. de Suhm. Hafniae, 1785 4. c. XVI. p. 166. So leſen nämlich die Codices B. C. F. und G. Der Herausgeber aber folgte dem Codex M, und legte dieſen zu Grunde, ungeachtet er nur den Vorzug der Vollſtändigkeit, nicht der Critik für ſich hat, und lieſt Thiod,-in, populorum columen' ſehr gezwungen und geſucht, da doch die Anrede: Thiodann! König! an ſeinen Bruder, den bereits ernannten König Angantyr ſo nahe liegt. Noch weniger beifallswerth iſt Verelius Leſeart: ſa Thundur, welches der Schwede den Kapen vir strenuus (S. ihre Gloſſar. p. 1061.) überſezt, und das an ſich nicht unpaſſend wäre, aber die poetiſche Proſopopöie, mit der ſich Hlaudur plözlich unmittelbar an den König wendet bei weitem nicht an Effekt erreicht. Gr.

In dieſem Denkmale heißt Gott ſtets der König des Himmels, der Engel Gabriel des himmliſchen Königs Bote; und Jeſus des himmliſchen Königs Sohn. Bei allen dieſen drei Ausdrücken bedient ſich aber der Franke nie des alten Thiudans, ſondern zum erſtenmale des Wortes Cuning — das erſte heißt Hewan Cuning, das zweite Hewan Cuningas Boden, und das dritte p. 56. Himil und p. 74. Hewan Cuninges Suno.

Eben ſo iſt es nun mit allen folgenden Fränkiſchen, Sächſiſchen und Allemanniſchen Denkmalen, die ich den Kennern der Literatur nicht vorzuzählen brauche

Nach alle dieſem ſcheint der Schluß unläugbar zu folgen, da im vierten Jahrhundert noch der Titel Thiudans ſtatt König, und im fünften der Titel Cuning ſtatt Thiudans vorkommt, daß der teutſche Königstitel zwiſchen dem fünften und ſechſten Jahrhundert aufgekommen ſein muß.

Und es iſt mithin nur noch die dritte Frage übrig: „ob „ſich denn wirklich in dieſem Zeitraum ein Datum in der teutſchen „Geſchichte findet, welches dieſe Veränderung des teutſchen „Königsnamens erklärlich und wahrſcheinlich macht?“

Mich dünkt allerdings, und zwar vorzüglich zwei: 1) Im Jahr 450 drang Attila mit ſeinen Hunnen in Gallien ein, nachdem er denſelben ſchon zuvor die Oſtgothen, Gepiden und andere Völker jenſeits der Donau einverleibt hatte. Er nahm ſeinen Zug durch Teutſchland, und verſtärkte ſich noch mit den Thüringern, Bructerern, Franken, Markmännern, Quaden, Sueven und Herulern, und eroberte die Städte Trier, Straßburg, Speier, Worms und Mainz.

2) Im Jahr 486 nimmt der Fränkiſche Chlodowig (Ludwig) Gallien bis an die Loire in Beſitz. Mit den andern Fränkiſchen Regenten ging er auf den letzten Römiſchen General Syagrius los, überwand ihn bei Soiſſons, und ſtürzte die Römiſche Macht für immer. Im Jahr 496 überwand er auch die Allemannen, machte ſich dieſelben unterwürfig, und bekehrte ſich noch in dieſem Jahre zum Chriſtenthum.

Es ſind daher zwei Fälle gedenkbar, entweder daß durch Attila und die Hunnen, welche beide eine große Rolle in den alten Sagen der Teutſchen ſpielen, wie aus dem Heldenbuch leicht zu erſehen, und daher die Einbürgerung eines fremden Titels in die teutſche Sprache keineswegs unmöglich iſt, der Tartariſche Königsname (denn die Hunnen waren ein Tartariſcher Volksſtamm) in der Teutſchen Sprache durch das Anſehen dieſes Helden und Volkes adoptirt, und aus dem Tartariſchen Worte Chan oder Kan durch die Abwandlungsſylben ing, ung, yng, ig u. ſ. w. das Fränkiſche, Nordiſche, Angelſächſiſche und Schwäbiſche Chuning, Konung, Cyng, Kunig, entſtanden ſei, oder dadurch, daß König Chlodowig, nachdem er ſich zum unumſchränkten Beherrſcher erhoben hatte, nicht mehr nöthig fand, wie zuvor das Volk um Rath zu fragen, und nur Herrſcher durch den Willen und das Anſehen des Volkes (Thiuda) mithin Thiudans, ſondern durch ſeinen Rang und Geſchlecht, ſo wie durch ſeinen Rang und Geſchlecht, ſo wie durch ſeine Tapferkeit (Chune) und mithin Chuning, König zu ſein; eine Erklärung, welcher auch die alte Nordiſche Schrift: Konunge og Höfdinge Styrelse beiſtimmt, und behauptet, daß der Titel Konung, Chuning, King von dem alten Nordiſchen Worte Kyn abſtamme, welches zugleich den Begriff von hoher Geburt und von kühn, tapfer ausdrückt, ſo daß in dem Worte Kuning, König zugleich die Würde der Abſtammung und eines kühnen und tapferen, zum Herrſchen geborenen Gemüthes ausgedrückt iſt.

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*) S. ſ. Monimenta veteris Linguae Teutonicae selectiora, in quibus non dialecti modo, sed et aetates scriptionis atque ordine cognosci queant. p. 68.

Maximilian Karl Wilhelm Grävell

ward den 28. Aug. 1781 zu Belgard in Pommern geboren, wo ſein Vater als Feldprediger ſtand. Seine Erziehung und wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung erhielt er zu Kottbus, dann in der Koſtſchule des Rektors Engelmann zu Nieder-Wieſe in Schleſien und auf dem Gymnaſium zu Züllichau, worauf er in Halle die Rechte ſtudirte. Nachdem er verſchiedene Subalternenſtellen im Preußiſchen bekleidet und häuslichen Unglücks wegen als Advokat wieder nach Kottbus gezogen war, ernannte ihn die ſächſiſche Regierung zum daſigen Juſtizbeamten. 1811 trat er als Oberlandesgerichtsaſſeſſor und ſpäter als Rath bei dem Militärgouvernement wieder in Preußiſche Dienſte, machte als Hauptmann und Adjutant des commandirenden Generals den Feldzug von 1813 und 1814 mit, und wurde dann als Bevollmächtigter nach Kottbus geſandt. Die dort gefundenen Schwierigkeiten veranlaßten 1816 ſeine Verſetzung als Juſtitiar der Regierung nach Merſeburg, wo ſein rechtlicher Eifer ſeine baldige Entlaſſung aus dem Staatsdienſte zur Folge hatte. Seitdem lebte er als Privatmann in Merſeburg, ſeit 1823 aber auf ſeinem Gute bei Spremberg.

Von ihm erſchien:

Antiplatoniſcher Staat. Berlin 1809. 2. Ausgabe Ebendaſ. 1812.
Der Landſturm. Elbingen 1813.
Commentar zu den Creditgeſetzen des preußiſchen Staates. Berlin 1813 — 1820. 4 Bde.
Quellen des allgemeinen deutſchen Staatsrechts. Leipzig 1813 — 1820.
Sachſens Wiedergeburt. Mainz 1814.
Der Menſch, Unterſuchung für gebildete Leſer. Berlin 1815. 3. Aufl. 1818. gr. 8.
Ueber Preßfreiheit und Volksgeiſt. Ebend. 1815.
Bedarf Preußen einer Conſtitution. Ebend. 1816.
Neueſte Behandlung eines preußiſchen Staatsbeamten. Leipzig 1818. 2 Bde.
Wie darf Preußens Verfaſſung nicht werden! Ebendaſ. 1819.
Das Wiederſehen nach dem Tode. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Der Regent. Berlin 1819 u. Stuttgart 1824. 2 Bde.
Briefe an Emilie, über die Fortdauer unſrer Gefühle nach dem Tode. Leipzig 1822 in 8.
Generaltheorie der Verträge, nach preußiſchem Recht. Halle 1821.
Die Grundſteuer und das Kataſter. Leipzig 1822.
Der Bürger. Berlin 1822.
Der Werth der Kritik. Merſeburg 1822.
Praktiſcher Commentar zur allgemeinen Gerichtsordnung für die preußiſchen Staaten. Erfurt 1825 — 1828. 2 Bde.

Ein treuer, unermüdlicher Eifer für das, was ihm auf Wahrheit und Recht, nach ſtrenger Prüfung begründet erſcheint, ſpricht ſich überall in Grävell's Schriften aus. Sie haben durch ſeine Freiſinnigkeit, ſeinen Scharfblick und die Klarheit ſeines Geiſtes einen dauernden Werth erhalten, und verdienen, namentlich diejenigen Werke, in welchen er auf eine eben ſo eindringliche als allgemein verſtändliche Weiſe, philoſophiſche, jeden Gebildeten intereſſirende Gegenſtände behandelt, dankbare Anerkennung und Verbreitung, die ihnen indeſſen auch vielfach zu Theil geworden iſt.

Wirnt von Gravenbergh, ſ. Minneſinger.

Georg Greflinger.

Von ſeinem Leben und Wirkungskreiſe weiß man nur, daß er zu Anfang des 17. Jahrhunderts in Regensburg geboren wurde, als kaiſerlicher gekrönter Poet und Notarius zu Hamburg lebte und dort um 1677 ſtarb. Er ſchrieb unter dem Namen **Seladon.**

Von ihm haben wir:

- **Hellpolirter Spiegel aller chriſtlichen Tugend nach dem Leben König Davids.** Frankfurt 1643.
- **Lieder über die jährlichen Evangelien.** Hamburg 1643.
- **Seladons Beſtändige Liebe.** Frankfurt 1643.
- **Deutſche Epigrammata.** Danzig 1645.
- **Die ſinnreiche Tragicomedia, genannt Cid.** Hamburg 1650.
- **Seladons weltliche Lieder.** Frankfurt 1651.
- **Beſchreibung der Hochzeit, zwiſchen Adam und Eva.** Hamburg 1653.
- **Inbrünſtige Seufzer, nach Anleitung der Evangelien.** Hamburg 1656.
- **Poetiſche Roſen und Dörner, Hülſen und Körner.** Hamburg 1655.
- **Seladoniſche Muſen.** Ebendaſ. 1663.

Eine ziemlich gewandte Sprache, Natürlichkeit, und ein derber, aber oft treffender Witz, heben G. vortheilhaft vor vielen ſeiner reimenden Zeitgenoſſen heraus. Folgende Proben mögen dies beſtätigen.

An eine Geſellſchaft.*)

Laſſet uns ſcherzen,
Blühende Herzen!
Laſſet uns lieben
Ohne Verſchieben;
Lauten und Geigen
Sollen nicht ſchweigen;
Kommet zum Tanze,
Pflücket vom Kranze.

Drücket die Hände,
Weiſet zum Ende,
Tretet die Füße,
Gebet euch Küſſe;
Machet euch fröhlich,
Machet euch ehlich:
Laſſet die Narren
Länger verharren.

Ehlich zu werden
Dienet der Erden;
Ledige Leute
Mangeln der Freude;
Jeder muß ſterben;
Machet Euch Erben,
Unſerm Gute,
Nahmen und Blute.

Laſſet der Grauen
Murren und Schauen,
Rathen und Wiſſen,
Wenig erſprießen;
Unſere Kälber
Waren ſie ſelber. —
Blühende Herzen!
Laſſet uns ſcherzen.

Der Ehehaſſer.*)

Schweiget mir vom Frauennehmen;
Es iſt lauter Ungemach;
Geld ausgeben, wiegen, grämen
Einmal Juch und drei Mal Ach!
Iſt ſie reich, ſo will ſie rechten;
Iſt ſie arm, wer ſchaffet Brod?
Iſt ſie jung, ſo will ſie fechten;
Iſt ſie alt, ſo iſt's der Tod.

Ich will drum nicht, daß man ſage,
Daß ich nicht recht männlich bin,
Weil ich mich des Weib's entſchlage;
Buhlen, buhlen iſt mein Sinn.
Heute die, die andre morgen,
Das iſt eine Luſt vor mich;
Er darf ich für keine ſorgen,
Jeder ſorget ſelbſt für ſich.

Denkt was auf die Hochzeit lauffet,
Was die Braut zur Kleidung friſſt;
Wenn man uns ein Kindlein tauffet,
Das der nechſte Hausrath iſt,
Was die Amme, die es ſäuget,
Was das Mägdlein, das es ſtillt,
Daß es mir zu nachtes ſchweiget,
Mich nicht wecket, wann es brüllt.

Und was koſten Kaſten, Kiſten,
Schlüſſel, Schüſſel, Teller, Roſt;
Mägde die uns kochen, miſten,
Denket, was der Hauszins koſt,
Was die Kannen, Tiſche, Bänke,
Handvaß, Handtuch, Tiſchtuch, Licht,
Stühle, Küchen, Küchenſchränke,
Und was koſt die Kleidung nicht.

Soviel Mäuler abzuſpeiſen,
Und was friſſt der Hund, die Katz;
Und wann ſich die Freunde weiſen
Was für Geld bleibt auf dem Platz.
Aber Küche, Wein und Grütze
Bier und Wein und liebes Brodt;
Und wann erſt die Frau nichts nütze,
Schende Gott die liebe Noth.

Wann die Frau will Hoſen tragen
Und dem Manne widerſpricht,
Dann ſo geht es an das Jagen:
Eine ſolche taugt mir nicht;
Denn ſo kommen ihre Freunde,
Rechten, ſchmähen wider mich,
Dann ſo werden Freunde Feinde,
Dann geht Alles hinter ſich.

Dann ſo geht der Mann vom Hauſe
Suchet ihm was ihm gefällt,
Lebet Tag und Nacht im Sauſe,
Ob ſich ſchon die Frau betrübt;
Sitzt zu Hauſe mit den Kleinen,
Hat nicht Bier, noch Brodt, noch Geld:
Er iſt luſtig mit den Seinen
Und fürwahr ein freyer Held.

Ich will keine ſo betrüben;
Ich will bleiben wer ich bin,
Ich will keine herzlich lieben;
Buhlen, buhlen iſt mein Sinn:
Buhlen iſt mir honigſüße,
Buhlen iſt es was ich thu,
Und verbuhl' ich ſchon die Füße,
So behalt' ich doch die Schuh.

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*) Aus: Seladons Beſtändige Liebe. S. 32.

*) Ebendaſelbſt. S. 63.

Katharina Regine von Greiffenberg

ſtammt aus der fränkiſchen Adelsfamilie von Seyſeneg und wurde in den erſten 30 Jahren des 17. Jahrhunderts geboren. Sie lebte zu Nürnberg als thätiges Mitglied der deutſchgeſinnten Genoſſenſchaft, in welcher ſie „die Tapfere“ hieß, und als Präſidentin und Zunftmeiſterin der daſigen poetiſchen Lilienzunft. Ihr Tod fand um 1660 ſtatt.

Sie ſchrieb:

Teutſche Urania, Geiſtliche Lieder und Sonnette, herausgegeben von ihrem Vetter H. R. von Greiffenberg. Nürnberg 1662.
Paſſionsbetrachtungen. Nürnberg 1672.
Andächtige Betrachtungen von der Menſchwerdung, Geburt und Jugend Jeſu. Nürnberg 1678.
Betrachtungen von Jeſu Lehren u. ſ. w. Nürnberg 1693. 2 Bde.

Eine für ihre Zeit nicht unbedeutende religiöſe Dichterin, deren Styl zwar an allen Fehlern des damaligen Ungeſchmacks leidet, aber doch kräftig und gewandt iſt, auch beurkunden viele ihrer Leiſtungen eine würdige, tiefgefühlte Frömmigkeit.

Vgl. G. C. Lehm Teutſchlands galante Poetinnen. Frankfurt 1715. S. 57.

Wir theilen folgendes Gedicht von ihr als Probe mit:

Die Gott lobende Frühlingsluſt.

(Aus der teutſchen Urania).

Das ſchöne Blumen-Heer geht wiederum zu Feld,
Um Ruch und Farbenpracht recht in die Welt zu breiten;
Des Laubes Lorbeer-Strauch bekränzen's aller Seiten,
Dryaden ſchlagen auf die kühlen Schatten-Zelt.

Es iſt mit Lieblichkeit vergüldet alle Welt;
Die Freuden-Geiſter ſich ganz in die Luft ausbreiten.
Die Weltregierend Kraft will all's in Freud verleiten
Die ſüße Himmels-Füll ſich etwas erdwärts hält.

Es weiſt die Ewigkeit ein Fünklein ihrer Schöne,
Ein Tröpflein ihres Safts, ein Stäublein ihrer Zier.
Dies lieblich Koſten macht, daß ich mich erſt recht ſehne

Und lechz' mit dürrer Zung' nach ſüßer Gier nach ihr.
O Frühling, Spiegel-Quell, du weckſt und ergetzeſt;
Aus Erd' in Himmel-Luſt die Seele ſchnell verſetzeſt.

Samuel Greifenſon. ſ. Simpliciſſimus.

Johann Chriſtoph Greiling

ward den 21. December 1765 zu Sonnenberg im Saalfeldiſchen geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte gelehrte Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Koburg, ſtudirte in Jena Theologie und wurde 1797 als Prediger zu Schochwitz im Mannsfeldiſchen angeſtellt. 1798 kam er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Neu-Gattersleben, wurde 1805 Superintendent und Oberpfarrer zu Aſchersleben und 1828 vom König von Preußen durch Ertheilung des rothen Adlerordens dritter Klaſſe ausgezeichnet. Seit 1830 iſt er Dr. der Theologie.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber den Endzweck der Erziehung. Schneeberg 1793.
Philoſophiſche Briefe. Leipzig 1794.
Populäre Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiete der praktiſchen Philoſophie. Züllichau 1797.
Neue praktiſche Materialien zu Kanzelvorträgen. Magdeburg 1798 — 1804. 6 Bde.
Hieropolis. Ebendaſ. 1802.
Theorie der Popularität. Ebendaſ. 1805.
Amtsvorträge. Ebendaſ. 1805.
Andachtsreden. Halberſtadt 1805.
Theophanien. Halle 1808.
Das Leben Jeſu. Ebendaſ. 1813.
Die bibliſchen Frauen. Leipzig 1814 — 1815. 2 Thle.
Neueſte Materialien. Magdeburg 1821 — 1826. 6 Thle.
Einzelne Predigten. Aſchersleben 1830.

Ein klarer und lichtvoller Kanzelredner, der mit Kraft und Nachdruck die Herzen anzuregen und zu rühren weiß. — In ſeinen pädagogiſchen Schriften war er, zu ihrer Zeit mit vielem Erfolg, bemüht, die Grundſätze Kantiſcher Philoſophie auf die Erziehungslehre anzuwenden. — Eins ſeiner vorzüglichſten durch geſchmackvolle Darſtellung, wie durch tiefes Gefühl und reiches Wiſſen gleich ausgezeichneten Werke iſt: „Bibliſche Frauen.“

Johann Dietrich Gries.

Dieſer geiſtvolle Ueberſetzer fremder Dichter wurde den 7. Februar 1775 zu Hamburg geboren. Obwohl von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Senator G. zum Kaufmann beſtimmt, hatte er doch auf dem Johanneum bereits einen ſo guten wiſſenſchaftlichen Grund gelegt, daß er nach einer Nachhülfe mit väterlicher Bewilligung 1795 — 1800 in Jena und Göttingen mit Erfolg die Rechte ſtudiren konnte. Dabei fand er noch hinlängliche Muße, ſeiner damaligen Lieblingsneigung, der Dichtkunſt, nachzuhängen, wodurch er in Jena mit A. W. Schlegel, Schiller, Wieland, Goethe, Herder und Schelling in freundſchaftliche Verbindung kam. 1806 kehrte er von einigen kleinen Reiſen nach Jena zurück, wurde daſelbſt Doctor der Rechte und ließ ſich nach einem kurzen Aufenthalte in Wetzlar hier häuslich nieder. Von 1808 — 1810 bereiſte er die Schweiz, Oberitalien und Baiern, lebte dann wieder eine Zeitlang in Stuttgart, kam darauf von Neuem wieder nach Jena und wurde 1827 vom Großherzog von Weimar zum Hofrathe ernannt.

Wir haben von ihm:

Taſſo's befreites Jeruſalem. Jena 1800 — 1803. 2 Bde. 4. Aufl. 1824. 5. Aufl. 1826.
Arioſt's raſender Roland. Jena 1804 — 1808. 4 Bde. 2. Aufl. 1826. 5 Bde.
Calderon de la Barca's Schauſpiele. Berlin 1815 — 1826. 7 Bde.

Gedichte und poetiſche Ueberſetzungen. Stuttgart 1829. 2 Bde.
Fortiguerra's Richardet. Stuttgart 1831 — 1833. 3 Bde.
Bojardo's verliebter Roland. Stuttgart 1835 — 1837. 3 Bde.
Außerdem Ueberſetzungen einzelner Stücke, ſo wie Gedichte in Zeitſchriften, Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Feinheit des Geſchmackes, Witz, Wohllaut und ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form charakteriſiren G's lyriſche Gedichte. Den größten Ruhm erwarb er ſich jedoch durch ſeine Uebertragung von Meiſterwerken ſüdlicher Poeſie, zu der ihn ein gründliches und ausgebreitetes Wiſſen vorzüglich befähigte. Hier hat er Außerordentliches geleiſtet, und indem er mit bewundernswürdigem Fleiße der ſtrengſten Treue ſich befließ, doch zugleich gezeigt, was die deutſche Sprache bei ſo geiſtreicher und gewandter Behandlung zu geben vermag. — Wenn auch alle übrigen Denkmäler deutſcher poetiſcher Kunſt verloren gingen, ſeine Ueberſetzung des raſenden Roland allein würde den Nachkommen zu ihrem Erſtaunen beweiſen, auf welche bedeutende Höhe ſich die deutſche Sprache und Literatur zu einer Zeit geſchwungen haben mußte, in der es einem ausgezeichneten Manne gelang, auf ſolche Weiſe mit den herrlichſten Denkmälern fremder Dichtkunſt in der Nachbildung derſelben zu wetteifern.

Die Danaiden.*)

Danaos, Argiver König,
Führte ſeinen Scepter ſchwer.
Alles war ihm unterthänig
Vom Gebirge bis an's Meer.
    Rudernd durch die Wogen,
    War er hergezogen
Fern von Libyens heißem Strand
In das mildre Griechenland.

Doch wie ſeiner Heimat Sonne
Flammte wild des Königs Sinn.
Nur Gewalt war ſeine Wonne,
Herrſchen nur war ihm Gewinn.
    Endlich war's gelungen,
    Argolis bezwungen;
Und nach langem, harten Krieg
Blieb ihm der gewiſſe Sieg.

Doch nicht ruhig konnt' er bleiben,
Argwohn hauſt' in ſeiner Bruſt;
Nimmer konnt' er den vertreiben,
Der vertrieb ihm jede Luſt.
    Denn an allem Orte
    Hört' er Phöbos Worte:
Aus des Bruders Stamme droht
Dir von Eidamshand der Tod.

Und er fühlt' des Argwohns Flamme
Wilder ſtets im Buſen glühn;
Aus Aegyptus reichem Stamme
Schrecken funfzig Helden ihn.
    Seines Bruders Erben,
    Kommen ſie und werben,
Nach dem Bunde der beſtand,
Um der funfzig Töchter Hand.

Aber ſeit Apollons Warnung
Sinnt er nur auf ihren Tod,
Sucht mit liſtiger Umgarnung
Abzuwenden, was ihm droht.
    Endlich iſt's erſonnen!
    Wie der Tag begonnen,
Ruft die Töchter er zum Thron,
Redet mit verſtelltem Ton:

Seht, ſo weit die Blicke reichen,
Iſt das Land mir unterthan.
Meiner Macht muß Alles weichen,
Mein Gebot nimmt Alles an.
    Doch mich freut es wenig,
    Bin ich gleich der König,
Ließ' ich nur, ihr Töchter, euch,
Wenn ich ſterbe, Kron' und Reich.

Wißt, in unſern eignen Mauern
Hauſt die Horde, die euch droht.
Meines Bruders Söhne lauern
Lange ſchon auf meinen Tod;
    Und wenn ich nun ſterbe,
    Nehmen ſie das Erbe,
Rauben meinem theuern Blut
Frech das väterliche Gut.

Drum, zu mindern eure Sorgen,
Bin ich weislich nun bedacht.
Vor Gefahr ſeyd ihr geborgen,
Habt ihr meines Wortes Acht.
    Doch vor allem ſchwöret,
    Was ihr immer höret,
Eh ihr mein Gebot gethan,
Bräutlich keinem Mann zu nahn.

Und die Töchter alle ſchwören,
Wie der König es verlangt.
Heimlich muß nun jede hören,
Weſſen ihr im Herzen bangt,
    Doch den funfzig Helden
    Läßt der König melden:
Heute ſey, wie ihr begehrt,
Euch der Töchter Hand gewährt.

Rings von tauſendfachem Scheine
Wird der Hochzeitſaal erhellt.
Jedem Jüngling wird die Seine
Bei dem Mahle zugeſtellt.
    Jetzt empfangen alle,
    Bei Trommetenſchalle,
Wie der König es befahl,
Von der Braut den Feſtpokal.

Was die Helden nimmer dachten,
Schlaferregend war der Trank;
Doch des Königs Augen wachten,
Als der Gatten Auge ſank.
    Höhnend rief er: Spüret
    Ihr ſchon Schlaf? So führet
Denn die Braut in's Brautgemach;
Doch der Bräutigam ſey wach!

Und es hörte mit Erröthen
Solchen Spott der Helden Schaar;
Und bei'm Klange ſüßer Flöten
Schlich hinweg ſich jedes Paar.
    Aber ach! vergebens
    War die Macht des Strebens;
Der verrätheriſche Pokal
Siegte zu der Gatten Qual.

Würde ſie der Schlaf bedecken —
Alſo war des Königs Wort —
Sollten ihre Dolche zücken
Bräute zu der Gatten Mord
    Und mit raſchen Händen
    Sie zum Orkus ſenden,
Um von ſeines Argwohns Pein
Den Tyrannen zu befrei'n.

Ungeduldig in der Halle
Wartete der König ſchon:
Haben denn die Freier alle
Nun empfangen ihren Lohn?
    Als die Töchter kamen
    Und ſie dies vernahmen,
Sprachen ſie: Wie ſich's gebühret,
Iſt dein Wille, Herr, vollführt.

Und die blut'gen Dolche zählte
Der Tyrann mit zitt'rnder Hand.
Doch als ihrer Einer fehlte,
Neun und vierzig nur er fand,

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*) Gedichte und poetiſche Ueberſetzungen von J. D. Gries. Stuttgart 1829. 2 Bde.

Rief er, Wut im Blicke:
Welcher Schlange Tücke
Hat verſpottet mein Gebot!
Treffe ſie mit ihm der Tod!

Ach! der Töchter jüngſte hatte
Nicht vollführt den grauſen Spruch;
Denn es jammert ſie der Gatte,
Und ſie wagt des Vaters Fluch.
In den Schweſtern brannte
Glut, die ſie nicht kannte,
Noch von Libyens heißem Strand;
Doch ſie zeugte Griechenland.

Hypermneſtra hörte bebend,
Was der Vater grauſam ſprach.
Dem Gebote widerſtrebend,
Trat ſie in das Brautgemach,
Sah den Vater winken,
Sah den Jüngling ſinken —
Und mit namenloſer Qual
Faßt ſie den gebotnen Stahl.

Zitternd hat ſie ihn geſchwungen,
Doch es ſieget die Natur.
Götter, ruft ſie, nur erzwungen
War des Mordes grauſer Schwur!
Jene Libyerinnen,
Was ſie auch beginnen:
In der Griechin ſanfter Bruſt
Wohnt nicht Mord-, nur Liebesluſt.

Und der Dolch entſinkt den Händen,
Auf den Jüngling ſtürzt ſie hin.
Statt den Frevel zu vollenden,
Ruft die holde Retterinn:
Mein Gemahl, erwache!
In dem Brautgemache
Harrt, ſtatt Amors ſüßem Scherz,
Nur auf dich des Todes Schmerz.

Und der Jüngling dehnt die Glieder,
Wie der Schall ſein Ohr berührt:
Ach! dein Trank, er macht mich müder,
Als dem Bräutigam gebührt.
Zärtlich, voll Verlangen,
Will er ſie umfangen;
Doch mit grauenvollem Blick
Stößt den Jüngling ſie zurück.

Nicht zu Hymens frohen Spielen
Sey die kurze Zeit verwandt!
Deine Brüder, ach! ſie fielen
Schon durch meiner Schweſtern Hand.
Doch des Vaters Willen
Konnt' ich nicht erfüllen —
Und noch eh ſie enden kann,
Stürzt in's Zimmer der Tyrann.

Fürchterlich in ſeinem Grimme,
Hört er, was die Tochter ſpricht,
Ruft mit unterſtickter Stimme:
Uebſt du ſo des Schwures Pflicht!
Ha! du haſt gebrochen,
Was du kaum verſprochen:
Geh denn auf des Orkus Bahn
Deinem Gatten, geh voran!

Und das Eiſen hochgeſchwungen,
Zielt der König, rachentbrannt;
Doch der Jüngling, eh's gelungen,
Schlägt das Schwert ihm aus der Hand.
Rächend ſeine Brüder,
Stößt er raſch ihn nieder
Und von dem verhaßten Ort
Reißt er die Geliebte fort.

Mit Entſetzen ſonder Gleichen,
Als er ſich der Halle naht,
Sieht er ſeiner Brüder Leichen,
Sieht des Wütrichs grauſe That.
Daß er umgekommen,
Wird entzückt vernommen;
Und dem Jüngling beut zum Lohn
Das befreite Volk den Thron.

Aber jene Falſchen beben,
Denn es droht ein hart Gericht.
Doch die Schweſter fleht ihr Leben,
Und der junge König ſpricht:
Wohl, trotz ihren Ränken,
Will ich's ihnen ſchenken;
Doch es heiſcht der Pflicht Gebot
Strafe für der Brüder Tod.

Schnell nach kunſterfahrnen Leuten
Schickt er jetzt im ganzen Reich,
Läßt ein hohes Faß bereiten,
Unten einem Siebe gleich.
Dieſes iſt mein Wille:
Eh dies Faß ſich fülle,
Sey euch nimmer Ruh vergönnt;
Geht nun, ob ihr's füllen könnt;

Und ſie tragen auf und nieder;
Doch wenn kaum das Waſſer ſchwoll,
Rinnt es aus dem Siebe wieder,
Und das Faß wird nimmer voll.
Und des Weiſen Sage
Wandelte zur Plage
In des Orkus ew'ger Nacht,
Was der König weiſ' erdacht.

Elegie.

Hat die düſtre Fackel deines Lebens
Schon der ſtille Genius geſenkt?
War der Freundſchaft frommes Flehn vergebens?
Deine dunkle Laufbahn ſo beſchränkt?
Einſam weil' ich hier am Todeshügel,
Schweigend wölbt ſich unter mir dein Grab;
Und mein Auge blickt, der Seele Spiegel,
Trüb' und thränenvoll hinab.

Wie die Lilie dort die friſchen Blüthen
In Aurorens mildem Glanz erhebt!
Wie des Nordes unerſehnem Wüthen
Ihre Kraft noch mühſam widerſtrebt!
Ach! er wirft die zarte Blume nieder;
Die Natur gab ihr nur ſchwache Wehr.
Morgen kommt der Wandrer ſuchend wieder —
Und er findet ſie nicht mehr.

Gleich den Blüthen, die der Nord zerwehte,
Sinkt der Jüngling in der Erde Schooß;
Eng' und dumpf iſt ſeine Schlummerſtäte,
Bald verhüllet von des Hügels Moos.
Dieſes Herz, das eine Welt umfaßte,
Drückt der Erde feindliche Gewalt;
O daß keine Sorge mehr es laſte,
Ward es darum erſt ſo kalt?

Wenig war der Freude dir gemeſſen,
Schnell vertilgt war ihre ſchwache Spur.
Ach! von allen Söhnen dein vergeſſen
Hatte die unzärtliche Natur.
Feindlich wog, mit ungerechter Wage,
Sie dein Erbtheil dir in Kummer hin;
Grauſam blieb ſie, bis zu jenem Tage,
Deines Lebens Schuldnerinn.

Was du hatteſt, haſt du ſelbſt errungen!
Was du warſt, du warſt es nur durch dich.
Doch was du dem Schickſal abgezwungen,
War ein Traum, der raſchen Flugs entwich.
Köſtliche Geſundheit, Ertrag des Lebens,
Von der Erde letztem, ärmſten Sohn
Hätt' er gerne dich ertauſcht — vergebens!
Ihm ward nie dein ſüßer Lohn.

Keine Roſ' umblühte, friſch und labend,
Deines Lebens dornenvolle Bahn;
Freudeleer entfloh dir jeder Abend,
Freudeleer ſahſt du den Morgen nah'n.
Nur der Tod erſchien dir minder trübe,
Kummerlöſend traf dich ſein Geſchoß.
War es nicht die ſanfte Hand der Liebe,
Die dein brechend Auge ſchloß?

Aus des Glückes weichem Schooß geriſſen,
Fühlt der Menſch der Trennung bittern Schmerz:
Alles, was er hier beſaß, zu miſſen,
Peinigt endlos ſein verwöhntes Herz.
Doch er ſieht die Hoffnung vor ſich ſchweben,
Mild umſchleiernd das Geſetz der Zeit;
Des verlängerten Genuſſes Streben
Nennt er gern Unſterblichkeit.

Aber wer auf Erden nichts beſeſſen,
Was ihn feſſelt an die Welt der Noth:
Daß er je geweſen zu vergeſſen,
Folgt er willig dem Befreier Tod.
Ach! zur Freude warſt du nicht geboren;
Was du hatteſt, ſchwand ſchon hier dahin.
Dem, der alles, ſo wie du, verloren,
Iſt Vernichtung noch Gewinn.

Ach! aus jenem unbekannten Lande,
Nie erſpäht von eines Forſchers Blick,
Undurchdringbar endlichem Verſtande,
Kehrte nie ein Wanderer zurück.
Durch ein ewiges Geſetz geſchieden,
Das des Menſchen Lippe ſchaudernd nennt,
Ruht ſie dort, die Freiſtatt aller Müden,
Denen keine hier gegönnt.

Aber dem, der treu mit reiner Feier
Folget ihrer unentweihten Spur,
Hob ſie ſelbſt den ſiebenfachen Schleier
Liebevoll, die göttliche Natur.
Thanatos verborgnes Graun zu mildern,
Zeigte ſie mit mütterlichem Blick
Ihm in lichten, zartverhüllten Bildern
Sein zukünftiges Geſchick.

Siehſt du nicht die Erde ſich verklären
Vor des jungen Lenzes Wonnehauch?
Dampfet nicht von tauſend Weihaltären
Der verjüngten Schöpfung Opferrauch?
Alle Schaaren ihrer Kinder fallen
An der großen Mutter weites Herz;
Tauſend neue Jubelhymnen wallen
Mit den Düften himmelwärts.

Was verſchlungen ward vom Strom der Zeiten,
Kehret wieder in der Zeiten Strom;
Aus dem großen Reich der Wirklichkeiten
Schwindet keiner Ephemer' Atom.
Glänzend aus des Saamenkornes Verweſung
Steigt der goldgefüllte Halm hervor;
Aus der Raupenhülle zur Erlöſung
Schwingt der Sylphe ſich empor.

Und vergeſſen von der Mutter ſchliefe
Er, den ſie ein Götterbild erſchuf?
Nein! auch in des Grabes dumpfe Tiefe
Dringet laut der Auferſtehung Ruf.
Dann, befreit von jedem Erdenbande,
Von des Schattenlebens Wahn und Trug,
Hebt zu ſeinem heimatlichen Lande
Siegend ſich des Geiſtes Flug.

Der geraubte Eimer.

Schon hatten ſich die Boten fortbegeben,
Und jede Friedenshoffnung ſchien dahin;
Denn wie den König aus der Hand zu geben,
Beſchloß der Sieger übermüth'ger Sinn.
Allein der Nuntius hatt' ein andres Streben:
Zum großen Hirten Roms ſollt' Enzio hin,
Damit der ſtärkre Feind ihn aufbewahre,
Und größre Kränkung Friederich erfahre.

Noch aber war der Stillſtand nicht verfloſſen,
Da kam den Fluß herab, leicht und gewandt,
Ein Schifflein mit dem Strom dahergeſchoſſen
Und ſetzte zwei Herolde hier ans Land.
Die Brück' erreichend, kamen die Genoſſen
Zum rechten dieſer, der zum linken Strand,
Und forderten zum Zweikampf mit dem Speere
Die ganze Ritterſchaft der beiden Heere.

Der Ausruf ſagt: Ein Ritter, nach dem Kranze
Der Liebe ſtrebend, den ein Fräulein hält,
Das wohl an Muth, an Witz' und Reizesglanze
Die Herrſchaft hat ob allen Frau'n der Welt,
Ruft jeden Ritter auf zum Kampf der Lanze,
Bis Einer ſitzen bleibt und Einer fällt,
Des Gegners Schild begehrt er, ſollt' er ſiegen,
Und giebt den ſeinen hin, ſollt' er erliegen.

Die Fodrung wird von Allen angenommen,
Und hier wie dort macht Jeder ſich bereit
Und denkt, ſobald die Sonne neu entglommen,
Die jetzt ſich ſenkt, kühn zu beſtehn den Streit.
Kaum aber iſt die Nacht herabgekommen
Und nimmt der Welt ihr buntes Farbenkleid,
Mit dem verſchwiegnen Schleier ſie bedeckend,
Da ſchallt vom Himmel die Trommete ſchreckend.

Verwirrt bewaffnen ſich dreihundert Schaaren,
Beſtürzt, erſchreckt durch dieſes Klanges Wut.
Da läßt ſich ſchnell ein großes Schiff gewahren
Und ſchwimmt herab auf der geſchwellten Flut,
Aus welchem Flammen und Raketen fahren;
Nie zeigt die Stadt des Dis ſo wilde Glut.
Erſt ſchien's ein Schiff; zur Brücke dann gelangend,
Iſt's Eiland, und ein Berg erhebt ſich prangend.

Rauh iſt der Berg, ein wildes Steingemenge,
Und eine Wieſe zieht ſich vor ihm her,
Die hundertzwanzig Schritte hält an Länge,
An Breite dreißig, minder oder mehr.
Der Brücke fügt das Vordertheil ſich enge;
Dort ſieht man eine Säule, hoch und hehr,
Aus welcher künſtlich ſo die Flammen ſteigen,
Daß hellerleuchtet ſich die Ufer zeigen.

Am Schafte hängt, mit Ketten feſtgebunden,
Ein goldnes Horn; und eine Schrift dabei
Läßt auf dem glatten Marmor dies erkunden:
Wer wagen will den Kampf, der blaſe frei!
Noch höher ward ein reicher Schild gefunden,
Und durch die Kunſt der ſchönen Bildnerei
Ward ſchier der Werth des reinen Silbers minder.
Darüber ſtand die Schrift: dem Ueberwinder!

Hier bildete der Künſtler nach dem Leben
Den Kampf des Ritters von Seleucia
Mit dem Martan; rings war das Feld umgeben
Vom Volk Damaskus, das ihn ſtaunend ſah.
Von Schaam und Schmerz betäubt, ſtand Gryph daneben
Und ſah faſt ſinnlos an, was hier geſchah.
Es lacht der Hof, und Norandin wird heftig;
Allein Martan entflieht und ſpornt kräftig.

Die Inſel prangt im ſchönſten Grüngewande,
Und Myrten ſchatten am Geſtad' umher.
Es ſammeln ſich der Ritter viel am Strande
Und wandeln auf der Wieſe hin und her.
Doch da ſie Niemand ſehn im ganzen Lande,
Zieht Alles nach der Säule ſich nunmehr;
Und unter ihnen wird ein Streit erhoben:
Wer ſoll zuerſt das Abentheu'r erproben!

Sie looſen drum, und aus dem wackern Bunde
Wählt Galeotto'n itzt des Glückes Fall.
Er bringt ſogleich das goldne Horn zum Munde
Und bläſt, und Jeder wird betäubt vom Schall.
Die Inſel bebt, es bebt im tiefſten Grunde
Strombett und Wog' und Ufer überall.
Das Feu'r erliſcht, die Sterne ſelbſt erblaſſen,
Der Himmel iſt vom heitern Glanz verlaſſen.

Noch bebte rings der Grund, und plötzlich hüllte
Ein dichter Wolkenzug die Erd in Nacht.
Auf einmal blitzt' es, und zugleich erbrüllte
Ein Donnerſchlag mit ſo gewalt'ger Macht,
Daß Todesgraun jedwedes Herz erfüllte
Und Jeder faſt von Sinnen ſchien gebracht.

Und mit dem Donner traf ein Blitz zuſammen,
Fuhr auf den Berg und ſetzt' ihn raſch in Flammen.

Fort loderte die Glut, unaufgehalten,
Der ganze Berg ſchien eine Feuerwelt;
Und während noch empor die Flammen wallten,
Erſchien in ihrer Mitt' ein Purpurzelt.
So ſchien der edle Stoff, den einſt die Alten
Aus unverbrennbarn Fäden dargeſtellt,
Im Morgenland, bei'm königlichen Prunken
Des Leichenfeſts, zu glühen in den Funken.

Der Berg verbrennt in wenigen Sekunden,
Und heiter wird der Himmel, wie zuvor.
Aus hundert von Trommeten ſchallt verbunden
Kriegslärm und ſüße Harmonie zum Ohr.
Das Licht, das von der Säule war verſchwunden,
Kehrt nun zurück, und aus dem Zelt hervor
Ziehn hundert Pagen, und ſie alle glänzen
In weißer Tracht, geſtickt mit goldnen Kränzen.

Schwarz ſind der Knaben Händ' und Angeſichter,
Es ſcheint, daß Aethiopien ſie gebar;
Und aus dem Stegreif ſpräche wohl ein Dichter:
Hier wird man Fliegen in der Milch gewahr.
Es zieht aus zweien Pforten, Fackellichter
In ihrer Hand, hervor die Doppelſchaar,
Stellt ſich in grader Reih' auf beide Seiten
Und läßt inmitten freie Bahn zum Streiten.

Indeſſen bracht' ein Knappe, wohlbedächtig,
Schon eine Menge Lanzen zum Turnier;
Und Galeott erſchien, in Waffen, prächtig,
Grün waren Rüſtung, Oberkleid und Zier.
Er lenkt' ein thraciſch Roß, gewandt und mächtig;
Grau, mit drei weißen Füßen, war das Thier,
Das curbettirend, wenn's der Sporn berührte,
Auf ebner Bahn manch kühnen Sprung vollführte.

Bereit iſt Alles, und zum Kampfgedränge
Fehlt nur der andre Rittersmann nunmehr.
Da ſchallen noch einmal Trommetenklänge,
Und plötzlich kommt er aus dem Zelt daher.
Weiß war ſein Kleid, mit edler Steine Menge
Prachtvoll geſchmückt, der Helmbuſch weiß, die Wehr
Von Silberblech, unſchätzbar für den Kenner;
Doch ſchwärzer als ein Rabe war ſein Renner.

Der offne Helm ließ ſein Geſicht gewahren,
Er ſchien ein Jüngling und kaum ſechzehn alt,
Von Anſehn hold und ſchön, von blonden Haaren,
Und ſeine Tracht verlieblicht die Geſtalt.
Anmuthig grüßt er rings umher die Schaaren;
Mit kräft'gem Zügel zwingt er die Gewalt
Des muth'gen Renners leicht zum raſchen Tanze
Des ſtahlbeſchlagnen Hufs, und packt die Lanze.

Er ſchließt den Helm und wartet mit Verlangen,
Bis der Trommete Zeichen tönt zum Ohr.
Und es erſchallt; wie Sturm und Flammen drangen
Der Eine hier, der Andre dort hervor.
Sie trafen ſich, und die gewalt'gen Stangen
Flohn, ſchnell zerſtückt, in Splittern hoch empor.
Aus Beider Helm ſprüht' eine Menge Funken,
Und glatt war Galeott vom Roß geſunken.

Dies ſchöne Schauſpiel anzuſehn, verbreiten
Sich beide Heere links und rechts am Strand;
Und unter'm Baldachine ſahn dem Streiten
Die beiden Schöffen zu bei'm Fackelbrand.
Sie ſehn den Galeott vom Sattel gleiten,
Und wie der Andre die großmüth'ge Hand
Nach ſeinem Zaume ſtreckt mit edler Sitte
Und hemmt des Feindes Roß im flücht'gen Schritte.

Doch Galeott, beſchämt ob ſolcher Schande,
Giebt ſcheidend ſeinen Schild dem Sieger her;
Und auf dem hellen, goldgeſchmückten Rande
Lieſt man den Namen Galeott nunmehr.
Indeß, im blau und goldnen Kriegsgewande,
Senkt ſchon ein andrer Ritter ſeinen Speer
Und ſpornet raſch den ſchwarzgemähnten Tiger
Zum Kampfe los auf jenen fremden Krieger.

Die Lanze muß am Rand des Schildes brechen
Und ſplittert durch die dunkle Luft bei'm Stoß.
Dem Fremden glückt's, vom Sattel ihn zu ſtechen,
Und Jener fällt den Blumen in den Schooß.
Kaum hingeſtürzt, will er die Schande rächen,
Die er erlitt, und zieht den Degen bloß.
Der Andre weicht; ein Wind hat ſich erhoben,
Und ſchnell iſt jedes Licht wie weggeſtoben.

Die Inſel bebt, und mitten aus den Auen
Steigt eine Flamm' empor, und Donner hallt.
Ein fürchterlicher Rieſe läßt ſich ſchauen,
Der Erd' und Himmel ſchreckt durch die Geſtalt.
Er naht dem Ritter, der ihm ohne Grauen
Entgegen tritt, und packt ihn mit Gewalt,
So wie ein Huhn; und in die dunkeln Wogen
Iſt ſchnell der Ritter ſammt dem Roß geflogen.

Kaum rettet er durch Schwimmen noch ſein Leben;
Doch blieb ſein Schild, auf dem Jaco ſtand.
Von neuem ſah man jetzt die Inſel beben;
Sie that ſich auf, das Ungethüm verſchwand,
Und alle Lichter, ausgelöſcht ſo eben,
Entzünden ſich und ſtehn in hellem Brand.
Nichts hört man mehr von Sturm und Ungewitter,
Und neuen Kampf begehrt der fremde Ritter.

Von einem Schweißfuchs leicht dahergetragen,
Erſcheint als dritter Kämpfer Valentin;
Und als der vierte zeigt ſich ohne Zagen,
Auf ſtolzem Africaner, Jacopin.
Mit feinem Silber iſt ſein Roß beſchlagen;
Zaum, Sattel prangt mit Gold und mit Rubin.
Allein dem Einen geht es wie dem Andern,
Sie müſſen ſchildlos aus der Inſel wandern.

Der Herr von Lirizzan, der fünfte Ritter,
War für Selindens ſtolzen Reiz entbrannt
Und ſank für ſie, von einem Lanzenſplitter
Verwundet jetzt, faſt in des Todes Hand.
Die Lanze brach, und durch des Helmes Gitter
Flog raſch ein Stücklein, und er fiel auf's Land.
Am rechten Auge war er ſchwer getroffen,
Und für ſein Leben war nicht viel zu hoffen.

Zum Zacharias, der an der linken Seite
Des Potta ſitzt, kehrt dieſer ſich und ſpricht:
Der Ritter wirft ja Alles hin im Streite,
Wohl Hexerei und Zauber übt der Wicht. —
Ei, ſagt der Greis, ei der Vermaledeite!
Daſſelbe glaub' ich auch, und ſehe nicht,
Was nur die Leute für Behagen finden,
Mit Hexenwerk und Teufeln anzubinden.

Drum würd' ich, ſtänd's bei mir, den Schluß erlaſſen,
Ihm ſolle Keiner mehr zum Kampfe ſtehn. —
Gleich läßt der Potta ein Decret verfaſſen:
Nicht Einer ſoll mehr auf die Inſel gehn!
Dann ſetzt er ſich, ganz ruhig und gelaſſen,
Und denkt: Was wird vom Feinde nun geſchehn?
Bald ſieht er drauf, es kommen zwei Genoſſen,
In Braun und Gold, daher auf ihren Roſſen.

Der Eine rennt; kaum trifft der Speer die Glieder,
Als er vom Sattel auf den Boden fährt.
Doch zeigt ſein ganzes Anſehn, ſtark und bieder
Sey Arm und Herz, des beſten Ritters werth.
Der Andre folgt, und über's Kreuz hernieder
Fliegt er ſogleich, weit weg von ſeinem Pferd.
Auf ſteht der Erſte ſchnell, und mit Verdruſſe
Und ſtolzem Ton ſpricht er zu dem vom Fluſſe:

Biſt du, o Krieger, nicht durch Zaubermächte
Stark mit dem Speer, ſo ſteig' herab einmal
Und löſe mir nach gutem Kämpferrechte
Den Zweifel, den ich hege, mit dem Stahl.
Und fürchteſt du, daß dieſe Störung brächte
In dein Turnier, ſo ſetz' nach eigner Wahl.

Nur zwei Schwerdthiebe jetzt als wackrer Streiter;
Hier iſt der Schild, und nichts verlang' ich weiter.

Der Ritter von der Inſel ſpricht: ich bliebe
Verpflichtet wohl, zu tilgen den Verdacht,
Wenn mich der Rachſucht und des Haſſes Triebe
Bewaffnet in dies Kampfgefild gebracht.
Zum Rennen kam ich, nur gelockt durch Liebe,
Und mein Begehr iſt Allen kund gemacht.
Drum brauch' ich nicht den Kampf hier aufzugeben
Und andern einzugehn, nach deinem Streben.

Doch denke nicht, ich ſey ein feiger Knabe,
Weil ich zum Schwerdterkampf mich nicht geſtellt;
Wenn ich den Plan vollzogen, den ich habe,
Antwort' ich dir ſogleich, wie dir's gefällt.
Den Schild, verlangſt du ihn als Gunſt und Gabe,
Laſſ' ich dir gern; doch ſonſt nichts auf der Welt
Verſchafft ihn dir, noch wird auf dein Verlangen
Der Kampf geändert, den ich angefangen. —

Du änderſt ihn, und ſey's dir noch ſo bitter,
Verruchter Zaubrer! ruft der zweite Mann
Und ſchlägt mit ſeinem Lanzenſtumpf den Ritter
Stracks auf den Helm, und zieht das Schwerdt ſodann.
Die Inſel bebt; ein plötzlich Ungewitter
Löſcht jedes Licht, und Dunkel dringt heran.
Der Himmel blitzt, und aus dem Erdenbauche
Steigt eine Doppelwolk' aus dichtem Rauche.

Es flammt der Rauch, und ſieh! zwei Ungeheuer
Erſcheinen flugs in wilder Stiergeſtalt;
Und ihrer Augen Glut, des Odems Feuer
Vertrocknet Gras und Blumen alſobald.
Nicht ſchreckt die Krieger dieſes Abenteuer,
Sie ziehen beid' ihr Schwerdt und machen Halt.
Die Stiere nahn; es zittern rings die Schaaren,
Als ſie der Augen Flammenblitz gewahren.

Der Inſelritter, wohl den Ausgang kennend,
Zieht ſich zurück und ſchaut des Kampfs Verlauf.
Der Stiere Paar, mit Pfeilesſchnelle rennend,
Wühlt mit geſpaltnem Huf den Boden auf.
Die Krieger laſſen ſie hindurch, ſich trennend;
Das Zauberhorn verletzt ſie nicht im Lauf.
Sie hauen zu, allein der Hiebe jeder
Fällt fruchtlos, wie auf Woll' und weiche Feder.

Die Stiere kehren um; die Ritter kommen
Und hau'n ergrimmt auf ihre Köpfe los,
Und wo ſie treffen, iſt ein Blitz entglommen;
Doch bleiben Macht und Wut nicht minder groß.
Die Ritter werden ſchnell auf's Horn genommen
Und liegen plötzlich in der Wellen Schooß.
Doch der Beſiegten Schild bleibt auf dem Lande;
Perinth, Perithens ſteht auf goldnem Rande.

Die Stiere werfen mit den beiden Rittern
Sich in den Fluß und kamen nicht hervor.
Nun drohte nicht mehr der Himmel mit Gewittern,
Schnell kam das Licht zurück, das ſich verlor.
Auch ſah man nicht die Inſel mehr erzittern,
Und hold und lieblich ward ſie, wie zuvor.
Der Ritter auch (er hielt bis jetzt zur Seite)
Trat vor und bot ſich dar zu neuem Streite.

Er harrt, doch lang' umſonſt; denn ſolche Tücke
Hat Graun und Furcht in jeder Bruſt erregt.
Am Ende ſteigt ein Ritter von der Brücke,
Den ſtolz und kühn ein falber Renner trägt.
Von Silber iſt der Zaum, und alle Stücke
Des reichen Zeugs ſind dicht mit Gold belegt.
Dem fällt es ein, zu tauſchen mit den Speeren;
Er ſagt's, und man bewilligt ſein Begehren.

Das Zeichen tönt, und wie, unaufgehalten,
Die Blitze fahren durch die Luft daher
Und flammend Himmel, Land' und Meere ſpalten,
Mit Sturmwind und mit Hagel hinterher:
So brechen jetzt die Ritter los und halten
Ein Jeder auf des Feindes Helm den Speer;
Und Splitter, Funken fliegen auf zum Himmel,
Und jedes Herz erſtarrt im Volkgewimmel.

Die Roſſe kommen Stirn an Stirn gelaufen;
Allein des Inſelritters ſtärkres Pferd
Wirft [illegible] ſammt dem Herrn auf Einen Haufen,
Worauf [illegible] wie ein Pfeil vorüberfährt.
Gleich ſteht der Brückenritter auf mit Schnaufen,
Und weil er Rache für ſein Roß begehrt,
Ruft er den Gegner kühn zur zweiten Lanze,
Und dieſer zeigt ſich gleich bereit zum Tanze.

Man bringt ein andres Roß von braunem Felle,
Auf welches raſch der Brückenheld ſich ſchwingt.
Er ſtrafft den Zaum und ſpornt es auf der Stelle,
So daß der Gaul ſich bäumen muß und ſpringt.
Dann kehrt er um, und nun, mit Blitzesſchnelle,
Fliegt er zum wilden Angriff, wie beſchwingt.
Doch ward er kaum berührt im Gegenfliegen,
So mußt' er rücklings auf der Erde liegen.

Hier iſt mein Schild! — ſo rief er, aufgeſtanden —
Denn nun iſt's klar, daß du ein Zaubrer biſt.
Nicht werde meine Tapferkeit zu Schanden
Hinfort an dir und an des Teufels Liſt.
Allein vielleicht iſt noch ein Arm vorhanden,
Der Lohn dir zu ertheilen ſich vermißt,
Zu deiner Schmach. So lange magſt du leben,
Beſchützt vom Satan, dem du dich ergeben.

Fort ging er von der Inſel, dieſes ſagend,
Und auf dem Schild las man Tognon alsbald.
Nach dieſem nun erſchienen, herrlich ragend,
Zwei andre Ritter, edel von Geſtalt;
Allein auch ſie, ſich an den Kämpfer wagend,
Erfuhren das Geſchick der Andern bald.
Am glatten Silber ward der Speer zerbrochen
Und der wie dieſer ſchnell vom Roß geſtochen.

Paul, Sagramor, ſo las man auf dem Rande
Der beiden Schild'. Auf ſchwärzlich-grauem Pferd
Erſchien ein Ritter jetzt am Inſelſtrande,
Den Helm mit roth- und weißem Buſch beſchwert,
In einem reichen Goldbrokat-Gewande,
Geſtickt mit Perlen von dem größten Werth;
Und in der prächtigſten Livrei umgaben
Ihn rings umher die Reihn der Edelknaben.

Ein Ritter war's, von Namen nicht vorzüglich,
Sohn eines Schuſters aus dem Römer-Gau.
Der Vater, Trödler erſt, trieb ſpäter kläglich
In Campo Merlo ſchlechten Ackerbau,
Verfälſchte das Getraid' und Maaß genüglich
Und trug ſich nun als großen Herrn zur Schau.
Und daß der Sohn des Stammes Glanz vermehre,
Schickt' er als Freipartiſten ihn zum Heere.

Der kam nun, aufgeſchwellt gleich einem Balle,
Und ſteif als ob ein Pfahl im Rücken ſey.
An Wehr und Schmuck erkannten gleich ihn Alle,
Und an der reichen, prächtigen Livrei.
Wohl mehr als Hundert ſind in gleichem Falle,
Und ſie zu nennen ſtände wohl mir frei;
Doch alles Uebel würde ich dann beleidigen
Und alle [illegible] in Aufruhr [illegible].

Erſt tändelt' er mit ſeinem Roß gar lange
Und tummelt' es, ſo gut wie er's verſtand;
Dann endlich trieb er's an zu raſcherm Gange
Und nahm am Ziel der Rennbahn ſeinen Stand.
Das Zeichen tönt, und mit geſenkter Stange
Gehn Beide los; es zittert rings das Land,
Die Ufer hallen vom gewalt'gen Pralle,
Doch Keiner bringt den Andern jetzt zum Falle.

Der Erſte, der im Kampfe nicht vertrieben
Vom Sattel ward, war dieſer Römerheld.
Drob wundern ſich wohl ihrer mehr als Sieben,
Die nimmer das von ihm ſich vorgeſtellt.
Nachdenklich iſt der Inſelmann geblieben,
Worauf er mit den Seinen Zwieſprach hält.

Dann, zu den Schranken umgekehrt, empfangen
Zum zweiten Ritte ſie noch ſtärkre Stangen.

Allein auch dieſe brachen bald und flogen
In kleinen Splittern auf zum Sternenheer.
Die beiden Ritter hatten ſich gebogen
Und machten ſchon beinah die Sättel leer.
Dem Römer ward der Bügel Paar entzogen,
Und Funken ſprühten aus der reichen Wehr;
Doch ihn ermuthigt, daß von tauſend Rufern
Sein Name wiederhallt auf beiden Ufern.

Wie im Tyrrhenermeer bei'm Oſt geſchwinde
Die Welle ſchwillt und wogt und wallt mit Macht,
So ſchwillt des Römlings eitles Herz vom Winde
Des Pöbellobs, das ſchier ihn närriſch macht.
Rings ſpäht er, wo er Blick' und Grüße finde,
Und bläht ſich auf in ſeiner Pfauenpracht;
Und als er g'nug geprunkt mit ſeinem Glanze,
Verlangt er neuen Kampf und neue Lanze.

Perinth, Perintheus ſind ergrimmt und toben,
Daß Dieſer ſich ſo lang im Sattel hält;
Da wird nochmals Trommetenſchall erhoben
Von jener Seit', entgegen dem Gezelt.
Die Ritter kommen wüthend hergeſtoben
Indem ein jeder ſeine Lanze fällt.
Allein der Römer, ſtark am Helm getroffen,
Legt ſich nun auch in's Grüne, wider Hoffen.

Wie raſend ſteht er auf und zieht den Degen,
Und ſtößt ihn in die Rippen ſeinem Roß;
Als hätt' es an dem armen Thier gelegen,
Daß er ſo plötzlich aus dem Sattel ſchoß.
Drauf kehrt er ſich dem ſtolzen Feind entgegen
Und ſpricht: Wohl mußt du warten, mein Genoß,
Bis ich mit anderm Schilde dich ergötze:
Denn dieſen geb' ich nicht um viele Schätze.

Mit Lächeln ſpricht der Held: Ich hab' im Rennen
Den mir erſiegt, und deßhalb will ich ihn.
Mein Schild iſt wohl von größerm Werth zu nennen
Doch ſiegteſt du, ich hätt' ihn dir verliehn.
Der Römer ſpricht: Du ſollſt gar bald erkennen,
Nicht ſey ſo leicht der Schild mir zu entziehn.
Er zückt das Schwerdt, und gleich erbebt, wie immer,
Der Erde Grund; doch nicht erliſcht der Schimmer.

Ein Eſel kommt, mit Stiefeln ſtatt der Ohren,
Und ſtatt des Schweifes wird ein Darm geſchaut.
Die Ohren-Stiefel hau'n mit ſcharfen Sporen;
Des Schweifes Inhalt macht, daß Jedem graut.
Die Stimme ſchreckt und ſeine Ferſen bohren,
Und härter als ein Demant iſt die Haut;
Und naht er ſich dem Feinde — wie aus Flinten
Schießt er geſottne Kugeln ab von hinten.

Ein Peſtgeſtank entſteht auf Meilenweite,
Nicht bloß am Ort, wohin die Kugel ſchlug.
Titta di Cola naht ſich keck zum Streite
(Dies war der Name, den der Römer trug),
Und ſein Gewand ward in der Läng' und Breite,
Mit Gold und Perlen nicht, verbrämt genug.
Er führt ſein Schwerdt und haut mit Blitzesſchnelle;
Doch trifft er auch, bleibt keine Spur am Felle.

Der Eſel grüßt ihn mit den Klauen,
Rührt dann den Schweif mit ſchrecklicher Gewalt
Und macht zugleich durch ſein Geſchrei ihm Grauen;
Denn öffnet er das Maul, ſo bebt der Wald.
Auch ſind die Ohren gar nicht träg' und hauen
Bald auf den Kopf, auf Seit' und Schulter bald.
Dann dreht er ſich und blitzt und donnert plötzlich,
Und malt al fresco ſein Geſicht ergötzlich.

So argen Sturm kann Titta nicht ertragen,
Wirft weg den Schild und giebt nun Ferſengeld.
Unmäßig lacht der Sieger vor Behagen
Und ſtellt ſich an die Schranken vor's Gezelt.
Doch ſchon gen Weſten lenkt die Nacht den Wagen,
Und es erſcheint kein Kämpfer mehr im Feld.
Er wendet ſich, um in ſein Zelt zu treten,
Da ſchon zum erſtenmal die Hähne krähten.

Der Inſelritter blieb in ſeinem Zelte
Am Tag verſchloſſen und kam nicht hervor.
Doch als der Mond bereits die Nacht erhellte,
Bewillkommt von der Käuz' und Eulen Chor,
Da zeigt' er ſich, wie die Trommete gellte;
Doch ſchwarz war das Gewand, das er erkor,
Schwarz war der Buſch und jede Zierde dunkel:
Allein ſein Roß ſtrahlt ſilberweiß Gefunkel.

Die Pagen dann, die Leuchterdienſt verwalten,
Noch geſtern ſchwarz wie aus der Negerei,
Erſchienen heut als engliſche Geſtalten
Und änderten Geſicht und Liverei.
Sie hatten ſämmtlich ſchwarze Tracht erhalten,
Und Alles lief um ſie zu ſehn herbei.
Am meiſten drängte ſich längs den Geſtaden
Das Volk, das gerne Torten ißt und Fladen.

Der Jüngling Averard, der bei den Proben
Des Inſelkampfs bis jetzt nicht ward geſehn,
Erſcheint zuerſt, den Ritter zu erproben,
Und muß zuerſt ſich abgeworfen ſehn.
Er giebt den Schild, und, das Viſir erhoben,
Bleibt er ein Weilchen auf der Wieſe ſtehn
Und ſpricht den Pagen zu, damit ſie Thaten
Und Namen des Gebieters ihm verrathen.

Ein Fräulein kam indeß vom Inſelſtrande,
Umringt von Fackeln, ganz unzählig ſchier,
In weißem, doch fremdartigem Gewande,
Schön von Geſicht, anmuthig von Manier.
Sie kam mit Ehrfurcht zu Renoppia's Stande;
Zwei Knappen und zwei Pagen folgten ihr,
Beladen mit dem Schild-Gewinn des Siegers;
Sie aber ſprach, im Namen jenes Kriegers:

Der hohe Ruhm Renoppia's, den die Hehre
Damals erkämpft, als ſie am Fluſſesrand
Sich widerſetzt des Feinds ſiegreichem Heere
Und ihm die Palme wiederum entwandt,
Hab' ihn hieher geführt, und ihr zur Ehre
Hab' er ſo muthig im Turnier gerannt.
Er bitte drum, daß ſie die würd'ge Flamme,
Die ihm das Herz durchlodert, nicht verdamme.

Renoppia ſpricht, von Scham und Zorn entglommen:
Schlecht, kleine Kupplerinn, iſt euer Held
Bei mir mit ſeinen Künſten angekommen,
Weil alles Hexenwerk mir ganz mißfällt.
Doch ihr, ſo hübſch und jung, die unbeklommen
Im Dunkeln bei ihm bleibt in ſeinem Zelt:
Vergönnet ihr, daß er in euern Rechten
Euch kränken darf und hier für Andre fechten?

Ich bin nur Magd, ſpricht Jene ganz gelaſſen,
Und ſolcher Preis iſt nicht für mich gemacht.
Mein Herr kann nicht zu mir herab ſich laſſen,
Denn er beſitzt Schlöſſer, Land und Macht.
Renoppia, ſchau wie ſchön, weiß ſich zu faſſen:
Sie ſagt ihm denn, verſetzt ſie mit Bedacht,
Ich müſſe mich dem Muth verbunden nennen,
Den er gezeigt, zu meiner Ehr', im Rennen.

Und wenn's auch lieber mir geweſen wäre,
Hätt' er im Ernſt, die Waffen in der Hand,
Sich mir zu Lieb' erklärt für unſre Heere,
Ohn' allen Hexentrug und Zaubertand,
Doch nehm' ich's an und danke für die Ehre;
Und dieſes ſey ihm meinerſeits geſandt.
Und von der Bruſt, im Reden noch begriffen,
Nahm ſie ein Kreuzchen, aus Kryſtall geſchliffen.

Drin war ein Zahn Sanct Geminians verſchloſſen,
Und Papſt Honorius weihte dieſen Zahn.
Dies reichte ſie der Dirne, ſchnell entſchloſſen,
Als ſollt's zum Lohn der Inſelheld empfahn.
Doch Dieſe war wie leerer Traum zerfloſſen,
Kaum rührte nur das Kreuz die Botinn an.

Die Knappen und die Pagen auch verſchwanden,
Und nur die Schilde waren noch vorhanden.

Die Namen lieſt Renoppia, und die Schilde
Befreundeter Ritter giebt ſie gleich zurück;
Doch jene, die gehört der Feindesgilde,
Bewahrt ſie als Trophä' und Beuteſtück. —
Indeß verfolgt ſein Werk im Kampfgefilde
Der Inſelritter mit gewohntem Glück;
Da zeigt auf einer Seite ſich am Strande
Ein fremder Mann im gelben Kriegsgewande.

Ein Panther ſchmückt den Helm; zwei Spannen weiter,
Als bei den andern Rittern, reicht ſein Speer.
Allein man ſieht, ſo zögernd kommt der Reiter,
Er geht mit Widerwillen nur hieher;
Und die Trommet', aufregend jeden Streiter,
Bewirkt bei ihm das Gegentheil vielmehr.
Nun rennt er, doch (dies zeigt die Angſtgeberde)
Nicht fortgeführt vom Muthe, nur vom Pferde.

Doch ſchließt er feſt, ſtemmt ſeine Lanze wider
Und beißt, indem er auf den Gegner dringt,
Die Zähne zu und ſenkt die Augenlieder,
Wie einer, den nur Schaam zum Kampfe zwingt;
Und wirft bei'm erſten Stoß den Feind danieder,
Und Alle ſtaunen, daß ihm dies gelingt.
Da ſchallt vom Ufer rings, wie Ungewitter,
Der laute Ruf: Vivat der Pantherritter!

Bei dieſem Schall voll Staunen um ſich blickend,
Sieht er dahingeſtreckt den fremden Wicht;
Und in den Sieg mit Mühe nur ſich ſchickend,
Schaut er ihn an und faßt ſich ſelber nicht.
Allein der Feind, nicht mehr die Wut erſtickend,
Die flammend ſchon aus allen Zügen bricht,
Steht plötzlich auf, mit Einem Fuße ſtampfend,
Und rings erbebt die Erde, wild ſich krampfend.

Das Licht erliſcht; mit Blitz und Donnerkrachen
Verſchwindet Augenblicks das Purpurzelt,
Und aus dem Eiland wird ein großer Nachen,
Der Miſt und Heu und Beſenreis enthält.
Und in dem Kahne bleibt, von allen Sachen
Und allen Leuten, die ſich dort geſellt,
Der Sieger nur ſammt einem Zwerggebilde,
Das eine Leuchte hält nebſt einem Schilde.

Der Zwerg, den Schild dem Ritter übergebend,
Sagt ihm dabei: Der Siegesdank iſt dies,
Den mein Gebieter, ſich von hinnen hebend,
Der Säul' entnahm und dir ihn hinterließ.
Nun wünſcht er nur, ganz deiner Güte lebend,
Daß, wie ſich ihm dein hoher Muth erwies,
Er ſo nun auch erfahre deinen Namen,
Und welches Land erzeugt ſo edlen Saamen.

Der Ritter bläht ſich, als er dies vernommen,
Und ſagt: Berichte deinem Herrn getroſt,
Aus Spanien ſey mein edler Stamm gekommen
Und hochberühmt bis über'n fernen Oſt.
Der Don Quixot', in Waffen ſo vollkommen,
Der Helden Fürſt, der Abenteurer Troſt,
Erzeugt' im Bund mit einer hohen Schönen
Den Vater mir, Don Phlegethon den Schönen.

In Welſchland mußten Land und Leut' ihm dienen;
Es iſt kein Ort, wo nicht ſein Name blieb.
Sein hoher Ruhm vermißte nur Turpinen,
Der ſo von ihm, wie von dem Roland ſchrieb,
Gleich war ihm keiner von den Paladinen,
Er wich allein vor dieſes Schwerdtes Hieb.
Doch Alles wiſſen ſoll dein Herr, ſoll wiſſen,
Daß Graf Culagna ihn in'n Sand geſchmiſſen.

Doch da ich nun befriedigt dein Verlangen
(Denn was du wiſſen wollteſt, ſagt' ich dir),
Muß auch das meine jetzt Genüg' empfangen;
Drum ſeinen Stamm und Namen melde mir. —

Du ſollſt, verſetzt das Zwerglein, Kund' erlangen,
Verlaſſen wir nur erſt des Stroms Revier;
Denn Alle dort in jenen Ritterchören
Verlangen auch, was du verlangſt, zu hören.

Sie nahen ſich demnach dem rechten Strande,
Wo eine große Schaar von Kriegern ſteht;
Und kaum befindet ſich der Zwerg am Lande,
Dringt Alles auf ihn ein und fragt und ſpäht.
Der Zwerg, von Zunge leicht, ſchlau von Verſtande,
Bleibt ſtehn und ſpricht: Hier bin ich, wie ihr ſeht,
Um, was ihr Alle wiſſen wollt, zu ſagen;
Und Keiner ſoll ſich über mich beklagen.

Als einſtens vor der Wut der Ghibellinen
Die Alzonen flohn aus Modena,
Entwich der Graf Balleſtra auch mit ihnen,
Den man als Oberhaupt des Stammes ſah.
Er fand durch die Dämonen, die ihm dienen,
Einſt einen Schatz; und, ſeinem Schloſſe nah,
Schuf er in Bergen eine Zaubergrotte;
Da hauſt er meiſtens mit der Geiſter Rotte.

Dort lebt bei ihm ein Sohn von zarten Jahren,
Der einz'ge, den er hat, Melind genannt;
Sein Edelſinn und ſeine Kühnheit waren
Des alten Vaters Lieb' und Hoffnungspfand.
Von einer Jungfrau hatte der erfahren,
Voll Sitt' und Schönheit, die an dieſem Strand
Viel Muth bewies im kühnſten Abenteuer;
Und ihm entflammt' ein unauslöſchbar Feuer.

Von ſeinem Flehn und Seufzen eingenommen,
Erlaubt der Vater ihm, hieher zu gehn.
So kam er mit der Inſel angeſchwommen,
Um hier das ſchöne Kampfſpiel zu beſtehn.
Doch der beſorgte Vater ſah vollkommen,
Er ſey zu jung, um eurer Macht zu ſtehn:
Drum macht' er ihn durch ſeine Zauberwerke
Unüberwindlich gegen Muth und Stärke.

Nie konnte ſein Melind zur Erde fallen
(Mit dieſer Zauberkraft begabt' er ihn),
Wenn nicht der feigſte Krieger, unter allen
Die auf der Erde ſind, zum Kampf erſchien.
Und um ſo ſtärker war das Gegenprallen,
Je ſchwerer ward dem Knaben Sieg verliehn:
Wie ſtets der Blitz nur wüthender zerſpellte,
Was ihm die größte Härt' entgegenſtellte.

Roß, Speere, Waffen, ſammt dem ganzen Reſte,
Kurz, was Melind umgab, war zauberhaft.
Zog man das Schwerdt — aus war es mit dem Feſte;
Gleich ward man von der Inſel fortgeſchafft.
Ein Lanzentauſch war eben noch das Beſte;
Allein auch hiedurch ward kein Sieg verſchafft,
Wenn nicht der Feind an Stärk' und Muth Melinden
Mehr weichen mußt', als alle, die zu finden.

So ſpricht der Zwerg, der Ritter Schaar belehrend,
Und wandelt ſchnell in Jubel ihre Wut.
Doch Graf Culagna, ſich in Grimm verzehrend,
Kraußt ſeine Stirn, und, heiß von Zornesglut,
Zieht er ſein Schwerdt, ſich zu dem Zwerge kehrend,
Der gar nicht zeigt, dies ſchrecke ſeinen Muth.
Das leugſt du, ruft er aus, verlogner Bauer!
Und darthun ſoll mein Schwerdt es dir genauer.

Du mögeſt gern mit meinem Sieg beſtecken,
Doch kannſt du's nicht, du mißgeſchaffnes Thier!
Schon fliegt mein Ruhm weit durch der Erde Strecken,
Und redlich ward dein Herr beſiegt von mir. —
Der Zwerg läßt ſich nicht ein mit dieſem Gecken,
Doch beugt er tief ſich vor den Rittern hier
Und ſagt zum Grafen, der noch ſchimpft' und keuchte,
Nur: Gute Nacht! und löſchet aus die Leuchte.

Franz Grillparzer

ward 1790 zu Wien geboren und 1823 als ſyſtematiſirter Hofconcipiſt bei der kaiſerlichen Hofkammer daſelbſt angeſtellt. 1819 wurde er zum Privatſekretär der Kaiſerin und 1832 zum Archivdirektor bei der oben genannten Behörde beſtellt, nachdem er vorher mit dem Kaiſer Italien bereiſt hatte.

Seine, meiſtens dramatiſche, Schriften ſind:

Die Ahnfrau. Wien 1817. 3. Ausgabe [illegible]. 6. Ausg. 1832. gr. 8.
Sappho, Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1819. 3. Ausgabe 1822. gr. 8.
Das goldne Vließ, dramatiſches Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1822. gr. 8.
Der Gaſtfreund, die Argonauten, Medea. Ebendaſ. 1822.
König Ottokar's Glück und Ende, Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1825. gr. 8.
Der treue Diener ſeines Herrn. Ebendaſ. 1830. gr. 8.
Meluſina, romantiſche Oper. Ebendaſ. 1833. in 8.
Dramatiſche und andere Gedichte in Lembert's Taſchenbuch, den dramatiſchen Miscellen u. ſ. w.

Grillparzer trat zuerſt mit vielem Erfolg als Anhänger des modernen Fatalismus auf, welchem Müllner durch ſeine Schuld die Bahn eröffnet hatte in der deutſchen dramatiſchen Poeſie, verließ aber dieſe Richtung wieder und wandte ſich bei der Behandlung ſeiner Stoffe der Schiller'ſchen Form zu, der er im Allgemeinen treu geblieben iſt. Tiefe des Gefühls, Reichthum der Phantaſie, Beſonnenheit und Herrſchaft über Sprache und Geſtaltung ſind ihm eigenthümlich und weiſen ſeinen Leiſtungen mit vollem Rechte einen hohen Rang an, der durch den Adel der Geſinnungen dieſes Dichters würdig aufrecht erhalten wird. Wenn nicht eigentlich das lyriſche Element in ſeinen Dramen, ihm ſelbſt unbewußt, vorherrſchend wäre und ihn nur zu häufig bei der Entwickelung und Feſtſtellung der von ihm geſchaffenen Charaktere zu Aeußerungen kränklicher Sentimentalität verlockte, die er dann wieder durch Theatereffekte zu verdecken ſucht, ohne jedoch dieſes irrige Beſtreben ſelbſt mit Klarheit zu erkennen, ſo würde Grillparzer ſich den erſten Tragikern an die Seite ſchmiegen können, da ihm die Natur die herrlichſten Gaben verlieh, und er überall das gewiſſenhafteſte Streben beurkundet, ſie für das Schönſte und Edelſte auszubilden und zu verwenden. — Wie groß die Schuld ſei, welche ſeine Zeit und ſeine Verhältniſſe an jenen Hinderniſſen ſeiner vollkräftigen Entwickelung haben, das kommt nur ihm ſelbſt, wenigſtens für jetzt noch, zu erkennen und zu beſtimmen zu; andeuten darf man aber wohl, daß ihnen manche Störung bei der Ausbildung dieſes wahren Dichters zur Laſt fällt. —

Medea.*)

Trauerſpiel in fünf Aufzügen.

Fünfter Aufzug.

(Vorhof von Kreons Burg, wie im vorigen Aufzuge; die Wohnung des Königs, im Hintergrund, ausgebrannt und noch rauchend. Mannigfach beſchäftigtes Volk füllt den Schauplatz.)

(Morgendämmerung.)

(Der König ſchleppt Gora aus dem Pallaſte. Mehrere Dienerinnen Kreuſens hinter ihm her).

König.

Heraus mit dir! Du warſt's, die meiner Tochter
Das Blutgeſchenk gebracht, das ſie verdarb!
O Tochter! O Kreuſa, du mein Kind!
(Gegen die Dienerinnen.)
Wie war's?

Gora.

Ich war's! Unbewußt
Trug ich den Tod in dein Haus.

König.

Unbewußt?
O glaube nicht der Strafe zu entgehn!

Gora.

Meinſt du, mich ſchrecket deine Strafe?
Ich hab' geſehn mit dieſen meinen Augen
Die Kinder liegen todt in ihrem Blut,
Erwürgt von der, die ſie gebar,
Von der, die ich erzog, Medea:
Seitdem dünkt Scherz mir jeder and're Greu'l!

König.

Kreuſa! O mein Kind! Du Reine! Treue! —
Erbebte dir die Hand nicht, Ungeheuer,
Als du den Tod hintrugſt in ihre Nähe?

Gora.

Um deine Tochter klag' ich nicht; ihr ward ihr Recht!
Was griff ſie nach des Unglücks letzter Habe?
Ich klag' um meine Kinder, meine Lieben,
Die ich geſehn, von Mutterhänden todt.
Ich wollt', ihr läget alleſammt im Grab,
Mit dem Verruchten, der ſich Jaſon nennt,
Ich aber wär' in Kolchis mit der Tochter
Und ihren Kindern, hätt' euch nie geſehn,
Wie eure Stadt, die Unheil trifft mit Recht.

König.

Du legſt den Trotz wohl ab, wenn ich dich treffe!
Allein iſt's auch gewiß, daß todt mein Kind?
So viele ſagen's, keine hat's geſehn!
Kann man dem Feuer nicht entrinnen?
Wächſt Flamme denn ſo ſchnell? Nur langſam,
Nur zögernd kriecht ſie an den Sparren fort.
Wer weiß das nicht? und dennoch wär' ſie todt!
Stand erſt ſo blühend, lebend vor mir da,
Und wäre todt? Ich kann's, ich darf's nicht glauben!
Die Augen wend' ich unwillkührlich hin,
Und immer glaub' ich, jetzt und jetzt und jetzt
Muß ſie ſich zeigen, weiß in ihrer Schönheit,
Herniedergleitend durch die ſchwarzen Trümmer.
Wer war dabei? Wer ſah es! — Du! — So ſprich!
Dreh' nicht die Augen ſo im Kopf herum!
Mit Worten tödte mich! — Iſt ſie dahin?

Magd.

Dahin!

König.

Du ſahſt's?

Magd.

Ich ſah's. Sah, wie die Flammen,
Hervor ſich wälzend aus dem Goldgefäß,
Nach ihr —

König.

Genug! — Sie ſah's! — Sie iſt nicht mehr!
Kreuſa! O mein Kind! O meine Tochter! —
Einſt — noch als Kind! — verbrannte ſie die Hand
Am Opferheerd', und qualvoll ſchrie ſie auf.
Hin ſtürz' ich, faſſe ſie in meinen Arm,
Die heißen Finger mit den Lippen hauchend;
Da lächelt ſie, trotz ihrer bittern Thränen,
Und leiſe ſchluchzend ſpricht ſie: 's iſt nicht viel,
Was thut der Schmerz? Nur brennen, brennen nicht!
Und nun —
(Zu Gora)
Wenn ich das Schwert hier zwanzigmal
Dir ſtieß' in deinen Leib — was iſt's dagegen?
Und wenn ich ſie, die Gräßliche — Wo iſt ſie,
Die mir mein Kind geraubt?
Ich ſchnitte dir
Die Antwort mit der Seel' aus deinem Mund,
Wenn du mir nicht geſtehſt: wo iſt ſie hin?

Gora.

Ich weiß es nicht, und mag es auch nicht wiſſen,
Geh' unbegleitet ſie in ihr Verderben.
Was weilt ihr? Tödtet mich! Ich mag nicht leben!

König.

Das findet ſich, doch vorher noch geſtehſt du!

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*) Aus: Franz Grillparzer's „das goldene Vließ. Medea.

Jaſon.
(hinter der Scene.)
Wo iſt ſie? Gebt ſie mir heraus! Medea!
(Mit dem bloßen Schwerte in der Hand auftretend).
Man ſagt mir, ſie ward eingeholt! Wo iſt ſie?
Ha, du hier! Wo iſt deine Herrinn?

Gora.
Fort!

Jaſon.
Hat ſie die Kinder?

Gora.
Nein!

Jaſon.
So ſind ſie? —

Gora.
Todt!
Ja todt! du heuchelnder Verräther! — Todt!
Sie wollte ſie von deinem Anſchau'n retten,
Und da dir nichts zu heilig auf der Erde,
Hat ſie hinabgeflüchtet ſie in's Grab.
Steh' nur und ſtarre nur den Boden an,
Du rufſt es nicht herauf, das liebe Paar!
Sie ſind dahin, und deſſen freu' ich mich!
Nein, deſſen nicht! Doch daß du drob verzweifelſt,
Deß freu' ich mich! — Du heuchelnder Verräther!
Haſt du ſie nicht dahin gebracht! Und du,
Du falſcher König mit der Gleisnermiene?
Habt ihr es nicht umſtellt mit Jägernetzen
Des ſchändlichen Verraths, das edle Wild,
Bis ohne Ausweg, in Verzweiflungswuth,
Es, überſpringend euer Garn, die Krone,
Des hohen Hauptes königlichen Schmuck,
Mißbraucht zum Werkzeug ungewohnten Mords?
Ringt nur die Hände, ringt ſie ob euch ſelbſt!
(Zum König).
Dein Kind, was ſucht' es einer Andern Bett?
(Zu Jaſon).
Was ſtahlſt du ſie, haſt du ſie nicht geliebt?
Und liebteſt du ſie, was verſtößt du ſie!
Laß And're, mich läßt ihre That verdammen,
Euch Beiden widerfuhr nur euer Recht!
Ihr ſpottet nun nicht mehr der Kolcherinn, —
Ich mag nicht länger leben auf der Erde;
Zwei Kinder todt, das dritte haſſenswerth.
Führt mich nun fort, und wollt ihr, tödtet mich:
Auf etwas *Jenſeits* hoff ich nun gewiß,
Hab' ich geſehn doch, daß Vergeltung iſt.
(Sie geht ab, von Einigen begleitet).
(Pauſe).

König.
That ich ihr Unrecht — bei den hohen Göttern,
Ich hab' es nicht gewollt! — Nun hin zu jenen Trümmern,
Daß wir die Reſte ſuchen meines Kindes,
Und ſie beſtatten in der Erde Schooß.
(Zu Jaſon).
Du aber geh', wohin dein Fuß dich trägt;
Befleckter Nähe, merk' ich, iſt gefährlich.
Hätt' ich dich nie geſehn, dich nie genommen
Mit Freundestreue in mein gaſtlich Haus!
Du haſt die Tochter mir genommen: geh!
Daß du nicht auch der Klage Troſt mir nimmſt!

Jaſon.
Du ſtößt mich fort?

König.
Ich weiſe dich von mir.

Jaſon.
Was ſoll ich thun?

König.
Das wird ein Gott dir ſagen!

Jaſon.
Wer leitet meinen Tritt? Wer unterſtützt mich?
Mein Haupt iſt wund, verletzt von Brandes Fall!
Wie, alles ſchweigt? Kein Führer, kein Geleiter?
Folgt Niemand mir, dem einſt ſo Viele folgten?
Geht, Schatten meiner Kinder, denn voran,
Und leitet mich zum Grab, das meiner harrt!
(Er geht).

König.
Nun auf, an's Werk! Dann Trauer ewiglich!
(Auf der andern Seite ab).

(Wilde, einſame Gegend, von Wald und Felſen umſchloſſen,
mit einer Hütte).
(Der Landmann auftretend).

Landmann.
Wie ſchön der Morgen aufſteigt. Güt'ge Götter!
Nach all den Stürmen dieſer finſtern Nacht,
Hebt eu're Sonne ſich in neuer Schönheit.
(Er geht in die Hütte).
(Jaſon kommt wankend auf ſein Schwert geſtützt).

Jaſon.
Ich kann nicht weiter! Weh! mein Haupt — es brennt,
Es glüht das Blut — am Gaumen klebt die Zunge!
Iſt Niemand da? Soll ich allein verſchmachten?
Hier iſt die Hütte, die mir Obdach both,
Als ich, ein reicher Mann, ein reicher Vater,
Hierher kam, neuerwachter Hoffnung voll!
(Anpochend.)
Nur einen Trunk! Nur einen Ort zum Sterben!
(Der Landmann kommt heraus).

Landmann.
Wer pocht? — Wer biſt du Armer? todesmatt!

Jaſon.
Nur Waſſer! — Einen Trunk! — Ich bin der Jaſon,
Des Wunder-Vließes Held! Ein Fürſt! Ein König!
Der Argonauten Führer, Jaſon ich!

Landmann.
Biſt du der Jaſon? ſo heb' dich von hinnen!
Beflecke nicht mein Haus, da du's betrittſt.
Haſt meines Königs Tochter du getödtet,
Nicht ford're Schutz vor ſeines Volkes Thür.
(Er geht hinein, die Thüre ſchließend).

Jaſon.
Er geht und läßt mich liegen hier am Weg;
Im Staub, getreten von des Wand'rers Füßen!
Dich ruf' ich, Tod, führ' mich zu meinen Kindern!
(Er ſinkt nieder).
(Medea tritt hinter einem Felſenſtück hervor, und ſteht mit einemmahl vor ihm, das Vließ wie einen Mantel um ihre Schultern tragend).

Medea.
Jaſon!

Jaſon,
(halb emporgerichtet.)
Wer ruft? — Ha, ſeh' ich recht? Biſt du's?
Entſetzliche! Du trittſt noch vor mich hin?
Mein Schwert! Mein Schwert!
(Er will aufſpringen, ſinkt aber wieder zurück).
O weh mir! Meine Glieder
Verſagen mir den Dienſt! — Gebrochen! — Hin!

Medea.
Laß ab! Du triffſt mich nicht! Ich bin ein Opfer
Für eines Andern Hand, als für die deine.

Jaſon.
Wo haſt du meine Kinder?

Medea.
Meine ſind's!

Jaſon.
Wo haſt du ſie?

Medea.
Sie ſind an einem Ort,
Wo ihnen beſſer iſt, als mir und dir.

Jaſon.
Todt ſind ſie, todt!

Medea.
Dir ſcheint der Tod das Schlimmſte?
Ich kenn' ein noch viel Aerg'res: elend ſeyn.
Hätt'ſt du das Leben höher nicht geachtet,
Als es zu achten iſt, uns wär' nun anders.
Drum tragen wir! Den Kindern iſt's erſpart!

Jaſon.
Das ſagſt du und ſtehſt ruhig?

Medea.
Ruhig! Ruhig!
Wär' dir mein Buſen nicht auch jetzt verſchloſſen,
Wie er dir's immer war, du ſähſt den Schmerz,
Der endlos wallend wie ein brandend Meer,
Die einzeln Trümmer meines Leids verſchlingt,
Und ſie, verhüllt in Greuel der Verwüſtung,
Mit ſich wälzt in das Unermeßliche.
Nicht traur' ich, daß die Kinder nicht mehr ſind,
Ich traure, daß ſie *waren*, und daß *wir* ſind.

Jaſon.
O weh mir, weh!

Medea.
Du trage, was dich trifft,
Denn wahrlich, unverdient trifft es dich nicht!
Wie du vor mir liegſt auf der nackten Erde,
So lag ich auch in Kolchis einſt vor dir,

Und bat um Schonung? doch du ſchonteſt nicht!
Mit blindem Frevel griff'ſt du nach den Loſen,
Ob ich dir zurief gleich: du greifſt den Tod!
So habe denn, was trotzend du gewollt:
Den Tod. Ich aber ſcheide jetzt von dir
Auf immerdar. Es iſt das letztemahl,
In alle Ewigkeit das letztemahl,
Daß ich zu dir nun rede, mein Gemahl.
Leb wohl! Nach all den Freuden früh'rer Tage,
In all' die Schmerzen, die uns jetzt umnachten,
In all' dem Jammer, der noch künftig droht,
Sag' ich dir Lebewohl, mein Gatte.
Ein kummervolles Leben bricht dir an,
Doch was auch kommen mag: Halt aus,
Und ſey im Tragen ſtärker, als im Handeln!
Willſt du im Schmerz vergeh'n, ſo denk' an mich,
Und tröſte dich an meinem größern Jammer,
Die ich gethan, wo du nur unterlaſſen.
Ich geh' hinweg, den ungeheuern Schmerz
Fort mit mir tragend in die weite Welt.
Ein Dolchſtoß wäre Labſal, doch nicht ſo!
Medea ſoll nicht durch Medeen ſterben.
Mein früh'res Leben, eines beſſern Richters
Macht es mich würdig, als Medea iſt.
Nach Delphi geh' ich. An des Gottes Altar,
Von wo das Vließ einſt Phryxus weggenommen,
Häng' ich, dem dunkeln Gott das Seine gebend,
Es auf, das ſelbſt die Flamme nicht verletzt,
Und das hervorging, ganz und unverſehrt,
Aus der Korintherfürſtinn blut'gem Brande.
Dort ſtell' ich mich den Prieſtern dar, ſie fragend:
Ob ſie mein Haupt zum Opfer nehmen an,
Ob ſie mich ſenden in die ferne Wüſte,
In längerm Leben findend läng're Qual.
Erkennſt das Zeichen du, um das du rangſt?
Das dir ein Ruhm war, und ein Glück dir ſchien?
Was iſt der Erde Glück? — Ein Schatten!
Was iſt der Erde Ruhm? — Ein Traum!
Du Armer! Der von Schatten du geträumt!
Der Traum iſt aus, allein die Nacht noch nicht.
Ich ſcheide nun, leb' wohl, mein Gatte!
Die wir zum Unglück uns gefunden,
Im Unglück ſcheiden wir. Leb wohl!

Jaſon.

Verwaiſt! Allein! O meine Kinder!

Medea.

Trage!

Jaſon.

Verloren!

Medea.

Dulde!

Jaſon.

Könnt' ich ſterben!

Medea.

Büße!
Ich geh', und niemahls ſieht dein Aug' mich wieder!
(Indem ſie ſich zum Fortgehen wendet, fällt der Vorhang).

Friedrich Melchior, Freiherr von Grimm

ward den 26. September zu Regensburg geboren und von ſeinen, obwohl armen Eltern, ſorgfältig erzogen und gebildet. Nach beendigten Studien begleitete er den jungen Grafen von Schönburg als Führer nach Leipzig und Paris, und kam hier als Vorleſer des Herzogs von Gotha mit den damals geiſtig und bürgerlich ausgezeichnetſten Perſonen Frankreichs in genaue Verbindung. Später erlangte er dadurch das Secretariat bei dem Herzog von Orleans (Egalite), wurde 1776 zum Baron ernannt und bevollmächtigter Miniſter des Herzogs von Gotha am franzöſiſchen Hofe. Dieſe Stellen gab er jedoch nach Ausbruch der Revolution auf, ging nach Gotha zurück und wurde 1795 ruſſiſcher Miniſterreſident in Hamburg. Der Verluſt eines Auges nöthigte ihn, auch dieſer Stelle zu entſagen, worauf er als kaiſerlich ruſſiſcher Staatsrath und Ritter des Wladimirordens bis zu ſeinem am 19. December 1807 erfolgten Tode in Gotha den Wiſſenſchaften lebte.

Außer ſeinem deutſchen vielfach verſpotteten und getadelten Trauerſpiele „Baniſe“ (ſiehe Gottſched's Schaubühne), ſchrieb er in franzöſiſcher Sprache:

Le prophète de Boehmischbroda. Paris 1753, exiſtirte bereits 1752 in den franzöſiſchen feinen Cirkeln.
Lettre sur la musique française. Ebendaſ. 1752.
Deux lettres sur la littérature Allemande. Paris 1753.
Correspondance littéraire, philosophique et critique. Paris 1812. 16 Bde. Supplementband von Alexander Barbier. Paris 1814. Neue vollſtändige Ausgabe Paris 1829 ff., 15 Bde. Deutſch im Auszuge, Brandenburg 1820—1823, 2 Bde.

Grimm's Schriften und Leben übten zu ſeiner Zeit nur einigen Einfluß auf das franzöſiſche Volk und deſſen Literatur; für Deutſchland iſt er im Allgemeinen völlig wirkungslos geblieben, weshalb wir uns auch, bei Anführung deſſelben, welche, um der Vollſtändigkeit willen, Statt fand, auf das ſo eben Mitgetheilte beſchränken müſſen.

Albert Ludwig Grimm

Von dem Leben dieſes intereſſanten Jugendſchriftſtellers weiß man nur, daß er 1786 zu Schluchtern bei Heilbronn geboren und nach vollendeten Studien zu Weinheim im Badiſchen als Rektor an der daſigen Stadtſchule angeſtellt wurde, wo er noch lebt.

Er gab heraus:

Reiſe in die Gegend von Goldau und Lowerz. (Heidelberg) 1807. 8.
David's Erhöhung, Schauſpiel. Karlsruhe 1811. gr. 8.
Kindermährchen. 2. Ausgabe Heidelberg 1817 in 12. Mit Kupfern.
Lina's Mährchenbuch. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Fabelbibliothek für die Jugend. Frankfurt 1816. 2 Thle.
Geſchichten aus der heiligen Schrift. Heidelberg 1817. 2 Thle.
Mährchenbibliothek für Kinder. Frankfurt 1819—1826. 7 Bde. in 8. mit Kupfern.
Chriſtblumen, Weihnachtsgabe. Ebendaſ. 1824. 2 Thle.
Vorzeit und Gegenwart an der Bergſtraße, dem Neckar und im Odenwald. Darmſtadt 1828. 2. Ausg.

G's Jugendſchriften ſind vortrefflich und dem Beſten anzureihen, was die deutſche Literatur in dieſer Gattung aufzuweiſen hat, indem ſie Gemüthlichkeit und Wärme mit einer lebhaften, anſchaulichen und faßlichen Darſtellung verbinden und, bei ſtets intereſſantem Inhalte, nie ihren Zweck verfehlen, die Aufmerkſamkeit der kleinen Leſer zu feſſeln und bis zum Schluſſe in Spannung zu erhalten. — Dieſelbe Gemüthlichkeit offenbart ſich auch in den anderen Schriften des geiſtvollen Verfaſſers.

Jacob Ludwig Karl Grimm

ward den 4. Januar 1785 zu Hanau geboren, auf dem Lyceum zu Kaſſel für die Univerſität vorbereitet und ſtudirte von 1802—1805 die Rechte zu Marburg. Nach erlangter Doctorwürde des Rechts und ſpäter der Philoſophie und einem kurzen Aufenthalte bei ſeinem Lehrer Savigny in Paris wurde er in Kaſſel bei dem Kriegskollegium und 1808 als Privatbibliothekar des Königs von Weſtphalen und Staatsrathsauditor daſelbſt angeſtellt. 1814 kam er als Sekretär des heſſiſchen Geſandten mit dem verbündeten Heere wieder nach Paris, ging dann zum Congreß nach Wien und beſorgte 1815 einige Privataufträge ſeines Fürſten und des Königs von Preußen in Paris. 1816 wurde er zweiter Bibliothekar in Kaſſel und folgte 1830 einem Rufe nach Göttingen als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und Bibliothekar, wo er mit ſeinem Bruder vorzüglich für die tiefere Kenntniß der Literatur des Mittelalters und der Volksdichtung thätig wirkt.

Er gab heraus in deutſcher Sprache:

Ueber den altdeutſchen Meiſtergeſang. Göttingen 1811. gr. 8.
Lieder der Edda. Berlin 1815. 1. Thl.
Der arme Heinrich von Hartmann von der Aue. Ebendaſ. 1815.
Irmenſäule und Irmenſtraße. Kaſſel 1816.
Deutſche Grammatik. Göttingen 1819. (2. Ausgabe 1822). 1826. 1831. 3 Thle. gr. 8.
Zur Recenſion der deutſchen Grammatik. Kaſſel 1826. gr. 8.
Deutſche Rechtsalterthümer. Göttingen 1828. 2 Thle.

In fremden Sprachen:

Hymnorum veteris ecclesiae XXVI interpretatio Theodisca. Programm. Göttingen 1830. gr. 4.
Silva de romances viejos españoles. Wien 1831. in 16.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinem Bruder, Wilhelm Karl G.:

Die beiden älteſten deutſchen Gedichte. Kaſſel 1812.
Kinder- und Hausmährchen. Berlin 1812—1814. 2 Bde. Neue Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1819—1822. 3 Bdchn. Daſſelbe, kleine Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1825. 2. verbeſſerte Aufl. 1833. in 16.
Altdeutſche Wälder. Frankfurt 1813—1816, 3 Bde. in gr. 8.
Deutſche Sagen. Berlin 1817—1818. 2 Bde. gr. 8.

G. hat ſich namentlich durch ſeine grammatiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Forſchungen, in denen die tiefſte und gründlichſte Gelehrſamkeit und Beleſenheit von dem ausgezeichnetſten Scharfſinn und dem unermüdlichſten Fleiße unterſtützt wird, unſterbliche Verdienſte um die genauere Kenntniß deutſcher Sprache und deutſchen Lebens, namentlich im Mittelalter, erworben, indem er der Erſte war, welcher auf hiſtoriſchem Wege den Grundbau und die Durchbildung des germaniſchen Sprachgebietes entwickelte, ſo wie durch ſeine übrigen Unterſuchungen die Sitten und Verhältniſſe unſerer Vorfahren in klarer Beleuchtung hinſtellte und vorzüglich für die beſſere Entwickelung der Anſichten über das deutſche Recht wirkte. — Ueber die hohe Stellung, welche er in dieſem Gebiete der Literatur einnimmt, iſt daher in unſerem Vaterlande auch nur eine Stimme vorherrſchend, welche ſich mit der lebhafteſten und dankbarſten Anerkennung vernehmen läßt. — Mit welchem Geiſte er ferner die unſerem Volke einwohnende urſprüngliche Poeſie aufzufaſſen und wieder zu geben wiſſe, das beweiſen die mit ſeinem Bruder gemeinſchaftlich herausgegebenen deutſchen Sagen und Mährchen, aus welchen wir hier Mehreres mittheilen.

Kinder- und Hausmährchen.*)

Der Froſchkönig oder der eiſerne Heinrich.

Es war einmal eine Königstochter, die ging hinaus in den Wald und ſetzte ſich an einen kühlen Brunnen. Sie hatte eine goldene Kugel, die war ihr liebſtes Spielwerk, die warf ſie in die Höhe und fing ſie wieder in der Luft und hatte ihre Luſt daran. Einmal war die Kugel gar hoch geflogen, ſie hatte die Hand ſchon ausgeſtreckt und die Finger gekrümmt, um ſie wieder zu fangen, da ſchlug ſie neben vorbei auf die Erde, rollte und rollte und geradezu in das Waſſer hinein.

Die Königstochter blickte ihr erſchrocken nach, der Brunnen war aber ſo tief, daß kein Grund zu ſehen war. Da fing ſie an jämmerlich zu weinen und zu klagen: „ach! wenn ich meine Kugel wieder hätte, da wollt' ich alles darum geben, meine Kleider, meine Edelgeſteine, meine Perlen und was es auf der Welt nur wär'." Wie ſie ſo klagte, ſtreckte ein Froſch ſeinen Kopf aus dem Waſſer und ſprach: „Königstochter, was jammerſt du ſo erbärmlich!" — „Ach," ſagte ſie, „du garſtiger Froſch, was kannſt du mir helfen! meine goldne Kugel iſt mir in den Brunnen gefallen." — Der Froſch ſprach: „deine Perlen, deine Edelgeſteine und deine Kleider, die verlang ich nicht, aber wenn du mich zum Geſellen annehmen willſt, und ich ſoll neben dir ſitzen und von deinem goldnen Tellerlein eſſen und in deinem Bettlein ſchlafen und du willſt mich werth und lieb haben, ſo will ich dir deine Kugel wiederbringen." Die Königstochter dachte, was ſchwätzt der einfältige Froſch wohl, der muß doch in ſeinem Waſſer bleiben, vielleicht aber kann er mir meine Kugel holen, da will ich nur ja ſagen; und ſagte: „ja meinetwegen, ſchaff mir nur erſt die goldne Kugel wieder, es ſoll dir alles verſprochen ſeyn." Der Froſch ſteckte ſeinen Kopf unter das Waſſer und tauchte hinab, es dauerte auch nicht lange, ſo kam er wieder in die Höhe, hatte die Kugel im Maul und warf ſie ans Land. Wie die Königstochter ihre Kugel wieder erblickte, lief ſie geſchwind darauf zu, hob ſie auf und war ſo froh, ſie wieder in ihrer Hand zu halten, daß ſie an nichts weiter gedachte, ſondern damit nach Haus eilte. Der Froſch rief ihr nach: „warte, Königstochter, und nimm mich mit, wie du verſprochen haſt!" aber ſie hörte nicht darauf.

Am andern Tage ſaß die Königstochter an der Tafel, da hörte ſie etwas die Marmortreppe heraufkommen, plitſch, platſch! plitſch, platſch! bald darauf klopfte es auch an der Thüre und rief: „Königstochter, jüngſte, mach mir auf!" Sie lief hin und machte die Thüre auf, da war es der Froſch, an den ſie nicht mehr gedacht hatte; ganz erſchrocken warf ſie die Thüre haſtig zu und ſetzte ſich wieder an die Tafel. Der König aber ſah, daß ihr das Herz klopfte, und ſagte: „warum fürchteſt du dich?" — „Da draußen iſt ein garſtiger Froſch," ſagte ſie, „der hat mir meine goldene Kugel aus dem Waſſer geholt, ich verſprach ihm dafür, er ſollte mein Geſelle werden, ich glaubte aber nimmermehr, daß er aus ſeinem Waſſer heraus könnte, nun iſt er draußen vor der Thür und will herein." Indem klopfte es zum zweitenmal und rief:

„Königstochter, jüngſte,
mach mir auf,
weißt du nicht was geſtern
du zu mir geſagt
bei dem kühlen Brunnenwaſſer?
Königstochter, jüngſte,
mach mir auf!"

Der König ſagte: „was du verſprochen haſt, mußt du halten, geh und mach dem Froſch die Thüre auf." Sie gehorchte und der Froſch hüpfte herein, und ihr auf dem Fuße immer nach, bis zu ihrem Stuhl, und als ſie ſich wieder geſetzt hatte, da rief er: „heb mich herauf auf einen Stuhl neben dich." Die Königstochter wollte nicht, aber der König befahl es ihr. Wie der Froſch oben war, ſprach er: „nun ſchieb dein goldenes Tellerlein näher, ich will mit dir davon eſſen." Das mußte ſie auch thun. Wie er ſich ſatt gegeſſen hatte, ſagte er: „nun bin ich müd' und will ſchlafen, bring mich hinauf in dein Kämmerlein, mach dein Bettlein zurecht, da wollen wir uns hineinlegen." Die Königstochter erſchrack, wie ſie das hörte, ſie fürchtete ſich vor dem kalten Froſch, ſie getraute ſie nicht ihn anzurühren und nun ſollte er bei ihr in ihrem Bett liegen, ſie fing an zu weinen und wollte durchaus nicht. Da ward der König zornig und befahl ihr bei ſeiner Ungnade, zu thun, was ſie verſprochen habe. Es half nichts, ſie mußte thun, wie ihr Vater wollte, aber ſie war bitterböſe in ihrem Herzen. Sie packte den Froſch mit zwei Fingern und trug ihn hinauf in ihre Kammer, legte ſich ins Bett und ſtatt ihn neben ſich zu legen, warf ſie ihn bratſch! an die Wand; „da, nun wirſt du mich in Ruh laſſen, du garſtiger Froſch!"

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*) Aus: Jacob Ludwig Karl Grimm's „Haus- und Kindermährchen. Berlin 1812.

Aber der Froſch fiel nicht todt herunter, ſondern wie er herab auf das Bett kam, da wars ein ſchöner junger Prinz. Der war nun ihr lieber Geſelle, und ſie hielt ihn werth wie ſie verſprochen hatte, und ſie ſchliefen vergnügt zuſammen ein. Am Morgen aber kam ein prächtiger Wagen, mit acht Pferden beſpannt, mit Federn geputzt und goldſchimmernd, dabei war der treue Heinrich des Prinzen, der hatte ſich ſo betrübt über die Verwandlung deſſelben, daß er drei eiſerne Bande um ſein Herz legen mußte, damit es vor Traurigkeit nicht zerſpringe. Der Prinz ſetzte ſich mit der Königstochter in den Wagen, der treue Diener aber ſtand hinten auf, ſo wollten ſie in ſein Reich fahren. Und wie ſie ein Stück Weges gefahren waren, hörte der Prinz hinter ſich ein lautes Krachen, da drehte er ſich um und rief:

„Heinrich, der Wagen bricht!" —
„Nein Herr, der Wagen nicht,
es iſt ein Band von meinem Herzen,
das da lag in großen Schmerzen,
als ihr in dem Brunnen ſaßt,
als ihr eine Fretſche (Froſch) waſ't." (wart)

Noch einmal und noch einmal hörte es der Prinz krachen, und meinte: der Wagen bräche, aber es waren nur die Bande, die vom Herzen des treuen Heinrich abſprangen, weil ſein Herr erlöſt und glücklich war.

Katz und Maus in Geſellſchaft.

Eine Katze und eine Maus wollten zuſammen leben und Wirthſchaft zuſammen haben; ſie ſorgten auch für den Winter und kauften ein Töpfchen mit Fett, und weil ſie keinen beſſern und ſicherern Ort wußten, ſtellten ſie es unter den Altar in der Kirche, da ſollt' es ſtehen, bis ſie ſein bedürftig wären. Einſtmals aber trug die Katze Gelüſten darnach, und ging zur Maus: „hör' Mäuschen, ich bin von meiner Baſe zu Gevatter gebeten, ſie hat ein Söhnchen geboren, weiß und braun gefleckt, das ſoll ich über die Taufe halten, laß mich ausgehen und halt heut allein Haus." — „Ja, ja," ſagte die Maus, geh hin, und wenn du was Gutes iſſeſt, denk an mich, von dem ſüßen rothen Kindbetterwein tränk ich auch gern ein Tröpfchen." Die Katze aber ging geradeswegs in die Kirche und leckte die fette Haut ab, ſpazierte darnach um die Stadt herum und kam erſt am Abend nach Haus. „Du wirſt dich recht erluſtirt haben, ſagte die Maus, wie hat denn das Kind geheißen?" — „Hautab, antwortete die Katze." — „Hautab! das iſt ein ſeltſamer Name, den hab' ich noch nicht gehört."

Bald darnach hatte die Katze wieder ein Gelüſten, ging zur Maus und ſprach: „Ich bin aufs neue zu Gevatter gebeten, das Kind hat einen weißen Ring um den Leib, da kann ichs nicht abſchlagen, du mußt mir den Gefallen thun und allein die Wirthſchaft treiben." Die Maus ſagte ja, die Katze aber ging hin und fraß den Fetttopf bis zur Hälfte leer. Als ſie heim kam, fragte die Maus: „wie iſt denn dieſer Pathe getauft worden?" — „Halbaus" — „Halbaus! was du ſagſt! den Namen hab' ich gar noch nicht gehört, der ſteht gewiß nicht im Calender."

Die Katze aber konnte den Fetttopf nicht vergeſſen: „ich bin zum drittenmal zu Gevatter gebeten; das Kind iſt ſchwarz und hat bloß weiße Pfoten, ſonſt kein weißes Haar am ganzen Leib, das trifft ſich alle paar Jahr nur einmal, du läßt mich doch ausgehen?" — „Hautab, Halbaus, ſagte die Maus, es ſind ſo kurioſe Namen, die machen mich ſo nachdenkſam, doch geh nur hin." Die Maus hielt alles in Ordnung und räumte auf, dieweil fraß die Katze den Fetttopf rein aus und kam ſatt und dick erſt in der Nacht wieder. „Wie heißt denn das dritte Kind?" — „Ganzaus" — Ganzaus! ei! ei! Das iſt der allerbedenklichſte Namen, ſagte die Maus; Ganzaus? was ſoll der bedeuten? gedruckt iſt er mir noch nicht vorgekommen!" damit ſchüttelte ſie den Kopf und legte ſich ſchlafen.

Zum viertenmal wollte niemand die Katze zu Gevatter bitten; der Winter aber kam bald herbei. Wie nun draußen nichts mehr zu finden war, ſagte die Maus zur Katze: „komm wir wollen zum Vorrath gehen, den wir in der Kirche unter dem Altar verſteckt haben." Wie ſie aber hinkamen, war alles leer. — „Ach! ſagte die Maus, nun kommts an den Tag, du haſt Alles gefreſſen, wie du zu Gevatter ausgegangen biſt, erſt Haut ab, dann Halb aus, dann" — „Schweig ſtill, ſagte die Katze, oder ich freß dich, wenn du noch ein Wort ſprichſt" — „Ganz aus" hatte die arme Maus im Mund, und hatt' es kaum geſprochen, ſo ſprang die Katz' auf ſie zu und ſchluckte ſie hinunter.

Marienkind.

Vor einem großen Walde lebte ein Holzhacker mit ſeiner Frau und ſeinem einzigen Kind, das war ein Mädchen und drei Jahr alt. Sie waren aber ſo arm, daß ſie nicht mehr das tägliche Brod hatten und nicht wußten, was ſie ihm ſollten zu eſſen geben. Da ging der Holzhacker voller Sorgen hinaus in den Wald an ſeine Arbeit, und wie er da Holz hackte, ſtand auf einmal eine ſchöne große Frau vor ihm, die hatte eine Krone von leuchtenden Sternen auf dem Haupt und ſprach zu ihm: „ich bin die Jungfrau Maria, die Mutter des Chriſtkindleins, bring mir dein Kind, ich will es mit mir nehmen, ſeine Mutter ſeyn und für es ſorgen." Der Holzhacker gehorchte und holte ſein Kind und gab es der Jungfrau Maria, die nahm es mit ſich hinauf in den Himmel. Da ging es ihm wohl, es aß bloß Zuckerbrod und trank ſüße Milch, und ſeine Kleider waren von Gold und die Englein ſpielten mit ihm. So war es vierzehn Jahre im Himmel, da mußte die Jungfrau Maria eine große Reiſe machen; eh ſie aber weg ging, rief ſie das Mädchen und ſagte: „liebes Kind, da vertrau ich dir die Schlüſſel zu den dreizehn Thüren des Himmelreichs, zwölf darfſt du aufſchließen und betrachten, aber die dreizehnte nicht, die dieſer kleine Schlüſſel öffnet." Das Mädchen verſprach ihren Befehlen zu gehorchen; wie nun die Jungfrau weg war, öffnete es jeden Tag eine Thüre, und ſah die Wohnungen des Himmelreichs. In jeder ſaß ein Apoſtel und war ſo viel Glanz umher, daß es ſein Lebtag ſolche Pracht und Herrlichkeit nicht geſehen. Als es die zwölf Thüren aufgeſchloſſen hatte, war die verbotene noch übrig; lange widerſtand es ſeiner Neugier, endlich aber ward es davon überwältigt und öffnete auch die dreizehnte. Und wie die Thüre aufging, ſah es in Feuer und Glanz die Dreieinigkeit ſitzen und rührte ein klein wenig mit dem Finger an den Glanz, da ward er ganz golden, dann aber ſchlug es geſchwind die Thüre zu und lief fort; ſein Herz klopfte und wollte gar nicht wieder aufhören. Nach wenigen Tagen aber kam die Jungfrau Maria von ihrer Reiſe zurück und forderte die Himmelsſchlüſſel von dem Mädchen, und wie es ſie reichte, ſah ſie es an und ſagte: „haſt du auch nicht die dreizehnte Thüre geöffnet?" — „Nein," antwortete es. Da legte ſie ihre Hand auf ſein Herz, das klopfte und klopfte, da ſah ſie, daß es ihr Gebot übertreten und die Thüre aufgeſchloſſen hatte: „haſt du es gewiß nicht gethan?" „Nein," ſagte das Mädchen noch einmal. Da ſah ſie den goldenen Finger, womit es das himmliſche Feuer angerührt hatte, und wußte nun gewiß, daß es ſchuldig war und ſprach: „du haſt mir nicht gehorcht und haſt gelogen, du biſt nicht mehr würdig im Himmel zu ſeyn."

Da verſank das Mädchen in einen tiefen, tiefen Schlaf, und als es erwachte, war es auf der Erde und lag unter einem hohen Baum, der war rings mit dichten Gebüſchen umzäunt, ſo daß es ganz eingeſchloſſen war, der Mund war ihm auch verſchloſſen und es konnte kein Wort reden. In dem Baum war eine Höhle, darin ſaß es bei Regen und Gewitter, und ſchlief es in der Nacht; Wurzeln und Waldbeeren waren ſeine Nahrung, die ſuchte es ſich, ſo weit es kommen konnte. Im Herbſt ſammelte es Wurzeln und Blätter und trug ſie in die Höhle, und wenn es dann ſchneite und fror, ſaß es darin. Seine Kleider verdarben auch und fielen ihm ab, da ſaß es in die Blätter ganz eingehüllt, und wenn die Sonne wieder warm ſchien, ging es heraus, ſetzte ſich vor den Baum, und ſeine langen Haare bedeckten es von allen Seiten wie ein Mantel.

Einmal, als es ſo im Frühjahr vor dem Baume ſaß, drängte ſich jemand mit Gewalt durch das Gebüſch, das war aber der König, der in dem Wald gejagt und ſich verirrt hatte. Er war erſtaunt, daß in der Einöde ein ſo ſchönes Mädchen allein ſaß, und fragte es: ob es mit auf ſein Schloß gehen wollte. Es konnte aber nicht antworten, ſondern nickte bloß ein wenig mit dem Kopf, da hob es der König auf ſein Pferd und führte es mit ſich heim und bald gewann er es ſo lieb, daß er es zu ſeiner Gemahlin machte. Nach Verlauf eines Jahres brachte die Königin einen ſchönen Prinzen zur Welt. In der Nacht erſchien ihr die Jungfrau Maria und ſprach: „ſag' jetzt die Wahrheit, daß du die verbotene Thür aufgeſchloſſen haſt, dann will ich dir die Sprache wiedergeben, ohne die du doch nicht recht vergnügt leben kannſt, biſt du aber hartnäckig und willſt es nicht geſtehen, ſo nehm' ich dein Kind mit." Die Königin aber blieb dabei, ſie habe die verbotene Thüre nicht geöffnet. Da nahm die Jungfrau Maria das kleine Kind und verſchwand damit. Am andern Morgen aber, als das Kind fort war, ging ein Gemurmel, die ſtumme Königin ſey eine Menſchenfreſſerin und habe ihr eigen Kind gegeſſen. — Nach einem Jahr gebar die Königin wieder einen Prinzen, die Jungfrau Maria trat wieder vor ſie und bat ſie, nun die Wahrheit zu ſagen, ſonſt verliere ſie auch das zweite Kind. Die Königin aber beharrte darauf, ſie habe die verbotene Thür nicht geöffnet, und die Jungfrau nahm das Kind mit ſich fort. Am Morgen, als es fehlte, ſagten des Königs Räthe laut, die Königin ſey eine Menſchenfreſſerin und drangen darauf, daß ſie für ihre gottloſe Thaten gerichtet werde; der König aber hieß ſie ſtillſchweigen und wollte es nicht glauben, weil er die Königin ſo lieb hatte. Im dritten Jahre brachte ſie eine Prinzeſſin zur Welt, da erſchien die Jungfrau Maria wieder, nahm ſie mit in den Himmel und zeigte ihr da ihre zwei älteſten Kinder, die mit der Weltkugel ſpielten. Darauf bat ſie noch einmal, ſie mögte ihren Fehler geſtehen und nicht länger bei der Lüge beharren. Aber die Königin war nicht zu bewegen, und blieb bei ihrer Ausſage. Da verließ ſie die Jungfrau Maria, und nahm das jüngſte Kind auch mit ſich.

Der König konnte nun ſeine Räthe nicht länger zurückhalten, ſie behaupteten, die Königin ſey eine Menſchenfreſſerin, das ſey gewiß, und weil ſie ſtumm war, konnte ſie ſich nicht vertheidigen, da ward ſie verdammt, auf dem Scheiterhaufen zu ſterben. Wie ſie nun darauf ſtand, angebunden war, und das Feuer rings ſchon zu brennen anfing, da ward ihr Herz bewegt und ſie gedachte bei ſich: „ach, wenn ich auch ſterben müßte, wie gern wollt' ich der Jungfrau Maria vorher noch geſtehen, daß ich die verbotene Thüre im Himmel aufgeſchloſſen habe, wie hab' ich ſo böſ' gethan, das zu leugnen!" Und wie ſie das gedachte, in dem Augenblick, da that ſich der Himmel auf, und die Jungfrau Maria kam herunter, zu ihren Seiten die beiden älteſten Kinder, auf ihrem Arm das jüngſte; das Feuer aber löſchte ſich von ſelbſt aus, und ſie trat zur Königin und ſprach: „da du die Wahrheit haſt ſagen wollen, iſt dir deine Schuld vergeben," und reichte ihr die Kinder, öffnete ihr den Mund, daß ſie von nun an ſprechen konnte, und verlieh ihr Glück auf ihr Lebtag.

Gut Kegel- und Kartenſpiel.

Es war einmal ein alter König, der hatte eine Tochter, die war die ſchönſte Jungfrau auf der Welt. Da ließ er bekannt machen: „wer drei Nächte in meinem alten Schloß wacht, ſoll die Prinzeſſin zur Gemahlin haben." Nun war ein junger Burſch, arm von Haus aus, der gedacht': ich will mein Leben daran wagen, nichts zu verlieren, viel zu gewinnen, was iſt da lang zu beſinnen! Alſo ſtellt' er ſich vor den König und bot ſich an, drei Nächte in dem Schloß zu wachen. „Du darfſt Dir noch etwas ausbitten, das Du mitnimmſt in das Schloß, aber von lebloſen Dingen," ſagte der König. — „So bitt' ich mir eine Schnitzbank mit dem Schnitzmeſſer aus, eine Drehbank und ein Feuer."

Das wird ihm alles in das alte Schloß getragen; darauf, wie es anfängt dunkel zu werden, geht er ſelbſt hinein. Anfangs iſt alles ſtill darin, er macht ſich ein Feuer an, ſtellt die Schnitzbank mit dem Meſſer daneben und ſetzt ſich auf die Drehbank. Wie es aber gegen Mitternacht geht, fängt ein Gerumpel an, „erſt ſachte, dann ſtärker, biff! baff! hehe! holla ho! immer ärger, dann iſts ein klein bischen ſtill, endlich kommt ein Bein den Schornſtein herunter und ſtellt ſich gerade vor ihn hin. „Holla, ruft der Burſch, noch mehr, eins iſt zu wenig!" Da geht der Lärm von friſchem an, dann fällt noch ein Bein herunter und noch eins und ſo fort, bis es neun ſind. „Nun iſts genug und die ſind gut zum Kegelſpiel, aber die Kugeln fehlen noch, friſch!" Da tobts entſetzlich und fallen zwei Köpfe herunter. Die ſetzt er in die Drehbank und dreht ſie rund; „daß ihr gut ſchübt!" dann macht er die Beine gleich und ſtellt ſie wie die Kegel auf: holla! nun gehts luſtig!"

Da kamen zwei große ſchwarze Katzen, gingen ums Feuer herum und ſchrien: „au! miau! was uns friert! was uns friert!" — „Ihr Narren, was ſchreit Ihr, ſetzt euch ans Feuer und wärmt euch." Wie die Katzen ſich gewärmt hatten, ſagten ſie: „Cammrad! wir wollen eins in der Karte ſpielen." „Ja, antwortete er, aber zeigt einmal eure Pfoten her. Ihr habt ſo lange Nägel, die will ich Euch erſt abſchneiden." Damit packte er ſie am Kragen und hob ſie auf die Schnitzbank, da ſchraubt' er ſie feſt und ſchmiß ſie todt. Dann trug er ſie hinaus und warf ſie in einen kleinen Teich, dem Schloß gegenüber. Wie er die zur Ruh gebracht, und ſich wieder zum Feuer ſetzen wollte und ſich wärmen, da kamen viele ſchwarze Katzen und Hunde, bald aus allen Ecken und immer mehr und mehr, daß er ſich nicht mehr bergen konnte, die ſchrien, traten ihm auf ſein Feuer, zerrten es auseinander und machten es ganz aus. Da faßte er ſein Schnitzmeſſer: „fort Ihr Geſindel!" und hieb ein. Ein großer Theil lief weg, die andern ſchmiß er todt und trug ſie auch hinaus in den Teich. Dann blies er ſich das Feuer wieder an aus einem Funken und wärmte ſich.

Als er ſich gewärmt hatte, ward er müd' und legte ſich in ein großes Bett, das in der Ecke ſtand. Und als er eben einſchlafen wollte, fing das Bett an zu fahren und fuhr im ganzen Schloß herum. „Das geht gut ſo, nur beſſer zu!" ſagte er. Da fuhr das Bett, als zögens ſechs Pferde, über Schwellen und Treppen: hopp! hopp! warf es um, das unterſt zu oberſt und er drunter. Da ſchleudert' er Decken und Kiſſen in die Höh' und ſtieg heraus: „mag fahren, wer Luſt hat!" legte ſich zum Feuer und ſchlief bis es Tag war.

Am Morgen kam der König, und als er den jungen Burſchen da liegen und ſchlafen ſah, meint' er, der wäre auch todt, und ſagte, es ſey ſchade um ihn. Da erwachte der Burſch von den Worten, und wie er den König ſah, ſtand er auf; der fragte ihn, wie es gegangen wäre in der Nacht? „Recht gut, eine wär' herum, die zwei werden auch noch herum gehn." Die andern Nächte gings ebenſo, aber er wußte ſchon, wie es anzugreifen war, und am vierten Tag ward ihm die ſchöne Königstochter gegeben.

Der Wolf und die ſieben jungen Geiſslein.

Eine Geis hatte ſieben Junge, die ſie gar lieb hatte und ſorgfältig vor dem Wolf hütete. Eines Tags, als ſie ausgehen mußte, Futter zu holen, rief ſie alle zuſammen und ſagte: „liebe Kinder, ich muß ausgehen und Futter holen, wahrt euch vor dem Wolf und laßt ihn nicht herein, gebt auch Acht, denn er verſtellt ſich oft, aber an ſeiner rauhen Stimme und an ſeinen ſchwarzen Pfoten könnt ihr ihn erkennen; hütet euch, wenn er erſt einmal im Haus iſt, ſo frißt er euch alle miteinander." Darauf ging ſie fort, bald aber kam der Wolf vor die Hausthüre und rief: „liebe Kinder, macht mir auf, ich bin eure Mutter und hab' euch ſchöne Sachen mitgebracht." Die ſieben Geiſerchen aber ſprachen: „unſere Mutter biſt du nicht, die hat eine feine liebliche Stimme, deine Stimme aber iſt rauh, du biſt der Wolf, wir machen dir nicht auf." Der Wolf ging fort zu einem Krämer und kaufte ſich ein groß Stück Kreide, die aß er und machte ſeine Stimme fein damit. Darnach ging er wieder zu der ſieben Geiſslein Hausthüre und rief mit feiner Stimme: „liebe Kinder, laßt mich ein, ich bin eure Mutter, jedes von euch ſoll etwas haben." Er hatte aber ſeine Pfote in das Fenſter gelegt, das ſahen die ſieben Geiſerchen und ſprachen: „unſere Mutter biſt du nicht, die hat keinen ſchwarzen Fuß, wie du; du biſt der Wolf, wir machen dir nicht auf." Der Wolf ging fort zu einem Bäcker und ſprach: „Bäcker, beſtreich mir meine Pfote mit friſchem Teig," und als das gethan war, ging er zum Müller und ſprach: „Müller, ſtreu mir fein weißes Mehl auf meine Pfote." Der Müller ſagte nein. — „Wenn du es nicht thuſt, ſo freß ich dich." Da mußte es der Müller thun.

Darauf ging der Wolf wieder vor der ſieben Geiſerchen Hausthüre und ſagte: „liebe Kinder, laßt mich ein, ich bin eure Mutter, jedes von euch ſoll etwas geſchenkt kriegen." Die ſieben Geiſerchen wollten erſt die Pfote ſehen, und wie ſie ſahen, daß ſie ſchneeweiß war und den Wolf ſo fein ſprechen hörten, glaubten ſie, es wäre ihre Mutter und machten die Thüre auf und der Wolf kam herein. Wie ſie ihn aber erkannten, verſteckten ſie ſich geſchwind, ſo gut es ging, das eine unter den Tiſch, das zweite ins Bett, das dritte in den Ofen, das vierte in die Küche, das fünfte in den Schrank, das ſechſte unter eine große Schüſſel, das ſiebente in die Wanduhr. Aber der Wolf fand ſie alle und verſchluckte ſie, außer das jüngſte in der Wanduhr, das blieb am Leben.

Wie der Wolf ſeine Luſt gebüßt, ging er fort; bald darauf kam die alte Geis nach Haus. Was für ein Jammer! der Wolf war da geweſen und hatte ihre lieben Kinder gefreſſen. Sie glaubte ſie wären alle todt, da ſprang das jüngſte aus der Wanduhr, und erzählte, wie das Unglück gekommen war.

Der Wolf aber, weil er ſich vollgefreſſen, war auf eine grüne Wieſe gegangen, hatte ſich in den Sonnenſchein gelegt und war in einen tiefen Schlaf gefallen. Die alte Geis dachte daran, ob ſie ihre Kinder nicht noch erretten könnte, ſagte darum zu dem jüngſten Geißlein: „nimm Zwirn, Nadel und Scheere und folg' mir nach." Darauf ging ſie hinaus und fand den Wolf ſchnarchend auf der Wieſe liegen: „da liegt der garſtige Wolf," ſagte ſie und betrachtete ihn von allen Seiten, „nachdem er zum Vieruhrbrot meine ſechs Kindlein hinunter gefreſſen hat; gieb mir einmal die Scheere her: „Ach! wenn ſie noch lebendig in ſeinem Leibe wären!" damit ſchnitt ſie ihm den Bauch auf, und die ſechs Geißerchen, die er in der Gier ganz verſchluckt hatte, ſprangen unverſehrt heraus. Sie hieß ſie gleich hingehen und große und ſchwere Wackerſteine herbeitragen, damit füllten ſie dem Wolf den Leib, nähten ihn wieder zu, liefen fort und verſteckten ſich hinter eine Hecke.

Als der Wolf ausgeſchlafen hatte, ſo fühlt' er es ſo ſchwer im Leib und ſprach: „es rumpelt und pumpelt mir im Leib herum! es rumpelt und pumpelt mir im Leib herum! was iſt das? ich hab nur ſechs Geißerchen gegeſſen." Er dachte, er wollt einen friſchen Trunk thun, das mögt' ihm helfen und ſuchte einen Brunnen, aber wie er ſich darüber bückte, konnt er vor der Schwere der Steine ſich nicht mehr halten, und ſtürzt ins Waſſer. Wie das die ſieben Geißerchen ſahen, kamen ſie herzu gelaufen, und tanzten vor Freude um den Brunnen.

Von der Nachtigall und der Blindſchleiche.

Es waren einmal eine Nachtigall und eine Blindſchleiche, die hatten jede nur ein Aug' und lebten zuſammen in einem Haus lange Zeit in Frieden und Einigkeit. Eines Tages aber wurde die Nachtigall auf eine Hochzeit gebeten, da ſprach ſie zur Blindſchleiche: „ich bin da auf eine Hochzeit gebeten und mögte nicht gern ſo mit einem Aug' hingehen, ſey doch ſo gut und leih mir deins dazu, ich bring dirs Morgen wieder." Und die Blindſchleiche that es aus Gefälligkeit.

Aber den andern Tag, wie die Nachtigall nach Haus gekommen war, gefiel es ihr ſo wohl, daß ſie zwei Augen im Kopf trug und zu beiden Seiten ſehen konnte, daß ſie der armen Blindſchleiche ihr geliehenes Aug' nicht wiedergeben wollte. Da ſchwur die Blindſchleiche, ſie wollte ſich an ihr, an ihren Kindern und Kindeskindern rächen. „Geh nur, ſagte die Nachtigall, und ſuch einmal:

ich bau mein Neſt auf jene Linden,
ſo hoch, ſo hoch, ſo hoch, ſo hoch,
da magſt du's nimmermehr finden!

Seit der Zeit haben alle Nachtigallen zwei Augen und alle Blindſchleichen keine Augen. Aber wo die Nachtigall hinbaut, da wohnt unten auch im Buſch eine Blindſchleiche, und ſie trachtet immer hinaufzukriechen, Löcher in die Eier ihrer Feindin zu bohren oder ſie auszuſaufen.

Von dem geſtohlenen Heller.

Es ſaß ein Vater mit ſeiner Frau und ſeinen Kindern, und einem guten Freund, der ihn beſuchte, Mittags am Tiſch. Wie ſie ſo ſaßen und es zwölf Uhr ſchlug, da ſah der Fremde die Thüre aufgehen, und es kam ein ſchneeweiß gekleidetes blaſſes Kindlein herein: es blickte ſich nicht um, ſprach auch nichts, ſondern ging ſtill in die Kammer neben an. Bald darauf kam es zurück, und ging eben ſo ſtill wieder fort. Am zweiten und dritten Tag kam daſſelbige Kind wieder; da fragte der Fremde den Vater, wem das ſchöne Kind gehöre, das alle Mittag in die Kammer gehe. Der Vater antwortete, er wiſſe nichts davon, er hab' es auch noch nicht geſehen. Am andern Tage, als es zwölf Uhr ſchlug und es wieder hereintrat, ſo zeigte es der Fremde dem Vater, der ſah aber nichts, und die Mutter und die Kinder alle ſahen auch nichts. Der Fremde ſtand auf, ging zu der Thüre, öffnete ſie ein wenig und guckte hinein. Da ſah er das blaſſe Kindlein auf der Erde ſitzen und emſig mit den Fingern in den Dielenritzen graben und wühlen, wie es aber den Fremden bemerkte, verſchwand es. Darauf erzählte er, was er geſehen, und beſchrieb das Kindlein genau, da erkannte es die Mutter und ſagte: „ach! das iſt mein liebes Kind, das vor vier Wochen geſtorben iſt." Da brachen ſie die Dielen auf und fanden zwei Heller, die hatte das Kind einmal einem armen Manne geben ſollen, es hatte aber gedacht, dafür kannſt du dir einen Zwieback kaufen, die Heller behalten und in die Dielenritzen verſteckt, und da hatte es im Grabe keine Ruh und mußte alle Mittage kommen und die Heller ſuchen. Sie gaben darauf das Geld einem Armen, und nachher iſt das Kindlein nicht wieder geſehen worden.

Die Hand mit dem Meſſer.

Es war ein kleines Mädchen, das hatte drei Brüder, die galten bei der Mutter alles, und es wurde überall zurückgeſetzt, hart angefahren und mußte täglich Morgens früh ausgehen, Torf zu graben auf ödem Heidegrund, welchen ſie zum Kochen und Brennen brauchten. Noch dazu bekam es ein altes und ſtumpfes Geräth, womit es die ſaure Arbeit verrichten ſollte.

Aber das kleine Mädchen hatte einen Liebhaber, der war ein Elf und wohnte nahe an ihrer Mutter Haus in einem Hügel, und ſo oft es nun an dem Hügel vorbei kam, ſo reckte er ſeine Hand aus dem Fels, und hielt darin ein ſehr ſcharfes Meſſer, das von ſonderlicher Kraft war und alles durchſchnitt. Mit dieſem Meſſer ſchnitt ſie den Torf bald heraus, ging vergnügt mit der nöthigen Ladung heim, und wenn ſie am Fels vorbeikam, klopfte ſie zweimal daran, ſo reckte die Hand heraus und nahm das Meſſer in Empfang.

Als aber die Mutter merkte, wie geſchwind und leicht ſie immer den Torf heimbrachte, erzählte ſie den Brüdern, es müßte ihr jemand anders dabei helfen, ſonſt wäre es nicht möglich. Da ſchlichen ihr die Brüder nach und ſahen, wie ſie das Zaubermeſſer bekam, holten ſie ein und drangen es ihr mit Gewalt ab. Darauf kehrten ſie zurück, ſchlugen an den Felſen, wie ſie gewohnt war zu thun, und wie der gute Elf die Hand herausſtreckte, ſchnitten ſie ſie ihm ab mit ſeinem ſelbeigenen Meſſer. Der blutende Arm zog ſich zurück, und weil der Elf glaubte ſeine Geliebte hätte es aus Verrath gethan, ſo wurde er ſeitdem nimmermehr geſehen.

Die zwölf Brüder.

Es war einmal ein König, der hatte zwölf Kinder, das waren lauter Buben, er wollte auch kein Mädchen haben, und ſagte zur Königin: „wenn das dreizehnte Kind, was du zur Welt bringſt, ein Mädchen iſt, ſo laß ich die zwölf andern tödten, iſts aber auch ein Bube, dann ſollen ſie alle miteinander leben bleiben." — Die Königin gedachte es ihm auszureden. Der König wollte aber nichts weiter hören: „wenns ſo iſt, wie ich geſagt habe, ſo müſſen ſie ſterben, lieber hau' ich ihnen ſelber den Kopf ab, als daß ein Mädchen darunter wäre."

Da war die Königin traurig, denn ſie hatte ihre Söhne von Herzen lieb und wußte nicht, wie ſie zu retten waren. Endlich ging ſie zu dem jüngſten, den ſie vor allen lieb hatte, offenbarte ihm, was der König beſchloſſen, und ſagte: „allerliebſtes Kind, geh du mit deinen eilf Brüdern hinaus in den Wald, da bleibt und kommt nicht nach Haus, einer von euch aber halte immer Wacht auf einem Baum und ſehe nach dem Thurm hier, wenn ich ein Söhnchen zur Welt bringe, will ich obenauf eine weiße Fahne ſtecken, iſts aber ein Töchterchen eine rothe, und wenn ihr das ſeht, dann rettet euch, flieht in die weite Welt, und der liebe Gott behüt euch. Alle Nacht will ich aufſtehen und für euch beten; wenns kalt iſt im Winter, daß ihr nicht friert und ein warmes Feuer vor euch brennt, und wenns heiß iſt im Sommer, daß ihr in einem kühlen Walde ruht und ſchlaft."

So ſegnete ſie die Kinder und ſie gingen fort in den Wald. Oft guckten ſie nach dem Thurm, und einer mußte beſtändig auf einer hohen Eiche ſitzen und Acht haben. Bald auch wurde eine Fahne aufgeſteckt, es war aber nicht die weiße, ſondern die rothe Blutfahne, die ihnen den Untergang brachte. Wie die Buben ſie erblickten, wurden ſie alle zornig und riefen: „ſollen wir eines Mädchens willen das Leben laſſen!" da ſchwuren ſie zuſammen, mitten im Wald zu bleiben, und aufzupaſſen; wenn ſich ein Mädchen ſehen ließ, wollten ſie es ohne Gnade tödten

Darauf ſuchten ſie eine Höhle, wo der Wald am dunkelſten war, wo ſie wohnten. Alle Morgen zogen eilf hinaus auf die Jagd, einer mußte aber zu Haus bleiben, kochen, und den Haushalt führen. Jedes Mädchen, das den eilfen begegnete, war ohne Barmherzigkeit verloren; das dauerte viele Jahre.

Das Schweſterchen zu Haus aber ward groß und blieb das einzige Kind. Einmal hatte es große Wäſche, darunter waren auch zwölf Mannshemden. „Wem ſind denn dieſe Hemder, fragte die Prinzeſſin, meinem Vater ſind ſie doch viel zu klein," da erzählte ihr die Wäſcherin, daß ſie zwölf Brüder gehabt hätte, die wären heimlich fortgegangen. kein Menſch wiſſe wohin, weil ſie der König habe wollen tödten laſſen, und dieſen zwölf Brüdern gehörten dieſe zwölf Hemder. Das Schweſterchen verwunderte ſich, daß ihm niemals von ſeinen zwölf Brüdern etwas zu Ohren gekommen und wie es Nachmittags auf der Wieſe ſaß und die Wäſche bleichte, da fielen ihm die Worte der Wäſcherin wieder ein, und es ward nachdenkſam, und endlich ſtieg es auf, nahm die zwölf Hemder und ging in den Wald hinein, wo ſeine Brüder lebten.

Das Schweſterchen kam gerade zu der Höhle, wo ſie ihre Wohnung hatten. Die eilf waren auf der Jagd und nur ein einziger daheim, der kochen mußte. Wie der das Mädchen erblickte, faßte er es gleich, und holte ſein Schwert: „knie nieder, dein rothes Blut muß den Augenblick fließen.“ Das Mädchen aber bat ihn: „lieber Herr, laßt mich leben, ich will kochen und den Haushalt führen.“ Es war gerade der jüngſte Bruder, den erbarmte die Schönheit des Mädchens und er ſchenkte ihr das Leben. Wie die eilfe nach Haus kamen und ſich verwunderten, ein Mädchen lebendig in der Höhle zu finden, ſagte er zu ihnen: „liebe Brüder, dies Mädchen iſt in die Höhle gekommen, und wie ich es niederhauen wollte, da bat es ſo ſehr um ſein Leben, es wollt uns treu dienen und den Haushalt führen, daß ichs ihm geſchenkt habe.“ Die andern gedachten, daß ihnen das vortheilhaft wäre und daß ſie nun alle zwölf auf die Jagd ausgehen könnten, und warens zufrieden. Da zeigte es ihnen die zwölf Hemdlein und ſagte, es wär' ihre Schweſter; darüber freuten ſie ſich alle, und waren froh, daß ſie es nicht getödtet hatten.

Das Schweſterchen übernahm nun den Haushalt, und wenn die Brüder auf der Jagd waren, ſammelte es Holz und Kräuter, ſtellte zu am Feuer, deckte die Bettlein hübſch weiß und rein, und that alles unverdroſſen und fleißig. Einmal geſchah es, daß es fertig war mit aller Arbeit, da ging es in den Wald ſpazieren. Es kam an einen Platz, wo zwölf ſchöne hohe, weiße Lilien ſtanden, und weil ſie ihr ſo wohl gefielen, brach ſie alle mit einander ab. Kaum aber war das geſchehen, ſo ſtand eine alte Frau vor ihr: „ach meine Tochter, ſagte ſie, warum haſt du die zwölf Studentenblumen nicht ſtehen laſſen! das ſind deine zwölf Brüder, die ſind nun alle in Raben verwandelt worden und ſind verloren auf ewig.“ Das Schweſterchen fing an zu weinen, „ach! ſagte es, giebts denn kein Mittel ſie zu erlöſen?“ „Nein, es iſt kein Mittel auf der Welt, als ein einziges, das iſt ſo ſchwer, daß du ſie nicht damit befreien wirſt: du mußt zwölf ganzer Jahre ſtumm ſeyn; ſprichſt du nur ein einziges Wort, und es fehlt nur eine Stunde daran, ſo iſt alles umſonſt und deine Brüder ſind in dem Augenblick todt.“

Das Schweſterchen ſetzte ſich da auf einen hohen Baum im Wald und ſpann und wollte zwölf Jahre ſtumm ſitzen, um ſeine Brüder zu erlöſen. Es geſchah aber, daß der König auf einer Jagd durch den Wald ritt, und als er an dem Baum vorbei kam, ſtand ſein Hund ſtill und bellte. Der König hielt an, ſah hinauf und war ganz verwundert über die Schönheit der Prinzeſſin. Er rief ihr zu, ob ſie ſeine Gemahlin werden wollte. Sie ſchwieg aber ſtill und nickte nur ein wenig mit dem Kopf. Da ſtieg der König ſelber hinauf und hob ſie herunter, ſetzte ſie vor ſich auf ſein Pferd und brachte ſie heim in ſein Schloß, wo die Hochzeit prächtig gehalten ward. Die Prinzeſſin ſprach aber niemals ein Wort und der König glaubte ſie ſey ſtumm. Doch hätten ſie vergnügt mit einander gelebt, wenn nicht die Mutter des Königs geweſen wäre, die fing an die Königin bei ihrem Sohn zu verläumden: „es iſt ein gemeines Bettelmädchen, das du aus der Fremde mitgebracht haſt, die hinter deinem Rücken die ſchändlichſten Dinge treibt.“ Weil die Königin nun ſich nicht vertheidigen konnte, ließ ſich der König verführen, und glaubte ihr endlich und verurtheilte ſie zum Tod. Da ward ein großes Feuer angemacht im Hof, da ſollte ſie verbrannt werden. Schon ſtand ſie in den Flammen und die ſpielten an ihrem Kleide; da war eben die letzte Minute von den zwölf Jahren verfloſſen, man hörte in der Luft ein Geräuſch, und es kamen zwölf Raben hergeflogen und ließen ſich nieder. Wie ſie die Erde berührten, waren es zwölf ſchöne Prinzen, die riſſen das Feuer von einander und führten ihre Schweſter heraus. Da ſprach ſie ihr erſtes Wort wieder und ſagte dem König alles, wie es zugegangen und ſie die zwölf Brüder habe erlöſen müſſen; und ſie waren alle vergnügt, daß es ſo wohl geworden war.

Was ſollten ſie mit der böſen Stiefmutter anfangen; ſie ward in ein Faß geſteckt von ſiedendem Oehl und von giftigen Schlangen angefüllt, und ſtarb da eines böſen Todes.

Das Lumpengeſindel.

Hähnchen ſprach zum Hühnchen: „die Nüſſe ſind reif, da wollen wir mit einander auf den Berg gehen, und uns einmal recht ſatt daran eſſen, eh ſie das Eichhorn alle weg holt.“ Ja, antwortete das Hühnchen, „komm da wollen wir uns eine Luſt miteinander machen.“ Sie gingen zuſammen fort, und weil es ein heller Tag war, blieben ſie bis zum Abend; nun weiß ich nicht, ob ſie ſich ſo dick gegeſſen oder ob ſie ſo übermüthig geworden waren, ſie wollten nicht zu Fuß nach Haus gehen, und das Hähnchen mußte einen kleinen Wagen von Nußſchaalen bauen. Als er fertig war, ſetzte ſich Hühnchen hinein und ſagte zum Hähnchen: „du kannſt dich nur immerhin vorſpannen.“ — „Nein, ſagte das Hähnchen, das wäre mir recht! lieber geh ich zu Fuß nach Haus, als daß ich mich vorſpannen laſſe, ſo haben wir nicht gewettet; Kutſcher will ich wohl ſeyn und auf dem Bock ſitzen, aber ſelbſt ziehen, das thu ich nicht.“

Wie ſie ſich ſo ſtritten, ſchnatterte eine Ente daher: „ihr Diebsvolk, wer hat euch geheißen in meinen Nußberg gehen, das ſoll euch ſchlecht bekommen,“ ging damit auf das Hähnchen los. Aber Hähnchen war auch nicht faul, und ſtieg der Ente tüchtig zu Leib, endlich hackte es mit ſeinen Sporn ſo gewaltig, daß ſie um Gnade bat und ſich gern zur Strafe vor den Wagen ſpannen ließ. Hähnchen ſetzte ſich auf den Bock und war Kutſcher, und nun ging es fort, im Gallop: Ente lauf zu was du kannſt! Als ſie ein Stück Wegs gefahren waren, begegneten ſie zwei Fußgängern, einer Stecknadel und einer Nähnadel. Die riefen halt und ſagten, es werde gleich ſtichdunkel werden, da könnten ſie keinen Schritt weiter, dabei wäre es ſo ſchmutzig auf der Straße, ob ſie nicht ein wenig einſitzen könnten; ſie ſeyen auf der Schneiderherberge vor dem Thore geweſen und hätten ſich beim Bier verſpätet. Das Hähnchen, da es magere Leute waren, die nicht viel Platz einnahmen, ließ ſie beide einſteigen, doch mußten ſie verſprechen, ihm nicht auf die Füße zu treten. Spät Abends kamen ſie zu einem Wirthshaus, und weil ſie die Nacht nicht weiter fahren wollten, die Ente auch nicht gut zu Fuß war und von einer Seite auf die andere fiel, kehrten ſie ein. Der Wirth machte anfangs viel Einwendungen, ſein Haus ſey ſchon voll, gedachte auch wohl, es möchten keine vornehme Paſſagiere ſeyn; endlich aber, da ſie ſüße Reden führten, er ſolle das Ei haben, welches das Hühnchen unterwegs gelegt hatte, auch die Ente behalten, die alle Tage eins lege, ſo gab er nach. Nun ließen ſie ſich wieder friſch auftragen und lebten in Saus und Braus. Früh Morgens, als es erſt dämmerte und noch alles ſchlief, weckte Hähnchen das Hühnchen, holte das Ei, pickte es auf und ſie verzehrten es zuſammen, die Schalen aber warfen ſie auf den Feuerheerd. Dann gingen ſie zu der Nähnadel, die noch ſchlief, packten ſie beim Kopf und ſteckten ſie in das Seſſelkiſſen des Wirths, die Stecknadel aber in ſein Handtuch, darauf flogen ſie, mir nichts dir nichts, über die Heide davon. Die Ente, die unter freiem Himmel ſchlafen wollte und im Hofe geblieben war, hörte ſie fortſchnurren, machte ſich munter und fand einen Bach, auf dem ſie hinunter ſchwamm, und das ging geſchwinder als vor dem Wagen. Ein paar Stunden darnach ſtieg der Wirth aus den Federn, wuſch ſich und wollte ſich am Handtuch abtrocknen, da zerriß er ſich das Geſicht mit der Stecknadel, dann ging er in die Küche und wollte ſich eine Pfeife anſtecken, wie er aber an den Heerd kam, ſprangen ihm die Eierſchalen in die Augen. „Heute Morgen trifft Alles meinen Kopf,“ ſagte er, und ſetzte ſich ärgerlich in ſeinen Großvaterſtuhl — auweh! da ward er noch ſchlimmer getroffen von der Nähnadel und nicht an den Kopf. Da ward er vollends böſ' und hatte Verdacht auf die Gäſte, die ſo ſpät geſtern Abend gekommen waren, und wie er ging und ſich nach ihnen umſah, waren ſie fort. Da that er einen Schwur, kein Lumpengeſindel mehr in ſein Haus zu nehmen, das viel verzehrt, nichts bezahlt und obendrein zum Dank Schabernack treibt.

Brüderchen und Schweſterchen.

Brüderchen nahm ſein Schweſterchen an der Hand und ſagte: „ſeit die Mutter todt iſt, haben wir keine gute Stunde mehr, die Stiefmutter ſchlägt uns alle Tage, und wenn wir zu ihr kommen, ſtößt ſie uns mit dem Fuß fort; ſie giebt uns auch nichts zu eſſen, als harte Brotkruſten; dem Hündlein unter dem Tiſch gehts beſſer, dem wirft ſie doch manchmal was Gutes zu; daß Gott erbarm, wenn das unſere Mutter wüßte! Komm laß uns miteinander fortgehen.“ Sie gingen zuſammen fort und kamen in einen großen Wald, da waren ſie ſo traurig und ſo müde, daß ſie ſich in einen hohlen Baum ſetzten und da Hungers ſterben wollten.

Sie ſchliefen zuſammen ein, und wie ſie am Morgen aufwachten, war die Sonne ſchon lange aufgeſtiegen und ſchien heiß in den hohlen Baum hinein. „Schweſterchen, ſagte das Brüderchen nach einer Zeit, mich dürſtet ſo gewaltig, wenn ich ein Brünnlein in der Nähe wüßte, ich ging hin und tränk einmal, es iſt mir auch, als hörte ich eins rauſchen.“ — „Was hilft das, antwortete das Schweſterchen, warum willſt Du trinken, da wir doch Hungers ſterben wollen.“ Brüderchen aber ſchwieg ſtill und ſtieg heraus, und weil es das Schweſterchen immer feſt mit der Hand hielt, mußte es mit herausſteigen. Die böſe Stiefmutter aber war eine Hexe, und wie ſie die zwei Kinder hatte fortgehen ſehen, war ſie ihnen nachgegangen und hatte ein klares Brünnlein in der Nähe des Baums aus dem Felſen ſpringen laſſen, das ſollte durch ſein Rauſchen die Kinder herbeilocken und zum trinken reizen, wer aber davon trank, der ward in ein Rehkälbchen verwandelt. Brüderchen kam bald mit dem Schweſterchen zu dem Brünnlein, und als er es ſo glitzerig über die Steine ſpringen ſah, ward ſeine Luſt immer größer, und er wollte davon trinken. Aber dem Schweſterchen war Angſt, es meinte, das Brünnlein ſpräche im Rauſchen und ſagte: „wer mich trinkt, wird zum Rehkälbchen!“ da bat es das Brüderchen, nicht von dem Waſſer zu trinken. „Ich höre nichts, ſagte das Brüderchen, als wie das Waſſer ſo lieblich rauſcht, laß mich nur gehen!“ Damit legte es ſich nieder, beugte es ſich herab und trank, und wie der erſte Tropfen auf ſeine Lippen gekommen war, da lag ein Rehkälbchen an dem Brünnlein.

Das Schweſterchen weinte und weinte, die Hexe aber war böſe, daß ſie es nicht auch zum Trinken hatte verführen können. Nachdem es drei Tage geweint, ſtand es auf und ſammelte die Binſen in dem Wald, und flocht ein weiches Seil daraus. Dann band es das Rehkälbchen daran und führte es mit ſich. Es ſuchte ihm auch eine Höhle, trug Moos und Laub hinein und machte ihm ein weiches Lager; am Morgen ging es mit ihm hinaus, wo zartes Gras war und ſammelte das allerſchönſte, das fraß es ihm aus der Hand, und das Rehkälbchen war dann vergnügt und ſpielte auf den Hügeln. Abends aber, wenn Schweſterchen müde war, legte es ſeinen Kopf auf den Rücken des Rehkälbchens, das war ſein Kiſſen, und ſo ſchlief es ein; und hätte das Brüderchen nur ſeine menſchliche Geſtalt gehabt, das wäre ein herrliches Leben geweſen.

So lebten ſie lange Jahre in dem Wald. Auf eine Zeit jagte der König und verirrte ſich darin. Da fand er das Mädchen mit dem Thierlein in dem Wald und war erſtaunt über ſeine Schönheit. Er hob es zu ſich auf ſein Pferd und nahm es mit, und das Rehkälbchen lief an dem Seile nebenher. An dem königlichen Hofe ward ihm alle Ehre angethan, ſchöne Jungfrauen mußten es bedienen, doch war es ſelber ſchöner, als alle andern; das Rehkälbchen ließ es niemals von ſich, und that ihm alles Gute an. Bald darauf ſtarb die Königin, da ward das Schweſterchen mit dem König vermählt und lebte in allen Freuden.

Die Stiefmutter aber hatte von dem Glück gehört, das dem armen Schweſterchen begegnet; ſie dachte es wäre längſt im Wald von den wilden Thieren gefreſſen worden, aber die hatten ihm nichts gethan, und nun war es Königin im Reich. Die Hexe war ſo böſe darüber, daß ſie nur darauf dachte, wie ſie ihr das Glück verderben konnte. Als im folgenden Jahr die Königin einen ſchönen Prinzen zur Welt gebracht hatte, und der König auf der Jagd war, trat ſie in der Geſtalt der Kammerfrau in die Stube, worin die Kranke lag. „Das Bad iſt für euch bereitet, ſagte ſie, das wird euch wohlthun und ſtärken, kommt eh' es kalt wird.“ Sie führte ſie darauf in die Badeſtube; wie die Königin hineingetreten war, ſchloß ſie die Thüre hinter ihr zu, drin aber war ein Höllenfeuer angemacht, da mußte die ſchöne Königin erſticken. Die Hexe hatte eine rechte Tochter, der gab ſie ganz die äußerliche Geſtalt der Königin und legte ſie an ihrer Stelle in das Bett. Der König kam am Abend heim, und wußte nicht, daß er eine falſche Frau habe. Aber in der Nacht — ſah die Kinderfrau — trat die rechte Königin in die Stube, ſie ging zur Wiege, nahm ihr Kind heraus, hob es an ihre Bruſt und gab ihm zu trinken, dann ſchüttelte ſie ihm ſein Bettchen auf, legte es wieder hinein und deckte es zu. Darauf ging ſie in die Ecke wo das Rehkälbchen ſchlief und ſtreichelte ihm über den Rücken. So kam ſie alle Nacht und ging wieder fort, ohne ein Wort zu ſprechen.

Einmal aber trat ſie wieder ein und ſprach:

„Was macht mein Kind? was macht mein Reh?
nun komm' ich noch zweimal und dann nimmermehr.“

und that alles wie in den andern Nächten. Die Kinderfrau weckte aber den König und ſagte es ihm heimlich. Der König wachte die andere Nacht, und da ſah er auch, wie die Königin kam und hörte deutlich ihre Worte:

„Was macht mein Kind? was macht mein Reh?
nun komm' ich noch einmal und dann nimmermehr.“

Aber er getraute ſich nicht, ſie anzureden. In der andern Nacht wacht' er wieder, da ſprach die Königin:

„Was macht mein Kind? was macht mein Reh?
nun komm' ich noch diesmal her und dann nimmermehr.

Da konnte ſich der König nicht länger halten, ſprang auf und umarmte ſie, und wie er ſie anrührte, ward ſie wieder lebendig, friſch und roth. Die falſche Königin ward in den Wald geführt, wo die wilden Thiere ſie fraßen, die böſe Stiefmutter aber ward verbrannt, und wie das Feuer ſie verzehrte, da verwandelte ſich das Rehkälbchen, und Brüderchen und Schweſterchen waren wieder beiſammen und lebten glücklich ihr Lebenlang.

Rapunzel.

Es war einmal ein Mann und eine Frau, die hatten ſich ſchon lange ein Kind gewünſcht und nie eins bekommen, endlich aber ward die Frau guter Hoffnung. Dieſe Leute hatten in ihrem Hinterhaus ein kleines Fenſter, daraus konnten ſie in den Garten einer Fee ſehen, der voll von Blumen und Kräutern ſtand, allerlei Art, keiner aber durfte es wagen, in den Garten hineinzugehen. Eines Tages ſtand die Frau an dieſem Fenſter und ſah hinab, da erblickte ſie wunderſchöne Rapunzeln auf einem Beet und wurde ſo lüſtern darnach, und wußte doch, daß ſie keine davon bekommen konnte, daß ſie ganz abfiel und elend wurde. Ihr Mann erſchrack endlich und fragte nach der Urſache; „ach wenn ich keine von den Rapunzeln aus dem Garten hinter unſerm Haus zu eſſen kriege, ſo muß ich ſterben.“ Der Mann, welcher ſie gar lieb hatte, dachte, es mag koſten was es will, ſo willſt du ihr doch welche ſchaffen, ſtieg eines Abends über die hohe Mauer und ſtach in aller Eile eine Hand voll Rapunzeln aus, die er ſeiner Frau brachte. Die Frau machte ſich ſogleich Salat daraus, und aß ſie in vollem Heißhunger auf. Sie hatten ihr aber ſo gut, ſo gut geſchmeckt, daß ſie den andern Tag noch dreimal ſoviel Luſt bekam. Der Mann ſah wohl, daß keine Ruh wäre, alſo ſtieg er noch einmal in den Garten, allein er erſchrack gewaltig, als die Fee darin ſtand und ihn heftig ſchalt, daß er es wage, in ihren Garten zu kommen und daraus zu ſtehlen. Er entſchuldigte ſich, ſo gut er konnte, mit der Schwangerſchaft ſeiner Frau, und wie gefährlich es ſey, ihr dann etwas abzuſchlagen, endlich ſprach die Fee: „ich will mich zufrieden geben und dir ſelbſt geſtatten Rapunzeln mitzunehmen, ſo viel du willſt, wofern du mir das Kind geben wirſt, womit deine Frau jetzo geht.“ In der Angſt ſagte der Mann alles zu, und als die Frau in Wochen kam, erſchien die Fee ſogleich, nannte das kleine Mädchen Rapunzel und nahm es mit ſich fort.

Dieſes Rapunzel wurde das ſchönſte Kind unter der Sonne, wie es aber zwölf Jahr alt war, ſo ſchloß es die Fee in einen hohen hohen Thurm, der hatte weder Thür noch Treppe, nur bloß ganz oben war ein kleines Fenſterchen. Wenn nun die Fee hinein wollte, ſo ſtand ſie unten und rief:

„Rapunzel, Rapunzel!
laß dein Haar herunter.“

Rapunzel hatte aber prächtige Haare, fein wie geſponnen Gold, und wenn die Fee ſo rief, ſo band ſie ſie los, wickelte ſie oben um einen Fenſterhaken und dann fielen die Haare zwanzig Ellen tief herunter und die Fee ſtieg daran hinauf.

Eines Tages kam ein junger Königsſohn durch den Wald wo der Thurm ſtand, ſah das ſchöne Rapunzel oben am Fenſter ſtehen und hörte ſie mit ſo ſüßer Stimme ſingen, daß er ſich ganz in ſie verliebte. Da aber keine Thüre im Thurm war und keine Leiter ſo hoch reichen konnte, ſo gerieth er in Verzweiflung, doch ging er alle Tage in den Wald hin, bis er einſtmals die Fee kommen ſah, die ſprach:

„Rapunzel, Rapunzel!
laß dein Haar herunter.“

Darauf ſah er wohl, auf welcher Leiter man in den Thurm kommen konnte. Er hatte ſich aber die Worte wohl gemerkt, die man ſprechen mußte, und des andern Tages, als es dunkel war, ging er an den Thurm und ſprach hinauf:

Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
laß dein Haar herunter!

da ließ ſie die Haare los, und wie ſie unten waren, machte er ſich daran feſt und wurde hinaufgezogen.

Rapunzel erſchrack nun anfangs, bald aber gefiel ihr der junge König ſo gut, daß ſie mit ihm verabredete, er ſolle alle Tage kommen und hinaufgezogen werden. So lebten ſie luſtig und in Freuden eine geraume Zeit, und die Fee kam nicht dahinter, bis eines Tages das Rapunzel anfing und zu ihr ſagte: „ſag' ſie mir doch Frau Gothel, meine Kleiderchen werden mir ſo eng und wollen nicht mehr paſſen.“ Ach du gottloſes Kind, ſprach die Fee, was muß ich von dir hören, und ſie merkte gleich, wie ſie betrogen wäre, und war ganz aufgebracht. Da nahm ſie die ſchönen Haare Rapunzels, ſchlang ſie ein paar Mal um ihre linke Hand, griff eine Scheere mit der rechten und ritſch, ritſch, waren ſie abgeſchnitten. Darauf verwieß ſie Rapunzel in eine Wüſtenei, wo es ihr ſehr kümmerlich erging und ſie nach Verlauf einiger Zeit Zwillinge, einen Knaben und ein Mädchen gebar.

Denſelben Tag aber, wo ſie Rapunzel verſtoßen hatte, machte die Fee Abends die abgeſchnittenen Haare oben am Haken feſt, und als der Königsſohn kam:

Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
laß dein Haar herunter!

ſo ließ ſie zwar die Haare nieder, allein wie erſtaunte der Prinz, als er ſtatt ſeines geliebten Rapunzels die Fee oben fand. „Weißt du was, ſprach die Fee, Rapunzel iſt für dich Böſewicht auf immer verloren!“

Da wurde der Königsſohn ganz verzweifelnd, und ſtürzte ſich gleich den Thurm hinab, das Leben brachte er davon, aber die beiden Augen hatte er ſich ausgefallen, traurig irrte er im Walde herum, aß nichts als Gras und Wurzeln, und that nichts als weinen. Einige Jahre nachher gerâth er in jene Wüſtenei, wo Rapunzel kümmerlich mit ihren Kindern lebte, ihre Stimme däuchte ihm ſo bekannt, in demſelben Augenblick erkannte ſie ihn auch und fällt ihm um den Hals. Zwei von ihren Thränen fallen in ſeine Augen, da werden ſie wieder klar, und er kann damit ſehen, wie ſonſt.

Sigismund Grimm, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Wilhelm Karl Grimm,

der Bruder des oben erwähnten Göttinger Gelehrten, ward den 24. Februar 1786 zu Hanau geboren und mit ſeinem Bruder gemeinſchaftlich auf dem Lyceum zu Kaſſel gebildet. Unter fortwährender Kränklichkeit ſtudirte er ſeit 1804 gleichfalls die Rechte zu Marburg, erhielt nach ſeiner Geneſung 1814 das Sekretariat an der Bibliothek zu Kaſſel und ging 1830 mit ſeinem Bruder als Unterbibliothekar nach Göttingen.

Von ihm ſelbſt beſitzen wir außer den mit ſeinem Bruder gemeinſchaftlichen Schriften:

Altdäniſche Heldenlieder. Heidelberg 1811.
Drei altſchottiſche Lieder. Original mit Ueberſetzung. Ebendaſ. 1813.
Konrad's von Würzburg goldene Schmiede. Frankfurt 1816.
Iriſche Elfenmährchen, überſetzt. Leipzig 1826.
Ueber deutſche Runen. Göttingen 1827.
Deutſche Heldenſage. Ebendaſ. 1829.
Grave Ruodolf. Ein altdeutſches Gedicht. Götting. 1828 in gr. 8.

und lateiniſch:

De Hildebrando antiquissimi carminis teutonici fragmentum. Göttingen 1830. gr. Fol.

W. K. G. erwarb ſich, in ſchönem Eifer ſeinem vortrefflichen Bruder nachſtrebend, große Verdienſte um die altdeutſche Literatur, welche von Kennern dankbar geſchätzt werden, und ihm ebenfalls einen hohen Rang unter den Forſchern in dieſem Gebiete der Wiſſenſchaft erworben haben.

Graf von Grimmenſtein, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Grob

ward um 1632 zu Lichtenſteeg geboren und lebte als kaiſerlicher gekrönter Dichter und Mitglied des Rathes zu Heriſau im Schweizercanton Appenzell, wo er 1697 ſtarb. Etwas Näheres über ſeine Perſon und ſein Leben kennt man nicht.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Dichteriſche Verſuchgabe. Baſel 1678.
Reinhold's von Freienthal poetiſche Spazierwäldlein. Ebendaſ. 1700.

Ein nicht talentloſer Dichter jener Zeit, der beſonders in ſeinen Epigrammen Logau (S. d.) zum Muſter nahm und ſich nach ihm zu bilden ſuchte.

Otto Friedrich von der Gröben

ſtammte aus einem alten preußiſchen Adelsgeſchlechte und ward im Jahre 1657 zu Pratten in Ermland geboren. Nachdem er auf längeren Reiſen ſeine Bildung vervollſtändigt hatte, wurde er Kammerjunker am preußiſchen Hofe, Diſtriktshauptmann und kommandirte als Offizier in dem preußiſchen Hülfskorps gegen die Türken. Er ſtarb 1722.

Er ſchrieb:

Orientaliſche Reiſebeſchreibung. Marienwerder 1694.
Lebens- und Liebesgeſchichte Bergemans und ſeiner tugendhaften Aretes. Danzig 1730 in 4.

Seine Reiſebeſchreibung erfreut ſich eines für ihre Zeit ziemlich fließenden Styles und einer ganz intereſſanten Darſtellung, da es dem Verfaſſer keinesweges an Scharfblick und klarer Lebensanſicht fehlte. Das andere Werk enthält eine mit Geſchick durchgeführte Allegorie im damals herrſchenden Geſchmack, die jedoch troß dem großen Aufwande von Poeſie auf die Länge ermüdet.

Johann Gromann, genannt Polyander,

ward den 5. Juli 1487 zu Neuſtadt in Baiern geboren, wurde nach zu Leipzig vollendeten theologiſchen Studien daſelbſt Magister artium lib., Schulrektor und Amanuenſis des Dr. Eck bei der bekannten Leipziger Disputation. Hierdurch mit Luther bekannt, ging er auf deſſen freundſchaftlichen Rath als Reformator nach Preußen und wirkte und ſtarb dort als Dr. Theologiae und erſter lutheriſcher Prediger an der altſtädter Kirche zu Königsberg den 29. April 1541.

Von ſeinen mit allgemeinem Beifall aufgenommenen und in mehrere deutſche Geſangbücher übergegangenen geiſtlichen Liedern iſt das bekannteſte: Nun lob' meine Seele den Herrn u. ſ. w.

Karl Groſſe

ward 1761 zu Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte nach daſelbſt erlangter Schulbildung Medicin, wurde Doctor und ſpäter Hof- und Forſtrath bei dem Grafen von Stollberg zu Wernigerode und ging zufolge einiger Angaben in neuerer Zeit nach Spanien, wenigſtens iſt er ſeit 1797 ganz verſchollen.

Unter den Namen „Graf von Vargas“ und „Marquis von G.“ gab er heraus.

Der Genius, aus den Papieren des M. v. G. Halle 1790 — 1794. 4 Thle in 8.
Novellen. Braunſchweig 1792. 2 Thle. in 8.
Vermiſchte Blätter. Braunſchweig 1793. 2 Thle. in 16.
Erzählungen. Braunſchweig 1793. 2 Thle. in 12.
Kleine Romane. Halle 1793, 1794. 4 Bde. in 8.
Der Dolch. Ein Roman. Berlin 1794, 1795. 4 Thle. in 8.
Spaniſche Novellen. Berlin 1794, 1795. 4 Thle. in 8.
Blumenkranz. Erzählungen. Zittau 1795. 2 Thle. in 8.
Kleine Aufſätze. Berlin 1795. 1796. 3 Thle. in 8.
Chlorinde. Ein Roman. Berlin 1796. in 8.
Liebe und Treue. Halle 1796, 1797. 2 Bde. in 8.
Dekameron, erſter Theil. Berlin 1797. in 8.
Der zerbrochne Ring. Halle 1797. in 8. 2 Thle.
Verſuche. Neue Ausgabe. Leipzig 1811. 2 Bde. in 8.

G. gefiel ſich durchaus darin, ein myſtiſches Dunkel um ſeine Perſon zu verbreiten und bald als ſpaniſcher Grande, bald als Marquis dem gewöhnlichen Troſſe geiſtloſer Kritiker, die es mit einem ſo vornehmen Manne nicht verderben mochten, zu imponiren, wofür er dann, als ſie ſpäter hinter das Geheimniß kamen, nicht wenig von ihnen erdulden mußte. Seine mit Phantaſie und Darſtellungstalent geſchriebenen Romane erfreuten ſich troß dem eines großen Publicums, das ſie mit Beifall aufnahm, ſind aber doch von der Fluth der Zeiten mit fortgeſpült worden, und jeßt faſt ganz vergeſſen.

Samuel Groſſer

ward geboren den 8. Februar 1664 zu Paſchkerwiß in Kurſachſen und von ſeinem Vater, einem Prediger, zuerſt wiſſenſchaftlich gebildet. Er ſtudirte dann zu Leipzig, wurde 1690 an der daſigen Nikolaiſchule Konrektor und Magiſter der Philoſophie, 1691 Rektor zu Altenburg und 1695 zu Görliß, woſelbſt ihn die preußiſche Societät der Wiſſenſchaften auch noch zu ihrem Mitgliede ernannte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 24. Juni 1736.

Er ſchrieb:

Die geängſtete, aber endlich wiederum getröſtete Charmoſyne. Altenburg 1692 u. 1693. in Fol.
Die vornehmſten Weltverderber. Ebendaſ. 1694.
Der Urſprung des in der Welt herrſchenden Zanks und Streits. Ebendaſ. 1695.

G. iſt der Verfaſſer von Singſpielen, die er namentlich für den Bedarf der von ihm verwalteten gelehrten Schulen ſchrieb, und welche ſich, ganz in dem damaligen ſchlechten Geſchmack gedichtet, durch Nichts vortheilhaft vor der Menge ähnlicher Produkte jener Tage auszeichnen.

Guſtav Friedrich Wilhelm Großmann

ward den 30. November 1746 zu Berlin geboren und hatte während ſeiner Bildung auf der Schule und Univerſität als Sohn eines armen Schulhalters mit der bitterſten Armuth zu kämpfen. Beſſer wurde ſein Loos, als der preußiſche Reſident zu Danzig ihn zu ſeinem Legationsſecretär gemacht hatte. Darauf privatiſirte er eine Zeitlang in Berlin und widmete ſich von Leſſing veranlaßt dem Theater, trat 1774 unter der Seylerſchen Truppe zu Gotha wirklich als Schauſpieler auf und übernahm nach ſeiner Verheirathung mit einer jungen Witwe ſelbſt die Direction des Theaters zu Bonn, 1793 die der Bühne zu Mainz und endlich zu Frankfurt. Nachdem ein Theaterbrand ihm hier ſein ganzes Vermögen geraubt hatte, übernahm er die Leitung des Theaters zu Hannover, Bremen und Pyrmont, welcher er jedoch wegen ſeiner im Geiſte der franzöſiſchen Revolutionärs auf der Bühne extemporirten Anzüglichkeiten auf höhere Staatsbeamte entſagen mußte. Die ebendeshalb erduldete ſechsmonatliche Gefangenſchaft wirkte auf ſeinen durch Trunkſucht ohnedies zerrütteten Körper und Geiſt ſo heftig, daß er kurz darauf den 20. Mai 1796 ſtarb.

Von ihm haben wir:

Singſpiele nach ausländiſchen Muſtern für die deutſche Bühne herausgegeben, erſter Band, Frankfurt 1783 in 8.
Schauſpiele. (Wittenberg) 1806 in 8.
Neue Schauſpiele. Altenburg.

Einzeln:

Minna de Barnhelm, traduit de l'Allemand. à Berlin 1772. 8.
Die Feuersbrunſt, Schauſpiel. Halle 1773 in 8.
Briefe über die Seylerſche Bühne. Dresden 1775. 8.
Wilhelmine von Blondheim, Trauerſpiel. Gotha 1775 in 8.
Pygmalion, Luſtſpiel. Dresden 1776 in 8.
Der Barbier von Sevilla, nach dem Franzöſiſchen des Beaumarchais. Dresden und Leipzig 1776. 8. Neue Ausgabe 1784. 8.
Henriette, Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1783. 8. Neue Ausgabe Hamburg 1784 in 8.
Die Irrungen, Luſtſpiel. Frankfurt 1777. 8.
Nicht mehr als 6 Schüſſeln, Familiengemälde. Bonn 1780. 8. 2. Auflage Frankfurt und Leipzig 1785. 8. Häufig nachgedruckt.
Dramaturgiſche Nachrichten. Bonn 1780. 8.
Adelheid von Veltheim, Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1780. 8.
Eigenſinn und Launen der Liebe, Singſpiel. Frankfurt 1783.
Was einem Recht iſt, iſt dem andern billig, Singſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1783.
An das Gerechtigkeitsliebende Publikum. 1787, 1788. 8. ohne Druckort.
Was vermag ein Mädchen nicht? Singſpiel. Braunſchweig 1789. 8.
Papa Harlekin, Schauſpiel. Hannover 1791. 8.
Leſſings Denkmal. Hannover 1791. 8.

Außerdem Epiloge, Prologe und Gedichte in Kalendern, Journalen, Almanach's u. ſ. w. und Aufſätze in dem gemeinſchaftlich mit von Hagen herausgegebenen Magazin zur Geſchichte des deutſchen Theaters und der gleichfalls von ihm mit beſorgten Cleviſchen Theaterzeitung.

G. erwarb ſich zu ſeiner Zeit großen Beifall bei dem deutſchen Publikum, indem er in ſeinen Luſtſpielen den herrſchenden Meinungen, welche man nicht immer zu verlautbaren wagte, eine körnige und kräftige Sprache lieh. Namentlich war dies in ſeiner Henriette und noch mehr in ſeinem „Nicht mehr als ſechs Schüſſeln“ in welchem er die Anmaßungen der untergeordneten, geiſtig wie weltlich verarmten Glieder einer privilegirten Kaſte ſchonungslos geißelte, der Fall, ſo daß die darüber erfreute Menge ihm Beifall zujauchzte und ihm ſeine vielen Plattheiten und Rohheiten verzieh, oder dieſelben gänzlich überſah. — Er iſt keineswegs ohne Talent, und eine große Lebhaftigkeit des Dialogs und der Darſtellung, ſo wie Erfindungsgabe und treffende, wenn auch übertreibende Zeichnung der Charaktere ſind ihm nicht abzuſprechen; ſie erhielten ſeine Leiſtungen auf der Bühne, bis dieſelben endlich durch gewandtere Luſtſpieldichter und größere Feinheit des Geſchmackes bei den Zuſchauern verdrängt wurden.

Johann Gottfried Gruber

ward am 29. November 1774 zu Naumburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und habilitirte ſich daſelbſt als Privatdocent, vertauſchte jedoch dieſe Univerſität mit der zu Jena im Jahre 1803 und folgte darauf 1811 einem Ruf als Profeſſor der hiſtoriſchen Hülfswiſſenſchaften nach Wittenberg. 1815 ging er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Halle, wo er noch in vollſter Thätigkeit wirkt.

Er gab heraus:

Amor und Hymen. Budiſſin 1794.
Hofkabale und Mädchenliſt. Weißenfels 1794.
Syſtem der Erziehungswiſſenſchaft. Leipzig 1794.
Anleitung vernünftig und gut zu werden. Leipzig 1795.
Suſanne. Weißenfels 1795.
Judith. Weißenfels 1796.
Jeſus und Sokrates. Leipzig 1796.
Die Beſtimmung des Menſchen. Zürich 1800.
Die Hölle auf Erden. Leipzig 1800.
Lehnchen. Leipzig 1800.
Der Pudel auf Reiſen. Leipzig 1801.
Sitten und Gebräuche der merkwürdigſten Nationen. Leipzig 1803. 2 Thle.
Pragmatiſche Anthropologie. Leipzig 1803.
Geſchichte des menſchlichen Geſchlechtes. Leipzig 1806. 2 Thle.
Wörterbuch zum Behuf der Aeſthetik. Weimar 1810. Th. I.
Wörterbuch der altklaſſiſchen Mythologie. Weimar 1810.
Sophiens Lieblingsſtunden. Leipzig 1811.
Vater Berthold. Leipzig 1812.
Wann hört ein Mädchen auf, ein Kind zu ſeyn? Leipzig 1812.
Herder's Leben. Leipzig 1805.
Sonnenberg's Leben. Halle 1807.
Wieland's Leben. Halle 1815. 2 Thle.

Vorzüglich durch ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Thätigkeit und durch ſeine äſthetiſchen und kritiſchen Forſchungen hat ſich G. große Verdienſte um unſere Literatur erworben, indem er reiche Beleſenheit und gründliche Kenntniß mit ſelbſtſtändiger Klarheit und geiſtiger Schärfe verbindet, und es iſt beſonders zu bedauern, daß ungünſtige Verhältniſſe die Fortſetzung ſeines Wörterbuchs zum Behufe der Aeſthetik hemmten. — Seine Leiſtungen im Gebiete der Erzählung ſind dagegen unbedeutend und wohl nur als Verſuche zur Erholung von ernſteren Arbeiten zu betrachten.

Beaumarchais.*)

Beaumarchais (Pierre Auguſtin Caron de, geb. zu Paris 1732, geſt. daſ. 1799) war, wie **Laharpe** ſich ausdrückt, „eine Compoſition der merkwürdigſten Sonderbarkeiten, ſelbſt in ſeinem, an dem Sonderbaren ſo reichen Jahrhundert. Im Privatſtand geboren und nie denſelben verlaſſend, erwarb er große Reichthümer, ohne eine Stelle zu bekleiden; machte große Handelsunternehmungen, ohne in Paris etwas mehr als ein Weltmann zu ſeyn; hatte auf dem Theater ein Glück ohne Beiſpiel mit Werken, die nicht einmal die erſten vom zweiten Range ſind (?); erhielt einen glänzenden Ruhm und machte ganz Europa von ſich ſprechen wegen dreier Prozeſſe, die bei jedem andern als ihm ſo unbekannt geblieben wären, als ſie lächerlich waren; erwarb ſich einen dauernden Ruf als Mann von Talent, und großem Talent, durch eine Gattung von Schriften, die man am ſchnellſten vergißt, durch Memoiren und Prozeßangelegenheiten; war lange Zeit beſchimpft als ein grauſamer und boshafter Menſch, ohne etwas Böſes gethan zu haben. Ohne Zweifel war ein ſolches Leben ſehr außerordentlich, nicht minder aber waren es die Eigenſchaften, die ſich in ihm vereinten, und beſonders dieſe vollkommene Gleichſtimmung ſeines Charakters und Geiſtes mit der Zeit, worin er lebte, und den Umſtänden, in denen er ſich befand.

In der That wird man nicht leicht ein ſo intereſſantes Leben finden, als das von Beaumarchais, denn Geiſt, Charakter und Umſtände ſind hier ſo eigen, daß man mit gleicher Wahrſcheinlichkeit von der einen Seite ein Ungeheuer und ein Gewebe von Abſcheulichkeiten, von der andern einen Märtyrer des Guten und Wahren und ein raſtlos edles Streben in ihm darſtellen kann, und dies alles in ſo eigenthümlichen Geſichtspunkten, daß dadurch der feinſte Scharfſinn des Pſychologen und das moraliſche Urteil des Menſchen nur um ſo mehr Reiz zur Unterſuchung und Entſcheidung erhält. Man halte nur die Anklagen gegen ihn als Dieb, als Giftmiſcher, Mörder zweier Weiber, Betrüger, Verräther, boshaften Intriguanten, Untergraber der Sittlichkeit und Tugend, gegen ſeine faſt romanhafte Bruderliebe, ſeine Gutmüthigkeit, Wohlthätigkeit, Freimüthigkeit, Offenheit, und denke der Zeugniſſe, die man ihm gab als einem Mann von Gefühl und Herzlichkeit, als einem zärtlichen Gatten, liebevollem Vater, treuem Freunde, munterem Geſellſchafter, als einem Menſchen, der ſeinen Einfluß nie anders als zum Guten gebraucht hat, um einerſeits die hier herſchende Verwirrung, ſo wie von der andern Seite den Reiz nach Ergründung zu begreifen. Glücklicher Weiſe für Beaumarchais ſind es die Guten, die ihm das letztere Zeugniß geben, und erfreulich muß jedem, der ihm frohe Stunden verdankt, der Umſtand ſeyn, daß der rechtſchaffene Laharpe mit ſiegenden Gründen jene Beſchuldigungen von ihm wendet. Wenn nun aber auch die meiſten derſelben als Verläumdungen ſeiner Feinde erkannt ſind, ſo hört doch das Intereſſe für die Geſchichte ſeines Lebens nicht auf, ſondern es findet ſich vielmehr ein neues darin, zu erfahren, wie und wodurch er ſich ſo wüthende Feinde gemacht habe.

Er war, wie Rouſſeau, eines Uhrmachers Sohn, und erlernte in früheren Jahren die Kunſt ſeines Vaters, in welcher ſein Genie ſich zuerſt hervorthat, denn er war der Erfinder einer neuen Art von Hemmung in den Uhren, die nicht unbedeutend geweſen ſeyn kann, weil ſie ihm von einem berühmten Uhrmacher ſtreitig gemacht ward. Die Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften, welche die Werke beider unterſuchte, entſchied für den jungen Caron. Demungeachtet wählte er aus eignem Trieb andere Studien, und zum Glück für ihn fiel ſeine Neigung auf die Muſik, die gewöhnlich eine Empfehlung in der Welt und ein Mittel zum Zutritt in die gute Geſellſchaft iſt, denn ſie iſt eine Vergnügung derſelben. Er ſpielte mehrere Inſtrumente, vornehmlich die Harfe, die damals Mode zu werden anfing, und durch die er ſelbſt, als ein ſehr angenehmer Liebhaber, ſo ſehr Mode wurde, daß die Prinzeſſinnen ihn zu hören wünſchten. Die Zeichen der Gnade, die er von ihnen erhielt, weckten bald die Eiferſucht. Er hatte natürliche und erworbene Vortheile für ſich: dies waren Anſprüche, um Schutz zu erlangen, damit verdunkelte er aber auch die, die ſolchen ſuchten, und am Hofe kommt man, blos durch die Mittel zu gefallen, nie ſo weit, ohne denen, die nur durch ihre Stelle oder Rang dort ſind, ſehr zu mißfallen. Beaumarchais war bei Mesdames nicht mehr des Uhrmachers Sohn: er war und wollte ſeyn ein Mann von Welt, der ſich durch ſeinen Geiſt, durch angenehme Talente und Geſchmack geltend machte, was ihm auch nicht fehlſchlug. Das ausgezeichnete Vertrauen, das man in ihn ſetzte, das Mißverhältniß zwiſchen ſeiner Geburt und dem, was er geworden war, ſeine natürliche und hiedurch noch vermehrte Geſchicklichkeit, welche den ihm zugedachten Verdruß immer mit guter Art auf den Urheber zurückwarf, ſeine Leichtigkeit in Ton und Betragen, die bisweilen bis zu Indiskretion ging und die Verachtung gar nicht verhehlte; alles das ſchürte eine Glut geheimen und glühenden Haſſes gegen ihn, der auf nichts Geringeres ausging, als ihn gänzlich zu verderben, wenn er nicht gerüſteter geweſen wäre, wie niemand hatte glauben können; denn alle ſeine Waffen ruhten in ihm, und er nur konnte ſie führen. Hier war keineswegs ein Mann, den blos Eitelkeit trieb, in höheren Zirkeln eine Art von Glanz ſich anzulügen, ſondern ſein Ehrgeiz ſuchte ganz andre Befriedigung, wobei ihn das Glück begünſtigte und ſein Verſtand ihm ſeine Verbindungen trefflich benutzen ließ. Während man ihn blos für einen Geſellſchaftsmenſchen hielt, der auch allenfalls leidliche Verſe machte, entwarf ſein Geiſt die größten Handels-Projekte, öfnete ihm ſeine bloſe Ueberredungsgabe das Kabinet des Miniſters (Maurepas), ſo daß er, ohne eine öffentliche Stelle zu bekleiden, ein Mann von wichtigem Einfluß war, und ohne ein Handelshaus zu haben, die wichtigſten, verwickeltſten Handelsgeſchäfte trieb. Nur das Glück, welches die meiſten ſeiner Unternehmungen krönte, ſah man, nicht aber die raſtloſe Thätigkeit, womit der feurige Mann alles betrieb, nicht die umſichtige Klugheit, womit er alles anordnete und einleitete, nicht den Muth, der an keinen Hinderniſſen erlahmte, und kurz, man ahnete in ihm nicht einen ſo überlegenen Geiſt. Dieſen lernte man erſt in ſeinem ganzen Umfang im Jahre 1770 kennen, wo ihn, nachdem man längſt die abſcheulichſten Verläumdungen über ihn ausgebreitet hatte, endlich ein Prozeß wegen einer Erbſchaftsangelegenheit vernichten ſollte, welchem unmittelbar ein anderer wegen vorgeblicher Beſtechung folgte, eines dritten, des Kornmanniſchen, nicht zu gedenken. Beide erſte Prozeſſe verlor er auch wirklich bei dem Parlement Maupeau, er ward für bürgerlich ehrlos erklärt, ja es ſtand auf dem Punkt, daß er von dem Henker gebrandmarkt werden ſollte: allein obſchon ein anderer Gerichtshof ſpäterhin alle dieſe Sprüche caſſirte und ihn in ſein Vermögen wieder einſetzte, ſo war dies doch nicht der eigentliche Triumph, den er hiebei feierte, ſondern dies war es, daß ganz Europa an ihm Anteil nahm, daß zu eben der Zeit, wo der Gerichtshof ihn für ehrlos erklärt hatte, die öffentliche Meinung ihn ehrte, daß an demſelben Tage, wo der Spruch gegen ihn ergangen war, der Prinz Conti ihn im Triumph aufführte, und ganz Paris, deſſen Beiſpiel folgend, wetteiferte, den vorher verſchrieenen und gehaßten Mann öffentlich zu ehren und zu lobpreiſen. Und die Haupturſache zu einer ſo auffallenden Erſcheinung? — Iſt in eben der, vorher noch ſo wenig gekannten und kaum geahneten, Geiſteskraft, in dem großen Talent des Verfolgten, die ſich jetzt zum Schrecken ſeiner Feinde, ſo wie zum Vergnügen und zur Bewunderung des ganzen gebildeten Europa offenbarten, zu ſuchen, indem er in mehreren Mémoires den Gang ſeiner Rechtsſache auf eine Art darſtellte, daß alle nicht Verblendeten ſagten: wenn Beaumarchais die Hälfte ihres Vermögens verlange, im Weigerungsfalle ſie mit einem Memoire bedrohend, ſo würden ſie ihm ſogleich die Foderung zugeſtehen; ja daß ſogar Voltaire, von deren Leſung entzückt, nicht ohne Anwandlung von Eiferſucht gegen den Verfaſſer blieb.

Wie fern Schriften dieſer Art von einer Würdigung an dieſem Orte ſcheinen können, ſo muß ihrer hier doch gedacht werden, denn ſie ſind nicht blos Meiſterſtücke der Darſtellungskunſt, ſondern zugleich als ein Schatz von Satyre, Witz, des feinſten dialektiſchen Scharfſinns, des naivſten Komiſchen zu betrachten, voll beſtändiger Abwechſelung, immer regen Lebens und eines Feuers, das ſich jedem Leſer mittheilt; ſie haben alles Anziehende eines geiſtreichen Romans, und mußten um ſo mehr anziehen, da ſie Wahrheit enthielten, und der ſo geiſtreiche, intereſſante Darſteller immer in Gefahr ſchwebte, Ehre und Leben zu verlieren. Nicht aber blos als Schriftſteller, auch als Menſch erſchien er darin von der intereſſanteſten Seite, und unvermerkt nahm der, deſſen Geiſt man bewunderte, auch das Herz in Anſpruch, welches er ſo ſehr für ſich gewann, daß er, trotz jedem Richterſpruch, immer gerechtfertigt daſtand. Beſonders gewann er die Herzen durch die abgedrungene Epiſode von ſeiner Reiſe nach Spanien, die uns Teutſchen durch Göthe's Trauerſpiel Clavigo bekannt genug iſt, denn der darin auftretende Beaumarchais iſt derſelbe, von welchem wir hier ſprechen, und man kann ſich ungefähr von der Darſtellung in jenen Memoiren einen Begriff machen, wenn ich ſage, alles, was Göthe den Beaumarchais in der erſten Zuſammenkunft mit Clavigo ſagen und thun läßt, ſey wörtlich aus dieſen Memoiren genommen.

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*) Aus Grubers Wörterbuch zum Behuf der Aeſthetik Th. I. S. 331.

Laharpe urteilt über ſie, er zeige in ſeinem Styl etwas von Montagne, von Rabelais und von Swift; von dem erſten den ſtarken Ausdruck und die naive Wendung, von dem zweiten die drolligen, unerwarteten und originellen Einfälle, von dem lezten die Erfindung ſatyriſcher Formen und Abbiegungen, die den Schlag lange Zeit erwarten laſſen, damit er deſto ſtärker treffe: alles dies auf die eigentümlichſte Weiſe in ihm verſchmolzen. Auch hier, ſagt er, finde ich jene Einſtimmung des Talents mit den Umſtänden, des Menſchen mit den Dingen, welche das Prinzip groſer Erfolge iſt.

Werfen wir aber jezt auch einen Blick darauf, wie er als Menſch nach Geiſt und Charakter darin erſcheint, ſo finden wir eine feurige Einbildungskraft, die ſich immer mit voller Energie ihres Gegenſtandes bemächtigt, bei dieſer aber ſo durchdringenden Verſtand, ſo treffende Beurteilungskraft, ſo viel überſehende Klugheit, daß er ſeiner Einbildungskraft ſtets Herr blieb. Neben dieſen Eigenſchaften wohnte in ihm ein ſo vollkommener Geſchäftsgeiſt, daß das Verwickeltſte ihn nur wie Spiel beſchäftigte und vermöge ſeiner Einbildungskraft ihm vielleicht gerade am angenehmſten war, und eine ſo regſame Thätigkeit, die ſich nie bei bloſen Entwürfen befriedigen konte, ſondern immer alles aufbot, um den vorgeſezten Zweck zu erreichen. Bot ihm nun ſein durchdringender Verſtand die richtigen Mittel an die Hand, ſo ſicherten ihm ſein Muth und ſeine Kraft den Erfolg, zumal da ſeiner Ueberredungskunſt nicht leicht jemand widerſtand, ſeine Gleichheit der Laune ihn vor Zagheit bewahrte, beſtändige Gegenwart des Geiſtes ihn den geltenden Augenblick ergreifen und Feſtigkeit ihn beharren ließ. Lebhaft ohne Hize, empfindſam ohne weichherzige Schwäche, frölich ohne Unbeſonnenheit, wie das Spiel ſeiner Leidenſchaften, kalt in Gefahr, ſtark im Unglück, verlor er auch in der bedenklichſten Lage weder Gleichmut noch Geiſtesgegenwart, und konte ſeine Lage ſtets überſehen und ihr ſteuern. In dieſem allen nun noch eine ausgebreitete Welt- und Menſchenkentniß, Wiz, Liſt, Gewandheit, Streben nach Auszeichnung: wie viele Eigenſchaften fehlen ihm denn noch zum groſen Manne! Beaumarchais, wo er auch geſtanden hätte, würde ſich überall ausgezeichnet haben, und das Miniſterium, das ihn öfters mit Schlichtung bedenklicher Expeditionen beauftragte, wußte dies ſehr gut; allein er ſolte ſich auf eine eigne Weiſe auszeichnen, und hier iſt es, wo ſich allererſt die Eigentümlichkeit ſeines Weſens auf das deutlichſte offenbart. Streben nach Vermögen und Ehrgeiz waren die Haupttriebfedern, die ihn in Bewegung ſezten; aber auf welche Weiſe! Wäre ſein Ehrgeiz mit ſchaler Eitelkeit befriedigt geweſen, ſo durfte er nur die Rolle des angenehmen Geſellſchafters fortſpielen; wäre Geiz die Triebfeder ſeines Strebens nach Vermögen geweſen, ſo hätte er nicht auf eine ſo glänzende Weiſe gewagt; hätte bloſer Kaufmannsgeiſt ihn beſeelt gehabt, ſo hätte er nicht nach des Schriftſtellers Ruhm geſtrebt; zum bloſen Schriftſteller geboren, hätte die merkantiliſche Spekulation keinen Reiz für ihn gehabt: dies alles aber vereinigte ſich in ihm ſo innig, daß man nicht umhin kann, anzunehmen, ſein noch ſo verſchiedenartiges Streben habe überall nur Einen Grund in der eigentümlichen Organiſation ſeines Geiſtes gehabt. Lebhafter Geiſt der Intrigue war es, der ihn beſeelte, der ihn zu den gewagteſten Unternehmungen trieb, in den verwickeltſten am meiſten ſich gefallen, und, weil er ſelbſt zweideutig iſt, ihn auch zweideutig erſcheinen ließ, indem die Grenzen, wo hier Wiz und Bosheit, Liſt und Tücke in einander laufen, ſehr fein, und die Abwege, welche von dem einen zu dem andern führen, oft unmerklich ſind. Gall, der den Diebsſinn, das Savoir faire, die Liſt ſo nahe zuſammenſtellt, daß er Cartouche, Pitt und Moliere verbrüdern könte, hat hier auch die bewährteſten pſychologiſchen Beobachtungen für ſich, und könte, da er in die Nähe jener Organe auch den Kunſtſinn und das Organ der Poeſie ſtellt, am leichteſten erklären, wie Beaumarchais auch zum Dichter wurde. Daß vornehmlich die dramatiſche Poeſie ihn anzog, erklärte ſich aus eben jener Eigentümlichkeit ſeines Geiſtes, ſo wie eine nähere Beachtung ſeiner dramatiſchen Werke dieſe ſelbſt wieder näher zu erkennen giebt.

Beaumarchais hat der Bühne etliche Dramen der ernſteren Gattung, eine Oper und etliche Luſtſpiele in dieſer Gattung geſchenkt: 1) *Eugenie*, Drama in 5 Akten in Proſa, 1767. 2) *Les deux amis, ou le Négociant de Lyon*, Drama in 5 Akt. in Proſa, 1770. 3) *Le Barbier de Séville*, Luſtſpiel in 4 Akten 1775. 4) *La folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro*, Luſtſpiel in 5 Akten, 1785. 5) *Tarare*, Oper in 5 Akten, 1787. 6) *La mère coupable*, Drama in 5 Akten, in Proſa, 1797. — Alle dieſe Stücke ſind auch auf der teutſchen Bühne hinlänglich bekant, und wir alle erinnern uns eines ſo lebhaften Enthuſiasmus für Figaro, daß auch unſre Damen Kopfzeuge à la Figaro und à la Susanne trugen. In Paris war dieſer Enthuſiasmus ſo groß, daß das Stück hundertmal nach einander aufgeführt wurde, der Bühne 500,000, dem Verfaſſer 80,000 Livres eintrug. Wie wenig auch ein enthuſiaſtiſcher Beifall bisweilen für den wahren Werth beweiſen mag, ſo ſezt er doch immer eine gewiſſe Auszeichnung voraus, geſezt auch, daß dieſe nur in der Neuheit beſtände: entzückt aber ein Werk auch lange nachher noch, wenn die Neuheit ihm keinen Reiz mehr verleiht, ſo muß es wol weſentlichere Verdienſte haben, und dies iſt bei Figaro's Hochzeit gewiß der Fall. Bei dieſem und dem ihm vorhergehenden Intriguenſtück war Beaumarchais ganz in ſeiner Sphäre, und mußte daher auch einen glänzenden Erfolg haben.

Mancher könte ſich vielleicht wundern, daß er dieſe Sphäre nicht ſogleich fand, ſondern mit dem ernſten Drama debutirte; allein das jugendliche Gemüt neigt immer eher zum Rührenden hin als zum Lächerlichen, und es mag vielleicht Beaumarchais dem Menſchen günſtig angerechnet werden, daß er Gemüt zeigte, bevor er in eine Gattung kam, wo das Gemüt des Dichters ſich verbirgt. Indeß auch dort iſt ein Streben nach Intrigue ſichtbar, wenigſtens darin, daß immer auf Situationen und Imbroglio hingearbeitet iſt, die in den beiden Freunden fehlerhaft werden, weil ſie zu fein und mithin zu wenig natürlich angelegt ſind. In dieſen ernſten Dramen wetteiferte Beaumarchais mit Diderot; beiden misfiel das Etikettmäßige in den Theaterſtücken ihrer Nation, beide ſuchten einen andern Weg einzuſchlagen, gefielen darum aber auch nicht auſerordentlich. Überhaupt iſt das, daß Beaumarchais faſt in Allem von dem Hergebrachten ſich entfernte, ein Hauptgrund, warum er ſo vielfältig ſchief beurteilt wurde. Lieſt man die Urteile der Paliſſot's über ihn, ſo ſolte man meinen, es ſey von einem nur mittelmäßigen Schriftſteller die Rede, und ſelbſt Laharpe möchte ja die Dramen deſſelben kaum unter denen des zweiten Ranges als vorzügliche nennen. Da man nun, wenigſtens bei dieſem lezteren, keine feindſelige Abſicht vorausſezen kann; ſo weiß ich mir ſo auffallende Urteile in der That nicht anders zu erklären, als daß man dabei von zu einſeitigen Anſichten franzöſiſcher Kritik ausging. Wie ſich aber in ſolch eines Mannes Kopf die Welt anders ſpiegeln mußte, als in gewöhnlichen Köpfen, ſo wollen auch ſeine Werke nicht nach gewöhnlichem Maasſtab gemeſſen ſeyn. Wenn nun aber dieſer Maasſtab der richtige wäre? — Das aber iſt eben das Problematiſche hiebei, und es komt erſt darauf an, die Prinzipien der franzöſiſchen Kritiker gegen die, welche Beaumarchais in zweien Abhandlungen vor ſeiner Eugenie und ſeinem Figaro aufgeſtellt hat, auszugleichen. Selbſt jene haben dieſen Abhandlungen den Vorzug vielen Geiſtes und Wizes nicht abſprechen können, behaupten aber einſtimmig, der Fehler ſchlechten Geſchmacks ſey darin nicht minder groß. Da fragt ſich aber ſchon wieder, ob auch jedermann das für ſchlechten Geſchmack halten wird, was ihnen ſolcher ſcheint. Richtiger dürfte vielleicht ſeyn, was Laharpe von dieſen Abhandlungen ſagt, ihr Verfaſſer habe darin eine Theorie für ſeine Stücke aufgeſtellt, weil er andere Theorieen nicht gekant habe. Dies ſey dahin geſtellt; denn er könnte ja wol auch eine neue entworfen haben, weil ihm die alten nicht gefielen. Warum hat man die ſeinige denn nicht auch geprüft? Man würde gewiß gefunden haben, daß Beaumarchais, wenn er auch nicht gerade das Rechte immer völlig traf, doch auf einem Wege war, der zu dem Rechten führt. Unter dem Artikel Aufzug haben wir ſchon der Einrichtung der Zwiſchenakte in ſeiner Eugenie gedacht: ſie war nicht die glücklichſte, die Idee davon aber zweckmäßig; vielleicht finden wir etwas Aehnliches in dem, was er in Anſehung des ernſten Drama und des Intriguenſtücks geſagt hat. Jenes aber können wir, nach unſerer Einrichtung, erſt unter Schauſpiel, dieſes unter Intriguenſtück würdigen, wo wir Figaro's Hochzeit als Beiſpiel nehmen; und ſo bleibe denn einſtweilen dieſe Angelegenheit auf ſich beruhen. Nur was im Allgemeinen zur Charakteriſtik von Beaumarchais dient, ſuchen wir jezt zu vollenden.

Gewiß war es nicht zu verwundern, wenn ein ſo angefeindeter Mann, als er, der vier volle Jahre dazu gebraucht hatte, um ſeinen Figaro auf die Bühne zu bringen, ſo daß Laharpe ihm einſt ſagte, wie viel Geiſt und Wiz ihn auch die Verfertigung des Stücks gekoſtet haben möge, ſo müſſe er doch ungleich mehr gebraucht haben, um deſſen Aufführung zu bewirken; nicht zu verwundern, ſag' ich, iſt es, wenn ſolch ein Mann die verſchiedenſten Urteile über ſeine Werke eben ſo wol als über ſich ſelbſt mußte fällen ſehen. Er konte indeß, wie er es auch war, ganz ruhig ſeyn, denn wie hat ein Unpartheiiſcher leugnen können, daß wahrhaft komiſches Genie, reiche Ader von Wiz, eben ſo beluſtigende als kühne Laune in ſeinen Stücken athme, und daß, während Scherz, Munterkeit und Laune die Phantaſie zum gefälligſten Spiel einladen, der ſcharfe und tiefe Blick des Welt- und Menſchenkenners den Verſtand zu den wichtigſten Betrachtungen auffordern kann.

Als Künſtler giebt ihm Bouterwek mit Recht das Zeugniß, daß er die voltairiſche Feinheit mit der ſchlaueſten Kunſt zur Verſtärkung des komiſchen Effects benutze, und jeder geſteht ihm Meiſterſchaft in der Intrigue zu. Das vorzüglichſte ſeiner Theaterſtücke iſt nach Laharpe der Barbier von Sevilla, an welchem dieſer Kunſtrichter Zeichnung und Haltung der Charaktere lobt, die Mittel der Intrigue zwar ſchon gebraucht, allein durch Zwiſchenfälle und Dialog neu findet, und endlich ſagt: „es iſt kein Akt, in dem ſich nicht eine ſinnreich kombinirte Situation fände, pikant und luſtig in ihrem Detail; das ganze Stück verwickelt ſich von Akt zu Akt ſtärker, und entwickelt ſich auf die glücklichſte Weiſe im letzten.“ — Andere ziehen den Figaro vor, und ich pflichte gern dem teutſchen Beurtheiler bei, der dieſes Luſtſpiel, wie es da iſt, eine Schilderung der großen Welt zu Paris, ein Meiſterſtück der franzöſiſchen Literatur nennt. Gleichvertheiltes Dichterfeuer belebt die entfernteſten Punkte. Nie ſtockt die Handlung, welche wir in ächter Manier und Sprache des Plautus vorgehen ſehen. Das Salz ſeiner Satyre dringt wie ſcharfe Lauge ein, und doch lieben wir den weiſen Spötter.

Deſto ſchlimmer nur, rufen hier die Gegner aus, denn je ſchöner, je reizender, deſto verderblicher iſt dieſes verführeriſche, durchaus unmoraliſche Schauſpiel. Dieſes iſt gewöhnlich die letzte und gehäſſigſte Anklage, welche man gegen ein Kunſtwerk vorbringt, und bei welchem Schriftſteller könnte man dieſe Anklage ſcheinbarer vorbringen, als bei dieſem ſeiner Unmoralität halber ohnehin ſo verſchrieenen? Alles kommt hier auf Beantwortung der Frage an, in wiefern der komiſche Dramatiker das Komiſche von der moraliſchen Seite zu nehmen habe; eine Frage, die erſt unter dem Artikel Komiſch in ihrem ganzen Umfange kann beantwortet werden, die wir aber doch hier nicht ganz übergehen wollen. Keiner von allen Kritikern hat ſie, in Beziehung auf Figaro, ſchärfer gefaßt, als der ſchon erwähnte teutſche, und ich achte daher für gut, ihn einſtweilen hierüber ſprechen zu laſſen, weil gerade das, was Er ſagt, am beſten dient, uns zur Vollendung unſerer Charakteriſtik zu führen.

„Jedes Laſter,“ ſagt er, „ſtraft ſich durch das Gift, welches es erzeugt; dies recht heraus zu heben und ſichtbar zu machen, darin — und nicht in Sentenzen, gezwungenem Tugendlobe und Strafe des Laſters — liegt die wirkſamſte Moral. Iſt dies geſchehen? Oder iſt es gemindert? Gar verſteckt? Bei der Beantwortung dieſer Frage kommt es auf die Beſtimmung folgender an: wenn man, frei von Vorliebe jeder Art, ohne Pedanterie und ängſtliche Foderung, ohne ſtrenge Moral und ſteife Anhänglichkeit an irgend eine Nation, den Figaro lieſt; weckt er Heiterkeit, Drang zum Guten, Wohlwollen? Welche Empfindungen läßt er zurück? Fürwahr! man genießt die kraftvolle Arbeit einer blühenden Imagination; — aber doch — wenn es nun zu Ende geleſen iſt — was bleibt? Alle Sinne ſind gereizt, unſer Herz, unſer ganzes Wollen, iſt ergriffen und nicht befriedigt. Die Seele gleicht in dieſem Zuſtand einem öden Tanzſaale, den nach durchſchwelgter Nacht der erſte Sonnenſtral beſcheint. Welche abgenutzte Menſchen überhaupt! Welche Sitten, mit denen es ſo weit herunter iſt, daß der mindere Grad von Schändlichkeit — *Honnetteté* heißt! Nirgends Unbefangenheit! Überall gekünſtelte Menſchen! Selbſt die, die hier die guten Menſchen ſind, — wie weit dürfte man ſich wol ohne Gefahr mit ihnen einlaſſen? Dieſer Figaro! — Man kann ihm nichts vorwerfen, freilich! Wie aber, wenn endlich die Gräfin ....? Suſanne? — Sie ſteckt ſo ſchlau dem Grafen das Briefchen zu; viel zu ſchlau für eine Ungeübte. Wie wenn nun einſt ... dürfen wir etwas garantiren? Wie? — Die Gräfin und Cherubin — was für Momente! Was für Schwäche! — Noch einmal, ſo wie wir ſie ſehen, d. h. ſo wie ſie gegen uns gerecht ſind, kann man ihnen nichts vorwerfen; wir wiſſen es wohl. Aber bei der nächſten Campagne zu Aguas Frescas! Wie da! Ueber welchem gefährlichen Abgrunde kämpft ihrer aller Tugend ſchon, wie ſind ſie an dieſen Abgrund ſo wollüſtiginterreſſant hingeführt! So — daß, wenn ſie fallen, uns die Verzeihung erleichtert, ſchon abgedrungen worden iſt. Figaro, dieſer Davus! freilich diesmal für die gute Sache; wer aber unter Einem Dache mit ihm wohnt, kann er, wenn der Handriegel innen vorgeſchoben iſt, ſich nun ruhig in ſeinem Bette ſtrecken? Was kann er nicht alles ertragen und verbergen! Eiferſucht, dieſe unbändige Leidenſchaft! Wie iſt er ihr Herr und Meiſter zu allen Zeiten! Figaro iſt der größte praktiſche Philoſoph; denn iſt er der nicht, was iſt er denn? — — Man darf dem Verfaſſer den Vorwurf machen: er plaiſantirt über das Verderben ſeiner Zeit ſo, daß das Verderben freundlicher ausſieht, wie die Tugend. Was Mord und Tod in aller Welt verurſacht, endigt hier in lauter Fröhlichkeit; wer ſollte ſich hier nicht wünſchen, ſo ewig zu leben! Und doch iſt alles Blendung. Das Gemälde iſt nicht treu! Den Ueberdruß des Wollüſtlings, ſeine ekle Langeweile, den Kummer der Gräfin, ihr troſtloſes Verblühen, Figaro's Aerger, das mächtige Gefühl: ich werde undankbar verrathen! Dies alles hat der Dichter verſteckt. Wäre es, ohne Sentenzen, in die Handlung verwebt, dann würde das Meiſterſtück Figaro Jahrhunderte leben: aber an die Stelle dieſer Dinge kommen Ceremonien, die Menge zu locken und zu erhalten; Epigramme, welche die Reſultate von Beaumarchais Erfahrung ſind, deren Bitterkeit, uns unbewußt, vielleicht ſeltſame Revange giebt. Einige wenige erbittert der Stachel, der Haufe ſteht lachend vor dem Bilde des ſchrecklichſten Verfalles der Menſchheit, der Abſchwächung aller Kräfte (!), und heiter hingeführt geſtehet die Nation ein: „Ja, ſo ſind wir!“

Und ſollte ſelbſt dieſes eingeſtandene: So ſind wir, nicht eine Rechtfertigung für den Dichter enthalten? Das Gemälde iſt nicht blos von ſprechender, es iſt von ſchreiender Aehnlichkeit, und trotz aller Luſtigkeit, mit der es gegeben iſt, doch ſo wenig geſchmeichelt, daß ich meine, eben in dieſer Luſtigkeit liege eine bis zum Tod verwundende Verachtung. Beaumarchais wenigſtens war ſich deſſen recht wohl bewußt, denn — ſein Figaro iſt Er, ſein Graf Almaviva der damaligen franzöſiſchen Großen Repräſentant. Hierüber wollen wir uns zuvor verſtändigen.

Daß in dem Figaro Beaumarchais ſelbſt dargeſtellt ſey, hat Laharpe außer Zweifel geſetzt. Dieſer Figaro iſt ein Kammerdiener, allein das thut nichts, er iſt Schriftſteller, Muſikus, Dichter, hat ſeine Studien gemacht, iſt bisweilen Philoſoph und immer Intriguant, ſtolz auf ſeine Talente und Kenntniſſe, und hat durch dies alles das ſonderbarſte Schickſal. „O wunderliche Reihe von Begebenheiten! Wie iſt mir das alles begegnet? Warum gerade das und nichts anders? Wer hat dies Loos auf mein Haupt geheftet? Gezwungen, eine Bahn zu durchlaufen, die ich betreten habe, ohne es zu wiſſen, hab' ich ſie mit ſo viel Blumen beſtreut, als es meine Luſtigkeit zuließ; und noch obendrein ſag' ich da meine Luſtigkeit, ohne zu wiſſen, was das Ich eigentlich iſt, mit dem ich mich beſchäftige; erſt ein geſtaltloſes Gemiſch unbekannter Beſtandtheile; alsdann ein armſeliges ſchwaches Weſen; ein kleines ſchäkerhaftes Thier; ein Jüngling, dürſtend nach Vergnügen; mit allen Antrieben zum Genuß, alle Gewerbe treibend um nur zu leben; hier Herr, dort Knecht, wie es der Dame Fortuna einfällt! Ehrgeizig aus Eitelkeit, arbeitſam aus Noth, faullenzend mit der ſüßeſten Wonne! Redner in der Gefahr, Dichter aus Muße, Muſikus bei Gelegenheit.“ — Und was will dieſer Menſch? Was ſoll er? — Einen Gedanken verſinnlichen, den Beaumarchais in ſeinem *Tarare* alſo ausdrückte:

Homme, ta grandeur sur la terre
N'appartient point à ton état;
Elle est toute à ton caractère.

Figaro erklärt ſich hierüber deutlich genug: „Weil Sie ein großer Herr ſind, bilden Sie ſich ein, ein großer Geiſt zu ſeyn. — Adel, Vermögen, Rang, anſehnliche Poſten, das macht alles ſehr ſtolz! Aber womit haben Sie ſo viele Güter verdient? Sie haben ſich die Mühe gegeben geboren zu werden; und ſonſt nichts: übrigens ein ſehr gewöhnlicher Menſch! während daß ich, Sapperment! verloren in der dunkeln Menge, mehr Wiſſenſchaft und Berechnung habe anwenden müſſen, um nur mein Leben zu friſten, als man ſeit hundert Jahren gebraucht hat, um alle ſpaniſchen Provinzen zu regieren; und Sie wollen mit mir kämpfen?“

Nur zu deutlich iſt hier die Tendenz des Stückes ausgeſprochen: Oppoſition des Geiſtes gegen konventionelle Größe, Uebermacht der Klugheit über den Druck der Gewalt, Sieg der ſchlauberechneten Beharrlichkeit über dünkelhaft ſichere Anmaßlichkeit. Darum glaube ich ſehr gern, was Beaumarchais ſagt, daß ſein Zweck geweſen ſey, den Grafen durchkreuzt, ermüdet, in allen ſeinen Abſichten verhindert, gedemüthigt darzuſtellen; und dies iſt die Hauptrevange, die man das luſtigſte Vorſpiel zu dem blutigſten Trauerſpiele, — der franzöſiſchen Revolution, nennen könte. Hätten ſie in dieſem vorgehaltenen Spiegel doch ihre wahre Geſtalt erkennen, und des Dichters Sarkasmus beherzigen wollen, jene Großen! „Ich bekenne,“ ſagt er, „daß zwar das vergangene Menſchengeſchlecht meinem Stück ſehr geglichen hat, daß das künftige Geſchlecht ihm ebenfalls ſehr gleichen wird; daß aber das itzt lebende nicht die mindeſte Aehnlichkeit damit hat.“ Wäre dies nicht tauben Ohren gepredigt geweſen, ſo hätten ſie als Reſultat dieſes Luſtſpiels wahrſcheinlich die heilſame Warnung gehabt: Wie könte es euch ergehen, wenn es dereinſt denen, die jetzt, durch ihren Stand gezwungen, Gewalt durch Liſt zurücktreiben, einfiele, ſich gegen euch zu verſchwören! Welche Figur würdet ihr dann machen! Welchen Halt habt ihr denn eigentlich? — In euch ſeyd ihr nichts, die euch helfen könten, habt ihr gegen euch erbittert, kaum werden die euch bleiben, die am feſteſten an euch hangen, denn euer Leichtſinn, euer

Wollüſtlein haben ſie euch entfremdet; der Vortheil innen, der Verachtung von außen Preis gegeben, ſteht ihr eurem holen Nichts jämmerlich gegenüber.

So und nicht anders muß dieſes Luſtſpiel angeſehen werden, und ich ſehe warlich nicht, wie ſich ein Laſter durch das ſelbſt erzeugte Gift auffallender ſelbſt ſtrafen könne. Bedenkt doch nur die Situation genau, in der ſich der Graf am Ende befindet. Bei Figaro unterliegend, Suſannens Spielwerk, ſeiner Bedienten heimlicher Spott, bleibt ihm nichts übrig, als reuig der beleidigten Gemalin zu Füßen zu ſinken. Gütig, wie ſie iſt, verzeiht ſie; aber — es wird gar ſehr darauf ankommen, ob er dieſer Verzeihung ſich würdig machen wird, denn ſchon hatte ſein ſträfliches Benehmen ſie dahin gebracht, ihre Neigung an andere Weſen zu heften. Glücklicher Weiſe iſt dies Weſen jetzt nur ein Kind, und es iſt häufig der Fall, daß die volle Liebe der verſchmähten Gattin ſich auf ein Kind lenkt; die Neigung iſt auch hier erſt im Aufkeimen: allein ich will eben nicht für die nächſte Campagne zu Lyons Treue ſtehen; das Kind wird ein Jüngling, die Neigung kann zärtlicher und ernſter ſeyn, — wofern der Herr Graf durch die bisherige Lektion noch nicht klug geworden ſind. Bis auf dieſen Punkt mußte alles geführt werden, und ſo könte es wol gar ſeyn, daß gerade das am ſtrengſten getadelt worden wäre, was, genau beſehen, ein Vorzug des Stückes mehr iſt. Jedoch von hier an bleibe jedem die weitere Unterſuchung einſtweilen ſelbſt überlaſſen.

Habe ich nun aber mit dieſer Rechtfertigung des Stücks den Dichter ſelbſt gerechtfertigt? Beaumarchais hat ſich in ſeinem Figaro gemalt: Dieſer Figaro aber, nimt er es etwa mit der Moral zu genau? Das möchte ich nun freilich nicht behaupten, denn ſeine Moral ſteht jener Politik allzuähnlich, der die Mittel durch den Zweck heilig werden, und die den Egoismus der Tugend unterzuſchieben verſteht. So wie Figaro's Philoſophie zum Materialismus, ſo neigt ſeine Moral zum Genuß hin, und wo ihm dieſer entrückt wird, da hält er — aus Revange — ſich manches erlaubt, was eine ſtrengere Moral ſich wol verbieten dürfte: indeß muß man hiebei doch ſo billig ſeyn, nicht zu vergeſſen, daß ſeine Wünſche weder übertrieben noch an ſich tadelhaft ſind, und daß man nichts der Laſterhaftigkeit Aehnliches an ihm bemerkt. Iſt er nicht moraliſch, ſo iſt er doch auch nicht unmoraliſch; er hat eine Moral, aber als ein kluger Mann, der die Welt polirt hat; der deswegen vor einer Intrigue ſich eben nicht ſcheut, (die Welt ſelbſt, meint er, zwingt ja zu Intriguen), allein der darum doch nicht boshaft iſt. Mir iſt es ſehr wahrſcheinlich, daß auch Beaumarchais moraliſcher Charakter dieſem entworfenen Bilde wenigſtens nicht ſehr unähnlich könne geweſen ſeyn; er möchte luſtiger Streiche fähig ſeyn und ſich dieſelben erlauben, allein daß er niederträchtig geweſen ſey, bezweifle ich ſehr. Laharpe weiß ihm nur zwei ſchlechte Streiche vorzuwerfen, ein Gedicht gegen die chriſtliche Religion, das er kurze Zeit vor ſeinem Tode verfertigte, und daß er ſeinen würdigen Gegner im Kornmanniſchen Prozeſſe, Bergaſſe, unter dem Namen Bergeaß auf eine unwürdige Weiſe in der ſchuldigen Mutter, ſeinem letzten, nicht gleich vorzüglich gerathenen Drama auf die Bühne gebracht. Jenes war die Folge ſeiner enthuſiaſtiſchen Bewunderung Voltaire's, die ihm in der zu Kehl von ihm veranſtalteten Ausgabe von deſſen Werken, mehrere Tauſende koſtete, dieſes einer gereizten Empfindlichkeit; zweideutiger erſcheint er in dem berüchtigten Streit mit der als Ritter ſo berühmten Demoiſelle d'Eon, wo es ſcheint, daß er durch die, in London über das damals zweideutige Geſchlecht des Ritters angeſtellten, großen Wetten einen betrüglichen Gewinn zu machen gedacht. Dieſes konte ihm ſeine Moral wol erlauben, denn auf die Neugier und Narrheiten der Menſchen zu ſpekuliren, ſchien ja der Handelsmoral von jeher erlaubt, und iſt zum Handwerk zu gehören. Solte er tückiſch hiebei gehandelt haben, ſo hat er während der Revolution durch eine Jahre lange, oft ſchreckliche Todesgefahr und dem Verluſt von dem größten Theile ſeines Vermögens dafür gebüßt. Daß ihn am Ende der Tod auf ſeinem Bett überraſchte, iſt wirklich das letzte Wunderbare in ſeinem Leben.

Anaſtaſius Grün

ſoll nach allgemeinem Dafürhalten ein fingirter Name, und der wirkliche Verfaſſer der unter demſelben erſchienenen Werke Anton Alexander Graf von Auersperg (geboren zu Thurn am Hart in Krain am 11. April 1806 und abwechſelnd daſelbſt oder in Wien lebend) ſeyn, doch hat ſich dieſer bisher nirgends öffentlich ſelbſt dazu bekannt, und wenn auch Alles für dieſe Annahme ſpricht, ſo hat doch Niemand das Recht, es gewiß zu behaupten, wie das voreilig bereits zu wiederholten Malen geſchehen iſt.

Von Anaſtaſius Grün iſt erſchienen:

Blätter der Liebe. Stuttgart 1830.
Der letzte Ritter. Romanzenkranz. Stuttgart 1830.
Schutt. Dichtungen. Leipzig 1835. N. A. 1836.
Gedichte. 8. Leipzig 1837. 340 S. 2 Thlr.
Einzelne Gedichte in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Zugeſchrieben werden demſelben Verfaſſer die anonym herausgekommenen:

Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten. Hamburg 1831. N. A. 1832.

Mit Allem ausgerüſtet, was Anſpruch auf Dichterruhm geben kann, mit der redlichſten Geſinnung erfüllt, kämpfend und leidend für Wahrheit und Recht, hat Anaſtaſius Grün doch einen Weg eingeſchlagen, der, wenn ihn Viele nachahmend betreten, wie das bereits geſchehen iſt, zu großen Verirrungen führen muß. Der Schade, welcher dadurch der freien Ausbildung und Fortgeſtaltung der Poeſie in Deutſchland erwachſen kann, iſt nicht zu berechnen und es ſcheint uns eine unerläßliche Pflicht, dies in einem Werke, welches der reinen, unbeſtechlichen Anerkennung alles Großen und Schönen in unſerer Nationalliteratur gewidmet iſt, unbeſchadet der innigen und ſtarken Verehrung, die wir der Individualität dieſes Dichters zollen, wenigſtens anzudeuten. Ehe wir es jedoch ausſprechen, muß den vortrefflichen und ſeltenen Eigenſchaften, wie ſie Anaſtaſius Grün in nicht geringem Maaße beſitzt, ihr volles Recht widerfahren. Dieſe ſind eine Tiefe und Wärme des Gefühls, wie ſie nur einem Gemüthe eigen ſeyn können, welches einen unverſieglichen Quell von Liebe in ſich ſchließt; Reichthum der Phantaſie, ſich in den kühnſten, farbenſatteſten Bildern offenbarend und doch von ruhigſter Beſonnenheit verwaltet und angewendet, eine zauberhafte Anmuth der Sprache neben außerordentlicher Kraft und die durchgebildetſte Vollendung der Form, die überall den vollkommenen Meiſter beurkundet; kurz was ein gütiges und günſtiges Geſchick dem Erdenſohne, den es zum Dichter beſtimmte, bei ſeiner Geburt nur in die Wiege legen kann, das iſt ihm zu Theil geworden und er hat ſich mit gewiſſenhaftem Eifer bemüht, alle jene Gaben auf das Pflichtgetreueſte auszubilden. Das jetzige Deutſchland hat daher vollkommen Recht, wenn es einen ſeiner bedeutendſten lyriſchen Dichter in ihm erkennt und begrüßt.

Die Klage, welche Goethe einmal ſo entſchieden über und gegen den Verfaſſer dieſer Zeilen äußerte*), daß die jetzige Zeit an einer allgemeinen Krankheit, der Subjectivität leide und unſere Nation daher im Rückſchreiten und in der Auflöſung begriffen ſey, muß bei dieſem Dichter auf das Entſchiedenſte wiederholt und ausgeſprochen werden. Er hat den Culminationspunkt dieſer Richtung erreicht. Krank von dem Jammer unſerer Tage, der ſein großes, reiches Herz erfüllt und peinigt, giebt ihm die Welt der Objecte, die er mit dichteriſchem Auge in ſich aufnimmt, mit dichteriſcher Hand ordnet und zurecht ſtellt, nur Gelegenheit, ſein Ich mit all dem ganzen Farbenſpiel ſeiner Empfindungen, deren Mehrzahl trübe iſt, in ſeinen Poeſieen vorzuführen; daher ſchafft er, wie es der Poet ſoll, keine Welt, er reproducirt nur eine längſt erſchaffene, begränzte, einfarbige, von ihm ſelbſt nicht mit voller Freiheit aufgefaßte, die ſeines leidenden Innern, und da er ſelbſt bei ſeinem reichen Geiſte das fühlen muß, ſo bietet er alle Schätze und Kräfte ſeiner Phantaſie auf, um durch den ſchönſten äußeren Schmuck der Bilder, durch die Anmuth und Mannichfaltigkeit des Gewandes, in das er ſeine Gedanken hüllt, durch die überraſchendſten Wendungen, mit denen er ſeine Ideen uns vorführt, dieſen großen Mangel zu verdecken.

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*) S. Eckermann, Geſpräche mit Goethe. Leipzig 1836. Th. I. S. 237 flgde.

Seine Poeſien ermangeln daher der Geſundheit; dieſe werden wir an ihm deſto ſchmerzlicher vermiſſen, je mehr er uns zu gewähren vermag, je mehr er uns durch den Zauber ſeiner Rede zum Mitgefühl und Mitleid hinreißt. Wird aber dieſe Weiſe, dieſe Verhüllung der Krankheit durch Glanz, der gerade jetzt, wo Alles ſich von der freien Natürlichkeit abzuwenden droht, leichter noch beſticht, vorherrſchend in der Geſchmacksrichtung und von minder begabten Schülern, die ſich um dieſen eigenthümlichen Meiſter reihen, nachgeahmt, ſo müſſen dieſe, um die Leere ihres Innern zu verdecken, Gegenſtände und Gedanken in den Kreis der Poeſie hineinziehn, welche der Natur derſelben durchaus fern liegen und wir treten in der lyriſchen Poeſie einer Periode entgegen, die hinſichtlich ihrer Verirrungen und ihres falſchen, unnatürlichen Geſchmackes noch verderblicher wird, als es je die Periode der Hoffmannswaldau-Lohenſtein'ſchen Unnatur geweſen ſeyn kann.

Der Thurm am Strande.*)

1.

Ich lag im weichen Gras, gelehnt auf Trümmer,
An Iſtriens vom Lenz umblühtem Strande;
Der Himmel quoll in abendroth'gem Schimmer,
Das Meer erglomm im purpurrothen Brande.

Sie wollen flammend drob' in Eines fließen,
Nicht ſieht das Aug', wo Meer und Luft ſich trennen,
Wie ſich zwei Lippen an einander ſchließen
In Einem ew'gen Liebeskuß zu brennen.

Von Liebe wollen Flur und Hain erzählen,
Das iſt rings ein Grüßen, Flüſtern, Koſen!
Die Wellen hüpfen an's Geſtad' und ſtehlen
Sich flüchtig Küſſe von des Strandes Roſen.

Sie legen Nachts gar heimlich und bebende
An's Land der Muſcheln farbenreich Geſchmeide,
Daß Morgens an der Liebe zarter Spende
Der Roſen Aug' ſich beym Erwachen weide.

Doch du dort, alter Thurm, öd' und zerfallen,
Weißt du nicht auch von Lieb' ein Wörtlein ſagen?
Mich dünkt es, deine morſchen Quadern lallen
Ein böſes Lied aus alten, böſen Tagen!

Dein Antlitz blickt ſo ernſt, als ob es zürne,
Und finſtres Moos iſt dämmernd drauf zu ſchauen,
Wie auf des Denkers tiefgefurchter Stirne
Die dunklen und gedankenſchweren Brauen.

Wohl dämmert's in dir von Erinnerungen,
Wie Schuldbewußtſeyn in des Sünders Herzen,
Du finſtrer Geſelle, rings umſchlungen
Von roſ'gen Schäkern und verliebten Scherzen!

Ob deinem Thor ein Wappen, moosumwoben:
Ein Löwe iſt's, das Evangelium haltend!
Venedig, ha, dein Leu! Wohl muß ich loben
Des Sinnbild's Wahl, dein ganzes Seyn entfaltend!

Der Mähne Königsmantel ſchüttelnd, Leue,
Doch nicht verläugnend das Geſchlecht der Katze!
Das heil'ge Buch des Glaubens und der Treue
Erhoben hoch, — doch in bekrallter Tatze!

Großmüthig, wenn geſättigt ſchon vom Morden,
Und ſanft, wenn du gebändigt mußt erliegen,
Dein Thron die Kluft, drin nie es Tag geworden,
Und doch voll Glanz und Ruhm und Kraft und Siegen!

Sprich, und was wollteſt du am Thurme dorten?
Ich ahn' es, ein Kerker war's! Als Kerkermeiſter
Hat ſich der Leu gelegt vor ſeine Pforten,
Denn gern in Haft hielt Leiber er und Geiſter!

Sieh hin jetzt: du zertreten, er zerſchlagen!
Sieh ſelbſt dein Werkzeug: Ketten, Eiſenſtangen
Im Purpurſchmuck des Roſt's, am Siegeswagen
Der Freiheit, als entthronte Zwingherrn prangen!

Selbſt in die Quadern, die den Thurm dir tragen,
Iſt einſt der Freiheit friſcher Hauch gefahren,
Daß ſie in wilder Luſt aus ihren Fugen,
Sich ſelbſt entfeſſelnd, taumelten in Schaaren!

Die Klagen, die ſie hörten, tönen wieder
Aus ihrer Marmorbruſt, der ſchmerzgeweihten;
Es ſenkte drauf ſich dunkler Epheu nieder,
Die immergrüne Elegie der Zeiten.

Ein Oelbaum ſprießt nicht fern, den Schutt verſchönernd,
Und Roſen rankten dran die jungen Triebe;
Zur Menſchenſaat des Haſſes pflanzt verſöhnend
Natur ſo gern den Frieden und die Liebe.

Doch wie die Lüfte flüſtern heimlich leiſe,
Und wie die Wellen rauſchen auf und nieder,
Weh'n aus den Trümmern, ſtill, in düſtrer Weiſe,
Zu mir herüber des Gefangnen Lieder:

2.

„Ich war beſcheidner Sonnettendichter,
Im Qualm Venedigs zündend Himmelslichter,
Gebundne Rede meiſternd wohlbedächtig,
Gebundner Hände jetzo minder mächtig.

Da lieg' ich nun gleich einem ſchlechten Verſe,
Verrenkt, gezwängt, vom Wirbel bis zur Ferſe,
Die Ketten klappernd wie unreine Reime,
In übler Form vermiſcht die ſchönſten Keime!

Vor'm Thor San Marco's hielt ich Sieſta gerne,
Betrachtend irdiſche und Himmelsſterne;
Einſt ungefähr, vertieft ganz in ihr Blitzen,
Blieb einer Prozeſſion im Weg ich ſitzen.

Einſt in Fenice's höchſtem Logenrange
Sah ich ein ſchönes Kind mit heitrer Wange;
Ich ſtieg empor, — da ſaß der alte Doge
In einem Winkel, ach, derſelben Loge!

Zum Unglück reimt' ich einmal auf: Tyrannen
In einem Klinggedicht das Wort: von dannen!
Ein andermal fiel mir auf: Senatoren
Kein andrer Reim juſt ein, als: Midasohren!

Die Reime, traun, ſind reine, regeltreue,
Ich brauchte gleich ſie wieder ohne Reue;
Doch meinten drauf die Herrn, auf mein Sonnette
Gäb's keinen beſſern Reim mehr, als: die Kette!"

3.

„An's Meer, gleich dieſem, baut die Kerker alle!
Ringsum nur Meer, endloſer Himmel drüber!
Legt eures Sklaven enge, dunkle Halle
Der Freyheit und Unendlichkeit gegenüber!

Daß, wenn er ſchuldig, ſelbſt der Wellen Koſen
Ihm Nachts und Tags von ſeiner Schuld erzähle,
Und fort und fort ihm laut der Brandung Toſen
Des Herrn Gerichte donnre in die Seele!

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*) Aus: Schutt, Dicht. v. Anaſt. Grün.

Daß, wenn er ſchwillt, nicht an's Ohr euch dringe,
Euch nicht den Schlummer ſtöre ſeine Klage,
Daß ſie des Meeres Rauſchen ganz verſchlinge,
Daß ſie des Windes Flügel weiter trage!

Ich klimm' empor zum hohen Fenſterbogen,
Und kralle feſt mich an des Gitters Stäben!
Ha, endlos ſeh' den Ocean ich wogen,
Nur fern, gar fern ein weißes Segel ſchweben!

Ach, meiner Freiheit Bild! Nicht flieh ſo ſchnelle!
Es eilt mein Herz dir nach, nicht kann es raſten,
Es ſchwebt als Möwe über dunkler Welle
Und klammert ſchwebend ſich an deine Maſten!"

4.

„Ihr, denen in die Hände ward gegeben,
Wenn ihr's die Händ' etwa nicht ſelbſt genommen,
Das Recht, zu ſchalten über Menſchenleben,
Kennt ihr des Menſchenlebens Sinn und Frommen?

Ich rath' euch, wallt aus eurer goldnen Klauſe
Einmal hinaus in Frühlings Sonnenblicke,
Doch laßt mir fein den Doctorhut zu Hauſe,
Die grüne Brille, Feder und Perücke!

Und wenn, von all dem Licht und Glanz entborgt,
Ein leiſer Abglanz ſchlich in eure Seele,
Dann iſt es Zeit, dann weilet nicht, und ſorget
Daß Flinte, Beil und Meſſer euch nicht fehle.

Seht dort den Roſenſtrauch im Duftmeer ſtehen!
Das Meſſer her, vom Stamme ihn zu trennen! —
Er liegt im Staub, und ſcheint nun zu verbluten
Aus ſo viel Wunden, als da Knoſpen brannen.

Seht ihr die Lerche hoch im Frühroth ſchwimmen?
Das Feuerrohr herbei, und ſtreckt ſie nieder! —
Vor euch im Raſengrün mit leiſem Wimmern
Verſiegt die holde Quelle ſüßer Lieder.

Seht dort der Linde Haupt die Wolken grüßen!
Die Axt herbei, den Stamm ihr zu zerklüften! —
Da liegt die Rieſenleiche euch zu Füßen,
Ihr Sterberöcheln iſt ein ſüßes Düften.

Und will euch Wehmuth nun in's Herz, ſo lenket
Heimwärts den Pfad, und nehmt an eurer Schwelle
Den Säugling aus der Gattinn Arm, und ſenket
Das ſinnend Haupt zu ſeiner Lockenwelle.

Und denkt des Baum's, zerſpellt zu todten Trümmern,
Und denkt der Knosp', erblaßt im Todesbeben,
Und denkt des Liedes, aufgelöſ't in Wimmern,
Und ahnt es leiſe, was ein Menſchenleben!"

5.

„Das grauſe Königsſpiel will ich nun ſpielen,
Und laden vor Gericht nun meine Richter!
Es drückt das goldne Zepter euch nur Schwielen,
Doch hoch empor das ſeine ſchwingt der Dichter!

Ihr könnt die Ebenbürtigkeit nicht tadeln
Des Geiſt's in mir, ihr ſtolzen Purpurträger!
Er wird zum Throne dieſen Schemel adeln
Und vor die Schranken rufen eure Kläger!

Da ſprach die Kette meines Arms: Von Erzen
Schlief einſt ich ſanft und tief in ew'gen Schachten!
Was riſſ't ihr mich dem Berge aus dem Herzen,
Solch unbewehrte Arme zu umflechten!

Der Wölbung Quadern ſprachen drauf: Wir trugen
Am Dom des Herrn einſt mit als Felſenſäulen!
Was habt ihr uns zerſchmettert aus den Fugen,
Zu hören dieſes Armen Klage heulen!

Des Bettes Diele ſprach: Ich ragt' als Eiche,
Auf grünen Höh'n zu ſäuſeln Gottes Ehre!
Was habt ihr mich gefällt mit frechem Streiche,
Daß ich dieß Herz jetzt an mich pochen höre!

Vor'm Fenſter eine bunte Tulpe bitter:
Was zeigt ihr mir, der Freiheitloſen einer,
Der Knechtſchaft gelb Geſicht durch ſchwarzes Gitter,
Und eine Seele, ach, ſo fern, gleich meiner!

Es ſprach mein Herz: Euch freut was mannigfaltig,
Doch ein Gepräg' nur wollt ihr für Gedanken!
Ihr liebt die Blumen, weil ſie vielgeſtaltig,
Doch darf nicht frei das Herz Gefühle ranken!

In plumpe Feſſeln wollt den Geiſt ihr ſchlagen,
Der gottgeſandt, wie Wolk' und Regenbogen;
Die Wolke wettert, ihr könnt ſie nicht jagen,
Und binden nicht könnt ihr den Regenbogen! —

Und nun vernehmt den Urtelſpruch des Richters:
Für Kett' und Schmach, die ihr ihm ließt bereiten,
Denn alſo richtet mild das Herz des Dichters,
Gibt euren Namen er Unſterblichkeiten!

Nur erſt geſellt er ſeine Ketten alle
Zu Kron' und Stab in eures Wappens Rahmen;
Es rufen weit durch des Jahrtauſends Halle
Wie ſeiner Ketten Klirren eure Namen."

6.

„Durch meines Kerkers Eiſengitter rangen
Sich meine Blick' empor zum Himmel droben,
Den Ball des Mondes ſah ich leuchtend prangen
Vom goldnen Kranz der Sterne rings umwoben.

Da klang's aus ihnen in mein Herz, und ſäumte
Gleichwie ein kindiſch Märchen alter Tage,
Bevor der Götter Schaar die Erde räumte
Dem Menſchenvolke von gemein'rem Schlage.

Es war ein Rieſ' einſt, hochgewaltig, tüchtig,
Der ſprach zum Mond: Dein Licht behagt mir eben,
Doch biſt du mir zu wanderluſtig, flüchtig,
Und ſollteſt feſt an meinem Wohnſitz kleben.

Nicht übel ſtündeſt du mir über'm Bette
Als Abendlamp' in meinem Schlafgemache!
Er ſpricht's und ſchmiedet eine goldne Kette,
Und hängt den Mond dran auf am Himmelsdache.

Doch der rollt fort und fort unaufgehalten,
Und klingend riß die Rieſenkette droben,
Daß in Millionen Trümmer raſch zerſpalten
Weithin geſä't, die goldnen Splitter ſtoben!

Und ſieh, als Sterne ſind ſie dort geblieben,
Da leuchten ſie in's Herz mit ihrer Kunde:
Als Freiheitsthema', in goldner Schrift geſchrieben
Tief auf des Himmels dunklem, ew'gem Grunde. — —

Es flüchtet gern mit ſeinen ſtillen Schätzen
Das Menſchenherz in die geſtirnte Ferne;
Es will der Mann in Feſſeln gern verſetzen
Selbſt ſeine Ketten in die ew'gen Sterne."

7.

„War einſt ein König, der hielt liebumfangen
Den Leib der Königin, der ſchönen jungen!
Ob Aug' in Aug' und Hand in Hand auch hangen,
Er hätte gern noch feſter ſie umſchlungen!

Des Gartens Roſen formt er da zur Kette,
Die hält ihr Haupt in ſüßer Haft umwunden.
So ward aus Roſen einſt die erſte Kette,
So ward von Liebe einſt die Kett' erfunden.

Zwei Königskinder ſah'n's, die dort zu Ringen
Der Wieſenblumen ſchlichte Halme wanden,
Mit ſolchen Feſſeln ſpielend ſich umſchlingen;
Und ſo hat Lieb' die Kette fortgewunden.

Den Tempel ſeh, wo Prieſter um die Mitte
Mit Wort' und Roſ' Altar und Säul' umwunden!
So hat die Liebe feſt mit ihrer Kette
Den Himmel an die Erde ſchön gebunden.

Jetzt ſah das Königspaar, die Kinder, Prieſter!
Doch Kränze ihren Eiſenring umkoſen!
So baut den Stand des Grabes, weiß und düſter,
Der Liebe Kette an des Lebens Roſen.

Da ſah der Haß, wie Lieb' erfand die Kette,
Das, was ſie liebt, noch feſter zu umwinden!
Er formt, — aus Erzesblüthen, — nach die Kette,
Noch feſter, was er haßt, an ſich zu binden!

Doch von Guirlanden ſcheint mein Arm umwunden,
Gleich Blumen flüſternd mir die ſchöne Mähre:
Wie ſelbſt im Haß ein Fünkchen Lieb' entzunden,
Wie ſelbſt der Haß bey Lieb' einſt ging in Lehre."

8.

„Gebt mir ein Buch! — Sie wollen kein's mir gönnen!
So mag mein Aug' im Buch des Himmels blättern,
Das dem Gefangnen ſie nicht rauben können,
Und leſen, Herr, in deinen ew'gen Lettern!

Ich ſeh' den Aether rein und leuchtend blauen,
Und ſeh' das Abendroth in Flammen zittern,
Draus mild der Englein Thränen niederthauen,
Ich ſeh's, — doch aus des Kerkers Eiſengittern.

Seh' ziehn die Wolke mit der Bruſt voll Segen,
Des Mondes Kahn im Meer der Nächte prangen,
Die Sterne ſich im goldnen Wirbel regen,
Ich ſeh's, — doch durch des Kerkers Eiſenſtangen.

Ich ſeh' die Morgenwolke leuchtend ſteigen,
Und mitleidsvoll der Roſen Bild und Wange,
Die längſtentbehrten, meinem Auge zeigen!
Ich ſeh's, — doch durch des Gitters ehrne Spange.

Ich ſah die Wetter, die nun ausgeſtritten,
Ich ſeh' den Regenbogen flammend ſchweben;
Des Himmels lichter Grund doch iſt durchſchnitten
Ach, von des Kerkergitters ſchwarzen Stäben!

Da dünkt es mich, im Buch des Himmels wären
Die ſchönſten Stellen, heiligſten Legenden,
Des Friedens und der Liebe Gotteslehren
Mit ſchwarzem Strich durchkreuzt von Menſchenhänden."

9.

„Wie eine Roſe ausſieht, wüßt' ich gerne!
Wohl wußt' ich's einſt, doch hab' ich's, traun, vergeſſen!
Denn zwiſchen mir und jenes Frühlings Ferne
Dehnt längſt der Knechtſchaft Nacht ſich unermeſſen!

Ich ſah die Roſ' einſt in einem Garten,
Durch den die Spiele meiner Kindheit flogen;
Ich ſah ſie einſt auf flatternden Standarten
Der Heere, die zum blut'gen Kampfe zogen.

Ich ſah ſie einſt im Dom vorm Brautaltare
An einer Jungfrau Herz ſich zärtlich ſchmiegen;
Ich ſah ſie einſt in meines Vaters Haare,
Als Tod ihn auf den Schragen ſtreckte, liegen.

Ich ſah, wie an der Bruſt der Mörder einer
Sie mit zur Richtſtatt führ' im Schinderwagen;
Fürwahr, ich wollt' ich ſäß' im Karr'n ſtatt ſeiner,
Daß ich die Roſe könnt' am Herzen tragen!"

10.

„Ich zog aus meinem Strohbett eine Aehre
Und hielt ſie lang vor's Aug' in meinen Händen;
Als ob in ihr ein ſtiller Zauber wäre
Konnt' ich die Blicke nimmer von ihr wenden.

Ein Feld voll Garben liegt vor meinen Blicken!
Ja, wie ſie flüſternd durcheinander gaukeln,
Geſchäftig mit den goldnen Häuptern nicken,
Und weithin ihre Aehren-Wogen ſchaukeln!

Von blanken Sicheln, durch die Schwaden ringend,
[illegible] Silberblitzen gleich, [illegible]
Und Schnittermädchen, auf den Wagen ſpringend,
So ſind der [illegible]

Und blanke Dörfer rings und grüne Hügel,
Darüberhin der ew'ge Himmel blauend,
Und Lerchen drin, von Morgenroth die Flügel,
Und von Geſang die Kehlen überthauend!

Die Wälder ſäuſeln und die Quellen klingen,
Dort um die Linde tönt's von Flöt' und Geigen,
Daß Burſch' und Dirne ſich im Reigen ſchwingen,
Und ſelbſt die Blüthen tanzen von den Zweigen!

Die Garben ruhn den Jungfraun nun zu Füßen,
Und auf den Garben farb'ge Kränze liegen;
Ich faſſe einen, um in einem ſüßen,
Geliebten Hauptes Locken ihn zu ſchmiegen; —

Da raſſelt mir am Arm die Kett' entgegen,
Der Hand, der bebenden, entfällt die Aehre! — —
Du dürrer Halm, wie hätt' ich's denken mögen,
Daß ich durch dich noch einſt ſo elend wäre!"

11.

„Sie haben aus der Erde mich geſtoßen,
Und nur ein Stückchen Himmels mir gelaſſen,
Soviel vom Kerkerfenſterlein umſchloſſen
In ſeinen Eiſenrahmen mochte paſſen!

Des Menſchen Blick und Wort darf mich nicht laben,
Ich ſeh' ein Antlitz nur auf weiter Erde,
Das deine, Graubart, füttrend deine Raben,
Daß ihre Kette nicht zu locker werde!

Die Zeit hab' ich begraben und vergeſſen,
Ich zähle nicht der Knechtſchaft bange Stunden!
Nur reinen Waizen mag der Landmann meſſen,
Doch nicht das Unkraut, das er drin gefunden!

Ich weiß nicht, wann es Lenz! Ich darf nicht ſehen
Die Roſen glühen und die Blüthen blinken,
Die grüne Saat in duft'gen Halmen ſtehen,
Und in den Schooß ihr goldne Früchte ſinken!

Ich ſeh' den Herbſt nicht an den Blumen rütteln,
Ach, wie mich welke Blätter ſelbſt erfreuten!
Ich ſeh' ihn nicht das Laub der Wälder ſchütteln
Als Sand in's Stundenglas der Jahreszeiten!

Ich ſah die Zeit, den rüſt'gen Falken, ſummen
Einſt hoch ob mir, mit klingendem Gefieder!
Doch mit durchſchoſſ'nem Flügel, matt und klammen,
Sank er vor meines Kerkers Pforten nieder."

12.

„Ich ſchaute Bilder einſt von [illegible],
Da hatten Wolk' und Sonnen Mund und Naſen,
Da ſah den Sturm ich hinter Wolkenwänden
Als wind'gen Jungen volle Backen blaſen.

Ein übler Maler iſt der Schmerz, gleich jenen,
Denn, blick' ich auf aus dieſen Finſterniſſen,
Seh' ich nur fromme, heil'ge Menſchenmienen
Als Sterne, Sonn' und Mond vom Himmel grüßen.

O Menſchenantlitz! Wundervoller Spiegel,
Dem innern Hauch der Gottheit hold entſproſſen!
Du heilig Buch, in deſſen Purpurſiegel
Des Himmels ew'ge Räthſel tief verſchloſſen!

Dein Antlitz nur bleibt mir, mein Kerkermeiſter!
Doch iſt der Spiegel [illegible] befunden,
Das ſchöne Buch verklebt mit ſchnödem Kleiſter,
Und, ach, in Fell unſaubern Thier's gebunden.

Und dennoch, was verloren ich mit Leben,
Ich leſ' es drin, in altem Glanze tagend!
All was ein Antlitz nur vermag zu geben
Gibt deines mir, wenn Alles gleich verſagend!

Wie, als der Sonne ſchwarze Flecken prangen,
Das heitre Bild des Lichtesgott's darum blickte,
So ſah' im Furchenſchatte deiner Wangen
Das Lächeln ich, das Glanz mich einſt entzückte.

Die Wolken deiner Stirne müſſen ſinken,
Ich laſſe reinen, lichten Himmel tagen,
Drauf der Gedanken Stern' und Sonnen blinken
Und kühn gewalt'ge Regenbogen ſchlagen.

Die Augen dein, im Zauberſchlaf ſeit Jahren,
Zween Bären gleich in buſch'ger Höhle ſitzend!
Den Bann löſ' ich! Sie werden, was ſie waren:
Zwey Königskinder, in Demanten blitzend!

Dein Mund, verſperrt wie dieſes Kerkers Pforte,
Er thut ſich auf nun als Triumphesbogen,
D'raus die gebann'ten Sieger: Ernſtesworte,
Befreyte Jungfraun: Liebesworte, wogen.

Dein Buſen, klanglos wie die dürre Schale,
Wölbt ſich zum Dom voll ſüßer Liedertöne;
Aus deines Leib's formloſer Felſenhalle
Entſteigt der delph'ſche Gott in ew'ger Schöne!

Selbſt deiner eh'rnen Hand kann ich nicht zürnen,
Wenn ſie die Feſſeln prüft, ob ſie nicht weichen;
Ich ſeh' ſie Kranz' und Lorber würd'gen Stirnen
Und mild ein labend Brod der Armuth reichen.

Du finſtrer Schließer dieſer ird'ſchen Hölle,
Wie jauchzt mein Herz bey deiner Schlüſſel Klingen;
Du biſt Sankt Peter mir, vor dem zur Stelle
Weitauf die Pforten meines Himmels ſpringen!

O bleib', daß dir in's Antlitz ſtill ich ſchaue,
Mein durſtig Aug' am Quell des deinen labe,
Daß aus den Trümmern ich den Tempel baue,
Und aus dem Schutte meine Götter grabe."

13.

„Glückauf, ein Jahr der Haft vorbey! denn winken
Seh' ich ein grünes Blatt am Fenſterrande;
Gottlob, 's iſt wieder Lenz! Schon will mich's dünken,
Als ſchaut' ich weit in ſonn'ge Blumenlande!

Ich höre klingen die kryſtall'nen Bronnen,
Den Sproſſer flöten zwiſchen duft'gen Ranken!
In's Kerkerdunkel glänzen Frühlingsſonnen!
Dir, ſüßes, grünes Blättlein, muß ich's danken!

Doch wehe, weh'! Des Epheu's ſtarr Gewinde
Hab' ich geſehn ſtatt ſaft'gem Traubgeſträuche,
Ach, ſtatt des Frühlings roſ'gem, friſchen Kinde,
Nur ſeine Mumie, die immergleiche!

Des Epheu's Ranken grünen Feſſeln gleichen,
Und mit dem Gefang'nen ſteht er längſt im Bunde;
Daß nicht des Kerkers Steine lockernd weichen,
Schlingt ſeine Arm' er um des Thurmes Runde!

Kein blühend Kind dem Wächter zu erſparen,
Auch mir zu ſcheinen durch des Fenſters Raine,
Kroch er heran, mühvoll, vielleicht ſeit Jahren!
Jedoch nach einem ew'gen Lenz ich weine."

14.

„Frey, frey bin ich! Die Knechtſchaft iſt zu Ende!
Das offne Thor, ha, wie mich's faſt erſchreckte!
Wie ungewohnt jetzt ſchlaffen die Hände,
Die einſt in Ketten leicht zu Gott ich ſtreckte!

Frey, frey bin ich! Die Feſſeln ſind gefallen,
O Licht, wie blend'ſt du meine Augenlieder!
Frey darf ich durch den Garten Gottes wallen
Und ſtürzen an die Herzen meiner Brüder!

Reicht eure Hände mir! — doch, ach, wie ſollen
Sie bringen durch der Gräber grüne Decken!
Und die Lebend'gen fliehn, denn nimmer wollen
Sie mit des Sklaven Handſchlag ſich beflecken!

Wohlan, ſo will ich ſelber denn erringen
Mir neue Lieb' und ein neues Leben!
Noch fühl' ich Jugendkraft den Arm beſchwingen,
Der Jugend Locken noch um's Haupt mir ſchweben!

Da nahm mein Todfeind ſchweigend mich am Arme,
Und ſtellte mich vor einer Quelle Spiegel:
O weh, mein Haupt ergraut, daß Gott erbarme!
Auf Wang' und Stirn der Knechtſchaft Furchenſiegel! —

Und ſo iſt ungeſehn und ohne Grüße
Mein Lenz gewallt durch meines Kerkers Grauen;
Die Hülle tiefer, ew'ger Finſterniſſe
Ließ mich die leuchtende Geſtalt nicht ſchauen!

Empfang', o Kerkernacht, dieß Herz jetzt wieder,
Als Blume, die gewöhnt an deine Schatten!
In dich als Marmorurne leg' ich's nieder,
Im Grabgewölb' der Zeit euch zu beſtatten."

15.

— Und ſtill verklingen des Gefangnen Lieder,
Die Wellen wimmern, fahle Wolken reiſen;
Da jauchzt es unten mir, und jauchzet wieder,
Und ſingt, mir faſt zur Unzeit, luſt'ge Weiſen.

Mir naht ein Greis mit ſilberweißen Haaren,
Doch Morgenroth des Frohſinn's auf der Wange;
Ey ſeltne Nachbarſchaft! Wie Roſenſchaaren
Umblühend Gletſchereis am Alpenhange!

Willkommen Greis! Du mußt wohl Kunde wiſſen
Von dieſem düſtern, grauenvollen Hauſe,
Wer einſt gehauſt in ſeinen Finſterniſſen?
Weß Ketten klirrten durch die dunkle Klauſe?

„Gehauſt hat Niemand als die Wetterfahne,
Wenn ſie der Wind gedreht im ſpröden Gleiſe!
Geklirrt hat nichts hier, als von dem Altane
Die Becher all' in luſt'ger Brüder Kreiſe!

„Ein Leuchtthurm war dieß Haus in alten Tagen,
Zerfallen nun, ſeit dort gebaut der neue;
Anſtatt des Invaliden, lahmgeſchlagen,
Trat der Rekrute in die offne Reihe.

„Ich war ſein Wächtersmann, der wohlbeſtallte,
Gottlob, daß Pech und Wein dem Land nicht fehlen!
Ha, wie wenn Wind und Wetter pfiff und hallte
Geflammt die Leuchten und gejauchzt die Kehlen!"

So ſprach der Greis; noch leuchtet des Gelages
Erinnerung um's Haupt dem alten Zecher,
Wie durch der Dämm'rung Grau Nachglanz des Tages,
Wie Reſte Rebenblut's durch leere Becher. —

So ſang ich in des Lichtes Heiligthumen
Von Finſterniſſen und verdorrten Lenzen!
Der Gärtner zieht zu Wonn' und Luſt die Blumen,
Und, ach, verbraucht ſie oft zu Todtenkränzen!

So war der Hain des Friedens und der Liebe
Mir überſchattet von dem Baum der Schmerzen!
Mich dünkt's wohl gar, des dunklen Stammes Triebe,
Sie wurzeln nur in meinem eignen Herzen.

Verglommen mählich iſt die Abendröthe,
Es ſenkt die Nacht des ſchwarzen Mantels Schwere
Rings um die Trümmer und die Blumenbeete,
Und über weites Land und ew'ge Meere.

Da läßt der Himmel Mond und Stern' erglimmen,
Da glühn am Golf empor des Leuchtthurms Flammen;
Licht! Licht! ihr Loſungswort, das große, ſtimmen
Jetzt Erd' und Himmel, Gott und Menſch zuſammen.

Karl Heinrich Grumbach

ward am 20. Januar 1790 zu Merſeburg geboren, ſtudirte nach erhaltener Vorbildung Theologie in Leipzig und verweilte dann einige Zeit als Privatlehrer in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Er erhielt darauf das Diakonat und Rektorat zu Ortrandt in der preußiſchen Oberlauſitz, 1823 die Predigerſtelle zu Staritz und 1831 das Amt eines Oberpfarrers zu Mühlberg, wo er ſich gegenwärtig noch befindet.

Von ihm erſchien:

Mnemoſyne. Leipzig 1811—1813.
Anthoderon. Leipzig 1811.
Dichteriſche Proben. Merſeburg 1819.
Darſtellungen aus der Gemüthswelt. Leipzig 1820.
Der Führer durch das Thal. Leipzig 1826.
Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung. Leipzig 1826.
Der Garten der Jugend. Leipzig 1827.
Kinderreiſen. Leipzig 1827.
Gymnaſion. Leipzig 1827.
Mittheilungen aus der Bilderwelt. Leipzig 1827.
Scherz und Ernſt. Leipzig 1828.
Siona, der Weg zu Gott. Leipzig 1829.
Das Morgenſtündchen. Meißen 1829.
Scherz und Ernſt. Leipzig 1829.
Immortellen. Meißen 1830.
Kinderlieder. Meißen 1831.
Die Reiſemappe. Meißen 1831.
Sulamith. Meißen 1832.
Einzelne Kinderſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein höchſt gemüthlicher, von ſeinem Berufe begeiſterter religiöſer und aſcetiſcher Schriftſteller, deſſen Werke ſich allgemeinen Beifalls zu erfreuen haben. — Seine Schriften für die Jugend ſind eben ſo werthvoll und nicht minder verbreitet, da er zu ſeinen kleinen Leſern eben ſo anziehend und faßlich als nützlich und belehrend zu reden weiß. —

Juſtus, Freiherr von Gruner

ward am 28. Februar 1777 zu Osnabrück geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle, verließ aber dieſe Univerſität in Folge von Zwiſtigkeiten mit dem in Halle commandirenden Prinzen von Braunſchweig und begab ſich auf Reiſen. Im Jahre 1802 ward er Kammerrath in Oehringen, 1806 aber Director der Kriegs- und Domainenkammer in Poſen, und 1809 Polizeipräſident in Berlin. Zum geheimen Staatsrath ernannt, jedoch durch ſeine Stellung den Franzoſen verdächtigt, nahm er 1811 ſeine Entlaſſung und ging nach Böhmen, wo er Verbindungen zum Sturze Napoleons anknüpfte. Er ward deshalb in Prag arretirt und nach Peterwardein gebracht. Erſt 1813 wieder frei gelaſſen, war er während des Befreiungskrieges längere Zeit Generalgouverneur am Rhein und dann Platzcommandant zu Paris. Im Jahre 1815 ward er von ſeinem Könige in den Freiherrnſtand erhoben und als Geſandter (1816) nach der Schweiz geſchickt. Er ſtarb im Bade zu Wiesbaden am 8. Februar 1820.

Er gab heraus:

Verſuch über Strafen. Göttingen 1799.
Leidenſchaft und Pflicht. Berlin 1800.
Verſuch über Sicherungsinſtitute. Frankfurt 1801.
Meine Wallfahrt zur Ruhe und Hoffnung. Frankfurt 1802.
Proclamationen an die Deutſchen, während des Befreiungskrieges u. ſ. w.

Mehr als durch ſeine anderen, übrigens ſehr geiſtreichen Schriften, zeichnete ſich G. in ſchriftſtelleriſcher Hinſicht durch ſeine vortrefflichen Proklamationen aus, in welchen er Kraft, Feuer und Fülle der Begeiſterung verband und den wahren und einzig richtigen Ton zu treffen wußte, ſo daß ſie ſich einer außerordentlichen und nachhaltigen Wirkung erfreuten.

Otto Friedrich Gruppe

ward am 15. April 1804 in Danzig geboren, widmete ſich Anfangs dem Handel, entſagte aber dieſem Berufe wieder und begann jetzt ſeine Studien auf dem Danziger Gymnaſium, die er dann auf der Univerſität zu Berlin fortſetzte und beſchloß. — Seit dieſer Zeit lebt er als Privatgelehrter zu Berlin mit poetiſchen und kunſtphiloſophiſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Alboin, König der Longobarden. Berlin 1830.
Theudelinde, Königin der Longobarden. Berlin 1830.
Die Winde. Leipzig 1830. N. A. 1832.
Antäus, Briefwechſel über ſpeculative Philoſophie. Berlin 1831.
Ariadne, die tragiſche Kunſt der Griechen u. ſ. w. Berlin 1834.
Gedichte. Berlin 1835.
Lyriſches Schatzkäſtlein. Berlin 1836.
Einzelne Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Ein ſchönes und reiches Talent, ausgerüſtet mit Phantaſie, Kraft, Fülle und Schärfe der Gedanken und Glanz der Darſtellung, in zwiefachen Richtungen, der rein ſchaffenden, wie der kritiſchen, Bedeutendes verſprechend und, theilweiſe ſchon leiſtend: namentlich verdient die lebhafte und gewandte Weiſe ſeiner Kunſtbetrachtungen, welche von guten Kenntniſſen unterſtützt und gehoben wird, die vollkommenſte Anerkennung. —

Gedichte von Gruppe*).

Die guten Zeugen.

Gieb mir die Hand, den Berg zu ſteigen!
Sie gab ſie, und ſo ſtiegen wir,
Umwölkt von dunkeln Buchenzweigen;
Mir ſchlug das Herz, das Herz ſchlug ihr.

Wir ruhten aus am ſtillen Orte,
Wo Linden eine Laube baun:
Ach, mir verſagten alle Worte,
Mir fehlte Muth ſie anzuſchaun.

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*) Aus: O. Fr. Gruppe's Lyriſches Schatzkäſtlein.

Doch auf der Höhe, welche Wonne,
  Im Angeſicht von Land und Meer,
Des offnen Himmels und der Sonne,
  Die Winde wehten friſch daher:

Da brachen wir das ſchwüle Schweigen,
  Da ward umarmt, gedrückt, geküßt:
Ich meine, daß vor guten Zeugen
  Dort unſer Bund geſchloſſen iſt.

Poſt im Walde.

Im Walde rollt der Wagen
Bei tiefer ſtiller Nacht;
Die Paſſagiere ſchlafen,
Der Poſtillion fährt ſacht.

Beim Förſterhaus im Walde
Was bläſt der Poſtillion?
Die Paſſagier' erwachen
Und meinen, es wär' Station.

Er bläſt ſo ſanfte Lieder
Zum Fenſter hier empor,
Es hallt der Wald ſie wieder,
Und kommt der Mond hervor.

Da ſcheint Mond in's Fenſter
Des Liebchens hold herein:
Da zieht durch ihre Träume
Poſthorn und Mondenſchein.

Auf der Brücke.

Als ob es Wallfahrt wäre
In's off'ne Himmelreich,
So ſtrömen Menſchenheere,
Froh und geſchmückt zugleich.

Sie ziehen auf der Brücke,
Sie ziehn zum Thor hinaus;
Ich geh' allein zurücke,
Ich geh' allein zu Haus.

Ich glaub' es wird noch regnen,
Der Himmel dunkelt ſich —
Gott, muß ich ihr begegnen!
Gott, ſie erblickte mich!

Schad' um die ſchönen Kleider,
Wenn Regen ſie verfärbt —
Schad' um ein Herz, das leider
Der Plunder hat verderbt.

Ja fällt vom Himmel alle,
Ihr grauen Tropfen, her,
Daß keiner ſieht, ob falle
Eine heiße Thräne mehr!

Gebrochnes Herz.

Die Roſen und die Nelken,
Und Flieder und Jasmin,
Die müſſen wohl verwelken,
Und müſſen wohl verblühn.

Die Lieb' iſt Gab' und Güte,
Die Lieb' iſt keine Pflicht,
Die Lieb' iſt eine Blüte —
Verblüht und bleibet nicht!

Die Roſen und der Flieder,
Und Roſen und Jasmin,
Die kommen alle wieder
Und werden wieder blühn.

Nur nicht die Lieb' und Treue,
Wenn ſie verloren iſt!
Und keimt kein Herz auf's neue,
Das ſchon gebrochen iſt!

Winter.

Die Morgennebel wallen nieder,
Es hebt der Wald ſich aus dem Duft,
Kein Hälmchen wankt, am Halsgefieder
Des Vogels ſpielt kein Hauch der Luft.

Kein Laut erſchallt: es würden fliegen
Die lockern Flocken von dem Baum,
Die auf den kleinen Aeſtchen liegen,
Und auf ſchlafmüder Vögel Flaum.

Nur ſchreitet einſam, ſcheu und leiſe
Und ſieht ſich um das junge Reh,
Behutſam auf des Waldbachs Eiſe,
Und drückt die Spur in dünnen Schnee.

Der Jäger, der weit drüben lauert,
Horcht nur der Waldesſtille zu,
Und ſetzt, da's ihm zu lange dauert,
Den ſchon geſpannten Hahn in Ruh.

Frühling.

O der blaue, blaue Himmel!
O das grüne, grüne Thal!
Gold'ner Würmchen bunt Gewimmel
In dem gold'nen, gold'nen Strahl!

Und von allen Blütenbäumen
Woget ſüßer, ſüßer Duft,
Und in allen Himmelsräumen
Woget laue, laue Luft.

Offen ſtehn des Himmels Pforten,
Nieder ſtrömet ſel'ge Luſt,
Ueberall und allerorten
Blüht's und blüht in jeder Bruſt.

Um die Wette.

Alles grünet um die Wette,
Alles blüht und keimt und ſproßt,
Alles paart ſich, was da lebt:
Ja, wer nur ein Liebchen hätte!

Bäumchen müht ſich, daß es ſchatte,
Blümchen müht ſich um zu blühn,
Sonne müht ſich um zu glühn;
Alles ſpielt jetzt Weib und Gatte.

Alles paart ſich und will reimen,
Dichtern reimet manch' Gedicht,
Alles, was der Dichter ſpricht,
Paart ſich Wort mit Wort in Reimen.

Ja wer nur ein Liebchen hätte!
Mit der lauten Nachtigall,
Mit den Sängern überall
Säng' ich fröhlich um die Wette!

* * *

Die Trepp' hinunter geſchwungen
  Komm' ich in vollem Lauf,
Die Trepp' empor geſprungen
  Kommt er und fängt mich auf:
Und wo die Treppe ſo dunkel iſt,
  Haben wir vielmal uns geküßt,
    Und niemand hat's geſehen.

Ich komm' in den Saal gegangen,
  Da wimmelt's von Gäſten bunt,
Wohl glühten mir die Wangen,
  Wohl glühte mir auch der Mund:
Ich meint' es ſäh' mir's jeder an,
  Was wir da mit einander gethan —
    Doch niemand hat's geſehen.

Ich mußt' hinaus in den Garten
Und wollte die Blumen ſehn,
Ich konnt' es nicht erwarten
In den Garten hinaus zu gehn.
Da blühten die Roſen überall,
Da ſangen die Vögel mit lautem Schall,
Als hätten ſie's geſehen.

Das Mädchen ſpricht.

Schwalbe, ſag' mir an,
Iſt's dein alter Mann,
Mit dem du's Neſt gebaut,
Oder haſt du jüngſt erſt
Dich ihm vertraut?

Sag', was zwitſchert ihr,
Sag', was flüſtert ihr
Des Morgens ſo vertraut?
Gelt, du biſt wohl auch noch
Nicht lange Braut?

Andreas Gryphius.

Dieſer eigentliche Begründer des deutſchen Drama's ward den 2. October 1616 zu Großglogau in Schleſien geboren und nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters, eines angeſehenen daſigen Pfarrers, zu Frauſtadt und Danzig wiſſenſchaftlich erzogen. Er ſtudirte zu Leyden die Rechtsgelehrſamkeit und Philoſophie, disputirte daſelbſt und kam 1636 als Hauslehrer zu dem kaiſerlichen Pfalzgrafen Schönborner in Frauſtadt. Eine poetiſche Schilderung ſeines von den Gräueln des 30jährigen Krieges heimgeſuchten Vaterlandes veranlaßte ihn zu längeren Reiſen. Nachdem er 1637 von Schönborner zum Dichter gekrönt und in den Adelſtand erhoben worden war, beſuchte er alſo 1638 Holland und in Begleitung einiger junger Edelleute von 1644 — 1646 England, Frankreich und Italien, wodurch er in Bekanntſchaft und Briefwechſel mit den größten Gelehrten ſeiner Zeit kam. Obwohl ihm in Folge deſſen mehrere Profeſſuren an Univerſitäten angeboten wurden, ſo nahm er doch lieber 1647 die Stelle eines Landſyndikus des Fürſtenthums Glogau an, trat 1662 unter dem Namen der Unſterbliche in die fruchtbringende Geſellſchaft und endete mitten in einer Verſammlung der Landſtände den 16. Junius 1664 ſein thätiges und verdienſtliches Leben am Schlagfluſſe.

Von ihm haben wir:

1. Gryphii teutſche Gedichte. Leiden 1639. Neue unächte Auflage Frankfurt 1650. 3. von ihm beſorgte und vervollſtändigte Ausgabe Breslau 1657. 4. Ausgabe Breslau und Leipzig 1663. 5. und letzte Ausgabe vermehrt von Chriſtian Gryphius. Breslau und Leipzig 1698 in 8.

Mehrere der darin enthaltenen Dramen waren bereits früher einzeln erſchienen, die Majuna auch wirklich öffentlich gegeben worden, die drei bei ſeinem Tode unvollendet vorgefundenen Trauerſpiele aber, Heinrich der Fromme, die Gibeoniter und Ibrahim blieben ungedruckt. Kirchenlieder von ihm ſtehen in Candenii „geiſtlichem Perlenſchmuck" Nürnberg 1713 und in einigen alten Geſangbüchern.

Treffend bemerkt Bouterwek: (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Th. X. S. 143) Die Poeſie des Gryphius trägt die Schuld ihres Jahrhunderts. Sie entfernt ſich in allen ihren Aeußerungen ſo weit von dem Wege des guten Geſchmackes, daß man in den ſämmtlichen Werken dieſes Dichters keine Stelle aufſchlagen kann, ohne auf etwas zu ſtoßen, das auch von der mildeſten Kritik nicht geduldet werden darf. Deſſenungeachtet iſt Gryphius mit allen ſeinen ungeheuren Fehlern in einem weit höhern Grade Dichter als Opitz. Ihm hatte die Natur die kühne und reiche Phantaſie verliehen, die Opitz durch Verſtand und Kunſt zu erſetzen ſuchte. Zum dramatiſchen Dichter hatte Gryphius nicht nur allein unter allen deutſchen Dichtern des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts bis auf Lohenſtein ein entſchiedenes Talent; er hat auch in dieſem Theile der deutſchen Literatur eine ſolche Veränderung hervorgebracht, daß man ihn ohne Bedenken den Vater der neueren dramatiſchen Poeſie der Deutſchen nennen kann. Und doch konnte er keine Epoche machen, weil es ihm, bei allem Talent, an Selbſtſtändigkeit des Geſchmacks und an Feinheit des Geiſtes fehlte. So erfindungsreich er war, wandelte er doch faſt immer in fremden Fußſtapfen. Mit ungemeiner Geſchicklichkeit ergriff er die Formen der Kunſt, ohne ſonderlich in ihr Weſen einzudringen. Seinen Styl bildete er im Allgemeinen nach Opitz. Dies konnte ihm um ſo leichter gelingen, da er auch einen Theil ſeiner Poeſie aus denſelben franzöſiſchen und holländiſchen Quellen ſchöpfte, auf welche Opitz ſeine Zeitgenoſſen hingewieſen hatte.

Aus: Cardenio und Celinde.

Die erſte Abhandlung.

Cardenio. Pamphilius.

Der Schauplatz bildet Cardenii Gemach ab.

Pamphil.

So iſt der Vorſatz denn durch keine Macht zu wenden?

Carden.

Man halte mich nicht mehr in den verfluchten Enden:
Da ich in ſchnöder Luſt, in toller Eitelkeit,
Und grimmer Angſt verthan die beſte Lebens-Zeit.
Wol dem, der nicht wie ich den Fuß hieher geſetzet;
Dem kein verfälſchter Wahn den blinden Geiſt verletzet,
Dem vor die Weißheit nie ein thöricht Weib beliebt,
Der nie den hohen Sinn durch herbe Luſt betrübt.
Wer war ich als an mir, ſich mein Geſchlecht erquickte?
Als mich ein Feind voll Neid nicht ohne Furcht anblickte?
Als die gelehrte Stadt mich mit Entſetzung hört!
Und meine Feder gleich der groſſen Klingen ehrt.
Wer bin ich leyder! nun! ein Schimpf der alten Ahnen!
Ein Spott des nechſten Bluts: Was ſind die Sieges-Fahnen
Die ich allhier erjagt: als immer neue Schmach!
Ein niemal friedlich Hertz und täglich wachſend Ach!
Viel beſſer wenn ich mich in gantzen Stahl beſchloſſen,
Und vor das Vaterland das friſche Blut vergoſſen;
Viel beſſer wenn ich mich durch Thetis Schaum gewagt;
Und auf der wüſten See ein wüſter Land erjagt.
Ich hätt' mit mehr Ruhm Hand an den Pflug geſchlagen;
Und dieſes Feld gebaut das mich umſonſt getragen.
Ja vor der fremden Thür ein ſchimmelnd Brodt begehrt,
Als hier mit Zeit und Gut die eitel Ehr verzehrt.
Ade denn Stadt die ich wie zum Verderb geſchauet.
Und du, dem ich mich ſelbſt bey manchem Fall vertrauet,
Nimm doch mein letztes an: Die Rechnung iſt gemacht:
Die Segel ſind geſpannt; Ich ſcheide, gute Nacht!

Pamphil.

Du ſcheideſt zwar von hier: doch nicht aus meinem Hertzen
Dem nichts dich rauben wird; doch laß mir deiner Schmertzen
Nicht falſches Denckmal zu! und gönne mir zuletzt,
Die Nachricht, wie du hier die Jugend auffgeſetzt.

Carden.
Die Nachricht, wie ich hier in Wahnwitz mich verwirret:
Wie fern ich von dem Pfad der Tugend ausgeirret!
Wol! wol! geſchicht es zwar nicht ſonder meine Pein!
So muß es dennoch dir ein Warnungs-Spiegel ſeyn!
Ich zehlte (wo mir recht) die zweymal eilfften Jahren,
Als mich der Eltern Rath nach emſigem Begehren,
An dieſen Ort verſchickt, durch unerſchöpfften Fleiß
In Künſten Wiſſenſchafft und nicht geſchminkten Preiß
Durchaus gegründeter Lehr! Ach freilich wol gemeinet!
Doch wie wenn uns zu Nacht ein falſches Irrlicht ſcheinet:
Man offt den Weg verläßt und in die Tieffen fällt,
In welchen man verſinkt. So iſts mit mir beſtellt.
Zwar erſtlich! weiß ich nichts als von berühmten Sachen,
Die Menſchen, trotz der Grufft, unſterblich können machen,
Dafern Diane kam; gieng Phoebus über mir;
Sie funden bey mir nichts denn köſtliche Papier!
Ich lehrt und ward gelehrt; und klüger vor den Jahren,
Manch greiſſer Bart erſtarret ob meinen gelben Haren,
Auch muntert ich den Leib zu allen Künſten auf,
Sprang auf ein hurtig Pferd, begab mich in den Lauff,
Begriff das Lauten-Spiel, gewohnte friſch zu ſingen,
Bewegte mich im Tantz, verſtund die Art zu ringen;
Und (wo ich von mir ſelbſt die Warheit melden kan)
Der Degen ſtund mir gleich der leichten Feder an.
Pamphil.
Ich hab es zwar denn offt geſehn und rühmen hören.
Carden.
Ach leider! dieſen Ruhm den ließ ich mich bethören.
Du triffſt den rechten Zweck! der Dünkel nam mich ein!
Ich glaubt es könte mir kaum einer gleiche ſeyn.
Diß war die erſte Bahn die mich von gutem führte.
Das war die erſte Gifft die meine Sinnen rührte.
Kam jemand mir die quer und gab ſich etwa bloß,
So war die Fauſt bereit, ſo gieng die Klinge loß.
Hierdurch ward allgemach mein irrend Ehre kränker,
Man hieß mich hier und dar den unverzagten Zänker;
Ich ſelbſt nam in der Brunſt mein Laſter nicht in acht
Biß mich mein eigen Sinn auf neue Sprünge bracht.
Biß hieher war ich frey und hatte nichts geliebet:
Doch daß mir dieſe Pein die Sinnen nie betrübet,
Kam nicht von Tugend her. Weil mich der Wahn verkehrt,
Schätzt ich aus Uebermuth, nicht eine, meiner werth.
Biß ich das Wunder-Bild Olympien beſchauet:
Die mich vor dem ergetzt, ob der mir jetzund grauet,
Die als ein Wirbelwind mich hin und her gerückt,
Und mein zerſcheitert Schiff in langem Sturm zerſtückt.
Ich ſah ſie und entbrand! ſie fühlte neue Flammen!
Kurtz: Ihr und mein Gemüth die ſtimmten wol zuſammen.
Mein Wahn, mein eigen Sinn, verlohr ſich allgemach:
Und meine Wilde-Art gab ihren Sitten nach.
Pamphil.
Die Liebe, wenn ſie will, verrichtet Wunder-Sachen:
Und kan die Wilden zahm, die Feigen kühne machen,
Sie muntert unſern Geiſt, und muntert den Verſtand
Sie ſchärfft den blöden Sinn, und ſtärckt die ſchwache Hand,
Carden.
Wir waren gleich am Stand, wir waren eins von Sinnen.
Pamphil.
Kein ander Heuraths-Gut hab ich je ſchätzen können.
Carden.
Ihr tapffres Geſchlecht gab meinem nichts bevor,
So daß ich ſie zur Braut, nach ihrem Wunſch, erkohr.
Ich ließ, als ſie es ſtimmt, den ſchönſten Vater grüſſen:
Und ihn von dieſer Lieb' und treuem Anſchlag wiſſen.
Er, wie mir kurtz hernach durch einen Freund entdeckt:
Ward von der Heurath durch mein Raſen abgeſchreckt.
Ihn, ſprach er, kenn ich wol: Sein Stamm iſt ſonder Tadel.
Die hohe Wiſſenſchafft vergröſſert ſeinen Adel,
Die Tugend, der Verſtand ſteht ſeiner Jugend an!
Er iſt ein ſolcher Menſch als jemand wünſchen kan.
Doch die zu freye Fauſt verdunkelt alle Sachen;
Die ihn in jeder Aug und Ohren herrlich machen,
Verzagten bin ich feind, und weiß der Ehre Ziel.
Jedoch Cardenio thut leider was zu viel!
Wolt ich Olympien ihm gleich von Hertzen geben!
Bald wagt er ſich zu frech und bringt ſich um ſein Leben!
So iſt ſie ſonder Eh: Vielleicht auch ſonder Ehr.
Nimt er den andern Leb; ſo ſchmertzt es noch vielmehr.
Faßt ihn der Richter nicht: ſo muß er flüchtig bleiben
Und mit die Zeit in Angſt und Bitterkeit vertreiben!
Drum beſſer was zu früh als gar zu ſpät beklagt,
Man meld ihm daß ich ſchon Olympien verſagt.
Pamphil.
O mehr denn harter Schluß!
Carden.
Schluß der mit tauſend Thränen,
Schluß der mit tauſend Angſt und unerſchöpfftem Sehnen
Uns beiderſeits betraurt. Ward ich hierdurch verführt:
So ward Olympie wol lebendig gerührt!
Wie (ſchrey ſie) bin ich denn, auch eh' ichs weiß, verſprochen!
Kan diß ein Vater-Hertz! iſt alle Treu gebrochen,
Gilt keine Liebe mehr! ſchlägt er ſein werthes Kind,
Und deſſen Wolfahrt denn ſo unbedacht in Wind?
Wer iſts denn der mich kriegt: Werd ich auch lieben können:
Den der um meine Gunſt kein Wort mit dürffen gönnen!
Bin ich ſo unverſehns und als im Traum verſagt,
Nicht als ein freyes Kind, als ein erkauffte Magd?
Diß ſprach ſie und noch mehr; ſie bat voll heiſſer Schmertzen,
Setzt mich, Cardenio, ſetzt mich nicht aus dem Hertzen:
Wer weiß wo Zeit und Freund und Gott ein Mittel findt,
Das mich mir wieder giebt und gantz mit euch verbindt.
Wir ſchwuren denn auffs neu' einander keuſche Treue:
In äuſſerſter geheim ich gieng mit etwas Scheue
Vor ihrem Fenſter um, und nicht als wenn die Nacht
Der Himmels-Fackeln Heer in ihre Reihen bracht.
Ein unbefleckt Geſpräch war diß was uns ergetzte.
Schau aber wie auch hier mein Unglück mich verletzte:
Der Jungfrau Bruder gab auf mein Beſuchen acht,
Und zog die reine Lieb' in ſchändlichen Verdacht.
Diane ſah' herab mit gantzem Angeſichte,
Als er mich überfiel; die Nacht iſt was zu lichte,
Rieff er, Cardenio zu deiner Miſſethat.
Iſt mir der Weg nicht frey? Die ſteht die weite Stadt
Gantz offen: Meide nur die, meiner Eltern, Gaſſen.
Und ſolt ich mir von dir die Bahn verbieten laſſen?
Er auf das Wort-Gefecht griff mich mit Eiſen an.
Ich wich gleich einem der den Arm nicht regen kan.
Der Schweſter Liebe ſtieß mich jeden Tritt zurücke:
Er ſchriebs der Zagheit zu, und ſchertzte mit dem Glücke,
Wol! ſteucht der alte Trotz! diß Wort war mir zu ſchwer,
Ich trat ihm auf den Leib und ſtieß die leichte Wehr
Recht unter ſeine Bruſt. Er ſanck ich muſt entweichen,
Indem ſein weinend Hauß ihn, gleich entſeelten Leichen!
Aus ſeinem Blut auffhub, und Artzt und Balſam ſucht
Indem Olympie dem neuen Unfall flucht.
Pamphil.
Diß Schwerdt hat wie ich mein' der Liebe Band zerhauen.
Carden.
Wir Menſchen irren ſtets. Wo wir uns ſicher trauen,
Sinckt unſer Schiff in Grund. Wenn mans verlohren hält,
Hat das Verhängnüß offt das beſte Glück beſtellt.
Denn als Siren ermahnt den Stoß an mir zu rächen,
Begunt er: er wolt eh ſelbſt ſeiner Zeit abbrechen;
Als dem zuwider ſeyn, der, was er frech begehrt,
Ihm langſam, und gereitzt, hätt' ohne diß gewehrt.
Was ſag ich? er war kaum zu erſten Kräfften kommen,
Die Feindſchafft, wie mans nennt, ward freundlich unternommen,
Er ändert allen Haß in unverfälſchte Gunſt.
Und wünſcht Olympien werth meiner keuſchen Brunſt.
Pamphil.
So bricht die Sonn hervor nach rauhen Donnerſchlägen,
Und dem mit Himmels-Feuer und Schloß vermiſchten Regen.
Carden.
Sie brach uns freylich vor, doch wie ſie ſchöner ſteht
Im Fall der Tag verkürtzt und ſie zu raſten geht,
Und ſchwartzen Nächten rufft. So ließ die ſchönſte Wonne
In höchſte Trübſal aus. Die meine Seelen-Sonne,
Hätt' ander Hertzen auch in heiſſen Brand geſetzt,
Die ſich unwiſſend ihr an ihrem Glantz verletzt.
Doch keiner war ſo kühn ſein Angſt ihr zu entdecken:
Und jeder fand vor ſich was mächtig ihn zu ſchrecken.
Lyſander nahm allein ein ſeltſam Mittel vor,
Und kauffte durch viel Geld der Kammer-Jungfer Ohr.
Die (o Verräther-Stück!) ihn in das Ruhe-Zimmer
Der keuſchen Seele führt. Und (was unendlich ſchlimmer)
Sich gantz unwiſſend hielt. Wie nun die Nacht anbrach,
Und mein Olympie beſucht ihr Schlaff-Gemach,
Und der Verſteckte ſich ſie anzuſprechen wittert,
Und ihr zu Fuſſe fällt; erſtarrt ſie und erzittert,
Und als das Schrecken ihr den Athem wiedergiebt,
Rennt ſie hell ſchreyend fort; Lyſander laufft betrübt
Ob dieſem Mißſchlag durch: wird heimlich ausgelaſſen,
Durch die mit ſchuldig war. Er hatte ſchon die Gaſſen,
Als das entweckte Hauß ſich ob der That bewegt,
Und mit Gewehr und Licht durch alle Kammern regt.
Olympe die nicht recht bey Nacht den Feind erkannt:
Hat als ſie ward befragt aus Argwohn mich genennt,
Die Meinung ward verſtärckt, weil man mich ziemlich nah
Und der noch offnen Thür die Straß abwandeln ſah.

Man hielt es: Ich elends ſeh, wie ward die That verwieſen
Einem der anderwerts ſo trefflich wird geprieſen,
Zog dieſen Schimpff zu Muth, und eiferte beherzt
Daß ich ſein Hauß und Stamm und Schweſter ſo geſchwertzt.
Ich wand mein Unſchuld vor, die man nicht hören wollte.
Weil der Beweiß zu viel nach ihrer Meinung golte.
Biß daß nach harten Sturm, die Sorgen volle Nacht,
In Kummer, Unlaſt, Angſt und Schwermuth durchgebracht.
Und der betrübte Tag uns all' aufs neue quälte,
Mich der Olympens Ehr vor ganz verlohren zehlte;
Die Eltern die im Zorn ſich über mich erhitzt;
Und den Verräther ſelbſt den ſein Gewiſſen ritzt,
Olympiens Geſchlecht trat bey dem Fall zuſammen:
Die meiſten ſuchten mich aus Eifer zu verdammen.
Die minder Anzahl doch geſtützt durch reifen Verſtand
Schlug beſſer Mittel vor und ſchloß daß meine Schand
Dem Ruhm Olympiens zu nahe lauffen könte.
Nichts beſſer denn: Als daß man mir die Jungfrau gönte.
Und dämpffte den zu weit ausbrechenden Verdacht.
Der Meinung fiel man bey: Es ward an mich gebracht.

Pamphil.

Diß ging nach deinem Wunſch.

Carden.

Es gieng hier ganz verkehrt.
Aus Eifer haßt ich jetzt, was Lieb und Treu begehrt.
Ich ſagt es klar heraus: Ich hätte ſie geehrt
Als ihrer Keuſchheit nicht durch ſolchen Fall verſehrt,
Ich hätte ſie geliebt: Als ich ihr nur behagt.
Jetzt nun ſie fremde ſelbſt ins Schlaff-Gemach verjagt,
Acht ich mich was zu hoch vor eines andern Reſt.
Ich ſtellte Zeugen auf, die Sonnen-klar beſeſt,
Daß ich um ſelbe Stund' als mit Eltern begegnet
Geſchieden von Panquet und nüchtern ſie geſegnet.
Daß weil den ihren Tag und Abend ich verzehret;
Nicht möglich, daß durch Liſt ich heimlich eingekehret,
In ein bewahrtes Hauß das allerſeits beſchloſſen.
Wenn ſchon der ſpäter Nacht die Riegel vorgeſchoſſen!
Sie zeugten! ich verfuhr. Der Vater ward beſtürzt
Und hätt aus Hertzeleid ſchier ſeine Zeit verkürtzt;
Als auch Olympie die er auff ſchärffſt ausfragte
Ihm um die Füſſe fiel und naß von Thränen klagte:
Sie hätt in Furcht und Eil ſich nicht recht umgeſchaut
Und aus Vermuthung nur die That mir zugetraut.

Pamphil.

O wahres Ebenbild durchaus vermiſchter Dinge!
Wie ein erhitztes Roß durch ungewohnte Sprünge,
Den Ritter mit ſich reißt: Und führt nicht wie er will,
So zeucht der Himmel uns von dem auf jenes Ziel.

Carden.

Als nun durch dieſen Sturm das Waſſer recht getrübet:
Sucht ſich Lyſander an; ſtreicht aus wie er geliebet,
Entdeckt auch ſeine Schuld und bittet zu der Eh,
Die durch ſein frevelen iſt geſtürzt in höchſtes Weh.
Nichts daß mehr unwerth ſey, als Jungfrau die die Zungen
Des unbedachten Volcks bezwungen und beſchwungen.
Der Vater ſchlägt ſie zu. Sie die in Haß entbrannt
Giebt bloß, nur mir zu Trotz, Lyſandern ihre Hand,
Lyſandern auf den ſie aus heiſſer Noth erzittert;
Und mir zu Trotz! weil ſie mein Abſchlag höchſt erbittert.

Pamphil.

Und ſo verkaufft ſie ſich in ungeheure Noth.

Carden.

Und mich noch zehnfach mehr in den gewiſſen Tod.
Sobald wie die Glut' in Reu und Angſt gebrannet;
Als ich ihr Unſchuld und Lyſanders Trug erkennet.
Wie ich den Eifer-Sinn, wie ich den Tag verflucht:
Da ich ſo frech verſchmähet was ich ſo ſehr geſucht.
Ich fand Gelegenheit, doch nur zu meinen Schmerzen.
Da ich Olympien aus hochbetrübtem Hertzen
Rieff um Verzeihung bat, und, ob ſie unbewegt
Mir lange widerſtund; in neue Bande legt.
Wir trugen beyderſeits Mitleiden mit einander:
Und liebten mehr als vor. Wir ſchrieben dem Lyſander
Und dem Verlöbniß zu was ſie und mich getrennt:
Und wünſchten ſeiner Lieb ein ſo entſetzlich End
Als ſchlecht der Anfang war! ſchon wie das Glücke ſpielt:
In dem ich in dem Wahn ganz voll Erquickung fühle
Und lach in höchſter Gunſt Lyſanders Hoffnung aus:
Schreibt mir mein Vater zu und fordert mich nach Hauß,
Theils weil ſein alter Leib durch Seuchen hart beſchweret,
Theils weil er um Geſchäfft' aus Königs Hof begehret;
Wie recht' ich beyde nun! Er will gewähret ſeyn:
Hier wünſcht Olympe ſich entbunden ihrer Pein.
Er bittet: Sie noch mehr! doch auf ſein ſtärckſtes Schreiben:
Schwur ich Olympien unendlich treu zu bleiben,
Und ob der zweyte Mond wird um den Himmel gehn,
Schwur ich vor ihrem Aug ohn alles falſch zu ſtehn.
Ich ſchwere durch Papier ſie wochentlich zu ehren;
Und ſie von meiner Reiß und Wiederkunfft zu lehren:
Und mache mich von hier! ach! was ein Menſch gedacht;
Steht; was er immer thut doch nicht in ſeiner Macht!
Ich komme glücklich fort, des Vaters Seuche ſchwindet,
Indem er mich geſund in ſeinen Armen findet:
Der Hof ſtellt ſeine Ehr' auf mein Erſuchen zu.
Ich ſetz in kurtzer Zeit mein gantzes Hauß in Ruh,
Hier ſehe ich alles um. Ich ſchick unzehlig Schreiben,
Die leider auf der Poſt gehemmt und liegen bleiben:
Olympie die ganz nichts von mir wiſſen kann;
Klagt meinen Wanckelmuth und doppelt Untreu an.
Mich, der kein Antwort hat' auf alle Brief empfangen;
Legt Kummer und Verdacht und Fieber-Hitz gefangen.
Doch richt ich mich zuletzt von meinem Siechbett auff,
Und mache, noch nicht recht erquickt, mich auf den Lauff.
Ach leider! viel zu ſpät. Alsbald ich an war kommen,
Und nach Olympien und meinem Heil vernommen,
Erfuhr ich daß nunmehr Lyſander ſie ergetzt:
In daß ihr Heuraths-Tag beſtimmet und angeſetzt.
Ich hielts vor Phantaſien. Diß mir ein Freund erzehlt:
Es hab Olympie ſich lange Zeit gequälet,
Ob meinem Außenſeyn. Daß keinerley Bericht,
Kein Schreiben je erſetzt: Lyſanders Angeſicht
Wär ihr zwar wie vorhin unangenehm geweſen;
Lyſander hätte ſelbſt aus ihrer Eltern geleſen
Sein Ungunſt, ihren Haß! auch hätt er ſich betrübt,
Daß er aus Unvernunfft ſo frevendlich geliebt,
Und unbedacht geſucht was er erbitten ſollen:
Doch hab er ſich ſeyd ſelbſt aufs höchſte zwingen wollen
In der Verliebten Dienſt: Die täglich ihn beklagt,
Daß er ſein Glück um ſie, die ihm doch feind, gewagt.
Sie hätte die Geduld Lyſanders müſſen loben,
Und allgemach mich ganz aus ihrem Sinn verſchoben:
Lyſander hätte diß genommen ſtracks in acht,
Und ihr mitleidend ſeyn zu höchſter Liebe bracht,
Sie wären denn nun zwey, doch zwey mit einem Hertzen,
Und ſelte wenig Zeit zu ihren Hochzeit-Kertzen.
Ich nahm die rauhe Poſt mit ſolchem Schrecken an;
Als kein verdammter Menſch ſein Urtheil hören kan.
Noch unterließ ich nichts (wie kurz die Zeit) zu wagen,
Ich ſucht ihr meine Treu durch Schrifften vorzutragen.
Sie nam kein Schreiben mehr, und ſchickt aufs letzte mir,
Statt Antwort ein verſiegelt doch ledig Blatt Papier.
Ich ließ mich, als ein Weib, durch meine Freund einbringen:
Und trat ihr ins Geſicht auf öffentlichen Wegen;
Und zog mein Unſchuld an, ſie wegerte Gehör,
Und nahme als Braut ich ihr nach ihrer reinen Ehr.
Der Himmel, ſprach ſie, hat mir eine Seel gegeben,
Ich bin Lyſanders Braut, Cardenio mag leben,
Der Himmel hat von ihm mich gänzlich abgeſchreckt:
Der mir ein falſches Hertz zum zweytenmal entdeckt.
Mit dieſem ging ſie durch: und ließ mich ſonder Sinnen,
Wie wenn in Todtens-Angſt die Geiſter uns zerrinnen.
Mein Fieber griff mich an und hielt mich im Gemach,
Biß daß ihr Heuraths-Feſt (O trüber Tag) anbrach!
Da hab ich mich erkühnt mit dreymal drey Geſellen,
Bey ihrem Luſt-Panquet ein Tantzen anzuſtellen.
Wir traten in den Saal in ſchwartzer Trauer-Tracht,
Verhüllt und ganz vermummt: Ich ſprang in ſolcher Tracht
Wie der verliebte Prinz: der den Verſtand verlohren,
Als ſeine Luſt vor ihm den Todten auserkohren.
Lyſander der uns nicht in dieſer Kleid erkannt,
Danckt uns mit höchſter Ehr. Olympie entbrannt'
Vor Ungeduld und Scham. Und ließ ſich doch nichts mercken,
Um meine Hoffnung nicht durch ihr Geſicht zu ſtärcken.
Celinde hat allein ich weiß nicht was erblickt,
Dadurch ſie mich entdeckt, ſie ſchaute mich entzückt
Mit heiſſen Seufftzen an, die fruchtlos abgegangen,
Weil mich Olympie noch gar zu feſt gefangen.

Pamphil.

Olympie die ſchon Lyſanders eigen war?

Carden.

Die Liebe wächſt in Noth und ſtärckt ſich durch Gefahr.
Und wünſchte, durch was nicht iſt, und unerhörte Sachen
Und nie gebahnte Weg' ihr Anſchlag auszumachen.
Lyſanders Hochzeit-Freud war ſchon in Leid verkehret,
Doch meine Flammen nicht die heimlich mich verzehret.
Ich dacht auf neue Glück, und als er einſt verreiſet:
Hat ein erkauffte Magd mich in ſein Hauß geweiſet,
Ich kam denn als ein Weib die Frücht und Kräutel trägt
Als ſich Olympie zur Mittags-Ruh gelegt.

Es war gleich eins bey ihr, erblicken und erkennen:
Ich sah ihr Angesicht vor Zorn und Zittern brennen,
Und eh' ich reden kunt' ach! sprach sie! ach zu viel
Zu viel Cardenio! ein Ende mit dem Spiel!
Ich bin von Edlem Stamm; bin unbefleckt gebohren;
Und wie du weist, zu Ehr und keuscher Eh' erkohren.
Die beyd' verbieten mir dich ferner anzusehn:
Cardenio von hier! ist nicht zu viel geschehn,
Daß du mein Hochzeit-Fest mit dem verstellten Rasen
Vor allen Gästen entweyht: und Funcken aufgeblasen,
Die, wenn mein Ehrsam seyn, mit schweigen nicht bedeckt,
Ein unauslöschlich Feur in Haus und Haus entsteckt.
Cardenio von hier: Wo nicht so magst du wissen:
Daß man dir auf mein Wort wird beide Lichter schliessen.
Von hier, und glaube diß, daß die dich ehrlich liebt;
Die jetzt dich tödten kan, und dir das Leben gibt,
Wie! sprach ich, laß ich mir mein Rasen hier verweisen,
Da man um Langmuth mich, wo nach Vernunfft, sol preisen!
Laß ich Olympien in dieses Räubers Hand,
Der sie durch List erhält, der nie was Lieb erkant.
Hat meine lange Treu so rau' Ade verdienet?
Ich ruf' Olympie! Ich habe mich erkühnet?
In einem Trauer-Spiel! ich komm in dein Gesicht,
(Ade Olympie) von dieser Stund' an nicht,
Als mit Lysanders Blut und meinem Blut gezieret.
So sprach ich; und lieff stracks wo mich mein Sinn hinführet,
Schloß auch denselben Tag zu enden meine Noth,
Zu dämpfen meine Lieb' ins Feindes Blut und Tod.

Pamphil.

Doch ward der rauhe Schluß nicht schleunig fortgesetzet.

Carden.

Weil das Verhängniß mich mit neuer Glut verletzet.
Ich hatt aus jener Hof kaum heimwärts mich gekehret
Als von Celinden mir ein Schreiben ward gewehrt.
Die bat, daß ich bey ihr wolt eine Mumme schauen;
Die mir ein wichtig Stück gesonnen zu vertrauen.
Ich, als ich ihren Brief in etwas nachgedacht,
Begab mich bey ihr Haus nicht viel vor Mitternacht.
Ich hört' um ihre Thür Viol' und Lauten klingen
Doch mehr zu Schimpff' als Ehr', ich hört ein Liedlein singen
Von ihrem Wanckelmuth, das gieng mir bitter ein,
Ich fiel den Hauffen an, schlug mit dem Eisen drein.
Sie setzten sich zu Wehr. Und musten doch erliegen.
Man sah Pandor und Hut, und Kling' und Harffe fliegen.
Biß ich, und unverletzt, die Thür allein einnam
Da mir Celinde selbst erschreckt entgegen kam.
Sie danckte, daß ich sie bey dieser Zeit ersuchte:
Daß ich die Schaar verjagt: die ihrer Tugend fluchte
Und ihren Ruhm verletzt, (wo dieß ein Schmach-Lied kan):
Und bot zur Danckbarkeit sich mir zu eigen an.
Wir traten ins Gemach, da keine sonst zu finden:
Genad' umfing mich und vertraute mir Celinden:
Entdeckt' ihr heisse Lieb' und wündscht sie möchte mein
Vor viel Olympien und strenge Buhlen seyn.
Ich schied eh Titan kam die Sternen zu verschliessen.
Als ich den Tag hernach sie wolt' auffs neu begrüssen;
Kam sie mir schöner vor und freyer denn vorhin:
Und fieng bald seuffzend an. Cardenio ich bin,
Ich bin, Cardenio, die nur durch ihn kan leben:
Und die sich selbst vor ihn wolt' in die Flammen geben,
Doch will er meiner Lieb' ohn Leiden theilhafft seyn:
So hör' er wer ich sey, und geh den Rathschlag ein.
Ich, die von alten Stamm' und edlen Blut gebohren:
Hab Eltern in den Glantz der ersten Zeit verlohren.
Bin durch nicht treue Freund' um meiner Mutter Pracht,
Und um des Vaters Gut durch Anverwandte bracht.
Krieg, Mangel, Haß und Noth hat mich so weit gerissen:
Daß ich der Keuschheit Blum zuletzt auffsetzen müssen.
Zwar einem, der durch Gold und Ansehn mich bezwang,
Doch durch nicht minder Lieb in dieses Hertze drang,
Und einig mich betrübt: Noch wär ich ihm vermählet,
Wenn er nicht ziemlich jung den Ritter-Stand erwählet,
Der ihm die Eh verbeut. Er hält mich noch allhier
Mit höchsten Kosten auf, und schicket für und für,
Was zu ersinnen ist. Sein übergroß Vermögen
Rinnt in die Zimmer ein! wo nun ihm nicht entgegen
Cardenio, daß ich dem zu Gebote steh,
Der uns so prächtig nährt, so leb ich sonder Weh,
Zwar von Marcellus Gut, doch lieb ich ihn alleine,
Cardenio mein Licht: Den ich auf ewig meyne!
Sie schloß mit einem Kuß! und ich gab alles nach,
So schwimmt der Ulmen-Baum wenn ihn die strenge Bach
Aus seinem Grunde reißt. So fiel ich mit Celinden,
Durch Steigen schnöder Lust in vor verhaßte Sünden,
Ich der ein keusches Bild so Eifervoll geliebt,
Ward durch befleckte Gunst in heisser Brunst betrübt.

Pamphil.

Ich zittre! ists Marcell der unlängst um ist kommen?

Carden.

Ja freylich; hör itzt an wie ihm der Geist benommen?
Hör itzt den fremden Fall, den ausser mir kein Mann,
Umständlich (wer er auch), vor Augen stellen kan,
Wir zwey, Celind und ich, entbrant in gleichen Flammen:
Verfügten uns zwar offt doch sehr verdeckt zusammen,
Und wären Zweiffels ohn noch lange nicht erwischt.
Wenn nicht mein Unverstand Marcellus Geist erfrischt,
Mich daucht es nicht genung daß mich Celind' erwählet:
Wenn ich nicht dieses Glück den Wäldern hätt' erzehlet,
Und in Gedichte bracht die sie mit Anmuth sang,
Wenn die geschickte Faust auf ihrer Laut' umsprang,
Hier rühret sein Unfall her, denn als er einmahl kommen
Und in Celindes Hand ein lang Papier vernommen,
Beschwärzt durch meine Brunst, erstarret er und begehrt
Zu wissen, welcher ihr so heissen Brief gewährt.
Sie gibt zwar lachend vor doch zitternd im Gewissen,
Sie hätt es Sylvien nechst aus der Faust gerissen.
Er zweifelt, und verbarg den Eyfer der ihn nagt,
Und nach bestimmter Stund aus ihrer Wohnung jagt.
Kaum war Marcellus fort als ich bey ihr erschienen.
Er wollte sich der Zeit zu seiner Spur bedienen,
Und wie ich noch nicht recht beschritten ihr Gemach,
Kommt er von Zorn erhitzt mir auf der Fersen nach.
Hilff Gott! wie haben wir uns alle drey befunden.
Die Zungen waren uns von Grimm und Furcht gebunden.
Er fiel Celinden an, die Alabaster bleich,
Und plötzlich ward gefärbt durch seinen Backenstreich.
Eh' ihr noch warmes Blut von Antlitz abgeflossen:
Kam seines durch mein Schwert aus seiner Brust geschossen.
Er taumelt und vergieng. Ich rieff: Celind' auff! auff!
Hier ist nicht lange Frist! wer leben will der lauff!
Er, als wir in der Eil den besten Schmuck einpackten:
Und Gold, Geschmeid, und Stein in seidne Tücher sackten,
Erhub, wie schwach er war, sein sterbend Angesicht,
Und rieff mit schwacher Stimme: Ich bitt entweichet nicht.
Cardenio ich will dir meinen Tod verzeihen:
Wo du mir wilt dein Ohr und Faust und Beystand leihen.
Ich red ohn alle List: Komm führe mich von hier
Ich schwere bey dem Thron des Richters über mir,
Daß ich auff's minste nicht durch Rache dich will kräncken,
Ich suche nur mein End und Elend zu bedencken,
Ich bitte: daß ich mich versöhnen kan mit Gott,
Daß ich mein Haus befrey von dem so herben Spott:
Als ob ich meinen Stand so schlecht in acht genommen,
Daß ich sey durch ein Weib in diesem Ort umkommen.
Auch werdet ihr dadurch erlöst von Furcht und Flucht,
Wenn niemand meinen Tod von euren Händen sucht.
Sieht jemand meine Wund' im Weg' und Hause bluten,
Dem will ich, weil ich kan, einpflantzen diß Vermuthen,
Ich sey durch fremde Feind umbringet bey der Nacht,
Und durch dich aus der Noth zu meiner Wohnung bracht.
Ich bitte schlag nicht ab mein äusserstes Begehren,
Komm führe mich von hier und von Celindens Zähren,
Und lis aus meinem Blut wie groß ihr Undanck sey:
Wie treu ihr Wanckelmuth! wie: Aber ich verzeih!
So viel, und lehnte sich an meine rechte Seiten.

Pamphil.

Und hast du dich erkühnt nach Haus ihn zu begleiten?

Carden.

Ich thats, als der mir selbst und meinem Leben gram!
Doch hielt er redlich Wort als er ins Zimmer kam,
Und durch der Diener Fleiß entkleidet und geleget;
Hat sein der Artzt umsonst, wie weit' er auch, gepfleget,
Er schlug die Mittel aus: und sucht in heisser Reu
Des höchsten Königs Gunst und unerschöpffte Treu.
Und gab den zweyten Tag den Geist in meinen Armen;
Nachdem er kurtz zuvor gerühmet mein erbarmen,
In aller Gegenwart, und so das Werck beschönt,
Das anderwerts mich, ihn und sein Geschlecht verhönt:

Pamphil.

Ist diß Marcellus Fall! O heisser Durst der Ehren!
Den nicht die Rachelust kan und nicht der Tod versehren!
Der vor des Feindes Angst, des Himmels Ruh begehrt!
O Seele dessen Glück und unsern Abschied wehrt.

Carden.

Man glaub: Ich hab ihn offt geehrt mit meinen Thränen
Mit innerlicher Reu und Kummervollem Sehnen,
Sein sterbendes Geberd' ermuntert mich die Nacht,
Und nimmt Celinden mir und alles aus der Acht.

Wer jetzt! wo werd ich doch! wenn werd ich doch genesen!
Ach wo verfiel ich hin! Wer bin ich vor gewesen!
Was fühlst Olympie, was fühlst du strenge mich!
Was hab ich auffgesetzt? Doch hat ein anderer dich!
Auff! last uns denn von hier; du über treu Gemüthe!
Verzeihe daß ich noch mißbrauche deiner Güte,
Verrichte was ich bat und sey nach Mitternacht,
Wo meine Wohnung ist zu suchen wol bedacht.

Cardenio, Diener.

Geh werther Freund, geh hin, was ich dir noch verborgen;
Mein letztes Abschieds-Stück entdeckt dir der Morgen.
Die Reiß ist zwar bestimmt. Doch eh ich kom ins Feld.
Muß durch gerechten Zorn Lysander aus der Welt.
Ist dieß mein Diener? Recht! wie? Hast du was vernommen?

Diener.

Lysander wird gewiß noch diese Nacht ankommen.
Er ist nicht fern von hier, ich hab ihn selbst gesehn
Und rennt alsbald voran! Carden. So ists um ihn geschehn.
Ich will das falsche Blut vor Morgen noch vergiessen,
Und durch gewünschte Rach ein langes Leid beschliessen.
Der ist Olympie nicht deiner Liebe werth:
Der dich dem Räuber läßt, dem du durch List beschert.

Reihen.

Der hohe Geist, der in der Sterblichkeit,
Unsterblich herrscht, der seines Fleisches Kleid
Als eine Last, (so bald die Stunde schlägt
Die scheiden heißt,) gantz unerschreckt ablegt;

Der hohe Geist würd' alles was die Welt,
Was Lust und Ehr in ihren Schrancken hält,
Was künfftig noch, und was vorlängst geschehn;
Mit Lachen nur und Mißpreiß übersehn.

Dem Vogel Trotz! der in die Lufft sich schwingt,
Ob schon der Schall der harten Donner klingt,
Und ob der Sonn' auf die er einig harrt,
Mit steiffem Aug sich wundert und erstarrt.

Der hohe Geist würd über alles gehn,
Und bey dem Thron der höchsten Weißheit stehn;
Wenn beyde Flügel ihm nicht fest gehemmt,
Und Füß und Leib mit schwerer Last beklemmt.

Alsbald er auf den Kreiß der Dinge trat;
Erschrack der Fürst der zu gebieten hat
Der Untern-Welt, der wenn er um sich blickt,
List, Haß und Grimm in unser Licht ausschickt.

Er schüttelte dreymahl sein Schlangen Haar,
Die Höll erbebt; was um und um ihn war
Versank in Furcht, die Gluth schloß einen Ring,
Als er entsteckt von heissen Neid anfieng;

Auff! Götter auff! die mit mir von dem Thron
Hieher gebannt: Es steht nach jener Cron
Die ich besaß, ein hoch-glückselig Bild,
Das leyder mehr bey seinem Schöpffer gilt!

Man ging zu Rath: Es ward ein Schluß erkiest,
Zu dämpffen was in Menschen Himmlisch ist,
Mit Macht und Trug! bald drungen aus der Nacht
Geiz, Hochmuth, Angst, Einbildung, Wahn und Pracht,

Doch allen flog erhitzte Brunst zuvor,
Die voll von List den Nahmen ihr erkohr;
Von steter Lieb, und unter ihrem Schein
Die Hertzen nahm mit Gifft und Gallen ein.

Ihr bot alsbald die Rach-Lust treue Hand,
Die leider! jetzt der allgemeine Tand
Auff dem Altar der tapffern Ehren ehrt,
Indem die Burg der Ehren wird zerstört.

Die Rasereyen pochen was man schätzt,
Und heiliges Recht auf festen Grund gesetzt;
Sie stecken Reich und Land mit Flammen an,
Die auch kein Blut der Völcker dämpffen kan.

Sie färben See und Wellen Purpur-roth,
Sie stürtzen Stühl und Cronen in den Koth,
Und treten was auf Erden sterbens-frey,
Und Ewig, mit entzweytem Fuß entzwey.

Sie reissen (ach!) des Menschen reine Seel
Von ihrem Zweck in des Verderbens Höl'!
Und ziehen die, der Gott gab Himmel ein,
Aus stiller Ruh, in immer strenge Pein.

Christian Gryphius,

der älteste Sohn des Vorigen, wurde den 29. September 1649 zu Fraustadt geboren und zuerst von seinem Vater in den gewöhnlichen Schulwissenschaften unterrichtet. Nach dessen Tode kam er auf das Gymnasium zu Gotha, studirte 1668 — 1670 schöne Wissenschaften und die Rechte in Jena, dann nach kurzem Aufenthalte in seiner Vaterstadt bis 1673 in Straßburg, worauf er nach Schlesien zurückging und 1674 die Professur der griechischen und lateinischen Sprache am Elisabethen-Gymnasium zu Breslau übernahm. 1686 wurde er Rektor und Professor des dasigen Magdalenen-Gymnasiums, um 1699 Bibliothekar der Magdalenenkirche. Er starb daselbst den 6. März 1706 in Folge eines Schlagflusses.

Seine Schriften sind:

Poetische Wälder. Frankfurt 1698. Neue Aufl. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1708 in 8. 3. Auflage. Breslau und Leipzig 1718 in 8., letztere mit einem Anhange von 2 Leichenreden.

Einzeln erschienen:

Kurzer Entwurf der geistlichen und weltlichen Ritterorden. Leipzig 1697 in 8. Neue vermehrte Ausgabe, von Christian Stief herausgegeben, Leipzig und Breslau 1709 in 8.

Gedächtnißschriften, das ist Lebensbeschreibungen. Leipzig 1702 in 8.

Der deutschen Sprache unterschiedene Alter und nach und nach zunehmendes Wachsthum u. s. w. Breslau 1708 in 8.

und die lateinischen:

Lusuum ingenii ex praestantissimorum poetarum recentiorum varioribus scriptis excerptorum fasciculi duo. Vratislaviae 1699.

Vitae selectorum — virorum. Vratislaviae 1708, 8. Neue Auflage 1739. 8.

Apparatus — de scriptoribus historiam seculi XVII illustrantibus. Lipsiae 1710.

Der jüngere Gryphius war ein ernster, redlicher, gewissenhafter Mann, dem aber alles eigentliche poetische Talent fehlte, und der mühsam nur die Form beherrschen gelernt hatte. Er bildete sich nach Hoffmannswaldau (S. d.), obwohl er dessen Leichtfertigkeit verabscheute. Seine poetischen Leistungen, deren größter Theil aus Gelegenheitsgedichten besteht, haben demzufolge nur geringen Werth und sind, wenn gleich correct nach den damaligen Forderungen, doch schwülstig, kalt und alltäglich.

Seufzer unter währender Wieneriſchen Belagerung.

Ach Gott, die gantze Chriſtenheit
Schwimmt izt in Blut und Thränen;
Der Feinde Schwarm iſt ſchon bereit
Sich einen Weg zu bähnen
In unſer armes Vaterland,
Man hört die Poſt von Raub und Brand
An allen Orten ſchallen;
Die edle Stad, der Käyſer-Siz,
Sol durch des Achmets ſchnellen Bliz
In Aſch' und Graus verfallen.

Dort zeucht ein ander Hauffen auf,
Mit hunderttauſend Horden,
Und ſezet den geſchwinden Lauf
Biß an den kalten Norden.
Man greift, o ungeheurer Schmerz!
Uns mit Gewalt biß an das Herz,
Man ſpannt das Volck in Ketten
Und wil mit deinem Heiligthum,
O Herr, auch deines Nahmens Ruhm
Mit Macht zu Boden tretten.

Nun müſſen wir es wol geſtehn,
Es ſind verdiente Strafen;
Kommt, laſt uns nur zurücke gehn,
Wie haben wir geſchlafen,
Als uns der Wächter angeruft?
Umbſonſt: Der Schall flog in die Luft,
Wir ſchimpften die Propheten.
Wir ſcheuten weder Peſt noch Tod,
Befahrten uns vor keiner Noth,
Und lachten der Cometen.

Izt geht der Thon des Jammers an,
Der Weh und Ach verkündigt,
Da heiſts, wir haben es gethan,
Wir haben ſo geſündigt;
Da kommt uns erſt der Frevel ein,
Wenn mancher unter Luſt und Wein,
Und unter tollen Poſſen,
In die vorhin entbrannte Glutt
Durch ſeinen ſtolzen Frevel-Mutt
Noch heiſſes Oel gegoſſen.

Ich bin auch einer aus der Zahl,
Die Holz zum Feur getragen;
Ich hab' aus toller Narren-Wahl
Den Segen ausgeſchlagen,
Und den verdammten Fluch beliebt,
Izt aber, da uns Gott betrübt,
Bereu' ich meine Sünden,
Und ruff in dieſer Krieges-Noth,
Wo ſol man unter Glutt und Tod
Gewünſchte Rettung finden?

Wird aber auch des Höchſten Huld
Die ſpäte Reu belieben?
Zwar trägt er jederzeit Gedult,
Und pflegt biß zu verſchieben,
Was ſein gerechtes Urtheil dräut,
Wenn der bekehrte Sünder ſchreyt;
Wo aber Falſchheit wohnet,
Wo nur Betrug im Schwange geht,
Und Heucheley das Haupt erhöht,
Da hat er nie geſchonet.

Izt weinen wir, weil Mechmet wacht,
Sind aber zehnmal ſchlimmer,
So bald der goldne Friede lacht;
Wie ein verwegner Schwimmer,
Der, wo das meiſte Volck ertrinckt,
Sich dennoch durch die Wellen ſchwingt,
Und mit den Wogen ſpielet,
Biß er in gleiche Noth verſinckt,
Und wenn ihn Flutt und Tod bezwingt,
Zu ſpät den Frevel fühlet.

Ach Herr, ſoll deiner Gnaden-Glanz
Sich über uns erheben;
Sol endlich der Oliven-Kranz
Einſt wieder ob uns ſchweben,
So müſſen wir mit ernſter Reu
Den Sauerteig ſchlimmer Heucheley
Aus unſern Herzen fegen.
Wo diß nicht alſobald geſchicht,
So wird der Brand, der izo glüht,
Uns in die Aſche legen.

Herr, gönn' uns doch den rechten Geiſt,
Der uns zum Gutten leite,
Den Geiſt, der kräftig beten heiſt,
Damit er vor uns ſtreite,
Der alles, was nach Sünde ſchmeckt,
Und unſer Feuer-Kleid beflekt,
In tieffſten Abgrund werffe.
Der uns mit Eifer aus der Höh
Beſtändig an der Seiten ſteh,
Und unſre Seufzer ſchärffe.

Erlangen wir nur dieſes Pfand,
So wird ſich alles geben;
Das izt-betrübte Vaterland
Wird bald ſein Haupt erheben.
Des Achmets ungeheurer Schwarm
Wird durch des Höchſten ſtarcken Arm
In einem Hui verfliegen;
Wir werden unter Gottes Schuz
Der ungeheuren Feinde Truz
Mit ſtarcker Hand beſiegen.

Friedrich Wilhelm Gubitz

ward den 27. Februar 1786 zu Leipzig geboren, entſagte, von Familienverhältniſſen gezwungen, ſeinem Lieblingsgedanken, dem Studium der Theologie und ergriff die Holzſchneidekunſt. Frühere Beſchäftigung mit dieſer und verwandten Künſten unter der Leitung ſeines geſchickten Vaters, des trefflichen Stahlſchneider's G., und unermüdlicher Eifer erwarben ihm bald Ruf und 1805 eine Anſtellung als Profeſſor der Form- und Holzſchneidekunſt und ſpäter als ordentliches Mitglied der Akademie der Künſte in Berlin. Die Vertheidigung ſeiner Kunſt und die drangvollen Jahre der franzöſiſchen Invaſion machten ihn auch zum Schriftſteller, als welcher er ſich in der dramatiſchen Dichtkunſt (nicht geringe) Auszeichnung erwarb.

Er gab heraus:

Das Vaterland, eine Zeitſchrift. Berlin 1807—1809.

Gaben der Milde. Ebendaſ. 1818. 6 Bde.

Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1815 und 1816. 2 Bde. der 1. Bd. führt den Titel: „Was mir einfiel“; der 2. „Theaterſpiele“ u. ſ. w.

Der Geſellſchafter. Ebendaſ. 1817 und f. Eine von ihm herausgegebene, noch beſtehende, vielgeleſene Zeitſchrift.

Einzeln:

Die Talentprobe, Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1812, dann 1823 in 12.

Die Siegesgöttin der Deutſchen. Ebendaſ. 1814.

Liebe und Verſöhnen, Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1816. Neue Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1817. in 8.

Sappho, Monodram. Ebendaſ. 1816. in 8.

Die Prinzeſſin, Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1816. in 8.

Aprillaunen des Geſellſchafters. Ebendaſ. 1819.

Außerdem:

Allen iſt geholfen, Luſtſpiel; die Ehrenſchuld; Hans Sachs; das Urtheil; im Jahrbuch deutſcher Bühnenſpiele 6. 8. 10. Jahrgang, und eine Sammlung von Verzierungen für die Buchdruckerpreſſe.

Witz, Ironie, Lebhaftigkeit des Geiſtes, Gemüthlichkeit, eine heitere Weltanſchauung und ein ſehr hübſches Talent der Darſtellung, ſind dieſem, als Künſtler ſo ausgezeichneten Manne eigen, und haben ſeinen Schriften vielen Beifall, ſo wie ſeinem Namen einen guten Klang in der literariſchen Welt erworben.

Chriſtian Gueinz

ward den 13 Oktober 1592 zu Kohland in der Niederlauſitz geboren und ſtudirte nach erlangter Vorbildung zu Wittenberg Philoſophie und Theologie. Nachdem er für die Fürſten von Weimar und Anhalt verſchiedene Schulen eingerichtet und auch noch Jurisprudenz ſtudirt hatte, ließ er ſich als Advokat in Weißenfels nieder, übernahm aber 1627 als Magister a. litt. das Rektorat des Gymnaſiums zu Halle, wo er den 3. April 1650 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Teutſcher Sprachlehr-Entwurf. Köthen 1641.

Deutſche Rechtſchreibung. Halle 1645.

Viele lateiniſche Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Ein, zu ſeiner Zeit ſehr tüchtiger Schulmann, welcher ſich namentlich um die Ausbildung der deutſchen Grammatik manches Verdienſt erwarb.

Karoline von Günderode,

die Tochter des badiſchen Kammerherrn, Hof- und Regierungsrathes v. G., ward 1780 zu Karlsruhe geboren, lebte als Stiftsdame zu Frankfurt am Main und am Rhein und endete 1806 durch Selbſtmord ihr Leben, in der Nähe von Winkel.

Unter dem Namen „Tian“ beſitzen wir von ihr:
Gedichte und Phantaſien. Frankfurt 1804. in 8.
Poetiſche Fragmente. Frankfurt 1805.

Andre Schriften, Gedichte im Sommertaſchenbuch für 1832, dem Weſtphäliſchen Taſchenbuch für 1833 (beide beſorgt von M. Bachmann) und in andern Tagesſchriften.

Tiefes Gefühl, reiche Phantaſie und Gewandtheit in Sprache und Form waren ihr eigen, aber es fehlte ihr an Reife und Bewußtſeyn, und was ihr Talent in günſtiger Entfaltung dereinſt zu leiſten verſprach, das zerſtörte leider ſchon in ſeinem Keimen ihr unzeitiger Tod.

Vgl. Goethe's Briefwechſel mit einem Kinde. Berlin 1835. Thl. 1. S. 75. fgde. —

Johann Chriſtian Günther

ward den 8. April 1695 zu Striegau in Schleſien geboren und bei ſeinen guten Anlagen von ſeinem armen aber braven Vater, dem daſigen Dr. medicinae und Stadtphyſikus G., ſo weit in den Schulwiſſenſchaften gebracht, daß er 1709 den Unterricht in den Oberclaſſen des Gymnaſiums zu Schweidnitz mit Nutzen genießen konnte. Hier zeichnete er ſich durch Fleiß, gutes Betragen und die erſten Proben ſeines Dichtergeiſtes aus, legte aber auch zugleich durch Nährung ſeiner Eitelkeit den Grund zu ſeinem unglückſeligen Leben. 1715 bezog er die Univerſität Wittenberg, um die Arzneiwiſſenſchaft zu ſtudiren, und ging 1717 nach ſeiner Entlaſſung aus dem Kerker, worein ihn regelloſes Leben und Schulden geſtürzt hatten, nach Leipzig. Sein poetiſches Talent erwarb ihm daſelbſt die Gunſt des Hofrath Menke, der ihn zum Beſingen des Paſſarowitzer Friedens veranlaßte und dem Dresdner Hofe zum Hofpoeten empfahl. Trunkenheit bei der Audienz vor dem Könige und Kurfürſten Friedrich August, wahrſcheinlich durch Kabale Uebelwollender herbeigeführt, brachte ihn um dieſe gute Ausſicht und zugleich um die Gunſt Menke's und nun verſank er, von allen Freunden verlaſſen oder doch bald nachher aufgegeben, und von ſeinem unglücklichen Vater gehaßt, immer tiefer in das Elend. Nach manchen Irrfahrten durch Schleſien, Polen und Sachſen ſich endlich wieder herausreißend, kam er 1722 in Jena an, um daſelbſt ſeine Studien fortzuſetzen, ſtarb jedoch ſchon am 15. März 1723, im 28. Jahre ſeines Alters.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Sammlung von Gedichten. Breslau 1723. in 8. fortgeſetzt 1724, 25, 1727, und endlich Breslau und Leipzig 1735 in gr. 8. 4 Thle. Mit jeder Fortſetzung wurden die ſchon gedruckten Theile wieder abgedruckt. Fernere Auflagen aller 4 Theile fanden Statt 1739. 1742. 1747. 1757 und 1764 in gr. 8.

Zur letzten Auflage kam ein:
Anhang. Breslau 1764. gr. 8. und eine:
Nachleſe. Ebendaſ. 1766, in 8.

Eine gute Biographie von ihm gab Siebrand Leipzig 1783 in 8. heraus.

Das treffendſte und richtige Urtheil über Günther fällt Bouterweck, (Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Bd. 10. S. 355) mit folgenden Worten: Ein Dichter wie G. war zu Anfang des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts eine neue Erſcheinung in Deutſchland. In ſeiner Perſon ſchien die Poeſie die Würde verloren zu haben, die ſie ſeit Opitz behauptet hatte. Dafür aber hatte ſich auch noch in keines deutſchen Dichters Werken ſo unverſchleiert der Menſch gezeigt und eben daran fehlte es der deutſchen Poeſie vorzüglich, ſeitdem ſie bald witzelnd, bald moraliſirend und beſchreibend, immer oberflächlicher und hohler geworden war. Günther würde deßwegen Epoche in der Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie haben machen können, wenn das geiſtige Leben, von dem ſeine ganze Poeſie durchdrungen iſt, von edlerer Art wäre. Ihn zu verachten iſt nicht wohl möglich, wenn man die Gutmüthigkeit nicht verkennt, die aus ſeinen Gedichten ſpricht, aber eben ſo wenig kann man ihm die Liederlichkeit ſeiner Sinnesart verzeihen, weil er dem glühenden Temperamente, das ihm die Natur zu ſeinem Glücke und Unglücke verliehen hatte, faſt gar keine ernſte Kraft des Willens entgegenſtellte, außer, um auch im Unglücke ſich des Kummers zu entſchlagen. Wie er auf dieſe Art ſich ſelbſt verwahrloſete, hat er es auch mit ſeinen Gedichten gehalten. Natur und Zufall walten in ihnen auf gutes Glück. Das Gelungene in dieſen Gedichten iſt eines Meiſters würdig; nicht nur voll Wahrheit, Geiſt und Leben, auch in den gefälligſten Formen warm und üppig hingeſtrömt aus voller Seele. Aber blindlings ſeinem Gefühle vertrauend, und oft nur mit halber Beſinnung warf dieſer verunglückte Günſtling der Natur Gutes und Schlechtes durch einander, wie es ihm in den Sinn kam.

Auf den zwiſchen Ihro Kayſerl. Majeſtät und der Pforte Anno 1718 geſchloſſenen Frieden. *)

Eugen iſt fort. Ihr Muſen, nach!
Er ſteht, beſchleunigt und ſieht ſchon wieder,
Und wo er jährlich Palmen brach,
Erweitert Er ſo Kränz' als Glieder.
Sein Schwerdt, das Schlag und Sieg vermählt,
Und, wenn es irrt, aus Großmuth fehlt,
Gebiehrt dem Feind' ein neues Schrecken,
Und ſtärckt der Völker Hertz und Macht,
Die unter Adlern, Blitz und Nacht
Die Flügel nach dem Monden ſtrecken.

Die Wahl-Statt iſt noch naß und lau,
Und ſtinkt, nach Türken, Schand' und Leichen;
Wer ſieht nicht die verkauffte Sau
Von Aeſern faul und mühſam ſchleichen?
Und dennoch will das Teutſche Blut
Den alten Kirch-Hof feiger Wuth
Zu jungen Lorbern fruchtbar machen;
Und gleichwohl hört der dicke Fluß
Des Sieges feurigen Entſchluß
Aus Mörſern und Carthaunen krachen.

Es ſchnaubt des Ueberwinders Roß,
Es ſchäumt und riecht den Streit von fernen,
Das Glücke mengt ſich in den Troß,
Um vom Eugen Beſtand zu lernen,
Die Lufft erthönt, das Ufer bebt,
Der Reiter brennt, das Fuß-Volk ſtrebt
Den wilden Hauffen anzurennen.
Und wer nicht ſchärffer ſinnt als ſieht,
Der dürffte, wenn die Mannſchafft zieht,
Ihr Heer ein fliegend Hertze nennen.

Nur drauf, du Kern der Teutſchen Treu!
Nur drauf, du Krafft aus Herrmanns Hüfften!
Beweiſe, wer dein Ahn-Herr ſey,
Und krön' ihn auch noch in den Grüfften!
Dein Haupt, dein Beyſpiel, dein Eugen
Läßt alle, die dir widerſtehn,
Ein tödtliches Verhängniß wiſſen;
Er ſteht, er eilt, er würgt dir vor,
Es iſt noch um ein ehern Thor,
So wird die Pforte ſpringen müſſen.

Dort, wo vor Zeiten Eigenſinn
Die Brücke des Trajans zertrümmert,
Dort wirff die Augen vor dir hin,
Dort mercke, was ſo ſchaudernd und ſchimmert.
Es rauſcht wie Panzer und Gewehr,
Es iſt ein Römiſch Geiſter-Heer,
Es ſind die Seelen alter Helden;
Sie kommen, deinen Muth zu ſehn,
Und werden, was durch ihn geſchehn,
Der Ewigkeit voraus vermelden.

Braucht, tapffren Sieger! braucht das Heft
In Gegenwart ſo ſeltner Zeugen,
Die, wo mich nur kein Blendwerk äfft,
Aus jenem dunckeln Reiche ſteigen.
Warum? Sie wollen nicht allein
So ſchlecht' und faule Zeugen ſeyn,
Sie helffen euch in Sieg und Schlagen;
Denn hat ihr Schatten gleich kein Hertz,
So kan er doch wol hinterwerts
Den Feind mit kaltem Schauer plagen.

[illegible] erſchrocknes Morgenland!
Du kennſt den Blitz, des Adlers Stärcke,
Er waffnet unſers Helden Hand,
Und zielt auf gröſſre Wunder-Wercke.
Hier Schwerdt des Herrn und Gideon!
Auf, blaſſe Türcken! auf, davon!
Nein! ſteht und lernt noch beſſer fühlen.
Hier ſchlägt der Degen und der Mann,
Den Gott kaum tapffrer wählen kan,
Euch Hitz' und Wahnwitz abzukühlen.

Ihr übereilt euch! Schritt vor Schritt!
Ihr kommt mit Roß, Cameel und Wagen;
So bringt uns fein das Werckzeug mit,
Den Raub bequemer wegzutragen:
Nun ſtrengt euch an! Es giebt Gefahr;
Nun blickt um Mahomets Altar,
Nun fleht ihn mit geſenckten Waffen;
Nun rufft doch laut, nun ſchreyt doch zu,
Er hält vielleicht noch Mittag-Ruh,
Er dichtet, oder hat zu ſchaffen.

Umſonſt! der ſtumme Götz' iſt taub;
Ihr mögt euch ſelbſt zu Hülffe ruffen:
Kommt, ſeyd ihr Männer, hohlt den Raub!
Wir reiſſen aus, verfolgt die Stuffen;
Was ſäumt ihr denn? was ſteht ihr da?
Wie? geht euch unſer Schaden nah?
Wie? macht euch unſre Zagheit müde?
Probiert ſie! Weh uns, Amurath!
Du ſinnſt auf eine groſſe That;
Was kömmt heraus? Was ſuchſt du? Friede.

Ha! ſinckt dein Hochmuth ſchon ſo tief!
Du ſcherzeſt, oder haſt vergeſſen,
Wie grauſam nächſt dein Meineyd rief,
Als wolt' er uns von weitem freſſen.
Wie kömmt dein dort vermeßnes Schreyn
Mit dieſer Demuth überein?
In Noth macht offt Gebeth aus Flüchen;
Ja! ja! dein Hertz und auch dein Mund
Sind beyd' an eine Zeit gewohnt,
Und zeigen ſich nur zum Verkriechen.

Du haſt auch wohl wahrhaftig Zeit;
Denn zwiſchen deinem Steh'n und Weichen
War nunmehr ſonſt kein Unterſcheid,
Als unſers Angriffs Loſungs-Zeichen.
So manche Klinge ſtund ſchon bloß,
So mancher Donner ſchlug ſchon loß,
Dir Hals und Läſtern abzukürtzen;
Europa ſelbſt beſchloß ſchon feſt,
Dein ſtolz Gerüſt, dein Huren-Neſt
Von ſeinem Rand ins Meer zu ſtürtzen.

Byzanz erkenn' anjetzt den Werth
Von Rudolphs göttlichem Geblüthe,
Und küſſe Carls gerechtes Schwerdt!
Es hat nicht minder Schärff' als Güte;
Du fehlſt, es ſtrafft; du flehſt, es ſchenckt;
Und wird durch Demuth abgelenckt,
Und läßt ſich ſiegend überwinden.
Ihn ſelbſt zwingt nichts, als Buß' und Reu;
Wer lehret dich thumme Tyranney,
Dergleichen kluge Waffen finden?

Wie kanſt du, Schutz-Gott Teutſcher Ruh!
Der frechen Schaar ſo bald vergeben?
O! fahre mit dem Donner zu!
Ihr Fall wird doch dein Lob erheben.
Doch nein; du zeigſt auch hier dein Reich,
Und feſſelſt Feind und Zorn zugleich.

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*) Aus: Johann Chriſtian Günther's Sammlung von Gedichten. Frankfurt und Leipzig. 1735.

Und brauchſt die Kräfte nur zum Schützen,
Die Sanftmuth ehrt dich mehr als Gold;
Denn, wenn du ſtrafen mußt und ſollſt,
So wirſt du nur dem Sünder nützen.

Hört, Frevler! die ihr weder Rath,
Noch Troſt, noch Schutz, noch Ablaß findet,
Und nach vollbrachter Miſſethat
Die Zuflucht an die Ferſen bindet;
Flieht, ſucht ihr Rettung und Gehör,
Die Hörner des Altars nicht mehr!
Auch Joab kan nicht ſicher flüchten.
Kommt, faßt des ſanften Käyſers Knie!
Hier liegt ſein Herz, hier giebt ſich Müh,
Die Zärtheit mit Gedult zu richten.

Verwegne Feder! halt doch ein,
Und ſchone Carls vollkommne Gaben!
Sonſt werden wir die erſten ſeyn,
Die dieſe Freyheit nöthig haben,
Die Wahrheit haßt die Malerey,
Dein Lob macht doch kein Conterfey;
O trag' ein ehrerbietig Schweigen,
Und weiſ' in Habſpurg Ahnen-Saal,
Und ſprich: Carl faßt ſie allzumahl;
So kannſt du ſeine Gröſſe zeigen.

Zurück, ihr Muſen, in das Feld!
Dort ſproßt der Oel-Zweig aus den Lanzen,
Irene flicht ein Zauber-Zelt;
Geht, ſpringt mit ihr auf Wall und Schanzen!
Die Schwerter werden Sichel krumm,
Das Stücke ſchmelzt die Kugeln um,
Und grüßt den Helden Ehren-Seulen,
Die Flammen-Gluth friſt Kraut und Loth,
Das Stücke wirft mehr Luſt als Tod,
Und darf nicht mehr gefährlich heulen.

Schläfft Naſo noch um jenen Ort,
Wohin ihn das Geſchicke begraben;
So wünſcht' ich mir ein Allmachts-Wort,
Nur ihn dadurch erweckt zu haben.
Jetzt dächt' er nie ans Vater-Land,
Jetzt würde ſich ſo Herz als Hand
In Carls Perſon und Ruhm verlieben;
Jetzt wär' Eugen ſein Lob-Geſang;
Jetzt ſpräch' er: Cäſar, habe Dank!
So glücklich haſt du mich vertrieben.

Die Freude zieht ſich weit herein,
Und wächſt mit Wellen und in Städten,
Die unter Thau und Sonnen-Schein
Vor Leopolds Geſchlechte beten.
Der Tempel raucht von heilger Pflicht,
Die Prieſter tragen Recht und Licht,
Und liegen vor den Dank-Altären.
Vornehmlich ſieht das hohe Wien
Die Opfer-Flammen aufwerts ziehn,
Und von der Türken Beute zehren.

Die Regung macht mich ungeſchickt,
Das frohe Deutſchland abzureiſſen;
Wohin des Adlers Aufſicht blickt,
Da muß dieß Jahr ein Heil-Jahr heiſſen.
Der Friedens-Herold bläßt und jagt,
Und wird von Groß und Klein gefragt;
Der Greiß läßt Stock und Schwachheit fallen;
Die Jugend ſpielt, die Kindheit ſingt;
Und das, was noch aus Brüſten trinckt,
Erklärt ſich durch ein ſtarckes Lallen.

Hier kommt ein junger Ritter an,
Und findet in dem nächſten Garten,
Der alle Straſſen zeigen kan,
Sein ſchönes Kind mit Schmertzen warten.
Da geht es an ein zärtlich thun;
Da läßt der Kuß den Mund nicht ruhn;
Da ſtockt das zitternde Willkommen;
Da wird, was immer ſchmeichlen mag,
Als wär' ein andrer Hochzeit-Tag,
Mit Hand und Mienen vorgenommen.

Dort ſpitzt ein voller Tiſch das Ohr,
Und horcht, wie Nachbar Hanns erzählt:
Hanns ißt und ſchneidet doppelt vor,
Und ſchmiert ſich dann und wann die Kehle:
Da, ſpricht er, Schwäger; ſeht nur her,
Als wenn nun dieß die Donau wär,
(Hier macht' er einen Strich von Biere,)
Da ſtreifften wir, da ſtund der Feind,
Da gieng es ſchärffer, als man meynt;
Gott ſtraf! Ihr glaubt mir ohne Schwüre.

Dort muß ein tapffrer Wittben-Sohn
Der Mutter neuen Troſt erwerben,
Und ſchlieffe nicht der Vater ſchon,
So müßt er jetzt vor Freude ſterben.
Das gute Weib iſt froh, und rennt,
Und ändert gleich ihr Teſtament,
Und flucht dem falſchen Todten-Scheine,
Und denckt: nun hab ich einen Stab,
Und weiß, wer einmal um mein Grab
Aus Treu und reinem Hertzen weine.

So ſah der Griechen Jubel aus,
Als dort nach zehn Belagrungs-Jahren
Der Dardaner verwünſchtes Haus
In geilem Feuer aufgefahren.
Corinth und Argos und Athen
Ließ Kampff-Platz, Stall und Schulen ſtehn,
Und lief die Schiffe zu empfangen;
Weib, Kind und Kegel drang an Port.
Und keins verſtund ſein eigen Wort,
Vor Jauchzen, Fragen und Verlangen.

Mich deucht, die Zeitung nähret ſo gar
Auch unbeſeelte Creaturen:
Der Hunds-Stern brennt und raſet zwar;
Und doch erquickt der Lenz die Fluren;
Wald, Flüſſe, Thäler, Berg und Höhn
Gehn hier und dar ein Bündniß ein,
Die ſüſſe Nachricht auszubreiten;
Die Nymphen ſcherzen um den Sand,
Und ſprützen mit geübter Hand
Viel Segen unſrer Luſtbarkeiten.

So weit die Donau, wie ſie ſoll,
In Chriſtlichem Gehorſam fließet,
Und mehr Begierde als Waſſer voll
Sich unter Carls Geboth ergieſſet;
So weit vermehret ſie ihre Luſt,
(Denn Freude zieht das Blut zur Bruſt)
Durch Beytrag aus den kleinen Flüſſen,
Die jetzt den ſtändlichen Tribut,
Weil groſſe Freude viel verthut,
Geſchwind und doppelt liefern müſſen.

Dort kommen Drave, Sau und Theiß,
Und bringen ihr viel ſtarke Fluthen;
Hier wächſt ſie durch des Sieges Schweiß,
Und durch der Janitſcharen Bluten;
Damit ſo ſtraucht ihr ſchneller Lauff,
Und hält die Wellen nirgends auf,
Als wo ſie ſich mit Fleiß verweilen,
Um, wo ich alſo reden mag,
Dem Iſter einigen Geſchmack
Von unſrer Freyheit mitzutheilen.

Nun ſieh doch, wo du etwas ſiehſt,
Du böſes Iſmaels Geſchlechte!
Du kommſt, ſo offt du auswerts ziehſt,
Dem Donner allemal zu rechte.
Dein toller Hund, dein ſtumpffer Zahn
Fällt Reich und Adler freventlich an,
Und muß ſo Blut als Haare laſſen;
Dein Einbruch iſt ſo gut als Flucht:
So gehts, wer fremde Schläge ſucht,
Kriegt meiſtens Spott und Streich zu faſſen.

Du ſündigſt auf Vergebung loß,
Und auſſer Carls Verſtand und Glücke;
Er ſieht die Sonne nicht ſo groß,
Als deines Hochmuths Schwäch' und Tücke:
Dein Frevel kämpfft mit eigner Hand
Zu Sorgen, Klage, Glück und Heil,

Und legt ſich ſelber zum Gehöhne.
Geh, trag nun den verwürckten Hals,
Ja gar den Aufſchub deines Falls
Von Oeſterreichs Gedult zum Lohne.

Nur glaube nicht, verſchnittner Schwarm!
Dein Meineyd ſey ſo durchgekommen,
Nachdem ſein ganz zerſchellter Arm
Zehn Jahr zur Heilungs-Friſt genommen.
Der Friede, der die Noth nur faßt,
Und den du halb erbettelt haſt,
Errett dich nicht vom Zorn-Gerichte;
Nein! nein! verſtockter Pharao,
Die Langmuth lacht und thut nur ſo,
Damit ſie deine Bosheit ſichte.

Zerreiß den falſchen Alcoran,
Er hat dich lang genug betrogen;
Dein letzter Fall rückt endlich an,
Und ſteigt mit unſern Sieges-Bogen.
Die Rach' iſt kein vergeßlich Weib,
Sie bringt zwar langſam auf den Leib,
Allein mit deſto ſchärfferm Streiche.
Dein angemaßter Kayſer-Thron
Erſchrickt und wankt und wittert ſchon
Die Eitelkeit geſtohlner Reiche.

Du, dem zu Lieb' Eugenius
Des Aufgangs Untergang verſchoben;
Du, dem des Allerhöchſten Schluß
Sein hohes Straff-Amt aufgehoben,
Komm fort, und eil aus Blut und Schooß!
Komm, eil auf unſre Zeiten los!
Komm, komm aus Carls geweihten Lenden!
Es hält ſich Aſien gefaßt,
Dir, theurer, angenehmer Gaſt!
Sein reiches Erb-Land zuzuwenden.

Was zieht ſich vor ein Vorhang weg?
Ich ſeh den Schauplatz ſpäter Zeiten:
Dort hör' ich einen Scanderbeg,
Dort ſeh' ich einen Gottfried ſtreiten,
Die Palmen grünen um ſein Haupt,
Man heult, man jauchzt, man ſchlägt, man raubt;
Kein Creutz-Zug macht ein ſolches Lärmen:
Der Erden größ- und dritter Theil
Zerreißt der Saracenen Heyl,
Und würgt den Hund mit ſeinen Därmen.

Der Nil erſchrickt, Damaſcus brennt,
Es raucht auf Aſcalons Gebürgen,
Und durch den ganzen Orient
Herrſcht Unruh, Hunger, Peſt und Würgen.
Der Jordan ſieht, wie Mauern da,
Als käm' ein andrer Joſua;
Er kommt auch, doch aus Teutſchem Saamen;
Wie heißt Er? Ja die Schickung winckt,
Und raubt mir, weil der Vorhang ſinckt,
Glantz, Vorwitz, Schauplatz, Held und Nahmen.

Was macht in Ungarn der Soldat
Vor grauſam-klägliche Geberden?
Er dringt ſich vor den Krieges-Rath,
Und hört mit Unruh Friede werden.
Er murrt, er zörnt, er ſchilt den Bund,
Wodurch der abgewichne Hund
Der heurigen Gefahr entgangen;
Und ſcheut' er nur nicht den Eugen,
So ſollt' er ſich wol unterſtehn,
Den Krieg von friſchem anzufangen.

Sein Eyfer hat auch ziemlich Recht:
Es muß die Tapfferkeit verdrieſſen,
Wenn Kleinmuth ihren Fortgang ſchwächt,
Und Thränen ſtatt des Blutes flieſſen.
Sie ſucht nur Weh und Widerſtand,
Sie ſucht mehr Ruhm, als Leut und Land,
Und giebt nur ein verbittert Lachen,
Wenn, eh ihr Degen Wunder thut,
Feind, Zeit, Geſchütz und Hand und Guth
Den Sieges-Wagen enge machen.

Ihr guten Teutſchen! laßts nur ſeyn,
Und ſprecht den tapffern Zorn zufrieden!
Die Lorbeern gehn gleichwohl nicht ein,
Sie grünen mitten in dem Frieden.
Der Palm-Baum iſt nicht ſchlimm verſetzt,
Wofern ihn fettes Ufer netzt:
Das hofft man auch von euch zu ſchreiben.
Geht! zieht aus Meer, und kämpfft und ſucht
Iberiens verlohrne Frucht
In Wälſchlands Gärten aufzutreiben.

Hält hier der Stillſtand euren Muth,
So kan er dort mit Nachdruck blitzen;
Nicht anders pflegt der Adern Blut
Nach kurzer Stemmung ſcharff zu ſpritzen.
Dort ſpannt ein neuer Friedens-Bruch
Ein neu und feindlich Seegel-Tuch!
Geht, geht und zeigt dem Niedergange
Ein ſchwartz und blutig Abendroth,
Damit die Flotte, ſo euch droht,
Den Port in Charons Kahn erlange!

Wo ſchweiff ich hin? wo bleibt mein Held?
Entzieht er ſich vielleicht der Erde?
Wie! oder hebt ſich nur ſein Zelt,
Damit es nicht entheiligt werde?
Ja, ja ich ſeh die Ewigkeit,
Sie webt und ſtickt ſein Ehren-Kleid,
Umgibt ſein Bildniß mit den Sternen,
Und führt es zum Vergöttern auf:
Nun mag der Enckel Lebens-Lauff
Den Vorzug unſrer Tage lernen.

O Prinz! o groſſer Prinz! wie weit,
Wie weit entfernſt du dich dem Neide,
Und auch ſogar der Möglichkeit,
Daß etwas deinen Kranz beſchneide!
Homer behalt' die den Achill!
Aeneas bleibe, wo er will!
Sie ſind am längſten groß geweſen;
Sie weichen doch mit Ehren aus;
Denn dieß iſt auch ein Lorbeer-Strauß,
Dem ſtärkſten Palmen nachzuleſen.

Die Seele weiß von keiner Ruh,
Sie zeigt Gedanken aus Gedanken:
So, theurer Held! verfährſt auch du
In deinen weiten Lebens-Schrancken;
Dein Eyfer braucht Gelaſſenheit;
Das Weſen ſeiner Tapfferkeit
Beſteht in lauter klugen Siegen;
Dein Alter blüht ſo ſpät als früh!
Was wolte wol die Poeſie,
O Held! zu deinen Ehren lügen?

Genung! genung vor deinen Ruhm!
Genung mit blutigen Geſchäfften!
Trag Helm und Schild ins Heiligthum,
Und laß es an die Cedern hefften!
Auch Großmuth macht dem Alter Raum,
Es blüht ja ſchon der Mandel-Baum
Auf deinen Lorbeer-reichen Haaren,
Genieß doch einmal deine Ruh,
Und ſieh nunmehr auch andern zu,
Wie viel ſie unter dir erfahren?

Carl iſt allein geſchickt und werth,
Getreue Dienſte zu belohnen;
Carl der wie Gott nichts mehr begehrt,
Als daß die Völker ſicher wohnen.
Carl, deſſen Ohr vom Himmel nimmt,
Was ſein Befehl der Welt beſtimmt,
Die kein Verhängniß mehr vergnüget;
Carl, deſſen Geiſt den Thron erhöht,
Und noch ſo weit darüber geht,
Als Feind und Ehr-Furcht drunter lieget.

Ihr, die ein glücklich Feuer treibt,
Dem hohen Chore nachzukommen,
Was macht es, daß ihr ſitzen bleibt?
Ihr habt nicht rechten Stoff genommen,
Ihr ſinnt, ihr ſchreybt mit Angſt und Müh
Reimt Fabeln, und vergeht wie ſie;
Kommt! wollt ihr hoch und ewig leben,
Kommt ſetzt die güldnen Federn an,
Und ſchreibt, was Gott und Carl gethan!
Der Adler wird euch mit erheben

Ja ſchreibt nur was ihr hört und ſeht,
Hier gilt Erzehlen mehr als Dichten.
Europa jauchzt, und Stambol ſiecht;
Wer weiſt mir dieſes in Geſchichten!
Die Vorſicht, ſo das Reich bewacht,
Erklärt den Zwieſpalt in die Acht,
Und lehrt uns mit verſöhnten Blicken:
Es werde dies ſein mächtig Haupt,
Was Unrecht, Liſt und Neid geraubt,
Den Barbarn aus den Klauen rücken.

Das Erbtheil Joſephs lebt in Ruh,
Und nähret ſich von des Bruders Glücke;
Der Schäfer lacht, ſein Vieh nimmt zu,
Die Lämmer werden feiſt und dicke:
Elyſiens gelobtes Land
Treibt Handel, bringt das Feld in Stand,
Und baut ſo Korn- als Weisheits-Häuſer;
In Welſchland blüht ein neuer Sieg;
So lehren beydes Fried' und Krieg:
Der ſechſte Carl, der gröſte Kayſer.

Der Sechſt' an Zahl, der Erſt' an Ruhm;
Ihr Zeiten, lernt den Titul faſſen!
Er zieret noch kein Alterthum,
Er fliegt allein in unſern Gaſſen;
Er giebt der Fama Geiſt und Schall,
Verewigt Felſen und Metall,
Und heiligt die geritzten Bäume;
Ja, was das gröſte Wunder ſchafft,
So ſtärckt des groſſen Nahmens Krafft
Die Ohnmacht meiner ſchlechten Reime.

Herr! ſo vermögend würckt dein Geiſt
In kalt und ſchläffrige Gemüther.
Ich den nur Wind und Hoffnung ſpeiſt,
Beſitze weder Kunſt noch Güther:
Ich leb' im Winkel, Noth und Staub,
Und bin ein eingetheilter Raub
Von ſo viel ungeneigten Fällen,
Die, hab ich gleich die Pallas lieb,
Und käm' auch offt ein guter Trieb,
Mir dennoch Fleiß und Luſt vergällen.

Und ſieh, o Herr! auff einmal reiſt
Mich deines Purpurs Anblick höher,
So ſchnell, daß nichts geſchwinder heiſt;
Was red' ich; ſiegt Eugen nicht eher:
Dein Scepter führt mich auf die Spur;
Drum trotz' ich Schwachheit und Natur,
Du nimmſt ſie, wie den Feind, gefangen.
Herr! wächſt dein Alter, wie dein Reich,
So hoff ich mir noch viel von euch,
Ihr Teutſchen Schwäne! zu erlangen.

Den welcken Lorbeer hab' ich ſchon,
Nun mangeln noch Verdienſt und Leben;
Dieß muß ein Mäcenaten-Sohn,
Und jenes Carls Regierung geben.
Die Allmacht laſſe nur dein Haupt,
Wofern es unſre Sünd' erlaubt,
Nicht eher Stern' und Himmel zieren,
Als bis ein Alexander weint,
Dem eine Welt zu enge ſcheint,
Des Vaters Thaten auszuführen.

Ich, Herr! dein tiefſter Unterthan,
Will, blieb ich auch im Staube ſitzen,
Noch mehr auf deiner Ehren-Bahn,
Als vor dem Elends-Ofen ſchwitzen.
Verſtoß mich an den kalten Bär,
Ich geh' und gern, und find' ein Meer,
Dein Lob in ewig Eiß zu ſchreiben;
Denn weil mir Augen offen ſtehn,
Soll Carl und Tugend und Eugen
Die Vorſchrifft meiner Muſen bleiben.

Den Unwillen eines redlichen und getreuen Vaters ſuchte durch dieſe Vorſtellung bey dem Abſchiede aus ſeinem Vater-Lande zu beſänfftigen ein gehorſamer Sohn.

Im Nahmen eines andern.

Quid feci? Quid commerui aut peccavi Pater?

Und wie lange ſoll ich noch, dich, mein Vater! ſelbſt zu ſprechen,
Mit vergeblichen Bemühn, Hoffnung, Glück und Kräffte ſchwächen?
Macht mein Schmertz dein Blut nicht rege; o ſo rege dich dieß Blut,
Das nunmehr die letzte Stärcke kindlicher Empfindung hat!

Fünffmal hab ich ſchon geſucht, nur dein Antlitz zu gewinnen:
Fünffmal haſt du mich verſchmäht: O was ſind denn dies vor Sinnen!
Dencke nach, wie ſcharff es beiſſe! Dencke nach, wie nah es geh,
Daß ein Sohn durch ſeinen Vater zwiſchen Furcht und Unruh ſteh!

Hab ich dich nicht überall treu gerühmt und froh geprieſen?
Hat ſich ein verſtockter Sinn gegen deine Zucht gewieſen?
Hab ich nicht mit Luſt ſtudieret, dich nur einmal zu erfreun,
Und mit wohlgerathnen Früchten deines Kummers Troſt zu ſeyn?

Sucht' ich auf der Erden mehr, als ein ſtill- und weiſes Leben?
Wollt' ich nicht ſo gar mein Blut vor des Nächſten Wohlſeyn geben?
Steckt mir Boßheit in der Seele, brennt mir Rachgier in der Bruſt,
Oder hat mein freches Spotten an des Feindes Schaden Luſt?

Ja, verführet die Heucheley mein entſchuldigtes Gewiſſen,
Dich allhier um neue Gunſt bloß aus Eigennutz zu küſſen;
O ſo werden meine Glieder mit der Hiobs-Qvaal geplagt,
Und mein Fuß mit Cains Schrecken in der Welt herum gejagt!

Adams Erb-Schuld nehm ich aus: Mängel ſind uns angebohren,
Und ich habe tauſendmal mich auch auſſer mir verloren.
Schlüge Gott mit Blitz und Keilen gleich auf ſolchen Fehl-Tritt zu,
O wie wenig würden Greiſſe! und wo blieben ich und du?

Daß du mich gezeugt, ernähret, unterrichtet und geführet,
Iſt ein Lorbeer, der dein Haupt auch noch auf der Bahre zieret;
Ich erkenn es in der Stille, obgleich ängſtlich und betrübt,
Weil mir weder Zeit noch Glücke Mittel zur Vergeltung giebt.

Wenn der Morgenröthe Glantz an dem grauen Himmel blickte,
Und der frühe Garten-Bau dir ſo Hertz als Aug' entzückte,
Machte mir dein munters Schertzen Feder und Papier bequem,
Und dein rüſtiges Exempel Fleiß und Bücher angenehm.

O wie mancher Abend-Stern ſah mich unter deinen Lehren!
Damals lernt' ich als ein Kind Rom und Griechenland verehren,
Wenn mein Ohr an deinem Munde mit erhitzter Sehnſucht hieng,
Und der Nachdruck beyder Sprachen luſtig ins Gedächtniß gieng.

Alles konnt' ich nach und nach, ſo zu reden, ſpielend faſſen,
Was die Knaben ſonſt bewegt, daß ſie Buch und Feder haſſen,
Weil der Schul-Fuchs Luſt und Liebe mit der Ruthe niederſchlägt,
Und durch ſo viel tolle Regeln, auf die ſtrengſte Folter legt.

Um nur hinter den Beſtand meiner Neigung recht zu kommen,
Haſt du mir offt ſelbſt das Buch als zur Strafe weggenommen:
Dieſe wohl-gemeynte Klugheit mehrte ſonderlich in mir
(Kinder thun verbothne Sachen), Fleiß und Eyfer und Begier.

Laß doch nun nicht erſt den Neid dich in mir ſo arg verlachen,
Laß dir doch nicht ſo viel Müh durch ſein Maul zu Schanden machen!

Trau doch deinem Fleiſch und Blute, gönne mir Gedult und Ohr:
Bin ich ja mit Recht verklaget, warum läßt man mich nicht vor?

Was ich dann und wann verſehn, iſt die Hitze junger Jahre:
Dann wo wird wol einer alt, der nicht offt den Fall erfahre?
O! warum beſtrafft die Länge meine Menſchlichkeit ſo ſcharff!
Welcher Richter iſt ſo grauſam daß man gar nicht bitten darff?

Muß man doch wol offt aus Noth wider Willen was beſchlieſſen,
Was wir ohne ſtarken Zwang offtmals unterwegens lieſſen:
Schwachheit laufft gar gern mit unter, und der Mangel nebſt der Schmach,
Die man unverdient erduldet, zieht viel ſchlimme Folgen nach.

Beſſrung, Buſſe, Fleiß und Ernſt weiß viel Scharten auszuwetzen,
Die mich bey den Redlichen ohne Grund in Argwohn ſetzen.
Läßt man doch verdorrten Bäumen zum Erhohlen etwas Zeit:
Gilt ein Menſch nicht mehr als Bäume? noch ein Kind als fremder Neid?

Und was ſind es denn auch nun vor ſo grob und ſchwere Sünden,
Die ſo mühſam und ſo ſpät Ablaß und Errettung finden?
Sagt, was ſind ſie? Weiſſens Lügen, junge Thorheit, viel Verdacht,
Und mit einem Worte, Mücken, die man zu Kamelen macht.

Sieht man etwan darum ſcheel, daß mein aufgeräumt Gemüthe
Andern wie ſich ſelbſt getraut, und nach angebohrner Güte
Sich zum öfftern bloß gegeben? Freunde! ſchaut, es iſt geſchehn;
Dieſes Laſter, iſts ein Laſter? ſollt ihr nicht mehr von mir ſehn.

Die ſo groß und altklug thun, und von viel Erfahrung ſprechen,
Wollen durch den Polter-Geiſt meinen Sinn zur Unzeit brechen;
Aber allzuſcharff macht ſchärtig, und Affecten bey der Zucht
Reitzen feurige Gemüther, und erhalten ſchlechte Frucht.

Einmal iſt und bleibt mein Zweck, bloß der Wahrheit nachzuſtreben
Und, ſo viel nur an mir iſt, als ein nützlich Glied zu leben:
Drum verehrt mein Geiſt die Lehren, die in unſern Tagen blühn,
Und das Licht der rechten Weisheit endlich aus dem Nebel ziehn.

Daß mich Haß und Pöbel ſchilt, als vertiefft ich mich in Grillen,
Die den Beutel und den Kopf mit gelehrtem Winde füllen,
Das verzeih ich ſeiner Einfalt, die im Aberglauben ſteckt,
Und die Wiſſenſchafft verachtet, weil ſie ihren Kern nicht ſchmeckt.

Daß Verläumder böſer Art auch mein Chriſtenthum vernichten,
Mag der Herr, der alles ſieht, doch nur mit Erbarmen richten;
Mich beruhigt bey den Stürmen die gewiſſe Zuverſicht,
Daß die Liebe des Erlöſers ganz was anders von mir ſpricht.

Dieß geſteh ich ohne Furcht, daß ich manch verwirrt Geſchwätze,
Das in Glaubens-Sachen ſchwärmt, vor geringe Poſſen ſchätze;
Ich geſteh auch, daß michs ärgert, wenn Klatzen ſchreyt und kracht,
Und ſein Jahr-Gang offt mehr Ketzer als bekehrte Sünder macht.

Wär es mir nicht ſelbſt geſchehn, wollt ich hier kein Wort verlieren;
Aber, da er mich verdammt, hab ich Recht, es anzuführen,
Weil er aus dem Leichen-Reime, der von Gottes Liebe ſingt,
Eine Gifft der Pietiſten, und ich weiß nicht was, erzwingt.

Und wie ſo? Man höre nur, wie genau ſein Vorwurf ſchlüſſe:
Weil ich mich damals erklärt, daß den Tod nichts mehr verſüſſe,
Als die Liebe vor den Heyland, die das letzte Schrecken ſchwächt;
Soll ich dieß geleugnet haben: Nur der Glaube macht gerecht.

Sagt mir, wo die Folge ſteckt? Nirgends, als im blinden Dünkel;
Iſt das nicht ein ſchöner Schluß von dem Prügel auf den Winckel!
Wenn ich ohngefehr nun ſpräche: Unſer Nachbar baut ein Haus,
Schlöſſ' ich denn darum den Meiſter und den Werk-Geſellen aus?

Etwas muß ich doch noch hier bey Gelegenheit erwegen:
Mancher meynt, ich ſolte mich auf die Brod-Kunſt beſſer legen,
Und beredet dich, mein Vater! viel Verachtung ſey daher,
Weil ich nicht mit rechtem Eyfer Medicinen dienſtbar wär.

Glaube, da du mich ſo früh zu der edlen Kunſt erzogen,
Da ich auch nicht ohne Frucht deine Warnung eingeſogen.
Da ich ſie von dir ſchon kenne; da ich ihren Vorzug weiß,
Geb ich ihr vor andern Künſten Neigung, Hertze, Kranz und Preiß.

So viel überſeh' ich auch, daß wir, etwas recht zu wiſſen,
Und von Grund aus zu verſtehen, keine Sprünge machen müſſen:
Laß mich alſo kürzlich merken, was des Arztes Pflichten ſeyn;
Denn der Anfang ſeines Amtes ſchließt fürwahr nicht wenig ein.

Mit dem Doctor kaum zwey Jahr flüchtig durch den Tranert laufen,
Hunde würgen, Feuer ſehn, Pillen drechſeln, Kräuter rauffen,
Auf gerathewohl verſchreiben, andre neben ſich verſchmähn,
Und ſich bei dem Sterbe-Bette in der Staats-Perücke blähn,

Iſt ſo thöricht als gemein, thut auch ſelten große Wunder:
Bücher, Tiegel, Glaß und Ring ſind zuſammen nichts als Plunder,
Wenn man die Geſundheits-Regeln nicht vorher in Kopf gebracht,
Noch auch durch vernünfftig Schlieſſen die Erfahrung brauchbar macht.

Will man nun, den Stümpern gleich, nicht an jeder Klippe ſcheitern,
So bemüh man ſich zuerſt, Sinnen und Verſtand zu läutern;
Man erforſche die Geſetze, die der Bau-Herr ſchöner Welt
Ehmals zwiſchen Geiſt und Cörper ewiglich und feſt geſtellt.

Dieß erfordert etwas mehr, als in alten Schwarten wühlen,
Und mit Knochen, Stein und Kraut oder heiſſem Ertze ſpielen:
Wer die Wiſſenſchafft der Gröſſe und der Kräffte nicht verſteht,
Kan den Leib unmöglich kennen, der wie Waſſer-Uhren geht.

Was vor Klugheit, was vor Müh ſteckt nicht aus dieſen Gründen?
Eh wir jedes Cörpers Art, den wir vor uns haben, finden;
Eh man Neigung und Gewohnheit, Krankheit, Sitz und Urſach trifft:
Unzeit, Eckel, Ort und Menge macht auch Mithridat zu Gifft.

In wie weit ich nun gedacht, dieſer Vorſchrifft nachzuleben,
Davon mag die Zeit einmahl ein gerechtes Urtheil geben:
Bin ich nur bey mir verſichert, daß ich nach Vernunfft gethan,
Hör ich andrer ſtolzes Bellen mit gelaßner Demuth an.

Was die Poeſie betrifft, muß ich frey heraus bekennen;
Ich empfand ſchon als ein Kind ihren Trieb im Hertzen brennen;
Da mich nun die blinde Neigung ihr ſchon damals zugeführet,
Schenk ich ihr auch noch die Liebe, die anitzt Vernunfft regiert.

Will man ſie nur obenhin nach gemeiner Art betrachten,
Hat man freylich den Parnaß vor ein Grillen-Neſt zu achten.

Hochzeit-Reime, Todten-Flüche, und ein buntes Quodlibet,
Nebſt erfrornen Buhler-Flammen heiſſen zwar galant und nett;
Doch ein ſolcher Reimen-Spruch, den die Nahmen erſt verbrämen,
Den auch Klingsohr, Frauenlob, und Hans Sachſens Kunſt beſchämen,
Schickt ſich wol dahin am beſten, wo man Schöps und Roſent ſchenckt,
Oder auf den Muſen-Trödel, wo Theranders Leyer henckt.

Dichter, ſind ſie, was ſie ſind, müſſen Feuer-reiche Gaben,
Witz, Verſtand, Gelehrſamkeit, Tugend und Erfahrung haben,
Und die Menſchen, deren Augen die entblößte Wahrheit fliehn,
Durch die Weisheit in den Bildern nur mit Luſt zum Guten ziehn.

Was Homer und Maro ſchreibt, was auch Fenelon geſungen,
Iſt ein Muſter, deſſen Werck die Vergänglichkeit bezwungen:
Diß verſteht kein Phoebus-Pritſcher, der nur an der Schalen klaubt,
Und der Schönheit durch Erklären allen Geiſt und Nachdruck raubt.

Doch damit vor itzt genug! Du, mein Vater! magſt nun ſchätzen,
Ob und was und auch wie viel meinen Muſen auszuſetzen.
Scheint dir auch die Art und Weiſe meines Lebens wunderlich,
Ach! dem iſt bald abgeholffen; und womit? Verſöhne dich!

Dencke, was der Unmuth thu, wenn uns Freund und Feinde kräncken,
Wenn ſie uns den nahen Weg zu der Gönner Hertz verſchräncken;
Wenn man kranck und in der Fremde den Verfolgung und Verdruß,
Wegen andrer Groll und Zwietracht, alles Unrecht leiden muß;

Wenn uns innerliche Reu, äuſſerlicher Mangel dränget;
Wenn ſich Anverwandter Haß unter unſre Feinde menget:
Wenn der Schmertz getreuer Eltern in der Bücher Aſche ſitzt;
Wenn ein Bruder vom Gemüthe ohne Schuld ſein Blut verſpritzt;

Wenn die Caſſe nichts erhält; wenn die beſten Stützen weichen;
Wenn ein unverhoffter Freund nach viel ſeltnen Gnaden-Zeichen
Unſer Glück im Lieben gründet, und gleichwol des Vaters Geiſt,
Uns aus Eyfer dahin bringet, daß man untreu ſcheint und heißt.

Da verliehrt ſich die Gedult, da vergißt man ſich und alles,
Läßt es durch einander gehn, Frechheit offt aus Furcht des Falles;
Man getraut ſich nichts zu wagen; man verfällt von Zeit zu Zeit,
Und gewöhnt ſich gantz gelaſſen zu der Niederträchtigkeit.

O! wie offt hat Fleiſch und Blut durch ein ungedultig Schmollen,
Weil kein Retter kommen will, der Verzweiflung ruffen wollen!
Doch ein Strahl von höherm Lichte und die kämpffende Vernunfft
Stärckten mich im gröſten Wetter mit des Troſtes Wiederkunfft.

Straffe nehm ich willig an; man erinnre nur beſcheiden,
Und ſo weislich als geheim. Diß Volck kan ich nur nicht leiden,
Das uns faſt auf alle Mienen eine Sitten-Predigt hält,
Und alsdann am ärgſten dencket, wenn es ſich am frömmſten ſtellt.

Jene ſind es, die da ſtracks Donner, Blitz und Höll' erwecken,
Die, ſo ein verirretes Schaf mit der gröſten Keule ſchrecken;
Jene ſind es, die den Mägdgen, die nur einen Blick verſehn,
Alle Schlüſſel zu dem Himmel ohne den Beruff verdrehn;

Jene ſind es, die ſich ſelbſt vor gerecht und heilig halten,
Mit Verachtung andrer ſehn, die befleckten Hände falten,
Mit den kläglichſten Geberden aller Augen an ſich ziehn,
Mit Gebethen Wucher treiben, und nur Schein, nicht Sünde fliehn.

Gott! du kennſt und zeichneſt ſie, unterſucheſt Hertz und Wercke:
Grimmer Hochmuth, Geitz und Neid iſt der gantzen Andacht Stärcke;
Kommt es zu der Nächſten-Liebe, zum Vergeſſen, zum Verzeihn,
Oder ſoll man Schwache tragen, wird kein Chriſt zu Hauſe ſeyn.

Zorn-Luſt, Haß und Eigenſinn ſoll aus keiner Zucht erſcheinen,
Und die Ruthe ſo da ſchlägt, muß der Kinder Beſtes meynen;
Wo hingegen Straf' und Schärffe das Verbrechen überſteigt,
Wird das edelſte Gemüthe mehr gebrochen als gebeugt.

Wilder Frevel iſt es werth, daß ihn Drath und Geiſſel ſchwäche,
Und die Boßheit braucht Gewalt, daß man ihr den Starrkopf breche;
Aber Irrthum, Fall und Schwachheit, fällt ein Menſch auch noch ſo offt,
Fordert billig nichts als Liebe, die auch ſtets das Beſte hofft.

Sucht' ich mich auch noch ſo wohl unter Leuten aufzuführen,
Muß ich dennoch überall Glauben, Müh und Freund verliehren,
Wenn man hört, daß ſelbſt der Vater, den ein gut Gerüchte ſchmückt,
Mich ſein Kind nicht hören wolle. Sieh, mein Vater! was mich drückt?

Dadurch fällt mein zeitlich Wohl und das Heil des gantzen Lebens;
Alles, was ich denck und thu, wird durch deinen Zorn vergebens:
Sage mir, wem ſoll mein Hertze auf der Welt wohl weiter traun?
Bin ich meiner Eltern Greuel, muß auch Fremden vor mir graun.

Stünd' es mir auch jetzmal frey, einen Vater zu erwählen,
Würd' ich dich doch in der That alle jetzmal nicht verfehlen;
Würdeſt du mir auch im Kittel vom Verhängniß vorgeſtellt,
Käm' ich doch aus deinen Lenden mit Vergnügen auf die Welt.

Darum ſtelle dir nun vor, welche Laſt mich nächtlich preſſe,
Wenn ich deinen harten Sinn und des Kummers Angſt ermeſſe,
Der dir itzo meinetwegen Hertz und Marck und Bein zerfrißt,
Weil mein Bild mit falſchen Farben dir ſo ſchlimm geſchildert iſt.

Wenn du ja nicht anders willt, will ich mich gern ſchuldig nennen;
Dir zu Liebe will ich mehr, als ich ſelber weiß, bekennen;
Aber gehe doch zurücke, und erinnre dich der Zeit,
Da ich als ein Kind voll Hoffnung dein und vieler Aug' erfreut.

Mein Gehorſam, wie du weißt, hat die zwantzig Jahr gefallen;
Was ich dann und wann verbrach, das geſchicht von mir und allen:
Furcht, Geſellſchaft, Uebereilung, und des grünen Alters Gluth
Machen, daß man unterweilen wider beſſer Wiſſen thut.

Bin ich doch geſtrafft genung, daß der Zorn von höhern Schlüſſen
Unter ſo viel Ungemach meiner Jugend Blüth' entriſſen,
Daß mir ſo viel Gram und Wachen Krafft und Leben abgekürtzt,
Und der Läſtrer bittres Schäumen jeden Biſſen Brodt verwürtzt.

Stieß mir offt ein Glücke vor, kunt' ich ſolches doch nicht faſſen,
Weil die Noth kaum einen Tag mein Gemüthe frey gelaſſen,
Und der äuſſerliche Mangel, den ein ſchlechtes Kleid bewieß,
Vor der Mode, Wind zu machen, mich beſchämt entweichen hieß.

Was ich in das ſechſte Jahr überſtanden und gelitten,
Wie ich offt mit Wind und Schnee, Hunger, Hitz und Froſt geſtritten,
Das wird der am beſten wiſſen, deſſen reiche Vater-Hand
Mir noch immer einen Segen unvermuthet zugewandt.

Alles Schadens ungeacht't, den mein Leib dadurch bekommen,
Hab' ich, ohne Ruhm geſagt, an Erfahrung zugenommen:

So viel Creutze, ſo viel Schulen, die mich wahrlich mehr gelehret,
Als man im Pedanten-Stande von den Maul-Gelehrten hört.

Darum dank' ich vor den Haß, den mir Freund und Feind erzeiget:
Denn er hat den Muth geſtählt, und der Jugend Stolz gebeuget,
Doch ihr Väter, du im Himmel, und auch du in dieſer Welt,
Schont doch endlich, weil mein Alter noch in etwas Krafft behält!

Jetzo hält' ich Tag vor Tag den ſo überhäufften Plage:
Nimm mich doch mein Gott! nicht weg in der Helffte meiner Tage!
Führe mich durch Creutz zur Weisheit; gieb mir aber auch dabey,
Daß ich klug, getreu, gedultig, und der Welt noch nützlich ſey.

Welchen meine Stachel-Schrifft ohne Grund zu nah getreten,
Denen ſey es öffentlich und von Hertzen abgebethen;
Schertz und Feuer und Exempel bringen offt den freyen Kiel
Durch den Ehr-Geitz zu gefallen auf ein kühnes Dichter-Spiel.

Andre, die mir hier und dar nur vom Hören-ſagen fluchen,
Werden ſo vernünfftig ſeyn, und es beſſer unterſuchen,
Eh ſie einen Menſch verdammen, welcher das, was er begehrt,
Nemlich Mitleid, Wunſch und Liebe, jedem, der ſie braucht, gewährt.

Ihr hingegen, die ihr euch in verborgnen Laſtern wältzet,
Ruhm in fremder Schande ſucht, und aus Unrecht Silber ſchmeltzet,
Die ihr Argliſt, Geitz und Feindſchafft ſo abſcheulich ſchön verſteckt,
Und die Angeln eurer Boßheit ſtets mit Blumen überdeckt,

Mögt die Unart eurer Bruſt noch ſo fein und künſtlich ſchmücken,
Und mich, der ich liegen muß, noch ſo klug und ſinnreich drücken,
Nur, damit nicht eure Schande, komm ich etwa in die Höh,
Aus den mir bekannten Winckeln einmal auf den Schau-Platz geh!

Thut es! aber wißt zugleich, daß die Billigkeit der Rache,
Die ſich niemals ſpotten läßt, ſchon die Striegel ſchärffer mache,
Die euch einmal zum Gelächter den verlornen Kopff zerreißt,
Ob mich gleich die Zeit noch warten und die Klugheit ſchweigen heißt.

Trotzt nur auf mein Ungemach; ſeyd ihr doch noch nicht hinüber:
Hat euch gleich dem Anſehn nach Ehren und Glücke faſt noch lieber,
Als den Samiſchen Tyrannen, der den Ring umſonſt verſchmiß;
So verſieht euch doch noch endlich ſeines Todes gantz gewiß!

Du, beſcheidnes Vater-Hertz! zwinge dich, noch dieß zu hören:
Nicht, weil du mein Vater biſt: nein! der Wahrheit bloß zu Ehren
Thu ich hier ein frey Bekänntniß, daß das Kleinod deiner Treu
Und der längſt-erkannten Liebe, auf der Welt mein Glücke ſey.

Ja ich ſetze dieß noch zu: Müßt' ich dir durch falſches Schmeicheln
Auch das reichſte Vater-Theil noch im Leben abzuheucheln;
Wäre deine zarte Regung gegen mich auch noch ſo groß;
Gäbſt du ſie mir zum Verſchwenden in gewünſchter Menge bloß;

Wär es alles doch zu ſchwach, meinen Mund dahin zu bringen,
Dir ein unverdientes Lob eigennützig abzuſingen;
Wie ich mich und andre ſtraffe, alſo ſtäch' ich dir den Schwär,
Wenn dein Hertz, wie manches Vaters, voller Tück' und Boßheit wär.

Aber ſo getrau ich mir ohne Selbſtbetrug zu glauben,
Daß, woferne mir Zeit und Kunſt auf dem Pindus Platz erlauben,
Einſt die Wahrheit deines Ruhms (mach' ihn durch Verſöhnung voll!)
Unter allen meinen Liedern noch am ſchönſten klingen ſoll.

Sonder Hochmuth ſag' ich noch: Was ich ja noch auf der Erde
An Verdienſt, Gefälligkeit und am Glück erhalten werde,
Das verdanck' ich deinem Segen und der Sorgfalt im Erziehn,
Die mir zu dergleichen Früchten vollen Saamen dargeliehn.

Deiner Eltern Dürfftigkeit lehrte dich beyzeiten darben;
Was ſie ehrlich, obgleich ſchwer und mit Sparſamkeit erwarben,
Warff dir bey ſo viel Geſchwiſtern wenig zum Studieren ab,
Dem gleichwol dein Wohlverhalten nicht geringes Wachsthum gab.

Was vor Kummer hatte nicht deinen Vater ſtets gebunden,
Bis er unverhofft den Sitz in der armen Stadt gefunden,
Die dich nun bey dreyßig Jahren in der Stille mäßig nährt,
Und dir bey ſo ſchweren Zeiten, was du nöthig brauchſt, beſchert.

Hätten Ehrſucht, Geitz und Liſt die Begierden eingenommen,
Vor wie vielen wäreſt du da und dort ans Brett gekommen!
Hätteſt du mit krummen Ränken nach des Nachbars Guth geſchnaupt,
Hätteſt du auch wol wie mancher Naboths Weinberg leicht ertappt.

Deine Kunſt thut in der Still mit geringem größre Curen,
Als ein Prahler öffentlich, der mit theuren Gold-Tincturen
Und berühmten Polycheſten Grufft und Beutel täglich füllt,
Und bey denen, die bald glauben, mehr als Paracelſus gilt.

Ach, ach! was haſt du viel von der Ehrlichkeit im Helfen?
Pflegt man ſonſt zur Perlen-Milch gantze Schauren mitzutheilen?
Bringen deine ſchwartze Tropffen, ob ſie noch ſo kräfftig ſind,
Dir wie andern gelbe Raben? Nein! Was fehlt? Du machſt nicht Wind.

Mache Wind, und ſchwöre drauf; ſchneide, weil das Fieber währet;
Gieb den Bader-Müttern Recht, tröſte, bis die Seel entfähret;
Koche fremde Tränck' und Säffte, ſtöre auch die letzte Ruh;
Röchelt ſchon der Tod im Munde, ſetz' ihm nur mit Julep zu,
Säume, daß ſich die Gefahr nur ſo ſpät als möglich lege;
Iſt ſie aber noch nicht da, gut! ſo bringe ſie zuwege:
Schreib den Bezoar von Eyern vor ein Wunder-Pulver an,
Und verſprich der jungen Frauen ehſtens einen beſſern Mann.

Dieſe güldne Practica baut auch Pfuſchern Haus und Wagen,
Dieſe macht, daß Jung und Alt nach dem großen Doctor fragen,
Welcher in dem naſſen Zeichen Lung und Leber ſchwimmen ſieht,
Und mit ſeinem Brocatadro Würmer aus den Nieren zieht.

Nein! dein allzuehrlich Hertz flucht auf ſolche Klugheits-Streiche,
Und begehrt nur, daß ſein Brod ohne Schulden täglich reiche.
Haſt du doch wol eh den Armen, die dein Fleiß umſonſt geheilt,
Nicht mit Phariſäer-Händen Brodt und Waſſer mitgetheilt,

Freude, Demuth, Nüchternheit ſind die angebohrne Gaben;
Wenn der Magen und der Soff manchen in die Federn graben,
Siehſt du ſchon bey deinen Blumen mit geſund und ſtarcker Luſt,
Wie du dann die Patienten auch noch früh beſuchen mußt.

Und da ſinckt dein müder Kopff niemals bey dem Krancken-Bette,
Wie ich weiß, daß Caldor noch bis heut zu lauffen hätte,
Wenn er nicht mit truncknen Händen vor den Puls das Kinn berührt,
Noch des Apotheckers Unſchuld mit verwirrter Schrifft verführt.

Dein Verſtand, dein Chriſtenthum und dein unverletzt Gewiſſen
Werden dich zwar ohne mich in dem Jammer tröſten müſſen;
Dennoch kan dir mein Erinnern auch wohl etwas Troſt verleihn;
Fällt doch offt den größten Weiſen in der Angſt nicht alles ein.

Da du ſtets und überall recht geglaubt und wohl gehandelt,
Und, ſo viel ein Menſch vermag, dem Geſetze nachgewandelt;

  Kan der Geitz nicht begreiffen, welcher Grund der höchſten Macht,
  Der doch ſtets die Seinen ſchützet, wieder dich in Zorn gebracht.

Vor ſo viel getreuen Fleiß, den du allzeit angewendet,
Da du offt den beſten Schlaff auf ſo vieler Nutz verſchwendet,
  Iſt dein Vortheil ziemlich mager, und der Arbeit ſelten gleich;
  Unterdeſſen ſchien der Schickung dieß dein Armuth noch zu reich.

Den durch ein und dreyßig Jahr ſchlecht genung erworbnen Seegen
Muſte kaum ein halber Tag plötzlich in die Aſche legen;
  Da doch wol kein Scherf mit Unrecht Kalck und Stein zuſammen hielt.
  Welche die geſchwinde Flamme faſt bis auf den Grund durchwühlt.

Hebe dein betrübtes Haupt, und ermuntre das Geſichte,
Und vertieffe dich nur nicht in die heimlichen Gerichte,
  Die der Rath der heil'gen Wächter täglich zu bewundern giebt;
  Sondern laß es dir gefallen, weil Gott auch im Schlagen liebt.

Das Verhängniß iſt ja nichts, als der Schluß vom höchſten Weſen,
Der die Fälle würcklich macht, die die Weisheit ſchon erleſen,
  Als ſie unter allen Dingen durch den ewigen Verſtand
  Dieſen Welt-Bau, den wir ſchauen, überhaupt vor gut befand.

Freylich ſah Gott auch vorher, was vor Schmertzen, Laſt und Bürden,
Elend, Sünden, Wunſch und Flehn in die Reihe kommen würden:
  Freylich ſah' Er dieſes alles, und erwog ſo gleich dabey,
  Daß der Mangel in den Theilen zu dem Gantzen nöthig ſey.

Und ſo hat Er auch dein Creutz vorgeſehn und zugelaſſen,
Nach der weiſen Gütigkeit, die gewiß nicht alle faſſen.
  Durch dergleichen ſcharffe Proben, die Er nur den Frommen gönnt,
  Macht Er, daß die Liebes-Flamme nach dem Himmel ſtärcker brennt.

Laß die Spötter immerhin deine Gottes-Furcht verlachen,
Laß ſie ſich vollauf erfreun und in Sodom luſtig machen:
  Die Gefahr verfolgt ihr Schwelgen, Fall und Tod ſind ihr Gewinn
  Und mit dieſen Wolluſt-Knochen iſt ihr gantzer Lohn dahin.

Naht ſich doch das Ende ſchon, und dich nehmen ſie mit Schrecken:
Gott! was wird dein groſſer Tag dort vor Unterſcheid entdecken?
  Gott! was wird den ſolchen Thoren, die ſo blind in Abgrund gehn,
  Vor Verwundrung, Angſt und Zagen vor verlohrne Reu entſtehn!

Des Gerechten Freudigkeit, den ſie hier ſo grauſam plagen,
Wird ihr höniſch Angeſicht wie der Blitz zur Erde ſchlagen;
  Und die Seligkeit der Frommen nebſt der Klarheit um ihr Haupt,
  Wird den Narren endlich zeigen, was ſie nimmermehr geglaubt.

Freue dich der Herrlichkeit, die den auserwählten Seelen
Glantz und Unſchuld wiedergiebt, wenn ſie in der Marter-Höhlen
  Die Gedult genung bewieſen, und mit viel Gebeth und Flehn
  Hier aus Babels Sclaven-Haus dort nach Salem dringen ſehn.

Dorthin, treues Vater-Hertz! ſpart mein unverfälſcht Gemüthe
Das verdiente Wieder-Geld vor die Treue vor die Güte.
  Vor Ermahnung, Rath und Straffe, vor Gedult, vor manche Nacht,
  Die ich auch der liebſten Mutter in der Kindheit lang gemacht.

Ach! mit was vor Zärtlichkeit, Ehr-Furcht, Jauchzen und Verlangen
Will ich dort euch beyderſeits vor des Lammes Stuhl umpfangen,
  Und im Chore vieler Tauſend, die in weiſſen Kleidern ſtehn,
  Als der Erſtling eurer Liebe Gottes Lob an euch erhöhn;

Kümmre dich nun weiter nicht, wenn mich Haß- und Neid verſchwärtzen;
Mein Gemüthe bleibet ſtarck, und behält die Ruh im Hertzen,
  Weil es auf die Wiſſenſchaften mehr als Stand und Reichthum hält,
  Und ihm nichts als Gott und Wahrheit und des Nächſten Wohl gefällt.

Vater! willt du noch an mir deines Alters Stab zerbrechen?
Vater! Ach bedenck es doch! Ach was wird die Langmuth ſprechen;
  Vater! denckt denn deine Liebe gar an keine Wiederkehr?
  Ach! ich bitte deinetwegen, mach uns nicht das Sterben ſchwer!

Laß den Demuths-vollen Kuß die Verſöhnung wieder bringen:
Denn darauf, ich weiß gewiß, wird mir alles wohlgelingen;
  Ich verſpreche dir die Freude, die der Eltern Creutz verſüßt,
  Wenn das Wachsthum guter Kinder ihres Nachruhms Spiegel iſt.

Deinen Segen, dein Gebeth ſchätz' ich über groſſe Güther;
Dieſer Beyfall, dieſer Ruhm, den die ehrlichſten Gemüther
  Deiner Frömmigkeit ertheilen, iſt ein Vorzug der dich ehrt,
  Und auch mir, als deinem Sohne, durch das Erb-Gangs-Recht gehört.

Es iſt niemals mein Gebrauch, groſſe Dinge zu begehren,
Noch des Himmels mildes Ohr mit viel Wünſchen zu beſchweren;
  Weiß doch dieſer ſelbſt am beſten, was die Nothdurfft haben will:
  Giebt er mir dein Hertz bald wieder, ſchweig ich gern zu allem ſtill.

Schertzhafte Gedancken

über die Roſen.

An Roſen ſuch' ich mein Vergnügen!
  An Roſen, die die Hertzen ziehn:
An Roſen, die den Froſt beſiegen,
  Und hier das gantze Jahr durch blühn;
An Roſen, die wir bey den Linden,
Sonſt nirgends leicht ſo reitzend finden.

Man lobt die kräuslichen Violen,
  Sie ſind auch ihres Lobes werth;
Doch, weil ſie nur die Kinder hohlen,
  So bin ich nicht vor ſie erklärt;
Und wähle mir die holden Strahlen,
Womit die vollen Roſen prahlen.

Erhöht mir nicht die Käyſer-Cronen,
  Die ſonder Krafft und Balſam ſind:
Entfernt euch mit den Anemonen,
  Ihr Nahm' und Ruhm iſt nichts als Wind.
Narciſſen ſind im beſten Lande
Ein Abriß von dem Unbeſtande.

Die Roſe trägt das Blut der Götter,
  Und iſt der Blumen Königin;
Ihr Antlitz ſieht das ſtrenge Wetter
  Und ſelbſt Aurorens Wangen hin.
Sie iſt ein Stern der milden Erden,
Und kan von nichts verſtellet werden.

Die Roſ' erquickt die müden Sinnen,
  Und hat das beſte Zucker-Rohr;
Ihr güldner Umfang bricht von innen,
  So wie die Sonn' aus Nacht hervor.
Die Roſe nährt die ſüſſen Triebe
Und reitzt die Liebe ſelbſt zur Liebe.

Mit Roſen ſchmück' ich Haupt und Haare;
  Die Roſen tauch ich in den Wein;
Die Roſe ſoll vor meine Jahre
  Die allerbeſte Stärckung ſeyn;
Die Roſe ziert meine Flöten,
Und crönt mich mächtigen Poeten.

Auf Roſen mach' ich gute Reime;
  Auf Roſen ſchläffet meine Bruſt;
Auf Roſen hab' ich ſanffte Träume,
  Voll Süß- und warm- und weicher Luſt;

Und wenn ich einſt von hinnen fahre,
So wünſch' ich Roſen auf die Bahre.

O dörfft' ich nur bey einer Roſe
  Wie Bienen Honignaſchen gehn!
Ich lieſſe warlich unſerm Hofe
  Den ſchön- und theuren Garten ſtehn;
Und wollt es mir bald angewöhnen,
Mich nie nach fremder Koſt zu ſehnen.

Mit dieſer Roſe will ich ſchertzen,
  Und hier erſchreckt mich nicht der Dorn.
Denn bey verliebt- und ſchönen Hertzen
  Ergetzt uns oft ein kleiner Zorn;
Und ſo viel Anmuth abzubrechen,
Verachtet man ein kurzes Stechen.

An ſeine Leonore.

Hier haſt du nun den dritten Schwur,
Wodurch ich Himmel und Natur
Zu Zeugen unſers Bundes ſetze:
Bleib treu, getroſt und achte nicht,
Wenn manche Läſter-Zunge ſticht,
Der falſchen Freunde Mord-Geſchwätze.

Das Glücke hält uns freylich auf,
Drum laſſ' ihm nur den ſauern Lauff!
Es ſucht ſein langſam auszuraſen;
So ſtarck der Nord ſich hören läßt,
So zärtlich wird auch bald der Weſt
In unſre Liebes-Flaggen blaſen.

Die Welt-Luſt zeigt mir nichts mehr an,
Worein ich mich verlieben kan,
Als dein Geſicht und meine Bahre;
Bekomm' ich nun das Erſte nicht,
So laß ich freudig Tag und Licht
Auch mitten um die beſten Jahre.

Ich fühl' am beſten innerlich
So manchen tieffen Hertzens-Stich,
Und bin ſchon ziemlich umgetrieben;
Doch will mir Gott genädig ſeyn,
So läßt er mich nach aller Pein
Dich einmal nah und ſicher lieben.

Vertrau' der Vorſicht, liebſter Schatz!
Sie wird uns einen Ruhe-Platz,
Es ſey auch wo es will, bereiten:
Alsdann belachen wir mit Luſt
Aus froh- und Eintrachts-voller Bruſt
Die Thorheit unſerer böſen Zeiten.

Beſinne dich, was Schweidnitz wieß:
Von innen zwar ein Paradies,
Von auſſen Unruh, Zank und Plagen;
Und kommt dir Roſchkwitz in den Sinn,
So denck auch dort nach Borau hin,
Wo mich dein Abſchied wund geſchlagen.

So bald des Bruders Hochzeit-Feſt
Dich bey der Tafel lachen läßt,
So trinck mein Wohlſeyn in Gedancken,
Und wenn dir der Verlobten Kuß
Zu ſtiller Neigung dienen muß,
So wiſſe: Günther kan nicht wancken.

Es hat mich innerlich ergetzt,
Daß Lorchen meine Lieder ſchätzt,
Und dann und wann noch Verſe fodert.
Dein Name ſoll auch gantz allein
Die Zierrath meiner Reime ſeyn,
In welchen meine Liebe lodert.

Mein Engel! nimm es ſelbſt aus dir,
Wie ſchwer, wie ſcharff und ängſtlich mir
Dein drittes Abſchieds-Küſſen falle;
Jedoch Gedult, Vernunfft und Zeit
Crönt endlich die Beſtändigkeit,
Und ſchenckt uns Zucker auf die Galle.

Nun gute Nacht, du treues Kind!
Es wird noch mancher ſaurer Wind
Mir kräftig in das Antlitz ſtreichen;
Doch darum mache dir nicht Schmertz,
Dein Angedencken ſtärkt mein Hertz,
Und bleibt mein feſtes Hoffnungs-Zeichen.

An Leonoren.

Gedenck an mich und ſey zu frieden
  Mit dem, was Glück und Zeit beſchehrt;
Wir werden noch einmal geſchieden,
  Und ſcheinen ſolcher Prüfung werth.
  Die wahre Treu erinnert dich:
  Halt an, halt aus, und denck' an mich!

Gedencke der vergangnen Tage!
  Wie manches Creutz, wie manche Liſt,
Wie manche Luſt, wie manche Plage
  Bereits dadurch vergangen iſt!
  Gedenck an Altan, Hof und Herd,
  Wobey ſich dir mein Hertz erklärt.

Gedenck an unſre Abſchieds-ſchmertzen,
  Inſonders an die letzte Nacht,
In der wir mit Gebeth und Schertzen
  Die kurtzen Stunden hingebracht!
  Gedenck auch an den alten Schwur,
  Der dort aus deinen Lippen fuhr.

Gedenck an mich an jedem Morgen,
  Und wenn die Sonne täglich weicht!
Gedenck an mich bey Fleiß und Sorgen,
  Mein Bildniß macht ſie ſüß und leicht!
  Verletzt dich auch der Mißgunſt-Stich;
  Der beſte Troſt: Gedenck an mich.

Gedenck auch an die frohen Zeiten,
  Die noch in Wunſch und Zukunfft ſind!
Die Vorſicht wird uns glücklich leiten,
  Bis Lieb und Treu den Kranz gewinnt.
  Ein Augenblick vergnügter Eh
  Bezahlt ein Jahr voll Angſt und Weh.

Gedenck auch an mein heutig Küſſen!
  Es giebt der Hoffnung friſche Krafft;
Es wird mein Warten tröſten müſſen;
  Es nähret die alte Leidenſchafft:
  Doch denck auch endlich, liebſt du mich,
  Allzeit und überall an dich.

Nikolaus Hieronymus Gundling.

Dieſer gründlich gelehrte Polyhiſtor ward geboren zu Kirchen-Sittenbach bei Nürnberg den 25. Februar 1671. Er ſtudirte zu Altorf, Jena und Leipzig Theologie und widmete ſich dann in Halle unter Thomaſius der Jurisprudenz, wurde 1703 daſelbſt Doctor und Privatdocent, ſeit 1705 außerordentlicher und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit, des Natur- und Völkerrechts und ſtarb als preußiſcher Geheimerath den 9. December 1729.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Lobreden in Königs Reden großer Herren. Hamburg 1732. 12 Thle.

Hiſtorie der Gelahrtheit. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1734 — 1736 in 4. 5 Bde. Herausgegeben von Hempel. Die Fortſetzung davon ebendaſ. 1746 in 4.

Satyriſche Schriften. Jena 1738.

Gundlingiana, Sammlung kleiner Schriften vermiſchten Inhalts. Halle 1751.

In ſeinen deutſchen Schriften leiſtete G. nicht das, was man in Folge ſeiner vielen Kenntniſſe und ſeiner geiſtigen Gewandtheit hätte von ihm erwarten können; ſie ſind ſteif und unbeholfen, oder matt, ſchwülſtig und geſucht.

Johannes Gottfried Gurlitt

ward den 13. März 1754 zu Leipzig geboren und auf der daſigen Thomasſchule und ſeit 1773 auf der Univerſität zu dem gründlichen Philologen und chriſtlichen Philoſophen herangebildet, als welchen ſein ſpäteres Leben ihn zeigt. Durch den Abt Reſewitz zu Kloſterbergen bei Magdeburg erhielt er 1778 die Stelle eines Oberlehrers am daſigen Pädagogium, wurde 1780 Conventsmitglied und 1797 Rector deſſelben. Vorhergegangene Verdrießlichkeiten und die Ausſicht auf eine größere Wirkſamkeit vermochten ihn aber 1802 einem ehrenvollen Rufe als Direktor und erſter Profeſſor des Johanneums nach Hamburg zu folgen, wo er die ihm anvertraute Anſtalt bald zu einer der blühendſten Deutſchlands erhob, zum Profeſſor der orientaliſchen Sprachen am academiſchen Gymnaſium und 1806 von der Univerſität Helmſtädt zum Doctor der Theologie ernannt wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt allgemein verehrt den 14. Juni 1827.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Maurerreden. Magdeburg 1785.
Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Leipzig 1785.
Abriß der Philoſophie. Magdeburg 1788.
Biographie Winkelmanns. Ebendaſ. 1797.
Ueber die Moſaik. Leipzig 1798.
Allgemeine Einleitung in das Studium der ſchönen Künſte des Alterthums. Magdeburg 1799.
Verſuch über die Büſtenkunde. Leipzig 1800.
Schulſchriften. Magdeburg 1801.
Geſchichte der Bettelmönchsorden. Hamburg 1823.
Spittlers Geſchichte der Hierarchie und der Kreuzzüge. Ebendaſ. 1827, herausgegeben aus ſeinem Nachlaſſe von Müller.
Geſchichte der Jeſuiten. Ebendaſ. 1828.

Außerdem Ueberſetzungen aus dem Catull, Pindar, Oſſian u. ſ. w. und einzelne Schulreden, welche theils in Programmen, theils in ſeinen Schulſchriften, in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w., theils einzeln herauskamen.

G. hat mehr durch mündliche Lehre und durch menſchliches Beiſpiel im Leben als durch ſeine Schriften gewirkt, welche zum größten Theil nur gelegenheitliche Programme ſind. Seine Reden zeichnen ſich beſonders durch Klarheit, Schärfe und Kraft aus. Er war ein vortrefflicher, wohlwollender, gründlich durchgebildeter, tiefgelehrter und freiſinniger Mann, der in ſeiner Stellung überaus ſegensreich wirkte und eine große Anzahl bedeutender Schüler bildete, welche mit der innigſten nie erſterbenden Dankbarkeit ſein Andenken ehren.

Ulrich von Gutenberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Chriſtian Friedrich Guts-Muths

ward den 9. Auguſt 1759 zu Quedlinburg geboren, auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt in den Wiſſenſchaften unterrichtet, ſtudirte von 1779 — 1782 zu Halle Theologie und Pädagogik und wurde dann Erzieher bei dem Leibarzt Ritter in Quedlinburg. Die Aufnahme von Ritters drittem Sohne in die Salzmannſche Anſtalt zu Schnepfenthal erwarb ihm die Bekanntſchaft und Gunſt Salzmann's, der den ausgezeichneten Pädagogen in ihm erkannte, ihn als Lehrer für ſeine Anſtalt engagirte und ſeit 1786 ihm beſonders die Leitung der Gymnaſtik ausſchließend überließ. Seitdem wirkte er noch, zum fürſtlich Neuwiediſchen Hofrath ernannt, durch Schrift und Beiſpiel höchſt wohlthätig auf die phyſiſche Erziehung in Schnepfenthal und in ganz Deutſchland, verlegte ſeinen Wohnort aber auf ein von ihm erkauftes Landgütchen im Dorfe Ibenhain bei Schnepfenthal, wo er ſich 1797 verheirathete und am 1. Juni 1835 ſein 50jähriges Lehrerjubiläum unter allgemeiner Theilnahme feierte.

Seine meiſt gymnaſtiſchen Schriften ſind:

Gymnaſtik für die Jugend. Schnepfenthal 1793. 2. Auflage 1804.
Spiele zur Uebung und Erholung des Körpers und Geiſtes für die Jugend. Schnepfenthal 1796. 3. Auflage 1802.
Lehrbuch der Schwimmkunſt. Weimar 1798. Zugabe zur Gymnaſtik.
Bibliothek für Pädagogik, Schulweſen und die geſammte pädagogiſche Literatur Deutſchlands. Gotha 1800 — 1819; dann unter verſchiedenen Titeln bis jetzt fortgeſetzt.
Mechaniſche Nebenbeſchäftigungen für Jünglinge und Männer. Altenburg 1801. 2. Auflage. Leipzig 1816.

Handbuch der Geographie. Leipzig 1810. Neue Ausgabe 1818 u. 1819. 4. Auflage 1835.

Elementarbuch. Frankfurt 1814 und öfter.

Mit Gaſpari, Haſſel, Jacobi und Andern:

Vollſtändiges Handbuch der neueſten Erdbeſchreibung. Von ihm der 19. u. 20. Band. Weimar 1827 — 1830.

Deutſches Land und deutſches Volk. Gotha 1820 — 1822. 2 Thle. in 3.; von ihm der 1. und 2. Band. Gotha 1820.

Außerdem eine Menge kleinere Schriften über Turnkunſt, Spiele und Beiträge zu Salzmanns Unterhaltungen und Reiſen, welche theils in letztern, theils in vorgenannten Werken bereits mitgetheilt ſind.

GutsMuths Verdienſte um eine beſſere phyſiſche Erziehung der deutſchen Jugend und beſonders um eine günſtigere Ausbildung ihrer körperlichen Fähigkeiten fanden allgemeine Anerkennung, ſchon lange vorher ehe dieſer ſo wichtige Zweig der Pädagogik durch Zeitverhältniſſe zur Parteiſache geworden war und eben ſo gehäſſige Anfeindungen als eifrige und begeiſterte Vertheidiger gefunden hatte. Seine geographiſchen Schriften haben ebenfalls großen Werth, indem ſie mit ausgebreiteter Kenntniß und gründlicher Genauigkeit abgefaßt ſind.

Karl Gutzkow

ward am 17. März 1811 in Berlin geboren, beſuchte das dortige Friedrichswerder'ſche Gymnaſium, wo er ſich durch höchſt glückliche Anlagen auszeichnete, und ſtudirte dann Theologie und Philologie auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo er den Preis für eine mythologiſche Abhandlung gewann. Im Winter 1831 verließ er Berlin, und lebte, einer Einladung Menzel's folgend, eine Zeitlang in Stuttgart; hier arbeitete er beſonders für das Literaturblatt des Morgenblattes und gab die Briefe eines Narren an eine Närrin heraus. Nach Berlin zurückgekehrt, ward er daſelbſt Doctor der Philoſophie und ging dann nach Heidelberg, um nochmals und zwar die Rechte zu ſtudiren, ſo wie zu gleichem Zwecke ſpäter von dort nach München. Eine Sommerreiſe durch Oeſtreich und Oberitalien unterbrach dieſe Beſtrebungen; er verweilte dann in Leipzig, Berlin, Hamburg und Frankfurt am Main, redigirte das Literaturblatt der Zeitſchrift Phoenix und gab die bekannten Schriften heraus, welche ihm die Angriffe Menzels und die Unterſuchungen der Regierungen zuzogen. Nachdem er zwölf Wochen zu Mannheim im Gefängniſſe zugebracht, reiſte er nach Frankfurt am Main, wo er ſich vermählte und für's Erſte häuslich niederließ. Das Verbot, welches von den Regierungen über ſeine Schriften ausgeſprochen worden, iſt zum Theil wieder aufgehoben.

Er gab heraus:

Forum der Journalliteratur. 1r Bd. 1 — 3. Berlin 1831.

Briefe eines Narren an eine Närrin. Hamburg 1832.

Maha-Guru. — Geſchichte eines Gottes. Stuttgart 1833. 2 Thle.

Novellen. Hamburg 1834. 2 Thle.

Nero. Stuttgart 1835. 2 Thle.

Oeffentliche Charaktere. Hamburg 1835. 1r. Th.

Soireen. Frankfurt 1835. 2 Thle.

Wally die Zweiflerin. Mannheim 1835.

Zur Philoſophie und Geſchichte. Hamburg 1836.

Beiträge zur Geſchichte der neueſten Literatur. Stuttgart 1836. 2 Thle.

Goethe, im Wendepunkte zweier Jahrhunderte. Berlin 1836.

Aufſätze in Journalen, Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

Wir haben bereits, zu einer Zeit, wo dieſer kühne und reichbegabte Geiſt durch ſeine gewaltigen Angriffe auf das Beſtehende die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich zog, unſere Meinung über ihn ausgeſprochen*) und wiederholen ſie hier, da wir derſelben im Ganzen durchaus treu geblieben ſind, nur Weniges ändernd oder ergänzend. Gleich einem Springer im Schachſpiele, der mit wenigen unregelmäßigen Sätzen das ganze Feld äſthetiſcher, politiſcher und ethiſcher Discuſſion durcheilt, erſcheint Karl Gutzkow, ein Mann von reichen Kenntniſſen aber wunderlicher Art, mehr theoretiſch als eigentlich poetiſch producirend, da ihn das drängende innere Bedürfniß, neue unbetretene Bahnen in der Literatur zu brechen, irre führt, und ihn zu anſcheinenden Verirrungen gegen die Sittlichkeit wie gegen das Schöne verleitet, welche ſubjectiv gewiß nicht aus unreiner Quelle, ſondern aus dem Bewußtſeyn der Kraft und des beſten Willens entſpringen, objectiv aber durchaus verwerflich ſind. Ihm ſteht ſeine große Jugend im Wege, die ihn an ruhiger Prüfung hindert und ihn ſtets zu Uebertreibungen hinreißt, da ſie ihm bei der Menge der Dinge, welche auf ihn einſtürmen, keine Zeit gewährt, dieſelben vollkommen in ſich zu verarbeiten. Mit außerordentlicher Kühnheit, mit einem Muthe, der auf den erſten Anblick der Mehrzahl wie Frechheit erſcheinen muß, mit einer unbegrenzten Rückſichtsloſigkeit gegen ſich ſelbſt, wie gegen Andere, bekämpft er Alles, was ihm als Vorurtheil erſcheint, und faſt alles Beſtehende erſcheint ihm ſo. Seine Art Krieg zu führen wird um ſo verletzender, als er nirgends weder das von der Menge Verehrte, noch die Perſönlichkeit des Einzelnen ſchont, und ſo in dem ruhigeren, ſtill prüfenden Leſer Mißtrauen gegen ſeine Geſinnungen erregt, welche gewiß urſprünglich das Rechte und Gute wollen, aber bei dem Ungeſtüm Gutzkow's meiſt ſich anders zeigen, als ſie wirklich ſind.

Gutzkow's größter Irrthum beruht darin, daß er Dinge, welche allein durch wiſſenſchaftliche Unterſuchung die Feſtſtellung ihres Werthes oder Unwerthes finden können, in den Kreis der ſchönen Literatur hinüberzog und ſie als Streitfragen, welche nie ganz erledigt werden, in Darſtellungen des Lebens durch Bilder und Figuren erſcheinen ließ. Dadurch verrückte er ihnen und ſich ſelbſt den einzig richtigen Standpunkt der Beurtheilung, indem er, was den wenigen wiſſenſchaftlichen Forſchern allein zugänglich ſeyn ſollte, einem Publicum zuſpielte, deſſen größter Theil aus Unmündigen und Schwachen beſtand, welche, unfähig ihn zu faſſen und ſeine kühnen Behauptungen zu unterſuchen, ſeine Leiſtungen entweder mit Abſcheu von ſich werfen oder wahnwitzig ſich aneignen mußten. Hier gab es keine Mitte, und da die Zahl der Unreifen, Leichtſinnigen und liederlich Geſinnten, die ſtatt religiöſer oder philoſophiſcher gründlicher Durchbildung, nur oberflächliche Halbheit einer falſchen Lebensphiloſophie beſitzen, eine ſehr ſtarke war, ſo mußten die Regierungen eingreifen und den Verkauf dieſes Giftes, ſo gut wie den einer jeden anderen ſchädlichen Subſtanz, welche in den Händen Unerfahrener und Unberufener verderblich werden kann, ſtrenge verbieten.

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*) S. Minerva, ein Journal hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Inhalts von D. F. Bran. Jena 1835. Octoberheft. S. 142.

Fragt man wie es komme, daß ein ſo ſcharfſinniger und reicher Geiſt ſich ſo vergreifen konnte, ſo wird die Antwort dahin ausfallen müſſen: Seine Jugend und die Zeit, in der er zum Bewußtſeyn ſeiner Kräfte kam, tragen die Schuld. — Politiſche Studien führten ihn zur Literatur, die er eigentlich nicht um ihrer ſelbſt willen cultivirte; ſie mußte ihm als Vehikel dienen, ſeine Anſichten auszuſprechen, und da der Glanz ihn blendete, vergriff er ſich in den Mitteln.

Seine Erlebniſſe und die Zeit werden ihn ruhiger machen. Er beſitzt Alles, was man nur von dem glücklichſten Talente verlangen kann, und außerdem einen Reichthum an Wärme und Liebe, der aber vor ſeiner Heftigkeit und dem Haſſe, mit dem er gegen ſeine ſichtbaren wie unſichtbaren Gegner auftrat, in den Hintergrund treten mußte und ſich nur dem ſchärferen Blicke offenbart. Der wahre Freund der deutſchen Literatur, dem nie die Perſon, nur die Sache gilt, wird daher nimmer die Hoffnung aufgeben, daß Gutzkow, wenn ihn die Verhältniſſe begünſtigen, dereinſt Ausgezeichnetes und Bedeutendes leiſten werde, und falls dies nicht geſchehen könne, ſtets der Anſicht ſeyn, daß das Vaterland einen großen Verluſt in ihm zu beklagen habe.

Martinez de la Roſa.

Die leichtfertigen Franzoſen übertreiben, wenn ſie in Don Franzisco Martinez de la Roſa nichts gelten laſſen wollen, als die Talente eines Theaterkoſtümiers. Es iſt wahr, er lieferte ein lächerliches Meiſterſtück der Poeſie, als er das Koſtüme entwarf, in welchem die Veteranen, die jungen Helden und die Koryphäen der ſpaniſchen Freiheit ihre Rolle als Deputirte ſpielen ſollen. Ein Anzug der Art, wie er ihn vorſchrieb, mit ſeinen feudalen Schleifen, ſeinen idylliſchen Bändern, dem Peruaniſchen Falbala, koſtete mehrere Tauſend Franks; die Deputirten waren unfähig, in dem Augenblicke einen ſolchen Aufwand zu machen, zögerten zu erſcheinen, und es hätte leicht geſchehen können, daß durch die Rückſicht auf die Schneider von Madrid die ganze ſpaniſche Konſtitution auf Monate eine Täuſchung geworden wäre. Doch beſitzt Martinez de la Roſa ehrenwerthe Eigenſchaften, Talente und Präcedentien, welche den Novelliſten und Dichter für das Parterre vergeſſen machen. Nur kann man nicht läugnen, daß Martinez de la Roſa ſich eine große Aufgabe geſtellt hat. Das Beiſpiel, welches er giebt, iſt nicht einzig, aber doch ſelten. Die Geſchichte ſträubte ſich immer, Männern, welche gewohnt ſind, im Reiche der Phantaſie zu leben, ein irdiſches Portefeuille anzuvertrauen. Ich beſinne mich in dieſem Augenblicke nur auf König David, Arthur von Nordſtern und Chateaubriand. Selbſt Alcäus von Mytilene und Goethe gehören nicht hierher. David, der Sohn Iſai's, ſang ſchon als Miniſter Sauls. Er vertauſchte frühe die Schleuder und den Flitzbogen mit der Leyer, der kleine Held, und verſtand, im Palaſte wie in den Höhlen der Gebirge ſo den Dichter mit dem Premierminiſter zu verbinden, daß es zweifelhaft geblieben iſt, ob er mehr durch jenen oder dieſen auf den finſtern, tragiſchen Saul wirkte. Ein herrliches Vorbild! Der Dichter mit dem Fürſten „auf der Menſchheit Höhen!" Doch war David ein antiker Dichter. Damals war Alles noch einfach; die Sprache, die Sitte, die Poeſie koſtete kein Studium, Alles war Inſtinkt. Die Bilder waren noch nicht verbraucht; wenn man nach ihnen jagte, traf man ſelten auf ſolche, welche ſchon angeſchoſſen waren. Es iſt wahr, David kämpfte zwar auch wie jeder Dichter mit Philiſtern: aber eine ganze Völkermaſſe von Proſa iſt leichter zu beſiegen, als wenn ſich die Alltäglichkeit vereinzelt oder wohl gar die Maske der Kritik vornimmt. Kurz, einen Dichter der Vorwelt koſtete ſein Ruhm keine Mühe, ſeine Zukunft keine Gegenwart, ſeine Unſterblichkeit nicht, wie den Romantiker, den Tod. Der poetiſche Miniſter Sauls durfte nur einen Blick in die Morgenröthe werfen, einen Blick, der ihn nichts von ſeinen Geſchäften verſäumen ließ, und das einfache Bild, das bloße Wort reichte hin, alles das auszudrücken, woran ein jetziger weſtlicher Dichter einen Tag, oft Alles, was ſich in einem Tage verſäumen läßt, ſetzen muß. Dies hat unſre Zeit ſo mißtrauiſch gegen Miniſter gemacht, welche mit dichteriſchen Talenten begabt ſind. Eine Ungerechtigkeit iſt eingeriſſen gegen Etwas, was ſich doch mit unwiderſtehlichem Drange in die Seele wirft, was der ſchönſte Begleiter einer dornenvollen Laufbahn iſt, und auch einen Miniſter tröſten kann, nach den ſauren Stunden, welche eine Ständeſitzung, ein theilnahmloſer Blick des Monarchen, ein plötzliches Deficit ihm koſtet. Warum ſoll dem erſten Staatsmanne die aufgehende Sonne keine Empfindung entlocken? Warum ſoll er kalt bleiben, wenn die Lerche ihr Morgenlied ſingt? Warum ſoll ihm überhaupt der Himmel verſchloſſen ſeyn? Die grauſamen Franzoſen! Sie machen Martinez den Vorwurf, daß er Dichter iſt! Wir wollen, indem wir die flüchtigen Schatten ſeines Lebens reihen, in ihm den redlichen, patriotiſchen und talentvollen Mann erkennen laſſen. Geboren wurde Martinez de la Roſa im Anfang der achtziger Jahre zu Granada. Wenn Ihr den Vorzug, Deutſche zu ſeyn, auf einen Moment vergeſſen könnt, ſo beneidet ihn darum! Beneidet ihn um die Olivenwälder, die am Fuße der Sierra Nevada ſtehen, beneidet ihn um den goldhaltigen Genil, in dem er baden konnte, und jenen zweiten Fluß, deſſen Name mir entfiel, der aber gediegenes Silber mit ſeinen Wellen führt! Welche zaubervolle Jugend! Die alten mauriſchen Sagen umflüſterten den Knaben, wenn er beim Spiele ſeinen Ball in die Trümmer der Alhambra warf. Er hörte in der wunderbaren Löwenhalle, wie ſich die großen Emire der Wüſte aus dem unerſchöpflichen Koran die Sprüche vorleſen ließen, welche an die Mäßigung im Glück und die Barmherzigkeit des Siegers des Paradieſes ſchönſte Freuden knüpften. Er trank aus dem Brunnen im ſchweigſamen Hofe und fühlte, wie ſich frühe die Gabe der Weiſſagung und ſchönen Rede auf ſeine Lippen legte. Aber nicht Alles iſt verſchwundene Herrlichkeit in Granada. Auf den Trümmern der mauriſchen Erinnerung pflanzte das Ritterthum und die Weltmonarchie Karls V. die Trophäen ihrer großen Siege. Auf dem Platze Vivarambla konnte Martinez ſeinen Wettlauf mit ſeinen Geſpielen anſtellen, ohne daß jene die Zegris, dieſe die Abencerragen ſeyn wollten. Er wurde älter, und in den ungeheuern Dimenſionen des Palaſtes Karls V. lernte er die Geſchichte des Vaterlandes, die Univerſalträume der ſpaniſchen Habsburge, an dem Grabmale Ferdinands und Iſabellens, wie Amerika entdeckt und die Inquiſition eingeſetzt wurde. Hier konnte ſich früh die Seele an einen mächtigen Flügelſchlag gewöhnen, ſo daß die mönchiſche Erziehung des ſpätern Alters zwar Vieles dem Wiſſensdurſte verweigern durfte, aber nichts nehmen, was ſchon da war. Martinez war reicher und angeſehener Eltern Kind. Er benutzte alle Bildungsmittel, welche ihm Spanien darbot, und gab ſich zuletzt dem Studium der Rechte und der Staatswirthſchaft hin. Das Syſtem der Reformen Karls III. ließ ſich in Spanien durch eine Herrſchaft der Günſtlinge und Ehebrecher nicht ſogleich aufhalten. Es blieb von der encyklopädiſchen Aufklärung, von dem philoſophiſchen Enthuſiasmus des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, welcher auch Spanien mannichfach berührt hatte, Vieles übrig, was ſich nach unten hin verbreitete, und genährt von den Grundſätzen der franzöſiſchen Revolution, die Hauptquelle der Bildung wurde, die ſpäterhin in der Geſtalt des Liberalismus als eine politiſche Macht auftrat. Martinez warf ſich in dieſen Strom der Tendenzen und ließ ſich von ihm tragen, bis er in Begebenheiten endete. Die Revolution von Aranjuez, die Abtretungen von Bayonne und Madrid, die neue Dynaſtie der Napoleoniden warfen Spanien in einen anarchiſchen Kampf von Intereſſen, wie ſie auf einem kleinen Terrain in Europa niemals widerſtreitender geweſen ſind. Doch machte ſich die gute Natur durch dieſe Verwirrung Platz, der Inſtinkt des Patriotismus ließ alle Differenzen vergeſſen, und von zahlloſen ſich durchkreuzenden Leidenſchaften blieb nichts übrig, als der Haß gegen die Franzoſen. Die Cortes von 1808 traten zuſammen, und Martinez de la Roſa nahm unter ihnen den Platz ein, der ſeinen Talenten und Kenntniſſen gebührte. Er theilte die Schickſale dieſer Cortes in Madrid, Sevilla und Cadix. Ob er ſich zu irgend einer Nüance dieſer patriotiſchen Verſammlung bekannt hat, wiſſen wir nicht, glauben aber, daß ihn die Liebe zur Freiheit immer da hintreten ließ, wo ihre beredteſten Fürſprecher ſtanden. Noch gab es keine Doktrinairs, noch hatte die Exaltation durch geſcheiterte Pläne ſich nicht in Mißkredit gebracht: es gab keine andere Gefahr, als die, welche eine edle Seele immer überſieht, den Servilismus. Martinez reihte ſich den glorreichen Rednern dieſer Periode an, welche durch ihre glänzende Beredſamkeit, ein Talent, welches in keine Schule gegangen war, ganz Europa zur Bewunderung zwang. Die Reſtauration Ferdinands machte allen dieſen Dingen ein Ende. Die Cortes waren zerſprengt, der Rückkehrende begrüßte ſein treues Volk mit Schaffotten und Proſcriptionen. Martinez de la Roſa

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*) Aus: K. Gutzkow's „Oeffentliche Charaktere."

wurde nach der afrikaniſchen Küſte verbannt und in Ceuta wie ein Gefangener gehalten. Er ſcheint ſich während dieſer Zeit vielen Reflexionen hingegeben zu haben. Er mag ſich bemüht haben, Spaniens Schickſal in ein Reſultat zuſammenzufaſſen, und philoſophirte vielleicht über Dinge, die uns entmuthigen, wenn wir uns über ſie ſtellen wollen. Welchen Eindruck mochte Porliers und Lacys Schickſal in ihm machen? Er beweinte es, aber nannte es vielleicht eine Thorheit, zu konſpiriren. Feſſeln entnerven: man ſage nicht, daß man nach einer vierjährigen Gefangenſchaft noch für ſich gut ſteht! Martinez wandte ſich verzweifelnd von den politiſchen Kombinationen ab, und dichtete ſeinen Moraima. Die Sehnſucht des Verbannten trug ſeine Phantaſie in die poetiſchen Erinnerungen Granada's, aber ſo gefeſſelt waren ſeine Gedanken an die Schickſale des Vaterlandes, daß ſein Drama eher den Namen einer Allegorie verdiente. Er läßt einen der letzten mauriſchen Könige nach Ermordung der Abencerragen den Thron beſteigen. Die Erbitterung der Parteien umgiebt ihn. Perſönliches Intereſſe ſchürt die Leidenſchaft, hier Intrigue und Verläumdung, dort Gewaltthätigkeiten und Tumulte. Der Caſtilianer ſteht vor den Thoren. Der König iſt ſchwach und weil er zwiſchen beiden Parteien in der Mitte ſtehen will, wird er Tyrann und undankbar gegen die, welchen er ſeine Krone verdankt. Hier ſind die Cortes, hier Ferdinand, die Franzoſen. Hier aber auch ſchon der Gefangene von Ceuta mit ſeinen Grillen, die er mit den Muſcheln am afrikaniſchen Strande auflieſt; denn er haßt in Allem, was der Hebel ſeines Drama's iſt, perſönliche Leidenſchaft, ſchmäht die rohe Gewalt, auch da, wo ſie zum Siege ſeiner Partei unerläßlich iſt, und haßt den Tumult der Gaſſe. Wir ſehen ihn befangen nach Madrid, in die Cortes von 1820 zurückkehren. Er, der auf einem, faſt möchte man ſagen, geſchichtlichen Wege unter die Opposition gekommen iſt, findet ſich jetzt umringt von Männern, die erſt durch eine Betrachtung liberal wurden, von Männern, die dem einreißenden Carbonarismus verwandter waren, als den conſtitutionellen Erinnerungen Spaniens. Martinez mochte erſtaunen, daß die Liebe zur Freiheit ein Syſtem geworden war, daß es ein Wörterbuch des Liberalismus gab. Inzwiſchen trug ihn eine hohe Verehrung empor, und gleich die erſte Sitzung machte ihn zum Sekretair der Kammer, welche Spanien dem kühnen Muthe Riego's verdankte.

Von 1820 bis zur Kataſtrophe des Julius 1822 fällt Martinez de la Roſa's glänzendſte Periode. In den drei Cortesſitzungen dieſer Zeit galt er als einer der vorzüglichſten Redner, der mit Galiano und Auguſtin Arguelles, dem Göttlichen, wetteiferte. Sein erſter Antrag ſtand noch unter den Eindrücken ſeiner Gefangenſchaft; denn er wollte, daß Spanien die afrikaniſche Küſte aufgäbe, und ſie an den Kaiſer von Marocco gegen einen Tribut abträte. Dann forderte er die Miniſter auf, Maßregeln gegen die Räuberbanden, welche Spanien durchſtreiften, zu nehmen. Er wollte nicht, daß die Pfarrer zwei Pfründen beſäßen, ein Antrag, den Graf Toreno unterſtützte, und ziemlich reformatoriſch zu einem rein politiſchen machte. Ja, er ſprach ſogar für die Geſchwornen, welche ihm in einer neulichen Sitzung der Prokuratoren ein zu frühes Geſchenk waren. Er nahm ſich lebhaft der Jakobiner an und bewirkte eine Amneſtie für ſie, kurz, es gab mannichfache Gelegenheit, wo er ſein Talent und ſeinen Patriotismus zeigen konnte. Doch ſprach ſich ſeine ſpäterhin pronongirte politiſche Nüance gleichfalls allmählich aus. Viele ſeiner Meinungen waren gegen die politiſchen Klubbs gerichtet, und als am 5. September 1820 dieſe Frage aufs neue zur Sprache kam, treffen wir auf eine merkwürdige Allianz zwiſchen Martinez de la Roſa, Moſcoſo, Garely und Toreno, die ſich in unſern Tagen wieder erneuert hat. Martinez ſagte damals: „Es iſt nothwendig, zum Vortheile der natürlichen Freiheit der bürgerlichen und politiſchen Schranken zu ſetzen;" ein Satz, der erſt dann wahr iſt, wenn man ihn umkehrt. Der doktrinaire Pedantismus, der ſeine jetzigen Reden auf der Miniſterbank ſo unverkennbar charakteriſirt, zeigte ſich auch damals ſchon: Martinez diſtinguirte gern und zog ſich, wie alle politiſch Zaghaften, auf die Phraſe zurück, daß man die Dinge auch von der andern Seite anſehen müſſe. Sein Widerſtand gegen eine Entſchädigung, welche Riego verlangte, machte ihn unpopulair, noch mehr die Debatte über die unter dem Namen „die Perſer" bekannten meineidigen Deputirten, und am Schluſſe der Sitzung von 1821 das Repreſſivgeſetz Toreno's, welches er eifrig unterſtützte. Das Volk ſtürzte Toreno's Wagen um, und belagerte nach des Grafen Hauſe auch das des erſchrockenen Dichters, der hier Scenen aus ſeinen Tragödien wiederkehren ſah. Nichts deſtoweniger erhielt er mit Anfang der Sitzung von 1822, im Februar, das Portefeuille des Auswärtigen. Die Zuſammenſetzung dieſes neuen Miniſteriums war unpopulär genug: es war aus der Majorität der entlaſſenen Cortes gebildet, die ſich durch ihren Servilismus dem Volke ſo verhaßt gemacht hatten. Die neue Kammer galt für unabhängiger, als alle früheren; Riego war im Anfange ihr Präſident. Martinez, der ſich ſchon lange an die miniſterielle Phyſiognomie gewöhnt hatte, fand in ſeiner neuen Würde, für die ſeine Unergründlichkeit ſich nicht bezahlen ließ, einen ſchwierigen Stand. Der Kongreß ſaß drohend in Verona, die Glaubensarmee organiſirte ſich in den Gebirgen, die Camarilla Ferdinands konſpirirte, in Saragoſſa und Pamplona brachen royaliſtiſche Tumulte aus. Und dennoch ſchien dem Miniſterium dieſe Gefahr geringer, als die, welche im Lager ſelbſt drohte. Es glaubte keinen andern Feind bekämpfen zu müſſen, als den Jakobinismus der Klubbs. Die Reden in der Fontana d'Oro, die Ausfälle des Zurriago und des Tercerola beſchäftigten die Miniſter mehr, als die Fortſchritte, welche die Inſurrektion der Mila, Jaimes, Zabala und Quesada machte. Man kann das Miniſterium des Martinez de la Roſa von jener Zeit das Direktorium der ſpaniſchen Revolution nennen: der Moderantismus deſſelben, welcher nicht durch vorangegangene, ſondern parallele Ausſchweifungen gerechtfertigt werden konnte, brachte unter Spaniens damaligen Umſtänden nichts zuwege, als eine Reaktion des Royalismus, der immer mehr um ſich griff. Der Moderantismus war, wenn nicht offene Verrätherei, was wir nicht glauben, doch jedenfalls die verkehrteſte Maßregel, um die ſpaniſche Freiheit zu retten. Wenn er die Demokratie kurz am Zügel halten wollte, ſo arbeitete er der Reaktion in die Hände. Auch war die Demokratie nie mächtiger, als damals. Die Klubbs, die Comuneros bewarben, die Cortes machten die Beſchlüſſe derſelben geſetzlich. Riego rauchte mit Ferdinand Cigarren zum Zeichen ihres Einverſtändniſſes, und ſeine Hymne, mit der er das Heer von Isla bis Leon führte, wurde, wie es damals hieß, für ordonnanzmäßig erklärt. Unter ſolchen Umſtänden war der Moderantismus ein Fehler. Wir wiederholen nochmals, daß es unglaublich ſcheint, wenn das Miniſterium mit Frankreich unterhandelt haben und in ſeinem Haſſe gegen die Demokratie ſo weit gegangen ſein ſollte, daß es mit dem Feinde innerhalb und außerhalb Spaniens jene beſiegen wollte. Das würde geheißen haben, ein kleineres Uebel durch ein größeres heilen. Auch unterließ Martinez nicht, Einiges zu thun, was für ſeinen guten Willen zeugte. Er ſandte ſeinen Freund Toreno (Toreno iſt Porliers Schwager) nach Paris, um die dortige Botſchafterſtelle zu übernehmen, und auf das Kabinet der Tuilerien, mehr aber noch auf den Pavillon Marſan, die ultraroyaliſtiſche Coterie des Grafen Artois, und das Aſyl aller ſpaniſchen Verräther, einzuwirken. Er unterhandelte viel mit dem franzöſiſchen Geſandten Lagarde in Madrid, den man beſchuldigte, der Bande in den Gebirgen Vorſchub zu leiſten. Ja als das feindſelige Benehmen der franzöſiſchen Regierung, die Unterſtützung, welche ſie den Inſurgenten angedeihen ließ, immer offenkundiger wurde, verbreitete ſich im Mai das Gerücht, Lagarde habe nach einem heftigen Wortwechſel mit Martinez ſeine Päſſe verlangt. Auch hielt der Miniſter darauf eine heftige Rede vor den Cortes, worin er Frankreich Vorwürfe machte, welche einer Kriegserklärung gleich kamen. Dies iſt der einzige energiſche Akt während ſeines Amtes, der aber am deutlichſten ſeine Schwäche zeigte, da er ohne Folgen blieb. Die Entſcheidung des 7. Julius rückte heran. Man weiß, daß die Demokratie an dieſem Tage ihren Triumph feierte. Die eben entlaſſenen Cortes wurden vom Magiſtrate Madrids, dem Ayuntamiento, welcher die Rolle des Stadthauſes aus der franzöſiſchen Revolution übernahm, erſetzt. Die aufrühreriſchen Garden mußten im Prado nach einem hartnäckigen Kampfe mit der Nationalgarde (wenn uns Martinez erlaubt, die milicia urbana ſo zu nennen) das Gewehr ſtrecken. Auch das Miniſterium war geſprengt. Es iſt kaum glaublich, daß daſſelbe mit dem Aufruhre in Verkehr geſtanden habe. Es war von dieſem Ereigniſſe ſo überraſcht, wie die Nation, ein Beweis für ſeine Schwäche. Es hatte weniger Antheil daran als der Schlächter Amerika's, Morillo, der damals eine ſo zweideutige Rolle ſpielte. In der Nacht vom 7. zum 8 ſaßen die Miniſter wie gefangen im Palaſte, alle Ausgänge waren beſetzt, und in dieſer Gelegenheit mag Martinez die politiſche Laufbahn verwünſcht, und ſich nach dem ſtillen Umgange mit den Muſen geſehnt haben. Sein Leben war in Gefahr; die ſiegtrunkene Partei, welche viele Opfer zu betrauern hatte, wollte anfangs die Miniſter für das Geſchehene verantwortlich machen; doch da Spanien wiederum das Unglück hatte, ein abgenutztes Miniſterium aus alten Trümmern früherer, die ſchon geſcheitert waren, zu bekommen, ſo fiel die Anklage, und Martinez zog es vor, ſich allmählich ganz vom Schauplatze des Tages zurückzuziehen. Bald wurde auch der Abſolutismus in Spanien zum Zweitenmale reſtaurirt. Die franzöſiſchen Bajonnette ſetzten Ferdinand in ein plein pouvoir ein, das er auch zunächſt gegen die Anhänger der Konſtitution, die er ſo oft falſch beſchworen hatte, in blutige und konfiskatoriſche Anwendung brachte. Martinez de la Roſa theilte die Tage von Cadix und zog mit den Proſkribirten über die Pyrenäen.

Die ſieben Jahre der Verbannung brachte Martinez zum großen Theile in Paris zu. Er gab ſich literariſchen Beſchäftigungen hin, welche immer politiſche Leiden am leichteſten vergeſſen machen. Mit ſeinen Landsleuten geſpannt, blieb er ſich ſelbſt von ihren Konſpirationen aus, dichtete, [illegible] und ſammelte ſeine Schriften, welche mit vielem Glanze bei Didot gedruckt worden ſind. Er kam nach Frankreich, noch ganz voll von Verehrung des tragiſchen Kothurns eines Corneille und Racine. Man würde ſich täuſchen, ſuchte man bei ihm die farbenglühende Grandezza des alten ſpaniſchen Theaters. Er iſt als Dichter mehr Storch, als Flamingo. Seine Gefühle gehen auf Stelzen, ſein Dialog ſind Wechſelreden nach den Grundſätzen der Rhetorik. Er war, als er die Witwe des Padilla ſchrieb, den Morayma und Oedip, ein Dichter der drei Einheiten, mit moraliſchen, kalten Tendenzen, ſteifer als Alfieri, ärmer als Arnault. Statt daß ſeine Perſonen handeln, erzählen ſie; ſie reflektiren über das, was ſie thun ſollten, und lieben es, alles bis auf den fünften Akt zu verſchieben, welcher der Unthätigkeit endlich ein Ende macht. In ſeinen Unterſuchungen über die ſpaniſche Poeſie findet er es lächerlich, wenn Lope de Vega den Columbus von Madrid nach Granada, von dort nach Amerika, und von hier wieder zurück nach Barcelona verlegt. Er ſieht darin eine Verletzung aller Regeln, wenn derſelbe Dichter in ein Drama drei Handlungen verflicht, und wiederholt gegen Shakeſpeare die Vorwürfe, welche vor ihm ſchon Voltaire machte. Nichtsdeſtoweniger brachte der Aufenthalt in Paris auf Martinez poetiſche Ader eine neue Wirkung hervor. Der Kampf des Romanticismus und der Klaſſiker konnte ihm nicht fremd bleiben, und ſeine ſpätern Produkte bezeugen, daß er in ſeiner alten Stellung wankend gemacht wurde. Victor Hugo, welch' ein Beiſpiel! Martinez mochte ſeine Erinnerungen haſſen, aber vielleicht ließen ihn die Lorbeeren des Dichters nicht ſchlafen, vielleicht quälte ihn ein unerklärliches Etwas aus ſeinen alten Anſichten heraus. Welcher wahrhafte Dichter gäbe ſich ſo bald zur Ruhe! Er wird niemals mit ſich zufrieden werden, und von ſeinem Nächſten immer die Hoffnung haben, daß es das Vorangegangene übertreffen werde. Martinez kam mit dem franzöſiſchen Theater in Berührung. Scribe überſetzte ein Luſtſpiel von ihm, er war nun in die Bewegung hineingeriſſen und verſuchte, ob ihm bei verändertem Glaubensbekenntniſſe die Muſe beſſere Umarmungen gönnen würde. Sein Aben Humeya gelang ihm ungleich beſſer; er hat hier den Kothurn abgeworfen und tritt in leichter, freier Proſa auf. Die Sprache iſt friſch, leidenſchaftlich, bilderreich; die Scenen ſind nicht übermäßig ausgemalt, ſondern ſie brechen plötzlich ab, wenn ein Ereigniß dem andern folgt. In der Verſchwörung von Venedig, demſelben Drama, das in Madrid mit einem Applaus aufgenommen wurde, der den Dichter als Miniſter in Verlegenheit ſetzte, geht Martinez in der Verehrung des franzöſiſchen Theaters ſogar noch weiter. Er verſchmäht nicht mehr den Pomp und die Kunſt der Scenerie, er füllt einen ganzen Akt mit Schauſtücken der Art, von denen Schlegel ſagt, ſie würden ihm gefallen, wenn nicht Worte dabei wären. Und nun ich Schlegel nenne, ſo wolle man wiſſen, daß Martinez de la Roſa auch dieſen kannte, und ihn öffentlich einer geringen Kenntniß des ſpaniſchen Theaters bezüchtigt hat. Es thut mir leid, hievon Erwähnung thun zu müſſen. Inzwiſchen zogen ſich nach dem Jahre 1829 durch eine Heirath einige Wolken von dem ſpaniſchen Horizonte weg. Die Herrſchaft des Beichtſtuhls wurde durch die des Alkovens zerſtört. Ferdinand ſtürzte durch demagogiſche Umtriebe das ſaliſche Geſetz, und er ſah ſich nach Menſchen um, die ſeine Handlungen billigten. Die Erbitterung gegen die Emigranten legte ſich, und die am wenigſten kompromittirt waren, durften es in Hoffnung der allgemeinen Amneſtie wagen, über die Pyrenäen zurückzukehren. Ferdinand hatte wie Karl V., aber wider Willen, bei Lebzeiten ſchon ſeine Exequien gehalten, er hörte mit ſcheintodtem Ohre, wie ihn Calomarde an Karl verrieth, wie man ſich in die Herrſchaft theilte, und in der öffentlichen Meinung von ganz Europa ſein Todtengericht hielt. Er hatte ſeinen wahren Feind kennen gelernt, und eilte jetzt, mit ſeinen alten Gegnern Friede zu ſchließen, um ſie gegen den Carlismus zu verwenden. Der Name Martinez de la Roſa war in keinem der Komplotte gehört worden, welche die Sicherheit der zweiten Reſtauration geſtört hatten; er wurde zwar nicht gerufen, aber zugelaſſen. Weder Mina's noch Torrijos Expedition ließ man ihn entgelten; man wußte, wenn man den Dichter ſeufzen hörte, daß es nicht den Ketten Spaniens, ſondern ſeinen Werken galt. Marie Chriſtine liebte an Martinez Auge den lebhaften Ausdruck, ſie bewunderte die kleine weiße Hand, die ſo artige Reime und Gedanken zuſammenfügte, ſie hörte gern die duftenden Blüthenflocken der Rede aus ſeinem Munde fallen, ſie ließ ſich von ihm Aeſthetik vortragen, und hatte nichts dagegen, wenn er zuweilen von dieſer auf die Politik überſprang. Es bildete ſich allmählich ein Kreis um die Königin, den das Vertrauen gezogen hatte; man berieth ſich über die Zukunft, während links der kranke König an der Magengicht ſtöhnte, rechts die kleine Iſabella in ihren Windeln ſchrie. Marie Chriſtine von Neapel iſt keine Heroine, ſie fürchtet ſich vor dem Ereigniß, ſie hat nichts, als einige kleine Leidenſchaften, etwas Schwärmerei und will zart behandelt ſeyn. Sie würde genug gethan zu haben glauben, wenn ſie Rizio Munnoz begünſtigte, und ſoll bald das Teſtament Ferdinands vollziehen, Miniſter wählen, Takt haben, die Cortes berufen laſſen, und kriegeriſche Operationen unterzeichnen. Sie würde alles untereinander geworfen haben, wie auf einem Nähtiſch, wenn nicht Martinez de la Roſa mit ſanfter Rede, milden Vorwürfen und bildlichen Vergleichen neben ihr ſtände. Marie Chriſtine iſt durch ihn eine ſchöne Seele geworden. Er ließt ihr die Dekrete wie Stellen aus ſeinen Dramen vor, er wirft um alles ein phantaſtiſches Kleid, er macht die Zuſammenberufung der Cortes zu einer Aufgabe des Garderobiers, und hat zu dem Saale derſelben ihr ſo viel architektoniſche Riſſe vorgelegt, daß ſie durch Auswahl des ſchönſten ihren Geſchmack vor ganz Madrid bewähren konnte. Wie artig ſind die Reglements, welche Martinez den Feierlichkeiten der Königin vorſchrieb! Sie erſchien mit ihrem Kinde, wie einſt Fredegunde mit Clothar vor den Franken; ſie hatte in ihrer Rede wenige und gefühlvolle Worte vorgeſchrieben: alle dieſe Dinge arrangirte Martinez. Als die Cholera ausbrach, ließ ſie nur Rizio und Martinez in la Granja ein, ſie beſchloß ſich, nichts als das Unentbehrlichſte um ſich zu haben; ja Martinez, der Dichter, wurde kein Geſchichtſchreiber der franzöſiſchen Revolution, kein Thiers, und machte la Granja nicht zu Blois und ſetzte keine Preiſe aus, um einen Judas Iſcharioth [illegible] willen. Dies iſt das enge Gehäuſe, welches die Regentin mit Martinez de la Roſa geſchloſſen hat. Inzwiſchen übernahm der Dichter vor den Augen der Nation eine miniſterielle Rolle. Einige Splitter, welche von dem Schiffbruch Zea's noch übrig geblieben waren, hemmten ſeinen erſten Lauf, doch entledigte er ſich ihrer bald. Sein eigner Name wurde für das Werdende verantwortlich. Die neue Konſtitution, das Eſtatuto real iſt ſein Werk. Er verſuchte es, den Zwieſpalt Spaniens zu verſöhnen, die Zukunft an die Vergangenheit zu knüpfen, ja er hoffte ſo viel von ſeinem guten Willen, daß er ſelbſt das Programm, welches Ludwig Philipp anbot, das Juſte Milieu adoptirte. Allein der gute Wille hat in dem Staatsleben einen ſchlechten Cours, er iſt eine Illuſion in Zeiten, wo alle lebende Aeußerungen mit ſcharfen Rändern und Kanten geprägt ſind. Der gute Wille war keine Garantie für ein mißhandeltes Volk, das gezwungen iſt, nur in ſeinen Erinnerungen, d. h. in ſeiner Rache zu leben. Man hat für Alles in Spanien gleich einen Namen, jede Partei kann die andere mit einem kurzen Kohlenumriß an die Mauer zeichnen: Worte, Abſtimmungen, alle Fehler, da iſt nichts vergeſſen. Die Männer des Ringes, die Anilleros, welche Martinez in ſeine Nähe zog, waren bald erkannt, der Moderantismus iſt eine Stereotype, die nur genannt zu werden braucht, um jede Befürchtung auszudrücken. Zu den alten Namen hat die jüngſte franzöſiſche Geſchichte noch neue geſtellt, und allgemein wird das gegenwärtige Miniſterium doktrinär genannt. Vor der Zuſammenberufung der Cortes ſagte man, Martinez würde ſeine Entlaſſung nehmen; allein dies Gerücht drückte nur das aus, was man wünſchte. Vielmehr war Toreno's Ernennung ein Hülfsdetaſchement; denn Toreno iſt Martinez alter Leidensgefährte, nur iſt er ſchneller, eifriger, etwa das, was Lord Durham unter den Whigs. — Wir ſind am Ende unſerer Darſtellung, da der gegenwärtige Kampf der Parteien in Spanien außer ihren Grenzen liegt. Nur zwei Dinge erlauben wir uns noch, ein Urtheil und ein Prognoſtikon. Selbſt die Oppoſition läßt der parlamentariſchen Fähigkeit des Miniſters Gerechtigkeit werden. Es iſt wahr, ſeine Reden zeichnen ſich durch Schwung und Rundung aus, und wenn gar, was in Spanien nicht auffällig zu ſein ſcheint, Deklamation und Geſten zu dieſen Worten hinzukommen, ſo müſſen ſie in dem Saale eine großartige Wirkung hervorbringen. Doch ſeine Zwiſchenreden, ſeine Einwände, das, was man den parlamentariſchen Dialog nennen könnte, ſind pedantiſch, mit Logik beſtäubt, ſie ſind [illegible], und verrathen den Kleinmeiſter. Martinez de la Roſa iſt immer zur Hand, wo es eine Diſtinktion gilt, er liebt es, am Unweſentlichen zu klauben, und auf Dinge Werth zu legen, die die Unterſuchung gar nicht weiter bringen. Aber was ihn ſtürzen muß, iſt zuletzt weniger die Form, als der Inhalt ſeiner Diskurſe. Ich glaube, er iſt in ſeinen Handlungen weniger verfänglich als in ſeinen Reden. Er gleicht den deutſchen Pedanten, welche die Freiheit lieben würden, wenn ſie nicht für alles gleich Beiſpiele hätten und gewohnt wären, die Dinge immer vom verkehrten Standpunkte anzuſehen. Martinez de la Roſa hat ſich aus der Geſchichte der Revolutionen ſo viel Erfahrungen, ſeine Sätze und Maximen abſtrahirt, daß er ohne Citat keinen Schritt vorwärts ſetzen kann. Bald ſchwebt ihm der Konvent vor, bald die franzöſiſche Journaliſtik, bald weiſt er auf Mirabeau, bald auf Burke hin; es iſt eine Gelehrſamkeit, die uns erdrücken muß. Wäre die Kammer nicht ſelber ſo naiv, rollte in ihr die Revolution nicht mit ſo vieler Angſt, ſo ſcheu und bedenklich auf, ſo müßte der Pedantismus des Miniſters längſt durchgefallen ſein. Wir wiſſen auf die Länge nicht, was Martinez de la Roſa ohne Majorität für Spanien thun will. Es iſt wahr, die Petition der Rechte mag eine Formalität geweſen ſein, in welcher es gleichgültig war, zu unterliegen; aber wird die Finanzfrage ſich günſtiger beantworten? Wird die Kammer in ihrer wahrhaft originellen, leidenſchaftsloſen Revolution fortſchleudern, und nicht bald den Sturmſchritt ſchlagen laſſen! Wird endlich die Inſurrektion, dieſer unerträgliche Widerſpruch gegen Spaniens Glück und Wohlfahrt, nicht durch außerordentliche Maaßregeln ausgerottet werden müſſen? Außerordentlicher Maßregeln iſt das jetzige Miniſterium aber nicht fähig. Es muß zu einer allgemeinen Bewaffnung kommen; denn Frankreich beweiſt, daß die Vendée ohne Nationalmiliz nicht getilgt werden kann. Dieſe praktiſche Freiheit aber kann Martinez de la Roſa, an die Freiheit der Kouliſſen, an das Phantom gewöhnt, nicht ertragen. Er wird noch einmal in den Palaſt der Regentin treten, das königliche Kind mit ſeinen Thränen benetzen, und dann die Olivenwälder von Granada aufſuchen, um in ihrem Schatten die flüſternden Laute der Natur zu belauſchen, welche nur ein Dichter verſteht.

H.

Herr Habart, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Friedrich Haberfeld

ward geboren den 14. September 1770 in Sachſen und nach vollendeten Studien Pfarrer zu Neukirch in der Lauſitz, von wo er 1806 als Superintendent nach Eckartsberga verſetzt wurde. Seine Gelehrſamkeit und Rednergabe veranlaßten 1807 ſeine Berufung nach Eiſenach, wo er den 6. April 1816 als Konſiſtorialrath und Generalſuperintendent ſtarb.

Von ihm haben wir:

Vorleſungen über die klaſſiſchen Dichter der Römer. Leipzig 1800 und 1802. 4 Thle. in 8. Gemeinſchaftlich mit dem Pfarrer P. F. A. Nitſch, von H. iſt der 3. u. 4. Thl.

Baruch, oder über die Doxologien der heiligen Schrift. Leipzig 1806 in 8.

Predigten. Eiſenach 1812 u. 1814. 2 Thle.

H. zeichnete ſich vorzüglich als Kanzelredner durch die Innigkeit, Klarheit, Tiefe und echt chriſtliche Milde, mit denen er in ſeinen Vorträgen das Wort des Herrn verkündete, ſehr vortheilhaft aus, und wirkte, beſonders in ſeinem letzten Amte, wo ihm ein größerer Kreis erſchloſſen war, höchſt ſegensreich.

Franz Dominikus Häberlin

ward den 31. Januar zu Grimmelfingen bei Ulm geboren und bildete ſich auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeines Vaterlandes und zu Göttingen für den academiſchen Lehrberuf. Nachdem er zu Göttingen Dr. der Philoſophie geworden war und 1746 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie erhalten hatte, folgte er 1747 einem Rufe nach Helmſtädt als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte, wurde dort Dr. der Rechte, Geheimer Juſtizrath und 1751 ordentlicher Profeſſor des Staatsrechts. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 20. April 1787.

Er ſchrieb:

Allgemeine Weltgeſchichte. Ein bloß das deutſche Reich betreffender Auszug aus dem engliſchen Werke. Halle 1767 — 1773 in 8. 12 Bde.

Entwurf der politiſchen Hiſtorie des 18. Jahrhunderts. Hannover 1746 u. 1748.

Entwurf einer pragmatiſchen deutſchen Reichsgeſchichte. Helmſtädt 1763.

Neueſte deutſche Reichsgeſchichte. Halle 1774 — 1786. 21 Bde. in 8.

Fleiß, Kritik und Genauigkeit verleihen Häberlin's hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen keinen geringen Werth, dagegen fehlt es ſeinem Styl durchaus an Kraft, Anmuth und Concinnität.

Karl Ludwig Häberlin,

Sohn des als Geheimer Juſtizrath und Profeſſor 1808 zu Helmſtädt verſtorbenen Karl Friedrich H., ward den 25. Juli 1784 zu Erlangen geboren und erhielt von ſeinem Vater den erſten gelehrten Unterricht. Nach zu Helmſtädt vollendeten Studien 1808 bei dem daſigen weſtphäliſchen Friedensgerichte und 1809 am Tribunal angeſtellt, wurde er 1814 nach der Zurückkunft des Herzogs von Braunſchweig zum Kreisamtmann von Haſſelfelde ernannt, 1828 aber entlaſſen und im Gefängniß zu Gandersheim feſtgehalten, bis er in der letzten Zeit ſeine Freiheit wieder erhielt. Seitdem lebt er als Privatmann im Braunſchweigiſchen.

Unter den Namen: Avenella, von Häfeli, Belani, Melinder gab er heraus:

- Die Harzreiſen, oder Herrmann und Roſamunde. Leipzig 1815.
- Schriften. Braunſchweig 1825 — 1832. 18 Thle. in 8. von Belani.
- Die Raubritter. Leipzig 1828. 3 Thle. in 8. — von Melinder.
- Scherz und Ernſt auf einer Badereiſe. Ebendaſ. 1828. — von Melinder.
- Die Demagogen. Leipzig 1829. 2 Thle. — von Belani.
- Zwei Tage auf dem Brocken. Braunſchweig 1830. — von Belani.
- Die Kreolin. Ebendaſ. 1830. 3 Thle. in 8. — von Belani.
- Räuberleben. Neuhaldensleben 1832. 2 Bde.
- Blutrache im Hauſe Anjou. 2 Thle. Ebend. 1832.
- Erzählungen. Braunſchweig 1832.
- Galanterieen Auguſt's des Starken. Neuhaldensleben 1833.
- Der arme Joſeph, Neuhaldensleben 1834.
- Romantiſche Erzählungen aus Portugal. Frankfurt 1834.
- Der Heimathloſe. Frankfurt 1834.
- Der Geächtete, Frankfurt 1835.
- Liebe und Berufstreue. Breslau 1836.
- Tyrol 1809. 4 Bde. Leipzig 1837.

Auch nennt man ihn als den Verfaſſer der unter C. Niedmann's halb wirklichem, halb in „Mandien" und „Niemand" anagrammatiſirten Namen herausgekommenen Romane:

- Der Kaiſermörder. Quedlinburg 1826 — Mandien.
- Heinrich der Löwe. Leipzig 1827 — 1828. 4 Thle. in 8. — Niedmann.
- Das Schickſalskäpchen. Ebendaſ. 1827. — Derſelbe.
- Napoleons Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1827. 2 Thle. — Derſ.
- Memoiren des Herrn de la Folie. Braunſchw. 1827. — Niemand.
- Saint-Hippolyt. Quedlinburg 1828. 3 Thle. — Mandien.
- Zilla. Ebendaſ 1828. — Derſelbe.
- Krähwinkel wie es iſt. Wolfenbüttel 1828. — Niemand.
- Der Jeſuitenſpiegel. Stuttgart 1828. 2 Thle. — Derſelbe.

Ein fleißiger und phantaſiereicher Romandichter, deſſen Leiſtungen ſich gewandter Erfindung, raſcher und anziehender Darſtellung, gelungener Charakterzeichnung und eines glücklichen Humors erfreuen. Würde er ſich mehr ſammeln und concentriren, ſo müßte es ihm ein Leichtes ſeyn, neben den Beſten ſeiner Gattung einen hohen Rang zu behaupten, woran ihn jetzt die Flüchtigkeit, mit der er arbeitet, nothwendig hindern muß. Freilich mag ſie wohl in den Verhältniſſen ihre Entſchuldigung finden.

Johann von Habsburg, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Joachim Bernhard Nikolaus Hacker

ward den 11. November 1760 zu Dresden geboren und zu Grimma und Wittenberg wiſſenſchaftlich gebildet, worauf er in ſeiner Vaterſtadt eine Zeitlang eine Hauslehrerſtelle bekleidete. Er wurde dann Doctor der Philoſophie und 1786 Rektor und Diakonus in Gommern, 1790 Pfarrer zu [illegible], 1796 zu Strauch, 1805 zu Brück und 1812 zu Zſcheila, wo ihm zugleich die Adjunktur der Meißner Ephorie übertragen ward. Hier ſtarb er am 4. October 1817.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Geiſtliche Geſänge. Pirna 1783.
- Ueber die menſchlichen Leiden. Dresden 1786.
- Die Aufklärung, Gedicht. Wittenberg 1788.
- Thanatologie. Leipzig 1795 — 1799. 4 Thle. 2. Ausgabe. 1812 ff.
- Jeſus der Weiſe von Nazareth. Ebendaſ. 1800 — 1803. 2 Thle.
- Der Schulmeiſter Anton. Ebendaſ. 1809 — 1811. 2 Thle.
- Der Unſichtbare oder Menſchenſchickſale und Vorſehung. Ebendaſ. 1811. 2 Thle.
- Meine Vorbereitungen zum Tode, nebſt der Jugendgeſchichte des Verfaſſers von J. G. Trautſcholz. Ebendaſelbſt 1818.

Ein nicht eben ausgezeichneter geiſtlicher Liederdichter, der zwar den beſten Willen reiner Frömmigkeit, aber nicht die geiſtigen Mittel beſaß, auf dieſem Felde Bedeutendes zu leiſten. Beſſer ſind ſeine Erbauungsſchriften, namentlich ſeine Thanatologie, in der ſich viel Gutes findet.

Johann Georg Auguſt Hacker,

ein Vetter des Vorigen, ward den 24. Januar 1762 zu Dresden geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und Theologie zu Wittenberg, wurde 1784 als Prediger und Katechet am Zuchthauſe zu Torgau, 1790 als Subſtitut und 1793 als wirklicher Garniſonsprediger in ſeiner Vaterſtadt angeſtellt und 1796 zum zweiten, 1797 zum erſten Hofprediger daſelbſt ernannt, als welcher er am 21. Februar 1823 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

- Morgen- und Abendgebete für Zuchthausgefangene. Torgau 1789.
- Abendmahlsreden. Freiberg 1801. 2 Thle. Neue Ausgabe 1810 — 1816.
- Ausführlichere Predigtentwürfe. Leipzig 1804 — 1813.
- Formulare und Materialien zu Amtsreden. Ebendaſelbſt 1806 — 1813 6 Thle. Neue Ausgabe 1818.
- Kommunionbuch. Stuttgart 1812. Neue Ausgabe 1822.
- Religiöſe Amtsreden. Leipzig 1816 — 1820. 6 Thle.

Ein ausgezeichneter Kanzelredner aus Reinhard's Schule, der ſich durch klaren, lichtvollen und herzlichen Vortrag großen Ruhm erwarb.

Meiſter Johann Hadlaub (Hadloub), ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Kaspar Häfeli

ward den 1. Mai 1754 zu Baſadingen im Thurgau geboren und zu Zürich wiſſenſchaftlich gebildet, woſelbſt er denn auch nach einem kurzen Vikariat zu Elſau 7 Jahre als Privatgelehrter lebte. 1784 brachte ihm ein Ruf als Hofkaplan nach Wörlitz, 1792 als Konſiſtorialrath nach Deſſau und 1793 als 3. Prediger der Anſgariigemeinde nach Bremen. Nachdem er hier 1802 Profeſſor am Gymnaſium und 1804 zweiter Prediger an derſelben Kirche geworden war, folgte er 1805 der Aufforderung des Herzogs von Bernburg und ſtarb als Dr. der Theologie, Konſiſtorialrath, Superintendent und Oberpfarrer zu Bernburg den 4. April 1811.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Predigten und Predigtfragmente. Winterthur 1778 — 1785. 4 Bde.

Vermiſchte Predigten. St. Gallen 1784.

Drei Predigten über die Reformation. Leipzig 1790.

Predigten über den eigentlichen Grund und Zweck der göttlichen Gebote. Ebendaſ. 1794.

Die weiſe Benutzung des Vergangenen und der beſte Entſchluß für die Zukunft. Bremen 1801.

Ueber die chriſtlich-proteſtantiſche Freiheit. Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1804.

Nachgelaſſene Schriften, herausgegeben von J. J. Stolz. Winterthur 1813 — 1815. 3 Thle.

Ein trefflicher Kanzelredner, der vorzüglich durch die Gewalt ſeiner Rede auf das Gefühl der Zuhörer zu wirken ſtrebte, und, durch einen äußerſt blühenden Vortrag unterſtützt, ſelten ſein Ziel verfehlte.

Chriſtian Ludwig von Hagedorn.

Dieſer Liebling der Grazien ward geboren zu Hamburg den 14. Februar 1712, genoß mit ſeinem Bruder eine treffliche Erziehung und wurde wie dieſer eine Zeitlang ohne Ruhe vom Schickſal in der Welt herumgetrieben, bis er 1764 in Dresden eine Anſtellung als Sächſiſcher Legationsſekretär, Geheimer Legationsrath und Generaldirektor der Kunſtacademien zu Dresden und Leipzig erhielt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 24. Januar 1780 mit dem Ruhme eines rechtſchaffnen gefälligen Mannes, und eines thatkräftigen und bei allen Talenten höchſt beſcheidenen Förderers der ſchönen Künſte.

Wir haben von ihm:

Lettre à un amateur de la Peinture etc. Dresde 1755 in 8.

Betrachtungen über die Malerei. Leipzig 1762 in 8. 2 Thle. — von M. Huber ins Franzöſiſche überſetzt.

Briefe über die Kunſt von und an Ch. L. v. H., herausgegeben von T. Baden. Leipzig 1797. gr. 8.

Außerdem noch Aufſätze, gründliche Recenſionen u. ſ. w. in Almanachs und Zeitſchriften ſeiner Zeit.

H. erwarb ſich beſonders durch ſeine Betrachtungen über die Malerei den Ruf eines eben ſo geſchmackvollen als geiſtreichen Kunſtkenners, deſſen Schreibart lange als ein Muſter des pittoresken Styls galt, bis man in ſpäteren Zeiten einſah, daß dieſe Art und Weiſe doch eigentlich eine verfehlte, ein Zwitter von Poeſie und Proſa zu nennen und, am wenigſten bei kritiſchen und ſpeculativen Arbeiten anzuwenden ſei.

Friedrich von Hagedorn,

der ältere Bruder des Vorigen und Sohn des 1722 zu Hamburg verſtorbenen königl. Däniſchen Conferenzrathes und Reſidenten Hans Stats v. H., ward den 23. April 1708 zu Hamburg geboren und entwickelte unter dem Einfluſſe ſeines gebildeten und gelehrten Vaters, ſeiner vortrefflichen Mutter und der geſchickteſten Lehrer früh den großen Reichthum ſeines Geiſtes. Beſonders war es die Dichtkunſt, welche ihn ſchon als Knaben unwiderſtehlich anzog und um derentwillen er auf dem blühenden Hamburgi'ſchen Gymnaſio, wohin ihn nach ihres Mannes frühem Tode ſeine von äußeren Unfällen ſehr gebeugte Mutter gebracht hatte, unter der Leitung ausgezeichneter Lehrer mit ſeltenem Fleiße die ſchönſten Erzeugniſſe der Alten und Neuern ſtudirte. Mehr als ſeinen Berufsſtudien, den Rechten, gab er ſich daher auch jenen Lieblingsgenüſſen während ſeines 3jährigen Aufenthaltes in Jena hin und ging darauf 1729 als Privatſekretär des Däniſchen Geſandten, Freiherrn von Söhlenthal, nach London. Nachdem er von hier, aus den angenehmſten Verhältniſſen, über Brabant und Holland nach Hamburg zurückgekehrt war, zwang ihn die Täuſchung in ſeinen ſchönſten Erwartungen, die Noth ſeiner Familie und der 1732 erfolgte Tod ſeiner Mutter, 1733 eine Sekretärsſtelle bei dem ſogenannten Engliſchen Court, einer im 13. Jahrhundert zu Hamburg gegründeten Handelsgeſellſchaft, zu übernehmen. Hierdurch erreichte er Sicherung ſeiner Bedürfniſſe und behielt auch noch Muße genug, der Literatur, Dichtkunſt und Freundſchaft, welchen ſein ferneres Leben bis zu ſeinem den 28. October 1754 erfolgten Tode hauptſächlich gewidmet war, zu leben. — Mit den ausgezeichnetſten unter ſich harmoniſch verbundenen Geiſtestalenten, einer lebhaften Empfänglichkeit für alles Gute und Schöne und einem höchſt ausgebildeten Geſchmacke vereinigte H. wahre Humanität, die einnehmendſte Beſcheidenheit, Liebe zur Unabhängigkeit und Freiheit, die zarteſte Mildthätigkeit und ſeltene Genügſamkeit. War daher ſein Leben allſeitig theuer, ſo empfanden auch nicht allein ſeine Freunde, ſondern auch ſeine entfernteren Bekannten ſeinen Tod gleich ſchmerzlich.

Von ihm haben wir:

Verſuch einiger Gedichte, oder erleſene Proben poetiſcher Nebenſtunden. Hamburg 1729 in 8.

Verſuch in poetiſchen Fabeln und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1738 u. 1750. 2 Bde. in 8.

Sammlung neuer Oden und Lieder, in 3 Büchern. Hamburg 1747 in 8. 2. verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1754. Mit Abhandlungen von den Liedern der alten Griechen. 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1756. 3 Thle. in 4.

Moraliſche Gedichte. Hamburg 1750. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſelbſt 1752 u. 1753; enthält zugleich die erſte Sammlung ſeiner Sinngedichte. 4. Ausgabe. Ebendaſelbſt 1771. gr. 8.

Lieder. Hamburg 1751. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1754, mit einer neuen Sammlung der Sinngedichte.

Sämmtliche poetiſche Werke. Hamburg 1756. 3 Thle. gr. 8. mit Vignetten (ſchlecht) und H's ſehr ähnlichem Porträt. 2. Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1760. — Dieſelben Ebendaſelbſt 1757. 3 Thle. in 8. 8. ohne Vignetten. 4. Ausgabe 1771. — Dann dieſelbe als:

Poetiſche Werke, mit Lebensbeſchreibung, Charakteriſtik und Auszügen ſeines Briefwechſels — von J. J. Eſchenburg. Hamburg 1800. 5 Thle. in gr. 8. Neueſte wohlfeile Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1825.

Außerdem viele einzeln gedruckte oder in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. (Hamburgiſcher Patriot, die Matrone, Poeſie der Niederſachſen) enthaltene Schriften, welche in den vorgenannten Werken geſammelt ſich finden.

Das treffendſte und geiſtreichſte Urtheil, das je über dieſen liebenswürdigen und geſchmackvollen, aber mehr talentreichen als genialen Dichter gefällt wurde, giebt der feinſinnige und beleſene Bouterweck, in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Th. XI. S. 60 flgde. — Wir laſſen es in ſeinen Hauptzügen hier folgen: Nachdem B. bemerkt hat, wie ſich Hagedorn gleich ſeinem berühmten Zeitgenoſſen Haller durch Nachahmung engliſcher Muſter zu bilden verſuchte und ſich eben ſo fern von der phantaſtiſchen und witzelnden Manier der Hoffmannswaldauiſchen und Lohenſteiniſchen Schule als von der nüchternen Reimerei der Gottſchedianer gehalten und ſogar ſpäter ſeine Jugendarbeiten, in denen er die niederſächſiſchen Dichter nachgeahmt, ſtreng verworfen habe, fährt er fort: Die Klarheit, Leichtigkeit, Beſtimmtheit und Feinheit der franzöſiſchen Dichter ſchien ihm eben ſo nachahmungswerth, als die kräftige Natürlichkeit und die Gedankenfülle der engliſchen. Auf dieſe Weiſe bildete er ſich ſelbſt einen Geſchmack, der zwiſchen dem franzöſiſchen und engliſchen in der Mitte liegen ſollte; aber bis zu Hallers ſelbſtſtändiger Energie konnte er es nicht bringen, weil ſeine Poeſie zu feſt an ſeiner Lectüre hing und er überhaupt lieber mit kritiſcher Beſonnenheit franzöſiſche und engliſche Muſter nachahmte, als aus ſich ſelbſt ſchöpfte. Originalität muß man daher bei Hagedorn nicht ſuchen. Aber die natürliche Heiterkeit ſeines Geiſtes theilte ſich allen ſeinen Gedichten mit. Sie bewirkte, daß bei ihm die Moral, welcher er übrigens aufrichtig huldigte, nicht wie bei Haller, zur Unzeit und auf eine drückende Art in die Geſchäfte der Poeſie ſich einmiſchte. — Das Verdienſt, das Hagedorn ſich um die deutſche Literatur erworben hat, beruht vorzüglich auf ſeinen **Liedern, Epigrammen, Fabeln und Erzählungen.** In ſeinen Liedern erſcheint er ganz als Dichter der Freude und des Scherzes; und der war er von Natur. Da alle Schwärmerei, auch die ſchöne ihm gänzlich fremd war, konnten auch die Lieder, in denen bald ſein Gefühl, bald ſein Witz ſich ausſprechen, keinen ſentimentalen Zug erhalten. An die Stelle ſchwärmeriſcher Liebe mit der ſein heiterer Geiſt ſich nicht vertrug, traten in ſeinen Liedern leichtere Gefühle, die das Leben verſchönern, ohne es zu trüben. Die meiſten derſelben ſind ihm eigen, aus der Natur, ſeinem Herzen und ſeiner Laune geſchöpft. Seine lyriſchen Scherze ſind, wenn auch nicht überall ganz ſo fein, wie ein neuerer Geſchmack es verlangt, doch feiner als Alles, was man von Geiſtesſpielen dieſer Art bis dahin in der deutſchen Literatur gekannt hatte. — Hagedorn's **Epigramme** ſind nicht gerade die witzigſten, aber in Sprache und Styl die correcteſten, die damals in der deutſchen Literatur zu finden waren. — Durch ſeine poetiſchen Erzählungen wurde in der deutſchen Literatur endlich wieder eine Art von Gedichten hergeſtellt, die ſeit Hans Sachſen's Zeit den Deutſchen beinahe fremd geworden war. Seine **Fabeln** ſind größtentheils anderen Fabuliſten nacherzählt, aber auch in einem ſo correcten und feinen Style, wie keine früheren in der deutſchen Literatur. — Am Wenigſten glänzt ſein Verdienſt in der didactiſchen Poeſie.

Horaz.[1]

Horaz, mein Freund, mein Lehrer, mein Begleiter,
Wir gehn aufs Land. Die Tage ſind ſchon heiter;
So wie anjetzt die Furcht der kleinen Nacht
Ein heller Mond und minder nächtlich macht,
So herrſcht das Licht, und alle Lüfte geben
Der frohen Welt das eigentliche Leben.
Die rechte Luſt kömmt mit der Frühlingszeit.
Natur und Menſch ſind voll Gefälligkeit.
Ihr unerkauften, unerforſchten Freuden!
Sucht keine Pracht: die Pracht muß euch beneiden.
Des Dalvus Troſt, das Recht vergnügt zu ſeyn,
Der Kenner Glück macht Herz und Witz gemein.

Ja, auch der Witz! Die Einfalt kann nicht ſehen;
Ihr lachen nicht die Thäler und die Höhen.
Sie hört auch grob, und in der Melodie
Der Nachtigall erſchallt kein Ton für ſie.
Wie ſchmeichelhaft und mit verjüngten Flügeln
Der Zephyr kühlt; wie auf begraſten Hügeln
Die Anmuth grünt; wie Pflanze, Staud' und Baum
Sich edler färbt: das alles merkt ſie kaum.
Sie ſuchet nur die Schatten, wie die Heerden,
Wenn ſchwüle Tag' ihr unerträglich werden.

Wer denkt und ſchreibt, zumal der Dichter Chor,
Zieht Buſch und Wald den ſchönſten Städten vor.[2]
Wie läßt ſich dies, wenn wir noch das erwägen,
Der Freund der Stadt, dein Fuſcus,[3] widerlegen!
Hat nicht Lucretil dir oft den Scherz gewährt,
Den du in Rom, ſelbſt beym Mäcen,[4] entbehrt?!
Ein lauterer Fluß, der Au'n und Gefilde
Befruchtend ziert, ward deiner Kunſt zum Bilde,
Die ſtark und rein, ihr Feld erfriſcht und ſchmückt,
Und Sprach' und Witz bereichert und beglückt.[5]
Du ſaheſt oft an hoffnungsvollen Bäumen,
Um Rind' und Stamm, das Moos zu häufig keimen
Und dachteſt dann vielleicht an ein Gedicht,
Und ließeſt ihm den fremden Auswuchs nicht,
Den Ueberfluß, den wir nicht dulden ſollen,
So ungern auch die Wörter weichen wollen.[6]

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[1] Aus: Friedrich von Hagedorn's Poetiſche Werke. 1. Th.

[2] Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbem.
Horat. Lib. II. Ep. II. 77.

[3] v. L. I. Ep. X. ad Fuscum Aristium.

[4] Horaz nennet den Mäcen ſcherzhaft, *jocosum* L. V. Carm. III. 20. conf. J. H. Meibomii Maecen. Cap. V. p. 58.

[5] At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
— — — —
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua.
L. II. Ep. II. 109. 120. 121.

[6] Audebit, quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco, quamvis invita recedant, etc.
Ibid. v. 111.
ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta. A. P. v. 447.

Mein Meyerhof! so mäßig wünschest du,
Wann seh ich dich, in Stunden freyer Ruh,
Beym Schlaf am Bach, aus Büchern kluger Alten,
Vergessenheit der Mühe zu erhalten,
Der öftern Last, die in der Stadt mich drückt,
Und meine Lust in enger Luft erstickt?
Wann woll' ich mich in jenen stillen Gründen,
An jenem Quell, vermummt, wieder finden? [1]

Arist [2], der Filz, des Wuchers blöder Knecht,
Zieht auf das Land, vergnügt sich; aber schlecht.
So wie ein Sklav, den Furcht und Kette lähmen,
Mehr kriecht, als geht, wann wir sie von ihm nehmen.

Was sichtbar ist, sey nur dem Pöbel schön!
Die Geisterwelt entzücket den Menen. [3]
Wie Demokrit, [4] vertieft er sich in Träume,
Sitzt in dem Wald, und sucht im Walde Bäume.

[illegible], der Komus unsrer Zeit,
Reist durch das Thor in stolzer Herrlichkeit,
Erreicht sein Gut, mit neun und zwanzig Gästen,
Wie in der Stadt, sich stundenlang zu mästen.

Es eilt Quadrat, er, seines Raums Tribun,
In Gärten hin, wie seine Nachbarn thun.
Der Stauden Duft, der Blumen Reiz zu fühlen?
Nein; ungestört und vortheilhaft zu spielen.

[illegible] verläßt die [illegible],
Besucht sein Lehn, wo er das Schloß erhält,
Guckt in sein Feld; das Feld ergetzt ihn wenig.
Allein warum? Dort sieht er keinen König.

Du bist es werth, der Landlust Freund zu seyn,
Horaz, mit dir hab ich den Trieb gemein.
Uneingedenk der Stadt und ihrer Sorgen,
Genieß' ich hier die Freyheit und den Morgen.
Wir bleiben hier, wo uns kein Schwätzer trennt,
Und Harvstehud' ist heute mein Tarent.

Oft gränzt die Lust unwissend an dem Leide;
Doch nicht allhier, doch nicht an jener Weide,
An diesem Fluß. Wohin mein Blick sich kehrt,
Ist alles schön, ist alles sehenswerth.
Verleiht der Glanz der unumwölkten Sonne
Auch Felsen Reiz und rauhen Bergen Wonne,
Wie sehr entzückt uns ihre holde Pracht,
Wenn sie, wie jetzt, das Schöne schöner macht,
Wenn, da sie sich den fetten Aeckern zeiget,
Der Hufner singt, und auch sein Vieh nicht schweiget!

Es war verlängst der schattenreiche Wald,
Der Musen Schmuck, der Weisen Aufenthalt.
Wo wohnt so gern die Feindin banger Schranken,
Die Einsamkeit, die Mutter der Gedanken,
Wenn der Verstand, weil ihn kein Amt bezirkt,
Uneingezwängt und ungefesselt wirkt!

Wo Muße lehrt, wo Lust und Einfalt reifen,
Verführet uns Nichts, noch Unruh, auszuschweifen.
Hier stört uns nicht der Geschäfte Ruf;
Hier lernet man, wie schön die Allmacht schuf;
Hier wird man, froh, von Wahn und Zwang entbunden,
Herr seiner Zeit, und König seiner Stunden.

Ein Thor eilt stets auf neue Wirbel los: [1]
Ein Weiser ist, auch in der Stille, groß.
Ein Thor bedarf der Aemter und Geschäfte:
Der Windmühle gleich, giebt das Gewühl ihm Kräfte:
Sonst kaum bemerkt, von eignen Trieben leer,
Wird er ein Thor; durch Würden wird er mehr.

Wie sehnt [illegible] sich nach Berufsbeschwerden,
Beträchtlicher und hochgestellt zu werden!

Was schätzt das Zeug, das Battus täglich spricht!
Sein neues Amt, sein [illegible] Amtsgesicht,
Sein Heldenton, sein Recht zu höhern Stellen,
Des [illegible] Stolz, und dieses Stolzes Schellen.

Ja, Calsus! dein Herz ist falsch und klein,
Und nur dein Stand zwingt dich, ein Mann zu seyn.
So stellt der Krieg die Feinde seiner Hitze,
Die Friedlichsten, recht an des Heeres Spitze,
Und Manchem wird das Ruder anvertraut,
Dem, viel zu früh, vor Wind und Wellen graut.

Der Tausenden war Celind zu beneiden:
Er hatte gnug zur Wohlfahrt und zu Freuden,
Nur nicht Verstand; und dieses Eins allein
Hat er auch jetzt mit tausenden gemein.
Jetzt, da der Hof den [illegible] erhandelt,
Und seine Ruh in Müh und Rang verwandelt,
Ihm den Genuß zur Eitelkeit und Pracht,
Und seinen Schlaf zum kurzen Schlummer macht;
Ja, wenn er sich zum milden Regen drängt,
Ihn mit dem Thau der Hoffnung nur besprengt.
O Ehrengeiz, der sich mit Stolz verdrückt,
Heiß endlich groß! sonst warst du fast beglückt.

Glück und Genuß sind, in dem Mittelstande,
Zu klein dem Neid, und viel zu groß der Schande,
Und krönen den, der, dienstfrey und vergnügt, [2]
Der Väter Feld mit eignen Rindern pflügt,
Nicht leiht, noch borgt; nach Art der ersten Sitten
Der Hirtenwelt, die keinen Wucher litten,
Den nicht, zur Schlacht, die Kriegstrommete weckt,
Den keine Wuth ergrimmter Meere schreckt.
Er hört den Zank nicht vor Gerichten bellen,
Er naht sich nie der Großen stolzen Schwellen.
Durch ihn vermählt, in einem trocknen Raum,
Die Rebe sich dem hohen Pappelbaum.
Er propft, er pflanzt, er freut sich seiner Triften.
Kein schnöder Wunsch wird seine Ruh vergiften.
Wie unschuldvoll ist, was ihn fröhlich macht!
Der Schafe Schur, der Vogelfang, [illegible] Jagd,
Die Taubenzucht, die Wartung sei[illegible]nen,
Das frische Bad, der stille Schlaf im Grünen.
An Kriegsgeräth besitzt er nur ein Zelt,
In welchem er mit Freunden Tafel hält.
Sein Vieh, sein Land, sein Garten giebt Gerichte,
Die Milch, den Fisch, den Braten und die Früchte,
Sein Weinberg Wein, den kein Verkäufer mischt,
Den ihm sein Knecht im nahen Bach erfrischt,
Im Teich, im Strom, wo Schley und Karpe springen,
Forell' und Schmerl durch Sand und Kiesel dringen,
Der Frösche Feind, der Krebs, geharnischt laicht,
Und, ganz vertieft, die bärtge Barbe streicht,
Und was er sonst bald mit beglückten Händen
Zu angeln pflegt, bald in der Netze Wänden
Gefangen führt, bald, wie den fetten Aal,
In Reusen lockt zum frohen Mittagsmahl.

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[1] O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitae jucunda oblivia vitae?
L. II. Sat. VI. 60.

Illud iners quidem, jucundum tamen, nihil agere, nihil esse. Plin. L. VIII. Ep. IX.

—— prope rivum somnus in herba.
Hor. L. I. Ep. XIV. 35.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus. L. II. Sat. VI.

—— mihi me reddentis agelli.
L. I. Ep. XIV.

[2] —— nam, si quis laudat Arelli
Sollicitas ignarus opes, etc.
L. II. Sat. VI. 78.

[3] —— jocunda in parte Meneni.
L. II. Sat. III. 287.

[4] Miramur, si Democriti pecus edit agellos
Cultaque, dum peregre est animus sine corpore velox.
L. I. Ep. XII. 12.

[1] Hier erklärt mich Niemand besser, als Montagne. L. III. Ch. X. de menager sa volonté: und es dienen zu lebendigen Beweisen alle in gleichem Maaße unfähige und unruhige Personen, die nichts seyn würden, wenn sie nicht geschäftig wären.

[2] v. L. V. Carm. II.

So kann er leicht auch der [illegible] entbehren:
Ein Kröſus nur betrauert ſie mit Zähren.[1]
Er liebet auch ſein [illegible] ungemein,
Gefällt es gleich nicht in Falerner Wein.[2]
Den, der, [illegible], von ſeinem [illegible] ſteigt,
[illegible] und was ſein Appetit erzeugt.[3]
Dort ſchmeckt die Koſt, wie ſonſt den Andern [illegible],[4]
Denn alles ſchmeckt, wo man Bewegung hat.

Die, auf dem Land', an trägen Sitzen leben,
Sind lächerlich in ihrem Pflanzenleben.
Inſecten ſind lebendiger, als ſie.

So ſanft und ſchwach ſind meine Dichter nie.
Dort ſchleicht Tibull durch die grünen Haine:[5]
Hier ſchwärmſt du durch Schatten und durch Steine,
Dein Nachbar gafft, und ſieht, mit Lächeln, an,
Wie ein Poet ſo bäuriſch graben kann.[6]

Du liebſt es nicht, dein Gütchen zu vermehren:
O möchte mir der nächſte Fleck gehören!
Er würde dann mein Acker [illegible] ſeyn.
O räumteſt du, Mercur, mir dieſes ein!
O fänd' auch ich, durch Herculs Gunſt und Fügen,
Wie jener Knecht, mit einem Schatz [illegible]!
(Der Kerl war ſchlau, als er den Schatz fand,
Erkauft' er ſich das [illegible] Land.)[7]
Ein mäßig Feld, daran ein Garten ſchließet,
Ein heller Quell, der nah am Hauſe fließet,
Ein klein Gehölz war meiner Wünſche Zug.
Der Himmel gab's: ich habe mehr als genug.
Nun ſuch ich nur, durch [illegible] Verwalten
Mir den Genuß des Glückes zu erhalten.
Hat noch kein Greif der Unerſättlichkeit
Dieß kein Geſchenk vergrößert und entweiht;
Soll' ich es nie, durch [illegible] Beginnen,
Durch eigne Schuld, vermindern und gewinnen.[8]

Bin ich vergnügt und dankbar für mein Glück:
So gieb von mir die [illegible] zurück,
So gieb Gedeihn:[9] laß Acker, Wald und Herden,
Den Witz nur nicht, ſonſt alles fetter werden!

Du biſt vergnügt, und, was dein Vater [illegible]
Nicht aus dem [illegible], nicht [illegible], nicht auch,[10]
Kein [illegible] vom [illegible] Geſchlecht,
Kein [illegible], der des [illegible] [illegible],
Die [illegible] ihm [illegible] verſtum,
Zu Leben ließ, und mit nach [illegible] nahm:[11]
So läßt du dich nie den Vorwurf quälen,
Und wählteſt dir nur ihn zum Vater wählen.[12]
Die ſeinem Sohn iſt vieles dir vergönnt.
Nun drängt ſich ein Maulthier nach Tarent.

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[1] Fuit autem (Sergius Orata) aetate L. Crassi, qui quam gravis et serius habitus sit, etiam Cicero docet. Is tamen Crassus, vir censorius (nam cum Cn. Domitio censor fuit) cum supra ceteros disertus haberetur, essetque inter clarissimos cives princeps, tamen murenam in piscina domus suae mortuam atratus, tamquam filiam, luxit. Neque id obscurum fuit, quippe collega Domitius, in senatu hoc ei quasi deforme crimen objecit: neque id confiteri Crassus erubuit, sed ultro etiam, si Dis placet, gloriatus est censor, piam affectuosamque rem fecisse se jactitans. Macrobius, Saturnal. L. III. Cap. XV.

[2] Si vespertinus subito te oppresserit hospes,
Ne gallina malum responset dura palato,
Doctus eris vivam mixto mersare Falerno.
Hoc teneram faciet.
Horat. Lib. II. Sat. IV. 17.

[3] —— leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito.
Lib. II. Sat. II. 9.
Quum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem. v. 14.
—— Tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. v. 20.

[4] Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Lib. I. Ep. X. 11.
Rure meo possum quidvis perferre patique.
Lib. I. Ep. XV. 17.

[5] —— tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres.
Lib. I. Ep. IV. 4.

[6] Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.
Lib. II. Ep. XIV. 39.

[7] Si veneror stultus nihil horum: O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstret (ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule!)
L. II. Sat. VI. 8 — 13.

[8] Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum sylvae super his foret. Auctius atque
Di melius fecere. Bene est. Nihil amplius oro,
Maja nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem.
L. II. Sat. VI. 1 — 7.

[9] — si, quod adest, gratum juvat: hac prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et cetera, praeter
Ingenium.[13] v. 13 — 15.

[10] Nunc ad me redeo, libertino patre natum,
Quem rodunt omnes, libertino patre natum.
L. I. Sat. VI. 46.

patre — — macro pauper agello. v. 71.

Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
me Satureiano vectari rura caballo,
Sed quod eram, narro. v. 58.

[11] „[illegible] habuit Horatius Flaccus [illegible], ex [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible]; is [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; quo tempore [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a L. Lucullo, apud [illegible] [illegible], a. U. C. 681. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], (quippe [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Lucullus, quum [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]) et Romam [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Verum [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] servi [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]." Du Hamel. [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]: Si l'on demande à un commentateur la preuve d'une si rare découverte, il n'en produit point d'autre que l'ode 9 [illegible], [illegible], où il prétend que Flavius Florus [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Flavius [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[12] —— sane si natura juberet
A certis annis aevum remeare peractum
Atque alios legere ad fastum quoscumque parentes,
Optaret sibi quisque: meis contentus, honestos
Fascibus et sellis nollem mihi sumere.
L. I. Sat. VI. 93 — 98.

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[13] Man weiß, und es iſt inſonderheit von Baxter bemerkt worden, wie gewöhnlich es dem Horaz war, mit Dilogien zu ſpielen: als Lib. I. Sat. VIII. 38. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], welche Baxter, in ſeiner erſten Ausgabe, Dilogiam [illegible] nennet, Lib. II. Sat. I. 82. mala carmina, Lib. I. Ep. XIX. 28. mascula Sappho. Hier iſt gar von drey Dingen die Rede, auf welche alle das pingue ſich beziehet. Man wird im Deutſchen ſchwerlich ein Wort finden, das, wenn es, wie in dieſer Stelle, zugleich den Aeckern, den Herden und dem Verſtande zugeeignet wird, von den beyden erſtern eine gute, und von dem letztern eine ſchlechte Beſchaffenheit hinlänglich zu erkennen giebt. Wollte man aber den Gedanken des Horaz, auf eine in unſerer Sprache mögliche Weiſe, ausdrücken; ſo würden, nach dem Erachten eines Freundes, deſſen Geſchmack nicht geringer iſt, als ſeine Gelehrſamkeit, vielleicht dieſe zwey Zeilen dazu dienen können:

Mach alles feiſt: laß Garten, Feld und Herden,
Nur nicht den Witz des Herrn, bäuriſch werden!

oder!

Nur nicht den Herrn im Witz bäuriſch werden.

„Das Land ([illegible]) iſt zum Theil bergigt, inſonderheit das „eigentliche [illegible]: das übrige iſt niedrig und eben, und hat „auf vortreffliche Weiſe einen Ueberfluß; die Luft [illegible] aber „iſt ſo kalt und neblicht, daß es Horaz (Epist. L. II. Ep. I. „v. 146.) für die Veranlaſſung gehalten, daß die Einwohner „berühmte [illegible] **) geworden." Die allgemeine [illegible], im fünften Theile. S. 35. v. [illegible] [illegible]. Adagia: (Francof. 1670.) [illegible] [illegible] p. 670. conf. p. 601. 602.

**) [illegible] [illegible].

Den Mantelſack ſchnallſt du ihm auf den Rücken,
So mag ihn auch ſein Herr und Bündel drücken.[1])
Der Aufzug iſt für Edle viel zu ſchlecht,
Doch deinem Stand' und deinem Sinn gerecht.
Dir iſt der Staat, auf deinen kleinen Reiſen,
Gleichgültiger, als Seneka, dem Weiſen,[2])
Und auch daheim, bey deinem irdnen Krug,
Sind Kichern, Lauch und Plinzen dir genug.[3])

Doch biſt du Wirth an deinem Freudenfeſte,[4])
So wählſt du dir erkannte, gleiche Gäſte,
Nur wenige, nur die ſich gerne ſehn.
O möchte doch Biber die Kunſt verſtehn!
Durch dieſe Kunſt verbrüdern ſich die Herzen:
Kein falſcher Freund verräth von unſern Scherzen
Wort' oder Ton. Was man beym Weine ſpricht,
Muß heilig ſeyn, und dient für Kläffer nicht.
Soll einem Mahl nur Zwang und Ekel fehlen,
So muß Torquat zum Schaffer dich erwehlen.
Bey dir, wo nichts die Naſe runzlicht macht,
Verlängert ihr, bereit, die Sommernacht:
Wo Reinlichkeit den Tiſch beſtellt und deckt,
Kein Schmutz, kein Staub den Spiegelglanz verſteckt,
Der Tiſchgeſchirr und Trinkgefäße ſchmücket,
In welchen man ſich, ungeſucht, erblickt:
Wo Treu und Luſt, ihr Bündniß recht zu ſchließen,
Falerner Wein[5]) in kleine Becher gießen.

So lehr, Horaz, es dir Vergnügen bringt,
Wenn Phyllis dir den ſchwarzen Gram verdringt,[6])
Und doch dein Ruf, ein Lob, daß du gefallen,
Dir reizender als alle Lieder, ſchallen.[7])
So giebt und nähret nur die Zufriedenheit
Dein ſchönſtes Glück, das täglich dich erfreut,
Der Freyheit Frucht, die nur den Weiſen rühret,
Der herrſchen kann, und würdig ſich regieret.[8])
Was in der Welt iſt von ſo hohem Werth,
Als Freyheit iſt, die jede Luſt vermehret!

Und iſt nicht ſie dem Golde vorzuziehen?
Wer knickeriſch lebt, dem Mangel zu entfliehen,
Entbehret ſtets, im Kleinen, den Genuß.[1])
Wer immer wünſcht, und folglich fürchten muß,
Heißt dir nie frey.[2]) Wird dich die Habſucht nagen,
So hat Ariſt Erlaubniß, dirs zu ſagen:
Dein Auftrag wills.[3]) Es nimmt ein weiſer Mann,
Der Lehren giebt, noch lieber Lehren an,
Jedoch kein Geiz darf deine Luſt beſchweren:
Dir iſt es leicht, ihn männlich abzuwehren.
Den Werth des Glücks, das dir dein fruchtbar Feld,
Dein Wald, dein Bach, ohn' andern Reiz, erhält,
Kann kein Regent, kein König großer Staaten,
Kein Held im Sieg, und kein Auguſt errathen.[4])

Du biſt vergnügt: dich liebet dein Mäcen.
Wer weiß, wie er, die Menſchen einzuſehn?[5])
Wer wählt ſo wohl? Dein Herz bleibt ihm ergeben,
Und ſolchen Freund willſt du nicht überleben.[6])
Allein, ſo ſehr der Großen Beyſpiel rühret,
Und ihr Geſchmack oft Klügere verführet,
So durfteſt du dir treu und ähnlich bleiben,
Und nicht mit ihm zu unnatürlich ſchreiben.[7])

Der iſt beglückt, der ſeyn darf, was er iſt,[8])
Der Bahn und Ziel nach eignen Augen mißt,
Nie ſklaviſch folgt, oft ſelbſt die Wege weiſet,
Ununterſucht nichts tadelt und nichts preiſet,
Und, wenn ſein Witz zum Dichter ihn beſtimmt,
Natur und Zeit zu ſeinen Führern nimmt.

Du biſt vergnügt, und lehreſt das Vergnügen,
Wie Dichter thun, die Geiz und Gram beſiegen:
Denn ein Poet, den auch ſein Herz erhebt,[9])
Beklagt das Volk, das nur nach Schätzen ſtrebt.
Der Welt zur Luſt, zum Dienſt und Unterrichte,
Sinnt er auf nichts, als ewige Gedichte.
Er macht ſich nicht durch Ränke, Zwiſt, Vergleich,
Als Mitgenoß', auch nicht als Vormund, reich,
Bewirth' ihn nicht Naſidien[10]) zu Schmäuſen,
So weiß er auch, wie dein Ofell,[11]) zu ſpeiſen:
Und ficht er nicht [illegible] in der Schlacht,
So iſt er doch auf andrer Wohl bedacht.

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[1]) —— nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum,
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
v. 104.

[2]) Iucunde hoc me iter docuit, quam multa haberemus supervacua, et quam facile judicio possemus deponere, quae si quando necessitas abstulit, non sentimus ablata. — — — Vehiculum, in quod impositus sum, rusticum est. Mulae vivere se ambulando testantur, mulio excalceatus, non propter aestatem. Vix a me obtineo, ut hoc vehiculum velim videri meum. Durat adhuc perversa recti verecundia. Quoties in aliquem comitatum lautiorem incidimus, invitus erubesco: quod argumentum est, ista, quae probo, quae laudo, nondum habere certam sedem et immobilem. Qui sordido vehiculo erubescit, pretioso gloriabitur. Parum adhuc profeci: nondum audeo frugalitatem palam ferre: etiam nunc curo opiniones viatorum. Seneca, Epist. LXXXVII.

[3]) inde domum me
Ad porri et ciceris refero, laganique catinum. etc.
L. I. Sat. VI. 117.

[4]) Haec ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus: ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares: ne non et cantharus et lanx
Ostendat tibi te: ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coeat par
Jungaturque pari.
L. I. Ep. V. ad Torquatum.
v. 21 — 26.

Impune licebit
Aestivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.
L. I. Ep. V. v. 10.

[5]) Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa, palustres
Inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum.
v 4. 5.

[6]) Condisce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas: minuentur atrae
Carmine curae.
L. IV. Carm. XI. ad Phyllidem.

[7]) —— famam, quae carmine gratior aurem
Occupet humanam.
L. II. Sat. II. 94.

[8]) Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus: etc.
L. II. Sat. VII. 83.

Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat: hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catena.
L. I. Ep. II. 62.

[1]) qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret — — — — atque
Serviet aeternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.
L. I. Ep. X. 39.

[2]) qui cupiet, metuet quoque porro:
Qui metuens vivet, liber mihi non erit unquam.
L. I. Ep. XVI. 66. (cf. Ep. VI.)

[3]) Laetus sorte tua vives sapienter, Aristi,
Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura
Cogere quam satis est, ac non cessare videbor.
L. I. Ep. X. 44.

[4]) Purae rivus aquae, silvaque jugerum
Paucorum, et segetis certa fides meae,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
Fallit sorte beatior.
L. III. Carm. XVI. 29 — 32.

[5]) quia non ut forsit honorem
Jure mihi invideat quivis, ita te quoque amicum:
Praecipue cautum dignos assumere, prava
Ambitione procul.
L. I. Sat. VI. 49.

paucorum hominum, et mentis bene sanae.
L. I. Sat. IX. 44.

[6]) v. L. II. Carm. XVII.

[7]) v. Meibomii Maecenas, Cap. XXIII. p. 161.

[8]) Rarement un Esprit ose être ce qu'il est.
Boileau, Epitre IX. 74.

[9]) Vatis avarus
Non temere est animus: versus amat, hoc studet unum:
— — — —
Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullum
Pupillo: vivit siliquis et pane secundo:
Militiae quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi.
L. II. Ep. I. 120.

[10]) v. L. II. Sat. VIII.

[11]) v. L. II. Sat. II.

Denn iſt es wahr, daß man durch Kleinigkeiten
Dem Großen hilft; und wer wird dieß beſtreiten?
So bildet er der Kindheit zarten Mund,
Und macht ihr früh der Sprache Wohllaut kund,
Gewöhnt das Ohr, der Wörter Wahl zu lernen,
Im Ausdruck ſich vom Pöbel zu entfernen:
Dann giebt er auch dem Herzen die Geſtalt,
Durch treuen Rath, durch freundliche Gewalt.
Die Rauhigkeit der Sitten, die verwildern,
Den Neid, den Zorn weiß ſeine Kunſt zu mildern.
Ein Dichter lehrt das menſchliche Geſchlecht
Der Tugend Reiz und ihrer Thaten Recht.
Ein Dichter ſtellt für Zeiten, die entſtehen,
Exempel dar, den Muſtern nachzugehen,
Erleichtert oft des Armen Laſt und Hohn,
Und mäßiget des Kranken Klageton.[1]
Die den Homer, wie du, mit Einſicht leſen,
Sehn, daß ſchon er ein Menſchenfreund geweſen.[2]

Du biſt es auch, und ſelbſt Petrarch geſtand,[3]
Wie ſehr er ſich durch dich verbeſſert fand.
Dein weiſer Rath lehrt Vorurtheile haſſen,
Erweckt den Witz, und macht das Herz gelaſſen.
Zufriedenheit beſänftigt unſern Muth,
Und ſie allein nennt jede Fügung gut.
Selbſt im Palaſt, wie in beſchilften Häuſern,
Iſt keine Zeit ihr golden oder eiſern.

Du biſt daher, in Rom und in Athen,[4]
Ein Ariſtipp,[5] und nicht ein Diogen.
Den Größeſten,[6] den Schönſten[7] zu gefallen
Die Gabe ſchenkt das lange Glück nicht allen.

Wie deren Ruhm die Ewigkeit gewinnt,
Die Muſen hold und Dichtern günſtig ſind,
So wird nicht der zum Thron der Ehre bringen,
Den Weiſe ſcheun, und Dichter nie beſingen.

Doch was ſie mehr als aller Beyfall ehrt,
Mein Freund Horaz, das iſt ihr eigner Werth:
Mit eignem Werth, als einem Schirm umgeben,
Heißt jeder Tag dich, ſonder Aufſchub, leben.[*]

Wenn werd' ich einſt, in unbelauſchter Ruh,
Nicht ſo berühmt; nur ſo vergnügt, wie du?

Phanias.

Es ſchreibt, mit leichter Hand, der leere Phanias,
Bey ungeſtörtem Müßiggang,
Ohn' Achtſamkeit, Beruf und Zwang,
Ohn' Ordnung und Zuſammenhang,
In eines Buchs Geſtalt, geſchwind ich weiß nicht was.
Iſt dieß nicht ſtets erlaubt geweſen!
Er ſchreibt ja, wie die meiſten leſen.

Geſchenke.

„Wer nur zu ſchenken hat, iſt wie ein Edelſtein:
„Wohin er ſich auch kehrt, ſtrahlt ſeiner Klugheit Schein."[**]
Wie leicht iſt's Reichen, klug zu ſeyn!

Vorzug dieſes Jahrs.

1754.

Was nimmt jetzt ab? Das Silber und die Treue.
Was nimmt jetzt zu? Das Gold und der Verſtand.
Nichts iſt ſo [illegible]: nichts iſt ſo ſehr bekannt,
Und jeder Tag beweiſet es aufs neue.
Unzählbar ſind, zu unſrer güldnen Zeit,
Erleuchtete, bereiſte, theure Männer:
Selbſt Jünglinge. Nicht die Erfahrenheit,
Die Zauberrute, ſchon die Natur verleiht
Staatiſten, Philoſophen, Kenner.

An Omphus.

1754.

Erdichte ſtets; man gönnt dir das Vergnügen.
Doch nur der Witz bringt der Erfindung Lob,
Du täuſcheſt dich, ſtatt andre zu betrügen.
Nimm Unterricht: kein Mährchen iſt zu grob;
Bethöre mich mit einer feinern Lügen.

Rath.

Ihr, die ihr wagt, und ſtets geſchäfftig ſeyd,
Durch Vortheil euch, durch Knechtſchaft groß zu werden,
Begebt euch ja des Vorzugs voll Beſchwerden,
Den Geiſt, Geſchmack und Wiſſenſchaft verleiht,
Erhebet euch! doch nie in Witz und Wiſſen:
Witz bringt Gefahr, und Zweifel geben Qual.
O kenntet ihr die Sorgfalt edler Wahl;
Was würd' euch nicht verächtlich werden müſſen!

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[1] Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:
Torquet ab obscoenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis et invidiae corrector et irae;
Recte facta refert; orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis: inopem solatur et aegrum.
v. 126 — 131.

[2] v. L. I. Ep. II.

[3] *Franciscus Petrarcha*, qui omnium vir doctissimus, dicere solitus est, se ex nullo poeta latino evasisse meliorem, quam ex *Horatio*: quod dicam *Laurum Bonamicum* audivi mirifice praedicantem. *Georg. Fabricius*, in Praefat. Horatii, Francofurti, apud heredes Andreae Wecheli, edit. 1600.

[4] Vorzügliche Eigenſchaften müſſen, ſchon in Athen, den etwa drey und zwanzigjährigen Horaz gefällig gemacht haben, weil dort der ſtrenge und philoſophiſche Brutus den jungen Menſchen, quem tenues decuere togae, nitidique capilli, ſo lieb gewann, daß er ihn, obwohl nicht mit der glücklichſten Wahl, den würdigſten Obriſten ſeiner Legionen an die Seite ſtellte. S. Maſſon, in vita Horatii, p. 48.

[5] Er ſelbſt erkläret uns als Ariſtippi potior ſententia.
L. I. Ep. XVII.
Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res,
Tentantem majora, fere praeſentibus aequum.
22. 23.
Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim praecepta relabor
Et mihi res, non me rebus ſubmittere conor.
L. I. Ep. I. 18. 19.
Zwey Schriften machen dieſes verſtändlicher; Ariſtippus Philoſophus Socraticus, die in Halle, 1719, und Forreſter's Polite Philoſopher, die in Edinburg, 1734, heraus gekommen iſt. S. Bibliothèque Britannique, Tom. V. p. 306. 315.

[6] Principibus placuiſſe viris, non ultima laus eſt.
L. I. Ep. XVII. 35.
Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili cenſum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia.
L. II. Sat. I. 74.
Me primis urbis belli placuiſſe domique.
L. I. Ep. XX. 23.

[7] Quem ſcis immunem Cynarae placuiſſe rapaci.
L. I. Ep. XIV. 33. conf. L. I.
Carm. XIII. 21.
Ipſum me melior cum peteret Venus,
Grata detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina etc.
L. I. Carm. XXXIII. 13.

[*] Ille potens ſui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixiſſe: Vixi.
Lib. III. Carm. XXIX. 41.
mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem ſine dote quaero.
v. 54.

[**] S. Sprüchw. Salom. XVII. 8.

An Hygin, einen geſunden Alten.

Hygin, du biſt von ſechzig Jahren
Und nur im Kränkeln unerfahren.
Das Podagra, der Krampf, die Gicht
Verbittern dir den Steinwein nicht.
Dich kann kein Arzt zu Clyſtiren,
Zum Lebensöl, zum Salz verführen:
Macht er dir Aphorismen kund,
So lachſt du, ißt und bleibſt geſund.
Ein andrer zähle ſeine Tage,
Und rechne nicht die Zeit der Plage,
Noch was vom Leben überhaupt
Schmerz, Krankheit oder Kummer raubt;
So ſcheinen ihm die Jahre minder:
Wir heißen alt, und ſind noch Kinder.
Dem, der mit Neſtors Dauer reift,
Und Priams Alter trefflich häuft,
Dem werd' ich nimmer Beifall geben:
Nur die Geſundheit iſt das Leben.

Mops und Hektor.*)

Der beſte Freund in unſrer Welt,
Mops, war mit Hektor auferzogen,
Und blieb ihm immer unverſtellt,
Mit wahrer Hundetreu gewogen.

Ihm ging es recht nach ſeinem Sinn;
Wo Möpschen war, da gab es Freude;
Doch Hektor zog nach Norden hin,
Und fand Verfolgung, Froſt und Räude.

Wahr iſt es: Hektors Unverſtand
Giebt Anlaß oft ihn zu verläſtern:
Er iſt zu munter, zu galant,
Und lebet laut den keuſchen Schweſtern.

Kaum finden ſich die Brüder ein,
Und ſeufzen brünſtig an der Schwelle,
Vom Nachbar recht gehört zu ſeyn,
So übertäubt ſie ſein Gebelle.

Er bellet, wenn den Andachtsbund
Gebet und Wink und Kuß beleben!
Er bellet! O der Höllenhund,
Der Unſchuld Aergerniß zu geben!

Er nimmt ſich endlich mehr in Acht,
Damit ſein Thun unſträflich ſcheine.
Doch Hektorn drückt ſchon der Verdacht;
Er iſt kein Thier für die Gemeine.

Bald ſoll ein wohlgewählter Stein
Den ungezognen Hund ertränken;
Nur iſt die Strafe faſt zu klein;
Der Hunger kann noch länger kränken.

Man ſtößt, und ſchlägt, und nennt ihn toll,
Zum Vorſchmack härtrer Züchtigungen:
Doch alles dient zu ſeinem Wohl,
Und zielt auf nichts, als Beſſerungen.

Der Brüderſchaft ergrimmte Zucht
Häuft täglich die gewohnte Tücke.
Zuletzt bringt ihn die Noth zur Flucht,
Und halberſtarrt kehrt er zurücke.

Von Mopſen wird er kaum erkannt!
So dürftig kommt er angekrochen.
Allein, ſo bald er ſich genannt,
Wird er aufs zärtlichſte berochen.

Mops ſpricht: Mein Freund, du jammerſt mich,
Ich werde dich zu tröſten wiſſen,
Ich lebe hier faſt königlich,
Mich mäſten lauter Leckerbiſſen.

Madame giebt mir manchen Kuß,
Manch Schmätzchen, dem kein Nachdruck fehlet.
Wir kommen ſie in Ueberfluß,
Dem Manne werden ſie gezählet.

Wer weiß, was Höhere genießt,
Dem wird die Ehrfurcht zum Ergetzen.
Mir ſind die meiſten Schönen hold,
Mich lieben zwanzig junge Betzen.

Mich lobt das ganze Haus; warum?
Ich kann die Treue kläglich üben:
Ich bleibe dem Geliebten ſtumm,
Und beiße Buhlern oder Dieben.*)

Der Haſe und viele Freunde.

Wo ſoll man echte Freundſchaft finden?
Das Lockwort klingt doch gar zu fein,
Und kann, die Herzen zu verbinden,
Der Anlaß ſchönſter Hoffnung ſeyn.
Man pflegt den weißen Stein der Weiſen
Uns, als ein Wunder, anzupreiſen.
Man lehrt, er mache mehr, als reich:
Fürwahr, ihm iſt die Freundſchaft gleich.

Ein jeder, der in dieſen Jahren
Mir ohne Lachen widerſpricht,
Iſt glücklich, falls er nicht erfahren,
Wie oft man Treu und Glauben bricht.
Wird er den Vorzug nur erwerben,
In dieſem ſüßen Wahn zu ſterben;
So ſoll einſt ſeines Grabes Stein
Der Welt ein ſeltnes Denkmal ſeyn.

Ein Häschen von beliebten Sitten,
Ein kleines Thier von ſchneller Kunſt,
Erhielt durch Schmeicheln und durch Bitten
Verſchiedner Thiere Lob und Gunſt.
Die Haſen hatten ja vorzeiten
Weit mehr als jetzo, zu bedeuten.
Als keiner unſern Eltern glich,
Da war auch keiner lächerlich.

Er wandte ſich zu allen Freunden,
Um ihren Beytritt zu erflehn,
Den Hunden, ſeinen ärgſten Feinden,
Zu ſteuern, oder zu entgehn.
Man ſprach: dein Leben zu erhalten
Soll unſer Eifer nie erkalten;
Der deinem Balg ein Härchen krümmt,
Dem iſt von uns der Tod beſtimmt.

Der muntre Hänſel iſt zufrieden,
Und ſchätzt ſich großen Helden gleich.
Die Sicherheit, die ihm beſchieden,
Vertauſcht er um kein Königreich.
Ihn will ſo mancher Beyſtand ſchützen.
Was darf er nun in Aengſten ſitzen!
Nein, unter vieler Starken Hut
Fehlt es auch Haſen nicht an Muth.

Er lebet ohne Noth und Sorgen,
So unverzagt, als ungeſtört,
Weil ſich mit jedem ſchönen Morgen,
Mit jedem Thau ſein Frühſtück mehrt.
Sein raſcher Lauf verläßt die Wälder,
Durchſtreift die Triften und die Felder,
Wo in beglückter Sicherheit
Ihn Gras und Laub und Frucht erfreut.

Wie oft vergällt erwünſchte Stunden
Verhaßter Stunden Ungemach!
Ein Jäger eilt mit ſchlauen Hunden
Der Spur des armen Hänſels nach.
Hier iſt kein Freund, ihm jetzt zu rathen:
Er fährt, er läuft durch Buſch und Saaten,
Er drückt ſich oft, ſo gut er kann;
Doch alle Hunde ſchlagen an.

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*) Fr. v. Hagedorn's poet. Werke. Th. II.

*) Der Beſchluß dieſer Fabel enthält zum Theil den Gedanken des du Bellay, in ſeiner bekannten Grabſchrift eines Hundes; Latratu fures excepi etc. welche von A. Arnauld verändert, aber nicht verbeſſert worden. S. die *Menagiana*, im dritten Theile der pariſiſchen Auflage. (von 1729.) p. 268. 270. und was hierüber in den *Ducatiana* T. II. p. 207. 208. angemerkt worden.

Er rennt, und ſetzt durch Forſt und Stege;
Sein Abſprung aber hilft ihm nicht.
Doch endlich kömmt, auf einem Wege,
Sein Freund, das Pferd, ihm zu Geſicht.
Er ſagt: dieß tolle Ohrenreuten
Scheint meinen Tod mir anzudeuten.
Doch nimmt mich nur dein Rücken auf,
So ſtört kein Stöber meinen Lauf.

Das Pferd verſetzt: Mein Herr, ich ſehe
Des Unfalls Größe noch nicht ein.
So mancher Freund iſt in der Nähe,
Und jeder wird behülflich ſeyn.
Die Treu erleichtert Müh und Bürde;
Sie wiſſen, wie ich dienen würde:
Da aber wohnt nicht weit von hier
Ein ungleich ſtärkrer Freund, der Stier.

Er eilt durch Heide, Buſch und Hecken,
Und fleht den Stier um Rettung an.
Der ſpricht: Ich muß nur frey entdecken,
Warum ich dir nicht helfen kann.
Du kennſt meiner Freundſchaft Triebe;
Jedoch die Freundſchaft weicht der Liebe.
Dort läßt ſich meine Schöne ſehn.
Du mußt zu jener Ziege gehn.

Die Ziege hört des Haſen Klagen,
Mit angenommner Traurigkeit,
Und hält, ihm alles abzuſchlagen,
Sich zu der Ausflucht ſchon bereit.
Sie meckert: Dich jetzt aufzunehmen,
Wird jenes Schaf ſich bald bequemen.
Dir iſt ja ſeine Gutheit kund.
Mir, leider! iſt der Rücken wund.

Der Arme flieht mit bangen Schritten,
Sucht, und erreicht das ferne Schaf,
Das, unbewegt von ſeinen Bitten,
An Furcht den Flüchtling übertraf.
Es klagt: Vor Feinden dich zu ſchützen,
Wird meine Schwäche wenig nützen.
Ich zittre ja ſo ſehr, als du;
Doch eile jenem Füllen zu.

Das ſprach: Wenn wir jetzt Beyſtand hätten,
So trotzt' ich gerne der Gewalt.
Ich bin zu jung, dich zu erretten,
Und mein Herr Vater iſt zu alt.
Ich ſehe ſchon die Hunde kommen:
Nur friſchen Muth und Lauf genommen!
Doch, wenn dein Tod uns trennen ſoll;
Geliebter Häslein, lebe wohl!

Der Falk.

Wem iſt dein Ruhm, dein Vorzug unbekannt,
Hetrurien, der Künſtler Vaterland,
Wo die Natur, das Auge zu entzücken,
Recht ſinnreich iſt, Berg, Thal und Buſch zu ſchmücken,
Und Wahl und Kunſt, durch edelmüthigen Fleiß,
Der Schöpferin klug nachzuahmen weiß!
Der Arno ſah hier ſonſt an ſeinem Schilfe
Den Pan voll Muth und Nymphen ohne Hülfe,
Und noch erblickt ſein reizendes Revier
Der Schönen Schar und Lieb' und Luſt mit ihr.

Dort, in Florenz, verehrte man vorzeiten
Ein ſchönes Weib, voll Stolz, und Trefflichkeiten.
Es war nur ſie dem Wunder aller Welt,
Der Venus gleich, die Coſmus [*] aufgeſtellt.
Sie war es nur, die Aller Sehnſucht übte,
Geliebet ward, und keinen wieder liebte:
Frau Silvia, [*] für die ſo manche Nacht
Der Stutzer Welt geſeufzet und gewacht,
Und, ſchlief es ja, mehr als ihr Ehegatte,
Zum langen Traum nur ſie gewünſchet hatte.

An Zärtlichkeit und an Verehrung glich
Kein Einziger dem edlen Friederich. [**]
Nicht nur ſein Gut, er hätte ſelbſt ſein Leben,
Um einen Kuß, bezaubert, hingegeben.
Er wußte wohl, das Geld erkauft den Sieg
Unzweifelhaft, ſowohl in Lieb', als Krieg,
Sprengt Schlöſſer auf, kann Wall und Burg erſteigen,
Wiegt Wächter ein, macht Knecht und Mägde ſchweigen,
Und wiederum, ſchnell wie das Spiel ſich dreht,
Den Knecht, die Magd verführeriſch beredt.
Nichts lockt ſo ſehr von Allem, was wir kennen;
Nichts auf der Welt iſt freundlicher zu nennen.
Avidien! [***] dir lacht in der Natur
Nichts, als das Geld: ſonſt alles lächelt nur.
Nichts gleicht, für dich, an Liebreiz, und an Freude,
Dem Sonnen-Erz, der beſten Augenweide.
Doch Friedrich war kein Avidien:
Nur Silvia war ihm auf Erden ſchön.
Er glaubte ſich glückſelig im Verſchwenden,
Für Silvien auch Alles aufzuwenden.
Allein umſonſt, wie viel er auch erfand;
Ein trockner Kuß auf Handſchuh oder Hand,
Ein kurzer Dank, womit ſie ihn bedachte,
Der ihren Stolz durch Pracht und Knechtſchaft mehrte,
Ein karges Lob, ein ſeltner Seitenblick,
Das war ſein Lohn, das war ſein ganzes Glück.

So ward er arm, weit früher, als er dachte,
Weil er noch ſtets aus Hufen Barſchaft machte.
Dieß Rittergut und jenes Marktflat
Verſilberten noch immer ſeinen Staat;
Doch nur ein Jahr. Anſelmo, ſein Verwalter,
Iſt insgeheim ſein jüdiſcher Erhalter,
Kauft einen Hof; das, doch für halbes Geld,
Zu dieſem Hof' ein großes Ackerfeld,
Zu dieſem Feld' ein Vorwerk, und die Pflege,
Die Fiſcherey, die Jagd, und das Gehäge,
Und, weil Pandolf, ein Wechsler, Vorſchuß thut,
Zum vorigen das Schloß, das Rittergut,
Der Grafſchaft Kern. Sein Herr läßt ſich betriegen,
Und jedes Gut in fremde Hände fliegen.
Die Lieb' iſt ſchön; allein ſie rechnet ſchlecht,
Und gegen ſich iſt ſie oft ungerecht,
Sie ſammlet nicht. Die milde Kunſt zu lieben
Gleicht nie der Kunſt, die Xenophon beſchrieben. [†]

Für Friederich verblieb nur dreyerley:
Ein Pferd, ein Falk, und eine Meyerey.
Sonſt hatt' er nichts, als leichte, falſche Freunde.
Die Freunde gieb, o Himmel, meinem Feinde!
Doch, Himmel, nein! ſo hab' ich nie gedacht,
Und dieſen Fluch hat nicht mein Herz verfaßt.
Kein einziger war willig, ihm zu dienen.
Sie ließen ihn, als einen Baum, vergrünen,
Der Schatten gab, dem man noch helfen kann:
Ihm half man nicht, ihn ſah man nicht mehr an.
Ein Tiſchfreund ſprach: Er iſt recht zu beklagen;
Der andre: Ja! das wollt' ich eben ſagen.
Der dritte ſchwieg, und jeglicher vergaß,
Was er zuvor allein in ihm beſaß,
Der, wenn er nur der Freunde Mangel wußte,
Voll Ungeduld, ihm hülfreich heben wußte,
Der jeder Kunſt, der Tonkunſt, Poeſie,
Und Malerey, weit mehr als Lob verlieh,
Und Silvien, zum Vortheil vieler Leute,
Turniere, Ball und Luſtbarkeiten weihte.

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[*] Die mediceiſche Venus ſtand ehemals im mediceiſchen Palaſte zu Rom, von wo ſie, zu Zeiten des Pabſtes Innocenz XI. auf des Großherzogs Coſmo III. Befehl, nach Florenz gebracht, und in dem berühmten Zimmer, La Tribuna, aufgeſtellet worden. S. Keyßlers Reiſen, im erſten Theile, S. 479.

[*] Monna Giovanna, beym Boccaz und Sanſovin: Madame Clitie beym la Fontaine.

[**] Un giovane chiamato *Federigo* di Messer Philippo *Alberighi*, in opera d'arme et in cortesia pregiato sopra ogn' altro donzel di Toscana. *Boccaccio*, Giorn. V. Nov. 9. Istoria del Decamerone scritta da *D. M. Manni* (in Firenze, 1742.) P. II. c. LII. p. 363.

[***] —— Avidienus,
Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret etc.
Hor. Sat. II. 2.

[†] Die Haushaltungskunſt.

Wie hätten ſonſt Stand, Jugend, Aufwand, Pracht
Ihm in Florenz die Schönen hold gemacht!
Sie gönnten nicht der Silvien ihr Glücke.
Der Wink zur Luſt, die Sprache ſchlauer Blicke,
Der Seufzer Ruf, der ſchmeichelhafte Scherz
Verfolgten ihn, und buhlten um ſein Herz.
Doch ward ſein Herz von keinem Reiz bemeiſtert;
Es ward allein von Silvien begeiſtert.
Was er gedacht, empfand, und hört', und ſah,
Und ſprach, und ſchrieb, war alles Silvia.
In dieſem Wahn und eingenommnen Sinnen
Sah er ſein Gut, wie lockern Schnee, zerrinnen,
Der ſternend glänzt, das Auge blendend rührt,
Doch allgemach in Tropfen ſich verliert.
So mußt' er bald der ſchönen Markſtaten,
Die er beſaß, der neuen Noth, entrathen,
Und, weil die Reih' auch bald die Grafſchaft traf,
So floh die auch; nun war er nicht mehr Graf.
Wie kränkt' ihn das! Die Wolluſt feiger Ohren,
Des Namens Schmuck, der Titel ging verloren.

In Frankreich iſt Marquis von hohem Ton,
In Welſchland Graf, und anderswo Baron.
So heißt man gern: auch lernet dieſe Namen
Manch Bürgerkind, auf Reiſen, nachzuahmen;
Daher ihm auch die Wirthin und der Wirth
Gehorſamſt dient, und, ſich zum Vortheil, irrt.

Der Silvia Gemahl und Herr und Hüter
Hatt' um Florenz viel angeſtammte Güter,
War reich und groß; und Friedrichs Göttin nahm
Nichts von ihm an, wenn er zu opfern kam.
Es war ihr Herz zu edel, zu erhaben.
Sie duldete den Geber, nicht die Gaben,
Und ſtellt' ihm nur den ſteten Aufwand frey,
Den öftern Ball, die öftre Mummerey,
Das Ritterſpiel, das rauſchende Gepränge,
Der Ehrenmahl' und Freudenfeſte Menge,
Womit er ihr Geburts- und Namenstag,
Und manchen mehr, ſtolz zu verſchönern pflag.
Doch auch kein Kuß vergnügte ſeine Triebe.
Er iſt und bleibt ein Märtyrer der Liebe.
Die Hoffnung ſelbſt verſüßt nicht ſein Bemühn.
Er muß nunmehr die Meyerey beziehn.
Er muß die Stadt, den Sitz gewohnter Freuden,
Er muß auch ſie, die er vergöttert, meiden.
Betrübter Troſt, daß ihn ein Dach verſteckt,
Ein Dach von Rohr, das bald ſein Haus bedeckt,
Das wüſte Haus, wo in der Mauer Ritzen
Ein Marder niſtt, und Kauz und Eule ſitzen,
Und Licht und Tag, grauſamer als die Nacht,
An jeder Wand nur Elend ſichtbar macht!

Hier wohnt er nun, beſchämt, daß ſeine Treue
Sein Unglück iſt; doch immer ohne Reue.
Er klagt nur ſich, nur ſein Verhängniß an,
Daß Silvia ihn nimmer lieb gewann.
Er klaget nur, daß er ſo ſtolz geweſen,
Zur Schönen ſich die Schönſte zu erleſen.
Er hatte hier, im öden Aufenthalt,
Ein greiſes Weib von widriger Geſtalt,
Von trägem Dienſt, voll Huſten, Gicht und Jammer:
Die Küche glich der leeren Speiſekammer.
Im alten Stall ſtand traurig und allein
Ein gutes Pferd, doch nicht von Knochen fein,
Und unterm Dach ſaß einſam, auf der Stange,
Sein edler Falk. Dem war im Hühnerfange
Kein andrer gleich. Mit dem ritt er ins Land,
Und opferte dem Gram, den er empfand,
Manch Rebhuhn auf, als ob es büßen ſollte,
Daß Silvia ihn nicht erhören wollte.
So lebte hier der gute Friederich,
Durch eigne Schuld, verlaſſen, kümmerlich,
Und ſtets verliebt. Der Unmuth, der ihn plagte,
Stieg mit zu Pferd, und trieb ihn, wann er jagte.
Sein zärtlich Herz war ſeine größte Qual.

Indeſſen ſtarb der Silvia Gemahl,
Und hinterließ nur einen Sohn zum Erben,
Ein ſchwaches Kind, und, ſollte der verſterben,
So hatt' er ſie im Teſtament bedacht,
Und dieſem Sohn zur Erbin ſie gemacht.
Sie wollte nun, um ruhiger zu leben,
Sich auf das Land und in ein Schloß begeben;
Von Friedrichs Hof lag es fünf hundert Schritt;
Und nahm dahin den kleinen Junker mit.
Dort wird er krank. Was ſie erleiden müſſen,
Da Arzt und Tod ihr ihren Herrn entriſſen,
Traf nicht ſo ſehr ihr eheliches Herz,
Als dieſes Weh, und ihres Söhnchens Schmerz.
Den ganzen Tag ſitzt ſie vor ſeinem Bette,
Und forſcht, und fragt, was er doch gerne hätte,
Ob dies? ob das? was ihrem Kleinen fehlt?
Was er zur Luſt, was er zur Speiſe wählt?
Sie will ſich gern nach ſeinem Sinn bequemen.
Er weigert ſich, was ſie ihm giebt, zu nehmen.
Er weiſt es ab, ſchreyt, lärmt, iſt nimmer ſtill.
Nur jener Falk iſt was er haben will.
Sonſt will er nichts. Seit dem man ihm erzählet,
Daß dieſer Falk noch nie den Raub verfehlet,
Daß er ſo ſcharf von Aug' und Klauen *) ſey,
Sonſt luſtig, zahm, nicht falſch, nicht menſchenſcheu,
Bey dieſem Falk war es einmal geſchehen,
Daß er ihn ſelbſt und ſeinen Herrn geſehen,
Der dieſes Kind an ſeinen Buſen drückt,
Und einen Kuß, durch ihn, der Mutter ſchickt.
Den Falken nun, den will er, und ſonſt keinen.
Sonſt ruht er nicht: ſonſt kann er nichts, als weinen.
Die Mutter ſeufzt. Sie wußte freylich wohl,
Wie ſehr man oft den Kindern fügen ſoll.
Doch kann ſie ſich, ja darf ſie ſich entſchließen,
Den Friederich um etwas zu begrüßen,
Das ihn vielleicht oft vor dem Hunger ſchützt,
Das Einzige, das er zur Jagd beſitzt,
Das Einzige, was ihm das Glück gelaſſen!
Hat er nicht Recht, nunmehro mich zu haſſen?
Erwies ich ihm, als er ſich mir geweiht,
Nur mich verehrt, die mindeſte Dankbarkeit?
Wie kann ich nun ihm unter Augen gehen?
Wie, unbeſchämt, um ſeinen Falken flehen?
Ich, deren Stolz ihn in ſein Elend ſtürzt,
Ihn, deſſen Noth gewiß ſein Leben kürzt!
Doch kann mein Sohn nicht ſterben, und nicht leben.
Ich ſoll, ich muß ihm dieſen Falken geben.
Wie quält er ſich! er ſchlummert keine Nacht,
Als bis man ihm zum Falken Hoffnung macht.
Es ſey gewagt! mein Freund läßt ſich erbitten:
Ich kenne ja ſein Herz und ſeine Sitten.

Am nächſten Tag', als kaum der Morgen ſcheint,
Eilt ſie zum Hof, und ſucht den treuen Freund,
Und findet ihn in ſeinem kleinen Garten
Er war bemüht, die Sprößlinge zu warten.
Sie geht zu ihm, unangemeldt, hinein.
Bald ſieht er ſie. Wie kann es möglich ſeyn,
Spricht er entzückt, daß ich dich hier verehre?
Ich glaub' es kaum, da ich dich ſeh', und höre.
So bin ich dir doch heute nicht verhaßt!
O nein, mein Herr! zu dir komm ich als Gaſt. . . .
Als Gaſt! zu mir! Erblicke mit Erbarmen
Den Liebenden, den Flüchtling, und den Armen,
Und höhn' ihn nicht. Was hat dich hergebracht?
Denn dein Beſuch war mir nicht zugedacht. . . .
Mein Freund, du irrſt. Das will ich dir beweiſen.
Ich bleibe hier, und kam, mit dir zu ſpeiſen . . . .
Was hör' ich wohl! an allem leid' ich Noth.
Was tiſch' ich auf! . . . Wie? Haſt du denn kein Brod?
Verſetzt ſie. Gleich geht er aufzuſuchen,
Ob noch vielleicht ein guter Honigkuchen,
Ob friſches Speck, ein unverächtlich Ey,
Ob etwas ſonſt zum Mahl vorhanden ſey.
Da fliegt ihm ſein ſchöner Falk entgegen,
Sein treuer Falk. Ohn' alles Ueberlegen
Erwürgt er ihn, rupft ihm die Federn aus,
Und hackt ihn klein, und eilt, und läuft durchs Haus.
Selbſt iſt der Mann; er ſelbſt will alles holen.
Doch wird der Tiſch der Alten anbefohlen.
Ihr Herz verwünſcht den plötzlichen Beſuch!
Doch langt ſie bald das Tiſch- und Tellertuch,
Mit Wahl, hervor, ſetzt in das Zimmer Maien,
Pflückt Quendel ab, die Tafel zu beſtreuen,
Holt Roſmarin; dem wird der Majoran,
Die Ringelblum', und mehr hinzugethan.

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*) Sonſt heißt der Fuß des Falken und des Habichts bey den Falkonirern Hand, und ſie nennen ſeine Klauen Finger.

Man lebt, man ißt; und, um ihn zu verbinden,
Scheint Silvia hier alles schön zu finden.
Noch kein Gericht hat ihr so gut geschmeckt.
Warum sie kam, wird ihm nach Tisch entdeckt.

Vergönnst du mir, mich dir zu offenbaren?
Wo fang' ich an? Wie weiß ich fortzufahren?
Ich fordre dir, mit Unrecht, alles ab,
Was noch bisher dir Trost und Freude gab.
Doch könntest du die Mutterliebe kennen,
Du würdest mich beklagenswürdig nennen.
Erbarme dich! Ach Freund, betrachte nur
Die Regungen der Pflicht und der Natur.
Mein Sohn ist krank; ihn nagt ein innrer Kummer,
Der seltsam ist, und raubt ihm Kraft und Schlummer:
Denn dieser Sohn, mein einzig Kind, erklärt,
Daß nicht mein Fleh'n den Falken ihm gewährt;
So heftig ist sein einziges Begehren.
Du seufzest schon; ach glaube meinen Zähren.
Ach hätte mir mein langer Widerstand,
Mein spröder Stolz nicht ganz dein Herz entwandt!
Dein edles Herz! doch, wolltest du erweisen. . .

Der Falk ist hin: du hast davon gegessen,
Versetzt Friedrich; und seine Herrscherin
Fragt ihn bestürzt: Was hör ich! ist er hin!
Der Arme seufzt: ach hätt' ich dir, mein Leben,
Vergieb das Wort, dafür mein Herz gegeben!
Zum Unglück nur trieb mich mein Schicksal an:
Ich soll nichts thun, das dich gewinnen kann.
Dir, Silvia, Dir etwas vorzusetzen,
War dein Gebot, und ward mir zum Ergetzen.
Ich suchte noch: ich sah den Boden leer,
Und auch mein Falk fand kaum noch Nahrung mehr.
Ihn würgt' ich ab, gleichgültig, ohne Reue:
Ihn opfert' ich der Schönheit, und der Treue.
Wie? seufzest du? Ist etwas uns zu werth,
Wenn die erscheint, die unsre Brust verehrt?
Doch hör' jetzt auf, die Deinige zu quälen.
Es soll dir nicht an einem Falken fehlen.
Ich schaff' ihn dir von stärkstem Muth und Flug.

Die Wittwe sagt: o nein; es ist genug!
Du giebst mir jetzt das größte Liebeszeichen,
Mein bester Freund! Es mag mein Sohn erbleichen,
Der Himmel mag ihn länger mir verleihn;
So dank' ich dir. Kehr' oftmals bey uns ein.
Versprich es doch: versprich es, bald zu kommen.
Du wirst gewiß erkenntlich aufgenommen.
Sie reicht ihm selbst die Rechte lächelnd dar,
Die weiße Hand, die sonst so furchtsam war.
Nun darf er sich mit tausend Küssen rächen.
Sein Mund verstummt, und seine Thränen sprechen.

Der kranke Sohn folgt bald dem Vater nach.
Der zweyte Tag fand ihn geschwächt und schwach,
Der dritte todt; und, über sein Erblassen,
Will Silvia sich gar nicht trösten lassen.
Allein der Bund der Liebe mit der Zeit
Ist viel zu stark für ihre Traurigkeit.

Nicht bloß aus Dank; auch weil ihr Herz ihn wählt,
Wird Friedrich mit Silvien vermählet.

Der verliebte Bauer.[*]

Rühmt mir des Schulzens Tochter nicht;
Nein, sagt nur, sie ist reich.
Im ganzen Dorf ist kein Gesicht
Der flinken Hanne gleich.
Das Mensch gefällt, auch ungeputzt,
Ich sag' es ohne Scheu,
Trotz mancher, die in Flittern stutzt;
Sie sey auch wer sie sey.

Wie frey und weiß ist ihre Stirn
Und roth und frisch ihr Mund!
Wie glatt der Haarzopf meiner Dirn
Und ihre Brust wie rund!
Ihr Aug' ist schwarz wie reife Schlee:
Schier komm' ich auf den Wahn,
Wann ich ihr lang' ins Auge seh,
Sie hat mir's angethan.

Ihr wißt, wie wir im Wonnemond
Die Maien hier gepflanzt;
Da ward der Füße nicht geschont,
Da hat sich's gnug getanzt.
Des Schulzens Tenne bebte recht,
Wir schäkerten uns satt,
Der Küster Heinz und Hans, der Knecht,
Und Hartwig aus der Stadt.

Den Vorreih'n, Nachbarn, ließ man ihr:
Flugs rief sie mich herbey.
Herr Clement! wie flogen wir
Nach Allians Schalmey.
Wenn Hanne nur in Schwenken schwebt,
Wie muthig fliegt ihr Schwung!
Und wenn sie sich im Tanzen hebt,
Wie schön ist jeder Sprung!

Allein beym Kehraus glühte sie,
Doch ich ergriff sie frisch,
Und dafür hab ich auch ein Knie,
Das war so weiß als Wachs.
Des Pfarrers Muhme schimpft' auf sich
Und schmälte mich gar an.
Ich sprach: Gemach, laßt mich ungestört
Und tanzt den Leyermann'.

Mein Liebchen ging mit mir ins Feld:
Ich half ihr übern Zaun.
Da hab ich mich nicht mehr verstellt,
Sie war der guten Laun.
Wir lagerten uns traut ins Gras
Die Nachbarskinder sehn;
Doch ich empfand, ich weiß nicht was,
Das ließ mich gar nicht ruhn.

Genug, daß sie mich ihr Bübchen hieß,
Mit Hand und Busen reicht'
Und mir ein lustig Schmätzchen ließ,
Dem auch der Welt nicht gleicht.
Ihr schmunzelt? Denket, was ihr wollt.
Glaubt, daß sie sich nur neckt,
Und daß ihr nicht erfahren sollt,
Was Hannens Mieder deckt.

Die Edelfrau ist zart und fein;
Mein Mensch ist wohl so schön.
Sollt' ich nur ihr Bedienter seyn,
Den Dienst wollt ich verstehn.
Ihr, die ihr gern was neues wißt,
Das auch die Obern freut,
Hört, was ihr alle wissen müßt:
Sie ist schon meine Braut.

Der Herr Magister merkt schon was;
Bring' ich den Decem hin,
So fragt er mich ohn Unterlaß,
Ob ich verplempert bin!
Und wann sie in die Kirche tritt,
So singt er, glaubt es mir,
Noch weniger als sonsten mit,
Und schielt und gafft nach ihr.

Die Hochzeit soll auch bald geschehn,
Noch vor der Erndte Zeit.
Da sollt ihr manchen Luftsprung sehn,
Der Leib und Seel erfreut.
Die ganze Dorfschaft komme mir,
Sie soll willkommen seyn;
Und ich versprech' euch Kirmißbier
Und guten Firnewein.

Der Morgen.

Uns lockt die Morgenröthe
In Busch und Wald,
Wo schon der Hirten Flöte
Ins Land erschallt.
Die Lerche steigt und schwirret,
Von Lust erregt;
Die Taube lacht und girret,
Die Wachtel schlägt.

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[*] Fr. v. Hagedorn's poet. Werke. Th. III.

Die Hügel und die Weide
    Stehn aufgehellt,
Und Fruchtbarkeit und Freude
    Beblümt das Feld.
Der Schmelz der grünen Flächen
    Glänzt voller Pracht,
Und von den klaren Bächen
    Entweicht die Nacht.

Der Hügel weiſſe Bürde,
    Der Schafe Zucht,
Drängt ſich aus Stall und Hürde
    Mit froher Flucht.
Seht, wie der Mann der Herde
    Den Morgen fühlt,
Und auf der friſchen Erde
    Den Buhler ſpielt!

Der Jäger macht ſchon rege
    Und hetzt das Reh
Durch thaubetriefte Wege,
    Durch Buſch und Klee.
Sein Hifthorn giebt das Zeichen;
    Man eilt herbey;
Gleich ſchallt aus allen Sträuchen
    Das Jagdgeſchrey.

Doch Phyllis Herz erhebet
    Nur dieſer Luſt!
Nur Zärtlichkeit belebet
    Die ſanfte Bruſt.
Laß uns die Thäler ſuchen,
    Geliebtes Kind,
Wo wir von Berg und Buchen
    Umſchloſſen ſind!

Erkenne dich im Bilde
    Von jener Flur!
Sey ſtets, wie dieß Gefilde,
    Schön durch Natur;
Unſchuldiger als der Morgen,
    Hold wie ſein Strahl;
So frey von Stolz und Sorgen
    Wie dieſes Thal!

Die verliebte Verzweiflung.

Gewiß, der iſt Beklagens werth,
Den ſeine Göttin nicht erhört,
Dem alle Seufzer nichts erwerben.
Er muß faſt immer ſchlaflos ſeyn,
Und weinen, girren, winſeln, ſchreyn,
Sich martern, und dann ſterben.

Grauſame Laura! rief Fabriß,
Grauſame! die mein Unglück will,
Für dich muß ich noch heut' erblaſſen.
Stracks rennet er in vollem Lauf
Bis an des Hauſes Dach hinauf,
Und guckt dort in die Gaſſen.

Bald, als er Eſſen ſah und roch,
Befragt' er ſich: Wie! leb' ich noch?
Und zog ein Meſſer aus der Scheiden.
O Liebe! ſagt' er, deiner Wuth
Weih ich den Mordſtahl und mein Blut:
Und fing an — Brod zu ſchneiden.

Nach glücklich eingenommenem Mahl
Erwägt er ſeine Liebesqual,
Und will nunmehr durch Gift erbleichen.
Er öffnet eine Flaſche Wein,
Und läßt, des Giftes voll zu ſeyn,
Sich noch die zweyte reichen.

Hernach verflucht er ſein Geſchick,
Und holet Schemel, Nagel, Strick,
Und ſchwört, nun ſoll die That geſchehen.
Doch, ach! was kann betrübter ſeyn?
Der Strick iſt ſchwach, der Nagel klein,
Der Schemel will nicht ſtehen.

Er wählt noch eine Todesart,
Und denkt: Wer ſich erſtickt, der ſpart,
Und darf für Gift und Strick nicht ſorgen.
Drauf gähnt er, ſeufzet, eilt zur Ruh,
Kriecht in ſein Bett und deckt ſich zu,
Und ſchläft bis an den Morgen.

Friedrich Guſtav Hagemann

ward 1760 zu Oranienbaum geboren, widmete ſich der Bühne und betrat dieſelbe zuerſt 1785 bei der Großmann'ſchen Geſellſchaft zu Hannover, dann ward er Mitglied des Theaters zu Altona und ſpäter zu Breslau, wo er, unverbürgten Nachrichten zufolge, noch als Privatmann leben ſoll.

Er gab heraus:

Franz von Saſſenheim und Adelheit v. Baar. Lübeck 1785.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Leipzig 1788
Kleine Stücke für die deutſche Schaubühne. Lübeck 1784.
Neue Schauſpiele. 2 Thle. Eiſenach 1792—1810.
Neueſter Beitrag zum deutſchen Theater. Breslau 1810.

Davon einzeln:

Die Eroberung von Valenciennes. Hannover 1793.
Die Favoritin. Breslau 1801.
Der Fremdling. Hannover 1793.
Friedrich von Oldenburg. Hannover 1794.
Zwei Vorſpiele: Die Georgsinſel; So opfern Herzen. Hannover 1791.
Die Heſſin. Hannover 1794.
Ludwig der Springer. Hannover 1793.
Die Luftkugel. Hamburg 1784.
Die Martinsgänſe. Eiſenach 1798. N. A. 1804.
Der Maitag. Schwerin 1793.
Otto der Schütz. Kaſſel 1791. N. A. 1794.
Der Rekrut. Hamburg 1789.
Die Rothköpfe. Breslau 1801.
Selike und Beriſſa. Eiſenach 1798.
Der Todtenkopf. Breslau 1801.
Vetter Paul. Eiſenach 1810.
Der Weihnachtsabend. Eiſenach 1798.
Die glückliche Werbung. Hannover 1793.
Der Fürſt und ſein Kammerdiener (erſchien anonym). Schwerin 1792.
Leichtſinn und gutes Herz. Wismar 1791. (gleichfalls).
Profit das neue Jahr. Lübeck 1784 (gleichfalls).

H's dramatiſche Leiſtungen wurden zu ihrer Zeit nicht ungünſtig aufgenommen, da es ihm nicht an Bühnenkenntniß fehlte, und er beſonders durch äußere Hülfsmittel namentlich in ſeinen Ritterſchauſpielen auf die Maſſe zu wirken verſtand. Später wandte er ſich dem Familiengemälde zu, fand aber nicht dieſelbe Theilnahme und nur einige ſeiner Luſtſpiele und Poſſen, die mit derber Laune und nicht ohne Witz ausgeſtattet waren, haben ſich etwas länger erhalten; im Ganzen gehört er jedoch nur zu den mittelmäßigen Naturen, welche das Talent beſitzen, Zeit und Gelegenheit zu benutzen und ephemeren Beifall zu gewinnen.

Johann Gottfried Hagemeiſter

ward 1762 zu Greifswalde geboren und ſtudirte nach beendigter Schulbildung in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und zu Halle, vorzüglich Philologie, lebte ſeit 1783 als Privatgelehrter zu Berlin und bekleidete dort auch eine Zeit lang ein Amt am Schindlerſchen Waiſenhauſe. Hierauf erhielt er 1788 das Rektorat am Gymnaſium zu Anklam, ward 1797 Konrektor und ſtarb daſelbſt den 5. Auguſt 1807.

Seine meiſt dramatiſchen Schriften ſind:

Die Jeſuiten, Schauſpiel. Berlin 1787.
Die Vorurtheile und Der Prüfſtein, 2 Schauſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1787.
Schauſpiele. Berlin 1791 — 1795 in 8.
Johann von Procida, Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1791 in 8.
Das große Loos, Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1791.
Dramaturgie für Berlin und Deutſchland. Berlin 1792, 2 Bde. in 8.
Woldemar, Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1793.
Römiſche Dichtungen. Ebendaſ. 1794, in 8.
Das Gelübde, Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1795.
Der Prüfſtein für Künſtler, Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1795.
Der Tod des Pauſanias, Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1795.
Guſtav Waſa. Ebendaſ. 1795. Neue Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1802. 2 Thle. in 8.
Scenen aus der portugieſiſchen Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1795.
Die Uhren und Minos von Kreta, Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1795.
Don Juan de Braganza, hiſtoriſches Gemälde. Ebendaſ. 1796. 2. Ausgabe Ebendaſ. 1802. in 8.
Der Graf aus Deutſchland. Ebendaſ. 1802.
Waldemar, Markgraf von Schleswig. Ebendaſ. 1802.

Lebhafte Einbildungskraft, Streben nach dem Höheren und gewiſſenhafter Fleiß in der Ausführung des Einzelnen zeichneten namentlich ſeine erſten Leiſtungen aus und man hegte die ſchönſten Hoffnungen von dieſem emporſtrebenden Talent, das ſich jedoch in der Form ſeiner dramatiſchen Werke, da es hier eine Mittelart von poetiſcher Proſa gewählt hatte, vergriff. H. zog ſich indeſſen ſehr bald von aller Oeffentlichkeit zurück und ſtarb früh. — Als ſeine gelungenſten Arbeiten ſind die beiden Schauſpiele: die Jeſuiten und Johann von Procida, zu betrachten.

Friedrich Heinrich von der Hagen

ward den 19. Februar 1780 zu Schmiedeberg im Brandenburgiſchen geboren und im Lyceum zu Prenzlau wiſſenſchaftlich erzogen. Als Student der Rechte zu Halle von den Vorträgen des genialen Wolf über die Humaniora beſonders angezogen und für die Literatur der deutſchen Vorzeit gewonnen, widmete er ſeine nun folgenden Reiſen vorzüglich dieſen Studien. Zurückgekehrt, bekleidete er bei dem Berliner Stadtgericht, ſpäter der Kammer, die Stelle eines Referendar's, gab aber 1806 in Folge der damaligen Wirren im preußiſchen Staate, dieſes Amt auf, und privatiſirte ſeitdem in Berlin, bis er 1810 als Dr. der Philoſophie und außerordentlicher Profeſſor der deutſchen Sprache und Literatur daſelbſt angeſtellt wurde. 1811 kam er als ordentlicher Profeſſor und Bibliothekar an die Univerſität zu Breslau, wurde aber 1824 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Berlin zurückgerufen, und lebt hier in thätigſter Wirkſamkeit.

Er gab heraus:

Der Niebelungen Lied. Berlin 1807; und daſſelbe in der Urſprache. Ebendaſ. 1810. 3. Aufl. 1820.
Lieder der ältern Edda. Ebendaſ. 1810.
Narrenbuch. Halle 1811.
Die Eddalieder. Berlin 1814.
Nordiſche Heldenromane. Ebendaſ. 1814 — 1820, 5 Bde. in 8.
Das Buch der Helden. Berlin 1816, erſter Theil.
Niederdeutſche Pſalmen aus der Karolinger Zeit. Breslau 1816.
Irmin. Breslau 1817.
Die Niebelungen und ihre Bedeutung. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Briefe in die Heimath. Ebendaſ. 1819 — 1821. 4 Thle. in 8. m. Kupfern.
Heldenbilder aus den Sagenkreiſen Karls, Arthurs, der Tafelrunde u. ſ. w. Ebendaſ. 1820 — 1823, 2 Thle. in 8.
G. von Straßburgs Werke. Berlin 1823, 2 Thle.
Denkmale des Mittelalters. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Erzählungen und Mährchen. Prenzlau 1825 und 26. 2 Bde. in 8.
Tauſend und ein Tag. Prenzlau 1826, 10 Thle.

Mit ſeinen Freunden: Büſching, Docen, Hundeshagen, Primiſſer, Habicht und Schall:

Sammlung deutſcher Volkslieder. Berlin 1807.
Altdeutſche Gedichte des Mittelalters. Berlin 1808 — 1820, 2 Thle. in 4.
Das Buch der Liebe. Berlin 1809.
Muſeum für altdeutſche Literatur und Kunſt. Ebendaſ. 1809 u. 1810, 2 Thle.
Literariſcher Grundriß der Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie. Halle 1812.
Sammlung für altdeutſche Kunſt und Literatur. Breslau 1812.
Der Helden Buch, in der Urſprache. Berlin 1820 — 1824, 2 Thle.
Tauſend und eine Nacht. Breslau 1825 f. 15 Thle. in 8.

v. d. H. erwarb ſich durch ſeine umfangreichen, gründlichen und ſcharfſinnigen Arbeiten außerordentliche Verdienſte um die nähere Kenntniß der deutſchen mittelalterlichen Literatur und deren Verbreitung. In ſeinen eigenen Schriften hat er ſich von jeher als ein Mann von Geſchmack und Geiſt bewährt. — Seit einer Reihe von Jahren mit der Herausgabe der deutſchen Minneſinger beſchäftigt, wird er durch dieſes Werk, das ſich allmählig ſeinem Schluſſe nähert und nächſtens vollendet ſeyn dürfte, ſeinen Leiſtungen die Krone aufſetzen.

Der Heilige drei Königs-Abend.*)

Um den Niederrhein, wo die heiligen drei Könige endlich ihre Ruheſtatt und ſtäte Verehrung fanden, im dadurch hochbegünſtigten Köln, ward auch ihr fröhliches Feſt unter mancherlei geſelligen Luſtbarkeiten und Spielen begangen; wie annoch wohl hie und da geſchieht, oder erneut wird, ſeitdem ihre durch die Revolution geſtörte Ruhe hergeſtellt iſt.

Zu dieſem Tage hatte ſich vor mehren Jahren auch in dem Dorfe Etterbek unweit Brüſſel, bei einem wohlhabenden Landmanne eine fröhliche Geſellſchaft Männer und Frauen jedes Alters verſammelt, und nach dortiger Gewohnheit war durch das Loos jeder Perſon eine Rolle zugetheilt, welche ſie für den

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*) Aus: Fr. Heinr. von der Hagen's Erzählungen und Mährchen. Prenzlau 1825.

Abend durchführen ſollte. Der König mußte Alle bewirthen, und beherrſchte ſie heiter. Alle hatten ſich ihren Rollen gemäß koſtumirt, meiſt traveſtirt. Da war der Narr neben dem Könige, das Kind neben dem weiſen Rathe, der Schlächter neben dem Doktor, der Aufſchneider neben dem Koche, der Vogt neben dem Bruder Liederlich, der Prahler mit dem Zahler, der Knauſer mit dem Mauſer; ja bis zur Thierverwandlung ging's, und Hund und Katze wurden in dieſem Schlaraffenſtaate mit repräſentirt. Der Widerſpruch des Geſchlechts und des Alters mit der Rolle beluſtigte mannigfaltig. Geſchick und Ungeſchick, beides gab zu lachen; der Poſſen, Fehler und Bußen war kein Ende. Freiheit und Gleichheit herrſchte aber wieder an der reich und ſchwer beſetzten Tafel, obgleich mancher mitten im behaglichſten Genuſſe, zu ſeinem Dienſt entboten, abbrechen mußte, oder ſonſt darin geneckt wurde. Ein guter Trank beſonders hielt Alles fortwährend in Fluß, würziges Doppelbier, Lambick genannt, und dampfender Punſch waren geiſtreiche Soufflöre zu dieſem Extempore. Das ganze gab ein heiteres Bild des Lebens, welches mit dieſem Tage, wo die Weiſen und Könige vor dem Gotteskinde knieten, wie die Hirten auf ähnliche Weiſe von neuem begann.

So war es bis zur Mitternachtsſtunde hingegangen, da gedachte man, von den ſchweren Thaten auszuruhen, und dem Geſchichterzähler oder Reichshiſtoriographen wurde geboten, ſein Amt zu verwalten. Nachdem ſo mancherlei Geiſter losgelaſſen umſchwärmten, auch die Stunde der Geiſter gekommen war, welche zumal in dieſer geheimnißvollen Nacht von jeher ihren Spuck treiben, ſeitdem ſie dadurch den Weiſen des Morgenlandes ihren leitenden Stern vergeblich zu verdunkeln ſtrebten, ſo fanden auch hier Alle, beſonders die Kinder, Luſt am Grauen, und grauliche Geſchichten ſollten in der Runde erzählt werden. Der Erzähler begann:

„Vor einigen Tagen ſaßen auch einige luſtige Geſellen beiſammen, und ſpät in der Nacht und vom Trunke befeuert, erzählten ſie einander ihre Großthaten und überboten ſich in Herzhaftigkeit. Zuletzt vermaß ſich einer, dem kürzlich gehengten Miſſethäter ein Stück von dem Sterbekittel abzuſchneiden und es als Wahrzeichen zu bringen. Er nimmt ein Meſſer, geht hin auf den Rabenſtein, und ſchneidet wirklich dem Galgenſchwengel einen Zipfel vom Kittel ab. Indem er aber wieder herabſteigt, ſo ſpringt ihm eine Geſtalt auf den Rücken, und als der vom Schreck ergriffene ſie abſchütteln will, klammert ſie ſich immer feſter um ſeinen Hals, überſchreit ſein Angſtgeſchrei und ruft „nun ſollſt du mich nach Hauſe bringen!“ und ſo ſpornt ſie den beſinnungslos Laufenden, bis er an der Thüre für todt hinfällt. Er kam wieder ins Leben zurück, war aber wahnſinnig, und hielt den abgeſchnittenen Rockzipfel in der vom Krampfe geſchloſſenen Fauſt. Das Geſpenſt war aber ebenfalls ein Wahnwitziger, der ſich gewöhnlich nachts am Rabenſtein oder auf Kirchhöfen und in Weinhäuſern umher zu treiben, und auf ſolche Art heim zu reiten pflegte. Und einer von den Zechgeſellen war ich.“

Mehrere beſtätigten die Geſchichte, und die Weiſen tadelten den beſtraften Fürwitz. Der Schulmeiſter, welchen das Loos zum Luſtigmacher gemacht hatte, wollte die ernſte Lehre durch ein neues Beiſpiel beſtärken, und ſprach:

„Ich war früher zum Mönchsleben beſtimmt und Novize im Brigittinen-Kloſter, als einer der Mönche plötzlich in den beſten Jahren ſtarb. Nach der Kloſterordnung ſollte ich mit einem andern Novizen, einem muntern und furchtloſen Jüngling, abwechſelnd bei der Leiche wachen: wir aber, als gute Geſellen, wollten die ganze Zeit bei einander bleiben. Es war eine kalte Winternacht, und ich kam auf den Gedanken, uns einen erwärmenden Punſch zu bereiten; ich ging deshalb nach der abgelegenen Küche, und jener blieb allein bei der Leiche. Als ich mit dem Getränke zurückkam, fand ich ihn am Tiſche über einem Buche ſitzen; er antwortete nicht auf meinen fröhlichen Zuruf, ich frage ihn: „ſchläfſt du?“ keine Antwort. „Du willſt mich wohl grauen machen?“ Er ſitzt hartnäckig ſtumm und unbeweglich. Nun ſpritze ich ihm von dem heißen Getränke an den Kopf, und ſtoße ihn an. Er ſtürzt vom Stuhle, liegt anfangs ſtarr, regt ſich dann allgemach und richtet ſich auf: und ich erkenne nun die im Sarge gelegene Leiche, und laufe vor Schrecken hinaus. Bald darauf kömmt auch der auferſtandene Mönch in die Zelle; es wird Lärm, und wir gehen nach der Leichenkammer zurück. Da lag der junge Novize todt im Sarge. Er hatte aber, um mich zu erſchrecken, mit der Scheinleiche die Stelle gewechſelt, und als dieſe durch die heiße Beſprengung und den ſchweren Fall wieder lebendig ward, erſtarrte er und wurde vom Schlage gerührt. Alle Verſuche, ihn ins Leben zurückzurufen, waren vergebens, und ſo wurde der wirklich Geſtorbene in dem Sarge und Grabe des Scheintodten beerdigt. Ich aber konnte nun auch nicht länger im Kloſter bleiben.“

Dieſe Geſchichte machte Einige von der Geſellſchaft ſchon etwas nachdenklich, und die Kinder drängten ſich näher an die Aeltern. Andere aber prieſen die belebende Kraft des Punſches, griffen wieder zu den Gläſern und ließen ſie tapfer an einander klingen. Dann wurden die Erzählungen fortgeſetzt, und der Gerichtshalter des Ortes, welcher gerade in Geſchäften aus der Stadt anweſend und eingeladen war, nahm das Wort. Er war ein ſtattlicher Mann, in den blühendſten Jahren, trug aber ſchon, nachdem er ſich bequem gemacht und die Staatsperücke an den Nagel über ihm gehängt hatte, ganz ſchneeweißes Haar, bei rabenſchwarzen ſtarken Augenbraunen und langen Wimpern: was ihm ein wunderſames Anſehn gab. Auf ſeinen Kopf zeigend, begann er:

„Dieſes frühe Grauhaar zeugt auch von einer ähnlichen Geſchichte. Als ich, kaum achtzehn Jahr alt, noch Student zu Löwen war, ſaß ich gewöhnlich tief in die Nacht auf und ſtudirte eifrig. Meinen Genoſſen in dem großen Kollegiumgebäude war ſolches unbequem, und ſie ſpielten mir gern allerlei Koboldſtreiche, welche ich aber Alle furchtlos abwehrte.

Es war Winter, und ſie wußten, daß ich oft noch ſpät aus einer Kammer, am Ende eines langen, von einer Lampe erhellten Ganges, mir ſelber Holz zu holen pflegte, ohne ein Licht mitzunehmen. Solches benutzten ſie zu einem boshaften Poſſen. Von der Dienerſchaft des Kollegiums war jemand geſtorben, und lag, zu den Vorleſungen über die Anatomie beſtimmt, in dem anatomiſchen Theater. Dieſen Leichnam nahmen ſie, und ſetzten ihn auf den Holzſtoß: und als ich um Mitternacht, unbekümmert, mir einige Scheite davon nehmen will, fällt das Geſpenſt mir leichenſchwer und eiskalt über den Hals. Anfangs erſtarrt vor Schreck, raffe ich mich doch wieder zuſammen, erkenne durch Taſten und beim matten Lampenſchimmer durch die geöffnete Thür, das Gräßliche, ſtürze hinweg, und begrabe mich in mein Bette. Im fürchterlichſten Grauen und Fieberſchauer lag ich die Nacht, und am Morgen war mein Haar ſchneeweiß, wie es noch iſt. Ich ſchwieg zwar, und ließ mir nichts merken, aber mein ergrauter Kopf verrieth bald den unweiſen Streich, wodurch man mich zu jung der Weisheit in die Arme geworfen hatte.“

Damit nahm er die Mütze ab, und Alle verwunderten ſich über den jugendlichen Greis. Er ſagte darauf: „Ich trage noch andere ſeltſame Zeichen an mir, welche mich zeitlebens an einen wunderbaren Vorfall erinnern, den ich mir nimmer genügend erklären kann.“ Alle waren neugierig, und er fuhr fort:

„Vor einigen Jahren weilte ich eines Abends, bei munterer Geſellſchaft und gutem Weine, länger als gewöhnlich in meiner Stamins*) ohne jedoch etwa übermäßig zu trinken. Es war ein Gewitter heraufgezogen, welches endlich an das Heimgehen mahnte. Ich ging, anſtatt des gewohnten Weges, durch die enge Kirch-Gaſſe, welche über den Kapellen-Kirchhof kürzer zu meinem Hauſe am kleinen Sablon-Platze führt. Dennoch ereilte mich das vom Sturme herauf gejagte Gewitter, und ſchon folgte faſt Schlag auf Blitz. Als ich ans Ende der Gaſſe bei der Kirche komme, ſehe ich beim Wetterleuchten, daß ein großer, quervor ſtehender Wagen ſie verſperrt. Ich ſchelte und ſchimpfe über das Ungeſchick, und verſuche auf der andern Seite durchzukommen. Ein großer ſchwarzer Hund hat ſich zu mir gefunden, und ſucht mit mir einen Durchgang: aber vergebens. Nun entſchließe ich mich, über den Wagen weg zu klettern; der Hund überall mir nach: aber, was ich mich mühe und ſteige, alle Anſtrengung iſt umſonſt: der Wagen ſcheint immer höher zu werden, die Angſt wird immer größer, und das Gewitter immer furchtbarer. Blitze zucken rings umher, ein Stral fährt auf mich ſelber herab, und ich ſtürze für todt zu Boden. Wohl nach geraumer Zeit erhole ich mich von der Betäubung, und raffe mich wieder auf. Ich fühle heftigen Schmerz an der Bruſt, und löſche mein wie Zunder glimmendes Gewand. Das Gewitter tobte noch fort, Wagen und Hund war aber verſchwunden, und die Straße ganz frei. Ich rannte nun mit langen Schritten über den Kirchhof, und kam, vom Regen gepeitſcht, und von Blitzen heimgeleuchtet, athemlos nach Hauſe. Hier fand ich unter dem verſengten Kleide die blauen Brandmale des Blitzes, welche natürlich genug waren. Was es aber mit dem Wagen für eine Bewandniß hat, habe ich nie ausmitteln können, ſo eifrig ich auch ſogleich am folgenden Morgen darnach forſchte. Niemand wollte etwas davon wiſſen.“

Dieſe Geſchichte, ſo natürlich ihre Zeichen waren, welche auch von Einigen beſchaut wurden, hob die Einbildung der Zuhörer noch mehr in das Reich des Wunderbaren, und man fing an, ſich in ähnlichen Geſchichten zu überbieten. Nach manchem unheimlichen Hin- und Herreden, und nachdem manſich durch neue Herzſtärkung der Gegenwart wieder verſichert hatte, gab der Wirth und König ſelber auch eine Erzählung zum Beſten:

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*) So heißen dort die Wein- und auch Bierſtuben. Franzöſiſch Estaminet.

„Ihr wißt Alle, wie die Chriſtnacht, welche mit unſerm heutigen Feſte in ſo genauer Verbindung ſteht, in der Stadt gefeiert, und in derſelben die Chriſt-Meſſe gehalten wird, und mancher von uns iſt auch wohl in der jüngſt vergangenen Chriſtnacht dort geweſen. Das Gedränge nach der St. Gudulä-Kirche, beſonders auch von dem Landvolke, iſt gewöhnlich, bei leidlichem Wetter, ſehr groß, und gibt auch nur zu viel Anlaß zu mancherlei Muthwillen und Unordnung. Dieſes und die Neugier reizte vor manchen Jahren auch zween Fremde, einen Engländer und einen Deutſchen, mit einem einheimiſchen Bekannten dorthin zu gehen, nachdem ſie in einem Weinhauſe noch Oel ins Feuer gegoſſen hatten. Sie trieben in der Kirche, im Gewühl, allerlei ärgerlichen Unfug, ſteckten und nähten die Frauen unvermerkt mit den Röcken zuſammen, hefteten Andern allerlei lächerliche Zeichen auf, kurz, betrugen ſich ganz, wie auf einem ausgelaſſenen Maskenballe. Die Andacht war wohl überhaupt nicht groß an dieſem Freudenfeſte, doch wurde ſie ſelten ſo frevelhaft geſtört. Vergeblich warnte ſie ein großes Bild, das, wie ihr wißt, mit mehren andern ähnlichen, in der großen Kapelle des Heiligen Sakraments hängt: wie ſcheußliche Juden um einen Tiſch ſitzen und mit Meſſern und Dolchen in eine Hoſtie ſtechen, aus welcher Blut fließt, während ein gräulicher Höllenhund mit glutfunkelnden Augen unter dem Tiſche hervorglotzt, und ſchon gierig den Rachen aufſperrt. Die gottloſen Geſellen trieben auch damit ihren Spott, zerrten den Hund und lockten ihn hinter ſich her. Endlich wurden ſie auch dieſes Spaßes in der Kirche überdrüßig, und ſie gingen nun auf andere Abenteuer hinaus. In den Gängen des Parks finden ſie bald zwo luſtwandelnde Schönen, welche ſich nach einigen Weigerungen willig finden laſſen, ſie zu begleiten. Alle fünf gehen in der kalten Nacht in den Gaſthof des Engländers, ein helles Kaminfeuer wird ſogleich angemacht, und ein ſtarker Punſch bereitet. Die Mädchen ſehen beim Lichte gar reizend aus, und ſind nicht minder luſtig, und es wird mit ihnen gejubelt, geſungen und geſpielt. Es wird aber bald Ernſt daraus, weil ſich die Drei um die Zwei nicht vereinigen können; vergeblich wirft einer mehr Geld auf, als der andere, ein heftiges Gezänke und Geſchrei erhebt ſich, und droht in Schlägerei auszubrechen. Auf den Lärmen kommt nun der Wirth herbei und ſucht Frieden zu ſtiften. Als er ſie etwas beſänftigt hat, leuchtet er nach den herabgefallenen Geldſtücken auf dem Boden umher: und da erblickt er unter dem Tiſche die Pferde- und Hahnenfüße der beiden Mädchen. Vor Schrecken läßt er das Licht fallen, eilt ſogleich hinaus, läuft zum nahen Karmeliter-Kloſter, und ruft um Hülfe. Zween als Teufelsbeſchwörer berufene Mönche gehen ſogleich hin, wo die teufliſche Geſellſchaft noch hadernd beiſammen iſt, und fangen ihre Beſchwörungen an; ſie werfen den böſen Geiſtern ihre Skapuliere über und beſpritzen ſie tüchtig mit dem Weihwedel: da wandeln ſich die Mädchen in ſcheußliche Ungethüme mit glühäugigen Eulenköpfen und Fledermausflügeln, und packen mit ihren Klauen die Ketzer an; aber ſtärker und ſtärker beſchwörend, müſſen ſie endlich weichen, und fliegen zum Fenſter hinaus, einen häßlichen Geſtank nachlaſſend. Den beiden Fremden war dies eine heilſame Lehre; ſie bekehrten ſich, reiſten bald ab, und ſtifteten daheim Gotteshäuſer, ſo wie unſer Landsmann in der Stadt ein Kloſter ſtiftete, welches ihr auch wohl kennt.“

Die zwar aufgeregte Geſellſchaft hatte jedoch nicht recht Luſt, dieſe Erzählung ſo ganz zu glauben, und erklärte ſie zum Theil für eine der vielen ähnlichen frommen Legenden. Es wird darüber mannigfaltig disputiert, dazwiſchen getrunken und geſcherzt. Die jungen Burſche rühmen ſich ihrer Herzhaftigkeit, und im tollen Uebermuthe vermißt ſich der Sohn des Schulzen, ein keker verlaufener Geſell und halber Freigeiſt, jetzo in der Geiſterſtunde, den größten Todtenkopf aus dem Beinhauſe zu holen. Einige mahnen davon ab, aber von andern widerſprochen, wettet er mit ihnen auf einen Anker Lambick-Bier, und tritt das Abenteuer an. Er nimmt Mantel und Laterne, und geht in die dunkle von Sternen und Schnee funkelnde Winternacht hinaus. Furchtlos ſchreitet er über den Kirchhof, tritt in das Beinhaus, und ſucht ſich den größten und glänzendſten Schädel aus, bringt ihn, freilich auch wohl nicht ganz ohne innern Froſt und Schauer, in die unterdeß ſchon etwas verminderte Geſellſchaft, zieht ihn ſchweigend unter dem Mantel hervor, und ſetzt ihn zu aller Grauen und Bewunderung auf den Tiſch, wo der Todtenkopf unter allen Gläſern und Schüſſeln fürchterlich hervorgrinſte und augenblicklich faſt wie das Haupt der Meduſe wirkte. Bald ſollte es jedoch noch ärger werden. Der, welchem die Rolle des Narren zugefallen war, hatte ſich mit einigen Andern verabredet, den ruhmredigen Helden dennoch graulich zu machen. Er klopft bedutſam und abgemeſſen an die Thür, und alle, ſelbſt die Wiſſenden, fahren zuſammen, und herein tritt eine lange ſataniſche Geſtalt mit ſchwarzem Geſichte, und mit einem Stierfelle angethan. Aber kaum hat man Zeit zu erſchrecken; denn in demſelben Augenblicke bewegt ſich, zu Aller haarſträubendem Schrecken, der der Thür gegenüberſtehende Todtenkopf auf dem Tiſche, fällt herab und rollt auf dem Boden fort. Das auf Stelzen hereingetretene Geſpenſt ſtürzt lang in der Stube hin, und Alle fliehen zu allen Thüren hinaus, daß die Tiſche mit Gläſern und Lichtern klirrend über einander fallen. Wenige bleiben betäubt zurück. Nachdem man ſich wieder erholt, und Andere zu Hülfe herbei gekommen waren, wagte man ſich endlich an die Unterſuchung der Wahlſtatt. Der Todtenkopf bewegte ſich noch immer: aber eine dreiſte Hand ergriff ihn, und man ſchaute hinein: da ſah man, daß ein Rattenneſt oder Rattenkönig davon Beſitz genommen hatte, und die bewegende Unruhe darin war. Nun beſorgte man die auf dem Platze Gebliebenen. Der Freigeiſt, welcher den Schädel geholt hatte, lag ſtarr und ſtumm da, und zur harten Strafe für den Frevel, erhielt er die Sprache nie wieder. Der Narr, welcher den Teufel geſpielt hatte, kam mit einem hitzigen Fieber davon. Der gegenſeitige Schreck hatte faſt beide tödtlich getroffen.

Ich war ſelber, als Kind des Hauſes, bei dieſen Auftritten zugegen, und bei dem Kamine ſitzend hatte ich mich zuletzt mit einem Geſpielen daneben niedergeworfen, und blieb ohne aufzuſchauen liegen, bis Hülfe kam. Das merkte ich aber wohl aus den Erzählungen und Vorfällen dieſes Heiligen drei Königs-Abends, daß man den Teufel nicht an die Wand malen ſoll.

Karl Hahn

ward 1773 zu Berlin geboren und nach vollendeten Studien zuerſt als Rektor der daſigen Garniſonſchule angeſtellt, übernahm 1805 das Amt eines Erziehers des Prinzen von Solms-Braunfels, wurde 1810 mecklenburgiſcher Hofrath, dann Regierungs- und Schulrath zu Erfurt und endlich 1826 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Magdeburg verſetzt.

Er gab heraus:

Sprachlehre. Berlin 1803. 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Stoff zur Bildung des Geiſtes und Herzens. Berlin 1803, neue Ausgabe ebendaſ. 1804 u. 1810, 3 Thle.
Die Familie Bendheim. Berlin 1804, ~~2 Thle.~~
Kinderfreuden. Berlin 1805, 2 Thle.
Thereſens Hülfsbuch. Ebendaſ. 1808.
Wilhelmine. Ebendaſ. 1809, 2 Thle.
Parabeln. Elberfeld 1811.
Meine Reiſen. Ebendaſ. 1812.
Der Sylveſterabend in der Familie Helwang. Berlin 1812.
Omar, Erbauungsbuch. 2. Ausg. Elberfeld 1820.
Die beiden Freunde. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1819.

Ein ausgezeichneter Schulmann und Jugendſchriftſteller, der den rechten Ton vor Allem zu treffen weiß, und ſeine kleinen Leſer eben ſo dauernd durch Unterhaltung zu feſſeln, als durch den leichten und doch gründlichen Vortrag gemeinnütziger Kenntniſſe zu belehren verſteht; namentlich gehört ſeine „Familie Bendheim“ zu den beſten Werken dieſer Gattung, nicht bloß in Deutſchland, ſondern überhaupt, und kann durchgehends als vortreffliches Muſter empfohlen werden.

Ludwig Philipp Hahn

ward den 22. März 1746 zu Trippſtadt in der Pfalz geboren, erhielt in den vaterländiſchen gelehrten Anſtalten ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und ſtudirte dann die Rechte zu Göttingen, wo er auch Mitglied des daſigen Dichter-Bundes wurde. Dann wurde er als Kammerſekretär und Rechnungsreviſor zu Zweybrücken angeſtellt, und ſtarb 1813 als Präfekturſekretär daſelbſt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der Aufruhr zu Piſa, Trauerſpiel. Ulm 1776.
Graf Karl von Adelsberg, Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1776.
Robert von Hohenecken, Trauerſpiel. Ebend. 1778.
Siegfried, Operette. Straßburg 1782.
Wallrad und Evchen, Operette. Ebendaſ. 1782.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Zweybrücken 1786.

Ein keineswegs talentloſer, aber doch unklarer Dichter, der, von der Sturm- und Drangperiode in der deutſchen Literatur fortgeriſſen, auch mit dieſer verſchollen iſt.

Johann Chriſtian Ludwig Haken

ward den 23. März 1767 zu Stolpe in Hinterpommern geboren und wurde, nach wohlvollendeten Studien, an daſiger Kadettenſchule als Lehrer angeſtellt. Darauf kam er als Pfarrer nach Konikow bei Köslin, 1801 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Symbow bei Stolpe und wurde ſpäter Superintendent zu Treptow an der Rega, wo er, kurz zuvor mit den Inſignien des rothen Adlerordens III. Claſſe beehrt, den 5. Juni 1835 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die graue Mappe. Berlin 1790—1792. 4 Thle. Neue Ausgabe Magdeburg 1812.
Romantiſche Ausſtellungen. Danzig 1797. 1798. 2 Thle. Neue Ausgabe Leipzig 1815.
Amaranthen. Magdeburg 1802—1806. 4 Thle.
Phantaſus des Morgenlandes. Berlin 1802. 3 Thle. Neue Ausgabe 1819.
Xenophon und die 10,000 Griechen, hiſtoriſcher Verſuch. Magdeburg 1805. 2 Thle.
Neue Amaranthen. Ebendaſ. 1808—1811. 2 Thle.
Gemälde der Kreuzzüge. Frankfurt 1808—1820 3 Thle.
Die Inquiraner. Chemnitz 1810.
Meißner's Julius Cäſar. Frankfurt 1811. 1812. 3. und 4. Theil.
Friedrich von Schill. Leipzig 1824. 2 Thle.

Als gewandter und talentvoller Erzähler, ausgezeichnet durch glückliche Erfindung und Innigkeit und Anmuth der Darſtellung bei großer Einfachheit, erwarb ſich H. zu ſeiner Zeit einen bedeutenden Ruf und ward gern und viel geleſen. Trefflicher jedoch als ſeine novelliſtiſchen Arbeiten, ſind noch ſeine hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen, in denen er Kraft und Würde der Gedanken mit gründlicher Forſchung und Eleganz des Ausdrucks zu verbinden wußte.

Die Britten auf Tinian*).

Nicht bloß für die müßige Neugier, der leicht jede, zum Spiel hingeworfene Tonne (auch wenn ſie leer ſeyn ſollte) für ihre Befriedigung hinreicht, ſondern ſelbſt für den denkenden Beobachter giebt es kaum ein intereſſanteres Schauſpiel, als den Menſchen ſelbſt im Kampf mit widrigen Verhältniſſen, die ſeine volle Kraft zum Handeln oder zum Dulden in Anſpruch nehmen. Der Stoff der Odyſſee, die Irrfahrten des herrlichen Dulders von Ithaka — ſie ſind es ohne Zweifel ebenſowohl, was uns an den Geſang des Mäoniden feſſelt, als die hohe epiſche Kunſt, womit ſein unerreichter Genius denſelben ausgeſtattet hat.

Einen Odyſſeus indeſſen könnt' uns auch das kaum abgelaufne Jahrhundert aufſtellen, deſſen Thaten und Leiden wohl nur ein dreitauſendjähriges Alter fehlt, um uns ein würdiger Stoff für einen künftigen Homer zu dünken. Denn, wer, der in dem Alter einer noch ungeſchwächten Empfänglichkeit je die Erzählung von des Britten Anſon Erdumſeglung zur Hand nahm, hat nicht, durch ſeinen eignen Enthuſiasmus, die allgemeine Theilnahme erklärbar gefunden, womit dieſe Berichte von ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen empfangen wurden, und welche ſelbſt durch die glücklichern Nachfolger auf ſeiner kühnen Bahn ſpäterhin nicht ganz hat können verdrängt werden? Allein wer möchte auch läugnen, daß dieſes hohe Intereſſe hauptſächlich durch die Aehnlichkeit erregt und unterhalten wird, welche der nautiſche Kriegszug des engliſchen Seehelden mit den Abentheuern des Helden der Odyſſee von mehr als Einer Seite aufzuſtellen vermag, und wodurch derſelbe ſich zu einer modernen Epopöe eignet — Eine Odyſſee, in welcher auf die Feſſelung und Erſchütterung des Hörers die nemlichen dichteriſchen Hebel wirken, wie in dem homeriſchen Geſange?

In der That dürfen die Punkte zur Vergleichung zwiſchen Beiden nicht erſt mühſam aufgeſucht werden. Hier, wie dort, ſtrahlt durch das Ganze die Geſtalt des herrlichen Dulders hell hervor; hier, wie dort, gilt es den großen Kampf einer männlichen Seele gegen ſein Schickſal. Der Plan der Anſoniade — wenn der Name gewagt werden darf — wäre ſchon an ſich ſelbſt durchaus epiſch. — Es iſt die fortſchreitende Ausführung eines großen Zwecks im Konflikt mit entgegenſtrebenden Kräften, mit den Elementen der Natur, den feindſeligen Vorkehrungen des Gegners und ſelbſt den Thorheiten der mitwirkenden Theilhaber, welche durch die ganze Handlung mit eiſernem Finger hindurch greifen.

Auch die zufälligern Momente der Aehnlichkeit werden wir hier nicht ganz vermiſſen. Stürme und Windſtillen, Scyllen und Charybden bedrohen, nach Erforderniß, unſern epiſchen Schauplatz. Die Gärten des Alcinous finden wir auf Juan Fernandez — Circens Zauberinſel auf Tinian wieder. Aber begegnen wir auf letzterem Eilande lieber den ſeligen Schatten Elyſiums, ſo ſtoßen uns, zum Gegenſtück, als Verdammte des Tartarus, gleich einer Schatten- oder Marionettenwelt, die flachen ſeelenloſen Chineſen entgegen. Ebenſowenig mangelt es an intereſſanten Epiſoden, die, von Zeit zu Zeit die Handlung unterbrechend, dennoch mit ihr fortlaufen und den Effekt des Ganzen verſtärken. So erinnert Pizarro's vergebliches Beſtreben, das Südmeer zu erreichen, an Syſiphus Felslaſt; ſo wird der einſiedleriſche Ziegenhirt Selkirk auf Juan Fernandez des Polyphemus Genoſſe; und Byron, ſammt ſeinen ſchiffbrüchigen Gefährten, irrt die ganze lange Reihe ſeiner Drangſale hindurch, bis ſpät ſein Unſtern verſöhnt iſt.

Doch, bis er erſcheint, der göttliche Sänger, der uns den brittiſchen Mann ſingt,

— den Vielgewandten, der vielfach
Umgeirrt —
Auch im Meere ſo viel herzkränkende Leiden erduldet,
Strebend für ſeine Seele zugleich und der Freunde Zurückkunft,

ſey es dem beſcheidnern Rhapſoden erlaubt, ihn uns in einer einzelnen Lage ſeines wechſelvollen Lebens vor's Auge zu führen, wo das Geſchick es mit allen Kräften ſeines Geiſtes aufnahm, um den Muth des Helden, ſammt dem edelſten Mannstreu, ſichtbarlicher in ihm zu bewähren*).

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*) Aus: Joh. Chriſt. Ludw. Haken's „Amaranthen. Magdeburg 1805.

*) Um dieſe einleitende Rhapſodie über den poetiſchen Werth von „Anſons Reiſe" verzeihlich zu finden, müßte, wie der Verf.

Die Spanier im ruhigen Beſitz ihrer Goldländer am Südmeer aufzuſchrecken, und ſie empfindlich am Herzen ihres politiſchen Lebens zu verwunden, war im Anbeginn des vierten Jahrzehends der Kommodore Anſon von ſeiner Regierung abgeſandt worden. Der Entwurf zu dieſem Unternehmen vereinigte die beſonnenſte Kühnheit mit der glücklichſten Berechnung; und wahrſcheinlich wäre daſſelbe allein hinreichend geweſen, den eben entglommenen Krieg zwiſchen den beiden Kronen ſchnell zu endigen, wenn die Mittel der Ausführung den Ideen des erſten Urhebers, oder den fruchtlos wiederholten Forderungen des dazu erſehenen Anführers entſprochen hätten. Der Seeheld ſchwamm aus den Häfen Britanniens mit einem Geſchwader, das ſo unbedeutend an Stärke und ſo nothdürftig bemannt mit brauchbaren Bootsleuten und Soldaten war, daß er nur die unglückliche Wahl hatte, entweder durch Zurückgabe ſeines Kommando ſeinen Muth verdächtigt, oder durch eine mangelhafte Ausführung die geſpannten Erwartungen ſeiner Mitbürger, ſo wie die Wünſche ſeines eignen patriotiſchen Herzens, vereitelt zu ſehen.

Allein eben dieſer Sinn voll glühender Liebe für die Ehre und das Wohl ſeines Vaterlandes entſchied ihn, den Kampf ſelbſt mit der Unmöglichkeit nicht von ſich zurückzuweiſen. Und ſogar dann noch verließ ihn ſeine Entſchloſſenheit nicht, als, eh' er noch den Schauplatz erreichte, wo ſeine Thaten ihn zur Geißel des Feindes machen ſollten, Stürme und Krankheiten die Zahl ſeiner Schiffe, wie ſeiner Mannſchaften, ſchon bis auf die Hälfte verringert hatten. Mit den Trümmern ſeiner Macht beunruhigte er beinahe ein Jahr lang die Küſten von Chili, Peru und Mexiko; lähmte den ganzen Seehandel und das wechſelſeitige Verkehr dieſer Provinzen; trotzte jedem Verſuch des Widerſtandes; trug die zerſtörende Kriegsflamme in die Wohnungen von Payta, und zwang gleichwohl durch redende Proben ſeines Edelmuths und ſeiner Menſchlichkeit die erſtaunten Spanier, ihn zu bewundern, und Achtung gegen den brittiſchen Namen zu faſſen.

Ohne Ausſicht, den wahren Zweck ſeiner Sendung, der nicht, wie es verabredet worden, aus mehreren Punkten unterſtützt wurde, in dieſen Meeren zu erfüllen, und mit neuen kühnen Entwürfen im Buſen entſchloß ſich Anſon endlich, die lange und gewagte Fahrt quer über das mit Unrecht durch ſeinen Namen geſchmeichelte ſtille Meer zu unternehmen; lang, weil die Küſten zweier Welttheile hier um das Drittel des ganzen Umfangs der Erde von einander ſtehen; — gewagt für ihn, weil ſich mit der Unkunde ſeines Laufes der Mangel an den weſentlichſten Bedürfniſſen des nunmehr auf zwei Schiffe herabgeſchmolzenen Geſchwaders vereinigte, ihm dieſen Weg zu erſchweren. Widrige Winde dehnten die Fahrt, ohne einigen Zwiſchenpunkt von Ruhe, auf die nicht erwartete Dauer von drei Monden aus. Stürme und Meerſtröme verſchlugen zuletzt die Schiffe ſo weit von ihrem Wege, und richteten ſie zugleich ſo zu, daß die traurige Nothwendigkeit eintrat, den zum rettungsloſen Wrack gewordenen Glocester, ein Schiff von funfzig Kanonen, mit ſeiner erbeuteten reichen Ladung mitten auf dem Weltmeere zu verbrennen, und die Mannſchaft in das größere Schiff, den Centurion, herüber zu nehmen.

Doch, noch furchtbarer wüthete unter den kaum geborgenen Reſten dieſer nun vereinigten Mannſchaften ein Widerſacher, den ſie bereits aus einer frühern höchſt traurigen Erfahrung kannten. Es war der Skorbut, dieſer damals noch durch keine Maaßregel der Vorſicht zu entfernende Begleiter jeder längern Seereiſe. Kaum ließ er am Ende des dritten Monats noch ſo viel geſunde Hände übrig, als zur Regierung des Schiffs und zur Arbeit an den, wegen eines entſtandenen Lecks, nie feiernden Pumpen unumgänglich erfordert wurden. Bei jedem Schritt zwiſchen den Verdecken ſtieß man auf Kranke oder Sterbende; und es genügt, um ſich von dieſer troſtloſen Lage einen Begriff zu machen, an dem Zuſatze, daß von etwa drittehalbhundert Menſchen — den traurigen Ueberreſten einer Zahl von beinahe tauſend Köpfen, die England verließen! — täglich acht, zehn und zuweilen gar zwölf Kranke an dieſer gräßlichen Seuche den Geiſt aufgaben.

Nur eine einzige Hoffnung konnte die Unglücklichen in dieſem Gedränge der Noth vor Zaghaftigkeit und Verzweiflung ſchützen — die Hoffnung, bald einen freundlichen Hafen zu finden, wo ſie im Genuß der erquickenden Landluft und friſcher Nahrungsmittel aus dem Pflanzenreiche das bewährte Mittel gegen den verheerenden Krankheitsſtoff gefunden haben würden. Dieſen Zufluchtsort konnten ihnen allein die Ladronen gewähren; und mit banger Sehnſucht ſteuerten ſie dieſer nahe geglaubten Inſelgruppe entgegen. Wirklich auch entdeckten ſie einige Küſten, oder vielmehr Klippen, die zur Zahl derſelben gehörten. Aber dieſe unwirthbaren, ja nicht einmal zugänglichen Felſen zerſtörten durch ihre bloße Anſicht unbarmherzig den ſo lange gepflegten Traum von einer nahen Errettung. Gleichwohl mußten ſie dieſe hier finden: oder binnen wenig Tagen trieb der Centurion als ein von Menſchen ausgeſtorbenes Wrack zum Spiel des Windes und der Wogen im offnen Meere!

So war es denn in Wahrheit ein Glücksfall, auf den ſich um ſo weniger rechnen ließ, als den Unglücklichen dieſe Weltgegend zu den unbeſuchteſten und fremdeſten Winkeln der Erde gehörte, daß ein ſtürmiſcher Wind ſie bei Nacht aus dem Geſicht der entdeckten Felſen trieb, und drei größern Eilanden entgegenführte, unter denen Tinian, die mittelſte, ihnen am nächſten lag, und nach welcher ſie unverzüglich die Segel richteten. Unter dieſer Bemühung entfaltete ſich allmählig die Küſte dieſer Inſel immer deutlicher vor ihren Augen. In ihrer hoffnungsloſen Lage würde jede rauhe Wildniß ihnen ein Paradies geſchienen haben: um wieviel mehr denn mußte der Anblick eines Landes ſie bezaubern, welches in allen ſeinen Theilen ein von Menſchenhand gepflegter Garten voll romantiſcher Mannichfaltigkeit ſchien: wo grasreiche Ebenen mit waldumkränzten Höhen wechſelten, und zahlreiche Rinderheerden am Ufer weideten, während ein Amphitheater bläulicher Berge, das ſich ſtufenweiſe in der Ferne erhob, immer neue Reize und immer reichere Genüſſe in ſeinen Thälern aufzudecken verſprach.

Jedes Herz richtete ſich allgemach wieder zu Lebens-Muth und Hoffnung empor. Selbſt die, durch ihre ſonderbare Lage erzeugte Sorge, daß dies goldne Eiland bewohnt von Menſchen ſeyn könnte, war bereits verſchwunden, nachdem ſie ſich einer feindlichen Barke bemächtigt, von deren Beſatzung ſie den Namen der Inſel, zugleich mit der Nachricht, erfuhren, daß die Spanier von ihren Beſitzungen auf der benachbarten Inſel Guaham nur zuweilen dergleichen Fahrzeuge hieher ſendeten, um Jagd auf das Hornvieh zu machen, und Vorräthe ſolches Fleiſches zu bukaniren*).

Verſchiedene Hütten ſtanden zu dieſem Geſchäft am Ufer aufgerichtet. Dies erſparte der zuerſt ans Land geſchickten engliſchen Mannſchaft die Mühe, Gezelte für ihre Kranken aufzuſchlagen. Die Menſchlichkeit forderte den Befehlshaber dringend auf, für dieſe Unglücklichen zuerſt und vor jedem andern Geſchäft liebreiche Sorgfalt zu beweiſen. Weit über hundert an der Zahl, waren ſie größtentheils ſo entkräftet, daß ihre Füße nicht mehr vermochten, ſie in das für ſie eingerichtete Hoſpital zu tragen. Aber raſch und ohne Bedenken lud der Kommodore und luden die geringeren Officiere die Schwächſten auf ihre Schultern, ſie mit edlem Wetteifer aus den Booten in die Krankenhütten zu führen**).

Neue Kraft des Lebens und des Geſundens wehte die ausgemergelten Siechlinge mit dem erſten Athemzuge der ländlichen und duftwürzigen Landluft an, die ſie auf dieſem glücklichen Boden ſchöpften, und mit den mannichfaltigen Früchten, die ihnen von jedem Aſt entgegenwinkten. Wie dem Grabe entſtiegen, richteten ſie ſich in unglaublich kurzer Zeit empor aus ihrer Ohnmacht. In weniger, als einer Woche, gab es kaum Einen mehr unter Allen, der nicht geneſen, ſeine Krücke von ſich geworfen hätte. Ein und zwanzig Todte waren die beiden letzten Tage ihrer Seereiſe in die Sterbeliſten eingezeichnet worden: nicht mehr als Zehn der Erſchöpfteſten fanden wäh-

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allerdings begreift, der Leſer ſich mit ihm in dem nämlichen Falle befinden: d. h. — Jenes Werk möchte ebenſowohl ſeine erſte und unzählig oft wiederholte Lektüre geweſen ſeyn, an welche, im Blüthenalter des Lebens, ſein ſich entwickelnder Geiſt mit allen Fühlfäden ſich innig feſtgeſchlungen. Freilich haben ſpätere Reiſeberichte auch bey dem Schreiber Dieſes einen großen Theil der Magie wieder zerſtört, womit inſonderheit das liebliche Gemählde von Tinian ſo unwiderſtehlich auf ſeine Imagination einſt wirkte. Doch glaubte er, dieſe Korrekturen von ſpäterer Hand in dem folgenden Aufſatz wohl ignoriren zu dürfen.

*) Die bekannte und in Weſtindien zuerſt erfundene Weiſe friſches Fleiſch, ohne die Zuthat des Salzes, durch bloßes Trocknen in der Sonne, oder durch Röſten für einen längern Gebrauch aufzubewahren.

**) Ein reizendes Seitenſtück zu Schillers ſchönem Wort über den Orden der Johanniter:

„Herrlich kleidet ſie euch, des Kreuzes furchtbare Rüſtung,
Wenn ihr, Löwen der Schlacht, Akkon und Rhodus beſchützt,
Durch die ſyriſche Wüſte den bangen Pilgrim geleitet
Und mit der Cherubim Schwerdt ſteht vor dem heiligen Grab.
Aber ein ſchönerer Schmuck umgiebt euch, die Schürze des Wärters,
Wenn ihr, Löwen der Schlacht, Söhne des edelſten Stamms,
Dient an des Kranken Bett, dem Lechzenden Labung bereitet,
Und die niedrige Pflicht chriſtlicher Milde vollbringt.“

rend der beiden folgenden Monate auf Tinian das Grab, dem ſie bereits zu nahe ſtanden.

Tinian, das Land der Geneſung für die Kranken, war aber nicht minder auch ein Tempe für die wenigen Geſunden, die an ſeinen Ufern landeten, und mit jedem Fußtritte auf neue genußreiche Reize ſtießen. Ein leichter Boden ſetzte an dieſem ſeligen Erdenfleck der geilen Vegetation jener heißern Zone ſo glückliche Schranken, daß nirgend die Ueppigkeit der Schönheit den Rang ablief. Weite natürliche Wieſen prangten mit dem friſchen [illegible] Graswuchs eines engliſchen Raſenplatzes. Mitten darin zogen ſich bald lichte, bald dunklere Haine hochwüchſiger [illegible], durch kein Geſtrüpp und keine Schlingpflanzen dem Schritt des Wanderers unwegſam gemacht. Ueberall Frucht- und Waldbäume in der lieblichſten Miſchung; überall die Hand der freiwaltenden Natur unverkennbar, und doch ein ſo täuſchender Anſchein bedächtiger Kunſt über ihre reichen Scenen ausgebreitet! Jede ſanfte Erhöhung des Bodens, jeder Vorſprung des Gehölzes überraſchte mit einer neuen idylliſchen Ausſicht. Man war ſich's jeden Augenblick gewärtig, auf die glücklichen Bewohner dieſes Arkadiens zu ſtoßen: denn ſchwer ließ ſich's träumen, daß Menſchen verſchmäht haben ſollten, ſich in dieſen ſegensreichen Fluren anzuſiedeln.

Und in der That waren ſie nicht von jeher ſo öde, als unſere Weltumſegler ſie fanden. Noch vor weniger, als einem Menſchenalter, lebte ein harmloſes Völkchen, dreißigtauſend Köpfe ſtark, auf dieſer ſeligen Erde. Da lagerte ſich eine verderbliche Seuche über Tinian und ihre Schweſterinſeln her, und drohte, ſie ſämmtlich zu entvölkern. Vor allen war Guaham, mit ihren ſpaniſchen Anpflanzungen, wie ausgeſtorben. Den trägen Kaſtilianern gebrach es plötzlich an Sclaven, für ſie zu arbeiten, und ihren Tyrannenlaunen zum Ziel zu dienen. Sie halfen ſich, wie ihre grauſame Politik es von jeher gewohnt war. — Sie riſſen die ſparſamen Reſte der Eingebornen auf Tinian hinweg vom väterlichen Heerde, und ſchleppten ſie nach Guaham hinüber. Dort zehrte der Wurm des Grams und eines ſehnſüchtigen Heimwehs ſo unabläſſig an den unglücklichen Verbannten, daß ſie in wenig Jahren dahinwelkten, und durch ihr allgemeines Ausſterben die Abſicht ihrer gefühlloſen Treiber vereitelten. Ihre abgeſchiedenen Geiſter geſellten ſich zu den hundert Millionen Gemißhandelter, Entmenſchter, Hingewürgter, die einſt den großen Vergelter tauſendſtimmig aufrufen werden, ihre gemordete Seligkeit an dieſen goldhungrigen Entdeckern neuer Welten zu rächen.

Noch ſprachen die einſtmaligen Bewohner Tinians den Wanderer aus überall zerſtreuten Ruinen eines nicht ganz kunſtloſen Gemäuers an, deſſen urſprüngliche Beſtimmung zu religiöſen Gebäuden nicht verkannt werden mochte. Noch waren ihre zurückgebliebenen Rinderheerden bei einer ungeſtörten Vermehrung nicht in dem Maaße verwildert, daß es ſonderlicher Mühe bedurft hätte, ſie einzufangen. Schneeweiß von Farbe, bis auf die dunkel gezeichneten Ohren, weideten ſie zu Tauſenden auf den grasreichen Fluren, und belebten durch ihren Anblick die keinesweges todte Landſchaft. Denn auch eine Menge eben ſo zahmen Geflügels irrt' und ſchwärmte zutraulich durch die beſchatteten Wälder; und ihr Geſchrei unterhielt die liebliche Täuſchung, daß man ſich ſtets in der Nähe eines wohlbeſetzten Meierhofs glaubte. Nur die Schweine, deren es in dem finſterſten Dickigt gab, forderten durch ihre Scheu und grimmige Wildheit das Geſchick und den Muth des Waidmanns auf, ſie zu erlegen. Aber auch hierbei geſellten ſich ihm einige Kuppeln ſtarker Hunde zu, die den gefangnen Spaniern auf der Barke gehörten und zu dieſer Jagd mit Fleiß abgerichtet waren.

Hier auch fanden die erſchöpften Seefahrer mit freudiger Ueberraſchung zum Erſtenmal auf ihrem fernen Wege die hochgeprieſene Brodtfrucht, die Schöpferinn und Gefährtinn einer milderen Menſchheit. Ueber ihrer Süßigkeit liefen ſie Gefahr, ungerecht gegen den Kokos, den Palmitokohl, die Guaven, die Bananas und die ſäuerlich erfriſchende Limone zu ſeyn, die ſich von allen Seiten ihnen zum Genuſſe ausließerten. Ungerecht waren ſie in der That gegen den Reichthum an Fiſchen, welche das Meer an dieſer Küſte ihnen vergebens darbot, ſeitdem der Genuß einiger Arten derſelben ihnen Unbequemlichkeiten zugezogen hatte, welche wahrſcheinlich nur die Folgen ihrer Unmäßigkeit waren.

Was endlich dies Gemählde einer Unſchuldswelt vollendete, und was zugleich in ſeinem eigentlichen Werth nur funfzehn Grade von der Linie weit empfunden werden mag — Ein beſtändiges abkühlendes Wehen der Seeluft, von Zeit zu Zeit abwechſelnd mit kleinen erfriſchenden Regengüſſen — vergönnte in dieſer glücklichen Jahreszeit, den ganzen Segen dieſer hochbegünſtigten Natur mit ungeſtörter Wolluſt zu genießen, und erſchuf zugleich eine durchgängige Eßluſt, der es keinesweges an Befriedigung fehlte

Doch, um nicht ausſchweifend im Lobe dieſes Eilands zu ſcheinen, gebietet die Billigkeit, auch die Unannehmlichkeiten nicht zu verſchweigen, welche jenen Reizen in den Augen des glücklichen Finders nur ſchwer die Wage halten. Nicht die Schwärme von Moskiten und anderm ſtechenden Ungeziefer, die zu Zeiten den Spaziergänger beläſtigten; nicht der Mangel lebendiger fließender Quellen, welche dieſem Boden gänzlich abgehn, ſo ſehr ſie auch ſeinen maleriſchen Scenen erſt die höchſte Vollendung geben würden, und welche durch einige Brunnen und ein paar ſtehende Weiher nur unvollkommen erſetzt werden: ſondern die Unbequemlichkeit und Unſicherheit des einzigen Ankerplatzes an den Geſtaden dieſer Feeninſel iſt es, was den Ankömmling des Genuſſes ihrer Annehmlichkeiten nicht froh werden läßt, da dieſer Genuß jeden Augenblick mit allen Schreckniſſen des Zerſcheiterns oder des Hinwegtreibens erkauft werden muß. Allen Winden bloßgeſtellt, die hier oft mit plötzlichen Stößen ungeſtüm raſen; bedroht von jedem Wechſel der Fluth, die ſich täglich mit hohen und ſchnellen Wogen furchtbar heranwälzt — nagt noch an des Schiffes ausgeworfenen Ankertauen heimlich ein mit ſcharfgeſpitzten Korallen-Felſen bedeckter Meeresgrund; und ſo trifft Alles und Jedes hier zuſammen, den Muth des Seemanns von einem längern Verweilen zurückzuſchrecken.

Nur zubald ſollte denn auch dieſer Muth auf eine grauſame Probe geſtellt werden! Denn noch vor dem Verlauf eines vollen Monats rückte die Herbſtnachtgleiche heran, welche in dieſem, wie in andern Meeren, von den furchtbarſten Stürmen begleitet zu ſeyn pflegt. Der Kommodore hatte die Zwiſchenzeit mit dem glücklichſten Fortgang dazu benutzt, ſeine Kranken durch den Aufenthalt auf dem Lande wiederherzuſtellen. Ein anderweitiger Verſuch, dem Leck des Schiffes beizukommen und ihn zu verſtopfen, war zwar nicht von dem erwünſchten Erfolg: doch ward derſelbe wenigſtens gemindert; die Kabeltaue wurden einer Schau unterworfen und neu verſichert; die Segelſtangen aufs Verdeck heruntergelaſſen, und überhaupt jede Vorſicht getroffen, um den gefürchteten Sturm vor Anker auszuhalten.

Er blieb nicht aus! Doch nur dann erſt erhob er ſich, als, nach Verfluß der drohenden Periode, Niemand mehr auf ſein Erſcheinen rechnete. Die eingeſtellten Arbeiten des Waſſerſchöpfens am Lande hatten darum bereits auf's neue begonnen, die hergeſtellten Kranken aber zum Theil ſich wieder an Bord begeben, um den täglichen Dienſt zu verrichten und die Geſunden abzulöſen, die ſich nun ihrerſeits auf dem Lande ein wenig zu erfriſchen hofften. Der Kommodore ſelbſt, der ſeine Anfälle von Storbut bisher nicht geachtet hatte, um ganz der Sorge für ſeine hülfsbedürftigen Gefährten zu leben, gab endlich der Nothwendigkeit nach, das Schiff auf einige Tage zu verlaſſen, um durch den ländlichen Aufenthalt den beunruhigenden Fortſchritten ſeines Uebels zu wehren.

Unter dieſen Umſtänden ſtand ein friſcher Wind aus Oſten auf, der ſich ſo ſchnell und überraſchend zum Sturm verſtärkte, daß die empörten Wogen bald jede Gemeinſchaft zwiſchen dem Centurion und der am Ufer befindlichen Mannſchaft unterbrachen: denn jedes Boot, daß ſich in die ſchäumende Brandung gewagt hätte, wäre rettungslos verloren geweſen. Vergebens ſann der Befehlshaber auf Mittel, ſein Schiff wieder zu beſteigen, welches er als den Poſten betrachtete, wo jede Gefahr ihn finden müßte. Vergebens wünſchte er, die Beſatzung deſſelben durch den Kern der Bootsleute, die ſich mit ihm in gleicher Lage befanden, zu verſtärken, und dann ohne Zeitverluſt in See zu gehen. Es waren nicht weniger, als hundert und dreizehn Menſchen am Lande, und nur hundert und acht, die unfähigere und kaum geneſene Hälfte, wurden am Borde gezählt. Gleichwohl hätte ein Schiff dieſes Ranges wenigſtens das Vierfache an Köpfen bedurft, um für völlig ausgerüſtet zu gelten.

Dieſe Trennung der Kräfte erlaubte dem Centurion keine andere Maaßregel, als es auf die Gunſt des Schickſals ankommen zu laſſen, wieviel Widerſtand ſeine Kabeltaus dem Orkan entgegenſetzen würden, um nicht von der Ankerſtelle hinweggetrieben zu werden. Bald ſchien dieſe Frage entſchieden. Denn ehe noch die Sonne ſank, brach der kleinere Anker von den Beiden, vor welchem das Schiff befeſtigt lag, in Stücken; und die Verlaſſenen am Ufer ſahen es mit ſtarrem Beben ſich auf den beſten Buganker ſchwingen; — ſahen bei eintretender Fluth den Centurion, durch die unwiderſtehliche Gewalt derſelben übermannt, dem Sturm gerade entgegentreiben; — ſahen die wälzenden Wogen das lange Boot, welches hinter dem Schiffe befeſtigt ſchwamm, wie einen Ball auf das Hinterdeck deſſelben emporſchleudern und zertrümmern; — und mußten zuletzt dieſe herzdurchbohrenden Beobachtungen gezwungen aufgeben, da das zweifelhafte Tageslicht bald der ſchwärzeſten nächtlichen Finſterniß wich, welche die geſammte grauſe Scene in ihren Mantel hüllte. Immer aber noch verſtärkte ſich das Toſen der Winde mit jeder Minute. Ihr pfeifendes Heulen, und das

Brauſen der brandenden Welle, und das Rollen des Donners betäubten jedes Ohr, während der Regen in Strömen niederſchoß und kreuzende Wetterſtrahlen unaufhörlich durch den entbrannten Himmel zuckten.

Träg ſchwand den Bekümmerten dieſe Nacht des Entſetzens dahin! Noch wüthete der Sturm, als der trübe Tag von neuem aufſtieg; und ſchnell flogen ihre Augen ſeewärts nach dem Horizont hinaus, und ſuchten den Centurion auf ſeiner alten Ankerſtelle. Er war fort! er war verſchwunden! Das weite Meer bot ihnen nichts, als den öden Anblick einer tauſendfach durchpflügten Waſſerfläche dar.

Ein ungeheurer Schmerz klammerte ſich an jede Bruſt! Mit dem verlornen Schiffe hatte Jeder ſeine Hoffnung und jedes Heil des Lebens verloren! Eine dumpfe Beſtürzung ſchloß ihrer Aller Mund; Jeder ſcheute ſich, die Beſtätigung ſeines Verderbens dem Andern abzufragen. Doch ſchmerzlicher, als ſie insgeſammt, war durch dieſe Kataſtrophe der wackere Befehlshaber gebeugt, dem dieſe Schreckensnacht mit dem Schiffe, das er, wie jeder Seemann, als das Seinige, aus langer Gewohnheit mit Zärtlichkeit liebte — zugleich die ganze Frucht ſeiner erduldeten Gefahren, den Lohn ſeiner Thaten, die Heimkehr ins theure Vaterland und Alles raubte!

Auf ihn indeſſen war in dieſer bedrängten Lage jedes Auge ſeiner Gefährten allein gerichtet. Von ihm erwarteten ſie, daß ſein an Hülfsmitteln nie erſchöpfter Geiſt zu ihrer Aller Rettung ſich bewähren ſollte; und ſobald das Entſetzen ihre erſtarrten Zungen wieder losgab, beſtürmten ſie ihn mit Vorſtellungen, wie nur die muthloſeſte Verzweiflung ſie einzugeben vermag. Hier drang ein Theil, der den Untergang des Schiffs für entſchieden hielt, in ihn, daß er das Boot rings um die Inſel ſchicken ſolle, um die geſcheiterten Trümmer aufzuſuchen. Dort wieder klagten Andre, die an eine Möglichkeit ſeiner Erhaltung glaubten, daß es dennoch ohne einige Hoffnung der Wiederkehr von der Inſel abgetrieben ſeyn möchte, da es ſich unter der Windſeite derſelben befunden. Sie erinnerten ihn an die Schwäche der Beſatzung und an die Untüchtigkeit des lecken Centurion ſelbſt, nachdem er ſchon ſo lange Monden die See gehalten, nun noch mit dieſen ſtürmiſchen Winden zu kämpfen. Beide Theile aber jammerten, daß — welches nun auch ſein Schickſal geweſen ſeyn möchte — die Unmöglichkeit, dieſe Inſel jemals wieder zu verlaſſen, gleich ſehr entſchieden bliebe.

In Wahrheit auch vereinigte ſich nur zu vieles, um dieſem Zweifel das Wort zu reden. Wenigſtens ſechshundert Seemeilen war Makao, der nächſte freundſchaftliche Hafen, den ſie hätten erreichen müſſen, entlegen; und um dahin zu gelangen, war kein Fahrzeug in ihren Händen, als jene kleine ſpaniſche Barke, die ſie gleich bei ihrer erſten Landung auf Tinian hinweggenommen hatten. Dieſe aber würde höchſtens den vierten Mann aus ihrer Anzahl haben aufnehmen können: und was war alsdann das Loos der Zurückbleibenden auf dieſer wüſten Erde, wo vor dem Centurion vielleicht noch nie ein europäiſches Schiff geankert hatte, und wo ſich auch in mehreren Generationen kein ähnlicher Glücksfall wieder erwarten ließ! Dieſe troſtloſe Ausſicht entkleidete die zauberiſche Inſel plötzlich aller ihrer bisherigen Reize. Auch in einem Paradieſe konnten ſie nicht froh bleiben, ſobald es ihnen zum Kerker ward, der ſie ewig von Freunden, Verwandten und allen Freuden der vaterländiſchen Heimath trennte.

Noch aber war dieſe lebenslängliche Verbannung nicht das muthmaaßliche höchſte Ziel ihres Ungemachs. Guaham, die ſpaniſche Niederlaſſung, lag ihnen zu nahe, als daß ſie hätten hoffen dürfen, von dorther unangefochten zu bleiben. Sobald ihre Feinde erfuhren, in welcher mißlichen Lage ſie ſich befänden, war nichts gewiſſer, als daß der Befehlshaber dieſer Kolonie eine hinreichende Macht herüberſenden würde, um ſie zu überwältigen, und auf Zeitlebens als Kriegsgefangene von der Inſel hinwegzuführen. Denn die Eiferſucht und grauſame Willkühr der Spanier in dieſen fernen Erdſtrichen war zu bekannt; als daß eine Auswechſelung jemals ſich hätte hoffen laſſen. Ja, es ſtand ſogar zu fürchten, daß die Feinde aus den eben erwähnten Gründen geneigt ſeyn möchten, gegen ſie als Seeräuber zu verfahren. Und wie wollten ſie dieſe entſetzliche Gefährdung ihrer Ehre und ihres Lebens abwenden, da ihre ſämmtlichen Beſtallungen am Borde des Centurion zurückgeblieben waren?

Mitten unter dieſen niederſchlagenden Betrachtungen ſtand Anſon, größer als ſein Schickſal, mit unerſchütterlicher Faſſung da. Vollwichtiger, als irgend einer aus der Zahl der muthlos Jammernden, empfand er den Druck jener Gründe: allein ſie beugten die hohe Ruhe ſeines Gemüthes nicht, womit er unter den ſparſamen Mitteln wählte, ſich und die Seinen aus dem Gedränge zu ziehen. Sobald er auch nur, einig mit ſich ſelber, ſeinen ſchnell gebohrenen Entwurf den verſtändigern Freunden um ihn her entwickelt und zu deſſen Thunlichkeit ihre Stimmen vereinigt hatte, verſammelte er auch die geſammte Zahl der Unglücksgenoſſen zu ſich, um ſeinen Muth und ſein kühnes Feuer zur Ausführung in ſie überzutragen.

„Freunde,“ ſprach er — „zum Erſtenmale ſeit zwei Jahren, da uns der Ruf des Vaterlandes und der Ehre vereinigt, [illegible] ich heute Gefahr, den Geiſt brittiſcher Männer in euch zu verkennen! Wie? Den Centurion haltet ihr für verloren! Hab' ich's denn nicht mehr mit verſuchten alten Seeleuten zu thun, daß eine ſo kindiſche eitle Sorge euer Herz beugt! Oder habt ihr denn ſo gar nicht erwogen, wieviel ein Schiff, wie das Unſrige, zu ertragen vermag? Wie hätt' es uns denn wohl bis hieher gebracht, wär' es ſo übel zuſammengefügt, als der Centurion ſein müßte, um dieſem Sturme nicht zu trotzen? — Er geſunken! er zertrümmert! — Glaubt es nie! Hofft getroſt mit eurem Führer, daß wir in wenigen Tagen ſein Segel, auf uns hergerichtet, wieder erblicken werden!

„Doch ſey es auch ſogar, daß wir umſonſt nach ihm ausſehen! Das Schlimmſte was ihm begegnet ſeyn könnte, wäre doch immer nur, daß die Gewalt des Windes ihn zu weit nach Weſten abgetrieben, um ſich wieder zu uns heranzuarbeiten. Dann hat er ohne Zweifel ſeinen Lauf nach der Küſte von China fortgeſetzt, und es liegt nur an uns, ihn in Makao wieder zu erreichen. Auf dieſes Aergſte laßt uns alſo, als Männer, gefaßt ſeyn. Nach Makao und unſerm Centurion laßt uns unſre Beſtrebungen richten! Sie werden nicht fruchtlos ſeyn: wir werden dieſe Inſel hinter uns ſchwinden ſehen, wenn ihr, wie ich hoffe, zu dem Anſchlag eure Hände bieten wollet, den ich mit reifer Ueberlegung erſonnen habe.

„Ihr habt Recht, — Wir beſitzen nur dieſe kleine Barke, um uns von hier zu entfernen: allein was hindert uns, ſie ans Land zu ziehen, ſie quer durch in ihrer Mitte aus einander zu ſägen, und Kiel und Borde um zwölf Fuß zu verlängern? Statt zwölf Tonnen Laſt wird ſie dann vierzig faſſen — wird fähig ſeyn, die hohe See zu halten, und geräumig genug, uns Alle bis auf den Letzten aufzunehmen. Dieſer Vorſchlag ſtützt ſich auf die einmüthige Verſicherung unſerer anweſenden Zimmerleute, welche ihn für leicht und ausführbar erklären. Allein er fordert auch unſern vereinigten Entſchluß zur That, und nimmt den angeſtrengteſten Fleiß jedes Einzelnen unter uns in Anſpruch. Freiwillig alſo und mit voller Kraft ſeiner Seele biete Jeder ſeinen Beiſtand zum gemeinſamen Werke dar; und ich ſelbſt, wie beſchwerlich die Arbeit ſeyn möge, werde willig und redlich Hand an ſie legen.

„Iſt dies euer Wille — Wohlan! So laßt uns ungeſäumt zur Ausführung ſchreiten! Unſre Verfaſſung und die günſtige Jahreszeit müſſen uns jeden Augenblick koſtbar machen, müſſen uns treiben, als ob die Hoffnung, den Centurion hier wieder vor Anker zu ſehn, ein Unding wäre, damit wir, wenn er nun dennoch erſcheint, nichts, als die vergebliche Arbeit einiger wenigen Tage, zu bereuen haben mögen.“

Anſons zuverſichtlicher Ton verfehlte auch ſeiner Wirkung auf die verſammelten Hörer nicht; — wirkte ſogar kräftiger, als ſeine Abſicht war, da er ihre Erwartung, ſich mit dem Schiffe nächſtens wieder zu vereinigen, bis zu einer ſolchen Lebendigkeit erhöhte, daß es ſie zu der beſchloſſenen Arbeit läſſiger machte, als das Bedürfniß erlaubte. Die vorgeſchlagene Erweiterung des ſpaniſchen Fahrzeugs war allerdings ein Werk, das nur durch eine nicht gemeine Anſtrengung vollführt werden konnte; und je deutlicher ſie dies begriffen, je geneigter wurden ſie, es viel lieber auf die Gunſt eines Zufalls ankommen zu laſſen, auf welchen der Kommodore bei ſich ſelbſt ungleich weniger zu rechnen wagte, als ſeine Verſicherungen anzudeuten ſchienen.

Dieſer Ausflucht, welche der Arbeitsſcheu der trägen Gemüther nur zu erwünſcht kam, war es hauptſächlich beizumeſſen, wenn verſchiedne Tage hingingen, bevor die Hände der Menge ſo raſch und willig und mit ſo vollem Gemeinſinn an die Ausführung gingen, als doch nothwendig vorausgeſetzt werden mußte, woferne das beabſichtigte Werk erreicht werden ſollte. Bald aber kehrten die Blicke, die ſo oft und ſo ſehnſüchtig den Rand des fernen Geſichtskreiſes muſterten, zu den nähern Gegenſtänden zurück, die zu ihren Füßen lagen, und ihrer Axt oder ihrer Säge warteten. Je tiefer ihre zu leichtſinnige Hoffnung ſank, je allgemeiner kehrte der Geiſt der Emſigkeit und der Anſtrengung bei ihnen ein, und ermunterte ſie, nunmehr bloß ihren eignen Kräften zu vertrauen. Die Frühſonne fand jeden Arbeiter bereits auf ſeinem angewieſenen Sammelplatz; und das Abendroth überraſchte ſie bei ihren verſchiedenen Verrichtungen noch eben ſo wacker, als ſie begonnen hatten.

Nur einen einzelnen Augenblick gab es ſeitdem noch, wo die alten Hoffnungen ſich wieder hervorwagten, um dann ſchnell deſto grauſamer getäuſcht zu werden. Es war wenig Tage nach dem Sturme, der ſie auf Tinian eingeſperrt, als plötzlich unter den Arbeitern der fröhliche Ausruf laut ward: „Ein

Schiff!“ und Aller Blicke mit unwiderſtehlicher Kraft nach dem Gewäſſer hinzog. Ein trunkner Jubel tönte von jeder Lippe: denn Niemand zweifelte, daß es nicht ſein Schiff ſeyn ſollte. Während noch der Kommodore eilte, ſein Fernrohr herbeizuholen, riefen aber ſchon mehrere Stimmen, daß noch ein zweites Segel ſich erhebe. So war es denn freilich der Centurion nicht, auf den ſich die Menge gefreut: aber nur um ſo weniger ließ ſich muthmaßen, was für eine Bewandniß es mit dieſen Fahrzeugen haben könnte?

Unter der Zeit hatte Anſon ſelbſt mit pochendem Herzen die beiden kaum erkennbaren Punkte durch ſeine Gläſer beobachtet. Ach! Er ſah keinen Centurion! Selbſt nicht einmal Schiffe ward er gewahr; wohl aber zwei Gegenſtände, die er, ihrem Bau und der Form des Segels nach, nur für Boote halten konnte. Gütiger Gott! Wenn es nun die Boote ſeines Schiffes waren, die mit dem geborgnen Volke wiederkehrten, nachdem der Centurion ſeinen letzten unglücklichen Tag erlebt? Jetzt — jetzt, unter dieſem plötzlichen Gedanken, brachen Muth und Hoffnung in ſeiner ſtarken Seele zuſammen! Der Sturm ſeiner Empfindungen mahlte ſich in ſeinen Zügen. Stumm und ſeinem Schmerze hingegeben, wankte er in ſein Gezelt zurück, und es brauchte mehrere Minuten der ſtillen Verborgenheit, bis der Unglückliche ſeinen Mannsmuth wiederfand, um, neu entſchloſſen, dem verfolgenden Schickſal die Stirne zu bieten.

Gottlob! Seine Ahndung war diesmal zu ſchwarz geweſen. Als er wieder hervortrat, und die Blicke von neuem auf das Meer hin richtete, überzeugte er ſich bald, daß, was er für Schiffsboote zu erkennen geglaubt, nur zwei indianiſche Proen*) waren, die ſich dem Lande zu nähern ſchienen. Es konnte ihre Abſicht ſeyn, die Inſel und ihre neuen Bewohner auszukundſchaften. Hurtig ließ er alſo jeden Gegenſtand aus dem Geſichte räumen, der ihnen hätte Argwohn geben, oder die Anweſenheit fremder Gäſte verrathen können. Zugleich aber verſteckte er verſchiedene Hinterhalte in das Dickicht zunächſt am Ufer, und jede Vorſicht war genommen, um ſich der Proen im Augenblick ihrer Landung zu bemächtigen, und ſo den feindlichen Anſchlag auf die Sicherheit der Mannſchaft zu vereiteln. Allein ſey es, daß dieſe Fahrzeuge dennoch Verdacht geſchöpft, oder daß ſie ihrem Auftrag aus der Ferne eine hinlängliche Genüge zu thun geglaubt, oder endlich, daß ſie weit einen andern Zweck verfolgt, als den ihre Erſcheinung vorausſetzen ließ: — genug, ſie hielten in einigem Abſtand vom Ufer plötzlich an; lagen zwei Stunden lang unbeweglich ſtill, und gingen dann, ohne weitere Unternehmung, ſeitwärts unter Segel.

Ungeſtört, und mit wetteifernder Thätigkeit, ließen ſeitdem die ausgeſetzten Inſulaner die Verlängerung ihrer Barke ſich angelegen ſeyn, ohne der ſich täglich mehrenden Erſchwerniſſe zu achten. Freilich aber gehörte auch ein nicht geringerer Grad von Enthuſiasmus, als wirklich in ihnen lebte, dazu, um dadurch nicht abgeſchreckt und derſelben durch immer neue Erfindungen der Noth und des Zufalls Meiſter zu werden. Selbſt auf einem engliſchen Schiffswerft, und im Beſitz jeder Bequemlichkeit und jedes verlangten Werkzeugs, würde jene Verwandlung für ein Kunſtſtück gegolten haben: um wieviel mehr denn nicht an dieſem wüſten Platze, wo beinahe jedes Werkzeug erſt erſchaffen werden mußte; bei jedem Schritte der Mangel irgend eines großen oder kleinern Materials ſich offenbarte, und das Genie unabläſſig aufgeboten werden mußte, dieſe Entbehrniſſe durch ungewöhnliche Mittel und Handgriffe zu erſetzen.

Gleichwohl war mit Beſiegung dieſer Hinderniſſe immer erſt der geringſte Theil derſelben überſtiegen. Auch wenn der Rumpf der erweiterten Barke fertig daſtand, blieb noch die Erfindung des dazu nöthigen Tauwerks und der Segel übrig. Ehe man denn in See zu gehen vermochte, fragte ſichs noch, woher die zur See ausdauernden Lebensmittelvorräthe für mehr als hundert Köpfe bezogen werden ſollten? Und auch mit dieſer Sorge im Rücken, galt es immer noch die Kunſt, ſich den Weg von dreißig Graden der Länge durch ein Meer voller Inſeln, Klippen und Gefahren hindurchzutaſten — einen Weg, den Niemand aus der Geſellſchaft zuvor verſucht, und den zu treffen, es ihnen ebenſowohl an Seekarten, als an aſtronomiſchen Werkzeugen fehlte. Fürwahr, wenn nicht Glück und Zufall — und wer durft' es wagen, ſich auf ſie zu verlaſſen! — dieſe Unmöglichkeiten wieder ausglichen, ſo hatt' auch diesmal der Enthuſiasmus ſich verrechnet, und nur zur Verzweiflung konnt' er aus ſeinen luftigen Träumen erwachen!

Glück und Zufall hatten gleichwohl dafür geſorgt, daß die Zimmerleute, welche ſich unter den Zurückgebliebenen befanden, ihre Aexte und Werkzeuge mit ſich ans Land genommen hatten. Einen ähnlichen Bedacht hatte auch der Schmidt getragen. Seine Schmiede war aufgeſchlagen: nur fehlte es an den Blaſebälgen, die ihrer Unbehülflichkeit wegen am Borde zurückgeblieben waren. Seine Kunſt in Thätigkeit zu ſetzen, gehörte unter die weſentlichſten Bedingungen des entworfenen Rettungsplanes. „Schafft mir meine Bälge!„ rief er kleinlaut — „und ich will mit Freuden vor meiner Eſſe ſchwitzen!“

Sie wurden ihm geſchafft! An Häuten von den erlegten Rindern mangelte es nicht; und die Spanier in der Barke hatten zu eignem Gebrauch einen Vorrath von Muſchelkalk bereitet. Schnell legte man eine Gerberei an, deren Produkte zwar die Naſe ein wenig beleidigten, übrigens aber doch gefügſam genug ausfielen, um zu ein Paar Blaſebälgen verbraucht zu werden, an denen ein Flintenlauf die Stelle der Röhre vertrat. Der erſtaunte Schmidt ſchürte freudig ſeine Kohlen an, und ſeine Kunſt hielt Wort. Ein jedes Eiſengeräth, das die Noth erforderte, gieng raſch und brauchbar aus ſeinen ſchöpferiſchen Händen hervor.

In gleicher Zeit war eine andre Abtheilung der Geſellſchaft angeſtellt, Bauholz zu fällen, und Planken daraus zu ſchneiden. Dieſe Arbeit war allerdings die mühſamſte; bei ihr, vor Allen, mußte die Macht des Beiſpiels zur Ermunterung wirken, und edel entſchloß ſich der Kommodore, ſich an ihre Spitze zu ſtellen. Die Axt erklang in ſeiner Hand, wie in der Fauſt des Geringen: wer hätte ſich ferner weigern mögen, und dahinten bleiben?

Die vorhabende Vergrößerung des Fahrzeugs erforderte, daß es ans Land auf den hiezu bereiteten Stapel gezogen würde. Man war einig geworden, daß dies, in Ermangelung bequemer Maſchinen, am füglichſten durch Anwendung untergeſtreckter Walzen geſchehen könnte, wozu die glatten und zirkelrunden Stämme der Kokosbäume ſich ohne mühſame Zurichtung benutzen ließen. Demnächſt verlangte die Zerſtückung des Gebäudes eine beſondere Vorſicht, damit die zerſägten Planken in keine Riſſe ſplitterten: dies Uebel wurde glücklich vermieden. Noch bedenklicher war die Sorge, welche eine genauere Berechnung nunmehr ergab, daß, ſelbſt nach wirklich ausgeführter Erweiterung der Barke, ihre Geräumigkeit für die ſtarke Menſchenzahl und deren Bedürfniſſe dennoch unzureichend ſeyn werde. Nur die Eine Hälfte der Geſellſchaft ließ ſich dann unter dem Verdecke unterbringen, während die Andre den Einflüſſen der Witterung ſchutzlos ausgeſetzt bliebe. Allein dieſe Ungemächlichkeit litt keinen Wandel, da jene Verlängerung bereits die äußerſte Gränze des Möglichen erreichte.

Hiernächſt erwog man auch, daß das neue Gebäude, zur Abwehr des eindringenden Waſſers, in ſeinen Fugen kalfatert werden müſſe. Dazu fehlte es freilich an Theer: aber man hatte Talg und Kalk im Ueberfluß; und es war eine bekannte Erfahrung, daß ein Gemiſch von Beiden die Stelle des Schiffpeches nicht unglücklich zu vertreten pflegt. Endlich mußte man auch noch auf das nöthige Tau- und Segelwerk ſinnen. Man hatte zwar einigen Vorrath auf der Barke ſelbſt gefunden; was jedoch noch ferner abgieng, ließ ſich aus der Leinwand von des Befehlshabers Gezelt und einigen vergeſſnen Tauen des Centurion ergänzen.

Für den täglichen Bedarf an friſchen Lebensmitteln wechſelte eine beſtimmte Anzahl in ihrer Ordnung ab, welche angewieſen war, Vieh zu erlegen und Früchte einzuſammeln. Allein man mußte ebenſowohl auch auf einen hinlänglichen Reiſevorrath für länger als Einen Monat bedacht ſeyn: und hier thürmte ſich Verlegenheit auf Verlegenheit. Nicht Ein Faß Mehl — nicht ein einziger Zwieback war aufzubringen, da Jedermann, ſeit der erſten Landung, die wohlſchmeckendere Brodfrucht vorgezogen hatte, die aber, abgepflückt, nach wenig Tagen, dem Verderben ausgeſetzt war, und darum für keine lange Seereiſe taugte. Der Mangel an Salz machte allen vorhandnen Ueberfluß von friſchem Fleiſche eben ſo unbrauchbar; abgeſehen auch ſogar von den Schwierigkeiten, die dem Geſchäft des Einpökelns in den heißen Himmelsſtrichen entgegen zu ſtehen pflegen.

So beſchränkte ſich denn ihr ganzes Proviantmagazin auf die wenigen Stücke bakonirten Rindfleiſches, welche ſie von der Beſatzung der Barke erbeutet hatten, und auf die Grütze von Kokosnüſſen, welche ſie vor ihrer Abfahrt noch zu holen gedachten. Dem Brodtmangel aber ſollte durch einen Vorrath von Reis geſteuert werden, welchen ſie ſich, im Vorüberfahren auf der nahe liegenden Inſel Rota, mit gewaffneter Hand von den Spaniern zu ertrotzen hofften, die, nach den Berichten der Gefangenen, hier durch die Indianer weite Felder dieſes Getreides anbauen ließen. Zugleich gab dieſer Anſchlag die Veranlaſſung, ihre Streitkräfte und den Beſtand ihrer Ammunition näher zu Rathe zu ziehen. Leider wurden nicht mehr als neunzig Ladungen Pulver zuſammengebracht! Nicht einmal alſo jeder Kopf in der Geſellſchaft ſollte ſeine Flinte laden drücken können! Deſto mehr aber wurde auf eines Jeden perſönlichen Muth gerechnet, um ſich den Spaniern dennoch furchtbar zu machen.

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*) Eine beſondere Art ſchnell ſegelnder Kanots, die in dieſen Gegenden, ſo wie auf den nächſten Inſelgruppen des ſtillen Meeres, üblich ſind.

Wie abſchreckend jedoch dieſe Ausſichten im Ganzen ſeyn mochten, ſo ließ ſich gleichwohl hoffen, daß ſie durch Entſchloſſenheit, durch Selbſtverläugnung und ruhiges Dulden zu erleichtern ſeyn würden. Allein Bekümmerniſſe von ungleich ernſtlicherer Art ſtahlen dem Kommodore den Schlaf ſeiner Nächte und den Frieden in ſeiner Bruſt. Während die geſammte Menge mit Vertrauen zu ihm, als ihrem Piloten durch dieſe unbeſchifften Meere, emporſah, und ihr Heil als Pfand in ſeine Hände legte, rang er im Stillen mit der Unfähigkeit, dieſer Verpflichtung nach Würden zu entſprechen, woferne er, ohne Kompaß, ohne Quadranten und andre Handleiſtungen der Kunſt, die Regierung des Fahrzeugs nicht bloß auf ein glückliches Ohngefähr ſollte ankommen laſſen. Keines der genannten Inſtrumente war auf der Inſel aufzufinden, ſo ſorgfältige Nachfrage auch insgeheim (denn laut durfte dieſer bange Zweifel vor der Geſellſchaft nicht werden!) darnach geſchehen mochte; und acht ſchmerzliche Tage drückte jene Sorge, gleich einem Alp, auf ſeiner Seele, bis endlich der Zufall ſich auf eine wunderähnliche Weiſe ins Mittel ſchlug, ihn davon zu befreien.

Denn an ein Wunder gränzte es wahrlich, daß Jemand beim Durchſuchen einer Kiſte, die zu der ſpaniſchen Barke gehört hatte, auf einen kleinen Taſchenkompaß ſtieß, der an ſich freilich nur als ein nürnberger Spieltand, aber dennoch unter dieſen Umſtänden als ein unſchätzbares Kleinod zu betrachten war. Ein paar Tage ſpäter hob ein zweiter glücklicher Entdecker am Meeresufer einen hölzernen Quadranten auf, den die Wellen ausgeworfen hatten, und der vorlängſt, als Nachlaß eines Verſtorbenen, ſammt anderm unnützen Geräthe, über Bord gewandert ſeyn mochte.

Wie nach einer Krone, griff Anſon nach dem dargereichten Werkzeuge, das ſeinen ſehnlichſten Wunſch erfüllte. Allein wie ſchnell ſank ſeine Freude, als er auf den zweiten Blick die dazu nöthigen Dioptern vermißte, deren Mangel es für den Gebrauch ohne Nutzen machte! Jetzt mußte ein neues Wunder bald darauf die Neugier eines Dritten anreizen, daß er das Schubfach eines alten wurmſtichigen Tiſches herauszog, der gleichfalls an Land getrieben war, und dieſen Verſuch durch den Fund von — den vermißten Dioptern belohnte. Ob ſie zu dem Quadranten paſſen möchten, ward auf der Stelle entſchieden. Die Breite von Tinian war bekannt, und das Reſultat des Inſtruments ſtimmte leidlich mit den früheren Beobachtungen überein. — So waren denn alſo die Wegweiſer durch Nacht und Wellen gefunden.

Mit allen dieſen unerläßlichen Vorbereitungen war man endlich, binnen dem Zeitverlauf von vierzehn Tagen, ſo weit gediehen, daß die Zuſammenfügung der Barke wirklich zur Hand genommen werden konnte. Bei der regelmäßigen Vertheilung aller Arbeiten ließ ſich's ſogar mit Zuverſicht beſtimmen, wann das Werk vollendet daſtehen müßte; und das Ende der ſechsten Woche ſeit ihrem einſiedleriſchen Aufenthalte auf Tinian war unwiderruflich zur Abreiſe feſtgeſetzt. Man konnte dies mit um ſo minderer Gefahr, ſich zu betrügen, da Ein Sinn und Ein Entſchluß die Arbeit belebte. Wahrſcheinlich hatte man dieſen Geiſt der Ordnung und Folgſamkeit dem gänzlichen Mangel an ſtarkem Getränk zu danken, denn der Saft der Kokosnüſſe, welcher ihnen die Stelle des Rums vertreten mußte, war zwar wohlſchmeckend, aber doch nicht geiſtig genug, den Trinker zu berauſchen.

Mitten aber in dieſer regen, wimmelnden Geſchäftigkeit — Es war am neunzehnten Tage ſeit ihrem großen Unfall — wechſelte plötzlich die Scene durch eine Erſcheinung, welche nunmehr auch der kühnſte Prophetenglaube ſich nicht träumen ließ. Ein Bootsmann, der auf die Jagd nach wildem Geflügel ausgeſchickt war, befand ſich am hellen Mittage auf einer der erhabenſten Anhöhen der Inſel, und blickte zufällig ins hohe Meer hinaus. Klar und deutlich fiel ihm ein heranſegelndes Schiff in die Augen, und ſein aufwallendes Herz weiſſagte ihm, es müſſe der wiederkehrende Centurion ſeyn. In wilder Haſt ſtürzte er ſich die Berge herunter, bis Einige ſeiner Kameraden ihm aufſtießen, denen er in hervorbrechender Fröhlichkeit ſchon aus der Ferne entgegenjubelte: „Das Schiff! — Freunde, das Schiff! Mit vollen Segeln ſteuert es gegen die Inſel!“

Der Ausdruck ſeiner Freude war zu unverkennbar ächt, als daß ſeine Zeitung hätte Mißtrauen erwecken können; — ſie war zu erfreulich, dieſe Zeitung, als daß der fröhliche Bote derſelben nicht auch den vollen Dank des Kommodore hätte verdienen ſollen. Raſch alſo warf ſich der Leichtfüßigſte unter den lauſchenden Hörern den Weg hinab, und es gelang ihm unſchwer, dem athemloſen erſten Verkündiger zuvorzueilen. „Freude! Freude!“ ſchrie er, als er den Platz erreichte, wo Anſon mit ſeinen Arbeitern am Bau geſchäftig war — „Der Centurion kömmt wieder! Unſre Noth hat ein Ende!“

„So liege da, und habe Feierabend!“ ſtammelte der Kommodore, und warf, vom ſeligſten Entzücken überwältigt, ſeine Axt zu Boden. Dem Kummer und der ſchwarzen Sorge hatt' er männlich Stand gehalten: doch gegen die Ueberraſchung der Freude war ſeine Seele minder gepanzert. Wer aber fühlte den Edlen darum nicht nur noch näher ſeiner Liebe und verwandter ſeinem eignen Herzen!

Anſons Gefährten auf dem Zimmerplatze waren auch um nichts mäßiger in ihrem freudigen Enthuſiasmus. Sie fielen einander in die Arme; ſie tanzten; ſie warfen die Hüte in die Luft; ſie taumelten vom Werft hinweg, und rannten, ihrer Arbeit vergeſſend, an den Strand hinab, um ihre ſchwimmenden Augen am Centurion, wie an einer wiedergefundenen Braut, zu erlaben; indeß Andre wieder den erhabnern Hügel hinaneilten, um von dieſem Punkt der erſten Entdeckung aus des lieblichen Anblicks deſto gewiſſer froh zu werden.

Gegen Abend war das Schiff, der gemeinſame Gegenſtand des Verlangens, ſo nahe herangeſchwommen, daß Niemand mehr den Centurion in demſelben verkennen konnte. Anſon ſchickte den Wiederkehrenden ein Boot mit achtzehn Mann zu ihrer Verſtärkung und einen Vorrath von friſchen Lebensmitteln zur Erquickung entgegen. Dennoch gelang es ihnen, des ſchwachen Windes wegen, erſt am folgenden Tage, ſich an der alten Stelle vor Anker zu legen. Im gleichen Augenblick trat auch der Kommodore an Bord und mitten unter ſie. Sie empfingen ihn mit einem unverabredeten Freudengeſchrei, wie Freunde, die ſich einander auf immer entriſſen geglaubt, ſich gegenſeitig in die Arme fliegen.

Auch ihm aber brannte ein unnennbar ſeliges Gefühl durch alle Pulſe. Er fühlte ja wieder den Boden unter ſeinen Füßen, den er ſein nennen durfte! Seine Hoffnungen, ſeine tief berechneten Entwürfe zu Sieg und Ehre waren ihm wiedergegeben! Als glücklicher Weltumſegler, als Ueberwinder des ſpaniſchen Stolzes ſollt' er nun bald ſeinen Wimpel im Angeſicht der vaterländiſchen Dünen wieder können wehen laſſen!

Jetzt, nun alle Schrecken, alle Plagen, alle Anſtrengungen der letzten drei Wochen nichts als ein ſchwerer Traum geweſen zu ſeyn ſchienen, hatte man denn endlich auch die ruhige Muße, einander den Bericht von dieſem Allen an das theilnehmende Herz zu legen. Hatten die Zurückgelaſſenen auf Tinian angſtvolle Tage durchlebt, ſo war andrerſeits auch das Loos der Davongeführten um nichts beneidenswerther geweſen.

Als jene unſelige Nacht ſie und ihre Drangſale dem Blick der troſtloſen Gefährten am Ufer entzog, und das Raſen des Sturms mit jeder Minute ſich verſtärkte, war bald ihr zweiter Anker eben ſo unvermögend, als der ſchon gebrochene, ſie länger zu halten. Das Kabeltau brach, und zagend kappten ſie die Seile, die ihren letzten Nothanker am Borde hielten. Zwar faßten ſeine Arme den Grund, allein ſie ſchwebten bereits ſo nahe am Rande der Sandbank, daß der erſte erneuerte Windſtoß ihn wieder löſen, und das Schiff vollends in die hohe See treiben mußte.

Der erſte Schiffslieutenant, dem jetzt das Kommando auf demſelben anheimfiel, ließ in dieſer bedenklichen Lage angezündete Laternen ausſtecken, und von Zeit zu Zeit einige Kanonen abfeuern, um dadurch ſeine Noth zu erkennen zu geben. Von Beidem aber vernahm Anſon und ſeine Gefährten am Lande nicht das Mindeſte. Der Donner des Himmels und der Wogen übertäubte des Geſchützes Donner; und die durch einander fahrenden Wetterſtrahlen verdunkelten den ſchwachen Schein der Leuchten und ſelbſt den Blitz der abgebrannten Stücke. Um Mitternacht endlich brach der gefürchtete Augenblick an. Der Pflichtanker wühlte ſich aus dem Seegrunde hervor, und ein Ball der Wellen, flog das Schiff, vom Sturme gepeitſcht, über die Abgründe dahin.

Alles, was eine ſolche Lage Troſtloſes haben kann, ſchien nunmehr wider die Unglücklichen zu ihrem Verderben mit einander im Bunde. In einem lecken Schiffe; zwei Anker verloren, und den einzigen noch übrigen mehr, als hundert Klaftern, im Grunde ſchleppend; keine einzige Kanone gehörig befeſtigt, keine Luke geſchloſſen; das Tauwerk in Verwirrung, und mit Mühe nur Meiſter eines einzigen Segels — ſollte eine außer allem Verhältniß geringe Bemannung dem Sturme Trotz bieten, ohne zugleich eine einzige Minute von den Pumpen zu weichen. Ihren Muth noch mehr zu lähmen, ſtanden ſie in der ſchrecklichen Vermuthung, gerade gegen die Felſenriffe der benachbarten Inſel Aguigan getrieben zu werden. Was für übermenſchliche Anſtrengungen ſie immerhin anwenden mochten, dieſer Gefahr des Untergangs durch Beiſetzung der Segel zu entweichen; — es war umſonſt! Vom Erſten bis zum Letzten, ohne Unterſchied des Ranges, keuchten ſie an der harten Arbeit. — Sie erbeuteten damit nichts, als die traurige Einſicht ihres Unvermögens, das Schiff zu wenden! Nur erſt der folgende Morgen befreite ſie von dieſer entſetzlichen Angſt. Sie ſahen die drohenden Felſen weit hinter ſich ſchäumen. Ein ſtarker Meerſtrom hatte ſie ſeitwärts abgetrieben und unwiſſend gerettet.

Allein dieſe Meerſtröme waren es auch, welche nachgehends, da der Sturm endlich ſchwieg, eben ſo unerwartet ihre Rechnung täuſchten, die Höhe von Ximian in wenig Tagen wieder zu erreichen. Erſt am neunzehnten Tage fanden ſie das Ziel ihrer Mühen, wie ihrer Trennung, da Ximian, die Erſehnte, ihnen die blauen Bergſpitzen in Oſten entgegenwinkte. Die harte Prüfung war überſtanden; und Beide, die Verlaſſenen wie die Verlaſſenden, fühlten inniger das Band, das zum gemeinſamen Heile ſich durch ſie Alle ſchlang, und ſanken mit verſtärkter Liebe einander in die Arme.

Bald darauf, nach minder wichtigen Erlebniſſen, verließen ſie das romantiſche Eiland, um unter ihrem heldenmüthigen Führer neuen Gefahren und kühnen Thaten entgegen zu ſchwimmen.

Albrecht von Halberſtadt, ſ. Minneſinger.

Hald Suter, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Gerhard Anton von Halem

ward den 2. März 1752 zu Oldenburg geboren und bezog nach vorhergegangener claſſiſcher Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt zum Behuf des Studiums der Rechte nach einander die Univerſitäten Frankfurt an der Oder, Straßburg und Kopenhagen. Darauf wurde er zum Landgerichtsaſſeſſor, Kanzlei- und Regierungsrath zu Oldenburg ernannt, unter der franzöſiſchen Regierung aber 1812 als Appellationsrath nach Hamburg verſetzt. Als jedoch Hamburg von den verbündeten Truppen bedroht wurde, ging er zu ſeinem vaterländiſchen Fürſten nach Eutin und zog ſpäter mit ihm als ſein erſter Rath wieder in Oldenburg ein, wo er noch zum Präſident der Landesregierung ernannt wurde und den 5. Januar 1819 ſtarb.

Wir haben von ihm:

Geſammelte poetiſche und proſaiſche Schriften. Hamburg 1787. 1r Bd. in gr. 8.
Poeſie und Proſa. Hamburg 1789 in gr. 8. m. 1 Kpfr.
Blicke auf einen Theil Deutſchlands, der Schweiz und Frankreich. Ebendaſ. 1791, 2 Thle. in 8.
Dramatiſche Werke. Roſtock 1794 in 8.
Irene. Monatsſchrift. 1801 — 1806.
Schriften. Münſter und Hannover 1803 — 1810, 9 Thle. in 8.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Leipzig 1807.
Kleine hiſtoriſche Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1808.
Töne der Zeit. Bremen 1814. 1r Band in gr. 8.
Erzählungen und Geſchichten. Münſter (Leipzig) 1825 in 8.

Einzeln:

Trudelinde, Schauſpiel. Hamburg 1780.
Aeſchylos Agamemnon. Leipzig 1785.
Wallenſtein, Schauſpiel. Göttingen 1786.
Geſchichte des Herzogthums Oldenburg. Oldenburg 1794 — 1797, 3 Bde. in 8.
Blüthen aus Trümmern. Berlin 1798.
Leben des Grafen Münnich. Oldenburg 1803.
Leben Peters des Großen. Münſter und Leipzig 1803 — 1805, 3 Bde. in 4.
Sammlung der wichtigſten Aktenſtücke der neueſten Zeitgeſchichte. Oldenburg 1806 — 1807; mit Runde herausgegeben.
Jeſus der Stifter des Gottesreichs. Hannover 1810, 2 Bde.
Vernunft aus Gott. Lübeck 1818.

v. H. war ein geiſtreicher, ſcharfſinniger und vielſeitig gebildeter Mann, der, mit Gewandtheit und Talent der Form begabt, der Poeſie ſeine Mußeſtunden widmete, ſich auf dieſem Gebiete jedoch nur, da es ihm an wahrer Productivität und Phantaſie fehlte, durch Correctheit und Anmuth der Darſtellung auszeichnete. Weit bedeutender ſind dagegen ſeine hiſtoriſchen und biographiſchen Leiſtungen, namentlich ſeine Geſchichte des Herzogthums Oldenburg.

Die Mähr[*]

von Aucaſſin und Colette.

Es dämmert! Setzt euch um mich her,
Ihr Liebenden alle! Horcht der Mähr,
Wie unſre Väter liebten:
Denn Mähr' und Sang aus alter Zeit
Erhöht der Freuden Fröhlichkeit,
Und heitert den Betrübten.
Und wär' er krank und litt' er ſehr,
Es würde, hört' er meine Mähr,
Schon wohler ihm zu Sinne.
Denn Liebe gießt, o glaubt mir, glaubt!
Wohl Balſam über jedes Haupt. —
So horcht denn! ich beginne.

Nicht fern von den Ufern der Rhone erhoben ſich auf einem ſchönen Hügel der Languedoc, nur dürftig noch die bemoosten Trümmer einer Burg. Sechshundert Jahre ſind's, da wohnt' und herrſchte hier Graf Garins von Beaucaire. Einſt ein mannhafter Ritter, war er lang' in gewaltigen Fehden das Schrecken ſeiner Nachbarn. Gern hätt' er jetzt bei herannahendem Alter in Frieden ſein Leben beſchloſſen. Aber ſein noch rüſtiger Feind, Graf Bougars von Valence, vergönnt' ihm nicht die Ruhe, nach der er ſich ſehnte. Kein Tag verging, daß Bougars nicht mit ſeinen Reiſigen bis vor die Thore der Burg ſtreifte, Garins Land verheerte und ſeine Vaſallen tödtete. Schwach war des alten Garins Arm. Sein Sohn Aucaſſin — wohl hätt' er mit Ruhm den Feind zu beſtehen vermocht: denn er war jung und ſtark und ſchön zum Bewundern. Aber Schalk Amor, der von je her mit den Menſchen ſein Spiel treibt, hielt gefeſſelt die Jugendkraft.

„Um's Himmels Willen,“ ſagten oft Vater und Mutter zu ihm, „lieber Sohn! wirf Dich auf's Pferd, ergreif die Waffen und hilf Deinen Vaſallen! Sehn ſie Dich an ihrer Spitze, tapfrer vertheidigen ſie ihre Mauern, ihr Gut und ihr Leben.“ —

„Lieber Vater!“ antwortete dann der Jüngling, „Ihr wißt ja meinen Entſchluß. Gern focht' ich für Euch; doch Vater! gebt mir Colette, die milde, ſo lieb mir, ſo lieb! — Beſtieg' ich eher das Roß, umgürt' ich eher das Schwert, miſcht' ich mich eher in Kampf und Turnier, dann —! ja! dann erfülle Gott nie einen Wunſch meines Herzens! Vater, gieb mir Colette, die milde, ſo lieb mir, ſo lieb!“ —

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[*] Aus: G. A. v. Halem „Kleine proſaiſche Schriften.“

„Wie kann ich?" ſprach dann der Vater; „das Mädchen iſt nicht für Dich. Da kauft' ein Vaſall ein Sarazenenkind, ließ's taufen, und nun ſollt' es Dein werden! Irgend ein Ackersmann, den ſeiner Hände Arbeit nährt, führt einſt ſie heim. Du — willſt Du ein Weib nehmen, ſo ſey ſie adeligen Blutes. Schau in Frankreich umher und wähle! Da iſt kein Große des Reichs, der Dir auf Dein Bitten ſeine Tochter verſagt." —

— „Ach! Vater!" fiel Aucaſſin ein," das Blut giebt nicht adeligen Sinn. Colette iſt ſo gut, ſo gut. Als Hirtin würde ſie die Flur beglücken, wo ihr Schäferſtab weilte. Setze ſie auf den Thron, und glücklich iſt das Reich, wo ſie Königin iſt." —

Umſonſt drang der Vater ſtärker in ihn. Umſonſt vereinte die Mutter ihre Bitten mit der Drohung des Gatten. Aucaſſins Antwort blieb: „So mild iſt Colette, ſo gut. Mich hat beſiegt ihr liebliches Weſen, und leb' ich, ſo leb' ich für ſie."

Unwillig ging der Alte zu Colettens Pflegevater. „Euer Mädel da macht mir Verdruß. Mein Sohn hat ſich in ſie vergafft. Lieber! laßt ſie von euch!" —

Tief neigte ſich der Vaſall vor ſeinem ſtrengen Gebieter. „Fort ſoll ſie," ſprach er, „in fernes Land, und nimmer vernehm' er Kunde von ihr."

Doch der Vaſall war gut und liebte Colette! „Wie könnt' ich," dacht' er, „das ſchuldloſe Ding ſo ſtreng behandeln! Aber ich muß Dich verbergen, Colette! vor den Augen Deiner Verfolger, bis ein günſtiger Augenblick Dich befreiet."

Ein Kämmerlein in dem Thurme ſeiner Wohnung nahm das arme Geſchöpf in ſeine Einſamkeit auf. Ueberflüſſig ward ſie mit allem Nöthigen verſorgt; aber Licht gab ihr nur ein kleines Fenſter, das den Blick nach dem Garten gewährte. Da ſchmachtete nun das ſüße Mädchen mit den braunen Locken, die, hinab die Schulter ſich ringelnd, die ſchlanke Geſtalt umwallten. Niemandem lächelte ihr helles blaues Augenpaar, mit den langen ſeidnen Wimpern. Keinem bot ſich der volle Lilienbuſen. Nächtlich ſtahl ſich nur des Mondes Licht hinein zu dem Mädchen und trank ihre Reize. Süße Wehmuth erfüllte dann das Herz der lieben Gefangnen. Oft horchte ſie dem Abendliede der Nachtigall, und oft wetteiferte ſie ſo mit ihr im Geſange:

Du Sängerin im Mondenlicht!
Was iſt es, was Dich trübt?
Biſt du nicht frei und kennſt du nicht
Den Lieben, der dich liebt?

Du klagſt wie ſie, die jammert hier
Im Thurm, vom Liebſten fern.
Sie ſiehet funkeln nicht ihr
Der Hoffnung Wonneſtern.

Die Liebe, wär' es Liebe nicht,
Die Kraft zu dulden giebt:
Du Sängerin im Mondenlicht!
Was iſt es, was dich trübt?

Indeſſen ward Colette vermißt von allen, die ſich ihrer Lieblichkeit gefreut hatten. Sie iſt entflohn! ſagte dieſer; ermordet iſt ſie vom Graf Garins! ſagte jener. Gleichgültig blieb keiner; aber Aucaſſin war untröſtlich. Heftig ging er zum Vaſallen: „Gieb ſie mir wieder, die theurer mir iſt, als die Schätze der Erde; mir wieder Colette, die Milde, ohne die mir verhaßt das Leben iſt!"

Der arme Aucaſſin that ſo kläglich, daß der Vaſall es ihm endlich entdeckte, er hab' auf des Grafen Geheiß Colette entfernen müſſen. Doch, wo ſie verwahrt ſey, das verſchwieg er. Verzweifelnd ſchied Aucaſſin, ſchloß ſich ein auf ſein Kämmerlein, hing ganz ſeinem Schmerze nach, und nur ſeine Harfe gab ihm Troſt:

Wo find' ich dich, o meine Taube!
Wo weilt, Colette, meine Braut!
Wie Vogelchöre durch die Laube
Von deiner ſüßen Stimme laut!

An dir, du Milde, wollt' ich hangen.
Du fehlſt — mein armes Herz iſt wund.
Ein Kuß auf deine Roſenwangen,
Dein Lächeln nur macht mich geſund.

Ach Vater! wem ward ſie zum Raube? —
Wem ſchallt der ſüßen Stimme laut?
Wo iſt Colette, meine Taube?
Wo iſt Colette, meine Braut?

Als Aucaſſin ſo zur Harfe ſang, da trat kaum athmend ſein Vater herein:

„Du verbirgſt Dich hier, der Eule gleich, und ſchwelgſt, indeß wir ein Raub des Feindes ſind. Graf Bougars umringt mit ſeiner ganzen Macht die Burg, um uns mit Einem Schlage zu vertilgen. Unſre Ritter und Knappen ſtehen gerüſtet zur Vertheidigung der Mauern und Thore, indeß die Bürger von den Zinnen Pfeile und geſpitzte Pfähle auf die Feinde herab regnen. Aber an Anführung fehlt's, und wem ziemt ſie anders, als Dir. Lieber Sohn! geh' in Dich! Stelle Dich an die Spitze der Vaſallen! Deine Gegenwart giebt ihnen Muth und Kraft zum Widerſtande, — zum Siege. Auf! ſchütze Dein Erbtheil! Was bleibt Dir übrig, wenn die Burg Dir genommen wird?" —

„Lieber Vater!" erwiederte Aucaſſin, „ſoll ich wiederholen, was ich ſchwur? Bei Gott! ich kämpfe nicht, du bewilligſt mir denn Colette, die Milde."

„Mag denn alles verloren gehen! Ich geb' nicht zu," rief der Graf; und zornig ging er von dannen.

Aucaſſin folgt' ihm. „Vater!" ſprach er, „wohl, ich will mich bewaffnen und gegen den Feind ziehn. Aber, bringt Gott mich geſund und als Sieger zurück, darf ich dann ein einzigeſ, einziges mal noch ſehn Colette, die Milde, ſo lieb mir, ſo lieb! Darf ich zwei Worte ihr ſagen und einen Kuß auf ihren Roſenmund drücken! Darf ich, Vater?"

„Es ſey darum!" ſprach der Graf. „Du haſt mein Wort."

Den Augenblick ward Aucaſſin wie umgebildet. „Gebt mir Panzer und Schild!" Er rief's, rüſtete ſich, ſchwang ſich auf's Roß und flog mit eingelegter Lanze zum Thor' hinaus, wonnetrunken von dem Gedanken, bald die Freundin ſeiner Seele wieder zu ſchauen und überglücklich in dem Vorgefühle des verheißenen Kuſſes. Die Liebe war ſein Panzer. Einzig beſchäftigt mit Colette, der Milden, ſah' er nicht, hört' er nicht, ſpornte nur immer ſein Pferd und fand ſich auf einmal umringt von feindlichen Haufen. Aucaſſin zuckte ſein Schwert, hieb um ſich gewaltiglich und ſtreute rings das Feld mit Leichen der Feinde. So bahnt' er ſich muthig den Weg durch's Gedränge. Schon naht' er im vollen Galop dem Thore der Burg. Da ſah er einen Ritter ſtolz ihm zur Seite dahin ſprengen. Graf Bougars war's. Vernommen hatt' er den Ruf der Seinen: „Aucaſſin iſt gefangen!" Nun eilt' er herzu, ſeines Triumphs zu genießen. Aucaſſin erkannt' ihn am goldnen Helm, wandte ſein Pferd und wagt' einen wüthenden Angriff auf ihn. Ein gewaltiger Hieb auf den Helm warf den taumelnden Bougars herab zur Erde. Aucaſſin faßt' ihn mit geſammelter Kraft am Arme, ſchleppt' ihn zur Stadt und ſtellt' ihn vor ſeinen Vater.

„Hier iſt der Feind, der Euch und den Euren Jahre lang Kummer und Unglück brachte. Ich gebe ihn in Eure Hand."

„Recht ſo!" rief der alte Garins, „recht ſo! mein Aucaſſin! durch ſolche Thaten muß man in Deinem Alter ſich Namen machen und nicht durch thörigte Liebſchaften." —

„Verſchont mich, Vater! Ich hielt mein Wort. Die Reih' iſt an Euch." —

„Wovon ſprichſt Du, lieber Sohn?" —

„Ei Vater! hab' ich nicht Euer Wort, wie ſolle nach der Rückkehr aus der Schlacht Colettens Blick, Colettens Kuß vergönnt ſeyn? Vergaßet Ihrs, o ſo vergaß doch ich es nicht."

„Und dennoch mußt Du's vergeſſen. Mein Sohn, es kann nicht ſeyn!" —

„Und das iſt Euer letztes Wort, Vater?" —

„Bei Gott! das iſt es!"

Gerade wandte ſich Aucaſſin zum Gefangenen. „Graf Bougars! Du biſt frei, von nun an frei! folge mir!"

Bougars folgte; und ſchon war er von Aucaſſin mit gewaltigem Arm aus der Burg geführt, ehe die nachgeſandten Ritter es zu hindern vermochten. Aber hoch flammte nun des Vaters Zorn. Ergriffen ward Aucaſſin und auf des Zürnenden Geheiß in's Gefängniß der Burg geworfen. So traf gleiches Schickſal die unglücklich Liebenden, und keiner wußte von des andern Noth.

Aber Gott Amor wachte über ſeine Geweihten. Er gab Colette den Gedanken der Flucht ein. Der Thurm war hoch und kühn der Gedanke, ſich herab zu laſſen von ſeiner Höhe. Aber jeder Tag machte Colette vertrauter mit der Gefahr: und endlich däucht' ihr das Unternehmen gar leicht. Wohin ſie nach der Flucht ſich wenden, wo ſie Aucaſſin ſehen würde, das kümmerte ſie wenig. Aber fliehen, fliehen, das wollte, das mußte ſie.

In einer ſchönen Mondnacht, da ſie, voll des Gedankens, ſich auf's Lager geworfen hatte und unruhig ſchlummerte, da war's, als vernähme ſie leiſen Geſang:

Auf! laſſe dein Zaudern!
Was weilſt du, Colette?
Vernahmſt du die Stimme des Liebenden nicht?

Sie ſieht dir nicht ferne:
Wohl ſchimmern die Sterne,
Nicht ſtrahlt der Mond dir ſo freundliches Licht.

Drum laſſe dein Bette!
Was weißt du, Colette?
Lang tönt' dir die Stimme des Liebenden nicht.

Halb träumend ſprang Colett' empor, zerſchnitt ihre Betttücher, knüpfte ſie zuſammen, feſtigte das Ende an den Pfeiler des Fenſters, und ließ ſich den Thurm herab. Im weißen Nachtgewande, wie ſie war, hatte ſie nur ein leichtes Röckchen um ſich geworfen, und nicht einſt ihre Füßchen bedeckt. Amoretten umgaukelten das zerbrechliche Seil. Einige hielten die Knoten und gaben der Bebenden Kraft; andere ſpielten um ihren ſchwellenden Buſen und umſcherzten beſcheiden die niedlichen Füßchen, ſo weit es die oft muthwilligen Weſte vergönnten. Erſt wie ſie glücklich zur Erde gelangte, und ihr zarter Fuß das thaubenetzte Gras berührte, da erſt ward ſie der Mühe gewahr und ſchauerte drob. Fort ſchlüpfte die Schüchterne nun durch die Pforte des Gartens. Leiſe Ahndung lenkte den Pfad zu den Mauern, die den Freund ihrer Seele umſchloſſen. Ihr deucht's, als tön' ihr Klagelaut. Sie neigt' ihr Ohr zu einem Riſſe, den mitleidig die Zeit in's Gemäuer gebrochen hatte. Himmel! wie ward ihr, da ſie die Stimme des Geliebten erkannte! Er ſang:

O nicht um mich.
Ich ſing' um dich,
Colette meine Braut!
Warum mußt' ich dich ſehn und lieben!
Wo irrſt du nun, umher getrieben
Vom Sturm des Schickſals, auf dem Meer!
Wer leiht dir Muth und Kräfte! wer!

Da neigte Colette die Roſenlippen dem bemooſten Riſſe des Gemäuers, und ſang in gleichen Tönen:

Die Liebe half dem Sturm' entfliehen.
Könnt' ich dich, Trauter, auch mir ziehen!
Die Lieb' iſt der Gefahren werth!
Dank dir! du haſt ſie mich gelehrt.

O nicht um ſich.
Es ſingt um dich
Colette, deine Braut!

Der nahe Fußtritt der Runde, welche raſend die Mauer der Burg umkreiſ'te, verſcheuchte die Liebende. Doch ſchnitt' ſie in Eil' eine Locke ihres braunen Haars von der Scheitel, warf ſie durch die Oeffnung und floh, von Furcht gejagt, mit erneuerter Kraft nun von dannen. Selbſt der Graben der Burg hielt ſie nicht auf. Sie empfahl ſich ihm, der ſchützet die Unſchuld, und begab ſich entſchloſſen hinein. Zum Glück war von der Dürre der Jahreszeit das Waſſer meiſt verſiegt. Mühſelig erreichte ſie das gegenſeitige Ufer; aber wund waren die zarten Händ' und Füße vom Graben durch die ſteinige Tiefe. Schmerzbeſiegt und kraftlos ſank ſie am Ufer nieder und weint', und vermochte lange nicht, den Weg zu verfolgen. Da lag ſie, die Schönſte der Schönen, im Anblick der ſchrecklichen Mauern, die den Freund ihrer Seele faßten. Ihr war's, als ſehe ſie, wie er die Locke ſeiner Colette an ſein Herz drückte, und benetzt mit ſeinen Thränen in den Buſen barg; als vernehme ſie einen Ruf: Colette, Du Milde! ſo lieb wie, ſo lieb! o ſäume nicht! fliehe! o rette Dich mir! —

Colette raffte ſich auf, und wie vom Zauber getrieben, flog ſie, eine neue Atalante, über Hügel und Thal, bis ſich endlich ein dicker Wald vor ihr ſchwärzte.

Elfen, ſo hieß es, hauſeten im Walde, und giftige Thiere ſchadeten dem Wanderer, der ſich hinein wagte. Colette ſchauerte zurück und ſank erſchöpft hinter eine Hecke, die den Wald einhegte. Ein ſüßer Schlaf überraſchte ſie hier, und erſt um die Mittagsſtunde ward ſie von nahen Geſprächen geweckt.

Die Schäfer der Flur hatten in die Gegend ihre Heerden getrieben, und indeß die Schaafe zwiſchen dem Wald' und dem Fluſſe graſeten, ſammelten ſich die Hirten am Ufer des nahen Baches, breiteten ein Tuch über's Wieſengrün und begannen ihr Mittagsmahl. Fröhlichkeit und Lachen waren ihre Gäſte bei leichtem Mahle von Milch und Brod und Trauben. Auch erzählten ſie mitunter ſich Geſchichten von den Ebentheuern des Waldes, und einer hatte noch mehr des Wunderbaren geſehen, als der andre. Colette horchte dem allen, und, der Harmloſigkeit der Verſammelten gewiß, trat ſie, ſchön wie ſie war, aus ihrem Gebüſch hervor.

„Siehe da!" ſo flüſterten ängſtlich die Schäfer, „ſieh da, die Fee des Haines!"

Sie wollten fliehen: doch hielt ſie Colettens freundlicher Blick und Wink. „Gott grüß' euch, lieben Freunde!" ſprach ſie. „Saht ihr je den Jüngling Aucaſſin?"

„Wie ſollten wir nicht?" riefen alle. „Wenn er jagend durch unſere Gefilde ſtreift, o dann umringen wir ihn oft, und ſtreuen ihm Blumen und ſingen ihm ländliche Lieder des Preiſes. Denn er iſt ſo gut, wie ſchön, und unſers Grafen Sohn."

„Ihr Lieben!" ſprach Colette, „wenn ihr wieder den Herrlichen ſeht, dann wird er traurig ſeyn; aber ich will euch ſagen, wie ihr ihn froh machen könnt. Umringt ihn dann, und ſtreut ihm junge Mirthen und ſingt:

Wir ſahen wohl eine Hindin weiß
Zum Zauberwalde eilen.
Erjage ſie! es wird zum Preis
Dich Liebe, Liebe heilen."

Sie ſang's mit unbeſchreiblicher Anmuth, wandte ſich grüßend, und floh in den Wald. Die Schäfer wagten nicht, ihr zu folgen. Lange ſchauten ſie der weißen Geſtalt, die je und je noch zwiſchen den Stämmen durchſchimmerte, in ſtillem Entzücken nach.

„Erſchienen iſt uns die Fee des Haines!" ſo frohlockten ſie endlich laut im Chor, wiederholten ſich den Geſang, den die Schöne ſie lehrte, und harrten ſehnlich der Stunde, da ſie Aucaſſin begrüßen konnten.

Colettens Hüter hatt' indeß am folgenden Morgen ſeine ſchöne Gefangene vermißt. Den bekümmerten [illegible] gab ſie verloren, und überzeugte nun ſeinen Gebieter durch falſche Briefe, daß ſie in der Fremde geſtorben ſey. Graf Garind, froh, durch Colettens Tod nun ſeiner Sorg' entledigt zu ſeyn, gab bald dem Sohne die Freiheit. Aber was war dem Liebenden die Freiheit ohne Colette? Sein Leben war ein Gedank' an ſie, und keine Vergnügungen des Hofes vermochten ihn zu zerſtreuen.

Schon hatt' er heimlich in der Gegend umhergeſtreift, geforſcht nach dem Mädchen mit den braunen Locken und dem blauen Augenpaar, und keiner hatte Kunde geben können. Endlich führt' ihn an einem ſchönen Morgen ſein gutes Geſchick dem Walde nah auf die Schäferflur. Fern ſchon erblickten die Hirten ihn, wie er heran ſtreifte, den Bogen und den Jagdſpieß in der Hand, und die ſonnigen Locken hinab über die Schultern verſtreut. Schnell verſammelten ſie ſich und erkannten nicht den Kummer, der das blühende Antlitz umwölkte. Froh umringten ſie ihn im Reihentanz, ſtreuten Mirthen, und ſangen von der weißen Hindin die Weiſe, wie ſie Colette gelehrt hatte.

Die Melodie ſchon, welche dem lieblichen Jäger einſt aus Colettens Munde Freud' in's Herz tönte, regte ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf; ſüße Ahndung durchſchauert' ihn beim wiederholten Hören des Geſangs:

Wir ſahn wohl eine Hindin weiß
Zum Zauberwalde eilen.
Erjage ſie! es wird zum Preis
Dich Liebe, Liebe heilen.

Und als nun die Hirten ihm in frohem Gewirre die Geſchichte von der Fee des Haines erzählten; erzählten, wie ſie nach dem Geſange von ihnen weg in den Wald geflüchtet ſey, da hielt er ſich nicht vor Wonne. Viel Goldes ſtreut' er unter die dankenden Hirten. „Colette! du Milde! ſo lieb wie, ſo lieb!" Er rief's und ſtürzte muthig in den Zauberwald.

Vom goldnen Sterne der Liebe geleitet, fand er den Weg durch's verwachſene Gebüſch. Allenthalben wähnt' er Colettens Tritt zu ſehen; zu hören das Rauſchen ihres Gewandes. Aber er fand ſie nicht. Schon neigte ſich die Sonne. Schon webte ſich die Dämmerung aus weißlichen Wolken ihr Purpurgewand. Verzweifelnd lehnte ſich der ermüdete Jäger an einen Pappelbaum:

Wo find' ich dich, o meine Taube!
Wo tönt, Colette! meine Braut,
Wie Maigeflüſter durch die Laube,
Nun deiner ſüßen Stimme Laut?

Er ſang's bewegt, indeß der Abendwind wehmüthig durch's Laub der Pappel rauſchte. Da war's, als würden ſeine Augen aufgethan. Nicht fern erblickt' er eine herrliche Laube. Ahnend naht' er ſich und fand beim Eintritt — nicht ſie, die er ſuchte; aber die Gewißheit, daß Colette die Bewohnerin ſey.

Mit einfachem Schmucke war die Laube gebildet. Der wilde Roſenſtrauch ſchlang ſeine rothe Blume um die zitternden

Arme der weißen Pappel, und das Geißblatt, das ſich gern durch die Lauben der Liebenden windet, duftete Wohlgeruch. Allenthalben fand er, von Myrthenlaub künſtlich geflochten und mannigfaltig verſchlungen, die Namen Lucaſin und Colette; auf einem hangenden Täfelchen ſtanden geſetzt die Worte:

Gefangt iſt die Hindin weiß:
Wollt lieber Jäger weilen!
Die Liebe ſchließt den Zauberkreis;
Kann ſie den Jäger heilen!

Er las es entzückt, und ſieh'! ihm nahe ſtand die Harrende. Ihrer Hand entſank die friſch gepflückte Blume und ſie — in des Glühenden Arm. — Still feierte rings die Natur, und die Sängerin der Nacht flötete dem liebenden Paare das Brautlied. —

„Laß uns hier weilen!" ſprach Colette am Morgen. „Ich ſuche Dir Wurzeln und Kräuter, und Geflügel giebt uns Dein Geſchoß." Lächelnd entküßte Lucaſin die Worte den Lippen der ſüßen Träumerin. „Glaubeſt Du denn, meine Colette! daß nur wir in den Wald dringen können? „Glaubeſt Du, daß man unſerer Spur nicht folgen wird? Fort müſſen wir, und jetzt." — „Wohin, mein Lucaſin? Doch, was kümmert's mich! Lucaſin iſt mein Geleiter."

Hand in Hand verließen ſie mit bethräntem Blick die Laube, verließen den Zauberwald, durchkreuzten manche Gefilde und Flecken, um einen Hafen zu erreichen; und waren hoch erfreut, da ſie endlich in Marſeille am Strande des Meers die tauſend Wimpel wehen ſahn.

Eine Flotte lag gerade bereit, den heiligen Ludewig mit der Blüthe der franzöſiſchen Ritter und einer gewaltigen Heeresmacht nach Paläſtina zu führen, wo ſie, gleich den Hunderttauſenden ihrer Vorgänger, Gut und Blut zur Befreiung des heiligen Landes aufzuopfern bereit waren. Der Glanz des Zuges und der Muth, der aus Aller Blicken ſtrahlte, wirkte mächtig auf Lucaſin.

„Warum," ſprach Colette zu ihm, „warum wollteſt Du nicht dem Rufe Deines Innern folgen? Nur, Lieber! nimm mich mit Dir! Glaubeſt Du, daß Colette, die ſich ohne Dich vom Thurm herab ließ, die ohne Dich in den Zauberwald drang, nicht mit Dir geharniſcht wider die Sarazenen fechten könne?"

Der Schluß war ſchnell gefaßt. Colette trug Helm und Panzer, als wäre ſie längſt daran gewöhnt. König Ludewig freute ſich der beiden Streiter, die ſein Heer vermehrten, und in wenig Tagen ging die Flotte unterm Zujauchzen der ſtrömenden Menge in See. Sie landeten zunächſt in Cypern, wo das Heer überwinterte, und erſt im nächſten Frühling ward der Feldzug in Egypten eröffnet. Glänzend begann er. König Ludewig eroberte die Stadt Damiate mit dem Degen in der Fauſt. Aber als er zu kühn den Sieg verfolgte, und weiter den Nil hinaufzog, um Kairo, die Hauptſtadt des Reichs, zu erobern, da ward er umringt von der Uebermacht der Sarazenen. Das ungewohnte Griechiſche Feuer, welches ſie aus ehernen Röhren unter die Chriſten ſpritzten, richtete gewaltige Verheerung an, und die Verſuche, es zu löſchen, vergrößerten es nur. König Ludewig mußte ſich nach den äußerſten Anſtrengungen der Tapferkeit mit ſeinem ganzen Heere dem Sultan ergeben: Damiate kam wieder in Feindes Hand, und war der Kerker der Chriſten-Gefangenen.

Lucaſin und Colette wurden getrennt, ſo daß keiner von des andern Schickſal erfuhr. König Ludewig befreite ſich bald durch großes Löſegeld, und verſprach auch ſeine Ritter zu löſen. Er that's. Doch vermocht' er nur allmählig ſeine Zuſage zu erfüllen. Lucaſin hatte das Glück, unter den erſten Befreiten zu ſeyn. Er ſuchte ſeine Colette, aber alle Nachforſchungen waren vergebens.

Traurig verließ er Damiate, und nur die Hoffnung, ſeine Geliebte unter den Gelöſeten im Vaterlande zu finden, konnt' ihn ſtärken. Nach zweijähriger Abweſenheit kam er nach Marſeille zurück, aber ohne Colette. Hier vernahm er den Tod ſeines Vaters. Er eilte, Beſitz von ſeinem Erbtheil zu nehmen. Seine Unterthanen erkannten ihren Gebieter und führten ihn in frohem Gepränge zur Burg. Lucaſin war Herr von Beaucaire, aber ohne Colette. Es kamen von Zeit zu Zeit gelöſete Gefangene zurück aus Egypten. Colette war nicht unter ihnen. Es kamen Waller vom heiligen Grabe. Sie vermochten nicht Kunde zu geben von ihr, die er liebte.

So verfloß ein langes Jahr, und Lucaſin begann zu verzweifeln, daß er je wieder ſehe Colette, die Wilde. Umſonſt drangen ſeine Vaſallen in ihn, ſich des Kummers zu entſchlagen, und eine Gattin zu wählen. „Ich habe gewählt," ſprach er; „wird Colette nicht mein, ſo gewinnt keine je mein Herz."

Einſt ſaß er an einem ſchönen Sommernachmittage mit ſeinen Baronen auf dem hochgeſtuften Söller der Burg. Sein Blick war auf den Wald gerichtet, wo er einige Jahre zuvor Colette, die Wilde, gefunden hatte. Das ſüße Andenken drängte tiefe Seufzer aus ſeiner Bruſt und eine volle Thräne, die er zu bergen ſuchte, rann die Wange herab.

Indeß Lucaſin ſo in Gedanken verloren war, rief einer der Baronen: „Da kommt ein Leiermann! Der muß uns durch ein Lied erfreuen. Komm näher, guter Freund! was kannſt Du ſingen?" Der Leiermann nahte ſich, in einen Mantel gehüllt und das Haar über's Geſicht geringelt, der Marmortreppe. „Iſt's gefällig, gnädige Herrn! ſo ſing' ich ſchlecht und recht zu meiner Geige die Liebſchaft von Lucaſin und Colette." Und ſchon begann er:

Ich ſing zu meiner Fidel:
Natur hat mich's gelehrt.
Ihr Herren, hört mein Liedel!
Das Liedel iſt's wohl werth.

Nun ſang er, wie das Paar ſich ſo innig geliebt, wie Colette ſich aus dem Thurme gerettet, wie ſie ihren Geliebten wieder gefunden habe; die ganze Geſchichte ſang er, bis zu der ſchlimmen Gefangenſchaft in Damiate. Dann fuhr er fort:

Colette war am Orte,
Der ihr das Leben gab.
Sie hütete die Pforte
Des Sultan Amurat.

Und gut war der Gebieter,
Er hegte milden Sinn.
Schon wollt' er wohl dem Hüter,
Doch mehr der Hüterin.

Denn ach! ſie war verrathen,
Und ihr verhehlter Stand
Entdeckt dem Damiaten,
Vor dem ſie Gnade fand.

Einſt wurde ſie vom Sultan
Gedrängt mit Schmeichelein,
Das Chriſtenthum zu laſſen,
Und ganz ſich ihm zu weihn.

Doch hielt ſie feſt am Glaube,
Dacht' Lucaſin, nur ihn,
Und ſchwur zur ſelben Stunde,
Wohl über Meer zu fliehn,

Zum Liebſten zu wallen,
Der Hand und Herz ihr bot,
Und ſollt' ihm ſie mißfallen,
Zu finden in dem Tod.

Er, der in Höh'n und Tiefen
Sie ſchätzte, er entwand,
Als ihre Hüter ſchliefen,
Sie auch des Sultan Hand.

Zum Strande floh Colette
Im athemloſen Lauf.
Laut rief ſie: „rette! rette!"
Ein Schiffer nahm ſie auf.

„Wohin, wohin?" — „Ich wohne,"
Sprach mild der Schiffersmann,
„Am fernen Strand der Rhone."
„O," rief ſie, „wohl mir dann!

Dort herrſcht mein Getreuer,
Wie Gott mich ihm bewahrt
Das ſing' ich euch zur Leier,
Zu kürzen unſre Fahrt!"

Gern war ich ihr Geſelle:
Sie ſang zu meinem Spiel.
Oft ſang ich, was ſie lehrte,
Wohl mir, wenn's euch gefiel.

Wer beſchreibt Lucaſin's Empfindungen beim Hören der Geſchichte? Er hebt die Marmorſtufen hinab. „Colette, Du Wilde, Du biſt's!"

„Lucaſin! Du kennſt mich noch!"

Sie riefen's, und ſanken ſich freudeweinend in die Arme.

Ludwig Halirſch

ward 1802 zu Wien geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium des Rechts und dem Verwaltungsweſen und wurde bei dem Militärdepartement des Kaiſerlich-Königlichen Hofraths zu Wien angeſtellt. Später nach Italien verſetzt ſtarb er am 19 März 1832 zu Mailand.

Er gab heraus:

Novellen und Geſchichten. Brünn 1827 in 8.
Balladen und lyriſche Gedichte. Leipzig 1829. gr. 12.
Dramaturgiſche Skizzen. Ebendaſ. 1829. 2 Thle. in gr. 12.

Einzeln:

Petrarka, dram. Gedicht. Leipzig 182[illegible] 8.
Die Demetrier, Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1824. 8.
Der Morgen auf Capri. Dramatiſches Gedicht. Leipzig 1829 in gr. 12.
Erinnerungen an den Schneeberg in 40 Reiſebildern. Wien 1831 in 16.

Außerdem Romane (die beiden Bilder), Schauſpiele (Hans Sachs) und ähnliche Sachen in Sammelwerken (Originalromane 7. Thl., Originaltheater, 1. Bdchen, Dramatiſche Miscellen), Almanachs u. ſ. w.

Ein ſchönes, blühendes, vielverſprechendes, mit reicher Phantaſie ausgeſtattetes Talent, das gewiß noch Bedeutendes geleiſtet hätte, wäre ihm von dem Schickſal längeres Leben und größere Reife verſtattet worden. — Am glücklichſten war H. in der Ballade; auch ſeine Novellen zeichnen ſich durch gewandte Erfindung und gute Darſtellung aus.

Theobald Schreier's Paſſions-Tage.*)

Wir reiten in die Kreuz und Quer
Nach Freuden und Geſchäften;
Doch immer kläfft es hinterher
Und bellt aus allen Kräften.
So will der Spitz aus unſerm Stall
Uns immerfort begleiten,
Und ſeines Bellens lauter Schall
Beweiſt nur — daß wir reiten.

Kläffer.

Ärgerlich warf Theobald den Hut auf den Tiſch und ſich in den alten Lehnſtuhl, als er wieder die vier aſchgrauen Wände ſeines Dachſtübchens erblickte, die von einem dünnen Lichtſtumpf in einem Flaſchenhalſe eben nicht prächtig erleuchtet wurden. Wild ſaß er da, den Kopf in die Fauſt geſtemmt, in tiefen Gedanken. — „Hol' der Teufel" — rief er endlich, indem er aufſprang und auf den Tiſch ſchlug — „hol' der Teufel all' die Stuben-Philoſophie und engherzige Gelehrſamkeit, die ſich ſchwarz auf weiß hübſch genug ausnimmt, aber in die Welt nicht taugt, außer allenfalls auf einem claſſiſchen Sopha, bei einer Flaſche Wein, ſchöne Sermone darüber zu halten! Damit komm' ich in meinem Leben nicht weiter. Ich könnte abzehren, um ja was Rechtes zu leiſten, eh' die Welt wüßte, daß je ein Erdenſohn Schreier geheißen hat. — 'S iſt entſetzlich! Alle meine Bekannten ſchreiben und laſſen drucken und ſind bekannte und angeſehene Leute und leben flott. Der Eine arbeitet an allen Zeitſchriften des weiland heiligen römiſchen Reiches, der Andere hat gar Gedichte heraus gegeben; Jener iſt als Recenſent der Schrecken aller Welt, und Dieſer hat ſich zum Ueberfluß ſelbſt vor dem Spiegel gemalt, mit fliegenden Haaren und offener Halskrauſe, wie er einmal in Kupfer geſtochen ſeyn will — und ich allein — weiß ich nicht ſo viel, als alle dieſe Kerls zuſammen, hab' ich umſonſt zwei Monate lang wie ein Philiſter Tag und Nacht geſeſſen über dem Kant und Aſt und Krug und wie ſie Alle heißen?" —

Der Odem verging ihm; er maß mit großen Schritten das kleine Stübchen. Endlich begann er wieder reſolut: „Schreiben will ich! Gedruckt will ich mich ſeh'n! Recenſiren will ich! Fort mit all' dem Zeug!" Und ſomit flog der unſchuldige Aſt, der ihm gerade zunächſt lag, mit Gewalt an den Boden. — Der Sturm ſeiner Seele hatte ſich in dieſem Ausbruch entladen und die ganze Kläglichkeit ſeiner Lage fiel ihm hart auf's Herz. — Von dem benachbarten Dache heulten einige Katzen das Accompagnement zu ſeiner Wehmuth und neu wurden Pläne auf Pläne gemacht, und raſtlos an den Ikarus-Flügeln gearbeitet, die ihn zur Sonne des Ruhms hinauf tragen ſollten. — Am nächſten Morgen packte er ſeine Aeſthetika alle zuſammen, und wie eine lüſterne Braut ohne Seufzer Vater und Mutter verläßt, auf daß ſie dem Manne nachziehe, hatte er die herrlichen Schriften ſchnell genug mit innigem Behagen bei dem nächſten Antiquar gegen klingende Weisheit vertauſcht. — Noch einmal ſo ſtolz ſchritt er nun durch die Gaſſen, denn er fühlte den magnetiſchen Lebensſtrom in ſeiner Taſche und eilte ohneweiters in ein Kaffehhaus, um dort das Weſen des Recenſenten-Handwerks, das heißt: „den rechten Ton, den feinen Takt" — aus dem Grunde zu ſtudiren.

Glücklicher Weiſe, wie denn Glück und Genie im ewigen Bunde leben, fiel ihm gerade das rechte Zeitungsblatt in die Hände, wo Stück und Darſtellung auf eine feine Weiſe mit den Worten des Kalenders: „Regen mit Sonnenſchein oder Sonnenſchein mit Regen" abgefertigt wurden. Die Nähe der Pallas hatte den Diomedes nie mit ſo gewaltigem Muthe entflammt, als dieſer Unſinn den ſchreib-, druck- und honorarluſtigen Schreier. In der Freude ſeines Herzens beſchloß er ſogleich ſein Talent nach dem vorliegenden großen Muſter zu verſuchen, und da er nachgeſehen, was im Theater gegeben werde, fing er flugs eine Recenſion der künftigen Darſtellung im Kaffehhauſe an. Sieh', es gelang ihm wunderbar; — der gewandte Ton, die allgemeinen tiefen Bemerkungen, die für Hamburg und Wien, für Manheim und Lemberg paſſen — das myſtiſche Halbdunkel, das große äſthetiſche Geheimniſſe erwarten läßt — Alles, Alles gelang ihm wunderbar!

Aber laſſen wir den Begeiſterten ſeinen Prüfungsakt vollenden und betrachten wir einſtweilen das Gewicht, das auf einmal in die Wage fiel und den bemüthigen Schreier zum hoffährtigen Recenſenten herab ſchnellte. Er war, um die Anforderungen ſeines Magens zu betäuben, zu einem ſeiner Freunde gegangen, und wie in der Welt nichts ohne Urſache geſchieht, wollte zum Heil der Reſidenz das Glück, daß gerade die vierteljährige Lieferung der Zeitungsblätter und ein Röllchen Dukaten den jungen Autor begrüßten, als Schreier bei ihm eintrat. Solch einen Reichthum hatte der arme Kauz ſein Lebtag nicht beiſammen gehabt, und als er nun hörte, daß dies nur einige Tropfen aus dem reichen Goldſtrom ſeyen, der ſeinem Freunde alljährlich zufließe, als dieſer mit triumphirender Miene die Menge Einladungs-Schreiben und Honorars-Offerten vor ihm ausbreitete, die er von allen Seiten erhalten: da flammte der Funke des Schriftſtellerberufs in der Bruſt des Neulings auf.

Schreier war entzückt über ſein Werk: er las es dreimal noch im Kaffehhauſe durch und deklamirte es laut auf der Straße. Aber der Bann ſeiner Wände glich einem Zauberkreiſe, der, wie dicker Kohlendampf, ſeinen Autor-Spiritus niederſchlug. Trotz allem geläuterten Raiſonnement und der mächtigen Beredſamkeit aller zu hoffenden Dukaten, wenn er erſt ſeine Ritterſporen durch irgend einen ſiegenden Angriff verdient hätte, regte ſich doch ſein Gewiſſen, und alle Zweifel und Sorgen kehrten, gleich dem Teufel im Evangelium, mit ſiebenfach erneuerter Kraft in ſeine Seele zurück. Er trat an's Fenſter, durchbohrte mit ſeinem Blicke den leuchtenden Thurmknopf, der ihm, hoch über die lange Reihe von Dächern, entgegenflammte, biß die Nägel und reimte ein Sonett vor ſich hin, aus dem er ermeſſen konnte, daß die Fluth der Erbärmlichkeit hoch genug in ihm geſtiegen ſey für ſeine Pläne.

Dies Sonett nun, worin eigentlich nichts geſagt war, als daß die Sonne untergegangen, wurde, nebſt ähnlicher Waare, dem Herausgeber eines beliebten Blattes überſendet und — ſchon in einigen Tagen hatte er eine ſehr ſchmeichelhafte Antwort und die Bitte um fernere Beiträge, mit der unendlichen Freude, ſich gedruckt zu ſehen. — Wie in einer warmen Frühlingsnacht ſchoſſen nun die Blüthen ſeiner Autorſchaft üppig empor. Gleich die erſte Recenſion ward, verſteht ſich mutatis mutandis, für eine neue Darſtellung zugeſchnitten, und nun folgten Gedichte, Erzählungen, Charaden, Anekdoten, Alles im bunteſten Gewimmel auf einander: der Klang der Dukaten, an dem es ſein Gönner nicht fehlen ließ, ſtimmte die Lyra, und ſchwerlich hat ein Preisbewerber je mit ſo entſchloſſener Stirne die Bahn betreten. — Mußte gleich vor der Hand jedes Stück nur eingeraſcht werden, um einem noch erbärmlicheren Machwerke den Platz zu nehmen, ſo erſchien doch jedes neue bedruckte Quartblatt Schreiern als eine neue Stufe zu der Pyramide ſeines künftigen Ruhmes.

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*) Aus: L. Halirſch „Novellen und Geſchichten. Leipzig 1829.

Der gütige Dämon, der die Aufſicht über die Almanache und Zeitungsblätter, und ſo gewaltig führt, daß er mit entſchiedenem Erfolge die geſchmackloſe Folianten- und Quartanten-Gelehrſamkeit zu niedlichen Duodez-Bonbons umzugeſtalten berechtigt iſt: der, wie ein warmer Sonnenblick Mücken und Fliegen, Autoren und Dichter ins Leben ruft: derſelbe Gott, zu deſſen Ehre täglich Millionen Fidibuſſe dampfen, wußte dem ſtolz emporſtrebenden Genius Schreier's bald den gehörigen Wirkungskreis zu geben. Er erhielt die bedeutende Stelle eines Recenſions-Sekretärs, da die Dienſtgeſchäfte des Hofraths (vulgo Redakteurs) ſich ſo gehäuft hatten, daß dieſer nicht im Stande war, die Aktenſtücke alle zu erledigen, wenn er auch nur die Titel der Bücher und die Comödienzettel leſen wollte. So aber geſchah es, daß ſich Schreier plötzlich in ſeinem eigenthümlichſten Elemente befand und ſein Glück begründet anſehen durfte.

Den gewaltigen Abſtich der neuen Periode, die nun in Schreier's Leben eintritt, mit der Qual der vorigen zu vergleichen, wäre überflüſſig, da gar Viele entweder dieſen Lebens-Aequator ſelbſt paſſirt, oder wenigſtens halbe oder ganze Bekannte haben, von welchen ſie das Nähere leicht erfahren können. Wir halten uns alſo nicht auf, die Seligkeit des jungen Autors zu beſchreiben, als er aus ſeinem ſchwarzen dunſtigen Kämmerchen plötzlich als glänzender Tagfalter der Sonne des Ruhms entgegen flog, ſondern wir wollen ſogleich zu wichtigeren und dringenderen Begebenheiten eilen.

Zu den intereſſanteſten Erſcheinungen des ſchöngeiſtigen Lebens in der Reſidenz gehörten offenbar die Thee-Zirkel der Madam R., ja, ſie waren gewiſſermaßen der Focus, welcher die durch alle Straßen verbreiteten poetiſchen Strahlen an ſich zog und vereinigte. Da ihre Jugend verblüht war, und der Spätherbſt auch ihren theatraliſchen Ruhm entblättert hatte, ſo war ſie bedacht, durch gelehrte Lorbern die Mängel zu verdecken, und das beſte Mittel hierzu ſchien ihr, die Madam Stael der Reſidenz zu werden, da ſie keine Ninon ſeyn konnte. Was Anſpruch auf die leichte Schule der gelehrten Oberflächlichkeit machte, die wir in der deutſchen Sprache ſehr paſſend Bildung zu nennen belieben, verſammelte ſich bei Madam R. — April-Herrchen, die, Horazens Ausſpruch gemäß, die goldene Mittelſtraße der Moden von London und Paris raſtlos zu halten bemüht waren, ſtellten ſich ein, nachdem ſie aus dem Converſations-Lexikon ſich in der Eile mit dem nöthigen Materiale verſehen hatten, den Sauerteig der gelehrten Unterhaltung zu kneten; galante Dichter kamen von der Abend-Toilette ihrer Muſen herbeigeflogen; Damen, welche Ruf und Bewunderung durch ihre Romane erworben, und alſo doppelte Gunſt, von ihren eigenen und von den Anbetern ihrer Werke zogen: endlich der ganze Prieſterchor Melpomenen's und Thalia's ſtieg von der Höhe des Lebens, dem Theater, in dieſe Verſammlung herab. Daß die Recenſenten nicht fehlten, läßt ſich denken. Sie waren hier, wie im Staate die Polizei dem Kläger, wie die Advokaten dem Beklagten, unentbehrlich. Und wer die freundliche Güte, die Innigkeit und Herzlichkeit ſah, mit welcher dieſe Herren hier empfangen wurden, ward klar überzeugt von der Milde des menſchlichen Herzens, das nur den Fernen haßt, und den Teufel nicht entbehren kann, wenn er einen Scheffel Salz mit ihm genoſſen, wie das Sprüchwort ſagt.

Sehr natürlich ward auch Schreier bald in die Geheimniſſe dieſer literariſchen Myſterien eingeweiht und wie leicht man jede bittere Bemerkung vergeſſe, davon erhielt er durch die Zartheit, mit der er behandelt wurde, die ſprechendſten Beweiſe. — Als er zum zweiten Male Theil nahm an dieſem Muſen-Zirkel, wurde er auf die angenehmſte Weiſe überraſcht. Er hatte zwei Tage vorher eine Parodie auf das neueſte Produkt eines Dichters, der nicht ſo glücklich war, zu dem Zirkel zu gehören, gedichtet und dieſe einem Freunde mitgetheilt, der ſie zur Abſchrift verlangte. Wie fühlt' er ſich gerührt, wie ward ſeine ganze Seele aufgefordert zur Dankbarkeit, als Dem. Eugenie ihn beim Eintritte — er hatte ſich etwas verſpätet — mit der Deklamation dieſes ſinnigen Produktes empfing. Trotz ihrer artigen Geſtalt hatte er ſie bisher ſowohl auf dem Theater als hier gänzlich überſehen. Aber jetzt — wie erſtaunte er, dieſe zarte ſchlanke Geſtalt, dieſes weiche biegſame Organ, dieſe ſeelenvolle Blicke, dieſe Grazie der Bewegung, dieſen ganzen reichen Zauber ihres Weſens, dieſes tiefe Gefühl, dieſe beſonnene Wahrheit ihrer Haltung nicht bemerkt zu haben! — Er dankte ihr in den verbindlichſten Ausdrücken, und konnte ſich in dem Feuer ſeiner Begeiſterung nicht enthalten, ihre Hand zu faſſen. Sein Druck ward auf eine ſo ſchalkhafte Weiſe erwidert, daß er plötzlich ganz entzückt war von dieſer neuen Erſcheinung, von der Munterkeit der Madam R., — von dem Witze der ganzen Geſellſchaft und feſt beſchloß, ſeine Dankbarkeit ſollte kein leeres Wort ſeyn. Mancher Embryo einer Apologie bildete ſich augenblicklich in ſeinem rezenſionenſchwangeren Hirne; vorzüglich beſchloß er das Unrecht, das ſeine unbegreifliche Unachtſamkeit der Dem. Eugenie zugefügt, auf das glänzendſte zu vergüten. Angeſtrengt ſann er auf neue Ausdrücke und Bilder, die der hohen Künſtlerin auch nur einigermaßen würdig wären, und die ſchlafloſe Nacht, die er nach dieſem verhängnißvollen Abend zubrachte, empfing in ihrem Schooße die ewige Morgenröthe des Ruhmes, welche von nun an Dem. Eugenie umſtrahlen ſollte.

Der Erzähler befindet ſich hier in der That in der unangenehmen Lage, den intereſſanten Roman, der ſich zwiſchen beiden Liebenden entſpann — und wer zweifelt, daß er ſie liebte von dem Augenblicke, da er ſie bemerkte; und hätte ſie ihn nicht früher geliebt, wie hätte ſie auf eine ſo zarte Weiſe ihm ein ſo ſchmeichelhaftes Compliment gemacht? — Alſo: der Erzähler befindet ſich wirklich in der höchſt unangenehmen Lage, den intereſſanten Roman dieſer beiden Liebenden nur in allgemeinen Umriſſen bezeichnen zu dürfen. Denn da unſere Zeit, man will's nur nicht recht anerkennen, überall auf Kürze und auf das Weſen der Sache dringt, Abſchweifungen aber, wenn ſie auch noch ſo anziehend wären, haßt, ſo ſieht er ſich genöthigt, ſich bloß auf das zu beſchränken, was Schreier, den Rezenſenten, angeht, und das Uebrige einem künftigen Biographen zu überlaſſen. — Doch ſo viel gehört unumgänglich zur Sache, daß der ganze Roman, der in dem Blicke der Dem. Eugenie, als ſie Schreiern die Hand drückte, gleichſam im Keime lag, ſich auf das Schönſte entwickelte, und daß Beide das Ziel der Vollendung zu erreichen ſtrebten, indem ſie die zwei Seiten der Menſchen-Natur, die ſich ſo ſchroff entgegenſtehen, antike Plaſtik und romantiſche Schwärmerei, auf das Geiſtreichſte zu vermählen wußten.

Es begab ſich zur ſelbigen Zeit, daß ein fremder Künſtler in der Reſidenz anlangte, um daſelbſt Gaſtrollen zu geben. Schreier blieb täglich eine Stunde länger zu Hauſe, um den Künſtler zu empfangen, wenn er komme ſeine Bekanntſchaft zu machen. Vergebens! — Daß dieſe Vernachläſſigung keine vortheilhafte Ahnung von dem feinen Anſtandsgefühl des Fremden erweckte, war natürlich, und wie mag ohne dies Gefühl auf der Bühne etwas geleiſtet werden, das der Rede werth wäre? — vorzüglich in unſern Tagen, wo die plumpe Rohheit ſo gänzlich vom Theater verbannt iſt, daß der Verzweifelnde ſelbſt nicht nur mit Anſtand verzweifelt, ſondern mit beſonnener Ruhe ermordet; denn wie käme er ohne dieſe ruhige Beſonnenheit zu dem ſchön ausgeführten Bilde, mit welchem er ſein Leben aushaucht? — Wie geſagt, es erweckte keine gute Meinung von dem Fremden, daß Schreier ihn erſt in dem Zirkel der Madam R. kennen lernte, und dieſe leiſe Ahnung ward nur zu ſehr beſtätigt, indem er auch hier von Schreier ſo wenig Notiz nahm, als ob er gar nicht in der Welt wäre. Iſt es möglich, kann die Verblendung ſo weit gehen? Ahnte er nicht, welche richterliche Gewalt in dieſem Inkognito ſich verberge? Aber er war ſo ruhig und unbefangen, daß ich ihn nicht beſſer zu vergleichen weiß, als mit einem Menſchen, der lächelnd im Graſe ſchläft, indeß eine Schlange ſchon den tödtlichen Zahn an ihn ſetzt. Uebrigens iſt dieſes Gleichniß ſchon etwas veraltet; da man aber heut zu Tage ohne Bilder keinen Speiſezettel drucken läßt und da die Tragödien-Dichter ſelbſt nicht genug alte Bilder einſchieben können, wenn ſie nur paſſend ſind und ſchön in die Anſchauung fallen, ſo mag man dieſen kleinen Mangel vergeben, wenn man ein altes, gutes Gleichniß nicht lieber für einen Vorzug halten will.

Mit einem Worte, der Fremde erſchien als ein Ignorant, der von dem altfränkiſchen Glauben — als wenn Verdienſt allein, ohne Protektion, hinreichend ſey, in der Welt ſein Glück zu machen — weder durch Geſchichts-Studium, noch durch Erfahrung, befreit worden war. Indeß, ſo ſehr Schreier ſich von Augenblick zu Augenblick von der gänzlichen Verwahrloſung des Menſchen überzeugte, ſo ſchien er doch auf die übrige Geſellſchaft einen durchaus verſchiedenen Eindruck zu machen. Beſonders war Dem. Eugenie ſeit langer Zeit nicht ſo munter, geiſtreich und liebenswürdig geweſen, als heute, und ſie wurde nicht müde, dem Gaſte zu Ehren die Leuchtkugeln ihres Witzes und die Feuerräder ſprechender Bilder los zu brennen. Vor Allem aber erwarb ihm eine Liebes-Scene aus einem bekannten Schauſpiel, die er mit Dem. Eugenie darſtellte und wobei es nicht zu verkennen war, daß von beiden Seiten recht con amore geſpielt wurde, den entſchiedenſten Beifall. Schreier allein ſtand mit verſchränkten Armen da, und ſein bitterſüßes

Lächeln machte nicht den angemeſſenen Commentar zu den Lobeserhebungen, die er in dem allgemeinen Triumphſturm nicht umhin konnte, dem Fremden Anſtandshalber zu zollen. Im Grunde hatte er durch dieſe Scene den gänzlichen Mangel an Talent von Seiten deſſelben nur zu deutlich erkannt, und die Recenſion ſeines Debüts war ſo gut als fertig.

Als die Mitternacht der geſelligen Freude ihre Gränzen ſetzte, war das gegenſeitige Behagen und die gute Laune der Geſellſchaft ſo allgemein, daß man beſchloſſen, nächſtens ſie genial zu wiederholen und den heutigen Abend gleichſam für die Wurzelgröße der unendlichen Freudenpotenz gelten zu laſſen, die man in einigen Tagen zu erſchwingen hoffte. — Es war gerade ein überaus ſchneeiger, kalter Winter, weshalb man auch einen Thé dansant in einem, einige Stunden entfernten Gaſthofe verabredete, wohin die ganze Geſellſchaft einen lauten und klingenden Schlitten-Triumph-Zug zu halten beſchloß. Daß Schreier auch von der Partie war, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt.

Der feſtliche Tag erſchien. Auf dem großen Platze vor dem Hauſe der Madam N., wo ſich die ganze Geſellſchaft verſammeln wollte, um zugleich nach dem Ziele der Freudenbahn auszulaufen, hatten ſich die Rennſchlitten bereits in zierlicher Reihe aufgeſtellt, und die bunten Federbüſche der muthigen Roſſe, das Knallen der gewaltigen Peitſchen, das helle Geklingel unzähliger Schellen, ſtellte ſich gefühlvollen Gemüthern als ein friedliches Bild des idylliſchen Alpenlebens dar. — Damen und Herren arrangirten ſich jetzt, und Schreier — o Muſen! — Schreier, der den nagenden Kummer und Verdruß des letzten Abends diesmal, als Führer ſeiner Geliebten, durch einen langen Kuß von ihren ſchönen Lippen, welchen er ihr, dem Schlittenrechte gemäß, vor der ganzen Verſammlung zu rauben gedachte, weggehaucht zu ſehen hoffte, Schreier — o daß es ein Wort gäbe, ſeinen Schmerz, ſeine Erbitterung, ſeine Wuth, ſeine Raſerei zu ſchildern! — ward zum Führer der Madam N. ernannt. Der fremde Satan aber ſchwang ſich hinter die holde Eugenie und fuhr wie ein Sturm mit ihr davon. Ja, was das Schwert, das ſeine Seele durchſchnitt, noch mehr ſchärfte, Eugenie erwiederte den Blick, worin ſeine ganze Seele lag, ſo ruhig und heiter, als wäre Alles in der Ordnung, als könne es gar nicht anders ſeyn. Mit verbiſſener Wuth und eingekniffener Lippe machte er das Schlittenrecht bei Madam N. geltend, welche, ſeine Verzweiflung aufs Aeußerſte zu treiben, ſich noch jüngferlich ſträubte, ſo daß er ſanfte Gewalt gebrauchen mußte.

Aber er beſchloß, ſich zu rächen! — Der Fremde kam den ganzen Abend nicht von Eugeniens Seite; er war ihr erklärter Tänzer und die Geſellſchaft ſchien anzunehmen, daß die Beiden zuſammen gehörten.

Dem armen Schreier geſchah wie Einem, der im Traume von dem Teufel verfolgt wird, fliehen will und feſt ſteht, ſchreien will und keinen Laut hervorbringt. Er leerte ein Glas Limonade, den Ingrimm zu kühlen, aber dieſer brannte, wie griechiſches Feuer, von Minute zu Minute glühender und ſtechender. — Als man gegen Morgen unter dem tiefblauen reinen Sternenhimmel, in der ſchönen funkelnden Schneedämmerung, nach Hauſe fuhr, als durch die allgemeine tiefe Stille die melodiſchen Schellen erklangen, und nur zuweilen ein lautes fröhliches Gelächter aus einem Schlitten in den andern hinüber tönte, wie ward es Schreiern zu Muthe, wenn er ſich dachte, welche königlichen Momente ihm der Fremde auf ewig raubte. Vergebens hatte er ſich bemüht, wenigſtens hinter ihren Schlitten zu kommen. Madam N. führte den Zug. Statt auf den Weg zu achten, zwang es ihn faſt, mit ſeinem Operngucker rückwärts zu ſchauen, ob er nicht ſeine Angebetete bemerken könnte. Lange vergebens! Aber jetzt — jetzt, da die Straße eine Wendung nahm, erblickte er ſie! Der Fremde hatte ſich in den Schlitten geſetzt, er ſchien im eifrigen Geſpräch mit ihr, und eben — verdammter Anblick! — eben ſchmiegten ihre Lippen in einem langen Kuſſe ſich zuſammen, da — lag Schreier's Schlitten in einem Graben; er ſelbſt flog weit in's Feld hinein. Madam N., welche, in Pelz, Muffe und Fußſäcke eingekerkert, augenblicklich bis über die Ohren im tiefen weichen Schnee ſaß, war durchaus nicht im Stande, ihre Lage im geringſten zu verändern, konnte nur durch lauten Jammer und Hülferuf ihrer Verzweiflung Luft machen. — Mit einer Wuth, die kein Dichter zu beſchreiben vermöchte, eilte Schreier herbei, riß ſeine Dame auf und warf ſie, nicht eben auf das ſanfteſte, in den Schlitten zurück, gleich darauf wie raſend durch die Nacht dahin ſprengend, um wenigſtens für den Augenblick den ſpöttiſchen Bemerkungen der Geſellſchaft zu entrinnen, und ſich ſo bald als möglich ſeiner jammernden Gefährtin zu entledigen, die Vapeurs und Migraine, Gicht und den bleichen Tod als unausweichlich vor ſich ſah.

Mit einer Eile ohne Gleichen lud er endlich die ſchöne theure Laſt ab, warf noch einen wüthenden Blick auf ſeine [illegible] Angebetete, durchbohrte gleichzeitig mit ihm den fremden Störenfried und ſtürzte ohne Abſchied nach Hauſe.

Beſchämt, zerknirſcht, im Innerſten der Seele vernichtet, kam er zu Hauſe an. Bisher hatte er nur die beſeligende Wonne ſeiner Berühmtheit genoſſen; nun fiel zum erſten Male ihre drückende Laſt auf ſeine Seele. Selbſt die Gabe der Dichtung, die ihm die Welt mit ihren Kränzen umwunden, kehrte nun alle ihre ſtechenden Dornen heraus, ſein zerriſſenes Herz noch mehr zu zerreißen. Die Flammen ſeiner Phantaſie malten ihm mit dem entſetzlichſten Leben das Gelächter, die ſpöttelnden Mienen und Bemerkungen, welche nun in jedem literariſchen Zirkel ſeine tragiſche Begebenheit bekrittelten. Er dachte ſich zurück in die ſtillen ruhigen Tage, wo er noch unbekannt und unangefochten ſich aus der Ferne an der bunten Theaterwelt der Autorſchaft ergötzte, ohne ſelbſt als Mitſpielender Applaus und Pochen zu fühlen. Wie Rouſſeau, der verfolgte und gebeugte, hätte er ſeinen Ruhm hingegeben für das ſtille Glück ehemaliger Unberühmtheit. Aber wie Cäſar in ſeiner verwegenen Schlacht nur einen Augenblick niedergedonnert ward von der Centnerwucht des Mißgeſchickes, dann jedoch ſeinen Rieſengeiſt bald mit neuer, durch Rache potenzirter Federkraft empor ſchnellte, ſo riß ſich auch Schreier mannhaft und muthig aus der Tiefe ſeiner Verzweiflung. — „Rache! Rache!" rief er aus, und Muth und Kraft kehrten verdoppelt in ſeine Seele zurück, ſo daß er keinen Augenblick zweifelte, den glänzendſten Sieg dennoch davon zu tragen.

Am nächſten Abend begannen die Debüts des Fremden. Schreier war ſeit langer Zeit zum erſten Mal wieder früher da, ehe der Vorhang aufflog, und die gerunzelte Stirn, das ſatyriſche Lächeln, die ganze nachläſſig ſtolze Haltung, mit der er Gallerien und Parterre und endlich ſelbſt ſeine Nachbarn muſterte, ließen Jedermann in ihm den gefürchteten Repräſentanten ahnen oder erkennen. — Das Orcheſter ſchwieg endlich und die Vorſtellung begann. Schon der erſte Auftritt des Fremden bewies, wie wenig er die tiefe Bedeutung ſeiner Rolle gefaßt hatte. Die Ruhe, beinahe Kälte, mit welcher er manche Rouladen-Donner leicht überging, wo ein Anderer mit galvaniſchen Schlägen das Publikum ergriffen hätte, gaben nur zu deutlich ein ganz unkünſtleriſches Streben nach Effekt zu erkennen; denn er ſchickte doch offenbar dieſe Windſtille nur voraus, um die volle Sturmesgewalt ſeiner Stimme auf einzelne Momente zu verſparen; er zog nur darum mit entſchiedener Selbſtverläugnung dieſen Nebel um ſich her, um endlich mit deſto feierlicherem Triumphe, wie Aeneas, daraus hervor zu glänzen, und mit dieſen Finten die ſchwachſinnige Kritik zu täuſchen und zu entwaffnen. — Ein an ſich ſo nichtiges Beſtreben konnte dennoch bei dem großen Haufen ſeine Wirkung nicht verfehlen. Aber dreifaches Erz umgab, wie eine erſtarrende Aegide, Schreier's Bruſt, daß alle Pfeile dieſer theatraliſchen Effektjagd davon abprallten und alle Wogen des Entzückens, in denen das Haus aufſchäumte, nichtig daran brandeten. Unter dem Jubel der allgemeinen Bewunderung ſtand er kalt und giftig lächelnd da, wie das böſe Verhängniß unter dem Hochzeit-Jubel, der ſich am nächſten Morgen zur Leichenfeier verwandeln ſoll.

Der Fremde ſuchte die falſche Auffaſſung ſeiner Rolle durch ſcheinbare Einheit ſo geſchickt zu verdecken, daß jeder weniger Unpartheiiſche dadurch hintergangen werden mußte. Aber Schreier blieb conſequent. Die Bewunderung des Publikums, die ſo weit ging, daß Jener in der Mitte des Stückes hervor gerufen ward, beſtach das Urtheil der unabhängigſten Männer; aber Schreier blieb conſequent. Er ſah darin nur den tiefen Verfall des Geſchmacks und verzehrte, mitleidig die Achſel zuckend, eine Maſſe Eis, indem er mitunter das Glas ſeines Operngucker's putzte.

Der Vorhang fiel; der Fremde ward noch einmal gerufen und dankte in einfachen Worten, die nur die Affektation beurkundeten, durch etwas Neues, ganz aus der Mode gekommenes, durch die ungeſchminkte Wahrheit nämlich, wirken zu wollen. Ein allgemeines freudiges Murmeln, das zuweilen ſchöner lobet, als das lauteſte Toben des Beifalls, wogte durch die hinausſtrömenden Zuſchauer. Schreier ſtand noch immer lächelnd da. Endlich zog er behaglich den Mantel dicht zuſammen, das ganze Geſicht ward eine einzige bittere Ironie, deutlich ſagend: „Sachte! 's iſt noch nicht aller Tage Abend!"

Langſam ging er nach Hauſe, durchmuſterte noch einmal die ganze Folterkammer der kritiſchen Inquiſition, glühte die Daumſchrauben des Hohns in den Flammen ſeiner Bosheit, ſetzte ſich, ſchnitt die Feder ſpitz, und ſchrieb mit ſcharfen deutſchen Buchſtaben die Recenſion. — „Dixi!" ſagte er behaglich, indem er den letzten Zug machte, in ſich hinein, und ſtand, [illegible] groß, wichtig und ſtolz da, wie Apollo, nachdem er die Python getödtet.

Am nächſten Morgen betrieb Schreier den Druck des Blattes ſo eifrig als nur möglich, um das durchgreifende Gelächter aller Schadenfrohen baldigſt auf ſeiner Seite zu haben. Als es endlich erſchien, eilte er in daſſelbe Kaffeehaus, wo wir ihn vor einigen Monaten das Weſen der neuen Profeſſion ſtudieren ſahen, um in langen Zügen ſich an dem Strome ſeines Witzes zu erfreuen; und in der That: kein wunderthätiges Elixier einer gütigen Fee hätte die noch friſche Wunde, die der Fremde ihm vor zwei Tagen geſchlagen, heilſamer kühlen können, als dieſe ſchwarzen Zauber-Charaktere es thaten. — Noch überließ er ſich mit kindlichem Entzücken ſeiner unſchuldigen Freude, als ein bejahrter ernſter Mann neben ihm Platz nahm, und ſich das Blatt erbat, wenn er es geleſen. Schnell überreichte ihm Schreier das Verlangte, denn es gehörte mit zu ſeinen höchſten Genüſſen, insgeheim die Kraft zu belauſchen, mit der ſeine Produkte auf fremde Gemüther einwirkten. Lauernd ſaß er da, den Augen des Unbekannten ängſtlich folgend, die flüchtig über das Ganze hinwegflogen und endlich — endlich auf ſeinem galligen Extrakt feſtwurzelten. Finſter runzelte der Fremde die Stirne, warf endlich das Journal auf den Tiſch und rief ärgerlich: „Abſcheulich — das ſind Gehäſſigkeiten und keine Belehrungen!“

Schreier horchte hoch auf, und der Fremde, welcher ihn jetzt erſt erblickte, wandte ſich zu ihm und fragte: ob er das Blatt geleſen? Der Angeſprochene bejahte mit möglichſter Unbefangenheit. „Nun denn“ — fuhr Jener fort — „was ſagen Sie zu der hämiſchen Rezenſion über den neuen Schauſpieler?“ — „Je nun,“ — ſtotterte Schreier verlegen: „ſie iſt allerdings — wie ſag ich nur? etwas ſtark — allein der Verfaſſer ſcheint es zu verſtehen, den Leuten cum grano salis die Wahrheit zu ſagen, wie man das jetzt verlangt. Zudem iſt auch ſein Styl fließend und das Ganze mit vieler Gewandtheit geſchrieben!“ — „Sagen Sie lieber zuſammen geflickt!“ entgegnete der Fremde; „ich kenne dieſe Art Urtheile, welche aus hundert andern fabrizirt und dann mit einer Unverſchämtheit ohne Gleichen für eigene ausgegeben werden. Uebrigens ſcheint hier noch obendrein Perſönlichkeit mit im Spiel; ich ſah den Schauſpieler und er iſt ohne Zweifel ein braver Kunſtler!“ — „Ein braver Kunſtler!“ — fiel Schreier verächtlich ein, und nicht wenig aufgebracht über die Freimüthigkeit des Fremden — „das wird ihm, glaub ich, auch kein Rezenſent, den ich demungeachtet doch für einen ſehr geiſtreichen Mann halte, zugeſtehen; aber Kunſtler und Künſtler iſt zweierlei, das werden Sie mir denn doch zugeben?“ — „Concedirme!“ lächelte der Fremde, — „doch wer wird jetzt ſo ſtrenge Anforderungen machen! Wo, überhaupt, finden Sie gegenwärtig ſo leicht einen Schauſpieler, der den Namen Künſtler verdiente, obwohl ihn alle ſich anmaßen, während ſie in der Mehrzahl erſt auf den Brettern ein Paar Kunſtgriffe erlernen, womit ſie die Enthuſiaſten blind machen, ohne ſelbſt ſehend zu werden. — Den Meiſten fehlt die Baſis aller Kunſt, Produktivität, und ihr einziges Verdienſt beſteht darin, daß ſie den Charakter des Dichters mit mehr oder weniger Wahrſcheinlichkeit nachzeichnen, wie er ihnen bereits ſchon vorgezeichnet daliegt. Die größere Geſchicklichkeit in dieſem Nachzeichnen aber gibt die Routine, d. h. die langjährige Erfahrung, die Gewandtheit auf den Brettern und das Studium gewiſſer Einzelnheiten und Nüancirungen, die auf die Menge nie ihren Eindruck verfehlen.“ Der Fremde hielt hier ein, um ſeine Pfeife anzuzünden; Schreier aber traute ſich kaum Athem zu holen, um ja kein Wort von ſeiner Weisheit zu verlieren, die für ihn eben ſo neu als brauchbar ſchien. — „Demungeachtet,“ — fuhr der Sprecher fort, — „iſt es ein wahrer Ekel zu ſehen, welch' ein Aufheben unſere Zeit mit den Schauſpielern macht, und wie ſie darüber ihre eigene Größe und Kraft vergißt, gleich dem Herkules am Spinnrocken. — Auf der einen Seite die thörichte Menge, die nichts ſehen, hören und leſen will, als vom Theater; auf der andern Seite ſteht die Jämmerlichkeit ſo vieler Journale, die aus dieſer Sucht ihren Vortheil zu ziehen ſtrebt, ſtatt mit Ernſt und Würde ſich ihr entgegen zu ſtemmen. Die Reſultate dieſes unlauteren Treibens liegen am Tage. Theater-Correſpondenzen und Kritiken füllen alle Blätter; Kleinlichkeiten werden zu Haupt- und Staats-Aktionen empor gehoben, Lob und Tadel bis zur Unverſchämtheit getrieben, der Sinn für das Große, Schöne verflacht ſich, und ſelbſt zu Beſſerem und Tüchtigerem geſchaffene Geiſter werden gewaltſam mit in dieſen Strudel von Erbärmlichkeiten gezogen. Wehe der deutſchen Kunſt, wenn das kein Ende nimmt! Der Hiſtrione wird auf den Brettern und im wirklichen Leben den ächten Künſtler verdrängen, und die Gemeinheit, von der das Comödien-Weſen nie frei iſt — weil ein Jeder, der ſeine zwölf Kreuzer zahlen kann, das Recht hat, es zu verhöhnen — wird die Idee des Göttlichen beflecken!“

Der Fremde ſchwieg hier und Schreier fiel ihm entzückt um den Hals. „Ganz aus meinem Herzen geſprochen!“ rief er; „ganz aus meinem Herzen! Sehen Sie, eben darum —.“ Er konnte nicht weiter ſprechen, denn gewaltſam riß ſich Jener aus ſeinen Armen los und unterbrach ihn heftig: „Zwei Schritte vom Leibe, mein Herr, wir ſind noch nicht ſo vertraut! Glauben Sie, ich hatte es auf den erſten Blick weg, daß Sie ſelbſt der Verfaſſer jener Rezenſion ſind, und ich bewundere Ihre Keckheit. Doch das iſt die Frucht, wenn man derlei Dinge zum Handwerk macht. Man tritt mit eiſerner Stirne der ganzen Welt entgegen. Alles Gefühl wird erdrückt, jede ſchöne Regung geht unter, das Blut wird zur Galle, die Phantaſie vertrocknet, der Verſtand zerbröckelt ſich in leeren Phraſen, oder, wenn's hoch kommt, in giftigen Ausfällen, und jeder Ehrenmann kehrt dem vertrockneten Skelette den Rücken. Glauben Sie nicht, daß ich Ihnen durch meine Anſicht über den Schauſpielerſtand das Wort geredet habe. Es trifft nicht Alle, und ſo lange ſelbſt die Uebrigen dort bleiben, wohin ſie gehören, zwiſchen die Couliſſen, laſſe ich ſie unangetaſtet; doch verdrängen ſollen ſie ſich nicht, nicht die Aufmerkſamkeit verlangen, die für Ernſteres und Größeres erforderlich iſt. Wer aber bleibt bei allen dieſen Dingen ihr Herold, als eben der Rezenſent, er mag ihnen nun Lorbeer- oder Dornenkränze flechten. Herr, Sie ſind noch jung, Sie können ſich noch empor reißen aus dem Schlamm, in welchen Sie freilich auch ſchon tief genug verſunken, Sie können noch ein tüchtiger Menſch im Leben werden; darum Herz gefaßt! Brechen Sie die Ketten, in die Sie ſich ſelbſt gefeſſelt, und glauben Sie mir, Sie werden mir einſt den Augenblick danken, in welchem ich Sie, wenn auch etwas unſanft, aus Ihrer unſeligen Nichtigkeit gerüttelt habe!“ —

Hiermit warf er dem Marqueur ein Silberſtück zu und eilte fort. Schreier aber ſaß wie vernichtet da, in ſeinem innerſten Leben angegriffen, bis er endlich ſtumm und ſtill ſeinen Kaffee bezahlte und mit den widerſprechendſten Gefühlen nach Hauſe ſchlich.

Heim gekommen dachte Schreier lange über die Worte des Fremden nach. Ihm war es wie dem Nachtſchwärmer, den die Strahlen der Mittagsſonne wecken; er fühlte die tiefe Wahrheit des Gehörten. —

Jetzt flog die Thüre ſeines Zimmers mit Gewalt auf, und das bewußte Zeitungsblatt zu den Füßen des Rezenſenten. „Haben Sie den Wiſch geſchrieben?“ donnerte ihm das ſonore Organ des fremden Schauſpielers in die Ohren, das neulich ſeine unpartheiiſche Seele ſo wenig gerührt, aber deſſen Gewalt nun einen eiſigen Schauer über ſeinen ganzen Körper zog. „Haben Sie den Wiſch geſchrieben?“ donnerte die furchtbare Stimme zum zweiten Mal dem Erſchrockenen zu, der in ſeiner erſten Bedrängniß verſtummt war. — „Ja!“ wollte er dem ſtürmiſchen Frager mit dem entſchiedenſten Ton antworten — ſtotterte aber nicht ohne Mühe ein demüthiges und leiſes: „Allerdings!“ — „Tauſend Element!“ ſo begann dieſer nun eine Rede, die wir mitzutheilen billigen Anſtand nehmen. Erſtens, weil beleidigtes Ehrgefühl und zu große Heftigkeit des Temperaments den Fremden ſeine Worte eben nicht allzu klug wählen ließen; zweitens und beſonders, weil wir hier nicht im geringſten etwa jenen Hiſtrionen das Wort reden wollen, die, mit Fug und Recht getadelt, einem würdigen und erfahrenen Mann ihren groben Knittel zwiſchen die Füße werfen, und arm an Geiſteswaffen, thätlich zu Werke gehen wollen. Glücklicher Weiſe bleibt es nur beim Wollen; denn wir haben Gott ſey Dank nicht lauter Schreier, und an den wahren Kunſtrichter wagt ſich ein in Eitelkeit aufgeblaſener Schädel nicht, dem die Bretter nur der Pranger ſind, auf welchem er täglich ausgeſtellt wird. — „Herr, ich fordere Genugthuung. Solche Rezenſionen wandern in ihrem Incognito ſicher durch die Straßen, während man auf mich mit den Fingern weiſet. Haben Sie ſo ſcharfe Federn, ſo will ich einmal erproben, ob Ihr Degen auch geſchliffen ſey. Morgen um dieſe Zeit bin ich bei Ihnen — auf Wiederſeh'n!“ — „Aber mein Gott — was wird — Freundchen — Schatz! Engel! ſo hören Sie doch — wollen Sie nicht einen Augenblick Platz nehmen!“ — rief Schreier im herzzerreißendſten Jammertone dem Fremden nach; aber umſonſt! — eh Schreier den Nebel, der um ſeine Augen ſchwamm, wegtrat, eh er die Schweißtropfen trocknete, die ihm über die Stirne rannen, war Jener verſchwunden.

Sein Auge erſtarrte, ſeine Kniee brachen, er ſank halb ohnmächtig in einen Stuhl und alles drehte ſich um mit ihm. Schwer iſt ein großer Geiſt aus der Faſſung zu bringen; doch geſchieht es einmal, ſo brechen um ſo gewaltſamer alle Fugen auseinander. Mechaniſch griff Schreier nach einer halben Stunde, die alle Qualen der Hölle vereinigte, nach ſeiner Feder, die mit wahrer Freundſchaft ſo manchen Kummer wie ein Blitzableiter neben ihm herab auf Andere geleitet hatte.

Aber ſollte ſie ihm jetzt helfen? Der Degen war ein Gegenzauber, vor welchem alle kleine Hausmittelchen die Flucht ergriffen. Heiße Thränen drängten ſich nun in ſeine Augen, aber er konnte nicht weinen, ſeine Bruſt war voll zum Zerſpringen. Mit ſchnellem Blick durchflog er das ganze Gebiet der Möglichkeiten: ob nicht in dem unſcheinbarſten Winkel irgend ein Mittel liege, der drohenden Schande und dem noch furchtbareren Duell zu entgehen. Aber wie Noah's Rabe kehrte er troſtlos zurück, und fand keinen Oehlzweig, der Frieden in dieſen Streit gebracht hätte.

Ohne einen Biſſen zu genießen, ohne mit einem Tropfen die dürre Zunge zu laben, bereitete er ſich mit Faſten und frommer Ergebung zu den großen Ereigniſſen des folgenden Tages. Hörbar maß ſein Puls die lange und doch wieder ſo ſchrecklich-kurze Zeit: er hatte vor Hitze die Fenſter geöffnet, ſo kalt auch der Wind die Schneeflocken herein trieb, und er fing endlich in der ſteigenden Angſt wie Franz Moor zu beten an: „Höre mich, mein Herr Gott! ich bin kein gemeiner Recenſent!“

Da ſchlug die Glocke der Thurmuhr ſeine Sterbeſtunde. Schreier's Blut gefror, die Thür öffnete ſich und in ſeinen Mantel gehüllt trat der Fremde ein. Wie Fauſt bei dem Anblick des Teufels, wenn dieſer den Arm ausſtreckt, ſo ſchrack Schreier zuſammen, als jener den Mantel öffnete und zwei blanke Piſtolen und ein Paar eben ſo blanke Degen ihm entgegen blitzten. Ihm ſchwindelte, er hörte die Stimme ſeines unbekannten Warners, er fühlte wie das letzte Fünkchen Muth in ſeinem kalten Herzen erloſch und mit kraftloſer Reſignation rief er ſeinem Peiniger entgegen: „Wohlan, ſtoßen Sie zu — hier iſt meine Bruſt!“ — Doch dieſer ſchlug ein helles Gelächter auf, und maß ihn lange verächtlich. Endlich rief er: „Armer Teufel! 's iſt doch wohl kaum der Mühe werth, Dir den Hals zu brechen! Weißt Du was, ſtelle mir eine Erklärung aus, daß Du ein Schuft ſeyſt, und wir ſind quitt!“ — „Ein Schuft!“ lallten die bleichen Lippen des Zitternden — „nein — eher“ — — „Du zögerſt noch? — Kannſt Du Deine Ehre nicht retten, ſo biſt Du nichts beſſeres, das weiß ich ſo gut als Du! Schreibſt Du alſo auch einmal die Wahrheit, ſo haſt Du ja Zeit genug, den Teufel mit neuen Lügen zu beſänftigen. Uebrigens bleibt es unter uns, darauf mein Wort!“ — Eine flüchtige Schamröthe färbte die blaſſen Wangen Schreier's, als er aufſtand und zum Schreibtiſch wankte. Wehmüthig beſah er noch einmal die ſchlanke Feder, die ihn wie ein Schwanen-Fittig zum Olymp getragen hatte, und jetzt — es ſtand geſchrieben mit unſicheren Zügen, aber vollgültig, ſchwarz auf weiß.

„Bravo, armer Sünder, aus Dir kann noch etwas werden!“ rief der Fremde, indem er den Zettel zerriß und vor ſeine Füße warf. „Dem Tode biſt Du entgangen, doch wir ſind nicht fertig. Ich ſpiele noch vier Gaſtrollen; hier ſind vier Dukaten, dafür lobſt Du mich — nicht wie ich es verdiene, denn davon verſtehſt Du nichts — aber Du lobſt mich! — Ja oder Nein!“ — „Ich — Sie — loben?“ ſtammelte Schreier, mehr krampfhaft als muthig und fuhr dann viel gelinder fort — „Herzensfreund, wie können Sie zweifeln, daß ich — mit größtem Vergnügen — aber — ſehen Sie — bedenken Sie nur!“ — „Was iſt da viel zu bedenken! Die Dukaten und Du lobſt, oder —“ Schreier fuhr zuſammen. „Wie Sie ſich auch gleich erhitzen! Sollen wir um einer ſolchen Kleinigkeit willen ſtreiten? — Ich meinte nur, da ich — nachdem, was ich bereits über Sie geſchrieben — was wird man ſagen?“ — „Was man will! Und zudem biſt Du ja nicht der Erſte, der ſein tiefſinniges gelehrtes Urtheil zurücknimmt und ſich mit unterſchriebenem Namen vor aller Welt für einen — Pinſel erklärt. Alſo: Ja oder Nein!“ — „Ja!“ liſpelte nun Schreier mit einem tiefen Seufzer. „Da ich ſo unglücklich war, durch ein bloßes Mißverſtändniß Ihr tiefes Talent zu überſehen, wie ſollte ich nicht auf jede Weiſe bemüht ſeyn, dieſen Fehler gut zu machen? — Uebrigens darf ich mir ſchmeicheln, daß mein Urtheil nicht ganz ohne Gewicht ſey, und nach unſerem jetzigen Uebereinkommen wird der Erfolg gewiß ganz Ihren Wünſchen entſprechen!“ — Er drückte ihm hiermit die Hand, indem er durch dieſe Wendung ſchnell die Miene eines Protektors anzunehmen ſuchte. Der Fremde nickte mit dem Kopfe, warf die Dukaten auf den Tiſch und ging.

Wie Einer, der den Teufel geſehen, aber durch einen kräftigen Bann ſich ſeiner noch glücklich erwehrte, ſaß Schreier da, den ſtarren Blick auf die Stelle geheftet, wo ſein Quälgeiſt geſtanden.

Kaum vermochte ſeine todtenbleiche Hand die Dukaten zu erfaſſen, und ſich zu überzeugen, daß die unbeſchnittenen Holländer kein Spuk ſeyen, ſondern ächte Tropfen des Nervengeiſtes, der das Leben überall zuſammen hält. —

Er nahm zuerſt rothes Pulver und etwas Kräuterwein, worauf er ſich bald in dem behaglichen Zuſtande der Reconvaleſcenz nach einer ſchweren Krankheit fühlte.

Die beiden Tage, bis zum zweiten Debüt des Fremden, waren für die gelehrte Welt ſo gut als verloren. Sein Vorfall glich einem Gifte, dem zwar durch ſchleuniges Gegengift alle tödtliche Kraft benommen iſt, das aber immer noch fortwirkt, und wie die Drei die geheimnißvollſte der Zahlen iſt, ſo brach auch jene Wirkung erſt am dritten Tage vollkommen aus. Schreier konnte bei dem beſten Willen nicht das Bett verlaſſen, um den zweiten Triumph des Fremden zu ſehen. Doch er war auf Alles gefaßt und entwarf mit chriſtlicher Selbſtverleugnung den erſten Panegyricon für ſeinen furchtbaren Freund, der bald genug aus der Druckerei in alle Kaffehäuſer und aus dieſen durch die Straßen der erſtaunten Stadt wanderte. —

Der entſetzliche Wendepunkt ſeines Glücks war gekommen, der mühſam empor gewälzte Siſyphus-Felſen ſeines Ruhmes ſtürzte um ſo ſchneller herab, je gewaltiger die Höhe war, die er bereits erreicht hatte. — Der ungewöhnlich kalte Winter und die Unvorſichtigkeit des Fremden hatten dieſem eine plötzliche Heiſerkeit zugezogen, welche ſich gegen Abend ſo vermehrte, daß es ihm völlig unmöglich war, zu ſpielen. Man entſchuldigte ihn, gab ein anderes Stück, und während Schreier tiefſinnig und gründlich bewies, daß Iffland und Schröder ihren Genius in der Kraft eines Menſchen vereinigt, lag eben dieſer Menſch, geſchüttelt wie ſein Lobredner, auf dem Krankenbette.

Schreier wurde in dem Kaffehauſe, in welches er ſich bei ſeinem erſten Ausgange — es war gerade der Tag, wo das Blatt erſchienen — begab, mit lautem Gelächter empfangen. Er ſah ſich plötzlich wieder in ſeinem Zimmer, ohne zu begreifen, wie er dahin gekommen. Zugleich öffnet ſich die Thür, der Diener ſeines Redakteurs tritt ſtumm, mit kaltem höhniſchen Lächeln ein, überreicht ihm einen Brief, verbeugt ſich tief und geht. —

Armer Schreier! es war deine Abdankung in kurzen kräftigen Worten! — Zum zweiten Male öffnet ſich die Thür; ein Diener der Madame K. tritt ſtumm, mit kaltem höhniſchen Lächeln ein, überreicht einen Brief, verbeugt ſich tief und geht; — ſie verbittet ſich alle ferneren Beſuche im Namen der ganzen Geſellſchaft. — Zum dritten und letzten Male öffnet ſich die Thür; der Diener des Fremden tritt ſtumm, mit kaltem höhniſchen Lächeln ein, überreicht einen Brief, verbeugt ſich tief und geht. — Dieſes letzte Schreiben enthielt nichts, als die kurzen Worte:

„Ich danke Ihnen, Sie gaben mir die eklatanteſte Genugthuung.“

Werfen wir den Vorhang chriſtlicher Liebe über dieſe Scenen, welche ſich die Phantaſie des Leſers genugſam ausmalen wird. — Am nächſten Tage fuhr der fremde Schauſpieler mit Eugenien zu einem — Schreier mit ſeinem unbekannten Warner, in deſſen offene Freundes-Arme er ſich warf, zum andern Thore hinaus. Vielleicht, hat dieſer die Keime, die ohne Zweifel in ihm lagen, aber zu früh vom wuchernden Unkraut erſtickt wurden, entwickelt; ſo viel darf der Erzähler ſchließlich verſichern: Schreier ſchrieb keine Recenſion mehr und legte jedes Blatt zitternd weg, wo ihm aus den erſten Zeilen ſeine ehemaligen Grundſätze entgegen grinzten; — ſo kann er denn freilich nur wenige der jetzigen Zeitungen und Zeitſchriften leſen.

Friedrich Andreas Hallbauer

ward den 13. September 1692 zu Allſtedt im Weimariſchen geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena Philoſophie und Theologie, promovirte 1715 zum Magister artt. lib. und wurde 1721 zum Adjunkt der philoſophiſchen Fakultät an der Landesuniverſität ernannt. 1731 wurde er daſelbſt Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit, 1738 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie und 1740 Dr. und ordentlicher Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft. Später erhielt er das Diplom als Eiſenachſcher Kirchenrath und wurde mit der Beaufſichtigung über die gothaiſchen und altenburgiſchen Landeskinder an der Univerſität Jena beauftragt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 1. März 1750.

Er ſchrieb:

Anleitung zur verbeſſerten deutſchen Orato
3 Thle. Jena 1725.

Anleitung zur politiſchen Beredſamk
Jena 1730.

H's Lehrbücher der Beredſamkeit fanden zu i
Zeit großen Beifall und wurden vielfach benutzt,
bei den Fortſchritten in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft bald von
gewiſſen, wenn auch nicht eben beſſeren Arbeiten
drängt.

Albrecht von Haller.

Dieſer als Anatom, Phyſiolog, Botaniker, Literator und Dichter gleich ausgezeichnete Mann, ward den 16. October 1708 zu Bern von patriciſchen Eltern geboren und verrieth ſchon in ſeinem früheſten Kindesalter die gewaltigen Seelenkräfte, die in dem ſchwächlichen, beſtändig in ſich gekehrten Knaben ſchlummerten. Denn ſchon im 4. Jahre hielt er, mit einer ſchwarzen Schürze ſtatt des Prieſterrockes angethan, vom Ofen des Kinderzimmers herab vor ſeinem Auditorium, dem Hausgeſinde ſeiner Eltern, mit Erſtaunen gehörte Predigten, zeichnete und ſchrieb unter den Spielen ſeiner 3 ältern Brüder, hatte bereits im 6. Jahre ein ganzes Lexicon von lateiniſchen Wörtern und Redensarten gefaßt und durch ſeltene Ausdauer bei dem Niederſchreiben alles Merkwürdigen, was er gehört oder geleſen hatte, ſich ſchon als Knabe eine für einen Gelehrten von Fach nicht unbedeutende Maſſe von Kenntniſſen geſammelt. Selbſt die deswegen von den Seinigen und ſeinem kenntnißreichen, aber der alten pedantiſchen Lehrmethode anhängenden Privatlehrer nicht ſelten erlittenen Demüthigungen konnten dieſe unbezwingliche Wißbegierde nicht auslöſchen, vielmehr boten Lohenſteins Gedichte, die ihm als 10jährigem Schüler zu Bern in die Hände fielen, ihm ein neues Feld ſeines Fleißes und die Mittel zum Scherzen über ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung dar. Mehr Freiheit erhielt er, als, nach ſeines Vaters Tode, ſeine Verwandten ihn auf das Gymnaſium zu Biel brachten, wo die Carteſianiſche Philoſophie ſeinem Geiſte Licht und das Studium alter Dichter wie eigne Verſuche in der Dichtkunſt ſeinem durch die harte Schulzucht verwundeten Herzen Troſt und Beruhigung gewährten. Der Aufenthalt daſelbſt bei einem Arzte beſtimmte ihn zum Studium der Medicin, um deſſentwillen er 1723 die Univerſität Tübingen bezog. Dort widmete er ſich der Anatomie und Botanik mit vorzüglichem Fleiße und ohngeachtet ſeiner Kurzſichtigkeit und Geruchsſchärfe mit großem Erfolge. Das damalige tolle Treiben auf dieſer Hochſchule und Verdrießlichkeiten mit ſeinen Commilitonen vermochten ihn 1725 auf die damals in ärztlicher Hinſicht vorzüglich berühmte Univerſität Leyden zu gehen, wo die gefeierten Aerzte Boerhave und Albinus, wie der auf einer Reiſe nach Amſterdam ihm befreundet gewordene berühmte Anatomiker Ruyſch ſeinem ungemeinen Fleiße hinlängliche Nahrung gaben. Auf einer 1726 durch Deutſchland unternommenen Reiſe ſtärkte er dann ſeine geſchwächte, angegriffene Geſundheit wieder, wurde nach Vertheidigung einer gegen die Hypotheſe des Coſchwitziſchen Speichelganges gerichteten Schrift Dr. me
cinae und bereiſte dann London, Oxford und P
wodurch er mit dem Ritter Hans Sloane und den
den größten Anatomikern ſeines Jahrhunderts, Dou
und Winslow, in genauere Verbindung kam.
ſpätere Bekanntſchaft mit dem großen Mathema
Johann Bernoulli zu Baſel machte ihn zugleich
den höchſten Aufgaben der höhern Mathematik vert
wie die in Erinnerung an den großen ſchweizeriſ
Botaniker Kaspar Bauhin mit dem Züricher Chorh
Joh. Geßner in die Alpen unternommene Reiſe ihm
genaue Kenntniß der Schweizerpflanzen erwarb. Ent
ließ er ſich 1729 zu Bern als praktiſcher Arzt nie
heirathete eine vermögende liebenswürdige Patricie
Mariane Wyß, und machte ſich durch eine glückl
Praxis, Humanität und allſeitig vollendete Schriften
rühmlich bekannt, daß die Schwediſche Societät
Wiſſenſchaften zu Upſala ihn bereits 1733 zu ih
Mitgliede ernannte. Mit Mühe verſtattete ihm dage
ſeine Vaterſtadt, an dem neu errichteten anatomiſc
Theater öffentliche Gratisvorleſungen zu halten und ſt
ihn endlich 1735 als Hoſpitalarzt und Bibliothekar
Aber ſchon 1736 rief ihn der nachherige Schauplatz
ner Größe, die Univerſität Göttingen, als Profeſſor
Medicin, Anatomie und Botanik zu ſich. Nachdem
1739 auf einer Reiſe in ſeine Vaterſtadt ſeinen
waiſten Kindern eine zweite Mutter geholt und n
deren Tode ſich 1741 zum dritten Male verheirat
hatte, verwandte er ſeine ganze Kraft auf den An
der Wiſſenſchaften. Auch wurden ſeine Verdienſte
bald anerkannt. Die Akademien zu London, Stockho
Wien, Bologna, Paris und Berlin und die deut
Geſellſchaft zu Leipzig, wie die botaniſche Societät
Florenz, ernannten ihn raſch nach einander zu ihr
Mitgliede, ſein König 1739 zum Leibmedicus, 1743 z
Hofrath und endlich zum Staatsrath, nachdem
Kaiſer Franz bereits 1749 mit ſammt ſeiner Nachko
menſchaft in den Reichsadelſtand erhoben hatte. A
ſeine Vaterſtadt Bern hatte nun ſeinen Verdienſten
rechtigkeit widerfahren laſſen und ihn 1745 zum M
glied des großen Raths erhoben, was ſeinen Wun
dort ſeine letzten Tage zu verleben, befeſtigte und
Erfüllung näher führte. Daher lehnte er kurz dar
zwei Rufe nach London und Utrecht ab und ſchlug ſpä
als er 1753 mit Beibehaltung ſeiner Würden und ſe
akademiſchen Penſion nach Bern zurückgekehrt und
ſelbſt zum Ammann, Director der Salzwerke zu Ber

Aigle und Mitglied des Sanitätskollegiums und anderer hoher Staatsbedienungen mit einem anſehnlichen Gehalte ernannt worden war, die vortheilhaften Anerbietungen der Kanzlerſtelle 1755 zu Halle, 1767 zu Petersburg und 1770 zu Göttingen ſtandhaft aus. Seinem Vaterlande widmete er nun, ſeine ganze ſegensreiche Amtswirkſamkeit, der Welt aber ſeine reichen literariſchen Schätze. Denn fortwährend ſtand er mit dieſer durch ſeine folgenden Schriften, ſeine Recenſionen in den Göttinger gelehrten Zeitungen und ſeine in alle Gegenden Europa's ſich erſtreckende deutſche, lateiniſche, engliſche, franzöſiſche und italieniſche Correſpondenz in der genaueſten Berührung. Daher erlebte er kurz vor ſeinem Tode auch noch die Freude, 1776 zum Ritter des Nordſternordens ernannt, 1777 vom Kaiſer Joſeph II. beſucht und mit der größten Verehrung unterhalten zu werden. Wegen ſeiner Schmerzen übermäßig gebrauchtes Opium endete endlich den 12. December 1777 ſein glanzvolles, verdienſt- und ſegensreiches Leben.

Groß und ſchön wie ſein Geiſt, war auch ſein Körper, edel und majeſtätiſch ſein Anſehen, ſcharf und feurig ſein Auge, ſowie, zwar nach der Schwäche ſeiner Leibeskonſtitution oft wechſelnd, doch gewöhnlich unwiderſtehlich hinreißend ſeine Haltung und ſein Benehmen. Mit an Wunder grenzender Originalität des Gedächtniſſes, des Verſtandes und der Phantaſie verband er raſtloſe und ausdauernde Thätigkeit, war ein ſtrenger aber redlicher Freund, ein zärtlicher Gatte und Vater, ein höchſt gewiſſenhafter Beamter und bei allem Enthuſiasmus für Ruhm und Ehre ein wahrer Philoſoph und frommer Chriſt.

Von ihm beſitzen wir:

Verſuch ſchweizeriſcher Gedichte. Bern 1732 in 8. (anonym). Fernere vermehrte Ausgaben. Ebendaſ. 1734 und 1748. Dann: Göttingen 1748, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1756, 1760, 1762, 1768. 11. verm. und verbeſſ. Ausg. Bern 1777 in 8. mit Haller's Portrait und Vignetten, von H. ſelbſt durchfeilt. 12. verm. u. vielverb. Aufl. von ſeinem Verwandten Rud. Wyß. Bern 1828 in gr. 8. Wurde häufig nachgedruckt und in fremde Sprachen überſetzt. Franzöſiſch: von Tſcharner. Göttingen 1750 in 8. (in Proſa). Zürich 1750 in 8. (m. deutſch. Texte). Bern 1752 in 12. Zürich 1758 in 8. (verm. u. verbeſſ.) Bern 1760 in 12. Paris 1760 in 8. Bern 1775 in 8. (mit neuen Vignetten). Italieniſch: vom Abbé Caſtel. Yverdun 1768 in 8. (nicht alle aber in guten Verſen). Engliſch: von Frau Howorth. London 1794 in 12. (ebenfalls nur das Beſte).

Sammlung kleiner Schriften. Bern 1756 in 8. 2. verm. u. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1772. 3 Thle. in 8.

Tagebuch ſeiner Beobachtungen über Schriftſteller und ſich ſelbſt u. ſ. w. Herausgegeben von J. G. Heinzmann. Bern 1787, 2 Thle. in 8.

Einzeln:

Ueber die Ehre. Lehrode. Schwediſch: Stockholm 1753. Hebräiſch: Wien 1794 in 8.

Uſong. Morgenländiſche Geſchichte in 4 Büchern. Bern 1771 in R. 8. Leipzig 1771. 8. Bern 1772, 8. Ebendaſ. 1774, 8. vermehrt und verb. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8. m. K. Wurde überſetzt ins Franzöſiſche: Lauſanne 1772, 8. Frankfurt a. M. 1772, 8. Paris 1772, 8. Engliſche: London 1772. 12. Ebendaſ. 1773, 8. Ungariſche: Preßburg 1782, 8. Holländiſche: Rotterdam 1773, 8. Italieniſche: Firenze 1776, 8.

Alfred, König der Angelſachſen. Göttingen und Bern 1773. R. 8. 2. Aufl. Göttingen 1774, 8. Franzöſiſch: Lauſanne 1775, 8.

Fabius und Kato. Bern und Göttingen 1774, R. 8.

Von den letztern 3 Schriften finden ſich Nachdrücke zu Reutlingen und Karlsruhe. Ferner:

Die Alpen. Bern 1774. gr. 4. Prachtausgabe m. Kupf. Neueſte Aufl. mit Vignetten und franz. Ueberſetzung. Ebendaſ. 1795, gr. 4. Franzöſiſch: Avignon 1770. 4. Holländiſch: Utrecht 1800, gr. 8.

Außerdem eine Menge Recenſionen (gegen 12000) und kleinere Schriften in Zeitſchriften, Magazinen und m. a. Werken.

Haller's Leiſtungen als Dichter ſind am vorzüglichſten von Bouterweck (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Th. XI. S. 50 fgde.) gewürdigt worden; wir geben daher das Urtheil dieſes feinen und geiſtreichen Kritikers hier in den Hauptzügen wieder. — Die Grundlage von Haller's Poeſie iſt didactiſch. Mit moraliſcher Strenge über ſich ſelbſt und die Welt reflectirend, ſuchte er ſeinen Betrachtungen über die Würde und die Beſtimmung der menſchlichen Natur eine Form zu geben, die dem Gefühle nicht weniger als dem ernſten und ruhigen Verſtande angehörte. Kräftig und wahr dichtete er wie er dachte. Alltägliche Gedanken in wohlklingenden Verſen hatten keinen Reiz für ihn. Zwiſchen dem Excentriſchen und dem Gemeinen erhielt er ſich in einer glücklichen Mitte, um ſo leichter, da ſeine Liebe zu den Naturſtudien ihn auch in der Poeſie von dem Unnatürlichen entfernte. Der religiöſe Sinn, der ihn bei den Naturſtudien begleitete, gab auch ſeinen poetiſchen Gemälden eine unerkünſtelte Feierlichkeit; das gewöhnliche Geſchäft ſeiner Phantaſie, wenn er dichtete, war aber nur dieſes, die kräftige Sprache ſeines Verſtandes und ſeines Gefühls durch Bilder zu beleben. Alle Gedichte Haller's ſind geiſtvoll; alle haben einen edeln Ton; aber das moraliſche Intereſſe iſt in ihnen auf eine ſolche Art vorherrſchend, daß das äſthetiſche dadurch geſchwächt wird. — Die lyriſchen Gedichte Haller's ſind reich an Wahrheit, Stärke und Tiefe des Gefühls. Kräftige und treffende Gedanken ſpringen überall hervor. — Aber der feierliche Ernſt dieſer Herzensergießungen wird zuweilen trocken. Die ſtrenge Moral, die immer das Gewiſſen rühret, hemmt die Phantaſie und ſtört die äſthetiſche Wirkung. — Die politiſchen Romane, mit denen Haller ſeine Laufbahn durch das Gebiet der ſchönen Literatur beſchloß, enthalten treffliche Reſultate einer langen Erfahrung und eines fleißigen Studiums der Staaten- und Sittengeſchichte. Aber auch nur um der Belehrung mehr Eingang zu verſchaffen, gab ihr Haller dieſe äſthetiſche Form.

Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß mit Haller eine neue Periode in der Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie beginnt, indem er zuerſt von der Geſchmackloſigkeit der damals herrſchenden Schulen ſich völlig losſagte und durch Adel der Geſinnungen und des Ausdruckes dieſelben weit hinter ſich ließ; eigentliche Nachfolger und Nachahmer ſeiner Weiſe fand er jedoch nicht.

Die Alpen.*)

Verſuchts, ihr Sterbliche, macht euren Zuſtand beſſer,
Braucht was die Kunſt erfand, und die Natur euch gab;
Belebt die Blumen-Flur mit ſteigendem Gewäſſer,
Theilt nach Korinths Geſetz gehauene Felſen ab;
Umhängt die Marmor-Wand mit Perſiſchen Tapeten,
Speiſt Tunkins Neſt aus Gold, trinkt Perlen aus Smaragd;
Schlaft ein beym Saitenſpiel, erwachet bey Trompeten,
Räumt Klippen aus der Bahn, ſchließt Länder ein zur Jagd;
Wird ſchon, was ihr gewünſcht, das Schickſal unterſchreiben,
Ihr werdet arm im Glück, im Reichthum elend bleiben.

Die Seele macht ihr Glück, ihr ſind die äußern Sachen
Zur Luſt und zum Verdruß nur die Gelegenheit:
Ein wohlgeſetzt Gemüth kan Galle ſüße machen,
Da ein verwehnter Sinn auf alles Wermuth ſtreut!
Was hat ein Fürſt bevor, das einem Schäfer fehlet?
Der Zepter eckelt ihm, wie dem ſein Hirten-Stab:
Weh ihm, wann ihn der Geiz, wann ihn die Ehrſucht quälet,
Die Schaar, die um ihn wacht, hält den Verdruß nicht ab:

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*) Aus Albr. v. Hallers „Verſuch Schweizeriſcher Gedichte.

Wann aber ſeinen Sinn geſetzte Stille wieget,
Entſchläft der minder ſanft, der nicht auf Eidern lieget?

Beglückte güldne Zeit, Geſchenk der erſten Güte,
O daß der Himmel dich ſo zeitig weggerückt!
Nicht, weil die junge Welt in ſtätem Frühling blühte,
Und nie ein ſcharfer Nord die Blumen abgepflückt:
Nicht, weil freywillig Korn die falben Felder deckte,
Und Honig mit der Milch in dicken Strömen lief;
Nicht weil kein kühner Löw die ſchwachen Hürden ſchreckte,
Und ein verirrtes Lamm bey Wölfen ſicher ſchlief;
Nein, weil der Menſch zum Glück den Ueberfluß nicht zählte,
Ihm Nothdurft Reichthum war, und Gold zum ſorgen fehlte.

Ihr Schüler der Natur, ihr kennt noch güldne Zeiten!
Nicht zwar ein Dichterreich voll fabelhafter Pracht,
Wer mißt den äuſſern Glanz ſcheinbarer Eitelkeiten,
Wann Tugend Müh zur Luſt, und Armuth glücklich macht?
Das Schickſal hat euch hier kein Tempe zugeſprochen,
Die Wolken, die ihr trinkt, ſind ſchwer von Reif und Strahl;
Der lange Winter kürzt des Frühlings ſpäte Wochen,
Und ein verewigt Eis umringt das kühle Thal;
Doch eurer Sitten Werth hat alles das verbeſſert,
Der Elementen Neid hat euer Glück vergröſſert.

Wohl dir vergnügtes Volk! Dir hat ein hold Geſchicke
Der Laſter reichen Quell, den Ueberfluß verſagt;
Dem, den ſein Stand vergnügt, dient Armuth ſelbſt zum Glücke,
Da Pracht und Ueppigkeit der Länder Stütze nagt.
Als Rom die Siege noch bey ſeinen Schlachten zählte,
War Brey der Helden Speis, und Holz der Götter Haus;
Als aber ihm das Maaß von ſeinem Reichthum fehlte,
Trat bald der ſchwächſte Feind den feigen Stolz in Graus.
Du aber, hüte dich, was gröſſers zu begehren,
So lang die Einfalt dauert, wird auch der Wohlſtand währen.

Zwar die Natur bedeckt dein hartes Land mit Steinen,
Allein dein Pflug geht durch, und deine Saat errinnt;
Sie warf die Alpen auf, dich von der Welt zu zäunen,
Weil ſich die Menſchen ſelbſt die gröſten Plagen ſind;
Dein Trank iſt reine Flut, und Milch die meiſten Speiſen,
Doch Luſt und Hunger legt auch Eicheln Würze zu;
Der Berge tiefer Schacht giebt dir nur ſchimmernd Eiſen,
Wie ſehr wünſcht Peru nicht, ſo arm zu ſeyn als du!
Dann, wo die Freyheit herrſcht, wird alle Mühe minder,
Die Felſen ſelbſt beblümt, und Boreas gelinder.

Glückſeliger Verluſt von ſchadenvollen Gütern!
Der Reichthum hat kein Gut, das eurer Armuth gleicht;
Die Eintracht wohnt bey euch in friedlichen Gemüthern,
Weil kein beglänzter Wahn euch Zweytrachtsäpfel reicht;
Die Freude wird hier nicht mit banger Furcht begleitet,
Weil man das Leben liebt, und doch den Tod nicht haßt;
Hier herrſchet die Vernunft von der Natur geleitet,
Die, was ihr nöthig, ſucht, und mehrers hält für Laſt:
Was Epictet gethan, und Seneca geſchrieben,
Sieht man hier ungelehrt und ungezwungen üben.

Hier herrſcht kein Unterſchied, den ſchlauer Stolz erfunden,
Der Tugend unterthan, und Laſter edel macht;
Kein müßiger Verdruß verlängert hier die Stunden,
Die Arbeit füllt den Tag, und Ruh beſetzt die Nacht;
Hier läßt kein hoher Geiſt ſich von der Ehrſucht blenden,
Des Morgens Sorge frißt des Heutes Freude nie.
Die Freyheit theilt dem Volk, aus milden Mutterhänden,
Mit immergleichem Maaß, Vergnügen, Ruh und Müh.
Kein unzufriedner Sinn zankt ſich mit ſeinem Glücke,
Man ißt, man ſchläft, man liebt, und danket dem Geſchicke.

Zwar die Gelehrtheit feilſcht hier nicht papierne Schätze,
Man mißt die Straſſen nicht von Rom und von Athen,
Man bindet die Vernunft an keine Schulgeſätze,
Und niemand lehrt die Sonn' in ihren Kreiſen gehn:
O Witz! des Weiſen Tand, wann haſt du ihn vergnüget?
Er kennt den Bau der Welt, und ſtirbt ſich unbekannt:
Die Wolluſt wird bey ihm vergällt, und nicht beſieget,
Sein künſtlicher Geſchmack verekelt ſeinen Stand;
Und hier hat die Natur die Lehre recht zu leben
Dem Menſchen in das Herz, und nicht ins Hirn gegeben.

Hier macht kein wechſelnd Glück die Zeiten unterſchieden,
Die Thränen folgen nicht auf kurze Fröhlichkeit:
Das Leben rinnt dahin in ungeſtörtem Frieden,
Heut iſt wie geſtern war, und morgen wird wie heut.

Kein ungewohnter Fall bezeichnet hier die Tage,
Kein Unſtern mahlt ſie ſchwarz, kein ſchwülſtig Glücke r
Der Jahre Luſt und Müh ruhn ſtets auf gleicher Waa;
Des Lebens Staffeln ſind nichts als Geburt und Tod.
Nur hat die Fröhlichkeit bisweilen wenig Stunden,
Dem unverdroſſnen Volk nicht ohne Müh entwunden.

Wann durch die ſchwüle Luſt gedämpfte Winde ſtreichen,
Und ein begeiſtert Blut in jungen Adern glüht;
So ſammlet ſich ein Dorf im Schatten breiter Eichen,
Wo Kunſt und Anmuth ſich um Lied' und Lob bemüht.
Hier ringt ein kühnes Paar, vermählt den Ernſt dem S
Umwindet Leib um Leib, und ſchlinget Hüft um Hüft,
Dort fliegt ein ſchwerer Stein nach dem geſteckten Ziele,
Von ſtarker Hand beſeelt, durch die zertrennte Luft.
Den aber führt die Luſt, was edlers zu beginnen,
Zu einer muntern Schaar von jungen Schäferinnen.

Dort eilt ein ſchneller Pfeil in das entfernte Weiſſe,
Das blitzt, und Luft und Ziel im gleichen Jetzt durchbohr
Hier rollt ein runder Ball in dem beſtimmten Gleiſe,
Nach dem erwählten Zweck mit langen Sätzen fort.
Dort tanzt ein bunter Ring mit umgeſchlungnen Händen
In dem zertretnen Gras bey einer Dorf-Schalmey;
Und lehrt ſie nicht die Kunſt ſich nach dem Tacte wende
So legt die Fröhlichkeit doch ihnen Flügel bey.
Das graue Alter ſelbſt ſetzt ſich in langen Reihen,
An ſeiner Kinder Luſt, ſich neidlos zu erfreuen.

Denn hier, wo die Natur allein Geſetze giebet,
Umſchließt kein harter Zwang der Liebe holdes Reich.
Was liebenswürdig iſt, wird ohne Scheu geliebet,
Verdienſt macht alles werth, und Liebe macht es gleich.
Die Anmuth wird hier auch in Armen ſchön gefunden,
Man wiegt die Gunſt hier nicht für ſchwere Kiſten hin,
Die Ehrſucht theilet nie, was Werth und Huld verbunden,
Die Staatsſucht macht ſich nicht zur Unglücks-Kupplerin:
Die Liebe brennt hier frey, und ſcheut kein Donner-Wetter
Man liebet für ſich ſelbſt, und nicht für ſeine Väter.

So bald ein junger Hirt die ſanfte Glut empfunden,
Die leicht ein ſchmachtend Aug in muntern Geiſtern ſchürt,
So wird des Schäfers Mund von keiner Furcht gebunden,
Ein ungeheuchelt Wort bekennet, was ihn rühret;
Sie hört ihn, und, verdient ſein Brand ihr Herz zum Lo
So ſagt ſie, was ſie fühlt, und thut, wornach ſie ſtrebt:
Dann zarte Regung dient den Schönen nicht zum Hohne,
Die aus der Anmuth fließt, und durch die Tugend lebt.
Verzüge falſcher Zucht, der wahren Keuſchheit Affen,
Der Hochmuth hat euch nur zu unſrer Qual geſchaffen.

Die Sehnſucht wird hier nicht mit eitler Pracht beläſtigt,
Er liebet Sie, Sie ihn, dieß macht den Heurath-Schluß.
Die Eh wird oft durch nichts, als beyder Treu, beſtätigt,
Für Schwüre dient ein Ja, das Siegel iſt ein Kuß.
Die holde Nachtigall grüßt ſie von nahen Zweigen,
Die Wolluſt deckt ihr Bett auf ſanft-geſchwollnes Moos,
Zum Vorhang dient ein Baum, die Einſamkeit zum Zeugen,
Die Liebe führt die Braut in ihres Hirten Schooß.
O dreymal ſelig Paar! Euch muß ein Fürſt beneiden,
Dann Liebe balſamt Gras, und Eckel herrſcht auf Seiden.

Hier bleibt das Ehbett rein; man dinget keine Hüter,
Weil Keuſchheit und Vernunft darum zu Wache ſtehn:
Ihr Vorwitz ſpähet nicht auf unerlaubte Güter,
Was man geliebet, bleibt auch beym Beſitze ſchön.
Der treuen Liebe Hand ſtreut auf die Arbeit Roſen,
Wer für ſein Liebſtes ſorgt, findt Reiz in jeder Pflicht,
Und lernt man nicht die Kunſt, nach Regeln liebzukoſen,
So klingt auch Stammeln ſüß, iſts nur das Herz, das ſpricht:
Der Eintracht hold Geleit, Gefälligkeit und Scherzen,
Belebet ihre Küß', und knüpft das Band der Herzen.

Entfernt vom eiteln Tand der mühſamen Geſchäfte,
Wohnt hier die Seelen-Ruh, und flieht der Städte Rauch:
Ihr thätig Leben ſtärkt der Leiber reiffe Kräfte,
Der träge Müßiggang ſchwellt niemals ihren Bauch.
Die Arbeit weckt ſie auf, und ſtillet ihr Gemüthe,
Die Luſt macht ſie gering, und die Geſundheit leicht,
In ihren Adern fließt ein unverfälſcht Geblüte,
Darinn kein erblich Gift von ſiechen Vätern ſchleicht,
Das Kummer nicht vergällt, kein fremder Wein befeuret,
Kein geiles Eiter fäult, kein welſcher Koch verſäuret.

So bald der rauhe Nord der Lüfte Reich verlieret,
Und ein belebter Saft in alle Weſen dringt,
Wann ſich der Erde Schooß mit neuem Schmucke zieret,
Den ihr ein holder Weſt auf lauen Flügeln bringt;
So bald flieht auch das Volk aus den verhaßten Gründen,
Woraus noch kaum der Schnee mit trüben Strömen fließt,
Und eilt den Alpen zu, das erſte Gras zu finden,
Wo kaum noch durch das Eiß der Kräuter Spitze ſprießt:
Das Vieh verläßt den Stall, und grüßt den Berg mit Freuden,
Den Frühling und Natur zu ſeinem Nutzen kleiden.

Wenn kaum die Lerchen noch den frühen Tag begrüßen,
Und uns das Licht der Welt die erſten Blicke giebt,
Entreißt der Hirt ſich ſchon aus ſeiner Liebſten Küſſen,
Die ſeines Abſchieds Zeit zwar haßt, doch nicht verſchiebt;
Er treibt den trägen Schwarm von ſchwer-beleibten Kühen,
Mit freudigem Gebrüll, durch den bethauten Steg,
Sie irren langſam um, wo Klee und Muttern blühen,
Und mäh'n das zarte Gras mit ſcharfen Zungen weg:
Er aber ſetzet ſich bey einem Waſſer-Falle,
Und ruft mit ſeinem Horn dem lauten Widerhalle.

Wann der entfernte Stral die Schatten dann verlängert,
Und nun das müde Licht ſich ſenkt in kühle Ruh,
So eilt die ſatte Schaar, von Ueberfluß geſchwängert,
Mit ſchwärmendem Geblöck gewohnten Ställen zu.
Die Hirtin grüßt den Mann, der ſie mit Luſt erblicket,
Der Kinder froh Gewühl frolockt und ſpielt um ihn.
Und, iſt der ſüße Schaum der Euter ausgedrücket,
So ſitzt das matte Paar zu ſchlechten Speiſen hin.
Begierd und Hunger würzt, was Einfalt zubereitet,
Bis Schlaf und Liebe ſie umarmt ins Bett begleitet.

Wann von der Sonne Macht die Wieſen ſich entzünden,
Und in dem falben Gras des Volkes Hofnung reift;
So eilt der muntre Hirt nach den bethauten Gründen,
Eh' noch Aurorens Gold der Berge Höh durchſtreift.
Aus ihrem holden Reich wird Flora nun verdränget,
Den Schmuck der Erde fällt der Senſe krummer Lauf,
Ein lieblicher Geruch aus tauſenden vermenget,
Steigt aus der bunten Reuh gehäufter Kräuter auf,
Der Ochſen ſchwerer Schritt führt ihre Winter-Speiſe,
Und ein frolockend Lied begleitet ihre Reiſe.

Bald, wann der trübe Herbſt die falben Blätter pflücket,
Und ſich die kühle Luft in graue Nebel hüllt,
So wird der Erde Schooß mit neuer Zier geſchmücket,
An Pracht und Blumen arm, mit Nutzen angefüllt;
Des Frühlings Augen-Luſt weicht größerem Vergnügen,
Die Früchte funkeln da, wo vor die Blüthe ſtund,
Der Aepfel reifes Gold, durchſtriemt mit Purpur-Zügen,
Beugt den geſtützten Aſt, und nähert ſich dem Mund.
Der Birnen ſüß Geſchlecht, die Honig-reiche Pflaume,
Reizt ihres Meiſters Hand, und wartet an dem Baume.

Zwar hier bekränzt der Herbſt die Hügel nicht mit Reben,
Man preßt kein gährend Naß gequetſchten Beeren ab.
Die Erde hat zum Durſt nur Brunnen hergegeben,
Und kein gekünſtelt Saur beſchleunigt unſer Grab.
Beglückte klaget nicht; Ihr wuchert im verlieren,
Kein nöthiges Getränk, ein Gift verlieret ihr.
Die gütige Natur verbietet ihn den Thieren,
Der Menſch allein trinkt Wein, und wird dadurch ein Thier.
Für euch, o Selige! will das Verhängniß ſorgen,
Es hat zum Untergang den Weg euch ſelbſt verborgen.

Allein es iſt auch hier der Herbſt nicht leer an Schätzen,
Die Liſt und Wachſamkeit auf hohen Bergen findt.
Eh ſich der Himmel zeigt, und ſich die Nebel ſetzen,
Schallt ſchon des Jägers Horn, und ruft dem Felſen-Kind:
Da ſetzt ein ſchüchtern Gems, beflügelt durch den Schrecken,
Durch den entfernten Raum geſpaltner Felſen fort:
Dort eilt ein künſtlich Bley nach ſchwergehörnten Böcken,
Hier fliegt ein leichtes Reh, es ſchwankt und ſinket dort.
Der Hunde lauter Kampf, des Erztes tödtlich Knallen
Tönt durch das krumme Thal, und macht den Wald erſchallen.

Indeſſen, daß der Froſt ſich nicht entblößt berückt,
So macht des Volkes Fleiß aus Milch der Alpen Mehl.
Hier wird auf ſtrenger Glut geſchiedner Zieger dick,
Und dort gerinnt die Milch, und wird ein fließend Oel:
Hier preßt ein ſtark Gewicht den ſchweren Satz der Molke,
Dort trennt ein gährend Saur das Waſſer und das Fett:
Hier kocht der zweyte Raub der Milch dem armen Volke,
Dort bildt den neuen Käß ein rund geſchnitten Brett.

Das ganze Haus greift an, und ſchämt ſich leer zu ſtehen,
Kein Sclaven-Handwerk iſt ſo ſchwer, als müßiggehen.

Wann aber ſich die Welt in ſtarrem Froſt begraben,
Der Berge Thäler Eiß, die Spitzen Schnee bedeckt,
Wann das erſchöpfte Feld nun ruht für neue Gaben,
Und ein kryſtallner Damm der Flüſſe Lauf verſteckt;
Dann zieht ſich auch der Hirt in die beſchneyten Hütten,
Wo fetter Fichten Dampf die dürren Balken ſchwärzt,
Hier zählt die ſüße Ruh, die Müh, die er erlitten,
Der Sorgen-loſe Tag wird freudig durchgeſcherzt,
Und wenn die Nachbarn ſich zu ſeinem Heerde ſetzen,
So weiß ihr klug Geſpräch auch Weiſe zu ergetzen.

Der eine lehrt die Kunſt, was uns die Wolken tragen,
Im Spiegel der Natur vernünftig vorzuſehn,
Er kann der Winde Strich, den Lauf der Wetter ſagen,
Und ſieht in heller Luft den Sturm von weitem wehn:
Er kennt die Kraft des Monds, die Würkung ſeiner Farben,
Er weiß, was am Gebürg ein früher Nebel will:
Er zählt im Merzen ſchon der fernen Ernde Garben,
Und hält, wenn alles mäht, bey nahem Regen ſtill;
Er iſt des Dorfes Rath, ſein Ausſpruch macht ſie ſicher,
Und die Erfahrenheit dient ihm vor tauſend Bücher.

Ein junger Schäfer ſtimmt indeſſen ſeine Leyer,
Dazu er ganz entzückt ein neues Liedgen ſingt,
Natur und Liebe gießt in ihn ein heimlich Feuer,
Das in den Adern glimmt, und nie die Müh erzwingt;
Die Kunſt hat keinen Theil an ſeinen Hirten-Liedern,
Im ungeſchmückten Lied mahlt er den feuren Sinn;
Auch wenn er dichten ſoll, bleibt er bey ſeinen Widern,
Und ſeine Muſe ſpricht wie ſeine Schäferinn:
Sein Lehrer iſt ſein Herz, ſein Phöbus ſeine Schöne,
Die Rührung macht den Vers, und nicht gezählte Töne.

Bald aber ſpricht ein Greiß, von deſſen grauen Haaren
Sein angenehm Geſpräch ein neu Gewichte nimmt,
Die Vorwelt ſah' ihn ſchon, die Laſt von hundert Jahren
Hat ſeinen Geiſt geſtärkt, und nur den Leib gekrümmt:
Er iſt ein Beyſpiel noch von unſern Helden-Ahnen,
In deren Hand der Bliz, und Gott im Herzen war:
Er mahlt die Schlachten ab, zählt die erſiegten Fahnen,
Umſchanzt der Feinde Wall, und nennet jede Schaar.
Die Jugend hört erſtaunt, und zeigt in den Geberden
Die edle Ungedult noch löblicher zu werden.

Ein andrer, deſſen Haupt mit gleichem Schnee bedecket,
Ein lebendes Geſez, des Volkes Richtſchnur iſt;
Lehrt wie die feige Welt ins Joch den Nacken ſtrecket,
Wie eitler Fürſten Pracht das Mark der Länder frißt:
Wie Tell mit kühnem Muth das harte Joch zertretten,
Das Joch, das heute noch Europens Hälfte trägt:
Wie um uns alles darbt, und hungert in den Ketten,
Und Welſchlands Paradies nur nackte Bettler hegt:
Wie Eintracht, Treu und Muth, mit unzertrennten Kräften,
An eine kleine Macht des Glückes Flügel heften.

Bald aber ſchließt ein Kreis um einen muntern Alten,
Der die Natur erforſcht, und ihre Schönheit kennt;
Der Kräuter Wunder-Kraft und tauſende Geſtalten
Hat längſt ſein Wiz durchſucht, und jedes Moos benennt:
Er wirft den ſcharfen Blick in unterirrdſche Grüfte,
Die Erde deckt vor ihm umſonſt ihr falbes Gold,
Er dringet durch die Luft, und ſieht die Schwefel-Düfte,
In deren feuchter Schooß gefangner Donner rollt:
Er kennt ſein Vaterland, und weiß an deſſen Schätzen
Sein immerforſchend Aug am Nutzen zu ergetzen.

Dann hier, wo Gotthards Haupt die Wolken überſteigt,
Und der erhabner Welt die Sonne näher ſcheint,
Hat, was die Erde ſonſt an Seltenheit gezeuget,
Die ſpielende Natur in wenig Lands vereint:
Wahr iſt, daß Lybien uns noch mehr neues giebet,
Und jeden Tag ſein Sand ein friſches Unthier ſieht:
Allein der Himmel hat dieß Land noch mehr geliebet,
Wo nichts, was nöthig, fehlt, und nur was nuzet, blüht:
Der Berge wachſend Eiß, der Felſen ſteile Wände,
Sind ſelbſt zum Nutzen da, und tränken das Gelände.

Wenn Titans erſter Strahl der Gipfel Höh' vergüldet,
Und ſein verklärter Blick die Nebel unterdrückt,
So wird, was die Natur am prächtigſten gebildet,
Mit immer neuer Luſt von einem Berg erblickt

Durch den zerfahrnen Dunſt von einer dünnen Wolk,
Eröffnet ſich zugleich der Schauplatz einer Welt,
Ein weiter Aufenthalt von mehr als einem Volk,
Zeigt alles auf einmahl, was ſein Bezirk enthält:
Ein ſanfter Schwindel ſchließt die allzuſchwachen Augen,
Die den zu breiten Kreis nicht durchzuſtrahlen taugen.

Ein angenehm Gemiſch von Bergen, Fels und Seen,
Fällt nach und nach erbleicht, doch deutlich ins Geſicht,
Die blaue Ferne ſchließt ein Kranz begläntzter Höhen,
Worauf ein ſchwarzer Wald die letzten Strahlen bricht:
Bald zeigt ein nah Gebürg die ſanft erhobnen Hügel,
Wovon ein laut Geblöck im Thale wiederhallt:
Bald ſcheint ein breiter See ein Meilen langer Spiegel,
Auf deſſen glatter Flut ein zitternd Feuer wallt:
Bald aber öffnet ſich ein Strich von grünen Thälern,
Die, hin und her gekrümmt, ſich im Entfernen ſchmälern.

Dort ſenkt ein kahler Berg die glatten Wände nieder,
Den ein verjährtes Eiß dem Himmel gleich gethürmt,
Sein froſtiger Kryſtall ſchickt alle Strahlen wieder,
Den die geſtiegne Hitz im Krebs umſonſt beſtürmt.
Nicht fern von dieſem ſtreckt, voll Futter-reicher Weide,
Ein fruchtbares Gebürg den breiten Rücken her;
Sein ſanfter Abhang glänzt von reifendem Getreide,
Und ſeine Hügel ſind von hundert Heerden ſchwer.
Den nahen Gegenſtand von unterſchiednen Zonen,
Trennt nur ein enges Thal, wo kühle Schatten wohnen.

Hier zeigt ein ſteiler Berg die Mauer-gleichen Spitzen,
Ein Wald-Strom eilt hindurch, und ſtürzet Fall auf Fall.
Der dick-beſchäumte Fluß dringt durch der Felſen Ritzen,
Und ſchießt mit gäher Kraft weit über ihren Wall:
Das dünne Waſſer theilt des tiefen Falles Eile,
In der verdickten Luft ſchwebt ein bewegtes Grau,
Ein Regenbogen ſtrahlt durch die zerſtäubten Theile,
Und das entfernte Thal trinkt ein beſtändig Thau.
Ein Wandrer ſieht erſtaunt im Himmel Ströme fließen,
Die aus den Wolken fliehn, und ſich in Wolken gießen.

Doch wer den edlern Sinn, den Kunſt und Weisheit ſchärfen,
Durchs weite Reich der Welt, empor zur Wahrheit ſchwingt;
Der wird an keinen Ort gelehrte Blicke werfen,
Wo nicht ein Wunder ihn zum ſtehn und forſchen zwingt.
Macht durch der Weisheit Licht die Gruft der Erde heiter,
Die Silber-Blumen trägt, und Gold den Bächen ſchenkt;
Durchſucht den holden Bau der buntgeſchmückten Kräuter,
Die ein verliebter Weſt mit frühen Perlen tränkt;
Ihr werdet alles ſchön, und doch verſchieden finden,
Und den zu reichen Schatz ſtäts graben, nie ergründen.

Wann dort der Sonne Licht durch flücht'ge Nebel ſtrahlet,
Und von dem naſſen Land der Wolken Thränen wiſcht,
Wird aller Weſen Glanz mit einem Licht gemahlet,
Das auf den Blättern ſchwebt, und die Natur erfriſcht:
Die Luft erfüllet ſich mit lauen Ambra-Dämpfen,
Die Florens bunt Geſchlecht gelinden Weſten zollt,
Der Blumen ſcheckicht Heer ſcheint um den Rang zu kämpfen,
Ein lichtes Himmel-Blau beſchämt ein nahes Gold;
Ein ganz Gebürge ſcheint, gefirnißt von dem Regen,
Ein grünender Tapet, geſtickt mit Regenbögen.

Dort ragt das hohe Haupt am edlen Enziane
Weit übern niedern Chor der Pöbel-Kräuter hin:
Ein ganzes Blumen-Volk dient unter ſeiner Fahne,
Sein blauer Bruder ſelbſt bückt ſich, und ehret ihn.
Der Blumen helles Gold, in Strahlen umgebogen,
Thürmt ſich am Stengel auf, und krönt ſein grau Gewand;
Der Blätter glattes Weiß, mit tiefem Grün durchzogen,
Strahlt mit dem bunten Blitz von feuchtem Diamant:
Gerechteſtes Geſetz! daß Kraft ſich Zier vermähle,
In einem ſchönen Leib wohnt eine ſchönre Seele.

Hier kriecht ein niedrig Kraut, gleich einem grauen Nebel,
Dem die Natur ſein Blatt im Kreuze hingelegt;
Die holde Blume zeigt die zwey vergöldten Schnäbel,
Die ein von Amethyſt gebildter Vogel trägt.
Dort wirft ein glänzend Blatt, in Finger ausgekerbet,
Auf eine helle Bach den grünen Wiederſchein;
Der Blumen zarter Schnee, den matter Purpur färbet,
Schließt ein geſtreifter Stern in weiſſe Strahlen ein:
Smaragd und Roſen blühn, auch auf zertretner Heide,
Und Felſen decken ſich mit einem Purpur-Kleide.

Allein wohin auch nie die milde Sonne blicket,
Wo ungekührter Froſt das öde Thal entlaubt,
Wird hoher Felſen Gruft mit einer Pracht geſchmücket,
Die keine Zeit verletzt, und nie der Winter raubt.
Im nie erhellten Grund von unterird'ſchen Pfählen
Wölbt ſich der feuchte Thon mit funkelndem Kryſtall,
Ein Fels von Edelſtein, wo tauſend Farben ſpielen,
Blitzt durch die düſtre Luft, und ſtrahlet überall.
O Reichthum der Natur! verkriecht euch, welſche Zwerge,
Europens Diamant blüht hier und wächſt zum Berge.

Im Mittel eines Thals von Himmel-hohem Eiſe,
Wohin der wilde Nord den kalten Thron geſetzt;
Entſpringt ein reicher Brunn mit ſiedendem Gebrauſe,
Raucht durch das welke Gras, und ſänget, was er netzt.
Sein lauter Waſſer rinnt mit flüſſigen Metallen,
Ein heilſam Eiſenſalz vergüldet ſeinen Lauf:
Ihn wärmt der Erde Gruft, und ſeine Fluten wallen
Vom innerlichen Streit vermiſchter Salze auf:
Umſonſt ſchlägt Wind und Schnee um ſeine Flut zuſammen,
Sein Weſen ſelbſt iſt Feu'r, und ſeine Wellen Flammen.

Dort aber, wo im Schaum der Strudel-reichen Wellen
Die Wuth des Avançons geſtürzte Wälder welzt,
Rinnt der Gebürge Gruft mit unterird'ſchen Quellen,
Wovon der ſcharfe Schweiß das Salz der Felſen ſchmelzt.
Des Berges hohler Bauch, gewölbt mit Alabaſter,
Schließt zwar dieß kleine Meer in tiefe Schachten ein;
Allein ſein eigend Naß zermalmt das Marmor-Pflaſter,
Dringt durch der Klippen Fug, und eilt gebraucht zu ſeyn:
Die Würze der Natur, der Länder reichſter Segen,
Beut ſelbſt dem Volk ſich an, und ſtrömet uns entgegen.

Aus Schreckhorns kaltem Haupt, wo ſich in breite Seen
Europens Waſſer-Schatz mit ſtarken Strömen theilt,
Stürzt Üchtlands Aare ſich, die durch beſchäumte Höhen,
Mit ſchreckendem Geräuſch und ſchnellen Fällen eilt;
Der Berge reicher Schacht vergüldet ihre Hörner,
Und färbt die weiſſe Flut mit Königlichem Erzt,
Der Strom fließt ſchwer von Gold, und wirft gediegne Körner,
Wie ſonſt nur grauer Sand gemeines Ufer ſchwärzt:
Der Hirt ſieht dieſen Schatz, er rollt zu ſeinen Füßen,
O Beyſpiel für die Welt, er ſieht, und läßt ihn fließen.

Verblendte Sterbliche! die, bis zum nahen Grabe,
Geiz, Ehr' und Wolluſt ſtäts an eiteln Hoffen hält,
Die ihr der kurzen Zeit genau gezählte Gabe
Mit immer neuer Sorg und leerer Müh vergällt,
Die ihr das ſtille Glück des Mittelſtands verſchmähet,
Und mehr vom Schickſal heiſcht, als die Natur von euch,
Die ihr zur Nothdurft macht, worum nur Thorheit flehet,
O glaubts, kein Stern macht froh, kein Schmuck von Perlen reich.
Seht ein verachtet Volk bey Müh und Armuth lachen,
Die mäßige Natur allein kan glücklich machen.

Elende! rühmet nur den Rauch in großen Städten,
Wo Bosheit und Verrath im Schmuck der Tugend gehn,
Die Pracht, die euch umringt, ſchließt euch in güldne Ketten,
Erdrückt den, der ſie trägt, und iſt nur andern ſchön.
Noch vor der Sonne reißt die Ehrfurcht ihre Knechte
An das verſchloßne Thor geehrter Bürger hin,
Und die verlangte Ruh der durchgeſeufzten Nächte
Raubt euch der ſtäte Durſt nach nichtigem Gewinn.
Der Freundſchaft himmliſch Feu'r kann nie bey euch entbrennen,
Wo Neid und Eigennutz auch Brüder-Herzen trennen.

Dort ſpielt ein wilder Fürſt mit ſeiner Diener Rümpfen,
Sein Purpur färbet ſich mit lauem Bürger-Blut:
Verläumdung, Haß und Spott, zählt Tugenden mit Schimpfen,
Der Gift-geſchwollne Neid nagt an des Nachbarn Gut:
Die geile Wolluſt kürzt die kaum gefühlten Tage,
Um deren Roſen-Bett ein naher Donner blitzt:
Der Geiz bebrütet Gold, zu ſein und andrer Plage,
Das niemand weniger, als wer es hat, beſitzt:
Dem Wunſche folgt ein Wunſch, der Kummer zeugt Kummer,
Und euer Leben iſt nichts als ein banger Schlummer.

Bey euch, vergnügtes Volk, hat nie in den Gemüthern
Der Laſter ſchwarze Brut den erſten Sitz gefaßt,
Euch ſättigt die Natur mit ungeſuchten Gütern,
Die macht der Wahn nicht ſchwer, noch der Genuß verhaßt:
Kein innerlicher Feind nagt unter euern Brüſten,
Wo nie die ſpäte Reu mit Blut die Freude zahlt:
Euch überſchwemmt kein Strom von wallenden Gelüſten,
Dawider die Vernunft mit allen Ankern prahlt.

Nichts iſt, das euch erdrückt, nichts iſt, das euch erhebet,
Ihr lebet immer gleich, und ſterbet wie ihr lebet.

O ſelig! wer wie Ihr mit ſelbſt gezognen Stieren
Den angeſtorbnen Grund von eignen Aeckern pflügt:
Den reine Wolle deckt, belaubte Kränze zieren,
Und ungewürzte Speiſ' aus ſüßer Milch vergnügt:
Der ſich bey Zephirs Hauch, und kühlen Waſſer-Fällen,
In ungeſorgtem Schlaf, auf weichen Raſen ſtreckt:
Den nie in hoher See das Brauſen wilder Wellen,
Noch der Trompeten Schall in bangen Zelten weckt.
Der ſeinen Zuſtand liebt, und niemals wünſcht zu beſſern,
Gewiß der Himmel kann ſein Glücke nicht vergrößern.

Die verdorbenen Sitten.

Genug und nur zu viel hab ich die Welt geſcholten,
Was zeigt die Wahrheit ſich? Wann hat ſie was gegolten?
Seht einen Juvenal der Vorwelt Geiſel an,
Was hat ſein Schmählen guts der Welt und ihm gethan?
Ihn bracht' in Lybien das Gift der ſcharfen Feder,
Ein Land wie Tomos fern, und trauriger, und öder.
Rom las, ſo viel er ſchrieb, es las, und ſchweigte fort.
Was damals Rom gethan, thut jezt ein jeder Ort.
Seit Boileau den Parnaß von falſchem Geiſt gereinigt,
Hat Reimen und Vernunft in Frankreich ſich vereinigt?
Lebt nicht ein Nadal noch? Reimt nicht ein Pelegrin?
Drängt nicht ſich ganz Paris zu Scapins Poſſen hin?
Ich aber, dem kein Stern kein Feuer gab zum Dichten,
Was hab ich für Beruf der Menſchen Thun zu richten?
Stellt Falſchmund, wann ers lieſt, ſein heimlich Läſtern ein?
Sein Haß wird giftiger, ſein Herz nicht beſſer ſeyn;
Und ſtünde Theſſals Bild geſtochen auf dem Titel,
Noch dünkt er ſich geehrt, und ſchilt auf andere Mittel.

Zu rühmen will ich izt, wofern ich rühmen kan,
Und lache nur mein Geiſt, du mußt gewiß daran.
Ein kluger Despreaux hat Dichter nur getadelt,
Und Ludwigs Uebergang mit gleichem Muth geadelt,
Sonſt hätt er auf dem Grab von Gram und Froſt gekrümmt,
Jezt mit Saint Amand ein Klaglied angeſtimmt.

Wo aber findet ſich der Held für meine Lieder?
Ich geh die Namen durch, ich blättre hin und wieder,
Und finde, wo ich ſiz, vom Zepter bis zum Pflug
Zum Schelten allzu viel, zum Rühmen nie genug;
Zählt ſelber, wie Auguſt, das Alter und die Jugend,
Fürs Laſter iſt kein Raum, kein Anfang für die Tugend.

Sag' an Helvetien, du Helden-Vaterland!
Wie iſt dein altes Volk dem jezigen verwandt?
Wars oder wars nicht hier? wo Biderbs Degen ſtrahlte,
Der das erhaltne Fahn mit ſeinem Blute mahlte?
Wo fließt der Muhleren, der Bubenberge Blut?
Der Seelen ihres Staats, die mit geſeztem Muth
Fürs Vaterland gelebt, fürs Vaterland geſtorben,
Die Feind und Gold verſchmäht, und uns den Ruhm erworben,
Den kaum nach langer Zeit der Enkel Abart löſcht;
Da Stich ein Reichthum war, und oft ein Arm gedroſcht,
Der ſonſt den Stab geführt; da Weiber, deren Seelen
Kein heutig Herz erreicht, erkauften mit Juwelen
Den Staat vom Untergang, den Staat, des Schaz uns heut
Zum ofnen Wechſel dient, und Troſt der Ueppigkeit.
Wo iſt die Ruhm-Begier, die Rom zum Haupt der Erden
Und groß gemacht aus nichts, Gefahren und Beſchwerden
Für Luſt und Schuld erkennt, fürs Glück der Nachwelt wacht,
Stirbt, wann der Staat es heiſcht, die Welt zum Schuldner macht.
Wo iſt der edle Geiſt, der nichts ſein eigen nennet,
Nichts wünſchet für ſich ſelbſt, und keinen Reichthum kennet,
Als den des Vaterlands, der für den Staat ſich ſchäzt,
Die eignen Marchen kürzt, der Bürger weiter ſezt?
Ach! ſie vergrub die Zeit, und ihren Geiſt mit ihnen,
Von ihnen bleibt uns nichts, als etwas von den Minen.

Doch alſo hat uns nicht der Himmel übergeben,
Daß von der güldnen Zeit nicht theure Reſte leben,
Die Männer, deren Rom ſich nicht zu ſchämen hat,
Ihr Eifer zeigt ſich noch im Wohlſeyn unſrer Stadt.
Ein Steiger ſtüzt die Laſt der wohlerlangten Würde
Auf eigne Schultern hin, und hat den Staat zur Bürde;
Er hat, was herrſchen iſt, zu lernen erſt begehrt,
Nicht, wie die Großen thun, die ihre Stelle lehrt,
Er ſucht im ſtillen Staub von halbverweſten Häuten
Des Staates Lebenslauf, die Ebb und Flut der Zeiten;
Sein immer friſcher Sinn, in ſtäter Müh geſpannt,
Wacht, weil ein Jüngling ſchläft, und dient dem Vaterland;
Er läßt des Staates Schaz ſich übers Land ergießen,
Wie aus dem Herzen ſonſt der Glieder Kräfte fließen:
Von ſeinem Angeſicht geht niemand traurig hin,
Er liebt die Tugend noch, und auch die Tugend ihn.

Ein Cato lebet noch, der den verderbnen Zeiten
Sich ſezt zum Widerſpruch, und kann mit Thaten ſtreiten.
Zwar Pracht und Ueppigkeit, die alles überſchwemmt,
Hat das Geſez und er bisher zu ſchwach gehemmt:
Doch wie ein feſter Damm den Sturm gedrungner Wellen,
Wie ſehr ihr Schaum ſich bläht, zurücke zwingt zu prellen,
Und nie dem Strome weicht, wann ſchon der wilde Schwall
Von langem Wachsthum ſtark, ſich ſtürzet übern Wall:
So hat Helvetien der Durchbruch fremder Sitten
Mit Laſtern angefüllt, und Cato nichts gelitten:
Die Einfalt jener Zeit, wo ehrlich höflich war,
Wo reine Tugend Ehr, auch wann ſie nackt, gebahr,
Herrſcht in dem rauhen Sinn, den nie die Liſt betrogen,
Kein Großer abgeſchreckt, kein Anſehn umgebogen:
Hart, wanns Geſeze zürnt, mitleidig, wann er darf,
Gut, wann das Elend klagt, wann Bosheit frevelt, ſcharf,
Vom Wohl des Vaterlands entſchloſſen nie zu ſcheiden,
Kann er das Laſter nicht, noch ihn das Laſter leiden.
O bleib, unſchäzbarer! dein Geiſt ſey ſtäts bei dir,
Steh' unſern Söhnen einſt, wie unſern Vätern für.

Wer kennt die andern nicht? ſie ſind ſo leicht zu zählen;
Doch wann einſt zugedrückt die werthen Augen fehlen,
Wer iſts, auf den man dann den Grund des Staates legt?
Der Wiſſenſchaft im Sinn, im Herzen Tugend trägt?
Der thut, was ſie gethan, und die geleerten Pläze,
Auch mit den Tugenden, nicht mit der Zahl erſeze?

Gewiß kein Appius, die prächtige Geſtalt,
Ein Wort, ein jeder Blick zeigt Hoheit und Gewalt;
Des großen Mannes Thor ſteht wenig Bürgern offen,
Und einen Blick von ihm kan nicht ein jeder hoffen.
Sein Anſehn dringt durchs Recht, ſein Wort wird uns zur Pflicht,
Er iſt faſt unſer Herr, und ſeiner ſelber nicht.
Doch fällt der Glanz von ihm, ſo wird der Held gemeiner,
Der Unterſchied von uns iſt in dem innern kleiner,
Den aufgehobnen Geiſt ſtüzt ein geſezter Sinn,
Ein prächtiger Pallaſt und leere Säle drinn.

Gewiß kein Calvius, der Liebling unſrer Frauen,
Dem treflichen Geſchmack kan jeder Käufer trauen;
Wer iſts, der ſo wie er, durch alle Monat weiß
Der Mode Lebenslauf, und jedes Bandes Preiß?
Wer haſchet liſtiger der Kleider neuſte Arten?
Wer nennt ſo oft Paris? wer theilt wie er die Karten
Auf Griechiſch hurtig aus? wer ſtellt den Fuß ſo quer?
Wer weiß ſo manches Lied? wer flucht ſo neu als er?
O Säule deines Staats! wo findet ſich der Knabe,
Der ſich ſo mancher Kunſt dereinſt zu ſchämen habe!
Auch kein Democrates, der Erbe ſeiner Stadt,
Der ſonſt kein Vaterland als ſeine Söhne hat;
Der jeden Stammbaum kennt, der alle Wahlen zählet,
Die Stimmen ſelber theilt, und keiner Kugel fehlet;
Der Mund und Hand wie heut', und morgen andern ſchäzt,
Und zwiſchen Wort und That nur einen Vorhang ſezt;
Der Recht um Freundſchaft ſpricht, der Würde tauſcht um Würde,
Und, wann er ſein Geſchlecht dem Staate macht zur Bürde,
Kein Mittel niedrig glaubt, durch alle Häuſer rennt,
Droht, ſchmeichelt, fleht, verſpricht, und alles Vetter nennt.

Gewiß kein Ruſticus, der von den neuen Sitten
Noch alles ruhiger, als nüchtern ſeyn, gelitten,
Der Mann von altem Schrot, dem neuer Wiz mißdünkt,
Der wie die Vorwelt ſpricht, und wie die Vorwelt trinkt,
Im Keller prüft den Mann, was wird er dort nicht kennen?
Er wird im Glaſe noch den Berg und Jahrgang nennen:
Was aber Wiſſenſchaft, was Vaterland und Pflicht,
Was Kirch und Handlung iſt, die Grillen kennt er nicht:
Die Welt wird, wann ſie will, und nicht ſein Kopf ſich ändern;
Was fragt er nach dem Recht, der Brut von fremden Ländern?
Recht iſt was ihm gefällt, gegründet, was er faßt,
Das ſchmählen Bürger-Pflicht, ein Fremder, wen er haßt.

Gewiß auch kein Sicin, der Sauertaig des Standes,
Der Meiſter guten Raths, der Pachter des Verſtandes,

Der nichts vernünftig glaubt, wann es von ihm nicht quillt,
Und ſeine Meinung ſelbſt in fremdem Munde ſchilt:
Bald ſtraft man ihm zu hart, bald laufen Laſter ledig,
Heut iſt der Staat ein Zug, und morgen ein Venedig:
Wer herrſcht, der ihm gefällt? vor ihm iſt alles ſchlecht,
Belohnen unverdient, Verſagen ungerecht.
So läßt der Fröſche Volk ſein Quaken in den Röhren,
Auch eh beym Sonnenſchein, als wann es wittert, hören.

Auch kein Hellodor, verliebt in Frankreichs Schein,
Der ſich zur Schande zählt, daß er kein Sclav darf ſeyn,
Verkennt ſein Vaterland, des Königs Bildniß ſpiegelt,
Was unſrer Ahnen Muth mit Carols Blut verſiegelt,
Die Freyheit hält vor Tand, verhöhnt den engen Staat,
Geſäße Bauren läßt, und ſchämet ſich im Rath.
Flieh Sclav! ein freyer Staat bedarf nur freyer Seelen,
Wer ſelber dienen will, ſoll Freyen nicht befehlen.

Gewiß kein Härephil, der allgemeine Chriſt,
Der aller Glauben Glied, und keines eigen iſt;
Der Retter aller Schuld, der Schutz-Geiſt falſcher Frommen,
Der, was den Staat verſtört, zu ſchützen übernommen.
Der Bosheit Einfalt nennt, und Heucheln Andacht heißt,
Und dem erzürnten Recht das Schwert aus Händen reißt;
Der Kirch und Gottesdienſt mit halben Reden ſchmälert,
Und niemals williger als über Prieſter ſcherzet
Ein andrer Zweck iſt oft an wahrer Liebe ſtatt,
Ein Abſehn bringet weit, das Gott zum Fürwort hat:
Sein Gut das er verſchmäht, wird nicht vergeſſen werden,
Im Himmel iſt der Sinn, die Hände ſind auf Erden.

Wer iſts denn? ein Zelot, der Kirchen-Cherubin,
Bereit den Strick am Hals in Himmel mich zu ziehn:
Ein murrender Caton, der nie ein Ja geſprochen,
Und ſelten ernſt gelacht, als wann der Stab gebrochen:
Der leichte Franzen-Aff, der Schnupfer bey der Wahl,
Der bey den Eiden ſcherzt, und pfeift im groſſen Saal:
Ein wankender Gaufel, dem nie das Rathhaus ſtehet,
Der von dem Tiſch in Rath, vom Rath zu Tiſche gehet:
Der nie ſich ſelber zeigt, der kluge Larvemann,
Der alle Bürger haßt, und alle küſſen kann:
Ein reicher Ignort, der Feind von allem lernen,
Der Sonnen viereckt macht, und Sterne zu Laternen:
Ein Unſelbſt, reich an Ja, der ſeine Stimme lieſt,
Und deſſen Meynung ſtets vorher eröffnet iſt:
Und ſo viel andre mehr, der Groſſen Leib-Trabanten,
Die Ziffern unſers Staats, im Rath die Conſonanten.

Bey ſolchen Herrſchern wird ein Volk nicht glücklich ſeyn;
In Häuptern eines Stands gehört Hirn darein.
Laßt zehen Jahr ſie noch, ſich recht zu unterrichten,
In jenem Schatten-Staat gemeine Sachen ſchlichten.

Wer aber ſich dem Staat zu dienen hat beſtimmt,
Und nach der Gottheit Stell' auf Tugend-Staffeln klimmt,
Der würkt am Wohl des Volks, und nicht an ſeinem Glücke,
Und iſt zum Heil des Lands ein Werkzeug vom Geſchicke,
Er ſetzet ſeiner Müh die Tugend ſelbſt zum Preiß,
Er kennet ſeine Pflicht, und thut auch, was er weiß.
Fürs erſte lernt der, der groß zu ſeyn begehrt,
Den innerlichen Stand des Staates, der ihn nähret;
Wie Anſehn und Gewalt ſich, mit gemeßner Kraft,
Durch alle Staffeln theilt, und Ruh und Ordnung ſchafft?
Wie zahlreich Volk und Feld? Wie auf den alten Bünden,
Dem Erbe beſſrer Zeit, ſich Fried und Freundſchaft gründen?
Wodurch der Staat geblüht? Wie Macht und Reichthum ſtieg?
Des Kriegers erſte Glut, den wahren Weg zum Sieg.
Die Fehler eines Staats, die innerlichen Beulen,
Die nach und nach das Mark des ſichern Landes fäulen;
Was üblich und erlaubt, wie Ernſt und männlichs Recht,
Den angelaufnen Schwall des frechen Laſters ſchwächt?
Wie weit dem Herrſcher ziemt der Kirche zu gebieten?
Wie Glaubens-Einigkeit ſich ſchützet ohne Wüten?
Was Kunſt und Boden zeugt? was einem Staat erſprießt?
Wodurch der Nachbarn Gold in unſre Dörfer fließt?
Auch was Europa regt? wie die vereinten Mächten
In ſtätem Gleichgewicht ſich ſelbſt zu halten trachten?
Wodurch die Handlung blüht? wie alle Welt ihr Gold
Dem zugelaufnen Schwarm verbannter Bettler zollt?
Was Frankreich ſchrecklich macht? wodurch es ſich entnervet?
Wie Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft der Britten Waffen ſchärfet?
Auch Rom und Sparta hat, was nützlich werden kan,
Die Jugend nimmt ſich leicht bey ihrem Beyſpiel an.

Bild' aber auch dein Herz, ſelbſt in der erſten Jugend,
Sich auf die Weisheit viel, doch weit mehr auf die Tugend,
Lern, daß nichts ſelig macht, als die Gewiſſens-Ruh,
Und daß zu deinem Glück dir niemand fehlt als du;
Daß Geld auch Weiſe ziert, verdient durch reine Mittel,
Daß Tugend Ehre bringt, und nicht erkaufte Titel,
Daß Macht und Weisheit mehr, als leere Nahmen ſind,
Und daß man auf dem Thron noch jetzt George findt.
Kein Reitz ſey ſtark genug, der deine Pflicht verhindert,
Kein Nutz ſey groß genug, der Uechtlands Wohlfahrt mindert
Such in des Landes Wohl, und nicht beym Pöbel Ruhm,
Sey jedem Bürger hold, und niemand's Eigenthum,
Sey billig und gerecht, erhalt auf gleicher Waage
Des Groſſen drohend Recht, und eines Bauren Klage.
Bey Würden ſieh den Mann, und nicht den Gegen-Dienſt,
Mach Arbeit dir zur Luſt, und Helfen zum Gewinſt.
Thu dieß, und werde groß! liegt ſchon dein Glück verborgen,
Der Himmel wird für dich, mehr als du ſelber, ſorgen:
Und wann er künftig dich in hohen Aemtern übt,
Und deiner Bürger Heil in deine Hände giebt,
So lebe, daß dich einſt die ſpäten Enkel preiſen,
Dein Tod den Staat betrübt, und macht dein Volk zum Wayſen
Und ſchlöſſen ſchon dein Land die engſten Schranken ein,
So würdeſt du mir doch der Helden erſter ſeyn;
In dir zeigt ſich der Welt der Gottheit Gnaden-Finger,
Du biſt ein gröſſer Mann als alle Welt-Bezwinger.

Ueber den Urſprung des Uebels.

Erſtes Buch.

Auf jenen ſtillen Höhen,
Woraus ein milder Strom vom kühlen Quellen rinnt,
Bewog mich einſt ein ſanfter Abend-Wind,
In einem Buſche ſtill zu ſtehen.
Zu meinen Füſſen lag ein ausgedähntes Land,
Durch ſeine Größ' umgränzet,
Worauf das Aug kein Ende fand,
Als wo Juraſſus es mit blauen Schatten kränzet.
Die Hügel deckten grüne Wälder,
Wodurch der falbe Schein der Felder
Mit angenehmen Glanze bricht;
Dort ſchlängelt ſich durchs Land, in unterbrochnen Stücken,
Der reinen Aare wallend Licht;
Hier liegt Uechtlands Haupt in Fried und Zuverſicht,
In ſeinen nie erſtiegnen Wällen.
So weit das Auge reicht, herrſcht Ruh und Ueberfluß,
Selbſt unterm braunen Stroh bemoßter Bauren-Hütten
Wird Freyheit hier gelitten,
Und nach der Müh Genuß.
Mit Schaafen wimmelt dort die Erde,
Davon der bunte Schwarm in Eile frißt und blöckt;
Wann dort der Rinder ſchwere Heerde
Sich auf den weichen Raſen ſtreckt,
Und den geblümten Klee im Kauen doppelt ſchmeckt.
Dort ſpringt ein freyes Pferd, mit Sorgen-loſem Sinn,
Durch neu-bewachſne Felder hin,
Woran es oft gepflüget:
Und jener Wald, wen läßt er unvergnüget?
Wo dort im rothen Glanz halb nackte Buchen glühn,
Und hier der Tannen fettes Grün
Das bleiche Moos beſchattet:
Wo mancher heller Strahl, auf ſeine Dunkelheit,
Ein zitternd Licht durch rege Stellen ſtreut,
Und in verſchiedner Dichtigkeit,
Sich grüne Nacht mit güldnem Tage gattet.
Wie angenehm iſt doch der Büſche Stille,
Wie angenehm ihr Wiederhall!
Wann ſich ein Heer glückſeliger Geſchöpfe,
In Ruh und unbeſorgter Fülle,
Vereint in einen Freudenſchall;
Und jenes Baches Fall,
Der ſchlängelnd durch den grünen Raſen,
Die ſchwachen Wellen murmelnd treibt,
Und plötzlich aufgelößt, in Schnee- und Perlen-Blaſen,
Durch gähe Felſen rauſchend ſtäubt.
Auf jenem Teiche ſchwimmt der Sonne funkelnd Bild,
Gleich einem diamantnen Schild,
Da dort das Urbild ſelbſt, vor irrdiſchem Geſichte,
In einem Strahlen-Meer ſein flammend Haupt verſteckt,
Und, unſichtbar vor vielem Lichte,
Mit ſeinem Glanz ſich deckt.

Dort ſtreckt das Wetterhorn den nie beflognen Gipfel,
Durch einen dünnen Wolken-Kranz;
Beſtrahlt mit roſenfarbem Glanz,
Beſchämt ſein graues Haupt, das Schnee und Purpur ſchmücken,
Gemeiner Berge blauen Rücken.
Ja, alles was ich ſeh, des Himmels tiefe Höhen,
In deſſen lichtem Blau die Erde grundlos ſchwimmt;
Die in der Luft erhabnen weiſſen Seen,
Worauf durchſichtig Gold und flüchtig Silber glimmt;
Ja alles was ich ſeh, ſind Gaben vom Geſchicke:
Die Welt iſt ſelbſt gemacht zu ihrer Bürger Glücke,
Ein allgemeines Wohl beſeelet die Natur,
Und alles trägt des höchſten Gutes Spur.

Ich ſann in ſanfter Ruh dem holden Vorwurf nach,
Bis daß die Dämmerung des Himmels Farben brach,
Die Ruh der Einſamkeit, die Mutter der Erfindung,
Hülft der Begriffe Reih' in ſchlieſſender Verbindung,
Und nach und nach verknüpft, kam mein verwirrter Sinn,
Uneinig mit ſich ſelbſt, zu dieſen Worten hin:
Und dieſes iſt die Welt, worüber Weiſe klagen,
Die man zum Kerker macht, worinn ſich Thoren plagen!
Wo mancher Mandewil des Guten Merkmahl mißt,
Die Thaten Bosheit würkt, und Fühlen Leiden iſt.
Wie wird mir? Mich durchläuft ein Ausguß kalter Schrecken,
Der Schauplatz unſrer Noth beginnt ſich aufzudecken,
Ich ſeh' die innre Welt, ſie iſt der Hölle gleich:
Wo Qual und Laſter herrſcht, iſt da wohl Gottes Reich?
Hier eilt ein ſchwach Geſchlecht, mit immer vollem Herzen
Von eingebildter Ruh, und allzu wahrem Schmerzen,
Wo nagende Begier, und falſche Hofnung wallt,
Zur ernſten Ewigkeit. Im kurzen Aufenthalt
Des nimmer ruhigen und ungefühlten Lebens
Schnappt ihr betrogner Geiſt nach echtem Gut vergebens.
So wie ein fetter Dunſt, der aus dem Sumpfe ſteigt,
Dem irren Wandersmann ſich zum Verführen zeigt:
So lockt ein flüchtig Wohl, das Wahn und Sehnſucht fliehen,
Von Weh zu gröſſerm Weh, vom Kummer zum Verderben.
Nie mit ſich ſelbſt vergnügt ſucht jeder auſſenher
Die Ruh, die niemand ihm verſchaffen kan als er;
Getrieben vom Geſpenſt ſtäts hungriger Begierden,
Sucht er in Arbeit Ruh, und Leichterung in Bürden:
Umſonſt hält die Vernunft das ſchwache Steuer an,
Der Lüſte wilde See ſpielt mit dem leichten Kahn,
Bis der auf ſeichtem Sand, und jener an den Klippen,
Ein untern Ufer deckt mit trocknenden Gerippen.
Wer iſts, der einen Tag von tauſenden erlebt,
Den nicht in ſeine Bruſt die Reu mit Feuer gräbt?
Wo iſt in ſeltnem Stern ein ſeliger gebohren,
Bey dem Verdruß ſein Recht auf einen Tag verlohren?
Was hilfts, daß Gott die Welt aufs angenehmſte ſchmückt,
Wann ein verdeckter Feind uns den Genuß entrückt?
Aus unſerm Herzen fließt des Unmuths bittre Quelle,
Ein unzufriedner Sinn führt bey ſich ſeine Hölle.
Noch ſelig, wäre noch der Tage kurze Zahl
Für uns zugleich das Maaß des Lebens und der Qual!
Ach Gott und die Vernunft giebt Gründe gröſſrer Schrecken,
Der jenem Leben kan kein Grabſtein uns bedecken.
Nachdem der matte Geiſt die Jahre ſeiner Acht,
Verbannt in einen Leib, mit Elend zugebracht,
Schlägt über ihm die Noth mit voller Wuth zuſammen,
Verzweiflung brennt in ihm mit nie geſchwächten Flammen,
Und die Unſterblichkeit, das Vorrecht ſeiner Art,
Wird ihm zum Henker-Trank, der ihn zur Marter ſpart:
Im Haß mit ſeinem Gott, mit ſich ſelbſt ohne Frieden,
Von allem, was er liebt, auf immer abgeſchieden,
Gepreßt von naher Qual, geſchreckt von ferner Noth,
Verflucht er ewig ſich, und hoffet keinen Tod,

Elende Sterbliche! zur Pein erſchafne Weſen,
O daß Gott aus dem Nichts zum Seyn euch auserleſen!
O daß der wüſte Stoff einſamer Ewigkeit,
Noch läg im öden Schlund der alten Dunkelheit!
Erbarmensvoller Gott! in einer dunkeln Stille,
Regiert der Welten Kreiß dein unerforſchter Wille,
Dein Rathſchluß iſt zu hoch, ſein Siegel iſt zu feſt,
Er liegt verwahrt in dir, wer hat ihn aufgelößt?
Dieß weiß ich nur von dir, dein Weſen ſelbſt iſt Güte,
Von Gnad und Langmuth wallt dein liebendes Gemüthe,
Du Sonne wirfeſt ja, mit gleichem Vater-Sinn,
Den holden Lebens-Strahl auf alle Weſen hin.
O Vater! Rach und Haß ſind fern von deinem Herzen,
Du haſt nicht Luſt an Qual, noch Freud an unſern Schmerzen,
Du ſchufeſt nicht aus Zorn, die Güte war der Grund,
Weswegen eine Welt vor nichts den Vorzug fund.

Du wareſt nicht allein, dem du Vergnügen gönnteſt,
Du lieſſeſt Weſen ſeyn, die du beglücken könnteſt,
Und deine Seligkeit, die aus dir ſelber fließt,
Schien dir noch ſeliger, ſo bald ſie ſich ergießt.
Wie daß, o Heiliger! du dann die Welt erwählet,
Die ewig ſündiget, und ewig wird gequälet?
War kein vollkommner Riß im göttlichen Begriff,
Dem der Geſchöpfe Glück nicht auch entgegen lief?

Doch wo gerath ich hin? wo werd ich hingeriſſen?
Gott fodert ja von uns zu thun, und nicht zu wiſſen,
Sein Will iſt uns bekannt, er heiſſe die Laſter fliehn,
Und nicht warum ſie ſind, vergebens ſich bemühn.
Indeſſen, wann ein Geiſt, der Gottes Weſen ſchändet,
Die Einfalt, die ihm traut, mit falſchem Licht verblendet,
Und aus der Oberhand des Laſters und der Pein
Lehrt ſchlieſſen, wie die Welt, ſo muß der Schöpfer ſeyn;
Soll Manes im Triumph Gott und die Wahrheit führen?
Soll Gott verläumdet ſeyn, und uns kein Eifer rühren?
Iſt ſtummer Glauben gnug, wann Irrthum kämpft mit Witz,
Und ihm zu widerſtehn erwarten wir den Blitz?
Nein, alſo hat ſich noch die Wahrheit nicht verdunkelt,
Daß nicht ihr reiner Strahl durch Dampf und Nebel funkelt:
So ſchwach ihr Glanz auch iſt, kein Irrwiſch bleibt vor ihr,
Ihr Stammeln hat mehr Kraft, als aller Lügen Zier.

O daß die Wahrheit ſelbſt von ihrem Licht mir ſchenkte!
Daß dieſes Himmels-Kind den Kiel mir ſelber lenkte!
Daß ihr ſieghafter Schall, der durch die Herzen dringt,
Beſeelte, was mein Mund ihr jetzt zu Ehren ſingt.

Zweytes Buch.

Im Anfang jener Zeit, die Gott allein beginnet,
Die ewig ohne Quell und unverſiegen rinnet,
Gefiel Gott eine Welt, wo nach der Weisheit Rath,
Die Allmacht und die Huld auf ihren Schauplatz trat.
Verſchiedner Welten Riß lag vor ihm ausgebreitet,
Und alle Möglichkeit war ihm zur Wahl bereitet:
Allein die Weisheit gieng auf die Vollkommenheit,
Der Welten trefflichſte gewann die Würklichkeit.
Befruchtet mit der Kraft des Weſen-reichen Wortes
Gebiehrt das alte Nichts; den Raum des öden Ortes
Erfüllt verſchiedner Zeug' die regende Gewalt
Ertheilet, trennet, miſcht, und ſchränkt ihn in Geſtalt.
Das Dichte zog ſich an, das Licht und Feuer rannen,
Es nahmen ihren Platz die neugebohrnen Sonnen,
Die Welten welzten ſich, und zeichneten ihr Gleis,
Stäts flüchtig, ſtäts geſenkt, in dem befohlnen Kreiß.
Gott ſah und fand es gut, allein das ſtumme Dichte,
Hat kein Gefühl von Gott, noch Theil an ſeinem Lichte;
Ein Weſen fehlte noch, dem Gott ſich zeigen kan,
Gott bließ, und ein Begrif nahm Kraft und Weſen an.
So ward die Geiſter-Welt. Verſchiedne Macht und Ehre
Vertheilt, nach Stuffen Art, die unzälbaren Heere,
Die, ungleich ſatt vom Glanz des mitgetheilten Lichts,
In langer Ordnung ſtehn von Gott zum öden Nichts.
Nach der verſchiednen Reyh von fühlenden Gemüthern,
Vertheilte Gott den Trieb nach angemeßnen Gütern:
Der Art Vollkommenheit ward als zum Ziel geſteckt,
Wohin der Geiſter Wunſch aus eignem Zuge zweckt:
Doch hielt den Willen nur das zarte Band der Liebe,
So daß zur Abart ſelbſt das Thor geöfnet bliebe,
Und nie der Sinn ſo ſehr zum Guten ſich bewegt,
Daß nicht ſein erſter Wink die Wagſchal überſchlägt.
Dann Gott liebt keinen Zwang, die Welt mit ihren Mängeln,
Iſt beſſer als ein Reich von Willen-loſen Engeln;
Gott hält vor ungethan, was man gezwungen thut,
Der Tugend Uebung ſelbſt wird durch die Wahl erſt gut.
Gott ſah von Anfang wohl, wohin die Freyheit führet,
Daß ein Geſchöpf ſich leicht bey eignem Licht verlieret,
Daß der verbundne Leib zu viel vom Geiſte heiſcht,
Und das Gewühl der Welt den ſchwachen Sinn berauſcht,
Und ein gemeßner Geiſt nicht ſtäts die Kette findet,
Die den beſondern Gutz an den gemeinen bindet.
Zu Gottes Freund' erſehn, zu edel für die Zeit,
Vergißt er allzu leicht den Wehrt der Ewigkeit:
Des äuſſern Zauberglanz verdeckt die inn're Blöſſe,
Die ſtärkre Gegenwart erdrückt des fernern Gröſſe;
Wer iſts, der allemal der Neigung Stuffe mißt,
Wo nur das Mittel gut, ſonſt alles Laſter iſt?
Kein endlich Weſen kennt das Wiſſen aller Sachen,
Und die Allwiſſenheit kan erſt unfehlbar machen.

Gott ſah dieß alles wohl, und doch ſchuf er die Welt,
Kan etwas weiſer ſeyn, als das, was Gott gefällt?
Gott, der im Reich der Welt ſich ſelber zeigen wollte,
Sah daß, wann alles nur aus Vorſchrift handeln ſollte,
Die Welt ein Uhrwerk wird, von fremdem Trieb beſeelt,
Und keine Tugend bleibt, wo Macht zum Laſter fehlt.
Gott wollte, daß wir ihn aus Kenntniß ſollten lieben,
Und nicht aus blinder Kraft von ungewählten Trieben:
Er gönnte dem Geſchöpf den unſchätzbaren Ruhm,
Aus Wahl ihm hold zu ſeyn, und nicht aus Eigenthum.
Der Thaten Unterſchied wird durch den Zwang gehoben,
Wir loben Gott nicht mehr, wann er uns zwingt zu loben;
Gerechtigkeit und Huld, der Gottheit Arme ruhn,
So bald Gott alles würkt, und wir nichts ſelber thun.
Drum überließ auch Gott die Geiſter ihrem Willen,
Und dem Zuſammenhang, woraus die Thaten quillen,
Doch ſo, daß ſeine Hand der Welten Steur behielt,
Und der Natur ihr Rad muß ſtehn, wann er befiehlt.

So kamen in die Welt die neuerſchaffnen Geiſter,
Vollkommenes Geſchöpf von dem vollkommnen Meiſter;
In ihnen war noch nichts, das nicht zum Guten trieb,
Kein Zug, der an die Stirn nicht ihren Urſprung ſchrieb:
Ein jedes Einzle war in ſeiner Art vollkommen.
Dem war wohl mehr verliehn, doch jenem nichts benommen.

Der einen Weſen ward vom Irrdiſchen befreyt,
Sie blieben näher Gott' an Art und Herrlichkeit.
Euch kennt kein Sterblicher ihr himmliſchen Naturen!
Von eurer Treflichkeit ſind in uns wenig Spuren:
Nur dieſes wiſſen wir, daß, über uns erhöht,
Ihr auf dem erſten Platz der Reyh der Weſen ſteht.
Vielleicht empfangen wir, bey trüber Dämmrung Klarheit,
Nur durch fünf Oefnungen den ſchwachen Strahl der Wahrheit;
Da ihr, bey vollem Tag, das heitere Gemüht
Durch tauſend Pforten füllt, und alles an euch ſieht.
Daß, wie das Licht für uns erſt wird mit unſern Augen,
Ihr tauſend Weſen kennt, die wir zu ſehn nicht taugen;
Und wie ſich unſer Aug am Kleid der Dinge ſtößt,
Vor eurem ſcharfen Blick ſich die Natur entblößt.
Vielleicht findt auch bey uns der Eindruck der Begriffe,
Im allzuſeichten Sinn, nicht gnug Gehalt und Tiefe,
Da bey euch alles haft, und, ſicher vor der Zeit
Sich die lebhafte Spur, ſo oft ihr wünſcht, verneut.
Vielleicht, wie unſer Geiſt, geſperrt in enge Schranken,
Nicht Platz genug enthält zugleich für zwey Gedanken,
In euch der ofne Sinn des vielen fähig iſt,
Und den zu breiten Raum kein einzler Eindruck mißt.
Doch unſer Wiſſen iſt hierüber nur Vermuthen,
Genug der Engel Sinn war ausgerüſt zum Guten,
Ihr Trieb zur Tugend war ſo ſtark als ihr Verſtand,
Sie ſehnten ſich nach Gott als ihrem Vaterland,
Und ewiglich bemüht mit Loben und Verehren,
War all ihr Wunſch, ihr Licht zu Gottes Ruhm zu mehren.

Fern unter ihnen hat das ſterbliche Geſchlecht,
Im Himmel und im Nichts, ſein doppelt Bürgerrecht.
Aus ungleich ſeltnem Stoff hat Gott es auserleſen,
Halb zu der Ewigkeit, halb aber zum Verweſen:
Zweydeutig Mittelding von Engeln und von Vieh,
Es überlebt ſich ſelbſt, es ſtirbt und ſtirbet nie.

Auch wir, ach! waren gut: der Welt beglückte Jugend
Sah nichts, ſo weit ſie war, als Seligkeit und Tugend;
Auch in uns prägte Gott ſein majeſtätiſch Bild,
Er ſchuf uns etwas mehr, als Herren vom Gewild.
Er legte tief in uns zwey unterſchiedne Triebe.
Die Liebe für ſich ſelbſt, und ſeines Nächſten Liebe.

Die eine niedriger, doch damals ohne Schuld,
Iſt der fruchtbare Quell von Arbeit und Geduld:
Sie ſchwingt den Geiſt empor, ſie lehrt die Ehre kennen,
Sie flammt das Feuer an, womit die Helden brennen,
Und führt im ſteilen Pfad, wo Tugend Dornen ſtreut,
Den Müh-vergeßnen Sinn nach der Vollkommenheit.
Sie wacht für unſer Heil, ſie lindert unſern Kummer,
Verſöhnt uns mit uns ſelbſt, und ſtört des Trägen Schlummer.
Sie zeiget uns, wie heut für morgen ſorgen muß,
Und ſpeiſet ferne Noth mit altem Ueberfluß.
Sie dämpft des Kühnen Muth, ſie wafnet die Verzagten;
Sie macht das Leben werth im Auge der Geplagten;
Sie ſucht im rauhen Feld des Hungers Gegengift;
Sie kleidet Nackende vom Raub der fetten Trift;
Sie bahnete das Meer zur Beyhülf unſers Reiſens;
Sie fand den erſten Brand im Zweykampf Steins und Eiſens;
Sie grub ein Erzt hervor, das alle Thiere zwang;
Sie kocht aus einem Kraut der Schmerzen Leichterung;
Sie ſpähte der Natur verborgne Eigenſchaften;
Sie wafnete den Sinn mit Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaften.
O daß ſie doch ſo oft, vor zartem Eifer blind,
In eingebildtem Glück ein würklich Elend findt!

Viel edler iſt der Trieb, der uns für andre rühret,
Vom Himmel kömmt ſein Brand, der keinen Rauch gebieret;
Von ſeinem Ebenbild, das Gott den Menſchen gab,
Drückt deutlicher kein Zug ſein holdes Urbild ab:
Sie, dieſe Liebe, war der Menſchen erſte Kette,
Sie macht uns bürgerlich, und ſammelt uns in Städte;
Sie öfnet unſer Herz beym Anblick fremder Noth,
Sie theilt mit Dürftigen ein gern gemiſſet Brodt,
Und würkt in uns die Luſt, vom Titus oft verlanget,
Wann ein verwandt Geſchöpf von uns ſein Glück empfanget.
Die Freundſchaft ſtammt von ihr, der Herzen ſüſſe Koſt,
Die Gott, in ſo viel Noth, uns gab zum letzten Troſt:
Sie ſteckt die Fackeln an, bey deren holdem Scheinen,
Zu beyder Seligkeit, zwey Seelen ſich vereinen;
Das innige Gefühl, der Herzen erſte Schuld,
Iſt ein beſonderer Zug der allgemeinen Huld.
Sie iſt, was tief in uns für unſre Kinder lodert,
Sie macht die Müh zur Luſt, die ihre Schwachheit fodert,
Sie iſt des Blutes Ruf, der für die Kleinen ſteht,
Und unſer innerſtes, ſo bald er ſpricht, umdreht.
Ja auch dem Himmel zu gehn ihre reinen Flammen,
Sie leiten uns zu Gott, aus deſſen Huld ſie ſtammen,
Ihr Trieb zieht ewiglich dem liebenswürd'gen zu,
Und findt erſt im Beſitz des Höchſten Gutes Ruh.

Noch weiter wollte Gott für unſre Schwachheit ſorgen:
Ein wachſames Gefühl liegt in uns ſelbſt verborgen,
Das nie dem Uebel ſchweigt, und immer leicht verſehrt,
Zur Rache ſeiner Noth den ganzen Leib empört.
Im zärtlichen Gebäu von wunderkleinen Schläuchen,
Die jedem Theil von uns die Kraft und Nahrung reichen,
Bräch alles Uebermaaß den ſchwachen Faden ab,
Und die Geſundheit ſelbſt führt unvermerkt zum Grab.
Allein im weichen Mark der zarten Lebens-Sehnen
Wohnt ein geheimer Reitz, der zwar ein Brunn der Thränen,
Doch auch des Lebens iſt, der wider einen Feind
Der ſonſt wohl unerkannt uns auszuhölen meint,
Uns zwingt zum Widerſtand; er ſchließt die regen Nerven
Vor Froſt und Salze zu, verſtößet alle Schärfen
Durch Zufluß ſüſſen Safts, und kühlt geſalznes Blut
Durch Zwang vom heiſſen Durſt, mit Strömen dünner Flut.
In allen Arten Noth, die unſre Glieder fühlet,
Iſt Schmerz der bittre Trank, womit der Leib ſich heilet.

Weit nöthiger liegt noch, im innerſten von uns,
Der Werke Richterin, der Probſtein unſers Thuns:
Vom Himmel ſtammt ihr Recht; er hat in dem Gewiſſen,
Die Pflichten der Natur den Menſchen vorgeriſſen:
Er grub mit Flammenſchrift in uns des Laſters Scheu,
Und ihren Nachgeſchmack die bittre Koſt der Reu.
Ein Geiſt, wo Sünde herrſcht, iſt ewig ohne Frieden,
Sie macht uns ſelbſt zur Höll' und wird doch nicht gemieden!

Verſehn zu Sturm und See, in allem wohl beſtellt,
Betreten wir nunmehr das weite Meer der Welt.
Die Werkzeug unſers Glücks ſind allen gleich gemeſſen,
Jedweder hat ſein Pfund, und niemand iſt vergeſſen.
Zwar in der Seele ſelbſt herrſcht Maaß und Unterſcheid,
Das Glück der Sterblichen will die Verſchiedenheit;
Die Ordnung der Natur zeugt minder Gold als Eiſen,
Der Staaten ſchlechteſter iſt der von eitel Weiſen:
Der eingetheilte Witz iſt nirgend unfruchtbar,
Und jeder füllt den Ort, der für ihn ledig war.

Dort würkt ein hoher Geiſt, bewogen vom Geſchicke,
Nur um ſich ſelbſt beſorgt, an ſeines Landes Glücke:
Wann hier ein niedrer Sinn, mit Schweiß und Brod vergnügt,
Des Groſſen Unterhalt im heiſſen Feld erpflügt.
Hier ſucht ein weiſer Mann, bey Nacht und ſtillem Oele,
Des Körpers inn're Kraft, das Weſen ſeiner Seele,
Wann dort mit ſchwächerm Licht, gleich nützlich in der That,
Ein Weib ſein Hauß beherrſcht, und Kinder zieht dem Staat.

Doch nur im Zierrath herrſcht der Unterſchied der Gaben,
Was jedem nöthig iſt, muß auch ein jeder haben:
Kein Menſch verwildert ſo, dem eingebohrnes Licht,
Nicht, wann er ſich vergeht, ſein erſtes Urtheil ſpricht.

Die Kraft von Blut und Recht erkennen die Huronen,
Die dort an Mitſchigans beſchneyten Ufern wohnen,
Und unterm braunen Süd fühlt auch der Hottentott
Die allgemeine Pflicht und der Natur Gebott.

Drittes Buch.

O Wahrheit! ſage ſelbſt, du Zeugin der Geſchichte!
Wer machte Gottes Zweck und unſer Glück zu nichte?
Wer war's, der wider Gott die Geiſter aufgebracht,
Und uns dem Laſter hold, uns ſelber feind gemacht?

Verſchieden war der Fall verſchiedner Geiſter Orden:
Der einen Trefflichkeit iſt ihr Verderben worden,
Die Kenntniß ihres Lichts gebahr ihr Finſterniß,
Sie hielten ihre Kraft für von ſich ſelbſt gewiß,
Und voll von ihrem Glanz, verdrüßlich aller Schranken,
Mißkannten ſie den Gott, dem ſie ihn ſollten danken.
Ihr allzu ſtarker Trieb nach der Vollkommenheit
Ward endlich zum Gefühl der eignen Würdigkeit:
Ihr Stolz fieng an in Haß die Furcht vor Gott zu kehren,
Als ohne den ſie ſelbſt der Weſen erſte wären.
So wich ihr Schwarm von Gott, dem Urſprung ſeines Lichts,
Ihr Glanz, entlehnt von Gott, fiel bald ins eigne Nichts;
Nichts blieb an ihnen gut. Gott hatten ſie verlaſſen,
Der Liebe wahren Zweck verſchwuren ſie zu haſſen,
Des höchſten Guts Genuß war ewiglich verſcherzt,
Der Sinn ward mißvergnügt, des Urtheils Licht geſchwärzt.
In ihrem Weſen ſelbſt, worinn ſie ſich verſtiegen,
Fand ſich kein inn'rer Quell von ſtätigem Vergnügen,
Ihr Aufruhr rächte Gott, ihr Hochmuth ward zur Schmach,
Das Böſe war gewählt, das Uebel folgte nach;
Bis daß Reu ohne Buß, Verzweiflung an dem Heile,
Und Mißgunſt ohne Macht den Frevlern ward zum Theile,
Da dort die treue Schaar, die niemals Gott verließ,
In ſeiner Gegenwart, der Geiſter Paradieß
Und Tag fand ohne Nacht, da ewig hoh und ſteigend
Ihr Stand der Gottheit naht, und keinen Eckel zeugend
In der Begierd genießt, und im Genuß begehrt,
Und ihren Geiſt mit Licht, das Herz mit Wolluſt nährt,

Das Uebel, deſſen Macht den Himmel konnte mindern,
Fand wenig Widerſtand bey Adams ſchwachen Kindern.
Ein ſtäter Bilder-Kreiß ſchwebt ſpielend vor dem Sinn,
Der wählt zur Gegenwart, behält und ſendet hin:
Bald hatte Luſt und Zier das ernſtliche verdrungen,
Der Müh und Tugend Bild ſchien trocken und gezwungen,
Die Seele hängte ſich an Ruh und Luſtbarkeit,
Der Tugend Kraft nahm ab durch die Abweſenheit;
Auch lockt der Leib zur Luſt mit zärtlicher Verbindung,
Bedacht wich dem Genuß, und Kenntniß der Empfindung;
Indem was endlich iſt, kan nicht unfehlbar ſeyn,
Das Uebel ſchlich ſich auch in uns durch Irrthum ein.
Der ſchwache Geiſt verlohr der Neigungen Verwaltung,
Wir wendeten in Gift die Mittel der Erhaltung,
Die Triebe der Natur mißkannten Ziel und Maaß,
Bis das, was himmliſch war, ſein hoh Geſchick vergaß.
Der Schönheit Liebe trieb zu unerlaubten Lüſten,
Die Sorg' um Unterhalt zu Haß und bittren Zwiſten;
Der Ehre rege Sucht ſchwoll in den Herzen auf.
Gewiſſen und Vernunft hemmt zwar des Uebels Lauf,
Doch ihr verhaßter Mund, voll unbeliebter Lehren,
Behielt allein das Recht, zu tadeln, nicht zu wehren.

Wir alle ſind verderbt, der allgemeine Gift
Iſt beyde Welten durch den Menſchen nachgeſchifft.
Gold, Ehr und Wolluſt herrſcht, ſo weit der Menſch gebietet,
Und alles was ein Herz, von dieſen ſchwanger, brütet:
Betrug mit falſchem Blick, die Luſt an andrer Leid,
Verachtung fremden Werths, Verläumdung, Brut vom Neid,
Verführung ſchwacher Zucht, der Gottesdienſt des Bauches,
Fruchtloſer Müßiggang, der Hunger eitlen Rauches,
Und ſo viel Seuchen mehr, von denen undurchwühlt
Kein Herz mehr übrig bleibt, das echte Frucht erzielt.
Verſchiedene Geſtalt bedeckt die Ungeheuer,
Die Kunſt der Ehrbarkeit leyht manchen ihren Schleyer,
Wann andrer, die die Scheu mit keiner Larve deckt,
Erbohrne Häßlichkeit die Augen trutzt und ſchreckt.
Geringer Unterſchied! der auf der Haut nur lieget,
Nicht in das innre dringt, und niemand mehr betrieget:
Noch Zeit, noch Land, noch Schwang vermag auf die Natur,
Der Quell flieſſt überall, der Auslauf ändert nur.

Vergebens rühmt ein Volk die Unſchuld ſeiner Sitten,
Es iſt nur jünger ſchlimm, und minder weit geſchritten:
Der Lappen ewig Eis, wo, allzu tief geneigt,
Die Sonne keinen Reiz zur Ueppigkeit erzeugt,
Schließt nicht die Laſter aus, ſie ſind wie wir hinläßig,
Geil, eitel, geitzig, träg, mißgünſtig und gehäßig,
Und was liegt dann daran, bey einem bittern Zwiſt,
Ob Fiſch-Fett oder Gold des Zweyſpalts Urſach iſt!

Wer von der Tugend weicht, entſaget ſeinem Glücke:
Und beugt ſein Engels-Recht zu eines Thiers Geſchicke.
Die Pflichten ſind der Weg, den Gott zur Wohlfahrt giebt,
Ein Herz, wo Laſter herrſcht, hat nie ſich ſelbſt geliebt.
Von auſſen fließt kein Troſt, wann uns das inn're quälet,
Uns eckelt der Genuß, ſo bald die Nothdurft fehlet:
Die Schätze dieſer Welt ſind nur des Leibes Heil,
Der wahre Menſch, der Geiſt, nimmt daran keinen Theil,
So bleibt der müde Geiſt bey falſchen Gütern öde,
Der Eckel im Genuß entdeckt das inn're Blöde,
Nie froh vom itzigen, ſtäts wechſelnd, keinem treu,
Erfähret der Glücklichſte, wie nichtig alles ſey.
Vergebens übertrift das Schickſal unſre Bitten,
Die Welt hat Philipps Sohn, und nicht die Ruh erſtritten:
Ein Thor rennt nach dem Glück, kein Ziel ſchließt ſeine Bahn,
Wo er zu enden meint, fängt er von neuem an.

Doch auch das Schatten-Glück erfreut den Menſchen ſelten,
Weil Gold und Ehre nichts als durch den Vorzug gelten:
Die Güter der Natur ſind endlich und gezählt,
Die einen werden groß von dem, was andern fehlt:
Ein Sieger wird berühmt durch tauſend andrer Leichen,
Und ganzer Dörfer Noth macht einen ein'gen Reichen:
Der Schönen holdes Ja, die einem ſich ergiebt,
Verurtheilt die zur Qual, die da, wo er geliebt.

Wir ſtreiten in der Welt um dieſe falſchen Güter,
Der Eifer, nicht der Werth, erhitzet die Gemüther;
Wie Kinder (wer iſt nicht in einem Stück ein Kind)
Oft um ein ſtreitig Nichts ſich in den Haaren ſind,
Bald dieß bald jenes ſiegt, und trotzet mit dem Ballen,
Bey keinem bleibt die Luſt, und der Verdruß bey allen.
Wir ſchwitzen, kümmern, flehn, verſchwenden Zeit und Blut,
Was wir von Gott erpreßt, iſt endlich keinem gut.

So findt man wahre Noth, wo man Vergnügen ſuchet,
Der Zepter wird ſo oft, als wie der Pflug, verfluchet.
Die Furcht, der Seele Froſt, der Flammenſtrom, der Zorn,
Die Rachſucht ohne Macht, des Kummers tiefer Dorn,
Die wache Eiferſucht, bemüht nach eignem Leide,
Erhitzte Ungedult, der theure Preiß der Freude,
Der Liebe Folter-Bett, der öden Stunden Laſt,
Fliehn von der Hütten Stroh, und herrſchen im Pallaſt.
Noch ſtärker peitſcht den Geiſt das zornige Gewiſſen,
Noch Macht, noch Haß von Gott befreyt von ſeinen Biſſen;
Sein fürchterlicher Ruf dringt in der Fürſten Saal,
In Gold und Purpur bebt Octaviens Gemahl,
Und ſiehet, wo er geht, ſo ſehr er ſucht zu ſchlafen,
Vor ihm den ofnen Schlund voll unfehlbarer Strafen.

Der Leib, das Meiſterſtück der körperlichen Pracht,
Folgt ſeinem Gaſte bald, und fühlt des Uebels Macht.
Vollkommen hatt' er einſt, geſchickt zu Gottes Bilde,
Die Unſchuld noch zum Arzt, und Einigkeit zum Schilde,
Dem Tode minder nah, und vielleicht fern davon,
Nahm er Theil an der Luſt, und nimmt itzt Theil am Lohn:
Die Zeit muß ſeit dem Fall ihr Sandglas gäher ſtürzen,
Die Mordſucht grub ein Erzt, die kurze Friſt zu kürzen,
Tod, Schmerz und Krankheit wird ergraben und erſchifft,
Und unſre Speiſe macht der Ueberfluß zum Gift.
Der Sorgen Wurm verzehrt den Balſam unſrer Säfte,
Der Wolluſt gäher Brand verſchwendt des Leibes Kräfte,
Gefaulet, abgenutzt, und nur zum Leiden ſtark
Eilt er zur alten Ruh, und ſinket nach dem Sarg.

Der Geiſt von allem fern, womit er ſich bethöret,
Sieht ſich in einer Welt, wovon ihm nichts gehöret,
Nur geht mit ihm ins Reich der öden Dunkelheit,
Ein unerträglich Bild der eignen Häßlichkeit.
Gold, Ehre, Wolluſt, Tand, wornach er ſich geſehnet,
Verblendung, Selbſtbetrug, worauf er ſich gelehnet,
Witz, Anſehn, Wiſſenſchaft, der Eigenliebe Spiel,
Von allen bleibt ihm nichts, als des Verluſts Gefühl.

Der Sachen Unterſchied iſt bey ihm umgedrehet,
Er haßt was er geliebt, und ehrt was er verſchmähet,
Und brächte, könnt es ſeyn, jedweden Augenblick
Worinn er ſich verſäumt, mit Zähren Pein zurück.
Die Wahrheit, deren Kraft der Welt Gewühl verhindert,
Findt nichts, das ihr Gefühl in dieſer Wüſte mindert,
Ihr forſchend Feu'r durchgräbt das Inn're der Natur,
Und ſucht im tiefſten Mark des Uebels mindſte Spur:
Das Gute, das verſäumt, das Böſe, ſo begangen,
Die Mittel, die verſcherzt, ſind eitel Folter-Zangen,
Von ſtäter Rachen heiß. Er leidet ohne Friſt,
Weil er gepeiniget, und auch der Henker iſt.
O ſelig jene Schaar, die von der Welt verachtet,
Der Dinge wahren Werth, und nicht den Wahn betrachtet,
Und treu dem inn'ren Ruf, der ſie zum Heile ſchreckt,
Sich ihre Pflicht zum Ziel von allen Thaten ſteckt.
Geſetzt, daß Weh und Hohn, und Armuth ſie mißhandeln,
Wie angenehm wird einſt ihr Schickſal ſich verwandeln,
Wann dort, beym reinen Licht, ihr Geiſt ſich ſelbſt gefällt,
Das überwundne Leid zu ſeiner Wolluſt hält,
Und innig hold mit Gott, dem Urbild ihrer Gaben,
Sie Gott, das höchſte Gut, in ſtäter Nähe haben.

Indeſſen iſt die Welt, die Gott zu ſeinem Ruhm,
Und unſerm Glücke ſchuf, des Uebels Eigenthum;
In allen Arten iſt das Loos des Guten kleiner,
Wo tauſend gehn zur Qual, entrinnt zur Wohlfahrt einer,
Und für ein zeitlich Glück, daß keiner rein genießt,
Folgt ein unendlich Weh, das keine Ruh beſchließt.
O Gott voll Gnad' und Recht, darf ein Geſchöpfe fragen,
Wie kan mit deiner Huld ſich unſre Qual vertragen?
Vergnügt o Vater dich der Kinder Ungemach?
War deine Lieb' erſchöpft? war deine Allmacht ſchwach?
Und konnte deine Welt des Uebels ganz entbehren,
Wie ließeſt du nicht eh ein ewig Unding währen?

Verborgen ſind o Gott! die Wege deiner Huld,
Was in uns Blindheit iſt, iſt in dir keine Schuld.
Vielleicht, daß dermaleinſt die Wahrheit, die ihn peinigt,
Den umgeſchaffnen Geiſt durch lange Qualen reinigt,
Und, nun dem Laſter feind, durch deſſen Frucht gewehrt,
Der Willen, umgewandt, ſich ganz zum Guten kehrt:
Daß Gott die ſpäte Reu ſich endlich läßt gefallen,
Und alle zu ſich zieht, und alles wird in allen.
Denn ſeine Güte nimmt, auch wann ſein Mund uns droht,
Noch Maaß noch Schranken an, und haſſet unſern Todt.
Vielleicht erſetzt das Glück vollkommener Erwählten
Den minder tiefen Grad der Schmerzen der Gequälten;
Vielleicht iſt unſre Welt, die wie ein Körnlein Sand
Im Meere der Himmel ſchwimmt, des Uebels Vaterland!
Die Sterne ſind vielleicht ein Sitz verklärter Geiſter,
Wie hier das Laſter herrſcht, iſt dort die Tugend Meiſter,
Und dieſes Punct der Welt von minder Treflichkeit
Dient in dem groſſen All zu der Vollkommenheit:
Und wir, die wir die Welt im kleinſten Theile kennen,
Urtheilen auf ein Stück, das wir vom Abhang trennen.

Dann Gott hat uns geliebt, wem iſt der Leib bewußt?
Sagt an, was fehlt daran zur Nutzbarkeit und Luſt?
Seht den Zuſammenhang, die Eintracht in den Kräften,
Wie jedes Glied ſich ſchickt zu menſchlichen Geſchäften,
Wie jeder Theil für ſich, und auch für andre ſorgt,
Das Herz vom Hirn den Geiſt, dieß Blut von jenem borgt:
Wie im bequemſten Raum ſich alles ſchicken müſſen,
Wie aus dem erſten Zweck noch andre Nutzen flieſſen,
Der Kreiß-Lauf uns belebt, und auch vor Fäulung ſchützt,
Der ausgebrauchte Theil von uns ſich ſelbſt verſchwitzt,
Und unſer ganzer Bau ein ſtätes Muſter ſcheinet
Von höchſter Wiſſenſchaft, mit höchſter Huld vereinet.
Soll Gott, der dieſen Leib, der Maden Speiſ' und Wirth,
So väterlich verſorgt, ſo prächtig ausgeziert,
Soll Gott den Menſchen ſelbſt, die Seele nicht mehr ſchätzen?
Dem Leib ſein Wohl zum Ziel, dem Geiſt ſein Elend ſetzen!

Nein, deine Huld, o Gott! iſt allzu offenbar,
Die ganze Schöpfung legt dein liebend Weſen dar:
Die Huld, die Raben nährt, wird Menſchen nicht verſtoſſen,
Im Kleinen iſt er groß, unendlich groß im Groſſen.

Wer zweifelt dann daran? ein undankbarer Knecht:
Drum werde was du willſt, dein Wollen iſt gerecht.
Noch Unrecht noch Verſehn kan vom Allweiſen kommen,
Du biſt an Macht, an Gnad, an Weisheit ja vollkommen.
Wann unſer Geiſt geſtärkt, dereinſt dein Licht verträgt,
Und ſich des Schickſals Buch vor unſre Augen legt,
Wann du der Thaten Grund uns würdigeſt zu lehren,
Dann werden alle dich, o Vater! recht verehren,
Und kündig deines Raths, den blinden Spötter ſchmähn,
In der Gerechtigkeit nur Gnad und Weisheit ſehn.

Trauer-Ode,

beym Abſterben ſeiner geliebten Mariane,*) Nov. 1736.

Soll ich von deinem Tode ſingen?
O Mariane! welch ein Lied!
Wann Seufzer mit den Worten ringen,
Und ein Begriff den andern flieht.
Die Luſt, die ich an dir gefunden,
Vergröſſert itzund meine Noth;
Ich öfne meines Herzens Wunden,
Und fühle nochmals deinen Tod.

Doch meine Liebe war zu heftig,
Und du verdienſt ſie allzu wohl,
Dein Bild bleibt in mir viel zu kräftig,
Als daß ich von dir ſchweigen ſoll.
Es wird, im Ausdruck meiner Liebe,
Mir etwas meines Glückes neu;
Als wann von dir mir etwas bliebe,
Ein zärtlich Abbild unſrer Treu.

Nicht Reden, die der Witz gebieret,
Nicht Dichter-Klagen fang ich an;
Nur Seufzer, die ein Herz verlieret,
Wann es ſein Leid nicht faſſen kan.
Ja, meine Seele will ich ſchildern,
Von Lieb' und Traurigkeit verwirrt,
Wie ſie, ergetzt an Trauer-Bildern,
In Kummer-Labyrinthen irrt.

Ich ſeh dich noch, wie du erblaßteſt,
Wie ich verzweifelnd zu dir trat,
Wie du die letzten Kräfte faßteſt,
Um noch ein Wort, das ich erbat.
O Seele voll der reinſten Triebe!
Wie ängſtig warſt du für mein Leid?
Dein letztes Wort war Huld und Liebe,
Dein letztes Thun Gelaſſenheit.

Wo flieh ich hin? in dieſen Thoren
Hat jeder Ort, was mich erſchreckt!
Das Haus hier, wo ich dich verlohren;
Der Tempel dort, der dich bedeckt;
Hier Kinder = = = Ach! mein Blut muß lodern
Beym zarten Abdruck deiner Zier,
Wann ſie dich ſtammelnd von mir fodern;
Wo flieh ich hin? ach! gern zu dir.

O ſoll mein Herz nicht um dich weinen!
Hier iſt kein Freund dir nah als ich.
Wer riß dich aus dem Schooß der deinen?
Du ließeſt ſie, und wählteſt mich.
Dein Vaterland, dein Recht zum Glücke,
Das dein Verdienſt und Blut dir gab,
Die ſind's, wovon ich dich entrückt,
Wohin zu eilen? in dein Grab.

Dort in den bittern Abſchieds-Stunden,
Wie deine Schweſter an dir hieng,
Wie, mit dem Land gemach verſchwunden,
Sie unſerm letzten Blick entgieng;
Sprachſt du zu mir, mit holder Güte,
Die mit gelaßner Wehmuth ſtritt;
Ich geh mit ruhigem Gemüthe,
Was fehlt mir? Haller kömmt ja mit.

Wie kan ich ohne Thränen denken
An jenen Tag, der dich mir gab?
Noch jetzt miſcht Luſt ſich mit dem Kränken,
Entzückung löſt mit Wehmuth ab.

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*) Aelteſte Tochter des Hrn. Samuel Wyß, Herrn zu Mathod und la Mothe, und Marina von Diesbach, die der Verfaſſer den 19. Febr. 1731 geheyrathet, und den 30. Oct. 1736 durch den Tod verlohren hat, da er eben einen Monat vorher in Göttingen angekommen war.

Wie zärtlich war dein Herz im Lieben,
Das Schönheit, Stand und Gut vergaß,
Und mich, allein nach meinen Trieben,
Und nicht nach meinem Glücke maß.

Wie bald verließeſt du die Jugend,
Und flohſt die Welt um mein zu ſeyn;
Du miedſt den Weg gemeiner Tugend,
Und wareſt ſchön für mich allein.
Dein Herz hing ganz an meinem Herzen,
Und ſorgte nicht für dein Geſchick;
Voll Angſt, bey meinem kleinſten Schmerzen,
Entzückt auf einen frohen Blick.

Ein nie am Eiteln feſter Wille,
Der ſich nach Gottes Fügung bog;
Vergnüglichkeit und ſanfte Stille,
Die weder Muth noch Leid bewog;
Ein Vorbild kluger Zucht an Kindern,
Ein ohne Blindheit zartes Herz;
Ein Herz, gemacht mein Leid zu lindern;
War meine Luſt, und iſt mein Schmerz.

Ach! herzlich hab ich dich geliebet,
Weit mehr als ich dir kund gemacht,
Mehr als die Welt mir Glauben giebet,
Mehr als ich ſelbſt vorhin gedacht.
Wie oft, wann ich dich innigſt küßte,
Erzitterte mein Herz und ſprach!
Wie! wann ich Sie verlaſſen müßte!
Und heimlich folgten Thränen nach.

Ja, mein Betrübniß ſoll noch währen,
Wann ſchon die Zeit die Thränen hemmt:
Das Herz kennt andre Arten Zähren,
Als die die Wangen überſchwemmt.
Die erſte Liebe meiner Jugend,
Ein innig Denkmahl deiner Huld,
Und die Verehrung deiner Tugend,
Sind meines Herzens ſtäte Schuld.

Im dickſten Wald, bey finſtern Buchen,
Wo niemand meine Klagen hört,
Will ich dein holdes Bildniß ſuchen,
Wo niemand mein Gedächtniß ſtört.
Ich will dich ſehn, wie du giengeſt
Wie traurig, wann ich Abſchied nahm;
Wie zärtlich, wann du mich umfiengeſt;
Wie freudig, wann ich wieder kam.

Auch in des Himmels tiefer Ferne,
Will ich im Dunkeln nach dir ſehn,
Und forſchen, weiter als die Sterne,
Die unter deinen Füſſen drehn.
Dort wird jetzt deine Unſchuld glänzen
Vom Licht verklärter Wiſſenſchaft:
Dort ſchwingt ſich aus den alten Gränzen,
Der Seele neu entbundne Kraft.

Dort lernſt du Gottes Licht gewöhnen,
Sein Rath wird Ewigkeit für dich;
Du miſcheſt, mit der Engel Tönen,
Dein Lied, und ein Gebet für mich.
Du lernſt den Nutzen meines Leidens,
Gott ſchlägt des Schickſals Buch dir auf:
Dort ſteht die Abſicht unſers Scheidens,
Und mein beſtimmter Lebens-Lauf.

Vollkommenſte! die ich auf Erden
So ſtark, und doch nicht gnug geliebt;
Wie liebens-würdig wirſt du werden!
Nun dich ein himmliſch Licht umgiebt,
Mich überfällt ein brünſtig Hoffen,
O! ſprich zu meinem Wunſch nicht nein
O! halt die Arme für mich offen!
Ich eile, ewig dein zu ſeyn.

Doris.

Des Tages Licht hat ſich verdunkelt,
Der Purpur, der im Weſten funkelt,
Erblaſſet in ein falbes Grau;
Der Mond erhebt die Silber-Hörner,
Die kühle Nacht ſtreut Schlummer-Körner,
Und tränkt die trockne Welt mit Thau.

Komm, Doris, komm zu jenen Buchen,
Laß uns den ſtillen Grund beſuchen,
Wo nichts ſich regt, als ich und du.
Nur noch der Hauch verliebter Weſte
Belebt das ſchwanke Laub der Aeſte,
Und winket dir liebkoſend zu.

Die grüne Nacht belaubter Bäume,
Lockt uns in Anmuths-volle Träume,
Worein der Geiſt ſich ſelber wiegt:
Er zieht die ſchweifenden Gedanken
In angenehm verengte Schranken,
Und lebt mit ſich allein vergnügt.

Sprich Doris! fühlſt du nicht im Herzen
Die zarte Regung ſanfter Schmerzen,
Die ſüßer ſind, als alle Luſt?
Strahlt nicht dein holder Blick gelinder?
Rollt nicht dein Blut ſich ſelbſt geſchwinder,
Und ſchwellt die Unſchulds-volle Bruſt?

Ich weiß, daß ſich dein Herz befraget,
Und ein Begriff zum andern ſaget:
Wie wird mir doch? Was fühle ich?
Mein Kind! du wirſt es nicht erkennen,
Ich aber werd es leichtlich nennen,
Ich fühle mehr als das für dich.

Du kennſt; es regt ſich deine Tugend,
Die holde Farbe keuſcher Jugend
Deckt dein verſchämtes Angeſicht:
Dein Blut wallt von vermiſchtem Triebe,
Der ſtrenge Ruhm verwirft die Liebe,
Allein dein Herz verwirft ſie nicht.

Mein Kind erheitre deine Blicke,
Ergieb dich nur in dein Geſchicke,
Dem nur die Liebe noch gefehlt.
Was willſt du dir dein Glück mißgönnen?
Du wirſt dich doch nicht retten können,
Wer zweifelt, der hat ſchon gewählt.

Der ſchönſten Jahre friſche Blüthe
Belebt dein aufgeweckt Gemüthe,
Darein kein ſchlaffer Kaltſinn ſchleicht:
Der Augen Glut quillt aus dem Herzen,
Du wirſt nicht immer fühllos ſcherzen,
Wen alles liebt, der liebet leicht.

Wie? ſollte dich die Liebe ſchrecken!
Mit Schaam mag ſich das Laſter decken,
Die Liebe war ihm nie verwandt;
Sieh deine freudigen Geſpielen,
Du fühleſt, was ſie alle fühlen,
Dein Brand iſt der Natur ihr Brand.

O könnte dich ein Schatten rühren
Der Wolluſt, die zwey Herzen ſpüren,
Die ſich einander zugedacht,
Du forderteſt von dem Geſchicke
Die langen Stunden ſelbſt zurücke,
Die dein Herz müßig zugebracht.

Wann eine Schöne ſich ergeben
Für den, der für ſie lebt, zu leben,
Und ihr Verweigern wird ein Scherz:
Wann, nach erkannter Treu des Hirten,
Die Tugend ſelbſt ihn kränzt mit Myrten,
Und die Vernunft ſpricht wie das Herz;

Wann zärtlich Wehren, holdes Zwingen,
Verliebter Diebſtal, reizendes Ringen
Mit Wolluſt beyder Herz berauſcht;
Wann der verwirrte Blick der Schönen,
Ihr ſchwimmend Aug, voll ſeichter Thränen,
Was ſie verweigert, heimlich heiſcht.

Wenn ſich . . . allein, mein Kind, ich ſchweige;
Von dieſer Luſt, die ich dir zeige,
Iſt, was ich ſage, kaum ein Traum;
Vermiſchte Wehmuth, ſanft Entzücken!
Was wagt der Mund euch auszudrücken?
Das Herz begreift euch ſelber kaum.

Du ſeufzeſt, Doris! wirſt du blöde?
O ſelig! flößte meine Rede
Dir den Geſchmack des Liebens ein;
Wie angenehm iſt doch die Liebe?
Erregt ihr Bild ſchon zarte Triebe,
Was wird das Urbild ſelber ſeyn!

Mein Kind, genieß des frühen Lebens,
Sey nicht ſo ſchön für dich vergebens,
Sey nicht ſo ſchön für uns zur Qual:
Schilt nicht der Liebe Furcht und Kummer,
Des kalten Gleichſinns ekler Schlummer,
Iſt unvergnügter tauſendmal.

Zu dem, was haſt du zu befahren?
Laß andre nur ein Herz bewahren,
Das, wers beſeſſen, gleich verläßt:
Du bleibſt der Seelen ewig Meiſter,
Die [illegible]heit feſſelt dir die Geiſter,
Und [illegible] Tugend hält ſie feſt.

Erwähle nur von unſrer Jugend,
Dein Reich iſt ja das Reich der Tugend,
Doch, darf ich rathen, wähle mich.
Was hilft es lang ſein Herz verhehlen?
Du kannſt von hundert edlern wählen,
Doch keinen, der dich liebt, wie ich.

Ein andrer wird mit Ahnen prahlen,
Der mit erkauftem Glanze ſtrahlen,
Der mahlt ſein Feuer künſtlich ab:
Ein jeder wird was anders preiſen,
Ich aber habe nur zu weiſen
Ein Herz, das mir der Himmel gab.

Trau nicht, mein Kind, jedwedem Freier,
Im Munde trägt er doppelt Feuer,
Ein halbes Herz in ſeiner Bruſt:
Der, liebt den Glanz, der dich umgiebet,
Der, liebt dich, weil dich alles liebet,
Und der, liebt in dir ſeine Luſt.

Ich aber liebe, wie man liebte,
Eh ſich der Mund zum Seufzen übte,
Und Treu zu ſchwören ward zur Kunſt:
Mein Aug iſt nur auf dich gekehret,
Von allem, was man an dir ehret,
Begehr' ich nichts als deine Gunſt.

Mein Feuer brennt nicht nur auf Blättern
Ich ſuche nicht dich zu vergöttern,
Die Menſchheit ziert dich allzuſehr:
Ein andrer kan gelehrter klagen,
Mein Mund weiß weniger zu ſagen,
Allein mein Herz empfindet mehr.

Was ſiehſt du furchtſam hin und wieder,
Und ſchlägſt die holden Blicke nieder?
Es iſt kein fremder Zeuge nah:
Mein Kind, kan ich dich nicht erweichen?
Doch ja, dein Mund giebt zwar kein Zeichen,
Allein dein Seufzen ſagt mir Ja.

Karl Ludwig von Haller,

der Enkel des großen H., ward den 1. Auguſt 1768 zu Bern geboren, und ſchon 1795 als Sekretär des großen Rathes in ſeiner Vaterſtadt angeſtellt, wanderte aber in Folge der politiſchen Umgeſtaltung ſeines Vaterlandes 1800 nach Deutſchland aus und lebte hier meiſt in Erlangen und Weimar, ſeit 1805 aber als Kaiſerlicher Hofkriegsſekretär zu Wien. Ein Ruf als Profeſſor der Geſchichte an der Univerſität, führte ihn 1806 nach Bern zurück, wo er 1814 noch zum Mitglied des kleinen Stadtrathes und des großen Kantonrathes ernannt wurde. Dieſe Aemter behielt er auch, obwohl nach ſeinem eignen Bekenntniß ſeit 1808 im Herzen katholiſch und ſeit ſeinem am 17. October 1820 wirklich erfolgten geheimen Uebertritt zu der genannten Kirche auch auf wirkliche Verbreitung ſeines neuen Glaubens bedacht bis Anfangs 1821. In dieſem Jahre entſetzte ihn die Berner Regierung in Berückſichtigung ſeines durch den Schwur des proteſtantiſchen Amtseides im December 1820 kund gewordenen Meineides aller ſeiner Würden und Rechte, bevor noch die gleich darauf folgende öffentliche Erklärung ſeines Uebertritts von ſeinem dermaligen Aufenthaltsorte, Paris, aus angelangt war. Seitdem lebte er in Paris, wo er 1824 eine Anſtellung im Departement des Auswärtigen und das franzöſiſche Bürgerrecht erhielt. Kurz vor 1830 wandte er ſich nach Solothurn, ward dort ebenfalls mit dem Bürgerrecht beſchenkt, kehrte aber bald nach Paris zurück und blieb dort als Profeſſor an der école de chartes, bis die Juliusrevolution ihn nach Solothurn zurücktrieb. Hier verweilt er ſeitdem mit ſeinen Planen beſchäftigt und 1834 zum Mitglied des kleinen Rathes ernannt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber den Patriotismus. Rede. Bern 1794.

Geſchichte der Wirkungen und Folgen des öſtreichiſchen Feldzugs in der Schweiz. Weimar 1801. 2 Thle.

Denkmal der Wahrheit auf Lavater. Ebend. 1801.

Handbuch der allgemeinen Staatenkunde. Winterthur 1808.

Reſtauration der Staatswiſſenſchaft. Ebendaſ. 1816 — 1820. 6 Bnde. Ebendaſ. 1825, der 5. Band noch nicht erſchienen.

Ueber die Konſtitution der ſpaniſchen Kortes. Ebendaſ. 1820.

Lettre à sa famille, pour lui déclarer son retour à l'église catholique, apostolique et romaine. Paris 1821. Franzöſiſch und deutſch mit Anmerkungen von Paulus. Stuttgart 1821. Deutſch von Studer. Bern 1821.

Da ein Urtheil über die Schriften dieſes Mannes nicht gefällt werden kann, ohne ſeine Perſönlichkeit und ſeine Handlungen ſcharf zu beleuchten, wir alſo jedenfalls die uns gezogenen Schranken überſchreiten müßten und als Mitlebender keineswegs unpartheiiſch zu bleiben vermöchten, ſo enthalten wir uns deſſelben durchaus, es der ſtrengen aber unbeſtechlich richtenden Nachwelt überlaſſend, denn die Acten über ihn, ſo viele Gegner und Ankläger ſich auch fanden, ſind noch nicht geſchloſſen, und unſere Zeit iſt noch viel zu aufgeregt, als daß ſie ſelbſt den nach Unpartheilichkeit Strebenden vor Irrungen bewahren könnte.

Johann Chriſtian Hallmann

ward 1650 in Schleſien geboren, ſtudirte nach beendigter Schulbildung zu Breslau und Jena die Rechte, ließ ſich darauf in Breslau als Advocat nieder und gerieth durch ſeinen Uebertritt zur katholiſchen Kirche in mancherlei unangenehme dauernde Verhältniſſe mit ſeinen Gönnern und Verwandten. Er ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1704.

Von ihm hat man:

Trauer-, Freuden- und Schäferſpiele. Breslau 1672. Ebendaſ. 1684.

Einige Schauſpiele und Kleinigkeiten in damaligen Zeitſchriften, u. ſ. w.

Ein durchaus mittelmäßiger Jünger der Hoffmannswaldau-Lohenſteiniſchen Schule.

Chriſtian Gottlob Haltaus

ward 1702 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeiner Vaterſtadt Philologie, ward Mag. derſelben und vielleicht durch Mitwirkung ſeines beſondern Gönners, des Hofraths Mencke, 1734 zum Tertius an der daſigen Nikolaiſchule ernannt, ſtieg 1746 zum Konrektor und 1751 zum Rektor derſelben und ſtarb daſelbſt, wegen ſeiner Redlichkeit allgemein geliebt und betrauert, den 11. Februar 1758.

In lateiniſcher Sprache erſchien von ihm:

Calendarium medii aevi, praecipue germanicum. Lipsiae 1729. Deutſch m. Zuſätzen u. Berichtigungen v. Scheffer. Erlangen 1797, in 4.

Glossarium germanicum medii aevi cum praefatione J. G. Böhmii. Lipsiae 1758, 2 Vol. fol.

Wenn auch nicht als deutſcher Schriftſteller, machte er ſich doch als Forſcher und Sammler ſehr verdient um die gründlichere Kenntniß unſerer Sprache und ihrer Bildung.

Johann Georg Hamann

Dieſer bei ſeinem Leben nicht ohne eigne Schuld ſo häufig verkannte originelle Denker und Magus des Nordens, wie er ſich als Schriftſteller richtig bezeichnete, ward den 27 Auguſt 1730 zu Königsberg geboren und widmete ſich anfangs, dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters gemäß, auf der daſigen Univerſität der Theologie. Aber Schwerfälligkeit der Zunge, ſchwaches Gedächtniß und Vorliebe für Kritik, Poeſie und Philologie vermochte ihn, ſich vorzüglich mit dieſen Wiſſenſchaften zu beſchäftigen und die Rechte wenigſtens dem Namen nach zu ſeinen Berufsſtudien zu machen. Nach Vollendung derſelben kam er als Hofmeiſter 1752 in das Haus der Baronin von Budberg in Kurland, 1753 in das des Generals von Witten und 1755 zu einer Kaufmannsfamilie in Riga, wo die Gelegenheit ihn mit der Politik und den Handlungswiſſenſchaften ſo vertraut machte, daß er 1756 zu commerciellen Zwecken Reiſen nach Berlin, Lübeck, Holland und England unternehmen konnte. Der ungünſtige Erfolg derſelben verſetzte ihn in London in tiefen Mißmuth, führte ihn aber auch zur Religion und Sittlichkeit zurück, worauf er bis 1759 ruhig in Riga lebte. Nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt zurückgekehrt widmete er bis 1762 ſeine Muße der alten Literatur und den orientaliſchen Sprachen und trat zur Sicherung ſeiner Zukunft als unbeſoldeter Schreiber in die Dienſte der Stadt und des Staats. Allein 1764 entſagte er dieſer ſeinen Körper und Geiſt erdrückenden Beſchäftigung, machte eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland, Elſaß und die Schweiz und ging als Hofmeiſter mit ſeinem kurländiſchen Principal nach Warſchau. Nach ſeiner 1767 erfolgten Zurückkunft nach Königsberg wurde er bei der daſigen Zolldirection 1777, auch als Packhofverwalter bei dem königlichen Licent daſelbſt angeſtellt und hätte, 1784 durch einen wohlwollenden Gönner in eine ſorgenfreie Lage verſetzt, ſich mit Ruhe ſeinen Studien widmen können, wenn nicht ſeine zerrüttete Geſundheit eine neue Reiſe gefordert hätte. Er nahm daher 1787 ſeinen Abſchied und ſtarb nach öfterem Wechſel ſeines Aufenthaltes endlich bei ſeinem Wohlthäter zu Münſter den 21. Juni 1788.

Von ihm erſchien:

Schriften. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Roth. Berlin 1821 — 25. 7 Bde. in 8.

(Die vollſtändigſte Sammlung der ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen Hamann's, von denen viele, da ſie meiſt als Broſchüren erſchienen, äußerſt ſelten geworden ſind, zudem da H. meiſt pſeudonym auftrat, und ſich bald Epagathus Vettius, bald Telonarcha oder der Magus des Nordens u. ſ. w. nannte.)

Einzeln:

Golgatha und Scheblimini! Von einem Prediger in der Wüſte. Dresden 1784. Neue verbeſſerte Ausgabe mit Vorrede und Anmerkungen von Jeſchem (J. Fr. v. Meyer). Ebendaſ. 1816. in 8.

Sibylliniſche Blätter des Magus im Norden. Von Friedr. Cramer. Leipzig 1819. m. H's Portrait.

Ein eigenes Schickſal waltete über den Leiſtungen dieſes merkwürdigen und genialen Mannes, und erſt lange nach ſeinem Tode fing man allmählig an, ihnen Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu laſſen; doch bedurfte es dazu wiederholter Anregung von Seiten bedeutender Stimmführer in unſerer Literatur, wie z. B. Herder's, Jacobi's, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter's und Goethe's. — Während ſeines Lebens galt er für einen Sonderling und Myſtiker, und doch war er das Erſtere nur durch eine ſcharf ausgeprägte Eigenthümlichkeit, ſo wie das Letztere durch eine feſte Anhänglichkeit an das bibliſche Chriſtenthum; ſeine originale Schreibart voll tiefer Gedankenblitze, ſeltnem Wiſſen aber auch ſeltſamen Wendungen und Bildern, bot der Maſſe der Leſer zu große Schwierigkeiten dar, ſo daß dieſe ihn lieber als unverſtändlich von vorn herein erklärte, als daß ſie ſich bemüht hätte, mit Ernſt und Eifer in den Geiſt deſſelben einzudringen. Was Hamann hier leiſtete, das wird am Treffendſten von Herder (Fragmente zur deutſchen Literatur I, 11) mit folgenden Worten charakteriſirt: Der Kern ſeiner (Hamann's) Schriften enthält viele Saamenkörner von großen Wahrheiten, neuen Beobachtungen und einer merkwürdigen Beleſenheit; die Schaale derſelben iſt ein mühſam geflochtenes Gewebe von Kernausdrücken, Anſpielungen und Wortblumen. Der Philolog hat, damit ich mich ſeines eigenen Zeugniſſes bediene, und ſeine Manier gleichſam nach ſeiner Manier ſchildere: geleſen und allerdings viel, weitläuftig und mit Geſchmack geleſen (multum et multa legit), allein die Balſamdüfte vom ätheriſchen Tiſch der Alten, mit einigen Vapeurs der Gallier und dem Brodem der brittiſchen Laune vermiſcht, ſind um ihn zu einer Wolke geworden u. ſ. w.; beobachtet: Seine Bemerkungen vereinigen eine ganze Ausſicht in einen Geſichtspunkt; hier ſtehe aber ein Leſer, der dieſen Punkt treffe, oft auf einem Wortſpiel hafte, der ſein Auge, ſeine Laune zu dieſen Beobachtungen hat — ſonſt ſieht er verzogene Stellungen, und Schimmel ſtatt eines mikroſkopiſchen Wäldchens; gedacht: wie es ſcheint, über Schriften, die ihm ein Aergerniß oder eine Augenweide geweſen — und über Vorfälle, dazu er allein den Schlüſſel behält. Weil er aber die Spinnengewebe der Syſteme haßt: ſo iſt jeder Gedanke eine unaufgefädelte Perle; jeder Gedanke iſt in ein Wort eingekleidet, ohne welches er ihn nicht denken und ſagen konnte; angenehme Worte geſucht und gefunden: ſeine Annehmlichkeiten ſind keine Folgen von gelernten Regeln, ſeine Fehler ſind ſogar, bis auf die Einkleidungen, Anſpielungen, und Licht und Schatten bei ihm regelmäßige Fehler. Erfindung und Zeichnung ſind Früchte der Denk- und Sehart u. ſ. w.

Vgl. Ueber H's Leben ſeine eigne Schrift in der Sammlung Th. I. S. 149, ſo wie die in den folgenden Bänden befindlichen Briefe deſſelben.

Neue Apologie des Buchſtabens h*).

Zu gegenwärtigen Betrachtungen über die Orthographie giebt mir ein außerordentlicher Religionslehrer, mit den erſten Buchſtaben C. T. D. Anlaß, „der von ſich ſagt, er ſey von der allgemeinen, geſunden und praktiſchen Menſchenvernunft bevollmächtigt, unſern deutſchen Köpfen neuerlich zu ſagen, wie der Buchſtabe h, der nie ausgeſprochen wird, von unachtſamen, undenkenden Brodſchreibern und ſogenannten Kunſtrichtern zwiſchen die Sylben eingeſchoben worden ſey, und daß dieſe Schreibart deſſelben Buchſtabens h als eine unnütze, ungegründete, in den Augen aller Ausländer barbariſch erſcheinende und unſerer Nation ſchimpfliche Gewohnheit abgeſchafft werden müſſe.“

Bey aller Sanftmuth ſeiner ächten Religion, bey aller Gründlichkeit, womit er die Beſchuldigung einer Enthuſiaſterey zu widerlegen ſucht, ſchilt er alle deutſche Köpfe, die ein nie ausgeſprochenes h in der Mitte und am Ende einer Sylbe oder Worts ſchreiben, für Sclaven! — Ja, er beſchließt ſeine zufälligen, zur Hauptſache ſich paſſenden Gedanken mit dem Orakelſpruche: „Wer in der Orthographie des kleinen Buchſtabens h nicht treu iſt, der iſt auch in den großen Offenbarungen und Geheimniſſen der allgemeinen, geſunden und praktiſchen Menſchenreligion gerne untreu und ungerecht.“

Der Verfaſſer giebt ſich zwar ſelbſt das rühmliche Zeugniß, „daß er überall auf die beſtimmteſte Deutlichkeit der Gedanken dringe, jedes Wort ganz genau erkläre, mit keiner Satzung was zu thun habe, deren Grund ſich nicht abſehen ließe, von keinen unmöglichen und übertriebenen Poſtulaten was wiſſen wolle u. ſ. w.“ Aller dieſer Selbſtruhm iſt aber deſto unverſchämter, da er die ganze Laſt ſeiner Methode in der obwaltenden Sache des Buchſtabens h nicht mit einem Finger berührt. Eine ſo handgreifliche Untreue und ſchreyende Ungerechtigkeit bey einer orthographiſchen und beynahe kindiſchen Pedanterie, wird die verſtändigſten Perſonen in der ganzen Nation überzeugen, was der außerordentliche Religionslehrer für ein armer Sünder in den Augen ſeiner eigenen ſogenannten allgemeinen, geſunden und geübten Menſchenvernunft ſey, und wie wenig Gnade er ſelbſt vor ihrem barmherzigen Richterthrone ſich zu verſprechen habe.

Wenn ein Enthuſiaſt auf deutſch ein Begeiſterter heißt: ſo ſcheint der Verfaſſer der zufälligen, zur Hauptſache ſich paſſenden Gedanken über den Buchſtaben h „aus der Eingebung ſeiner hochgelobten Menſchenvernunft die ungewöhnlichſten und undeutlichſten Sprüche hervorzubringen, und in einem allzuſtarken Triebe eines Affects oder in einer übertriebenen Vorſtellung“ das Crucifige gegen einen unſchuldigen Hauch zu predigen, den einige Sprachgrübler nicht einmal für einen Buchſtaben haben erkennen wollen.

Geneigter Leſer! ich bin kein abgedankter noch abgeſetzter, wiewohl ein bereits ziemlich bejahrter Schulmeiſter. Aus einigen flüchtigen Blättern, die ich als ein der Jugend wahres Beſtes ſuchender Lehrer habe abdrucken laſſen, iſt es jedermänniglich bekannt, wie es immer mein einziges Augenmerk geweſen, meine Schüler, deren Anzahl ſich gegenwärtig auf 120 beläuft, zu einer anſtändigen Rechtſchreibung in unſerer Mutterſprache anzuführen. Von meiner lieben Ehefrau und älteſten Tochter in meinem Schweiß- und Blutſauern Amte unterſtützt, eſſe ich mein Salz und Brod mit Freuden, und trinke, nach verrichteter Arbeit, mein Kännchen Bier mit gutem Muth. Der liebe Vater in der Höhe wolle mich auf meine alten Tage vor der dreyfachen Verſuchung bewahren, „mir durch außerordentliches Büchermachen Lebensmittel zu verſchaffen, in ein fleiſchliches und phariſäiſches Vertrauen auf die Orthodoxie meiner Orthographie zu fallen und eine ſolche Buchſtabenmengerey, als der außerordentliche Religionslehrer unter die Nationen Deutſchlands einzuführen im Schilde trägt, bey der mir anvertrauten Heerde beyderley Geſchlechts zu verſtatten.“

Ich kenne den Namen meines Gegners bloß nach ſeinen drey Anfangsbuchſtaben. Dem geneigten Leſer, der ihn noch weniger kennen mag, will ich aus der vor mir liegenden Urkunde einen kleinen Auszug von deſſelben Leben und Meinungen mittheilen, um mich zu rechtfertigen, wenn ich ihn für einen Mann halte, mit dem ich mich hoffentlich nicht ſchämen darf, ein paar gebrauchte Bogen zu wechſeln oder mich in einen orthographiſchen Zweykampf mit ihm einzulaſſen.

„Herr C. T. D. hat vor etlichen 40 bis 50 Jahren auf einer etwas verdächtigen Univerſität, wie es ſcheint, etwas kümmerlich ſtudirt. — Er hat, den fernern Umſtänden, die Schriften eines unſterblichen Wolf in deutſcher und lateiniſcher Sprache, einige Jahre hindurch, in einer der beſten und dazu unverändert beſtimmten Tageſtunden mit mechaniſchem Bedacht durchgegangen, um zur Erkenntniß desjenigen zu kommen, was Begriffe, was Zuſammenhang der Gedanken, was denken heiße — Er hat viel hundertmal wider ſein beſſer Wiſſen und Gewiſſen, wie er gegenwärtig ſchreibt, damals öffentlich geprediget; außer einigen griechiſchen und lateiniſchen Büchern, das neue Teſtament und einige Stücke deſſelben mehr als einmal überſetzt und erläutert“ — Iſt es nicht Jammer und Schade, daß ein ſo rühmlich angewandtes Leben durch die ärgſte Verrätherey gegen einen unſchuldigen Buchſtaben verdunkelt werden ſoll!

Ungeachtet nach dem eigenen Geſtändniſſe des Verfaſſers ſeine Meinungen weder neu noch unbekannt ſind, ſo ſcheinen ſie doch alle ziemlich der Würde eines außerordentlichen Religionslehrers und dem Geſchmack ſeines erleuchteten Jahrhunderts angemeſſen zu ſeyn. Er hält ſeine Seele „für eine Eigenſchaft ſeines äußerſt künſtlich und weiſe eingerichteten Leibes,“ der aber eheſter Tagen, wie ein wüſtes, unbewohntes, altes Haus einfallen wird. Eine abſtammende Eigenſchaft jener „leiblichen Eigenſchaft iſt ſeine Vernunft,“ groß wie die Diana der Epheſer, wunderthätig wie ihr vom Himmel gefallenes Bild, und eine eben ſo unbefleckte heilige Jungfrau. „In einer ſorgfältigen Ausübung des dunkelſten Inſtincts beſteht ſeine allgemeine, geſunde praktiſche Religion und der klare Vaterwille GOttes über alles Ungeziefer und Unkraut der Erde“ — Unter allen unbegreiflichen, ſich einander widerſprechenden und unfruchtbaren Betrachtungen über ſeine Menſchenreligion iſt die ſeltſame Erſcheinung eines orthographiſchen Kanons, ein wahrer Gott ex machina, dem meine gegenwärtigen Betrachtungen eigentlich gewidmet ſind.

Weil Buchſtaben nicht nur Zeichen articulirter Töne ſind, ſondern auch oft Sylben und bisweilen Wörter, ja ſogar den Namen eines außerordentlichen Religionslehrers vorſtellen können: ſo iſt leicht zu erachten, daß ſein philoſophiſcher Begriff von einem Buchſtaben allgemein genug ſeyn wird, auch auf einen bloßen Hauch oder Spiritum zu paſſen.

Nun laßt uns zur Hauptſache ſchreiten und verſuchen, ob es uns gelingen wird, den zureichenden Grund des Satzes abzuſehen, daß der Buchſtabe h weder in der Mitte noch am Ende einer Sylbe geſchrieben werden müſſe.

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*) Aus: J. G. Hamann's Schriften. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Roth. 4. Theil. Berlin 1823.

Erſte mögliche Antwort: weil er nicht ausgeſprochen wird.

Ich gebe dieſe Antwort für nichts als möglich aus, ohne ſolche meinem Gegner wirklich aufzubürden, damit ich mich nicht zu früh ſeiner zu ſchämen anfangen müßte, wenn er es im Ernſt für einen Grundſatz unſerer Orthographie und der allgemeinen Menſchenvernunft ausgeben wollte: „daß kein „Buchſtabe, der nicht ausgeſprochen wird, geſchrieben werden, „und folglich die Ausſprache der Buchſtaben die einzige und „höchſte Schiedsrichterin der Rechtſchreibung für deutſche Köpfe „ſeyn müßte.“

Wenn das h in der Mitte und am Ende der Sylben deswegen ausgelaſſen werden ſoll, weil es nicht ausgeſprochen wird: ſo müßte noch vielmehr jede Verdoppelung eines Mitlauters am Ende jeder Sylbe wegfallen. Iſt es wohl einer noch ſo allgemeinen, geſunden und größten Menſchenzunge möglich, ein ll, ff, tt, mm, nn, auszuſprechen? Demungeachtet bedient ſich der Verfaſſer einer außerordentlichen ihm eigenen Verdoppelung in dem Vorwörtchen ann, ohne daß ich ihm ein anderes Wunder in der Ausſprache dieſes doppelten Mitlauters als durch die Modification des Selbſtlauters zutraue. Sollte aber zu einer etwanigen Modification in der Ausſprache der Selbſtlauter nicht das Zeichen der Aſpiration geſchickter ſeyn, als die für die Zunge eben ſo unmögliche Verdoppelung eines beſtimmten articulirten Tons?

Der Kanon, keinen Buchſtaben, welcher nicht ausgeſprochen wird, zu ſchreiben, iſt das unmöglichſte und übertriebenſte Poſtulat in der Ausübung. Wozu iſt der Verfaſſer ſelbſt, nicht nur in Anſehung aller übrigen Buchſtaben, ſondern ſogar des h, ſeinem eigenen Geſetzgeber untreu, und warum ſchreibt er nicht in anſtatt ihn und im anſtatt ihm oder ir anſtatt ihr und tun anſtatt thun, um wenigſtens dem Schein einer Analogie Genüge zu leiſten? Welcher Grund läßt ſich aber abſehen von ſeiner partheyiſchen Ausnahme aller übrigen Buchſtaben und ſeiner ungerechten Strenge gegen einen Hauch, der kein articulirter Ton iſt?

Sollte die Ausſprache der Buchſtaben auf einen ſo allgemeinen Richterthron über die Rechtſchreibung erhoben werden, als ſich die ſogenannte Menſchenvernunft über die Religion unter dem Deckmantel der Freyheit anmaßt: ſo läßt ſich das Schickſal unſerer Mutterſprache abſehen. Welche Spaltungen! welche Babyloniſche Verwirrung! welche Buchſtabenmengerey! Alle Mannigfaltigkeit der Dialecte und Mundarten und ihrer Siboleths würde ſich in die Bücher jeder Provinz ergießen, und welcher Damm würde dieſer orthographiſchen Sündfluth widerſtehen können? Das aus der rauhen Mitternacht Deutſchlands verſtoßene h würde ſich in den Schriften größerer und milderer Nationen des heiligen römiſchen Reichs mit ſolcher Ueppigkeit vervielfältigen thuen, die mit der weiſen Freygebigkeit eines berühmten Ueberſetzers heiliger Pergamentrollen in jeder einzelnen Fällen, ſich gar nicht vergleichen ließe. — Kurz, alles geſellſchaftliche Band der Litteratur würde unter den Nationen Deutſchlands in wenig Jahren zerriſſen werden, zum größten Nachtheil der ächten, allgemeinen praktiſchen Religion, ihrer Ausbreitung und des durch ſie verheißenen Friedens — —

Mit was für Gewiſſen aber kann ein Mann, der ſo ſehr auf die beſtimmteſte Deutlichkeit der Gedanken und eine ſorgfältige Treue in Kleinigkeiten dringt, die kleinen orthographiſchen Hülfsmittel zur Deutlichkeit und beſſeren Beſtimmung der Begriffe aus dem Wege räumen? — Ein deutſcher Kopf, mit deſſen Kalbe Wolf ſich unſterblich gepflügt, hielt alle Wurzeln unſerer Mutterſprache für einſylbig und die Befehlworte für die Wurzel der Zeitwörter. Führ iſt alſo der Stamm des Zeitwortes führen. Warum ſollte die etymologiſche Eigenſchaft der Buchſtaben, welche der Verfaſſer noch gar nicht ſcheint verläugnet oder abgeſchworen zu haben, nicht dem h vorzüglich zu ſtatten kommen, um den Unterſchied in nachſtehenden zwo Zeilen eines alten Kirchenliedes ſinnlich und augenſcheinlich zu machen:

Der du für mich geſtorben.
Führ auch mein Herz und Sinn.

Beſtimmt aber die Ausſprache der bloßen Buchſtaben ſchon die Ausſprache eines Worts? wie ſollte die bloße Ausſprache der Buchſtaben die Rechtſchreibung beſtimmen können? Kann denn ein Kind leſen, ſobald es mit dem Abc fertig iſt? Ja, kann es einem außerordentlichen Religionslehrer ſeines erleuchteten Jahrhunderts unbekannt ſeyn, daß alle Kinder buchſtabiren müſſen, ehe ſie leſen lernen, und eben ſo gut unterrichtet werden, Sylben als Buchſtaben gehörig auszuſprechen! —

Geneigter Leſer! Ungeachtet meines ernſtlichen Vorſatzes, mich aller zufälligen, ſich zur Hauptſache nur ſo verhaltenden Gedanken zu entſchlagen, und ihnen als ſo viel läſtigen Verſuchungen dunkler Vorſtellungskräfte ritterlich zu widerſtehen, muß ich nur dieſes eine mal im Vorbeygehen anführen, daß ich willens bin, meinem Gegner weit mehr Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu laſſen, als er von gewiſſen politiſchen Oberſchreibern der deutſchen Litteratur in ihren allgemeinen, ſalzloſen und gleichgültigen Recenſionen erwarten darf; welche zu ihrer privilegirten Untreue und Ungerechtigkeit im Urtheilen noch den gröbſten Undank gegen den außerordentlichen Religionslehrer ihres erleuchteten Publici häufen, unterdeſſen ſie mit dem Nierenfette ſeiner Meinungen ihre Romane, Wörterbücher, Provincialbriefe und Verſuche betreufen, um alle Heiden und Thoren in Deutſchland zum Freudentiſche ihres neuen Himmels einzuladen, und ſämmtliche Weiſen nach dem Fleiſch, ſämmtliche Gewaltigen, ſämmtliche Edlen ſo ſelig im Geiſt zu machen, als, nach einem bekannten Liederdichter ihrer allgemeinen Kirche, der weiland unverdroſſene Hercules bey der Freudentafel ſeines jovialiſchen Vaters ſich es ſchmecken läßt.*)

Es iſt allerdings nicht ohne, daß das kleine h ein großer Stein des Anſtoßes iſt, und daß überhaupt das mühſelige Joch des Buchſtabirens durch den Kanon der Auslaſſung aller Buchſtaben, die nicht ausgeſprochen werden, beſonders aber des kleinen unbedeutenden h, unſäglich erleichtert werden möchte. Ein Schriftſteller, der, wie unſer Verfaſſer, keinen Buchſtaben ohne Nachdenken und Ueberlegung geſchrieben, hat dieſe Schwierigkeit für Buchſtabierſchützen im ſtarken Lichte der Menſchenvernunft deutlicher und lebhafter empfunden, als es unmündige Brodſchreiber würdig haben und fähig ſind. Daher iſt er auf den gutherzigen Einfall gerathen, dieſen Fels der Aergerniß ſeinen Leſern, ſo gut er gekonnt, aus dem Wege zu räumen.

Meine Abſicht iſt es gar nicht, auf irgend eine Art unſern deutſchen Köpfen zu nahe zu treten; wiewohl ich in Einfalt glaube, daß es weder allen Schriftſtellern, noch ſelbſt Kunſtrichtern unſers erleuchteten Jahrhunderts gelingen dürfte, den zureichenden Grund deutlich abzuſehen, warum man o-ha buchſtabiret und dennoch ein bloßes o ausſpricht und warum man ſ-ie-ha durch ein bloßes ſi verlauten läßt!

Es würde daher eine ſehr würdige Unternehmung eines für die allgemeine, geſunde, praktiſche Menſchenvernunft patriotiſch geſinnten Verlegers ſeyn, eine neue Ausgabe der Betrachtungen über die Religion durch C. A. D. im ſtrengſten Geiſte des neuen orthographiſchen Kanons und mit gänzlicher Auslaſſung aller nicht ausgeſprochenen Buchſtaben, ohne Anſehen der Perſon eines Selbſt- oder Mitlauters, zum allgemeinen Schulbuche auszuarbeiten. Durch eine ſolche Ausgabe würde das bisherige Joch der Lehrer und Schüler, und alle Ceremonien der Buchſtabirung überflüſſig werden.

Einer bereits vom weiſen Ariſtoteles**) gemachten Beobachtung zufolge, wird der erſte Same des verderblichen Glaubens, ohne Einſicht des zureichenden Grundes, beim Buchſtabiren ausgeſtreut, wo ein Kind auf guten Glauben eine Sylbe von drey Buchſtaben z. E. i-e-ha wie ein einziges i ausſprechen lernt. Hier wird alſo der Anfang gemacht, die unbegreiflichſten, aller Kindervernunft widerſprechenden und zugleich aufrechthaltenden, Satzungen blindlings nachbeten zu lehren, und ſie Schülern einzubläuen.

Ferner bekommt die Seele eines Kindes mit dem Zwang der Buchſtabirung die allererſten Eindrücke des ſchädlichen Ueberfluſſes und der Ueppigkeit in Moden des künſtlichen Fleißes und Witzes, die der allgemeinen, geſunden und praktiſchen Menſchenvernunft, Religion und Orthographie leider! ins Fäuſtchen lachen.

Eine ſolche, im ſtrengſten Geiſte des orthographiſchen Kanons von der Ausſprache, mit Sorgfalt in Anſehung der Rechtſchreibung ausgearbeitete, neue Ausgabe der Betrachtungen würde bald alle Nationen Deutſchlands über den wahren Namen und Character des außerordentlichen Religionslehrers vereinigen. Alle bisherigen Spaltungen und Schwärmereyen: „ob der Menſch ein gläubiger oder ungläubiger — ere — „auer — iſt? oder ein bloßer quod dicere nolo ſey? würde auf einmal entſchieden und gleichſam abgeſchnitten ſeyn. Ganz Deutſchland würde mit einmüthiger Stimme das Wahrzeichen der allgemeinen, geſunden, praktiſchen Vernunft in der bloßen Orthographie ihres Propheten erkennen, ihn laut ſegnen und ſein außerordentliches Verdienſt durch ein mildthätiges Prytaneum vergelten für ihn und ſeine warmen Brüder im Geiſt, welche das Syſtem der allgemeinen Menſchenvernunft durch Romane, Wörterbücher, Provinzialbriefe und kleine Verſuche zu beſchneiden, zu ſchnäutzen,

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*) — — Sic Jovis interest
— — optatis epulis impiger Hercules.

**) Δεῖ γὰρ πιστεύειν τὸν μανθάνοντα. Περὶ σοφιστικῶν ἐλέγχων. l. 2.

zu läutern und zu erbauen unermüdet ſind, um die enge Pforte und den ſchmalen Weg zum Leben weit und breit, ja ſelbſt ein heiliges Miniſterium, wider die ganze Beſtimmung ſeiner Natur gemeinnützig zu machen, ſämmtlichen Heiden und Thoren unter den Nationen Deutſchlands — —

Doch ich will zehnmal lieber mit einem Blindgebornen vom erſten und vierten Tagewerk der moſaiſchen Schöpfungsgeſchichte, oder mit einem Taubgebornen von der Harmonie einer winzigen Nachtigall und eines welſchen Gerichtsbarons mich aus dem Othem in den Wind reden, als länger mit meinem Gegner mich überwerfen, der nicht einmal fähig iſt einzuſehen, daß eine allgemeine, geſunde, praktiſche Menſchenſprache, und Menſchenvernunft und Menſchenreligion ohne willkührliche Grundſätze ſein eigener Backofen von Eis ſind. Ich eile daher zur

zweyten wirklichen Antwort:

> „daß nie ausgeſprochene h iſt von unachtſamen Schreibern zwiſchen die Sylben eingeſchoben worden. Es iſt der Gebrauch der „ſogenannten Kanzelliſten und die Gewohnheit unbedenkender Brodſchreiber. Ein „Menſch, der mit Gedanken ſchreibt, ſoll „ſich nach ſolchen Leuten nicht richten. Es „iſt eine ungegründete, in den Augen der „Ausländer barbariſch erſcheinende, alſo „unſerer Nation ſchimpfliche Gewohnheit, „deren Feſſeln ſich nicht ſchicken für die „Freyheit deutſcher Köpfe, Augen und „Finger."

Geneigter Leſer! ich kenne einen Menſchen — Ob er ein Böſewicht oder ein bloßer Geck ſey, weiß der allwiſſende Herzenskündiger beſſer als ich und du — Dieſer Menſch hat auf zwo Kanzleyen einen Monat und ſechs Monate umſonſt gedient — Er konnte zu dem beſcheidenen Glück, in ſeinem Vaterlande ein ehrlicher Abſchreiber zu werden, nicht gelangen, vor übermäßiger Concurrenz [illegible] Schulknaben und Studenten. Gegenwärtig iſt er ein der Jugend wahres Beſtes ſuchender Schulmeiſter, welches im Grunde venerabler iſt, als, ein wohlbeſtallter Lautenſchläger, Stutzerwäſcher und Jordan Mamamuſchi von drey Schlafmützen ohne Kopf, außer zur [illegible] zu ſeyn — —

Unſere deutſchen Köpfe auch zu rühmen: ſo bleiben ſelbſt die Kanzelliſten und Schönſchreiber der allgemeinen Menſchenvernunft und Religion, noch bis auf den heutigen Tag dem Sprachgebrauch in der Schreibart des kleinen Buchſtabens h treu, und ſchämen ſich mehr der orthographiſchen Freyheit, als aller übrigen außerordentlichen Neuerungen ihres lahmen Meiſter Martin — —

Wenn aber nach ſeinem eigenen Glaubensbekenntniß ſich die Sprache und ihre Rechtſchreibung „auf den Gebrauch der „verſtändigſten Perſonen in der ganzen Nation gründet" wie hat es in aller Welt einigen unbedenkenden Brodſchreibern und ſogenannten Kanzelliſten gelingen können, eine ſolche barbariſche und ſchimpfliche Plusmacherey des Buchſtabens h allgemein zu machen? War denn kein einziger gewiſſenhafter Kanzleyrath oder Kanzleydirector, der dieſem Unfuge ſteuerte? Waren die Augen aller Leſer ſo bezaubert als die Finger einiger unbedenkenden Brodſchreiber? Beſtand der ganze Staat aus Philoſophen à la Turque? Eine poetiſche Erzählung dieſer Begebenheit ohne Zeit und Ort würde für die [illegible] Andacht unſers politiſchen Jahrhunderts ungemein unterhaltend ſeyn — —

Welche Ausländer meynt aber der außerordentliche Neuerer? Wozu redet er nicht deutlich und beſtimmt? Meynt er die Franzoſen? — — Ich habe mich von Jugend auf vor ihrer Sprache wegen des verhaßten zweydeutigen Namens gefürchtet — — Meynt er die Engländer? — — Als Schulmeiſter habe ich die engliſche Krankheit, doch Gott Lob! an keinem meiner leiblichen Kinder, kennen gelernt; aber ihre Sprache war zu meiner Zeit noch nicht Mode.

Ich weiß alſo freylich nicht, ob dieſe beyden Nationen in der That ſo gewiſſenhaft ſeyn mögen, jedes geſchriebene h mit beſtimmter Deutlichkeit und olim vero diſtincte, wie jener luſtige Lateiner, auszuſprechen; gleichwohl habe ich in meinem armen Vaterlande ungemein viel grobe und feine Franzoſen deutſch ſprechen gehört, die eben ſo unverantwortlich, wie der außerordentliche Religionslehrer, unſer deutſches h gemißhandelt haben, und überhaupt habe ich gegen beyde Nationen zu viel Vorurtheil, daß ich ſie mit unſern deutſchen Köpfen gar nicht vergleichen mag.

Sind es alſo etwa Holländer, die uns wegen eines kleinen Buchſtabens für Barbaren ſchelten? — —

Geneigter Leſer! ſo ein großer Freund ich noch bis auf den heutigen Tag vom Tabagiren bin; ſo habe ich doch ein für allemal das Gelübde gethan, mich in keine holländiſchen Streitigkeiten, ſie mögen die Orthographie oder Orthodoxie betreffen, jemals in meinem Leben einzulaſſen — Es hat mir leider! mehr als ein blaues Auge gekoſtet. Dieſe Barbaren verſtehen weder Scherz noch Chriſtenthum; ſondern ſind mit einem Worte Holländer! Ihre Zunge iſt ein blankes Meſſer — Ich komme nunmehro mit geſchärfter Feder zur

letzten bloß wahrſcheinlichen Beantwortung der

> Frage: „wie der außerordentliche Religionslehrer auf die orthographiſche Ketzerey „verfallen, das h, weil es nicht ausgeſprochen wird, in der Mitte und am Ende der „Sylben (alle ausländiſche Wörter und „einige willkührliche Kleinigkeiten ausgenommen) auszulaſſen und die Rechtſchreibung ſeiner Mutterſprache durch eine ſo „ungegründete als unbefugte, den Augen „aller verſtändigen Leſer abgeſchmackt erſcheinende, und ſelbſt den Fingern des Verfaſſers ſchimpfliche Verunſtaltung und „Unterdrückung eines kleinen Buchſtabens „zu verhunzen!

Meinen bisherigen Betrachtungen und dem Anhange von den Wirkungen dunkler Vorſtellungen zu folge, iſt nicht anders zu vermuthen, als daß ein ſo außerordentlicher Verfolgungsgeiſt in Anſehung eines unſchuldigen Buchſtabens, eine Wirkung der gröbſten Unwiſſenheit und poſſierlichſten Eitelkeit ſeyn möchte.

Es giebt eine Art von Unwiſſenheit im Willen, welche weder durch Chriſtian-Wolfiſche Verdienſte in lateiniſcher und deutſcher Sprache, noch durch die ſorgfältigſten Ueberſetzungen und Erläuterungen heiliger Schrift geheilt werden kann. Dieſe Art von Unwiſſenheit „dünkt ſich „rein und iſt doch von ihrem Kothe nicht gewaſchen." „Sie „trägt ihre Augen hoch und hält ihre Augenlieder empor," anſtatt ſich ihrer Schande zu ſchämen. Dieſe Art von Unwiſſenheit bläht ſich und ſpricht mit prahlenden Worten: „Unſre Vernunft iſt allgemein, geſund und genugſam geübt!" ohne zu wiſſen, „daß ſie iſt elend und jämmerlich, arm, blind „und bloß." Iſt es, menſchlich zu reden, wohl möglich, daß ein ſolcher jemals zum klaren Bewußtſeyn eines ſeiner Seele vermuthlich beym erſten Daſeyn, ja vielleicht ſchon in der Gebährmutter ſeines künſtlichen Leibes eingepflanzten Idiotismus gelangen könne, ungeachtet ſich ſelbiger ſo augenſcheinlich in ſeinem ganzen Leben als in den von ihm an Kindesſtatt angenommenen Meynungen offenbaren mag; aber ſeinen eigenen Augen iſt er verborgen. — —

Die gröbſte Unwiſſenheit und feinſte Eitelkeit! Kräftige Irrthümer und ein mehr als wunderthätiger Aberglaube an Lügen und Geheimniſſe der Finſterniß und Bosheit! — — Halsſtarrige Stupidität in praxi philosophica und eine verfeinerte Brutalität in Schafskleidern gegen den allein wahren Gott und das Ebenbild ſeines unſichtbaren Weſens in menſchlicher Natur! — — Stumme Gräuel und Seelenmord! — — Ein Taumelkelch — — trunkener, ſchlafender Vernunft, der, wegen ihres verdorbenen Magens oder Herzens, das Blut der Zeugen JESU, die Kraft ihrer Beweiſe, in den Schedel geſtiegen. — — —

O du unwiſſender Schmäher göttlicher Verſehung und allgemeiner Menſchenvernunft! ſieh es nicht für ein blindes Spiel des Zufalls an, daß die Orthographie des außerordentlichen Religionslehrers ſich eben ſo ſehr zur Hauptſache macht, als zum Geiſte ſeines erleuchteten Jahrhunderts, deſſen philoſophiſche und politiſche Geſchichte ein wahrer Dithyramb für den hiſtoriſchen Glauben jener altvetteriſchen Geſchichte iſt, welche [illegible] und deren Daſeyn, ungeachtet des handgreiflichen Einfluſſes ihrer Eingebung, der Prediger ihres hiſtoriſchen Glaubens [illegible] läugnete, weil der ganze [illegible] damals eben in Gedanken ſchrieb. — —

Geneigter Leſer! Meine beyden Claſſen warten auf mich, und ich muß von dir Abſchied nehmen ohne einige Hoffnung, dein Antlitz jemals wieder zu ſehen. Mein Geſchlechtsname wird aus dem Buche des Lebens bald genug ausgeſtrichen werden, und mit der verjährten lutheriſchen Bibelüberſetzung zugleich untergehen, wo du ihn nicht, wenn dir was daran gelegen, in den Weiſſagungen des Jeremia gegen

Buch XLVIII. 12. finden kann?. Der kleine Buchſtabe h, mit dem ſich mein guter Taufname Heinrich anfängt, mag für ſich ſelbſt reden, wenn ein Odem in ſeiner Naſe iſt. Ich will mich weder um ſein künftiges Schickſal, noch um die ganze Welt, die im Argen liegt, weiter bekümmern, und ſehe jeden Abend dem Schlaf und ſeinem Bruder bey meinem Pfeifchen und Kännchen entgegen. Mein Vater in der Höhe wird ſchon für meine arme Wittwe und unmündigen Kinder ſorgen, ohne daß ſie nöthig haben werden, vor Baal und ſeinen Miniſtern und Pfaffen das Knie zu beugen, oder außerordentliche Buchſtaben-Vernunft- und Religionsmenger zu werden — lebe wohl! ja ewig wohl!

Neue Apologie des Buchſtabens h von ihm ſelbſt.

Ihr kleinen Propheten von Böhmiſch-Breda! Wundert euch nicht, daß ich mit Menſchenſtimme, gleich jenem ſtummen laſtbaren Thiere, zu euch rede, um eure Uebertretung zu ſtrafen. Euer Leben iſt das, was ich bin — ein Hauch. Denkt alſo nur nicht, daß ich vor euch kriechen, um meine Erhaltung winſeln oder es bejammern ſoll, aus euren Schriften ganz und gar verbannt oder ausgerottet zu ſeyn. Ich ſehe es für eine Ehre und Wohlthat an, dem Dienſt eurer Eitelkeit weniger als meine ſelbſt- und mitlautenden Brüder unterworfen zu ſeyn.

Mein Daſeyn und meine Erhaltung iſt die Sache desjenigen, der alle Dinge trägt mit ſeinem kräftigen Worte, und der geſchworen und geſagt: „Bis daß Himmel und Erde zergehen, wird nicht zergehen der kleinſte Buchſtab noch ein Tüttel. —

Ihr kleinen Propheten von Böhmiſch-Breda! ich ſehe euch, daß ihr in allen Stücken allzuabergläubiſch ſeyd. Der unſichtbare und folglich auch unbekannte GOtt iſt freylich der Vater der Vernunft und Religion, die aber Geiſt und Wahrheit, euren Sinnen daher eben ſo verborgen ſind, als der unſichtbare und folglich auch unbekannte GOTT.

„Was kein Auge geſehen hat, was kein Ohr gehört hat „und in keines Menſchen Herz gekommen iſt" — hierin beſteht die einzige Religion, die eines höchſten Weſens würdig und ihm anſtändig iſt, und die GOtt für diejenigen bereitet hat, welche Ihn lieben.

Iſt aber wohl menſchliche Liebe ohne Bekanntſchaft und Sympathie möglich? — Ihr rühmt euch, Gott zu kennen; wie ſeyd ihr zu dieſer rühmlichen Erkenntniß gekommen? — Durch Betrachtung ſeiner Werke — Woher wißt ihr, daß dieſe Werke ihn beſſer kennen als ihr ſelbſt, und ſind ſie nicht weit unfähiger, als ihr ſelbſt, dieſer hohen Offenbarung, und euch ſolche mitzutheilen? Um einen bloßen Menſchen — und den vertraulichſten von allen — euch ſelbſt kennen zu lernen, würdet ihr euch wohl auf äußerliche Werke verlaſſen? Wie wenig ähnlich, wie entfernt und fremd, ja wie widerſprechend ſind ſelbige nicht den Tiefen des inwendigen im Herzen verborgenen Menſchen!

Lügt alſo nicht gegen die Wahrheit mit eurer prahleriſchen Kenntniß von GOtt; denn Lügen gehören zur Weisheit, die irdiſch, menſchlich und teufliſch iſt. Lügen ſind alle Sagungen eurer ſogenannten allgemeinen, geſunden und geſätten Vernunft — unbegreiflicher, widerſprechender und unfruchtbarer als alle Geheimniſſe, Wunder und Zeichen des allerheiligſten Glaubens, den ihr eben ſo umſonſt verfolget, als der außerordentliche Religionslehrer eures Jahrhunderts in ſeinen zufälligen zur Hauptſache paſſenden Gedanken mich, der ich mit euch rede, gleich jenem ſtummen laſtbaren Thier, um der Thorheit des Propheten zu wehren, den es trug, und das er ſchlug im Affect ſeines Unglaubens oder ſeiner noch überſchwenglichern Leichtgläubigkeit.

Ihr kleinen Propheten von Böhmiſch-Breda! um die Erkenntniß des höchſten Weſens auf eurem kleinen Irrſtern, wie ihr ihn ſelbſt nennt, wirklich hervorzubringen, bliebe wohl kein natürlicheres und vernünftigeres Mittel übrig, als daß einer eurer Brüder ſelbſt hinauf gen Himmel führe, und wieder hinabführe in den Abgrund der Todten, denn GOtt iſt nicht ein GOtt der Todten, ſondern der Lebendigen. Ihr aber ſeyd lebendig todt und eure wahre Beſtimmung iſt, durch den Tod erſt zum Leben hindurch zu dringen.

Läſtert nicht mit falſcher Zunge, die von der Hölle entzündet den ganzen künſtlichen Mechaniſmum eures Wandels ſchwarz macht. Euer Haß gegen GOtt iſt, wie ſein Zorn über euch, unendlich; jener Wurm, unſterblich und dieſes Feuer unauslöſchlich. Denn, denn erſt redet von natürlicher Liebe zu GOtt, wenn alle Körper eurer Erde die Kraft ihrer Trägheit und die Grundgeſetze der Schwere verläugnen werden durch die Schnur eurer Wunderſtimme.

Der Hang aller eurer Neigungen, das Dichten und Trachten eures Herzens von Jugend auf zielt zum Mittelpunkt der Erde. Eine ungehinderte Laufbahn eurer Wirkſamkeit würde euch ins unendliche ferne vom Vater des Lichts entfernen, ohne ſeine höhere, gnädige, unmittelbare Anziehungskraft von oben; weil alles was in der Welt iſt, nicht vom Vater, ſondern von der Welt iſt. Ihr aber gehört zur Welt, und wer nicht von der Welt iſt, deſſen Sprache kennt ihr nicht, und könnt ſeine Worte nicht hören.

Ihr kleinen Propheten von Böhmiſch-Breda! der Gegenſtand eurer Betrachtungen und Andacht iſt nicht GOtt, ſondern ein bloßes Bildwort, wie eure allgemeine Menſchenvernunft, die ihr durch eine mehr als poetiſche Licenz zu einer wirklichen Perſon vergöttert, und dergleichen Götter und Perſonen macht ihr durch die Transſubſtantiation eurer Bildwörter ſo viel, daß das gröbſte Heidenthum und blindeſte Pabſtthum in Vergleichung eurer philoſophiſchen Idololatrie am jüngſten Gerichte gerechtfertigt und vielleicht losgeſprochen ſeyn wird.

Iſt denn die Eigenſchaft jener Bildwörter auch eben ſo unbekannt, als der eiferſüchtige GOTT, an deſſen Namen und Ehre ihr euch, wie Diebe und Mörder, vergreift? Iſt eure ganze Menſchenvernunft etwas anders als Ueberlieferung und Tradition, und gehört denn viel dazu, das Geſchlechtregiſter eurer abgebrochenen kahlen und zweymal erſtorbenen Meynungen bis auf die Wurzel des Stammbaums nachzuweiſen? Iſt eure Menſchenvernunft kein unbeſtimmtes Organ, keine wächſerne Naſe, kein Wetterhahn, dem wenigſtens der einmal geſchriebene und bis jetzt gebliebene Buchſtabe eines heiligen Kanons vorzuziehen iſt? Iſt das berühmte *Principium coincidentiae oppositorum* euch gänzlich unbekannt! Der Geiſt iſt es, der lebendig macht; der Buchſtabe iſt Fleiſch und eure Wörterbücher ſind Heu!

Ihr kleinen Propheten von Böhmiſch-Breda! Wer verlangt von euch Brief und Siegel, daß ihr euch um Nachwelt und Wahrheit nicht einen Pfifferlings werth bekümmert, und daß die Mehrheit der Stimmen und Heller euer Herz und höchſtes Gut ſey. Ihr ſprecht: „Unſere Väter lebten den Schlendrian ihrer Zeit; und „jucken die Ohren, die wir kitzeln müſſen." Ihr Heuchler! gebt ihr nicht ſelbſt Zeugniß, daß ihr Kinder ſeyd eurer Väter, und brecht den Stab über ſie und euch ſelbſt! — —

Ein Flügelmann ſeines Seculi, wie Saul — und ein ihm ähnliches Parterre, mögen ſich immerhin mit dem Puppenſpiel eines todten Propheten und alten Weibes abſpeiſen laſſen; aber einem ſo kleinen Buchſtaben, wie ich bin, eine ſo neue Apologie, als meine, einzuhauchen, iſt, wahrlich! gar nicht euer Ding, ihr großen Propheten von Böhmiſch-Breda!

Chriſtian von Hameln, ſ. Minneſinger.

Joſeph von Hammer,

einer der ausgezeichnetſten Kenner des Orients, ward den 9. Juni 1774 zu Grätz in Steiermark geboren, wo ſein vom Kaiſer Joſeph hochgeſchätzter Vater ſpäter als Gubernialrath angeſtellt war. Im Barbaraſtift zu Wien, wohin der mit ausgezeichneten Sprachfähigkeiten begabte Knabe 1787 kam, entwickelte ſich ſein Geiſt ſo ſchnell, daß er bereits 1788 in die daſige orientaliſche Akademie aufgenommen, kurz darauf als Referent bei der Section des Orients im Miniſterium des Auswärtigen angeſtellt und von ſeinem Chef, dem Freiherrn von Jeniſch, ſelbſt bei Herausgabe des arabiſch-perſiſch-türkiſchen Lexikons von Meninsky zugezogen wurde. 1796 wurde er wirklicher Sekretär des Freiherrn von Jeniſch, ſchloß 1798 mit Johannes Müller eine genaue Freundſchaft und kam 1799 zu dem gelehrten Internuncius, Freiherrn von Herbert als Sprachknabe nach Konſtantinopel. Von dieſem nach der Convention der Franzoſen von El-Ariſch mit Aufträgen nach Aegypten geſandt, machte er dort als Dolmetſch und Sekretär gegen Menou den Feldzug mit und kam nach Beendigung deſſelben mit reicher literariſcher und antiquariſcher Ausbeute über Malta, Gibraltar und England 1802 in Wien wieder an. Doch ſchon im Auguſt deſſelben Jahres ging er als Legationsſekretair mit dem öſterreichiſchen Geſandten, Baron von Stürmer, von neuem nach Konſtantinopel und erwarb ſich 1806 als Conſulatsagent in der Moldau die Hochachtung des daſigen franzöſiſchen Geſandten, Graf Reinhardt. Seit 1807 blieb er in Wien angeſtellt, wurde 1811 wirklicher Rath und Hofdolmetſch bei der Hof- und Staatskanzlei und 1815 nach glücklicher Wiedererlangung der von den Franzoſen geraubten orientaliſchen Schätze der kaiſerlichen Hofbibliothek daſelbſt zum erſten Cuſtos derſelben, 1817 aber zum kaiſerlichen wirklichen Hofrath ernannt. Sein großes Verdienſt wurde auch ehrend anerkannt durch die Ertheilung des ruſſiſchen St. Annen-, öſtreichiſchen Leopolds-, däniſchen Danebrog- und konſtantiniſchen St. Georgsordens und der Mitgliedſchaft mehrerer Akademien und gelehrten Geſellſchaften, wozu 1834 der Schah von Perſien die Inſignien des Sonnen- und Löwenordens fügte. — Nach dem Ausſterben eines Zweiges der Purgſtall'ſchen Familie ward er Erbe derſelben, nahm den Namen von Hammer-Purgſtall an und iſt in neueſter Zeit zum Erbland-Vorſchneider von Steyermark erhoben worden.

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Fasli's Gül und Bülbül. Türkiſch-romantiſches Gedicht ins Deutſche überſetzt. Peſth 1834. in kl. 8. m. Vignetten.
Samachſchari's goldene Halsbänder. Arabiſch und deutſch. Wien 1835. in 8.

Einzelne Abhandlungen, Recenſionen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Die ausgebreitete Beleſenheit, das vielſeitige Wiſſen und der feine dichteriſche Geſchmack, die die Bemühungen begleiten, durch welche dieſer geiſtreiche Mann ſich ausgezeichnete Verdienſte um die genauere und allgemeinere Kenntniß der morgenländiſchen Literatur und Geſchichte in Deutſchland erwarb, werden ſtets, ſo groß die Fortſchritte auch ſeyn mögen, die wir auf dieſem Felde der Wiſſenſchaft machen, die dankbarſte Anerkennung finden.

Karl Hammerdörfer

ward 1758 zu Leipzig geboren und bildete ſich auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeiner Vaterſtadt für den philoſophiſchen Beruf. Nachdem Schriftſtellerei ſein Leben bis dahin gefriſtet hatte, wurde er 1787 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Jena berufen, ſtarb aber 1794 den 17. April daſelbſt in der größten Armuth und ohne eine Vorleſung gehalten zu haben.

Er gab heraus:

Juliens und Karls geſammelte Briefe. Leipzig 1780.
Geographiſches Leſebuch. Ebendaſ. 1784 — 1790. 4 Thle.
Leben Friedrichs des Großen. Ebendaſ. 1786. Neue Ausg. 1787.
Gallerie von Menſchenhandlungen. Ebendaſ. 1786 u. ff. 4 Thle.
Allgemeine Weltgeſchichte. Halle 1789 — 1791. 4 Thle.
Die Liebe. Leipzig 1791. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der Reformation und des deutſchen Krieges. Halle 1791. 1r. Thl.
Die Familie Wendelheim. Leipzig 1792.
Geſchichte des Königreichs Polen. Dresden 1792 — 1794. 3 Thle.
Neuer ſächſiſcher Robinſon. Leipzig 1793.

Ein fleißiger und talentvoller Mann, der aber leider um des Broderwerbes willen ſchreiben mußte, und dem es daher mehr um eine fließende und anmuthige Darſtellung als um gründliche, genaue Forſchung zu thun war.

Gottfried Benjamin Hanke.

Von ihm weiß man nur, daß er gegen Ende des 17. Jahrhunderts zu Breslau geboren wurde, von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Philologen und Inſpektor, Martin H., und auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung erhielt und in Dresden als Acciſeſekretär angeſtellt wurde, wo er an dem Grafen von Sporck einen großen Gönner fand und gegen 1750 ſtarb.

Von ihm hat man:

Geiſtliche und moraliſche Gedichte. Schweidnitz 1723. Neue Ausg. Dresden 1731 — 1735. 4 Bde.
Cantica sacra, ex germano in latinam linguam translata. Ebendaſ. 1729 in 12.

Ein höchſt mittelmäßiger Reimer, der zwar ſeiner Zeit der Menge gefiel, aber auch ſehr ſchnell wieder vergeſſen wurde.

Henriette Wilhelmine Hanke,

die Tochter des Kaufmanns Arndt zu Jauer, wurde den 24. Juni 1783 zu Jauer geboren und verweilte bis zu ihrer Verheirathung mit dem Prediger H. zu Dyhernfurth, wo ſie bei der Miniſterin von Hoym mit dem Leben der höhern Stände bekannt wurde, im beſchränkten Kreiſe ihrer Familie. Dahin zog ſie ſich nach dem 1819 erfolgten Tode ihres Mannes zurück und war ſeitdem mit der Pflege ihrer Mutter und als Schriftſtellerin beſchäftigt.

Ihre Schriften ſind:

Die Pflegetochter. Liegnitz 1821. 2. umgearbeitete Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1832. gr. 12.
Die 12 Monate des Jahres. Ebendaſ. 1821, 2 Thle. 2. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1832. gr. 12.
Das Jagdſchloß Diana und Wallys Garten. Ebendaſ. 1822. gr. 12.
Bilder des Herzens und der Welt. Ebendaſ. 1822 — 1825. 4 Bdchen. in 12.
Klaudie. Ebendaſ. 1823. 3 Thle. in gr. 12.
Der Chriſtbaum. Ebendaſ. 1824. gr. 12.
Die Freundinnen. Ebendaſ. 1825 — 1826. 3 Thle. gr. 12.
Blumenkranz für Freundinnen der Natur. Hannover 1826, 1827. 2 Thle. in 8.
Die Familie Jacobi. Liegnitz 1827. 2 Thle. in gr. 12.
Erholungsſtunden. Ebendaſ. 1823 u. 1829. 2 Bdchen in gr. 12.
Die Perlen. Hannover 1828. 2 Thle. in gr. 8. 2 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1836.
Die Vergeltungen. Berlin 1829 u. 1830. 2 Thle.
Die Schwiegermutter. Hannover 1830. 2 Thle.
Der letzte Wille. Liegnitz 1830.
Die Schriftſtellerin und der Schutzpatron. Liegnitz 1831. gr. 12.
Die Schweſter. Hannover 1831. 8.
Tante und Nichte. Und: Die 3. Frau. Liegnitz 1832. gr. 12.
Eliſabeth. Berlin 1833. in 8.
Die Wittwen. Hannover 1833. 2 Thle. in gr. 12.
Die Schwägerinnen. Ebendaſ. 1835 u. 1836. 2 Thle. in gr. 12.
Der Colibri und die Ruine. Liegnitz 1835. gr. 12.
Einzelne Erzählungen u. ſ. w.

Eine leichte und anmuthige Darſtellung, Einfachheit, Lebenskenntniß und ein warmes und tiefes religiöſes Gefühl geben den Leiſtungen dieſer trefflichen Frau bleibenden Werth und haben ihr mit Recht die Liebe und Achtung der leſenden Welt, beſonders des weiblichen Theils derſelben erworben.

Gottfried August Ludwig Hanſtein

ward den 7. September 1761 zu Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und zu Halle Theologie und wurde ſpäter als Prediger zu Tangermünde angeſtellt. Von hier kam er als Superintendent nach Brandenburg an der Havel und 1805 als Dr. der Theologie, Probſt zu Cöln an der Spree, Oberconſiſtorial- und Schulrath nach Berlin. Nachdem der König ſein Verdienſt noch durch Ertheilung des rothen Adlerordens III. ausgezeichnet hatte, ſtarb er daſelbſt den 25. Februar 1821.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Predigten. Einzeln und in Sammlungen. Berlin 1787 f.
Chriſtliche Belehrungen und Ermunterungen. Berlin 1808.
Die ernſte Zeit. Magdeburg 1815.
Erinnerungen an Jeſus Chriſtus, mit 4 Fortſetzungen. Neue Ausg. Berlin 1815 — 1820.
Gott und Vorſehung. Berlin 1819.

In Gemeinſchaft mit Sucro, Piſchon, Dräſeke und Spieker:

Homiletiſch-kritiſche Blätter. Stendal 1791 f.
Neue homiletiſch-kritiſche Blätter. Ebendaſ. 1803 — 1805.
Neueſtes Magazin von Feſt-, Gelegenheits- und andern Predigten. Magdeburg 1816 f.

Außer mehreren kleinern Schriften auch einzelne Gedichte in den genannten und andern Sammelwerken, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher Gelehrter, als klarer, tieffühlender und begeiſterter Kanzelredner, deſſen Vorträge ſich beſonders noch einer ſehr anſchaulichen, lichtvollen, reinen und correcten Sprache erfreuen.

Auch Mißgeſchick und Noth kann nachtheilig auf Frömmigkeit und Tugend wirken.*)

Am Sonntage Sexageſimä 1808.

An dem göttlichen Worte, an den Belehrungen der Religion ſelbſt kann es wohl nicht liegen, wenn dadurch nicht ſo allgemein gewirkt wird, was man davon erwarten ſollte. Das Wort der Wahrheit ſpricht überall, dringt zu aller Zeit mit gleicher Kraft und Wärme an die Gewiſſen und in die Gemüther der Menſchen, und kann der göttlichen Kraft, ſelig zu machen, Alle, die es hören, und die daran glauben, nie und nirgend ermangeln. Inzwiſchen nur muß man dabei vorausſetzen dürfen, daß es nämlich würdig ausgeſprochen, und willig aufgenommen werde.

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*) Aus: G. A. L. Hanſtein's „Predigten.“ Berlin 1808.

Allerdings kommt immer ſchon Vieles auf die Art an, wie man das Wort Gottes mittheilt und ausſpricht. Wer es mit kalter Herzloſigkeit, oder mit falſchberühmter Kunſt thut, und die ſo einfachen und verſtändlichen Wahrheiten der Religion in einer Sprache ausdrückt, die Niemand oder nur ein kleiner Theil verſteht, ſie in einen Schleier hüllt, den Niemand oder nur allenfalls der Weiſe und Gelehrte durchſchauet, wie kann der Eindruck auf die Gemüther, Segen für die Herzen und für das Leben der Zuhörer auch nur erwarten! Aber die Einfalt wird ſich jedem ſchlichten geſunden Menſchenverſtande offenbaren, und auch dem Weiſen willkommen ſeyn; die Kraft und Wärme und Herzlichkeit wird an jedes unverdorbene Herz anſprechen, und oft ſelbſt den Leichtſinnigen erſchüttern, ſelbſt den Kaltſinnigen erwärmen und rühren.

Das Meiſte indeß kommt immer an auf die Aufnahme Deſſen, was dem Menſchen, im Namen Gottes und der Religion gegeben und verkündiget wird. — Sey der Saame, der ausgeſtreuet wird, auch noch ſo rein und gut, der Säemann, der ihn ausſtreuen ſoll, auch noch ſo erfahren und gewiſſenhaft in ſeinem Geſchäft, es wird nun immer noch die Frage ſeyn, ob der Boden, der Acker, der den Saamen aufnehmen und zur Frucht entwickeln ſoll, dafür empfänglich und geeignet, dazu bearbeitet und angebauet iſt, und ob der Himmel ſein Gedeihen giebt durch Regen und fruchtbare Zeiten. Streue den herrlichſten Saamen auf ein hartes, unaufgelockertes, feſtgetretenes Ackerfeld — er wird liegen bleiben, und von den Vögeln des Himmels gefunden werden; oder in einen ſteinigten Boden — er wird zwar eindringen, zwar ſchnell aufgehen, aber, weil er unmöglich tief wurzeln, und von allen Seiten her Nahrungsſtoff ziehen kann, eben ſo ſchnell wieder dahin welken, ſo bald die Hitze des Tages, und die Unfreundlichkeit der Witterung ihn trifft; oder in ein Feld voll Unkrautſaamen, und — er wird aufgehen, aber das Unkraut mit ihm, und dieß wird nur zu bald die gute Saat überwältigen, und die Frucht erſticken, welche nur da gedeihet und wuchert, wo das Land, gereinigt von Steinen und Unkraut, wohlangebauet und fleißig bearbeitet, den Saamen empfing.

Sehet da das Gleichniß, deſſen ſich Jeſus Chriſtus, der gewaltig predigte, und mit unwiderſtehlicher Einfalt und Kraft an die Gemüther ſprach, ſich nach dem heutigen Evangelium bediente, um die ſo verſchiedene Aufnahme und Wirkung des göttlichen Worts erklärlich und begreiflich zu machen.

An dem Worte ſelbſt kann es nicht liegen, wenn es ſo häufig nicht wirkt, was es wirken ſoll. Der Saame iſt gut und rein. Aber der Boden, das Menſchenherz, welches ihn aufnimmt — freylich: iſt Das verhärtet, unzugänglich, unempfindlich gegen die Antriebe und Belehrungen der Religion; iſt Das wankelmüthig und unbeſtändig, ſobald die Wahrheit Opfer fordert, und die Tugend Kampf koſtet; iſt Das verwirrt in den Genüſſen des Lebens, oder betäubt durch die Sorgen der Zeit; ſo läßt ſich das Ausbleiben der reifen und ſchönen Frucht erklären! Dieſe gedeihet nur in dem frommen, redlichen, guten Herzen, welches das Wort willig höret und treu bewahret.

Es würde uns über die Grenzen der angewieſenen Zeit hinausführen, wenn wir die Hinderniſſe alle erwägen wollten, auf welche Jeſu treffliche Gleichnißrede uns aufmerkſam macht. Laſſet uns daher dieſes Mal nur bey dem Einen Umſtande verweilen, daß ſo häufig Anfechtung und Trübſale, Sorgen und Leiden dieſer Zeit daran Schuld ſind, wenn das Wort der Religion unwirkſam bleibt, oder „daß ſo Viele zur Zeit der Anfechtung abfallen", und die Saat des Guten unter der Hitze der Leiden und Sorgen hinwelkt und verdorrt.

Evangelium Lukas 8, 4 — 15.

4. „Da nun viel Volks bey einander war, und aus den
„Städten zu ihm eileten, ſprach er durch ein Gleich-
5. „niß: Es ging ein Säemann aus zu ſäen ſeinen
„Saamen; und indem er ſäete fiel etwas auf den
„Weg, und ward vertreten, und die Vögel unter
6. „dem Himmel fraßen es auf. Und etliches fiel auf
„den Fels; und da es aufging, verdorrte es, darum,
7. „daß es nicht Saft hatte. Und etliches fiel mitten
„unter die Dornen; und die Dornen gingen mit auf
8. „und erſtickten es; und etliches fiel auf ein gutes
„Land; und es ging auf, und trug hundertfältige
„Frucht. Da er das ſagte, rief er: Wer Ohren hat,
9. „zu hören, der höre! Es fragten ihn aber ſeine
„Jünger und ſprachen, was dieſes Gleichniß wäre?
10. „Er aber ſprach: Euch iſt es gegeben, zu wiſſen, das
„Geheimniß des Reichs Gottes; den andern aber in
„Gleichniſſen, daß ſie es nicht ſehen, ob ſie es ſchon
„ſehen, und nicht verſtehen, ob ſie es ſchon hören. Das
11. „iſt aber das Gleichniß: der Saame iſt das Wort
12. „Gottes. Die aber an dem Wege ſind, das ſind, die
„es hören; darnach kommt der Teufel, und nimmt
„das Wort von ihrem Herzen, auf daß ſie nicht glau-
13. „ben und ſelig werden. Die aber auf dem Fels ſind
„die, wenn ſie es hören, nehmen ſie das Wort mit
„Freuden an; und ſie haben nicht Wurzel, eine Zeit-
„lang glauben ſie, und zu der Zeit der Anfechtung
14. „fallen ſie ab. Das aber unter die Dornen fiel, ſind
„die, ſo es hören, und gehen hin unter den Sorgen,
„Reichthum und Wolluſt dieſes Lebens, und erſticken,
15. „und bringen keine Frucht. Das aber auf dem guten
„Lande, ſind die das Wort hören und behalten in
„einem feinen guten Herzen, und bringen Frucht
„in Geduld."

Es iſt der bezeichnete Zug in dieſer lehrreichen Gleichnißrede Jeſu Chriſti, welcher dieſes Mal unſere Andacht beſchäftigen ſoll. So mancher fällt zur Zeit der Anfechtung ab, wenn er auch das Wort mit Freuden aufnahm und eine Zeitlang glaubte. So welkt die Saat, welche aus ſteinigtem Boden ſchnell hervorging, weil ſie nicht tief lag, zur Zeit der Hitze dahin, weil ſie nicht Wurzel hatte. Alſo:

Auch Mißgeſchick und Noth kann, ſo unglaublich Das auch ſcheint, auf unſere Frömmigkeit und Tugend ſehr nachtheilig wirken.

1. Kaum ſollte man Das glauben, vielmehr im Gegentheil erwarten, daß Leiden und Trübſal den Menſchen weiſer und frömmer, tugendhafter, beſſer machen müßten; allein:
2. Es iſt dennoch wahr, daß auch Mißgeſchick und Noth der frommen und tugendhaften Geſinnung oft hinderlich wird.

Um dieß zu erklären, und daraus einige wichtige Folgerungen für unſer Urtheil und Verhalten abzuleiten, ſey das Geſchäft unſerer Andacht, welche Gott ſegnen möge zum bleibenden Guten!

Kaum ſollte man von der Noth und dem Mißgeſchick des Lebens nachtheilige Wirkungen auf unſere Frömmigkeit und Tugend erwarten; vielmehr unbedenklich glauben, daß Leiden und Trübſale den Menſchen weiſer und beſonnener, gottesfürchtiger und frömmer, tugendhafter und beſſer machen würden.

So ſcheint es wenigſtens, meine Zuhörer, und ſo ſollte es billig nach dem Rathe des großen Erziehers und Vaters der Menſchen ſeyn! Denn, wie auch Regentage und unfreundliche Witterung, wie auch Sturm und Gewitter zur Befruchtung des Bodens, zur Entwicklung der Saat, zur Reifung der Frucht des Ackers heilſam, ſo gar unentbehrlich ſind, ſo ſoll auch der Saame des göttlichen Worts, dieſe Saat der Weisheit, Frömmigkeit und Tugend, unter den Stürmen des Lebens — den Leiden und Sorgen — gedeihen, und nur deſto reifere und reichere Früchte tragen. So ſollte, und — es ſcheint in der That — ſo müßte es ſeyn!

Was kann nämlich, dem erſten Anſcheine nach, zuvörderſt bedächtiger und beſonnener machen, als das Gefühl der Noth; was ſoll Andere näher zu Gott hintreiben, als die Empfindung der Verlaſſenheit und das Bedürfniß der Hülfe; was endlich mehr in der Tugendübung ſtärken, als die mannichfache Gelegenheit, welche an böſen Tagen dazu auffordert!

Was kann zuvörderſt, dem erſten Anſcheine nach, beſonnener und bedächtiger machen, als das Gefühl der Noth! Wenn Krankheit und körperlicher Schmerz den Einen in die Stille führet; wenn harter Verluſt, drückender Gemüthskummer, wenn bedeutendes Unglück Andere aus dem gewohnten Geräuſch der Zerſtreuungen, des Weltgewühls, der lärmenden Ueppigkeiten und ſchwelgeriſchen Mahle herausreißen, und gleichſam zu ſich ſelbſt bringen: — wer ſollte nicht glauben, daß dieſer Stillſtand, den die Noth erzwingt, nun auch die vielleicht lange ſchon leichtſinnig-vergeſſene Beſonnenheit und Bedachtſamkeit wieder einmal begünſtigen; daß, wer ſo gewaltſam aufgehalten wird auf dem Wege des Taumels und der Verwilderung, nun endlich einmal in ſich ſelbſt zurückkehren, und ſich fragen werde: wer er ſey — wohin er wall-

— wohin der gewohnte Gang ihn führen werde? Zumal, wenn nun das Leiden, das ihn traf, **ſelbſt verſchuldet** war, wenn er ſich ſelbſt durch ein wüſtes, regelloſes Leben in dieſe Verlegenheiten verwickelt, in dieſes Unglück geſtürzt, ſich ſelbſt dieſe Krankheit, dieſes Schmerzgefühl, dieſe Schmach vor der Welt zugezogen hatte! O es iſt, als müſſe man es dem menſchlichen Gefühl zutrauen, es werde der Noth, zumal der ſelbſt verſchuldeten, gelingen, das Gewiſſen des Unbeſonnenen anzuregen, die Gedanken des Leichtſinnigen zu ſammeln, den ins Verderben Eilenden auf ſeinem Wege aufzuhalten, dem Verblendeten die Augen zu öffnen, und auf das, bis dahin verwilderte und verhärtete, Gemüth einen heilſamen Eindruck zu machen!

Und doch lehrt uns die Erfahrung leider ſo häufig das gerade **Gegentheil**; doch raubt gerade die Ueberraſchung durch ein Unglück, das man nicht ahnen konnte, durch einen Verluſt, auf den man ſich nicht bereit hielt, durch einen Schlag des Schickſals, den man nicht erwartete, ſehr häufig alle Beſonnenheit und Geiſtesgegenwart, betäubt das Gemüth, hemmt die Ueberlegung ſo ganz und gar, daß es an Faſſung und geſundem Entſchluſſe nur zu ſichtbar mangelt.

Ein anderes ſcheint es zu ſeyn, wenn von **Gewiſſensregung**, von **moraliſcher Beſonnenheit** oder **Beſſerung**, von dem **Stillſtand** auf dem Wege des Leichtſinns, oder wohl gar des Laſters, die Frage iſt. Allein auch da, meine Zuhörer, iſt der Menſch nur zu oft **blind** gegen ſich ſelbſt, gegen ſeine eigene Verſchuldung, gegen die Fehler ſeines Temperaments und ſeines Herzens, welche ihm Noth und Unglück zuzogen. Ehe er **ſich ſelbſt** nach Gebühr anklagen ſollte, beklagt er ſein **Schickſal**, macht er der **Vorſehung** Vorwürfe, bricht er in murrende **Unzufriedenheit** mit ſeinem, wie er es nennt, ungünſtigen, unverdienten Geſchick aus, und iſt weit davon entfernt, ſeinen Gang zu ändern, damit ſein **Schickſal** anders werde, ſein Leben zu beſſern, damit **ihm nichts noch Aergeres widerfahre.**

Gemüther dieſer Art, anſtatt durch **Leidenserfahrungen** ſich weiſer und beſonnener machen zu laſſen, **betäuben** gerade dann, wenn ſich die Sünde an ihnen rächt, und das Gewiſſen zu ihnen reden will, die Stimme dieſes innern Zeugen und Richters; werfen gerade dann, wenn ſie die Einſamkeit ſuchen, und ſich mit Selbſtbeſchämung vor Gott und ſich ſelbſt beugen ſollten, ſich in den Tumult des Lebens hinein, um in dem üppigen Genuſſe der Welt ihrer ſelbſt zu vergeſſen, ihr Schickſal ſich aus dem Sinne zu ſchlagen, und das ſchon gefühlloſe Herz nur immer mehr zu verhärten, bis endlich der Saame der guten Gedanken und frommen Gefühle — gleich jenem, der auf hartgetretenes Land fiel — gar nicht mehr in daſſelbe eindringen kann.

Eine ähnliche Erſcheinung, meine Zuhörer, wird uns entgegen kommen, wenn wir **fürs andere** nach dem Eindruck fragen, den **Noth und Leiden**, in Abſicht der eigentlich **frommen Gedanken und gottesfürchtigen Gefühle** auf das menſchliche Gemüth zu machen pflegen. Man ſollte auch da wiederum nichts für natürlicher halten, als, daß Mißgeſchick und Lebensnoth **zu Gott hintreiben**, **an den Allmächtigen** wenigſtens **erinnern** werden, in deſſen Händen das Schickſal unſeres Lebens ruhet; daß das Gefühl der Verlaſſenheit, das Bedürfniß der Hülfe, die ſo oft in unſerer Nähe nicht gefunden, von Menſchen nicht gewährt werden kann, jenes fromme **Gottvertrauen** und jene heilige **Ergebung** in uns erwecken und anregen werde, wobei allein dem Dulder Troſt und Friede, Hoffnung und Ruhe geſichert wird. Sagt es doch auch unſer heiliges Buch in jenen bekannten Stellen: „**Anfechtung lehret aufs** „**Wort merken.**" „**Wenn Trübſal da iſt, Herr,** „**ſo ſucht man dich, wenn du ſie züchtigſt, ſo ru**„**fen ſie ängſtlich um Hülfe.**" Heißt es doch in dem Buche Hiob, dieſes Mannes, der ſelbſt durch Anfechtung bewährt wurde: (Hiob 36, 15.) „**Im Trübſal öffneſt du** „**den Armen das Ohr,**" zur Leidenszeit machſt du den Unglücklichen geneigt, auf deine Stimme zu hören.

Ja, kaum ſcheint etwas natürlicher, als daß Der, welcher leichtſinnig und ohne Gott — als bedürfe er des hohen Schutzes und der allwaltenden Gnade nicht — ſeinen glücklichen Lebensgang bis dahin gemacht hatte, ernſter zum Himmel blickt, auf Gott und Gottes Leitung aufmerkſamer wird, und des lange vielleicht vergeſſenen Gebets zu ihm, des lange vielleicht verſäumten Kirchenbeſuchs ſich wieder erinnert, wenn irgend ein Mißgeſchick, ein Kummer des Gemüths, eine Sorge des Lebens, ein häusliches Leiden die Freude in Traurigkeit verwandelt, und die Sonne des Glücks in Wolken hüllt. Denn, gerade, wenn es uns nicht nach Wunſch geht, wenn unſere ſchönen Hoffnungen vereitelt, unſere Lieblingsentwürfe vernichtet werden, — gerade dann fällt ja wohl auch dem blödeſten Verſtande ins Auge, daß eine verborgene Hand das Leben regiert, daß **die Gedanken dieſer höheren Regierung ſehr oft nicht unſere Gedanken, und unſere Wege und Anſchläge oft nicht die Ihrigen ſind.** Denn gerade dann, wenn uns Angſt und bange iſt, wir um Hülfe verlegen ſind und um Rettung, ſollten wir billig und natürlich unſere Zuflucht zu dem **Gott** nehmen, **der da hilft**, zu dem **Herrn, der auch vom Tode errettet**; ſollten wir uns billig und natürlich an ſein Wort erinnern: „**Rufe mich an** „**in der Noth, ſo will ich dich erretten, und du** „**wirſt mich preiſen!**"

Aber wie täuſchet uns hier wieder in ſo vielen Fällen unſere Erwartung; wie ganz anders ſpricht auch hier die gemeine Erfahrung unter den Menſchen! o nur zu leicht **fällt zur Zeit der Anfechtung** ſelbſt **Der** von Gott **ab, der eine Zeit lang glaubte.** Eine Zeitlang, ſo lange ihm nämlich ward, was ſein Herz ſich wünſchte; ſo lange er in der günſtigen Lage ſtand, deren er werth zu ſeyn glaubte; ſo lange noch das Glück ihm wohlwollte, ſein Vermögensſtand blühend war, die Ehre ihm lächelte, die Freude des Lebens ſeine Begleiterinn und Freundinn war. Aber laſſet nun das wechſelnde Glück ihn auch einmal verlaſſen, die Ehre vor Menſchen ihm geſchmälert, das Vermögen gefährdet, die Freude gekränkt, die ganze äußere Lage verſchoben werden — und, ſiehe da! der ſich ſo feſt an Gott zu halten ſchien, vergißt ſeiner, weil er ſich von ihm vergeſſen glaubt; wirft das Vertrauen weg, weil er meint, der Herr habe ihn verlaſſen, der im Himmel achte ſeiner nicht; wird zaghaft und muthlos, verzweifelt an Gottes Aufſicht und Obhut, Vatergüte und Allmacht, Weisheit und Vorſehung, und läßt mit dieſem Glauben auch die Ruhe und den Frieden fahren, der höher iſt, als alle Vernunft, auch den Troſt und die Hoffnung aus dem Herzen weichen, wodurch der ſinkende Muth geſtützt, und die ſchwach werdende Freudigkeit geſtärkt wird unter Sorgen und Noth, ſelbſt in Gefahr und im Tode. Ja nicht mit Unrecht ſagt Jeſus: **Eine Zeitlang glauben ſie, und zur Zeit der Anfechtung fallen ſie ab.** So welkt die Blume in der Sonnenhitze, wenn es ihr an Saft und Wurzel fehlt; ſo verdorrt die Saat auf dem Fruchtacker zur Zeit der Dürre, wenn die Wurzel nicht Tiefe und Haltung fand!

Und eben ſo wenig, meine Zuhörer, werden die Menſchen durch Noth und Widerwärtigkeit auch nicht immer **beſſer und tugendhafter.** Zwar ſollte man auch Das — und nicht ohne Grund erwarten. Denn nicht genug, daß die Noth des Lebens ſo manche Art von Verſündigung unmöglich macht, ſie öffnet auch ſo mancher bewährten Tugend erſt die Gelegenheit und Veranlaſſung. Es iſt nicht mehr möglich, in dem Geräuſch des Lebens Gottes und ſeiner Selbſt, ſeiner Pflicht und ſeines Berufs zu vergeſſen, und wüſten Ausſchweifungen und Lüſten ſich hinzugeben, wenn uns die Krankheit auf das Lager wirft, und von der Menſchengeſellſchaft trennt; nicht mehr möglich, durch Geiz und Härte Andern beſchwerlich und überläſtig zu werden, wenn unſer Vermögen zuſammenſchmolz, und unſere Gewalt gelähmt ward. Es iſt die Zeit der Noth, welche den Mißbrauch der Ehre und des Geldes, den Mißbrauch der Kräfte und des Lebens, und das Uebermaaß der Freuden und Genüſſe beſchränkt und hemmt; und ſo zwingt oft die **Noth** dahin, wohin **Gewiſſen und Ueberlegung** nicht zu führen vermogten.

Aber, wie? meine Zuhörer, iſt eine erzwungene Enthaltſamkeit, eine durch äußere Nöthigung erzwungene Mäßigung der Leidenſchaften und Begierden, eine vielleicht nur die Unmöglichkeit, dieſe immer noch wachen und lebendigen Leidenſchaften und Begierden zu ſtillen, iſt das auch **Tugend**? **Tugend** beruht auf dem freyen Entſchluſſe und auf dem eigenen feſten Willen des Menſchen und iſt nie und in keinem Falle das Werk der **Nöthigung** und des **Zwanges**! Wer den Sünden der Jugend abſtarb, weil er alt oder krank ward, wer nicht mehr verſchwenden kann, weil ihm das Unglück die Mittel dazu nahm, Der iſt darum nicht tugendhaft!

Und wie? wenn auf der andern Seite die Noth des Lebens vielleicht eben ſo mannichfaltige **Gelegenheit zum Böſesthun** darböte Dem, der ſie ſucht und benutzt? Ward nicht mancher aus Noth zum Betrüger, und vergriff ſich aus Mangel der Nothdurft an dem ihm vertrauten Gute der Wittwen und Waiſen? Fachte nicht unverſchuldete Verkleinerung, böſer Leumund, Verrätherey des Freundes vielleicht den erſten Gedanken der Rache in dem Gemüthe des ſchuldlos Verrathenen und Verkleinerten an? Bewaffnete nicht mehr als Einen das Gefühl des unerträglichen Schmerzes, oder der andern wirklichen Schmach, oder der Verlegenheit, worauf er keinen Ausgang und keine Rettung vor ſich ſieht, die Hand, ſie gegen ſich ſelbſt zu richten! Entſchuldigt nicht Mancher ſogar das Uebelthun, das Stehlen und Rauben, das Plündern und Morden mit der Noth und dem Elende, welches Krieg und Bedrückung und theure Zeit in ſo mancher Gegend herbeiführt?

Allerdings, meine Zuhörer, iſt es dagegen wieder das Leiden des Lebens, welches ſo manche liebenswürdige Tugend uns erſt recht nahe bringt und möglich macht. Wer lernt, wer übt, wer preiſet nicht die Tugenden der Geduld und Stille, des Vertrauens zu Gott, der Hoffnung auf das Ewige, der dankbaren Freundlichkeit gegen unſere Wohlthäter, Freunde, Aerzte, Helfer in der Noth! Nun iſt es ja aber Trübſal, welche Geduld lehret, weil es Geduld nöthig macht, Trübſal, welches die Menſchen zuſammenführt, und hier zu den Erweiſungen der Liebe, der Anhänglichkeit, der Sorge, der Treue, zu Verleugnungen und Aufopferungen, da zu den Aeußerungen der Freundlichkeit, der Dankbarkeit, der Hingebung und Gegenliebe auffordert und drängt!

Aber, wie? meine Freunde, wenn nicht alle Dulder, nicht alle Kranken, nicht alle Unglücklichleidenden dieſe Stimme zur Tugendübung vernehmen und achten! Zeigt uns nicht die Erfahrung auch der Ungeduldigen, der Unfreundlichen, der Undankbaren, der Unverträglichen, Derer, die Gottes vergeſſen, und die ihren Getreueſten zur Laſt und Qual leben, eine große Zahl unter den Kranken und Leidenden aller Art? Iſt nicht hier das Temperament, dort der Schmerz, da eine üble Gewöhnung Schuld daran, daß das Leiden das Gegentheil von Dem wirkt, was es wirken ſollte: Ungeduld ſtatt der Geduld; Erſchwerung der Laſt, die wir Andern machen, ſtatt der Erleichterung und des Danks!

O, meine Zuhörer, nur zu häufig ſind auch Mißgeſchick und Noth, ſo ſehr ſie auch dazu geſchickt und dazu beſtimmt ſind, den Menſchen weiſer und beſonnener, gottergebener und frömmer, tugendhafter und beſſer zu machen, dennoch im Gegentheil der Weisheit, der Frömmigkeit und der Tugend hinderlich. Ihrer Viele fallen zur Zeit der Anfechtung ab, und auch unter den Sorgen des Lebens erſtickt ſo manche gute Saat und bringt keine Frucht.

Es iſt ſehr wichtig, meine Zuhörer, daß wir zum Schluſſe dieſer Betrachtung unſerem Herzen die Folgerungen recht tief einprägen, welche wir zur Berichtigung unſeres Urtheils und zur Leitung unſeres Verhaltens daraus zu entnehmen haben.

Zuerſt eine Bemerkung, die unſer Urtheil leiten, und wo es noth thut, berichtigen und befeſtigen möge. Wir ſahen, daß unter Anfechtung und Leiden, unter den Einflüſſen der Noth und des Elends die Menſchen beydes werden konnten, bedächtiger oder leichtſinniger, gottergebener oder gottvergeſſener, tugendhafter und beſſer, oder laſterhafter und ſchlimmer! Die eigentliche Schuld, die eigentliche Urſache davon kann alſo unmöglich in dem ungünſtigen äußern Geſchick ſelbſt, in den Leiden und Uebeln des Lebens ſelbſt liegen. Denn wenn es den Einen zu Gott und zur Tugend hin, den Andern davon abführt, den Einen verbeſſert, den Andern verſchlimmert, ſo muß — daß nun Dieſes oder Jenes erfolgt, ſeinen Grund anderswo haben, als in der Widerwärtigkeit und dem Trübſal! Und worin nun? Was iſt es, daß die Noth den Einen beſſer und frömmer, den Andern böſer und gottvergeſſener macht?

Was iſt, wenn derſelbe gute Saame hier aufgeht, und dort zurückbleibt, hier kläglich, dort endlich Frucht treibt, hier in aller Pracht der Blüthe prangt, dort vor der Zeit hinwelkt und erſtirbt, — was iſt von dieſer widerſprechenden Erſcheinung die Schuld? Der Saame nicht — aber der Boden, der ihn empfieng! Was iſt, wenn Einem Felde jegliche Witterung gedeiht, Sonnenſchein und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter — dem andern jeder heiße Tag Gefahr droht, jeder Sonnenſtrahl Verdorrung bereitet, — was iſt die Schuld? Der Saame nicht, aber der Boden! Wo die Saat nicht tief genug wurzelte, nicht Saft genug an ſich zog, nicht auf wohlbebautes, bereitetes, gereinigtes Ackerland ausgeſtreuet ward — ja da wird ſie von der Hitze verſengt, von dem Unkraut überwältigt!

Jetzt ohne Bild: Es iſt das Herz, es iſt der Sinn des Menſchen, an dem es einzig liegt, ob die Leiden und Sorgen Gutes oder Böſes auf ſein Gemüth und Verhalten bewirken. Das fromme, gute Herz bewahrt den Saamen der Frömmigkeit und Tugend und Weisheit unter allen Stürmen des Lebens; trägt Frucht, gute, ſchöne Frucht der Tugend unter allen Sorgen und Bekümmerungen dieſer Zeit! Das fromme, gute Herz, das heißt der redliche, gewiſſenhafte, fromme Sinn! O wo Der einmal da iſt, da, meine Freunde, kann weder Freude noch Leid, weder Glück noch Unglück, weder der Sonnenglanz des günſtigen Geſchicks, noch die Hitze des Mißgeſchicks, der Tugend und Gottesfurcht auf die Dauer gefährlich werden. Erſchüttert kann auch dein feſter, edler, frommer, gerechter, menſchenfreundlicher, heiliger Sinn werden, du Freund der Tugend und Gottes, — erſchüttert, aber nicht untergraben, nicht umgeſtürzt. Es iſt das Herz, welches gegen die Gefahren der Tugend, auch gegen die, welche im Gefolge der Noth ſind, feſt macht. Welch ein Gewinn denn, und welch ein köſtliches Ding, daß das Herz feſt werde!

Und damit es Das werde und auch im Leiden bleibe, ſo laſſet uns (Das iſt die Folgerung, die wir zur Leitung unſeres Verhaltens aus der angeſtellten Betrachtung entnehmen,) nie vergeſſen, daß der eigentliche Zweck der Leiden kein anderer ſeyn könne und dürfe, als Der, die Menſchen weiſer und beſſer und frömmer zu bilden! O wie könnte ſie ſonſt der Weiſe, der Gütige, der unſer Vater iſt und Erzieher ſeiner Kinder, über uns verhängen? „Gleich wie das Gold durchs Feuer, ſagt die heilige Schrift, (Sir. 2, 5.) alſo werden Die, ſo Gott gefallen, durchs Feuer der Trübſal bewähret.“ — „Ihr ſeyd traurig unter mancherley Anfechtung“, ſpricht Petrus (I, 1, 7.) „auf daß euer Glaube rechtſchaffen und viel köſtlicher erfunden werde, denn das vergängliche Gold, das durch das Feuer geläutert wird.“ — „Freude, allerdings dünkt uns die Züchtigung nicht, wenn ſie da iſt,“ heißt es, Hebräer 12, 11., „ſondern Traurigkeit und betrübend; aber darnach wird ſie geben eine heilſame Frucht der Gerechtigkeit und der Tugend, Denen, die dadurch geübet ſind.“

Als Uebungsſchule, Erziehungsmittel, Gelegenheit zur Tugendübung, Geduldsprüfung und Glaubensprobe ſoll uns die Noth des Lebens ſeyn, damit wir beſſer werden, damit auch an böſen Tagen die Frucht der Heiligung bey uns gedeihe. Das iſt der Wille Gottes!

Den, den laßt uns im Auge behalten, auch wenn der Weg unſeres Schickſals rauh und dunkel wird. Rein und feſt laßt unſer Herz uns bewahren, auch wenn uns Lebenskummer drückt, und Schmerz und Unglück uns beugt.

Dann wird auch das Uebel uns zum Heile gereichen: dann wird Trübſal Geduld bringen, Geduld Erfahrung wirken, Erfahrung Hoffnung geben, — und Dieſe läßt nimmer zu Schanden werden.

Dann, o dann ſind wir ſelig, wenn wir zur Zeit der Anfechtung erdulden. Denn, wer dadurch geläutert und bewähret ward, Der wird empfahen die Krone des Lebens, welche Gott verheißen hat Denen, die ihn lieb haben! Amen.

Ernſt Werner Happel.

Vom Leben dieſes Mannes wiſſen wir nur, daß er 1649 zu Marburg geboren wurde, nach vollendeten Studien ſich in Hamburg niederließ und dort wie Franciſci zuerſt ſich von Schriftſtellerei ernährte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 15. Mai 1690.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der ſächſiſche Witteking.
Der aſiatiſche Onogambo.
Der italieniſche Spinelli.
Der ſchwäbiſche Ariovist.
Der deutſche Carol.
Der inſulariſche Mandorell.
Der ſpaniſche Quintana.
Der baieriſche Maximilian.
Der engelländiſche Eduard.
Der afrikaniſche Tarnolaß.
Der ottomanniſche Bajazeth.
Der franzöſiſche Cormantin.
Der europäiſche Toroan.
Der ungariſche Kriegsroman.
Akademiſcher Roman.
Chriſtlicher Potentaten Kriegsroman u. ſ. w.
Faſt alle 4 Bände ſtark, und in den Jahren von 1680 bis 1692 zu Ulm oder Freiberg erſchienen.
Relationes curiosae. Hamburg 1683, 5 Bde. in 4.

Happel's Romane fanden zu ihrer Zeit großen Beifall. Da es ihnen nicht an Wechſel und Reichthum der Erfindung, ſo wie an Fülle des Stoffes fehlte, indem ihr Verfaſſer zugleich die Spiele ſeiner oft ausſchweifenden Phantaſie durch den bedeutenden Vorrath ſeiner ausgebreiteten Beleſenheit zu unterſtützen und zu würzen verſtand, ſo daß ſein Publikum ſich durch ihn ergötzt und belehrt ſah. — Seine Darſtellung iſt dagegen matt und breit, ſeine eingeſtreuten Reflexionen ſind alltäglich und ſchaal, und da es ihm an wahrer geiſtiger Gediegenheit und poetiſcher Tiefe fehlte, da er ferner eben durch ſeine Vielſchreiberei ſeine Kräfte nicht zu concentriren verſtand, ſo erloſch bald nach ſeinem Tode ſein Ruhm eben ſo ſchnell wieder, als derſelbe ſich raſch während ſeines Lebens gebildet hatte.

Das dritte Haupt-Stück*).

Ein groſſes Turnir wird gehalten, wo Herr Ballach das beſte Kleinod erlanget. Es ward eine weitläufftige Rede vom Urſprung des Turnirs und andern Sachen geredet.

Nachdeme ſie nun ſo eine Zeitlang mit einander geredet, ward es Zeit zur Tafel zu gehen, und muſten beyde Herrn Ritter, Herr Livorno und Herr Ballach, (der nun nicht mehr Herrn Livorno Hofmeiſter, ſondern von dem Groß-Hertzog an Hof genommen ward,) an die oberſte Tafel nechſt dem Groß-Hertzogen, benebens den vornehmſten Hofbedienten zu Tiſch ſitzen, und kannte den Herrn Livorno kein Menſch, weil er ſich in den 5. Jahren, ſeit er ausgeweſen, ſehr verändert, und noch lange ein falſch Haar trug, der gantze Hof aber verwunderte ſich über Herrn Ballach demüthige Sitten und Geſchicklichkeit, daß ihm jederman am Hof, ſonderlich aber der Groß-Hertzog ſehr hold war, der war auch willens ihn mit einem Schloß und 4. Dörffern in Hetrurien zu verehren, und eine vornehme Gräfin zu verheurathen. Unterdeſſen machte ſich jederman auf das künfftige Fürſtl. Beylager, und deren verordneten Turnir fertig, und wolte jeder das beſte Kleinod erhalten, keinen auswärtigen Ritter davon tragen laſſen, ſie übeten ſich am Hof auf der Renn-Bahn gar offt im Turniren, aber Herr Livorno und Herr Ballach nahmen ſich nicht an, als ob ſie etwas vom Turniren wüſten, ritten derowegen niemalen mit, ſondern ſahen mit angenommener Verwunderung denſelben zu, und kam da einer da, der andere dort, und wolten ſie bereden, ſie möchten ſich doch auch in dieſen Sachen üben, das würde ihnen ein groſſes Lob ſeyn, aber dieſe antworteten, ſie getraueten es mit ihnen nicht anzugehen, in Betrachtung, daß ſie ſchon gar fertig darinn wären, und beſorgten ſich, man möchte ſie es mit groſſem Schaden lehren, dann ſie wol wüſten, und mehr geſehen hätten, wie mancher ſo künſtlich aus dem Sattel gehoben, und auf den Erdboden geworffen, daß ihm wol eine Rippe davon zerſprungen: jene aber verlachten dieſe, ſagende, man müſſe ſolchen geringen Rauch ſich nicht beiſſen laſſen, und das ſchiene gar verzagt, daß man ſich vor Fallen entſetzen wolte, man wüſte wohl daß keiner kein Meiſter gebohren würde, ſie hätten auch dergleichen Gefahr müſſen ausſtehen, aber nicht umſonſt, maſſen ſie nun ſo weit kommen, daß ſie keinem einzigen einen Ritt zu turniren verſagen wolten, hätten auch manches Kleinod davon getragen. Herr Livorno und Herr Ballach ſtelleten ſich immer gar fremde dazu. Unterdeſſen ſpazirten beyde Ritter nebenſt ihren Dienern in die Stadt, und beſahen die herrliche Gebäu, prächtige Gaſſen und Märkte, ſamt den ſtolzierenden Palläſten, dann man darfſt wohl ſagen, daß Florentz die allerzierlichſte und ſchönſte Stadt unter allen Städten nicht allein in Italien, ſondern faſt in der gantzen Welt ſey, ſie giengen aber auch des Herrn Cantzlers Herrn Joan de Livorno ſein Hauß vorbey, und als ſie nahe daran, ſahen ſie daß er ſelbſten in der Thür ſtehet, nebenſt ſeinem jüngſten Töchterlein, ſo etwa 16. Jahr hinter ſich möchte geleget haben, kehrete ſich derowegen Herr Livorno der Ritter eilend zu Hn. Ballach, und bath ihn, weil dieſes ſein Herr Vatter, er möchte Gelegenheit nehmen, und mit ihm von allerhand Sachen reden, er ſelber wolte aber nicht reden, weil er beſorgte, die Sprach möcht ihn verrathen, er wolte aber doch bey ihm bleiben: als ſie nun nahe hinzu kamen, ſprach Herr Ballach und Herr Livorno dem Herrn Cantzler freundlich zu, der ihnen auch gar tief danckete, dann er hielte ſie, ſonderlich Herrn Ballach, vor einen vornehmen Herrn, wegen ſeiner Schönheit, und daß er einen ſchwartzen Africaner hinter ſich hatte hergehen, fragte derowegen nach gebettner Vergebung, wie ihnen dieſer Ort gefiele, weil er ſehe, daß ſie fremd allhier, und die Stadt beſehen, dem Herr Ballach antwortete: In Wahrheit mein Herr wiſſe, daß ich jederzeit dafür gehalten, mein Vatterland Neapolis hätte ihres gleichen nicht, aber ich befinde das Gegentheil, weil mir dieſe Stadt in vielen Sachen ſchöner gefällt; ſo ſind die Herren, ſagte der Cantzler, Neapolitaner, ja ſagte Herr Ballach, ich zwar bin auch aus Neapolis, mein Gefehrt aber iſt in Calabrien bürtig, und weil der Herr Groß-Hertzog ein allgemeines Turnir ausſchreiben laſſen, ſind wir auch kommen demſelben zu zuſehen, und etwas daraus zu lernen worauf der Cantzler ſagte, es wird gewiß eine ziemliche Ritterſchafft zuſammenkommen, maſſen ſich ſchon etliche hundert die nechſte Tage her allhier eingefunden, und ich hab meinem Sohn, ſo vor 5. Jahren in Franckreich allda zu ſtudiren gereiſet, auch beſchrieben bey dieſem Fürſtl. Beylager und dem Turnir zu ſeyn, maſſen ich auch derwegen ein ziemliches an ihn gehengt. Herr Ballach ſprach hierauf, wir möchten wünſchen mit jemand bekannt zu ſeyn, der uns die Turnir-Geſetze und daher gebräuchliche Sitten in etwas bekannt machen, und wenn deß Herrn Sohn kommt, werden wir Gelegenheit ſuchen denſelben zu beſprechen, und ſich an ihn zu halten, um die zierliche Manier bey ihm zu erfahren. Ja, antwortete der Herr Cantzler, ich hoffe er werde ſich wo nicht dieſen Abend, doch morgen gewiß, laut ſeines Schreibens herbey machen, dann können ſich die Herren ſeiner nach Nothdurfft gebrauchen. Hierauf nahmen ſie Abſchied, und giengen weiter, kamen auch zu dem Rathhauſe, ſo einem Fürſtlichen Schloß ſehr ähnlich, da über der Gaſſen-Thür folgende Wort in alter München-Schrift zu leſen waren: Heilig Rom, Edel Neapolis, ſchön Florentz, reich Venedig, hoffärtig Genua, groß Mayland, fett Bononien, alt Ravenna. Von dannen giengen ſie weiter, und beſahen ein ziemlich Gebäu, maſſen die Stadt faſt groß, und in einem Tage nicht wol kan durch alle Gaſſen beſehen werden, ſie kehreten wieder nach Hof, und verwunderte ſich Hr. Livorno, daß ihn weder ſein Vatter noch ſein kleineſte Schweſter kennet, doch kam ihm dieſes nicht ſo fremd vor, weil ſeine Schweſter bey ſeinem Abzug nur 9. Jahr alt war, und ſeine Geſtalt leichtlich entfallen laſſen können. Als ſich nun jederman auf den folgenden Tag, als an welchem das Fürſtl. Beylager und Turnir ſolte gehalten werden, gefaßt gemachet, bereiteten ſich unſere beyde Ritter auch, wie ſie ſich zu dieſem allem geſchickt machen möchten, und ſagte Herr Ballach, weil er Herr Livorno ein Stadt-Kind, möchte er auch das Kleinod und dieſelbe Ehr erhalten, ſofern kein Erfahrner als er, das er doch nicht hoffen wolte, von der Stadt-Ritterſchafft daher ſeyn würde, hergegen antwortete Herr Livorno, ſo müſſe er nur den Hof führen, und von wegen deß Groß-Hertzogen Ritterſchafft den beſten Preiß davon tragen, dann ich [illegible], ſagte er, daß ihm keiner am gantzen Hofe überlegen, [illegible] ich zwar ein weit anders überreden. Als nun der folgende Tag anbrach, erſchienen die Geſandten in groſſer Menge, dem Fürſtl. Beylager beyzuwohnen, und denen beyden jungen Geſponſen Glück zu wünſchen, als nemlich Julius Rufinus Legatus Apoſtolicus, ein Geſandter von Rom, Monſieur de Lion, aus Franckreich, Don Ferdinandus Tortoſa, aus Hiſpanien, Graf Theobald, von Hanau, von wegen des Kaiſers, als welcher mit dem Groß-Hertzog in groſſer Freundſchafft ſtunde, und auſſer unzehlich viel Geſandten mehr, und unter dieſen führeten die Fürſtliche Braut der Römiſche und Käiſerliche Geſandte, und da das Beylager mit groſſer Solennität verrichtet, ward ſobald ein köſtliches Banquet, und eine offene Tafel gehalten, da jedermann, wer der auch ſeyn mochte, zugelaſſen ward, nach dieſem allen wurde um 2. Uhr die Renn-Bahn eröffnet, und zum Turnir geblaſen, und erſchien der Groß-Hertzog ſamt allen Geſandten und vielem Frauenzimmer, auf einer künſtlich ausgezierten Schaubühne, denen Rittern zu zuſehen, nach dieſem folgten auf 280. wackere und wolgeharniſchte Ritter, ſo ſich aus fernen Orten zuſammen geworffen, und turniren wolten, denen wurden etliche Leges öffentlich vorgeleſen, und darauf forderten je zwey und zwey zum Turnir aus, da gab es nun luſtige Kurtzweil, da ſahe man wie ungleiche Meiſter es in der Welt giebt, bald ſtürtzte das Pferd, bald der Mann, bald Mann und Pferd zugleich. Als nun des Groß-Hertzogen ſeine Hof-Burſch und Vornehmſten ſich auch einfunden, und dieſe Ritter Herrn Livorno und Ballach in köſtlichem Harniſch auf der Renn-Bahn ſahen, meineten jene, dieſe müſten thöricht ſeyn, daß ſie ſich (wie jene glaubten,) als Unerfahrne in dieſes Spiel dörfften einmengen, warneten alſo unſere beyde Ritter, ſie möchten ſich vorſehen, daß ſie nicht von einigen zum Kampff ausgefordert würden, und müſten ſie alsdann wie Butter an der Sonnen beſtehen: denen aber Herr Ballach gar beſcheidentlich antwortete: Sie hätten ſich ja müſſen ſchämen, daß ſie [illegible] zu Hauß bleiben, und nicht dieſe Kurtzweil mit anſehen [illegible], und wann ſie ſchon von einem andern zum Sporrennen ausgefordert würden, ſo wolten ſie ſich ſchon ſo viel ſchützen, als ſie könnten. Es hatte nun eine ziemliche Zahl turniret, als zwey faſt mit den köſtlichſten Harniſchen angethane Ritter herfür ſtachen, und waren beyde mit den Spaniſchen Geſandten kommen, und faſt von den Vornehmſten am Hof, der eine Don Lucas, ein gebohrner Graff, und in dem Spaniſchen Hof in groſſem Anſehen, der ander Don Ernibas, mit in gleichem Stand und Anſehen, und weil ſie an dem Spaniſchen Hof jederzeit den Vorzug im Turnir-Rennen gehabt, waren ſie nur herkommen ihre Kunſt ſehen zu laſſen, dann ſie beſtändig meineten, es könnte ihnen keiner beſtandt ſeyn. Dieſe nun ſtachen als hochtrabende Ritter herfür, tummelten ihre Spaniſche Klepper aufs zierlichſte ſie mochten, und war doch geringe Anmuth; ſie forderten alſo unſere beyde Ritter vor den Sporr, und das um deßwegen, weil der eine von jenen Namens Lucas, zugehöret, als des Groß-Hertzogen Ritter einer mit unſern beyden Rittern ihrer Kühnheit halben geredt, und dieſelbige gewarnet, ſo meineten nun dieſe ihre Tapfferkeit an unſern Rittern ſehen zu laſſen, und wolte jeder ſeinen Gegentheil im erſten Ritt abheben, aber es war unſern Herren ein gemachter Handel, und ſehr lieb, daß ſie etwas Rechtſchaffenes antreffen, ritten derowegen gantz freudig herfür, und tummelten ihre Pferde mit ſonderlicher Zierlichkeit, und ſonderlich ſahen ſie alle auf Herrn Ballach mit Verwunderung, wie der ſeinen Klepper auf Mauritaniſche Lehr herum arbeitete. Als ſie nun ihre Schrancken eingenommen, ſtunde der Spaniſche Geſandte von ſeinem Seſſel auf, um ſeinen Rittern recht zuzuſehen, und weil er ſie kennete, zeigte er ſie dem Groß-Hertzog, und erzehlete dabey, daß ſie vor die beſten Ritter in gantz Hiſpanien gehalten würden, der Hertzog aber kante ſobald ihre Gegentheile, Herrn Livorno und Herrn Ballach, und war ihm leid, daß dieſe eben an die tapfferſte Ritter gerathen wären, dann er beſorgete ſich, ſie möchten abgehoben werden, ſtunde derowegen um dieſem Kampff zuzuſehen, auch vom Seſſel auf, und als die andern Herrn auf der Schaubühne ſahen, daß ſich dieſe geſtellet, muthmaſſeten ſie, daß dieſe Ritter etwas Vornehmes, und vor andern tapffer würden ſeyn, ſahen deßwegen mit allem Fleiß, wohin der Sieg ſich wolte lencken, auch dieſe gantze Ritterſchafft wuſten wol was dieſe Spaniſchen vor einen Namen hatten in allen umligenden Ländern, und taurete ſie alle da unſere Ritter von den ruhmräthigen Hiſpaniern ſolten angegriffen werden, ſonderlich war es des Hertzogen Rittern ſehr leid, daß ſie, wie ſie meineten, Schande damit an ihrem Hof bekämen. Als derowegen die beyde ſtoltze Ritter ſahen, daß jedermann fleiſſig acht auf dieſen Ritt geben wolte, wolten ſie ſich überaus tapffer ſehen laſſen, und nahmen derohalben ihre Schrancken ein, ſo daß Ballach auf Lucas, und Livorno auf Ernibas, der wol Kopffs gröſſer als ſein Gegentheil, traffen, da nun jeder ſeinen Widerpart vor ſich ſahe, ritten ſie beyderſeits mit Gebühr aufeinander loß, daß Herr Ballach den Lucas mit ſamt ſeinem Sattel von ſeinem Wallachen ſtieß, Ballach aber blieb unbeweglich ſitzen, Ernibas aber ward von ſeinem Gegenpart gantz hinten an deß Pferdes Stange geſchickt, daß er ſich an die Mähne zu faſſen und zu halten, gezwungen ward, Herr Livorno paſſirte ihn annoch ſteiff ſitzend vorbey, das verdroß nun die Spanier dermaſſen, daß ſie ſo von den ungeübten, und wie ſie meineten, jungen Maulaffen ſolten überwunden ſeyn, daß auch Herr Lucas ausdrücklich proteſtirte, als er aufſtund, nicht er, ſondern ſein Jung wäre ſchuldig, daß er abgeſtochen, weil derſelbe die Sattelgurte nicht recht verwahret, und hätte er alſo mit dem unfeſt angemachten Sattel leicht ſtürtzen müſſen; als dieſes der Groß-Hertzog und der Spaniſche Geſandte, nebenſt allen andern vornehmen Herren angehöret, rieff der Hertzog ſelber von der Schaubühne herunter dieſen ſämtlichen Herren zu, wann ſie allerſeits rechtſchaffene Ritter wären, ſolten ſie noch einen Ritt miteinander wagen; das aber war ihnen allen ein gemachter Handel, und muſte ſich Herr Ballach ein andern Sperr reichen laſſen, weil der vorige an ſeines Gegentheils Harniſch einen Bruch bekommen, ſie machten ſich derowegen einer dem andern noch eines Beſcheid zu thun fertig, und ehe ſie noch ihre Schrancken wiederum einnahmen, rieff der Hertzog dem Cantzler, Herrn Livorno, daß er zu ihm käme, als derſelbe nun bald für ihn kam, ſagte er zu ihm, ob er dieſen Ritt geſehen, und wie er ihm gefallen, derſelbe nun ſagte, wie er von andern gehöret, ſo wären die Abgeſetzte vor die vornehmſten und tapfferſten Ritter auf dieſem Platz ausgeſchrien worden, und hätten ſich alle Ritter mit ihnen zu turniren geſcheuet, weil er aber nun ſehe, daß ſie von dieſen, die ihm noch unbekannt, überwunden, hielte er gäntzlich davor, daß es wol dieſen beyden Uberwindern ſo leichtlich keiner würde bevor thun, und weiß auch gewißlich, ſprach er weiter, ſie werden ſich in dieſem zweyten Ritt, gleich wie im erſten, gar nicht beſchimpffen laſſen, ſondern den Sieg nochmalen davon tragen, und geſchichts wie ich geſagt, wüſte ich nicht, wie man, meinem geringen Verſtand nach, dieſen beyden die beſte Kleinod ſolte vorenthalten; Wolan ſagte der Hertzog, bleibet bey uns allhier, und ſehet dieſem zweyten Ritt recht zu, daß ihr zeugen könnt, wie ſie ſich verhalten, dann ſie ſind mir nahe angewandt, hierauf nahme nun ein jeder ſeine Schrancken wie zuvor wiederum ein, und traffen die Spaniſchen aus lauter rachgierigem Muth, unſere Ritter aber aus groſſer Tapfferkeit dermaſſen nochmal aufeinander, daß Herr Livorno ſeinen Gegenpart ohne einige Mühe zur Erden ſtürtzte, und in einer harten Ohnmacht liegen ließ, der dann bald von ſeinen Dienern abgeholet und erquicket ward. Als aber Herr Ballach auf den Lucas gerieth, traff er ihn ſo künſtlich, daß Mann und Roß, gleich wären ſie von dem Blitz getroffen, zur Erden ſtürtzeten, und blieb das Pferd ſobald ohne Zückung eines Fuſſes todt, Herr Lucas aber hatte den rechten Schenckel verrenckt, auch war er im Fallen auf das Schild geſtürtzt, das ihm die lincke Seite ſehr ſchmertzete, doch hätte er dieſes alles nicht geachtet, wann ihm nur der Schimpff nicht ſo wehe gethan, und als er nun hinweg getragen ſamt dem Pferde, waren unſere Ritter mit groſſem Ruhm von den andern abſolviret, begaben ſich derowegen zu ihrem vorigen Stand, die andere Ritter aber an des Groß-Hertzogs Hofe waren auch annoch daſelbſt. die hatten ſich nun am meiſten verwundert, und da dieſe wieder zu ihnen ſich begaben, wünſcheten ſie ihnen Glück zu den beſten Kleinodien; der Spaniſche Geſandte zog ihm aber dieſen Schimpff ſo ſehr zu Hertzen, daß er mit den Zähnen knirrete, weil er nicht gehoffet, daß einer ſeinen Rittern beſtandt ſeyn könte, wie er dann auch wol wuſte, daß ſie in gantz Hiſpanien den Vorzug bisher gehabt. Der Groß-Hertzog fieng unterdeſſen zu ſeinem Cantzler an, und ſagte? wie dünckt euch nun um dieſe Obſieger, ſind ſie nicht groſſer Ehren werth, weil ſie, wie ich hoffen will, den beſten Ruhm auf dieſem Turnir davon tragen: Ja, antwortete jener, daran iſt nicht zu zweifeln, und möchte ich wol die Gnade haben mit dieſen Rittern zu ſprechen; wol ſagte der Hertzog, ihr ſollet wol mit ihnen zu reden kommen, ehe ſie noch von dannen ſcheiden. Nach dieſem kamen noch viel Ritter herfür, die ſich auch ſehen lieſſen, und gab noch viel wunderliche Bocks-Sprünge, unter dieſen folgenden ließ ſich ſonderlich ſehen ein Venetianer, ſo auf einen von den Teutſchen Rittern traff, da ſie ſich dann beyderſeits im erſten Ritt ſo verhielten, daß man keinen vor den Uberwinder halten kunte. Sie hielten aber nochmalen einen Ritt, da traff der Venetianer den von Hohenlohe in ein Gewerb am Harniſch durch und durch, daß man den todten Cörper ſobald muſte zur Renn-Bahn hinaus tragen laſſen, der aber von Venedig ritte wiederum an ſeinen Ort. Dieſem folgete ein Oeſterreicher und Burgundier, und ward dieſer von jenem mit groſſer Beluſtigung des Umſtands abgeſtochen. Nach dieſem ſetznirten noch viel andere, aber es begab ſich nichts erhebliches darinnen, biß endlich die Sonne ſich neigete, und die Renn-Bahn zu verlaſſen ſie ſämtlichen anmahnete, da ließ der Groß-Herzog durch etliche Trompeter zum Abzug blaſen, und wurde der ganzen Ritterſchafft angezeiget, morgenden Tag zu acht Uhren wieder zu erſcheinen, und nach Belieben ſich zu üben, und weil über hundert gar nicht turniret, wurden dieſelben ſonderlich auf Morgen wiederum eingeladen. Alſobald begab ſich jederman nach ſeiner Herberge, auch ward der Groß-Herzog mit den fremden Herren Geſandten und einer zierlichen Suite Diener nach Hof begleitet, und wurde denſelben Abend ein köſtlich Mahl gehalten, da machten ſich nun die Hof-Ritter zu Florenz erſt recht bekannt mit den beyden Fremdlingen, doch gab ſich Herr Livorno noch zur Zeit niemand zu erkennen, und wunderten ſich viele, daß ſie ſich ſo fremd zum Turnier geſtellet, daß jederman gemeinet, dieſe einfältige Schäfflein wüſten nichts von ſolchen Sachen. Jederman nun, der ihre Thaten auf der Renn-Bahn gethan, geſehen oder davon gehöret, ehrete dieſe beyde Ritter, und wurden von dem ganzen Hof ſo ſehr geliebet und hoch gehalten, daß ſich ſonderlich Herr Ballach, als welcher gleich einem Grafen am Hof gehalten, und geehret ward, nicht darein zu ſchicken wuſte, maſſen er, ſeit er ſein Vatterland verlaſſen, ſolche Ehre noch nie gehabt, doch konte er ſich leicht als einer von Jugend auf darinn erzogen, wol darein ſchicken, und hatte ihn ſein Diener Taſſibal ſo lieb, daß er ſich offt verlauten ließ, wann er gleich wüſte ein groſſer Herr in Algir zu werden, und ſolte auch wieder frey gelaſſen nach Hauſe ziehen, ſo wolt er doch lieber bey ſeinem Herrn bleiben, und ſein Leben vor denſelben zu wagen, ſich vor eine ſonderliche Ehre ſchätzen, derowegen hielte auch Ballach viel auf ihn, über das waren ſie auch angränzende Landes-Leut. Weil Ritter nun ſo mit denen Abgeſandten ankommen waren, wurden zu Hofe geſpeiſet, und muſten Herr Livorno und Herr Ballach dißmal mit ihnen zur Tafel gehen, da ſuchte nun jeder ſich bekannt und zu Freunde mit dieſen zu machen, ohne die ſtolze Spanier, welche aus Haß und Verdruß, ja Schimpff ſo ſie von ihnen bekommen und erlitten, ſich ihrer gar nichts annehmen wolten, wornach die Unſern auch nicht groß fragten. Uber der Tafel gab es noch viel Reden, und ward ſonderlich von den Herzogen diſcurrirt, wo ſie ihren Urſprung her hätten, und warum dieſer Herzog zu Florenz ein Groß-Herzog genennet würde? Worunter ein Franzöſiſcher Ritter Namens Claude Fauchet, und noch ein ander, Ermanus Ermanus de Zelandia genannt, in der Meinung ſtunden, der Nam Herzog ſey ein zuſammen geſetzt Wort, und hätte ſeinen Urſprung von dem Wörtlein Heer, das iſt, ein Krieges-Heer, und Zog, gleich als hätten die Herzogen vor Alters die Krieges-Heer ziehen, oder (beſſer) führen müſſen, und davon ſey der Name noch übrig, und in eine gewiſſe Würde und Stand nach und nach verwandelt. Ein ander aber Namens Beſold wolte, das Wort Herzog käme von dem alten Wort Herr her, dann er ſagte Herr, wäre ſo viel als eine Gemeinſchafft, als wie noch aus den Worten Herberg, und Heerweg, oder eine Landſtraſſe zuſehen, darinn und darauf jederman einkehren und wandern konte, weil ſie beyde gemein, und daher, ſagte er, hielte er davor, ſey auch Herzog, das iſt, ein Herr der Gemeinſchafft. Etliche andere aber, worunter ein Ritter Livius, ein Römer, wolte, das Wort Herzog hätte ſeinen Urſprung von den Römern, bei denen Dux oder Herzog ein gewiſſes Amt geweſen, und waren die Duces bey denſelben noch über die Tribunos, aber unter den Geſandten geweſen, Molinaeus ein Spaniſcher Ritter ſagte, daß in Hiſpanien der Nam Herzog, nicht auf die Kinder geerbet würde, wann ſchon ihr Vatter ein Herzog geweſen, es ſey dann, daß ſie es auch bey dem Könige erlanget. Als aber die Urſach erfraget ward, warum man die Herzoge zu Florenz Groß-Herzoge nennete, antwortete Herr Livorno, als der wol ſtudirt, und in gelehrten Diſcurſen ſich ſehr beliebt konte machen, ſagend: Die Groß-Herzogen von Florenz wären vor dieſem Grafen geweſen, der jetzige Käiſer Carolus der V. hätte Alexandrum Medicaeum zum Fürſten oder Herzogen, der Pabſt Pius V. aber zum Groß-Herzogen gemacht: Wie ingleichem auch der Groß-Herzog aus Moscau vergebens nicht Weliknezi, das iſt Groß-Herzog, ſo dann auch die Groß-Herzoge von Littau, mit eben dieſem vermehrten Herzogs-Namen genennet werden, weil ſie, wie jederman weiß, an Ehr und Macht allen andern angränzenden Herzogen weit überlegen. Als Herr Livorno ausgeredt, und ſeinen Herzog beſter maſſen defendiret, fieng einer von den Teutſchen Rittern an, ſo mit dem Römiſchen Geſandten ankommen, und ſagte: Ich glaube zwar, und weiß gar wol, daß die Groß-Herzoge denen andern gemeinen Herzogen allezeit vorgehen, ob ſie aber denen Erzherzogen vorgehen, befinde ich nicht bey mir, dann wann man nach dem Namen Erz-Herzog gehen will (als welchen die Herzoge von Oeſterreich von dem Römiſchen Käiſer Friderich, dem Dritten, bekommen und damit begnädiget ſeyn:) ſo werden ſolche ohne allen Zweifel von Rechtswegen über alle, und gar über die Groß-Herzoge gehen, dann das Wörtlein Erz, wann es mit einem andern zuſammen geſetzt, heiſſet es den Vornehmſten unter denſelben, als ein Erzbiſchoff, welcher ohne Zweifel allen gemeinen Biſchöffen vorgehet. Dieſem konte keiner widerſprechen, doch wolte ſich ein Venetianer, Namens Joſeph Marthonenius, wider Herrn Livorno ſetzen, und den Venetianiſchen Herzog dem Florentiner vorziehen, dann ſagte er: Der Herzog zu Venedig kan unter die gröſſeſte Könige gezehlet werden, nicht allein weil er das Haupt in Venedig, als welche ein Beherrſcherin vieler Provinzien und Reiche, wie auch deß ganzen Adriatiſchen Meers, und die von ihrem Urſprung an frey iſt, und ſich mit ihren Waffen und Klugheit wol gegen die Feinde zu erhalten getrauet, ſondern auch, weil ſelbiger Herzog mit Königlichem Zierrath bekleidet, und weiß ich keinen andern Unterſcheid zwiſchen ihm und den Königen, als daß ſeine Kinder dieſe Ehre nicht erben, ſondern er wird von ſeiner Tugend erwehlet, und ich weiß auch nicht, warum er nicht allen andern Herzögen billich ſolte vorgehen, in Betrachtung, daß er viel älter als alle Herzogen, Marggraffen und Grafen, dann er iſt geweſen ſchon vor 1100. Jahren, und wann man aus den Tituln von Macht und Ehren etwas erhalten und beybringen kan, erinnere ich mich, daß ein Venetianiſcher Herzog ſich alſo nennete: Johannes von GOttes Gnaden, Herzog zu Venedig, Dalmatien und Croatien, Herr des vierdten, und des halben Theils des ganzen Römiſchen Reichs. Hierauf antwortete ein anderer von deß Groß-Herzogen von Florenz ſeiner Rittern einer, genannt Rolde, und ſprach: Ich habe mehrmalen gehöret, daß der Herzog von Venedig in Pracht und ſeinem Aufzug zwar ein Fürſt ſey, auf dem Rathhauß aber nur ein Rathherr, auſſerhalb der Stadt Venedig könne er von jederman verklagt werden, in der Stadt ſeye er gleich einem Gefangenen, dann er dürffe ohne Verlaubnüß nicht aus der Stadt ziehen.

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*) Aus Eb. Gu. Happelii [illegible] [illegible] Tarnolaß. Ulm [illegible]. Band I. S. 10. folgende.

Mit dergleichen Reden nun ward die ganze Mahlzeit vollbracht, biß es Zeit war, ein jeder ſeinen Ort einzunehmen, und ſich zu Ruhe zu begeben, jederman aber verlangete biß auf den folgenden Tag, bis man wieder turniren möchte, ſonderlich aber waren zwey Ritter, ſo den vorigen Tag noch nicht turnirten, deren einer aus Genua, Namens Grandeſſe, der ander aus Padua, Gallon genannt: dieſe beyde waren einander nahe verwandt, maſſen ſie ſich beyde Lorrat ſchrieben, ſie waren aber zu ihrer Zeit vor die tapfferſte Ritter in ihrer Gegend gehalten, daß ſich jederman verwundert, warum ſie ſich nicht hätten ſehen laſſen, dieſe nun, weil ſie ſahen, daß Herr Ballach und Livorno groſſen Ruhm von ihrem Turniren bekommen, wolten ſie ihnen nichts nachlaſſen, noch im geringſten weichen, ſondern ein Turnir mit ihnen wagen, und ſie den folgenden Tag ausfordern, und verlangte ſie über alle maſſen ſehr, biß man den Tag wieder ſcheinen ſahe. Als ſie nun derowegen die herfürbrechende Sonne den Federn zu entgehen, miteinander aufmahnete, machte man ſich allenthalben fertig und geſchickt, um gegen acht Uhr dem Turnir wiederum beyzuwohnen, kaum aber hatte der Hammer ſieben abgezehlet, als alle Ritter zu Hofe ſchon in vollem Harniſch ſpazirten, und als ſolches der Groß-Herzog aus ſeinem Fenſter oben herab ſahe, rieff er Herrn Ballach und Livorno zu ſich auf ſein Gemach, dieſelbe waren kaum eingetretten, als er ſie alſo anredete: Einen guten Morgen, mein liebſte Herrn Ritter, es wird bald Zeit ſeyn auf die Rennbahn zu marchiren, und wiederum wie geſtern zu chargiren, derowegen habe ich euch zu mir geruffen, weil ich geſtern mit höchſtem Vergnügen geſehen, daß ihr beyde euch ſowol, ſonderlich gegen die hochtrabende Spanier, verhalten, und viel von den Rittern geſtern noch nicht, und alſo heute turniren werden, dieſelben aber haben geſehen, wie ihr euch geſtern verhalten, ſo werden ſich ohne Zweifel die tapfferſten unter ihnen heut an euch wiederum machen, und nicht zugeben wollen, daß wir den Ruhm an unſerm Hof behalten, ſo hab ich euch nun erinnern wollen, heut als geſtern euch nochmal tapffer zu halten, damit die Ehre an unſerm Hof behalten werden möge, ſo hab ich nicht allein Gefallen, und alle andere Ritter Verwunderung davon, ſondern euer wird die gröſte Ehre nicht ohne Nutzen ſeyn. Herr Ballach antwortete hierauf in Eil alſo: Unſerm gnädigſten Herrn ſind wir in allen auch in den geringſten Sachen ſeine Ehre zuhandhaben ſchuldig, und möchten wir wünſchen, daß wir uns jederzeit auch tüchtig hierzu befinden: daß aber Eure Durchl. uns eben alleine noch vor allen andern Rittern den Ruhm geben, geſchicht meines Erachtens mehr aus Schertz, als Ernſt, unterdeſſen wollen wir doch dieſe Erinnerung für ein ſteiffes Gebot annehmen, und nach Möglichkeit bewerckſtelligen, worzu wie wir hoffen, Eure Durchl. uns allen Vorſchub gnädigſt thun werden, und ſchene ich mich nicht an dieſelben um ein [illegible] Pferd zu bitten, wann meines ſo ich von gegenwärtigem Herrn Livorno bekommen, etwas bey Jahren, und von Jugend zu ſein Schul-Klepper geweſen: laſt euch, ſagte der Groß-Hertzog, einen aus meinem Marſtall geben, und habt die Wahl unter allen: worauf ſich Herr Ballach gantz zierlich bedanckte, nebſt Herrn Livorno Abſcheid nahm, und ward dem Stallmeiſter alſobald befohlen, Herrn Ballach in den Stall zu führen, und einen Gaul ausſuchen zu laſſen, trat derowegen in den Stall, und nahm ſich einen lang-bemähnten Grauſchimmel mit gläſern Augen aus, worauf, weil er wuſte daß dieſer ſehr geübt, er ſich nun beſſer getrauete ſehen zu laſſen. Die achte Stunde hatte ſich nun hören laſſen, ſaſſe derowegen jederman zu Pferd, und begab ſich auf die Turnir-Bahn, der Groß-Hertzog aber nahm nebſt den Herren Geſandten und allen Frauen-Zimmer die Schau-Bühne wiederum ein, auch muſte der Ober-Cantzler Herr Livorno zu nächſt hinter dem Groß-Hertzog ſtehende zu ſehen, wie er dann deſſen ausdrücklichen Befehl hatte. Unterdeſſen turnirten ihrer viel ohne ſonderliche Begebenheit, ohne daß eines Lombardiſchen Ritters aus Mayland ſein Pferd mit einem Speer durch und durch geſtoſſen, ſeinen Geiſt ſobald aufgab, er aber hatte ſobald ein anders zur Seite, wagte noch eins mit ſeinem Gegentheil, weil er ſich der Revanche gebrauchen wolte, wurde aber im zweyten Ritt, doch ohne einige Verletzung ſeiner und deß Pferds abgehoben, das dann einem ſeiner gegenwärtigen Verwandten, weil ſie beyde von vornehmen Geſchlecht waren, dermaſſen verdroß, daß er unverſehens auf ſeines Vetters Gegenpart zurennete, ehe er aber vollends denſelben erreichet, ward dieſer jenes gewahr, ſtellete ſich zur Wehr, und nachdem beyderſeits Speere zerſtücket und untüchtig gemacht, geriethen ſie mit Schwerdtern aneinander, doch ward deß Mayländiſchen ſein Pferd in den Halß ſo ſtarck verwundet, daß es ſtürtzet, und weil der Groß-Hertzog dieſe Unbilligkeit wolte ſtraffen laſſen, und kein Gebot dieſen Streit aufzuheben, ausgehen ließ, ſtieg dieſer auch vom Pferd, und hielten den Schwerd-Streit vollends zu Fuß, biß der Mayländer todt auf dem Platz blieb, ſein Gegentheil aber welcher von Piſa war, und Baſſo hieß, begab ſich wieder zu Pferde, und mengte ſich der Ritterſchafft ein, und ward wegen ſeiner Thaten gelobet, weil er nemlich dieſem wider Ritter-Geſetz handelend, ſeinen verdienten Lohn mitgetheilet. Nach dieſen kamen zween Ritter, tummelten in dem Platz einer dem andern zu Hohn, und weil ſie die ärgſten Feinde, maſſen der eine von Spoletto Namens Sebalon, der ander aus Ancona, Ilhas genannt, hatten ſie ſich aus Eyffer und Rache einander heraus gefordert, und begegnet einer dem andern ſo, daß jederman ſahe daß ſie nicht als tapffere Ritter, ſondern vielmehr als Deſperate einander begehrten, und dieſer ſeine Luſt an des andern Blut ſehen wolte, traffen auch mit ſolchem Eyffer auf einander, daß deß Ilhas ſein Pferd darnider gerennet, und zu Boden todt ligen blieben, Sebalon aber war auch in die lincke Flemen getroffen, daß ihm noch einen Ritt zu thun unmöglich war: ward derowegen von ſeinem Diener zu Pferd abgeholet, dem Ilhas aber auch ein friſcher Klepper untergezogen, und begaben ſich beyde dem Turnir vollends ein Ende abzuerwarten, in der Zuſeher Geſellſchafft, vertrugen ſich auch nach gehaltenem Turnir, und wurden ſolche Freunde, daß einer deß andern Schweſter, Sebalon deß Ilhas, und dieſer jenes zur Ehe genommen, und hätte ſich einer vor den andern dem Tod zu überlieffern vor das gröſſeſte Glück geachtet. Hierauf nun kamen Grandeſſe der Genueſer und Sallon, der Ritter von Padua, auf den Plan, tummelten als wolerfahrne Ritter ihre Pferde dermaſſen, daß jederman Verlangen trug, zu ſehen, welche dieſe zum Kampff ausfordern würden, auch wurde dem Groß-Hertzoge und allen Geſandten von denen bey ſich habenden Dienern angeſagt, daß dieſe von denen ihrer Zeit in ihrem Vatterland und den angräntzenden Landen geſeſſenen Rittern ſehr geſcheuet, und vor die tapfferſte gehalten würden, das den die gantze Schaubühne zu fleiſſiger Anmerck- und Zuſehung veranlaſſete. Als ſie nun in dem Tummeln ſowol ihre als der Pferde Geſchicklichkeit guten Theils ſehen laſſen, kehreten ſie ſich beyde um, und winckete dieſer dem Herrn Livorno, der ander aber Herrn Ballach zum Kampff aus, die darauf dann, als welche ſich auf allen Fall noch einmal gefaßt gemacht, und mit zimlichen Speeren verſehen, den jenigen zu willen zu ſeyn, heraus geſtochen kamen, und ihre Pferde noch viel zierlicher als jene tummelten, ſonderlich Herr Ballach wuſte deß Groß-Hertzogen Grauſchimmel dergeſtalt zu lencken, daß der Groß-Hertzog nicht wuſte wie er es verſtehen ſolte, und was er endlich aus ihm machen ſolte, maſſen er ſeinem Bereuter darinn weit überlegen. Sie nahmen ihre Schrancken ſämtlichen ein, und bekam Herr Ballach den Grandeſſe von Genua, Livorno aber Sallon vor ſich. Sie ritten aber mit zimlicher vorſichtiger Krafft aufeinander, und als Herr Ballach auf ſeinen Gegentheil ſtieß, ſprangen beyder Speere ſo bald in Stücker, und ward keiner verletzt, ohne daß der Ritter Grandeſſe etwas hinter ſich wancken muſte, Herr Livorno aber und ſein Gegenpart traffen einander, daß dieſem ſein Speer zerſcheitert dahin ſprang, und von ſeinem gezwungen ward den Sattel-Knopff zu faſſen, ſich deß Falls zu enthalten, und als ſie dieſen Ritt allerſeits ohne Schaden ausgehalten, waren ſie ſobald willens noch eines miteinander zu verſuchen, und kame alſo zum zweyten mal Herr Livorno auf ſeinen Gegentheil mit ſolcher Stärcke, daß ſich Sallon bis auf ſeinen Rücken zurück auf ſein Pferd werffen muſte laſſen, doch enthielt er ſich, wiewol ſchwerlich, deß Fallens, Herr Livorno aber wanckete im geringſten nicht; die beeden anderen aber geriethen mit ungleicher Stärcke aneinander, dann Herr Ballach hub den Ritter Grandeſſe mit groſſer Behendigkeit, gleich wäre er ein Vogel, aus dem Sattel, doch bekam der Genueſer keinen Schaden, wiewol er unſanfft darnieder fiel, er war aber bald wieder auf ſeinem Pferd, und begab ſich mit groſſer Schamröthe der Compagnie wieder ein, dem unſer Herr auch folgete, und jeder ſeinen Ort einnahm. Der Groß-Hertzog aber und die übrige Geſellſchafft konten ſich dieſer Ritter (Herren Ballach und Livorno nemlich,) Hurtigkeit nicht genug verwundern, ſonderlich fieng der Paduaniſche Geſandte an, und ſagte: Nun Sallon, du haſt doch einmal deinen Herrn funden, dann zu Padua und daſelbſt herum haſt du eine Zeithero jederman den Trotz gebotten, und die Kleinod noch allezeit davon getragen.

Nach dieſen nun tummelten die übrigen, worunter ein Edelman aus Calabrien auf einen Ritter aus der Marck Ancona ſtieß, und weil keiner den andern mit dem Speer traff, ergriff einer den andern bey dem Leib, und wurffen ſich beyde von ihren Pferden, weil aber der aus Ancona in dem Stegreiff behangen blieb, ward ihm das Bein verwundet, und von ſeinen Dienern aufgehoben, der Ritter aus Calabrien aber kam unbeſchädiget davon. Als nun alles vorüber, und das Turnir ein Ende bekommen, wurden die Kleinodien ausgetheilet unter die ſo ſich am beſten und tapfferſten hatten ſehen laſſen, dieſe wurden durch einen Herold zu dem Groß-Hertzogen vor die Schaubühne gefordert, und war der Erſte Herr Ballach, dem nicht allein der Groß-Hertzog, ſondern alle Geſandten und Herren den beſten Preiß, auf Befragung, mittheilten; Dieſer nun hatte ſich deſſen nicht verſehen, tantzete derowegen mit ſeinem Grauſchimmel in vollen Freuden, und hinter ihm ſein Diener Laſſibal, biß ohngefehr 30. Schritt von der Schaubühne, da ſtieg er von ſeinem Pferde, ließ es dem Diener an der Hand, und gieng mit aufgeſchlagenem Helm in demüthigen Schritten unten an die Schaubühne, er wolte alda fernerer Reſolution gewärtig ſeyn, aber ward ſobald zu dem Groß-Hertzogen und andern Fürſtl. Perſonen gefordert, und als er eben hinauf kommen, tritt ihm Fräulein Eleonora, deß Groß-Hertzogen Fräulein Schweſter, welche Herr Ballach und Herr Livorno vor wenigen Tagen von denen Räubern erlöſet, entgegen, ſetzet ihm einen Lorbeer-Krantz mit köſtlichen Edelgeſteinen verſetzet, auf ſeinen Helm, und präſentiret ihm einen köſtlichen Zaum mit ſilbernen Stangen, mit dieſen Worten: Da nehmet hin, tapfferer und tapfferſter Ritter, dieſen Zaum, und zugleich das hierzu verordnete Pferd, ſo hierunten eurer wartet, ein mehrers zwar verdienen, und haben ſchon verdienet eure ritterliche Thaten, in Betrachtung, daß ihr auch euer Leben vor mich zu laſſen, ohnlängſt willig geweſen, aber nehmet jetzt mit dieſem geringen Geſchenck, und unſerm jederzeit geneigten Willen, vor dißmal vorlieb, und laſt euch vielmehr an der Ehre, ſo ihr dißmal faſt unter drey hundert Rittern davon traget, begnügen. Hierauf nahm Ballach dem Fräulein den köſtlichen Zaum ab, und bedanckte ſich alſo: Wann ich mich, gnädigſtes Fräulein, jemalen ſtumm hätte wünſchen wollen, ſo hätte ich jetzund die gröſſeſte Urſach, dann ich faſt ohne diß nicht weiß, was meine blöde und erſchrockte Zung auf dieſes mir unverdiente Geſchenck und Lob, vor Entſchuldigungs- und Bedanckungs-Wort, noch erdencken ſoll, ſo kan ich mich auch nicht recht beſinnen, warum man mir dieſe beſte Kleinod vor andern zuſtellet, der ich mich doch nach wie vor, einen Schüler vor allen erfahrnen Rittern freywillig bekenne, doch nehme ich dieſes alles zu einem Zeichen eines gnädigen gegen mich geſinneten Willens an, bittende, denſelben fürters, wie bißher, fortzupflantzen, ſo werden Euer Gnaden alſo leichtlich ſehen, daß ich Tag und Nacht um einige Gelegenheit, wie ich mich dieſer Geſchencken und deß gnädigen Willens in etwas möchte theilhafftig machen, inſtändig bitten werde. Hierauf küſſete er dem Fräulein ihre Hand, (die ihm aber lieber die Lefftzen gebeten,) und nach tieff genommenem Abſchied, begab er ſich noch mit dem Zaum zu ſeinem geprieſenen Kleinod, als er aber vor die Schaubühne unten hinkam, führete der Bereuter einen köſtlich geſchmückten ſchönen Hengſt daher, an einer ſeidenen Halffter, der Bereuter nahm ſobald den Zaum vom Herrn Ballach, und thäte ihn dem Pferd an, der Sattel auf dem Pferd war von Scharlaken mit Gold verbrämet, und mit Perlen und Edelgeſteinen durch und durch geſtickt, ſo daß das Pferd mit dem Sattel, Zaum und ſilbernen Stegreiffen, wie auch dem köſtlich beſetzten Lorbeer-Krantz, auf vier tauſend Cronen geſchätzet ward: ſo bald aber das Pferd Herrn Ballach geliefert von ſei-

Schaubühne kommen, fieng es an zu wiehern, und gab ſeine Liebe zu ihm zu verſtehen. Herr Ballach nun bedanckte ſich gegen dem Bereuter, und ſchwung ſich hurtig auf den Blancken, und als das Pferd ſeinen Herrn auf ihm fühlete, tanzete es dermaſſen zierlich, als wolte es mit ſeinem Herrn prangen, und verwunderte ſich der Groß-Herzog, und ſprach zu denen Geſandten, nun hat ſich mein Bereuter dieſen Blancken zu reuten, jederzeit geſcheuet, weil er ſich nicht allein nicht gern beſteigen laſſen, ſondern auch jederzeit darnach getrachtet, wie er ſeinen Beſitzer abheben möchte, jetzund aber thut er deren keines: daß ich alſo ſchlieſſe, das Pferd müſſe eine ſonderliche Zuneigung zu dieſem Ritter tragen, die es auch mit ſeine Wiehern zu verſtehen geben, als aber Herr Ballach ein weil turniret, begab er ſich unter die Ritter-Geſellſchafft mit ſeinem Diener und dem Blancken. Nach ihm ward Herr Livorno das zweyte Kleinod zu empfangen gefordert, der ihm im Anfang ein ſolches nicht träumen laſſen, maſſen er ſich ſchon übrig vergnügt befand, daß Herr Ballach, als welchen er mehr dann ſeinen Bruder liebte, den beſten Preiß und Gabe davon getragen, doch tummelte er ſeinen Keſten-braunen Wallachen, und hinter ihm ſein Page auf einem Rappen, ſtieg aber als er bald die Bühn erreichet ab, und gieng mit aufgeſchlagenem Helm die Stieg hinauf zu den Fürſtlichen Perſonen, und weil der Groß-Herzog wuſte daß ihn ſein Vatter noch nicht kante, muſte der Vice-Canzlar Herr Livorno ſeinem unbekannten Sohn Ritter Livorno entgegen gehend mit einem auch köſtlich-gezierten Kränzlein bekrönen, und überlieffert ihm hierauf einen Schild ſo Himmel-blauer Farben, und mit güldenen und ſilbernen eingeäzten Röſlein ſehr künſtlich ausgearbeitet, und auf 3800. Cronen geſchäzet ward, mit dieſen Worten: Nehmet hin Edler Ritter von meiner unwürdigen Hand, was euch euer Tugend zu wegen gebracht, und wiſſet daß ihr euch neben dieſem wenigen unſers allerſeits gnädigſten Groß-Herzogs Gnaden und beharrlichen Gunſt hiermit verſichern ſollet, werdet auch euch ferner ritterlich in Tugend, und ſonderlich der in Tapfferkeit zu üben hiermit ernſtlich vermahnet, damit ihr euren Vatterlande zur Zeit der Noth mit mächtiger Hand beiſpringen, und wider alle unrechte Gewalt ſchüzen helffen könnet. Als der Vice-Canzlar noch alſo redet, ſchickte der Groß-Herzog einen Page zu dem jungen Herren Livorno und ließ ihm ſagen, er ſolte ſich nun ſeinem Vatter zu erkennen geben. Der antwortete nun dem Vice-Canzlar ſeinem Herrn Vatter alſo: Gegen meinen gnädigſten Groß-Herzog, wehrteſter Herr, bedanckt ſich deſſen Diener mit ſchuldigſter Demuth, denn daraus ſodret er, daß gedachter Groß-Herzog von Florenz ihn ſeiner Gnaden jederzeit werde anbefohlen ſeyn laſſen, weiß aber unterdeſſen nicht die geringſte Urſach, warum mein hochgeehrter Herr ſich ſeines Sohns gar entſchlägt, daß er denſelben nicht einmal ſeinen Sohn ſondern mit dem Namen eines unbekannten Ritters begrüſſet. Der Vice-Canzlar wuſte nicht mehr was er hierauf antworten ſolte, ſtunde derowegen gleich als entzucket biß der Groß-Herzog ſelbſt hinzu trat, und den Ritter Livorno bey der Hand ergreiffend, ſeinem Herren Vatter mit dieſen Worten zu führete: Was bekennet ihr euch noch lang, mein lieber Canzlar, wolt ihr dann euren Sohn nicht erkennen, der euch und unſerm Hof vor dißmal ſo groſſe Ehre und Ruhm erhalten, ich hab ihm mit Fleiß verbotten, er ſolte ſich ſeinen Eltern nicht zu erkennen geben, biß zu guter Gelegenheit, nehmet derowegen dieſen tapffern Ritter vor einen Sohn, welcher vor 5. Jahren verreiſet, und vor etlichen Tagen zu meiner Fräulein Schweſter groſſem Glück wieder ankommen, und nebſt ihm Herr Ballach der auch ein tapfferer Held, ſo mit ſeinem herzhafften Muth und Hurtigkeit allemal den geſchmückten Blancken zum Kleinod erhalten; dann ihr wiſſet, daß mein Fräulein Schweſter Eleonora auf 3. Tag zu meiner Bettlägerigen Frau Mutter auf ihren Witwe-Siz und Schloß Flack dieſelbe zu beſuchen, und wann es möglich mit auf mein Beylager anhero zu bringen, nebſt etlichen Dienern gefahren, als ſie aber auf der Rück-Reyſe ein Meil oder 5. von hier in einen tieffen Thal kommen, ſtoſſen etliche Africaniſche See-Räuber auf ſie, ſo ſich von Padua, allwo ſie ausgeſtiegen, in das feſte Land gemacht, und etliche Zeit mit morden graſſiret, ſie haben auch ihr Vorhaben deſto beſſer zu bewerckſtelligen, und weil ſie ſchwach an Mannſchafft, etliche Italiäniſche Banditen um ihren Sold gedinget, welche ihnen treulich beygeſtanden, die vier vornehmſten Führer aber unter dieſen ſind geharniſchte geweſen, und als ſie unſre der Fräulein Reuter, als welchen ſie an Mannſchafft ziemlich überlegen geweſen, biß aufs Haupt, ja alle ganz darvon ermordet, ſprungen gedachte vier geharniſchte als Oberſten von den Pferden, um ſich deß Raubs in der Kutſchen zu bemächtigen: und wäre meine Fräulein Schweſter ſamt ihren zwey bei ſich habenden Kammer-Jungfern ihren Klauen und ſchändlichen Muthwillen gewißlich nicht entkommen, wann nicht euer gegenwärtiger Sohn und Herr Ballach als beyde tapffere Cavallier, mit ihren zweyen Dienern durch Gottes Engel den Meinen zur menſchlichen Hülff geſchicket, und ſie durch ihre mächtige Fauſt und ſcharffe Schwerdter dem Feinde widerſtanden, dann wie Uns unſere Fräulein Schweſter darnach ſelber erzehlet, ſo haben ſie vor allen Dingen die vier geharniſchte Oberſten nicht zu Pferde kommen laſſen, und unterdeſſen in dero ungeharniſchte Diener dermaſſen graſſiret, daß hier ein Kopff, dort ein Arm gefallen, und hier ein Mann, dort ein Pferd geſtürzet, da dieſe zwey Ritter nebſt den zweyen Dienern doch endlich den kürzern ziehen, und die Flucht, wegen der Menge des Feindes hätten nehmen müſſen, wann nicht ihre ſonderliche Vorſichtigkeit ſie erinnert, ehe ſie Unſerm Fräulein Schweſter zu Hülffe kommen, und ſich von dem Feinde ſehen laſſen, ein Diener in das nechſtgelegene Dorff, ſelbige Bauern in unſerm Namen mit Gewehr zu folgen, und den Unſern beyzuſpringen, abzuſchicken, denn es kamen ihnen noch 24. mit Gabeln, Hacken und Karſten verſehene Bauern zu Hülffe, wodurch die Mörder vollends in die Flucht geſchlagen, 3. aber von den Oberſten ſind auch durch ihr [illegible] ums Leben kommen, der Vierdte aber iſt lebendig geweſen, und weil er um Gnade und das Leben gebeten, auch Verſchonung ſeines Lebens, und deſſen allen zur gewiſſen Verſicherung das Chriſtenthum anzunehmen ſich erbotten und verheiſſen, iſt er dem Tod entriſſen, und hat ihn Herr Ballach zu einem Diener angenommen. Als dieſes der Groß-Herzog erzehlete, verwunderte ſich nicht allein der Herr Vice-Canzlar, ſondern alle anweſende Geſandten, ſowol über dieſe unerhörte ritterliche That, als auch und zwar noch mehr über dieſer Ritter Tapfferkeit, auch wurde Ritter Livorno nunmehr von ſeinem Vatter als ein Sohn bewillkommet, und mit Freuden angenommen, dann, ſagte er, ich hätte ihn nimmermehr nicht erkennet, ſo ſehr hat er ſich in den fünff Jahren verändert, wiewol ich mich nun der Sprache etwas kundig befinde: hierauf nahm der Ritter ſeinen Abſchied, und trat mit ſeinem Kleinod wieder zu ſeinem Pferd, und als er ſich ſelbſt hinaufgeſchwungen, tummelt er mit demſelben Trupp-ein. Hierauf kam wieder ein Herold, und fordert den Ritter Hohenlohe, ein Kleinod von dem Groß-Herzogen zu empfangen; und weil derſelbe den Preiß allein unter den Teutſchen hatte, tummelte er mit Begierde aus dem Trupp hervor, und als gleich den andern nahe bei der Schau-Bühne, ließ er dem Diener ſein Pferd, und trat mit aufgeſchlagenem Helm die Bühne hinauf, dem ein Gräflich Fräulein einen ſilbernen und mit Perlen wol-beſezten Helm, der auf 2153. Cronen geſchäzet ward, überlieffert, ſagend: Eure Tapfferkeit, hochgeborner Ritter, habt ihr in dieſem Turnir vor vielen mercken laſſen, und nun zur Anzeigung daß ihr in dieſem Ritter-Stand euch je mehr und mehr tapffer und eurem Lande-nüzlich erzeigen möchtet, iſt euch diß geringe Kleinod zu einem Recompens preſentiret worden: worauf der Graf von Hohenlohe den köſtlichen Helm nahme, und ſich alſo bedanckete: Die Ehre, werthes Fräulein, die ich von ihr und vielmehr durch ſie von Ihrer Durchl. dem Groß-Herzog erlange, iſt mit meiner That und Tapfferkeit weit nicht zu vergleichen, und halte ich davor, wann man ſie recht auf einer richtigen Waagen wiegen wolte, würde dieſe wie eine Feder gegen jener zu halten ſeyn, doch nehme ich dieſes liebe Kleinod von meiner hochgebornen Fräulein lieben Händen zu tieffſtem Danck an, hoffende, dieſelbe werde ihrem Diener mit Affection zugethan bleiben, und bei dem Groß-Herzog derenthalben beſtermaſſen recommendiren: küſſete darauf ihre Hand, neigte ſich gegen dem Groß-Herzog und den Fürſtlichen Geſandten biß auf die Erde, und trat alſo wieder von der Schau-Bühne, allwo er ſeinem Diener ſeinen Helm überlieffert, und den zum Kleinod verehrten aufſezte, tummelte darauf wieder zur Compagnie. Bald hierauf als Hohenlohe in den Trupp kam, erhebt ſich ein Streit zwiſchen Hallo dem Ritter von Piſa, und dem Mayländiſchen, welche zuvor mit einander gekämpffet, und dieſer von jenem abgehoben worden, der Mayländiſche aber als welcher ein rachgieriger Geiſt, wolte ſein Leben ehe hundertmal verlieren, als dieſen Schimpff auf ſich ſizen laſſen, und als einer dem andern mit harten Worten ſcharff zugeredet, kamen ſie endlich von den Worten zu Waffen, ſtachen unter dem Hauffen hervor, und rennet einer auf den andern wie die Löwen loß, und wurde der Mayländer noch einmal mit groſſer Schande abgehoben, dannoch wolte er nicht nachlaſſen, ſondern den Schwerdt-Streit zu Fuß vollziehen, dem der Piſaner, weil ihm ſchon von dem Groß-Herzog dieſe Beſtie recht abzuſtraffen vergönnet, zu Gefallen auch abſtieg, und giengen alſo nun mit den Schwerdtern ſo verzweiffelt loß, daß jederman meynet, der Mayländer würde obſiegen, weil er die ſtärckeſten Streiche auf ſein Gegentheil führete, dieſer aber ließ ihn immer toben, und gebrauchte ſich mehrentheils ſeines Schildes, die harten Streich damit aufzufangen, biß ſie faſt eine viertel Stunde an einander geweſen, da ließ der Mayländer aus Mattigkeit ſeine Streiche etwas geringer fallen, und weil Hallo noch ſeine Kräffte alle beyſammen hatte, dann er ſeinen rechten Streich auf jenen geführet, fieng er nun an ſich ſeines Schwerdts offenſive auch recht zu gebrauchen, und ſchlug damit ſehr tapfer zu, daß er dem Mayländer den lincken Arm abhauet, worvon der auch zur Erden ſtürtzete, und wolte ihn Haſſe pardonniren, aber jener erachtete ſich deß Lebens unwürdig, maſſen, weil er ſein Schild, als er ſchon lag, nach Herrn Haſſe zuwarff, und denſelben die Scheibe dermaſſen traff, daß das Blut hernach trang, und hinter ſich ſtürtzete, und als dieſes der Verwundete ſahe, er geſchwind über ihn her wolte, aber Haſſe kam ihm auch zuvor, und ſchlug ihm auf wolverdienten Lohn den Kopff ab, ſagend: alſo muß man unbändige Kälber ſchlachten, ſonſten verführen ſie eine gantze Heerde: nimmt hernach den Kopff und eilt damit zu der Schau-Bühne, und als er hinzukommt, redet er den Groß-Hertzog alſo an: Nun gnädigſter Hertzog, ſtelle ich mich zur Straffe hin, weil nunmehr der Wüterich gefallen, und durch mein Schwerdt umkommen, ich weiß wol der Turnir-Geſetze und Regeln, daß man ſich auf dem hierzu gewidmeten Platz aus Eyffer und Zorn zu keinem Duell auffordern, viel weniger einer dem andern das Leben mit Muthwillen nehmen darff, ich aber habe dem zuwider leben müſſen, dennoch hoffe ich in Anſehung und fleiſſiger Erwegung, daß ich mich meines Gegentheils mit Ehren nicht können enthalten, weswegen mir die gantze Ritterſchafft warhafft Zeugniß geben wird, und dann auch, weil das Recht der Natur zuläſſet, der unbillichen Gewalt mit Gewalt zu widerſtreben, als hoffet dieſer Schuldige ein gnädiges Urtheil, und weil er ſich ſelbſt ſchuldig erkennet, dennoch nach Ritters-Manier vom Leben zum Tode gebracht zu werden. Als nun der Hertzog ſeine Entſchuldigung angehöret, auch geſehen, wie er gezwungen geweſen zu dieſem Kampff, und daß er nicht ohne Verletzung der Ehren, ſo bey den Rittern mehr als das Leben iſt, vorbey gekönnt, über das auch, daß er Herrn Haſſe zugeſprochen, dieſe Beſtie recht abzuſtraffen, antwortete er ihm ſelbſt von oben herab alſo: Nicht ſo, tapfferer Ritter, wer wolte euch euer Leben, als welches ihr allemal mit groſſer Gefahr erretten müſſen, ſo unverſchuldeter Sachen nehmen? Meynet ihr, wir wären willens, aus Gerechtigkeit Rachgierigkeit zu machen? das ſey ferne, und weil ihr eure Ehre und Leben zu ſchützen verbunden, und von Rechtswegen daran gehalten ſeyd, wie ihn man denn diß, was das Recht zuläſſet, ſtraffen, tretet vielmehr herauf und empfanget von uns das vierdte Ritter-Kleinod, als zu welchem ihr nun mit gutem Fug der nächſte ſeyd. Als dieſes Haſſe höret, warff er deß Mayländers Kopff auf die Bahn, ſchlug ſeinen Helm auf, und gieng mit groſſer Freude auf die Schau-Bühne, und da er nahe bey den Fürſtlichen Perſonen, ſchickte ihm der Groß-Hertzog mit ſeinen Leib-Pagen einem vornehmen Freyherrn ein paar ſilberne Sporen mit güldenen Rädlein, und Ricken, die waren wegen der künſtlichen Arbeit auf 1300. Cronen gehalten, und redet der Groß-Hertzog weiter zu ihm; Weil ihr nun, tapfferer Ritter, mehr Anfechtung, als einige andere auf dieſem Turnir gehabt, denn doch eure Tapfferkeit jederzeit überlegen, und allen Unfall überwunden, ſo habt ihr nicht unbillich bey dieſem geringen Kleinod unſern geneigten Willen und beharrliche Gnade ſpühren ſollen, verſichert euch deſſen und verharret ferner, wie bißhero, ſo wird die groſſe Ehre und Nutzen euer eigen ſeyn, und ſeyd hiermit von dem vergoſſenen Blut erlediget und loßgeſprochen. Hierauf nahm Herr Haſſe die Sporen an, mit dieſen wenigen Worten: So ſollen denn auch Eure Durchl. eines willigſten Dieners an mir verſichert ſeyn, nahm auch deßwegen dieſes wiewol unverdiente Kleinod zu einem Zeichen und Pfande dero beharrlichen Gnaden an: hierauf wolte er den Hertzog den Rock küſſen, der ihm aber die Hand bott, und trat alſo wieder auf den Platz, da ihm ſein Diener das Pferd entgegen brachte, und als er ſich drauf geſetzet, zog er mit höchſter vergnügender Freude zu der Ritterſchafft, und ward von ihr hoch geehret. Bald wurden vor denſelben abgeordnet vom Groß-Hertzog, die muſten vor die gantze Ritterſchafft auf den Platz treten, und unter ihnen das Turnir auffkündigen, und den Abzug anmelden, und nachdem ſie dieſes mit zierlicher Wolredenheit verbracht, forderte er die 4. Ritter heraus, und redet ſie alſo an; Unſer allerſeits gnädigſter Groß-Hertzog läſſet die Herren Ritter aus groſſer Zuneigung und Gunſt dieſen Abend mit ihm zur Fürſtlichen Tafel zu gehen, bitten, welches denn auch keiner abſchlagen kunte, in Betrachtung, der verſchiedenen groſſen Gnade, ſo ihm hierdurch geſchahe, und zogen alſo nun alle Ritter wieder nach ihrer Herberg, der Groß-Hertzog machte ſich mit den Fürſtl. Herren Geſandten, auch einem groſſen Hauffen Diener wieder zu Hofe, und ward auf den Abend ein ſehr köſtlich Banquet angeſtellet, der Herr Vice-Cantzlar aber nahm ſeinen Sohn, Herrn Livorno ſamt dem Ritter Gallach mit nach Hauſe, um ſeinen Sohn alda recht zu bewillkommen, und der Mutter ſamt ſeinen Geſchwiſtern ihren erfreueten Sohn und Bruder mit Freude wieder einzuliefern, deßwegen beyde Ritter Herr Gallach und Livorno nach abgelegten Harniſchen köſtliche Kleider anlegten, und muſte des Livorno Leib-Page den köſtlichen Schild ſo ihm zum Kleinod eingehändiget, ſamt dem zierlichen Lorbeer-Krantz ihm nachtragen. Als ſie nun in das Hauß kommen, und die Mutter der Ritter anſichtig worden, erſchrickt ſie ſehr, und weil ſie ihr noch unbekannt, meynet ſie ihr Herr Cantzlar hätte ſie etwa zu Gaſt gebeten, dennoch empfänget ſie ſelbige gar höflich, und fraget der Cantzlar ſo bald nach den übrigen Kindern, die ſo bald herbey kamen, und muſte ſich Herr Livorno zu erkennen geben, da erhub ſich nun eine ſolche Freude, ob ſeiner glücklichen Ankunfft, daß ſie nicht zu beſchreiben; und als ſie noch darzu vernahmen, wie daß 4. Ritter, worunter er der andere geweſen, die beſten Kleinodien im Turnir erhalten, ward die Freude noch gröſſer: die Cantzlerin war geſchäfftig wie die Martha, und wolte ein Gaſtmahl anſtellen, weil aber der Vice-Cantzlar auch zur Fürſtlichen Taffel gebeten, ward ſie ihrer Angelegenheit vor dißmal überhoben, unterdeſſen verbrachten ſie die Zeit im Brett, biß ſie die Eß-Stund naher Hof forderte, ward alſo der Vice-Cantzlar vom Herrn Gallach zur Rechten, wie er ſich zwar deſſen wegerte und Herrn Livorno die Ehre laſſen wolte, dieſer aber wiche ihm willig, weil Herr Gallach nunmehr am Hof und vom Groß-Hertzog angenommen, deßwegen er auch die lincke Seite ſeines Herren Vatters beſchloß, begleitet biß ſie in den Hof kamen, und die Herren Geſandten ſchon alle in dem Eß-Saal, eileten ſie daß man ihrer nicht länger warten muſte, zum Saal, allwo der Herr Vice-Cantzlar zu nächſt nach den Geſandten, nebſt dem Herren Gallach, hernach Herr Livorno, dieſem nach der Graf von Hohenlohe und zuletzt Ritter Haſſe geſetzet wurden, und ward die Taffel mit einer zierlichen Muſic bedienet, und fielen allerley Geſpräch unter den Gäſten vor, worinn ein jeder ſeine Wiſſenſchafft ſehen ließ, ſonderlich aber kam man auf das annoch im friſchen Gedächtniß ſchwebende Turniren, woher das nemlich ſeinen Anfang, und wolte der Käyſerliche Teutſche Geſandte, Namens Cuſpinianus, der Käyſer Henricus Auceps hätte dem Turnir ſeinen Anfang gegeben: dem aber (weil ſonſt niemand darzu redete,) der Graf von Hohenlohe widerſprach und ſagte: Ich habe in einem Turnir-Buch geleſen, daß hochgedachter Käyſer Henricus Auceps mit ſeinem Cantzlar Philippo geredet, daß man das Turniren ſo er bey andern Nationen geſehen, auch am Käyſerlichen Hof einführen möchte, hätte man es nun bey andern Nationen geſehen, ſo könte dieſer Käyſer wol nicht unbillich ein Einführer in Teutſchland, aber nicht ein Erfinder, und Anfänger des Turnirens genennet werden: eben dieſer Meynung war auch der Frantzöſiſche Geſandte André Favyn genannt, der dieſem alſo beyfiel: Es iſt meiner Meynung nach ein gemeiner Irrthum, der auf keinem gewiſſen Fundament ſtehet, daß man will ſagen, das Turniren habe ſeinen Urſprung aus Teutſchland, und zwar von Henrico Aucupe, denn ich hab in denen Teutſchen Hiſtorien geleſen, als gedachter Käyſer aus Hungarn im Jahr nach Chriſti Geburt 930. wiederkommen, (wohin er wider die Hunnos mit Krieges-Macht ausgezogen, die ſeine Grentze ſehr anfochten:) habe er ſich ſo bald auf Mittel bedacht, wie er die Teutſchen zum Krieg und Reuten gewand geſchickter machen möchte, und damit er ſeines Vorhabens Zweck erreichen möchte, habe er den Fürſten und Herren im Römiſchen Reich vorgehalten, daß ſie ſich durch das Turniren im Krieg erfahren machten, als aber dieſes ein vornehmer am Käyſerlichen Hof gehöret, habe er geſagt, das wäre unmöglich, maſſen ſie ſämtliche ſothane Ubungen in Teutſchland nicht geſehen, noch ihnen bekannt, ja es wären auch in Teutſchland ſolche niemalen gehalten worden, in Franckreich aber und Engelland hätten ſie ihren ordentlichen Fortgang. Woraus denn klärlich zu ſehen daß dieſer Kayſer das Turniren von andern Nationen erlernet, denn er hat ein öffentlich Edict an alle angrentzende groſſe Herrſchafften, Fürſten, Grafen und Freyherren laſſen ausgehen, daß er nemlich ein öffentlich Turnier halten wolle, und das thät er nur darum, daß die Teutſchen Fürſten und Herren von den Ausländiſchen Rittern das Turniren lernen, und hinführo ſich auch fleiſſig darinn üben ſolten. Ein ander Venetianiſcher Geſandter Pancirollus genannt wolte behaupten, daß das Turniren ſeinen Anfang vom Manuele Comneno einem Conſtantinopolitan. Käyſer habe, denn ſagte er, ich habe bey dem Niceta Choniata, welcher ſehr gemeldten Conſtantinopolitaniſchen Käyſers Thaten gar ſchön beſchrieben, unter andern geleſen dieſe Wort: Als aber der Käyſer geſehen, wie die Welſchen Soldaten mit ihren hurtigen Sporen und Spieſſen ſtolzierend ſich ſehen lieſſen, hat er ein Turnir mit Sporen angeſtellet, und als der Tag des Turnirens kam, hat er ſeine Verwandten mit zum Kampff angeredet und vermahnet, er ſelber der Käyſer Comnenus begab ſich ſeiner Gewohnheit nach mit lächelndem Munde in ein groſſes flaches Feld, allwo ſchon alle Ritter verſammlet waren, er hielte ſeinen Speer aufgerichtet, und hatte einen langen Talar an, welcher auf der rechten Achſel angeheftet war, auf daß der Zaum deſto freyer ſeye: Daß auf einem muthigen Hengſt der köſtlich gezieret, daß er ſeinem Beſitzer an Zierath und Edelgeſteinen nichts nachgab, der Hengſt hielte ſeinen Kopf gleich den Ungarn in die Höhe, und ſcharrete mit einem förderen Fuß, gab damit ſeine Luſt zum lauffen zu verſtehen: Der Käyſer befahl auch ſeinen Rittern die mit den Welſchen kämpfen wolten, daß ſie ihre köſtlichen Kleider anlegten, und machte ſich auch der Prinz Gotthardus ſelbſt herbey, der ſaß auf einem ſchneeweiſſen Caballen, hat einen mit Gold geſtickten Rock an, ſo ihm biß an die Füße reichete, hatte einen vergüldeten Hut auf ſeinem Haupte, ſo nach Art einer Biſchoffs-Mütze gebogen, er hatte einen zimlichen Hauffen Ritter bey ſich, die waren alle ſchöne erwachſene und tapffere Kerl; Endlich fing der Kampf an, da gingen ihrer viel mit allen Kräfften aufeinander, da ſolte man geſehen haben, wie etliche auf dem Rücken ligend, die Beine in die Höhe kehreten, etliche lagen auf dem Bauch, dieſer wurde aus dem Sattel gehoben, jener gab Ferſen-Geld, etliche erſchracken für den Speeren, und verbargen ſich hinter ihre Schilde, andere waren frölich, weil ſie ſahen, daß ſich ihre Gegentheile für ihnen entſetzeten. Die Lufft wurde bewegt durch dieſes Rennen und Lauffen der Pferde, ſo daß die Fahnen ſich ſchwenckten, und nicht ſtill hangen kunten, daß man daher wol hätte ſagen können, Venus und Mars, ja Bellona und die Gratien hätten mit einander geſtritten, eine ſolche Verwechſelung und Zierlichkeit war da zu ſehen. Hierauf als Pancirollus aufhörete, fing der Herr Graf von Hohenlohe abermal an und ſagte: Das alles laß ich auf ſeinem Werth beruhen, und ob ich gleich aus keiner Hiſtorien weiß, daß man jemals vor Commeni Zeiten mit Speeren geſtritten, ſo unterſtehe ich mich doch nicht, etwas gewiſſes hievon zu ſagen, dann man kan gar ſchwerlich von ſo alten Sachen den Urſprung haben. Und iſt uns ja auch ſo hoch nicht dran gelegen, ob wir der Turnir Urſprung wiſſen oder nicht, genug iſts, daß wir wiſſen daß hochgedachter Käyſer Henricus Auceps dieſelbe nach erhaltenem Hunniſchen Sieg zum erſtenmal in Teutſchland eingeführet, dann wie mir bewuſt, ſo iſt das Erſte im Jahr nach Chriſti Geburt 938. zu Magdeburg gehalten worden, das Andere zu Rotenburg, Anno 942. das Dritte zu Coſtnitz, Anno 948. das Vierdte zu Martisburg, Anno 969. das Fünffte zu Braunſchweig, Anno 996. das Sechſte zu Trier, A. 1019. das Siebende zu Hall in Schwaben, Anno 1042. das Achte zu Augſpurg Anno 1080. das Neundte zu Göttingen, Anno 1119. das Zehende zu Zürch, Anno 1165. das Eilffte zu Cölln, Anno 1179. das Zwölffte zu Nürnberg, Anno 1198. das Dreyzehende zu Wormbs, Anno 1209. das Vierzehende zu Würtzburg, Anno 1235. das Funffzehende zu Regenſpurg, Anno 1284. das Sechszehende, zu Schweinfurt, Anno 1296. das Siebendzehende zu Ravenſpurg, Anno 1311. das Achtzehende zu Ingelheim, Anno 1337. das Neunzehende zu Bamberg, Anno 1362. das Zwantzigſte zu Eßlingen, Anno 1374. das Ein und Zwantzigſte zu Schafhauſen, Anno 1392. das Zwey und zwantzigſte zu Regenſpurg, Anno 1396. das Drey und Zwantzigſte zu Darmſtatt, Anno 1403. das Vier und Zwantzigſte zu Heilbrunn, 1408. das Fünff und Zwantzigſte zu Regenſpurg, Anno 1412. das Sechs und Zwantzigſte zu Stutgart, Anno 1436. das Sieben und Zwantzigſte zu Landshut, Anno 1534. das Acht und Zwantzigſte zu Würtzburg, Anno 1479. das Neun und Zwantzigſte zu Metz, Anno 1480. das Dreyſſigſte zu Heidelberg, Anno 1481. das Ein und Dreyſſigſte zu Stutgart, Anno 1484. das Zwey und Dreyſſigſte zu Ingolſtatt, Anno 1484. Das Drey und Dreyſſigſte zu Anſpach, Anno 1485. das Vier und Dreyſſigſte zu Bamberg, Anno 1486. das Fünff und Dreyſſigſte zu Regenſpurg, Anno 1487. das Sechs und Dreyſſigſte zu Wormbs, Anno 1487. und nach dieſen noch ſehr viel andere, welche mir aber alle zu erzehlen lang fallen würde. Jederman verwunderte ſich nun über dieſen Grafen von Hohenloh, daß er ſolche Wiſſenſchafft von dem Turniren hatte, ward deßwegen auch ſehr geehret: mit dieſen und dergleichen Reden ward die Mahlzeit vollbracht, und nach derſelben ein Fürſtl. Tantz gehalten, worinn jeder ſeine Hurtigkeit ſehen lieſſe.

Der Hardegger, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Ludwig von Hardenberg.

Dieſer unter dem Namen Novalis bekannte Dichter ward den 2. März 1772 zu Wiederſtedt im Mannsfeldiſchen geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena, Leipzig und Wittenberg bis 1794 Philoſophie und Staatswirthſchaft und wurde 1795 als Salinenauditeur zu Weißenfels angeſtellt. Der Wunſch einer gründlichen Bergwerkskunde führte ihn 1797 nach Freiberg, worauf er 1799 als Salinenaſſeſſor nach Weißenfels zurückkehrte. Schon in Jena mit Fichte und F. Schlegel bekannt geworden, kam er nun auch mit A. W. Schlegel, Tieck, J. P. Richter und Schelling in nähere freundſchaftliche Berührung. 1800 wurde er zum Amtshauptmann über Thüringen erhoben, ſtarb aber ſchon den 25. März 1801.

Von ihm erſchienen;

N.'s Schriften. Herausgegeben von Fr. Schlegel und Ludwig Tieck. Berlin 1802, 2 Bde. in 8. 4. Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1826.

Der Richtung der ſogenannten erſten romantiſchen Schule in der deutſchen Poeſie mit vollſter Liebe und Hingebung ſich zuwendend, galt F. v. H., oder wie er als Schriftſteller (nach einem ſeiner Familie zugehörigen Gute) allgemein genannt wurde, Novalis bald als eine der wirkſamſten und bedeutendſten Stützen derſelben, da er nächſt Tieck unbedingt das meiſte poetiſche Talent beſaß, und, wäre ihm ein längeres Leben vergönnt geweſen, gewiß, in ſeiner Eigenthümlichkeit ausgebildet, Vorzüglichſtes geleiſtet haben würde. — Reichthum der Anſchauung, Tiefe und Innigkeit des Gefühls, religiöſe Begeiſterung, wie ſie der wahre Muſiker beſitzen muß, Anmuth in Behandlung der Formen und Wohllaut der Rede waren ihm wie nur Wenigen gegeben, und wurden durch ein ſehr ernſtes Streben nach Univerſalität trefflich gehoben. — Leider iſt das Meiſte von ihm, beſonders ſein Roman Heinrich von Ofterdingen, unvollendet geblieben; nur eine Reihe geiſtlicher Lieder und Hymnen ſteht abgeſchloſſen da, und gehört in jeder Hinſicht zu dem Vollendetſten, was wir in dieſer Gattung aufzuweiſen haben.

Bergmanns-Leben[*].

Der iſt der Herr der Erde,
Wer ihre Tiefen mißt,
Und jeglicher Beſchwerde
In ihrem Schooß vergißt.

Wer ihrer Felſen-Glieder
Geheimen Bau verſteht,
Und unverdroſſen nieder
Zu ihrer Werkſtatt geht.

Er iſt mit ihr verbündet,
Und inniglich vertraut,
Und wird von ihr entzündet,
Als wär' ſie ſeine Braut.

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[*] Aus dem „Muſenalmanach" für das Jahr 1802. Herausgegeben von A. W. Schlegel u. L. Tieck. Tübingen 1802.

Sie ſieht ihr alle Tage
Mit neuer Liebe zu,
Und ſcheut nicht Fleiß und Plage;
Sie läßt ihm keine Ruh.

Die mächtigen Geſchichten
Der längſt verfloſſnen Zeit
Iſt ſie ihm zu berichten
Mit Freundlichkeit bereit.

Der Vorwelt heil'ge Lüfte
Umwehn ſein Angeſicht,
Und in die Nacht der Klüfte
Strahlt ihm ein ew'ges Licht.

Er trifft auf allen Wegen
Ein wohlbekanntes Land,
Und gern kommt ſie entgegen
Den Werken ſeiner Hand.

Ihm folgen die Gewäſſer
Hülfreich den Berg hinauf,
Und alle Felſenſchlöſſer
Thun ihre Schätz' ihm auf.

Er führt des Goldes Ströme
In ſeines Königs Haus,
Und ſchmückt die Diademe
Mit edlen Steinen aus.

Zwar reicht er treu dem König
Den glückbegabten Arm,
Doch fragt er nach ihm wenig,
Und bleibt mit Freuden arm.

Sie mögen ſich erwürgen
Am Fuß um Gut und Geld,
Er bleibt auf den Gebürgen
Der frohe Herr der Welt.

Lob des Weins.

Auf grünen Bergen wird gebohren,
Der Gott, der uns den Himmel bringt,
Die Sonne hat ihn ſich erkohren,
Daß ſie mit Flammen ihn durchdringt.

Er wird im Lenz mit Luſt empfangen,
Der zarte Schooß quillt ſtill empor,
Und wenn des Herbſtes Früchte prangen,
Springt auch das goldne Kind hervor.

Sie legen ihn in enge Wiegen
Ins unterirdiſche Geſchoß.
Er träumt von Feſten und von Siegen,
Und baut ſich manches luft'ge Schloß.

Es nahe keiner ſeiner Kammer,
Wenn er ſich ungeduldig drängt,
Und jedes Band und jede Klammer
Mit jugendlichen Kräften ſprengt.

Denn unſichtbare Wächter ſtellen,
So lang er träumt, ſich um ihn her;
Und wer betritt die heil'gen Schwellen,
Den trifft ihr luftumwundner Speer.

So wie die Schwingen ſich entfalten,
Läßt er die lichten Augen ſehn,
Läßt ruhig ſeine Prieſter ſchalten,
Und kommt heraus, wenn ſie ihn flehn.

Aus ſeiner Wiege dunklem Schooße
Erſcheint er im Kryſtallgewand,
Verſchwiegner Eintracht volle Roſe
Trägt er bedeutend in der Hand.

Und überall um ihn verſammeln
Sich ſeine Jünger hocherfreut,
Und tauſend frohe Zungen ſtammeln
Ihm ihre Lieb' und Dankbarkeit.

Er ſpricht in ungezählten Strahlen
Sein innres Leben in die Welt,
Die Liebe nippt aus ſeinen Schaalen
Und bleibt ihm ewig zugeſellt.

Er nahm, als Geiſt der goldnen Zeiten,
Von jeher ſich des Dichters an,
Der immer ſeine Lieblichkeiten
In trunknen Liedern aufgethan.

Er gab ihm, ſeine Treu zu ehren,
Ein Recht auf jeden hübſchen Mund,
Und daß es keine darf ihm wehren,
Macht Gott durch ihn es Allen kund.

Geiſtliche Lieder.

1.

Was wär ich ohne dich geweſen?
Was würd' ich ohne dich nicht ſeyn?
Zu Furcht und Aengſten auserleſen,
Ständ' ich in weiter Welt allein.
Nichts wüßt' ich ſicher, was ich liebte,
Die Zukunft wär ein dunkler Schlund;
Und wenn mein Herz ſich tief betrübte,
Wem thät' ich meine Sorge kund?

Einſam verzehrt von Lieb' und Sehnen,
Erſchien' mir nächtlich jeder Tag;
Ich folgte nur mit heißen Thränen
Dem wilden Lauf des Lebens nach.
Ich fände Unruh im Getümmel,
Und hoffnungsloſen Gram zu Haus.
Wer hielte ohne Freund im Himmel,
Wer hielte da auf Erden aus?

Hat Chriſtus ſich mir kund gegeben,
Und bin ich ſeiner erſt gewiß,
Wie ſchnell verzehrt ein lichtes Leben
Die bodenloſe Finſterniß.
Mit ihm bin ich erſt Menſch geworden;
Das Schickſal wird verklärt durch ihn,
Und Indien muß ſelbſt in Norden
Um den Geliebten fröhlich blühn.

Das Leben wird zur Liebesſtunde,
Die ganze Welt ſpricht Lieb' und Luſt.
Ein heilend Kraut wächſt jeder Wunde,
Und frey und voll klopft jede Bruſt.
Für alle ſeine tauſend Gaben
Bleib' ich ſein demuthvolles Kind,
Gewiß ihn unter uns zu haben,
Wenn zwey auch nur verſammelt ſind.

O! geht hinaus auf allen Wegen,
Und holt die Irrenden herein.
Streckt jedem eure Hand entgegen,
Und ladet froh ſie zu uns ein.
Der Himmel iſt bey uns auf Erden,
Im Glauben ſchauen wir ihn an;
Die Eines Glaubens mit uns werden,
Auch denen iſt er aufgethan.

Ein alter, ſchwerer Wahn von Sünde
War feſt an unſer Herz gebannt;
Wir irrten in der Nacht wie Blinde,
Von Reu und Luſt zugleich entbrannt.
Ein jedes Werk ſchien uns Verbrechen,
Der Menſch ein Götterfeind zu ſeyn,
Und ſchien der Himmel uns zu ſprechen,
So ſprach er nur von Tod und Pein.

Das Herz, des Lebens reiche Quelle,
Ein böſes Weſen wohnte drinn;
Und wards in unſerm Geiſte helle,
So war nur Unruh der Gewinn.
Ein eiſern Band hielt an der Erde
Die bebenden Gefangnen feſt;
Furcht vor des Todes Richterſchwerdte
Verſchlang der Hoffnung Ueberreſt.

Da kam ein Heiland, ein Befreyer,
Ein Menſchenſohn, voll Lieb' und Macht;
Und hat ein allbelebend Feuer
In unſerm Innern angefacht.
Nun ſahn wir erſt den Himmel offen
Als unſer altes Vaterland,
Wir konnten glauben nun und hoffen,
Und fühlten uns mit Gott verwandt.

Seitdem verſchwand bey uns die Sünde,
Und fröhlich wurde jeder Schritt;
Man gab zum ſchönſten Angebinde
Den Kindern dieſen Glauben mit;
Durch ihn geheiligt zog das Leben
Vorüber, wie ein ſel'ger Traum,
Und ew'ger Lieb' und Luſt ergeben,
Bemerkte man den Abſchied kaum.

Noch ſteht in wunderbarem Glanze
Der heilige Geliebte hier,
Gerührt von ſeinem Dornenkranze
Und ſeiner Treue weinen wir.
Ein jeder Menſch iſt uns willkommen,
Der ſeine Hand mit uns ergreift,
Und in ſein Herz mit aufgenommen
Zur Frucht des Paradieſes reift.

2.

Fern im Oſten wird es heller,
Graue Zeiten werden jung;
Aus der lichten Farbenquelle,
Einen langen tiefen Trunk!
Alter Sehnſucht heilige Gewährung,
Süße Lieb' in göttlicher Verklärung.

Endlich kommt zur Erde nieder
Aller Himmel ſel'ges Kind,
Schaffend im Geſang weht wieder
Um die Erde Lebenswind,
Weht zu neuen ewig lichten Flammen
Längſt verſtiebte Funken hier zuſammen.

Ueberall entſpringt aus Grüften
Neues Leben, neues Blut,
Ew'gen Frieden uns zu ſtiften,
Taucht er in die Lebensfluth;
Steht mit vollen Händen in der Mitte,
Liebevoll gewärtig jeder Bitte.

Laſſe ſeine milden Blicke
Tief in deine Seele gehn,
Und von ſeinem ewgen Glücke
Sollſt du dich ergriffen ſehn.
Alle Herzen, Geiſter und die Sinnen
Werden einen neuen Tanz beginnen.

Greife dreiſt nach ſeinen Händen,
Präge dir ſein Antlitz ein,
Mußt dich immer nach ihm wenden,
Blüthe nach dem Sonnenſchein;
Wirſt du nur das ganze Herz ihm zeigen,
Bleibt er wie ein treues Weib dir eigen.

Unſer iſt ſie nun geworden,
Gottheit, die uns oft erſchreckt,
Hat im Süden und im Norden
Himmelskeime raſch geweckt;
Und ſo laßt im vollen Gottesgarten
Treu uns jede Knosp' und Blüthe warten.

3.

Wer einſam ſitzt in ſeiner Kammer,
Und ſchwere, bittre Thränen weint,
Wem nur gefärbt von Noth und Jammer
Die Nachbarſchaft umher erſcheint;

Wer in das Bild vergangner Zeiten
Wie tief in einen Abgrund ſieht,
In welchen ihn von allen Seiten
Ein ſüßes Weh hinunter zieht; —

Es iſt, als lägen Wunderſchätze
Da unten für ihn aufgehäuft,
Nach deren Schloß in wilder Hetze
Mit athemloſer Bruſt er greift.

Die Zukunft liegt in öder Dürre
Entſetzlich lang und bang vor ihm —
Er ſchweift umher, allein und irre,
Und ſucht ſich ſelbſt mit Ungeſtüm.

Ich fall ihm weinend in die Arme:
Auch mir war einſt, wie dir, zu Muth,
Doch ich genas von meinem Harme,
Und weiß nun, wo man ewig ruht.

Dich muß, wie mich ein Weſen tröſten,
Das innig liebte, litt und ſtarb,
Das ſelbſt für die, die ihm am wehſten
Gethan, mit tauſend Freuden ſtarb.

Er ſtarb, und dennoch alle Tage
Vernimmſt du ſeine Lieb' und ihn,
Und kannſt getroſt in jeder Lage
Ihn zärtlich in die Arme ziehn.

Mit ihm kommt neues Blut und Leben
In dein erſtorbenes Gebein —
Und wenn du ihm dein Herz gegeben,
So iſt auch ſeines ewig dein.

Was du verlohrſt, hat er gefunden;
Du triffſt bey ihm, was du geliebt:
Und ewig bleibt mit dir verbunden,
Was ſeine Hand dir wiedergiebt.

4.

Unter tauſend frohen Stunden,
So im Leben ich gefunden,
Blieb nur eine mir getreu;
Eine, wo in tauſend Schmerzen
Ich erfuhr in meinem Herzen,
Wer für uns geſtorben ſey.

Meine Welt war mir zerbrochen,
Wie von einem Wurm geſtochen
Welkte Herz und Blüthe mir;
Meines Lebens ganze Habe,
Jeder Wunſch lag mir im Grabe,
Und zur Qual war ich noch hier.

Da ich ſo im Stillen krankte,
Ewig weint' und wegverlangte,
Und nur blieb vor Angſt und Wahn:
Ward mir plötzlich, wie von oben,
Weg des Grabes Stein gehoben,
Und mein Innres aufgethan.

Wen ich ſah, und wen an ſeiner
Hand erblickte, frage Keiner,
Ewig werd' ich dieß nur ſehn;
Und von allen Lebensſtunden
Wird nur die, wie meine Wunden
Ewig heiter, offen ſtehn.

5.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Wenn er mein nur iſt,
Wenn mein Herz bis hin zum Grabe
Seine Treue nie vergißt:
Weiß ich nichts von Leide,
Fühle nichts, als Andacht, Lieb' und Freude.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Laß' ich alles gern,
Folg' an meinem Wanderſtabe
Treugeſinnt nur meinem Herrn;
Laſſe ſtill die Andern
Breite, lichte, volle Straßen wandern.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Schlaf' ich fröhlich ein,
Ewig wird zu ſüßer Labe
Seines Herzens Fluth mir ſeyn.

Die mit ſanftem Zwingen
Alles wird erweichen und durchdringen.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Hab' ich auch die Welt;
Selig, wie ein Himmelsknabe,
Der der Jungfrau Schleier hält.
Hingeſenkt im Schauen
Kann mir vor dem Irdiſchen nicht grauen.

Wo ich ihn nur habe,
Iſt mein Vaterland;
Und es fällt mir jede Gabe
Wie ein Erbtheil in die Hand;
Längſt vermißte Brüder
Find' ich nun in ſeinen Jüngern wieder.

6.

Wenn alle untreu werden,
So bleib' ich dir doch treu;
Daß Dankbarkeit auf Erden
Nicht ausgeſtorben ſey.
Für mich umfing dich Leiden,
Vergingſt für mich in Schmerz;
Drum geb' ich dir mit Freuden
Auf ewig dieſes Herz.

Oft muß ich bitter weinen,
Daß du geſtorben biſt,
Und mancher von den Deinen
Dich lebenslang vergißt.
Von Liebe nur durchdrungen
Haſt du ſo viel gethan,
Und doch biſt du verklungen,
Und keiner denkt daran.

Du ſtehſt voll treuer Liebe
Noch immer jedem bey,
Und wenn dir keiner bliebe,
So bleibſt du dennoch treu;
Die treuſte Liebe ſieget,
Am Ende fühlt man ſie,
Weint bitterlich und ſchmieget
Sich kindlich an dein Knie.

Ich habe dich empfunden,
O! laſſe nicht von mir;
Laß innig mich verbunden
Auf ewig ſeyn mit dir.
Einſt ſchauen meine Brüder
Auch wieder himmelwärts,
Und ſinken liebend nieder,
Und fallen dir ans Herz.

7.

Hymne.

Wenige wiſſen
Das Geheimniß der Liebe,
Fühlen Unerſättlichkeit
Und ewigen Durſt.
Des Abendmahls
Göttliche Bedeutung
Iſt den irdiſchen Sinnen Räthſel;
Aber wer jemals
Von heißen, geliebten Lippen
Athem des Lebens ſog,
Wem heilige Gluth
In zitternde Wellen das Herz ſchmolz,
Wem das Auge aufging,
Daß er des Himmels
Unergründliche Tiefe maß,
Wird eſſen von ſeinem Leibe
Und trinken von ſeinem Blute
Ewiglich.
Wer hat des irdiſchen Leibes
Hohen Sinn errathen?
Wer kann ſagen,
Daß er das Blut verſteht?
Einſt iſt alles Leib,
Ein Leib,
In himmliſchem Blute
Schwimmt das ſelige Paar. —
O! daß das Weltmeer
Schon erröthete,
Und in duftiges Fleiſch
Aufquölle der Fels!
Nie endet das ſüße Mahl,
Nie ſättigt die Liebe ſich.
Nicht innig, nicht eigen genug
Kann ſie haben den Geliebten.
Von immer zärteren Lippen
Verwandelt wird das Genoſſene
Inniglicher und näher.
Heißere Wolluſt
Durchbebt die Seele.
Durſtiger und hungriger
Wird das Herz:
Und ſo währet der Liebe Genuß
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Hätten die Nüchternen
Einmal gekoſtet,
Alles verließen ſie,
Und ſetzten ſich zu uns
An den Tiſch der Sehnſucht,
Der nie leer wird.
Sie erkannten der Liebe
Unendliche Fülle,
Und prieſen die Nahrung
Von Leib und Blut.

Georg Anton von Hardenberg,

als Dichter Sylveſter genannt, ward den 28. Juli 1773 zu Schlöben im Altenburgiſchen geboren und wurde nach vollendeten Studien als Königlich Preußiſcher Oberkammerherr und Landrath zu Oberwiederſtedt bei Eisleben in der Nähe ſeines vorgenannten Bruders angeſtellt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 10. Juli 1825.

Er lieferte:

Beiträge zu Roſtorf's Dichtergarten. G. K. G. A. v. Hardenberg.

G. A. v. H. folgte der Richtung ſeines Bruders, F. v. H. (Novalis), nicht ohne Talent, aber ohne Tiefe, und zeigte ſich mit Geſchick in lyriſchen Poeſien, ließ es indeſſen bei dieſen Jugendverſuchen bewenden.

Karl Gottlieb Andreas von Hardenberg,

Bruder und Liebling des Dichters Novalis, ward den 13. März 1776 zu Oberwiederſtedt im Mansfeldiſchen geboren, beſuchte wie ſein Bruder zum Behuf des Studiums der Rechte die gelehrten Anſtalten Sachſens und wurde bei des Letztern Tode zum Königlich Sächſiſchen Amtshauptmann zu Weißenfels ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 28. Mai 1813. Als Dichter nannte er ſich Roſtorf.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Pilgrimſchaft nach Eleuſis. Ein Roman. Berlin 1804 in 8.

Koſtorf's Dichtergarten. Würzburg 1807 in 12. Gemeinſchaftlich mit G. Anton v. H. verfaßt und von K. G. A. v. H. herausgegeben.

K. G. A. v. H. folgte ebenfalls der von ſeinen Brüdern eingeſchlagenen Richtung, und lieferte vorzüglich gelungene lyriſche Poeſien, von denen die hier mitgetheilte eine der glücklichſten iſt.

Die Wellen.

Die Woge ſpielt in tauſend klaren Wellen
Und leiſe eilt ſie fort zum ſtillen See;
Der Tropfen will ſich gern zum Strom geſellen,
Die Sehnſucht macht ihn auf und nieder ſchwellen!
Er geht und eilt und ſchläft im ſtillen See.

Dem Ufer möcht' er gern noch Manches ſagen,
Er ſchleicht und flüſtert ihm die Worte zu;
Und leis und ſtill als dürft' er es nicht wagen,
Vertraut er ihm die ſüß'ten Liebesklagen
Und plaudert fort bis in die ſanfte Ruh.

Am Felſen brechen ſich die hellen Wogen;
Sie reden dort mit wildem Jugend-Sinn;
Und immer weiter werden ſie gezogen,
Und immer ſchöner glänzt der blaue Bogen,
Sie ſchwimmen zu dem Silber-Meere hin.

Dort ſchlafen ihre ſchönen Jugendträume,
Voraus erwählten ſie das ſtille Grab;
Doch daß das Aethergold ſie ſtets umſäume
Und ew'ge Jugend ihrem Schooß entkeime,
So ſteigen ſie und ſtürzen tief hinab.

Konrad Harder, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Arnold von Harffe, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Georg Wilhelm Heinrich Häring,

als Schriftſteller unter dem Namen Willibald Alexis bekannt, ward den 29. Juni 1788 zu Breslau geboren, erwarb ſich nach daſelbſt vollendeten Studien die Würde eines Dr. der Philoſophie und wurde zuerſt als Kammergerichtsreferendar zu Berlin angeſtellt. Später gab er dieſe Anſtellung auf, privatiſirte daſelbſt, ſich belletriſtiſchen Beſchäftigungen widmend, und übernahm nach Kuhn's Tode die Redaktion des Freimüthigen, die er jedoch ſpäter, nachdem dieſe Zeitſchrift mehrere Schickſale erlitten, wieder aufgab.

Er ſchrieb unter dem Namen Willibald Alexis:

Die Treibjagd, ſcherzhaftes idylliſches Epos. Berlin 1820. gr. 12.

Die Schlacht bei Torgau und der Schatz der Tempelherren. 2 Novellen. Berlin 1823 in 8.

Scotts Jungfrau vom See. Zwickau 1822. Neue Ausgabe 1827, 2 Bde.

Scotts Lied des letzten Minſtrels. Ebendaſ. 1824. 2 Bde.

Herr- und Querſtraßen, aus dem Engliſchen. Berlin 1824 — 1827, 5 Thle. 8.

Walladmor. Frei nach dem Engliſchen des W. Scott. 2. verb. Aufl. Berlin 1824, 3 Bde. in 16, mit 1 Steindr.

Die Geächteten. Novelle. Berlin 1825 in gr. 12.

Schloß Avalon. Frei nach dem Engliſchen des W. Scott. Leipzig 1827. 3 Bde.

Herbſtreiſe durch Scandinavien. Berlin 1828, 2 Thle. in 8.

Wanderungen im Süden. Berlin 1828 in 8.

Novellen. Berlin 1830 u. 1831, 4 Bde. in 8.

Der Freimüthige. Berliner Converſationsblatt, 27. — 32. Jahrgang. Berlin 1830 — 1835 in gr. 4.

Cabanis. Roman in 6 Büchern. Berlin 1832, 6 Bde. 8.

Wiener Bilder. Leipzig 1833 in gr. 12.

Schattenriſſe aus Süddeutſchland. Berlin 1834 in 8.

Das Haus Düſterweg. Eine Geſchichte aus der Gegenwart. Leipzig 1835, 2 Bde. in 8.

Außerdem Schriften geringern Umfangs in Jahrbüchern (z. B. die Sonnette und Aennchen von Tharau im Jahrbuch deutſcher Bühnenſpiele Jahrg. 7. u. 8.) und andern Zeitſchriften, mehrere dramatiſche Arbeiten u. A. m.

Bei großer Gewandtheit der Darſtellung, leichter und gefälliger Schilderung und einem ſchönen Talent der Beobachtung und Auffaſſung, fehlt es dieſem vorzüglichen und vielſeitigen Romandichter doch an Originalität, productiver Kraft und Tiefe, und ſeine Leiſtungen ſind ſämmtlich mehr Erzeugniſſe des combinirenden und berechnenden Verſtandes, als echter Phantaſie und Schöpfung. Er hat daher auch bis jetzt noch keine eigentlich feſte Stellung gewonnen, und ſeine Arbeiten bleiben in höherem oder geringerem Grade ſtets (vielleicht unbewußte) Nachahmungen bedeutender Vorbilder. — Wo er dies abſichtlich erzielt, iſt er demzufolge auch am Glücklichſten, wie dies ſein Roman Walladmor beweiſt, der für ein Werk Walter Scott's ausgegeben, auch eine Zeitlang wirklich dafür galt, ſogar die Aufmerkſamkeit des großen engliſchen Dichters, deſſen Weiſe er ſo treu copirte, auf ſich lenkte, und, als Nachahmung betrachtet, wirklich die trefflichſte Leiſtung iſt, welche die deutſche Literatur in dieſer Gattung aufzuweiſen hat. — W. A. iſt, beſonders um ſeiner politiſchen Anſichten willen, in der letztern Zeit vielfach angegriffen und angefeindet worden; ſeine Gegner haben aber nicht bedacht, daß er hier aus vollſter Ueberzeugung ſchreibt und handelt, und wie überhaupt als Schriftſteller, ſo auch in dieſer Hinſicht die größte Achtung verdient. — Seine ſämmtlichen Leiſtungen werden ihm, wie ſeiner Nation, ſtets Ehre machen.

Die ehrlichen Leute*).

Aus einer frühern Einleitung des Autors, welche Zeitereigniſſen angehörte, ſtehe hier nur Folgendes enthoben.

Eines Abends klopfte es an, und ein junger Menſch trat ein. Er mochte zwiſchen zwanzig und vier und zwanzig Jahre alt ſeyn, hatte ein blühendes, offenes Geſicht, obgleich ein ſchielender Zug zwiſchen den Augen mir ſeltſam vorkam. Während er mit der Hand in die Taſche griff, und eine Papier-Rolle zu betaſten ſchien, drehte er verlegen das Geſpräch im

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*) Aus: W. Alexis „Geſammelte Novellen.“ 2. Band. Berlin 1830.

Kreiſe, ohne zum Ziele zu kommen. Endlich brachte er ſein Geſuch zugleich mit der Rolle zum Vorſchein. Es beſtand in nichts anderm, als der Bitte, ſeine Lebensgeſchichte, etwa in Form einer Novelle, zu ſchreiben, und zu dieſem Behufe ſein eigenes Memoriale durchzuleſen. Auf meine über das Sonderbare dieſes Antrages geäußerte Verwunderung, erklärte er, ein beſonderes Zutrauen zu mir zu hegen, und bat mich, auf der Stelle ſein Manuſcript durchzublättern.

Nachdem dieß geſchehen, erwiederte ich ihm: „Ich muß mich wundern, mein Herr, wie Sie irgend Jemanden anmuthen können, Ihr Leben zu ſchreiben!"

„Nicht irgend Jemanden, ſondern Ihnen," erwiederte er. „Ihr Leben taugt ganz und gar nicht, um durch den Druck verherrlicht zu werden. Weshalb ſoll ich nun zu der Ehre kommen, Sie zum Helden einer Novelle zu machen?"

„Weil die Helden Ihrer bisherigen Novellen auch nichts taugen," erwiederte er kaltblütig.

Es war ein ſchlagendes Argument.

Durch die breiten Straßen der ſchönen und großen Reſidenz ging zögernden Schrittes ein junger Menſch. Während er ſich der Prachtgebäude und reichen Läden freute, ſchien ſein eigener freundlicher Anblick, der ſchlanke Wuchs, die friſchen Wangen und die regelmäßigen Züge manchen Vorübergehenden ebenſo zu erfreuen. Des Weges ungewiß, ſah er ſich jetzt um nach Jemanden, der ihm antworten könnte, als ein hübſches junges Mädchen, ſeine Noth errathend, ihn anredete:

„Der Herr iſt wol auch noch nicht lange hier?"

„Seit einer halben Stunde — antwortete der Gefragte — gehe ich nun ſchon durch die Stadt, und glaubte mit jedem Schritte zum andern Thore hinauszukommen, aber immer gerade ich in eine neue Straße, die wo möglich länger iſt, als alle vorigen. Das hatte man mir in London nicht geſagt. Sie meinten dort, eine deutſche Stadt könne man in die Taſche ſtecken."

„Gott bewahre! von London kommen der Herr! Das iſt wol erſchrecklich weit?"

„Ja, mein ſchönes Kind. Ein hundert Meilen weit über die See."

Das freundliche Mädchen ſchüttelte den Kopf, und ſah den jungen Menſchen nun noch freundlicher an.

„Ich komme nur von Meißen her ſeit 'nem halben Jahre, und wie muß nun Einem zu Muthe ſeyn, der hundert Meilen kommt über die See. 'S iſt hier nicht ſo wie zu Hauſe, das wird Er bald merken."

Der junge Menſch lächelte mit einem fragenden Blicke.

„'S iſt ganz was Apartes in der Stadt; ein ehrlicher Menſch weiß nicht, wie er dran iſt. Hübſch und häßlich iſt Alles durcheinander."

„Mir iſt doch nur Hübſches begegnet," ſagte der Fremde mit einer feinen Verbeugung.

„Nein, nein, nein!" rief das Mädchen, „ſo iſt's nicht gemeint. Wenn, was honette Leute ſind, auch recht polirt ausſieht, ſo glaub' Er mir, die Leute ſind ſo grob, und wenn man fragt, ſo antworten ſie nicht, und 'nen Fremden lachen ſie aus. Ich weiß, wie mir's ging vor ſechs Monaten mit den ſchnippiſchen Antworten. Drum, wenn ich jetzt 'nen Fremden auf den Straßen ſehe, iſt's mir immer, als müßt' ich ihn fragen und zurecht weiſen, daß Er nicht ſolch 'nen groben Straßenjungen braucht anzureden."

Der Fremde ſah höchſt verwundert die hübſche Sächſin an, denn ſeinem Kennerblick entging es nicht, daß er ſich in ihr getäuſcht hatte. Als ſie ihn noch einmal vor den Buben gewarnt, die nichts im Sinne hätten, als ehrliche Leute foppen, erhielt er auf die etwas beleidigend geſtellte Frage:

„Was thuſt Du, meine Schöne?" — eine ſo derbe Zurechtweiſung, daß er jeden Verſuch für abgebrochen halten mußte. Aber noch einmal, als ſie ſchon einige Schritte um die Ecke war, kehrte ſie um, und faßte ihn freundlich bei der Hand, zutrauliche Beſorglichkeit im Blicke:

„Er iſt ein junges, unſchuldiges Blut, das ſieht man Ihm an; drum nehm Er ſich ja recht in Acht. Ich weiß nicht, ob ſie in London auch ſtehlen, aber bei uns müßte man ſich die Taſchen zuhalten, ſo arg iſt's. Man ſieht's ihnen oft gar nicht an, die's thun, den ſchlechten Menſchen; aber eh' Er ſich's verſieht, haben ſie's weg, und an ein Wiederkriegen iſt nicht zu denken."

Der Fremde aus Britannien ſtand ſo betroffen, und glotzte dem Mädchen ſo nach, daß kein Gilray und kein Cruikſhank ein beſſeres Original zu einer Karrikatur gefunden hätte, wenn er einmal ſeine Landsleute zeichnen wollte, wie wir ſie uns auf dem Continent denken. Noch ſtand er ſo da, mit offenem Munde, was ſein hübſches Geſicht ſehr entſtellte, als ein junger, anſtändig gekleideter Mann, der ſchon geraume Zeit dem Paare gefolgt war, mit der Frage an ihn herantrat: „Sie kommen von London, mein Herr? und zu Fuß? Das heißt, für einen Engländer, ſich über große Vorurtheile wegſetzen."

Der Jüngling erröthete. Der Andere, es bemerkend, fuhr ſogleich fort: „Sie brauchen ſich deſſen nicht zu ſchämen. Ich ſelbſt bin ein leidenſchaftlicher Verehrer der Fußwanderungen, und freue mich herzlich, wenn ein gebildeter Mann ſich über thörige Anſichten wegſetzt. Indem liebe ich Alles, was Engliſch heißt, bis auf die engliſchen Diebe. Sie ſind ohne Zweifel ein Literatus, und auf einer wiſſenſchaftlichen Reiſe begriffen?" Der Fremde nickte beſcheiden. Jener fuhr fort: „Es heißt, Walter Scott würde nach Deutſchland kommen."

„So heißt es," antwortete der Jüngling.

„Ich bin ſehr neugierig, ihn zu ſehen," ſagte der Deutſche, und fuhr in einem angenehmen Fluſſe von Fragen fort, welche den Anglomanen verriethen. Er behauptete, der große Schotte würde auch in Deutſchland Stoff finden, namentlich zu ſeinen Diebes- und Schmugglerſcenen, wenn er nur eine Reiſe durch die Gefängniſſe und Criminalgerichte unternähme. Wenige ahnten, welche Schätze dort verborgen lägen. — Er ließ ſich aus über die Deutſchlands Dieben eigenthümliche Rothwälſche Sprache, und klagte, daß der Dialect im Norddeutſchen weniger cultivirt ſey. Er ſprach über das Verhältniß zwiſchen chriſtlichen und jüdiſchen Dieben und Raubmördern, wie in dem Unterſchiede doch etwas liege, was als Surrogat zu brauchen für Schottlands Hochländer und Niederſachſen.

Der Fremde, der beiläufig geſagt, das Deutſche recht gut, aber mit einem ausländiſchen Dialect ſprach, hörte ihm aufmerkſam, doch in ſtummer Verwunderung zu. Den Engländer hätte man auch daran erkannt, daß er weniger als die Deutſchen redete. Erſt als der junge Einwohner ſich nach den Politicis und dem Zuſtande der Freiheit in London erkundigte, antwortete er mit einem Stoßſeufzer:

„Alles verloren, Alles vorbei! Die Tyrannen haben uns niedergeworfen. Caſtlereagh oder Canning! Es läuft Alles auf eins heraus. Alle verſchworen gegen die Armen. Mit Alt-England iſt's aus!"

„Sie gehören zu den Reformern. Hüten Sie ſich."

„God dam!" ſagte der Engländer, und blieb einen Augenblick auf der langen Brücke ſtehen, indem er mit Luſt auf das von der herbſtlichen Abendſonne beſchienene Schloß hinſah. Der Deutſche ſagte: „Dieß iſt das einzige ſchöne und alte Gebäude in der Stadt. Aber wenn Sie ein Reformer ſind, haben Sie wol wenig Sinn für gothiſche Alterthümer?"

„Es kommt darauf an — entgegnete der Andere mit einem verfänglichen Blicke — ob ſie nur vergoldet ſind, oder echt. In dem Altfränkiſchen iſt gewöhnlich mehr Realität. Wo man wählen muß, ohne zu prüfen, greife ich lieber zum Antiken."

„Sie ſind ein würdiger Kunſtjünger," ſagte der Einwohner, der als Herr Pompanius von einem Vorübergehenden gegrüßt wurde, mit Bedeutung; — und mit eben ſolcher Bedeutung entgegnete der Fremde:

„Nun nennen Sie mir ein Wirthshaus, wo ich meines Gleichen treffe!"

„Ihres Gleichen, das wird ſchwer halten, denn wir haben keine Reformer. Aber in ſofern die Reformer Wein und Luxus verſchmähen, möchte ich Ihnen jenes Wirthshaus empfehlen — Sie gehen rechts am Waſſer lang, biegen links ein" —

„Ich weiß zu finden," unterbrach ihn lächelnd der Fremde, und rückte etwas am Hut. Aber er wußte nicht zu finden, denn mit ſeinem richtigen Blick ward er ſogleich inne, daß dieß nicht das Haus ſey, welches er ſuchte.

„Sonderbar," ſprach er, ſich in das Gewühl einer benachbarten Straße miſchend, „daß mich in meiner Unterhalt Niemand verſtehen will, oder ich ſie nicht verſtehe!"

Bald erſcholl hier aus der Menge der in der Volksſprache der Reſidenz wohlbekannte Ruf: „Halt den Dieb!" — Die Leute ſprengten auseinander. In wilder Verwirrung lief man die Straße hinauf. „So unverſchämt zu ſeyn, — ſchrie eine ſtämmige Bürgersfrau — bei hellerlichtem Tage einem die volle Börſe aus der Hand zu reißen!" — „Hier iſt der Dieb!" — rief noch lauter der Reiſende aus Britannien. Er überlieferte dabei einen jungen Menſchen, den er am Kragen gefaßt, der Maſſe, welche gar nicht geneigt war, auf die Betheurungen ſeiner Unſchuld zu achten. Eine herbeieilende Polizei ſchützte indeſſen den Gefangenen vor ihren Mißhandlungen.

Der Fremde entfernte ſich, noch ehe ihn die Polizei als Zeugen befragen und ſeinen Namen notiren konnte. Bald hätte man ihn in einem entlegenen Theile der Stadt ſehen können, wo er wohlgefällig im langſamen Spazierengehen murmelte: „Dank meinem ſeligen Vormunde! Hier kann ich doch mein

Glück machen.“ Aber als er in einem Winkel-Conditorladen ſeine Börſe nachzählte, ſchüttelte er den Kopf: „Lauter ſchlechte Silbermünze! Dieſe Groſchen drücken ſchwerer die Taſchen, als ſie werth ſind. Indeſſen, der Continent will einen andern Maaßſtab, als das großherzige Albion.“

Der Abend kam heran, und fand den Jüngling noch immer ohne Obdach auf den Straßen umherirrend. Wol fand er bald, daß die hübſche Sächſin ihm Wahrheit berichtet hatte. Denn je zerlumpter die Buben auf der Straße ausſahen, um ſo ungezogener betrugen ſie ſich gegen den Fremden, wenn er nach ihnen wohlbekannten Dingen fragte. Der Witz vergnügte ſich, ihn irre zu führen. Und bei dem Sport war doch keine Luſtigkeit.

Der Mond ging auf, und die Straßen wurden leer. Endlich bemerkte der Reiſende aus Britannien nur einen einzigen Menſchen, außer ſich, auf dem geräumigen Luſtgarten umherſpaziren. Nachdem Beide eine Weile ſchweigend in den Pappelalleen auf und nieder gegangen waren, trat der Andere, eine ſchlanke jugendliche Geſtalt in einem grünen abgetragenen Ueberrocke, an ihn heran, zog mit höflicher Schelmerei den Hut ab, und fragte:

„Ew. Gnaden geht es vielleicht, wie mir? Unſre Equipage läßt uns im Stich.“

„Errathen! Ich hatte beſtimmt beordert. Aber iſt wol Kutſchern zu trauen,“ ſagte der Fremde, der in den Ton einging.

„Sagen Sie lieber, all' dem Domeſtikenvolk. Kutſcher, Bediente, alles unter einer Decke, den Herrn zu betrügen. Erſt heute habe ich den Kammerdiener fortgejagt, weil er mich mit zwei Löchern auf den Elbogen ausgehen ließ. Es iſt eine Schande. Sind die Stiefeln wol geputzt?“

„Auf Ehre nicht! In London würde man ſogar meinen, ſie wären mit Thran geſchmiert.“

„Man muß ſelbſt Hand anlegen, Gnaden, ſelbſt! ich glaube, ich habe ſie mir heut eigenhändig geſchmiert, wenn's überall geſchehen iſt.“

„Schmieren iſt überall gut,“ ſagte der Britannier, an eine Pappel gelehnt.

„'S kommt nur drauf an, wer's bekommt und wer's giebt,“ entgegnete der Einwohner. „Wo wohnen Ew. Gnaden?“

„Ich bin ein Fremder, weiß aber jetzt auf Ehre nicht, wie mein Hotel heißt, und wo es liegt.“

„Was iſt angenehmer für einen freien Mann! Wer ein Haus hat, kann nichts für ſich thun. Tauſend Leute, die einem auf die Finger ſehen. Vom Dach bis zum Keller, ſie rechnen uns Alle nach.“

„Sie haben alſo kein Logis; ich wollte ſagen Palais?“

„Ew. Gnaden werden lachen, wenn ich ſage, daß ich es ſelbſt nicht weiß. Ich halte mich meiſtens in den Provinzen auf, und bin eigentlich nur während des Carnevals in der Reſidenz. Zu der Zeit hat man's doch immer nur mit der Nacht zu thun. Alle echte Feten um Mitternacht. Wahrhaftig, ich habe ſeit drei Monaten keine Straße im Tageslicht geſehen. Unſereiner muß des Tages ſchlafen, um die Kräfte zu ſammeln.“

„Sie kommen aus der Provinz, mein Herr, wo liegen da Ihre Güter? Denn um Geſchäfte zu machen, wie Männer, die es verſtehen, dazu, meinte ich, wäre hier allein die Reſidenz tauglich.“

„Wo ich herkomme, habe ich auch nicht eigentlich Geſchäfte abgemacht. Nur einige Rechnungen abgeſchloſſen, oder Reſte abgetragen. Es iſt ein großer, ſchöner Palaſt — nicht eigentlich mein Eigenthum. Er gehört dem Staate; indeſſen werden alle Freigeſinnten dort gaſtfrei aufgenommen, wenn ſie von den Gerichten ein Atteſt einreichen, daß ſie würdig ſind. Dazu gehört wirklich nicht viel. Und wenn man's auch noch nicht recht wäre, da in der Geſellſchaft wird man's. Sie iſt immer auserleſen. Alles, was man wünſcht, findet man. Ich war ſechs Monat dort, und es gefiel mir ſo wohl, daß ich nicht ein einziges Mal während der Zeit ausgegangen bin. Ew. Gnaden ſind fremd hier — werden aber mit der Zeit auch ſchon in Spandow bekannt werden.“

„Es frägt ſich doch,“ ſagte der Britannier, an dem Halstuch rückend. „Mein Vormund hat mir zwar viel Gutes von dem Orte geſagt. — Doch, wo bringt man die Nacht zu? — Giebt es hier keine Gelegenheit?“

„Hält ſchwer, Ew. Gnaden! für einen Fremden des Nachts.“

„Nimmt man vielleicht einen Fiacre?“

„Zu den Droſchken würde ich nicht rathen, Gnaden. Mit denen holt man nichts ein.“

„Gut, ſo bleiben wir im Freien. Die Nacht iſt mondhell. Ich bin ein Freund der Natur — wer kommt da?“

„Gnaden! Polizei mit dem Nachtwächter. Folgen Sie mir.“

Beide waren in einem Satze über das eiſerne Geländer des Luſtgartens geſprungen, und liefen durch das Schloß in die eigentliche Stadt, bis ſie in einer der dunkelſten Nebengaſſen athemlos ſtill ſtanden. „Iſt hier das Palais?“ fragte betonend der Britannier. „Nein, Beſter, doch hoffe ich Freunde anzutreffen, die uns ſagen, wo was los iſt. Geben Sie mir etwas klein Geld, für den Nothfall Victualien anzuſchaffen. Denn wahrhaftig, ſie haben mir in Spandow nichts auf den Weg gegeben, als vier gute Groſchen.“ Der Britannier zahlte einige Groſchen, und bald kam der Andere mit einigen Semmeln und einer breiten Flaſche zurück. Aber ſchon aus der hellen Glasthüre des Branntweinladens winkte er dem Gefährten Stille zu, und flüſterte ihm, am Arm ihn fortziehend, in's Ohr: „Es iſt aber Alles verdächtig.“ Beide durchſtreiften noch eine halbe Stunde die entlegenern Straßen, bis ſie in die Vorſtadt kamen, wo die einzeln ſtehenden Häuſer durch große Gärten und Felder getrennt liegen.

„Es iſt kein Obſt mehr auf den Bäumen,“ ſagte der Einheimiſche, „und die Wächter ſind nicht mehr in den Gärten. Hier iſt der Zaun nicht hoch. Steigen Ew. Gnaden auf meine Schultern, und klettern hinüber, ich folge nach.“ Der Reiſende aus Britannien folgte leicht dem Rathe, und ſprang mit einem Satze in den Garten hinunter. Kaum aber war er dort auf den Beinen, als ein Bullenbeißer laut klaffend ihn anfiel. Er griff umher und zum Glück eine Bohnenſtange, mit welcher er ſich ſo trefflich in der Dunkelheit vertheidigte, daß ein Stoß in den Rachen das Thier für einen Augenblick ſtumm machte. Es war aber auch die höchſte Zeit, denn ſchon hörte er die Stimme der Knechte, welche auf das Klaffen des Hundes herbei eilten. Der junge Menſch verſuchte umſonſt ſich auf den Zaun zu ſchwingen. Den Freund draußen hörte er ſein Heil in den Hacken ſuchen. Nur ein Ausweg blieb dem Verrathenen übrig, der gefährlichſte. Er ſchlich den nahenden Knechten im Schatten einer Hecke entgegen, legte ſich platt auf den Boden, bis ſie vorüber waren, und rannte dann dem erleuchteten Punkte zu, von dem ſie ausgegangen. Das Gartenthor eines großen Hauſes ſtand offen. Er ging gerade durch den Flur, aber die Hausthür nach der Straße war verſchloſſen. Kühn trat er ſeitwärts in die erleuchtete Küche, wo nur eine Köchin beim Heerde Hühner pflückte. Schon hatte er die Magd mit einem tigerähnlichen Seitenſprunge, ehe ſie ihn bemerkte, in den Nacken gefaßt, als er die hübſche Meißnerin erkannte. Sein Griff war ſo feſt, daß ſie nur mit gepreßter Stimme: „Mord! Erbarmen!“ rufen konnte. Da fühlte ſie ſich ſchnell losgelaſſen, und ſah, wer es war.

„Um des Himmels willen, was macht Er hier? will Er mein Leben!“ ſprach die Erſchrockene, ſchwer aufathmend.

„Nur Deinen Hausſchlüſſel, Engelskind.“

„Wofür ſieht Er mich an!“

„Für ein gutes Mädchen, das mich nicht an den Galgen bringen will.“

„Galgen!“ rief das leichenblaſſe Mädchen, und ſah willenlos zitternd den jungen Menſchen an, jetzt erſt ahnend, was es bedeuten könne.

Man hörte die Knechte, die Hunde draußen. Aber im nächſten Augenblicke drehte ſich der Hausſchlüſſel in der Thüre, und die Sächſin ſchob ihn hinaus. Ihren letzten Blick konnte er nicht ſehen, aber als die Thür wieder verſchloſſen war, hörte er ihr Schluchzen. Es kam ihm vor, als wolle es ſagen: „Daß der junge Menſch auch ein Dieb iſt!“

Zwei Momente blieb er auf der Rinnſteinbrücke ſtehen, gerade ſo lange, als nöthig war, um: „Sonderbar!“ für ſich auszurufen, und ſich das Haus zu merken; dann eilte er mit haſtigen Schritten in die dunkle Nacht.

Er war, von Müdigkeit und Hunger begleitet, durch die Stadt ſchon wieder nach einer andern Vorſtadt durchgedrungen, als es mit einemmale von der Seite dem Verirrten zurief: „Pſt! Ew. Gnaden! — Hinter einem niedrigen Zaune hob Jemand ſeinen Kopf auf: es war der Freund vom Luſtgarten. Schnell war der junge Mann hinübergeſetzt. „Hier iſt mein Sommerpalaſt, Ew. Gnaden.“ Einige Schritte entfernt, lag, halb in die Erde gegraben, mit Stroh bedeckt, eine verlaſſene Wächterhütte. Kaum konnten zwei Perſonen darin bequem liegen, noch ſchwieriger aufrecht ſitzen. Der aus Britannien meinte, es wäre ein ſehr ſchlechter Palaſt; der Deutſche aber verſicherte, hier verbringe er im Frühjahr und Herbſte oft ganze Wochen, und könne innerhalb der Ringmauern einer Stadt kein beſſeres Sansſouci ſich denken. Jener bequemte ſich, und beide krochen in die Hütte, nachdem ſie den Boden, ſo gut es ſich thun ließ, mit welken Blättern ausgepolſtert hatten. Dann ſtopften ſie noch mit Stroh und Gras die Oeffnung zu und bald empfand der Britte die Wohlthat dieſer ſorgenfreien warmen Hütte, während draußen der Herbſtreif fiel, und ein kalter Wind blies. Der Deutſche bot ihm Semmel und Branntwein an; er nahm aber nur von der erſtern, indem er verſicherte, Männern von ihrer Lage ziene die höchſte Beſonnenheit und Klarheit. Seinen unvergeßlichen Vormund habe er noch vor deſſen ernſtem Tode erklären gehört, wie geiſtige Getränke die Moralität untergrüben. Ein Glas Brantwein habe ſchon oft die ſchönſten Unternehmungen zu Schanden gemacht. Der Andere, welcher deſto eifriger der Flaſche zuſprach, fragte ihn, was das für ein Vormund ſey, der ſo nüchterne Grundſätze gepredigt hätte? „Es war einer der tüchtigſten Männer ſeiner Zeit," antwortete der Jüngling. „Und Dank ſey es der vorſorgenden Liebe meines Vaters, meine Erziehung dieſem vielſeitigen Manne anvertraut zu haben. Er hat redlich Wort gehalten. Seinen eigenen Vortheil hintanſetzend, zog er mit mir dahin, wo ich am meiſten lernen konnte. Seine Rathſchläge waren Gold, ſeine Worte gediegene Wahrheit, ſein Beiſpiel unerreichbar." —

„Was treibſt Du denn für ein Handwerk?" fragte der Andere.

„Eine Kunſt — ſagte der Dritte etwas ärgerlich — eine Kunſt, nicht getrennt von der Wiſſenſchaft. Mit Recht prägte mir mein Vormund beſtändig ein, die rohe Empirik, das bloße Naturaliſiren zu verabſcheuen, und, immer die Idee vor Augen behaltend, wiſſenſchaftlich an jedes Werk zu gehen."

„Das mag ein rechter kluger Kerl geweſen ſeyn," ſagte der Einheimiſche mit parodiſchem Tone.

„Nein, Alles, was er ſagte, hat ſich als Wahrheit bewährt. Ach, und der Edle hat ſich für mich aufgeopfert, für mich ging er nach England — wir Beide ſind deutſcher Abkunft — und für mich mußte er dort ſterben. Aber ſein Name wird nicht untergehn, denn ſelbſt die neidiſchen Engländer mußten zuletzt den vollendeten Künſtler, ja, den Meiſter in ihm erkennen. Zehnmal ſtand er vor der Jury, und wurde zehnmal freigeſprochen. Seine Grundſätze waren ganz rein. Freiheit und Gleichheit ſein Lebenselement. Obgleich ſelbſt für die Grundſätze der Reformer eingenommen, wenn er in ſeinem Berufe arbeitete, waren ſie ihm nicht mehr nicht weniger, als ein gleißneriſcher Whig oder ein ſelbſtiſcher Tory. Er kannte nicht allein, wie wir Alle, keinen Unterſchied zwiſchen dem Mein und Dein, ſondern auch zwiſchen dem Dein allein. Ich erinnere mich noch, daß er am Tage der Hinrichtung des unvergeßlichen Arthur Thiſtlewood zugleich dem Lord Oberrichter eine goldne Doſe, und dem einen Gefangenen ſeine Apfelſine entwandte. So war vor ſeiner großen Seele kein Unterſchied der Parthei, des Glaubens, des Reichthums. Schon hatte er ein bedeutendes Vermögen zurückgelegt, ſchon brauchte er die Kunſt nicht mehr als Erwerb auszuüben; er beſchäftigte ſich damit, junge Engländer, die von den beſten Familien als Penſionaire ihm zuſtrömten, zu unterrichten, als zwei boshafte Irländer, deren Schulen er durch ſeinen Ruf leer von Schülern gemacht, bei einem großen Unternehmen am Krönungstage ihn in die Hände des Conſtables führten. Er ergab ſich, und rief uns nur zu: entflieht! Nichts half ihm ſeine genaue Kenntniß der Geſetze, nichts, daß ihn Englands erſte Rechtskundige vertheidigten, die Jury ſprach das Schuldig. Dennoch glaubte halb London, die Begnadigung eines ſo ausgezeichneten Kopfes könne nicht fehlen; man ging Wetten ein, ſelbſt der Hof war getheilt. Da kam der Recorder aus Windſor zurück, er las die Liſte der Begnadigten — mein Vormund war nicht darunter. Er ward hinausgeſchleppt unter gemeinen Verbrechern. Die Gnade war ausgeblieben; an ſeinem letzten Ehrentage blieben auch ſeine Freunde aus. Solche Verkennung des Verdienſtes, eine ſolche Undankbarkeit kränkte ihn tief. Der Schmerz ſiegte über ſeine Liebe für Alt-Englands Geſetze, und er ſprach zu mir, von der letzten Staffel herab, dieſe Worte, die mir unvergeßlich bleiben werden, obgleich ſie nicht mit in ſeiner last dying speech aufgenommen ſind: „Junge! Bei Deinem guten todten Vater ſage ich Dir, verlaß dieß undankbare Eiland, das große Männer erzeugt, ſie aber nicht achtet. Die Geſetze, aus den Zeiten der Barbarei, koſten Deinem zweiten Vater das Leben. Geh' in Dein Vaterland zurück, dort herrſchen humane Geſetze, und wenn auch weniger zu lernen und zu verdienen iſt, ſo iſt doch weniger Gefahr!" — Kaum hatte er dieſe bittern Worte, traurige Reſte eines frühern Materialismus, welche nur der äußerſte Unmuth ſeiner ſonſt ſo kühnen Seele auspreſſen konnte, geſprochen, als das Brett fortgezogen wurde, und mein Wohlthäter in den Lüften ſchwebte."

„Wo iſt denn aber ſein Geld geblieben?" fragte der Andere.

„Das iſt ſein geringſter Nachlaß. Es wird von Obervormundſchafts wegen für die minorennen Kinder des Verblichenen verwaltet. Sein beſſerer, ſeine Kenntniß, iſt auf ſeine Schüler übergegangen."

Der Einheimiſche kraute ſich im Kopfe: „Ueberlief mich's doch ordentlich, wie Du vom Galgen ſprachſt, als könnte mir ſelbſt ſo was paſſiren, und 's iſt doch purer Aberglaube. Ich bin ſiebenmal vor Gericht geweſen, und komme vielleicht noch zwanzigmal vor, aber gehangen werde ich in meinem Leben nicht."

„Es läßt ſich viel dafür und dagegen ſagen, ob es nicht beſſer wäre," bemerkte der aus Britannien; — aber da es ſchon nach Mitternacht war, kamen Beide überein, lieber zu ſchlafen und die Disputation auf ein andermal zu verſchieben.

Als der Fremde am andern Morgen erwachte, war ſein Kamerad verſchwunden. Und mit ihm des Dritten geſtern erworbene Börſe, alle Wäſche, die er in der Taſche trug; ja ſogar ſein Halstuch hatte der Schurke ihm im Schlafe abgebunden. Weniger der Verluſt, als die Art deſſelben, kränkte ihn, denn er rief aus: „Wenn Diebe nicht ehrlich ſind, wer ſoll es ſeyn! — Glücklicher Weiſe fand er das Bildniß ſeines ſeligen Vaters noch in der Taſche. Er küßte es, und gelobte, nach der nächſten gelungenen That ihm eine würdigere Einfaſſung zu geben. Im Morgennebel ging er in der Stadt ſpaziren, und ſchon um zehn Uhr, als er bei'm Konditor frühſtückte, war er mit dem Fehlenden und einer weit größern Summe Geldes verſehen. Er kaufte ſich elegantere Kleider, brachte das Portrait zu einem Juwelier, und ſuchte auf Promenaden und Kaffeehäuſern Localität und Menſchen kennen zu lernen. Sein geübtes Auge unterſchied bald die Diebe von den Nichtdieben. Unendliches Mitleid, ja Widerwillen bemächtigte ſich des Jünglings, wenn er ſah, wie tief hier ein Stand herabgeſunken war, den er aus vollem Beruf ergriffen, und wie die öffentliche Meinung über einen Beruf urtheilte, welcher einſt Männer begeiſtert, deren Namen jetzt in Englands Geſchichte und Poeſie glänzen. Bettlerarmuth, Verworfenheit, Dummheit charakteriſirten in ſeiner Meinung die, welchen er ſich anſchließen ſollte. Dagegen bemerkte er mit Vergnügen, daß die Beamten der Polizei eben ſo humane als charmante Leute waren.

Am Abende des erſten Tages kannte er von der Reſidenz und ihren Bewohnern mehr, als ein Gelehrter, welcher ſein Leben hier zugebracht hat. Er wollte eben das Theater beſuchen, als er vor der ſchönen Fronte deſſelben einen Mann bemerkte, der, ruhig in dem wogenden Gewühle ſtehend, mit gefalteten Händen nach der Säulenhalle ſeine Blicke richtete. Er war in mittleren Jahren, ſchlicht gekleidet, und trug geſcheiteltes Haar. Mit dem Gedanken, hier ein Geſchäft zu machen, näherte ſich ihm der Jüngling. Als Menſchenkenner taxirte er nicht nach der äußern Erſcheinung; die faſt demüthige Stellung, die freundlich ſichern Blicke des Mannes ſprachen von einem tiefern Werth, als ihn die Augen des Neulings zu taxiren wiſſen. Aber der Mann ließ ſich auch nicht ſo leicht angehen. Der aus Britannien lernte hier zuerſt Einen von einer Secte kennen, wie ſie freilich über die ganze nördliche Welt verbreitet iſt, in jedem Lande jedoch einen andern Ausdruck gewinnt. Er legte die freundlich unſchuldigſte Miene an, indem er den andern zu ſondiren begann.

„Was iſt das für ein ſchönes, großes Haus?" fing er das Geſpräch an.

„Ein großes Sündenhaus!" ſeufzte der Andere.

„Ich bin fremd in der Stadt."

„Wohl denen, die fremd ſind in Sodom und Gomorrha! Aber Sodom und Gomorrha, mein lieber junger Menſch, waren doch nicht ſo arg, denn ſie hatten noch kein Theater. Und hier ſind ſie nicht mit einem zufrieden; die Weltluſt iſt geſchäftig und wird ein zweites aufbauen. Herr, vergieb der Obrigkeit, denn ſie weiß nicht, was ſie thut."

„Alſo ein Theater!" ſeufzte der Britannier, die Hände faltend, „ſo viel Steine und ſo viel Luſt zu einem Theater. Und wie viel Fenſter zum Hineinſehen!"

„Zum Herausſehen," rief der Andere, „und hinter jedem Loche ſchielt der Erbfeind, und aus jeder Scheibe guckt ein Bockshorn. Er iſt geſchäftig und läßt ſich Tempel bauen von den Weltmenſchen, die da meinen in ihrer Arglosigkeit, es ſey Alles Luſt und Freude, wo unten ſchon die rothe Flamme leckt und die leichte Decke unter ihren Füßen einſtürzt zum ewigen Grundpfuhl."

„Eine Stadt voll reicher Weltmenſchen!" ſagte der Fremde.

Der Andere fuhr in ſeinem predigenden Zorne fort: „Sardanapalus war reicher als der Großtürke, und mußte doch verderben! Ja, wie das alte Lied ſagt: „„Wollen wir, Herre, Dich verehren im Stillen, ſagt man, es ſey das nur eigener Willen!"" Alle Menſchen wollen wir lieben. Aber wo thun ſie's denn, die leidigen Seelenhändler? Der Mammon iſt ihr Gott, und Lucifer ihre Freude, und ihre Himmelsbraut kennen ſie nicht, wenn ſie vor ihnen ſteht im ſilberblauen Kleide, und ihnen die Hand reicht. Sind das Prediger, ſind das Prieſter, denen das Weltvolk und die geputzten Weibebiſher nachlaufen, und um die Kanzel das Maul aufſperren, als würde ein Bärentanz aufgeführt. Der verkrüppelte Höllenbrand! Schwarz iſt er, weil er durch und durch verbrannt iſt. Ja, wäre er noch von einem chriſtlichen Satanas beſeſſen; aber durch und durch ſpukt ein leidiger heidniſcher Platonius, wie ihn unſer Herr Paſtor nennt.“

Der Britannier hatte mit Theilnahme die Hand des Biedermannes gedrückt, und während er die gerührten Blicke zu Boden ſenkte, die Tiefe ſeiner Taſchen gemeſſen. Er klagte über die Schlechtigkeit der Welt, und ſo gewann ſein einfach herzlicher Ton den Zeloten, daß dieſer ihn an die Bruſt drückte und ihm zuflüſterte: „Es giebt noch ein Häuflein Gerechte hier, ihretwillen ſteht die ſündige Weltſtadt noch eine Weile.“ Und eine Weile lagen Beide einander in den Armen und weinten, von Rührung überwältigt. Als ſie von einander abließen, hatte der Held dieſer Geſchichte aus der Rocktaſche des ältern Freundes zwei Tabacksdoſen und drei Schnupftücher zum Andenken gezogen.

Mit ſeiner Beute eilte er ſchnell in das Gewühl der Theatergänger. Der Andere verfolgte ihn nicht. Dagegen feſſelte ihn an der Kaſſe ein Wortwechſel. Ein Jüngling von zärtlicher Natur ſtritt ſich mit dem robuſtern Pomponius, welcher ihm einſt bei'm Eintritt in die Reſidenz ſo ſeltſame Fragen ſtellte. Man war uneinig, ob man die letzten Parquet- oder Parterre-Plätze zu nehmen habe. Der Feinere, für jenes geſtimmt, ſagte, ſich ſträubend: „Beſter Pomponius, bedenke meine ausgebreitete Familie! Wenn mich eine Baſe im Parterre erblickte! Es giebt Rückſichten, die man nicht immer mit Genialität überwinden darf.“ —

„Biſt Du von Perlemutter oder indianiſchem Vogelneſt? — fragte Pomponius erbittert. — „Für einen Mann, der Bildung und Urtheilskraft haben will, iſt nur das Parterre ein ſchicklicher Ort. Da bewegt ſich frei der Freie, da findet der Geſinnte den Gleichgeſinnten, da entſteht allein ein wahres Publikum, eine öffentliche Meinung, da herrſcht keine Polizei, ganz wie in England; es bildet ſich eine vox populi, eine vox dei, ein nationaler Geſchmack!“

„Alles recht gut, lieber Pomponius, aber wozu iſt der Geſchmack nöthig? Laß doch den den Recenſenten, und uns Bequemlichkeit und Anſtand im Sperrſitz.“

„Sperr' Dich ein, ſperr' Dich los, ſperr' Dich ab, und der Dämon der Langenweile ſpinne ſich um Dein [illegible]-Gehirn.“

„Es iſt nur Achtung für meine Familie. Ich ſelbſt würde mich ja gern —“

„In einen Backofen ſetzen — unterbrach ihn der philoſophirende Pomponius — und ausbacken laſſen von der Mama und den Couſinen zu einem Societätsſchaumännchen mit [illegible] und Hollundermark. Laß Dich braten, brühen, brennen, brauchen; aber ein Mann im Theater iſt nur der, der im Parterre ſteht und Herr ſeiner Füße iſt, wenn's Noth thut.“

„Und wenn's die Polizei erlaubt. Und dann — flüſterte der zarte Cajus dem Freunde in's Ohr, — aber der Reiſende hatte für ſolche Zuflüſterungen auch Ohr — dann, meine Brieftaſche mit den Treſorſcheinen! Du weißt aus Erfahrung, daß im Parterre —“

„Ein Parterrebillet!“ ſchrie Pomponius an der Kaſſe.

Cajus bat um das eine Parquetbillet; das letzte wurde für ſeinen Gulden dem aus Britannien zugeſchlagen. Beide fanden neben einander Platz. Der Dritte ſuchte die Belehrung des Andern über Kunſtangelegenheiten, und nicht ohne Früchte, denn als er nach dem zweiten Akte das Theater verließ, war er um eine Brieftaſche und funfzig Treſorſcheine reicher.

Unter der Laterne in einem der Kirchenwinkel beſah er die Beute des Tages, und packte die Schnupftücher, Tabacksdoſen, die Brieftaſche u. ſ. w. zuſammen. Bis jetzt hatte ihm nur etwas gefehlt, eine Tradition von geprüften Grundſätzen. In dieſem Augenblicke vermißte er mehr — das neugefaßte Bild ſeines Vaters. Seine Taſchen hatten keine Löcher, und es war doch fort. Er war mit Niemandem in Berührung gekommen, als dem Frommen und dem Zarten, und es war doch fort. „Dummkopf!“ rief er, ſich vor die Stirn ſchlagend, daß Du nicht beachteteſt, als Cajus den linken Arm um Deine Schulter legte, einen Freund zu begrüßen, daß Du auf die Verſicherung von ſeiner ausgezeichneten Familie etwas gabſt! Aber wer hätte in dieſer unveränderlich gutmüthigen, in dieſer phlegmatiſchen Miene nicht einen ehrlichen Mann vermuthen dürfen!“

Aber er hatte doch funfzig Treſorſcheine, und ehe funfzig Secunden vergangen, ein anderes Geſicht, wenigſtens anders als das demüthig dumme, unter dem ihn der beſtohlene Cajus kannte. So ſaß er am Abende mit geſpitzten Ohren im erſten Kaffeehauſe, wo er ſeine Reſidenzſtudien fortzuſetzen pflegte. Was ihn dazu vermochte, weiß er nicht, aber er brummte für ſich eine ſpaniſche Romanze, deren engliſche Ueberſetzung in London ſehr gebräuchlich iſt. Sie wird auf den Gaſſen geſungen, und ſchon an der Melodie erkennen ſich Leute vom Metier:

Nach Sevilla, nach Sevilla,
An des ſtolzen Fluſſes Wogen,
Nach Sevilla möcht' ich ziehen,
Wo einſt ſtolze Mohren wohnten.
Jetzo wandeln durch Sevilla
Schöne Mädchen, kühne Burſchen.

In Sevilla, in Sevilla,
In der Straße nach dem Thor,
In der nächtlich tiefen Stille
Schreitet auf und ab bedächtig,
Tief verhüllt in der Mantilla,
Immer nach des Mondes Strahlen
Und der Giebel Schatten blickend,
Immer lauſchend, ob kein Fenſter
Auf der dunkeln Seite klirret;
Alſo ſchleicht der ſchlanke Majo,
In den Händen keine Zither,
Sondern eine lange Leiter.

Aus Sevilla, aus Sevilla!
Ruft ihm aus dem Giebelfenſter
Eine wohlbekannte Stimme,
Donna Maria, Don Antonio,
[illegible], der lange Lümmel,
Auch der Hausknecht [illegible]
Und die keifende Sibylle;
Alle ſind's mit Bohnenſtangen
Und mit Knitteln, dich zu grüßen.
Ob's der Teufel ihnen ſagte,
Mag der Teufel ſelber wiſſen,
Aber, [illegible], das iſt
Ja des Teufels ganze Wirthſchaft,
Und du biſt auf's Haar bekannt ja.

Aus Sevilla, aus Sevilla,
[illegible] ſchöner Majo!
Auch in Malaga giebt's Küſſe,
Und viel reich're noch in Cadix,
Alles altkatholiſchen Chriſten,
Wohl erworben, zugehörig,
Und mein Herr iſt, mußt Du wiſſen,
Enkel von getauften Juden.
Wenn Du [illegible] Jemand ſiehſt,
Weißt Du, wo's Dein Heiliger gern ſieht,
Daß Du, Sohn, von alten Chriſten,
Schmückeſt Dich mit bekehrt'nen Schätzen!

Aus Sevilla, aus Sevilla,
[illegible], ſchöner Majo!
Schlimm iſt, mußt Du längſt ja wiſſen,
Mit der Polizei zu ſpaßen.

Er hatte nicht geglaubt, als er das Lied bei ſich brummte, daß die Melodie auch hier bekannt wäre. Aber das „Guten Abend!“ eines Stutzers, deſſen flüchtige Bekanntſchaft er heut Morgen gemacht, überzeugte ihn davon. Der Incomparable, deſſen Geſicht in der gethürmten Halsbinde verlief, einer, wie er längſt anerkannt, ſehr nützlichen Tracht für Leute ſeines Standes, klopfte ihm freundlich wiſſend auf die Schulter.

„Verſteh' ich gleich nicht ſpaniſch,“ ſagte er, „habe ich doch lange die Melodie nicht — ſo eindringlich ſingen hören. Wenn Sie, Verehrteſter, ſie auch deutſch ſtimmen, ſo begleiten Sie mich in eine Geſellſchaft, wo das hingehört. Ihr Lied ſoll Wunderdinge thun, und ich ſchätze mir's zum Vergnügen, einen ſolchen Fremden bei unſern Bekannten einzuführen.“

Das war eine Einladung in beſter Form. Der aus Britannien drückte die Hand des Stutzers mit dem Zeichen, das am Guadalquivir wie an der Themſe für die vom Handwerk gilt. Endlich hoffte er Männer zu ſehen, die er Brüder nennen durfte; endlich glaubte er, auch in Deutſchland die Ehre zu finden, an die ihn die zerlumpten Straßendiebe bis jetzt hatten zweifeln laſſen. In der Droſchke ſprachen Beide von gleichgültigen Dingen, wie es unter Männern von Welt ſtillſchweigendes Uebereinkommen iſt, um nicht den rohern Antheil des Enthuſiasmus zu verrathen.

Die Droſchke hielt. Sie traten ein — ein in ein hellerleuchtetes Haus — ein in einen brillanten Saal. Kryſtallampen, Kronleuchter, Kreiſe von Damen in Sammet, Seide, Federhüten; ſchwarze Herren in gedankenvollen Winkeln ambulirend. Der Fremde aus Britannien, leichthin als Erfinder, als Verbeſſerer der Dampfmaſchinen, der Dame des Hauſes, dem Wirthe vorgeſtellt, war aufgenommen, war hineingezogen in die Kreiſe liebenswürdiger und ernſter Unterhaltung, ehe er wußte, wo ſeine Sinne geblieben. War ſein Vaterland in der Cultur ſo fortgeſchritten, daß die glänzendſten Aſſembleen ſeiner Standesgenoſſen in London gegen dieſe Verſammlung wie ein Dorfball gegen ein Hoffeſt erſchienen!

Warum drückte man ihm nicht wieder die Hand? Verſtand man ihn nicht? Warum ſprachen die ernſten Herren ſo ungläubig vom Dampfweſen, warum äußerten ſie ſich ſo entſchieden gegen allen Dunſt und Dampf? Warum ſchäkerten die Damen um ſo ganz gleichgültige Gegenſtände? Warum war eine ſolche Verſtellung in einem ſolchen Kreiſe nöthig? Einmal glaubte er, daß das Geſpräch zur Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit, zum Berufe zurückkehren werde, als man mit allgemeiner Theilnahme die Anekdote von einem Hausſchlüſſel beſprach. Es kam aber nichts weiter heraus, als daß ein [illegible] beim geſtrigen Balle den langen, ſchweren Hausſchlüſſel in der Rocktaſche vergeſſen. Man lachte nur über die komiſche Figur des fliegenden Rockzipfels beim Hopſer- und Hinuntertanzen. Jede ernſte Anwendung unterblieb. Er war abermals getäuſcht.

Man forderte ihn zu einer Boſtonpartie auf. Aber unbegreifliche Angſt faßte den Jüngling, als er ſich niederſetzen wollte. Der erſte Zweifel. Man hatte ſilberne Marken gelegt. Sein Beruf trieb ihn, jetzt nachdem er wußte, wo er ſich befand, ſie einzuſtecken; eine andere Stimme ſagte ihm: dies wäre hier unſchicklich. Dem tödtlichen Kampfe zwiſchen einer doppelten Pflicht zu entgehen, riß er ſich los, vorgebend, die engliſchen Boſtongeſetze wären verſchieden von den deutſchen.

Es ward Muſik gemacht und geſungen. Leicht wäre es ihm geweſen, die Taſchen der aufmerkſamen Hörer zu viſitiren; aber auch hier rief ihm die innere Stimme unbegreiflicher Weiſe zu: „Du darfſt nicht." In dieſer Höllenpein wurde er beſtändig um ſeine Meinung gefragt. Er mußte loben, ohne das Geringſte zu verſtehen, und die Angſt wuchs mit jedem Momente, wenn er die um ſich her erkannte. „Bravo, bravo!" klatſchte ein zierlicher Discantmann, und hob ſich auf den Zehen. Der Britte erkannte in ihm Einen, dem er geſtern eine Uhr genommen. Eine Dame ging vorüber, er hatte ihr einen Pompadour entriſſen. Die Thür ging auf, und Cajus trat mit dem Notenblatt herein. Cajus hatte ihm zwar, wie er vermuthete, das Portrait des Barons, aber hatte er ihm nicht funfzig Treſorſcheine entliehen! Kaum hielt er ſich mehr auf den Füßen. Da ſang man:

Nach Sevilla, nach Sevilla —

und es brauſte ihm durch das ſiedende Hirn. Man klatſchte, man überhäufte den Sänger mit Lob. Aber der Sänger, derſelbe Stutzer, der ihn eingeführt, flüſterte denen um ihn etwas in's Ohr, und Aller Augen richteten ſich auf den hocherröthenden Jüngling. „Nach Sevilla! Nach Sevilla!" tönte es von allen Seiten. Die jungen Damen faßten ihn bei der Hand, die Herren eilten, ihnen beizuſtehen. „Das iſt der wahre Sänger des ſpaniſchen Sevillaliedes!" ſcholl es durch den ganzen Saal. Da ſank ein Schleier über die Augen des Fremden, der Boden unter ihm wankte, eine helle Flamme zuckte durch den Saal, das Bild eines vaterländiſchen Galgens ſtieg aus dem Gluthmeer auf; er riß ſich gewaltſam aus den Händen der erſchrockenen Schönen, und ſprang in's Nebenzimmer, wie ein Raſender. Dort erſchreckte er ein Dienſtmädchen, daß ſie ein Brett mit Punſchgläſern fallen ließ. Aber ehe die Gäſte ihn ſuchen konnten, hatte der Fremde, zu ihrem unendlichen Erſtaunen, das Fenſter aufgeriſſen, und war mit einem Satz hinuntergeſprungen in die dunkle, regnigte Nacht.

„Warum denn nicht? Warum denn nicht!" rief der Jüngling, erweicht, zerriſſen von innerer Angſt. So lief er durch die Gaſſen, unachtſam, daß er ſich von unten bis oben beſpritzte. „Woher dieſer Zweifel, woher dieſe Ungewißheit! Will mein Dämon mich verſuchen? Iſt denn meine Ueberzeugung erſchüttert? Hab' ich meinen Beruf verkannt! — Mit nichten. Und woran ſcheiterte ich? — An den Regeln, den elenden Geſetzen einer oberflächlichen Convenienz. Manneskraft, reife Plane, tief Gefühltes, an der dürftigen Sitte eines dürftigen Lebens, ohne moraliſche Kraft."

Lange raiſonnirte er gegen die uſurpirte Macht der ſogenannten geſelligen Rückſichten, und doch fühlte er, daß ihm, ſelbſt das einemal, als er vor der Jury geſtanden, nicht ſo beklommen zu Muthe geweſen, als in dieſer Geſellſchaft. Und er lief mit bloßem Kopfe, ohne Mantel, im Dunkel umher. Da wuchs in ihm der Ingrimm, er rief die Schlauheit zu Hülfe. Die Rache erwachte. Er erinnerte ſich, daß eine Schöne lächelnd zum eleganten Discantmanne geäußert hatte: „Und Sie tragen heute einen Schatz bei ſich, Herr Doctor!" Der Elegante hatte erröthend ſich verbeugt, und die Schöne darauf geſagt: „Hüten ſie ſich, daß er Ihnen nicht geſtohlen wird, ich ſah ihn draußen aus Ihrer Manteltaſche vorblicken." Der Britte beſchloß, dem Doctor aufzulauern. Er wartete zwei Stunden, bis der [illegible] Mann, die Geſellſchaft verlaſſend, mit leicht umgehängtem Mantel nach Hauſe eilte. Er ihm nach. Im Augenblicke, wo er den Hausſchlüſſel umdrehte, entriß ihm der Britte von hinten den Mantel, und floh windſchnell um die Ecke. Bei mitternächtlichem Laternenſcheine zog er den Schatz heraus — „ein Trauerſpiel in fünf Akten von Doctor N. N. Manuſcript." Zornglühend warf er die Rolle in den Kanal, und ſuchte ſein geſtriges Nachtlager auf. Beim Hineinkriechen fühlte er, daß es ſchon beſetzt ſey. Der Schlummernde erwachte, es war der junge Freund vom Luſtgarten.

„Ha, Schändlicher!" rief der Britte. „Wo iſt mein Geld?"
„In alle Welt verflogen," lachte der Andere.
Der Britte wollte zürnen, die trockne Gleichgültigkeit löſchte den Zorn. Der [illegible] theilte mit ihm die letzte Semmel und die letzte Wurſt, denn den Fremden mahnte die Mitternacht, daß er nur Thee und Zuckerwerk genoſſen, und der Friede war geſchloſſen. Der Engel des Schlafes breitete ſeinen Fittig über die Häupter der Schlummernden aus.

Nach einer kalten Nacht ſtanden Beide frierend und hungrig auf. „Ich will verdammt ſeyn, ſchlaf' ich hier noch eine Nacht, — ſagte der [illegible] — willſt Du mit mir kommen, verſchaff' ich Dir ein gut Quartier und warmes Frühſtück." —

„Wo denn?"

„Ich ſtehle aus einem offenen Laden etwas weg, laſſe mich greifen und gleich auf die Polizei bringen."

„Biſt Du wahnſinnig?"

„Au contraire! ſehr nüchtern. Das thun viele von uns, wenn ſie nichts Beſſeres gefunden haben. Was können ſie mir thun um 'ne Gießkanne oder 'nen Kamm? Während vier Wochen Unterſuchung eine warme Stube, warmes Eſſen, gar nichts zu arbeiten und gute Geſellſchaft — nachher müſſen ſie mich doch einmal los laſſen. Lebe wohl. Viel Vergnügen!"

Es geſchah, wie er es angegeben.

„Elender Bube!" ſprach der aus Britannien für ſich. „Selbſt: nichts liegen laſſen, ſtehlen! Dann wäre es freilich leicht, zu Ruf zu kommen. Und unter dieſem Geſindel, das weder Ruf noch Beruf kennt, nicht Sitte, nicht Gewiſſen, ſoll ich meine Tage verbringen! Keine Ehre winkt, keine Gefahr ſchreckt. — Wie oft verklagten wir in den Tavernen der City die Barbarei der altbrittiſchen Geſetze. Heil ihnen, denn die Ausſicht des Galgens macht dort Diebe zu Männern."

So monologiſirte er, als ihn plötzlich Jemand mit gedämpfter Stimme anredete:

„Wie können Sie denn hier ſtehlen?"

Erſchreckt blickte er ſich um, zu ſehen, nach welcher Seite er der Polizei am beſten entkommen dürfte. Es war aber nur ein ſtruppiger Straßenbube. „Ich weiß nicht, wer hier ein Recht hat, ſich um mich zu bekümmern! Ich bin doch ein Mann, der über den Verdacht hinaus iſt."

„Doch haben Sie geſtern und heute ſo viel geſtohlen, als wie Sitte und Recht war bei uns."

„Sind Sie von der geheimen Polizei?"

„Nein. Aber wenn Sie das Stehlen nicht unterlaſſen, könnte es Ihnen ſchlimm gehn."

„Wer will mir denn meine Kunſt verbieten?"

„Unſer Altmeiſter legt jedem Pfuſcher das Gewerk."

„Was! Iſt Stehlen hier keine freie Kunſt! Iſt es ein Handwerk geworden, dem Zunftzwange unterworfen! Herrſcht nicht im Lande Gewerbefreiheit!"

„Hat Alles ſeine Richtigkeit. Ein Patentmeiſter iſt aber hier noch nie auf den grünen Zweig gekommen, und ich möcht's Ihnen nicht rathen."

„Weshalb nicht? Was profitirt man als Zunftgenoſſe?" —

„Das kann ich Ihnen nicht ſo genau auseinanderſetzen. Meine Sache iſt's nur, Achtung in dieſem Viertel zu geben auf Alles, was vorgeht. Aber kommen Sie zur Frau Drachen."

Der Bube führte ihn in einen entlegenen Trödelkeller. Als er die ſchmutzigen Stufen durch eine Maſſe alter Kleidungsſtücke hinuntergeſtiegen war, kam ihm ein Satan von Weib entgegen. Klein, mit zwei Höckern, ſchmutzig, faſt ohne Haar, und mit einem Geſichte, auf dem alle Leidenſchaften Spuren hinterlaſſen hatten. Mit aller Heftigkeit, deren eine gedämpfte Stimme fähig iſt, redete ſie den Eintretenden an:

Aber Goldjüngelchen, bei allem Kreuzmohrenelement und der Trompete von Jericho, — wie kannſt Du ſolch' Zeug hier aufſtecken, daß uns Alle in unſern Ruin kommen möchten, und [illegible] Gewand aus iſt! — Hat doch der Rath [illegible] zuſammengetragen und geſtohlen, als lägen in der Reſidenz die Schätze von drei Welttheilen! — Was biſt Du denn für ein Satanskind! — Kommt vergoldet [illegible] her, und denkt, er ſey ein Potentat. Moralität, Moralität, Jüngelchen! Laß Andern auch was. — Glaube, Er hat noch kein einzig Mal geſeſſen, und will ſolche Apartität hier anfangen! — War doch alle Polizei wie toll. Dreimal haben ſie meinen Keller viſitirt, und nichts gefunden, und die Drachen hat geſpitzt und geſchnüffelt. — Das, Wanze, unterſteh' Er ſich nicht wieder. Manches hab' ich erlebt, aber zuviel iſt zuviel. So ein Brauſekopf möchte die ganze Welt gleich umſtoßen, aber warte, Er ſtößt ſich den eigenen Kopf an der nächſten Mauer." —

Der Dritte antwortete der Frau mit gleich hohem Tone, trotzend auf das Recht der Freiheit. Doch fragte er, welche Vortheile der Zunftzwang gewähre?

„Goldjüngelchen, nimmſt Du Vernunft an! — antwortete ſie — So iſt's recht. Du mußt nicht denken, daß unſere Polizei wie Eure in England iſt. — Wo ſolch' ein Blaurock ehrliche Leute wittert, — und er wittert immer fort — da kriegt er's auch mal 'raus. Probiere, und lauf' noch zwei Tage 'rum, ſo fangen ſie Dich, nicht um's Wetter, ſondern weil Du 'rumläufſt. Bei uns aber hilft Einer dem Andern, und da läßt ſich mal Sand den Spitzbuben in's Auge werfen. Zweitens, wenn Du nun arretirt wirſt, wer hilft Dir aus der Schlinge? He! Für 'nen Potentaten zeugt keine Seele. Und wenn ſich das vornehme Volk gegen uns verſchworen thut, dann müſſen die ehrlichen Leute auch zuſammenhalten. Verſtanden?"

Nachdem der Dritte ſeinen Willen erklärt, und die Frau verſprochen hatte, ihn nach Tiſche in die Verſammlung einzuführen, beſtand ſie vor Allem darauf, daß er den vornehmen Rock ausziehe, denn ſolche Kleider lockten nur den Teufel an, und die Polizei wäre ihm ſchon auf der Spur. Unſer Held folgte nicht ungern der Anweiſung, da er geſtern ein Haar am vornehmen Leben gefunden hatte. Als es dämmerte, ſprang der wachthabende Straßenjunge haſtig in den Keller hinunter, und verkündete: die Meiſter wären zuſammen, und der Fremde möchte kommen. „Nun nimm Dich zuſammen — ſagte die Drachen — das ſind Dir kluge Herren, die werden Dich in's Gebet nehmen, aber ſey dreiſt, ſo lernſt Du was, wenn Du einſt in's Criminal kommſt!" —

In einem Hinterhauſe der engſten Quergaſſe wurde der Jüngling erwartet. Ueberall ſah es verdächtig aus. Nach Verlauf einer halben Stunde kam die Drachen freudig zurück: „Geh' hinein, Goldjüngelchen, Alles iſt richtig, der Doctor iſt ſehr gnädig. Sie haben viel Gutes von Dir geſprochen. Sey dreiſt." — Es öffnete ſich eine Thür, und der Dritte trat in ein ziemlich geräumiges, doch niedriges Zimmer. Es ſchien eine Spinnſtube zu ſeyn, wenigſtens lagen umeinander ſchmutzige Weibsbilder am Boden. Rüſtige Männer und einige jüngere Kerle ſtanden, meiſt in zerriſſenen Kitteln, Wenige in abgeriebenen Ueberröcken in den Winkeln und in der Nähe der Fenſter. Nur Einer von jenen, eine Art Vorſteher, ſaß an einem Tiſche. Sein widriges, heimtückiſch grinſendes Geſicht wurde durch die rothe Naſe und verrenkte Perücke noch mehr entſtellt. Er ſchrieb, ohne auf den Eintretenden zu achten, und die Anweſenden ſchienen ſolchen Reſpekt vor ihm zu haben, daß ſie nur leiſe einander zuflüſterten. Endlich legte er die Feder nieder, räuſperte ſich und hub an:

Es muß hier einmal bemerkt werden, daß der Doctor, nach der Angabe des Helden dieſer Geſchichte, ſeine Worte weniger an die ganze Verſammlung, als an einen Ausſchuß derſelben richtete, daher gewählter und gelehrter ſprechen konnte; dann aber, daß wir die Rede nur aus dem Berichte eben des Helden kennen, deſſen wiſſenſchaftlich gebildeter Sinn vielleicht mehr hineingelegt hat, als der ſogenannte Doctor, ein Winkelconſulent, anderwärts Straßenſchreiber, für die Genoſſenſchaft für paſſend achtete.

„Geehrte Freunde! Bei dieſem Erinnerungsfeſte einer wohllöblichen Zunft laßt uns mit Ernſt eingedenk ſeyn unſeres Berufes. Nichts will ich ſagen von jenen philoſophiſchen Erklärungen, als wäre es ein Stand der Nothwehr, eine Verbindung der Armen zur Einſammlung milder Beiträge von den Reichen, ein Aderlaß für den Uebermuth; nichts ſage ich von jenen nichtigen Theorien; ich ſage, unſer Stand iſt der älteſte in der Welt, er hat ſich überall gezeigt, und wird nie ausgehn; damit iſt er vor Gott und Menſchen gerechtfertigt. Womit kamen Adam und Eva auf die Welt? Mit nichts. Sie nahmen, was ſie fanden. Womit fängt die alte Geſchichte an? Mit Raub. Fürſten und Völker haben ſich Länder geraubt, und ſie werden nicht abgehn von dieſer alten Gewohnheit. Wurde nicht in einem alten hebräiſchen Staate der Dieb vom Staate wegen belohnt? Gab es je einen Staat ohne Diebe? Aber, was iſt, das kommt von oben. Ich berufe mich auf das natürliche Gefühl. Iſt dem Kinde, dem Wilden die Luſt nicht angeboren, das Fremde zu nehmen? Warum den Inſtinkt unterdrücken? Haben wir nicht reiche Leute geſehn, die aus bloßer Leidenſchaft ſtahlen? Iſt es eine Schande, zu ſeyn, was wir treiben? Wie weit größer die Schande über die Welt! Wie Viele, die vor unſerem Namen zurückſchaudern, übertreffen uns durch die That! Wir tragen die Schande, ſie ernten. Aber es wird anders werden. Die Zeit der Reſtauration wird kommen, wo man uns auch ehrliche Leute nennen, und die Kinder ſich nach unſeren Schulen drängen! Aber es iſt die Aufgabe unſeres Standes, aus rohen Herumläufern, aus unverſtändigen Räubern gebildete Künſtler zu machen; es iſt der Zweck der Zunft, zu bewahren, wie mit den geringſten Mitteln das Größte gefördert werde. Geehrte Freunde! alle Welt eifert jetzt gegen die Zünfte, es ſind die ſchlimmen Zeiten der Neuerungen eingeriſſen. Wir aber wollen feſthalten am Alten. — Noch etwas. Nicht, wer da ſpricht: ich will, der kann, ſondern wer dazu geboren iſt. Geboren wird die Kunſt, und geboren wird der Beruf. Nur wem dieſer laut im Buſen ſchlägt, der kann ein ehrlicher Mann werden. Darum tritt auch Du, Jüngling, und näher, [illegible], zu ſeyn Du berufen."

Der Redner netzte ſich die Kehle mit einem Glaſe Branntwein, und fuhr in minder pathetiſchem Tone fort: „Nun iſt ſehr viel von Deiner Geſchicklichkeit berichtet worden, aber wem große Kräfte gegeben ſind, der muß ſie nicht als ſein betrachten, ſondern für das allgemeine Wohl verwenden. Darum muß, wer unter uns aufgenommen iſt, einen Theil ſeines Gewinnſtes in die Gemeinkaſſe werfen, von welcher wir Vorſteher gebührende Rechnung legen. Mein Sohn, wie heißeſt Du, und woher biſt Du gebürtig?" —

„Eduard Walter, und hier aus der Reſidenz."

„Walter!" rief der Doctor aus, und rieb ſich die Stirn. „Walter, Eduard! Welche Erinnerungen erwachen da!"

„Unmöglich!" ſagte der aus Britannien, „ſchon als Knaben führte mein Vormund mich nach England, denn mein Vater ſtarb —"

„Im Arbeitshauſe" — fuhr der Doctor entzückt auf.

„In Strausberg," fiel Eduard ein, „vor zwei und zwanzig Jahren; ich ließ nur in London [illegible] zurück."

„Sohn des großen Mannes, an mein Herz!" rief, überwältigt von freudigen Gefühlen, der Vorſteher, und ſchloß ihn in ſeine Arme. „O, wenn Du ihn noch kennſt, würdiger Freund! Ja, Sohn des Verklärten, Dein Vater war ein feiner, edler Mann in jener rohen Zeit. Er ſtrebte damals, die Geſetzlichkeit in unſern Stande einzuführen, aber, ach! er mußte, kaum mit Hoffnung einer beſſern Zukunft, dahin gehn, und ließ mich als Erben ſeiner großen Gedanken. Du haſt ihm Ehre gemacht, Du haſt Dich treu gebildet, wenn auch im Auslande. Ich bin gegen ausländiſche Erziehung, aber Heil ihr, wenn ſie uns ſolche unverdorbene Gemüther zurückſchickt. Freunde, es hat wohl keinen Zweifel, daß wir dem Sohne des großen Walter, abgeſehen von der eigenen, von uns kaum erwähnten Geſchicklichkeit im Taſchendiebſtahl, die Probejahre ſchenken und ihn gleich zum Geſellen machen! Hier iſt wahrer Adel, was die heidniſchen Dichter nannten: paterna virtus!"

Eduard erröthete, denn er mußte ſich geſtehen, daß jenes Lob ihm nicht gebühre, da er ſelbſt in dem Taſchendiebe Bayard einen Meiſter gefunden. Es ging ein Murmeln durch den Saal, der Vorſteher fuhr fort:

„Somit ſpreche ich Dich, Eduard Walter, vom Lehrburſchen los, und nehme Dich auf als Geſellen in die Innung der ehrlichen Leute. Deine Fähigkeiten, mein Bruder, ſind groß, aber mit ihnen ſteigen Deine Verpflichtungen. Nicht erſt brauche ich Dir Achtung für eine Kunſt einzuflößen, die Du aus wahrem Beruf ergriffen. Redlichkeit ſey die Baſis Deiner Handlungen, denke immer an die Geſetze der Ehre und des Staates, verwechsle nie dieſe Kunſt mit dem rohen Handwerk eines Räubers und Mörders. Nur die Noth hat Entſchuldigungen dafür, der Kunſt gehören ſie nicht mehr an. Uebrigens ſey ſtandhaft im Unglück, und nicht außer Dir, wenn Du von der Polizei ertappt wirſt, was einmal über kurz oder lang geſchehen muß. Die Strafen ſind mild und menſchlich, wie es in einem civiliſirten Staate ſeyn muß. Und nun ſchlage ein, daß Du die Geſetze halten und keinen Bruder verrathen willſt."

Kaum war dieſer Actus vorbei, als ein ſchmutziger, zerlumpter Kerl ohne Anmeldung hereinſtürzte. „Herr Gott! — Ludwig Fritze — Ludewig!" rief man von allen Seiten. „Wo kommſt Du her!" ſchrie eine Schöne, und fiel ihm um den Hals. „Wir glaubten, Du wärſt auf ſechs Jahre nach Spandau."

„Verurtheilt war ich's auch."

„Und Du biſt doch nicht entſprungen, gegen Deine geſetzliche Obrigkeit, um uns in Noth zu bringen!" ſagte bedenklich der Meiſter.

„Ne, Doctor, ich habe appellirt, und da bin ich freigeſprochen; wie's kam, weiß ich noch nicht."

„Siehſt Du, Ludwig, — ſagte jener mit gewichtiger Miene — wie das gut iſt mit Protokollen und Belegen und Schreiben, worauf Du Ungelehrter immer ſo ſchimpfſt! Wär's nicht dazu ſo gekommen, während Du noch ſitzt." —

„Der Teufel, Doctor, hat doch die Schriften erfunden, um ehrliche Leute zu verderben. Und Ihm werden ſie doch noch auf's Dach ſteigen, Doctor, wegen ſeines Concilirens und Schreibfingerei. Das merk' Er ſich. Haben die Gerichte 'nen ehrlichen Kerl 'mal in der Schlinge, ſo ſchreiben ſie nach aller Welt Enden, und wenn die Gerichte und fremden Länder ſich auch ſpinnefeind ſind, die Akten ſchicken ſie einander ebenſo doch zu, wenn einen ehrlichen Kerl zu verderben, und ſie Alle gut ſtimmen. Der Teufel hat's Schreiben, und Ihn dazu."

Der Vorſteher fluchte, ſchlug auf den Tiſch und gebot dem Widerſprecher, augenblicklich ſich zu entfernen, da ſeine Rolle immer gefährlich werde. Ludwig — von dem es hieß, daß ihm kein Schloß zu feſt ſei, und wär' es mit Ketten am Himmel genagelt — hatte aber eine Parthei, beſonders unter den Schülern; er fluchte nicht minder, und Reden flogen umher, wie: „Winkelſchreiber! Tintenkleckſer! der viel ſpricht und ſchreibt, ſich aber hinter'm Schoberrad verkriecht, wenn's gilt." Die gelehrten Männer ſtanden mit dem Doctor. Die Drachen ſchimpften auf beide Theile. Endlich kam es von Worten zu Schlägen, und der allgemeine Tumult hätte zum Schlimmſten führen können, wären nicht zwei große Männer eingetreten. Trotz der abgetragenen Ueberröcke und den ausgeblichenen Hüten ſchienen ſie doch von großer Bedeutung, und nicht allein der Militairkreuze wegen, welche ſie an langen Bändern auf der Bruſtklappe trugen. Mit zurückgeworfenem bedecktem Haupte, den rechten Arm in der Bruſttaſche unter dem Orden haltend, traten ſie zwiſchen die Streitenden, und geboten in vornehmem Tone Ruhe. Man flüſterte: „die Herren ſind da!" und gehorchte. In wenigen Minuten war Alles in Ordnung. Ohne ſich unter der Menge umzuſehen oder nach der Urſache des Streites zu erkundigen, äußerte nur der Eine: „Verdrießliche tolle! Draußen ging die Patrouille vorüber. Hätten wir nicht unſere Anſtalten intereſſirt, wären ſie 'rein gekommen. Wir wollen Geld haben." — Der Vorſteher beeilte ſich, ihnen zu zahlen. Sie ſtrichen das Silbergeld ein, und entfernten ſich, ohne den Hut zu berühren, oder zu danken.

„Sind das auch Diebe?" — fragte Eduard die Drachen. — „Gott behüte nicht! — war die Antwort — das ſind reſpectable Herren. Gewaltige Haudegen. Denen kann Niemand was anhaben. Sie möchten Dich todt ſtechen, wenn Du ihnen ſo was in's Geſicht ſagteſt. Aber wie ſie ehrlichen Leuten helfen, wirſt Du ſchon noch erfahren."

Hierauf wurde über die Thaten der vorigen Woche Bericht abgeſtattet. Namentlich wurden die Bezirkswächter über die Polizei- oder Stadtmeiſter referiren. Unter den wenigen war auch der vorige Schlafkamerad unſeres Helden. Der Vorſteher nannte ihn einen feigen, nichtswürdigen Dichter, der ſeine Trägheit vom Guten zurückhalte, einen ſchlaffen Menſchen ohne Begriff, denn das Glück war zur andern Natur geworden. Unfähig, jemals in der Gemeinſchaft aufgenommen zu werden, gleich jenem, der nicht ſo viel Geiſteskraft beſitze, ſich zu heben zu einem Unternehmen. Unzuverläſſig ſei er in Freundſchaftsdienſt wie in den Angelegenheiten der Allgemeinheit. Weil er nichts liegen laſſen könne, ſei er eigentlich unfähig, zu ſtehlen. Denn auf dem Wege zu einem Einbruch, der Tagesende bekannte, wollte er den Schnupftabak, der ihm in die Hände fiel, mitnehmen. Er fange immer an, ohne je zum Ende zu kommen, und ſei eben ſo unfähig zum Böſen als zum Guten, kurz ein verlorener Gedanke, deſſen Umgang jedem ehrlichen Manne Gefahr bringe. Dieſe Rede des Präſidenten wurde ſo ausführlich, um den jugendlichen Gemüthern in der Verſammlung zur Warnung zu dienen. Zuletzt fragte der Doctor noch, ob irgend jemand ſonſt von einer geſtohlenen Uhr etwas wiſſe, worauf Eduard die kühne und ſchlaue Entwendung ſeines Portraits durch [illegible] erzählte.

Der Vorſteher fragte ſehr aufgebracht: „Wer hatte geſtern die Woche im Parquet?" Eine Schöne ſtand auf. — „Was iſt geſtern dort entfernt worden?"

„Außer einigen Schnupftüchern und einem Perſpective durch unſere Leute nichts." —

„Aber wer hat ſonſt geſtohlen, frag' ich?" —

Das Mädchen verſtummte. Niemanden kannte ſie zu haben. Der Doctor, der ein Glas nach dem andern geleert hatte, gerieth in die äußerſte Wuth: „Wozu haſt Du Augen, Du Haderwiſch! Ich muß ihn wiſſen. Das iſt ein gefährlicher Dieb. Seit Menſchengedenken iſt ſo was nicht paſſirt. Du mußt es wiſſen, oder ich laſſe Dich geben wie Deine Schweſter. Du mußt es wiſſen, ich will es wiſſen." Er warf das Glas zornig dem Mädchen vor die Füße, und ſtieß den Tiſch um. Als er mit einem Stocke auf ſie losſtürzen wollte, kam athemlos ein kleiner Junge hereingeſtürzt, und rief: „die Polizei!" — Ein elektriſcher Schlag durchfuhr die Anweſenden. Man ſprang zu Fenſter und Thüre hinaus und zerſtreute ſich über die Felder und durch die Quergaſſen. Eduard wollte nach dem Keller der Frau Drachen, als ihn Jemand am Rockſchoß faßte. Es war ſeine Freundin ſelbſt: „Geh, Jüngelchen, hier iſt ein Brief, den gieb morgen ab, und merk' Dir's, daß Du Niemand kennſt, der 'nicht mal gekommen ſein." —

Am frühen ſtillen Herbſtmorgen ſtand er vor der Eingangsthür des Kupfermeiſters Biedermann, an welchen ſeine Adreſſe lautete. Er klopfte, aber der Einwohner ließ ſich in ſeinem Morgenliede nicht ſtören, und erſt, nachdem er das ganze:

Üb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Bis an dein kühles Grab,
Und weiche keinen Finger breit
Von Gottes Wegen ab.

geſungen hatte, öffnete der fromme Mann dem Gaſte die Thür:

„Herein, mein Freund! Der Teufel reiſt über die Schwelle des Sünders." Mit Schrecken erkannte Eduard den ſchlichten Mann, welchen er bei dem Theater beſtohlen hatte; indeſſen war zu Umkehren nicht mehr zu denken, und der Kupfermeiſter ſchien ihn nicht mehr zu kennen. Nachdem er den Brief geleſen, faltete er die Hände und ſprach:

„Mein Sohn kommt aus einer gar verkehrten Geſellſchaft, wo der Branntwein mehr gilt, als des Herren Wort!" —

„Sind Sie auch mit den Herren dort verwandt, Herr Biedermann?" —

„So wie Abel Kain's Bruder war und Jakob von den elf Andern, und Loth Bürger von Sodom. — Die achten nichts da, für die giebt's keinen Sonntag und keinen Werktag, kein Gebot und keine Strafe, kein Geſetz und keine Ruhe, keinen Wandel und keine Ordnung. Sie leben in den Tag hinein und ſaufen."

„Aber der Herr Doctor hält doch auf Geſetz und Ordnung!" —

„Aber er rebellirt gegen die hohe Obrigkeit, und fügt ſich nie in die Geſetze des Herren. Ein Winkelconſulent, der friedliche Bürger zu Proceſſen hetzt. Schriften verfertigt er gegen die Regierung und Gerichte, voller Gift und Galle, lügt ſich dazwiſchen und verhöhnt die Armen. Und der ſaubere Ludwig Prügel! Der iſt mit ſeiner Weisheit, mit ſeiner Strafe von der Obrigkeit getrieben, der muß immer umgehen und Nacht haben, wo er ſich an den Leibhaftigen ſelbſt verkauft hat. Und was mag das mit unſerer Kaſſe zu geben? Ob ſie mal ein Schärflein den Armen geben? — Ich glaube, keinen rothen Heller. Ich werfe alle Sonntag meinen Zehnten in den Klingelbeutel, gebe ebenſo drei Groſchen Almoſen, und an jedem erſten Feiertage an ſieben. Wir ſind alle ſündige Menſchen, aber der Gerechte betet nicht umſonſt. — Doch es iſt gut, mein lieber junger Menſch, daß ſie Dich zu mir geſchickt haben, denn Du kommſt aus einem Lande, wo es noch ſtille Leute giebt und ſcheinſt mir leicht noch nicht zu verderben, daß das Weizenkorn bei Dir Unkraut trage. Heute bleibe Du ruhig im Dachkämmerlein, am Abend wollen wir ſehen, was uns beſcheert iſt."

Er faltete die Hände und führte ihn hinauf in das [illegible] verſchiedener Kämmerlein, wo unſer Held volle Muße zum Nachdenken fand. Wie zeigten hier den Künſtler die Geräthſchaften des Raubens. Er erkannte Hauptſchlüſſel, Dietriche, Haken, Stäbe, um Abends die Fenſter der Erdgeſchoſſe einzudrücken und Laden herauszuheben, alles in muſterhafter Ordnung. Gegen Abend holte ihn ſein Wirth herunter und führte ihn durch mehrere Straßen in ein großes Haus, wo ſich Beide auf einem Hausboden verbargen. „Das Haus iſt leer, und Alle ſind auf dem Ball" — flüſterte er ihm nach einer Stunde zu. Sie ſchlichen hinaus, und die Drachen führte Beide zur Thüre einer Parterrewohnung. Leiſe probirte man die Schlüſſel, und ſchon der zweite ſchloß. Noch aber widerſtand die Thüre dem Drucke. „Was iſt das? — rief der [illegible] beſtürzt — das muß zugeriegelt ſein." — Er verſuchte nochmals. — „Ja, ein Riegel!" — rief er erblaſſend aus und ließ die Hand ſinken.

Die Drachen fluchte und wiederholte den Spruch der Diebe: „Die Schlöſſer hat Gott gemacht, aber der Teufel die Riegel.“ —

„Aber, Frau Drachen — ſagte Wörmann — hat Er gemacht, und auch die Riegel ſind von ihm. Er läßt die Seinen nicht im Stiche. Eduard, mein Sohn, [illegible] durch's Fenſter.“

Eduard, [illegible], ſchwang ſich empor, drückte eine Scheibe ein, öffnete das Fenſter, ſtieg hinein, und öffnete von innen die Thür. In der reichen, verlaſſenen Wohnung fand man vieles Nehmenswerthe, doch wurde faſt nur Geld und Geldeswerth zuſammengepackt, und letzteres einem auf der Straße harrenden Mädchen zugeworfen. In einer halben Stunde war Alles in Ordnung, und die Drei kletterten nach einander auf die Straße hinaus. Kaum aber fühlte der letzte das Pflaſter unter ſeinen Füßen, als es hinter ihnen rief: „Diebe! Diebe! O les maudits!“ Im Rennen blickte ſich Eduard um, und bemerkte ein ältliches Weib, die hageren Arme aus den Fenſtern der kaum beraubten Wohnung ausſtreckend, und nach Gott, Polizei und Nachtwächtern rufend. Als er des [illegible] Wohnung erreichte, fand er dieſen in der entſetzlichſten Angſt. Er rang die Hände, und beſchwor Eduard, ihn nicht zu verrathen. Eduard konnte ſich des Lächelns nicht erwehren über die Muthloſigkeit des immer Geſetzten, als auch ſeine Miene ſich verzog. Die Polizei trat ein und arretirte Beide. Wörmann wurde ſchnell wieder der Heilige. Mit den Worten: „Was meine hohe Obrigkeit befiehlt, iſt gut und recht; thue Deine Pflicht und fürchte Niemand!“ — folgte er in das Gefängniß.

In England tragen die Richter hohe Perücken und feierliche Amtskleidung, wenn ſie Gericht halten. Auch ſoll die Stimme der Meiſten ſo furchtbar tönen, daß ſie durch ganz London gehört wird. Eine ſolche Herkulesgeſtalt, mit Donnerkeilen im Mund, mit Blitzen in den Augen, mit Staubwolken zu beiden Seiten, wenn ſie den Kopf bewegt, kurz das Schrecken aller ehrlichen Leute, — erwartete Eduard zu ſehen, als ihn der Gefangenwärter nach drei Tagen in die Verhörſtube rief: „Dort ſitzt der Referendarius!“ — Eduard blickte auf, und ſah einen zarten, elegant gekleideten jungen Mann die Feder ſchneiden, einen Bogen falten, eintunken, und ſich mit der ſanfteſten Stimme zu ihm wenden: „Wie heißen Sie?“ — Die donnerrauſchende [illegible] hätte den Jüngling nicht ſo überraſchen können, aber größer wurde ſein Schreck, als er in dem inquirirenden Referendarius ſeinen Nachbar im Theater, jenen Cajus erkannte, der ihm das Portrait geſtohlen hatte. Er wurde blaß, aber auch Cajus warf einen ungewiß ſchüchternen Blick auf den ſchweigenden Inquiſiten. Er fuhr indeſſen mit milder, langſamer Stimme fort: — „Lieber Freund! Nicht hinter'm Berge gehalten. Wir wiſſen ſchon Alles; geſtehen Sie lieber, und die Strafe wird leichter. Sie haben in der — Straße die Shawls entwendet. Erzählen Sie, wie es dabei zuging!“ —

So unerwartet ihm der Anfang dieſer Inquiſition erſchien, ließ der [illegible] ſich doch nicht aus der Faſſung bringen, und rief mit lauter Stimme, und feſt den Inquirenten anblickend:

„Beweiſen Sie mir's!“

Der Referendarius ließ vor Schreck die Feder fallen, welche einen großen ſchwarzen Fleck auf das Protocoll machte. Sein Mund ſtand halb geöffnet, ſeine kleinen, ſanften Augen wurden größer. Solche Frechheit war ihm noch nie vorgekommen.

„Schaffen Sie Zeugen,“ fuhr der Inquiſit fort, „ſo will ich Ihnen Alles erzählen. Aber keine Gnade, Folterei giebt's nicht.“

Aus der [illegible] Verlegenheit riß den Inquirenten ſein College, der, raſch eintretend, die Thüre hinter ſich zuwarf. Cajus, mit leichtem Anflug von Roth auf der Stirn, ſchob das Protokoll bei Seite, und ſtreckte ihm die Hand entgegen:

„Wie geht es Dir, Pomponius?“

„Schlecht! Hundsſchlecht! In der ganzen Woche iſt nichts Ordentliches vorgefallen. Lumpereien! Ein geſtohlener Regenſchirm, höchſtens eine Uhr! — So groß die Reſidenz iſt, können wir doch Jahre lang auf was Großes warten. Ein bedeutender Einbruch, Straßenraub, Mord, Brandſtiftung — wo findet man die? — Nur die Traditionen aus beſſern, originellern Zeiten. Cultur raubt alle Kraft zum Zeugen von Männern. Wer ſich recht anſtrengt, bringt's höchſtens zu 'nem Wunderkinde; um Franz und Karl Moors zu produciren, ſind wir gleich ſchwach. — Könnt' ich nur den Menſchen treffen, der Dir neulich im Parquet die Brieftaſche ſtahl! Es war wenigſtens ein ſchlauer Taſchendieb, an denen es hier auch fehlt. Aber was haſt Du hier zu inquiriren?“

Eduard erröthete über das ihm geſpendete Lob. Indeſſen blätterte Pomponius in Cajus' Akten, und rief plötzlich:

„Glückſeliger! Wie — Der ſchönſte Einbruch ſeit ſieben Wochen, den haſt Du gekriegt! — Läuft's gleich auch nur auf Diebſtahl 'raus, es könnte doch eine Probearbeit werden. Wenn ich nur einmal das Glück hätte, irgend auf eine Bande zu ſtoßen; aber bei uns ſind die ſeltener als ein vierblätteriges Kleeblatt.“ Dann unſern Helden muſternd, fuhr er fort: „Iſt dieß Einer der Thäter? — Wie? — Seh' ich recht — Sie, Sie? — O das thut mir wehe. — Ich hatte eine beſſere Idee von Ihnen, vor acht Tagen.“

„Ja, lieber Pomponius,“ ſagte Cajus, „obgleich der Menſch hartnäckig ſchweigt, iſt er doch ganz gewiß dabei geweſen, denn die franzöſiſche Mamſell hat ihn und den [illegible] erkannt.“

„Ach, Du verſtehſt mich nicht, Cajus,“ rief Pomponius; „dabei möchte er geweſen ſeyn, aber, aber —“

„Daß er ſo hartnäckig läugnet,“ unterbrach Cajus.

„Nein, da thut er recht dran. Er iſt ein Engländer, er handelt ganz nach ſeinen Geſetzen. Ein Selbſtgeſtändniß iſt nichts, es muß ihm bewieſen werden. Der engliſche Richter warnt ſelbſt jeden Inquiſiten, ſich nicht gefangen zu geben. Als ob bei einem Hazard der Hirſch gleich Anfangs umkehrte, niederknieete, und die Bruſt hinhielte zum Todesſtoß! Pfui, es wäre keine Ehre und keine Luſt. — Aber das thut mir leid, junger Mann, daß Sie bei Ihrer einnehmenden Phyſiognomie ſich nicht über den Dieb emporgeſchwungen haben. Ein gemeiner — Spitzbube, der furchtſam, nächtlich herumſchleicht, und feig mit der Beute entflieht. Ein Räuber, das iſt was anderes. Da gilt Kraft. Da iſt gewiſſermaßen eine Wette — wer obſiegt, der gewinnt. La bourse, ou la vie, wie Schiller ſagt. Er hat immer den Rabenſtein vor Augen, und das adelt ſein Leben zur Tragödie und zum Heroiſmus. Die engliſche Vorzeit hat große und gefeierte Räuber, wie den Robin Hood und ſeine Schaar. Aber auch Ihre Highwaymen ſind eine nicht zu verachtende Erſcheinung. Auf abgetriebenen Rennern, ſelbſt durch Hunger, Durſt und Strapazen halbe Skelette, fliegen ſie über die Landſtraßen, fordern, gleich den Rittern des Mittelalters, nach Fauſtrecht den Zoll von den Reiſenden, und beobachten doch alle Geſetze der Ehre. Ja, wenn es ſo etwas bei uns gäbe!“ —

Der junge Mann hat mich verſichert, in ſeinem ganzen Leben ſey ihm nie etwas Kränkenderes widerfahren, als dieſe Anrede des Referendarius Pomponius. Bis in die Fingerſpitzen habe es ihn gebrannt, dieſe rohe, materialiſtiſche Anſicht ſeiner Kunſt, mit aller Begeiſterung eines jungen Künſtlers, zu widerlegen. Nur das Gefühl der Schicklichkeit hätte ihn zurückgehalten. Er habe ſich aber damals vorgenommen, ſobald er durch redlichen Erwerb zu einiger Selbſtſtändigkeit gelangt wäre, eine Univerſität zu beziehen, und nach dem, dann gerade neueſten philoſophiſchen Syſteme ein Werk zu ſchreiben: „Der Diebſtahl, wiſſenſchaftlich begründet, oder die Kunſt, ein Spitzbube zu ſeyn.“ — Hierin ſollten die rohen Vertheidiger der romantiſchen Räuberei ſeine Geißel fühlen. Er hat aber den Vorſatz, der Cenſur wegen, wieder aufgegeben.

Da Cajus dem Inquiſiten kein Geſtändniß ablocken konnte, wurde er dem Inquiſitionsrath Zeiſig übergeben, einem ebenfalls noch jungen und zarten, aber ernſteren Manne. Er trug geſcheiteltes, glatt heruntergekämmtes Haar, und ſprach mit einiger Salbung, aber auch auf dieſe Art wurde Eduard zu keinem Bekenntniß gebracht, und der ſchlaue Held entdeckte bald aus den Fragen, daß auch ſeine Mitſchuldigen reinen Mund gehalten haben.

Als er nach einigen Tagen vorgelaſſen wurde, ſtand ſchon die Drachen im Verhörzimmer. Der Rath fragte: „Kennt Sie jenen Menſchen dort?“ — Mit ihrem widrigen Tone entgegnete das Weib:

„Da müßte die Drachen älter ſeyn, als alle [illegible], wenn ſie jeden Menſchen, der's Pflaſter tritt, kennen ſollte. Ich habe ihn nie geſehn, und ſeh' ihn nicht, ich werde ihn nicht ſehn, und wenn mir die Juſtizien eine Brille auf die Naſe nageln: ehrlich währt am längſten!“

„Frau Drachen, Sie hat einen gottloſen Mund, und es ſind ſo viel Akten über Sie geſchrieben, als Sterne am Himmel ſind.“

„Was? — fuhr die Hexe auf — ſtämmte die Arme in die Seiten, und durchbohrte mit ihren Blicken den Richter. — Akten haben ſie über mich geſchrieben — höher, wie der Marienthurm, als der Herr Juſtiz noch in den Windeln lag — Akten werden ſie ſchreiben, ſo lange die Ungerechtigkeit regiert und 's Gänſe giebt zu Federkielen und Juſtizien. Funfzigmal hab' ich vor der Juſtiz geſtanden — und verſteh' den Rummel ſo gut, als ein Dintenkleckſer am grünen Tiſche, aber Recht muß doch Recht bleiben, — wie der große Friedrich ſagt — und die Zeit kann kommen, wo ſich die ehrlichen Leute freuen. — He! Wie war's denn vor vierzig Jahren, als die Drachen vor'm Criminal ſtand! — In Ketten und Eiſen haben ſie mich gelegt, und ich habe gelacht und geweint, aber nicht geſtanden. Die Herren wurden ſchwarz, wie Zunder, und kriegten rothe Perrücken, aber ich lachte doch noch. — Holla! Wie war's mit dem Criminale da? — Der Müller hat kein Waſſer und ſoll doch mahlen. He, womit ſoll er denn mahlen? womit ſoll er denn zahlen? — Holla, hoppa! Das ganze Herzpochen kam auf die Feſtung — das ganze Criminal wurde leer, und ich unſchuldig. Es lebe der König!"

Der Richter legte, aufgebracht über die Nachläſſigkeit, die Feder fort, und entließ die Gefangene. Bald nach ihr trat aber ein anderer Bekannter unſeres Helden ein. Der Koblermeiſter wiſchte ſich die Stirn, verbeugte ſich tief, und faltete die Hände. Der Richter fragte ihn mild: „Kennſt Du dieſen Menſchen?"

„Kennen, Herr Inquiſitionsrath? — Ich kenne ihn nicht — aber ich liebe ihn, weil er mein Bruder iſt, wie alle durch den Einen meine Brüder ſind. Ich habe ihn nie geſehn, bis er den Abend bei mir eintrat, und die Polizei nachkam."

„Bidermann! aber man hat Dich geſehen, wie Du mit ihm in der — ſchen Wohnung die Koffer erbrachſt" —

Der Kobler blickte zum Himmel, weinte einige Augenblicke, und ſprach dann ſehr ſanft und milde:

„Ich gehe nie nach 7 Uhr aus meinem Kämmerlein — da bete ich ſtill für die ſündige Welt. — Hat mich aber Jemand geſehn, wie ich einen Koffer erbrach, ſo war's der Leibhaftige, der mächtig iſt über die Sünder. Was muß ich es ſeyn, wenn Einer ausſieht durch ihn, wie ich? Ja, mein hoher und geehrter Herr Richter, Bidermann hat viel Feinde, und der Verſucher iſt nicht der Geringſte unter ihnen, aber der ſchlichte Bidermann hat auch hohe Freunde, die ihn nicht werden zu Schanden kommen laſſen."

Der Rath klingelte, und aus einer Nebenthür trat einer der beiden beſternten Bravo's, welche wir in der Verſammlung der ehrlichen Leute ſahen, faſt ſo trotzig wie dort, blickte den Kobler an, und erklärte dem Richter: „Das iſt der Menſch, welchen ich Sonnabend vor 8 Tagen um 9 Uhr Abends in ſeiner Wohnung traf."

Der andere Bravo beſchwor, daß er die ganze Zeit über bei ihm in der Stube geſeſſen. Bidermann hörte die Ausſagen, ohne eine Bewegung zu verrathen, an. Erſt als die beiden Männer mit einem Blick auf Eduard, wobei ſie dem Richter zunickten, das Zimmer verlaſſen, und der Inquiſitionsrath, des Koblers Hand ergreifend, ſprach: „Sie haben nicht mehr geſagt, als was mein Herz längſt geſprochen," hub er an, die Arme über dem Kopf zuſammenſchlagend:

„O mein Herr Inquiſitionsrath — was mein Herr Richter ſagt, das geſchehe! Wenn meine hohe Obrigkeit ſagt: Gehe in's Gefängniß! ſo gehe ich gern hin, denn was hilft es vor dem, der Alles ſieht, wenn der Sünder ſagt: Ich bin unſchuldig! Ich appellire nicht, ich habe keinen Willen, ich dulde gern, und bitte nur, daß ich mir aus meinem Hauſe Schmolke's Wegweiſer darf holen laſſen, der in jenes Jeruſalem führt, von dem kein Gitter trennt, keine Mauer ſcheidet."

„Nein, mein Bruder," erwiederte der Inquirent, „wie paßte ſolcher Sinn zu Ketten und Banden! Es iſt ſehr wahrſcheinlich, daß die franzöſiſche Mamſell, die Hauptzeugin gegen Euch, den Diebſtahl ſelbſt begangen hat, denn eine Trödlerin erkennt ſie für diejenige Perſon, welche ihr von der geſtohlenen Waare angeboten und ſich darauf ſchnell wieder entfernt hat. Bei der auffallenden körperlichen Entſtellung dieſer Perſon iſt an eine Verwechſelung nicht gut zu denken. Zudem wurde uns angezeigt, daß der ruchloſe Ludwig Pritzke wieder hier iſt und von der geſtohlenen Waare am Leibe trägt. Er iſt eingezogen. Alles wird ſich auflöſen — indeſſen habe ich Macht, Dich wieder in Freiheit zu ſetzen. Möge gegen jeden ehrlichen Mann ſo der Verdacht verſchwinden, wie ich im Herzen längſt von Deiner Unſchuld überzeugt war."

„Amen, Amen!" ſagte Bidermann.

„Auch von dieſem jungen Menſchen," fuhr der Rath fort, „iſt das Alibi beinahe erwieſen. Aber welche Verſtocktheit in dem Herzen, das ein ſo freundlich Geſicht im Gefolge trägt! Er giebt ja ſelbſt nicht einmal an, wo er am Abende geweſen. Wie kann ich ihn da frei laſſen, wo er durch ſein hartnäckig Schweigen den ſtärkſten Verdacht auf ſich ladet."

„Mein Herr Richter, überlaſſen Sie ihn mir nur drei Minuten, und ich will ſehn, ob der Geiſt nicht auch bei ihm ſtärker iſt, als das Fleiſch."

Nach einem ſtillen Geſpräch von drei Minuten zwiſchen Bidermann und Eduard, ging der letztere in ſich. Er weinte heftig und anhaltend, und bekannte darauf dem Richter unter Schluchzen, wie er an dem verhängnißvollen Abend auf einem Tanzboden ſich herumgetrieben.

„Richtig!" ſagte der Rath mit bedenklicher Miene, „aber warum weint Er bei dem Bekenntniſſe, warum koſtet es Ihm ſo viel Mühe, es auszuſprechen?"

„Die Moralität, Herr Inquiſitionsrath," ſagte Bidermann. „Er ſchämt ſich des liederlichen Ortes. Ueberlaſſen Sie mir den jungen Menſchen; aus ihm kann noch etwas werden."

Sie waren frei, und zwei Ecken um das Gefängniß, als Eduard Walter ſtehn blieb, und, die Hände in beide Hüften geſtemmt, ganz gegen den britanniſchen Ernſt, aus voller Bruſt an zu lachen fing. Bidermann ſah ſich bedenklich um:

„Iſt das in England Mode, mein junger Herr, zu lachen, wenn uns die Vorſehung aus der Schlinge herausgezogen hat?"

„Nein, wahrhaftig nicht, denn da thut ſie's niemals. Mir wenigſtens iſt das noch nicht paſſirt, daß ich gehangen, und ſie mich noch bei Zeiten abgeſchnitten hätten. Das heißt dem Gericht eine Naſe gedreht, und der Zufall hat gut geſpielt."

„Eine gottloſe Rede! Da hat kein Menſch geholfen, keine Schelmerei, kein heidniſcher Zufall — ſondern das Gebet frommer Menſchen. Wie würde ich's mit meinen ſchwachen Kräften, mit meinem ſchlichten Kopfe ſo lange vor dem hochgelehrten Richter ausgehalten haben, hätte mir nicht ein Höherer geholfen."

„Dem Lumpen!" parodirte Eduard.

„Du ſündiger Weltmenſch! Ich habe mal gehört von Deinem Dünkel. Aufgeblähet von Schulgelehrtheit, will jetzt ein junger Herr Alles erklären und ergründen und beſſer machen. Dünkel kommt vor'm Falle, aber die Demuth iſt die Wurzel alles Guten. Geh' in Dich, mein Sohn."

„Noch etwas, Meiſter, — ſagte Eduard — ich bin zwar für die Aufklärung, aber es geht doch über alle Begriffe, daß ſelbſt Diebe hier zu Gericht ſitzen. Der Referendarius, welcher mich verhörte, war derſelbe, welcher an jenem Tage, wo ich Euch zuerſt ſah, mir das Portrait meines Vaters aus der Taſche entwandte." — Der Meiſter lächelte:

„Iſt das all' Deine Klugheit? Geht die Weisheit Deiner Bücher nicht weiter? — Da ſiehſt Du, mein Sohn, wie der Herr Einen geblendet hat, der ſehen wollte und nicht glauben. Ich ſelbſt, mit ſchwachen Kräften, aber vertrauend, zog Dir, als wir einander in den Armen lagen, das goldgefaßte Bild aus der Rocktaſche. Du kannſt es bei mir einlöſen. Gott befohlen!"

Mit mancherlei Gedanken ſchlenderte Eduard am Abende durch die Straßen. Er ſuchte nach einem gelegentlichen Nachtquartiere. Aus ſeinen Träumereien erwachte er bei'm Anblick eines Kellerhalſes, — es war die Trödlerbude der Drachen. Er ſtieg die dunklen Treppen hinunter, und fand, zu ſeiner Verwunderung, die Bewohnerin zu Hauſe:

„Wie! Mutter Drachen, entſprungen?"

„Gelbſchnäbelchen! Entſpringen iſt Thorheit, denn die Polizei hat Fallſtricke, die über Meer und Berg reichen, und ſie holt den Vogel aus der Luft zurück. Aber durchgebiſſen hab' ich mich, und ohne Zähne — Worte ſchneiden mehr. Doch Mühe hat's gekoſtet, Euch, rare Brut, los zu kriegen. Thut nichts, der franzöſiſchen Mamſell mit der garſtigen Achſel gönn' ich das freie Quartier."

„Alſo die Unſchuldige muß leiden!"

„Damit die Unſchuldigen unter uns unſchuldig bleiben können. Um jeden Sperling machen wir nicht ſolche Faxen. Aber der Bidermann hat Reputation und Gönner, und kann uns helfen; darum mußte dann gelogen werden, was da war. Meine Madame, die von einer alten Liebſchaft etwas franzöſiſch abgekriegt hat, kaufte ſich vorn und hinten aus, und wackelte mit den Shawls zur Trödlerin, und that ſo fremdthuend, juſt wie die Mamſell, und es gelang ehrlichen Leuten auch 'mal was. Den Ludwig Pritzke aber, der nichts mehr verlieren kann, zeigte der Altmeiſter im anonymen Briefe, wie ſie's heißen, wo man verſtellt ſchreibt, — nämlich das hat er weg — an's Gericht an, und die beiden Herren haben geſchworen, und der Meiſter hat dem Richter vorgeweint, und ich ihm die Hölle heiß gemacht." —

„Und ſo ſind wir gerettet — ſagte Eduard — und können ſicher ſein."

„Wenn nicht das Kind, die Mine, die unten mit der Schürze am Fenſter ſtand und auffing, was uns der liebe Herrgott beſcheert hatte, wenn die mir nur nicht weich wird. 'S iſt ein liebes Ding, kann keinem was abſchlagen, und wenn ſie hört, daß wir den Ludwig Pritzke in's Priſon gebracht haben, iſt ſie capabel, Alles zu verrathen. Sie ſitzt auch, und wenn ſie die recht in die Klemme nehmen, da ſteh' ich für nichts."

„Da iſt's in England beſſer," dachte der Jüngling bei ſich, als er auf dem einſamen Nachtlager ſaß: „der [illegible] der Jury: „Nicht ſchuldig!“ iſt ein Triumph für den Freigeſprochenen, ein Trompetenſtoß, der die Nebel vor der Zukunft fortweht, daß ſie hinter uns ſich zu einem dichten Schleier über die Vergangenheit zuſammenziehen. Alles iſt vergeſſen und vergeben, während hier das ganze, lange, vergangene Leben mit allen ſeinen Unglücksfällen wie eine bleierne Schleppe dem Menſchen nachzieht, und ihn am freien Fluge, am frohen Genuſſe des Augenblickes und an der Ausſicht in die Zukunft hindert!“

* * *

Fleiß und Betriebſamkeit fördern das Glück des Menſchen. Auch unſer Held verſcheuchte bald durch raſtloſes Wirken in ſeinem Berufe jene Sorgen. Es verging kein Tag, von dem er hätte ſagen müſſen, er ſey verloren. So blieb er durch angeſtrengte Thätigkeit und immer frohen Muth in beſtändigem Erwerben. Aber Reichthum iſt nicht das höchſte Gut des Lebens. Es giebt höhere, die nicht mit Diamanten beider Indien erkauft werden.

Drei Betrachtungen nagten an ſeiner Zufriedenheit. — Er war abgegangen vom Pfade der Wahrheit. Er hatte gelogen, gefliſſentlich gelogen, als er dem Richter angegeben, er ſey während des Diebſtahls auf dem Tanzboden geweſen. Es war die erſte Lüge in ſeinem Leben. Die Erinnerung verwundete ihn tief. — Im Verlauf der Zeit kam ſein früherer Schlafcamerad, der Zunftloſe, wieder frei. Zerlumpt, unthätig trieb er ſich im Sonnenſchein und Nebel umher, und in der Erzählung ſeines Schickſals erkannte Eduard das traurige Loos Aller, die ſich in dieſem Staate ſeiner Kunſt widmen. Ein Kreislauf von Niederträchtigkeit und Elend; keine Pläne, keine Ausſicht. Wer zehn Jahr im Zuchthauſe gelebt, tritt wieder in die Welt, ſeine Freunde ſind todt, ſeine Connexionen gelöſt, ſelbſt die Schlöſſer der Häuſer ſind abgeändert, wie erſt die Anſichten und Vorſichtsmaaßregeln! Nichts hat er, als vier gute Groſchen, zum Zehrgeld bei'm Abſchiede erhalten, und damit ſteht er einer feindlichen Welt und tauſend Vorurtheilen gegenüber. Von jeder Thür zurückgewieſen, bleibt ihm nichts übrig, als von der nächſten Hecke die trocknenden Lumpen zu ſtehlen, um den Rückweg zum vorigen Unterkommen zu finden. Der Zunftloſe hatte gar kein Hehl, daß er es nie weiter zu bringen denke, als wieder bis zum Zuchthauſe. Er hüte ſich nur, allzuviel auf einmal zu ſtehlen, damit er nicht allzu lange hintereinander ſitzen müſſe. Mit gelegentlichen Freilaſſungen ſey dieß das bequemſte Leben. —

Ein dritter Gedanke griff tiefer ein. Er liebte. — Wie er auch mit aller Gewalt ſich deſſen zu entſchlagen ſuchte, immer kehrte er mit verſtärkter Macht wieder. Es überſchlich ihn, daß die hübſche Weißnerin ihn verabſcheuen müſſe, wenn ſie ihn ganz kennte. Wie konnte er hoffen, ſie von dieſem eingewurzelten Vorurtheil zu überzeugen. Er fühlte, Liebe und Kunſt waren unvereinbar, und es koſtete ihn alle Anſtrengung ſeiner Jugendkraft, der ſüßen Sehnſucht zu widerſtehen, und treu zu bleiben dem, was er als Beruf erkannte.

Der Winter nahte, die Nächte wurden kälter, und noch immer hatte Eduard faſt kein anderes Obdach, als jene Hunde- und Wächterhütte, wo er unter Stroh und welkem Raſen ſeine Erſparniſſe verbarg. Zu ſpät bereute er, ohne Paß oder Legitimation hergereiſet zu ſeyn. Ohne alle Documente war es ihm unmöglich, für die Dauer eine Wohnung zu finden, und zu häufiges Uebernachten in den Gaſthöfen konnte ihn verrathen. Zwar wäre bei ſeiner Geſchicklichkeit es ihm leicht geworden, irgend ein Document ſich zu verfertigen, aber mit edlem Unwillen verwarf er den kaum aufgeſtiegenen Gedanken. Er hatte nie betrogen. Aber ſein Unmuth, wie eine giftige Unkrautſtaude in feuchtem Boden, wuchs. In einer kalten, einſamen Nacht, als der Froſt an Händen und Füßen ihm den Schlaf verwehrte, hielt er folgendes Selbſtgeſpräch, worin er zuſammenfaßte, was ihn längſt an Zweifeln gequält, und was er auch hie und da ſchon im Einzelnen ausgeſprochen.

„Glückſeliges Albion! luſtiges Alt-England! warum verließ ich Dich? — Um die Geſellſchaft von Gentlemen zu fliehen und unter Lumpengeſindel der Einzige zu ſeyn, der mit Bewußtſeyn lebt und handelt! Kann Stehlen Kunſt ſeyn, wo es ſo entſetzlich leicht gemacht wird durch die Unerfahrenheit der Beſtohlenen? Kann es Ehre ſeyn, wenn der Dieb ſich vor den milden Geſetzen nicht zu fürchten hat? — Ohne Oppoſition gedeiht nichts Gutes. Wahrheit muß durch Feuer und Schwert hindurch. Selbſt praktiſche Fertigkeit verliert ſich, wo Alles in die Hände getragen wird. Weichlichkeit reißt ein, wo keine Gefahr droht. Alt-Englands hölzerne Galgen ſtählten den Muth. Was giebt es hier dafür? — Eine Zunft — einen trunkenen Rabuliſten — einen Frömmler, beide ohne Geiſt der Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit. Gelingt es doch kaum, die einfachſte Aſſecuranzgeſellſchaft einzuführen! Und was wird für alle Nachtheile geboten! Brandmarkung! Die öffentliche Meinung wird wie den Dieb in Deutſchland adeln.“

* * *

Sein Beſchluß war gefaßt. Er wollte die Reſidenz verlaſſen. Noch einmal ſchlenderte er über den bunten Markt, der ſo oft Zeuge ſeiner ungewöhnlichen Thaten war, als er einen Zettel von hinten in die Hand gedrückt fühlte. Es war eine Beſtellung auf heut Abend zur Verſammlung der ehrlichen Leute: „Ed. W. ſoll ſein Meiſterſtück machen“ ſtand unterſtrichen am Ende.

Alles iſt verloren, nur die Ehre nicht, rief Franz I. nach der Schlacht bei Pavia. Alles hätte auch Eduard im Stiche gelaſſen, um ſich von den Dieben hier zu trennen, nur die Ehre nicht. „Ich will Meiſter unter den ehrlichen Leuten, und dann ehrlich unter den Andern werden“ ſchrieb er in ſein Tagebuch, und betrat am Abende die Verſammlung.

Hier herrſchte gewaltiger Lärm und große Beſtürzung. Der Altmeiſter tobte und fluchte, die Weiber mit ihm, die Männer ſuchten einen aus ihrer Mitte zu beſchwichtigen. Nur nach vielem Fragen erfuhr Eduard, daß Ludwig Prigke, aus dem Gefängniß entſprungen, Rechenſchaft für den [illegible] Verrath fordere. Kein Zureden, durch längeres Verweilen die Geſellſchaft nicht in Gefahr zu bringen, half. Selbſt dargebotenes Geld konnte den Tobenden nicht beſänftigen. „Ich will keine Vernunft, ich will kein Geld, ich will keinen Troſt — ſchrie er — ich will Euch Alle in's Unglück bringen. Daran iſt mir gerade gelegen, das will ich partout, das freut mich, das hilft mir, das ſoll geſchehn!“

Jetzt brauchte man andere Mittel. Zwei freundliche Schweſtern aus der Geſellſchaft mußten den Unbändigen durch Schmeichelreden und Liebkoſungen beſchwichtigen, und ſeine wilde Kraft beugte ſich in ſo weit vor der Schönheit, daß er in gemäßigterem Tone fortfuhr:

„Es iſt nicht das allein. Das ganze Criminal hätt' ich mögen ertragen, und Euch dazu. Als ich ſaß, unſchuldig wie ein neugebornes Kind von wegen dem, entdeckten ſie bei der Gelegenheit, daß ich drei Tage vorher, am Mittage, in den Goldladen gebrochen war, indeß der Wechsler auf der Börſe ſaß. Das gab ein Leben, die Compagnie nannten ſie 'ne unerträgliche Frechheit, und — hört doch die Unverſchämtheit an — nachdem ſie mir tauſendmal im Urtel eine härtere Strafe darum geſchildert hatten, weil ich des Nachts geſtohlen, ſchärften ſie diesmal die Strafe, weil's am hellen Mittage geſchehen. Das machte mich toll, und ich fragte ſie: „Wann ſoll man denn ſtehlen?“

Der Erzählende wurde hier ſo wüthend, daß er mit den Fäuſten um ſich ſchlug, und ſelbſt die zarten Mädchen nicht ſchonte. Es gab kein anderes Mittel mehr, den Raſenden zu beruhigen, als vermöge künſtlicher Steigerung der einmal gereizten Leidenſchaft, ſie durch Uebermaaß zu vernichten. Man reichte ihm ſo viel Brandwein, bis er taumelte, und endlich ohne Beſinnung auf dem Boden lag, um wie ein Stein des Anſtoßes leicht gehoben zu werden.

„Es gilt heut, meine Freunde — ſagte der Altmeiſter, als ſich die Verſammelten um ihn drängten — das große Unternehmen. Die längſt geſuchte Stunde erſcheint, wo die — ſchen Eheleute zuſammen im Theater ſind. Im ganzen zweiten Stocke iſt Niemand zu Hauſe, drinnen aber liegt aufgeſchachtelt und aufgehäuft eine Erbſchaft, welche die Tauſende überſchreitet. Je gefährlicher das Unternehmen iſt, um ſo nöthiger wird es, daß wir Alle mitwirken. Alle für Einen! — Einer für Alle! Jedermann wird als Wächter, als Leiter, als Auffänger, wie es iſt, gebraucht, ja, wenn es zum Schlimmſten käme, ſind unſerer ſo viel, um gleichſam einen Volksauflauf zu bilden, durch welchen der, den die Polizei ergreift, entkommen mag. Aber Einer allein muß die Hauptthat ausführen. Da es unmöglich iſt, durch Hausthüre und Treppen in die Wohnung einzubrechen, muß der Kühne über Dächer fort, durch einen Schornſtein ſich hinunterlaſſen in die Schatzgrube. Ihm allein wird das Aufbrechen der Koffer, das Sondiren, das Wählen und das Hinauswerfen auf die Straße übertragen. Er fühle, der Eine, welches Vertrauen in ſeine Redlichkeit, in ſeine Kenntniſſe, in ſeinen Geſchmack die Genoſſenſchaft ſetzt. Nur einem ausgezeichneten Kopfe, nur einem äußerſt geſchickten und ſchon bewährten Bruder konnte ſolche Ausführung überlaſſen werden, und, Eduard Walter, die verſammelten Väter haben Dir dieß Geſchäft als Probearbeit zugedacht.“

Ein Gemurmel ging durch den Saal, der Jüngling erröthete, denn ſolche Anerkennung des Verdienſtes war ihm noch nie geworden. „Muthig, mein junger Freund,“ ſagte der Redner; — „wem Viel gegeben iſt, von dem wird auch Viel gefordert.“

Man theilte das Loſungswort aus: „Ehrlich währt am längſten." Es war keine Zeit zu verlieren. Mit ſpeciellen Anweiſungen der Vorſteher und unter den Gebeten des Adlers ward Eduard in die Wohnung einer ſeiner Schweſtern geführt. Nachdem er vier Treppen bis in das Bodenkämmerlein der Schönen geſtiegen, öffnete ſie das kleine ſchräge Fenſter; der muthige Jüngling ſchwang ſich hinaus und klomm bis auf die Spitze des hohen Daches.

In alten Zeiten war es eine Strafe, auf dem ſcharfen Rücken eines hölzernen Eſels zu reiten. Eine größere wäre es geweſen, gleich unſerm Helden, reitend auf der äußerſten Kante der, nach alter Bauart, ſpitzen Dächer, über drei Häuſer hinweg zu rutſchen, um zu dem beſtimmten Schornſteine zu gelangen. Aber über alle Gefahren ſiegt das Ehrgefühl. — Eduard war nicht unbewandert in der neueſten deutſchen Litteratur geblieben. Sein praktiſcher Scharfblick erinnerte ſich aller Derer, welche über Dächer und was dahin gehört, geſchrieben hatten. Er dachte an Hofmann's Kater Murr und wünſchte ſich die Geſchicklichkeit dieſes edlen Thieres, als er mit Angſt und Schweiß, balancirend, den ſchweren Ritt begann. — „Allerliebſter Junge! nur nicht gefallen!" flüſterte die Schöne aus dem Dachfenſter ihm herauf. Irdiſche Rückſichten konnten ihn nicht mehr feſſeln.

Aber plötzlich ſtrahlte der Mond hinter einer Wolke vor, und übergoß mit ſeinem Silberlichte den reitenden Jüngling und die Scenerie ringsum. Mit Schrecken bemerkte Erſterer, daß er von mehreren Häuſern aus geſehen werden könne, und die Gegend war eine der bewohnteſten in der Reſidenz. Er [illegible] und rutſchte weiter, und gelangte auf das zweite noch höhere Haus. Der Mond und er waren jetzt die erhabenſten Gegenſtände. Beide deutſche Männer ſahen ſich bei'm Rendezvous groß an. Feindlich, dürfte man ſagen, denn niemals herrſchte ein gutes Verſtändniß zwiſchen Merkurs Schützlingen und der keuſchen Luna. Aber der Mond iſt aus der Mode gekommen. Alles ſchien in dem Geiſterlichte freier zu athmen. Welche Hieroglyphenſchrift in den erleuchteten Giebeln! Plötzlich tönten die Glocken auf den hohen, ſchwarzen Kirchthürmen, denen der aufſteigende Mond nur allmählig ein weißes Hemde überwarf. Es ſchlug Sieben. Nachtvögel flogen krächzend, durch den Klang aufgeſchreckt, von den Thurmſpitzen, und ein Habicht ſtreifte, Raub ſuchend, die Haare des einſamen Pilgers. Die Kälte, die Nachtluft erſtarrten ſeine Finger. Er blickte in die Tiefe, wie viel tauſend flimmernde Lichter zeugten vom Gewerbsfleiß der Bürger. Er blickte aufwärts in den klaren Vollmond, und fuhr erſchreckt zurück, denn das Geſicht darin warf ihm einen verwundenden Blick zu. Es zückte ihm etwas durch's Herz, als ſey er nicht auf rechten Wegen, und er war doch, durch eine gute Erziehung, frei von Aberglauben. Zu glücklicher Weiſe pfiff es von der Straße herauf, ein Zeichen, daß ſeine Helfershelfer heranrückten; da rief er ſich ermannend zu: „Die Pflicht gebeut!" und rutſchte weiter, bis er an den verhängnißvollen Schornſtein kam. Wie der Jüngling [illegible] auf der [illegible] rückwärts jähe Felswände emporklimmt, ſo ſtieg Eduard beherzt den Rauchfang hinauf, warf einige Ziegelſteine von der Bedeckung ab, und fuhr in den Schlot hinein, bis ſein Gefühl ihm ſagte, daß er im zweiten Stocke ſey. Hier hielt er an. Doch rief ihm plötzlich die Stimme des Zweifels, immer geſchäftig bei großen Unternehmungen, zu: „Iſt dies auch der rechte Schornſtein?" Er tappte umher, fühlte das bezeichnete Ofenloch, kroch hindurch, und ſtand zu ſeiner Freude aufrecht in einem Ofen. Er horchte. Es regte ſich Niemand in dem Zimmer, und er drückte mit feſter Hand eine Ofenkachel nach außen ein, ſo daß ſein ganzes Geſicht einen freien Ueberblick des Zimmers gewann.

Verſetze Dich, geneigter Leſer, in Eduards Lage. Wenn Dir nun, wie jenem, ein heller Lichtſchein entgegen gedrungen wäre, und Du bei'm Nähtiſch jemand emſig arbeitend geſehen, was hätteſt Du gethan? Das junge Mädchen ließ erſchreckt das feine Kleid ihrer Herrſchaft fallen, und ſah ſich um, woher der Knall käme. Mit dem Licht an den Ofen tretend, gewahrte ſie den Kopf des Diebes, und fuhr im erſten Augenblick entſetzt zurück. In ſolchen Lagen allein bewährt ſich der Mann. Weniger auf dem Schlachtfelde; — da zeigt ſich, was Entſchloſſenheit vermag, wie Geiſtesgegenwart von keiner Widerwärtigkeit zu überwinden iſt.

„Um Vergebung, Mamſell," fragte Eduard, „wo komme ich nach der verlorenen Gaſſe?" —

An allen Gliedern zitternd, aber eine zweite Johanna, ſetzte das Mädchen das Licht nieder, und ſuchte nach einer Waffe. Sie fand nur ihre Nähnadel, und fuhr, in entſetzlicher Wuth die Furcht verbergend, auf das Geſicht des unglücklichen Abenteurers los. Stich auf Stich folgte, und es war beim engen Raume des Ofens dem Helden unmöglich, ſich zurückzubiegen, oder ſchnell unterzutauchen. Er ſchrie:

„Aber, Röschen! Röschen! Ich bin's ja. Kennſt Du mich denn nicht, Röschen!" —

Das Mädchen hielt inne, und erkannte den Jüngling. Ein heller Schrei nach der erſten Pauſe des [illegible] Erſtaunens machte ihrem Gefühle Luft.

„Böſewicht!" ſchrie ſie heraus, und es war kein Böſewicht eines freudig erſchrockenen Mädchens, das der lauernde Schalk im Dunkeln gefangen hält.

„Dienſt Du jetzt hier? Das iſt mir ja lieb zu wiſſen," ſagte er umherforſchend.

„Seit meine vorige Herrſchaft mich auf die Gaſſe ſtieß, weil ich Dir aufgeſchloſſen," rief ſie ſchluchzend.

„Liebes, gutes Kind! wenn ich das gewußt hätte! Ich glaubte, Du wäreſt im Zuchthauſe. Aber ich errathe, es wird gewiß zu voll geweſen ſeyn. Hätteſt Du Dich nur an mich gewandt. Das nächſte Mal gehſt Du mit mir hinein. Verſprich mir das."

Aber das Mädchen hatte ſich ermannt. Rüſtig ging ſie auf die Sache los, und fragte mit geſchwungener Nadel: „Du unverſchämter Spitzbube! Warum ſteigſt Du hier ein?" —

Es wäre ihm leicht geworden, durch den Vorwand eines heimlichen Beſuches bei der Geliebten ſich zu entſchuldigen; ſeine Situation wäre dann natürlich, ſeine Rettung wahrſcheinlich geweſen. Doch, wie ſchon erwähnt, Unwahrheit war der Seele des Jünglings fremd. Er verſtummte. Das Mädchen brach in heiße Thränen aus.

„Ach, Du biſt ein Dieb, ein gottloſer Dieb, wie ich's gleich dachte — und ich habe manche Nacht um Dich geweint, weil Du auf immer verloren biſt."

„Liebes Röschen! Du haſt um mich geweint? — Hilf mir nur diesmal wieder aus der Klemme heraus, dann wollen wir zuſammen weinen."

„Nein, Patron, nicht zum zweiten Mal. Diesmal geb' ich Dich an, denn Du kannſt durch Strafe vielleicht noch gebeſſert werden."

„Aber, liebes Röschen, habe ich denn eine Sünde begangen?"

„Was! haſt Du nicht die Bibel geleſen! Steht nicht in den Geboten: „„Du ſollſt nicht ſtehlen!"""

„Einige Gelehrten meinen, das könnte eine falſche Lesart ſeyn." —

„O Du Gottesläſterer! Verſteht ſich's denn nicht ſchon von ſelbſt, daß die Menſchen ehrlich ſollen ſeyn, denn wozu wären denn ſonſt die Galgen! Und wozu ſind Schlöſſer und Riegelmacher? Und wie kann man denn fromm ſeyn, wenn man nicht ehrlich iſt!"

Eine innere Wuth, ähnlich dem Fanatismus der Liebe, die ſich ſelbſt martert, durchzuckte das Mädchen. Sie weinte bitterlich, und fuhr mit der feinen Nadel in den kleinen Fingern auf ihn los. Ihn immer in's Geſicht ſtechend, rief ſie: „Willſt Du nun ehrlich werden?"

Er ſchwieg, bis ſein ſtummer Schmerz die Peinigerin tiefer ſchmerzte, als den Geſtochenen.

„Beſtes Röschen," ſagte er, als ſie inne hielt, „Du weißt in Deiner Unſchuld nichts von der Spaniſchen Inquiſition; aber Gewalt kann keine Ueberzeugung widerlegen, Ueberzeugung fordert zur Widerlegung Ueberzeugung."

„Dann werde ich Leute rufen, und der Richter wird Dich überzeugen."

„Röschen! ruf nicht die Leute, — zeige mich nicht an! Du biſt ſo hübſch, Du wirſt mich ſelbſt überzeugen können, — gieb mir Unterricht."

Indem hörte Eduard von der Straße herauf dreimal pfeifen, ein Zeichen, daß die Einwohner ſich näherten. Er befand ſich in der ſchlimmſten Lage, denn an einen Rückzug durch den Schornſtein war nicht zu denken. — „Röschen, Röschen! laß mich durch, laß mich entſchlüpfen, ich will gewiß beſſer werden, ich will ehrlich werden, was Du darunter verſtehſt. Ich fürchte mich nie vor dem Richter, aber ich ſchäme mich vor ihn zu treten. — Röschen, laß mich nur diesmal los."

„Nein, ſo leicht wird Dir's nicht. Du dauerſt mich recht ſehr, aber ich traue Dir noch nicht. Ich will Dich jetzt nicht verrathen, aber Du magſt hier eingeſperrt bleiben zur Strafe, und bis Du Dich überzeugſt. Morgen Abend um dieſe Zeit frage ich wieder nach." Es pfiff jetzt viermal, ein Zeichen, daß die Einwohner in's Haus getreten waren.

„Grauſame! — rief der Jüngling — mein ganzes Glück, meine Hoffnung liegt nur in Deiner Hand. Gieb mir die Ofenkachel. Ich verſpreche Dir, mich zu beſſern, und nicht zu entfliehen." —

„O dafür iſt geſorgt," ſagte das Mädchen, „die Thüre verſchließe und verriegle ich in der Nacht, und durch die eiſernen Fenſtergitter entſpringt kein Dieb."

Kaum war die Kachel eingeſetzt, als die Herrſchaft aus dem Theater zurückkehrte. Herr und Frau unterhielten ſich über den Freiſchützen. Sie gehörten zu den Aufgeklärten und waren der Meinung, daß die öffentliche Darſtellung ſolches Aberglaubens verderblich für das Volk ſey. Was Eduard mehr Freude machte, war Röschens muſterhaftes Benehmen auf die Fragen ihrer Herrſchaft. Ohne zu lügen, verbarg ſie ihr Geheimniß, und Eduard ſchwur bei ſich: „Dieſes Mädchen will ich heirathen und glücklich machen!

Aber die Leute unterredeten ſich ſo langweilig, und Eduard wollte in ſeinen Gedanken nicht geſtört werden. Jugendlicher Muthwille wurde auch von dieſer gereizten Lage nicht unterdrückt. Gerade während die alternden Eheleute über die Thätigkeit des Spukes ſich weitläufig ausließen, fing er zu ſpuken an. Er war ein Menſchenkenner. Sein Seufzen, Röcheln, Stöhnen, ſein ferner Weheruf verſcheuchte die Aufgeklärten, und um Mitternacht war Eduard mit ſich und ſeinen Gedanken allein; die Thüre aber war feſt verſchloſſen. — Doch die Nacht war lang, und er müde vom Stehen. Er verſuchte ſich niederzukauern, es war unmöglich in dem engen Gefängniſſe. Die Qual der Langweile vermehrte, daß durch den offenen Schornſtein jeder Glockenſchlag ihm in's Ohr gellte. Wie viel Schläge ſollten noch tönen bis zu ſeiner Befreiung! Am Morgen gegen drei Uhr weckte ihn ein Geräuſch aus einem leichten Schlummer. Es ſchien, als ſpräche Jemand in großer Entfernung zu ihm. Doch, aller Anſtrengung ungeachtet, konnte er nichts verſtehen. Jetzt raſſelte etwas den Schornſtein herab und fiel neben ihm nieder. Eduard, welcher alle Präparate bei ſich trug, zündete mittelſt ſeiner Phosphorflaſche ein Wachsende an, und ſah nach. In der Schornſteinöffnung lag ein Papier, an einem Steinchen durch eine Schnur befeſtigt, welche in die Höhe reichte. Eduard entfaltete den Zettel und las folgende Worte:

„Bruder! wir wiſſen Deine Noth. Zwei Burſche werden Dir vom Dache herab ein Seil zuwerfen, durch welches Du leicht den Schornſtein hinaufklimmſt. Vertrau! — Ehrlich währt am längſten."

Ohne ſich zu beſinnen, ſchrieb Eduard auf den Zettel mit Bleiſtift: „Ein Ehrenwort hält mich gefangen, und die Ueberzeugung zwingt mich, hier zu bleiben. Schont Eure Kräfte. E. W."

Er ſchnellte den Bindfaden in die Höhe, und war froh. Man zog die Schnur hinauf, und kaum fühlte auf viele Stunden der edle Gefangene die unbequeme Lage ſeines Körpers, Durſt und Hunger. Sein Geiſt war frei.

Um 8 Uhr am folgenden Abend öffnete Röschen die kleine Ofenthür, und rief hinein: „Willſt Du nun ehrlich und fromm werden?" — Der Gefangene erwiederte: „Alles will ich werden und thun, liebes Röschen! nur nichts gegen meine Ueberzeugung." Schnell klappte das Mädchen die Thüre wieder zu, indem ſie rief: „Dann bleibe nur noch vier und zwanzig Stunden bis die Ueberzeugung fort iſt."

Acht und vierzig Stunden hungern, dürſten, mit zerſtoßenen Gliedern auf ſcharfen Ecken ruhen, und dazu noch fürchten und lieben, hat wol ſchon eiſernere Ueberzeugungen, als die unſeres Helden, überwältigt. Als am nächſten Abend Röschen fragte: „Was iſt Stehlen?" ſo antwortete eine ſehr klägliche Stimme: „Stehlen iſt eine Sünde, welche ich mir nie mehr will zu Schulden kommen laſſen, wie ich Dir, liebes Röschen, feierlich an dieſem feierlichen Orte verſpreche."

„Dann magſt Du 'rauskommen" — ſagte ſie. Mit dem Sagen war es indeſſen nicht allein gethan, ſie mußte ſelbſt Hand anlegen, um den faſt Verkommenen durch die kleine Ofenthüre herauszuheben. Als er nun vor ihr ſtand, hätte ſie weinen mögen über die klägliche Geſtalt des hübſchen Jungen, und ſie fiel ihm mit Thränen in den Augen um den Hals, indem ſie fragte: „Und Du wirſt doch gewiß auch nicht mehr ſtehlen!" — „Ein Wort iſt ein Wort," antwortete er.

Röschen erquickte mit erſparten Leckerbiſſen den Verkommenen, und nachdem ſich Beide ewige Treue gelobt, ließ ſie den hübſchen Schelm zur Hausthür hinaus, und er rannte, glücklicher als der entkommene Galeerenſklave, in's Freie.

Nach einem erquickenden Schlafe eilte er zum Verſammlungsorte der ehrlichen Leute, um auf offene, redliche Weiſe von ihnen zu ſcheiden. Zu ſeiner Verwunderung fand er Niemand im ganzen Hauſe, wo ſonſt wenigſtens drei bis vier alte Weiber Wache hielten. Auch begegnete ihm kein [illegible]. Der Nadlermeiſter war der erſte Bekannte, den er zu Hauſe traf. Wie verwunderte ihn aber deſſen Anrede:

„Ich kenne Sie nicht; was wollen Sie bei mir?"

„Ich bin Eduard Walter, Ihr Zögling."

„Fort, fort," rief Bidermann, „ſchlimme Erinnerung."

„Biſt Du nicht der Nadlermeiſter Bidermann!" fragte Eduard.

„Ja, Kind, das war ich. Jetzt bin ich ein neuer Menſch."

„Kein Dieb mehr?" —

„Pfui, das bin ich nie geweſen; nur aufbewahrt habe ich dann und wann, was man zu mir trug. Ich habe meinem Nächſten geholfen. Wenn das Sünde war, ſo war ich mit Blindheit geſchlagen."

„Und wo ſind die andern Diebe?"

„Die Polizei hat ſie abgeführt, ich kenne keinen mehr."

„Wie kam das?"

„Weil Satanas Macht hatte durch's ſündige Fleiſch über den unſterblichen Geiſt, — das ſündige Weibsbild, die Mine, mit den rothen Backen und freundlichen Augen, hinter welchen die Schlange lauerte, die immer dem Sauſewind [illegible] anhing — die vergaffte ſich in die hohe Obrigkeit, als ſie inquirirte, in das zarte Geſicht des Referendarius [illegible], und da redete er ihr denn zu, bis ſie Alles ausplauderte, — Alle verrieth, und die Polizei uns bei den Haaren griff. Kaum rettete mich mein unbeſcholtener Lebenswandel. Es war eine ſchlimme Zeit — lieber Eduard — aber Alles war vielleicht nur Trug und Liſt. Sieh' mal, weiß doch der Menſch kaum, wenn er wacht, ob er nicht träumt, und wenn er träumt, ob er nicht wacht. So beſchleicht uns die Sünde in unſerer Schwachheit. Wir wiſſen nicht was wir thun. Da kommt mir ſo der Gedanke, ob ich nicht von der gottloſen Geſellſchaft nur geträumt habe, und daß die lieben Engel mich vielleicht nur in ſüßem Schlaf gewiegt haben, um mich recht von der Schändlichkeit des Diebsgeſindels zu überzeugen! Nun bin ich aufgewacht!"

„Ueberzeugen? — fiel Eduard ein — à propos ich bin auch überzeugt, daß Stehlen nicht ganz recht iſt, und will künftig ehrlich werden, wie ſie's in der Welt verſtehn."

Bidermann ſchlang die Hände um den Wiedergewonnenen: „So ſtehen hier zwei Ueberzeugte, die ein neues Leben anfangen wollen."

Er reichte ihm das Portrait ſeines Vaters, [illegible] aber noch den Scheidenden, daß, wenn auch, was ſie [illegible] darunter verſtanden, keine Ehrlichkeit geweſen, doch auch die Ehrlichkeit, was die Welt darunter verſteht, nicht über alle Zweifel erhaben ſey.

Eduard, als ich ihn zuletzt ſah, war im Begriff, aller Verfolgungen ledig, ein ordentliches Leben zu führen und das ſchöne Röschen, ſeine Geliebte, zu heirathen. Er hoffte auf eine Anſtellung beim Theaterweſen, wozu ihn einerſeits ſeine Geſchicklichkeit im Maſchinenweſen, andererſeits der Umſtand berechtigte, daß er das Manuſcript jenes Trauerſpiels [illegible], ein Dienſt, den die General-Intendantur ihm ſehr hoch anſchlägt.

Emilie Harms.

Abkömmling der adelichen Familie von Oppel, ward 1757 zu Gotha geboren, heirathete den durch ſeine Streitigkeiten mit Hannover bekannten 1818 zu Erfurt verſtorbenen Landrichter von Berlepſch, ließ ſich aber von ihm ſcheiden und gab im Jahre 1801 ihre Hand dem Amts- und Domänenrath Harms zu Redirin bei Schwerin. Nachdem ſie ſeit 1807 bis 1813 auf dem Gute Erlebach am Zürcher-See gelebt hatte, kehrte ſie nach Schwerin zurück, begab ſich von dort 1828 nach Lauenburg und ſtarb daſelbſt am 27. Juli 1830.

Von ihr haben wir:

- Sammlung kleiner Schriften und Poeſien. Göttingen 1787. 1 Thl.
- Sommerſtunden 1r. (einziger) Band. Zürich 1794. Neue Ausg. Zürich 1811.
- Kaledonia. Hamburg 1802 — 1804, 4 Bde. in 8.
- Einige Bemerkungen zur richtigen Beurtheilung der erzwungenen Schweizer-Revolution u. ſ. w. Leipzig 1799.
- Einzelne Gedichte, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Eine edle und treffliche Frau, deren Andenken in jeder Hinſicht verdient, vor der Vergeſſenheit bewahrt zu werden. Als Schriftstellerin zeichnet sie sich besonders durch die Feinheit und Kraft ihrer Ansichten, einen äußerst gebildeten Styl und eine sehr blühende und gewandte Darstellungsgabe aus. — Ihre poetischen Leistungen sind correct und fließend aber nicht eben bedeutend; ihr größeres Werk Kaledonia gehört dagegen noch jetzt zu den besten und unterhaltendsten Beschreibungen dieses eben so merkwürdigen als interessanten Landes.

Klaus Harms,

ward den 25. Mai 1778 zu Fahrstedt im Holsteinischen geboren, wurde bis zu seiner Confirmation in der dasigen Elementarschule und von dem Prediger seines Geburtsortes in den Anfangsgründen der lateinischen und griechischen Sprache unterrichtet und unterstützte dann erst seinen Vater und zuletzt seine Mutter bis 1797 in der Mühlen- und Landwirthschaft. Nun aber erwachte mächtiger als je in ihm die Neigung für wissenschaftliche Studien, weshalb er nach Verkauf der Mühle die Schule zu Meldorf bezog und seit 1799 zu Kiel Theologie studirte. Nach Absolvirung seiner Studien und Bekleidung einer Hauslehrerstelle wählte ihn die Gemeinde zu Lunden in Norderdithmarschen 1806 zu ihrem Diakonus, worauf er 1816 als Archidiakonus nach Kiel kam. Die Universität ertheilte ihm später die Würde eines Doctors der Theologie, und die Regierung ernannte ihn an des gestorbenen Consistorialraths Fock Stelle 1835 zum Kirchenpropst und Hauptpastor zu St. Nicolai daselbst.

Er gab heraus:

Winterpostille. Kiel 1808. 4. Aufl. 1830.
Sommerpostille. Ebendas. 1815, 2 Thle. Neue Aufl. 1826.
Die 95 Thesen Luthers mit andern 95 Sätzen begleitet. Kiel 1817. (Ein Anschlag an die dasige Universitätskirche zur Feier der Reformation und als Rüge der Gebrechen der protestantischen Kirche.)
Vermischte Aufsätze. Kiel 1817.
Zwei Reformationspredigten. Ebendas. 1817.
Briefe, meine Thesen betreffend. Ebendas. 1818.
Christologische Predigten. Ebendas. 1821.
Predigten über das Abendmahl. Ebendas. 1822.
Neue Winterpostille. Ebendas. 1825.
Neue Sommerpostille. Ebendas. 1827.
Gesänge für die Andacht. Schleswig 1828.
Pastoraltheologie. Kiel 1830—1831. 2 Bde.
Von der Heiligung. — In neun Predigten. Kiel 1838.

Außerdem einzeln:

Daß es mit der Vernunftreligion nichts ist. Kiel 1819.
Von der Erlösung. Ebendas. 1820.
Einzelne Predigten, Controversschriften u. s. w.

Streng orthodox aber echt fromm hat Harms einen großen Theil seines Lebens dem Kampfe für die Reinheit des Glaubens und der Kirche nach seinen Ansichten geweiht, und ist, wenn auch nicht stets siegreich, doch stets höchst ehrenwerth aus demselben hervorgegangen. Was er auf diesem Felde gestritten, kommt uns zu beurtheilen nicht zu, da es über die Grenzen dieses Werkes hinausgeht. — Als Kanzelredner aber zeichnet er sich aus durch echt religiöse Begeisterung, Wärme, Innigkeit, Reichthum der Anschauung und gewaltige Kraft der Sprache. —

Wilhelm Harnisch

ward den 28. August 1786 zu Wilsnack im Brandenburgischen geboren, widmete sich nach vorhergegangener wissenschaftlicher Vorbereitung dem Studium der Philosophie und Pädagogik, wurde Dr. der Philosophie und Director des Schullehrerseminars zu Breslau, von wo er in gleicher Eigenschaft nach Weißenfels versetzt wurde.

Seine Schriften sind:

Der Schulrath an der Oder. Breslau 1814 ff. mit Daniel Krüger.
Leben des 50jährigen Hauslehrer's Felix Kaskorbi. Breslau 1817. 2 Thle.
Erstes und zweites Sprachbuch. Ebendas. 1819. N. 1828.
Die [illegible]. Ebendas. 1819.
Handbuch für's deutsche Volksschulwesen. Leipzig 1820. 3. Ausgabe 1839.
Land- und Seereisen für die Jugend. Ebendas. 1821 ff.
Der Volksschullehrer, Zeitschrift. Halle 1824 ff.
Die Weltkunde. Breslau 1817, 4. Aufl. Breslau 1827, 2 Thle.
Das preußische Sachsenland. Weißenfels 1827. 2 Thle.
Der Himmelsgarten. Ebendas. 1827.
Sonntagserzählungen des Grafen Ruggenroth. Ebendas. 1827.
Anweisung zum Unterricht im Christenthum. Halle 1828.
Die deutsche Bürgerschule. Halle 1830.
Vollständiger Unterricht im evangelischen Christenthum. Halle 1831. 2 Thle.

Ein sehr tüchtiger Schulmann, der durch That wie Schrift ausgezeichnet wirkte; namentlich ist sein Leben des Hauslehrers Kaskorbi ein, auch für das größere Publikum höchst beachtenswerthes Werk.

Johann Georg Karl Harrys.

Von ihm ist bloß bekannt, daß er den 19. Januar 1781 zu Hannover geboren wurde, größere Reisen machte und dann in seiner Vaterstadt eine Anstellung als Hospitalinspektor erhielt, wo er jetzt nach erfolgter Pensionirung seinen belletristischen Neigungen lebt.

Er schrieb:

Politisches Quodlibet oder musikalische Probekarte. Schwank. Hannover 1814 in gr. 8, mit 37 Holzschnitten.
Das Guckkästchen. Ebendas. 1814.
Taschenbuch militärischer Gesänge. Ebendas. 1815.
Blitzableiter für melancholische Gewissensschauer. Ebendas. 1823 in 8.
Taschenbuch dramatischer Blüthen. Ebendaselbst 1825—1827. 3 Jahrg. in 16.
Das Buch mit 4 Titeln. Leipzig 1825. in 8.
Zur bunten Lachlaube. Ebendas. 1829, 2 Bde. in gr. 12.

Gift gegen Lange-Weile. Celle 1834. 2 Thle. in 8.
Die Poſaune. Zeitſchrift. Hannover 1834. Fgde.

Ein hübſches, gefälliges, harmloſes Talent, das ſich beſonders in kleinen Luſtſpielen und dramatiſchen Poſſen, meiſt nach dem Franzöſiſchen, mit Erfolg verſuchte.

Georg Philipp Harsdörfer,

Sprößling eines böhmiſchen Adelsgeſchlechtes, das ſich ſchon ſeit dem 13. Jahrhundert in Schwaben ausgebreitet und in den dortigen Reichsſtädten die höchſten Aemter bekleidet hatte, ward den 1. November 1607 zu Nürnberg geboren. Von ſeinem durch Gelehrſamkeit und auf vieljährigen Reiſen geſammelte Menſchenkenntniſſe ausgezeichneten Vater erhielt er bei eignen Talenten eine ſo treffliche Erziehung, daß er ſchon 1623 mit Nutzen die Univerſität zu Altorf und 1626 die zu Straßburg beſuchen konnte. Nachdem er dann durch 5jährige Reiſen in Frankreich, England, Holland und Italien ſich ſprachlich, wiſſenſchaftlich und für die Welt ausgebildet, ſandte ihn der Rath ſeiner Vaterſtadt 1631 mit deren Abgeordneten nach Frankfurt, wo er ſich des ihm geſchenkten Vertrauens ſo würdig bewies, daß er zuerſt Aſſeſſor beim Untergericht und kurz darauf Mitglied des hohen Rathes zu Nürnberg wurde. Seinem vielſeitigen nützlichen Wirken als Staatsmann, Mitglied des Palmordens, der deutſchgeſinnten Genoſſenſchaft und der von ihm 1644 mit ſeinem Freunde Johann Klaj (Clajus) geſtifteten Geſellſchaft der Pegnitzſchäfer ſetzte ſein früher Tod ein Ziel. Er ſtarb den 22. September 1658 geſchätzt und geprieſen von ſeinen Mitbürgern und Fremden, Fürſten und Untergebenen, wegen ſeiner ungewöhnlichen, vielſeitigen ſprachlichen, wiſſenſchaftlichen und humaniſtiſchen Kenntniſſe und geliebt wegen ſeiner Humanität, Rechtſchaffenheit und Tugend.

Wir haben von ihm:

Diana, aus dem Spaniſchen. Nürnberg 1646 in 8.
Frauenzimmergeſprächſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1641. 2 Thle. Neu und vermehrt herausgegeben als Geſprächſpiele. Nürnberg 1642—1649, 8 Thle. in 12.
Der ſchönen Diana 3. Theil, aus dem Spaniſchen. Nürnberg 1646 in 12.
Der königliche Katechismus, aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Nürnberg 1646 in 8.
Herzbewegliche Sonntagsandachten nach den Evangelien ꝛc. Nürnberg 1649 in 8.
Poetiſcher Trichter, die deutſche Dicht- und Reimkunſt in 6 Stunden einzugießen. Ebendaſ. 1650—1653. 3 Thle. in 8.
Großer Schauplatz Luſt- und lehrreicher Geſchichten. Frankfurt 1650. 1651. 2 Thle. in 12. Hamburg 1660 in 8, Holländiſch. Utrecht 1670 in 8.
Nathan, Jotham und Simſon. Nürnberg 1650 u. 1651, 2 Thle. in 8.
Herzbewegliche Sonntagsandachten nach den Epiſteln ausgewählt ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1651 in 8.
Die Fortpflanzung der hochlöblichen fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft. Ebendaſ. 1651 in 4.
Philoſophiſche und mathematiſche Erquickſtunden. Nürnberg 1651 und 1653, 2. und 3. Thl. in 4. (der 1. Theil war Ebendaſ. 1636 in 4. von Daniel Schwenter herausgegeben worden.)
Großer Schauplatz jämmerlicher Blut- und Mordgeſchichten. Frankfurt 1650. 2 Thle. in 12. Hamburg 1656. Holländiſch. Utrecht 1670 in 8.
Hiſtoriſches Fünfeck des Herrn von Belley ꝛc., aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Frankfurt 1652 in 12.
Heraklitus und Demokritus ꝛc. Nürnberg 1652 in 12.
Groß Trincir- oder Vorlegebuch, zum 2. Mal vermehrt und mit neuen Kupfern geziert. Ebendaſ. 1652 in 8.
Die Offenbarung der verborgenen Wohlthaten Gottes. Frankfurt 1653, 12.
Der Mäßigkeit Wohlleben und der Trunkenheit Selbſtmord. Ulm 1653 in 12.
Geſchichtſpiegel oder hundert denkwürdige Begebenheiten. Nürnberg 1654 in 12.
Refuge's kluger Hofmann. Nürnberg 1655 in 8.
Ars apophthegmatica, oder Kunſtquelle denkwürdiger Lehrſprüche und ergötzlicher Hofreden. Nürnberg 1655. 1656, 2 Thle. in 8.
Deutſcher Secretarius. Nürnberg 1656, 2 Thle. in 8. Vermehrte neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1659. in 8.
Die hohe Schule geiſt- und ſinnreicher Gedanken, vorgeſtellt durch Dorotheum Kleantherum Maiſtophilum. Nürnberg 1656 in 12.
Hundert Andachtsgemälde. Ebendaſ. 1656 in 4.

Unter dem Namen Strefon mit Clajus.

Pegnitziſches Schäfergedicht. Ebendaſ. 1644 in 4.

Seine wichtigſten lateiniſchen Schriften ſind:

Cato Noricus, in obitum J. F. Löffelholtii. Norimbergae 1636. 4.
Porticus virtutis. Ibidem 1641. 4.
Specimen philologiae Germanicae. Ibidem. 1646. 12.
Sophista sive Pseudopolitica et Logica sub schemate Comoediae repraesentata. Ibidem 1647. 12.
De quadratura Circuli. Ibidem 1652. 4.

Harsdörfer's Weſen und Leiſtungen werden von Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit. Th. 10. S. 180. folgde.) treffend mit folgenden Worten characteriſirt: Für einen vortrefflichen Dichter wurde H. zu ſeiner Zeit, eben ſo allgemein als für einen großen Gelehrten, gehalten. Er war weder das Eine noch das Andere; denn ſeine Gelehrſamkeit beſtand nur in einer ſehr ausgebreiteten, aber auch ſehr oberflächlichen Beleſenheit, von der er als gewandter Schriftſteller reichlichen Vortheil zu ziehen wußte; und ſeine poetiſchen Schriften ſind, ein Paar Liedchen ausgenommen, nur Verſuche, gemeinnützige Wahrheiten, nach ſeinem Geſchmacke, auf eine ſinnreiche Art einzukleiden. Ueberhaupt galt dieſem lebhaften Kopfe das Sinnreiche nächſt dem Gemeinnützigen über Alles. In jedem ſeiner poetiſchen ſowohl als proſaiſchen Producte ſollte ſich eine beſondere Art von Witz zeigen. Seine Muſter waren die damals glänzenden, ſchönen Geiſter aus den wälſchen Schulen des Marino und Loredano. Aber ungeachtet der vielen, oft kleinlichen, oft ganz geſchmackloſen Spielereien, denen Harsdörfer, um immer geiſtreich zu erſcheinen, ſich hingab, blieb er ein verdienſtvoller Mann von kräftigem und geſundem Verſtande.

Vergl. — Ueber Harsdörfer's Leben und Schriften in Meißner's Quartalſchrift für ältere Litteratur und neuere Lectüre, Jahrgang 1783. St. II.

Die verliebte Selbſt-Mörderin*).

Die Liebes-Neigung bey der Jugend kan mit Fug blind genennet werden, indem der Verſtand dardurch ſo geblendet und verdunkelt wird, daß ein ſolcher auch wider ſich ſelbſten zu wüten und zu toben pfleget, daher Sirach wohl ermahnet, man ſolle doch in allen Sachen das Ende bedencken, ſo werde uns ſolches von den Sünden abhalten. Wenn man aber dieſelben durchbrechen will, ſo ſetzet man ſich unbedacht in Leibs und Seelen Gefahr, wie unter andern, auch aus folgender Geſchichte zu erſehen ſeyn wird.

2. Ein Rechtsgelehrter zu Orleans hatte eine ſehr ſchöne

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*) Aus G. P. Harsdörfer's großem Schauplatz jämmerlicher Mordgeſchichte. Hamburg 1668. S. 311 folg.

Tochter, Namens Margarita, welcher höfliche und holdſelige Sitten über alle maſſen liebte ein Student, Wilhelm genannt, deſſen Jugend gute Geberden und Verſtand der Jungfrauen nicht entgegen waren. Einſten, als ſie mit andrer Geſellſchafft ſpazierten, und dem Studenten zu ſingen aufferleget wurde, ſein Pfand in dem Geſprächſpiele wieder zu löſen, hat er ein Liedlein folgendes Innhalts von dem Irrgarten, bey welchem ſie waren, hören laſſen.

1.

Meine Sinne ſind verwirret,
und auf jedem Weg verirret,
mehr als dieſer Labyrinth.
Ich pfleg' hin und her zu wallen,
bald zu ſtehen, bald zu fallen,
folgend einem blinden Kind.

2.

Ich bin Theſeus welcher irret,
von der Zweiffel-Gang verwirret;
aber aus dem Labyrinth,
werd' ich durch den Faden wallen,
Ariadne zu gefallen,
den ich an dem Eingang find.

4. Nach deme nun unter dieſen zweyen aus der Kundſchafft Freundſchafft, aus der Freundſchafft Vertraulichkeit, aus der Vertraulichkeit brünſtige Liebe worden, ſind ſie bey einer Baſen der Margareta vielmals zuſammen gekommen, weil ihr Vatter ein ernſtlicher Mann, und die Studenten in ſeinem Hauſe nicht gerne geſehen, ſondern als unverſchämte Mucken von dem Honig-Mar verjaget. Beeder Verliebten Abſehen war der H. Eheſtand, und hetten lieber tauſend Tod gewünſchet, als ſich ſündlich zu vergreiffen. Auff einem Abend ſange er in ſein Lautenſpiel folgende Verſlein.

Sonnet oder Klingreimen.

Du biſt mein treuer Zeug, O finſtre Schatten-Nacht!
Du weiſt was ich erduld' in meinem jungen Hertzen.
Du hörſt meine Klag' indem ich dir erwacht,
und weiſt wie mich der Traum pflegt in dem Schlaff zu ſchertzen.
Ich ſpüre fort und fort der Liebe ſtarcke Macht,
ich ſchau, als mich bedünckt, Cupido flammen Kertzen.
Wann ich die ſchöne Sonn' entſchlaffend hab betracht,
ſo brennet mich die Glut mit angenehmen Schmertzen.
Wann kommet doch der Tag, der meine Plage heilet!
Wann kommet doch die Zeit, die meinen Sinn vergnüget?
Was mir das Glück verſagt, der Schatten Traum ertheilet,
und mit der Liebſten Bild erfreuet und betrüget.
Wann kommet doch die Stund, das Monat oder Jahr,
Daß dieſer falſche Traum im Wercke werde wahr.

5. Hierdurch wurde auch anders theils die Liebes-Neigung ausgewürcket, daß dieſe beede je mehr und mehr entbranten durch die Poetiſchen Gedichte (welche jener mit Fug der Liebe Zunder und Schwefel-Holtz genennet) gleichſam anzündet. Dieſe papierene Waare, ich ſage die Verſe, ſind Studenten ſonderbar gefallen, und hat er keine Gelegen terlaſſen, ſolche anzubringen. Als ſie auff eine Zeit nander ſpazierten, und Margareten Röſlein angetroffen, ohne verſäumen, folgendes Innhalts geſungen.

1.

Mir behaget ſehr zu ſehen
ieſe Margariten Roſen.
ller Blumen Ruhm und Preiß.
betrachte mit verlangen
ihre Farbe roth und weiß
ie der Margariten Wangen.
Dieſer beeden Blumen Ruh',
iſt mein allerliebſte Ruh.

2.

Eine Roſe mir beliebet,
die mich in den Garten übet.
Mag die andern mögen ſeyn,
laß ich in der Schule ſtehen,
als gemahlter Götter-Stein:
Dieſe pflegt mit mir zu gehen.
Sie erfreuet meinen Mut,
mit der Schönheit Heurat-Gut.

3.

Mir behaget ihre Tugend,
ihr Verſtand und ihre Jugend.
ihre Stimme und roter Mund,
ihre Lippen und Geberden
weiſen ihres Hertzen Grund,
dem Verliebſten auff der Erden,
doch verlang' ich nichts nicht mehr,
als was williget Zucht und Ehr.

7. Alſo hat ſich dieſer, beeden jungen Leuten Liebe wohl angefangen, und wie wir melden wollen, ſehr übel geendet. Ich ſage junge Leute, dann die Jungfrau nicht über 18. der Student aber den 20. Jahren auff ſich hatte. Als ſie nun faſt täglich miteinander Sprache zu halten pflegten, iſt bey vielen ſo ſie geſehen, ungleicher Verdacht entſtanden, daß die Baſe, in welcher Behauſung ſie zuſammen gekommen, Margaritam gewarnet, ſie ſolte zu böſer Nachrede nicht Urſach geben, und gedencken, daß ſolche ihrem Herrn Vattern zu Ohren, und ſie dardurch in groſſe Ungunſt kommen konte. Die Jungfrau antwortete, daß ihre Liebe zu ehlicher Verbündniß ziele, und in den Schrancken der Erbarkeit verbleibe, daß ſie ſich alſo dieſes Studenten nicht zu ſchämen. Dieſe Baſe verwunderte ſich, über dieſen Schluß, und wieſe ſie auff ihre Eltern Einwilligen, unter welcher Gewalt ſie were, und nicht leicht geſchehen laſſen würden, daß ſie ein Frembder ſolte auſſer Land führen ꝛc.

8. Nachdem ihr nun die Baſe verſprochen, mit ihrem Bruder von ihrer Verehlichung zu reden, fügte ſich, daß der alte Monſieu, der Margarita Vatter im verborgenen ſeiner Tochter in deß Studenten Armen erſihet, deßwegen er ſich zwar ſehr erzörnet, doch vorbey gegangen und ſeinen Grimm auszuſchütten andre Gelegenheit erwartet. Als er nun nachgefraget, wer dieſes Studenten Eltern, und erfahren daß es eine anſtändige Heurat für ſeine Tochter, hat er doch verſchworen, ſie ihme nicht zu laſſen, weil er ihn nicht angeſprochen, und wie gebräuchlich, die Werbung bey ihme ab angebracht, als er zu ungleichen Gedancken und böſen Nachreden Urſach gegeben.

9. So bald nun Margareta nach Hauſe kommet, verbietet ihr Vatter, daß ſie ohne Geſellſchafft ihrer Mutter nicht mehr aus dem Hauſe gehen ſolte, bei Verluſt ſeiner Gnaden, und Enterbung ſeiner Güter. Hierauf antwortete ſie gar ſehr verſtändig, daß ihme, als einem Vatter gebühre Geſetze fürzuſchreiben, ihr als ſeine Tochter denſelben zugehorſamen. Der Mutter hatte er auch Befehl gethan, ſie ſolte dieſer den Zaum nicht mehr ſo lang laſſen, daß die Freyheit der Jugend ein rechter Irrgarten, darinnen ſie ſich leichtlich verlieren können.

10. Was nun vorgegangen, berichtete Margareta an ihren Studenten, und ſendete ihm den Brief durch ihre vertraute Magd zu, beneben Verſicherung, daß ſie in ihrer Liebe beſtändig bleiben wolte, und keinen, oder ihn zu einem Ehegatten haben. Er hingegen verſchriebe ſich zu ihrem leibeignen Knecht, der biß in den Tod der ihrige verbleiben würde, ꝛc. So bald ſie ſolches verſtanden, hat ſie ſich endlich entſchloſſen, lieber zu ſterben, als einen andern zu freyen, und ein Denckmal zu hinterlaſſen, daß die Eltern der Kinder Willen nicht tyranniſiren, und ohne genugſame Urſachen, zwingen und gewältigen ſollen.

11. Der Vatter hatte ſie nun einem andern verſprochen, deme ſie nicht widerſprechen dürffen, und wurde der Tag ihrer Trauung benennet, darauf ſie ſich auch gefaßt machte, und die Nacht darvor an ihren Vatter und an ihren Liebſten Briefe geſchrieben, in welchen ſie von ihnen mit erbärmlichen Worten Urlaub nahme, und in ihren ſchönſten Kleidern, als eine Braut geſchmücket in dem Hof auff- und abſpazieret, und ſich nach etlichen vermeintlich andächtigen Gebetlein, von dem böſen Geiſt ſo verblenden laſſen, daß ſie ſich in den Brunnen zu ſtürtzen gewillet, und als ſie ihre Magd von ſich geſchicket ein Getränck zu holen, hat ſie geſagt: Mein Liebſter, weil ich mit dem Munde gewilliget, einen andern als dich zu lieben, ſo muß ich auch mit dem Munde büſſen, und dardurch mein Leben enden.

12. Nach dieſen Worten wendet ſie ſich gegen ihres Vatters Schlaffkammer, und ſchrey mit lauter Stimme: Komm nun du tyranniſcher Kinder-Mörder, ſchaue an das Opffer deiner einigen Tochter! Wann du meinen Tod beweinſt, ſo ſolſt wiſſen, daß deine Grauſamkeit dergleiche verdienet hat. Mit dieſen Worten, weil ſie ein Geräuſch in der Kammer gehört, und ihre Magd wider kommen, hat ſie ſich in den Brunnen geſtürtzet. Die Magd und der Vatter ſind zwar faſt unbekleidet zugelauffen, haben ihr zugeruffen, und ſie gebetten, ſie ſolte ſich an die Brunnen Eimer halten und verſprochen, alles zu thun was ſie wolte, ſolte doch nur ſich ſelbſten nicht umb das Leben bringen. Sie aber hat geſchrien: Mein Gott erbarm dich meiner! und ſo ſtarck ſich an dem Brunnen Seil gehalten, daß der Vatter und die Magd ſie widerumb herauß gezogen.

13. Weil ſie ſich nun zerſtoſſen und zerfallen hatte, war

zwar der Vater wiederumb ein wenig getröſtet, ließe ſie in ihr Kammer tragen, und verhoffte ihre Geneſung; ſie aber erkannte ihre Sünde die ſie wider Gott, ihre Eltern, und wider ſich ſelbſt begangen, begehrte deswegen ihren Beichtvater, der ſie nach wahren Zeichen der Buße, Gottes Barmherzigkeit verſichert, und hat ſie alſo mit anbrechendem Morgen ihren Geiſt aufgegeben. Der Vater hat den hinterbliebenen Brief geleſen, und bitterlich darüber geweinet, wie auch ihre Mutter, die doch an der That nicht ſchuldig wäre, und ihrem Mann vielmals geſagt, daß er in ſeinem hohen Alter noch nicht ſtudiert, wie einer verliebten Jungfrauen umb das Herz ſey. Über dieſen Todesfall hat ſich am meiſten betrübet der Student, welcher aus den hinterlaſſenen Brieflein verſtanden, daß ſie wegen ſeiner lieber ſterben, als einem andern zu theil werden wollen, darüber er folgende Grabſchrift geſtellet.

14. Unter den berühmten Frauen,
hat Lucretia die Ehr:
ſo der reinen Keuſchheit Lehr,
durch den Selbſtmord laſſen ſchauen.
Aber unter den Jungfrauen
hat die Margaris den Preiß
die beſtändig ohn Geheiß
In den Tod ſelbſt wollen trauen.

Johann Hartlieb. ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Andreas Hartmann.

Von ihm weiß man bloß, daß er gegen Mitte des 17. Jahrhunderts zu Leipzig geboren wurde und als Geheimſekretär des Herzogs Moritz von Sachſen-Zeitz ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb unter dem Namen Hylas:

Luſtiger Schauplatz von einer hindiſchen Geſellſchaft. Hamburg 1690,

eine Sammlung von komiſchen Poſſen, die nicht ohne Talent gedichtet ſind.

Anton Theodor Hartmann

ward 1765 zu Düſſeldorf geboren, ſtudirte Philologie und Theologie und wurde 1797 am Gymnaſium zu Soeſt als Konrektor angeſtellt. 1799 erhielt er den Ruf als Prorektor des Friedrichsgymnaſium zu Herford und kam von hier 1811 als Dr. der Theologie und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie nach Roſtock, wo er 1815 zum Konſiſtorialrath und Univerſitätsbibliothekar ernannt wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Das Ideal weiblicher Schönheit bei den Morgenländern. Düſſeldorf 1798 in 8., mit 1 Titelkupfer.
Aſiatiſche Perlenſchnur. Berlin 1800. 2 Thle. in 8.
Micha, überſetzt. Lemgo 1800.
Morgenländiſche Blumenleſe. Berlin 1802. Neue Aufl. Leipzig 1806 in 8. mit 1 Kupfer.
Die hellſtrahlenden Plejaden am arabiſchen poetiſchen Himmel. Münſter 1802, in 8.
Früchte des aſiatiſchen Geiſtes. Ebendaſ. 1803. 2 Thle. in 8.
Aufklärung über Aſien. Oldenburg 1806. 2 Thle.
Die Hebräerin am Putztiſche und als Braut. Amſterdam 1809. 1810. 3 Thle. in 8. mit 9 Kupf.
Olaf Gerhard Tychſen. Bremen 1818 u. 1819. 2 Thle. mit 1 Beilage.

H. erwarb ſich ausgezeichnete Verdienſte um die nähere Kenntniß des Orients und der Literatur deſſelben, die er nicht bloß dem Gelehrten vom Fach, ſondern jedem Gebildeten zugänglich zu machen ſuchte; er entwickelte bei dieſen Beſtrebungen eben ſo gründliche Gelehrſamkeit als feinen Geſchmack.

Johann David Hartmann

ward den 1. Juni 1761 zu Aſchersleben geboren, ſtudirte zu Helmſtädt und Halle Philologie und Theologie und wurde, nachdem er mehrere Jahre als untergeordneter Lehrer an ähnlichen Anſtalten zu Halberſtadt und Berlin angeſtellt geweſen war, 1790 Direktor des Gymnaſiums zu Bielefeld, 1794 wurde er zum Prior von Amelungsborn und Direktor und Profeſſor der vereinigten Kloſter- und Stadtſchule zu Holzminden ernannt und ſtarb daſelbſt den 4. December 1801.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Komiſche Erzählungen in Verſen. Berlin 1785.
Der Patriot am Grabe Friedrichs. Ebendaſ. 1786.
Merkwürdige Geſchichte eines niederſächſiſchen Edelmannes. Ebendaſ. 1789. 2 Thle.
Handbuch für Deutſchlands Söhne und Töchter. Ebendaſ. 1790.
Kulturgeſchichte der vornehmſten Völker Griechenlands. Lemgo 1796—1800. 2 Thle.
Verſuch einer allgemeinen Geſchichte der Poeſie von den älteſten Zeiten an. Leipzig 1797, 1798. 2 Bde. in gr. 8.

Ein geiſtreicher, gründlich gebildeter Schriftſteller, wußte ſich H. zu ſeiner Zeit die Gunſt des Publikums, namentlich durch ſeinen „Patrioten am Grabe Friedrichs II.“ zu erwerben. Seine hiſtoriſchen Schriften ſind dagegen zwar die Früchte tiefer und mannichfaltiger Studien, es fehlt ihnen aber an gewandter Anordnung und klarer Zuſammenſtellung. —

Gottlieb David Hartmann

ward 1752 zu Ludwigsburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde durch Vermittlung Sulzers am Gymnaſium zu Mitau in Kurland als Profeſſor der Philoſophie angeſtellt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 5. November 1775.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Pforzheim 1777. 2 Thle.

Hinterlaſſene Schriften, herausgegeben von C. J. Wagenſeil. Gotha 1779 in 8.

Hartmann's Gedichte beurkunden Talent und Kraft, namentlich im Gebiete der Ode; leider aber verhinderte ſein frühzeitiger Tod die Entwickelung und Reiſe ſeiner glücklichen Anlagen.

Lorenz Leopold Haſchka

ward den 1. September 1740 zu Wien geboren, wurde Jeſuit und nach Aufhebung dieſes Ordens Kuſtos an der kaiſerlich königlichen Bibliothek und Profeſſor an der thereſianiſchen Ritteracademie zu Wien. Er ſtarb daſelbſt als Penſionär den 3. Auguſt 1827.

Er gab heraus:

Gedicht auf Ritter Gluck. Wien 1775 in 4.
Am Huldigungstage den 6. April. Ebendaſ. 1790 in 4.
Laudon beſungen. Ebendaſ. 1790.
Das gerettete Deutſchland. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Epinikion auf Stark. Ebendaſ. 1798.
Ehrenrettung des Kaiſers und Klopſtocks. Ebendaſ. 1782.
Aufruf der deutſchen Schriftſteller wider Nicolai. Ebendaſ. 1787. Außerdem mehrere Gedichte in Zeitſchriften, Almanachs u. ſ. w.

Ein unbeholfener und geiſtloſer Nachahmer der Odendichter Maſtalier und Denis, ſeiner Landsleute, iſt H. ſchon bei ſeinen Lebzeiten wieder in Vergeſſenheit geſunken, und wird nur noch genannt, wenn Literär-Hiſtoriker die Dichter und neben dieſen auch die Verskünſtler aufzählen, welche das vorige Jahrhundert in Oeſterreich hervorbrachte.

Friedrich Traugott Haſe

ward den 16. Februar 1754 zu Steinbach im Schönburgiſchen geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er auf der Schule zu Altenburg ſich claſſiſch vorbereitet hatte, zu Leipzig die Rechte. Er wurde dann als Regiſtrator und Viceaktuar beim Juſtizamte zu Dresden angeſtellt, erhielt 1788 eine Geheimſekretärsſtelle im Domeſtiquen-Departement, wurde 1807 Kriegsrath, 1808 geheimer Kabinetsſekretär und ſtarb daſelbſt den 9. Februar 1823.

Von ihm erſchien:

Die ehrſüchtige Stiefmutter, Trauerſpiel aus dem Engliſchen. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1773.
Der Mißverſtand, Luſtſpiel nach dem Engliſchen. Dresden 1779.
Guſtav Aldermann, dramat. Roman. Leipzig 1779. 2 Thle.
Friedrich Mahler. Ebendaſ. 1781. 2 Thle.
Muſenalmanach, herausgegeben von. Leipzig 1776—1778.

Seine unbedeutenden poetiſchen Leiſtungen, die einen ſehr niederen Rang einnehmen, geriethen noch vor dem Tode ihres Verfaſſers bereits in völlige Vergeſſenheit.

Karl Haſe

wurde am 25. Auguſt 1800 zu Steinbach im Königreich Sachſen, wo ſein Vater Pfarrer war, geboren. Er ſtudirte in Leipzig, Erlangen und Tübingen, ward auf der letzteren Univerſität 1823 Privatdocent, 1829 aber außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie zu Leipzig und 1830 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie in Jena. Nach dem Tode des Geh. Kirchenrath Schott trat er hier 1836 als ordentlicher Profeſſor in die theologiſche Facultät und lehrt fortwährend mit großem Beifall.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Des alten Pfarrers Teſtament. Tübingen 1824.
Lehrbuch der evangeliſchen Dogmatik. Stuttgart 1826.
Vom Juſtizmorde, ein Votum der Kirche. Leipzig 1826.
Gnoſis oder Glaubenslehre für die Gebildeten in der Gemeinde. Leipzig 1827—1829. 3 Bde.
Die Leipziger Disputation. Leipzig 1827.
Hutterus redivivus oder Dogmatik der evangeliſchen Kirche. Leipzig 1829. 3. A. Ebendaſ. 1836.
Das Leben Jeſu. Lehrbuch für akademiſche Vorleſungen. Leipzig 1829. 2. A. Ebendaſ. 1835.
Sachſen und ſeine Hoffnungen, von Karl von Steinbach. Leipzig 1830.
Theologiſche Streitſchriften. Leipzig 1834—37. 3 Hefte.
Kirchengeſchichte. Leipzig 1834. 3. A. Ebendaſ. 1837.

In ſeiner theologiſchen Bildung hat ſich H. zunächſt an Herder angeſchloſſen; ſeine Richtung iſt vorzugsweiſe eine zwiſchen Geſchichte und Philoſophie, Glauben und Wiſſen, alter und neuer Zeit, verſöhnende, wobei ihm doch geblieben iſt, daß er mit den Häuptern der einander entgegengeſetzten theologiſchen Schulen in einen offen und würdig geführten literariſchen Streit gerieth. — Scharfſinn, Klarheit, Kraft der Rede und ein dem behandelten Gegenſtande ſtets angemeſſener, oft begeiſterter und bilderreicher Styl ſind ſeinen Schriften eigenthümlich und machen ſie auch für Laien zu einer eben ſo belehrenden als anziehenden Lectüre.

Von der heiligen Schrift *).

Dem Hauptgegenſatz wider die katholiſche Auctorität der Kirche, und wider die Hingabe der Myſtiker an den dunkeln Trieb einer vermeinten wunderbaren Erleuchtung, enthält der altproteſtantiſche Grundſatz von der höchſten Auctorität der Schrift, ſowohl zur Feſtſtellung von Glaubensartikeln, als zur Entſcheidung bei Streitigkeiten über dieſelben. In dieſer urſprünglichen Bedeutung eines Gegenſatzes ſteht er unverrückt, innerhalb der Kirche aber mußte ſeine Bedeutung, die in ihrer Unbedingtheit auch allezeit mehr dem Worte als der That nach gegolten hat, mit dem Zweifel an wörtlicher Eingebung der Schrift ſich eigenthümlich geſtalten: denn unbedingt in ſeinem Glauben kann ſich ein freies Weſen nur der göttlichen und unfehlbar überlieferten Wahrheit hingeben, und auch ihr nur darum, weil ſie der Wahrheit in ſeinem eignen Gemüthe entſpricht. Daher dürfte man wohl fragen, ob denn dieſer Grundſatz vom alleinigen Anſehn der H. Schrift in ihr ſelbſt ausgeſprochen ſey? wie er es nicht iſt, und nach den geſchichtlichen Verhältniſſen der Abfaſſung ihrer einzelnen Beſtandtheile nicht ſeyn kann. Wenn aber nicht, ſo hat ihn noch weniger die Kirche dictiren können, denn dieſes wäre ja eben ihre unbedingte Machtvollkommenheit, daß ſie das höchſte Geſetz des Glaubens willkürlich aufſtellte. Seine beſtimmte Geltung kann alſo nur durch die Macht der Intelligenz ſelbſt aus innerer Nothwendigkeit anerkannt werden, und dieſe beſteht darin, daß wir kein andres Denkmal haben, in welchem uns das urſprüngliche Chriſtenthum ſicher überbracht worden wäre, als die H. Schrift. Da nun das Chriſtenthum einestheils die Religion ſelbſt, anderntheils eine beſtimmte hiſtoriſch von Chriſto ausgegangene Religion iſt: ſo kann ſich ein chriſtlicher Glaubensſatz nach ſeiner innern und religiöſen Beziehung allerdings im religiöſen Gemüthe allein als wahr erweiſen, nach ſeiner äußern und hiſtoriſchen Seite aber nur durch ſeine beſtimmte Verbindung mit dem im Neuen Teſtamente verkündigten Chriſtenthume. Eine unbedingte Ewigkeit der Höllenſtrafen z. B. wird jetzt unter den Zeitgenoſſen allgemein bezweifelt [illegible] des religiöſen Gemüthes, das dieſelbe weder mit dem Glauben an menſchliche Freiheit, noch an göttliche Barmherzigkeit zu vereinigen weiß; forſchen wir aber in der Schrift, ſo entſcheidet dieſe zwar nicht durchaus in genauen Ausdrücken, aber in alle Weiſe mehr für, als gegen die Ewigkeit. Dagegen die Verehrung Marias kann im religiöſen Gemüthe nirgends als nothwendig erwieſen werden. Fragen wir wegen ihrer hiſtoriſchen Beziehung beim Neuen Teſtamente an, ſo finden wir in demſelben, erſt eine in ſich gekehrte jungfräuliche Herrlichkeit, dann ein treues Mutterherz; eine Himmelskönigin nirgends: und verwerfen daher jene Verehrung mit gutem Rechte. Solches bedingte Anſehn der H. Schrift iſt ſchon früher als eine hiſtoriſche Nothwendigkeit dargethan worden; **) in ſeiner Unbedingtheit aber, wie es von einigen Kirchenlehrern eigentlich nur gegen Ende des vorigen und am Anfange dieſes Jahrhunderts, bei der Verzweiflung an der Kirchenlehre, geltend gemacht wurde, war es doch nur eine Erſtarrung, wenn auch in einer ſchönen Vergangenheit, während das Chriſtenthum eine ſtarke und lebendige Gegenwart ſeyn will, nicht beſchloſſen in der Schrift, ſondern lebendig in jedem Chriſtenherzen. Wenn wir aber in dieſem die höchſte Entſcheidung über religiöſe Wahrheit ſuchen, ſo iſt zu bedenken, daß es ja nicht der vereinzelte menſchliche Geiſt iſt, ſondern der im Chriſtenthume erzogne, vom chriſtlichen Geiſte erfüllte, ſonach das Chriſtenthum oder der H. Geiſt ſelbſt in ſeiner individuellen Wirklichkeit, der über den chriſtlichen Glauben entſcheidet; entſcheidet eben für ſeinen individuellen Glauben und für alle diejenigen, die ſich von der Wahrheit ſeines Wortes überzeugen, alſo frei entſcheiden gleich ihm. Und ſo hat es Chriſtus verheißen, nicht daß die Schrift, ſondern daß der Geiſt uns in alle Wahrheit führen ſolle. ***)

Das herrlichſte Denkmal dieſes Geiſtes aber iſt die H. Schrift. Der Sieg unſrer Kirche iſt großentheils auf die Macht der Einſicht und öffentlichen Meinung gegründet, welche Luther durch die deutſche Bibelüberſetzung gewann. Der Abfall des Papſtthums vom wahren Chriſtenthume wurde dadurch allem Volke klar. Deßhalb iſt in unſrer Kirche vom Anfange üblich geweſen, das Leſen in der Schrift auf alle Weiſe zu begünſtigen, und wir behaupten in dieſer Beziehung die Wirkſamkeit derſelben zur Lehre, Beſſerung und Beruhigung. Die katholiſche Kirche dagegen hat ſeit den Zeiten des Papſtes Innocenz III. mehrmals Bibelverbote erlaſſen; denn früher von den Kirchenvätern wurde das Leſen der H. Schrift vielfach empfohlen und befördert, wenn es ſchon bei dem hohen Preiſe geſchriebner Exemplare und bei der Seltenheit literariſcher Bildung überhaupt nicht verbreitet ſeyn konnte. Das katholiſche Verbot bezieht ſich aber weder auf den Grundtext, noch auf die alte lateiniſche Ueberſetzung, welche unter dem Namen der Vulgata in der römiſchen Kirche herkömmlich iſt, und nach dem Concilium von Trident über dem Grundtexte ſteht, nach den neuern gelehrteren Theologen derſelben nur als die beſte von den vorhandenen Ueberſetzungen beigeordnet iſt; ſondern es betrifft Ueberſetzungen in die Volksſprache, und macht das Leſen derſelben für Laien von dem Ermeſſen ihres Beichtvaters abhängig. Es wird gerechtfertigt, oder entſchuldigt, dadurch, daß die Bibel für die Kirche, nicht für den Einzelnen beſtimmt ſey, und zum rechten Verſtändniſſe der kirchlichen Auslegung bedürfe. Den katholiſchen Biſchöfen iſt in der That eine gewiſſe Scheu vor der H. Schrift nicht ganz zu verdenken, denn ſie iſt allezeit die treue Bundesgenoſſin des Proteſtantismus geweſen, und wie damals in der großen Volksbewegung der Reformation, ſo hat noch oft im kleinen Kreiſe eine Bibel, die in ein Haus kam, uns Freunde geworben: dennoch, nachdem durch die Gunſt der deutſchen und gallicaniſchen Kirche Bibelüberſetzungen allgemein in die Hände des Volkes gekommen ſind, mußte es für eine ſelbſt der römiſchen Curie nicht gewöhnliche Unklugheit gehalten werden, daß in unſern Tagen Pius VII. noch einmal wagte, ein Bibelverbot ausgehen zu laſſen. Denn, mögen dergleichen Maßregeln noch ſo ſehr aus dem Grundſatze dieſer Kirche gerechtfertigt werden, ſo iſt es doch für den geſunden Volksverſtand anſtößig, daß Gottes Wort zu leſen verboten ſeyn ſoll. Zumal iſt unklug, gehäſſige Maßregeln zu ergreifen, wenn ihre Ausführung unmöglich iſt, wie dieſe gegen den Einfluß der Bibelgeſellſchaft. Wir aber mögen uns ihrer freuen, die das Evangelium verkündet, wie einſt am erſten Pfingſtfeſte, in allen Sprachen der Völker mit den feurigen Zungen der Preſſe. Mehr zwar, als daß die beträchtlichen Secretäre dieſer Geſellſchaft vom Pfennige des Armen reiche Gehalte ziehen, iſt zu bedauern, daß nicht zugleich durch Einleitungen und kurze Anmerkungen für das Verſtändniß der Schrift geſorgt wird, da, wenn man frage: Verſteheſt du auch, was du lieſeſt? wohl mehr als ein Kämmerer antworten würde: Wie kann ich, ſo mich nicht jemand anleitet? *) Jedenfalls iſt die gewöhnliche Ausflucht der Bibelgeſellſchaft, daß zu Gottes Wort keine Menſchenzuthat kommen ſolle, nur eine fromme Redensart. Denn, was man auch unter Gottes Wort verſtehe, wenn nicht Menſchenzuthat hinzukommt, d. h. wenn nicht Menſchen es in ſich aufnehmen, verſtehen und einander erläutern: ſo liegt das Gotteswort, bei aller Ehrfurcht, unter der Bank. Indeß bei dem Zwieſpalte der theologiſchen Meinungen würde ohne dieſes Aufgeben einer jeden Zuthat allerdings unmöglich ſeyn, daß die Bibelgeſellſchaft die Kräfte der verſchiedenſten Partieen für ihren welthiſtoriſchen Zweck vereinte; daher unbillig wäre, über dem Wunſche des Beſſern das Gute zu verkennen. Mögen ſie das Wort verbreiten, zu ſeiner Zeit wird's auch erklärt werden.

Durch das gemeine Chriſtenrecht, die ganze Schrift zu leſen, iſt aber der Nutzen von Bibelauszügen keineswegs aufgehoben, wenn ſie nur gemacht werden in eben ſo großartigen, als der Weiſe unſers Volkes vertrautem Sinne. Zwar hat Reinhard mit Recht behauptet, daß kein Jota in der H. Schrift vergeblich ſtehe, die Geiſter ſind verſchieden, den Einen ergreift das Erhabene: „Gott ſprach, es werde Licht, und es ward Licht; oder: Gott ward Fleiſch; Gott iſt die Liebe;“ den Andern das Kleinliche, wenn Paulus ſchreibt: „Trink nicht mehr Waſſer, ſondern brauch ein wenig Weines um deines Magens willen;“ es kommt ihm rührend vor, daß der Apoſtel, mit dem Blicke, der nur gen Himmel gewandt iſt, und der hoch über Leben und Tod um kein Heil ſich kümmert, als um das ewige, doch mit ſo freundlichem Sinne auch das kleine irdiſche Anliegen ſeines jungen Freundes beachtet. Dennoch enthält das Alte Teſtament Sitten des Morgenlandes und Verbrechen eines barbariſchen Volkes in einer nackten Darſtellung, die dem Geſchichtsforſcher von hohem Werthe, aber für ein Volksbuch ungeeignet iſt. Man hat Bibeln in die Gefängniſſe vertheilt: die Verbrecher haben ſich an jene anſtößigen Geſchichten gehalten, und mit hochgefeierten Perſonen des Alten Teſtamentes, die ſie als Genoſſen ihrer Thaten aufgeführt hatten, ihre Richter in nicht geringe Verlegenheit geſetzt. Das Alte Teſtament iſt nur in einem Auszuge zu verbreiten, der nicht übergeht, was als Denkmal einer wahren Frömmigkeit und als Bild des hebräiſchen Volkslebens angeſehen werden kann. Das Neue Teſtament hingegen iſt nach Abfaſſung und Inhalt für die ganze Chriſtenheit geeignet; nur der Brief an die Hebräer und die Offenbarung Johannis, ſo ſchön und bedeutungsvoll in ihrem wahren Verſtändniſſe ſie ſtehen als Säulen der Vergangenheit und der Zukunft, ſind doch wegen ihres naheliegenden Mißverſtändniſſe ſchon in den erſten Jahrhunderten vom kirchlichen Gebrauche meiſt ausgeſchloſſen worden.

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*) Aus Haſe's Gnoſis Bd. III.

**) B. I. §. 34.

***) Joh. XVI 13.

*) Apoſt. Geſch. VIII, 30 f.

Es iſt aber eine große Sache um dieſes bibelſelige Weſen, wie es noch heutzutage auf dem Lande iſt, und allgemein unter unſern Vätern war. Unſers Volkes edelſte Bildung iſt davon ausgegangen. Die Griechen achteten mit Recht für ein großes Glück, daß ihr ganzes Volk mit dem Heldengedichte Homers vertraut war, denn das ganze Volk wurde dadurch aufgenommen in einen Kreis gleichmäßiger Bildung, innerhalb deſſen jede Beziehung, ſo geiſtreich ſie auch war, verſtanden wurde. Ich halte es für ein größeres Glück, daß unſer Volk vertraut iſt mit dem Heldengedichte Gottes und der Menſchheit, jeder Anklang an daſſelbe klingt wieder in des Volkes Herzen, und ein Mann des Volkes, der ſeine Bibel recht verſteht, kann es darauf wagen, für jedes Verhältniß des Lebens durch bibliſche Beziehungen ein ſicheres Verſtändniß zu finden. Darum wer wiſſen will, was die H. Schrift iſt, Lehre, Troſt, Beruhigung, Strafe, Weisheit, der gehe in die Hütten unſers Volkes, oder wo irgend 2 oder 3, wären es auch Gevatterinnen, in Jeſu Namen verſammelt ſind. Mancher hat mit dem kleinen Verſuche ſeiner Dorferziehung und dem großen ſeiner Selbſtſtändigkeit, ſo weiſe geſprochen, ſo edel gehandelt, und iſt ſo heiter geſtorben, als mancher Weltweiſe. Da iſt keine Frage, die nicht eine Antwort in der Schrift, keine Lage, die nicht ein Beiſpiel und in demſelben ihre milde Löſung fände. Wie viele Jünglinge hat nicht Joſeph bewahrt, wie viele Dulder Hiob geſtärkt, und der barmherzige Samariter hat eine Nachkommenſchaft, ſo groß als ſie Abraham verheißen war. Denn das iſt dem Volksverſtande, der Lehre und Begriff nicht zu ſcheiden liebt, eigenthümlich, daß nicht die allgemeine Lehre ihn ergreift im Augenblicke der Entſcheidung, wohl aber der lebendige Spruch und das lebendige Beiſpiel. Eine Glaubenslehre iſt ein Herbarium vivum, d. h. eine wohlgeordnete Sammlung eingelegter, vertrockneter Blumen; in der H. Schrift iſt der ganze Frühling. Man könnte dieß als eine faſt wunderbare Art der Deutlichkeit beſchreiben, daß jeder Grad eines nur irgend geſunden Menſchenverſtandes und Herzens ſein höchſtes Maß von Verſtändniß und Erbauung in der H. Schrift finde, wenn nicht Aehnliches auch bei andern guten Büchern vorkäme, daß in den Tagen unſerer erſten Jugend ſie unſer ganzes Herz erfüllten, wir meinten ihnen genug zu thun, weil ſie uns genug thaten: als wir aber nach Jahren ſie wieder laſen, da waren ſie groß gewachſen mit uns, ihr Geſichtskreis hatte ſich erweitert wie der unſre; und das ſind wohl eigentlich die rechten Bücher. Es iſt mit der Bibel vielleicht jedem, der eine Weile mit ihr gelebt hat, geſchehen, daß er mit irgend einem Spruche recht eigentlich vertraut war, und dennoch als ihm ſelbſt ein neues Gefühl und eine neue Beziehung des Lebens aufging, offenbarte auch der Spruch eine ungeahnete Tiefe, dadurch das erſte Verſtändniß nicht falſch, aber doch nicht alleinig erſchien, und dahinter liegt's noch unergründet. Die H. Schrift iſt wie der Himmel, von dem ſie kommt, oder doch zeugt: das kindliche Auge ſieht hinauf, ſieht Sterne, ſie leuchten auch durch das Auge in's Herz und reden von der Unendlichkeit; der [illegible] ſieht dieſelben Sterne, nur mehr, nur klarer; und das mit aller Kunſt der Wiſſenſchaft geſchärfte Auge ſieht wiederum Sterne, erkennt ihre Geſetze, mißt ihre Bahnen, trägt neue und neue Geſtirne ein in unſre Himmelskarte, ſteigt höher und höher, aber darüber liegt immer noch das Unendliche.

Ueber das Verhältniß von Kirche und Staat.

Betrachten wir den Staat blos als Sicherungsanſtalt des Rechts durch Gewalt, ſo iſt ſeine Unterſcheidung von der Kirche vollkommen klar: er gewährt und beſchützt, nach der Anſicht unſerer Vorfahren, die leiblichen, ſie die geiſtigen Güter. Allein offenbar hat das wirkliche Staatsleben dieſe Theorie bereits überſchritten, welche allein noch von einigen liberalen Lehrern des Staatsrechts vertheidigt wird, aus Sorge, einem tyranniſchen Einfluſſe des Staates auf alle Verhältniſſe des Lebens das Wort zu reden, indem ſie nicht bedenken, daß, wenn der Zweck des Staates über die bloße Rechtsſicherung hinaus geht, ſeine Wirkſamkeit auch durch ihre Gegenſtände eigenthümlich bedingt wird und nicht in dieſer Zwangsgewalt beſtehen kann. So wird die Beförderung des Handels und der Wiſſenſchaft, ohne die ein Staat in unſrer Zeit ſeinem Untergange entgegengeht, aus blos rechtlichem Geſichtspunkte nur kläglich und *ungenügend als Staatspflicht erwieſen, aber ihrer Natur nach* ſchließt ſie auch jeden Zwang aus. Daß nun ein Staat nicht blos durch Gewalt beſtehe, ſondern vielmehr urſprünglich auf ſittlichen Kräften ruhe, durch die, wenn ein Heer vernichtet iſt, ein Volk in den Waffen ſteht, das hat die Geſchichte, und zumal die unſre, mit großem Ernſte erwieſen. Wollen wir uns dagegen zur neuern und idealen Anſicht des Staates als einer Gemeinſchaft für die geſammte menſchliche Bildung, ſo iſt offenbar auch die Kirche im Staate begriffen. Aber der Staat iſt ſeiner Natur nach auf beſtimmte Landesgränzen und Völkerſcheiden beſchränkt, eine Weltmonarchie iſt Unſinn, jedes Streben darnach verderblich; die Kirche kennt ſolche Gränzſcheine nicht, das Reich Gottes iſt ſeiner Natur nach Weltmonarchie, der chriſtliche Bruderbund hebt alle Völkerſcheiden auf. Der Staat kann unter gewiſſen hiſtoriſchen Verhältniſſen nur als Monarchie ſeine volle Kraft entwickeln; die Kirche iſt ihrem Weſen nach demokratiſch, vor Gott d. h. in religiöſen Dingen iſt jeder gleich und frei, darum Chriſtus das monarchiſche Princip im Kirchenregimente ohne weiteres verworfen hat.*) Wie hier die Kirche im Großen, ſo ſcheiden ſich im Kleinen mannigfache Zwecke und Gemeinſchaften aus dem allgemeinen Zwecke des Staats, der in jener Allthätigkeit ſich ſelbſt und jede heitre Regſamkeit des Privatlebens verlieren würde. Wir werden daher in der rechten Mitte zwiſchen jenen engen Gränzen und dieſer vagen Allgemeinheit, in idealer Herrlichkeit und doch in der rechten Wirklichkeit, den Staat darſtellen, wenn wir ihn beſchreiben als das geordnete Volksleben, ſeinen Zweck als die Erreichung alles desjenigen, was ein Volk durch gemeinſame Kraft zu erreichen hat. Der Staat iſt daher keine bloße Rechts- und Polizei-Anſtalt, der willig oder unwillig die Sporteln bezahlt werden, noch eine allgemein menſchliche Geſellſchaft, die man anderer Orten auch finden kann, ſondern er iſt das Vaterland, dem Gut und Blut gehört. Der fortwährende Mittelpunkt des Staatszweckes iſt allerdings Sicherung des Rechtszuſtandes, als der Bedingung alles bürgerlichen Lebens, aber wechſelnd nach der Bildung und Geſchichte des Volkes werden mannigfache Zwecke des Gemeinweſens hieran ſich reihen. Manches kann auch dem ganzen Volke zu Nutz' und Frommen ſeyn, auf das aber dennoch die ordnende Kraft des Staates, die Regierung, öffentliche Mittel nicht zu verwenden hat, weil es durch Privatmittel ausgeführt wird. Ein Staat bedarf z. B. einer Univerſität: finden ſich Privatmänner, die, angemeſſen den Bedürfniſſen der Zeit, aus eignen Mitteln ſie gründen, wie jetzt in London geſchah, ſo wird eine weiſe Regierung nicht einſchreiten. In der Nationalökonomie iſt allgemein anerkannt, daß die größten Unternehmungen der Landeskultur durch Privatgeſellſchaften vollbracht werden und am glücklichſten vollbracht werden können; ein Staat iſt um ſo blühender, jemehr der Volksgeiſt die Privaten zu ſolchen Unternehmungen veranlaßt. Ein Land, größer und reicher als England, wird von einer Compagnie von Kaufleuten regiert, die Miniſter Sr. Majeſtät, zufrieden mit einem mäßigen Einfluſſe, haben nie daran gedacht, daß die Macht oder Würde des Staates hierdurch verletzt werde. Es verhält ſich auf ähnliche Weiſe mit der Kirche. Ein Staat, der keine religiöſen Anſtalten vorfände, müßte ſie gründen. Denn wie ein weiſer Heide einſt ſchrieb: „Wenn du die Erde durchwanderſt, magſt du Städte ohne Mauern, ohne König, ohne Theater und ohne Gymnaſium finden, aber nie wirſt du erblicken eine Stadt ohne Gott, ohne Gebet, ohne Orakel, ohne Opfer. Eher mag eine Stadt ohne Boden ſtehn, als ein Staat ohne den Glauben an Götter ſich erhalten. Dieſer iſt das Bindemittel aller Gemeinſchaft und die Stütze aller Geſetzgebung." Wo aber der Staat eine Religionsanſtalt bereits vorfindet als eine weit über ſeine Gränzen hinausreichende Gemeinſchaft, eigenthümlich in ihrem Urſprunge und ihrer Geſchichte, blühend hie und da in Gefahr, dem Staate unterworfen zu werden: da fragt ſich blos, ob der Staat in dieſer Unterwerfung und Ausbildung der Kirche fortfahren, oder ob er vielmehr ihre Selbſtſtändigkeit anerkennen und ſichern ſolle? Nach dem bereits angedeuteten weſentlichen Unterſchiede beider Inſtitutionen behaupten wir das Letztere ebenſowohl um der Kirche als um des Staats willen.

Religiöſe und politiſche Intereſſen ſind, nicht im Großen und Allgemeinen, aber im einzelnen Falle oft verſchieden. Um nur, ſtatt des Nahen und Verletzenden, des Entfernten zu gedenken: nach ihrem religiöſen Intereſſe wünſchen alle chriſtlichen Nationen die Befreiung Griechenlands, nach ihrem politiſchen Intereſſe fürchten ſie einige. Es kann nicht fehlen, daß, wenn die Verwaltung der religiöſen Angelegenheiten unmittelbar von der Staatsbehörde ausgeht, das politiſche Intereſſe vorwalte. Es giebt Staatsmänner, die weiter oder vielmehr höher ſehen, aber auf dem gewöhnlichen Standpunkte wird ihnen die Religion das ſicherſte Mittel zur Bezähmung der Volksleidenſchaft, die Kirche eine höhere Polizeianſtalt ſeyn. Dieſe aber, weil auf dem Standpunkte unſrer Bildung dem Volke eine ſolche Anſicht nie verborgen bleibt, wird ihre Gewalt über die Herzen verlieren, durch welche ſie allerdings, aber nur in wahrer Selbſtſtändigkeit, auch in dieſer Hinſicht den Staatszweck ſehr befördern kann. Grade diejenige Seite der Religion, welche in geheimnißvoller Scheu vor der Gottheit beſteht, war in Rom ſo ausgebildet als je in einem Volke: dennoch wurde ſie in der Verwaltung durch Staatsbehörden zur Grimaſſe entwürdigt, ſo daß ein Augur dem andern nicht ohne Lächeln begegnete; das Mittel hatte durch ſeinen Mißbrauch ſich ſelbſt vernichtet. Vorzüglich zwei Fälle ſind in unſerer Zeit möglich. Entweder die Regierung iſt der Religion des Volkes, im Ganzen, oder zum Theile, fremd: dann wäre die Verwaltung dieſer Religion durch den Staat eine unnütze Tyrannei; ſelbſt der Sultan hat keine biſchöflichen Rechte über die griechiſche Kirche verlangt, und die unbedingteſten Vertheidiger des Majeſtätsrechtes in Kirchenſachen mußten zugeſtehn, daß ein katholiſcher Fürſt nicht Biſchof einer proteſtantiſchen Kirche ſeyn könne; worin freilich als in einem klaren Exempel das Unhaltbare dieſes ganzen Syſtemes erſcheint: denn iſt das Kirchenregiment dem Staatsregenten weſentlich, ſo gehört es ihm unter jeder Bedingung und durch Verzichtung darauf iſt die Staatsgewalt weſentlich verletzt. Oder die Regierung bekennt ſich zum Glauben des Volkes, die Religion wird Staatsreligion, als ſolche Bedingung des vollkommnen Staatsbürgerrechtes, und wie es denn nicht wohl anders möglich iſt, auf ein beſtimmtes Bekenntniß begründet. Dieſen glänzenden Zuſtand erkauft die Kirche durch eine Abhängigkeit von der Politik, deren Folgen bereits dargeſtellt ſind; durch die Unbeweglichkeit, mit der ſie an ihr Bekenntniß, als an einen bürgerlichen Vertrag, gebunden iſt, und durch die Heuchler in ihrer Mitte, die, wo der Vortheil an den Glauben geknüpft iſt, niemals fehlen, verliert ſie die Kraft, um dieſe Folgen abzuwenden, und überdem dem Staate durch ihre geiſtige Kraft dasjenige zu leiſten, was dieſer von ihr zu erwarten hat. Daher iſt die Selbſtändigkeit der Kirche auch der Vortheil des Staats. Meine niemand, daß ſeine wahrhafte Kraft durch ihre Unterwerfung oder Verſchmelzung erhöht werde: es giebt Erwerbungen, die kein Heil bringen. Denn vorerſt iſt es nun einmal im Volke althergebrachte Anſicht, die, geſetzt wir ſuchten ſie auch in Vergeſſenheit zu bringen, durch die Stellung der katholiſchen Kirche uns allezeit in Erinnerung gebracht wird, daß der Regierung keine Macht gebühre über kirchliche Einrichtungen: daher jede Verordnung über dieſelben, die von dieſem Quelle ausgeht, mit ungünſtigem Vorurtheile angeſehn wird; und weit entfernt, daß dem Staate dadurch eine wirkliche Macht d. h. eine Gewalt über die Geiſter zuwüchſe, denn alle andre Macht iſt nur ſcheinbar und vorübergehend, werden die Herzen vielmehr von ihm entfernt. Sodann, geſetzt die Regierung vergäße nie, daß Kirchengeſetze ihrer Natur nach nicht mit der zwingenden Gewalt andrer Geſetze durchgeſetzt werden können; geſetzt ſie vergäße nicht einmal, daß der gewöhnliche miniſterielle Einfluß durch Geſchenke, Orden und andre bürgerliche Begünſtigungen nur dienen könne, die Geiſtlichen, die dadurch bewegt würden gegen die eigne oder gegen die Ueberzeugung ihrer Gemeinde eine Einrichtung durchzuführen, mit ihren Gemeinden zu entzweien, und ſo das kirchliche Leben zu zerrütten: geſetzt eine Regierung vergäße dieß nie, obwohl es, bei der ſteten Verſuchung dazu, faſt zu viel gefordert ſcheint: ſo wird ſie doch ſelbſt bei dem beſten Willen und der klarſten Einſicht durch ihre Einmiſchung in Religionsangelegenheiten unnöthigerweiſe ſich die Gemüther entfremden. Denn meint ſich eine Partei durch eine Verordnung dieſer Art irgendwie in ihrem Glauben verletzt, ſo fühlt ein jeder ſich berechtigt zum innern oder äußern Widerſtande, und glaubt ſich in ſeinem Gewiſſen verpflichtet, Gott mehr zu gehorchen als den Menſchen, ſo ſehr es auch bloß ſein Vorurtheil ſey, daß die Verordnung wider Gottes Geſetz ſtreite. Geht ſie aber aus von einer rein kirchlichen Behörde, ſo findet einestheils ſchon ein größeres Vertrauen zur chriſtlichen Einſicht derſelben ſtatt, das um ſo größer iſt, jemehr das chriſtliche Volk in dieſer Behörde eine Stellvertretung ſeiner ſelbſt anzuerkennen gewohnt iſt; anderntheils, wenn der Zwieſpalt mit ihren Beſchlüſſen dennoch hervortritt als Unzufriedenheit, die ſelbſt bis zum Separatismus fortſchreiten kann, ſo wird dadurch eben der Staat nicht berührt. Weil aber faſt alle Kirchengeſetze in entfernter Beziehung auf den Glauben ſtehn, wie denn ſchon jede Ordnung über den äußern Gottesdienſt religiöſe Anſichten berühren muß, ſo kann die Regierung, zumal in unſerer Zeit, wo die Gegenſätze der Lehrmeinungen hart wider einander getreten ſind, ſich dem Kampfe der Parteien gar nicht entziehn, ſobald ſie einmal in die innern Beziehungen des Kirchenweſens ſich eingelaſſen hat. Die furchtbaren Bewegungen, welche das römiſche Reich vom 4. bis zum 7. Jahrhunderte erſchütterten, zunächſt deßhalb, weil die Kaiſer Biſchöfe ſpielen wollten, und ſich einließen in die Glaubensſtreitigkeiten der Theologen, geben dem Staate für alle Zeiten eine ernſte Lehre. Daher iſt es auch irrig zu meinen, daß die Majeſtät der Fürſten durch die biſchöfliche Hoheit erhöht werde. Was den Geiſtlichen ehrwürdig macht, iſt die Predigt und die unmittelbare Verwaltung der Heiligthümer. Beides ziemt einem Fürſten nicht, er müßte denn wie die griechiſchen Kaiſer mit dem Volke katechiſiren wollen. Durch die kirchliche Geſetzgebung aber, wenn ſie unmittelbar von ihm ſelbſt ausgehn ſollte, würde ein Fürſt die Erbitterung der Parteien unmittelbar auf ſeine Perſon ziehn, und noch dazu ſeine Arbeiten mit einem gewiſſen Scheine des Rechtes, weil ſie theologiſche Kenntniſſe erfordern, von den Theologen beurtheilt ſehn müſſen. Juſtinian, dieſer theologiſche Kaiſer, der umfaſſende Einſichten beſaß, es mit der Kirche ſehr wohl meinte, und dennoch mit ſeinen theologiſchen Edicten Staat und Kirche beunruhigte, iſt ein warnendes Exempel für alle Fürſten. Nicht alſo darin beſteht der wahre Vortheil eines Monarchen, daß er eine unheilvolle Herrſchaft über die Kirche behauptet, ſondern darin, daß er als ihr getreuer Sohn vor Gott mit allen andern Gliedern der Gemeinde ſeine vollkommne Gleichheit anerkennt. Denjenigen ſieht das Volk mit Vertrauen erhaben über alle menſchliche Geſetze, der ſeine Unterwerfung unter das göttliche Geſetz öffentlich anerkennt, und dadurch ſeinem Volke die ſicherſte Bürgſchaft leiſtet, die er äußerlich zu leiſten vermag. Schutzherr alſo, nicht Herr der Kirche, was Chriſtus ſich allein vorbehalten hat, ſoll ein chriſtlicher Fürſt ſeyn, d. h. ſie ſchützen in allen ihren wohlerworbnen Rechten und Gütern, wie jede andre rechtliche Corporation im Staate; er ſelbſt wird als Menſch und Chriſt ihren Ordnungen ſich unterwerfen, als Fürſt muß er klar und unbewegt ſtehn über allen Bewegungen innerhalb der Kirche und über allen Streitigkeiten der verſchiedenen Religionsgeſellſchaften des Reichs. Denn darin hat der Souverän ohne weitres die höchſte Zwangsgewalt, zu verhüten, daß niemand in ſeinen bürgerlichen Rechten durch die Kirche verletzt werde; und dieß iſt das wahrhafte, unveräußerliche Majeſtätsrecht, zugleich, daß weder der Staat, noch der einzelne Bürger durch die Kirche beſchädigt werde. Dieſe dagegen hat das Recht, zu fordern, daß in allen aus der Religion hervorgehenden Verhältniſſen, die den Staat nicht beeinträchtigen, ihre Freiheit unbedingt geehrt werde; und grade in dieſer freiſten Entwicklung vermag ſie's, jene ſittliche und geiſtige Kraft zu erhalten, auf der allein der Staat wahrhaft gegründet iſt, ſicherer, als auf ſeinem Heere, ſicherer ſelbſt, als auf ſeiner Conſtitution; dadurch allein vermag ſie's, dem Staate als einer göttlichen Satzung, und dem Fürſten, als dem Geſalbten des Herrn, eine aufopfernde Liebe zu gewinnen als um Gottes Willen, wie kein Staatsgeſetz ſie zu erzwingen vermag. Der Altar kann nicht fallen ohne den Thron, d. h. nicht, wie man es neuerlich komiſch genug überſetzt hat: die Bourbonen können nicht beſtehen ohne die Jeſuiten! ſondern, wie Frankreich, nachdem es den größten ſeiner Siege, den über ſich ſelbſt gewonnen hat, dieſes heut mit uns verſteht: der Staat muß untergehn, wenn er nicht auf ſittlich-religiöſen Grundveſten ruht. Auf dieſe Weiſe, in gegenſeitiger Freiheit und Förderung, die allerdings durch Herkommen oder Vertrag weit beſtimmter ausgeſprochen ſeyn kann, gewähren beide Inſtitutionen, grade in ihrer Trennung einig, der Menſchheit die höchſten Güter, und der alte heilige Grundſatz, daß Gott zwiſchen weltliche und geiſtliche Gewalt alles Regiment vertheilt habe, findet auch in dieſer rein natürlichen Betrachtung ſeine volle Wahrheit.

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*) Matth. XX. 25 ff. XXIII. 8 f.

Friedrich Chriſtian Auguſt Haſſe

ward den 4. Januar 1773 zu Rehfeld im ehemaligen ſächſiſchen Kurkreiſe geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und Philoſophie zu Wittenberg und verwaltete darauf die Aemter eines Notars, Advocaten, Amtsacceſſiſten und Repetenten daſelbſt. Nachdem er ſeit 1795 Erzieher der ſchönburgiſchen Prinzen zu Waldenburg geweſen war, 1798 eine außerordentliche und ſeit 1803 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Moral und Geſchichte an der Ritteracademie zu Dresden bekleidet hatte, wurde er 1828 als Dr. und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Leipzig berufen.

Er ſchrieb:

Tharand's Umgebungen. Meißen 1801.

Dresden und die umliegende Gegend. Pirna 1801. Neue Ausg. Dresden 1804, 2 Thle.

Rede am Grabe des Generals Chriſtiani. Dresden 1804.
Ueber das militäriſche Verdienſt. Ebendaſ. 1805.
Notizen für Reiſende nach Warſchau. Ebendaſelbſt 1808.
Politiſches Gemählde von Europa nach der Schlacht bei Leipzig. Deutſchland 1814.
Deutſche Taſchen-Encyclopädie. Leipzig 1816—1820. 4 Thle.
Johann Viktor Moreau. Dresden 1816.
Arthur von Wellington. Leipzig 1817.
Geſtaltung Europa's ſeit dem Ende des Mittelalters. Leipzig 1818.
Leben Gerhard's von Kügelchen. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Die Zeitgenoſſen, biographiſches Magazin. Ebendaſ.
Allgemeine hiſtoriſche Taſchenbibliothek. Dresden 1825 f.

Einzelne Aufſätze, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

H. hat ſich als Hiſtoriker, namentlich aber als Biograph große Verdienſte erworben, da er mit gründlichen Studien und ſcharfem Blicke in Welt und Leben, eine ſehr anmuthige und dem von ihm behandelten Gegenſtande ſtets angemeſſene Darſtellung verbindet. Seine Biographie des genialen Malers von Kügelchen, die mit eben ſo viel Sachkenntniß als Humanität und Wahrheitsliebe geſchrieben worden, iſt vor Allem als ein höchſt vorzügliches Werk zu empfehlen.

Johann Heinrich Haſſel.

Dieſer fleißige Statiſtiker wurde am 30. December 1770 zu Wolfenbüttel geboren, und erhielt durch ſeinen Vater, den daſigen Conſiſtorialrath H., eine gute Erziehung. Auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt claſſiſch gebildet, bezog er 1789 die Univerſität Helmſtädt, wo er neben ſeinen juriſtiſchen Berufsſtudien, beſonders denen der Geſchichte und Geographie mit vorzüglichem Eifer oblag. Nach Aufgabe ſeiner deshalb erhaltenen Anſtellung als Amtsactuar zu Wolfenbüttel, lebte er ſeit 1806 in Nürnberg, Göttingen und Weimar nur dieſen Lieblingswiſſenſchaften, bis der weſtphäliſche Miniſter, Graf von Wolfradt ihn als Diviſionschef im Bureau des Departement des Innern anſtellte. Nach Auflöſung dieſes Königreichs ging er 1815 als braunſchweigiſcher Kommiſſär nach Paris und zog ſich 1816, bei dem Herzog verläumdet, nach Weimar zurück. Hier führte er wegen eines 1806 erhaltenen Rufes nach Rußland den Profeſſortitel und lebte bis an ſeinen den 18. Januar 1829 erfolgten plötzlichen Tod mit ſtatiſtiſchen und andern literariſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt.

Er gab heraus:

Statiſtiſcher Umriß ſämmtlicher europäiſcher Staaten. Braunſchweig 1805, 2 Hefte in Fol.
Statiſtiſcher Abriß von Oeſtreich. Nürnberg und Leipzig 1807.
Statiſtiſcher Abriß von Rußland. Ebendaſ. 1807.
Geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſcher Abriß von Weſtphalen. Weimar 1809.
Statiſtiſcher Abriß von Holland. Ebendaſ. 1809.
Lehrbuch der Statiſtik der europäiſchen Staaten. Weimar 1812.
Statiſtiſcher Abriß von Frankreich. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Statiſtiſcher Abriß von Hannover, Braunſchweig und Oldenburg. Ebendaſ. 1819 f.
Vollſtändiges Handbuch der neuſten Erdbeſchreibung und Statiſtik. Berlin 1816. 1817. 2 Abth.
Allgemeines geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſches Lexikon. Weimar 1817. 1818. 2 Thle.
Allgemeines europäiſches Staats- und Adreßhandbuch. Ebendaſ. 1817. 1818. 4 Bde.

Mit andern Gelehrten und mit ſeinen Freunden:

Geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſche Beſchreibung der Fürſtenthümer Wolfenbüttel und Blankenburg. Braunſchweig 1802. 2 Bde. mit Juſtizamtmann Bege zu Helmſtädt.
Vollſtändiges Handbuch der neueſten Erdbeſchreibung. Weimar 1819 f. 24 Thle. mit Gaspari, Cannabich, Gutsmuths u. Ukert.
Genealogiſch-hiſtoriſch-ſtatiſtiſcher Almanach. Ebendaſ. 1825 — 1829.

Außerdem hatte er großen Antheil an den: „Geographiſchen Ephemeriden,“ der: „Allgemeinen Encyclopädie“ von Erſch und Gruber und andern hierher gehörigen Schriften.

Ein äußerſt fleißiger, aber nicht immer gründlicher und genauer Statiſtiker und Geograph, deſſen Schriften früher ſehr viel gebraucht wurden, allmählig aber von beſſeren und exacteren Leiſtungen verdrängt werden.

Johann Heinrich Häßlein

ward den 21. Februar 1737 zu Nürnberg geboren und gelangte, obwohl früh genöthigt, ſein Leben durch Abſchreiben zu friſten, auf ungewöhnlichem Wege zu wiſſenſchaftlicher Bildung und Anſehen. Er wurde Regiſtrator und Rechnungsſyndikus im Departement der Finanzen der Reichsſtadt Nürnberg und ſtarb daſelbſt den 24. October 1796.

Von ihm haben wir:

Hans Sachs Gedichte in einem Auszuge mit Worterklärungen. Nürnberg 1781 in 8.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit Gräter:

Bragur, literariſches Magazin für Deutſchland ꝛc. Leipzig und Breslau 1794, 3. Band.

Als Literärhiſtoriker und fleißiger Sammler hat ſich H. manches Verdienſt um die genauere Kenntniß der älteren deutſchen Literatur erworben.

Wilhelm Hauff

ward den 29. November 1802 zu Stuttgart geboren und nach ſeines Vaters frühem Tode ſeit 1809 von ſeiner Mutter in Tübingen erzogen, wo er bereits durch kleine Erzählungen ſein Talent auszubilden begann. Nach gehöriger Vorbildung in der Kloſterſchule zu Blaubeuern bezog er 1820 als Student der Theologie die Univerſität Tübingen, ward hierauf Hauslehrer bei dem Kriegsrathspräſidenten von Hügel in Stuttgart und privatiſirte dann daſelbſt, mit ſeinen belletriſtiſchen Studien beſchäftigt. Nach einer Reiſe nach Paris und durch Norddeutſchland übernahm er 1827 die Redaction des Morgenblattes, ſtarb aber ſchon den 17. November 1827 zu Stuttgart.

Von ihm erſchien:

Sämmtliche Schriften, geordnet und mit einem Vorworte verſehen von G. Schwab. Stuttgart 1830. 1831. 36 Bdchen in K. 16. mit H's. Portrait.

Einzeln:

Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan. Stuttgart 1826 — 1829. 3 Thle. in 8. Der 3. Theil von Wit, genannt von Dörring herausgegeben. 2. Ausg. der beiden erſten Theile. Ebendaſ. 1827.

Märchenalmanach für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände. Stuttgart 1826 — 1828. 3 Jahrgänge in 12. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1832 — 1833 in 12. m. Kupfern.

Controverspredigt über H. Clauren und den Mann im Monde, gehalten vor dem deutſchen Publikum. Ebendaſ. 1826 in 8.

Lichtenſtein. Romantiſche Sage aus der Würtembergiſchen Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1826. 3 Bde. gr. 12.

Phantaſien im Bremer Rathskeller. Ebend. 1827.

Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1827 — 1828. 3 Bde. in 8.

Phantaſien und Skizzen. Stuttgart 1828. gr. 12.

Unter dem Namen: H. Clauren:

Der Mann im Monde, oder der Zug des Herzens iſt des Schickſals Stimme. Stuttgart 1825.

Ein begabtes, gewandtes Talent, mit reicher, gefälliger Phantaſie, Geſchmeidigkeit und glücklicher Laune neben echter, deutſcher Innigkeit ausgeſtattet, wußte H. ſehr ſchnell die Gunſt des leſenden Publicums zu gewinnen, und ſchritt auf der eingeſchlagenen Bahn mit um ſo größerem Erfolge weiter, als er einen hellen und klaren Blick für die poetiſche Seite der Zeitintereſſen hatte, und dieſe in ſeinen Dichtungen wohl zu benutzen wußte. Leider entriß ihn der Tod zu früh ſeinen Freunden und Verehrern, die mit Recht noch manches Schöne von ihm hoffen durften, da jede ſeiner ſpäteren Leiſtungen deutliche Beweiſe ſeiner Fortſchritte lieferte. Zu ſeinen gelungenſten Arbeiten gehören: „Lichtenſtein“: „Das Bild des Kaiſers“ und vor Allem die echt deutſchen originellen „Phantaſien im Bremer Rathskeller“; — ſeine lyriſchen Poeſieen ſind dagegen unbedeutend.

Das Bild des Kaiſers *).

Erſtes Bändchen.

1.

In dem Cabriolet des Eilwagens, der zweimal in der Woche von Frankfurt nach Stuttgart geht, reiſten vor einigen Jahren an einem der ſchönſten Tage des Septembers zwei junge Männer. Der Eine von ihnen war erſt eine Station hinter Darmſtadt eingeſtiegen und hatte dem früheren Paſſagier ſchon beim erſten Anblick durch ſein ſchmuckes Aeußere und den freundlichen Gruß, womit er ſich neben ihn ſetzte, die Furcht, der Zufall möchte ihm eine unangenehme Nachbarſchaft geben, völlig benommen. Der Fortgang der Reiſe bewies, daß er nicht unrichtig geurtheilt hatte, wenn er ſeinen Reiſegefährten für einen wohlgezogenen, anſtändigen Mann hielt. Was er ſprach, war, wenn nicht gerade heiter, doch offen und verſtändig; nicht ſelten ſogar überraſchten den Reiſenden leicht hingeworfene Aeußerungen, Gedanken ſeines Nachbars, die von ſeiner Bildung, geſellſchaftlicher Erfahrung und einer Beleſenheit zeugten, die er denn doch hinter dem etwas groben Jagdrock und der unſcheinbaren Ledermütze nicht geſucht hätte. Ueberhaupt däuchte es dieſem Reiſenden, er müſſe, je öfter er im Süden vordrang, deſto öfter und nicht ohne Beſchämung dem Lande und den Bewohnern Vorurtheile abbitten, die man in der Ferne vom Hörenſagen, beſonders in einem Alter von vierundzwanzig Jahren, ſo leicht annimmt.

Wie anders war ihm dieſes Land im Brandenburgiſchen geſchildert worden! Manche Reiſende hatten zwar dieſe Bergſtraße, dieſes Neckarthal gelobt, doch erſchien dann ihre Beſchreibung matt und klein gegen die Wunder der Schweiz, zu welcher ſie auf dieſer Straße geeilt waren. Ueber die Bewohner war aber in ſeiner Heimath nur eine Stimme. Hier, bald hinter Darmſtadt, fangen die Schwaben an, erzählte man dem jungen Reiſenden in Berlin mit einem mitleidigen Blick auf die Karte, mit einem noch mitleidigeren auf ihn, der dieſe Länder beſuchen wolle. Da geht alles geſellſchaftliche Leben, alle Bildung aus; ein rohes, ungeſittetes Volk, das nicht einmal gutes Deutſch ſprechen kann. Und leider! nicht nur die unterſten Klaſſen leiden an dieſem Mangel, auch die beſſeren Stände haben einen Anſtrich von eingeſchränktem, ungalantem Weſen und reden ſo elendes Deutſch, daß ſie vor Fremden, um nicht erröthen zu müſſen, franzöſiſch ſprechen. Das war der Reiſepfennig, den man ihm nach Schwaben mitgab, und in dem jungen und romantiſchen Kopf des jungen Brandenburgers hatten dieſe Sagen ſich endlich während der ſchönen Muße, die ihm die Sandkunſtſtraßen und die ſchnarchenden Poſtillons ſeines Vaterlandes gönnten, ſo ſonderbar geſtaltet, daß er ſich ſelbſt wie einer jener wohlerzogenen jungen Herren in einem Scottiſchen Roman erſchien, die von den wehmüthigen Erinnerungen an die feinſten Zirkel, an Theater und alle Genüſſe der großen Welt erfüllt, von London abreiſen, um das Hochland und ſeine barbariſchen Bewohner zu beſuchen.

Doch, als die herrliche Welt jener Berge voll Obſt und Wein und jene geſegneten Thäler ſich vor ſeinen Blicken aufthaten, als die ſchönen Dörfer mit ihren rothen Dächern, mit ihren reinlichen, fröhlichen Menſchen ſeinem erſtaunten Auge ſich zeigten, als da und dort zwiſchen prachtvollen Buchenwäldern eine alte Burg und ein Schloß mit ſchimmernden Fenſtern auftauchte, da fiel er beinahe in das andere Extrem; er ſtrömte über von Lob und Bewunderung und bemitleidete die arme, flache Mark, ihren kahlen Sandboden, ihre mageren Tannen und ihre bleichen Bewohner, von welchen vielleicht Tauſende aus dem Leben gingen, ohne nur eine jener üppigen Trauben geſehen zu haben, die hier in unendlicher Fülle durch das grüne Laub ſchimmerten, und ein ſchwacher Troſt für ſeinen Patriotismus war, daß die Natur ſeine Landsleute durch höhere Einſicht, eine wohllautendere Sprache und feinere Bildung in Etwas wenigſtens entſchädigt habe.

Der junge Mann an ſeiner Seite ſchien übrigens, obgleich man ſeiner Sprache den ſüdlichen Accent anfühlte, die Geſetze des Anſtandes nicht minder gut zu verſtehen als der Brandenburger; zum mindeſten verrieth keine ſeiner Fragen Neugierde, über deſſen Stand, Vaterland und Reiſezweck etwas zu erfahren, er benahm ſich zuvorkommend, aber würdig, ſchien geneigter zu antworten als zu fragen, und übernahm es, ohne ſich dadurch beläſtigt zu fühlen, den Fremden über Namen und Geſchichte der Burgen und Städte, die ihm auffielen, zu unterrichten.

So ruhig und kalt übrigens der junge Mann im Jagdkleid über dieſe Dinge Aufſchluß gab, ſo waren es doch zwei Punkte, über welche er wärmer und länger ſprach. Einmal, als ſein Nebenſitzer über die gute Geſellſchaft in Schwaben einige ſeiner ſonderbaren Begriffe preisgab, ſah ihn der Grüne mit Verwunderung an, fragte ihn auch, ob er vielleicht auf einem andern Wege ſchon früher in Schwaben geweſen ſey, und als jener es verneinte, erwiederte er:

„Ich weiß, man macht ſich hin und wieder, beſonders in Norddeutſchland, ſonderbare Begriffe von uns. Ob mit Recht, mögen Sie ſelbſt entſcheiden, wenn Sie einige Zeit in unſerer Mitte verweilt haben. Doch möchte ich Ihnen rathen, zuvor etwas unbefangener die mögliche Quelle ſolcher Urtheile zu betrachten. Ich gebe zu, daß eine gewiſſe nachtheilige Anſicht über mein Vaterland ſeit Jahrhunderten beſteht; zum mindeſten ſind die Schwabenſtreiche nicht erſt in unſeren Tagen bekannt geworden. Doch ſcheint ein großer Theil dieſer aberwitzigen Dinge aus einer gewiſſen Eiferſucht der Volksſtämme hervorzugehen, und aus der Kleinſtädterei, die von jeher in unſerem lieben Deutſchland herrſchte. In Schwaben z. B. erzählt man alle jene Sonderbarkeiten, die Andere uns aufbürden, von den Oeſtreichern; daß aber dieſes Vorurtheil ſelbſt in neueren Zeiten, ſelbſt durch die Fortſchritte der Kultur und das regere geſellige Leben nicht geſchwächt wurde, hat zwei wichtige Gründe, die größere Schuld aber liegt nicht auf der Seite von Süddeutſchland.“

„Bitte!“ rief der Brandenburgiſche Reiſende etwas ungläubig, „ich ſollte doch nicht denken —“

„Man beurtheilt unſere Sitten nach meinen Landsleuten, die man in Norddeutſchland ſieht. Wenn nun dieſe auch die vernünftigſten Menſchen wären, es würden ihnen doch zwei Mängel anhängen, die ſie in Ihren Augen in Nachtheil ſetzen. Einmal die Sprache —“

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*) Aus: Wilhelm Hauff's ſämmtlichen Schriften. 14. Bdchen. Stuttgart 1830.

„Bitte!“ erwiederte ſein Gefährte verbindlich. „Nicht alle, Sie zum Beiſpiel drücken ſich allerliebſt aus.“

„Ich drücke mich aus, wie ich denke, und ſo macht es ein guter Theil meiner Landsleute auch; weil wir aber die Diphthongen anders ausſprechen als ihr, die Endſylben entweder nach unſerer alterthümlichen Form ändern, oder im Sprechen übereilen, klingt euch unſere Sprache auffallend, hart, beinahe gemein. Die meiſten Schwaben, die Sie bei ſich ſehen, ſind junge Männer, die von der Univerſität kommen und die Anſtalten in Norddeutſchland beſuchen, oder Kaufleute, die ihr Handelsweg dahin führt. Dieſen Menſchen legen nun Ihre Landsleute durchaus ihren eigenen Maasſtab an und thun ſehr Unrecht daran. In Ihrem Lande wird den äußern Formen und dem Benehmen des Knaben und des Jünglings einige geſchenkt, er wird ſehr bald in die geſelligen Kreiſe gezogen; bei uns findet dieß vielleicht erſt um acht oder zehen Jahre ſpäter ſtatt.“

„Nun das iſt es ja gerade, was ich ſagte,“ entgegnete jener; „dieſe Formen gewinnt Keiner durch ſich ſelbſt, und dies iſt alſo ein Fehler Ihrer Erziehung —“

„Vorausgeſetzt, daß jene Formen wirklich ſo trefflich, daß ſie das ſind, was dem zukünftigen Bürger eines Staates vor Allem als nützlich und nothwendig einzuimpfen iſt.“

„Das ſoll es ja nicht! aber ſo auf dem Wege mitnehmen kann er ſie doch wohl,“ meinte der Fremde.

„Wenn er ſie nur ſo mitnimmt, verliert er ſie auch gelegentlich,“ erwiederte der Schwabe. „Doch das iſt nicht der Punkt, wovon wir ſprechen. Ich behaupte nur, man hat in Norddeutſchland Unrecht, unſere Sitten und unſere Geſellſchaft nach Leuten zu beurtheilen, die der Geſellſchaft eigentlich noch nicht angehört hatten, die vielleicht in die Welt geſchickt wurden, um ihre Sitten abzuſchleifen. Oder wollten Sie nach einigen jungen Gelehrten, die gerade aus der Studierſtube zu Ihnen kamen und ſich vielleicht ungeſchickt in Sprache und Manieren zeigten, die Landsleute dieſer Menſchen beurtheilen?“

„Gewiß nicht, aber geſtehen Sie ſelbſt, man hört doch ſelbſt von der guten Geſellſchaft in Schwaben ſo ſonderbare Gerüchte, von ihren Sitten und Gebräuchen, von ihren Frauen und Mädchen.“

„Vielleicht kaum ſo ſonderbar,“ verſetzte der Jäger lächelnd, „als man bei uns von den Sitten Ihrer Damen hört; denn unſere Mädchen ſtellen ſich die norddeutſchen Damen gewiß immer mit irgend einem gelehrten Buch in der Hand vor. Die zweite Quelle des Irrthums über mein Vaterland ſind aber Ihre reiſenden Landsleute und die eigenthümlichen Verhältniſſe unſeres Familienlebens. In Norddeutſchland fällt es nicht ſchwer, in Familienkreiſen Zutritt zu bekommen, durch einen Bekannten zehn zu erwerben. In Schwaben iſt das anders: man iſt heiter, geſellig unter ſich, der Fremde wird als etwas Fremdes angeſtaunt, aber eher vermieden als eingeladen, doch werden Sie für dieſe ſcheinbare Kälte immer eine Entſchädigung finden. Ihre Landsleute öffnen die Thür, aber ſelten das Herz; meine Schwaben ſind vorſichtiger, aber ſie ſchließen ſich an den, welchen ſie liebgewonnen, mit einer Herzlichkeit an, die Sie bei künſtlichen verfeinerten Sitten umſonſt ſuchen.“

„Und alſo liegt eine zweite Quelle unſerer Vorurtheile,“ fragte der Fremde „darin, daß meine Landsleute eigentlich gar nicht in Ihren Kreiſen einheimiſch wurden?“

„Gewiß!“ ſagte der Nachbar. „Lernen Sie, wenn Ihnen das Glück wohl will, in die Kreiſe unſerer beſſern Stände zu kommen, lernen Sie uns näher kennen, laſſen Sie ſich nicht durch Ihre eigenen Anſichten über Leben und Sitte durchaus leiten, und Sie werden ein gutes, herzliches Völkchen finden, gebildet genug, um, wenn man nur die rechte Saite anſchlägt, ſich mit den Gebildetſten zu meſſen, vernünftig genug, um die Gränzen guter Sitten feſt zu halten, und das Lächerliche der Unſitte zu belächeln.“

Der Fremde aus der Mark lächelte. „Er liebt ſein Land,“ dachte er, „und er vertheidigt es mit Wärme, weil er es nicht ſinken laſſen will oder Beſſeres nie geſehen hat.“ Er entſchuldigte bei ſich die warme Vertheidigung des Schwaben, aber dennoch konnte er es ſich nicht verſagen, einen kleinen Triumph über jenen zu feiern. Er machte ihn mit der Geläufigkeit der Zunge und jener Uebung, über ein Nichts ſchnell und vieles zu ſprechen, — die man im Norden unſeres Vaterlandes häufiger als im Süden treffen ſoll — auf andere große Vorzüge aufmerkſam, welche die nördlichen Provinzen Deutſchlands vor den ſüdlichen voraushaben. Er zählte immer zwanzig Schriftſteller und Dichter ſeiner Heimath gegen einen im Süden, und der Schwabe konnte endlich dem Schwall ſeiner Beredſamkeit nur dadurch Einhalt thun, daß er, als ſie um eine Ecke der Landſtraße bogen, auf die erhabenen Ruinen von Heidelberg hinwies; der Fremde betrachtete ſie ſtaunend und mit Entzücken. Ihre röthlichen Steinmaſſen waren von der ſinkenden Herbſtſonne noch höher geröthet, und der Abend ließ die Bäume und Geſträuche, die in den verfallenen Mauern wachſen, im dunkelſten, wundervollſten Grün erſcheinen. Durch die hohen, offenen Fenſterbogen blickte der ſchwärzliche Wald hervor, den Gipfel des Berges umzog jener duftige Schleier, welcher allen Gegenſtänden ſo eigenen geheimnißvollen Reiz verleiht, und von oben herab ſpiegelten ſich die röthlichen Abendwölkchen und der dunkelblaue Himmel in den Fluthen des Neckars.

„Und haben Sie ſolche Poeſie in der Mark?“ fragte der Jäger mit gutmüthigem Lächeln.

Der Fremde ſchien es nicht zu hören, unverwandt hingen ſeine Blicke an dieſem reizenden Schauſpiel, er mochte fühlen, daß es ſich an ſolchen Stellen über Poeſie nicht gut ſtreiten laſſe.

Nach dieſem Vorfall kehrte übrigens auf dem Geſicht des Jägers die vorige Ruhe und Unbefangenheit zurück; er ſtritt über keinen Gegenſtand, ſchien ſogar über manche Dinge ſich behutſam auszudrücken.

Als aber das Geſpräch unter den beiden Reiſenden, da die hereinbrechende Nacht ihre Aufmerkſamkeit auf die Gegend hemmte, auf einige neuere Ereigniſſe und auf Politik kam, ſchien es dem jungen Mann aus der Mark, obgleich er die Züge ſeines Nachbars nicht mehr gut unterſcheiden konnte, ſein Athem gehe ſchneller, ſeine Rede werde wärmer, kurz, man habe einen Punkt der Unterredung getroffen, welcher für den Schwaben von hohem Intereſſe ſey. Man ſprach von der Geſtalt und der innern Kraft Deutſchlands. Mit einer gewiſſen Erbitterung zog jener eine Parallele zwiſchen Jetzt und Sonſt, die nicht gerade zum Vortheil der neueren Zeit ausfiel. Der Fremde, deſſen Grundſätze im Ganzen nicht mit dieſen Anſichten übereinſtimmen mochten, gab ihm dennoch, nicht ohne einiges Selbſtgefühl, die letzten Sätze zu. Unglücklicher Weiſe fing er ſeinen Satz: „Ich bin ein Preuße“ an, und reizte dadurch unwillkührlich den Unmuth des jungen Mannes noch mehr auf. Denn dieſer vergaß nun jede Rückſicht der Klugheit; mit einer Beredſamkeit, die an jedem andern Orte dienlich geweſen wäre, ſuchte er ſeine Meinung durchzuführen, und Nichts war ihm zu hoch, das er nicht mit ſeinem eigenen Maßſtab gemeſſen hätte. Der Preuße, der ſolche Leute nur vom Hörenſagen und unter dem gefährlichen Namen „Köpenicker“ kannte, erſchrak über dieſe Aeußerungen. Konnte nicht der Poſtillon, konnte nicht ein Paſſagier im Bauch des Wagens dieſe Reden vernommen haben! Spandau, Köpenick, Jülich und alle möglichen feſten Plätze ſchwebten vor ſeiner aufgeregten Phantaſie, und das beſte Mittel, ſeinen Nachbar zum Stillſchweigen zu bringen, ſchien ihm, wenn er ſich in die Ecke drückte und ſich ſchlafend ſtellte.

2.

Als die beiden Reiſenden am Morgen nach dieſer gefährlichen Nacht erwachten, ſahen ſie in geringer Entfernung die Thürme von Heilbronn aus dem Nebel tauchen. „Hier endet meine Fahrt,“ ſagte der Herr im grünen Rock, indem er auf die Stadt deutete, „und Ihnen danke ich es,“ ſetzte er mit einem freundlichen Blick auf ſeinen Nachbar hinzu, „daß ich dießmal dieſen Wagen ungern verlaſſe. Wie angenehm wäre mir noch ein Tag in Ihrer Geſellſchaft vergangen!“

„Dies iſt mein Loos ſchon ſeit vierzehn Tagen geweſen,“ erwiederte der Brandenburger. „Der enge Raum macht nachbarlich; Menſchen, welche vielleicht in einer größern Stadt, ſelbſt wenn ſie Zimmernachbarn geweſen wären, Jahre lang unter ſich kein Wort gewechſelt hätten, treten ſich nahe durch den ſo natürlichen Drang nach Mittheilung. Der Platz an meiner Seite wechſelte öfter, als in einer Schlacht, doch darf ich mir Glück wünſchen, Sie wenigſtens ſo lange zu meinem Nachbar gehabt zu haben, denn ſo bin ich auf die angenehmſte Weiſe in Ihr Vaterland eingeführt worden.“

„Werden Sie länger in Würtemberg verweilen?“

„Ich beſuche Verwandte meiner Mutter,“ erwiederte der Fremde; „je nachdem ſie und die Reſidenz mir gefallen, werde ich länger oder kürzer verweilen.“

„Wir werden uns ſchwerlich wieder ſehen,“ ſagte der Grüne, „ich wüßte wenigſtens nicht, was mich nach Stuttgart treiben ſollte. Vergeſſen Sie aber nie, was ich Ihnen über den Charakter meiner Landsleute ſagte. Können Sie nach ihrer Denkungsart, nach ihren Sitten ſich ein wenig richten, ſo werden Sie überall geſucht und willkommen ſeyn. Unſern Damen ſind Sie dann als Fremder nur um ſo intereſſanter und unſern Männern — nun da kömmt es immer auf den Zirkel an, in welchem Sie leben; nur müſſen Sie,“ ſetzte er mit einem Lächeln hinzu, das zwiſchen Ironie und gutmüthiger Freundlichkeit ſchwebte, „ſie zu deutlich und ſichtbar machen — —“

„Nun?“ rief der Fremde erwartungsvoll, als jener innehielt

„Daß Sie kein Deutſcher, ſondern ein Preuße ſind.“

Das ſchmetternde Horn des Poſtillons und das Raſſeln des ſchweren Wagens auf dem Steinweg übertönte die Antwort des Fremden. Den Paſſagieren ward in dieſer Stadt eine kleine Raſt vergönnt, und der Fremde wollte ſeinen Nachbar vom Eilwagen noch einmal zum Frühſtück einladen. Doch ſchon unter der Thüre des Poſthauſes überreichte dieſem ein alter Reitknecht mehrere Briefe; er riß den einen haſtig, erröthend auf, und ſein Reiſegefährte bemerkte im Vorübergehen, daß es die Handſchrift einer Dame ſey. Der Fremde trat etwas verſtimmt in dem Wirthshaus an's Fenſter; er ſah den Jäger angelegentlich mit ſeinem Diener ſprechen und bald darauf führte man zwei ſchöne Pferde vor. In demſelben Augenblick trat der grüne Herr eilends in den Saal, ſeine Augen ſuchten und fanden den Reiſegefährten, er trat zu ihm, doch nur um ſchnell, aber herzlich von ihm Abſchied zu nehmen; und ſo konnte ihn der Brandenburger zu ſeinem großen Verdruß nicht einmal nach dem Haus und der Familie Käthchens von Heilbronn fragen, eine Frage, die er ſich unter ſeinen Reiſenotizen aufgezeichnet und doppelt unterſtrichen hatte. Doch der Anblick des Jägers, wie er ſich ſo leicht in den Sattel des ſchönen, ſtolzen Pferdes ſchwang, wie er ſo majeſtätiſch über den Markt hinſprengte, ſöhnten ihn mit der beinahe unhöflichen Haſt aus, womit jener von ihm Abſchied genommen hatte. Er geſtand ſich, ſelten eine ſo wohlgebaute Geſtalt mit einem ſo ſchönen, ausdrucksvollen Geſicht vereint geſehen zu haben.

„Wer war dieſer Herr im grünen Kleid?“ fragte er den Kellner, der am andern Fenſter dem Reiter nachblickte.

„Mit dem Namen kann ich nicht dienen,“ antwortete jener; „ich weiß nur, daß man ihn „Herr Baron“ nennt, daß ſein Vater einige Stunden von hier am Neckar Güter hat, und daß ſie ſehr reich ſeyn ſollen; in die Stadt kömmt er ſelten.“

Nicht ganz zufrieden mit dieſer Erklärung ſetzte ſich der junge Mann wieder in den Wagen. Sein Vater, der früher einmal in dieſem Lande geweſen war, hatte ihm ſo viel Sonderbares von ſchwäbiſchen Baronen erzählt, daß er in ſeinem liebenswürdigen und gewandten Reiſegefährten keinen ſolchen vermuthet hätte. Sein neuer Nachbar, der ihm in der erſten Viertelſtunde vertraute, daß er ein Hopfenhändler aus Baiern ſey, machte ihm den Verluſt, den er erlitten, nur um ſo fühlbarer, und da er am Hopfenbau wenig Unterhaltung fand, beſchäftigte er ſich damit, über den Charakter des jungen Mannes, der ihn verlaſſen hatte, nachzudenken, und dann noch einmal alle Erwartungen und Hoffnungen zu durchlaufen, die er ſich von ſeinen Verwandten, zu welchen er reiste, gemacht hatte. Von dem Oheim verſprach er ſich für ſeine Unterhaltung wenig; er mußte nach ſeiner Berechnung ein vorgerückter Sechziger ſeyn; mürriſch, ungeſellig und eigenſinnig hatte ihn ſein Vater ſchon vor fünf und zwanzig Jahren gekannt, und ſolche Eigenſchaften pflegen ſich im Alter nicht zu verbeſſern. Deſto mehr verſprach ſich der junge Mann von Fräulein Anna, ſeiner Couſine. Von einem ſeiner Freunde, der längere Zeit in Schwaben gelebt hatte, war ſie ihm als eine Zierde dieſes Landes genannt worden. Ein angenehmes, trauliches Verhältniß von fünf bis ſechs Wochen ſchien ihm ganz wünſchenswerth, und ſo eifrig war ſeine Berechnung der Mittel, die ihm zu Gebot ſtanden, ſich liebenswürdig zu zeigen, ſo gewiß war er ſich des Eindrucks bewußt, den ſeine Perſon, ſein Weſen unfehlbar machen müſſe, für ſo leicht zu erobern hielt er das Herz eines Fräuleins in Schwaben, daß ihm nicht einmal der Gedanke kam, die ſchöne Couſine Anna könne ſich vielleicht ſchon verſehen haben.

Er ließ ſich, in der Reſidenz angekommen, ſogleich nach dem Hauſe führen, wo ſein Oheim ſonſt gewohnt hatte,

aber mit dem Donnerworte
ward ihm aufgethan:
die Du ſucheſt —

wohnen ſchon ſeit langer Zeit auf einem Landgut, ſie werden auch im nächſten Winter nicht zurückkehren, und ſelbſt dieß Haus gehört ihnen nicht mehr eigen.

Der Reiſende aus Brandenburg war ſchnell entſchloſſen. Er benützte dieſen Tag, um ſich die freundliche Stadt zu betrachten, und eilte dann denſelben Weg, welchen er hergekommen war, zurück, nach dem untern Neckarthal, wo der Landſitz ſeines Oheims lag.

Je näher er dieſer reizenden Gegend kam, deſto angenehmer war es ihm, daß er einige Wochen auf dem Lande zubringen ſollte. Er wußte aus eigener Erfahrung, daß man auf dem Lande, abgeſchnitten von den Zerſtreuungen der Stadt und jener Formen enthoben, die man dort für ſchön und nothwendig, hier für überflüſſig und läſtig hält, ſchnell bekannt und befreundet wird, daß man ſich, auf eine kleine Geſellſchaft beſchränkt, ſchneller nahe rückt. — Etwa eine Stunde von dem Gut bog der Weg von der Hauptſtraße ab. Der Kutſcher, den er gemiethet hatte, deutete auf einen Fußpfad, der in den Wald lief; der Fahrweg wende ſich um den ganzen Berg her, ſagte er, doch auf dieſem Pfad könne man zu Fuß in bei weitem kürzerer Zeit zum Schloß Thierberg hinaufgelangen. Der junge Mann ſtieg aus; er war bisher auf einem Bergrücken gefahren, ſah nun eine mäßige, mit Wald bewachſene Anhöhe vor ſich, und ſchloß, weil er gehört hatte, das Schloß ſeines Oheims liege im Neckarthal, man müſſe von dieſer Höhe eine weite Ausſicht in das Thal genießen. Er ließ den Wagen weiter fahren und ſtieg den Seitenpfad hinan. Ein Wald von prachtvollen Buchen nahm ihn auf. Nie hatte er dieſen Baum ſo kräftig, ſo majeſtätiſch geſehen, zwiſchen durch erblickte er hie und da Eichen und ſchöne Eſchen und zu ſeiner nicht geringen Verwunderung Waldkirſchbäume von ungewöhnlicher Höhe. Nach und nach wurde ihm das Steigen ſchwerer; der Berg ſchien ſich auf einmal ſteiler zu erheben, und er war oft verſucht, die unbequeme Eleganz zu verwünſchen, in welche ihn ſein Berliner Schneider gekleidet hatte. Endlich hatte er den Gipfel erreicht, aber noch öffnete ſich keine Ausſicht. Die Bäume ſchienen dichter zu werden, je mehr ſich der Pfad wieder ſenkte, und als ſich, um ſeine Ungeduld zu vermehren, der kleine Pfad in zwei noch kleinere theilte, die nach verſchiedenen Richtungen liefen, ſchmählte er auf den Kutſcher und auf ſeine eigene Thorheit, die ihn verleitet hatten, in einem fremden Wald ſich zu verirren. Er ſchlug endlich den Weg rechts ein und ſah, nachdem er einige Hundert Schritte gegangen war, zu ſeiner großen Freude ein buntes Kleid durch das Laub ſchimmern.

Er verdoppelte ſeine Schritte und war nicht wenig betroffen, als er plötzlich vor einer jungen Dame ſtand, die im Schatten einer alten Eiche auf einer Bank ſaß. Sie hatte ein Buch in der Hand, von welchem ſie, als ſein Schritt in den abgefallenen Blättern rauſchte, langſam und ruhig ihre ſchönen Augen erhob; doch auch ſie ſchien betroffen, als es ein junger, ſtädtiſch gekleideter Herr war, den ſie in dieſer Einſamkeit vor ſich ſah; ſie erröthete flüchtig, aber ſie ſenkte ihren Blick nicht, der fragend an dem unerwarteten Beſuch hing. Der junge Mann verbeugte ſich einigemal, ehe er recht wußte, was er ſagen ſollte. „Iſt wohl das ſchöne Mädchen Couſine Anna?“ war Alles, was er in dieſem Augenblick zu denken und ſich zu fragen vermochte, und erſt als er ſich dieſe Frage ſchnell bejaht hatte, trat er näher zu der jungen Dame, die indeſſen ihr Buch ſchloß und von ihrem Bänkchen aufſtand. „Bitte um Vergebung,“ ſagte er, „wenn ich Sie geſtört haben ſollte; ich fürchte, von dem Wege abgekommen zu ſeyn. Kann ich hier nach dem Schloß des Herrn von Thierberg kommen?“

„Auf dieſem Fußpfad nicht wohl, wenn Sie hier nicht bekannt ſind,“ erwiederte ſie mit einer klangvollen Stimme; „Sie haben oben einen Fußpfad links gelaſſen, der nach dem Schloß führt.“ Sie verbeugte ſich nach dieſen Worten, und der junge Mann ging ſeinen Weg zurück; doch kaum hatte er einige Schritte gemacht, ſo zog ihn ein unwiderſtehliches Gefühl zurück. Das ſchöne Mädchen ſtand noch einmal von ihrem Sitz auf, als ſie ihn zurückkehren ſah, doch dießmal ſchien Beſtürzung ihre Wangen zu färben, und eine gewiſſe Aengſtlichkeit blickte aus ihren großen Augen. Auf die Gefahr hin, für unbeſcheiden zu gelten, fragte der Reiſende, ob er vielleicht die Ehre gehabt habe, mit Fräulein von Thierberg zu ſprechen?

„Ich denke ja,“ antwortete ſie etwas befangen.

„Eh bien, ma chère cousine!“ ſagte er lächelnd, indem er ſich artig verbeugte; „ſo habe ich das Vergnügen, Ihnen Vetter Rantow vorzuſtellen.“

„Wie, Vetter Albert!“ rief ſie freudig, „ſo haben Sie endlich doch Wort gehalten! Wie wird ſich der Vater freuen! Und was macht Onkel und die liebe Tante, und wie ſind Sie gereiſt?“ So drängte ſich eine Frage nach der andern über die ſchönen Lippen, und Vetter Rantow fand, verloren in ſein Glück, eine ſchöne Muhme zu beſitzen, keine Worte, alle nach der Reihe zu beantworten. Wie reizend, wie naiv klang ihm die Sprache! Er konnte nicht ſagen, daß ſie gegen irgend eine Regel des Styls geſündigt hätte, und doch däuchte es ihm, es ſeyen ganz andere Worte, ganz andere Töne, als die er in ſeinem Vaterland gehört hatte. Er fühlte, er ſey zu ſchnell gereiſt, als daß er allmählig auf dieſen Kontraſt vorbereitet worden wäre.

„Dieß iſt mein Lieblingsſpaziergang,“ ſagte ſie, indem ſie langſam neben ihm herging. „Zwar iſt der Weg im Thal noch angenehmer, der Neckar macht ſchöne Windungen, alte Burgen ſchmücken die Höhen — und die unſrige ſpielt dabei nicht die ſchlechteſte Rolle, wenigſtens was das Alterthum betrifft — Dörfer und ſogar ein Städtchen ſieht man Thal auf und ab; aber der Rückweg in's Schloß hinauf iſt dann ſo ſteil und mühſam, und auf der Straße gehen mir zu viel Leute. Der Wald hier liegt nicht höher als das Schloß, in einem halben Stündchen geht man herüber und iſt dann ſo köſtlich einſam, als ſäße man in ſeinem Boudoir bei verſchloſſenen Thüren.“

„Bis dann der Zufall einen Vetter aus Preußen hereinwehen muß, der die köſtliche Einſamkeit ſtört,“ unterbrach ſie Rantow.

„Im Ganzen genommen,“ fuhr ſie fort, „iſt es im Schloß gerade auch nicht geräuſchvoll. Es iſt ſo einſam als irgend ein bezaubertes Schloß in Tauſend und eine Nacht. Außer der Dienerſchaft und im hintern Flügel dem Amtmann, den man nie zu ſehen bekömmt, ſind wir, der Vater und ich, die einzigen Bewohner; ja die Einſamkeit im Schloß iſt oft ſo ſchrecklich und traurig, daß ich mich lieber in die Waldeinſamkeit flüchte, wo das Rauſchen der Bäume und der Geſang der Vögel doch noch einiges Leben verkünden.“

3.

Ueberraſcht ſtand der junge Mann ſtille, als ſie aus dem dichten Holz durch eine Wendung des Weges auf einmal dem Schloß gegenüberſtanden. Die Bewohner des ſüdlichen Deutſchlands ſind von Jugend auf an Anblicke dieſer Art gewöhnt. Man trifft in Franken und Schwaben ſelten ein Thal von der Länge einiger Stunden, in welches nicht eine Burg oder zum mindeſten ein gebrochener Thurm und ein halbes Thor herabſchauten. Die natürliche Beſchaffenheit des Landes, die vielen Berge und kleinen Flüſſe, überdieß die eigenthümliche Verfaſſung des zahlreichen Landadels begünſtigten oder nöthigten in früherer Zeit zu dieſen befeſtigten Wohnungen. Aber der Norden unſeres Vaterlandes trägt weniger Spuren dieſer alten Zeit; die weiten Ebenen boten keine ſo natürliche Befeſtigung, wie die Felſen und Gebirgsausläufer des Süden, und hatte auch hier und dort eine ſolche Veſte im platten Land geſtanden, ſo war ſie nur deſto ſchneller dem Verfall und der Zerſtörung preisgegeben. Die Nachbarn theilten ſich brüderlich in die theuren Steine, und ihr Gedächtniß verwehte der Wind, der über die Ebene hinſtrich. Darum war es dem jungen Mann aus der Mark ein ſo überraſchender Anblick, ſich in ſolcher Nähe einer dieſer alterthümlichen Burgen gegenüberzuſehen, um ſo überraſchender, da er durch dieſe düſteren, tiefen Thore als Gaſt einziehen, in jenem alterthümlichen Gemäuer wohnen ſollte. Doch bald erfüllte kein anderer Gedanke mehr als der maleriſche Anblick, der ſich ihm darbot, ſeine Seele. Der alte ſchwärzlich graue Wartthurm war auf der Mittagsſeite von oben bis in den Graben hinab mit einem Mantel von Epheu umhängt. Aus den Ritzen der Mauer ſproßten Zweige und grüne Ranken, und um das Thor zog ſich ein breites Rebengeländer, deſſen zarte Blätter und Faſern ſich mit ſanfter Gewalt um die roſtigen Angeln und Ketten der Zugbrücke geſchlungen hatten. Zur rechten Seite des Schloſſes hinderte der dunkle Wald die Ausſicht, aber links, an den hohen Mauern vorüber tauchte das Auge hinab in die Tiefe des ſchönen fruchtbaren Neckarthals, ſchweifte hinauf, den Fluß entlang, zu Dörfern und Weilern und weit über die Weinberge hin nach fernen blauen Gebirgen.

„Das iſt unſer Thierberg,“ ſagte das Fräulein; „es ſcheint, die Gegend habe einigen Reiz für Sie, Vetter, und ich möchte Ihnen wahrlich rathen, recht oft aus dem Fenſter zu ſehen, um vor unſerer Einſamkeit und dieſem häßlichen alten Gemäuer nicht zu erſchrecken!“

„Ein häßliches Gemäuer nennen Sie dieſe alte Burg?“ rief der Gaſt; „kann man etwas Romantiſcheres ſehen, als dieſe Thürme mit Epheu bewachſen, dieſen Thorweg mit den alten Wappen, dieſe Zugbrücke, dieſe Wälle und Graben? Glaubt man nicht das Schloß von Bradwardine oder irgend ein anderes aus Scottiſchen Romanen zu ſehen? Erwartet man nicht, ein Sickingen, ein Götz werde uns jetzt eben aus dem Thor entgegentreten —“

„Für dießmal höchſtens ein Thierberg,“ erwiederte das Fräulein lachend, „und auch von dieſen ſteckt nur noch einer in den fatalen Mauern. Dergleichen Thürme und Zinnen liebe ich ungemein in einem Roman oder in Kupfer geſtochen, aber zwiſchen dieſen Mauern zu wohnen, ſo einſam, und Winters, wenn der Wind um dieſe Thürme heult und das Auge nichts Grünes mehr ſieht, als jenen Epheu dort am Thurme — Vetter! mich friert ſchon jetzt wieder, wenn ich nur daran denke. Doch kommt, Herr Ritter, das Burgfräulein will Euch ſelbſt einführen.“

Der düſtere, ſchattenreiche Hof, in welchen ſie traten, kühlte etwas die warme Begeiſterung des Gaſtes. Er ſah ſich traurig um, als ſie hindurchgingen, und bemerkte, daß der Platz für ein Turnier denn doch nicht groß genug geweſen ſeyn müſſe, erſchrack vor einem halb zerſtörten Thurm, deſſen Ruinen drohend über die Mauer hereinhingen, erſtaunte über den ſcharfen Zahn der Zeit, der in die dicke Mauer mächtige Riſſe genagt und dem Auge eine freie Ausſicht in das Thal hinab geöffnet hatte, und gab in ſeinem Herzen ſchon auf den ausgetretenen Stufen der Wendeltreppe, wo ein heftiger Zugwind durch ſchlecht verwahrte Fenſter blies, der Bemerkung ſeiner Couſine über die Wohnlichkeit des Hauſes vollkommen Beifall. Sechs bis acht Hunde begrüßten in einer großen, mit Backſteinen gepflaſterten Halle das Fräulein mit freundlichem Klaffen und Wedeln, und ein gefeſſelter Raubvogel, der in einer Ecke auf der Stange ſaß, ſtieß ein unangenehmes Geſchrei aus und ſchwenkte die Flügel. „Das iſt nun unſere Antichambre, unſer Hofgeſinde,“ ſagte Anna, indem ſie lächelnd auf die Thiere zeigte; „verwünſchte Prinzen und Prinzeſſinnen, die Sie entzaubern können. Doch laſſen Sie uns jetzt eintreten,“ ſetzte ſie nach einer Weile ernſter hinzu, „in dieſem Zimmer iſt der Vater.“

Sie öffnete eine hohe, ſchwere Flügelthüre, und durch das altväterlich ausſtaffirte Gemach fiel der Blick des Jünglings auf einen alten Mann, der in einer tiefen Fenſterwölbung ſaß, wie es ſchien, in ein Zeitungsblatt vertieft. Bei dem Gruß ſeiner Tochter ſah er ſich um, und als er den Fremden erblickte und Anna ſeinen Namen nannte, ſtand er auf und ging ihm langſam, aber feſten Schrittes entgegen. Mit Verwunderung ſah ſein Neffe die hohe, gebietende Geſtalt, die ihn unwillkührlich an jenen Wartthurm dieſer Burg erinnerte, den ſo viele Jahre nicht einzuſtürzen vermochten, und deſſen Alter nur der Epheu anzeigte, der ſich an ihm emporgeſchlungen hatte. Zwar hatte die Zeit in dieſe fünfundſiebenzigjährige Stirne Furchen gegraben, um die Schläfe ſielen dünne graue Haare und der Bart und die Augenbraunen waren ſilberweiß geworden, aber das Auge leuchtete noch ungetrübt, und der Nacken trug den Kopf noch ſo aufrecht, wie in jugendlicher Kraft, und die Hand gab einen beinahe kräftigeren Druck, als der Neffe zu erwiedern vermochte.

„Biſt willkommen in Schwaben,“ ſagte er mit tiefer, kräftiger Stimme; „'s war ein vernünftiger Einfall meiner Frau Schweſter, daß ſie dich heraus ſchickte; mach Dir's bequem; ſetz' Dich zu mir an's Fenſter, und Du, Anna, bringe Wein.“

So war der Empfang auf Thierberg; ſo herzlich und offen er aber auch ſeyn mochte, ſo konnte doch der junge Mann mehrere Stunden lang ein gewiſſes unbehagliches Gefühl nicht verdrängen. Er hatte ſich den Oheim ganz anders gedacht; er glaubte nach der Beſchreibung, die ihm ſein Vater gemacht hatte, einen rauhen, aber fröhlichen alten Landjunker zu finden, der ſeine Haſen hetzt, mit Laune die Händel ſeiner Bauern ſchlichtet, von ſeinen Ahnherrn gerne erzählt und zuweilen mit ſeinen Freunden und Nachbarn ein Glas über Durſt trinkt; er bedachte nicht, wie fünfundzwanzig Jahre und eine ſo verhängnißvolle Zeit, wie die, welche dazwiſchen lag, auf dieſen Mann gewirkt haben konnten. Das ruhige, ernſte Auge des Oheims, das prüfend auf ſeinen Zügen zu ruhen ſchien, die ungeſuchten, aber gründlichen Fragen, womit er den Neffen über ſein bisheriges Leben und Treiben in's Gebet nahm, das ironiſche Lächeln, das hie und da bei einer Aeußerung des jungen Mannes um ſeinen Mund blitzte, dieß Alles, und das ganze gewichtige Weſen des Alten imponirten ihm auf eine Weiſe, die ihm höchſt unbequem war; er konnte ſich kein Herz faſſen, den Oheim eben ſo traulich zu behandeln, wie jener ihn, er kam ſich vor wie ein angehender Staatsdiener, dem ein Miniſter Audienz giebt, und es war dieß zu ſeinem nicht geringen Verdruß das zweite Mal, daß er ſich über die Landjunker in Schwaben getäuſcht ſah.

Auch ſeine Baſe erſchien ihm ganz anders, als er ſie gedacht hatte. Er fand zwar alle jene liebenswürdige Natürlichkeit, jenes unbefangene, ungeſuchte Weſen, was man ihm an den Töchtern dieſes Landes gerühmt hatte, aber dieſe Unbefangenheit ſchien nicht aus Unwiſſenheit, ſondern aus einem feinen, ſichern Takt hervor zu gehen, und was ſie ſprach, zeugte von einem ſo vortrefflich gebildeten Geiſt, daß ihre Natürlichkeit nur darin zu beſtehen ſchien, daß ſie alles Geiſtreiche, ſey es witzig oder erhaben, wie etwas Natürliches, Angebornes vorbrachte, daß es nie als etwas Erlerntes, als etwas Geſuchtes erſchien. Am ärgerlichſten war es ihm, daß ſie ihn ſchon nach den erſten Stunden zu durchſchauen ſchien; die ausgeſuchten Artigkeiten, die er ihr ſagte, zog ſie in's Komiſche, den feineren Komplimenten wich ſie auf unbegreifliche Art aus, wollte er ihr nur den zarten, in Berlin gebildeten jungen Mann zeigen, ſo nannte ſie ihn gewiß immer Herrn von Rantow. Und dennoch mußte er ſich geſtehen, daß er nie ſo viel Harmonie der Bewegung, der Miene, der Geſtalt und der Stimme geſehen habe; ihr ganzes Weſen erſchien ihm wie das Hauskleid, das ſie jetzt eben trug. Es war einfach und von beſcheidenen Farben, und dennoch kleidete es ihre feine.

ſchlanke Geſtalt mit jener geſchmackvollen Eleganz, die auch dem anſpruchloſeſten Gewand einen geheimnißvollen Zauber verleiht: ein Toilettengeheimniß, worüber, ſo viel der junge Mann ſich erinnerte, noch nie ein Modejournal Aufſchluß gab, und das ihm mehr das Zeichen und Symbol einer harmoniſchen Seele, als die Folge einer ſorgfältigen Erziehung zu ſeyn ſchien.

Dieſelbe Uebereinſtimmung glaubte er zwiſchen dem alten Herrn und dem Gemach zu finden, in welches er zuerſt geführt worden war. Es war der verblichene Glanz eines früheren Jahrhunderts, was ihm von den Wänden und Hausgeräthen entgegen blickte. Die ſchweren gewirkten Tapeten, mit Leiſten befeſtigt, die einſt vergoldet waren und deren Farbe jetzt in's Dunkelbraune ſpielte; die breiten Armſtühle mit ausgeſchweiften, zierlich geſchnitzten Beinen, die Polſter, mit grellen Farben künſtlich ausgenäht, mit Papageien, Blumentöpfen und den Bildern längſt begrabenener Schooshündchen geziert. Wie manchen Wintertag mochten ſeine Ahnfrauen über dieſer mühſamen Arbeit geſeſſen ſeyn, die ihnen vielleicht einſt für das Vollendetſte galt, was der menſchliche Geſchmack je erſonnen, und die jetzt ihrem Urenkel geſchmacklos, ſchwerfällig, und hätten ſich nicht ſo ehrwürdige Erinnerungen daran geknüpft, beinahe lächerlich erſchien. Und doch kam ihm dieß alles, der ehrwürdigen Geſtalt ſeines Oheims gegenüber, wie durch Alterthum und langjährige Gewohnheit geheiligt vor. Er ſah, man ſey in Thierberg erhaben über den Wechſel der Mode, und wenn er hinzufügte, was ihm ſein Vater über die mancherlei Unglücksfälle und die mißlichen Umſtände, worin ſich der Oheim befand, geſagt hatte, ſo fühlte er ſich beſchämt, daß er dieſe Umgebung nur einen Augenblick habe grotesk und ſonderbar finden können: er fühlte, daß er unverſchuldeter Armuth, wenn ſie ſich in ſo ernſtem und würdigem Gewande zeige, ſeine Achtung nicht verſagen könne; ja, vor dieſen Wänden, dieſem Geräthe, und vor dem unſcheinbaren, groben Hausrock des Oheims erſchien er ſich ſelbſt, wenn er einen Blick auf ſeine modiſche und höchſt unbequeme Tracht warf, wie ein Thor, beherrſcht von einem Phantom, das ein Weiſer lächelnd an ſich vorüber gleiten läßt.

Dieß waren die Eindrücke, welche der erſte Abend in Thierberg auf die Seele des jungen Rantow machte. So ernſt ſie aber am Ende auch ſeyn mochten, ſo konnte er doch ein Lächeln nicht unterdrücken, als mit dem Schlag acht Uhr, den die alte Schloßuhr zögernd und zitternd angab, eine Flügelthüre am Ende des Zimmers aufſprang, ein kleiner Kerl in einem verſchoſſenen, bordirten Rock, der ihm weit um den Leib hing, hereintrat, ſich dreimal verbeugte und dann feierlich ſprach: „le souper est servi.“

„S'il vous plait?“ ſagte der Alte mit ernſthaftem Geſicht und einer Verbeugung zu ſeinem Neffen, reichte ſeinen Arm der ſchönen Anna und ging langſamen Schrittes dem Speiſezimmer zu.

4.

Mit den Flügelthüren des Speiſeſaals und dem erſten Blick, den er hinein warf, hatte ſich übrigens dem Gaſt aus Brandenburg ein weites Feld der Erinnerung geöffnet. Von dieſem gemalten Plafond, der die Erſchaffung der Welt vorſtellte, von dem ſchweren Kronleuchter, den der Engel Gabriel als Sonne aus den Wolken herabhängen ließ, von den gelben Gardinen von ſchwerer Seide hatte ihm ſeine Mutter oft geſprochen, wenn ſie von ihrem väterlichen Schloß in Schwaben und von dem ungemeinen Glanz erzählte, welcher einſt durch ihre hochſelige Frau Großmutter, die Tochter eines reichen Miniſters, in die Familie und in die ſchöneren Appartements zu Thierberg gekommen ſey. Schon ſeine Mutter hatte in ihrer Kindheit dieſe Prachtſtücke mit großer Ehrfurcht vor ihrem Alterthum betrachtet, und ſeit dieſer Zeit hatten ſie zum mindeſten dreißig bis vierzig Jahre geſehen.

„Das iſt der Familienſaal,“ ſagte während der Tafel der alte Thierberg, als er die neugierigen Blicke ſah, womit ſein Neffe dieſes Gemach muſterte. „Vor Zeiten ſoll man es die Laube genannt haben, und meine Ahnherrn pflegten hier zu trinken. Mein Großvater ſelig ließ es aber alſo einrichten und ſchmücken; er war ein Mann von vielem Geſchmack, und hatte in ſeiner Jugend mehrere Jahre am Hof Ludwigs XIV. zugebracht. Auch meine Frau Großmutter war eine prächtige Dame, und ſie beide haben das Innere des Schloſſes auf dieſe Art eingetheilt und dekorirt.“

„Am Hofe Ludwigs XIV.!“ rief der junge Mann mit Staunen. „Das iſt eine ſchöne Zeit her; wie mancherlei Gäſte mag dieſer Saal ſeit jener Zeit geſehen haben!“

„Viele Menſchen und wunderbare Zeiten,“ erwiederte der alte Herr. „Ja, es ging einſt glänzend zu auf Thierberg, und unſere Gäſte befanden ſich bei uns nicht ſchlimmer, als bei jedem Fürſten des Reichs. Man konnte kein fröhlicheres Leben finden, als das auf dieſen Schlöſſern, ſo lange unſere Ritterſchaft noch blühte. Da galt noch unſer Anſehen, unſere Stimme; man war ein Edelmann ſo gut als der König von Frankreich, und ein Freiherr war ein freier Mann, der Nichts über ſich kannte als ſeinen gnädigen Herrn, den Kaiſer, und Gott; jetzt —“

„Vater!“ unterbrach ihn Anna, als ſie ſah, wie die Ader auf ſeiner Stirne anſchwoll, und wie eine dunkle Röthe, ein Vorbote nahenden Sturmes, auf ſeinen Wangen aufzog. „Vater!“ rief ſie mit zärtlichen Tönen, indem ſie ſeine Hand ergriff, „Nichts mehr über dieß Thema; Sie wiſſen, wie es Sie immer angreift!“

„Thörigtes Mädchen!“ erwiederte der alte Herr, halb unwillig, halb gerührt von der bittenden Stimme ſeiner ſchönen Tochter; „warum ſollte ein Mann nicht ſtark genug ſeyn, nach Jahren von dem zu ſprechen, was er zu dulden und zu tragen ſtark genug war? Der Vetter kennt nur unſere Verhältniſſe, wie ſie jetzt ſind. Er iſt geboren zu einer Zeit, wo dieſe Stürme gerade am heftigſten wütheten, und aufgewachſen in einem Lande, wo die Ordnung der Dinge längſt ſchon anders war; er kann ſich alſo nicht recht denken, was die Vorfahren ſeiner Mutter waren, und deßhalb will ich ihn belehren.“

Der Freiherr nahm nach dieſen Worten ſein großes Glas, auf deſſen Deckel die Wappenſchilde ſeines Hauſes, aus Silber getrieben, angebracht waren, und trank, um Kraft zu ſeiner Belehrung zu ſammeln, einen langen, tüchtigen Zug. Doch Fräulein Anna ſah an ihm vorüber den Gaſt mit beſorglichen, bittenden Blicken an; er verſtand dieſen Wink und ſuchte den Oheim von dieſer Materie abzubringen.

„Es iſt wahr,“ fiel er ein, noch ehe jener das Glas wieder auf den Tiſch geſetzt hatte, „in Preußen ſind die Verhältniſſe anders und ſind ſeit langer Zeit anders geweſen. Aber ſagen Sie ſelbſt, kann man ein Land in Europa finden, das meinem Vaterlande gliche? Ich gebe zu, daß andere Länder, an Flächeninhalt, an Seelenzahl uns bei weitem überwiegen aber nirgends trifft man auf ſo kleinem Raum eine ſo kräftige, durch innere Tugend imponirende Macht: es iſt das Sparta der neuen Zeit. Und nicht ein glücklicher Boden oder ein milder Himmel bewirken ſo Großes; ſondern der Genius großer Männer hat ein Preußen geſchaffen, weil ſie es verſtanden, die ſchlummernden Kräfte zu wecken, und dem Volke ſelbſt zeigten, welche Stellung es einnehmen müſſe; weil ſie Preußen geworden ſind, iſt auch ein Preußen erſtanden.“

Der alte Herr hatte ſeinem Neffen ruhig zugehört, bei den letzten Worten aber zog ſich ſein Geſicht zu ſolcher Ironie zuſammen, daß der Brandenburger erröthete. „Der Sohn meines Nachbars, des Generals von Willi, würde ſagen, wenn er Dich hörte: „O Deutſchland, Deutſchland, da ſieht man, wie dein Elend aus deiner eigenen Zerſplitterung hervorgeht! ſie wollen nicht mehr Griechen, ſondern Platäer, Korinther, Athener, Thebaner und gar — Spartaner heißen! „Ich wünſche nur,“ ſetzte er lächelnd hinzu, „daß die Spartaner nicht zum zweiten Mal einen Epaminondas im Felde finden mögen. Die Schlacht bei Leuktra war kein Meiſterſtück der Kriegskunſt unſerer modernen Spartaner.“

„Unſer Unglück bei Jena,“ ſagte der junge Mann verdrießlich, „kann man weder dem Volk, noch dem Könige zuſchreiben, und ich glaube, wir haben uns an Napoleon hinlänglich gerächt; wir haben nicht nur Deutſchland wieder frei gemacht, ſondern ihn ſelbſt entthront.“

„So! Das ſeyd ihr geweſen!“ fragte der Oheim; „Gott weiß, ich that bis jetzt ſehr Unrecht, daß ich dieſes Ereigniß der halben Million Soldaten zuſchrieb, die man aus ganz Europa gegen ihn zuſammenhezte. Warſt Du vielleicht ſelbſt mit dabei, Neffe? Du kannſt wahrſcheinlich als Augenzeuge reden!“

Der Neffe erröthete und ſchickte einen ängſtlichen Blick nach Anna, die ihr Lächeln kaum unterdrücken konnte. „Ich war damals noch auf der Schule,“ antwortete er, „und es hat mich nachher oft geärgert, daß ich nicht dabei war. Ich gebe zu, daß die Andern auch mitgeholfen haben, aber in allen Schlachten waren es nur die Preußen, die entſchieden haben; denken Sie nur an Waterloo.“

„Seyd überzeugt, ich denke daran,“ erwiederte der alte Herr mit großem Ernſt, und denke mit Vergnügen daran. Wenn einer ein Feind jenes Mannes iſt, ſo bin ich es; denn er hat uns und Alles unglücklich gemacht, und das alte ſchöne Reich umgekehrt wie einen Handſchuh. Aber das mit Deinen Landsleuten weißt Du denn doch nicht recht. Ich glaube ſchwerlich, daß eure jungen Soldaten, wenn ſie auch wirklich ſo begeiſtert waren, wie man ſagte, ſo viele Stöße auf ihr Centrum ausgehalten hätten, als am achtzehnten Juni jene Engländer, die ſchon in allen Welttheilen gedient hatten.“

„Nicht die Jahre ſind es,“ ſagte jener, „die in ſolchen Augenblicken Kraft geben, ſondern das Selbſtbewußtſeyn, der Stolz einer Nation und die Begeiſterung des Soldaten für ſeine Sache; und die hat der Preuße vollauf.“

„Ich habe in meiner Jugend auch ein paar Jahre gedient,“ entgegnete der Oheim; „Anno 35 bei den Kreistruppen. Damals waren die Soldaten noch nicht begeiſtert, darum kenne ich das Ding nicht. Nächſtens wird mich aber mein Nachbar, der General, beſuchen, mit dieſem mußt Du darüber ſprechen.“

„Wie dem auch ſey,“ fuhr der Gaſt fort, „es freut mich innig, daß Sie über den Hauptpunkt, über den Unwillen gegen die Franzoſen und im Haß gegen dieſen Corſen, mit mir übereinſtimmen. Bei uns zu Hauſe behauptet man, daß er in Süddeutſchland leider noch immer als eine Art Heros angeſehen, und es iſt lächerlich zu ſagen, von Vielen ſogar als ein Beglücker der Menſchheit verehrt werde.“

„Sprich nicht zu laut, Freund,“ erwiederte der alte Herr, „wenn Du es nicht mit dieſer jungen Dame hier gänzlich verderben willſt. Sie iſt gewaltig Napoleoniſch geſinnt.“

„Sie werden darum nicht ſchlechter von mir denken,“ ſagte Anna hocherröthend, „weil ich einen Mann nicht gerade verdammen mag, deſſen unverzeihlicher Fehler der iſt, daß er ein großer Menſch war.“

„Großer Menſch!“ rief der Alte mit blitzenden Augen, „den Teufel auch, großer Menſch! was heißt das? Daß er den rechten Augenblick erſpähte, um wie ein Dieb eine Krone zu ſtehlen? Daß er mit ſeinen Bajonetten ein treffliches Reich über den Haufen warf, ſeine herrliche natürliche Form zertrümmerte, ohne etwas Beſſeres an die Stelle zu ſetzen! großer Menſch!“

„Sie ſprechen ſo, weil —“

„Anna, Anna!“ fiel er ſeiner Tochter in die Rede, „meinſt Du, ich ſpreche nur darum ſo, weil er uns elend machte? weil er dieſes Thal und den Wald mir entriß, weil er dieſe Menſchen, die mir und meinen Ahnen als ihren Herren dienten, an einen Andern verſchenkte? weil die ungebetenen Gäſte, die er uns ſchickte, das Bißchen aufzehrten oder einſteckten, was mir noch geblieben war? Es iſt wahr, an jenem Tage, wo man ein fremdes Siegel über das alte Wappen der Thierberge klebte, wo man mein Vieh zählte und ſchätzte, meine Weinberge nach dem Schuh ausmaß, meine Wälder lichtete und die erſte Steuer von mir eintrieb, an jenem Tage ſah ich nur mich und den Fall meines Hauſes; aber ging es der ganzen Reichsritterſchaft beſſer, mußten wir nicht ſogar erleben, daß ein Mann von der Inſel Corſika erklärte, es gebe keinen deutſchen Kaiſer und kein Deutſchland mehr!“

„Gott ſey es geklagt!“ ſagte der junge Rantow, „und uns wahrhaftig hat er es nicht beſſer gemacht.“

„Ihr, gerade ihr ſeyd ſelbſt Schuld daran,“ fuhr der alte Herr immer heftiger fort. „Ihr hattet euch längſt losgeſagt vom Reich, hattet kein Herz mehr für das Allgemeine, wolltet einen eigenen Namen haben und thatet euch viel darauf zu gut. Ihr ſahet es vielleicht ſogar gern, daß man uns Schaft für Schaft entzwei brach, weil man uns fürchtete, ſo lange die übrigen Speere ein Band umſchlang. Habt ihr nicht geleſen, wie weit es kam, als man in Sparta jeden Griechen einen Fremden nannte? Verdammt ſey dieſes Jahrhundert der Selbſtſucht und Zwietracht, verdammt dieſe Welt von Thoren, welche Eigenliebe und Herrſchſucht Größe nennt!“

„Aber lieber Vater —“ wollte das Fräulein beſänftigend einfallen, doch der alte Herr war bei ſeinen letzten Worten ſchnell aufgeſtanden, und der kleine Menſch in der thierbergiſchen Livree eilte auf ſeinen Wink mit zwei Kerzen herbei.

„Gute Nacht,“ wandte er ſich noch einmal zu ſeinem Neffen: „ſtoße Dich nicht daran, wenn Du mich zuweilen heftig ſiehſt; 's iſt ſo meine Natur. Schlafet wohl, Kinder!“ ſetzte er ruhiger hinzu, „wenn die Gegenwart ſchlecht iſt, muß man von beſſeren Zeiten träumen.“ Anna küßte ihm gerührt die Hand, und die erhabene Geſtalt des alten Herrn ſchritt langſam der Thüre zu. Rantow war ſo betroffen von Allem, was er gehört und geſehen, daß es ihm ſogar entging, welche komiſche Figur der Diener machte, der ſeinem Herrn zu Bette leuchtete. Die weite Staatslivree, die er trug, hing beinahe bis zum Boden herab, und die langen breiten Aufſchläge bedeckten völlig die Hände, welche die ſilbernen Leuchter trugen. Er war anzuſehen wie ein greiſer Pilgrim, der einen Calvarienberg hinan auf den Knieen rutſcht. Um ſo erhabener war der Contraſt des Mannes, der ihm folgte; er erſchien, als er durch den altfränkiſchen Saal unter den Familiengemälden ſeiner Ahnen vorbei ſchritt, wie ein wandelndes Bild der guten alten Zeit.

Als der alte Herr das Gemach verlaſſen hatte, ſtand das Fräulein mit einer Verbeugung gegen ihren Gaſt auf und trat in ein Fenſter. Der junge Mann fühlte an ihrem Schweigen, daß er dieſen Abend Saiten berührt haben müſſe, die man anzutaſten ſonſt vielleicht ſorgfältig vermied. Sie blickte hinaus in die Nacht und Rantow trat an ihre Seite; er hatte oft erprobt, wie ſich Mißverſtändniſſe leichter löſen, wenn man ſie in einen Scherz kehrt, als wenn man mit Ernſt oder Wehmuth darüber ſpricht. Mit ſolch einem Scherz wollte er Anna verſöhnen; doch als er zu ihr an's Fenſter trat, war der Anblick, der ſich ihm darbot, ſo überraſchend, daß kein heiteres Wort über ſeine Lippen ſchlüpfen konnte. Das tiefe, ſchwärzliche und doch ſo reine Blau, das nur ein ſüdlicher Himmel im Mondlicht zeigt, hatte er noch nie geſehen. Ueber Wald und Weinberge herab goß der Mond ſeltſame Streiflichter und im Thal ſchimmerten ſeinen Glanz nur die zitternden Wellen des Neckars und die Spitze des dunkeln Kirchthurms zurück. Der ſanfte Schein dieſes Lichtes der Nacht hatte Anna's Züge gebleicht und in ihren ſchönen Augen ſchwamm eine Thräne. Jetzt erſt, als Alles ſo ſtill und lautlos war, vernahm man aus der Ferne die gehaltenen Töne einer Flöte, und dieſe Klänge verbanden ſich ſo ſanft mit dem milden Schimmer des Mondes, daß man zu glauben verſucht war, es ſeyen ſeine Strahlen, die ſo melodiſch ſich auf die Erde niederſenkten. Ein ſeliges Lächeln zog über Anna's Geſicht; ihr glänzender Blick hing an einer Waldſpitze, die weit in das Thal vorſprang und ihre tieferen Athemzüge ſchienen der Flöte zu antworten.

„Wie prachtvoll iſt ſelbſt die Nacht in Ihrem Thal!“ ſprach nach einer Weile der Gaſt. „Wie ſchön wölbt ſich der Himmel darüber hin, und der Mond ſcheint nur für dieſen ſtillen Winkel der Erde geſchaffen zu ſeyn.“

Anna öffnete das hohe Bogenfenſter. „Wie warm und mild es noch draußen iſt!“ ſagte ſie, indem ſie freundlich in das Thal hinabſchaute. „Kein Lüftchen weht.“

„Aber die Bäume neigen ſich doch her und hin,“ erwiederte er, „ſie rauſchen gewiß vom Wind bewegt.“

„Kein Lüftchen weht!“ wiederholte ſie, und hielt ihr weißes Tuch hinaus. „Sehen Sie, nicht einmal dieſes leichte Tuch bewegt ſich. Und kennen Sie denn nicht die alte Sage von den Bäumen? nicht der Nachtwind iſt es, der ihre Blätter bewegt, ſie flüſtern jetzt und erzählen ſich, und wer nur ihre Sprache verſtünde, könnte manches Geheimniß erfahren.“

„Vielleicht könnte man dann auch erfahren, wer der Flötenſpieler iſt,“ ſagte der Vetter, indem er Anna ſchärfer anſah; denn ſchon war er ſo eiferſüchtig auf ſeine ſchöne Baſe geworden, daß ihm die ſüßen Töne vom Wald her und ihr Tuch, das ſie noch immer aus dem Fenſter hielt, in Wechſelwirkung zu ſtehen ſchienen.

„Das kann ich Ihnen auch ohne die Bäume verrathen,“ erwiederte ſie lächelnd, indem ſie das Tuch zurücknahm. „Das iſt ein munterer Jägerburſche, der ſeinem Mädchen einen guten Abend ſpielt.“

„Dazu iſt aber die Entfernung doch beinahe zu groß,“ fuhr er fort, „manche Töne werden nicht ganz deutlich.“

„Im Dorf unten hört man es beſſer als hier oben,“ ſagte ſie gleichgültig und ſchloß das Fenſter; „überdieß ſagt ja das Sprichwort: das Ohr der Liebe hört noch weiter als das des Argwohns.“

„Schön geſagt,“ rief der junge Mann, „doch das Auge des Argwohns ſieht weiter, als das der Liebe.“

„Sie haben Recht,“ entgegnete ſie, „aber nur bei Tag, nicht bei Nacht.“

Dieſe, wie es ſchien, ganz abſichtlos geſagten Worte überraſchten den jungen Mann ſo ſehr, daß er beſchämt die Augen niederſchlug. Er warf ſich ſeine Thorheit vor, daß er nur einen Augenblick glauben konnte, es ſey ein Liebhaber dieſes argloſen Kindes, der dort im Walde muſicire.

„Und nun gute Nacht, Vetter,“ fuhr Anna fort, indem ſie eine Kerze ergriff. „Träumen Sie etwas recht Schönes, man ſagt ja, der erſte Traum in einem Hauſe werde wahr; Hans! leuchte dem Herrn Baron in's rechte Thurmzimmer! Und dieß noch,“ ſetzte ſie auf Franzöſiſch hinzu, als der Diener näher trat; „vermeiden Sie mit meinem Vater über Dinge zu ſprechen, die ihn ſo tief berühren. Er iſt ſehr heftig, doch gilt ſein Zorn nie der Perſon, ſondern der Meinung. Es war meine Schuld, daß ich Sie nicht zuvor unterrichtet habe, morgen will ich nähere Inſtruktionen ertheilen. — Gute Nacht!“

Sinnend über dieſes ſonderbare und doch ſo liebenswürdige Weſen folgte der Gaſt dem Diener, und die dumpfhallenden Gänge und Wendeltreppen, das vieleckige, in wunderlichen Spitzbogen gewölbte Gemach, das alterthümliche Gardinenbette, ſo manche Gegenſtände, die er ſonſt ſo aufmerkſam betrachtet hätte, blieben dießmal ohne Eindruck auf ſeine Seele, die nur eifrig beſchäftigt war, den Charakter und das Benehmen Anna's zu prüfen und zu muſtern.

5.

Als der Gaſt am folgenden Morgen nach einer ſorgfältigen Toilette hinab ging, um mit ſeinen Verwandten zu frühſtücken, konnte er ſich anfänglich in dem alten Gemäuer nicht zurecht finden. Ein Diener, auf welchen er ſtieß, führte ihn dem Saal zu, und an den Gängen und Treppen, die er durchwandern mußte, bemerkte er erſt, was ihm geſtern nicht aufgefallen war, daß er im entlegenſten Theile dieſer Burg geſchlafen habe. Auf ſein Befragen geſtand ihm der Diener, daß ſein Gemach das einzige ſey, das man auf jener Seite noch bewohnen könne, und außer dem Wohnzimmer mit den gewirkten Tapeten, dem Schlafzimmer des alten Herrn, dem Saal, dem kleinen Zimmerchen in einem andern Thurm, wo Fräulein **Anna** wohne, ſey nur noch das ungeheure Bedientenzimmer, das früher zu einer Küche gedient habe, und die Wohnung des Amtmanns einigermaßen bewohnbar; die übrigen Gemächer ſeyen entweder ſchon halb eingeſtürzt, oder werden zu Fruchtböden und dergleichen benützt. Der ſtolze Sinn des Oheims und die fröhliche Anmuth ſeiner Tochter ſtanden in ſonderbarem Widerſpruch mit dieſen öden Mauern und verfallenen Treppen, mit dieſen ſprechenden Bildern einer vornehmen Dürftigkeit. Der junge Mann war, wenn nicht an Pracht, doch an eine gewiſſe reinliche Eleganz in ſeiner Umgebung ſelbſt an den Treppen und Wänden gewöhnt, und er konnte daher nicht umhin, ſeine Verwandten, die in ſo großer, augenſcheinlicher Entbehrung lebten, für ſehr unglücklich zu halten. Das romantiſche Intereſſe, das der erſte Anblick dieſer Burg für ihn gehabt hatte, verſchwand vor dieſer traurigen Wirklichkeit, und wenn er ſich dachte, wie die Mauerriſſe und Spalten, durch welche jetzt nur die warme Morgenſonne herein fiel, den Stürmen des Winters freien Durchgang laſſen mußten, war ihm **Anna's** Furcht vor dieſer Jahrszeit wohl erklärlich.

„Und ein ſo zartes Weſen dieſen rauhen Stürmen ausgeſetzt," ſagte er zu ſich, „ein ſo reicher und gebildeter Geiſt ohne Umgang, vielleicht ohne Lektüre, einen ganzen Winter lang in dieſen Mauern vom Schnee und Wetter gefangen gehalten, einſam bei dem ernſten, feierlichen, alten Mann! Und dieſer ehrwürdige Alte, der einſt beſſere Tage geſehen, durch die Ungunſt der Zeit in unverſchuldete Dürftigkeit und Entbehrung verſetzt!" Von ſo gutmüthiger Natur war das Herz des jungen Mannes, daß er vor der Thüre des Saales halb und halb den Entſchluß faßte, um die ſchöne **Anna** zu freien, ſie in die Mark zu führen, und wenn ihm das Leben in Schwaben beſſer gefallen ſollte, mit ihr in die Reſidenz zu ziehen und für den Sommer Thierberg wieder in Stand ſetzen zu laſſen.

Der Alte empfing ihn mit einem herzlichen Morgengruß und derben Händedruck, und **Anna** erſchien ihm heute noch freundlicher und zutraulicher, als geſtern. Das Tagewerk der Knechte wurde in ſeiner Gegenwart angeordnet und mit Wonne ſah er **Anna** eine Geſchäftigkeit im Hausweſen entfalten, die er der feingebildeten jungen Dame nicht zugetraut hätte. Auch über ihre eigenen Geſchäfte ſprachen die Bewohner des Schloſſes. Der Alte wollte Vormittags mit ſeinem Verwalter rechnen, **Anna** den Gaſt unterhalten und einen Spaziergang mit ihm in's Thal hinab machen. Nach Tiſch wollte ſie bei einigen Damen in der Nachbarſchaft Beſuche abſtatten, der Alte das Stück Wald, das ihm noch eigen gehörte, muſtern und Albert ſollte ihn begleiten. Der Abend ſollte ſie alle zum Spiel vereinigen. So angenehm dem jungen Mann die Ausſicht war, einen ganzen Vormittag mit der ſchönen Couſine zu verleben, ſo erſchreckte ihn doch ein ſo langer Spaziergang mit dem ernſten Onkel; der alle Augenblicke die ſonderbarſten, vielſeitigſten Kenntniſſe verrieth, und in ſo hohem Alter noch ein Wortgedächtniß hatte, vor welchem jenem graute. „Wie wenn er dich den ganzen Nachmittag ausfragte, was du gelernt haſt!" ſagte er zu ſich. „Wie ſchnöde wird es dann an den Tag kommen, welche Lehrſtühle und Säle in Berlin du **nicht** beſucht, und wie ſchnell wird er ahnen, **welche** du beſucht haſt." Einziger Troſt für ihn war ſeine geläufige Zunge und ein wenig Diſputirkunſt, das Einzige, was ihm von ſeinem Hofmeiſter übrig geblieben war. Doch wie einen zum Galgen Verdammten das Henkermahl noch erfreut, das ihm der Nachrichter zu- und anrichten muß, ſo richtete ſich ſeine geängſtigte Seele an der ſchönen Gegenwart auf. Und welcher Himmel ging ihm erſt auf, als der Onkel, nachdem er ſchon Hut und Stock ergriffen hatte, ſich noch einmal zu ſeinem Neffen wandte. „Noch Etwas!" ſagte er zu ihm; „ſo lange Thierberg ſteht, iſt es Sitte, daß die nächſten Verwandten gleicher Linie mit Du unter ſich reden; ich denke, Du wirſt mit Anna keine Ausnahme machen, weil Du hundert Meilen nördlicher geboren biſt."

Anna lächelte und ſchien es ganz in der Ordnung zu finden, aber mit freudeglühenden Wangen ſagte der junge Mann zu; dankbar blickte er dem alten Oheim nach, der ihm in dieſem Augenblick wie ein Bote der Liebe erſchien. Leider vergaß er dabei, daß dieſes Du nicht das ſüße, heimliche Du der Liebe ſey, und daß ein ſo nahes Verhältniß zwar der Freundſchaft förderlich, für die entſtehende Liebe aber ein Hinderniß ſeyn könnte.

„Und Du wollteſt mir geſtern Abend noch Inſtruktionen geben," ſagte er, indem er ſich in das Fenſter zu dem Fräulein ſetzte. „Es iſt mir angenehm, wenn Du mir nicht viel vom Onkel ſagſt, ich habe ihn mir durchaus anders gedacht, und daher kam nun wohl geſtern Abend mein Mißgriff."

„Wie haſt Du Dir ihn denn gedacht?" fragte Anna.

„Nun, ich ſetzte mir aus dem, was Mutter und Vater erzählten, ein Bild zuſammen, das nun freilich nicht paßt. Seit mein Vater Kammerjunker an eurem Hofe war und nachher die Mutter nach Preußen heimführte, mögen es doch etwa dreißig Jahre ſeyn. Damals war wohl Onkel etwa fünf- bis ſechsunddreißig Jahre alt, und man nannte ihn noch immer den Junker, denn der Großvater **Thierberg** lebte noch. Mein Vater beſchreibt ihn nun gar komiſch, wenn er auf ihn zu ſprechen kommt. Er war hier im Schloß aufgewachſen, unter der Aufſicht ſeines Herrn Papa und ſeiner Frau Mama. Die guten Großeltern könnte ich malen. Sie mußten in den geblümten und ausgenähten Fauteuils ſitzen, aufrecht und anſtändig friſirt; die Großmama in einem blauſeidenen Reifrock, der Großpapa in einem verſchoſſenen Hofkleid. Sie ſind die regierende Familie in ihrem Land, der Amtmann und der Paſtor ihr Hofſtaat. Der Erbprinz lernte hier nicht viel mehr, als ſich anſtändig verbeugen, die Hand küſſen, reiten und jagen, und die Prinzeſſinnen ſollen ihn an Bildung weit übertroffen haben. Die zwei Jahre Garniſonsleben bei den Reichstruppen hatten ihn nicht gerade verfeinert, und ſo ſoll er immer zur größten Luſt der Verwandten gedient haben, wenn er um die Zeit, da man alljährlich die Remontepferde von Leipzig brachte, in die Reſidenz kam. Meine Mutter wurde damals bei Onkel **Wernau** erzogen und mein Vater kam täglich in das Haus. Wenn dann Dein Vater im Herbſt zu Beſuch kam, verhehlte er nicht, daß er nur gekommen ſey, um die ſchönen Remontepferde zu betrachten, zog den ganzen Tag bei Bereitern und in den Ställen umher, freute ſich, mit ſeiner groben Pferdekenntniß glänzen zu können, und unterhielt Abends die glänzende Geſellſchaft bei **Wernau's** durch ſein ſonderbares Weſen, das zwar nie linkiſch oder unanſtändig, aber im höchſten Grad naiv, ungezwungen und komiſch war. Mein Vater ſagte oft: „er war ein Bild der guten alten Zeit, nicht jener ſteifen Zeit, wo man den Hofton und die Reifröcke in jedem Winkel des Landes affektirte, ſondern einer viel früheren. Er war das Muſter eines ſchwäbiſchen Landjunkers."

Der junge Mann hielt inne in ſeiner Beſchreibung, als er ſah, daß ſeine Zuhörerin lächelte. „Du findeſt vielleicht dieſe Züge unwahr," ſagte er, „weil ſie auf heute nicht mehr paſſen, und doch verſichere ich —"

„Mir fiel nur," erwiederte ſie, „als Du dies das Bild eines ſchwäbiſchen Landjunkers nannteſt, jenes Buch ein, das beinahe mit denſelben Zügen einen Landjunker in — Pommern ſchildert. Du verſetzſt nun dieſes Bild in mein Vaterland, in dieſes Schloß ſogar; ſonderbar iſt es übrigens, daß beinahe kein Zug mehr zutrifft. In dem gutgemalten Bild eines Jünglings muß man ſogar die Züge des Greiſen wieder erkennen, doch hier —"

„Das wollte ich ja eben ſagen; ich fand den Onkel ſo ganz und durchaus anders, daß ich ſelbſt nicht begreifen konnte, wie er einſt jener muntere, naive Junge habe ſeyn können."

„Ich ſpreche ungern mit Männern über Männer, ich meine, es paſſe nicht für Mädchen," nahm Anna das Wort; „über meinen Vater vollends habe ich nie — **beinahe** nie geſprochen," ſetzte ſie erröthend hinzu, „doch mit Dir will ich eine Ausnahme machen. Ich zwar kenne den Vater nicht anders, als wie er jetzt iſt; es iſt möglich, daß er vor dreißig Jahren etwas anders war, aber bedenke, Vetter **Albert**, durch welche Schule er ging! Alles, Alles, was ihm einſt lieb und werth war, hat dieſe furchtbare Zeit niedergewühlt. Oder meinſt Du, jene Verhältniſſe, ſo ſonderbar und unnatürlich ſie vielleicht erſcheinen, ſeyen ihm nicht theuer geweſen? Wie oft, wenn die alten Herren von der vormaligen Reichsritterſchaft im Saal waren und ſich beſprachen über die gute alte Zeit, wie oft hätte ich da weinen mögen aus Mitleid mit den Greiſen, die ſich nun ſo ſchwer in dieſe neuen Geſtaltungen finden!"

„Aber ging es ganz Europa beſſer? denke an Spanien, Frankreich, Italien, Polen und das ganze Deutſchland," erwiederte der Gaſt.

„Ich weiß, was Du ſagen willſt," fuhr ſie eifrig fort; „man ſoll über dem Unglück und der Umwühlung eines Welttheils ſo kleine Schmerzen vergeſſen; aber wahrlich, ſo weit ſind wir Menſchen noch nicht. Auf dieſen Standpunkt erhebe ſich wer kann, und ich meine, er wird auch in ſeiner Großherzigkeit wenig Troſt, weder für ſich noch für das Allgemeine finden. Und ich möchte überdieß noch behaupten, daß unter Allen, die überall gelitten haben, vielleicht gerade dieſe Ritterſchaft nicht am wenigſten litt. Andere Wunden, die man nur dem Vermögen ſchlägt, heilen mit der Zeit, doch wo, nicht durch Revolution, ſondern im Namen geſetzlicher Gewalt, ſo alte, lang gewohnte Bande zerſprengt, und Formen, die auf ewig gegründet ſchienen, zertrümmert werden, das eine Stück hierhin das andere dorthin geriſſen, — werden die theuerſten Intereſſen in innerſter Seele verwundet. Wenn ſo die alten Hauptleute und Räthe der Ritterſchaft, einige Komthure und deutſche Ritter um die Tafel ſitzen, ſo glaubt man oft Geſpenſter, Schatten aus einer andern Welt zu ſehen. Doch wenn man dann bedenkt, daß dieß alles, was ſie einſt erfreute, ſo lange vor ihnen zu Grabe ging, und dieſe Titel von der jungen Welt nicht mehr verſtanden werden, ſo kann man mit ihnen recht traurig werden."

„Es iſt wahr," bemerkte der Gaſt, „und man muß gerecht ſeyn; ſie wurden von früher Jugend in der Achtung und im ritterlichen Eifer für jene alten Formen erzogen, glänzten vielleicht eben im erſten Schimmer einer neuen Amtswürde, als das Unglück hereinbrach und Alles auflöste; und wie ſchwer iſt es, alten Gewohnheiten zu entſagen, alte Vorurtheile abzulegen!"

„Um ſo ſchwerer," ſetzte Anna hinzu, „wenn man ein Recht und geſetzliche Anſprüche darauf zu haben glaubt. Hätte man jene Bande ſanft gelöst, man würde ſich nach und nach gewöhnt haben; ſo aber war es das Werk eines Augenblicks. Vermögen, Anſehen und Würden gingen zugleich verloren und Mancher wurde gefliſſentlich gekränkt. So wurde der Unmuth über die Veränderungen zur Erbitterung. Der Vater hat oft erzählt, wie ſie ihm an einem Tage alle Familienwappen von den Wänden geriſſen, das Vieh geſchätzt, Pferde weggeführt, die Braupfannen verſiegelt und für Staatseigenthum erklärt haben; die Mutter war krank, der Vater außer ſich gebracht durch höhniſche Behandlung der neuen Beamten, und um das Unglück vollkommen zu machen, legten ſie fünf und ſiebenzig Franzoſen in dieſes Schloß, die nicht plündern, aber ungeſtraft ſtehlen durften, und wenn ſie weiter zogen, nur eben ſo viel neuen Gäſten Platz machten."

„Wahrhaftig!" rief Albert, „ein ſolches Schickſal hätte wohl auch den fröhlichſten Junker ernſt machen müſſen!"

„Wie es ging, weiß ich nicht; nur ſo viel nahm ich mir aus Geſprächen ab, daß er ſeit jener Zeit ganz verändert ſey. Er hielt ſich meiſtens zu Hauſe, las viel und ſtudirte Manches. Er gilt jetzt in der Gegend für einen Mann, der viel weiß, und muß in manchen Fällen Rath geben. Doch um auf die Inſtruktionen zu kommen, die ich Dir ertheilen wollte, ſo kannſt Du ſie aus dem, was ich Dir erzählte, ſelbſt abnehmen. Berühre nie die früheren politiſchen Verhältniſſe, wenn Du ihn nicht wehmüthig machen willſt, ſprich nie von dem Kaiſer —"

„Von welchem Kaiſer?" unterbrach ſie der Vetter.

„Nun von Napoleon, wollte ich ſagen; er ſieht ihn als den Urheber aller ſeiner Leiden an, und wenn etwa der General in dieſen Tagen kommen ſollte, laß Dich in keinen politiſchen Diskurs ein; ſie ſind ſchon ſo heftig an einander gerathen."

„Wer iſt denn der General?" fragte Albert, „hat nicht Dein Vater mich geſtern aufgefordert, mit ihm über die neuere Kriegszucht zu ſprechen?"

„Der General Willi iſt unſer Nachbar," erwiederte Anna, „und wohnt eine halbe Stunde von hier, den Neckar abwärts. Er gehört ſo ſehr der neueren Zeit an, als der Vater der alten, und ich kann ihm ſeine Art zu denken eben ſo wenig verargen, als meinem Vater. Er machte in den früheren Feldzügen eine ſehr ſchnelle Carriere, und der Kaiſer ſelbſt ſoll ihn im Feldzuge von 1809 beredet haben, unſern Dienſt zu verlaſſen und in die Garde zu treten. Er war mit in Rußland, wurde bei Chalons gefangen und zog ſich nachher gänzlich zurück. Hier hat er nun ein Gut gekauft, iſt ein ſehr vermöglicher Mann und lebt im Stillen ſeinen Erinnerungen. Du kannſt Dir denken, daß ein Mann, der in ſolchen Verhältniſſen ſeine ſchönſten Jahre lebte, wohl auch noch heute von der Sache, für welche er einſt focht, eingenommen iſt; er iſt, was man ſo nennt, ein eingefleiſchter Napoleoniſt, und hat wenigſtens ſo gut als irgend einer Grund dazu."

„Wenn er ein Franzoſe wäre," entgegnete Albert, „dann möchte es ihm hingehen. Aber für einen Deutſchen ſchickt es ſich doch wahrhaftig nicht. Es war keine Sache, für welche er focht, ſondern ein Phantom."

„Streiten wir nicht darüber," fiel ihm Anna in's Wort. „Ich bin überzeugt, wenn Du dieſen liebenswürdigen, edlen Mann kennen lernſt, wirſt Du ihm ſeinen Enthuſiasmus vergeben."

„Wie alt iſt er denn?" fragte jener befangen.

„Ein guter Fünfziger," erwiederte Anna lächelnd. „Mir aber ſcheint er, wie geſagt, für ſeine Geſinnungen ein ſo gutes Recht zu haben als der Vater. Wurde ja doch auch, was ihm groß und erhaben deuchte, zerſtört und verhöhnt, und Du weißt, daß dieß nicht der Weg iſt, die Menſchen mit dem Neueren auszuſöhnen. Die beiden Herren haben große Zuneigung zu einander gefaßt, obgleich ſie in ihren Meinungen ſo ſchroff einander gegenüber ſtehen. Oft kommt es unter ihnen zu ſo heftigem Streit, daß ich immer einmal einen wirklichen Bruch der nachbarlichen Verhältniſſe vorausſehe. Ich glaube, wenn mehr Damen zugegen wären, würde es nie ſo weit kommen, aber leider hat auch der General vor einigen Jahren ſeine Frau verloren. Sie war eine treffliche Frau, und meine Mutter ſchätzte ſie ſehr; der Vater konnte es ihr aber nie vergeben, daß ſie eine Bürgerliche war, und ſeine Schweſter, die jetzt eben bei ihm iſt, pflegt immer nur auf kurze Zeit einzukehren."

Der alte Thierberg, der in dieſem Augenblick von ſeinem Amtmann zurückkam, unterbrach dieſes Geſpräch, das der junge Mann noch lange hätte fortſetzen mögen; denn Baſe Anna erſchien ihm, wenn ſie lebhaft ſprach, wenn ihre Augen während ihrer Rede immer heller glänzten, und ihre zarten Züge jede ihrer Empfindungen abſpiegelten, immer reizender, liebenswürdiger zu werden, und er glaubte aus dem Vergnügen, das ihr die Unterhaltung mit ihm zu gewähren ſchien, nicht mit Unrecht einen günſtigen Schluß für ſich ziehen zu dürfen.

4.

Von allen ſeinen früheren reichsfreiherrlichen Rechten war dem alten Thierberg nur die Ernennung, oder wie man es dort nannte, die Präſentation des Schulmeiſters übrig geblieben, und er verwünſchte auch dieſen letzten Reſt ehemaliger Größe und Gewalt, als er Nachmittags zwei Schulamtskandidaten mit dem Thierberger Prediger in's Schloß treten ſah. Er hieß ſeinen Neffen allein in den Wald vorausgehen und verſprach bald zu folgen. Der junge Mann wanderte langſam jenen Weg hinan, welchen ihn Anna zuerſt geführt hatte. Oft ſtand er ſtille und ſah zurück auf dieſe alterthümliche Burg, und gerne verweilte ſein Auge auf jenem Thurm, in deſſen Zimmerchen Anna wohnte. Wie liebte er dieſes klare, ruhige, natürliche Weſen, gepaart mit ſo viel Anſtand und mit ſo feiner Bildung! Er konnte ſich auf nichts Aehnliches beſinnen. Oft wollten zwar in ſeiner Erinnerung die Damen der Mark dieſem Schwabenkind den Vorrang ſtreitig machen. Es deuchte dem jungen Mann, er habe elegantere Formen geſehen, gewandter, zierlicher ſprechen gehört, er rief ſich jede einzelne Schönheit, die ihn ſonſt bezauberte, zurück, aber er bekannte, daß es gerade dieſe Unbefangenheit, dieſe Ruhe ſey, was ihm ſo überraſchend, ſo neu, ſo liebenswürdig erſchien. „Sie iſt zu verſtändig, zu ruhig, zu klar, um jemals recht lieben zu können," fuhr er in ſeinen Gedanken fort, „aber ſchätzen wird ſie mich, ſie wird Intereſſe an mir finden. Und gerade dieſe Klarheit, dieſe Art, über das Leben zu denken, muß ihr andere, beſſere Verhältniſſe längſt wünſchenswerth gemacht haben. Bequeme, elegante Wohnung, eine geſchmackvolle Garderobe, Wagen, Pferde, Bediente, eine ausgeſuchte Bibliothek, das ſind die Dinge, welche in einem ſolchen kalten Herzen die Liebe erſetzen; ſo unbefangen ſie iſt, ſo weiß ſie doch in ihrer Unbefangenheit die Dame recht wohl zu ſpielen, und wirklich — es muß ihr als Frau von Rantow allerliebſt ſtehen!"

Der junge Mann war unter dieſen Träumen einer ſchönen Zukunft auf einer Höhe angelangt, wo er einen Theil des reizenden Neckarthales überſchauen konnte. Vorwärts zu ſeiner Linken gewahrte er eine Waldſpitze, die weit vorſprang und ihm die Ausſicht auf den andern Theil des Thales verdeckte. Er verglich ſie mit der Lage des Schloſſes und fand, es müſſe dieſelbe Bergſpitze ſeyn, von welcher geſtern jene ſüßen Flötenklänge herüber tönten. Von dort aus, hatte ihm Anna geſagt, könne man einen weiten, freien Blick über das ganze Thal genießen, und raſch beſchloß er, nicht erſt den Oheim abzuwarten, ſondern im Genuß einer herrlichen Ausſicht auf jener Waldecke ſeinen Gedanken nachzuhängen. Er hatte ſich die Richtung gut gemerkt, und nicht lange, ſo trat er auf dieſen reizenden Platz heraus. Das Thal ſchwenkte ſich in einem ſchönen Bogen an Thierberg vorüber um dieſe Bergecke. Näher und bei weitem näher, als Albert gedacht hatte, lag die Burg, durch eine breite Waldſchlucht von dieſer Stelle getrennt. Man konnte mit einem guten Fernglas deutlich in die Fenſter von Thierberg ſehen, und der junge Mann ergötzte ſich eine Zeitlang an den Zügen des Paſtors und ſeines

Oheims, die in eifrigem Geſpräch an der Fenſterbrüſtung ſtanden. Auch Anna's Thurmfenſter war geöffnet, aber ſtatt ihrer holden Züge ſah man nur einen kleinen Orangenbaum, den ſie an die Sonne geſtellt hatte. In der Mitte des Thales zog in kleineren Bogen der Neckar hin, viele freundliche Halbinſeln bildend, und in kleiner Entfernung entdeckte das Auge des jungen Mannes ein neues Schloß, in deſſen Fenſtern ſich die Mittagsſonne ſpiegelte. Es war in gefälligem, italieniſchem Styl aufgebaut, die Säulen und der Balkon, ſchlank und zierlich, machten einen ſonderbaren Kontraſt mit den dunkeln ſchweren Mauern des Thierbergs zu ſeiner Rechten, und wie dieſe Burg auf der Nordſeite des Gebirges auf einem ſteilen Waldberg hing, ſo ruhte jenes ſchöne Luſtſchloß auf der Südſeite gegenüber einem ſanften Rebhügel, deſſen reinlich und nett angelegten Geländer und Spaliere ſich bis an den Fluß herabzogen. Albert war in dieſen reizenden Anblick verſunken und dachte noch über dieſen Gegenſatz, welchen die beiden Schlöſſer, wie Bilder der alten und neuen Zeit, hervorbrachten, als feſte Männertritte hinter ihm durch das Gebüſch rauſchten und ihn aus ſeinen Betrachtungen weckten. Er wandte ſich um, und war vielleicht nicht weniger erſtaunt, als der Mann, der jetzt durch die letzten Büſche brach und vor ihm ſtand. — Es war ſein Gefährte vom Eilwagen. Er hatte eine Jagdtaſche übergeworfen, trug eine Büchſe unter dem Arm, und zwei große Windhunde ſtürzten hinter ihm aus dem Gebüſch.

„Wie! iſt es möglich!“ rief der Jäger, und blieb verwunderungsvoll ſtehen; „ich hätte mir noch eher einfallen laſſen, hier auf einen Adler, denn auf Sie zu ſtoßen!“

„Sie ſehen, ich benütze Ihren Rath,“ erwiederte der junge Mann, „ich durchſpähe jeden Winkel Ihres Landes nach ſchönen Ausſichten —“

„Aber wie kommen Sie hieher?“ fuhr jener fort, indem er ihn aufmerkſamer betrachtete, „und Sie ſind auch nicht auf der Reiſe, wie ich ſehe; haben Sie ſich in der Nähe eingemiethet?“

Albert deutete lächelnd auf die alte Burg hinüber. „Dort — und geſtehen Sie,“ ſagte er, „ich hätte keinen ſchöneren Punkt wählen können.“

„In Thierberg!“ rief der Jäger mit ſteigendem Erſtaunen, indem er auf einen Augenblick leicht erröthete; „wie iſt es möglich, in Thierberg? oder ſind vielleicht gar Thierbergs die Verwandten, die —“

„Die ich in der Stadt beſuchen wollte und hier auf ihrem Landſitz traf. Ich ſegne übrigens dieſen Geſchmack meines Oheims,“ ſetzte Albert mit einer Verbeugung hinzu, da er mich auf's Neue in die Nähe meines angenehmen Reiſegeſellſchafters führte.“

„So wären Sie vielleicht ein Rantow aus Preußen?“ fragte der Jäger auf's Neue.

„Allerdings,“ antwortete der Gefragte, „aber wie folgern Sie dieß? ſind Sie vielleicht mit meinem Oheim bekannt?“

„Ich beſuche ihn zuweilen,“ ſagte jener mit einem langen Seitenblick auf das alte Schloß, „ich bin gerne dort; doch beinahe hätte ich das Glück gehabt, Ihre Bekanntſchaft noch früher zu machen; ich reiste vor einem Jahr in Ihre Heimath, und auf den Fall, daß mich meine Straße über Fehrbellin geführt hätte, war ich mit einem Brief an Ihre Eltern verſehen, mit einem Brief von Ihrem Oheim ſelbſt. — Aber habe ich zu viel geſagt, wenn ich von den Reizen unſeres Neckarthales ſprach? Finden Sie nicht Alles hier vereinigt, was man immer für das Auge wünſchen kann?“

„Ich dachte ſchon vorhin darüber nach,“ verſetzte Rantow, „wie verſchieden iſt der Charakter dieſer beiden Berge zur Seite des Thales! Hier dieſer dunkle Wald, mit Schluchten und Felſenriſſen, durch welche ſich Bäche herabgießen, die alte Burg, halb Ruine, auf dieſe jäh abbrechende Wand hinausgerückt. Jenſeits die ſanften, wellenförmigen Rebhügel, mit bläulichrother Erde und dem ſanften Grün des Weinſtocks. Und dieſe Kontraſte durch das lieblichſte Thal, durch den Fluß vereinigt, der bald hierhin bald dorthin zu den Bergen ſich wendet! Wahrhaftig, es müßte nichts Angenehmeres ſeyn, als auf einer dieſer grünen Halbinſeln ein einſames Idyllenleben zu führen!“

„Ja,“ entgegnete der Jäger lächelnd, „wenn der Fluß nicht in jedem Frühjahre austräte, und Damon, die Hütte und — ſeine Daphne zu entführen drohte! Aber waren Sie ſchon unten im Thal?“

„Noch nicht, und wenn etwa Ihr Weg hinabführt, werde ich Sie gerne begleiten.“

Der Jäger lockte ſeine Hunde und ſchlug dann einen Seitenpfad ein, der in die Tiefe führte. Rantow, der hinter ihm ging, bewunderte den ſchlanken Bau, den kräftigen Schritt und die gewandten Bewegungen des jungen Mannes. Er war einigemal verſucht zu fragen, wer er ſey, wo er wohne; aber es lag etwas ſo Beſtimmtes, Ueberwiegendes in ſeinem ganzen Weſen, daß er dieſe Frage immer wieder auf eine bequemere Zeit verſchob. Im Thal wandte ſich der Jäger ſtromabwärts; Kinder und Alte, die ihnen begegneten, grüßten ihn überall freundlich und zutraulich; Manche blieben wohl auch ſtehen und ſchauten ihm nach. Oft ſtand er ſtille und machte den Fremden auf jeden ſchönen Punkt aufmerkſam, erzählte ihm von der Lebensart der Leute, von ihren Sitten und ländlichen Feſten.

Der Weg bog jetzt um den Berg, und plötzlich ſtanden ſie dem neuen Schloß gegenüber, das Albert von der Höhe herab geſehen hatte. „Welch' herrliches Gebäude!“ rief er, „wie maleriſch liegt es in dieſen Weinbergen! Wem gehört dieſes Schloß?“

„Meinem Vater,“ erwiederte der Jäger freundlich. „Ich denke, Sie ſetzen mit mir über und verſuchen den Wein, der auf dieſen Hügeln wächſt.“

Gerne folgte der junge Mann dieſer einfachen Einladung; ſie gingen an's Ufer, wo der Jäger einen Kahn losband; er ließ ſeinen Gaſt einſteigen und ruderte ihn leicht und kräftig über den Fluß. Auf reinlichen, mit feinem Kies beſtreuten Wegen, durch hohe Spaliere von Wein gingen ſie dem Schloß zu, deſſen einfach ſchöne Formen in der Nähe noch deutlicher und angenehmer hervortraten, als aus der Ferne betrachtet. Unter dem ſchattigen Portal, das vier Säulen bildeten, ſaß ein Mann, der aufmerkſam in einem Buche las. Als die jungen Männer näher kamen, ſtand er auf und ging ihnen einige Schritte entgegen. Er war groß, aufrecht und hager, und etwa zwiſchen fünfzig und ſechzig Jahre alt. Ein ſchwarzes, blitzendes Auge, eine kühn gebogene Naſe, die dunkelbraune Geſichtsfarbe und eine hohe, gebietende Stirne, wie ſeine ganze Haltung, gaben ihm etwas Auffallendes, Ueberraſchendes. Er trug einen einfachen militäriſchen Ueberrock, ein rothes Band im Knopfloch, und noch ehe er ihm vorgeſtellt wurde, wußte der junge Rantow aus dieſem Allem, daß es der General Willi ſey, vor welchem er ſtand. Ihn ſelbſt ſtellte der junge Willi als Vetter der Thierbergs und als ſeinen Reiſegefährten vor.

Der General hatte eine tiefe, aber angenehme Stimme; er antwortete: „Mein Sohn hat mir von Ihnen geſagt; Ihre Mutter kenne ich wohl, habe ſie früher in der Reſidenz geſehen. Als wir nach Schleſien marſchirten, wurde ich nach Berlin geſchickt; ich blieb vier Wochen bei der Feldpoſt dort, und ritt während dieſer Zeit mehrere Mal nach Fehrbellin hinüber, Ihre Eltern zu beſuchen.“

„Wahrhaftig!“ rief der junge Mann; „ich erinnere mich, mehrere franzöſiſche und deutſche Offiziere damals in unſerem Hauſe geſehen zu haben; es müßte mich Alles täuſchen, Herr General, oder ich kann mich noch Ihrer erinnern. Ihre Uniform war grün und ſchwarz, und einen großen grünen Buſch trugen Sie auf dem Hut. Sie ritten einen großen Rappen.“

„Ach ja, die alte Leda!“ ſagte der General; „ſie hat treu ausgehalten bis an die Bereſina; dort liegt ſie zwanzig Schritte von der Brücke im Sumpf. Es war ein gutes Thier, und in der Garde nannte man ſie le diable noir. — Grüne Büſche ſagen Sie? — richtig, ich diente damals unter den ſchwarzen Jägern von Würtemberg. Ein braves Corps, bei Gott! Wie haben ſich dieſe Leute bei Linz geſchlagen!“

„War es damals,“ bemerkte Rantow, „als Marſchall Vandamme, den Gott verdamme, äußerte: ces bougres là se battent comme nous?“

„Sie haben da eine ſonderbare Ueberſetzung des Namens Vandamme, doch — ach! Sie ſind ein Preuße, gut! ich gebe zu, der General Vandamme war verhaßt, beſonders in der ſüddeutſchen Armee; er wußte es auch recht gut; ſeine Bewunderung über die Bravour jener Soldaten hätte er vielleicht artiger, aber nie mit mehr Wahrheit ausdrücken können.“

Sie waren unter dieſen Worten bis unter das Portal des Hauſes getreten; ein Buch lag dort aufgeſchlagen, der junge Willi ſah es lächelnd an und ſagte: „Zum ſechſten Mal, mein Vater?“

„Zum ſechſten Mal,“ erwiederte jener, indem auch durch ſeine ernſten Züge ein leichtes Lächeln ging. „Sie ſehen, Herr von Rantow, man zieht oft die Kinder nur dazu auf, daß ſie ihre Eltern nachher wieder aufziehen. So kann er es nicht recht leiden, daß ich gewiſſe Bücher oft leſe; und doch iſt es ein guter Grundſatz, nicht vielerlei Bücher, aber wenige gute öfter zu leſen.“

„Sie haben Recht,“ erwiederte Rantow, „und darf ich wiſſen, welches Buch Sie zum ſechſten Mal leſen?“ Der General bot es ihm ſchweigend.

„Ah! die ſchöne Fabel von 1812,“ rief Albert, „der Feldzug des Grafen Segur! Nun, ein Gedicht wie dieſes darf man immer wieder leſen, beſonders wenn man wie Sie den Gegenſtand kennen gelernt hat.“

„Sie nennen es Gedicht?“ fragte der General. „Da Sie nicht aus Erfahrung ſprechen können, iſt wohl General Gourgaud Ihr Gewährsmann. Aber ich kann Sie verſichern, in dieſem Buch iſt ſo furchtbare Wahrheit, ſo traurige Gewißheit, daß man das Wenige, was Dichtung iſt, darüber vergeſſen kann. Die Figuren in dieſem Gemälde leben, man ſieht ihren ſchwankenden Marſch über die Eisfelder, man ſieht brave Kameraden im Schnee verſcheiden, man ſieht ein Rieſenwerk, jene große, kampfgeübte Armee, durch die Ungunſt des Schickſals in viele Tauſend traurige Trümmer zerſchlagen. Aber ich liebe es, unter dieſen Trümmern zu wandeln, ich liebe es, an jene traurigen, über das Eis hinſchwankenden Männer mich anzuſchließen, denn ich habe ihr Glück und — ihr Unglück getheilt.“

„Ich bewundere nur Deine Geduld, Vater,“ erwiederte der Sohn; „Du kannſt dieſe franzöſiſchen Tiraden, die, wenn man ſie in nüchternes Deutſch auflöſt, beinahe lächerlich erſcheinen, leſen und immer wieder leſen! Ich erinnere mich aus dieſem berühmten Buch einer ſolchen Stelle, die im Augenblick das Gefühl beſticht, nachher, mich wenigſtens, lächeln machte. Die Armee hat ſich in größter Unordnung hinter Wilna zurückgezogen. Die Ruſſen ſind auf den Ferſen. Eine Zeitlang imponirt ihnen noch die Nachhut des Heeres, aber bald löſet ſich auch dieſe auf, und die Erſten der Ruſſen, indem ſie einen Hohlweg heraufdringen, miſchen ſich ſchon mit den Letzten der Franzoſen. Segur ſchließt ſeine Periode mit den Worten: „Ach! es gibt keine franzöſiſche Armee mehr!“ — „Doch es gibt noch eine,“ fährt er fort, „Ney lebt noch; er reißt dem Nächſten das Gewehr aus der Hand, u. ſ. w.“ Kurz, der edle Marſchall thut in übertriebenem Eifer noch einige Schüſſe auf den Feind und repräſentirt gleichſam in ſich ſelbſt die halbe Million Soldaten, die Napoleon gegen Rußland in's Feld führte. Iſt dieß nicht mehr als läppiſch, iſt dieß nicht lächerlich übertrieben?“

„Ich erinnere mich noch recht wohl jenes Moments, und ſo grauſam unſer Schickſal, ſo gedrängt unſer Rückzug war, ſo ließ er uns doch einige Augenblicke frei, dieſem Krieger und ſeiner wahrhaft antiken Größe unſere Bewunderung zu zollen. Wenn Du bedenkſt, wie es von großer Wichtigkeit war, daß er mit wenigen Tapferen jenes Defilé eine Zeitlang gegen den Feind behauptete, daß er und die Seinen allerdings in dieſem Augenblick noch die einzigen wirklichen Combattanten waren, die den Ruſſen die Spitze boten, ſo wird Dich jener Ausdruck weniger befremden; ich wenigſtens danke es Segur, daß er auch jenem erhabenen Moment einen Denkſtein ſetzte.“

„Alſo iſt jene Scene wahr?“ fragte Rantow.

„Gewiß! und eine ſchöne, großartige Idee liegt darin, daß man weiß, wer von der großen Armee zuletzt gegen die Ruſſen ſchlug, daß es Ney war, welchen jener hohe Ruhm, der ihm ſogar aus dieſem Rückzug ſproßte, die Handgriffe des gemeinen Soldaten nicht vergeſſen ließ. Er war, wie Hannibal, der Letzte beim Rückzug.“

„Was ſagen Sie aber über jenen, welcher der Erſte in der Armee und der Erſte beim Rückzug war?“ bemerkte Rantow. „Ich glaube, zwanzig Jahre früher hätte er jeden Schritt mit ſeinen Garden vertheidigt —“

„Und zwanzig Jahre ſpäter vielleicht auch,“ fiel ihm der General in's Wort, „und wäre vielleicht als Preis eines ſchönen Todes mit ſeinen Garden geſtorben. Anno 12, werden Sie aber wohl wiſſen, war er Kaiſer eines Landes, von welchem er, ohne Nachricht, ohne Hülfe, auf ſo viele hundert Meilen getrennt war. Was hielt ihn bei der Armee, nachdem unſer Unglück entſchieden war! Glauben Sie nicht, daß er etwas Aehnliches, wie den Abfall Ihres York, geahnt hat! Wußte er nicht in Frankreich friſche Mannſchaft holen!“

„Warum zog er gegen Aſien zu Feld, der neue Alexander,“ ſagte Rantow ſpöttiſch lächelnd, „wenn er ahnte, daß das Preußenvolk in ſeinem Rücken nur darauf laure, ihm den Todesſtreich zu geben? War dieß die gerühmte Klugheit des erſten Mannes des Jahrhunderts?“

„Glauben Sie, junger Mann,“ erwiederte der General, „der Kaiſer war erhaben über einen ſolchen Verdacht. Er wußte, daß Ihr König ein Mann von Ehre ſey, der ihn im Rücken nicht überfallen werde; er wußte auch, daß Preußen zu klug ſey, um à la Don Quixote die große Armee allein anzugreifen.“

„Preußen war ihm nichts ſchuldig,“ rief der junge Mann erröthend; „man weiß, wie Buonaparte ſelbſt ſeine Friedensbündniſſe gehalten hat; man war nicht ſchuldig, zu warten, bis es dem großen Mann gefällig ſey, die Kriegserklärung anzunehmen. Der Gefeſſelte hat das Recht, in jedem günſtigen Augenblicke ſeine Feſſeln zu zerreißen, und ſollte er auch den damit zertrümmern müſſen, der ſie ihm anlegte.“

„Nun, Vater,“ ſetzte der junge Willi hinzu, „das iſt es ja, was ich ſchon lange ſagte, wenn ich den Aufſtand des ganzen Deutſchlands in Schutz nahm. Wer gab den Franzoſen das Recht, uns in Ketten und Bande zu ſchlagen? Unſere Thorheit und ihre Macht! Wer gab uns das Recht, ihnen das Schwert zu entwinden und die Spitze gegen ſie ſelbſt zu wenden? Ihre Thorheit und unſere Macht.“

„Ich gebe zu,“ antwortete der General mit Ruhe, „daß man im Volk, vielleicht auch unter Politikern, alſo ſpricht und ſprechen darf. Niemals aber darf der Soldat dieſe Sprache führen, um eine ſchlechte That zu beſchönigen. Es gibt manche glänzende Verräthereien in der Geſchichte; die Zeiten, wo ſie begangen wurden, waren vielleicht mit der Gegenwart ſo ſehr beſchäftigt, daß man die Verräther geprieſen hat; aber die Nachwelt, welche die Gegenſtände in hellerem Lichte ſieht, hat immer gerecht gerichtet und manchen glänzenden Namen in's ſchwarze Regiſter geſchrieben. Auch die Sache des Kaiſers wird die Nachwelt richten. So viel iſt aber gewiß, daß zu allen Zeiten, wo es Soldaten gibt, einer, der ſeine Fahne verläßt, immer für einen Schurken gelten wird.“

„Ich gebe dieß zu,“ erwiederte Rantow, „nur ſehe ich nicht ein, wie dieß den übereilten Zug nach Rußland entſchuldigen könnte.“

„Meinen Sie denn, der Zuſtand Preußens ſey uns ſo unbekannt geblieben?“ fragte der General; „man wußte ſo ziemlich, wie es dort ausſah. Ich war von Mainz bis Smolensk im Gefolge des Kaiſers und namentlich in deutſchen Provinzen oft an ſeiner Seite, weil ich die Gegenden kannte, und manchmal in ſeinem Namen Fragen an die Einwohner thun mußte. In den preußiſchen Stammprovinzen fiel ihm und uns Allen die Haltung und das Ausſehen der jungen Leute auf. Das ganze Land ſchien von Beurlaubten angefüllt, und doch waren es immer nur die jungen Männer, die hier geboren und erzogen waren. Die Haare waren ihnen militäriſch verſchnitten, ihre Haltung war aufgerichtet, geregelt; ſie ſtanden ſelten wie faule, müßige Gaffer da, wenn der Kaiſer und ſein Gefolge vorüberzog. Nein, ſie machten Front, wenn ſie ihn ſahen, die Füße ſtanden eingewurzelt, der linke Arm ſtraff angezogen und an die Seite gedrückt, das Auge hatte die vorgeſchriebene Richtung und die rechte Hand machte ihren Soldatengruß. Es waren dies keine Bauerburſche mehr, ſondern Soldaten, und der Kaiſer wußte wenigſtens, daß nicht die ganze preußiſche Armee mit ihm ziehe.“

„Er ließ einen gefährlichen, beleidigten Feind in ſeinem Rücken,“ bemerkte Rantow.

„Ein gefährlicher Feind, Herr von Rantow, iſt etwa eine beleidigte Schlange, aber nicht eine Armee, nicht Männer von Ehrgefühl. Das preußiſche Heer hatte ſich mit der großen Armee vereinigt, und ſobald dies geſchehen war, ſtand ſie unter dem Oberbefehl des erſten Kriegers dieſer Armee; in dieſer Eigenſchaft hatten wir weder von ihnen noch von den Zurückgebliebenen etwas zu fürchten; die Untergebenen band ihr Eid an ihre Fahnen, und die Generale, die Repräſentanten dieſer Fahnen, band ihre Ehre. Wenn Sie die Sache aus dieſem natürlichen Geſichtspunkt betrachten wollen, ſo werden Sie am Betragen des Kaiſers bei Beginn dieſes unglücklichen Feldzuges nichts Uebereiltes oder Unkluges finden.“

„Das preußiſche Heer, das gezwungen mit ausrückte,“ erwiederte der junge Mann, „gehörte nicht dieſem Kaiſer der Franzoſen, ſondern ſeinem rechtmäßigen König, und in demſelben Augenblick, als dieſer ſie ihrer Pflichten gegen jenen erſten Krieger entband —“

„Konnten ſie gegen uns ſelbſt die Waffen richten,“ fiel der General ein; „da haben Sie vollkommen Recht; ſie konnten ihre Quarrés bilden, und den Gehorſam weigern, und, im Fall des Zwanges, Feuer auf unſere Colonnen geben, ſie konnten ſich im Angeſicht der Armee mit den Ruſſen vereinigen, ſie durften dies Alles thun —“

„Nun ja — das war es ja eben, was ich meinte. —“

„Nein, Herr! das war es nicht,“ fuhr jener eifrig fort. „Nur erſt, verſtehen Sie wohl, nur dann erſt, wenn ihr König ſie ihres Eides entband, konnten ſie den Gehorſam verweigern, ſie mußten es ſogar, auch auf die Gefahr hin, zu Grunde zu gehen. So lange dies nicht der Fall war, handelten ſie, wenn ſie feindlich auftraten, als Verräther an ihrer Ehre und ſogar an ihrem König; denn die Ehre des Königs, der die Befehlshaber gewählt hatte, bürgte gleichſam für ihr Betragen.“

„Nun, wenn ich auch dies von den Befehlshabern zugebe,“ erwiederte Rantow, „ſo hat wenigſtens die Armee immerhin ihre Pflicht gethan.“

„In dieſem Fall nimmermehr!“ rief der General; „wenn der Chef keinen Befehl ſeines Herrn vorweiſen kann, um ſeine Schritte zu entſchuldigen, und dennoch ſeine Schuldigkeit nicht thut, oder ſogar zum Verräther wird; und zum Verräther, nicht für ſich allein, ſondern mit einem ganzen Corps, ſo hat jeder Offizier, jeder Soldat das Recht, ihn vor der Front vom Pferd zu ſchießen!“

„Er, Vater! —“ rief der junge Willi.

„Mein Gott, dies denn doch nicht,“ rief zugleich der Fremde; „einen Général en chef vom Pferde zu ſchießen!“

„Und wenn man es unterlaſſen hat,“ fuhr jener mit blitzenden Augen fort, „ſo hat man ſeine Pflicht verſäumt. Aber ich kenne noch recht wohl jene ſchändliche Zeit und die Motive, die damals die Handlungen der Menſchen lenkten; Wölfe und Tiger waren ſie geworden, die menſchliche Natur hatte man ausgezogen, Treue, Ehre, Glauben, Alles verloren, und für Heroismus galt damals, was ſonſt für eine Schandthat gegolten hätte!“

„Nun, etwas Herrliches und Erhabenes, was ſich damals offenbarte, werden Sie doch nicht läugnen können,“ ſprach der Märker; „der allgemeine Enthuſiasmus, womit das ganze Volk aufſtand, war doch wirklich erhaben, ergreifend!“

„Das ganze Volk? — aufſtand?“ rief der General bitter lachend, „da müßte Deutſchland erſt auferſtehen, ehe die Deutſchen aufſtänden. Es war bei Manchem ein ſchöner, aber unkluger Eifer, bei Einigen Haß, bei Vielen Uebermuth, bei den Maſſen war es Sache der Mode; und Sie vergeſſen, daß Oeſtreich, Bayern, Würtemberg, daß Schwaben und Franken nicht, was Sie ſagen, aufſtanden, und denn doch auch zu Deutſchland gehörten. Und Ihre Enthuſiaſten ſelbſt! vor dieſen wären wir gewiß nie aus Sachſen gewichen!“

„Wenn es ihnen auch an jenen gerühmten Eigenſchaften eines alten, gedienten Soldaten gebrach, wahrhaftig, ihr Wille war ſchön, ihre Thaten groß, und ihre Einheit, ihre Aufopferung erſiegte Siege —“

„Einheit? Aufopferung? Wir nahmen, es war ſchon auf franzöſiſchem Boden, einmal ein ſolches Individuum gefangen. Es war ein junger, ſchön geputzter Mann. Der Kaiſer hatte von dieſen Volontärs ſprechen gehört, man hatte ihm ihre Kleidung, ihre Haltung überaus komiſch beſchrieben; er ließ daher den Gefangenen vortreten. Als dieſer den Kaiſer erblickte, gerieth er in augenſcheinliche Verwirrung, dachte nicht mehr daran, daß er ſelbſt Soldat geworden ſey und gegen den größten Krieger zu Feld ziehe, ſondern er nahm ſeinen Tſchako am Schild, riß ihn nach gewöhnlicher, bürgerlicher Weiſe vom Kopf, daß der ſchöne Federbuſch elendiglich in den Koth hing, und fragte mit dem Fuß hinten aus. Der Kaiſer ließ ihn durch mich fragen, ob er unter den deutſchen Freiwilligen diene? Jener aber verbeugte ſich noch einmal und ſagte: „Ich bin vom Frankfurter Corps der Rache.“ Der Kaiſer konnte ein Lächeln nicht unterdrücken, und als er weiter ritt, wandte er ſich noch einmal um. Der Sohn der Rache ſtand noch immer ganz verblüfft unter einem Haufen von Franzoſen, und jetzt erſt ſchien er aus einem Traum zu erwachen, er mochte ſich auf die ſchöne Zeile zurückwünſchen. Der arme Teufel ſah aus, als wäre er ein Volontaire malgré lui, als hätte er nur ſeinem Schatz zu Gefallen ſich in dem Corps der Rache einſchreiben laſſen. Und dieſer Rächer kehrte nicht mehr hinter den Ladentiſch ſeines Vaters heim. Ich ſah ihn ſechs Tage nachher, ohne Beine, ſterbend wieder, ſeine eigenen Landsleute hatten ihn in unſern Reihen getödtet. Und von ſolchen Menſchen verlangen Sie Einheit, Aufopferung?“

Der Preuße hatte dem General unmuthig zugehört; es kam ihm vor, als liege in den Zügen dieſes Mannes Spott und Verachtung einer Sache, die er immer als etwas Ungeheures, Welthiſtoriſches, Großartiges zu betrachten gewöhnt geweſen war. Der junge Willi ſah dieſe unangenehmen Gefühle, die mit der Ehrfurcht vor dem General in Rantows Bruſt zu kämpfen ſchienen. Er nahm daher ſchnell das Wort und ſagte: „Du warſt damals auf feindlicher Parthei, lieber Vater, Du ſahſt Alles in einem andern Lichte, und ich zweifle, ob nicht eure jungen Conſcribirten ſich auf ähnliche Weiſe benommen hätten. Aber wahr bleibt es immer, und jedem unbefangenen Auge noch jetzt ſichtbar, daß damals ein erhabener, ungewöhnlicher Geiſt unter dem Volke, hauptſächlich im Norden wehte; die Mittelſtände vorzüglich haben gezeigt, daß ſie einer bewunderungswürdigen Kraftäußerung fähig ſeyen, und darauf, ſo ſchlecht auch die Zeiten ſind, kann man noch immer einige Hoffnung gründen.“

Rantow ſah den jungen Mann bei den letzten Worten befremdet an, als wüßte er ſich dieſen Satz nicht zu erklären; doch erfreut, ſeine eigenen Geſinnungen wiederholt zu hören, wandte er ſich wieder an den General. „Er hat Recht,“ ſagte er, „auf feindlicher Seite konnten Sie das rührende Bild dieſer Aufopferung nicht ſo genau kennen lernen. Aber die großen Worte unſerer Redner, die feurigen, aufrufenden Lieder unſerer Sänger, die begeiſternde Aufopferung unſerer Frauen, ſie gaben, verbunden mit dem Muth, der frommen Kraft und der gottgeweihten Hingebung unſerer Jünglinge und Männer, Scenen, die eben ſo erhaben als unvergeßlich ſind.“

„Und wofür denn dieſes Alles?“ fragte der alte Soldat, „wozu ſo große Aufopferungen, was hat man damit erreicht und errungen? ließ ſich dies Alles nicht vorausſehen?“

„Und was haben denn Sie, Herr General, auf jener Seite erreicht und errungen? Das iſt einmal das Schickſal alles menſchlichen Lebens und Treibens, daß man kämpft, ſich hingibt, aufopfert, um am Ende Nichts, oder Wenig zu erreichen. Zwanzig Jahre haben Sie jenem Mann gedient, jenem Eigenſüchtigen, der nur ſich und immer nur ſich beachtete! Jetzt liegt er auf einem öden Felſen, ſeine Genoſſen ſind zerſtreut, aufgerieben — was, was haben denn Sie gewonnen?“

„Ein Endchen rothes Band und die Erinnerung,“ antwortete er lächelnd, indem er mit einer Thräne im Auge auf ſeine Bruſt herabſah. Es lag etwas ſo Ergreifendes, Erhabenes in dem Weſen des Mannes, als er dieſe Worte ſprach, daß Rantow, erröthend, als hätte er eine Thorheit geſagt, ſeine Augen von ihm abwandte und betreten den Sohn anſah. Doch dieſer ſchien nicht auf das Geſpräch zu merken, er blickte unverwandt und eifrig auf ein kleines Gebüſch am Fluß, von welchem man eben das Plätſchern eines Ruders vernahm: jetzt theilten ſich die Zweige der Weiden, und ein ſchöner Mädchenkopf bog ſich lächelnd daraus hervor.

Johann Chriſtoph Friedrich Haug

ward den 19. März 1761 zu Niederſtotzingen im Würtembergiſchen geboren und von ſeinem Vater, dem nachmaligen Pfarrer in Magſtatt, ſo wie auf den Gymnaſien zu Ludwigsburg und Stuttgart wiſſenſchaftlich gebildet. Um die Rechte zu ſtudiren kam er dann auf die hohe Karlsſchule zu Stuttgart, wo er mit Schiller und Andern in freundſchaftliche Verbindung trat und durch Leſen von Epigrammen ſein eigenes epigrammatiſches Talent ausbildete. 13 Preismedaillen, die er in den dort ſtattfindenden Prüfungen als Auszeichnung ſeines Genies gewann, erwarben ihm den academiſchen Orden und die Gunſt des Herzogs, in Folge deren er 1783 zum Sekretär im geheimen Kabinet, 1791 zum Kaiſerlichen Hof- und Pfalzgraf, 1794 zum Geheimſekretär und 1817 zum Hofrath und Bibliothekar zu Stuttgart ernannt wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 30. Januar 1829.

Wir haben von ihm:

Taſchenbuch für Geiſt und Herz aufs Jahr 1801. Ludwigsburg 1800 in 16.
Epigrammen und vermiſchte Gedichte. Berlin 1805. 2 Bde. in 8.
Epigrammatiſche Spiele. Zürich 1807 in 8.
Epigrammatiſche Anthologie. Zürich 1807—1809, 10 Bdchen in 12. mit C. F. Weißer.
Poetiſcher Luſtwald. Tübingen 1819, gr. 8. mit 1 Kupfer.
Panorama des Scherzes. Brünn 1820, 2 Bdchen. in 12.
Bacchus, Antimomus, Jocus und Sphynx. Ulm. 1822 in 8.
200 Fabeln für die gebildete Jugend. Ulm 1823 in 8. 2. Aufl. Brünn 1825 in 16.
Spiele der Laune und des Witzes. Tübingen 1826 in 8.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1827, 2 Bde. in gr. 8.
Fabeln für Jung und Alt. Heidelberg 1828 in 16. mit 1 Titelkpf.

Unter dem Namen Friedrich Hophthalmos.

Sinngedichte. Tübingen 1791 in 8.
200 Hyperbeln auf Herrn Wahls ungeheure Naſe, in erbauliche hochdeutſche Reime gebracht. Stuttgart 1804. 2. Aufl. Brünn 1822 in 16.
Huldigung des würdigſten und ſchönſten Geſchlechts. Stuttgart 1817 in 12.
Magiſche Laterne. Brünn 1820 in 12.

Neujahrsbüchlein für das Arbeitskäſtchen holder Frauen und Jungfrauen. Brünn 1820 in 12. m. Kupf.
Auserleſene Sammlung der beſten deutſchen Geſellſchaftslieder. Neue ſehr verm. Aufl. Heidelberg 1823, m. Titelkupf. Auch unter dem Titel: Allgemeines Heidelberger Commersbuch. 2. Aufl.
100 Epigramme für Aerzte die keine ſind. Zürich 1820 in 8.
Charaden und Logogryphen. Eine Centurie. Stuttgart o. J. 12.
Taſchenbuch, dem Bachus und Jocus geweiht. Stuttgart in 12. o. J.

Auch hatte er Theil an den von Grillparzer u. ſ. w. herausgegebenen dramatiſchen Miscellen (Wien 1830 in 12.).

Haug iſt mit Rechte als der talentvollſte und fruchtbarſte unter den neueren deutſchen Epigrammendichtern zu betrachten; er war unerſchöpflich an witzigen und komiſchen aber ſtets harmloſen Einfällen, die Niemanden verletzten, ſondern Jedem durch die glückliche und geſchickte Verbindung von Inhalt und Form Vergnügen machten. Auch im Liede, beſonders in der Nachahmung des alten deutſchen Minnegeſanges hat er ſich mit Erfolg verſucht.

An Wahl.

In Marmor Dich zu hau'n, vermag der Künſtler nicht:
Es fehlt an Stein, an Raum, an Zeit, am Gleichgewicht.

Warnung.

Laßt euch nicht fahen, ihr Ratten und Mäuſe:
Weil er barbariſch das Leben euch kürzt,
Und, wie Verbrecher, nach römiſcher Weiſe,
Euch von dem Wahliſchen Naſengebäuſe,
Dem zweiten tarpejiſchen Felſen, ſtürzt.

Rüge.

Er trägt — wie frech und ſittenlos!
Den größten Theil des Körpers bloß.

Nothhülfe.

Wenn Feinde Dich um Arm' und Beine brächten,
Du könnteſt noch mit Deiner Naſe fechten!

Notiz.

Hör' Einen ſeiner klügſten Streiche,
Du, ſtaunende neue Welt!
Herr Wahl errichtet eine Bleiche
Auf ſeinem Naſenfeld.

Mondſteine.

Kund ſey den Phyſikern und Antiquaren allen,
Daß, wenn vom Monde Lavaſteine fallen,
Herr Wahl mit ſeinem Naſenſpieß
Muthwillig ſie herunterſtieß.

An Wahl.

Die Ewigkeit — Ohne Periphraſe —
Dau'rt etwas länger, als Deine Naſe.

Optiſcher Betrug.

Als Du jüngſthin ſchlummerteſt im Graſe,
Ragte himmelan die Wundernaſe,
Und die Dorfbewohner weit umher
Zählten ſtaunend einen Kirchthurm mehr.

Wahls Aerger.

Ich ärg're mich und raſe —
Mich hindert meine Naſe,
Die Wälder zu beſchau'n,
Ja, nur darin zu gehen,
Es wären denn Alleen
Gerade durchgehau'n.

Anecdote.

Ich ſah heraus
Aus meinem Haus!
Ein Schiffer ſpähte,
Was oben ſey,
Und rief: Ei ei?
Zwei umgedrehte
Kanonenböte!

Bitte.

Verbirg vor jedem ſchwanger'n Weibe
O Freund! aus Menſchenliebe Dich!
Denn wie Dein Zöpfchen ſich zum Leibe,
Verhält Dein Leib zur Naſe ſich.

Rath.

Willſt Du, wie die Braminen pflegen,
Auf Deine Naſenſpitze ſeh'n,
So kann es, der Entfernung wegen,
Nur durch ein Teleſkop geſcheh'n.

Koſtſpieliger Plan.

Ach, willſt Du den feſtlichen Tag im Jahr,
Der Dein holdes und liebes Weibchen gebar,
Groß und verſchwenderiſch celebriren,
Dein Naſen-Münſter illuminiren!

Gloſſe.

Wenn Luft für Waſſer gilt, iſt nach dem äußern Scheine
Die Naſe Wahls der größten Inſeln Eine.

Liſt.

Dir hat zum Glücke jüngſt ein Dieb,
Der ſchlau ſein Gaunerweſen trieb,
Die Doſe vor der Naſe weggenommen.
Der Vorſprung war zu groß. Er mußt' entkommen.

Rath.

Freund! Deine Naſ' iſt halb im Ausland. Sey kein Thor!
Behalt' ihr den Regreß in patriam bevor!

Redliche Vorſtellung.

So reich Du biſt — der Aufwand käme doch
Für einen Naſen-Parapluie zu hoch.

Terrorismus.

Wie vor der Kinder Iſrael Schar
Die Wolkenſäule perpendikular,
So ſchwebt vor Deinen Kindern, o Wahl!
Die Naſenſäule, nur horizontal.

Täuſchung.

Er ſtand, und ſprach vor ſeinem Haus;
Da hielt ein Güterwagen an.
„Hoh! rief der trunk'ne Fuhrmann aus,
„Den neuen Schlagbaum aufgethan!"

Kunſtnaſe.

Die Naſe, vor welcher uns Endlichen graut,
Iſt, wenn man ſie Gegendenweiſe beſchaut,
Oft griechiſch, oft jüdiſch, oft römiſch gebaut.

Dannecker an Wahls Gattinn.

Das Naſenprodigium Deines Manns —
Darſtellen ſoll ich's in Marmor Dir.
Zwar ſcheint's unmöglich; allein ich kann's,
Verſchreibeſt Du *ganz Carrara* mir.

Schauerſcene.

Mit einem geſchleuderten Stein
Wußt' oben am Naſenbein
Ein Böſewicht Dich zu verſehren.
Wie ſchmerzlich, wie fürchterlich ſchön,
Die Blutkataracte zu ſehn,
Und ihr wildes Gebrauſe zu hören!

Wie bequem.

Was die Regiſtratur enthält,
Könnt' alles füglich d'rauf ſteh'n,
Und wenn er auf die Naſe fällt,
So darf er gar nicht aufſteh'n.

Erfüllte Weiſſagung eines Griechen. *)

Seines Naſen-Unholds Ende
Steht ſo ferne vom Geſicht' —
Unerreichbar iſt's für ſeine Hände;
Wenn er nieſt, ſo hört er's nicht.

Ein Wunder, und doch keines.

Von Wahls Geburt hat mir die Baſe
Des Accoucheurs erzählt:
Zwei Tage lang kam ſeine Naſe,
Am dritten Er zur Welt.

Geruchsfülle.

Deine Wohlgeruchsterraſe
Muß beneidenswürdig ſeyn;
Denn Du ſchnüffelſt mit der Naſe
Huſch! den ganzen Frühling ein.

An die Künſtler.

Wahl's Naſen-Ungethüm mit ſeiner großen
Unüberſehbarkeit uns in Modellen
Und Mahlerei'n *vollendet* darzuſtellen,
Vermögt Ihr nicht in dieſer *Spanne Zeit*.
Vielleicht erreicht Ihr's in der *Ewigkeit*.

Unabwendbar.

Wer ungeſeh'n, wer ungeſcheut
Dich ärgern will, mein Lieber,
Entfernt ſich heimlich meilenweit,
Und gibt Dir Naſenſtüber.

Urſprung der Wahliſchen Naſe.

Als die Natur uns Lilliputern grollte,
Und ihrer Hand, die Rieſen ſchaffen wollte,
Schon eine Polyphemusnaſ' entrollte,
Gereute ſie der liebeloſe Plan;
Doch mochte ſie die Koloſſe der Naſen
Zu Staube nicht mehr gern zerblaſen,
Und — flickte Dein Körperchen an.

Geſuch um eine Viceſeele.

„Nein!" rief die Seele Wahls. „So eifervoll ich bin —
„Bis zu den ganz entlegenſten Revieren
„Von ſeinem Naſenlandſtrich hin
„Kann meine Kraft nicht emaniren.
„O ſende, Zeus, dieß Monſtrum zu regieren,
„Dort eine Amtsverweſerinn!"

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*) S. die griechiſche Anthologie, B. II. Cent. 3. Epigr. 15.

Luiſe, Gräfin von Haugwitz,

Tochter des preußiſchen Hauptmanns von Rohr, ward den 5. Juni 1782 zu Daber bei Stettin geboren, auf dem Gute ihres Vaters in Mecklenburg-Schwerin erzogen und 1804 mit dem preußiſchen Forſtrath, Graf Karl von Haugwitz zu Zwerczimirke in Schleſien vermählt, der ebenfalls durch dichteriſche Verſuche bekannt geworden iſt.

Von ihr erſchienen, theilweiſe unter dem Namen Arminia:

Nanny und Adelinde, oder die Macht der Sympathie. Breslau 1808 in 8.

Waldblumen, in Tannenheims Thälern geſammelt. Breslau 1809 in 8.

Bergblumen, gepflückt in den Trümmern des Kynaſt's. Ebendaſ. 1812 in 8.

Der Veilchenkranz. Ebendaſ. 1815 in 8.

Der goldene Schleier. Sage aus dem Rieſengebirge. Hirſchberg 1821. 2. wohlf. Ausg. Leipzig 1824 in 8.

Weltſinn und Gemüth. Erzählung. Liegnitz 1823, 12.

Die Stiefmutter. Erzählung. Leipzig 1826.

Das Dreiblatt. Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1827 in 8.

Eine talentvolle Erzählerin, deren Schriften den Leſer durch glückliche Erfindung, anmuthige Darſtellung und Innigkeit des Gefühls anziehen und vorzüglich den Frauen als eine angenehme und bildende Lectüre zu empfehlen ſind.

Kora und Minona.*)

Altwaſſer.

Ein lauer friedlicher Auguſtabend hüllte das bergumſchloßne Altwaſſer ſchon in tiefere Schatten, als der Doktor Ahlfeld die Anhöhe zu ſeiner Wohnung hinanſtieg. Er hatte eine Fußreiſe gemacht, mit welcher er die Abſicht verband, ein anmuthig gelegenes ländliches Beſitzthum zu beſehen, das feilgeboten ward, und das er zu einem künftigen Sommeraufenthalt zu erſtehen gedachte. Vor der Thüre ſaß Eliſe, ſeine Gattin, die ihn, als er ihren freundlichen Gruß erwiedert hatte, ſogleich um Alles befragte, was der Zweck ſeiner dreitägigen Wanderung geweſen war.

Ich habe, entgegnete ihr der Doktor, beſonders in Hinſicht meines Kaufplans, die Umſtände faſt alle erwünſcht gefunden. Die kleine Beſitzung, von welcher wir ſchon ſo viel Angenehmes hörten, liegt wirklich in einem der anmuthigſten Thäler; das Haus iſt wohnlich und ſauber, der Garten wohl angelegt, nur jetzt etwas vernachläſſigt, und das Ganze wird, wie man glaubt, um einen billigen Preis veräußert werden. Ja, wir können ſogar, wenn das Geſchick uns wohl will, auch freundliche Nachbarn bekommen, denn auf der einen Seite gränzt mit unſerm künftigen Luſtſchloß, eine ähnliche, etwas größere Beſitzung, die ebenfalls verkauft werden ſoll, und auf der andern, faſt dicht an die dunklen Berge gelehnt, liegt ſo romantiſch und lieblich ein kleines zierliches Haus, daß ich unwillkührlich im Vorübergehen ſtehen blieb, von der bezaubernden Umgebung gefeſſelt. Ein üppiger Blumenreichthum, beſonders eine Menge von Roſen und weißen Lilien, ſchmückten den Garten, der ſich weiter hin an den nahen Berg hinaufzog. Als ich die anmuthige Anlage betrachtete, hörte ich Guitarrentöne im Innern des Hauſes erklingen, und eine ſchöne Tenorſtimme ſang dazu des Jägers Nachtlied von Göthe. Später erfuhr ich, daß ein junger Mann hier wohne, von dem man mir aber nicht viel mehr ſagen konnte, als daß er eingezogen lebe, und von irgend einem Kummer gedrückt zu werden ſcheine. Auf dem Rückwege, der mich wieder dort vorüberführte, ſah ich den Einſiedler ſelbſt im Garten. Er ſaß auf einer Bank, hielt ein aufgeſchlagnes Buch in der Hand, und beugte das ſchwarzumlockte Haupt zu einem Hunde herab, der vor ihm ſtand, weshalb ich ſein Geſicht nicht ſehen konnte. Doch ſchien mir etwas ſehr Edles in ſeiner Geſtalt und ſeinen Geberden zu liegen.

Du haſt den ländlichen Nachbar anziehend genug geſchildert, lächelte Eliſe, denn er ſteht ſchon ſo liebenswürdig vor meinen geiſtigen Augen, daß es nur Deine Schuld iſt, wenn ich mich täuſche.

Ein vorwitziger Schluß, nach — Frauenart! neckte der Doktor.

Daß ich nicht wüßte, vertheidigte ſich Eliſe, denn mein Urtheil unbekannterweiſe ruht auf Gründen, die Dir ſelbſt einleuchten müſſen. Roſen und Lilien umblühen die Wohnung des namenloſen Mannes — das deutet auf Geſchmack und Schönheitsſinn; Guitarrentöne und Geſang ließ er vernehmen, ein Buch trug er in der Hand — dadurch ſpricht er Sinn für Dichtkunſt und Muſik aus; er liebkoſ'te ſeinen Hund — darin offenbart ſich ein wohlwollendes freundliches Gemüth — was kannſt Du alſo dagegen einwenden, wenn ich den Unbekannten zu den guten Nachbarn zu zählen mich bewogen fühle!

Natürlich gar nichts, denn die Frauen behalten ja am Ende immer Recht, und ſind beneidenswerth um den Zauberſpiegel ihrer Einbildungskraft, der ihnen Alles im Roſenlicht zeigt, und ihnen nicht ſelten den böſen Dämon zum Engel verklärt, ſcherzte der Doktor, der ſich hier unterbrechend, Eliſen nach dem kleinen Albert fragte, und zu wiſſen begehrte, wie ſie mit ihm während ſeiner Abweſenheit gelebt habe!

Er ſchläft ſchon, entgegnete Eliſe, und war nach ſeiner Gewohnheit größtentheils folgſam und gut. Was mich jedoch anbetrifft, fuhr ſie fort, ſo habe ich während Deiner Abweſenheit lauter ſtille Erinnerungsfeſte gefeiert, indem ich mir die Zeit zurückrief, wo wir vor neun Jahren uns zum Erſtenmal hier befanden. Da wurde denn ſo manches liebe Bild aus jenen Tagen wieder friſch und lebendig in meinem Gemüth, was ich anſchaute und mich daran ergötzte; aber freundlicher als Alle trat mir Aſta's holde Geſtalt entgegen, und ein inniges Sehnen nach ihr ergriff mich, das zur Ahnung eines Wiederſehens ward, als ich der vielen Beiſpiele gedachte, wo Badeörter Getrennte wieder vereinten.

Kora.

Eliſe hatte eben die letzten Worte geſprochen, als der laute Anruf: Alothar! und die Erwiederung: Emil! ihre Blicke hinabwärts zog, wo ſie nicht fern zwei hohe, wie es ſchien, noch jugendliche Männergeſtalten, einander umfaſſen ſah.

Sieh da, meine Rede verwirklicht ſich, ein Wiederſehen wird dort gefeiert, ſagte Eliſe.

Nicht wahr, das iſt ein günſtiges Vorzeichen für Deine Sehnſucht und Ahnung! lächelte der Doktor.

Allerdings! verſicherte Eliſe, als eben ihre Dienerin erſchien, die mit der Meldung, daß der Thee bereit ſtehe, das Geſpräch unterbrach, worauf das Paar ins Haus trat.

Die beiden jungen Männer aber giengen nach den erſten freudigen Grüßen, Arm in Arm den Fichtengang hinab und wieder hinauf, was ſie noch mehrmals wiederholten, bis ſie ſich endlich unfern vom Tanzſaal, auf eine Bank niederließen. Beide waren auf der hohen Schule vertraute Freunde geweſen, aber ſeitdem vom Geſchick weit auseinander geworfen worden, ſo daß ſchon ſeit mehreren Jahren einer von dem Andern nichts mehr wußte, da Emils Unluſt am Schreiben gar keine regelmäßigen ſchriftlichen Mittheilungen in den Gang kommen ließ. Es war daher natürlich, daß jetzt jeder von dem bisherigen Ergehen des Freundes etwas zu erfahren begehrte, weshalb denn auch, wie das gewöhnlich nach langen Trennungen der Fall zu ſeyn pflegt, der wechſelſeitige Redeſtrom ſich aufs Lebendigſte ergoß. Um ſo mehr mußte es daher Emil auffallen, daß, als ſich Beide geſetzt hatten, Alothar ſichtlich zerſtreut und wortarm ward, und alle Theilnahme an den Erzählungen ſeines Freundes aufzugeben ſchien. Vergebens beſtrebte ſich jener, dem plötzlich ſo ſchweigſam gewordenen wieder Aufmerkſamkeit abzugewinnen, und als ihm das nicht gelingen wollte, nahm er ſich, nach ſeiner gewohnten geraden Weiſe, ohne Umſtände die Freiheit, ihn nach der Urſache ſeiner Verſtimmung zu fragen.

Warum ſollte ich es Dir verbergen, entgegnete Alothar, daß mich hier an dieſem Platz eine meiner liebſten Erinnerungen bedrängt — ja daß ich eigentlich heute hierher kam, um die Stelle zu begrüßen, wo die unvergeßlichſte Erſcheinung meines Lebens mir zum Erſtenmal flüchtig vorüberſchwebte.

Laß hören die Geſchichte, forderte Emil, der das Bedürfniß des Freundes, von ſeinen Erinnerungen zu ſprechen, empfand.

Recht gerne, wenn Du ſie wiſſen magſt, entgegnete Alothar, und Du geduldig genug biſt, Dich mit mir zuvor noch auf einige Augenblicke auf die hohe Schule zurückzubegeben, damit ich den Faden meiner Erzählung dort ſo recht ordentlich anknüpfen und fortſpinnen kann, wie Du es von jeher gerne hatteſt.

Du erinnerſt Dich gewiß noch der lieblichen Eveline, die damals der Inbegriff all meines Wünſchens, Hoffens und Sehnens war, aber Du warſt bereits abgegangen, als ich unerwartet aus meinem Himmeln herabgeſtürzt ward. Evelinens Eltern entdeckten unſere Liebe, als eben ein reicher Freier ſich um dieſe bewarb, und zwangen das Mädchen, demſelben ihre Hand zu geben. Dir, der Du die ganze Gluth dieſer Liebe kannteſt, darf ich nicht erſt meinen damaligen Gemüthszuſtand beſchreiben, als ich von einer Ferienreiſe zurückkehrend Evelinen vermählt fand. Ein hitziges Fieber war die erſte Folge dieſer Begebenheit, und kaum fühlte ich mich geneſen, als ich auch, ſo ſchnell es ſich thun ließ, die hohe Schule zu H. mit der zu B. vertauſchte, da ich es nicht ertragen zu können glaubte, Evelinen als die Gattin eines Andern zu ſehen.

Als ich in B. einheimiſch geworden war, überredeten mich einige neue Freunde, ſie in den nächſten Sommerferien auf einer Fußreiſe ins Gebirge zu begleiten, was denn auch zur beſtimmten Zeit geſchah.

An einem ſchönen Abend — gerade heute vor acht Jahren, langten wir hier an. Meine Gefährten waren ermüdet, aber ich fühlte mich noch kräftig genug, nach dem eingenommenen erquicklichen Abendeſſen, ins Freie zu gehen. Dieſer düſtre Fichtengang, durch deſſen verſchlungne Zweige die Sterne gleichſam verſtohlen auf mich niederſchauten, die tiefe Stille, nur vom leiſen Geſchwirr der Feldgrillen unterbrochen, zog mich wunderſam an, und verſenkte mich in ein tiefes träumeriſches Sinnen, dem ich mich von jeher gerne mit einer ganz eignen ſtillen Luſt hingab. Als ich bis hierher gekommen war, weckte mich jedoch der Klang einer friſchen fröhlichen Tanzmuſik, die aus dem Geſellſchaftsſaal erklang, aus meinen Träumen. Unwillkührlich blieb ich ſtehen, und ſah die geſchmückten Geſtalten an den Fenſtern vorüberſchweben, als hier über die Brücke, die nach dem Oberbrunnen führt, zwei ſchlanke Frauengeſtalten nebſt einem jungen Mann herſchritten. Die eine derſelben, weiß gekleidet mit Blumen im Haar, was mir der Lichtſchein der Fenſter verrieth, gehörte ſichtlich der frohen Verſammlung des Saals an, die andere, dunkel gekleidet und etwas kleiner, ſchmiegte ſich an ſie an.

Hier müſſen wir ſcheiden! ſprach jetzt eine ſanfte Stimme, und Beide umſchlangen einander innig und lange, unter leiſem Geflüſter.

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*) Aus „das Veilchen. Ein [illegible] von [illegible].“ Leipz. 1827.

Lebe wohl, meine einzige Erwina! erklang es nun wieder vernehmlich, aber von einer andern in Wehmuth erbebenden Stimme.

Lebe wohl — ach vielleicht auf immer! ertönte die Erwiederung, aber wenn ich Dich auch nie wieder ſehen ſollte — Dein Bild ſcheidet nicht von mir, und wo der Name Kora mir unter irgend einer lieblichen Dichtung entgegenleuchtet, wirſt Du geiſtig mir immerdar nahe ſeyn!

Beide trennten ſich unter leiſen, halberſtickten Scheidegrüßen. Die weiß gekleidete ſchlüpfte in die Thüre des Badhauſes, die dunkle kehrte mit dem Begleiter über die Brücke zurück.

Während dieß geſchah, ward im Saal ein ſchöner langſamer Walzer geſpielt, der in ſchmelzenden, zärtlichen Tönen in die ſtille Nacht hinaushallte, gleichſam als wolle er Troſt zuſprechen den Scheidenden, und ein fernes Wiederſehen verheißen. Ich blieb ſtehen, bis der letzte Ton deſſelben verklang, worauf ich mich zu meinen Gefährten in den Gaſthof begab, die ich alle ſchon ſchlafend fand, ein Beiſpiel, dem ich zu folgen nun auch nicht länger ſäumte.

Hoffentlich wirſt Du von mir nicht glauben, daß ich mich in eine der nächtlichen Erſcheinungen auf der Stelle verliebt hatte, und gleich einem ſchmachtenden Schäfer, die Nacht durchſeufzte — daher brauche ich Dir wohl kaum zu ſagen, daß ich gut ſchlief, und am folgenden Morgen meine Reiſe durchaus nicht ſchwermüthiger fortſetzte, als ich ſie begonnen hatte.

Bald nach dieſer Reiſe, bei deren weiterer Beſchreibung ich jetzt nicht verweilen will, verließ ich die hohe Schule, von wo ich zu meinem Vater zurückkehrte, der ſeit einiger Zeit kränkelnd, meines Beiſtandes bei ſeinen vielen Geſchäften ſehr nöthig bedurfte. Da mein Vater ein anſehnliches Vermögen beſaß, ſo ward nicht eben ernſtlich darauf gedacht, eine Anſtellung für mich zu ſuchen, und es war noch nichts in dieſer Angelegenheit geſchehen, als nach einigen Jahren das Handelshaus, wo das Erwähnte ſtand, plötzlich zu zahlen aufhörte. Dieſer Schlag endete zugleich das Leben meines Vaters, das ohnehin dem Erlöſchen ſchon nahe war, und ich mußte es unter dieſen Umſtänden für ein beſonderes Glück achten, als ich einem Landrath — den ich von Wiburg nennen will — zum Geheimſchreiber empfohlen ward.

Viel früher, als dieß Letzte geſchah, traf ich einſt in einer Zeitſchrift auf ein Gedicht, von welchem ich mich ſo wunderbar angeſprochen fand, daß mein Innerſtes in niegeempfundener Rührung davon erbebte. Alles was ſeit der Trennung von Evelinen in mir geglühet hatte — aller Schmerz der Entſagung — das hoffnungsloſe und doch ſo heiße Sehnen, was ſeitdem meine Bruſt erfüllte, und ich noch in keinem Liede mir ſelbſt genügend hatte wiedergeben können — das war hier aufs Zarteſte und Innigſte in den wohlklingendſten Verſen ausgeſprochen, die ſo rein und lieblich dahinfloſſen, wie ein ſanftrauſchender Bergquell. Erſt als ich das Gedicht zum Zweitenmal durchgeleſen hatte, fiel es mir auf, daſſelbe mit dem Namen Kora unterzeichnet zu finden, was mich an die nächtlichen Erſcheinungen in Altwaſſer erinnerte, deren ich lange nicht mehr gedacht hatte. Höchſtwahrſcheinlich war eine von dieſen die Dichterin, und da Du, guter Emil, meine Liebe zur Dichtkunſt kennſt, ſo wirſt Du Dich nicht wundern, wenn ich Dir geſtehe, daß ich viel darum gegeben hätte, um es mit Beſtimmtheit zu wiſſen, welche von beiden die Verfaſſerin des Liedes war, das mir wie der ſchönere Nachhall meiner eignen Gefühle vorkam.

Es geſchah nun öfter, daß ich in Zeitſchriften Gedichte von Kora ſuchte und fand. Alle ſprachen mich an, wie zarte Grüße aus der Heimath meiner Seele, und entzündeten, mir ſelbſt faſt unbewußt, ein tiefes, namenloſes Sehnen in mir, deſſen Bedeutung mir erſt klar ward, als ich meinen geheimen Wunſch erfüllt ſah.

Ich war erſt einige Wochen in dem Hauſe des Landraths, und beiläufig geſagt, mit meiner neuen Lage wohlzufrieden, als ich denſelben zum Erſtenmal in eine Geſellſchaft begleitete, wo es ſo bunt und luſtig herging, daß endlich der jüngere Theil derſelben von einer unwiderſtehlichen Tanzluſt angewandelt ward. Frau von Wiburg, eine noch jugendlich heitre Frau in den erſten Dreißigen, die überall jede geſellige Freude gern befördern half, bat mich ſogleich, einige Tänze auf dem Flügel zu ſpielen. Ohne Säumen begann ich mit dem Walzer, den ich an dem erwähnten Abend hier vernommen hatte, deſſen Muſik mir ſpäter in die Hände fiel, und den ich bei allen Gelegenheiten immer mit einer gewiſſen Vorliebe hören ließ. Bald drehte ſich neben mir die ganze fröhliche Jugend der Verſammlung, ſelbſt die Geſetzteren miſchten ſich, von den lieblichen Tönen gelockt, in den Tanz, und es mußte mir daher wohl einigermaßen auffallen, als ich einen zufälligen Blick in das offenſtehende Nebenzimmer warf, dort eine holde Frauengeſtalt wahrzunehmen, die emſig ſchreibend an einem Tiſch ſaß. Sie ſchien, ſehr vertieft in ihre Beſchäftigung, für die luſtige Umgebung wenig Sinn zu haben. Bald jedoch ſchien ſie fertig zu ſeyn, denn ſie überlas das Geſchriebene, eben in dem Augenblick ſtand auch Frau von Wiburg neben ihr. Schöne Streiche! rief ſie ihr ſcherzend zu, ich glaube, Kora dichtet hier, während wir eine Tänzerin vermiſſen, denn einer unſerer tanzbaren Herren ſitzt noch unverſorgt im Winkel, weshalb denn die Erwähnte für heute förmlich aus der Geſellſchaft verwieſen wird in ihr einſames Kämmerlein, wo niemand als der keuſche Mond ſie belauſcht — indem ich das ſittige Fräulein auf den Tanzplatz führe! Sie hatte während dem den übrigen Herren gewinkt, nahm der Freundin ohne Umſtände das beſchriebene Blatt weg, und gab es, als auch ſie nach einigen Augenblicken aufgefordert ward, mir zum Aufheben. Deſſelben ward nun unter dem fröhlichen Getümmel aber nicht weiter gedacht, und auch mir fiel der ganze Vorgang erſt wieder ein, als ich es am andern Morgen in meiner Weſtentaſche, und folgende flüchtig darauf geſchriebene Verſe fand:

Was ſpricht zu mir im zarten Saitenklang?
Was ſtimmt von fernen Bergen hergezogen,
Mild rauſchend, wie des Stromes Silberwogen,
Süß flüſternd, wie der Quelle Nachtgeſang?

Das ſind die Laute aus dem Sehnſuchtland,
Die Geiſtergrüße aus verblühten Tagen —
Das ſind der Stunde bange Scheideklagen,
Wo ſich Erwina meinem Arm entwand!

Es dämmert auf aus trüben Nebelfernen —
Die ſtolzen Höh'n, umſtrahlt von hellen Sternen,
Sie ſteigen in den Tönen mir empor!

Und während mich Erinnerungen mahnen,
Durchklingt's die Bruſt, wie ſchaurig ſüßes Ahnen:
Dort find' ich wieder, was ich einſt verlor!

Als Alothar die Verſe geſprochen hatte, ward beiden Freunden ein leiſes Geräuſch hörbar, worauf ſie, ſich umſehend, eine dunkle Geſtalt wahrnahmen, die aber ſogleich unſichtbar ward.

Wir ſind, wie es ſcheint, belauſcht worden, bemerkte Alothar.

Und geſtört, entgegnete Emil, was für den Augenblick nicht übel iſt; denn ich geſtehe, ich hatte über Deine Mittheilungen faſt des Freundes vergeſſen, mit welchem ich hieher gekommen bin, und der wahrſcheinlich ſchon meiner wartet, um den Rückweg anzutreten. Gehab Dich alſo wohl, auf Wiederſehn, denn nächſtens ſiehſt Du mich bei Dir, wo ich mir die Fortſetzung Deiner Erzählung ausbitten werde. Damit ſchieden die Freunde.

Hofrath.

Als am folgenden Morgen das Ahlfeldſche Ehepaar in den Brunnen trat, ward es von dem Hofrath Blume begrüßt, der in Altwaſſer der Hausgenoſſe deſſelben, aber am vorigen Tage abweſend geweſen war.

Sie ſind wohl recht ſpät von Salzbrunn zurückgekehrt, ſagte Eliſe, denn wir haben nichts mehr von Ihnen gehört, obgleich wir erſt lange nach zehn Uhr zu Bette gingen.

Das Schauſpiel in Salzbrunn währte etwas lange, entgegnete der Hofrath.

Was ward denn geſtern gegeben? fragte Eliſe.

Was gegeben ward — beſann ſich der Hofrath — was das — ja das habe ich wirklich ſchon vergeſſen!

Schon vergeſſen! wunderte ſich Eliſe, und der Doktor lachte.

Sie werden das ſo unnatürlich nicht finden, entſchuldigte ſich der Hofrath, wenn ich Ihnen die angenehme Ueberraſchung mittheile, die mir noch geſtern Abend nach meiner Rückkehr widerfuhr — denn was kann wohl leicht ſo ſüß überraſchen, als den Gegenſtand unſerer Liebe nach Verdienſt gewürdigt und bewundert zu finden!

Alſo ein ſolches Heil geſchah Ihnen? lächelte Eliſe.

Allerdings, und zwar im Finſtern, denn der, welcher von meiner Erwählten ſprach, wußte nichts von meiner Gegenwart, und war noch obendrein ſo gefällig, ein zartes himmliſches Gedicht von ihr herzuſagen. Ich bedaure nur, daß ich den Anfang des Geſpräches nicht vernahm, und daß ein Geräuſch, was ich durch mein Nähertreten verurſachte, daſſelbe unterbrach.

Sie erregen in uns den Wunſch, mehr von Ihrer Liebe und Ihrem geſtrigen Abentheuer zu erfahren, äußerte, nicht ohne Schalkheit, der Doktor.

Derſelbe ließe ſich wohl noch erklären, entgegnete der beglückte Hofrath, der mit Entzücken die Gelegenheit ergriff, ſein volles Herz auszuſchütten.

Haben Sie, fuhr er fort, ſchon von der Dichterin Concordia Thal gehört? Es iſt bekannt, daß ſie ein ſehr ausgezeichnetes Talent für die Dichtkunſt beſitzt, aber ſich aus zu zarter Beſcheidenheit unter einem angenommenen Namen verbirgt, der bisher aller Welt, und mir ſelbſt unbekannt war. Geſtern nun ward es mir auf einmal klar, daß dieſer Name kein anderer als Kora iſt, was aus dem erwähnten Geſpräch hervorgieng.

Alſo die lieblichen Lieder, die mit dem Namen Kora unterzeichnet ſind, hat Ihre Braut gedichtet? fragte Eliſe.

Braut — nun das wohl für den Augenblick noch ſo eigentlich nicht — aber in einigen Tagen oder Wochen höchſtwahrſcheinlich, erläuterte der Hofrath, der nun dahin gelangt, wo er eigentlich ſeyn wollte, ſich in eine ſo tiefſinnige und entzückte Schilderung von Concordiens hohem Geiſt und himmliſchem Gemüth verlor, daß er jetzt gar nicht mehr Worte genug dafür finden konnte, weshalb denn der Doktor, um ſeine Verlegenheit zu enden, ihn wieder an ſein geſtriges Abentheuer erinnerte.

Ja ſo, das hätte ich bald vergeſſen, erinnerte ſich der Begeiſterte, worauf er ſehr umſtändlich berichtete, wie er am vorigen Abend, ſpät von Salzbrunn zurückkehrend, zufällig ein Zeuge des Geſprächs zweier Unbekannten ward, treulich wiederholend, was ihm von demſelben in dem Sinn geblieben war.

Aber mich dünkt, bemerkte der Doktor, aus dem Geſpräch gienge hervor, daß Kora dem Erzählenden nicht gleichgültig war, und Sie haben am Ende einen Nebenbuhler, vielleicht gar einen glücklichen?

Das fürchte ich kaum, entgegnete ſüßlächelnd der Hofrath, denn ich kenne ſie ſeit Jahren, wo ſie ſich mir immer hold und freundlich erzeigte. Uebrigens glaube ich nicht, daß ihr leicht ein Glück geboten werden kann, wie ich es ihr bieten zu können mit Grund hoffen darf, was doch bei ihr nothwendig in Betracht kommen muß, da ſie als Dichterin, nur dem Reich des Schönen angehörend, natürlich ſtreben wird, ſich in eine Lage zu verſetzen, die ſie der drückenden Sorgen des Lebens, und der niedern Geſchäfte des Haushalts überhebt.

Sie haben gewiß das große Loos gewonnen! ſcherzte Eliſe, die es von dem Hofrath ſelbſt wußte, daß ſeine gegenwärtige Lage durchaus nicht glänzend war.

Ich werde es gewinnen, entgegnete dieſer, obwohl nicht in der Lotterie, ſondern durch die Anwendung meiner geiſtigen Kräfte. Ich arbeite nämlich, fuhr er fort, an einer Abhandlung, über die erneuerte Eröffnung der verſchütteten Goldgruben in unſerem Gebirge, in welcher ich eine Art der Bearbeitung derſelben zeige, auf die man noch gar nicht verfallen iſt. Glauben Sie mir, man wird nicht genug eilen können, in meine Vorſchläge einzugehen, und mich ſogleich bei den neueröffneten Bergwerken anſtellen, um die Geſchäfte nach meiner Einſicht zu leiten, woraus mir natürlich ein bedeutender Gewinn erwachſen muß. Außerdem aber ſchreibe ich noch an einem vielumfaſſenden Werk von mehreren Bänden, über die nothwendige allgemeine Sittenverbeſſerung — eine Schrift, wie wir bis jetzt noch keine haben, die ungeheures Aufſehen erregen, und mir leicht 30 bis 40000 Thaler einbringen kann.

Ich bewundere Ihre Thätigkeit, die ſich neben Ihren Berufsgeſchäften noch ein ſo weites Feld zu ihrer Wirkſamkeit ſucht, verſetzte der Doktor.

Erzeigen Sie derſelben keine zu große Ehre, entgegnete der Hofrath, denn ich habe vor Kurzem meine Stelle niedergelegt, um mich, ganz ungeſtört von allem Fremdartigen, der Bearbeitung der erwähnten Gegenſtände widmen zu können, da ich beſonders die Abhandlung über die Goldgruben der Preſſe zu übergeben eile, denn über ein Jahr muß der neue Bau ſchon begonnen —

Und Kora die Königin des neuentdeckten Peru ſeyn! fiel ihm der Doktor in die Rede, indem Eliſe ein kleines muthwilliges Lächeln geſchickt unter ihrem Strohhut verſteckte.

Einige Bekannte, die jetzt hinzutraten, unterbrachen hier das Geſpräch.

Leier.

Elterchen, hörſt Du wohl die ſchöne Leier? ſchmeichelte der kleine Albert; laß uns doch noch ein wenig ſpazieren gehen, fuhr er fort, damit wir ſie näher hören! Es iſt ja noch ſo hübſch und der Himmel glänzt, als wenn er von Gold wäre — komme doch, Elterchen!

Nun, da Du heute ſo fleißig und artig geweſen biſt, ſo will ich Dir den Gefallen ſchon thun, wenn anders die Mutter nichts dagegen hat; entgegnete der Doktor, indem er einen fragenden Blick an Eliſen richtete, und freundlich nickte dieſe ihre Zuſtimmung mit dem Zuſatz: daß ſie ſelbſt ſchon dieſen Vorſchlag im Sinn getragen habe, weil der Abend ſo ausnehmend warm und lieblich ſey.

Alle giengen hinaus, Albert luſtig vor den Eltern daherhüpfend, bis ſie auf den Platz vor dem Löwenhauſe kamen, wo der Leiermann ſich vernehmen ließ.

Ach ſieh, Vater, der arme Mann hat nur einen Fuß — rief Albert, auf denſelben hinweiſend — und ſieh — o ſieh, Mutter, die Dame mit den ſchönen Blumen auf dem Hut, die warf ihm ein blankes Stück Geld in die Mütze — nun der wird ſich freuen!

Da haſt Du auch etwas für ihn, ſagte der Doktor, Albert eine Gabe reichend, der nun in vollen Sprüngen zu dem Leiermann flog, aber ſich ſo übereilte, daß er dort anlangend, der erwähnten Dame ſeiner ganzen Länge nach zu Füßen fiel. Während dieſe ihm aufhalf, war Eliſe herbeigeeilt, die, der Fremden ins Antlitz ſchauend, mit dem Ausruf: Aſta! in ihre Arme fiel.

Was ſagſt Du nun zu meinen Ahnungen und Vorzeichen? rief Eliſe ſcherzend dem Doktor entgegen, der eilig herzugekommen war, um an der heitern Ueberraſchung Theil zu nehmen.

Es iſt einmal mein Verhängniß, den Frauen immer Recht geben zu müſſen, entgegnete er eben ſo, worauf er ſich zu Aſta wandte, die, wie es ſich ergab, erſt vor einigen Stunden angekommen war, und jetzt ihre Freude über das unerwartete Wiederfinden ſo werther Bekannten aufs Lebhafteſte ausſprach. Alle wandelten nun unter mancherlei Mittheilungen den dunklen Fichtengang miteinander auf und ab, bis die ſpäte Abenddämmerung endlich für heute den freundlichen Verein trennte.

Perückenſtock.

Als am folgenden Morgen der Doktor mit Eliſen in den Brunnen kam, trat ihnen Aſta ſchon entgegen, und der Erſte fand ſich veranlaßt, ihr zu ſagen, daß die Jahre, die zwiſchen ihrer erſten Bekanntſchaft und heute lägen, durchaus keine Veränderung in ihren Zügen und ihrer Geſtalt hervorgebracht hätten, ja daß ihr Antlitz recht füglich mit dieſem heitern Morgen zu vergleichen ſey, ſo hell und freundlich leuchte es ihm entgegen.

Das Letzte will ich allenfalls glauben, entgegnete Aſta, denn was die erſte gütige Bemerkung anbetrifft, ſo kann ich mich von deren Richtigkeit nicht recht überzeugen, da man in dem Alter von acht und zwanzig Jahren nothwendig doch anders ausſehen muß, als damals, wo man erſt neunzehn zählte. Aber, um zu Ihrer letzten Beobachtung zurückzukehren, fuhr ſie fort, ſo mag dieſelbe wohl gegründet ſeyn, denn ich fühle mich recht innerlich heiter, was ſich natürlich auch auf meinem Geſicht ausdrücken mag — mir iſt, als hätte die friſche Bergluft, die ich ſo lange nicht athmete, alle Nebel der Schwermuth hinweggehaucht, die mein Leben in den letzten Jahren oft mehr verfinſterten, als ich zu ſagen vermag. Ich weiß ſelbſt nicht recht, wie mir geſchieht, aber ich fühle mich in eine Stimmung verſetzt, in welcher ich mich an den unbedeutendſten Gegenſtänden ergötzen könnte, und Sie würden lachen, wenn ich Ihnen mittheile, was mich vor wenig Augenblicken beluſtigte.

Laſſen Sie es mich daher wiſſen, bat der Doktor, denn ich rechne ein heitres Lachen mit unter meine Lebensgenüſſe.

Es war, ſagte Aſta, der Mann im braunen Ueberrock, der ſich eben wieder dort am Fenſter zeigt. Ich ſah ihn vorhin einen Perückenſtock mit einer ſchön gelockten Perücke auf denſelben hinſtellen, ſich damit beſchäftigen, dann ihn wieder wegnehmen, und bald darauf ihn ſelbſt mit der Perücke auf dem Kopf und dem Spiegel in der Hand wieder erſcheinen. Er betrachtete ſich mit ſichtbarem Wohlgefallen, indem er bemüht ſchien, ſein eignes Haar ſorgfältig unter den Locken zu verbergen. Mir fiel der Hofrath Schnippel in dem Mädchen aus der Fliedermühle ein, denn der Perückenmann hat wirklich in ſeinem lichtbraunen Rock eine auffallende Aehnlichkeit mit einem Zimmtſtengel, und es würde mir ſchwer werden, ihn anders, als mit: Herr Hofrath! anzureden.

Ich muß Ihr Ahnungsvermögen bewundern, erwiederte der lachende Doktor, denn der Mann dort iſt wirklich Hofrath und heißt Blume. Obwohl kaum erſt ein Vierziger, erlebt er ſchon die Kränkung, daß unter ſeinen ſchwarzen Haaren ſchon hie und da ein graues Härchen ſich zeigt, weshalb er denn ſein Haupt mit falſchen Locken bedeckt, um durch die erwähnten grauen Sprößlinge das Auge ſeiner Geliebten nicht zu verletzen.

Iſt dieſe auch hier anweſend? fragte Aſta.

Nein, entgegnete Eliſe, aber ſie iſt nicht fern. Es iſt nämlich Concordia Thal, der wir, wie der Hofrath in Erfahrung gebracht hat, die artigen Gedichte verdanken, die ſich, mit dem Namen Kora unterzeichnet, in mehr als einer Zeitſchrift finden.

Alſo eine Liebe unbekannterweiſe? ſagte Aſta, die eine kleine Betroffenheit nicht gänzlich verbergen konnte.

O nein, zu einer ſolchen Liebe iſt der gute Hofrath doch wohl nicht poetiſch genug, berichtigte der Doktor, denn er kennt nicht allein den Gegenſtand ſeiner Wünſche ſchon lange, ſondern wird auch in wenig Tagen zu einer förmlichen Bewerbung ausziehen, wozu er bereits ſchon eine wohlgeſetzte Rede abgefaßt hat.

So muß ich ihn bedauern, bemerkte Aſta, denn er wird mit einem unwillkommenen Geſchenk zurückkehren.

Wie können Sie das ſo zuverſichtlich behaupten? äußerte etwas befremdet Eliſe.

Weil ich Concordien kenne, verſetzte Aſta, und es von ihr ſelbſt weiß, daß ſie nie eine Verbindung ſchließen wird, denn ſie fühlt es wohl, daß ſolche nur zerſtörend auf ein ſo zartes Gemüth, wie das ihre, einwirken kann. Von ihrer früheſten Kindheit an nur gewohnt, in Milde und Liebe zu athmen, nur Gutes und Schönes zu üben, hat ſie es nicht gelernt, Männern zu trotzen, Mägde zu ſchelten, und ſich in alle die übrigen anmuthigen Kraftäußerungen und würdigen Beſchäftigungen, die der ehrſame Hausſtand mit ſich führt, mit dem gehörigen edlen Anſtand zu ſchicken. Dazu ſind recht eigentlich nur die guten derben Weſen geboren, die nichts fühlen, wenig denken, und jede ihnen zugefügte Unbilde eben ſo gleichmüthig abſchütteln, wie den Staub von ihrem Mantel.

Nun, dieſe Anſicht vom Eheſtande iſt keineswegs poetiſch, bemerkte der Doktor, der nicht ohne Staunen die Bitterkeit wahrnahm, mit der Aſta den Schluß ihrer Rede ſprach, indem einer trüben Wolke gleich, der Ausdruck eines tiefen Weh's ſichtlich über ihr heiteres Antlitz flog.

Nur Ihnen, entgegnete Aſta, und Eliſen darf ich ſagen, was ich ſagte, da es nicht meinem Gedächtniß entſchwunden iſt, daß Sie die Würde und die Rechte der Frauen zu ehren, und den Geiſt und das Gemüth Ihrer Gattin zu würdigen wiſſen, was nur ſehr Wenige Ihres Geſchlechts verſtehen.

Aſta iſt wohl gar eine Männerfeindin geworden? lächelte Eliſe.

Das nicht, denn der Umgang mit gebildeten Männern gewährt mir ſo viel Vergnügen, und beſchäftigt meinen Geiſt ſo anziehend, daß die Feindſchaft keinen Raum findet, gab Aſta unbefangen zurück.

Und mit dieſen Anſichten finden Sie dennoch keinen Mann Ihrer Liebe und Ihrer Hand werth? ſagte Eliſe.

Ueber die Liebe der Frauen waltet oft ein unſeliges Verhängniß, erwiederte Aſta, und ſie wird ſelten dem Würdigen zu Theil, wie ich, ſetzte ſie hinzu, das aus einer ſehr trüben Erfahrung weiß, weshalb ich es denn auch frey geſtehe, daß ich die Ehe ſcheue, und ſie, in den meiſten Fällen, geradezu für das Grab der Liebe erkläre.

Ich hätte wohl Luſt — denn ich bin durch Eliſen ein Verehrer der Ehe geworden — gegen Ihre Meinung ins Feld zu rücken, aber dazu müßte ich zuvor mit der Erfahrung bekannt werden, die ſo ſeltne Anſichten in Ihnen entwickelt hat; verſetzte der Doktor.

Nicht wahr, Sie möchten wohl am liebſten ſeltſame oder gar abentheuerliche Anſichten ſagen? entgegnete Aſta.

Das läßt meine Unbekanntſchaft mit den erwähnten Erfahrungen nicht zu, deren Mittheilung ich mir nicht erbitten, ſondern nur als freiwilliges Geſchenk von Ihnen empfangen dürfte; äußerte der Doktor.

Aſta ſchaute einige Augenblicke ſinnend vor ſich hin. Ich wüßte nicht, wendete ſie ſich dann wieder zu den Freunden, was mich hindern könnte, Ihnen einige kleine Begebenheiten aus meinem Leben mitzutheilen, wenn Sie es wünſchen, und ich will es daher gerne thun, wenn wir einmal ungeſtört beiſammen ſind. Vielleicht, ſetzte ſie hinzu, werden Sie, Herr Doktor, dann meine Anſichten weniger ſeltſam finden, wenn Sie mich auf dem Wege begleiten, der mich zu meinem jetzigen Standpunkt führte.

Hier erſchien der Hofrath, und nachdem der Doktor ihn und Aſta einander vorgeſtellt, und ſie dieſer ihm eine Freundin Concordiens genannt hatte, ward ſie im Lauf des Geſprächs auch alsbald die Mitvertraute aller ſeiner Pläne, Wünſche und Hoffnungen.

Berg.

Nachmittags hatte Eliſe Aſta eingeladen, mit ihr auf einem nahegelegnen Berg Kaffee zu trinken. Der ſchöne Tag begünſtigte das Vorhaben, und ſo erſtieg man bald nach beendetem Mittagsmahl die Höhe, wo man ſich durch eine ſehr anmuthige Ausſicht und ein freundliches Schattenplätzchen erfreut fand.

Sehen Sie doch, ſprach der Doktor, der zufällig einer friſch und kräftig grünenden Buche näher getreten war — eine Inſchrift!

Aſta trat zu ihm, und fand die Buchſtaben A. v. B. und K. St. in die glatte Rinde des Stammes zierlich eingeſchnitten. Um beide Namenzüge zogen ſich, gleich einem Kranz, die Worte: Getrennt — aber unzertrennlich!

Die Schrift kann noch kein Jahr alt geworden ſeyn, denn ſie iſt noch nicht verwachſen, bemerkte der Doktor, dem der rege Antheil nicht entgieng, mit welchem Aſta dieſelbe betrachtete.

Iſt es, ſagte dieſe endlich, wohl mehr als ein ſchöner Wahn, daß Getrenntes dennoch unzertrennlich bleibt, wenn auch Raum und Zeit ſich zwiſchen die vereinten Seelen legen, und das Leben uns mit ſich fortreißt, immerdar ſein buntes Wechſelſpiel mit uns treibend, und zahlloſe neue Bilder an uns vorüberführend — wie das beſonders den Männern faſt immer geſchieht, die vielleicht ſchon deshalb kein geliebtes Bild feſtzuhalten vermögen!

Sie war während dieſer Worte ſehr ernſt geworden, und wendete den Kopf ſeitwärts, um dem Doktor den feuchten Schimmer ihrer Augen zu entziehen. Dieſem war derſelbe jedoch nicht entgangen, und ſchweigend folgte er mit ihr dem Ruf Eliſens, die während dem den Kaffee bereitet und aufgeſtellt hatte.

Still leerte Aſta die ihr dargereichte Taſſe, ihre Blicke unwillkührlich auf die Buche mit den Namenzügen richtend. Eliſe wunderte ſich im Stillen über die veränderte Stimmung der Freundin, und als der Doktor einige mißlungene Verſuche gemacht hatte, ein heiteres Geſpräch einzuleiten, hielt er es für das Beſte, Aſta an ihr gegebenes Verſprechen zu erinnern.

Flinsberg.

Sie haben die rechte Stunde getroffen, entgegnete Aſta, mich zu mahnen, denn ſo wird es mir am erſten gelingen, eine Anwandlung von Wehmuth zu unterdrücken, die nur der Einſamkeit angehörend, nicht die geſellige Heiterkeit unterbrechen ſollte.

Ich glaube Ihnen ſchon geſagt zu haben, fuhr ſie fort, daß ich das Jahr darauf, als ich Sie hier kennen lernte, abermals mit meiner Tante Altwaſſer beſuchte, wo ich auch dießmal recht heitre Tage verlebte, indem ich hier ein holdes Weſen fand, das Ihnen, meine Eliſe, ähnelte, und welches ſich mit der innigſten Neigung mir anſchloß. Auf die Geſundheit meiner Tante wollte jedoch unſer damaliger Aufenthalt hier nicht ſo erwünſchten Einfluß gewinnen, als es das Jahr vorher den Anſchein hatte. Sie befand ſich nach unſerer Heimkehr durchaus nicht beſſer, weshalb ihr der Arzt im folgenden Sommer Flinsberg anrieth, deſſen reinere Luft ihr, wie er ſich verſprach, beſſer zuſagen würde.

Nie werde ich des Tages vergeſſen, an welchem wir in Flinsberg anlangten. Ich war noch nie dort geweſen, und fand mich wunderbar angeſprochen von dieſen Thälern und Höhen, als wir langſam durch die Thalſchlucht fuhren, wo das freundliche Dorf hineingebauet iſt. Der Queis rauſchte neben dem Wege friſch und lebendig durch das Geſtein, Roſen blüheten noch in allen Gärten, und als wir endlich die freie Anhöhe hinanfuhren, von der uns die Badegebäude entgegenleuchteten, unter denen die wild romantiſchen Iſerberge emporſteigen, da war es mir, als begrüße ich eine liebe wiedergefundene Heimath, nach der ich mich lange geſehnt habe.

Wir wurden in wenig Tagen unter der kleinen, aber wirklich auserleſenen Badegeſellſchaft bekannt und einheimiſch, ſo daß faſt kein Abend vergieng, wo wir uns nicht im Geſellſchaftsſaal verſammelt fanden, und kein heitrer Tag, an welchem nicht gemeinſchaftliche Spaziergänge unternommen wurden.

Der grüne Hirt.

Einer der beliebteſten derſelben iſt der Weg zum grünen Hirten. Der grüne Hirt wird nehmlich ein Forellenfiſcher genannt, der ehemals unter den grünen Huſaren diente, zu welchem die Flinsberger Badegäſte fleißig luſtwandeln, um dort Forellen zu eſſen. Auch wir wurden bald eingeladen, an ſolch einer Wanderung Theil zu nehmen.

Es war ein höchſt anmuthiger Tag, als dieß geſchah, und nicht leicht mag eine fröhlichere Geſellſchaft als die unſrige unter den Bäumen vor der Fiſcherhütte geſeſſen haben. Unſere Mahlzeit hatte kaum begonnen, als zwei Fremde erſchienen, die grüßend an uns vorüber ins Haus giengen. Ihre Kleidung noch waren es Fußreiſende, die über das Gebirge kamen, und die ausgezeichnet edle Geſtalt des einen erregte ſogleich eine allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit. Nach wenig Augenblicken traten ſie wieder heraus, von der Fiſcherin begleitet, die in einiger Entfernung einen kleinen Tiſch für ſie deckte. Sie nahmen an demſelben Platz, und ließen es ſich wohl ſchmecken, ohne ſich um uns weiter zu bekümmern, zum großen Verdruß einiger neugierigen jungen Mädchen, die gern die neuen Erſcheinungen ein wenig näher ins Auge gefaßt hätten.

Blaue Augen.

Mit uns zugleich endeten die Fremden ihr Abendeſſen. Ich muß ihn doch in der Nähe ſehen, ſeiner unerlaubten Sprödigkeit zum Trotz; ſagte ein muthwilliges Mädchen, als wir eben unſre Sachen zuſammennahmen, um den Rückweg anzutreten, und indem ſie ihre Arbeit aufzuheben bemüht ſchien, ließ ſie mit bewunderungswürdiger Gewandtheit ihren Strickknaul den Berghang hinunterrollen, den eben die Fremden hinabſtiegen. Das Erwartete geſchah. Der, auf den ſie vorzüglich ihr Augenmerk gerichtet hatte, hob den Knaul auf, und kehrte damit zurück. Auch ich packte eben mein Strickzeug zuſammen, was ihn zu dem Irrthum veranlaßte, daß mir das Verlorne entfallen ſey, was ich jedoch nicht früher bemerkte, als bis er mit den Worten: Hier iſt Ihr verlornes Eigenthum, vor mir ſtand. Ueberraſcht ſchaute ich von meiner Beſchäftigung empor, faſt erſchreckend vor dem Glanz, den ein Paar wunderherrliche blaue Augen mir entgegenſtrahlten. Nicht ohne eine ſonderbare, nie zuvor empfundene Befangenheit, vermochte ich ihn über ſeinen Irrthum aufzuklären, indem die kleine Muthwillige herzutrat, die ſich, während ſie ihm eine ſehr förmliche und wortreiche Dankſagung abſtattete, volle Zeit nahm, den ſchönen Fremdling zu betrachten. Artig, aber flüchtig endete dieſer das Geſpräch, und entſchwand bald unſern Blicken, da er mit ſeinem Gefährten einen andern Weg als den unſrigen einſchlug.

Händchen.

Die hohe Geſtalt und die anmuthigen Züge des Fremden waren das allgemeine Geſpräch auf dem Rückwege. Ich ſagte nur wenig dazu, aber ich empfand um ſo tiefer den mir noch ganz neuen Eindruck dieſer Erſcheinung, da früher noch nie Männerſchönheit mein Herz gerührt hatte. Während die andern Mädchen mich mit meiner Kälte neckten, ahnete ich nur dunkel, daß in den Strahlen ſeiner Augen mir eine neue Welt aufgegangen war.

Als wir vor unſerer Wohnung ankamen, bemerkte ich erſt, daß ſich mein Händchen verloren hatte, das ſich, ſo oft und laut ich auch ſeinen Namen rief, nicht wieder zu mir finden wollte, weshalb ich mich ſchnell entſchloß, es auf dem zurückgelegten Wege zu ſuchen. Vergebens machte mich meine Tante auf die Gewitterwolken aufmerkſam, die ſich über die Berge heraufdrängten, ich verſprach ihr, den Rückweg durch das Dorf zu nehmen, wo ich im Nothfall immer ein Obdach finden konnte, und eilte davon. Ich war, ohne meinen Liebling zu finden, bis zum grünen Hirten zurückgegangen, und eilte nun — denn es fieng an ſehr ſtark zu donnern — noch immer ſuchend ins Dorf hinab. Als ich an die Förſterwohnung kam, erhob ſich der Sturm, und der Regen ſtürzte herab. Mir blieb nichts übrig, als hier einzutreten. Ein erfreuliches: Herein! beantwortete mein Klopfen, und ich trat in ein reinliches hübſches Gemach, das von einem Kaminfeuer erleuchtet ward, wo Förſter und Förſterin mich freundlich begrüßten. Am Kamin aber erhob ſich bei meinem Eintritt der ſchöne Fremde, und von ſeinen Knien herab ſprang mir mein Händchen entgegen. Freudig überraſcht, aber von namenloſer Verwirrung befangen, ſtand ich wortlos dem Staunenden gegenüber, der ſich ſolch eine Erſcheinung im Gewitterſturm nicht füglich erklären konnte. Nur mit Anſtrengung gelang es mir, der Förſterin — denn an ihn vermochte ich die Rede nicht zu richten — die Urſache meines ſpäten Umherirrens mitzutheilen. Der Fremde miſchte ſich nun in das Geſpräch. Er ſagte mir, daß er, weil im Bade alle Wohnungen beſetzt wären, hier mit ſeinem Gefährten — der einer Unpäßlichkeit wegen ſchon zur Ruhe gegangen ſey — ein Unterkommen geſucht und gefunden habe. Auf dem Wege hierher, fuhr er fort, geſellte ſich das Händchen zu uns, das wir mitnahmen, um es dem Förſter anzuvertrauen, damit er es ſicher in die rechten Hände zurückſtelle.

Während ich dem Unbekannten für die freundliche Sorge dankte, die er für meinen Liebling getragen hatte, trug die Förſterin einen Stuhl für mich an den Kamin, wo ich nach wenig Augenblicken ihm gegenüber ſaß, und mich in eben ſo kurzer Zeit in ein anziehendes Geſpräch verwickelt fand. Das Alles fügte ſich ſo leicht und natürlich, daß ich gar nicht b achten konnte, wie es geſchah, daß unſere Unterredung imm heiterer und lebendiger ward, und wir ſtaunten beide, als w hörten, daß das Gewitter ſchon eine ganze Weile vorüber ſe Ich ſandte nun ſogleich einen Boten zu meiner Tante, die i bitten ließ, mir einen Wagen zu ſenden. Wunderbar aber e ſchreckte es mich, als derſelbe ziemlich ſpät endlich ankam. M einem Gefühl, als ſolle ich von Licht und Leben ſcheiden, reich ich dem Fremden meinen Arm, um mich von ihm zum Wag führen zu laſſen. Als er mich hineingehoben hatte, und m mein Händchen nachreichte, ſagte er ſcherzend: er hoffe, da ich ſeiner freundlich gedenken werde, denn er habe meinem Li nen Liebling aufgetragen, mich zuweilen an ihn zu erinnern.

Noch jetzt, meine Freunde, unterbrach Alla ihre Erzählun erröthe ich bei dem Geſtändniß, daß ich mich ſehr geneig fand, in dieſer Scherzrede eine tiefere Bedeutung zu ſuchen, ſehr ich auch von jeher die thörichte Eitelkeit haßte, die in j dem unbefangnen Wort und in jedem flüchtigen Blick ein liebenswerthen Mannes einen Sinn zu finden ſtrebt, der i ſchmeichelt. Doch, fuhr ſie fort, muß ich es mir auch zu Ruhm nachſagen, daß ich mich dieſer Anwandlung ſchon vo Herzen ſchämte, als ich vor meiner Wohnung ankam.

Am andern Tage ſuchten meine Augen überall, wohin i kam, faſt unwillkührlich den ſchönen Fremdling, doch er wa und blieb in der Außenwelt mir entſchwunden; in meiner in nern ſtillen Welt aber lebte allgegenwärtig ſein Bild, mit all Schönheit des Gemüths und aller Herrlichkeit des Geiſtes g ſchmückt, die eine glühende Einbildungskraft nur erſinden kann um ſich den Gegenſtand ihrer Träume zu verklären.

Sie erlaſſen mir gewiß, meine Freunde, ſprach Alla we ter, die nähere Schilderung meiner kleinen Liebesthorheiten un Schwärmereien — das Alles iſt alt und bekannt, aber es e neuert ſich in jedem liebenden Herzen. Mir ſelbſt erſchien, al ich plötzlich von der Krankheit des meinigen mich geheilt fand mein damaliger Zuſtand wie ein Fieberwahn, der uns ſchön bunte Bilder und liebliche Täuſchungen vorgaukelt, wofür, wen ſie verſchwinden, uns aber oft das volle Gefühl der zurückge kehrten Geſundheit keinen gänzlichen Erſatz zu geben vermag.

Wohl, unterbrach hier der Doktor die Redende, mag d Liebe mit Recht ein Traum genannt werden, aber mit eben ſ vielem Recht muß ſie auch unſeres Lebens ſchönſter Traum heißen — ja ſie iſt mehr als das, ſie iſt die Sonne, an de die Blüthe des Geiſtes ſich entfaltet — in deren milden Strah len ſich das Gemüth bildet und veredelt, und die äußere Lie benswürdigkeit ſich anmuthiger geſtaltet.

Ich will dieſer Behauptung nicht widerſprechen, verſetz Eliſe, wenn Du mir zugiebſt, daß dieſe Sonne nur in edler Seelen ihre verklärenden Strahlen ſendet — denn ich geſtehe daß ich ſchon manche Liebe zu beobachten Gelegenheit fand, di mir langweilig, lächerlich und abgeſchmackt vorkam.

Solcherlei Tändeleien pflege ich auch nicht mit dem Name Liebe zu beehren, entgegnete der Doktor — doch, wandte e ſich zu Alla, entſchuldigen Sie die Unterbrechung, und erlauben Sie mir, Sie daran zu erinnern, daß Sie vorher vo der Heilung Ihrer Herzenskrankheit ſprachen — und daß wi gar nicht geſonnen ſind, Ihnen die Geſchichte derſelben zu e laſſen.

Zu dieſer aber, verſetzte Alla, gelangen wir erſt auf ei nem Umwege.

Schlagen Sie denſelben nur ungeſäumt ein, wir begleiten Sie gern, ſagte Eliſe.

Bild.

Ich glaube, nahm Alla wieder das Wort, Ihnen ſchon geſagt zu haben, daß nach dem frühen Tode unſerer Eltern, die beiden Schweſtern unſeres Vaters die Sorge für meine Schweſter und mich übernahmen, ſo daß jede von ihnen eine der Verwaiſeten an Kindesſtatt annahm. Die ältere unſerer Tanten, die tief in Preußen reich verheirathet war, wählte für ſich Melanie, ſo hieß meine Schweſter, die ſie als Kind geſehen und liebgewonnen hatte, als ich noch nicht geboren war.

Die Ehe dieſer Tante war kinderlos geblieben, ſie ſelbſt ward bald nach Melaniens Aufnahme Wittwe, und dieſe öffentlich für ihre künftige alleinige Erbin erklärt.

Ein junger, wenig begüterter Mann lernte Melanie kennen, und es gelang ihm um ſo leichter, die Einwilligung der Tante zu erhalten, als er ſich um die Hand meiner Schweſter bewarb, da dieſe zur Verwaltung ihrer Güter eines männlichen Beiſtandes bedurfte.

Melaniens Gatte gefiel ſich nicht in Preußens öden Wäldern — er war als ein Fremdling dahin gekommen, und wünſchte ſich in die freundlichere Heimath zurück. Als daher nach einigen Jahren die Tante ſtarb, war es ſein erſtes Geſchäft, Melaziens Beſitzungen zu verkaufen, und ſich in Sachſen anzuſiedeln.

Dieß war eben geſchehen, als ich mit meiner Tante nach Flinsberg reiſete. Als wir von dort zurückkamen, fanden wir einen Brief meines Schwagers, in welchem er uns meldete, daß er uns vergebens in unſerm Wohnort aufgeſucht habe. Er ſchloß mit der Bitte um unſern baldigen Beſuch.

Der folgende Frühling ward zu dieſem beſtimmt — doch meiner guten Tante war dieſe Freude nicht mehr beſchieden — ſie ſtarb während dem Lauf des Winters.

In Aſta's Augen glänzte bei dieſen Worten der Schimmer einer wehmüthigen Erinnerung, aber die trübe Regung bekämpfend, ſprach ſie ſchnell weiter:

Als ich meiner Schweſter unſern Verluſt gemeldet hatte, kam ſie ſelbſt, um mich für immer zu ſich abzuholen. Ihre Erſcheinung überraſchte mich aufs Angenehmſte. In früher Kindheit von Melanien getrennt, die zehn Jahre mehr zählte, als ich, war mir kein beſtimmtes Bild von ihr im Gedächtniß geblieben. Jetzt trat mir eine edle Geſtalt mit einem höchſt anziehenden Antlitz entgegen, und kündigte ſich mir mit herzgewinnender Innigkeit als meine Schweſter an. Wenige Tage des Beiſammenſeyns reichten hin, ein feſtes Band der Liebe zwiſchen uns zu weben, ſo daß wir bald ſo vertraut und einig waren, als hätten wir alle Spiele der Kindheit, und alle Freuden der Jugend miteinander getheilt. Wie im Triumph führte ſie mich endlich mit ſich fort, indem ſie mit zarter Milde unabläßlich bemüht war, den Schmerz zu mildern und zu zerſtreuen, der bei dem Abſchied von der Heimath mein Innerſtes durchdrang, und allen Abwechſelungen einer angenehmen Reiſe nicht gänzlich weichen wollte.

Es war ſpäter Abend, als wir nach einigen Tagen auf dem Landgut meines Schwagers anlangten, der gerade in Geſchäften abweſend war. Am folgenden Morgen ließ Melanie mich bitten, mit ihr vor ihrem Bette zu frühſtücken, das ſie einer kleinen Unpäßlichkeit wegen noch nicht verlaſſen wollte. Man wies mich durch einige Zimmer, die ich Abends vorher noch nicht betreten hatte. Als ich die Thüre des einen öffnete, fiel mir ſogleich ein großes Oelgemälde an einer Wand deſſelben auf und ich trat unwillkührlich näher und erkannte das Bild des ſchönen Fremden aus Flinsberg.

Meine Füße wurzelten an den Boden — ich kam mir vor, als ſey ich, und Alles um mich her, verzaubert — und in einer, mir ſelbſt noch unverſtändlichen ſchrecklichen Ahnung, ſtarrte ich vor mich hin, als die Jungfer eintrat, die, mir die Thüre in Melaniens Schlafzimmer zeigend, mit einem Blick auf das Bild hinzuſetzte: das iſt unſer gnädiger Herr! —

Ein Ausruf des Entſetzens erſtarb zum Glück auf meinen Lippen, aber betäubt an allen Sinnen ſchritt ich in Melaniens Gemach, wo ich blaß und zitternd auf den Stuhl vor ihrem Bette hinſank, unvermögend, auch nur den Morgengruß auszuſprechen. Melanie hielt meinen Zuſtand natürlich für eine Anwandlung von Uebelſeyn, und unter ihren ängſtlichen Erkundigungen nach meinem Befinden, kam mir allgemach die Beſinnung wieder, und ich fand ſo viel Worte, meiner Schweſter ſagen zu können, daß das ein, bei mir nicht ungewöhnlicher Zufall ſey, der aber in der Regel ohne weitere böſe Folgen vorübergehe, worauf ich, mich mit Gewalt zuſammennehmend, das Frühſtück beſorgte und genoß, ſo wenig ich auch in dieſen Augenblicken das Verlangen nach Speiſe und Trank empfand. Nie aber war mein Sehnen nach Einſamkeit heißer als dieſen Morgen.

Wie ſoll ich es aber beſchreiben, mit welchem Gefühl ich einem Wiederſehen entgegenbebte, das mir noch vor wenig Stunden, wenn ich es mir als möglich gedacht hätte, als die ſchönſte Gabe des Schickſals erſchienen wäre! — Wie vermag ich es zu ſchildern, wie mir bangte vor meinem ſchwachen Herzen — wie ich meiner unſeligen Neigung zürnte, die ich nicht zu beſiegen vermochte, und wie ich vor der Möglichkeit erſchauderte, daß vielleicht eine Regung von Mißgunſt gegen die geliebte, überglückliche Schweſter in mir aufwallen könnte! — Was ich damals empfand, läßt ſich nicht in Worte faſſen, und in der ſchmerzlichen Verwirrung meines Innern ward mir für jetzt nichts weiter klar, als der Entſchluß, mein unſeliges Geheimniß feſt in meiner Bruſt zu verſchließen, und lieber den Tod zu erleiden, als auch nur durch einen Blick es ahnen zu laſſen.

Mein Schwager kam Abends zu Hauſe. Er erkannte mich ſogleich, und ſcherzte über unſer Zuſammentreffen in Flinsberg, indem er mir auf eine artige Weiſe andeutete, daß es ihn freue, in mir die nahe Verwandte zu begrüßen, die er damals vergebens in der Heimath geſucht, ohne zu wiſſen, daß er ſie ſchon geſehen habe. Ich gewann es über mich, in den Scherz einzuſtimmen, und noch außerdem allerlei heiteres Geſchwätz auf die Bahn zu bringen, wodurch es mir glücklich gelang, den Schmerz zu betäuben, der mit verzehrender Gluth in den Tiefen meiner Bruſt brannte. Wir bildeten einen heitern Familienkreis, und als wir ſpät auseinandergegangen waren, durfte ich es mir geſtehen, daß ich Urſache hatte, mit mir zufrieden zu ſeyn.

Sie haben ſich, bemerkte hier der Doktor, ſo gut im erſten Kampf gehalten, daß ich Ihnen auf der Stelle ein Lorbeerblatt brechen würde, wenn hier auf dieſen Bergen ein ſo edles Reis grünte.

Damit könnten Sie ſich doch ein wenig übereilt haben, lächelte Aſta, denn nicht immer beſtand ich in der Folge ſo glorreich in der Prüfung, und ſo achtſam ich auch über mein Betragen, und über die Regungen meines Herzens wachte, ſo lockte mich doch nicht ſelten die Stimme des Geliebten ans Fenſter, wenn ich dieſelbe im Hof oder Garten vernahm, recht oft glaubte ich da, wo er ſich eben befand, etwas zu thun, oder zu holen zu haben, und mehr als einmal, wenn er von einem Beſuch oder einem Geſchäft zurückerwartet ward, befand ich mich auf dem Wege, auf welchem er heimkehren mußte, ohne ſo recht zu wiſſen, wie ich dahin gekommen war — kurz, ich gedachte öfter erſt dann meiner Vorſätze, wenn ich ſie eben übertrat.

Während ich mich jedoch unabläſſig beſtrebte, froh und unbefangen zu erſcheinen, drang ſich mir die ſchmerzliche Ueberzeugung auf, daß Melaniens Gemüth an einer mir unerklärbaren Verſtimmung litt, ja daß ſie keinen Sinn für ihr Glück, und keine Fähigkeit zum Genuß deſſelben hatte. Faſt immer lag eine Wolke des Mißmuths auf ihrem reizenden Antlitz, die niemand als ich zuweilen zu verſcheuchen vermochte, denn es war ſichtlich, daß ſie oft nur mir zu gefallen ſprach, oder an einem geſelligen Vergnügen Theil nahm. Ich verſuchte es, ſie auf die Annehmlichkeiten ihrer Verhältniſſe aufmerkſam zu machen, aber ich erhielt bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten nur ein trübes Lächeln, oder eine wehmüthige Liebkoſung zur Antwort.

Haubenſchachtel.

Wir waren nun ſchon einige Wochen an meinem neuen Wohnort verfloſſen, als wir von einem Verwandten meines Schwagers zu einem Feſt eingeladen wurden, das dieſer Melanien zu Ehren veranſtaltet hatte, die in der Familie ihres Gemahls überall mit Auszeichnung aufgenommen ward. Da das Schloß des Erwähnten mehrere Meilen von uns entfernt war, ſo ſollte unſer Aufenthalt daſelbſt einige Tage dauern, und machte mancherlei kleine Anſtalten nöthig, die zu meiner Verwunderung von Melanien mit einer Eile und Aengſtlichkeit betrieben wurden, die ich von ihr, ſo wie überhaupt von keiner verſtändigen Frau erwarten konnte. Sie ſchien jedoch die Befremdung nicht zu bemerken, die ihr Benehmen in mir erweckte, indem ſie nur bemüht war, mich zu einem gleichen Eifer zu ermuntern, und mich mehr als einmal ſo dringend, als hienge des Reiches Wohlfahrt davon ab, zu bitten: doch ja zur beſtimmten Stunde fertig zu ſeyn. Ich that nach ihrem Wunſch, und mit dem feſtgeſetzten Glockenſchlage begann ganz gemüthlich unſere Reiſe. Kaum aber waren wir eine halbe Stunde gefahren, als Melaniens Haubenſchachtel, die unter den Rückſitz geſchoben und ſchlecht befeſtigt war, vorwärts rückte, und meines Schwagers Füßen zu nahe kam. Alſo doch wieder eine verfluchte Schachtel, rief dieſer, nachdem ich ſchon ſo oft geſagt habe, daß ich dergleichen nicht dulden will! — Melanie erblaßte, und bewies ihm mit ſanften Worten, daß ſie durchaus zu der bevorſtehenden Feſtlichkeit eines Aufſatzes bedürfe, da ſie, wie er wiſſe, ſich nach einer Krankheit das Haar habe abſchneiden müſſen. Das gilt mir gleich, Du kannſt Dich eben ſo gut als vor zehn Jahren mit einem Tituskopf zeigen, wenn Du nicht thöricht nur der Mode fröhnen und mich ärgern wollteſt; entgegnete rauh der Zürnende, indem er ohne Umſtände die Schachtel aus dem Wagen und geradeswegs in den Teich ſchleuderte, an welchem wir eben vorbeifuhren.

Seltſam betäubt gedachte ich in dieſem Augenblick nur Melaniens Verlegenheit, wenn ſie den neuen Aufſatz entbehren mußte, den ſie erſt zu der bevorſtehenden Gelegenheit ſich aus der Hauptſtadt kommen ließ, und rief deshalb dem Kutſcher ein lautes: Halt! zu. Iſt nicht von Nöthen — fahr zu! befahl mein Schwager, und der Kutſcher gehorchte. Melanie ſaß leichenblaß vor innerlichem Verdruß an meiner Seite, aber kein Wort gieng über ihre Lippen. Ich werde Dir, nahm mein Schwager nach einem kurzen Stillſchweigen das Wort, den Werth Deines Verluſtes erſetzen, aber ich werde es jedesmal ſo machen, wie heute, wenn ich Dich wieder auf der Ungezogenheit ertappe, Schachteln mitzuſchleppen. Melanie erwiederte nichts, aber ſie warf einen Blick auf ihren Gemahl, vor dem ich erſchauderte. Was mich betraf, ich wußte nicht, wie mir geſchehen war, aber als die Betäubung des Schreckens und Unwillens von mir wich, und ich wieder zu klarer Beſonnenheit gelangte, fand ich mich plötzlich geneſen von der Krankheit meines Herzens.

Wahrlich, unter allen Mitteln gegen die Liebe, wäre mir die Haubenſchachtel wohl zuletzt eingefallen, unterbrach der Doktor die Erzählerin.

Mögen Sie immerhin das etwas lächerlich finden, entgegnete dieſe, es giebt dergleichen zwar ſeltſame, aber dennoch unfehlbare Heilmittel mehr als Sie glauben, und eine Menge liebewunder Mädchenherzen würden gleich dem meinigen aus dem Grunde geheilt werden, wenn die verblendeten Augen nur Zeit und Gelegenheit hätten, ihre Götzenbilder im häuslichen Leben zu beſchauen. Ich wenigſtens entdeckte, nachdem der Vergötterte mir auf eine ſo rauhe Art Amors Binde abgeriſſen hatte, noch mancherlei liebenswürdige Schwachheiten und ſchöne Fehler an ihm, die mir aber durchaus weder ſchön noch liebenswürdig erſcheinen mochten, und mich nur mit einer tiefen wehmüthigen Theilnahme an Melaniens trübem Geſchick erfüllten. Oft wollte es mir faſt ſcheinen, als fände mein Schwager einen eigentlichen Genuß darin, dieſe zu quälen, denn ich hatte niemals Kleinigkeiten ſo wichtig behandeln ſehen als von ihm. Bei jeder Ausfahrt, wo Melanie nicht mit dem beſtimmten Stundenſchlage im Wagen ſaß, bei jedem Mittags oder Abendeſſen, was einige Augenblicke zu ſpät aufgetragen ward, fuhr er ſie an, und über Alles, was ohne ihre Schuld Ungehöriges im Hauſe geſchah, zog er ſie ſtürmiſch zur Rechenſchaft, während er ſich gegen ſeine andern Umgebungen faſt immer nachſichtig und gütig bezeigte, ſelbſt da, wo ernſtliche Rügen erforderlich geweſen wären. Nur über Melanie ergoß er ſeine böſen Launen, ohne ſie jemals mit ſeinen liebenswertheren Eigenſchaften zu erfreuen, die alle nur für Fremde vorhanden waren, und nicht ſelten hatte er kurze Zeit zuvor wie ein Orkan getobt, wenn er, in eine Geſellſchaft eingetreten, durch Geiſt und Witz Alles ergötzte, und durch freundliche Gutmüthigkeit Alles an ſich zog.

Aber wie war es möglich, daß Ihr Schwager die arme Melanie ſo bitter haſſen konnte, wenn ſie ihm keine erhebliche Veranlaſſung dazu gegeben hatte? unterbrach die ſtaunende Eliſe Aſta's Rede.

Glauben Sie ja nicht, daß ſein Benehmen aus Haß entſtand, erläuterte dieſe, denn dieß war keinesweges der Fall, er hatte ſogar eine Art von Zuneigung für Melanie, aber er hielt es unter ſeiner Würde, ihr anders zu begegnen, weil er ſich faſt kindiſch fürchtete, daß die Welt glauben könne, er ſtehe unter der Herrſchaft ſeiner Frau, wenn er dieſer freundlich und gefällig begegne. Dagegen verlangte er aber von dieſer, daß ihr für ihn kein Opfer zu groß, keine Mühwaltung zu ſchwer ſeyn ſollte. Ueberhaupt waren die Frauen in ſeinen Augen nur untergeordnete Geſchöpfe, für die er keine höhere Beſtimmung anerkannte, als den Männern das Leben recht bequem und angenehm zu geſtalten.

Doch, unterbrach ſich Aſta, ich habe wohl genug von den Wunderlichkeiten eines, übrigens allgemein als rechtlich und geiſtreich anerkannten Mannes geſprochen, um Sie zu überzeugen, daß mein Mißtrauen gegen die Männer, und meine Abneigung gegen einen Stand, den man ſehr fälſchlich einen heiligen nennt, nicht ein leeres Wahngebilde meiner Einbildung iſt. Was Melanie anbetrifft, ſo ertrug ſie die Launen ihres Gatten mit äußerer Geduld, aber mit einer heißen innerlichen Erbitterung, die ſichtlich an ihrem Leben nagte. Als ich ihr Verhältniß klar erkannt hatte, mit welchem ſie mich nicht früher bekannt machen wollte, als es der Zufall mir darſtellen würde, war mein eifrigſtes Streben darauf gerichtet, ihre Leiden zu erleichtern, und es gehörte unter meine innigſten Freuden, wenn ich ihr eine heitre Stunde bereiten, oder ein häusliches Ungewitter von ihr abwenden konnte. Nach einiger Zeit gieng auch ein neues ſchönes Licht meinem Leben auf, und in dem Umgang mit der geliebten Schweſter und einem mit uns gleichgeſtimmten Freund, verfloß mir eine lange Reihe glücklicher Tage, wie mir ſolche nie wiederkehren werden.

Hier endete Aſta, mit der Bemerkung, daß es ſchon kühl zu werden beginne, und die ſcharfe Bergluft Eliſen ſchädlich werden könne, ſchnell abbrechend, ihre Erzählung.

Sehr richtig bemerkt, gab der Doktor zurück, aber ich glaube auch richtig zu bemerken, wenn ich vermuthe, daß unſere Freundin uns das ſchöne Licht nicht enthüllen will, was ihr Leben ſo lieblich umſtrahlte.

Woran ſie vielleicht auch wohl thun würde, da es doch ſehr möglich iſt, daß es nur ein Irrlicht war, verſetzte Aſta erröthend.

Aber, fragte Eliſe, ſich zum Aufbruch bereitend, wie iſt es denn mit der armen Melanie geworden — iſt es ihr nicht möglich, ſich von ihrem Quälgeiſt zu trennen, und ſo den Frieden wiederzufinden, den er ihr ſo grauſam raubt?

Ach, entgegnete Aſta erglühend, Sie kennen die unmenſchliche Härte unſerer Geſetze nicht — Sie wiſſen nicht, daß der Gatte das Leben ſeiner Gattin zur Hölle machen kann, wenn er nur kein öffentliches Verbrechen begeht! Melanie aber wußte das ſehr wohl und ſchwieg, bis ſich ein höherer Richter ihrer erbarmte und ihr den Befreier ſandte. Sie iſt todt! — ſetzte ſie mit ſchmerzlicher Anſtrengung hinzu.

Todt! wiederholte Eliſe bewegt, und das trauliche Kleeblatt ſtieg in wehmüthiger Stille die Höhe hinab.

Tabakspfeiſe.

Vor des Doktors Wohnung anlangend, begegnete die kleine Geſellſchaft dem Hofrath, der eben von einer Ausfahrt nach Charlottenbrunn zurückkam.

Sehen Sie einmal, was ich gefunden habe! rief er dem Doktor entgegen, und zeigte ihm eine Tabakspfeiſe, deren Kopf mit einer vorzüglich ſchönen Malerei geziert war.

Unwillkührlich hatte Aſta ihm denſelben aus der Hand genommen, ihn genau betrachtend, indem ſie merklich die Farbe wechſelte.

Entſchuldigen Sie, flüſterte ſie, ſich beſinnend, indem ſie dem Hofrath ſeinen Fund zurückgab, das kleine Blumengemälde iſt ausgezeichnet ſchön! — Die wenigen Worte ſchienen ihr jedoch allen Athem gekoſtet zu haben, denn ſie ſchwieg und wandte ſich abwärts, um die tiefe Bewegung zu verbergen, die dem ſcharfblickenden Doktor ſchon ſichtbar geworden war.

Dieſer fragte daher, Aſta's ſtillen Wunſch errathend, den Hofrath: wo er die Tabakspfeife gefunden habe? worauf dieſer erzählte, daß dieſelbe auf dem Wege von Charlottenbrunn nach Tannhauſen ſeitwärts im Graſe gelegen habe, was er ſo ausführlich beſchrieb, daß Aſta Zeit genug gewann, ſich von ihrer Verwirrung zu erholen, und in das Geſpräch eingehen konnte.

Tannhauſen.

So lächerlich es mir auch oft ſchon vorgekommen iſt, die Unterhaltung mit dem Wetter zu beginnen, ſagte Aſta, als ſie am folgenden Morgen mit dem Doktor und Eliſen zuſammentraf, ſo erſcheint mir doch heute das reine, tiefe Himmelsblau ſo herrlich, der Sonnenſchein ſo erquickend, und der ſtille Frieden, der heute ſo recht fühlbar in der ganzen Natur waltet, ſo anziehend, daß ich der Verſuchung nicht widerſtehen kann, Sie darauf aufmerkſam zu machen.

Auch wird das Wetter nur dann ein unwichtiger und lächerlicher Gegenſtand des Geſprächs, gab der Doktor zurück, wenn ein Einfaltspinſel uns damit langweilt; aber recht gerne kann es, beſonders hier in einem Brunnenort, zuweilen beſprochen werden, wo ein ſo großer Theil des Wohlſeyns und der Erheiterung davon abhängt. Um ſo mehr, fügte er hinzu, gönne ich einem ſchönen Tage dieſes Recht, wenn ein naturliebendes Gemüth ſeine Milde und Klarheit in ſich aufnimmt, und ein freundliches Auge ſie abſpiegelt, wie heute das Ihrige, mein Fräulein, den lieblichen Morgen zurückzuſtrahlen ſcheint.

Du haſt ſehr Recht, ſagte Eliſe, und es ſcheint mir, als müßten wir dieſen holden Tag billig durch mehr als leere Lobſprüche ehren, denn wir können wohl keine mildere Luft und keine freundlichere Stimmung zu unſerer vorhabenden Fahrt nach Tannhauſen erwarten, wenn nehmlich, ſetzte ſie hinzu, Aſta und Du, meiner Meinung beipflichten.

Der Doktor bemerkte, daß Aſta's Augen bei dieſem Vorſchlage noch freudiger als vorher ſtrahlten, ja es wollte ihm faſt vorkommen, als habe ſie nicht ganz abſichtlos den heitern Morgen geprieſen, weshalb er ſich denn veranlaßt fand, ſich ſogleich nach einem Kutſcher umzuſehen.

Unter heiterm Geplauder legte man Nachmittags den Weg bis Charlottenbrunn zurück, wo man am Brunnen ausſtieg, um ſich durch einen Trank aus dem kühlen Quell zu erquicken. Aſta fragte die Brunnenmeiſterin, welche geſchäftig die Gläſer füllte, mit ſichtlichem Eifer nach den anweſenden Brunnengäſten, und gab zur Rechtfertigung ihrer Wißbegier an, daß unter denſelben ſehr wahrſcheinlich ſich ein Verwandter einer ihrer Freundinnen befinde, den ſie zu ſprechen wünſche. Wirklich fand es ſich auch ſo, aber es ſchien dem Doktor doch, als ob ſie nicht ganz befriedigt den Brunnen verließe, nachdem ſie die Brunnenmeiſterin gebeten hatte, dem Erfragten ihre Anweſenheit in Altwaſſer, und ihren Wunſch, ihn zu ſehen, ſo bald als möglich zu melden.

In Tannhauſen verfloß unter dem Genuß einer friſchen Milch, und einem langen Spaziergang durch das reizende Thal, der übrige Theil des Tages. Als die kleine Geſellſchaft, um abzufahren, in den Gaſthof zurückkehrte, berichtete die Wirthin: es ſey unterdeſſen ein Herr zu Pferde dageweſen, der ſich ſehr angelegentlich nach derſelben erkundigt habe, und darauf eilig wieder fortgeſprengt ſey, um ſie zu ſuchen.

Unfehlbar der Vetter meiner Freundin; bemerkte Elſe, mit einer Gluth auf den Wangen, die ſie in den Verdacht brachte, daß ſie einen viel innigern Antheil an demſelben nehme, als der Vetter einer Freundin in der Regel einzuflößen pflegt. Was jenen Verdacht noch beſtätigte, waren die trüben Wolken, die ſich während der Rückfahrt auf ihrer Stirne ſammelten, und die ſie nicht gänzlich verſcheuchen konnte, ſo ſehr ſie ſich auch beſtrebte, den Freunden ein heitres Antlitz zu zeigen.

Haarbeutel.

Ich muß Dir doch vor allen Dingen einen ſeltſamen Vorfall mittheilen, der mir geſtern begegnete, ſagte Klothar zu Emil, der ihn beſuchte, als beide an dem Kaffeetiſch Platz nahmen, den Klothars alte Muhme geſchäftig in die Laube getragen hatte.

Du weißt, ich bin ohnehin als einfordernder Schuldner hier, ſcherzte Emil, daher denke ernſtlich an die Zahlung.

Immer noch Deine alte Sucht nach Liebesgeſchichten, mit der wir Dich ſchon auf der hohen Schule immer neckten, murrte Klothar; an Dir iſt der Leſewelt ein tüchtiger Romanenſchreiber verloren gegangen.

Wer weiß, was noch geſchieht, wenn Du mich mit einem artigen Stoff verſorgſt, was ich allerdings noch hoffen kann, da man von jeher eine gute Anlage zu einem Romanhelden an Dir wahrnahm — doch zuerſt Dein geſtriges Abentheuer, wenn ich bitten darf, entgegnete Emil.

Ein kleines Geſchäft, begann Klothar, führte mich geſtern nach Altwaſſer, wo ich einen Bekannten antraf, der mich zu einer Flaſche Wein in der Dir bekannten Trinkanſtalt einlud. Wir fanden dort ſchon einige Herren, unter welchen ſich Einer durch eine Lebhaftigkeit auszeichnete, die es ſogleich verrieth, daß er ſich ſchon einen kleinen Haarbeutel angetrunken hatte. Ich merkte Anfangs nicht auf ihn, aber denke Dir mein Erſtaunen, als ich vernahm, wie er ſeine beiden Geſellſchafter von ſeiner nahen Bewerbung um die Dichterin Kora unterhielt, wovon er in einem Ton ſprach, der es nur zu deutlich verrieth, daß er ſeiner Sache faſt vollkommen gewiß war. Lange mochte ich meinen Ohren nicht trauen, und wollte mir dann mit Gewalt einbilden, es müſſe noch eine andere Kora geben. Aber der verhaßte Menſch ſäumte nicht, auch dieſen Wahn zu zerſtören, denn er zog ein beſchriebenes Blatt aus ſeiner Buſentaſche, und las ein mir wohlbekanntes Gedicht von Kora ſeinen Geſellſchaftern ſo vernehmlich vor, daß ich jedes Wort verſtand. Darauf ſprach er von höchſt glänzenden Ausſichten, die ſich ihm eröffneten, und ſchilderte mit wortreicher Begeiſterung ſein künftiges Glück als Kora's Gatte. Ich wußte wirklich kaum, ob ich wachte, oder ob ein böſer Traum mir die Sinne verwirrte — Schmerz und Zorn preßten mir die Bruſt zuſammen, ſo daß ich keines Wortes mächtig blieb, und indem ich bewußtlos ein Glas nach dem andern leerte, nur damit umging, dem widerwärtigen Unbekannten etwas anzuhaben, dem ich am liebſten mit dem Degen in der Hand gegenüber geſtanden hätte. Doch derſelbe verließ nun die Laube, wo wir tranken; er trat auf den Weg hinaus, wo eben ein Wagen vorüberfuhr, in welchen er zierliche Grüße ſandte. Die Fahrenden erwiederten dieſelben, und ich vernahm ein: guten Abend, Herr Hofrath! das, wie mich dünkte, keine andern als Kora's Lippen ſo lieblich und wohlklingend ausſprechen konnten. Bis ins Innerſte erſchüttert ſtürzte ich hinaus, aber der Wagen rollte ſchon fern, und der Verhaßte folgte demſelben mit Sturmſchritten.

Laß ſie fahren, wenn ihre Treue ſo wankend iſt! Das iſt der beſte Rath, den ich Dir geben kann, verſetzte Emil.

Treue? wiederholte Klothar, die habe ich von ihr nicht zu fordern, denn ſie hat mir keine gelobt; aber ich Thor ſchmeichelte mir mit dem albernen Wahn, daß ſie mein Bild ſtill im Herzen tragen würde, wie ich das ihre in mir bewahre — daß ſie und ich Eins wären, feſt und unzertrennlich, wie feindlich auch Raum und Zeit ſich zwiſchen uns ſtellen mochten! — Es war ein Irrthum! ſetzte er bitter hinzu, finſter vor ſich hinausſchauend in die abendhelle Ferne.

Das mag ein ziemlich wunderliches Verhältniß geweſen ſeyn zwiſchen Dir und Kora, wozu ein Ungeweihter natürlich nicht viel Vernünftiges zu ſagen vermag, entgegnete Emil, daher zahle lieber, ohne dem Mahner zu zürnen, Deine Schuld — es kann ſich, wenn man genau unterrichtet iſt, vielleicht noch Alles zu einem erwünſchten Ende führen laſſen.

Nicht wahr, das wäre wieder einmal ein würdiges Feld für Deine Thätigkeit! erwiederte Klothar, der ſich mitten im Verdruß des Lachens nicht erwehren konnte, als er den Freund noch ſeiner alten Lieblingsneigung nachhängen ſah, die von jeher darin beſtand, den freundlichen Vermittler zwiſchen entzweiten Liebenden zu machen. Du wirſt Dich aber dießmal doch verrechnen, ſetzte er hinzu, ſo wie Du Dich auch in der Hoffnung auf eine lange und breite abentheuerliche Liebesgeſchichte täuſcheſt, was Dir ganz klar werden wird, ſo bald ich Deinem Verlangen genügen werde, welches jedoch, um Dir wenigſtens den guten Willen zu zeigen, ohne Säumen geſchehen ſoll.

Sternenpaar.

Du erinnerſt Dich wohl noch, fuhr er darauf fort, wie und wo ich das Weſen wiederfand und erkannte, nach deſſen Anſchauen ich mich ſchon lange mit einer, mir ſelbſt unerklärbaren Innigkeit geſehnt hatte. Du kannſt es Dir daher leicht denken, wie erfreulich ich überraſcht ward, als ich am folgenden Tage durch Frau von Wiburg erfuhr, daß Kora einem nahe benachbarten Hauſe angehöre, welches mit dem ihrigen faſt in beſtändigem Verkehr ſtehe, der nur ſeit einigen Wochen durch eine Unpäßlichkeit der Hausfrau unterbrochen worden ſey.

Unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen konnte es mir nicht an Gelegenheit fehlen, mich Kora zu nähern, und wir beide empfanden bald unſere geiſtige Verwandtſchaft, deren wir uns immer klarer bewußt wurden, da faſt jedes unſerer Geſpräche die Bande derſelben feſter knüpfte, denn jedes meiner Gefühle fand in ihrer Bruſt das verſchwiſterte, und jeden meiner Gedanken gaben ihre Worte mir zarter und anmuthiger zurück. Vergebens jedoch würde ich es verſuchen, Dir den ſtillen Seelenverein zu ſchildern, der ſich, ohne irgend ein Wort der Erklärung, zwiſchen uns gebildet hatte — vergebens würde ich ſtreben, Dir die ſchönen Stunden gegenſeitiger Mittheilung vorüberzuführen, die uns aus dieſer innern Uebereinſtimmung erblühten, aber das Leben hat nichts mehr, was mich ſo gänzlich befriedigen, ſo reich beſeligen könnte, als der Umgang mit Kora. Das Bild, das ich einſt mit ſtürmiſcher Jugendgluth umfaßt hatte, war in die Schatten der Ferne zurückgetreten vor dem reineren Gefühl, das nun meine Bruſt erfüllte, und Kora's Augen waren das freundliche Sternenpaar, das mild und heilverheißend meinem Leben leuchtete.

Kora lebte im Hauſe eines Verwandten, den ich Eberhard nennen will — denn Du vergönnſt mir wohl, ſeinen und Kora's eigentlichen Namen für mich zu behalten — deſſen Gattin oft unpäßlich, und deshalb an dem häufigen Beſuch geſelliger Verſammlungen verhindert war. Kora leiſtete ihr alsdann faſt immer Geſellſchaft, wo mir, wenn ich wollte, der Zutritt zu den Frauen geſtattet war, eine Vergünſtigung, die ich jeder andern Zerſtreuung vorzog, da auch die holde Kranke ein geiſt- und gemüthvolles Weſen war, die oft recht ſinnig und anmuthig an unſerer Unterhaltung Theil nahm.

So waren faſt zwei Jahre verfloſſen, als dieſe plötzlich ſtarb. Kora erlag faſt dem Schmerz, denn die Verſtorbene war ihr unendlich theuer, und die einzige nahe Verwandte, die ſie noch beſaß. Sie fand ſich durch dieß Ereigniß veranlaßt, Eberhards Haus mit einem andern Aufenthalt zu vertauſchen, weshalb ihr Wiburgs das ihrige anboten, ein Vorſchlag, den ſie freundlich anzunehmen nicht lange ſäumte.

Nach einigen Monaten, während denen ſich Kora's Schmerz in milde Wehmuth aufgelöſet hatte, bemerkten wir alle, daß Eberhard das Wiburgſche Haus öfter noch, als es bisher geſchehen war, zu beſuchen und Kora auszuzeichnen begann. Daneben warf er mir oft finſtere Blicke, oder bittere Worte zu, und bezeigte ſich faſt eben ſo trocken und ſchroff gegen mich, als er mir früher wohlwollend und freundlich entgegenkam. Es ging damit ſo weit, daß ſein Beſtreben mich zu beleidigen ſichtbar ward, und es gewiß zwiſchen uns zu unangenehmen Erklärungen gekommen wäre, wenn der Landrath es nicht immer auf eine geſchickte Art abzuwenden gewußt hätte. Bald erzählte ſich die ganze Gegend, daß Eberhard um Kora's Hand zu werben gedenke, was mir ſein Benehmen ſchon früher deutlich verrathen hatte.

Für den Zeitraum von einigen Jahren, bemerkte hier Emil, iſt, was die Begebenheiten anbetrifft, Deine Geſchichte eben nicht reich ausgeſtattet.

Sagte ich es Dir doch vorher, lächelte Klothar, daß Du Deine Rechnung nicht finden würdeſt, und ich bedaure Dich wirklich, wenn Dir das Ende meiner Erzählung eben ſo wenig, als der Anfang, gefallen ſollte. Doch, ſetzte er hinzu, vielleicht darf ich noch hoffen, daß jenes Dich mehr befriedigt — denn es kommt darin wenigſtens eine Begebenheit vor, der wir unſer dießmaliges Wiederſehen verdanken.

So laß mich dieſelbe ungeſäumt vernehmen, da ſie ſchon als die Urſache dieſes erfreulichen Ereigniſſes meine Theilnahme in Anſpruch nimmt, entgegnete Emil.

Entenjagd.

In der Beſitzung des Landraths Milburg, begann aufs neue Klothar, gehörte auch ein großer, in einer anmuthigen Waldgegend gelegener Teich, der von einer Menge Waſſergeflügel bewohnt ward. Auf demſelben veranſtaltete er gewöhnlich in jedem Sommer eine Entenjagd, wozu er die ganze Gegend einzuladen pflegte. Dieß geſchah auch vor zwei Jahren. Am Ufer des Teiches, unter weitſchattenden Eichen und Buchen, war von Fichtenzweigen eine mit Blumengewinden geſchmückte Laube errichtet, wo nach der Jagd das Mittagsmahl eingenommen ward, zu welchem ſich auch die Frauen einfanden. Wir ſaßen lange an der Tafel, wo es ſo fröhlich herging, daß Scherz und Geſpräch gar kein Ende nehmen wollten. Als wir endlich aufgeſtanden waren, bat mich Kora, ſie an ihren Wagen zu begleiten, und ihr aus demſelben eine Flaſche Wein nebſt einigen andern Kleinigkeiten zu reichen, die ſie dort aufgehoben hatte, und jetzt in einen Korb packte. Sie ſagte mir, während dem ſie damit beſchäftigt war, daß ſie dies Alles der Förſterin bringen wollte, einer jungen Frau, die früher in ihrem Dienſt geſtanden hatte, und jetzt an einer langwierigen Krankheit darniederlag. Sie ſetzte hinzu, daß ſie zum Thee, den man dort im Freien zu trinken beſchloſſen hatte, unfehlbar wieder da ſeyn werde, worauf ſie, meine Begleitung ablehnend, den Weg nach der Förſterwohnung einſchlug.

Eine kleine Weile ſpäter, als ich zu der frohen Verſammlung in der Laube zurückgekehrt war, erſcholl draußen plötzlich der Ruf: ein toller Hund! Ich ſtand dem Ausgang der Laube gegenüber, und ſah wirklich in demſelben Augenblick einen großen Hund auf dem Wege hinlaufen, den Kora genommen hatte, und ein namenloſes Entſetzen faßte mich. Außer mir, ſprang ich in den Winkel der Laube, wo die Gewehre hingeſtellt waren, und riß des Landraths noch geladene Doppelflinte hervor. Dieß that ich jedoch in der Angſt ſo unvorſichtig, daß ſich ein Hahn an derſelben aufzog, der, als ich ſie im Arm faßte, losgieng, und Erhards Sohn, einen zehnjährigen Knaben, zu Boden ſtürzte.

De[illegible] Dir, wenn Du kannſt, das Entſetzen und die Verwirru[illegible]er Geſellſchaft! Alles ſtürzte zu dem Getroffenen — ich al[illegible] hatte keinen andern Gedanken, als Kora's Gefahr. Mit w[illegible]hender Gewalt drang ich durch das Getümmel, und eilte dem Hunde nach. Dieſer war jedoch ſo ſchnell geweſen, daß ich zur Förſterwohnung gelangte, ohne ihn geſehen zu haben. Athemlos ſchwankte ich hinein, um Kora zu warnen. Dieſe aber ſaß, als ich die Thüre öffnete, ruhig an dem Bette der Kranken, wo der verfolgte Hund mit lang heraushängender Zunge zu ihren Füßen lag. Das Blut erſtarrte mir bei dieſem Anblick in den Adern. Um Gotteswillen, retten Sie ſich — der Hund iſt toll! rief ich mit der letzten Kraftanſtrengung, die mir zu Gebot ſtand. Kora fuhr bei dieſen Worten heftig zuſammen, doch eben ſo ſchnell kehrte auch ihre Faſſung zurück. Was iſt Ihnen in den Sinn gekommen, ſprach ſie mit ſichtlichem Mißfallen, daß Sie die arme Kranke hier ſo rückſichtslos erſchrecken? — Dieſer Hund gehört dem Förſter, und iſt geſund, ſetzte ſie hinzu, indem ſie ſich beſorgt zu der Kranken beugte, die ſich ängſtlich aufgerichtet hatte. Fürchte Dich nicht, gute Chriſtiane, beruhigte ſie dieſe, er iſt ganz geſund — ſieh nur! Sie ließ ſich damit auf den Fußboden nieder, und liebkoſete lächelnd dem Hunde, der auch wirklich durch freundliche Erwiederung ſein Wohlbefinden kund gab. Dann ſtand ſie wieder auf, reichte der Kranken ein Glas Wein, rückte ihr die Kiſſen zurecht, und kündigte ihr auf den folgenden Tag den Beſuch des Arztes an, den ſie zu ihr ſenden wolle.

Ich war vom ſchnellen Lauf erſchöpft, von Schrecken und Entſetzen bis ins Innerſte erſchüttert, noch am Eingang auf einen Stuhl geſunken. Meine Pulſe flogen, meine Bruſt drohete zu zerſpringen, indem ich, des Schrecklichen, was durch mich geſchehen war, mich nur wie eines gräßlichen Traumes dunkel erinnernd, nichts ſah und dachte, als Kora. Höchſt wunderbar drückte ſich, trotz meiner Geiſtesverwirrung, Alles was ſie that und ſagte, tief und unauslöſchlich in mein Gemüth. Endlich nahm dieſe meinen Zuſtand wahr. Mein Gott, was iſt Ihnen begegnet? rief ſie, zu mir eilend.

Man nannte dieſen Hund toll — er lief den Weg, den Sie gegangen waren! preßte ich heraus, indem ich erblaſſend zurückſank. Kora glaubte mich von einer Ohnmacht angewandelt, ſie goß Wein auf ihr Taſchentuch, und rieb mir damit die Schläfe. Alſo um meinetwillen? flüſterte ſie, über mich hingebeugt, mit Tönen, wie ich ſie noch nie von ihren Lippen vernommen hatte — der Hauch der Liebe beſeelte die kurzen Laute. Meine Kräfte und meine Beſinnung waren zurückgekehrt, aber ich vermochte nicht, Kora das ſchreckliche Ereigniß zu verkünden, ſondern das Andenken daran gewaltſam in mein Innerſtes zurückdrängend, zog ich ihre Hände an die glühenden Lippen, ohne ſie wieder loslaſſen zu können. Sie ließ es verwirrt und erröthend geſchehen.

Kora, ich liebe Sie unausſprechlich! flüſterte ich ihr zu. Sie entgegnete nichts, aber ſie ſenkte die Augen zu Boden, und erwiederte leiſe meinen Händedruck. In dieſem Augenblick hielt des Landraths Wagen vor der Thüre, in welchen ſie und ich von dem hereingeſandten Bedienten dringend berufen wurde.

Weiß das Fräulein, was geſchehen iſt? fragte mich der Landrath, als wir mit ihm fortfuhren. Ich verneinte. So bereiten Sie ſich, etwas Trauriges zu erfahren, wandte er ſich darauf an Kora, was Sie mit Faſſung ertragen müſſen; worauf er dieſe, ſo ſchonend als möglich, mit dem Vorgefallenen bekannt machte.

Immer mehr erblaſſend, je weiter er ſprach, vernahm Kora, ohne ein Wort zu erwiedern, ſeinen Bericht. Was nun aber Sie anbetrifft, wendete ſich nach der Beendigung deſſelben der Redende zu mir, ſo glauben Sie mir wohl, ohne viele wortreiche Verſicherungen, daß es mir weh thut, Ihnen bemerklich machen zu müſſen, wie mein Haus ferner kein Aufenthalt für Sie ſeyn kann, und wie Sie nur durch ſchnelle Entfernung ſich einer Menge von Unannehmlichkeiten — der in ſolchen Fällen geſetzlichen Strafe nicht einmal zu gedenken — entziehen können. Der Knabe iſt nach unſer Aller Ermeſſen — der Wundarzt iſt noch nicht da — gefährlich verwundet, ja ihr unglücklicher Schuß ſtreifte ſelbſt Eberhards Arm, ſo daß derſelbe heftig blutete. Es iſt Ihnen bekannt, mit welcher abgöttiſchen Liebe dieſer an dem einzigen Sohne hängt, weshalb es Sie nicht befremden kann, wenn er, wie das wirklich der Fall iſt, wie ein gereizter Löwe wüthet. Ja ich darf Ihnen ſelbſt das Schlimmſte nicht verhehlen: Eberhard will Abſichtlichkeit in Ihrer unbeſonnenen That wahrnehmen, und ſucht nicht ohne Erfolg die Meinung zu erregen, daß der unglückliche Schuß ihm ſelbſt zugedacht geweſen ſey, und nur zufällig die falſche Richtung erhalten habe. Was ſcheinbar für ſeine Behauptung ſpricht, war Ihre fortgeſetzte — ich möchte faſt ſagen — raſende Verfolgung des Hundes, den Sie, wie man weiß, ſehr wohl kannten, der noch, wie Sie wußten, vor wenig Stunden ein Gegenſtand der Bewunderung der Jagdgeſellſchaft geweſen war, und von welchem man Ihnen wiederholt zurief, daß derſelbe geſund, und der ganze blinde Lärm nur von einem einfältigen Bauerburſchen erregt ſey. Als Eberhard, nach der Betäubung des erſten Schreckens, wieder zur Beſinnung kam, und die erwähnten Umſtände vernahm, ergriff er ſein Schießgewehr, um Sie ſeiner Rache zu opfern, was natürlich von den Anweſenden verhindert ward.

Der heimliche Groll, ſetzte der Landrath mit einem Blick auf Kora hinzu, den Eberhard gegen Sie hegt, wird Ihnen längſt bekannt, und die Urſache deſſelben Ihnen gleichfalls klar geworden ſeyn, weswegen Sie die triftigſten Gründe haben, ſich der Verfolgung des furchtbar Gereizten ſchleunigſt zu entziehen.

Das will ich nicht! entgegnete ich heftig; da meine unſelige That mich um das höchſte, einzige Heil meines Lebens bringt, ſo möge mir immerhin Alles widerfahren, was Groll und Rache mir zufügen können! Möge der Raſende mich in ſeiner erſten Wuth ermorden, mir gilt es gleich, denn von hier verbannt, ſetzte ich rückſichtslos hinzu, wird mich, wohin ich auch gehe, nur eine verödete Wüſte, eine ſternloſe Nacht umgeben!

Kora, die bisher bleich und regungslos mir gegenüber ſaß, beugte ſich zu mir. Wenn mein Wort — wenn meine Ruhe — wenn der ganze Frieden meines Lebens Ihnen etwas gilt, flüſterte ſie mit erſtickter Stimme, ſo beſchwöre ich Sie: entziehen Sie ſich den Folgen Ihrer Unbeſonnenheit!

Bis ins Innerſte erſchüttert von dieſen Tönen der Liebe und Angſt, vermochte ich ihr nicht zu antworten.

Soll ich vergebens bitten — ſoll noch mehr Schreckliches geſchehen? begann ſie bebend von Neuem.

Nein, ich gehorche Ihrem Willen! entgegnete ich, als eben der Wagen vor unſerer Wohnung hielt. Der Landrath führte Kora ins Haus, indem er mich folgen hieß. Fräulein, ſprach er, im Zimmer angelangt, zu Kora, überzeugen Sie ſich von der Nothwendigkeit, ſich faſſen zu müſſen. Eberhard verlangt, zwar mit Ungeſtüm, aber mit Recht, Ihre Pflege für den verwundeten, Ihnen ſo nahe verwandten Knaben, ein Begehren, welches Sie gewiß nicht zurückweiſen werden. Mein Wagen ſteht noch bereit, Sie ſogleich in Eberhards Haus zu bringen, woſelbſt Sie nicht vergeſſen dürfen, daß die Aeußerungen Ihres Schmerzes nichts verbeſſern, wohl aber Vieles verſchlimmern können. Nehmen Sie daher jetzt Abſchied von Ihrem Freunde, ſetzte er hinausgehend hinzu, denn Sie werden ihn vielleicht lange nicht wiederſehen.

Außer mir ſchloß ich Kora zum erſten und letzten Mal in die Arme. Sie duldete meine glühenden Abſchiedsküſſe, riß ſich, ohne daß wir einander ein Wort zu ſagen vermocht hatten, endlich los, und ſtürzte hinaus in den Wagen, der auf ihren Befehl raſch mit ihr dahinflog.

Der Landrath kehrte zu mir zurück. Sein Wohlwollen für mich, und ſeine Freundſchaft für Eberhard, dem er noch überdem große Verbindlichkeiten hatte, bewogen ihn, meine Abreiſe aufs Schnellſte zu befördern. Höchſt freundlich und großmüthig ſtattete er mich mit allen Reiſebedürfniſſen aus, und gab mir Empfehlungsbriefe an einige in Schleſien wohnende Freunde, im Fall ich vielleicht einer Verwendung bedürfen ſollte. So war ich denn nach einer durchreiſeten Nacht ſchon am folgenden Morgen über die Landesgränze hinaus.

Da ich, wie Du weißt, keine andern nahen Verwandten mehr habe, als meine Muhme, die Du vorhin geſehen haſt, ſo beſchloß ich, bei ihr fürs Erſte meinen Aufenthalt zu nehmen. Sie empfieng mich mit vieler Liebe und Freude, und verlangte, daß ich für immer bei ihr bleiben, und ihr kleines Beſitzthum, welches ſie zu meinem Erbe beſtimmt hat, verwalten ſollte. Ich mochte ihr dieß nicht geradezu abſchlagen, und bald ſagte dieſe liebliche Einſamkeit meiner trüben Gemüthsſtimmung ſo zu, daß ich mich bis heute noch zu keiner Veränderung meiner Lage habe entſchließen können.

Nach einigen Monaten machte mir der Landrath, einer getroffenen Verabredung gemäß, in einem öffentlichen Blatt, und in Ausdrücken, die nur mir verſtändlich waren, die Geneſung des durch mich verwundeten Knaben bekannt. So tröſtlich mir jedoch dieſe längſt erſehnte Nachricht auch war, ſo vermochte ſie mir doch den heitern Sinn nicht zurückzugeben, der mich ſonſt beglückte, und obwohl nun ſchon zwei Jahre ſeit jener unglücklichen Begebenheit verfloſſen ſind, ſo gelange ich dennoch mit jedem Tage mehr zu der Ueberzeugung, daß ohne Kora mein Leben nie wieder Werth und Gehalt gewinnen wird.

Und haſt Du ſeitdem nichts weiter von ihr erfahren? fragte Emil, der mit großer Aufmerkſamkeit zugehört hatte.

Nein, entgegnete Klothar, denn ich hatte dem Landrath verſprechen müſſen, weder an ihn ſelbſt, noch an Kora zu ſchreiben. Nur in der Zeitſchrift, wo ſie zuweilen Gedichte einrücken läßt, fand ich einige Lieder, die eine tiefe Wehmuth ausſprachen, worauf auch ich einige ähnliche Dichtungen unter meinem, nur ihr bekannten Dichternamen, in dieſelbe aufnehmen ließ, in der Hoffnung, daß dieſe ſtillen Boten den ſicherſten Weg zu ihr finden würden. Ja, ein Lied von ihr, was ich bald darauf fand, machte es mir wahrſcheinlich, daß ſie meine Gedichte geleſen und verſtanden hatte, aber ſeitdem — es iſt faſt ein Jahr verfloſſen — empfieng ich kein ſolches Zeichen ihres Andenkens mehr.

Aber wie kömmt es, bemerkte Emil, daß Du Dich nicht in eine Lage zu verſetzen ſuchſt, die es Dir erlaubt, Kora Deine Hand zu bieten? Oder beſitzt ſie ſelbſt nicht ſo viel Vermögen, um — wie ja die Liebe das gewöhnlich thut — Alles gehörig ausgleichen zu können?

Was ſie beſitzt, verſetzte Klothar, reicht nur für ſie ſelbſt hin, und eine Anſtellung, wie ſie mir werden kann, ſetzt mich nicht in den Stand, Kora ein Loos anzubieten, wie es ihrer würdig iſt. Meine Gattin müßte ich in ein wohleingerichtetes Haus führen können, und nur als die freundliche Beherrſcherin deſſelben, als die verſtändige Vorſteherin des Ganzen würde ich ſie ſehen mögen, da es mich verletzen würde, wenn ſie ſich zu unwürdigen Geſchäften erniedrigte. Bei dieſen Anſichten wirſt Du es ganz natürlich finden, daß unerreichbare Wünſche mir fern bleiben. Ich habe ihrem Beſitz entſagt — und glaube mir, guter Emil, zum Entſagen gehört mehr Kraft als zum Erwerben — aber ich bin nicht ſtark genug, den Schmerz von mir zu werfen, der ſeit der Trennung von ihr mein ganzes Seyn und Weſen durchdrungen hat, und der zum äußerſten Lebensüberdruß werden würde, wenn nicht Freiheit, Naturgenuß und Dichtkunſt mir immer die friſchen Linderungsquellen ſpendeten.

Klothars Muhme, die das Abendeſſen ankündigte, unterbrach hier das Geſpräch.

Pudel.

Dein Pudel, ſprach, als man bei Tiſche ſaß, die Muhme zu Klothar, hat vorhin, wie ich glaube, eine alte Bekanntſchaft erneuert. Ich war nämlich zu den Flachsarbeitern gegangen, wohin er mich begleitet hatte, und ſah, als ich bei dieſen ſtand, eine Geſellſchaft von zwei Herren und zwei Damen in geringer Entfernung vorübergehen. Dein Pudel lief denſelben bellend nach, aber als er näher kam, ſprang er mit lauten Freudensbezeigungen an die eine Dame hinauf, die einen lauten Schrei ausſtieß. Mir war bange, daß ſie erſchreckt ſeyn möchte, aber zu meinem Troſt ſtreichelte ſie den Hund, und die Uebrigen lachten. Man ſchien die Dame mit ihrer Furcht zu necken, denn ich vernahm deutlich, daß der Eine von den Herren ihr verſicherte, ſie ſey blaß geworden, und der Andere behauptete, ihr Antlitz glühe noch feuriger als die eben untergehende Sonne.

Wohin ſind ſie gegangen? unterbrach Klothar die Erzählende, indem er unwillkührlich aufſprang.

Nicht weit, entgegnete die ſtaunende Muhme, denn dort unten am Erlengebüſch ſtand ein Wagen, in den ſie ſämmtlich einſtiegen und davon fuhren.

Langſam ließ Klothar ſich wieder auf ſeinen Sitz nieder, aber auf ſeiner Stirne lagerten ſich während der Mahlzeit immer trübere Wolken, indem es ihm nur mit Mühe gelang, ein leidliches Geſpräch im Gang zu erhalten.

Als er nach Tiſche mit Emil ſich wieder allein befand, ſagte dieſer: Es macht meinem Scharfſinn wenig Ehre, die Urſache Deiner heftigen Bewegung vorhin errathen zu haben; Du glaubſt, Kora iſt Dir nahe.

Ja, entgegnete Klothar, es iſt mir faſt gewiß geworden; aber ſo leicht es Dir ſeyn mußte, dieß zu errathen, ſo ſchwer möchte es Dir dagegen werden, den Kampf zwiſchen Schmerz und Freude zu ermeſſen, mit welchem ihre Nähe mein Innerſtes erfüllt und verwirrt, beſonders wenn ich mir die ſeltſame Erſcheinung von geſtern zurückrufe, und es mir vorſtelle, wie ich ruhig zuſehen müßte, wenn jener Verhaßte die kühne Hand nach meinem höchſten Glück ausſtreckte, und es ungehindert von mir heimführen dürfte — ich kann den Gedanken kaum denken!

Aber Du wunderlicher Menſch, fiel Emil dem Freund in die Rede, wie kann Dich dieſe Vorſtellung ſo erſchüttern, da Du jedem Streben nach ihrem Beſitz entſagt haſt?

Dieſem Streben zu entſagen, entgegnete Klothar, gebot mir die Vernunft und meine Liebe, die mir die Kraft gab, lieber jede Hoffnung auf Glück zu opfern, als die Geliebte in meinen eingeſchränkten Lebenskreis herabzuziehen. Aber den Glauben an ihren und meinen innigen und unauflöslichen Seelenverein vermag ich nicht aufzugeben, ohne den Reſt meiner Ruhe — ohne mich ſelbſt zu verlieren!

Es iſt auch, tröſtete Emil, vielleicht ganz anders, als Du es Dir nach dem geſtrigen Auftritt denkſt. Du geſtehſt ja ſelbſt, daß jener Menſch, der Dich ſo gewaltig ärgerte, einen leichten Rauſch hatte, und es iſt weltbekannt, daß man in dieſem glücklichen Zuſtand oft Luftſchlöſſer baut, ohne ſich eben ſehr darüber zu verwundern, wenn dieſelben bei nüchternem Muthe wieder zuſammenſtürzen. Suche daher, wenn Du gutem Rath folgen willſt, Dich der Geliebten wieder zu nähern, was, wie ich glaube, nicht eben ſchwer ſeyn dürfte, da ſie ſich vermuthlich gegenwärtig in einem der naheliegenden Brunnenörter befindet — und prüfe dann ſelbſt die Kraft und Innigkeit des erwähnten Seelenvereins. Es wird mich freuen, wenn derſelbe ſich als ächt bewährt.

Damit ſchüttelte er treuherzig Klothars Hand, und beſtieg ſein Pferd, das ſchon eine kleine Weile ungeduldig vor der Gartenpforte geſcharrt hatte.

Vetter Michel.

Der Doktor, Eliſe und Aſa ſaßen nach dem Brunnentrinken noch im Freien gemüthlich beiſammen, als der Hofrath, mit einem großen Stockſchirm gerüſtet, zu ihnen trat. Sein Antlitz war ſichtlich von einem ungewöhnlichen Entzücken verklärt, und er eilte, Aſa die Nachricht mitzutheilen, daß Concordia, die eben auf einer kleinen Gebirgsreiſe ſich befand, dieſen Nachmittag einige Stunden in Salzbrunn verweilen werde, wohin, um ſie dort zu begrüßen, er ſelbſt ſich zu begeben, im Begriff ſey. Anſtatt aber, wie alle glaubten, ſogleich den Weg anzutreten, blieb er ſtehen, da, wenn einmal dieſe Saite angeſchlagen war, er ſich den Genuß nicht verſagen konnte, von dem Gegenſtand ſeiner Wünſche zu ſprechen. Die Erfüllung derſelben ward ihm, je öfter und ausführlicher er dieß that, immer gewiſſer, und ſo verlor er ſich denn auch jetzt in eine ſo begeiſterte Schilderung ſeines künftigen häuslichen Glücks, daß ſeine andächtigen Zuhörer nur mit Mühe eine ſtarke Anwandlung von Lachluſt unterdrücken konnten. Ja, er ging endlich ſo weit in ſeinem Eifer, den einige Einwendungen des Doktors immer mehr anregten, daß er geradehin behauptete, man könne, der ganzen Welt und allen Verhältniſſen zum Trotz, mit dem geliebten Gegenſtand ſelbſt in einem Maulwurfshaufen glücklich ſeyn.

Was ſagen Sie zu dem Allen? wandte ſich der Doktor zu Aſa; ſollte es der Beredſamkeit unſeres Freundes nicht gelingen, Sie von Ihrer Freigeiſterei zu bekehren, und Ihnen die Ehe in einem andern Lichte darzuſtellen, als das iſt, in welchem Sie ſich gewöhnt haben, dieſelbe zu betrachten?

Ach, lächelte Aſa, ich bin eine arge, verſtockte Ketzerin, denn die rührenden Schilderungen, die ich eben vernommen habe, laſſen dennoch mein Gemüth unbewegt. Was ich auch Schönes über dieſen Gegenſtand hören und leſen mag — die Ehe erſcheint mir im beſten Fall nur als ein langweiliges, geiſttödtendes Verhältniß, denn die Gewohnheit raubt dem immerwährenden Beiſammenſeyn allen Reiz, und dieſes offenbart immer mehr gegenſeitige Mängel, an denen, wie an einem langſamen Gift, auch die heißeſte Liebe endlich ſterben muß. Auch iſt wohl an kein zartes Begegnen der Herzen, an kein freundliches Werben der Neigung um Neigung mehr zu denken, weil der Mann Herr geworden iſt, und alle Opfer, alle Liebesbeweiſe der Gattin nur als einen ihm gebührenden Zoll empfängt, wofür er ſich nicht einmal zu einem kalten Dank verpflichtet glaubt. Solche Herrſchaft aber vermag eben ſo wenig ein edles Frauenherz zu feſſeln, als die demüthige Unterwürfigkeit, mit welcher ſich wohl zuweilen ein Schwachkopf vor der ehelichen Gebieterin beugt, und nur, wo weder von Beherrſchen noch Gehorchen die Rede iſt, kann ein freies ſchönes Verſtändniß verwandter Seelen ſich geſtalten.

Ihre Bemerkungen enthalten im Ganzen viel Wahrheit, verſetzte der Doktor, und ich trete Ihrer Meinung bei, ſo bald Sie mir Ausnahmen zugeben wollen, zu denen ich meine Ehe gerne gerechnet wiſſen möchte.

Dieſe beweiſet ſchon an und für ſich die Möglichkeit ſolcher Ausnahmen, an die ich gerne glauben will, die ich jedoch für ſehr ſelten halte, entgegnete Aſta.

Das kann ich leider nicht beſtreiten, ſagte der Doktor, aber, fuhr er fort, wollen Sie uns wohl auch erklären, wie Sie ſich das glückliche Verhältniß zweier Liebenden denken, da Sie den Begriff eines ſolchen von der Ehe trennen?

Setzen Sie zum Beiſpiel den Fall, begann Aſta nach einem kurzen Beſinnen, ich lebte in einer anmuthigen ländlichen Gegend, und nicht ferne wohnte ein liebenswerther Mann, der Gemüth und Geiſt genug beſäße, mein Herz einzunehmen und meinen Verſtand anzuziehen — denn etwas Geiſt gehört nun einmal zu jeder ordentlichen Liebe, wenn ſie ſich nicht bald in den groſſen Urſtoff auflöſen ſoll, aus welchem die Welt entſtanden iſt. Dieſer erwähnte freundliche Nachbar findet nun eben ſo viel Wohlgefallen an meiner Geſellſchaft, als ich an der ſeinigen, und beſucht mich oft, wiewohl nicht täglich, weil er wohl mitunter von irgend einer Veranlaſſung daran gehindert wird. Da ſitze ich nun in der trüben Dämmerung des Winterabends, und während der rauhe Nordwind die Schneeflocken vor dem Fenſter wirbelt, frage ich mich ſelbſt: ob der Freund heute wohl noch kommen wird? und recht innerlich betrübt antworte ich mir: daß es bei ſolchem Wetter wohl ſchwerlich geſchehen dürfte. Aber dennoch lauſche ich immerfort, ob nicht die Hausthüre geöffnet wird? Mehr als einmal geſchieht das wirklich, aber nicht durch die Hand des Erſehnten, und ich fürchte mich nun immer ernſtlicher vor den langen einſamen Abendſtunden. Aber horch! da öffnet ſich noch einmal die Hausthüre — ein wohlbekannter Gang wird hörbar — eine wohlbekannte Stimme grüßt den heraustretenden Diener — Er iſt es! jubelt mein Herz, und der ſüße Schreck bebt durch mein ganzes Weſen. Er hat Sturm und Schneegeſtöber nicht geſcheut, um mich zu ſehen, weshalb ich ihm noch freudiger entgegentrete, als ſonſt. Während wir die erſten, an ſich unbedeutenden Reden wechſeln, wird das Theezeug gebracht. Bald ſitzen wir nun an dem traulichen Tiſch, wo das ſiedende Waſſer lieblich ſingt, und der Thee Wohlgeruch duftet. Mein Freund hat ein neues Buch mitgebracht, oder findet ein ſolches bei mir vor, und wir leſen abwechſelnd und ſprechen über das Geleſene. Iſt kein Buch da, ſo nimmt er auch wohl die Guitarre, und begleitet damit einige unſerer Lieblingslieder. Auch geſchieht es zuweilen, daß er ein Gedicht mitbringt, was er ſelbſt verfaßt hat — denn mein Freund muß nothwendig auch ein Dichter ſeyn, weil die Poeſie die höchſte und feinſte Würze eines zärtlichen Verhältniſſes iſt — und welches er mir zur Beurtheilung vorlegt. Nun prüfe ich ſein Werk, ſo ſcharf ich es nur vermag, bin freigebig mit Lob und Tadel, und necke ihn wohl zum Scherz eine ganze Weile mit einem einzigen kleinen Fehler, wenn ich einen ſolchen entdecke, bis er endlich in ſeiner Dichtung die Abänderung trifft, die mir paſſend ſcheint, oder bis er mir mit hinreichenden Gründen beweiſet, daß ich Unrecht habe. So, und auf ähnliche Weiſe fliegt der lange Abend ſo ſchnell dahin, daß wir uns oft nicht wenig wundern, wenn der Wächter die Trennungsſtunde verkündet. Aber auch in den Geſellſchaften, die ich beſuche, treffe ich den Freund und freue mich ſeines geiſtreichen Geſprächs. Er iſt es, deſſen zarte Neigung jedes Verhältniß meines Lebens verſchönert, jeden Kunſt- und Naturgenuß mir erhöhet, indem er ihn mit mir theilt. Die Flur grünt friſcher, die ich an ſeiner Seite durchwandle, die blühende Laube haucht mir lieblichere Düfte entgegen, wenn er in ihren erquickenden Schatten tritt, und die Blumen entfalten ſich ſchöner, wenn unſere vereinten Blicke ſie grüßen! — Wo wir uns auch finden, wir haben uns immer etwas mitzutheilen, was unſern Geiſt und unſer Gemüth beſchäftigt. Wir haben alſo immer etwas zu wünſchen, zu hoffen und zu fürchten, weil wir auch oft mancherlei kleine Hinderniſſe bekämpfen müſſen, um zu einer ungeſtörten Unterredung zu gelangen. So gleicht im Ganzen ein Tag dem andern, aber faſt ein jeder bringt irgend etwas Erfreuliches mit. Jeden Abend beſchließe ich mit dem heitern Rückblick auf einige ſchön verlebte Stunden, und jeden Morgen erwache ich mit der neuen Hoffnung auf irgend ein Ereigniß, das mir den Freund wieder zuführen wird.

Aſta ſchwieg, wie in ſüße Erinnerungen verſinkend, und der Doktor ſang:

O wie tröſtend, o wie labend!
Daß ein Edler bleibt uns nah!
Immer heißt es: geſtern Abend
War doch Vetter Michel da!

Wie muthwillig Sie mich auch necken mögen, und wie leichtfertig auch Göthe in dieſen Verſen geſcherzt hat, ſagte Aſta, die ſich eines Lächelns nicht erwehren konnte, ſo erſcheint mir doch in dieſem Augenblick der Sinn derſelben anmuthiger als je, indem ich mir im Vetter Michel den erwähnten geiſtreichen und liebenswerthen Freund denke, den ich eben zu ſchildern verſuchte.

Ich kann Ihnen da wieder nicht Unrecht geben, entgegnete der Doktor, aber, fuhr er fort, wie wird es dieſem nur im Geiſt vereinten Paar ergehen, wenn irgend ein Geſchick den Freund in die weite Ferne ſchleudert, und die Freundin ſtill daheim bleiben muß, während es der Gattin geſtattet iſt, dem Gatten zu folgen?

Ein ſolches Geſchick iſt freilich härter, als das gequälte Herz es ermeſſen kann, gab Aſta zurück, indem ein düſterer Ernſt ihr Antlitz verſchattete, aber, ſetzte ſie mit leiſe bebender Stimme hinzu, der Einſamen bleibt dennoch ein Troſt: die ſchöne Erinnerung an einen reinen, unentweihten Seelenverein! —

Der Hofrath unterbrach hier das Geſpräch mit der Bemerkung, daß es Zeit für ihn ſey, ſich auf den Weg zu begeben, wenn er zur rechten Stunde in Salzbrunn anlangen wolle; worauf er ſeinen groſſen Sonnenſchirm aufſpannte, wie ein Segel, und mit fliegenden Schritten davoneilte.

Irre ich nicht, nahm Eliſe das Wort, ſo haben Sie, liebe Aſta, uns jetzt einige Strahlen des einſt erwähnten ſchönen Lichtes enthüllt, und uns in dem von Ihnen geſetzten Fall eine Fortſetzung Ihrer Lebensbeſchreibung gegeben — den zweiten Theil, wie es mir ſcheint, dem nur die Schlußzeilen fehlen.

So iſt es wirklich, geſtand Aſta, aber die Schlußzeilen füge ich heute nicht hinzu, um mir den Nachmittag in Fürſtenſtein nicht durch trübe Erinnerungen zu verderben, denn die Geſchichte endet traurig.

Kann aber nicht vielleicht noch ein dritter Theil folgen, in welchem ſich Alles in Wohlgefallen auflöſet? ſcherzte der Doktor, indem er Aſta mit einem durchdringenden Blick ins Auge ſchaute.

Das müſſen wir dem Zufall überlaſſen, entgegnete dieſe leicht erröthend, und erinnerte die Freunde an den herannahenden Mittag, worauf ſie ſich trennten, um nach dem Eſſen ſich zu einer Fahrt nach Fürſtenſtein wieder zu vereinen.

Kühleborn.

Es war faſt ſchon dunkel, als die kleine Geſellſchaft von Fürſtenſtein zurückkehrte, und der tiefblaue Himmel, an dem noch in Weſten ein mattglühender Goldſaum leuchtete, wölbte ſich, ſchon mit ſeinen hellſten Sternen geſchmückt, klar und ſtill über die waldigen Berge. Die milde Herrlichkeit des Abends veranlaßte die Zurückgekehrten, noch einmal den düſtern Fichtengang hinabzuwandeln, den Aſta vorzugsweiſe liebte. Dieſe war ſeit mehreren Stunden erſt jetzt wieder recht unbefangen heiter geworden, da ſie den Nachmittag hindurch, noch ſichtlich angeregt von dem Morgengeſpräch, ſich manche kleine Zerſtreuung zu Schulden kommen ließ, mit welcher der Doktor ſie leiſe neckte, denn weder ihm noch Eliſen war es entgangen, wie tiefſinnig ſie oft in die Ferne hinausſchaute, mit welcher geſpannten Erwartung ſie einigemale Fremden entgegenſah, die ihnen begegneten, und wie ſie gewöhnlich den Schleier über das Geſicht zog, bis dieſelben vorüber waren. Jetzt ſchien ſich jedoch die Spannung gelöſet zu haben, die früher ihr Weſen befangen hielt, und ſie wandelte im lebhaften Geſpräch neben den Freunden hin.

Kühleborn hier! erklang jetzt nicht fern eine wohltönende Männerſtimme, und heftig zuſammenſchauderud verſtummte Aſta mitten in der Rede.

Ei, wer citirt uns doch da den muthwilligen Quellengeiſt? ſcherzte der Doktor. Wir wollen es uns doch verbitten, daß er nicht etwa, hier dem Mittelbrunnen entſteigend, uns, nach ſeiner unlieblichen Weiſe, mit einem tüchtigen Waſſerguß bediene.

Wirklich, ſagte Eliſe, ſtellen wir jetzt ungefähr den Kupferſtich dar, wo Undine und Bertalda mit dem Ritter Huldbrand an dem Springbrunnen luſtwandeln, und es fehlt nur noch der eben heraufbeſchworne Schadenfroh, der Dich für den erwähnten Ritter anſieht, wo Du dann natürlich die nächſte Ausſicht auf eine naſſe Ueberraſchung haſt.

Aſta wollte in den Scherz einſtimmen, aber dieß Beſtreben mißlang ihr ſo ſehr, daß ſie nur wenig unzuſammenhängende Worte über die Lippen brachte, wobei ihre Stimme bemerkbar zitterte.

Was fehlt Ihnen, liebe Aſta? Sie ſind unwohl! unterbrach ſie Eliſe.

Nichts — nicht das Geringſte — der laute Ruf erſchreckte mich nur ſo ſeltſam, denn ich habe die üble Gewohnheit, leicht zu erſchrecken; verſicherte Aſta.

Der Doktor, der nicht leicht den Anwandlungen einer ihm angebornen Schalkheit widerſtehen konnte, neigte ſich faſt unwillkührlich zu Aſta's Ohr, indem er ihr leiſe zuflüſterte: iſt Vetter Michel da?

Wie meinen Sie das? entgegnete ſie zerſtreut.

Ich meine — wenn Sie nehmlich meiner kühnen Meinung nicht zürnen wollen, verſetzte der Doktor, daß hier der bewußte zweite Theil einer bewußten Geſchichte ſich erwünſcht ſchließen, oder der dritte auf eine erfreuliche Weiſe beginnen könnte. Eines von Beiden würde vielleicht in dieſem Augenblick einem lauteren Geſpräch gelingen, in welchem Ihre Stimme erkannt werden könnte.

Um keinen Preis, verſicherte die Ueberraſchte, möchte ich in ſolcher Abſicht einen hörbaren Laut über die Lippen ſenden! Gefunden zu werden — das könnte mich unter gewiſſen Vorausſetzungen erfreuen — aber kund zu geben vermag ich mich nicht!

Wie ſoll Sie aber ſuchen, wer Ihre Nähe vielleicht nicht ahnen kann, und iſt es unter ſolchen Umſtänden nicht hart, Ihrem eignen und dem Freundesherzen die Freude des Wiederſehens zu verſagen? warf ihr der Doktor ein.

Wohl vermag ich Ihnen nicht Unrecht zu geben, ſprach Aſta, aber wer verbürgt es mir, daß ich nach langer Trennung dem Freundesherzen noch theuer bin? Wie kann ich, darüber ungewiß, es wagen, mich dem abſichtlich zu zeigen, der ſich vielleicht nicht mehr nach mir ſehnt? Nein, ich muß hier nur den Zufall walten laſſen, wie er bisher gewaltet hat, denn ich wußte nichts davon, daß der Freund meiner Vergangenheit in dieſer Gegend lebte, bis mir, bei der von uns bemerkten Inſchrift in den Baumſtamm, die erſte Ahnung ſeiner Nähe aufgieng, die faſt zur Gewißheit ward, als der Hofrath uns die gefundene Tabakspfeife zeigte, die ich an einem kleinen Merkmal als das Eigenthum des Erwähnten erkannte.

Und jetzt glauben Sie ſeine Stimme zu vernehmen? fragte Eliſe.

Mir bleibt darüber faſt kein Zweifel, geſtand Aſta, weil er ſeinen Hund Kühleborn nannte.

Darüber waren alle vor Aſta's Wohnung angelangt, wo ſie für dießmal von einander ſchieden.

Mondſchein.

Klothar war nach Altwaſſer gekommen, um die dortige Badeliſte durchzuſehen, die jedoch für den Augenblick nicht zu haben war, weil ein neuangekommener Brunnengaſt ſie hatte holen laſſen. Man vertröſtete den Ungeduldigen, der in derſelben den Namen der Geliebten vielleicht zu finden hoffte, von einer Viertelſtunde zur andern, bis es ſich zuletzt ergab, daß der erwähnte Brunnengaſt ins Schauſpiel gegangen war und die Badeliſte in ſeinem Zimmer verſchloſſen hatte. Mißmuthig wandelte nun Klothar den Fichtengang auf und ab, jeden Schlag der Uhr ungeduldig zählend, bis endlich die zehnte Stunde ertönte, wo es alsbald lebendig um ihn ward, da die verſammelten Zuſchauer nun, Thaliens bretternem Tempel entſtrömend, ſich nach allen Richtungen zerſtreuten. Klothar hatte ſich, um denſelben auszuweichen, auf eine der Bänke geſetzt, die ſeitwärts im Gebüſch ſtanden, und ſchaute verdroſſen in das Gewühl, als er jetzt im hellen Mondſchein eine Frauengeſtalt vorüberwandeln ſah, die er zu erkennen glaubte. Seinen Augen nicht trauend, durchbebte dennoch die Ahnung ſein Innerſtes, und in demſelben Augenblick überraſchte ihn auch die Ueberzeugung, denn er vernahm die unvergeßne Stimme der Geliebten. Raſch ſprang er auf, um der Erſcheinung nachzueilen, aber beſtürzt blieb er ſtehen, als er wahrnahm, daß Kora am Arm eines Mannes ging, der angelegentlich mit ihr ſprach. Vorſichtig folgte er dem Paar, indem er unwillkührlich auf das Geſpräch deſſelben lauſchte, von welchem er jedoch nur einzelne Worte vernehmen konnte. Bald glaubte er zu bemerken, daß der Unbekannte Kora's Hand in die ſeine geſchloſſen hielt, er ſah, wie derſelbe ſich mehr als einmal traulich zu ihr beugte, wenn er leiſer ſprach, er vernahm deutlich, daß Beide heimlich lachten — und ſah ſie endlich vor einem nahen Hauſe ſtehen bleiben. Ich ſehe Sie doch morgen? ſagte Kora, die jetzt in der hellſten Mondbeleuchtung ſtand, ſo daß Klothar, der in den nahen Schatten getreten war, ihre Züge erkennen konnte. Allerdings iſt es mein Vorſatz, Ihnen meinen Beſuch abzuſtatten, denn ich rechne zuverſichtlich auf Ihre Erlaubniß, und habe Ihnen noch viel zu ſagen; entgegnete der Fremde.

Schön, ich erwarte Sie mit Vergnügen, und deßhalb gute Nacht, auf Wiederſehen! ſagte Kora, ihm freundlich die Hand reichend.

Nicht doch, ſo kommen Sie nicht davon! ſcherzte der Fremde, indem er ſie ohne Umſtände in die Arme ſchloß und küßte, was ſie ſo unbefangen geſchehen ließ, als müßte es ſo ſeyn, worauf ſie mit dem Zuruf: morgen nach dem Brunnentrinken erwarte ich Sie! ins Haus ſchlüpfte.

Klothar blieb erſtarrt ſtehen — er hätte ſich gerne abgeleugnet, was er ſah, was ihm jedoch unmöglich war, denn er hatte Kora zu deutlich erkannt — er hatte eben ſo deutlich geſehen, daß ihr Begleiter ein ganz Anderer war, als der Begeiſterte, der ihn vor wenig Tagen in der Trinklaube ſo ſchwer geärgert, und ſich wahrſcheinlich, wie er ſelbſt, in ſeinen ſtolzen Hoffnungen getäuſcht hatte, denn dieſer Fremde — das war ihm ganz klar — konnte Niemand anders als ihr Verlobter ſeyn.

So fahre denn hin, du mein letzter ſchöner Traum — du ſtiller Troſt meines verödeten Lebens, du ſeliger Glaube an die Treue ihres Herzens, und an die Dauer unſeres Geiſterbundes — fahre hin! flüſterte er dumpf vor ſich hin, indem er unwillkührlich zu dem erleuchteten Fenſter emporſchaute, an welchem jetzt auf einen Augenblick die Geſtalt der Geliebten ſichtbar ward. Aber mit ſich ſelbſt zürnend, ſchlug er, ſich wegwendend, die Hand auf die widerſpenſtigen Augen, die ungehorſam ſeinem Willen, von heißen Tropfen überfloſſen.

Seine heftige Bewegung vergebens bekämpfend, ſchritt er haſtig den dunklen Gang wieder hinab, ohne Emil früher zu bemerken, als bis dieſer dicht vor ihm ſtand, mit lauten Worten ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit in Anſpruch nehmend. Dieſer hatte nemlich vor zwei Tagen eine ſchnelle Reiſe nach Breslau unternommen, und war jetzt auf der Rückkehr nach Charlottenbrunn begriffen.

Endlich, rief er faſt athemlos Klothar entgegen, habe ich Dich, nachdem ich ſchon über eine Stunde faſt alle Winkel nach Dir vergebens durchſucht habe. Laß Dir erzählen, fuhr er fort, den Freund auf eine Bank niederziehend.

Verſchone mich! bat dieſer; ich habe heute durchaus keinen Sinn für Neuigkeiten oder Geſchäftsberichte.

Diesmal kann ich Dir nicht helfen, verſetzte Emil, aber ich ſelbſt bin müde und matt, weshalb ich mich auch der löblichſten Kürze befleißigen will, wenn Du mir nur aufmerkſam zuhören willſt.

Du kennſt, fuhr er darauf fort, mein Geſchäft in Breslau, das mich an mehrere Orte, und endlich auch zum Präſidenten führte, wo ich in ein Zimmer gewieſen, und auf denſelben zu warten gebeten ward. Dies Warten währte etwas lange, weshalb ich zu meiner Unterhaltung das neuſte Zeitungsblatt ergriff, das ich auf einem Tiſch liegen ſah. Dein Name, lieber Klothar, war das Erſte, was mir bei dem einen Blick auf daſſelbe in die Augen fiel, und ich fand eine förmliche Aufforderung an Dich, in welcher Du dringend erſucht wirſt, Dich bei dem Kaufmann B. zu melden, um von demſelben eine wichtige Nachricht zu empfangen. Du kannſt leicht denken, daß ich nach der Beendigung meines Geſchäfts ſogleich zu dem Erwähnten eilte, um die Sache genauer zu erforſchen, und ich erfuhr von ihm alsbald, daß jenes Handelshaus, bei welchem Deines Vaters Vermögen ſtand, durch günſtige Ereigniſſe wieder emporgekommen, und bereit ſey, Dir dreißigtauſend Thaler durch den Kaufmann B. auszuzahlen, ſobald Du Dich in der gehörigen Form als den Sohn des verſtorbenen Juſtizrath Sternwald ausweiſen kannſt.

Was ſagſt Du nun zu meinem Bericht? ſchloß Emil ſeine Rede.

Nichts weiter, entgegnete Klothar finſter, als daß ich vor wenig Augenblicken die Fähigkeit verloren habe, mich eines Ereigniſſes zu freuen, das mich, wie ich gern geſtehe, unter andern Umſtänden unſäglich beglückt hätte.

Emil ſtaunte, und Lothar machte ihn mit Allem bekannt, was ihm am heutigen Abend begegnet war.

Dieſer wußte darauf wenig zu erwiedern, als daß er dem Freund bemerklich machte, wie eine ehrſame Jungfrau füglich einen Oheim, Vetter oder Freund haben, und von demſelben geküßt werden könne, ohne daß die Sittſamkeit oder der Geliebte etwas dagegen einwenden könne; worauf er ihn ermahnte, mit ihm in den Gaſthof und zur Ruhe zu gehen, da man morgen bei Tageslicht vielleicht genauere Beobachtungen anſtellen, und Erfreulicheres entdecken könnte. Lothar jedoch, tief im Innerſten verletzt, hatte für ſolche Tröſtungen keinen Sinn, weshalb er, dem Freunde eine beſſere Nacht wünſchend, als ihm ſelbſt bevorſtand, ſogleich den einſamen Rückweg antrat.

Herminens Fall.

In der Frühe des lieblichſten Morgens wandelten Aſta und Eliſe dem Oberbrunnen zu, während ſich der Doktor von beiden getrennt hatte, um ſich mit einem neuen Bekannten zu unterhalten, den er zufällig in geringer Entfernung wahrnahm. Als er nach Beendigung des Geſprächs wieder zu den Frauen zurückkehrte, ſagte er: das war der junge Mann, den ich vor einigen Tagen in Charlottenbrunn kennen lernte, und deſſen Namen mir entfallen war. Er heißt, wie ich mich jetzt erinnert habe, Klingsberg.

Das iſt er, den ich ſuche! rief Aſta — aber, ſetzte ſie lächelnd hinzu, nicht etwa Vetter Michel, ſondern der wirkliche Vetter meiner Freundin Hermine, um deſſentwillen ich hier bin, weshalb ich Sie, lieber Doktor, erſuchen muß, mir denſelben ungeſäumt zuzuführen, damit ich ſeine Bekanntſchaft erneuern kann, denn ich habe ihn ſchon vor mehreren Jahren, obwohl nur einen Abend hindurch, geſehen.

Der Doktor erfüllte ſogleich Aſta's Wunſch, die bald von Klingsberg mit ſichtlicher Freude begrüßt ward, und beide ſchritten nun, mehr als einmal, den langen Fichtengang im angelegentlichen Geſpräch auf und ab. Als ſie ſich endlich getrennt hatten, ſuchte Aſta das Ahlfeldſche Ehepaar wieder auf, das ſich vorher entfernt hatte.

Sie haben mir, ſprach ſie zum Doktor, durch die Zuführung Klingsbergs eine höchſterfreuliche Gefälligkeit erwieſen, denn dieſer, der vielleicht eben ſo ſehr mich zu ſprechen wünſchte, als ich ihn, hat mich ſchon einigemal verfehlt, wo er mich ſuchte. Es gilt hier, fuhr ſie fort, zwei getrennte Herzen wieder zu vereinen, die ſich im Stillen zu einander ſehnen, und doch nicht ihre Wünſche frei bekennen mögen. Wenigſtens befindet ſich meine Freundin Hermine in dieſem Fall. Dieſe und ihr Vetter Klingsberg liebten ſich, als der Letztere noch auf der hohen Schule war. Herminens Vater konnte jedoch die Verbindung der Liebenden nicht billigen, da Klingsberg kein Vermögen beſaß, und er ſeiner Tochter nichts hinterlaſſen konnte. Er wünſchte daher, daß Hermine die Bewerbung eines zwar ſchon ältlichen, aber reichen Mannes annehmen möchte, der ihr ſeine Hand antrug, und ſie war verſtändig genug, nach einem ſchweren Kampf mit ihrem Herzen, ſich in des Vaters Wünſche zu fügen.

Klingsberg aber betrauerte Jahrelang die Verlorne, bis er ſich nach Männerweiſe tröſtete, das will heißen, er ward Bräutigam. Wenig Wochen nach der Verlobung, vor ungefähr drei Jahren, ſtarb ſeine Braut, und vor ſechs Monaten ward auch Hermine Wittwe, und Erbin des großen Vermögens ihres Gemahls. Seitdem dringt ihr Vater in ſie, Klingsberg, dem er von jeher, wenn die Umſtände es erlaubt hätten, lieber als jedem Andern, ſeine Tochter gegönnt hätte, jetzt ihre Hand zu geben. Sie findet ſich um ſo mehr geneigt, ſeine Wünſche zu erfüllen, da ihr eignes Herz noch für den Jugendfreund ſpricht. Aber bevor ſie ſich dieſem zu nähern vermag, wünſcht ſie zu ergründen, ob auch ſie ihm werth geblieben iſt! So geſchah es, daß ſie ſich entſchloß, eine Reiſe in dieſe Gegend zu unternehmen, da ſie vor Kurzem erfahren hatte, daß Klingsberg ſich in Charlottenbrunn befand, und ſich bei einem ihrer Bekannten, mit welchem er zufällig zuſammengetroffen war, angelegentlich nach ihr erkundigt hatte. Hermine beſtimmte mich leicht, ſie auf dieſer Reiſe zu begleiten, und während ich meinen Aufenthalt hier nahm, verbirgt ſie ſich unter einem angenommenen Namen in einem der umliegenden Dörfer. Ich war mit einem Auftrag an Klingsberg von einem Bekannten verſehen, der es vollkommen rechtfertigte, wenn ich eine Zuſammenkunft mit ihm herbeiführte. Dies gelang mir zwar erſt heute, da mancherlei wunderliche Zufälle es bisher verhinderten, aber ich hatte auch das Vergnügen, daß, ſobald ich mich jenes gleichgültigen Auftrags entledigt hatte, Klingsberg ſogleich, ohne mein Zuthun, das Geſpräch ſelbſt dahin leitete, wo ich es haben wollte. Nun ſäumte ich keineswegs, die Gelegenheit zu benutzen, und erfuhr genug, um mit Sicherheit ermeſſen zu können, daß er Herminen nur ſehen darf, wenn ſeine Jugendliebe ihr Auferſtehungsfeſt feiern ſoll. Aber nicht ſo leicht ward es mir, mich von dem zu unterrichten, was Hermine durchaus wiſſen will, bevor ſie aus ihrer Verborgenheit hervortritt. Sie wünſcht nehmlich zu erfahren, ob Klingsberg ſeine verſtorbene Braut aus Liebe oder aus Vernunft wählte? Iſt das Erſte geſchehen, ſo wird ſie ihm nie ihre Hand reichen. Mir über dieſen Gegenſtand die genügende Auskunft zu verſchaffen, fuhr Aſta fort, wird mir jedoch ſehr ſchwer, und ich geſtehe gern, daß ich nicht recht weiß, wie ich es anfangen ſoll, denn Klingsberg iſt mir wohl viel zu fremd, um mit Anſtand eine ſo zarte Saite anſchlagen zu können. Zu ſolchen Herzenseröffnungen bringen Männer gegen Männer es immer viel leichter — weshalb ich Sie, lieber Doktor, eigentlich am liebſten bitten möchte, einen ſolchen Verſuch mit Klingsberg zu wagen.

Gerne, verſetzte der Doktor, würde ich mich Ihnen und Ihrer Freundin gefällig erweiſen, wenn es zu dem Glück derſelben nothwendig wäre; aber es will mir faſt bedünken, als wenn es hier beſſer wäre, die Todten ruhen zu laſſen, und eine ſchön beginnende Gegenwart froh zu genießen. Doch, ſetzte er hinzu, da mögen Sie ſelbſt entſcheiden, indem Sie mir offen bekennen, was Sie thun würden, wenn Sie ſich in Herminens Fall befänden?

Gerade ſo handeln, wie Hermine, verſicherte Aſta mit beſonderem Eifer, denn niemals würde ich einem Manne, der nach mir eine Andere geliebt hätte, ein volles Vertrauen ſchenken können, was doch wohl ein Haupterforderniß zu einer zufriedenen Ehe iſt.

Hermine hat Recht, bekräftigte Eliſe, wenn es ihr auch die Männer nicht geben wollen; ſie fühlt und handelt ächt weiblich.

So überſtimmt muß ich mich wohl ergeben, und alsbald eine Gelegenheit aufſuchen, wo ich ohne Schwert und Lanze Ihrer Freundin einen Ritterdienſt leiſten kann, ſcherzte der Doktor.

O thun Sie das! bat Aſta, indem ſie eilend die Freunde verließ, um einen ihr angekündigten Beſuch zu erwarten.

Aſta war ſchon beinahe eine Stunde zu Hauſe, als der Hauptmann Reichborn eintrat, der als der Gemahl einer ihrer liebſten Jugendfreundinnen ihr vorzugsweiſe werth war. Freundlich zürnend empfieng ſie ihn mit der Frage: warum er ſo lange habe auf ſich warten laſſen?

Das unerwartete Wiederfinden eines Bekannten, der einſt mein Verwandter werden ſollte, veranlaßte die Verſpätung, verſetzte der Hauptmann. Es war, fügte er hinzu, der Aſſeſſor Klingsberg, den Sie kennen, und der einmal eine nahe Verwandte von mir heirathen ſollte, die kurz vor dem angeſetzten Hochzeittage ſtarb.

Ich habe ſchon von dieſer traurigen Begebenheit gehört, ſagte Aſta, und den Erwähnten heute früh geſprochen, wo ich mich, frei geſtanden, über ſeine Heiterkeit gewundert habe. Mich dünkt, nach einem ſolchen Verluſt, als Klingsberg erlitt, müßte ſich auf immerdar ein wehmüthiger Ernſt in unſerm Innerſten befeſtigen, und in dem Klange jedes Wortes nachtönen.

Wohl uns, daß es nicht immer ſo iſt, entgegnete der Hauptmann, und daß Freude und Schmerz ſich wechſelweiſe verdrängen, wie es zur Bildung unſeres Gemüths nöthig iſt.

Alſo nur für Bildungsmittel halten Sie beide? verſetzte Aſta.

Und mit Recht, gab der Hauptmann zurück, denn der Schmerz löſet alle Härte in Milde auf, und reine Freude iſt die wahre Lebensſonne, an der das Schönſte und Beſte in uns reift, weshalb wir uns dies holde Licht nicht gefliſſentlich mit trüben Thränenwolken verhüllen ſollen.

Sie mögen im Ganzen Recht haben, ſagte Aſta, aber doch kann ich mich nicht mit dem leichten Sinn ihres Geſchlechts verſöhnen, der das Geliebteſte, wenn es einmal verloren iſt, ſo bald der Vergeſſenheit überantwortet, ſo daß man nach wenig Jahren auch nicht mehr die kleinſte Spur von der tiefſten Wunde wahrnimmt — wie das bei Klingsberg der Fall iſt.

Woher, entgegnete der Hauptmann, wiſſen Sie aber auch, daß Klingsberg in ſeiner Braut das Geliebteſte verlor! Wie, wenn das nicht ſo war?

Dann, verſetzte Aſta, der das Herz vor geſpannter Erwartung faſt hörbar ſchlug, würde ich ihm ſeine Heiterkeit verzeihen, aber — fügte ſie hinzu — ich kann mir das nicht denken, und verſtehe eigentlich nicht recht, was Sie damit ſagen wollen!

Ich dächte, das wäre doch ſo ſchwer nicht, lächelte der Hauptmann, den Aſta glücklich dahin geführt hatte, wo ſie ihn haben wollte. Klingsberg, fuhr er fort, ſtand mit dem Vater ſeiner nachherigen Braut in Geſchäftsverbindung, und hatte dadurch in dem Hauſe deſſelben freien und häufigen Zutritt. Es fiel ihm dabei nicht ein, das Herz der Tochter erobern zu wollen, die zwar nicht hübſch, aber da man den Reichthum ihres Vaters kannte, den ſie nur mit einem einzigen Bruder zu theilen hatte, doch von zahlreichen Bewerbern umgeben war. Keiner von dieſen war jedoch ſo glücklich, das Ziel ſeines Strebens zu erreichen, denn das Mädchen wies Einen nach dem Andern ab, und verſank dabei in einen tiefen, ſtillen Gram. Endlich entdeckten die bekümmerten Eltern, die den Gemüthszuſtand ihrer Tochter mit reger Aufmerkſamkeit beobachteten, daß Klingsberg ohne ſein Wiſſen und Wollen, die Neigung derſelben gewonnen habe, weshalb ſie nicht ſäumten, dieſem ihre Hand antragen zu laſſen. Klingsberg war tief bewegt, und geſtand den Eltern frei, daß er zwar keine leidenſchaftliche Zuneigung für ihre Tochter empfinde, aber mit allen Kräften ſtreben wolle, ſie glücklich zu machen, wenn ſie ihm dieſelbe zur Gattin geben wollten. Nach dieſer Erklärung erfolgte bald die Verlobung, aber die von dem langen ſtillen Gram erzeugte abzehrende Krankheit, die ſchon früher die beklagenswerthe Braut ergriffen hatte, war ſchon unheilbar geworden, und ſie ſtarb, nachdem alle Mittel zu ihrer Rettung umſonſt aufgeboten waren.

So ward ihr, bemerkte Aſta, deren Innerſtes bei dem Schluß dieſer Erzählung von Wehmuth und Freude zugleich erbebte, vielleicht ein beſſeres Loos, als ihr an Klingsbergs Hand zu Theil geworden wäre, denn ein Herz, das ſich nur aus Mitleid uns entgegenneigt, vermag ein wahrhaft liebendes Gemüth nicht zu befriedigen.

Der Hauptmann, der Aſta verſtimmt zu haben glaubte, lenkte jetzt mit der ihm eigenen Gewandtheit das Geſpräch auf heitere Gegenſtände, und ſchied endlich nach einer fröhlich verplauderten Stunde. Aſta aber flog, als er die Thüre geſchloſſen hatte, ungeſäumt an den Schreibtiſch, um Herminen mitzutheilen, was ſie ſo eben erfahren hatte.

In der lieblichen Abendſtunde dieſes Tages wandelte Aſta einſam neben dem Teich vorüber, den Gang nach den Kohlengruben. Der Doktor war mit Elliſen abweſend. Sein Handel um das früher erwähnte kleine Beſitzthum war richtig geworden, und er hatte daſſelbe heute übernommen. Der Hofrath aber, der ſich gerne ſonſt zu ihr geſellte, um recht viel von Concordien ſprechen zu können, war dieſer, die heute Kynau beſuchte, abermals in ſüßen Hoffnungsträumen nachgezogen.

Seit ihrer Ankunft in Altwaſſer war Aſta noch nicht ſo einſam geweſen, als in dieſer Stunde, und alle frohen und trüben Erinnerungen ihres Lebens traten ihr näher in dem Schleier der abendlichen Dämmerung. Aber zwiſchen allen den vielfachen Bildern, die ſie in der Vergangenheit anſchaute, trat bald die Geſtalt des verlornen Freundes als das einzige hervor, vor dem die übrigen zurückwichen. Er war ihr jetzt nahe, das wußte ſie gewiß, ſie hatte ſeine Stimme gehört, und doch — ſie ſagte es ſich mit namenloſem Schmerz — mußte ſie vielleicht die Gegend, wo er athmete, wieder verlaſſen, ohne daß ſein Blick ſie gefunden, ſein Wort ſie begrüßt hatte! In unendlicher Sehnſucht erglühend, fühlte ſie dennoch, daß der bange Zweifel an der Treue ſeines Herzens ſie immerdar zwingen werde, ſich vor ihm zu verbergen, wo ein Laut ihrer Stimme vielleicht hinreichte, ihr den Verlornen wiederzugeben. Heiß weinend, aber feſt entſchloſſen, Alles dem Spiel des Zufalls zu überlaſſen, ſchritt ſie immer weiter fort, ohne die zunehmende Dunkelheit zu bemerken, bis endlich das laute Geſpräch und Gelächter naher Männerſtimmen ſie aufſchreckte. Widerwärtig geſtört, und mit ſich ſelbſt zürnend über ihre Verſpätung, flog ſie den Weg zurück. Eine wunderliche Beängſtigung hatte ſich ihrer bemächtigt — ihr war, als werde ſie in ihrer Behauſung etwas Beſonderes, Wichtiges verſäumen, weshalb ſie noch immer ihre Schritte beflügelte, als ſie längſt kein unangenehmes Zuſammentreffen mehr zu beſorgen hatte. Als ſie endlich in ihrer Wohnung angelangt, athemlos die Thüre ihres Zimmers öffnete, flog Hermine in ihre Arme.

Dieſe hatte ſchon eine gute Weile hier ihrer Rückkehr geharrt, und reichte nach den erſten Begrüßungen der Freundin ein verſiegeltes Päckchen dar, das, wie ſie ſagte, vor Kurzem ein Bote gebracht habe, der ſogleich wieder fortgegangen wäre, und durchaus nicht ſagen wollte, von wem er geſandt ſey?

Gluth und Bläſſe wechſelten auf Aſta's Antlitz, als ſie die Handſchrift auf dem erwähnten Päckchen erblickte. Mit bebender Hand löſete ſie die Siegel, und was ſie zuerſt hervorzog, war folgendes Gedicht — die noch beiliegenden Papiere aber waren Abſchriften von allerlei Dichtungen, die der verlorne Freund von ihr einſt erhalten hatte.

Das erwähnte Gedicht: Abſchied an Aſta, überſchrieben, lautete ſo:

Nimm zurück die mir vertrauten Lieder,
Der Erinn'rung einſt ſo theures Pfand. —
Ach! ſie tönten aus den Tagen wieder,
Wo ſich innig Geiſt mit Geiſt verband!

Nimmer ſoll mein Auge mehr ſie ſchauen,
Denn das zarte Seelenband zerriß:
Nimmer tön' ihr Klang mehr durch das Grauen
Meiner öden, bangen Finſterniß!

Nimm, ich kann ſie länger nicht bewahren, —
Sie verwunden ſchärfer nur die Bruſt,
Seit durch Dich ich bittern Schmerz erfahren,
Tiefer Kränkung ich mir ward bewußt!

Ach! und dennoch — dennoch — kann ich's faſſen?
Dunkel bleibt das trübe Räthſel mir —
Dennoch — dennoch kann ich Dich nicht haſſen,
Ohne Schmerzen ſcheiden nicht von Dir!

Freudezitternd möcht' ich zu Dir eilen —
Finſtergrollend will ich von Dir fliehn,
Und in den zerrißnen Buſen theilen
Sehnſucht ſich, und bittern Zorns Erglühn!

Doch dem Schickſal will ich ſtill mich weihen,
Das ſo feſt mir meine Feſſeln ſpann;
Nimm die Lieder — nimm, ich will verzeihen,
Was ich nie, ach! nie vergeſſen kann!

Schwankend zwiſchen Freude und Schmerz, hielt Aſta das Blatt in der bebenden Hand. Es war klar, er liebte ſie noch, aber er glaubte das Band ihrer Herzen zerriſſen durch ſie! Wie kam er aber zu ſolchem Wahn, und was konnte ſie thun, um ihn von demſelben zu heilen? Jetzt hätte ſie ihm Antwort ſenden können, denn er hatte ſie entdeckt, und obwohl zürnend, ihr doch das erſte Zeichen treuer Neigung gegeben. Wo war er aber verborgen, da die Badeliſten von Charlottenbrunn und Salzbrunn ſeinen Namen nicht enthielten? — Alle dieſe Fragen drängten ſich ihr in den Sinn, und noch nie war es ihr ſchwerer geworden, als in dieſem Augenblick, ihr aufgeregtes Gefühl niederzukämpfen, und ihre Gedanken auf die kleinen häuslichen Sorgen zu richten, welche der Beſuch der Freundin erforderte. Dennoch gelang es ihr ſo gut damit, daß Hermine, die faſt nur von Klingsberg ſprach, nichts davon wahrnahm, obwohl einem richtig beobachtenden Auge die Zerſtreuung nicht entgangen wäre, in der ſie mehr als einmal das Unrechte ergriff, oder das Naheliegende ſuchte, und mit der es ſo weit ging, daß ſie ſelbſt das erhaltene Gedicht zu verſchließen vergaß.

Spät erſt giengen beide Freundinnen zur Ruhe, und Aſta, faſt bis zur Betäubung erſchöpft von den Ereigniſſen dieſes Tages und dem langen Wachen, ſchloß unwillkührlich die müden Augen ſo feſt, daß ſie ſich ſelbſt über ihren ſanften Schlaf wunderte, als am folgenden Morgen ihr Mädchen ſie zum Brunnentrinken weckte.

Leiſe, um Herminen nicht zu ſtören, verließ ſie das Zimmer, und war noch nicht bis in den Brunnen gelangt, als zu ihrer frohen Ueberraſchung Klingsberg ſie begrüßte, der am Abend zuvor zum Schauſpiel nach Altwaſſer gekommen war, und daſelbſt übernachtet hatte. Aſta ſäumte nicht, ihn alsbald von Herminens Anweſenheit zu unterrichten, wobei ſie ihn zugleich einlud, nach dem Brunnentrinken mit derſelben bei ihr zu frühſtücken. Die lebhafte, halb verhehlte Freude, mit welcher Klingsberg die Einladung annahm, die Gluth, die bei dem Klang ihres Namens ſein Antlitz überflog, und ſeinen Augen entſtrahlte, verkündete deutlicher, als Worte es vermocht hätten, wie theuer ihm die Jugendfreundin geblieben war. Er blieb an Aſta's Seite, bis dieſe ihren Brunnen getrunken hatte, und ihn in den Garten ihres Wirths führte, wo ſie in einer kleinen Laube das Frühſtück auftragen ließ, zu welchem ſich nun auch Hermine einfand. Die Langegetrennten begrüßten einander mit ſichtlicher Verwirrung, und einer zarten, faſt ſchüchternen Innigkeit, die nur nach und nach unbefangener ward, während Aſta, die ſcheinbar ihre ganze Aufmerkſamkeit auf ihr Geſchäft richtete, mit wirthlicher Emſigkeit Kuchen aufſchnitt und Kaffee einſchenkte. Als ſie dieſen verſüßen wollte, bemerkte ſie jedoch, daß ihr der nöthige Zucker fehlte, weshalb ſie ihrer Jungfer befahl, welchen zu bringen. Dieſe trug ſogleich denſelben in einem Papier herbei, das ſie achtlos fallen ließ, als ſie es in die Zuckerdoſe ausgeſchüttet hatte. Klingsberg hob es auf, indem er überraſcht ſeine Blicke ſcharf und feſt auf die Schrift richtete, die er auf demſelben wahrnahm — worauf er es, ſcheinbar unbefangen, auf den

Tiſch legte, wo es alsbald von Aſta bemerkt, und beſeitigt ward. Nach dem Frühſtück begab ſich dieſe auf ihr Zimmer, und als ſie nach einer Stunde in die Laube zurückkehrte, fand ſie in Klingsberg und Herminen ein glückliches Brautpaar. Sie hatte das erwartet, und durch ihre Entfernung das Einverſtändniß der Liebenden befördern wollen — um ſo mehr aber mußte ſie ſich wundern, daß dieſelben durchaus nicht von ihrer Liebe und ihrem Glück ſprachen, ſondern Klingsberg von dem geſtrigen und vorgeſtrigen Schauſpiel und von dem Hauptmann Reichborn zu reden begann, welche Gegenſtände er ſo breit und umſtändlich abhandelte, als ob gar keine Hermine in der Welt ſey. Dieſe ſchien jedoch von der Achtloſigkeit ihres Neuverlobten durchaus nicht verletzt zu werden, ſondern lächelte ihn vielmehr von Zeit zu Zeit ſchalkhaft an, während Aſta, nicht ohne einen kleinen heimlichen Verdruß, dem Geſpräch mehr als einmal eine andre Wendung zu geben verſuchte. Dieß gelang ihr jedoch nicht früher, als bis, Allen unerwartet, der Hofrath in die Laube trat, um Aſta Grüße und Beſtellungen von Concordien zu überbringen, mit welchen dieſe ihren hoffnungsvollen Verehrer Tags zuvor in Arnau beauftragt hatte.

Adersbach.

Spät am Abend dieſes Tages trat noch Emil in Klothars Gemach. Dieſer war eben mit den Briefen fertig geworden, die er nothwendig hatte ſchreiben müſſen, um zu dem Beſitz ſeines Vermögens zu gelangen. Er ſiegelte den letzten, bitter lächelnd über das unerfreuliche Geſchäft, das er unter andern Verhältniſſen mit ſeliger Herzensfreude würde vollbracht haben. Mit der einzigen angenehmen Empfindung: nun endlich fertig zu ſeyn, ſtand er bei Emils Eintritt auf, und bot dieſem ſchweigend in trüber Wehmuth die Hand.

Wundre Dich nicht, daß ich ſo ſpät noch komme, begann Emil; es geſchieht, um Dich freundlich zu bitten, mich morgen früh nach Adersbach zu begleiten, nachdem Du vorher ein gutes Wort bei Deiner Muhme für mich eingelegt, damit ſie mich bis dahin beherbergt. Vor allen Dingen aber fügte er hinzu, dem Freund ins verdüſterte Antlitz ſchauend, möchte ich Dich auch erſuchen, die finſtern Wolken, die auf Deiner Stirne lagern, hübſch daheim zu laſſen, denn ich habe mir vorgenommen, morgen froh wie ein Gott zu ſeyn, welches löbliche Vorhaben ich nicht in ſeinem ganzen Umfange zu vollbringen vermag, wenn Du mir ein ſo trübſeliges Angeſicht zuwendeſt, als eben jetzt.

Dann thuſt Du wirklich am beſten, mich zu Hauſe zu laſſen, entgegnete Klothar, denn, obwohl Du mich gefaßt und entſchloſſen findeſt, das Unabänderliche ſo zu ertragen, wie es dem Manne geziemt, ſo kann und mag ich Dir doch nicht verhehlen, daß ich viel Zeit und Kraft brauchen werde, um den Schmerz zu beſiegen, der wie ein verzehrendes Gift mein ganzes Weſen durchdrungen hat. Mit dem Glauben an Kora's Treue iſt auch der Friede aus meiner Bruſt entwichen, und Liebe und Haß, Sehnſucht und Erbitterung zerreißen im gräßlichen Zwieſpalt mein Innerſtes.

Laß es gut ſeyn, und uns davon ſchweigen für heute, verſetzte Emil. Die Zeit hat manchem wunden Gemüth ſchon Heilung gebracht, und wird auch an Dir nicht troſtlos vorübergehen. Sorge nur jetzt, daß Deine gute Muhme mich nothdürftig ſpeiſet und bettet; ich für mein Theil will Sorge tragen, daß unſre Fahrt nach Adersbach Dich zerſtreue und erheitere, wozu ich mir ſchon heute die köſtlichſte Laune angeſchafft habe — denn es iſt doch ausgemacht, daß Du mitfährſt?

Du weißt ſchon von lange her, erwiederte Klothar, daß ich Dir nicht gut etwas abſchlagen kann, weshalb denn auch dießmal Dein Wille geſchehen mag.

Emil begleitete, erfreut über des Freundes Einwilligung, dieſen zu der alten guten Muhme, die den ſpäten Gaſt mit hausmütterlicher Freundlichkeit empfieng. Dieſer aber ſchien es darauf anzulegen, den verſtimmten Freund zu erheitern, denn er ſprach und ſcherzte ſich immer tiefer in die ungebundenſte Luſtigkeit hinein, und trieb es damit ſo bunt und kraus, daß der wider Willen lachende Klothar ihm verſicherte, ihn ſo ungeſcheidt als heute ſelbſt auf der hohen Schule nicht geſehen zu haben. Endlich ſuchte der Ausgelaſſene denn doch die Ruhe, um ſich auf den morgenden Tag zu ſtärken, wo er, wie er verſicherte, viel Wichtiges zu vollbringen denke; aber noch einmal an der Thüre ſeines Schlafgemaches umkehrend, rief er dem Freunde zu: was ich bald vergeſſen hätte, der dritte in unſerm Bunde, Hofrath Blume, ein neuer Bekannter von mir, kömmt morgen früh mit dem Wagen, um uns abzuholen.

Schon gut, verſetzte Klothar, dem Geſchwätzigen ſo ſchnell als möglich entrinnend.

Der folgende Morgen, vom ſchönſten Licht verklärt, war noch nicht lange angebrochen, als der Hofrath erſchien, in welchem Klothar, nicht wenig überraſcht, den Unbekannten wiederfand, der ihn vor mehreren Tagen in der Mondnacht ſo bitter gekränkt hatte, ein Umſtand, der Emil nicht mehr fremd zu ſeyn ſchien, wie ſein ſchalkhafter Blick bezeugte, als er ſeinem Freunde den Hofrath vorſtellte. Auch wußte derſelbe, der ſchon unter die zahlreichen Vertrauten des Letzteren gehörte, ſobald man miteinander im Wagen ſaß, es ſo einzurichten, daß auch Klothar alsbald dieſe Weihe empfieng. Dieſer jedoch wußte nicht, was er zu den Mittheilungen des hoffnungsvollſten aller Sterblichen eigentlich ſagen und denken ſollte. Ihm war vorgeſtern Alles ganz anders, jener Mann, an deſſen Arm Kora damals wandelte, als ein viel beſſer für ſie paſſender Bewerber vorgekommen, und die Sicherheit, mit welcher der Hofrath von der Nähe und Gewißheit ſeines Glückes ſprach, ward ihm zum Räthſel, das er mit all ſeinem Scharfſinn nicht zu löſen vermochte.

Der Hofrath aber, der von Emil erfahren hatte, daß Klothar den Muſen mit Glück huldige, näherte ſich dieſem immer zutraulicher, und bat ihn endlich nach einigen, ſchicklichen Vorbereitungen, ſeine Wünſche in Verſe zu faſſen, weil er dieſelben auf dieſe Weiſe der Geliebten am zarteſten und ſinnigſten ausſprechen könne, was er ſelbſt, leider vergebens, verſucht habe, da die Gabe der Dichtkunſt ihm nicht verliehen ſey.

Das iſt doch wahrlich zu toll, raunte der gereizte Klothar ſeinem Freunde zu, ich will nicht hoffen —

> Freund, hoffe nichts, und fürchte nichts auf Erden
> Mit Leidenſchaft, und Du wirſt glücklich werden!

fiel ihm Emil mit ſpaßhafter Würde in die Rede, ſo daß ein halbes Lächeln über Klothars finſteres Antlitz flog.

Ich ſehe wohl, man muß die Rückkehr Deiner Vernunft mit Geduld erwarten, entgegnete er dem Scherzenden, und wandte ſich dann, ſeinen Mißmuth aufs Möglichſte bekämpfend, zu dem Hofrath, um ihm zu verſichern, daß er ſich durchaus zur Erfüllung ſeiner Wünſche unfähig finde, da die eigenſinnigen neun Schweſtern ihm ſeit einiger Zeit alle ihre Huld und Gunſt entzogen hätten. Dieſer Verſicherung ſchien jedoch der Hofrath keinen vollen Glauben beizumeſſen, und man gerieth in ein langes Geſpräch über das wunderbare Sein und Weſen der Dichtkunſt, das erſt abgebrochen ward, als man in Adersbach ankam.

Wir müſſen noch mit unſerm Gang in die Steine vielleicht ein Weilchen warten, erklärte hier Emil, da ſich vorher noch eine kleine Geſellſchaft zu uns finden wird, die ihn gemeinſchaftlich mit uns unternehmen will. — Doch — ſetzte er in die Ferne blickend hinzu — irre ich nicht, ſo ſehe ich dieſelbe ſchon kommen.

Wirklich rollte auch alsbald ein großer Planwagen vor den Gaſthof, aus welchem das Ahlfeldiſche Ehepaar, Aſta, Hermine und der Hauptmann Reichborn ſtiegen. Aſta zog haſtig den Schleier über das Geſicht, als ſie die drei Herren wahrnahm, die den Kommenden entgegen eilten, während Klothar mit einem faſt zürnenden Staunen den Hauptmann anſtarrte, in welchem er den Fremden erkannte, den er vor Kurzem im Mondſchein, und in einer Geſellſchaft ſah, die er ihm, wie wir wiſſen, von ganzer Seele mißgönnte.

Faſſe Dich, flüſterte jetzt Emil dem Zerſtreuten zu, die Verſchleierte iſt Aſta — oder wenn Du lieber willſt Kora, denn daß Beide nur eine ſind, iſt mir kein Geheimniß mehr.

Wie von einem Blitzſtrahl berührt, erbebte Klothar bei dieſer Kunde, und mit allen ſeinen Kräften nach Faſſung ringend, ſchritt er an des Freundes Arm der Geſellſchaft nach, die bereits in den Gaſthof getreten war.

Als beide im Zimmer anlangten, ſtand Aſta entſchleiert in der Mitte deſſelben. Freundlich erwiederte ſie Klothars beſtürzten Gruß, indem ſie ihm einige Schritte entgegen trat, und ein leichtes, heiteres Erſtaunen über dieß unerwartete Zuſammentreffen ausſprach. Es gelang ihr vollkommen, ſich unbefangen zu zeigen, und nur die Gluth ihrer Wangen und das leiſe Zittern ihrer Stimme verriethen dem nahſtehenden Emil ihre tiefe innere Bewegung. Auch Klothar fand, obwohl mühſam, paſſende Worte, und es entſpann ſich ein Geſpräch zwiſchen Beiden, das für ſolche Augenblicke, wie die gegenwärtigen, leidlich genug anzuhören war. Dennoch drohete die ſchwererrungene Faſſung Klothar zu verlaſſen, als der Hauptmann Aſta im Vorübergehen ein Paar heimliche, wie es ſchien, ſcherzende Worte zuflüſterte, die dieſe mit einem freundlichen Kopfnicken beantwortete, und es wäre ihm vielleicht nicht gelungen, ſich gänzlich zu bemeiſtern, wenn nicht Emil, der hinausgegangen war, jetzt zu ſeinem Troſt herbeigekommen wäre. Dieſer hielt ein geſchliffenes Glas in der Hand, das er dem Hauptmann zeigte. Sehen Sie einmal, ſprach er zu dieſem, die köſtliche Schleiferei! Ich müßte mich ſehr irren, wenn dieß Glas nicht gerade ſo iſt, wie Sie geſtern in Altwaſſer vergebens eines zum Geſchenk für Ihre Frau Gemahlin ſuchten. Ich fand es eben im Glasladen, und erbat mir die Erlaubniß, es zeigen zu dürfen. Glauben Sie nicht auch, ſetzte er, zu Aſta ſich wendend, hinzu, daß es Ihrer Freundin gefallen wird?

Der Haß, den Klothar bisher gegen den Hauptmann empfand, verſchwand nach dieſen Worten aus ſeiner Bruſt, und verwandelte ſich, im Lauf eines heitern Geſprächs mit demſelben, bald in ein aufrichtiges Wohlwollen, was dieſer ſich durch Herzensgüte, Witz und frohe Laune überall in einem ſo hohen Grade erwarb, daß er ſogar bei den Frauen deshalb mehrere kleine Vorrechte genoß, die Andern verſagt blieben. Als dem Gemahl einer ihrer liebſten Freundinnen, verzieh ihm Klothar ſogar jetzt den Kuß, den der Hauptmann auf Aſta's Stirn gedrückt hatte, und vermochte es ohne Erbitterung zu denken, daß derſelbe wahrſcheinlich weder der erſte noch der letzte geweſen ſey, den ſie von dem ſcherzluſtigen Freunde empfing. Mit um ſo finſtereren Blicken betrachtete er aber jetzt den Hofrath, der ſich, während er ſelbſt mit dem Hauptmann ſprach, Aſta genähert hatte, mit welcher er ſich ſehr angelegentlich unterhielt. Dieſe, die ſich Klothar gegenüber noch immer nicht ganz von ihrer Ueberraſchung erholen konnte, ſpann, um ihre Verwirrung zu verbergen, den Faden des Geſprächs mit ſichtlichem Wohlbehagen fort, bis ein vorfahrender Wagen daſſelbe unterbrach.

Aſta und der Hofrath eilten den Kommenden entgegen, und die Erſte führte nach wenig Augenblicken eine zarte Frauengeſtalt herein, die ſie der Geſellſchaft als Fräulein Thal vorſtellte, die nebſt zwei ſie begleitenden Freundinnen dies Zuſammentreffen mit Aſta ſchriftlich verabredet hatte. Die Geſellſchaft war nun vollzählig, und trat nach einem kurzen Frühſtück den Gang in die Steine an.

So laut und fröhlich derſelbe aber auch begann, ſo fühlten ſich doch Alle, als ſie in die ſogenannte Feſtung einſchritten, von einem unwillkührlichen Staunen ergriffen. Die lebendige Unterhaltung ſtockte, und was noch vor Kurzem die Gemüther der heitern Verſammlung angeregt hatte, ward gleichſam in ihre Tiefen niedergedrückt von der ſtillen, aber mächtigen Gewalt der wunderbaren Naturgeſtaltungen, die ſich überall dem überraſchten Auge darboten. Aber faſt wie von geheimen Zaubermächten befangen, ſtanden Alle im regungsloſen Anſchauen verſunken, als ſie in die dämmernde Höhle getreten waren, wo auf den Ruf des Führers der rauſchende Waſſerfall herabſtürzte, der mit gewaltigem Brauſen jedes ausgeſprochene Wort verſchlang, ſo daß man nur durch Blicke zu einander reden konnte. Aſta war bei dem Eintreten zufällig in Klothars Nähe gekommen, und ihr Auge traf jetzt das ſeine, das mit dem unverkennbaren Ausdruck inniger Sehnſucht ſie ſuchte. Beide empfanden in dieſem Augenblick, von ſüßen unnennbaren Schauern durchbebt, daß ihre Seelen ſich wiedererkannten, und als ſie endlich aus dem Halbdunkel wieder hinaustraten in den blauen ſonnigen Tag, war ihnen faſt, als wenn ſie aus einem Tempel zurückkehrten, wo ihr ſtiller Herzensbund eine neue Weihe empfangen habe. Auf dem Rückwege ſprachen ſie wieder zu einander, aber ganz anders als vorher, und ſagten ſich Worte voll tiefen innigen Sinnes, die zwar von Allen gehört, deren Bedeutung jedoch von Niemand verſtanden ward. Ihr Geſpräch ward, als die Geſellſchaft aus der Feſtung zwiſchen die einzeln ſtehenden Felſen zurückgekehrt war, von dem Doktor unterbrochen, der den Vorſchlag that, ſich hier ein Weilchen auf dem Raſen zu lagern, und ein Gedicht anzuhören, das Adersbach zum Gegenſtand habe. Alle prieſen den glücklichen Gedanken, und Jedes hatte bald im Schatten eines mächtigen Felſenſtückes einen erwünſchten Platz gefunden, worauf der Doktor aus einem Taſchenbuch das Gedicht vorlas, was die Geſellſchaft ſo angenehm unterhielt, daß man, nach deſſen Beendigung, noch um eine kleine Zugabe bat.

Recht gern, entgegnete der Doktor, im Buche blätternd, und ich treffe hier eben zufällig auf ein Gedicht von Kora, das mir des Vortrags wohl würdig erſcheint.

Der Doktor hatte ſich nicht geirrt, das liebliche Lied gefiel allgemein, und entzückte vor Allen den Hofrath, der es bis über die Sterne erhob, und Aſta wiederholt aufforderte, in ſein begeiſtertes Lob einzuſtimmen.

Ich glaube, ſagte dieſe, indem ſie das Taſchenbuch aus des Doktors Hand nahm, daß ſich vielleicht noch etwas Vorzüglicheres hier auffinden läßt, als zum Beiſpiel gleich hier eine Elegie, mit dem Namen Minona unterzeichnet, den ich ſchon mehrere Male unter Dichtungen von entſchiedenem Werth fand.

Auf die Bitte der Geſellſchaft las Aſta die erwähnte Elegie, deren ungemeine Zartheit und ſchönes wohltönendes Sylbenmaaß die ganze Verſammlung zum ungetheilteſten Beifall hinriß, über welchen Kora's Lied faſt vergeſſen worden wäre, wenn es der Hofrath nicht in die Erinnerung der Zuhörer zurückgerufen hätte. Dieſer aber trat förmlich in die Schranken, um demſelben den höchſten Preis der Vollendung zu erkämpfen, woraus ſich ein höchſt beluſtigender Streit entſpann, der immer lebhafter und ergötzlicher ward, je länger man ihn fortführte. Was man dem muthigen Kämpfer auch Alles entgegenſetzen mochte, er wollte das Feld nicht räumen, und trieb ſeinen Eifer ſo weit, daß er endlich die Elegie, mit dem Liede von Kora verglichen, für ein ganz unbedeutendes, mühſam zuſammengeſtümpertes Machwerk erklärte. Emil, der aus guter Quelle ſeit geſtern mehr wußte, als alle Uebrigen, lachte unmäßig mit dem Hauptmann um die Wette, während Concordia und Aſta bedeutende Blicke wechſelten, und der Doktor, in ſeiner gewohnten ſchalkhaften Manier, noch ausdauernd gegen den Hofrath focht.

Von Beiden Anfangs nicht beachtet, klangen jetzt, vom Wiederhall der Felſen vielfach zurückgegeben, einzelne Hörnertöne aus geringer Entfernung herüber, und bald ertönte ein ſchöner vollſtändiger Chor von blaſenden Inſtrumenten, der die Geſellſchaft aufs Anmuthigſte überraſchte. Es war nehmlich ein Trupp böhmiſcher Muſikanten, den Emil Tags vorher in Altwaſſer angetroffen, hierher und hinter eine Felſenwand beſchieden hatte. Dieſer erhob ſich jetzt von ſeinem Sitz und trat mit Herminen vor. Friede ſey Euch geboten! rief er den Streitenden zu, denn Ihr ſollt wiſſen, daß ich hier an der Seite meiner Braut vor Euch ſtehe, und meine Verlobung feiern will. Dieß Ereigniß, fuhr er zu Klothar gewendet fort, mag Dir meine geſtrige frohe Laune erklären, die von Dir wohl nicht mit Unrecht für Ausgelaſſenheit erklärt ward. Es war mir ein Bedürfniß, die Fülle meiner Seligkeit auf irgend eine Weiſe ausſtrömen zu laſſen, und ich mag mich dabei wohl um ſo wunderlicher gebehrdet haben, da ich mir durchaus vorgenommen hatte, Dir nichts von meinem unverhofften Glück zu verrathen, weil ich den heutigen Tag einmal zu allerlei ergötzlichen Ueberraſchungen beſtimmt hatte.

Emil wechſelte nach dieſen Worten mit Herminen die Verlobungsringe und empfing unter dem Forttönen der verſteckten Muſik die Glückwünſche der fröhlichen Verſammlung. Der Hofrath hatte ſich während dem Concordien genähert, die er, auf dem Rückwege nach dem Gaſthof, in gedrängter Kürze von ſeiner Liebe und ſeinen Wünſchen unterhielt, wogegen ihm in gleicher gedrängter Kürze ein überaus zierliches Körbchen geflochten ward, was aber von Concordiens Zartheit und Milde mit ſo lieblichen Nebelblumen umwunden war, daß es für den Empfänger faſt gänzlich ſeine widerwärtige Geſtalt verlor. Er konnte es ſich durchaus nicht als wahrſcheinlich denken, daß ein Mädchenherz ſeiner Liebenswürdigkeit und ſeinen glänzenden Ausſichten in die Zukunft widerſtehen könne, weshalb er denn jetzt ſein unſichtbares Geſchenk mit freundlichem Antlitz heimtrug, feſt überzeugt, daß es nur einer kurzen Beharrlichkeit bedürfe, um die Geliebte bald für immer in ſeine Luftſchlöſſer heimzuführen. Da er mit dem innigen Einverſtändniß zwiſchen Concordien und Aſta bekannt war, ſo ſchien es ihm zweckdienlich, ſich um die Gunſt und Fürſprache der letzten zu bewerben, von deren Einfluß auf die erſte er viel hoffen zu können glaubte. In dieſer Abſicht ſuchte er ihre Nähe, was ihm auch ſo gut gelang, daß er bei der im Gaſthof bereiteten Tafel den Platz an ihrer Seite gewann, wo er es ſich zum angelegentlichſten Geſchäft machte, ſie mit ſo vielen Aufmerkſamkeiten zu überſchütten, daß Klothar es nicht ohne innerliche Erbitterung anſehen konnte. Aufs Neue von bangen Zweifeln ergriffen, fürchtete er jetzt, die Blicke und Worte der Geliebten mißverſtanden zu haben, und ſchaute düſter ſinnend auf ſeinen Teller nieder, während Aſta umſonſt die freundlichen Strahlen ihrer Augen zu ihm hinüberſandte, und die Urſache ſeiner Verſtimmung zu enträthſeln ſtrebte.

Als das Mittagsmahl beendet war, hatte ſich bereits der Abend ſchon ſo weit genähert, daß die Rückfahrt ungeſäumt angetreten werden mußte, wenn man noch zu rechter Zeit an dem Ort ſeiner Beſtimmung eintreffen wollte, wodurch ſich Aſta beſonders unangenehm überraſcht fand, da ſie gehofft hatte, noch einige Worte mit dem Freunde zu wechſeln. Ihr ward jedoch im Augenblick ihrer getäuſchten Erwartung ein unverhoffter Troſt, denn der Doktor lud die ganze Geſellſchaft ein, ihn am folgenden Tage in ſeiner neu erkauften Beſitzung zu beſuchen, was, Concordie und ihre beiden Begleiterinnen, die ihre Reiſe fortſetzten, ausgenommen, alle Uebrigen gern verſprachen.

Letztes Mittel.

Aber ſage mir, Emil, redete Klothar den Freund an, als dieſer, der Verabredung gemäß, erſchien, um ihn zu Abſchiede abzuholen, war es Zufall oder Deine Veranſtaltung, was mich geſtern in Adersbach mit der zuſammenführte, die ich wohl beſſer niemals hätte wiederſehen ſollen, obwohl ich einige Augenblicke lang glaubte, ſie wirklich wiedergefunden zu haben! —

Gerne geſtehe ich Dir, daß ich die Hand im Spiel hatte, erklärte Emil, denn ein Gedicht, was Du vor einigen Tagen an Alla ſandteſt, und auf welchem ihre unpoetiſche Kammerjungfer Zucker geſchlagen hatte, durch welchen Umſtand es mir vor die Augen kam, erregte meine Aufmerkſamkeit. Es bedurfte kaum noch der Mittheilungen meiner Braut, um mich zu überzeugen, daß ihre Freundin Alla niemand anders als Deine Kora war, deren wahren Namen Du mir, wie ich leicht errathen konnte, nur deshalb verſchwiegſt, weil Du wußteſt, daß ich ſie kannte, und meine unzarte Einmiſchung in Dein zartes Verhältniß fürchteteſt. Durch einige geſchickte Kreuz- und Querfragen brachte ich denn auch glücklich und bald heraus, daß der Hauptmann Reichborn, wie Du jetzt weißt, ein ehrſamer Eheherr, es war, der Alla ſo traulich aus dem Schauſpiel begleitete, und daß der Hofrath ein gefährlicher Nebenbuhler ſey, wollte mir nun einmal gar nicht einleuchten. So kam ich denn ſehr natürlich zu der Ueberzeugung, daß ein Zuſammentreffen mit Alla Dich aufs Neue und auf immer mit ihr vereinen werde, weshalb ich nicht ſäumte, ein ſolches herbeizuführen. Der Erfolg deſſelben hat mich indeß zu meinem Verdruß gelehrt, wie ſehr ein verſtändiger Mann ſich irren kann, wenn er von männlicher Eiferſucht und weiblicher Zartheit eine ſo ſchnelle Rückkehr zur Wahrheit und Klarheit erwartet.

Du haſt es gut gemeint, ehrlicher Emil, ſagte Klothar, ſeinem Freund die Hand bietend, aber nenne es immerhin eine thörichte Eiferſucht, das Gefühl, was mich ſo peinigt, vermag ich nicht von mir zu ſchütteln — beſonders wenn ich mir die Unbefangenheit zurückrufe, mit welcher ſie mich begrüßte, als ich in Adersbach in das Zimmer trat — recht wie man einen ehemaligen guten Bekannten begrüßt, der uns eben nichts weiter war, als ein guter Bekannter.

Das macht ihrem Verſtande Ehre, verſetzte Emil, und trotz dieſem Empfang warſt Du mit ihr ſchon auf dem Wege zum erneuerten Einverſtändniß —

Wenigſtens wähnte ich es, und gebe Dir jetzt die Erlaubniß, mich auszulachen! fiel Klothar mit ausbrechender Bitterkeit dem Freund in die Rede.

Dazu habe ich jetzt keine Zeit mehr, denn man erwartet uns, entgegnete trocken Emil, indem er, Klothars Arm ergreifend, den halb Widerſtrebenden mit ſich fortführte.

Unfern von Klothars Wohnung, nur durch einen kurzen Spaziergang, der ſich anmuthig durch Gehölz und Wieſen hinzog, getrennt, lag des Doktors Beſitzthum, ein kleines artiges Landhaus mit einem Garten. In einer Laube deſſelben ſaß die Geſellſchaft um einen wohlbeſetzten Kaffeetiſch, als die beiden Freunde hinzutraten. Emil fand ſogleich ſeinen Platz an Herminens Seite, und neben Alla ſaß bereits der Hofrath, der ihr eben geſtand, daß er von Concordien unerhört geblieben ſey, was jedoch ſeinen Muth noch nicht gänzlich niederſchlage, da bekanntlich treue Ausdauer und freundliche Fürſprache ſchon manches Frauenherz überwunden habe. Er bat ſie darauf, ſich bei Concordien für ſeine Wünſche zu verwenden, wobei er zu Klothars bitterſtem Verdruß ihre Hand mehr als einmal aufs Innigſte an ſeine Lippen drückte.

Jetzt ward dem Doktor ein Fremder gemeldet, den dieſer mit beſonderer Freude zu empfangen eilte, und welchen er bald darauf der Geſellſchaft als einen ſeiner wertheſten Freunde vorſtellte.

Herr Graßheim, ſo nannte ſich derſelbe, war der Leſewelt ſeit mehreren Jahren als der Herausgeber einer beliebten Zeitſchrift bekannt, und jetzt auf einer kleinen Reiſe begriffen, deren Hauptzweck mehrere Beſuche waren, die er theils alten Freunden, theils den Mitgehülfen an ſeinen Wochenblättern abſtatten wollte. Er hatte in dieſer Abſicht auch den Weg durch Concordiens Wohnort genommen, wo er Tags zuvor geweſen war, und ſie nicht angetroffen hatte, welches er nach den erſten Begrüßungen ſogleich dem Doktor mittheilte. Dieß war mir, fuhr er fort, um ſo unangenehmer, da mir ſehr daran gelegen war, Concordien zu bewegen, die Beiträge, mit denen ſie meine Zeitſchrift ſchmückt, künftig mit ihrem wahren Namen zu unterzeichnen.

Warum das? ſagte der Doktor; ich finde die Beſcheidenheit, mit welcher ſie ſich verbirgt, um ſo liebenswürdiger, da ihr wirklich ausgezeichnetes Talent ſchon allgemein anerkannt iſt.

Du haſt Recht, erwiederte Graßheim, aber es iſt vor Kurzem einer angehenden Schriftſtellerin eingefallen, ihre noch ſehr mangelhaften Verſuche gleichfalls mit dem Namen Minona zu unterzeichnen, deſſen ſich Concordia bisher bediente — ein Umſtand, der allerlei Irrthümer veranlaſſen dürfte, die dieſer nachtheilig werden müßten, und ich ehre Concordien viel zu ſehr, um dieß ruhig dulden zu können.

Sie täuſchen ſich wohl, ſtammelte der beſtürzte Hofrath, denn ſo wie ich zu glauben mich veranlaßt finde, unterzeichnet Fräulein Thal ihre Dichtungen mit dem Namen Kora.

Entſchuldigen Sie meinen Widerſpruch, verſetzte Graßheim, aber hier kann bei mir um ſo weniger von einer Täuſchung die Rede ſeyn, da ich unter meine Mitgehülfinnen allerdings auch eine Kora zähle, denn Alla von Bergen, die ich perſönlich noch nicht kenne, unterzeichnet mit dieſem Namen die Beiträge, mit denen ſie mich erfreut.

So erlaube mir, Dich ſogleich mit ihr bekannt zu machen, ſprach der Doktor, indem er ſeinen Freund zu Alla führte, die deſſen Gruß und Anrede mit um ſo innigerem Antheil erwiederte, jemehr ſie ſich von Klothars Gegenwart und ſichtlichem Trübſinn befangen fühlte.

Alſo — Concordia — Minona? ſtammte der Hofrath, dem ein ſchreckliches Licht aufgegangen war, indem er ſich mit Entſetzen des geſtrigen Wortgefechtes erinnerte.

Ja, ja, es iſt nicht anders, verſicherte Emil, ich wußte das Alles ſchon geſtern durch meine Braut, durfte es aber nicht offenbaren, weil ich ihr Verſchwiegenheit gelobt hatte.

Der Hofrath, der durchaus Jemand haben mußte, dem er ſein Mißgeſchick klagen konnte, richtete jetzt ſeine Mittheilungen an Klothar, an welchem er auch wirklich den aufmerkſamſten Zuhörer fand, mit dem, als er die Auflöſung der bisher obwaltenden Mißverſtändniſſe vernommen hatte, eine ſo auffallende Veränderung vorging, daß Emil ihm ſchon nach einer Stunde das Zeugniß gab: er ſey nun wieder ein umgänglicher, geiſtreicher und höchſt liebenswürdiger junger Mann geworden, deſſen Gegenwart vollkommen geeignet ſey, eine gebildete Geſellſchaft zu beleben und zu erfreuen.

Als der Hofrath auf dieſe Weiſe ſein Herz ausgeſchüttet hatte, betrug er ſich, zum Erſtaunen aller Anweſenden, ganz gefaßt und heiter, und verſicherte Jedem, der es hören wollte, ſolche wunderliche Vorfälle, wie ihn eben einer betroffen habe, kämen öfter im menſchlichen Leben vor, und wären zu geringfügig, um die Seelenruhe eines weiſen Mannes ſtören zu dürfen. Die Quelle, aus welcher ihm die geprieſene Seelenruhe ſtrömte, war jedoch die Ueberzeugung, daß er ſein Körbchen nur Concordiens gekränkter Eitelkeit verdanke, da er gerade zu ſeiner Erklärung den ungünſtigen Augenblick gewählt habe, wo er unbewußt ihr anerkannt ſchönes Gedicht ſo tief als möglich herabzuſetzen ſich beſtrebt hatte. Eine ſolche Aufwallung des beleidigten Selbſtgefühls aber mußte ſich, ſo ſchloß er, in einem ſo ſanften Gemüth als dem ihrigen, leicht und ſchnell wieder in die demſelben eigenthümliche Milde auflöſen und dann — das bunte Heer ſeiner ſtolzen Pläne und Hoffnungen zog aufs Neue heran, und umgaukelte in mancherlei ergetzlichen Geſtaltungen, noch wie vor, den ſelig Träumenden.

Als die Geſellſchaft ſpäter einen Spaziergang unternahm, ſahen bald Klothar und Alla, durch eine geſchickte Veranſtaltung Emils, ſich auf einem lieblichen Schattenpfade allein. Beide erſchraken faſt, als ſie es wahrnahmen, daß ihre Begleiter ſich aus ihrer Nähe verloren hatten, aber nicht lange, ſo ſtrahlten ihre Blicke wieder ineinander, wie in der Adersbacher Höhle, ihre Hände verſchlangen ſich unwillkührlich, und ein tiefes Schweigen feierte die erſten Augenblicke ihres gänzlichen Wiederfindens. Neben einander fortwandelnd fanden ſie jedoch auch bald Worte, die ſich immer mehr und mehr zum innigſten Geſpräch verflochten, in deſſen weiterem Verfolg Klothar nicht unterließ, ſeiner Freundin das glückliche Ereigniß mitzutheilen, was ihn wieder in den Beſitz ſeines väterlichen Vermögens geſetzt hatte, worauf er mit glühender Innigkeit ſie um ihre Hand bat.

Alla blieb ſtehen. Sie haben es wohl nicht geahnet, ſprach ſie mit mildem Ernſt, aber nicht ohne ſichtliche innerliche Bewegung, wie weh Sie mir mit dieſer Bitte thun, die ich Ihnen, einer innern Nothwendigkeit zu Folge, durchaus und für immer abſchlagen muß. Daß ich Sie liebe, wiſſen Sie, obwohl ich es Ihnen in dieſem Augenblick zum Erſtenmal ſage — wie ich Sie liebe — das ermeſſen Sie vielleicht nicht, denn ich liebe Sie mit allen Kräften meiner Seele, wahrhaft unausſprechlich, fuhr ſie immer inniger fort; aber um Sie recht lange — ſo lange, als es dem armen Menſchenherzen nur vergönnt iſt, ſo lieben zu können, will ich Ihre Gattin nicht werden! Was ich für Sie fühle, ſoll nicht ſo bald untergehen in der ſchalen Einförmigkeit der Ehe, denn es iſt zu gut dazu, zu rein, und mir ſelbſt zu heilig.

Alla, hören Sie auf! unterbrach Klothar erſchüttert die Redende. Wie iſt es möglich, daß Sie mich lieben, und doch die ſchönſte Hoffnung meines Herzens — das höchſte Glück meines Lebens ſo grauſam zerſtören können, weil einſt ein junger Ehemann eine Haubenſchachtel aus dem Wagen warf!

Sie werden bitter, mein Freund! ſagte Aſta verletzt.

Verzeihen Sie das meiner Liebe, entgegnete Klothar, verzeihen Sie es mir, daß ich es nicht begreife, wie ſolch ein widriger Eindruck ſo feſt wurzeln konnte in Ihrem milden, klaren Gemüth! Aſta, ſetzte er mit bebender Stimme hinzu, werden Sie mein — ich ſchwöre es, Sie ſollen an meinem Herzen geneſen von Ihrem trüben Wahn!

Nein, o nein, mein Freund, ſprechen Sie nicht öfter ein ſolches Wort aus, das mein Innerſtes verwundet, ſagte Aſta, und laſſen Sie den Wahn fahren, daß nur die Ehe liebende Gemüther beglückt und befriedigt — er iſt unſerer beider unwürdig! Lieben Sie mich, wie in den vergangenen glücklichen Tagen, rein und zart, ohne den Wunſch des Beſitzes — bleiben Sie mir, was Sie mir bisher waren, der Freund meiner Seele, der Einziggeliebte meines Herzens, dem, ſo lange ich zu fühlen und zu denken vermag, meine innigſten Gefühle und meine beſten Gedanken angehören werden — aber ſagen Sie mir nie, nie ein ſolches Wort mehr, wenn meine Liebe Werth für Sie hat! —

Und haben Sie ſchon daran gedacht, daß Sie in wenig Tagen oder Wochen wieder fortziehen müſſen — und der Freund Ihnen troſtlos nachſchauen muß in ewig unbefriedigter Sehnſucht, verſetzte Klothar, während die Arme des Gatten Sie feſthalten dürften für immerdar!

Und wäre es nicht beſſer, muthig zu entſagen und mit Schmerzen zu ſcheiden, entgegnete Aſta, als einander alltäglich und gleichgültig zu werden? Ich kann und mag es mir, fuhr ſie fort, nicht ohne Grauen denken, daß eine Zeit kommen könnte, wo nur noch das Band der Gewohnheit, oder andere weltliche Rückſichten, uns aneinander knüpften — daß der Augenblick kommen könnte, wo ich ohne vor Freude zu erbeben, nur Ihre Stimme vernehmen würde — wo ich nicht mit glühender Sehnſucht auf Ihre Schritte lauſchte, wenn ich Sie erwartete — wo wir uns eben nichts weiter mehr wären, als Mann und Frau — o Klothar, können Sie ſich das alles denken, und ſich nicht mit Widerwillen von dem häßlichen Bilde der Alltäglichkeit abwenden!

Aſta, ſagte Klothar, der einige Augenblicke tief ſinnend geſchwiegen hatte, glauben Sie mir, dieß Bild erfüllt mich mit Entſetzen, und ich weiß ſehr wohl, daß viel Schönes und Zartes in ſolch einem Alltagsleben untergeht — aber was bleibt dem Liebenden für ein Mittel übrig, das Geliebte ſich unverlierbar anzueignen, als die Ehe? Er muß es ergreifen, weil es das einzige iſt, ſeiner beſſern Ueberzeugung zum Trotz, wenn er ſein Leben nicht in trübem Entſagen verſeufzen will. Ich würde Ihrem Beſitz entſagen können — aber der Gedanke, abermals zu leben, wie ich dieſe zwei langen öden Jahre hindurch lebte, ohne Sie, Aſta, der mein ganzes Weſen, all mein Sinnen, Dichten und Träumen angehört — o Sie können dieſe Qual nicht ermeſſen! —

Ich ermeſſe ſie, erwiederte Aſta bewegt, an Allem, was ich dieſe Zeit hindurch empfand, aber wie wir uns geiſtig nahe blieben, ſo werden wir es auch künftig; denn was uns verbindet, iſt ja nicht ein flüchtiger Liebesrauſch, es iſt die Verſchmelzung unſerer Seelen, die Verwandtſchaft aller unſerer Neigungen und Gefühle, unſeres ganzen Weſens — unſer Verein bedarf keiner äußern Form.

Klothar drückte Aſta's Hände an ſeine glühenden Lippen. Ich kämpfe vergebens gegen Deine Entſchloſſenheit, ſprach er mit bebender Stimme, aber ich bin Dein, ewig nur Dein, wie Du auch unſer Verhältniß geſtalten willſt!

Nun, o nun haben wir uns erſt wahrhaft wiedergefunden, nun erſt erkenne ich den Freund meiner ſchönſten Vergangenheit ganz und klar, und ihm reiche ich die Hand zum reinen, unauflöslichen Geiſterbund! ſagte Aſta in ſeliger Rührung.

Klothar nahm die dargebotene Hand und zog die Geliebte an ſeine Bruſt, indem ſeine Lippen auf ihrer Stirn brannten. Aſta ließ es geſchehen, ſie ruhete einige Augenblicke an dem theuren Herzen, und entwand ſich dann ſanft den Armen des Freundes, um mit ihm die Geſellſchaft wieder aufzuſuchen.

Iſt es gelungen? flüſterte, als ſie bei derſelben anlangten, Emil ſeinem Freunde zu; ſeyd Ihr eins?

Wir ſind es, entgegnete dieſer, aber ganz anders, als Du es meinſt.

Die Luſtwandelnden kamen bald darauf an einer ſehr reizend gelegenen Beſitzung vorüber, ähnlich derjenigen, die der Doktor an ſich gebracht hatte. Man ſprach davon, daß dieſelbe gleichfalls verkauft werden ſolle, und Eliſe wünſchte ſich, bald freundliche Nachbarn in dieſem, dem ihrigen nahgelegenen Hauſe einziehen zu ſehen. Aſta hatte aufmerkſam zugehört, und führte bald darauf ein abgeſondertes Geſpräch mit dem Hauptmann und dem Doktor. Als ſie nach der Beendigung deſſelben ſich zur Abfahrt anſchickte, verſprach ſie Klothar, ihm zu ſchreiben, wenn und wo ſie ihn zu ſehen wünſche.

Nach wenig Tagen war die erwähnte Beſitzung durch des Doktors und des Hauptmanns Verwendung um einen ſo billigen Preis Aſta's Eigenthum, daß dieſe mit ihrem kleinen Vermögen auf derſelben, wenn auch beſchränkt, doch bequem und angenehm leben konnte. Ein Theil des Hausgeräths war mit in den Kauf eingeſchloſſen, ſo daß die neue Beſitzerin in wenig Stunden einige Zimmer artig einrichten konnte. Auf ihre Bitte veranlaßte Emil an einem ſchönen Nachmittag ſeinen Freund, ihm in ihre Wohnung zu folgen, indem er vorgab, dieſelbe für einen kaufluſtigen Bekannten beſehen zu wollen. Wer beſchreibt aber Klothars ſeliges Staunen, als die Thüre eines heitern Gemachs ſich vor ihm öffnete, und er, im Kreiſe der uns wohlbekannten Freunde, Aſta als Wirthin walten ſah, und dieſe ihm von Emil als ſeine neue Nachbarin vorgeſtellt ward. Mit ſprachloſem Entzücken drückte er ihre Hand an ſeine Lippen, aber ſein ſchönes dunkles Auge ſagte ihr mehr, als dieſe ihr hätten offenbaren können, als ſie ihm leiſe zuflüſterte: ſehen Sie nun wohl, daß es noch ein anderes und beſſeres letztes Mittel gab, uns für immer zu vereinen, als die Ehe? —

Im Lauf eines allgemeinen Geſpräches, das ſich jetzt entſpann, machte Emil der Verſammlung bekannt, daß er ein nahgelegenes Landgut zu kaufen entſchloſſen, und deshalb ſchon in Unterhandlungen getreten ſey, die einen günſtigen Erfolg hoffen ließen. Dieſe Mittheilung erhöhete noch um Vieles die allgemeine Heiterkeit, und Alle erſchöpften ſich wechſelsweiſe darin, ſich die Bilder eines künftigen freundlichen Beiſammenlebens auf das Anmuthigſte auszumalen, wozu auch der Hofrath ſeinen Beitrag lieferte, indem er nicht undeutlich zu verſtehen gab, daß er den ſchönen Kreis, der ſich hier zu bilden beginne, zuweilen mit Concordia zu vergrößern gedenke, und er trieb ſeine kühnen Hoffnungen ſo weit, Aſta zu verſprechen, ſie über ein Jahr dieſelbe ganz gewiß als ſeine Gattin zuzuführen. Der Doktor nahm ihn zu ſeiner unausſprechlichen Freude ſogleich mit ſcheinbarem Ernſt beim Wort, und verſprach ihm, wenn er den verheißenen Beſuch abſtatte, Concordien ein ländliches Feſt zu geben. Dann ergötzte er ſich eine Weile an dem zarten geiſtigen Einverſtändniß Klothars und Aſta's, und ſang darauf, die letzte neckend:

O wie tröſtend, o wie labend!
Immer bleibt er nun Dir nah!
Immer heißt es: geſtern Abend
War doch Vetter Michel da!

O möge es lange, lange ſo heißen, und Einigkeit, Frohſinn und Scherz mit uns unſer holdes Thal immerdar bewohnen! entgegnete Aſta dem Leichtfertigen.

Und Vetter Michel, der getreue Nachbar, wird uns Allen willkommen ſeyn, wenn und wo er auch unter uns erſcheinen mag! ſagte, Klothars Hand ſchüttelnd, Emil.

Und den Hauptmann Reichborn wird man doch auch nicht aus dem frohen Kreis verweiſen, wenn er ſich einmal als freundlicher Gaſt einſtellt? ſcherzte dieſer.

Er wird immer freudig empfangen werden, aber mir doppelt angenehm ſeyn, wenn er ſeine holde Gattin mitbringt, verſetzte Aſta, denn dieſe, fuhr ſie zu Klothar ſich wendend fort, iſt eben die Emma, von der Sie mich einſt in Altwaſſer ſcheiden ſahen.

Nach einigen Tagen, in welchen Emils beabſichtigter Ankauf noch zu Stande kam, begleitete derſelbe, um ſein Hochzeitfeſt dort zu feiern, Hermine und Aſta in die Heimath. Nach wenig Wochen kamen jedoch alle zurück, und bezogen ihre neuen Wohnörter. Aſta brachte ein artiges, etwa achtjähriges Mädchen, die Tochter eines kürzlich in großer Dürftigkeit verſtorbenen Schriftſtellers, mit ſich, durch deren ſorgſame Ausbildung ſie der Mitwelt die Schuld einer nützlichen Wirkſamkeit abzutragen gedachte, die dieſe mit Recht an uns zu fordern hat. Klothar, der während Aſta's Abweſenheit ſein Vermögen ausgezahlt erhalten hatte, und ſich nach würdiger Thätigkeit ſehnte, folgte nach einiger Zeit dem Beiſpiel ſeiner Freundin, indem er zwei arme verwaiſete, aber höchſt fähige Knaben aufnahm, deren Erziehung einen großen Theil ſeiner Zeit befriedigend ausfüllte. Die ſpätern Stunden des Tages brachte er jedoch faſt immer bei Aſta zu, und ſo erblühete beiden das ſeltene Glück, eine ſchöne Gegenwart an eine gleiche Vergangenheit knüpfen zu können. Wie vormals lauſchte Ella nun wieder am trüben Winterabend auf die Schritte des nahenden Freundes — wie vormals verfloß derſelbe Abend, durch Bücher und Geſpräch, Muſik und Geſang verkürzt. Nicht ſelten auch fanden ſie ſich mit Emil und Hermine zuſammen, und der Frühling führte das Ahlfeldiſche Ehepaar auf mehrere Monate in ihre Nähe. Auch der Hauptmann kam im Sommer mit Erwina zum Beſuch, aber Concordia erſchien allein, denn ſie hatte dem Hofrath auf ſeine zweite Bewerbung abermals die geflochtene Erwiederung ertheilt, und dieſer tröſtete ſich, ſo gut es gehen wollte, mit ſeinem Lieblingsplan einer gänzlichen Weltverbeſſerung. Klothar und Ella aber hoffen noch viele glückliche Tage, da eine reine geiſtige Neigung, die aus inniger Seelenverwandtſchaft erblühet, die längſte Dauer verſpricht.

Otto, Graf von Haugwitz

ward 1767 zu Piſchkowitz in der ſchleſiſchen Grafſchaft Glatz geboren und lebte nach vollendeten Studien in angenehmer Muße belletriſtiſchen Beſchäftigungen zu Breslau oder auf ſeinem Gute Falkenau in Schleſien ſo wie als königlich preußiſcher Kammerherr ſpäter zu Rauſchwaſſer in Schleſien.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Gedichte. Breslau 1790 in 8.

Blumen aus der lateiniſchen Anthologie. Ebendaſ. 1805 in 8.

Juvenals Satyren im Versmaße des Originals. Leipzig 1818.

Einhundert Epigramme. Breslau 1823 in 8.

G. v. H. hat ſich beſonders durch geſchmackvolle Ueberſetzungen einen geachteten Namen in der deutſchen Schriftſtellerwelt erworben. Seine eigenen poetiſchen Leiſtungen beurkunden ebenfalls reiche Phantaſie, Anmuth der Form und gewandte Herrſchaft über Sprache und Vers.

Markus Theodor von Haupt

ward den 2. Februar 1782 zu Mainz geboren, lebte nach geendigten juriſtiſchen Studien ſeit 1802 als practicirender Advocat zu Aſchaffenburg, 1805 in der Grafſchaft Erbach und zog 1807 nach Darmſtadt, von wo er als Tribunalrichter nach Düſſeldorf berufen wurde. Später vertauſchte er dieſes Amt mit der Stelle eines Oberlandesgerichtsrathes zu Trier.

Er gab heraus:

Blüthen aus Italien. Frankfurt 1806, 2 Thle. in 8.

Taſſo's Nächte, überſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1806.

Chateaubriand's Märtyrer, oder der Triumph des Chriſtenthums. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1810, 2 Thle.

Blüthenkränze. Homburg 1811 in 8.

Monatsroſen. Düſſeldorf 1817.

Aehrenleſe aus der Vorzeit. Elberfeld 1817 in 8.

Skizzen. Düſſeldorf 1819.

Mechtilde. Hiſtoriſchromantiſches Gemälde deutſcher Vorzeit. Köln 1821 in gr. 8.

Epheukränze. Trier 1824 in 8.

Schauſpiele. Mainz 1825, 2 Thle. in 8.

Unſere Vorzeit. Frankfurt 1828, 4 Bde.

Tell, hiſtoriſch-romantiſche Oper. Mainz 1829.

Die Freienſteiner, Novelle. Ebendaſ. 1830 in 8.

Reichthum der Phantaſie, Wärme der Empfindungen und Kraft und Wahrheit der inneren Lebendigkeit, ſprechen den Leſer beſonders in v. H's Schriften an und haben ihrem Verfaſſer einen geachteten Namen in der literariſchen Welt erworben.

Karl Renatus Hauſen

ward den 18. März 1740 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt die Humaniora und kam nach ſeiner Promotion zum M. der Philoſophie als Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft nach Halle, von wo ihn 1781 ein Ruf als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Bibliothekar nach Frankfurt an der Oder führte. Er wurde auch Präſes der dortigen gelehrten Geſellſchaft und ſtarb daſelbſt den 20. September 1805.

Die Welt kennt von ihm:

Pragmatiſche Geſchichte des 18. Jahrhunderts. Halle 1766.

Vermiſchte Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1766.

Vermächtniſſe für alle Stände. Halle 1767, 2. Ausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1773.

Allgemeine Bibliothek der Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1767. 1768. 2 Bde.

Verſuch einer Geſchichte des menſchlichen Geſchlechts. Ebendaſ. 1771 — 1781, 4 Thle.

Leben Klotzens. Ebendaſ. 1772.

Biographie des Herzogs Leopold von Braunſchweig. Frankfurt a. d. O. 1785.

Geſchichte der Univerſität und Stadt Frankfurt. Ebendaſ. 1800.

H. gehört noch den älteren deutſchen Hiſtorikern an, die die Geſchichte pedantiſch wie eine Wiſſenſchaft behandelten, deren Hauptzweck ſich darauf beſchränkt, die einzelnen Begebenheiten chronologiſch an einander zu reihen. — Seine Werke zeichnen ſich daher weder durch tiefe Forſchung, noch durch Geiſt oder treffliche Darſtellung aus, ſind aber wegen des Reichthums von Materialien, den ſie darbieten, für den Hiſtoriker vom Fach häufig ſehr brauchbar.

Martin Haynecciuſ

ward den 10. Auguſt 1544 zu Borna in Sachſen geboren, ſtudirte Philologie zu Leipzig, wurde daſelbſt Magiſter und kurz nach einander Lehrer an den Schulen zu Leiſnig, Chemnitz, Grimma und Amberg. Hierauf kam er, nachdem er einige Zeit zu Rochlitz privatiſirt hatte, 1585 als Rektor der Martinsſchule nach Braunſchweig und von da 1588 als Rektor der Landesſchule nach Grimma. Bereits ſeit 1608 emeritirt, ſtarb er daſelbſt den 28. April 1611.

Von ſeinen Luſtſpielen ſind auf uns gekommen:

Hans Pfriem oder Meiſter Keck, Komödie. Leipzig 1582. Neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1603; ferner Magdeburg 1606.

Der Kinder Schulſpiegel. Ebendaſ. 1582 und in neuer Ausg. unter dem Titel:

Schulteuffel. Ebendaſ. 1603, welche beide unter den Titeln: Hansofrumen und Almansor auch lateiniſch erſchienen.

Es fehlte H. nicht an komiſchem Talent und glücklicher Laune, aber von dem ſchlechten Geſchmack ſeiner Zeit verleitet, artet er zu leicht in Plattheit und Plumpheit aus und ſeine Komödien ſind daher zum größten Theile ungenießbar.

Johann Peter Hebel.

Dieſer zarte und gemüthvolle Dichter ward den 11. Mai 1760 zu Hauſen im Badiſchen von armen Eltern geboren, ſtudirte zu Lörrach und Karlsruhe und auf der Univerſität Erlangen Theologie und kam 1782 als Pfarrvikar nach Hertingen. 1783 wurde er Lehrer am Pädagogium zu Lörrach, 1791 Subdiakonus und 1798 Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Karlsruhe, worauf er 1805 zum Kirchenrath, ſo wie 1808 zum Direktor des daſigen Gymnaſiums erwählt wurde. 1809 ernannte ihn ſein Fürſt zum Mitglied der evangeliſchen Kirchen- und Prüfungskommiſſion, 1814 bei der evangeliſchen Kirchenminiſterialſektion und beförderte ihn 1819 zum Prälaten. Er ſtarb auf einer Reiſe zu Schwetzingen den 22. September 1826, nachdem er noch 1820 durch die Verleihung des Komthurats des Zähringer Löwenordens ausgezeichnet worden war.

Von ihm haben wir:

Sämmtliche Werke. Karlsruhe 1832 — 1834, 8 Bde. in 8.

Einzeln:

Allemanniſche Gedichte. Karlsruhe 1803; 6. vollſt. Originalausgabe Aarau 1831 in 8. mit 3 Kupf. und Titelvignette. Wohlfeilere Originalausg. Aarau 1828 in 12. Hiervon erſchienen viele Nachdrücke. Dieſelben überſetzt in hochdeutſche Mundart von Scheffner, Königsberg 1811; 2. Aufl. 1817 in 12.; von Fr. Girardet Leipzig 1821 in 16.; von Valentin Adrian Stuttgart 1824 in 8.; vom Freiherrn v. Budberg metriſch überſetzt Heidelberg 1827 in gr. 12.

Rheinländiſcher Hausfreund. Karlsruhe 1808—1811 in 4; 3. Aufl. Stuttgart 1827.

Schatzkäſtlein des rheiniſchen Hausfreundes. Tübingen 1811. 3. Aufl. Stuttgart 1827. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1833 in gr. 8.

Rheiniſcher Hausfreund. Karlsruhe 1814 u. 1815 in 4.

Bibliſche Geſchichten. Stuttgart 1822. 2. Auflage. Ebendaſ. 1824, 2 Bde.

Hebel erwarb ſich vorzügliche Verdienſte um die Bildung und Aufklärung des Volkes, welche ſich bei der Nation in bleibendem Andenken erhalten werden, ſelbſt wenn er nicht der Verfaſſer der trefflichen **allemanniſchen Gedichte** wäre, die ſich weit über die Gauen, für welche ſie eigentlich geſchrieben wurden, ausbreiteten und ſich ſelbſt im höchſten Norden Deutſchlands, durch die Herzlichkeit, Innigkeit und Natürlichkeit, welche in ihnen vorwaltend ſind, Freunde und Verehrer erwarben. Zwar hat der Dichter nicht überall den wahren Volkston in denſelben getroffen, indem er ſich theils zu Zeiten in der Form vergriff, theils den Figuren, die er handelnd und redend einführt, Aeußerungen und Gefühle giebt, welche ihnen unmöglich in dieſer Weiſe eigen ſein können und die daher geſucht und gemacht erſcheinen, theils endlich mitunter zu ſehr irgend eine Abſichtlichkeit durchblicken läßt, welche dem Weſen des Volkes ſowohl insbeſondere, wie der lyriſchen Poeſie im Allgemeinen durchaus zuwider iſt. — Im Ganzen finden ſich ſolcher verfehlter Verſuche jedoch nur wenige in der Sammlung, dagegen wahrer Meiſterwerke, in denen echtes, warmes Gefühl, Treuherzigkeit und wahrhaft dichteriſche Anſchauung den angemeſſenſten Ausdruck finden, erhöht durch die muſterhafte Behandlung eines Dialectes, der zwar große Anmuth beſitzt, doch auch faſt unüberwindliche Schwierigkeiten darbietet, recht viele, welche Hebels Namen verdienter Weiſe bis auf die ſpäteſte Nachwelt bringen werden.

Die Irrlichter*).

Es wandlen in der ſtille dunkle Nacht
wohl Engel um, mit Sterneblume b'chrönt,
uf grüne Matte bis der Tag verwacht,
und do und dört e Betzit-Glocke tönt.

Sie ſpreche mitenander heis und lis,
ſie machen öbbis mitenander us;
's ſin geheimi Sache, niemes rothet, was?
Druf göhn ſie wieder furt, und richte's us.

Und ſtoht ke Stern am Himmel und ke Mon,
und wemme nümme ſieht, wo d'Nußbäum ſtöhn,
mü'en ſelli Märcher uſem Füür an d'Frohn,
ſie müen den Engle zünde, wo ſie göhn.

Und jedem hangt e Lederſäckli a,
und wenn's em öd wird, langt er ebe dri,
und bißt e Bröckli Schwefelſchnitten a,
und trinkt e Schlückli Treber-Brentewi.

Druf putzt er d'Schnudern amme Tſchäubli ab,
Hui, flackerets in lichte Flammen uf,
und, hui, gohts wieder d'Matten uf und a,
mit neue Chräfte, d'Matte ab und uf.

's iſch chummliger ſo, wenn eim vorem Fuß
und vor den Auge d'Latern ſelber brennt,
aß wemme ſie mit Hände trage muß,
und öbbe gar no d'Finger dra verbrennt.

Und ſchritet ſpot e Menſch dur d'Nacht derher,
und ſieht vo witem ſcho die Kerli goh,
und betet liſli: „Das walt Gott der Her“ —
„Ach bleib bei uns“ — im Wetter ſin ſie do.

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*) Aus: J. P. Hebels „Allemanniſchen Gedichten.“

Worum? Sobald der Engel bete hört,
ſe heimelets en a, er möcht derzu.
Der füürig Marcher blieb ſo lieber dört,
und wenn er chunnt, ſo hebt er d'Ohre zu.

Und ſchritet öbbe e trunkne Ma dur d'Nacht,
er flucht und ſappermentet: „Chrüz und Stern“
und alli Zeiche, aß der Bode chracht,
ſell hörti wohl der füürig Marcher gern.

Doch wirds em nit ſo gut. Der Engel ſeit:
„Fort, weidli fort! Do megi nüt dervo!“
Im Wetterleich, ſen iſch der wüſt und breit
bi Marcher ye, und au bi Engel do.

Doch goht me ſtill ſi Gang in Gottis G'leit,
und denkt: „Der chönnet bliben oder cho,
„me jede weiß ſi Weg, und 's Thal iſch breit,“
ſell iſch's vernünftigſt, und ſe lön ein go.

Doch wenn der Wunderwitz ein öbbe trennt,
me lauft im Unverſtand den Engle no,
ſel iſch ene wie Gift und Sapperment;
im Augenblick ſe lön ſie alles ſtoh.

Z'erſt ſage ſie: „Denkwol es iſch ſi Weg,
„er goht verbei, mer wen e wenig z'ruck!
So ſage ſie, und wandle ſtill us Weg,
und ſider nimmt der füürig Ma ne Schlucht.

Doch folgt me witers über Steg und Bort,
wo nummen au der Engel goht und ſtoht,
ſe ſeit er z'letzt: „Was gilt, i find en Ort,
„du Lappi, wo di Weg nit dure goht!“

Der Marcher muß vora, mit ſtillem Tritt
der Engel hinterher, und lauft me no,
ſe ſtoßt men in e Gülle, 's fehlt ſi nit.
Jez weiſch di B'richt, und jez chaſch wieder goh!

Nei, wart e wenig, 's chunnt e guti Lehr!
Vergiß mers nit, ſchribs lieber in e Buch!
Zum Erſte ſag: Das walt Gott der Her,
iſch allwil no beſſer, as e Fluch.

Der Fluch jagt d'Engel mittem Heil dervo:
ne chriſtli Gmüeth und 's Bette zieht ſie a;
und womme meint, me ſeh ne Marcher cho,
's iſch numme ſo d'Laterne vorne dra.

Zum Andere, und wenn ein Ehre-Ma
ne Gſchäft für ihn ellei z'verrichte het,
ſe loß en mache, was gohts di denn a?
Und los nit, womme mittem Nochber redt!

Und goht me der us Weg, ſo lauf nit no!
Gang deiner Wege fort in Gottis G'leit!
's iſch Unverſtand, me merkts emanderno,
Und 's git en Unehr. Gang, i heig ders gſeit.

Der Schmelzofen.

Jez brennt er in der ſchönſten Art,
und 's Waſſer rauſcht, der Blosbalg gahrt,
und bis aß d'Nacht vom Himmel fallt,
ſe wird die erſt Maßle chalt.

Und 's Waſſer rauſcht, der Blosbalg gahrt;
i ha druf bi ne Gulde g'ſpart.
Gang Chüngeli, bring e alte Wi,
mer wen e wengli luſtig ſi!

Ne Freudeſtund iſch nit verwehrt;
me g'nießt mit Dank, was Gott biſchert,
me trinkt e friſche frohe Muth,
und druf ſchmeckt wieder 's Schaffe gut.

E Freudeſtund, e guti Stund!
's erhaltet Lib und Chräfte gſund;
doch muß es in der Ordnig goh,
ſuſt het me Schand und Leid dervo.

E frohe Ma, ne brave Ma!
Jez ſchenket i und ſtoßet a:
„Es leb der Markgrof und ſi Huus!“
Ziehnt d'Chappen ab, und trinket us!

Ne beſſre Her treit d'Erde nit,
's iſch Sege, was er thut und git,
i cha's nit ſage, wiemi freut,
vergelts em Gott! Vergelts em Gott!

Und 's Bergwerch ſoll im Sege ſtoh!
's het menge Burger 's Brod dervo.
Der Her Inſpekter lengt in Trog,
und zahlt mit Freud, es iſch kei Frog.

Drum ſchenket i, und ſtoßet a!
Der Her Inſpekter iſch e Ma,
mit öfers Gattigs Lüte z'mei,
und fründli gege groß und chlei.

Er ſchafft e gute Wi ufs Werk,
er holt en über Thal und Berg,
er ſtellt en lutre uffe Tiſch,
und mißt, wie's recht und billig iſch.

Sell iſch verbei, der Ma am Füür
muß z'trinke ha, wärs no ſo thür.
Es rieslet menge Tropfe Schweiß,
und wills nit go, men ſchafft nit.

Me ſtreift der Schweiß am Ermel ab,
me ſchnaufet, d'Bälg verſchnuufe drab,
und mengi liebi Mitternacht
wird ſo am heiße Herd verwacht.

Der Schmelzer iſch e plagte Ma,
drum bringemr's ein, und ſtoßet a:
G'ſegott! Vergiß di Schweiß und Ach!
's hat jeden andern au ſi Sach.

Am Zahltag theiliſch doch mit frei'm,
und bringſch der Lohn im Naſtuch heim,
ſe lengt di d'Marei fründli a,
und ſeit: „I ha ne brave Ma!“

Druf ſchlacht ſie Eier-Anken i,
und ſtreut e wenig Zimber dri;
ſie bringt Salat und Grübe dra,
und ſeit: „Jez iß, du liebe Ma!“

Und wenn e Ma ſi Arbet thut,
ſe ſchmeckt em au ſi Eſſe gut.
Er tauſchti nit in Leib und Lieb
mit mengem riche Galge-Dieb.

Mer ſitze do, und 's ſchmeckt is wohl.
Gang, Chüngeli, leng no ermol,
wil doch der Ofe wieder goht,
und 's Erz im volle Chübel ſtoht!

So brenn er denn zu guter Stund,
und Gott erhalt ich alle gſund,
und Gott bewahr ich uf der Schicht,
aß niemer Leid und Unglück gſchicht.

Und chunnt in ſtrenger Winters-Zit,
wenn Schnee uf Berg und Firſte lit,
en arme Bub, en arme Ma,
und ſtoht ans Füür, und wärmt ſi dra,

Er bringt e paar Grumbirli,
und leits ans Füür, und brotet ſie,
und ſchloft be'm Seyer uffem Erz —
ſchlof wohl, und tröſt der Gott di Herz

Dört ſtoht ſo ein. Chumm, arme Ma
und thuenis Bſcheid, mer ſtoßen a!
G'ſegott, und tröſt der Gott di Herz!
me ſchloft nit liebli uffem Erz.

Und chunnt zur Zit e Bilgerma
ans Füür, und zündet 's Pfiffli a,
und legt ſi nämmen ane mit,
ſe ſchmeckts em wohl, und — brenn di nit!

Doch fangt e Büebli z'brieggen a,
und meint, es chönne, es wär ne Ma,
ſo macht der Schmelzer churze Bricht,
und zieht em's Pfifli uſem Gſicht,

Er leits ins Füür, und ſeigt derzu:
„Heſch's au ſcho gſehrt, du Lappi du!
„Sag emol Störzli Habermark,
„Weiſch? Habermark macht d'Bube ſtark!"

's iſch wohr, 's git mengi Churzwil mehr
am Sunntig no der Kinderlehr,
und ſtrömt der füürig Iſe-Bach
im Sand, es iſch e ſchöni Sach.

Frog menge Ma: „Sag, Nochber, he!
„heſch au ſcho Iſe werde ſeh
„im füür'ge Strom de Forme no?
Was gilts, er cha nit ſage: Jo!

Wir wüſſe, wie me 's Iſe macht,
und wie's im Sand zu Maſſle bacht,
und wiemes druf in d'Schmitte bringt,
und d'Luppen unterm Hammer zwingt.

Jez ſchenket i, und ſtoßet a:
Der Hammermeiſter iſch e Ma!
Wär Hammer-Schmid und Zeiner nit,
do läg e Sach, was thät me mit?

Wie giengs im brave Hamberchs-Ma?
's muß jede Stahl und Iſe ha;
und muß der Schnider d'Nodle ge,
ſen iſchs au um ſi Nahrig gſcheh.

Und wenn im frühe Morgeroth
der Bur in Feld und Fuhre ſtoht,
ſo muß er Charſt und Haue ha,
ſuſt iſch er e verlohene Ma.

Zum Broche braucht er d'Wägiſe,
zum Meihe braucht er d'Sägiſe,
und d'Sichle, wenn der Weize bleicht,
und 's Meſſer, wenn der Trübel weicht.

So ſchmelzet denn, und ſchmiedet ihr,
und dankich Gott der Herr derfür!
Und mach en andre Sichle drus,
und was me braucht in Feld und Hus!

Und numme keini Säbel meh!
's het Wunde gnug und Schmerze ge.
's hinkt mengen ohni Fuß und Hand,
und menge ſchloft im tiefe Sand.

Kei Hurlibaus, ke Füſi meh!
Mer hen 's Lamento öbbe gſeh,
und ghört, wie's in de Berge chracht,
und Aengſte gha di ganzi Nacht.

Und glitte hemmer, was me cha;
drum ſchenket i, und ſtoßet a:
Uf Völker-Fried' und Einigkeit
von nun a bis in Ewigkeit!

Jez zahlemer! Jez göhmer hei,
und ſchaffe hüt no allerlei,
und dengle no bis tief in d'Nacht,
und meihe, wenn der Tag erwacht.

Der Morgen-Stern.

Woher ſo früeih, wo ane ſcho,
Her Morge-Stern enanderno,
in diner glitzrige Himmels-Tracht,
in diner guldige Locke Pracht,
mit dinen Auge chlor und blau
und ſuber g'wäſchen im Morge-Thau?

Heſch gmeint, de ſeiſch ellaiwig do?
Mi weger nei, mer meihe ſcho!
Mer meihe ſcho ne halbi Stund;
früeih uffſto iſch de Glieder gſund,
es macht e friſche frohe Muth,
und d'Suppe ſchmeckt eim no ſo gut.

's git Lüt, ſie hoſe frili no,
ſie chönne ſchier nit uſe cho.
Der Mähder und der Morge-Stern
ſtöhn zitli uf, und meihe gern,
und was me früeih um Vieri thut,
das chunnt eim z'Nacht um Nüni gut.

Und d'Vögeli ſin au ſcho do,
ſie ſtimmen ihri Pfifli ſcho,
und uſſem Baum und hinterm Hag
ſeit eis im andre gute Tag!
Und 's Turtel-Tübli ruckt und lacht,
und 's Betzit-Glöckli iſch au verwacht.

„Se helfis Gott, und gebis Gott
„e gute Tag, und b'hüetis Gott!
„Wer betten cha, het e fröhlig Herz,
„es chunnt eim wohl in Freud und Schmerz.
„wer chriſtli lebt, het frohe Muth:
„der lieb Gott ſtoht für alles gut."

Weiſch, Jobbli, was der Morge-Stern
am Himmel ſucht? Me ſeits nit gern!
Er wandlet imme Sternli no,
er cha ſchier gar nit vonnem lo.
Doch meint ſi Mutter, 's wärſ nit ſo,
und thut en wie ne Hüenli i.

Drum ſtoht er uf vor Tag, und goht
ſi'm Sternli no dur's Morgeroth.
Er ſucht, und 's wird em windewoh,
er möcht em gern e Schmützli ge,
er möcht em ſagen: I bi der hold!
es wär em über Geld und Gold.

Doch wenn er ſchier gar bynem wär,
verwacht ſi Mutter handumcher,
und wenn ſie rüeft enanderno,
ſen iſch mi Bürſtli niene do.
Druf ſtickt ſie ihre Chranz ins Hoor,
und lueget hinter de Berge vor.

Und wenn der Stern ſi Mutter ſieht,
ſo wird er todesbleich und flieht,
er rüeft ſi'm Sternli: Bhüetdi Gott!
es iſch, as wenn er ſterbe wott.
Jez, Morge-Stern, heſch hochi Zit,
im Müetterli iſch nümme wit.

Dört chunnt ſie ſcho, was hani gſeit,
in ihrer ſtille Herrlichkeit.
Sie zündet ihre Strahlen a,
de Chilch-Thurn wärmt ſi au ſcho dra,
und wo ſie fallen in Berg und Thal,
ſo rüehrt ſi 's Leben überal.

Der Storch probiert ſi Schnabel ſcho,
„de chaſchs perfekt, wie geſter no!"
und d'Chemi rauchen au allgmach;
hörſch 's Mühli-Rad am Erle-Bach,
und wie im dunkle Buche-Wald
mit ſchwere Streiche d'Holz-Ax fallt?

Was wandelt dört im Morge-Strahl
mit Tuch und Chorb dur's Matte-Thal?
's ſin d'Meidli jung, und flink und froh,
ſie bringe weger d'Suppe ſcho,
und 's Anne Meidli vornen a,
es lacht mi ſcho vo witem a.

Wenn ich der Sunn ihr Büebli wär,
und 's Anne Meidli chäm ungfähr
im Morgeroth, ihm giengi no,
i möcht vom Himmel abe-cho,
und wenn au d'Mutter balge wott,
i chönnts nit lo, verzieh mers Gott!

Das Hexlein.

Und woni uffem Schnid-Stuhl ſitz
für Baſſeltang, und Liechtſpöhn ſchnitz,
ſe chunnt e Hexli wohlgimuth,
und frogt no frey; „Hent's Meſſer gut?“

Und ſeit mer frey no Gute Tag!
und woni lueg, und woni ſag:
„'s chönnt beſſer go, und Große Dank!“
ſe wird mer's Herz uf eimol chrank.

Und uf, und furt enanderno,
und woni lueg, iſchs nümme do,
und woni rüef: „Du Hexli he!“
ſo gits mer ſcho kei Antwort meh.

Und ſider ſchmeckt mer's Eſſe nit;
ſtell numme, was de heſch und witt,
und wenn en anders ſchlofe cha,
ſe hör i alli Stunde ſchlah.

Und was i ſchaff, das g'rothet nit,
und alli Schritt und alli Tritt,
ſe chunnt mim Sinn das Hexli für,
und was i ſchwetz, iſch hinterfür.

's iſch wohr, es het e Gſichtli gha,
's verlangti ſi en Engel dra,
und 's ſeit mit ſo 'me freie Muth,
ſo lieb und ſüß: „Hent's Meſſer gut?“

Und leider hani's ghört und gſeh,
und ſellemols und nümme meh.
Dört iſchs am Hag und Hurſt verbey,
und witers über Stock und Stei.

Wer ſpöchtet mer mi Hexli us,
wer zeigt mer ſiner Mutter Hus?
I lauf no, was i laufe cha,
wer weiß, ſe triffi's doch no a!

I lauf no alli Dörfer us,
i ſuch und frog vo Hus zu Hus,
und würd mer nit mi Hexli chund,
ſe würdi ebe nümme g'ſund.

Der Sommerabend.

O, lueg doch, wie iſch d'Sunn ſo müed,
lueg, wie ſie d'Heimeth abezieht!
O lueg, wie Strahl um Strahl verglimmt,
und wie ſi 's Fazenetli nimmt,
e Wülkli, blau mit roth vermüſcht,
und wie ſie an der Stirne wüſcht.

's iſch wohr, ſie het au übel Zit,
im Summer gar, der Weg iſch wit,
und Arbet findt ſie überal,
in Hus und Feld, in Berg und Thal.
's will alles Liecht und Wärme ha,
und ſpricht ſie um e Segen a.

Meng Blümli het ſie ausſtaffiert,
und mit ſcharmante Farbe ziert,
und mengem Immli z'trinke ge,
und gſeit: Heſch gnug und witt no meh?
und 's Chäferli het hintene
doch au ſi Tröpfli übercho.

Meng Some-Chöpfli het ſie gſprengt,
und 's zitig Sömli uſe g'lengt.
Hen d'Vögel nit bis z'allerletzt
e Bettles gha, und d'Schnäbel g'wezt?
Und keis goht hungerig ins Bett,
wo nit ſi Theil im Chröpfli het.

Und wo am Baum e Chrieſi lacht,
ſe het ſie'm rothi Bäckli gmacht;
und wo im Feld en Aehri ſchwankt,
und wo am Pfohl e Rebe rankt,
ſe het ſie eben abe glengt,
und het's mit Laub und Bluſt umhengt.

Und uf der Bleichi het ſie gſchafft
hütte und je us aller Chraft.
Der Bleicher het ſi ſelber g'freut,
doch hätt' er nit, vergelts Gott, gſeit.
Und het e Frau no Wöſchli gha,
ſe het ſie trochnet druf und dra.

's iſch weger wohr, und überal,
wo d'Sägeſen im ganze Thal
dur Gras und Halme gangen iſch,
ſe het ſie gheuet froh und friſch.
Es iſch e Sach, by meiner Treu,
am Morge Gras und z'Obe Heu!

Drum iſch ſie jez ſo ſtill müed,
und braucht zum Schlof kei Obe-Lied;
ke Wunder, wenn ſie ſchnuuft und ſchwitzt.
Lueg wie ſie dört uf's Bergli ſitzt!
jez lächelt ſie zum letzte mol.
Jez ſeit ſie: Schlofet alli wohl!

Und d'unten iſch ſie! Bhüt di Gott!
Der Guhl, wo uffem Chilchthurn ſtoht,
het no nit gnug, er bſchaut ſie no.
Du Wunderlig, was gafſch denn ſo?
Was gilts, ſie thut der bald derfür,
und zieht e rothen Umhang für!

Sie duuret ein, die guti Frau,
ſie het ihr voll Hus-Chrütz au.
Sie lebt gwiß mittem Ma nit guet,
und chunnt ſie heim, nimmt er ſi Hut;
und was i ſag, jez chunnt er bald,
dört ſitzt er ſcho im Fohre-Wald.

Er macht ſo lang, was tribt er echt?
Die meint ſchier gar, er traut nit recht.
Chumm numme, ſie iſt nümme do,
's wird alles ſtill, ſe ſchloft ſie ſcho.
Jez ſtoht er uf, und luegt ins Thal,
und 's Möhnli grüeßt en überal.

Denkwohl, mer göhn jez au ins Bett,
und wer kei Dorn im G'wiſſe het,
der bruucht zum Schlofen au kei Lied;
me wird vom Schaffe ſelber müed;
und öbbe hemmer Schöchli gmacht,
drum gebis Gott e guti Nacht!

Die Mutter am Chriſt-Abend.

Er ſchloft, er ſchloft! Do lit er, wie ne Grof!
Du lieben Engel, was i bitt,
by Lib und Lebe verwach mer nit,
Gott gunnet mi'm Chind im Schlof!

Verwachmer nit, verwachmer nit!
Di Mutter goht mit ſtillem Tritt,
ſie goht mit zartem Mutter-Sinn,
und holt e Baum im Chämmerli d'inn.

Was henki der denn dra?
Ne ſchöne Lebchueche-Ma,
ne Gitzeli, ne Mummeli
und Blüemli wiß und roth und gel,
vom allerfinſte Zucker-Mehl.

's iſch gnueg, du Mutter-Herz!
Viel Süß macht numme Schmerz,
Gib's ſparſam, wie der liebi Gott,
nit all' Tag geit er Zucker-Brod.

Jez Nümmechrüſliger her,
die allerſchönſte, woni ha,
's iſch nummen au kei Möſeli dra.
Wer het ſie ſchöner, wer!

's iſch wohr, es iſch e Pracht,
was ſo en Oepfel lacht;
und iſch der Zucker-Beck e Ma,
ſe mach er ſo ein, wenn er cha.
Der lieb Gott het en' gmacht.

Was hani echt noch meh?
Ne Fazenetli wiiß und roth,
und das eis vo de schöne.
O Chind, vor bittre Thräne
bewahr di Gott, bewahr di Gott!

Und was isch meh do inn?
ne Büechli, Chind, 's isch au no di.
I leg der schöni Helgli bi,
und schöni Gebetli für selber drin.

Jez chönntsch, trau i, goh;
es fehlt nüt meh zum Gute —
Poz tausig, no ne Ruthe!
Do isch sie scho, do isch sie scho!

's cha sy, sie freut di nit,
's cha sy, sie haut der 's Wädeli wund;
doch witt nit anderst, sen ischs der gsund:
's muß nit sy, wenn d' nit witt.

Und willschs nit anderst ha,
in Gottis Name seig es drum!
Doch Muetter=Lieb isch zart und frumm,
sie windet rothi Bendeli dri,
und macht e Letschli dra.

Jez wär er usstaffiert,
und wie ne Mai=Baum ziert,
und wenn bis früeih der Tag verwacht,
het 's Wienecht=Chindli alles gmacht.

De nimmschs und dankschs mer's nit;
Drum weisch nit, wer der's git.
Doch machts der numme ne frohe Muth,
und schmeckts der numme, sen ischs scho gut.

Vom Blauß, der Wächter rüeft
scho Zwölfi! Wie doch d'Zit verrinnt,
und wie me si vertieft,
wenn 's Herz an näumis Nahrig findt

Jez bhüetdi Gott der Her!
En andri Chertzli meh!
Der heilig Christ isch hinecht cho,
het Chindes Fleisch und Blut agno;
Wärsch au so brav, wie er!

Der Käfer.

Der Chäfer fliegt der Jilge zu,
es sizt e schönen Engel dört!
er wirthet gwis mit Blumesaft,
und 's chostet nit viel, hani ghört.

Der Engel seit: „Was wär der lieb?" —
„Ne Schöppli Alte hätti gern!" —
Der Engel seit: „Sell cha nit sy,
sie hen en alle trunke fern." —

„Se schenk e Schöppli Neuen i!" —
„Do hesch eis!" het der Engel gseit.
Der Chäfer trinkt, und 's schmeckt em wohl
er frogt: „Was isch mi Schuldigkeit?"

Der Engel seit: „He, 's chostet nüt:
„Doch richtsch mer gern e Gfallen us,
„weisch was, se nimm das Blumemehl,
„und tragmers dört ins Nochbers Hus!"

„Er het zwor selber, was er braucht,
„Doch freuts en, und er schickt mer au
„mengmol e Hämpfeli Blumemehl,
„mengmol e Tröpfli Morgethau."

Der Chäfer seit: „Jo frili, jo!
„Vergelts Gott, wenn de z'friede bisch."
Druf treit er's Mehl ins Nochbers Hus,
wo wieder so en Engel isch.

Er seit: „I chumm vom Nochber her,
„Gott grüeß di, und er schick der do
„au Blumemehl!" Der Engel seit:
„Du hättsch nit chönne lieber cho."

Er ladet ab; der Engel schenkt
e Schöppli guete Neuen i.
Er seit: „Do trink eis, wenn de magsch!"
Der Chäfer seit: „Sell cha scho sy!"

Druf fliegt er zu sim Schätzli heim,
's wohnt in der nächste Haselhurst.
Es balgt und seit: „Wo blibsch so lang?
Er seit: „Was chani für mi Durst!

Jez lengt ers a, und nimmts in Arm,
er chüßts, und isch bim Schätzli froh.
Druf leit er si ins Lotterbett,
Und seit zum Schätzli: „Chumm bal no!"

Gell Gretli, 's dunkt di ordeli?
De hesch au so ne lustig Bluet.
Je, so ne Lebe, liebi Fründ,
es isch wohl für e Thierli gut.

Hans und Verene.

Es gfallt mer nummen eini,
und selli gfallt mer gwis!
O wenni doch das Meidli hätt,
es isch so flink und dundersnett,
so dundersnett,
i wär im Paradies!

's isch wohr, das Meidli gfallt mer,
und 's Meidli hätti gern!
's het alliwil e frohe Muth,
e Gsichtli hets, wie Milch und Bluet,
wie Milch und Bluet,
und Auge wie ne Stern.

Und wenni 's sieh vo witem,
se stigt mer's Bluet ins Gsicht;
es wird mer übers Herz so schwer,
und 's Wasser lauft mer d'Backen ab;
wohl d'Backen ab;
i weiß nit, wie mer gschicht.

Am Zistig früeih bim Brunne,
se redt 's mi frei no a:
„Chumm, lüpf mer, Hans! Was fehlt der echt?
„Es isch der näume gar nit recht,
nei gar nit recht!"
I denk mi Lebtig dra.

I ha 's em solle sage,
und hätti 's numme gseit!
und wenni numme richer wär,
und wär mer nit mi Herz so schwer,
mi Herz so schwer,
's gäb wieder Gleginheit.

Und uf und fort, jez gangi,
's wird täten im Salat,
und sag em's, wenni näume cha,
und luegt es mi nit fründli a,
nit fründli a,
so bini vorm Soldat.

En arme Kerli bini,
arm bini, sell isch wohr.
Doch hani no nüt Unrechts tho,
und sufer gwachse wäri jo,
das wäri scho,
mit sellem hätts ke G'fohr.

Was wisplet in de Hürste,
was raschlet echt dört?
Es visperlet, es rauscht im Laub.
O bhüetis Gott der Her, i glaub,
i glaub, i glaub,
es het mi näumer ghört.

„Do bini jo, do hesch mi,
„und wenn de mi denn witt!
„I ha's scho sieder'm Spöthlig gmerkt;
„am Zistig hesch mi völlig bstärkt,
jo, völlig bstärkt.
„Und worum seitsch's denn nit?

„Und biſch nit rich an Güte,
„und biſch nit rich an Geld,
„en ehrli Gmüeth iſch über Geld,
„und ſchaffe chaſch in Hus und Feld,
in Hus und Feld,
„und lueg, i bi der hold!"

O Vreneli, was ſeiſch mer,
o Vreneli, iſch's ſo?
De heſch mi us em Fegfüür gholt,
und länger hätti's nümme tolt,
nei, nümme tolt.
Jo, freili willi, jo!

Der Winter.

Iſch echt do obe Bauwele feil?
Sie ſchütten eim e redli Theil
in d'Gärten abe und ufs Hus;
es ſchneit doch au, es iſch e Grus;
und 's hangt no menge Wage voll
am Himmel obe, merki wol.

Und wo ne Ma vo witem lauft,
ſo het er vo der Bauwele gchauft;
er treit ſie uf der Achsle no,
und uffem Hut, und lauft dervo.
Was laufſch denn ſo, du närſche Ma!
De wirſch ſie doch nit gſtohle ha?

Und Gärten ab, und Gärten uf,
hen alli Scheie Chäppli uf.
Sie ſtöhn wie groſi Here do;
ſie meine, 's heigs ſuſt niemes ſo.
Der Nußbaum het doch au ſi Sach,
und 's Herre-Hus und 's Chilche-Dach.

Und wo me lugt, iſch Schnee und Schnee,
me ſieht ke Stroß und Fueß-Weg meh.
Meng Some-Chörnli, chlei und zart,
lit unterm Bode wohl verwahrt,
und ſchnei's ſo lang es ſchneie mag,
es wartet uf ſi Oſtertag.

Meng Summer-Vögli ſchöner Art
lit unterm Bode wohl verwahrt;
es het kei Chummer und kei Chlag,
und wartet uf ſi Oſtertag;
und gangs au lang, er chunnt emol,
und ſider ſchlofts, und 's iſch em wohl.

Doch wenn im Frühlig 's Schwälmli ſingt
und d'Sunne-Wärmi abedringt,
Potz tauſig, wacht's in jedem Grab,
und ſtreift ſi Todte-Hemdli ab.
Wo nummen au ne Löchli iſch,
ſchlieft 's Leben uſe jung und friſch. —

Do fliegt e hungrig Spätzli her!
e Bröſli Brod wär ſi Begehr.
Es luegt eim ſo erbärmli a;
's het ſider nechte nüt meh gha.
Gell Bürſtli, ſel iſch anderi Zit,
wenn 's Chorn in alle Fuhre lit!

Do heſch! Loß andern au dervo!
Biſch hungrig, chaſch mer wieder cho! —
's muß wohr ſy, wie 's e Sprüchli git:
„Sie ſeihe nit, und ernde nit;
„ſie hen kei Pflug, und hen kei Joch,
„und Gott im Himmel nährt ſie doch."

Sonntagsfrühe.

Der Samſtig het zum Sunntig gſeit:
„Jez hani alli ſchlofe gleit;
„ſie ſin vom Schaffe her und hi
„gar ſölli müed und ſchläfrig gſi,
„und 's goht mer ſchier gar ſelber ſo,
„i cha faſt uf kei Bei meh ſtoh."

So ſeit er, und wo's Zwölfi ſchlacht,
ſe ſinkt er aben in d'Mitternacht.
Der Sunntig ſeit: „Jez iſchs an mir!"
Gar ſtill und heimli bſchließt er d'Thür.
Er düſelet hinter d' Sterne no,
und cha ſchier gar nit obſi cho.

Doch endli ribt er d'Augen us,
er chunnt der Sunn an Thür und Hus;
ſie ſchloft im ſtille Chämmerli;
er pöpperlet am Lädemli;
er rüeft der Sunne: „d'Zit iſch do!"
Sie ſeit: „I chumm enanderno." —

Und liſli uf de Zeche goht,
und heiter uf de Berge ſtoht
der Sunntig, und 's ſchloft alles no:
es ſieht und hört en niemes goh;
er chunnt ins Dorf mit ſtillem Tritt,
und winkt im Guhl: „Verroth mi nit!"

Und wemmen endli au verwacht,
und gſchlofe het die ganzi Nacht,
ſo ſtoht er do im Sunne-Schi',
und luegt eim zu de Fenſtern i
mit ſinen Auge mild und gut,
und mittem Meien uffem Hut.

Drum meint ers treu, und was i ſag,
es freut en, wemme ſchlofe mag,
und meint, es ſeig no dunkli Nacht,
wenn d'Sunn am heit're Himmel lacht.
Drum iſch er au ſo liſli cho,
drum ſtoht er au ſo liſli do.

Wie glitzeret uf Gras und Laub
vom Morgethau der Silberſtaub!
Wie weiht e friſche Maieluft,
voll Chrieſi-Bluest und Schleche-Duft!
und d'Immli ſammle flink und friſch,
ſie wüſſe nit, aß 's Sunntig iſch.

Wie pranget nit im Garte-Land
der Chrieſi-Baum im Maie-Gwand,
Gel-Veieli und Tulipa,
und Sterneblume nebe dra,
und gfüllti Zinkli blau und wiß,
me meint, me lueg ins Paradies!

Und 's iſch ſo ſtill und heimli do,
men iſch ſo rüehig und ſo froh!
Me hört im Dorf kei Hüſt und Hott;
e Gute Tag, und Dank der Gott,
und 's git gottlob e ſchöne Tag,
iſch alles, was me höre mag.

Und 's Vögeli ſeit: „Frili jo!
„Potz tauſig, jo, do iſch er ſcho!
„Er dringt jo in ſi'm Himmels-Glaſt
„Dur Bluest und Laub in Hurſt und Naſt!"
Und 's Diſtelzwigli vorne dra
het 's Sunntig-Röckli au ſcho a.

Sie lüte weger 's Zeiche ſcho,
der Pfarrer, ſchint's, well zitli cho.
Gang, brech mer eis Aurikli ab,
verwüſchet mer der Staub nit drab;
und Chüngeli, leg di weidli a,
du muſch derno ne Meje ha!

Auf einem Grabe.

Schlof wohl, ſchlof wohl im chüele Bett!
De ligſch zwor hert uf Sand und Chies;
doch ſpürts di müede Ruck nit.
Schlof ſanft und wohl!

Und 's Deckbett lit der, dick und ſchwer
in d'Höchi gſchüttlet, uffem Herz.
Doch ſchlofſch im Friede, 's druckt di nit.
Schlof ſanft und wohl!

De ſchlofſch und hörſch mi Bhüeti Gott,
de hörſch mi ſchwere Chlage nit.
Wärs beſſer, wenn de's höre chönntſch!
Nei, weger nei!

O 's iſch der wohl, es iſch der wohl!
Und wenni numme by der wär,
ſo wär ſcho alles recht und gut.
Mer teilten 's.

De ſchlofſch und achtiſch 's Unruehj nit
im Chilche-Thurn die langi Nacht,
und wenn der Wächter Zwölfi rüeft
im ſtille Dorf.

Und wenns am ſchwarze Himmel blizt,
und Gwülch an Gwülch im Donner chracht,
ſo fahrt der 's Wetter übers Grab,
und weckt di nit.

Und was di früeih im Morgeroth
bis ſpot in d'Mitternacht b'chümmeret het,
Gottlob, es ficht di nümmen a
im ſtille Grab.

Es iſch der wohl! o 's iſch der wohl!
und alles was de g'litte heſch,
Gott Lob und Dank, im chüele Grund
thuets nümme weh.

Drum, wenni numme by der wär,
ſo wär jo alles recht und guet.
Jez ſiz i do, und weiß kei Troſt
mi'm tiefe Schmerz.

Doch öbbe bald, wenns Gotts Will iſch,
ſo chunnt mi Samſtig z'Obe an,
und druf, ſe grabt der Nochber Chlaus
mir au ne Bett.

Und wenni lig, und nümme ſchnauf,
und wenn ſie 's Schlofflied gſunge hen,
ſe ſchüttle ſie mer 's Deckbett uf,
und — Bhüeti Gott!

I ſchlof derno ſo ſanft wie du,
und hör im Chilch-Thurn 's Unruehj nit.
Mer ſchlofe, bis am Sunntig frueih
der Morge thaut.

Und wenn emol der Sunntig tagt,
und d'Engel ſinge 's Morgelied,
ſe ſtöhn mer mit enander uf,
erquickt und gſund.

Und 's ſtoht e neui Chilche do,
ſie funklet hell im Morgeroth.
Mer göhn, und ſingen am Altar
Halleluja!

Der Jenner.

Im Aetti ſezt der Dolbewurf zu.
Mer chönnte 's Lämpli uſi thue,
und d'Läden uf. Der Morge-Schi
blickt ſcho zum runde Aſtloch i —
O luoget doch, wie chalt und roth
der Jenner uf de Berge ſtoht.

Er ſeit: „I bi ne b'liebte Ma,
„der Stern am Himmel lacht mi a!
„Er glitzeret vor Luſt und Freud,
„und wenn er furt, ſen iſch's am leid,
„er luegt mi a, und cha's nit lo,
„und würd bezite wieder cho."

„Und unterdeß in Berg und Thal,
„wie flimmerets nit überal!
„An allen Ende Schnee und Schnee:
„'s iſch alles mir zu Ehre g'ſcheh,
„und wenni gang im wite Feld,
„ſin Stroße bahnt, und Brucke gſtellt."

Er ſeit: „I bi ne friſche Ma,
„i ha ne luſtig Tſchöpli a,
„und rothi Backe bis an d'Ohr,
„e heiter Aug und Duft im Hoor,
„ke Wintergfröſt, ke Gliederweh,
„und wenni gang, ſo chracht der Schnee."

Er ſeit: „I bi ne gſchickte Ma,
„lueg, wieni überzuckere cha!
„I chauch, und an de Hürſte hangts,
„und an de zarte Birche ſchwankts.
„Der Zuckerbeck mit gſchickter Hand,
„mit Geld und Gut wär's nit im Stand.

„Jez lueg au dini Schiben a,
„und wieni Helgli chritzle cha!
„Do heſch e Blüemli, wenns der gfallt,
„do heſch e ganze Tannewald!
„Der Früehli, chönnts nit beſſer ſi,
„'s iſch mit der Farb nit alles tho."

Er ſeit: „I bi ne ſtarche Ma,
„und zwing mi nümmer, wenn er cha!
„Der Forſter gſtablet uf der Jagd,
„Der Brunnetrog ſpringt, der Eichbaum chracht.
„D'Frau Sunne, mittem Gſichtli rund,
„het's Herz nit, aß ſie füre chunnt."

's iſch wohr, me weiß nit, was ſie thuet,
und wo ſie all Morge bleibt.
Wie länger Nacht, wie ſpöter Tag,
wie beſſer aß ſie ſchlofe mag,
und blieb es bis am Zehni Nacht,
ſo chäm ſie erſt, wenns Elfi ſchlacht.

Mei, het ſie's ghört? Dört chunnt ſie jo,
Me meint, 's brenn alles lichterloh! —
Sie ſtoht im chalte Morgeluft,
ſie ſchwimmt im rothe Nebelduft.
Jez, chauch e wenig d'Schiben a,
's iſch, aß me beſſer luege cha!

Der Nebel woget uf und ab,
und d'Sunne chämpft, ſie loßt nit ab.
Jez het ſie gunne. Wit und breit
ſtrahlt ihri Pracht und Herrlichkeit.
O lueg, wie's über d'Dächer wahlt,
am Chilche-Fenſter, lueg, wies ſtrahlt.

Der Jenner ſezt ſi Arm in d'Huft,
er ruckt am Hut, und ſchmeckt in d'Luft.
Der Jenner ſeit: „I förch di nit.
„Chumm, wenn de mit mer baſchge witt!
„Was gilts, de würſch bezite goh,
„und rüehmiſch dim Bäbeli nüt derno!"

Jo, 's wär wohl hübſch und lieblich ſo,
im warme Stübli gfallts eim ſcho.
Doch mengi Frau, daß Gott erbarm,
ſie nimmt ihr nackig Chind in d'Arm,
ſie het em nüt am d'Gliedli z'thue,
und wickelt's mittem Fürtuech zu.

Sie het kei Holz, und het kei Brod,
ſie ſizt und chlagts im liebe Gott.
G'friert Stei und Bei, wohl thuet der Schmerz
no Thränen uf im Mutterherz.
Der Jenner iſch e rauche Ma,
er nimmt ſi nüt um d'Armeth a.

Gang, bring der arme Fiſcher-Liſ'
e Säckli Mehl, e Hemdli mit,
nimm au ne Welle oder zwo,
und ſag, ſie ſoll au zuenis cho,
und Weihe hole, wenn i bach,
und decket iez der Tiſch allgmach.

Die Überraſchung im Garten.

„Wer ſprüzt mer alli Früeih mi Rosmeri?
„Es cha doch nit der Thau vom Himmel ſy;
„ſuſt hätt der Mangold au ſi Sach,
„er ſtoht doch au nit unterm Dach.
„Wer ſprüzt mer alli Früeih mi Rosmeri?

„Und wenn i no ſo früeih ins Gärtli ſpring,
„und unterwegs mi Morgeliedli ſing,
„iſch näumis g'ſchafft. Wie ſtöhn iez reihewis
„die Sezle wieder do am ſchlanke Ris
„in ihrem Blueſt! I chumm nit us dem Ding.

„Was gilts, es ſin die Jumpferen uſem See!
„Me meint zwor, 's chömm, wie lang ſcho, keini meh.
„Suſt ſin ſi in der Mitternacht,
„wenn niemes meh as d'Sterne wacht,
„in d'Felder uſe g'wandlet uſem See.

„Sie hen im Feld, ſie hen mit frummer Hand
„de brave Lüte g'ſchafft im Garteland,
„und iſch me früeih im Morgeſchimmer cho,
„und het iez welle an ſi Arbet go,
„iſch alles fertig gſi — und wie ſcharmant

„Du Schalk dört hinte, meinſch, i ſeh di nit?
„Jo, duck di numme nieder, wie de witt!
„I ha mers vorgſtellt, du würſch's ſy.
„Was falle der für Jeſten i! —
„O lueg, vertritt mer mini Sezlig nit!"

„O Kätterli, de biſch's nit ſelle ſy!
„Jo, dine Blueme hani z'tränke ge,
„und wenn de meinſch, i gieng für di dur's Füür
„und um mi Lebe wär mer di's nit z'thüür,
„und 's iſch mer e gar ſtilli wohl und weh."

So het zum Kätterli der Fridli g'ſeit,
er het e ſchweri Lieb im Herze treit,
und hets nit chönne ſage juſt,
und es het au in ſiner Bruſt
e ſchüüchi zarti Lieb zum Fridli treit.

„Lueg, Fridli, mini ſchöne Blüemli a,
„'s ſin numme alli ſchöne Farbe dra.
„Lueg, wie eis gegenem andre lacht,
„in ſiner holde Früehligs-Tracht,
„und do ſizt ſcho ne flißig Immli dra."

„Was helfe mer die Blüemli blau und wiß?
„O Kätterli, was hilft mer's Immlis Fliß?
„Würſch du mer hold, i wär im tiefſte Schacht,
„i wär mit dir, wo au kei Blüemli lacht
„und wo kei Immli ſummt, im Paradies."

Und d'rüber hebt ſi d'Sunne ſtill in d'Höh,
und luegt in d'Welt, und ſeit: „Was muß ich ſeh
„in aller Früeih!" — Der Fridli ſchlingt ſi Arm
um's Kätterli, und 's wird em wohl und warm.
Druf het em 's Kätterli e Schmüzli ge.

Das Gewitter.

Der Vogel ſchwankt ſo tief und ſtill,
er weiß nit, woner ane will.
Es chunnt ſo ſchwarz, und chunnt ſo ſchwer,
und in de Lüfte hangt e Meer
voll Dunſt und Wetter. Los, wie's ſchallt
am Blauen, und wie's widerhallt.

In große Wirble fliegt der Staub
zum Himmel uf, mit Halm und Laub,
und lueg mer dört ſel Wülkli a!
I ha ke große G'falle dra;
lueg, wie mers uſenander rupft,
wie über eis, wenns Wulle zupft.

Se helfis Gott, und b'hüetis Gott!
Wie zuckts dur's G'wülch ſo füürigroth
und 's chracht und toſt, es iſch e Grus,
aß d'Fenſter zittere und 's Hus.
Lueg 's Büebli in der Wagle a!
Es ſchloft, und nimmt ſi nüt drum a.

Wie lüte z'Steine druf und druf,
is, und 's hört ebe doch nit uf.
Sel braucht me gar, wenns dundre ſoll
und 's lütet eim no d'Ohre voll. —
O, helfis Gott! — Es iſch e Schlag!
Dört, ſiehſch im Baum am Gartehag?

Lueg, 's Büebli ſchloft no allewil
und us dem Dundre macht's nit viel.
Es denkt: „Das ficht mi wenig a,
„er wird io d'Auge bruuche ha."
Es ſchnüfelet, es dreiht ſi hott
ufs ander Oehrli. Gunn ders Gott!

O, ſiehſch die helle Streife dört?
O los! heſch nit das Raſle g'hört?
Es chunnt. Gott wellis gnädig ſy!
Schüt weidli, bänket d'Läden i!
's wieder akurat wie fern.
Gut Nacht, du ſchöni Weizen-Ern.

Es ſchettert ufem Chilche-Dach;
und vorem Hus, wie platſcht's im Bach
und lauft nit no — daß Gott erbarm.
Jez ſimmer wieder alli arm. —
Zwor hemmer au ſcho gmeint, 's ſey ſo,
und doch iſch 's wieder beſſer cho.

Lueg, 's Büebli ſchloft no allewil,
und us dem Hagle macht's nit viel!
Es denkt: „Vom Briegge lebt's nit no,
„er wird mi Theil ſcho übrig lo."
He io, 's het au, ſo lang i's ha,
ja weiter nit ſi Schüßli gha.

O gebis Gott e Chinderſinn!
's iſch große Troſt und Sege drinn.
Sie ſchlofe wohl und traue Gott,
wenns Spieß und Nägel regne wott,
und er macht au ſi Sprüchli wohr
mit ſinen Englen in der G'fohr. —

Wo iſch das Wetter ane cho?
D'Sunn lacht am heitre Himmel do.
's iſch ſchier gar z'ſpot, doch grüeß di Gott!
„He, ſeit ſie, „nei, 's iſch no nit z'ſpot,
„es ſtoht no menge Halm im Feld
„und menge Baum, und Oepfel dra." —

Poz tauſig, 's Chind iſch au verwacht,
lueg, was es für e Gſichtli macht!
Es lächelt, es weiß nüt dervo.
Siehſch, Friderli, wie's uſieht do? —
Der Schelm het no ſi G'falle dra.
Gang, richt em eis ſi Päppli a! —

Der Schwarzwälder im Breisgau.

Z'Müllen an der Poſt,
Tauſigſappermoſt!
Trinkt me nit e gute Wi!
Goht es nit wie Baumöl i,
z'Müllen an der Poſt!

Z'Bürglen auf der Höh,
nei, was cha me ſeh!
O, wie wechsle Berg und Thal,
Land und Waſſer überal,
z'Bürglen uf der Höh!

Z'Staufen uffem Märt
hen ſie, was me gert,
Tanz und Wi und Luſtberkeit,
was eim numme 's Herz erfreut,
z'Staufen uffem Märt!

Z'Friburg in der Stadt
ſufer iſch's und glatt,
richi Herre, Geld und Guet,
Jumpfere wie Milch und Bluet,
z'Friburg in der Stadt.

Woni gang und ſtand,
wärs e luſtig Land.
Aber zeig mer, was de witt,
numme näumis findi nit
in dem ſchöne Land.

Minen Auge g'fallt
Heriſchried im Wald.
Woni gang, ſe denki dra,
's chunnt mer nit uf d'Gegnig a
z'Heriſchried im Wald.

Imme chleine Hus
wandlet i und us —
gelt, de meinſch, i ſag der, wer?
's iſch e Sie, es iſch kei Er,
imme chleine Hus.

Der Abendſtern.

Du biſch au wieder zitli do
und laufſch der Sunne weidli no,
du liebe, ſchönen Obeſtern!
Was gilts, de hättſch di Schmätzli gern!
Es trippelt ihre Spure no,
und cha ſie doch nit übercho.

Vo alle Sterne groß und chlei
iſch er der liebſt und er ellei,
ſi Brüederli, der Morgeſtern,
ſi het en nit uns halb ſo gern;
und wo ſie wandlet us und i,
ſe meint ſie, müeß er um ſie ſy.

Früeih wenn ſie hinterm Morgeroth
wohl ob dem Schwarzwald uſe goht,
ſie führt ihr Büebli an der Hand,
ſie zeigt em Berg und Strom und Land,
ſie ſeit: „Thue g'mach, 's preſſirt nit ſo!
„Di Sunne wird der bald vergoh."

Er ſchwätzt und frogt ſie das und dis,
ſie git em B'richt, ſo guet ſie 's weiß.
Er ſeit: „O Mutter, lueg doch au,
do unte glänzt's im Morgethau
ſo ſchön wie in di'm Himmelsſaal!"
„He, ſeit ſie, drum iſch's Wieſethal."

Sie frogt en: „Heiſch bald alles gſeh?
„Jez gangi, und wart nümme meh."
Druf ſpringt er ihrer Hand dervo,
und mengen wiße Wülkli no;
doch wenn er meint, jez han i di,
verſchwunden iſch's, weiß Gott, wohi.

Druf wie ſi Mutter höcher ſtoht,
und alsg'mach geg'nem Rhiſtrom goht,
ſe rüeft ſie 'm: „Chumm und fall nit do!"
Sie führt en feſt am Händli no:
„De chönntſch verlöſche, Handumcher,
„Nimm, was mers für e Chummer wär!"

Doch, wo ſie überm Elſaß ſtoht,
und alsg'mach ehnen abe goht,
wie wurde 's Büebli müed und ſtill,
's weiß nümme, was es mache will;
's will nümme goh, und will nit goh,
's frogt hundertmol: „Wie wit iſch's no?"

Druf, wie ſie ob der Berge ſtoht,
und tiefer ſinkt ins Oberoth,
und er afange matt und müed
im rothe Schimmer d'Heimeth ſieht,
ſe loßt er ſie am Fürtuch goh,
und zottlet alsg'mach hinte no.

In d'Heimeth wandle Heerd und Hirt,
Vogel ſitzt, der Chäfer ſchwirrt;
und 's Heimli betet liſli und de
ſi luten Obedſege ſcho.
Jez, denkt er, hani höchi Zit,
Gottlob und Dank, 's iſch nümme wit.

Und ſchöner, wiener nöcher chunnt,
umſtrahlt ſi en ſi Stübeli rund.
Drum ſtoht ſi Mutter vorem Hus:
„Chumm, weidli chumm, du chleini Muus!"
Jez ſinkt er freudig niederwärts —
jez iſch's em wohl am Mutterherz.

Schlof wohl, du ſchönen Obeſtern!
's iſch wohr, mer hen di alli gern.
Er luegt in d'Welt ſo lieb und guet,
und d'ſchaut en eis mit ſchwerem Muth,
und iſch me müed, und het e Schmerz,
mit ſtillem Frieden füllt er's Herz.

Die anderen im Strahleg'wand,
he, ſelli jo, ſin au ſcharmant.
O lueg, wie 's flimmert wit und breit
in Lieb und Freud und Einigkeit;
's macht kein em ander 's Lebe ſchwer;
wenns doch denieden au ſo wär!

Es chunnt e chüele Obedluft
und an de Halme hangt der Duft.
Denkwol, mer göhn jez au alsg'mach
im ſtille Frieden unter Dach!
Gang, Liſeli, zünd 's Aempli a!
Mach kei ſo große Dochte dra!

Arnold Herrmann Ludwig Heeren

ward den 27. October 1760 bei Bremen geboren und von ſeinem Vater, dem Prediger H. zu Arbergen ſo wie auf der Bremer Domſchule für die Univerſität wiſſenſchaftlich vorbereitet. Er ſtudirte ſeit 1779 in Göttingen die Rechte und die Geſchichte und machte, nachdem er daſelbſt 1784 Doctor der Philoſophie und Aſſeſſor der Societät der Wiſſenſchaften geworden war, von 1785 — 87 eine gelehrte Reiſe durch Frankreich und Italien. Bei ſeiner Rückkehr wurde ihm eine außerordentliche, 1795 aber eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie übertragen, womit er ſeit 1801 die der Geſchichte verband. Seine durch die mit Tychſen unternommene Herausgabe der Bibliothek der Literatur und Kunſt, der Göttinger Anzeigen und anderer wichtiger Schriften bewährte Gelehrſamkeit erwarb ihm 1806 den Charakter eines Hofraths und, nachdem er bereits 1815 Ritter des hannöverſchen Guelphenordens geworden war, 1828 die Ertheilung des ſchwediſchen Nordſternordens. Er feierte in dieſem Jahre das Jubelfeſt ſeiner Profeſſur.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Kleine hiſtoriſche Schriften. Göttingen 1803—1808. 3 Bde.

Hiſtoriſche Werke. Göttingen 1821 — 1826, 5 Bde. Sie wurden ins Holländiſche (von Doorn-Geiſſen) und ins Engliſche (von Bancroft) überſetzt.

Einzeln:

Entwurf zu Vorleſungen über Geſchichte und Literatur der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Göttingen 1785 in gr. 8.

Ideen über Politik, Verkehr und Handel der vornehmſten Völker des Alterthums. Göttingen 1793 — 1805, 3 Bde. 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1824 — 1826. 5 Bde.

Geſchichte des Studiums der klaſſiſchen Literatur ſeit dem Wiederaufleben der Wiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1797 — 1802. 2 Bde.

Handbuch der Geſchichte der Staaten des Alterthums. Ebendaſ. 1799. 5. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1826.

Handbuch der Geſchichte des europäiſchen Staatenſyſtems. Ebendaſ. 1800; 4 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1822.

Verſuch einer Entwicklung der Folgen der Kreuzzüge. Göttingen 1808.

Johannes von Müller. Leipzig 1809 8.

Spittlers Leben und Wirken. Berlin 1812.

Heyne. Göttingen 1813.

Der deutſche Bund. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staaten. Gotha 1829 ff. mit Ukert.

Außerdem beſorgte er, wie ſchon oben bemerkt, mit Tychſen die Herausgabe der „Bibliothek der alten Literatur und Kunſt," nach Eichhorns Tode ſeit 1827 allein die der „Göttinger gelehrten Anzeigen," der Schrift des Rhetors Menander „De encomiis" (Göttingen 1785), der „Eclogae physicae et ethicae" von Stobäus (Göttingen 1792 — 94, 2 Bde.) u. A. m.

H. hat ſich durch eben ſo ſcharfſinnige als gründliche und tiefe hiſtoriſche Forſchungen vorzüglich über die Politik und den Handel der Alten eine faſt europäiſche Berühmtheit erworben. Seine Hand- und Lehrbücher zeichnen ſich ferner durch klare, methodiſche Zuſammenſtellungen und lichtvolle Ueberſichten aus, ſo wie ſich überhaupt in allen ſeinen Schriften der ruhig, fein blickende, ſtets ohne Schwanken und Irrung dem vorgeſteckten Ziele zuſchreitende Denker beurkundet.

Johannes Müller der Hiſtoriker *).

Was von einem großen Mann für die Nachwelt erheblicher ſey zu wiſſen, was er war und wie er es ward? iſt ſchwer zu entſcheiden; gewiß aber daß nichts wünſchenswerther ſey, als beydes darlegen zu können. Wenn vielleicht bey Männern, die in weiten Geſchäftskreiſen ſtanden, das erſte das wichtigere iſt; ſo wird dagegen der große Schriftſteller durch die Geſchichte ſeiner Bildung den Nachkommen nicht weniger nützlich, als durch die Werke des Geiſtes, die er ihnen hinterläßt. Indem er dadurch die Bahn bezeichnet, welche er ging, öffnet er ſie zugleich für Andere; beſonders in ſolchen Fächern, wo das Genie nicht alles vermag, weil es nicht blos aus ſich ſelber ſchöpfen kann; wo das Studium ſein Begleiter ſeyn muß, weil der Stoff gegeben iſt; wo die Methode der Vorbereitung meiſt über das Gelingen ſelber entſcheidet. Mag daher vielleicht der Dichter, aus eigener innerer Fülle ſchöpfend, keines Wegweiſers bedürfen, anders iſt es bey dem Hiſtoriker. Seiner wartet ein langer oft dornenvoller Pfad, leicht ermüdend, und reich an Abwegen. Wie große Meiſter vor ihm, alle Hinderniſſe bekämpfend, ihr Ziel erreichten, iſt ihm Noth zu wiſſen; nicht um ängſtlich in ihre Fußſtapfen zu treten, aber um nicht leichtſinnig eine Bahn zu beginnen, auf der ſo viele ermatteten; oder gar zu glauben dem Ziele ſchon nahe zu ſeyn, wenn Irrwege ihn davon abführten.

Der Unvergeßliche, **) dem dieſe Blätter geweiht ſind, ſteht in vielfachem Sinn als Muſter der Hiſtorie für die Nachwelt da. Er hinterließ ihr Werke, mächtig auf ſein Zeitalter wirkend, vielleicht noch mehr auf künftige Geſchlechter. Aber er entzog auch ihnen die Geſchichte ſeines Werdens nicht. Hat er ſie gleich nicht ausführlich dargelegt, welcher reiche Stoff dazu findet ſich in jener einzigen Sammlung von Briefen; ***) und aus dem reifern Alter, welche Winke wenigſtens in dem kurzen Abriß ſeines Lebens? †) Welchen würdigern Kranz könnten wir um ſeine Urne winden, als wenn es uns gelänge, ihn darzuſtellen, wie er war und ward! Einfach muß dieſe Darſtellung ſeyn, wenn ſie treu ſeyn ſoll; aber ſie kann auch nur kurz und [illegible] ſeyn. Die Beſchreibung ſeines Lebens, ſeines Handelns [illegible] bleibe ſeinen Freunden überlaſſen, die eine lange und [illegible] perſönliche Bekanntſchaft an ihn knüpfte. Nur den Geſchichtſchreiber aus ſeinen Werken darzuſtellen, zu beſtimmen, was er durch dieſe der Wiſſenſchaft ward, iſt hier der Zweck.

Was Johann von Müller aber der Wiſſenſchaft wurde, das ward er ganz durch ſeine Liebe für ſie. Aus dieſer einzigen Quelle, der reinſten von allen, oder vielmehr der einzig reinen, floß ſeine ganze Wirkſamkeit. Dieſe reine Liebe, frey von allen Nebenzwecken, den einzigen ausgenommen, durch ſie ſich wohlverdienten Ruhm zu erwerben, entzündete ſich bey dem Jüngling, erhielt ſich bey dem Mann, und würde erſt, hätte er dies Alter erreicht, mit dem Greiſe geſtorben ſeyn. Liebe für Geſchichte iſt bey einer zahlreichen Klaſſe von Menſchen nur Liebe zu einer vernünftigen Unterhaltung; bey andern Streben nach Belehrung. Wer mag auch das eine oder das andere tadeln? Bei Müller erhielt ſie früh einen höhern Charakter, den des feurigſten Enthuſiasmus; und dieſer Enthuſiasmus ging hervor aus dem lebendigſten Gefühl ihrer Würde.

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*) Von A. H. L. Heeren. Leipzig 1809.

**) Johann von Müller war geboren zu Schafhauſen am 3. Jan. 1752, ſtudierte zu Göttingen 1769 — 71. Lebte in Genf 1774 — 80. War Profeſſor am Karolinum in Kaſſel 1781 — 83. Lebte wieder in Genf und Bern 1784 — 86. War Bibliothekar und geheimer Staatsrath in Mainz 1786 — 93. War Hofrath und Cuſtos an der Bibliothek in Wien 1793 — 1804. Geheimer Kriegsrath, Hiſtoriograph und Mitglied der Akademie in Berlin 1804 — 1807. Trat darauf in Königl. Weſtphäliſche Dienſte als Miniſter Staatsſekretair; welchen Platz er aber mit dem eines Staatsraths und General-Direktors der Studien vertauſchte. Er ſtarb den 29. May 1809.

***) Briefe eines jungen Gelehrten an ſeinen Freund. Tübingen, 1802.

†) Lowe Bildniſſe jetzt lebender Berliner Gelehrten mit ihren Selbſtbiographien. Berlin 1806. Erſtes Heft. Beyde ſind die Hauptquellen für das folgende.

Sie war ihm die erſte der Wiſſenſchaften, die Aufbewahrerin alles Großen und Herrlichen, die Herolden und zugleich die Bildnerin der Staatsmänner und Helden. Mit dem Eintritt in ihren Tempel öffnete ſich ihm zugleich dieſer geweihte Kreis; voll lebendigen Sinns für das Große, fühlte der Jüngling ſich hier in ſeiner Welt; er hatte ſeine Gottheit gefunden; und das Gelübde ihrem Dienſt ſein Leben zu weihn war auf immer gethan. Aber dieſes Gefühl der Würde der Geſchichte ward auch zugleich die Quelle hoher Forderungen an ſich ſelbſt. „Ein Geſchichtſchreiber bedarf einer freyen Seele, und faſt „aller Kenntniſſe eines großen Königs. Jene muß er haben, „nach dieſen muß er ſtreben *).“ Worte tiefen Sinns, in ihrem ganzen Umfange vielleicht nur den Eingeweihten verſtändlich, mit denen er den Anfang ſeines Werks der Welt übergab. Sein Leben war der Commentar dazu.

Jene Liebe für Geſchichte ward dem Müllern ſchon in den Knabenjahren entzündet; die Sammlungen ſeines Großvaters für Schweizergeſchichte lehrten ihn gleichſam ſeine Beſtimmung ahnen. Bereits im neunten Jahre verſuchte er es die Schickſale ſeiner Vaterſtadt zu beſchreiben; während bald darauf die erſte, gleichſam verſtohlene, Kenntniß der römiſchen Klaſſiker, jene unausſprechliche Berührung großer Männer und die Liebe für die Freyheit in ihm entzündete, nachmals die Seele ſeiner Werke. So waren ſchon in des Knaben Bruſt die Keime gelegt, die einſt in dem Mann ſich entfalten ſollten.

Unterricht in der gewöhnlichen Form ſcheint für Müller wenig gepaßt zu haben. Was er von andern lernte, lernte er nur durch Unterhaltung. Er mußte mitdenken und mitſprechen, wenn für ihn Belehrung entſtehen ſollte. Höchſt wohlthätig war es daher für ihn, daß er auf der Vorbereitungsanſtalt zu der Akademie zwey Jahre hindurch bey ſieben bis acht Profeſſoren der einzige Schüler war. Hier konnte kein Unterricht, wobey der Schüler unthätig geweſen wäre, Statt finden. Aber was der Jüngling dem lehrreichen Geſpräch verdankte, erkannt auch der Mann mit dankvoller Erinnerung. So war das Selbſtdenken geweckt und hatte Nahrung gefunden.

Nicht anders war es auf der Univerſität, die er im achtzehnten Jahre bezog. Allerdings ward ſein Aufenthalt in Göttingen, wohin er gegangen war, für ſein künftiges Leben entſcheidend wichtig; da er mit dem Vorſatz kam, Theologie zu ſtudieren, und es mit dem Vorſatz verließ, dieſem Studium entſagend ſich blos der Geſchichte zu widmen: aber ſeine Bildung ging auch hier nicht den gewöhnlichen Weg. Welche Vorleſungen er beſuchte, iſt meiſt ungewiß; die Nahrung für den Geiſt, deren Er bedurfte, ſcheint Er zu wenig in ihnen gefunden zu haben. Auch berühmte Namen konnten ihn nicht beſtechen. Die geſchmackloſe Behandlung hebräiſcher Dichter durch J. D. Michaelis ſchreckte ihn von der Exegeſe zurück, wie ſie auch Andere davon zurückgeſchreckt hat. Aber der perſönliche Umgang ausgezeichneter Männer erſetzte ihm auch hier, was ihn der öffentliche Vortrag vielleicht vermiſſen ließ. Viel war er bey dem gelehrten Kirchenhiſtoriker Walch, viel bey Heyne, viel bei von Schlözer. Was hiſtoriſche Kritik und Quellenſtudium ſey, war ſchwerlich irgend wo mehr als bey Walch zu lernen; er lebte und webte nur in den Quellen ſeiner Kirchengeſchichte. Das klaſſiſche Alterthum war der gewöhnliche Gegenſtand der Unterredungen mit Heyne. Den erſten Ueberblick über Weltgeſchichte im Großen verdankte er Schlözern; hier ward ihm der Orient und der Norden eröffnet; hier der Sinn für Völker- und Länderkunde, dies unentbehrliche Organ des Univerſalhiſtorikers, geſchärft. Den größten Einfluß auf ihn hatte hier jedoch ein Mann, deſſen Name, einſt der Lieblingsname der Erzieher und der deutſchen Jugend, jetzt faſt vergeſſen iſt, Dr. Johann Peter Miller, deſſen Hausgenoſſe er war. Wenn ihm das Verdienſt gebührt, zuerſt den Entſchluß, der Geſchichtſchreiber der Schweiz zu werden, in Müllers Bruſt erzeugt zu haben, ſo iſt dadurch ſeine Erwähnung mehr als gerechtfertigt. Man muß dieſen würdigen Gottesgelehrten, Mosheims Zögling, perſönlich gekannt haben **), um ſich ſeine Einwirkung auf Müllers Bildung zu erklären. Dr. Johann Peter Miller, ohne glänzende Talente des Umgangs und des Vortrags, war bey ausgebreiteten litterariſchen Kenntniſſen einer der beſcheidenſten Männer. Sanftmuth und Milde war der Charakter ſeines Geſprächs und ſeines ganzen Weſens; zugleich eine ſeltene Bereitwilligkeit zu rathen und zu helfen, wo Rath und Hülfe gefordert ward. So erklärt es ſich leicht, wie der Jüngling ſich an einen Mann anſchließen konnte, den er weit an Talenten übertraf, aber mit deſſen Geſinnungen er übereinſtimmte. Miller lohnte dieſe Anhänglichkeit durch den Rath, ein ſeiner würdiges Lebensgeſchäft ſich zu wählen, und die Geſchichte der ſchweizeriſchen Eidgenoſſenſchaft zu beſchreiben. Schwerlich konnte er es ahnen, welches Werk davon die Frucht werden würde; und hätte der Schüler es ſelber nicht geſagt, wer wüßte das Verdienſt des Lehrers?

Der Entſchluß, die Theologie zu verlaſſen, ſtand jetzt feſt; mit ſeiner erſten Schrift: daß unter Chriſtus die Kirche nichts zu fürchten habe *), nahm er zugleich von ihr Abſchied. Aber noch in Göttingen hatte er auf Schlözers Rath den Entwurf zu einer Schrift gemacht, mit der er ſeine hiſtoriſche Laufbahn eröffnete. Es war ſein Verſuch über die Cimbern **); ein Gegenſtand, der wegen der Widerſprüche in den Nachrichten der Alten bekanntlich große Dunkelheiten hat.

Müllers Verſuch über die Cimbern intereſſirt mehr in Beziehung auf den Verfaſſer als auf den Gegenſtand. Er erkannte ihn ſelber für einen unreifen Verſuch; (ſchlimm, wenn der zwanzigjährige Jüngling auch ſchon ſeine volle Reife gehabt hätte;) aber er zeigt uns die Stufe der Bildung, auf welcher der Verfaſſer nach der Beendigung ſeiner akademiſchen Laufbahn ſtand. Ueber Weſen und Behandlung der Geſchichte war er mit ſich ſelber noch nicht einig. So viel ſieht man, daß der Sinn für Quellenſtudium bey ihm erwacht war; aber wie das, was dieſe Quellen lieferten, zu verarbeiten ſey, war ihm noch nicht klar. Die erſte Hälfte des Buchs enthält einen Abriß der Geſchichte der Cimbern nach den Angaben der alten Schriftſteller meiſt mit ihren eigenen Worten. In der zweyten findet ſich die Sammlung aller Stellen der Alten über das Volk, ganz abgedruckt. Wichtiger als das Buch ſelbſt iſt für die Beurtheilung ihres Verfaſſers die Vorrede; (eine thörichte Vorrede, nannte er ſie nachmals ſelber; unſtreitig zu hart über ſich urtheilend.) Sie ſoll ſeine damaligen Anſichten von hiſtoriſcher Kritik, von Entwerfung einer kritiſchen Geſchichte der Menſchheit darlegen. Man erkennt darin den feurigen Jüngling, der fremde Ideen mit Lebendigkeit aufgefaßt hatte, aber der noch der eigenen Uebung ſeiner Kräfte bedurfte, um ihnen Feſtigkeit und Beſtimmtheit zu geben.

So weit vorbereitet, mit dem Plan, der Geſchichtſchreiber ſeines Vaterlandes zu werden, kehrte Müller in ſeine Vaterſtadt Schafhauſen zurück ***); wo eine Lehrſtelle der griechiſchen Sprache ſeiner wartete. Aber nun kam der Zeitraum, wo dieſer herrliche Geiſt ſich entfalten ſollte; das nächſte Quinquennium iſt ohne Zweifel die eigentliche Periode ſeiner Bildung. Viel that er dabey ſelbſt: und wenn das Geſchick ihn zugleich begünſtigte, ſo möge man nicht vergeſſen, daß dies nur dadurch geſchehen konnte, daß er ſich ſeiner Begünſtigungen werth zu machen wußte.

Er hatte die Beſtimmung, der er ſein Leben widmen wollte, gefunden. Aber noch ein achtjähriger Zeitraum verfloß, ehe er es wagte, mit dem erſten Verſuch ſeiner Schweizergeſchichte (nachmals ihm ſelber dennoch nicht genügend,) aufzutreten. Ein langer Zeitraum alſo der Vorbereitung! Die ſeltene Stärke des Geiſtes, die dazu gehört, ſo lange einer Idee zu leben, ihr die Ausſicht zu Beförderung, häuslichem Glück, aufzuopfern, in den Jahren, wo der gewöhnliche Menſch nur dieſe Wünſche kennt, bezeichnet den außerordentlichen Mann.

Kaum war auch die Nachricht bekannt geworden, daß er die Geſchichte der Schweiz von Grund aus bearbeiten wolle, als ſich hier Alles beeiferte, ihn zu unterſtützen. Mehrere der erſten Männer des Staats öffneten ihm ihre Sammlungen; die Archive von Klöſtern und Städten ſtanden ihm zu Gebot; ja, der Rath ſeiner Vaterſtadt erwarb ſich das bleibendſte Verdienſt, über die gewöhnliche Form ſich wegſetzend, ihm zu vergönnen, auswärts zu leben, indem er viele Jahre ſeine Stelle ihm dennoch offen ließ. Konnte es für einen edlen, für das Große empfänglichen Geiſt eine größere Aufmunterung geben? Wenn Beweiſe der öffentlichen Achtung nach geleiſteten Dienſten hohe Vergeltung ſind, welche Aufmunterung müſſen nicht die Beweiſe der öffentlichen Erwartung vor denſelben ſeyn? Aber welche ausgezeichnete Eigenſchaften mußte nicht auch der Jüngling beſitzen, der dieſe ſo früh erregen konnte?

Wenn in der Geſchichte der Meiſter Herr ſeines Stoffs ſeyn muß, ſo iſt es doch gewiß nicht weniger wahr, daß zuerſt der Stoff den Meiſter bildet. In einem ganz ausgezeichneten Grade war dieſes aber bey dem Stoff der Fall, den Müller ſich wählte. Der Staat, deſſen Geſchichte er behandeln wollte, hatte nicht die politiſche Einheit großer Monarchien oder Republiken. Es war ein Aggregat verbündeter Staaten, nicht auf einmal, ſondern allmählich entſtanden; ſelbſt ohne bleibende

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*) Die Geſchichte der Schweizer. 1780. Vorrede Seite XVI.

**) Der Verfaſſer, ein Doctorandus ſpäter gleichfalls Müllers Hausgenoſſe, befand ſich in dieſem Fall.

*) Christo rege nihil esse ecclesiae metuendum. Göttingen 1772.

**) Bellum Cimbricum, Zürich 1772. 8.

***) Im Jahr 1771.

Centralregierung für die gemeinſchaftlichen Angelegenheiten. Die einzelnen Glieder dieſes Bundes ſich höchſt ungleich, in ihren Verfaſſungen, wie in ihrem Umfange; aber auch nicht weniger in ihren Verhältniſſen. Des Allgemeinen war wenig, des Beſondern deſto mehr. Das Studium mußte alſo nothwendig von dem Einzelnen ausgehen. Eben darum aber war hier der Stoff ſo ganz dazu geeignet, den Geſchichtforſcher zu bilden, indem er allmählig Herr deſſelben wurde. Hiſtoriſches Studium findet ſeine eigentliche Nahrung in dem Studium des Einzelnen. Je tiefer es eindringt in dieſes, um deſto mehr Befriedigung. Wer ohne dieſes ſich befriedigt fühlt, iſt kein Geſchichtforſcher; wenn gleich auch der Geſchichtforſcher bald die Gränzen erblickt, über die er nicht hinaus gehen kann. Von der Erforſchung des Einzelnen ſich zur Anſicht des Allgemeinen zu erheben, iſt die Sache des Genies; wer mit dem Allgemeinen anfängt, erbauet ein Gebäude ohne Grund. Wahrheiten, wie es ſcheint, jedem von ſelbſt einleuchtend; aber bedürfen nicht gerade die einleuchtendſten Wahrheiten gegenwärtig am meiſten der Wiederholung?

So war es alſo die Specialgeſchichte der einzelnen Beſtandtheile der Eidgenoſſenſchaft, von denen Müllers Studien ausgehen mußten; die Schickſale kleiner Völkerſchaften, meiſt aber von Oertern und Städten. Kein anderer Theil der Geſchichte führt in ein ſo tiefes Detail; kein anderer gewährt in den meiſten Fällen dem Forſcher ſo viele Befriedigung. Was in dem Innern der Kabinette verhandelt wurde, läßt meiſt ſich nur aus den Folgen errathen; die Berathſchlagungen ſelber, ihr Gang, die Anſichten der Rathgebenden, zeichnete gewöhnlich kein Schreiber auf. Das Entſtehen, der Wachsthum, die Blüthe und das Sinken der Gemeinweſen blieben dagegen meiſtentheils keine Geheimniſſe. Die Chronikenſchreiber verzeichneten ihre Schickſale und Veränderungen; und die Archive bewahrten die Urkunden davon auf. So eröffnete ſich dem Forſcher, ſelbſt bey einem beſchränkten Staat, dennoch ein unermeßliches Feld für ſeinen Fleiß. Die Studien, denen er ſich widmen mußte, waren, im gewöhnlichen Sinne des Worts, größtentheils trockene Studien; nur durch das lebendige Intereſſe, das er ſelber für ſie gefaßt hatte, konnten ſie wiederum Leben gewinnen. Auf der andern Seite — wie unerläßlich auch dieſe Forſchungen ſind, ſo ſind ſie doch zugleich von der Beſchaffenheit, daß ſie den Geiſt nicht nur ermüden, ſondern auch erdrücken können. Viele vortreffliche Köpfe verloren durch ſtete Beſchäftigung mit dem Einzelnen, jede größere und freyere Anſicht, ohne welche kein großer Geſchichtſchreiber ſich bildet.

Vor dieſen Gefahren wußte ſich Müller allerdings durch ſich ſelber zu ſchützen; aber die Umſtände begünſtigten ihn zugleich. Während er ſich in Chroniken und Urkunden begrub, genoß er immer daneben des Umgangs der ausgezeichnetſten Männer ſeiner Zeit, und lebte zugleich mit den erſten Köpfen des Alterthums. Ein günſtiges Geſchick führte ihn nach Genf, nur dem Namen nach als Erzieher der Söhne von Jacob Tronchin, weit mehr als Freund des Vaters, der viel Sinn für Müllers Lieblingsſtudien hatte. Dazu kam bald eine enge Verbindung mit einem der ehrwürdigſten Männer, Bonnet, ihm mehr Vater als Freund, in deſſen Hauſe er leben konnte, ohne eine der Sorgen des Lebens zu fühlen. Aber der Aufenthalt in Genf überhaupt gewährte Vortheile, wie kaum ein anderer Ort in Europa ſie gewähren konnte. Es gab ſchwerlich eine andere Stadt, ſelbſt die großen Hauptſtädte nicht ausgenommen, die ein ſolcher Sammelplatz ausgezeichneter Männer geweſen wäre. Mehrere hatten hier ihren Wohnſitz auf immer, andere auf einige Zeit. Dazu das immer rege innere politiſche Getreibe dieſes kleinen Freyſtaats! Wo hätte alſo ein ähnlicher Umlauf von Ideen Statt finden können! Müllern ward aber das Glück zu Theil, hier auch im Umgange mit auswärtigen praktiſchen Staatsmännern zu ſtehen; mit Alleyn Fitzherbert, nachmaligen Lord St. Helens, mit Thomas Boone, geweſenen Gouverneur von Süd-Carolina, demnächſt Direktor des Londner Zollhauſes, mit dem er in eine enge Verbindung trat, die eine lange Reihe von Jahren nicht hat ſchwächen können.

Es war ein unterſcheidender Zug in Müllers Charakter, daß der Sinn für praktiſche Politik ſich früh bei ihm entwickelte. Als er ſich den hiſtoriſchen Studien widmete, geſchah es nicht bloß mit dem Vorſatz, gelehrter Forſcher und Schriftſteller zu werden; ſondern in der Hoffnung, vielleicht dadurch ſich den Eingang in die politiſche Laufbahn zu eröffnen. In welchem Umgange konnte aber jener Sinn für praktiſche Staatskunſt mehr Nahrung finden, als in dem, in welchem er hier ſtand? Aber welche Vorbereitung zugleich für den Geſchichtſchreiber! Was iſt er ohne Sinn für das wirkliche Leben; ohne Kenntniß von dem Gange und der Behandlung der Geſchäfte; er, der das große Gemälde von dieſem allen entwerfen ſoll? Auch in ſpätern Jahren ward Müllern das Glück zu Theil, nicht bloß auf ſeinem Studierzimmer zu leben, ſondern zugleich durch ſeinen Aufenthaltsort und ſeine Stellen in Verbindung mit Geſchäftsmännern zu ſtehen, ſelbſt nicht ohne Einfluß auf Staatsgeſchäfte zu bleiben; aber dieſe Verhältniſſe des männlichen Alters waren natürlich von anderer Art als die des Jünglings mit Männern, die zu ſeiner Bildung halfen, weil ſie ſeine Talente erkannten. So ward dieſer Aufenthalt in Genf für ihn entſcheidend wichtig, und machte ihn obendrein völlig zum Meiſter derjenigen Sprache, ohne welche der Eintritt in die politiſche Bahn jetzt verſchloſſen bleibt.

Aber wenn der Umgang mit den Lebenden ihn bildete, ſo that es in eben dieſem Zeitraum noch weit mehr der Umgang mit den Todten. Es war dies die Periode, wo ſein Geiſt die Reife erhalten hatte, die für Lektüre nothwendig iſt. Sichtbar hat, was er damals las, auf ſeine nachmalige Ausbildung am meiſten gewirkt; und glücklicherweiſe finden ſich eben über dieſen Gegenſtand in ſeinen Briefen die genügendſten Aufſchlüſſe. Er verdient es aber um ſo viel mehr, daß wir bei ihm etwas länger verweilen, da Müller auch in der Einrichtung ſeiner Lektüre ein Muſter aufgeſtellt hat, das jungen Männern nicht genug zur Nachahmung empfohlen werden kann.

Müller hat ſehr viel, aber in einem gewiſſen Sinn auch wenig geleſen. Für Unterricht und Belehrung war ſeine Lektüre unermeßlich; für praktiſche und äſthetiſche Bildung blieb ſie in engen Schranken. Für dieſe las er nur Meiſterwerke; für jene viel zu leſen forderten ſchon ſeine Vorarbeiten zu der Schweizergeſchichte; noch weit mehr aber ſeine nachmaligen Studien der Univerſalhiſtorie. Allein dieſes viele Leſen blieb doch bey ihm ſehr weit von zweckloſer Vielleſerey entfernt. Von dieſer Peſt der neuern Zeit erhielt ſich Müller in der entſcheidenden Periode ſeines Lebens ganz rein; und eben dieſe Herrſchaft über ſich ſelbſt iſt es, der er den nachmaligen Charakter ſeiner Geiſtesbildung verdankte. Für den ſchon gereiften Mann kann Vielleſerey vielleicht unſchädlich ſeyn; für den Jüngling iſt ſie durchaus verderblich. Bey ihm tödtet ſie alles lebendige und bleibende Intereſſe, und damit zugleich die ganze Knospe der künftigen Entwicklung. Nur das Neue hat für ihn Reiz, weil es neu iſt; und wie bald wird nicht jedesmal das Neue durch das Neuere verdrängt? Der Umgang mit Büchern iſt wie der Umgang mit Menſchen. Das Anſchließen und die Bekanntſchaft mit einzelnen edlen Männern iſt es, die uns veredelt; das Umhertreiben unter einer Schaar ſtets wechſelnder Freunde gewährt höchſtens einen Zeitvertreib.

Welche Schriftſteller Müller zu ſeiner Bildung las, hat er uns ſelber geſagt. Es waren ſowohl alte als neue; blinde Vorliebe für die Litteratur irgend eines Volks blieb ihm ganz fremd; er ergriff das Vortreffliche, wo er es fand. Aber Ein Charakter mußte dem Schriftſteller eigen ſeyn, der ihn feſſeln ſollte; er mußte ihn denken lehren. So wurde daher das Leſen ſolcher Schriftſteller zugleich für ihn ſelbſt wahres Studium; er las, er dachte, er commentirte. Griechen und Römer ſtanden freylich bey ihm oben an; aber die Neuern wurden darum nicht vergeſſen. Unter den griechiſchen Proſaikern waren es vor allen Thucydides und Polybius, die ihn feſſelten. Sie waren ihm die Lehrer der Staatskunſt, die ſie nicht in Büchern, die ſie durch eigene Theilnahme an den Geſchäften, die ſie als Anführer, aber auch als Freunde und Vertraute der großen Männer ihrer Zeiten erlernt hatten.

Daß unter den römiſchen Geſchichtſchreibern Tacitus vor andern Müllern beſchäftigen würde, ließ ſich erwarten, eben weil er ihm am meiſten zu denken gab. Die Liebe zu ihm wuchs aus eben dem Grunde bey wiederholter Lektüre, weil er fortdauernd reichere Nahrung für ſeinen Geiſt fand. „Ich leſe „Tacitus zum andernmal, aber es iſt nicht der gleiche Tacitus. „So oft ich ihn leſe, erſcheint er mir als über den, welchen ich „geleſen hatte.“ *) Dieſe Vorliebe, und dieſe ſteigende Bewunderung hatte Müller mit andern, vielleicht mit allen, Denkern gemein, die ſich mit dem Römer beſchäftigen. Aber was ihn über dieſe erhebt, was uns das rühmlichſte ſcheint, das wir in der Geſchichte ſeiner Bildung von ihm zu ſagen wiſſen, iſt dieſes, daß ſelbſt dieſer gewaltige Geiſt ihn nicht zu blenden vermochte. Es war unmöglich, daß er ſich nicht an ihn angeſchloſſen hätte; aber feſſeln ließ er ſich nicht von ihm. Er ahnete gleichſam, daß die Manier des Tacitus, ganz aus der Perſönlichkeit des Schriftſtellers hervorgehend, nicht das allgemeine Muſter ſey; aber ganz ward dieſes erſt bey ihm zur Klarheit gebracht, durch Cäſars Commentarien. Nicht auf einmal, weil ſie nichts haben das blendet, aber allmählich ward das Gefühl bey ihm zur Ueberzeugung, daß die Schriften des erſten der Feldherren auch zugleich die erſten Muſter der hiſtoriſchen Schreibart und Behandlung ſeyen. „Ich geſtehe, daß mich „Cäſar dem Tacitus untreu macht. Herrlicher und reiner zu

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*) Briefe S. 61.

„ſchreiben iſt unmöglich; in ihm iſt die wahre Präciſion; indem „er alles Nöthige und nichts weiter ſagt: er ſchreibt als ein „Staatsmann von allem ohne Eifer. Tacitus als Philoſoph „und Redner, und als ein Mann, welcher das menſchliche Ge„ſchlecht liebte, wird bisweilen eifrig. Wenn ich mich an ihn „halte, ſo kann ich zu Ausſchweifungen verführt werden; mein „Cäſar kann mich nie verführen.“ *) Der zwanzigjährige Jüngling, der ſo urtheilen konnte, beurkundete eben dadurch, daß er der nahe Geiſtesverwandte der Männer ſey, über die er urtheilte. Seinen vollen Werth jedoch erhält dies Urtheil nicht blos durch ſich ſelber, ſondern noch mehr durch die Quelle, aus der es floß. Denn dieſe Quelle, was iſt ſie anders, als jener reine durchaus unbeſtechliche Wahrheitsſinn; dieſe erſte und letzte Forderung an den Hiſtoriker, ohne welche alle blendende Vorzüge, aller Glanz des Neuen, alle Kunſt der Darſtellung wenig oder gar keinen Werth haben?

Unter den neuern Hiſtorikern waren es vor allen Italiäner, Guicciardini und Davila, welche Müllern feſſelten; hauptſächlich weil ſie nicht blos Schriftſteller, ſondern zugleich Staatsmänner waren. Guicciardini mußte ohnedem durch das große Detail, in welches er hineingeht, Müllern am meiſten befriedigen. Schwerlich lernt man auch aus einem andern Geſchichtſchreiber den Geiſt der italieniſchen Politik richtiger beurtheilen; und iſt gleichwohl dieſe Kenntniß nicht die Einleitung zu der Geſchichte des neuern Europas überhaupt? Der große Name von Hume, auch die Anerkennung ſeiner Vorzüge, konnten Müllern nicht beſtechen, ſein natürliches Gefühl zu verläugnen. „Wir leſen Hume; ein großer Geſchichtſchreiber; aber er iſt entſetzlich gedehnt!“ **) Ein inniges Anſchließen an Hume war freylich bey Müllern unmöglich. Sie ſtehen ſich gleichſam als Extreme einander gegenüber; die ſprudelnde Lebendigkeit des Schweizers paßte nicht zu der faſt phlegmatiſchen Ruhe des Britten, die nicht wie bey Cäſar aus der Herrſchaft über die Leidenſchaften, ſondern aus ihrer Abweſenheit hervorging.

Mehr jedoch als dieſe eigentlichen Hiſtoriker waren es zwey ihnen nahe verwandte politiſche Schriftſteller, welche auf die Bildung von Müller den entſchiedenſten Einfluß erhielten: Montesquieu und Machiavelli; letzterer nicht ſowohl durch ſeine Geſchichte und durch ſeinen Fürſten, als vielmehr durch ſeine Discorsi). „Ich leſe Machiavelli, und werde in mei„nem Entzücken über dieſen großen Geiſt geſtärkt. Wie viel „beſſer iſt hier der Commentar, als der Text!“ ***) Das ſo oft wiederholte Lob Montesquieu's braucht nicht durch einzelne Stellen beſtätigt zu werden. Warum gerade dieſe Schriftſteller am ſtärkſten auf Müllern wirkten, erklärt ſich aus dem obigen von ſelbſt. Sie ſind es, die vor andern denken lehren; ſie waren es, in denen unter den Neuern der Geiſt des hiſtoriſchen Raiſonnements ſich entwickelt hat. Wenn Machiavelli nicht ſo ſtark und ſo allgemein wirkte als Montesquieu, ſo geſchah es theils weil ſein Stoff, theils weil die Sprache, in der er ſchrieb, weniger allgemein war. Auch iſt an Reichthum der Gedanken ihm Montesquieu überlegen; wenn auch an politiſcher Wahrheit der Italiäner vorangeht. Das Werk von Montesquieu iſt unter allen politiſchen Werken der beſte Wegſtein für den Geiſt. So ward es auch von Müllern gebraucht; ſo konnte er es brauchen ohne Beeinträchtigung ſeiner Selbſtſtändigkeit.

Ueber die großen Proſaiker wurden die Dichter nicht vergeſſen; aber ſie blieben ihnen untergeordnet. „Ich geſtehe, „heißt es einmal, daß ich in ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften faſt nichts „leſe; die alten Geſchichtſchreiber und Redner nehme ich aus. „Mir däucht allezeit, das vornehmſte ſey der Umgang der gro„ßen Staatsmänner, des Polybius, des Demoſthenes, des Da„vila u. a.“ †) Aber daß dies nicht ſo ſtreng zu nehmen ſey, oder vielmehr nur von dem damaligen Zeitpunkt gelte, zeigen viele andere Stellen ſeiner Briefe. Kann ſich ohne Sinn für Poeſie, ohne Bekanntſchaft mit ihr, ein großer Geſchichtſchreiber bilden? Dieſe Frage ſcheint nicht leicht im Allgemeinen beantwortet werden zu können. Gleichwohl ſcheint ſie in eins mit der mehrumfaſſenden zuſammen zu fließen: welchen Einfluß Einbildungskraft und Gefühl auf die hiſtoriſche Kompoſition haben ſollen? Ohne Zweifel kann dieſe ihr erſtes Verdienſt, Wahrheit der Fakten haben, ohne daß Imagination und Gefühl daran Antheil nehmen; ja ſie können dieſer leicht ſelbſt gefährlich werden. Und gleichwohl ohne ſie — was bliebe hiſtoriſche Kompoſition? Ein nacktes Gerippe, ohne inneres Leben, ohne Wirkung auf den Leſer. Soll die hiſtoriſche Kompoſition das Verdienſt der Darſtellung haben, ſo kann ſie nicht ohne ſie ſeyn; und weit entfernt, daß ſie geradezu dem hiſtoriſchen Geiſte entgegen wären, ſind ſie vielmehr weſentliche Beſtandtheile deſſelben. Aber der Hiſtoriker muß eine Herrſchaft über ſie auszuüben wiſſen, die weit unumſchränkter als die des Dichters iſt. Der Dichter räumt ihnen ungeſtraft den Schein der Herrſchaft über ſich ein; der Hiſtoriker darf nie ſo viel ſich vergeben; die Gränzlinie zwiſchen hiſtoriſcher und poetiſcher Kompoſition läuft hier gewiß ſehr feſt und beſtimmt; ſie genau zu ziehen erforderte aber eine eigene Abhandlung. Dichterlektüre iſt daher dem Geſchichtſchreiber nicht blos für ſeine Jugendbildung nöthig; er bedarf ihrer auch im reifern Alter; ſie bleibt ihm das Mittel, ſeinem Geiſt jene Friſche zu erhalten, die allein ſeinen Werken ein lebendiges Kolorit geben kann. Virgil und Homer, die Aeneide und die Iliade waren es, an welchen Müller ſein poetiſches Gefühl erwärmte. „Ich habe „die Iliade geendigt, unwillig, daß der göttliche Homer nicht „240 Rhapſodien ſtatt 24 geſungen.“ *) Daß die Epiker am meiſten den Hiſtoriker feſſeln, mag natürlich ſcheinen; aber der Grund dieſes Wohlgefallens lag dennoch nicht in der Form der Poeſie. Denn mehr als dieſe Epiker ſcheint ihn ein Tragiker ergriffen zu haben; und zwar der, deſſen ganzen Werth nur der ſehr gebildete Geiſt zu faſſen vermag. „Als ich den „Oedipus auf Colonus des Sophokles geleſen hatte, ſtand „ich auf; ich empfand ein Gefühl, welches mir ganz ungewöhn„lich war, da ich ſah, daß in einer menſchlichen Sprache für „die Leidenſchaften ſolche Ausdrücke ſeyen!“ **) So erklärt ſich „ſein Ausruf an einer andern Stelle: „Leſen iſt nichts, leſen „und denken etwas; denken und fühlen die Vollkommenheit!“ ***)

Mit dieſen Studien verband Müller in eben dieſen Zeiten ein anderes von nicht geringerer Wichtigkeit. Er empfand es früh, wie unentbehrlich Bildung der Rede ſey. Rouſſeau war es, nach ſeinem eigenen Geſtändniß, der ihn dies fühlen lehrte. „Dieſer Rouſſeau zeigt mir eine einige, ſehr große, nicht „genug von mir bedachte Wahrheit — die große Wichtigkeit und „Allmacht der Kunſt zu reden. Hat er nicht das ganze denkende „Europa entzückt; ſind ſie nicht Alle, ſeine Mitbürger ausge„nommen, zu ſeinen Füßen; und lernen — Nichts; beten ihn an, „nur weil er die Sprache ſo allmächtig führt wie Gott Jupiter „ſeine Donner! So will ich denn auch dieſes großen Inſtru„ments mich bemächtigen. Von der Völkerwanderung bis auf „Erasmus hat man geſammelt; von Erasmus bis auf Leibnitz „geſchrieben; von Leibnitz und Voltaire bis hierher raiſonnirt; ſo „will denn ich ſprechen. In unſern Alpen rollt der Donner, „und widerhallt durch ganze Kantone; aus ihren Eingeweiden „ergießen ſich der Rhein und die Rhone; ſie ſtürzen von den „Felſen der Eidgenoſſen mit majeſtätiſchem Brauſen in die nie„dern Flächen der Germanen und Belgen; warum denn, o „Freund, gleicht die Sprache, ſelbſt unſerer ſchönen Geiſter, „nur dem Staubbach; ſprützt blos naſſen Staub in die Augen, „reißt nicht die Herzen fort?“ †) Wer ſo ſprechen konnte, hatte freylich ſchon ſeine Rede gebildet! Aber wenn Rouſſeau ihm die Wichtigkeit davon zeigte, ſo waren es doch die Alten, die er zum Muſter nahm. „Ich leſe Rouſſeau nicht mehr, ich „leſe den Orator, de claris oratoribus, und de legibus.“ ††) Allein auf die Bildung ſeiner Sprache wirkten noch andere Studien ein; wir werden Gelegenheit finden darauf zurück zu kommen.

Waren es aber auch nicht eben dieſe Briefe, aus denen wir mehrere Stellen als Belege mitgetheilt haben, welche auf die Kunſt des Ausdrucks ſeiner Ideen einen ſo weſentlichen Einfluß hatten? In eben den Jahren, wo er ganz dieſer ſeiner Bildung lebte, ward ihm das Glück zu Theil, den Mann zum Freunde zu erhalten, an den dieſe Briefe gerichtet ſind. Mit welcher ſchwärmeriſchen Liebe er an dieſem Freunde ſeiner Jugend hing, ſagt jeder derſelben zu laut, als daß es einer Wiederholung bedürfte; nur darauf muß hier aufmerkſam gemacht werden, welchen Einfluß dieſe Art von Briefwechſel, wenn wir ihn ſo nennen dürfen, (denn er ſchrieb weit mehrere als er erhielt;) auf ſeinen Geiſt hatte. In ſie ergoſſen ſich ſeine Gedanken, ſeine Gefühle; ſie ſind ihr lebendigſter Ausdruck; der wahre Spiegel ſeines Ich. Was Mittheilung in dieſer Periode des Lebens für jeden empfindenden Menſchen iſt, weiß zwar jeder aus eigner Erfahrung; aber dieſer ſchriftlichen Mittheilung waren doch nur wenige fähig. Sie ſteht aber, in Rückſicht des Einfluſſes auf die Bildung des Geiſtes, weit über der mündlichen. Was geſprochen wird im Tauſch der Ideen, bleibt leicht unbeſtimmt, und läßt ſelten tiefe Spuren zurück; das Geſchriebene

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*) Briefe S. 163. 164.
**) Briefe S. 115.
***) Briefe S. 101.
†) Briefe S. 131.

*) Briefe S. 116.
**) Briefe S. 251.
***) Briefe S. 113.
†) Briefe S. 26.
††) Briefe S. 93.

muß wenigſtens einmal beſtimmt gedacht werden, und ſteht für immer feſt. Der Entſchluß über das Geleſene Rechenſchaft abzulegen führt nothwendig zum Nachdenken darüber; ſo bilden ſich feſte Urtheile; und gewiß viele derſelben hätte Müller nie ſo gefällt, wäre er ſich ihrer auch ſelber nicht ſo bewußt geworden, hätte er ſie nicht für einen andern niedergeſchrieben.

In eben dieſer Periode aber, während ſeines Aufenthalts in Genf, ward Müllern ein Geſchäft übertragen, das einen bedeutenden Einfluß auf ſeine hiſtoriſche Ausbildung hatte; er mußte einem Kreiſe junger Leute Vorleſungen über die Geſchichte halten.

Was es heißt, einen Vortrag über ſeine Wiſſenſchaft halten, kann nur der ganz ſchätzen, der ſelber die Erfahrung davon gemacht hat. Es iſt hier nicht von den Vorträgen die Rede, welche eine lange Zeit hindurch jährlich, oder gar halbjährlich wiederholt werden. Dieſe häufige Wiederholung kann eben ſo leicht zum Stillſtande in der Wiſſenſchaft führen, als ſie das Fortſchreiten befördern kann; und das erſtere wird vielleicht öfter als das letztere der Fall ſeyn. Wir ſprechen von dem Vortheil, den ein einmaliger, oder doch nur wenige Male, (viermal geſchah es von Müller, denn er ermüdete bald;) wiederholter Vortrag über die Wiſſenſchaft giebt; und wir tragen kein Bedenken, dieſen als das Hauptmittel zu betrachten, ſich zum Meiſter derſelben zu machen. Wer über eine Wiſſenſchaft ſprechen muß, iſt genöthigt ſie in ihrem ganzen Umfange, nicht weniger als in ihren einzelnen Theilen zu überblicken. Aber indem er das Einzelne durchgeht, lernt er die Lücken in ſeinen Kenntniſſen bemerken, und iſt gezwungen ſie auszufüllen. Noch mehr! der mündliche Vortrag nöthigt ihn, ſich jeden Gegenſtand wenigſtens einmal klar zu denken, weil er ihn klar ausſprechen muß. So tritt alles bei ihm aus dem Dunkel hervor, in dem es bisher lag, und zum Theil gewiß geblieben wäre. Wer je in dem Falle war, zum erſtenmale einen Vortrag dieſer Art gemacht zu haben, wird es ſich selber bewußt ſeyn, wie viel heller er das Gebiet der Wiſſenſchaft nach der Beendigung deſſelben als vorher überſah.

Der Vortrag, den Müller zu thun hatte, ſollte die ganze Geſchichte umfaſſen. Faſt mit Schrecken nahm er jetzt die Lücken wahr, die in ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Kenntniſſen ſich fanden. Lebhaft fühlte er aber zugleich die innige Verbindung, die unter den einzelnen, noch ſo entfernten, Theilen der Weltgeſchichte — wäre es auch nur durch die Vergleichung — Statt findet. Mit Einem Wort, er fühlte das Bedürfniß Univerſalhiſtoriker zu werden. „Dies Geſchäft nöthigt mich zu einem Studium, ohne „welches nicht leicht auch nur die Hiſtorie von Genfau gut geſchrieben werden mag, zum Studium aller Jahrhunderte und „aller Welt; welches die Begriffe erweitert, und allen beſondern Geſchäften Licht mittheilt. Ueber dieſes iſt beiden, dem „Geiſt und auch den phyſiſchen Kräften, dieſes abwechſelnde „Schauſpiel ſehr geſund; weil die Mannichfaltigkeit unſerer Arbeiten uns hindert, über einer einigen zu ermüden; und ich „habe neulich wahrgenommen, daß, nachdem ich den Thukydides „geleſen hatte, ich die Schweiz mit andern Augen anſah." *)

Bedarf es mehr um den entſchiedenen Einfluß darzulegen, den dieſe Vorträge auf Müllers damalige hiſtoriſche Bildung hatten? Aber ſie führten ihn weiter; ſie zeichneten ihm den Gang ſeiner Forſchungen für das ganze Leben vor. Der Entſchluß befeſtigte ſich bei ihm, alle Theile der Geſchichte ſo viel immer möglich in ihren Quellen durchzuarbeiten, und ſich auf dieſem Wege zum Univerſalhiſtoriker im vollen Sinne des Worts zu bilden. Angelangt am Ziel ſollte eine Weltgeſchichte die Frucht dieſer Studien ſeyn. Das Schickſal hat nicht gewollt, daß dieſe Frucht reifen ſollte. Aber der Gedanke daran füllte immer mehr die Seele des Forſchers aus, je mehr er dem Ziele ſich näherte. Er ward ihm gleichſam ein Pharus auf der Bahn des Lebens, der ihm, trügeriſch den Hafen zeigend, wo er einſt zu landen hoffte, gerade in den Stürmen der letzten Zeiten am wohlthätigſten leuchtete.

Wir glauben bisher die Hauptmomente herausgehoben zu haben, welche auf die Bildung des Hiſtorikers bedeutenden Einfluß hatten. Vielleicht iſt nicht Alles geſagt; aber in den Hauptſachen konnten wir nicht irren, da ſeine eigenen Nachrichten unſere Wegweiſer blieben. Viel mußte ſich vereinigen um dieſe Bildung zur Reife zu bringen; auf welchem Punkte ſie damals ſtand, davon giebt jene Briefſammlung den unwiderſprechlichſten Beweis. Sie bleibt die wahre Blüthe ſeines Geiſtes, wenn auch die Früchte erſt ſpäter reifen ſollten; und ob die Briefe des jungen Gelehrten, oder die Geſchichten der Schweiz mehr auf die Nachwelt wirken werden, kann erſt die Nachwelt entſcheiden. Der Enthuſiasmus für die Wiſſenſchaft, den jede Zeile athmet; die richtige Würdigung der Gegenwart; die ahnungsvollen Blicke in die Zukunft, oft einer Inſpiration ähnlich; *) dies genialiſche des Jünglings, ſchon verbunden mit einer Reife und Feſtigkeit des männlichen Urtheils, das durch keinen Namen noch falſchen Schein zu blenden iſt — machen ſie zu einer einzigen Erſcheinung im Gebiet der Literatur. Ewigen Dank bleibt die Nachwelt der weiblichen Hand ſchuldig, die ſie aus dem Dunkel hervorzog. Aber vielleicht war es gut für Müllers Ruhm, daß ſie erſt ſpät erſchienen; die Erwartungen die ſie früher hätten erregen können, wären deſto ſchwerer zu erfüllen, vielleicht unmöglich zu übertreffen geweſen.

Im Jahre 1780 erſchien der erſte Verſuch ſeiner Schweizergeſchichte. **) Seitdem Müller mit den Vorarbeiten dazu ſich beſchäftigt hatte, war es ihm am ſchwerſten geworden über den Plan des Werks mit ſich ſelber einig zu werden. Wo ſollte er beginnen? Erſt mit der Entſtehung des Bundes? oder ſchon mit den früheſten Zeiten, wo die Länder, welche der Bund nachmals umfaßte, zuerſt aus dem Dunkel langſam hervortraten? Es hing ſehr viel von dieſer Frage ab. Er konnte ſich viele Arbeiten erſparen in dem erſten Falle; er mußte vielen und ſehr ausgedehnten ſich unterziehen in dem andern.

Wie der Plan ſeines Werks ſich zuerſt bey ihm entwickelte, ſagt er ſelber in ſeinen Briefen. Nachdem er zuerſt von den früheſten Zeiten hat anfangen wollen, änderte er ſeinen Entwurf bereits im Jahre 1776. „Meiner Materialien iſt eine unglaubliche Menge. Meinen Plan habe ich geändert. 1) Weil „der Leſer nicht die abgeſtorbenen Herren des Landes, ſondern „die Konföderation kennen will. 2) Weil es beſſer iſt Ein Gemälde geſchickt zu mahlen, als auf zwanzig Tafeln zu verſudeln. 3) Weil unſere Hiſtorie vor dem Bunde niemand intereſſirt." ***) Daß Müller dieſem Plan bey der Ausarbeitung bis zu der Erſcheinung ſeines erſten Verſuchs treu blieb, iſt aus dieſem ſelber klar geworden; aber die nachmalige Umarbeitung beweiſt auch, daß er ſelber von jenen Ideen zurückkam. Jener erſte Verſuch iſt der Anfang eines Gebäudes ohne feſte Grundlage. Der erſte Schweizerbund war an und für ſich ſelbſt gar keine ſolche Begebenheit, daß mit ihr eine neue Ordnung der Dinge plötzlich begonnen hätte. Es war nichts weniger als eine Revolution; ein ſo oft gemißbrauchter Name! Das von Alters her beſtehende dauerte hier fort, und ſollte erhalten werden; nur dem Druck der Neuerungen widerſetzte man ſich. Wie ließ alſo die Geſchichte des Bundes ſich geben, wenn man dies Alte nicht kennen lernte? Wie ließ aber die Kenntniß des Alten ſich geben, ohne in die früheſten Zeiten zurückzugehen, aus denen es herſtammte? Müller fühlte dies Bedürfniß; und glücklicher Weiſe hatte er von Anfang an ſo vorgearbeitet, als wollte er dieſen Plan befolgen. Er entſchloß ſich alſo zu der Umarbeitung, ehe er die Fortſetzung jenes Anfangs gab; und ſo erſchienen ſeit dem Jahre 1786 ſeine Geſchichten der ſchweizeriſchen Eidgenoſſenſchaft in derjenigen Form, welche nachmals ihnen eigen geblieben iſt. Allein dieſer veränderte Plan hatte ihn in die Nothwendigkeit geſetzt, eine große Reihe von Unterſuchungen anzuſtellen, von denen er zum Theil nur die Reſultate geben konnte. Die Theile des Schweizerbundes hatten durch ihre geographiſche Lage alle die Schickſale theilen müſſen, welche die ſie umgebenden Länder trafen. Sie waren eine Provinz des römiſchen Reichs; ſie wurden, als dieſes fiel, durch die Völkerwanderung überſchwemmt; ſie bildeten meiſt das alte Reich der Burgunder; ſie wurden mit dieſem ein Theil der großen fränkiſchen Monarchie; ſie wurden, als dieſes zerfiel, ein Stück des neuburgundiſchen Reichs, und kamen endlich mit dieſem zum deutſchen Staatskörper; von dem ſie auch ſelbſt nach der Errichtung ihrer Verbindung weit entfernt waren ſich ſofort trennen zu wollen. Wie war es möglich ihre Schickſale darzuſtellen, ohne tiefe Kenntniß aller dieſer Staaten, und wenn gleich ihre Geſchichte nicht die allgemeine Geſchichte dieſer Staaten war, ſo war ſie doch ſo tief darin verflochten, beſonders in Rückſicht der innern Verhältniſſe, daß ſie in einem gewiſſen Grade es werden mußte. Viel mochte der Geſchichtſchreiber als nicht für ſeinen Zweck paſſend verſchweigen; aber die Aufgabe die Schweizergeſchichte zu ſchreiben war für ihn nicht geringer, und konnte auch nicht geringer ſeyn, als die, die Geſchichte des ganzen deutſchen Mittelalters in allen ihren Hauptbeziehungen zu ergründen. So führte alſo das Studium des partiellen Theils der Geſchichte, das ſein Hauptzweck war, ihn auf das Studium der allgemeinen Geſchichte, deſſen Bedürfniß er ſchon früher gefühlt hatte. Beyde verſchmolzen ſich unter einander; und daraus ging jene ſchöne Harmonie hervor, die ein ſo weſentlicher Vorzug ſeines Werks iſt.

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*) Briefe S. 120.

*) Wie z. B. Briefe S. 16. „Die Capitularien ſehe ich als eine Quelle des Umſturzes der franzöſiſchen Monarchie an." — Das konnte ein Jüngling im Jahre 1774 ſchreiben!

**) Unter dem Titel: die Geſchichte der Schweizer, durch J. Müller; das erſte Buch. Boſton. (Bern.) 1780.

***) Briefe S. 48.

Nach 6 Jahren erſchien alſo der erſte Theil der umgearbeiteten Schweizergeſchichte; dann allmählich die übrigen bis zum Schluß der erſten Hälfte des fünften folgten. *) Erſt jetzt war und blieb der Meiſter ſelber mit ſeinem Werk zufrieden; denn auch in der neuen Ausgabe, welche die drey erſten Theile erlebten, ward nur in Nebendingen, nichts aber in dem Plan und dem Ganzen geändert. So giebt dies Werk alſo auch den Maßſtab mit dem man Müller den Hiſtoriker mißt. Seine zahlreichen kleinen Schriften, meiſt, wo nicht alle, ohne ſeinen Namen erſchienen, haben durchgehends Beziehung auf die Geſchichte des Tages. Sie ſind mehr oder weniger politiſche Gelegenheitsſchriften, von der *Darſtellung des Fürſtenbundes* an, (der wichtigſten unter ihnen;) bis zu den kleinen, zum Theil ſchon vergeſſenen, Aufſätzen hinab. Sie ſind eben deshalb nicht rein hiſtoriſch. Wichtig als Belege für die Geſchichte ſeiner perſönlichen Anſichten der ihn umgebenden Welt, wie ſich dieſe mit ihr formten, — und mit ihr änderten. Dieſer Theil der Geſchichte ſeines Geiſtes bleibt ſeinem künftigen Biographen überlaſſen.

Ein großer Zug, der gleichſam alles übrige ſchon in ſich faßt, glänzt zuerſt in dem Charakter von Johann von Müller dem Hiſtoriker hervor: *ſeine reine und feſte Anſicht von dem Weſen der Geſchichte*. Früh hatte er dieſe gefaßt; nie iſt er ihr untreu geworden. Sie war und blieb ihm, was ſie ſeinen großen Muſtern Cäſar und Polybius war, treue Erzählerin des Geſchehenen. Dieſe Hauptanſicht mußte allerdings bei ihm von ſelbſt durch die Natur ſeines Stoffs gefaßt werden. Es war ein Gegenſtand durchaus der Forſchung, über den der Geſchichtſchreiber gar nichts vermochte, wenn nicht der Geſchichtforſcher vorangegangen war. Dieſe Beſchaffenheit des Stoffs hatte den großen Nutzen, die doppelte Rolle, die er übernehmen mußte, in das wahre Verhältniß unter einander zu ſetzen; nie hat Müller den Geſchichtſchreiber über den Geſchichtforſcher geſetzt; nie dieſen über jenen vergeſſen. Die Beobachtung des wahren Verhältniſſes zwiſchen Beiden iſt es aber ohne Zweifel, welche die Grundlage des großen Hiſtorikers bildet. So bald einmal jene Anſicht bey ihm feſt ſtand, entging er leicht den Verirrungen ſeines Zeitalters. Denn welches Zeitalter hat es mehr verſucht, die Begriffe über das Weſen der Geſchichte zu verdrehen als das ſeinige? Der ſchwankende Begriff des hiſtoriſchen Pragmatismus führte auch große Köpfe auf Abwege, von denen ſie nicht immer zurückgekommen ſind. Die Anſicht von einer ſtets fortſchreitenden Bildung des Menſchengeſchlechts war ſchon früher gegeben, als die große philoſophiſche Gährung hinzukam, die ihre Wirkungen auch auf das Gebiet der Geſchichte erſtrecken wollte. Hatte man vorher ſich begnügt den Stoff, den die Geſchichte darbot, zu der Ziehung gewiſſer Lieblingsreſultate zu benutzen, ſo ging man nun ſo weit — wird es die Nachwelt glauben? — den Stoff ſelber erfinden zu wollen, um aufgeſtellte Hypotheſen zu begründen. Wenn Müller von dieſen ſeltſamen Verirrungen des menſchlichen Geiſtes ſich frey erhielt, ſo kann es ihm freylich kaum zum Verdienſt angerechnet werden; aber auch jene zuerſt erwähnte blendende Anſicht von dem Fortſchreiten der Menſchheit vermochte nichts über ihn. Weder ſein großes hiſtoriſches Werk, noch ſeine kleinen Schriften, ſo weit wir ſie kennen, tragen die mindeſte Spur davon, daß er ihr huldigte. Er konnte ſeine Gründe haben, nicht geradezu öffentlich dawider zu ſprechen; **) wie er darüber dachte, kann nur wenigen ſeiner Freunde unbekannt ſeyn.

Dieſe Heilighaltung des weſentlichen Charakters der Geſchichte erzeugte bey ihm jene *Wahrheitsliebe*, die unentbehrlichſte und die ſeltenſte aller Eigenſchaften des Hiſtorikers. *Nicht von der* Wahrheitsliebe iſt hier die Rede, die ſich blos hütet wiſſentlich Unwahrheiten zu verbreiten; wir reden von der, um vieles höhern, welche nichts ſagen will, was ſie nicht ſelber als wahr erkannte. Jene kann der Vorzug des bloßen Nachſchreibers ſeyn; dieſe iſt der des Forſchers. Allerdings war es auch hier wieder der Stoff ſeines Werks, der Müllern zu Statten kam. Er konnte ihn nicht zu leidenſchaftlicher Anſicht verführen; es waren die Begebenheiten der entfernten Vergangenheit, die er zu erzählen unternahm. Und wenn auch das geliebte Vaterland ihm ſtets in jenem milden Schimmer erſchien, worin der gute Bürger ſo gern es erblickt, — was konnte die Wahrheit der Darſtellung darunter leiden, ſo bald er nur deshalb die Schatten nicht überſah? Je tiefer er aber die Wahrheit ſuchen mußte, je mühſamer und umfaſſender die Forſchungen waren, aus denen ſie ihm hervorging, deſto mehr gewann er ſie lieb. Eben darin liegt ein großer Lohn des treuen hiſtoriſchen Studiums, daß es den Sinn für Wahrheit ſchärft: und wenn ſchwerlich ein neuerer Hiſtoriker genannt werden kann, der tiefer forſchte, ſo kann auch ſchwerlich einer genannt werden, deſſen Werk jenen Sinn reiner ausſpräche, als die Geſchichte der Schweiz. Ihr Verfaſſer konnte irren, in ſo fern Irrthum das Loos der Sterblichen iſt; aber welcher Schriftſteller hat mehr gethan um den Irrthum zu vermeiden; oder wenn er ja darin verfiel, es dem Leſer mehr erleichtert ihn zu entdecken? Die Litteratur beſitzt kein Geſchichtswerk, in welchem die Beweiſe mit ſo großer Sorgfalt angeführt wären. Auch davon erkannte Müller nicht die Wichtigkeit auf einmal. Als er die erſte Ausgabe ſeiner Schweizergeſchichte begann, gab er ſie ohne Citate. Ein allgemeines Verzeichniß der Quellen ſchien ihm hinreichend. Allein er fühlte bald das Unzulängliche dieſer Verfahrungsart; er empfand das Bedürfniß, bei jeder Angabe die Nachwelt zum Schiedsrichter zwiſchen ſich und der Wahrheit zu machen. Indem ſo jedes Faktum auch ſeine Beweisſtelle erhielt; indem ſo der Leſer keinen Schritt that ohne zu wiſſen daß er auf feſtem Boden ging, machte er gleichſam die Kritik verſtummen. Sie hat es nicht gewagt, ſein Werk von dieſer Seite anzugreifen; und ſchwerlich wird ſich auch jemand zu dieſer — wahrſcheinlich ſehr undankbaren — Mühe berufen fühlen. Wer könnte es thun, ohne Müllern vorher nachſtudirt zu haben? Und wer dies that, that es wohl zu höhern Zwecken, als um die Kritik ſeines Vorgängers zu machen.

Als Muſter tiefer und gründlicher Geſchichtforſchung ſteht alſo die Geſchichte der Eidgenoſſenſchaft für die Nachwelt da! Möge ſie als ſolches wirken; möge ſie den Geiſt der hiſtoriſchen Forſchung, dieſen dem deutſchen Charakter ſo eigenthümlichen Geiſt, nie unter uns erſterben laſſen! Aus ihr lerne der Verehrer der hiſtoriſchen Muſe vor allem zuerſt das Schwere ſeiner Kunſt! Wie viele Urkunden und Schriften wurden durchſucht und ausgezogen, wie viele Nächte durchwacht, um nur den Stoff zu gewinnen, den das Genie demnächſt verarbeiten ſollte!

Die Anordnung, die Behandlung, die Belebung dieſes Stoffs, überhaupt das Geſchäft des *Geſchichtſchreibers*, ſchien keine geringeren Schwierigkeiten darzubieten.

Allerdings giebt es in der Geſchichte der Schweiz ſeit dem Urſprunge des Bundes Einen Hauptpunkt, um den das Ganze ſich drehe: zu zeigen wie die Verfaſſung beſtand, und die Freyheit erhalten wurde. Kein anderer läßt ſich denken als allgemeiner Mittelpunkt; auch die Verhältniſſe mit Oeſterreich nicht; ſie treten nur in gewiſſen Zeiträumen hervor, und bleiben deshalb von ſelber jenem untergeordnet. Allein dieſer Centralpunkt lag mehr in dem Gemüth des Geſchichtſchreibers, als daß er klar hingeſtellt werden durfte. Ihn klar hinſtellen hätte geheißen die Geſchichte verderben; indem man ſie entweder beſchränkte oder gar verdrehte. Aber dem Geſchichtſchreiber mußte dieſer Geſichtspunkt ſtets vor Augen bleiben, während der Leſer ihn mehr ahnete als ſah; weil daraus der innere Zuſammenhang des Ganzen, der Pragmatismus der Geſchichte, wie ihn die Kunſtſprache nennt, hervorgehen mußte. So wurde der Geſichtskreis keinesweges dadurch beengt; denn faſt alle Begebenheiten hatten darauf Beziehung. Hing nicht darin die Geſchichte der Verfaſſung? die Geſchichte der meiſten Kriege vor den Söldnerkriegen? Wurde nicht ſo die Schilderung der Sitten, der Religion, der Aufklärung, ſonſt mit der Politik immer in einer anſcheinend ſo ſchwachen Verbindung, hier ein Hauptſtück des Gemäldes? Von dieſem Standpunkt betrachtet wird uns alſo, was ſonſt nicht ſo ſeyn würde, die Geſchichte der Schweiz als ein in ſich vollendetes Ganze erſcheinen können. Ein äußeres Band, das dies Ganze umſchlungen und zuſammen gehalten hätte, war hier weiter nicht vorhanden; es mußte ein inneres Band ſeyn, wenn auch meiſt dem Leſer unſichtbar, darum nicht minder feſt und ununterbrochen fortlaufend.

Aber auch bei dieſem allgemeinen Geſichtspunkt mußte doch die Anordnung des Moſaiks der Schweizergeſchichte, dieſes ſo zerſtückelten Stoffs, mit großen Schwierigkeiten verbunden bleiben. Das ganze Gewicht davon kann nur derjenige fühlen, der damit zu ringen hat. Es könnte Anmaßung ſcheinen, den Meiſter meiſtern zu wollen; wenn es uns auch dünkt, daß dieſe Seite die weniger glänzende ſeines Werks ſey. Der große Zweck der hiſtoriſchen Anordnung ſoll ſeyn, dem Leſer ſtets den Ueberblick des Ganzen gegenwärtig zu erhalten; aber welche Schwierigkeiten hatte dies bei einem Stoff, wo das Ganze aus ſo loſe verknüpften und zugleich ſo ungleichartigen Theilen beſtand? Die Geſchichte der Eidgenoſſenſchaft iſt ſehr arm an Begebenheiten, die für den ganzen Bund allgemein Epoche machend geweſen wären; nicht einmal die Schlachten und Siege waren es; denn gewöhnlich erfocht man ſich dadurch nicht mehr, als die Fortdauer des Alten. Es war daher ſchwer dieſe Geſchichte in

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*) Unter dem Titel: der Geſchichten ſchweizeriſcher Eidgenoſſenſchaft: 1ſtes Buch Leipzig 1786. 2tes Buch 1786. 3tes Buch 1ſte Hälfte 1788. 2te Hälfte 1795. Neue verbeſſerte und vermehrte Auflage dieſer 3 Theile. Leipzig 1806. 4ter Theil 1805. 5ter Theils 1ſte Abtheilung 1808. 8. Die Geſchichte iſt darin herunter geführt bis zum Jahr 1489.

**) Man ſehe vor allem ſeine Vorrede zum erſten Theil der Herderſchen Schriften.

Perioden abzutheilen, die ſich ſelbſt gemacht hätten; und eine einfache chronologiſche Anordnung blieb das einzige Mittel. Auch bleibt es das größte Lob des Geſchichtſchreibers in dieſer Rückſicht, daß er der Natur folgte, ohne dem Stoffe Gewalt anzuthun. Was wäre aus der Schweizergeſchichte geworden, hätte ihr Verfaſſer ſie als ein abgerundetes Kunſtwerk drechſeln wollen? Wie vieles würde ſchief geſtellt, wie vieles weggefallen ſeyn? Vor ſolchen Mißgriffen bewahrte ihn ſein geſunder Blick. Was in den Begebenheiten der Schweiz merkwürdiges geweſen ſey zu erzählen, immer in Beziehung auf das Haupt-Thema, Bildung und Erhaltung der Freiheit, war ſeine Abſicht. Darum nannte er ſein Werk die Geſchichten ſchweizeriſcher Eidgenoſſenſchaft; das Detail mußte ihm das Intereſſe geben. Dabey konnte es nicht fehlen, daß manches erzählt werden mußte, was faſt unmöglich eine allgemeine Wichtigkeit haben konnte. Die Geſchichten einzelner Geſchlechter, einzelner wenig bedeutender Oerter und Herrſchaften. Auch iſt vermuthlich — mag jeder Leſer zuerſt ſich ſelber fragen — Müllers Schweizergeſchichte viel weniger ganz geleſen worden, als man gewöhnlich annimmt. Aber jedes einzelne Kapitel iſt fähig den Geiſt zu erheben, wie ein einzelner Geſang der Iliade es thut.

Woraus geht denn aber jenes Intereſſe hervor, das die Geſchichte der Schweiz, wenn auch ungleich in den einzelnen Theilen, uns einflößet? Unſtreitig zuerſt aus dem eigenen lebendigen Intereſſe des Verfaſſers für ſeinen Stoff. Es giebt keine andere Quelle, aus der die Theilnahme des Leſers zunächſt fließen könnte, als aus dieſer; wenn es auch vielleicht durch manche Nebenmittel erhöht werden kann. Jenes eigene lebendige Intereſſe des Schriftſtellers aber, woraus entſpringt es als aus dem tiefen Studium ſeines Gegenſtandes? Indem er ſeine ganze Geiſteskraft aufbietet ſich ſeiner zu bemächtigen, erhält er in ſeinen Augen eben dadurch eine immer höhere Wichtigkeit. Er ſpricht davon mit der Theilnahme, mit der Wärme, die er nach ſeinem eigenen Gefühl verdient; und ſo gelingt es ihm auch, dieſe Theilnahme bey ſeinen Leſern zu erregen. Wenn Müllern dieſes vor andern gelang, ſo lag eine Haupturſache davon in ſeiner Art zu arbeiten. Vorarbeit und Ausarbeitung ſtanden bey ihm in einem engen und unzerſtörbaren Verhältniß; es war nicht ſeine Sitte, erſt dann ans Ausarbeiten zu gehen, wenn die Vorarbeiten ſchon lange vollendet waren. So bald er des jedesmaligen Stoffs Herr zu ſeyn glaubte, zauderte er auch nicht mit der Ausarbeitung. „Ich arbeite täglich ſechs bis ſieben „Stunden an der Schweizergeſchichte; drey Stunden ordne und „komponire ich; drey Stunden ſetze ich die Folianten, die Chroniken, Zwingli u. a. fort.“ *) Iſt es nicht während der Vorarbeiten, wo nicht nur von ſelbſt die Ideen ſich entwickeln, ſondern wo ſie auch ihre volle Lebendigkeit haben? Wie vieles geht verloren, wenn man mit dem Ausarbeiten zaudert; nicht nur an Ideen, ſondern auch an der Friſche des Kolorits! Nur jenes Ausarbeiten iſt daher auch hoher Genuß; und Müller empfand ihn nach ſeinem ganzen Werth! „Wenn Sie, ſchreibt er ſeinem „Freunde, das höchſte Vergnügen des Geiſtes empfinden wollen, „ſo müſſen Sie komponiren. Wenn Sie Ihre Begriffe beſtimmen, Ihre Schreibart vervollkommnen, Sich die reizendſte „Beſchäftigung und Ihrem Geiſte die würdigſte Richtung geben „wollen, ſo müſſen Sie komponiren; nicht für Ihr Schreibpult; „nicht allein für mich; ſondern für das Publikum.“ **) Nur eigene Erfahrung kann die ganze Wahrheit dieſer Bemerkung beſtätigen; welchen höhern Genuß kann es für den ſchöpferiſchen Geiſt geben, als ſchaffen? Müller konnte damit noch einen Vortheil verbinden, den das Lokal der Schweiz ihm darbot. Es iſt ein beſchränktes Lokal; aber alles in der Geſchichte hängt daran. In den glücklichen Jugendjahren, wo das meiſte ſeines Werks gearbeitet ward, hinderte ihn nichts, ſich dieſe Kenntniß zu verſchaffen. Er brauchte deshalb nicht erſt Reiſen wie Polybius zu machen; kurze Wanderungen reichten hin; auch kannte er den Schauplatz ſeiner Geſchichte, wie Homer den ſeiner Iliade. Es war Sitte bei ihm, die Geſchichte der einzelnen Theile immer dann zu beſchreiben, wenn er ſie geſehen hatte. „Seit „meinem letzten Briefe habe ich Kyburg und die alten Baronen „geſchildert, Thun, Burgdorf, Winterthur haben nun ihre „Hiſtorie, bey Rapperswyl bin ich auf eine Anhöhe geſtiegen, „habe das ſchöne Grüninger Land überſehen; heut habe ich Gaſter eingenommen; übermorgen ziehe ich ins Rheinthal; dann „ſchiffe ich auf dem Conſtanzer See, lande im Thurgau, dann „wieder den Unterſee herab, den Rhein herunter zu den Rheinfällen; und da kömmt die Hiſtorie von Schafhauſen.“ ***)

Ein eigenthümlicher Vorzug von Müller, wodurch das Intereſſe ſeines Werks nicht wenig gehoben wird, iſt ein gewiſſer praktiſcher Geiſt, geleitet durch einen richtigen Blick in der Politik. Jene Vorliebe zum praktiſchen, die ſo früh ſich bey ihm entwickelte, und ſein ganzes Leben hindurch in ſeiner perſönlichen Lage ihre Nahrung fand, ſpricht ſich allenthalben in ſeinen Werken aus. Er ſchrieb die alte Geſchichte des Vaterlandes nicht als Chronikenſchreiber; ſondern ſtets den Blick auf die Gegenwart gerichtet. Er hatte ſein Zeitalter ſehr richtig aufgefaßt. Erſchienen gleich die erſten Theile ſeines Werks noch vor dem Anfange der Umwälzung von Europa, ſo ließ er ſich doch durch die anſcheinende Sicherheit nicht täuſchen. Die Zeiten der Ruhe zu nutzen, um gegen künftige Stürme ſich Schutz zu verſchaffen, war immer ſein Rath. Dieſer richtige politiſche Blick ward durch Erfahrungen bey ihm geleitet, hergenommen zum Theil aus der Gegenwart, weit mehr aus der Vergangenheit. Hatte er nicht dazu die Geſchichte der Völker und Reiche ſtudiert, die innern Urſachen ihres Aufblühens und ihres Welkens kennen zu lernen! Das eigenthümliche der verſchiedenen Verfaſſungen zu ergründen; davon die Anwendung auf die Gegenwart zu machen? deshalb hatte er ſich zum Univerſalhiſtoriker gebildet; und dieſe Bildung war es, die ſeinem Werke einen großen Theil ſeines Werths gab. Wer mit freiem Geiſte und Blick die Geſchichte ſchreiben will, muß mehr als Ein Volk, mehr als Einen Staat kennen gelernt haben. Wie ſollte er das Weſen des einen ergründen können, wenn er nicht mit andern ihn zu vergleichen im Stande iſt? Blieb nicht deshalb die Anſicht der deutſchen Geſchichte ſo beſchränkt, weil die Publiciſten meiſt nur ihren Staatskörper kannten? So nicht Müller, als er die Schweizergeſchichte ſchrieb! Nicht im engen Grunde, ſondern auf dem Gipfel ſtehend, von dem er herunter das unermeßliche Gebiet der Weltgeſchichte überblickte, ſchrieb er die der Schweiz. Andere Staatsformen, andere Zeiträume, lagen immer zugleich vor ſeinen Augen da. Die großen Männer der Vorwelt waren ihm gegenwärtig, wenn er von den Helden ſeines Vaterlandes ſprach. Beſaß er auch vielleicht bey der ausgebreitetſten Kenntniß nicht die Biegſamkeit des Geiſtes, die dazu erforderlich iſt, ſich das Entfernte und das Fremde gleichſam anzueignen, ſo vermochte er es doch im Ganzen aufzufaſſen und zu beurtheilen. Es iſt wörtlich wahr, was er uns ſchon oben ſagte: daß man die Schweiz mit andern Augen anſieht, wenn man den Abulfeda geleſen hat. Was kann den Charakter einer freyen Verfaſſung mehr herausheben, als wenn man im Stande iſt, ihn dem Despotismus des Orients gegenüber zu ſtellen? So erhielt ſeine Schweizergeſchichte, trotz ihres beſchränkten Stoffs, doch einen gewiſſen univerſalhiſtoriſchen Anſtrich; nicht weil ſie die Begebenheiten der allgemeinen Geſchichte, aber weil ſie die Reſultate enthält, die ein überlegener Geiſt aus ihr gezogen hatte. Was Müller aus dem Innern ſeines Gemüths zu ſeinem Werke brachte ſcheint uns auf drey Punkte hinaus zu gehen. Eine heitere Anſicht der Welt; einen lebendigen Sinn für Freyheit; und nicht weniger für politiſche Größe. Wie hätte er unter den Umgebungen und in dem Alter, wo er ſchrieb, eine andere als heitere Anſicht der Welt gewinnen können? Er blickte in ſie hinein, nicht wie Tacitus als in düſtere Wolken gehüllt; ſondern wie in eine offene, im Sonnenlicht liegende Landſchaft. Und wenn manche bittere Erfahrungen der ſpätern Jahre auch bey dem Mann die Anſichten der Gegenwart änderten; ſo ſuchte der Schriftſteller ſich doch die heitere Anſicht der Vergangenheit zu erhalten. Noch der letzte unvollendete Theil ſeiner Schweizergeſchichte giebt reiche Beweiſe davon. Der Sinn für politiſche Freiheit, durch Geburt und Erziehung genährt, war mit dem Stoffe ſelbſt ſo eng verbunden, daß ohne ihn dieſer kaum hätte behandelt werden können. Aber die Begriffe darüber hatten ſchon bey dem Jüngling ſich ſo feſt beſtimmt, daß er nochmals vor den Verirrungen des Zeitalters geſichert blieb. Den Widerwillen gegen die ſpekulativen Anſichten der Geſchichte hatte er ſchon damals gefaßt. „R. irrt mit der höchſten Metaphyſik „in der Hiſtorie herum. Er iſt ein wichtiges Beyſpiel für mich; „damit ich mich nicht im gleichen Empyreum vertrabe, ſondern „zu den Sinnen ſpreche; populair ſchreibe; und wie die Alten „den praktiſchen Nutzen erwäge. Es ahnet mir, (ſagte er prophetiſch hinzu;) die Zeit kommt, da es in der Hiſtorie Scholaſtiker geben wird wie in der Philoſophie. Gott bewahre mich „nur vor Träumen! Die Erfahrung der vergangenen Zeit ſoll „mich im Labyrinthe der Politik leiten; ich will für die europäiſche Freyheit leben, und für die Völker denken!“ *) Daher war Müller, wenn gleich Republikaner von Geburt, doch gar nicht blinder Bewunderer von Republiken. Die Weltgeſchichte führte ihn früh zu der Ueberzeugung, daß dieſelbe Verfaſſung nicht für Alle tauge; und das Glück der Völker keineswegs an Eine Form, wie überhaupt am wenigſten an Formen, gebunden ſey. Der Held des Jahrhunderts, der Glanz ſeiner Monarchie, in der hohe Geiſtesfreyheit mit autokratiſchen Formen gepaart war, wirkte außerdem mächtig auf ihn ein; ſo daß er es ſelbſt wünſchenswerther finden konnte, unter Friedrichs Scepter, als im freyen Vaterlande zu leben. Stets ehrte und achtete er die Einrichtungen der Staaten, deren Bürger er war; wie ſehr er auch bis zum letzten Athemzuge an dem geliebten Vaterlande hing. Indem er ſo ſich die freye Anſicht von dem Werth der Verfaſſungen erhielt, konnte auch die Würdigung großer Männer nicht darunter leiden. Er pries ſie, wo die Geſchichte oder die Gegenwart ſie ihm zeigte; ſie zogen ihn an, gleichſam mit magnetiſcher Kraft; einen aufrichtigern Bewunderer als ihn haben ſie nicht gehabt und können ſie nicht haben. Doch war es politiſche Größe, der er dieſe Bewunderung am erſten und am bereitwilligſten zollte; vielleicht ſelbſt da, wo ſie nicht mit dem moraliſchen Adel verbunden war, ohne welchen das unverdorbene Gefühl ihr nur ungern huldigen mag. Politiſch-groß aber war in ſeinen Augen Alles, was die Völker und die Staaten hebt; groß und herrlich vor allem jedes ihrer Veredlung durch Unterricht und Bildung gewidmete Beſtreben; groß die Schöpfer und Beförderer von dieſen; bey deren Lobe er ſo oft mit Vorliebe verweilt.

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*) Briefe S. 85.

**) Briefe S. 118.

***) Briefe S. 136.

*) Briefe S. 93. 136.

Dieſe Hoheit des Gefühls, die dem Ganzen ſeines Werks einen erhabenen Charakter gab, ward bey Müller von einer lebendigen Imagination unterſtützt. Sie vergegenwärtigte ihm die Scenen, die er beſchrieb; und auch von der Seite der Darſtellung gebührt ſeiner Geſchichte ein hoher Platz. Müllers Imagination war bei aller ihrer Lebhaftigkeit dennoch ganz die des Hiſtorikers; nicht die des Dichters. Sie war mehr ſtark und wahr, als üppig und verſchönernd. Er blieb ganz ihrer Herr; nie hat ſie bey ſeinen Schilderungen ihn weder zum Schwulſt noch zur Künſteley verführt. Das iſt das Eigenthümliche der hiſtoriſchen Schilderung, wodurch ſie ſich von der poetiſchen unterſcheidet, daß nie geſchildert werde, um zu ſchildern, ſondern um deutlicher zu belehren. Iſt und bleibt Belehrung Hauptzweck der Geſchichte, ſo muß auch die Darſtellung als Hülfsmittel derſelben ihr untergeordnet bleiben. Wer darüber hinaus geht, ſtraft unfehlbar ſich ſelbſt, indem er das Zutrauen des Leſers verliert; der es bald empfindet, daß ſein Führer aus ſeinem Charakter fiel. Aus dieſen Bemerkungen geht ein ewiges Geſetz für den Geſchichtſchreiber als Darſteller hervor: er folge ſeinem Stoff. Mit ihm hebe, mit ihm ſenke ſich der Vortrag. Nur vergeſſe der Hiſtoriker nie, was der Zweck ſeiner Schilderung ſeyn ſoll: Vergegenwärtigung des Geſchehenen, ſo wie es geſchah. Die Geſchichte der Schweiz iſt nicht arm an Gegenſtänden für die hiſtoriſche Mahlerey. Müller hat ſie nicht ängſtlich geſucht; aber wo er auf ſie ſtieß, ſie nicht verſchmäht. Auch iſt es nicht Eine Art von Schilderungen, die ihm vorzugsweiſe gelänge; ſein Werk iſt gleich reich an Idyllenſtücken, wie an Schlachtſtücken. Man kann nicht ſagen, der Geſchichtſchreiber habe bey dieſen letzteren mit Vorliebe verweilt. Bemerken müſſen wir aber auch hier ſeinen tiefen Wahrheitsſinn. Als er ſich zum Hiſtoriker bildete, empfand er es früh, wie unentbehrlich ihm Kenntniß der Kriegskunſt ſey; um mit Gerechtigkeit würdigen und mit Treue darſtellen zu können. *) Er ſtrebte ſich dieſe zu verſchaffen, ſo weit es ſeine Lage erlaubte. Die Schlachten, die er uns ſchilderte, forderten freylich nicht die Kunde der neuern Taktik. Sie fallen noch ins Mittelalter; mehr den Homeriſchen ähnlich; wo nicht die Maſſe, ſondern der Mann galt. Welche Muſter dieſer Schilderungen giebt nicht in ſeinem letzten Theile die Geſchichte des Burgunder Kriegs! Aber wie gern ſein Geiſt bey den ſtillern und friedlichern Scenen verweilte, wie die ſonſt ſo kühne und kurze Manier, wo patriarchaliſche Scenen ſich darboten, ſich faſt der Herodotiſchen Redſeligkeit nähert, zeigen es nicht in eben dieſem Theile jene Schilderungen der wechſelſeitigen Freudenbeſuche der Kantone; jenes Gemälde des frommen Einſiedlers Claus, des Friedensſtifters, der mit verdienter Glorie umſtrahlt, jetzt durch ihn ſeinen Platz im Tempel der Geſchichte hat?

Wer kann von dem Mahler ſprechen ohne ſeiner Farben, wer von dem Geſchichtſchreiber ohne ſeiner Sprache zu gedenken? Müllers Sprache iſt ihm eigen. Sie iſt dieſes in einem gewiſſen Sinne jedem großen Schriftſteller; aber Müllern in einem höhern Grade. Er fand ſich in der Nothwendigkeit ſich ſelber ſeine Sprache zu bilden. Als er als deutſcher Geſchichtſchreiber in die Laufbahn trat, war zwar die deutſche Litteratur ſchon reich an Werken der Forſchung; aber durchaus arm an Werken des hiſtoriſchen Styls. Er mußte ſich dieſen alſo zugleich mit ſeinem Werke ſchaffen. Kürze und Gediegenheit ſind ſein Charakter; Neuheit und Kühnheit in der Wortſtellung; oft nicht ohne Gefahr der Härte, und ſelbſt der Dunkelheit. Es iſt ſchon ſonſt geſagt, *) daß man dieſen Styl ſchwerlich kürzer und richtiger charakteriſiren kann, als wenn man ihn einen veredelten Chronikenſtyl nennt. Weit entfernt, dadurch Tadel auszudrücken — denn was iſt Chronikenſtyl anders als der Styl der einfachen Erzählung? — ſchließt es vielmehr das Lob in ſich, daß dieſer Styl in einer innern Harmonie mit dem Stoff ſtand, den der Geſchichtſchreiber behandelte. Das Mittelalter wollte er ſchildern; iſt es zu tadeln, wenn auch ſeine Sprache die Farben davon trug? Aber ſichtbar iſt zugleich dieſer Styl lateiniſchen Schriftſtellern nachgebildet. Die römiſche Kürze und Beſtimmtheit des Ausdrucks auf die deutſche Sprache zu übertragen, ſo weit es möglich ſchien ohne offenbare Gewalt, iſt ſein Streben. Wer mag leugnen, daß ihm dieſes oft herrlich gelungen ſey? Wer mag leugnen, daß er unſere Sprache, den hiſtoriſchen Styl von der Weitſchweifigkeit und Schwäche zu der Kürze und Kraft zurückführend, auf eine höhere Stufe hob? Wie oft reißt er dadurch uns mächtig mit ſich fort? Ueberraſcht, erſchüttert, und eilt ſchon weiter, während wir noch halb bewegt, halb betäubt ihm nachſehen? Aber hätte er das gekonnt, wäre ſeine Sprache bloße Nachbildung geweſen? Wäre ſie neben dem Studium nicht zugleich aus ſeinem Innern hervorgegangen? Nur dadurch, nur durch die ihm ſelber inwohnende Kraft ward es ihm möglich, in der ſelbſtgewählten Rüſtung, wenn nicht mit Leichtigkeit, doch mit Würde und freyem Anſtande einherzugehen. Seine Sprache nachbilden wollen, ohne gleiche Eigenthümlichkeit mit dazu zu bringen, führt zur Einförmigkeit, zum Zwang, und zur Künſteley. Will man aber gar ſie als das einzige Muſter aufſtellen, will man die Werke Anderer, die ihrem Genius folgend, auch ihre Schreibart ſich bilden, darnach meſſen; — ſo iſt es geſchehen um unſern hiſtoriſchen Styl. Es gibt nicht Eine Norm der hiſtoriſchen Schreibart; nur der hiſtoriſche Styl taugt nichts, der nicht der Styl der Belehrung iſt. Aber der belehrende Vortrag läßt viele Verſchiedenheiten des Styls zu; und mehr im Allgemeinen darüber zu ſagen iſt beynahe unmöglich. Schrieb denn Thucydides wie ſein Vorgänger Herodot? Schrieb Cäſar wie Salluſt; Livius wie Tacitus? Und wer wird aufſtehen und ſagen, einer von ihnen habe ſchlecht geſchrieben?

In vielfachem Sinn wird alſo Johann von Müller ein Muſter der Hiſtorie genannt! Er ſchrieb einen Theil der deutſchen Geſchichte; in deutſcher Zunge; und mit deutſchem Gemüth. Alle edlen Grundzüge des deutſchen Charakters, reiner Wahrheitsſinn, Freyheitsliebe mit Ordnung, tiefes und inniges Gefühl für alles Herrliche und Große ſprechen ſich laut darin aus. So ſteht es da, ein Nationalwerk im höhern Sinn; eine deutſche Eiche auf deutſchem Boden. Laut und dankbar nahm es — ſelbſt mitten in ihren Verirrungen über das Weſen der Geſchichte, gleichſam ſich ſelbſt widerſprechend, — die Mitwelt auf; daß die kommenden Geſchlechter es nicht vergeſſen, dafür hat der Geſchichtſchreiber geſorgt!

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*) Briefe S. 177.

*) Man ſehe unſere Beurtheilung der neuen Ausgabe ſeines Werks in: Göttingiſche gelehrte Anzeigen 1807. 19tes Stück.

Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel.

Dieſer ruhmvolle Begründer einer neuen philoſophiſchen Schule ward den 27. Auguſt 1770 zu Stuttgart geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er ſich auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt, durch Privatlehrer und im theologiſchen Stifte zu Tübingen dazu vorbereitet hatte, auf letzterer Univerſität die Philoſophie, Naturwiſſenſchaften und beſonders Mathematik und Phyſik. Ein kleines von ſeinem Vater ererbtes Vermögen ſetzte ihn in den Stand, dem bis dahin gefolgten Berufe eines Hauslehrers zu Bern und ſpäter zu Frankfurt am Main zu entſagen und ſich 1801 in Jena als Privatdocent zu habilitiren. Hier begann er im Hinblick auf den ihm befreundeten Schelling ſein Syſtem auszubilden, ward 1806 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, gab aber noch in demſelben Jahre ſeine Stelle auf und ging als Redacteur der politiſchen Zeitung nach Bamberg und von da 1803 als Rector und Profeſſor des Gymnaſiums nach Nürnberg. 1816 führte ihn ein Ruf als Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Heidelberg und 1818 in gleicher Eigenſchaft an Fichte's Stelle nach Berlin, wo er noch mit den Inſignien des rothen Adlerordens III. Claſſe beehrt wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 14. November 1831 an der zu jener Zeit dort herrſchenden Cholera.

Von ihm haben wir:

Sämmtliche Werke. Berlin 1832—1834, 1.—5. Lief., von ſeinen Schülern und Freunden beſorgt.

Einzeln:

Ueber die Differenz des Fichte'ſchen und Schelling'ſchen Syſtems. Jena 1801.

Kritiſches Journal der Philoſophie. Tübing. 1802, 2 Stücke, mit Schelling.

Syſtem der Wiſſenſchaft. Bamberg und Würzburg 1807, 1. Bd.

Wiſſenſchaft der Logik. Nürnberg 1812—1816, 3 Bde.

Encyclopädie der philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Heidelberg 1817. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1827. 3. Aufl. Daſ. 1830.

Grundlinien der Philoſophie des Rechts, oder Naturrecht und Staatswiſſenſchaft. Berlin 1821.

Lateiniſch:

De orbitis planetarum.

Auch gab er mit ſeinen Schülern die 1827 begründeten „Jahrbücher für wiſſenſchaftliche Kritik" heraus.

Ueber Hegel's philoſophiſches Syſtem und deſſen Einwirkung auf Leben und Wiſſenſchaft gründlich und frei zu urtheilen, muß der Nachwelt anheim geſtellt bleiben, da jeder Urtheilende unter den Mitlebenden nothwendig Parthei nehmen muß. — Eine Darſtellung der H'ſchen Philoſophie aber liegt außer dem Bereich dieſes Werkes, deſſen Herausgeber ſich hier auf eine ehrfurchtsvolle Anerkennung des großen Denkers und vortrefflichen Mannes und Lehrers allein zu beſchränken hat, um ſo mehr, als ſich ſeine tiefen, ſtreng wiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften nicht zu einem allgemein verſtändlichen und dem Zwecke dieſes Unternehmens entſprechenden Auszuge eignen.

Dietrich Herrmann Hegewitſch

ward den 15. December 1740 zu Quackenbrück im Hannöverſchen geboren und ſollte dem Wunſche der Seinigen zu Folge ſich dem Studium der Rechte widmen, ſtudirte aber zu Göttingen Theologie und beſonders Geſchichte, von welcher er ſich ſehr angezogen fühlte. Nach kurzem Aufenthalte kehrte er als Legationsſecretär des Grafen Schimmelmann nach Hamburg zurück und privatiſirte von 1775 — 1780 daſelbſt. In dieſen Jahren erhielt er aber eine außerordentliche und 1782 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie zu Kiel, ward 1805 Etatsrath, 1809 Ritter des Danebrogordens und ſtarb daſelbſt den 4. April 1812.

Von ihm erſchien:

Geſchichte Karls des Großen. Leipzig 1772.

Geſchichte der fränkiſchen Monarchie vom Tode Karls bis zum Abgang der Karolinger. Hamburg und Kiel 1779.

Geſchichte der Deutſchen von Konrad I. bis zum Tode Heinrichs II. Hamburg 1781.

Geſchichte der Regierung Kaiſer Maximilians I. Ebendaſ. 1782. 1783. 2 Bde. Neue Ausg. Leipzig 1818.

Charaktere und Sittengemälde aus der deutſchen Geſchichte des Mittelalters. Leipz. 1786.

Allgemeine Ueberſicht der deutſchen Kulturgeſchichte bis Maximilian I. Ebendaſ. 1788. Neue Aufl. 1818.

Geſchichte der Regierung Kaiſer Karls des Großen. Hamburg 1791. Neue Aufl. Leipzig 1818.

Geſchichte Kaiſer Friedrichs II. Züllichau 1791.

Hiſtoriſche, philoſophiſche und litterariſche Schriften. Hamburg 1793. 2 Bde.

Chriſtiani's Geſchichte der Herzogthümer Schleswig und Holſtein. Kiel 1801 u. 1802. 3. u. 4. Bd.

Geſchichte der engliſchen Parlamentsberedſamkeit. Altona 1804.

Hiſtoriſcher Verſuch über die römiſchen Finanzen. Altona 1804.

Geographiſche und hiſtoriſche Nachrichten, die Colonien der Griechen betreffend. Altona 1808. Nachtrag dazu. Ebendaſ. 1811.

H's hiſtoriſche Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch Gründlichkeit, Geiſt und elegante Darſtellung aus und verbreiteten durch die Forſchungen, deren Reſultate er in denſelben niederlegte, Licht und Klarheit über manches Ereigniß, über welchem vor ſeiner Zeit noch tiefes Dunkel geſchwebt hatte.

Ulrich Hegner

ward 1759 zu Winterthur geboren und von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Stadtphyſikus zur Vorbereitung auf das Studium der Medicin den Schulen ſeiner Vaterſtadt und dem Privatunterricht eines Anverwandten übergeben. 1776 bezog er deshalb die Univerſität Straßburg, erwarb ſich daſelbſt 1781 die Doctorwürde, machte dann eine Kunſtreiſe durch Deutſchland und beſchäftigte ſich nach ſeiner durch den Tod ſeines Vaters nöthig gewordnen Rückkehr beſonders mit Malerei, bis er zum Landſchreiber der Grafſchaft Kyburg ernannt wurde. Die Revolution von 1798 enthob ihn dieſer Stelle und brachte ihn als Appellationsrath nach Zürich, wo er bis zu Lavaters Tode blieb. Dann gab er dieſe Stelle auf und reiſte nach Paris, übernahm aber 1805 wieder eine Rathsſtelle in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ward Friedensrichter und ſieben Jahre darauf Mitglied der Regierung in Zürich. Weil ſeine Stellung ihm aber nicht zuſagte, kehrte er bald nach Winterthur zurück und lebte blos ſeinen literariſchen Beſchäftigungen.

Er gab heraus:

Geſammelte Schriften, Berlin 1828, 5 Bde. in 8.

Einzeln:

Auch ich war in Paris. Winterthur 1804. 3 Bde. 8.
Die Molkenkur. Zürich 1812. 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1827. 3 Thle. in 12. mit Vignetten.
Saly's Revolutionstage. Winterthur 1814 in 8. mit 1 Kupf.
Berg-, Land- und Seereiſen. Zürich 1818 in 12.
Suschens Hochzeit. Zürich 1819, 2 Bde. Fortſetzung der Molkenkur.
Hans Holbein der Jüngere. Berlin 1827 in gr. 8. mit Bildniß deſſelben.

Ein einfacher und angenehmer Erzähler, der durch Wärme des Gefühls, Anſpruchsloſigkeit und lebendige Darſtellung die Aufmerkſamkeit des Leſers zu ſpannen und belohnend feſtzuhalten weiß. Seine glücklichſte Leiſtung iſt die „Molkenkur,“ die um ihrer Erfindung wie um ihrer Behandlung willen als ein Meiſterwerk ihrer Gattung nicht genug empfohlen werden kann.

Gedanken, Meynungen Urtheile.*)

Aus frühern Papieren gezogen.

Man pflegt oft Gewohnheiten für willkührliche Handlungen anzuſehen, und ſo die Leute für ſchlimmer zu halten als ſie ſind. Manches kann ehemals Affectation an einem Menſchen geweſen ſeyn, das jetzt nur noch Gewohnheit oder auch angeerbt iſt; es giebt auch ſittliche Erbübel.

* * *

Gemeine Seelen, die ſich ſelbſt aber mehr Verſtand zutrauen als andern Leuten, machen ſich gewöhnlich durch Affectation lächerlich; beſonders Frauen.

* * *

Es kann viele Menſchen geben die groß wären, wenn ſich ein Anlaß zeigte. Die wirklich großen aber ſind die, welche ſelbſt den Anlaß machen.

* * *

Es iſt leicht ſich zu verbünden, aber ſchwer das Bündniß treu zu halten.

* * *

Wer in einer allgemeinen gefährlichen Lage kleinliche Späße ſagt, und unzeitig lacht, der verſtellt eine große Furcht.

* * *

Gott braucht als Werkzeuge zu großen Dingen oft Menſchen die ſchlecht ſind, und ganz was anders im Sinne hatten als ſie bewirkten.

* * *

Es giebt Leute die ſich nicht nach denen ſo ſtehen meſſen, ſondern nach denen ſo gefallen ſind, und ſich dann was rechtes einbilden.

* * *

Der Aufenthalt in kleinen Städten iſt darum langweilig, weil man weniger Vergleichungen anſtellen kann, als in großen.

* * *

Viele ziehen es jetzt noch vor, lieber Spießbürger als Staatsbürger zu ſeyn, und haben nicht ganz unrecht.

* * *

Man hätte erwarten dürfen daß die Deutſchen, nachdem das heilige römiſche Reich untergegangen, und ſo vieles andre neu geformt worden, auch an eine gemeinſame beſſere Norm in ihrem Titelweſen gedacht, und ſtatt der abgeſchmackten Hoch- und Wohlgeborenheiten ꝛc. kürzere Anreden und Aufſchriften, wie andre gebildete Nationen eingeführt hätten.

* * *

Der Duc de Richelieu ſo wie wir ihn kennen, und wie ihn auch Chamfort mahlt, gehört unter die antiprovidentiellen Erſcheinungen. Von früher Jugend an wollüſtig, laſterhaft, grauſam, eitel und egoiſtiſch im höchſten Grad, lebte er in beſtändigem Glück, befriedigte alle Lüſte bis an ſein Ende, und ſtarb ohne Schmerzen und ohne Todesangſt über neunzig Jahre alt.

* * *

Die Menge unter Vornehmen und Geringen iſt dem Aberglauben an Ahnungen, Viſionen, geheime Kräfte, Sympathie, Träume und dergleichen im geheimen mehr ergeben als im öffentlichen Leben; aus Eitelkeit und Menſchenfurcht ſtellt ſich mancher an, einem freyſinnigen Urtheile beyzuſtimmen, wovon er für ſich eher das Gegentheil glauben möchte, oder glaubt. Man will vom Verſtande doch noch den Schein haben.

* * *

Faire ſavoir — ein guter Ausdruck für eine Sache, wodurch mehr in der Welt geſchieht, als durch das Thun ſelbſt.

* * *

Demüthige laben ſich an Gedemüthigten.

* * *

Ein Zuſchauer kann oft beſſer den wahren Grund der Handlung angeben, als der Handelnde ſelbſt.

* * *

Was ich gerne ſehe, ſind kleine Kinder die zur Schule gehen, und Unmündige die beten.

* * *

Der größte Reiz zum Stolz liegt für einen braven Mann in den Demüthigungen die ihm große Herren widerfahren laſſen.

---

*) Aus Hegner's Werke, V. Band.

Wer ſeine Pflicht gegen das Vaterland thut, iſt der wahre Patriot; nicht der ſo andre zu ſeinen Begriffen von Vaterlandsliebe überreden will. (1798.)

* * *

Das iſt die vernünftigſte Vernunft, die im Dunkel ſtille zu ſtehen und auf das Licht zu warten weiß.

* * *

Clavicula Salomonis etc. — Rechtthun iſt die kräftigſte Magie. Ein reiner und unſträflicher Menſch wirkt ausgebreiteter in jedem Sinn, und hat, ohne daß er's weiß, mehr dienſtbare Geiſter, die ſeinen Willen thun, als der kundigſte Magus, dem ſeine Kunſt nur Unruhe und nie befriedigten Vorwitz bereitet, wodurch ſein beſſres Wirken gehemmt wird.

* * *

Fühle ich mich niedergeſchlagen oder verlaſſen, ſo ſchickt mir Gott einen Menſchen oder einen Brief zu, der mich aufmuntert. Gerathe ich in Eitelkeit oder Stolz, ſo weiß Er mich auf ähnliche Art zu demüthigen.

* * *

Nil praeter nubes et coeli numen adorant, ſagten die Römer von den Juden; und das iſt noch jetzt die Sprache aller ſtolzen Spötter einer demüthigen Sache — Etwas von der Wahrheit mit einem abſurden Zuſatze.

* * *

Griechen und Römer waren bey ihrem Gottesdienſte nur für die zeitliche Gegenwart beſorgt, und ſehr gleichgültig gegen die Zukunft. Hingegen Geringſchätzung des Irdiſchen und feſtes Vertrauen auf das Ewige unterſchied die erſten Chriſten von den Heyden. Welche Gottesverehrung iſt die beſſere?

* * *

Für hypochondriſche Menſchen iſt der Aufenthalt auf Bergen von weiter Ausſicht nicht ſo anziehend und heilſam, wie in einem lieblichen beſchränkten Thale; denn ein hypochondriſcher Blick haftet lieber am kleinen und engen, als am großen und mannigfaltigen.

* * *

Mit wenigen und kleinen Ideen kann man oft viel Wohlredenheit verbinden, ohne damit viel Wirkung hervorzubringen, eben weil die Ideen klein ſind. Ein andres aber iſt Beredſamkeit. Bey der Ariſtokratie (auch in der Schweiz) findet man mehr Wohlredenheit, bey der Demokratie mehr Beredſamkeit.

* * *

Gewiſſe Leute, ſagte Simonides, ſind zu dumm als daß ſie betrogen werden können.

* * *

Man muß ſich in Acht nehmen, es giebt der Leute, die den Widerſpruch nicht ertragen können, mehr als man glaubt; ſie finden ſich gleich perſönlich beleidigt. Die einen, weil ſie glauben, man trete ihrer Ehre, die andern, man trete ihrem Verſtande zu nahe. Doch ſind diejenigen welche den Widerſpruch nicht vertragen können, noch erträglicher, als die welche immer widerſprechen. Oft ſind es auch ebendieſelben.

* * *

Unter der Mittelklaſſe giebt es am meiſten Reputationsnarren — auch in der Schriftſtellerwelt.

* * *

Ein Mann war heute bey mir, dem in Zeit von ſechs Wochen fünf ſeiner nächſten Anverwandten am Faulfieber geſtorben ſind, nämlich Frau, Vater, Kind, Schwiegermutter und Schwägerin; Er ſelbſt war eine Zeit lang dem Tode nahe. Der Eindruck den dieſes Unglück auf ihn gemacht zu haben ſchien, war eine große Weichheit des Gefühls und kindliches Annähern zu denen, die er für ſeine Freunde hielt. Uebrigens hatte er die Ruhe des unverſchuldeten Unglücks; die Ruhe in der Nothwendigkeit, welche mit der Ruhe in Gott Eins iſt.

* * *

Es iſt ein Fehler gewöhnlicher Geſchichtſchreiber, daß ſie über Krieg und andre die Menſchheit zerſtörende Uebel ſich ſo weitläuftig herauslaſſen, und über das Glück des Friedens und ſeine häuslichen Freuden ſo kurz ſind. Auch Gibbon macht ſich deſſen ſchuldig. Wenn er in der Geſchichte des Falles des römiſchen Reiches nur das abſchreiben wollte, was dieſen Fall beförderte, ſo hatte er einen traurigen Plan, und kein Menſchenfreund wird gern die Reiſe durch dieſe ſchrecklichen Zeitumſtände mit ihm machen. Hatte er aber, wie es ſich ergibt, die Abſicht, die Geſchichte des römiſchen Reichs in ſeiner Abnahme zu ſchreiben, ſo gab er ſeinem Buch einen unrechten Titel, und was hätte ihn gehindert, die lichten Zwiſchenzeiten, den Zuſtand der Ruhe, die Beſchaffenheit der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften etwas näher zu beleuchten; er hätte ſich dafür bey mancher Beſchreibung von Kriegsanſtalten und mörderiſchen Treffen kürzer faſſen können. So hätte er, ſtatt der ſtillſchweigenden Verachtung, womit er die Neuplatoniker belegt, von ihrem unläugbaren Einfluß auf ihre Zeitverwandten, von ihrem Scharfſinn und friedlichen Wandel etwas ſagen dürfen, das dem Leſer mehr Erholung verſchafft hätte, als die rohen Handlungen ſo mancher gothiſchen Heerführer. Eben ſo hätte er auch, ſtatt nur das politiſche Treiben ſo vieler chriſtlicher Biſchöfe zu tadeln, der Wahrheit die Ehre anthun, und das vortreffliche häusliche und ächtchriſtliche Leben ſo mancher andern ins Licht ſtellen ſollen.

* * *

Man hat ein Gemählde der Stadt Lyon in den Revolutionsjahren 1793 und 94, von Mr. Delandine, Bibliothekar daſelbſt, wo unerhörte Beyſpiele von Muth, Liſt, Grauſamkeit, Edelmuth, Gleichgültigkeit und Todesverachtung vorkommen. — Auch hier zeigt es ſich daß der Wille des Menſchen viel Einfluß auf ſein Schickſal habe; und daß vollkommener Ernſt und reifer Entſchluß bey einer Unternehmung ſchon ein großer Schritt zu ihrer Vollendung ſey. So wie auch die, freylich ſchwer zu erlangende, Gleichgültigkeit, die aus der Ergebung in das Schickſal entſpringt, wunderbare Kraft hat, eben weil ſie das Einerley eines vollkommenen Entſchluſſes iſt.

* * *

Unſchuldiges Leiden entſündigt uns; geht es bis zum Tode, deſto vollkommener iſt das Sühnopfer.

* * *

Das Evangelium Infantiae hat ein kleines Mährchen, das wenigſtens Stoff zu einer artigen Legende gäbe:

Jeſus habe als ein kleiner Knabe aus Leim Vögel gemacht am Sabbath, und als ihm die Juden ſolches verwieſen, habe er die Vögel angeblaſen und gerufen: Gehet, fliegt, und ſeyd meiner eingedenk!

* * *

Man ſollte nicht ſo geſchwind mit ſeinen religiöſen Muthmaßungen herausrücken, um ſie der Welt bekannt zu machen, wie Heinrich Stilling, denn es wird immer viele geben, die daran glauben, und meiſt ſtärker als der Autor ſelbſt; dieſen gereicht es dann zu einem großen Nachtheil an ihrem Glauben überhaupt, wenn ſich jene Muthmaßungen nicht erwahren, oder gar das Gegentheil geſchieht; ſie werden bewogen auch das Glaubwürdige zu verwerfen.

Encyclopädie

der

deutſchen Nationalliteratur

oder

biographiſch-kritiſches

LEXICON

der deutſchen

Dichter und Proſaiſten

ſeit den früheſten Zeiten;

nebſt

Proben aus ihren Werken.

Bearbeitet und herausgegeben

von

Dr. O. L. B. Wolff,

Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Jena.

Vierter Band.

Heidenreich bis **K.**

Leipzig,
Otto Wigand's Verlags-Expedition.

1839.

A D
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David Elias Heidenreich

ward den 21. Januar 1638 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt alte Sprachen und die Rechte und wurde darauf Herzoglich Sachſen-Weißenfelſiſcher Hof-Appellations- und Konſiſtorialrath, wie auch geheimer und Lehnsſecretair zu Weißenfels. Er ſtarb daſelbſt den 6. Juni 1688. In der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft hatte er ſeit 1643 das Amt eines Secretairs bekleidet.

Er ſchrieb:

- Rache zu Gibeon oder die 7 Brüder aus dem Hauſe Sauls. Trauerſpiel nach dem Holländiſchen des Vondel. Leipzig 1662.
- Oden und andere Gedichte (geiſtlichen Inhaltes). Leipzig 1688.

Ein frommer gelehrter Mann, aber ein mittelmäßiger Dichter, cultivirte er mit Vorliebe die geiſtliche Poeſie und ſtrebte im Ruhm den Holländer Vondel, den er ſich als Vorbild gewählt, zu erreichen.

Karl Heinrich Heidenreich

ward den 19. Februar 1764 zu Stolpen geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig Philologie und Philoſophie, wurde 1789 Dr. und Profeſſor der Philoſophie daſelbſt, mußte aber wegen ſeines unordentlichen Lebens 1798 ſeine Stelle niederlegen. Er zog ſich nach Burgwerben bei Weißenfels zurück, wo er bis an ſeinen, den 26. April 1801 erfolgten, Tod ſeinen Neigungen und literariſchen Beſchäftigungen lebte.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Gemälde aus dem goldnen Zeitalter. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1785.
- Kritiſche Ueberſicht der neueſten ſchönen Literatur. Leipzig 1788. 1789. 2 Bde. in gr. 8.
- Syſtem der Aeſthetik. Ebendaſ. 1790. 1 Bd. in 8.
- Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1792 — 1800, 2 Thle. in 8., mit 3 Kupf., herausgegeben von A. L. C. Heydenreich.
- Aeſthetiſches Wörterbuch über die bildenden Künſte. Ebendaſ. 1793 — 1795, 4 Thle. in gr. 8.
- Der Zuſchauer im häuslichen Leben. Ebendaſ. 1795, 1796, 2 Thle.
- Worte einer Mutter an den Geiſt und das Herz ihrer Tochter. Ebendaſ. 1796.
- Kleine Schriften zur Kritik des Geſchmacks. Leipzig 1797 in 8. Auch unter dem Titel: „Grundſätze der Kritik des Lächerlichen mit Hinſicht auf das Luſtſpiel."
- Mann und Weib. Ebendaſ. 1798. in 8.
- Veſta. Ebendaſ. 1798 — 1801, 5 Bde. in 8.; 5r Band von Fr. Bouterweck.
- Darſtellung der feinen Lebensart für junge Leute vom Stande. Leipzig 1800 in 8. 2. Auflage.
- Ueber die Würde des Menſchen. Ebendaſ. 1802.

Heidenreich's poetiſche und philoſophiſche Leiſtungen erfreuten ſich zu ihrer Zeit einer günſtigen Aufnahme. Doch erhielten ſie ſich nicht lange in der Gunſt der Menge und ſchon bei Lebzeiten des Verfaſſers wurde von bedeutenden Richtern ein Verdammungsurtheil über dieſelben ausgeſprochen; namentlich griffen Goethe und Schiller ihn unbarmherzig in folgender Xenie an:

Klingklang
In der Dichtkunſt hat er mit Worten herzlos geklingelt,
In der Philoſophie treibt er es ebenfalls ſo fort;

welche bald großen Anklang in Deutſchland fand, denn H. hatte durch ſeinen Verſuch bei ſeiner Aeſthetik den Kantiſchen Formalismus in Uebereinſtimmung mit einem gewiſſen Sentimentalismus oder wie er es nannte, einem Princip der Empfindſamkeit zu bringen, viele Gegner gefunden und war vorzüglich von den ſtrengern Kantianern heftig angefeindet worden. Große Leichtigkeit der Darſtellung und Herrſchaft über die Form beſitzt er allerdings, aber als Dichter iſt er zu ſehr Rhetor, als Philoſoph, wenn auch ſelbſtforſchend und verarbeitend, nicht tief und gründlich genug, ſondern zu häufig ſeicht und geſchwätzig, anſtatt eindringend und entwickelnd zu ſein. Seine Darſtellung verdient indeſſen, ſowohl wegen ihrer Anmuth, als wegen ihrer Correctheit, großes Lob und galt lange mit Recht als ein Muſter des Styls.

Graf Albrecht von Heigerloch, ſ. Minneſinger.

Nikolaus Leonhard Heilmann.

Von ſeinen Lebensumſtänden iſt bloß bekannt, daß er den 9. December 1776 zu Krefeld in der preußiſchen Provinz Jülich-Cleve-Berg geboren wurde, nach vollendeter Schulbildung Theologie ſtudirte und dann, nachdem er mehrere geiſtliche Aemter bekleidet, als Conſiſtorialpräſident und Oberpfarrer in ſeiner Vaterſtadt angeſtellt wurde.

Wir haben von ihm:

- Gedichte. Eſſen und Duisburg 1817 in 8.
- Meeresklänge. Ebendaſ. 1826 in 8., dieſe auch als 2. Bändchen der erſteren.

H. hat ſich beſonders durch vortreffliche und überaus liebliche Parabeln ausgezeichnet, wie überhaupt ſeine lyriſchen Gedichte Wärme und Innigkeit, Reichthum des Gefühls und eine edle, milde, in ſchöner Form zur Darſtellung gebrachte Weltanſchauung beurkunden.

Heinrich Heine.

Dieſer eben ſo heftig angefeindete, als von ſeinen Verehrern in den Himmel erhobene, jedenfalls höchſt bedeutende Dichter ward im Jahre 1797 zu Düſſeldorf geboren, erhielt dort eine ſehr ſorgfältige Erziehung und ging dann, dem Willen ſeiner Verwandten folgend, nach Hamburg, um ſich dem Kaufmannsſtande zu widmen. Seine vorherrſchende Neigung für die Wiſſenſchaften trug jedoch den Sieg davon: er begab ſich, nachdem er ſchon eine Zeit lang in merkantiliſcher Hinſicht thätig geweſen, nach Göttingen und von dort nach Bonn und Berlin, wo er die Rechte ſtudirte und nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn als Dr. juris promovirte. Er lebte nun als Privatgelehrter (kurze Zeit gemeinſchaftlich mit Lindner bei der Redaction der politiſchen Annalen beſchäftigt) abwechſelnd in Berlin, München und Hamburg, machte Reiſen nach Oberitalien und England und ging dann 1830 nach Paris, das er, kürzere Sommerausflüge abgerechnet, ſeitdem nicht wieder verlaſſen hat.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Berlin 1822. 1 Bd. in 8.
Tragödien nebſt einem lyriſchen Intermezzo. Berlin 1823.
Reiſebilder. Hamburg 1826—1831. 2 A. 1830—33. 4 Bde. in 8.
Buch der Lieder. Hamburg 1827. 3. A. 1837.
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Es ſei uns um ſo mehr geſtattet, das Urtheil, welches wir bereits vor mehreren Jahren über Heine ausſprachen, hier zu wiederholen, als unſere Anſichten, das Reſultat langer Prüfung und Betrachtung, durchaus unverändert geblieben ſind. Heine iſt am größten als lyriſcher Dichter; hier hat er ſich eine neue Bahn gebrochen. Er machte den Humor zu dem Hauptelemente ſeiner Lyrik, im Gefühl der Jämmerlichkeit der Verhältniſſe um ihn her und ſeiner Stellung zu dieſen. In dieſem Gefühle aber mußte er ſich als die Hauptperſon betrachten und daher Alles nur nach dem Verhältniß, in welchem es zu ſeinem Selbſt ſtand, behandeln. Sein Leben iſt ihm Vergangenheit und Gegenwart, das All ſeine Umgebung, ſeine Welt. Die Zukunft gilt ihm nicht, denn er faßt nur den Tag auf; was vor ihm da war, iſt nicht für ihn da, theils weil er Viel davon ſelbſt zerſtörte, indem er es mit ſeiner Subjectivität nicht in Einklang zu bringen wußte, theils weil er poetiſch Alles in ſich zu concentriren ſtrebt, und daher immer durch ſeine Anſichten und Empfindungen in Oppoſition zu dem objectiven Element treten muß. Der Kampf gegen die unabweisbare Gewalt deſſelben verleitet ihn zu jenem ſchneidenden Spott, der ſich ſo oft in ihm offenbart und dem er ſich um deſto lieber hingiebt, je ſchwächer er ſich im Innern jener Macht gegenüber fühlt. Daß Heine übrigens einer der begabteſten lebenden Dichter ſei, leidet wohl keine Frage; ſeine Phantaſie hat eine unendliche Kraft, einen wunderbaren Zauber und mitunter eine ſeltene Zartheit; ſein Witz iſt glänzend und ſchlagend, ſeine Sprache erfreut ſich, wenn er es will, des anmuthigſten Wohllautes; aber alle dieſe Gaben achtet er nicht, ſie ſind ihm nicht jungfräuliche Begleiterinnen ſeiner Muſe, ſondern gefeſſelte Sclavinnen ſeines Hohnes, die dieſer ſelbſt mißhandelte, wo es gilt, der Gegenwart weh zu thun, weil dieſe dem Dichter weh that und er ſich rächen will. Heine's Dichtungen haben daher nur ſelten etwas Erhebendes, Begeiſterndes und Verſöhnendes, da ſie meiſt allein ſeinen Zwieſpalt mit der Gegenwart ſchildern, die ihm dennoch Alles gilt. Dieſe Grundempfindungen ſeines Seins weiß er übrigens wie ein geſchickter Tonkünſtler unendlich zu variiren, indem er den Mißklang ſeines Weſens bald in Grauen, bald in ſtarre Verzweiflung, bald in wilde Sinnlichkeit oder frazenhaften Spott kleidet. Er iſt zu ſehr Kind der Zeit und der harte Tadel, der ihm in vielfacher Hinſicht geworden iſt, trifft eigentlich dieſe mehr als ihn. So iſt auch die Frechheit, die er dem Gemeinen entgegenſetzt als Zuchtruthe, nicht ſein urſprüngliches Eigenthum, er hat ſie dem Leben um ihn her abgeborgt, und ſtellt ſie um deſto treuer dar, als er ſie ſtets in den curſirenden Wendungen des Tages reden läßt. Deshalb ſcheint auch dieſe Weiſe Manier; ſie iſt es aber nicht, ſie iſt nur der eigenthümlichſte Ausdruck ſeines Haſſes, wie der Menſch im Zorne überhaupt das, was ihn ärgert, übertreibend nachäfft, um dadurch recht bitter den zu kränken, der es ſeiner Meinung nach verdient, weil dieſer die Urſache des Aergers iſt. Daher auch Heine's innere Geſetzloſigkeit, die man als ſeinen größten Feind betrachten muß, da ſie ſeinen Leiſtungen möglichſte harmoniſche Vollendung, nach der doch jeder Dichter vor Allem ſtreben ſoll, verwehrt. Hieraus erklärt ſich denn auch die anſcheinend leichte Kunſt, in ſeiner Denk- und Sinnesweiſe zu dichten, welche ſo viele Nachahmer hervorlockte.

Wir beſchränken uns auf dieſe kurze Characteriſtik Heine's als Dichters und enthalten uns jedes Urtheils über ſeine Leiſtungen als politiſcher und polemiſcher Schriftſteller ſowohl, wie über ſeine Stellung zu den Parteien der Zeit, da, ſo lange Heine lebt und wirkt, die Acten darüber nicht geſchloſſen werden können, um ſo mehr, als die neueſten Vorgänge ihn an die Spitze einer Schule ſtellten, die er keineswegs mit Bewußtſein bildete und deren einzelne Mitglieder ihre beſonderen Wege gehen. Es möchte dem gründlichſten und gewiſſenhafteſten Richter ſchwer werden, zu entſcheiden, was in Heine's Handlungsweiſe dem Menſchen, was dem Dichter beizumeſſen ſei; den Maßſtab der Gewöhnlichkeit aber an einen außergewöhnlichen Geiſt legen zu wollen, zumal wenn dieſer noch unaufhaltſam im Fortſchreiten begriffen iſt, kann keinem Vernünftigen und Redlichen in den Sinn kommen.

Die Harzreiſe[*]

Schwarze Röcke, ſeid'ne Strümpfe,
Weiße, höfliche Manſchetten,
Sanfte Reden, Embraſſiren —
Ach, wenn ſie nur Herzen hätten!

Herzen in der Bruſt, und Liebe,
Warme Liebe in dem Herzen —
Ach, mich tödtet ihr Geſinge
Von erlog'nen Liebesſchmerzen.

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[*] Aus: Heine's „Reiſebilder." I. Thl. Hamburg 1830.

Auf die Berge will ich ſteigen,
Wo die frommen Hütten ſtehen,
Wo die Bruſt ſich frei erſchließet,
Und die freien Lüfte wehen.

Auf die Berge will ich ſteigen,
Wo die dunkeln Tannen ragen,
Bäche rauſchen, Vögel ſingen,
Und die ſtolzen Wolken jagen.

Lebet wohl, ihr glatten Säle,
Glatte Herren! Glatte Frauen!
Auf die Berge will ich ſteigen,
Lachend auf Euch niederſchauen.

Die Stadt Göttingen, berühmt durch ihre Würſte und Univerſität, gehört dem Könige von Hannover, und enthält 999 Feuerſtellen, diverſe Kirchen, eine Entbindungsanſtalt, eine Sternwarte, einen Karzer, eine Bibliothek und einen Rathskeller, wo das Bier ſehr gut iſt. Der vorbeifließende Bach heißt „die Leine," und dient des Sommers zum Baden; das Waſſer iſt ſehr kalt und an einigen Orten ſo breit, daß Lüder wirklich einen großen Anlauf nehmen mußte, als er hinüberſprang. Die Stadt ſelbſt iſt ſchön, und gefällt einem am beſten, wenn man ſie mit dem Rücken anſieht. Sie muß ſchon ſehr lange ſtehen; denn ich erinnere mich, als ich vor fünf Jahren dort immatrikulirt und bald darauf conſiliirt wurde, hatte ſie ſchon daſſelbe graue, altkluge Anſehen, und war ſchon vollſtändig eingerichtet mit Schnurren, Pudeln, Diſſertationen, Theedanſants, Wäſcherinnen, Compendien, Taubenbraten, Guelfenorden, Promotionskutſchen, Pfeifenköpfen, Hofräthen, Juſtizräthen, Relegationsräthen, Profaxen und anderen Faxen. Einige behaupten ſogar, die Stadt ſei zur Zeit der Völkerwanderung erbaut worden, jeder deutſche Stamm habe damals ein ungebundenes Exemplar ſeiner Mitglieder darin zurückgelaſſen, und davon ſtammten all die Vandalen, Frieſen, Schwaben, Teutonen, Sachſen, Thüringer u. ſ. w., die noch heut zu Tage in Göttingen hordenweis, und geſchieden durch Farben der Mützen und der Pfeifenquäſte, über die Weenderſtraße einherziehen, auf den blutigen Wahlſtätten der Raſenmühle, des Ritſchenkrugs und Bovdens ſich ewig unter einander herumſchlagen, in Sitten und Gebräuchen noch immer wie zur Zeit der Völkerwanderung dahinleben, und theils durch ihre Duces, welche Haupthähne heißen, theils durch ihr uraltes Geſetzbuch, welches Comment heißt und in den legibus barbarorum eine Stelle verdient, regiert werden.

Ausführlicheres über die Stadt Göttingen läßt ſich ſehr bequem nachleſen in der Topographie derſelben von K. F. H. Marx. Obſchon ich gegen den Verfaſſer, der mein Arzt war und mir viel Liebes erzeigte, die heiligſten Verpflichtungen hege, ſo kann ich doch ſein Werk nicht unbedingt empfehlen, und ich muß tadeln, daß er jener falſchen Meinung, als hätten die Göttingerinnen allzugroße Füße, nicht ſtreng genug widerſpricht. Ja, ich habe mich ſogar ſeit Jahr und Tag mit einer ernſten Widerlegung dieſer Meinung beſchäftigt, ich habe deshalb vergleichende Anatomie gehört, die ſeltenſten Werke auf der Bibliothek excerpirt, auf der Weenderſtraße ſtundenlang die Füße der vorübergehenden Damen ſtudirt, und in der grundgelehrten Abhandlung, ſo die Reſultate dieſer Studien enthalten wird, ſpreche ich 1° von den Füßen überhaupt, 2° von den Füßen bei den Alten, 3° von den Füßen der Elephanten, 4° von den Füßen der Göttingerinnen, 5° ſtelle ich Alles zuſammen, was über dieſe Füße auf Ulrichs Garten ſchon geſagt worden, 6° betrachte ich dieſe Füße in ihrem Zuſammenhang, und verbreite mich bei dieſer Gelegenheit auch über Waden, Knie u. ſ. w., und endlich 7°, wenn ich nur ſo großes Papier auftreiben kann, füge ich noch hinzu einige Kupfertafeln mit dem Facſimile göttingiſcher Damenfüße. —

Es war noch ſehr früh, als ich Göttingen verließ, und der gelehrte ** lag gewiß noch im Bette und träumte wie gewöhnlich: er wandle in einem ſchönen Garten, auf deſſen Beeten lauter weiße, mit Citaten beſchriebene Papierchen wachſen, die im Sonnenlichte lieblich glänzen, und von denen er hie und da mehrere pflückt, und mühſam in ein neues Beet verpflanzt, während die Nachtigallen mit ihren ſüßeſten Tönen ſein altes Herz erfreuen.

Vor dem Weender Thore begegneten mir zwei eingeborne kleine Schulknaben, wovon der Eine zum Andern ſagte: „Mit dem Theodor will ich gar nicht mehr umgehen, er iſt ein Lumpenkerl, denn geſtern wußte er nicht mal wie der Genitiv von Mensa heißt." So unbedeutend dieſe Worte klingen, ſo muß ich ſie doch wieder erzählen, ja ich möchte ſie als Stadt-Motto gleich auf das Thor ſchreiben laſſen; denn die Jungen piepen, wie die Alten pfeifen, und jene Worte bezeichnen ganz den engen, trocknen Notizenſtolz der hochgelahrten Georgia Auguſta.

Auf der Chauſſee wehte friſche Morgenluft, und die Vögel ſangen gar freudig, und auch mir wurde allmählig wieder friſch und freudig zu Muthe. Eine ſolche Erquickung that Noth. Ich war die letzte Zeit nicht aus dem Pandektenſtall herausgekommen, römiſche Caſuiſten hatten mir den Geiſt wie mit einem grauen Spinnweb überzogen, mein Herz war wie eingeklemmt zwiſchen den eiſernen Paragraphen ſelbſtſüchtiger Rechtsſyſteme, beſtändig klang es mir noch in den Ohren wie „Tribonian, Juſtinian, Hermogenian und Dummerjahn," und ein zärtliches Liebespaar, das unter einem Baume ſaß, hielt ich gar für eine Corpusjuris-Ausgabe mit verſchlungenen Händen. Auf der Landſtraße fing es an lebendig zu werden. Milchmädchen zogen vorüber; auch Eſeltreiber mit ihren grauen Zöglingen. Hinter Weende begegneten mir der Schäfer und Doris. Dieſes iſt nicht das idylliſche Paar, wovon Geßner ſingt, ſondern es ſind wohlbeſtallte Univerſitätspedelle, die wachſam aufpaſſen müſſen, daß ſich keine Studenten in Bovden duelliren, und daß keine neuen Ideen, die noch immer einige Decennien vor Göttingen Quarantaine halten müſſen, von einem ſpekulirenden Privatdocenten eingeſchmuggelt werden. Schäfer grüßte mich ſehr collegialiſch; denn er iſt ebenfalls Schriftſteller, und hat meiner in ſeinen halbjährigen Schriften oft erwähnt; wie er mich denn auch außerdem oft citirt hat, und, wenn er mich nicht zu Hauſe fand, immer ſo gütig war, die Citation mit Kreide auf meine Stubenthür zu ſchreiben. Dann und wann rollte auch ein Einſpänner vorüber, wohlbepackt mit Studenten, die für die Ferienzeit, oder auch für immer wegreiſten. In ſolch einer Univerſitätsſtadt iſt ein beſtändiges Kommen und Abgehen, alle drei Jahre findet man dort eine neue Studentengeneration, das iſt ein ewiger Menſchenſtrom, wo eine Semeſterwelle die andere fortdrängt, und nur die alten Profeſſoren bleiben ſtehen in dieſer allgemeinen Bewegung, unerſchütterlich feſt, gleich den Pyramiden Egyptens — nur daß in dieſen Univerſitätspyramiden keine Weisheit verborgen iſt.

Aus den Myrthenlauben bei Rauſchenwaſſer ſah ich zwei hoffnungsvolle Jünglinge hervorreiten. Ein Weibsbild, das dort ſein horizontales Handwerk treibt, gab ihnen bis auf die Landſtraße das Geleit, klätſchelte mit geübter Hand die mageren Schenkel der Pferde, lachte laut auf, als der eine Reiter ihr hinten auf die breite Spontaneität einige Galanterien mit der Peitſche übertangte, und ſchob ſich alsdann gen Bovden. Die Jünglinge aber jagten nach Nörten, und johlten gar geiſtreich, und ſangen gar lieblich das Roſſini'ſche Lied: „Trink Bier, liebe, liebe Lieſe!" Dieſe Töne hörte ich noch lange in der Ferne; doch die holden Sänger ſelbſt verlor ich bald völlig aus dem Geſichte, ſintemal ſie ihre Pferde, die im Grunde einen deutſch langſamen Charakter zu haben ſchienen, gar entſetzlich anſpornten und vorwärtspeitſchten. Nirgends wird die Pferdeſchinderei ſtärker getrieben, als in Göttingen, und oft, wenn ich ſah, wie ſolch eine ſchweißtriefende, lahme Kracke, für das Biſchen Lebensfutter, von unſern Rauſchenwaſſerrittern abgequält ward, oder wohl gar einen ganzen Wagen voll Studenten fortziehen mußte, ſo dachte ich auch: „O du armes Thier, gewiß haben deine Voreltern im Paradieſe verbotenen Hafer gefreſſen!"

Im Wirthshauſe zu Nörten traf ich die beiden Jünglinge wieder. Der eine verzehrte einen Heringſalat, und der andere unterhielt ſich mit der gelbledernen Magd, Fuſia Canina, auch Trittvogel genannt. Er ſagte ihr einige Anſtändigkeiten, und am Ende wurden ſie handgemein. Um meinen Ranzen zu erleichtern, nahm ich die eingepackten blauen Hoſen, die in geſchichtlicher Hinſicht ſehr merkwürdig ſind, wieder heraus und ſchenkte ſie dem kleinen Kellner, den man Kolibri nennt. Die Buſſenia, die alte Wirthin, brachte mir unterdeſſen ein Butterbrod, und beklagte ſich, daß ich ſie jetzt ſo ſelten beſuche; denn ſie liebt mich ſehr.

Hinter Nörten ſtand die Sonne hoch und glänzend am Himmel. Sie meinte es recht ehrlich mit mir, und erwärmte mein Haupt, daß alle unreifen Gedanken darin zur Vollreife kamen. Die liebe Wirthshausſonne in Nordheim iſt auch nicht zu verachten; ich kehrte hier ein, und fand das Mittageſſen ſchon fertig. Alle Gerichte waren ſchmackhaft zubereitet, und wollten mir beſſer behagen, als die abgeſchmackten akademiſchen Gerichte, die ſalzloſen, ledernen Stockfiſche mit ihrem alten Kohl, die mir in Göttingen vorgeſetzt wurden. Nachdem ich meinen Magen etwas beſchwichtigt hatte, bemerkte ich in derſelben Wirthsſtube einen Herrn mit zwei Damen, die im Begriff waren, abzureiſen. Dieſer Herr war ganz grün gekleidet, trug ſogar eine grüne Brille, die auf ſeine rothe Kupfernaſe einen Schein wie Grünſpan warf, und ſah aus, wie der König Nebukadnezar in ſeinen ſpätern Jahren ausgeſehen hat, als er, der Sage nach, gleich einem Thiere des Waldes, nichts als Salat aß. Der Grüne wünſchte, daß ich ihm ein Hotel in Göttingen empfehlen möchte, und ich rieth ihm, dort von dem erſten beſten Studenten das Hotel de Brübbach zu erfragen. Die eine Dame war die Frau Gemahlin, eine gar große, weitläuftige Dame, ein rothes Quadratmeilen-Geſicht mit Grübchen in den Wangen, die wie Spucknäpfe für Liebesgötter ausſahen, ein langfleiſchig herabhängendes Unterkinn, das eine ſchlechte Fortſetzung des Geſichtes zu ſein ſchien, und ein hochaufgeſtapelter Buſen, der mit ſteifen Spitzen und vielzackig feſtonirten Krägen, wie mit Thürmchen und Baſtionen umbaut war, und einer Feſtung glich, die gewiß eben ſo wenig wie jene anderen Feſtungen, von denen Philipp von Macedonien ſpricht, einem mit Gold beladenen Eſel widerſtehen würde. Die andere Dame, die Frau Schweſter, bildete ganz den Gegenſatz der eben beſchriebenen. Stammte jene von Pharaos fetten Kühen, ſo ſtammte dieſe von den magern. Das Geſicht nur ein Mund zwiſchen zwei Ohren, die Bruſt troſtlos öde, wie die lüneburger Haide; die ganze ausgekochte Geſtalt glich einem Freitiſch für arme Theologen. Beide Damen fragten mich zu gleicher Zeit: ob im Hotel de Brübbach auch ordentliche Leute logirten. Ich bejahte es mit gutem Gewiſſen, und als das holde Kleeblatt abfuhr, grüßte ich nochmals zum Fenſter hinaus. Der Sonnenwirth lächelte gar ſchlau und mochte wohl wiſſen, daß der Carcer von den Studenten in Göttingen Hotel de Brübbach genannt wird.

Hinter Nordheim wird es ſchon gebirgig und hier und da treten ſchöne Anhöhen hervor. Auf dem Wege traf ich meiſtens Krämer, die nach der braunſchweiger Meſſe zogen, auch einen Schwarm Frauenzimmer, deren jede ein großes, faſt häuſerhohes, mit weißem Leinen überzogenes Behältniß auf dem Rücken trug. Darin ſaßen allerlei eingefangene Singvögel, die beſtändig piepſten und zwitſcherten, während ihre Trägerinnen luſtig dahinhüpften und ſchwatzten. Mir kam es gar närriſch vor, wie ſo ein Vogel den andern zu Markte trägt.

In pechdunkler Nacht kam ich an zu Oſterode. Es fehlte mir der Appetit zum Eſſen und ich legte mich gleich zu Bette.

Erwachend hörte ich ein freundliches Klingen. Die Heerden zogen auf die Weide und es läuteten ihre Glöckchen. Die liebe, goldene Sonne ſchien durch das Fenſter und beleuchtete die Schildereien an den Wänden des Zimmers. Es waren Bilder aus dem Befreiungskriege, worauf treu dargeſtellt ſtand, wie wir alle Helden waren, dann auch Hinrichtungsſcenen aus der Revolutionszeit, Ludwig XVI. auf der Guillotine, und ähnliche Kopfabſchneidereien, die man gar nicht anſehen kann, ohne Gott zu danken, daß man ruhig im Bette liegt, und guten Kaffee trinkt und den Kopf noch ſo recht comfortabel auf den Schultern ſitzen hat.

Nachdem ich Kaffee getrunken, mich angezogen, die Inſchriften auf den Fenſterſcheiben geleſen, und alles im Wirthshauſe berichtigt hatte, verließ ich Oſterode.

Dieſe Stadt hat ſo und ſo viel Häuſer, verſchiedene Einwohner, worunter auch mehrere Seelen, wie in Gottſchalk's „Taſchenbuch für Harzreiſende" genauer nachzuleſen iſt. Ehe ich die Landſtraße einſchlug, beſtieg ich die Trümmer der uralten Oſteroder Burg. Sie beſtehen nur noch aus der Hälfte eines großen, dickmauerigen, wie von Krebsſchäden angefreſſenen Thurms. Der Weg nach Clausthal führte mich wieder bergauf, und von einer der erſten Höhen ſchaute ich nochmals hinab in das Thal, wo Oſterode mit ſeinen rothen Dächern aus den grünen Tannenwäldern hervorguckt, wie eine Mooſroſe. Die Sonne gab eine gar liebe, kindliche Beleuchtung. Von der erhaltenen Thurmhälfte erblickt man hier die imponirende Rückſeite.

Nachdem ich eine Strecke gewandert, traf ich zuſammen mit einem reiſenden Handwerksburſchen, der von Braunſchweig kam und mir als ein dortiges Gerücht erzählte: der junge Herzog ſei auf dem Wege nach dem gelobten Lande von den Türken gefangen worden, und könne nur gegen ein großes Löſegeld freikommen. Die große Reiſe des Herzogs mag dieſe Sage veranlaßt haben. Das Volk hat noch immer den traditionell fabelhaften Ideengang, der ſich ſo lieblich ausſpricht in ſeinem „Herzog Ernſt." Der Erzähler jener Neuigkeit war ein Schneidergeſell, ein niedlicher, kleiner junger Menſch, ſo dünn, daß die Sterne durchſchimmern konnten, wie durch Oſſian's Nebelgeiſter, und im Ganzen eine volksthümlich barocke Miſchung von Laune und Wehmuth. Dieſes äußerte ſich beſonders in der drollig rührenden Weiſe, womit er das wunderbare Volkslied ſang: „Ein Käfer auf dem Zaune ſaß, ſumm, ſumm!" Das iſt ſchön bei uns Deutſchen; Keiner iſt ſo verrückt, daß er nicht einen noch Verrückteren fände, der ihn verſteht. Nur ein Deutſcher kann jenes Lied nachempfinden, und ſich dabei todtlachen und todtweinen. Wie tief das Goethe'ſche Wort ins Leben des Volks gedrungen, bemerkte ich auch hier. Mein dünner Weggenoſſe trillerte ebenfalls zuweilen vor ſich hin: „Leidvoll und freudvoll, Gedanken ſind frei!" Solche Corruption des Textes iſt beim Volke etwas Gewöhnliches. Er ſang auch ein Lied, wo „Lottchen bei dem Grabe ihres Werthers" trauert. Der Schneider zerfloß vor Sentimentalität bei den Worten: „Einſam wein' ich an der Roſenſtelle, wo uns oft der ſpäte Mond belauſcht; jammernd irr' ich an der Silberquelle, die uns lieblich Wonne zugerauſcht." Aber bald darauf ging er in Muthwillen über und erzählte mir: „Wir haben einen Preußen in der Herberge zu Caſſel, der eben ſolche Lieder ſelbſt macht; er kann keinen ſeligen Stich nähen; hat er einen Groſchen in der Taſche, ſo hat er für zwei Groſchen Durſt, und wenn er im Tran iſt, hält er den Himmel für ein blaues Camiſol, und weint wie eine Dachtraufe, und ſingt ein Lied mit der doppelten Poeſie!" Von letzterem Ausdruck wünſchte ich eine Erklärung, aber mein Schneiderlein, mit ſeinen Ziegenhainer Beinchen, hüpfte hin und her und rief beſtändig: „Die doppelte Poeſie iſt die doppelte Poeſie!" Endlich brachte ich es heraus, daß er doppelt gereimte Gedichte, namentlich Stanzen im Sinne hatte. — Unterdeß durch die große Bewegung und durch den conträren Wind war der Ritter von der Nadel ſehr müde geworden. Er machte freilich noch einige große Anſtalten zum Gehen und bramarbaſirte: „Jetzt will ich den Weg zwiſchen die Beine nehmen!" Doch bald klagte er, daß er ſich Blaſen unter die Füße gegangen, und die Welt viel zu weitläuftig ſei; und endlich, bei einem Baumſtamme, ließ er ſich ſachte niederſinken, bewegte ſein zartes Häuptlein wie ein betrübtes Lämmerſchwänzchen, und wehmüthig lächelnd rief er: „Da bin ich armes Schindluderchen ſchon wieder marode!"

Die Berge wurden hier noch ſteiler, die Tannenwälder wogten unten wie ein grünes Meer, und am blauen Himmel oben ſchifften die weißen Wolken. Die Wildheit der Gegend war durch ihre Einheit und Einfachheit gleichſam gezähmt. Wie ein guter Dichter, liebt die Natur keine ſchroffen Uebergänge. Die Wolken, ſo bizarr geſtaltet ſie auch zuweilen erſcheinen, tragen ein weißes, oder doch ein mildes, mit dem blauen Himmel und der grünen Erde harmoniſch correſpondirendes Colorit, ſo daß alle Farben einer Gegend wie leiſe Muſik in einander ſchmelzen, und jeder Naturanblick krampfſtillend und gemüthberuhigend wirkt. — Der ſelige Hoffmann würde die Wolken buntſcheckig bemalt haben. — Eben wie ein großer Dichter, weiß die Natur auch mit den wenigſten Mitteln die größten Effekte hervorzubringen. Da ſind nur eine Sonne, Bäume, Blumen, Waſſer und Liebe. Freilich, fehlt letztere im Herzen des Beſchauers, ſo mag das Ganze wohl einen ſchlechten Anblick gewähren, und die Sonne hat dann bloß ſo und ſo viel Meilen im Durchmeſſer, und die Bäume ſind gut zum Einheizen, und die Blumen werden nach den Staubfäden claſſificirt, und das Waſſer iſt naß.

Ein kleiner Junge, der für ſeinen kranken Oheim im Walde Reiſig ſuchte, zeigte mir das Dorf Lerbach, deſſen kleine Hütten mit grauen Dächern ſich über eine halbe Stunde durch das Thal hinziehen. „Dort," ſagte er, „wohnen dumme Kropfleute und weiße Mohren," — mit letzterem Namen werden die Albinos vom Volke benannt. Der kleine Junge ſtand mit den Bäumen in gar eigenem Einverſtändniß; er grüßte ſie wie gute Bekannte, und ſie ſchienen rauſchend ſeinen Gruß zu erwiedern. Er pfiff wie ein Zeiſig, ringsum antworteten zwitſchernd die andern Vögel, und ehe ich mich deſſen verſah, war er mit ſeinen nackten Füßchen und ſeinem Bündel Reiſig ins Walddickigt fortgeſprungen. Die Kinder, dacht' ich, ſind jünger als wir, können ſich noch erinnern, wie ſie ebenfalls Bäume oder Vögel waren, und ſind alſo noch im Stande, dieſelben zu verſtehen; unſereins aber iſt ſchon alt und hat zu viel Sorgen, Jurisprudenz und ſchlechte Verſe im Kopf. Jene Zeit, wo es anders war, trat mir bei meinem Eintritt in Clausthal wieder recht lebhaft ins Gedächtniß. In dieſes nette Bergſtädtchen, welches man nicht früher erblickt, als bis man davor ſteht, gelangte ich, als eben die Glocke zwölf ſchlug und die Kinder jubelnd aus der Schule kamen. Die lieben Knaben, faſt alle rothbäckig, blauäugig und flachshaarig, ſprangen und jauchzten, und weckten in mir die wehmüthig heitere Erinnerung, wie ich einſt ſelbſt, als ein kleines Bübchen, in einer dumpfkatholiſchen Kloſterſchule zu Düſſeldorf den ganzen lieben Vormittag von der hölzernen Bank nicht aufſtehen durfte, und ſo viel Latein, Prügel und Geographie ausſtehen mußte, und dann ebenfalls unmäßig jauchzte und jubelte, wenn die alte Franziskanerglocke endlich zwölf ſchlug. Die Kinder ſahen an meinem Ranzen, daß ich ein Fremder ſei, und grüßten mich recht gaſtfreundlich.

In der „Krone" zu Clausthal hielt ich Mittag. Ich bekam frühlingsgrüne Peterſilienſuppe, veilchenblauen Kohl, einen Kalbsbraten, groß wie der Chimboraſſo in Miniatur, ſo wie auch eine Art geräucherter Heringe, die Bückinge heißen, nach dem Namen ihres Erfinders, Wilhelm Bücking, der 1447 geſtorben, und um jener Erfindung willen von Carl V. ſo verehrt wurde, daß derſelbe anno 1556 von Middelburg nach Biervliet in Seeland reiſte, bloß um dort das Grab dieſes großen Mannes zu ſehen. Wie herrlich ſchmeckt doch ſolch ein Gericht, wenn man die hiſtoriſchen Notizen dazu weiß und es ſelbſt verzehrt! Nur der Kaffee nach Tiſche wurde mir verleidet, indem ſich ein junger Menſch discurſirend zu mir ſetzte und ſo entſetzlich ſchwadronirte, daß die Milch auf dem Tiſche ſauer wurde. Es war ein junger Handlungsbefliſſener mit fünfundzwanzig bunten Weſten und eben ſo viel goldenen Petſchaften, Ringen, Bruſtnadeln u. ſ. w. Er ſah aus wie ein Affe, der eine rothe Jacke angezogen hat und nun zu ſich ſelber ſagt: Kleider machen Leute. Eine ganze Menge Charaden wußte er auswendig, ſo wie auch Anekdoten, die er immer da anbrachte, wo ſie am wenigſten paßten. — Nach Tiſche machte ich mich auf den Weg, die Gruben, die Silberhütten und die Münze zu beſuchen.

In den Silberhütten habe ich, wie oft im Leben, den Silberblick verfehlt. In der Münze traf ich es ſchon beſſer, und konnte zuſehen, wie das Geld gemacht wird. Freilich, weiter hab ich es auch nie bringen können. Ich hatte bei ſolcher Gelegenheit immer das Zuſehen, und ich glaube, wenn mal die Thaler vom Himmel herunter regneten, ſo bekäme ich davon nur Löcher in den Kopf, während die Kinder Iſrael die ſilberne Manna mit luſtigem Muthe einſammeln würden. Mit einem Gefühle, worin gar komiſch Ehrfurcht und Rührung gemiſcht waren, betrachtete ich die neugebornen, blanken Thaler, nahm einen, der eben vom Prägſtocke kam, in die Hand, und ſprach zu ihm: junger Thaler! welche Schickſale erwarten dich! wie viel Gutes und wie viel Böſes wirſt du ſtiften! wie wirſt du das Laſter beſchützen und die Tugend flicken, wie wirſt du geliebt und dann wieder verwünſcht werden! wie wirſt du ſchwelgen, kuppeln, lügen und morden helfen! wie wirſt du raſtlos umherirren, durch reine und ſchmutzige Hände, Jahrhunderte lang, bis du endlich, ſchuldbeladen und ſündenmüde, verſammelt wirſt zu den Deinigen im Schooße Abraham's, der dich einſchmelzt und läutert und umbildet zu einem neuen beſſeren Sein.

Das Befahren der zwei vorzüglichſten clausthaler Gruben, der „Dorothea“ und „Carolina,“ fand ich ſehr intereſſant und ich muß ausführlich davon erzählen.

Eine halbe Stunde vor der Stadt gelangt man zu zwei großen ſchwärzlichen Gebäuden. Dort wird man gleich von den Bergleuten in Empfang genommen. Dieſe tragen dunkle, gewöhnlich ſtahlblaue, weite, bis über den Bauch herabhängende Jacken, Hoſen von ähnlicher Farbe, ein hinten aufgebundenes Schurzfell und kleine grüne Filzhüte, ganz randlos, wie ein abgekappter Kegel. In eine ſolche Tracht, bloß ohne Hinterleder, wird der Beſuchende ebenfalls eingekleidet, und ein Bergmann, ein Steiger, nachdem er ſein Grubenlicht angezündet, führt ihn nach einer dunkeln Oeffnung, die wie ein Kaminfegeloch ausſieht, ſteigt bis an die Bruſt hinab, giebt Regeln, wie man ſich an den Leitern feſtzuhalten habe, und bittet angſtlos zu folgen. Die Sache ſelbſt iſt nichts weniger als gefährlich; aber man glaubt es nicht im Anfang, wenn man gar nichts vom Bergwerksweſen verſteht. Es giebt ſchon eine eigene Empfindung, daß man ſich ausziehen und die dunkle Delinquententracht anziehen muß. Und nun ſoll man auf allen Vieren hinabklettern, und das dunkle Loch iſt ſo dunkel, und Gott weiß, wie lang die Leiter ſein mag. Aber bald merkt man doch, daß es nicht eine einzige, in die ſchwarze Ewigkeit hinablaufende Leiter iſt, ſondern daß es mehrere von funfzehn bis zwanzig Sproſſen ſind, deren jede auf ein kleines Brett führt, worauf man ſtehen kann, und worin wieder ein neues Loch nach einer neuen Leiter hinableitet. Ich war zuerſt in die Carolina geſtiegen. Das iſt die ſchmutzigſte und unerfreulichſte Carolina, die ich je kennen gelernt habe. Die Leiterſproſſen ſind kothig naß. Und von einer Leiter zur andern geht's hinab, und der Steiger voran, und dieſer betheuert immer: es ſei gar nicht gefährlich, nur müſſe man ſich mit den Händen feſt an den Sproſſen halten, und nicht nach den Füßen ſehen, und nicht ſchwindlicht werden, und nur bei Leibe nicht auf das Seitenbrett treten, wo jetzt das ſchnurrende Tonnenſeil heraufgeht, und wo vor vierzehn Tagen ein unvorſichtiger Menſch hinuntergeſtürzt und leider den Hals gebrochen. Da unten iſt ein verworrenes Rauſchen und Summen, man ſtößt beſtändig an Balken und Seile, die in Bewegung ſind, um die Tonnen mit geklopften Erzen, oder das hervorgeſickerte Waſſer herauf zu winden. Zuweilen gelangt man auch in durchgehauene Gänge, Stollen genannt, wo man das Erz wachſen ſieht, und wo der einſame Bergmann den ganzen Tag ſitzt und mühſam mit dem Hammer die Erzſtücke aus der Wand herausklopft. Bis in die unterſte Tiefe, wo man, wie Einige behaupten, ſchon hören kann, wie die Leute in Amerika „Hurrah Lafayette!“ ſchreien, bin ich nicht gekommen; unter uns geſagt, dort, bis wohin ich kam, ſchien es mir bereits tief genug, — immerwährendes Brauſen und Sauſen, unheimliche Maſchinenbewegung, unterirdiſches Quellengerieſel, von allen Seiten herabtriefendes Waſſer, qualmig aufſteigende Erddünſte, und das Grubenlicht immer bleicher hineinflimmernd in die einſame Nacht. Wirklich, es war betäubend, das Athmen wurde mir ſchwer, und mit Mühe hielt ich mich an den glitſchrigen Leiterſproſſen. Ich habe keinen Anflug von ſogenannter Angſt empfunden, aber, ſeltſam genug, dort unten in der Tiefe erinnerte ich mich, daß ich im vorigen Jahre, ungefähr um dieſelbe Zeit, einen Sturm auf der Nordſee erlebte, und ich meinte jetzt, es ſei doch eigentlich recht traulich angenehm, wenn das Schiff hin und her ſchaukelt, die Winde ihre Trompeterſtückchen losblaſen, zwiſchen drein der luſtige Matroſenlärmen erſchallt, und Alles friſch überſchauert wird von Gottes lieber, freier Luft. Ja, Luft! — Nach Luft ſchnappend ſtieg ich einige Dutzend Leitern wieder in die Höhe, und mein Steiger führte mich durch einen ſchmalen, ſehr langen, in den Berg gehauenen Gang nach der Grube Dorothea. Hier iſt es luftiger und friſcher, und die Leitern ſind reiner, aber auch länger und ſteiler als in der Carolina. Hier wurde mir auch beſſer zu Muthe, beſonders da ich wieder Spuren lebendiger Menſchen gewahrte. In der Tiefe zeigten ſich nämlich wandelnde Schimmer; Bergleute mit ihren Grubenlichtern kamen allmählig in die Höhe, mit dem Gruße „Glück auf!“ und mit demſelben Wiedergruße von unſerer Seite ſtiegen ſie an uns vorüber; und wie eine befreundet ruhige, und doch zugleich quälend räthſelhafte Erinnerung, trafen mich, mit ihren tiefſinnig klaren Blicken, die ernſtfrommen, etwas blaſſen, und vom Grubenlicht geheimnißvoll beleuchteten Geſichter dieſer jungen und alten Männer, die in ihren dunkeln, einſamen Bergſchachten den ganzen Tag gearbeitet hatten, und ſich jetzt hinaufſehnten nach dem lieben Tageslichte und nach den Augen von Weib und Kind.

Mein Cicerone ſelbſt war eine kreuzehrliche, pudeldeutſche Natur. Mit innerer Freudigkeit zeigte er mir jene Stelle, wo der Herzog von Cambridge, als er die Grube befahren, mit ſeinem ganzen Gefolge geſpeiſt hat, und wo noch der lange hölzerne Speiſetiſch ſteht, ſo wie auch der große Stuhl von Erz, worauf der Herzog geſeſſen. Dieſer bleibe zum ewigen Andenken ſtehen, ſagte der gute Bergmann, und mit Feuer erzählte er: wie viele Feſtlichkeiten damals ſtatt gefunden, wie der ganze Stollen mit Lichtern, Blumen und Laubwerk verziert geweſen, wie ein Bergknappe die Zitter geſpielt und geſungen, wie der vergnügte liebe, dicke Herzog ſehr viele Geſundheiten ausgetrunken habe, und wie viele Bergleute, und er ſelbſt ganz beſonders, ſich gern würden todtſchlagen laſſen für den lieben, dicken Herzog und das ganze Haus Hannover. — Innig rührt es mich jedesmal, wenn ich ſehe, wie ſich dieſes Gefühl der Unterthanstreue in ſeinen einfachen Naturlauten ausſpricht. Es iſt ein ſo ſchönes Gefühl! Und es iſt ein ſo wahrhaft deutſches Gefühl! Andere Völker mögen gewandter ſein, und witziger und ergötzlicher, aber keines iſt ſo treu, wie das treue deutſche Volk. Wüßte ich nicht, daß die Treue ſo alt iſt, wie die Welt, ſo würde ich glauben, ein deutſches Herz habe ſie erfunden. Deutſche Treue! ſie iſt keine moderne Adreſſenfloskel. An euren Höfen, Ihr deutſchen Fürſten, ſollte man ſingen und wieder ſingen das Lied von dem getreuen Eckart und dem böſen Burgund, der ihm die lieben Kinder tödten laſſen, und ihn alsdann doch noch immer treu befunden hat. Ihr habt das treueſte Volk.

Wie die deutſche Treue, hatte uns jetzt das kleine Grubenlicht, ohne viel Geflacker, ſtill und ſicher geleitet durch das Labyrinth der Schachten und Stollen; wir ſtiegen hervor aus der dumpfigen Bergnacht, das Sonnenlicht ſtrahlt' — Glück auf!

Die meiſten Bergarbeiter wohnen in Clausthal und in dem damit verbundenen Bergſtädtchen Zellerfeld. Ich beſuchte mehrere dieſer wackern Leute, betrachtete ihre kleine häusliche Einrichtung, hörte einige ihrer Lieder, die ſie mit der Zitter, ihrem Lieblingsinſtrumente, gar hübſch begleiten, ließ mir alte Bergmährchen von ihnen erzählen, und auch die Gebete herſagen, die ſie in Gemeinſchaft zu halten pflegen, ehe ſie in den dunkeln Schacht hinunterſteigen, und manches gute Gebet habe ich mitgebetet. Ein alter Steiger meinte ſogar, ich ſollte bei ihnen bleiben und Bergmann werden; und als ich dennoch Abſchied nahm, gab er mir einen Auftrag an ſeinen Bruder, der in der Nähe von Goslar wohnt, und viele Küſſe für ſeine liebe Nichte.

So ſtillſtehend ruhig auch das Leben dieſer Leute erſcheint, ſo iſt es dennoch ein wahrhaftes, lebendiges Leben. Die ſteinalte zitternde Frau, die, dem großen Schranke gegenüber, hinterm Ofen ſaß, mag dort ſchon ein Vierteljahrhundert lang geſeſſen haben, und ihr Denken und Fühlen iſt gewiß innig verwachſen mit allen Ecken dieſes Ofens und allen Schnitzeleien dieſes Schrankes. Und Schrank und Ofen leben, denn ein Menſch hat ihnen einen Theil ſeiner Seele eingeflößt.

Nur durch ſolch tiefes Anſchauungsleben, durch die „Unmittelbarkeit“ entſtand die deutſche Mährchenfabel, deren Eigenthümlichkeit darin beſteht, daß nicht nur die Thiere und Pflanzen, ſondern auch ganz leblos ſcheinende Gegenſtände ſprechen und handeln. Einzigem, harmloſem Volke, in der ſtillen, umfriedeten Heimlichkeit ſeiner niedern Berg- oder Waldhütten offenbarte ſich das innere Leben ſolcher Gegenſtände, dieſe gewannen einen nothwendigen, conſequenten Charakter, eine ſüße Miſchung von phantaſtiſcher Laune und rein menſchlicher Geſinnung; und ſo ſehen wir im Mährchen, wunderbar und doch als wenn es ſich von ſelbſt verſtände: Nähnadel und Stecknadel kommen von der Schneiderherberge und verirren ſich im Dunkeln; Strohhalm und Kohle wollen über den Bach ſetzen und verunglücken; Schippe und Beſen ſtehen auf der Treppe und zanken und ſchmeißen ſich; der befragte Spiegel zeigt das Bild der ſchönſten Frau; ſogar die Blutstropfen fangen an zu ſprechen, bange, dunkle Worte des beſorglichſten Mitleids. — Aus demſelben Grunde iſt unſer Leben in der Kindheit ſo unendlich bedeutend, in jener Zeit iſt uns Alles gleich wichtig, wir hören Alles, wir ſehen Alles, bei allen Eindrücken iſt Gleichmäßigkeit, ſtatt daß wir ſpäterhin abſichtlicher werden, uns mit dem Einzelnen ausſchließlicher beſchäftigen, das klare Gold der Anſchauung für das Papiergeld der Bücherdefinitionen mühſam einwechſeln und an Lebensbreite gewinnen, was wir an Lebenstiefe verlieren. Jetzt ſind wir ausgewachſene, vornehme Leute; wir beziehen oft neue Wohnungen, die Magd räumt täglich auf, und verändert nach Gutdünken die Stellung der Möbeln, die uns wenig intereſſiren, da ſie entweder neu ſind, oder heute dem Hans, morgen dem Iſaak gehören; ſelbſt unſere Kleider bleiben uns fremd, wir wiſſen kaum, wie viel Knöpfe an dem Rocke ſitzen, den wir eben jetzt auf dem Leibe tragen; wir wechſeln ja ſo oft als möglich mit Kleidungsſtücken, keines derſelben bleibt im Zuſammenhange mit unſerer innern und äußern Geſchichte; — kaum vermögen wir uns zu erinnern, wie jene braune Weſte ausſah, die uns einſt ſo viel Gelächter zugezogen hat, und auf deren breiten Streifen dennoch die liebe Hand der Geliebten ſo lieblich ruhte!

Die alte Frau, dem großen Schranke gegenüber, hinterm Ofen, trug einen geblümten Rock von verſchollenem Zeuge, das Brautkleid ihrer ſeligen Mutter. Ihr Urenkel, ein als Bergmann gekleideter, blonder, blitzäugiger Knabe, ſaß zu ihren Füßen und zählte die Blumen ihres Rockes, und ſie mag ihm von dieſem Rocke wohl ſchon viele Geſchichtchen erzählt haben, viele ernſthafte, hübſche Geſchichten, die der Junge gewiß nicht ſobald vergißt, die ihm noch oft vorſchweben werden, wenn er bald, als ein erwachſener Mann, in den nächtlichen Stollen der Carolina einſam arbeitet, und die er vielleicht wieder erzählt, wenn die liebe Großmutter längſt todt iſt und er ſelber, ein ſilberhaariger, erloſchener Greis, im Kreiſe ſeiner Enkel ſitzt, dem großen Schranke gegenüber, hinterm Ofen.

Ich blieb die Nacht ebenfalls in der Krone, wo unterdeſſen auch der Hofrath B. aus Göttingen angekommen war. Ich hatte das Vergnügen, dem alten Herrn meine Aufwartung zu machen. Als ich mich ins Fremdenbuch einſchrieb und im Monat Juli blätterte, fand ich auch den vieltheuern Namen Adelbert von Chamiſſo, den Biographen des unſterblichen Schlemihl. Der Wirth erzählte mir: dieſer Herr ſei in einem unbeſchreibbar ſchlechten Wetter angekommen, und in einem eben ſo ſchlechten Wetter wieder abgereiſt.

Den andern Morgen mußte ich meinen Ranzen nochmals erleichtern, das eingepackte Paar Stiefel warf ich über Bord, und ich hob auf meine Füße und ging nach Goslar. Ich kam dahin, ohne zu wiſſen wie. Nur ſoviel kann ich mich erinnern: ich ſchlenderte wieder bergauf, bergab; ſchaute hinunter in manches hübſche Wieſenthal; ſilberne Waſſer brauſten, ſüße Waldvögel zwitſcherten, die Heerdenglöckchen läuteten, die mannigfaltig grünen Bäume wurden von der lieben Sonne goldig angeſtrahlt, und oben war die blauſeidene Decke des Himmels ſo durchſichtig, daß man tief hineinſchauen konnte, bis ins Allerheiligſte, wo die Engel zu den Füßen Gottes ſitzen, und in den Zügen ſeines Antlitzes den Generalbaß ſtudiren. Ich aber lebte noch in dem Traume der vorigen Nacht, den ich nicht aus meiner Seele verſcheuchen konnte. Es war das alte Mährchen, wie ein Ritter hinabſteigt in einen tiefen Brunnen, wo unten die ſchönſte Prinzeſſin zu einem ſtarren Zauberſchlafe verwünſcht iſt. Ich ſelbſt war der Ritter, und der Brunnen die dunkle Clausthaler Grube, und plötzlich erſchienen viele Lichter, aus allen Seitenlöchern ſtürzten die wachſamen Zwerglein, ſchnitten zornige Geſichter, hieben nach mir mit ihren kurzen Schwertern, blieſen gellend ins Horn, daß immer mehr und mehre herzueilten, und es wackelten entſetzlich ihre breiten Häupter. Wie ich darauf zuſchlug und das Blut herausfloß, merkte ich erſt, daß es die rothblühenden, langbärtigen Diſtelköpfe waren, die ich den Tag vorher an der Landſtraße mit dem Stocke abgeſchlagen hatte. Da waren ſie auch gleich alle verſcheucht, und ich gelangte in einen hellen Prachtſaal; in der Mitte ſtand, weiß verſchleiert, und wie eine Bildſäule ſtarr und regungslos, die Herzgeliebte, und ich küßte ihren Mund, und, beim lebendigen Gott! ich fühlte den beſeligenden Hauch ihrer Seele und das ſüße Beben der lieblichen Lippen. Es war mir, als hörte ich, wie Gott rief: „Es werde Licht!" Blendend ſchoß herab ein Strahl des ewigen Lichts; aber in demſelben Augenblick wurde es wieder Nacht, und Alles rann chaotiſch zuſammen in ein wildes, wüſtes Meer. Ein wildes, wüſtes Meer! Ueber das gährende Waſſer jagten ängſtlich die Geſpenſter der Verſtorbenen, ihre weißen Todtenhemden flatterten im Winde, hinter ihnen her, hetzend, mit klatſchender Peitſche lief ein buntſcheckiger Harlequin, und dieſer war ich ſelbſt — und plötzlich aus den dunkeln Wellen reckten die Meerungethüme ihre mißgeſtalteten Häupter, und langten nach mir mit ausgebreiteten Krallen, und vor Entſetzen erwachte ich.

Wie doch zuweilen die allerſchönſten Mährchen verdorben werden! Eigentlich muß der Ritter, wenn er die ſchlafende Prinzeſſin gefunden hat, ein Stück aus ihrem koſtbaren Schleier herausſchneiden; und wenn durch ſeine Kühnheit ihr Zauberſchlaf gebrochen iſt, und ſie wieder in ihrem Palaſt auf dem goldenen Stuhle ſitzt, muß der Ritter zu ihr treten und ſprechen: Meine allerſchönſte Prinzeſſin, kennſt du mich? Und dann antwortet ſie: Mein allertapferſter Ritter, ich kenne dich nicht. Und dieſer zeigt ihr alsdann das aus ihrem Schleier herausgeſchnittene Stück, das juſt in denſelben wieder hineinpaßt, und beide umarmen ſich zärtlich, und die Trompeter blaſen, und die Hochzeit wird gefeiert.

Es iſt wirklich ein eigenes Mißgeſchick, daß meine Liebesträume ſelten ein ſo ſchönes Ende nehmen.

Der Name Goslar klingt ſo erfreulich, und es knüpfen ſich daran ſo viele uralte Kaiſererinnerungen, daß ich eine impoſante, ſtattliche Stadt erwartete. Aber ſo geht es, wenn man die Berühmten in der Nähe beſieht! Ich fand ein Neſt mit meiſtens ſchmalen, labyrinthiſch krummen Straßen, allwo mittendurch ein kleines Waſſer, wahrſcheinlich die Goſe, fließt, verfallen und dumpfig, und ein Pflaſter, ſo holprig wie Berliner Hexameter. Nur die Alterthümlichkeiten der Einfaſſung, nämlich Reſte von Mauern, Thürmen und Zinnen, geben der Stadt etwas Pikantes. Einer dieſer Thürme, der Zwinger genannt, hat ſo dicke Mauern, daß ganze Gemächer darin ausgehauen ſind. Der Platz vor der Stadt, wo der weitberühmte Schützenhof gehalten wird, iſt eine ſchöne große Wieſe, ringsum hohe Berge. Der Markt iſt klein, in der Mitte ſteht ein Springbrunnen, deſſen Waſſer ſich in ein großes Metallbecken ergießt. Bei Feuersbrünſten wird einigemal daran geſchlagen; es giebt dann einen weitſchallenden Ton. Man weiß nichts vom Urſprunge dieſes Beckens. Einige ſagen, der Teufel habe es einſt zur Nachtzeit dort auf den Markt hingeſtellt. Damals waren die Leute noch dumm, und der Teufel war auch dumm, und ſie machten ſich wechſelſeitig Geſchenke.

Das Rathhaus zu Goslar iſt eine weißangeſtrichene Wachtſtube. Das daneben ſtehende Gildenhaus hat ſchon ein beſſeres Anſehen. Ungefähr von der Erde und vom Dach gleich weit entfernt ſtehen da die Standbilder deutſcher Kaiſer, räucherig ſchwarz und zum Theil vergoldet, in der einen Hand das Scepter, in der andern die Weltkugel; ſehen aus wie gebratene Univerſitätspedelle. Einer dieſer Kaiſer hält ein Schwert ſtatt des Scepters. Ich konnte nicht errathen, was dieſer Unterſchied ſagen ſoll, und es hat doch gewiß ſeine Bedeutung, da die Deutſchen die merkwürdige Gewohnheit haben, daß ſie bei Allem, was ſie thun, ſich auch etwas denken.

In Gottſchalk's „Handbuch" hatte ich von dem uralten Dom und von dem berühmten Kaiſerſtuhl zu Goslar viel geleſen. Als ich aber Beides beſehen wollte, ſagte man mir: der Dom ſei niedergeriſſen und der Kaiſerſtuhl nach Berlin gebracht worden. Wir leben in einer bedeutungſchweren Zeit: tauſendjährige Dome werden abgebrochen, und Kaiſerſtühle in die Rumpelkammer geworfen.

Einige Merkwürdigkeiten des ſeligen Doms ſind jetzt in der Stephanskirche aufgeſtellt. Glasmalereien, die wunderſchön ſind, einige ſchlechte Gemälde, worunter auch ein Lucas Cranach ſein ſoll, ferner ein hölzerner Chriſtus am Kreuz, und ein heidniſcher Opferaltar aus unbekanntem Metall; er hat die Geſtalt einer länglich viereckigen Lade, und wird von vier Caryatiden getragen, die, in geduckter Stellung, die Hände ſtützend über dem Kopfe halten, und unerfreulich häßliche Geſichter ſchneiden. Indeſſen noch unerfreulicher iſt das dabeiſtehende, ſchon erwähnte große hölzerne Crucifix. Dieſer Chriſtuskopf mit natürlichen Haaren und Dornen und blutbeſchmiertem Geſichte, zeigt freilich höchſt meiſterhaft das Hinſterben eines Menſchen, aber nicht eines gottgeborenen Heilands. Nur das materielle Leiden iſt in dieſes Geſicht hineingeſchnitzelt, nicht die Poeſie des Schmerzes. Solch Bild gehört eher in einen anatomiſchen Lehrſaal, als in ein Gotteshaus.

Ich logirte in einem Gaſthofe nahe dem Markte, wo mir das Mittageſſen noch beſſer geſchmeckt haben würde, hätte ſich nur nicht der Herr Wirth mit ſeinem langen, überflüſſigen Geſichte und ſeinen langweiligen Fragen zu mir hingeſtellt;

glücklicher Weiſe ward ich bald erlöſt durch die Ankunft eines andern Reiſenden, der dieſelben Fragen in derſelben Ordnung aushalten mußte: quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando? Dieſer Fremde war ein alter, müder, abgetragener Mann, der, wie aus ſeinen Reden hervorging, die ganze Welt durchwandert, beſonders lang auf Batavia gelebt, viel Geld erworben und wieder Alles verloren hatte, und jetzt, nach dreißigjähriger Abweſenheit, nach Quedlinburg, ſeiner Vaterſtadt, zurückkehrte, — „denn," ſetzte er hinzu, „unſere Familie hat dort ihr Erbbegräbniß." Der Herr Wirth machte die ſehr aufgeklärte Bemerkung: daß es doch für die Seele gleichgültig ſei, wo unſer Leib begraben wird. „Haben Sie es ſchriftlich?" antwortete der Fremde, und dabei zogen ſich unheimlich ſchlaue Ringe um ſeine kümmerlichen Lippen und verblichenen Aeuglein. „Aber," ſetzte er ängſtlich begütigend hinzu, „ich will darum über fremde Gräber doch nichts Böſes geſagt haben; — die Türken begraben ihre Todten noch weit ſchöner als wir, ihre Kirchhöfe ſind ordentlich Gärten, und da ſitzen ſie auf ihren weißen, beturbanten Grabſteinen, unter dem Schatten einer Cypreſſe, und ſtreichen ihre ernſthaften Bärte, und rauchen ruhig ihren türkiſchen Tabak aus ihren langen türkiſchen Pfeifen; — und bei den Chineſen gar iſt es eine ordentliche Luſt zuzuſehen, wie ſie auf den Ruheſtätten ihrer Todten manierlich herumtänzeln, und beten, und Thee trinken, und die Geige ſpielen, und die geliebten Gräber gar hübſch zu verzieren wiſſen mit allerlei vergoldetem Lattenwerk, Porzellanfigürchen, Fetzen von buntem Seidenzeug, künſtlichen Blumen und farbigen Laternchen — Alles ſehr hübſch — wie weit hab' ich noch bis Quedlinburg?"

Der Kirchhof in Goslar hat mich nicht ſehr angeſprochen. Deſto mehr aber jenes wunderſchöne Lockenköpfchen, das bei meiner Ankunft in der Stadt aus einem etwas hohen Parterrefenſter lächelnd herausſchaute. Nach Tiſche ſuchte ich wieder das liebe Fenſter; aber jetzt ſtand dort nur ein Waſſerglas mit weißen Glockenblümchen. Ich kletterte hinauf, nahm die artigen Blümchen aus dem Glaſe, ſteckte ſie ruhig auf meine Mütze, und kümmerte mich wenig um die aufgeſperrten Mäuler, verſteinerten Naſen und Glotzaugen, womit die Leute auf der Straße, beſonders die alten Weiber, dieſem qualificirten Diebſtahle zuſahen. Als ich eine Stunde ſpäter an demſelben Hauſe vorbeiging, ſtand die Holde am Fenſter, und wie ſie die Glockenblümchen auf meiner Mütze gewahrte, wurde ſie blutroth und ſtürzte zurück. Ich hatte jetzt das ſchöne Antlitz noch genauer geſehen; es war eine ſüße, durchſichtige Verkörperung von Sommerabendhauch, Mondſchein, Nachtigallenlaut und Roſenduft. — Später, als es ganz dunkel geworden, trat ſie vor die Thüre. Ich kam — ich näherte mich — ſie zieht ſich langſam zurück in die dunkle Hausflur — ich faſſe ſie bei der Hand und ſage: ich bin ein Liebhaber von ſchönen Blumen und Küſſen, und was man mir nicht freiwillig giebt, das ſtehle ich — und ich küßte ſie raſch — und wie ſie entfliehen will, flüſtere ich beſchwichtigend: morgen reiſ' ich fort und komme wohl nie wieder — und ich fühle den geheimen Widerdruck der lieblichen Lippen und der kleinen Hände — und lachend eile ich von hinnen. Ja, ich muß lachen, wenn ich bedenke, daß ich unbewußt jene Zauberformel ausgeſprochen, wodurch unſere Roth- und Blauröcke, öfter als durch ihre ſchnurrbärtige Liebenswürdigkeit, die Herzen der Frauen bezwingen: „Ich reiſe morgen fort und komme wohl nie wieder!"

Mein Logis gewährete eine herrliche Ausſicht nach dem Rammelsberg. Es war ein ſchöner Abend. Die Nacht jagte auf ihrem ſchwarzen Roſſe, und die langen Mähnen flatterten im Winde. Ich ſtand am Fenſter und betrachtete den Mond. Giebt es wirklich einen Mann im Monde? Die Slaven ſagen, er heiße Clotar, und das Wachſen des Mondes bewirke er durch Waſſeraufgießen. Als ich noch klein war, hatte ich gehört: der Mond ſei eine Frucht, die, wenn ſie reif geworden, vom lieben Gott abgepflückt und zu den übrigen Vollmonden in den großen Schrank gelegt werde, der am Ende der Welt ſteht, wo ſie mit Brettern zugenagelt iſt. Als ich größer wurde, bemerkte ich, daß die Welt nicht ſo eng begrenzt iſt, und daß der menſchliche Geiſt die hölzernen Schranken durchbrochen, und mit einem rieſigen Petriſchlüſſel, mit der Idee der Unſterblichkeit, alle ſieben Himmel aufgeſchloſſen hat. Unſterblichkeit! ſchöner Gedanke! wer hat dich zuerſt erdacht? War es ein Nürnberger Spießbürger, der, mit weißer Nachtmütze auf dem Kopfe und weißer Thonpfeife im Maule, am lauen Sommerabend vor ſeiner Hausthüre ſaß, und recht behaglich meinte: es wäre doch hübſch, wenn er nun ſo immerfort, ohne daß ſein Pfeifchen und ſein Lebensathemchen ausgingen, in die liebe Ewigkeit hineinvegetiren könnte! Oder war es ein junger Liebender, der in den Armen ſeiner Geliebten jenen Unſterblichkeitsgedanken dachte, und ihn dachte, weil er ihn fühlte, und weil er nichts anders fühlen und denken konnte! — Liebe! Unſterblichkeit! — in meiner Bruſt ward es plötzlich ſo heiß, daß ich glaubte, die Geographen hätten den Aequator verlegt, und er laufe jetzt gerade durch mein Herz. Und aus meinem Herzen ergoſſen ſich die Gefühle der Liebe, ergoſſen ſich ſehnſüchtig in die weite Nacht. Die Blumen im Garten unter meinem Fenſter dufteten ſtärker. Düfte ſind die Gefühle der Blumen, und wie das Menſchenherz in der Nacht, wo es ſich einſam und unbelauſcht glaubt, ſtärker fühlt, ſo ſcheinen auch die Blumen, ſinnig verſchämt, erſt die umhüllende Dunkelheit zu erwarten, um ſich gänzlich ihren Gefühlen hinzugeben, und ſie auszuhauchen in ſüßen Düften. — Ergießt Euch, Ihr Düfte meines Herzens! und ſucht hinter jenen Bergen die Geliebte meiner Träume! Sie liegt jetzt ſchon und ſchläft; zu ihren Füßen knien Engel, und wenn ſie im Schlafe lächelt, ſo iſt es ein Gebet, das die Engel nachbeten; in ihrer Bruſt liegt der Himmel mit allen ſeinen Seligkeiten, und wenn ſie athmet, ſo bebt mein Herz in der Ferne; hinter den ſeidenen Wimpern ihrer Augen iſt die Sonne untergegangen, und wenn ſie die Augen wieder aufſchlägt, ſo iſt es Tag, und die Vögel ſingen, und die Heerdenglöckchen läuten, und die Berge ſchimmern in ihren ſmaragdenen Kleidern, und ich ſchnüre den Ranzen und wandre.

In jener Nacht, die ich in Goslar zubrachte, iſt mir etwas höchſt Seltſames begegnet. Noch immer kann ich nicht ohne Angſt daran zurückdenken. Ich bin von Natur nicht ängſtlich, aber vor Geiſtern fürchte ich mich faſt ſo ſehr wie der öſtreichiſche Beobachter. Was iſt Furcht? Kommt ſie aus dem Verſtande oder aus dem Gemüth? Ueber dieſe Frage diſputirte ich ſo oft mit dem Doctor Saul Aſcher, wenn wir zu Berlin, im Café royal, wo ich lange Zeit meinen Mittagstiſch hatte, zufällig zuſammentrafen. Er behauptete immer: wir fürchten etwas, weil wir es durch Vernunftſchlüſſe für furchtbar erkennen. Nur die Vernunft ſei eine Kraft, nicht das Gemüth. Während ich gut aß und gut trank, demonſtrirte er mir fortwährend die Vorzüge der Vernunft. Gegen das Ende ſeiner Demonſtration pflegte er nach ſeiner Uhr zu ſehen, und immer ſchloß er damit: „Die Vernunft iſt das höchſte Princip!" — Vernunft! Wenn ich jetzt dieſes Wort höre, ſo ſehe ich noch immer den Doctor Saul Aſcher mit ſeinen abſtrakten Beinen, mit ſeinem engen, transcendentalgrauen Leibrock, und mit ſeinem ſchroffen, frierend kalten Geſichte, das einem Lehrbuche der Geometrie als Kupfertafel dienen konnte. Dieſer Mann, tief in den Funfzigen, war eine perſonificirte grade Linie. In ſeinem Streben nach dem Poſitiven hatte der arme Mann ſich alles Herrliche aus dem Leben herausphiloſophirt, alle Sonnenſtrahlen, allen Glauben und alle Blumen, und es blieb ihm nichts übrig, als das kalte, poſitive Grab. Auf den Apoll von Belvedere und auf das Chriſtenthum hatte er eine ſpecielle Malice. Gegen letzteres ſchrieb er ſogar eine Broſchüre, worin er deſſen Unvernünftigkeit und Unhaltbarkeit bewies. Er hat überhaupt eine ganze Menge Bücher geſchrieben, worin immer die Vernunft von ihrer eigenen Vortrefflichkeit renommirt, und wobei es der arme Doctor gewiß ernſthaft genug meinte, und alſo in dieſer Hinſicht alle Achtung verdiente. Darin aber beſtand ja eben der Hauptſpaß, daß er ein ſo ernſthaft närriſches Geſicht ſchnitt, wenn er dasjenige nicht begreifen konnte, was jedes Kind begreift, eben weil es ein Kind iſt. Einige Male beſuchte ich auch den Vernunftdoctor in ſeinem eigenen Hauſe, wo ich ſchöne Mädchen bei ihm fand; denn die Vernunft verbietet nicht die Sinnlichkeit. Als ich ihn einſt ebenfalls beſuchen wollte, ſagte mir ſein Bedienter: der Herr Doctor iſt eben geſtorben. Ich fühlte nicht viel mehr dabei, als wenn er geſagt hätte: der Herr Doctor iſt ausgezogen.

Doch zurück nach Goslar. „Das höchſte Princip iſt die Vernunft!" ſagte ich beſchwichtigend zu mir ſelbſt, als ich ins Bett ſtieg. Indeſſen, es half nicht. Ich hatte eben in Varnhagen von Enſe's „deutſche Erzählungen," die ich von Clausthal mitgenommen hatte, jene entſetzliche Geſchichte geleſen, wie der Sohn, den ſein eigener Vater ermorden wollte, in der Nacht von dem Geiſte ſeiner todten Mutter gewarnt wird. Die wunderbare Darſtellung dieſer Geſchichte bewirkte, daß mich während des Leſens ein inneres Grauen durchfröſtelte. Auch erregen Geſpenſtererzählungen ein noch ſchauerlicheres Gefühl, wenn man ſie auf der Reiſe lieſt, und zumal des Nachts, in einer Stadt, in einem Hauſe, in einem Zimmer, wo man noch nie geweſen. Wie viel Gräßliches mag ſich ſchon zugetragen haben auf dieſem Flecke, wo du eben liegſt? ſo denkt man unwillkührlich. Ueberdies ſchien jetzt der Mond ſo zweideutig ins Zimmer herein, an der Wand bewegten ſich allerlei unberufene Schatten, und als ich mich im Bett aufrichtete, um hinzuſehen, erblickte ich —

Es giebt nichts Unheimlicheres, als wenn man bei Mondſchein das eigene Geſicht zufällig im Spiegel ſieht. In demſelben Augenblicke ſchlug eine ſchwerfällige, gähnende Glocke, und zwar ſo lang und langſam, daß ich nach dem zwölften Glockenſchlage ſicher glaubte, es ſeien unterdeſſen volle zwölf Stunden verfloſſen, und es müßte wieder von vorn anfangen.

zwölf zu ſchlagen. Zwiſchen dem vorletzten und letzten Glockenſchlage ſchlug noch eine andere Uhr, ſehr raſch, faſt keifend gell, und vielleicht ärgerlich über die Langſamkeit ihrer Frau Gevatterin. Als beide eiſerne Zungen ſchwiegen, und tiefe Todesſtille im ganzen Hauſe herrſchte, war es mir plötzlich, als hörte ich auf dem Corridor, vor meinem Zimmer, etwas ſchlottern und ſchlappen, wie der unſichere Gang eines alten Mannes. Endlich öffnete ſich meine Thür, und langſam trat herein der verſtorbene Doctor Saul Ascher. Ein kaltes Fieber rieſelte mir durch Mark und Bein, ich zitterte wie Espenlaub, und kaum wagte ich das Geſpenſt anzuſehen. Er ſah aus wie ſonſt, derſelbe transcendentalgraue Leibrock, dieſelben abſtrakten Beine, und daſſelbe mathematiſche Geſicht; nur war dieſes etwas gelblicher als ſonſt, auch der Mund, der ſonſt zwei Winkel von 22½ Grad bildete, war zuſammengekniffen, und die Augenkreiſe hatten einen größeren Radius. Schwankend, und wie ſonſt ſich auf ſein ſpaniſches Röhrchen ſtützend, näherte er ſich mir, und in ſeinem gewöhnlichen mundfaulen Dialekte ſprach er freundlich: „Fürchten Sie ſich nicht, und glauben Sie nicht, daß ich ein Geſpenſt ſei. Es iſt Täuſchung Ihrer Phantaſie, wenn Sie mich als Geſpenſt zu ſehen glauben. Was iſt ein Geſpenſt? Geben Sie mir eine Definition! Deduciren Sie mir die Bedingungen der Möglichkeit eines Geſpenſtes? In welchem vernünftigen Zuſammenhange ſtände eine ſolche Erſcheinung mit der Vernunft? Die Vernunft, ich ſage die Vernunft —." Und nun ſchritt das Geſpenſt zu einer Analyſe der Vernunft, citirte Kant's „Kritik der reinen Vernunft," 2. Theil, 1. Abſchnitt, 2. Buch, 3. Hauptſtück, die Unterſcheidung von Phänomena und Noumena, conſtruirte alsdann den problematiſchen Geſpenſterglauben, ſetzte einen Syllogismus auf den andern, und ſchloß mit dem logiſchen Beweiſe: daß es durchaus keine Geſpenſter giebt. Mir unterdeſſen lief der kalte Schweiß über den Rücken, meine Zähne klapperten wie Kaſtagnetten, aus Seelenangſt nickte ich unbedingte Zuſtimmung bei jedem Satz, womit der ſpukende Doctor die Abſurdität aller Geſpenſterfurcht bewies, und derſelbe demonſtrirte ſo eifrig, daß er einmal in der Zerſtreuung, ſtatt ſeiner goldenen Uhr, eine Hand voll Würmer aus der Uhrtaſche zog, und ſeinen Irrthum bemerkend, mit poſſierlich ängſtlicher Haſtigkeit wieder einſteckte. „Die Vernunft iſt das Höchſte — " da ſchlug die Glocke Eins und das Geſpenſt verſchwand.

Von Goslar ging ich den andern Morgen weiter, halb auf Gerathewohl, halb in der Abſicht, den Bruder des Clausthaler Bergmanns aufzuſuchen. Wieder ſchönes, liebes Sonntagswetter. Ich beſtieg Hügel und Berge, betrachtete wie die Sonne den Nebel zu verſcheuchen ſuchte, wanderte freudig durch die ſchauernden Wälder, und um mein träumendes Haupt klingelten die Glockenblümchen von Goslar. In ihren weißen Nachtmänteln ſtanden die Berge, die Tannen rüttelten ſich den Schlaf aus den Gliedern, der friſche Morgenwind friſirte ihnen die herabhängenden, grünen Haare, die Vöglein hielten Betſtunde, das Wieſenthal blitzte wie eine diamantenbeſäete Golddecke, und der Hirt ſchritt darüber hin mit ſeiner läutenden Heerde. Ich mochte mich wohl eigentlich verirrt haben. Man ſchlägt immer Seitenwege und Fußſteige ein, und glaubt dadurch näher zum Ziele zu gelangen. Wie im Leben überhaupt, geht's uns auch auf dem Harze. Aber es giebt immer gute Seelen, die uns wieder auf den rechten Weg bringen; ſie thun es gern, und finden noch obendrein ein beſonderes Vergnügen daran, wenn ſie uns mit ſelbſtgefälliger Miene und wohlwollend lauter Stimme bedeuten: welche große Umwege wir gemacht, in welche Abgründe und Sümpfe wir verſinken konnten, und welch ein Glück es ſei, daß wir ſo wegkundige Leute, wie ſie ſind, noch zeitig angetroffen. Einen ſolchen Berichtiger fand ich unweit der Harzburg. Es war ein wohlgenährter Bürger von Goslar, ein glänzend wampiges, dummkluges Geſicht; er ſah aus, als habe er die Viehſeuche erfunden. Wir gingen eine Strecke zuſammen, und er erzählte mir allerlei Spukgeſchichten, die hübſch klingen konnten, wenn ſie nicht alle darauf hinausliefen, daß es doch kein wirklicher Spuk geweſen, ſondern daß die weiße Geſtalt ein Wilddieb war, und daß die wimmernden Stimmen von den eben geworfenen Jungen einer Bache (wilden Sau), und das Geräuſch auf dem Boden von der Hauskatze herrührte. Nur wenn der Menſch krank iſt, ſetzte er hinzu, glaubt er Geſpenſter zu ſehen; was aber ſeine Wenigkeit anbelange, ſo ſei er ſelten krank, nur zuweilen leide er an Hautübeln, und dann kurire er ſich jedesmal mit nüchternem Speichel. Er machte mich auch aufmerkſam auf die Zweckmäßigkeit und Nützlichkeit in der Natur. Die Bäume ſind grün, weil grün gut für die Augen iſt. Ich gab ihm Recht, und fügte hinzu, daß Gott das Rindvieh erſchaffen, weil Fleiſchſuppen den Menſchen ſtärken, daß er die Eſel erſchaffen, damit ſie den Menſchen zu Vergleichungen dienen können, und daß er den Menſchen ſelbſt erſchaffen, damit er Fleiſchſuppen eſſen und kein Eſel ſein ſoll. Mein Begleiter war entzückt, einen Gleichgeſtimmten gefunden zu haben, ſein Antlitz erglänzte noch freudiger, und bei dem Abſchiede war er gerührt.

So lange er neben mir ging, war gleichſam die ganze Natur entzaubert, ſobald er aber fort war, fingen die Bäume wieder an zu ſprechen, und die Sonnenſtrahlen erklangen, und die Wieſenblümchen tanzten, und der blaue Himmel umarmte die grüne Erde. Ja, ich weiß es beſſer; Gott hat den Menſchen erſchaffen, damit er die Herrlichkeit der Welt bewundere. Jeder Autor, und ſei er noch ſo groß, wünſcht, daß ſein Werk gelobt werde. Und in der Bibel, den Memoiren Gottes, ſteht ausdrücklich: daß er die Menſchen erſchaffen zu ſeinem Ruhm und Preis.

Nach einem langen Hin- und Herwandern gelangte ich zu der Wohnung des Bruders meines Clausthaler Freundes, übernachtete allda, und erlebte folgendes ſchöne Gedicht:

I.

Auf dem Berge ſteht die Hütte,
Wo der alte Bergmann wohnt;
Dorten rauſcht die grüne Tanne,
Und erglänzt der goldne Mond.

In der Hütte ſteht ein Lehnſtuhl,
Reich geſchnitzt und wunderlich,
Der darauf ſitzt, der iſt glücklich,
Und der Glückliche bin ich!

Auf dem Schemel ſitzt die Kleine,
Stützt den Arm auf meinen Schooß;
Aeuglein wie zwei blaue Sterne,
Mündlein wie die Purpurroſ'.

Und die lieben, blauen Sterne
Schau'n mich an ſo himmelgroß,
Und ſie legt den Lilienfinger
Schalkhaft auf die Purpurroſ'.

Nein, es ſieht uns nicht die Mutter,
Denn ſie ſpinnt mit großem Fleiß,
Und der Vater ſpielt die Zither
Und er ſingt die alte Weiſ'.

Und die Kleine flüſtert leiſe,
Leiſe, mit gedämpftem Laut;
Manches wichtige Geheimniß
Hat ſie mir ſchon anvertraut.

„Aber ſeit die Muhme todt iſt,
Können wir ja nicht mehr geh'n
Nach dem Schützenhof zu Goslar,
Und dort iſt es gar zu ſchön."

„Hier dagegen iſt es einſam,
Auf der kalten Bergeshöh',
Und des Winters ſind wir gänzlich
Wie vergraben in dem Schnee."

„Und ich bin ein banges Mädchen
Und ich fürcht' mich wie ein Kind
Vor den böſen Berggeiſtern,
Die des Nachts geſchäftig ſind."

Plötzlich ſchweigt die liebe Kleine,
Wie vom eignen Wort erſchreckt,
Und ſie hat mit beiden Händchen
Ihre Aeugelein bedeckt.

Lauter rauſcht die Tanne draußen,
Und das Spinnrad ſchnarrt und brummt,
Und die Zither klingt dazwiſchen,
Und die alte Weiſe ſummt:

„Fürcht' dich nicht, du liebes Kindchen,
Vor der böſen Geiſter Macht;
Tag und Nacht, du liebes Kindchen,
Halten Englein bei dir Wacht!"

II.

Tannenbaum, mit grünen Fingern,
Pocht an's nied're Fenſterlein,
Und der Mond, der gelbe Lauſcher,
Wirft ſein ſüßes Licht herein.

Vater, Mutter ſchnarchen leiſe
In dem nahen Schlafgemach,
Doch wir Beide, ſelig ſchwatzend,
Halten uns einander wach.

„Daß du gar zu oft gebetet,
Das zu glauben wird mir ſchwer,
Jenes Zucken deiner Lippen
Kommt wohl nicht vom Beten her.

„Jenes böſe, kalte Zucken,
Das erſchreckt mich jedesmal,
Doch die dunkle Angſt beſchwichtigt
Deiner Augen frommer Strahl.“

„Auch bezweifl' ich, daß du glaubeſt,
Was ſo rechter Glauben heißt,
Glaubſt wohl nicht an Gott den Vater,
An den Sohn und heil'gen Geiſt?“

Ach, mein Kindchen, ſchon als Knabe,
Als ich ſaß auf Mutters Schooß,
Glaubte ich an Gott den Vater,
Der da waltet gut und groß;

Der die ſchöne Erd' erſchaffen,
Und die ſchönen Menſchen d'rauf,
Der den Sonnen, Monden, Sternen
Vorgezeichnet ihren Lauf.

Als ich größer wurde, Kindchen,
Noch vielmehr begriff ich ſchon,
Und begriff, und ward vernünftig,
Und ich glaub' auch an den Sohn;

An den lieben Sohn, der liebend
Uns die Liebe offenbart,
Und zum Lohne, wie gebräuchlich,
Von dem Volk gekreuzigt ward.

Jetzo, da ich ausgewachſen,
Viel geleſen, viel gereiſt,
Schwillt mein Herz, und ganz von Herzen
Glaub ich an den heil'gen Geiſt.

Dieſer that die größten Wunder,
Und viel größ're thut er noch;
Er zerbrach die Zwingherrnburgen,
Und zerbrach des Knechtes Joch.

Alte Todeswunden heilt er,
Und erneut das alte Recht:
Alle Menſchen, gleichgeboren,
Sind ein adliges Geſchlecht.

Er verſcheucht die böſen Nebel,
Und das dunkle Hirngeſpinſt,
Das uns Lieb' und Luſt verleidet,
Tag und Nacht uns angegrinſt.

Tauſend Ritter, wohl gewappnet,
Hat der heil'ge Geiſt erwählt,
Seinen Willen zu erfüllen,
Und er hat ſie muthbeſeelt.

Ihre theuern Schwerter blitzen,
Ihre guten Banner weh'n!
Ei, du möchteſt wohl, mein Kindchen,
Solche ſtolze Ritter ſeh'n?

Nun, ſo ſchau mich an, mein Kindchen,
Küſſe mich und ſchaue dreiſt;
Denn ich ſelber bin ein ſolcher
Ritter von dem heil'gen Geiſt.

III.

Still verſteckt der Mond ſich draußen
Hinter'm grünen Tannenbaum,
Und im Zimmer unſre Lampe
Flackert matt und leuchtet kaum.

Aber meine blauen Sterne
Strahlen auf in hell'rem Licht,
Und es glüht die Purpurroſe,
Und das liebe Mädchen ſpricht:

„Kleines Völkchen, Wichtelmännchen,
Stehlen unſer Brot und Speck,
Abends liegt es noch im Kaſten,
Und des Morgens iſt es weg.“

„Kleines Völkchen, unſre Sahne
Naſcht es von der Milch, und läßt
Unbedeckt die Schüſſel ſtehen,
Und die Katze ſäuft den Reſt.“

„Und die Katz' iſt eine Hexe,
Denn ſie ſchleicht, bei Nacht und Sturm,
Drüben nach dem Geiſterberge,
Nach dem altverfall'nen Thurm.“

„Dort hat einſt ein Schloß geſtanden,
Voller Luſt und Waffenglanz;
Blanke Ritter, Frau'n und Knappen
Schwangen ſich im Fackeltanz.“

„Da verwünſchte Schloß und Leute
Eine böſe Zauberin,
Nur die Trümmer blieben ſtehen,
Und die Eulen niſten d'rin.“

„Doch die ſel'ge Muhme ſagte:
Wenn man ſpricht das rechte Wort,
Nächtlich zu der rechten Stunde,
Drüben an dem rechten Ort;“

„So verwandeln ſich die Trümmer
Wieder in ein helles Schloß,
Und es tanzen wieder luſtig
Ritter, Frau'n und Knappentroß;“

„Und wer jenes Wort geſprochen,
Dem gehören Schloß und Leut',
Pauken und Trompeten huld'gen
Seiner jungen Herrlichkeit.“

Alſo blühen Märchenbilder
Aus des Mundes Röſelein,
Und die Augen gießen drüber
Ihren blauen Sternenſchein.

Ihre gold'nen Haare wickelt
Mir die Kleine um die Händ',
Gibt den Fingern hübſche Namen,
Lacht und küßt, und ſchweigt am End'.

Und im ſtillen Zimmer Alles
Blickt mich an ſo wohlvertraut;
Tiſch und Schrank, mir iſt, als hätt' ich
Sie ſchon früher mal geſchaut.

Freundlich ernſthaft ſchwatzt die Wanduhr,
Und die Zither, hörbar kaum,
Fängt von ſelber an zu klingen,
Und ich ſitze wie im Traum.

Jetzo iſt die rechte Stunde,
Und es iſt der rechte Ort;
Staunen würdeſt du, mein Kindchen,
Sprach' ich aus das rechte Wort.

Sprech' ich jenes Wort, ſo dämmert
Und erbebt die Mitternacht,
Bach und Tannen brauſen lauter,
Und der alte Berg erwacht.

Zitherklang und Zwergenlieder
Tönen aus des Berges Spalt,
Und es ſprießt, wie'n toller Frühling,
D'raus hervor ein Blumenwald;

Blumen, ſüße Wunderblumen,
Blätter, breit und fabelhaft,
Duftig bunt und haſtig regſam,
Wie gedrängt von Leidenſchaft.

Roſen, wild wie rothe Flammen,
Sprüh'n aus dem Gewühl hervor;
Lilien, wie kryſtall'ne Pfeiler,
Schießen himmelhoch empor.

Und die Sterne, groß wie Sonnen,
Schau'n herab mit Sehnſuchtgluth;
In der Lilien Rieſenkelche
Strömet ihre Strahlenfluth.

Doch wir ſelber, ſüßes Kindchen,
Sind verwandelt noch viel mehr;
Fackelglanz und Gold und Seide
Schimmern luſtig um uns her.

Du, du wurdeſt zur Prinzeſſin,
Dieſe Hütte ward zum Schloß,
Und da jubeln und da tanzen
Ritter, Frau'n und Knappentroß.

Aber Ich, ich hab' erworben
Dich und Alles, Schloß und Leut';
Pauken und Trompeten huld'gen
Meiner jungen Herrlichkeit!

Die Sonne ging auf. Die Nebel flohen, wie Geſpenſter beim dritten Hahnenſchrei. Ich ſtieg wieder bergauf und bergab, und vor mir ſchwebte die ſchöne Sonne, immer neue Schönheiten beleuchtend. Der Geiſt des Gebirges begünſtigte mich ganz offenbar; er wußte wohl, daß ſo ein Dichtermenſch viel Hübſches wieder erzählen kann, und er ließ mich dieſen Morgen ſeinen Harz ſehen, wie ihn gewiß nicht Jeder ſah. Aber auch mich ſah der Harz, wie mich nur Wenige geſehen, in meinen Augenwimpern flimmerten eben ſo koſtbare Perlen, wie in den Gräſern des Thals. Morgenthau der Liebe feuchtete meine Wangen, die rauſchenden Tannen verſtanden mich, ihre Zweige theilten ſich von einander, bewegten ſich herauf und herab, gleich ſtummen Menſchen, die mit den Händen ihre Freude bezeigen, und in der Ferne klang's wunderbar geheimnißvoll, wie Glockengeläute einer verlorenen Waldkirche. Man ſagt, das ſeien die Heerdenglöckchen, die im Harz ſo lieblich, klar und rein geſtimmt ſind.

Nach dem Stande der Sonne war es Mittag, als ich auf eine ſolche Heerde ſtieß; und der Hirt, ein freundlich blonder junger Menſch, ſagte mir: der große Berg, an deſſen Fuß ich ſtände, ſei der alte, weltberühmte Brocken. Viele Stunden ringsum liegt kein Haus, und ich war froh genug, daß mich der junge Menſch einlud, mit ihm zu eſſen. Wir ſetzten uns nieder zu einem déjeûner dinatoire, das aus Käſe und Brot beſtand; die Schäfchen erhaſchten die Krumen, die lieben, blanken Kühlein ſprangen um uns herum, und klingelten ſchelmiſch mit ihren Glöckchen, und lachten uns an mit ihren großen, vergnügten Augen. Wir tafelten recht königlich; überhaupt ſchien mir mein Wirth ein ächter König, und weil er bis jetzt der einzige König iſt, der mir Brot gegeben hat, ſo will ich ihn auch königlich beſingen.

König iſt der Hirtenknabe,
Grüner Hügel iſt ſein Thron,
Ueber ſeinem Haupt die Sonne
Iſt die ſchwere, goldne Kron'.

Ihm zu Füßen liegen Schafe,
Weiche Schmeichler, rothbekreuzt;
Kavaliere ſind die Kälber,
Und ſie wandeln ſtolzgeſpreizt.

Hofſchauſpieler ſind die Böcklein;
Und die Vögel und die Küh',
Mit den Flöten, mit den Glöcklein,
Sind die Kammermuſici.

Und das klingt und ſingt ſo lieblich,
Und ſo lieblich rauſchen drein
Waſſerfall und Tannenbäume,
Und der König ſchlummert ein.

Unterdeſſen muß regieren
Der Miniſter, jener Hund,
Deſſen knurriges Gebelle
Wiederhallet in der Rund'.

Schläfrig lallt der junge König:
„Das Regieren iſt ſo ſchwer,
Ach, ich wollt', daß ich zu Hauſe
Schon bei meiner Kön'gin wär'!

„In den Armen meiner Kön'gin
Ruht mein Königshaupt ſo weich,
Und in ihren lieben Augen
Liegt mein unermeßlich Reich!“

Wir nahmen freundſchaftlich Abſchied, und fröhlich ſtieg ich den Berg hinauf. Bald empfing mich eine Waldung himmelhoher Tannen, für die ich, in jeder Hinſicht, Reſpekt habe. Dieſen Bäumen iſt nämlich das Wachſen nicht ſo ganz leicht gemacht worden, und ſie haben es ſich in der Jugend ſauer werden laſſen. Der Berg iſt hier mit vielen großen Granitblöcken überſäet, und die meiſten Bäume mußten mit ihren Wurzeln dieſe Steine umranken oder ſprengen, und mühſam den Boden ſuchen, woraus ſie Nahrung ſchöpfen können. Hier und da liegen die Steine, gleichſam ein Thor bildend, über einander, und oben darauf ſtehen die Bäume, die nackten Wurzeln über jene Steinpforte hinziehend, und erſt am Fuße derſelben den Boden erfaſſend, ſo daß ſie in der freien Luft zu wachſen ſcheinen. Und doch haben ſie ſich zu jener gewaltigen Höhe emporgeſchwungen, und mit den umklammerten Steinen wie zuſammengewachſen, ſtehen ſie feſter als ihre bequemen Collegen im zahmen Forſtboden des flachen Landes. So ſtehen auch im Leben jene großen Männer, die durch das Ueberwinden früher Hemmungen und Hinderniſſe ſich erſt recht geſtärkt und befeſtigt haben. Auf den Zweigen der Tannen kletterten Eichhörnchen und unter denſelben ſpazierten die gelben Hirſche. Wenn ich ſolch ein liebes, edles Thier ſehe, ſo kann ich nicht begreifen, wie gebildete Leute Vergnügen daran finden, es zu hetzen und zu tödten. Solch ein Thier war barmherziger als die Menſchen, und ſäugte den ſchmachtenden Schmerzenreich der heiligen Genovefa.

Allerliebſt ſchoſſen die goldenen Sonnenlichter durch das dichte Tannengrün. Eine natürliche Treppe bildeten die Baumwurzeln. Ueberall ſchwellende Moosbänke; denn die Steine ſind fußhoch von den ſchönſten Moosarten, wie mit hellgrünen Sammetpolſtern bewachſen. Liebliche Kühle und träumeriſches Quellengemurmel. Hier und da ſieht man, wie das Waſſer unter den Steinen ſilberhell hinrieſelt und die nackten Baumwurzeln und Faſern beſpült. Wenn man ſich nach dieſem Treiben hinabbeugt, ſo belauſcht man gleichſam die geheime Bildungsgeſchichte der Pflanzen und das ruhige Herzklopfen des Berges. An manchen Orten ſprudelt das Waſſer aus den Steinen und Wurzeln ſtärker hervor und bildet kleine Kaskaden. Da läßt ſich gut ſitzen. Es murmelt und rauſcht ſo wunderbar, die Vögel ſingen abgebrochene Sehnſuchtslaute, die Bäume flüſtern wie mit tauſend Mädchenzungen, wie mit tauſend Mädchenaugen ſchauen uns an die ſeltſamen Bergblumen, ſie ſtrecken nach uns aus die wunderſam breiten, drollig gezackten Blätter, ſpielend flimmern hin und her die luſtigen Sonnenſtrahlen, die ſinnigen Kräutlein erzählen ſich grüne Märchen, es iſt Alles wie verzaubert, es wird immer heimlicher und heimlicher, ein uralter Traum wird lebendig, die Geliebte erſcheint — ach, daß ſie ſo ſchnell wieder verſchwindet!

Je höher man den Berg hinaufſteigt, deſto kürzer, zwerghafter werden die Tannen, ſie ſcheinen immer mehr und mehr zuſammen zu ſchrumpfen, bis nur Heidelbeer- und Rothbeerſträuche und Bergkräuter übrig bleiben. Da wird es auch ſchon fühlbar kälter. Die wunderlichen Gruppen der Granitblöcke werden hier erſt recht ſichtbar; dieſe ſind oft von erſtaunlicher Größe. Das mögen wohl die Spielbälle ſein, die ſich die böſen Geiſter einander zuwerfen in der Walpurgisnacht, wenn hier die Hexen auf Beſenſtielen und Miſtgabeln einhergeritten kommen, und die abentheuerlich verruchte Luſt beginnt, wie die glaubhafte Amme es erzählt, und wie es zu ſchauen iſt auf den hübſchen Fauſtbildern des Meiſter Retzſch. Ja, ein junger Dichter, der auf einer Reiſe von Berlin nach Göttingen in der erſten Mainacht am Brocken vorbeiritt, bemerkte ſogar, wie einige belletriſtiſche Damen auf einer Bergecke ihre äſthetiſche Theegeſellſchaft hielten, ſich gemüthlich die „Abendzeitung“ vorlaſen, ihre poetiſchen Ziegenböckchen, die meckernd den Theetiſch umhüpften, als Univerſalgenies prieſen, und über alle Erſcheinungen in der deutſchen Literatur ihr Endurtheil fällten; doch, als ſie auch auf den „Ratcliff“ und „Almanſor“ geriethen, und dem Verfaſſer alle Frömmigkeit und Chriſtlichkeit abſprachen, da ſträubte ſich das Haar des jungen Mannes, Entſetzen ergriff ihn — ich gab dem Pferde die Sporen und jagte vorüber.

In der That, wenn man die obere Hälfte des Brockens beſteigt, kann man ſich nicht erwehren, an die ergötzlichen Blocksbergsgeſchichten zu denken, und beſonders an die große, myſtiſche, deutſche Nationaltragödie vom Doctor Fauſt. Mir war immer, als ob der Pferdefuß neben mir hinaufklettere, und Jemand humoriſtiſch Athem ſchöpfe. Und ich glaube, auch Mephiſto muß mit Mühe Athem holen, wenn er ſeinen Lieblingsberg erſteigt; es iſt ein äußerſt erſchöpfender Weg, und ich war froh, als ich endlich das langerſehnte Brockenhaus zu Geſicht bekam.

Dieſes Haus, das, wie durch vielfache Abbildungen bekannt iſt, bloß aus einem Parterre beſteht, und auf der Spitze des Berges liegt, wurde erſt 1800 vom Grafen Stollberg-Wernigerode erbaut, für deſſen Rechnung es auch, als Wirthshaus, verwaltet wird. Die Mauern ſind erſtaunlich dick, wegen des Windes und der Kälte im Winter; das Dach iſt niedrig, in der Mitte deſſelben ſteht eine thurmartige Warte, und bei dem Hauſe liegen noch zwei kleine Nebengebäude, wovon das eine in frühern Zeiten den Brockenbeſuchern zum Obdach diente.

Der Eintritt in das Brockenhaus erregte bei mir eine etwas ungewöhnliche, mährchenhafte Empfindung. Man iſt nach einem langen, einſamen Umherſteigen durch Tannen und Klippen plötzlich in ein Wolkenhaus verſetzt; Städte, Berge und Wälder blieben unten liegen, und oben findet man eine wunderlich zuſammengeſetzte, fremde Geſellſchaft, von welcher man, wie es an dergleichen Orten natürlich iſt, faſt wie ein erwarteter Genoſſe, halb neugierig und halb gleichgültig, empfangen wird. Ich fand das Haus voller Gäſte, und wie es einem klugen Manne geziemt, dachte ich ſchon an die Nacht, an die Unbehaglichkeit eines Strohlagers; mit hinſterbender Stimme verlangte ich gleich Thee, und der Herr Brockenwirth war vernünftig genug, einzuſehen, daß ich kranker Menſch für die Nacht ein ordentliches Bett haben müſſe. Dieſes verſchaffte er mir in einem engen Zimmerchen, wo ſchon ein junger Kaufmann, ein langes Brechpulver in einem braunen Oberrocke, ſich etablirt hatte.

In der Wirthsſtube fand ich lauter Leben und Bewegung. Studenten von verſchiedenen Univerſitäten. Die Einen ſind kurz vorher angekommen und reſtauriren ſich, Andere bereiten ſich zum Abmarſch, ſchnüren ihre Ranzen, ſchreiben ihre Namen ins Gedächtnißbuch, erhalten Brockenſträuße von den Hausmädchen, da wird in die Wangen gekniffen, geſungen, geſprungen, gejohlt, man fragt, man antwortet, gut Wetter, Fußweg, Proſit, Adieu. Einige der Abgehenden ſind auch etwas angeſoffen, und dieſe haben von der ſchönen Ausſicht einen doppelten Genuß, da ein Betrunkener Alles doppelt ſieht.

Nachdem ich mich ziemlich recreirt, beſtieg ich die Thurmwarte, und fand daſelbſt einen kleinen Herrn mit zwei Damen, einer jungen und einer ältlichen. Die junge Dame war ſehr ſchön. Eine herrliche Geſtalt, auf dem lockigen Haupte ein helmartiger, ſchwarzer Atlashut, mit deſſen weißen Federn die Winde ſpielten, die ſchlanken Glieder von einem ſchwarzſeidenen Mantel ſo feſt umſchloſſen, daß die edlen Formen hervortraten, und das freie, große Auge ruhig hinabſchauend in die freie, große Welt.

Als ich noch ein Knabe war, dachte ich an nichts als an Zauber- und Wundergeſchichten, und jede ſchöne Dame, die Straußfedern auf dem Kopfe trug, hielt ich für eine Elfenkönigin, und bemerkte ich gar, daß die Schleppe ihres Kleides naß war, ſo hielt ich ſie für eine Waſſernixe. Jetzt denke ich anders, ſeit ich aus der Naturgeſchichte weiß, daß jene ſymboliſchen Federn von dem dümmſten Vogel herkommen, und daß die Schleppe eines Damenkleides auf ſehr natürliche Weiſe naß werden kann. Hätte ich mit jenen Knabenaugen die erwähnte junge Schöne, in erwähnter Stellung, auf dem Brocken geſehen, ſo würde ich ſicher gedacht haben: das iſt die Fee des Berges, und ſie hat eben den Zauber ausgeſprochen, wodurch dort unten Alles ſo wunderbar erſcheint. Ja, in hohem Grade wunderbar erſcheint uns Alles beim erſten Hinabſchauen vom Brocken, alle Seiten unſeres Geiſtes empfangen neue Eindrücke, und dieſe, meiſtens verſchiedenartig, ſogar ſich widerſprechend, verbinden ſich in unſerer Seele zu einem großen, noch unentworrenen, unverſtandenen Gefühl. Gelingt es uns, dieſes Gefühl in ſeinem Begriffe zu erfaſſen, ſo erkennen wir den Charakter des Berges. Dieſer Charakter iſt ganz deutſch, ſowohl in Hinſicht ſeiner Fehler, als auch ſeiner Vorzüge. Der Brocken iſt ein Deutſcher. Mit deutſcher Gründlichkeit zeigt er uns, klar und deutlich, wie ein Rieſenpanorama, die vielen hundert Städte, Städtchen und Dörfer, die meiſtens nördlich liegen, und ringsum alle Berge, Wälder, Flüſſe, Flächen, unendlich weit. Aber eben dadurch erſcheint Alles wie eine ſcharfgezeichnete, rein illuminirte Specialkarte, nirgends wird das Auge durch eigentlich ſchöne Landſchaften erfreut; wie es denn immer geſchieht, daß wir deutſchen Compilatoren, wegen der ehrlichen Genauigkeit, womit wir Alles und Alles hingeben wollen, nie daran denken können, das Einzelne auf eine ſchöne Weiſe zu geben. Der Berg hat auch ſo etwas Deutſchruhiges, Verſtändiges, Tolerantes; eben weil er die Dinge ſo weit und klar überſchauen kann. Und wenn ſolch ein Berg ſeine Rieſenaugen öffnet, mag er wohl noch etwas mehr ſehen, als wir Zwerge, die wir mit unſern blöden Aeuglein auf ihm herumklettern. Viele wollen zwar behaupten, der Brocken ſei ſehr philiſtröſe, und Claudius ſang: „Der Blocksberg iſt der lange Herr Philiſter!" Aber das iſt Irrthum. Durch ſeinen Kahlkopf, den er zuweilen mit einer weißen Nebelkappe bedeckt, giebt er ſich zwar einen Anſtrich von Philiſtröſität; aber, wie bei manchen andern großen Deutſchen, geſchieht es aus purer Ironie. Es iſt ſogar notoriſch, daß der Brocken ſeine burſchikoſen, phantaſtiſchen Zeiten hat, z. B. die erſte Mainacht. Dann wirft er ſeine Nebelkappe jubelnd in die Lüfte, und wird, eben ſo gut wie wir Uebrigen, recht ächtdeutſch romantiſch verrückt.

Ich ſuchte gleich die ſchöne Dame in ein Geſpräch zu verflechten, denn Naturſchönheiten genießt man erſt recht, wenn man ſich auf der Stelle darüber ausſprechen kann. Sie war nicht geiſtreich, aber aufmerkſam ſinnig. Wahrhaft vornehme Formen. Ich meine nicht die gewöhnliche, ſteife, negative Vornehmheit, die genau weiß, was unterlaſſen werden muß; ſondern jene ſeltnere, freie, poſitive Vornehmheit, die uns genau ſagt, was wir thun dürfen, und die uns, bei aller Unbefangenheit, die höchſte geſellige Sicherheit giebt. Ich entwickelte, zu meiner eigenen Verwunderung, viele geographiſche Kenntniſſe, nannte der wißbegierigen Schönen alle Namen der Städte, die vor uns lagen, ſuchte und zeigte ihr dieſelben auf meiner Landkarte, die ich über den Steintiſch, der in der Mitte der Thurmplatte ſteht, mit ächter Docentenmiene ausbreitete. Manche Stadt konnte ich nicht finden, vielleicht weil ich mehr mit den Fingern ſuchte, als mit den Augen, die ſich unterdeſſen auf dem Geſicht der holden Dame orientirten, und dort ſchönere Partien fanden, als „Schierke" und „Elend." Dieſes Geſicht gehörte zu denen, die nie reizen, ſelten entzücken, und immer gefallen. Ich liebe ſolche Geſichter, weil ſie mein ſchlimmbewegtes Herz zur Ruhe lächeln.

In welchem Verhältniß der kleine Herr, der die Damen begleitete, zu denſelben ſtehen mochte, konnte ich nicht errathen. Es war eine dünne, merkwürdige Figur. Ein Köpfchen, ſparſam bedeckt mit grauen Härchen, die über die kurze Stirn bis an die grünlichen Libellenaugen reichten, die runde Naſe weit hervortretend, dagegen Mund und Kinn ſich wieder ängſtlich nach den Ohren zurückziehend. Dieſes Geſichtchen ſchien aus einem zarten, gelblichen Thone zu beſtehen, woraus die Bildhauer ihre erſten Modelle kneten; und wenn die ſchmalen Lippen zuſammenkniffen, zogen ſich über die Wangen einige tauſend halbkreisartige, feine Fältchen. Der kleine Mann ſprach kein Wort, und nur dann und wann, wenn die ältere Dame ihm etwas Freundliches zuflüſterte, lächelte er wie ein Mops, der den Schnupfen hat.

Jene ältere Dame war die Mutter der jüngeren, und auch ſie beſaß die vornehmſten Formen. Ihr Auge verrieth einen krankhaft ſchwärmeriſchen Tiefſinn, um ihren Mund lag ſtrenge Frömmigkeit, doch ſchien mir's, als ob er einſt ſehr ſchön geweſen ſei, und viel gelacht und viele Küſſe empfangen und viele erwiedert habe. Ihr Geſicht glich einem Codex palimpſeſtus, wo, unter der neuſchwarzen Mönchsſchrift eines Kirchenvatertextes, die halberloſchenen Verſe eines altgriechiſchen Liebesdichters hervorlauſchen. Beide Damen waren mit ihrem Begleiter dieſes Jahr in Italien geweſen, und erzählten mir allerlei Schönes von Rom, Florenz und Venedig. Die Mutter erzählte viel von den Raphael'ſchen Bildern in der Peterskirche; die Tochter ſprach mehr von der Oper im Theater Fenice.

Derweilen wir ſprachen, begann es zu dämmern; die Luft wurde noch kälter, die Sonne neigte ſich tiefer, und die Thurmplatte füllte ſich mit Studenten, Handwerksburſchen und einigen ehrſamen Bürgerleuten, ſammt deren Ehefrauen und Töchtern, die alle den Sonnenuntergang ſehen wollten. Es iſt ein erhabener Anblick, der die Seele zum Gebet ſtimmt. Wohl eine Viertelſtunde ſtanden Alle ernſthaft ſchweigend und ſahen, wie der ſchöne Feuerball im Weſten allmählig verſank; die Geſichter wurden vom Abendroth angeſtrahlt, die Hände falteten ſich unwillkührlich; es war, als ſtänden wir, eine ſtille Gemeinde, im Schiffe eines Rieſendoms, und der Prieſter erhöbe jetzt den Leib des Herrn, und von der Orgel herab ergöſſe ſich Paleſtrina's ewiger Choral.

Während ich ſo in Andacht verſunken ſtehe, höre ich, daß neben mir Jemand ausruft: „Wie iſt die Natur doch im Allgemeinen ſo ſchön!" Dieſe Worte kamen aus der gefühlvollen Bruſt meines Zimmergenoſſen, des jungen Kaufmanns. Ich gelangte dadurch wieder zu meiner Werkeltagsſtimmung, war jetzt im Stande, den Damen über den Sonnenuntergang recht viel Artiges zu ſagen, und ſie ruhig, als wäre nichts paſſirt, nach ihrem Zimmer zu führen. Sie erlaubten mir auch, ſie noch eine Stunde zu unterhalten. Wie die Erde ſelbſt, drehte ſich unſre Unterhaltung um die Sonne. Die Mutter äußerte: die in Nebel verſinkende Sonne habe ausgeſehen, wie eine rothglühende Roſe, die der galante Himmel herabgeworfen in den weitausgebreiteten, weißen Brautſchleier ſeiner geliebten Erde. Die Tochter lächelte und meinte, der öftere Anblick ſolcher Naturerſcheinungen ſchwäche ihren Eindruck. Die Mutter berichtigte dieſe falſche Meinung durch eine Stelle aus Goethe's Reiſebriefen, und frug mich, ob ich den Werther geleſen? Ich glaube, wir ſprachen auch von Angorakatzen, etruskiſchen Vaſen, türkiſchen Shawls, Makaroni und Lord Byron, aus deſſen Gedichten die ältere Dame einige Sonnenuntergangsſtellen, recht hübſch liſpelnd und ſeufzend, recitirte. Der jüngern Dame, die kein Engliſch verſtand, und jene Gedichte kennen lernen wollte, empfahl ich die Ueberſetzungen meiner ſchönen, geiſtreichen Landsmännin, der Baronin Eliſe von Hohenhauſen; bei welcher Gelegenheit ich nicht ermangelte, wie ich gegen junge Damen zu thun pflege, über Byron's Gottloſigkeit, Liebloſigkeit, Troſtloſigkeit, und der Himmel weiß, was noch mehr, zu eifern.

Nach dieſem Geſchäfte ging ich noch auf dem Brocken ſpazieren; denn ganz dunkel wird es dort nie. Der Nebel war nicht ſtark, und ich betrachtete die Umriſſe der beiden Hügel, die man den Hexenaltar und die Teufelskanzel nennt. Ich ſchoß meine Piſtolen ab, doch es gab kein Echo. Plötzlich aber höre ich bekannte Stimmen und fühle mich umarmt und geküßt. Es waren meine Landsleute, die Göttingen vier Tage ſpäter verlaſſen hatten, und bedeutend erſtaunt waren, mich ganz allein auf dem Blocksberge wiederzufinden. Da gab es ein Erzählen und Verwundern und Verabreden, ein Lachen und Erinnern, und im Geiſte waren wir wieder in unſerem gelehrten Sibirien, wo die Cultur ſo groß iſt, daß die Bären in den Wirthshäuſern angebunden werden, und die Zobel dem Jäger guten Abend wünſchen.

Im großen Zimmer wurde eine Abendmahlzeit gehalten. Ein langer Tiſch mit zwei Reihen hungriger Studenten. Im Anfange gewöhnliches Univerſitätsgeſpräch: Duelle, Duelle und wieder Duelle. Die Geſellſchaft beſtand meiſtens aus Halleſern, und Halle wurde daher Hauptgegenſtand der Unterhaltung. Die Fenſterſcheiben des Hofraths Schütz wurden exegetiſch beleuchtet. Dann erzählte man, daß die letzte Cour bei dem König von Cypern ſehr glänzend geweſen ſei, daß er einen natürlichen Sohn erwählt, daß er ſich eine lichtenſtein'ſche Prinzeſſin ans linke Bein antrauen laſſen, daß er die Staatsmaitreſſe abgedankt, und daß das ganze gerührte Miniſterium vorſchriftsmäßig geweint habe. Ich brauche wohl nicht zu erwähnen, daß ſich dieſes auf halle'ſche Bierwürden bezieht. Hernach kamen die zwei Chineſen aufs Tapet, die ſich vor zwei Jahren in Berlin ſehen ließen, und jetzt in Halle zu Privatdocenten der chineſiſchen Aeſthetik abgerichtet werden. Nun wurden Witze geriſſen. Man ſetzte den Fall: ein Deutſcher ließe ſich in China für Geld ſehen; und zu dieſem Zwecke wurde ein Anſchlagzettel geſchmiedet, worin die Mandarinen Tſching-Tſchang-Tſchung und Hi-Ha-Ho begutachteten, daß es ein ächter Deutſcher ſei, worin ferner ſeine Kunſtſtücke aufgerechnet wurden, die hauptſächlich in Philoſophiren, Tabakrauchen und Geduld beſtanden, und worin noch ſchließlich bemerkt wurde, daß man um zwölf Uhr, welches die Fütterungsſtunde ſei, keine Hunde mitbringen dürfe, indem dieſe dem armen Deutſchen die beſten Brocken wegzuſchnappen pflegten.

Ein junger Burſchenſchafter, der kürzlich zur Purification in Berlin geweſen, ſprach viel von dieſer Stadt, aber ſehr einſeitig. Er hatte Wiſotzki und das Theater beſucht; beide beurtheilte er falſch. „Schnell fertig iſt die Jugend mit dem Wort u. ſ. w.“ Er ſprach von Garderobenaufwand, Schauſpieler- und Schauſpielerinnenſcandal u. ſ. w. Der junge Menſch wußte nicht, daß, da in Berlin überhaupt der Schein der Dinge am meiſten gilt, was ſchon die allgemeine Redensart, „man ſo duhn,“ hinlänglich andeutet, dieſes Scheinweſen auf den Brettern erſt recht florieren muß, und daß daher die Intendanz am meiſten zu ſorgen hat für die „Farbe des Barts, womit eine Rolle geſpielt wird,“ für die Treue der Coſtüme, die von beeidigten Hiſtorikern vorgezeichnet, und von wiſſenſchaftlich gebildeten Schneidern genäht werden. Und das iſt nothwendig. Denn trüge mal Maria Stuart eine Schürze, die ſchon zum Zeitalter der Königin Anna gehört, ſo würde gewiß der Banquier C. G. ſich mit Recht beklagen, daß ihm dadurch alle Illuſion verloren gehe; und hätte mal Lord Burleigh aus Verſehen die Hoſen von Heinrich IV. angezogen, ſo würde gewiß die Kriegsräthin v. S. dieſen Anachronismus den ganzen Abend nicht aus den Augen laſſen. Solche täuſchende Sorgfalt der Generalintendanz erſtreckt ſich aber nicht bloß auf Schürzen und Hoſen, ſondern auch auf die darin verwickelten Perſonen. So ſoll künftig der Othello von einem wirklichen Mohren geſpielt werden, den Profeſſor Lichtenſtein ſchon zu dieſem Behufe aus Afrika verſchrieben hat; in Menſchenhaß und Reue ſoll künftig die Eulalia von einem wirklich verlaufenen Weibsbilde, der Peter von einem wirklich dummen Jungen, und der Unbekannte von einem wirklich geheimen Hahnrei geſpielt werden, die man alle drei nicht erſt aus Afrika zu verſchreiben braucht. Hatte nun obenerwähnter junger Menſch die Verhältniſſe des berliner Schauſpiels ſchlecht begriffen, ſo merkte er noch viel weniger, daß die Spontini'ſche Janitſcharenoper, mit ihren Pauken, Elephanten, Trompeten und Tamtams, ein heroiſches Mittel iſt, um unſer erſchlafftes Volk kriegeriſch zu ſtärken, ein Mittel, das ſchon Plato und Cicero ſtaatspfiffig empfohlen haben.

Während ſolcherlei Geſpräche hin und her pflogen, verlor man doch das Nützliche nicht aus den Augen, und den großen Schüſſeln, die mit Fleiſch, Kartoffeln u. ſ. w. ehrlich angefüllt waren, wurde fleißig zugeſprochen. Jedoch das Eſſen war ſchlecht. Dieſes erwähnte ich leichthin gegen meinen Nachbar, der aber, mit einem Accente, woran ich den Schweizer erkannte, gar unhöflich antwortete: daß wir Deutſchen wie mit der wahren Freiheit, ſo auch mit der wahren Genügſamkeit unbekannt ſeien. Ich zuckte die Achſeln und bemerkte: daß die eigentlichen Fürſtenknechte und Leckerkramverfertiger überall Schweizer ſind und vorzugsweiſe ſo genannt werden, und daß überhaupt die jetzigen ſchweizeriſchen Freiheitshelden, die ſo viel Politiſch-Kühnes ins Publikum hineinſchwatzen, mir immer vorkommen wie Haſen, die auf öffentlichen Jahrmärkten Piſtolen abſchießen, alle Kinder und Bauern durch ihre Kühnheit in Erſtaunen ſetzen, und dennoch Haſen ſind.

Der Sohn der Alpen hatte es gewiß nicht böſe gemeint, „es war ein dicker Mann, folglich ein guter Mann,“ ſagt Cervantes. Aber mein Nachbar von der andern Seite, ein Greifswalder, war durch jene Aeußerung ſehr piquirt; er betheuerte, daß deutſche Thatkraft und Einfältigkeit noch nicht erloſchen ſei, ſchlug ſich dröhnend auf die Bruſt und leerte eine ungeheure Stange Weißbier. Der Schweizer ſagte: „Nu! Nu!“ Doch, je beſchwichtigender er dieſes ſagte, deſto eifriger ging der Greifswalder ins Geſchirr. Dieſer war ein Mann aus jenen Zeiten, als die Läuſe gute Tage hatten und die Friſeure zu verhungern fürchteten. Er trug herabhängend langes Haar, ein ritterliches Barett, einen ſchwarzen, altdeutſchen Rock, ein ſchmutziges Hemd, das zugleich das Amt einer Weſte verſah, und darunter ein Medaillon mit einem Haarbüſchel von Blücher's Schimmel. Er ſah aus wie ein Narr in Lebensgröße. Ich mache mir gern einige Bewegung beim Abendeſſen, und ließ mich daher von ihm in einen patriotiſchen Streit verflechten. Er war der Meinung, Deutſchland müſſe in 33 Gauen getheilt werden. Ich hingegen behauptete: es müßten 48 ſein, weil man alsdann ein ſyſtematiſcheres Handbuch über Deutſchland ſchreiben könne, und es doch nothwendig ſei, das Leben mit der Wiſſenſchaft zu verbinden. Mein Greifswalder Freund war auch ein deutſcher Barde, und, wie er mir vertraute, arbeitete er an einem Nationalheldengedichte zur Verherrlichung Hermanns und der Hermannsſchlacht. Manchen nützlichen Wink gab ich ihm für die Anfertigung dieſes Epos. Ich machte ihn darauf aufmerkſam, daß er die Sümpfe und Knüppelwege des teutoburger Waldes ſehr onomatopöiſch durch wäßrige und holprige Verſe andeuten könne, und daß es eine patriotiſche Feinheit wäre, wenn er den Varus und die übrigen Römer lauter Unſinn ſprechen ließe. Ich hoffe, dieſer Kunſtkniff wird ihm, eben ſo erfolgreich wie andern berliner Dichtern, bis zur bedenklichſten Illuſion gelingen.

An unſerem Tiſche wurde es immer lauter und traulicher, der Wein verdrängte das Bier, die Punſchbowlen dampften, es wurde getrunken, ſmollirt und geſungen. Der alte Landesvater und herrliche Lieder von W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland u. ſ. w. erſchollen. Schöne Methfeſſel'ſche Melodien. Am allerbeſten erklangen unſres Arndt's deutſche Worte: „Der Gott, der Eiſen wachſen ließ, der wollte keine Knechte!“ Und draußen brauſte es, als ob der alte Berg mitſänge, und einige ſchwankende Freunde behaupteten ſogar, er ſchüttle freudig ſein kahles Haupt und unſer Zimmer werde dadurch hin und her bewegt. Die Flaſchen wurden leerer und die Köpfe voller. Der Eine brüllte, der Andere fiſtulirte, ein Dritter deklamirte aus der „Schuld,“ ein Vierter ſprach Latein, ein Fünfter predigte von der Mäßigkeit, und ein Sechſter ſtellte ſich auf den Stuhl und docirte: „Meine Herren! Die Erde iſt eine runde Walze, die Menſchen ſind einzelne Stiftchen darauf, ſcheinbar planlos zerſtreut; aber die Walze dreht ſich, die Stiftchen ſtoßen hier und da an und tönen, die einen oft, die andern ſelten, das giebt eine wunderbare, complicirte Muſik, und dieſe heißt Weltgeſchichte. Wir ſprechen alſo erſt von der Muſik, dann von der Welt und endlich von der Geſchichte; letztere aber theilen wir ein in Poſitiv und ſpaniſche Fliegen —“ Und ſo ging's weiter mit Sinn und Unſinn.

Ein gemüthlicher Mecklenburger, der ſeine Naſe im Punſchglaſe hatte, und ſelig lächelnd den Dampf einſchnupfte, machte die Bemerkung: es ſei ihm zu Muthe, als ſtände er wieder vor dem Theaterbüffet in Schwerin! Ein Anderer hielt ſein Weinglas wie ein Perſpectiv vor die Augen und ſchien es aufmerkſam damit zu betrachten, während ihm der rothe Wein über die Backen ins hervortretende Maul hinablief. Der Greifswalder, plötzlich begeiſtert, warf ſich an meine Bruſt und jauchzte: „O, verſtändeſt Du mich, ich bin ein Liebender, ich bin ein Glücklicher, ich werde wieder geliebt, und, Gott verdamm' mich! es iſt ein gebildetes Mädchen, denn ſie hat volle Brüſte, und trägt ein weißes Kleid und ſpielt Klavier!" — Aber der Schweizer weinte, und küßte zärtlich meine Hand und wimmerte beſtändig: „O Bäbeli! O Bäbeli!"

In dieſem verworrenen Treiben, wo die Teller tanzen und die Gläſer fliegen lernten, ſaßen mir gegenüber zwei Jünglinge, ſchön und blaß wie Marmorbilder, der Eine mehr dem Adonis, der Andere mehr dem Apollo ähnlich. Kaum bemerkbar war der leichte Roſenhauch, den der Wein über ihre Wangen hinwarf. Mit unendlicher Liebe ſahen ſie ſich einander an, als wenn Einer leſen könnte in den Augen des Andern, und in dieſen Augen ſtrahlte es, als wären einige Lichttropfen hineingefallen aus jener Schaale voll lodernder Liebe, die ein frommer Engel dort oben von einem Stern zum andern hinüberträgt. Sie ſprachen leiſe, mit ſehnſuchtbebender Stimme, und es waren traurige Geſchichten, aus denen ein wunderſchmerzlicher Ton hervorklang. „Die Lore iſt jetzt auch todt!" ſagte der Eine und ſeufzte, und nach einer Pauſe erzählte er von einem Halleſchen Mädchen, das in einen Studenten verliebt war, und als dieſer Halle verließ, mit Niemand mehr ſprach, und wenig aß, und Tag und Nacht weinte, und immer den Canarienvogel betrachtete, den der Geliebte ihr einſt geſchenkt hatte. „Der Vogel ſtarb, und bald darauf iſt auch die Lore geſtorben!" ſo ſchloß die Erzählung, und beide Jünglinge ſchwiegen wieder und ſeufzten, als wollte ihnen das Herz zerſpringen. Endlich ſprach der Andere: „Meine Seele iſt traurig! Komm mit hinaus in die dunkle Nacht! Einathmen will ich den Hauch der Wolken und die Strahlen des Mondes. Genoſſe meiner Wehmuth! ich liebe Dich, Deine Worte tönen wie Rohrgeflüſter, wie gleitende Ströme, ſie tönen wieder in meiner Bruſt, aber meine Seele iſt traurig!"

Nun erhoben ſich die beiden Jünglinge, Einer ſchlang den Arm um den Nacken des Andern, und ſie verließen das toſende Zimmer. Ich folgte ihnen nach und ſah, wie ſie in eine dunkle Kammer traten, wie der Eine, ſtatt des Fenſters, einen großen Kleiderſchrank öffnete, wie Beide vor demſelben, mit ſehnſüchtig ausgeſtreckten Armen, ſtehen blieben und wechſelweiſe ſprachen. „Ihr Lüfte der dämmernden Nacht!" rief der Erſte, „wie erquickend kühlt ihr meine Wangen! Wie lieblich ſpielt Ihr mit meinen flatternden Locken! Ich ſteh' auf des Berges wolkigem Gipfel, unter mir liegen die ſchlafenden Städte der Menſchen, und blinken die blauen Gewäſſer. Horch! dort unten im Thale rauſchen die Tannen! Dort über die Hügel ziehen, in Nebelgeſtalten, die Geiſter der Väter. O, könnt' ich mit Euch jagen, auf dem Wolkenroß, durch die ſtürmiſche Nacht, über die rollende See, zu den Sternen hinauf! Aber ach! ich bin beladen mit Leid und meine Seele iſt traurig!" — Der andere Jüngling hatte ebenfalls ſeine Arme ſehnſuchtsvoll nach dem Kleiderſchranke ausgeſtreckt, Thränen ſtürzten aus ſeinen Augen, und zu einer gelbledernen Hoſe, die er für den Mond hielt, ſprach er mit wehmüthiger Stimme: „Schön biſt du, Tochter des Himmels! Holdſelig iſt deines Antlitzes Ruh! Du wandelſt einher in Lieblichkeit! Die Sterne folgen deinen blauen Pfaden im Oſten. Bei deinem Anblick erfreuen ſich die Wolken, und es lichten ſich ihre düſtern Geſtalten. Wer gleicht dir am Himmel, Erzeugte der Nacht? Beſchämt, in deiner Gegenwart, ſind die Sterne, und wenden ab die grünfunkelnden Augen. Wohin, wenn des Morgens dein Antlitz erbleicht, entfliehſt du von deinem Pfade? Haſt du gleich mir deine Halle? Wohnſt du im Schatten der Wehmuth? Sind deine Schweſtern vom Himmel gefallen? Sie, die freudig mit dir die Nacht durchwallten, ſind ſie nicht mehr? Ja, ſie fielen herab, o ſchönes Licht, und du verbirgſt dich oft, ſie zu betrauern. Doch einſt wird kommen die Nacht, und du, auch du biſt vergangen, und haſt deine blauen Pfade dort oben verlaſſen. Dann erheben die Sterne ihre grünen Häupter, die einſt deine Gegenwart beſchämt, ſie werden ſich freuen. Doch jetzt biſt du gekleidet in deiner Strahlenpracht und ſchauſt herab aus den Thoren des Himmels. Zerreißt die Wolken, o Winde, damit die Erzeugte der Nacht hervor zu leuchten vermag, und die buſchigen Berge erglänzen und das Meer ſeine ſchäumenden Wogen rolle in Licht!"

Ein wohlbekannter, nicht ſehr magerer Freund, der mehr getrunken als gegeſſen hatte, obgleich er auch heute Abend, wie gewöhnlich, eine Portion Rindfleiſch verſchlungen, wovon ſechs Gardelieutenants und ein unſchuldiges Kind ſatt geworden wären, dieſer kam jetzt in allzugutem Humor, d. h. ganz en Schwein, vorbeigerannt, ſchob die beiden elegiſchen Freunde etwas unſanft in den Schrank hinein, polterte nach der Hausthüre, und wirthſchaftete draußen ganz mörderlich. Der Lärm im Saale wurde auch immer verworrener und dumpfer. Die beiden Jünglinge im Schranke jammerten und wimmerten, ſie lägen zerſchmettert am Fuße des Berges; aus dem Halſe ſtrömte ihnen der edle Rothwein, ſie überſchwemmten ſich wechſelſeitig, und der Eine ſprach zum Andern: „Lebe wohl! Ich fühle, daß ich verblute. Warum weckſt du mich, Frühlingsluft? Du buhlſt und ſprichſt: ich bethaue dich mit Tropfen des Himmels. Doch die Zeit meines Welkens iſt nahe, nahe der Sturm, der meine Blätter herabſtört! Morgen wird der Wanderer kommen, kommen der mich ſah in meiner Schönheit, ringsum wird ſein Auge im Felde mich ſuchen, und wird mich nicht finden. —" Aber Alles übertobte die wohlbekannte Baßſtimme, die draußen vor der Thüre, unter Fluchen und Jauchzen, ſich gottesläſterlich beklagte: daß auf der ganzen dunkeln Weenderſtraße keine einzige Laterne brenne, und man nicht einmal ſehen könne, bei wem man die Fenſterſcheiben eingeſchmiſſen habe.

Ich kann viel vertragen — die Beſcheidenheit erlaubt mir nicht, die Bouteillenzahl zu nennen — und ziemlich gut conditionirt gelangte ich nach meinem Schlafzimmer. Der junge Kaufmann lag ſchon im Bette, mit ſeiner kreideweißen Nachtmütze und ſafrangelben Jacke von Geſundheitsflanell. Er ſchlief noch nicht und ſuchte ein Geſpräch mit mir anzuknüpfen. Er war ein Frankfurt-am-Mainer, und folglich ſprach er gleich von den Juden, die Alles Gefühl für das Schöne und Edle verloren haben, und die engliſchen Waaren 25 Procent unter dem Fabrikpreiſe verkaufen. Es ergriff mich die Luſt, ihn etwas zu myſtificiren; deshalb ſagte ich ihm: ich ſei ein Nachtwandler, und müſſe im Voraus um Entſchuldigung bitten, für den Fall, daß ich ihn etwa im Schlafe ſtören möchte. Der arme Menſch hat deshalb, wie er mir den andern Tag geſtand, die ganze Nacht nicht geſchlafen, da er die Beſorgniß hegte, ich könnte mit meinen Piſtolen, die vor meinem Bette lagen, im Nachtwandlerzuſtande ein Malheur anrichten. Im Grunde war es mir nicht viel beſſer als ihm gegangen, ich hatte ſehr ſchlecht geſchlafen. Wüſte, beängſtigende Phantaſiegebilde. Ein Clavierauszug aus Dante's „Hölle." Am Ende träumte mir gar, ich ſähe die Aufführung einer juriſtiſchen Oper, die Falcidia geheißen, erbrechtlicher Text von Gans, und Muſik von Spontini. Ein toller Traum. Das römiſche Forum leuchtete prächtig, Serv. Aſinius ** als Prätor auf ſeinem Stuhle, die Toga in ſtolze Falten werfend, ergoß ſich in polternden Recitativen, Marcus Tullius ** als Prima Donna legataria, all' ſeine holde Weiblichkeit offenbarend, ſang die liebeſchmelzende Bravourarie quicunque civis romanus; ziegelroth geſchminkte Referendarien brüllten als Chor der Unmündigen, Privatdocenten, als Genien in fleiſchfarbigem Tricot gekleidet, tanzten ein antejuſtinianeiſches Ballet und bekränzten mit Blumen die zwölf Tafeln, unter Donner und Blitz ſtieg aus der Erde der beleidigte Geiſt der römiſchen Geſetzgebung, hierauf Poſaunen, Tamtam, Feuerregen, cum omni causa.

Aus dieſem Lärmen zog mich der Brockenwirth, indem er mich weckte, um den Sonnenaufgang anzuſehen. Auf dem Thurme fand ich ſchon einige Harrende, die ſich die frierenden Hände rieben, Andere, noch den Schlaf in den Augen, taumelten herauf; endlich ſtand die ſtille Gemeinde von geſtern Abend wieder ganz verſammelt, und ſchweigend ſahen wir, wie am Horizonte die kleine, carmoiſinrothe Kugel emporſtieg, eine winterlich dämmernde Beleuchtung ſich verbreitete, die Berge wie in einem wellenwallenden Meere ſchwammen, und bloß die Spitzen derſelben ſichtbar hervortraten, ſo daß man auf einem kleinen Hügel zu ſtehen glaubte, mitten auf einer überſchwemmten Ebene, wo nur hier und da eine trockene Erdſcholle hervortritt. Um das Geſehene und Empfundene in Worten feſt zu halten, zeichnete ich folgendes Gedicht:

Heller wird es ſchon im Oſten
Durch der Sonne kleines Glimmen,
Weit und breit die Bergesgipfel
In dem Nebelmeere ſchwimmen.

Hätt' ich Siebenmeilenſtiefel,
Lief' ich, mit der Haſt des Windes,
Ueber jene Bergesgipfel,
Nach dem Haus' des lieben Kindes.

Von dem Bettchen, wo ſie ſchlummert,
Zög' ich leiſe die Gardinen,
Leiſe küßt' ich ihre Stirne,
Leiſe ihres Mund's Rubinen

Und noch leiſer möcht' ich flüſtern
In die kleinen Lilien-Ohren:
Denk' im Traum, daß wir uns lieben,
Und daß wir uns nie verloren.

Indeſſen, meine Sehnſucht nach einem Frühſtück war ebenfalls groß, und nachdem ich meinen Damen einige Höflichkeiten geſagt, eilte ich hinab, um in der warmen Stube Kaffee zu trinken. Es that Noth; in meinem Magen ſah es ſo nüchtern aus, wie in der goslar'ſchen Stephanskirche. Aber mit dem arabiſchen Tranke rieſelte mir auch der warme Orient durch die Glieder, öſtliche Roſen umdufteten mich, ſüße Bulbullieder erklangen, die Studenten verwandelten ſich in Kameele, die Brockenhausmädchen, mit ihren Congreveſchen Blicken, wurden zu Houris, die Philiſternaſen wurden Minarets u. ſ. w.

Das Buch, das neben mir lag, war aber nicht der Koran. Unſinn enthielt es freilich genug. Es war das ſogenannte Brockenbuch, worein alle Reiſende, die den Berg erſteigen, ihre Namen ſchreiben, und die Meiſten noch einige Gedanken, und in Ermangelung derſelben, ihre Gefühle hinzunotiren. Viele drücken ſich ſogar in Verſen aus. In dieſem Buche ſieht man, welche Greuel entſtehen, wenn der große Philiſtertroß bei gebräuchlichen Gelegenheiten, wie hier auf dem Brocken, ſich vorgenommen hat, poetiſch zu werden. Der Palaſt des Prinzen von Pallagonia, enthält keine ſo großen Abgeſchmacktheiten, wie dieſes Buch, wo beſonders hervorglänzen die Herren Acciſeeinnehmer mit ihren verſchimmelten Hochgefühlen, die Comptoirjünglinge mit ihren pathetiſchen Seelenergüſſen, die altdeutſchen Revolutionsdilettanten mit ihren Turngemeinplätzen, die berliner Schullehrer mit ihren verunglückten Entzückungsphraſen u. ſ. w. Herr Johannes Hagel will ſich auch mal als Schriftſteller zeigen. Hier wird des Sonnenaufgangs majeſtätiſche Pracht beſchrieben; dort wird geklagt über ſchlechtes Wetter, über getäuſchte Erwartungen, über den Nebel, der alle Ausſicht verſperrt. „Benebelt heraufgekommen und benebelt hinuntergegangen!“ iſt ein ſtehender Witz, der hier von Hunderten nachgeriſſen wird.

Das ganze Buch riecht nach Käſe, Bier und Tabak; man glaubt einen Roman von Clauren zu leſen.

Während ich nun beſagtermaßen Kaffee trank und im Brockenbuche blätterte, trat der Schweizer mit hochrothen Wangen herein, und voller Begeiſterung erzählte er von dem erhabenen Anblick, den er oben auf dem Thurme genoſſen, als das reine, ruhige Licht der Sonne, Sinnbild der Wahrheit, mit den nächtlichen Nebelmaſſen gekämpft, daß es ausgeſehen habe, wie eine Geiſterſchlacht, wo zürnende Rieſen ihre langen Schwerter ausſtrecken, geharniſchte Ritter, auf bäumenden Roſſen, einherjagen, Streitwagen, flatternde Banner, abentheuerliche Thierbildungen aus dem wildeſten Gewühle hervortauchen, bis endlich Alles in den wahnſinnigſten Verzerrungen zuſammenkräuſelt, blaſſer und blaſſer zerrinnt und ſpurlos verſchwindet. Dieſe demagogiſche Naturerſcheinung hatte ich verſäumt, und ich kann, wenn es zur Unterſuchung kommt, eidlich verſichern: daß ich von nichts weiß, als vom Geſchmack des guten braunen Kaffee's. Ach, dieſer war ſogar Schuld, daß ich meine ſchöne Dame vergeſſen, und jetzt ſtand ſie vor der Thür, mit Mutter und Begleiter, im Begriff, den Wagen zu beſteigen. Kaum hatte ich noch Zeit, hin zu eilen und ihr zu verſichern, daß es kalt ſei. Sie ſchien unwillig, daß ich nicht früher gekommen; doch ich glättete bald die mißmüthigen Falten ihrer ſchönen Stirn, indem ich ihr eine wunderliche Blume ſchenkte, die ich den Tag vorher, mit halsbrechender Gefahr, von einer ſteilen Felſenwand gepflückt hatte. Die Mutter verlangte den Namen der Blume zu wiſſen, gleichſam als ob ſie es unſchicklich finde, daß ihre Tochter eine fremde, unbekannte Blume vor die Bruſt ſtecke — denn wirklich, die Blume erhielt dieſen beneidenswerthen Platz, was ſie ſich gewiß geſtern auf ihrer einſamen Höhe nicht träumen ließ. Der ſchweigſame Begleiter öffnete jetzt auf einmal den Mund, zählte die Staubfäden der Blume und ſagte ganz trocken: ſie gehört zur achten Klaſſe.

Es ärgert mich jedesmal, wenn ich ſehe, daß man auch Gottes liebe Blumen, eben ſo wie uns, in Kaſten getheilt hat, und nach ähnlichen Aeußerlichkeiten, nämlich nach Staubfäden-Verſchiedenheit. Soll doch' mal eine Eintheilung ſtattfinden, ſo folge man dem Vorſchlage Theophraſt's, der die Blumen mehr nach dem Geiſte, nämlich nach ihrem Geruche, eintheilen wollte. Was mich betrifft, ſo habe ich in der Naturwiſſenſchaft mein eigenes Syſtem, und demnach theile ich Alles ein: in dasjenige, was man eſſen kann, und in dasjenige, was man nicht eſſen kann.

Jedoch, der ältern Dame war die geheimnißvolle Natur der Blumen nichts weniger als verſchloſſen, und unwillkührlich äußerte ſie: daß ſie von den Blumen, wenn ſie noch im Garten oder im Topfe wachſen, recht erfreut werde, daß hingegen ein leiſes Schmerzgefühl, traumhaft beängſtigend, ihre Bruſt durchzittere, wenn ſie eine abgebrochene Blume ſehe — da eine ſolche doch eigentlich eine Leiche ſei, und ſo eine gebrochene, zarte Blumenleiche ihr welkes Köpfchen recht traurig herabhängen laſſe, wie ein todtes Kind. Die Dame war faſt erſchrocken über den trüben Wiederſchein ihrer Bemerkung, und es war meine Pflicht, denſelben mit einigen Voltaire'ſchen Verſen zu verſcheuchen. Wie doch ein Paar franzöſiſche Worte uns gleich in die gehörige Convenienzſtimmung zurück verſetzen können! Wir lachten, Hände wurden geküßt, huldreich wurde gelächelt, die Pferde wieherten und der Wagen holperte, langſam und beſchwerlich, den Berg hinunter.

Nun machten auch die Studenten Anſtalt zum Abreiſen, die Ranzen wurden geſchnürt, die Rechnungen, die über alle Erwartung billig ausfielen, berichtigt, die empfänglichen Hausmädchen, auf deren Geſichtern die Spuren glücklicher Liebe, brachten, wie gebräuchlich iſt, die Brockenſträußchen, halfen ſolche auf die Mützen befeſtigen, wurden dafür mit einigen Küſſen oder Groſchen honorirt, und ſo ſtiegen wir Alle den Berg hinab, indem die Einen, wobei der Schweizer und Greifswalder, den Weg nach Schierke einſchlugen, und die Andern, ungefähr zwanzig Mann, wobei auch meine Landsleute und ich, angeführt von einem Wegweiſer, durch die ſogenannten Schneelöcher hinabzogen nach Ilſenburg.

Das ging über Hals und Kopf. Ehe ich mich deſſen verſah, war die kahle Partie des Berges mit den darauf zerſtreuten Steingruppen ſchon hinter uns, und wir kamen durch einen Tannenwald, wie ich ihn den Tag vorher geſehen. Die Sonne goß ſchon ihre feſtlichſten Strahlen herab und beleuchtete die humoriſtiſch-buntgekleideten Burſchen, die ſo munter durch das Dickicht drangen, hier verſchwanden, dort wieder zum Vorſchein kamen, bei Sumpfſtellen über die quergelegten Baumſtämme liefen, bei abſchüſſigen Tiefen an den rankenden Wurzeln kletterten, in den ergötzlichſten Tonarten emporjohlten, und eben ſo luſtige Antwort zurückerhielten von den zwitſchernden Waldvögeln, von den rauſchenden Tannen, von den unſichtbar plätſchernden Quellen und von dem ſchallenden Echo. Wenn frohe Jugend und ſchöne Natur zuſammenkommen, ſo freuen ſie ſich wechſelſeitig.

Je tiefer wir hinabſtiegen, deſto lieblicher rauſchte das unterirdiſche Gewäſſer, nur hier und da, unter Geſtein und Geſtrippe, blinkte es hervor, und ſchien heimlich zu lauſchen, ob es ans Licht treten dürfe, und endlich kam eine kleine Welle entſchloſſen hervorgeſprungen. Nun zeigt ſich die gewöhnliche Erſcheinung: ein Kühner macht den Anfang, und der große Troß der Zagenden wird plötzlich, zu ſeinem eigenen Erſtaunen, von Muth ergriffen, und eilt, ſich mit jenem Erſten zu vereinigen. Eine Menge anderer Quellen hüpften jetzt haſtig aus ihrem Verſteck, verbanden ſich mit der zuerſt hervorgeſprungenen, und bald bildeten ſie zuſammen ein ſchon bedeutendes Bächlein, das in unzähligen Waſſerfällen, und in wunderlichen Windungen, das Bergthal hinabrauſcht. Das iſt nun die Ilſe, die liebliche, ſüße Ilſe. Sie zieht ſich durch das Ilſethal, an deſſen beiden Seiten ſich die Berge allmählig höher erheben, und dieſe ſind, bis zu ihrem Fuße, meiſtens mit Buchen, Eichen und gewöhnlichem Blattgeſträuche bewachſen, nicht mehr mit Tannen und anderm Nadelholz. Denn jene Blätterholzart wird vorherrſchend auf dem „Unterharze,“ wie man die Oſtſeite des Brockens nennt, im Gegenſatz zur Weſtſeite deſſelben, die der „Oberharz“ heißt, und wirklich viel höher iſt, und alſo auch viel geeigneter zum Gedeihen der Nadelhölzer.

Es iſt unbeſchreibbar, mit welcher Fröhlichkeit, Naivität und Anmuth die Ilſe ſich hinunterſtürzt über die abentheuerlich gebildeten Felsſtücke, die ſie in ihrem Laufe findet, ſo daß das Waſſer hier wild empor ziſcht oder ſchäumend überläuft, dort aus allerlei Steinſpalten, wie aus vollen Gießkannen, in reinen Bögen ſich ergießt, und unten wieder über die kleinen Steine hintrippelt, wie ein munteres Mädchen. Ja, die Sage iſt wahr, die Ilſe iſt eine Prinzeſſin, die lachend und blühend den Berg hinabläuft. Wie blinkt im Sonnenſchein ihr weißes Schaumgewand! Wie flattern im Winde ihre ſilbernen Buſenbänder! Wie funkeln und blitzen ihre Diamanten! Die hohen Buchen ſtehen dabei gleich ernſten Vätern, die verſtohlen lächelnd dem Muthwillen des lieblichen Kindes zuſehen; die weißen Birken bewegen ſich tantenhaft vergnügt, und doch zugleich ängſtlich über die gewagten Sprünge; der ſtolze Eichbaum ſchaut drein wie ein verdrießlicher Oheim, der das ſchöne Wetter bezahlen ſoll; die Vögelein in den Lüften jubeln ihren Beifall, die Blumen am Ufer flüſtern zärtlich: O, nimm uns mit, nimm uns mit, lieb' Schweſterchen! — aber das luſtige Mädchen ſpringt unaufhaltſam weiter, und plötzlich ergreift ſie den träumenden Dichter, und es ſtrömt auf mich herab ein Blumenregen von klingenden Strahlen und ſtrahlenden Klängen, und die Sinne vergehen mir vor lauter Herrlichkeit, und ich höre nur noch die flötenſüße Stimme:

Ich bin die Prinzeſſin Ilſe,
Und wohne im Ilſenſtein;
Komm mit nach meinem Schloſſe,
Wir wollen ſelig ſein.

Dein Haupt will ich benetzen
Mit meiner klaren Well',
Du ſollſt deine Schmerzen vergeſſen,
Du ſorgenkranker Geſell!

In meinen weißen Armen,
An meiner weißen Bruſt,
Da ſollſt du liegen und träumen,
Von alter Mährchenluſt.

Ich will dich küſſen und herzen,
Wie ich geherzt und geküßt,
Den lieben Kaiſer Heinrich,
Der nun geſtorben iſt.

Es bleiben todt die Todten,
Und nur der Lebendige lebt;
Und ich bin ſchön und blühend;
Mein lachendes Herze bebt.

Und bebt mein Herz dort unten,
So klingt mein kryſtallenes Schloß
Es tanzen die Fräulein und Ritter,
Es jubelt der Knappentroß.

Es rauſchen die ſeidenen Schleppen,
Es klirren die Eiſenſporn's,
Die Zwerge trompeten und pauken,
Und fiedeln und blaſen das Horn.

Doch dich ſoll mein Arm umſchlingen,
Wie er Kaiſer Heinrich umſchlang:
Ich hielt ihm zu die Ohren,
Wenn die Trompet' erklang.

Unendlich ſelig iſt das Gefühl, wenn die Erſcheinungswelt mit unſerer Gemüthswelt zuſammenrinnt, und grüne Bäume, Gedanken, Vögelgeſang, Wehmuth, Himmelsbläue, Erinnerung und Kräuterduft ſich in ſüßen Arabesken verſchlingen. Die Frauen kennen am beſten dieſes Gefühl, und darum mag auch ein ſo holdſelig ungläubiges Lächeln um ihre Lippen ſchweben, wenn wir mit Schulſtolz unſere logiſchen Thaten rühmen, wie wir Alles ſo hübſch eingetheilt in objectiv und ſubjectiv, wie wir unſere Köpfe apothekenartig mit tauſend Schubladen verſehen, wo in der einen Vernunft, in der andern Verſtand, in der dritten Witz, in der vierten ſchlechter Witz, und in der fünften gar nichts, nämlich die Idee, enthalten iſt.

Wie im Traume fortwandelnd, hatte ich faſt nicht bemerkt, daß wir die Tiefe des Ilſethales verlaſſen, und wieder bergauf ſtiegen. Dies ging ſehr ſteil und mühſam, und mancher von uns kam außer Athem. Doch wie unſer ſeliger Vetter, der zu Mölln begraben liegt, dachten wir im Voraus an's Bergabſteigen, und waren um ſo vergnügter. Endlich gelangten wir auf den Ilſenſtein.

Das iſt ein ungeheurer Granitfelſen, der ſich lang und keck aus der Tiefe erhebt. Von drei Seiten umſchließen ihn die hohen, waldbedeckten Berge, aber die vierte, die Nordſeite, iſt frei, und hier ſchaut man das unten liegende Ilſenburg und die Ilſe, weit hinab ins niedere Land. Auf der thurmartigen Spitze des Felſens ſteht ein großes, eiſernes Kreuz, und zur Noth iſt da noch Platz für vier Menſchenfüße.

Wie nun die Natur, durch Stellung und Form, den Ilſenſtein mit phantaſtiſchen Reizen geſchmückt, ſo hat auch die Sage ihren Roſenſchein darüber ausgegoſſen. Gottſchalk berichtet: „Man erzählt, hier habe ein verwünſchtes Schloß geſtanden, in welchem die reiche, ſchöne Prinzeſſin Ilſe gewohnt, die ſich noch jetzt jeden Morgen in der Ilſe bade; und wer ſo glücklich iſt, den rechten Zeitpunkt zu treffen, werde von ihr in den Felſen, wo ihr Schloß ſei, geführt und königlich belohnt!" Andere erzählen von der Liebe des Fräuleins Ilſe und des Ritters von Weſtenberg eine hübſche Geſchichte, die einer unſerer bekannteſten Dichter romantiſch in der „Abendzeitung" beſungen hat. Andere wieder erzählen anders: es ſoll der altſächſiſche Kaiſer Heinrich geweſen ſein, der mit Ilſe, der ſchönen Waſſerfee, in ihrer verzauberten Felſenburg die kaiſerlichſten Stunden genoſſen. Ein neuerer Schriftſteller, Herr Niemann, Wohlgeb., der ein Harzreiſebuch geſchrieben, worin er die Gebirgshöhen, Abweichungen der Magnetnadel, Schulden der Städte und dergleichen mit löblichem Fleiße und genauen Zahlen angegeben, behauptet indeß: „was man von der ſchönen Prinzeſſin Ilſe erzählt, gehört dem Fabelreiche an." So ſprechen alle dieſe Leute, denen eine ſolche Prinzeſſin niemals erſchienen iſt, wir aber, die wir von ſchönen Damen beſonders begünſtigt werden, wiſſen das beſſer. Auch Kaiſer Heinrich wußte es. Nicht umſonſt hingen die altſächſiſchen Kaiſer ſo ſehr an ihrem heimiſchen Harze. Man blättere nur in der hübſchen lüneburger Chronik, wo die guten, alten Herren, in wunderlich treuherzigen Holzſchnitten, abconterfeit ſind, wohl geharniſcht, hoch auf ihrem gewappneten Schlachtroß, die heilige Kaiſerkrone auf dem theuren Haupte, Scepter und Schwert in feſten Händen; und auf den lieben, knebelbärtigen Geſichtern kann man deutlich leſen, wie oft ſie ſich nach den ſüßen Herzen ihrer Harzprinzeſſinnen und dem traulichen Rauſchen der Harzwälder zurückſehnten, wenn ſie in der Fremde weilten, wohl gar in dem citronen- und giftreichen Welſchland, wohin ſie und ihre Nachfolger ſo oft verlockt wurden von dem Wunſche, römiſche Kaiſer zu heißen, einer ächtdeutſchen Titelſucht, woran Kaiſer und Reich zu Grunde gingen.

Ich rathe aber Jedem, der auf der Spitze des Ilſenſteins ſteht, weder an Kaiſer und Reich, noch an die ſchöne Ilſe, ſondern bloß an ſeine Füße zu denken. Denn als ich dort ſtand, in Gedanken verloren, hörte ich plötzlich die unterirdiſche Muſik des Zauberſchloſſes, und ich ſah, wie ſich die Berge ringsum auf die Köpfe ſtellten, und die rothen Ziegeldächer zu Ilſenburg anfingen zu tanzen, und die grünen Bäume in der blauen Luft herumflogen, daß es mir blau und grün vor den Augen wurde, und ich ſicher, vom Schwindel erfaßt, in den Abgrund geſtürzt wäre, wenn ich mich nicht, in meiner Seelennoth, an's eiſerne Kreuz feſtgeklammert hätte. Daß ich, in ſo mißlicher Stellung, dieſes letztere gethan habe, wird mir gewiß Niemand verdenken.

Die „Harzreiſe" iſt und bleibt Fragment, und die bunten Fäden, die ſo hübſch hineingeſponnen ſind, um ſich im Ganzen harmoniſch zu verſchlingen, werden plötzlich, wie von der Scheere der unerbittlichen Parze, abgeſchnitten. Vielleicht verwebe ich ſie weiter in künftigen Liedern, und was jetzt kärglich verſchwiegen iſt, wird alsdann vollauf geſagt. Am Ende kommt es auch auf Eins heraus, wann und wo man etwas ausgeſprochen hat, wenn man es nur überhaupt einmal ausſpricht. Mögen die einzelnen Werke immerhin Fragmente bleiben, wenn ſie nur in ihrer Vereinigung ein Ganzes bilden. Durch ſolche Vereinigung mag hier und da das Mangelhafte ergänzt, das Schroffe ausgeglichen und das Allzuharte gemildert werden. Dieſes würde vielleicht ſchon bei den erſten Blättern der Harzreiſe der Fall ſein, und ſie könnten wohl einen minder ſauern Eindruck hervorbringen, wenn man anderweitig erführe, daß der Unmuth, den ich gegen Göttingen im Allgemeinen hege, obſchon er noch größer iſt, als ich ihn ausgeſprochen, doch lange nicht ſo groß iſt, wie die Verehrung, die ich für einige Individuen dort empfinde. Und warum ſollte ich es verſchweigen, ich meine hier ganz beſonders jenen viel theuren Mann, der ſchon in frühern Zeiten ſich ſo freundlich meiner annahm, mir ſchon damals eine innige Liebe für das Studium der Geſchichte einflößte, mich ſpäterhin in dem Eifer für daſſelbe beſtärkte, und dadurch meinen Geiſt auf ruhigere Bahnen führte, meinem Lebensmuthe heilſamere Richtungen anwies, und mir überhaupt jene hiſtoriſchen Tröſtungen bereitete, ohne welche ich die qualvollen Erſcheinungen des Tages nimmermehr ertragen würde. Ich ſpreche von Georg Sartorius, dem großen Geſchichtsforſcher und Menſchen, deſſen Auge ein klarer Stern iſt in unſerer Zeit, und deſſen gaſtliches Herz offen ſteht für alle fremden Leiden und Freuden, für die Beſorgniſſe des Bettlers und des Königs, und für die letzten Seufzer untergehender Völker und ihrer Götter. —

Ich kann nicht umhin, hier ebenfalls anzudeuten: daß der Oberharz, jener Theil des Harzes, den ich bis zum Anfang des Ilſethales beſchrieben habe, bei weitem keinen ſo erfreulichen Anblick, wie der romantiſch maleriſche Unterharz, gewährt, und in ſeiner wildſchroffen, tannendüſtern Schönheit gar ſehr mit demſelben contraſtirt; ſo wie ebenfalls die drei, von der Ilſe, von der Bode und von der Selke gebildeten Thäler des Unterharzes gar anmuthig unter einander contraſtiren, wenn man den Charakter jedes Thales zu perſonificiren weiß. Es ſind drei Frauengeſtalten, wovon man nicht ſo leicht zu entſcheiden vermag, welche die Schönſte ſei.

Von der lieben, ſüßen Ilſe und wie ſüß und lieblich ſie mich empfangen, habe ich ſchon geſagt und geſungen. Die düſtere Schöne, die Bode, empfing mich nicht ſo gnädig, und als ich ſie im ſchmiededunkeln Rübeland zuerſt erblickte, ſchien ſie gar mürriſch und verhüllte ſich in einen ſilbergrauen Regenſchleier; aber mit raſcher Liebe warf ſie ihn ab, als ich auf die Höhe der Roßtrappe gelangte, ihr Antlitz leuchtete mir entgegen in ſonnigſter Pracht, aus allen Augen hauchte eine koloſſale Zärtlichkeit, und aus der bezwungenen Felſenbruſt drang es hervor wie Sehnſuchtſeufzer und ſchmelzende Laute der Wehmuth. Minder zärtlich, aber fröhlicher, zeigte ſich mir die ſchöne Selke, die ſchöne liebenswürdige Dame, deren edle Einfalt und heitre Ruhe alle ſentimentale Familiarität entfernt hält, die aber doch durch ein halbverſtecktes Lächeln ihren neckenden Sinn verräth; und dieſem möchte ich es wohl zuſchreiben, daß mich im Selkethal gar mancherlei kleines Ungemach heimſuchte, daß ich, indem ich über das Waſſer ſpringen wollte, juſt in die Mitte hineinplumpſte, daß nachher, als ich das naſſe Fußzeug mit Pantoffeln vertauſcht hatte, einer derſelben mir abhanden, oder vielmehr abfüßen kam, daß mir ein Windſtoß die Mütze entführte, daß mir Walddorne die Beine zerfetzten, u. leider ſ. w. Doch all dieſes Ungemach verzeihe ich gern der ſchönen Dame, denn ſie iſt ſchön. Und jetzt ſteht ſie vor meiner Einbildung mit all ihrem ſtillen Liebreiz, und ſcheint zu ſagen: wenn ich auch lache, ſo meine ich es doch gut mit Ihnen, und ich bitte Sie, beſingen Sie mich. Die herrliche Bode tritt ebenfalls hervor in meiner Erinnerung, und ihr dunkles Auge ſpricht: du gleichſt mir im Stolz und im Schmerze, und ich will, daß du mich liebſt. Auch die ſchöne Ilſe kommt herangeſprungen, zierlich und bezaubernd in Miene, Geſtalt und Bewegung; ſie gleicht ganz dem holden Weſen, das meine Träume beſeligt, und ganz, wie Sie, ſchaut ſie mich an, mit unwiderſtehlicher Gleichgültigkeit und doch zugleich ſo innig, ſo ewig, ſo durchſichtig wahr — Nun, ich bin Paris, die drei Göttinnen ſtehen vor mir, und den Apfel gebe ich der ſchönen Ilſe.

Es iſt heute der erſte Mai, wie ein Meer des Lebens ergießt ſich der Frühling über die Erde, der weiße Blüthenſchaum bleibt an den Bäumen hängen, ein weiter, warmer Nebelglanz verbreitet ſich überall, in der Stadt blitzen freudig die Fenſterſcheiben der Häuſer, an den Dächern bauen die Spatzen wieder ihre Neſtchen, auf der Straße wandeln die Leute und wundern ſich, daß die Luft ſo angreifend und ihnen ſelbſt ſo wunderlich zu Muthe iſt, die bunten Vierländerinnen bringen Veilchenſträußer, die Waiſenkinder, mit ihren blauen Jäckchen und ihren lieben, unehelichen Geſichtchen, ziehen über den Jungfernſtieg und freuen ſich, als ſollten ſie heute einen Vater wiederfinden, der Bettler an der Brücke ſchaut ſo vergnügt, als hätte er das große Loos gewonnen, ſogar den ſchwarzen, noch ungehängten Makler, der dort mit ſeinem ſpitzbübiſchen Manufakturwaaren-Geſicht einherläuft, beſcheint die Sonne mit ihren toleranteſten Strahlen, — ich will hinauswandern vor das Thor.

Es iſt der erſte Mai, und ich denke deiner, du ſchöne Ilſe — oder ſoll ich dich „Agnes" nennen, weil dir dieſer Namen am beſten gefällt? — ich denke deiner, und ich möchte wieder zuſehen, wie du leuchtend den Berg hinabläufſt. Am liebſten aber möchte ich unten im Thale ſtehen und dich auffangen in meine Arme. — Es iſt ein ſchöner Tag! Ueberall ſeh' ich die grüne Farbe, die Farbe der Hoffnung. Ueberall, wie holde Wunder, blühen hervor die Blumen, und auch mein Herz will wieder blühen. Dieſes Herz iſt auch eine Blume, eine gar wunderliche. Es iſt kein beſcheidenes Veilchen, keine lachende Roſe, keine reine Lilie, oder ſonſtiges Blümchen, das mit artiger Lieblichkeit den Mädchenſinn erfreut, und ſich hübſch vor den hübſchen Buſen ſtecken läßt, und heute welkt und morgen wieder blüht. Dieſes Herz gleicht mehr jener ſchweren, abenteuerlichen Blume aus den Wäldern Braſiliens, die, der Sage nach, alle hundert Jahre nur einmal blüht. Ich erinnere mich, daß ich als Knabe eine ſolche Blume geſehen. Wir hörten in der Nacht einen Schuß, wie von einer Piſtole, und am folgenden Morgen erzählten mir die Nachbarskinder, daß es ihre „Aloe" geweſen, die mit ſolchem Knalle plötzlich aufgeblüht ſei. Sie führten mich in ihren Garten, und da ſah ich, zu meiner Verwunderung, daß das niedrige, harte Gewächs, mit den närriſch breiten, ſcharfgezackten Blättern, woran man ſich leicht verletzen konnte, jetzt ganz in die Höhe geſchoſſen war, und oben, wie eine goldene Krone, die herrlichſte Blüthe trug. Wir Kinder konnten nicht mal ſo hoch hinaufſehen, und der alte, ſchmunzelnde Chriſtian, der uns lieb hatte, baute eine hölzerne Treppe um die Blume herum, und da kletterten wir hinauf, wie die Katzen, und ſchauten neugierig in den offenen Blumenkelch, woraus die gelben Strahlenfäden und wildfremden Düfte mit unerhörter Pracht hervordrangen.

Ja, Agnes, oft und leicht kommt dieſes Herz nicht zum Blühen; ſo viel ich mich erinnere, hat es nur ein einziges Mal geblüht, und das mag ſchon lange her ſein, gewiß ſchon hundert Jahr. Ich glaube, ſo herrlich auch damals ſeine Blüthe ſich entfaltete, ſo mußte ſie doch aus Mangel an Sonnenſchein und Wärme elendiglich verkümmern, wenn ſie nicht gar von einem dunkeln Winterſturme gewaltſam zerſtört worden. Jetzt aber regt und drängt es ſich wieder in meiner Bruſt, und hörſt du plötzlich den Schuß — Mädchen! erſchrick nicht! ich hab' mich nicht todt geſchoſſen, ſondern meine Liebe ſprengt ihre Knospe, und ſchießt empor in ſtrahlenden Liedern, in ewigen Dithyramben, in freudigſter Sangesfülle.

Iſt dir aber dieſe hohe Liebe zu hoch, Mädchen, ſo mach es dir bequem, und beſteige die hölzerne Treppe, und ſchaue von dieſer hinab in mein blühendes Herz.

Es iſt noch früh am Tage, die Sonne hat kaum die Hälfte ihres Weges zurückgelegt, und mein Herz duftet ſchon ſo ſtark, daß es mir betäubend zu Kopfe ſteigt, daß ich nicht mehr weiß, wo die Ironie aufhört und der Himmel anfängt, daß ich die Luft mit meinen Seufzern bevölkere, und daß ich ſelbſt wieder zerrinnen möchte in ſüße Atome, in die unerſchaffene Gottheit; — wie ſoll das erſt gehen, wenn es Nacht wird, und die Sterne am Himmel erſcheinen, „die unglückſel'gen Sterne, die dir ſagen können — —"

Es iſt der erſte Mai, der lumpigſte Ladenſchwengel hat heute das Recht ſentimental zu werden, und dem Dichter wollteſt du es verwehren?

Don Ramiro*).

„Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Heißgeliebte langer Jahre,
Haſt beſchloſſen mein Verderben,
Haſt beſchloſſen ohn' Erbarmen.

Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Iſt doch ſüß die Lebensgabe!
Aber unten iſt es grauſig,
In dem dunkeln, kalten Grabe.

Donna Clara! Freu' dich, morgen
Wird Fernando, am Altare,
Dich als Eh'gemahl begrüßen.
Wirſt du mich zur Hochzeit laden?"

„Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Deine Worte treffen bitter,
Bitt'rer als der Spruch der Sterne,
Die da ſpotten meines Willens.

Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Rüttle ab den dumpfen Trübſinn;
Mädchen giebt es viel auf Erden,
Aber uns hat Gott geſchieden.

Don Ramiro! Ueberwinder
Vieler tauſend Mohrenritter!
Ueberwinde nun dich ſelber, —
Komm' auf meine Hochzeit, Lieber."

„Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Ja, ich ſchwör' es, ja ich komme!
Will mit dir den Reihen tanzen;
Gute Nacht, ich komme morgen."

„Gute Nacht!" — Das Fenſter klirrte.
Seufzend ſtand Ramiro unten,
Stand noch lange wie verſteinert;
Endlich ſchwand er fort im Dunkeln. —

Endlich auch nach langem Ringen,
Muß die Nacht dem Tage weichen;
Wie ein bunter Blumengarten
Liegt Toledo ausgebreitet.

Prachtgebäude und Paläſte,
Schimmern hell im Glanz der Sonne;
Und der Kirchen hohe Kuppeln
Leuchten ſtattlich wie vergoldet.

Summend wie ein Bienenſchwarm
Klingt der Glocken Feſtgeläute,
Lieblich ſteigen Betgeſänge
Aus den frommen Gotteshäuſern.

Aber dorten, ſiehe! ſiehe!
Dorten aus der Marktkapelle,
Im Gewimmel und Gewoge,
Strömt des Volkes bunte Menge.

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*) Aus Heine's „Buch der Lieder." 3. Aufl. Hamburg 1839.

Blanke Ritter, ſchmucke Frauen,
Hofgeſinde feſtlich blinkend,
Und die hellen Glocken läuten,
Und die Orgel rauſcht dazwiſchen.

Doch mit Ehrfurcht ausgewichen,
In des Volkes Mitte wandelt
Das geſchmückte junge Eh'paar
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

Tauſend Augen ſchaun nach ihnen,
Tauſend frohe Stimmen rufen:
Heil Kaſtiliens Mädchenſonne!
Heil Kaſtiliens Ritterblume!

Bis an Bräutigams Palaſtthor
Wälzet ſich das Volksgewühle;
Dort beginnt die Hochzeitfeier,
Prunkhaft und nach alter Sitte.

Ritterſpiel und frohe Tafel
Wechſeln unter lautem Jubel;
Rauſchend ſchnell entfliehn die Stunden
Bis die Nacht herabgeſunken.

Und zum Tanze ſich verſammeln
Dort im Saal die Hochzeitgäſte;
Alle funkeln buntbeleuchtet
Von dem Lichterheer der Kerzen.

Don Fernando ſtrahlt wie'n König
In dem güldnen Purpurmantel;
Clara wie die junge Roſe,
Blüht im weißen Brautgewande.

Auf erhabne Ehrenſitze
Rings von Dienerſchaft umwoget,
Ließen ſich die beiden nieder,
Und ſie tauſchten ſüße Worte.

Und im Saale brauſt es dumpfig,
Wie ein Meer von Sturm bewegt!
Und die lauten Pauken wirbeln,
Und es ſchmettern die Trommeten.

„Doch warum, o ſchöne Herrin,
Sind gerichtet deine Blicke
Dorthin nach der Saalesecke?“
So verwundert ſprach der Ritter.

„Siehſt du denn nicht, Don Fernando,
Dort den Mann im ſchwarzen Mantel?“
Und der Ritter lächelt freundlich:
„Ach! das iſt ja nur ein Schatten.“

Doch es nähert ſich der Schatten,
Und es war ein Mann im Mantel;
Und Ramiro ſchnell erkennend,
Grüßt ihn Clara, glutbefangen.

Und der Tanz hat ſchon begonnen,
Munter drehen ſich die Tänzer
In des Walzers wilden Kreiſen,
Und der Boden dröhnt und bebet.

„Wahrlich gerne, Don Ramiro,
Will ich dir zum Tanze folgen,
Doch im nächtlich ſchwarzen Mantel
Hätteſt du nicht kommen ſollen.“

Mit durchbohrend ſtieren Augen
Schaut Ramiro auf die Holde,
Sie umſchlingend ſpricht er düſter:
„Sprecheſt ja ich ſollte kommen!“

Und in's wirre Tanzgetümmel
Drängen ſich die beiden Tänzer;
Und die lauten Pauken wirbeln,
Und es ſchmettern die Trommeten.

„Sind ja ſchneeweiß deine Wangen!“
Flüſtert Clara heimlich ſchauernd.
„Sprecheſt ja ich ſollte kommen!“
Schallet dumpf Ramiro's Stimme.

Und im Saal die Kerzen blinzeln
Durch das fluthende Gedränge;
Und die lauten Pauken wirbeln,
Und es ſchmettern die Trommeten.

„Sind ja eiskalt deine Hände!“
Flüſtert Clara, ſchauerzuckend.
„Sprecheſt ja ich ſollte kommen!“
Und ſie treiben fort im Strudel.

„Laß mich, laß mich! Don Ramiro!
Leichenduft iſt ja dein Odem!“
Wiederum dieſelbe Antwort:
„Sprecheſt ja ich ſollte kommen!“

Und der Boden raucht und glühet,
Luſtig fiedeln die Geiger;
Wie ein tolles Zauberweben,
Schwindelt alles im Gekreiſel.

„Laß mich, laß mich! Don Ramiro!“
Wimmert's immer im Gewoge.
Don Ramiro ſtets erwiedert
Seine dumpfen, dunklen Worte.

„Nun ſo geh' in Gottes Namen!“
Clara rief's mit feſter Stimme,
Und dies Wort war kaum entfahren,
Und verſchwunden war Ramiro.

Clara ſtarret, Tod im Antlitz,
Kaltumflirret, nachtumwoben;
Ohnmacht hat das lichte Bildniß
In ihr dunkles Reich gezogen.

Endlich weicht der Nebelſchlummer,
Endlich ſchlägt ſie auf die Wimper;
Aber Staunen will auf's neue
Ihre holden Augen ſchließen.

Denn derweil der Tanz begonnen,
War ſie nicht vom Sitz gewichen,
Und ſie ſitzt noch bei dem Bräut'gam,
Und der Ritter ſorgſam bittet:

„Sprich, was bleichen deine Wangen!
Sprich, was wird dein Aug' ſo dunkel! —“
„Und Ramiro? — — —“ ſtottert Clara,
Und Entſetzen lähmt die Zunge.

Doch mit tiefen, ernſten Falten
Furcht' ſich jetzt des Bräut'gams Stirne:
„Herrin, forſch' nicht blut'ge Kunde, —
Heute Mittag ſtarb Ramiro.“

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch ſtrahlſt in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiß ich längſt. Ich ſah dich ja im Traum,
Und ſah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raum,
Und ſah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich ſah mein Lieb, wie ſehr du elend biſt.

Ein Fichtenbaum ſteht einſam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh'.
Ihn ſchläfert; mit weißer Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die, fern im Morgenland,
Einſam und ſchweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felſenwand.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen Andern erwählt;
Der Andre liebt eine Andre
Und hat ſich mit dieſer vermählt.

Das Mädchen heirathet aus Aerger
Den erſten beſten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling iſt übel dran.

Es iſt eine alte Geſchichte,
Doch bleibt ſie immer neu;
Und wem ſie juſt paſſiret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

Es fällt ein Stern herunter
Aus ſeiner funkelnden Höh';
Das iſt der Stern der Liebe,
Den ich dort fallen ſeh'.

Es fallen vom Apfelbaume
Der weißen Blätter viel;
Es kommen die neckenden Lüfte,
Und treiben damit ihr Spiel.

Es ſingt der Schwan im Weiher,
Und rudert auf und ab,
Und immer leiſer ſingend,
Taucht er in's Fluthengrab.

Es iſt ſo ſtill und ſo dunkel!
Verweht iſt Blatt und Blüth',
Der Stern iſt kniſternd zerſtoben,
Verklungen das Schwanenlied.

Nacht lag auf meinen Augen,
Blei lag auf meinem Mund,
Mit ſtarrem Hirn und Herzen
Lag ich im Grabesgrund.

Wie lang kann ich nicht ſagen,
Daß ich geſchlafen hab';
Ich wachte auf und hörte
Wie's pochte an mein Grab.

„Willſt du nicht aufſtehn, Heinrich?
Der ew'ge Tag bricht an,
Die Todten ſind erſtanden,
Die ew'ge Luſt begann."

Mein Lieb, ich kann nicht aufſtehn,
Bin ja noch immer blind;
Durch Weinen meine Augen
Gänzlich erloſchen ſind.

„Ich will dir küſſen, Heinrich,
Vom Auge fort die Nacht;
Die Engel ſollſt du ſchauen,
Und auch des Himmels Pracht."

Mein Lieb ich kann nicht aufſtehn,
Noch blutet's immerfort,
Wo du in's Herz mir ſtacheſt
Mit einem ſpitz'gen Wort.

„Ganz leiſe leg' ich, Heinrich,
Dir meine Hand auf's Herz;
Dann wird es nicht mehr bluten,
Geheilt iſt all ſein Schmerz."

Mein Lieb, ich kann nicht aufſtehn,
Es blutet auch mein Haupt;
Hab' ja hineingeſchoſſen,
Als du mir wurdeſt geraubt.

„Mit meinen Locken, Heinrich,
Stopf' ich des Hauptes Wund',
Und dräng' zurück den Blutſtrom,
Und mache dein Haupt geſund."

Es bat ſo ſanft, ſo lieblich,
Ich konnt' nicht widerſtehn;
Ich wollte mich erheben,
Und zu der Liebſten gehn.

Da brachen auf die Wunden,
Da ſtürzt' mit wilder Macht
Aus Kopf und Bruſt der Blutſtrom
Und ſieh! — ich bin erwacht.

Wie der Mond ſich leuchtend dränget
Durch den dunkeln Wolkenflor,
Alſo taucht aus dunkeln Zeiten
Mir ein lichtes Bild hervor.

Saßen all' auf dem Verdecke,
Fuhren ſtolz hinab den Rhein,
Und die ſommergrünen Ufer
Glühn im Abendſonnenſchein.

Sinnend ſaß ich zu den Füßen
Einer Dame, ſchön und hold;
In ihr liebes, bleiches Antlitz
Spielt' das rothe Sonnengold.

Lauten klangen, Buben ſangen,
Wunderbare Fröhlichkeit!
Und der Himmel wurde blauer,
Und die Seele wurde weit.

Mährchenhaft vorüberzogen
Berg und Burgen, Wald und Au';
Und das Alles ſah ich glänzen
In dem Aug' der ſchönen Frau.

Nun iſt es Zeit, daß ich mit Verſtand
Mich aller Thorheit entled'ge;
Ich hab' ſo lang als ein Comödiant
Mit dir geſpielt die Comödie.

Die prächt'gen Couliſſen, ſie waren bemalt,
Im hochromantiſchen Style,
Mein Rittermantel hat goldig geſtrahlt,
Ich fühlte die feinſten Gefühle.

Und nun ich mich gar ſäuberlich
Des tollen Tands entled'ge,
Noch immer elend fühl' ich mich,
Als ſpielt' ich noch immer Comödie.

Ach Gott! im Scherz und unbewußt
Sprach ich, was ich gefühlet;
Ich hab' mit dem Tod in der eignen Bruſt
Den ſterbenden Fechter geſpielet.

Du biſt wie eine Blume,
So hold und ſchön und rein;
Ich ſchau' dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir in's Herz hinein.

Mir iſt, als ob ich die Hände
Auf's Haupt dir legen ſollt',
Betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
So rein und ſchön und hold.

Wer zum erſten Male liebt,
Sei's auch glücklos, iſt ein Gott;
Aber wer zum zweiten Male
Glücklos liebt, der iſt ein Narr.

Ich, ein ſolcher Narr, ich liebe
Wieder ohne Gegenliebe!
Sonne, Mond und Sterne lachen,
Und ich lache mit — und ſterbe.

Mir träumt': ich bin der liebe Gott,
Und ſitz' im Himmel droben,
Und Englein ſitzen um mich her,
Die meine Verſe loben.

Und Kuchen eſſ' ich und Confekt
Für manchen lieben Gulden,
Und Kardinal trink' ich dabei,
Und habe keine Schulden.

Doch Langeweile plagt mich ſehr,
Ich wollt', ich wär' auf Erden,
Und wär' ich nicht der liebe Gott,
Ich könnt' des Teufels werden.

Du langer Engel Gabriel,
Geh', mach' dich auf die Sohlen,
Und meinen theuren Freund Eugen
Sollſt du herauf mir holen.

Such' ihn nicht im Collegium,
Such' ihn beim Glas Tokaier;
Such' ihn nicht in der Hedwigskirch,
Such' ihn bei Mamſell Meyer.

Da breitet aus ſein Flügelpaar
Und fliegt herab der Engel,
Und packt ihn auf, und bringt herauf
Den Freund, den lieben Bengel.

Ja, Jung', ich bin der liebe Gott,
Und ich regier' die Erde!
Ich hab's ja immer dir geſagt,
Daß ich was Rechts noch werde.

Und Wunder thu' ich alle Tag,
Die ſollen dich entzücken,
Und dir zum Spaße will ich heut
Die Stadt Ir-Ir beglücken.

Die Pflaſterſteine auf der Straß',
Die ſollen jetzt ſich ſpalten,
Und eine Auſter, friſch und klar,
Soll jeder Stein enthalten.

Ein Regen von Citronenſaft
Soll thauig ſie begießen,
Und in den Straßengöſſen ſoll
Der beſte Rheinwein fließen.

Und biſt du erſt mein eh'lich Weib,
Dann biſt du zu beneiden,
Dann lebſt du in lauter Zeitvertreib,
In lauter Plaiſir und Freuden.

Und wenn du ſchiltſt und wenn du tobſt,
Ich werd' es geduldig leiden;
Doch wenn du meine Verſe nicht lobſt,
Laß ich mich von dir ſcheiden.

Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar.

I.

Am Fenſter ſtand die Mutter,
Im Bette lag der Sohn.
„Willſt du nicht aufſtehn, Wilhelm,
Zu ſchau'n die Proceſſion!“ —

„Ich bin ſo krank, o Mutter,
Daß ich nicht hör' und ſeh';
Ich denk' an das todte Gretchen,
Da thut das Herz mir weh.“ —

„Steh' auf, wir wollen nach Kevlaar,
Nimm Buch und Roſenkranz;
Die Mutter Gottes heilt dir
Dein krankes Herze ganz.“

Es flattern die Kirchenfahnen,
Es ſingt im Kirchenton;
Das iſt zu Cölln am Rheine,
Da geht die Proceſſion.

Die Mutter folgt der Menge,
Den Sohn, den führet ſie,
Sie ſingen beide im Chore:
Gelobt ſei'ſt du Marie!

II.

Die Mutter Gottes zu Kevlaar
Trägt heut' ihr beſtes Kleid;
Heut' hat ſie viel zu ſchaffen,
Es kommen viel' kranke Leut'.

Die kranken Leute bringen
Ihr dar, als Opferſpend',
Aus Wachs gebildete Glieder,
Viel wächſerne Füß' und Händ'.

Und wer eine Wachshand opfert,
Dem heilt an der Hand die Wund';
Und wer einen Wachsfuß opfert,
Dem wird der Fuß geſund.

Nach Kevlaar ging Mancher auf Krücken,
Der jetzo tanzt auf dem Seil',
Gar Mancher ſpielt jetzt die Bratſche,
Dem dort kein Finger war heil.

Die Mutter nahm ein Wachslicht,
Und bildete d'raus ein Herz.
„Bring das der Mutter Gottes,
Dann heilt ſie deinen Schmerz.“

Der Sohn nahm ſeufzend das Wachsherz,
Ging ſeufzend zum Heiligenbild;
Die Thräne quillt aus dem Auge,
Das Wort aus dem Herzen quillt:

„Du Hochgebenedeite,
Du reine Gottesmagd,
Du Königin des Himmels,
Dir ſei mein Leid geklagt!

„Ich wohnte mit meiner Mutter
Zu Cöllen in der Stadt,
Der Stadt, die viele Hundert
Kapellen und Kirchen hat.

„Und neben uns wohnte Gretchen,
Doch die iſt todt jetzund —
Marie, dir bring' ich ein Wachsherz,
Heil' du meine Herzenswund'.

„Heil' du mein krankes Herze,
Ich will auch ſpät und früh'
Inbrünſtiglich beten und ſingen:
Gelobt ſei'ſt du, Marie!“

III.

Der kranke Sohn und die Mutter,
Die ſchliefen im Kämmerlein;
Da kam die Mutter Gottes
Ganz leiſe geſchritten herein.

Sie beugte ſich über den Kranken,
Und legte ihre Hand
Ganz leiſe auf ſein Herze,
Und lächelte mild und ſchwand.

Die Mutter ſchaut Alles im Traume,
Und hat noch mehr geſchaut;
Sie erwachte aus dem Schlummer,
Die Hunde bellten ſo laut.

Da lag dahingeſtrecket
Ihr Sohn, und der war todt;
Es ſpielt auf den bleichen Wangen
Das lichte Morgenroth.

Die Mutter faltet die Hände,
Ihr war, ſie wußte nicht wie;
Andächtig ſang ſie leiſe:
Gelobt ſeiſt du, Marie!

Sonnenuntergang.

Die glühend rothe Sonne ſteigt
Hinab in's weitaufſchauernde,
Silbergraue Weltmeer;
Luftgebilde, roſig angehaucht,
Wallen ihr nach, und gegenüber,
Aus herbſtlich dämmernden Wolkenſchleiern,
Ein traurig todtblaſſes Antlitz,
Bricht hervor der Mond,
Und hinter ihm, Lichtfünkchen,
Nebelweit, ſchimmern die Sterne.

Einſt am Himmel glänzten,
Eh'lich vereint,
Luna, die Göttin, und Sol, der Gott,
Und es wimmelten um ſie her die Sterne,
Die kleinen, unſchuldigen Kinder.

Doch böſe Zungen ziſchelten Zwieſpalt
Und es trennte ſich feindlich
Das hohe, leuchtende Eh'paar.

Jetzt, am Tage, in einſamer Pracht,
Ergeht ſich dort oben der Sonnengott,
Ob ſeiner Herrlichkeit
Angebetet und vielbeſungen
Von ſtolzen, glückgehärteten Menſchen.
Aber des Nachts
Am Himmel wandelt Luna,
Die arme Mutter
Mit ihren verwaiſten Sternenkindern,
Und ſie glänzt in ſtiller Wehmuth,
Und liebende Mädchen und ſanfte Dichter
Weihen ihr Thränen und Lieder.

Die weiche Luna! Weiblich geſinnt
Liebt ſie noch immer den ſchönen Gemahl.
Gegen Abend, zitternd und bleich,
Lauſcht ſie hervor aus leichtem Gewölk,
Und ſchaut nach dem Scheidenden, ſchmerzlich,
Und möchte ihm ängſtlich rufen: „Komm!
Komm! die Kinder verlangen nach Dir.“ —
Aber der trotzige Sonnengott,
Bei dem Anblick der Gattin erglüht' er
In doppeltem Purpur,
Vor Zorn und Schmerz,
Und unerbittlich eilt er hinab
In ſein fluthenkaltes Wittwerbett.

* * *

Böſe, ziſchelnde Zungen
Brachten alſo Schmerz und Verderben
Selbſt über ewige Götter.
Und die armen Götter, oben am Himmel
Wandeln ſie, qualvoll,
Troſtlos, unendliche Bahnen,
Und können nicht ſterben,
Und ſchleppen mit ſich
Ihr ſtrahlendes Elend.

Ich aber, der Menſch,
Der niedriggepflanzte, der todbeglückte,
Ich klage nicht länger.

Meergruß.

Thalatta! Thalatta!
Sei mir gegrüßt, du ewiges Meer!
Sei mir gegrüßt zehntauſendmal
Aus jauchzendem Herzen,
Wie einſt dich begrüßten
Zehntauſend Griechenherzen,
Unglückbekämpfende, heimathverlangende,
Weltberühmte Griechenherzen.

Es wogten die Fluthen,
Sie wogten und brauſten,
Die Sonne goß eilig herunter
Die ſpielenden Roſenlichter,
Die aufgeſcheuchten Mövenzüge
Flatterten fort, lautſchreiend,
Es ſtampften die Roſſe, es klirrten die Schilde,
Und weithin erſcholl es, wie Siegesruf:
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Sei mir gegrüßt, du ewiges Meer,
Wie Sprache der Heimath rauſcht mir dein Waſſer,
Wie Träume der Kindheit ſeh' ich es flimmern
Auf deinem wogenden Wellengebiet,
Und alte Erinn'rung erzählt mir auf's neue,
Von all dem lieben, herrlichen Spielzeug,
Von all den blinkenden Weihnachtsgaben,
Von all den rothen Corallenbäumen,
Goldfiſchchen, Perlen und bunten Muſcheln,
Die du geheimnißvoll bewahrſt
Dort unten im klaren Kryſtallhaus.

O! wie hab' ich geſchmachtet in öder Fremde!
Gleich einer welken Blume
In des Botanikers blecherner Kapſel,
Lag mir das Herz in der Bruſt;
Mir iſt, als ſaß ich winterlange,
Ein Kranker, in dunkler Krankenſtube,
Und nun verlaß ich ſie plötzlich,
Und blendend ſtrahlt mir entgegen
Der ſmaragdene Frühling, der ſonnengeweckte,
Und es rauſchen die weißen Blüthenbäume,
Und die jungen Blumen ſchauen mich an,
Mit bunten, duftenden Augen,
Und es duftet und ſummt, und athmet und lacht,
Und im blauen Himmel ſingen die Vöglein —
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Du tapferes Rückzugherz!
Wie oft, wie bitteroft
Bedrängten dich des Nordens Barbarinnen!
Aus großen, ſiegenden Augen
Schoſſen ſie brennende Pfeile;
Mit krummgeſchliffenen Worten
Drohten ſie mir die Bruſt zu ſpalten,
Mit Keilſchriftbilletts zerſchlugen ſie mir
Das arme, betäubte Gehirn —
Vergebens hielt ich den Schild entgegen,
Die Pfeile ziſchten, die Hiebe krachten,
Und von des Nordens Barbarinnen
Ward ich gedrängt bis an's Meer,
Und freiaufathmend begrüß' ich das Meer,
Das liebe, rettende Meer,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Die Götter Griechenlands.

Vollblühender Mond! In deinem Licht,
Wie fließendes Gold, erglänzt das Meer;
Wie Tagesklarheit, doch dämm'rig verzaubert,
Liegt's über der weiten Strandesfläche;
Und am hellblau'n, ſternloſen Himmel
Schweben die weißen Wolken,
Wie coloſſale Götterbilder
Von leuchtendem Marmor.

Nein, nimmermehr, das ſind keine Wolken!
Das ſind ſie ſelber, die Götter von Hellas,
Die einſt ſo freudig die Welt beherrſchten,
Doch jetzt, verdrängt und verſtorben,
Als ungeheure Geſpenſter dahinziehn
Am mitternächtlichen Himmel.

Staunend, und ſeltſam geblendet, betracht' ich
Das luftige Pantheon,
Die feierlich ſtummen, grau'nhaft bewegten
Rieſengeſtalten.
Der dort iſt Kronion, der Himmelskönig,
Schneeweiß ſind die Locken des Hauptes,
Die berühmten, olymposerſchütternden Locken.
Er hält in der Hand den erloſchenen Blitz,
In ſeinem Antlitz liegt Unglück und Gram,
Und doch noch immer der alte Stolz.

Das waren beſſere Zeiten, o Zeus,
Als du dich himmliſch ergötzteſt
An Knaben und Nymphen und Hekatomben!
Doch auch die Götter regieren nicht ewig,
Die jungen verdrängen die alten,
Wie du einſt ſelber den greiſen Vater
Und deine Titanen-Ohme verdrängt haſt,
Jupiter Parricida!
Auch dich erkenn' ich, ſtolze Here!
Trotz all deiner eiferſüchtigen Angſt,
Hat doch eine andre das Scepter gewonnen,
Und du biſt nicht mehr die Himmelskön'gin,
Und dein großes Aug' iſt erſtarrt,
Und deine Lilienarme ſind kraftlos,
Und nimmermehr trifft deine Rache
Die gottbefruchtete Jungfrau
Und den wunderthätigen Gottesſohn.
Auch dich erkenn' ich, Pallas Athene!
Mit Schild und Weisheit konnteſt du nicht
Abwehren das Götterverderben!
Auch dich erkenn' ich, auch dich, Aphrodite,
Einſt die goldene, jetzt die ſilberne!
Zwar ſchmückt dich noch immer des Gürtels Liebreiz;
Doch graut mir heimlich vor deiner Schönheit,
Und wollt' mich beglücken dein gütiger Leib,
Wie andere Helden, ich ſtürbe vor Angſt;
Als Leichengöttin erſcheinſt du mir,
Venus Libitina!
Nicht mehr mit Liebe ſchaut nach dir,
Dort, der ſchreckliche Ares.
Es ſchaut ſo traurig Phöbos Apollo,
Der Jüngling. Es ſchweigt ſeine Lei'r,
Die ſo freudig erklungen beim Göttermahl.
Noch trauriger ſchaut Hephäſtos,
Und wahrlich, der Hinkende! nimmermehr
Fällt er Hebe'n in's Amt,
Und ſchenkt geſchäftig, in der Verſammlung,
Den lieblichen Nektar. — Und längſt iſt erloſchen
Das unauslöſchliche Göttergelächter.

Ich hab' Euch niemals geliebt, Ihr Götter!
Denn widerwärtig ſind mir die Griechen,
Und gar die Römer ſind mir verhaßt.
Doch heil'ges Erbarmen und ſchauriges Mitleid
Durchſtrömt mein Herz,
Wenn ich Euch jetzt da droben ſchaue,
Verlaſſene Götter,
Todte, nachtwandelnde Schatten,
Nebelſchwache, die der Wind verſcheucht —
Und wenn ich bedenke, wie feig und windig
Die Götter ſind, die Euch beſiegten,
Die neuen, herrſchenden, triſten Götter,
Die ſchadenfrohen im Schafspelz der Demuth —
O da faßt mich ein düſterer Groll,
Und brechen möcht' ich die neuen Tempel,
Und kämpfen für Euch, Ihr alten Götter,
Für Euch und Eu'r gutes, ambroſiſches Recht,
Und vor Euren hohen Altären,
Den wiedergebauten, den opferdampfenden
Möcht' ich ſelber knien und beten,
Und flehend die Arme erheben. —

Denn, immerhin, Ihr alten Götter,
Habt Ihr's auch eh'mals, in Kämpfen der Menſchen,
Stets mit der Partei der Sieger gehalten,
So iſt doch der Menſch großmüth'ger als Ihr,
Und in Götterkämpfen halt' ich es jetzt
Mit der Partei der beſiegten Götter.

* * *

Alſo ſprach ich, und ſichtbar errötheten
Droben die blaſſen Wolkengeſtalten,
Und ſchauten mich an wie Sterbende,
Schmerzenverklärt, und ſchwanden plötzlich.
Der Mond verbarg ſich eben
Hinter Gewölk, das dunkler heranzog;
Hochauf rauſchte das Meer,
Und ſiegreich traten hervor am Himmel
Die ewigen Sterne.

Im Hafen.

Glücklich der Mann, der den Hafen erreicht hat,
Und hinter ſich ließ das Meer und die Stürme,
Und jetzo warm und ruhig ſitzt
Im guten Rathskeller zu Bremen.

Wie doch die Welt ſo traulich und lieblich
Im Römerglas ſich wiederſpiegelt,
Und wie der wogende Mikrokosmus
Sonnig hinabfließt in's durſtige Herz!
Alles erblick' ich im Glas,
Alte und neue Völkergeſchichte,
Türken und Griechen, Hegel und Gans,
Citronenwälder und Wachtparaden,
Berlin und Schilda und Tunis und Hamburg,
Vor allem aber das Bild der Geliebten,
Das Engelköpfchen auf Rheinweingoldgrund.

O, wie ſchön! wie ſchön biſt du, Geliebte!
Du biſt wie eine Roſe!
Nicht wie die Roſe von Schiras,
Die hafisbeſungene Nachtigallbraut!
Nicht wie die Roſe von Saron,
Die heiligrothe, prophetengefeierte;
Du biſt wie die Roſ' im Rathskeller zu Bremen!
Das iſt die Roſe der Roſen,
Je älter ſie wird, je lieblicher blüht ſie,
Und ihr himmliſcher Duft, er hat mich beſeligt,
Er hat mich begeiſtert, er hat mich berauſcht,
Und hielt mich nicht feſt, am Schopfe feſt,
Der Rathskellermeiſter von Bremen,
Ich wäre gepurzelt!

Der brave Mann! wir ſaßen beiſammen
Und tranken wie Brüder,
Wir ſprachen von hohen, heimlichen Dingen,
Wir ſeufzten und ſanken uns in die Arme,
Und er hat mich bekehrt zum Glauben der Liebe,
Ich trank auf das Wohl meiner bitterſten Feinde,
Und allen ſchlechten Poeten vergab ich,
Wie einſt mir ſelber vergeben ſoll werden;
Ich weinte vor Andacht, und endlich
Erſchloſſen ſich mir die Pforten des Heils,
Wo die zwölf Apoſtel, die heil'gen Stückfäſſer,
Schweigend pred'gen, und doch ſo verſtändlich
Für alle Völker.

Das ſind Männer!
Unſcheinbar von außen, in hölzernen Röcklein,
Sind ſie von innen ſchöner und leuchtender
Denn all die ſtolzen Leviten des Tempels,
Und des Herodes Trabanten und Höflinge,
Die goldgeſchmückten, die purpurgekleideten —
Hab' ich doch immer geſagt,
Nicht unter ganz gemeinen Leuten,
Nein, in der allerbeſten Geſellſchaft,
Lebte beſtändig der König des Himmels!

Hallelujah! Wie lieblich umwehen mich
Die Palmen von Beth El!
Wie duften die Myrrhen von Hebron!
Wie rauſcht der Jordan und taumelt vor Freude! —
Auch meine unſterbliche Seele taumelt,
Und ich taumle mit ihr, und taumelnd
Bringt mich die Treppe hinauf, an's Tageslicht,
Der brave Rathskellermeiſter von Bremen.

Du braver Rathskellermeiſter von Bremen!
Siehſt du, auf den Dächern der Häuſer ſitzen
Die Engel und ſind betrunken und ſingen;
Die glühende Sonne dort oben
Iſt nur eine rothe, betrunkene Naſe,
Die Naſe des Weltgeiſt's,
Und um die rothe Weltgeiſt-Naſe
Dreht ſich die ganze, betrunkene Welt.

Chriſtoph Gottlob Heinrich

ward den 14. Auguſt 1748 zu Dahlen in Sachſen geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Philoſophie auf der Univerſität Leipzig, ward daſelbſt Doctor und ſpäter ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte zu Jena, wo er als Sachſen-Weimariſcher Hofrath den 24. Mai 1810 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Geſchichte des deutſchen Reichs. Leipzig 1787 — 1805, 9 Theile.

Sächſiſche Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1780 — 1782, 2 Bde.

Geſchichte von Frankreich. Ebendaſ. 1802 — 1804, 3 Thle.

Geſchichte von England. Ebendaſ. 1806 — 1810, 4 Bde.

Handbuch der ſächſiſchen Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1810 f. 2 Bde., fortgeſetzt von Pölitz.

Ein überaus fleißiger und gründlicher, aber keineswegs durch Geſchmack und edle Darſtellung ausgezeichneter Hiſtoriker.

Kaiſer Heinrich VII., ſ. Minneſinger.

Heinrich von Schwaben und Prinzeſſin Amalberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Chriſtian Auguſt Heinroth

ward den 17. Januar 1773 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Philologie und Medicin, wurde daſelbſt Doctor beider Wiſſenſchaften und habilitirte ſich dann als Privatdocent an der Univerſität. Im Jahre 1811 rückte er zum außerordentlichen und 1819 zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Medicin vor und ward ſpäter mit dem Character eines königlich ſächſiſchen Medicinal- und Hofrathes beehrt. Er ſchrieb auch unter dem Namen Treumund Wellentreter.

Von ihm erſchien:

Grundzüge der Naturlehre des menſchlichen Organismus. Leipzig 1807.

Lehrbuch der Störungen des Seelenlebens. Ebendaſ. 1818, 2 Bde.

Geſammelte Blätter von Treumund Wellentreter. Ebendaſ. 1818 f. 4 Bde.

Lehrbuch der Anthropologie. Ebendaſ. 1822.

Pſychologie als Selbſterkenntnißlehre. Ebendaſ. 1827.

Von den Grundfehlern der Erziehung und ihren Folgen. Ebendaſ. 1828.

Ueber die Hypotheſe der Materie. Ebendaſ. 1828.

Piſteodicee oder Reſultate freier Forſchung über Geſchichte, Philoſophie und Glauben. Ebendaſ. 1829.

Der Schlüſſel zu Himmel und Hölle im Menſchen u. Ebendaſ. 1830.

H. hat ſich den Ruhm eines eben ſo tiefen Denkers als erfahrenen und gelehrten Arztes erworben, und wenn auch ſeine Schriften wegen ſeiner Hinneigung zu einem eigenthümlichen Myſticismus, manchen entſchiedenen Gegner fanden, ſo wird ſein Name dennoch von allen Parteien, nach vollem Verdienſt, mit großer Anerkennung und Verehrung genannt, da die Ausbildung der pſychiſchen Heilkunde ſo ſegenbringend von ihm gefördert wurde. Bei Gelegenheit ſeiner kleineren, unter dem Namen Treumund Wellentreter's erſchienenen proſaiſchen und poetiſchen Schriften, urtheilte ein ſehr befähigter Richter, F. G. Wetzel, in einer Kritik derſelben für die Jenaiſche Literaturzeitung über ihn: „Gleich entfernt von der todten Abſtraction eines in die nichtige Erſcheinung feſtgebannten Verſtandes, wie von jener mythiſchen, fabelhaften Nebelmyſtik, die nur Schaumfrüchte trägt, außen reich und innen faul, redet der Verfaſſer von dem, welches unſer Aller Gedanken und Strebungen letztes Ziel ſein ſollte, als Einer, der nicht mehr auf der Schwelle des Heiligthumes ſteht, ſondern dem ſich ein Blick in das Innere des Tempels ſchon beſeligend erſchloſſen; überall deutet er mit Ernſt und Liebe nach dem Einen, Dauernden und Bleibenden, was in dem Schwanken dieſer wildbewegten Zeit allein das Auge wecken, das Herz aufrecht zu erhalten vermag.“

Gottlob Heinrich Heinſe,

ein gelehrter Buchhändler, ward den 8. April 1766 zu Gera geboren, betrieb eine Zeit lang in Zeitz und Naumburg ſein Geſchäft, legte daſſelbe aber 1795 nieder und lebte ſeitdem abwechſelnd als privatiſirender Literat zu Wittenberg, Gera, Halle und Zeitz.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Adolph Wellmart. Gera 1786, 2 Bde.

Rambold und Marianne. Gera 1787, 4 Bde.

Erzählungen. Gera 1788.

Heinrich der Eiſerne. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1789.

Ludwig der Springer. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1790.

Siegfried der Däne. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1791.

Dietrich der Bedrängte. 2 Thle. Gotha 1791.

Adolph IV. Leipzig 1791.

Eva Zettlin. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1792.

Kanut der Heilige. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1793.

Albrecht der Weiſe. Leipzig 1793, n. A. Altona 1816.

Herzog Otheinrich. 2 Thle. Zeitz 1795.

Ludwig Helberg. 2 Thle. Hamburg 1798 — 99.

Eheſtandsgeheimniſſe. 2 Thle. Eiſenberg (Leipzig) 1798.

Franz Flammer. Gotha 1804.

Geiſter und Geiſterſeher. Zeitz 1810. 2 Bde. u. ſ. w.

Talentloſer Verfaſſer einer großen Zahl von Romanen im Modegeſchmacke ſeiner Zeit.

Johann Jakob Wilhelm Heinſe,

einer der eigenthümlichſten Schriftſteller des 18ten Jahrhunderts, ward den 16. Februar 1749, nach Anderen ſchon 1746 zu Langenwieſen bei Ilmenau geboren, ſtudirte nach vorhergegangener Schulbildung die Rechtswiſſenſchaft zu Jena, ohne jedoch für ſeinen Beruf ſonderlich eingenommen zu ſein, und ging dann nach Erfurt, wo, wie kurz darauf Jacobi in Düſſeldorf, Wieland und Gleim ſein friſches Talent auf die Poeſie richteten und ihn öffentlich aufzutreten veranlaßten. Von Düſſeldorf reiſte er 1780 in das Land ſeiner heißeſten Wünſche, Italien, und fand, nachdem er 3 Jahre dort mit großem Genuß verlebt hatte, in Mainz eine Anſtellung als Vorleſer des Kurfürſten Friedrich Karl Joſeph. 1783 wurde er Hofrath und Privatbibliothekar deſſelben, und nach Joſeph's Tode kurfürſtlicher Bibliothekar. Er ſtarb den 22. Juli (Juni) 1803 in Aſchaffenburg, wo er ſeine letzten Tage verlebt hatte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Sinngedichte. Halberſtadt 1771 in 8.

Begebenheiten des Enkolp, aus dem Satyrikon des Petron. Rom (Schwabach) 1773, 2 Bde. in 8.

Die Kirſchen. Berlin 1773 in 8.

Laidion, oder die eleuſiniſchen Geheimniſſe. Lemgo 1774. Neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1799 in 8.

Erzählungen für junge Damen und Dichter. Lemgo 1775 in gr. 8.

Taſſo's befreites Jeruſalem. Mannheim 1781 — 1783, 4 Bde. in 8. (in Proſa). Nachdruck Zürich 1782 in 8.

Arioſt's wüthender Roland. Hannover 1782 — 1785, 4 Thle. in gr. 8. (ebenfalls in Proſa).

Ardinghello. Lemgo 1787, 2 Thle. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1794 in kl. 8. 3. Aufl. 1821 in 8.

Hildegard von Hohenthal. Berlin 1795 — 1796. 2 Bde. in 8. neue Aufl. 1804. Mit Kupfern.

Anaſtaſia. Frankfurt a. M. 1803, 2 Bde. in 8. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1820. 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1831, 2 Bde. in 8.

Fiormona. Berlin 1806. 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1829. in 8.

Briefe zwiſchen Gleim, H. und Müller. Zürich 1805 — 1806. 2 Bde. in 8., aus Gleim's Nachlaſſe herausgegeben von Körte.

Sämmtliche Schriften, herausgegeben von Heinrich Laube. Leipzig 1838. 8 Bde.

Außerdem noch mehrere andere Aufſätze und Gedichte in Journalen, Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Heinſe fand zu ſeiner Zeit eben ſo eifrige Bewunderer als heftige Gegner ſeiner Schriften, namentlich ſeiner Romane, in denen Viele nur die Ausgeburten einer ungeregelten, zügelloſen, der Sinnlichkeit auf das heftigſte zugeneigten Phantaſie ſehen wollten, und darüber das wirklich Schöne und Gute, das ſie enthalten, ganz aus den Augen verloren. Andere dagegen, beſtochen durch die Gluth und Ueppigkeit ſeiner Darſtellung, ſo wie durch die Freiheit in ſeiner Weltanſicht, ſetzten ihn den erſten Dichtern gleich und bedachten nicht, daß es ihm, um einen ſo hohen Rang mit vollem Rechte einnehmen zu können, an Beſonnenheit, Klarheit und Ruhe fehlte. Sehr treffend und wahr charakteriſirt ihn in dieſer Hinſicht der neueſte Herausgeber ſeiner Schriften, indem er, in der dieſelben begleitenden, meiſterhaft geſchriebenen Einleitung (Th. I. S. LXXX. und fg.) von ihm ſagt: Es fehlt in Heinſe ein Prozeß, welchen ſtets die Vollendung fordert. Auf dem Wege zu einer Vollendung müſſen ſich Neigung, Studien, Erfahrung, Blick und Ueberblick neben und in einander drängen; — das iſt Alles reichlich bei ihm vorhanden und deshalb ſind dieſe beiden Bücher (Ardinghello und Hildegard von Hohenthal) lebhafter Theilnahme werth. Aber der letzte Act fehlt; dieſer Act beſteht darin, daß ſich aus all den Befähigungen und dem gewählten Stoffe ein unabhängiges Drittes als Reſultat ergiebt, beim Denker das geſchloſſene Syſtem, beim Dichter die fertige und geweihte Welt der poetiſchen Erfindung. Bei Heinſe ſteht Studie und Erfindung noch nebeneinander, der Leſer hat nach der Lectüre erſt alles Zeug in der Hand, um die Romanwelt nun zu einer Einheit durchzuringen. Der ſchmale, wenn auch brauſende Romanbach in dieſen Büchern Heinſe's erfüllt nicht, durchdringt nicht, große Strecken bleiben unberührt von ihm, ja ſelbſt das Murmeln deſſelben dringt nicht bis zu ihnen. — — Heinſe iſt zu träg oder wirklich nicht erfinderiſch genug geweſen, um voll zu erfinden. Seine Erfindung iſt meiſt nur Sympathie des eigenen Weſens, Gemälde ohne Schatten — der Romantiker aber muß Gegenſatz, Halbbefreundetes, Mögliches und Zufälliges beibringen, damit eine intereſſant webende, in ſich und gegenſeitig wirkende Welt, damit eine wahrhaft volle Welt entſtehe.

Ferner iſt er zu träg, oder zu wenig erfinderiſch, oder zu einſeitig im Ideal einer alten Welt befangen, um einen individuellen und charakteriſtiſchen Ausgang ſeiner Figuren zu erſchaffen. Er ſetzt einen phantaſtiſchen hinzu, und erſinnt plötzlich Alles, während er ſich vorher in einer Welt feſter Bedingungen herumbewegt hat. Das iſt nicht Reichthum, ſondern Armuth; ſolche Phantaſie iſt für den Roman zu vag, das feſte, organiſche Talent thut mehr: es erhebt ſich über den Boden, den es einmal zum Grunde gelegt, aber es verläßt ihn nicht; Ausbildung und Ende, obwohl poetiſch und höher, bleibt dieſem Boden und der einmal eingegangenen Bedingung des Verhältniſſes angemeſſen. Die Klippen ſind eben Trivialität und Phantaſterei — — —. Dies, ſei's Willens- oder Vermögensſchwäche, hat ihn nicht in der erſten Reihe der Klaſſiker zugelaſſen, mit denen er in Blick und Kraft ſo viel Einzelnes gemeinſchaftlich hatte, ja dieſe Schwäche hat manches geringere aber durchgearbeitete Talent ihm überlegen gezeigt.

Iſt man darüber einmal auf dem Reinen, ſo wird man das quellenreiche, ſchöne Land, welches in Heinſe's Büchern geboten iſt, um ſo aufmerkſamer und genußreicher betrachten; — man weiß dann, daß man ſich an prächtigen Partieen erquicken muß und nicht die geſchloſſenen Totalanſichten einer Goethe'ſchen Welt erwarten darf, wenigſtens nicht die ausgearbeiteten und bevölkerten. Denn an großer Geſchloſſenheit fehlt es eigentlich Heinſe nicht; er zeichnet ſich darin höchſt vortheilhaft vor hundert Anderen aus, daß er, ein ächter Dichter, ringsum greift, an Himmel und Erde, und allen möglichen Bezug des Menſchen in ſeine Hand und ſeinen Willen zieht. Nur weil er dies gewaltſamer, ſpringender thut, als Goethe, ſo wird ſeine Welt und ſein Styl wüſter, der Stempel Goethe'ſcher Aechtheit und Nothwendigkeit fehlt, und die ſtürmiſche Bewegung ſoll die ſichere erſetzen.

Ardinghello[*].

Demetri iſt ein wackrer Mann, viel Kern mit wenig Schale; der Menſch iſt bei ihm recht durchgearbeitet und ins Reine gebracht. Er herrſcht in Rom über die Geiſter, mehr als irgend ein anderer, genießt hohe Glückſeligkeit, und iſt der Leithammel von einer Menge junger Leute. Unter dieſen habe ich nicht wenig gefunden voll Lebensmuth und den größten Fähigkeiten, genaue Bekanntſchaft mit ihnen errichtet, und unbeſchreibliches Vergnügen in ihrem Umgange genoſſen. Wie jammert's mich, daß ſo viel herrliche Kraft wegen ſchlechter Regierungsverfaſſung ungenutzt verſauern ſoll!

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[*] Aus Heinſe's ſämmtlichen Schriften, herausgeg. von Laube. Th. II. S. [illegible] fg.

Im Neugriechiſchen bin ich bei ihm noch ſehr gewachſen. Auch hat er mir manche dunkle Stelle der griechiſchen dramatiſchen Dichter, beſonders in den Chören, ins klarſte Licht geſetzt, und meiſterhaften Unterricht über den unendlichen Reiz ihrer Sylbenmaße gegeben. Bei ſeinem Brotgeſchäfte mit alten Handſchriften ſind ihm eine Menge beſſrer Lesarten aufgeſtoßen, und er könnte wie ein andrer Herkules die Aldiniſchen und Juntiſchen Ausgaben ausmiſten, wenn ihm der Sylbenkrieg am Herzen läge.

Ueberhaupt aber hält er Ruhm für ein nothwendig Uebel, wobei man leicht ſelbſt zur Bildſäule auf dem Markte werden, und ſich endlich faſt nicht mehr regen und bewegen könne. Wirken, frei und mächtig handeln nach Art ſeiner Natur, dies ſei die allererſte und urſprünglichſte Glückſeligkeit. Der Kernmenſch gebrauche Ruhm als Hülfstruppen, und ſtoße den einen von ſich, wenn es ſein müßte, ſobald er in eine andre Sphäre ſchreite.

Nur einen Fehler kenne ich an ihm; und dieſer iſt, daß er in dem heilloſen Labyrinthe der Metaphyſik herumkreuzt. Du ſollſt hier in der Unterredung mit mir eine ſtarke Probe davon ſehen, obgleich ihn noch nicht in ſeinem ganzen Weſen; weil er ſich nach mir richten mußte, der ich hierin blos meiner eignen Vernunft folge, ohne mich mit Andrer Hypotheſen viel zu plagen. Wenn er muthwillig iſt, ſpricht er keinen Tag wie den andern. Mich trieb er vorzüglich nur in dem angegebnen Syſtem herum, und ſagte zuweilen verwirrte hochtrabende Dinge, um auszuweichen, oder vorzubereiten, und zu ſehen, was ich damit anfing. Wenig Auserwählten reicht er zuletzt den Faden der Ariadne, den er andern, wegen der heiligen Inquiſition, bedächtlich zu verbergen weiß, die ihm die einzige eſoteriſche Philoſophie vielleicht der alten Kirche bald mit langſamer Gluth ausbraten würde; an deſſen Sicherheit er aber ſelbſt noch zu zweifeln ſcheint.

Vielleicht macht Dir eine und die andre komiſch ernſthafte Behauptung gerade das meiſte Vergnügen, da Du wohl weißt, daß man hier nur meinen kann, weil unſre Sinne nicht bis dahin dringen.

„Jetzt iſt wenig hier zu ſchauen, ſprach er, wie er zu mir kam; aber zu mancher andern Zeit möcht' ich da geſtanden haben!“

Wir ſetzten und legten uns bald in die Sonne, die das Dach angenehm erwärmt hatte, und ſagten erſt dieſes und jenes über alte und neuere Architektur. Der Schluß war, daß der Zweck der vom Plan und den großen Maſſen an, bis aufs geringſte Einzelne und die Verzierungen, aus allem rein hervorleuchte, die alten von den neuern Gebäuden unterſcheide, wo oft bloße nachgeahmte Kunſt und leere Schönheit ſei, auch bei den beſten, ſonder Abſicht und Nutzen. Uebrigens ließen wir doch dem Bramante, Antonio da San Gallo, Michel Angelo, Palladio, und den andern großen Meiſtern ihr gebührend Lob völlig angedeihen; und waren der Meinung, daß kein alter Architekt vielleicht einen heroiſchern Palaſt dem Cäſar, als der Palaſt Farneſe, und einen lieblichern glänzenden der Kleopatra, als der Palaſt von Cornaro zu Venedig, würde haben erbauen können.

„Bei unſern Kirchen, fügte Demetri hinzu, worauf wir das Meiſte wenden, haben wir die reizende Mannigfaltigkeit nicht der Alten; Tempel des Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Bacchus: Tempel der Juno, Pallas, Diana, Venus. Jeder machte ein eigen Ganzes in Plan, Verzierung und Ausſchmückung, und Gegend.“

Die Meiſten ſollten ſich mehr nach den Heiligen richten, verſetzte ich, denen die Kirchen geweiht werden. Der Papſt, welcher die Rotunda hier allen Heiligen einweihte, ſo wie ſie ehemals allen Göttern geweiht war, ſcheint ſo etwas im Sinne gehabt zu haben.

Es iſt doch ſonderbar, entfuhr mir hierbei, daß die Griechen, das aufgeheiterte Volk, ſich mit den Fabeln über die Gottheit ſo ernſthaft und zuweilen ſo abergläubiſch grauſam beſchäftigen konnten, da ſie, der vielen andern Weiſen nicht zu gedenken, einen Anaxagoras hatten.

„Grauſam, verſetzte er, ſind ſie in Vergleichung mit uns zu ihren guten Zeiten nur wenigemal geweſen. Und dann laſſen ſich Meinungen, wo nicht offenbare Widerſprüche ſind, und das Gewiſſe tief verborgen ſteckt, nicht ſo leicht wegarbeiten. Es hält bei den ausgemachteſten Dingen ſchwer, den großen Haufen unter einen Hut zu bringen, wenn er ſich mit eingewurzelten Vorurtheilen dagegen ſträubt.“

„Mit den griechiſchen Gottheiten ging es gewiſſermaßen wie mit vielen Wörtern in jeder Sprache; wir haben einen deutlichen oder dunkeln Sinn dabei, wiſſen aber ihren erſten Urſprung nicht, noch wo ſie herſtammen; und jene waren ſchon vor Moſes und den Propheten in der ägyptiſchen Zeittiefe, ehe noch ein Trismegiſt unter den Sterblichen die Buchſtaben erfand. Homer hat damit ſeine Iliade ausgeziert wie mit Edelſteinen, Gold und Perlen, und zuweilen lauter Schmuck gemacht, wie den Kampf des Skamander mit dem Vulkan.“

„Religion wurde, dünkt mich, in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft zuerſt beſtimmt eingeführt, um den Streit über verſchiedne Verehrung der Gottheit bei Familien zu verhüten *). Jeder Staat oder Geſetzgeber ergriff eine Partei der Ordnung wegen, und ließ andern Republiken und Selbſtköpfen natürlicher Weiſe ihre Freiheit, über das Weltall zu denken, was ſie wollten, wenn ſie nicht mit Fackel und Schwert ſeine Verfaſſung ſtörten.“

„Bei den Griechen mußte es einer ſehr arg machen, wenn Richter und Volk Meinungen dagegen ahnden ſollten. Was hat nur Ariſtophanes nicht für Witz über die Götter ausgegoſſen! Wir im heiligen Rom erſchrecken noch nach Jahrtauſenden über ſeinen Muthwillen, wenn wir uns einmal mit der Phantaſie in deſſen Zeiten gedacht haben. Das Scherzen über die Bewohner des Olymp mochten die Griechen, ſcheint es, ſehr wohl leiden; nur durfte ſie einer nicht mit Stumpf und Stiel ausrotten wollen, und als Schwärmer deren Bildſäulen zerſchlagen, ohne ihnen dafür andre Freuden, andern Zeitvertreib zu gewähren. Jeder begriff an ſich ſelbſt, daß ſich das Gefühl der Wahrheit und Falſchheit nicht ſo ganz bändigen läßt, wenn man den Bürger nicht als bloßen Sclaven haben will. Bürgerliche Ordnung ſoll nur Gewaltthätigkeit hemmen, und nicht den freien Gebrauch der Seelenkräfte: ſonſt bleibt der Menſch nicht Menſch mehr, und wird zum Thier der Heerde, verliert ſeine eigenthümliche Glückſeligkeit und allen Wetteifer, wie wir in den tyranniſchen Staaten ſehen, wo die Natur auch ihre geiſtigſten Gaben am reichlichſten ausſpendet, in den Gefilden der Wahrheit und Schönheit nach Luſt immer weiter zu ſchreiten, und hienieden die höchſten Gipfel zu erſteigen, wo er Meer und Land überſchaut.“

„Die meiſten Streitigkeiten über Gott kommen davon her, daß Laien ſelten wiſſen, was ſie wollen, und Philoſophen meiſtens für den eingeführten Glauben, ſei's unter Heiden, Juden, Chriſten, ſich von ihm ein Ideal bilden, und ihn nicht annehmen und zu ergründen ſuchen, wie er in Natur ſich befindet; als ob er ſich bei der Menge verächtlich machte, wenn er wäre, was er iſt.“

„Anaxagoras unter den Griechen gab mit ſeinem Verſtandweſen für die folgenden Zeiten hauptſächlich dazu Anlaß. Das Syſtem des Lehrers des Perikles und Euripides hat durch ihr ſinnliches und glückliches Zeitalter geherrſcht, trotz den ſchulwidrigen Behauptungen vielleicht größrer Scheidekünſtler, erhielt ſich bis in die chriſtlichen Jahrhunderte, und herrſcht gewiſſermaßen trüb und dunkel wieder jetzt, obgleich die erſte Quelle nun unbekannt geworden iſt. Er nahm eine Weltſeele an, die alle Materie der Elemente durchdringt, und über ſie Gewalt hat, in dem in der Erde Tiefen verborgnen Wurme und himmelhöchſten Adler dieſelbe **).“

„Sokrates verwarf alles Syſtem, ahnete nur, und betete an in heiligem Stillſchweigen nach ſeinem tiefſten Forſchen; verehrte übrigens die Gottheit nach den Landesgeſetzen unter mancherlei Namen, ohne ſie näher zu beſtimmen, und rieth ſeinen Freunden daſſelbe.“

„Dem Plato, Ariſtoteles, und andern Denkern aber war damit wenig gedient, und ſie gingen ſo weit als ſie nur vermochten. Jener ſprach über den allgemeinen Verſtand in erhabnen Dichtungen; und der kühne Titan von Stagira belagerte regelmäßig endlich nach den feinſten Erfindungen der ſcharfſinnigſten Taktik, und ſeine Anhänger behaupten, er ſei in die innerſte Feſtung eingedrungen. Darauf und daran muß der Herrliche, der in ſo vielem Andern an der Spitze der Menſchheit ſtand, gewiß geweſen ſein.“

„Plato ſchreibt noch am Ende ſeiner Tage den Geſtirnen den höchſten Verſtand zu. Anfangs bedachte er ſich lang über die Sonne, und konnte nur damit nicht ins Reine kommen, wie wir lebten und ſo hell im Geiſte ſähen, wenn ſie unterginge und es Nacht wäre ***). Daß alles Lebendige erfrieren, zu todten Klumpen erſtarren müßte, wenn nichts von ihren Strahlen zurückbliebe, wird ihm wohl einmal im Winter die Bedenklichkeit gehoben haben. Vielleicht ſchloß er gar noch ferner, daß alles Licht und alles Feuer und alle Wärme auf unſerm kleinen Erdboden blos in Materie gefahrene Strahlen der göttlichen und der Geſtirne ſind, die jene, von nichts gehemmt, durchdringen, regen, richten, — woher denn alles einzelne Lebendige Bildung, Form und ſein Recht hat; bis ſie wieder von andern aufgenommen werden, oder ſich ſelbſt abſondern in Rückerinnerung der alten überſchwenglichen Wonne, — und daß die Maſſen und Körper, die deren am meiſten enthalten, die lebendigſten ſind. Wenigſtens iſt dies der Grundſtoff zu ſeinem glänzenden theologiſchen Syſteme, worüber Julian noch abtrünnig wurde."

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*) Religion ſelbſt kömmt nach dem Cicero her von relegere, dem fleißigen Leſen deſſen, was über den Götterdienſt war feſtgeſetzt worden. Die dies thaten, hießen religioſi.

**) Seine Lehre findet man kurz beiſammen in folgenden Worten des Plato: την των αλλων ἁπαντων φυσιν, ου πιστευεις Αναξαγορᾳ, νουν και ψυχην ειναι την διακοσμουσαν και εχουσαν. Kratylos.

***) Siehe eben ſeinen Kratylos.

„Ueberhaupt hielten die meiſten alten Philoſophen das Feuer für das Göttlichſte in der Natur."

„Die großen Dichter dieſer hohen Zeiten für die Menſchheit, fiel ich ein, hatten um eine Stufe natürlichere Metaphyſik, und nahmen das ſinnlichere und nähere. Sie meinten, wir ſchöpften die bewegende Kraft mit dem Athem, und ſie ſei in der Luft befindlich, und nannten ſie Zeus, nach dem wörtlichen Sinn, wodurch ſie lebten; und einige Philoſophen ſchlugen ſich zu ihrer Partei."

„Sophokles ſagt: „Zeus, der alles faßt, in alles dringt, und näher verwandt iſt, als Vater, Mutter, Bruder, Schweſter." Und an einem andern Orte: „Welcher Menſchen Uebermuth, o Zeus, hemmt Deine Macht, die der uralte Schlaf nicht ergreift, und die unermüdlichen Monden! Unalternd durch der Jahre Wechſel nimmſt Du Herrſcher den ſtrahlenden Glanz vom Olymp ein; Dir iſt der Augenblick, die Zukunft und Vergangenheit unterthan."

„Und Euripides ſagt geradezu: „Siehſt Du über und um uns den unermeßlichen Aether, der die Erde mit friſchen Armen rund umfängt? Das iſt Gott!"

„Und Ariſtophanes, ſein Antagoniſt, ruft eben ſo aus: „Unſer Vater Aether, heiligſter, aller Lebengeber!"

„Und Pindar ging ſchon vorher noch weiter, und ſingt ſtolz in lyriſcher Begeiſterung: „Eins das Geſchlecht der Menſchen! Eins das der Götter! Alle beide athmen von Einer Mutter."

„Nach der älteſten Meinung ſeines Volks glaubte Thales das Göttliche im Waſſer zu finden, weil alles Lebendige ſich davon nähret, und aller Same feucht iſt. Die Erde aber blieb immer nur Pflanzſtätte, die das Himmliſche durch Wind und Regen empfängt, und Thiere und deren Nahrung damit gebiert; obgleich [illegible] Alter, ſelbſt ohne Geiſt und Leben. Manche hielten [illegible] einmal für Element, ſondern wie Heſiodus nur für [illegible] Körper."

„Alles kehrt zurück, wo es herkam: was von der Erde entſproß, zur Erde; das Himmliſche wieder in die luftſchwebenden ätheriſchen Zärtlichkeiten.

„Doch, geſtehen wir es nur, wir tappen damit noch in Nacht und Ungewißheit! wie die Alten ſelbſt; von denen nur einer mehr oder weniger als der andre dreiſt war mit ſeinen Behauptungen. Ein beſtimmtes deutliches Syſtem hierüber darf man bei keinem Sterblichen ſuchen; die größten Weiſen haben für ſich keins gehabt, und nicht klar geſehen, wie kein Menſch die ganze Welt klar durchſchauen kann. Sie nahmen gewiſſe Sätze an und bauten darauf hin, und wurden immerwährend von der Natur wieder in Verwirrung geſetzt."

„Eines jeden Gefühl muß ihm ſagen, daß er etwas getrenntes von einem Ganzen iſt, und daß er ſucht, ſich wieder mit demſelben zu vereinigen. Als Menſchen ſuchen wir dies am erſten bei andern Menſchen zu bewerkſtelligen: die Natur leitet den Mann zum Weibe, und das Weib zum Manne. Beide finden alsdann doch noch nicht dies in ſich allein, und ſuchen ihr Ganzes bei mehrern ihres Gleichen. Wo dieſer Trieb lauter wirkt: die glückſeligſte Republik. Aber auch hier wird der Menſch endlich ſeine freie Vollkommenheit, ſein Ganzes nicht finden. Es iſt alſo klar, daß uns entweder der Tod mit dieſem vereinigt, oder doch nähert; oder nach mancherlei Durchwanderungen von Körpern wieder dahin bringen muß. Aus dieſem Gefühle ſtirbt eine Alkeſte für ihren Gatten, als der minder edle Theil des Ganzen, und übergiebt ſich ein Regulus freiwillig Schmach und Leiden. Aus dieſem Grunde ſieht man mehrere Menſchen, jeden von demſelben Schlag und Gehalt, zuſammen für verſtändiger an, und ein ganzes Volk für die klare ausgemachte Weisheit; und wir kommen oft mit der ſicherſten Gewißheit von dem Gegentheil und dem ſtärkſten Vorſatz nicht auf gegen die Macht der Täuſchung."

„O wie liebe ich das, rief Demetri mir mit lebendigern Augen froh lächelnd zu, wenn ſo einer aus dem andern Funken ſchlägt! O könnten wir uns Licht machen, und einander einen Pharos anzünden in dieſem nächtlichen Meere, wo Boreas und Süd und Oſt und Weſt verſchiedner Meinungen ſtürmiſch ungeſtüme Wogen wälzen, — wenigſtens einer dem andern wie ein noch ſcheues edles Roß vor den fürchterlichen Einbildungen auf allen Seiten herumführen!"

„Welches der König der Elemente iſt: Luft oder Feuer? wäre alſo der Streit bei den griechiſchen Dichtern und Philoſophen. Um das Höchſte und Edelſte zu ſein, muß er die Maſſen aller andern durchdringen, Gewalt darüber haben, ſie an ſich ketten, und nach ſeiner eignen Natur formen und bewegen. Nach dieſem Grundſatze würden die Dichter wohl den Philoſophen nachgeben, und alle lebendigen Weſen eine Art von Flamme ſein; Feuer ſo über Luft, wie Bewegung des Lichts gegen Schall."

„Auch war das Weſentliche zweier der älteſten Religionen des menſchlichen Geſchlechts in der Mitte der zwei größten Welttheile, Aſien und Amerika, Verehrung der Sonne und des Feuers; und ihre Frommen bemitleideten die ſo mit geiſtiger Blindheit geſchlagenen, daß ſie in Finſterniß nach Geſpenſtern herumtappen, vom Lichte der Natur, durch alle Himmel daſſelbe, lieblich und freundlich und erwärmend hell lebendig umſtrahlt. Selbſt in Rom, da edle Weisheit und Tapferkeit in ſeinem Senate noch den Erdboden regierte, bewahrten jungfräuliche Hände deſſen Gluth als das Allerheiligſte."

„Laſſen wir aber auch noch einen Prieſter des Zeus mit ſeinem Pomp in dieſe Verſammlung treten, und die Religion ſeines Volkes behaupten, weil wir einmal im erfreulichen Schwärmen der Phantaſie darüber ſind."

„Thoren Ihr alle! rief er aus; die Welt macht nur ein Ganzes, und Ihr haltet Euch an den Theil. Alle verſchiedenen Urweſen in der Natur ſind göttlich, jedes ſo ewig als das andere, und keins kann von dem andern herkommen und geworden ſein."

„Rein abgeſondert nennen wir ſie Elemente, unter einander vermengt, für uns ohne Ordnung und Schönheit, nennen wir ſie Materie."

„Wie alle dieſe Kräfte zuſammengekommen ſind, ſich verbinden und ſcheiden, und allerlei Erſcheinungen hervorbringen, hat noch kein menſchlicher Kopf für Sinn und Verſtand erklärt."

„Thun wir den äußerſten Flug menſchlicher Einbildungskraft, und nehmen Anfang an, wo es nur immer möglich iſt."

„Stellt Euch das Chaos vor, das alle Götter, Menſchen, Thiere, Pflanzen, Metalle und Steine gebar, wie einen unermeßlichen heißen Nebel im unendlichen Raume, worin Sonnen und Planeten noch zerſtäubt ſchwimmen mit den Meeren, Erden und Lüften!"

„Es begann die Zeit: Feuer und Lüfte, und Waſſer und Erden ſchieden ſich, und ein gleichartiges Weſen geſellte ſich ſeiner ewigen Natur nach zu dem andern. Die jungen Sonnen wälzten ſich und wuchſen, bis jede ſich aus ihrer Sphäre, gleich ewigen blendenden Gewittern von lauter Blitzen und Wetterſtrahlen (wovon wir an unſern Wolken zuweilen nur winzige dunkle Schatten ſehen) zuſammengeſammelt hatte, und beſäeten die Himmel. Die gröbern Maſſen ſanken unter, jede nach ihrem verſchiedenen Grade, und machen nun die Planeten aus, die immer ſchwebend herumtanzen, ſich wieder mit dem holden Lichte zu vereinigen, aber wegen ihrer Schwere nicht zum Aufflug gelangen."

„Und die Liebe ward geboren, der ſüße Genuß aller Naturen für einander, der ſchönſte, älteſte und jüngſte der Götter, von Urania, der glänzenden Jungfrau, deren Zaubergürtel das Weltall in tobendem Entzücken zuſammenhält. Und alle lebendigen Geſchöpfe erhaſchten in dieſem Getümmel ihren Anfang, und vermehren ſich nach alter Art immer wieder aus einem kleinen neuen Chaos von Elementen, nach Anzahl, Maß und Form der erſten Zuſammenſetzung."

„Das Element, das alles füllt, das ſich am freieſten und ungebundenſten durch das Unermeßliche breitet, ohne welche nichts beſtehen kann, was lebt, ſelbſt das Feuer nicht, iſt die Luft. Wir Triſmegiſten und Orpheuſe gaben ihm den Namen Zeus, und ſtellten dieſen den Völkern in Wolken auf einem Donnerwagen mit dem flammichten zackichten Keil voll furchtbarer Majeſtät als deſſen Regenten vor, weil ſie nicht bis zu dem Unſichtbaren gelangen, und Geſtalt für den Sinn haben müſſen.'

„Sein erſtgeborner Sohn, Licht und Feuer, iſt Apollo, der Sonnengott."

„Der Beherrſcher der Waſſer, Zeus Bruder, Neptun."

„Den Erden, den Sammlungen unzählbarer andrer Elemente, ſetzten wir das Heer der übrigen Götter vor, und ertheilten dem dritten Bruder Pluto in den Unterwelten den höchſten Szepter."

„Eure Geſtalter, die Pythagoraſſe und Homere, haben hernach unſre kühnen großen Erfindungen angenehm und lieblich und erfreulich ausgearbeitet, und die Phidiaſſe und Polyklete denſelben das Siegel aufgedrückt. Und ſo waren die Urkräfte der Natur für die Phantaſie geordnet, und jeder von ihren Lieblingskindern, den Menſchen, ſchöne Tempel aufgeſtellt.“

Verwundert Euch nicht, Freund, fuhr Demetri fort, über die aſtronomiſchen Ketzereien, die ich meinen Prieſter ſagen laſſe! Es wird eine Zeit kommen, und nach der Freiheit, womit die großen Geiſter ſchon anfangen ihre Flügel zu ſchwingen, kann ſie nicht mehr fern ſein, wo die Sonne und die Fixſterne auch bei den Menſchen ihren erhabnen Poſten behaupten werden, wie in der Natur, und unſre kleine Erde mit den andern Planeten um ihre Lebendigmacherin herumrollen wird*); es wird die Zeit kommen, wo der kleinſte Nebelſtern Sonne ſein wird, und ein beſſerer Morgen in unſern Kerker einbrechen; bis wir uns endlich alle Bande abſtreifen, und des ewigen Daſeins, unſers Eigenthums, als ächte Kinder Gottes genießen, in unausſprechlicher Wonne, ſondern Grauſen vor den armſeligen Schreckwörtern Tod und Zerſtörung.

Es war beſſer, daß Millionen Sonnen ſind, um nur Zahl zu nennen, als eine, die zu ungeheuer geweſen ſein würde! Die Billionen Planeten hätten ſich zu oft darum her einander verfinſtert, und die raſende Maſſe von Feuer ſie verzehrt.

Alles Weſen beſteht aus unergründlich Kleinem. Was unendlich klein iſt, kann nur wenig Kraft und Bewegung haben. Um freier und gewaltiger zu ſein, paart es ſich mit Seinesgleichen, und vermehrt ſich bis zu Sonnen und Planetenſphären, die ſich durch die Himmel wälzen, und ſchweben für uns in unbegreiflicher Fülle von Wonne; paart ſich mit Seinesgleichen und Anderm, was es wie zum Fuhrwerk, oder gleichſam Reitthier brauchen kann. Und dies hat's auch wieder gut, indem es an der Luſt des edlern Theil nimmt, und für ſeinen Dienſt reichlich verſorgt wird.

Das Zuſammengeſetzte aber aus Verſchiedenem iſt in Betrachtung des Einfachen eine wahre Kleinigkeit. Was ſind alle Vögel, Thiere und Fiſche gegen die unermeßliche Luft, das blendende Gewimmel der Geſtirne, und gegen Meer und Erden in ihrer urſprünglichen Reinheit? Zuſammengerottete winzige Sonderlinge! Die großen Maſſen allein leben und ſchweben in ewiger angeſtammter Wonne und Glückſeligkeit: nur wir Heterogenen leiden und ſind elend, und plagen uns mit unſrer Erhaltung, immer in der jämmerlichen Furcht zu vergehen. Mitteldinger zwiſchen Sein und Nichtſein! Zuſammengeballte Grenzen des Verſchiednen! Die ſich mit Träumen plagen, und ihre eigentliche Natur nicht finden können, und auf das kranke Gewinſel zerrütteter Creaturen horchen, da uns das ewige Licht in die Augen blitzt, Meere in die Ohren rauſchen, und alles augenblicklich in uns ſtrebt, ſich mit dem Großen, Mächtigen wieder zu vereinigen.

Die Thoren glauben ſie kämen einmal in eine ganz andre Welt, wo keine Sonne wäre, weder Mond noch Sterne, noch Meer und Land, wie bei uns; und ſie hätte vielleicht dort doppelte goldne Hüften, wie hier nur eine Pythagoras hatte.

Unſre Philoſophen nehmen ſich ſehr in Acht, wenn ſie von Seele reden, auf Erde, Waſſer, Luft und Feuer zu kommen; vermuthlich, um ſich nichts zu vergeben. Nicht alſo die Griechen! Wir zucken die Achſeln deswegen über ſie? Je erhabner der Mann, deſto eher der Kinder Spott!

Demetri's Wangen wurden röther in dieſem lyriſchen Taumel; ich rief ihm zu: „mäßigt Euern Schwung, wenn ich nachfolgen ſoll.“

„Etwas beſonders, Adler oder Menſch, und zum Beiſpiel Alexander zu ſein nach gewonnenen Schlachten, fügte ich leiſe hinzu, macht doch auch große Freude, und kommt einem angenehmer vor, als wenn man ſich zu unendlich kleinen Theilchen von Erde, Luft und Waſſer und Feuer denkt. Jedes einzelne Weſen wird ſeine Exiſtenz bloß durch andre gewahr; je reiner es ſich damit vereinigt, deſto größer wahrſcheinlich ſeine Glückſeligkeit. Alles in der Natur ſtrebt deswegen ſich in Anderes zu verbreiten.“

Demetri. Bei ſolchem Einfachen giebt's kein Theilchen; jedes, wenn man ſich es auch denkt, gehört ſo zum Ganzen, daß das Ganze zuſammengenommen nichts Beſſeres iſt. Das Theilchen iſt wie das Ganze, und das Ganze wie das Theilchen; Eins wirkt und regt ſich wie das Andre, jedes Gefühl blitzt durch das ganze All. Was das Eine angeht, das geht auch das Andre an; es iſt Eins ſo mächtig, ſo ungeheuer und unermeßlich groß, wenn man eine ſolche Größe annehmen will, wie das Andre. Die Meere und Tiefen von urſprünglichen Elementen ſind es, woraus wir immer neu ſtrömen und zuſammenrollen, und unſre Urnatur iſt unendlich göttlicher und erhabner, als das augenblicklich zuſammengeballte Eins verſchiedner Kräfte; nach dem hohen Plato nur eine Stockung im unſterblichen Fluſſe der Glückſeligkeit.

Ardinghello. Aber daß etwas ſein muß, was das Weltall zuſammenhält, iſt wohl klar genug! Eine unbekannte Urſache an und für ſich, doch bekannt in ihren Wirkungen; ein Weſen, das die andern Elemente zuſammenbändigt vor ihrem Schlafe zum Leben, zur Exiſtenz, zur Harmonie und Einheit.

Wenn ich meinen Körper betrachte, und bedenke, daß ich ihn ſelbſt ſoll zuſammengearbeitet und gebildet haben, und doch nichts davon weiß; oder welches einerlei iſt, daß das erſte Menſchenpaar dies ſoll gethan haben: ſo dünkt mir augenſcheinlich, daß ich nicht von mir ſelbſt abhange, und daß eine unbekannte Urſache im Spiel iſt. Anfang und Ende iſt für keines Menſchen Kopf; und eben ſo unbegreiflich, wie Verſchiednes ein lebendiges Eins macht. Unſre offenbare Willkür, der vorher beſtimmte Endzweck aller unſrer Sinne zum Beiſpiel, das Forterhalten der Gattungen, bleibt unerklärlich und überſteigt die feinſte Philoſophie.

Demetri. Vielleicht wird ſich dies noch aufhüllen.

Wir erkennen uns bloß als Zuſammenſetzung, als Wirkung und nicht als Urſache. Bei uns iſt ſie mit unſerm Verſtande eins, und es findet da kein Zweites ſtatt; bei andern Dingen läßt ſie vielleicht den Sonnenſtrahl, ſo wie ihn unſer grobes Auge blickt, nicht in ihre Verborgenheit. Rein exiſtirt ſie blos in ihrer urſprünglichen Vortrefflichkeit, ſchwebt im Genuß ihrer ſelbſt, und vermiſcht, erkennt ſie nur die Vermiſchung.

Liebe und Krieg iſt ewig auf den Grenzen verſchiedener Natur; jene nennen wir Ordnung, Leben, Schönheit, und wie die Namen alle lauten. Wie Kinder ſcheuen wir Tod und Vergehen; wir würden bei beſtändiger Dauer in immer einerlei Zuſammenſetzung vor Langweile endlich auf ewiger Folter liegen in unſrer kleinen Eingeſchränktheit. Die Natur hat ſich aus eignen Grundtrieben dies Spiel von Werden und Auflöſen ſo zubereitet, um immer in neuen Gefühlen ſelig fortzuſchweben; und unſer Beruf iſt, dies zu erkennen, und glückſelig zu ſein. Pythagoras hatte Recht: die Welt iſt eine Muſik! Wo die Gewalt der Konſonanzen und Diſſonanzen am verflochtenſten iſt, da iſt ihr höchſtes Leben, und der Troſt aller Unglücklichen muß ſein, daß keine Diſſonanz in der Natur liegen bleiben kann. Die höchſten Granitfelſen der Alpen und des Kaukaſus zermalmen endlich die Regen des Himmels, und die Kataracten der Eisdecken auf ihren Gipfeln, und unſre Jahrtauſende ſind Momente der Ewigkeit. Kommen wir einmal zum Theil in den Mittelpunkt des Oceans und der Erdkugel, ſo kommen wir auch in Sonnen und Geſtirne, und werden eins damit.

Jedes Element hat nach höheren und minderen Graden von Regſamkeit die Eigenſchaft zu leben, zu empfinden; und die mancherlei Proportion giebt jedem einzelnen Dinge ſeinen beſondern Urcharakter. Dem Affen ein wenig Licht und Luft mehr im Urton: und er ſtünde auf der Leiter der Schöpfung über den Homeren und Zenonen, freilich alsdann auch in andrer Geſtalt. Unſer Gehirn ſcheint der hohe Rath der Republik zu ſein, ſich augenblicklich zu bewegen, und die neuen Erſcheinungen und Gefühle der Sinne aufzunehmen, und darnach für das kleine Ganze zu ſorgen.

Wer hat die Elemente ſo unterſucht, daß er einem allein das Leben und Denken zuſchreiben will? Warum ſollten nicht alle mehr oder minder dazu fähig ſein, und die ganze Natur leben, denken und empfinden!

Der Menſch macht ein Ganzes aus, und es iſt alte Pedanterie denſelben nur in zwei ganz entgegengeſetzte verſchiedene Hälften zu theilen, wie man hernach bei allen Thieren und der kleinſten Mücke thun muß. Aber Gewohnheit zwingt alles unter ihre eiſerne tyranniſche Herrſchaft, bis auf die ſich freiwähnendſten philoſophiſchen Häupter, die davon nichts träumen.

Ardinghello. Auf einen Hieb fällt kein Baum, geſchweige eine Zeder, die ſo viele Jahrhunderte, durch alle bekannte Zeitalter ſteht, und mit ihrem immer grünenden Gipfel jedem Sturme trotzt. Die Menſchen werden heut zu Tage ſchwerlich glauben, daß das Beſte von ihnen nur Sonne war und die Planeten erleuchtete; ſie ſind zu ſtolz dazu geworden. Geſchweige, daß ihre Körper nur eine gewiſſe Ordnung ſeien, Wohnungen, Gaſthöfe der Elemente, die augenblicklich durch ſie reiſten, ſich nur Momente aufhielten, ſie lebendig, vollkommner und bequemer für die nachfolgenden machten.

Demetri. Und doch muß auch dem Dümmſten auffallen, daß er alle Wochen wenigſtens ander Fleiſch und Blut hat; daß ihn ſein Magen jeden Tag ein paarmal an neuen Erſatz erinnert; daß er ſtündlich ſtirbt und wieder aufersteht; immer etwas Anderes iſt, immer iſt wie das Wetter, das er ſieht und einathmet. Und was wollt Ihr mit allen bekannten Zeitaltern? Habt Ihr vielleicht den Ariſtoteles geleſen?

Ardinghello. Seine metaphyſiſchen Schriften nur durchblättert! Theils, weil ſie mir zu weitläufig, und gleich anfangs mit Fleiß dunkel und räthſelhaft geſchrieben ſchienen, und theils, weil ich für wahr hielt was Xenophon beim Eingange der Denkwürdigkeiten vom Sokrates meldet; nämlich: die Metaphyſiker wären ihm vorgekommen wie Raſende, da die berühmteſten derſelben ſchnurſtracks ſich entgegenſtehende Meinungen behaupten. Die ganze Wiſſenſchaft ſei zu nichts nütze, und er hätte ſich verwundert, wie es ihnen nicht offenbar wäre, daß unſer Verſtand darüber nichts Gewiſſes erfinden könnte. Die menſchlichen Dinge allein machten uns genug zu ſchaffen.

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*) Das Syſtem des Kopernikus wurde am ſpäteſten im Kirchenſtaate angenommen; und Galilei war zu dieſer Zeit kaum geboren. Man kann das folgende als eine Prophezeihung auf ihn halten.

Demetri. Auch beim Sokrates iſt nicht alles Gold! Dies war zuverläſſig in die Luft geſprochen, ohne hinlängliche Ueberlegung. Das Allgemeine können wir wiſſen, aber nicht das Beſondere. Ohne Arbeit und Muth wird dem Menſchen nichts Großes verliehen. Wer weiß, wie viele Jahrhunderte noch dazu gehören, ehe wir in Erkenntniß der Natur ſo weit gelangen, als unſer Verſtand reicht, und das höchſt Ziel berühren! Viele verzweifeln daran, nur etwas Wahres zu finden, und wollen immer im Finſtern herumtappen; aber es kommen Augenblicke, wo ſie erſchrecken, ein bloßes Nichts zu ſein, ohne ſich mit der Natur zuſammen zu denken. Harmonie mit dem Weltall iſt das höchſte Gut! und welcher gute Kopf will ſein Lebelang zu dem Geſindel gehören, das die Wetterfahne aller Meinungen iſt? Jeder muß hier endlich ſo weit als er kann, und es hilft da kein Sträuben. Unſre Beſtimmung, wenn wir eine haben ſollen, kann keine andre ſein, als die verſchiedenen Naturen des Weltalls in der Zuſammenſetzung zu faſſen woraus wir beſtehen. Der Menſch ſelbſt iſt gleichſam eine herumwandelnde Metaphyſik; wer wollte ſich nicht damit beſchäftigen? Sie iſt die erſte und höchſte aller Wiſſenſchaften.

Wenn es wahr iſt, wie es denn allen Schein der Wahrheit trägt, was Alkibiades vom Sokrates in Platon's Gaſtmahl erzählt, ſo hat auch hierin der, den das Orakel (vielleicht hauptſächlich deswegen, was Ihr eben aus den Denkwürdigkeiten von ihm angeführt habt), zum Weiſeſten erklärte, doch auch hierin ſeine Schuldigkeit beobachtet. Er ſtand einſt im freien Felde vom Morgen an, den ganzen Tag über und die Nacht durch, unbeweglich auf einem Fleck in dem allertiefſten Nachdenken verſunken und verloren: und betete die Sonne an, als ihre reine volle Feuerſphäre über die öſtlichen Gipfel Strahlen des Lebens wehte.

In den geringſten Wiſſenſchaften und Künſten herrſchen verſchiedene Meinungen, und es iſt natürlich, daß in der höchſten die meiſten herrſchen, weil Alle zum ſteilen Gipfel wollen, und nur äußerſt Wenige dazu genug Athem in der Bruſt, Stärke in den Knochen, und ausdauernden Muth und Verſtand gegen alle die Gefahren haben, die in den halsbrechenden Pfaden auf ſie lauern.

Nutzen? Soll man denn Alles des Mantels und Magens wegen thun? Und macht Erkenntniß der Wahrheit nicht ſchon an und für ſich glückſelig? Iſt ſie nicht die höchſte Glückſeligkeit! Gehört das Vergnügen, die Freude nicht zu Nutzen?

Freilich muß jeder den Weg endlich ſelbſt machen. Es muß erſt einer wiſſen wo der Aetna liegt, ehe er hinauf will. Und dann iſt für uns die Reiſe durch die Scylla und Charybdis die kürzeſte; und durchaus zu Pferde iſt nicht möglich. Oder: man muß ungefähr ſo weit ſein als ſie ſelbſt waren, ehe man die Syſteme großer Philoſophen vollkommen verſteht, und ferner ſie nicht auf den erſten Seiten vollkommen begreifen wollen; man muß ſie erſt ganz kennen, ehe man nur etwas von ihnen in allem ſeinen Verhältniſſe einſieht.

Das Syſtem des Ariſtoteles liegt, es iſt wahr, noch zum Theil da im Chaos; aber binnen zweitauſend Jahren hat ſich kein beſſerer Architekt gezeigt. Er trug allen philoſophiſchen Reichthum jener glücklichen Zeiten zuſammen, und brütete darüber wie ein Gott. Seine phyſiſchen und metaphyſiſchen Werke ſind ein langwieriges Studium, und es läßt ſich in einem Geſpräche davon kein Auszug machen. Ihr müßt ſie ſelbſt leſen, und es wird Euch Luſt ſein, zu ſehen, wie er die Natur herausarbeitet und bis auf ihre kleinſten Beſtandtheile zergliedert, wenn Ihr auch nur den Tiefſinn des Menſchen an ihm bewundern höret.

Für jetzt nur noch einige Rhapſodien nach ihm und gegen ihn, und Launen und Einfälle. Stellt Euch das Univerſum wie eine Leiter vor, worauf ich Euch nach augenblicklicher Luſt und Liebe vorphantaſire. O nichts iſt reizender und lockender dazu! es iſt der ſchönſte Gegenſtand meiner Poeſie in der Einſamkeit. O es macht mich glücklich, und mich überläuft wieder zuweilen ein menſchlicher Schauder, wenn ich bedenke was ich vielleicht ſchon war, und ferner ſein werde, was ich jetzt bin und den folgenden Morgen, die folgende Stunde ſchon von neuem anfange zu ſein! Uebrigens genieße ich jeden Moment der Spanne meines gegenwärtigen Lebens ſo gut ich kann, und ergebe mich Kleinigkeit in die Umwälzungen der ungeheuern Maſſen.

Was Demetri darauf ferner ſagte, davon mehr nur den Inhalt als ſeine Worte, in ſo weit ich denſelben gefaßt habe. Ich blieb bis jetzt noch immer der Meinung des Sokrates, daß auch die beſte Metaphyſik ein ſchönes Gebäude ſei, welches bloß in der Luft ſchwebt, und daß man ſich nur damit beſchäftigen müſſe, um ſich nichts weiß machen zu laſſen, und ſeinen Vergnügen in dieſer Rückſicht ungeſtört nachzuhängen.

Die Sinne allein zeigen uns, begann er von neuem*), daß etwas außer uns da iſt; Verſtand ſelbſt iſt die Wurzel der Sinne. Von Sinn und Verſtand alle unſre Erkenntniß; und was finden wir da?

In uns gekehrt, die wunderbare Sicherheit, daß wir Wirkliches und kein Nichts ſind, und allen Grund zu denken und zu handeln. Außer uns, Sonne, Mond und Sterne im unermeßlichen Aether, und Luft und Meer und Land voll unzählbarer lebendiger Dinge.

Doch ſolche Menge Verſchiedenheiten entdeckt nur das Auge, unſer reichſter, aber auch flachſter Sinn; wir haben einen andern, der tiefer dringt und zu Einfacherem kömmt, das Gefühl. Kein Thier kann ohne daſſelbe, aber ohne die andern Sinne beſtehen.

Und dieſer Sinn erkennt?

Warm und Kalt und Feucht und Trocken.

Nichts weiter! denn alles Uebrige fällt in Eins von dieſen: daraus beſteht die unendliche Mannigfaltigkeit des Weltalls.

Doch werden wir auch mit dieſem ſo mächtig eingreifenden Sinne nur Oberflächen gewahr; allein tiefer in die Natur der Dinge können wir nicht eindringen, wenn wir nicht ſie ſelbſt werden. Und dann hört aller Sinn auf; wir ſind es ſelbſt, und ſchweben im Genuß ohne alle weſentliche Unterſcheidung.

Warm und trocken iſt das Feuer. Warm und feucht die Luft. Kalt und trocken die Erde. Kalt und feucht das Waſſer. Mit Flamme und Eis fängt Stockung und Zerſtörung an, daraus keine Zeugung.

Wenn Feuer ſich in Luft verwandelt, braucht es nur die Feuchtigkeit anzunehmen; und ſo wenn Waſſer ſich in die Erde: nur die Trockenheit. Waſſer wird Luft durch die Wärme; Luft wird Waſſer durch die Kälte. Feuer verwandelt ſich in Erde durch die Kälte; Erde in Feuer durch die Wärme. Leicht iſt dann der Uebergang einer Natur in die andere, und leicht Werden und Zeugen. Wenn aber Feuer Waſſer werden ſoll, und Waſſer Feuer, Luft Erde, und Erde Luft: dann iſt ein doppelter Damm durchzuſtürmen; allein der Schleichweg iſt bald gefunden. Feuer wird erſt entweder Luft oder Erde; und ſo bleibt der Uebergang auch bei den andern immer leicht.

Daraus alle die ſonderbaren Erſcheinungen! Und ſo verändert ſich ewig in ſich die Welt, begattet ſich mit ſich ſelbſt, und bringt neue Geſchöpfe hervor, und Blumen und Früchte.

Dies ſind die vier Elemente, die der gemeine Menſchenverſtand durch alle Zeiten anerkannt hat; und ſie ſind die Grundverſchiedenheiten nicht nur für das Gefühl, ſondern auch für die übrigen Sinne, die alle verſchiedene Abarten deſſelben ſind, und darauf beruhen.

Daß die Luft wieder ſo verſchieden ſein könne als wir die Erde erkennen, wer will dies leugnen? Und ſo das Waſſer, und vielleicht noch das Feuer; wer hat die Elemente ſo unterſucht? Und wie wenig wiſſen wir noch von den Erden? Genug, daß der Uebergang eines Elementes in das andere gefunden iſt.

Doch, warum ſuchen wir Vervielfältigung der Elemente! Es hat Philoſophen gegeben, die behaupteten, daß das Weltall, welches wir zuſammen mit einem Namen Natur nennen, durchaus Eins und daſſelbe ſei; die alle Evidenz leugneten, um ihren Verſtand an einem Mutterweſen zu weiden, das bloß reiner Stoff, und nichts von allem andern iſt, was wir kennen, ſondern alles zugleich in jedem Punkte; anderen Menſchen eben ſo undenkbar, wie Alles aus Nichts, und Nichts aus Allem das es auch bedeutet.

Die älteſten der Art blieben jedoch noch bei einem Elemente. Heraklit meinte, das Feuer ſei der gemeinſchaftliche Quell aller Dinge: und Thales das Waſſer: beide aus dem heitern Jonien, von den Griechen, ſonderbarlich! für die früheſten ächten philoſophiſchen Köpfe anerkannt, und der erſte als Stammvater aller eigentlichen Weisheit zum Sprichwort bei ihnen durch alle Zeiten geworden. Das organiſche Waſſer, zum Beiſpiel der Menſch, erſaufe in dem einfachen Waſſer, und das organiſche Feuer verbrenne in dem Feuer, das die Luft verliert, etwas Anderes zu ſein. Feuer, Luft und Erde ſei Waſſer, und Waſſer ſei Erde, Luft und Feuer und alles Eins und Daſſelbe. Feuer ſei heiß und kalt, und Waſſer ſei naß und trocken.

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*) Ich habe dieſes jugendliche Geſpräch, eine Streiferei in die Metaphyſik damaliger Zeit, wo Ariſtoteles noch auf dem Throne ſaß, des Zuſammenhanges wegen nicht ausgelaſſen. Wohl uns, wenn wir ein paar Jahrhunderte höher ſtehen! Ein Herder aus Preußen, einer von der Themſe hätte ſchon den tiefſinnigſten Griechen viel vergebliches Kopfbrechen erſparen können.

Andre ſuchten in der Folge den Widerſpruch wenigſtens im Ausdrucke zu vermeiden, und ſetzten für irgend ein Element überhaupt: *Eins iſt Alles, und Alles Eins.*

Nach dem Ariſtoteles war Xenophanes der erſte, der dem Weſen ſeine eigentliche Reinheit gab, aber auch nichts weiter darüber beſtimmte, ſondern nur mit erhabner Stirn in den unermeßlichen Aether hin ſchaute, und ſagte: *das Eins iſt Gott.*

Parmenides, ſein Schüler, brütete nach ihm mehr darüber, und ſuchte zu beweiſen, daß *Weſen* der Vernunft nach nothwendig *nur Eins* ſein könne; für die Sinne aber müſſe man zwei Urſachen: *Kalt* und *Warm* annehmen. *Kalt* ſei das *Unweſen*, und *Warm* das *Weſen*. Andere ſetzten dafür das *Dicke* und *Dünne*; nehmlich das Weſen dehne ſich aus, und ziehe ſich ein; und daraus alles Werden und Zeugen, alle Erſcheinungen. Wenn es ſich verdünne, werde es Luft und Feuer, und verdickt ſei es Erde und Waſſer; aber alles im Grunde Eins und Daſſelbe.

Ardinghello. Wenn alſo die unendliche Ausdehnung außer den einzelnen Bewegungen, durchaus ſich einmal recht einzöge, ſo würden wir vielleicht alle zuſammen mit ihr den allergrößten Stein ausmachen, und die Welt als ein Diamant im leeren Raume hangen.

Demetri. (Ein ander Geſicht annehmend.) Wer weiß, was geſchehen kann! Zeit hat ſie nun in der Ewigkeit genug dazu, zur Kurzweil ſich in allerlei Geſtalten zu verwandeln.

Dieſe Philoſophen gaben übrigens keine Urſache der Veränderung an, und ließen noch Ruhe und Bewegung unerörtert.

Wer beweiſen will, daß aus Einem Alles ſei, muß erſt darthun, daß aus Allem Eins werde; und ſo weit hat es noch keine Chemie gebracht.

Wenn bloß Eins iſt, ſo muß es in Ruhe ſein; denn ohne Reiz keine Bewegung, und das Gleichförmige reizt nicht. —

In den Elementen liegen die Quellen der Bewegung. Sie iſt allen eigen, und keins hat ſie als einen beſondern Vorzug; nur ſcheint das Feuer einen weit höhern Grad von Reizbarkeit dazu zu haben als Erde, Luft und Waſſer. Alles in der Natur regt ſich von ſelbſt und hat Freiheit, Erkenntniß und Begierde. Jeder Theil den wir von einem ihrer unvermiſchten Ganzen annehmen, hat alle innerliche Eigenſchaften des Ganzen; ihre Weſen ſind unendlich zart, verbreiten und verlieren ſich in einander, unergründlich allen unſern Sinnen. Je mehr das Kleine einerlei Art beiſammen, deſto größer ſeine Macht und Stärke; und ſo kann Erde, Luft, oder Waſſer das Feuer überwältigen, und ſo unterliegt beim Menſchen der ſogenannte Geiſt der Materie. Doch nur im Einzelnen kann dies geſchehen; denn im Weltall herrſcht Geiſt unermeßlich und ohne Schranken. Geiſt bringt die Welt in Ordnung und Schönheit nach ſeiner Natur, und ſelbſt in uns fuhr er deswegen; und dadurch hat der Menſch Gewalt über den Erdboden.

Bewegung iſt Wirkſamkeit der Kraft auf einen Gegenſtand. Wo Kraft und Gegenſtand iſt, iſt auch Bewegung. Wo doppelte Kraft auf einander wirkt: Liebe oder Krieg, Einswerden, oder Abprallung.

Gedanke iſt Anfang und Ziel der Bewegung; Anfang, und Mittel und Ende der Bewegung zuſammen Handlung. Alles in der Natur hat das Vermögen zu denken und zu empfinden, und das Selbſtgefühl iſt Grund und Boden; denn alles was iſt, hat Kraft, wodurch es iſt, was es iſt.

Und folglich hat das Syſtem des *Anaxagoras* ſeinen guten Grund in der Natur. Verſtand hat die Welt gebildet: nur in allem auf ſeine eigne Art. Verſtand iſt prüfende und unterſcheidende Faſſung des Ganzen; Verſtand, in der Zuſammenſetzung, das Meer; wohin alle Empfindungen laufen, ſich begegnen und ſich läutern, und beſteht ſelbſt nur aus empfindender Kraft. Es iſt der eigentliche Kern jedes einzelnen Lebendigen, jedes Ganzen, das ſchlechterdings an und für ſich mit einer erſten Empfindung beginnen, und ſich mit gleichartigen und andern Weſen paaren und hernach zuſammenſchaffen und bilden mußte. Wenn nun Verſtand urſprüngliche Empfindung iſt, ſo iſt er auch der Schöpfer von allem Individuellen.

Der erſte Trieb in jedem Lebendigen iſt das Vergnügen, aber nicht allein und vereinzelt zu ſein. Der zweite, weitere Erkenntniß und größere Kraft zugleich; dadurch erhob ſich die vereinzelte Natur vom Wurm an bis zum erhabnen, freien, vielfaſſenden und verbindenden klaren Menſchen, der deswegen die Sprache und alle Künſte erfand. Der dritte ungeheure der alles unglücklich macht, die ganze Welt zu erkennen, und ſie ſein zu wollen; und in der That tobt immer das dunkle Gefühl in uns auf, ſie einmal geweſen zu ſein, und wieder zu werden.

Ardinghello. Ich erſtaune über Eure kühnen Behauptungen, und es wird mir vieles Nachdenken koſten, deren Wahrheit oder Falſchheit zu finden.

Wenn Feuer ſich in Luft verwandelt, bleibt es Feuer oder nicht? Und ferner: ſo wie nur eine gewiſſe Materie iſt, die Licht hat, und eine, die Ton hat, ſo kann es ja auch eine geben, wenn man das Wort hierbei brauchen darf, die nur denkt und Verſtand hat, Urſache der Bewegung iſt, immer wirkt und nie leidet, bis das ganze Gebäude um ſie her zuſammenfällt.

Demetri. Wenn Feuer ſich in Luft verwandelt, ſo entſteht eben ein neues Ganze aus Luft und Feuer. Und ſo ſind wir ſelbſt ein Ganzes aus verſchiedenen Elementen, ſo rein und harmoniſch verſchmolzen, daß wir in uns bei geſundem Zuſtande durch das feinſte Bewußtſein nichts unterſcheiden.

Wenn nicht jede Art von Element ſich ſelbſt regte und bewegte, ſo würde jeder Leichnam ewige Mumie ſein, und der Wind immer von Oſten her wehen.

Was den Verſtand betrifft, ſo nimmt Ariſtoteles ſelbſt, wie Plato, nach dem Anaxagoras, deſſen Meinung ich freilich nach meinem eigenen Begriffe erkläre, eine eigene Materie für den Verſtand an, und unterſcheidet ſie von aller andern, und ſogar von der Seele, die, wie er ſagt, im ganzen Körper ſich befindet. Die Seele des Auges iſt das Sehen; die Seele des Ohres das Hören, und ſo die des Gefühles das Fühlen. Die Seele des Baumes iſt, daß er wächſt und ſeine Nahrung mit den Wurzeln einſaugt. Sie iſt in allem Lebendigen dieſelbe. Kraft in Ausübung iſt ihm Seele, und kein Körper, kein Element ohne Seele. Aber Verſtand hat ſeine eigene Natur, behauptet er, die nicht leidet. Das Auge kann verblendet, das Ohr betäubt werden; der Verſtand hingegen von dem tiefſten Denken unbefangen auf das leichteſte übergehen. (Vielleicht nur bei dem Fürſten der Philoſophen! Andere müſſen wenigſtens ein Schachſpiel dazwiſchen ſetzen.) Und doch ſoll derſelbe ein beſonder eigen Theilchen, wie er ſich ausdrückt, nur der menſchlichen Seele ſein, und ſagt, diejenigen hätten Recht, die ihn darin den *Ort der Formen* nennten; *Denken, Urtheilen wäre Aufnehmung, Schaffung von Formen.* Die ſinnliche Kraft der Seele könne nicht ohne Körper beſtehen; der Verſtand aber davon abgeſondert werden, er ſei ſich allein Materie. Nur ſei er leidend und vergänglich, inſofern er etwas denke, und ſich an etwas erinnere; gleichſam wie der *Sonnenſtrahl, wenn er an den Dingen Farbe wird.* Das Denken aber und Erinnern mache ſein Weſen nicht aus; an und für ſelbſt ſich denke er nichts, und ſo ſei er unſterblich.

Folglich iſt die Seele, als Verſtand betrachtet, nur unſterblich inſofern ſie nichts denkt.

Dies iſt wohl eine von den ſchwachen Seiten ſeines Syſtems, um den Vorrang des Menſchen vor andern Thieren zu erklären; und hierin weicht er ab ab vom Anaxagoras, der ſeinen Verſtand allem Lebendigem zuſchreibt.

Wenn der Verſtand nur unſterblich iſt inſofern er nichts denkt, ſo iſt alle andere Materie auf eben die Weiſe unſterblich; nehmlich inſofern ſie außer der Zuſammenſetzung gedacht wird; und wenn ich den Verſtand auf eine andere Art erklären kann, ſo brauche ich keinen Gott, den Knoten des Drama aufzuhauen. Kurz, es iſt ein Schlupfwinkel, worin wir nicht weiter kommen.

Der Beweis, womit Anaxagoras, Plato, und Ariſtoteles das Daſein des Verſtandes darthun, iſt: es muß ein Weſen geben, das unvermiſcht iſt und alles durchdringen kann, damit es Gewalt darüber habe, und erkenne.

Fürs erſte alſo iſt jedes Element in ſeiner Reinheit unvermiſcht, und ſo Haufen Elemente in ihrer Reinheit beiſammen.

Sind die Elemente an urſprünglicher Feinheit verſchieden, ſo iſt, nach aller Erfahrung, wahrſcheinlich das Feuer oder Lichtelement das feinſte. Folglich hätte das Feuer alle Eigenſchaften, die ſie zu ihrem Verſtand erheiſchen.

Iſt dies Seele, was, nach dem allgemeinen Begriff, Anderes durchdringt, ſo kann man auch mehrere Arten von Seelen annehmen. Feuer durchdringt die Luft; Luft und Feuer durchdringen das Waſſer; und Feuer, Waſſer und Luft durchdringen die Erde, und bändigen ſie nach ihrem Wohlgefallen, und bequemen ſich wieder als der Grundfeſte freundlich nach ihr. Und ſo überhaupt Eins nach dem Andern. Herrſchen iſt Wohlthun, alle ander Gewalt Tyrannei. Wer weiß, ob der Gegenſatz von Feuer und Erde nicht zu ſtark iſt; ob Erde nicht zu grob und Feuer nicht zu fein gegen einander ſind, um vollkommen auf einander zu wirken? Ob nicht Mittel dazwiſchen ſein müſſen (wie zum Beiſpiel in den mildern Erdſtrichen; in Griechenland, dem Klima der Schönheit)!

Ueberhaupt ſagt uns alles, daß da die höchſte Vollkommenheit und Glückſeligkeit iſt, wo die höchſte Fülle. Wenn die Zuſammenſetzung ſo harmoniſch, ſo proportionirt iſt, daß jedes Element ſich regen kann nach ſeinen Kräften, entſteht der höchſte Verſtand; eins erkennt das andere auf dieſe Weiſe am reinſten und vollkommenſten.

Und dies möchte wohl der Ariſtoteliſche Verſtand ſein, der durch alle die feinen Röhren des menſchlichen Gebäudes im Gehirne ſich abſondert; die reinſten Verſchiedenheiten von Feuer, Luft, und Waſſer und Erde kommen hier lauter zuſammen, und machen ein göttliches Ganze, wie in unendlichen Maſſen die Welt iſt*). Bei den andern Thieren ſondern ſie ſich nur nicht ſo rein in der Fülle und Porportion ab, von Urbeginn durch den Druck der umgebenden Kräfte daran verhindert.

Ardinghello. Aber die erſten Geſchöpfe Paar und Paar, Thier und Menſch und Gras und Baum, wo leitet Ihr und Ariſtoteles dieſe her?

Demetri. Wie unſer Verſtand in der Zuſammenſetzung Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte aus verſchiedenen Erfahrungen der Sinne bildet, aus Empfindungen, die mit Bewegung und Sturm und Aufruhr in uns kommen, eine Iliade, einen Oedip: ſo kann er auch von Anbeginn mit Hülfe der ganzen Natur die Geſtalten der verſchiedenen Gattungen gebildet haben. Man muß bei Zeugung und Untergang allezeit auf Elemente kommen, die unzerſtörbar ſind, und aus welchen alles Zuſammengeſetzte wird.

Unſer Erdboden hat ohne Zweifel, nach Vernunft und Naturgeſchichte, einmal in einer weit glücklicheren Lage zu Entſtehung der Geſchöpfe geſchwebt, als jetzt. Und wer weiß, ob nicht die edelſten nach Aufhörung derſelben untergegangen ſind! Die Geſchöpfe ſind ihrer Natur nach nicht in einem Lande, und wahrſcheinlich nicht auf einmal entſtanden.

Ariſtoteles braucht gewöhnlich das Gleichniß: Der Menſch und die Sonne erzeugt den Menſchen; doch erklärt er ſich etwas deutlicher hierüber in ſeiner Lehre von Gott und der Zeugung. Und ſehen wir nicht, daß die Sonne noch jetzt Urſache des Frühlings und der Begattung iſt? Warum ſollte ſie nicht auch im Anfange bei den erſten Geſchöpfen Hülfe geweſen ſein? Jedes Geſchöpf wächſt aus ſeinen Elementen hervor, und die Sonne läßt mit ihrer Wärme deren Kräfte, daß ſie frei wirken können.

Jedoch haben immer über die Entſtehung des Einzelnen die alten Weiſen die ſonderbarſten Meinungen behauptet. Einige nahmen für jedes Geſchöpf ein verſchiedenes Element an; und nicht allein für jedes Geſchöpf, ſondern für jedes Glied deſſelben. Da waren zum Beiſpiel verſchiedene Elemente für den Menſchen, die ſich wieder für Kopf, und Hand und Fuß abtheilten, und zerſtreut in der Natur lagen. Die Weiber ſammelten dieſelben bei der Begattung in ſich, wo ſie ſich alsdann zu einem Ganzen vereinigten. Freilich die leichteſte Art das Räthſel aufzulöſen! wenn nur noch andere Schwierigkeiten dadurch gehoben würden. Wie geht es zu, daß ein Weib immer ſo vollkommen alle Theile ſammelt, und nicht bloß Kopftheile, oder Herztheile, oder Arm- und Beintheile? Und ſo genau alle von derſelben Proportion? Und wie halten ſich dieſe Theile in den Speiſen auf, wovon ſie ſich nähren? Das Herz eines Alexander in Tauben und Haſen, und Brokoli und Blumenkohl, und anderem Fleiſch und Gemüſe, wovon Olympia ihre Mahlzeiten hielt? Der Kopf Homers in Hühnern und Gänſen, und den Fiſchen des ioniſchen Meeres? Offenbare Albernheiten!

Andere glaubten, der Same jedes Individuums wäre von Ewigkeit im Weltall, und folglich nur eine gewiſſe Anzahl von Menſchenkernen, Löwen- und Adlerkernen, die kommen und wieder gehen, und jedesmal ſich in die vorhandene Materie kleiden. Zum Beiſpiel: Alkibiades war einmal da zu Athen, und ſo einandermal zu Rom, und Konſtantinopel, und Lappland, und Peru. Es gehörte nur Glück oder Unglück dazu, daß er von dieſem oder jenem Winde da- oder dorthin geführt, und von einer Königin oder Magd aufgefangen und geboren wurde, und ſeine Individualität änderte ſich jedesmal nach den Umſtänden.

Dieſe Meinung hat weniger Schwierigkeiten. Aber aller Same iſt zuſammengeſetzt: und wie erhält ſich die Zuſammenſetzung in der unaufhörlichen Zermalmung deſſelben, die wir bei allem Einzelnen in der Natur ſehen? Und noch finden wir überall, daß Same wird und nicht iſt.

Im Gegentheil iſt ſehr wahrſcheinlich, daß, wenn alles, was auf unſerer Erdkugel Menſch werden könnte, auf einmal wirklich Menſchen, und unzählbare Schaaren von Völkern wäre, und man ſie an einen neuen Ort, in andre Planeten verſetzte: daß, ſag ich, vielleicht wenig von derſelben übrig bleiben, und wir alsdann erkennen würden, daß ſie, ſammt allen Thieren, Pflanzen und Bäumen nur ein runder Klumpen Kirchhof geweſen ſei, wo die Lebendigen von den Todten aßen. Und iſt's nicht augenſcheinlich, daß immer ein neu geſundes Paar aus den Früchten von wenig Hufen Landes alle anderen Zonen bevölkern könnte?

Kurz, jedes Einzelne iſt nur durch die zuſammengeſetzte Form das, was es iſt; jede Art von Weſen iſt ſich übrigens gleich. Und die Form entſteht durch die innere Proportion verſchiedenen Weſens mit Hülfe der äußern Dinge.

Perugia, Januar*).

Ich ſtreiche durch alle die himmliſchen Gegenden ohne rechten Genuß; und nur ergreift mich noch des Waſſerelements Sturm und Aufruhr, und die Luft mit ihren Gewittern und Wetterſtrahlen.

Der Ort enthält einen Schatz von Gemälden, und ſie, und die prächtig gepflaſterten Straßen und ſchönen Palläſte und Tempel zeigen allein noch den ehemaligen Wohlſtand der Freiheit.

Für jetzt flüchtige Anzeige einiger Raphaele auf meinem Wege.

Foligno hat deren zwei, die allein werth ſind, in dies Paradies zu reiſen. Im Nonnenkloſter delle Contezze ein Altarblatt, welches die Madonna vorſtellt vom Himmel herniederſchwebend, wie ſie der heilige Franciscus, Hieronymus, Johannes der Täufer, und ein Cardinal anbeten. Es iſt aus des Meiſters beſter Zeit. Welche Geſtalten, welche Charaktere! Wie iſt alles ſo rein bis aufs Haar beſtimmt! Aechte claſſiſche Arbeit.

Der Kopf der Madonna iſt einer der ſchönſten welſchen weiblichen Köpfe. Wie klar die Stirn, wie reizend das lichte Kaſtanienhaar nach den Ohren weggelegt, der bräunliche Schleier wie ſanft und lieblich, in den holden hernieder blickenden Augen welche Güte! Wie ſchön die großen Augenlieder, vollen jugendlichen Wangen von Schamröthe überzogen, wie jungfräulich, wie ſüß der völlige Mund, das zarte Kinn, und die Naſe wie edel herein! Welch ein ſchönes Oval, und wie reizend auf der rechten Seite herum im Schatten gehalten! Wie reizend ſchwellen die Brüſte unter dem rothen ſittſamen Gewande hervor.

Welch eine feurige, eifrige Frömmigkeit und Wahrheit im Kopfe des Heiligen von Aſſiſi, und welch ein ſchöner, knieender Act! Wie kräftig der Kopf des heiligen Hieronymus gemalt, und in welchem feierlichen Ernſte von Betrachtung! Johannes iſt ein ächter, wilder Eremit, der ſich nicht auf bürgerliche Höflichkeiten verſteht, und dreiſt ſagt, was er denkt. Der Kardinal blos Portrait voll Bewunderung.

Der Engel unten mit dem Täfelchen iſt trefflich gemalt, nur weiß man nicht, was er ſoll, weil man vergeſſen hat, es darauf zu ſchreiben.

Das Colorit in den Köpfen iſt täuſchend abgewechſelt, wie die Natur thut. Die Figuren ſind alle in Lebensgröße, und die Madonna noch darüber, um ſie zur erſten Perſon zu erheben. Sie iſt am lebendigſten, und wirft Glanz um ſich, wie Sonne. Unten iſt freies Feld und ein Flecken, wo die Heiligen ſich beiſammen befinden, ſie anrufen und anbeten, und in Betrachtung verloren ſind.

Im Dome eben hier am Ende des linken Kreuzganges ein Halbbogen, worin Madonna mit dem kleinen Chriſtus zur linken und dem kleinen Johannes zur rechten vor ſich; zwei holde nackte Bübchen in ſchöner Bewegung. Hinter ihr zur rechten der heilige Joſeph, und zur linken der heilige Antonius, und auf beiden Seiten neben ihr zwei Jungfrauen. Alle ſind in knieender Stellung, außer den Kindern. Die drei Weiber haben treffliche Gewänder; beſonders iſt das Mädchen zur linken, von welchem man den bloßen linken Fuß ſieht, ganz wolluſterregend und göttlich, ſo zeigt ſich das Nackte, und die ſchöne Form des Unterleibes, der vollen Hüften und Schenkel; das Gewand macht eine ungekünſtelte Falte zwiſchen den Schenkeln, und zieht ſich im Knieen an; das lüſterne Auge des Meiſters ſah dieſen Reiz der Natur ab. Die jungen Brüſtchen ſchwellen lockend über den Gürtel hervor. Die Kleidung von allen dreien iſt roth, griechiſch, wie leichte Hemden.

Die Geſichter ſind voll Huld, und die Madonna hat beſonders etwas Mütterlichſüßes in Auge und Mund, und blickt in ſtiller Entzückung nieder.

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*) Auch einige Alte hatten dieſe Idee; vom Licht käme das Auge, von der Luft das Ohr her, vom Waſſer Geruch und Geſchmack, und von der Erde das Gefühl.

*) Aus Heinſe's ſämmtlichen Schriften. Th. II. S. 176 ff.

Alle ſind vertieft in die Kinder, die auf einander kindlich zeigen und ſich freuen. Der Kopf des heiligen Joſeph iſt zugleich gemalt wie vom Tizian nebſt dem herrlichen Ausdruck. Der heilige Antonius allein weicht ſehr von den andern ab, und iſt mittelmäßig durchaus, als ob er ihn nur weggejagt hätte, um fertig zu werden. Alles andere iſt mit Liebe entworfen, und es herrſcht die ſtille Raphaeliſche Empfindung.

Nach Rom kann man Raphael zu Perugia am beſten kennen lernen. Das Meiſte von ihm iſt hier in der Kirche des heiligen Franziskus. Ueberhaupt will ich Dir in Perugia nur drei Stücke von ihm vorzüglich empfehlen, eins aus ſeinem Knabenalter, eins aus ſeiner Jünglingszeit, und eins, das er wenige Jahre vor ſeinem Tode vollendete, in einem Nonnenkloſter vor der Stadt, welches zum Theil alles übertrifft, was er je aus ſich hervorgebracht hat; das Uebrige wirſt Du leicht einmal ſelbſt finden.

Die zwei erſtern ſind bei den Franziskanern; das jüngſte, in der Capella degli Oddi, ſtellt die Himmelfahrt der Madonna vor. In der Luft empfängt ſie der Heiland, ihr Sohn, mit Engeln, die Muſik machen, und krönt ſie; unten ſtehen die zwölf Apoſtel an ihrem offnen Sarge. In der Einfaſſung, die auf dem Altar ruht, ſind noch drei ganz kleine Gemäldchen angebracht: der engliſche Gruß, die Anbetung der heiligen drei Könige und die Beſchneidung. Alles ein himmliſcher Inbegriff einer Menge ſchöner Geſtalten, die in ſeiner Seele aufblühten.

Der Kopf der Madonna iſt heilig und ſelig im neuen Schauen; in einigen Engelsgeſtalten ſüße Anmuth, beſonders der mit der Handtrommel eine wahre Volksluſt. Aber das wunderbarſte ſind die zwölf Apoſtel; welche Charaktere ſchon Paulus, Petrus und Johannes! Paulus hat viel von ſeinem Ariſtoteles; Johannes von dem aufblickenden Jüngling beim Bramante.

In dem erſten Gemäldchen unten erſcheint der Engel der Madonna in einem korinthiſchen Tempel. Sie betet, und blickt erhaben vor ſich hin, ohne ihn anzuſehen; in einem Landſchäftchen davor zeigt ſich Gott der Vater, und der heilige Geiſt als Taube.

In der Anbetung der heiligen drei Könige ſind eine Menge Figuren, worunter einige voll Ausdruck mit Erſtaunen. Die Hütte in zerfallnen Ruinen, und das Landſchäftchen iſt kindlich angenehm und erfreulich.

Die Beſchneidung iſt das beſte unter den kleinen. Ein toniſcher Tempel; die zwei Prieſter mit trefflichen Köpfen voll Charakter und Ausdruck, und die Seitenfiguren gefühlt und gedacht.

Das Ganze iſt freilich äußerſt hart, und die Formen unausgebildet; alle Natur arbeitet bei ihm nur auf das erſte Bedürfniß: Geſtalt, los; aber das Weſentliche, wobei man das andere bei Anfängern überſehen ſoll.

Das zweite iſt die Abnehmung vom Kreuze. Das Gemälde hat zehn Figuren, fünf Männer und fünf Weiber, mit dem todten Chriſtus und der in Ohnmacht geſunkenen Mutter, die viel größer ſind als im vorigen, ungefähr zwei Drittel Lebensgröße.

Es iſt in zwei Gruppen geordnet; die eine macht der von zweien getragene Todte; und Joſeph von Arimathias, und Magdalena, und hinten vermuthlich noch Johannes, und die andere die Mutter mit den Jungfrauen; der den Leichnam bei den Beinen hält, verbindet ſie beide.

Die Hauptfiguren leuchten gleich hervor, der todte Jüngling, die ſchöne Magdalena voll Schmerz und die Mutter. Beſonders aber iſt die Gruppe der letztern das Vortrefflichſte. Alle Geſtalten ſind voll Seele, jede lebt und empfindet dabei nach ihrem Charakter. Die Mädchen, welche die Mutter faſſen, ſind wie die drei griechiſchen Grazien; vorzüglich hat das, welches den Kopf derſelben hält, eine Geſtalt ſo tiefen, großen Gefühls und hoher Schönheit durchaus in Formen und Bekleidung, daß man ſie gleich zu einer Euripidiſchen Polixena brauchen könnte.

Ueber die ganze Scene verbreitet ſich ein ſanftes Abendlicht.

Dies war ſeine letzte Arbeit, bevor er nach Rom kam; und man ſieht darin, wie ſich ſeine Kunſt ſchon ihrer Vollkommenheit nähert. Sie iſt das Höchſte aus dieſer Zeit von ihm.

Ich kann hier nicht unterlaſſen, ein Gemälde von Correggio anzuführen, welches dieſelbe Scene vorſtellt, und in der Johanniskirche zu Parma in einer Seitenkapelle befindlich iſt. Nach meinem Gefühl hat er alle übertroffen, und erhält den Preis, wie ein Sophokles: ſo ſtreng und einfach und rührend, mit Verläugnung ſeiner ſonſtigen blühenden Farbenpracht und lächelnden Manier behandelt er die Begebenheit.

Erblaßt und ausgeſtreckt liegt der göttliche Jüngling da. Magdalena ſitzt an ſeiner Seite und vergießt für ſich in Wehmuth verſunken heiße Thränen, wie eine untröſtliche Geliebte; und der Schmerz der zärtlichen Mutter an ſeinem Haupte über das entſetzliche Schickſal grenzt an des Todes Bitterkeit. Ein trübes Regenlicht um ſie her; alles in Lebensgröße.

Man ſoll nie bei Bewunderung des Einen ſchülerhaft gegen Andere ungerecht ſein. Raphael ſelbſt Märtyrer für Amor, hat ferner nie das Entzücken der Liebe, den höchſten Vorwurf vielleicht für alle bildende Kunſt, mit ſo tiefem Seelenklang und heiterer Phantaſie zugleich, ausgedrückt, als der bei ſeinen Lebenstagen unberühmte hohe Lombard, Arioſts Nachbar, in ſeiner Io; wenn ihm auch die antike kleine Leda, mit der im Stehen ſich Zeus als Schwan begattet (welche treffliche wollüſtige Gruppe Ihr zum Zeichen Eurer freien Denkungsart öffentlich gerade vor dem Eingange der Markusbibliothek aufſtelltet), Anlaß zur erſten Idee davon gegeben haben ſollte.

Das dritte und Hauptgemälde von Raphael zu Perugia iſt in dem Nonnenkloſter zu Monte Luce, welches er drei Jahre vor ſeinem Tode vollendete. Ein Altarblatt, die Figuren völlig in Lebensgröße.

Es ſtellt wie das erſte die Himmelfahrt und Krönung der Mutter Gottes vor; aber alle Spur von ſeines Lehrmeiſters enger und ſchmaler Manier iſt hier verſchwunden. Die zwölf Apoſtel ſtehen um den Sarg, ſtatt der Madonna mit Blumen, Roſen, Lilien, Nelken und Jasminen angefüllt, und blicken erſtaunt auf, wo ihr Sohn ſie von Wolken emporgetragen mit Engeln empfängt und krönt.

Die Mutter iſt eine der friſcheſten weiblichen Geſtalten, noch blühend wie eine Jungfrau, doch voll edlem Ernſt, wie eine Matrone, und heißer wunderbarer Empfindungen der Seligkeit, im Taumel neuer Gefühle, wie vom Erwachen, alles groß an ihr und herrlich ſchön. Sie faltet die Hände kreuzweis an die Brüſte und blickt durchaus gerührt mit entzücktem Auge auf ihren Sohn. Ihr Geſicht iſt nach ihm hingewandt, und man ſieht ganz die rechte Seite, und vom linken Auge nur den heißen Blick; große ſchwarze Augen mit einem zarten Bogen Augenbraune, und dunkelblondes Haar unter dem langen grünen Schleier, der ſich hinter dem rechten Ohr hinabzieht.

Chriſtus iſt feurig im Geſicht, wie ein ſonnenverbrannter Kalabrier mit ſeinem ſtarken Bart um die Kinnbacken, und ſein ausgeſtreckter rechter Arm voll Kraft und Nerv, womit er ihr den Kranz aufſetzt. Der Engel mit Blumen in der rechten an ihm hat einen Kopf voll himmliſcher Schönheit, ſonniglich entzückt; es ſcheint ihm überall Glanz aus ſeinem Geſicht hervorzubrechen.

Die Anordnung durchaus iſt reizend, und bildet das ſchönſte Ganze. Madonna iſt oben in der Mitte, Chriſtus zu ihrer linken, an beiden ein Jüngling vom Engel bekleidet; unter dieſen bei jedem ein zart nackt Bübchen, und über allen der heilige Geiſt in einem dichten Dufte von gelbem Himmelsglanz.

Die Auffahrt geſchieht ganz gemach auf einer dunkeln dicken Wolke mit lichtem Saume, und hat nicht das leichte Schweben, wie in andern Gemälden davon; aber eben dadurch gewinnt die Handlung Natur und Majeſtät. Raphael hatte eine ſehr reine klare Empfindung, die ihn minder fehlen ließ, als Anderer ſcharfer Verſtand.

Je länger man den Chriſtus betrachtet, deſto mehr findet man etwas übernatürlich Göttliches, das ſich nur gütig herabläßt; das Demüthige der Madonna vor ihm ſtimmt einen nach und nach dazu. Es iſt etwas erſtaunlich Mächtiges und Gebieteriſches in ſeinem Weſen, das mehr im Ausdrucke liegt, als den Formen ſelbſt; wunderbar: Strenge und Güte mit einander vereinbart. Ich habe noch wenig neuere Kunſtwerke geſehen, die den Eindruck in der Dauer immer tiefer und tiefer auf mich gemacht hätten. Je mehr man nachdenkt und fühlt und Geſtalt nachgeht, deſto wahrer findet man dieſen Chriſtuskopf. Ich kann von dieſem Gemälde nicht wegkommen, und möchte Tage lang mit Wonne daran hangen. Hoher, göttlicher Jüngling, der Du warſt, Raphael! Unſterblicher, empfange hier meine heißeſte, aufrichtigſte Bewunderung, und nimm gütig meinen zärtlichen Dank auf. Es gehört unter das Höchſte, was die Malerei aufzuzeigen hat, dieſe Mutter und dieſer Sohn, und die vier Engel um ſie her; und ich kann mich nicht von der Herz und Sinn ergreifenden Wahrheit und Hoheit wegwenden. Die zwei Hauptfiguren ſind ganz wunderbar groß gedacht, in der That Pindariſche Grazie und des Thebaners Schwung der Phantaſie bis in die Draperien, die mächtige Falten werfen. Welch ein Arm, Chriſtus aufgehobener rechter mit den weiten Aermeln! Wie ganz vollkommen gezeichnet und gemalt, und welche wetterſtrahlende Wirkung thut er in der ganzen Gruppirung, und wie beſcheiden zeigt ſich daneben das Nackte der Mutter und füllt leicht das blaue Obergewand! So kräftig hat er nichts Anderes gemalt; und nirgend anderswo ſind ſeine Formen ſo vollkommen reif, ſtark in der Art Schönheit, die ihm eigen war.

Die Apoſtel unten ſind ſchwach und matt dagegen, und nur wie verwelkend ſterblich Fleiſch, des Contraſtes wegen: aber durchaus vortreffliche Männergeſtalten, beſonders Petrus und ein andrer im Vordergrunde, in Bewegung und Leben.

Mit denen in der Verklärung ſind in drei Gemälden allein ſechs und dreißig Apoſtel; und in jedem ſehen ſie anders aus, und keiner wie der andre; und doch ſcheinen die meiſten trefflich zu ſein und zu paſſen.

Die Malerei iſt wie die Muſik; zu denſelben Worten können große Meiſter, kann einer allein ganz verſchiedne Melodien machen, die alle doch in der Natur ihren guten Grund haben: es kömmt nur darauf an, wie man ſich den Menſchen denkt, der ſie ſingt.

Nehmen wir zum Beiſpiel ein Lied der Liebe!

Bei denſelben Worten wüthet ein Neapolitaner; und ein andrer im Gletſcherreiſe der Alpen bleibt ganz gelaſſen.

Außerdem lieben wenige immer übereinſtark ſchon bei derſelben Perſon; und es wird anders geliebt bei einer blonden und ſchwarzen, einer Sicilianerin von zwölf Jahren und einer nordiſchen Patriarchin. Und dieſe ſelbſt lieben wieder anders Knaben, Jünglinge, Männer und Greiſe.

Dichter und Maler und Tonkünſtler nehmen von allem dieſem das Vollkommenſte, was am Allgemeinſten wirkt; welches aber weder Rechenmeiſter noch Philoſoph zu keinem Zeitalter beſtimmt feſtſetzen konnten. Und dies hat die Natur ſehr weislich eingerichtet; ſonſt würde unſer Vergnügen ſehr eingeſchränkt ſein, oder bald ein Ende haben.

Die Kuppel des Correggio zu Parma in der Johanniskirche, welche Chriſtus Himmelfahrt vorſtellt, gehört zu einer beſondern Gattung der Malertaktik, und macht ein eigen Kunſtwerk aus, das ſich mit dem des Raphael, was maleriſche Wirkung betrifft, nicht vergleichen läßt, ohne dieſem Unrechte zu thun.

Man erſtaunt dort, wenn man in den Kreis tritt, und wurzelt am Boden feſt, wie bezaubert, und ſieht einen wirklichen Jüngling von übernatürlichen Gaben in ferne Höhen ſteigen von dienſtbaren Sturmwinden emporgetragen, die liebkoſend mit ſeinem weiten Purpurmantel ſpielen.

Selbſt Apelles und Zeuxis und die ganze griechiſche Kunſt würden dem Götterfluge mit entzückender Bewunderung nachſchaun, und keiner das Herz haben, zu ſagen: Anch' io son pittore!

Otto Friedrich Theodor Heinſius

ward 1770 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philologie, promovirte dann zum Doctor der Philoſophie und erhielt darauf ein Lehramt am friedrichswerderſchen Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt. 1802 wurde er als Profeſſor an das berliniſch-kölniſche Gymnaſium verſetzt und 1804 mit der Profeſſur des Geſchäftsſtyles bei der Bauakademie und mit der der deutſchen Literatur am daſigen franzöſiſchen Gymnaſium beehrt.

Er gab heraus:

Deutſche Sprachlehre. Berlin 1798 u. ff. 3 Bde. in 8.

Teut, oder theoretiſch-practiſches Lehrbuch des geſammten deutſchen Sprachunterrichts. Ebendaſ. 1807, 5 Bde. in 8.; neue Aufl. 1816 — 1819; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1820 — 1825; 5. vermehrte und verbeſſerte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1835. 1836, 6 Bde. in 8.

Neue deutſche Sprachlehre. Berlin 1807; 5. Ausg. 1835 in 8.

Vorſchule der Sprache und Redekunſt. Berlin 1808; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1826.

Der Bardenhain. Berlin 1808 — 1810, 4 Bde. in 8.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1820 — 1825. Der 1. und 2. Bd. zum vierten Male gedruckt.

Anleitung zur Rede- und Dichtkunſt. Berlin 1810 in 8; 5. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1832.

Geſchichte der deutſchen Literatur ꝛc. Berlin 1811; 5. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1835.

Stoff zu Ausarbeitungen, freien Vorträgen und Reden ꝛc. Berlin 1811; 4. Aufl. 1830.

Die Muſen. Leipzig 1816 u. 1820, 2 Bde. in 8.

Volksthümliches Wörterbuch der deutſchen Sprache. Hannover 1818.

H. hat ſich durch ſeine philoſophiſch-grammatiſchen und lexikographiſchen Arbeiten großes Verdienſt um die Ausbildung der deutſchen Sprache erworben, was jedoch auch dankbar anerkannt worden iſt, indem viele ſeiner Schriften bei dem Schulunterrichte eingeführt wurden und dadurch wiederholte Auflagen erlebt haben.

Valentin Auguſt Heinze

ward am 16. Februar 1758 zu Lüneburg geboren, ſtudirte auf der Univerſität Kiel Philologie, promovirte nach vollendeten Studien zum Doctor der Philoſophie und wurde darauf Lehrer an derſelben Univerſität. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 7. November 1801 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und Kuſtos der Univerſitätsbibliothek.

Er hinterließ folgende Schriften:

Geſchichte der Menſchheit. Leipzig 1780 — 1785, 5 Thle.

Geſchichte des Königs Waldemar. Ebendaſ. 1781.

Kieler Magazin. Kopenhagen 1783 — 1788, 4 Bde.

Sammlungen zur Geſchichte und Staatswirthſchaft. Göttingen 1789 u. 1791, 2 Bde.

Ein fleißiger aber keineswegs bedeutender Hiſtoriker.

Heinzelin von Konſtanz, ſ. Minneſinger.

Wilhelm von Heinzenburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Theodor Hell, ſ. K. G. Th. Winkler

Ludwig Helmbold

ward am 21. Januar 1532 zu Mühlhauſen geboren und erhielt nach vollendeten claſſiſchen und theologiſchen Studien eine Profeſſur und das Rectorat an dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt. 1586 ernannte ihn der Rath derſelben zum Oberpfarrer und Superintendent. Vom Kaiſer Maximilian II. war er bereits 1566 auf dem augsburger Reichstage mit dem poetiſchen Lorbeer gekrönt worden. Er ſtarb allgemein geehrt am 12. April 1598 als M. der Philoſophie und Superintendent zu Mühlhauſen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Dreißig geiſtliche Lieder auf die Feſte durchs ganze Jahr. Mühlhauſen 1594.

Vierzig deutſche chriſtliche Liedlein. Ebendaſ. 1590.

Vom heiligen Eheſtande, 40 Liedlein. Ebendaſ. 1595. 1596.

Schöne geiſtliche Lieder über alle Evangelia. Mühlhauſen und Erfurt 1615, 2 Bde.

Crepundia sacra, d. i. chriſtliche Lieder S. Gregorii. Mühlhauſen 1620.

Seine geiſtlichen Lieder verdienen das Lob ächter und inniger Frömmigkeit und Gediegenheit, und haben ſich lange in den Geſangbüchern der Gemeinden erhalten. Zu ſeiner Zeit war er deswegen ſo berühmt, daß man ihm den Ehrennahmen des deutſchen Aſſaph ertheilte.

Amalie von Helwig,

die Tochter des bei der engliſch-oſtindiſchen Compagnie dienenden Majors von Imhof, ward am 16. Auguſt 1776 zu Weimar geboren. Sie erhielt zuerſt durch ihren Vater auf dem elterlichen Gute Mörlach und ſpäter in Erlangen, ſo wie durch die Reiſen, welche ſie mit ihren Eltern durch Frankreich, England und Holland machte, eine ſo glückliche Erziehung, daß ſie ſchon im achten Jahre franzöſiſch und engliſch ſprach und wenig Jahre darauf die erſten gelungenen Proben ihres Dichtertalentes ablegte. Nach ihres Vaters Tode kam ſie nach Weimar, lernte hier griechiſch und bildete ihren Geiſt in dem belehrenden Umgange mit Schiller, Göthe und dem Hofrath Meyer ſo vorzüglich aus, daß ſie von der geiſtreichen Herzogin von Weimar bemerkt und als Hofdame in ihren Kreis gezogen wurde. Hier lernte ſie 1802 den ſchwediſchen Oberſten, nachmaligen Generalfeldzeugmeiſter v. H. kennen, verheirathete ſich mit ihm 1803 und folgte ihm nach Stockholm, kehrte aber, ihrer leidenden Geſundheit wegen, bald nach Deutſchland zurück und lebte nun abwechſelnd zu Berlin und Dresden. Nur einmal unterbrach ſie dieſe, vorzüglich der Malerei gewidmete Muſe durch eine Reiſe nach Schweden, um dort ihre Angelegenheiten zu ordnen. Sie ſtarb am 17. December 1831 zu Berlin.

Wir haben von ihr:

Die Schweſtern von Lesbos. Frankfurt a. M. 1801; 2. Aufl. Heidelberg 1833 in 8.

Die Schweſtern auf Korkyra. Dramatiſche Idylle. Amſterdam und Leipzig 1812 in 12., mit 2 Kupf. und Muſikbeil.

Die Tageszeiten, in 4 Idyllen. Ebendaſ. 1812 in 12.

Taſchenbuch der Sagen und Legenden. Berlin 1812 in gr. 16., 2 Jahrg. m. Kupf.

Die Sage vom Wolfsbrunnen. Berlin 1814; 2. Ausg. Heidelberg 1821 in 8.

An Deutſchlands Frauen, von einer ihrer Schweſtern. Leipzig 1816 in 8.

Helene von Tournon. Berlin 1824 in gr. 12. mit 1 Kupf.

Gedichte. Berlin 1826 in 8.

Frithiofsſage. Aus dem Schwediſchen von Eſ. Tegner. Stuttgart 1826; 2. unveränderte Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1832 in gr. 8.

Auch finden ſich Aufſätze und Gedichte von ihr in Zeitſchriften, Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Ein angenehmes und gefälliges Talent, das, durch die weimariſchen Heroen bei ſeinem Aufblühen geleitet und gebildet, beſonders glücklich in der Behandlung ſeiner Stoffe war und ſich durch Innigkeit, Zartheit und correcte anmuthige Form gerechte Anſprüche auf dauernden Beifall erwarb. Die vorzüglichſte ſelbſtſtändige Arbeit der F. v. H. bleibt ihr kleines epiſches Gedicht, die Schweſtern von Lesbos. Ihre Bearbeitung der Frithiofsſage von Tegner reiht ſich würdig den beſten Arbeiten dieſer Art an, welche unſere Literatur aufzuweiſen hat.

Die Schweſtern von Lesbos *).

Schau Likoris! wie ſchon im Purpurſchimmer die Sonne
Näher dem Schooße des Meeres ſich neiget, glänzender kräuſeln
Steigende Wellen ſich dort am Felſengeſtade des Eilands!
Säumen laß' uns nicht länger darum die Krüg' an des Thales
Strömenden Brunnen zu füllen; vielleicht ſchon harren der Kindheit
Traute Geſpielinnen dort, im dämmernden Schatten verſammelt,
Zum gewohnten Geſpräch, die gern es mit Frag' und Erzählung
Oft verlängern, ich meine, ſie halten auch heute zurück uns,
Bis die ſchweigende Nacht auf thauigten Flügeln herabſinkt.
Alſo ſprach, holdlächelnd, zur Schweſter die ſchöne Simaitha,
Sie, die Erſtgeborne, der Liebling des alternden Vaters;
Denn ein jugendlich Bild der frühbetrauerten Gattin,
Welche der Tod ihm entriß, war jetzt die treffliche Jungfrau,
Ernſt wie die Mutter und ſanft, gleich ihr die Stütze des Hauſes.
Dieſer bereitet' auf Morgen das fröhliche Feſt Hymenaios,
Sie zu verbinden dem Jüngling, dem blühenden, welcher ſie jüngſt erſt
Sah und liebend erkohr, dem gelbgelockten Diokles.

Und leichtſchwebenden Fußes der Schwell' enteilend, erwiedert'
Ihr Likoris darauf, das roſenwangige Mägdlein:
Schweſter, ich folge dir gern, wie ſtets iſt dein Wille der beſte!
Dort in der Laube, die rings das lieblich duftende Geisblatt
Hochaufrankend umblüht, mit ſchattendem Laube der Weinſtock,
Stehn die gehenkelten Krüge; da traf mich am Morgen Diokles.
Blumen hatt' ich begoſſen und viele brechend geſammelt,
Die zu flechten den Kranz, noch ſchmückt er heiter die Stirn dir.
Ordnend wählte Diokles, er ſaß mir zur Seite, die ſchönſten
Selbſt aus dem Körbchen für dich und dort vergaß ich die Krüge.

Alſo Likoris! und ſtill durchwandelten neben einander
Beide Schweſtern den Pfad, den ſanftgekrümmten; doch bald ſchon
Unterbrach das Schweigen die Jüngere, ſagte zur Schweſter:
Traun! du ahndeſt mit Recht, daß heute dir, wo du zuletzt noch

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*) Aus A. v. Imhof „Die Schweſtern von Lesbos." Erſter Geſang.

Unſerm Kreiſe gehörſt, verzögert werde die Rückkehr.
Doch nicht Fragen allein, auch rührende Worte der Freundſchaft
Halten ſchmeichelnd dich feſt, denn nicht gewöhnliche Neigung
Feſſelt die Mädchen an dich. Wie reizte zum Neid ſie die Schönheit,
Welche vor allen dich ſchmückt: des Geiſtes reifere Bildung
Ehren ſie gern in dir; ja, aller Vertrauen gewannſt du,
Als dein eigenes, ſtets bewahrend jeder Geheimniß,
Die im geſchwätzigen Drang des Unmuths oder der Freude
Von den Geſpielen enthüllt, ſchon manche freute ſich dankbar
Deines ſinnigen Rathes, dies weiß ich, die ihn befolgte.
Auch herrſchte lieblicher Friede durch dich im Kreiſe der Jungfraun.
Denn, den ſtörenden Streit abwendend, naheſt du jeder,
Die zuweilen gekränkt ſich wähnt im muntern Geſpräche,
Und beſänftigeſt leicht ihr raſches Zürnen; den andern
Wehreſt du liebreich dann, mit ernſtem Worte; ſie ſenken
Still beſchämt den Blick, vermeiden dein leuchtendes Auge.
So auch ſcheu ich es ſelbſt! des Vaters heftiges Schelten
Trifft nicht inniger mich, als deine ſanftere Warnung.
Doch liebkoſend zu ihr geneiget verſetzte Simaitha:
Süße Worte, Likoris, wie froh willkommene, ſprachſt du!
Denn ſo theuer und werth die Liebe holder Geſpielen
Meinem Herzen auch iſt, ſo bleibt die Neigung der Schweſter
Mir vor allen doch werth, einſt von der ſterbenden Mutter
Meiner Sorge vertraut. Ach! damals wußteſt du kaum noch
Schwach, mit kindiſcher Hand, die entfliehende Spule zu drehen.
Liebend zog ſie uns hin aufs traurige Lager, um beide
Schlang ſie den zitternden Arm, ich hob in den meinen empor dich,
Daß ſie dir küßte die Stirn und heiße Thränen benetzten
Die hochklopfende Bruſt, der Tochter Wangen entſtrömend.
Leiſ' vermochte ſie da, mit ſchwankender Stimme, die Worte
Nur zu ſprechen, ſie grub im Buſen tiefer der Schmerz mir:
„O Simaitha! du weißt's, zur Magd beſtimmt die Gewohnheit
Dir dies verwaiſete Kind, doch laß' es dir Schweſter auch bleiben!“
Ja du haſt ſie erfüllt, die ſorgende Bitte der Guten!
Rief mit thränendem Blick, geſchmiegt an den Buſen der Schweſter,
Nun Likoris bewegt. Noch war dem kindiſchen Sinne
Unverſtändlich ein Wort, das jetzt bedeutend und heilig
Meinem Geiſte ſich zeigt. So waltet ein himmliſcher Rathſchluß,
Unſern Blicken verhüllt, im Stillen über das Leben.
Ja du erſchieneſt als Mutter der Frühverwaiſten, als Freundin!
Liebe lehrte mich nur und Güte den heitern Gehorſam,
Und vor vielen bei uns bin ich allein die Beglückte.
Denn wie grauſam übt die ältere Schweſter ihr Vorrecht
An der Jüngeren hier! Mit ſtolzerem Sinne nach Willkür
Sind zu handeln gewohnt die erſtgeborenen Jungfraun,
Nicht durch die Sitten verwandt den übrigen Töchtern der Griechen.
Wie unwiſſend bis jetzt, verglich ich dem heimiſchen Eiland
Auch die übrige Welt! die vielverſchiedene wähnt' ich,
Dumpf, in kindiſchem Sinn, von jenem Geſetze beherrſchet,
Welches auf Lesbos allein der älteren Tochter das Erbe
Gönnt, zur dienenden ihr die jüng're beſtimmt, die niemals
Hymens Fackel erblickt, von liebender Mutter entzündet.
Auch dem Bruder verſagt Beſitzthum dieſe Gewohnheit,
Der dem Meere dann oft, dem falſchen, kühn ſich vertrauet,
Aufzuſuchen das Glück im handeltreibenden Ausland.
Mildere Sitte regieret, ſo rühmt' es jüngſt uns ein Fremdling,
Ueberall und vertheilt des Lebens heitere Güter
Gleich, wie ſie mütterlich auch Natur auf die Kinder verbreitet.
Sag! was verwandelte hier allein nur der lächelnden Kindheit
Erſtes, liebliches Band in Feſſeln trauriger Knechtſchaft
Und beraubet vor vielen uns ſo des früheſten Glückes,
Welches die Jugend verſchönt, des frohverſchwiſterten Daſeins?
Und zu der Eifernden drauf, mit ernſten Worten Simaitha:
Heftig tadle doch nimmer darum die alte Gewohnheit!
Nicht auf Lesbos allein, ſo weit die Erde bewohnt iſt,
Waltet ſie, alle beherrſchend, in nur verſchiedner Geſtaltung.
Streng iſt jedes Geſetz; doch gönnet jedes der Milde
Noch, der beglückenden Raum und auch der Ordnungen beſte
Wird von dem rohen Gemüth verkehrt zu ſchädlichem Mißbrauch.
Nicht unbillig ſchelte daher die Sitte der Heimath,
Die dich niemals gedrückt, und wiſſ'! uns ehret ihr Urſprung.
Denn nicht immer erfreute ſich Mitylene des Schutzes,
Den jetzt friedlich Athen gewähret der blühenden Pflanzſtadt!
Unruhſtiftend, zertheilt durch heimlich gährende Zwietracht,
Waren die Lesbier oft, geneigt zu verderblichem Aufruhr.
Schrecklich reizten ſie einſt den Zorn der mächt'gen Beſchützer,
Da ſie der heiligen Treu uneingedenk ſträflichen Frevel
Wagten, und feindlicher Macht ſich geſellten, dem krieg'riſchen Volke,
Welches Sparta bewohnt, und damals bewaffnet die Fluthen
Mit vielrudrigen Schiffen durchkreuzte: die Häfen der Inſel
Wurden eröffnet für ſie, obſchon der Klügere warnend
Abrieth. Alſo verirrt in eitel thörichter Ruhmſucht,
Freute die Menge ſich ſchon unſicheren Sieges mit Sparta
Jenen früheren Bund mit frechem Trotze verhöhnend.
Aber ſiegreich wehten die Wimpel ſtrafend den Abfall
Bald im umzingelten Port, zertrümmert ſanken die Mauern,
Die den Erbauern getrotzt. Die ſpät bereute Verſchuldung
Büßten viele der Männer, vom rächenden Stahle getroffen,
Nicht mehr Bürger der Stadt, die nun ein rauchender Schutt war.
Treu nur hatten dem Freunde ſich ſtets, in der traurigen Gährung,
Thätig die Frauen bewahrt, die gern unſichres Wagniß
Meiden, klügeren Sinns und zugethan der Gewohnheit.
Dieſen vertheilte der Sieger, die blühenden Güter des Eilands,
Dankbar zum ſteten Beſitz, und ſchloß die Männer vom Erbtheil
Aus. Nun reizet nicht mehr den Jüngling üppiger Reichthum
Zu verwegnem Beginnen, das frevelnden Aufruhr begünſtigt.
Warnung bleibet ihm jetzt dies Angedenken der Vorzeit,
Wie von der Treue der Frau'n ein rühmlich dauerndes Denkmal.
Alſo im Wechſelgeſpräch hinwandelnd, hatten die Schweſtern
Nun den Platz erreicht, an den oftbeſuchten Brunnen;
Wo ein Raſen ſich zog von Wegen durchſchnitten und oſtwärts
Lieblich vom Hügel begrenzt, der ſanft und beſchattet emporſtieg.
Zwiſchen Cypreſſen ſchwankte die ſchlankaufſtrebende Pinie,
Dort, aus dunklerem Grün erhob ſie heiter die Krone;
Und ſo ſchmückte der Hain die Höhe mit wechſelndem Kranze,
Senkte ſich leichter hinab, im Kreiſe die Wieſen umfaſſend.
Hier entſchäumte dem Felſen, den rings mit üppigen Ranken
Dunkler Epheu umſchlang, die klare reichliche Quelle,
Füllte mit leiſem Geräuſch das Marmorbecken und eilte
Rieſelnd des blühenden Thals zartduftende Blumen zu tränken,
Die in lieblicher Fülle (ſie lockte der wärmenden Sonne
Freundlicher Strahl hervor, die milden Lüfte des Lenzes,)
Hier am Fuß entſproßten der hohen Cypreſſen; in Büſchen,
Welche den Fels umwoben, ertönte der munteren Vögel
Fröhlich wechſelnder Chor, leiſſummend ſchwärmten die Bienen
Rings umher, in die Kelche der Hyacinthen ſich ſenkend.
Hier wo beſchattet die Bank zum halben Runde ſich bildet,
Weilte der Wandernde gern, ergötzt in lachender Ausſicht.
Weithin ſchweifet der Blick in heiterer Ebne, von herrlich
Wallender Saat bedeckt, von des Fruchtbaums Blüthen umſchimmert.
Endlich im Dufte der Fern' erhob die ragenden Mauern
Mitylene ſich längs am Felsgeſtade verbreitend.
Wie ein ſilbernes Band den Buſen umſchließet der Jungfrau,
Schlang den bläulichen Streif das Meer um die ſteigenden Ufer.
Aber den lieblichen Born beſchützte die Kette der Hügel,
Feigen tragend und Wein, mit bräunlichen Früchten der Oelbaum,
Gegen den ſtürmenden Nord; hier ſammelten täglich des Thales
Mädchen ſich, und es miſchte ſich dann in der Quelle Gemurmel
Still vertrautes Geſpräch und der Scherze frohes Gelächter.
Ringsher ſtanden ſie alle die Krüge füllend und riefen
Laut den nahenden Schweſtern ein froh Willkommen entgegen.
Anmuth ſchmückten und Reize der Jugend ſie, denn vor allen
Wogenumrauſchten Inſeln berühmt ſich die felſige Lesbos
Lieblich blühender Weiber. Und fröhlich eilten die Jungfrau'n
Nun den Geſpielinnen zu, die dicht im drängenden Kreiſe
Sich geſammelt um ſie; die junge Dämo, Charikla,
Welche die muntere hieß, auch Kallithea, nicht fehlte
Theſtylis, welcher zugleich die nährende Bruſt mit Simaitha
Einſt die Tränkerin bot, ſie nannten beide ſich Schweſtern.
Alle ſodann mit heiterem Wort, unſchuldigen Scherzes,
Eine der andern die Red' entreißend, neckten die Freundin,
Die zu ihnen geneigt mit liebreich freundlichem Lächeln
Schweigend die Munteren hört; denn ernſter ſtimmte ſie heilig
Stiller Liebe Gefühl. Da nahte der trefflichen Jungfrau
Dämo geſchwätzig, und ſagte die fragenden Worte mit Vorwitz:
Sprich! wie ſcheinſt du doch ſo ruhig immer und kalt mir?
Seltſam, daß du doch nie im muntern Geſpräche nur einmal
Jenes Jünglings gedenkſt, den morgen auf immer die Hymens
Lächelnde Feier vereint. Von jenen, welche bekränzet,
Stets bei Feſten der Götter im Tempel ſich ſammeln, erſchien uns

Schön wohl mancher und würdig dein froher Gatte zu heißen;
Aber noch wüßten wir nicht, ob dieſer ſchön, ob er häßlich?
Ja, uns quält' noch heute die unbefriedigte Neugier,
Käme gefälliger nicht allein an den Brunnen Likoris,
Gern den ſtürmenden Fragen mit williger Antwort entgegnend.
Wunder doch nimmt es uns nicht, wenn tief im ruhigen Buſen
Dir die Liebe geweckt der herrliche Mann. Ein Halbgott
Scheint er uns allen, obgleich uns durch Erzählung bekannt nur.
Manches Stündchen, nicht achtend, ob ungeduldig die Mutter
Unſrer harre daheim, vielleicht mit Schelten, verweilten
Sprachlos lauſchend wir hier; und wie dem Felſen die Quelle
Immer reichlich entſtrömt, ſo fließt das unendliche Lob auch
Von Likoris Lippen. Der Sterblichen keiner iſt ſchöner,
Edler an Sitten wie er, und werther der Lieb' als Diokles!
Alſo endet ſie ſtets, ja ſollt' ich jetzo es wahrhaft
Sagen, welche die Braut, die liebende, wir von euch beiden
Scheinet, rieth ich nur ſie, um deren brennende Wange
Schatten die Myrthe verbreitet, im Schooß die Blüthen ihr ſtreuend.
Sorglos ſchien ſie bis jetzt die Silberblätter zu zählen,
Bis aus dem Traume ſie ſchnell der holde Name geweckt hat.
Und Simaitha kehrte den Blick zur Schweſter, die glühend
Da ſaß. Alſo färbet Aurora höher der Roſe
Purpur im Morgenſtrahl, ihr glich die junge Likoris.
Denn im Innerſten nun enthüllend ihr tiefſtes Geheimniß,
Hatte das ſcherzende Wort ſie getroffen mit ſchmerzlicher Wahrheit.
Unaufhaltſam ſtrömten die Thränen reichlich ihr blühend
Antlitz, die roſigen Finger der hüllenden Hand ihr benetzend,
Wie der perlende Thau von Eos Fingern herabträuft.
Aber Simaitha trat der Weinenden näher und ſchloß ſie
Zärtlich ſchonend ans Herz, ſie redete liebreich die Worte:
Schweſter! warum wird ſo des traulichen holden Geſpräches
Heiterer Lauf getrübt, durch Zähren meiner Likoris,
Die unerwartet mir ſchnell die Freude verkehren in Unmuth?
Ach! wir erfahren ſo oft, daß der Götter waltender Rathſchluß
Sorge gattet mit Luſt und Furcht mit der lieblichen Hoffnung:
Müſſen thöricht wir ſelbſt willkürlich Uebel erdichten!
Lebhaft fühlet das Herz, das unerfahrne, und wähnt ſich
Oft verwundet, wenn leicht des Scherzes Pfeil es berühret hat;
Aber dir, die im Schooß erwuchs der zärtlichen Liebe,
Bleibe fremd der Verdacht, ein froh Vertrauen geziemt dir!
Offen lächle dein Auge, nicht ſenke ſchüchtern die Wimper,
Meide nicht den Blick, der nie dich zweifelnd verkannte,
Reuen möge dich's nimmer, was hier du geredet voll Unſchuld.
Denn ſo freuet ſich nun dein kindlich Herz auch des Glückes,
Welches freundlich mir naht, als ſei's das deine, dies weiß ich.
Alſo Simaitha zu ihr; und gegen Dämo nun wandte
Streng ſie verweiſenden Blick und ſprach mit ernſter Bedeutung:
Unbedachtſame Worte, o Mädchen, ſind dir entflohen!
Deiner Jugend allein verzeihlich, denn ſie verrathen
Nur den kindlichen Sinn. Es hätte keine der andern
Unbeſonnen wie du, die Geſpielin beleidigt.
Eh' muthwillig der Scherz den lächelnden Lippen entgleitet,
Sehe jedes doch zu, auf wen es richte die Pfeile.
Immerhin necke getroſt der muntre Spötter den Andern,
Welcher die beißenden Worte gewandt und ſchnell ihm zurück giebt;
Aber kränkender trifft des leicht verſchwundenen Scherzes
Stachel den Unerfahrnen oft auch, welcher nicht alſo
Gleich den fröhlichen Spott beherzt zu erwiedern geübt iſt.
Und ſo nannteſt du auch mich kalt, o Dämo, mit Unrecht;
Denn verſchieden gebildet iſt jedes Gemüth und es wechſelt
Mannigfaltig der Sinn der Menſchen, jener erfreut ſich
Laut des gelungenen Wunſches im frohen Rauſch; es bewahret,
Still, in verſchloſſener Bruſt, der ander die zärtern Gefühle.
Beſſer auch ziemt es dem Menſchen, den ſtets das dunkle Verhängniß,
Schnell beſchwinget, ereilt, daß ſtill, mit beſcheidener Freude,
Er begrüße das Glück, die Gabe freundlicher Götter,
Gleich gefaßt auch das Uebel, das immer nahe, zu dulden.
Laute Freude, ſie iſt der Kindheit flüchtiges Erbtheil,
Welche die Gegenwart, die ſchnell verrauſchte, genießet;
Doch bald reifet zum Menſchen das Kind, da faßt ihn der Kummer.
Ach! wer des erſten Verluſt's unendliche Leiden empfunden,
Stiller geht er dem Schmerz entgegen, ernſter der Freude.
Und die Herrliche ſchwieg; die Seele bewegt' ihr Erinnerung,
Süß und bittre gemiſcht, mit langverhaltenen Thränen
Füllend ihr glänzendes Aug', es windet ſanft aus den Armen
Der Geſpielinnen ſich mit ſchmerzlichem Lächeln die Jungfrau.
Doch jetzt ſprach ſie gefaßt: lang' weilten wir plaudernd und mancher
Dehnet ſich länger im Thal der Pfad zu der ländlichen Wohnung.
Mögt ihr eingedenk aber der Bitte ſein, ſo geleitet
Noch die Schweſter mir heim, dünkt nicht zu groß euch der Umweg.
Hier noch weil' ich indeß in dämmernder Stille des Abends,
Bald erhebt ſich der Mond und leuchtet ſchön mir zur Rückkehr.
Grüßend ſchied nun und freundlich die Schar der Mädchen, zurück blieb
Theſtylis nur, die am Fels mit traurigem Schweigen gelehnt ſtand.
Doch als der wandelnden Mädchen leicht flatternd weiße Gewänder
Fern ſchon wehten im Thal, bewegt von dem Hauche des Abends,
Schlang ſie heftig den Arm und feſt um den Nacken der Freundin,
Alſo ſprechend zu ihr, in bitter klagendem Unmuth:
Ach! daß allzu ſpät kurzſichtigen Menſchen die Zukunft
Sich, die nahende, zeigt, wenn, bang von Trauer begleitet,
Unvermeidlich ſie ſchon mit eilenden Füßen herantritt.
Doch nicht feſſelt die Scheu dein zartes Herz zu verwenden
Länger die Zunge mir an, enthüllt ſei nun das Geheimniß!
Längſt ſchon ahndet' ich ſtill, verborgen nähret Likoris
Sträfliche Flammen im Buſen. Für deinen Verlobten entbrannt ſie.
Darum trafen ſo tief des Mädchens kindiſche Worte
Sie, die Schuldbewußte, verrathen hat ſie ſich ſelbſt nun.
Ach! daß er nur getreu ſich dir bewahre, die Neigung
Niemals ahnde der Schweſter. Denn ſchwankend oft iſt der Männer
Eitler Sinn, und es reizt die Wankelmüthigen manchmal
Mehr die flüchtige Gunſt als treue heilige Liebe.
Wie! genüget es nicht dem unerſättlichen Schickſal,
Daß die ſchäumende Fluth dir raubte den frühen Geliebten!
Sollte den Bräutigam auch, die Schweſter, welche du ſelber
Liebend gebildet, dir jetzt entführen mit tückiſchem Undank?
Alſo Theſtylis laut, mit vielberedten Geberden;
Doch ihr entgegnete drauf, mit ernſter Faſſung, die Freundin:
Sprich! wie redeſt du ſo, in übereilter Hitze,
Seltſame Wort' und erregſt mir Argwohn quälend im Buſen?
Immer fand ich bedeutend und wahr, was du ſagteſt, doch ſcheint mir's
Jetzt, als trübe betrüglich die klaren Sinnen ein Traumbild.
Zögre länger nicht mehr vom bangen ſchmerzlichen Zweifel
Schnell zu befreien die Bruſt, das verworrene Räthſel mir löſend.
So die Jungfrau. Da rief die andre: Wunderbar fügen
Waltende Götter es nun, daß dir, die immer nur ſpottet,
Wenn wir andern, beſorgt, uns deuten nächt'ge Geſichte,
Daß dir ſelber ein Traum verkünde das drohende Schickſal.
Nicht dem eigenen Blick, dem treuen Auge der Freundſchaft
Zeigte der Warnende ſich, den du verſchmähet; ſie legt ihn
Nun an's Herz dir, empfang' ihn den Wink befreundeter Mächte.
Wiſſe denn! als heute dem Tag die goldenen Pforten
Eos geöffnet, entſchlief ich auf's neu, und nimmer geſchieht dies,
Stets erweckt mich die Lerche, die frühe, zur munteren Arbeit.
Feſtlich geſchmückt erſchienen wir alle fröhlich verſammelt,
Kränze flechtend im Thal, zur heitern Feier des Lenzes;
Wolkenlos ſtrahlte der Aether, es wehten ſäuſelnde Lüfte.
Als es im herrlichen Blau die ſilbernen Schwingen bewegend
Immer tiefer herab zu uns ſich ſenkte. Die Mädchen
Schrieen froh ihr zu, den Lieblingsvogel erkennend,
Deine Taube, Simaitha, die jüngſt du ſchmerzlich vermißteſt!
Und du hüpfteſt empor mit frohem Geſchrei, es entfielen
Dir vom Schooße die Blumen, die du geſammelt; die ſchönen
Lagen auf thauigtem Grund, die rings um die Füße zerſtreut.
Schmeichelnde Namen entgegen der Wiederkehrenden riefſt du,
Streckteſt die Arm' empor die zarten Schwingen zu faſſen:
Siehe, da wandte betrüglichen Flug der Vogel Cytherens,
Dreimal umkreiſt' er das Haupt der braungelockten Likoris,
Wiegte ruhend ſich dann am Buſen ihr, auf des Straußes
Duftenden Blumen, und ſchlug, liebkoſend, mit glänzendem Fittig,
Buhleriſch, bald ihr die Schulter und bald den blendenden Nacken.
Ach! und du lockteſt zurück mit ſüßer Stimm' ihn vergebens.
Sprich Simaitha! erſcheint der Träume Räthſel der Deutung

Wohl bedürftig dir noch? und eitel die Sorge der Freundin?
Doch es nahet das Uebel nicht unerwartet und plötzlich
Ueberraſchend ſich nun, du ſelbſt ja, ſoll ich es frei dir
Jetzt geſtehen, bereiteſt es längſt dir durch ſchädliche Nachſicht.
Genügte dir, da du kühn die alte Sitte verſchmähteſt,
Wild die Schweſter zu löſen von angeborner Knechtſchaft?
Zogſt du nicht ſie empor, wie allzuzärtlich die Mutter
Sorgſam des Lieblings pflegt, den ſeltne Güter erwarten;
Nicht erwägend, ob auch der Menſchen ſtrenger Erzieher
Ihn zum Liebling wähle, das unbeſtechliche Schickſal.
Darum wähnet ſich jetzt, mit gleichem Rechte, Lykoris
Froher Liebe beſtimmt und den lieblichen Banden des Hymens,
Darum lodert ihr längſt die kräftige Flamm' in dem Buſen
Von der Hoffnung genährt! — O! ſchweige, rufet Simaitho,
Häufe zu Schmerzen mir nicht den ſeelerſchütternden Vorwurf!
Was du als Fehler mir ſchiltſt, ſoll nie mich reuen! Die Knechtſchaft
Tödtet nimmer in uns die allbeſiegenden Triebe,
Welche die ewige Mutter ſo tief in den Buſen geſenkt hat.
Laſſ' mich es denken denn, daß Niegedachte, daß heimlich
Liebe das Mädchen genährt, und Gegenliebe der Jüngling;
Opfert' ich freudiger nicht der Schweſter dann und der Freundin
Selbſt das ſüßeſte Glück, als würd' es mir ſchlau von der Erſtern
Kalt und tückiſch geraubt? Doch geh' jetzt, Theſtylis, einſam
Laß und ſchweigend die Bruſt, die banggewegte, mich ſtillen.
Fremde Leiden beſtürmen ſie heut' und neue Gefahren
Drohen der heiligen Ruh, es droht dem liebenden Herzen
Kalter ſchmerzlicher Haß. O! weht ihr ſäuſelnden Lüfte,
Wehet Frieden mir zu! In deinem freundlichen Schooße,
Gütige Mutter Natur, verſtummt, wie der weinende Säugling
Schläft an der nährenden Bruſt, der Leidenſchaft regeſte Stimme.

Friedrich Ferdinand Hempel

ward 1778 zu Meuſelwitz im Altenburgiſchen geboren, und ließ ſich nach vollendeten juriſtiſchen Studien zu Altenburg als Hofadvocat und Notarius nieder, entfernte ſich aber 1819 von hier heimlich und lebte ſeitdem in Peſth, wo er im Jahr 1837 ſtarb.

Unter den Schriftſtellernamen Simpliciſſimus, Peregrinus Syntax und Spiritus Aſper haben wir von ihm:

Nachtgedanken über das A-B-C-Buch. Leipzig 1808, 2 Bdchn. in 8. mit 43 Holzſchnitten.
Aphorismen über den Kuß. Leipzig 1810 in 12. mit 10 Kupf.
Politiſche Stachelnüſſe, gereift 1813. Ebendaſ. 1814 u. 1815 in 8.; 2 Hefte.
Neue merkantiliſche Stachelnüſſe. Ebendaſ. 1816 in 8.
v. Thümmel's heiliger Kilian und das Liebespaar, herausgegeben von ꝛc. Leipzig 1818 in gr. 8. mit 4 Kupf.
Herzog Auguſt von Altenburg und ſeine Bauern. Altenburg 1819 in 4.
Oſterländiſche Blätter. Leipzig 1819 in 4.
Taſchenbuch ohne Titel auf das Jahr 1822, 1r Jahrg. Ebendaſ. 1822 in 8. Auch unter dem Titel: Manuſcript aus Odeſſa ꝛc.
Allgemeines deutſches Reimlexikon. Leipzig 1826, 2 Bde. in gr. 8.
Taſchenbuch ohne Titel ꝛc. 1822. 2r. u. 3r. Jahrgang. Ebendaſ. 1830 — 1832 in gr. 12.

H's ſatyriſche und humoriſtiſche Schriften fanden zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens große und rege Theilnahme wegen des in ihnen herrſchenden Reichthums an ſprudelndem Witze, gemüthlicher Laune und treffenden, ſcharfen Einfällen; der Beifall, deſſen ſie ſich erfreuten, würde indeſſen dauernder geweſen ſein, wenn ihr Verfaſſer nicht zu ſehr dem Tone des Tages gehuldigt und ſich mitunter auch von ſeinem ſprudelnden Humor hätte hinreißen laſſen.

Erſte Nacht*).

So komm denn her beſcheidenes Büchlein und laß dich bearbeiten! Unter meinen kunſtreichen Händen wird deine ſchlichte Plattheit ſich bald in ein ſchwellendes Embonpoint verwandeln und dein trockner Text auf einem Meere von Noten und Commentaren als nutzbares Treibholz an die grünen Küſten meiner arctiſchen Zone ſchwimmen, damit ich nicht immer bei der Thranlampe des Berufes Licht und Wärme ſuchen muß. So flach und ſchmal, wie du jetzt biſt, kannſt du in der literariſchen Republik höchſtens beim Oſtrakismus gebraucht werden oder einem Scipio und Lälius zum Zeitvertreibe auf glattem Waſſerſpiegel dahin tanzen; allein! — zum ſtattlichen Wälzer aufgequollen im Dampfbade meiner Lucubrationen, — zur mopſigen Almanachsform aufgefüttert mit den Spänen meiner poetiſchen Drehbank, kannſt du nun keck dich neben die beleibten und beliebten Ritterromane im Amphitheater ſetzen und kein Cicero wird es wagen, gegen dich ſeine Humanität zu verläugnen. Ich wüßte auch wahrlich nicht, was man dir vorwerfen könnte. Anſpruchsloſer als du kann kein Büchlein der Welt ſein. Du begehrſt nichts als die Spielſtunden der Menſchheit und läſſeſt geduldig dem Steckenpferde und der Puppe den Vortritt in der Ordnung des Tages: — und doch biſt du ein wahres Kunſtwerk! Beim erſten Blicke auf dein buntes Gewand ſpricht ſich deine Tendenz klar aus, und was kann deutlicher ſein, als die Flaxmanniſchen Umriſſe, die beſſer als Gerambs Vignetten zu den energiſchen Knittelreimen paſſen, von denen jeder mit männlicher Schlußkraft an das rhythmiſche Trommelfell ſchlägt. Selbſt ein göttlicher Myſticismus fehlt hie und da nicht und der Schlendrian hat dir den Charakter der Allgemeinheit tief in deine platte Stirn gebrannt. —

Mächtig und allein herrſchend walteſt du im Himmelreiche der Jugend und läſſeſt die Kindlein zu dir kommen, daß ſie an deinem flachen Throne dir den Brückenzoll ins Land des Wiſſens entrichten. Doch auch deine Monarchie hat der revoltirende Geiſt der Zeit erſchüttert und das Heer der neuen Pädagogen hat unter Peſtalozzi's Anführung dir den Vertilgungskrieg angekündigt.

Eine barbariſche Horde von Mitlautern mit uſurpirter Macht hat ſich in breiter und prahlender Corpulenz neben die ätheriſchen Vocale und Diphtongen geſetzt und die lakoniſchen Signale mit altfränkiſchen Titeln vertauſcht.

Du gutes A-B-C-Buch! die aufrühreriſchen Conſonanten bedrohen deine verjährte Ordnung, und die pädagogiſchen Himmelsſtürmer, — uneingedenk, daß ſie alle auf deinen platten Stufen emporgeklommen ſind, — wollen dir dein Erbthürhüteramt nehmen und dich ins Reich der Makulatur verweiſen, wohin ſie — bald nachfolgen werden.

Doch ſei getroſt liebes Büchlein!

Nie wird in ſtauberfüllter Gruft. —
Wo, unter den papiernen Mauſoleen
Der Themis, die erſchlichenen Trophäen,
Umweht von feuchtem Moderduft.
Den Lebenden im Wege ſtehen; —
Wo mancher Federblitz ſtreitbarer Koryphäen,
Der die verdüſterten Ideen
Des Rechts entzog der Winkelſchluft,
Im Jubel des Vergleichs verpufft: —
Noch dort, wo ſich in blauer Luft
Im Sphären-Tanz die Welten drehen,
Die Kraft des Alphabets vergehen! —

Auch in den tauſendfachen Flüſſen
Des ſchwarzen Nils, der von der Muſen Regengüſſen
Geſchwellt, ſobald der Oſtermorgen tagt,

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*) Aus „Nachtgedanken über das A-B-C-Buch von Spiritus Aſper." 1. Bdchn.

Durch's Delta der Verleger jagt *),
Kann jeder Recenſent am Meßpfahl meſſen,
Wie hoch den Waſſerſtand das Alphabet beſagt:
Und jegliches Syſtem, — ſei es auf ſammtnen Kiſſen
Mit Ruh' erdacht, ſei's wegen ſchmaler Biſſen
Der Weisheit hungrig abgefragt, —
Wird in den Grund- und Boden-Riſſen
Stets mit dem Alphabet verlegt.
Mit A. + C. = X. + Z. begrüßen
Die Mathematiker ſich auf der Grillenjagd:
Und wenn ihr Sterblichen, der Neuerung befliſſen,
Auch alle euch zu Peſtalozzi ſchlagt
Und, folgſam ſeinen falſchen Schlüſſen,
Das alte A B C in die Couliſſen
Vom Marionetten-Schauplatz tragt, —
In Ewigkeit wird, wer hienieden A geſagt,
B hinterher doch ſagen müſſen! —

Uebrigens haben die Peſtalozziſche und Olivierſche und andere Methoden auch ihr Gutes. Denn — wenn man auch die verſchrobenen Anfangsgründe in den Winkelſchulen der Kindheit nicht begreifen lernt, in den freien und hohen Schulen des reifern Lebens kommt der practiſche Glaube und die Erkenntniß von ſelbſt, und es iſt gut, daß man dem zarten Kindlein das Buch des Lebens ſchon von ferne zeige: —

Denn, wenn der Kindheit einfach tönend A
Der Jüngling nirgends mehr im Prologus
Des Lebensalphabetes ſah,
So kommt er bald durch Mädchen-Kuß
Zu Amors weichem Lippenſchluß
Und nebenbei lernt er zu Liebchens Ehren
Mit einem ſanften Gaumendruck
Das volle Glas in einem Ruck
Bei frohen Opferfeſten leeren; —
Ja! zu Ellen's Rubinenſchmuck
Im Lall-Laut ewig ſich verſchwören.

Gelinden Zungendruck lernt er am Theetiſch
In eleganter Converſation
Und täglich ſchallt im Hörſaal ſeines Fetiſch
Des Egoismus Blaſeton.

Dann eilt er knall und fall nach Hauſe,
Wie ihm des Vaters Brummlaut hieß
Und feiert liſpelnd eine Pauſe
In ſeiner Laren Paradies,
Bis er nach ſummenden Examen-Schmauſe
Sich des Berufes ſtolze Krauſe
Zum Zungenlauts-Ventile fallen ließ.
Doch — mancher lernt auch zu Paris
Den Naſenton der Spital-Clauſe. —
Wiewohl er ihn jetzt füglicher zu Hauſe
Erlernen kann vom Exmarquis. —

Wo trifft der Lebenskahn nicht eine Hemmung
Bald ſtumm, bald tönend, bald gelind, bald ſcharf,
Wenn hier des Schickſals neidiſche Verdämmung
Den Lebensſtrom aus ſeiner Richtung warf
Und des Affectenjubels Ueberſchwemmung
Nach Eldorado trug der Klugheit Hausbedarf;
Dort aber der Lagunen mähliche Verſchlämmung
Des Leichtſinns Gondel, der Beklemmung
Des Hypochonders unterwarf. —

Kurz! — überall in dieſes Lebens Schule
Tönt dieſes neuerfund'ne Alphabet!
Wer ſich zunächſt am Fürſtenſtuhle
Als ſtumme Sprachmaſchine bläht
Und als des Glückes feiler Buhle
Sich auf den Schlangenton des Hofs verſteht,
Fällt, wie der Fröhner, der im Sorgenpfuhle
Mit Seufzerlaut im Karren geht,
Aus ſeinem Lebenston ins röchelnde Valet,
Wenn Atropos die ſchnarrende Spule
Aus ſtöhnendem Getriebe dreht.

Ich weiß keinen beſſern Lohn für dieſe pädagogiſchen Quertöpfe, die mit ihren Händchen ums Dorf herumwandern, als ſie zu einer ſolchen Anatomirung und Analyſe des ſineſiſchen oder japaniſchen Alphabets zu verdammen; — ſie würden flugs ihre überfeinen Sonden und Lanzetten wegwerfen und wiederum die liebe Mutter Natur aus den Dorfſchulen hervorholen, welche den lieben Kindlein die Fibel und die einfältige Katechismusmilch eintrichtert, ohne ſich um das chemiſche Verhältniß der Säuglingsnahrung zu bekümmern.

Auch die Methode hat meinen Beifall, nach welcher den ſchwerlernenden Kindern die Buchſtaben, aus Butterteig gebacken, gereicht werden. Denn dann wird das ganze Alphabet in succum et sanguinem vertiret und die Syſteme werden a priori et posteriori gehörig verbunden. Ach! wenn es doch angehen wollte, daß man die Bücher, wie dieſe Buchſtaben durch eſſen und trinken ſich aneignen könnte! Dann wäre das Studieren eine herrliche Sache, ein wahres Schlaraffenleben! Die Magenphiloſophie wäre dann die erſte Facultät auf den Academien und die Gymnaſiaſten und Studenten würden treufleißig ihre Curſus bei den Kuchenprofeſſoren und Weinmagiſtern machen, und die trockene und nüchterne Kathederweisheit müßte in ihren Hörſälen verſchmachten. Es würde kein blaſſer und abgezehrter Märtyrer der Lucubration bei den Panathenäen ſich auszeichnen, ſondern brave Eſſer und Trinker würden mit böotiſchen Kräften dem Tempel der Weisheit und dem Staatsgebäude zu Säulen dienen. Wien wäre dann auch die Kaiſerſtadt der Seelengenüſſe und die Nation der Vielfraße die weiſeſte. — Der faule Präſident nähme dann ſpielend ſeinen Vortrag zum Frühſtücke ein und der commode Seelſorger tränke eine Zollikofer'ſche Predigt im Kaffee vor der Kirche. — Ach, welch herrliches Leben wollt' ich mir dann verſchaffen! Die Dichter nähm' ich als Getränke zu mir, die Proſaiker äße ich ſammt und ſonders auf.

Früh in der ernſten Morgenſtunde
Schlürft' ich ein Lehrgedichtchen ein,
Um felſenfeſt den Tag hindurch im Bunde
Mit dem Moralprincip zu ſein.
Und brockte mir, damit es beſſer munde,
Noch eine Zuckerpredigt drein,
So wie ſie uns aus ſüßem Herzensgrunde
Jetzt die Aeſthetiker verleihn.

Den Ueberreſt vom kühlen Morgen
Verwendet' ich an einen Actenſtoß
Von Blätterteig, und aller Sorgen
Des Tagewerks wär' ich dann los.
Kein Sachverdienſt mehr bliebe mir verborgen
Und wäre der Proceß zu groß,
So ſteckt', um mich gelegentlich zu überhorchen,
Ich den Extract zu mir als Kloß.

Zum Frühſtück äß' ich nach dem Range
Die alte Proſa güldner Zeit
In Mettwurſt überſetzt, ſo lange
Der Magen Appetit verleiht.
Und dann macht' ich die Bruſt beim Becherklange
Mit auf Kalliope's Geſundheit weit
Und thät' bald aus Virgil's Geſange,
Bald aus der Odyſſee Beſcheid.

Dann wär' es zur Diät wohl taugen,
Bis zu des Vormittags Verfluß
Ein Pfeifchen Rauchtabak zu ſchmauchen
Und im ätheriſchen Genuß
Die böſen Geiſter wegzuhauchen;
Und hier dient mir des Plinius —
(Ich werde lebenslang d'ran rauchen!) —
Gewürzter Panegyricus.

Das Mittagsmahl — aus viel Gerichten
Kann es beſteh'n, — denn Gott ſei Dank!
Die Welt hat Ueberfluß an Proſa und Gedichten
Und wird vor'm jüngſten Tage noch zum Bücherſchrank; —
Drum, um mich täglich einzurichten
Und nicht alltäglich magenkrank
Zu werden, — will ich mich verpflichten,
— Ich eſſe Mittags nichts als Recenſentenzank.

Die vielen immer friſchen Ephemeren
Enthalten ja der Dichtkunſt Quinteſſenz —
Der Proſa Leckerbiſſen und beſcheeren
Der Küche Tag für Tag Ingredienz
Zum Mittagsmahl. In allen Ehren
Nähm' ich bisweilen für die Magenimpotenz

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*) Anmerkung des Setzers. Mit der Fruchtbarkeit des Delta's läßt ſich's jetzt halten und auf dem ſumpfigen, fetten Moorgrunde iſt mancher kecke Verleger verſunken. Denn nicht jedem wird es ſo wohl, daß er mit Feuerbränden und Brandſchatze ein Plätzchen bereitet, worauf die Schäfchen ins Trockne gebracht werden können.

Antikritiken ein, wie ſie zu ganzen Heeren
Die Wahrheit nach ſich zieht — als Peter Squenz.

Die beſte Hausmannskoſt im Ganzen
So recht voll deutſcher Kraft und Saft,
Nähm' ich aus Wandsbecks Boteranzen
Und Pächter Martins Hauswirthſchaft:
Auch Anton Walls beſcheidne Zauberpflanzen,
Und Ifflands Werk der ſtillen Kraft,
Und was noch aus dem wilden Spiel der Lanzen
Uns Archenholz mit ſeiner Pallas rafft.

Dies wär' mein Alltagstiſch! — zu hohen Feſten
Beut mir die Muſenküche vieles dar,
Und ich — genöſſe nur vom Beſten.
Zur Suppe nähm' ich Hezels Bibelcommentar
Und ließ zum zum Einſchnitt Xenien röſten,
Doch Kotzebues berühmtes Lebensjahr
Verſpeiſte ich mit meinen Gäſten
Zum Stomachal als Caviar.

Dann kämen Almanachspaſteten
Und irgend noch ein derbes Vorgericht
Von Johann Müller und von Engels Reden
Und als Gemüſe eine lockre Schicht
Von Philoſophenkohl — proſaiſchen Poeten —
Geſchmort mit Schirachs Hofwindlicht:
Und wäre noch zum Haut Gout was vonnöthen
So fehlte mir Falks guter Moſtrich nicht.

Als Fiſche nähm' ich dann, zu Waſſer und zu Lande
Die Reiſen, welche jede Meſſe uns verlieh!
Als Stockfiſch machte meiner Tafel keine Schande
So manche Selbſtbiographie —
Und Oel und Eſſig deſtillirt' ich mit Verſtande
Aus Feßlers myſtiſcher Theoſophie
Und ſtreut' an jedem Schüſſelrande
Etwas von Schillings Sellerie.

Zum Roſtbeef würde Wilhelm Meiſter taugen,
Und Lindenbergs Baron mit ſeinem Knebelbart
Zum Schöpſenbraten, und gleich in die Augen
Fällt ja das güldne Kalb, das fett gemäſtet ward.
Zu Coteletts würd' ich Novellen brauchen
Von Vargas, Cetbet und dergleichen Art:
Doch oft nähm' ich von Sancho Panſas Grauchen
Ein Lendenbrätchen, fein und zart.

Die ungezählten armen Ritter,
Gebacken in Verlegerfett,
Und Autor-Hungergluth — ſie ſchmecken ſüß und bitter
Und taugen nicht zum ſtattlichen Bankett:
Auch wildes Räuberfleiſch mit Sturm und Ungewitter
Mord, Brand und Nothzucht, Gift, Stilet
Ruinen, Kerkerluft und Nonnenkloſtergitter —
Fort, fort mit ſolchem Garkochs-Quodlibet!

Dann ein Compot von Anekdoten,
Aus Friedrichs großer Heldenbahn,
Vielleicht auch ein Fragment mit Noten,
Gezogen aus dem Alkoran;
Zu Sonntagsbraten aber boten
Die Höllen auf des Fleiſchmarkts vollem Plan. —
Mir blieb die Auswahl zwiſchen Lebenden und Todten, —
Ein tauſend claſſiſche Romane an.

Zu Cremen wählt' ich des Theaters
Zerfloſſene Mamſellinnen,
In welchen ich des Muſenvaters
Zuſtirten Meiſterſtempel ſäh!
Doch beim Confect wär keines Habers
Und Rangſtreits zu gedenken — da
Aß' ich des Sorgen-Archiaters
Von Thümmel Witz-Amalgama!

Ihr fragt — was giebt es denn zu trinken
Bei dieſem reichen Muſenmahl?
Ha! von Apollo's Schenktiſch winken
Gefüllte Humpen ohne Zahl!
Ich würde wie Hephäſtos hinken
Im kerzenhellen Götterſaal
Und lallend bald zu Boden ſinken
— Credenzt' ich jeglichen Pokal!

Zum Tafelwein erwählt' ich mir Geſänge
Von Bürger, Hölty, Koſegarten, Gleim,
Jacobi, Göcking, Matthiſon und im Gedränge
Nähm' ich auch Ratſchky's Knittelreim.
Doch Klopſtock's edle Rheinweinſtrenge
Genöß' ich beim Deſert, wie Wieland's Honigſeim,
Und jeden Gaſt ſchickt' ich vom feſtlichen Gepränge
Mit einem vollen Rauſche heim.

Oft holt' ich ein Champagnerfieber
In Schiller's feuervollem Naß,
Und Göthe's Ausbruch tränk' ich lieber
In Humpen friſch aus offnem Faß.
Durch Tiedge's Himmelswein ſäh' ich den Himmel trüber
Bei Collins Regulus ſchwür ich Carthago Haß.
Doch Schubart's herbe Fürſtengruft ließ ich vorüber
Und ſeufzt' — in vino veritas!

Auf's Wohl der Todten, die mir theuer,
Genöß' ich Mörlin's Leichenwein,
Geweiht des Weiſen Todtenfeier
Und brockte Kenotaphien drein.
Allein zum Troſt der muntern Leier
Ließ ich mir Gramberg's Blumen ſtreu'n,
Und heizte im Kamin mit Reisholzfeuer
Von Hiller's Beſen wacker ein.

Viel giebt's der guten vaterländ'ſchen Weine
Aus alter und aus neuer Zeit:
Uz, Opitz, Hagedorn, Duſch, Kleiſt und — wen die Menge
Noch ſonſt zu ihrem Dienſt geweiht: —
Sie ſind das Naß vom Moſelſtrom und Maine
Und brechen Sorgen, Gram und Leid: —
Auch voll vom beſten Meißnerweine
Steht Gellert's Jubelkelch bereit.

Als junge Weine legt' ich in die Keller
St. Schützen, Schreiber und (wo jüngſt der Tod das Faß zerriß)
Novalis, Tian, Kuhn und Lebrecht Müller,
Kind, Köppen, Peucer, Horn, ſo lange bis
Das wilde Traubenblut ſich heller
Noch ſchäumte und den Spund vom Loche ſchmiß.
Dies Faß gährt träg und jenes ſchneller,
Doch alle — ſind noch ungewiß.

Aus Ramlers ſtarken Dithyramben,
Und Weiſſens Amazonenſang,
Und Bürgers hohem Lied und Stollbergs Jamben
Und Haugs und Pfeffels bitterm Wahrheitsdrang
Macht' ich Liqueurs: doch um die Seelenlampen
Wär' mir bei ſolchem Oele bang,
Und dämpfte mit dem Lichtknecht Habsburgs — mit Geramben
Die Flamme, — brannte ſie zu lang'.

Auch ſucht' ich mir die Seelengluth zu kühlen
In der Satyre ſchwarzem Trank,
Und miſcht' als Sahne liebliche Idyllen
Von Voß und Geßner in den Momuszank:
Und dann verjagt' ich mir die Grillen
Mit Zeitungswind, und nähme, wär' ich krank
Vom Weingeiſt, zehn Makrobiotik-Pillen
Von Hufelands berühmter Drechsbank.

Zur Brunnenkur in Frühlingszeiten
Gäb' Neubeck mir ein ſüß'res [illegible],
Und um die Hektik abzuleiten,
Tränk' ich, was aus der Aganippe lief,
Als jüngſt Apollo mit den beiden
Gebrüdern Werden ſein Exil verſchlief;
Doch ſollt' ich darum von der Kolik leiden,
Nähm' ich Lucinden ein als Vomitiv.

Ja, würd' ich noch ſo oft erkranken,
Mir ſollte doch nicht bange ſein,
Seit den Aeſthetikern des Myſticismus Ranken
Purganzen zum Mariendienſt verleih'n —
Doch, Satyr, halte dich in deinen Schranken,
Und g'nügt zum Schlaftrunk dir ein ſchlechter Pleißenwein,
So komm und trinke dich bei meinen Nachtgedanken
Vor langer Weile gähnend ein.
Amen!

Georg Heniſch

ward am 24. April 1549 zu Bartfelden in Ungarn geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Philoſophie und Medicin und wurde als Dr. medic. zu Augsburg am daſigen Gymnaſium und bei der Medicinalbehörde angeſtellt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 31. Mai 1618 als Profeſſor der Logik und Mathematik, Director des Gymnaſiums, Stadtbibliothekar und Mitglied des mediciniſchen Collegiums.

Als Schriftſteller machte er ſich bekannt durch:

Thesaurus linguae et sapientiae Germanicae oder deutſcher Sprachſchatz. Augsburg 1616 in Fol.

Kritiſche Hiſtorie der deutſchen Sprache. Ebendaſ.

Ein für ſeine Zeit gründlicher und tüchtiger deutſcher Sprachforſcher.

Heinrich Philipp Konrad Henke,

der früh verwaiſte Sohn eines Predigers, ward am 3. Auguſt 1752 zu Hehlen im Braunſchweigiſchen geboren und widmete ſich, durch vermögende Gönner, welche ſeinen Fleiß und ſeine Talente erkannten und ſchätzten, unterſtützt, mit Glück den philologiſchen und theologiſchen Studien auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeines Vaterlandes. Dieſe Gönner ſorgten auch für ihn, als er nach Beendigung ſeiner Studien und nach ſeiner Promotion zum Doctor der Philoſophie, veranlaßt ward, eine Lehrerſtelle am Martinsgymnaſium zu Braunſchweig anzunehmen, indem ſie 1778 einen Ruf zum außerordentlichen Profeſſor der Theologie in Helmſtädt für ihn vermittelten. Hier erwarben ihm ſeine Kenntniſſe und ſeine Lehrergabe ſchon 1780 den Charakter eines Doctors und ordentlichen Profeſſors der Theologie und hoben ihn bis zu der Würde eines erſten Profeſſors dieſer Wiſſenſchaft und Directors des Predigerſeminariums, womit er zugleich die eines Abtes des Kloſters Königslutter, eines Generalſuperintendenten der ſchöningenſchen Diöceſe und eines Vicepräſidenten des Conſiſtoriums zu Wolfenbüttel verband. 1807 ſandte ihn das allgemeine Vertrauen, welches er genoß, als braunſchweigiſchen Abgeordneten zur Huldigung des Königs von Weſtphalen nach Paris und 1808 als Reichsſtand nach Kaſſel, von wo er kränklich zurückkam und am 2. Mai 1809 ſtarb.

Hingebende Heiterkeit, reiner Frohſinn und feiner, aber nicht perſönlicher und verwundender Witz, womit er lebhafte Einbildungskraft, glückliches Gedächtniß, Rednertalent, umfaſſende Kenntniſſe und hohen Freimuth verband, zeichneten ihn vor Vielen aus und ſicherten ihm die Achtung und Liebe Aller, die ihn kannten.

Er ſchrieb:

Allgemeine Geſchichte der chriſtlichen Kirche. Braunſchweig 1788 — 1806 (wurde von J. S. Vater fortgeſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1818 — 1823. 7 — 9 Bd.), 6 Bde. in 8. 5. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1818.

Reden und Predigten. Helmſtädt 1801.

Predigten. Braunſchweig 1801 — 1803.

H. hat ſich als Kirchenhiſtoriker wie als Kanzelredner einen hohen Ruf erworben, doch wird er in erſterer Hinſicht von ſeinen Gegnern wegen einer gewiſſen Einſeitigkeit ſtreng getadelt. Ein befugter Richter (Haſe „Kirchengeſchichte.“ Einleitung pag. 2 §. 16) ſagt bei Gelegenheit ſeiner Geſchichte der chriſtlichen Kirche von ihm in dieſer Hinſicht: Henke (mit Vaters Fortſetzung und Ueberarbeitung) zeigt die Herrſchaft eines freiſinnigen, zuweilen unhiſtoriſchen Rationalismus, ohne Anſchaulichkeit für die Phantaſie, ohne Haltpunkt für das Gedächtniß, aber im Geiſte ſeiner Zeit. — Seine Predigten zeichnen ſich dagegen durch Schärfe, Klarheit, Lebendigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Joſeph Anton Henne,

ward am 22. Juli 1793 zu Sargans in der Schweiz geboren und im Kloſter Pfävers, ſpäter auf dem Gymnaſium zu Luzern gebildet. Er ſtudirte zu Heidelberg und Freiburg Philoſophie und lebte dann als Privatgelehrter an verſchiedenen Orten ſeines Vaterlandes, bis er als Lehrer der Geſchichte an das Fellenberg'ſche Inſtitut zu Hofwyl kam. Später habilitirte er ſich zu Freiburg als Privatdocent, kehrte aber als Doctor der Philoſophie nach St. Gallen zurück, wohin er einen Ruf als Kantons- und Stiftsarchivar erhalten hatte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lieder und Sagen aus der Schweiz. Baſel 1824; 2. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1827 in gr. 8.

Divico, oder das Wunderhorn, oder die Lemanſchlacht, Nationalheldengedicht. Stuttgart 1825, 2 Bde. in gr. 8.

Neue Schweizerchronik für's Volk. St. Gallen 1827.

H. iſt mehr Redner als Dichter; es gelang ihm nicht, beſonders in ſeinem epiſchen Gedichte, ſeinen Stoff poetiſch zu bewältigen und mit ſicherer Hand zuſammen zu drängen, weshalb er immer ſeine Zuflucht zum äußeren Schmuck der Rede nehmen muß, da die Phantaſie und die poetiſche Production ihm zu oft die nöthigen Mittel verſagen. Dies abgerechnet, verdienen jedoch ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen wegen der darin vorwaltenden Herzlichkeit, Vaterlandsliebe und Ehrenhaftigkeit Anerkennung und Lob.

Graf Otto von Henneberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Georg Ernſt Sigmund Hennig

ward am 1. Januar 1746 zu Jauer geboren, ſtudirte Philologie und Theologie auf den wiſſenſchaftlichen Anſtalten ſeines Vaterlandes und erhielt 1770 eine Anſtellung als Prediger. 1776 wurde er Pfarrer der löbenichtſchen Gemeinde und Kirchen- und Schulrath zu Königsberg, übernahm 1796 die Stelle eines Conſiſtorialrathes und wurde 1802 mit der Würde eines Doctors und zweiten Profeſſors der Theologie beehrt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 23. September 1809.

Von ihm beſitzen wir:

Von den Vorzügen und Mängeln der deutſchen Sprache im Vergleich mit der franzöſiſchen. Königsberg 1768.

Preußiſches Wörterbuch. Ebendaſ. 1785.

Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1777 — 1780, 5 Bde.

H. ward zu ſeiner Zeit ſowohl als Sprachforſcher wie als Kanzelredner ſehr geachtet; er zeichnete ſich namentlich in letzterer Eigenſchaft durch Kraft und Würde, ſo wie durch Anmuth des Vortrages und Eleganz der Diction aus.

Auguſt Adam Friedrich von Hennings,

ein verdienter Juriſt und Herausgeber mehrerer Zeitſchriften, ward am 19. Juli 1746 zu Pinneberg geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen Staatswirthſchaft und die Rechtswiſſenſchaft und erhielt nach ſeiner Rückkehr in ſein Vaterland 1770 eine Anſtellung bei dem ökonomiſchen Inſtitute zu Antvorskou. Schon 1771 aber wurde er als Kammerſecretair nach Koppenhagen berufen, ging 1772 als Legationsſecretair nach Berlin und 1776 als däniſcher Geſandter nach Dresden. Nachdem er hier ſich zur Zufriedenheit ſeines Fürſten der Geſchäfte entledigt hatte, ſtand er eine Zeit lang als Juſtiz- und ſpäter als Etatsrath dem Landesökonomie-Collegium mit vor, wurde 1780 zum Kammerherrn, 1781 zum erſten Landesdirector und 1787 zum Amtmann von Plön und Ahrensböck und Obercommerz und Handelsintendant von Schleswig und Holſtein ernannt. 1802 übernahm er die Intendantur zu Herzhorn und die Adminiſtration der Grafſchaft Ranzau. Zugleich Doctor der Rechte und Ritter des Danebrogordens ſtarb er am 11. Mai 1826.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Olavides. Epiſches Gedicht. Kopenhagen 1779.

Philoſophiſche Verſuche. Ebendaſ. 1780.

M. Luther, deutſche geſunde Vernunft. 2. Ausg. Altona 1798.

Annalen der leidenden Menſchheit. Altona 1794 — 1800, 8 Bde.

Genius der Zeit. Ebendaſ. 1794 — 1802.

Rouſſeau. Berlin 1797.

Sittliche Gemälde. Neuſtrelitz 1798.

Momus. Ebendaſ. 1798.

Der Muſaget. Altona 1798 u. 1799, 2 St.

Die Deutſchen der früheſten Vorzeit. Ebendaſ. 1819.

Bei dem beſten Willen, ſeinen Mitmenſchen durch Schrift und That zu nützen, fand von Hennings doch zu ſeiner Zeit bedeutende Gegner, und zwar unter den erſten Geiſtern der Nation, da ſeine Anſichten von Leben und Kunſt oft zu einſeitig und zu beſchränkt waren. — Unter ſeinen ſelbſtſtändigen Leiſtungen möchte ſein epiſches Gedicht, Olavides, wohl noch das Gelungenſte ſein, doch bleibt er auch hier immer nur ein nicht ungeſchickter Nachahmer größerer Vorbilder.

Chriſtian Friedrich Henrici,

ein Schriftſteller und Dichter in Menantes' Manier, ward am 14. Januar 1700 zu Stolpen im Kurfürſtenthum Sachſen geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er ſich auf der Stadtſchule ſeiner Vaterſtadt dazu vorbereitet hatte, 1719 zu Wittenberg und 1720 zu Leipzig die Rechtsgelehrſamkeit. Nach beendigten Studien lebte er eine Zeit lang vom Ertrage ſeiner poetiſchen Leiſtungen, wozu ihn beſondere Neigung ſchon früher hingezogen hatte, und ward durch Gönner befördert, 1727 Oberpoſtamts-Actuarius zu Leipzig, Poſtſecretair und Oberpoſtcommiſſarius. 1740 erhielt er das Amt eines Kreis-Landſteuer- und Stadt-Trankſteuereinnehmers ſo wie Weininſpectors daſelbſt, als welcher er am 10. Mai 1764 ſtarb.

Unter dem Namen Picander, den er 1722 in Folge eines verfehlten Schuſſes auf eine Elſter (pica), ſtatt deren er einen ihr Neſt ausnehmenden Landmann (ἀνήρ) traf, angenommen hatte, gab er folgende Schriften heraus:

Sammlung erbaulicher Gedanken über und auf die gewöhnlichen Sonn- und Feſttage rc. Leipzig 1724 in 8.

Der Meuchelmord Johann Hahn's, mitleidend beweint. Leipzig 1726 in 4.

Deutſche Schauſpiele, beſtehend in dem akademiſchen Schlendrian, Erzſäufer und der Weiberprobe. Berlin 1726 in 8.

Ernſt- ſcherzhafte und ſatyriſche Gedichte. Leipzig 1727 — 1737, 4 Bde. in gr. 8. (1r Bd. 1727, 1732, 1736; 2r Bd. 1729, 1734; 3r Bd. 1732; 4r Bd. 1737 einzeln). 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1748 — 1751.

Gedichte auf den Tod Sr. Königl. Majeſtät in Polen rc. Friedrich Auguſt. Leipzig 1733 in Fol.

Gedichte auf die Krönung Friedrich Auguſt III. Leipzig 1734 in Fol.

Sammlung vermiſchter Gedichte. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1768 in 8.

Gute Laune, derber und treffender, oft aber unſittlicher Witz, redſelige Breite und eine nicht ungeſchickte Behandlung der Sprache und des Reims ſind die hervorſtechendſten Eigenſchaften von Henrici's immer fertiger Muſe, welche ſich meiſtens nur mit Gelegenheitspoeſien beſchäftigte. — Seine Schauſpiele geißeln die verderbten Sitten ſeiner Zeit, und namentlich des damals in Leipzig herrſchenden Geiſtes, und ſind mit komiſcher Kraft und Lebendigkeit des Dialogs ausgeſtattet. So ſehr er indeſſen auch ſich den Beifall ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen erwarb, ſo wenig kann er auf den Namen eines Dichters Anſpruch machen, und ſo ſchnell wurde er auch wieder vergeſſen, da er im Grunde doch weiter nichts als ein leicht beweglicher Reimer war. — Die hier mitgetheilte Probe wird das Geſagte beſtätigen, indem ſie zu gleicher Zeit ein gutes Bild des damals bei der Menge waltenden Geſchmackes zu geben im Stande iſt, der an ſolchen faden Spielereien, ſelbſt bei den ernſthafteſten Dingen, Behagen fand.

Ueber den Meuchelmord Hrn. M. Herrmann Joachim Hahns, Predigers zum heil. Kreuz in Dresden *).

O! Muſen, die ihr mich zum öfftern angetrieben,
Daß mein zwar ſchwacher Kiel ſchon manches Lied geſchrieben,
Laßt den geweihten Fluß mir annoch offen ſein,
Doch ſtreuet dieſesmahl Saltz oder Wermuth drein.
Kommt, ſetzet euch mit mir dort an der Elbe nieder,
Werfft eure Kräntze weg; denn wiſſet unſre Lieder
Vertragen keinen Schmuck; legt eure Harffen hin,
Weil ich der Traurigkeit, der Wehmuth Dichter bin.
Der Tag, der aller Welt Vergnügungs-Blumen ſtreute,
Da ſich das muntre Jahr in ſeiner Jugend freute,
Der ein gemahltes Kleid den Auen angethan,
Zog mitten in der Pracht die tiefe Trauer an.
Daß uns das Schickſal doch ſo elend ſchaffen wollen,
Daß wir den Unbeſtand auch da befürchten ſollen,
Wo doch die Furchtſamkeit ſelbſt keine Spuren findt,
Daß Blitz und Donner ſchlägt, eh ſchwartze Wolken ſind!
O! Zeit, die alle Zeit mit Kohlen wird beſtreichen,
Von welcher Stern und Glück einſt wird erſchrocken weichen!
O! Kinder, merckt den Tag, und ſagt es weiter fort,
Es iſt ein Tag der Angſt, ein Tag voll Blut und Mord.
Ein Kind der Finſterniß, ein Fluch der Miſſethäter,
Ein Unbeſonnener, ein Mörder, ein Verräther,
(Pfui! daß ich an die Brut des Satans dencken muß!)
Vollbrachte dieſen Tag den grauſamſten Entſchluß.
Die Sonne hatte ſchon den Himmel halb gemeſſen,
Der Hunger ſchickte ſich ſein Mittags-Brodt zu eſſen,
Als dieſen tollen Hund auch an zu hungern fing,
Da er voll Wuth und Schaum zum Mörder-Tiſche ging.
Halt, du verblendter Menſch, wer geht zu deinen Seiten,
Siehſt du die Teuffel nicht, die dich dahin begleiten!
Wie freudig ſpringen ſie, wie tantzen ſie daher,
Als wenn ein Jubel-Feſt in ihrer Hölle wär.
Iſt denn kein Donner da, das Unthier zu erſchlagen,
Kann noch das feſte Land ſo einen Abſcheu tragen!
Schließt ſich kein Abgrund auf, rühret ſich kein Zufall nicht,
Die dir vor deiner That Hals oder Beine bricht!
So war es; Erd und Lufft blieb dieſesmahl verriegelt,
Und vor der Grauſamkeit aus Schrecken zugeſiegelt;
Da kam der Böſewicht, das wilde Tyger-Aas,
Da Hahn, der fromme Hahn, in Ruh zu Tiſche ſaß.
Du Hirte guter Art, du Vater deiner Schaafe,
O! Mund, der ſüſſen Troſt und Liebes-volle Straffe
Zur Koſt der Heerde gab, jetzt hält dein Speiſe-Saal
Noch da es Mittag iſt, dein letztes Abendmahl!
Du falteſt deine Hand, du ſegneſt deine Speiſe;
Ach Segen und Gebet war deine ſtete Weiſe!
Ein Judas, dem dein Brot ſo öffters gut geſchmeckt,
Hat wider dich die Fauſt zum Würgen ausgeſtreckt.
Da kömmt der Blut-Hund her; Dampff geht aus ſeiner Naſen.
Das Hertz, das Mörder-Loch quillt ein vergifftes Raſen;
Der Baſiliske ſieht, der Wolff bleckt ſeinen Zahn,
Und die verſtellte Wuth klopfft dennoch freundlich an.
Nichts weiſet ihn zurück; da weiß das Kind der Höllen
In der Gewiſſens-Angſt die Bosheit zu verſtellen.
Verdammte Meuchel-Liſt! hier weint das Crocodill,
Da es doch Menſchen-Blut nun bald vergieſſen will.
Der theure Hertzens-Mann, der ſtets mit ſüſſer Zunge,
Wie eine Pflegerin, betrübten Kindern ſunge,
Läßt jetzt die Stärckung ſelbſt vor ſeine Mörder ſehn,
Nur daß ein ſchmachtend Hertz nicht Krafft-los ſoll vergehn.
Doch, du geweihter Sinn, bleib dieſesmahl zurücke,
Ein kalter Mörder-Stahl zielt dir nach dem Genicke.
Die Feinde ſchreyen da: Philiſter über dir!
Ach bleibe, bleibe doch, du Zions-Simſon, hier!
Das arme Schaaf geht fort, gedultig an Geberden,
Unwiſſend, daß ſein Stall ſoll ſeine Schlacht-Banck werden;
Es kennet nicht den Wolff, der ihm entgegen läufft
Und mit erhitztem Grimm nach ſeiner Kehle greifft.
Eröffne mir dein Hertz, entſchütte dich der Klagen,
Die dich, betrübter Freund, in deiner Seele plagen!
So hieß es, was der Mund der Sanfftmuth ſelber ſprach,
Und doch die Felſen nicht der Blut-Begierde brach.
Der Menſch, doch nein! das Vieh, in deſſen Eingeweide
Der gantze Höllen-Sitz, und aller Teuffel Freude,
Fieng, wie der Satan dort, von Glaubens-Sachen an,
Was unſer liebſtes Heil vor unſre Schuld gethan.
Und endlich brach er aus: Es ſtünde dort geſchrieben:
Die Hirten, welche treu, und ihre Heerde lieben,
Die müſſen auch vor ſie das Leben ſelbſt verſchmähn,
Und dieſes ſollte nun an unſerm Hahn geſchehn.
Wie war dir, theurer Mann, daſſelbemahl zu Muthe?
Du hielteſt dieſes Wort dem Raſenden zu gute,
Und wageſt Hertz und Blut, bei heiſchender Gefahr,
Die dir noch ferne ſchien, vor deine Schaafe dar.
Nicht ferne war ſie dir, ſie war dir allzunahe;
Dein Haupt, noch eh es ſich ſo einer Angſt verſahe,
Umſchloß ein friſcher Strang, der dir das Rätzel wieß,
Den aber deine Hand annoch zurücke ſtieß.
Der Durſt nach Blut und Tod ward bei dem Mörder gröſſer.
Ein ſcharff geſchliffenes, zum Blut beſtimmtes Meſſer
Schnitt viermahl in das Hertz, und da der Körper ſtürzt,
Hat noch einmahl der Stahl der Schultern Krafft verkürtzt.
O! Meſſer, wenn du ja zum Würgen auserkohren,
O! warum konnteſt du den Mörder nicht durchbohren,
Ach hätte ſich dein Hefft in ſeiner Hand verkehrt!
Schon ſein verfluchter Sinn war ſolcher Straffe werth.
So ſchmertzhafft als der Tod, ſo ſanffte war das Scheiden,
Die Seele wollte GOtt nicht lange laſſen leiden:
Er trennte ſich ſogleich von ihrer Leibes Schmach,
Sobald der blaſſe Mund nur: Ach mein JEſu! ſprach.
Was konnte wohl ſein Mund, da ihm die Lippen brachen,
Das ihm natürlicher, als eben dieſes, ſprechen?
Denn JEſus war in ihm, ſein Hertze war ſein Haus,
Nun rufft er ihm nur nach, und ziehet mit ihm aus.
Der Cains-Bube fleucht, der Rache zu entweichen,
Und träget öffentlich das mörderiſche Zeichen,
Bis er von Sinnen los, von toller Wuth geblendt,
Sich ſelbſt, wie Ratten, fängt, und in die Waſſer rennt.
Verworffne Drachen-Art, was war mehr zu beſorgen,
Worzu ſind denn bei dir die drei Nägel noch verborgen?
War dein verübter Mord noch keine Pein genug,
Gedachteſt du vielleicht auf eine Creutzigung?
Hat ſein durchſchnittnes Hertz nicht Blut genug verlohren,
Willſt du noch ſeine Hand und ſeinen Fuß durchbohren
Nur thu es, böſer Menſch: So wär er in der That
Ein Prieſter an dem Creutz, das ihm berufen hat.
Iſt dieſes nun der Danck, iſt dieſes vor die Güte,
Die dir, du Scheuſal du, das liebende Gemüthe
So reichlich angethan? Ach daß du in der Bruſt,
Die dich als Kind geſäugt, zur Schlange werden muſt
Dich hat ein Leopard, ein Tyger auferzogen,
Du haſt die Mutter-Milch von Panthern eingeſogen,
Die Löwen haben dich, verruchter Böſewicht,
In ihrer Grauſamkeit zum Meiſter unterricht.
Kein treues Angeſicht beweinet deine Thaten,
Du jubilireſt noch, daß ſie ſo wohl gerathen,
Du ſprichſt der Lucifer ſey unter dir beſiegt,
Da doch der Teufel nie mit ſeinem gleichen kriegt.
Verflucht ſey dieſer Tag, der dich zum Menſchen machte,
Verflucht der Augenblick, der dich der Mutter brachte!
Verflucht ſey deine Hand, deine Auge, Hertz und Geiſt,
Verflucht, wer dir nicht flucht, verflucht ſey, der dich preiſt
O! wenn dein Saame ſich im Mutter-Leib verlohren!
O! wenn ſich doch die Bruſt, da dich der Schooß gebohren,
Mit lauter Gifft gehäufft! O! wenn ein Schlangen-Heer,
Da man dich windelte, das Band geweſen wär!
Es werde dein Geſchlecht zu aller Zeit vergeſſen,
Die Raben müſſen ſatt von deinen Knochen freſſen!
Wenn ſie, wiewohl ſie ſonſt nach Aaß und Luder ziehn,
Von dir, als einer Peſt, nicht ſchüchtern werden fliehn.
Doch will ich meine Hand zu GOtt erhaben ſtrecken:
HErr, laß doch deinen Geiſt ein todtes Hertz erwecken,
Gewinne dieſen Sinn, den Belial verſtockt,
Und noch mit Schmeicheleien zu ſeinem Feuer lockt.
Reißt das geraubte Kind ihm wieder aus dem Rachen,
Und laß die Hölle nicht zu deinem Schaden lachen.
Ein einger Tropfen Blut, den unſer Heil vergoß,
Macht dieſes Sünden-Schaaf von ſeinem Wolffe los.
So gieb der Buſſe Raum, du noch verblendter Sünder,
So kömmſt du in die Zahl der auserwählten Kinder.
Wie aber! bleibſt du noch bey deinem Läſter-Sinn;

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*) Aus „Picanders ernſt-ſchertzhafte und ſatyriſche Gedichte." Leipzig 1736, 1. Theil, S. 212.

Wohlan, ſo fahre nun zu Höll und Teuffel hin!
Nunmehro wend ich mich zu jener Jammer-Hütte,
Wo unſer Seligſter die Mörder-Stiche litte,
O Himmel, flieſt das Blut wie Ströhme hin und her!
Hier iſt kein Zimmer nicht, hier iſt das rothe Meer.
So ſehr die Weinenden die Thränen rinnen lieſſen,
So konten ſelbe doch das Blut nicht überflieſſen.
Was war den Schauenden betrübter anzuſehn?
Mit Füſſen muſten ſie in ſeinem Blute gehn.
Je mehr das Weinen war, je mehr der Blut-Fluß rollte,
Als ob der liebe Mann die Gunſt vergelten wolte,
Als ſagt er: Euer Herz quillt Thränen über mir,
Ihr Kinder habet Danck! hier nehmet Blut dafür!
Mein Amt, mein ſchweres Amt hat nicht mein Blut geſparet,
Ich ſchlief vor Sorgen nicht, wenn ihr zur Ruhe waret;
Ich lehrete, tröſtete, ich ſtraffte ſonder Scheu,
Daß einſt nicht euer Blut auf meiner Seele ſey.
Ihr habt mich lieb gehabt: war es ein ächtes Lieben,
So laſſet euren Sinn auch meine Lehren üben;
Seyd in dem Glauben treu, bis ihr den Leib begrabt,
So preis ich euch vor GOtt: Ihr habt mich lieb gehabt.
Ihr Schaafe heulet nun, und fanget an zu beben,
Die Sonne, die euch Licht in eurer Nacht gegeben,
Verſchwindet, da ſie euch die ſchönſten Strahlen beut,
Und hinterläſſet euch ein blutend Abendroth.
Wie iſt mir? Hör ich nicht ein Murmeln auf der Gaſſen,
Der Pöbel lehnt ſich auf, ſein Grimm iſt ausgelaſſen;
So, wie ein toller Hund den Ketten ſich entreißt,
Unruhig irrend läufft, und alles giftig beißt.
So wie ein Wirbel-Wind, wenn er ein Wetter bringet,
Sauſt, raſet, pfeiffet, ſtürmt, und mit dem Staube ringet,
Die Stoppeln in die Lufft aus ihrem Acker hebt,
Mit hohen Gipffeln ſpielt, den gröſten Thurm begräbt;
Worauf der Waſſer-Guß die Wolcken niederreiſſet,
Mit ſchweren Hagel wirft, die Früchte in Trümmern ſchmeiſſet,
Und endlich Blitz und Schlag zuſammen niederfällt,
In die Palläſte fährt, und harte Felſen ſpellt.
So war die Raſerey des Volckes anzuſehen,
Es war voll Läſterung und unerhörten Schmähen;
Es wuchs ein groſſes Heer, weil immer eine Schaar,
So klein ſie erſtlich ſchien, der andern Werbung war.
Hilff Himmel! was vor Schwarm, was Lermen kommt ge-
gangen,
Worzu ſoll euer Axt, was ſollen jene Stangen?
Was ſollen Hämmer hier, was ſeyd ihr ſo gerüſt,
Zieht ihr zum Kriege her, da Fried in Mauern iſt?
Was blendt euch vor ein Wahn, was wolt ihr die verletzen,
Was ſind die Schuld daran, die nach den Glaubens-Sätzen,
Die dieſes Mord-Kind nennt, in ihren Tempel gehn?
Soll vor ein räudig Schaaf die gantze Heerde ſtehn?
Da ſind die Ohren taub, da ſchlaffen alle Sinnen,
Die Augen ſehen nicht der Glieder ihr Beginnen,
Das Hertz iſt gantz und gar der Tyger Auffenthalt,
Nichts iſt von Menſchen da, als auſſen die Geſtalt.
Man bricht die Thüren auf, zerbricht, zerreiſſet, hauet,
Nur Wunder, daß die Wuth vor Blindheit etwas ſchauet:
Man ſchlägt die Zimmer ein, man plündert, ſtiehlt und raubt,
Als hätt es der Beruff ausdrücklich ſo erlaubt.
Die Lufft iſt eben jetzt, als wenn es Steine regnet,
Denn alles, was dem Grimm der Stürmenden begegnet,
Iſt ihrem Hagel preis; O! der Verwegenheit,
Die nicht den Himmel fürcht, noch ihren König ſcheut!
Die Rache ſteht bei GOtt: Hat den gerechten Klagen
Der mildeſte Auguſt wohl je was abgeſchlagen!
Vergeſſne, wißt ihr nicht, Er hat von GOTT das Schwerdt,
Das ſo zur Rach als Schutz aus ſeiner Scheide fährt?
Der wackre Wackerbarth, der Mann von groſſem Geiſte,
Der GOtt und Könige der Liebſte, der Getreuſte,
Nahm holde Freundlichkeit zu der Begleiterin,
Und drang als Friede-Schild, zur Wuth des Pöbels hin.
Kein Vater könnte nicht mit Kindern zarter ſprechen,
Und dennoch ließ ſich nicht der Sinn der Unruh brechen,
Was würde nicht vor Mord und Würgen ſein geſchehn,
Wenn hier die Klugheit ſelbſt nicht allem vorgeſehn.
Du muſt, geprieſner Held, nur dadurch ewig werden,
Die Väter ſchicken dir den Dank noch aus der Erden,
Daß ihrer Kinder-Blut (denn was den Unfug trieb,
War Jugend meiſtentheils) durch dich erhalten blieb.
Wie wird Auguſtus euch, ihr treuen Bürger, loben,
Daß ihr nicht eure Hand zum Aufruhr aufgehoben!
So kann, ſo wird der Ruhm von allen Sachſen blühn;
Ein frommer Vater muß gerathne Kinder ziehn.
Mein Leſer, frage nicht, daß ich ſo lange [illegible]
Nichts von der Schmertzens-Frau, nichts von den Waiſen
ſchreibe?
Ihr Jammer, der ſie quält, ihr Kummer, der ſie drückt,
Hat mir den Kiel vor Angſt offt aus der Hand gerückt.
Hier ſteht das arme Weib und ſiehet ihr Vergnügen,
Den Mann, den ſie geliebt, im Blute ſchwimmend liegen!
Ach blutend nicht allein, erblaſt und umgebracht,
Das Haupt lag umgeſtürzt, der Leichnam war zerſchlacht.
Sobald der todte Leib auf ſeinem Brete lage;
Erhub ſie thränende die jammervolle Klage:
Ich ſchreye Weh! und Ach! ich ringe meine Hand;
Zu früh, zu ſchmertzliches getrenntes Ehe-Band!
Iſt dieſes mein Gemahl, iſt das mein Ehe-Gatte?
Mit deſſen Hertzen ſich mein Herz verſchworen hatte,
Es ſolt ein Tag, ein Tod, ein Grab, ein Leichen-Stein
Das Siegel unſrer Eh und unſrer Liebe ſeyn.
Du mir erwehlte Bruſt, du mir getreues Hertze,
Du Urſprung meiner Ruh, nun aber meiner Schmertze,
Du ſtirbſt, ich bin noch da; zuerſt erbleicheſt du,
Doch nicht wie du gewolt: es gieng gewaltſam zu.
So tieff dein Bildniß mir im Hertzen eingeſencket,
Und ſich den Reben gleich, um dieſen Ulm-Baum ſchrencket,
So kenn ich, werther Schatz, doch jetzt nicht dein Geſicht,
Du biſt zu mörderlich, zu grauſam zugericht.
Erzürnter Schöpffer, ach! wie wirſt du mit mir handeln,
Kannſt du ein frommes Haus in lauter Mord verwandeln!
Der Mann, der heiliger, unſchuldiger als ich,
Vergießt zuerſt ſein Blut; worzu beſtimmſt du mich?
Den Himmel haſt du mir in meiner Eh gezeiget,
Nun gehe mein Elend an: zu ſehr bin ich gebeuget;
Betraff mich ja ein Leid, ſo braucht es nur ein Wort,
Das der Erblaſte ſprach. Nun iſt der Tröſter fort.
Fünff Wunden flieſſen hier; das ſind fünff Jammer-Töpffe,
Aus welchen ich die Angſt mit meinen Kindern ſchöpffe.
Trinckt Kinder, trincket aus! es iſt ein herber Tranck,
Wir ſchmecken ſelbigen auf unſer Lebens lang.
Wie Tauben müſſen wir um Mann und Vater girren,
Wir werden in der Nacht, und ohne Führer irren;
Der Raub verfolget uns, nichts iſt uns mehr gewiß,
Als die Beſtändigkeit betrübter Kümmerniß.
Die Ceder fällt dahin, wer will uns nun beſchützen,
Wenn ſich die Lufft ergrimmt, wenn alle Donner blitzen?
Die Mutter-Flügel ſind zu der Vertheidigung,
Ihr armen Küchlein ihr, noch lange nicht genug.
Mit Thränen führ ich euch, ihr Waiſen, nun zu Tiſche,
Ach Thränen ſind es auch, die ich zum Speiſen miſche,
Mit Thränen eſſen wir, mit Thränen ſtehn wir auf,
Mit Thränen ſchlieſſen wir den gantzen Lebens-Lauff.
Wenn Wolcken in der Lufft den langen Sommer weinen,
Wenn kein verklärter Blick der Sonne will erſcheinen,
So wird ein ſchlechtes Jahr. O! eine ſchlechte Zeit,
Die uns der ſtete Guß der Augen prophezeit!
Ihr, die ihr künfftighin bei mir vorüber gehet,
Nur fraget nicht: Warum mein Garten öde ſtehet,
Daß gar kein Roſen-Stock, daß keine Tulipa
Und keine Nelcke blüht? Der Gärtner iſt nicht da!
Jetzt fühl ich auf mein Haupt; Ich Aermſte unter allen!
Wo iſt die Krone hin? Sie iſt mir abgefallen.
Nun bin ich wie ein Zaun, der ſich zur Erde beugt,
Der umgeriſſen iſt, worüber alles ſteigt.
Wir fliehen, wer uns ſieht, als wie geſcheuchte Tauben,
Denn jedes, dencken wir, wird uns das Leben rauben,
Uns macht ein kleiner Wind erſchrocken und bethört,
Weil der, ſo uns belebt, zu leben aufgehört.
Ihr nun verlaßne Schaar, ihr Zeugen unſrer Liebe,
Seyd Zeugen, wie ich mich jetzt neben euch betrübe;
Weint! weint! ſo lange Zeit, bis alle Quellen leer,
Denn ſo was koſtbares beweinen wir nicht mehr!
Ach Himmel! wirffſt du mir den Mann ſo zeitig nieder,
O! gieb mir meinen Mann, gieb mir ihn blutend wieder,
Die Thränen wiſchen ſchon die rothen Flecken ab,
Es iſt noch viel zu früh, verſchlieſſe noch das Grab!
Kommt, ihr gequäleten, ihr unerzognen Würmer,
Seyd jetzt mein Rieſen-Volk, und meine Himmels-Stürmer,
Laßt euren Mund voll Ach! die Augen Zähren ſeyn;
So flieget mir auf, und reißt die Wolcken ein,
Du aller Vater Hertz, du aller Armen Rather,
Ich und die Kinder hier, wir haben keinen Vater!
Ihn hat kein krancker Tag, kein Alter nicht geraubt,
Ein Mörder ſtach ihn todt; ach haſt du das erlaubt!
Sey Richter über uns; hier haſt du unſre Sache!
Wir ſchreyen, hör uns doch, wir ſchreyen: Rache! Rache
Und wenn vor Heiſerkeit der Mund der Waiſen ſchweigt,
So kommt das Blut-Geſchrey, das bis zum Himmel ſteigt.
Vergieb mir, groſſer GOtt, vergieb mir meine Sünde,
Daß ich mich nicht ſobald in dein Verhängniß finde,
Ich weiß, du züchtigeſt, ich muß dabey beruhn:

Allein ſo grauſam ſeyn, kann das ein Vater thun?
Ich bin ein mattes Weib, ein Weib von wenig Kräfften,
Wilſt du ſo groſſe Laſt auf ſchwache Schultern hefften?
Hier bin ich und mein Haus, HERR, mache, was du wilt,
Du haſt ja auch ein Herz, in dem Erbarmung quillt.
Du aber, mein Gemahl, mein Liebſtes auf der Erde,
Dem ich vor Harm und Leid in kurzen folgen werde,
Nimm meine gute Nacht, da mir zu gröſter Quaal
Die deinige, mein Schatz, die Fauſt des Mörders ſtahl.
Nimm an die gute Nacht von unſrer Kinder wegen:
Ach hätte doch dein Mund den letzten Vater-Segen
Auf mich und ſie gelegt! Ach! hätteſt du gefragt:
Wißt ihr die Lehren noch, die ich euch vorgeſagt?
Fahr wohl! fahr ewig wohl! hier bleib ich im Verderben;
Fahr wohl! fahr ewig wohl! ach ſolt ich vor dir ſterben!
Fahr wohl, da mich indeß die Angſt zu Boden tritt,
Fahr ewig wohl! verzeih, mein Liebſter, nimm mich mit.
Nun fiel das Jammer-Weib auf die erſtarrte Leiche,
Und badete den Mund in deſſen blutgen Teiche.
Sie hieng ſich um den Hals, und ſchlung ſich um die Bruſt,
Und that, als hätte ſie gar an den Wunden Luſt.
Sie flößte Thränen drein, die Quellen aller Tropffen,
Die häuffig rieſelten, ein wenig zuzuſtopffen;
Vielleicht, daß noch der Geiſt einmahl zurücke käm,
Und, ihr zur Linderung, nur mündlich Abſchied nähm.
Drauff hat ſie ſeinen Mund offt küſſende gedrücket,
Bis ſie vor Angſt entſeelt, vor Liebe noch entzücket,
(Weil ſie das letztemahl von ihrem Weinſtock tranck
Der nun verdorrete): in Ohnmacht von ihm ſanck.
Steh auf betrübte Frau, und faſſe dir ein Hertze,
Entſchlage dich der Angſt, entreiſſe dich dem Schmertze;
Hör an das letzte Wort, das zwar der Mund verſchwieg,
Doch aber aus der Bruſt des frommen Mannes ſtieg:
Weib, das mir bis hieher an meiner Seite lage,
Und deren treues Herz ich mit zu Grabe trage,
Ich ſcheide, weil ich muß. Denn eine Mörder-Hand
Zerſchmeißt mein Stunden-Glas, und raubet ihm den Sand.
Ich ſcheide, werther Schatz, zu ſchmerzlich und zu frühe,
Die Lebens-Erndte kömmt, da ich noch erſtlich blühe;
Wie hätte die Natur ein längres Ziel vergunnt,
Weil noch kein Silberhaar auf meinem Haupte ſtund.
Je dennoch wuſt ich wohl, daß ich zu meinem Grabe
Schon von der Wiege her das Maaß genommen habe;
Da ſah ich jeden Tag vor meinen letzten an,
Dieweil uns in der Welt ja alles tödten kan.
Ich muſte der Natur die Schuld gewiß bezahlen,
Der Geiſt verließ doch auch einmahl die irdnen Schalen:
Ein Fieber kont es thun; doch that es nun ein Stahl,
Was liegt mir denn daran? Ich ſturbe doch einmahl.
Ob ſich der Kercker ſelbſt gutwillig aufgeſperret,
Ob Waffen und Gewalt die Schlöſſer losgezerret,
Iſt den Gefangenen nicht beydes einerley?
Wenn ſie nur von der Laſt nunmehro wieder frey.
Wir haben lange Zeit die Frucht der Eh genoſſen,
Die uns, geliebtes Weib, nur wie ein Tag verfloſſen,
Weil unſre Lieb und Treu ſich nie erſchöpffen ließ,
Und uns ein jeder Tag ein neuer Braut-Tag hieß.
Wie öffters hat der Tod ein ſolches Paar getrennet,
Eh die gerühmte Gluth die Flammen angebrennet;
Uns ließ er längre Zeit, bis ich, dein Mann, verblich.
Daran gedencke nun, damit vergnüge dich.
Geh in die alte Zeit bey deinem Schmerz zurücke,
Ergötze dich daſelbſt an unſer beyder Glücke;
Ja! ſtelle dir die Zeit als gegenwärtig für,
Und glaube träumende, als wär ich noch bey dir.
Ich habe dir darum die Pfänder hinterlaſſen,
Da ſolſt du einen Troſt aus ihren Augen faſſen;
Aus ihnen ſpricht mein Mund, in ihnen lebt mein Bild,
Da kanſt du mich ja ſehn, ſo offt du ſelber wilt,
Wenn ſie dir deine Hand liebreitzend werden küſſen,
So wiſſe, daß ſie das ſtatt meiner leiſten müſſen;
Ich hatte dich ſonſt ſtets, wie meine Seele lieb,
Sieh nur die Kinder an, da ruht nun dieſer Trieb.
Sie werden Zeugniſſe von meiner Liebe geben,
Und in dem Alter dich auf ihren Händen heben;
Sie werden alles thun, wornach dein Herz gelüſt;
Was haſt du vor Verluſt, indem du Wittwe biſt?
Was ich zum Vater-Theil und zum Vermächtnüß ſetze,
Das iſt ein groſſes Guth, obgleich nicht baare Schätze.
Die Armen haben es, ihr Seufzen hats geborgt,
Gott zahlt es wieder aus: Seyd ihr nicht reich verſorgt?
Ein Vater fehlet euch. Der Schmerz iſt nicht der gröſſe;
Im Himmel ſuchet ihn, da iſt der allerbeſte,
Da iſt der Wichtigſte, der tritt an meine Statt,
Ach herrlich! wenn ein Kind denſelben Vater hat.
Ihr habet mich vielleicht mehr als zu viel geliebet,
Und durch das Uebermaaß den lieben GOtt betrübet;
Drum nahm er mich von euch, weil ich im Wege ſtand,
Daß eure Liebe ſich nicht an ſein Hertze band.
Ich ſelbſt verlaß euch nicht: Ich bin nur vorgegangen.
Mein Ziel, mein Lebens-Lauff hat eher angefangen,
Ihr kamet erſt nach mir. So ordnet die Natur,
Der Vater geht voran, das Kind folgt ſeiner Spur.
GOtt hat mir ſelbſt nunmehr viel Hertzeleid erſparet.
Denn weil ihr, Wertheſte, mein Hertze ſelber waret,
So hätt ein langer Schmerz mich doch ins Grab geſchickt,
Wenn euch der Tod vor mir die Augen zugedrückt.
Ertraget meinen Fall mit GOtt-gelaſnem Muthe,
Der Höchſte hat euch lieb, ihr ſeht es an der Ruthe;
Ihr ſolt es künfftighin an ſeiner Güte ſehn,
Sein Zorn iſt nun vorbey, die Züchtigung geſchehn.
Die Striche, ſo das Blut auf meinem Leib gezogen,
Sind euch, wie Noah dort, ein ſchöner Regen-Bogen:
So eine Thränen-Fluth in der ihr jetzo ſchwimmt,
Und ſonder Ancker ſchwebt, iſt euch nicht mehr beſtimmt.
GOtt tröſte dich, mein Schatz! Naemi, da ſie liebte,
Nun Mara, weil der HERR ihr treues Herz betrübte,
Der HERR vergelte dir dein thränend Angeſicht,
Mein Leben ſtirbet wohl, doch meine Liebe nicht.
Die Roſen ſtoſſen nun, dir, armes Weib, zu handen,
Nachdem du ſchwer genug die Diſteln überſtanden.
GOtt ſegne Mehl und Oel, daß dir nichts fehlen kan,
Er ſey dein HERR, dein Haupt, dein Schutz- und Pflege-Mann.
Ihr Wayſen, gute Nacht, was ich zu früh erblaſſet,
Hat GOtt in eure Zahl des Lebens ſchon gefaſſet.
Seyd fromm, und fürchtet GOtt, nehmt ſeinen Weg in acht,
So ſeyd ihr guter Art; Weib, Kinder, gute Nacht!
Nur eines dauert mich. Das Haupt mit grauen Haaren,
Mein Vater wird nach mir mit Leid zur Grube fahren:
Schickt ihm den bunten Rock, mein blutiges Gewand,
Fragt, ob er ſeinen Sohn, den Joſeph, noch gekannt?
Wie freudig ſchrieb ich ihm, da er den Tag erblicket,
An dem er funffzig Jahr ſein heilig Amt beſchicket?
Nunmehro ſchreibet ihm: (Netzt nur mit Blut den Kiel),
Sein Herrmann reichte nicht ihm an das halbe Ziel,
Sagt, daß mir GOtt die Zeit, die ich ſonſt zu erleben,
Nur darum ſo verkürzt, weil er ſie ihm gegeben,
Ein Vorzug bliebe mir: Ich gienge früher fort,
Doch früher hielt ich auch mein Jubiläum dort.
Mein Jacob, lebe wohl! dein Joſeph iſt zerriſſen,
Ein Thier, ein wildes Thier hat meinen Leib zerbiſſen;
Doch nein, ich lebe noch; der Himmel nimmt mich auf.
Bald ſeh ich dich bey mir. Wie freudig wart ich drauf!
Nun bitt ich noch von euch, ihr Wertheſten, ihr Meinen,
Vergeſſet euer Ach! beſchlieſſet euer Weinen!
Gebt euer treues Herz mir zum Begräbniß ein,
Wenn ich da ruhen ſoll, ſo müſt ihr ſtille ſeyn.
Und alſo gehet nun mein Hirten-Amt zu Ende,
Nun leg ich wiederum den Stab in deſſen Hände,
Der mir ihn anvertraut, und der von meiner Schaar,
Die ich mit Fleiß verſorgt, der Ober-Hirte war.
Mein GOtt, hier kömmt dein Knecht, den du dir auserleſen
Es iſt ein weniges, was ich dir treu geweſen;
Laß mir nunmehr das Thor zum Himmel offen ſtehn,
Wo die Erlöſeten zu deiner Freude gehn.
Hier ſteht die Heerde da, die du mir anbefohlen,
Ich habe ſie bewacht; der Wolff hat nichts geſtohlen;
Ich habe ſie geführet, ich habe ſie gelenckt,
Ich habe ſie erquickt, ich habe ſie getränckt.
Sie haben Tag und Nacht in meiner Schooß geſeſſen,
Sie haben Lebens-Brodt aus meiner Hand gegeſſen,
Ich habe nichts verſäumt; Ihr Schaafe tretet für,
Wie hab ich euch geliebt? Seyd Zeugen über mir!
Der Wolff erhaſchet mich: Ihr fanget an zu ſchreyen,
Und fürchtet, daß er gar die Heerde wird zerſtreuen,
Mich zwar erwürgt ſein Grimm; der Hirte wird geraubt.
Getroſt, GOTT wachet noch, GOtt euer Ober-Haupt.
Ich geh zum Vater hin! das waren JEſus Worte,
Die ich das letztemahl an dem geweihten Orte
Euch tröſtlich vorgeſagt: Nun wißt ihr, wo ich bin,
Ich gehe, gute Nacht! zu meinem Vater hin!
So ſtarb das fromme Herz bei heulendem Gewimmel,
Da fuhr der reine Geiſt vom Mund aus in den Himmel,
Von Groß und Klein verlangt, von allen werth geacht,
In ſeinem eignen Saal entſetzlich umgebracht.
Du Hüter Iſrael, du Wächter, wenn wir ſchlafen,
Steh auf! und bleibe ſelbſt bei deinen werthen Schaafen;
Erhalt uns, HERR, dein Wort, verſtoſſe doch das Licht,
Das du uns aufgeſteckt, von ſeinem Leuchter nicht!

Laß die Gerechtigkeit in unſerm Lande wachſen,
Laß Fried und Ruhe blühn, erhalt dein theures Sachſen,
Gieb Dem, Den du geſalbt, ein Leben voller Ruh,
Und deck Ihn und Sein Haus mit deiner Allmacht zu!
Du aber aus der Welt, aus der zerfallnen Höhle,
Nun in die Ewigkeit zu GOtt verſetzte Seele,
Leg an das weiſſe Kleid, das du bey deiner Laſt
Im Blute ſeines Lamms ſo rein gewaſchen haſt;
Steh auf, der Heiland kömmt, dich krönend zu umfangen.
Wie prächtig ſeh ich dich in deiner Crone prangen!
Dein Haupt wird mit dem Glanz der Sonnen ausgeziert,
Denn du haſt ihrer viel zur Seligkeit geführet.
Wir wollen unſre Hand in deine Wunden tauchen,
Und dein vergoßnes Blut zu einem Beyſpiel brauchen,
Daß unſer Herz an GOtt und ſeinem Worte treu,
Ja! unſer Blut davor uns nicht zu koſtbar ſey.
So komm, und bete dann, du jammernde Gemeinde:
Der Höchſte ſey mit uns, und wider unſre Feinde!
Er ſchenck uns nach dem Kelch den Freuden-Becher ein,
So wird ſein Iſrael und Jacob frölich ſeyn!

Karl Friedrich Hensler

ward am 2. Februar 1761 zu Schaffhauſen geboren, vollendete zu Göttingen ſeine humaniſtiſchen Studien und ging dann 1784 nach Wien, wo er zuerſt Dichter und nach des Directors Tode von 1803 — 1813 Director des Marinelli'ſchen Theaters war. 1817 ging er zur Direction des Theaters an der Wien über und nahm 1818 die Bühnen zu Baden und Preßburg in Pacht; eröffnete aber 1822 bereits in ſeinem Hauſe das neubegründete, privilegirte Theater der Joſephſtadt in Wien und ſtand demſelben bis an ſeinen, am 24. November 1825 erfolgten Tod als Director vor.

Er gab heraus:

Die Marinelliſche Schaubühne zu Wien. Wien 1792 — 1794, 3 Bde.

Eugen II. Bürgergemälde. Ebendaſ. 1796.

Das Donauweibchen. Mit Geſang. Ebendaſ. 3. Aufl. 1802, 2 Bde.

Der Waffenſchmied. Oper. Ebendaſ. 1797.

Eugenius Stoke. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1798.

Ritter Benno von Elſenburg. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1798.

Kaspar Gränzinger und der geſchwätzige Barbier. Luſtſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1798.

Der Feldtrompeter. Poſſe. Ebendaſ. 1799.

Veronie. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1800.

H. war glücklich in der Auffindung guter dramatiſcher Stoffe, doch talentlos in der Behandlung derſelben; ſeine Leiſtungen ſind daher ſehr bald der Vergeſſenheit anheimgefallen, mit Ausnahme der Oper das Donauweibchen, welches ſich auf der Bühne erhalten hat, dieſen Erfolg indeſſen nur ſeiner anmuthigen Fabel und gefälligen Muſik verdankt.

Peter Wilhelm Hensler,

zum Unterſchiede von ſeinem ebenfalls als Dichter aufgetretenen Bruder, Philipp Gabriel H., gewöhnlich der Jüngere genannt, ward am 14. Februar 1747 zu zu Preetz im Holſteinſchen geboren und erwarb ſich von 1759 — 1763 die nöthige Kenntniß der Schulwiſſenſchaften auf dem Gymnaſium zu Altona. Er ſtudirte zu Göttingen und Kiel die Rechtsgelehrſamkeit und lebte dann bei dem Grafen Ranzow zu Aſchberg, bis er eine kleine Stelle bei der Steuereinnahme in Altona erhielt. Nach einigen Jahren kam er als Privatſecretair zum Geh. Rath von Levezow zu Reinfeld und ging 1766 nach Stade, wo er mit ſolchem Beifall als Rechtsanwalt auftrat, daß er von den Ständen und der Ritterſchaft des Herzogthums Bremen zuerſt zum adjungirten und bald darauf zum wirklichen Landſyndicus ernannt wurde. Er ſtarb jedoch ſchon in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre, am 29. Juli 1779, den wohlverdienten Ruhm eines geraden Kopfes und Herzens, redlichen Freundes und talent- und kenntnißvollen, gewandten Geſchäftsmannes, mit ſich in das Grab nehmend.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lorenz Konau. Schauſpiel. Altona 1776 in 8.

Gedichte. Altona 1782 in 12. mit ſeiner Biographie.

H. erfreute ſich beſonders als Epigrammendichter wegen ſeiner guten Einfälle, ſeines ſchlagenden Witzes und ſeiner Kürze im Ausdruck, eines nicht geringen Rufes. — Wenig bedeutend iſt dagegen ſein Schauſpiel, Lorenz Konau, das ſich nur kurze Zeit auf der Bühne erhielt.

Karl Guſtav Heräus,

Sohn des aus Mecklenburg gebürtigen Leibarztes der verwittweten Gemahlin des Königs Karl Guſtav von Schweden, ward 1671 zu Stockholm geboren und auf dem Gymnaſium zu Stettin in den Schulwiſſenſchaften unterrichtet. Um die Rechte zu ſtudiren, beſuchte er die Univerſitäten zu Frankfurt a. d. O., Gießen und Utrecht. Später wurde er Domherr im lutheriſchen hohen Stifte zu Hamburg, weswegen er ſich ein Jahr daſelbſt aufhielt. Weil ihm dieſe Stellung aber nicht zuſagte, nahm er von dem ſchwarzburg-ſondershauſiſchen Hofe den Character eines Hofraths und eine Hofbedienung an, die ihm mehr Gelegenheit zu Betreibung ſeiner Lieblingsſtudien, der Alterthümer, Numismatik, Poeſie und Inſchriftenerfindung darbot. 1709 ging er nach Wien, ward Katholik und Antiquitäteninſpector, und nach Joſephs Tode durch Kaiſer Karl VI. kaiſerlicher Rath. Mitten in ſeinen Beſchäftigungen, der Beſchreibung des Lebens Karls VI. in Münzen und der Ausarbeitung einer Geſchichte der Münzen, überraſchte ihn der Tod 1730 zu Wien.

Er gab heraus:

Verſuch einer neuen deutſchen Reimart, in einem Glückwunſche bei Sr. kaiſerl. und kathol. Majeſtät Caroli VI. welterfreulichem Geburtstage. Anno 1713.

Vermiſchte Nebenarbeiten. Wien 1715 in gr. 4.; neue Ausgabe unter dem Titel: Gedichte und lateiniſche Inſchriften ꝛc. Nürnberg 1721 in gr. 8.

Bildniſſe der regierenden Fürſten und berühmten Männer vom 14. — 18. Jahrh. Wien 1828.

Keineswegs ohne Talent, aber theils zu ſehr von kleinlichen Rückſichten befangen, theils der einem Dichter durchaus nöthigen allgemeinen Bildung ermangelnd, hat Heräus im Ganzen nur Unbedeutendes geleiſtet. Er ſtand in dem Wahne der Erſte zu ſein, der das elegiſche Versmaaß der Alten im Deutſchen, jedoch mit Reimen, nachgebildet habe, und fand lange Zeit Glauben, bis endlich Leſſing in den Literaturbriefen bewies, daß dieſer Ruhm dem ungleich genialeren Fiſchart gebühre.

Johann Friedrich Herbart

ward am 4. Mai 1776 zu Oldenburg geboren und theils von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Juſtizrath H., theils durch Privat- und Gymnaſialunterricht für die Univerſität vorbereitet, und ſchon im 12ten Jahre mit Wolf's und Kant's Lehren bekannt gemacht. 18 Jahr alt, bezog er die Univerſität Jena und ſchloß ſich anfangs an Fichte an, trennte ſich aber, durch Meinungsverſchiedenheit veranlaßt, nach beendigten Studien gern von ihm und ward Hauslehrer in der Schweiz, wo ihm die Verſchiedenheit der Richtung ſeines Geiſtes von dem Fichte's immer deutlicher ward. Von hier ging er als Dr. philosophiae und Privatdocent nach Göttingen, hielt als ſolcher von 1802 — 1805 Vorleſungen über Philoſophie und wurde im letzteren Jahre außerordentlicher Profeſſor daſelbſt. Ein Ruf als ordentlicher Profeſſor ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft brachte ihn 1808 nach Königsberg, wo er 1829 zum Schulrath und ſpäter zum Ehrenmitgliede des Conſiſtoriums und Schulcollegiums ernannt wurde. 1833 folgte er einem neuen Rufe nach Göttingen zurück, wo er als Hofrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie noch jetzt wirkt.

Er gab folgende Schriften heraus:

Peſtalozzi's Idee eines A B C der Anſchauung. Göttingen 1802; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1804.

Allgemeine Pädagogik. Göttingen 1806.

Allgemeine practiſche Philoſophie. Ebendaſ. 1808.

Hauptpunkte der Metaphyſik. Ebendaſ. 1808.

Lehrbuch zur Einleitung in die Philoſophie. Königsberg 1813; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1821.

Ueber meinen Streit mit der Modephiloſophie. Königsberg 1814.

Lehrbuch der Pſychologie. Göttingen 1815.

Geſpräche über das Böſe. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Ueber die gute Sache. Leipzig 1819.

Pſychologie als Wiſſenſchaft. Königsberg 1824 — 1825, 2 Bde.

Allgemeine Metaphyſik. Ebendaſ. 1828 — 1829, 2 Bde.

Kurze Encyclopädie der Philoſophie, aus practiſchen Geſichtspunkten. Königsberg 1831.

Einzelne Abhandlungen, Recenſionen u. ſ. w.

Einer der bedeutendſten lebenden deutſchen Philoſophen, machte ſich H. berühmt als Gründer eines eigenen aus der Kant'ſchen Schule urſprünglich hervorgegangenen Syſtems, in welchem er den Idealismus mit dem Realismus zu vereinigen ſtrebt, und welches viele und eifrige Anhänger fand, zu deſſen näherer Darſtellung und Beurtheilung hier aber nicht der Ort iſt. — Auch um die Ausbildung der Pädagogik erwarb ſich dieſer vortreffliche Mann und tiefe Denker große und bleibende Verdienſte.

Johann Gottfried von Herder.

Das Leben dieſes Heros in der deutſchen Literatur iſt durch die „Erinnerungen“ ſeiner Gemahlin und durch die Biographie von Döring bereits weitläufiger gezeichnet worden, als daß wir hoffen dürften, in dem uns zu Gebote ſtehenden Raume mehr als Bekanntes und überhaupt Neues zu liefern. Wir beſchränken uns daher hier ebenfalls auf die gewohnte, möglichſt genau zuſammengeſtellte lexikographiſche Notiz, und überlaſſen eine weitere Unterſuchung und Ausführung eigends dahin abzweckenden Biographieen dieſes großen Geiſtes.

Johann Gottfried Herder wurde am 25. Auguſt 1744 zu Mohrungen in Oſtpreußen, wo ſein Vater als unterſter Lehrer der daſigen Mädchenſchule und Cantor angeſtellt war, geboren. Seine erſte Erziehung war, der Stellung und den Einſichten ſeines Vaters gemäß, mehr darauf berechnet, ihn zu einem frommen als durch ſeinen Geiſt glänzenden Manne zu bilden; denn außer der Bibel und dem Geſangbuche kam kein anderes Buch in ſeine Hände und hatte er, im Drange ſeines forſchbegierigen, ſchon früh nach den Höhen und Tiefen menſchlichen Wiſſens ſtrebenden Geiſtes ſich über den ihm geſtellten Kreis hinausgewagt, ſo mußte er dieſe verbotne Lectüre mit den erſten Früchten ſeines Genie's auf einen Baum flüchten und dort ſich ſelbſt mit Riemen feſtbinden. Mehr und allſeitigere geiſtige Nahrung erhielt er, nachdem der Prediger Treſcho ihn wegen ſeiner ſchönen Handſchrift zum Schreiber angenommen und in Anerkenntniß ſeiner vortrefflichen Geiſtes- und Herzensanlagen zum Schulgenoſſen ſeiner Söhne bei ihrem lateiniſchen und griechiſchen Unterrichte gemacht hatte. Die Weisheit der Römer und Griechen erſchloß ſich ſchnell dem feurigen Jünglinge mit ſeinen mächtigen Fortſchritten in ihrer Sprache, aber während er geiſtig in dieſen Genüſſen ſchwelgte, verzehrte ſich ſein Körper und litten ſeine Augen ſtark durch ſeinen Fleiß. Doch wurde er durch die uneigennützige Sorge eines ruſſiſchen Wundarztes, der in Treſcho's Hauſe wohnte, bald wieder hergeſtellt und nun entſchloß er ſich, ſeinem ruſſiſchen Freunde, den ſeine ſchöne Bildung und ſein edler Anſtand für ihn eingenommen hatten und der ſich erbot, ihn unentgeldlich mit nach Petersburg zu nehmen und dort die Chirurgie zu lehren, über Königsberg dahin zu folgen. Der Umſtand, daß er in Königsberg bei der erſten Section in Ohnmacht fiel und daß einflußreiche Männer ſeine Talente erkannten und ihn feſtzuhalten ſich bemühten, rettete ihn dem Vaterlande und der Wiſſenſchaft. Mit Eifer begann er nun 1762 in Königsberg Theologie zu ſtudiren und zugleich durch Kant's und Hamann's vertrauten Umgang in die in den Vorleſungen aufmerkſam gehörte Philoſophie einzudringen, während ſeine ökonomiſche Lage durch Anvertrauung der Aufſicht über einige Penſionairs am Friedrichscollegium und ſpäter durch Ertheilung eines Lehramtes geſichert war. Nachdem er hier mit dem unermüdlichſten Fleiße gearbeitet hatte, nahm er 1765 eine Stelle als Lehrer und Prediger an der Domſchule zu Riga an und weckte und belebte mächtig Geiſt und Herz ſeiner Schüler und Zuhörer durch Wort und Schrift, ſo daß allgemeine enthuſiaſtiſche Verehrung ihn umgab. Denn nun kündigte er ſich der Welt durch ſeine Fragmente, ſeine kritiſchen Wälder und ſeine Plaſtik auch zuerſt als großen Gelehrten, und zwar zunächſt in polemiſcher Hinſicht, an. Aber ſein heißer Wunſch, die Welt kennen zu lernen, riß ihn bald von hier weg. Nachdem er 1768 einen Ruf nach Petersburg als Inſpector der dortigen St. Petriſchule ausgeſchlagen hatte, nahm er daher mit Freuden die Stelle eines Reiſepredigers bei dem jungen Prinzen von Holſtein-Eutin an, und durchreiſte mit ihm Deutſchland bis nach Straßburg, wo er mit dem ſeiner Promotion wegen dort befindlichen Goethe zuſammentraf und ſich ihm in inniger Freundſchaft verband. Denn hier mußte er den Prinzen wegen ſeines neu ausbrechenden Augenübels verlaſſen und zurückbleiben. 1770 erhielt er, ungeachtet der geringen Zahl und des bloß philoſophiſchen Inhalts ſeiner Schriften, den Ruf als Superintendent, Hofprediger und Conſiſtorialrath nach Bückeburg. Er ging 1771 dahin ab, erwarb ſich dort das unumſchränkte Vertrauen des edlen Grafen Wilhelm von Schaumburg-Lippe und deſſen geiſtreicher Gemahlin, ſowie einen immer glänzenderen Namen in der gelehrten Welt. 1775 ward ihm ein Ruf als Profeſſor der Theologie nach Göttingen, er reiſte auch wirklich dahin ab, kam aber, weil man Mißtrauen in ſeine Rechtgläubigkeit ſetzte und von dem Autodidakten noch ein Colloquium verlangte, dort in die peinlichſte Verlegenheit. Doch ſein guter Genius verließ ihn nicht und führte ihn dahin, wo ſein Geiſt ganz eigentlich an ſeinem Platze war. Am Prüfungstage Mittags erhielt er von Weimar aus den ehrenvollen Ruf als Hofprediger, Generalſuperintendent und Oberconſiſtorialrath des Herzogthums. Mit Freuden nahm er augenblicklich dieſen Antrag an, begab ſich im October 1776 dahin und erwarb ſich hier als geiſtlicher Redner, Aufſeher der Schulen und Beförderer alles Talentvollen und Guten mannigfaltige und ausgezeichnete Verdienſte um das Land. Wie aber noch jetzt ſeine Anlegung des Schullehrerſeminars, ſeine Candidatenprüfungen, ſeine liturgiſchen Reformen und ſein ſelbſt bearbeiteter Religionskatechismus bei Fürſt und Land in gutem, dankbarem Andenken ſtehen, ſo ſicherte ihm damals ſeine Perſönlichkeit und ſeine Wirkſamkeit die Verehrung der Untergebenen und die Hochachtung der Hohen, insbeſondere ſeines edlen Fürſtenhauſes. Zum Beweiſe derſelben wurde er 1789 zum Vicepräſident des Oberconſiſtoriums und 1801, ganz gegen alle Gewohnheit, welche nur einen Adligen dazu befähigte, zum Präſident dieſes Collegiums erhoben, worauf der Churfürſt von Pfalzbaiern noch in demſelben Jahre das Adelsdiplom hinzufügte. Am 18. December 1803 unterbrach der Tod ſeine ſchöne Wirkſamkeit im 60ſten Jahre ſeines Alters; ſein Leichnam wurde in einem Gewölbe der Stadtkirche beigeſetzt und 1819 über daſſelbe eine Gedächtnißtafel von Eiſenguß gelegt, auf welcher ſein Streben durch die Inſchrift: „Licht, Liebe, Leben“ kurz und ſchön gezeichnet iſt.

Seine Schriften ſind nach der Zeit ihres Erſcheinens geordnet:

Geſang an Cyrus, aus dem Hebräiſchen. St. Petersburg (Königsberg) 1762 in 4.

Oſterkantate, mit Muſik von E. W. Wolf. Deſſau 1782, Fol.; auch in Cramers Magazin der Muſik.

Ueber die Aſche Königsbergs. Trauergeſang. Mietau 1763 in 4.

Der Opferprieſter. Altargeſang. Mietau 1765, 8.

Nachricht von einem neueren Erläuterer der heiligen Dreieinigkeit. Ohne Ortsangabe 1766 in 8.

Haben wir noch jetzt das Publikum und das Vaterland der Alten? Riga 1765 in 4.

Verſuch über die gothiſche Baukunſt. Livorno 1766.

Fragmente über die neue deutſche Literatur. Ohne Ort 1767, 3 Sammlungen. 1. Sammlung neue Ausg. 1768 in 8.

Ueber Thomas Abts Schriften. Riga 1768, 1 St. in 4.

Kritiſche Wälder. Riga 1769, 3 Thle. in gr. 8.

Brutus. Drama zur Muſik. Ohne Ortsangabe 177— in 8.

Ueber den Urſprung der Sprache. Eine Preisſchrift. Berlin 1772 in 8.; nochmals mit der Abhandlung: über die Urſachen des geſunkenen Geſchmacks, aufgelegt Ebendaſ. 1789 in 8.

Von deutſcher Art und Kunſt. Hamburg 1773 in 8.

Auch eine Philoſophie der Geſchichte zur Bildung der Menſchheit. Ohne Ortsangabe 1774 in 8.

Aelteſte Urkunde des Menſchengeſchlechts. Riga 1774 und 1776. 4 Thle. in 4.

An Prediger; funfzehn Provinzialblätter. Ebendaſ. 1774 in gr. 8.

Briefe zweier Brüder Jeſu in unſerm Canon. Lemgo 1775 in 8.

Erläuterungen zum neuen Teſtament. Riga 1775 in 4.

Urſachen des geſunkenen Geſchmacks bei den verſchiedenen Völkern. Berlin 1775 in 8. Eine von der berliner Akademie gekrönte Preisſchrift. Vor derſelben ein franzöſiſcher Auszug derſelben.

Gebet am Grabmale der Gräfin Marie von Schaumburg-Lippe. Stadthagen 1776 in 4.

Lieder der Liebe. Leipzig 1778 in 8. Sie wurden nachgedruckt ohne Ort 1781 in 8.; nachgeahmt ohne Ort 1779 8.

Plaſtik. Riga 1778 in gr. 8.

Vom Erkennen und Empfinden der menſchlichen Seele. Riga 1778 in gr. 8.

Volkslieder. Leipzig 1778 u. 1779, 2 Thle. in 8. Neue Ausg. eingeleitet von Johannes Falk. Leipzig 1825, 2 Thle in 12, mit H's Portrait.

ΜΑΡΑΝΑΘΑ. Das Buch der Zukunft des Herrn. Riga 1779 in gr. 8.

Cantate beim Kirchgange der regierenden Herzogin von Sachſen-Weimar-Eiſenach. Weimar 1779 in 4.

Briefe, das Studium der Theologie betreffend. Weimar 1780 u. 1781, 4 Thle. in 8.; 2. verbeſſerte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1785 u. 1786, 4 Thle. in 8.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1817, 2 Bde. in 8.

Vom Einfluß der Regierungen auf die Wiſſenſchaften ꝛc. Eine Preisſchrift. Berlin 1780 in gr. 4.

Zwo heilige Reden bei einer beſonders wichtigen Veranlaſſung. Weimar 1780 in gr. 8.

Vom Geiſt der hebräiſchen Poeſie. Deſſau 1782 u. 1783, 2 Thle. in gr. 8. Mit umgedruckten Titelblatt. Leipzig 1787; 3. Aufl. von K. W. Juſti. Leipzig 1825, 2 Thle. in gr. 8.

Zwo Predigten bei Gelegenheit der Geburt des Erbprinzen Carl Friedrich von Sachſen-Weimar-Eiſenach. Ebendaſ. 1783 in 8.

Predigt am Kirchgange der regierenden Herzogin von Sachſen-Weimar-Eiſenach. Ebendaſ. 1783 in 8.

Ideen zur Philoſophie der Geſchichte der Menſchheit. Riga 1784 — 1791 in kl. 4. neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1788 ff.; dann 1785 — 1792, 3 Thle. in kl. 8.; 3. rechtm. Aufl. mit Einleitung von Heinrich Luden. Leipzig 1828, 2 Bde. in gr. 8. franzöſiſch, Paris 1834, III Tom. in gr. 8.

Zerſtreute Blätter. Gotha 1785 — 1797, 6 Sammlungen in 8.; neue durchgeſehene Aufl. Gotha 1791 — 1798, 3 Sammlungen in 8. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1828 in 12.

Buchſtabir- und Leſebuch. Weimar 1786 in 8.

Perſepolis; Muthmaßung. Gotha 1787 in 8.

Gott! Einige Geſpräche. Gotha 1787 in 8.; 2. verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1800 in 8.

Briefe zur Beförderung der Humanität. Riga 1793 — 1797, 10 Sammlungen in 8., mit Kupfern.

Von der Gabe der Sprache am erſten chriſtlichen Pfingſtfeſte. Ebendaſ. 1794 in 8.

Von der Auferſtehung. Ebendaſ. 1794 in 8.

Terpſichore. Lübeck 1795 u. 1796, 3 Thle. in 8. Neue wohlfeile Ausg. Leipzig 1813, 3 Bde. in 8.

Von dem Erlöſer der Menſchen. Riga 1796 in 8.

Chriſtliche Schriften. Riga 1796 — 1799, 5 Sammlungen in 8.

Von Gottes Sohn, nach dem Evangelium Johannis. Riga 1797 in 8.

Metakritik zur Kritik der reinen Vernunft. Leipzig 1799, 2 Thle. in 8.

Confirmation Karl Friedrichs, Erbprinzen von Sachſen-Weimar-Eiſenach. Weimar 1799 in 8.

Kalligone. Leipzig 1800, 3 Thle. in 8.

Adraſtea. Zeitſchrift. Leipzig 1800 — 1804, 6 Bde. in 8. Es finden ſich darin einige Gedichte und Aufſätze von Knebel.

Aeon und Aeonis, Allegorie. München 1802 in 8.

Der Cid, nach ſpaniſchen Romanzen, mit einer hiſtoriſchen Einleitung von J. v. Müller. Tübingen 1805 in 8. Neue Aufl. Stuttgart 1832 in 16.

Anſichten des klaſſiſchen Alterthums, mit Zuſätzen, Anmerkungen und Regiſter von A. L. Danz. Leipzig 1805 u. 1806, 2 Abtheilungen in 8.

Griechiſche Anthologie für Schulen. Gießen 1805 in 4. Die Herderſchen Nachbildungen haben den Originaltext zur Seite.

Chriſtliche Reden und Homilien. Tübingen 1806, 2 Thle. in 8.

Luthers Katechismus, mit einer katechetiſchen Erkläklärung, zum Gebrauch für Schulen. Weimar in 8.

Weimariſches Geſangbuch, in mehreren Ausgaben. Stellen aus ſeinen darin enthaltenen Vorreden finden ſich in „Sämmtliche Schriften.“ Religion und Theologie. 4 Thle.

Sophron. Geſammelte Schulreden. Herausgeg. von Müller. Stuttgart 1810 in gr. 8.; 2. Aufl. 1829, 2 Bde. in 12.

Der deutſche Nationalruhm. Eine Epiſtel. Leipzig 1812 in gr. 8.

Gedichte. Stuttgart 1817, 2 Thle. in gr. 8.

Aufſätze und Gedichte finden ſich außerdem von ihm in: Abhandlungen der baieriſchen Akademie, in der allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek, in Genz deutſcher Monatsſchrift, in Schillers Horen, im Journal Deutſchland, im deutſchen Merkur, in Muſäus nachgelaſſenen Schriften, im Taſchenbuch für 1802, und in Jacobi's Taſchenbüchern. Vorreden ſchrieb er zu „Börmels Ueberſetzung der Klaggeſänge Jeremiä,“ zu „Monboddo's Urſprung und Fortgang der Sprachen von A. Schmid,“ zu „Andreä's Dichtungen,“ zu „Sonntag's Palmblättern,“ zu „Günther's Kommunionandachten,“ zu „Maier's Kulturgeſchichte der Völker,“ und zu „Müller's Bekenntniſſen merkwürdiger Männer.“

Geſammtausgaben ſeiner Schriften mit Einſchluß derjenigen Werke, welche mit beſondern Titeln nach den einzelnen darin behandelten Wiſſenſchaften für ſich ausgegeben und oben bereits aufgeführt worden ſind, haben wir folgende:

Sämmtliche Werke, herausgegeben von C. G. Heyne, J. v. Müller und J. G. Müller. Tübingen 1805 — 1820, 45 Bände.

Sämmtliche Werke. Wiener Ausgabe. 46 Bde. Wien 1813 — 1822.

Sämmtliche Werke. Taſchenausgabe. Stuttgart 1827 — 1830. 60 Thle.

Schöner und rührender iſt der große Mann, deſſen kurzer Lebensumriß die vorſtehenden Zeilen füllt, nie charakteriſirt worden, als von Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, der aus der Tiefe ſeines Geiſtes und Herzens die innigſten Empfindungen wie die ſchärfſten Beobachtungen ſchöpfte, um ſeinen herrlichen Freund zu ſchildern. Da ſeine Worte verdienen, hier einen Platz zu finden, ſo laſſen wir dieſelben, ſtatt jeder anderen Entwickelung der Leiſtungen Herders, welche bei den beſchränkten Raumverhältniſſen doch unmöglich genügen konnte, folgen, wie ſie ſich in der Vorſchule der Aeſthetik (III. Kantate, Vorleſung über die poetiſche Poeſie) findet.

— — Noch hab' ich nicht das vollſte Wort von ihm geſagt, Jüngling. War Er kein Dichter — was er zwar oft von ſich ſelber glaubte, eben am Homeriſchen und Shakſpeareſchen Maßſtab ſtehend, oder auch von ſehr berühmten anderen Leuten — ſo war er bloß etwas Beſſeres, nämlich ein Gedicht, ein indiſch-griechiſches Epos, von irgend einem reinſten Gott gemacht. Du verſtehſt die ſtarke Rede. Sie iſt wahr, und ich meinte Ihn vorhin ſehr im Hin- und Hermalen der höchſten Poeſie.

Aber wie ſoll ichs auseinander ſetzen, da in der ſchönern Seele, eben wie in einem Gedichte, alles zuſammenfloß und das Gute, das Wahre, das Schöne eine untheilbare Dreieinigkeit war? Griechenland war ihm das Höchſte, und wie allgemein auch ſein epiſch-kosmopolitiſcher Geſchmack lobte und anerkannte — ſogar ſeines Hamanns Styl — ſo hing er doch, zumal im Alter, wie ein vielgereiſter Odyſſeus nach der Rückkehr aus allen Blüthenländern, an der griechiſchen Heimath am innigſten. Er und Goethe allein (jeder nach ſeiner Weiſe) ſind uns für die Wiederherſteller oder Winkelmanne des ſingenden Griechenthums, denn alle Schwätzer voriger Jahrhunderte nicht die Philomelen-Zunge hatten löſen können.

Herder war gleichſam nach dem Leben griechiſch gedichtet. Die Poeſie war nicht etwa ein Horizontanhang ans Leben, wie man oft bei ſchlechtem Wetter am Geſichtskreiſe einen regenbogenfarbigen Wolkenklumpen erblickt, ſondern ſie flog wie ein freier, leichter Regenbogen glänzend über das dicke Leben als Himmelspforte. Daher kam ſeine griechiſche Achtung für alle Lebensſtufen, ſeine zurechtlegende epiſche Manier in allen ſeinen Werken, welche als ein philoſophiſches Epos alle Zeiten, Formen, Völker, Geiſter, mit der großen Hand eines Gottes unpartheiiſch vor das ſäculariſche Auge führte und auf die weiteſte Bühne. Daher kam ſein griechiſcher Widerwille gegen jedes Ueberſchlagen der Wage auf eine oder andere Seite; manche Sturm- und Folter-Gedichte konnten ſeine geiſtige Marter bis zur körperlichen treiben. Er wollte die Opfer der Dichtkunſt nur ſo ſchön und unverletzt erblicken, als der Donner des Himmels die getroffenen Menſchen läßt. Darum zog er, wie ein griechiſches Gedicht, um jede, auch ſchönſte Empfindung z. B. der Rührung, oft durch die Gewalt des Scherzes, früh die Grenze der Schönheit. Nur Menſchen von flachen Empfindungen ſchwelgen in ihnen; die von tieferen fliehen ihre Allmacht und haben darum den Schein der Kälte. Eine große dichteriſche Seele wird leichter alles auf der Erde als glücklich; denn der Menſch hat etwas von der Lavatera, welche Jahre lang jedem Winter trotzt, aber zart wird und vergeht, ſobald ſie Blumen trägt. Freilich iſt der Dichter ein ewiger Jüngling und der Morgenthau liegt durch ſeinen Lebenstag hindurch, aber ohne Sonne ſind die Tropfen kalt und trübe.

Wenige Geiſter waren auf die große Weiſe gelehrt, wie Er. Die meiſten verfolgen nur das Seltenſte, Unbekannteſte Einer Wiſſenſchaft; Er hingegen nahm nur die größten Ströme, aber aller Wiſſenſchaften, in ſein himmelſpiegelndes Meer auf, das ihnen aufgelöſt ſeine Bewegung von Abend gegen Oſten aufdrang. Viele werden von der Gelehrſamkeit umſchlungen wie von einem austrocknenden

Epheu, Er aber wie von einer Traubenrebe. Ueberall das Entgegengeſetzte organiſch-poetiſch ſich anzueignen, war ſein Charakter; und um das trockene Kernhaus eines Lamberts zog Er eine ſüße Fruchthülle. So verknüpfte Er die kühnſte Freiheit des Syſtems über Natur und Gott mit dem frömmſten Glauben, bis ſogar an Ahnungen. So zeigt Er die griechiſche Humanität, der Er den Namen wiedergab, in der zärtlichſten Achtung aller rein menſchlichen Verhältniſſe und in einem Lutheriſchen Zorn gegen alle von Religionen oder Staat geheiligten Gifte derſelben. So war Er ein Feſtungswerk, voll Blumen, eine nordiſche Eiche, deren Aeſte Sinnpflanzen waren. Wie herrlich, unverſöhnlich entbrannte Er gegen jede kriechende Bruſt, gegen Schlaffheit, Selbſtzwiſt, Unredlichkeit und poetiſche Schlammweiche, ſo wie gegen deutſche kritiſche Rohheit und gegen jeden Scepter in einer Tatze; und wie beſchwor er die Schlangen der Zeit! Aber wollteſt du Jüngling, die ſüßeſte Stimme hören, ſo war es ſeine in der Liebe, es ſei gegen ein Kind, oder ein Gedicht, oder die Muſik, oder in der Schonung gegen Schwache. Er glich ſeinem Freunde Hamann, dieſem Heros und Kinde zugleich, der wie ein elektriſirter Menſch im Dunkeln mit dem Heiligenſchein um das Haupt ſanft daſteht, bis eine Berührung den Blitz aus ihm zieht.

Wenn er ſeinen Hamann als einen zürnenden Propheten, als einen dämoniſtiſchen Geiſt ſchilderte, den er ſogar über ſich ſtellte (wiewohl Hamann weniger poetiſch, weniger griechiſch, beweglich, leicht blühend, organiſch zergliedert war), und wenn man mit Schmerzen hörte, wie ihm in deſſen Grab ſeine rechte Welt und Freundſchaftsinſel nachgeſunken, ſo wurde man aus ſeiner Sehnſucht inne, daß er innerlich (nach einem höchſten Ideale) viel ſchärfer über die Zeit richte, als es äußerlich ſeine Duldung und Allſeitigkeit verrieth; daher geht durch ſeine Werke eine geheime, bald Socratiſche, bald Horaziſche Ironie, die nur ſeine Bekannten verſtehen. Er wurde überhaupt wenig, nur im Einzelnen anſtatt im Ganzen, gewogen und erwogen, und erſt auf der Demantwage der Nachwelt wird es geſchehen, auf welche die Kieſel nicht kommen werden, womit die rohen Styliſtiker, die noch rohern Kantianer und rohen Poetiker ihn bald ſteinigen, bald erleuchten wollten *).

Vgl. M. C. von Herder, Erinnerungen aus dem Leben
J. G. von Herder's. Stuttgart 1830.
H. Döring, Herder's Leben. Weimar 1829. 2. A.
Herderiana. Hamburg 1811.

Tibet **)

Wunderbar-langſam iſt der Weg der Vorſehung unter den Nationen, und dennoch iſt er lautre Naturordnung. Gymnoſophiſten und Talapoinen, d. i. einſame Beſchauer, gab es von den älteſten Zeiten her im Morgenlande; ihr Klima und ihre Natur lud ſie zu dieſer Lebensart ein. Die Ruhe ſuchend flohen ſie das Geräuſch der Menſchen und lebten mit dem Wenigen vergnügt, was ihnen die reiche Natur gewährete. Der Morgenländer iſt ernſt und mäßig, ſo wie in Speiſe und Trank, ſo auch in Worten: gern überläßt er ſich dem Fluge der Einbildungskraft, und wohin konnte ihn dieſe, als auf Beſchauung der allgemeinen Natur, mithin auf Weltentſtehung, auf den Untergang und die Erneuung der Dinge führen? Die Kosmogonie ſowohl als die Metempſychoſe der Morgenländer ſind poetiſche Vorſtellungsarten deſſen was iſt und wird, wie ſolches ſich ein eingeſchränkter menſchlicher Verſtand und ein mitfühlendes Herz denkt. „Ich lebe und genieße kurze Zeit meines Lebens; warum ſollte was neben mir iſt, nicht auch ſeines Daſeins genießen und von mir ungekränkt leben?" Daher nun die Sittenlehre der Talapoinen, die inſonderheit auf die Nichtigkeit aller Dinge, auf das ewige Umwandeln der Formen der Welt, auf die innere Qual der unerſättlichen Begierden eines Menſchenherzens und auf das Vergnügen einer reinen Seele ſo rührend und aufopfernd dringt, daher auch die ſanften humanen Gebote, die ſie zu Verſchonung ihrer ſelbſt und andrer Weſen der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft gaben, und in ihren Hymnen und Sprüchen preiſen. Aus Griechenland haben ſie ſolche ſo wenig, als ihre Kosmogonie geſchöpft: denn beide ſind echte Kinder der Phantaſie und Empfindungsart ihres Klima. In ihnen iſt alles bis zum höchſten Ziel geſpannt, ſo daß nach der Sittenlehre der Talapoinen auch nur indiſche Einſiedler leben mögen; dazu iſt alles mit ſo unendlichen Mährchen umhüllt, daß, wenn je ein Schaka gelebt hat, er ſich ſchwerlich in Einem der Züge erkennen würde, die man dankend und lobend auf ihn häufte. Indeſſen, lernt nicht ein Kind ſeine erſte Weisheit und Sittenlehre durch Mährchen? und ſind nicht die meiſten dieſer Nationen in ihrem ſanften Seelenſchlaf lebenslang Kinder? Laßt uns alſo der Vorſehung verzeihen, was nach der Ordnung, die ſie fürs Menſchengeſchlecht wählte, nicht anders als alſo ſein konnte. Sie knüpfte alles an Tradition, und ſo konnten Menſchen einander nicht mehr geben, als ſie ſelbſt hatten und wußten. Jedes Ding in der Natur, mithin auch die Philoſophie des Budda, iſt gut und böſe, nachdem ſie gebraucht wird. Sie hat ſo hohe und ſchöne Gedanken, als ſie auf der andern Seite Betrug und Trägheit erwecken und nähren kann, wie ſie es auch reichlich gethan hat. In keinem Lande blieb ſie ganz dieſelbe; allenthalben aber wo ſie iſt, ſteht ſie immer doch Eine Stufe über dem rohen Heidenthum, die erſte Dämmerung einer reinern Sittenlehre, der erſte Kindestraum einer weltumfaſſenden Wahrheit.

Indoſtan.

Die indiſche Geſchichte, von der wir leider noch wenig wiſſen, giebt uns einen deutlichen Wink über die Entſtehung der Bramanen *). Sie macht Brama, einen weiſen und gelehrten Mann, den Erfinder vieler Künſte, inſonderheit des Schreibens, zum Vezier eines ihrer alten Könige, Kriſchens, deſſen Sohn die Eintheilung ſeines Volks in die vier bekannten Stämme geſetzlich gemacht habe. Den Sohn des Brama ſetzte er der erſten Claſſe vor, zu der die Sterndeuter, Aerzte und Prieſter gehörten; Andre vom Adel wurden zu erblichen Statthaltern der Provinz ernannt, von welchen ſich die zweite Rangordnung der Indier herleitet. Die dritte Claſſe ſollte den Ackerbau, die vierte die Künſte treiben und dieſe Einrichtung ewig dauern. Er erbaute den Philoſophen die Stadt Bahar zu ihrer Aufnahme, und da der Sitz ſeines Reichs, auch die älteſten Schulen der Bramanen vorzüglich am Ganges waren: ſo ergiebt ſich hieraus die Urſache, warum Griechen und Römer ſo wenig an ſie gedenken. Sie kannten nämlich dieſe tiefen Gegenden Indiens nicht, da Herodot nur die Völker am Indus und auf der Nordſeite des Goldlandes beſchreibt, Alexander aber nur bis zum Hyphaſis gelangte. Kein Wunder alſo, daß ſie zuerſt nur allgemein von den Bramanen, d. i. von den einſamen Weiſen, die auf Art der Talapoinen lebten, Nachricht bekamen; ſpäterhin aber auch von den Samanäern und Germanen am Ganges, von der Eintheilung des Volks in Claſſen, von ihrer Lehre der Seelenwanderung ꝛc. dunkle Gerüchte hörten. Auch dieſe zerſtückten Sagen indeß beſtätigen es, daß die Bramanen-Einrichtung alt und dem Lande am Ganges einheimiſch ſei, welches die ſehr alten Denkmäler zu Jagrenat **), Bombay und in andern Gegenden der dieſſeitigen Halbinſel beweiſen. Sowohl die Götzen, als die ganze Einrichtung dieſer Götzentempel ſind in der Denkart und Mythologie der Bramanen, die ſich von ihrem heiligen Ganges in Indien umher und weiter hinab verbreitet, auch je unwiſſender das Volk war, deſto mehr Verehrung empfangen haben. Der heilige Ganges, als ihr Geburtsort, blieb der vornehmſte Sitz ihrer Heiligthümer, ob ſie gleich als Bramanen nicht nur eine religiöſe, ſondern eigentlich politiſche Zunft ſind, die, wie der Orden der Lamas, der Leviten, der ägyptiſchen Prieſter u. a. m., allenthalben zur uralten Reichsverfaſſung Indiens gehört.

Sonderbar tief iſt die Einwirkung dieſes Ordens Jahrtauſende hin auf die Gemüther der Menſchen geweſen, da nicht nicht nur, trotz des ſo lange getragenen mongoliſchen Joches, ihr Anſehen und ihre Lehre noch unerſchüttert ſteht, ſondern dieſe auch in Lenkung der Hindu's eine Kraft äußert, die ſchwerlich eine andere Religion in dem Maß erwieſen hat*). Der Charakter, die Lebensart, die Sitten des Volks bis auf die kleinſten Verrichtungen, ja bis auf die Gedanken und Worte iſt ihr Werk; und obgleich viele Stücke der Bramanen-Religion äuſſerſt drückend und beſchwerlich ſind, ſo bleiben ſie doch auch den niedrigſten Stämmen, wie Naturgeſetze Gottes, heilig. Nur Miſſethäter und Verworfne ſind's meiſtens, die eine fremde Religion annehmen, oder es ſind arme, verlaſſene Kinder; auch iſt die vornehme Denkart, mit der der Indier mitten in ſeinem Druck unter einer oft tödtenden Dürftigkeit den Europäer anſieht, dem er dient, Bürge genug dafür, daß ſich ſein Volk, ſo lange es da iſt, nie mit einem andern vermiſchen werde. Ohne Zweifel lag dieſer beiſpielloſen Einwirkung ſowohl das Klima, als der Charakter der Nation zum Grunde; denn kein Volk übertrifft dieß an geduldiger Ruhe und ſanfter Folgſamkeit der Seele. Daß der Indier aber in Lehren und Gebräuchen nicht jedem Fremden folgt, kommt offenbar daher, daß die Einrichtung der Bramanen ſo ganz ſchon ſeine Seele, ſo ganz ſein Leben eingenommen hat, um keiner andern mehr Platz zu geben. Daher ſo viele Gebräuche und Feſte, ſo viel Götter und Mährchen, ſo viel heilige Oerter und verdienſtliche Werke, damit von Kindheit auf die ganze Einbildungskraft beſchäftigt und beinah in jedem Augenblick des Lebens der Indier an das, was er iſt, erinnert werde. Alle europäiſchen Einrichtungen ſind gegen dieſe Seelenbeherrſchung nur auf der Oberfläche geblieben, die, wie ich glaube, dauern kann, ſo lang' ein Indier ſein wird.

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*) Aus durchſichtigen Kieſeln werden in Städten Brillen geſchliffen.

**) Aus Herder's Ideen zur Philoſophie der Geſchichte der Menſchheit.

*) Dow's hist. of Hindost. Vol. I. p. 10. 11.

**) Zend-Avesta p. d'Anquetil, Vol. I. p. 81 seq. Niebuhrs Reiſebeſchreibung, Th. 2. S. 31 u. fg.

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Die Haupt-Idee der Bramanen von Gott iſt ſo groß und ſchön, ihre Moral ſo rein und erhaben, ja ſelbſt ihre Mährchen, ſobald Verſtand durchblickt, ſind ſo fein und lieblich, daß ich ihren Erfindern auch im Ungeheuern und Abenteuerlichen nicht ganz den Unſinn zutrauen kann, den wahrſcheinlich nur die Zeitfolge im Munde des Pöbels darauf gehäuft. Daß, trotz aller mahomedaniſchen und chriſtlichen Bedrückung, der Orden der Bramanen ſeine künſtliche, ſchöne Sprache, und mit ihr einige Trümmer von alter Aſtronomie und Zeitrechnung, von Rechtswiſſenſchaft und Heilkunde erhalten hat, iſt auf ſeiner Stelle nicht ohne Werth: denn auch die handwerksmäßige Manier, mit der ſie dieſe Kenntniſſe treiben, iſt genug zum Kreiſe ihres Lebens, und was der Vermehrung ihrer Wiſſenſchaft abgeht, erſetzt die Stärke ihrer Dauer und Einwirkung. Uebrigens verfolgen die Hindu's nicht: ſie gönnen Jedem ſeine Religion, Lebensart und Weisheit; warum ſollte man ihnen die ihrige nicht gönnen, und ſie bei den Irrthümern ihrer ererbten Tradition wenigſtens für gute Betrogene halten. Gegen alle Sekten des Fo, die Aſiens öſtliche Welt einnehmen, iſt dieſe die Blüthe; gelehrter, menſchlicher, nützlicher, edler, als alle Bonzen, Lamen und Talapoinen.

Dabei iſt nicht zu bergen, daß, wie alle menſchlichen Verfaſſungen, auch dieſe viel Drückendes habe. Des unendlichen Zwanges nicht zu gedenken, den die Vertheilung der Lebensarten unter erbliche Stämme nothwendig mit ſich führt, weil ſie alle freie Verbeſſerung und Vervollkommnung der Künſte beinahe ganz ausſchließt, ſo iſt inſonderheit die Verachtung auffallend, mit der ſie den niedrigſten der Stämme, die Parias, behandeln. Nicht nur zu den ſchlechteſten Verrichtungen iſt er verdammt, und vom Umgange aller andern Stämme auf ewig geſondert; er iſt ſogar der Menſchenrechte und Religion beraubt, denn Niemand darf einen Paria berühren, und ſein Anblick ſogar entweiht den Bramanen. — Was war natürlicher, als daß man es zuletzt als Strafe des Himmels anſah, ein Paria geboren zu ſeyn, und nach der Lehre der Seelenwanderung durch Verbrechen eines vorigen Lebens dieſe Geburt vom Schickſal verdient zu haben? Ueberhaupt hat die Lehre der Seelenwanderung, ſo groß ihre Hypotheſe im Kopf des erſten Erfinders geweſen, und ſo manches Gute ſie der Menſchlichkeit gebracht haben möge, ihr nothwendig auch viel Uebel bringen müſſen, wie überhaupt jeder Wahn, der über die Menſchheit hinausreicht. Indem ſie nämlich ein falſches Mitleiden gegen alles Lebendige weckte, verminderte ſie zugleich das wahre Mitgefühl mit dem Elende unſres Geſchlechts, deſſen Unglückliche man als Miſſethäter unter der Laſt voriger Verbrechen, oder als Geprüfte unter der Hand eines Schickſals glaubte, daß ihre Tugend in einem künftigen Zuſtande belohnen werde. Auch an den weichen Hindu's hat man daher einen Mangel an Mitgefühl bemerkt, der wahrſcheinlich die Folge ihrer Organiſation, noch mehr aber ihrer tiefen Ergebenheit ans ewige Schickſal iſt; ein Glaube, der den Menſchen wie in einen tiefen Abgrund wirft, und ſeine thätigen Empfindungen abſtumpft. Das Verbrennen der Weiber auf dem Scheiterhaufen der Ehemänner gehört mit unter die barbariſchen Folgen dieſer Lehre; denn, welche Urſachen auch die erſte Einführung deſſelben gehabt habe, da es entweder als Nacheiferung großer Seelen, oder als Strafe in den Gang der Gewohnheit gekommen ſein mag; ſo hat unſtreitig doch die Lehre der Bramanen von jener Welt den unnatürlichen Gebrauch veredelt, und die armen Schlachtopfer mit Beweggründen des künftigen Zuſtandes zum Tode begeiſtert. Endlich übergehe ich bei der Bramanen-Einrichtung den mannigfaltigen Betrug und Aberglauben, der ſchon dadurch unvermeidlich ward, daß Aſtronomie und Zeitrechnung, Heilkunſt und Religion, durch mündliche Tradition fortgepflanzt, die geheime Wiſſenſchaft Eines Stammes wurden; die verderblichere Folge fürs ganze Land war dieſe, daß jede Bramanen-Herrſchaft, früher oder ſpäter, ein Volk zur Unterjochung reif macht. Der Stamm der Krieger mußte bald unkriegeriſch werden, da ſeine Beſtimmung der Religion zuwider und einem edlern Stamme untergeordnet war, der alles Blutvergießen haßte. Glücklich wäre ein ſo friedfertiges Volk, wenn es, von Ueberwindern geſchieden, auf einer einſamen Inſel lebte; aber am Fuß jener Berge, auf welchen menſchliche Raubthiere, kriegeriſche Mongolen wohnen, nahe jener buſenreichen Küſte, an welcher geizig-verſchmitzte Europäer landen; arme Hindu's, in längerer oder kürzerer Zeit ſeid ihr mit eurer friedlichen Einrichtung verloren. So ging's der indiſchen Verfaſſung; ſie unterlag in- und auswärtigen Kriegen, bis endlich die europäiſche Schiffahrt ſie unter ein Joch gebracht hat, unter dem ſie mit ihrer letzten Kraft keuchet.

Allgemeine Betrachtungen über die Geſchichte dieſer Staaten.

1. Geſchichte ſetzt einen Anfang voraus, Geſchichte des Staats und der Cultur einen Beginn derſelben; wie dunkel iſt dieſer bei allen Völkern, die wir bisher betrachtet haben! Wenn meine Stimme hier etwas vermöchte, ſo würde ich ſie anwenden, um jeden ſcharfſinnig-beſcheidenen Forſcher der Geſchichte zum Studium des Urſprunges der Cultur in Aſien, nach ſeinen berühmteſten Reichen und Völkern, jedoch ohne Hypotheſe, ohne den Deſpotismus einer Privatmeinung, zu ermuntern. Eine genaue Zuſammenhaltung, ſowohl der Nachrichten, als Denkmale, die wir von dieſen Nationen haben, zumal ihrer Schrift und Sprache, der älteſten Kunſtwerke und Mythologie, oder der Grundſätze und Handgriffe, deren ſie ſich in ihren wenigen Wiſſenſchaften noch jetzt bedienen; dieß alles, verglichen mit dem Ort, den ſie bewohnen, und dem Umgange, den ſie haben konnten, würde gewiß ein Band ihrer Aufklärung entwickeln, wo wahrſcheinlich das erſte Glied dieſer Cultur weder in Selinginsk noch im griechiſchen Baktra geknüpft wäre.

2. Das Wort: Civiliſation eines Volks, iſt ſchwer auszuſprechen, zu denken aber und auszuüben noch ſchwerer. Daß ein Ankömmling im Lande eine ganze Nation aufkläre, oder ein König die Cultur durch Geſetze befehle, kann nur durch Beihülfe vieler Nebenumſtände möglich werden; denn Erziehung, Lehre, bleibendes Vorbild allein bildet. Daher kam's denn, daß alle Völker ſehr bald auf das Mittel fielen, einen unterrichtenden, erziehenden, aufklärenden Stand in ihren Staatskörper aufzunehmen, und ſolchen den andern Ständen vorzuſetzen, oder zwiſchen zu ſchieben. Laßt dieſe die Stufe einer noch ſehr unvollkommenen Cultur ſein, ſie iſt indeſſen für die Kindheit des Menſchengeſchlechts nothwendig, denn wo keine dergleichen Erzieher des Volks waren, da blieb dieß ewig in ſeiner Unwiſſenheit und Trägheit. Eine Art Bramanen, Mandarine, Talapoinen, Lamen u. ſ. w. war alſo jeder Nation in ihrer politiſchen Jugend nöthig; ja wir ſehen, daß eben dieſe Menſchengattung allein die Samenkörner der ſittlichen Cultur in Aſien weit umher getragen habe.

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3. Es iſt ein Unterſchied zwiſchen Cultur der Gelehrten und Cultur des Volkes. Der Gelehrte muß Wiſſenſchaften wiſſen, deren Ausübung ihm zum Nutzen des Staats befohlen iſt; er bewahrt ſolche auf, und vertraut ſie denen, die zu ſeinem Stande gehören, nicht dem Volke. Dergleichen ſind auch bei uns die höhere Mathematik, und viele andere Kenntniſſe, die nicht zum gemeinen Gebrauch, alſo auch nicht für's Volk dienen. Dieß waren die ſogenannten geheimen Wiſſenſchaften der alten Staatsverfaſſungen, die der Prieſter oder Bramane nur ſeinem Stande vorbehielt, weil Er auf die Ausübung der-

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*) S. hierüber Dow, Hollwell, Sonnerat, Alexander Roß, Mac-Intoſh, die Halliſchen Miſſionsberichte, die Lettres édifiantes, und jede andre Beſchreibung der indiſchen Religionen und Völker.

ſelben angenommen war und jede andere Claſſe der Staatsglieder ein anderes Geſchäft hatte.

Die Cultur des Volks ſetzten ſie in gute Sitten und nützliche Künſte; zu großen Theorien, ſelbſt in der Weltweisheit und Religion, hielten ſie das Volk nicht geſchaffen, noch ſolche ihm zuträglich. Daher die alte Lehrart in Allegorien und Mährchen, dergleichen die Bramanen ihren ungelehrten Stämmen noch jetzt vortragen.

4. Ein ewiger Fortgang in der gelehrten Cultur gehört nicht zur weſentlichen Glückſeligkeit eines Staats; wenigſtens nicht nach dem Begriff der alten öſtlichen Reiche. In Europa machen alle Gelehrte einen eigenen Staat aus, der, auf die Vorarbeiten vieler Jahrhunderte gebauet, durch gemeinſchaftliche Hülfsmittel und durch die Eiferſucht der Reiche gegen einander künſtlich erhalten wird; denn der allgemeinen Natur thut der Gipfel der Wiſſenſchaft, nach dem wir ſtreben, keine Dienſte. Ganz Europa iſt Ein gelehrtes Reich, das theils durch innern Wetteifer, theils in den neuern Jahrhunderten durch hülfreiche Mittel, die es auf dem ganzen Erdboden ſuchte, eine idealiſche Geſtalt gewonnen hat, die nur der Gelehrte durchſchaut und der Staatsmann nutzt. Wir alſo können in dieſem einmal begonnenen Lauf nicht mehr ſtehen bleiben; wir haſchen dem Zauberbilde einer höchſten Wiſſenſchaft und Allerkenntniß nach, das wir zwar nie erreichen werden, das uns aber immer im Gange erhält, ſo lange die Staatsverfaſſung Europa's dauert. Nicht alſo iſt's mit den Reichen, die nie in dieſem Conflict geweſen. Das runde Sina hinter ſeinen Bergen iſt ein einförmiges verſchloſſenes Reich; alle Provinzen, auch ſehr verſchiedener Völker, nach den Grundſätzen einer alten Staatsverfaſſung eingerichtet, ſind durchaus nicht im Wetteifer gegen einander, ſondern im tiefſten Gehorſam. Japan iſt eine Inſel, die wie das alte Britannien, jedem Fremdlinge feind iſt, und in ihrer ſtürmiſchen See zwiſchen Felſen, wie eine Welt für ſich beſteht. So Tibet, mit Gebirgen und barbariſchen Völkern umgeben, ſo die Verfaſſung der Bramanen, die Jahrhunderte lang unter dem Druck ächzt. Wie könnte in dieſen Reichen der Keim fortwachſender Wiſſenſchaft ſchießen, der in Europa durch jede Felſenwand bricht? wie könnten ſie ſelbſt die Früchte dieſes Baums von den gefährlichen Händen der Europäer aufnehmen, die ihnen das, was rings um ſie iſt, politiſche Sicherheit, ja ihr Land ſelbſt rauben? Alſo hat ſich nach wenigen Verſuchen jede Schnecke in ihr Haus gezogen und verachtet auch die ſchönſte Roſe, die ihr eine Schlange brächte. Die Wiſſenſchaft ihrer anmaßlichen Gelehrten iſt auf ihr Land berechnet, und ſelbſt von den wißfertigen Jeſuiten nahm Sina nicht mehr an, als es nicht entbehren zu können glaubte. Käme es in Umſtände der Noth, ſo würde es vielleicht mehr annehmen; da aber die meiſten Menſchen, und noch mehr die großen Staatskörper, ſehr harte eiſerne Thiere ſind, denen die Gefahr nahe ankommen müßte, ehe ſie ihren alten Gang ändern; ſo bleibt ohne Wunder und Zeichen alles wie es iſt, ohne daß es deßwegen den Nationen an *Fähigkeit* zur Wiſſenſchaft fehlte. An *Triebfedern* fehlt es ihnen, denn die uralte Gewohnheit wirkt jeder neuen Triebfeder entgegen. Wie langſam hat Europa ſelbſt ſeine beſten Künſte gelernet!

5. Das Daſein eines Reichs kann in ſich ſelbſt und gegen andere geſchätzt werden; Europa iſt in der Nothwendigkeit, beiderlei Maßſtab zu gebrauchen, die aſiatiſchen Reiche haben nur Einen. Keins von dieſen Ländern hat andre Welten aufgeſucht, um ſie als ein Poſtament ſeiner Größe zu gebrauchen oder durch ihren Ueberfluß ſich Gift zu bereiten; jedes nutzt was es hat und iſt in ſich ſelbſt genüglich. Sogar ſeine eigenen Goldbergwerke hat Sina unterſagt, weil es, aus Gefühl ſeiner Schwäche, ſie nicht zu nutzen ſich getraute; der auswärtige ſineſiſche Handel iſt ganz ohne Unterjochung fremder Völker. Bei dieſer kargen Weisheit haben alle dieſe Länder ſich den unläugbaren Vortheil verſchafft, ihr Inneres deſto mehr nützen zu müſſen, weil ſie es weniger durch äußeren Handel erſetzten. Wir Europäer dagegen wandeln als Kaufleute oder als Räuber in der ganzen Welt umher, und vernachläſſigen oft das Unſrige darüber; die britanniſchen Inſeln ſelbſt ſind lange nicht wie Japan und Sina bebaut. Unſere Staatskörper ſind alſo Thiere, die, unerſättlich am Fremden, Gutes und Böſes, Gewürze und Gift, Kaffee und Thee, Silber und Gold verſchlingen, und in einem hohen Fieberzuſtande viel angeſtrengte Lebhaftigkeit beweiſen; jene Länder rechnen nur auf ihren innern Kreislauf. Ein langſames Leben, wie der Murmelthiere, das aber eben deßwegen lange gedauert hat, und noch lange dauern kann, wenn nicht äußere Umſtände das ſchlafende Thier tödten. Nun iſt's bekannt, daß die Alten in Allem auf längere Dauer rechneten, wie in ihren Denkmalen, ſo auch in ihren Staatsgebäuden; wir wirken lebhaft und gehen vielleicht um ſo ſchneller die kurzen Lebensalter durch, bis auch uns das Schickſal zumaß.

6. Endlich kommt es bei allen irdiſchen und menſchlichen Dingen auf Ort und Zeit, ſo wie bei den verſchiedenen Nationen auf ihren Charakter an, ohne welchen ſie nichts vermögen. Läge Oſt-Aſien uns zur Seite, es wäre lange nicht mehr, was es war. Wäre Japan nicht die Inſel, die es iſt, ſo wäre es nicht, was es iſt, worden. Sollten ſich dieſe Reiche alleſammt jetzt bilden, ſo würden ſie ſchwerlich werden, was ſie vor drei, vier Jahrtauſenden wurden; das ganze Thier, das Erde heißt, und auf deſſen Rücken wir wohnen, iſt jetzt Jahrtauſende älter. Wunderbare, ſeltſame Sache überhaupt iſt's um das, was genetiſcher Geiſt und Charakter eines Volks heißt. Er iſt unerklärlich und unauslöſchlich, ſo alt wie die Nation, ſo alt wie das Land, das ſie bewohnte. Der Bramane gehört zu ſeinem Weltſtrich; kein Anderer, glaubt er, iſt ſeiner heiligen Natur werth. So der Siameſe und Japaner; allenthalben außer ſeinem Lande iſt er eine unzeitig verpflanzte Staude. Was der Einſiedler Indiens ſich an ſeinem Gott, der Siameſe ſich an ſeinem Kaiſer denkt, denken wir uns nicht an demſelben; was wir für Wirkſamkeit und Freiheit des Geiſtes, für männliche Ehre und Schönheit des Geſchlechts ſchätzen, denken ſich jene weit anders. Die Eingeſchloſſenheit der indiſchen Weiber wird ihnen nicht unerträglich; der leere Prunk eines Mandarinen wird jedem Andern als ihm ein ſehr kaltes Schauſpiel dünken. So iſt's mit allen Gewohnheiten der vielgeſtaltigen menſchlichen Form, ja mit allen Erſcheinungen auf unſerer runden Erde.

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7. Tröſtend iſt's für den Forſcher der Menſchheit, wenn er bemerkt, daß die Natur bei allen Uebeln, die ſie ihrem Menſchengeſchlechte zutheilte, in ſeiner Organiſation den Balſam vergoß, der ihm ſeine Wunden wenigſtens lindert. Der aſiatiſche Deſpotismus, dieſe beſchwerliche Laſt der Menſchheit, findet nur bei Nationen Statt, die ihn tragen wollen, d. i. die ſeine drückende Schwere minder fühlen. Mit Ergebung erwartet der Indier ſein Schickſal, wenn in der ärgſten Hungersnoth ſeinen abgezehrten Körper ſchon der Hund verfolgt, dem er ſinkend zur Speiſe werden wird; er ſtützt ſich an, damit er ſtehend ſterbe, und geduldig wartend ſieht ihm der Hund ins blaſſe Todtenantlitz, eine Reſignation, von der wir keinen Begriff haben, und die dennoch oft mit den ſtärkſten Stürmen der Leidenſchaft wechſelt. Sie iſt indeſſen, nebſt mancherlei Erleichterungen der Lebensart und des Klima, das mildernde Gegengift gegen ſo viele Uebel jener Staatsverfaſſungen, die uns unerträglichlich dünken. Lebten wir dort, ſo würden wir ſie nicht ertragen dürfen, weil wir Sinn und Muth genug hätten, die böſe Verfaſſung zu ändern; oder wir erſchlafften auch und ertrügen die Uebel wie jene Indier geduldig. Große Mutter Natur, an welche Kleinigkeiten haſt du das Schickſal unſers Geſchlechts geknüpft! Mit der veränderten Form eines menſchlichen Kopfs und Gehirns, mit einer kleinen Veränderung im Bau der Organiſation und der Nerven, die das Klima, die Stammesart und die Gewohnheit bewirkt, ändert ſich auch das Schickſal der Welt, die ganze Summe deſſen, was allenthalben auf Erden die Menſchheit thut und die Menſchheit leidet.

Babylon, Aſſyrien, Chaldäa.

Nicht eigentlich ägyptiſche, ſondern Nomaden- und ſpäterhin Handelskünſte ſind das Eigenthum der Reiche am Euphrat und Tigris geweſen, wie es auch ihre Naturlage wollte. Der Euphrat überſchwemmte, und mußte daher in Kanälen abgeleitet werden, damit ein größerer Strich Landes von ihm Fruchtbarkeit erhielte; daher die Erfindungen der Räder und Pumpwerke, wenn dieſe nicht auch von den Aegyptern gelernt waren. Die Gegend in einiger Entfernung dieſer Ströme, die einſt bewohnt und fruchtbar war, darbt jetzt, weil ihr der Fleiß arbeitender Hände fehlt. Von der Viehzucht war hier zum Ackerbau ein leichter Schritt, da die Natur ſelbſt den ſtätigen Bewohner dazu einlud. Die ſchönen Garten- und Feldfrüchte dieſer Ufer, die mit freiwilliger, ungeheurer Kraft aus der Erde hervorſchießen, und die geringe Mühe ihrer Pflege reichlich belohnen, machten, faſt ohne daß er es wußte, den Hirten zum Ackermann und zum Gärtner. Ein Wald von ſchönen Dattelbäumen gab ihm ſtatt der unſichern Zelte Stämme zu ſeiner Wohnung und Früchte zur Speiſe; die leichtgebrannte Thonerde half dieſem Bau auf, ſo daß ſich der Zeltbewohner unvermerkt in einer beſſern, obgleich lehmernen Wohnung ſahe. Eben dieſe Erde gab ihm Gefäße, und mit ihnen hundert Bequemlichkeiten der häuslichen Lebensweiſe. Man lernte das Brod backen, Speiſen zurichten, bis man endlich durch den Handel zu jenen üppigen Gaſtmalen und Feſten ſtieg, durch welche in ſehr alten Zeiten die Babylonier berühmt waren. Wie man kleine Götzenbilder, Teraphim, in gebrannter Erde ſchuf, lernte man bald auch koloſſiſche Statuen brennen und formen, von deren Modellen man zu Formen des Metallguſſes ſehr leicht hinaufſtieg. Wie man dem weichen Thon Bilder oder Schriftzüge einprägte, die durchs Feuer befeſtigt blieben, ſo lernte man damit unvermerkt, auf gebrannten Ziegelſteinen Kenntniſſe der Vorwelt erhalten, und bauete auf den Beobachtungen älterer Zeiten weiter. Selbſt die Aſtronomie war eine glückliche Nomaden-Erfindung dieſer Gegend. Auf ihrer weiten ſchönen Ebene ſaß der weidende Hirt und bemerkte in müßiger Ruhe den Auf- und Untergang der glänzenden Sterne ſeines unendlichen, heitern Horizontes. Er benannte ſie, wie er ſeine Schafe nannte, und ſchrieb ihre Veränderungen in ſein Gedächtniß. Auf den platten Dächern der babyloniſchen Häuſer, auf welchen man ſich nach der Hitze des Tages angenehm erholte, ſetzte man dieſe Beobachtungen fort; bis endlich ein eigner, dazu geſtifteter Orden ſich dieſer reizenden und zugleich unentbehrlichen Wiſſenſchaft annahm, und die Jahrbücher des Himmels Zeiten hindurch fortſetzte. So lockte die Natur die Menſchen ſelbſt zu Kenntniſſen und Wiſſenſchaften, daß alſo auch dieſe ihre Geſchenke ſo locale Erzeugniſſe ſind, als irgend ein anderes Product der Erde. Am Fuß des Kaukaſus gab ſie durch Naphtaquellen den Menſchen das Feuer in die Hände, daher ſich die Fabel des Prometheus ohne Zweifel aus jenen Gegenden herſchreibt; in den angenehmen Dattelwäldern am Euphrat erzog ſie mit ſanfter Macht den umherziehenden Hirten zum fleißigen Anwohner der Flüſſe und Städte.

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Uebrigens muß man ſich in der Chaldäer Weisheit nicht unſre Weisheit denken. Die Wiſſenſchaften, die Babylon beſaß, waren einer abgeſchloſſenen gelehrten Zunft anvertraut, die bei dem Verfall der Nation zuletzt eine häßliche Betrügerin wurde. Chaldäer hießen ſie, wahrſcheinlich von der Zeit an, da Chaldäer über Babylon herrſchten: denn da ſeit Belus Zeiten, die Zunft der Gelehrten ein Orden des Staats und eine Stiftung der Regenten war, ſo ſchmeichelten dieſe wahrſcheinlich ihren Beherrſchern damit, daß ſie den Namen ihrer Nation trugen. Sie waren Hofphiloſophen, und ſanken als ſolche auch zu allen Betrügereien und ſchnöden Künſten der Hofphiloſophie hinunter. Wahrſcheinlich haben ſie in dieſen Zeiten ihre alte Wiſſenſchaft ſo wenig, als das Tribunal in Sina die ſeinigen vermehrt.

Meder und Perſer.

Es iſt ein hartes aber gutes Geſetz des Schickſals, daß wie alles Uebel ſo auch jede Uebermacht ſich ſelbſt verzehre. Perſiens Verfall fing mit dem Tode Cyrus an, und ob es ſich gleich, inſonderheit durch Darius Anſtalten, noch ein Jahrhundert hin von außen in ſeinem Glanz erhielt, ſo nagte doch in ſeinem Innern der Wurm, der in jedem deſpotiſchen Reich nagt. Cyrus theilte ſeine Herrſchaft in Statthalterſchaften, die er noch durch ſein Anſehen in Schranken erhielt, indem er eine ſchnelle Communication durch alle Provinzen errichtete und darüber wachte. Darius theilte das Reich, wenigſtens ſeinen Hofſtaat, noch genauer ein und ſtand auf ſeiner hohen Stelle als ein gerechter und thätiger Herrſcher. Bald aber wurden die großen Könige, die zum deſpotiſchen Thron geboren waren, unmännliche Weichlinge; Xerxes, ſelbſt auf ſeiner ſchimpflichen Flucht aus Griechenland, da er auf ganz andre Dinge hätte denken ſollen, begann ſchon zu Sardes eine ſchändliche Liebe. Seine meiſten Nachfolger gingen dieſem Wege nach, und ſo waren Beſtechungen, Empörungen, Verräthereien, Mordthaten, unglückliche Unternehmungen u. ſ. w. beinahe die einzigen Merkwürdigkeiten, welche die ſpätere Geſchichte Perſiens darbietet. Der Geiſt der Edeln war verderbt, und die Unedeln verdarben mit; zuletzt war kein Regent ſeines Lebens mehr ſicher; der Thron wankte auch unter ſeinen guten Fürſten, bis Alexander nach Aſien brach, und in wenigen Schlachten dem von innen unbefeſtigten Reiche ein fürchterliches Ende machte. Zum Unglück traf dieß Schickſal einen König, der ein beſſeres Glück verdiente; unſchuldig büßte er ſeiner Vorfahren Sünde, und kam durch ſchändliche Verrätherei um. Wenn eine Geſchichte der Welt uns mit großen Buchſtaben ſagt, daß Ungebundenheit ſich ſelbſt verderbe, daß eine grenzen- und faſt geſetzloſe Gewalt die furchtbarſte Schwäche ſei, und jede weiche Satrapen-Regierung, ſowohl für den Regenten, als für's Volk, das unheilbarſte Gift werde; ſo ſagt's die perſiſche Geſchichte.

Auf keine andere Nation hat daher auch dieſes Reich einen günſtigen Einfluß gehabt; denn es zerſtörte und bauete nicht; es zwang die Provinzen, dieſe dem Gürtel der Königin, jene dem Haar- oder Halsſchmuck derſelben einen ſchimpflichen Tribut zu zollen; es knüpfte ſie aber nicht durch beſſere Geſetze und Einrichtungen an einander. Aller Glanz, alle Götterpracht und Götterfurcht dieſer Monarchen iſt nun dahin; ihre Satrapen und Günſtlinge ſind, wie ſie ſelbſt, Aſche, und das Gold, das ſie erpreßten, ruht vielleicht gleichfalls in der Erde. Selbſt die Geſchichte derſelben iſt Fabel: eine Fabel, die ſich im Munde der Morgenländer und Griechen faſt gar nicht verbindet. Auch die alten perſiſchen Sprachen ſind todt, und die einzigen Reſte ihrer Herrlichkeit, die Trümmer Perſepolis, ſind nebſt ihren ſchönen Schriftzügen und ihren ungeheuren Bildern bisher unerklärte Ruinen. Das Schickſal hat ſich gerächt an dieſen Sultanen: wie durch den giftigen Wind Samum ſind ſie von der Erde verweht, und wo, wie bei den Griechen, ihr Andenken lebt, lebt es ſchimpflich, die Baſis einer ruhmreichen, ſchönern Größe.

Hebräer.

Sehr klein erſcheinen die Hebräer, wenn man ſie unmittelbar nach den Perſern betrachtet: klein war ihr Land, arm die Rolle, die ſie in und außer demſelben auf dem Schauplatz der Welt ſpielten, auf welchem ſie faſt noch nie Eroberer waren. Indeſſen haben ſie durch den Willen des Schickſals, und durch eine Reihe von Veranlaſſungen, deren Urſachen ſich leicht ergeben, mehr als irgend eine aſiatiſche Nation auf andere Völker gewirkt; ja gewiſſermaßen ſind ſie, ſowohl durch das Chriſtenthum als den Mahomedanismus, eine Unterlage des größten Theils der Weltaufklärung worden.

Ein ausnehmender Unterſchied iſt's ſchon, daß die Hebräer geſchriebene Annalen ihrer Begebenheiten aus Zeiten haben, in denen die meiſten jetzt aufgeklärten Nationen noch nicht ſchreiben konnten, ſo daß ſie dieſe Nachrichten bis zum Urſprunge der Welt hinaufzuführen wagen. Noch vortheilhafter unterſcheiden ſich dieſe dadurch, daß ſie nicht aus Hieroglyphen geſchöpft, oder mit ſolchen verdunkelt, ſondern nur aus Geſchlechtsregiſtern entſtanden und mit hiſtoriſchen Sagen oder Liedern verwebt ſind, durch welche einfache Geſtalt ihr hiſtoriſcher Werth offenbar zunimmt. Endlich bekommen dieſe Erzählungen ein merkwürdiges Gewicht noch dadurch, daß ſie als ein göttlicher Stammesvorzug dieſer Nation beinahe mit abergläubiſcher Gewiſſenhaftigkeit Jahrtauſende lang erhalten, und durch das Chriſtenthum Nationen in die Hände geliefert ſind, die ſie mit einem freiern als Judengeiſt unterſucht und beſtritten, erläutert und genutzt haben.

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Zufolge der älteſten Nationalſagen der Hebräer, kam ihr Stammvater als Scheik eines Nomadenzuges über den Euphrat und zuletzt nach Paläſtina. Hier gefiel es ihm, weil er unbehinderten Platz fand, die Lebensart ſeiner Hirtenvorfahren fortzuſetzen, und dem Gott ſeiner Väter nach Stammesart zu dienen. Im dritten Geſchlecht zogen ſeine Nachkommen durch das ſonderbare Glück Eines aus ihrer Familie nach Aegypten, und ſetzten daſelbſt, unvermiſcht mit den Landeseinwohnern, ihre Hirten-Lebensart fort; bis ſie, man weiß nicht genau, in welcher Generation, von dem verächtlichen Druck, in dem ſie ſchon als Hirten bei dieſem Volke ſein mußten, durch ihren künftigen Geſetzgeber befreiet, und nach Arabien gerettet wurden. Hier führte nun der große Mann, der größte, den dieß Volk gehabt hat, ſein Werk aus, und gab ihnen eine Verfaſſung, die zwar auf Religion und Lebensart ihres Stammes gegründet, mit ägyptiſcher Staatsweisheit aber ſo durchflochten war, daß auf der einen Seite das Volk aus einer Nomadenhorde zu einer cultivirten Nation erhoben, auf der andern zugleich von Aegypten völlig weggelenkt werden ſollte; damit ihm nie wieder die Luſt ankäme, den Boden des ſchwarzen Landes zu betreten. Wunderbar durchdacht ſind alle Geſetze Moſes; ſie erſtrecken ſich vom Größten bis zum Kleinſten, um ſich des Geiſtes ſeiner Nation in allen Umſtänden des Lebens zu bemächtigen und, wie Moſes ſo oft ſagt, ein ewiges Geſetz zu werden. Auch war dieſe überdachte Geſetzgebung nicht das Werk eines Augenblicks; der Geſetzgeber that hinzu, nachdem es die Umſtände forderten, und ließ, noch vor dem Ausgange ſeines Lebens, die ganze Nation ſich zu ihrer künftigen Landesverfaſſung verpflichten. Vierzig Jahre hielt er ſtrenge auf ſeine Gebote, ja vielleicht mußte auch deswegen das Volk ſo lange in der arabiſchen Wüſte weilen, bis nach dem Tode der erſten hartnäckigen Generation ein neues, in dieſen Gebräuchen erzogenes Volk ſich denſelben völlig gemäß im Lande ſeiner Väter einrichten könnte. Leider aber ward dem patriotiſchen Mann dieſer Wunſch nicht gewähret! Der bejahrte Moſes ſtarb an der Grenze des Landes, das er ſuchte, und als ſein Nachfolger dahin eindrang, fehlte es ihm an Anſehen und Nachdruck, den Entwurf des Geſetzgebers ganz zu befolgen. Man ſetzte die

Eroberung nicht ſo weit fort als man ſollte, man theilte und ruhete zu früh. Die mächtigſten Stämme riſſen den größten Strich zuerſt an ſich, ſo daß ihre ſchwächeren Brüder kaum einen Aufenthalt fanden, und ein Stamm derſelben ſogar vertheilt werden mußte*).

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Ueberhaupt hat ſich ſeit Moſes kein zweiter Geſetzgeber in dieſem Volke gefunden, der den vom Anfange an zerrütteten Staat auf eine den Zeiten gemäße Grundverfaſſung hätte zurückführen mögen. Der gelehrte Stand verfiel bald, die Eiferer fürs Landesgeſetz hatten Stimme, aber keinen Arm, die Könige waren meiſtens Weichlinge oder Geſchöpfe der Prieſter. Die feine Nomokratie alſo, auf die es Moſes angelegt hatte, und eine Art theokratiſcher Monarchie, wie ſie bei allen Völkern dieſes Erdſtrichs voll Deſpotismus herrſchte; zwei ſo entgegengeſetzte Dinge ſtritten gegen einander, und ſo mußte das Geſetz Moſes dem Volke ein Sclavengeſetz werden, da es ihm politiſch ein Geſetz der Freiheit ſein ſollte.

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Die Nation der Juden ſelbſt iſt ſeit ihrer Zerſtreuung den Völkern der Erde durch ihre Gegenwart nützlich und ſchädlich worden, je nachdem man ſie gebraucht hat. In den erſten Zeiten ſahe man Chriſten für Juden an, und verachtete oder unterdrückte ſie gemeinſchaftlich, weil auch die Chriſten viel Vorwürfe des jüdiſchen Völkerhaſſes, Stolzes und Aberglaubens auf ſich luden. Späterhin, da Chriſten die Juden ſelbſt unterdrückten, gaben ſie ihnen Anlaß, ſich durch ihre Gewerbſamkeit und weite Verbreitung faſt allenthalben des innern, inſonderheit des Geldhandels zu bemächtigen; daher denn die rohern Nationen Europa's freiwillige Sclaven ihres Wuchers wurden. Den Wechſelhandel haben ſie zwar nicht erfunden, aber ſehr bald vervollkommnet, weil eben ihre Unſicherheit in den Ländern der Mahomedaner und Chriſten ihnen dieſe Erfindung nöthig machte. Unläugbar alſo hat eine ſo verbreitete Republik kluger Wucherer manche Nation Europa's von eigner Betriebſamkeit und Nutzen des Handels lange zurückgehalten, weil dieſe ſich für ein jüdiſches Gewerbe zu groß dünkte, und von den Kammerknechten des heiligen römiſchen Reichs dieſe Art vernünftiger und feiner Induſtrie eben ſo wenig lernen wollte, als die Spartaner den Ackerbau von ihren Heloten. Sammelte Jemand eine Geſchichte der Juden aus allen Ländern, in die ſie zerſtreuet ſind; ſo zeigte ſich damit ein Schauſtück der Menſchheit, das als ein Natur- und politiſches Ereigniß gleich merkwürdig wäre. Denn kein Volk der Erde hat ſich wie dieſes in allen Klimaten ſo kenntlich und rüſtig erhalten.

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Uebrigens wird Niemand einem Volke, das eine ſo wirkſame Triebfeder in den Händen des Schickſals ward, ſeine großen Anlagen abſprechen wollen, die in ſeiner ganzen Geſchichte ſich deutlich zeigen. Sinnreich, verſchlagen und arbeitſam wußte es ſich jederzeit, auch unter dem äußerſten Druck anderer Völker, wie in einer Wüſte Arabiens mehr als vierzig Jahre zu erhalten. Es fehlte ihm auch nicht an kriegeriſchem Muth, wie die Zeiten Davids und der Makkabäer, vorzüglich aber der letzte, ſchreckliche Untergang ſeines Staates zeigen. In ihrem Lande waren ſie einſt ein arbeitſames, fleißiges Volk, das, wie die Japaner, ſeine nackten Berge durch künſtliche Teraſſen bis auf den Gipfel zu bauen wußte, und in einem engen Bezirk, der an Fruchtbarkeit doch immer nicht das erſte Land der Welt war, eine unglaubliche Anzahl Menſchen nährete. Zwar iſt in Kunſtſachen die jüdiſche Nation, ob ſie gleich zwiſchen Aegypten und Phönicien wohnte, immer unerfahren geblieben, da ſelbſt ihren Salomoniſchen Tempel fremde Arbeiter bauen mußten. Auch ſind ſie, ob ſie gleich eine Zeit lang die Häfen des rothen Meeres beſaßen und den Küſten der mittelländiſchen See ſo nahe wohnten, in dieſer zum Handel der Welt glücklichſten Lage, bei einer Volksmenge, die ihrem Lande zu ſchwer ward, dennoch nie ein ſeefahrendes Volk worden. Wie die Aegypter, fürchteten ſie das Meer, und wohnten von jeher lieber unter anderen Nationen, ein Zug ihres Nationalcharakters, gegen den ſchon Moſes mit Macht kämpfte. Kurz, es iſt ein Volk, das in der Erziehung verdarb, weil es nie zur Reife einer politiſchen Cultur auf eignem Boden, mithin auch nicht zum wahren Gefühl der Ehre und Freiheit gelangte. In den Wiſſenſchaften, die ihre vortrefflichſten Köpfe trieben, hat ſich jederzeit mehr eine geſetzliche Anhänglichkeit und Ordnung, als eine fruchtbare Freiheit des Geiſtes gezeigt, und der Tugenden eines Patrioten hat ſie ihr Zuſtand faſt von jeher beraubt. Das Volk Gottes, dem einſt der Himmel ſelbſt ſein Vaterland ſchenkte, iſt Jahrtauſende her, ja faſt ſeit ſeiner Entſtehung eine paraſitiſche Pflanze auf den Stämmen anderer Nationen; ein Geſchlecht ſchlauer Unterhändler beinahe auf der ganzen Erde, das trotz aller Unterdrückung nirgend ſich nach eigner Ehre und Wohnung, nirgend nach einem Vaterlande ſehnt.

Phönicien und Karthago.

Ganz auf eine andre Weiſe haben ſich die Phönicier um Welt die Welt verdient gemacht. Eines der edelſten Werkzeuge der Menſchen, das Glas, erfanden ſie, und die Geſchichte erzählt die zufällige Urſache dieſer Erfindung am Fluſſe Belus. Da ſie am Ufer des Meeres wohnten, trieben ſie Schifffahrt ſeit undenklichen Zeiten; denn Semiramis ſchon ließ ihre Flotte durch Phönicier bauen. Von kleinen Fahrzeugen ſtiegen ſie allmählig zu langen Schiffen hinauf; ſie lernten nach Sternen, inſonderheit nach dem Geſtirn des Bärs, ſegeln und mußten, angegriffen, zuletzt auch den Seekrieg lernen. Weit umher haben ſie das mittelländiſche Meer bis über Gibraltar hinaus, ja nach Britannien hin beſchifft, und vom rothen Meer hin vielleicht mehr als ein Mal Afrika umſegelt. Und das thaten ſie nicht als Eroberer, ſondern als Handelsleute und Coloniſtifter. Sie banden die Länder, die das Meer getrennt hatte, durch Verkehr, Sprache und Kunſtwaaren an einander und erfanden ſinnreich, was zu dieſem Verkehr diente. Sie lernten rechnen, Metalle prägen, und dieſe Metalle zu mancherlei Gefäßen und Spielzeug formen. Sie erfanden den Purpur, arbeiteten feine ſidoniſche Leinwand, holten aus Britannien das Zinn und Blei, aus Spanien Silber, aus Preußen den Bernſtein, aus Afrika Gold, und wechſelten dagegen aſiatiſche Waaren. Das ganze mittelländiſche Meer war alſo ihr Reich, die Küſten an demſelben hie und da mit ihren Pflanzſtädten beſetzt, und Tarteſſus in Spanien die berühmte Niederlage ihres Handels zwiſchen dreien Welttheilen. So wenig aber viel Kenntniſſe ſie den Europäern mitgetheilt haben mögen, ſo wär das Geſchenk der Buchſtaben, die die Griechen von ihnen lernten, allein ſchon aller anderen werth.

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Karthago war eine Stadt, nicht ein Volk; alſo konnte es auch keinem Bezirk des Landes eigentliche Vaterlandsliebe und Volkscultur geben. Das Gebiet, das es ſich in Afrika erwarb, und in welchem es, nach Strabo, im Anfange des dritten puniſchen Krieges dreihundert Städte zählte, beſtand aus Unterthanen, über welche die Ueberwinderin Herrenrecht übte, nicht aber aus eigentlichen Mitgenoſſen des herrſchenden Staates. Die wenig cultivirten Afrikaner ſtrebten auch nicht es zu werden; denn ſelbſt in den Kriegen gegen Karthago erſcheinen ſie als widerſpenſtige Sklaven oder als beſoldete Kriegsknechte. Ins innere Afrika hat ſich daher wenig menſchliche Cultur von Karthago aus verbreitet, weil es dieſem Staat, der in einigen Familien aus ſeinen Mauern hinaus herrſchte, gar nicht daran lag, Humanität zu verbreiten, ſondern Schätze zu ſammeln. Der rohe Aberglaube, der bis auf die ſpäteſten Zeiten in Karthago herrſchte, die grauſamſten Todesſtrafen, mit denen es ſeine unglücklichen Heerführer, auch wenn ſie an ihrem Verluſt unſchuldig waren, tyranniſch belegte, ja das ganze Betragen dieſes Volks in fremden Ländern zeigt, wie hart und geizig dieſer ariſtokratiſche Staat war, der eigentlich nichts als Gewinn und afrikaniſche Knechtſchaft ſuchte.

Auch dieſer Staat, ob er gleich auf den niedrigen Grund erobernder Gewinnſucht gebaut war, hat große Seelen erzeugt und eine Menge Künſte in ſich genährt. Von Kriegern iſt inſonderheit das Geſchlecht der Barka's unſterblich, deren Ehrgeiz um ſo höher aufloderte, als die Eiferſucht der Hanno's ihre Flamme zu erſticken ſuchte. Meiſtens iſt aber auch in dem karthagiſchen Heldengeiſt eine gewiſſe Härte merkbar, gegen welche ein Gelon, Timoleon, Scipio u. A., wie freie Menſchen gegen Knechte erſcheinen. So barbariſch war ſchon der Heldenmuth jener Brüder, die ſich für eine ungerechte Grenze ihres Vaterlandes lebendig begraben ließen, und in härteren Fällen, zumal wenn Karthago ſelbſt bedrängt wurde, zeigt ſich ihre Tapferkeit meiſtens nur in wilder Verzweiflung. Indeſſen iſt's gewiß, daß inſonderheit Hannibal in der feineren Kriegskunſt ein Lehrer ſeiner Erbfeinde, der Römer, war, die von ihm die Welt zu erobern lernten. Deßgleichen haben auch alle Künſte in Karthago geblüht, die irgend dem Handel dem Schiffbau, dem Seekriege, dem Gewinn dienten, obgleich Karthago ſelbſt im Seekriege bald von den Römern übertroffen werde. Zum Unglück ſind durch die Barbarei der Römer alle Bücher der Karthaginienſer wie ihr Staat untergegangen: wir kennen die Nation nur aus Berichten ihrer Feinde, aus wenigen Trümmern, die uns kaum die Lage der alten berühmten Meereskönigin verrathen. Der Hauptmoment Karthago's in der Weltgeſchichte war leider ſein Verhältniß gegen Rom; die Wölfin, die die Erde bezwingen ſollte, mußte ſich zuerſt im Kampfe mit einem afrikaniſchen Schakal üben, bis ſie ſolchen zuletzt elend vertilgte.

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*) Der Stamm Dan bekam eine Ecke oberhalb und zur Seiten des Landes.

Aegypten.

Die gewiſſeſte Nachricht die wir von Aegypten haben, geben uns ſeine Alterthümer, jene ungeheuren Pyramiden, Obelisken und Katakomben, jene Trümmer von Kanälen, Städten, Säulen und Tempeln, die mit ihren Bilderſchriften noch jetzt das Erſtaunen der Reiſenden, die Wunder der alten Welt ſind. Welche Menſchenmenge, welche Kunſt und Verfaſſung, noch mehr aber welch eine ſonderbare Denkart gehörte dazu, dieſe Felſen auszuhöhlen oder auf einander zu häufen, Thiere nicht nur abzubilden und auszuhauen, ſondern auch als Heiligthümer zu begraben, eine Felſenwüſte zur Wohnung der Todten umzuſchaffen und einen ägyptiſchen Prieſtergeiſt auf ſo tauſendfältige Art im Stein zu verewigen! Alle dieſe Reliquien ſtehen oder liegen wie eine heilige Sphinx, wie ein großes Problem da, das Erklärung fordert.

Ein Theil dieſer Werke die zum Nutzen dienen oder gar der Gegend unentbehrlich ſind, erklärt ſich von ſelbſt; dergleichen ſind die erſtaunenswürdigen Kanäle, Dämme und Katakomben. Die Kanäle dienten, den Nil auch in die entfernten Theile Aegyptens zu leiten, die jetzt durch den Verfall derſelben eine todte Wüſte ſind. Die Dämme dienten zu Gründung der Städte in dem fruchtbaren Thal, das der Nil überſchwemmt und das als das eigentliche Herz Aegyptens, den ganzen Umfang des Landes nährt. Auch von den Todtengrüften iſt's wohl unläugbar, daß ſie, außer den Religions-Ideen, welche die Aegypter damit verbanden, ſehr viel zu der geſunden Luft dieſes Reichs beigetragen und Krankheiten vorgebeugt haben, die ſonſt die Plage naſſer und heißer Gegenden zu ſein pflegen. Aber wozu das Ungeheure dieſer Höhlen? woher und wozu das Labyrinth, die Obelisken, die Pyramiden? woher der wunderbare Geſchmack, der Sphinxe und Coloſſen ſo mühſam verewigt hat? Sind die Aegypter aus dem Schlamm ihres Nils zur Original-Nation der Welt entſproſſen? oder wenn ſie anders woher kamen, durch welche Veranlaſſungen und Triebe unterſchieden ſie ſich ſo ganz von allen Völkern, die rings um ſie wohnen?

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Ein ſtilles, fleißiges, gutmüthiges Volk waren die Aegypter, welches ihre ganze Einrichtung, ihre Kunſt und Religion beweiſt. Kein Tempel, keine Bildſäule Aegyptens hat einen fröhlichen, leichten, griechiſchen Anblick; von dieſem Zweck der Kunſt hatten ſie weder Begriff, noch auf ihn Abſicht. Die Mumien zeigen, daß die Bildung der Aegypter nicht ſchön war; nachdem ſie alſo die menſchliche Geſtalt ſahen, mußten ſie ſolche bilden. Eingeſchloſſen in ihr Land, wie in ihre Religion und Verfaſſung, liebten ſie das Fremde nicht, und da ſie, ihrem Charakter gemäß, bei ihren Nachbildungen vorzüglich auf Treue und Genauigkeit ſahen, da ihre ganze Kunſt Handwerk und zwar das religiöſe Handwerk einer Geſchlechtszunft war, wie ſie denn auch größtentheils auf religiöſen Begriffen beruhte: ſo war dabei durchaus an keine Abweichungen in jenes Land ſchöner Ideale zu denken, das ohne Naturvorbilder auch eigentlich nur ein Phantom iſt. Dafür gingen ſie mehr auf das Feſte, Dauerhafte und Rieſengroße, oder auf eine Vollendung mit dem genaueſten Kunſtfleiße. In ihrer felſigen Weltgegend waren ihre Tempel aus dem Begriff ungeheurer Höhlen entſtanden: ſie mußten alſo auch in ihrer Bauart eine ungeheure Majeſtät lieben. Ihre Bildſäulen waren aus Mumien entſtanden; ſie hatten alſo auch den zuſammengezogenen Stand der Füße und Hände, der durch ſich ſelbſt ſchon für ſeine Dauer ſorget. Höhlen zu unterſtützen, Begräbniſſe abzuſondern, dazu ſind Säulen gemacht, und da die Baukunſt der Aegypter vom Felſengewölbe ausging, ſie aber bei ihren Gebäuden unſre Kunſt zu wölben noch nicht verſtanden: ſo ward die Säule, oft auch ein Koloß derſelben, unentbehrlich. Die Wüſte, die um ſie war, das Todtenreich, daß aus Religions-Ideen um ſie ſchwebte, machte auch ihre Bilder zu Mumiengeſtalten, bei denen nicht Handlung, ſondern ewige Ruhe der Charakter war, auf welchen ſie die Kunſt ſtellte.

Ueber die Pyramiden und Obelisken der Aegypter darf man ſich, wie mich dünkt, noch weniger wundern. In allen Theilen der Welt, ſelbſt in Otahiti, werden Pyramiden auf Gräbern errichtet; ein Zeichen nicht ſowohl der Seelen-Unſterblichkeit als eines dauernden Andenkens auch nach dem Tod. Offenbar waren ſie auf dieſen Gräbern aus jenen rohen Steinhaufen entſtanden, den man zum Denkmal einer Sache weiters bei mehreren Nationen aufhäufte; der rohe Steinhaufe formt ſich ſelbſt, damit er feſter liege, zu einer Pyramide. Als die Kunſt der Menſchen, denen keine Veranlaſſung zum Denkmal ſo nahe lag als das Begräbniß eines verehrten Todten, zu dieſem allgemeinen Gebrauche hinzutrat: ſo verwandelte ſich der Steinhaufe, der anfangs vielleicht den begrabenen Leichnam auch vor dem Aufſcharren wilder Thiere ſchützen ſollte, natürlich in eine Pyramide oder Ehrenſäule, mit mehr oder minder Kunſt errichtet. Daß nun die Aegypter in dieſem Bau andre Völker übertrafen, hatte mit dem dauerhaften Bau ihrer Tempel und Katakomben einerlei Urſach. Sie beſaßen nämlich Steine genug zu dieſen Denkmalen, da das meiſte Aegypten eigentlich ein Fels iſt; ſie hatten auch Hände genug zum Bau derſelben, da in ihrem fruchtbaren und volkreichen Lande der Nil für ſie die Erde düngt und der Ackerbau ihnen wenige Mühe koſtet. Ueberdies lebten die alten Aegypter ſehr mäßig: Tauſende von Menſchen, die an dieſen Denkmalen Jahrhunderte lang wie Sklaven arbeiteten, waren ſo leicht zu unterhalten, daß es nur auf den Willen eines Königs ankam, gedankenloſe Maſſen dieſer Art zu errichten. Das Leben einzelner Menſchen ward in jenen Zeiten anders als jetzt geſchätzt, da ihre Namen nur in Zünften und Landſtrichen berechnet wurden. Leichter opferte man damals die nutzloſe Mühe vieler Individuen dem Gedanken eines Beherrſchers auf, der mit einer ſolchen Steinmaſſe ſich ſelbſt Unſterblichkeit erwerben und, dem Wahne ſeiner Religion nach, die abgeſchiedene Seele in einem balſamirten Leichnam feſthalten wollte; bis mit der Zeit auch dieſe, wie ſo manche andere nutzloſe Kunſt, zum Wetteifer ward. Ein König ahmte dem andern nach oder ſuchte ihn zu übertreffen; indeß das gutmüthige Volk ſeine Lebens-Tage am Bau dieſer Monumente verzehren mußte. So entſtanden wahrſcheinlich die Pyramiden und Obelisken Aegyptens; nur in den älteſten Zeiten wurden ſie gebauet: denn die ſpätere Zeit und jede Nation, die ein nützliches Gewerbe treiben lernte, bauete keine Pyramiden mehr. Weit gefehlt alſo, daß Pyramiden ein Kennzeichen von der Glückſeligkeit und wahren Aufklärung des alten Aegyptens ſein ſollten, ſind ſie ein unwiderſprechliches Denkmal von dem Aberglauben und der Gedankenloſigkeit ſowohl der Armen, die da bauten, als der Ehrgeizigen, die den Bau befahlen. Vergebens ſucht ihr Geheimniſſe unter den Pyramiden oder verborgene Weisheit an den Obelisken: denn wenn die Hieroglyphen der letztern auch entziffert würden; was würde, was könnte man an ihnen anders, als etwa eine Chronik verſtorbener Begebenheiten oder eine vergötternde Lobſchrift ihrer Erbauer leſen? Und dennoch, was ſind dieſe Maſſen gegen Ein Gebirge, das die Natur baute?

Ueberhaupt läßt ſich aus Hieroglyphen ſo wenig auf eine tiefe Weisheit der Aegypter ſchließen, daß ſie vielmehr gerade das Gegentheil davon beweiſen. Hieroglyphen ſind der erſte rohe Kinderverſuch des menſchlichen Verſtandes, der Zeichen ſucht, um ſeine Gedanken zu erklären; die roheſten Wilden in Amerika hatten Hieroglyphen, ſoviel als ſie bedurften: denn konnten nicht jene Mexikaner ſogar die ihnen unerhörteſte Sache, die Ankunft der Spanier, in Hieroglyphen melden? Daß aber die Aegypter ſo lange bei dieſer unvollkommenen Schrift blieben und ſie Jahrhunderte hin mit ungeheurer Mühe auf Felſen und Wände malten; welche Armuth von Ideen, welch einen Stillſtand des Verſtandes zeigt dieſes! Wie enge mußte der Kreis von Kenntniſſen einer Nation und ihres weitläufigen gelehrten Ordens ſein, der ſich Jahrtauſende durch an dieſen Vögeln und Strichen begnügte! Denn ihr zweiter Hermes, der die Buchſtaben erfand, kam ſehr ſpät; auch war er kein Aegypter. Die Buchſtabenſchrift der Mumien iſt nichts als die fremde phöniciſche Schriftart, vermiſcht mit hieroglyphiſchen Zeichen, die man alſo auch, aller Wahrſcheinlichkeit nach, von handelnden Phöniciern lernte. Die Sineſen ſelbſt ſind weiter gegangen als die Aegypter und haben aus ähnlichen Hieroglyphen wirkliche Gedankencharaktere erfunden, zu welchen, wie es ſcheint, dieſe nie gelangten. Dürfen wir uns alſo wundern, daß ein ſo ſchriftarmes und doch nicht ungeſchicktes Volk ſich in mechaniſchen Künſten hervorthat? Der Weg zur wiſſenſchaftlichen Literatur war ihnen durch die Hieroglyphen verſperret, und ſo mußte ſich ihre Aufmerkſamkeit deſto mehr auf ſinnliche Dinge richten. Das fruchtbare Nilthal machte ihnen den Ackerbau leicht; jene periodiſchen Ueberſchwemmungen, von denen ihre Wohlfahrt abhing, lehrten ſie meſſen und rechnen. Das Jahr und die Jahreszeiten mußten doch endlich einer Nation geläufig werden, deren Leben und Wohlſein von einer einzigen Naturveränderung abhing, die jährlich wiederkehrt, ihnen einen ewigen Landkalender machte.

Alſo auch die Natur- und Himmelsgeſchichte, die man an dieſem alten Volke rühmt: ſie war ein eben ſo natürliches Erzeugniß ihrer Erd- und Himmelsgegend. Was bei den Aegyptern die Hieroglyphen dazu thun konnten, war der Wiſſenſchaft eher ſchädlich als nützlich. Die lebendige Bemerkung ward mit ihnen nicht nur ein dunkles, ſondern auch ein todtes Bild, das den Fortgang des Menſchenverſtandes gewiß nicht förderte, ſondern hemmte. Man hat viel darüber geredet, ob die Hieroglyphen Prieſter-Geheimniſſe enthalten haben? Mich dünkt, jede Hieroglyphe enthalte ihrer Natur nach ein Geheimniß, und eine Reihe derſelben, die eine geſchloſſene Zunft aufbewahrt, müſſe für den großen Haufen nothwendig ein Geheimniß werden, geſetzt auch, daß man ihm ſolche auf Weg und Stegen vorſtellte. Er kann ſich nicht einweihen laſſen, ſelbige verſtehen zu lernen: denn dieß iſt nicht ſein Beruf und ſelbſt wird er ihre Bedeutung nicht finden. Daher der nothwendige Mangel einer verbreiteten Aufklärung in jedem Lande, in jeder Zunft einer ſogenannten Hieroglyphen-Weisheit, es mögen Prieſter oder Nicht-Prieſter dieſelbe lehren. Nicht Jedem können und werden ſie ihre Symbole entziffern, und was ſich nicht durch ſich ſelbſt lernen läßt, bewahrt ſich leider, ſeiner Natur nach, als Geheimniß. Jede Hieroglyphen-Weisheit neuerer Zeiten iſt alſo ein eigenſinniger Riegel gegen alle freiere Aufklärung, weil in den ältern Zeiten ſelbſt Hieroglyphik immer nur die unvollkommenſte Schrift war. Unbillig iſt die Forderung, etwas durch ſich verſtehen zu lernen, was auf tauſenderlei Art gedeutet werden kann, und tödtend die Mühe, die man auf willkührliche Zeichen, als wären ſie nothwendige ewige Sachen, wendet. Daher iſt Aegypten jederzeit ein Kind an Kenntniſſen geblieben, weil es ein Kind in Andeutung derſelben blieb, und für uns ſind dieſe Kinder-Ideen wahrſcheinlich auf immer verloren.

Alſo auch an der Religion und Staats-Weisheit der Aegypter können wir uns ſchwerlich etwas anders, als die Stufe denken, die wir bei mehreren Völkern des hohen Alterthums bisher bemerkt haben und bei den Nationen des öſtlichen Aſiens zum Theil noch jetzt bemerken. Wäre es gar wahrſcheinlich zu machen, daß mehrere Kenntniſſe der Aegypter in ihrem Lande ſchwerlich erfunden ſein möchten, daß ſie vielmehr mit ſolchen, wie mit gegebenen Formeln und Prämiſſen nur fortgerechnet und ſie ihrem Lande bequemt haben: ſo fiele ihr Kindesalter in allen dieſen Wiſſenſchaften noch mehr in die Augen. Daher vielleicht die langen Regiſter ihrer Könige und Weltzeiten: daher ihre vielgedeuteten Geſchichten vom Oſiris, der Iſis, dem Horus, Typhon u. And.; daher ein großer Vorrath ihrer heiligen Sagen. Die Haupt-Ideen ihrer Religion haben ſie mit mehreren Ländern des höhern Aſiens gemein; hier ſind ſie nur nach der Naturgeſchichte des Landes und dem Charakter des Volks in Hieroglyphen verkleidet. Die Grundzüge ihrer politiſchen Einrichtung ſind andern Völkern auf gleicher Stufe der Cultur nicht fremd; nur daß ſie hier im ſchönen Nilthal ein eingeſchloſſenes Volk ſehr ausarbeitete und nach ſeiner Weiſe brauchte. Schwerlich würde Aegypten in den hohen Ruf ſeiner Weisheit gekommen ſein, wenn nicht ſeine uns nähere Lage, die Trümmer ſeiner Alterthümer, vorzüglich aber die Sagen der Griechen es dahin gebracht hätten.

Weitere Ideen zur Philoſophie der Menſchengeſchichte.

1. Lebendige Menſchenkräfte ſind die Triebfedern der Menſchengeſchichte, und da der Menſch ſeinen Urſprung von und in einem Geſchlecht nimmt: ſo wird hiemit ſchon ſeine Bildung, Erziehung und Denkart genetiſch. Daher jene ſonderbaren Nationalcharaktere, die den älteſten Völkern ſo tief eingeprägt, ſich in allen ihren Wirkungen auf der Erde unverkennbar zeichnen. Wie eine Quelle von dem Boden, auf dem ſie ſich ſammelte, Beſtandtheile, Wirkungskräfte und Geſchmack annimmt; ſo entſprang der alte Charakter der Völker aus Geſchlechtszügen, der Himmelsgegend, der Lebensart und Erziehung, aus den frühen Geſchäften und Thaten, die dieſem Volk eigen wurden. — Der Geſchichtſchreiber der Menſchheit muß, wie der Schöpfer unſres Geſchlechts, oder wie der Genius der Erde, unpartheiiſch ſehen und leidenſchaftlos richten. Dem Naturforſcher, der zur Kenntniß und Ordnung aller Claſſen ſeiner Reiche gelangen will, iſt Roſe und Diſtel, das Stink- und Faulthier mit dem Elephanten gleich lieb; er unterſucht das am meiſten, wobei er am meiſten lernt. Nun hat die Natur die ganze Erde ihren Menſchenkindern gegeben und auf ſolcher hervorkeimen laſſen, was nach Ort, Zeit und Kraft irgend nur hervorkeimen konnte. Alles, was ſein kann, iſt; alles, was werden kann, wird; wo nicht heute ſo morgen. Das Jahr der Natur iſt lang; die Blüthe ihrer Pflanzen iſt ſo vielfach als dieſe Gewächſe ſelbſt ſind und die Elemente, die ſie nähren.

2. Wenn's alſo vorzüglich darauf ankommt, in welche Zeit und Gegend die Entſtehung eines Reichs fiel, aus welchen Theilen es beſtand und welche äußere Umſtände es umgaben; ſo ſehen wir, liegt in dieſen Zügen auch ein großer Theil von dieſes Reichs Schickſal. Eine Monarchie, von Nomaden gebildet, die ihre Lebensart auch politiſch fortſetzt, wird ſchwerlich von einer langen Dauer ſein; ſie zerſtört und unterjocht, bis ſie ſelbſt zerſtört wird; die Einnahme der Hauptſtadt und oft der Tod eines Königs allein endet ihre ganze Räuberſcene. So war's mit Babel und Ninive, mit Perſepolis und Ekbatana; ſo iſt's in Perſien noch. Das Reich der Moguls in Indien hat ſein Ende gefunden und das Reich der Türken wird es finden, ſo lange ſie Chaldäer, d. i. fremde Eroberer bleiben und keinen ſittlichern Grund ihres Regiments legen. Der Baum möge bis an den Himmel reichen und ganze Welttheile überſchatten; hat er keine Wurzeln in der Erde; ſo vertilgt ihn oft ein Luftſtoß. Er fällt durch die Liſt eines einzigen treuloſen Sklaven, oder durch die Art eines kühnen Satrapen. Die alte und neue aſiatiſche Geſchichte iſt dieſer Revolutionen voll; daher auch die Philoſophie der Staaten an ihnen wenig zu lernen findet. Despoten werden vom Throne geſtoßen und Despoten darauf erhöhet: das Reich hängt an der Perſon des Monarchen, an ſeinem Zelt, an ſeiner Krone; wer dieſe in ſeiner Gewalt hat, iſt der neue Vater des Volks, d. i. der Anführer einer überwiegenden Räuberbande. Ein Nebucad-Nezar war dem ganzen Vorder-Aſien furchtbar, und unter dem zweiten Erben lag ſein unbefeſtigtes Reich im Staube. Drei Schlachten Alexanders machen dem ungeheuern Perſerreich ein völliges Ende.

3. Endlich ſehen wir aus dem ganzen Erdſtrich, den wir durchwandert haben, wie hinfällig alles Menſchenwerk, ja wie drückend auch die beſte Einrichtung in wenigen Geſchlechtern werde. Die Pflanze blühet und blühet ab: eure Väter ſtarben und verweſen: eure Tempel zerfallen, dein Orakelzelt, deine Geſetztafeln ſind nicht mehr; das ewige Band der Menſchen, die Sprache ſelbſt veraltet; wie? und eine Menſchenverfaſſung, eine politiſche oder Religions-Einrichtung, die doch nur auf dieſe Stücke gebauet ſein kann: ſie ſollte, ſie wollte ewig dauern? So würden dem Flügel der Zeiten Ketten angelegt und der rollende Erdball zu einer trägen Eisſcholle über dem Abgrunde. Wie wäre es uns, wenn wir noch jetzt den König Salomo ſeine 22,000 Ochſen und 120,000 Schafe an Einem Feſt opfern ſähen, oder die Königin aus Saba ihn zu einem Gaſtmahl in Räthſeln beſuchte? Was würden wir von aller Aegypter-Weisheit ſagen, wenn der Ochs Apis und die heilige Katze und der heilige Bock uns im prächtigſten Tempel gezeigt würden? Eben alſo iſt's mit den drückenden Gebräuchen der Bramanen, dem Aberglauben der Parſen, den leeren Anmaßungen der Juden, dem ungereimten Stolz der Sineſen, und was ſich ſonſt irgendwo auf uralte Menſchen-Einrichtungen vor dreitauſend Jahren ſtützen möge. Zoroaſters Lehre möge ein rühmwürdiger Verſuch geweſen ſein, die Uebel der Welt zu erklären und ſeine Genoſſen zu allen Werken des Lichts aufzumuntern; was iſt dieſe Theodice jetzt, auch nur in den Augen eines Mohamedaners? Die Seelenwanderung der Bramanen möge als ein jugendlicher Traum der menſchlichen Einbildungskraft gelten, der unſterbliche Seelen im Kreiſe der Sichtbarkeit verſorgen will und an dieſen gutgemeinten Wahn moraliſche Begriffe knüpfet; was iſt ſie aber als ein vernunftloſes heiliges Geſetz mit ihren tauſend Anhängen von Gebräuchen und Satzungen worden? Die Tradition iſt eine an ſich vortreffliche, unſerm Geſchlecht unentbehrliche Naturordnung; ſobald ſie aber, ſowohl in practiſchen Staatsanſtalten als im Unterricht, alle Denkkraft feſſelt, allen Fortgang der Menſchenvernunft und Verbeſſerung nach neuen Umſtänden und Zeiten hindert, ſo iſt ſie das wahre Opium des Geiſtes ſowohl für Staaten als Secten und einzelne Menſchen. Das große Aſien, die Mutter aller Aufklärung unſrer bewohnten Erde, hat von dieſem ſüßen Gift viel gekoſtet und Andern zu koſten gegeben. Große Staaten und Secten in ihm ihm ſchlafen, wie nach der Fabel der heilige Johannes in ſeinem Grabe ſchläft; er athmet ſanft, aber ſeit faſt zweitauſend Jahren iſt er geſtorben und harret ſchlummernd, bis ſein Erwecker kommt.

Griechenland.

Bei Griechenland klärt ſich der Morgen auf und wir ſchiffen ihm froh entgegen. Die Einwohner dieſes Landes bekamen, in Vergleichung mit andern Nationen, früh Schrift und fanden in den meiſten ihrer Verfaſſungen Triebfedern, ihre Sprache von der Poeſie zu Proſe und in dieſer zur Philoſophie und Geſchichte herabzuführen. Die Philoſophie der Geſchichte ſieht alſo Griechenland für ihre Geburtsſtätte an: ſie hat in ihm auch eine ſchöne Jugend durchlebt. Schon der fabelnde Homer beſchreibt die Sitten mehrerer Völker, ſo weit ſeine Kenntniß reichte; die Sänger der Argonauten, deren Nachhall übrig iſt, erſtrecken ſich in eine andere, merkwürdige Gegend.

Als ſpäterhin die eigentliche Geſchichte ſich von der Poeſie loswand, bereiſte Herodot mehrere Länder und trug mit löblich kindiſcher Neugierde zuſammen, was er ſah und hörte. Die ſpätern Geſchichtſchreiber der Griechen, ob ſie ſich gleich eigentlich auf ihr Land einſchränkten, mußten dennoch auch manches von anderen Ländern melden, mit denen ihr Volk in Verbindung kam; ſo erweiterte ſich endlich, inſonderheit durch Alexanders Züge, allmählig die Welt. Mit Rom, dem die Griechen nicht nur zu Führern in der Geſchichte, ſondern auch ſelbſt zu Geſchichtsſchreibern dienten, erweitert ſie ſich noch mehr, ſo daß Diodor von Sicilien, ein Grieche, und Trogus, ein Römer, ihre Materialien bereits zu einer Art von Weltgeſchichte zuſammenzutragen wagten. Wir freuen uns alſo, daß wir endlich zu einem Volk gelangen, deſſen Urſprung zwar auch im Dunkel begraben, deſſen erſte Zeiten ungewiß, deſſen ſchönſte Werke, ſowohl der Kunſt als der Schrift, größtentheils auch von der Wuth der Völker oder vom Moder der Zeiten vertilgt ſind, von dem aber dennoch herrliche Denkmale zu uns reden.

Griechenlands Sprache, Mythologie und Dichtkunſt.

Die griechiſche Sprache iſt die gebildetſte der Welt, die griechiſche Mythologie die reichſte und die ſchönſte auf der Erde, die griechiſche Dichtkunſt endlich vielleicht die vollkommenſte ihrer Art, wenn man ſie ort- und zeitmäßig betrachtet. Wer gab nun dieſen einſt rohen Stämmen eine ſolche Sprache, Poeſie und bildliche Weisheit? Der Genius der Natur gab ſie ihnen, ihr Land, ihre Lebensart, ihre Zeit, ihr Stammescharakter.

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Die griechiſche Sprache iſt wie durch Geſang entſtanden; denn Geſang und Dichtkunſt, und ein früher Gebrauch des freien Lebens hat ſie zur Muſenſprache der Welt gebildet. So ſelten ſich nun jene Umſtände der Griechen-Cultur wieder zuſammenfinden werden, ſo wenig das Menſchengeſchlecht in ſeine Kindheit zurückgehen und einen Orpheus, Muſäus und Linus oder einen Homerus und Heſiodus mit allem, was ſie begleitete, von den Todten zurückführen kann; ſo wenig iſt die Geneſis einer griechiſchen Sprache in unſern Zeiten ſelbſt für dieſe Gegenden möglich.

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Die Mythologie der Griechen floß aus Sagen verſchiedener Gegenden zuſammen, die Glaube des Volks, Erzählungen der Stämme von ihren Urvätern, oder die erſten Verſuche denkender Köpfe waren, ſich die Wunder der Welt zu erklären, und der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft Geſtalt zu geben *).

Vor allen iſt Homer berühmt, der Vater aller griechiſchen Dichter und Weiſen, die nach ihm lebten. Durch ein glückliches Schickſal wurden ſeine zerſtreuten Geſänge zu rechter Zeit geſammelt und zu einem zwiefachen Ganzen vereint, das wie ein unzerſtörbarer Palaſt der Götter und Helden auch nach Jahrtauſenden glänzt. Wie man ein Wunder der Natur zu erklären ſtrebt; ſo hat man ſich Mühe gegeben, das Werden Homers zu erklären **), der doch nichts als ein Kind der Natur war, ein glücklicher Sänger der joniſchen Küſte. So manche ſeiner Art mögen untergegangen ſein, die ihm theilweiſe den Ruhm ſtreitig machen konnten, in welchen er jetzt als ein Einziger lebt. Man hat ihm Tempel gebaut, und ihn als einen menſchlichen Gott verehrt; die größte Verehrung indeß iſt die bleibende Wirkung, die er auf ſeine Nation hatte und noch jetzt auf alle diejenigen hat, die ihn zu ſchätzen vermögen. Zwar ſind die Gegenſtände, die er beſingt, Kleinigkeiten nach unſrer Weiſe: ſeine Götter und Helden mit ihren Sitten und Leidenſchaften ſind keine anderen, als die ihm die Sage ſeiner und der vergangenen Zeiten darbot; eben ſo eingeſchränkt iſt auch ſeine Natur- und Erdkenntniß, ſeine Moral und Staatslehre. Aber die Wahrheit und Weisheit, mit der er alle Gegenſtände ſeiner Welt zu einem lebendigen Ganzen verwebt, der feſte Umriß jedes ſeiner Züge in jeder Perſon ſeiner unſterblichen Gemälde, die unangeſtrengte ſanfte Art, in welcher er, frei als ein Gott, alle Charaktere ſieht, und ihre Laſter und Tugenden, ihre Glücks- und Unglücksfälle erzählt, die Muſik endlich, die in ſo abwechſelnden großen Gedichten unaufhörlich von ſeinen Lippen ſtrömt und jedem Bilde, jedem Klange ſeiner Worte eingehaucht, mit ſeinen Geſängen gleich ewig lebt: ſie ſinds, die in der Geſchichte der Menſchheit den Homer zum Einzigen ſeiner Art und der Unſterblichkeit würdig machen, wenn etwas auf Erden unſterblich ſein kann.

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Homer war den Griechen in mehrerem Betracht ein Götterbote des Nationalruhms, ein Quell der vielſeitigen Nationalweisheit. Die ſpätern Dichter folgten ihm; die tragiſchen zogen aus ihm Fabeln, die lehrenden Allegorien, Beiſpiele und Sentenzen; jeder erſte Schriftſteller einer neuen Gattung nahm am Kunſtgebäude ſeines Werks zu dem ſeinigen das Vorbild, alſo daß Homer gar bald das Panier des griechiſchen Geſchmacks ward, und bei ſchwächern Köpfen die Regel aller menſchlichen Weisheit. Auch auf die Dichter der Römer hat er gewirkt, und ſeine Aeneis würde ohne ihn da ſein. Noch mehr hat auch Er die neuern Völker Europa's aus der Barbarei gezogen, ſo mancher Jüngling hat an ihm bildende Freude genoſſen, und der arbeitende ſowohl als der betrachtende Mann Regeln des Geſchmacks und der Menſchenkenntniß aus ihm gezogen.

Künſte der Griechen.

Da aber bei den Griechen ihre Götter durch Geſang und Gedichte eingeführt waren und in herrlichen Geſtalten darinnen lebten: was war natürlicher, als daß die bildende Kunſt von frühen Zeiten an eine Tochter der Dichtkunſt ward, der ihre Mutter jene großen Geſtalten gleichſam ins Ohr ſang? Von Dichtern mußte der Künſtler die Geſchichte der Götter, mithin auch die Art ihrer Vorſtellung lernen; daher die älteſte Kunſt ſelbſt die grauſendſte Abbildung derſelben nicht verſchmähte, weil ſie der Dichter ſang *). Mit der Zeit kam man auf gefälligere Vorſtellungen, weil die Dichtkunſt ſelbſt gefälliger wurde, und ſo ward Homer ein Vater der ſchönern Kunſt der Griechen, weil er der Vater ihrer ſchönern Poeſie war. Er gab dem Phidias jene erhabne Idee zu ſeinem Jupiter, welcher dann die andern Abbildungen dieſes Götterkünſtlers folgten. Nach den Verwandtſchaften der Götter in den Erzählungen ihrer Dichter kamen auch beſtimmtere Charaktere oder gar Familienzüge in ihre Bilder, bis endlich die angenommene Dichter-Tradition ſich zu einem Codex der Göttergeſtalten im ganzen Reich der Kunſt formte. Kein Volk des Alterthums konnte alſo die Kunſt der Griechen haben, das nicht auch griechiſche Mythologie und Dichtkunſt gehabt hatte, zugleich aber auch auf griechiſche Weiſe zu ſeiner Kultur gelangt war. Ein ſolches hat es in der Geſchichte nicht gegeben, und ſo ſtehen die Griechen mit ihrer Homeriſchen Kunſt allein da.

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Wollet ihr alſo ein neues Griechenland in Götterbildern hervorbringen, ſo gebet einem Volke dieſen dichteriſch-mythologiſchen Aberglauben, nebſt allem, was dazu gehört, in ſeiner ganzen Natureinfalt wieder. Durchreiſet Griechenland und betrachtet ſeine Tempel, ſeine Grotten und heiligen Haine, ſo werdet ihr von dem Gedanken ablaſſen, einem Volke die Höhe der griechiſchen Kunſt auch nur wünſchen zu wollen, das von einer ſolchen Religion, d. i. von einem ſo lebhaften Aberglauben, der jede Stadt, jeden Flecken und Winkel mit zugeordneter, heiliger Gegenwart erfüllt hatte, ganz und gar nichts weiß.

Sitten- und Staatenweisheit der Griechen.

Bald alſo thaten ſich in vielen frei gewordenen Stämmen und Kolonieen weiſe Männer hervor, die Vormünder des Volks wurden. Sie ſahen, unter welchen Uebeln ihr Stamm litt, und ſannen auf eine Einrichtung deſſelben, die auf Geſetze und Sitten des Ganzen erbauet wäre. Natürlich waren alſo die meiſten dieſer alten griechiſchen weiſen Männer in öffentlichen Geſchäften Vorſteher des Volks, Rathgeber der Könige, Heerführer: denn bloß von dieſen Edeln konnte die politiſche Kultur ausgehen, die weiter hinab aufs Volk wirkte. Selbſt Lykurg, Drako, Solon, waren aus den erſten Geſchlechtern ihrer Stadt, zum Theil ſelbſt obrigkeitliche Perſonen: die Uebel der Ariſtokratie ſammt der Unzufriedenheit des Volks waren zu ihrer Zeit aufs Höchſte geſtiegen, daher die beſſere Einrichtung, die ſie angaben, ſo großen Eingang gewann. Unſterblich bleibt das Lob dieſer Männer, daß ſie, vom Zutrauen des Volks unterſtützt, für ſich und die Übrigen den Reiz der Oberherrſchaft verſchmähten, und allen ihren Fleiß, alle ihre Menſchen- und Volkskenntniß auf ein Gemeinweſen, d. i. auf den Staat als

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*) S. Heyne de fontibus et causis errorum in historia mythica; de causis fabularum physicis; de origine et causis fabularum Homericarum; de Theogonia ab Hesiodo condita etc.

**) Blackwell Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer 1735. Wood Essay on the original Genius of Homer 1769.

*) S. Heyne über den Kaſten des Kypſelus u. a.

Staat wandten. Wären ihre erſten Verſuche in dieſer Art auch bei weitem nicht die höchſten und ewigen Muſter menſchlicher Einrichtungen; ſie ſollten dieſes auch nicht ſein: ſie gehören nirgend hin, als wo ſie eingeführt wurden, ja auch hier mußten ſie ſich den Sitten des Stammes und ſeinen eingewurzelten Uebeln oft wider Willen bequemen. Lykurg hatte freiere Hand als Solon; er ging aber in zu alte Zeiten zurück und bauete einen Staat, als ob die Welt ewig im Heldenalter der rohen Jugend verharren könnte. Er führete ſeine Geſetze ein, ohne ihre Wirkungen abzuwarten, und für ſeinen Geiſt wäre es wohl die empfindlichſte Strafe geweſen, durch alle Zeitalter der griechiſchen Geſchichte die Folgen zu ſehen, die ſie theils durch Mißbrauch, theils durch ihre zu lange Dauer ſeiner Stadt, und bisweilen dem ganzen Griechenlande verurſacht haben. Die Geſetze Solons wurden auf einem andern Wege ſchädlich. Den Geiſt derſelben hatte er ſelbſt überlebt; die übeln Folgen ſeiner Volksregierung ſahe er voraus, und ſie ſind bis zum letzten Athem Athens den Weiſeſten und Beſten ſeiner Stadt unverkennbar geblieben *). Das iſt aber einmal das Schickſal aller menſchlichen Einrichtungen, inſonderheit der ſchwerſten, über Land und Leute. Zeit und Natur verändern Alles, und das Leben der Menſchen ſollte ſich nicht ändern? Mit jedem neuen Geſchlecht kommt eine neue Denkart empor, ſo altväteriſch auch die Einrichtung und die Erziehung bliebe. Neue Bedürfniſſe und Gefahren, neue Vortheile des Sieges, des Reichthums, der wachſenden Ehre, ſelbſt der mehreren Bevölkerung drängen ſich hinzu; und wie kann nun der geſtrige Tag der heutige, das alte Geſetz ein ewiges Geſetz bleiben? Es wird beibehalten, aber vielleicht nur zum Schein, und leidet am meiſten in Mißbräuchen, deren Aufopferung eigennützigen, trägen Menſchen zu hart fiele. Dieß war der Fall mit Lykurgs, Solons, Romulus, Moſes und allen Geſetzen, die ihre Zeit überlebten.

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Trotz alſo aller böſen, zum Theil auch ſchrecklichen Folgen, die für Heloten, Pelasger, Kolonieen, Ausländer und Feinde mancher Griechenſtaat gehabt hat; ſo können wir doch das hohe Edle jenes Gemeinſinnes nicht verkennen, der in Lacedämon, Athen und Thebe, ja gewiſſermaßen in jedem Staate Griechenlands zu ſeinen Zeiten lebte. Es iſt völlig wahr und gewiß, daß nicht aus einzelnen Geſetzen eines einzelnen Mannes erwachſen, er auch nicht in jedem Gliede des Staats auf gleiche Weiſe, zu allen Zeiten gelebt habe; gelebt hat er indeß unter den Griechen, wie es ſelbſt noch ihre ungerechten, wüthigen Kriege, die härteſten ihrer Bedrückungen, und die treuloſeſten Verräther ihrer Bürgertugend zeigen. Die Grabſchrift jener Spartaner, die bei Thermopylä fielen:

> Wandrer, ſag's zu Sparta, daß ſeinen Geſetzen gehorſam
> Wir erſchlagen hier liegen —

bleibt allemal der Grundſatz der höchſten politiſchen Tugend, bei dem wir auch zwei Jahrtauſende ſpäter nur zu bedauern haben, daß er zwar einſt auf der Erde der Grundſatz weniger Spartaner über einige harte Patrizier-Geſetze eines engen Landes, noch nie aber das Principium für die reinen Geſetze der geſammten Menſchheit hat werden mögen. Der Grundſatz ſelbſt iſt der höchſte, den Menſchen zu ihrer Glückſeligkeit und Freiheit erſinnen und ausüben mögen. Ein Aehnliches iſt mit der Verfaſſung Athens, obgleich dieſelbe auf einen ganz andern Zweck führte. Denn wenn die Aufklärung des Volkes in Sachen, die zunächſt für daſſelbe gehören, der Gegenſtand einer politiſchen Einrichtung ſein darf: ſo iſt Athen unſtreitig die aufgeklärteſte Stadt in unſerer bekannten Welt geweſen. Weder Paris noch London, weder Rom noch Babylon, noch weniger Memphis, Jeruſalem, Peking und Benares werden ihr darüber den Rang abſtreiten. Da nun Patriotismus und Aufklärung die beiden Pole ſind, um welche ſich alle Sittencultur der Menſchheit beweget, ſo werden auch Athen und Sparta immer die beiden großen Gedächtnißplätze bleiben, auf welchen ſich die Staatskunſt der Menſchen über dieſe Zwecke zuerſt jugendlich-froh geübt hat.

Wiſſenſchaftliche Uebungen der Griechen.

Zur menſchlichen und moraliſchen Philoſophie neigte ſich der Forſchungsgeiſt der Griechen vorzüglich, weil ihre Zeit und Verfaſſung ſie am meiſten dieſes Weges führte. Naturgeſchichte, Phyſik und Mathematik waren damals noch lange nicht genug angebauet, und zu unſern neuern Entdeckungen die Werkzeuge noch nicht erfunden. Alles zog ſich dagegen auf die Natur und die Sitten der Menſchen. Dies war der herrſchende Ton der griechiſchen Dichtkunſt, Geſchichte und Staatseinrichtung; jeder Bürger mußte ſeine Mitbürger kennen, und bisweilen öffentliche Geſchäfte verwalten, denen er ſich nicht entziehen konnte; die Leidenſchaften und wirkenden Kräfte der Menſchen hatten damals ein freieres Spiel; ſelbſt dem müßigen Philoſophen ſchlichen ſie nicht unbemerkt vorüber, Menſchen zu regieren, oder als ein lebendes Glied der Geſellſchaft zu wirken, war der herrſchende Zug jeder emporſtrebenden griechiſchen Seele. Kein Wunder alſo, daß auch die Philoſophie des abſtracten Denkers auf Bildung der Sitten oder des Staats hinausging, wie Pythagoras, Plato, und ſelbſt Ariſtoteles dies beweiſen. Staaten einzurichten, war ihr bürgerlicher Beruf nicht; nirgend war Pythagoras, wie Lykurgus, Solon oder Andre, Obrigkeit und Archon; auch der größte Theil ſeiner Philoſophie war Speculation, die ſogar bis an den Aberglauben grenzte. Indeſſen zog ſeine Schule Männer, die auf die Staaten Großgriechenlands den größten Einfluß gehabt haben, und der Bund ſeiner Jünger wäre, wenn ihm das Schickſal Dauer gegönnt hätte, vielleicht die wirkſamſte, wenigſtens eine ſehr reine Triebfeder zur Verbeſſerung der Welt worden *). Aber auch dieſer Schritt des über ſeine Zeit hocherhabnen Mannes war zu früh; die reichen, ſybaritiſchen Städte Großgriechenlands nebſt ihren Tyrannen begehrten ſolche Sittenwächter nicht, und die Pythagoräer wurden ermordet.

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Es iſt ein zwar oft wiederholter, aber wie mich dünkt, überſpannter Lobſpruch des menſchenfreundlichen Sokrates, daß Er's zuerſt und vorzüglich geweſen ſei, der die Philoſophie vom Himmel auf die Erde gerufen und mit dem ſittlichen Leben der Menſchen befreundet habe; wenigſtens gilt der Lobſpruch nur die Perſon Sokrates ſelbſt und den engen Kreis ſeines Lebens. Lange vor ihm waren Philoſophen geweſen, die ſittlich und thätig für die Menſchen philoſophirt hatten, da vom fabelhaften Orpheus an, eben dies der bezeichnende Charakter der griechiſchen Cultur war. Auch Pythagoras hatte durch ſeine Schule eine viel größere Anlage zur Bildung menſchlicher Sitten gemacht, als Sokrates durch alle ſeine Freunde je hatte machen mögen. Daß dieſer die höhere Abſtraction nicht liebte, lag an ſeinem Stande, am Kreiſe ſeiner Kenntniſſe, vorzüglich aber an ſeiner Zeit und Lebensweiſe. Die Syſteme der Einbildungskraft ohne fernere Naturerfahrungen waren erſchöpft, und die griechiſche Weisheit ein gaukelndes Geſchwätz der Sophiſten worden, daß es alſo keines großen Schrittes bedurfte, das zu verachten oder beiſeit zu legen, was nicht weiter zu übertreffen war. Vor dem ſchimmernden Geiſte der Sophiſten ſchützte ihn ſein Dämon, ſeine natürliche Redlichkeit und der bürgerliche Gang ſeines Lebens. Dieſer ſtellte zugleich ſeiner Philoſophie das eigentliche Ziel der Menſchheit vor, das beinahe auf alle, mit denen er umging, ſo ſchöne Folgen hatte; allerdings gehörte aber zu dieſer Wirkſamkeit die Zeit, der Ort und der Kreis von Menſchen, mit denen Sokrates lebte. Anderswo wäre der bürgerliche Weiſe ein aufgeklärter tugendhafter Mann geweſen, ohne daß wir vielleicht ſeinen Namen wüßten; denn keine Erfindung, keine neue Lehre iſt's, die er, ihm eigen, ins Buch der Zeiten verzeichnet nur durch ſeine Methode und Denkweiſe, durch die moraliſche Bildung, die er ſich ſelbſt gegeben hatte und Andern zu geben ſuchte, vorzüglich endlich durch die Art ſeines Todes ward er der Welt ein Muſter. Es gehörte viel dazu, ein Sokrates zu ſein, vor Allem die ſchöne Gabe, entbehren zu können, und der feine Geſchmack an moraliſcher Schönheit, den er bei ſich zu einer Art von Inſtinct erhöhet zu haben ſcheinet; indeſſen hebe man auch dieſen beſcheidnen edlen Mann nicht über die Sphäre empor, in welche ihn die Vorſehung ſelbſt ſtellte.

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Ein ganz anderer war Ariſtoteles Geiſt, der ſcharfſinnigſte, feſteſte und trockenſte vielleicht, der je den Griffel geführt. Seine Philoſophie iſt freilich mehr die Philoſophie der Schule, als des gemeinen Lebens, inſonderheit in den Schriften, die wir von ihm haben, und nach der Weiſe, wie man ſie gebraucht; um ſo mehr aber hat die reine Vernunft und Wiſſenſchaft durch ihn gewonnen, ſo daß er in ihrem Gebiet als ein Monarch der Zeiten daſtehet.

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*) S. Xenophon über die Republik der Athenienſer; auch Plato, Ariſtoteles u. And.

*) S. in Meiners Geſchichte der Wiſſenſchaften in Griechenland und Rom Thl. 1. die Geſchichte dieſer Geſellſchaft.

Seine beſſern Schriften aber, die Naturgeſchichte und Phyſik, die Ethik und Moral, die Politik, Poetik und Redekunſt erwarten noch manche glückliche Anwendung. Zu beklagen iſt's, daß ſeine hiſtoriſchen Werke untergegangen ſind und daß wir auch ſeine Naturgeſchichte nur im Auszuge haben. Wer indeſſen den Griechen den Geiſt reiner Wiſſenſchaft abſpricht, möge ihren Ariſtoteles und Euklides leſen, Schriftſteller, die in ihrer Art nie übertroffen wurden: denn auch das war Platons und Ariſtoteles Verdienſt, daß ſie den Geiſt der Naturwiſſenſchaft und Mathematik erweckten, der über alles Moraliſiren hinaus ins Große geht, und für alle Zeiten wirkt. Mehrere Schüler derſelben waren Beförderer der Aſtronomie, Botanik, Anatomie und anderer Wiſſenſchaften, wie denn Ariſtoteles ſelbſt bloß mit ſeiner Naturgeſchichte den Grund zu einem Gebäude gelegt hat, an welchem noch Jahrhunderte bauen werden. In allem Gewiſſen der Wiſſenſchaft, wie zu allem Schönen der Form iſt in Griechenland der Grund gelegt worden; leider aber, daß uns das Schickſal von den Schriften ſeiner gründlichſten Weiſen ſo wenig gegönnt hat! Was übrig geblieben iſt, iſt vortrefflich: das Vortrefflichſte ging vielleicht unter.

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Das Schickſal mit eiſernem Fuß geht einen andern Gang fort, als daß es auf die Unſterblichkeit einzelner menſchlicher Werke in Wiſſenſchaft oder in Kunſt rechne. Die gewaltigen Propyläen Athens, alle Tempel der Götter, jene prächtigen Paläſte, Mauern, Koloſſe, Bildſäulen, Sitze, Waſſerleitungen, Straßen, Altäre, die das Alterthum für die Ewigkeit ſchuf, ſind durch die Wuth der Zerſtörer dahin; und einige ſchwache Gedankenblätter des menſchlichen Nachſinnens und Dichtens ſollten verſchont bleiben? Vielmehr iſt zu verwundern, daß wir derſelben noch ſo viel haben, und vielleicht haben wir an ihnen noch zu viel, als daß wir ſie alle gebraucht hätten, wie ſie zu gebrauchen wären. Laſſet uns jetzt zum Aufſchluß deſſen, was wir bisher einzeln durchgingen, die Geſchichte Griechenlands im Ganzen betrachten; ſie trägt ihre Philoſophie Schritt vor Schritt belehrend mit ſich.

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Sowohl in Kriegs- als Staatsſachen haben die erfahrenſten Männer der römiſchen und neueren Welt von den Griechen gelernet: denn die Art des Krieges möge ſich mit den Waffen, der Zeit und der Weltlage ändern; der Geiſt der Menſchen, der da erfindet, überredet, ſeine Anſchläge bedeckt, angreift, vorrückt, ſich vertheidigt oder zurückzieht, die Schwächen ſeiner Feinde ausſpähet und ſo oder alſo ſeinen Vortheil gebraucht oder mißbraucht, wird zu allen Zeiten derſelbe bleiben.

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In der phyſiſchen Natur zählen wir nie auf Wunder: wir bemerken Geſetze, die wir allenthalben gleich wirkſam, unwandelbar und regelmäßig finden; wie? und das Reich der Menſchheit mit ſeinen Kräften, Veränderungen und Leidenſchaften ſollte ſich dieſer Naturkette entwinden? Setzet Sineſen nach Griechenland, und es wäre unſer Griechenland nie entſtanden; ſetzt unſre Griechen dahin, wohin Darius die gefangenen Eretrier führte: ſie werden kein Sparta und Athen bilden. Betrachtet Griechenland jetzt; ihr findet die alten Griechen, ja oft ihr Land nicht mehr. Sprächen ſie nicht noch einen Reſt ihrer Sprache, ſähet ihr nicht noch Trümmer ihrer Denkart, ihrer Kunſt, ihrer Städte, oder wenigſtens ihrer alten Flüſſe und Berge, ſo müßtet ihr glauben, das alte Griechenland ſei euch als eine Inſel der Kalypſo oder des Alkinous vorgedichtet worden. Wie nun dieſe neuern Griechen nur durch die Zeitfolge, in einer gegebenen Reihe von Urſachen und Wirkungen das worden ſind, was ſie wurden; nicht minder jene alten, nicht minder jede Nation der Erde. Die ganze Menſchengeſchichte iſt eine reine Naturgeſchichte menſchlicher Kräfte, Handlungen und Triebe nach Ort und Zeit.

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Man gehe die verlornen und erhaltenen Schriften, die verſchwundenen und übriggebliebenen Werke der Kunſt, ſammt den Nachrichten über ihre Erhaltung und Zerſtörung durch, und wage es, die Regel anzuzeigen, nach welcher in einzelnen Fällen das Schickſal erhielt oder zerſtörte! Ariſtoteles ward in einem Exemplar unter der Erde, andere Schriften als verworfene Pergamente in Kellern und Kiſten, der Spötter Ariſtophanes unter dem Kopfkiſſen des heil. Chryſoſtomus erhalten, damit dieſer aus ihm predigen lernte, und ſo ſind die verworfenſten kleinſten Wege gerade diejenigen geweſen, von denen unſre ganze Aufklärung abhing. Nun iſt unſre Aufklärung unſtreitig ein großes Ding in der Weltgeſchichte: ſie hat faſt alle Völker in Aufruhr gebracht und legt jetzt mit Herſchel die Milchſtraßen des Himmels wie Strata auseinander. Und dennoch, von welchen kleinen Umſtänden hing ſie ab, die uns das Glas und einige Bücher brachten! ſo daß wir ohne dieſe Kleinigkeiten vielleicht noch wie unſre alten Brüder, die unſterblichen Scythen, mit Weibern und Kindern auf Wagenhäuſern führen. Hätte die Reihe der Begebenheiten es gewollt, daß wir ſtatt griechiſcher mongoliſche Buchſtaben erhalten ſollten: ſo ſchrieben wir jetzt mongoliſch und die Erde ginge deshalb mit ihren Jahren und Jahreszeiten ihren großen Gang fort, eine Ernährerin alles deſſen, was nach göttlichen Naturgeſetzen auf ihr lebet und wirket.

Roms Einrichtungen zu einem herrſchenden Staats- und Kriegsgebäude.

1. Der römiſche Senat, wie das römiſche Volk, waren von frühen Zeiten an Krieger; Rom, von ſeinem höchſten bis im Nothfall zum niedrigſten Gliede, war ein Kriegsſtaat. Der Senat rathſchlagte: er gab aber auch in ſeinen Patriziern Feldherren und Geſandte: der wohlhabende Bürger, von ſeinem ſiebzehnten bis zum ſechsundvierzig- oder gar fünfzigſten Jahre, mußte zu Felde dienen. Wer nicht zehn Kriegszüge gethan hatte, war keiner obrigkeitlichen Stelle würdig. Daher alſo der Staatsgeiſt der Römer im Felde, ihr Kriegsgeiſt im Staat. Ihre Berathſchlagungen waren über Sachen, die ſie kannten, ihre Entſchlüſſe wurden Thaten. Der römiſche Geſandte prägte Königen Ehrfurcht ein; denn er konnte zugleich Heere führen, und im Senat ſowohl als im Felde das Schickſal über Königreiche entſcheiden. Das Volk der obern Centurien war keine rohe Maſſe des Pöbels; es beſtand aus kriegs-, länder-, geſchäfterfahrnen, begüterten Männern. Die ärmern Centurien galten mit ihren Stimmen auch minder, und wurden in den beſſern Zeiten Roms des Krieges nicht einmal fähig geachtet.

2. Dieſer Beſtimmung ging die römiſche Erziehung inſonderheit in den edlen Geſchlechtern entgegen. Man lernte rathſchlagen, reden, ſeine Stimme geben oder das Volk lenken; man ging früh in den Krieg und bahnte ſich den Weg zu Triumphen oder Ehrengeſchenken und Staatsämtern. Daher der ſo eigne Charakter der römiſchen Geſchichte und Beredſamkeit, ſelbſt ihrer Rechtsgelehrſamkeit und Religion, Philoſophie und Sprache; alle hauchen einen Staats- und Thatengeiſt, einen männlichen, kühnen Muth, mit Verſchlagenheit und Bürger-Urbanität verbunden. Es läßt ſich beinahe kein größerer Unterſchied gedenken, als wenn man eine ſineſiſche oder jüdiſche und römiſche Geſchichte oder Beredſamkeit mit einander vergleichet. Auch vom Geiſte der Griechen, Sparta ſelbſt nicht ausgenommen, iſt der römiſche Geiſt verſchieden, weil er bei dieſem Volke gleichſam auf einer härtern Natur, auf älterer Gewohnheit, auf feſtern Grundſätzen ruhet. Der römiſche Senat ſtarb nicht aus; ſeine Schlüſſe, ſeine Maximen und der von Romulus hergeerbte Römer-Charakter war ewig.

3. Die römiſchen Feldherren waren oft Conſuls, deren Amt und Feldherrn-Würde gewöhnlich nur ein Jahr dauerte: ſie mußten alſo eilen, um im Triumph zurückzukehren, und der Nachfolger eilte ſeines Vorfahren Götterehre nach. Daher der unglaubliche Fortgang und die Vervielfältigung der römiſchen Kriege; einer entſtand aus dem andern, wie einer den andern trieb. Man ſparte ſich ſogar Gelegenheit auf, um künftige Feldzüge zu beginnen, wenn der jetzige vollendet wäre und wucherte mit denſelben wie mit einem Kapital der Beute, des Glücks und der Ehre. Daher das Intereſſe, das die Römer ſo gern an fremden Völkern nahmen, denen ſie ſich als Bundes- und Schutzverwandte, oder als Schiedsrichter, gewiß nicht aus Menſchenliebe, aufdrängten. Ihre Bundesfreundſchaft ward Vormundſchaft, ihr Rath Befehl, ihre Entſcheidung Krieg oder Herrſchaft. Nie hat es einen kältern Stolz und zuletzt eine ſchamloſere Kühnheit des beſchleichenden Aufdringens gegeben, als dieſe Römer bewieſen haben; ſie glaubten, die Welt ſei die ihre und darum ward ſie's.

4. Auch der römiſche Soldat nahm an den Ehren und am Lohne des Feldherrn Theil. In den erſten Zeiten der Bürgertugend Roms diente man um keinen Sold, nachher ward er ſparſam ertheilt; mit den Eroberungen aber und der Emporhebung des Volks durch ſeine Tribunen wuchſen Sold, Lohn und Beute. Oft wurden die Aecker der Ueberwundenen unter die Soldaten vertheilt, und es iſt bekannt, daß die meiſten und älteſten Streitigkeiten der römiſchen Republik über die Austheilung der Aecker unter das Volk entſtanden. Späterhin bei auswärtigen Eroberungen

nahm der Soldat an der Beute, und durch Ehre ſowohl als durch reiche Geſchenke am Triumph ſeines Feldherrn ſelbſt Theil. Es gab Bürger-, Mauer-, Schiffskronen, und L. Dentatus konnte ſich rühmen, „daß, da er hundert und zwanzig Treffen beigewohnt, achtmal im Zweikampf geſiegt, vorn am Leibe fünf und vierzig Wunden und hinten keine erhalten, er dem Feinde fünf und dreißigmal die Waffen abgezogen und mit achtzehn unbeſchlagenen Spießen, mit fünf und zwanzig Pferdezierrathen, mit drei und achtzig Ketten, hundert und ſechzig Armringen, mit ſechs und zwanzig Kronen, nämlich vierzehn Bürger-, acht goldnen, drei Mauer- und einer Errettungskrone, außerdem mit baarem Gelde, zehn Gefangenen und zwanzig Ochſen beſchenkt ſei.“

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5. Der größte Theil der geprieſenen Römertugend iſt uns ohne die enge, harte Verfaſſung ihres Staats unerklärlich; jene fiel weg, ſobald dieſe wegfiel. Die Conſuls traten in die Stelle der Könige und wurden nach den älteſten Beiſpielen gleichſam gedrungen, eine mehr als königliche, eine römiſche Seele zu beweiſen; alle Obrigkeiten, inſonderheit die Cenſors, nahmen an dieſem Geiſte Theil. Man erſtaunt über die ſtrenge Unpartheilichkeit, über die uneigennützige Großmuth, über das geſchäftvolle bürgerliche Leben der alten Römer vom Anbruch des Tages an, ja noch vor Anbruch deſſelben, bis in die ſpäte Dämmerung. Kein Staat der Welt hat es vielleicht in dieſer ernſten Geſchäftigkeit, in dieſer bürgerlichen Härte ſo weit als Rom gebracht, in welchem ſich alles nahe zuſammendrängte. Der Adel ihrer Geſchlechter, der ſich auch durch Geſchlechtsnamen zierlich auszeichnete, die immer erneuerte Gefahr von außen und das unaufhörlich kämpfende Gegengewicht zwiſchen dem Volk und den Edlen von innen; wiederum das Band zwiſchen beiden durch Clientelen und Patronate, das gemeinſchaftliche Drängen an einander auf Märkten, in Häuſern, in politiſchen Tempeln, die nahen und doch genau abgetheilten Grenzen zwiſchen dem, was dem Rath und dem Volk gehörte, ihr enges häusliches Leben, die Erziehung der Jugend im Anblick dieſer Dinge von Kindheit auf; alles trug dazu bei, das römiſche Volk zum ſtolzeſten, erſten Volk der Welt zu bilden. Ihr Adel war nicht, wie bei andern Völkern, ein träger Landgüter- oder Namensadel; es war ein ſtolzer Familien-, ein Bürger- und Römergeiſt in den erſten Geſchlechtern, auf welchen das Vaterland als auf ſeine ſtärkſte Stütze rechnete: in fortgeſetzter Wirkſamkeit, im dauernden Zuſammenhange deſſelben ewigen Staates erbte es von Vätern auf Kinder und Enkel hinunter. Ich bin gewiß, daß in den gefährlichſten Zeiten kein Römer einen Begriff davon gehabt habe, wie Rom untergehen könne, ſie wirkten für ihre Stadt, als ſei ihr von den Göttern die Ewigkeit beſchieden und als ob ſie Werkzeuge dieſer Götter zur ewigen Erhaltung derſelben wären. Nur als das ungeheure Glück den Muth der Römer zum Uebermuth machte, da ſagte ſchon Scipio beim Untergange Karthago's jene Verſe Homers, die auch ſeinem Vaterlande das Schickſal Troja's weiſſagten.

6. Die Art, wie die Religion mit dem Staat in Rom verwebt war, trug allerdings zu ſeiner bürgerlich-kriegeriſchen Größe bei. Da ſie vom Anbeginn der Stadt und in den tapferſten Zeiten der Republik in den Händen der angeſehenſten Familien, der Staats- und Kriegsmänner ſelbſt war, ſo daß auch noch die Kaiſer ſich ihrer Würden nicht ſchämten, ſo bewahrte ſie ſich in ihren Gebräuchen vor jener wahren Peſt aller Landesreligionen, der Verachtung, die der Senat auf alle Weiſe von ihr abzuhalten ſtrebte. Der ſtaatskluge Polybius ſchrieb alſo einen Theil der Römertugenden, vornämlich ihre unbeſtechliche Treue und Wahrheit, der Religion zu, die er Aberglauben nannte; und wirklich ſind die Römer bis in die ſpäten Zeiten ihres Verfalls dieſem Aberglauben ſo ergeben geweſen, daß auch einige Feldherren vom wildeſten Gemüth ſich die Geberde eines Umganges mit den Göttern gaben und durch ihre Begeiſterung, wie durch ihren Beiſtand nicht nur über die Gemüther des Volks und Heers, ſondern ſelbſt über das Glück und den Zufall Macht zu haben glaubten. Mit allen Staats- und Kriegshandlungen war Religion verbunden, alſo daß jene durch dieſe geweihet wurden; daher die edlen Geſchlechter für den Beſitz der Religionswürden als für ihr heiligſtes Vorrecht gegen das Volk kämpften. Man ſchreibt dieſes gemeiniglich bloß ihrer Staatsklugheit zu, weil ſie durch die Auſpicien und Aruſpicien, als durch einen künſtlichen Religionsbetrug den Lauf der Begebenheiten in ihrer Hand hatten; aber wiewohl ich nicht läugne, daß dieſe auch alſo gebraucht worden, ſo war dies die ganze Sache nicht. Die Religion der Väter und Götter Roms war dem allgemeinen Glauben nach die Stütze ihres Glücks, das Unterpfand ihres Vorzugs vor andern Völkern und das geweihete Heiligthum ihres in der Welt einzigen Staates. Wie ſie nun im Anfange keine fremden Götter aufnahmen, ob ſie wohl die Götter jedes fremden Landes ſchonten; ſo ſollte auch ihren Göttern der alte Dienſt, durch den ſie Römer geworden waren, bleiben. Hierin etwas verändern, hieß die Grundſäule des Staats verrücken.

7. Was ſoll ich von der römiſchen Kriegskunſt ſagen? „Nie nachzulaſſen, bis der Feind im Staube lag, und daher immer nur mit einem Feinde zu ſchlagen; nie Frieden anzunehmen im Unglück, wenn auch der Friede mehr als der Sieg brächte, ſondern feſt zu ſtehen und deſto trotziger zu ſein gegen den glücklichen Sieger; großmüthig und mit der Larve der Uneigennützigkeit angefangen, als ob man nur Leidende zu ſchützen, nur Bundesverwandte zu gewinnen ſuchte, bis man zeitig genug den Bundesgenoſſen befehlen, die Beſchützten unterdrücken und über Freund und Feind als Sieger triumphiren konnte.“ Dieſe und ähnliche Maximen römiſcher Inſolenz, oder wenn man will, felſenfeſter, kluger Großmuth machten eine Welt von Ländern zu ihren Provinzen, und werden es immer thun, wenn ähnliche Zeiten mit einem ähnlichen Volke wiederkämen.

Charakter, Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte der Römer.

Woher entſprang der große Charakter der Römer? Er entſprang aus ihrer Erziehung, oft ſogar aus dem Namen der Perſon und des Geſchlechts, aus ihren Geſchäften, aus dem Zuſammenhange des Raths, des Volks, und aller Völker im Mittelpunkt der Weltherrſchaft; ja endlich aus der glücklich-unglücklichen Nothwendigkeit ſelbſt, in der ſich die Römer fanden. Daher theilte er ſich auch allem mit, was an der römiſchen Größe Theil nahm, nicht nur den edlen Geſchlechtern, ſondern auch dem Volke; und Männern ſowohl als den Weibern. Die Tochter Scipio's und Cato's, die Gattin Brutus, der Gracchen Mutter und Schweſter konnten ihrem Geſchlecht nicht unwürdig handeln; ja oft übertrafen edle Römerinnen die Männer ſelbſt an Klugheit und Würde. So war Terentia heldenmüthiger als Cicero, Veturia edler als Coriolan, Paulina ſtärker als Seneca u. ſ. f. In keinem morgenländiſchen Harem, in keinem Gynäceum der Griechen konnten, bei aller Anlage der Natur, weibliche Tugenden hervorſproſſen, wie im öffentlichen und häuslichen Leben der Römer; freilich aber auch in verdorbenen Zeiten weibliche Laſter, vor denen die Menſchheit ſchaudert. Schon nach Ueberwindung der Latiner wurden hundert und ſiebenzig römiſche Gemahlinnen eins, ihre Männer mit Gift hinzurichten, und tranken, als ſie entdeckt waren, ihre bereitete Arznei wie Helden. Was unter den Kaiſern die Weiber in Rom vermochten und ausübten, iſt unſäglich. Der ſtärkſte Schatten grenzt ans ſtärkſte Licht: eine Stiefmutter Livia, und die treue Antonia-Druſus, eine Plancina und Agrippina-Germanicus, eine Meſſalina und Octavia ſtehen dicht an einander.

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„Vorübergehend iſt alles in der Geſchichte; die Aufſchrift ihres Tempels heißt: Nichtigkeit und Verweſung. Wir treten den Staub unſerer Vorfahren und wandeln auf dem eingeſunkenen Schutt zerſtörter Menſchen-Verfaſſungen und Königreiche. Wie Schatten gingen uns Aegypten, Perſien, Griechenland, Rom vorüber; wie Schatten ſteigen ſie aus den Gräbern hervor, und zeigen ſich in der Geſchichte.“

„Und wenn irgend ein Staatsgebäude ſich ſelbſt überlebte; wer wünſcht ihm nicht einen ruhigen Hingang? Wer fühlt nicht Schauder, wenn er im Kreiſe lebendig-wirkender Weſen auf Todtengewölbe alter Einrichtungen ſtößt, die den Lebendigen Licht und Wohnung rauben? Und wie bald, wenn der Nachfolger dieſe Katakomben hinweggeräumt, werden auch ſeine Einrichtungen dem Nachfolger gleiche Grabgewölbe dünken, und von ihm unter die Erde geſandt werden.“

„Die Urſache dieſer Vergänglichkeit aller irdiſchen Dinge liegt in ihrem Weſen, in dem Ort, den ſie bewohnen, in dem ganzen Geſetz, das unſre Natur bindet. Der Leib der Menſchen iſt eine zerbrechliche, immer erneuete Hülle, die endlich ſich nicht mehr erneuen kann; ihr Geiſt aber wirkt auf Erden nur in und mit dem Leibe. Wir dünken uns ſelbſtändig, und hangen von allem in der Natur ab; in eine Kette wandelbarer Dinge verflochten, müſſen auch wir den Geſetzen ihres Kreislaufs folgen, die keine anderen ſind, als Entſtehen, Sein und Verſchwinden. Ein loſer Faden knüpft das Geſchlecht der Menſchen, der jeden Augenblick reißt, um von neuem geknüpft zu werden. Der Kluggewordene Greis geht unter die Erde, damit ſein Nachfolger ebenfalls wie ein Kind beginne, die Werke ſeines Vorgängers vielleicht als ein Thor zerſtöre, und dem Nachfolger dieſelbe nichtige Mühe überlaſſe, mit der auch Er ſein Leben verzehrt. So folgen ſich Tage, ſo folgen Geſchlechter und Reiche ſich an einander. Die Sonne geht unter, damit Nacht werde und Menſchen ſich über eine neue Morgenröthe freuen mögen.“

„Und wenn bei dieſem Allen nur noch einiger Fortgang merklich wäre; wo zeigt dieſer ſich aber in der Geſchichte? Allenthalben ſieht man in ihr Zerſtörung, ohne wahrzunehmen, daß das Erneuete beſſer als das Zerſtörte werde. Die Nationen blühen auf und ab; in eine abgeblühete Nation kommt keine junge, geſchweige eine ſchönere Blüthe wieder.“ Die Kultur rückt fort, ſie wird aber damit nicht vollkommener; am neuen Orte werden neue Fähigkeiten entwickelt, die alten des alten Orts gingen unwiederbringlich unter. Waren die Römer weiſer und glücklicher als es die Griechen waren? Und ſind wir's mehr als beide?“

„Die Natur des Menſchen bleibt immer dieſelbe; im zehntauſendſten Jahre der Welt wird er mit Leidenſchaften geboren, wie er im zweiten derſelben mit Leidenſchaften geboren ward, und durchläuft den Gang ſeiner Thorheiten zu einer ſpäten, unvollkommenen, nutzloſen Weisheit. Wir gehen in einem Labyrinth umher, in welchem unſer Leben nur eine Spanne abſchneidet; daher es uns faſt gleichgültig ſein kann, ob der Irrweg Entwurf und Ausgang habe.“

„Trauriges Schickſal des Menſchengeſchlechts, das mit allen ſeinen Bemühungen an Ixions Rad, an Siſyphus Stein gefeſſelt, und zu einem tantaliſchen Sehnen verdammt iſt. Wir müſſen wollen, wir müſſen ſtreben, ohne daß wir je die Frucht unſrer Mühe vollendet ſähen, oder aus der ganzen Geſchichte ein Reſultat menſchlicher Beſtrebungen lernten. Steht ein Volk allein da, ſo nutzt ſich ſein Gepräge unter der Hand der Zeit ab; kommt es mit andern ins Gedränge, ſo wird es in den ſchmelzenden Tiegel geworfen, in welchem ſich die Geſtalt deſſelben gleichfalls verliert. So bauen wir aufs Eis, ſo ſchreiben wir in die Welle des Meeres; die Welle verrauſcht, das Eis zerſchmilzt und hin iſt unſer Palaſt, wie unſre Gedanken.“

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Großer Vater der Menſchen, welche leichte und ſchwere Lection gabſt du deinem Geſchlecht auf Erden zu ſeinem ganzen Tagewerk auf? Nur Vernunft und Billigkeit ſollen ſie lernen; üben ſie dieſelbe, ſo kommt von Schritt zu Schritt Licht in ihre Seele, Güte in ihr Herz, Vollkommenheit in ihren Staat, Glückſeligkeit in ihr Leben. Mit dieſen Gaben beſchenkt, und ſolche treu anwendend, kann der Neger ſeine Geſellſchaft einrichten wie der Grieche, der Troglodyt wie der Sineſe. Die Erfahrung wird Jeden weiter führen, und die Vernunft ſowohl als die Billigkeit ſeinen Geſchäften Beſtand, Schönheit und Ebenmaß geben. Verläßt er ſie aber, die weſentlichſten Führerinnen ſeines Lebens, was iſt's, das ſeinem Glück Dauer geben, und ihn den Rachegöttinnen der Inhumanität entziehen möge?

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Es waltet eine weiſe Güte im Schickſal der Menſchen: daher es keine ſchönere Würde, kein dauerhafteres und reineres Glück giebt, als im Rath derſelben zu wirken.

1. Auf unſrer Erde bildete ſich alles, was ſich auf ihr bilden konnte: denn jede Organiſation trägt in ihrem Weſen eine Verbindung mannigfaltiger Kräfte, die ſich einander beſchränken, und in dieſer Beſchränkung ein Maximum zur Dauer gewinnen konnten, in ſich. Gewannen ſie dies nicht, ſo trennten ſich die Kräfte, und verbanden ſich anders.

2. Unter dieſen Organiſationen ſtieg auch der Menſch hervor, die Krone der Erdenſchöpfung. Zahlloſe Kräfte verbanden ſich in ihm, und gewannen ein Maximum, den Verſtand, ſo wie ihre Materie, der menſchliche Körper nach Geſetzen der ſchönſten Symmetrie und Ordnung, den Schwerpunkt. Im Charakter des Menſchen war alſo zugleich der Grund ſeiner Dauer und Glückſeligkeit, das Gepräge ſeiner Beſtimmung und der ganze Lauf ſeines Erdenſchickſals gegeben.

3. Vernunft heißt dieſer Charakter der Menſchheit, denn er vernimmt die Sprache Gottes in der Schöpfung, d. i. er ſucht die Regel der Ordnung, nach welcher die Dinge zuſammenhangend auf ihr Weſen gegründet ſind.“ Sein innerſtes Geſetz iſt alſo Erkenntniß der Exiſtenz und Wahrheit; Zuſammenhang der Geſchöpfe nach ihren Beziehungen und Eigenſchaften. Er iſt ein Bild der Gottheit, denn er erforſcht die Geſetze der Natur, die Gedanken, nach denen der Schöpfer ſie verband, und die er ihnen weſentlich machte. Die Vernunft kann alſo eben ſo wenig willkürlich handeln, als die Gottheit ſelbſt willkürlich dachte.

4. Vom nächſten Bedürfniß fing der Menſch an, die Kräfte der Natur zu erkennen und prüfen. Sein Zweck dabei ging nicht weiter als auf ſein Wohlſein, d. i. auf einen gleichmäßigen Gebrauch ſeiner eignen Kräfte in Ruhe und Uebung. Er kam mit andern Weſen in ein Verhältniß, und auch jetzt ward ſein eignes Daſein das Maß dieſer Verhältniſſe. Die Regel der Billigkeit drang ſich ihm auf, denn ſie iſt nichts als die practiſche Vernunft, das Maß der Wirkung und Gegenwirkung zum gemeinſchaftlichen Beſtande gleichartiger Weſen.

5. Auf dies Principium iſt die menſchliche Natur gebaut, ſo daß kein Jahrtauſend eines andern oder der Nachkommenſchaft wegen da zu ſein glauben darf. Befolgt der Niedrigſte in der Reihe der Menſchen das Geſetz der Vernunft und Billigkeit, das in ihm liegt, ſo hat er Conſiſtenz, d. i. er genießt Wohlſein und Dauer; er iſt vernünftig, billig, glücklich. Dies iſt er nicht, vermöge der Willkür andrer Geſchöpfe oder des Schöpfers, ſondern nach den Geſetzen einer allgemeinen, in ſich ſelbſt gegründeten Naturordnung. Weicht er von der Regel des Rechts, ſo muß ſein ſtrafender Fehler ſelbſt ihm Unordnung zeigen und ihn veranlaſſen, zur Vernunft und zur Billigkeit, als den Geſetzen ſeines Daſeins und Glücks, zurückzukehren.

6. Da ſeine Natur aus ſehr verſchiedenen Elementen zuſammengeſetzt iſt, ſo thut er dieſes ſelten auf dem kürzeſten Wege; er ſchwankt zwiſchen zwei Extremen, bis er ſich ſelbſt gleichſam mit ſeinem Daſein abfindet, und einen Punkt der leidlichen Mitte erreicht, in welchem er ſein Wohlſein glaubt. Irrt er hiebei: ſo geſchieht es nicht ohne ſein geheimes Bewußtſein, und er muß die Folgen ſeiner Schuld tragen. Er trägt ſie aber nur bis zu einem gewiſſen Grade, da ſich entweder das Schickſal durch ſeine eigenen Bemühungen zum Beſſern wendet, oder ſein Daſein weiterhin keinen innern Beſtand findet. Einen wohlthätigern Nutzen konnte die höchſte Weisheit dem phyſiſchen Schmerz und dem moraliſchen Uebel nicht geben, denn keine höhere iſt denkbar.

7. Hätte auch nur ein einziger Menſch die Erde betreten, ſo wäre an ihm der Zweck des menſchlichen Daſeins erfüllt geweſen, wie man ihn bei ſo manchen einzelnen Menſchen und Nationen für erfüllt achten muß, die durch Orts- und Zeitbeſtimmungen von der Kette des ganzen Geſchlechts getrennt wurden. Da aber Alles, was auf Erden leben kann, ſo lange ſie ſelbſt in ihrem Beharrungsſtande bleibt, fortdauert, ſo hatte auch das Menſchengeſchlecht, wie alle Geſchlechter der Lebenden, Kräfte der Fortpflanzung in ſich, die dem Ganzen gemäß ihre Proportion und Ordnung finden konnten und gefunden haben. Mithin vererbte ſich das Weſen der Menſchheit, die Vernunft und ihr Organ, die Tradition, auf eine Reihe von Geſchlechtern hinunter. Allmählig ward die Erde erfüllt, und der Menſch ward Alles, was er in ſolchem und keinem andern Zeitraume auf der Erde werden konnte.

8. Jedem einzelnen Gliede wird die Wohlfahrt des Ganzen ſein eigenes Beſte; denn wer unter den Uebeln deſſelben leidet, hat auch das Recht und die Pflicht auf ſich, dieſe Uebel von ſich abzuhalten und ſie für ſeine Brüder zu mindern. Auf Regenten und Staaten hat die Natur nicht gerechnet; ſondern auf das Wohlſein der Menſchen in ihren Reichen. Jene büßen ihre Frevel und Unvernunft langſamer, als ſie der Einzelne büßt, weil ſie ſich immer nur mit dem Ganzen berechnen, in welchem das Elend jedes Armen lange unterdrückt wird; zuletzt aber büßt es der Staat und ſie mit deſto gefährlicherem Sturze. In allem dieſem zeigen ſich die Geſetze der Wiedervergeltung nicht anders als die Geſetze der Bewegung bei dem Stoße des kleinſten phyſiſchen Körpers, und der höchſte Regent Europa's bleibt den Naturgeſetzen des Menſchengeſchlechts ſowohl unterworfen, als der Geringſte ſeines Volkes. Sein Stand verband ihn blos, ein Haushalter dieſer Naturgeſetze zu ſein und bei ſeiner Macht, die er nur durch andre Menſchen hat, auch für andre Menſchen ein weiſer und gütiger Menſchengott zu werden.

9. In der allgemeinen Geſchichte alſo, wie im Leben verwahrloſter einzelner Menſchen erſchöpfen ſich alle Thorheiten und Laſter unſres Geſchlechts, bis ſie endlich durch Noth gezwungen werden, Vernunft und Billigkeit zu lernen. Was irgend geſchehen kann, geſchieht und bringt hervor, was es ſeiner Natur nach hervorbringen konnte. Dies Naturgeſetz hindert keine, auch nicht die ausſchweifendſte Macht an ihrer Wirkung; es hat aber alle Dinge in die Regel beſchränkt, daß eine gegenſeitige Wirkung die andre aufhebe und zuletzt nur das Erſprießliche dauernd bleibe. Das Böſe, das Andre verderbt, muß ſich entweder unter die Ordnung ſchmiegen oder ſelbſt verderben. Der Vernünftige und Tugendhafte alſo iſt im Reiche Gottes allenthalben glücklich; denn ſo wenig die Vernunft äußern Lohn begehrt, ſo wenig verlangt ihn auch die innere Tugend. Mißlingt ihr Werk von außen, ſo hat nicht ſie, ſondern ihr

Zeitalter davon den Schaden, und doch kann es die Unvernunft und Zwietracht der Menſchen nicht immer verhindern; es wird gelingen, wenn ſeine Zeit kommt.

10. Indeſſen geht die menſchliche Vernunft im Ganzen des Geſchlechtes ihren Gang fort; ſie ſinnt aus, wenn ſie auch noch nicht anwenden kann, ſie erfindet, wenn böſe Hände auch lange Zeit ihre Erfindung mißbrauchen. Der Mißbrauch wird ſich ſelbſt ſtrafen, und die Unordnung eben durch den unermüdeten Eifer einer immer wachſenden Vernunft mit der Zeit Ordnung werden. Indem ſie Leidenſchaften bekämpft, ſtärkt und läutert ſie ſich ſelbſt; indem ſie hier gedrückt wird, flieht ſie dorthin, und erweitert den Kreis ihrer Herrſchaft über die Erde. Es iſt keine Schwärmerei, zu hoffen, daß, wo irgend Menſchen wohnen, einſt auch vernünftige, billige und glückliche Menſchen wohnen werden; glücklich, nicht nur durch ihre eigene, ſondern durch die gemeinſchaftliche Vernunft ihres ganzen Brudergeſchlechtes.

Baſken, Galen und Kymren.

Die Galen, die unter dem Namen der Gallier und Celten ein bekannteres und berühmteres Volk ſind, als die Baſken waren, hatten am Ende mit ihnen einerlei Schickſal. In Spanien beſaßen ſie einen weiten und ſchönen Erdſtrich, auf welchem ſie den Römern mit Ruhm widerſtanden; in Gallien, welches von ihnen den Namen hat, haben ſie dem Cäſar eine zehnjährige, und in Britannien ſeinen Nachfolgern eine noch längere, zuletzt nutzloſe Mühe gekoſtet, da die Römer endlich die Inſel ſelbſt aufgeben mußten. Außerdem war Helvetien, der obere Theil von Italien, der untere Theil von Deutſchland längs der Donau bis nach Pannonien und Illyricum zu, wenn auch nicht allenthalben in dichten Reihen, mit Stämmen und Kolonien aus ihrem Schooße beſetzt; und in den ältern Zeiten waren unter allen Nationen ſie der Römer furchtbarſte Feinde. Ihr Brennus legte Rom in die Aſche, und machte der künftigen Weltbeherrſcherin beinahe ein völliges Ende. Ein Zug von ihnen drang bis in Thracien, Griechenland und Klein-Aſien ein, wo ſie unter dem Namen der Galater mehr als einmal furchtbar geworden. Wo ſie indeſſen ihren Stamm am dauerhafteſten, und gewiß nicht ganz ohne Kultur angebauet haben, war in Gallien und den britanniſchen Inſeln. Hier hatten ſie ihre merkwürdige Druiden-Religion, und in Britannien ihren Ober-Druiden; hier hatten ſie jene merkwürdige Verfaſſung eingerichtet, von welcher in Britannien, Irland und auf den Inſeln noch ſo viele, zum Theil ungeheure Steingebäude und Steinhaufen zeugen; Denkmale, die wie die Pyramiden wahrſcheinlich noch Jahrtauſende über dauern und vielleicht immer ein Räthſel bleiben werden. Eine Art Staats- und Kriegseinrichtung war ihnen eigen, die zuletzt den Römern erlag, weil die Uneinigkeit ihrer galliſchen Fürſten ſie ſelbſt ins Verderben ſtürzte; auch waren ſie nicht ohne Naturkenntniſſe und Künſte, ſo viele derſelben ihrem Zuſtande gemäß ſchienen; am wenigſten endlich ohne das, was bei allen Barbaren die Seele des Volks iſt, ohne Geſänge und Lieder. Im Munde ihrer Barden waren dieſe vorzüglich der Tapferkeit geweihet, und ſangen die Thaten ihrer Väter. Gegen einen Cäſar, und ſein mit aller römiſchen Kriegskunſt ausgerüſtetes Heer erſcheinen ſie freilich als halbe Wilde; mit andern nordiſchen Völkern, auch mit mehreren deutſchen Stämmen verglichen, erſcheinen ſie nicht alſo, da ſie dieſe offenbar an Gewandtheit und Leichtigkeit des Charakters, wohl auch an Kunſtfleiß, Kultur und politiſcher Einrichtung übertrafen; denn wie der deutſche Charakter noch jetzt in manchen Grundzügen dem ähnlich iſt, den Tacitus ſchildert, ſo iſt auch ſchon im alten Gallier, trotz alles deſſen, was die Zeiten verändert haben, der jüngere Gallier kenntlich. Nothwendig aber waren die ſo weit verbreiteten verſchiedenen Nationen dieſes Volksſtammes nach Ländern, Zeiten, Umſtänden und wechſelnden Stufen der Bildung ſehr verſchieden, ſo daß der Gale an der Küſte des Hoch- oder Irlands mit einem galliſchen oder celtiberiſchen Volk, das die Nachbarſchaft gebildeter Nationen oder Städte lange genoſſen hatte, wohl wenig gemein haben konnte.

Das Schickſal der Galen in ihrem großen Erdſtrich endigte traurig. Den früheſten Nachrichten nach, die wir von ihnen haben, hatten ſie ſowohl dies- als jenſeit der Meerenge die Belgen oder Kymren zur Seite, die ihnen allenthalben nachzudringen ſcheinen. Dies- und jenſeit wurden zuerſt die Römer, ſodann mehrere teutoniſche Nationen ihre Ueberwinder, von denen wir ſie oft auf eine ſehr gewaltſame Art unterdrückt, entkräftet, oder gar ausgerottet und verdrängt ſehen werden, ſo daß wir anjetzt die galliſche Sprache nur an den äußerſten Enden ihrer Beſitzthümer, in Irland, den Hebriden und dem nackten, ſchottiſchen Hochlande wieder finden. Gothen, Franken, Burgunder, Alemannen, Sachſen, Normänner und andere deutſche Völker haben in mancherlei Vermiſchungen ihre andern Länder beſetzt, ihre Sprache vertrieben und ihren Namen verſchlungen.

Indeſſen gelang es doch der Unterdrückung nicht, auch den innern Charakter dieſes Volks in lebendigen Denkmalen ganz von der Erde zu vertilgen; ſanft wie ein Harfenton entſchlüpfte ihr eine zärtlich-traurige Stimme aus den Gräbern, die Stimme Oſſians, des Sohnes Fingal, und einiger ſeiner Genoſſen. Sie bringt uns, wie in einem Zauberſpiegel, nicht nur Gemälde alter Thaten und Sitten vor Augen, ſondern die ganze Denk- und Empfindungsweiſe eines Volkes auf dieſer Stufe der Kultur, in ſolchen Gegenden, bei ſolchen Sitten tönet uns durch ſie in Herz und Seele. Oſſian und ſeine Genoſſen ſagen uns mehr vom innern Zuſtande der alten Galen, als ein Geſchichtſchreiber uns ſagen könnte, und werden uns gleichſam rührende Prediger der Humanität, wie ſolche auch in den einfachſten Verbindungen der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft lebt. Zarte Bande ziehen ſich auch dort von Herz zu Herzen, und jede ihrer Saiten tönt Wehmuth. Was Homer den Griechen ward, hätte ein galliſcher Oſſian den Seinigen werden können, wenn die Galen Griechen, und Oſſian Homer geweſen wäre. Da dieſer aber nur, als die letzte Stimme eines verdrängten Volkes, zwiſchen Nebelbergen in einer Wüſte ſingt, und wie eine Flamme über Gräbern der Väter hervorglänzt, wenn jener, in Ionien geboren, unter einem werdenden Volk vieler blühenden Stämme und Inſeln, im Glanze ſeiner Morgenröthe, unter einem ſo andern Himmel, in einer ſo andern Sprache das ſchilderte, was er entſchieden, hell und offen vor ſich erblickte, und andre Geiſter nachher ſo vielfach anwandten, ſo ſucht man freilich in den kaledoniſchen Bergen einen griechiſchen Homer am unrechten Orte. Töne indeſſen fort, du Nebelharfe Oſſians; glücklich in allen Zeiten iſt, wer deinen ſanften Tönen gehorcht.

Deutſche Völker.

Der Völkerſtamm der Deutſchen hat durch ſeine Größe und Leibesſtärke, durch ſeinen unternehmenden, kühnen und ausdauernden Kriegsmuth, durch ſeinen dienenden Heldengeiſt, Anführern, wohin es ſei, im Heere zu folgen, und die bezwungenen Länder als Beute unter ſich zu theilen, mithin durch ſeine weiten Eroberungen, und die Verfaſſung, die allenthalben umher nach deutſcher Art errichtet ward, zum Wohl und Weh dieſes Welttheils mehr als alle andre Völker beigetragen. Vom ſchwarzen Meer an durch ganz Europa ſind die Waffen der Deutſchen furchtbar worden. Mehr als einmal haben ſie Rom eingenommen, beſiegt und geplündert, Konſtantinopel mehrmals belagert und ſelbſt in ihm geherrſcht, zu Jeruſalem ein chriſtliches Königreich geſtiftet; und noch jetzt regieren ſie, theils durch die Fürſten, die ſie allen Thronen Europa's gegeben, theils durch dieſe von ihnen errichteten Throne ſelbſt, als Beſitzer, oder im Gewerbe und Handel, mehr oder minder alle vier Welttheile der Erde. Da nun keine Wirkung ohne Urſache iſt, ſo muß auch dieſe ungeheure Folge von Wirkungen ihre Urſache haben.

1) Nicht wohl liegt dieſe im Charakter der Nation allein; ihre ſowohl phyſiſche als politiſche Lage, ja eine Menge von Umſtänden, die bei keinem andern nördlichen Volke zuſammentraf, hat zum Lauf ihrer Thaten mitgewirkt. Ihr großer, ſtarker und ſchöner Körperbau, ihre fürchterlich blauen Augen wurden von einem Geiſte der Treue und Enthaltſamkeit beſeelt, die ſie ihren Obern gehorſam, kühn im Angriff, ausdauernd in Gefahren, mithin andern Völkern, zumal den ausgearteten Römern, zum Schutz und Trutz ſehr wohlgefällig oder furchtbar machten. Früh haben Deutſche im römiſchen Heere gedient, und zur Leibwache der Kaiſer waren ſie die auserleſenſten Menſchen; ja als das bedrängte Reich ſich ſelbſt nicht helfen konnte, waren es deutſche Heere, die für Geld gegen Jeden, ſelbſt gegen ihre Brüder fochten. Durch dieſe Söldnerei, die Jahrhunderte lang fortgeſetzt wurde, bekamen viele ihrer Völker nicht nur eine Kriegswiſſenſchaft und Kriegszucht, die andern Barbaren fremd bleiben mußte, ſondern ſie kamen auch durch das Beiſpiel der Römer, und durch die Bekanntſchaft mit ihrer Schwäche allmählig in den Geſchmack eigner Eroberungen und Völkerzüge. Hatte dieſes jetzt ſo ausgeartete Rom einſt Völker unterjocht, und ſich zur Herrſcherin der Welt aufgeworfen, warum ſollten ſie es nicht thun, ohne deren Hände jenes nichts Kräftiges mehr vermochte! Der erſte Stoß auf die römiſchen Länder kam alſo, wenn wir die ältern Einbrüche der Teutonen und Kymren abſondern, und von den unternehmenden Männern Ariowiſt, Marbod und Hermann zu rechnen anfangen, von Grenzvölkern, oder von Anführern her, die der Kriegsart dieſes Reichs kundig, und in ſeinen Heeren oft ſelbſt gebraucht waren, mithin die Schwäche ſowohl Roms als ſpäterhin Konſtantinopels genugſam kannten. Einige derſelben waren ſogar eben damals römiſche Hülfsvölker, als ſie

es beſſer fanden, was ſie gerettet hatten, ſich ſelbſt zu bewahren. Wie nun die Nachbarſchaft eines ſchwachen Reichen und eines ſtarken Dürftigen, der jenem unentbehrlich iſt, dieſem nothwendig die Ueberlegenheit und Herrſchaft einräumt: ſo hatten auch hier die Römer den Deutſchen, die im Mittelpunkt Europa's gerade vor ihnen ſaßen, und die ſie bald aus Noth in ihren Staat oder in ihre Heere nahmen, das Heft ſelbſt in die Hände gegeben.

2) Der lange Widerſtand, den mehrere Völker unſres Deutſchlands gegen die Römer zu thun hatten, ſtärkte in ihnen nothwendig ihre Kräfte und ihren Haß gegen einen Erbfeind, der ſich der Triumphe über ſie mehr als anderer Siege rühmte. Sowohl am Rhein als an der Donau waren die Römer den Deutſchen gefährlich; ſo gern dieſe ihnen gegen die Gallier und andre Völker gedient hatten, ſo wollten ſie ihnen als Selbſtüberwundene nicht dienen. Daher nun die langen Kriege von Auguſtus an, die, je ſchwächer das Reich der Römer ward, immer mehr in Einbruch und Plünderung ausarteten, und nicht anders, als mit ſeinem Untergange enden konnten. Der markomanniſche und ſchwäbiſche Bund, den mehrere Völker gegen die Römer ſchloſſen, der Heerbann, in welchem alle, auch die entlegneren deutſchen Stämme ſtanden, der jeden Mann zum Wehren, d. i. zum Mitſtreiter, machte; dieſe und mehrere Einrichtungen gaben der ganzen Nation ſowohl den Namen, als die Verfaſſung der Germanen oder Alemannen, d. i. verbundener Kriegsvölker; wilde Vorſpiele eines Syſtems, das nach Jahrhunderten auf alle Nationen Europa's verbreitet werden ſollte.

3) Bei ſolch einer ſtehenden Kriegsverfaſſung mußte es den Deutſchen nothwendig an manchen andern Tugenden fehlen, die ſie ihrer Hauptneigung, oder ihrem Hauptbedürfniß, dem Kriege, nicht ungern aufopferten. Den Ackerbau trieben ſie eben ſo fleißig nicht, und beugten ſogar in manchen Stämmen durch eine jährlich neue Vertheilung der Aecker dem Vergnügen vor, das Jemand an dem eignen Beſitz und einer beſſern Kultur des Landes finden könnte. Einige, inſonderheit öſtliche, Stämme waren und blieben lange tatariſche Jagd- und Hirtenvölker. Die rohe Idee von Gemeinweiden und einem Geſammteigenthum war die Lieblingsidee dieſer Nomaden, die ſie auch in die Einrichtung ihrer eroberten Länder und Reiche brachten. Deutſchland blieb alſo lange ein Wald voll Wieſen, Moräſte und Sümpfe, wo der Ur und das Elenn, jetzt ausgerottete deutſche Heldenthiere, neben den deutſchen Menſchenhelden wohnten; Wiſſenſchaften kannten ſie nicht, und die wenigen, ihnen unentbehrlichen Künſte verrichteten Weiber und größtentheils geraubte Knechte. Völkern dieſer Art mußte es angenehm ſein, von Rache, Dürftigkeit, langer Weile, Geſellſchaft oder von einer andern Aufforderung getrieben, ihre öden Wälder zu verlaſſen, beſſere Gegenden zu ſuchen, oder um Sold zu dienen. Daher waren mehrere Stämme in einer ewigen Unruhe, mit und gegen einander entweder im Bunde oder im Kriege. Keine Völker (wenige Stämme ruhiger Landeseinwohner ausgenommen) ſind ſo oft hin- und hergezogen, als dieſe, und wenn ein Stamm aufbrach, ſchlugen ſich im Zuge meiſtentheils mehrere an ihn, alſo, daß aus dem Haufen ein Heer ward. Viele deutſche Völker, Vandalen, Gothen u. a. haben vom Umherſchweifen, Wandeln, den Namen; ſo gings zu Lande, ſo gings zur See. Ein ziemlich tatariſches Leben.

Karl der Große.

Karl der Große ſtammte von Kronbeamten ab; ſein Vater war nur ein geworbner König. Unmöglich alſo konnte er andre Gedanken haben, als die ihm das Haus ſeiner Väter und die Verfaſſung ſeines Reichs angab. Dieſe Verfaſſung bildete er aus, weil er in ihr erzogen war, und ſie für die beſte hielt; denn jeder Baum erwächſt aus ſeiner Erde. Wie ein Franke ging Karl gekleidet, und war auch in ſeiner Seele ein Franke; die Verfaſſung ſeines Volkes alſo können wir gewiß nicht würdiger kennen lernen, als wie er ſie behandelte und anſah. Er berief Reichstage und wirkte auf denſelben, was Er wollte; gab für den Staat die heilſamſten Geſetze und Capitulare; aber mit Zuſtimmung des Reichs. Jeden Stand deſſelben ehrte er nach ſeiner Weiſe, und ließ, ſo lange es ſein konnte, auch überwundenen Nationen ihre Geſetze. Sie alle wollte er in einen Körper zuſammenbringen, und hatte Geiſt genug, den Körper zu beleben. Gefährliche Herzoge ließ er ausgehen und ſetzte dafür beamtete Grafen, die er nebſt den Biſchöfen durch Commiſſare (Missos) viſitiren ließ und auf alle Weiſe dem Deſpotismus plündernder Satrapen, übermüthiger Großen und fauler Mönche entgegen ſtrebte. Auf den Landgütern ſeiner Krone war er kein Kaiſer, ſondern ein Hauswirth, der auch in ſeinem geſammten Reich gern ein ſolcher ſein wollte, um jedes träge Glied zur Ordnung und zum Fleiße zu beleben; aber freilich ſtand ihm die Barbarei ſeines Zeitalters, wie inſonderheit der fränkiſche Kirchen- und Kriegsgeiſt hiebei oft im Wege. Er hielt aufs Recht, wie kaum einer der Sterblichen gethan hat; das ausgenommen, wo Kirchen- und Staatsintereſſe ihn ſelbſt zu Gewaltthätigkeit und Unrecht verlockten. Er liebte Thätigkeit und Treue in ſeinem Dienſt, und würde unhold blicken, wenn er wiedererſcheinend ſeine Puppe der trägſten Titular-Verfaſſung vertragen ſähe. Aber das Schickſal waltet. Aus Kronbeamten war der Stamm ſeiner Vorfahren emporgeſproßt; Beamte ſchlechterer Art haben nach ſeinem Tode ſein Diadem, ſein Reich, ja die ganze Mühe ſeines Geiſtes und Lebens unwürdig zerſtört. Die Nachwelt hat von ihm geerbt, was Er, ſofern er's konnte, zu unterdrücken oder zu beſſern ſuchte, Vaſallen, Stände und ein barbariſches Gepränge des fränkiſchen Staatsſchmuckes. Er machte Würden zu Aemtern; hinter ihm wurden bald wieder die Aemter zu trägeren Würden.

Auch die Begierde nach Eroberungen hatte Karl von ſeinen Vorfahren geerbt: denn da dieſe gegen Frieſen, Alemannen, Araber und Longobarden entſcheidend glücklich geweſen waren, und es beinahe von Klodwig an Staatsmaxime ward, das eroberte Reich durch Unterdrückung der Nachbarn ſicher zu ſtellen: ſo ging er mit Rieſenſchritten auf dieſer Bahn fort. Perſönliche Veranlaſſungen wurden der Grund zu Kriegen, deren einer aus dem andern erfolgte, und die den größten Theil ſeiner faſt halbhundertjährigen Regierung einnehmen. Dieſen fränkiſchen Kriegsgeiſt fühlten Longobarden, Araber, Baiern, Ungarn, Slaven, inſonderheit aber die Sachſen, gegen welche er ſich in einem drei und dreißigjährigen Kriege zuletzt ſehr gewaltſame Mittel erlaubte. Er kam dadurch ſofern zum Zweck, daß er in ſeinem Reiche die erſte feſte Monarchie für ganz Europa gründete; denn, was auch ſpäterhin Normannen, Slaven und Ungarn ſeinen Nachfolgern für Mühe gemacht, wie ſehr auch durch Theilungen und innere Zerrüttungen das große Reich geſchwächt, zerſtückt und beunruhigt werden mochte: ſo war doch allen fernern tatariſchen Völkerwanderungen bis zur Elbe und nach Pannonien hin eine Grenze geſetzt. Sein errichtetes Frankreich, an welchem ehemals ſchon Hunnen und Araber geſcheitert waren, ward dazu ein unbezwinglicher Eckſtein.

Auch in ſeiner Religion und Liebe zu den Wiſſenſchaften war Karl ein Franke. Von Klodwig an war aus politiſchen Urſachen die Religioſität des Katholicismus den Königen erblich geweſen; und ſeitdem die Stammväter Karls das Heft in Händen hatten, traten ſie hierin um ſo mehr an die Stelle der Könige, da bloß die Kirche ihnen auf den Thron half und der römiſche Biſchof ſelbſt ſie förmlich dazu weihte. Als ein zwölfjähriges Kind hatte Karl den heiligen Vater in ſeines Vaters Hauſe geſehen und von ihm die Salbung zu ſeinem künftigen Reich empfangen; längſt war das Bekehrungswerk Deutſchlands unter dem Schutz, oft auch mit freigebiger Unterſtützung der fränkiſchen Beherrſcher getrieben worden, weil weſtwärts ihnen das Chriſtenthum allerdings das ſtärkſte Bollwerk gegen die heidniſchen Barbaren war; wie anders, als daß Karl jetzt auch nordwärts auf dieſem Wege fortging, und die Sachſen zuletzt mit dem Schwert bekehrte! Von der Verfaſſung, die er dadurch unter ihnen zerſtörte, hatte er, als ein rechtgläubiger Franke, keinen Begriff; er trieb das fromme Werk der Kirche zur Sicherung ſeines Reichs, und gegen Papſt und Biſchöfe das verdienſtvolle, galante Werk ſeiner Väter. Seine Nachfolger, zumal als das Hauptreich der Welt nach Deutſchland kam, gingen ſeiner Spur nach, und ſo wurden Slaven, Wenden, Polen, Preußen, Liven und Eſthen dergeſtalt bekehrt, daß keins dieſer getauften Völker fernere Einbrüche ins heilige deutſche Reich wagte. Sähe indeß der heilige und ſelige Carolus, (wie ihn auf ewige Zeiten die goldne Bulle nennt), was aus ſeinen, der Religion und Wiſſenſchaft wegen, errichteten Stiftungen, aus ſeinen reichen Biſchofthümern, Domkirchen, Kanonikaten und Kloſterſchulen geworden iſt; heiliger und ſeliger Carolus, mit Deinem fränkiſchen Schwert und Scepter würdeſt Du manchem derſelben unfreundlich begegnen.

* * *

Es iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß der Biſchof zu Rom auf dies alles das Siegel drückte, und dem fränkiſchen Reiche gleichſam die Krone aufſetzte. Von Klodwig an war er demſelben Freund geweſen; zu Pipin hatte er ſeine Zuflucht genommen, und empfing von ihm zum Geſchenk die ganze Beute der damals eroberten longobardiſchen Länder. Zu Karl nahm er abermals ſeine Zuflucht; und da dieſer ihn ſieghaft in Rom einſetzte, ſo gab Er ihm dafür in jener berühmten Chriſtnacht ein neues Geſchenk, die römiſche

Kaiſerkrone. Karl ſchien erſchrocken und beſchämt; der freudige Zuruf des Volkes indeß machte ihm die neue Ehre gefällig, und da ſolche, nach dem Begriff aller europäiſchen Völker, die höchſte Würde der Welt war; wer empfing ſie würdiger als dieſer Franke? Er, der größte Monarch des Abendlandes, in Frankreich, Italien, Deutſchland und Spanien König, des Chriſtenthums Beſchützer und Verbreiter, des römiſchen Stuhls ächter Schirmvogt, von allen Königen Europa's, ſelbſt vom Khalifen zu Bagdad geehrt. Bald alſo verglich er ſich mit dem Kaiſer zu Konſtantinopel, hieß römiſcher Kaiſer, ob er gleich in Aachen wohnte, oder in ſeinem großen Reiche umherzog. Er hatte die Krone verdient, und, o wäre ſie mit ihm, wenigſtens für Deutſchland, begraben!

Denn ſobald Er dahin war, was ſollte ſie jetzt auf dem Haupte des guten und ſchwachen Ludwigs? oder als dieſer ſein Reich unzeitig und gezwungen theilte, wie drückend war ſie auf jedes ſeiner Nachfolger Haupte! Das Reich zerfällt: die gereizten Nachbarn, Normannen, Slaven, Hunnen, regen ſich und verwüſten das Land; das Fauſtrecht reißet ein, die Reichsverſammlungen gehen in Abgang. Brüder führen mit Brüdern, Väter mit Söhnen die unwürdigſten Kriege, und die Geiſtlichkeit, nebſt dem Biſchofe von Rom, werden ihre unwürdigen Richter. Biſchöfe gedeihen zu Fürſten; die Streiferei der Barbaren jagt Alles unter die Gewalt derer, die in Schlöſſern wohnen. In Deutſchland, Frankreich und Italien richten ſich Statthalter und Beamte zu Landesherren empor; Anarchie, Betrug, Grauſamkeit und Zwietracht herrſchen. Acht und achtzig Jahre nach Karls Kaiſerkrönung erliſcht ſein rechtmäßiges Geſchlecht im tiefſten Jammer, und ſeine letzte unächte Kaiſerſproſſe erſtirbt, noch nicht hundert Jahre nach ſeinem Tode.

Ruhe alſo wohl, großer König, zu groß für Deine Nachfolger auf lange Zeiten. Ein Jahrtauſend iſt verfloſſen, und noch ſind der Rhein und die Donau nicht zuſammengegraben, wo Du, rüſtiger Mann, zu einem kleinen Zwecke ſchon Hand ans Werk legteſt. Für Erziehung und Wiſſenſchaften ſtifteteſt Du in Deiner barbariſchen Zeit Inſtitute; die Folgezeit hat ſie gemißbraucht und mißbraucht ſie noch. Göttliche Geſetze ſind Deine Capitulare gegen ſo manche Reichsſatzungen ſpäterer Zeiten. Du ſammelteſt die Barden der Vorwelt; Dein Sohn Ludwig verachtete und verkaufte ſie; er vernichtete damit ihr Andenken auf ewig. Du liebteſt die deutſche Sprache und bildeteſt ſie ſelbſt aus, wie Du es thun konnteſt; ſammelteſt Gelehrte um Dich aus den fernſten Ländern; Alcuin, Dein Philoſoph, Angilbert, der Homer Deiner Akademie bei Hofe, und der vortreffliche Eginhard, Dein Schreiber, waren Dir werth; nichts war Dir mehr, als Unwiſſenheit, ſatte Barbarei und träger Stolz zuwider. Großer Karl, Dein unmittelbar nach Dir zerfallenes Reich iſt Dein Grabmal; Frankreich, Deutſchland und die Lombardei ſind Deine Trümmer.

Allgemeine Betrachtung über die Einrichtung der deutſchen Reiche in Europa.

1. Jede Eroberung der deutſchen Völker ging auf ein Geſammt-Eigenthum aus. Die Nation ſtand für einen Mann; der Erwerb gehörte derſelben durch das barbariſche Recht des Krieges, und ſollte dermaßen unter ſie vertheilt werden, daß alles noch ein Gemeingut bliebe; wie war dies möglich? Hirtenvölker auf ihren Steppen, Jäger in ihren Wäldern, ein Kriegsheer bei ſeiner Beute, Fiſcher bei ihrem gemeinſchaftlichen Zuge können unter ſich ſelbſt theilen und ein Ganzes bleiben; bei einer erobernden Nation, die ſich in einem weiten Gebiet niederläßt, wird dieſes weit ſchwerer. Jeder Wehrsmann auf ſeinem neuerworbenen Gute ward jetzt ein Landeigenthümer; er blieb dem Staate zum Heerzuge und zu andern Pflichten verbunden; in kurzer Zeit aber erſtirbt ſein Gemeingeiſt, die Verſammlungen der Nation werden von ihm nicht beſucht; auch des Aufgebots zum Kriege, das ihm zur Laſt ward, ſucht er ſich, gegen Uebernehmung andrer Pflichten zu entladen. So ward z. B. unter den Franken: das Märzfeld ward von der freien Gemeine bald verſäumt; mithin blieben die Entſchlüſſe deſſelben dem Könige und ſeinen Dienern anheimgeſtellt, und der Heerbann ſelbſt konnte nur mit wachſamer Mühe im Gange erhalten werden. Nothwendig alſo kamen die Freien mit der Zeit dadurch tief herunter, daß ſie den allezeit fertigen Rittern ihre Wehrdienſte mit guter Entſchädigung auftrugen; und ſo verlor ſich der Stamm der Nation, wie ein zertheilter, verbreiteter Strom, in kraftloſer Trägheit. Ward nun in dieſem Zeitraume der erſten Erſchlaffung ein dermaßen errichtetes Reich mächtig angegriffen; was Wunder, daß es erlag? Was Wunder, daß auch ohne äußern Feind auf dieſem trägen Wege die beſten Rechte und Beſitzthümer der Freien in andre ſie vertretende Hände kamen? Die Verfaſſung des Ganzen war zum Kriege oder zu einer Lebensart eingerichtet, bei welcher Alles in Bewegung bleiben ſollte; nicht aber zu einem zerſtreuten, fleißig-ruhigen Leben.

2. Mit jedem erobernden Könige war ein Trupp Edler ins Land gekommen, die als ſeine Gefährten und Treuen, als ſeine Knechte und Leute, aus denen ihm zukommenden Ländereien betheilt wurden. Zuerſt geſchahe dies nur lebenslänglich; mit der Zeit wurden die ihnen zum Unterhalt angewieſenen Güter erblich: der Landesherr gab ſo lange, bis er nichts mehr zu geben hatte und ſelbſt verarmte. Bei den meiſten Verfaſſungen dieſer Art haben alſo die Vaſallen den Lehnsherrn, die Knechte den Gebieter dergeſtalt ausgezehrt, daß, wenn der Staat lange dauerte, dem Könige ſelbſt von ſeinen nutzbaren Gerechtigkeiten nichts übrig blieb, und er zuletzt als der Aermſte des Landes daſtand.

3. Da die Könige im Geſammteigenthume ihres Volkes umherziehen oder vielmehr allenthalben gegenwärtig ſein ſollten und dies nicht konnten, ſo wurden Statthalter, Herzoge und Grafen unentbehrlich. Und weil, nach der deutſchen Verfaſſung, die geſetzgebende, gerichtliche und ausübende Macht noch nicht vertheilt war, ſo blieb es beinahe unvermeidlich, daß nicht mit der Zeit unter ſchwachen Königen die Statthalter großer Städte oder entfernter Provinzen ſelbſt Landesherren oder Satrapen wurden. Ihr Diſtrict enthielt, wie ein Stück der gothiſchen Baukunſt, alles im Kleinen, was das Reich im Großen hatte; und ſobald ſie ſich, nach Lage der Sache, mit ihren Ständen einverſtanden, war, obgleich noch abhängig vom Staat, das kleine Reich fertig. So zerfielen die Lombardei und das fränkiſche Reich, kaum wurden ſie noch am ſeidnen Faden eines königlichen Namens zuſammengehalten; ſo wäre es mit dem gothiſchen und dem vandaliſchen Reiche worden, hätten ſie länger gedauert. In der Verfaſſung ſelbſt liegt der Same dieſer Abſonderung; ſie iſt ein Polyp, bei welchem in jedem abgeſonderten Theile ein Ganzes lebt.

4. Weil bei dieſem Geſammtkörper Alles auf Perſönlichkeit beruhte, ſo ſtellte das Haupt deſſelben, der König, ob er gleich nichts weniger als unumſchränkt war, mit ſeiner Perſon ſowohl, als mit ſeinem Hausweſen die Nation vor. Mithin ging ſeine Geſammtwürde, die bloß eine Staatsfiction ſein ſollte, auch auf ſeine Trabanten, Diener und Knechte über. Leibesdienſte, die man dem Könige erwies, wurden als die erſten Staatsdienſte betrachtet, weil die, die um ihn waren, Kapellan, Stallmeiſter und Truchſeß, oft bei Rathſchlägen, Gerichten und ſonſt, ſeine Helfer und Diener ſein mußten. So natürlich dies in der rohen Einfalt damaliger Zeiten war, ſo unnatürlich wards, als dieſe Kapellane und Truchſeſſe wirklich repräſentirende Geſtalten des Reichs, erſte Glieder des Staats, oder gar auf Ewigkeiten der Ewigkeiten erbliche Würden ſein ſollten; und dennoch iſt ein barbariſcher Prachtaufzug dieſer Art, der zwar in das Tafelzelt eines tatariſchen Chans, nicht aber in den Palaſt eines Vaters, Vorſtehers und Richters der Nation gehörte, die Grundverfaſſung jenes germaniſchen Reiches in Europa. Die alte Staatsfiction wurde zur nackten Wahrheit; das ganze Reich ward in die Tafel, den Stall und die Küche des Königs verwandelt. Eine ſonderbare Verwandlung! Was Knecht und Vaſall war, mochte immerhin durch dieſe glänzenden Oberknechte vorgeſtellt werden; nicht aber der Körper der Nation, der in keinem ſeiner freien Glieder des Königs Knecht, ſondern ſein Mitgenoß und Mitſtreiter geweſen war, und ſich von keinem ſeiner Hausgenoſſen vorſtellen laſſen durfte. Nirgend iſt dieſe tatariſche Reichsverfaſſung mehr gediehen und prächtiger emporgekommen, als auf dem fränkiſchen Boden, von wo ſie durch die Normannen nach England und Sicilien, mit der Kaiſerkrone nach Deutſchland, von dannen in die nordiſchen Reiche, und aus Burgund endlich in höchſter Pracht nach Spanien hinübergepflanzt worden iſt; wo ſie dann allenthalben nach Ort und Zeit neue Blüthen getragen. Von einer ſolchen Staatsdichtung, das Hausweſen des Regenten zur Geſtalt und Summe des Reichs zu machen, wußten weder Griechen noch Römer, weder Alexander noch Auguſtus; am Jaik aber oder am Jeniſeiſtrom iſt ſie einheimiſch, daher auch nicht unbedeutend die Zobel und Hermeline ihr Sinnbild und Wappenſchmuck geworden.

5. In Europa hätte dieſe Verfaſſung ſchwerlich ſo feſten Platz gewinnen oder behalten mögen, wenn nicht dieſe Barbarei bereits eine andre vor ſich gefunden hätte, mit der ſie ſich freundlich vermählte, die Barbarei des römiſchen Papſtthums. Denn weil die Kleriſei damals den ganzen Reſt der Wiſſenſchaften beſaß, ohne welche auch die Barbaren in dieſen Ländern nicht ſein konnten, ſo blieb dieſen, die ſich ſelbſt Wiſſenſchaften zu erwerben nicht begehrten, nur ein Mittel übrig, ſie gleichſam mitzuerobern, wenn ſie die Biſchöfe unter ſich aufnähmen. Es geſchah. Und da dieſe mit den Edlen Reichs-

ſtände, mit den Dienern des Hofes Hofdiener wurden; da wie dieſe, auch ſie ſich Beneficien, Gerechtigkeiten und Länder verleihen ließen, und aus mehreren Urſachen den Laien in Vielem zuvorkamen, ſo war ja keine Staatsverfaſſung dem Papſtthum holder und werther, als dieſe. Wie nun einerſeits nicht zu läugnen iſt, daß zu Milderung der Sitten und ſonſtiger Ordnung die geiſtlichen Reichsſtände viel beigetragen haben; ſo ward auf der andern Seite durch Einführung einer doppelten Gerichtsbarkeit, ja eines unabhängigen Staates im Staate, der letzte in allen ſeinen Grundſätzen wankend. Keine zwei Dinge konnten einander an ſich fremder ſein, als das römiſche Papſtthum und der Geiſt deutſcher Sitten; jenes untergrub dieſe unaufhörlich, wie es ſich gegentheils vieles aus ihnen zueignete, und zuletzt Alles zu einem deutſch-römiſchen Chaos machte. Wofür allen deutſchen Völkern lange geſchaudert hatte, das ward ihnen am Ende über Alles lieb; ihre eignen Grundſätze ließen ſie gegen ſich ſelbſt gebrauchen. Die Güter der Kirche, dem Staat entriſſen, wurden in ganz Europa ein Gemeingut, für welches der Biſchof zu Rom kräftiger als irgend ein Fürſt für ſeinen Staat waltete und wachte. Eine Verfaſſung voll Widerſpruchs und unſeliger Zwiſte.

6. Weder Krieger noch Mönche nähren ein Land; und da bei dieſer Einrichtung für den erwerbenden Stand ſo wenig geſorgt war, daß vielmehr Alles in ihr dahin ging, Biſchöfen und Edeln die ganze Welt leibeigen zu machen, ſo ſiehet man, daß damit dem Staate ſeine lebendigſte Triebfeder, der Fleiß der Menſchen, ihr wirkſamer freier Erfindungsgeiſt auf lange geraubt war. Der Wehrsmann hielt ſich zu groß, die Aecker zu bauen, und ſank herab; der Edle und das Kloſter wollten Leibeigene haben, und die Leibeigenſchaft hat nie etwas Gutes gefördert. So lange man Land und Güter nicht als einen nutzbaren, in allen Theilen und Producten organiſchen Körper, ſondern als ein untheilbares todtes Beſitzthum betrachtete, das der Krone oder der Kirche, oder dem Stammhalter eines edlen Geſchlechts in der Qualität eines liegenden Grundes, zu welchem Knechte gehören, zuſtünde; ſo lange war der rechte Gebrauch dieſes Landes, ſammt der wahren Schätzung menſchlicher Kräfte, unſäglich behindert. Der größte Theil der Länder ward eine dürftige Almende, an deren Erdſchollen Menſchen wie Thiere klebten, mit dem harten Geſetz, nie davon losgetrennt werden zu können. Handwerke und Künſte gingen denſelben Weg. Von Weibern und Knechten getrieben, blieben ſie lange auch im Großen eine Handthierung der Knechte; und als Klöſter, die ihre Nutzbarkeit aus der römiſchen Welt kannten, ſie an ihre Kloſtermauern zogen, als Kaiſer ihnen Privilegien ſtädtiſcher Zünfte gaben, war dennoch der Gang der Sache damit nicht verändert. Wie können Künſte ſich heben, wo der Ackerbau darnieder liegt? wo die erſte Quelle des Reichthums, der unabhängige, Gewinn bringende Fleiß der Menſchen, und mit ihm alle Bäche des Handels und freien Gewerbes verſiegen, wo nur der Pfaffe und der Krieger gebietende, reiche, beſitzführende Herren waren! Dem Geiſt der Zeiten gemäß, konnten alſo auch die Künſte anders nicht als Gemeinweſen (Universitates) in Form der Zünfte eingeführet werden; eine rauhe Hülle, die damals der Sicherheit wegen nöthig, zugleich aber auch eine Feſſel war, daß keine Wirkſamkeit des menſchlichen Geiſtes ſich unzunftmäßig regen mochte. Solchen Verfaſſungen ſind wirs ſchuldig, daß in Ländern, die ſeit Jahrhunderten bebauet wurden, noch unfruchtbare Gemeinplätze, daß in feſtgezogenen Zünften, Orden und Brüderſchaften noch jene alten Vorurtheile und Irrthümer übrig ſind, die ſie treu aufbewahret haben. Der Geiſt der Menſchen modelte ſich nach einem Handwerksleiſten, und kroch gleichſam in eine privilegirte Gemeinlade.

Der gerettete Jüngling *).

Eine ſchöne Menſchenſeele finden,
Iſt Gewinn; ein ſchönerer Gewinn iſt,
Sie erhalten, und der ſchönſt' und ſchwerſte,
Sie, die ſchon verloren war, zu retten.

Sankt Johannes, aus dem öden Pathmos **)
Wiederkehrend, war, was er geweſen,
Seiner Heerden Hirt. Er ordnet' ihnen
Wächter, auf ihr Innerſtes aufmerkſam.

In der Menge ſah er einen ſchönen
Jüngling; fröhliche Geſundheit glänzte
Vom Geſicht ihm, und aus ſeinen Augen
Sprach die liebevollſte Feuerſeele.

„Dieſen Jüngling, ſprach er zu dem Biſchof,
Nimm in deine Hut. Mit deiner Treue
Stehſt du mir für ihn! — Hierüber zeuge
Mir und dir vor Chriſto die Gemeine.“

Und der Biſchof nahm den Jüngling zu ſich,
Unterwies ihn, ſah die ſchönſten Früchte
In ihm blühn, und weil er ihm vertraute,
Ließ er nach von ſeiner ſtrengen Aufſicht.

Und die Freiheit war ein Netz des Jünglings;
Angelockt von ſüßen Schmeicheleien,
Ward er müßig, koſtete die Wolluſt,
Dann den Reiz des fröhlichen Betruges,
Dann der Herrſchaft Reiz; er ſammelt um ſich
Seine Spielgeſellen, und mit ihnen
Zog er in den Wald, ein Haupt der Räuber.

Als Johannes in die Gegend wieder
Kam, die erſte Frag' an ihren Biſchof
War: „Wo iſt mein Sohn?“ — „Er iſt geſtorben
Sprach der Greis und ſchlug die Augen nieder.
„Wann und Wie?“ — „Er iſt Gott abgeſtorben!
Iſt (mit Thränen ſag' ich es) ein Räuber.“

„Dieſes Jünglings Seele, ſprach Johannes,
Fordr' ich einſt von dir. Jedoch, wo iſt er?“ —
„Auf dem Berge dort!“
— „Ich muß ihn ſehen!“

Und Johannes, kaum dem Walde nahend,
Ward ergriffen (eben dieſes wollt' er).
„Führet, ſprach er, mich zu Eurem Führer.“

Vor ihn trat er! Und der ſchöne Jüngling
Wandte ſich; er konnte dieſen Anblick
Nicht ertragen. „Fliehe nicht, o Jüngling,
Nicht, o Sohn, den waffenloſen Vater,
Einen Greis. Ich habe dich gelobet
Meinem Herrn und muß für dich antworten.
Gerne geb' ich, willſt du es, mein Leben
Für dich hin; nur dich fortan verlaſſen
Kann ich nicht! Ich habe dir vertrauet,
Dich mit meiner Seele Gott verpfändet.“

Weinend ſchlang der Jüngling ſeine Arme
Um den Greis, bedeckte ſein Antlitz,
Stumm und ſtarr! dann ſtürzte ſtatt der Antwort
Aus den Augen ihm ein Strom von Thränen.

Auf die Kniee ſank Johannes nieder,
Küßte ſeine Hand und ſeine Wange,
Nahm ihn neugeſchenket vom Gebirge,
Läuterte ſein Herz mit ſüßer Flamme.

Jahre lebten ſie jetzt unzertrennet
Mit einander; in dem ſchönen Jüngling
Sah ſich ganz Johannes ſchöne Seele.

* * *

Sagt, was war es, was das Herz des Jünglings
Alſo tief erkannt' und innig feſthielt!
Und es wiederfand, und unbezwingbar
Rettete? Ein Sankt Johannes-Glaube,
Zutrauen, Feſtigkeit und Lieb' und Wahrheit.

Der Tapfere.

Ein hohes Heldenthum, wenn gegen Menſch
Der Menſch zu Felde zieht. Er dürſtet nicht
Nach ſeinem Blut, das er nicht trinken kann;
Er will ſein Fleiſch nicht eſſen; aber ihn
Zerhaun, zerhacken will er, tödten ihn! —
Aus Rache? Nicht aus Rache, denn er kennt
Den Andern nicht, und liebet ihn vielleicht.
Auch nicht ſein Vaterland zu retten, zog

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*) Aus Herder's Legenden.

**) Pathmos (Palmoſa). Eine Inſel, auf welche der Evangeliſt und Apoſtel Johannes verbannt geweſen.

Er fernen Landes her. Ein Machtgebot
Hat ihn hieher geführet; roher Sinn,
Die Raubſucht, Sucht nach höh'rer Sclaverei.
Von Wein und Branntwein glühend, ſchießt er, ſticht
Und haut und mordet; mordet — weiß nicht, wen?
Warum? wozu? bis beide Helden dann,
Verbannt ins Schloß der Unbarmherzigkeit,
Ein Krankenhaus, mit andern Hunderten
Daliegen ächzend; und ſobald den Krieg
Noth und der Hunger endet, alle dann
Als Mörder-Krüppel durch die Straßen ziehn
Und betteln. Ach, ſie mordeten um Lohn,
Gedungne Helden aus Tradition.

Ein edler Held iſt, der für's Vaterland,
Ein edlerer, der für des Landes Wohl,
Der edelſte, der für die Menſchheit kämpft.
Ein Hoherprieſter trug er ihr Geſchick
In ſeinem Herzen, und der Wahrheit Schild
Auf ſeiner Bruſt. Er ſteht im Felde, Feind
Des Aberglaubens und der Ueppigkeit,
Des Irrthums und der Schmeichelein Feind,
Und fällt, der höchſten Majeſtät getreu,
Dem redlichen Gewiſſen, das ihm ſagt:
Er ſuchte nicht und floh nicht ſeinen Tod.

* * *

„Was tödtet ihr die Glieder? (rief die Wuth
Des Heidenpöbels.) Sucht und würgt das Haupt!“ —

Man ſucht den frommen Polykarpus, ihn,
Johannes Bild und Schüler *). Sorgſam hatten
Die Seinen ihn auf's Land geflüchtet.
„Ich
Sah dieſe Nacht das Kiſſen meines Hauptes
In voller Gluth (ſo ſprach der kranke Greis),
Und wachte mit beſonderer Freude auf.
Ihr Lieben, mühet euch umſonſt; ich ſoll
Mit meinem Tode Gott lobpreiſen.“ —
Da
Erſcholl das Haus vom ſtürmenden Geſchrei
Der Suchenden. Er nahm ſie freundlich auf:
„Bereitet, ſprach er, dieſen Müden noch
Ein Gaſtmahl — Ich bereite mich indeß
Zur Reiſe auch.“ Er ging und betete.

Und folgete mit vielen Schmerzen ihnen
Zum Conſul. Als er auf den Richtplatz kam,
Rief eine mächt'ge Stimm' im Buſen ihm:
„Sei tapfer, Polykarp!“
Der Conſul ſieht
Den heitern, ſchönen, ruhigſanften Greis
Verwundernd. „Schone, ſprach er, deines Alters
Und opfre hier, entſagend deinem Gott!“ —

„Wie ſollt' ich einem Herrn entſagen, dem
Zeitlebens ich gedienet und der mir
Zeitlebens Gutes that!“ —
„Und fürchteſt du
Denn keines Löwen Zahn?“
„Zermalmet muß
Das Waizenkorn doch einmal werden, ſei's
Wodurch es will, zur künft'gen neuen Frucht.“

Der Pöbel rief: „Hinweg mit ihm! Er iſt
Der Chriſten Vater. Feuer! Feuer her!“
Sie trugen Holz zuſammen und mit Wuth
Ward er ergriffen.
„Freunde, ſprach er, hier
Bedarf's der Bande nicht. Wer dieſer Flamme
Mich würdigte, der wird mir Muth verleihn.“ —

Und legte ſtill den Mantel ab und band
Die Sohlen ſeiner Füße los und ſtieg
Hinauf zum Scheiterhaufen.
Plötzlich ſchlug
Die Flamm' empor, umwehend ringsum ihn
Gleich einem Segel, das ihn kühlete,
Gleich einem glänzenden Gewölbe, das
Den Edelſtein in ſeine Mitte nahm
Und ſchöner ihn verklärte; bis ergrimmt
Ihm eine freche Fauſt das Herz durchſtieß.
Er ſank, es floß ſein Blut; die Flamm' erloſch;
Und eine weiße Taube flog empor.

* * *

Du lachſt der weißen Taube? Soll einmal
Ein Geier Dir, dem Sterbenden, die Bruſt
Durchbohren? Dem Geſtorbenen das Aug'
Ein Rab' aushacken? Aus der Aſche ſich
Molch oder Natter winden? — Spotte nicht
Des Bildes, das die Sage ſich erſchuf:
Nur Einfalt, Unſchuld giebt im Tode Muth.

Der Palmbaum.

Liebe kränzet ſich mit Myrth' und Roſen,
Für den Held und Dichter ſprießet Lorbeer;
Aber Palmen ſind des heiligen Siegers
Ehrenzweig, und auch dem matten Wandrer
In der Wüſte ſprießt von Gott ein Palmbaum.

* * *

Als Onuphrius, ein raſcher Jüngling,
Von den Vätern des Elias Leben
Ueber alles hoch geprieſen hörte,
Rüſtet er ſich eilend in die Wüſte.

Sieben Tage ging er; keine Stimme
Rief ihm zu: „was thuſt du hier, Elia?“
Bis von Sonnengluth und Durſt und Hunger
Er ermattet ſank. „Nimm meine Seele,
Sprach er, Herr! Nur einen Trunk zur Labung,
Eine Dattel laß mich hier nur koſten.“

Und ein ſüßer Schlaf umfing den Jüngling,
Und ſein Engel ſtand bei ihm: „Verwegner,
Der du Gott verſuchſt, biſt du Elias?
Doch zu deinem Lohn und deiner Lehre,
Hör'! — An deiner Seite rauſch' die Quelle,
Und ein Palmbaum über deinem Haupte.
Siebzig Jahre ſollſt du hier mit ihnen
Leben, und ſie werden mit dir ſterben.
Aber keines Menſchen ſüße Stimme
Sollſt du, keines Menſchen Fußtritt hören,
Bis dir einer kommt, der dich begrabe.“

Froh erſchrocken ſah der Auferwachte,
Was der Engel ihm im Schlafe ſagte;
Nannte jetzt den Palmbaum ſeinen Bruder,
Nannt' die Quelle ſeine Schweſter, labte
Sich an ihrem Trank, an ſeinen Früchten,
Kleidete ſich in des Baumes Blätter;
Aber keines Menſchen ſüße Stimme
Kam zu ihm die ſiebzig lange Jahre.

Endlich hört' er eines Menſchen Fußtritt:
„Dieſer, ſprach er, iſt von Gott geſendet,
Daß er mich begrabe!“ nahm den Gaſt auf,
Und erzählt' ihm ſeines Baum's Geſchichte.
„Alſo haſt du deine Pflicht erfüllet;
Eil' hinweg! für dich iſt dieſer Ort nicht.
Menſchen ſind geſchaffen für die Menſchen.“

Kaum geſprochen, ſank der Greis danieder
Todt; ein Sturmwind riß den Baum mit ſeinen
Wurzeln aus; die Quelle war verſieget.

Und ein Lobgeſang ſang in den Lüften:
„Komm, o Bruder, komm aus deiner Wüſte;
Was dir deine eigne Schuld verſagte,
Singet dir der Himmel jetzt entgegen,
Süße Freundſchaft unter Himmels-Palmen.“

Und Paphnutius begrub den Todten,
Deſſen Antlitz glänzte. Die Wüſte
Heulte rings um ihn, und trieb ihn von ſich:

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*) Polykarp, Biſchof zu Smyrna, ein im Chriſtenthum weltberühmter Lehrer, der in der Mitte des zweiten Jahrhunderts im höchſten Alter den Märtyrertod litt.

„Ach, ſprach er, ſo viel ſie Leid ſich bringen,
So viel geben ſie ſich Troſt und Stärke;
Menſchen ſind geſchaffen für die Menſchen.“

* * *

Dank, Onuphrius, nach tauſend Jahren
Dank dir, daß du eines Mannes Seele
Noch in ſeiner letzten Stund' erquickteſt.

Schüchtern, krank, mißtrauend allen Menſchen,
Ein gejagtes Reh (den Pfeil des Jägers
Trug er in der Bruſt); ſo floh Torquato
Taſſo zu dir. Seine zarte Schläfe
War bedeckt mit Lorbeer; keinen Lorbeer
Sucht' er mehr; ihn labte deine Palme *).

Die laute Klage.

Sanft entſchlummert lag des Greiſes Antlitz
Hingegangen ſchien die fromme Seele;
Als der Brüder laute Todtenklage
Noch einmal zurück ihn rief in's Leben.

Auferwachend lächelt' er und ſagte
Bittend: „Brüder, wozu dieſes Jammern?
Fürchtet ihr den Tod? Er iſt ein Engel!
Mög' er euch, wie mir anjetzt, erſcheinen.

„Oder gönnet ihr dem matten Wandrer
Nicht die Ruh'? beim letzten Augenblicke
Nicht die Einkehr in mich ſelbſt, daß heitre
Ich vor Gott und unverworren trete?

Hab' ich es verdient, daß ihr die letzte
Stunde mir betrübt?“ — Er ſank danieder
Und entſchlief. Der Engel, der die Seele
Von ihm nahm, ſah Eine ſtumme Thräne

In des Jünglings Auge, den als Vater
Er geliebt (es hielt der Greis die Hand ihm
Sterbend noch); die ſtille ſtumme Zeugin
Trat vor Gott mit der entflohnen Seele.

Die Ameiſen.

Ein Müßiggänger ſah die Lilie
Des Feldes blühn, und hört' der Vögel Chor
Lobſingen. „Bin ich denn nicht mehr als ſie?
Sprach er. Wohlan! ſo ſei mein Leben auch
Blühn und Verblühen, Anſchaun und Geſang!“

Er ging zur einſam-frommen Wüſtenei
Und harrete auf Offenbarung. Da
Rief eine Stimme: „Schau zur Erd' hinab,
Simplicius!“

Er ſah. Ein wimmelnd Volk
Ameiſen war vor ihm in lebender
Bewegung. Dieſe trugen eine Laſt,
Viel größer als ſie ſelbſt. Ein andrer Hauf'
Hielt Kräuterſaamen in dem Munde, feſt
Wie mit der Zange. Jene holten Erd'
Herbei, und dämmten ihren breiten Strom.
Die andern trugen für den Winter ein,
Und ſchroteten die Körner künſtlich ab,
Daß ihre feuchte Wohnung nicht mit Kraut
Verwüchſe. Dieſe hielten einen Zug;
Sie trugen einen Todten aus der Stadt.
Und keiner ſtört den andern; jeder wich
Beim Ein- und Ausgang ſeinem Nachbar aus.
Wer unter ſeiner Laſt erlag, und wer
Die ſteile Straße nicht erklimmen konnte,
Dem half man auf, man bot den Rücken dar —

Simplicius ſah's mit Verwunderung
Und ſähe noch; hätt' ihm die Stimme nicht
Gerufen: „Biſt du nicht vielmehr als ſie?“

Und vor ihm ſtand ein Greis. „Verlorner Sohn,
Wie? haſt du keinen Vater? keine Mutter?
Und keinen Freund und Armen, dem du jetzt
Beiſpringen könnteſt? Biſt vom Himmel du
Entſproſſen? keinem Menſchen auf der Welt
Verbunden oder werth; daß ihm ein Theil
Von dir gehöre? — Sieh, das kleine Volk
Ameiſen. Jede wirket ingemein,
Und ohne Eigenthum hat Jede g'nug.“

Belehret kehrt Simplicius zurück
Zur muntern Thätigkeit, und ſah forthin
Im großen Ameishaufen dieſer Welt
Die Gottesſtadt, die (oft ſich unbewußt)
Im Wirken für's Gemeine lebt und webt,
Niemand für ſich, für alle Jedermann.

Die Fremdlinge.

Gegrüßt ſeid ihr mir, ihr Morgenſterne
Der Vorzeit, die den Allemannen einſt
In ihre Dunkelheit den Strahl des Lichts,
In ihre rauhe Wildheit Milde brachten. —
Beatus, Lucius und Fridolin,
Und Columban und Gallus, Magnoald,
Othmar und Meinrad, Notker und Winfred *) —
Ihr kamet nicht mit Orpheus Leierton,
In phrygiſch-wilden Bacchusklängen nicht,
Noch mit blut'gem Schwert in eurer Hand,
In eurer Hand ein Evangelium
Des Friedens und ein heilig Kreuz, mit ihm
Die Pflugſchaar war es, die die Welt bezwang.

Grau'nvoller Anblick! — Undurchdrungner Wald,
Bedeckte Thäler, Auen und Gebirg',
Bis hinten unerſteigbar hoch das Eis
Der Gletſcher glänzt in kalter Majeſtät,
Aus Klüften ſtürzten Ströme wild herab,
Felſen zerreißend. Tief im Hain erſcholl
Das Kampfgeſchrei der Männer und des Ur,
Geſchrei der Weiber und Gefangenen.
Aus Höhlen ziſchten Drachen; am Altar
Floß Menſchenblut dem Wodan. Oede lag
Das Feld umher in trägem Sumpf und Moor.
Der armen Hütte dumpfe Nothdurft ward
Von hartgehalt'nen Knechten arm beſtellt. —

Da wagten aus entfernten Landen ſich
Von Gott erweckte Männer in das Graun
Der alten Nacht, durchwanderten das Land,
Arm, einſam, unbekannt, verfolgt. Da
Verſuchte ſich Beatus über'n See **);
Der ungeſtüme ſchwieg vor ihm. Er trat
Vor eines Drachen Kluft; der Drach' entfloh,
Und ließ die Höhle jetzt zur Wohnung ihm
Und ſeinem Freund' Achates. — Lucius ***),
Aus Königsſtamm und jetzt ein Wanderer,
Zwang Auerſtier' in's Joch; und Fridolin †)
Bracht' aus der Gruft den Todten vor Gericht
Mit ihm zu zeugen.
Dann verſchaffte
Der Orden Benedicts der Sonne Raum,
Die Erde zu erwärmen. Weſſen Hand

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*) Taſſo, dieſer liebenswürdige, aber faſt ſein ganzes Leben hindurch unglückliche Dichter, als er erſchöpft an Kräften in Rom ankam, um auf dem Capitolium gekrönt zu werden, ließ ſich in das Kloſter St. Onofrio bringen, wo er, indeß alle Anſtalten zur Feierlichkeit gemacht waren, den Tag vor ſeiner Krönung ſanft entſchlief. Er liegt mit Barclai und dem Dichter Guidi in der Kirche St. Onofrio unter einem Steine begraben; zu einem Denkmale iſt kein Raum da. Man zeigt ſein Bruſtbild und die dem Geſicht des Todten abgenommene Larve.

*) Bekehrer Deutſchlands in der Schweiz, in Schwaben und am Rhein.

**) Den Brienzer und Thuner See. Beatus hat den Namen St. Batt in der Volksſprache.

***) Lucius, der Sage nach ein brittiſcher Königsſohn. Bekehrer der Graubündner.

†) Fridolin. Bekehrer derer von Glarus und der Rheinanwohner. Zu Säckingen auf einer Inſel des Rheins begraben.

Hat dieſen Fels durchbrochen? dieſen Wald
Gelichtet? jenen ſeucheſchwangern Pfuhl
Umdämmt, und ausgehackt die Wurzelknoten
Der ew'gen Eichen? Wer hat dieſes Moor
Zum Garten umgeſchaffen, daß in ihm
Italien und Hellas, Aſien
Und Afrika jetzt blühet? War es nicht
Gottſel'ger Mönche emſig-harte Hand?

Und wie den Boden, ſo durchpflügeten
Sie wild're Menſchenſeelen. Manchen Leu
Belegt' ein Heiliger mit dem ſanften Joch
Des Glaubens. Mancher Drache flog, beſprochen
Vom mächt'gen Wort, lautziſchend in die Luft,
Zur Ruh der ganzen Gegend. Leo ging
Dem Attila *) und manchem Giſelaar,
Und Gibich, Godemar und Gunthar ging
Ein Biſchof fromm entgegen, ſprach mit ihm
So lange, bis der Dämon von ihm floh;
Die freche, ſtarre Geißel Gottes ward
Um's heil'ge Kreuz gewunden. Billigkeit
Und Milde trat im ſchlichten Mönchsgewand',
Im Waldeskittel, wie im Prieſterſchmuck
Hin vor den Thron, und in's Gewühl der Schlacht,
Trat zwiſchen die Zweikämpfer, in den Rath
Der Ritter, und in's Haus- und Brautgemach,
Verſöhnend, ſchlichtend, ſanftverſtändigend.
Dem Knecht entfiel die Kette. Menſchenkauf
Und Menſchendiebſtahl traf des Bannes Fluch. —
Wie Tempel und Altar, ſo ward auch Heerd
Und Eh' befriediget. Gedrückte wallten
Zur Stärke des Erbarmens. Hungernde,
Verfolgte, Kranke flohn zum heil'gen Raum,
Erflehend Gottes Frieden, der am Bett
Der Sterbenden, in Aufruhr, Peſt und Noth,
Erquickte, linderte, beruhigte.

Weß iſt der Erdenraum? Des Fleißigen.
Weß iſt die Herrſchaft? Des Verſtändigen.
Weß ſei die Macht? Wir wünſchen alle, nur
Des Gütigen, des Milden. Rach' und Wuth
Verzehrt ſich ſelber. Der Friedſelige
Bleibt und errettet. Nur der Weiſere
Soll unſer Vormund ſein. Die Kette ziemt
Den Menſchen nicht und minder noch das Schwert.
Der Allemannen Sitten und Geſpräch
Sind nicht die beſten Sitten. Das Geſpräch
Von Bärenbraten, Auerochſenjagd
Und Weiberjagd und Mähr' und Hunden — Doch
Genug, o Muſe, lieber ſage mir
Von Columban und Gallus, was du weißt **).

* * *

Verklungen war die Harfe Oſſians
Im fernen West, auf jenen Eilanden
Des ſanften Galenſtammes: Fingal lag
Im Grab' und ſchwebte nur in Wolken noch

Was tönet jetzt aus neuen Wölbungen
Dort für ein andrer Klang? Nicht Oſſians
Geſänge mehr; ſie ſingen Davids Pſalmen
Im feierlichſten düſtern Jubelchor.

Der Strom der Zeiten ändert ſeinen Lauf,
Und bleibt derſelbe. Die zu Schlachten einſt,
Zu Rettungen auf ferne Küſten zogen,
Errettend zieh'n ſie jetzt zu ſtillen Siegen aus.

„Laß mich, o heil'ger Vater (alſo ſprach
Zu Comogellus Columban), laß mich
Mit meinen zwölf Gefährten über Meer
Und Land hinziehen, zu beſänftigen die Welt.“

Er zog mit ſeinen Freunden über Land
Und Meer, bis er des Frankenkönigs Herz
Gewann. „Erwähle dir, ſprach Siegbert,
In meinem Reich zu wohnen, wo du willſt.“

In einer Wüſte des vogeſiſchen
Gebirges fanden ſie ein warmes Bad.
Sie bauten ſich in alten Mauern an,
Hier Menſchen zu erquicken Leib und Geiſt.

Und viele Kranke wallten zu ihnen;
An Leib und Geiſt geneſen kehrten ſie
Zurück. Auch der Burgunderkönig kam,
Und bat den heil'gen Mann um Lehr' und Rath.

„Thu' deinen Ausſatz von dir, König! ſprach
Sankt Columban, und nimm ein eh'lich Weib,
Zur Ehre dir und deinem Land' und Stamm;
Von deiner Unzucht waſch', o König, dich.“

Brunhilde, Königs Mutter, hörte das;
Herrſchſüchtig ſcheut ſie eine Königin,
Und haßte Columban. Er ward verbannt
Aus ſeiner Zelle und aus Siegberts Reich.

Jedoch die Meeresfluth empörte ſich,
Und bracht' ihn wieder an den Strand. Er ging
Mit ſeinen Freunden bis zur Limmat hin,
Gen Arbon und hinüber nach Bregenz.

Sie lehrten unermüdet, litten viel
Vom wilden Volk (noch lehrt uns Columban
In ſeinen Schriften); bis er, ausgeſtoßen,
Die Alp' hinüberging zur Lombardei.

Zu Füßen fiel ihm Gallus: „Laß mich hier
Zurück, den Sterbend-Kranken.“ — Columban,
Unwillig zwar, jedoch mitleidend ließ
Ihm Magnoald und Dietrich auch zurück.

Erhebe dich, Geſang, vom Bodenſee,
Zu jenen ſchönen Höhen, die uns einſt
In heil'gen Zellen das Verlorne
Bewahrten, das noch jetzt die Welt belehrt.

„In jenem Walde dort, ob dieſer Burg,
Dort wo die Steinach aus dem Felſen ſpringt,
Sprach Hildebald, iſt eine Ebene;
Dahinten ſteigen Berge hoch empor.

Nur iſt Gefahr an dieſem wilden Ort:
Denn Wolf und Bär kommt ſich zu laben da!“ —
„Iſt Gott mit uns, was thut uns Wolf und Bär?
Sprach Gallus, morgen, Brüder, ziehn wir hin!

Und keine Speiſe kommt mir in den Mund,
Bis ich die Stätte meiner Raſt erſeh'!“
So ſprach der achtzigjähr'ge Greis und zog,
Beſah das Land umher und betete.

Er pflanzte einen Haſelſtecken ſtatt
Des Kreuzes hin, und lebte dort
Mit ſeinen Brüdern Mang und Dietrich, trieb
Die Teufel heulend aus der Wüſtenei.

Er ſegnete den Bär und Wolf hinweg;
Die Schlange floh; er baute ſeine Zell'
In's Neſt der Schlangen, und die Ebne ward
Ein Garten, fiſchreich, fruchtreich, ſegensvoll.

Hier lebte Gall, verſchmähend allen Reiz
Der Kirchenehren, wirkend weit umher
Mit Hülf' und Troſt; es flohen vor ihm Leid
Und Krankheit, Leibes und der Seelen Schmerz.

Die ſchöne Wüſte ſchenkt der König ihm;
Dann baut' er mit ſeinen Freunden dort
Ein Tempelhaus; der Heilige entſchlief,
In Freundes Arm, ein fünf und neunzigjähr'ger Greis.

In ſeiner Zelle folgt' ihm Mang ſein Freund.
Nach funfzig Jahren ſtand ein Kloſter hier

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*) Attila, der Hunnenkönig. Leo III. ging ihm in die Lombardei entgegen und rettete Rom. Giſelaar, Gibich u. ſ. ſind Könige der Allemannen und Burgunder.

**) Gallus heißt Gale. Columban und ſeine Gefährten waren nicht von Fingals Stamm, aber edle Schotten (Scoten), aus Erin (Nord-Irland) gebürtig. Der erſte Zug Columbans war in die Hebriden (die weſtlichen Inſeln bei Schottland). Auf Hy oder Jona ward ein Chorherrnſtift errichtet, nach einer morgenländiſchen Regel. Von da begaben ſich viele nach Bangor, einem berühmten Kloſter in Wales, von da in die mittäglichen Länder. S. Müllers Geſchichte der Schweiz Thl. 1. S. 188 206 u. fg.

Und eine Bücherei. Mit Danke nenn'
Ich Ottmar, Waldo, Gottbert, Hartmuth, Grimmwald,
Der Bücher, Armen, und der Schulen Väter.

Wer an Valerius und Cicero,
Lucrez und Silius, Quintilian,
Salluſt und Ammian, Manilius
Und Columella ſich erfreut; der ſage
Sankt Gall und Mang und allen Schotten Dank,
Die emſig mit altem Väterfleiß,
Die Bücher ſchrieben und bewahrten.
Es lebe Benedictus und Sankt Maur,
Und wer uns je was Schönes aufbewahrt.

* * *

Der Helden Fußtritt iſt mit Blut gefärbt;
Bekehrungscolonieen gehen oft
In Staatsliſt über. Gute Galen, Euch,
Die bis gen Lappland, bis zur Lombardei
Die Völker lehrten, Bücher ſchrieben,
Nachkommen Euch des menſchlichſten der Helden,
Des menſchlichſten der Sänger *) Ruhm und Dank!

Chriſtenfreude.

Bruder Leo und Franciscus gingen
In den Pflichten ihres ſtrengen Ordens
Ueber das Gebirge. Schneidend wehte,
Um und um ſie, Hauch des kalten Winters.
Und ihr Ordenskleid war kahl; die Kutte
Deckt' ihr nacktes Haupt nur dünn und kärglich.
„Bruder Leo, rief Franciscus, höre!
Stehe ſtill!
Wenn hinter uns die Menge
Ruf und winket: „Sehe da die Säulen
Aller Chriſtenheit! der Erden Sterne!“ —
Und der Ruf uns gegen Oſt und Abend,
Nord und Süd auf ſeinen Flügeln träget,
Daß, wohin wir kommen, Städt' und Dörfer,
Helle Haufen uns entgegen ſenden,
Die uns grüßen, uns Erquickung reichen,
Knieend unſern Segen ſich erflehen,
Und darüber unſer Herz frohlockte —
Bruder Leo, das iſt nicht die Freude,
Aechte, wahre Chriſtenfreude nicht.“

Weiter gingen ſie; der Hauch des Winters
Wehete gelinder, und Franciscus
Redet fort: „Wenn vor dem hohen Pulte
Des berühmteſten, des vollſten Tempels
Zehntauſend um uns ſtehn und horchen
Auf die Sprüche unſrer Weisheit, ſaugen
Durſtend ein den Odem unſrer Lippen;
Wenn wir Herzen ſpalten, führen Seelen,
Tauſend Seelen im Triumph gefangen,
Daß, berauſchet auf des Wohllauts Strömen,
Jedes Ohr dahinſchwimmt, und die Augen,
Süße Bäche weinen; Seufzer ſteigen
Zu uns auf, ein ſüßer, ſüßer Weihrauch —
Und uns dann der Buſen voller ſchläget,
Unſer Mund frohlockender ertönet —
Bruder Leo, das iſt nicht die Freude,
Aechte, wahre Chriſtenfreude nicht.“

Als ſie weiter kamen, in die ſchöne
Reichbewohnte Ebne, ſprach Franciscus:
„Wüßten wir die Sprachen aller Völker,
Die Geheimniſſe in Erd' und Himmel,
Kenneten den Weg der Vögel, Fiſche,
Thier' und Menſchen, ſelber auch der Sterne;
Bruder Leo wüßte jede Zukunft,
Die auch, die ſein könnend doch nicht ſein wird —
Und wir aller Menſchenherzen Tiefen,
Jeden Abgrund der Gewiſſen ſähen,
Und ſie wie Allmächtige beherrſchten,
Wenn darüber unſer Herz frohlockte“ —

Indeß hatte ſich das Volk in Haufen
Schon geſammelt und begehrte Wunder.
„Bruder, wenn uns Gott nun Wunder gäbe,
Wunder, ſelbſt den Satan zu entwaffnen,
Kräfte, dieſem Tauben, jenem Stummen,
Blinden, Lahmen, Ohr und Zung' und Auge,
Hand und Fuß zu geben; der verweſten
Menſchen-Aſche neue Lebensfunken.“ —

Leo fiel ihm ein: „O guter Vater,
Warum ſprichſt du alſo? Oeffne lieber,
Oeffne mir der wahren Freude Quell.“

Sprach Franciscus: „Als vor jener Hütte,
Der wir Segen brachten, uns der Pförtner
Halb geſehn, die Pforte kaum eröffnet,
Drohend fortwies, und uns heil'ge Lügner,
Uns Verräther ſchalt und ſchloß die Thür zu —
Wenn wir da, als hätt' er uns mit warmem
Milden Bad' erquickt, den Gruß annahmen,
Und uns freuten und in Windes Pfeifen
Auf dem harten Stein, auf jenem Berge
Ruheten, als lägen wir auf Roſen,
Und der Schnee uns wie mit Roſen deckte;
Wir beſprachen uns, wie wir dem Feinde
Wohlthun könnten, ihn mit Segen lohnen —
Bruder Leo, war uns das nicht Freude?“
„Himmelsfreude war es, o Franciscus.“

„Jener Jünger, den als Kind wir liebten,
Dieſer Freund, dem wir das Herz vertrauten,
Jener Fremdling, dem wir Gut und Leben
Glück und Wohlſein gaben, wenn der Eine
Bitter uns nun haſſet, und der Andre
Das Geheimniß unſres Herzens ausſtößt,
Vollgemiſcht mit Lügen, und der Dritte
In's Geſicht uns ſpeit und ſchlägt uns blutig,
Schneidet uns mit Waffen unſrer Güte
Tief ins Herz, daß unſrer Eigenliebe
Feinſter Nerv' erbebt, und alle Buben
Ueber uns frohlocken; und wir dennoch
Unſre Güte nicht bereuen, fröhlich
Uns zu neuer größrer Güte rüſten,
Und uns in den Spott als Purpur kleiden,
In die Dornenkron', als wär' es Lorbeer,
Den Verräther mit dem Kuß der Liebe
Segnen, und uns freu'n der Ehren Chriſtus —
Bruder Leo, das iſt Chriſtenfreude!“
„Himmelsfreude, ſprach er, o Franciscus.“

„Sieh, wir gehen jetzt in die Verſammlung
Unſrer Brüder, wohin ſie mich laden,
Daß ich ihnen meinen Rath ertheile.
Wenn ich rede, was das Herz mir eingiebt,
Und ſie alle wider mich dann aufſtehn,
Rufend: „Nein! wir wollen nicht, daß Dieſer,
Ein Unwiſſender, ein Unerfahrner,
Ueber uns gebiet'!“ und mit Verachtung,
Haſſend mich aus ihrer Mitte ſtoßen,
Und vor aller Welt mich ſchmäh'n und läſtern; —
Wenn ich dann nicht, als ob ſie mit hohen
Ehren mich umfingen und lobpreiſen,
Ihren Spott in höchſter Ruh ertrüge;
Heiter im Gemüth, mit frohem Antlitz,
Willig, ihnen jedes bittre Unrecht
Mit demüth'ger Liebe zu vergelten,
Bruder Leo, ſo bin ich des Ordens,
Den ich Chriſto ſtiftete, nicht würdig.“

Die Cicade.

In dem Kleineſten der Schöpfung zeiget
Sich des Schöpfers Macht und Huld am größten.

Nahe Sankt Franciscus kleiner Zelle
Stand ein Feigenbaum; und auf dem Baume
Sang am Morgen, friſch geſtärkt vom Thaue,
Lieblich die Cicade. Sankt Franciscus
Hört' ihr zu an ſeinem kleinen Fenſter,
Und verſtand ihr Lied. „Hieher, o Schweſter,
Rief er, komm hieher:“ und winkt ihr freundlich
„In dem Kleineſten der Schöpfung zeiget
Sich des Schöpfers Macht und Huld am größten.“

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*) Fingal und Oſſian.

Fröhlich ſprang ſie von dem Feigenbaume
Auf Franciscus Finger, neigte freundlich
Sich, den hocherhabnen Mann zu grüßen,
Der ihr rief: er grüßete ſie wieder:
„Sing', o Schweſter, wie du droben ſangeſt,
Von des Höchſten Lobe, du die Kleinſte."

Alſobald (ſie fühlete mit Freuden
Und mit Stolz das heilige Katheder,
Wo ſie ſtand und ihren hohen Hörer):
Alſobald erhob in ſüßen Tönen
Sich ihr zirpender Geſang. Es nahten
Alle ihre Schweſtern, ihre Töchter,
Schnur und Schwieger; rings auf Bäum' und Sträuchen
Horchte ſchweigend jegliche Cicade.

Und ſie ſang. Die zarten Flügel ſchwingend,
Ihre kleinen Beine froh bewegend,
„Wer? wer gab mir dieſe leichten Füße,
Zierte ſie mit feſten Knoten,
Schnell hinabzuſpringen, leicht zu hüpfen
Rings von Baum zu Baum, von Zweig zu Zweige?
Augen gab er mir, kryſtallne Gehören,
Die ſich wenden, vor- und rückwärts blicken,
Aufzuſpähen alle meine Feinde,
Den gefräß'gen Specht und Spatz und Raben.
Flügel gab er mir, ein Gold-Gewebe,
Grün und blau, in Farben ſeines Himmels
Und in Farben meiner Bäume ſpielend.
Fröhlich ſchwing' ich ſie, wie keine Lerche,
Keine Nachtigall die Flügel ſchwinget,
Koſte Gottes Thau, den jeden Morgen
Mir, nur mir ſein Finger niederträufelt,
Und erhebe meine Stimm' und ſinge,
In des Wandrers Ohr den Ton der Schöpfung,
Und erfriſche ſeinen Gang. Dem Landmann
Stimm' ich an das frohe Lied der Ernte.
„Reich, o Bruder, ſtehen unſre Felder;
Schön, o Schweſter, dein' und meine Aern.
Singet mit mir dankbar und zufrieden:
Groß iſt Gott im Kleineſten und Größten."

Räuber preiſt ſie jetzt in wilden Tönen,
Wie auf Kräutern ſie und über Blumen
Manchen Blum- und Krautverwüſter aufſpäht.
Ihn mit ſcharfen Nägeln faßt und feſthält,
Und empfanget ihre Beute. —

„Schweige,
Sprach Franciscus, deine Stimme klinget
Rauh und heiſer. Lerne von mir, Schweſter,
Zeit iſt jetzt zu ſingen, jetzt zu ſchweigen.
Fleuch empor, und preiſe mir in Zukunft
Gottes Lob, nicht deine eignen Thaten."
„Groß iſt Gott, im Größeſten und Kleinſten"
Jauchzten auf die horchenden Cicaden.

Die Orgel.

O ſagt mir an, wer dieſen Wunderbau,
Voll Stimmen alles Lebenden erfand?
Den Tempel, der, von Gottes Hauch beſeelt,
Der tiefſten Wehmuth herzerſchütternde
Gewalt mit leiſem Klageflötenton
Und Jubel-, Cymbeln- und Schalmeienklang,
Mit Kriegstrommetenhall und mit dem Ruf
Der ſiegenden Poſaune kühn verband.

Vom leichten Hirtenrohre ſtieg der Schall
Zum Paukendonner und der weckenden
Gerichtstrommet'. Es ſtürzen Gräber! Horch,
Die Todten regen ſich! —

Wie ſchwebet jetzt
Der Ton auf aller Schöpfung Fittigen
Erwartend. Und die Lüfte rauſchen. Hört!
Jehovah kommt! Er kommt! ſein Donner ruft! . .

In ſanftanwehendem beſeelten Ton
Der Menſchenſtimme ſpricht der Gütige
Anjetzt; das bange Herz antwortet ihm.
Bis alle Stimmen nun und Seelen ſich
Zum Himmel heben, auf der Wolke ruhn
Ein Hallelujah! — Betet, betet an!

Apoll erfand die Cither, Maja's Sohn
Beſpannete die Lyra; Pan erfand
Die Flöte; wer war dieſer mächt'ge Pan,
Der aller Schöpfung Athem hier vereint?

* * *

Cäcilia, die edle Römerin,
Verſchmähete der weichen Saite Klang,
In ihrem Herzen betend: „wäre mir
Gewährt, den Lobgeſang zu hören, den
Die Knaben ſangen in des Feuers Gluth,
Das Lied der Schöpfung."

Da berührt' ihr Ohr
Ein Engel, der ihr ſichtbar oft erſchien,
Der Betenden. Entzücket hörte ſie
Das Lied der Schöpfung. Sterne, Sonn' und Mond,
Und Licht und Finſterniß, und Tag und Nacht,
Die Jahreszeiten, Winde, Froſt und Sturm,
Und Thau und Regen, Reif und Eis und Schnee
Und Berg und Thal in ihrem Frühlingsſchmuck,
Und Quellen, Ström' und Meere, Fels und Wald,
Und alle Vögel in den Lüften, was
Auf Erden Odem hat, lobpries den Herrn,
Den Heiligen, den Gütigen.

Sie ſank
Anbetend nieder: „Würd', o Engel, mir
Ein Nachhall dieſes Liedes!" —

Eilig ging
Er hin zum Künſtler, den Bezaleels
Geweihter Geiſt belebte, gab ihm Maaß
Und Zahl in ſeine Hand. Es ſtieg ein Bau
Der Harmonieen auf! Das Gloria
Der Engel that's; einmüthig ſtimmete
Die Chriſtenheit ihr hohes Credo an,
Der Seelen große Gottvereinigung.
Und als beim Sacrament das Heilige:
Er kommt! Geſegnet, der da kommt! erſcholl,
Hernieder ließen ſich die Seligen,
Und nahmen an — der Andacht Opfer. Erd'
Und Himmel ward Ein Chor; den Böſewicht
Erſchüttert an des Tempels Pforte ſchon
Die Tuba, die den Tag des Zorns erklang. —

Mit allen Chriſtenherzen freute ſich
Cäcilia, genießend, was das Herz
Der Betenden verlanget, Einigung
Der Seel' und Herzen; Chriſtvereinigung.

„Wie nenn' ich, ſprach ſie, den vielarm'gen Strom,
Der uns ergreift, und in das weite Meer
Der Ewigkeiten träget?" „Nenne, ſprach
Der Engel, es, was du dir wünſchteſt,
Organ des Geiſtes, der in Allem ſchläft,
Der aller Völker Herzen regt, der
Anſtimmen wird der ew'gen Schöpfung Lied,
Im reinſten Labyrinth die volleſte
Vereinigung; der Andacht Organum."

Der Friedensſtifter.

Dreimal war der kühne Karl geſchlagen,
Und die Macht Burgunds im Blut erlegen;
Granſee, Murten, Nanſen zeugten ewig,
Was der Tapfre über ungerechten
Stolz vermag; als ſich die böſe Zwietracht
Auch ins Herz der Tapfern ſchlich. Sie zankten
Lieblos um des Sieges reiche Beute.
Faſt ſchon theilte ſich der Eidgenoſſen
Bündniß. Denn mit Frankreichs Golde waren
Frankreichs Sitten in das Land gekommen,
Ueppigkeit und Pracht. Dem Schweizerbunde
Drohete Auflöſung. Da, am letzten
Friedenstag' zu Stanz in Unterwalden
Trat ein alter Mann in die Verſammlung.

Grad' und hoch; ſein Auge blitzte Schrecken,
Doch gemiſcht mit Gütigkeit und Anmuth.
Lang ſein Bart, von wenig ſchlichten Haaren,
Zweigeſpalten; auf dem braunen Antlitz

Glänzt' ein Himmliſches. Gebietend ſtand er
Dürr und hager da, und ſprach anmuthig
Männlich-langſam:

„Liebe Eidgenoſſen,
Laſſet nicht, daß Haß und Neid und Mißgunſt
Unter euch aufkommen; oder aus iſt
Euer Regiment! — Auch zieht den Zaun nicht
Gar zu weit hinaus, damit ihr eures
Theu'rerworbenen Friedens lang' genießet.
Eidgenoſſen, werdet nicht verbunden
Fremder Herrſchaft, euch mit fremden Sorgen
Zu beladen und mit fremden Sitten.
Werdet nicht des Vaterlands Verkäufer
Zu unredlich-eignem Nutz. Beſchirmet
Euch und nehmt Banditen, Landesläufer,
Nicht zu Bürgern auf und Landesleuten. —
Ohne ſchwere Urſach' überfallet
Niemand mit Gewalt; doch angefallen
Streitet kühn. Und habet Gott vor Augen
Im Gericht, und ehret eure Prieſter.
Folget ihrer Lehre, wenn ſie ſelbſt auch
Ihr nicht folgen. Helles friſches Waſſer
Trinket man, die Röhre ſei von Silber
Oder Holz. — Und bleibet treu dem Glauben
Eurer Väter! Zeiten werden kommen,
Harte Zeiten, voll von Liſt und Aufruhr.
Hütet euch, und ſtehet treu zuſammen,
Treu dem Pfad' und Fußtapf' unſrer Väter.
Alsdann werdet ihr beſtehn! kein Anfall
Wird euch fällen und kein Sturm erſchüttern.
Seid nicht ſtolz, ihr alten Orte. Nehmet
Solothurn und Freiburg auf zu Brüdern:
Denn das wird euch nützen." — Alſo ſprach er,
Neigte ſich, und ging aus der Verſammlung.

Alle, die den heil'gen Mann erkannten,
Hörten in ihm eines Engels Stimme:
Bruder Claus war es von Unterwalden,
Der an ſeiner einſamen Kapelle
Ohne Speiſ' und Trank (ſo ſpricht die Sage)
Zwanzig Jahr gelebt. Dem Kind' und Jüngling
War am Himmel oft ein Stern erſchienen,
Der ſein Herz in's Inn're zog. Er hatte
Jederzeit, auch emſig in Geſchäften,
Stille Einkehr in ſich ſelbſt gefeiert,
Zehen Söhn' und Töchter auferzogen,
Auch in Kriegeszügen ſeinem Lande
Treu geholfen; bis die Welt zu enge
Für ihn ward. Er nahm von Weib und Kindern
Liebreich Abſchied, und mit ihrem Segen
Ging er zur Einöde. Vielen Pilgern,
Die ihn ſuchten, gab er Rath und Hülfe.
Manchen Sturm der Seele, manche Unruh,
Senkete ein Wort von ihm zur Ruhe.
Denn er war von ſtarkem Herzen; mächtig
Frei, und floh wie Peſt die Landesverderber.
Oft weiſſagt' er, und wußt' der Seelen
Innerſtes Geheimniß. Seines Lebens
Täglicher und hocheinfält'ger Spruch war:
„Nimm, o Gott, mich mir; und gieb mich ganz dir."

Der war Bruder Claus. Die Bundsverſammlung
Folgte ſeinem Rath; einmüthig wurden
Aufgenommen Solothurn und Freiburg;
Und ſo manche Rathsverſammlung wünſchte
Bruder Claus zu ſich von Unterwalden,
Mit der Bärenkappe, die der Engel,
Falls er in den Himmel kommen wollte,
Ihm zum führenden Panier gegeben.

Der Schiffbruch.

Mitten in des Weltmeers wilden Wellen
Scheiterte das Schiff. Die Edlen retten
Sich im Fahrzeug: „Wo iſt Don-Alonzo!"
Rufen ſie (er war des Schiffes Prieſter).

„Reiſet wohl, ihr Freunde meines Lebens,
Bruder, Oheim (ſprach er von dem Borde)!
Meine Pflicht beginnt; die eure endet."

Und er eilt hinunter in des Schiffes
Kammern, ſeine Sterbenden zu tröſten,
Höret ihre Sünden, ihre Buße,
Ihr Gebet, und wehret der Verzweiflung,
Labet ſie, und geht mit ihnen unter.

* * *

Welch ein Geiſt war größer? Jenes Cato,
Der im Zorne ſich die Wunden aufriß;
Oder dieſes Prieſters, der, den Pflichten
Seines Amtes treu, im Meer verſinket?

Der Nachruhm [*].

Mich reizet nicht des Ruhmes Schall,
Der aus Poſaunen tönt,
Den jeder leiſe Widerhall
Im ſtillen Thal verhöhnt.
Ein Ruhm, der wie ein Sturmwind brauſt,
Iſt ſelbſt ein Sturm, der bald verſauſt.

Mich reizet nur der Silberton,
Der unbelauſchet klingt,
Und meiner Muſe ſchönſten Lohn,
Den Dank des Herzens ſingt,
Die Thräne, die dem Aug' entfließt
Und mich mit Bruderliebe grüßt.

Nicht Allen gönnte die Natur
Das allgeprieſ'ne Glück,
Zu bilden auf des Schöpfers Spur
Ein ew'ges Meiſterſtück,
Das, ein Vollkommnes ſeiner Art,
Der Nachwelt ſtetes Muſter ward;

An dem, im Anblick noch entzückt,
Der ſpäte Schüler ſteht,
Und in des Meiſters Seele blickt
Und ſtumm von dannen geht;
Indeß ſein Herz den ſeltnen Geiſt
Mit lautem Puls glückſelig preiſ't.

Wir ſchwimmen in dem Strom der Zeit
Auf Welle Welle fort;
Das Meer der Allvergeſſenheit
Iſt unſer letzter Ort.
Genug, wenn Welle Welle trieb
Und ohne Namen Wirkung blieb.

Wenn dann auch in der Zeiten Bau
Mich bald ihr Schutt begräbt;
Und meine Kraft auf Gottes Au'
In andern Blumen lebt,
Und mein Gedanke mit zum Geiſt
Vollendeter Gedanken fleußt.

Schön iſt's, von Allen anerkannt,
Sich allverehr't zu ſehn;
Doch ſchöner noch, auch ungenannt,
Wohlthätig feſt zu ſtehn.
Verdienſt iſt meines Stolzes Reiz
Und bei Verdienſt Unſichtbarkeit.

So nennet Gottes Kreatur
Nur ſchweigend ſeinen Ruhm;
Sie blüht in wirkender Natur,
Ihr ſelbſt ein Eigenthum.
Der Schöpfer zeigt ſich nicht, und kühn
Verkennt der Thor und läugnet ihn.

Das Saitenſpiel.

Was ſingt in euch, ihr Saiten?
Was tönt in eurem Schall?
Biſt du es, klagenreiche,
Geliebte Nachtigall?
Die, als ſie meinem Herzen

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[*] Aus Herder's Gedichten.

Wehklagte ſo zart,
Vielleicht im letzten Seufzer
Zum Silberlaute ward.

Was ſpricht in euch, ihr Saiten!
Was ſingt in eurem Schall?
Betrügſt du mich, o Liebe,
Mit ſüßem Wiederhall?
Du Täuſcherin der Herzen,
Geliebter Lippen Tand,
Biſt du vielleicht in Töne,
Du Flüchtige verbannt?

Es ſpricht mit ſtärkrer Stimme,
Es dringet mir an's Herz,
Und weckt mit Zaubergriffen
Den längſt entſchlafnen Schmerz.
Du bebſt in mir, o Seele,
Wirſt ſelbſt ein Saitenſpiel —
In welches Geiſtes Händen!
Mit zitterndem Gefühl.

Es ſchwebet aus den Saiten,
Es liſpelt mir in's Ohr,
Der Geiſt der Harmonien,
Der Weltgeiſt tritt hervor:
„Ich bin es, der die Weſen
In ihre Hülle zwang,
Und ſie mit Zaubereien
Der Sympathie durchdrang.

In rauher Felſenhöhle
Bin ich der Wiederhall;
Im Ton der kleinen Kehle
Geſang der Nachtigall.
Ich bin's, der in der Klage
Dein Herz zum Mitleid rührt,
Und in der Andacht Chören
Es auf zum Himmel führt.

Ich ſtimmete die Welten
In einen Wunderklang;
In Seelen floſſen Seelen,
Ein ew'ger Chorgeſang.
Vom zarten Ton bewegt,
Durchdringet ſich dein Herz,
Und fühlt der Schmerzen Freude,
Der Freude ſüßen Schmerz." —

Verhall', o Stimm', ich höre,
Der ganzen Schöpfung Lied,
Das Seelen feſt an Seelen,
Zu Herzen Herzen zieht.
In Ein Gefühl verſchlungen
Sind wir ein ewig All;
In Einen Ton verklungen
Der Gottheit Wiederhall.

Das Flüchtigſte.

Tadle nicht der Nachtigallen
Bald verhallend ſüßes Lied;
Sieh, wie unter allen, allen
Lebensfreuden, die entfallen,
Stets zuerſt die ſchönſte flieht.

Sieh, wie dort im Tanz der Horen
Lenz und Morgen ſchnell entweicht,
Wie die Roſe, mit Auroren
Jetzt im Silberthau geboren,
Jetzt Auroren gleich erbleicht.

Höre, wie im Chor der Triebe
Bald der zarte Ton verklingt.
Sanftes Mitleid, Wahn der Liebe,
Ach, daß er uns ewig bliebe!
Aber ach, ſein Zauber ſinkt.

Und die Friſche dieſer Wangen,
Deines Herzens rege Gluth,
Und die ahnenden Verlangen,
Die am Wink der Hoffnung hangen,
Ach, ein fliehend, fliehend Gut!

Selbſt die Blüthe deines Strebens,
Aller Muſen ſchönſte Gunſt,
Jede höchſte Kunſt des Lebens,
Freund, du feſſelſt ſie vergebens;
Sie entſchlüpft, die Zauberkunſt.

Aus dem Meer der Götterfreuden
Ward ein Tropfe uns geſchenkt,
Ward gemiſcht mit manchem Leiden,
Leerer Ahnung, falſchen Freuden,
Ward im Nebelmeer ertränkt;

Aber auch im Nebelmeere
Iſt der Tropfe Seligkeit;
Einen Augenblick ihn trinken,
Rein ihn trinken und verſinken,
Iſt Genuß der Ewigkeit.

Die Kunſt.

Aus der Schaar der Götterfreuden
Stahl die jüngſte *Freude* ſich:
Und der *Fleiß*, ein Sohn der Leiden,
Nahte zu ihr jugendlich.
Unſchuld war in ihren Mienen,
Treue war in ſeinem Blick;
Und die Liebe zwiſchen ihnen
Stiftete der Beiden Glück.

„Ich ermatte, ſprach die Schöne,
Gieb mir deine ſich're Hand."
„Nimm ſie, ſprach er, Eintracht kröne
Unſer Beider treues Band."
Alſo wohnten ſie im Schatten,
Unter aller Götter Gunſt;
Und das Kind, das Beide hatten,
War ein ſchönes Kind, die *Kunſt*.

Von der Mutter lebte Fülle,
Götterfüll' in ihrer Bruſt;
Und der Vater gab ihr Stille,
Fleiß und Emſigkeit zur Luſt.
Sorgſam hat er ſie erzogen,
Zärtlich hat ſie ſie geſäugt,
Götter waren ihr gewogen,
Menſchen waren ihr geneigt.

Aber als ſie zu vermählen
Nun die frohe Zeit erſchien;
Wer der Götter wird ſie wählen,
Wem der Menſchen wird ſie blüh'n!
Zwiſchen Erd' und Himmel ſchwebet
Sie, der Einſamkeit geweiht;
Denn der Mutter Gottheit lebet
In des Vaters Sterblichkeit.

Die Verlorne zu beglücken,
Schaute Jupiter hinab.
„Unſern Himmel ſoll ſie ſchmücken,
Sie, die nur der Himmel gab.
Aus dem Chor der Götterjugend
Wäre *Thalia* verbannt!
Unſchuld und du, frohe *Tugend*,
Holet ſie in unſer Land."

Unſchuld und die *Tugend* ſtiegen
In der Schweſter Einſamkeit;
Und aus ihren beiden Zügen
Schuf ſie ſelbſt ſich Göttlichkeit.
Unabtrennlich ſtets von Beiden
Ward ſie wie die *Anmuth* ſchön,
Und im Chor der Götterfreuden
Tanzen jetzt *drei* Grazien.

Lied des Lebens.

Flüchtiger als Wind und Welle
Flieht die Zeit; was hält ſie auf!
Sie genießen auf der Stelle,
Sie ergreifen ſchnell im Lauf;
Das, ihr Brüder, hält ihr Schweben,

Hält die Flucht der Tage ein.
Schneller Gang iſt unſer Leben
Laßt uns Roſen auf ihn ſtreu'n!

Roſen; denn die Tage ſinken
In des Winters Nebelmeer.
Roſen; denn ſie blühn und blinken
Links und rechts noch um uns her.
Roſen ſtehn auf jedem Zweige
Jeder ſchönen Jugendthat.
Wohl ihm, der bis auf die Neige
Rein gelebt ſein Leben hat.

Tage, werdet uns zum Kranze,
Der des Greiſes Schläf' umzieht,
Und um ſie in friſchem Glanze
Wie ein Traum der Jugend blüht.
Auch die dunkeln Blumen kühlen
Uns mit Ruhe, doppelt-ſüß;
Und die lauen Lüfte ſpielen
Freundlich uns in's Paradies.

Die Beſtimmung des Menſchen.

Als die Königin der Dinge,
Reich an unerſchöpftem Reiz,
Weſen ſchuf, war nichts ihr zu geringe;
Sie begabete mit mildem Geiz:
Denn das Füllhorn aller Trefflichkeiten
Blieb in ihrer Mutterhand,
Und ſie paarte, was an Lieblichkeiten
Wechſelnd auch, zuſammen je beſtand.

Einen Schmuck von tauſend Farben
Webte ſie um Florens Bruſt;
Neu verjünget, wenn die Schweſtern ſtarben,
Traten Schweſtern auf mit Siegesluſt.
In ein Chor von tauſend ſüßen Liedern
Theilte ſich ihr mächt'ger Klang,
Der auf bunten ſchwebenden Gefiedern
Disharmoniſch-ſchön zum Himmel drang.

Stärke, Klugheit, ſanfte Triebe,
Schönheit in jedweder Art,
Und in tauſend der Geſtalten Liebe
Ward umhergegoſſen ausgeſtreut;
Endlich trat ſie in ſich ſelbſt und ſenkte
Tief ſich in ihr Mutterherz:
„Meinem Liebling, wie, wenn ich ihm ſchenkte
Aller meiner Kinder Luſt und Schmerz!“

Und ſie ſann. Auf Einem Wege
Ward aus Allem Sympathie.
„Ferne, ſprach ſie, ſei von ihm die Träge!“
Seine Luſt ſei ewig ſüße Müh.
Angeboren werd' ihm nichts; geboren
Werd' in ihm ein ew'ger Trieb.
Und auch jedes Glück, durch Schuld verloren,
Werd' ihm tauſendfach durch Reue lieb.

„Nur in Andern ſei ſein Leben;
Wirkſamkeit ſein ſchönſter Lohn.
Enkel, die ihm Dank und Ehre geben,
Lohnen ihn für ſeiner Brüder Hohn.
So vereint durch alle Folgezeiten
Strebe ſeine ſüße Müh;
Neu geſtärkt durch Widerwärtigkeiten
Steige mehr und mehr umfaſſend ſie.“

„Auch im Kleinſten werd' um's Ganze
Ewig dies Geſchlecht verdient;
Nur am Ziel im ſchönſten Abendglanze
Hängt der Kranz, der für den Menſchen grünt.
Für die Leidenden, die ihn umringen,
Weih' ich ihn der Menſchlichkeit,
Und ſein Herz, wenn Seufzer auf ihn dringen,
Zum Altare der Barmherzigkeit.“

Mutterkönigin! das ſchwächſte Weſen,
Das man einzeln nur beweint,
Haſt du dir im Ganzen auserleſen
Und geſammt durch Lieb' und Noth vereint.
Deinen Sinn für's Größere und Größte,
Und dein Mutterherz, Natur,
Gabſt du uns. Das Beſſere und Beſte
Wirkt uns ſtets und lebt im Ganzen nur.

Friede.

„Du ſucheſt Frieden?
Friede wohnt hier!

Hier in der Einſamkeit
Der Kloſtermauern,
Soll ich mein Leben
Öde vertrauern? —
Göttlicher Friede,
Wohneſt du hier? —

Fremdling, es wohnet
Zankbegier,
Unmuth hier. —

Du ſucheſt Frieden —
Friede wohnt hier!“

Hier in der Dunkelheit
Verſchwiegener Kreiſe,
Werd' ich ein Gott hier,
Tugendhaft, weiſe?
Friede der Brüder,
Wohneſt du hier?

Fremdling, es wohnet
Prunk-Begier,
Trugſucht hier.

„Du ſucheſt Frieden —
Friede wohnt hier!“

Hier im gelehrten Hain,
Am Quell der Muſen;
Dir, o Natur, am
Liebenden Buſen —
Friede der Weisheit,
Wohneſt du hier?

Fremdling, es wohnet
Ruhmbegier,
Zankſucht hier.

Dort in der Ruheſtatt
Der ſtillen Grüfte —
Unter dem Säuſeln
Friedlicher Lüfte —
Friede des Lebens —
Wohneſt du hier?

Fremdling, im Herzen
Wohnt er Dir,
Tief in Dir!

Gedankenfreiheit.

(Nach Horaz. Die Ode des erſten Buches.)

Sagt, Gebieter der Erde,
Warum eilet ihr ſo, mit unſrer kleinen
Habe, Gedankenfreiheit,
Euren eignen Schatz, die Macht der Völker,
Schmählicher hinzurichten?
Der ſein inneres Herz, der Wahrheit Tempel,
Sonſt mit Freude des Jünglings
Aufſchloß, murmelt anjetzt Geheimnißbrütend,
Scheut die Sonne zu nennen,
Und verſchmachtet im Gram, wenn ihr am hellen
Morgen tief in der Nacht ſeid.
Iſt's im Dunkeln zu wandeln Götterfreude?
Oder ſpeiſet ein Lichtmeer
Nicht das Erde-Geſpenſt! In Lykomedes
Kammer verrieth Achilles
Sich dem Forſchenden doch, und ging vor Troja.

Amor und Pſyche,

auf einem Grabmal.

Ein Traum, ein Traum iſt unſer Leben
Auf Erden hier;
Wie Schatten auf den Wogen, ſchweben
Und ſchwinden wir;
Und meſſen unſre trägen Tritte
Nach Raum und Zeit;
Und ſind (und wiſſen's nicht) in Mitte
Der Ewigkeit.

Nach manchem, voller Müh' und Sehnen
Verſeufzten Jahr,
Umarmte ſich in frohen Thränen
Ein liebend Paar.
Der Mond ſah freundlich auf ſie nieder;
Ein zarter Ton
Aus allen Büſchen hallte wieder:
„Endymion!"

„Ach, daß uns ewig, ewig bliebe
Der Augenblick!
Im erſten holden Kuß der Liebe
Das reinſte Glück!"
Verſtummend, halbvollendet weilte
Das ſüße Wort;
Die Seel' auf Beider Lippen eilte,
Sie eilte fort. —

Denn ſieh', ein Engel ſchwebet nieder
Zu ihrem Kuß;
Gold, himmelblau war ſein Gefieder;
Ihr Genius.
Berührend ſie mit ſanftem Stabe,
Sprach er: „Erhört
Iſt euer Wunſch. Dort über'm Grabe
Liebt ungeſtört."

Entſchwungen auf dem Hauch der Liebe,
Im reinſten Glück,
Gewiß, daß ihnen ewig bliebe
Der Augenblick;
Auf amaranth'nen Auen ſchwebte
Das holde Paar,
Mit Allem, was je liebt' und lebte,
Und glücklich war.

Mit Allem, was in Wunſch und Glauben
Sich je erfreut,
Genoſſen ſie in vollen Trauben
Unſterblichkeit.
Des Weltalls ſüße Symphonien
Umtönten ſie;
Der Liebe ſüße Harmonien
Durchwallten ſie.

„Wollt ihr zurück in jene Ferne
Auf Euer Grab?"
Sie ſahn vom Himmel goldner Sterne
Zur Erd' hinab.
„O Genius, die Zeit danieden
Iſt träge Zeit,
Ein Augenblick hier giebt uns Frieden
Der Ewigkeit."

Sah'ſt du auf jenem Grabeshügel
Die Liebenden?
Der erſte Kuß gab ihnen Flügel,
Den Seligen.
Und, daß ein Bild von ihnen bliebe
Im ew'gen Kuß,
Verewigte hier Seel' und Liebe
Der Genius.

Vereinigung der Lebensalter.

Der Jüngling.

Am Morgenroth, im Lenz des ſüßen Lebens
Erwacht' ich noch zu täglich neuem Glück.
Wie reizte mich ein holder Wunſch vergebens,
Und ſelten kam er trauend mir zurück.

Der Mann.

Der Sommer glüht. Es glänzete mir prächtig
Die hohe Sonn' am hellen Firmament.
Nach Ruhme ſchlug mein Herz und ſchläget mächtig
Und mächtiger, wenn mich der Nachruhm nennt.

Der ältere Mann.

Ich ſammle jetzt des Lebens falbe Garben,
So lange mir's der gold'ne Tag erlaubt.
Wohl manche Knospen ſah ich, die erſtarben,
Und ſammle Gold, eh' mir's der Winter raubt.

Die Natur.

Und wenn ich jetzt auch alle Drei verbände,
Und gäbe Dir der Jugend Lenz zurück,
Und Dir den Ruhm um Deine Schläfe wände,
Und gäbe Dir die goldne Frucht, das Glück! —

Denn, Kinder wißt: „den Anfang krönt das Ende,
Der Ausgang iſt der langen Laufbahn Preis."
Sie gaben der Natur ſich in die Hände;
Sie miſchte glücklich, und es ward ein Greis.

Des Lebens Winter.

Nach Sarbievius *).

Der die weißen Thäler umhüllt, der Winter,
Wird ſie wieder enthüllen, wenn die Sonne
Jene Berge beſtrahlt. Ein andrer Winter,
Wenn er Dir Einmal,

Freund, mit Schnee und Reiſe das Haupt beſtreute,
Weichet nimmer. Entflohen ſind des ſchön'ren
Jahres Sommer und Herbſt; entfloh'n des Frühlings
Lachende Stunden;

Nur der Winter bleibet. Sobald er Einmal
Dir die Schläfe umzog, da bringen keine
Narben, keine der Kränze deinem Haupthaar
Wieder den Frühling.

Eine Jugend ſchenkte dich uns; Ein Alter
Raubt Dich uns, o Geliebter. Ein's verlängert;
Ein's verewiget deine Jahr', o Jüngling!
Rühmliche Thaten.

Der, nur der hat lange gelebt, um deſſen
Tod die Bürger erſeufzen. Jeder wähle
Sich die Fama zur Erbin; alles andre
Rauben die Horen.

Zage nicht!

Der Du in dem Sturm des Unglücks
Maſtlos und entſegelt fähreſt,
Zage nicht! noch iſt zu hoffen;
Plötzlich ſteht der Hafen offen,
Wo Du Dich des Sturms entwehreſt.

Man entwaffnet durch die Hoffnung
Künft'gen Guts des Uebels Wuth;
Sieh, auf flüchtigem Gefieder
Stürzet Nacht und Tag hernieder,
Und der Nord ergrimmt und ruht.

Unter wechſelnden Geſtalten
Steht erſchaffend die Natur;
So geſchäftig ſteht der Weiſe
In der Aenderungen Kreiſe,
Stürzet nicht, entweichet nur.

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*) Matthias Caſimir Sarbiewsky oder Sarbievius, der polniſche Horaz genannt, geboren 1595; Jeſuit, Lehrer der Theologie, Philoſophie und ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu Wilna, endlich Hofprediger des Königs Uladiſlaw's II.; ſtarb zu Warſchau 1640.

Lieget unter kaltem Schnee
Sicher nicht die goldne Saat!
Unter dieſem ſtarren Schleier
Ruhet ſie, bis daß das Feuer
Titans ſie erwärmet hat.

Die Du edler, als die Liebe,
Meines Lebens Athem biſt,
Sanfte Hoffnung, Dir zu Ehren
Laß ich frohe Töne hören.
Du biſt mehr, als Amor iſt.

Die Pfunde.

Ein Edler zog fern über Land,
Daß er ſein Reich einnähme,
Und dann gekrönt mit Sieg und Huld,
Ein Vater wiederkäme:

„Wem ſoll ich meinen Schatz vertrau'n?"
Sprach er zu ſeinen Treuen.
„Nehmt, handelt! und ich komme bald,
Es ſoll euch nicht gereuen!"

Sie handelten. Er kam noch nicht,
Ein Theil ward matt und müde;
„Und kommt er denn? — Er kommt noch nicht!" —
Sie ſchlummerten in Friede.

Er kam! Auch in der Ferne war
Sein Herz tief an den Treuen!
„Legt dar nun," ſprach er, „Pfund und Pfand,
Es ſoll euch nicht gereuen."

Mit Freuden trat der Erſte dar,
Für Eins mit zehen Pfunden,
Hier, Herr, iſt deiner Güte Pfand,
Und was ich Armer funden.

„Dank, treuer Knecht, im Kleinen ſchon
So großer, reicher Treue:
Komm, König über Länder zehn,
Zu deines Herren Freude!"

Demüthig trat der Andre dar,
Für Eins nur fünf an Pfunden,
Hier haſt Du, Herr, Dein edles Pfand
Wie wenig hat es funden!

„Dank, Treuer! im Geringern ſchon
So großer, reicher Treue!
Herr, über fünf der Länder, komm
Zu Deines Herren Freude!"

Mit Beben naht der Dritte ſich,
In Trotz verhüllt ſein Beben,
„Herr," ſprach er, „nimm dein Pfund und Pfand,
All, was Du mir gegeben!"

„Ich kannte Dich wohl, harter Mann,
Der erntet ungeſäet,
Und fremden Schweiß und ſaures Gut
Auf's Armen Aue mähet."

„Drum hatt' ich, Dir zu wuchern, Zorn:
Hier, Harter! iſt das Deine;
Die ſichre Erde barg es Dir,
Dies Schweißtuch iſt das Meine." —

— „Dein Mund ſpricht ſelber Dir Gericht,
Untreuer meiner Knechte;
So wußteſt Du mich harten Mann,
Und wie ſo hart ich rechte,"

„Und übteſt nicht, was Du gewußt,
Knecht, Deines Herren Willen,
Des harten Herren letztes Wort
Mit Wucher zu erfüllen!"

„Nehmt hin von ihm ſein treulos Pfand,
Dem Reichſten ſei's gegeben.
Wer nicht hat, büße, was er hat,
Wer hat, dem wird gegeben."

Zwo Stufen geh'n auf und hinab
Zum Himmel und zur Hölle!
Wer hat, gewinnt bis auf zum Thron,
Wer nicht hat, ſeine Stelle.

Sinkt immer tiefer, tiefer ab.
Herr, laß mich deiner Gaben
Geringſte brauchen treu und ganz,
Und ich werd' Alles haben.

Ewald Hering

ward am 15. Juli 1802 zu Oſchatz im Königreich Sachſen geboren und kam nach erlangter wiſſenſchaftlicher Bildung als Lehrer an die allgemeine Bürgerſchule zu Zittau.

Unter dem Namen „Ewald" gab er heraus:

Die Huſſiten vor Zittau. Leipzig 1824, 2 Bde.
Das Vogelſchießen zu Oſchatz. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Die Schlacht am Kapellenberge vor Lauban. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Die Bergleute zu Goslar. Ebendaſ. 1825, 3 Bde.
Der Friede zu Prag. Ebendaſ. 1825, 2 Thle.
Die Prinzeſſin von Ilſenſtein. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Konrad Lezkau. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Die Rabenneſter und Wachtelbuben. Ebendaſ. 1826, 2 Thle.
Das betrübte Thorn. Ebendaſ. 1826, 2 Thle.
Sandſteine. Ebendaſ. 1826 — 1828 4 Thle.
Das Salzbergwerk zu Wieliczka. Ebendaſ. 1827.
Der Weiberkrieg zu Löwenberg. Ebendaſ. 1827.
Der Verräther Mordanſchlag auf König Stanislaus. Ebendaſ. 1830.

Ein fleißiger, keineswegs talentloſer Erzähler, der hiſtoriſche Stoffe mit Geſchick und Phantaſie zu behandeln weiß und gern geleſen wird.

Karl Alexander Herklots

ward am 19. Januar 1759 zu Dulzen in Oſtpreußen geboren, wurde nach vollendeten Studien als Referendar beim Hofgericht zu Königsberg angeſtellt, von da in das Kammergericht nach Berlin verſetzt, und war zuletzt Theaterdichter bei dem dortigen Hoftheater. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 23. März 1830.

Er ſchrieb

Operetten. Berlin 1792 in 8.
Pygmalion oder die Reformation der Liebe. Lyr. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1794.
Der Prozeß. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1799.
Das Opfer der Treue. Berlin 1793.
Viele Ueberſetzungen italieniſcher und franzöſiſcher Opern, von denen mehrere, wie Nurmahal, Hero, Gulmalla, einzeln gedruckt wurden.

Außerdem noch Gedichte und Ueberſetzungen in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen.

Seine für die Bühne berechneten, keineswegs aber bedeutenden Arbeiten, erfüllten zu jener Zeit ihren Zweck, da ihr Verfaſſer Sprache und Form mit Gewandtheit zu behandeln und dem Geſange anzupaſſen wußte.

Georg Karl Herloßſohn

ward am 7. September 1802 zu Prag geboren, ſtudirte Humaniora, ward Doctor der Philoſophie und ließ ſich als Privatgelehrter zu Leipzig nieder, wo er noch jetzt die Zeitſchrift „der Komet“ redigirt, die er 1830 daſelbſt begründet hat.

Als Schriftſteller auch „Heinrich Clauren“ und „Eduard Forſtemann“ genannt, gab er heraus:

Vielliebchen. Liegnitz 1826 in 8.
Emmy. Leipzig 1827, 2 Bde. in 8.
Der Luftballon oder die Hundstage in Schilda. Leipzig 1827 in 8.
Wien, wie es iſt. Ebendaſ. 1827.
Der Montenegrinerhäuptling. Ebendaſ. 1827, 2 Thle. in 8.
Löſchpapiere aus dem Tagebuche eines reiſenden Teufels. Leipzig und Hamburg 1827 u. 1828, 2 Thle. in 8. (der 2. Theil auch unter dem Titel: Mixturen.)
Mondlichter und Gasbeleuchtungen. Leipzig 1828 in 8. Mit Leopold Schäfer und Guſtav Sellen.
Vier Farben, das heißt, die deutſchen Spielkarten in ihrer ſymboliſchen Bedeutung. Leipzig 1828 in gr. 12.; 2. verm. und verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1829, mit 37 illum. Holzſchnitten u. 1 Steintafel.
Die Fünfhundert von Blanik und die Sylveſternacht. 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1828 (zuerſt im 5. Thle. der Gallerie neuer Originalromane).
Der Venetianer. Hiſtoriſch-romantiſches Gemälde. Leipzig 1829, 3 Bde. in 8.
Hahn und Henne. Liebesgeſchichte zweier Thiere. Leipzig 1830 in gr. 12, mit 25 Holzſchn.
Der Komet. Unterhaltungsblatt für gebildete Leſer. Dazu Beilage für Literatur, Kunſt, Mode ꝛc. Leipzig 1830 (1r Jahrg. Auguſt — December) — 1836 in gr. 4.
Anatomiſche Leiden. Novelle. Leipzig 1832 in gr. 12.; 2. Ausg. Nordhauſen 1836.
Mephiſtopheles. Ein politiſch-ſatyriſches Taſchenbuch auf das Jahr 1833. Leipzig 1832 in Lex. 8., mit 8 illum. Kpfrn.
Der Ungar. Hiſtoriſch-romantiſches Gemälde. Leipzig 1832, 3 Bde. in 8.
Der letzte Taborit oder die Böhmen im 15ten Jahrhundert. Hiſtoriſch-romantiſches Gemälde. Leipzig 1834, 2 Bde. in 8.

Außerdem finden ſich noch Aufſätze und Romane von ihm im 1. 2. 3. Theil der Originalromane und in andern ſchönwiſſenſchaftlichen Werken, ſo wie in Almanachen und Zeitſchriften. — Er wird ferner als Herausgeber des Converſationslexikons für Damen genannt.

Mit einem überaus elaſtiſchen Talent, mit reicher Phantaſie und guter Bildung ausgerüſtet, gewann H. namentlich durch ſeine hiſtoriſchen Romane raſch die Gunſt des Publikums, und würde ſich nicht allein vollkommen in derſelben erhalten, ſondern dieſe auch noch in weit höherem Grade erworben haben, wenn er mit größerer Beſonnenheit ſeine ſchönen Kräfte verwendet und im Strudel des Tages beſſer damit Haus gehalten hätte. Man kann nicht gerade behaupten, daß er zurückgeſchritten ſei, denn ſelbſt ſeine neueſten Leiſtungen enthalten viel Glückliches und Gelungenes, aber er iſt auch nicht weiter gerückt, was man von einem Geiſte, wie dem ſeinigen, den die Natur urſprünglich ſo reich ausgeſtattet hat, mit Recht fodern darf. Zu beſchränkt in den kleinlichen Intereſſen der Zeit, folgt er willig den Eingebungen ſeiner oft ſehr muthwilligen Laune, ſo wie des Augenblicks, und wird es daher nie zur Vollkommenheit bringen, obwohl es ihm leicht werden müßte, Bedeutendes zu ſchaffen, wenn er nur ernſtlich wollte. Aus dieſem Grunde ermangeln denn auch ſeine ſatyriſchen Schriften, da die Phantaſie hier nicht genügt, wenn es ihnen gleich nicht an Witz fehlt, jener Feinheit und Grazie, ohne welche ein Satyriker nie nachhaltig wirken kann. — Seine wenigen Poeſieen zeichnen ſich durch Wohllaut, Anmuth und Kraft vortheilhaft aus.

Vier Tage im Waldhauſe*).

Erſter Tag.

Der Frühling war diesmal länger ausgeblieben, und es kamen ſchon die erſten Tage des Mai, als erſt der letzte Schnee ſchmolz und die Luft ihr ſommerlich Gewand anlegte. Deſto üppiger aber brach jetzt ſeine Gluth aus Knospen und Blüthen, deſto raſcher grünten die Fluren, deſto zahlreicher kamen die Vögel und belebten die Waldung, und in den lauen Nächten ſang bereits die Nachtigall ihre Sehnſucht nach der erſten Liebe. Es war, als hätte man den Nachtraum des Winters ſo eilig abgelegt, daß man gar nicht Zeit gewonnen, den Lenz durchzuleben, und wäre hineingeſprungen in die erſten Wonnen der Sommerfreuden.

Der alte Förſter Leupold lag hinter dem hellen, grün umbüſchten Eckfenſter ſeiner Waldhütte, krank, matt und dem Tode nahe, aber heiter und ſelig geſtärkt durch die kräftige Seele, durch den herzinnigen Glauben, und nur zuweilen gefoltert von Schmerzen, wenn ihm der Krankheitswurm am Lebensmarke nagte.

Ihn umgaben gute Menſchen: Anna, ſeine achtzehnjährige Tochter, das Engelhaupt mit den geſcheitelten Locken, den blauen Augen, hold und ſchlank von Geſtalt, des Waldes friſche, bebende Tochter, vergleichbar einer zarten und doch ſtolz aufgeſchoſſenen Blume. Der ſiebenjährige Knabe Jakob hatte ſeiner Mutter das Leben gekoſtet; ſeine Geburt war ihr Tod. — Unſer Förſter hatte erſt in ſeinen ſpätern Jahren geheirathet; jetzt war er über die ſechszig Jahre hinaus, und der Tod kam, ihn abzurufen nach manchen Mühſeligkeiten ſeines Lebens, die — das konnte ſich der Redliche immer geſtehen — ſtets ſeinen Leib mehr, als ſeine Seele angegriffen hatten. Daß er nun ſcheiden ſollte, bevor er ſeine Geliebten noch verſorgt wußte, daß er die Schwachen gewiſſermaßen allein laſſen ſollte; dies ſchmerzte ihn wohl tief und zog manche Kummerfalte über die blaſſe Stirn. Die Thräne, welche ihm dann in's Auge trat, mußte er zurückdrängen und innerlich ausweinen; denn leicht wollte er ja den Geliebten den baldigen Abſchied machen, ſie tröſten, thun, als wären ſie die Wanderer, die auf eine große Reiſe gehen und Lehre und Ermuthigung, Vertrauen und Liebe brauchen. Wohl hatte er ſie auch auf eine Reiſe geſendet; auf die Lebensreiſe. — Er lief in den Hafen ein, die Kinder, welche im Lebensfrühling ſtanden, mußten aber erſt hinaus, auf das Weltmeer und da ſteuern viele Jahre lang, raſtlos, ewig und oft mehr Stürme beſtehen, als heitere Fahrten. — Es war aber noch Eins, was ihm den trüben Hinblick hellte, was ihm Hoffnung gab; er glaubte einen Steuermann gefunden zu haben für die Lebensfahrt ſeiner Lieben. Das war Heinrich, der wackere Jägerburſche, der dunkellockige, ſchöne, hochgewachſene Jüngling, mit einem Gemüthe, ſo treu wie die Taube, einer Redlichkeit, ſo feſt wie ein Eichſtamm. Heinrich war dem alten Förſter vor drei Jahren als Gehülfe beigegeben worden. Der gnädige Graf hatte dies ſo angeordnet, ohne aber zu berückſichtigen, daß das karge Deputat, welches für die Familie des Alten kaum zureichte, nun durch einen vierten Miteſſer nur noch ſchmäler werden müſſe. Die Förſterei an ſich war ſehr unbedeutend; blos ein einziges

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*) Novelle von G. K. Herloßſohn.

Revier, zwar reich an Holzung, denn zwiſchen drei andern Herrſchaften zog ſich dieſelbe faſt eine Stunde lang hin, doch in einem ſchmalen, nur wenige Klaftern breiten Streife, der knapp an die Nachbarreviere ſtieß; aber eben darum arm an Wild, denn dies hatte ſeine Uebergänge blos am dieſſeitigen Reviere, und unter zehn Schüſſen traf und erlegte da gewiß nur Einer auf herrſchaftlichem hieſigen Boden. —

Der brave Heinrich hatte ſchon in den erſten Tagen nach ſeinem Eintritte gemerkt, wo es dem alten Förſter nicht zureichte; er hatte den ſeligen Frieden und die Eintracht geſehen, welche hier Kinder und Vater umſchlang, und ergänzte ſich damit das mangelhafte Bild ſeiner Jugendtage: — er machte gleich vom Anfang her keinen Anſpruch auf den monatlichen Lohn, welchen ihm der biedere Greis auszahlen ſollte, und wenn ihm dieſer dennoch etwas aufdrang, da beſchenkte er davon den kleinen Jakob und die achtzehnjährige Anna, aus deren blauen Augen ihm ja ſo deutlich lesbar die Engelsſeele entgegenſtrahlte, deren Frömmigkeit und Tugend ihn gleich dergeſtalt hinriß, daß er fühlte, wie er ihr für ewig zu eigen bleiben müſſe. — Heinrich hatte einige Hundert Thaler mitgebracht, die ſteckte er denn hier und dort in die kleine Wirthſchaft, beſchönigte damit manchen Kauf, verſchaffte dem Alten manche Bequemlichkeit damit, verſicherte, dies von Einem oder dem Andern ſeiner Bekannten eingetauſcht zu haben, und wie tief auch der Alte oft voll ſeliger Rührung in die edle Bruſt des Jünglings ſah, dieſer ſtellte die Art ſeiner Aufopferungen doch immer ſo an, daß der Alte nie ſagen konnte: „Heinrich! Du belügſt mich, um mir Wohlthaten zu erweiſen.“

Heinrich ſelbſt hatte von ſeinen frühzeitig verſtorbenen Eltern her ein Vermögen von zwanzig Tauſend Thalern beſeſſen. Zur Jägerei hatte ihn Neigung getrieben; das Geld aber borgte er ſeinem Stiefbruder, der Kaufmann und im Erbtheil viel ſparſamer bedacht war, als er, der ſich alſo ohne Heinrichs Antheil nie hätte etabliren können. Mehrere Unfälle trafen den wackern, thätigen Mann gleich im Anbeginn ſeines Geſchäftes; ein anderes Haus zog ihn mit ſich in ſeinen Sturz und er fallirte ſchon nach einem Jahre. Ehrlich ging er indeß aus der Kriſis heraus; er hatte fremdes Gut nicht daran geſetzt, aber das wohl, womit er mehr wagen zu dürfen glaubte: das Erbe ſeines Bruders. Er war, unterſtützt von einem hamburger Freund, nach England gegangen, hatte dort ein kleines Geſchäft begonnen, und voll Zuverſicht auf ſeine Thätigkeit, den Bruder auf die Zukunft vertröſtet, und ihm dafür ſeine Redlichkeit und Liebe zu Bürgen gegeben. —

Darauf baute aber auch Heinrich feſt, als auf einen Felſen, wie wir dies denn im Fortlaufe unſerer Geſchichte hören werden. —

So lag der alte Förſter da, auf ſeinem reinlichen Sommerlager, halb angekleidet, wie dies ſeine Krankheit — ein Zehrfieber, geſtattete, freundlich und ſauber, ohne alle Laſten und Beſchwerden, wie ſie zumeiſt das Krankſein zu einem durchaus nicht freundlichen Bilde machen. Hätte man es den blaſſen, eingefallenen Wangen nicht angeſehen, in dem heiter umblickenden Auge, der vollen ſchönen Stimme hätte man die Nähe des Todes nicht herausgeahnet. Der ſchöne Greis mit den Silberlocken ſchien vielmehr nur wie ein Ermüdeter, der raſten wollte. Pochte auch das innere Verzehren mit ſeinem Minutenſchlage an ſeine Lebensuhr, er verbarg ſich das, wie den Seinigen; zu einer zwar feierlichen Handlung wollte er den Abſchied von ihnen machen; aber die Trennung ſollte keine bittere ſein, kein verzweifelnder Schmerz ſollte die ſchöne Ausſicht nach dem jenſeitigen Wiederſehen trüben: er wollte ſein Leben verhallen laſſen wie einen Glockenton, der ja wieder erklingt, wenn die ewige Hand die Auferſtehungsglocke läutet, weil ja das Wiederkehren in der Menſchenſeele liegt, wie der Ton in der Glocke. —

Er wandte ſich ſo ſinnend auf die rechte Seite, wo durch das geöffnete Fenſter die grüne Waldespracht hereinquoll und die Blüthendüfte hereinzogen und die wirren Vogelſtimmen hereinſchmetterten; zwiſchen der dichten Laube aber zeigte ſich hin und wieder die Bläue des Himmels ſonnig angeſtrahlt. Und der Greis athmete mit Herz und Bruſt all' die wonnige Labung in ſich, und ſagte wehmüthig-entzückt: „Mein Gott! deine Welt iſt doch ſchön — und du giebſt mir ſo einen prachtvollen Lebensabend, für die letzten Blicke den ſchönſten Frühlingsſchein.“

Da beugte von der linken Seite her das blonde Köpfchen Anna's, die inzwiſchen leiſe, um den Vater, welchen ſie ſchlafend meinte, nicht zu ſtören, hereingeſchlichen war, ſich über ihn, und die frommen, großen blauen Augen ruhten auf ſeinem Antlitz, und wehmüthig lächelnd liſpelte ſie auf den roſigen Lippen: „Du biſt wieder bange, guter Vater! ach, laß nur die trüben Gedanken, die uns und dir Gram machen. Es iſt ja der Frühling wieder da, der Alles erweckt und Allem Geſundheit bringt; auch du wirſt ganz ſicher geneſen.“

„Wer ſagt dir denn,“ antwortete der Vater lächelnd und mit Luſt auf dem ſchönen Antlitz des Kindes verweilend — „daß ich trübe Gedanken hege, die mir Gram machen? Zu dem Gange, den ich beſtimmt gehe, bin ich bereitet; und hegte ich Gram, ſo wär' es nur der, Euch ſchon verlaſſen zu müſſen, und dies iſt dann nicht die Furcht vor dem Tode, vor dem Eintritt in ein anderes Land, nicht die Beklemmung des Abſchiedes: es iſt blos Schmerz der Liebe, und den fühlt ihr ja mit mir.“

„Nein,“ rief Anna, und ihre hellen Thränen fielen auf die Wangen des Vaters, „du wirſt, du darfſt nicht ſterben. Noch nicht! Jetzt noch nicht! Der Himmel kann nicht ſo grauſam ſein.“

„Schilt mir nicht,“ fiel der Alte ein, „die ewige, weiſe Ordnung der Natur, die den Frühling verblühen läßt, um zu ſeiner neuen Erſtehung den Saamen zu geſtalten, ſchilt mir nicht die allgewaltig leitende Hand des großen Vaters. Und iſt meine Lebensblume nicht ſchon abgeblüht, nicht meine Kraft ſchon ſo verzehrt, daß ſie den Lebensgang nicht mehr zurück, wohl aber vorwärts thun kann, daß ſie zur Ruhe gehen muß, die ihr Noth thut? — Und ſoll ich ſie aufſchieben die Trennungsſtunde; was iſt verbeſſert dadurch, wenn ich nun fünf, ſechs Monden ſpäter gehen muß? Werd' ich da nicht immer ſiecher und matter werden? Mit dem Verglimmen der Lebensflamme wird auch die Empfänglichkeit für die Wonne des Daſeins ermatten; ich werde mich nicht mehr mit Euch freuen können, ich werde dem Lahmen gleichen, der ſich unter eine Schaar froher Kinder miſcht, welche ſich durch Wettlaufen ergötzen. Wir fühlen uns am ſchmerzlichſten bewegt, wenn wir da zurückbleiben müſſen, wo Alle Eines thun, beſonders wo es heißt: genießen und ſich freuen. Und Anna! wollteſt du denn mich im Herbſte erſt gehen ſehen, wo die Hinfälligkeit der Natur an mein inneres Verwelken unfreundlich mahnt? Auch meine Phantaſie wird dann matter ſein, und ich werde mir keinen Frühling zaubern können in die gelben, blaſſen Lichter des Herbſtes. Oder ſoll ich erſt im Winter gehen, wo die Bäume nackt und kahl, der Himmel grau iſt, die Krähen und Heher allein ſingen, wenn's draußen ſtürmt und ſchneit; ich in der engen, dunklen Stube, ohne äußeres beſchäftigendes Bild, die Secunden zählen muß, nach welchen meine innere Uhr abläuft! — Das willſt du gewiß nicht; du, mein gutes frommes Herz. Du forderſt Unmögliches, und weil du dies nicht erringen kannſt, weineſt du darüber, wie ein liebes Kind. — Ich danke meinem Schöpfer, daß er mir vergönnt, jetzt zu ſcheiden, wo es ſo ſchön und freudig iſt, wo ich aus der Erde Frühlingstraum in den himmliſchen hineinſpringe: denn noch bevor die Bäume ihre Blüthen abſchütteln und noch ſo lang die Nachtigallen jubeln, werde ich gehen, und die Erde wird hinter mir bleiben, wie ein goldgewirkter Teppich, verdämmernd im Sonnenroth.“

Anna weinte heftiger; ſie war am Lager niedergekniet, der Vater hielt ihr die Hand unter das Kinn, und ſah auf die geſchloſſenen Augenlider, unter denen der Thränenquell reich hervorquoll. „Sieh, Anna,“ fuhr er tief bewegt fort — „wer iſt's nun, der ſich grämt? Bin ich's? Du beklemmſt deine Bruſt und machſt mir ſelbſt das Herz ſchwer; denn der Schmerz ſteckt an, er veräußert ſeine Umgebung. — Sei nicht undankbar gegen den Himmel, indem du Unmögliches, Unnatürliches forderſt.“

„Väterchen!“ begann nun Anna mit noch ſtockendem Athem und die naſſen Augen von Zeit zu Zeit aufſchlagend, — „ich war früher draußen im Walde, ſo ganz einſam an einer Stelle, wo die Eichen eine hohe Decke gewölbt haben, gleich einer Kirchwölbung — da dachte ich an dich und deinen Abſchied; ich fand mich da ſo recht aus innerſter Seele gedrungen, zu beten, für dich zu beten; ich kniete nieder und meine Seele wandte ſich ganz empor zum himmliſchen Vater. Ich fühlte mich ſo geſtärkt, ſo beruhigt, ein Troſt, wie ihn nur die Gewißheit deiner Geneſung bieten kann, kam über mich, und ich bat den Himmel, der ſich mir heute mehr gnädig als ſonſt zu zeigen ſchien, um ein Zeichen, das er mir geben ſollte, als Zeugen für die Gewährung meiner Bitte. Und — kaum, daß ich dieſen Gedanken gedacht, ſo ſchmetterte eine Nachtigall ganz nahe bei mir vom Zweige, recht ſelig wie eine Engelsſtimme, und der Vogel flog nicht fort, als ich meine Blicke nach ihm richtete. Er ſah mich frei mit den blitzenden Augen an, er ſchmetterte noch einmal und flog dann jubilirend durch den Wald. Da aber fühlte ich mich ganz gekräftigt; denn ich wußte, du würdeſt noch lange, recht lange leben.“

„Um doch einmal zu ſterben,“ fiel der Vater lächelnd ein — „du böſes, liebes, ſchwärmeriſches Kind. Beſtürme den Himmel nicht mit deinen Bitten, den guten Vater, der ſelbſt giebt, nicht mit Wünſchen deines Herzens. Sieh, Anna! das iſt Undank: — danken ſollen wir wohl dem Herrn für den Athemzug des Daſeins und für den ewigen Freudenhorn, der uns zuſieht, aber nicht mahnen, wie einen irdiſchen Herrn, der ſeinen Dienern ſaumſelig den Lohn auszahlt! Und wiſſen wir denn immer, was uns frommt? Du meinſt alſo, es wäre gut, Gott dann und wann an ſeine Schuldigkeit oder auf einzelne Gunſtbezeugungen, die wir verdient zu haben glauben, aufmerkſam zu machen?! — Und wohin dich deine Schwärmerei noch verführt hat: eine ſingende Nachtigall hat dir ein Engel geſchienen, und der Himmel heute mehr gnädig, als ſonſt. — Sieh, gutes Annchen," — fuhr er noch heiterer werdend, fort, — „das Erſtere könnten dir die Engel recht übel nehmen, wenn ſie nicht Engel wären, und durch das Letztere könnteſt du den ordinärſten irdiſchen Machthaber ſelbſt ſchon beleidigen, wenn du ihm nämlich zutrauſt, daß ſein wetterwendiſch Gemüth dir heute gewogener ſei, als morgen oder übermorgen."

Die Art, wie der Vater dieſes geſprochen, brachte ſelbſt ein frommes Lächeln um den ſanften Mund der Tochter, und als er weiter bat, ſie möge die Spur ihrer Thränen vertilgen, damit, wenn Heinrich und der kleine Jakob wiederkämen, dieſe nicht betrübt würden. „Denn ſo ein Abend," ſchloß er, „wird uns immer zu einem betrübten, düſtern; der alte Frohſinn will gar nicht mehr herrſchen. Und den kleinen Umſtand ausgenommen, daß ich jetzt liege, wo ich ſonſt ſaß, iſt ja Alles bei'm Alten geblieben." — Da küßte Anna gehorchend des Vaters Hand, erhob ſich, und ſetzte ſich an das Fenſter, an welchem ein etwas erhöhter Tritt befindlich war, zu ihrer Arbeit. — Plötzlich rief es ihr zur Seite von draußen: „Guck, Aennchen! Guck, Vater!" und der ſchöne ſchwärzliche Lockenkopf Jakobs ward ſichtbar, welcher außen am Stakete hinaufgeklettert war. Er ſtellte einen Käfig auf das Fenſtergeſims und ſagte: „Eine Nachtigall hab' ich dir gefangen, Vater, — die muß dir von nun an alle Morgen und Abende und beſonders Nachts vorſingen, wenn du nicht ſchlafen kannſt. Heinrich hat mich das Aufſtellen und Locken gelehrt, und ich war gleich beim Erſtenmale ſo glücklich."

„Fall' nicht herunter!" ſagte Anna, und wiſchte mit der weißen Hand den Schweiß von der Stirne des Wildfangs. — „Komm herein, ich habe dir dein Abendbrot bereitet."

„Nein," antwortete Jakob, ſich zum Herabklettern anſchickend, — „ich habe Heinrich verſprochen, ihm bis zur großen Fichte entgegen zu kommen; er hat über der rothen Platte einen Hirſch geſchoſſen, den er noch heute einfahren will." Hiermit war der Junge auch ſchon hinabgeſprungen und eilte ſingend durch den Wald.

Der Vogel flatterte noch ſcheu im Käfig und blickte unſtet mit den ſchwarzen Augen umher.

„Sieh, Anna," ſagte der Vater jetzt, recht herzlich auflachend, — „das iſt vielleicht dein Prophet, der Engel, den du geſehen haſt — du Engelſeherin."

Anna lachte auch mit, dann aber fiel ſie weinerlich-komiſch ein: „Nun haſt du mir wieder einen neuen Namen aufgebracht — und wirſt es den Andern ſagen, die des Neckens kein Ende haben werden."

„Sei ruhig," tröſtete der Alte, „weder Heinrich noch Jakob ſollen etwas davon erfahren; denn die Quelle deiner Schwärmerei war ja ſo fromm und edel, daß nur ich allein mir dieſen Scherz erlauben darf."

— Anna ſtand jetzt auf, um das Abendbrot für die beiden Hausgenoſſen — Brüder, wie ſie ſie in Gegenwart des Vaters, nie aber in Heinrichs Beiſein ſelbſt nannte — zu bereiten. Als ſie ſich wieder an's Fenſter ſetzte, war der Abend ſchon tiefer über die Waldpracht herniedergeſunken, und des Alten Blicke verweilten jetzt mit Wonne auf dem holden Mädchen, welches da ſaß mit vorgebeugtem Haupte, ſchön und zart und doch mit dem Ausdrucke jungfräulicher Kraft, angeſtrahlt von dem roſigen Dämmerleuchten des Waldes, umſpielt von der lei' hereinſchwirrenden Abendkühle, mit dem Ausdrucke von Unſchuld und Frömmigkeit, Geiſt und Milde in dem idealen Antlitz, gekleidet in den himmelblauen Hausſpencer, welcher die vollen, ſchwellenden Formen rund und knapp umſchloß, und worüber die langen, geflochtenen Zöpfe, in welche das geſcheitelte Haar auslief, wallten: — wie er die Holde ſo anſah, mußte er ſich doch geſtehen, daß das Mädchen ſchön, ſehr ſchön ſei. —

„Anna!" begann er endlich nach einer langen Pauſe.

„Ja, mein Vater!" antwortete ſie, halb von der Arbeit aufblickend.

„Heinrich iſt doch ein guter Menſch!" fuhr er fort.

„Gewiß, mein Vater!" entgegnete ſie wie vorher.

„Er liebt uns recht herzlich," meinte der Vater wieder.

„O von ganzer Seele!" fiel die Tochter wieder ein.

„Wir lieben ihn aber auch!?"

„Alle!" —

„Ich liebe ihn wie meinen Sohn; liebſt du ihn nicht wie deinen Bruder?"

„Er iſt auch wahrhaftig, wie ein Bruder."

„Nicht vielleicht mehr, Anna?"

„Wie meinſt du das, Väterchen?"

„Ich meine, ob du ihn nicht noch anders liebſt, als deinen Bruder?"

Sie ſtockte eine Weile — dann ſagte ſie leiſe: „Anders! Nein, das grade nicht. Aber ich liebe ihn recht —" Sie endigte nicht.

„Er iſt aber auch ein recht ſchöner, liebenswürdiger Menſch," fuhr der Vater wieder fort.

„O ja!" —

„Er iſt gewiß ſo hübſch wie du; ich meine, er als Mann, ſo —"

„Aber, Vater! wie biſt du heut ſo muthwillig," unterbrach ſie ſchamhaft — „nun, ihr werdet mich heute Abend gewiß noch recht necken."

„Sieh, Kind," — fuhr der Alte nach einer Weile wieder fort, — „ich dachte ſo bei mir: Wenn ich nicht mehr bin, da braucht der Jakob doch noch einen Vater — und Bruder, und Vater zugleich kann ihm Niemand beſſer ſein, als Heinrich; Jakob braucht aber auch eine Mutter, und Mutter und Schweſter kann ihm Niemand beſſer ſein, als du. — Nun muß aber auch Vater und Mutter zugleich ein — Paar ſein."

„Wie meinſt du das, Vater?" fragte ſie ſchnell, und erhob das Haupt und blickte ihn groß an.

„Ich meine," redete er fort, — „ich und deine ſelige Mutter waren ein Paar, wir hatten uns unausſprechlich lieb, lieber als alle andere Menſchen. — Könnteſt du denn den Heinrich auch ſo lieb haben! —

Sie ſchwieg, das Herz pochte ihr ängſtlich, die Wangen glühten ihr.

„Oder wäre es dir gleichgültig," fuhr der Vater fort, „wenn ich ſtürbe und Heinrich zöge fort und nähme ſich eine Andre zur Frau?" —

„Ach, mein Vater," rief hier Anna einfallend, und ſprang wieder an ſein Lager und kniete nieder und drückte ſeine Hand, an ihre wallende Bruſt — „du biſt heut' ſo gut, ſo lieb und ſo luſtig — mein liebes, liebes Väterchen."

„Ich bin ſo," — ſcherzte der Vater, „wie dein Herrgott, den du dir früher gedacht; nur bin ich heute vielleicht — weniger krank wie geſtern — und dein Herrgott iſt nicht krank, das vergiß nicht. — Auf Heinrich wieder zu kommen: — ſo liebt er dich gewiß recht herzlich, recht aus ſeiner Seele, wie —"

Sie drückte ihre Lippen feſt auf ſeinen Mund, er fühlte ihr Herzchen heftig ſchlagen an ſeiner Hand. —

„Ihr werdet Alle gewiß noch recht glücklich ſein, — ſehr glücklich; ihr ſeid gute, fromme Kinder — ihr dürft euch nicht trennen," ſagte er gerührt.

Da bellte draußen der alte Nero und der jüngere Azor fiel ein, und „Heinrich kömmt!" rief Anna und ſprang auf, ordnete noch einmal das Mahl am Tiſche, und hüpfte dem Eintretenden entgegen.

Jetzt trat auch der ſchlanke Jüngling, ſeinen Jakob an der Hand, herein, und ging mit einem freundlichen „guten Abend, lieber Vater!" auf das Bett zu; Jakob aber zog ihn bei einem Arme an's Fenſter, um ihm den Vogel zu zeigen; Anna hielt ihn bei der andern Hand, um ihn an den Tiſch zu nöthigen. „Gleich! gleich!" ſagte der Jüngling lächelnd, und herzlich geſtärkt durch die Zeichen ſolcher Liebe — reichte aber früher dem Vater die Hand, und fragte nach ſeinem Befinden. —

„Gut!" antwortete der Greis — „ich fühle mich heute recht wohl und heiter."

„Da wollen wir Andern denn auch recht heiter ſein," ſagte Heinrich, indem er, Jakob zuerſt gewährend, den Vogel beſah und lobte, dann auf Anna's wiederholte Einladung ſich zu Tiſch ſetzte und die Suppe ganz köſtlich fand. — „Ich habe heute unſern Deputathirſch geſchoſſen," fuhr er gegen den Alten fort, „es iſt ein ſchönes Stück, das ich theurer zu verkaufen gedenke, als je eins früher."

Unter heiterm Wechſelgeſpräche verging der Abend. So innig erfreut Anna auch war, es ängſtigte ſie doch immer, wenn ſie dachte, der Vater könnte von Heinrichs Liebe zu ſprechen anfangen, und das hätte ihr das Herz abgedrückt. Sie wollte auf ihre Kammer entfliehen, wenn der Vater in das Geſpräch einginge; aber er ſchwieg davon gänzlich. —

Zweiter Tag.

Es war fünf Uhr früh. Aus den obern Zimmern tönte Annas Morgenlied, von Jakobs Stimme begleitet. Die Kinder ſtanden auf und kleideten ſich an — in die grüne Waldpracht tönte ihr Feiergeſang hinein, und tauſend Vogelſtimmen ſchmetterten im vollen Chore dazu. Heinrich ſtand ſchon völlig gekleidet und zu ſeinem Gange nach der Stadt gerüſtet vor des Alten Lager.

„Vater,“ ſagte er nach dem herzlichen Tagegruß, „hab' den Hirſch bereits aufgeladen, und ich will meinen Weg antreten. Mit dem Wild hoffe ich ein gutes Geſchäft zu machen, auch werde ich nach Briefen fragen, vielleicht hat der Bruder geſchrieben.“

„Geh' mit Gott! mein Sohn,“ verſetzte der Alte, — „was das Zweite aber betrifft, ſo hoffe nicht zu viel. Des Kaufmanns Glück iſt ſo beweglich wie die Welle.“

„Ihr vergeßt aber,“ fiel Heinrich ein, „daß mir der Bruder zuletzt geſchrieben, wie er eben ein Unternehmen eingegangen, das gewiß glücklich ausſchlagen werde, und deſſen Ergebniß er mir beſtimmt, ohne das Geld weiter zu verwenden und auf Glück zu bauen, zuſenden würde.

„Er hat es verſprochen,“ warf der Alte gelinde ein, „aber vergiß nicht, daß der Kaufmann ewig ein Spieler iſt, daß neuer Gewinn zu neuem Wagniß reizt; und dann die Entfernung, lieber Sohn!“

„Vater!“ unterbrach Heinrich, ein wenig verletzt — „ich weiß nicht, warum Ihr ſo wenig Vertrauen ſetzt auf meinen Bruder; er iſt wahrhaftig ein ehrlicher Mann. — Ihr baut doch ſonſt ſo viel auf Menſchen und auf Redlichkeit.“

— „Daß er ehrlich iſt,“ ſagte der Alte noch freundlicher, „das glaub' ich auch beſtimmt, weil du es mir ſagſt. Nur warnen will ich dich, nicht auf trügeriſche Hoffnung zu bauen; je überraſchender der Verluſt, um deſto ſchmerzlicher enttäuſcht er uns. Und glaube mir, Sohn, der ich das Leben geprüft, der ich die Welt durchwandert, und Tauſende von Menſchen in und aus ihrer Seele kennen gelernt habe, glaube mir, daß oft der beſte Wille nicht kann, daß der Menſch ſchwach wird im Verhältniß, und daß es die ſchönſten Reize ſind, die ihn meiſt verführen. Denke dir: dein Bruder gewinnt — mit dem Gewinne eröffnet ſich ihm die Ausſicht zu neuem Gewinne: wird er dieſen fahren laſſen? — Schwerlich — er wagt weiter — es ſchlägt ein und wächſt ſo wie die Lawine. Er freut ſich ſeines Glückes — der Kaufmann mit Leib und Seele kann nicht unthätig zurückbleiben, wenn neues Wageglück, neue ſchöne Ausſicht lockt; ſeine Thätigkeit iſt ſein Sporn. — Aber die Lawine wird deſto ſchwerer und reißender, je näher ſie dem Thale zurollt — ein Baumſtamm, ein Fels tritt ihr jetzt in den Weg und — ſie zertrümmert mit einem Male. Das hat die Erfahrung tauſendfach gelehrt —

„Das thut mein Bruder nicht,“ — fiel Heinrich raſch und feurig ein, — wie ich ihn kenne, gewiß nicht! Er liebt mich — liebt mich ſo ſtark, wie ich ihn liebe: das kann, das wird er am Bruder nicht thun. Ich baue feſt auf ihn.“

„Zürne mir nicht, guter Sohn,“ — fiel der Alte wieder ein und milderte das Herbe, Untröſtliche der Worte durch ſanften Blick und Ton — „wenn ich dir noch einmal rathe, nicht feſt zu bauen. — Du wirſt den größten Schmerz erſt fühlen, wenn du bereits und unwiederbringlich verloren haſt. Jetzt warſt du noch immer reicher an guter Ausſicht, als an ſchlimmer. Aber um dein ſelbſt willen, um der Liebe zu deinem Bruder willen, baue nicht zu feſt. Biſt du getäuſcht — könnte ſich leicht deine Liebe in Haß gegen den Bruder wenden. Die Scham — doch getäuſcht zu ſein — vor uns, würde auch noch ihr Bitteres, würde den Groll hineinmengen. — Ich meine es ja recht gut mit dir, mein Heinrich! — Sieh! guter Sohn,“ — ſagte er nach einer Weile und faßte den Jüngling an der Hand und ſah ihm liebevoll in die treuherzigen Augen, — „du haſt meine Anna recht lieb — guter Heinrich. Nicht wahr? Denn warum wärſt du denn hier in dieſer Einöde geblieben, du, den das Leben hinauslockt gewaltſam, und die Welt in ihre fröhlichen Kreiſe ruft? Des alten, guten Förſters wegen gewiß nicht. Du liebſt meine Anna — Ihr habt Euch Beide mir verrathen, ohne daß Ihr's wolltet — ohne daß Ihr ſelbſt wußtet, was Ihr beſtimmt fühlt. — Ich weiß, Heinrich, du wirſt meine Kinder nicht verlaſſen; denn laſſe noch einige Tage kommen — und ſie habe keinen Vater mehr. —“

„Nein — nein“ fiel der Jüngling raſch ein, und ſein Auge ſchimmerte feucht.

„Tröſte und täuſche dich und mich nicht;“ — fuhr der Vater fort — „ſei wahrhaftig, wie ich es bin. Ich fühle mich. — Wenn du dann meiner Anna Gatte, meines Jakobs Vater werden willſt, und deine Hoffnung hat dich betrogen: ſieh! da geht dir ja ein doppeltes Glück unter. Mit der Liebe die Zuverſicht! Jetzt hängt dein Herz vielleicht nicht an dem ſchlimmen Gelde, aber dann — dann, wenn es das Glück deiner Liebe ſchaffen ſoll, und ſein Verluſt ſie zertrümmert!? Wie dann, Heinrich? Wer fürchtet, wird durch den Verluſt nicht ganz vernichtet, durch glücklichen Gewinn aber doppelt freudig überraſcht. — Und wollteſt du auch darauf rechnen, daß der Graf an meiner Stelle dich in der Förſterei beſtätigt — wird, was für uns vier genügſame Menſchen kaum zureichte, für Euch zureichen, wenn Euch der Himmel mit Kindern ſegnet, noch zu geſchweigen, daß Jakob, wie er allmählig heranwächſt, immer mehr braucht, woran du es ihm gewiß nicht fehlen laſſen wirſt! Daß dann nicht die herbe Armuth zu ſchnell deinen Ehe- und Liebeshimmel trüben.“

„Vater“ antwortete Heinrich nach einer Weile, durch das Gewichtige der Gründe in etwas verdüſtert, und hatte die Augen niedergeſchlagen — „glaubt Ihr, Vater, daß ich das nicht auch bedacht? — Laßt ihn kommen, dieſen äußerſten Fall, wenn es dem Schickſal Vergnügen macht, mich ſo zu prüfen. Ich habe zweihundert Thaler baar im Vermögen, dieſe laſſe ich Anna zurück. Sie miethet ſich unten im Dorfe ein, oder die Gräfin, die eine gute Frau iſt, giebt ihr eine Wohnung umſonſt; Anna iſt geſchickt, ſie arbeitet kunſtreich — man lebt hier billig. Von zweihundert Thalern kann Anna und Jakob, der bis dahin immer noch Kind bleibt, zwei Jahre leben. — Ich ziehe hinaus in die Welt. Die Mühe ſcheue ich ſo ziemlich — Fleiß und Liebe werden mich begeiſtern — in zwei Jahren kann ich Etwas erworben haben. Oder ich gehe nach Rußland, nach Amerika! ich verdinge mich hier und dort. In zwei Jahren glaubt mir, Vater, läßt ſich ſchon etwas erwerben — mit feſtem Willen, mit ſicherer Kraft — und die fühle ich in mir. Denn ich will ja, Vater! Abtrotzen kann ich es dem Schickſal; das Glück bannen an mich; denn ich will ja — ich bin begeiſtert für meinen Plan; ich werde erwerben, in zwei Jahren gewiß ſo viel erwerben, daß ich eine Hütte, einen Heerd und ein Feld kaufen kann, ſo viel, als uns Alle ernähren. Ich werde Landmann. Und meine Thätigkeit wird darum nicht ſtille ſtehen, glaubt nicht, daß die Liebe mich nicht noch höher begeiſtern wird. Glaubt das nicht, Vater! Ich will es ja. Und Anna — Anna iſt Eure Tochter und iſt Anna zugleich, das reine, edle, treue Herz; ſie wird mir treu bleiben, bis ich wiederkehre — und zwei Jahre ſind nur ein Gedankenflug; die Liebe, der Fleiß, die Ausſicht, die Hoffnung — Alles, Alles wird ſie verkürzen und beleben; glaubt mir das, Vater!“

Der Jüngling hatte bei den letzten Worten das Antlitz in die Höhe gehoben, ſein Auge blickte begeiſtert, die Wangen waren geröthet, und Zuverſicht und Freude drückte ſich aus in dem Tone ſeiner Stimme.

„Darauf baue,“ rief der Greis jetzt freudig, und mit erhöhter Stimme, „darauf vertraue du, mein geliebter, edler Sohn! Dieſes wird dich nicht täuſchen und trügen; dieſen Glauben, dieſe Kraft halte feſt. Sie haben mit dem Zufalle nichts zu ſchaffen. Auf dich ſelbſt gründe dein Glück! Nur das wollte ich hören, mein Heinrich, — um beruhigt zu ſein. Ob nun dein Bruder helfe oder nicht; dein Segen ruht in dir, und mit ihm dein Glück. Ich ſegne dich! Ich danke dir, Vater im Himmel, daß du mir für meinen Lebensabend, für meine Sterbeſtunden, ſolche Wonnen bereiteſt.“

Er ſchlang den Arm um den Hals des Jünglings und drückte ihn innig an ſich. — „Ihr werdet noch Alle glücklich werden!“ betete er und hob die Blicke zum blauen Himmel, der in azurner Morgenpracht durch die Zweige ſtrahlte.

Da hüpfte Anna, Jakob an der Hand herein, angehaucht von der Morgenluft, wie eine Roſe, Frieden und Wonne und die ſtille ſelige Liebe in Mienen und Augen, und grüßte Vater und Geliebten.

Heinrich verbarg ſeine Rührung, er nahm Abſchied und verſprach des Abends, oder zum längſten am folgenden Morgen wieder zu kommen. Er ging.

Der Vater grüßte liebend ſeine Kinder.

Anna reichte dem Vater ſpäter ſeinen Trank, welchen der Arzt blos als Linderungsmittel zu gebrauchen, vorgeſchrieben hatte. Denn aufgegeben hatte er ohnehin die Hoffnung, den Kranken geneſen zu ſehen, und hatte es dem herzkräftigen Greiſe nicht zum Geheimniß gemacht. Er erzählte der Tochter ſein Geſpräch mit Heinrich und zauberte bald den Zug der Wehmuth, bald den Roſenhauch der Liebe auf die Wangen der Lieblichen. — Am Abende kam das Fieber wieder, der Greis lag bleich, mit Schweißperlen auf der Stirne und ſchwer athmend da; kein Klagelaut aber kam über ſeine Lippen. Die Tochter trat oft vor ſein Lager, und neigte ſich über ihn mit Milde und Liebe, und kämpfte die herausdrängenden Thränen zurück. —

Jakob war vor einer Weile hinausgeſchlüpft, und kam jetzt leiſe und ſcheu herein. Er ſchmiegte ſich an Anna, die am Fenſter ſaß, und küßte ihr ſchmeichleriſch die Hand.

„Haſt du dein Butterbrod ſchon aufgezehrt?“ fragte die Schweſter.

Der Knabe ſchüttelte verlegen.

„Du haſt es gewiß wieder dem Nero gegeben,“ ſchmollte Anna.

„Nein! Nein!“ ſagte Jakob ganz leiſe und kletterte auf den Stuhl neben die Schweſter, ſchlang ſeinen Arm um ihren Hals, und küßte ſie mehrmal und legte endlich ſeinen Mund an ihr Ohr und flüſterte: „Bitte, bitte, Anna, gieb mir ein anderes Brod — meinetwegen trocken," und er ſtreichelte ihr die die Wangen wieder.

„Gern," ſagte ſie lächelnd, wenn du mir ſagſt, wo du das erſte hingethan."

„Es kam," begann der Knabe eben ſo leiſe und geheimnißvoll, „der arme Wilhelm, der weder Vater noch Mutter hat; bis jetzt war er bei Schneiders, die haben aber heut' das achte Kind bekommen, und ſagten ihm, er ſollte nun irgendwo anders hingehen und bitten, daß man ihn aufnehme. Er war den ganzen Nachmittag am Kirchhof, auf ſeiner Mutter Grab; jetzt kam er zu mir herauf, und weil ihn hungerte — ach Schweſterchen" unterbrach er ſich wieder — „ſei nicht böſe, bitte."

„Darf ich Eure Geheimniß wiſſen?" fragte jetzt der Vater, der ſich inzwiſchen erholt, und die verſteckte Verhandlung ſeiner Kinder mit angeſehen hatte.

„Der arme Wilhelm," berichtete Anna, „iſt draußen. Du wirſt dich des Tagelöhners noch erinnern, der vor zwei Jahren in der Lehmgrube verſchüttet wurde. Sein Weib wurde darüber tödtlich krank und ſtarb ein Jahr darauf. Jetzt hat der Schneider ein achtes Kind in's Haus bekommen und da wurde ihm der arme Wilhelm zu viel werden. Er hat ihn angewieſen, ſich einen anderen Pflegevater zu ſuchen. — Jakob hat ihm ſein Abendbrod geſchenkt — und nicht wahr, Vater! dafür hat er zwei verdient?"

„Nur Eins," belehrte der Vater, „er könnte ſonſt immer ein Brod verſchenken, um dafür zwei zu bekommen. So leicht macht es uns aber das Leben nicht."

Der Knabe hüpfte jetzt zum Bette des Vaters, und küßte ihm dankbar die Hand.

„Was wird Wilhelm aber jetzt anfangen?" fragte der Vater, zu Jacob gewendet, während Anna ihm das Brod bereitete.

Der Knabe zuckte die Achſeln und ſagte dann: „Ach, er hat weder einen Vater, noch eine Anna, noch einen Heinrich! Er iſt ganz arm — ſehr arm. Er wird wohl im Walde ſchlafen müſſen und — ſterben." Dabei rannen dem Jacob die Thränen ſtill und reich über die Wangen herunter.

„Und will ihn Niemand aufnehmen?" fragte der Vater weiter.

„Er war in einigen Häuſern," erzählte Jacob weiter, „da bedauerten ſie ihn, aber wieſen ihn weiter, und ſagten, wenn er einen Ort gefunden, wollten ſie ihm gern alle Monat etwas beitragen. Dann ging er auf den Kirchhof, und ſaß auf dem Grabe der Mutter, und hat da wohl hundert Mal das Vater Unſer gebetet."

Der Alte ſchwieg und ſchien bei ſich nachzudenken.

Jacob, deſſen Thränen noch immer rannen, ſchmiegte ſich nun näher an ihn, ſtreichelte ſeine Hand und begann endlich in abgebrochenen Sätzen: „Väterchen! du ſagteſt ſchon mehrmal, daß du bald ſterben wollteſt, und da haben wir dich nicht mehr, und ſind um Einen weniger. Statt deiner könnte nun Wilhelm hier eſſen, — ich — —" die Stimme verſagte ihm.

„Ei, du böſer Junge," fiel nun der Vater lächend über das unbefangene Geſtändniß des Kindes ein, „willſt du mich denn gern todt haben, um meinen Platz zu erſetzen? Warte —"

„Nein! nein!" unterbrach ſchluchzend und in dem verdoppelten Schmerze, mißverſtanden zu ſein, Jacob, „ach! nein, mein Väterchen — ich will — ich bekomme ſo viel — ich will mit ihm theilen —" er drückte das Haupt in die Kiſſen.

„Du biſt ein guter Junge!" ſagte der Vater jetzt tief gerührt, und ſtreichelte des Sohnes Lockenkopf; „ſage dem Wilhelm, er könnte bei uns bleiben, wenn er fromm und gehorſam bleibt; bring' ihn herein. Du mußt aber auch Heinrich darum bitten, daß er's erlaube; denn Heinrich wird nun bald, ſtatt meiner, dein Vater werden!"

„Alſo darf er kommen?!" rief nun Jakob, und wiſchte ſich mit beiden Händen die Thränen aus den Augen und flog hinaus. Er trat mit dem blaſſen, hübſchen ſechsjährigen Wilhelm herein. Man kündigte dieſem an, daß man ihn behalten wolle, wenn er fromm und gehorſam bleibe; und der Knabe küßte dankbar des Greiſes Hand. —

Dann ſetzte er ſich ſchweigend auf die Ofenbank. Der Ernſt, welcher auf den Zügen des Knaben ruhte, gab kund, daß er die ganze Größe ſeines Elends, ſeines Verlaſſenſeins begreife und ermeſſe. Er weinte nicht mehr — der bittre Schmerz ſchien ihm die Thränen vertrocknet zu haben, und doch war in den Zügen Milde und Gutmüthigkeit; aber das Antlitz hatte faſt den feſten, beſtimmten Ausdruck eines durch harte Schickſale geprüften Mannes. —

Jakob hatte in der Freude über das Ereigniß vergeſſen, ſein Brod zu eſſen; er ließ es unangerührt auf dem Tiſche liegen. Dafür nahm er aber bald ſein Buch, und verſprach Wilhelm die Buchſtaben zu lehren, bald wollte er ihm Rechenſtunden lehren — bald theilte er ihm ſein, meiſt von Heinrich zum Geſchenke erhaltenes Spielzeug, mit. — Eine ſelige Wonne erfüllte ſichtbar ſeine Bruſt. Das Edle, Wahre, Reine liegt ſchon in der Kinderſeele des Menſchen, und die Zeit macht den goldenen Saamen gedeihen, oder — das Unkraut erſtickt ihn ſpäter.

Auch in Anna's Antlitz ſchwamm das ſelige Gefühl der guten That, des Lieblingstriebes ihrer reinen Seele. —

Der Vater wandte ſich auf die Seite, und blickte hinaus in das Laubgrün und betete: „Vater, ich danke dir für meine Kinder! Du haſt mich reich gemacht in ihnen. Jetzt in meinen letzten Stunden haſt du mir die Seligkeit gewährt! in ihre Seelen hinabblicken zu können, und deine Gnade hat gewaltet. In der Beſchäftigung des Tagwerklebens entgingen mir die reinen Züge, und ſo hat deine Gnade für alle Stunden und Orte des Lebens einen lichten Augenblick dem Menſchen gegeben; dem Mittag ſein Licht, dem Abend ſeinen Purpur, der Nacht ihre Sterne! Dein Name ſei gelobt!" Er endigte — das Auge ſchwamm ihm in Thränen. — Die Nachtigall im Fenſter aber begann ihre ſchmelzenden Melodien in die Walddämmerung hinaus zu ſchmettern, ſo ſeelenvoll und ſchmachtend, daß in der Hütte Alles mit angehaltenem Odem lauſchte.

— Als es ſtärker dunkelte, ſagte Anna: „Ich werde das Gehöfte ſchließen; denn heute kommt Heinrich doch nicht mehr."

„Wohl nicht," antwortete der Vater, „aber morgen frühzeitig." —

Als Anna ſich ſpäter in ihr Bettchen legte, und gebetet hatte, — liſpelte ſie noch einmal leiſ' und ſcheu: „Gute Nacht, mein Heinrich! gute Nacht!" Und der Mond zitterte durch die ſchwanken Zweige herein, und brachte ihr Heinrichs Liebesgruß, und goß ihr Ruhe und Schlummer auf die ſüßen Augenlieder, und verklärte mit ſeinem Gold das ſchönſte Antlitz.

Dritter Tag.

Heinrich kam erſt gegen Mittag zurück. Er warf die ſchwere Jagdtaſche auf den Tiſch neben ſich, und ſetzte ſich, nachdem er Alle freundlich begrüßt, ermüdet nieder. Anna trug ihm das Frühſtück auf, und Jakob ſtellte ihm den neu acquirirten Hausgenoſſen vor, indem er zugleich förmlich um die Beiſtimmung zum Bleiben bat. Heinrich ſtrich ſich den Schweiß von der Stirne, er war abgemüht vom raſchen Gange — und lächelte ſonderbar vor ſich hin, that auf des Alten Fragen auch ſehr zerſtreut.

„Haſt du mir etwas mitgebracht?" flüſterte ihm Jakob in's Ohr. — Heinrich bejahte und antwortete zugleich auf des Vaters Frage, wie er den Hirſch verkauft, mit: „ſehr gut ſehr gut!"

„Anna," — fuhr er, die friſche, labende Milch hinuntergießend, fort — „bitte, nimm das aus der Waidtaſche."

Sie folgte und packte zuerſt eine Geldrolle heraus. „Zehn, funfzehn, ein und zwanzig zählte ſie und ließ das Geld auf den Tiſch rollen.

„Es ſind noch einige andere Sachen darin," ſagte Heinrich wieder, vor ſich hinlächelnd.

Der Alte dachte vor ſich, als er das befremdende Weſen des Jünglings gewahrte: Der hat entweder keinen, oder einen betrübenden Brief bekommen, und das macht ihn verlegen vor uns; wir wollen ihn darum lieber nicht fragen.

„Ach!", rief Anna freudig erſtaunt, und klatſchte die Händchen zuſammen, als ſie das erſte Papier geöffnet, und ein ſchönes, ſeidenes Feſttagskleid und einen neuen ſammetenen Spencer darin gefunden hatte.

Jakob hüpfte ſchnell herbei, und lauſchte, während die Schweſter ihre Herrlichkeiten ausbreitete, ob auch nicht für ihn aus der gabenreichen Taſche ein Geſchenk herauskäme.

„Heinrich! Heinrich!" ſagte der alte Vater halb drohend, halb freundlich lächelnd, — und — „aber Heinrich!" fiel Anna ein, mit Freude gerötheten Wangen.

„Es iſt morgen dein Geburtstag, Anna," ſagte Heinrich ſchlau lächelnd, glaubſt du, daß ich das vergeſſen habe? — Doch ſieh zu, es muß noch Einiges darin ſtecken."

Anna langte raſch hinein. Es war etwas Schweres in einem Papiere. — Sie entfaltete es, und ein gebrochenes abermaliges „Ach!" entfuhr ihren Lippen, und die Wangen erblaßten ihr im freudigen Schrecken.

Ein goldenes Halsband und gleiche Armbänder ſchimmerten ihr mit blendendem Glanze entgegen, ſie hielt ſie abwechſelnd und die Hand wieder vor die Augen, ſie hüpfte zum Bette des Vaters und wieder zu Heinrich, der ſich in innerlicher Wonne an ihrer Freude ergötzte, und es waren nur einzelne Töne und Ausrufe, die den Lippen der Ueberraſchten, Staunenden entſchlüpften. —

„Aber das viele Geld — Heinrich woher?" ſagte der Vater, und ſtrebte, ſelbſt ſein Erſtaunen nicht zu ermäßigen vermögend, den Sohn, welcher ſein Lachen nur mühſam unterdrückte.

Inzwiſchen hatte auch Jakob die Taſche durchwühlt, und gleichfalls ein Kleid und verſchiedenes Spielzeug darin gefunden. Seine Freude war lauter, als die Annas, er ſprang jauchzend in der Stube auf und ab, und theilte das Spielzeug ſogleich brüderlich mit Wilhelm. —

„Nun iſt aber noch etwas darin," ſagte Heinrich jetzt feſt, „und — das muß Anna herausnehmen."

Die Geſchäftige hielt bereits auf dem linken Arme die Kleider, ſie drückte jetzt den koſtbaren Schmuck an die Bruſt, ihn ſo feſter zu halten, und brachte aus der Taſche eine neue dicke Brieftaſche heraus. Um ſie zu öffnen, brauchte ſie den Mund dazu, Heinrich erhob ſich lauſchend, und — „Ach! ach! ach! — mein Gott!" ſtotterte Anna, als eine Banknote nach der andern herausfiel: es waren ihrer zwanzig, eine jede von 500 Thalern.

Sie breitete nun den ganzen Schatz auf das Bett vor dem Vater aus, der ſich ſprachlos erhob und das viele Geld anſtaunte. — Jakob kehrte nach einem flüchtigen Blick darauf zu Wilhelm und ſeinem Spielzeug zurück.

„Vater!" ſagte jetzt Heinrich, und faßte des Alten Hand; „mein Bruder hat Wort gehalten. Zehntauſend Thaler hat er mir geſchickt, die Anderen zehn folgen bald darnach. — Jetzt müßt Ihr ihm das Unrecht abbitten, das ihm Euer Mißtrauen gethan, und jetzt ſollt ich Euch ausſchmählen, weil mein Glaube geſiegt hat."

„Der Zufall hat geſiegt und das Glück, mein lieber Sohn!" — ſagte der Vater mit leuchtenden Blicken, „ich theile deine Freude aus innerſter Seele, weil ich dir ja das Glück gönne, mehr als mir. Und deinem Bruder — ja! dem ſei feierlich das Mißtrauen, das ich hegte, abgebeten."

Heinrich ſank an des Alten Bruſt; Anna kniete neben dem Bette; ſie hatte noch immer die Sprache nicht gefunden.

„Aufrichtig geſtanden," ſagte jetzt Heinrich, „ich ging mit wenig Vertrauen hinein; ich war ſelbſt ſchon für den gänzlichen Unglücksfall getröſtet und noch dann, als mich der Kaufmann Reichard, in deſſen Comptoir ich nach einem Briefe vom Bruder fragte, hinauf in ſein Cabinett beſcheiden ließ, glaubte und hoffte ich nichts anderes, als ein vertröſtendes, oder wieder zertrümmertes Glück bringendes Schreiben zu finden. Ich hätte bei Gott! dies auch mit gleichgeſtimmter Seele ertragen; dazu hat mich Eure Lehre von geſtern erhoben. Aber, Vater, wie groß war meine Freude! Ach wie ſelig war die Freude! Die ſchöne Louiſe, die Tochter des Banquiers, welche zufällig eintrat, als ich die Quittung ſchrieb, gratulirte mir recht freundlich dazu; das, meine ich, haben ihre freundlichen Blicke ſagen wollen; denn von dem, was ſie ſagte, habe ich kein Wort verſtanden. Ich küßte ihr die Hand, ſtatt aller Antwort; das hatte ſie nicht erwartet, denn ſie zog ſie verlegen zurück; ich aber ſtürmte fort, und —"

„Und," fuhr der Jüngling in freudiger Haſt zu erzählen fort, „holte ſchnell Anna's Kleider vom Schneider, wo ich ſie ſchon früher beſtellt, nach einem Muſter, das ich Annen geſtohlen. Wie ich an einem Goldſchmiedsladen vorbei ging, fuhr mir der kluge Gedanke durch den Sinn: Derlei Sachen ſind ſo gut, wie baares Geld, und alſo keine Verſchwendung, und Anna iſt das ſchönſte, lieblichſte Mädchen auf der Welt, folglich iſt's billig, daß ſie auch das Schönſte beſitze! — So kaufte ich den Schmuck; und Bruder Jakob habe ich auch nicht vergeſſen. Den Hirſch aber, Väterchen, den habe ich diesmal gewiß zu wohlfeil verkauft: Vergieb mir's: ich hatte den Kopf zu voll von andern Dingen." —

„Aber, Heinrich!" — begann nun Anna, und blickte noch immer in ihrer knieenden Stellung zu dem Jüngling lächelnd auf, wie das junge Morgenroth, — wodurch hab' ich denn Alles das verdient?

„Mehr! mehr!" rief der entzückte Jüngling, „und wodurch hab' ich denn dich —"

— Er ſtockte verlegen. „Der arme Heinrich," ſprach nun der Vater, „liebte die arme Anna; — hat der reiche nun denſelben Wunſch?"

„Vater!" ſagte Heinrich verletzt, und ſein Blick dunkelte ſich. —

„Guter! ich wollte dich nicht verletzen," beſchwichtigte der Alte. —

„Jetzt brauch' ich," ſagte Heinrich, ſchnell begütigt durch des Alten treuherzigen Blick und Anna's ſchwimmende Augen, „weder mit der Flöte durch die Welt, noch nach Amerika, noch ſonſt wohin zu gehen. Ihr haltet nun auch Euer Wort, Vater! und von den zwei Jahren Harrens und Mühſals iſt gewiß weiter nicht die Rede mehr. — Wir kaufen das neue Herrengut, das der Graf losſchlagen will, und ſind ſelbſt eine Herrſchaft."

Der Vater hatte die Hände gefaltet; er bewegte ſeine Lippen; er betete. — Die Kinder thaten desgleichen, — Heinrich war neben Anna niedergekniet.

„So ſegne ich Euch denn, in unſers guten Gottes Namen," rief der Alte begeiſtert und feierlich, „lebt glücklich in ſeiner Liebe und ſeiner Furcht. Wie ich ihm danke, daß er über meinem Abend den Morgenſtern Eures Glückes hat aufgehen laſſen, ſo danket ihm und betet, daß er Euch dereinſt auch ein ſolches Ende ſchenken möge. — Ich aber werde ſcheiden, glücklich und freudig. Klaget nicht! Denkt, der Leidende würde nur Euren ſeligen Liebeshimmel ſtören durch ſeine Leiden, er würde doppelt leiden, wenn er nicht mitfühlen könnte, doppelt durch das Bewußtſein, ſich und Euch ein Leidender zu ſein. Ich habe zwei Bitten; die eine: Weint nicht und klagt dem Himmel nicht, der Alles wohlgethan; die andere: Gedenket meiner ohne Schmerzen. Sendet mir freundliche Grüße nach in das Jenſeits, und weil es ein ſchönes, erhabenes Gefühl iſt, im Angedenken guter Menſchen zu leben, ſo erzählt Euren Kindern und Enkeln von mir und von meiner Liebe zu Euch. Amen."

Alle waren in der wehmuthſeligen Gewalt des Augenblicks in Thränen zerfloſſen; auch die beiden Knaben kamen, und knieten am andern Ende des Bettes nieder. —

„Nun aber ſingt mir das hohe, ſtärkende Lied," rief er, „das ich am liebſten ſang in Freuden wie in Schmerzen."

Und er ſtimmte an:

„Großer Gott, wir loben dich,
„Herr, wir preiſen deine Güte —"

und Anna und Heinrich und die Knaben fielen ein in den Feiergeſang: „Großer Gott, wir loben dich," daß ein Choral hinausklang in die Waldpracht, und tauſend Vogelſtimmen dazwiſchen ſchmetterten und die Sonnenglut hereinbrach durch das Fenſter, die ſchöne ſelige Gruppe verklärend.

Wie das Lied ausgeſungen war, neigte der Vater ſein Haupt, und entſchlief ſanft lächelnd; aber es war noch nicht der Tod, der ihn beſchattete, es war ein leiſer Schlummer, der ſeinen Odem auf ihn goß, und den in Wonne Ermatteten umſchlang.

Vierter Tag.

Jakob ſtand am Bette des Vaters. „Wenn ich todt bin," lehrte dieſer, „ſo gehorche Heinrich, wie mir, liebe ihn und die Schweſter von ganzem Herzen; ſei fromm und gut, und wenn du etwas unternimmſt, ſo nimm dir Heinrichs Handlungen zum Beiſpiel."

„Aber, Vater!" warf der Knabe ein, „wie wirſt du es denn wiſſen, ob ich fromm oder böſe geweſen bin, und wie kann ich es dir ſagen?" —

„Komm an mein Grab," fuhr der Vater fort; „was du immer gethan haſt, erzähle es mir. Wohl werde ich nicht zu dir ſprechen können; aber ich werde dich auch unſichtbar umſchweben. Und dein Herz wird dir ſagen, wenn du etwas Böſes begangen haſt; freuen wirſt du dich aber und recht herzlich meiner gedenken, wenn du nichts Böſes gethan haſt. Hüte dich vor der Lüge: haſt du ſie aber einmal begangen, ſo bereue ſie an meinem Grabe, und verſprich, nie wieder in dieſen Fehler zu verfallen."

Da trat Anna an Heinrichs Hand herein, ſelige Liebe in den Blicken. Sie hatten ſich zum erſtenmale in den heiligen Hallen des Walddomes an der Bruſt gelegen, und das ewige Wort der Liebe geſprochen. —

„Heinrich!" rief Jakob, und hüpfte ihm entgegen, „der Vater hat geſagt, ich ſollte ſo gut werden, wie du, und mir dich zum Muſter nehmen."

Heinrich lächelte und ſagte: „Es gehört gar ſo wenig dazu, gut zu ſein, daß ich nicht begreifen kann, wie ſich di Leute ſo mit dem Böſen abmühen können."

Anna ſetzte ſich an's Fenſter zu ihrer Arbeit, und der Vater gab dem Jakob einen Wink, worauf dieſer die Hütte verließ. Bald wurde er draußen vor dem Fenſter ſichtbar, wohin er geklettert war, und hatte Annen, ehe ſich's dieſe verſah, einen Kranz friſcher Veilchen in die blonden Locken gedrückt.

Dieſe ſenkte erröthend die Blicke und trat mit Heinrich vor das Bett. „So ſegne ich denn die Braut und den Bräutigam!" ſagte der Vater; nicht den traurigen, leichten duftenden Rosmarin will ich dir in die Locken flechten laſſen; denn die junge Liebe darf nicht an den Tod erinnert werden. Die erſten Frühlingsblumen aber ſind ſo treu und ſchön, wie Euer Glück. Möge es ewig ein Frühling ſein. — —"

Des Nachmittags kam das Fieber mit erneuter Heftigkeit. Der edle Greis verbarg die ſtarken Bruſtſchmerzen, die er fühlte, durch ein Lächeln. Die Kinder umſtanden alle betrübt ſein Lager. Später phantaſirte er; verneinte aber mit dem Haupte ſchüttelnd, als ihn die Geliebten fragten, ob ſein Zuſtand ſchlimmer geworden ſei. Er lag eine lange Zeit ruhig und abgeſpannt; endlich reichte er einem Jeden die kalte Hand und ſagte: „Lebt wohl!“ Dies war ſein letztes Wort; der Hauch des Todes lag ſchon ſchneeblaß auf ſeinen Zügen. Er lächelte, aber ſelig; — wie jetzt das Abendroth durch die Zweige hereinſtrahlte und die Gruppe ſeiner Kinder verklärte und des Zimmers Decke mit goldenen Flammen beleuchtete, da neigte er das Haupt und ſein Auge dunkelte. — Jetzt ſchmetterte die Nachtigall im Käfig laut und melodiſch auf und ihr letzter Ton, den ſie aushielt, war wie einer gewaltigen Sehnſucht Hauch. — Der Alte erhob hierbei noch einmal das Haupt, das Auge öffnete ſich, er winkte mit der Hand in letzter Anſtrengung gegen das Fenſter, die Lippen zuckten, aber tonlos, es war, als hätte er das Wort „frei!“ ausſprechen wollen. Keiner verſtand ihn; er wiederholte ſeine Anſtrengung: da glaubte der kleine Wilhelm, der ebenfalls weinend am Bette ſtand, den Wink zu errathen; er ſprang ans Fenſter, öffnete den Käfig und ließ den Vogel frei hinaus fliegen. Laut ſchmetternd flatterte dieſer in die grüne Freiheit, und ſelig lächelnd über das Willfahren ſeines Wunſches, ſchloß der Greis die Augen und athmete zum letztenmale. — Die freie Seele ſchwang ſich empor mit der Melodie des Nachtigallenklanges. —

Um das Bett ſtanden die Kinder, und hemmten ihre Thränen nicht; — ſie reichten ſich über der Leiche die Hände und ſchwuren: zu leben, wie der Geſchiedene, damit ſie auch dereinſt eines ſolchen ſanften Todes ſterben möchten. —

Drei Monate ſpäter.

Vom Hochzeitmahle, welches ſie in der Waldhütte hielten, ging das neue Paar, Frohſinn und Seligkeit in den ſchönen Zügen, mit dem kleinen Wilhelm nach ihrer neuen Beſitzung. Jakob war vorausgeeilt. — Ihr Weg führte ſie über den Kirchhof. An des Vaters grünem Hügel kniete Jakob, mit dem Rücken gegen die Kommenden gewendet. Sie nahten ſich leiſe, und belauſchten ſein lautes Geſpräch. „Lieber Vater,“ betete der Kleine, „ich habe heut Morgen und ſo auch Mittags gebetet, ich war folgſam und ſtill, Heinrich und Anna lobten mich; ich habe nicht gelogen; mein Herz klopft nicht vor Angſt und ich liebe dich, mein guter Vater, ſo herzlich, wie ich dich liebte, da du noch lebteſt. Gute Nacht, Väterchen.“ — Die Lauſchenden traten nun näher, und umſchlangen ſich zur ſeligen Gruppe und ſtimmten betend ein in Jakobs: gute Nacht! — Anna nahm den Veilchenkranz vom Haupte und legte ihn auf das Grab. — „Hier mögen dieſe Blumen verblühen,“ ſagte ſie; „du aber wirſt auferſtehen.“

Sie gingen in heiliger Wehmuth nach ihrem Hauſe. —

Der angenommene Wilhelm folgte ſpäter dem Drange ſeiner Sehnſucht in die Welt hinaus; er ward Kaufmann und von Heinrichs Stiefbruder zum Schwiegerſohn erwählt. Mit dem Gelde hatte jener treulich Wort gehalten. Jakob ward ein tüchtiger Forſtmann, und lebte glücklich. In Heinrichs und Anna's Kindern verjüngte ſich ihre Seligkeit. Sie leben noch beide jetzt in männlicher Schönheit.

Ich habe dir, lieber Leſer, hier eine Geſchichte ohne Verwicklungen und intereſſanter Spannung erzählt; aber es iſt eine wahre Geſchichte von Menſchen, die auch in ihrer Verborgenheit auf des Lebens Gipfel ſtehen. —

Johann Hermann

ward am 11. October 1585 zu Rauden in Schleſien geboren und wurde nach vollendeten theologiſchen Studien Prediger zu Köben in Schleſien, wo er ſich die Dichterkrone erwarb. Doch ein kränklicher Körper hemmte oft den Flug ſeines Geiſtes und die damalige Wuth des 30jährigen Krieges vertrieb ihn von ſeiner Stelle und nöthigte ihn, eine Zuflucht in böhmiſch Liſſa zu ſuchen, wo er am 27. Februar 1647 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Haus- und Herzensmuſik. Breslau 1644, 1650 u. 1663 in 12.

Als geiſtlicher Liederdichter zeichnete ſich H. zu ſeiner Zeit durch Innigkeit, wahre herzliche Frömmigkeit und eine heitere Weltanſchauung voll Ergebenheit in den Willen des Schöpfers ſehr vortheilhaft aus, ſo daß ſich viele ſeiner andächtigen Geſänge bis auf die neueſte Zeit in den Sammlungen der lutheriſchen Kirche erhalten haben.

Franz Rudolf Hermann

ward 1787 zu Wien geboren, ſtudirte auf verſchiedenen wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildungsanſtalten die Humanitätswiſſenſchaften, promovirte zum Doctor der Philoſophie und ſtarb zu Breslau am 8. April 1823, wo er bis dahin als Privatgelehrter gelebt hatte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Nibelungen. Leipzig 1819, 3 Thle. in 8.
Ritterſinn und Frauenliebe. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Ideen über das antike, romantiſche und deutſche Schauſpiel. Breslau 1820.
Karlsbrunn. Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1820.

H. beſaß ein glückliches, doch keineswegs ſehr bedeutendes Talent. Seine dramatiſche Bearbeitung, der Nibelungen, fand zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens, da ſie dem damals herrſchenden Geſchmack und der Neigung für mittelalterliche Stoffe zuſagte, eine freundliche Aufnahme, die jedoch nicht dauernd war.

Johann Gottfried Jakob Hermann

ward am 28. November 1772 zu Leipzig geboren, wo ſein Vater als Senior des Schöppenſtuhls lebte und ſtudirte ſeit 1786 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und zu Jena nach dem Willen ſeines Vaters Jurisprudenz, vorzüglich aber Philologie, Philoſophie, Mathematik und Geſchichte, wozu ihn eine ganz beſondere Neigung hinzog. Dieſer immer ſtärker hervortretende Hang war es auch, welcher ihn bewog, in Jena die Jurisprudenz ganz aufzugeben und ſich lediglich den humaniſtiſchen Studien zu widmen. 1794 erwarb er ſich in Leipzig die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde und das Recht, Vorleſungen eröffnen zu dürfen, wurde 1798 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, 1803 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit und 1809 zugleich der Poetik. Hiermit verband er die Direction der ſchon 1793 von ihm geſtifteten griechiſchen Geſellſchaft und, nachdem ſein Verdienſt 1815 durch Ertheilung des Ritterkreuzes, 1833 des Comthurats des Civilverdienſtordens vom Könige von Sachſen ehrend anerkannt worden war, 1834 auch die des königlichen philologiſchen Seminars, wurde Doctor der Theologie, Senior der Univerſität und Mitglied vieler gelehrten Geſellſchaften.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Handbuch der Metrik. Leipzig 1798. Erſchien zuerſt unter dem Titel: De metris poetarum graecorum et romanorum. Leipzig 1796; 2. verm. Aufl. als: Elementa doctrinae metricae. Leipzig 1816. Und dann im Auszuge. Ebendaſ. 1818.

Die Hymnen des Homer. Leipzig 1806.

Ueber die beſtrittene Cäſur im Trimeter der griechiſchen Komödie. Berlin 1817.

Briefe über Homer und Heſiodus, gewechſelt mit Creuzer. Heidelberg 1818.

Ueber das Weſen und die Behandlung der Mythologie. Leipzig 1819.

Ueber Herrn Prof. Böckhs Behandlung der griechiſchen Inſchriften. Leipzig 1826.

Andere Arbeiten von ihm, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. finden ſich geſammelt in ſeinen Opusculis (Leipzig 1827 — 1831, 4 Bde.), in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Hermann's große und allgemein anerkannte Verdienſte nach Gebühr zu würdigen, liegt außer dem Bereiche dieſes Unternehmens, da ſie ſich vorzüglich auf das Gebiet der Sprach- und Alterthumskunde erſtrecken. Sein europäiſcher Ruf bezeichnet ihn als einen der größten lebenden deutſchen Philologen, der eben ſo tiefe Gelehrſamkeit und gründlichen Scharfſinn als Reichthum des Geiſtes und productive Kraft beſitzt.

Johann Auguſt Hermes,

ein um Toleranz und Aufklärung ſehr verdienter Mann, wurde am 24. Auguſt 1736 zu Magdeburg geboren und auf der Schule zu Kloſterbergen für die Univerſität vorbereitet. Er ſtudierte ſeit 1754 in Halle, kam 1760 als Prediger nach Herſchendorf und 1763 als Präpoſitus nach Waren im Meklenburgiſchen, wo er muthig die bisher verehrte, ſtreng pietiſtiſche Theologie von ſich warf und eine vernunftgemäßere Glaubensanſicht umfaßte und zu verbreiten ſuchte. Mancherlei deshalb gehabte Unannehmlichkeiten und ihm bedrohende Dienſtentſetzung veranlaßten ihn, einem Rufe zum geiſtlichen Inſpectorat zu Jerichow im Magdeburgiſchen zu folgen, von wo er durch Spaldings und der Prinzeſſin Amalie von Preußen, damaliger Aebtiſſin von Quedlinburg, Vermittelung zuerſt als Oberprediger nach Ditfurt, kurz darauf aber als Oberprediger und Conſiſtorialrath an die Nicolaikirche nach Quedlinburg kam. 1800 ſtieg er daſelbſt zum erſten geiſtlichen Rathe des Stiftsconſiſtoriums und Oberhofprediger, wurde aber durch die weſtphäliſche Regierung penſionirt und erhielt nach 1813 durch die preußiſche Regierung bloß die Ephoralgeſchäfte wieder, die er 1821 niederlegte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. Januar 1822.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Wöchentliche Beiträge zur Beförderung der Gottſeligkeit. Wismar 1771 u. 1772, 2 Bde.

Handbuch der Religion. Berlin 1779; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1797, 2 Bde.; neue Aufl. Quedlinburg 1822; wurde in mehrere lebende Sprachen überſetzt, franzöſiſch, Berlin 1784, von Friedrichs II. Gemahlin, Eliſabeth von Preußen.

Allgemeine theologiſche Bibliothek. Berlin 1784 — 1787. Mit ſeinem Freunde und Amtsbruder W. A. Cramer herausgegeben.

Beiträge zur Verbeſſerung des Gottesdienſtes. Leipzig 1785 — 1786, 2 Bde. Mit G. R. Fiſcher und Salzmann herausgegeben.

Predigten. Berlin 1788, 2 Thle.

Communionbuch. Berlin 1797.

H. erwarb ſich durch ſeine vortrefflichen Lehrbücher, in welchen die reinſte Aufklärung vorherrſchte, große Verdienſte um die religiöſe Bildung des Volkes. Seine Predigten ſind nicht ſo bedeutend, doch kann ihnen auch große Vortrefflichkeit nicht abgeſprochen werden.

Johann Timotheus Hermes

ward 1738 zu Petznick in der preußiſchen Provinz Pommern geboren und von ſeiner trefflichen Mutter ſittlich und bürgerlich, wie von ſeinem gelehrten Vater wiſſenſchaftlich vorgebildet, ſo daß er mit Nutzen den Unterricht ſeines kenntnißreichen Hauslehrers, ſo wie der Profeſſoren auf dem Gymnaſium zu Stargard genoß, und tüchtig in jeder Hinſicht als Theolog die Univerſität zu Königsberg beziehen konnte. Mancherlei Widerwärtigkeiten traten auf der Reiſe dorthin und während ſeines erſten Aufenthaltes daſelbſt ſeinem Streben hindernd entgegen, aber ſein Geiſt und ſeine Kenntniſſe halfen ihm ſie beſiegen und erwarben ihm die Freundſchaft ſeiner geliebteſten Lehrer in Königsberg, Arnold und Kant, unter deren wohlthätigem Einfluſſe er auch ſeine künftige literariſche Geltung anzudeuten begann. Nach vollendeten Studien hielt er ſich, ſeinem Plane gemäß, durch Reiſen gemachte Erfahrungen einſt in ſeinem Werke „Reiſe Sophiens" niederzulegen, längere Zeit in Danzig und Berlin auf und wurde kurz nacheinander Lehrer an der Ritterakademie zu Brandenburg, Feldprediger bei dem Krakowſchen Dragonerregimente zu Lüben in Schleſien und anhalt-köthenſcher Hof- und Schloßprediger zu Pleß in Oberſchleſien. Hier erhielt er einen Ruf nach Breslau als Doctor und Profeſſor der Theologie, wo er verſchiedene geiſtliche Aemter verwaltete und am 24. Juli 1821 als Superintendent der Kirchen und Schulen des Fürſtenthums Breslau, Oberpfarrer zu St. Eliſabeth und Profeſſor primarius ſtarb.

Er hat folgende Schriften verfaßt, von denen einige pſeudonym von „Jemehr" oder „Heinrich Meiſter" erſchienen:

Geſchichte der Miß Fanny Wilkes. Leipzig 1766; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1781, 2 Bde. in 8.; ins Däniſche, Franzöſiſche und Holländiſche überſetzt.

Sophiens Reiſe von Memel nach Sachſen. Ebendaſ. 1770 — 1773, 5 Bde.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1775; 3. Ausg. 1775, 6 Bde. in 8. Die Melodien zu den darin enthaltenen Liedern von J. A. Hiller. Ebendaſ. 1779 in gr. 4.

Predigten an die Kunſtrichter und Prediger. Leipzig 1771, 2 Thle. in 8.

Gelegenheitspredigten. Breslau 1779 in 8.

Andachtsſchriften. Leipzig 1781 u. 1782, 2 Thle. in 8.

Für Töchter edler Herkunft. Ebendaſ. 1787, 3 Bde. in 8.

Manch Hermäon. Ebendaſ. 1788 u. 1789, 2 Bde. in 8.

Für Eltern und Eheluſtige. Ebendaſ. 1789 — 1790, 5 Bde. in 8.

Zween literariſche Märtyrer und deren Frauen. Ebendaſ. 1789, 2 Thle. in 8.; neue Aufl. mit dem auf Verlangen des Verlegers geänderten Titel: „Meine Herren Grundleger und unſere Frauen Geſchichte.“ Leipzig 1791, 2 Bde. in 8.

Predigten für die Sonntage und Feſte des ganzen Jahres. Breslau, Berlin, Leipzig 1792 in 8.

Neue Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1793 in 8. mit 2 Anhängen. Leipzig 1796.

Lieder für die beſten bekannten Kirchenmelodien, nebſt 12 Communionsandachten. Breslau 1800 in 8.

Anna Winterfeld. Gotha 1801 in 8. Mit Titelvignette.

Verheimlichung und Eil. Berlin 1802, 2 Bde. in 8. mit Kupfern.

Mutter, Amme und Kind. Neue Aufl. Berlin 1811, 2 Bde. in 8.

Ueber H's zu ihrer Zeit ſehr eifrig geleſene Romane urtheilt Franz Horn (die ſchöne Literatur Deutſchlands während des 18ten Jahrhunderts, Berlin 1812 S. 153) ſehr treffend: Es ſind gute moraliſche Exempelbücher, denen es nicht an einzelnen glücklich angelegten Situationen und fließender Darſtellung, wohl aber an Gedrängtheit und innigem Zuſammenhange, an tiefen Charakteren und überhaupt an künſtleriſcher Bildung mangelt. Daher kommt es denn auch, daß jene Schriften heut zu Tage nur wenig mehr beachtet werden, denn ſie ſind in der That veraltet; ein Schickſal, das dem künſtleriſch gebildeten Romane nie begegnen kann, weil er in der That zu allen Zeiten redet und zu allen Zeiten zu reden werth iſt. Die ſtrenge Kritik, die oft ein weithinſchauendes Ahnungsvermögen hat, prophezeite den Hermes'ſchen Werken ſchon bei ihrer Erſcheinung das ſpätere Schickſal, und man muß einräumen, daß ſie ſich nicht getäuſcht hat. — Hermes Predigten athmen Milde und Würde, aber auch ſie ermüden durch ihre Breite.

Vorſchmack des Himmels *).

Ich hab' von ferne, Herr, deinen Thron erblickt,
Und hätte gerne mein Herz vorausgeſchickt,
Und hätte gern mein müdes Leben
Schöpfer der Geiſter Dir hingegeben.

Das war ſo prächtig, was ich im Geiſt geſehn!
Du biſt allmächtig, drum iſt Dein Licht ſo ſchön.
Könnt' ich an dieſen hellen Thronen
Doch ſchon von heute an ewig wohnen!

Nur ich bin ſündig, der Erde noch geneigt:
Das hat mir bündig Dein heiliger Geiſt gezeigt.
Ich bin noch nicht genug gereinigt,
Noch nicht ganz innig mit Dir vereinigt!

Doch bin ich fröhlich, daß mich kein Bann erſchreckt:
Ich bin ſchon ſelig, ſeitdem ich das entdeckt.
Ich will mich noch im Dunkeln üben
Und Dich zeitlebens inbrünſtig lieben.

Ich bin zufrieden, daß ich die Stadt geſehn,
Und ohn' Ermüden will ich ihr näher gehn,
Und ihre hellen gold'nen Gaſſen
Lebenslang nicht aus den Augen laſſen.

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*) Aus Hermes's Liedern für die beſten bekannten Kirchenmelodieen. Breslau 1800.

Johann Gottfried Hermes

ward am 8. September 1764 zu Barby geboren, beſuchte von 1780 bis 1783 die Schule des Waiſenhauſes zu Halle und ſtudirte dann von 1784 bis 1787 Theologie zu Leipzig. Im Jahre 1789 ward er Diaconus und 1808 Stadtpfarrer zu Barby. Die naturforſchende Geſellſchaft in Görlitz ernannte ihn zu ihrem Ehrenmitgliede.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Wiegenlieder nebſt einem Anhange einiger Lieder für größere Kinder. Zerbſt 1806.

Beſchreibung von Gartenblumen nach der Zeitfolge. Zerbſt 1808.

Die Bienen und die Tauben. Zerbſt 1820.

Schreckensbilder und rührende Gemälde. Zerbſt 1833.

Eine anmuthige Behandlung der Form und Sprache, Herzlichkeit, Reichthum der Bilder und Anſchauungen, Klarheit und Mannigfaltigkeit verleihen den poetiſchen Leiſtungen dieſes vortrefflichen Mannes, unter denen ſich namentlich die Lieder und Erzählungen für die Jugend als höchſt zweckmäßig und gelungen auszeichnen, einen hohen moraliſchen Werth.

Michael Herr.

Von ſeinen Lebensumſtänden kennen wir bloß dies, daß er wahrſcheinlich zu Baſel Medicin ſtudirte, dort Doctor der Medicin wurde und dann, theils hier, theils in Straßburg, den Wiſſenſchaften und ſeiner Kunſt lebte. Seinen Tod ſetzt man gewöhnlich nach dem Jahre 1530.

Er ſchrieb:

Die new Welt vnnd Inſeln, ſo wie bisher allen Altweltbeſchreibern unbekannt. Jüngſt aber von den Portugaleſern vnnd Hiſpaniern im Niedergenglichen Meer befunden ꝛc. Straßburg 1534 Fol.

Plutarchi von Chäronea guter Sitten 21 Bücher. Ebendaſ. 1535 Fol.

Etliche Zuchtbücher des Luc. Ann. Seneca. Ebendaſ. 1536; neue Aufl. Daſ. 1540 u. 1565 in Fol.

Das Ackerwerk Luc. Columellä und Palladii. Ebendaſ. 1538 Fol.

Gründlicher Unterricht, warhaffte vnnd eygentliche Beſchreibung, wunderbarlicher, ſeltzamer Art, — aller vierfüßigen Thier — in der erden oder waſſern. Ebendaſ. 1546 Fol.

Das Buch vom Feldbau, vom Kaiſer Conſtantin. Ebendaſ. 1557; neue Ausg. von Ludw. Rabus, 1563 Fol.; 1566 in 8.

Da H. bemüht war, den antiken Charakter in den von ihm überſetzten Schriften, aus falſch verſtandenem Eifer für das Chriſtenthum, möglichſt zu verwiſchen, ſo entbehren ſeine Verdeutſchungen der Treue und ſind daher ohne Bedeutung, obwohl er nicht ungeſchickt in der Behandlung der Sprache war.

Ewald Friedrich Graf von Herzberg

ward am 2. September 1725 zu Lottin in Pommern geboren, ſtudirte zu Stettin und Halle die Staatswiſſenſchaften und zeichnete ſich ſchon bei ſeiner Doctorpromotion ſo aus, daß er unmittelbar darauf als Legationsſecretair im Departement der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten angeſtellt wurde. Sehr bald bemerkte ihn auch Friedrich der Große, erhob ihn zum geheimen Legationsrath und nach Bekanntmachung des von ihm aus den dresdner Archiven binnen 8 Tagen gezogenen Mémoire raisonné, 1756 zum erſten Geheimrath und Staatsſecretair im Departement des Auswärtigen, welcher Erhebung 1763, nach dem glücklichen Abſchluß des Friedens zwiſchen Schweden und Rußland und mit Sachſen zu Hubertsburg, die Ernennung zum zweiten Staats- und Cabinetsminiſter folgte. Seine fortwährenden Verdienſte um Preußen brachten ihm ſpäter noch das Ritterkreuz des ſchwarzen Adlerordens und die Würde eines Curators der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin, welche Aemter er auch unter Friedrichs II. Nachfolger beibehielt. Doch nahm er, aus Verdruß über die nicht nach ſeinem Wunſche ganz zum Vortheil Preußens abgeſchloſſene reichenbacher Convention, 1791 ſelbſt die ihm verweigerte Entlaſſung aus dem Miniſterium und lebte von nun an vorzüglich der Curatel der Akademie, dem preußiſchen Seidenbau und der Oekonomie. Er ſtarb am 27. Mai 1795, wie es hieß, aus Kummer über die von ihm vorher angedeuteten, aber nicht beachteten Folgen der bekannten Coalition von 1793 gegen Frankreich.

Wir haben von ihm:

Auszug der geheimen Anſchläge der Höfe von Wien, Petersburg und Dresden. Berlin 1756.

Die Betrachtungen über das Recht der baierſchen Erbfolge. Ebendaſ. 1778 ff.

Abhandlungen für die Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften. Berlin 1787 u. 1788.

Beiträge zur deutſchen Sprachkunde. Ebendaſ. 1794.

Kaiſer Karl IV. Landbuch des Kurfürſtenthums und der Mark Brandenburg. Berlin 1781 in 4.

Recueil des déductions etc. Berlin 1789 — 1795, 3 Bde.

Gründlichkeit, Scharfſinn und Klarheit ſind den Schriften dieſes großen Staatsmannes eigenthümlich, welche neben den vielen anderen Denkmalen ſeines ſchönen Wirkens ebenfalls das Recht auf eine dankbare und rühmliche Anerkennung haben.

Chriſtoph Friedrich Heſekiel

ward am 27. October 1794 zu Rehſen im Deſſauiſchen geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle Theologie und Philoſophie, promovirte daſelbſt zum Doctor der Philoſophie und wurde als Diakonus an die Moritzkirche nach Halle berufen, von wo er ſpäter nach Altenburg als Hofprediger, Generalſuperintendent und Oberpfarrer kam.

Er machte ſich bekannt durch:

Gottlieb Sonntag, Bilder aus dem Leben eines Studirenden. Leipzig 1822, 2 Bdchn. in 8.

Blicke auf Halle. Halle 1824 in 8.

Gedichte. Deſſau 1824 in 8.

Blüthen heiliger Dichtung. Halle 1827, 1r u. 2r Kranz in gr. 8.

Das Chriſtkind. Halle 1824; 2. Aufl. 1825.

Das neue Hoſpital und Krankenhaus zu Halle. Halle 1827.

Die Nachbarskinder. 2. Aufl. Halle 1826.

Innigkeit, wahre Religioſität, Anmuth der Form und Gewandtheit in der Beherrſchung der Sprache zieren H's poetiſche Leiſtungen und haben ihm einen geachteten Ruf erworben. Seine Schriften für die Jugend fanden ihrer geſunden Moral und ihrer faßlichen, lebendigen Darſtellung wegen, großen Beifall.

Morgenlied*).

Herr, frühe wolleſt du meine Stimme hören; frühe will ich mich zu dir ſchicken. Pſalm 5, 4.

Mel.: Wie ſchön leuchtet uns der Morgenſtern ꝛc.

Das Morgenroth wie Roſen blüht,
Die Sonn' empor am Himmel glüht,
Die Boten deiner Gnaden.
Es hebt ſich aus dem Schlaf empor
Und geht zum Tagewerk hervor
Der Menſch auf tauſend Pfaden.
Glücklich
Blick ich
Rückwärts nieder, vorwärts wieder und ich trete
Hin vor dich zum Frühgebete,

Ich preiſe deine Vaterhuld,
Die mich mit Macht und mit Geduld
Auch dieſe Nacht behütet,
Als ich's vermochte nicht zu ſchau'n
Der Schrecken mannigfaches Grau'n,
Darin das Laſter brütet.
Achtvoll,
Machtvoll
Sah dein Auge, was mir taugte, deine Hände
Hielten, trugen mich ohn' Ende.

Nun führe mich die neue Bahn
Und laß mir deine Hülfe nahn,
Wo ich auch heute walle!
Den Segen gieb zu Fleiß und Müh,
Und deiner denken laß mich früh,
Damit ich ja nicht falle!
Deinen
Reinen,
Segensreichen, himmelsgleichen Herzensfrieden
Laß auch heut mir ſein beſchieden!

Und wo man guten Samen ſtreut,
Wo man den Schwachen Hülfe beut,
Da laß das Werk gelingen!
Auf daß der heil'gen Liebe Band,
Wie dort im ew'gen Vaterland,
Uns Alle mög' umſchlingen!
Droben
Loben
Morgenklänge, Frühgeſänge, deinen Namen,
Wie ſie Engel nur vernahmen.

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*) Aus Heſekiel's „Blüthen heiliger Dichtung." Halle 1827.

Abendlied.

Ich liege und ſchlafe ganz mit Frieden, denn du, o Herr, ſchaffſt, daß ich ſicher wohne. Pſalm 4, 9.

Mel.: Nun ſich der Tag geendet hat ꝛc.

Es ſchweiget rings die Erdenflur,
Es ſchlummert Land und Stadt.
Doch den erquickt die Ruhe nur,
Der treu gewirket hat.

Am Himmel zündeſt, Herr der Nacht,
Du deine Lampen an,
Und rufeſt zu getreuer Wacht
Die Engel mir heran.

Ich gebe mich in deine Hut
Und was mir eigen iſt;
Und ſchlumm're ſanft, mit frohem Muth,
Weil du ſtets bei mir biſt;

Mir naht kein Unheil in der Welt,
Kein Schrecken ſtöret mich;
Kein Haar von meinem Haupte fällt,
O Hüter, ohne dich.

Wer einſam wacht in ſeinem Schmerz,
Mit dem, o Herr, ſei du,
Und geuß in ſein gequältes Herz
Doch der Ergebung Ruh.

Mich wecke neu geſtärket auf,
Wenn morgen ruft die Pflicht,
Daß nicht in des Berufes Lauf
Mich träge ſieht das Licht.

Und kömmt der Abend einſt herbei,
Da Niemand wirken kann,
Und bricht des Leibes Hütt' entzwei,
O, nimm zu dir mich dann!

Johann Heſſe von Heſſenſtein

ward am 21. September 1487 zu Nürnberg geboren, widmete ſich der Gottesgelahrtheit und ſtudirte in Leipzig und Wittenberg, worauf er nach Italien ging und ſich dort zum Prieſter weihen ließ. Doch hinderte ihn dies nicht, nach ſeiner Rückkehr ſich mit Luther zu befreunden. Nachdem er eine Anſtellung an der St. Sebaldskirche in ſeiner Vaterſtadt ausgeſchlagen hatte, folgte er einem Rufe als Doctor der Theologie, Pfarrer zu St. Maria Magdalena und Domherr nach Breslau, und ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. Januar 1547.

Er iſt einer der erſten deutſchen geiſtlichen Liederdichter und viele ſeiner Geſänge, wie z. B. O Welt, ich muß dich laſſen, erhielten ſich lange und wurden häufig bei dem Gottesdienſte geſungen.

David Heß,

Abkömmling eines ſchweizeriſchen Patriciergeſchlechtes ward 1770 zu Zürich geboren und wurde nach in ſeiner Vaterſtadt vollendeten Studien zum Mitgliede des großen Rathes daſelbſt gewählt.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Kleine Gemälde, Reminiſcenzen und abgebrochene Gedanken. Zürich 1802 in 8. Mit 17 Vign. und Muſikbeil.

Scherz und Ernſt in Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1816 in 8.

Die Badefahrt. Ebendaſ. 1818.

Die Roſe von Jericho. Weihnachtsgabe. Ebendaſ. 1819 in 12. Mit Kupf. u. Vign.

Salomon Landolt. Ein Charakterbild. Zürich 1821.

Freimüthige Rechtsverwahrung eines freien Mannes ꝛc. Zürich 1832.

H's Erzählungen erfreuen ſich einer glücklichen Erfindung, guter Charakterzeichnung und anmuthiger, gefälliger Darſtellung und ſind, namentlich in der Schweiz und dem ſüdlichen Deutſchland, gern und viel geleſen worden.

Der wandernde Declamator*).

1.

Die Sonne ſenkte ſich gegen Weſten, als der wandernde Declamator, Fabianus Plappermann, das Weichbild eines Städtchens erreichte, deſſen einziger Kirchthurm ſchon ſeit zwei Stunden das Ziel ſeines eifrigen Vorwärtsſtrebens geweſen. Er hatte ſich müde und heiß gelaufen, ſeine Schuhe und ſchlottrigen Kamaſchen waren mit Staub bepudert, ſeine Zunge klebte am Gaumen und ſein matter Blick drückte Sehnſucht unzweideutig aus. Sein erſter Gedanke war ein Nöſel Wein, ſein zweiter die Rede an den Bürgermeiſter, mittelſt welcher er ſich die Erlaubniß auswirken wollte, am folgenden Tage das Städtchen mit einem Declamatorium zu regaliren, um ſeiner zuſammengeſchrumpften Börſe wieder einige Rundung zu verſchaffen. Vor dem Schlagbaum wandte er ſich noch einmal gegen die ſinkende Sonne, ſchob den hohen Klapphut aus der Stirn, ſtellte ſich in flüchtige Poſitur, mit der rechten Hand etwas geſticulirend (die linke führte den Wanderſtab), und declamirte was ihm ſo eben aus ſeinem wohlgebrauchten Schiller Paſſendes einfiel:

Senke, ſtrahlender Gott, die Fluren dürſten
Nach erquickendem Thau, der Menſch verſchmachtet,
Matter ziehen die Roſſe,
Senke den Wagen hinab!

Dann klopfte er mit dem Naſtuch den Staub von den Schuhen, zog die lockere Halsbinde etwas feſter an, und ging mit gemeſſenen, etwas Vornehmes verkündigenden Schritten zum Thor hinein, wo ihn der Zöllner kopfſchüttelnd muſterte, und ihm lange lächelnd nachſah, bis der Wandersmann in das Wirthshaus zum goldnen Löwen einbog.

Hier warf der müde Muſenſohn den Hut auf den Tiſch, ſchnallte den Torniſter ab, und bat um Labung für ſeine dürre Kehle. Der Krätzer war erträglich, der Wirth geſprächig, und der gewandte Frager hatte bald in Erfahrung gebracht, daß hier noch kein Declamator aufgetreten, daß indeß Geſchmack an ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und Künſten herrſchen müſſe, indem ein Buchbinder ſich, neben ſeinem Handwerk, ganz artig von dem Ertrag einer Leihbibliothek ernähre, und daß ſelbſt Liebhaberei für Theater vorhanden wäre, wenn nur eine Truppe ſich in dem kleinen Orte halten könnte.

Sobald Fabian in ſo weit orientirt war, und ſein Nöſel verſchlungen hatte, ließ er, um keine Zeit zu verlieren, ſich mit wichtiger Miene das nahegelegene Haus des Bürgermeiſters zeigen.

2.

Das Haupt der Stadt hatte ſich's bereits bequem gemacht; die Perücke vom Kopfe auf den ſtellvertretenden Haubenſtock deponirt, ſaß er im Schlafrock hinterm Haus im Gärtchen und rauchte gemüthlich ſeine Pfeife bei einem Kruge Bier, worin er ſich nicht gern ſtören ließ.

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*) Aus Heß's „Scherz und Ernſt." Zürich 1816.

Fabian trat mit ehrerbietiger Dreiſtigkeit vor, warf den Klapphut unter den linken Arm, zupfte einen etwas welken Buſenſtreif heraus, räusperte ſich und brachte ſein Anliegen in einer ſtattlichen, blumenreichen Rede vor, in welcher von dem bekannten feinen Geſchmack dieſer Stadt nicht wenig gerühmt, und des Herrn Bürgermeiſters, als eines Mäcenaten, ehrenvolle Erwähnung geſchah.

„Wenn ich Ihn recht verſtehe und ſein Anſehen nicht trügt," ſprach der wohlbeleibte Landesvater, „ſo iſt Er ein vacirender Schauſpieler, ſo eine Art von Poſſenreißer, und möchte den Bürgern dieſer Stadt morgen Abend ſeine Späße vormachen. Dergleichen verhindre ich eben nicht, da ich meinen lieben Untergebnen gern eine Recreation gönne; aber zu oft darf es nicht geſchehen. Vorige Woche war ein Italiener hier, mit Hunden in Reifröcken, die nach dem Dudelſack ganz artig tanzten und allerlei poſſierliche Sprünge machten. Er trug ein ſchönes Stück Geld aus unſern Mauern; aber die Zeiten ſind bös, und die Stadtarmen möchten doch darunter leiden, wenn ich ſchon wieder dergleichen Spectakel geſtattete.

Hilf Himmel! welch' eine Parallele für den Rhapſoden! Ein Fabianus Plappermann, der das Lied von der Glocke, den Taucher, die Worte des Glaubens, die Bürgſchaft, den Kampf mit dem Drachen, den Gang nach dem Eiſenhammer ꝛc. ꝛc. ꝛc. zu tauſendmalen ſchon, vor den feingeübten Ohren kritiſcher Muſenzöglinge wiederholt hatte — verglichen, in eine Reihe geſtellt mit einem Vagabunden, der Hunde nach dem Dudelſacke tanzen läßt! Ein poetiſcher Zorn begeiſterte den Helden; er ſägte mit den Händen durch die Luft, ſchlug ſich auf die Bruſt, dann zufällig auf die Hoſentaſche — da klingelten die letzten Groſchen, der Nothpfennig im verſchrumpften Beutelchen, und erinnerten ihn plötzlich, daß er gelindere Saiten aufziehen müſſe; denn auch ein begeiſterter Rhapſode wird politiſch, wenn er merkt, daß es mit ſeiner Börſe auf die Neige geht.

„Aber, geſtrenger Herr Bürgermeiſter," begann er in mildem Tone, faſt wehmüthig, „mit Ihrer Erlaubniß, Sie confondiren ganz entſetzlich; es iſt ja von keinem Gaſſenſpectakel die Rede, von keinen Hunden, von keinem Dudelſack! Ich bin — gewiß haben Sie ſchon meinen Namen in artiſtiſchen Zeitungen nicht unrühmlich bemerkt gefunden, — ich bin Fabianus Plappermann, der Declamator! Und ſollten Sie etwa an der Aechtheit meiner Ausſage zweifeln, ſo bin ich bereit, Ihnen aus dem Stegreif ...."

„Etwas vorzuplappern?" fiel ihm der Bürgermeiſter in die Rede. „Dazu bin ich nun eben nicht aufgelegt. Ich merke ſchon an ſeinen gelenkigen Armen, an ſeiner gelöſten Zunge, daß Er ein Comödiant iſt. Aber wie hoch beläuft ſich denn die ganze Bande! Führt Er auch einen tüchtigen Hanswurſt mit?"

„O, Herr Bürgermeiſter," ſprach Fabian, „es ſchmerzt doch tief, ſo verkannt zu werden! Sollte denn noch nie von der neuen Methode, die Werke der beſten Dichter gebildeten Menſchen allgemein bekannt zu machen, Euer Geſtrengen etwas zu Ohren gekommen ſein. Rechnen Sie es uns nicht zum Verdienſt an, daß wir unſre Penaten verlaſſen, den Wanderſtab ergreifen, und, wie die Apoſtel das Evangelium predigten, unſern Schiller und ſämmtliche andere klaſſiſche Dichter den empfänglichen Seelen erſt recht zu genießen geben! Was iſt der kalte, trockne Buchſtabe? Was iſt die ſchönſte Phraſe ohne das Colorit der Declamation? Erſt durch dieſe kömmt das Ganze in ſeine gehörige Haltung und prägt ſich dem Gemüth mit all ſeinen Nuancen ein. Ich wage zu behaupten, unſere Declamatorien werden bald alles Theaterweſen überflüſſig machen, zumal da auch die Unbill der Zeiten mitwirkt und manches ſchöne Talent außer Activität ſetzt. Wir bedürfen keiner künſtlichen Folie, keiner Coſtume, keiner Decorationen, keiner Gehülfen, nichts Sinnliches! Alles was wir vortragen, iſt der rein deſtillirte Geiſt des Dichters, die Quinteſſenz..."

„Hör' Er," fiel der Bürgermeiſter wieder ein, „ich ſehe, daß man Ihn am ſicherſten los wird, wenn man Ihm ſein Geſuch ohne weitere Erläuterungen geſtattet. Obſchon ich nicht begreife, wie ein einzelner Menſch, wenn er nicht ein Pfarrer iſt und nicht auf der Kanzel ſteht, die Leute einen ganzen Abend durch erbauen kann, ſo will ich Ihm eine Vorſtellung bewilligen; aber Er ſoll nichts vorbringen, das wider Zucht und Ordnung ſtreitet, der Obrigkeit in Ehren gedenken, und nicht mehr als zwölf Kreuzer von der Perſon fordern dürfen. Der vierte Theil von der Einnahme gehört den Stadtarmen, und mir, meiner Frau und beiden Töchtern hat Er Freibillets zu ſchicken, damit wir doch auch etwas von der neuen Methode vernehmen."

Die zwölf Kreuzer ſchienen zwar dem Declamator gar zu wenig, indeß — er ſah, daß er mit einem rohen Troglodyten zu ſchaffen habe; beſſer eine Laus im Kraut als gar kein Fleiſch, dachte er bei ſich ſelbſt, verſicherte nun, er wolle gern beweiſen, wie er ſeine edle Beſtimmung nicht aus eigennützigen Abſichten verfolge, und bat ſich, da ihm die Localitäten der Stadt nicht bekannt ſeien, die Erlaubniß aus, ſeinen Tabernakel auf dem Rathsſaal aufſchlagen zu dürfen. Aber das hätte bald den ganzen Handel wieder verdorben. Der Bürgermeiſter bedeutete ihn, daß auf dem Rathhauſe nur er ſelbſt und die Mitglieder der Regierung zu ſprechen hätten; der Tempel der Gerechtigkeit dürfe durch keinen Hokuspokus entweiht werden; auf dem Schlachthauſe ſei eine geräumige Stube voll Bänke, wo die Auctionen gehalten würden, dort ſei vor nicht langer Zeit ein Schauſpiel von Marionetten aufgeführt worden, dort möge auch Er Fabian ſein Weſen treiben; Er könne das Publikum dazu auf die gewohnte Weiſe geziemend einladen, und damit Punktum.

3.

Etwas mißmuthig führte Plappermann ſich ab; doch das war nicht das erſtemal, daß er die Erlaubniß, ſich hören zu laſſen, hatte erpreſſen und unvergoldete Pillen verſchlucken müſſen. Er war bald wieder getröſtet und überlegte nun auf der Rückkehr in's Wirthshaus, welch einen Programm er entwerfen und über Nacht wolle drucken laſſen; es müſſe etwas ganz Eigenes ſein, beſchloß er, weil hier noch kein Declamatorium gehalten worden, und der Reiz der Neuheit ihm gewiß ein zahlreiches Auditorium verſchaffen werde.

Allein wie er ſich beim Wirth nach dem Buchdrucker erkundigte, ſo war keiner im ganzen Städtchen, und er hörte zu nicht geringem Aergerniß, daß es hier gebräuchlich ſei, alles, was man dem Publicum mitzutheilen habe, durch einen eigens beſtellten und beeidigten Mann auf den Gaſſen ausrufen zu laſſen.

Welche gemeine triviale Weiſe für einen Künſtler ſeine Ankunft zu verkündigen! Aber aus der Noth mußte Plappermann eine Tugend machen; am Ende fand er etwas originelles in ſeinem hieſigen Debut; er entſchloß ſich kurz und gut, und ließ den öffentlichen Ausrufer holen.

4.

Die lebendige Poſaune fand ſich bald ein. Es war ein kleines Männchen mit einer Stutzperücke, und trug ein großes kupfernes Becken unter dem Arm.

„Freue mich ſehr, aufwarten zu können," ſprach der Herold beim Hereintreten; „meine Stimme klingt heller als mein Becken und iſt gar nicht ermüdet; denn ſeit vorgeſtern, wo ein durchreiſender Herr ſeinen Hund verloren hatte, dem ich nachfragen und für deſſen Rückgabe ein Trinkgeld verſprechen mußte, hatt' ich keine Geſchäfte mehr. Es fragt ſich nur, was der Herr eigentlich bekannt zu machen hat und ob der Herr allein, oder in Compagnie will ausgerufen werden."

Wieder etwas Neues. Bei näherer Erläuterung fand es ſich, daß der Ausrufer ſchon eine Beſtellung auf den folgenden Tag habe, und wenn er mit einem Stein zwei Würfe thun, das heißt, beide Aufträge auf dem nämlichen Gang ausrichten dürfe, ſo koſte der Ruf nur die Hälfte, denn er habe die Schuhe mehr als die Lunge zu ſchonen; welcher Aeußerung der Declamator, aus eigener Erfahrung, Glauben beimaß.

Allein der Doppelruf könnte Mißverſtändniſſe verurſachen, bemerkte Plappermann; er wolle gern das Doppelte daran wenden, allein ausgerufen zu werden, aber voraus bezahlen wollte er nicht, wie's der Ausrufer verlangte, hingegen ein gutes Trinkgeld beifügen, wenn die Einladung recht deutlich ausgeſprochen werde und ihm ein ſtattliches Auditorium und eine hübſche Einnahme verſchaffe.

Die Ankündigung ward in Schrift verfaßt; aber da fand es ſich, daß der Ausrufer nichts Geſchriebenes leſen konnte. Ungeduldig über die vielen Hinderniſſe, hätte Plappermann lieber ſich ſelbſt ausgerufen, wie ſein Talent ſich doch auch ſelbſt ausſprach, oder gar den ſelbigen Abend noch, unverrichteter Sachen, ſeinen Stab aus dieſem ominöſen Krähwinkel weiter geſetzt, wenn nicht der kategoriſche Imperativ, ſein leerer Beutel, ihn gezwungen hätte, auszuharren; und nun ſagte er die Aufgabe dem Männchen mit der Stutzperücke und dem kupfernen Becken ſo oft vor, und ließ ſich die Lection ſo oft wiederholen, daß ein unvernünftiger Staar ſie im Gedächtniß behalten hätte, und er endlich hoffte, es werde alles gut ablaufen.

5

Auf Rechnung der gehofften Einnahme, verzehrte er nun ein gewaltiges Stück kalten Braten, trank ein halbes Maß Kräzer dazu und ließ ſich dann auf die Schlafkammer leuchten, wo er ſeinen Torniſter auspackte. Nachdem Schillers und Bürgers Gedichte, beide an den Ecken des Einbandes nicht wenig beſchädigt, auf dem Tiſche lagen, ward die Garderobe gemuſtert. An dem ſchwarzen Kleide mußten einige noch am letzten Faden hängende Knöpfe wieder feſtgenäht werden, wozu die nöthige Geräthſchaft nicht vergeſſen war. Das Hemd war noch ſo ziemlich weiß; aber der eine ſchwarzſeidene Strumpf hatte vorn ein Loch, und ſchwarze Seide war keine mehr im Necessaire, — doch ein Genie weiß ſich immer zu helfen. Plappermann fand in der Brieftaſche ein Stückchen engliſches Courtplaiſter, und klebte damit die heruntergefallenen Maſchen zuſammen. Nur das längſt nicht mehr weiße Gilet erregte Bedenklichkeiten, — die Stadt war zwar klein und hatte ein gemeines Ausſehen — aber das Gilet war auch gar zu beſchmiert, beſonders vorn, und contraſtirte mit dem leidlich reinlichen Hemde. Plappermann ſteckte den Kopf aus dem Fenſter und recognoſcirte. Auf dem Hofe war alles ſtill und menſchenleer; der Mond ſchien hell und ſpiegelte ſich in dem Brunnen hinter dem Hauſe — da ſchlich der Declamator ſich leiſe hinab, und entblödete ſich nicht, im Angeſicht des geſtirnten Himmels und des ſtillen Gefährten der Nacht das Gilet tüchtig im Troge herum zu ſchwenken und dann auszuringen, in der feſten Zuverſicht, es werde, da die Luft warm war, bis am Morgen wieder trocken ſein.

Nach dieſem geheimen, dem Anſtand gebrachten Sühnopfer warf Plappermann ſich in die Federn — ſchlief unter ſanguiniſchen Hoffnungen auf die Erndte des kommenden Tages glücklich ein, und träumte von den Kranichen des Ibicus, von der Königstochter, der ſanfterröthenden Fürſprecherin des Tauchers, und ſpäter, da er an der Verdauung des genoſſenen Bratens laborirte, von einem ſo großen Loch im Strumpf, daß eine ganze Spanne engliſchen Pflaſters nicht hinreichte, daſſelbe zu verkleben.

6.

Aber am folgenden Morgen überlegte der öffentliche Ausrufer, was ihm zu thun obliege; und da es ihm bedenklich vorkam, daß der Fremdling die Gebühr nicht, wie gebräuchlich, hatte vorausbezahlen wollen, ſo beſchloß er ſeine Schuhſohlen nicht an einen, vielleicht vergebenen Gang zu wagen, und die rothwälſche Compagnie auszurufen.

Er machte ſich demnach gegen neun Uhr, wo es überall lebendig im Städtchen war, auf die Beine, ging von Gaſſe zu Gaſſe, ſchlug tüchtig auf ſein kupfernes Becken, wie ein Chineſe an ſein Tamtam, bis ſich hier und da ein paar Jungen um ihn her ſammelten, und rief dann mit gellender Fiſtelſtimme:

> „Kund und zu wiſſen ſei hiemit, daß bei Herrn Reinhold Wackerbart friſche Stockfiſche zu haben ſind; und dieſen Abend Punkt fünf Uhr wird, auf der Gaſtſtube über dem Schlachthauſe, Deklamatorium zu halten die Ehre haben Herr Fabianus Plappermann. Die Entrée koſtet zwölf Kreuzer. Standesperſonen zahlen nach Belieben*)!“

Anfangs achtete keiner der Vorübergehenden viel auf den Ausrufer, bis dieſer endlich ſeine Novität auf dem Platze, vor einer Art von Kaffeehaus abörgelte, wo die Honoratioren des Städtchens ihren Morgenſchnaps zu genießen pflegten. Es waren Leute darunter, die literariſche Zeitungen laſen und mit Manchem, wenigſtens durch Lecture und Hörenſagen, bekannt waren, was außer den Grenzen ihrer Municipalität in deutſchen Landen getrieben wird, und einer davon ließ ſich durch's Fenſter die Ankündigung wiederholen

Das gab denn Stoff zu allerlei Geſprächen. Mehrere wußten gar nicht, was Declamatorium für ein Ding ſei; Andre hatten davon etwas vernommen und glaubten, es müſſe eine gewaltige Wirkung thun; und da man über Gegenſtände, die man nicht genau kennt, gewöhnlich am meiſten zu disputiren pflegt, ſo gab es hier auch mancherlei verſchiedene Meinungen, als zufälliger Weiſe der neuangeſtellte Pfarrhelfer Freimuth hereintrat, der auf dem Kaffeehauſe eine ungewohnte Erſcheinung war. Er hatte auf einem entlegenen Weiler eine arme kranke Frau beſucht, fühlte ſich ermüdet und geſtattete ſich, da ſein Weg ihn eben vorbeiführte, zum erſtenmale hier einzukehren und eine kleine Herzſtärkung zu ſich zu nehmen.

7.

Er kam wie gerufen, der beliebte, gereiſte Mann, und ſollte nun auseinander ſetzen, was es mit der Declamirerei für eine Bewandtniß habe, und entſcheiden, ob es ſich wohl der Mühe lohne, dieſen Abend dem neuen Ankömmling zwölf Kreuzer in Büchſe zu ſpeien.

„Es will alſo in den größern Städten nicht mehr gehen,“ ſprach Freimuth lächelnd, weil ein Declamator ſich bis zu uns verirrt. Was ſoll ich Ihnen, meine Herren, über dieſen Gegenſtand ſagen? Es hält ſchwer, denſelben gehörig zu erörtern, da ſelbſt Kunſtverſtändige darüber ganz entgegengeſetzte Meinungen hegen! Deutlich und jedes Wort gehörig betonend, ſollte eigentlich jeder Menſch leſen können, der nur auf den geringſten Grad von Kultur Anſpruch macht. Poeſieen mit Salbung vorzuleſen, oder aus dem Gedächtniß im Geiſte des Dichters herzuſagen, ſetzt ſchon ein feineres Gefühl für Gedankenſchwung und Rhythmus voraus; aber auch dieſes ſollte in jedem wohlorganiſirten Menſchen wohnen, und ſich durch einige Uebung mehr oder minder entwickeln. Virtuoſität in dieſem Fache, verbunden mit Mimik, gehört freilich zu den ſeltneren Gaben, und erfordert bei natürlichen Anlagen noch ein tiefes Studium. Ohne dieſes kann kein Schauſpieler fremde Charaktere täuſchend nachahmen und auf der Bühne ſo vorſtellen, daß wir nicht mehr an Kunſt denken, ſondern den Menſchen ſelbſt, in allen ſeinen Modificationen zu ſehen wähnen, deſſen Rolle er ſpielt. Allein die Grenzlinie zwiſchen dem Schauſpieler und dem bloßen Declamator zu ziehen, das iſt eine der ſchwerſten Aufgaben der Kritik. Ich, an meinem geringen Orte, möchte ſagen, der bloße Declamator, wenn er öffentlich auftritt und uns bekannte Poeſieen recitirt, gehört entweder in ein noch ganz rohes Zeitalter, oder in ein ganz verfeinertes, in welchem alles Sinnliche dem Geiſtigen völlig untergeordnet iſt. Ich meine, wir leben weder in dem einen noch in dem andern; wir leben in einem Gemiſche beider Extreme, und Licht und Dunkelheit erzeugen die abenteuerlichſten Erſcheinungen. Vieles, was ſonſt nur der gemeinen Natur eigen war, beſchäftigt jetzt unſre Aeſthetiker, und was ſonſt nur in den Kreis der Philoſophie gehörte, wird dem großen Haufen aufgetiſcht und zu verdauen gegeben. Pädagogen, Agronomen, Kranologen, Mnemoniker und andere Apoſtel ähnlicher Art, ziehen, wie vormals Bruchſchneider, Wurmdoctoren und Teufelbanner im Lande herum, und ſuchen ihre neuen Syſteme, die vermittelſt des geſunkenen Buchhandels nicht viel eintrügen, und nicht allgemein genug bekannt würden, durch lebendigen Vortrag um ein Geringes, das ſich aber auf langen Streifzügen ſummirt, an den Mann zu bringen. Eben ſo achte ich es auch als Zeichen der Zeit, daß Mimik und Declamation, neben dem Theater, von einzelnen Virtuoſen für das größere Publikum als ſelbſtſtändige Künſte getrieben werden. Dieſe Virtuoſen ſind ſo ſelten als die Kunſtrichter, welche ihr Streben zu würdigen verſtehen. Aber ſie haben leider die Induſtrie einer Menge unbefiederter und unbehaarter Papageien und Affen auf einen neuen Erwerbzweig geleitet. Die Zeiten ſind bös, die Verſchönerung des Lebens wird der Erhaltung deſſelben untergeordnet; vieles geht ein, was ſonſt beſtehen konnte; ſo werden auch viele Theater geſchloſſen, Schauſpielergeſellſchaften aufgelöſt, und die einzelnen Glieder derſelben, oder verdorbene Studenten, zu träge, irgend eine ehrliche, ihren Mann ernährende Handthierung zu ergreifen, treiben ſich mit mehr oder minder Glück in der Welt herum, ſagen ihre früher auswendig gelernten Rollen her, und da es auch in guten Schauſpielen der bedeutenden Monologe wenige giebt, ſo ſtudiren ſie allgemein beliebte Balladen, oder andere Gedichte ein, und treiben damit eine Art von Bänkelſängerei, die uns gewiſſermaßen in unſre Kinderjahre zurückſetzt. Das Publikum läßt ſich gewöhnlich von der platteſten Anmaßung am leichteſten prellen und wähnt, es werde in der That ein längſt bekanntes Lied erſt recht faſſen und genießen, wenn ein Declamator ihm daſſelbe nach den Regeln der Kunſt vorkaut. Aber wenn, zwiſchen den hergeſagten, bekannten Stücken nicht gegeigt, oder etwas vorgewieſen wird, das auch die Augen beſchäftigt, ſo wird es bald öde in dem Saal; der Mann von Geſchmack ſchleicht ſich weg, um ſeinen Lieblingsdichter für ſich im Stillen zu leſen, und der Alltagsmenſch trollt ſich mit lauter Unzufriedenheit ab, und ſchimpft, daß er ſich von einem Windbeutel etwas habe weis machen laſſen.“

„Der feinere Vogel weiß ſich freilich beſſer zu benehmen: er kömmt nicht allein dahin, wo er unbefriedigte Theaterliebhaberei wittert; er bringt etwa eine hübſche Frau mit, die artig ſingen kann; er belebt ſeine Unterhaltungen durch Dialoge, er führt kleine Schauſpiele auf; allein ſein Treiben gehört ſchon nicht mehr zur Zwittergattung; er giebt eigentliche theatraliſche Vorſtellungen und tiſcht ſeinen ſchauluſtigen Zuhörern die verbotene Frucht unter fremden Namen auf."

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*) Dieſer Spaß begegnete dem Abbé Vogler, aus deſſen Mund ich die Anekdote niederſchrieb. Er wollte in Zwol ein Orgelconcert geben und ſein großes Tonſtück über den Tod des Herzogs Leopold von Braunſchweig, der in der Oder ertrank, aufführen. Die Preſſe war eben nicht in brauchbarem Zuſtand, und da kein Programm gedruckt werden konnte, blieb ihm nichts übrig, als ſein Vorhaben ausrufen zu laſſen. Der Herold frug ihn, ob er allein oder in Compagnie wolle ausgerufen werden. Vogler zog das erſtere vor. Da es aber ſehr kalt war und eben friſche Bücklinge angelangt waren, welches den Einwohnern Zwolls ebenfalls kund gethan werden mußte, ſo machte ſich's der Ausrufer bequem und rief an jeder Straßenecke nach dreimaligem Schlag auf ſein Becken: „Nieuwe Harderwyksche Bokkem! En morgen speelt Mynheer de Abt Vogler op den Dood van den Hertog Leopold!“

„Der iſolirte Declamator vermag dieſes nicht; ihm ſteht nichts zu Gebot als ſein Gedächtniß, ſeine Lunge und etwas Unverſchämtheit."

„Das Schlimmſte iſt, daß dieſe Bänkelſänger uns immer die ſchönſten, allbekannteſten Producte der beſten Poeten bis zum Ekel vorleiern und je den raſcheſten Pegaſus, wie einen Philiſtergaul, zu Schanden reiten. Schillers Glocke und die meiſten ſeiner genialen Dichtungen kann ich nicht mehr leſen, ohne daß der erſte Eindruck, den ſie einſt auf mich machten, völlig verdorben wird durch die Erinnerung an die Geſichter, welche die Declamatoren dazu ſchnitten; und wenn ein ſolcher Menſch noch obendrein etwas Lächerliches, an Caricatur grenzendes in ſeinem Aeußern hat, etwa Spindelbeine, oder eine Warze am Kinn, oder wenn er das r nicht volltönend ausſpricht, ſo wird auch in der Folge die Warze dem Taucher ankleben; der fromme Knecht Fridolin bekömmt in meiner Phantaſie Spindelbeine und der Johanniter wird mir ſeine Kampfgeſchichte mit dem Lindwurm immer ſchnarrend erzählen.

Wollten die Declamatoren nicht öffentlich, einen ganzen Abend durch und allein, ein gemiſchtes Auditorium beſchäftigen; kämen ſie uns zur günſtigen Zeit, als Zwiſchenredner, bei feierlichen oder fröhlichen Gelegenheiten, ſo könnte auch der bloße Profeſſioniſt unter ihnen geſelliger Unterhaltung zuweilen einen neuen Schwung geben. Aber bedürfen wir denn eines beſtellten Fremdlings, um das Bekannte unter geborgtem Titel zu geben?"

„Wenn in Geſellſchaft gebildeter Menſchen die Unterhaltung zufällig ſtockt, und doch niemand zu den geiſtloſen Karten greifen mag, und es zieht ein äſthetiſch geſtimmter Menſch ein Buch hervor, und recitirt entweder ein Gedicht oder einen Aufſatz, wodurch Phantaſie und Verſtand beſchäftigt werden, wie ſchnell rückt alles lauſchend näher zuſammen; und hat der Vorleſer nur einigermaßen Geſchick, ſo wird er, wenn er auch etwas Bekanntes vorträgt, wenn es nur paſſend gewählt iſt, durch Ueberraſchung Senſation machen und die Gemüther auf einen höhern Ton ſtimmen."

„Die Veranſtaltung kleiner Privat-Vereine, wo auch jüngere Perſonen Zutritt haben, iſt eines der wirkſamſten Mittel, den Geſchmack zu verfeinern, wenn eine ſinnige Auswahl der Goldkörner unſrer Literatur vorwaltet, und es nicht darum zu thun iſt, Aufſehen zu erregen, ſondern durch Unterhaltung zu belehren."

„Eh' ich als Pfarrhelfer heimberufen wurde, lebte ich in einer Stadt, wo die Muſik zu den Hauptergötzungen der feineren Welt gehörte. Eine kleine Geſellſchaft verſammelte ſich bisweilen zu Geſang und Inſtrumentenſpiel. Zwiſchendurch wurde von liberalen Künſtlern, oder unbefangenen Dilettanten, die ſich wechſelweiſe ablöſten, und harmlos, ohne Eitelkeit, Neid, Rangſucht oder andre kleinliche Leidenſchaften, einander unterſtützten, entweder ein weniger bekanntes Gedicht vorgeleſen, oder ein neuer paſſender Aufſatz, deſſen Inhalt die Hauptſache, der gute Vortrag nur Vehikel und Zugabe war; oder es wurde ein ſchönes Bruchſtück ausländiſcher Dramatik declamirt, oder ſeltener, und nur in Feierwochen, eine Hymne des verklärten Klopſtock, — und immer tief gerührt verließ jedes Mitglied die Verſammlung, und trug die freundliche oder hehre Stimmung daheim in ſeinen Familienkreis über. Das geſchah aber alles ohne Anmaßung, ohne ſcheinbare Vorbereitung und die Kunſt nahm die beſcheidene Geſtalt geſelliger Mittheilung an. Das Vorleſen oder Declamiren war ein integrirender Theil der muſikaliſchen Unterhaltung, ohne es zu ſcheinen; doch, wenn es zur Seltenheit unterlaſſen wurde, fühlte man die Lücke. Die Geſellſchaft wurde zahlreicher, aber dennoch beſchränkte ſie ſich weislich in die Grenzen eines geſchloſſenen Kränzchens; denn dergleichen eignet ſich durchaus nicht für das größere gemiſchte Publikum, welches Spectakel bedarf. Vor dieſem mögen die Declamatoren von Profeſſion ihr Unweſen treiben, ſo lang es nicht, was ohne Zweifel bald geſchehen wird, wie verfälſchte Münze außer Cours kömmt."

„Doch, liebe Freunde, indem ich den Mißbrauch rüge, welcher mit einer edeln Kunſt getrieben wird, verfalle ich ſelbſt in ein langweiliges Declamiren, das nach Anmaßung riecht, und vergeſſe ganz, daß ich auf dem Kaffeehauſe bin, aus dem ich mich ſchon längſt wieder hätte entfernen ſollen! Laſſen Sie ſich alſo durch meine Aeußerungen nicht abhalten, dieſen Abend dem Herrn Fabianus Plappermann ihre zwölf Kreuzer zu opfern, wie auch ich mein Schärflein beitragen werde; Sie überzeugen ſich dann ſelbſt am beſten, was an der Sache iſt, und helfen vielleicht einen armen Teufel auf die Beine, daß er ſeine Handwerksreiſe weiter ſetzen kann, und uns mit fernern Zumuthungen verſchont. — Indem ſehe ich dort einen Fremden in der Declamatoren-Uniform, ſchwarz mit weißem Gilet, daherſteuern, und da ich mit dergleichen Virtuoſen nicht gern in perſönliche Bekanntſchaft gerathen mag, ſo erlauben Sie, daß ich mich empfehle."

Und der Pfarrhelfer Freimuth bezahlte ſein Gläschen und ging nach Hauſe.

Es war in der That unſer Fabian, der das Kaffeehaus gewittert hatte und herkam, ein geſchriebenes Programm an die Wand zu kleben.

Da ein Declamator bekanntlich nicht blöde iſt, ſo hatte er, beim Schnaps, mit den Anweſenden bald ein Geſpräch angeknüpft, und Gelegenheit gefunden, ſein heutiges Vorhaben etwas weitläufiger kund zu thun, als es durch das Männchen mit dem kupfernen Becken geſchehen war; auch ließ er ſich ſo nebenbei verlauten, er ſei ein Schüler und intimer Freund des berühmten Patrik Peale; und da von den Honoratioren noch keiner etwas von dieſem Tauſendkünſtler gehört, ſo gab das Veranlaſſung, von Declamation und Mimik etwas fließen zu laſſen.

„Ja, meine Herren," ſprach er, da ſich bereits ein Kreis um ihn her gebildet hatte, „dieſe Kunſt iſt heut zu Tage auf einen ſo hohen Grad der Verfeinerung geſtiegen, daß nicht nur die Poeſie, ſondern auch die gemeinſte platteſte Proſe im Munde eines Eingeweihten zur Muſik wird. Wir verſtehen, jedes Wort auf eine ſo auffallende Weiſe zu betonen, mit ſo paſſender Mimik zu begleiten, daß daſſelbe einen neuen Werth erhält, und nicht nur in ſeinem Hauptcharakter, ſondern zugleich mit allen ſeinen Nebenbeziehungen, auch dem Einfältigſten ins Gemüth dringt. Der gewöhnlichſte Zeitungsartikel wird äſthetiſch durch unſern Vortrag. Zum Beiſpiel — Fabian nahm ein Zeitungsblatt vom Tiſch — da will ich mich einzig an die Ueberſchriften der Artikel halten: „Krieg vom Adriaticum bis an die Oſtſee." Krieg! Meine Augen glühen. Meine Stimme erhebt ſich dröhnend. Mein Haar ſteigt gleichſam gen Berg, indem ich das Wort „Krieg" ausſpreche! Und — „vom Adriaticum bis an die Oſtſee" — meine Hand zieht eine lange, lange Linie durch die Luft, auf welcher Wort und Begriff „Krieg" einherſchweben, wie der Todesengel, und ziſchen wie eine feurige Schlange, wie eine Congreviſche Rakete. Brand, Mord, Jammer und ſchwere Noth, das alles zieht mit dem Schreckensworte „Krieg!" wie ich es ausſpreche, über die unabſehbare Linie „vom Adriaticum bis an die Oſtſee!" Da folgt aber gleich etwas, das Contraſt erregt: „Friedensunterhandlungen." Friede, holder, ſüßer Friede! Wie ſanft tönt dein melodiſcher Name! Er dehnt ſich aus, wie Sonnenſchein auf grünen Matten. Beruhigend fließt er in unſre Seele, wie ein klares Bächlein durch den Schmelz der Blumen. Aber an dieſes liebliche Wort „Frieden," das gleichſam nur, wie ein Hoffnungsengel, uns vorüberſchwebend anlächelt, hängt ſie noch, wie ein läſtiger Schwanz, das vielſylbige, unmelodiſche Wort „Un-ter-hand-lun-gen." Dieſes ziehe ich vorſätzlich in die Länge, betone die vielen anſtößigen Mitlauter, weil die Unterhandlungen an ſo vielen Ecken anſtoßen und ſich — der Himmel erbarme ſich der Menſchheit! — immer ſo ſehr in die Länge ziehen."

„Die Zeitungsartikel ſelbſt ſind mir noch nicht hinlänglich bekannt, um aus dem Stegreif die Kunſt durch dieſelben zu verherrlichen; ich müßte mich erſt in den Geiſt derſelben hineinſtudiren."

Fabian blätterte weiter. „Da iſt ein Artikel, überſchrieben: „Aus der Schweiz." Hier erlaube ich mir, von unſrer deutſchen Rechtſprechung abzuweichen, und das Wort in ſchweizeriſcher Mundart auszuſprechen; ich ſage: Aus der Schwitz! Warum? — weil Schwitz an Schwitzen erinnert, und Schwitzen an die Berge, die man nur im Schweiße ſeines Angeſichtes erſteigt. Und hat die Phantaſie einmal das poetiſche Bild der Berge aufgefaßt, ſo drängt ſich die Melodie des Alphorns und das Geläute der Kuhſchellen von ſelbſt auf."

„So, meine Herren, erhält, wie ſchon geſagt, alles in unſerm Vortrage eine höhere Bedeutung; und wenn ſchon das Alltägliche zu ſolcher Kunſtveredlung Gelegenheit giebt, wie viel erhabner noch klingt das Hochpoetiſche! Ich werden dieſen Abend viel von Schiller declamiren und hoffe, Sie Alle auf dem Saale zu überzeugen, daß noch nie die Kunſt eine ſolche Polhöhe erreichte, und gerade jetzt ihren Silberblick feiert!"

Damit empfahl ſich Fabian, um nicht vollends den myſtiſchen Schleier von der geheimen Maſchinerie ſeiner Kunſt aufzudecken.

Es entſtand Gemurmel der Bewunderung und Gelächter des Unglaubens unter den verſammelten Gäſten.

5.

Aber ein unſcheinbarer, hohlwangiger Mann, welcher erſt die Erörterung des Pfarrhelfers mit ſtummer Verachtung, die

Probfragmente des Declamators hingegen mit geſpannter Aufmerkſamkeit angehört hatte, legte ſeine Pfeife weg und eilte dieſem nach.

„Herr Plappermann,“ ſprach er, ihn beim Rockzipfel erhaſchend und dann traulich unter den Arm faſſend: „Sie ſind hier zur guten Stunde unter uns aufgetreten, die Macht der Kunſt zu beſcheinen, und die hohe Würde der Poeſie zu retten. Schon lange, wie die Juden auf den Meſſias, harrte ich auf Sie, den von Phöbus Apollo Geſandten, und Sie ſind da, und ich laſſe Sie nicht, bis Sie mir die Gerechtigkeit widerfahren laſſen, die mir gebührt. Ich bin — ſtaunen Sie mich nur an — ich bin ein verkannter Poet! Sie werden fragen, wie in einem ſo beſchränkten Orte die göttliche Kunſt ſich zurecht fand! Aber ſie iſt überall zu Hauſe und ihr Athem weht unter jeder Zone. Seit Jahren arbeite ich an einer großen Epopöe, an einem Stoff, der einzig iſt! Ich beſinge — die Erfindung des Pulvers! Ihnen brauche ich wohl nicht zu ſagen, was alles ſich aus ſolcher Materie entwickeln läßt; z. B. die neue Taktik der Feldherrn, die Kriege, die mit Feuergewehr geführt werden, im Gegenſatz zu den Zeiten des Fauſtrechts. Ich ſage Ihnen, meine Epopöe umfaßt die ganze Weltgeſchichte, vom erſten Mord, vom Tode Abels an, bis auf die Schlacht an der Bereſina. Neun und fünfzig Geſänge ſind bereits fertig. Wann ich ſchließe, iſt mir ſelbſt noch nicht bekannt, denn des Zunders zu neuen Kriegen iſt noch viel vorhanden; und erſt, wenn der allgemeine Friede geſichert wird, laſſe ich die letzten Jubelſchüſſe ertönen, und hänge meine Harfe an die Wand!“

„Das wäre!“ ſagte Fabian dazwiſchen.

„Unterdeß,“ fuhr der Poet fort, „wollte ich doch meinen Freunden und Mitbürgern hie und da ein Bruchſtück meiner Arbeit zum Beſten geben; aber — ein Prophet gilt nichts in ſeinem Vaterlande — weder in meiner Familie, noch Abends in der Geſellſchaft, bei einem Glaſe Wein, wollten ſeit Jahren Zuhörer Stich halten. Dieſe Menſchen haben den Sinn nicht, ſo etwas zu faſſen; noch nie kam ich nur bis zur Hälfte des erſten Geſanges. Sie meinten, weil ich eigentlich meines Handwerks ein Gerber ſei, könne ich keine Verſe machen, und da ich mit der Rede etwas anſtoße und gleich einen Keuchhuſten bekomme, ſobald ich nur einige Hundert Zeilen geleſen, ſo gelang es mir noch durchaus nie, ein Auditorium durch die Gewalt der Stimme zum Stehen zu bringen. Ja, das blinde Vorurtheil geht ſo weit, daß, wenn ich nur die Hand in die Taſche ſtecke und Papier drinn kniſtert, ſo meinen die Leute, ich ziehe ein poetiſches Manuſcript hervor, und laufen davon. So ſtand ich bis jetzt verkannt unter meinen Mitbürgern und ſeufzte nach einer Gelegenheit, das Product meiner Muſe durch eine fremde Zunge bekannt zu machen. Nun ſind Sie hier, theuerſter Herr Plappermann! Das Wenige, was ich ſo eben von Ihnen gehört habe, überzeugt mich, daß Sie der Mann ſind, von deſſen Lippen die Ueberzeugung ſtrömt. Ich bitte, leſen Sie dieſen Abend der Verſammlung nur etwa zehn Geſänge aus meiner Erfindung des Pulvers vor, und nicht nur werden Sie ſelbſt hohen Beifall einerndten, auch meine Muſe wird, von Ihnen eingeführt, endlich den Kranz erringen, der ihr ſo lange ſchnöderweiſe vorenthalten wurde!“

Dieſer Vorſchlag diente nicht in Plappermanns Kram, und er brachte eine Menge Aber und Wenn vor, die Zumuthung abzulehnen; er müße ſich an ſein Programm halten; er entziffere nicht leicht fremde Handſchrift; nur das auswendig Gelernte mache Effekt und dergleichen. Aber Herr Schableder, ſo hieß der poetiſche Gerber, verſprach ihm goldne Berge; er ſagte ihm, er ſei der Schwager des Bürgermeiſters und gelte Alles bei dieſem, nur nicht als Poet; gewiß werde er ihm die Erlaubniß auswirken, wenigſtens ſechs Declamatorien zu geben; unterdeß ſolle er Wohnung und Tiſch frei bei ihm haben, wenn er ihm zu Willen lebe, und lud ihn gleich zum Eſſen ein, um nachher einen flüchtigen Blick in das Manuſcript zu werfen.

Da meinte Fabian, er wolle es doch verſuchen; im Grunde komme es auf's Gleiche hinaus, ob er Erbſen zähle oder Linſen; die heutige Einnahme könne ihm auf keinen Fall entgehen, auf mehr als eine habe er hier doch nicht gezählt; könne er mehrere ergattern, ſo ſei es deſto beſſer, und einige Wochen frei gehalten zu werden, ſei doch auch nicht zu verſchmähen. Er ließ ſich alſo überreden und ging mit Herrn Schableder heim.

Nachdem er an ſeinem Freitiſche wacker eingehauen und das nicht ganz unleſerliche, fauſtdicke Manuſcript in Folio etwas gemuſtert hatte, verfügte er ſich auf die Gaſtſtube, um dort ſeine Einrichtungen zu treffen. Der Wirth hatte bereits die Bänke zurechtſetzen laſſen, und Fabian brauchte nur noch aus dem Schlachthauſe ein Paar Kälberſchragen heraufſchaffen, Bretter darüber hinlegen, dieſe mit ein Paar grünwollenen Bettvorhängen bekleiden und ein Pult für den Folianten darauf anbringen zu laſſen, ſo war auch ſeine Rednerbühne beſtellt.

Die übrige Zeit brachte er bei ſeinem neuen Gönner zu.

10.

Gegen fünf Uhr ſtrömten die Leute haufenweiſe herbei. Die Mähre hatte ſich aus dem Kaffeehauſe in alle Familien verbreitet; die Frauen und Jungfern wollten gern die Gelegenheit benutzen, auch am Werkeltage ihren Sonntagsputz anzuziehen, um ſich damit in großer Geſellſchaft zu zeigen; auch die Männer ließen ſich von der Neugier hinlocken, und der Herr Bürgermeiſter ſtellte ſich ebenfalls, nebſt Frau Gemahlin und Töchtern, mit ſeinen Freibillets zeitig ein, ſetzte ſich auf die vorderſte Bank, und neben ihn ſein Schwager, der Herr Schableder. Fabian ſtand an der Kaſſe und ſtrich ein; freilich nur drei Quart, denn neben ihm paßte der Küſter auf, und bezog jeden vierten Kreuzer zu Handen der Armenverpflegung. Und als nun aller Platz genommen und ſich keine Liebhaber weiter zeigten, betrat Fabianus Plappermann die in einen Apolloſaal verwandelte Gaſtſtube, beſtieg die grünbekleidete Bühne, öffnete den Folianten auf dem Pulte, bückte ſich dreimal gegen die Verſammlung und ſprach:

„Hochgeſchätzteſte Gönner und Gönnerinnen, verehrteſte Kunſtfreunde!“

„Um die Unterhaltung durch den Reiz der Neuheit zu erhöhen, und Sie mit einem noch ungedruckten Muſengeſchenk zu überraſchen, erlaube ich mir, von meinem Programm abzuweichen, und Ihnen nach beſten Kräften vorzutragen:

Die Erfindung des Pulvers.“

Hier entſtand eine Bewegung unter den Zuhörern, ſie ſtießen einander mit den Ellenbogen, wieſen auf den Schwager des Bürgermeiſters und fingen an zu murmeln. Aber ein aufmunternder Blick des Poeten trieb den Declamator, fortzufahren; er begann nun mit lauttrompetender Stimme:

„Sing', unſterbliche Muſe, die ſchwarze Erfindung des ſchwarzbe-
kutteten Mönches, der Schwarz ſelbſt hieß und ſchwarzes Verderben
Ueber die Menſchheit gebracht“ . . . . .

Doch weiter konnte er nicht fortfahren. Das Gemurmel verwandelte ſich in ein gellendes Geſchrei. Das iſt wieder die alte ewige Leier des Gerbers, riefen einige, das gilt nicht! — Halt' er's Maul, wenn er nichts Beſſeres weiß, riefen andre! — Ich will meine zwölf Kreuzer zurück haben, ſcholl es in einer Ecke. — Aus einer andern gackerte eine Stimme: Er hat uns verſprochen, einen Schiller einzuſchenken, und nun will er uns Mäusdreck für Pfeffer aufbinden! . . . Die Kindsmörderin! Die Kindsmörderin ſoll er uns vordeclamiren! kreiſchte eine alte Jungfer. Dazwiſchen ward geſcharrt, gepocht, gepfiffen, und die ganze Verſammlung gerieth in Aufruhr. Der Bürgermeiſter glühte vor Zorn über den Unfug. Auch er war kein Freund der Schablederſchen Muſe: allein er glaubte ſeine Würde, in der Perſon ſeines nächſten Verwandten, compromittirt. Er wollte Stillſchweigen gebieten, die Polizeidiener rufen — aber aller Reſpect war dahin! Wir ſind hier für unſer Geld, hieß es, und laſſen uns da nichts von der Obrigkeit einreden! Und je lauter der Bürgermeiſter donnerte, deſto lauter tobten die freien Bürger. Nur ein kleines Häuflein armer Hungerſchlucker und Clienten des Stadthauptes ſchlug ſich zu ſeiner Parthie und hieß, mit Händeklatſchen und Bravorufen, den Declamator fortfahren. Das war aber unmöglich; denn dieſer mochte ſich noch ſo ſehr anſtrengen und mit den Händen ſchwadroniren, er kam nicht zu Worte, und tanzte vor Angſt und Wuth auf ſeiner Bühne herum, als hätte ihn eine Tarantel geſtochen. Da meinte der tolle Haufe, das geſchehe ihm zum Poſſen; einige der kühnſten Plebejer packten den Declamator bei den Beinen und zerrten ihn herab; der Anhang des Bürgermeiſters wollte ihn wieder hinaufheben, da geriethen Alle einander in die Haare; es regnete Scheltworte und Püffe, die Weiber heulten und hetzten, und ein Fleiſcherhund, der ſich aus dem Schlachthauſe heraufgeſchlichen und unter dem Gerüſte verſteckt hatte, ſchoß wüthend hervor, fletſchte die Zähne, ſprang mit Gebell an den Kämpfenden auf, fuhr dem zappelnden Fabian zwiſchen die Beine, und riß ihm ein größeres Loch in den Strumpf, als das in der Nacht geträumte.

Der ſanfte Pfarrhelfer Freimuth, der in einer Ecke dem Spectakel zugeſehen, nahm einen günſtigen Zeitpunkt wahr, zog den Declamator unter den Fäuſten der Kämpfenden weg, die von beide heftiger an einander geriethen, trieb ihn [illegible] an die Thür und wiſchte mit ihm in's Freie. „Kommen Sie geſchwind, eh' Ihnen etwas Leides geſchieht,“ flüſterte er, faßte ihn unter den Arm, und führte ihn mit ſchnellen Schritten dem Wirthshauſe zu.

Fabian ſchäumte und klapperte mit den Zähnen. „Nein, ſo iſt es noch keinem ergangen,“ keuchte er, „und das Menſchen! Und wenn ich ihnen den Kalender vorgeleſen, wenn ich ſie auch Lumpenhunde geſcholten hätte, beſſer hätten ſie's nicht mit mir treiben können! Aber in allen Zeitungen will ich Euch brandmarken, ihr Idioten! Verflucht ſei die Stunde, wo ich hier auftrat! Vermaledeit ſei der Berthold' mit ſeiner Erfindung des Pulvers, die das Verderben auch über mein Haupt brachte! In's Bein hat der Hund mich gebiſſen und mir die Beinkleider zerfetzt! Seitdem ich das Raſirmeſſer abgelegt und das Wort verkündige, iſt mir noch nie ſo was paſſirt!“

„Sie ſpielten alſo früher eine andre Rolle?“ frug der Pfarrhelfer.

„Ja, Herr!“ rief Fabian, „weil es mir doch in der Wuth entfahren iſt, ſo will ich's Ihnen auch weiter nicht verhehlen. Ich ſollte Chirurgie ſtudiren, ward relegirt, gerieth unter eine wandernde Truppe, ſchor ihre Bärte und ſpielte die ſtummen Perſonen. Als der Director zum Teufel und die Truppe auseinander ging, that ich, was die andern; ich fing an zu recitiren; mein Talent brach plötzlich hervor; ich folgte meinem Inſtinkt und der herrſchenden Mode, und declamirte mich durch kleine und große Städte. Halb Deutſchland hab' ich ſo durchwandert; überall ward ich applaudirt; überall ging mir's noch gut, bis in dieſem verdammten Rattenneſt, wo ich faſt zerriſſen wurde, und wo der leibhaftige Satan ſpukt!“

„Mäßigen Sie Ihre Hitze,“ ſprach Freimuth, „haben Sie doch die Einnahme in der Taſche! Eilen Sie aus der Stadt, damit Sie nicht weiter mißhandelt werden. Ich kehre auf die Gaſtſtube zurück; der erſte Tumult wird ſich gelegt haben. Ich will Sie ſo gut als möglich zu entſchuldigen ſuchen. Zufällig ſteckte ich einen Band Schiller'ſcher Gedichte zu mir; wenn es auch für meine Stellung eben nicht paßt, ſo will ich doch den Leuten etwas daraus vorleſen und ſie hinhalten, damit Ihnen Niemand nachſetze. Und nun noch einen guten Rath zum Abſchied auf die Reiſe: Mit dem Declamiren ex profeſſo wird es, weder hier noch ſonſt wo, lang mehr dauern. Lieber Herr Plappermann, kehren Sie zu Ihrer erſten Beſchäftigung zurück; jedes ehrliche Handwerk hat einen goldnen Boden. Gehn Sie heim in Ihr Vaterland und nähren Sie ſich redlich!“

Aber Fabian ſah und hörte nicht, ſtolperte die Treppe hinauf, warf den Ueberrock um, ſchnürte haſtig ſeinen Torniſter und machte ſich ſtracks aus dem Staube.

Ob er Freimuth's gutgemeinte Ermahnung befolgte, iſt unbekannt und faſt zu bezweifeln — wenigſtens meldet ſich hie und da noch ſo ein wandernder Virtuoſe, den man, ſchon auf den bloßen Anblick, verſucht wäre, Fabianus Plappermann zu begrüßen.

Heinrich Ludwig von Heß

ward 1719 in ſchwediſch Pommern geboren, bildete ſich auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeines Vaterlandes und auf Reiſen, wurde dann als königlich ſchwediſcher und herzoglich zweibrückiſcher Regierungsrath zu Stralſund angeſtellt und zum Ritter des ſchwediſchen Nordſternordens ernannt. 1775 zog er nach Hamburg, mußte 1782 dieſe Stadt verlaſſen und begab ſich nach Berlin, wo er am 11. April 1784 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Schreiben an eine Braut. Leipzig 1744.

Glückſeligkeit der ungerechten Richter. Wismar 1746.

Anmerkungen über den Antimachiavell. Ebendaſ. 1751; 3. Aufl. Hamburg 1765.

Briefe über Schweden. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1756.

Satyriſche und ernſthafte Schriften. Hamburg 1767.

Zwo Gedächtnißreden. 1772.

Eine glückliche Laune und treffender, oft zu derber Witz, ſind ſeinen ſatyriſchen Schriften eigen; minder erfolgreich war er in ſeinen oratoriſchen Leiſtungen.

Johann Jakob Heß

ward am 21. October 1741 zu Zürich geboren und ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und unter den literariſch berühmten Lehrern derſelben das Alterthum, die Leibnitz-Wolf'ſche Philoſophie und die Theologie. Darauf wurde er 1777 als Diakonus, 1795 als erſter Prediger und Antiſtes der Geiſtlichkeit des Kantons angeſtellt, erhielt am Reformationsfeſte 1819 das theologiſche Doctordiplom und ſtarb daſelbſt am 29. Mai 1828, nachdem er ſchon 1819 ſeine Wirkſamkeit als Prediger aufgegeben und nur die Geſchäfte des Antiſtes beibehalten hatte.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte der drei letzten Lebensjahre Jeſu. Zürich 1772, 3 Bde.

Vom Reiche Gottes. Ebendaſ. 1774.

Geſchichte und Schriften der Apoſtel Jeſu. Ebendaſ. 1775, 12 Bde.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1819, 3 Thle.

Geſchichte der Iſraeliten. Ebendaſ. 1776 — 1788, 12 Bde.

Der Chriſtenlehrer über die Apoſtelgeſchichte. 5 Dekaden. Ebendaſ. 1787 — 1789.

Sonntagspredigten. Bregenz 1790, 2 Bde.

Bibliothek der heiligen Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1791 u. 1792, 2 Bde.

Chriſtliches Uebungsjahr. Zürich 1791 u. 1792, 2 Bde.

Lehren, Thaten und Schickſale unſers Herrn. Ebendaſ.; 4. Aufl. 1817, 2 Bde.

Der Chriſt bei den Gefahren des Vaterlandes. Winterthur 1800, 3 Bde.

Die Reiſe. Allegoriſche Erzählung. Zürich 1807.

Lieder zur Ehre unſers Herrn Jeſu. 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1821.

Meine Bibel. Ein Geſang. Ebendaſ. 1815.

Ein frommer, ehrwürdiger Diener des göttlichen Wortes, der ſich beſonders durch kritiſche Bibelforſchung den rationaliſtiſchen Theologen zugeſellte und durch Lehre und Schrift lange ſegensreich wirkte. Wäre er nicht mitunter, namentlich in ſeinen Reden, zu gedehnt und wortreich, ſo würden ſeine Werke noch viel verbreiteter ſein, da es ihm nicht an Kraft und Phantaſie mangelt.

Karl Gottlieb Samuel Heun

ward am 20. März 1771 zu Dobrilugk in der Niederlauſitz geboren und nach einer ſehr ſorgfältigen Erziehung im Hauſe ſeines Vaters, des daſigen Juſtiz- und Domainenamtmanns H., auf das Gymnaſium nach Gotha gebracht, wo er ſeit 1786 das claſſiſche Alterthum ſtudirte und dann nach Leipzig und Göttingen abging, um ſich den Rechten zu widmen. Hierauf ward er Privatſecretair und Führer eines Neffen des preußiſchen Miniſters von Heynitz zu Berlin, der ihm ſpäter die Ernennung zum Geheimſecretair und Aſſeſſor bei dem Berg-, Hütten- und Salzdepartement auswirkte. 1801 übernahm er unter vortheilhaften Bedingungen die Verwaltung der Güter des Canonicus von Treskow in Polen, die er unter wechſelnden Verhältniſſen bis 1810 behielt, wo er in das Bureau des Staatskanzlers von Hardenberg nach Berlin kam, zum Hofrath ernannt und ſeit 1813 zu verſchiedenen Geſchäften im Hauptquartier, beim Congreß zu Wien und während der Beſetzung und Theilung Sachſens gebraucht wurde. Mit den Inſignien des Ordens des eiſernen Kreuzes und des St. Wladimir geſchmückt, übernahm er hierauf 1820 die Redaction der preußiſchen Staatszeitung, wurde zum geheimen Hofrath ernannt und ſpäter bei dem Generalpoſtamte zu Berlin angeſtellt. und am 2. August [illegible]

Meiſt unter dem Namen H. Clauren beſitzen wir von ihm:

Luſtſpiele. Dresden 1817, 2 Thle. in 8. Mit Bildniß der Frau Schirmer.
Erzählungen. Dresden 1820 — 1824, 6 Bde. in 8.
Scherz und Ernſt. Ebendaſ. 1820 — 1828, 40 Bde. in 8.

Einzeln:

Guſtav Adolph.
Karls vaterländiſche Reiſe.
Vertraute Briefe an edelgeſinnte Jünglinge, die auf Univerſitäten gehen wollen.
Erzählungen. Berlin 1815; 2. Aufl. Dresden 1822 — 1824, 3 Bde. in 8.
Mimili. Dresden 1816; 4. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1822 in 16, mit Bildniß; polniſch Lemberg 1824 in 8.
Meine Ausflucht in die Welt. Dresden 1817, 2 Bde. in 8.; 2. Aufl. 1822, m. 1 Kupf.
Das Liebesvermächtniß. Dresden 1820 in 8.
Das Pfänderſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1820; 2. Aufl. 1825 in 8.
Der Liebe reinſtes Opfer. Dresden; 2. verb. Aufl. 1825.
Des Lebens Höchſtes iſt die Liebe. Dresden; 2. verb. Aufl. 1825, 2 Thle.
Das Schlachtſchwert. Dresden 1821; 2. verb. Aufl. 1825.
Rangſucht und Wahnglaube. Dresden 1821; 2. verb. Aufl. 1825.
Lieſli und Elſi. Dresden 1821, m. Lieſli's Bildniß.
Der Vorpoſten. Luſtſpiel. Dresden 1821 in 8.
Das Vogelſchießen. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Die Kloſterkirche. Ebendaſ. 1822 in 8. 2. Aufl.
Die Kutſchparthie u. ſ. w. Ebendaſ. 1822, 2 Thle.
Das Mädchen aus der Fliedermühle. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Das Gaſthaus zur goldnen Sonne. Weimar 1823 in 8.
Des Vaters Sünde, der Mutter Fluch. Dresden 1823.
Die Fraueninſel. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Der Blutſchatz. Ebendaſ. 1823.

Das Dijonröschen. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Das Chriſtpüppchen. Ebendaſ. 1823, 2 Bde.
Kleinigkeiten ꝛc. 3. Aufl. Dresden 1824.
Der Bräutigam aus Merico. Schauſpiel. Dresden 1824 in 8.
Die Großmutter und der Generalbevollmächtigte. Ebendaſ. 1824, 2 Thle.
Die Gräfin Cherubim. Ebendaſ. 1824, 2 Thle.
Der Sylveſterabend und der Doppelſchuß. Dresden 1825 in 8.
Der Wollmarkt. Luſtſpiel. Dresden 1825 in 8.
Der Faſtnachtsball. Ebendaſ. 1825, 3 Thle.
Die Grenzcommiſſion und das arme Kind. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Leopoldine und Molly. Ebendaſ. 1825, 2 Thle.
Makk. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Wilhelms Tage der Kindheit. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Die Verſuchung. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Das Vatererbe. Dresden 1827 in 8.
Lieschen. Ebendaſ. 1827, 2 Thle. in 8.
Der Friedhof. Ebendaſ. 1828, 2 Bde. in 8.
Ernſt und Scherz. Berlin 1824, 16 Bdchn. in 8.
Außerdem gab er ſeit 1818 in Leipzig das Taſchenbuch „Vergißmeinnicht" heraus, lieferte mehrere literariſche Arbeiten in den Freimüthigen u. a. Zeit- und Tagesſchriften u. ſ. w.

Es iſt kaum ein Decennium her, daß Heun's Ruf als Romanſchreiber in der höchſten Blüthe ſtand und er ein ſehr großes Publikum um ſich verſammelte, welches ſeine Schriften mit dem lauteſten Wohlgefallen verſchlang, und ſeit dieſem kurzen Zeitraume hat der noch lebende Schriftſteller eben jenen Ruf dergeſtalt überlebt, daß ſein Name faſt nur mit Achſelzucken genannt wird. Dies Räthſel wäre bei einer ſo beſonnenen und ruhigen Nation, wie die unſrige, die nur höchſt ungern und langſam das einmal Liebgewonnene aufgiebt, durchaus unerklärlich, wenn man nicht die Löſung deſſelben in der innerſten Eigenthümlichkeit Heun's, oder, wie er beſſer mit dem von ihm gewählten Autornamen zu bezeichnen iſt, Clauren's, fände. — Es fehlte ihm nicht an Phantaſie, Erfindungskraft, Darſtellungstalent und Lebendigkeit, aber alle dieſe urſprünglich glücklichen Gaben wandte er nur in dem beſchränkteſten aller Kreiſe, in dem der Mittelmäßigkeit, die ihre Freude allein an den niedrigen, ſinnlichen Erſcheinungen des Alltags hat, an. So ſchmeichelte er der Menge auf eine ihr zuſagende, der beſſeren Geſinnung verächtliche Weiſe und buhlte mit blendenden, niedrigen Mitteln um deren Beifall, indem er den Glanz der übertünchten Gemeinheit durch die Folie trivialer Moral zu heben ſuchte. Die Gemeinheit findet viele Genoſſen, ſeinen Schriften mangelte es daher nicht an Leſern, und ſie waren eine ergiebige Quelle für ihn und ſeine Verleger, die jedoch ſehr raſch verſiegte. Die Schilderungen gewöhnlicher bürgerlicher Zuſtände in groben Umriſſen, aber reich nuancirt, die lüſternen Ausmalungen der Geſchlechtsverhältniſſe, das Kokettiren mit Tugend und Scham, die oberflächliche Halbwiſſerei, — alles dies zuſammengenommen gab ihm eine Manier der Darſtellung, welche gewöhnlich Gemüther beſtach und ſich deren Beifall erwarb. Doch, zur Ehre unſeres Volkes ſei es geſagt, eigentlichen Einfluß erwarb ſich Clauren nie auf daſſelbe; er hat faſt gar keine Nachahmer gefunden, und ohne daß je entſchiedene Gegner ihm ſcharf gerüſtet entgegengetreten wären, denn ſeine heftigſten Widerſacher bekämpften ihn nur durch Perſiflage, ſank er mit unglaublicher Geſchwindigkeit von der Höhe ſeines falſchen

Ruhms. Es thut weh, über einen Mann, der ſich in ſeinen übrigen bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen ſtets ſo ſehr achtungswerth gezeigt hat, ſo entſchieden den Stab brechen zu müſſen; wenn man aber bedenkt, was H. mit den trefflichen Gaben, die ihm die Natur verlieh, hätte leiſten können, und was er dagegen, in leichtſinnigſter Verſchwendung ſeines Talentes das Hohe und Schöne, das man mit Recht von dieſem fordern kann, verachtend, wirklich geleiſtet hat, ſo muß man durchaus zugeben, daß er vollkommen das ſtrenge Verdammungsurtheil verdient, welches in neueſter Zeit faſt von jedem berufenen Kritiker über ihn gefällt wurde.

Getreu dem Plane dieſes Werkes, auch Auszüge aus den Werken von Schriftſtellern untergeordneten Ranges, ſobald dieſe eine eigenthümliche Richtung zeigen, mitzutheilen, laſſen wir — und zwar nur aus dieſem Grunde — hier eine Erzählung Clauren's, welche wir für eine ſeiner beſten Arbeiten halten, folgen.

Die Großmutter *).

Die längſt befürchtete Nachricht vom tödtlichen Hintritte meiner guten Großmutter war eingetroffen. Die Ortsobrigkeit hatte mich, als den alleinigen Erben, aufgefordert, mich zum Antritt der Erbſchaft perſönlich einzufinden; durch Commiſſionsgeſchäfte in den fernſten Gegenden des Reichs behindert, hatte ich indeſſen mehrere Monate verſtreichen laſſen müſſen, ehe ich jener Aufforderung hatte genügen können. Jetzt war es mir endlich gelungen, mich von meinen Dienſtverhältniſſen los zu machen; ſeit mehreren Tagen ſchon hatte ich die Reſidenz verlaſſen, war Tag und Nacht gefahren, und ſaß jetzt ſtill und in mich gekehrt im Wirthshauſe zu Binſenwerder an der Gaſttafel und wartete auf die neuen Poſtpferde.

Mir gegenüber ließ es ſich ein dürres, gelbhäutiges Männchen vortrefflich ſchmecken und unterhielt ſich mit den übrigen Gäſten und dem Wirthe von den jüngſten Hauptvorfällen ſeines heute früh verlaſſenen Wohnortes.

Der Zigeunerfarbene kam, wie ſich aus dem Verfolg der Unterhaltung ergab, aus Klarenburg, wo meine ſelige Großmutter ſich in der letzten Hälfte ihres Lebens aufgehalten hatte, und im Fluſſe ſeiner Geſchwätzigkeit lenkte ſich bald das Geſpräch auf ſie ſelbſt. Mehrere der Anweſenden hatten ſie gekannt, und es that meinem Herzen wohl, in ihrem Urtheil über die Verſtorbene ihr einſtimmiges Lob zu hören; nur der Gelbe, der, nach ſeinen Aeußerungen, die Stelle eines Rathscopiſten bekleidete, war, ſo viele Gerechtigkeit er auch ihrem Wandel und Charakter widerfahren laſſen mußte, mit ihrem Teſtamente nicht ganz zufrieden, weil ſie, ungeachtet alle milde Stiftungen von ihr reichlich bedacht worden waren, das Rathsgremium gänzlich unberückſichtigt gelaſſen hatte, in dem, beſonders was das Subalternperſonal betrifft, ſich faſt lauter arme Teufel befänden. Ich ſpitzte mich, fuhr er fort, wenigſtens auf ein kleines Gratificatiönchen von einigen Carolins, die mir zu meiner Reiſe in das Carlsbad, wo ich mir die vom dreißigjährigen Actenſtaube verſteinerten Kaldaunen wieder reſtauriren ſoll, ſehr hätten zu Paſſe kommen ſollen, und rechnete um ſo ſicherer darauf, als ich mir über ihrem Teſtament und ihren Legaten und Codicillen alle zehn Finger faſt krumm geſchrieben; — aber damit war es nichts, wir erhielten unſere, uns von Gott und Rechts wegen zukommenden Sportelgebühren, und damit Punktum.

Nun aber ſagen Sie, Herr Sandler, hub der Wirth, zum Rathsſchreiber gewendet, an, iſt denn die alte Wilborn wirklich ſo reich geweſen, als man ſie gemacht hat? Da Sie mit dem Teſtamente zu thun gehabt, müſſen Sie das ja am beſten wiſſen.

Ob ſie ſo reich geweſen? verſetzte Herr Sandler mit einer Art von Verwunderung, daß man ſo etwas nur noch fragen könne: zehn Meilen im Umkreiſe bei uns hat ſie bei jedem Gutsbeſitzer, bei jedem Pachter, ihre ſechs, acht Tauſend Thaler ſtehen; in Klarenburg iſt faſt kein Bürger, der ihr nicht ein kleines Hypothekencapital ſchuldig wäre; ihre Zinkhütte brachte ihr ſchmähliges Geld ein; Herzfelde, das ſchöne Gut, eine halbe Stunde von uns, hat ſie vor 28 Jahren für einen Spottpreis gekauft und ſo zuſammengewirthſchaftet, daß es heute beſtimmt vier Mal mehr werth iſt, als vordem; von ihren Obſtpflanzungen allein zog ſie im Durchſchnitt jährlich ihre dreitauſend Thaler reine Revenuen; ihre Merinowolle iſt die beſte in der ganzen Provinz, und wer einen Viehſtand ſehen will, wie keiner im Lande iſt, muß nach Herzfelde gehen.

Nun, und das Alles? — fragte der Wirth theilnehmend.

Das Alles, fiel ihm das geläufige Rathscopirwerk in die Rede, Alles erbt ihr einziger Enkel, der als Hofrath in der Reſidenz angeſtellt iſt.

Ich fertigte in der peinlichſten Verlegenheit eine ganze Hand voll Brodkügelchen und ſpielte damit, um nur nicht aufzuſehen; denn ich fühlte, wie mein Geſicht glühte, und mir war, als müßten alle Leute am Tiſche es mir anſehn, daß ich der Gemeinte ſei; doch waren Aller Blicke zu aufmerkſam auf den Rathsſprecher gerichtet, als mich viel zu beobachten, der, als gänzlich fremd in der Gegend, am Geſpräch gar keinen Antheil zu nehmen ſchien.

Auf den, fuhr Herr Sandler klatſchſüchtig fort: auf den warten unſere Mädchen, wie auf den Meſſias. Er ſoll ein hübſcher junger Mann ſein, unverheirathet, brav und guten Herzens, luſtig und geſcheut, und jetzt, mit der Erbſchaft in der Taſche, ein Kerlchen, das ſich gewaſchen; iſt der nicht ſchon in der Reſidenz verplempert, ſo muß er bei uns unter die Haube, er mag wollen oder nicht. Ich ſage Ihnen, ordentliche Komödieen wird das ſetzen; wir haben bei uns eine Anzahl ſolch armer Dinger, die ſich nach dem Rufe der Brautglocke ſehnen, wie der Hirſch nach friſchem Waſſer, und darunter ſind Mädchen, auf meine Seele, Mädchen, ſo ſauber und niedlich, wie ſie der Herr Hofrath in ſeiner Reſidenz kaum finden kann. Wo man jetzt hinkam, ward doch in ganz Klarenburg von nichts geſprochen, als von dem jungen Hofrath; Eine zieht die Andere mit ihm auf. Wochenlang ſchon — er muß in dieſen Tagen bei uns eintreffen — ſind Schneider und Putzhändlerinnen in voller Arbeit, denn Jeder fehlt noch dies und jenes, um ſich ihm im beſten Gallaſtaate zu zeigen, und vor allem haben die Mütter und Tanten ſich in Trab und Schweiß geſetzt, um dem Töchterlein und Nichtchen dieſen Goldfinken wegzufangen. Ich habe in der letzten Zeit oft mein tauſend Gaudium darüber gehabt. Bald hieß es: aber Guſtchen, halte Dich doch gerade, kömmt der Herr Hofrath und Du gehſt ſo bucklig, er ſieht Dich wahrhaftig mit keinem Auge an; bald: Fritzchen, ſetze doch endlich einmal die Beine auswärts, Du trittſt Dir ja die Ballen noch ab; eine ſolche Ente nimmt der Hofrath wahrhaftig nicht. Vorgeſtern noch rief die Stadthauptmännin ihrem Suſannchen zu: Mädchen, wie hundertmal habe ich über Dein verdammtes Schielen gepredigt, kömmt der Menſch, und Du ſiehſt ihn mit einem Auge auf den Kopf und mit dem andern auf die Strümpfe, er muß Dir ja den Rücken kehren. — Wie es heißt, ſpricht er ſehr gut franzöſiſch; nun wird jetzt in den Häuſern, wo es ein Bißchen elegant hergeht, vom Morgen bis Abend, um ſich in aller Eile noch möglichſt einzuüben, parlirt, daß es nur ſo donnert und wettert; andere haben wieder gehört, daß er Muſik liebe; man mag nun gehen, durch welche Straße man will, ſo wirthſchaften ſie auf den Klavieren herum, und krähen und jodeln dazu deutſch, franzöſiſch und italieniſch, daß man glauben ſollte, ganz Klarenburg wäre in ein muſikaliſches Conſervatorium verkehrt; kaum verbreitete ſich die Nachricht, daß er leidenſchaftlich gern tanze, als in den Familien höhern Ranges unſere zwei Tanzmeiſter ſo geſucht ſind, daß ſie kaum herumkommen können. Schnellwalzer und Hopſer, Cotillon und Françaiſe, Cavatine oder Gavotte, wie das Ding heißt, alles wird eingeübt; ellenhohe Sätze machen die Kinder in die Luft, und oben zappeln ſie mit beiden Beinen, als hätten ſie den Krampf in den Waden; Kaſſenraths dicke Hildegard iſt neulich bei dem Experimente hingeſchlagen, wie ein Nußſack.

Die ganze Tafelrunde platzte in lautes Lachen aus; ich mußte mitlachen, wenn ich nicht auffallen wollte; inwendig ſah es aber ſehr ernſt bei mir aus, denn mir ward vor meinem Erſcheinen in Klarenburg angſt und bange.

Ermuthigt vom rauſchenden Beifall ſeines Publikums hob der Rathskanzelliſt von Neuem an: die Leute wollen es ſich etwas koſten laſſen, dem preiswürdigen jungen Erben ihre Kinder auf die glänzendſte Weiſe zu produciren. Der alte geheime Landesdirectionsrath veranſtaltet ein Concert, in dem ſeine Seraphine zwei Bravour-Arien ſingt; ſchon ſind mehr denn ſechs Proben geweſen, aber immer ſtampft dabei der Land und Leute dirigirende Papa vor Bosheit mit Hand und Füßen, denn Seraphinchen detonirt wie eine verſtimmte Bratſche; ihr Triller iſt ihm nicht volltönig genug, und bei der Cadence puſtet er im muſikaliſchen Glüheifer ſie heimlich an, daß ſie den Athem länger halten ſoll. Zweimal hat ſie ſchon davon verfangen und Leibkneipen bekommen, daß es einen Stein in der Erde hätte erbarmen mögen; aber der Alte, der von der Wilborniſchen Hinterlaſſenſchaft die genaueſte Kenntniß hat, läßt nicht locker;

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*) Aus „Scherz und Ernſt." 2. Samml. 7. Bdchn. Dresden 1824.

Tabaksadminiſtrationsvicedirectors geben einen Ball, wie er in Klarenburg ſeines Gleichen noch nicht gehabt haben ſoll; achtzehn Stück Couſinen und Nichten, worunter wahrhaftig Kinder wie die Engel, erſcheinen, ſchlanke Tabakſtengel, gleich Lilien, in den Händen, als virginiſche Jungfrauen gekleidet, und ihre Eingeborne, Mina mit Namen, ein Mädchen, wie aus Meerſchaum entſtanden, tritt im Coſtume der Tochter eines reichen Tabakplantagen-Inhabers, als Solotänzerin auf, und reicht dem gefeierten Gaſte, nach einiger ſinnigen Pantomime, aus goldgefaßter Perlenmutterſchaale eine Priſe Spaniol, ſo daß er nieſen muß, und wenn er am hartnäckigſten Stockſchnupfen litte. Die verwittwete Reichsrathspräſidentin aber will Alle ausſtechen. Ihr alter Anbeter, der Artillerie-Oberſt, hat in ihrem Garten ein Feuerwerk arangiren müſſen; in heidelbeerblauem Brillantfeuer brennt der Name des gefeierten Gaſtes, und am Schluſſe der Vorſtellung, wenn ein Bouquet von zehn Tauſend Raketen und Schwärmern und Fröſchen und Kanonenſchlägen untereinander praſſelt und knattert, daß die Leute denken, der Welt Ende ſei nahe, kommt, von einer Flugmaſchine gehalten, deren Erfindung dem alten Oberſten alle Ehre macht, die zartgeſtaltete Caritas, der Präſidentin jüngſte Tochter, aus dem dunkeln Nachthimmel vom buntfarbigen Lichtglanze eines magiſchen Regenbogens umfloſſen, als Pſyche herabgeflogen und überreicht dem Bräutigam in spe ein brennendes Strahlendiplom der Unſterblichkeit.

Ich reiſe nicht nach Klarenburg, ſagte ich heimlich zu mir ſelbſt und gewahrte, daß ich vor Angſt und Befangenheit alle meine Brodkügelchen zu einer großen Kartätſche zuſammengeknetet hatte, die mir in der Hand brannte, als hätte ich ſie aus dem eben beſchriebenen Feuerwerke gegriffen.

Und was das Spaßhafteſte bei der Sache iſt, nahm der rathhäusliche Referent das Wort wieder: ſo wette ich zehn gegen eins, daß mein guter Herr Hofrath von allen den Schönen, die ihm die Eltern an den Hals hängen, tanzen und feuerwerken laſſen wollen, nicht eine wählt.

Wie das? fragten die Umſtehenden und rückten die Stühle näher zuſammen, und ich rückte unwillkürlich mit, denn die Copirmaſchine machte ein Geſicht, als ob etwas ganz Geheimes herauskommen ſollte.

Ja, fuhr der Plauderer fort: ganz klar iſt mir die Sache noch nicht, aber, wie ich ſo unter der Hand habe munkeln gehört, ſoll die alte Wilborn ein Capital von 50,000 Thalern unſerm Armenfonds vermacht haben, mit der in einem beſondern Codicill beſtimmten Bedingung, daß, wenn ihr Enkel das Mädchen ſich zur Frau wähle, das ſie nach ihrem Gedanken für ihn beſtimmt habe, ihm die Nutznießung dieſes Capitals auf Lebzeiten zu Theil werden ſolle; falls aber ſeine Wahl auf eine andere, ſo ſollen die Zinſen dieſes Stammcapitals, gleich von ihrem Todestage an, unſerm Armenfonds zu Gute kommen. —

Nun, und dieſes Mädchen? fragten einige Neugierige gleichzeitig.

Ja, da ſitzt eben der Knoten, erwiederte mit leiſer Stimme Herr Sandler: genannt hat die Alte den Namen im Codicille nicht; blos der Generalin von Waldmark, der Jugendfreundin ihrer Tochter, der Mutter des Hofraths, ſoll ſie einen verſiegelten Zettel, in dem der Name aufgezeichnet iſt, zugeſtellt haben, mit der ausdrücklichen Aufgabe, dieſen Zettel vor ihm, dem Enkel, und zwei Zeugen, dem Teſtamentsvollzieher, unſerm Ober-Pupillenrath, und dem Vorſteher des Armen-Directorii, nicht eher zu öffnen, als nach der Verlobung ihres Enkels. Mit Beſtimmtheit iſt daher die Gemeinte durchaus nicht zu errathen; wahrſcheinlich aber hat ſie ſich in ihrer Wahl auf eine ihrer Adjutanten beſchränkt.

Adjutanten? fragten mehrere aus dem Kreiſe, auf die nähern Details dieſer mir ganz neuen Eröffnung höchſt geſpannt.

So nannte die alte Wilborn, entgegnete Herr Sandler, die ſieben Mädchen, die ſie Wochenweiſe immer abwechſelnd immer um ſich hatte. Ob ſie damit die ehemaligen 7 Kurfürſten, oder die 7 Weltweiſen, oder die 7 Wunder der Welt, oder, weil es Frauenzimmer waren, die 7 Todſünden im Sinne hatte, laſſe ich dahingeſtellt. Die Zahl 7 war überhaupt der Alten immer von wichtiger Bedeutung; 35 Jahr alt war ihre Tochter, des Hofraths Mutter, als dieſe ſtarb; Johanna hieß dieſe, ſieben Buchſtaben waren in deren Namen, wie in ihrem eigenen, Wilborn. Am ſiebenten Tage des kommenden Monats, des ſiebenten im Jahre, ward ihr der einzige Enkel geboren. Seit langer Zeit behauptete ſie, nie älter zu werden, als 84 Jahre, und ſie hat richtig Wort gehalten; jetzt als ſie mit Tode abging, iſt ihr Enkel gerade 28 Jahr alt; alles Zahlen, in denen die Zahl 7 gerade aufgeht. Jede ſiebenjährige Sabbathperiode, ſetzte ſie uns oft mit gelehrtem Wortkrame und im tiefern Sinne des auf die Zeit der Erſcheinung des Meſſias, im Fleiſche hindeutenden Hall- und Jobel-Jahr-Syſtemes auseinander, enthalte 84 Monate, und jede ſiebentägige Woche 84 chaldäiſche Stunden; und darum behielt ſie auch keins ihrer 7 Mädchen länger als 84 Monate bei ſich. Sie durften bei der Aufnahme nicht älter und nicht jünger ſein, als 14 Jahre und 7 Wochen; aber kein einziges hat ſie wirklich 84 Monate lang im Kreiſe ihrer Adjutanten gehabt, denn die Mädchen waren alle durch ihren lehrreichen Umgang und durch ihre Weiſe, ſie zu beſchäftigen und in die Welt einzuführen, ſo angenehm gebildet, daß jedes ſchon vor Ablauf jener Zeit einem wackern Manne zu Theil worden war. Die Dinger gingen immer weg, wie warme Semmel; ſie mußten ihr Geſellſchaft leiſten, ihr vorleſen, ſie und ihre geſelligen Kreiſe unterhalten, in der Haushaltung nach dem Rechten ſehen, die Wirthſchaftsbücher führen, ihre Correſpondenz dictando beſorgen, und dergleichen mehr. Seit der Verheirathung ihres Hannchens, ihrer einzigen Tochter, der Mutter des Hofraths, hat dieſe Einrichtung beſtanden, und die Leute riſſen ſich ordentlich darnach, ihre Töchter der Frau hinzugeben, denn das war gleichſam eine hohe Schule für die Mädchen. Sie ſuchte ſich, ohne Rückſicht auf Stand und Herkommen, allemal die Hübſcheſten aus; dabei mußten ſie aber die nöthigen Vorkenntniſſe im Franzöſiſchen, Engliſchen und Italieniſchen mitbringen, denn in dieſen drei Sprachen correſpondirte die Frau tagtäglich; außerdem verlangte ſie eine vollſtändige wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, mögliche Fertigkeit auf irgend einem Inſtrumente und im Singen, Uebung in allen weiblichen feinen Arbeiten, und ſichtbare Fortſchritte in der Tanzkunſt. Uebrigens hatten die Mädchen in ihrem Hauſe, welches den feinern Zirkeln unſers Orts und der ganzen Umgegend und allen Fremden täglich offen ſtand, wahre Göttertage. Die Beſorgung ihrer immer ſehr eleganten Garderobe war der Alten Sache, und hatten die Eltern kein eigenes Vermögen, ſo ließ ſie ſich deren anſtändige Ausſtattung nicht nehmen; auch unterſtützte ſie die Mittelloſen noch Jahre lang durch heimliche Zuſchüſſe, und ſtand allemal beim erſten Kinde Gevatter. Selbſt für die, welche ſie jetzt unverheirathet hinterlaſſen, hat ſie, ſo weit es die Vermögensumſtände dieſer und jener erforderlich gemacht, durch reichliche Legate geſorgt.

Nun, welche der ſchönen Adjutantinnen würden Sie denn, fragte der Wirth ſcherzend: dem guten Herrn Hofrathe vor allen empfehlen? —

Welche? verſetzte Herr Sandler, und ſchenkte ſich den Reſt ſeiner Flaſche ein: keine andere, als meine Nichte, meines Bruders, des Stadtlieutenants Vierte, die möchte ich ihm wohl gönnen, und ſolch ein reicher Herr Neffe ließe dann auch wohl ein Wort meinetwegen mit ſich reden; unſere Lotte iſt ein kreuzbraves, kerniges Mädel, na, Sie kennen ſie, Herr Wirth; die Alte hat immer viel Stücke auf ſie gehalten. Ein Paar Augen hat das Wetterding im Kopfe, wie brennende Scheunen; die Backen, wie borsdorfer Aepfel, und im Raſchwalzer kommt ihr nicht eine gleich; dabei plappert ſie franzöſiſch, daß mir vor Verwunderung oft die Haare zu Berge gehen, ſchreibt ein Händchen zum Küſſen und ſingt wie eine Lerche.

Sie machen uns, hob einer ſeiner Reiſegefährten, ein junger, wohlgeſtalteter Mann, lächelnd an: den Mund ſo wäſſerig, daß ich, wenn Sie mir das Alles früher erzählt hätten, mich bei der Durchreiſe in Klarenburg ein wenig mehr umgeſehen hätte; wahrhaftig, man möchte gleich noch umkehren, und bei den auserleſenen ſieben Sabbathkindern ſein Heil verſuchen. Unſtreitig wählt der glücklichſte der Sterblichen, der Hofrath, Ihre belobte Nichte; indeſſen ſind noch ſechs andere da, die doch auch wohl der Rede werth ſein möchten.

Das wollte ich meinen, fiel ihm der Verräther meines Wahlſchatzes in das Wort, und ich ließ mir noch eine halbe Flaſche geben, denn zu der Muſterung, die mir eben in Parade ſollte vorgeführt werden, bedurfte ich der nöthigen Geiſtesſtärkung. Pro primo, ſagte Herr Sandler, und legte den rechten Zeigefinger an den Daumen ſeiner Linken: marſchire ich mit Fräulein Adele von Strahlenthal auf; Donner und Victoria, iſt das ein Mädchen! ich weiß nicht, ob Sie die Art Frauenzimmer kennen, die man in der Kunſtſprache Zungenſchläger nennt; dahin rechnet man nicht ſowohl die, welche durch ein gewiſſes Liſpeln ihrer Ausſprache einen eigenen weichen Wohllaut zu geben wiſſen, ſondern vielmehr ſolche, die mitten im Geſpräch und auch, wenn ſie nicht reden, unwillkürlich die Lippen mit der Zunge netzen müſſen. Sachkenner halten dieſe Sorte Mädchen mit für die gefährlichſten; denn die Trockenheit der Lippen, ſagen ſie, komme vom zu heißen Blute, und darum haben auch dergleichen Frauen und Mädchen, die durch dieſes bewegliche ſüße Zungenſpiel ihren eigenthümlichen Reiz bekommen, gewöhnlich einen für manche Männerherzen äußerſt entzündlichen Liebesblick im Auge. Zu dieſem Genre gehört Adele; achtzehn Jahr, gewachſen wie eine Tanne, aus der erſten Familie im Orte, und tadellos in Ruf und Wandel; dabei das einzige Kind, und der Vater hat zwei Rittergüter, die zuſammen größer ſind, als manches kleine Fürſtenthum. — Pro ſecundo, Proſoſſjewna Tſchimabune, ein Ruſſenkind. Die Mutter, unſers Scheerpredigers Eingeborene, verheirathete ſich im Kriege mit dem Oberſten, der nach der Schlacht von Auſterlitz leicht bleſſirt zu uns kam, unſer Wespertinchen, wie wir die ſcheinheilige Predigerstochter ſcherzweiſe nannten, leicht berückte, ein halbes Jahr nach der Trauung in ſeine Heimath zurückkehrte, und das Verſprechen, bald wiederzukommen und Frau und Kind abzuholen, bis jetzt unerfüllt gelaſſen hat. Proſoſſjewna gehört zu der Race der Stumpfnäschen; das ganze Ding wird höchſtens ſechzehn Jahr alt ſein, ein niedlicheres Miniatur-Figürchen kann nicht gedacht werden. Von klingendem Vermögen ſchreibt St. Paulus gar nichts, doch hat ihr die alte Wilborn ein Legat ausgeſetzt, mit dem die nöthige Ausſteuer wohl ſtandesmäßig zu beſtreiten iſt. — Pro tertio, Julie, das jüngſte Kind der ſaubere meines Herrn Chefs, des Consulis dirigentis von Klarenburg. Das Mädchen iſt ein ſogenannter Diſtanzblender; ſie ſcheint gar gewaltig, und betrachtet man ſie in der Nähe, ſo finden ſich einige Pockengrübchen in den Wangen, aber ſie entſtellen das Geſicht nicht; in Juliens Haltung liegt etwas Großes, ſie hat den ſtolzen Anſtand einer Czarin, überall iſt ſie die Erſte, in ihrem Blicke liegt der Adel ihrer Seele, und mit ihren Kenntniſſen könnte ſie alle Tage Profeſſor werden; ſie wollen ihr eine Art von Kälte vorwerfen, wer ſie aber näher kennt, nennt es blos Selbſtgefühl; ſie weiß, daß ſie mehr weiß, als andere, aber ſie prahlt nicht damit, nur hat ſie die Kunſt noch nicht inne, ſich zu denen, die unter ihr ſtehen, herabzulaſſen. Papa hat geſpart, und wird ihr einmal einen recht leidlichen Thaler Geld hinterlaſſen. — Pro quarto —

Hier trat der Lohnkutſcher ein, der den Referenten mit einigen andern Herren unſerer Tafelrunde, benachrichtigte, daß angeſpannt, und wenn ſie vor Abend das Nachtquartier erreichen wollten, keine Zeit mehr zu verſäumen ſei. Wir ſtanden vom Tiſche auf; ich aber, während des mir höchſt intereſſanten Vortrags, mit meinem Plane fertig, ſchlüpfte in das Nebenzimmer, das man mir bei meiner Ankunft als Abſteigequartier angewieſen, und lud Herrn Sandler durch einen Wink ein, mir auf einen Augenblick zu folgen.

Hier eröffnete ich ihm unter vier Augen, daß der Herr Hofrath, von dem er bei Tiſche geſprochen, mein alter Jugendfreund ſei; daß dieſer, dringender Geſchäfte halber, nicht ſelbſt habe kommen können, daß ich daher, mit den erforderlichen Vollmachten von ihm verſehen, mich auf den Weg nach Klarenburg habe machen müſſen, um in ſeinem Namen die ganze Erbſchafts-Angelegenheit zu reguliren; daß ich zugleich den Auftrag hätte, alle kleine Verpflichtungen, an deren Erfüllung etwa die verſtorbene Madame Wilborn durch ihren tödtlichen Hintritt verhindert worden, im Geiſte der Frau Erblaſſerin zu tilgen, und daß ich daher, in Bezug auf das, was er vorhin von ſeiner getäuſchten Erwartung, hinſichtlich der ihm billiger Weiſe zukommenden Gratification, geäußert, mich beeile, ihm ein Gebührniß einzuhändigen. Mit dieſen Worten drückte ich ihm zehn Louisd'ore in die dürren Schreibfinger, und ſteigerte dadurch ſeine Verlegenheit und ſeine freudige Ueberraſchung faſt bis zur völligen Erſtarrung.

Verehrter Herr, rief er, nachdem er die Sprache wieder gewonnen, im höchſten Unwillen auf ſich ſelbſt: könnte ich doch auf mein vermaledeites Maulwerk unſer großes Rathsſiegel drücken! Was müſſen Sie von mir denken? Was habe ich nicht Alles in den Tag hineingeſchwatzt! Ja dennoch betheure ich bei meinem, unſerer löblichen Commun vor dreißig Jahren ſchon geleiſteten Amtseide, daß ich hierunter durchaus keine bösliche Abſicht gehegt, auch erinnere ich mich nicht eines Wortes, wodurch ich der hochſeligen Madame Wilborn und Ihrem verehrlichen Herrn Mandanten, der — er ſah in die Goldſcheiben zwiſchen ſeinen ſtumpfgeſchriebenen Fingerſpitzen — ein leibhaftiger Engel ſein muß, im mindeſten zu nahe getreten wäre; aber, wie der Menſch bei Tiſche nun einmal iſt! — Die Hauptſchuld trägt unfehlbar der Wein, den muß der abgefeimte Betrüger, der Wirth, mit ſpirituöſen Miſcellen verſetzt haben, denn ich hatte kaum die zweite Flaſche angebrochen, als ich handgreiflich fühlte, daß mir die, durch Amtseid und Dienſtalter gleichſam zum Stockfiſch gewordene Zunge unaufhaltſam durchging, wie ein ſtettiſches Pferd, dem man brennende Schwärmer unter den Schweif gebunden. Soll mir das aber eine Warnung ſein für die Zukunft! Zuſchrauben will ich das verdammte Maul, daß Nichts heraus und Nichts hinein kann; gleichſam eine Katakombe will ich zwiſchen Kinn und Naſe haben, zugemauert und feſt verkittet für alle Ewigkeit! Aber, du mein Gott! wie konnte ich auch nur im Allerentfernteſten ahnen, daß unter der Zahl der Gäſte an unſerer Wirthstafel ſich der ehrenwertheſte Herr Mandatarius unſers liebreichen Herrn Hofrathes befinde.

Ich beſchwichtigte den vom Weine und meinem Golde ſeltſam Aufgeregten durch die freundlichſten Worte, verſicherte ihm, daß ich dem Zufalle außerordentlich verpflichtet ſei, ihn kennen gelernt und von ſeiner genauen Kenntniß der Sachlage einen kleinen Ueberblick von der Erbangelegenheit erhalten zu haben, und rückte nun mit dem Hauptpunkte, weshalb ich ihn eigentlich zu mir gewinkt hatte, mit dem Wunſche heraus, die übrigen drei Kleinen, ſogenannten Adjutanten, und beſonders das Mädchen kennen zu lernen, das Madame Wilborn ihrem Enkel vorzugsweiſe zugedacht.

Und wenn Sie mich bei den Beinen aufhängen, erwiederte Herr Sandler, beide Hände auf das Herz, als wäre das, was er jetzt ſagen wolle, gewiß wahr: über den letzten Punkt kann ich Ihnen keinen beſtimmten Aufſchluß geben, und meine Bemerkung vorhin, daß dies Mädchen ſich unter den ſieben befinde, iſt auch nur ſo in den Wind geredet, und blos in meinem Kopfe entſtanden; auf jeden Fall hat die Wohlſelige die Abſicht gehabt, der Neigung des Herrn Hofrathes durchaus nicht vorzugreifen, und darum die Eröffnung des bewußten Zettels erſt nach ſeiner Verlobung angeordnet. Wollen Sie der alten Frau im Grabe noch einen Gefallen thun, ſo machen Sie meinen dummen Streich wieder gut, und ſagen Sie dem Herrn Hofrathe von dieſer ganzen Geſchichte Nichts; auf jeden Fall iſt es der Erblaſſerin Wille nicht geweſen, daß er etwas davon wiſſen ſoll, weil er dann in der Wahl der künftigen Frau Hofräthin doch nicht ſo ganz unbefangen ſein würde, als er nach dem Plane der Großmutter ſein und bleiben ſoll. Was aber unſere Adjutantur-Schönen betrifft, ſo kann ich Ihnen, da ich ſie Alle aus- und inwendig kenne, ganz ſpecielle Kunde von ihnen geben, und hier unter vier Augen ſpricht ſich ſo etwas beſſer, als vorhin an der Gaſttafel; daß ich Ihnen aber ganz reinen Wein einſchenken, kein Wort zu viel oder zu wenig ſagen, und von der ſtrengſten Wahrheit keine Linie abweichen werde dafür bürge ich Ihnen mit dem Theuerſten, was ich jetzt habe, mit meinem Glauben an die Heilkraft der warmen, in den Eingeweiden der Erde gar gekochten Carlsbader Hühnerbrühe, welche meinen, am Dintenfaſſe verſäuerten Leichnam ſtärken, und den unter der Actenlaſt faſt zum Eſelgrau veralterten Kopf wieder verjüngen ſoll.

Zur Sache, rief ich ungeduldig lächelnd; denn unterbrach ich den Redſeligen nicht, ſo kam er, ſtatt auf meine 7 unbekannten Augenweiden, auf die Geſchichte ſeiner Eingeweide, und dann war es ſchwer, daraus den Weg in das künftige Paradies meiner Liebe zu finden.

Ja, fiel er ſich ſelbſt in das Wort: von dieſen wollten Sie hören; ſchön, ſchön; nun genannt habe ich Ihnen vorhin ſchon, wenn ich nicht irre, die Strahlenthal, die Proſoſſjewna, Oberbürgermeiſters Roſalie und meine Nichte, Lotte Sandler, des Stadtlieutenants, meines Bruders vierte, in chriſtlicher Ehe erzielte Tochter; folglich habe ich Ihnen noch von der kleinen Hälfte, das heißt, von den drei übrigen zu berichten; aber das kann ich Ihnen ſagen, wäre ich der Herr Hofrath — nicht, weil die Lotte, meine Nichte, meine nächſte Blutverwandte iſt — aber Sie ſollen das Capitalmädel ſelbſt ſehen, und Sie werden ſagen, wenn mein Herr Mandant ein Paar geſunde Augen im Kopfe hat, ſo wählt er dieſe und keine andere. Sehen Sie, ich bin ein alter, zuſammengeſchrumpfter Actenmenſch, und halte im Ganzen von den Weibern blutwenig; aber vor der habe ich allen Reſpekt; ſie hat ſo etwas Feines, Appartes und Vornehmes, daß ſie, bei meiner armen Seele, ſchon jetzt ausſieht, wie eine geborene Hofräthin; auch war das Mädchen ein ſo recht eingefleiſchter Mignon von unſerer guten, ſeligen Madame Wilborn. Herr Sandler, hat die Alte zu mir mehr als hundertmal geſagt, glauben Sie mir, Ihre Nichte, Stadtlieutenants Lotte, iſt ein Schatz, ein Kronjuwel, wer das Mädchen ſich einmal zum Weibe erkürt, der thut einen guten Griff; — und dann für meinen Bruder wäre ſolch ein Schwiegerſohn eine wahre Fundgrube; der Menſch hat zwölf lebendige Würmer, die ſchreien den ganzen langen Tag was zuſammen; mit Reſpect zu ſagen, die Haare vom Kopfe freſſen ſie ihm weg, und mit der Stadtlieutenantsgage ſind in der letzten Zeit wahre Revolutionen vorgegangen. Sonſt hatte der Lieutenant die ſogenannten kleinen Montirungsſtücke, als da ſind: Kamaſchenknöpfe, Puder und Pomade, Zopfband, Schüttgelb und Kreide zu liefern, da fiel für ihn hie und dort etwas ab; ſeit der neuen Organiſation unſerer Nationalgarde aber, bei welcher alle dieſe Martialcoſtümbedürfniſſe geſtrichen, iſt das Alles —

Der Kellner platzte zur Thür herein, meldete, daß die drei Herren im Wagen ſammt Kutſcher und Pferden, nicht länger warten wollten, und wenn er nicht den Augenblick käme, ſo —

Aber Herr Sandler war ſchon, ohne den Nachſatz abzuwarten, nach einem flüchtigen Abſchiede und noch wiederholter Bitte um Entſchuldigung wegen ſeiner unvorſichtigen Plauderei bei Tiſche, zum Zimmer hinaus, und ich hatte für meine ſchönen zehn Louisd'ore nichts, als den feſten Vorſatz gefaßt, Lottchen Sandler nicht zu wählen, denn mit dieſer hätte ich alle eilf übrige Geſchwiſter ſammt Papa, Mama und dem unleidlichen Oheim zugleich geheirathet.

Eine von den bewußten Sieben war alſo ſchon geſtrichen!

Ich hatte zwar dem Eiligen noch in aller Geſchwindigkeit zugerufen, von allem dem, was wir jetzt geſprochen, gegen keinen Dritten etwas zu verlautbaren, allein, ob er gleich, als er an den Wagen kam, wahrſcheinlich noch im heimlichen Unmuthe über die Blöße, die er ſich mir, dem vermeintlichen Mandatarius ſeines viel beſprochenen Hofrathes, durch ſeine unzeitige Schwatzhaftigkeit gegeben, den großen Schraubenſchlüſſel des Lohnkutſchers an den Mund ſetzte, als wollte er dieſen auf immer und ewig verſchließen, ſo mußte er doch kurz darauf ſeinen Reiſegefährten mich als den Freund des heute bei Tiſche erwähnten Erben genannt haben, denn ſie ſchielten alle mit einem Male aus dem Wagen nach meinem Fenſter herüber, um ſich den noch einmal anzuſehen, der jetzt im Begriff ſtand, nach Klarenburg zu reiſen, um die ſieben Wahlſchönen ſeines Mandanten in allerhöchſten Augenſchein zu nehmen.

In jeder Hinſicht nannte ich jetzt den mir in meiner Bedrängniß an der Gaſttafel abgezwungenen Einfall, in der Rolle eines Dritten zu Klarenburg aufzutreten, einen ſehr geſcheuten. Den Concerts und Bällen und Feuerwerken ging ich glücklich aus dem Wege, ich lernte den Boden kennen, und hatte Gelegenheit, die ſieben Mädchen und die übrigen Töchter des Landes hinter meiner Maske im Stillen zu beobachten; und wenn ich auch vorausſetzen konnte, daß ſie ſich alle auch gegen den vermeintlichen Freund des Wilbornſchen jungen Erben zuvorkommender, als gegen einen Fremden benehmen würden, ſo hatte ich doch die gegründete Hoffnung, ſie jetzt ungebundener, natürlicher zu ſehen, als ſie ſich dem erwarteten Hofrathe gegenüber gezeigt haben würden, auf den ſie, wie Sandler erzählte, von den Eltern und Angehörigen ordentlich ſyſtematiſch vorbereitet worden ſein ſollten.

Ich ließ mir Feder und Dinte geben, ſchrieb in meinem Namen an den Executor des großmütterlichen Teſtaments, den Stadtrath Röderich, entſchuldigte mein Nichtkommen durch eine unaufſchiebliche Commiſſionsreiſe, und empfahl ihm, dem Ueberbringer dieſes, meinen Freund, den Herrn Geheimen Secretair Straguro — ich freute mich, wie ein Kind, des ſchlechten Anſpielwitzes, der in dem Anagramm dieſes Wortes lag, und das nicht leicht Jemand für Surrogat zu leſen verleitet worden ſein möchte — mit allen teſtamentariſchen Beſtimmungen der Erblaſſerin bekannt zu machen und verſprach, wenn dieſer werde zurückkommen und mir über die Lage der Sache Bericht erſtattet haben, falls meine perſönliche Erſcheinung dort unumgänglich erforderlich ſein ſollte, in Kurzem ſelbſt einzutreffen. Mit dieſem Briefe in meinem Tagebuche ſetzte ich mich in den Wagen, fuhr von dannen, und fühlte mich beklommener, je mehr ich dem verhängnißvollen Klarenburg mich näherte.

Ueber das Ende meiner Maskerade war ich nicht in Verlegenheit, denn, wie mein Plan gemacht war, ging Alles in dieſer Hinſicht ganz vortrefflich; ich hielt mich einige Tage dort als wohlbeſtallter Geheimer Secretair Straguro auf, reiſte, nachdem ich über alle Umſtände die genaueſten Erkundigungen eingezogen, ab, ſchrieb dann an den Executor des Teſtaments, den Oberpupillenrath Strom, daß ich der vermeintliche Straguro ſelbſt geweſen ſei, wendete gegen dieſen vor, daß ich die ganze Maskenſcene geſpielt, um unter fremdem Namen die mir wünſchenswerthen Nachrichten deſto unverfälſchter einziehen zu können, ließ die Leute darüber kurze Zeit ſich ſatt und müde reden, erſchien, wenn ich der gerichtlichen Umſtändlichkeiten halber unausweichlich in Perſon zu Klarenburg auftreten mußte, dann wieder dort, mit Allem ganz genau bekannt, und erklärte denen, die mich allenfalls über mein früheres Incognito zur Rede ſetzten, die ganze Geſchichte für einen Scherz. Dem jungen, reichen Erben der Madame Wilborn verzieh man den launigen Spaß, bei dem keinem Menſchen ein Haar gekrümmt ward, gewiß gern, und ich hatte den Zweck meiner Recognoscirung erreicht.

Aber, biſt du nicht ein einfältiger Menſch, ſagte ich mit erzwungenem Lächeln zu mir ſelbſt: quälſt dich da mit der Angſt vor den ſieben Mädchen, als ob es in der ganzen lieben, weiten Welt die allereinzigen wären, auf welche du bei deiner Wahl beſchränkt wärſt. In der Reſidenz — faſt Haus bei Haus giebt es dort der reizendſten Evenstöchter die Hülle und Fülle, von denen die Hälfte wenigſtens, über kurz oder lang, ſich beſtimmen laſſen würde, ihre Hand einem jungen, geſunden, ehrlichen Manne zu geben, der mit ſeinem Dienſteinkommen die ganze großmütterliche Verlaſſenſchaft, und mit ſeiner heitern Laune ſein treues Herz der Geliebten zu Füßen legen kann — und — ach Gott, auf dem Lande und in den kleinen Städten, wo Jahr aus Jahr ein die niedlichſten Mädchen friſch und luſtig aufſchießen wie die Pilze, und in deren Augen die Ausſicht, in der Reſidenz zu leben, und das Hofraths-Patent auch nicht von ganz unbedeutendem Gewicht ſind; — nein, die Angſt, woher eine Frau zu bekommen, iſt, in Deutſchland wenigſtens, die lächerlichſte von der Welt. Ueberdem hat ja die ſelige Großmutter durchaus nicht darauf beſtanden, daß ich eine ihrer ſieben guten oder böſen Sieben, oder überhaupt dieſe oder jene achte wählen ſolle und müſſe; ſie hat nur auf den Fall, daß meine Wahl auf ſie treffe, die ſie für mich in Gedanken beſtimmt hat, mir die Nutznießung eines Kapitals von 50,000 Thaler zuerkannt, die, im gegentheiligen Falle, der Armuth zu Gunſten kommen ſoll. Alſo auf Koſten der Hülfsbedürftigen, der Krüppel und Kranken, der Lahmen und Blinden ſollte ich — nimmermehr! ein ſolcher Erwerb könnte mir ja weder Freude noch Segen bringen — und endlich — man kennt ja den Geſchmack der alten Leute! Gott weiß, was mir die gute alte Frau ausgeſucht hat! Wonach ſich das Herz eines raſchen, lebensluſtigen, acht und zwanzigjährigen Mannes ſehnt, iſt nicht immer in den Augen einer vier und achtzigjährigen Matrone das Preiswürdigſte, und was Großmutter Wilborn vielleicht für das Höchſte in der Mädchenwelt angeſehen, iſt dem Herrn Enkel — ob mit Recht oder Unrecht, gilt hier gleichviel — vielleicht — gewiß das unbedeutendſte Geſchöpf auf Gottes Erdboden. Ueberhaupt — recht ernſtlich habe ich an das ganze Heirathen — ein tüchtiges Liebesabentheuer in Secunda und ein zweites im erſten Halbjahre meiner akademiſchen Laufbahn abgerechnet — noch gar nicht gedacht, und wenn der dumme Sandler die Geſchichte mit den ſieben Mädchen heute nicht auf das Tapet gebracht hätte, es wäre mir auch jetzt nicht ein Gedanke daran in den Sinn gekommen; — frank und frei will ich noch ein Weilchen durch das Leben gehen; es findet ſich immer noch eine, die Ja ſagt, und wenn ich ſie auch erſt in zehn Jahren darum frage.

Bei den letzten Worten dieſes Selbſtgeſprächs ward ich doch ein wenig kleinlauter; denn ich berechnete, daß ich dann volle acht und dreißig Jahre alt wäre, und daß ſich dann am Ende doch Manche bedenken möchte, meine ſtolze Rechnung ſo ohne alles Weitere wahr zu machen. Ich hatte ſchon den jovialen Beſchluß meiner Selbſtbetrachtungen auf der Zunge, und wollte ſagen, weg alſo mit der ganzen Heirathsgeſchichte, als ich der Zunge in den Zügel fiel, und bei mir ſelbſt meinte, daß man ſo etwas nicht verſchwören müſſe.

Zu dieſem faſt abergläubigen Wahlſpruch ſtimmten mich die Thürme von Klarenburg, die mir in dieſem Augenblicke unten im fernen Thale anſichtig wurden. Es war, als lägen ſie alle der Länge nach auf meinem Herzen, ſo ſonderbar ward mir zu Muthe, als ich der alten Stadt, die von den letzten Strahlen der ſcheidenden Abendſonne beleuchtet, ein ſehr düſteres Anſehn zu haben ſchien, immer näher kam. Schon konnte ich die halb verfallenen Wälle und Ringmauern von Weitem erkennen, in denen die Eine lebte, welche von einer Todten mir zur Gefährtin meines Lebens hienieden beſtimmt war. Ich ſtemmte mich mit Gewalt gegen den Gedanken, der mich um meine ganze Heiterkeit der Seele zu bringen drohte; aber er hatte mich ſo umſtrickt und beſchäftigte mich ſo ernſt, daß ich ſeiner nicht los werden konnte.

Halt! rief ich dem Poſtkutſcher zu, als wir, ungefähr eine halbe Stunde vor der Stadt, in einem der freundlichſten Dörfchen, das ich in meinem Leben geſehen, vor einem niedlichen Wirthshauſe vorbeifuhren, das, nach den im Freien, unter Baumſchatten ſtehenden, ſehr zierlich weiß und grün angeſtrichenen vielen Stühlen und Tiſchen zu urtheilen, an welchen hier und da einzelne Perſonen und Familien ſaßen und verſchiedene Erfriſchungen genoſſen, ein ſtark beſuchter Vergnügungsort der Klarenburger Honoratioren zu ſein ſchien: ich muß einmal trinken, ſonſt komme ich vor Durſt um; laß dir auch geben, Bier, Wein, was du willſt! Ich mußte aus dem Wagen heraus, wieder unter Menſchen, denn in dieſer Stimmung nach Klarenburg hineinzufahren, hätte mir den Ort auf Lebenszeit verleiden können.

Der Poſtknecht, von meiner gaſtlichen Aufforderung gewonnen, hielt mir gegen den Hausknecht, der ihm die verlangte Erquickung und den Pferden einige Bunde Heu brachte, eine vollſtändige Lobrede, erzählte, was ich ſeinem Vorgänger für ein ſtattliches Biergeld gegeben und wie ich ihn, mit chriſtlichem Einſehen, bei dem heißen, gewitterſchwülen Nachmittage nicht übertrieben habe, ſo daß er, was ich, vertieft in meine ſehr ernſten Betrachtungen, nicht einmal bemerkt hatte, faſt nichts als Schritt gefahren ſei, und trank in dem eben eintreffenden Schoppen Wein meine Geſundheit.

Zwiſchen der Straße und dem grünen Schattenplatze vor dem Hauſe, auf dem die vorhin erwähnten Tiſche und Stühle ſtanden, befand ſich ein Geländer; über dieſes lehnte ſich ein kleiner, runder Herr mit einer holländiſchen Pfeife, die faſt ſo lang war, als er ſelber. Er hatte des Poſtknechts proſaiſche Hymne mit angehört und lächelte ihm beifällig zu; mich ſah er an, als müſſe er mich kennen, und die ihm zugehörige Famiſſe, die hinter ihm um einen mit Früchten, Wein und andern Erfriſchungen beſetzten Tiſch ſaß, ziſchelte, den Blick auf mich gerichtet, ſich einander ſo viel in die Ohren, daß ich in die peinlichſte Verlegenheit gerieth, denn ich ſtand auf dem Punkte, mich für verrathen zu halten, und mein ſchon berechnetes Incognito mit all ſeinen geſegneten Folgen aufgeben zu müſſen. Aber, das war ja nicht möglich; hier war ich in meinem Leben nicht geweſen; in der faſt hundert Meilen von hier entfernten Reſidenz ſelbſt, wo der kleine rothe Bausback mich allenfalls konnte geſehen haben, hatte ich in der letzten Zeit kaum einige Monate gelebt, und wäre mir da ſo ein dickwurzeliges Stehaufchen zu Geſicht gekommen, ſo würde ich mich deſſen beſtimmt jetzt haben entſinnen können, und früher war ich am entgegengeſetzten Ende des Reichs angeſtellt geweſen, ſtudirt aber hatte ich auf einer ausländiſchen Univerſität, und zwiſchen dem akademiſchen Leben und dem Eintritt in den Dienſt hatte ich einige Jahre auf Reiſen zugebracht; aber auf allen dieſen verſchiedenen Lebenswegen war ich dieſem Burgundergeſicht nirgends begegnet, folglich konnte der Mann mich nicht kennen.

Ich ließ mir Kaltſchale von engliſchem Ale geben, ſetzte mich an einen Tiſch ſo, daß ich ihm und ſeinem Kreiſe den Rücken zukehrte, und nahm von der ganzen Familie weiter keine Notiz. Mit beifälliger Behaglichkeit ſchweifte dagegen mein Blick an den übrigen Tiſchen umher, und der Rathscopiſt Gandler hatte nicht Unrecht gehabt, wenn er von den Liebenswürdigkeiten der Klarenburgerinnen einiges Aufheben gemacht; denn, wo ich nur hinſah, traf ich auf eine hübſche Frau oder auf ein ſchönes Mädchen, ſo daß mir die Stadt, in welcher derlei edle Erzſtufen in ſolchem Ueberfluſſe zu Tage gefördert wurden, gar nicht mehr ſo finſter und ſchreckhaft vorkam, als vorhin. Auch das Romantiſche des Dörfchens ſelbſt mochte mit dazu beitragen, meine Gemüthsſtimmung aufzuheitern. Der Dorfplatz war mit Blumen und ausländiſchem Gebüſche geziert; ſieben kleine Springquellen plätſcherten dem, in den ſieben Behältern herumſchwimmenden Gänſe- und Entenvolk, eine ſtille Abendunterhaltung vor; ſämmtliche Häuſer waren neu und geſchmackvoll gebaut, vor jedem befand ſich ein Blumengärtchen; die kleinen Fenſter waren von Weingeranke oder großbuſchigen Blumen umdunkelt, und was von den fleißigen Dörflern nicht im Felde beſchäftigt war, ſaß vor den Thüren und ſpann, oder ſchärfte die Erntesenſen, oder hatte ſonſt eine landwirthſchaftliche Arbeit vor, und Alle, Mann wie Frau, Mägde wie Knechte, Kinder wie Alte, alle gingen ſauber und reinlich gekleidet, aber Alle trugen um Hut oder Haube einen ſchwarzen Krepp oder ein ſchwarzes Band.

Was bedeutet das? fragte ich die junge hübſche Wirthin, die eben kam und mir in einer kleinen ſilbernen Schüſſel meine Ale-Kaltſchale darreichte und ſelbſt ihr Häubchen und ihr weißes Kleid mit ſchwarzem Bande beſetzt trug: iſt das hier Mode ſo, oder habt Ihr allgemeine Dorftrauer?

Unſere Gutsherrin, Madame Milborn, iſt vor einem halben Jahre geſtorben, ſagte die junge Frau mit geſenktem Blick, und das war eine wackere Frau, die wir Alle lieb hatten. Es hat Keins dem Andern geſagt, daß wir Trauer anlegen wollten, aber früh ſtarb die alte Frau und den Nachmittag ſchon gingen die Leute im ganzen Dorfe, wie Sie ſie hier ſehen; ſo lieb und gut kriegen wir aber auch keine Herrſchaft wieder. Sie wollte noch mehr ſprechen, aber die Stimme fing ihr an zu ſchwanken, und als ſie nach dem Hauſe zuging, wiſchte ſie ſich unvermerkt die Augen.

Ich erhob mich, ohne die kühlende Labung anzurühren, ſchnell vom Stuhle und ſtützte mich, die übrigen Gäſte im Rücken, auf die Lehne, damit Keins ſähe, wie mir bei der einfachen Standrede der jungen Wirthin das Waſſer in die Augen trat. Der Gedanke, hier auf meinem großmütterlichen Erbe zu ſtehen, und der Anblick aller Bewohner des Dörfchens in Trauer um die edle Matrone, ergriffen mich wunderbar. Nie in meinem Leben hier geweſen, kam ich mir wie in meiner Heimath vor; von Jugend auf ohne Bruder und Schweſter, waren alle Menſchen hier mit ihrem einfachen Trauerſchmuck die nächſten Glieder meiner Familie; ich hätte mich in meinen wehmüthigen Anſichten, die ſich mir jetzt wohlthuend aufdrängten, noch mehr vertiefen können, wenn die Anweſenheit der ſtädtiſchen Gäſte nicht ſtörend auf mich eingewirkt hätte. Zufällig blickte ich einmal hinterwärts auf den Kreis, der zu dem kleinen dicken Manne gehörte; ſie ſteckten eben die Köpfe zuſammen, fuhren, als ich mich umſah, raſch auseinander, und von der einen Dame, die ich für die Mutter der übrigen jüngern hielt, und die mich in ihrem Auge feſthielt, hörte ich deutlich die Worte: ich wette, er iſt es. Jetzt konnte ich um keinen Preis wieder hinſehen; die angebotene Wette hatte offenbar mir gegolten, und ich vermuthete, daß ich mit Jemand, den ſie für mich hielten, eine auffallende Aehnlichkeit hatte. In demſelben Augenblicke erwiederte Papa: das wollen wir bald herauskriegen, ſtand auf, wackelte, ſeine brennende holländiſch Bohnenſtange im Munde, über den Fahrweg, und ſteuerte auf meinen Kutſcher zu.

So ernſt und feierlich mir in dieſem Augenblicke zu Muthe war, ich mußte über die Seitenbewegung doch beinahe laut lachen, die der kleine, dicke Kugelrund machte, um meinen rechten Flügel zu umgehen und von meinem ehrlichen Poſtknechte nähere Erkundigungen über meine Wenigkeit einzuziehen. Aus dem Mienenſpiel des Letztern drüben über der Straße ließ ſich aber deutlich entnehmen, daß dieſer den gewünſchten Beſcheid zu geben außer Stande war; der Neugierige machte alſo unverſäumt Kehrt und watſchelte, eine dampfende Qualmwolke vor ſich her, gerade auf meine Wenigkeit herüber. Eine lächerlichere Mißgeſtalt hatte ich faſt nie geſehen. Der Kopf nahm ein Fünftel von der ganzen Figur ein, das Geſicht glich einem dunkelglühenden Vollmond; die Mundwinkel ſtießen an beide anſehnliche Ohren; accurat ſo breit war die platt gedrückte Tabaksnaſe; das Haar voll Puder und Pomade verlor ſich hinten in einem, vor zwanzig Jahren einmal Mode geweſenen Merleton; die Augen hätte vielleicht ſelbſt Franz Fontana mit ſeinem erfundenen Mikroſkop kaum entdeckt; dazu ſtack die kleine Schmeerbauchfigur in einem ſpringerartig gearbeiteten Frack von aſchgrau- und weißſtreifig-ſeidenem Zeuche; Beinkleider und Weſte, von der Tagesſchwüle hie und da verſchiedentlich durchſchwitzt, waren von weißſeidenem Piqué, und die merklich geſchweiften Strompelchen ſtolzirten in einem Paar ſteifen, ſpiegelblank gewichſten Butterfäſſern, an denen große, ſilberne Sporen blitzten.

Um Verzeihung, krächzte er mir mit freundlichem Lächeln entgegen: Ew. Gnaden kommen aus der Reſidenz?

Ich bejahte durch eine höfliche Verbeugung, und kniff die Kinnladen auf einander, um dem Poſſirlichen nicht in das mondsbreite Geſicht zu lachen.

Ew. Gnaden haben wohl nicht einen jungen Herrn überholt, der auch aus der Reſidenz kömmt, in jedem Fall auch mit Extrapoſt reiſt und bei uns ſtündlich erwartet wird.

Ich drückte, unter einer zweiten artigen Verbeugung, bloß ein kurzes Nein ab; denn am Ende war der junge Herr, auf den er mit ſeiner werthen Familie ſtündlich wartete, kein anderer, als ich ſelber. Herr Gandler hatte mir ja ſchon heute Mittag erzählt, welche Anſtalten zum Empfange bei meiner Ankunft in Klarenburg getroffen worden waren. Wahrſcheinlich berechnete der kleine Dickkopf, daß ich nach dem Namen und der nähern Perſonbeſchreibung des Erwarteten fragen ſolle, aber ich hütete mich wohl, dies Geſpräch weiter fortzuführen, und glaubte, daſſelbe mit meinem kurzen Nein abgebrochen zu haben. Doch der Neugierige, der, wie ich merkte, lange ſchon eine Unterhaltung mit mir anzuknüpfen ſich bemüht hatte, ließ nicht locker und erzählte, daß dies ſchon der dritte Tag dieſer Woche ſei, wo ſie Abends hier heraus nach Herzfelde gefahren wären, um den Erben der Madame Milborn, von dem eben die Wirthin geſprochen habe, zu empfangen; dies ſei der Hofrath Blum, den ſie gleichſam als ein Mitglied ihrer Familie betrachteten, weil ſie mit der ſeligen Madame Milborn genau befreundet und was man ſage, ein Herz und eine Seele geweſen wären. Sie kennen vielleicht, fuhr er in ſeiner Manier ſchalkhaft fort und lächelte dazu ſo feichſend, daß die beiden kleinen Guckäuglein gänzlich verſchwanden: unſern guten Herrn Hofrath und können uns dann vermuthlich über die Zeit ſeines Eintreffens nähere Nachricht geben?

Verleugnen durfte ich mich nicht, denn da ich morgen in der Stadt als mein Mandatarius auftreten wollte, wäre es auffallend geweſen, wenn ich heute hier hätte thun wollen, als wäre mir der Herr Hofrath Blum ein wildfremder Menſch. Ich bekannte mich alſo zu dem Glücke, den belobten Herrn nicht allein perſönlich zu kennen, ſondern auch zu ſeinen nähern Freunden zu gehören und fügte hinzu, daß er, wenn Alles ſich nach ſeiner Berechnung füge, in Kurzem hier einzutreffen gedenke.

Der kleine, ſtreifige Grauweißling duckte ſich, nahm einen Anſatz wie ein Froſch, der über einen Graben wegſpringen will, und mit einem Ruck rutſchte er, während ſeine holländiſche Lanze in hundert Stücke zerſplitterte, unter dem Geländer herein, packte mich bei beiden Händen, verſicherte mir ſein Entzücken, einen ſo nahen Freund des Herrn Hofraths kennen zu lernen, ſtellte mich als ſolchen ſeiner Familie am Nachbartiſche vor, drang in mich, ſich zu ihnen zu ſetzen, holte ſelbſt meine Kaltſchale auf ſeinen Tiſch herüber, rief Minchen, wie er eine ſeiner Töchter nannte, zu, mir vorzulegen, ſtellte ſich mir als den Geheimen Viehſteuerreviſor Zwicker vor, erzählte in einem ununterbrechbaren Redefluß von allem Guten, was er ſammt Frau und Kindern der ſeligen Madame Milborn zu danken habe, und lud mich ein, für die Dauer meines Aufenthaltes in Klarenburg mit ſeiner Wohnung vorlieb zu nehmen und ſein Haus als das meinige anzuſehn.

Ich verbat alle dieſe, mir wie im Fluge der ängſtlichſten Haſtigkeit hingeworfenen Artigkeiten, die mir, vom Sandler einmal ſchon gemacht, mehr aus Speculation, als aus Herzlichkeit angeboten zu werden ſchienen, höchlich: aber Papa Zwicker kreiſchte: Ich vergäbe es mir ja in meinem ganzen Leben nicht, wenn ich Sie, den erſten Freund unſers lieben Hofraths, wo anders wohnen ließe! Die alte Milborn, ich brauche mich deſſen nicht zu ſchämen, ich war, als ich in den Dienſt trat, und bei uns eine kleine Acciſeviſitatorſtelle bekam, ein miſerables Pauvrettchen; ſelbſt ſpäter, als Thorinſpector hatte ich mit elf lebendigen Kindern nicht viel zu brocken und zu beißen, denn der Gehalt war knapp, und von unſern Klarenburger Kaufleuten auf eine andere Weiſe etwas los zu kriegen, war ein Kunſtſtück, denn das ſind geriebene Kunden, die den untern Beamten nicht fürchten, weil ſie die obern in der Taſche haben; aber kaum erfuhr die alte Milborn von der geklemmten Lage meines ſtarken Hausſtandes, als alle Wochen, Jahr aus Jahr ein, ein Wagen mit Victualien kam; das Schulgeld und die Koſten des Privatunterrichts für alle meine Kinder übernahm ſie, und zu Weihnachten wurden die Rangen, vom älteſten bis zum jüngſten, mit Kleidung und andern Bedürfniſſen ausſtaffirt, wie die erſten in der Stadt. Den Schlauchmeiſterpoſten bei unſerer großen Rathsſpritze habe ich ihrer Verwendung allein zu verdanken; es iſt zwar ein beſchwerliches Amt, denn ich muß, wenn Feuer auskommt, bei Tag oder Nacht fort, und das Commando über unſer Spritzenvolk verlangt eine gute Bruſt; allein die 100 Thaler Fixum dabei ſind auch mitzunehmen, und da ich bei jeder ausbrechenden Feuerbrunſt, wenn meine Spritze nicht die letzte iſt, aus der Kämmereikaſſe extra 20 Thaler erhalte, ſo iſt das, beſonders in der neuern Zeit, wo, Gott ſei Dank, über Mangel an Brandſchäden nicht zu klagen, ein recht hübſcher Zuſchuß. Seit ich meinen gegenwärtigen auskömmlichen Reviſorpoſten habe, fiel zwar die frühere Unterſtützung von Seiten der guten Madame Milborn weg, aber zur Weihnachtzeit, da konnte es die Alte nicht laſſen, da mußte immer jedes ein Andenken von ihr haben. Abſonderlich hatte ſie an unſerm Bernhardinchen da den Narren gefreſſen; ſeit drei Jahren mußte die von Zeit zu Zeit allemal eine ganze Woche bei ihr bleiben, und hatte dort wahre Göttertage. Was ihr Herz nur wünſchte, hatte ſie vollauf, und die Lehrer, die ihr die Alte hielt, koſteten dieſer einen ſchönen Thaler Geld; nun, es iſt nicht weggeworfen geweſen, und ich kann es dem Mädchen in das Geſicht ſagen, daß ſie den Mann, den ihr einmal der liebe Gott beſtimmt hat, nicht unglücklich machen wird. Hören Sie, amice, hob er vertraulicher an, ruſchte mit einem Satze von ſeinem Stuhle herunter, und gab mir einen Wink, ihm ein wenig bei Seite zu folgen: ich muß Ihnen nur geſtehen, daß die Alte mit unſerm Dinel in puncto puncti ganz ſpecifiſche Pläne zu haben ſchien; ſagen Sie mir, unter uns, Freund, iſt Blümchen vielleicht ſchon verplempert?

Sie meinen? hob ich verlegen an.

Ich meine nichts, fuhr er leiſe ſprechend fort: ich ſage nur, daß, wenn unſer Hofräthchen in der Reſidenz oder anderwärts nicht ſchon ſein Theil hat, ich Ihnen die Verſicherung geben kann, daß es die Alte noch im Grabe erfreuen wird, wenn er — na, Sie ſind ſein Freund, ſein alter Bekannter, Sie ſollen unſer Dinchen näher kennen lernen und Sie werden ſagen, daß unſer Blümchen, figürlich zu reden, gewiß grünen und blühen werde, wenn wir es an den Stock anbinden. Ich weiß, es ſind mehrere bei uns in der Stadt, die auch ſolche Gedanken hegen; aber wer zuerſt kommt, mahlt am erſten. Darum, ſehen Sie, ſitze ich hier in Herzfelde alle Tage, wie angenagelt, und warte bis er angeſegelt kömmt, und hat er erſt einmal Dinchen geſehen, ſo denke ich wohl, ſollen ihm die anderen nicht mehr gefallen. Er muß bei uns logiren; wir legen gleich, verſtehen Sie, aus purer heller Dankbarkeit gegen die alte Großmutter, Beſchlag auf ihn; die Andern ſollen Alle vor Aerger die Crepance kriegen; während die warten, bis er hinkommt und Viſite macht und ſich vorſtellen läßt, hat ihn hier ſchon der pfiffige Viehſteuerreviſor Zwicker an allen vier Zipfeln.

Alſo Bernhardine!

Darum wechſelte das Mädchen die Farbe, als das Geſpräch auf den Hofrath Blum kam; darum war ſie ſo verlegen und einſylbig, darum zitterte ſie, als ſie mir, auf Befehl des Vaters, die Kaltſchale vorlegte; darum ſchwappte der Teller über, den ſie, in der Befangenheit des Herzens, nicht gerade halten konnte!

Häßlich konnte man das Mädchen nicht nennen; den etwas großen Mund, ein Erbſtück des Papa's, abgerechnet, hatte ſie etwas recht Geiſtliches in ihren Zügen, und die mädchenhafte Verwirrung, deren Urſache ich mir erſt jetzt entzifferte, ſtand ihr recht leidlich; — aber wenn ſie auch bei näherer Bekanntſchaft mir noch intereſſanter ward — der Vater! — das geheime Dich ließ mich nicht zur Beſinnung kommen; er wendete ſich wieder nach dem Tiſche zurück, an dem ſeine Familie ſaß, und ich gewahrte, unangenehm überraſcht, daß, während unſerer Abweſenheit, der Reſt der in der Schüſſel gelaſſenen Kaltſchale wahrſcheinlich vom jüngern Theil der ehrenwerthen Zwickerſchen Familie rein aufgezehrt war.

Der Zug von genäſchiger Hungrigkeit, von dreiſter und heimlicher Zudringlichkeit verſtimmte mich, und ich dankte meinem Schöpfer, daß eben der Poſtknecht kam, und mich bat, wieder einzuſteigen, damit er nicht wegen zu langen Ausbleibens vom Poſtamte Verdruß bekomme. Zwicker brach mit der kleinen Hälfte ſeines Jungviehes, das er ausgetrieben hatte, gleichfalls auf: er wollte, daß Dinchen ſich zu mir in den Wagen ſetzen ſolle, um dem Kutſcher Straße und Haus zu zeigen, ja er ward äußerſt empfindlich, als ich mich gegen ſeine zudringliche Einladung mit Händen und Füßen ſtemmte. Er warf in einigen ſtarken Worten Bernhardinen ihre unbehülfliche Maulfaulheit vor, daß ſie ſeine Bitten bei mir ihrerſeits nicht unterſtütze, und wollte verzweifeln, als das Mädchen zu meiner großen Freude, ſelbſt durch einen unzarten Rippenſtoß, es nicht über ſich bringen konnte, den Mund zu öffnen, ſondern bloß einem bittenden Blicke das ſtumme Geſuch anvertraute, in des Vaters Wünſche einzugehen, und mit ihrer Behauſung vorlieb zu nehmen. Endlich ſtand er, als ich ihn bei Seite nahm und ihn darauf aufmerkſam machte, daß er ja die Idee habe, unſerm Freunde Blum ſeine Wohnung anzubieten, daß dieſer vielleicht in einigen Tagen kommen könne, und daß es ihm dann an Platz fehlen würde, uns beide zu beherbergen, davon ab, mich mit ſeiner Gaſtfreundlichkeit weiter zu quälen, und empfahl mir, da er ſah, daß ich in meinem Plane, in einem Gaſthauſe abzuſteigen, unerſchütterlich war, und ich ihn nach dem beſten in Klarenburg fragte, den goldenen Ochſen. Ich entgegnete ihm zwar, daß mir der Poſtknecht den blauen Engel vorgeſchlagen, aber er beharrte, höchlich entrüſtet über den Engelswirth, der alle Kutſcher der Umgegend in ſeinem Solde, und mit ihnen einen förmlichen Vertrag abgeſchloſſen habe, ihm jeden Reiſenden von Bedeutung zuzuführen, auf ſeinen goldenen Ochſen, und meinte, daß dieß Gaſthaus ihm das nächſte ſei, daß ich von da nur einige Schritte zu ihm habe, daß er alle Abende dort ſein Fläſchchen trinke, und daß ich da bei reputirlichen Leuten aufgehoben ſei, wogegen er im blauen Engel ſchon um der Wirthstochter, einer unausſtehlichen Priſe, willen, vor der er jeden jungen Fremden freundlichſt warnen müſſe, für keinen Preis wohnen würde.

Mitten in dieſer etwas heftigen Rede blinzelte er Bernhardinen einige Mal zu, und machte dabei Handbewegungen, als wolle er ihr zu verſtehen geben, daß ſie doch zulangen und einſtecken ſollte. Anfänglich verſtand ihn das Mädchen nicht, oder wollte ihn nicht verſtehen: als er ihr aber ſeinen heimlichen Aerger in einigen böſen Blicken, die ihm wie Giftblitze aus den kleinen Augen ſchoſſen, kund gab, langte ſie nach den auf ihrem Tiſche übrig gebliebenen Stücken Zucker und Kuchen und einigen gelben Pflaumen, und ſteckte ſie, während er ſich dicht neben ſie ſtellte, und ihr mit ſeiner breiten Figur die Seiten deckte, damit der Aufwärter oder die Frau vom Hauſe die unſchickliche Handlung nicht bemerken ſolle, in die Maroquintaſche zu dem darin befindlichen Strickzeug. Er mußte mir den Unmuth auf dem Geſichte leſen, der mich bei der Scene überwallte, denn er belobte lächelnd Dinchens Wirthlichkeit und meinte, daß es für eine künftige gute Hausfrau ein Hauptgrundſatz ſei, nichts umkommen zu laſſen, und daß die alte reiche Milborn, die auf dieſe Weiſe aus Pfennigen Thaler zu machen verſtanden, im Stande geweſen wäre, einen halb verbrauchten weggeworfenen Fidibus von der Erde aufzuheben, um ſich einen Bogen Papier zu erſparen, wenn Jemand in der Geſellſchaft ſich eine Pfeife anzünden wollen.

Ich hatte erſt freien Athem wieder, als ich in meinem Wagen ſaß.

Bernhardine ward geſtrichen; und wenn ſie alle Annehmlichkeiten der Welt gehabt hätte, das heimliche Einſtecken — ich konnte das fatale Bild nicht aus der Seele bringen. Sie hatte es zwar auf Befehl des Vaters gethan; aber ſie hätte es nicht thun ſollen, nicht thun müſſen. Ich wäre nie im Stande geweſen, Vertrauen zu dem Mädchen zu haben; die Gewalt, die jetzt der Vater über ſie hatte, konnten künftig Eitelkeit, Intriguenſucht oder andere noch ſchlimmere Eigenheiten über ihren Verſtand und ihre Grundſätze ausüben; ſie hätte mich am Ende ſelber in den Sack geſteckt. Hatte wirklich meine gute Großmutter die Abſicht einer nähern Verbindung mit mir gehegt, ſo hatte ſie das im Vaterhauſe falſch geleitete Mädchen gewiß nicht genau gekannt. Sünde war es nicht, was ſie begangen hatte, das fühlte ich wohl, denn die genommenen Sachen waren alle bezahlt; Unrecht war es auch nicht, denn die Lappalien waren keine zwei Groſchen werth; aber Unzartheit war es, und grade dieß war in meinen Augen bei einem Mädchen ein Fehler, der mir um ſo unerträglicher ward, je mehr ich ihn mit allen ſeinen möglichen Folgen weiter ausmalte, und dann — der Schwiegerpapa, der geheime Reviſor! Wie würde ſich der in das freundliche Herzfelde und in das ganze Wilbornſche Erbe mit ſeiner dummdreiſten Zudringlichkeit ordentlich ſyſtematiſch eingefreſſen haben! Nein, Minchen ward geſtrichen.

Stadtlieutenants Lotte hatte bereits früher ihren Abſchied bekommen; Adele, der Zungenſchläger, Stumpfnäschen Profeſſorins, Julchen, der Fernblender, alle hatten für mich ſchon nach der Beſchreibung nicht das geringſte Anziehende; das waren alſo ſchon fünf, mit denen ich fertig war. Die beiden letzten von den beliebten ſieben Wundern der Klarenburger Mädchenwelt lernte ich hoffentlich gar nicht kennen; denn wenigſtens nahm ich mir feſt vor, mich bei keinem Menſchen nach ihnen zu erkundigen.

Fahre, rief ich dem Kutſcher zu, als wollte ich machen bald hinzukommen, um deſto eher das mich beängſtigende Klarenburg hinter mir zu haben: fahr zu, daß wir noch, ehe es ganz finſter wird, den goldenen Ochſen in ſeiner ganzen Herrlichkeit ſehen.

Zu den goldenen Ochſen wollen Sie? fragte der Poſtknecht verwundert: da bringe ich, wenn ich die Ordinaire fahre, zu Marktzeiten höchſtens ein Paar böhmiſche Zwirnhändler hin; aber etwas Reputirliches iſt dort noch nicht eingekehrt. Solch ein ſchmucker Herr, wie Sie — ich glaube, die Leute in der ganzen Straße wieſen mit Fingern auf mich, wenn ich den vor dem goldenen Ochſen abſetzte. Das ganze Ding iſt nichts, als eine kleine, elendige Bierkneipe, und wenn ein Dutzend alte Herren, die des Abends dort Solo oder Schafskopf dreſchen, nicht wäre, der Wirth hätte längſt ſeinen Ochſen zwiſchen die Beine nehmen und damit in den Schuldthurm reiten müſſen. Nein, da lob ich mir den blauen Engel! da ſteigen Grafen und Fürſten ab, und was das Menſchenherz nur wünſcht, Alles iſt gleich da, auf den Pfiff. Das muß man dem alten Weinlich laſſen, den Rummel verſteht er, und wodurch ſein Haus jetzt erſt recht in den Flor gekommen iſt, das iſt ſeine Tochter. Das Ding, — na, ich habe es noch ungeboren gekannt, das iſt Ihnen jetzt herangewachſen wie ein Licht. Schöner iſt keine in ganz Klarenburg; ſie fahren meilenweit um, bloß um des Engelwirths Florentinchen zu ſehen, und Sie — Sie wollen in goldnen Ochſen —!

Nun, ſo fahr in den Engel, rief ich halb unwillig, und ärgerte mich, zwiſchen zwei Spitzbuben zu ſtehen. Zwicker — er hatte, wie ich ſpäter überſah, triftigere Gründe gehabt, mich in ſeinen Ochſen zu ſpinden — empfahl mir ſeinen Bierfreund, um dieſen verbindlich zu machen, und der Poſtknecht lenkte mich in den Engel, bloß um des ihm vom Wirthe für jeden ihm zugeführten Gaſt verheißenen Trinkgeldes nicht verluſtig zu gehen. So wird der Menſch durch die Nebenanſichten Anderer oft zu Handlungen verleitet, über die er ſich ſelbſt keine Rechenſchaft geben kann.

Als wir in die Straße bogen, in welcher das geprieſene Gaſthaus lag, blies der Poſtknecht, als erriethe er mein Selbſtgeſpräch über der Menſchen unredliches Treiben, das Liedchen: Üb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab, und in der Bosheit ſang ich heimlich dazu:

Mein blauer Engel, aufgepaßt.
Der Poſtknecht pries dein Haus,
Und bittet für den neuen Gaſt
Sein Trinkgeld ſich jetzt aus.

Der in Holz geſchnitzte Seraph über dem Thorwege bog ſich, vom blendenden Glanze zweier großer Reverberen, zu deutſch Lichtſcheinwerfer, hochbeleuchtet, einen fliegenden Bandſtreifen, auf dem ſein Name in großen goldenen Buchſtaben zu leſen, in der Hand, und eine lange Trompete, mit der er die Redlichkeits-Hymne des Kutſchers zu begleiten ſchien, am Munde, einladend zu mir herab, und ein zweiter wahrhaft blauer Engel, ein blondgelocktes Himmelskind, in einem zartblauen, einfachen Hauskleide, ſtand, eine brennende Wachskerze auf ſilbernem Leuchter in der Linken, in der Mitte zweier, mit ſolchen Armleuchtern verſehenen Kellner auf der Treppe, und empfing mich mit freundlichem Anſtande. Sie brauchte keinen Bandſtreif mit goldenen Buchſtaben, wie ihr hölzerner Bruder draußen über dem Thorwege, denn ohne etwas Schriftliches vor ſich zu haben, wußte doch jeder, der ihr in die ſanftſchmachtenden Augen ſah, der die volle, friſche Jugendgeſtalt betrachtete und das geiſtvolle Lächeln des Willkommens in dieſem blühenden Geſichtchen gewahrte, daß dieß fröhliche Bild der Unſchuld und des Liebreizes die anmuthige Florentine war, die den blau angeſtrichenen Trompeter über dem Thorwege, zu Nutz und Frommen der väterlichen Kaſſe, in ſeinen Flor gebracht und die Leute meilenweit herbeigezogen hatte, wie der waſſerblaue Strudel die größten Kauffahrteiſchiffe des Oceans.

Nicht wie einen Fremden, wie einen alten, lang erwarteten Bekannten empfing mich die ſchöne Florentine mit mädchenhafter Beſcheidenheit, beklagte mich theilnehmend über den heißen Tag, den ich zu ertragen gehabt, und fragte, ob mir, da ſie ſich eben zum Abendeſſen geſetzt, vielleicht gefällig ſei, mit ihnen zu ſpeiſen.

Ueberraſcht von der feinen Artigkeit des niedlichen Kindes, ſagte ich, indem ich ihr den Arm bot, um mit ihr zum Speiſezimmer zu gehen, in einer ſonderbaren Verwirrung, eine Menge ſchöner Sachen, deren fade Leerheit ich fühlte, ſobald ſie über die Lippen waren; denn das geiſtreiche Mädchen beantwortete ſie mit einem Stillſchweigen, als wollte ſie ſagen, daß ſie das Alles von Anderen ſchon viel beſſer und viel feiner gehört habe.

Papa und Mama Weinlich erhoben ſich von ihren Sitzen und bewillkommten mich mit Gaſtlichkeit, und Florentinens Blicke auf den Tafeldecker hatte ich das Glück zu danken, mein Gedeck neben ihr zu bekommen.

Wie verging Eſſen und Trinken, denn ich ſaß neben Florentinen; ſie legte mir ſelbſt vor, ſie führte, während die Altern mit einigen anderen anweſenden Gäſten ſprachen, die Unterhaltung, wußte durch ihre Manier und durch ihre Lebendigkeit den gleichgültigſten Dingen einen hohen Werth zu geben, und ward, je länger ſie ſprach, immer ſchöner und reizender. Die blendend weiße Hand, die zarte Röthe, die ſich nach und nach immer mehr über die Lilienwangen ergoß, die Grazie jeder ihrer Bewegungen, das goldige Haar, das in der reichen Beleuchtung der Gaſttafel wie weiche Seide erglänzte, das in einem Meere der ſüßeſten Liebe ſchwimmende große Auge — Gott, wenn ich in den goldenen Ochſen gefahren wäre!

Wir waren, ich weiß ſelbſt nicht wie, auf das Reſidenzleben gekommen; ich ſchilderte ihr — die Liebe hat die wohleingerichtetſten Schnellpoſten — ſollte und mußte, nach der Großmutter Willen, ein Mädchen aus Klarenburg als Frau Hofräthin Blum an meiner Seite in die Reſidenz zurückfahren, ſo war es, das ſagte ich mir in dem Augenblicke zwar noch nicht klar, aber das Vorgefühl dieſer Seligkeit überwallte mich, daß ſich mir das Blut ſiedendheiß über das Herz ergoß, — ſo war es keine andere, als Florentine; denn im erſten Augenblicke ſo in Feuer und Flammen war ich mir in meinem Leben noch nicht vorgekommen — alſo ich ſchilderte ihr, ohne einmal ſelbſt recht zu wiſſen, warum, unſere Reſidenz mit ſo zauberiſchen Farben, daß ich glaubte, ſie werde ſie gegen ihr Klarenburg für ein halbes Paradies anſehen; allein, ſie gab weniger darauf, als ich gemeint und gewünſcht hatte und ſprach dagegen dem Leben auf dem Lande bei weitem den Vorzug zu. Ich entgegnete ihr ſcherzend, daß ſie das Landleben wahrſcheinlich nur aus Büchern kenne, und daß das Ding in der Wirklichkeit ganz anders ausſehe, als in den Köpfen der Romanſchreiber; doch ſie ſchüttelte, ernſter werdend, das Madonnenköpfchen, und meinte, ſie hätte die glücklichſten Tage ihres Lebens auf dem Lande zugebracht; eine ſehr liebenswürdige Frau, Madame Wilborn — fuhr ſie fort, und wollte weiter ſprechen, allein der Schmerz, dieſe mütterliche Freundin vor kaum ſechs Monaten verloren zu haben, drückte ihr Thränen in die Augen, — und ich hatte meine Sechſe!

Richtig, ſie gehörte nach dem, was ſie, ſobald ſie ſich wieder geſammelt hatte, von ihrem Leben im Hauſe meiner Großmutter erzählte, zu dem bewußten Siebengeſtirn, und plauderte nun von den herrlichen Tagen, die ſie dort genoſſen, mit ſolcher Herzlichkeit, daß ich, ergriffen von dem rührenden Gemälde, welches Florentine von der Seelengüte der Hingegangenen machte, das Glas in die Hand nahm, und ohne an meine Rolle zu denken, an das ihrige ſtieß, und mit frommen Worten bat: dem Andenken der Madame Wilborn! Kannten Sie Madame Wilb — wollte ſie fragen, aber das Wort blieb ihr auf der Zunge; denn ihr mochte der Gedanke durch die Seele fliegen, daß ich am Ende der Hofrath Blum ſei, von deſſen baldiger Ankunft ſie gewiß eben ſo gut gehört hatte, als die ganze übrige Stadt.

Bloß dem Namen nach, fiel ich ihr möglichſt unbefangen in das Wort: ſie hat bei uns einen Enkel und der iſt einer meiner beſten Freunde.

Sie meinen den Hofrath Blum? verſetzte ſie, wie es ſchien, ſehr angenehm überraſcht, und wendete ſich mit einem Geſichtchen, auf dem ſich die geſpannteſte Neugierde verlautbarte, zu mir, und fragte, was das für ein Menſchenkind ſei, wie alt, von welchem Aeußern, von welchem Charakter u. ſ. w. mit ſolchem Intereſſe, daß ich oft mitten in der Rede zum Waſſerglaſe greifen mußte, um das Lachen zu unterdrücken.

Man ſagt, fing ſie an, und es war ihr anzuhören, daß ſie lange darüber geſonnen, die Frage ſo fein zu drehn, daß man den Weg nicht merken ſolle, den ſie ſich jetzt ins Holz zu bahnen Willens ſei: man ſagt, er werde bald herkommen und ſeine Frau mitbringen.

Seine Frau! ſagte ich lachend — da klingelte es draußen, ein Kellner rief zur Thür herein: Eine Extrapoſt! Florentine ſprang, mit einem Geſichte, als ſei ihr die Unterbrechung des Geſprächs gerade jetzt ſehr ungelegen, von ihrem Sitze auf, und eilte zum Zimmer hinaus.

Wie ſchlau doch die Mädchen ſind. Das blaue Engelkind, ein kleiner Kiek in die Welt von kaum ſiebenzehn Jahren warf mir da, bloß um über meine Herzensangelegenheiten ein Näheres zu erforſchen, die Frage in das Blaue, ob ich verheirathet ſei. Bei den vorangegangenen Verhandlungen über meine Wenigkeit, von der ſie überdieß im großmütterlichen Hauſe gewiß noch ein Näheres gehört hatte, wußte ſie beſtimmt, daß ich nicht verheirathet war, und doch fragte ſie darnach, um, wenn ich, was ſie vorausſehen konnte, verneinte, die zweite Frage darauf zu ſetzen: ob ich wenigſtens nicht ſchon verſprochen — indeß dieſer heimliche Ideengang im goldigen Blondköpfchen, gab mir die wohlthuende Ueberzeugung, daß es ihr nicht gleichgültig war, ob mein Herz noch frei ſei, oder nicht, und auf dieſe baute ſich meine Eitelkeit ein recht niedliches Kartenhäuschen, in dem unter vielen andern Bequemlichkeiten meines künftigen Lebens, die ich mir da an der Seite dieſes blauen Zauberbildes dachte, die Brautkammer nicht fehlte.

Jetzt ward mir auch klar, warum mein geheimer Steuerrath mir den Weg nach der Engelsburg hatte verrennen wollen. Sah ich Florentinen, ſo dachte ich — das hatte das Männchen mit ſeinem dicken Perücken auf dem breiten Buckel richtig berechnet, — an Zwickers Dinchen mit keiner Sylbe mehr.

Aber, wo blieb das Mädchen ſo lange? Eine Extrapoſt, hatte der Kellner geſagt, war gekommen; Florentine hatte daſſelbe Licht genommen, was ſie gehabt hatte, als ſie mich empfing. Beſtimmt empfing ſie den neuen Fremden eben ſo freundlich, als mich; nicht alle ſind ſo beſcheiden, als ich. Eine Wirthstochter muß ſich von der Rohheit der Reiſenden Manches gefallen laſſen — der Stuhl fing unter mir zu brennen an — mit unverwandtem Blick hing ich an der Thüre. Der Kellner brachte die vierte Schüſſel unſers Nachteſſens. Florentine kam immer noch nicht. Ein Gefühl, wie ich es in meinem Leben noch nicht gekannt hatte, zuckte mir krampfhaft durch die Bruſt; ich konnte keinen Biſſen eſſen, der Wein ſchmeckte mir gallenbitter

Jetzt ging die Thür auf. Florent — Nein, ſie war es noch immer nicht; der Tafeldecker war es, ſechs kleine Teller mit Zuckerwerk und Früchten, zum Nachtiſch gehörig, in den Händen.

Die Unruhe — wie ein böſes Fieber trieb es mich vom Stuhl auf, ich konnte nicht länger ſitzen bleiben; meiner ſelbſt unbewußt, eilte ich nach der Thür. Da kam Florentine, das Licht ausgelöſcht in der Hand, meinte, daß ich aufgeſtanden wäre, um mich zur Ruhe zu begeben, und knüpfte, mit der Bemerkung, daß es für uns noch manches zu plaudern gäbe, und nachdem ſie dem Vater in das Ohr geraunt hatte, es wären zwei Engländer gekommen, denen ſie das Zimmer Nr. 7. angewieſen habe, den Faden des vorhin abgeriſſenen Geſpräches gleich wieder am abgeriſſenen Ende an, indem ſie, ſich mit mir wieder an den Tiſch ſetzend, ſagte: alſo nicht verheirathet! nun dann iſt er doch wenigſtens, ſagt man uns hier, ſchon ſo gut als verlobt, oder iſt auf dem Wege dazu: denn, ſetzte ſie hinzu: einen jungen Mann mit ſolch einer Erbſchaft laſſen die Reſidenzmädchen gewiß nicht aus dem Garne.

Ich wollte, in Bezug auf meine eben erwachte leidenſchaftliche Neigung zu ihr, wie den Scherz machen, und ihr zu verſtehen geben, daß, ſo viel ich wüßte, mein Freund Blum ganz kürzlich erſt den Entſchluß gefaßt hätte, ſein Herz einem höchſt liebenswürdigen Mädchen zu Füßen zu legen aber — das ausgelöſchte Licht, die Nachricht, daß ſie zwei Engländern ein Zimmer angewieſen habe, die verdächtige Nummer dieſes Zimmers, ihr langes Ausbleiben, das Gewicht, das ſie auf die Erbſchaft legte, und — täuſchte ich mich nicht, ſo war vorhin ihr Haar in weit zierlicheren Flechten geordnet, als jetzt, und das eine Kämmchen hing in den Locken auf der mir zugewandten Seite des Kopfs nur noch mit der Hälfte ſeiner Zähne.

Die Frühlingsſaat, die auf dem Neulande meiner Liebe vorhin ſo eben erſt aufgeſproßt war, ſie bekam den erſten Hagelſchauer, und wenn auch die Sonnenblicke der blauen Feueraugen den eiſigen Reif bald wieder wegſchmolzen, die zarten Keime waren doch unwiederbringlich verloren.

Ich war in der Betrachtung meines vom Maifroſte vernichteten Waizenfeldes ſo vertieft, daß ich, ohne auf ihre Aeußerungen über die ſchlauen Reſidenzſchönen zu antworten, dem Grolle der Eiferſucht nicht wehren konnte, und mit verhaltener Bosheit bat, ihren Kamm doch wieder feſtzuſtecken, damit ſie ihn nicht verliere; auch, fuhr ich fort, und freute mich des Geiſtes, daß mir dabei das Herz warm überſprudelte: auch werden Sie Ihre Locken und Flechten wieder ein wenig in Ordnung bringen müſſen. Es ſtand Ihnen, ſo wie es vorhin war, gar zu hübſch, ſetzte ich erſchrocken hinzu, um die Wermuthpille durch eine Art von Schmeichelei zu verſilbern, denn der Unwille über meine Bemerkung röthete ſichtbar ihre Wange.

Es ſind nicht Alle ſo artig, als die jungen Herren aus der Reſidenz, entgegnete ſie, Locken und Kamm ordnend, und ſchlug durch dieſe Antwort zwei böſe Schmeißfliegen, meine Zweifel an ihre Sittſamkeit und meine eitle eigenſüchtige Beſorgniß, daß ſie mich über die beiden Engländer habe vergeſſen können, mit einer Klatſche mauſetodt. Aber Sie wollten mir ja vom Hofrath —

Die beiden Engländer waren unartig? fragte ich für einen Fremden viel zu heftig, und meinen Antheil an dem Mädchen viel zu ſehr verrathend.

Sie kennen ja dieſe Herren, die ſich einbilden, daß ihnen für ihre Guineen in Deutſchland Alles erlaubt ſei, entgegnete ſie, über den eben mit ihnen gehabten Auftritt noch aufgeregt; doch, fuhr ſie, von dem berührten, ihr unangenehmen Gegenſtande abſichtlich abweichend fort: Sie wollten mir ja vom Hofrath —

Ein Glück, daß er nicht hier iſt, ſagte ich bedeutend: ſähe er das z. B., und liebte Sie, er ſchöſſe heute Abend noch die beiden unausſtehlichen Engländer über den Haufen!

So eiferſüchtig iſt der? fragte ſie beifällig lachend: ach das iſt allerliebſt; ohne Eiferſucht iſt keine Liebe, und verſteht eine Frau die Kunſt, ihren Mann durch dieſe Leidenſchaft immer im Schach zu erhalten, ſo wird ihr Spiel mit jedem Zuge intereſſanter.

Der König aber am Ende matt, erwiederte ich, und erſtarrte über das Spitzchen des Pferdefußes, daß der kleine allerliebſte Teufel mit ſeinem Höllenſyſtem mir gezeigt hatte. —

Verſtehen Sie mich nicht falſch, verſetzte Florentine, die Bitterkeit meiner Worte wohl fühlend: matt muß ſie ihn nicht machen. Es iſt eine alte Bemerkung, daß uns die Sicherheit unſeres Glückes, im Genuſſe deſſelben am Ende abſtumpft. So iſt es z. B. mit unſerer herrlichen Gegend hier. Wir, die wir wiſſen, daß wir darin leben und ſterben, achten ſie bei weitem nicht ſo hoch, als die, welche nur auf eine Zeit lang herkommen, und ſie mit dem Gefühle beſuchen, ſie bald wieder verlaſſen zu müſſen. Ein Mann, der es weiß, daß er auf ſeine Frau felſenfeſt bauen kann, der nie fürchtet, daß ſie einem Andern eben ſo gut werden kann, als ihm, wird endlich gegen das Glück eines ſolchen Beſitzes gleichgültig; der Beſitzer eines Landgutes iſt, ſelbſt in der bewegteſten Zeit, ruhiger, als der Beſitzer von baarem Gelde, weil er weiß, daß jenes ihm kein Menſch in der Welt nehmen kann, während dieß eine angreifliche Waare für Jedermann iſt. Den Geldkaſten verwahret Letzterer in ſeinem feſteſten Zimmer mit Riegeln und Schlöſſern, und ſchläft darum manche Nacht nicht, und gewinnt eben durch die Sorge, die ihm dieſe klingende Waare macht, ſie um ſo lieber; der Gutsbeſitzer läßt aber die Grenzen ſeines Beſitzthumes überall offen, weil er völlig ſicher iſt, daß ihm ſein Gut Niemand wegtragen kann; ich weiß nicht, ob ich mich Ihnen ganz deutlich mache. —

Vollkommen, erwiederte ich, und fühlte, wie mir über dieſe verdammte Sophiſterei der Angſtſchweiß aus allen Poren brach; nur, ſetzte ich hinzu, um ihr die gottesvergeſſenen Anſichten über das Glück der Ehe zu verweiſen, und ſie, wo möglich zu bekehren: nur paßt Ihre Vergleichung des klingenden Geldes mit einer hübſchen jungen Frau nicht ganz! das Geld iſt eine Münze für Jedermann, die Frau aber — die Legirung und das Gepräge des ſchönen Geſchlechtes ſind viel feiner, und würden darum ſchneller abgegriffen werden, als Münzen unſeres Schrotes und Kornes — die Frau aber ſoll ein Schau-, ein Kabinetſtück ſein, nur für den Mann.

Wer hat Ihnen denn das weiß gemacht? fragte die mir immer gefährlicher werdende Florentine mit einem Schelmblicke, als gewähre ihr die Unterhaltung über dieß Capitel nur Spaß, und als werfe ſie mir ihre Paradoxen nur hin, um ihre eignen Begriffe über den wichtigen Gegenſtand aufzuhellen. Die Frauen gehören ſo gut in die Welt, als die Männer. Man verlangt von uns Gemeinſinn, Patriotismus; beides kann aber ohne Liebe zum Gemeinweſen, zum Vaterlande, nicht gedacht werden: wenn jedoch dieſe beiden Tugenden Wurzel faſſen ſollen, muß in dem Herzen der Frau neben dem Platze für den Mann noch Platz für die einzelnen Glieder des Vaterlandes ſein; Ihr Frauen-Ideal hingegen ſoll mit der ganzen Liebe ſeines Herzens einzig und allein und durchaus ausſchließlich dem Gatten gehören; vor den Augen Ihrer Frau mag die ganze Welt untergehen, wenn nur die Handbreit übrig bleibt, auf der Sie mit ihr leben können! Iſt das nicht ein wenig zu egoiſtiſch, zu eigene, zu herrenſüchtig?

Eine Extrapoſt, rief wieder der Kellner in das Speiſezimmer, und Florentine, ſcheinbar unwillig, in der Unterhaltung nochmals unterbrochen zu werden, eilte, nachdem ſie mir einen freundlichen Blick und die Verſicherung, gleich wieder da zu bei andern Leuten das Herz ſitzt, einen ewig flammenden Veſuv in der Bruſt.

Louis, der unermüdlichſte der flinken Diener dieſes Engelsparadieſes leuchtete mir voran die Treppe hinauf. Wir gingen über einen unabſehbar langen Gang, auf den von beiden Seiten eine Menge Thüren ſtießen, deren jede, wie es in Gaſthäuſern gewöhnlich iſt, mit einer Nummer verſehen war.

Nummer 3., das für mich beſtimmte Zimmer, wenn ich unter meinem wahren Namen eingetroffen wäre, ſtieß, wie der Vater geſagt hatte, an Florentinens Zimmer; alſo mußte dieß Nummer 2 oder 4 ſein.

Was ging das eigentlich mich an, beſonders nach dem, was ich dieſen Abend alles von dem Mädchen gehört und geſehen hatte? — Aber ſolche ſchwache Geſchöpfe ſind wir Männer; ich brannte vor Neugier, zu wiſſen, wo Florentine eigentlich wohne.

Mit der Thüre in das Haus fallen, und grade den Kellner fragen, welches das Zimmer der Mamſell Weinlich ſei? — die beiden Engländer und der Major und der grüne Herr und tauſend Andere hätten es gethan; ich konnte es nicht; ich machte einen weiten Umweg, um das heraus zu bekommen.

Ein ſchönes Haus! begann ich, hinter dem munteren Louis hergehend, wie zu mir ſelbſt: das müſſen ja hier rechts und links über zwanzig Zimmer zuſammen ſein.

Zwanzig! verſetzte Louis triumphirend: ſechs und dreißig wollen Sie ſagen. Ja, ja, mein Herr, das koſtet Beine, ſo den ganzen Tag Trepp' auf Trepp' ab; des Abends iſt man aber auch wie zerſchlagen.

Sechs und dreißig Zimmer, wiederholte ich ſtaunend, als hätte ich in meinem Leben noch keinen großen Gaſthof geſehen: und das alles lauter Fremden-Zimmer!

Alles Fremden-Zimmer erwiederte Louis: bis auf No. 1., da wohnt der Herr und die Frau, und in No. 2. die Mamſell.

Und hier in No. 3? fragte ich lauſchend, und harrte der Antwort entgegen, daß dieſes Zimmer für den Herrn Hofrath Blum in Beſchlag genommen ſei, wo ich dann ſuchen wollte, ein Mehreres über dieſen Blum vom geſchwätzigen Louis zu hören.

Hier in No. 3. logirt der Huſaren-Major, der dieſen Abend noch zuletzt kam; entgegnete der Unausſtehliche und ſchloß mein, dieſer hölliſchen Nummer ſchrägüber liegendes Zimmer auf.

Ich ging, als ich allein war, zum höchſten Mißmuth umgeſtimmt, in meinem Stübchen auf und ab. So gefeſſelt, als Florentine, hatte mich in meinem Leben noch kein Mädchen; und dieſer unerträgliche Leichtſinn, dieſes Verkennen ihres eigenen Werthes, dieſes Blindſein gegen meine zarten Huldigungen, dieſes Hingeben an den Major, und an die Cardinaliſten, und an den Grünrock, und nun gar — dicht neben Nummer zwei, die verrufene Nummer drei! An allem war der unſelige Vater ſchuld, das fühlte ich wohl, und rechtfertigte des Mädchens leichtſinniges Benehmen im Stillen; aber, mochte dieß eine Quelle haben, welche es wollte. Florentine war doch, wie die Sachen jetzt ſtanden, für mich unrettbar verloren. Die Sucht, Allen zu gefallen, Aller Herzen zu gewinnen, war zu tief in ihr eingewurzelt, ſelbſt wenn ſie noch unverdorben war. — und bei dieſer Erziehung gehörte nur noch ein halber Schritt dazu, um — Es kam Jemand die Treppe herauf; ich flog an die Thür, und lüftete ſie ein wenig; es war Florentine; ſie ſchlüpfte in ihr Zimmer und rief mir — ſie mußte meine Thüröffnung bemerkt haben, — eine gute Nacht zu.

Gute Nacht! — ach um die war es bei mir geſchehen. Sie hatte über ihren Cardinal und über den Major und den Grünrock mich nicht vergeſſen; ſie hatte nach meiner Thür geſehen; ſie hatte mir mit ihrer Glockenſtimme freundlich eine gute Nacht gewünſcht — ſo ſind wir einfältigen Mannsbilder. — Florentine kam mir jetzt nicht halb ſo ſtrafbar vor, als vorhin. Wenn die Menſchen unten ſie alle ſo angezogen hätten, als ich befürchtet hatte, ſo würde ſie mit keiner Sylbe an mich gedacht haben; aber ſie hatte abſichtlich nach meinem Zimmer geſehen; ſie mußte recht genau hergeſehen haben, denn die Thür hatte kaum einen Finger breit aufgeſtanden und ſie hatte mich doch bemerkt, und in ihrem Gutenachtwunſch lag eine ganz eigene Herzlichkeit; das klang gar nicht ſo, wie man die Leute vor Schlafengehen gewöhnlich begrüßt — wer ſich nur ein wenig auf die Sprache des Herzens verſtand, mußte in der Weiſe, wie ſie die paar Worte ſagte, einen zarten Vorwurf fühlen, warum ich mich den ganzen Abend weiter nicht um ſie bekümmert, nicht mit getrunken, kein Wort mit ihr geſprochen, mich ſogar ohne Abſchied davon geſchlichen hatte. — Sie war doch nicht ſo verwerflich, als ſie mir meine beleidigte Eitelkeit geſchildert hatte: bei ihrer Seelengüte war es vielleicht — gewiß noch Zeit, ihre kleinen Angewöhnungen wieder hinweg zu bringen; nur mußte ſie je eher je lieber dieſem Hauſe und dieſem gemeinen Speculanten von Vater entrückt werden. — War es nicht, als ginge ihre Thür wieder? — Am Ende wollte ſie ſehen, ob die meinige noch offen ſtehe, — ſie wollte, was vorhin nur im Tone ihres Gutenachtgrußes lag, in Worten mir deutlicher machen, und mir über mein auffallendes Betragen unten im Speiſezimmer ihr Schmollen zu erkennen geben. Ich hatte, ohne es ſelbſt zu wiſſen, die Klinke in der Hand, öffnete leiſe die Thür, und — ſie war nicht da; ich ſtreckte den Kopf weit hinaus und horchte. Die Hauslampe, die den Gang vorher beleuchtet hatte, war erloſchen; auf dem ganzen langen Gange war es mäuschenſtill — nein es ward geſprochen — in der Gegend No. 2. und 3. hörte ich zwei Stimmen leiſe liſpeln, nicht auf der Flur ſelbſt, ſondern drinnen in den Zimmern. Gewöhnlich ſind die Stuben in den Gaſthäuſern durch Mittelthüren mit einander verbunden; wenn No. 2. und 3. es auch waren! meine Florentine und der Major! — Als drängte mich der Satan ſelber mit feurigen Zangen aus meiner Stube hinaus auf den Gang, ſo trieb es mich fort. Mit verhaltenem Athem, mit einem Herzen voll Gift und Galle, ſchlich ich auf den Strümpfen, heimlich wie eine Blindſchleiche, hin nach No. 2. und 3. Ich hatte mich nicht geirrt. Der Major! — ich hätte mit der geballten Fauſt gegen die Thür donnern mögen, ſo krampfhaft ballte mir die Wuth alle Sehnen und Nerven zuſammen — der Major ſprach etwas lauter; die verbrecheriſche Florentine unter dem laſtenden Bewußtſein ihrer Schuld aber ſo leiſe, daß kein Wort zu verſtehen war. Engliſches Kind, ſagte der überglückliche Böſewicht: meine einzige Seligkeit biſt Du. Was habe ich mich nach Dir geſehnt; nun ich Dich wieder in meinen Armen habe, bin ich ruhig! Aber Deinen Blum ſchlage ich die Beine entzwei! Mit keinem Fuße ſoll der Seelenverkäufer wieder über Deine Schwelle.

Ich hatte, von dem grimmigſten Jähzorn überwältigt, ſchon die Hand nach dem Griff an der Thüre von No. 3. ausgeſtreckt, als mein beſſeres Selbſt in mir erwachte. Was wollte ich bei dem Major und Florentinen? Was gingen mich Beide an! Mußte ich dem Zufall nicht danken, daß er mir hier im Pechdunkel eine Fackel aufſteckte, die mir leuchtete bis an das fernſte Ende meines Lebensweges? In welchen Abgrund hätte mich Starrblinden meine band- und zügellos gewordene Leidenſchaft für das blendend ſchöne Mädchen treiben können! Jetzt ſah ich hell und deutlich. Ich war geheilt. Nein, der Herr Major hatte von meiner Seelenverkäuferei alle mögliche Ruhe; er mochte ſeinen Schatz behalten. Hätte er nur ein Paar ſo geſunde Augen gehabt, als ich jetzt in dem Augenblicke; er hätte ſeine ſüßen Worte nicht verſchwendet an den bunten flatterhaften Schmetterling, der jeden Augenblick einem Andern gehörte, in deſſen Syſtem es lag, Keinem treu zu ſein!

Ich war während dieſen, mich anfänglich niederdrückenden, ſpäter aber, als ich die Sache ruhiger beim Lichte beſah, mich über mich ſelbſt erhebenden Betrachtungen, auf mein Zimmer zurückgeſchlichen, und ging in dieſem über eine Stunde, mit in einander verſchränkten Armen auf und ab. Warum war ich nicht, wie mir mein ſtreitiger Schutzgeiſt, Zwicker gerathen hatte, in dem goldenen Ochſen eingekehrt! Dort, wo die böhmiſchen Zwirnhändler ihr ſorgenvolles Markthaupt niederlegten und des ruhigen Schlafes genoſſen, hätte ich auch längſt die Ruhe gefunden, die ich hier in dem verhexten Engel vergeblich ſuchte. Aber, es iſt ein Verhängniß, tröſtete ich mich: es mußte Alles ſo kommen! Des dummen Poſtknechts verführeriſches Zureden mußte bei mir mehr Gewicht haben, als Zwickers wohlmeinende Warnung. Ueber kurz oder lang hätte ich Florentinen doch einmal geſehen; ich hatte dann nicht die Gelegenheit, die Abgründe dieſes falſchen Herzens ſo kennen zu lernen, als vor der Thür No. 3. Ihr Aeußeres hätte mich geblendet; ich hätte ihr meine Hand gegeben, und wäre, bis zum letzten Augenblicke meines Seins der allerunglücklichſte Menſch auf Gottes Erdboden geweſen. —

Müde, als hätte ich einen großen Kampf gekämpft, legte ich mich endlich zu Bette. Ich ſchloß die Augen, aber vor meinem Innern ſtand — ich habe es tauſendmal geſagt, manche Männer gehören zu den Pudelgeſchlechtern, ſie laſſen ſich von der Königin ihres Herzens mißhandeln, und bleiben ihr dennoch zugethan, und können ſich von ihr ſelbſt mit Gewalt nicht losmachen — vor meinem Innern ſtand der blaue Engel in dem roſigen Lichte ſeiner ſüßeſten Anmuth; ſie ſchwebte mir in das lockende Schattenreich der ſeltſamſten Träume voran, und ich flog, vom lichten Wolkenſchaume getragen, umflimmert von dem Frühroth der ſeligſten Liebe, hinter ihr her, als läge die Welt mit ihren Cardinalnäpfen, ihren Majors, Grünröcken, verſchrobenen Vätern, und allen den hundert, wie am heutigen Abend widerfahrenen Kränkungen eine Million Meilen unter mir. Links und rechts wallten mir die himmliſchen Heerſchaaren Hymnen auf den Hochgenuß der Liebe entgegen, und als ſtänden die Janitſcharen des lichteren Jenſeits mir zur Seite, ſo fielen die Gewaltſchläge ihrer großen Trommel, ihrer Tromdeln und Becken tactmäßig in die Sphärenmuſik, die von einem nie gehörten Porzellan-Glockenſpiel melodiſch begleitet wurden.

Louis, der Unausſtehliche, enttäuſchte mich; unter dem Fenſter ſangen die Schüler; die Parade zog mit fliegender Fahne und klingendem Spiel über die Straße, und mein grüngeſchürzter Wecker fragte mich, das aneinander klirrende porzellanene Kaffeezeug in der Linken, und ein Billet, das er mir reichte, in der Rechten, lachend: ob denn der geheime Secretair heute gar nicht aufſtehen wolle; zehn habe es bereits lange geſchlagen, und das Mädchen, welches das Billet gebracht, ſei nach der Antwort ſchon zweimal da geweſen.

Das zierliche Briefchen war von einer Damenhand; beſtimmt von Demoiſelle Zwicker.

Nein, es war von der Generalin von Waldmark, der Jugendfreundin meiner verſtorbenen Mutter.

Sie ſchrieb, von Zwicker zufällig gehört zu haben, daß ich hier eingetroffen und ein genauer Bekannter vom Hofrath Blum ſei; ſie wünſche ſehr dringend, mich in deſſen Angelegenheiten zu ſprechen und bäte daher, ſie, ſobald als möglich, mit meinem Beſuche zu erfreuen.

Als ich, im Begriff, zu ihr zu gehen, aus dem Hauſe trat, fuhr eben Herr Weinlich nebſt Frau Gemahlin und zwei Damen in einem Wagen, und Florentine mit dem Major und den beiden Engländern in einem zweiten, aus, um, wie mir Louis erzählte, eine Landpartie zu machen. Ich hatte mir eingebildet, geheilt zu ſein; beide Wagen gingen mir aber ſo über das Herz, daß ich jeden Radnagel darin fühlte. Guten Morgen, Herr Langſchläfer! rief mir das Mädchen mit einem ganz herriſchen Lächeln zu und verſchwand um die nächſte Ecke, und ich knirſchte vor geheimem Grimme, daß Florentine ſich und alle Frauenwürde und allen Anſtand ſo ganz und gar vergeſſen und ich mich noch darüber ärgern konnte, ſo mit den Zähnen, daß ich ſelber vor mir erſchrak.

Die Weiber taugen alle nichts, brummte ich, mir Luft machend, vor mich hin, ſchlug ein Schnippchen und trat, höchlich verſtimmt, in das Haus der Generalin.

Das war kein Haus, das war ein Palaſt; die Treppen mit feinen Teppichen belegt, auf beiden Seiten friſch blühende Blumen, Alles geſchmackvoll verziert und im ganzen Hauſe eine Stille, wie in einer Kirche. Die heimliche Ruhe — ſie that meinem ſtürmiſch aufgeregten Herzen unausſprechlich wohl. Ein alter Silberkopf von Kammerdiener hatte mich nach meinem Namen gefragt und war dann in das Vorzimmer gegangen; ich hörte ihn zwei, drei Thüren öffnen, ehe er zum Gemache der Generalin gelangte. — Der ſchwere Zugang zu der Frau hier, und Florentinens Oeffentlichkeit vorhin, — die Parallele fiel zum Vortheil der Generalin aus; und wenn ich auch vor einem Augenblicke erſt behauptet hatte, daß die Weiber alle nichts taugten, die Generalin nahm ich, von der tiefen Eingezogenheit, in der ſie zu leben ſchien, gewonnen, vorläufig aus; ſie war ja auch die Freundin meiner verſtorbenen Mutter geweſen. Schon etwas ruhiger geſtimmt, verzieh ich nun Florentinen ihren Langſchläfer; hätte ſie gewußt, daß ich um ihretwillen erſt um zwei Uhr des Morgens eingeſchlummert, und daß ſie ſelbſt eigentlich die Urſache meines ſpäten Aufſtehens geweſen ſei, ſie hätte das neckende Wort gewiß nicht ſo keck hingeworfen. Wenn ſie nur nicht mit dieſen dreien, gerade mit dieſen dreien —

Eine junge Brünette, eine Art Kammerjungfer kam aus dem Vorſaal, erſuchte den Herrn geheimen Secretair einzutreten, und in dem nächſten Zimmer, das ſie eben öffnete die Frau Generalin zu erwarten, und ließ mich allein.

Alle Wände dieſes Gemachs waren mit Familiengemälden geſchmückt. Da hingen die Bilder aus der guten alten Zeit; in den Geſichtszügen all der Frauen und Mädchen hier ſprach ſich die keuſche Züchtigkeit ihres Zeitalters aus: da war auch nicht eine, der man die ungebundene Laune, das leichtſinnige Flatterweſen einer Florentine hätte anſehen können. Ja, das waren noch Frauenzimmer; denen war noch das Haus ihre Welt, die lebten in ihrem Zimmer, die trieben ſich nicht gleich mit drei fremden unleidlichen Herren auf der Straße herum! Wie ſittig und ehrbar ſah nicht dort die vornehme altadelige Schöne in der apfelgrünen Andrienne aus! Wie ehrenfeſt und gediegen hier das allerliebſte Geſichtchen, in der weißen Moorcontuſche! Wie fein und anſtändig die ſtolze Frau hier in dem gold grosdetournen Reifrocke! Wie züchtig und keuſch die zarte Hausehre dort in dem weiten Pauſchmantel von brabanter Kanten! Wie fromm und tugendhaft die milden Engelzüge der bildſchönen jungen — mein Gott, das war ja meine Mutter in den Tagen ihrer Blüthenzeit! Der Rahmen ihres Bildes war mit einem Kranze von lebendigen Vergißmeinnicht und Immortellen geſchmückt — ſie lächelte aus der Blumenwelt ihrer Verklärung mit unbeſchreiblicher Wehmuth zu mir herab — ich ſtand, von der freudigſten Rührung überraſcht, vor ihr, hatte beide Hände auf die Bruſt gefaltet und konnte den ſtillen Thränen nicht wehren, die mir aus dem kindlichen Herzen in das Auge traten. Meine Mutter, meine liebe Mutter, ſprach ich leiſe zu ihr hinauf und begrüßte, ſeit langen Jahren, die Geſchiedene mit naſſem Blicke. Je länger ich das Bild anſah, deſto lebendiger ward es; mit frommem Sinne träumte ich mich zurück in die Zeit meiner Kindheit, als ſie die einzige Freundin meines Lebens war — ſeit ſie heimgegangen, hatte ich keine mehr.

Ich hörte eine Thür gehen; ich wendete mich ſchnell nach dem Fenſter, wiſchte mir die Thränen vom Geſicht, und wollte mich ſammeln, um vor der Generalin die Empfindungen, die mich hier ſo unvermuthet überwallt hatten, nicht zu verrathen; aber ſie trat ſchon ein und wollte mit einer Entſchuldigung anfangen, daß ſie den Herrn geheimen Secretair ſo lange habe warten laſſen. Aber kaum hatte ſie die in Fällen der Art gewöhnliche Einleitung begonnen, als ſie mitten in der Rede ſtockte, und nach einem freundlich forſchenden Blicke mit wohlwollendem Lächeln rief: Robert, mit mir wirſt Du doch kein Spiel treiben? Mein guter Robert, tauſendmal herzlich willkommen! Dieſem Bilde gegenüber, fuhr ſie tief ergriffen fort: darfſt Du Dich nicht verläugnen. Ihr ſeid ja Beide ein Geſicht, es iſt ja, als ſähe ich mein Hannchen, Deine Mutter, in Dir lebendig vor mir.

In der weichen Stimmung dieſes Augenblicks, von der Herzlichkeit des vertraulichen Empfanges unbeſchreiblich angeregt, in der bildlichen Gegenwart meiner verklärten Mutter, vor der Vertrauteſten ihrer Jugendzeit — wo hätte ich in der angenommenen Rolle eines fremden Dritten bleiben können!

Beſchämt und verlegen zog ich, die Augen noch von vorhin voller Thränen, ihre Hand an meine Lippen; ſie aber brach in ein ſanftes Weinen aus, umſchloß mich mit mütterlicher Liebe und ſagte, das thränenſchwere Auge auf das mit Blumen geſchmückte Bild gerichtet: o mein Hannchen, mein einziges, liebes Hannchen, könnteſt Du doch jetzt hier unter uns ſein! Könnteſt Du doch aus Deiner Friedenswelt mit Deinem Segen ihn hier an meiner Seite grüßen! — Dem Mutterherzen giebt es ja nichts Süßeres, als de Stolz auf gute Kinder. Ach, daß ihr der Tod dieſen Lohn ihrer Tugend, dieſe Freude hienieden ſo früh rauben mußte! — Nein — fuhr ſie, mich wohlgefällig betrachtend, fort — da iſt doch aber auch jeder Zug, als wäre ſie es ſelbſt. Die Söhne ,die ihrer Mutter ſo gleichen, ſollen, ſagt man, gute, ſanfte Männer ſein, in deren Charakter das Strenge ihres Geſchlechts an der Milde des unſrigen verſchliffen iſt. Man will behaupten, daß ſie Glück in der Welt haben, und das kann auch mit natürlichen Dingen zugehn; denn das Glück der Menſchen ſchafft ſich in der Regel von ſelbſt, beſonders wenn unſer Aeußeres gleich etwas Empfehlendes hat. Ein wohlgebildeter junger Mann gewinnt überall leicht das Vertrauen ſeiner Mitmenſchen, und wenn die Mutter den äußeren Stempel der Sittenreinheit, der Frömmigkeit, des Zartgefühls auf den Sohn vererbt hat, kann ihm das Wohlwollen ſeiner Mitwelt, die Hauptquelle unſeres glücklichen Fortkommens unter dem Monde nicht fehlen. Aber Robert, fiel ſie ſich ſelbſt in das Wort, ich nenne Dich Du, einen Hofrath, der Land und Leute regieren helfen ſoll, Du! —

Gnädigſte Frau, rief ich bittend: laſſen Sie mir dies traute Du, es iſt mein ſchönſter Ehrentitel. Ihr wohlwollende Huld iſt mir ja das werthſte Erbtheil meiner lieben, ſeligen Mutter. Nehmen Sie ihren Platz ein. Erſetzen Sie mir ihren Verluſt; nennen Sie mich nie anders als Du; laſſen Sie mich Ihren Sohn ſein.

Ihre erſte Frage, als ſich allmählig unſer Geſpräch auf den Zweck meiner Herreiſe, auf die Uebernahme der großmütterlichen Erbſchaft wendete, war, warum ich hier unter fremdem Namen aufgetreten ſei. Sie ſchien Anfangs die Verlarvung zu mißbilligen; als ich ihr aber Sandlers Mittheilungen erzählte und auseinanderſetzte, warum ich den Namen des Herrn Stragner, ſtatt meines eigenen hier angenommen habe, gab ſie mir heimlich lächelnd ihren Beifall. Ich brachte, mit dem Entwurfe der Großmutter, mich zu verheirathen, faſt mehr als mit ihrer ganzen Erbſchaft beſchäftigt, das Geſpräch auf den bewußten Zettel. Sie ſagte, als ſie hörte, daß ich davon wiſſe und klagte über die Schwatzhaftigkeit unſeres Geſchlechts, die ſelbſt in Geſchäftsſachen ſich nicht zu zügeln wiſſe; denn, da ſie eidlich betheuern könne, von der ganzen Sache bis jetzt keine Sylbe über ihre Lippen gebracht zu haben, ſo müſſe vom Oberpupillenrath oder vom Vorſteher des Armenweſens etwas darüber in das Publikum gekommen ſein, und Herrn Sandler zählte ſie auch nicht zu den Verſchwiegenſten, da er ſogar an einer öffentlichen Gaſttafel ſich darüber ausgelaſſen habe; über den Inhalt ſelbſt aber, über das Mädchen, das die Großmutter zu meiner dereinſtigen Gattin auserſehen hätte, wußte ſie nicht näher unterrichtet ſein.

Laß Dich, hob ſie, als ich ihr auf dieſes Vermächtniß ein vorzügliches Gewicht zu legen ſchien, etwas ängſtlich an: laß Dich in der Wahl Deiner künftigen Gattin durch dieſe letzwillige Verordnung der guten ſeligen Wilborn nicht hindern. Wen ſie im Auge hatte, weiß ich nicht beſtimmt, nur ſo viel kann ich Dir mit Gewißheit ſagen, daß ſie Dir keine ausdrückliche Vorſchrift darüber zurückgelaſſen hat; dazu war ſie zu klug, dazu kannte ſie die Welt und das menſchliche Herz zu genau. Iſt Dein Herz noch frei, ſo wähle, welche Du willſt, hier oder anderwärts; die Einkünfte der 50,000 Thaler, die Dir auf den Fall, daß Deine Wahl dem Wunſche der Großmutter entſpricht, für Lebenszeit noch zufallen, können in der Sache keinen Ausſchlag geben, da Du auch ohne dieſe Zinſen, bei dem großen Vermögen der Erblaſſerin, ſehr auskömmlich leben kannſt.

Dieſe, fiel ich ihr in das Wort: können und ſollen in der Sache keinen Ausſchlag geben, gnädige Frau; ſelbſt wenn ich zufällig die wählte, die mir zugedacht iſt, würde ich auf den Nießbrauch dieſes Capitals zum Beſten der Armen ausdrücklich verzichten; aber es liegt in dem Gedanken, derjenigen, die mein ganzes irdiſches Glück lebenslänglich begründet hat, in jeder Hinſicht zu Gefallen zu handeln, etwas, was mich bindet, ohne mir drückend zu ſein. Fällt meine Wahl auf eine andere, ſo wird mir ewig der Vorwurf zur Seite ſchweben, daß ich nach dem Willen —

Bitte war es nicht, hob die Generalin, mich unterbrechend, an: nur Wunſch; aber ich wüßte nicht, was mir verdrüßlicher ſein könnte, als Sandlers häßliche Geſchwätzigkeit. Du ſollteſt von der ganzen Geſchichte kein Wort eher erfahren, als nach Deiner Verlobung. Doch, da Du nun einmal darum weißt und ich vermuthen darf, daß Mutter Wilborn auf eines der hieſigen Mädchen ihr Auge gerichtet hatte, ſo ſollſt Du ſie alle kennen lernen. Ich hatte ſchon, ehe Du kamſt, die Veranſtaltung eines Balles im Sinne, auf dem keines fehlen ſollte, das zum Kreiſe ihrer Bekanntſchaft gehörte. Es iſt mir jetzt ſelbſt lieb, daß Du unter fremdem Namen kommſt; denn, träteſt Du als der längſt erwartete Hofrath auf, ſo würden Dir, bei Deinen äußern Annehmlichkeiten, bei dem guten Rufe, der über Deine Kenntniſſe und Deinen Wandel aus der Reſidenz vorausgegangen iſt, und bei der glänzenden Lage, in die Dich Deine hieſige Erbſchaft geſetzt hat, auf plumpe und feine Weiſe, von manchen Eltern, denen der Wunſch, ſich einen ſolchen Schwiegerſohn zu gewinnen, nicht zu verargen iſt, ſo viel hübſche und zum Theil liebenswürdige Mädchen zugeführt, und ſie und Dir gar aufgedrungen werden, daß Du, im engſten Verſtande des Wortes, über die Wahl eine wahre Qual haben ſollteſt. Heute über acht Tage alſo — Deine Trauerzeit iſt ja, nach unſeren Geſetzen, ſeit einigen Wochen ſchon vorüber — und Dein Geburtsfeſt, das gerade heute über acht Tage, auf den ſiebenten dieſes Monats fällt, kann ich nicht beſſer feiern, — heute über acht Tage alſo biſt Du zu unſerem Freiwerber-Balle hiermit förmlichſt eingeladen, deſſen eigentlichen Zweck aber, außer uns beiden, kein Menſch wiſſen darf. Du wirſt unter unſeren Klarenburger Schönen ſehr anziehende Mädchen finden, laß Dich nicht von dem Gefühl, unter ihnen eins wählen zu müſſen, befangen. Sagt Dir keines ſo zu, daß Du wünſcheſt, näher mit ihm bekannt zu werden, ſo fahre ruhig in Deine Reſidenz zurück. Thue, als wüßteſt Du von der Wahlclauſel Deiner Großmutter kein Wort. Dadurch, das ſichere ich Dir in ihrer Seele zu, erfüllſt Du ihre Abſicht am Beſten.

Vor dem großen Balle ward mir bange. Wäre ich zufällig in ſolch einen Kreis gekommen, ſo hätte es mir wohl Spaß machen können, über die Huldinnen des Klarenburger Weibsvolkes im Geheimen eine genaue Muſterung zu halten; aber ſo war die Generalin mein Muſter-Inſpector. Natürlich belauſchte dieſe jeden meiner Blicke, jedes meiner Worte, und darum, das ſah ich ſchon im Voraus, gefiel mir von den Ballſchönen keine Einzige. Doch die Generalin hatte ſich, einmal auf dieſen Gedanken gekommen, den Plan mit zu vielem Selbſtgefallen aus, als daß ich ſie davon hätte abbringen können; auch wies ſie meinen frühern Vorſchlag, bloß die ſieben Mädchen, die wochenweiſe bei der Großmutter geweſen waren, zu einem kleinen geſellſchaftlichen Kreiſe einzuladen, lachend mit den Worten ab: ſie müſſen Alle dabei ſein, Alle oder Keine! und ich entnahm mir halb und halb daraus, daß die Generalin am Ende doch die von der Großmutter auserwählte Perſon namentlich kenne, und daß dieſe ſich unter den ſieben kleinen Adjutantinnen nicht befinde.

Den ganzen Tag hatte ich bei der Generalin verbracht. Ihre geiſtreiche Unterhaltung und die Herzlichkeit, mit der ſie von meiner theuren Mutter und der ſeligen Frau, meiner Großmutter, ſprach, hatte ihn mir zu der Spanne einiger Stunden verkürzt; ich mußte verſprechen, während meines Hierſeins täglich zu kommen und mit ihr zu ſpeiſen. Der Menſch ſollte für die Zukunft auch nicht die geringſte Verpflichtung übernehmen; ich verſprach, ihre Bitte zu erfüllen, und aß bis zum Balle doch nicht ein einziges Mal bei ihr.

Bei meiner Rückkunft in den blauen Engel berichtete Louis, auf meine Erkundigung nach Herrn Weinlich, daß dieſer mit der Familie und den Fremden noch nicht zurück ſei, und äußerte ſeine Beſorgniß, daß das Gewitter, das ſich am Horizont aufthürmte, ſie überraſchen möchte. Bei der Gelegenheit erfuhr ich, daß Herr Weinlich eine kleine Beſitzung auf dem Lande habe, wohin er ſeine Gäſte gewöhnlich mitzunehmen pflege; dort fänden ſich mehrere junge Herren und Damen aus der Stadt ein, und man beluſtige ſich gewöhnlich bis ſpät in die Nacht, verſteht ſich, Alles auf Koſten der Fremden. Je tiefer Papa Weinlich jetzt bei mir ſank, deſto mehr fing meine Gutherzigkeit an, Florentinen zu entſchuldigen. Bei ſolch einem bezaubernden Speculanten, dem die ganze Welt feil war, konnte das Mädchen, ſelbſt mit dem beſten Willen und den redlichſten Grundſätzen, ſich nicht halten. Ich ging mit Louis, der mir voran leuchtete, eben über den Gang vor Nr. 2. und 3. vorbei. Dem Major gedachte ich in meinem geheimen Grolle, ſeine Abendunterhaltung mit der leichten Fliege, der Florentine, doch ein wenig zu Waſſer zu machen, und theilte daher dem Kellner mit, daß, wie er wohl wiſſen werde, dem Herrn Hofrath Blum das Zimmer Nr. 3. von Herrn Weinlich im Voraus beſtimmt ſei, daß nach meinen heutigen Nachrichten aus der Reſidenz der Herr Hofrath dieſe Nacht unfehlbar hier eintreffen werde, und daher dieſen Abend noch dieſe Nummer 3. geräumt ſein müſſe.

Louis hatte wohl von der frühern Anordnung ſeines Herrn gehört; aber er zuckte verlegen die Achſeln und meinte, indem er mir das Zimmer aufſchloß, daß dies mit der Ausſicht in den Hof hinausgehe und für den Herrn Hofrath offenbar zu klein ſei. Ich trat mit gedrücktem Herzen in die Stube, denn ich fühlte die Thür ſchon, durch die der Major dieſe Nacht zu Florentinen, oder dieſe gar zu jenem geſchlüpft war — aber ich holte wieder friſchen Athem; vor der Thür, die zu Florentinens Zimmer führte, ſtand ein großer Secretair vorgerückt. — Die Eiferſucht läßt ſich nicht ſo leicht beſchwichtigen; dieſe fanatiſche Leidenſchaft will mathematiſche Gewißheit, wenn ſie zu Kreuze kriechen ſoll. — Weggerückt konnten ſie ihn geſtern Abend nicht haben. Ich griff ihn, während Louis mit Aufräumen von umherliegenden Kleidungsſtücken des Majors beſchäftigt war, und mir eben den Rücken zukehrte, unvermerkt an und wollte ihn heben; aber der war gar maſſiv gearbeitet, den rückten zwei Menſchen nicht von der Stelle. Das iſt gut, ſagte ich, als beſähe ich das Zimmer im Namen ſeines baldigen Bewohners: das iſt gut, daß der Secretair hier ſteht, man hört dann in dem Nebenzimmer nicht ſo leicht, was hier geſprochen wird.

O dafür iſt geſorgt, entgegnete Louis und machte mir das Herz noch leichter: drüben im Zimmer der Mamſell ſteht vor der Thür accurat auch ſolch ein Secretair, da können Sie hier ſprechen, ſo laut Sie wollen, ſie verſteht kein Sylbe davon; aber — ſetzte er verlegen hinzu: der Major wird es nicht gern ſehen, daß er dieſen Abend noch heraus ſoll.

Ja, da kann ich nicht helfen, erwiederte ich ſchadenfroh, dem unerträglichen Herrn Major in ſeine Abendbeluſtigung ſo unerwartet einen gewaltigen Riegel vorſchieben zu können: ich bezahle das Logis von heute an, auch wenn der Hofrath nicht kommen ſollte; träfe er aber ein und fände das Zimmer, von dem ich ihm bereits nach Wieſenwerder entgegen geſchrieben hatte, beſetzt, ſo würde er beſtimmt, ich kenne ja ſeinen Eigenſinn, ſehr ungehalten ſein, wenn ſie ihm ein anderes anweiſen wollten, ſelbſt wenn es dreimal beſſer ſein ſollte, als dies; und iſt er gerade nicht recht aufgelegt, ſo wendet er auf dem Flecke um und ſteigt irgendwo anders in der Stadt ab. Eine ſolche Kundſchaft ſich aber entgehen zu laſſen, möchte ich an Herrn Louis Stelle meinem Herrn nicht leicht verantworten, denn der Herr Hofrath wird jährlich einige Mal hier ſein, und er läßt gern etwas draufgehen; beſonders iſt er gegen die Diener des Hauſes, wenn ſie gut aufpaſſen, gern erkenntlich, und kann zuweilen gar freigebig ſein.

Ja dann, erwiederte der Kellner: müſſen wir ſchon Rath ſchaffen; die Frau Majorin wird freilich ein böſes Geſicht machen, aber —

Die Frau Majorin? fragte ich ſtutzend, aus [illegible] bebend.

Nun ja, verſetzte Louis: die wohnt mit ihrer Schweſter hier nebenan, Nr. 4. Sie iſt ſchon ſeit Oſtern hier; ihr Regimentsarzt, Herr Doctor Blum, wenn Sie ihn kennen, hat ſie nach ihrer letzten Entbindung ganz falſch behandelt; ſie kam todtkrank hieher; unſer Kreisphyſikus hat Wunder an ihr gethan. Alle 14 Tage kam der Major und beſuchte ſie, und wohnte immer hier in dem Zimmer; jetzt wird er ſie in einigen Tagen mit zurücknehmen; das Frauchen blüht wieder, wie eine Roſe. Haben Sie ſie mit ihrer Schweſter heute früh nicht geſehen? Sie ſaß mit der Herrſchaft im erſten Wagen! —

Das bis in das Tiefſte der Seele verwünſchte Laſter der Eiferſucht! Hätte ich doch alle die Jämmerlichen, die an dieſer elenden Krankheit leiden, in dieſem Augenblicke um mich gehabt, die kraftvolle Rede, die ich, ungehört an mich ſelbſt hielt, hätte ſie vor dieſem furchtbaren, alles Seelenheil und allen Erdenfrieden zerſtörendem Uebel gewiß heilen ſollen.

Alſo nicht Florentinen, ſondern die Majorin hatte ich geſtern Nacht ſprechen gehört. Daß der Major, als er geſtern Abend in das Zimmer trat, ſeinen Arm um Florentinen ſchlang, hatte ich zwar mit eigenen Augen geſehen; allein bei der langen Bekanntſchaft zwiſchen Beiden, und bei der leichtern Manier, mit der die Huſaren überhaupt ſich dem zweiten Geſchlechte zu nähern pflegen, war das allenfalls zu entſchuldigen; auch — ich mußte in dieſem Augenblicke der Beruhigung gerecht ſein — auch hatte ich wohl bemerkt, daß Florentine ihn, als ſie das Zimmer betrat, abwehrte, und alſo zu erkennen gab, daß ſie dergleichen Umarmungen nicht liebe. — Daß ſie heute mit den beiden Engländern in einem Wagen fuhr, war mir wohl auch nicht ganz recht, aber — wer weiß, wie dies zuſammenhing. Etwas Unrechtes konnte indeß da nicht vorfallen, denn der Major, ein verheiratheter Mann, ein Mann, der ſich für ihr Haus, das ſich ſeiner Frau mit ſo ausdauernder Liebe angenommen hatte, gewiß verpflichtet fühlte, ließ ihr ſicherlich nichts zu Leide thun. Auf jeden Fall hatte ich geſtern Alles in zu ſchwarzen Farben geſehn, und je ruhiger ich heute ihr ganzes Benehmen zerſetzte, deſto mehr hatte ich ihr in Gedanken abzubitten, und fand ich hie und da noch eine Bedenklichkeit, wie z. B. wegen ihres Anſtoßens mit dem Grünrock, ſo kamen dergleichen Verſtöße gegen das Schickliche lediglich auf Rechnung des unbeſonnenen Vaters.

Während mir das Alles im Kopfe herumging, erklärte ich gegen Louis, daß mir, bei näherer Ueberlegung, die Ankunft des Hofraths noch für heute Abend doch unwahrſcheinlich ſei; er möchte daher den guten Major nur in Gottes Namen bis auf weiteren Auftrag von mir in Nr. 3. ruhig laſſen.

In dieſem Augenblicke kamen die beiden Wagen von ihrer Landpartie wieder zurück. Florentine ſaß jetzt bei ihrer Mutter und der Majorin und deren Schweſter. Sie machte mir, als ich ſie aus dem Wagen hob, freundliche Vorwürfe, daß ich, da ich einmal das Mitfahren verſchlafen, nicht nachgekommen ſei, löſchte, durch ihre nicht undeutliche Beſchwerde über die langweilige Geſellſchaft der beiden Engländer, auch den letzten Verdacht in mir aus, und nahm ſich heute weit ernſter und gemeſſener, als geſtern.

Von der Hitze des ſchwülen Tages angegriffen, blieb ſie nicht zum Abendeſſen; ich hielt mich daher in der Geſellſchaft auch nicht lange auf und legte mich, ruhiger und mit mir ſelbſt zufriedener, als geſtern, zeitig zu Bette.

Aber kaum hatte ich einige Stunden geſchlafen, als ich, von dem Donnerrollen eines ſchweren Gewitters aufgeweckt, aus meinen Träumen hoch auffuhr. Blitz auf Blitz, Schlag auf Schlag, Hagel und Schloßen und Regen und Sturm, Alles wüthete wild gegen einander und drohte rundum mit Tod und Vernichtung; und noch nicht ganz hatte ſich nach einer halben Stunde des furchtbarſten Aufruhres das grauſende Wetter verzogen, als nahe und fern in den Straßen die Wächter in den widrigſten Heultönen ihrer brüllenden Hörner das Feuerzeichen gaben. Von allen Thürmen riefen die Sturmglocken zur Hülfe auf, die Trommelſchläger der Garniſon durchkreuzten alle Gaſſen, und die mahnenden Nothſchläge, mit denen ſie den raſenden Wirbel ihrer Trommeln verſtärkten, hätten Todte aus den Gräbern zu wecken vermocht.

Wo iſt denn das Feuer? rief ich auf die Vorbeieilenden drei, vier Mal zum Fenſter hinab, doch keiner ſtand mir Rede; einige nur entgegneten im Vorüberlaufen, daß ſie es ſelber nicht wüßten. Doch dort, die Hauptſtraße herauf, kam eine große Feuerſpritze mit mehrern Fackeln in vollem Trabe angeraſſelt. Die alte Rathsſpritze, ſchrieen die Leute unter meinem Fenſter, als die Rieſenmaſchine vorbeipolterte; und hoch oben ſtand, das Spritzenrohr in der Linken und eine brennende Pechfackel in der Rechten, der ehrbare Schlauchmeiſter, mein kleiner dicker Zwicker, angethan mit einem buntzitzenen Schlafrock, auf dem Kopfe einen weißen runden Hut, und den Merleton im Nacken, in fliegendes Haar aufgelöſt. Verſtand ich den ſchlauchmeiſterlichen Herold recht, der die Gaffer ihm zu folgen aufforderte, ſo brannte es in Herzfelde.

Ich flog in die Kleider, ſtürmte die Treppe hinab und bat Louis, der mir unten in der Hausflur entgegenkam, mir Pferde und Wagen zu verſchaffen. Nur das Reitpferd des Herrn war zu haben; ich ließ es mir raſch ſatteln und jagte der Rathsſpritze in geſtrecktem Laufe nach. Leider hatte ich Freund Zwicker recht verſtanden. Herzfelde, das freundlichſte Dorf der ganzen Umgegend, ſtand in vollen Flammen. Das erſte Grauen der Morgendämmerung im Hintergrunde, die ſchwarzen, halb entladenen Wetterwolken auf der entgegengeſetzten Seite des Horizonts, das Leuchten der ſchwachen Blitze in der Ferne, die ſtillen Sterne, die hie und da über uns durch die vorüberjagenden Nebelſchleier hervorblickten, das wüthende Feuer vor uns, deſſen gluthrothe Lohe himmelan ſtieg, der dunkle, ſchwarze Rauch, der ſich aus einem Hauſe nach dem andern emporhob, und vom Winde getrieben, weit fortwälzte, das Raſſeln der aus der Stadt herbeieilenden Spritzen und Waſſerfäſſer auf der langen Chauſſee, das Jammergeſchrei, welches uns aus dem brennenden Dorfe immer näher und näher entgegentönte, die Angſt, wohin zuerſt ſich zu wenden, wo zuerſt zu helfen, der niederſchlagende Gedanke, das Hab und Gut mehrerer unglücklichen Menſchen hier vernichten zu ſehen, deren Wohl und Wehe das Schickſal mir ſo nahe an das Herz gelegt hatte — ich durchflog das Dunkel der ſchrecklichen Nacht faſt athemlos, fand, als ich anlangte, ſchon mehrere Häuſer in Aſche und hatte nun ſo viel zu laufen, zu tragen, zu retten und zu helfen, daß ich in vielen Stunden nicht zu mir ſelbſt kommen konnte.

Unterdeſſen war es heller Tag geworden und das empörte Element überwältigt; drei und zwanzig große Gehöfte, unter ihnen das ſchöne Wirthshaus, wo ich vorgeſtern einkehrete, lagen in ihren Ruinen. Wenige der Abgebrannten hatten Einiges, die Meiſten Alles verloren; die Hände ringend ſtanden ſie vor dem Aſchenhaufen ihrer ehemaligen Wohnungen, und weinten die heißeſten Thränen über das unverſchuldete Unglück. Manche hatten kaum, ihre Blöße zu bedecken, und halbnackte Kinder brachen durch ihr Hungergeſchrei den Eltern das Herz, die, in wenigen Minuten vom Wohlſtande an den Bettelſtab gebracht, nichts hatten, um das Bedürfniß der verzagenden Kleinen zu befriedigen.

Jetzt war es Zeit, meine Rolle aufzugeben; ich wollte, ſobald die Leute nur einigermaßen ſich vom erſten Schrecken erholt hatten, ſie vom Schulzen herbeirufen und um mich ſammeln laſſen; ich wollte ihnen eröffnen, daß ich der Erbe der ehemaligen Beſitzerin des Dorfes ſei, daß ich mit deren Rechten auch deren Verbindlichkeiten geerbt habe, und daß es daher meine erſte und heiligſte Sorge ſein ſolle, ihnen nach meinen Kräften den Schlag des Schickſals zu mildern. Ich ging mit dieſen, mich ſelbſt erhebenden Gedanken zu des Schulzen Wohnung; da lagerten ſchon verſammelt die Unglücklichen, welche in dieſer grauſenvollen Nacht dem Kummer und der Hoffnungsloſigkeit verfallen waren, und in ihrer Mitte ſtand, von den goldenen Strahlen der Frühſonne umfloſſen, eine Mädchengeſtalt, die, wie ein Engel der mildeſten Liebe, die Hungrigen ſpeiſte, die Durſtigen tränkte, die Halbnackenden kleidete und die Trauernden mit ſanften Worten tröſtete. Drei Wagen mit Brot und Wein und allerlei Lebensmitteln und Kleidungsſtücken ſchwer beladen, ſtanden hinter ihr, und mehrere Perſonen vertheilten, ihrer Anordnung gemäß, die mitgebrachten Bedürfniſſe unter die Leidenden, auf welche die ſchnelle Hülfe des wohlthätigen Engels um ſo eingreifender zu wirken ſchien, als ſie, vom harten Schlage des Schickſals betäubt, ſich in den erſten Augenblicken der hoffnungsloſeſten Verzweiflung Preis gegeben hatten. Darum drängten ſich auch Alle an das Mädchen heran und küßten ihr den Saum des Gewandes und die wohlthätige Hand, und brachen in rührende Thränen aus, unter denen ſich das dankbare Herz ſo gern ausweint, wenn, im tiefſten Abgrunde der Noth, die Güte des Allbarmherzigen ſich durch ſeine wunderſame Fügung unerwartet verlautbaret.

Was mir als Plan in der Bruſt lag, das hatte das liebliche Kind hier ſchon zur That gereift, was ich thun wollte, hatte ſie ſchon ausgeführt. Die Freude des Wohlthuns glänzte in allen ihren Zügen; von dem Elende der Trauernden und von dem glücklichen Bewußtſein, daſſelbe gemildert zu haben, gleich lebendig ergriffen, liefen ihr die hellen Thränen über die roſigen Wangen; mit demüthiger Beſcheidenheit ſuchte ſie den ſtürmiſchen Dank der Empfänger abzulehnen, und äußerte mit unbeſchreiblicher Herzensgüte, daß das ja Menſchenpflicht ſei, was ſie gethan, daß der Vater mehr zu ſchicken verſprochen habe, und daß man den Glauben an Gott und Menſchen nicht verlieren ſolle. In Kurzem wird, fuhr ſie, den Trübſinn der Niedergeſchlagenen mit freundlichen Worten aufrichtend, fort, und blickte auf den Kreis herab, der rund herum auf den Knieen lag und die Liebreizende wie ein Heiligenbild, wie einen von Gott geſandten Engel der Verkündigung betrachtete: in Kurzem wird Euer neuer Herr hier eintreffen. Er ſoll, wie das Gerücht ſagt, nicht nur Eurer guten ſeligen Madame Wildern Güter, er ſoll auch ihr Herz, ihren Sinn für Wohlthun, ihre Theilnahme an fremden Leiden geerbt haben; bei ihm wird ſich mein Vater für Euch gern verwenden, und iſt er das, was er ſein ſoll, ſo dürft Ihr von ihm gewiß den ſchleunigſten Beiſtand, die zweckmäßigſte Unterſtützung erwarten. Darum verzagt nicht! hebt zu Gott Euer Auge empor; wo die Noth am größten, iſt er ja immer am nächſten.

Von der frommen Rede und von dem günſtigen Urtheil, das dieſer kleine Purpurmund hier öffentlich über mich ausſprach, bis in mein Innerſtes aufgeregt, fragte ich meinen Nachbar, der ein Karrenburger Bürger zu ſein ſchien: Wer iſt das Mädchen? Er wußte es nicht; aber von des Mädchens herzlichen, einfachen Worten waren ihm die Augen übergegangen und er meinte, es ſei ihm, als wäre er in der Kirche. Er griff in beide Taſchen, holte alles Geld, was er bei ſich hatte, heraus, trug es ungezählt hin und gab es an die Erſten und Beſten im Kreiſe der Abgebrannten.

Auch das Mädchen, das ſich jetzt zum Heimgange anzuſchicken ſchien, vertheilte, mit dem Verſprechen, bald wiederzukommen und dann mehr mitzubringen, einiges baare Geld unter die Bedürftigen; aber ſie gerieth in ſichtbare Verlegenheit, als ſie mit dem Austheilen fertig war und mehrere ihr entgegengeſtreckte Hände, ohne eine Gabe erhalten zu haben, ſich zurückziehen ſah.

Ich machte mir raſch Platz, drängte mich heran und legte meine ganze Goldbörſe in die Hand des wohlthätigen Genius. Ich wollte einige paſſende Worte dazu ſagen; aber als ich jetzt dem Mädchen gegenüber ſtand und ihr in die ſeelenvollen Augen ſah, die mich mit ſtummen Staunen zu fragen ſchienen, wer ich ſei, daß ich, zur Linderung fremder Noth, blankes Gold ſo mit vollen Händen ſpende, und als ſie in holder Verwirrung mir, im Namen der reich Beſchenkten, ihren Dank liſpeln wollte und nicht konnte, weil ſich unſere Blicke begegnet hatten, da verſagte mir die Zunge den Dienſt und ich empfand, daß der Mund ein Unterhändler mehr des Kopfes, als des Herzens iſt: jenen aber hatte ich über den Anblick des liebholden Kindes faſt verloren.

Wer iſt das Mädchen? wiederholte ich jetzt dringender, und wandte mich mit der Frage an eine Bäuerin, die neben mir ſtand. Das, liebes Herrchen, entgegnete die Alte: das iſt Oberforſtmeiſters Hannchen, drüben aus Blumenwalde. Dieſe aber wandte ſich in dem Augenblicke mit einem Geſicht, in dem die fröhlichſte Verklärung lag, zu ihren Schützlingen und rief ihnen freudig zu, daß das Wort, was ſie von der Nähe der Hülfe in der Noth geſprochen, ſchon anfange, wahr zu werden. Sie vertheilte jetzt meine Goldſtücke mit weiſer Umſicht und wies die Dankenden, zu meiner nicht kleinen Verlegenheit, an mich. Indem dieſe aber mich eben in das Auge faßten und ſich mir nähern wollten, um mich durch die Verſicherung ihrer Verpflichtung zu beſchämen, kam, bleich wie der Tod, athemlos ein junges Weib in den Kreis geſtürzt, rang Hannchen die Hände krampfhaft entgegen und ſchrie: mein Kind, mein Kind! Hülfe, um Gottes Willen, Hülfe! Jetzt erſt erkannte ich in der Verzweifelnden die junge Wirthin, die mir vorgeſtern die Kaltſchale gebracht hatte. Nach vielen Fragen, mit denen wir die Geängſtete beſtürmten, die ſo erſchöpft war, daß ſie kaum mehr athmen konnte, brachten wir heraus, daß ſie im erſten Schrecken dieſer Nacht glaubte, ihr Mann, der früher dem brennenden Hauſe enteilt ſei, habe ihr kleines Mädchen aus der Wiege gerettet; ſobald ſie ſich aber einige Minuten darauf zuſammenfanden, ergab ſich das Gegentheil. Ich wollte in das Feuer, ſagte die Unglückliche in kurzen abgebrochenen Sätzen, und hatte faſt weder Thränen noch Stimme mehr, aber da riſſen ſie mich zurück. Meine Schweſter war mit dem Kinde fort in die Stadt, zu meinen Eltern — ich laſſe brennen Haus und Hof, und eile in die Stadt — meine Schweſter iſt da — ſie hat unſer Silberzeug und unſer Geld gerettet; aber mein Kind iſt nicht da. — Ich komme zurück — unſer Haus liegt über die Hälfte in Aſche — ich frage alle Nachbarn nach meinem Kinde — es iſt nicht da — ich will hinein in die brennenden Trümmer — vertreten mir die Menſchen den Weg und fragen, ob ich raſend ſei; — Hannchen, engliſches Hannchen — Ihnen folgen ſie; was Sie ſagen, das thun ſie — befehlen Sie ihnen, mich hineinzulaſſen, ich will mein Kind aus der Aſche holen, todt oder lebendig! Sie warf ſich zu Hannchens Füßen und umſchlang ihre Kniee und ſchrie, ſich den Baſt von den Händen ringend: laßt mich zu meinem Kinde! die Wiege ſteht dort hinter der Brandmauer! — Wer holt das Kind aus dem Hauſe? fragte Hannchen laut weinend in den Kreis, und hielt den Reſt meiner Geldbörſe hoch in die Höhe. Zwanzig, Dreißig eilten hin; aber als ſie ſich durch die glimmenden Ruinen den Weg zum Gebälke bahnen wollten, das ſich an die Brandmauer der noch ſtehenden Hälfte des Hauſes gelehnt hatte, ſchlugen von Neuem die Flammen hoch auf und das Holzwerk ſtand in vollem Feuer. Keiner hatte den Muth zu dem Todesgange. Dreimal ſetzte die unglückliche Mutter an, und dreimal kehrte ſie mit brennenden Kleidern zurück. Hannchen rief, von der zuckenden Angſt der jammernden Mutter gefoltert, noch einmal um Hülfe und ſchritt ſelbſt nach der Brandſtätte vor. Unterdeſſen hatte ich eine Spritze herbeigeholt, ließ das Rohr derſelben ſeine Richtung auf eine Oeffnung nehmen, die ich in dem an die Brandmauer gelehnten Gebälke bemerkt hatte, ſtürzte nun, im Waſſerſtrahl der raſtlos arbeitenden Spritze, unaufhaltſam in die Flamme, wand mich durch Trümmer und Aſche, und gelangte an die von der Mutter bezeichnete Stelle. Wie durch ein Wunder Gottes ſtand die Wiege unverſehrt dicht an der Mauer; die halbverkohlten herabgebrochenen Balken waren gegen einander gefallen und hatten eine Art von Dach über der Wiege gebildet. Das Kind ſchlummerte in der ſchützenden Hand des höchſten Erbarmers; ich riß es eilend heraus, trug es, von den Strahlen der auf mich gerichteten Spritze vor den Flammen geſichert, aus dem jetzt dicht hinter mir zuſammenſtürzenden Gebäude, und legte es in Hannchens Arme, aus denen es die jauchzende Mutter unter dem lauteſten Jubel des Volkes empfing.

Bis auf die Haut durchnäßt, entzog ich mich dem ſtürmiſchen Danke der Umſtehenden, warf mich auf mein Pferd und ritt nach Hauſe. Die Menſchen legten auf die That mehr Werth, als ſie ſollten. Die Hand auf das Herz, konnte ich mir nicht leugnen, daß das Streben nach dem Beifalle des liebreizenden Mädchens mich eigentlich mehr, als jede andere Rückſicht, in die Gefahr des Feuertodes gedrängt hatte. Auf ſo lockerem Sande mag ſich oft unſere Tugend ihre Tempel bauen! Hannchen hatte kein Wort zu mir geſprochen; aber der himmliſche Blick des Entzückens, mit dem ſie das Kind aus meinen Händen an ihr Herz legte, ſprach die marternde Angſt, mit der ſie mich in die Flammen gehen ſah, die geſchmeichelte Eitelkeit, daß ihre Bitte der Preis war, um den ich die ſogenannte Heldenthat leiſtete, und die überſchwengliche Freude über meine und des Kindes glückliche Rettung, lauter aus, als alle Rede.

Nach Tiſche erhielt ich ein Billet vom Oberforſtmeiſter Wilmar aus Blumenwalde. Nach dem Eingange, in welchem er meiner vorgeblichen Großthat eine weitläufige Prunkrede hielt, entſchuldigte er ſich, wegen eines kleinen Anfalls von Podagra, nicht ſelbſt kommen und ſeinen und ſeiner Tochter Dank mir überbringen zu können; nicht, um dieſen mir zu holen, ſondern um ihm, wie er ſich ausdrückte, die Freude meiner Bekanntſchaft zu ſchenken, bäte er mich, ihn recht bald zu beſuchen, und ich würde ihn und ſeine Tochter Hannchen verpflichten, wenn ich ſie vielleicht noch dieſen Abend mit meiner Gegenwart erfreute, da letztere von Zweifler gehört habe, daß ich ein Freund des Herrn Hofraths Blum ſei, und ſie heute noch wegen der den Abgebrannten zu leiſtenden Unterſtützung mit mir Rückſprache zu nehmen wünſchten, um mit der morgen in die Reſidenz abgehenden Poſt dem Herrn Hofrath das Nähere dieſerhalb mittheilen zu können, weil, um die eingeäſcherten Wohnungen wenigſtens in ſo weit wieder aufzubauen, daß die Abgebrannten vor Eintritt des Winters noch unter Dach und Fach kommen könnten, kein Tag zu verlieren ſei.

Oft hatte ich mir aus den Dichtern der ältern und neuern Zeit das Bild des häuslichen Friedens, nach dem ich mich in den Träumen von meinem künftigen Leben im Stillen ſehnte, mit den Farben meiner Phantaſie ausgemalt; hier in der Oberforſtmeiſterei von Blumenwalde fand ich es verwirklicht. Nicht als Fremder, als vieljähriger Bekannter, als Freund, trat ich in das Haus. Hannchen mochte dem Vater viel zu viel Gutes von mir erzählt haben; er bewillkommte mich mit rührender Herzlichkeit und ſprach über die Bruderpflicht gegen fremde Leiden mit ſolch einfacher Biederkeit, daß ich ihm hätte Stunden lang zuhören mögen, und jetzt wohl begriff, daß die Tochter eines ſolchen Vaters ſeine Freude und der Segen ihrer ganzen Umgebung ſein müſſe. So ernſt und weich heute früh das Mädchen auf dem Schreckensplatze des menſchlichen Elends geweſen war, ſo fröhlich und heiter war ſie dieſen Abend. Sie hatte in dem göttlichen Gefühle, Gutes thun zu können und Gutes gethan zu haben, geſchwelgt, und dieſe ſelige Empfindung hatte ihr Bruſt und Herz gefüllt. Mit freudiger Eile gingen wir an die Pläne zur Wiederaufhülfe der Brandbeſchädigten, und alle Züge in Hannchens blühendem Madonnengeſicht verklärten ſich ſichtlich, als ich erklärte, von Blum für jedes Geſchäft bevollmächtigt zu ſein, und daß ich nur in ſeiner Seele handle, wenn ich im vorliegenden Falle Alles aufböte, um die wohlthätigen Entwürfe zum Beſten der Verunglückten möglichſt ſchnell zur Ausführung zu bringen, wozu ich die erforderlichen Summen bei dem mir beſtimmten Banquier in Klarenburg ſofort anweiſen würde.

Siehſt Du, Väterchen, ſagte triumphirend Hannchen zum alten Herrn: ich habe mich nicht getäuſcht; Blum iſt, wie ich ihn mir gedacht habe!

Und wie haben Sie Sich ihn denn gedacht? fragte ich lächelnd, und wollte hören, woher ſie die günſtige Meinung geſchöpft habe.

Hannchen erwiederte, daß die ſelige Madame Wilborn immer mit einer Art edlen Stolzes auf die Gediegenheit ſeines Herzens von ihm geſprochen habe und — ſetzte ſie bei der feinen Artigkeit, die ſie mir ſagen wollte, verlegen freundlich hinzu — und an ihrem Umgange, an ihren Freunden ſoll man ja die Leute erkennen. Wenn Blum Ihrer Freundſchaft nicht würdig wäre, würden Sie dieſelbe ihm gewiß — nicht geſchenkt haben, wollte ſie hinzuſetzen, aber es war, als fühlte ſie die Schmeichelei, die ſie auf den Lippen hatte, als ſchicke es ſich nicht, daß ein Mädchenmund ein ſo verbindliches Wort einem jungen Manne ins Geſicht ſage, — ſie hielt daher ſchnell inne und ſagte, zum Vater gewandt: Dein Pfeifchen will heute auch gar nicht brennen, und lief nach Papier, um ſie anzuzünden. Mir aber brannte das Herz in der Bruſt; denn des Mädchens [illegible], einfache Weiſe hatte etwas unbeſchreiblich Anziehendes. Die friſche Jugendfülle, das herrliche Ebenmaß im ganzen Gliederbau, die ſchlanke Figur, die zarte Anmuth in Haltung und Gang, das Melodiſche der Silberſtimme, der eigene Liebreiz in jedem Zuge des ſprechenden Geſichts, das Schelmenlächeln des kleinen Roſenmundes, das nußbraune Ringelhaar, dies Alles waren Nebenſachen, wenn man dem Grazienkinde in das blaue Auge ſah; in dieſem himmelreinen Seelenſpiegel lagen Geiſtestiefe, Herzensgüte, mädchenhafte Züchtigkeit, fleckenloſe Tugend, ungetrübter Seelenfriede, mit Einem Worte, eine Welt voll Seligkeit ſo unverkennbar, daß mir mit jedem Blicke in dieſes Wunderblau ward, als würde ich ſelbſt ein beſſerer Menſch, als fielen die Schlacken des Irdiſchen mir von Herz und Seele, als veredele ſich mein geiſtiges Innere.

Wir gingen, — der alte Herr konnte uns wegen ſeiner widerſpenſtigen Unterthanen, wie er ſein krankes Fußwerk nannte, nicht begleiten, — allein in den am Hauſe befindlichen Garten; die köſtliche Obſtbaumanlage war das Werk ihrer früh verſtorbenen Mutter; die tauſendfarbigen Blumen-Partieen aber dankten der ſchöpferiſchen Johanna Daſein und Blühen. In kindlicher Unſchuld plauderte ſie von der Eintheilung ihrer Zeit, die ihr immer zu kurz war, weil ſie die Pflege des Vaters, die Verwaltung des kleinen Hausweſens, die Abwartung ihres zahlreichen Federviehes, die Unterhaltung des Gartens, die Aufſicht über ein Vermächtniß der Madame Wilborn, über die Erziehungsanſtalt verwaiſter Bauernkinder, und hundert andere kleine Geſchäfte zu beſorgen hatte, und die wenigen Freiſtunden gehörten ihrem Flügel und ihrer Bibliothek, in der ich ſpäter die beſten Klaſſiker unſerer und der franzöſiſchen, engliſchen und italieniſchen Literatur fand. Im Laufe ihrer Unterhaltung kam ſie unter andern auch auf die glücklichen Tage zu ſprechen, die ſie im Hauſe meiner guten ſeligen Großmutter verlebt hatte, und ich erkannte die Siebente aus dem bewußten Codicil. Das iſt das Mädchen, das die Großmutter gemeint hat, ſagte ich faſt laut zu mir ſelbſt, als ich die Entdeckung machte, und als müßte ſie und keine andere es ſein, ſo ward mir zu Sinne, je mehr ich dieſes fröhliche, ſchuldloſe Weſen ſprechen hörte und handeln ſah. Ich wollte den Abend in die Stadt zurück; aber Vater und Tochter baten ſo freundlich, doch zu übernachten, daß ich gern blieb. Auch den folgenden und den zweiten und dritten und vierten und fünften Tag war ich noch bei ihnen, und je länger ich mit ihnen lebte, deſto traulicher ward unſer Verhältniß, deſto reizender entfaltete ſich dieſe Knospe, deſto roſiger wurde ihre Laune, deſto herziger ihr ganzes Thun und Weſen. Den Morgen verbrachten wir im Garten; am Tage hatte ich mit dem alten Herrn und den aus der Stadt geholten Baumeiſtern und Gewerken über die wieder aufzurichtenden Herzfelder Brandſtellen mich zu beſprechen, gezeichnete Entwürfe zu beſichtigen, Verträge zu ſchließen und dergleichen mehr, und Abends — das waren meine eigentlichen Feierſtunden, da ſang Johanna in der blühenden Laube und ich begleitete ihr meiſterhaftes Guitarrenſpiel mit meiner Flöte; oder wir begoſſen Blumen, wo ihr ausgelaſſener Muthwille nicht verfehlte, mich bei der Gelegenheit mit unter Waſſer zu ſetzen; oder wir gingen über die blumenduftige Wieſe nach Herzfelde und vertheilten unter unſere Schützlinge die Lebensmittel, die wir mit den Pferden des Vaters vorher hatten hinſchaffen laſſen; und wenn dann die dankbaren Empfänger aus den Erdhütten, die ſie ſich in ihren Gärten zuſammengeſchaufelt hatten, herauskamen und ſich an das Mädchen drängten, und jedes in ſeiner Weiſe der wohlthätigen Spenderin mit frommen Worten Glück und Segen wünſchte und, mit neuem Glauben an die Vorſicht geſtärkt, zu dem Aſchenhaufen ſeiner Brandſtätte zurückkehrte, da wandelte Johanna an meinem Arme mit einer Stimmung heim, die von Neuem die Wahrheit beſtätigte, daß Geben beglückender ſei, denn Nehmen.

Am Abende des letzten Tages meines Dortſeins waren wir wieder in Herzfelde geweſen. Ich hatte ihr früher ſchon geſagt, daß ich nun wieder nach der Stadt müſſe, und in Kurzem nach der Reſidenz zurückzureiſen genöthigt ſei; daß dies daher unſer letzter Spaziergang wäre, den wir zuſammen machten. Sie kam mir — wir Männer ſind doch gewaltig eitel — ſie kam mir heute Abend ungemein weich geſtimmt und in ſich gekehrt vor, und dieſe kleine Anwandlung von Trübſinn that meinem Herzen unbeſchreiblich wohl. Sie äußerte, immer gehofft zu haben, daß ich meinem Aufenthalte noch einige Tage zugeben würde; der Vater habe ſich an meine Geſellſchaft gewöhnt, ſo daß er mich recht ſchmerzlich vermiſſen werde, und ſie entgegnete, als ich ihr verſicherte, recht bald wieder zu kommen und dann hoffentlich länger bleiben zu können, kopfſchüttelnd: ſie befürchte, daß ich in der geräuſchvollen Reſidenz das ſtille Leben in Blumenwalde nur zu bald vergeſſen werde. Sie wendete ſich dabei ſchnell ſeitwärts, daß ich das Waſſer nicht ſehen ſollte, das ihr in die Augen trat, und in deſſen dunkelblauem Kryſtallgrunde ſich das Abendgold der untergehenden Sonne wunderſam ſpiegelte.

Ich erwiederte, von dieſen ſanften Thränen bis in das Tiefſte meiner Seele entzückt, lächelnd, daß, wenn von Vergeßlichkeit die Rede ſein könne, ich dieſe mehr zu beſorgen habe, als mein liebes Blumenwalde; in Kurzem werde mein Freund, der Hofrath, eintreffen; bei dem günſtigen Vorurtheile, das ſie ſchon von ihm habe, bei dem empfehlenden Rufe, in dem er hier allgemein, vielleicht über ſein Verdienſt, ſtehe, und bei dem annehmlichen Verhältniſſe, in das ihn ſeine bedeutende Erbſchaft geſetzt habe, müßte ich mit allem Rechte fürchten, daß mich Blumenwalde mit allen ſeinen Bewohnern über dieſen nur zu bald vergeſſen werde.

Mit allen? fragte ſie leiſe, und ſchüttelte, ihre Frage verneinend, das geſenkte Köpfchen. Die Menſchen auf dem Lande, ſetzte ſie kaum hörbar und mit einer eigenen Art gereizter Empfindlichkeit hinzu: ſind nicht ſo leicht, ſo wandelbar, als die in der Reſidenz; wenn wir einmal gut geworden ſind, dem bleiben wir es und können ihn nie vergeſſen. Die letzten Worte ſagte ſie, von einem warmen Thränenſtrome überwallt, ſo heimlich, daß ſie mehr zu errathen, als zu verſtehen waren. Ich ergriff, meiner jetzt nicht länger mächtig, die Gelegenheit des Augenblicks und geſtand ihr, was mir lange auf dem Herzen gelegen. Die Liebe lieh mir die Gewalt ihrer Sprache; ich bekannte ihr den Eindruck, den ſie vom erſten Augenblicke unſerer Bekanntſchaft zwiſchen den Feuerſäulen des brennenden Dorfes auf mich machte: ich erzählte, wie jeder Tag unſeres Beiſammenſeins dieſen wohlthätigen Eindruck immer mehr und mehr verſtärkt und meinen Entſchluß gereift habe; ich verſicherte ihr, daß meine häusliche Lage hinlänglich feſtgeſtellt ſei, um ihr an meiner Seite ein auskömmliches Leben bieten zu können, und ſchloß mit der ſanften Frage, ob ich auf meinen raſchen, von der Kürze der Zeit mir vielleicht zu früh abgewonnenen Antrag, wenigſtens die vorläufige Erklärung erwarten dürfe, nicht ganz hoffnungslos zu ſcheiden.

Wer malt die ſchöne Johanna, die während dieſer gewichtigen, unſer beiderſeitiges ganzes Lebensglück betreffenden Rede, von meiner Linken umſchlungen, ungeſehen von der ganzen Welt, unter Gottes freiem Himmel, von den milden Strahlen der ſinkenden Sonne umfloſſen, mir gegenüber ſtand. Ihre Rechte zitterte in der meinigen. Anfänglich, von dem herzlichen Ernſte meiner Worte überraſcht, hatte ſie den Blick tief zur Erde geſchlagen; dann löſte ſich der Sturm ihrer aufgeregten Empfindungen in ein ſanftes Weinen auf. Mild lächelnd hob ſie jetzt ihr geiſtvolles Auge zu den golddurchglühten Wolken, und als das Blaufeuer ihrer Liebesſterne den ganzen Lichtglanz des Feuergoldes drüben im Weſten gleichſam aufgeſogen hatte, warf ſie den jungfräulichen Blick der ſüßeſten Gewährung auf mich, legte, von bräutlicher Schamhaftigkeit übergoſſen, das braune Lockenköpfchen an meine Bruſt, drückte ihre Rechte auf mein hochklopfendes Herz, hob die Lilienpracht des keuſchen Buſens, als ſei ihr Miederchen, Luſt und Welt zu enge, wollte ſprechen und konnte nicht, und erwiederte den erſten, den Verlobungskuß, den ich auf die ſchwellenden Purpurlippen drückte, mit einer Hingebung, welche das ſüße Gefühl treuer Gegenliebe ausdrückte, als es irgend eine Sprache der Welt vermag.

Den Stein vom Herzen, ward ſie die natürliche Ungebundenheit ſelbſt, und über die wenigen Schritte bis zum väterlichen Garten brachten wir länger als eine halbe Stunde zu; denn wir hatten einander ſo viel zu erzählen und zuſammen ſo viel zu koſen und zu küſſen, daß es dunkel geworden war, als wir zu Hauſe anlangten. Hannchen flüſterte mir die Bitte zu, mit dem Vater zuerſt davon zu reden, heute aber, wo ihr alles zu neu ſei, noch nicht davon anzufangen und entſchlüpfte, unter dem Vorwande einer Menge häuslicher Geſchäfte, mir unter den Händen. Ich konnte indeß dem Drange meiner Empfindungen nicht widerſtehen, ſondern ſprach gleich mit dem alten biedern Waidmanne das ernſte Wort meiner Wünſche mit beſcheidenem Freimuthe, überraſchte ihn mit der Eröffnung, daß ſein künftiger Schwiegerſohn nicht der vermeintliche Geheimſecretair Stragaro, ſondern der Hofrath Blum ſelbſt ſei, ſetzte ihm die Gründe auseinander, die mich beſtimmt hatten, unter jenem angenommenen Namen hier aufzutreten, bat ihn, ſeinem Hannchen davon bis jetzt noch keine Kunde zu geben, weil ich mir ſo eben, auf dem Gange von Herzfelde hieher, einen andern paßlichen Zeitpunkt dafür ausgeſonnen habe und ſetzte hinzu, daß mir der Einfall, meinen Namen zu verheimlichen, jetzt um ſo lieber ſei, als ich in der Rolle des Fremden, Bedeutungsloſen die Ueberzeugung gewonnen habe, daß ſein holdes Kind allein vom liebenden Herzen und von keinen andern Nebenrückſichten beſtimmt worden ſei, mir ſeine Hand zu geben.

Mit ſtürmiſcher Fröhlichkeit umſchloß mich der Vater, und konnte den Freudenthränen nicht wehren, die ihm dieſe Nachrichten aus dem Innerſten ſeines Gemüths in die Augen drängten, entſchuldigte, auf ſeine beſchränkte Vermögenslage hindeutend, ſeinem Kinde auf dem Lebenswege in die Welt nicht viel mehr mitgeben zu können, als deſſen gutes Herz und ihre Bildung, und ſchien die darauf erwiederte Verſicherung, daß dieſe beiden Schätze gerade die Hauptpunkte meiner Wahl wären, und daß die mir von meiner guten Großmutter bereitete Lage, mich der gefährlichen Nothwendigkeit überhoben hätte, mich nach einem reichen Mädchen umſehen zu müſſen, beifällig zu hören.

Jetzt trat Hannchen herein, und um das Geſpräch auf ein anderes Kapitel zu bringen, fragte er ſie, wo ſie ihre kleinen Schmuckſachen hingelegt habe; er hätte ſie, in der Vorausſetzung, daß ſie ſelbige zum morgenden Balle bei der Generalin anlegen werde, während ihrer Abweſenheit in ihrem Schranke geſucht, um ſie Beaten, dem Dienſtmädchen, zum Putzen zu geben; allein ſie ſeien nirgends zu finden geweſen. Hannchen erwiederte, die gewaltige Verlegenheit, in die ſie durch die Frage gerieth, mühſam verbergend, daß ſie gar nicht wünſchte, die Sachen anzulegen, da Mehreres, ſo lieb es ihr an ſich als Andenken ihrer guten ſeligen Mutter und der Madame Wilborn auch wäre, nicht ganz modiſch gefaßt und das Ganze zur Einfachheit ihres Anzuges nicht recht paſſend ſei. Da hat mir, entgegnete der Vater mit weicher werdender Stimme, und legte ſegnend die Hand auf des Kindes Lockenkopf: da hat der alte Iſaak aus Klarenburg die Sache anders erzählt, bei dem liegt der ganze Schmuck, und Du haſt ihn verwandelt in Thränen der Freude und des Dankes.

Mein Vater! unterbrach ihn Hannchen bittend, als wolle ſie nicht, daß mir ihr ſtilles Tugendwalten ſo verlautbart werde; aber der Vater ſchloß ſie in ſeine Arme und ſagte: ſo fromm und mild war Deine Mutter auch, und was ihre Linke that, davon ſollte ihre Rechte immer nichts wiſſen! Sieh, wie ſolche Gutthat Früchte trägt! Der alte Iſaak erklärte, daß, ſeit er von den Leuten in der Stadt erfahren habe, daß Du für die herzfelder Abgebrannten das geliehene Geld verwendet hätteſt, es ihm unmöglich ſei, einen Pfennig Zinſen zu nehmen, und wenn Du auch erſt nach zehn Jahren Dein Pfand wieder einlöſeſt.

Tief ergriffen von dem himmliſchen Zuge des lieblichen Kindes zog ich ſie vor den Augen des Vaters an meine Bruſt, und der Alte legte auch auf mich ſeine ſegnende Hand und weihte den Bund, den Liebe, Tugend und Unſchuld geſchloſſen, ohne Wort und Laut; denn Hannchen ſollte ja nicht wiſſen, daß ich bereits mit dem Vater geſprochen.

Daß ich denſelben Abend noch, ſobald ich in Klarenburg eintraf, den Schmuck vom alten Iſaak wieder einlöſte, und mehrere ſolche Kleinigkeiten nach dem neueſten Geſchmack dazu legte, daß ich, im Sinne meiner guten Großmutter, eine ſiebenzeilige Perlenſchnur, einen Leibgürtel mit ſieben, faſt bis zur Erde reichenden Korallenſchnüren, und einen Kamm, auf dem ſieben einzeln gefaßte Diamanten das Siebengeſtirn bildeten, hinzufügte, und daß all dieſe blitzende Herrlichkeiten den andern Morgen mit einer ganzen Sammlung der eleganteſten Ballkleider an den alten Herrn nach Blumenwalde hinauswanderten, mit der Bitte, meinem holden Hannchen dies Alles in ſeinem Namen zu überreichen und ihr zu ſagen, daß ich dieſen Nachmittag mit einem Wagen kommen und ſie auf den Ball abholen wolle, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt.

Ich eilte hierauf zur Generalin, die ich die ganze Woche mit keinem Auge wieder geſehen hatte und die, als meine nächſte mütterliche Freundin, die erſte ſein ſollte, welche von meiner glücklichen Bräutigamſchaft erführe; aber dieſe hatte den Kopf ſo voll von den Anſtalten zum heutigen Ball, und mit Koch, Conditor, Tafeldecker und Bedienten ſo viel zu ſprechen, zu fragen und anzuordnen, daß ich zu einem traulichen Worte unter vier Augen gar nicht kommen konnte, und mein ſüßes Geheimniß auf dem Herzen behalten mußte. Doch benutzte ich den Umſtand, daß ſie, um des läſtigen Vorſtellens der ankommenden Gäſte überhoben zu ſein, den alten Silberkopf, ihren Kammerdiener, ausführlich unterrichtete, die Gäſte, bei ihrem Eintritt in den Saal, wie es in den franzöſiſchen höhern Cirkeln Sitte iſt, laut und vernehmlich beim Namen zu nennen, zur Ausführung meines Plans, und verſiegelte dem alten Manne mit einem Goldſtücke den Mund, daß er ihn halte, bis es Zeit ſei. Und als ich nun Abends an der Seite meiner Johanne, die in ihrem köſtlichen Ballſtaate, mit ihrer ſtolzen Figur, mit ihrem edlen Anſtande, wie die geborne Königin des Feſtes ausſah, in den hocherleuchteten Saal trat, rief mein alter ehrlicher Kammerdiener, der von mir erhaltenen Anweiſung gemäß, laut und vernehmlich in die bunte Geſellſchaft: der Herr Hofrath Blum mit ſeiner Braut, Demoiſelle Johanna Wilmar! und vom Orcheſter herab erklang, auf Anordnung des alten ſinnigen Weißkopfs, der Schall von Trompeten und Pauken, und der überraſchte Kreis ſtaunte mit lauter Bewunderung die ſchöne Johanna an, die von der unerwarteten Verlautbarung ihres heiligen Geheimniſſes, das ſie nur bei ſich und mir aufbewahrt glaubte, und von der Entdeckung des vielbeſagten Herrn Hofraths in meiner Wenigkeit bis in das Innerſte erbebte, ihrer kaum mehr mächtig, ſich gegen die Verſammlung verbeugte, und vom dunkelſten Karmine der bräutlichen Verwirrung übergoſſen, der mütterlichen Freundin, der Generalin, faſt beſinnungslos in die Arme ſank.

Robert, rief dieſe in freundlicher Rührung, und küßte mein ſüßes Hannchen in das Leben zurück: wie unnennbar glücklich machſt Du mich durch dieſe Wahl! Du verſchönerſt mir, durch Hannchens Einführung als Deine Braut, meinen Ball zum Feſte, meinen Saal zum Brauttempel, den Abend zu einem unvergeßlichen für mein ganzes Leben. Sie wollte im Erguſſe ihrer mir unbeſchreiblich wohlthuenden Freude noch mehr ſagen, aber von allen Seiten drängten ſich Hannchens Geſpielinnen und Jugendfreundinnen heran und brachten ihr die Verſicherungen ihrer Theilnahme und ihre Wünſche; und mich umkreiſete eine Menge Herren und älterer Frauen, die mich als Enkel ihrer Freundin, der Madame Wilborn, und als Sohn ihrer vertrauten Jugendbekanntin, meiner ſeligen Mutter, mit reiner Herzlichkeit bewillkommten und mir zu Hannchens Wahl Glück wünſchten. Deſſelbigen gleichen that auch mein kleiner Steuerreviſor Zwicker, der mich breit abſchmatzte und mir zugleich im Vertrauen ſteckte, daß er mir ſein Tinchen im Geheimen zugedacht habe; da ich indeſſen ſehe, fuhr er fröhlich fort: daß ſich unſer guter Herr Hofrath anderweit eingelaſſen hat, ſo habe ich dieſen Augenblick dort drüben dem jungen Blaufrack mit den gelben Knöpfen, dem Hofrath Wachtel, einem reichen Hecht, der mir um des Mädels Willen ſchon ein Jahr lang um den Bart geht, die Tine zugeſagt. Wachtelchen, rief er dem feinen Manne zu: kommen Sie her, unſer Blümchen blüht für eine andere; haben von ihm nichts mehr zu fürchten! Seid beide Bräutigam, müßt Euch näher kennen lernen; küßt Euch Kinder, ſeid gute Freunde und damit Baſta! Ich wollte über den kleinen [illegible], der heute in ſeinem meergrünen ſeidenen Kleide, einen Degen mit porzellanenem Gefäße an der Seite, und die dicken Butterfäßer von Waden in vergilbten Strümpfen gar poſſierlich ausſah, lachen, aber — er war ja in jener Schreckensnacht, unter Donner und Blitz, mit in Herzfelde geweſen und hatte dort ſeine Schlauchmeiſterpflicht redlich und treulich erfüllt und das Menſchenelend nach Kräften mit lindern geholfen; das fiel mir ein, und ich konnte nun über die komiſche Außenſeite des kleinen [illegible] nicht mehr lachen, ſondern drückte ihm und ſeinem neuen Schwiegerſohn herzlich die Hand. Ich wollte noch ein langes mit ihm verkehren, aber da kam die niedliche Florentine mit dem Grünrock angeflogen, gratulirte mir zu Hannchens Beſitz und ſtellte mir den grünen Freund als ihren ſeit geſtern Abend verlobten Bräutigam vor, und ſo vermittelte ſich denn binnen wenigen Minuten, daß Lottchen Sandler, Adele von Strahlenthal, Profeſſorwna Tſchimadunow und Bürgermeiſters Julchen, kurz alle ſechs Mädchen meines Siebengeſtirns, theils förmlich verlobt, theils unter Zuſtimmung ihrer Eltern ſo gut als verſprochen waren. Um dem Feſtabende daher ſeine volle Würze zu geben und die kleine Laſt des freudigen Schrecks (unter der mein armes Hannchen vorhin faſt erlegen wäre, als ich ſie der ganzen Geſellſchaft als Braut vorſtellte, da ſie es ſelber noch nicht einmal recht wußte) unter die Uebrigen zu vertheilen, damit ſie leichter trage, ſtellte ich mich mitten in den Saal, bat die Geſellſchaft um geneigtes Gehör und erklärte ihr nun, während oben das Orcheſter ſich ſchon zur Begleitung bereit hielt, daß wir hier zuſammengekommen wären, nicht um eine, ſondern um ſieben Verlobungen zu feiern. Jetzt las ich die ſieben Paare, deren Namen ich mir aufgezeichnet hatte, zum lauten Jubel ſämmtlicher Gäſte, mit heller Stimme ab, und während auf ein gegebenes Zeichen oben Trompeten und Pauken drei Mal durcheinander ſchmetterten und wirbelten, daß man ſein eigenes Wort nicht hören konnte, lag unten die ganze Geſellſchaft einander in den Armen; denn ſie waren Alle durch die ſieben junge Paare einander näher oder entfernter verwandt geworden, ſie waren Alle eine Familie. Jetzt die Braut-Polonaiſe! rief ich nach dem Orcheſter hinauf, denn ich befürchtete, erdrückt zu werden; alle ſechs Mädchen kamen, jede mit ihrem Bräutigam und ihren Eltern, Tanten und Oheimen, und küßten, herzten und umhalſeten mich, daß ich ſchier meinte, es wäre mein Letztes. Als ich aber die Polonaiſe ordnen wollte, um die ſieben Paare voran tanzen zu laſſen, trat Vater Wilmar in den Saal, rief, daß ihn die Freude nicht länger zu Hauſe gelaſſen habe, daher er der gaſtlichen Einladung gefolgt und Podagra und allen Schmerz vergeſſend, gekommen ſei, dieſen Feſtabend mit uns zu feiern. Ein tumultuariſcher Halloh des jungen Kreiſes hieß ihn unter uns willkommen. Hannchen ging ihm entgegen und klagte ihm die entſetzliche Verlegenheit, in die ich ſie geſetzt hatte, verſicherte doch und theuer, daß ſie an dem Allen wahrhaftig nicht Schuld ſei und — noch nicht Ja geſagt habe. Nun, ſo ſag' jetzt Ja, Hannchen, erwiederte der Alte fröhlich: wenn Du ſonſt gegen unſern Herrn Hofrath nichts zu erinnern haſt; wir zwei Beide ſind darüber ſchon ſeit geſtern Abend mit einander im Reinen.

Alſo haſt Du, Väterchen, an dem ſchelmiſchen Anſchlage Theil genommen? rief Hannchen in einem Gemiſche von ſcherzhafter Unbefangenheit und freudiger Rührung: ich bin durch Euch wie verrathen und verkauft. Du haſt gewußt, daß der gefährliche Menſch unter fremdem Namen in unſer Haus kommt? Ich ſollte ſchmollen, ich ſollte böſe ſein; ach, und ich kann nicht, denn ich habe ihn — ihr brach die Stimme, ſie ſchmiegte ſich lächelnd an den Vater und ſagte leiſe — entſetzlich lieb.

Die Braut-Polonaiſe, die Braut-Polonaiſe! erſcholl es von allen Seiten, und die Mutter Generalin bat den Ober-Forſtmeiſter um den Tanz, und vom Orcheſter herab ertönte mit vollſtimmiger Muſik der prächtige Polentanz, und an der Spitze des langen Feſtzuges ſchwebte Johanna an meiner Seite durch den Saal, hold und ſchön, wie ein Liebesengel aus höheren Welten, und die älteren, nicht mittanzenden Herren und Damen drängten ſich heran, um das liebreizende Kind in ſeiner bräutlichen Herrlichkeit zu ſchauen, und Alles beugte ſich, als ſie vorübertanzte, vor ihr, dem Zauber ihrer Anmuth huldigend, und der kleine dicke Zwicker bückte ſich ſo tief, daß ihm der heute abſonderlich von Puder und Pomade ſtrotzende Merleton vorn über ſchoß und ihm zwiſchen den gelblichen Wangen baumelte. Johanna ſelbſt aber, die Allgewalt ihrer Reize nicht ahnend, und über das Vorgegangene immer noch nicht recht zu ſich ſelbſt gekommen, vermeinte, gar nicht mehr auf Erden zu ſein. Es iſt mir, ſagte ſie, und in der Azurbläue ihres ſeelenvollen Auges lag eine himmliſche Verklärung, als ſchwebte ich zwiſchen den lichteren Räumen der roſigſten Traumwelt, als wollte mir die lauterſte Freude die überſelige Bruſt von einander ſprengen.

Kaum war der köſtliche Tanz geendet, ſo ſtürmten die ſechs Bräutigame heran und baten Hannchen um Cotillons, Françaiſen und Walzer, daß ich faſt in Verſuchung kam, den Eheherrn zu ſpielen und die Tanzluſtige vor dem Zuviel zu warnen. Doch die Generalin winkte mir, ihr zu folgen, und führte mich in ein ſtilles, entferntes Gemach, wo ſie mich zweien ältlichen Herren vorſtellte. Der eine war der Ober-Pupillenrath, der Vollzieher des von meiner guten Großmutter hinterlaſſenen Teſtaments, der andere der Vorſteher des Armenweſens. Es mag vielleicht Unrecht ſein, Robert, daß ich Dich in der Freude ſtöre, hob die Generalin an: aber — nenne es Neugierde, Vorgefühl, Ahnung, wie Du willſt — Du weißt von der verſiegelten Beſtimmung unſerer ſeligen Wilborn, die in meinen Händen iſt. Der Augenblick, daß wir das Blatt eröffnen dürfen, iſt da, Du haſt Deine Verlobung uns angekündigt; die beiden Herren, in deren Gegenwart die Eröffnung geſchehen ſoll, ſind auch da. Willſt Du alſo, ſo thue mir den Gefallen, und laß uns zum Werke ſchreiten.

Wohl war mir der gegenwärtige Zeitpunkt nicht recht paſſend; nicht, weil ich ein Mißbehagen fürchtete, wenn die Einkünfte der ausgeſetzten Summe mir darum entgingen, daß meine Wahl von den Wünſchen meiner Großmutter abwich, — denn durch Hannchens Beſitz war ich ja für dies Alles tauſendfach entſchädigt; ſondern weil der Wechſel aus dem luſtigen Ballſaal in das ſtille Zimmer, aus den Armen der Liebe in die des Todes, doch auch gar zu grell war; doch — die Generalin wünſchte es, und ich mochte und konnte mich nicht weigern.

Nachdem daher der Pupillenrath ſich und uns von der Unverletztheit des Siegels überzeugt hatte, erbrach er daſſelbe, erkannte mit uns die Unterſchrift der Verſtorbenen für richtig, und begann die letztwillige Verfügung der Erblaſſerin, wie folgt, zu verleſen. Blos weil der Inhalt von dem, wie ihn Freund Sandler, der wohl lauten aber nicht zuſammenſchlagen gehört, erzählt hatte, in etwas abwich, und um der Großmutter Wunderbarkeiten aus ihrer Schreibart kennen zu lernen, ſetze ich ihn wörtlich her:

Die in meinem Teſtamente §. 65 erwähnten, bei der Bank belegten 50,000 Thaler kündigt mein Enkel Robert, hebt ſie und verwendet ſie zu milden Zwecken nach eigenem Gutdünken. Heirathet er aber die, welche mir unter den Mädchen meiner Bekanntſchaft am beſten gefällt, weil ſie die Hübſcheſte von allen, und ein frommes, anſtelliges, wohlunterrichtetes Kind iſt, das von dem zeitlichen Vermögen, was ihrem Gatten, meinem Enkel Robert, aus meiner Hinterlaſſenſchaft zufällt, für die Armuth gewiß einen weiſen Gebrauch machen wird, ſo ſoll mein Enkel Robert das Capital jener 50,000 Thaler bei der Bank ſtehen laſſen und die Zinſen davon ſollen ihm und ſeiner Frau, ſo lange eins von beiden lebt, zu Gute kommen; ſind aber beide mit Tode abgegangen, dann ſoll dies Capital der Armenkaſſe zu Klarenburg verfallen ſein auf ewige Zeiten. Das Mädchen, das ich meine, heißt wie meine ſelige Tochter, Hannchen, und iſt das einzige Kind des Forſtmeiſters Wilmar zu Blumenwalde. Und Beide ſollen fröhliche Tage mit einander haben und lange leben auf Erden; denn es ſind beides gute Kinder, die ihren Eltern Freude gemacht und für fremde Leiden Gefühl haben; darum gebe ich ihnen gern Mittel in die Hände, die Noth ihrer Mitmenſchen zu lindern, wo ſie wiſſen und können, und die gute Saat, die ſie ausſtreuen, wird grünen und Früchte tragen, und dieſe ſollen mir lieber ſein, als alle ſteinerne Denkſäulen, die ich mir höflichſt verbitte.

Sie hat Hannchen gewählt! rief ich freudig bewegt, und umſchloß die Generalin mit kindlicher Liebe, und eilte in den Saal zurück, und holte den Vater und das Mädchen und ließ ſie Beide mein Glück wiſſen, das Mädchen gewählt zu haben, das mir gleichſam beſtimmt war. Hannchen ſprach mit tiefer Rührung: iſt mir es doch geweſen, als fehle mir noch zu meiner Seligkeit der Segen aus der Welt der Verklärten, unter denen mein Mütterchen wandelt! Nun ich jetzt aus jenem Friedensreiche den Willen des höheren Geſchickes vernehme, iſt auch der letzte meiner Wünſche erfüllt; denn was drüben über den Gräbern, im Lande der Liebe und der Einigkeit, das Eine will, das muß ja auch das Andere wollen, und darum wird es mir zur Ueberzeugung, was mir als Ahnung vor der Seele ſchwebte, daß, wenn meine Mutter noch lebte, ſie ſegnend meine Hand in die meines Roberts legen würde, und darum wird unſer Leben hienieden, mein einziger Robert, ein fröhlicher Gang auf immer friſchen Blumen ſein. Was aber jene Summe betrifft, die uns durch den glücklichen Zufall der übereinſtimmenden Wahl zu Theil wird, ſo lege ich meinem Robert hier vor ſeinen, ſeiner verehrten Großmutter und meinen nächſten Freunden, die erſte Bitte an das Herz. Das Unglück in Herzfelde führte uns zuſammen; ſollte den armen Abgebrannten jene Nacht, aus der uns der Morgen unſerer glücklichen Liebe heraufdämmerte, der Anfangspunkt ihrer lebenslänglichen Verarmung bleiben? Sollen ſie, während wir jenen Morgen, als den erſten unſeres Glückes ſegnen, ihn als den erſten ihres Unglücks, aus der Reihe der Tage verwünſchen? Mein Robert hat für den Wiederaufbau ihrer Wohnungen mit edler Freigebigkeit geſorgt; aber es fehlt zu dem Uebrigen ihrer Bedürfniſſe noch ſo viel, und wird noch lange ſo viel fehlen, daß — Du begegneſt meinen Gedanken, rief ich, ſie unterbrechend, und wir erklärten nun feierlich vor den drei alten Herren und der Generalin, daß wir auf die Einkünfte jener Summe förmlich verzichteten, daß vor Allem die Abgebrannten in Herzfelde darauf die nächſten Anſprüche haben und daß, wenn dieſe mit der Zeit befriedigt, nur milde öffentliche Zwecke damit erreicht werden ſollten. Die würdige Generalin bat uns nun, in die Geſellſchaft zurückzukommen, und wir genoſſen die Freude des ſeltenen Abends mit der Seligkeit, die nur dann ganz ungetrübt iſt, wenn das Bewußtſein, die Noth des Bruders nicht vergeſſen zu haben, uns das Herz erwärmt. Mein himmliſches Hannchen — die andern ſechs Bräute waren hübſch, bildhübſch, manche gar ſchön und unter den übrigen Klarenburger Holdinnen fanden ſich wahrhaft mehrere, die der ſachkundige Maler oder Bildner ſich gern zum Modell würde gewählt haben, aber — mein engelgleiches Hannchen war doch die allerallerſchönſte; der funkelnde Schmuck in dem braunen Ringelhaar, der matte Schmelz der ſiebenfachen Perlenſchnur auf dem blendenden Alpenſchnee des jungfräulichen Buſens, der brennendrothe Korallengürtel um die jugendliche, ſchlanke Hüfte, die ſieben langen Korallenſchnüre und die dicken Korallenquaſten unten an den Enden der Schnüre, die das wunderniedliche Füßchen zierlich umſpielten, und die Anmuth ihres Tanzes, die herzige Fröhlichkeit ihres Gemüthes, die roſige Gluth in den blauen funkelnden Liebesſternen und die Würze der ſüßen Küſſe dieſer friſchen Purpurlippen! Nur wer die Wonne des Brautlebens kennt, wird das Entzücken, ein ſolches liebreizendes Kind ſein nennen zu können — wird die Feier eines ſolchen Brautabends zu ermeſſen vermögen!

Nach Jahresfriſt holte ich meine kleine Frau Hofräthin in die Reſidenz ab, und als wir durch Herzfelde fuhren, ſtanden ſchon alle die Brandſtellen wieder mit freundlichen Häuſern bebaut, und über der Thür eines Jeden hingen, als ſei es Johannistag, uns zu Ehren friſche Blumenkränze; alle Bewohner hatten ſich zum wehmüthigen Abſchiede feſtlich angethan, umſtellten den Wagen, reichten ihre Hände hinein und dankten und ſegneten uns und weinten laut; denn ſie verloren ihren wohlthätigen Schutzgeiſt, ihr angebetetes Hannchen, aus ihrer Nähe.

Hannchen aber lag, als wir das Dörfchen im Rücken hatten, von der einfachen Herzlichkeit ihrer Schützlinge tief gerührt, an meinem Herzen und liſpelte, das blaue Auge gen Himmel gerichtet und die kleinen Hände vor der Bruſt, wie zum Gebet gefaltet: Laß uns, mein Robert, gut ſein immerdar, damit uns, wenn wir einſt aus dieſem Leben ſcheiden, wie ich jetzt aus dem Vaterhauſe, ſolche Thränen, ſolche Segnungen folgen mögen in das ewige Jenſeit!

Johann Heinrich Gottlieb Heuſinger

ward am 1. April 1762 zu Römhild im Hennebergſchen geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena Philologie und Humanitätswiſſenſchaften, wurde daſelbſt Privatdocent und ging dann als Lehrer an ein weibliches Erziehungsinſtitut nach Eiſenach. Seit 1798 ließ er ſich aber als Privatgelehrter in Dresden nieder, wo er 1800 adjungirter und 1803 wirklicher Bücherauctionator wurde, und ſpäter 1807 als adjungirter, 1808 als ordentlicher Profeſſor eine Anſtellung an daſiger Cadettenſchule erhielt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 13. April 1837.

Er ſchrieb:

Ulrich Flaming. Braunſchweig 1790. Mit C. F. Andreä.
Gutmills Spaziergänge. Jena 1791.
Erzählungen in Stille's Manier. Jena 1796.
Handbuch der Aeſthetik. Gotha 1797 u. 1800, 2 Bde. in gr. 8.
Die Familie Wertheim. Gotha 1798 — 1809, 6 Bde.
Die Kreuzzüge. Dortmund 1799 u. 1800, 2 Thle.
Aufruf eines Deutſchen an die Sachſen. O. O. 1815.
Geſchichte der Kreuzzüge. Dresden 1826, 3 Thle. in 8.

H. erwarb ſich vorzüglich durch ſeine Jugendſchriften einen ſehr geachteten Ruf; auch ſein Handbuch der Aeſthetik fand zu ſeiner Zeit, namentlich wegen der demſelben eigenthümlichen practiſchen Richtung, nicht geringen Beifall, ward jedoch bald, bei den großen Fortſchritten, welche die Philoſophie auch auf dieſem Gebiete machte, durch wichtigere derartige Arbeiten verdrängt.

Wilhelm Hey

ward am 26. März 1790 zu Leina im Gothaiſchen geboren, ſtudirte auf dem Gymnaſium zu Gotha und auf der Univerſität zu Jena Philologie und Theologie, wurde dann als Pfarrer zu Töttelſtädt und hierauf als Hofprediger zu Gotha angeſtellt. Später kam er als Superintendent nach Ichtershauſen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Berlin 1816.
Feſtgedicht zur 3. Jubelfeier des Gymnaſiums zu Gotha. Gotha 1824 in gr. 8.
Der Lauf der Zeit. Gedicht in 10 Geſängen, von R. Pollok überſetzt. Hamburg 1830.
Auswahl von Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1829.
Funfzig Fabeln für Kinder. N. A. Ebendaſ. 1836.
Funfzig neue Fabeln. Ebendaſ. 1837.

Tiefes Gefühl, eine blühende ſchöne Sprache, lebendige Darſtellung und Anmuth und Kraft in der Behandlung der Form, ſind den poetiſchen wie den oratoriſchen Leiſtungen dieſes vortrefflichen Mannes eigen. — Seine Fabeln für Kinder, durch geiſtreiche Zeichnungen von Otto Speckter verziert, erfreuen ſich einer faſt unglaublichen Verbreitung und gehören zu den beſten neueren Schriften dieſer Gattung.

Johann Friedrich Heynatz,

ein ſehr verdienſtlicher deutſcher Sprachforſcher, wurde 1744 zu Havelberg in der Mark Brandenburg geboren, und erhielt nach vollendeten philologiſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien eine Lehrerſtelle am grauen Kloſter zu Berlin, die er 1775 mit dem Rectorat der Oberſchule zu Frankfurt an der Oder vertauſchte. Dort wurde er 1791 auch Profeſſor an der Univerſität und ſtarb daſelbſt als M. und Profeſſor der Philoſophie am 5. März 1809.

Von ihm haben wir:

Deutſche Sprachlehre. Berlin 1770; 5. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1803.
Briefe, die deutſche Sprache betreffend. Ebendaſ. 1771 — 1775, 6 Bde.
Lehre von der Interpunction. Ebendaſ. 1772; neue Ausg. 1781.
Handbuch zur richtigen Verfertigung und Beurtheilung aller Arten von Aufſätzen. Ebendaſ. 1773; 6. Ausg. 1809.
Ausführliches Rechenbuch. Ebendaſ. 1777; 2. Aufl. 1780.
Verſuch eines möglichſt vollſtändigen ſynonymiſchen Wörterbuchs. Ebendaſ. 1795, 1r Thl.
Verſuch eines deutſchen Antibarbarus. Frankfurt a. O. 1796, 2 Thle.
Neue Beiträge zur Verbeſſerung der deutſchen Sprache. Cüſtrin 1801, 1s Stück.

H. würde, obwohl ſeine Schriften und Forſchungen rühmliche Anerkennung verdienen, doch noch weit Bedeutenderes für die Ausbildung unſerer Sprache geleiſtet haben, wenn er einen gebildeteren Geſchmack und einen tieferen philoſophiſchen Geiſt beſeſſen hätte. Seine Schulbücher wurden indeſſen, als ſehr brauchbar, lange Zeit fleißig benutzt.

Chriſtian Gottlob Heyne

ward am 25. September 1729 zu Chemnitz geboren und von ſeinem Vater, einem armen Leinweber daſelbſt, für deſſen Handwerk beſtimmt. Sein Pathe, der daſige Prediger Sebel, nahm ſich aber des talentvollen Knaben an und brachte ihn auf das Lyceum zu Chemnitz, wo er, wie ſpäter auf der Univerſität Leipzig, zwar ungemeine Fortſchritte in den Humanitätswiſſenſchaften machte, aber auch mit dem drückendſten Mangel zu kämpfen hatte.

Eine auf einen verſtorbenen reformirten Prediger gefertigte Elegie machte ihn dem Grafen Brühl bekannt, von welchem er eine kleine Penſion und Anſtellung als Copiſt in deſſen Bibliothek erhielt. Der ſiebenjährige Krieg beraubte ihn aufs Neue aller Mittel, bis Rabener's Empfehlung ihm Unterſtützung in dem Hauſe der Frau von Schönberg und das Führeramt bei deren Bruder verſchaffte. Noch einmal gerieth er in Wittenberg, Jena und Dresden in die bitterſte Noth, bis endlich 1763 Ruhnken's Empfehlung ihm einen Ruf an Geßner's Stelle nach Göttingen als Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit vermittelte. Nachdem die hannöverſchen Abgeordneten den im eignen Vaterlande ungekannten, im tiefſten Elende ſchmachtenden H. endlich zufällig aufgefunden hatten, trat er zagend ſein Amt an, erfreute ſich jedoch bald der ehrendſten Anerkennung und wurde 1764 erſter Bibliothekar der Univerſitätsbibliothek, Mitglied der Societät der Wiſſenſchaften daſelbſt, Director des philologiſchen Seminars und großbritanniſcher geheimer Juſtizrath. Er ſtarb am 14. Juli 1812 mit dem Ruhme eines tüchtigen Gelehrten achtungswerthen und feinen Geſchäftsmannes, redlichen Freundes und edlen Menſchen. Um die Wiſſenſchaften im Allgemeinen wie um die Univerſität Göttingen insbeſondere hat er ſich bleibende Verdienſte erworben.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Guthrie's allgemeine Weltgeſchichte. Leipzig 1765 — 1772, 7 Bde.
Einleitung in das Studium der Antike. Göttingen 1772.
Sammlung antiquariſcher Aufſätze. Leipzig 1778, 2 Bde.
Lobſchrift auf Winkelmann. Kaſſel 1778.
Das vermeinte Grabmal Homer's. Leipzig 1794.

Heyne's Verdienſte gehörig zu würdigen, liegt außer dem Bereiche dieſes Unternehmens um ſo mehr, als ſeine in deutſcher Sprache verfaßten Schriften nur beſondere Zweige der Wiſſenſchaft behandelten. Sein Ruhm als einer der erſten deutſchen Philologen und Alterthumsforſcher iſt jedoch zu weit verbreitet und anerkannt, als daß es nöthig wäre, hier noch beſonders darauf hinzudeuten.

Christian Leberecht Heyne,

der Sohn eines Predigers zu Leuben bei Lommatzſch in Sachſen, wurde daſelbſt 1751 geboren, ſtudirte auf der Domſchule zu Naumburg und in Leipzig Philologie und Rechtswiſſenſchaft, beſonders aber neuere Sprachen, Geſchichte und Politik. Von Leipzig kam er als Privatſecretair zum Kanzler Hofmann in Halle, ging 1788 als Privatgelehrter nach Berlin und lebte als ſolcher, da er ſich durch keine feſte Anſtellung binden laſſen wollte, ſeit 1790 zu Rochlitz, Geringswalde und Altenburg bei dem Buchhändler Richter. Geiſtesabſpannung machte ihn 1805 zu jeder literariſchen Production untüchtig und zwang ihn, bis 1809 zu Ehrenberg und Gößnitz bei Altenburg auf Koſten ſeiner Freunde unthätig zu leben. Dann ging er als Hauslehrer zuerſt nach Altenhain bei Grimma und endlich nach Zedtwitz bei Hof zum Kammerherrn von Plothe, gab aber auch dieſe Stelle auf und privatiſirte zu Hirſchberg im ſächſiſchen Voigtlande, wo er am 13. Januar 1821 ſtarb.

Er gab unter dem Namen **Anton Wall** heraus:

Kriegslieder. Leipzig 1779.
Die deutſche Fürſtin. Ebendaſ. 1780 in 8.
Der Arreſtant und Karoline. Ebendaſ. 1780.
Miß Sara Salisbury. Ebendaſ. 1781 in 8.
Die beſten Werke der Frau Riccoboni. Ebendaſ. 1781 u. 1782, 3 Thle.
Die Expedition, die beiden Billets u. ſ. w. Ebendaſ. 1783 in 8.
Dramatiſche Kleinigkeiten. Ebendaſ. 1783.
Bagatellen. Ebendaſ. 1783, 2 Thle. in 8; 2. verb. Ausg. 1786 u. 1787, mit Kupf.
Amathonte. Ebendaſ. 1783; neue Ausg. 1809 in 8.
Aemilie. Ebendaſ. 1783 in 8.
Die gute Ehe. Ebendaſ. 1784 in 8.
Erzählungen nach Marmontel. Ebendaſ. 1787 in 8.
Der Stammbaum. Ebendaſ. 1790.
Das Lamm unter den Wölfen. Ebendaſ. 1790; neue Ausg. 1809 in 8, mit Kupf.
Murad. Ebendaſ. 1800, 2 Thle. in 8.
Adelhaid. Altenburg 1800, 2 Thle. in 8.

Freundlich und mild urtheilt Franz Horn in ſeiner gewohnten Weiſe Folgendes über die Schriften dieſes armen beklagenswerthen Mannes (ſ. die ſchöne Literatur Deutſchlands Thl. II. §. 99): In dem Anfange der achtziger Jahre, einer an Laune nicht eben reichen Zeit, gab er (Heyne) einige Schriften, deren man ſich gar wohl erfreuen muß, da ſie faſt durchgängig den Charakter des Angenehmen tragen, und zwar ſo entſchieden, daß der reine Aeſthetiker, nach gehöriger Definition des Angenehmen, ganz gelaſſen auf die früheren Schriften dieſes Dichters hinzeigen dürfte, ſagend, dort ſei es vorhanden. In dieſer Hinſicht ſtehen ſeine Bagatellen, an denen wenig mehr zu tadeln ſein dürfte, als der ausländiſche Titel und ein wenig ausländiſcher Launenſinn, faſt einzig da. Aber ganz unbedingt rühmen darf und ſoll man die beiden kleinen köſtlichen Luſtſpiele: „die beiden Billets“ und „der Stammbaum,“ freundliche Diminutiv-Dramen, die ſich in der That mit ſtehenden Lettern geſchrieben haben. — — Aber ein unſeliges Schickſal, das hier nicht enthüllt werden kann, waltete über dem Verfaſſer ſo freundlicher Schriften! Er verfiel in eine dunkle Schweigſamkeit, die faſt zwölf Jahre dauerte. Schon hatte man alle Hoffnung aufgegeben, daß ſich der liebe Kranke jemals wieder dem deutſchen Publikum nähern würde, als plötzlich im Jahre 1799, Amathonte, ein perſiſches Mährchen, von ihm erzählt, von Neuem die noch ergötzbaren Deutſchen um ihn verſammelte. Es hätte bei Weitem weniger der Erwartung entſprechen können, und man würde ihm dennoch gern zugehört haben, ſchon um deswillen, weil er doch endlich einmal wieder Luſt bekommen hatte, zu erzählen. Aber es hatte in der That einiges von der alten guten Laune, und das „Lamm unter den Wölfen,“ das gleich darauf folgte, wußte ſich nicht minder ergötzlich zu machen. Doch nun war es auch faſt mit der Freude vorbei, denn „Adelheid und Aimar,“ „Korane“ und „Murad“ trugen faſt nur ſeinen Namen auf dem Titelblatte und brachten gar wenig mit von dem, was man einſt an ihm geliebt hatte. Beſonders war es betrübt, zu bemerken, daß der ſonſt ſo harmloſe Schriftſteller ſich jetzt oftmals mit der Polemik gegen das befaßte, was man ſo eben die neuere Aeſthetik nannte, welche Bemühung denn nothwendig ſehr unglücklich und breit ausfallen mußte, da er von dem, was er angriff, vielleicht nur vom Hörenſagen etwas wußte, und die ganze Sache ihn gar nicht ſonderlich anging.

Die beiden Billets.

Perſonen.

Görge. Röſegen. Schnapps, ein Dorfbarbier.

Die Scene iſt auf einem freien Platze vor Röſegens Hauſe.

Erſter Auftritt.

Görge (allein, ſpringt hervor).

Heiſa, Görge! heiſa! — Ins Waſſer möcht' ich für Freuden ſpringen — Röſe, allerliebſte Goldröſe! — Nun, habe Dank, lieber Schulmeiſter, daß du mich ſo lange gebläut haſt, bis ich habe leſen lernen. — Nein, nun iſt es gewiß, daß ſie mir gut iſt. Da ſtehts — mit ihren eignen beiden runden allerliebſten Patſchgen geſchrieben. — Ach, ich muß nur noch einmal leſen. — (Lieſt) „Lieber Freund!“ — Jemine, man ſieht gleich an den vornehmen Redensarten, daß ſie in der Stadt geweſen iſt — „dieſen Augenblick hat mir mein Vater geſagt, er ſtellte mirs frei, ob ich unter meinen Freiern den Balbier Schnapps oder Görgen haben wollte. Ich habe dirs gleich ſchreiben wollen, damit du's recht bald wüßteſt. Du kannſt nun thun, was du willſt, lieber Freund.“ — Nichts als lieber Freund! (Wiſcht ſich die Thränen ab.) Nu, wenn ichs überlebe, ſo weiß ich, was ich thun will. Und vor Ihm, Mosje Schnapps, fürcht' ich mich nun auch nicht mehr. Er hat mir lange genug Angſt gemacht. Sein Maul geht immer wie eine Breche, und vor ſolchen Leuten kommt unſer einer immer nicht fort. Aber nu meinetwegen, ich will mich drein ergeben, will hingehen und meinen Schwiegervater fragen, wenn Verlöbde ſein ſoll. Und auf die Hochzeit — Nein, ich falle in Ohnmacht, wenn ich an die Hochzeit mit Röſegen denken ſoll. — (Er will gehn, kommt zurück.) Aber es geht mir doch noch was im Kopfe herum. Röſe hat ein ſchönes Gut, den ſchönſten Stall voll Kühe im Dorfe, volle Böden, und ein funfzehnhundert Gulden baar Geld; und ich habe — nichts, als ein armſeliges Häusgen mit einem Gärtgen dran. — Ich wollte, Gott verzeih mir's, lieber, ſie wäre ſo arm als ich, und ich ſo reich als ſie. Freilich, wenn mir das Lotto zuſagte — Ich habe mich vom Schulmeiſter beſchwatzen laſſen, und einen Speziesthaler auf eine Terne geſetzt — ich habe doch den Zettel noch? (Sucht ihn und bringt ihn hervor.) Ja, da iſt er: 27, 19 und 48. — Ja, ja, ich denke, die Herrn Lottodirectors werdens wohl ſo karten, daß ſie meinen Thaler behalten. Aber ich weiß — was ich mache. Gewinn ich nichts, ſo nehm' ich alle neunzig Nummern mit einander, und wenn ich hernach nicht herauskomme, ſo ſprech' ich ſelber, daß das ganze Lotto eine Beutelſchneiderei auf vornehmen Fuß iſt. — Nun, ich will fort zu Röſegen. — (Sieht Schnappſen kommen.) Kommt mir der Haſenfuß gleich in den Weg, ich muß nur geſchwind meine Papiere einſtecken.

Zweiter Auftritt.

Görge. Schnapps.

Schnapps. Guten Tag, mein lieber Görge, guten Tag.

Görge. Schön Dank!

Schnapps (nach einigem Stillſchweigen, während deſſen Görge in Gedanken ſteht). Wie gehn denn die Affären?

Görge. Meinetwegen.

Schnapps. Meinetwegen? — Ich fragte, wie die Affären gehn.

Görge. Und ich verſtand, Er wollte an ſeine Affären gehn, und da ſagt' ich: Meinetwegen!

Schnapps. Aber ſagt mir doch, lieber Görge (ergreift ihn bei der Hand), warum ihr allemal ſo grämiſch ſeid, wenn ich mit Euch rede. Was habt Ihr denn?

Görge. Meine Urſachen hab' ich.

Schnapps. Je nun, lieber Görge, ich hätte wohl die nämlichen Urſachen. Aber ich mach' es, wie Ihr ſeht, ganz anders.

Görge. Weil wir überhaupt einander nicht ähnlich ſind.

Schnapps. Seid kein Närrgen. — Weil wir beide um Ein Mädel frein, müſſen wir denn deswegen einander gram ſein? Es verlohnt ſich ja nicht der Mühe, daß ſich zwei ehrliche Leute um ſo eines Trudels willen veruneinigen.

Görge. Wenn ſich zwei ehrliche Leute veruneinigen ſollen, ſo gehören auch allemal zwei ehrliche Leute dazu.

Schnapps. Mosje Görge?

Görge. Mosje Schnapps?

Schnapps. Ich verbitte mir alle anzüglichen Reden.

Görge. Mit einem Wort, ich kann Ihn nicht leiden, und damit Holla!

Schnapps. Armer Görge, Ihr dauert mich. Ihr ſeid freilich ein hübſcher, ſchmucker, ſchlanker, junger Burſche: aber es giebt denn doch Leute, die ſich nicht abſchrecken laſſen. — Auf allen Fall thätet Ihr immer wohl, wenn Ihr Euch einen guten Strick anſchaftet.

Görge. Ich werde mir einen zulegen, damit ich aushelfen kann. (Will gehen.)

Schnapps. Nu, nu, Görge! Ihr werdet mich doch wenigſtens bis an die Schulmeiſterei mitnehmen. Ich habe dem Schulmeiſter die Lottoliſten mit aus der Stadt gebracht.

Görge (kehrt um). Die Lottoliſten?

Schnapps. Habt Ihr etwa auch eingelegt?

Görge. Je nu! Welche Nummern ſind denn gekommen?

Schnapps. Gleich! — 27, 20, 48, 12, 19.

Görge. Na — was! Wart' Er doch ein bißgen! (Zieht ſein Billet heraus.) Iſt die 27 dabei?

Schnapps. Ja.

Görge. Die 19?

Schnapps. Ja.

Görge. Und die 48 auch?

Schnapps. Und die 48 auch.

Görge. Geh' Er, Mosje Schnapps, Er hat mich zum Beſten.

Schnapps (ärgerlich). Ach, warum nicht gar? Da ſeht ſelber her.

Görge. Ja, es iſt, Gott verzeih mir meine Sünde, wahr. — (Fällt ihm um den Hals.) Schnapps, ich habe eine Terne — allerliebſtes Schnappsgen, eine Terne — eine Terne, allerbeſtes Goldſchnappsgen — höre, nun will ich Dir ein halb Dutzend Balbiermeſſer kaufen, ſo groß wie die Scharfrichterſchwerter, und einen ſcharlachnen Balbierſack, in dem Du ſollſt ein paar Scheffel Korn zur Mühle reiten können, und Troddeln dran, wie an unſers Grafen Kutſchpferden — Allerſchönſtes Schnappsgen, eine Terne, eine Terne!

Schnapps. Nu, erwürgt mich nur nicht. (Bei Seite.) Ich möchte vor Aergerniß ſchwarz werden.

Görge. Heiſa! nun bin ich der glücklichſte Kerl in Europa — ach, was will ich ſagen, in Europa? — der glücklichſte Kerl im ganzen römiſchen Reiche.

Schnapps (bei Seite). Wenn ich nun ſähe, ob ich auf eine honette Manier das Billet wegſchnappen könnte?

Görge. Nun leb Er wohl unterdeſſen, Mosje Schnapps, (Steckt ſein Billet ein.) Nun will ich gleich nach der Stadt gehen, will mir mein Geld auszahlen laſſen, und es dann zu den Füßen der niedlichſten Füßgen hinlegen, die ſeit der Sündfluth auf dem Erdboden herumgetrampelt ſind. (Will gehn.)

Schnapps. Die Freude macht Euch verwirrt, Görge. So wartet doch. Wißt Ihr denn, wo Ihr das Geld holt?

Görge. Nein, der Geier, das weiß ich nicht.

Schnapps. Nun, ich wills Euch ſagen. (Sucht Görgen das Billet zu ſtehlen; dieſer aber ſtört ihn immer durch ſeine Bewegungen.) Seht Ihr — wo die lange Straße iſt, das wißt Ihr wohl?

Görge. Ja, die lange Straße weiß ich.

Schnapps. Nu, da wird das Geld ausgezahlt.

Görge. Gut, gut, ich gehe in die lange Straße, zeige mein Billet und kriege mein Geld.

Schnapps. Ja. — Aber Ihr müßt mich nur recht verſtehn; ſeht Ihr — eh' Ihr in die Straße kommt — ſo rechter Hand — da iſt ein großer Thorweg — ſeht Ihr — zum Exempel, hier wäre die lange Straße — ſo iſt hier ein bißchen Rechts — ein großer Thorweg, mit Gänſekothfarbe angeſtrichen, nach der allerneuſten Mode —

Görge. Gut, gut, ein Thorweg mit Gänſekothe.

Schnapps. Ja, er fällt Euch gleich in die Augen. — Da geht Ihr hinein, hinten in den Hof, und alsdenn linker Hand eine Treppe hinauf — oben rechter Hand iſt eine graumarmorirte Saalthüre, und eine Klingel mit einem Rehfüßgen — Ihr klingelt, da kommt ein Bedienter, blau mit Silber. — „Ich wollte gern mit Ihro Hochwürden, dem Herrn Lottodirector ſprechen.“ — „Kommt nur herein, guter Freund!“ man führt Euch in die Expedition, Ihr zeigt Euer Billet — „Geſchwind, ſo und ſo viel tauſend Dukaten für den ehrlichen Mann, und alle in Fleiſchergewichte!“ — (Er erwiſcht endlich das

Billet.) Man nimmt Euch Euer Billet ab, und die ganze Freude hat ein Ende.

Görge. Gut, gut, ſo iſts recht. — Ein Thorweg, eine graumarmorirte Klingel, ein Rehfuß, Ihre Hochwürden, und das Fleiſchergewichte. — Ja, ja. — Nun will ich machen, daß ich fortkomme. Ich bedanke mich tauſendmal, allerliebſter Moſje Schnapps; ohne Ihn wär ich meiner Treun ſo dumm geweſen, wie eine Gans. Leb Er wohl unterdeſſen, ich bedanke mich tauſendmal.

Schnapps. Ihr habts nicht Urſache, Görge, adjeh, adjeh, vergeßt nur nichts.

Görge. Nein, nein, bei Ihro Hochwürden im großen Thorwege. (ab.)

Dritter Auftritt.

Schnapps (allein).

Wenn ſich unſer einer nicht manchmal ins Mittel ſchlüge, ſo käme niemand auf einen grünen Zweig, als ſolche Dummköpfe. Das Glück iſt blind, freilich! Aber die Blinden muß man leiten. — Wohl dreißigmal hab' ich meine blanken Spezies zu den verdammten Collecteurs getragen, aber meintage nicht Einen von ihren beſchnittenen Dukaten dafür gekriegt. Nun dem Himmel ſei Preis und Dank, daß ich doch endlich einmal gewonnen habe. Laß doch ſehn, aus welcher Collecte biſt du denn? (Er macht das Billet auf.) Alle Wetter, ich habe mich vergriffen; ich bin ganz erbärmlich geprellt. — Nu, zum Henker, das nenn' ich doch Malheur. Nicht einmal zu gewinnen, wenn man die Billets ſtiehlt, die gewonnen haben. — (Lieſt.) „Lieber Freund, dieſen Augenblick — — — den Balbier Schnapps oder Görgen — thue, was du willſt, lieber Freund.“ — Der Kerl hat den Teufel im Leibe. — Der Wiſch iſt von Röſen — Ja, wenn das Wetterweibſen nur ſchreiben kann, und halbwege ein Jahr in der Stadt geweſen iſt — ſo iſt kein ehrlicher Mann mit ſeiner Stirne ſicher. — Eine Terne und ein reich Mädel an Einem Tage! — Nein, Moſje Görge, das geht, hol mich der Henker, nicht an. In einem wohlpolizirten Staate darf das Geld nicht auf Einen Klumpen kommen. Als ein guter Bürger muß ich mich ins Mittel ſchlagen. — Still, du verdammter Wiſch ſollſt mir doch zu was helfen. — (Klopft an Rösgens Hausthür.) Rösgen! Rösgen!

Vierter Auftritt.

Schnapps. Rösgen.

Rösgen (inwendig). Gleich! was iſts denn? (da ſie herauskommt, ärgerlich) Ach, iſt Er's, Moſje Schnapps!

Schnapps. Zu dienen, allerſchönſtes Rösgen, und ich komme nur, mir das Herz auf einen Augenblick zu ſtärken.

Rösgen. Die Schenke liegt draußen an der Straße.

Schnapps. Kleiner, ſüßer Schelm! — Meine Herzſtärkung ſteht ſchon vor mir. — Meiner Treun, wenn ich ſo ein allerliebſtes Mädchen ſehe, das ſolche ſchöne ſchwarzbraune Augen, ſo viel Verſtand, ſo ein ſcharmantes Weſen, ſolche niedliche Füßgen und ſolche ſchnurrige Einfälle hat, da — da weiß ich gleich, wo ich meine zukünftige Jungefrau ſuchen ſoll. — Glaube Sie mir, mein Engel, ich bin ſo ein aufrichtiger Anbeter von Ihr . . .

Rösgen. Geh' Er auf den Abend in die Stadt, Moſje Schnapps, und tret' Er bei den Bürgermädchen vor die Thür. Da kommen ſolche Anbeter beſſer an.

Schnapps. Geleb's nur, mein Zuckerpüppchen, Du mußt mir doch im Herzen gut ſein.

Rösgen. Moſje, mach' Er ſich nicht ſo gemein. Wir ſind nicht mit einander auf Du und Du.

Schnapps. Aber ein gewiſſer Görge und ein gewiſſes Rösgen ſind Du und Du!

Rösgen. Das geht Niemanden was an. Und wenn er ſonſt nichts hier zu ſuchen hat, ſo wünſch' ich ihm glückliche Reiſe.

Schnapps. Es bleibt ewig wahr: Undank iſt der Welt Lohn. Da kam ich aus gutem Herzen und wollte Ihr ein gewiſſes Briefgen bringen, das im Dorfe herumläuft . . .

Rösgen. Ein Briefgen? — im Dorfe herumläuft? — was gehn mich denn die Briefgen im Dorfe an?

Schnapps. Es iſt zwar kein Brief an Sie, ſondern er iſt an Görgen; aber wie es allenthalben Läſtermäuler giebt, ſo ſpricht das ganze Dorf, er wäre von dem hübſchen Rösgen geſchrieben. Aus Reſpect für Ihren guten Namen wollt' ich Ihr den Brief ſelber zu leſen geben; aber weil ich für meine Ehrlichkeit ſolche ſchlechte Reden kriege, ſo kann ich ihn wohl wieder hintragen, wo ich ihn hergekriegt habe. (Will gehn).

Rösgen. Aber, lieber Moſje Schnapps, wo hat Er ihn denn her? — Zeig' Er doch nur einmal!

Schnapps. Aber, liebes Jungfer Rösgen, wird Sie denn nun bald einſehen lernen, wer's ehrlich meint und wer ein Schelm iſt? — Apropos, Sie kennt doch Richters Reginen?

Rösgen. Nun?

Schnapps. Das iſt bekannt, daß Görge und Regine ſchon lange mit einander eins ſind. Aber nun denke Sie einmal: heute kommt Görge im vollen Lachen zu Reginen gelaufen, zeigt ihr das Briefchen hier, und ſpricht — aber Sie muß mirs nicht übel nehmen — die großthuige Röſe hätte das Briefchen geſchrieben, und ſie würfe ſich ihm ordentlich nach. — Da, ſeh Sie einmal, es ſteht auch von mir was drinne.

Rösgen. Ach, du abſcheulicher Bube, ach, du Ungeheuer!

Schnapps. Ja, ſo ein Kerl verdient nicht, daß man ihn zu Pulver brennt, und hernach des Landes verweiſt.

Rösgen. Ach, du niederträchtiger Abſchaum!

Schnapps. Höre Sie, wie es war. Vorhin hör' ich auf dem Dorfe ein ganz raſendes Gelächter, und weil es gar nicht aufhören will, ſo geh' ich hin. Zuerſt ſeh' ich Richters Reginen mit Schwarzens Anneliesen und mit Langens Mareboren hinter einer Hecke ſtehn, und die Menſcher ſchreien vor Lachen, als wenn ſie am Spieße ſtäcken. Auf einmal ſeh ich auf dem Dorfe die Schulkinder, und mitten darunter einen großen langen Bengel, der einen Zettel ablieſt. Ich frag' ihn, was er hat, und er ſpricht treuherzig: „die ſchöne Röſe hat einen Brief an Görgen geſchrieben, und Görge hat ihn Richters Reginen gebracht, und Regine hat mir ihn gegeben, daß ich ihn ableſen ſoll.“ — Ich ſetze mich ſogleich in Autorität, nehme dem Jungen den Zettel ab, jage die Kinder auseinander und laufe, was ich kann, um Ihr den Zettel in die Hände zu liefern. — Aber nun, Jungfer Rösgen, ſag' ich nicht immer: die Schelme nimmt man ins Haus, und die ehrlichen Leute weiſt man vor die Thüre?

Rösgen. Ach, lieber Moſje Schnapps, ſei Er ja nicht böſe, ich bedanke mich tauſendmal für ſein gutes Herz. — O, das abſcheuliche Ungeheuer — ein ehrliches Mädchen ſo in Schimpf und Schande zu bringen. (Weint).

Schnapps. Das iſt wahr, es wird ſich nun mancher an die häßliche Geſchichte ſtoßen — aber ich will mich nicht dran ſtoßen, ich will ein treuer Liebhaber bleiben. — Was ſagt Sie dazu, mein Engelgen?

Rösgen. Nein, das vergeb' ich dem Buben in meinem Leben nicht, und wenn er mir zu Füßen fiele.

Schnapps. Nun, ſchönes Rösgen, krieg' ich keine Antwort? — Wenn wir beide in der Geſchwindigkeit verlobt würden, ſo könnt' ich hernach ausſprengen, meine Braut hätte Görgen mit dem Briefe nur zum beſten gehabt — oder, der Brief wäre gar an mich geſchrieben und falſch beſtellt worden. Das wäre der einzige Weg, die Schande zu verhindern.

Rösgen. Ach, ich weiß nicht, wo mir der Kopf ſteht. In zwei Stunden kommt mein Vater nach Hauſe: komm' Er dann zu uns, Moſje Schnapps. — O, der entſetzliche Ehrenſchänder!

Schnapps. Ich will ihn ſchon noch züchtigen, wenn Du mein biſt, ich will ihn ſchon — Tauſend ſapperlot, da kommt er. — Thu, als wenn Du nichts wüßteſt, mein Herzgen; Hörſt Du? — Da können wir ihn recht ausholen.

Rösgen. Ach, ich kann ihn unmöglich vor Augen ſehn. (Will gehn.)

Schnapps. Nein, nein, bleib da, und ſtelle Dich nur recht lamm.

Fünfter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Görge.

Görge (außer Athem). Ach, iſt Er noch da, allerliebſter Moſje Schnapps?

Schnapps. Ja, ich bin noch da — ich — bin ein wenig aufgehalten worden.

Görge. Hör' Er, es iſt mir unterwegs eingefallen, ob ich nicht erſt zum Schulmeiſter gehn müßte: und hernach — hernach möcht' ich auch vorher noch mit Jemanden reden. (Sieht nach Rösgens Hauſe und erblickt ſie ſelbſt.) Ach, der Himmel ſei bei uns, da iſt ſie ja — bin ich nicht erſchrocken! — Höre, Rösgen, ja, was wollt' ich denn ſagen? — Ja, wenn ich Dich nicht ſehe, ſo möchte mir's das Herz abdrücken — und ſobald Du vor mir ſtehſt, da pocht mir das Herz wie ein Eiſenhammer. — Ich werde nur künftig die Augen zumachen müſſen, wenn ich mit Dir reden will, denn ſonſt beſinn' ich mich auf nichts. — (Halblaut zu ihr.) Aber höre, Rösgen, ſag's doch Schnappſen, daß er uns im Wege iſt.

Rösgen (laut.) Moſje Schnapps kann immer bleiben, mir iſt er nicht im geringſten im Wege.

Schnapps. Tauſendſapperlot, wenn das ſchöne Rösgen ſo einen Brief an mich geſchrieben hätte, als an einen gewiſſen, hübſchen, jungen Burſchen im Dorfe, ich ſcheute mich nicht, ihr im Antlitz der ganzen medicinischen Facultät ein Küßgen zu geben. (Küßt ſie.)

Görge (ſtößt ihn weg). Aber nur nicht noch einmal vor meinem Antlitz, ſonſt will ich Ihn ſammt ſeinen Herrn Collegen mit meiner geballten Fauſt ſo beantlitzen, daß Ihr binnen zehn Minuten kein Antlitz mehr haben ſollt. (Leiſe zu Rösgen.) Du haſt es ihm erzählt? He? Er weiß alſo alles! (Laut zu Schnappſen.) Lach' Er nur, lach' Er nur! Mag Er's doch wiſſen, daß mir Rösgen ein Billet geſchrieben hat. Aber hör' Er, ich will Ihm was ſagen.

Schnapps. Nu, da werd' ich was hören.

Görge. Nicht wahr, Er giebt bei Röſen Freiens vor?

Schnapps. Kann wohl ſein, hähähä!

Görge. Nun ſo hör' Er, ich gebe auch Freiens bei ihr vor. Damit nun das Ding ein Ende hat . . .

Schnapps. Ja, ja, damit es ein Ende hat; hm, hm! Nun, was ſoll denn da geſchehn, damit es ein Ende hat?

Görge. Wir ſtehn itzt alle Beide hier, und Röſe iſt auch da. Wir wollen ſie fragen, wer von uns Beiden ihr am meiſten gefallen hat; ſie ſoll uns und der Wahrheit die Ehre anthun, und ſoll's offenherzig ſagen, und hernach ſoll der von uns Beiden, den ſie nicht will, ganz ſachte abtrappen, und auch, notabene, dem andern (ſpuckt in die Hand) nicht wieder ins Gehege kommen. — Iſt er das zufrieden, Mosje Schnapps?

Schnapps. Das war ein Wort, Görge; topp, es bleibt dabei. — Das ſchöne Rösgen ſoll ſich einen unter uns ausleſen, und der andre ſoll hernach kein laut Wort mehr ſagen dürfen. So war's doch gemeint?

Görge (heimlich lachend). Ja, ja, ſo war's gemeint. (Bei Seite.) O du alberner Schöppſchrittel!

Schnapps. Nun, ſchönes Rösgen, Sie hat gehört, was wir miteinander ausgemacht haben. Sei Sie ſo barmherzig, und ſpreche Sie unſer Urtheil. Martre uns nicht länger, ſüßer Zuckerengel.

Görge. Ja, ja, Röſe, thu' mir's zu Gefallen, und ſag's rein heraus. (Bei Seite.) Der Kerl iſt ſo dumm, daß er mich bald dauert.

Rösgen (bei Seite). Ich möchte berſten vor Bosheit.

Schnapps. Nun, ſcharmantes Rösgen, wer iſt's unter uns Beiden?

Rösgen (mit halberſtickter Stimme). Meinetwegen! — Wer ein Billet von mir aufzuweiſen hat, der iſt's.

Görge. Nu, das war klar und deutlich. (Sieht Schnappſen zu, der in der Taſche ſucht.) Ja, ſuche Du, ſuche, ſuche Du ewig und drei Tage, Du wirſt's bald finden. (Schlägt an ſeine Taſche.) Hier ſitzen die Muſikanten, hier! — Nun, Mosje Schnapps, Sein Diener, wünſche wohl zu leben; gut Wetter zur Reiſe und geſunde Feiertage! — Da, liebe Röſe, da! (Giebt ihr ein Billet.)

Rösgen. Was wäre denn das? (Wirft es ihm vor die Füße.) Das iſt ja ein Lotterieloos.

Görge. Ach, der Geier! ja, daran hab' ich nicht wieder gedacht. — Du weißt gar noch nicht — das Glück hat mich heute ordentlich zum Narren gemacht — ich habe im Lotto — Aber der Geier und ſeine Großmutter! wo hab' ich denn das andre Billet hingetrabelt? — Es iſt mir doch tauſendmal lieber geweſen, als das da. — Ich werd' es doch nicht etwa verloren haben?

Schnapps. Das wäre ewig Schade, um ſo ein liebes Billet. — Ich habe das meinige beſſer verwahrt. — Hier, ſchönes Rösgen, ſieh, ob das deine Hand iſt.

Rösgen (lieſt). „Lieber Freund, dieſen Augenblick" . .

Görge. Ah, das iſt mein Billet, das iſt mein Billet; das geht nicht mit rechten Dingen zu — das muß mir einer geſtohlen haben.

Rösgen. Geſtohlen haben? Du willſt mich alſo noch bis auf den letzten Augenblick belügen? — Nein, Betrüger, ich kenne Dich. Geh' zu Deiner Regine, geh', trag' ihr meine Briefe zu, die ſie nicht einmal leſen kann, geh', ſag' ihr, daß Du Dir aus mir nichts machſt, und hernach komm wieder zu mir und ſprich, Du könnteſt nicht ohne mich leben — Böſewicht, heimtückiſcher Bube, unterſteh Dich nicht, mir wieder unter die Augen zu kommen — Du haſt ein ehrliches Mädchen belogen — betrogen — beſchimpft — in der Leute Mäuler gebracht. — Aber es ſoll Dir nicht ungerochen hingehn — meinem Vater will ich's ſagen, ſobald er ins Haus tritt, und dann ſollſt Du ſehn, wie man ſolche Buben bezahlt. — Und Er, Mosje Schnapps, behalt' Er das Billet; ich habe Einmal geſagt, wer es vorzeigt, ſollte mein Mann werden, und ich will mein Wort halten.

(Geht ab.)

Sechſter Auftritt.

Görge. Schnapps.

Görge (nach einer Stille, während welcher Beide einander angeſehen, ſehr wehmüthig). Lieber Mosje Schnapps, fühl' Er mir doch einmal nach dem Pulſe.

Schnapps (befühlt den Puls ſehr bedenklich). Der tauſend, Görge — Ich dächte, Ihr gingt nach Hauſe — Ich will nachkommen und mit einem halben Dutzend tüchtigen Aderläſſen wollen wir dem Dinge ſchon ein Ende machen.

Görge (wiſcht ſich die Thränen aus den Augen). Aber hab' ich denn recht geſehn? hab' ich denn recht gehört?

Schnapps. Ich bin ſelber noch erſtaunt, ich begreife die ganze Geſchichte nicht.

Görge. Aber wie bin ich denn um mein Billet gekommen, und wie iſt Er denn dazu gekommen? Und wie iſt denn Röſe — verzeih mir meine Sünde — zu dem Schandrachen gekommen?

Schnapps. Wie geſagt, ich verſtehe den ganzen Handel nicht. Rösgen hat mir vorhin das Briefgen ſelbſt gegeben, und hat dazu geſagt, ſie wollte keinen andern als mich zum Manne haben.

Görge. Aber das Briefgen iſt ja meine geweſen: ich kenn' es recht gut; es iſt noch ganz zerknüttert, ſo lieb hab' ich's gehabt. — Wie hat's denn Röſen wieder können in die Hände kommen? — Und was ſie mit der Regine will, weiß ich gar nicht. — Ich hab' in meinem Leben keinem Mädel ſo tief in die Augen geguckt, als Röſen. — Es hat mir geſchwant, daß meine Freude nicht lange dauern würde, es war zu viel Glück auf einmal. — Er will ſie alſo heirathen, in allem Ernſte heirathen?

Schnapps. Freilich! wenn ich ſie heirathe, ſo heirath' ich ſie in allem Ernſte.

Görge (weinerlich). Hör' Er, ich will Ihm einen guten Rath geben: Er thut wohl, wenn Er ſich vor der Hand ſeiner Wege packt. Denn ich ſtehe Ihm nicht dafür, daß mich's nicht anfängt, in den Fäuſten zu jucken. Und da könnt' Er leicht ſo zuſammengedroſchen werden, daß Er in einem Jahre nicht ans Heirathen denken dürfte. Und apperpoh! was mir alleweile einfällt! Wenn nun das alles etwa eine Spitzbüberei von Ihm wäre? He? — Ich habe das Briefgen in der Taſche gehabt; das weiß ich gewiß. Wenn Er's nun herauspracticirt hätte? He?

Schnapps. Närrgen, Ihr ſchwatzt, als wenn's in Eurem Kopfe nicht ſo gar richtig wäre. Wenn ich Euch hätte beſtehlen wollen, ſo hätt' ich doch lieber das Lotterieloos genommen. Ein Mädchen iſt ja hunderttauſendmal eher zu haben, als eine Terne.

Görge. Ach, wollte der Himmel, der Spitzbube hätte das Loos genommen, und mir den Brief gelaſſen. Was ſoll nun aus dem armen Görgen werden? Sie iſt mir nicht mehr gut, ſie will einen andern zum Manne nehmen. (Weint.) Ich werde keine Freude mehr haben, ſo lang' ich lebe; ich werde mutterſeelenallein auf dem ganzen Erdboden ſein. Nun, ich will machen, daß ich ſterbe, ehe die Hochzeit vor ſich geht.

Schnapps. Ehrlicher Görge, Ihr dauert mich. Ihr könnt es glauben, daß ich Euch wegen Eurer guten Eigenſchaften beſtändig ganz beſonders lieb gehabt habe. Wahrhaftig, ich wüßte nicht, was ich aus Freundſchaft für Euch thäte. Hört einmal an. Rösgen hat verſprochen, den zu nehmen, der den Brief aufweiſen kann: Der Brief iſt in meiner Hand, gebt Ihr mir das Loos, und ich gebe Euch den Brief.

Görge. Was, allerliebſter Goldſchnapps? iſt das der Ernſt?

Schnapps. Der völlige Ernſt. Aber Ihr ſeht, daß ich mehr für Euch thue, als ein ehrlicher Mann für ſeinen Bruder thäte.

Görge. Da, da iſt der Bettel! Geſchwind, gieb her, Zuckerſchnäppsgen, eh' es Dich reut! (Sie vertauſchen die Billets.) Nun, da hab' ich dich wieder, du allerliebſtes Briefgen. Nun ſag' mir, du kleiner Schelm, warum du mir davongelaufen biſt. Willſt du mir noch einmal den Spas machen, du Flattergeiſt? Höre! Wirſt du noch einmal deſertiren, damit ich dich ranzioniren muß? — Thue mir's nicht wieder, du Affgen; denn nun hab' ich im Leben nichts mehr als dich. Diesmal will ich dir den Streich noch vergeben, komm her, du Herzgen, einen Schmatz! und noch einen! und noch einen! und nun iſt alles vergeſſen und vergeben.

Schnapps. Das Loos iſt alſo nunmehr mein? ganz und gar mein?

Görge. Ganz und gar, Schnäppschen, mit Haut und Haar. Er hat das Billet auf die Terne, und ich habe das Billet auf Röſen. Der Himmel gebe nur, daß ich ſo geſchwind ausgezahlt werde, als Er. — Aber wahrhaftig, ich traue dem kleinen Schelm da gar nicht: ich denke immer, er läuft mir noch einmal davon. Weiß Er was, Moſje Schnapps, geh' Er nur fort, damit ich mit Röſen allein reden kann.

Schnapps. Ei freilich, freilich. Das iſt nicht mehr als billig. Adjeh, lieber Görge, adjeh; (umarmt ihn) es freut mich recht, daß ich Euch einen ſolchen Liebesdienſt erzeugt habe. Seht Ihr, ſo bin ich nun: ich habe ſo ein weiches Herz, daß ich alles aus dem Leben gebe, ſobald ich Jemand weinen ſehe.

Görge. Er iſt ein braver Mann, Moſje Schnapps, wenn ich Ihm wieder dienen kann, ſo komm' Er zu mir. Aber izt geh' Er, damit ich Röſen rufen kann. Adjeh! — Ein Compliment unbekannter Weiſe an Ihre Hochwürden.

Schnapps. Will's ausrichten, will's ausrichten. (Bei Seite.) Wir wollen doch einen Augenblick an der Ecke da lauern, und zuſehn, wie Herr Görge anlaufen wird.

Siebenter Auftritt.

Görge. Rösgen. Schnapps (verſteckt).

Görge (klopft an der Hausthür). Iſt Niemand zu Hauſe?

Rösgen (am Fenſter). Was? Du biſt's? Du unterſtehſt Dich noch, Dich hier ſehn zu laſſen? Du kannſt noch glauben, daß Du wieder einen Fuß wirſt ins Haus ſetzen dürfen? Du bildeſt Dir ein . . .

Görge. Nein, nein, Röſe, ich will nicht ins Haus, ich will hauſſen bleiben, aber laß nur ein vernünftig Wort mit Dir reden; was ich Dir zu ſagen habe, iſt gleich geſchehn, thu mir nur den Gefallen, und komm auf ein paar Augenblickgen herunter, Du wirſt ſehn . . .

Rösgen. Ich mag nichts ſehn und nichts hören und nichts wiſſen. Laß mich in Ruh, und komm mir nicht wieder vor die Augen. (Schlägt das Fenſter zu.)

Schnapps (ſchleicht hervor, bei Seite). Bravo! Nun will ich mein Geld holen, und hab' ich das einmal, ſo komm' ich wieder und hole das Mädel hinterher.

Achter Auftritt.

Görge. (hernach) Rösgen.

Görge (allein). Das iſt aber doch wahrhaftig zu arg. — Ihr nicht einmal das Briefgen vorzeigen zu können! — Und wenn ich die Zeit verſtreichen laſſe, ſo hilft beim Himmel keine Gnade — ſo iſt alles verloren. Denn Schnappſen trau ich nicht über den Weg, und wenn der einmal wieder da iſt, ſo kommt der arme Görge gewiß nicht auf den Erdboden. Nun, ich muß mir das Herz nehmen, geh' es in des Himmels Namen, wie es wolle, ich will mich nicht eher zu Tode grämen, als bis ich noch Einen Verſuch gemacht habe. (Pocht noch einmal an.) Nun, gewagt war's; Friſch zu, Görge!

Rösgen (am Fenſter). Was? Noch keine Ruhe? Soll ich nach den Gerichten ſchicken?

Görge. Aergere Dich nur nicht, liebe Röſe: ich komme gar nicht mehr, um mit Dir zu ſchwatzen, denn Du willſt's einmal nicht haben, ſondern ich komme nur, um Dir Deinen Brief wieder zu bringen.

Rösgen. Meinen Brief? Und den haſt Du? — Du lieber Himmel, der verwünſchte Brief zieht doch in der ganzen Welt herum. — Warte unten, ich will Dir ihn abnehmen. (Macht das Fenſter zu.)

Görge (allein). Nun ſchöpf' ich wieder ein bißgen Athem. Ich hab' ein gutes Gewiſſen, ich bin ihr gut, ich bin ihr beſtändig gut geweſen, ſie iſt mir gut geweſen; es müßte doch, verzeih mir meine Sünde, mit dem Böſen zugehn, wenn ſie nicht Rede annehmen wollte.

Rösgen (kommt aus dem Hauſe). Aber das ſag' ich gleich, von dem Vergangenen mag ich nichts hören und nichts wiſſen. Nur das möcht' ich erfahren, wie es zugeht, daß Du meinen Brief wieder haſt.

Görge (giebt ihr das Billet). Da, Röſe, hier iſt er! Nimm ihn wieder. Er iſt zwar mein, ich hatte meine ganze Hoffnung drein geſetzt, mein ganzes Glück darauf gebaut — aber (weinend) ich ſoll einmal nicht glücklich ſein — und, wenn Du nicht ſprichſt, daß ich ihn behalten ſoll . . .

Rösgen. Nein, ich ſpreche, daß Du mir ihn wiedergeben ſollſt. — Sieh doch! damit er ihn etwa noch in der Schenke vorleſen könnte? — Pfui! meinen Brief, den ich aus gutem ehrlichen Herzen ſchreibe, zu nehmen und ſich mit einem andern Mädchen drüber luſtig zu machen? — Pfui!

Görge. Röſe, liebe Röſe, allerliebſte Röſe! was bringſt Du da für Zeug vor! Ich und ein ander Mädchen, als Du! Geh, Du willſt mich in meiner Noth noch zum Beſten haben.

Rösgen. Aber heute früh ſchick ich Dir das Billetgen, und ein paar Stunden darauf bringt mir's Schnapps wieder? Wie kommt denn das, wenn Du ſo gewaltig unſchuldig biſt?

Görge. Schnapps hat Dir's wieder gebracht? Da ſeh man den Schurken! und zu mir hat er geſagt, Du hätteſt es ihm gegeben. O, nun iſt's gewiß — ja, nun iſt's gewiß, daß er mir's geſtohlen hat.

Rösgen (bei Seite). Wenn's wahr wäre? Der Balbier iſt ſo was im Stande — Ich gäbe was drum, wenn Görge unſchuldig wäre.

Görge. Aber überlege einmal, liebe Röſe, überlege nur einmal: wir ſind nun ſchon zwei Jahre mit einander bekannt, und haſt Du mich in der ganzen Zeit ein einziges Mal auf einem verſchmitzten Streiche ertappt? — Höre, liebe Röſe, vergieb mir's, daß ich mich habe beſtehlen laſſen, ich will's nicht wieder thun, habe Barmherzigkeit, habe Barmherzigkeit, liebe Röſe.

Rösgen. Aber wie kommſt Du denn wieder zu dem Briefe? Wer hat Dir ihn denn gegeben?

Görge. Das Lotto.

Rösgen. Das Lotto? — Ich glaube, Du weißt nicht mehr, was Du redſt. — Schnapps hatte ja den Augenblick den Brief, hat er Dir ihn denn wiedergegeben?

Görge. Ich hab' ihn Schnappſen abgekauft, und da hat er mir ihn wiedergegeben.

Rösgen. Abgekauft? wie denn? wofür denn?

Görge. Ich will Dir's ſagen, liebe Röſe. Du mußt wiſſen, daß ich heute früh eine Terne gewonnen habe, die mit einem Speziesthaler beſetzt war.

Rösgen. Du? eine Terne? — Jemine! das ſoll ja was Großes ſein, wenn man eine Terne gewinnt.

Görge. Ja, es ging ſo ziemlich in die achttauſend.

Rösgen. Jemine, eine Terne von achttauſend Thalern! — Je, Görge, was willſt Du denn mit alle dem Gelde machen?

Görge. Höre nur. — Zum größten Glücke hatt' ich das Geld noch nicht. Schnapps ſah, daß ich mich über Deinen Brief gar nicht zufrieden geben wollte; und ſchlug mir endlich vor, daß wir mit den Billets tauſchen wollten.

Rösgen. Und Du haſt es gethan?

Görge. Je, wahrhaftig, ich gäb ihm mein Häutgen noch dazu, wenn er's verlangte.

Rösgen. Guter, lieber Görge, (umarmt ihn) vergieb mir, ſei nicht böſe; ſo lang' ich lebe, will ich Dir gut ſein — ſo lang' ich lebe, will ich Dich lieb haben.

Görge. Der Geier, Röſe, Du mußt gewaltig viel auf Leute halten, die einen guten Handel treffen.

Rösgen. O vergieb mir, lieber Görge, daß ich Dir Unrecht gethan habe; behalte meinen Brief, wenn Du ihn noch behalten willſt — ich ſchwöre Dir's zu, daß ich Dich lieb habe, daß ich niemanden haben will als Dich, und daß ich mich noch heute Abend mit Dir verloben will, wenn Du es haben willſt, und wenn Du mir nicht gram geworden biſt.

Görge. Du haſt mich wieder lieb? Ach, ich bin des Todes für Freuden! — Höre, liebe Röſe, ſag's nicht noch einmal, daß Du mich lieb haſt, es könnte mir wieder ein Unglück begegnen. Laß mich Dich nur anſehen, ich will es ſchon aus Deinen hübſchen Augen herausſtudiren, ohne daß Du mir es ſagſt.

Rösgen. Nur vergieb mir, lieber Görge, daß ich Dir ſo weh gethan habe.

Görge. Was das für allerliebſte hübſche Augen ſind! Ich weiß nicht, wie ich's ſagen ſoll, aber ich möchte gleich ganz und gar hineinſpringen. — Aber höre, thu mir einmal den Gefallen und ſage mir, wie die beiden erſten Worte hier heißen. Da! (Zeigt ihr den Brief.)

Rösgen. „Lieber Freund."

Görge. Wie war's? Ich hab's nicht recht verſtanden.

Rösgen. „Lieber Freund."

Görge. Warte, ich muß es ſelber leſen. — L, i, e, lie, b, e, r, ber, lieber, F, r, e, u, n, d, Freund, lieber Freund — Ah, wenn's nur nicht ſo bald alle wäre! wenn die beiden Worte nur ſo lang wären, als das dicke Hiſtorienbuch, das unſer Schulmeiſter hat!

Rösgen. Laß es gut ſein, lieber Görge, Du ſollſt es noch viele tauſendmal hören, wenn Du es nur niemals überdrüßig werden willſt. — Aber höre einmal, wir können dem Balbier ſeine Betrügerei nicht ſo hingehn laſſen.

Görge. Warum denn?

Rösgen. Er muß das Billet herausgeben, um das er Dich betrogen hat.

Görge. Was denn für ein Billet?

Rösgen. Dein Lotterieloos.

Görge. Nein, liebe Röſe, nein, der Handel iſt einmal gemacht — wir wollen nicht weiter davon reden; er könnte rappelköpfiſch werden und den Brief wieder haben wollen —

Nein, nein, es iſt ſo recht gut. Du haſt mich lieb, nicht wahr? — Nun, und weiter verlang' ich nichts.

Rösgen. Stille, ſtille! da ſeh' ich ihn kommen; verſtecke Dich geſchwind in's Haus, und komm' nicht eher hervor, als bis ich Dich rufe.

Görge. Aber rufe mich nur ja recht bald. Hörſt Du? (Ab.)

Rösgen. Ja, ja, geh' nur, daß er Dich nicht ſieht. — Ah, da kommt der Schurke und hat das Billet in der Hand.

Neunter Auftritt.

Rösgen. Schnapps.

Schnapps (vor ſich). Muß der verdammte Schulmeiſter heute juſt Gevatterbriefe herumtragen; und ſo elend der Kerl iſt, ſo kann ich doch heute ohne ihn nichts machen. — (Sieht Rösgen und verſteckt das Billet.) Ach, mein ſchöner Goldengel, ich wollte eben zu Ihr.

Rösgen. Es iſt mir recht lieb, Mosje Schnapps, daß ich ihn ſehe. Weiß Er wohl, was hier vorgefallen iſt, ſeitdem wir uns nicht geſehen haben?

Schnapps. Nein, ich weiß nicht — was wäre denn vorgefallen?

Rösgen. Denk' Er einmal an, der Menſch, der Görge, unterſteht ſich, mir wieder unter die Augen zu kommen; aber ich habe ihn ſo heimgeſchickt, daß er gewiß in ſeinem Leben nicht wiederkommt.

Schnapps. Das iſt charmant, hähähä. Ja, ich hab' es gleich gedacht, hähähä, und da hab' ich mich hier verſteckt, und da hab' ich geſehn, hähähä, wie Sie ihm das Fenſter vor der Naſe zuſchlug, hähähä. — Aber den dummen Görgen iſt bei Seite, mein Engelgen; Du weißt doch wohl, was Du mir vorhin verſprochen haſt?

Rösgen (bei Seite). Ah, nun hab' ich Dich. (Laut.) Ja, Mosje Schnapps, das weiß ich recht wohl. Aber ich geſteh' es, ich habe nur noch ein paar Scrupel, die er mir vorher auflöſen muß.

Schnapps. Auflöſen, reſolviren, diſſolviren, abſtrahiren, rectificiren, wie Du es haben willſt, mein Rösgen.

Rösgen. Ich nehme freilich einen Mann, damit er mir gut iſt, und wenn Er's alſo ehrlich meint, Mosje Schnapps — aber ehrlich muß Er's meinen — ſo denk' ich, daß wir ein Paar ſind. Ich habe ein bißchen Vermögen, aber ich verlange eben nicht, daß mein Mann welches hat. Was ich verlange, das iſt, daß mich mein Mann einzig und allein lieb hat. Sag' Er mir offenherzig, Mosje Schnapps, iſt Er außer mir keiner andern gut?

Schnapps. Nun ſo wollt' ich, daß ich alle Flüche und alle Schwüre wüßte, die es in der ganzen Reichsarmee giebt, um Ihr, allerſchönſtes Rösgen, zu beſchwören, daß ich . . .

Rösgen. Hör' Er mich an. Ich habe einmal den Fehler an mir, daß ich erſchrecklich mißtrauiſch bin. — Da Er hierher kam, hatt' Er ein Papier in der Hand, und das verſteckt' Er, ſobald Er mich gewahr wurde. Was war das? Wenn Er will, daß ich Ihm trauen ſoll, ſo muß Er mir's ſehn laſſen. Hat doch wohl Regine einen Liebſten gefunden, der ihr die Briefe anderer Mädchen zeigte.

Schnapps. Ja wahrhaftig, ſchönes Rösgen, ich wäre des Todes, wenn ich Ihr durchaus einen Liebesbrief zeigen ſollte. Denn in meinem ganzen Leben hat noch kein Frauenzimmer an mich geſchrieben.

Rösgen. Nichts, nichts! das ſind kahle Ausflüchte; und mit Einem Worte, wenn Er haben will, daß ich Ihn für einen ehrlichen Mann halten ſoll, ſo muß er mir das Papier zeigen — ſo muß er mir's in die Hand geben.

Schnapps. Meiner Treu, ich wollte, daß Sie meine Liebe auf derbere Probe ſtellte, hähähä. Sie wird die Augen ganz gewaltig aufſperren, hähähä, wenn Sie ſieht, daß es weiter nichts, als — (giebt ihr das Loos) ein Lotterieloos iſt, hähähä.

Rösgen (ſieht es an und verſteckt es). Nun hab' ich's, nun hab' ich's. — Weiß Er, Mosje Schnapps, daß allemahl ein einfältiges Mädchen den Schurken aller Schurken betrogen hat? — Görge! Görge!

Zehnter Auftritt.

Rösgen. Schnapps. Görge.

Görge. Was giebt's? was giebt's? Hat er Dir was geſtohlen?

Rösgen. Nein, lieber Görge: aber ich habe das wieder, was er Dir geſtohlen hat. — Da iſt Dein Loos, da! — Du wirſt mich doch noch nehmen, Görge, da Du ſo ein reicher Kauz biſt? — Und Ihm, Mosje Schnapps, wünſch' ich alle Tage ſo einen guten Schacher als heute. Nur muß Er Sich nicht wieder ſo übertölpeln laſſen.

Görge. Der arme Teufel, er dauert mich! — Hör' Er, mein lieber Mosje Schnapps, wenn ich einmal einen Reitknecht brauche und es fehlt Ihm etwa, ſo meld' Er ſich getroſt auf meinem Rittergute.

Rösgen. Daß er uns die Pferde in die Schwemme ritte und nicht wiederkäme? Nein, nein, Görge, das wollen wir überlegen. (Beide ab.)

Letzter Auftritt.

Schnapps (allein).

Daraus will ich mir zweierlei ad notam nehmen. Erſtlich, es giebt kein ärger Keſſelflickervolk, als ein paar Liebesleute; und zweitens, es gelingen nicht alle honetten Pfiffe. Denn wo wollten ſonſt die Fußgänger vor lauter Equipagen hin?

(Der Vorhang fällt.)

Johann Chriſtian Auguſt Heyſe

ward 1765 zu Nordhauſen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Jena die Humanitätswiſſenſchaften und wurde dann Lehrer am Gymnaſium zu Oldenburg, von wo er 1808 als Rector des Gymnaſiums und der Töchterſchule nach Nordhauſen kam. Hier erhielt er 1819 einen Ruf als Doctor der Philoſophie und Director der höhern Töchterſchule nach Magdeburg, welchem er folgte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 27. Juni 1829.

Wir haben von ihm:

Neuer Jugendfreund. Hamburg 1800 — 1802, 2 Bde.

Hülfsbuch zur Erlernung und Beförderung einer deutſchen Ausſprache und Rechtſchreibung. Hannover 1803.

Anleitung zum Gebrauche des Hülfsbuchs. Ebendaſ. 1803.

Allgemeines Wörterbuch zur Verdeutſchung der fremden Wörter ꝛc. Oldenburg 1804, 2 Bde.

Kurzgefaßtes Fremdwörterbuch. Nordhauſen 1807; 5. Ausg. Hannover 1829.

Theoretiſch-practiſche deutſche Grammatik. Ebendaſ. 1814; 4. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1827. Davon die Auszüge: Schulgrammatik. Ebendaſ. 8. Ausg. 1829. Leitfaden. 6. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1829.

Handbuch aller verſchiedenen Dichtungsarten. Hamburg 1821 in gr. 8., mit H. F. Fr. Göbel.

Kleine Aufſätze und Reden. Ebendaſ. 1824.

Anſichten von Unterricht und Bildung der Jugend. Pirna 1829.

Ein um die Ausbildung der deutſchen Grammatik hochverdienter Schulmann, der eben dadurch, daß es ihm nicht ſo ſehr um philoſophiſche Forſchung, als um populäre Feſtſtellung des einmal als richtig Angenommenen zu thun war, höchſt vortheilhaft und nachhaltig wirkte.

Johann Andreas Chriſtoph Hildebrandt

ward im Jahre 1764 zu Halberſtadt geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, wurde darauf Collaborator an der Martinisſchule ſeines Geburtsortes, erhielt dann 1794 ein Pfarramt zu Weſerlingen und ſpäter zu Eilsdorf im Halberſtädtiſchen.

Er verfaßte:

A. Erziehungs- und Volksſchriften.

Blüthen aus Friedrichs II. Siegeskranze. Braunſchweig 1829.
Gallerie romantiſcher Dichtungen für die Jugend. Magdeburg 1828.
Geſchichte des ſiebenjährigen Krieges. Halberſtadt 1827.
Heldenthaten der Väter. Magdeburg 1822.
Hülfsbuch zur Erklärung der Sonn- und Feſttags-Evangelien. Quedlinburg 1830.
Neuer Kinderfreund. Leipzig 1809 — 1810. 2 Bdchn.
Kleine Leſeübungen für Kinder. Quedlinburg 1814.
Robinſon's Colonie. Leipzig 1807. 2. A. 1819.
Der Veteran. Rudolſtadt 1811.
Der Winter auf Spitzbergen. Leipzig 1822. 2. A. 1830.

B. Romane (in alphabetiſcher Ordnung).

Das nächtliche Abentheuer und andere Erzählungen. Quedlinburg 1826.
Intereſſante Abentheuer eines Türkenſclaven. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Adolph. Königsberg 1817.
Agathe. 3 Thle. Quedlinburg 1825.
Der Ahnherr. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Auguſte du Port. Königsberg 1799.
Der Bankerott u. ſ. w. Quedlinburg 1821.
Berthold von Nidda. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Schwarze Bilder aus der Vorzeit. Ebendaſ. 1821.
Brömſer von Rüdesheim. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1820. 2. A. 1831.
Die Colonie auf St. Helena. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Die heilige Eiche u. a. m. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Erzählungen. Greifswalde 1824.
Der Einſiedler auf Spitzbergen. Quedlinburg 1818.
Ferdinand von Waldau. 3 Thle. Leipzig 1825.
Feodor und Athanaſia. 4 Bde. Quedlinburg 1822.
Ritter Franz von Sickingen. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Der Freibeuter. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1827.
Die Geheimen des Bundes. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Die Geiſter der Schauerhöhle. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Die Gemächer des Unglücks. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Hiſtoriſch-romantiſches Gemälde merkwürdiger Begebenheiten u. ſ. w. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1824.
Geſchichte eines Verfolgten. 2 Thle. Königsberg 1802. N. A. 1819.
Götz von Berlichingen. 2 Thle. Quedlinburg 1828.
Hannchens Geſchichte. 2 Thle. Berlin 1816.
Heinrich der Vogelſteller. Quedlinburg 1826.
Die Burg Helfenſtein. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1819. N. A. 1830.
Der Huſar. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Das merkwürdigſte Jahr. 2 Thle. Halberſtadt 1830.
Iwan und Feodora. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1823.
Der Klausner im Schwarzwalde. 2 Thle. Quedlinburg 1821.
Die furchtbaren Kreuzritter. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Kuno von Schreckenſtein. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1821.
Kunz von Kaufungen. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Lilienſtröm und Nordenſtern. 3 Thle. Leipzig 1827.
Fernando Lomelli. 3 Thle. Quedlinburg 1821.
Marie. Ebendaſ. 1821.
Die Familie von Manteuffel. 3 Thle. Leipzig 1820.
Der Mord am Hochaltar. 2 Thle. Quedlinburg 1825.
Wilhelm Müller. Leipzig 1806.
Der Negerſclave. 2 Thle. Quedlinburg 1817.
Eduard Nordenflycht. 3 Thle. Königsberg 1809. N. A. 1819.
Die Novize von St. Marienheim. 2 Thle. Greifswalde 1827.
Der achtzehnte October. 3 Thle. Quedlinburg 1816.
Papiere aus meinem Feldpredigerleben. Gießen 1807.
Ritterrache. Quedlinburg 1824.
Rollina. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Die ſchwarzen Ruinen. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Saladin. Ebendaſ. 1827.
Fürſt Scanderbeg. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Der Schiffbruch. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Schreckensſcenen. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Die Sclavin. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Die Todtenhügel. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Karl von Tellheim. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Der Theaterſchneider. 3 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Tonni. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Die Urſulinerinnen. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Das Vehmgericht. 2 Thle. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Der Schleier. Ebendaſ. 1821.
Familienſcenen. 2 Bde. Halberſtadt 1800. N. A. u. d. Titel: häusliche Scenen. Ebendaſ. 1811 (anonym).
Daniel Fuchs. Quedlinburg 1815 (anonym).
Guſtav von Wildheim. Halberſtadt 1799 (anonym).
Außerdem noch Bearbeitungen der Schriften Anderer für die Jugend u. ſ. w.

Inhalt und Werth ſeiner vielen Romane beurkunden deren Titel vollkommen. Unter ſeinen Jugendſchriften finden ſich mehrere, welche, wie z. B. Robinſon's Colonie, wegen ihrer Faßlichkeit, ihres guten Vortrages und der glücklichen Behandlung des Gegenſtandes mit Recht auf Lob Anſpruch machen können.

Johann von Hildesheim, ſ. Minneſinger.

Joſeph Hillebrand

ward 1788 zu Großdüngen bei Hildesheim geboren, ſtudirte alte Sprachen und Philoſophie zu Hildesheim und Göttingen, und wurde dann Profeſſor am katholiſchen Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Hier ſeiner Anſichten wegen verfolgt, ging er nach Würzburg, ward dort Proteſtant und kurz darauf 1817 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie zu Heidelberg, von wo er 1820 als ordentlicher Profeſſor jener Wiſſenſchaft und Doctor der Philoſophie nach Gießen kam und dort nicht lange nachher noch zum Pädagogarchen ernannt wurde.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Verſuch einer allgemeinen Bildungslehre. Braunſchweig 1816.

Germanicus. Frankfurt 1817, 2 Thle.

Deutſchland und Rom. Frankfurt 1818.

Ueber die Einheit der Zeit und den Zuſammenhang der Ereigniſſe in derſelben. Rede. Heidelberg 1818.

Ueber Deutſchlands Nationalbildung. Frankfurt 1818.

Eugenius Severus. Mainz 1819, 2 Thle. in 8.

Propädeutik der Philoſophie. Heidelberg 1819, 2 Thle.

Logik und philoſophiſche Vorkenntniſſe. Ebendaſ. 1820.

Paradies und Welt. Ein Roman. Leipzig 1822; 2. Ausg. Mainz 1823, 2 Thle. in 8.

Anthropologie. Mainz 1822 u. 1823, 3 Thle.

Lehrbuch der Literar-Aeſthetik. Ebendaſ. 1827, 2 Thle. in gr. 8.

H. hat als Philoſoph einen ſehr geachteten Ruf; ſein Syſtem zeigt einige Hinneigung zu dem Syſteme Jacobi's, ohne jedoch dadurch an ſelbſtſtändiger Eigenthümlichkeit einzubüßen. Scharfſinn, warmes Gefühl, ſchöne Sprache und reiche Phantaſie ſind ein nicht geringer Schmuck der ſämmtlichen Schriften dieſes verdienten und reichbegabten Mannes. Vorzüglich machen wir auf ſeinen Roman „Eugenius Severus“ aufmerkſam, in welchem er einen Theil ſeiner Lebenserfahrungen und Anſichten niedergelegt hat; eine zwiefach anziehende Lecture dem denkenden Leſer gewährend.

Gottlieb Hiller,

der unter dem Namen des Naturdichters bekannte Sohn eines armen Landfuhrmannes, ward am 21. October 1778 zu Landsberg bei Leipzig geboren und betrieb das Geſchäft ſeines Vaters; er flocht nebenbei Taubenneſter und ſtrich Ziegel. Wielands Schriften, die ihm durch Freunde in die Hände kamen, welche ſich für ſein aufſtrebendes Talent intereſſirten, brachten ihn zuerſt auf den Gedanken, öffentlich als Dichter aufzutreten. Der beſte Erfolg und allgemeine Anerkennung ſeiner Verdienſte lohnte ihn und führte ihn in die große Welt und 1803 zu dem Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft liebenden Prinzen Louis Ferdinand nach Berlin, von welchem er der königlichen Familie vorgeſtellt wurde und reichlich beſchenkt zu ſeiner frühern niedern Beſchäftigung zurückkehrte. Nach kurzem Aufenthalte in Wien ſtarb er am 9. Januar 1826 zu Bernau in Preußen.

Wir haben von ihm:

Gedichte, Selbſtbiographie und Reiſen. Köthen 1805 — 1806, 2 Thle.

Seine Leiſtungen wurden, der Seltenheit wegen, zu ihrer Zeit uberſchätzt, obwohl ihm ein untergeordnetes poetiſches Talent keinesweges abzuſprechen iſt.

von Hindichofen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Nikolaus Daniel Hinſche

ward am 29. December 1771 zu Hamburg geboren, ſtudirte alte Literatur und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und wurde vom Senate ſeiner Vaterſtadt zum Rathsverwandten zu Bergedorf bei Hamburg ernannt, wo er noch lebt.

Unter dem Namen „Winfried“ gab er heraus:

Feldblumen und Diſteln. Leipzig 1804.

Nordiſcher Muſenalmanach. Hamburg und Leipzig 1817 — 1823, 7 Jahrgänge.

Nordelbingiſche Blätter. Zeitſchrift. Hamburg 1820.

Ruinen und Blüthen. Altona 1826.

Ein anmuthiges und gefälliges Talent, das ſich in älterer Schule bildete und deſſen Leiſtungen durch Kraft, Wärme des Gefühls, Begeiſterung für das Große und Schöne und durch Wohllaut der Rede ſich vortheilhaft auszeichnen.

Theodor Gottlieb von Hippel,

Sohn des Rectors Hippel an der Stadtſchule zu Gerdauen in Oſtpreußen und Sproß einer altadeligen aber herabgekommenen und ihres Vorrechts deswegen ſich nicht mehr bedienenden Familie, ward daſelbſt am 31. Januar 1741 geboren und verrieth ſchon in früher Jugend ein allſeitiges Talent. Von ſeinem Vater und dem damaligen Prediger und Schulinſpector Keber zu Gerdauen claſſiſch vorbereitet, bezog er im 15ten Lebensjahre die Univerſität Königsberg, um daſelbſt Theologie zu ſtudiren. Dabei vernachläſſigte er jedoch das Studium der Alten, ſo wie eigene poetiſche Uebungen nicht, beſchäftigte ſich noch außerdem viel mit Mathematik und Philoſophie und erlernte von dem damals dort befindlichen eleganten römiſchen Juriſten, dem holländiſchen Juſtizrath Woyt, deſſen Geſellſchafter, Tiſch- und Hausgenoß er wurde, die holländiſche Sprache. Seine mit dem hier gegenwärtigen ruſſiſchen Lieutenant von Keyſer, dem Sohne des ruſſiſchen Viceadmirals, in Woyt's Hauſe geſchloſſene Freundſchaft, brachte ihn 1760 nach Petersburg, wo er die Kaiſerin Katharina II. perſönlich kennen lernte und durch die Freundlichkeit des Viceadmirals von Keyſer und des weiblichen Theiles von deſſen Familie mit dem Glanze des Hofes und der großen Welt vertraut, aber auch zu Wünſchen hingeführt wurde, zu deren Erfüllung ſein jetziger Standpunkt keine hinlängliche Grundlage zu bieten ſchien. Schon als Hausfreund Woyt's war die Liebe zur Jurisprudenz in ihm erwacht, die durch das, was er jetzt geſehen, ſo wie durch ſein Brüten über ſeinen neuen Lebensplan, in welchem ſeine begeiſterte Liebe zu einer ausgezeichneten Dame höhern Ranges die Hauptrolle ſpielte, Nahrung und Stärke erhielt. Nachdem er daher nach ſeiner, ohngeachtet nicht geringer Anerbietungen dennoch bewirkten Rückkehr nach Königsberg, den Winter über bei einer adeligen Familie auf einem nahen Landgute als Hauslehrer zugebracht hatte, ließ er ſich 1762 zu Königsberg als Student der Rechte wieder immatrikuliren, mit dem feſten Vorſatze, groß und reich zu werden. Und er wurde es durch die Kraft ſeines gewaltigen Geiſtes und Willens. „Nackt," ſo ſagte er damals mit Uz von ſich, und ſchrieb es in mehrere Stammbücher, „Nackt flieh' ich in der Weisheit Arme," aber er überwand die Armuth und alle ihm entgegenſtehenden Schwierigkeiten, wurde nach vollendeten Studien 1765 Advocat bei dem königsberger Stadtgericht, dann bei dem Hofgericht daſelbſt, 1772 ſtädtiſcher Gerichtsverwandter und Aſſeſſor des Stipendiencollegiums und entſagte nun ſogar ſeiner Liebe, um der Befriedigung ſeines nunmehrigen einzigen Strebens, des Reichthums und der Ehre willen. Allgemein geachtet und reichlich belohnt ſtieg ſein Anſehen fort und fort. Er wurde Criminalrath, Stadtrath, Beiſitzer des Armencollegiums, Hofhalsrichter, Criminaldirector, 1780 dirigirender erſter Bürgermeiſter zu Königsberg, Polizeidirector, Kriegsrath und Stadtpräſident, und ließ nun auch durch den Kaiſer den Adel ſeiner Familie erneuern. Er war als preußiſcher Abgeordneter bei der Beſitznahme von Danzig, verfiel aber kurz nach ſeiner Rückkehr in eine Krankheit und ſtarb nach langen Leiden, jedoch bis zum letzten Augenblicke thätig, am 23. April 1796 zu Königsberg. — Weit über das Gewöhnliche erhaben war ſein Geiſt, originell ſeine Schriften und ſein Leben. In ihm einte ſich Geſchicklichkeit zu Allem, was er anfing, mit raſtloſer Thätigkeit, Pünktlichkeit, Ordnungsliebe und Hochachtung einflößender Freundlichkeit gegen unter ihm Stehende, reichhaltige Einfachheit in Entwürfen mit unerſchütterlicher Standhaftigkeit in der Ausführung. Er verband, ſeltſam genug, die eigenthümlichſten Widerſprüche des Charakters, Aufklärung des Verſtandes mit Gefühlsſchwärmerei und Aberglauben, faſt andächtelnde Frömmigkeit und warme Liebe zur Sittlichkeit mit unlautern Leidenſchaften und großer Sinnlichkeit, freundſchaftliche Aufrichtigkeit mit planmäßiger Verſtecktheit, Humanität mit Despotismus, leidenſchaftliche Liebe zur Natur und Einfachheit mit Künſtelei. Mit Nichts fing er an, mit 140,000 Thalern endigte er. Er pries am lebhafteſten das Glück der Ehe und lebte ehelos; er war ein Mann nach der Uhr und ging immer ohne dieſelbe; er liebte das Geld bis zum Uebermaß und trug faſt nie Geld bei ſich; er fand das Leben abgeſchmackt und umgab ſich mit Sinnbildern des Todes, aber doch fürchtete er den Tod. So war Hippel, und das Schickſal ſetzte den Contraſt fort, indem es ſeine köſtliche Wohnung in ein Poſthaus, und ſeine ſtille ländliche Beſitzung in einen Sommerbeluſtigungsort verwandelte.

Die von ihm unter der ſtrengſten Anonymität herausgegebenen Schriften ſind enthalten in:

Sämmtliche Werke. Berlin 1827 u. 1828, 12 Bde. in 8. Mit H's Bildniß, 2 Facſimile's u. 16 Kupfern.

Einzeln erſchienen daraus:

Rhapſodie. Königsberg 1763 in 8.

Der Mann nach der Uhr. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1765 in 8.; neue Aufl. 1771 in 8.

Die ungewöhnlichen Nebenbuhler. Ebendaſ. 1768 in gr. 12.

Freimaurerreden. Ebendaſ. 1768 in 8.

Geiſtliche Lieder. Berlin 1772 in 8.

Ueber die Ehe. Ebendaſ. 1774 in 8.; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1775 in 8.; 3. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1792 in 8.; 4. verm. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1793 8. Mit Titelkupfer und Vignette; 5. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1825 in 8.

Lebensläufe nach aufſteigender Linie. Ebendaſ. 1778 — 1781, 3 Thle. in 8.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1781 in 8. Mit Kupfern und Vignetten.

Handzeichnungen nach der Natur. Ebendaſ. 1790 in 8.

Zimmermann I. und Friedrich II., von Johann Heinrich Friedrich Quittenbaum, Bildſchnitzer in Hannover. London (Berlin) 1790 in 8.

Ueber die Mittel gegen die Verletzung öffentlicher Anlagen und Zierrathen. Berlin 1792 in 8.

Ueber die bürgerliche Verbeſſerung der Weiber. Ebendaſ. 1792 in 8.

Kreuz- und Querzüge des Ritters A — Z. Ebendaſ. 1793 u. 1794, 2 Bde. in 8. Mit Kupfern.

Ueber weibliche Bildung. Ebendaſ. 801 in 8.; aus ſeinem Nachlaß herausgegeben.

Ueber Geſetzgebung und Staatenwohl. Ebendaſ. 1804 in 8.

Außerdem Recenſionen, poetiſche Verſuche ꝛc. in den Königsberg'ſchen gelehrten Zeitungen, z. B. Gedanken über die Unzufriedenheit von H. W., in den königsberger Intelligenzblättern von 1761 (auch beſonders in demſelben Jahre) u. a. m.

Hippel's Leiſtungen werden am treffendſten und gedrängteſten mit folgenden Worten von Menzel (deutſche Literatur 2. A. Thl. III, S. 252 u. Thl. IV, S. 63) charakteriſirt: Den meiſten Einfluß übte Yorick auf unſeren Hippel, den erſten, welcher den ächten Humor, die ſubjective Tragikomödie, die Selbſtironiſirung des Schmerzes, das Lachen im Weinen, in unſere Poeſie einführte. Dieſer Humor, der eigentlich zuerſt bei Cervantes und Shakſpeare vorkam, iſt etwas durchaus Modernes, dem früheren Alterthume Fremdes; er konnte erſt zu einer Zeit hervortreten, da das im Mittelalter entſchieden vorherrſchende Gemüth mit dem der neueren Bildung ſich bemächtigenden Verſtande in Kampf gerieth und der eheliche Zwiſt zwiſchen Kopf und Herz, zwiſchen Witz und Empfindſamkeit begann. Bei den Franzoſen bildete ſich dieſer Gegenſatz äußerlich aus. Voltaire repräſentirte den Witz allein, Rouſſeau die Sentimentalität allein. Bei Engländern und Deutſchen aber blieb der Gegenſatz im Innern deſſelben Individuums beſchloſſen, wie hier überhaupt die Innerlichkeit, das Myſtiſche ſtets vorwalteten. Hippel's vorzüglichſtes Werk ſind die „Lebensläufe nach aufſteigender Linie;" doch hat auch ſein „Ritter von A — Z" viele Schönheiten. Man hat mit Recht ſeinen Empfindungen mehr Wahrheit zugeſchrieben, als denen Yorick's, hinter dem ſich die feinſte Koketterie der Seele verſteckt. Hippel's Thränen ſind ächte Perlen, und er iſt eben ſo weit von der Affectation als von der Breiweichlichkeit der ſpäteren ſentimentalen Schule entfernt. In den Lebensläufen ſind Züge von Seelenſchönheit, wie man ſie niegends wiederfindet. — — Er war der Erſte, der die Lyrik in die Proſa übertrug und ſich in ſeinen Schilderungen des Stilllebens, des einſamen Unglücks, des ruhmloſen und doch ſchweren Opfers bis zum tiefen Gram Hölty's verſenkte, während er wieder im geiſtreichſten Spott wie Rabener, Thümmel, Lichtenberg, die Vorurtheile, Affectationen und Moden der Zeit geißeln konnte. Die ſchönſte Humanität, die ſeltenſte Gabe zu rühren und eine vortreffliche Sprache haben dieſem früher weniger beachteten Dichter endlich den hohen Rang in der deutſchen Litteratur geſichert, den er verdient.

Verſchwiegenheit*).

Da ein großer Theil unſerer hochlöblichen Aemter darin beſteht, Geheimniſſe in den Seſſionszimmern zu verrathen, ſo ſcheint es uns zur andern Natur geworden zu ſein, in ſehr vieler Rückſicht von Amtswegen unverſchwiegen zu ſein. Wird nicht die Bitte an den vertrauten Freund: „Opfern Sie dieſen Brief dem Vulcan,“ faſt immer eine Aufforderung mehr, ihn beim Leben zu erhalten, und ihn recht ſorgſam aufzubewahren, damit oft lachende Erben ihn leſen, beſpötteln, und wenn's Glück gut iſt, durch den Druck bekannt machen können? Reiſen nicht viele unſerer Gelehrten, um andere Gelehrte insgeheim zu beſtehlen und ſodann vertraute Geſpräche und Herzensergießungen öffentlich mitzutheilen und ihren Ideen durch individuelle Züge Abſatz verſchaffen zu können? Haben wir nicht Bekenntniſſe und Lebensbeſchreibungen von Männern, die außer dem Hange zur Schwatzhaftigkeit noch Selbſtſucht, Prahlereien und Entſchuldigungsdünkel verrathen, die mit dem Schein der Anklage und Selbſtdenunciation eine Vertheidigungsſchrift enthält?

Wo iſt ein Archiv, das nicht vidimirte und unvidimirte Copien, von denen hier niedergelegten Geheimniſſen niedergelegt! Wo einer der verſchwiegenſten und geheimſten Orden, deſſen Inhalt nicht verrathen und verkauft ward! die Weiber würden es wie Bernſtorf in dem Meinungskriege machen, der am meiſten that, indem er nichts that, — und laut ſagte, was er thun und nicht thun wollte, damit Jedermann wußte, woran er war. — Wahrlich, man ſollte den Weibern überhaupt den Vorwurf der Unverſchwiegenheit nicht machen, und am wenigſten ſie wegen ihrer Zungengeläufigkeit und Neigung zu reden, von Cabinetsgeſchäften ausſchließen. — Sie würden als geheime und geheime Cabinetsräthe ohnehin wenig zu verſchweigen finden.

Die Weiber als Juſtizpflegerinnen.

Die evidente Vernunft iſt eine Mitgift, welche die Natur allen Menſchen im gleichen Grade bewilligt hat, und wahrlich, die Weiber würden ſie bei Ausmittelung der Wahrheit und bei Anwendung der Geſetze im Segen beweiſen. Trockene und ungekünſtelte Wahrheit iſt ſelten der Vorzug unſerer Gerichtshöfe, obgleich ſie in der Geſchichte und überall mehr gilt, als eine noch ſo glänzend ſcheinende Falſchheit.

Um eine causa celebre herauszubringen, erwitzelt der inſtruirende Richter oft Umſtände, auf welche die Partei blos durch Ausfrage gebracht ward, und die ſie aufnahm, um ihrer Sache, wo nicht mehr Recht, doch mehr Wendung, Nachdruck und Glanz, mehr Intereſſe beizufügen. Man nimmt, wenn es künſtlich iſt, als wahr an, was zwei Zeugen ausgeſagt haben, und muß zu Eiden ſeine Zuflucht nehmen; obgleich die dadurch geheiligten Worte beim Gewiſſenhaften und Ungewiſſenhaften nicht höher, nicht niedriger in Anſchlag gebracht werden können, als Worte des gemeinen Lebens. Es iſt hier nicht der Ort, die Mängel der Gerechtigkeit, das Factum herauszubringen, zu rügen, vielmehr begnüge ich mich zu bemerken, daß, da in den Gerichten etwa unter funfzig eine Thatſache der Wahrheit, und unter dreißig etwa eine der Wahrſcheinlichkeit nahe gebracht werde, die Anwendung der Geſetze auf dergleichen unberichtigte und unzuverläſſige Fälle über Menſchenfähigkeit gehe, wenn auch bei den Geſetzen und ihrer Auslegung Alles ſo klar, wie die Sonne wär. Der Zuſammenfluß und die Verhältniſſe der Umſtände ſind ohne Zweifel die einzigſten Bürgen für die Richtigkeit der Thatſache, welche durch Standes-, und was vorzüglich hierher gehört, durch Geſchlechtsgenoſſen erforſcht, und nicht etwa erfragt werden müßte. — Mit Fleiß breche ich ab, um zur Behauptung überzugehen, daß die Geſetze und ihre Anwendung durch Geſetzgeberinnen und Richterinnen gewinnen würden. Meine Abſicht iſt nicht, nach väterlicher Weiſe der Richter- und Philoſophenſtühle durch Zank und Streit die edle Zeit zu verſäumen, nur ein Paar Bemerkungen bitt' ich ein geneigtes Gehör zu verſtatten. Nichts verdient Recht zu ſein und ſo zu heißen, was ſich als Geſetz gedacht widerſpricht, nichts, was nicht allgemeine Principien billigen und jeder durch die Vernunft wollen kann. Sobald ſich alſo Beurtheilung des Rechts nach reinen Vernunftprincipien denken läßt, ſo wird man ſich, ihr zu unterwerfen, keine Bedenklichkeit finden, und ein dergleichen Recht am allerwenigſten einen Prologus (Art Empfehlung) bedürfen. Schon dieſe Allgemeinheit hat etwas Empfehlendes in ſich, indem auch die, welche mit uns nicht in einem Staate leben, im Grunde an dieſelben Geſetze gebunden, und unſere Geſetzbrüder ſind (eine Vereinigung mehr). Die Begriffe von Pflicht und Recht hängen wahrlich, nicht vom Staate, ſondern von der Vernunft ab, und jeder kann Probe machen, ob das Geſetz rechter Art ſei, wenn gleich der Staat jene allgemeine Rechtsregel in beſtimmten Fällen ſo nahe legt, als es nur möglich iſt, um die Beurtheilung zu erleichtern. Nach dieſen Vorausſetzungen iſt eigentlich nicht das römiſche Recht, ſondern die Vernunft das Hülfsrecht, wenn wir mit unſern poſitiven Landesgeſetzen nicht auslangen, und hier der Fall unerkannt gelaſſen iſt, poſitive Geſetze ſind auf Zeit und Ort angewandte Vernunftgeſetze. Die Vernunft liegt allen bürgerlichen Gerichtshöfen zum Grunde, wenn ſie nicht auf Sand gebaut ſein wollen. Selbſt gemeineren Leuten muß es ſo begreiflich als tröſtlich ſein, daß ſie ſo handeln müſſen, wie ſie behandelt zu werden wünſchen, und daß die Vorſchriften, nach denen ſie handeln, ſo beſchaffen ſind, daß ſie ſelbſt nicht beſſere wünſchen können.

Eine dergleichen Geſetzgebung, verbunden mit einer ihr angemeſſenen Geſetzausübung, wie glücklich würde ſie die Welt machen! Das Geſetzbuch würde in uns ſelbſt liegen, leicht ſein, und bei aller ſeiner Faßlichkeit, oder beſſer, eben wegen ſeiner Faßlichkeit, mit mehr Recht den Ehrennamen eines Meiſterſtücks des menſchlichen Geiſtes verdienen, als manches andere, an das der gemeine Mann glaubt, ohne es zu verſtehen, und in deſſen Rückſicht er zum Richter ſagt: Herr, ich glaube, hilf meinem Unglauben. Wer aus Kenntniß unſerer Natur weiß, daß wir die Sitten der Nation und ihre Bildung größtentheils der Wirkung der Geſetze zuſchreiben müſſen, wird mit mir die Vereinfachung der Geſetze und deren Anwendung wünſchen, die ich nicht ohne Grund von der bürgerlichen Verbeſſerung der Weiber und ihrer Theilnahme an der Geſetzgebung und deren Anwendung erwarte.

Außerdem, daß eben hierdurch ſchon viel Geſetzſchwierigkeiten ſich heben, und lange nicht ſo viele Ausnahmen von der Regel ſtattfinden würden, würde die Geſetzgebung auch dadurch mehr Unparteilichkeit gewinnen. Und in den Gerichtshöfen bei der Geſetz-Ausübung würde man uns wohl ſo oft ſtatt eines Nachtſtückes die Nacht mit ſchwarzen Farben verkaufen? Würde es wohl unter den Richtern ſo viele Helden geben, die es aus Angſt und Furcht ſind? Und wo würden die Menge von Actengenies und Rechtsglücksgreifer und Geſetz-Marionettenſpieler, und jene flachen mit groben Farben überladenen Richter und Aſſiſtenten, und Anwälte, und Procuratoren, und wie die Herren weiter heißen, bleiben?

Der ſichere Ehrgeiz iſt weit unausſtehlicher, als der, welcher ſich vor Liſt und Nachſtellung fürchten muß.

Laßt uns aufrichtig ſein. Bis jetzt konnte der Ehrgeiz bei keinem andern Staatspoſten mehr im Trüben fiſchen, als bei der Juſtiz? Wer kann denen Herren Rechtsgelehrten anders widerſprechen, als Rechtsgelehrte einer höhern Inſtanz, obgleich dieſe höhern Inſtanzrichter weder mehr Kenntniß noch mehr Moralität als jene beſitzen. — Die meiſten Dicaſterien kommen mir wie Säulenreihen vor, die nichts Wichtiges zu tragen haben, und wo man unbedeutende Gegenſtände mit Verzierungen überladet.

Ueberraſchung iſt der natürliche Erſatz für alle unangenehme Verwirrung, ohne welche die Ueberraſchung nicht zu erhalten war. Iſt dies aber wohl der Fall bei unſern gelehrteſten Sentenzen? Sind ſie nicht gemeiniglich ein neues verwickeltes Räthſel, wechſelt nicht Verwirrung blos ab, bis endlich die dritte Inſtanz, gemeiniglich durch einen Machtſpruch (ſo ſehr auch dies Wort bei den Herren Juriſten gehaßt und verfolgt wird) aller Fehde ein Ende macht?

Oft kommt man in die Verſuchung, zu behaupten, daß unſere practiſchen Rechtsgelehrten Feinde des **Warums**! wären, wenn gleich es ihren Urtheilen nicht an Gründen für und wider gebricht. Und dieſe Urtheile, ſind ſie nicht oft das gerade Gegentheil von jener innern Gerechtigkeit, und bei der jeder wenn er auch gleich durch alle drei Inſtanzen verloren hätte ſicher ſein kann, daß er nach Gefühl und Einſicht der geſitteten unparteiiſchen Welt gewinnen und das Feld behalten werde.

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*) Aus Hippel's Nachlaß über weibliche Bildung. Berlin 1801. S. 109 ff.

Ein witziger engliſcher Schriftſteller ſah den Haſting'ſchen Proceß als ein Experiment an, das abſichtlich ſo lange fortgeſetzt würde, um den höchſten Grad der Geduld und Ergebung des brittiſchen Volks zu erforſchen — und giebts nicht auch in Deutſchland Proceſſe, die als Gegenſtand der öffentlichen Unterhaltung ſo gepuzt und gekräuſelt werden, gegen die ſich Romane und Schauſpiele von ſelbſt aus Ehrerbietung in Schatten ſtellen — und kommt denn am Ende ein Urtheil, iſt's mehr als ein Spielzeug des Gewiſſens?

Suchen unſere practiſchen Rechtsgelehrten nicht ſelbſt eigenen Proceſſen durch Nachgabe auszuweichen, ſie müßten denn im Staate leben, wo Hazardſpiele verboten ſind, und Liebhaber von Hazardſpielen ſein.

Da Weiber der Natur weit getreuer geblieben, als wir, und da ſie ſchon jetzt, wo ſie das Richteramt führen (in gewiſſen causis privilegiatis des Hausweſens) ſich als Meiſterinnen in ihrer Art zeigen und ihre Männer beſchämen, die gemeiniglich alles verderben, ſobald ſie ſich herausnehmen, die Stellvertreter ihrer Weiber ſein zu wollen: ſo iſt zu hoffen, daß wenn man Weiber an der Rechtsausübung Theil nehmen ließe, ſie den größten Theil jener Uebel, wo nicht heben, ſo doch mindern würden.

Weiber ſind zuweilen hart, und läßt ſich die Juſtiz in Gefühle auflöſen, und muß man es nicht ſein, wenn es Schuld und Unſchuld der Menſchen gilt? — Zuweilen ſind Weiber äußerſt gütig, und auch dies iſt nothwendig, wenn die menſchliche Schwachheit dieſe Rückſicht verdient, und einen Verſuch der Sühne nothwendig macht, bei welchem ſie uns ſo außerordentlich weit zurücklaſſen würden; ſie beſitzen Geduld, die Klagen und Schwatzreden der Parteien anzuhören, in einem feinen guten Herzen zu bewahren; auch fehlt es ihnen nicht an Beredſamkeit, um den Sturm der Parteien zu beſänftigen und die Fluth der Rede in ihre Ufer zurückzuweiſen. Endlich würden ſie, wenn ſie an der Finanz- und Rechtsbetreibung gemeinſchaftlich Theil nehmen ſollten, beide Theile der Staatsverwaltung in ein beſſeres Verhältniß bringen.

Beſchäftigung der Weiber.

Wie aber, ſoll an das Schwert, ohne welches angeblich keine bürgerliche Verbeſſerung, wo nicht zu Stande zu bringen, doch zu erhalten iſt, hier nicht auch gedacht werden? Zog nicht ſchon ein Cherub vor dem Thore des Paradieſes (freilich nachdem es verloren war) auf die Wache. Vorerſt könnte das Schwert immerhin ein Monopol für den Mann bleiben, da das andre ſo tief geſunkene Geſchlecht eine geraume Zeit, ich will nicht [illegible] (Danieliſche Jahrwochen) gebrauchen wird, ſich in andern Fächern in die Höhe zu ſchwingen; auch thut es wohl, zuerſt nach der Ausbildung ſeines Geiſtes zu trachten, und wenn das Menſchengeſchlecht des neuen ſo herrlichen Zuwachſes wahrer Aufklärung, den es aus der bürgerlichen Verbeſſerung der Weiber zu erwarten hat, ſich ohne Menſchenſchlächter nicht behelfen könnte, ſo wird ſich auch zu einem Weiber-Freicorps Rath finden. Mein Buch möchte hierbei ungern die Stelle eines Werbelieutenants vertreten. Auch ich wollte nur Winke geben, und warum auch mehr, da wo der Totaleindruck unauslöſchlich iſt, die Detailvorſchläge ſich von ſelbſt geben.

Freilich wenn die Weiber, die bis jetzt kein andres Geſchäft als Liebesangelegenheiten kannten, auf einmal wie vom Himmel gefallen, ohne Vorbereitung, ohne ihnen bewilligte bürgerliche Rechte, ohne daß man ihnen auf politiſche Köpfe und Füße hilft, ſich in Staatsſachen werfen ſollten — wär' es Wunder, wenn ſie nach einem franzöſiſchen vice reporto zwar die hyſteriſchen Zufälle verlören, indeß in noch ärgere fielen! Doch enthalten bürgerliche Beſchäftigungen ſo viel Schönes und Erhabenes für ſie, daß, ſobald man ſie dazu vorbereitet hat, und ſie bekannter mit ihnen ſind, ſie Alles dieſer köſtlichen Perle halber veräußern werden. Zarte Faſern, die man pflegen und warten ſoll, muß der Gärtner nicht zerreißen; bei einer ſcheinbaren Ermattung oder bei einem zu ſtarken Auswuchs kann er nicht, ohne ein Miethling zu ſein, jene ſich hervordrängenden Zweige abſchneiden, die ſo leicht zu beſſern Zwecken zu leiten geweſen wären — er läßt ſie in die Höhe ſchießen, oder zur beſchützenden Krone gedeihen. Man mäßige beim andern Geſchlechte die zu ſtarke Neuheit: man bringe Weiber mit mehr ernſthaften Sachen, und zwar allmälig in Verbindung, und hyſteriſche und andre angeblich ärgere Uebel Leibes und der Seele, Gutes und Ehre, ſind gehoben. Ihre Ausſchweifungen, die wir ſo ſchrecklich vergrößern, entſtehen mehr aus Befriedigung der Eitelkeit, als der Begierde. Sie haben keine andre olympiſche Bahn als Männer zu fahren; man öffne ihnen andre, und ſie werden anders denken und handeln. Das Promemoria, welches jener Kaufmann in ſein Tagebuch trug: „Ja nicht zu vergeſſen, mich in Hamburg zu verheirathen," würde den Weibern eigen werden, ſobald ſie, außer ſich ehelich zu verbinden, noch Etwas mehr mit ſich anzufangen wüßten. — Schon jetzt haben ſie bei dem Werben ihrer Augen keine Abſicht, ſie treiben das Mienenſpiel der Mode halber; keine kluge Mannsperſon wagt daraus etwas zu ſchließen, indem ſie weiß, woran ſie dabei iſt. Gewiß wird am andern Geſchlecht reichlich erfüllet werden, was Montaigne ſagt: Jungen Gelehrten geht es wie den Kornähren, ſo lange ſie leer ſind, richten ſie ihre Spitzen gerad und keck empor, kommen aber ihre Körner zur Reife, ſo laſſen ſie ihr Haupt ſinken. Schon manchmal hab' ich das andre Geſchlecht bedauert, daß man es wegen ſeiner Miene ſo ſcharf zu richten, und Eitelkeit, Zeitvertreib, Koketterei und Wolluſt für einerlei zu halten gewohnt ſei. Es iſt vielmehr zu verwundern, daß jetzt, da das halbe menſchliche Geſchlecht ungerecht verurtheilt iſt, daſſelbe auf nichts weiter ſinnet, als ſich mit Ehren unter die Haube zu bringen, wenn auch noch ſo viel Polizei im Punkte des Punkts herrſchet. Wir lachen über jene Dame, in deren Gegenwart man die ſchwarzen Augen ihrer Nachbarin lobte, und die zu ſchnell erwiederte: „jetzt trägt man keine ſchwarze Augen mehr." Allein zu laut lachen ſollten wir nicht, denn nur wir ſind es, welche das andre Geſchlecht zu ſolchen Antworten verleiten, das unſerer ſelbſt eigenen Eitelkeit halber, die ſeinige befördert. — Man bringe die Weiber aus ihrem Pſychodocheion, wo man ſie als abgeſchiedene Seelen hält, wo man ſie zu einer Art von Liebe zum Ritterleben von trauriger Geſtalt verurtheilt — zum wirklichen Leben, und ſie werden von ihren jetzigen Fehlern befreit werden, und in allen Arten bürgerlicher Beſchäftigungen ihr Licht leuchten laſſen. Man entſcheide Nebenfolgen von eigentlichen Nebenurſachen und Haupturſachen, und man wird finden, wie unrecht wir ihnen zeither thaten, und wie werth ſie waren, daß man ihnen Gerechtigkeit erwies, obgleich die Gerechtigkeit blind iſt, und nicht auf den Werth und Unwerth der Perſonen, denen ſie erwieſen wird, ſehen muß, von Gerechtigkeits wegen.

Ehe.

Erſt in der Ehe wird das Weib in eben dem Grade durch den Mann vollendet, wie der Mann durch das Weib — Mann und Weib machen einen ganzen Menſchen aus. Die relativen Eigenſchaften, die zwiſchen beiden aufeinander angelegt ſind, ſetzen dieſe Behauptung außer Zweifel. Die Natur hat Mann und Weib ſo zuſammengefügt, daß kein Menſch ſie ſcheiden kann. Was kann ſich ohne Weiber gruppiren! Gehe mit einem dir völlig gleichgültigen Weibe um, nur langer Weile halber; ehe du es merkſt, wird die Seele in die ihrige eingreifen; ihr werdet nicht von einander laſſen, ohne daß Luſt und Liebe dabei den mindeſten Einfluß hat. Dieſer Einklang iſt Geſchlechtstrieb, oder inniges geheimes Gefühl, Beſtätigung göttlicher Worte: Es iſt nicht gut, daß der Menſch allein ſei. Ohne Eva iſt Adam ein Thier, und Eva ohne Adam eine Kloſterjungfer. Wer bemerkte nicht, daß faſt alle Männergeſellſchaften mit dem Paradieſe anfingen, und mit dem jüngſten Gericht enden! Weiber knüpfen dieſe Geſpräche meiſterhaft zuſammen und bringen Alles ins Verhältniß, ohne jenen Geſprächen das engliſche Gartenrecht zu nehmen, welches gebahnte Wege vermeidet. Kurz und gut, kein Geſchlecht hat den mindeſten Werth ohne das andre, zuſammengenommen machen ſie die Menſchheit aus. In Rückſicht des Hausſtandes wären wir alſo einverſtanden: hebt dieſes aber den bürgerlichen Beruf, der bei den Weibern ebenſo wie bei den Männern göttlich iſt? So wie der Mann in ſeinem Hauſe und im Amte wirkſam und ein Mann ſein kann, ſo iſt nicht wohl abzuſehen, warum das Weib minder es zu ſein im Stande wäre, und ob es nicht ſogar nothwendig ſei, daß ein Weib in bürgerlicher Beziehung wirkſam werde, und dabei doch ein Weib bleibe. Jene liebenswürdige Einfachheit bei nie zu verkennender Würde, jene enthaltſame, faſt ſtrenge Zurückhaltung bei voller Publicität und Offenheit, jene fortgehende Prüfung bei edler Zutraulichkeit, ſind dies Gaben, welche die Weiber wie ein Licht unter den Scheffel ſetzen, oder außer dem Hauſe auch im Staate leuchten laſſen ſollen! Einſt konnte man ſagen, daß das edle Abſichtloſe, welches die Poeſie behauptet und ſo ſehr erhebt, die Weiſe des andern Geſchlechts ſei, welches, wenn gleich es nicht auf Herzen anlegt, doch alle Herzen gewinnt. — Wer hat nicht Weiber gekannt, deren Blick durch die Kirchenſchlöſſer der Herzen drang, und Alles entdeckte, was es entdecken wollte; deren Kraft niederdrückte und hob, was es niederzudrücken und zu heben ſich vorſetzte!

Regierung der Weiber.

Wenn Weiber in der bürgerlichen Welt zur Mitwirkung oder Mitherrſchaft berechtiget werden ſollten, würden ſie nicht auch auf die Hausherrſchaft Anſpruch machen? Warum das? „Es iſt wider die Vernunft und wider die Natur," ſagt ein Philoſoph der Welt, „daß Weiber die Hausherrſchaft führen; allein Reiche können ſie regieren. Im erſten Falle erlaubt ihnen ihre Schwäche dieſen Vorzug nicht, im andern ſtimmt dieſe ſie zur Leutſeligkeit und Mäßigung." Zwar iſt die Sophiſterei in dieſen Bemerkungen nicht zu verkennen, doch können ſie dazu dienen, unſere Opponenten wegen des Hausregiments zu beruhigen, welches ohne allen Zweifel weit mehr als jetzt den Männern zufallen muß, wenn den Weibern ein anderer Wirkungskreis angewieſen ſein wird. Und hab' ich denn irgendwo behauptet, daß Weiber die Hausherrſchaft führen ſollen? Nur da, wo nach dem altdeutſchen Reim eines gewiſſen Reformators ein Jeder ſeine Lection lernet, ſteht es wohl im Hauſe. Männer und Weiber gewinnen gleich viel durch eine getheilte Hausherrſchaft, und nur da, wo das Frauenzimmer zu einer ewigen Vormundſchaft verdammt iſt, ſcheint es ſeine Rache blos aus der erſten Hand vom Ehemanne zu nehmen, und ihm das ganze Hausregiment nicht aus den Händen zu reißen, ſondern zu ſpielen. Zu einander vermählt iſt eins an des andern Willen. Eiferſucht auf Anſehen iſt der Hebel, wodurch nur ſchwache Menſchen gereizt und in Athem geſetzt werden können.

Schwachheit.

Geſetzt, das andere Geſchlecht wäre der Sinnlichkeit mehr als wir unterworfen, wird dies auch denn noch ſein, wenn es zu mehr geiſtigen Beſchäftigungen den Zugang erhält? Die Weiber ſind ſchwach, und eben darum flatterhaft, he wild und grauſam.

Es iſt unſtreitig, daß die Weiber nicht immer ſchwächer ſind als wir, daß ſie ſich in den niedern Klaſſen weit weniger als in den höhern ſchwach zeigten, und daß eben hiedurch außer Zweifel geſetzt würde, daß dieſe Schwächlichkeit nicht in der weiblichen Natur, ſondern in der Erziehung und Verzärtelung liege. So wiſſen wir, daß z. B. in Champagne, wo die Einwohner ein geſunder Schlag Leute ſind, die Weiber in der Regel ſtärker als die Männer ſind, und wie viele Wüſtlinge giebt's nicht, die ſich die Schwäche in der Jugend inoculiren laſſen, und im vierzigſten Jahre an der Entkräftung ſterben. Wahrlich, die phyſiſche Größe und Stärke ſteht mit der moraliſchen Ueberlegenheit eben ſo wenig im Verhältniß, als größere körperliche Stärke mit einer größern Seelenkraft verbunden iſt. Der Geiſt des Menſchen macht ein eigentliches Weſen, und ſo wäre die vorgeſchützte Unfähigkeit des Weibes zu Staatsgeſchäften, Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften, von der Seite der Schwäche höchſtens ein Vorwand, allein kein gründlicher Einwand.

Es iſt wahr, daß Schwächlichkeit bei unſerem Geſchlecht in der Regel Liſt, Heimlichkeit und Grauſamkeit nach ſich ziehen, weil ſelbſt unſere Männer von der Welt ſich ihrer Schwäche, Gott Lob, ſchämen, welches aber bei unſern Damen von der Welt der Fall nicht iſt, als welche ſich ſolche zum Ruhme anrechnen. Liſt und Heimlichkeit haben dergleichen Damen bei Männern, die, wo nicht ſchwächer, ſo doch mit ihnen wahrlich gleich ſchwach ſind, auch nicht nöthig, um ihre Endzwecke zu erreichen und ihre Uebermacht zu behaupten.

Was endlich die Grauſamkeit betrifft, ſo vertritt ſie bei ſchwachen Männern gemeiniglich die fehlende Kraft jener blos ſo genannten Männer, und wollten ſich gar zu gern für wirkliche und nicht blos Titularmänner ins Publikum bringen, wogegen Weiber, von Geſchlechts wegen, jeden Schein von Grauſamkeit verſtecken müſſen, zu der ſie an ſich ſchon wegen ihres mitleidigen und menſchlichen Charakters auch nicht aufgelegt ſind.

Ausdauer.

Das ſchöne Geſchlecht hat keine Ausdauerung, iſt keiner Anſtrengung fähig. Wenn Weiber Mütter geworden, hören ihre Fähigkeiten auf, wodurch ſie in den erſten Jahren die Brüder, die mit ihnen erzogen wurden, übertrafen. Ein langer Einwand, der kurz zu beantworten iſt.

Was auf die Rechnung unſerer Einrichtung gehört, kann dem Geſchlechte nicht zur Laſt fallen. Wenn den Weibern die Erziehung ihrer Kleinen, die Einrichtung und Erhaltung des Hausweſens und noch obenein die Geheimerathsſtelle im Amte ihres Eheherrn obliegen, iſt's Wunder, wenn ſie weniger lieſt, weniger ſingt, weniger ſpielt, als zuvor. Sind Singen, Spielen und Leſen mehr als Zeitvertreibe der cultivirten Welt. Endigen ſich nicht unſere Studien in der Regel ebenfalls, wenn wir zum thätigen Leben kommen, und ſind nicht blos eigentliche Gelehrte, welche ſich ihr Leben lang mit theoretiſchen Kenntniſſen abgeben, die, wenn ſie in die Welt und ins Leben gebracht werden, wenigſtens nicht immer Wort halten, und was iſt denn überhaupt das Reſultat des meiſten ſpeculirenden Wiſſens, wenn es blos geiſtiſch bleiben ſoll und nicht practiſch werden kann? Auch hab' ich gefunden, daß Weiber ſelbſt einer Philoſophie nicht entgegen ſind, nach welcher wir uns rühmlichſt den Kopf zerbrechen, um grundgelehrt ſein zu können; und giebt's nicht Wiſſenſchaften, denen die Weiber getreu bleiben bis in den Tod? — Fontenelle würde ſich mit einem Weibe über mehr als eine Welt haben unterreden, und ſeine Briefe an das andere Geſchlecht richten können. Ließ Katharina II. wohl nach, ihre Welt von Monarchie, die ſie ſchuf, zu erhalten? Arbeitete ſie nicht unabläſſig an ihrer Ausbildung, und muß man nicht mit Wahrheit geſtehen, daß die moſaiſche Schöpfungsformel auf ſie paßte: Sie ſprach, und es ward. Wallfahrteten nicht mehrere Fürſten, um bei Katharina II. die Regierungskunſt zu lernen; hieß es nicht mit Recht von ihr: Hier iſt mehr als Salomo.

Weiber haben eine gewiſſe Kraft und Energie der Seele, nach welcher ſie vieles mit ganz andern Augen anſehen und mit ganz andern Ohren anhören, und mit ganz anderm Kopfe und Herzen verſtehen, als wir, wenn gleich ihren oft tief geſchärften Bemerkungen das Schulmäßige fehlt. — Sie leſen, ſie ſchreiben allerliebſt, nur ſelten buchſtabiren ſie. Da ſie das blos Gekünſtelte oder Verkünſtelte unſerer oft zu hoch geprieſenen Kenntniſſe abmerken, wenn wir ſie ihnen zu Liebe aus dem Schweren ins Leichtere, aus der Schulſprache ins Verſtändliche übertragen. Iſt's Wunder, daß Weiber bei reifern Jahren minder blind folgſam ſind, wenn wir ſie vierzig Jahre lang in Wüſten leiten wollen, um nach Canaan zu kommen. —

Oft ſehen Weiber, welche Kluft zwiſchen Gelehrten und Weiſen vorhanden iſt, und daß, wo der liebe Gott eine Kirche hat, der böſe Feind ſich auch eine Kapelle baue; daß eine Akademie der Weisheit ein Gymnaſium der Thorheit in der Nähe habe; daß in Monarchien der Grund zu Republiken, in Republiken der Grund zur Monarchie insgeheim gelegt werde, und daß, kurz und gut, in der größten Schönheit der Stoff zur größten Häßlichkeit liege. Dieſe Erfahrungen machen die Weiber behutſamer, nicht Alles für Gold zu halten, was dafür ausgegeben wird. Eliſe entlarvte den Caglioſtro, den Männer für etwas Großes hielten, und der zum Belege dient, daß, je glücklicher die Vernunft den blauen Dunſt zu vertreiben ſuche, der unſer Auge blendet, deſto heftiger auch die Begierde zur Schwärmerei ſei, um der Vernunft, wenn nicht anders, doch wenigſtens durch Beſuche aus jenen Gegenden Widerſtand zu thun, wo abgeſchiedene Seelen hauſen. An der Vernunft liegt es nicht, daß ſie nicht überall gedeihet, ſondern an der Art des Vortrages, an der Bemühung, allmälig ihre Gebiete zu vergrößern. Augen, welche die Sonne kaum in ihrem Aufgange ertragen können, muß man nicht gleich durch den hohen Mittag überfallen. Die Weiber ſcheinen noch die Kunſt zu beſitzen, Alles in das gehörige Verhältniß zu bringen, und auf ein Haar zu wiſſen, wie weit ſie im Unterricht gehen können, um weder durch zu viel zu überladen, noch durch zu wenig träge zu machen. Am wenigſten werden ſie Speculationen, die noch nicht bewährt gefunden und erklärt worden, ſo wie ſie da ſind, geradezu realiſiren und ins gemeine Leben einführen wollen. Wenn manche Starkgeiſter unter den Mannsperſonen das, was etwa eine Ahndung von der Sache giebt, ſchon für einen ausführbaren Plan anſehen, ſo zittern und beben die Weiber, und mit Recht, weil ſie mehr durch ihr Augenmaß, als durch, Gott weiß was für Berechnungen herauszubringen verſtehen, wie weit man ſich auf Menſchen verlaſſen könne, und was man ſich überhaupt zu ihnen zu verſehen habe. Es giebt manche falſche Theorie, allein faſt hätte ich Luſt zu behaupten, daß die Praxis noch öfter des rechten Weges verfehlen könne, daß es nicht immer an der Theorie liege, wenn ſie nicht ausgeführt wird, und wohl unverdientermaßen die Ausführung verheißt. Sage ich zu viel, wenn ich behaupte, daß Männer nie ohne Weiber zur Praxis irgend einer richtigen Sache gelangen werden?

Geſelliger Ton.

Genie's und Gelehrte ergötzen ſich herzinniglich, daß Weiber ihre hohen Wiſſenſchaften auch auf Worte des gemeinen Lebens ſetzen, und in bekannter Melodie ſo lieblich vortragen können. Männer machen, wenn ſie dieſe Höflichkeit erwiedern, falls ich ſo ſagen darf, nicht dem Körper, ſondern der Seele den Hof, und in der That, die Seelencicisbeo's ſind die unſchuldigſten Geſchöpfe unter der Sonne. Auch werden die Großthaten unſerer Geſchäftsmänner durch jenen weiblichen Geſellſchaftston zu ihrem eigentlichen Werth reducirt, berichtigt und oft eingelenkt. Wahrlich, wer dieſen Ton verkennt, verſteht nicht, was er ſagt. So lange Weiber an den Staatsgeſchäften nicht Theil nehmen, und wir keine ernſthaften Dinge mit ihnen und in ihrer Gegenwart treiben können, können wir uns nicht beſſer rathen und helfen, als durch dieſen, den Weibern eigenen Ton.

Außerdem daß unſere Geſellſchaften ſonſt das Schaalſte, Unreizendſte und Langweiligſte ſein würden, was je in der Welt geweſen iſt und ſein kann; iſt nicht mancher Geſchäftsmann eben hierdurch und durch die Kritik eines denkenden Weibes auf den richtigen Weg gebracht worden, den er, ſo nahe er ihm lag, verfehlt hätte. Wahrlich, unſer weiblicher Ton iſt eine Art von Publicität, die, ohne zu beleidigen, ihren Zweck erreicht.

Es giebt ſtillſchweigende Bedingungen, die, ob ſie gleich nicht verabredet, ſondern vorausgeſetzt und angenommen ſind, doch heiliger als ſchriftliche Contracte mit Notariatsſiegeln verunſtaltet, erfüllt werden: Es giebt Spielcontracte, Spielſchulden, die auch den fürſtlichen allerhöchſten Kaſſen vorgehen, und ſo giebt es auch Geſellſchaftsgeſpräche, die, wenn gleich ſie wie Brodſamen von den Tiſchen fallen, doch mehr als Gegenvorſtellungen ausrichten, welche wegen ihrer Anmaßungen dem Stolz ſeiner Excellenz zu nahe treten, und ſchon einen Secretair finden werden, der ſie, wenn nicht gründlich, doch zum Schein widerlegt. Kurz die Weichlichkeit gehört auf die Rechnung der Männer, und wer geht nicht zufrieden aus der Geſellſchaft, wenn ein Weib den Präſidentenſtuhl eingenommen hatte!

In Männergeſellſchaften wird getrunken, Zoten verhandelt, oder wenn's hoch kommt, auf eine Art geſcherzt, die auf Koſten des andern Geſchlechts iſt: Weiber bringen in Geſellſchaften oft auf den rechten Weg, was in Dicaſterien verlernet war.

Bewieſen ſie nicht ſchon jetzt, obgleich wir ihnen alle Gelegenheit abſchneiden, ihr Licht leuchten zu laſſen vor den Leuten, damit ſie ihre guten Werke ſehen und ihren Vater im Himmel preiſen, daß ſie von der Natur, in Hinſicht ihrer Seele, nicht verwahrloſet worden ſind. Da das ſchöne Geſchlecht bei den Aeußerungen ihrer Seelenvorzüge eine exemplariſche Beſcheidenheit beobachtet, ſo gewinnt es hierbei in den Augen des Menſchenkenners. Der Patriarch Penn ſagt: Beſcheidenheit und Sanftmuth ſind die ſchönſten Zwecke der Seele. Je einfacher der Platz iſt, deſto mehr zeigt ſich die Schönheit dieſer Eigenſchaften. —

Wahrlich, nur die Männer verleiten die Weiber zu Unarten, um nachher die Schuld ihnen zuzuſchreiben. Da die Rolle der Weiber in der wirklichen Welt nur äußerſt unbedeutend iſt, und ſie aus dieſem Glückstopfe blos Nieten, wir dagegen die Gewinne ziehen; ſo müſſen ſie, um ſich zu entſchädigen, die Einbildungskraft zu Hülfe nehmen, die reich macht ohne Mühe, und ſich vermöge der wohlthätigen Einbildungskraft eine Welt ſchaffen, wo ſie mehr zu Hauſe gehören, als in der wirklichen; und hierzu giebt das Landleben die beſte Gelegenheit, wo ſie fern von Pracht und Verſchwendung der Natur leben, die einfach einhergeht, und wo eine Liebe nicht die Pracht der Königin aus Saba, ſondern die Pracht des Königs Salomo übertrifft. Freund! haſt du nie eine Schminke bemerkt, eine Röthe innerer Zufriedenheit, welche mit Zuziehung einer wohlerlaubten Einbildungskraft erregt wird? Man kann durch begeiſternde Gedanken ſich erhitzen und zu einer Röthe kommen, die man eine Seelenröthe nennen könnte, und die ſich von allen jenen unterſcheidet, welche durch körperliche Erhitzungen veranlaßt werden; und dieſe Röthe, welch eine Zierde auf der Wange eines edlen Weibes! Um den Vorwurf der unüberwindlichen Prachtliebe noch mehr von den Weibern zu entfernen, ſei es mir erlaubt, meinen Opponenten in ein Familienzimmer zu führen, die Reſidenz der Dame vom Hauſe. Welch eine Wonne! Iſt die hier nicht wohler, als in jenen Sälen und Prunkzimmern, den Apoll (den Lucalliſchen Eßſaal) nicht ausgenommen, wo Gäſte und ein antiſokratiſcher Dämon von Pracht und Stolz wohnt. — In der Regel kann man annehmen, daß Zimmer, wo Natur, Einfachheit und ächter Geſchmack herrſchte, von Weibern angegeben und decorirt worden. — Und wie! wenn es auch Weiber giebt, die zu meiner Beſchreibung nicht paſſen, ſind ſie Schuld an ihrer übermäßigen Pracht und Herrlichkeit?

Wurden ſie nicht ſchon als Bräute zum unzeitigen Aufwande durch Geſchenke verführet, die weit über das Vermögen des Bräutigams gingen? Bleibt es nicht hart, wenn das Weib, das als Braut glänzte, als Frau ſich ſo außerordentlich herabſtimmen ſoll. Schwingt das Weib ſich zum Regiment, und fordert es einen, dem Brautſtande angemeſſenen Aufwand, ſo leidet der Gemahl, was der Betrug verdiente. Schlecht iſt es, vorzüglich als Bräutigam, den Paſtor Fido zu ſpielen um nachher als Ehemann den Orlando furioſo zu machen; ſein Weib aus dem Himmel in die Hölle, aus der Oper in eine Tabagie zu werfen, wo man es durch ein Schattenſpiel an der Wand, durch eine übel gewählte Geſellſchaft und durch noch ärgere Dinge entſchädigen will. So verfuhr man weiland in Paris mit den Komödianten, die man im Leben anbetete, und denen man im Tode ein ehrliches Begräbniß verſagte.

Weiberzorn.

So wahr iſt es, daß Weiber leicht zum Zorn gereizt werden, ſo gehört doch ihr Schnellzorn auf die Rechnung ihrer Ohnmacht, indem ihnen keine rechtmäßige Macht zuſtehet. Was würde es Weibern helfen, mit ſich ſelbſt zu Rathe zu gehen, wenn es ihnen an ausübender Gewalt fehlt, die weiſe genommenen Beſchlüſſe zur Vollziehung zu bringen. — Ob nun gleich bei den Ausbrüchen des Zorns die Seele ihre eigenen Gedanken nicht vernimmt (wie man bei tobenden Gewittern ſein eignes Wort nicht hören kann), ſo wiſſen doch Weiber von Erziehung hier, wo nicht mehr, doch gleich wohlgezogenen Männern in der Melodie der Anſtändigkeit zu bleiben. Kannſt du regnen, ſo kann ich auf Holzſchuhen gehen, heißt es in einem alten deutſchen Sprichwort, und ſo ungefähr fallen die Antworten eines Weibes aus, wenn der Mann ſein Anſehen oft nur zur Ungebühr und Unzeit behaupten will. Ich weiß, daß die Stoa in dieſer Rückſicht große Dinge thut, und daß dieſer Orden keine Weiber aufnahm; war es indeß nicht Unnatur, womit man ſich brüſtete. Die Antwort jenes edlen Mannes des Alterthums, der nach ſeiner Rückkehr ſein Hausweſen in Unordnung fand, und ſeinen Sclaven, den ungerathenen Haushalter, blos mit den weiſen, wiewohl unſtoiſchen Worten zur Rede ſetzte: wie würd' ich dir begegnen, wenn ich nicht böſe wäre, verdient darum Verehrung, weil dieſer edle Mann nicht verleugnete, daß er ein Menſch war. Mein guter Freund, der einem Diebe gelaſſen zuſah, welcher ihm ſein Holz ſtahl, und nur als er zu befürchten anfing, der Holzdieb würde ſich zu ſehr belaſten, ihn dienſtfreundlich bat, ſein ſelbſt zu ſchonen und ſich, den Weg zweimal zu gehen, nicht verdrießen zu laſſen, hatte keine beſſere Partie zu ergreifen, um den Holzdieb auf andre Gedanken zu bringen, und es gelang ihm wirklich, daß der Dieb ſich völlig entlaſtete und zum zweitenmal nicht wiederkam. Es wird in der That wenig Menſchen geben, die, wenn ſie ihren Nebenmenſchen bereit finden, auch die andre Wange preis zu geben, den Streich vollenden, und ſo iſt man bei dieſer chriſtlichen Gelaſſenheit noch obenein ein guter Wirth und befindet ſich in baarem Gewinn. Fragt indeß heidniſche und chriſtliche Stoiker, bei welchem Herrn der Knecht lieber dient: bei dem, der gelaſſen iſt und nachträgt, oder der auffährt und vergiebt. Bei dem, der in der erſten Hitze ihm ſeine Zornhand fühlen läßt, oder bei dem, der ihn eiskalt nach Urtel und Recht behandelt. Der Teufel verliert keinen Dreier dabei, wenn ich nicht laut fluche, ſagte ein Bauerknabe, als ihm das zweite Gebot eingeſchärft ward. Vielen koſtet die Zornunterdrückung Geſundheit und Leben, und an der Seele iſt ihr Verluſt noch größer. So theuer bezahlen die Weiber nicht die Weisheit, und thun oft wohl daran. Der Wahlſpruch der Weiber ſei immerhin: zürnet und ſündiget nicht, und wer die Sonne nicht untergehen läßt in ſeinem Zorn, hat in den meiſten Fällen blos eine Schwachheits-, nicht aber eine Bosheitsſünde begangen. Fragt unſere Ober- und Unterfeldherren, ob ſie ohne Schelten, Fluchen und Zornäußerungen etwas auszurichten im Stande ſind; der Zorn giebt der Sache einen gewiſſen Schwung, und in der That, der Zorn der Weiber iſt von einer ſolchen Art, daß er den unſrigen veredlen und heiligen würde. Am Ende ſehe ich nicht ab, warum man den Weibern die Vorneigung zum Zorn als Hinderniß zu Staatsgeſchäften anrechnen will, da doch der Dienſteifer ſo hoch geprieſen wird. Die Staatsbeamten führen untereinander immerwährend Amtskriege, und die Regierung thut nicht übel, dieſe Streitigkeiten eher anzufachen, als zu unterdrücken, um auf dieſem Wege hinter die Wahrheit zu kommen. Wenn die Präſidenten der Dicaſterien ſich nicht untereinander verſtehen, und durch Autorität und andere Modificationen Zwiſte in der Geburt zu erſticken oder ſonſt beizulegen ſuchten, würde man von Jurisdictions- und andern Streitigkeiten, außer und im Collegio, nie zur eigentlichen Tagesordnung kommen. Die Hoffnung wechſelſeitig zu lehren und zu lernen, und durch die Einſicht und den Fleiß anderer in Gerechtigkeit Vortheil zu ziehen, die ſichere Ausſicht durch die Vereinigung des Verſtandes aller Mitglieder ſich ſelbſt im Publico einen Werth beizulegen, und die daher entſtehende Befriedigung des Stolzes, der den Verſtand der moraliſchen Perſon, einer eingeſchränkten, oft ſehr dürftigen Perſon zueignet die hohen Titel, die man, wiewohl ſehr unbedacht, ganzen Dicaſterien beilegt, und die jedes Individuum ſich mit unerhörter Arroganz zueignet, bewirken ein gewiſſes Einverſtändniß im Collegio, welches bei ſo vielen heterogenen Geſchäften, Köpfen und Herzen der Mitglieder nothwendig wird, wenn anders bei geſchloſſenen Thüren talliter qualiter bewirkt werden ſoll, was recht (oft nicht iſt, wohl aber) ſcheint. — Es giebt in jedem Collegio eine Art von Generalſtab, den die größte Einſicht, der größte Fleiß, oder die größte Unverſchämtheit macht, und wodurch die übrigen Glieder zum Einklang vermocht werden. Auch denken die Mitglieder des Collegiums mehr auf weit erſchallenden Ruhm und weit ſchießende Strahlen des Glanzes, als auf die wahre Glückſeligkeit derer, die ſich an ſie zu wenden verbunden ſind, doch bringen jene Principien allerdings etwas hervor, was gemeinſchaftliche Anſtrengung und collegialiſche Uebereinkunft heißen könnte.

Freundſchaft der Weiber.

Wahre Freundſchaft, die, wenn ſie gleich nicht zu den ſieben Wunderwerken, doch zu den Seltenheiten der moraliſchen Welt gehört, würde ſich wohl noch häufiger ereignen, wenn man nicht dem Vorurtheile ſo allgemein ergeben wäre, daß das andre Geſchlecht zu Abwägung der Gefühle einer ſolchen hohen Freundſchaft nicht zuzulaſſen ſei? Wahrlich, der höchſte Grad der Freundſchaft, der jetzt nur ein Ideal zu ſein ſcheint, würde kein ungewöhnlicher Fall werden, wenn wir Weiber mit in jenen Bund zögen, den man bürgerliche Freundſchaft nennen könnte. Werden aus Eheleuten nicht jetzt ſchon oft Freunde, welche meine Behauptung verbürgen? Weiber kennen kaum jene heuchleriſche Grundregel, womit ſo viele Männerfreundſchaften (die collegialiſchen faſt allemal) anfangen, den Freund ſo behutſam zu behandeln, daß er uns unbeſchadet auch unſer Feind werden könne. Zwar leugne ich nicht, daß auch das weibliche Geſchlecht ſich eine andere Art von Scheinfreundſchaft zu Schulden kommen läßt, nach welcher es von Geſchlechts wegen nicht bloß intereſſiren, ſondern ſogar Herzen gewinnen, nicht bloß angebetet ſein, ſondern geliebt werden will; dies Blickſpiel, welches ſich die Mädchen angewöhnen, um ſich einen Lebensgefährten zuzueignen, wird vom Weibe auch dann noch fortgeſetzt, wenn gleich nicht im Geiſt jener anziehenden Augenkraft, wodurch auf den Jüngling gewirkt und er wirklich geblendet worden iſt; denn wenn dieſer ſich eine männliche Gewalt herausnimmt, ſo ſinnen Weiber unaufhörlich darauf, dieſe Gewalt durch alle Künſte einzuſchränken und mit getreuen Nachbarn und dergleichen Alliirten zu ihrer Defenſe zu ſchließen. Dieſe Freundſchaft indeß hat ihren beſondern Contract ſocial und ſo beſtimmte Geſetze, daß man auf ein Haar weiß, wenn die erlaubte Grenze überſchritten wird. Wenn nun gleich dem Reinen Alles rein iſt, ſo iſt es doch nicht abzuleugnen, daß ſo unſchuldig Freundſchaften dieſer Art anzufangen pflegen, dergleichen weibliche Schutzverträge dennoch mit Schrecken ein Ende zu nehmen pflegen, indem dadurch zwiſchen Eheleuten Todfeindſchaften entſtehen. Da ich über dieſen Gegenſtand ſchon mehrmals mein Herz auszuſchütten Gelegenheit gehabt, ſo will ich ihn hier mit der Bemerkung unſeres Rouſſeau ſchließen, die er über Frankreich macht. Man kann es nicht ausdrücken, ſagt Hans Jakob, wie ſehr in dieſem Reiche der Galanterie das Geſetz (ich dächte beſſer der Mann, dies wußte Rouſſeau wohl, doch gab er es nur fein zu verſtehen) über die Weiber tyranniſirt; darf man ſich wohl wundern, wenn ſie ſich durch ihre Sitten dafür grauſam rächen. Der ſittliche Zuſtand der Weiber gründet ſich auf den geſetzlichen, und da es unter den Weibern ſchon jetzt wenigſtens eben ſo viel wahre Freundinnen, als unter uns wahre Freunde giebt, ſo iſt mit Sicherheit zu erwarten, daß durch ihre bürgerliche Verbeſſerung auch die weiblichen Freundſchaftsanlagen werden berichtigt und verbeſſert werden. Jetzt können ſie von Perſonen ihres Geſchlechts wenig Beihülfe erwarten, und ihre Freundſchaften unter einander ſind von anderer und origineller Art. Wenn aber kommen wird das Vollkommene, ſo wird auch das Stückwerk aufhören, wenigſtens wird ihre Freundſchaft untereinander die unſrige, und überhaupt unſere Dienſtfreundſchaften unendlich übertreffen. Doch bei ſo manchen andern Ausſchweifungen, wozu dieſe Erwähnung mich verleitete, noch eine ausſchweifende Frage: Iſt denn dieſe geprieſene Dienſtfreundſchaft auch ſo nothwendig? Prieſtley ſagt: die Regierungen ſind Verbindungen Weniger gegen Viele. Oft giebt ſich ſogar Richtercomplott und Höllenbund wider den Unterdrückten für Dienſtfreundſchaft aus, und da iſt das letzte Uebel wahrlich ärger als das erſte; da iſt guter Tag und guter Weg ein Himmel gegen jene Mördergrube.

Chriſtian Kaspar Lorenz Hirſchfeld.

Dieſer Meiſter in Naturſchilderungen war der Sohn eines holſtein'ſchen Predigers und wurde am 16. Februar 1742 zu Nüſchel bei Eutin geboren. Seine gelehrte Bildung erhielt er durch ſeinen Vater und nach deſſen Tode durch einen ihm verwandten Prediger in Wagrien, der ihn zur Vollendung derſelben auf das Pädagogium nach Halle ſandte. Seit 1760 ſtudirte er auf der daſigen Univerſität, ſeinen Verwandten zu Gefallen, Theologie, mit Vorliebe aber Philoſophie, ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften, Geſchichte und Alterthümer. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr wurde er in Kiel Lehrer einer Prinzeſſin und zweier Prinzen aus dem herzoglich Gottorp'ſchen Hauſe, und begleitete die letzteren 1765 als Lehrer und Cabinetsſecretair auf Reiſen. 1767 nahm er ſeine Entlaſſung, und machte ſich während ſeines Aufenthaltes zu Leipzig zuerſt der Welt als Schriftſteller vortheilhaft bekannt, worauf er 1770 von der damaligen vormundſchaftlichen Regentin von Holſtein zuerſt zum Secretair des akademiſchen Curatelcollegiums und außerordentlichen, 1773 aber zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Philoſophie und ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu Kiel und 1777 zum königlichen wirklichen Juſtizrath ernannt wurde. Zu ſeiner Vervollkommnung in der Gartenkunſt bereiſte er von 1780 — 1783 Dänemark, Deutſchland und die Schweiz, und legte dann auf königlichen Befehl und königliche Koſten an ſeinem nunmehrigen Aufenthaltsorte Düſternbrok bei Kiel eine Muſterfruchtbaumſchule an. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 20. Februar 1792.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Das Landleben. Bern 1767 in 8. Neue verb. u. verm. Aufl. Leipzig 1768 in 8.; 3. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1771 in 8.; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1776 in 8. Ins Holländiſche überſetzt Amſterdam 1771 in 8.; 5. deutſche Aufl. Leipzig 1823, mit Vignetten in 16.

Gedanken über die moraliſche Erziehung eines jungen Prinzen. Leipzig 1768 in 8.

Verſuch über den großen Mann. Leipzig 1768 u. 1769, 2 Bde. in 8.

Ehrengedächtniß des Herrn Friedrich Wilhelm Ellenberger von Zinzendorf. Halle 1769 in 4.

Der Winter. Leipzig 1769 in 8.; neue verb. Aufl. Leipzig 1775 in 8. Mit Titelkupfer.

Briefe über die Schweiz. Leipzig 1769, 1. Th. in 8. (der 2. Th. erſchien nicht); neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1776 in 8.; holländiſch zu Dortrecht.

Vom guten Geſchmack. Lübeck 1770 in 8.

Ueber die heroiſchen Tugenden. Kiel 1770 in 8.

Plan einer Geſchichte der Poeſie, Beredſamkeit, Muſik, Malerei und Bildhauerkunſt unter den Griechen. Kiel 1770 in 8.

Anmerkungen über die Landhäuſer und die Gartenkunſt. Leipzig 1773 in 8.; holländiſch Utrecht 1775 in 8.

Romanzen der Deutſchen. Leipzig 1774 und 1778, 2 Abtheilungen in 8. (die 2. Abthlg. von M. Küttner).

Theorie der Gartenkunſt. Ebendaſ. 1775 in 8. (Nachdruck 1777 in 8.)

Von der moraliſchen Einwirkung der bildenden Künſte. Rede. Ebendaſ. 1775 in 8.

Von der Gaſtfreundſchaft. Apologie für die Menſchheit. Ebendaſ. 1777 in 8. mit Titelkupfer; holländiſch Utrecht 1778 in 8.

Theorie der Gartenkunſt. Leipzig 1779 — 1785, 5 Bde. in gr. 4. mit Kupfern; franzöſiſch Ebendaſ. 1779 — 1785 von de Caſtillon.

Gartenkalender. Kiel 1782 — 1789 in 12. m. Kpfrn.

Neue Briefe über die Schweiz. Ebendaſ. 1785, 1. Heft in 8.

Handbuch der Fruchtbaumkunſt. Braunſchweig 1788 u. 1789, 2 Thle. in 8.; däniſch Kopenhagen 1790 in 8.

Gartenbibliothek. Kiel 1790; 1. Thl. in 8. Mit Kupfern.

Außerdem noch kleine Aufſätze, Recenſionen ꝛc. in Zeitſchriften, Journalen u. ſ. w. Auch kam unter ſeiner Aufſicht die Bibliothek der Geſchichte von Heinze (6 Bde.), die kieliſche Zeitung und das kieliſche Litterarjournal heraus.

H. behandelte die bisher die in Deutſchland wiſſenſchaftlich vernachläſſigte Gartenkunſt mit Eifer und Geſchmack, und wußte ſeine Lehren in einem anmuthigen, klaren und gebildeten, mitunter in das Süßliche und Schwächliche fallenden Styl vorzutragen. Einige ſeiner Schilderungen von Naturſcenen ſind als vorzüglich gelungen zu betrachten.

Aloys Ludwig Hirt,

einer unſerer berühmteſten Archäologen, ward am 27. Juni 1759 zu Bela bei Donaueſchingen in Baden geboren, erhielt früh Gelegenheit, in Italien die Werke der alten Kunſt zu ſtudiren, und wurde, nachdem er mit der Gräfin von Lichtenau von dort nach Deutſchland zurückgekehrt war, in Berlin als Lehrer des Prinzen Heinrich von Preußen angeſtellt. Von da ging er als Profeſſor der bildenden Künſte und der Baukunſt 1796 zur Akademie der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin über, erhielt bei Errichtung der daſigen Univerſität noch die Profeſſur der Archäologie an derſelben, und wurde ſpäter zum königlich preußiſchen Hofrath und ordentlichen Mitgliede der Akademie ernannt. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1837.

Wir haben von ihm:

Italien und Deutſchland. Berlin 1789 — 1791, 4 St. (mit Moritz herausgegeben).

Dädalus und ſeine Statuen. Ebendaſ. 1802 in 4.

Das Leben des Geſchichtſchreibers Quintus Curtius Rufus. Ebendaſ. 1802.

Anfangsgründe der ſchönen Baukunſt. Ebendaſ. 1804.

Bilderbuch für Mythologie, Archäologie und Kunſt. Ebendaſ. 1805 u. 1806, 2 Hfte. in 4.

Die Baukunſt nach den Grundſätzen der Alten. Ebendaſ. 1809, Fol. m. 50 Kupfern.

Der Tempel Salomons. Ebendaſ. 1809 in 4.

Der Tempel der Diana. Ebendaſ. 1809 in 4.

Geſchichte der Baukunſt bei den Alten. Ebendaſ. 1809 — 1827, 3 Bde.

Von den ägyptiſchen Pyramiden. Ebendaſ. 1815.

Die Gallerie Giuſtiniani. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Die Hierodulen. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Die Brautſchau. Ebendaſ. 1825 in 4.

Kunſtbemerkungen auf einer Reiſe über Wittenberg und Meißen nach Dresden und Prag. Ebendaſ. 1830.

Herr Dr. Waagen und Herr von Rumohr als Kunſtkenner. Berlin 1832.

Die Geſchichte der bildenden Künſte bei den Alten. Berlin 1833.

Hirt's Forſchungen im Gebiete der Archäologie und namentlich der Baukunſt der Alten werden beſonders wegen des feinen Geſchmacks und des Scharfſinns, der in denſelben vorwaltet, ſeinen Namen auf würdige Weiſe der Nachwelt überliefern, ſo oft dieſer treffliche Mann auch, vorzüglich in ſeinen letzten Lebensjahren, heftig von ſeinen Gegnern angegriffen wurde.

Hans Kaspar Hirzel,

einer der vorzüglichſten Volksſchriftſteller, ward am 21. März 1725 zu Zürich geboren, und entwickelte in der angenehmen Umgebung ſeines Wohnortes Cappel bei Zürich, und unter einem geſchickten Hauslehrer früh die trefflichen Anlagen ſeines Geiſtes. Vorzüglich waren es die Naturkunde, Mathematik, Arzneikunde, die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und die Dichtkunſt, denen ſein Streben galt und in welchen er auf dem akademiſchen Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt an den berühmten Gelehrten Geßner, Sulzer und Bodmer die gründlichſten Leiter und Führer fand. 1745 ging er auf die Univerſität Leyden, um dort ſich in der Arzneiwiſſenſchaft zu vervollkommnen, ward 1746 daſelbſt Doctor der Medicin und reiſte dann, um der practiſchen Uebung in ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft willen, nach Potsdam zum Hofrathe Arnds, wo die Nähe Berlins ihm zur vertrauten Bekanntſchaft mit Kleiſt, Gleim, Ramler, Spalding, dem ältern Sack und dem Hofrath Stahl nützlich war. Auch den ſchon von der Schweiz aus ihm befreundeten Sulzer traf er hier wieder. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr wählte ihn 1747 die züricher phyſikaliſche Geſellſchaft zu ihrem Mitgliede, Secretair und Vorſteher, womit zugleich die Mitgliedſchaft der landwirthſchaftlichen Geſellſchaft verbunden war; 1751 wurde er Unterſtadtarzt und Mitglied des Sanitätsrathes, 1761 Oberſtadtarzt, 1763 Mitglied des großen Rathes, 1778 täglicher Rath und 1780 Committent zur Beförderung des Landbaues. Mit dem wohlerworbenen Ruhme eines geſchickten und treuen Beamten, glücklichen Gatten und liebenswürdigen treuen Freundes endete er ſein höchſt thätiges Leben am 19. Februar 1803.

Als Schriftſteller kennt ihn die Welt durch:

Die Wirthſchaft eines philoſophiſchen Bauers. Zürich 1761 in 4.; 2. verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1774 in 8.

Tiſſot's Anleitung für das Landvolk in Abſicht auf ſeine Geſundheit. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Ebendaſ. 1762 in 8.; 2. verm. u. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1763 in 8.; nachgedruckt zu Augsburg und Inſpruck 1766 in 8.

Denkmal, Herrn Dr. Zellweger aus Trogen errichtet. Zürich 1765 in 8. Mit Z's Bildniß.

Das Bild eines wahren Patrioten. Zürich 1767 in 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1775 in 8.

Die Seligkeit ehelicher Liebe. Ebendaſ. 1775 in 8.

Der philoſophiſche Kaufmann. Ebendaſ. 1775 in 8.

Lobrede auf Herrn Bürgermeiſter Heidegger. Ebendaſ. 1778 in 8.

Hirzel an Gleim über Sulzer den Weltweiſen. Zürich und Winterthur 1779, 2 Abtheilungen in 8. Mit Sulzer's und ſeiner Gattin Bildniß.

Neue Prüfung des philoſophiſchen Bauers. Zürich 1785 in 8.

Denkrede auf Herrn Dr. Johannes Geßner in Zürich. Ebendaſ. 1790 in 8.

Ueber Diogg, den Maler. Ebendaſ. 1792 in gr. 8.

Auserleſene Schriften zur Beförderung der Landwirthſchaft und der häuslichen und bürgerlichen Wohlfahrt. Ebendaſ. 1792, 2 Bde. in gr. 8.

Hirzel, der Greis, an ſeinen Freund, Heinrich Meiſter, über wahre Religioſität mit Toleranz verbunden. Ebendaſ. 1809 in 8.

Außerdem kleinere Arbeiten, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in damaligen Zeitſchriften, Journalen u. ſ. w.

H's Schriften zeichnen ſich durch ächte Herzlichkeit, Eifer für das Gute und Schöne, helle Lebensanſicht und einen klaren, leicht verſtändlichen populären Ton höchſt vortheilhaft aus, und haben zu ihrer Zeit ſehr einflußreich und ſegenbringend gewirkt.

Heinrich Hirzel

ward am 17. Auguſt 1766 zu Weiningen bei Zürich geboren, widmete ſich der Theologie, begab ſich nach vollendeten Studien und erlangter Prieſterweihe nach Italien und wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr nach Zürich 1789 Profeſſor der Kirchengeſchichte und ſpäter auch der Logik und Mathematik daſelbſt. 1809 erhielt er das Amt eines Canonicus und die Profeſſur der Philoſophie am dortigen Karolinum. Er ſtarb als Mitglied des Kirchen- und Erziehungsrathes am 7. Februar 1833.

Theils anonym, theils unter ſeinem Namen gab er heraus:

Eugenia's Briefe an ihre Mutter. Zürich 1809—1819; 3. Aufl. 1819 u. 1820, 3 Bde. in 12.

Ueber das Alter; in Briefen an einen Freund, nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Winterthur 1811.

Lullin von Chateauvieux Briefe über Italien. Leipzig 1820, 2 Bde.

Reiſeberichte und Beobachtungen von Italien. Ebendaſ. 1823, 3 Bde.

H's ſchriftſtelleriſche Verdienſte beruhen auf klarer, anmuthiger, oft begeiſterter Darſtellung trefflicher und edler Gedanken, deren Hauptzweck die Verbreitung des Guten und Schönen iſt. Einige ſeiner Schilderungen der ſchönen Natur gehören zu den glücklichſten Leiſtungen auf dieſem Gebiete.

Markgraf von Hochberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Gottfried Hoche

ward am 24. Auguſt 1763 zu Gratzungen im Hohenſtein'ſchen geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle Theologie und Philoſophie und war dann eine Zeit lang Senior des theologiſchen Seminars daſelbſt und ſpäter Hofmeiſter zu Halden. 1799 kam er als Pfarrer nach Rödinghauſen, wurde 1800 zweiter und 1804 Oberprediger und Superintendent zu Gröningen, 1812 Conſiſtorialrath zu Halberſtadt und zog ſich, nachdem 1816 das halberſtädtiſche Conſiſtorium aufgehoben worden war, mit Beibehaltung ſeiner vorigen Würden wieder nach Gröningen zurück.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Amtmannstochter von Lüde. Wertheriade. Bremen 1797.

Adelheid von Wildenſtein. Ebendaſ. 1798.

Des Pfarrers Tochter zu Hocheneich. Halberſtadt 1798.

Ruheſtunden für Frohſinn und häusliches Glück. Bremen 1798 — 1802, 4 Bde.

Reiſe nach Osnabrück und Niedermünſter. Ebendaſ. 1800.

Neue Ruheſtunden. Ebendaſ. 1802, 2 Thle. in 4.

Biographie Nachtigalls. Halberſtadt 1820.

Einzelne Predigten, Aufſätze, Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

H's anſpruchloſe erzählende Schriften erwarben ſich zu ihrer Zeit freundlichen Beifall durch die Herzlichkeit der Geſinnung und die geſunde Lebensanſicht, mit welchen er dieſelben ausſtattete.

Johann Chriſtoph Hoffbauer

ward am 19. Mai 1766 zu Bielefeld geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen Studien und Erlangung der Doctorwürde in dieſer und der Rechtswiſſenſchaft 1794 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie zu Halle und wurde 1799 ordentlicher Profeſſor derſelben auf dieſer Univerſität. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 4. Auguſt 1827.

Er ſchrieb:

Analytik der Urtheile und Schlüſſe. Halle 1792.

Logik. Ebendaſ. 1794.

Naturlehre der Seele in Briefen. Ebendaſ. 1796.

Anfangsgründe der Moralphiloſophie. Ebendaſ. 1798.

Unterſuchungen über die wichtigſten Gegenſtände der Moralphiloſophie. Ebendaſ. 1799.

Ueber die Perioden der Erziehung. Ebendaſ. 1800.

Ueber die Krankheiten der Seele. Ebendaſ. 1802—1807, 3 Bde.

Pſychologie. Ebendaſ. 1808.

Ueber die Analyſis in der Philoſophie. Leipzig 1810.

Das Naturrecht und die Moral. Halle 1816.

Ein Schüler Kant's, eifrig bemüht, das System seines großen Lehrers weiter auszubilden, erwarb sich H. vorzügliche Verdienste um die kritische Behandlung der Logik, Moral, Psychologie und des Naturrechtes.

August Heinrich Hoffmann

ward am 2. April 1798 zu Fallersleben geboren, studirte Philologie und schöne Wissenschaften, und wurde nach Erwerbung der Würde eines Doctors der Philosophie als außerordentlicher Professor der deutschen Sprache und Literatur und Custos der Universitätsbibliothek zu Breslau angestellt. Die ihm vergönnte Muße benutzt er zu öfteren literarischen Reisen, von denen er nie ohne schönen und glücklichen Gewinn für die Wissenschaft heimkehrt.

Seine Schriften sind:

Lieder und Romanzen. Köln 1821 in 12.
Bonner Bruchstücke von Otfried und Andern. Bonn 1821.
Bruchstücke aus Tristan und Isolde. Breslau 1823 in 8.
Fragment aus Jak. von Märlant's Geschichtsspiegel. Dortrecht 1825 in 8.
Alemannische Lieder. Breslau 1826; 3. Aufl. Ebendas. 1833 in gr. 12.
Althochdeutsche Glossen. Ebendas. 1826 in gr. 4.
Gedichte. Ebendas. 1827 in gr. 12.
Willeram, Uebersetzung und Auslegung des hohen Liedes. Ebendas. 1827 in gr. 8.
Althochdeutsches. Ebendas. 1827 in gr. 8.
Jägerlieder. Ebendas. 1828 in gr. qu. 4. Mit Melodien von A. Jahrmann.
Mudlade, oder Herrn Mud's Sonnenfahrt und Tod. Nebst einem Anhange. Breslau 1825 in 8.
Immergrün. Ebendas. 1828 in 16.
Fundgruben für Geschichte deutscher Sprache und Literatur. Ebendas. 1830 in gr. 8.; 1. Thl.
Lieben und Leiden des fahrenden Schülers. Ebendas. in 4.; in Musik gesetzt von Sauermann.
Lieder an Meili. Ebendas.; in Musik gesetzt von Richter.
Merigarto, Bruchstück eines bisher unbekannten deutschen Gedichtes aus dem 11. Jahrhunderte. Prag 1834 in gr. 8. Mit 1 Facsimile.
Reineke Vos. Nach der lübecker Ausgabe vom Jahre 1498. Mit Einleitung, Glossar und Anmerkungen. Breslau 1834 in gr. 8.
Sumerlaten. Mittelhochdeutsche Glossen. Wien 1834 in Lex. 8.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1834, 2 Bdchn. in gr. 12.
Altdeutsche Blätter. Ebendas. 1834, 2 Hefte in gr. 8.; mit Moriz Haupt.
Die deutsche Philologie im Grundriß. Breslau 1836.
Buch der Liebe. Ebendas. 1836 in 8.

Lateinisch:

Hymnus theodiscus in St. Georgium. Breslau 1824 in 8.
Horae Belgicae. Ebendas. 1830 — 1836, Pars I — V. in gr. 8. Mit 1 Schrifttafel.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Monographieen u. s. w.
Außerdem gab er mit Griesheim, Grünig, Schall, Wackernagel und Witte die „Poesie der dichtenden Mitglieder des breslauer Künstlervereins" (Ebendas. 1830 in gr. 12.) heraus.

Durch Forschungen auf dem Gebiete unserer älteren Nationalliteratur, so wie durch Herausgabe von Denkmälern deutscher Sprache und Poesie, erwarb sich Hoffmann von Fallersleben große und rühmlich anerkannte Verdienste, da er mit gründlicher Gelehrsamkeit, Scharfsinn und feinen Geschmack verbindet. — Seine eigenen poetischen Leistungen, welche sämmtlich in das Gebiet der Lyrik gehören, athmen große Frische, Wahrheit, Lebendigkeit der Anschauung und warmes herzliches Gefühl; in manchen derselben offenbart sich ein eigenthümlicher, gar anmuthiger Humor, alle aber erfreuen sich eines wirklich süßen Wohllautes und seltener Abrundung der Form.

Lieder der Landsknechte *)

unter Georg und Kaspar von Frundsberg.

Loblied.

Ein feines Lob zu singen
  Vom frommen Landsknecht gut —
Hört zu, ich will's euch bringen
  Aus frischem, freien Muth!
Hört zu, ich geb's an Tag,
  Was mir ein Vöglein heimlich sang,
Als ich zu Felde lag:

„Nicht kehre heim zum Bauern,
  Nicht wieder hintern Pflug!
Dein Kräftlein mußt du trauern,
  Und schmachten am Wasserkrug;
Du mußt gar früh aufstehn,
  Mit deiner Sense noch vor Tag
Das dürre Gras abmähn."

„Hier kannst du sanft ausschlafen
  In deinem Kriegsquartier;
Erwachst wie Herrn und Grafen
  Beim edlen Malvasier.
Die Trommel ist dein Hahn,
  Das Schwert dein Schatz und Schirm und Schild,
Das Glück ist deine Bahn." —

Hast, Vöglein, gut gesungen
  Von deinem grünen Ast;
Mir ist es längst gelungen,
  Was du verkündet hast.
Ich kenn' es Alles schon,
  Ich trage Wunden, Ehr' und Ruhm
Aus jeder Schlacht davon.

Mein Kleid ist wohl geschlitzet,
  Verbändelt und benäht,
Mein Bart schön scharf gespitzet,
  Mein Hütlein schief gedreht.
Mein Säckel hecket Geld;
  Wie hat's Herr Fortunatus selbst
Auf Nießbrauch zugestellt.

Der Kaiser trägt die Krone,
  Sein Scepter tragen wir.
Und giebt er nichts zu Lohne,
  So bleiben wir allhier.
Viel lieber ist hier Tod,
  Als darben vor des Bauern Thür
Um saure Milch und Brot.

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*) Gedichte von Hoffmann von Fallersleben. Breslau 1837. S. 179 ff.

Abſchied.

Morgen müſſen wir verreiſen,
Und es muß geſchieden ſein.
Traurig ziehn wir unſre Straße,
Lebe wohl, mein Schätzelein!

Lauter Augen, feucht von Thränen,
Lauter Herzen, voll von Gram,
Keiner kann es ſich verhehlen,
Daß er ſchweren Abſchied nahm.

Kommen wir zu jenem Berge,
Schauen wir zurück in's Thal,
Schau'n uns um nach allen Seiten,
Seh'n die Stadt zum letzten Mal.

Wann der Winter iſt vorüber,
Und der Frühling zieht in's Feld,
Will ich werden wie ein Vöglein,
Fliegen durch die ganze Welt.

Dahin fliegen will ich wieder,
Wo's mir lieb und heimiſch war.
Schätzlein, muß ich jetzt auch wandern,
Kehr' ich heim doch über's Jahr.

Ueber's Jahr zur Zeit der Pfingſten
Pflanz' ich Maien dir an's Haus,
Bringe dir aus weiter Ferne
Einen friſchen Blumenſtrauß.

Des Landsknechtes Kirmeslied.

Jedem das Seine
Am beſten gefällt:
Einem ſein Mädel,
Dem andern ſein Geld.

Werde der Teufel
Um Güter und Geld!
Ehrliche Herzen
Gehn grad' durch die Welt.

Wär' ich ein Bettler
Und wärſt du gar reich,
Macht uns auf Erden
Die Liebe doch gleich.

Macht uns auf Erden
Auch gleich wohl die Noth,
Auch an den Kaiſer
Kommt endlich der Tod.

Warum ſo traurig?
Wie? hat's dich gekränkt,
Daß du mir neulich
Ein Küßel geſchenkt?

Willſt's nicht behalten,
Es iſt kein Gewinn;
Hol' es dir wieder,
Da! nimm es nur hin!

Georg von Frundsberg.

Haſt du den Frundsberg nie geſehn?
Der kann Kalender machen,
Der weiß, was heuer ſoll geſchehn,
Der leitet alle Sachen.

Friſch auf, ihr Landsknecht allgemein
In allen deutſchen Kreiſen,
Den alten Frundsberg hübſch und fein
Zu ſingen und zu preiſen!

Er hat ein Hütlein aufgeſetzt
Voll Pfefferliſt und Witze,
Er hat ſein Schwertlein wohl gewetzt,
Die Schneide wie die Spitze.

Er hält das Reich in ſeinem Arm,
Wie's Kindlein zu der Taufe,
Und thät er's nicht, daß Gott erbarm!
So läg's gleich in der Traufe.

Wie ſtattlich er zu Roſſe ſitzt,
Voll Kraft und Gottvertrauen!
Seht doch, wie ihm ſein Auge blitzt
Aus ſeinen dunklen Brauen!

Ein friſcher Sommer geht daher
Mit Trommeln und mit Pfeifen.
Den Frundsberg greift's an ſeine Ehr',
Er läßt ſein Völklein ſtreifen.

Wohlauf und drauf! die Welt iſt ſein!
Er hat das Glück im Ranzen,
Drum muß auch Alles, Groß und Klein
Nach ſeiner Pfeife tanzen.

Und wer doch wohl das Lied erfand?
Das hat ein Knab' geſungen,
Der iſt aus ſeiner Mutter Hand
Dem Frundsberg nachgeſprungen.

Lied auf dem Heerzuge.

Das Mägdlein laſſ' ich trauern
Im Elſaß Tag und Nacht:
Ich renn' aus Schanz und Mauern
In's offne Feld zur Schlacht.

Ich pflüge mit dem Schwerte
Und ſchaue Stadt und Land.
Das Glück iſt mein Gefährte
Und reicht mir treu die Hand.

Ja Bruder, laß uns wandern!
Die Koſt iſt hier zu ſchlecht —
Bis wir dann auch den andern
Geſchatzt und abgezecht.

Und bin ich arm im Leben,
So macht's mir keine Pein.
Es wächſt mein Gut an Reben
Und heißt mich fröhlich ſein.

Wie Blümlein auf den Auen
Schön wunderbar erblüht,
Liebäugeln uns die Frauen
In's Herz und in's Gemüth.

Du ſchönſter Schatz der Erde,
Laſſ' du dein Aeuglein ſein!
Ob hier ich leben werde,
Das weiß nur Gott allein.

Ein anderes.

Der Landsknecht zieht in's Feld hinaus,
Und vor ihm wandelt her ſein Haus;
Und Keller, Boden, Küch' und Stall
Begleiten gern ihn überall.

Und iſt er durſtig, kehrt er ein,
Das Glück macht Waſſer ihm zu Wein;
Und iſt er ſchwach, und wird er krank,
Da find't er ſeine Ofenbank.

Und wo der Schlaf ihn übermannt,
Da wird zum Polſter ſeine Hand,
Und fröhlich ſpringt er auf bei Tag,
Ihn weckt der Lärm und Trommelſchlag.

Er fragt nicht nach der Feinde Zahl;
Wie hoch der Berg, wie ſchmal das Thal?
Nur nach dem Kampfe ſteht ſein Muth,
Er zieht, und jeder Weg iſt gut.

Und der das Lied geſungen hat,
Der lebt und ſtrebet früh und ſpat,
Daß nie ſein Fähnlein unterliegt,
Und nur das Gut' und Rechte ſiegt.

Trinklied.

Ja, luſtig bin ich, das iſt wahr!
Wie's Lämmlein auf der Au.
Die ganze Welt iſt Sonnenſchein,
Ich fange hier den Regen ein
Und trinke Himmelsthau.

Den Stein der Weiſen find' ich noch. —
Margret, ein Schöpplein Wein! —
Ich mach' aus Wein noch Gold und Geld,
Potz Velten! noch die ganze Welt,
'S darf nur kein Krätzer ſein!

He! reiß den Zeiger von der Uhr!
Was kümmert uns die Zeit?
Laß laufen, was nicht bleiben kann!
Was geht denn mich ein Andrer an!
Trink, Bruder, gieb Beſcheid!

Ihr Bänk' und Tiſche, nehmt's nicht krumm!
Ein Lied gar bald entflieht.
Als ihr noch grünbelaubet wart,
Da ſangen Vöglein mancher Art
Euch auch gar manches Lied.

Des frommen Landsknechts Morgenlied.

Ich bin kein Ritter, noch Edelmann,
Ich bin ein armer Knecht.
Daß ich mein Brot verdienen kann,
Das iſt mir eben recht.
In Noth
Und Tod
Iſt Gott mein Herr und Schutz,
Mein Helm und Wehr.
Was brauch' ich mehr?
Dem Feinde Trutz!
Gott Preis und Ehr'!

Zwar lieber trieb ich Ochs und Kuh
Zur grünen Weide hin,
Und lieber wäre Raſt und Ruh
Mein Lohn und mein Gewinn,
Als Krieg
Und Sieg,
Und reiche Beut' und Sold.
Doch hilft kein Leid
Und Widerſtreit.
Wenn's Gott gewollt,
Iſt's rechte Zeit.

Die Blümlein blühn und fallen ab,
Wann noch der Frühling währet:
So findet auch der Knab' ſein Grab,
Der eben führet das Schwert.
Es fällt
Der Held
Dem Folgen gleich und ſtirbt.
Wer redlich ficht,
Nach Recht und Pflicht,
Hier Lob erwirbt
Und ſtirbt dort nicht.

Tanzlied.

Feurige Herzen,
Und kühler Wein!
Spielt mir ein Tänzel,
Und ſchenkt mir ein!

Wie ich mich drehe,
Dreht ſich die Welt,
Bald um die Ehre,
Und bald um's Geld.

Bald um die Liebe,
Und bald um's Brot,
Endlich da dreht ſich's
Nur um den Tod.

Willſt du noch heut'
Ein Mädel frei'n,
Sei ja dein Mädel
Recht hübſch und klein!

Denn von dem Uebel,
Sagt unſer Pfarr,
Nimm dir das Kleinſte,
Sonſt biſt ein Narr.

Spiel mit dem Leben,
So ſpielt's mit dir.
Wem ich gefalle,
Gefällt auch mir.

Geld in der Taſche
Das macht Beſchwer.
Bin ich zufrieden,
Was brauch' ich mehr.

Sing' ich ein Liedel
Vor Ungemach,
Pfeifen die Vöglein
Mir ſpöttiſch nach.

Aber zum Liedel
Aus Fröhlichkeit
Wünſchen die Vöglein
Mir: gute Zeit!

Aus iſt das Tänzel,
Die Taſch' iſt leer.
Bin ich zufrieden,
Was brauch' ich mehr.

Schlacht von Pavia.

Das Fähnlein auf! die Spieße nieder!
Dem Kaiſer Sieg! dem Feinde Tod!
Das Leben iſt gar wohlfeil heuer.
Ihr Landsknecht, drum verkauft es theuer —
So war des Frundsberg erſt Gebot.

Da ſah man Spieß' und Schwerter blitzen,
Wie Sternlein in der blauen Nacht.
Die Kugeln in den Lüften flogen,
Es ſprang das Blut wie Regenbogen
Wohl zu Pavia in der Schlacht.

Das war kein Tag wie alle Tage,
Das war ein rother heil'ger Tag,
Als fern vom deutſchen Vaterlande
Vor deutſchem Muth mit Schmach und Schande
Das fremde Heer im Kampf erlag.

Nach Gott dem Frundsberg Lob und Ehr
Denn er iſt aller Ehren werth.
Du haſt dein Völklein wohl geleitet,
Du haſt den ſchönen Sieg bereitet!
Da! Alter, nimm das Königsſchwert!

Der von Frundsberg.

Im Ton: Mein Fleiß und Müh ꝛc.

In Ferrara.

Wer ficht, der fällt!
Die Welt
Jetzt iſt
Voll Trug und Liſt.
Der nie beſiegt
Von Feinden ward, erdrückt liegt
Von ſeiner Schaar,
Die durch ihn ſiegte wunderbar.

Viel Feind, viel Ehr'!
Nicht mehr
Anjetzt
Mein Schwertlein wagt.
Viel Feind, viel Leid!
Solch Sprüchlein lehret mich die Zeit.
Ich bin Schabab.
Mein Lohn, mein Ehr' iſt dieſes Grab.

Sturmlied vor Rom.

6. Mai 1527.

Im Takte nach dem Trommelſchlag,
Im Takte fort bei Nacht und Tag!
Und Nacht und Tag nicht rechts geſehn,
Nicht links geſehn! nur vorwärts gehn
Auf den Feind!

Des Kaiſers Feind, des Reiches Feind,
Der gut ſich ſtellt und Böſes meint,
Der böſe Feind! wir ſuchen ihn,
Wir folgen ihm, er muß entfliehn,
Fliehn in Rom.

In Rom ſteckt er manch Fähnlein aus,
Und guckt aus ſeinem Schneckenhaus —
Die Engelsburg von Menſchenhand,
Nur drauf und dran! iſt eitel Tand.
Drauf und dran!

Spieß nieder! wieder nieder Spieß!
Schlüpf übern Buſch, hüpf übern Kies,
Die Schanz hinab, die Schanz herauf
Mit Todesmacht und Sturmeslauf!
Und im Takt!

Im Takte nach dem Trommelſchlag,
Im Takte fort bei Nacht und Tag!
Und Tag und Nacht nicht rechts geſehn,
Nicht links geſehn! nur vorwärts gehn
Auf den Feind

Das treue Roß.

Ich habe mein Roß verloren,
Mein apfelgraues Roß.
Es war ſo treu im Leben,
Kein treures wird es geben
Im ganzen Zug und Troß.

Und als es wollte ſterben,
Da blickt es mich noch an,
Als ſprach's mit ſeinen Mienen:
Kann dir nicht weiter dienen,
Ade mein Reitersmann!

Und als es war geſtorben,
Da grub ich's ehrlich ein;
Wohl unter grünen Matten
In eines Lindbaums Schatten,
Das ſoll ſein Denkmal ſein!

Da ſitzen die kleinen Vögel
Und halten das Todtenamt.
Ihr braucht nicht erſt zu leſen,
Wie treu mein Roß geweſen —
Sie ſingen's insgeſammt.

Bei der Belagerung.

Haken, Donnerbüchſen, Schlangen
Und die ganze Artelei,
Tragen heut' ein groß Verlangen,
Anzuſtimmen Melodei.
Denn der Frühling hat's geboten,
Alles ſoll ſein luſtig ſein.
Laßt uns ſpielen friſch nach Noten
Einen ſchönen Abendreihn.

Giebel brechen, Balken krachen,
Dächer ſtürzen brennend ein.
Iſt das nicht ein Spiel zum Lachen,
Nicht ein ſchöner Abendreihn?
Drum wohlauf! die letzte Schanze
Angeſtürmt und angerannt!
Denn bei jedem Kirmestanze
Heiſcht nach Lohn der Muſikant.

Drum wohlauf! laßt wiederklingen
Alle Stimmlein aus Metall!
Laſſet um die Wette ſingen
Sperber, Eul' und Nachtigall!
Büchſenmeiſter unverdroſſen,
Sparet weder Loth noch Kraut!
Vorwärts! tapfer drauf geſchoſſen!
Vorwärts! unſer wird die Braut.

Lied eines feſtgetrunkenen Landsknechts.

Nun noch ein Lied! und noch ein Lied!
Ich kann die Laute ſchlagen.
Was das die Herzen lockt und zieht!
Kannſt nur die Mägdlein fragen.

Was ſchaut der Mond zum Fenſter 'rein!
Ich will ihm eins credenzen.
Trink dieſe Neige, Brüderlein!
Dann kannſt du beſſer glänzen.

Und noch ein Lied aus grauer Zeit
Von Hildebrand dem Alten.
Es ſei dir lieb, es ſei dir leid,
Ich muß das Feld behalten.

Ich bin ein König ohne Land,
Ein Held in jedem Streite.
Mein Hort dies Gläslein in der Hand,
Das Schwert an meiner Seite.

Die Feder hab' ich aufgeſteckt
Zum Raufen und zum Schlagen.
Und wer den braven Landsknecht neckt,
Den faſſ' ich gleich beim Kragen.

Hier ſitz' ich feſt wie Fels im Meer,
Woran die Wellen toben;
'S geht drunter, drum und drüber her —
Ich bleibe fortan oben!

Der alte Landsknecht in ſeiner Heimath.

Mir gehn die Augen über,
Mir altem grauen Mann.
Ich bet' in Freud' und Wonne,
Mich ſieht die liebe Sonne
Noch einmal freundlich an.

Das iſt dieſelbe Sonne,
Die uns bei Almo ſchien,
Und über Feindes Wolke
Dort unſerm kleinen Volke
Den hellen Sieg verliehn.

„Ihr Handvoll nackter Leute!
Verderbt in eurem Thal.
Wir ſtehn auf allen Wegen,
An Schaar euch überlegen,
In Harniſch und in Stahl.“

„Ihr Handvoll nackter Leute!
Ihr könnt nicht mehr entfliehn.
Wenn ihr euch wollt ergeben,
So laſſen wir euch leben,
Mit weißen Stäblein ziehn.“

Das dünkt dem Frundsberg Schande:
„Nackt ſind die Knaben mein.
Bei Gott! ſie ſind mir werther!
In Wein getaucht die Schwerter,
Zerhau'n ſie Stahl und Stein.“

Da ging's zum Reigentanze
  Mit Trommeln und Juchhei.
Die Röslein roth entſprungen,
Wo wir die Schwerter ſchwungen,
  Und ich war mit dabei.

Mir gehn die Augen über,
  Mir alten greiſen Mann.
Die Sonne ſinket unter,
Wie bin ich doch ſo munter,
  Als ging's erſt eben an!

Tod des jungen Landsknechts.

Mein Vater und Mutter, mein Schweſterlein,
  Sie dürfen nicht trauern und klagen;
Die Mägdlein Abends am Ringelreihn,
Die Junggeſellen bei Spiel und Wein,
  Sie dürfen nicht fürder fragen.

Ich zog weit, weit in den welſchen Krieg,
  Und blieb in des Feindes Schanze.
Jetzt wuchern Dornen auf meinem Grab,
Ein Mädel wandert den Hügel hinab
  Und pflückt ſich ein Röslein zum Kranze.

Ernſt Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann.

Dieſer geniale aber excentriſche Dichter heißt eigentlich Ernſt Theodor Wilhelm und nannte ſich nur in ſeinen Schriften E. T. A. Er ward am 24. Januar 1 76 zu Königsberg geboren, und widmete ſich, nach erhaltener Vorbildung daſelbſt, dem Studium der Rechte. Nach deren Vollendung wurde er zuerſt bei der Oberamtsregierung zu Großglogau und ſpäter bei dem Kammergericht zu Berlin angeſtellt, dann aber 1800 als Regierungsaſſeſſor nach Poſen verſetzt. Von hier kam er 18.2 als Regierungsrath nach Plozk und 1803 nach Warſchau, mußte jedoch 1806 bei dem Einmarſch der Franzoſen ſeine Stelle niederlegen und ſeine muſikaliſchen Kenntniſſe zu Friſtung ſeines Lebens anwenden. 1808 ging er demnach als Muſikdirector an das neuerrichtete Theater zu Bamberg, von dort nach Leipzig und 1813 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Dresden. 1816 folgte er einem Rufe als Kammergerichtsrath nach Berlin. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 24. Juli 1822.

Wir haben von ihm:

Ausgewählte Schriften. Berlin 1827 u. 1828, 10 Bde. in gr. 12.

Erzählende Schriften in einer Auswahl. Herausgegeben von ſeiner Wittwe, Micheline Hoffmann geb. Rorer. Stuttgart 1827 — 1831, 18 Bdchn. in 16. Mit H's Bildniß.

Einzeln:

Phantaſieſtücke in Callots Manier. Bamberg 1814, 4 Bde.; 3. Ausg. Leipzig 1825, 2 Bde. in 8. Mit Bildniß.

Die Viſion auf dem Schlachtfelde von Dresden. Deutſchland (Bamberg) 1814 in 8.

Elixire des Teufels. Berlin 1816, 2 Bde.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1827 in 8.

Nachtſtücke. Ebendaſ. 1816 u. 1817, 2 Bde. in 8.

Seltſame Leiden eines Theaterdirectors. Ebendaſ. 1818 in 8.

Kindermährchen. Ebendaſ. 1816, 2 Bde. Mit Fouqué und Conteſſa.

Klein Zaches, genannt Zinnober. Ebendaſ. 1819; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1824 in 8.

Serapionsbrüder. Ebendaſ. 1819 — 1821, 4 Bde. in 8. Ein Supplementband dazu. Ebendaſ. 1825.

Lebensanſichten des Katers Murr. Ebendaſ. 1820, 2 Bde.; neue wohlfeile Ausg. 1828 in 8.

Prinzeſſin Brambilla. Ebendaſ. 1821 in 8. Mit Kupfern.

Meiſter Floh. Mährchen. Frankfurt 1822 in 8.

Geſchichten, Sagen und Mährchen. Breslau 1823 in 8. Mit Fr. H. v. der Hagen und Heinrich Steffens.

Aus H's Leben und Nachlaß. Berlin 1823, 2 Bde. in 8. Herausgegeben von ſeinem Freunde Hitzig, mit Bildniß, Facſimile, Karrikatur und Muſikblättern.

Der Doppelgänger. Brünn 1821 in 8. Mit H's Portrait.

Die letzten Erzählungen. Berlin 1825, 2 Abtheilungen in 8. Auch als Supplementband zu den Serapionsbrüdern.

Meiſterhaft urtheilt Menzel (deutſche Literatur 2. A. Th. 4. S. 233) über Hoffmann: Er wurde das Haupt der neuen dämoniſchen Schule und der poetiſche Pluto, der das finſtere Reich im weiteſten Umfange beherrſchte. Oder wurde er nicht vielmehr von ihm beherrſcht? Es iſt die Poeſie der Furcht, die allen ſeinen Werken ein ſo eigenthümliches Gepräge giebt. „Darum war auch der Gehörſinn, der mit dem Sinn der Furcht ſo nahe verwandt iſt, bei ihm in ſo hohem Grade entwickelt. Darum fand ſein Ohr überall die geheimnißvollen Töne der Natur, wie der Kunſt, die unſer Innerſtes in ein ſüßes Bangen oder in einen Schrecken wie von Geiſternähe oder wie vom Donner des jüngſten Gerichtes verſetzen. Darum ſtieg er ſogar bis in die Kinderphantaſie hinab, um ſich poetiſch noch einmal an der Kinderfurcht zu weiden. Und doch kann man ihn keiner übertriebenen Weichlichkeit oder weibiſchen Unmannhaftigkeit beſchuldigen, denn ſeine Hauptwerke beſchäftigen ſich mit einem Schmerz, mit einer Verzweiflung, mit einer Kühnheit und Angſt der Gedanken, mit einer Fiebergluth, deren nur der Mann, nicht das Weib fähig iſt. Es iſt Krankheit, Ueberſpannung, Wahnſinn, doch immer noch männlich.

Vom Teufel herab bis zur fratzenhaften Kinderpuppe, vom Mißton des Lebens, der die Seele zerreißt, bis zum Mißton in der Muſik, der nur das Ohr zerreißt, war das unermeßliche Reich des Häßlichen, Widrigen, Verletzenden um ihn verſammelt, und ſeine Schilderungen wechſelten damit ab, dieſe quälenden Gegenſtände und die Qualen, die ſie einer ſchönen Seele bereiten, mit unnachahmlicher Lebhaftigkeit und Wahrheit zu ſchildern. Er ſelbſt iſt jener wahnſinnige Muſicus Kreisler, der mit ſeinem zarten Sinn für die reinſten und heiligſten Töne durch die Mißlaute, die ihm überall ſchadenfroh wie aus der Hölle entgegenklingen, zur Verzweiflung gebracht wird. Aber er bewährte dieſen zarten Sinn nicht bloß in der Muſik. In allen Lebenskreiſen findet er jene, der muſikaliſchen Diſſonanz entſprechenden, häßlichen, feindſeligen Fratzen und dämoniſchen Mächte, die gerade die edelſten Seelen am Meiſten auf die Folter ſpannen.

— — Hoffmann theilt mit Jean Paul die zarte Verletzbarkeit. — — Die Nachwelt wird ſagen, daß der Mißton, der durch unſere Zeit geht, von keinem Dichter ſo poetiſch aufgefaßt wurde, als von Hoffmann, und vielleicht beruht der poetiſche Zauber gerade darin, daß er nicht, wie ſo viele andere Dichter, eine politiſche Auflöſung der Diſſonanz ſuchte und an die Zukunft appellirte, ſondern die Illuſion einer ſchwarzüberſchatteten Phantaſie, eines Traumes ohne Erwachen feſthielt.

Es ſei uns vergönnt, zu dieſem geiſtreichen Ausſpruche Menzel's noch hinzuzufügen: daß das ſatyriſche Element in Hoffmann's Schriften, ſobald es rein menſchliche oder richtiger rein bürgerliche Zuſtände berührt, ſich entſchieden von jener humoriſtiſchen Auffaſſung der Nachtſeiten des Daſeins trennt und ſelbſtſtändig mit eben ſo großer Schärfe und Feinheit waltet, als es von einem lebhaften Talent der Beobachtung und von reicher Erfahrung getragen wird. Die eigene innere Unzufriedenheit läßt aber den Dichter ſelten oder nie die rechte Löſung finden, und ſo greift er, um doch poetiſch ſeine Aufgabe zum Schluſſe zu bringen, zum Abnormen oder Uebernatürlichen, wodurch er denn nahe an Manier ſtreift, namentlich in den letzten Jahren ſeines Lebens, wo er viel und ſehr raſch hintereinander producirte. — Seine erſten Leiſtungen, namentlich die Phantaſieſtücke, haben daher auch den Vorzug größerer Friſche, Tiefe und Wahrheit vor allen ſeinen anderen Arbeiten.

Doge und Dogareſſe *).

Mit dieſem Namen war in dem Katalog der Kunſtwerke, die die Akademie der Künſte zu Berlin im September 1816 ausſtellte, ein Bild bezeichnet, das der wackere tüchtige C. Kolbe, Mitglied der Akademie, gemalt hatte, und das mit beſonderm Zauber jeden anzog, ſo daß der Platz davor ſelten leer blieb. Ein Doge in reichen prächtigen Kleidern ſchreitet, die eben ſo reich geſchmückte Dogareſſe an der Seite, auf einer Baluſtrade hervor; er ein Greis mit grauem Barte, ſonderbar gemiſchte Züge, die bald auf Kraft, bald auf Schwäche, bald auf Stolz und Uebermuth, bald auf Gutmüthigkeit deuten, im braunrothen Geſicht; ſie ein junges Weib, ſehnſüchtige Trauer, träumeriſches Verlangen im Blick, in der ganzen Haltung. Hinter ihnen eine ältliche Frau und ein Mann, der einen aufgeſpannten Sonnenſchirm hält. Seitwärts an der Baluſtrade ſtößt ein junger Menſch in ein muſchelförmig gewundenes Horn, und vor derſelben im Meere liegt eine reich verzierte mit der venetianiſchen Flagge geſchmückte Gondel, auf der zwei Ruderer befindlich. Im Hintergrunde breitet ſich das, mit hundert und aber hundert Segeln bedeckte Meer aus, und man erblickt die Thürme und Paläſte des prächtigen Venedig, das aus den Fluten emporſteigt. Links unterſcheidet man San Marco, rechts mehr im Vorgrunde San Giorgio Maggiore. In dem goldenen Rahmen des Bildes ſind die Worte eingeſchnitzt:

Ah senza amare
Andare sul mare
Col sposo del mare
Non puo consolare.

Ach! gebricht der Liebe Leben,
Kann auf hohem Meer zu ſchweben
Mit dem Gatten ſelbſt des Meeres
Doch nicht Troſt dem Herzen geben.

Vor dieſem Bilde entſtand eines Tages ein unnützer Streit darüber, ob der Künſtler durch das Bild nur ein Bild, das heißt, die durch die Verſe hinlänglich angedeutete augenblickliche Situation eines alten abgelebten Mannes, der mit aller Pracht und Herrlichkeit nicht die Wünſche eines ſehnſuchtsvollen Herzens zu befriedigen vermag, oder eine wirkliche geſchichtliche Begebenheit habe darſtellen wollen. Des Geſchwätzes müde verließ einer nach dem andern den Platz, ſo daß zuletzt nur noch zwei, der edeln Malerkunſt gar holde Freunde übrig blieben. „Ich weiß nicht, fing der eine an, wie man ſich ſelbſt allen Genuß verderben mag mit dem ewigen Deuteln und Deuteln. Außerdem, daß ich ja genau zu ahnen glaube, was es mit dieſem Dogen, mit dieſer Dogareſſe für ein Bewandtniß hat im Leben, ſo ergreift mich auch auf ganz beſondere Weiſe der Schimmer des Reichthums und der Macht, der über das Ganze verbreitet iſt. Sieh' dieſe Flagge mit dem geflügelten Löwen, wie ſie der Welt gebietend in den Lüften flattert. — O herrliches Venedig!“ Er fing an Turandots-Räthſel von dem adriatiſchen Löwen herzuſagen: Dimmi, qual sia quella terribile fera etc. Kaum hatte er geendet, als eine wohltönende Männerſtimme mit Kalafs-Auflöſung einfiel: Tu quadrupede fera etc. Von den Freunden unbemerkt hatte ſich hinter ihnen ein Mann hingeſtellt, von hohem edeln Anſehn, den grauen Mantel maleriſch über die Schulter geworfen, das Bild mit funkelnden Augen betrachtend. — Man gerieth ins Geſpräch, und der Fremde ſagte, mit beinahe feierlichem Tone: Es iſt ein eignes Geheimniß, daß in dem Gemüth des Künſtlers oft ein Bild aufgeht, deſſen Geſtalten, zuvor unkennbar körperloſe im leeren Luftraum treibende Nebel, eben in dem Gemüthe des Künſtlers erſt ſich zum Leben zu formen und ihre Heimath zu finden ſcheinen. Und plötzlich verknüpft ſich das Bild mit der Vergangenheit oder auch wohl mit der Zukunft, und ſtellt nun dar, was wirklich geſchah oder geſchehen wird. Kolbe mag vielleicht ſelbſt noch nicht wiſſen, daß er auf dem Bilde dort niemanden anders darſtellte als den Dogen Marino Falieri und ſeine Gattin Annunziata. — Der Fremde ſchwieg, aber beide Freunde drangen in ihn, dies Räthſel ihnen ſo zu löſen, wie das Räthſel vom adriatiſchen Löwen. Da ſprach er: Habt ihr Geduld, ihr neugierigen Herrn, ſo will ich euch auf der Stelle mit Falieri's Geſchichte die Erklärung des Bildes geben. Aber habt ihr auch Geduld? Ich werde ſehr umſtändlich ſeyn, denn anders mag ich nicht von Dingen reden, die mir ſo lebendig vor Augen ſtehen, als habe ich ſie ſelbſt erſchaut. Das kann auch wohl der Fall ſeyn, denn jeder Hiſtoriker, wie ich nun einmal einer bin, iſt ja eine Art redendes Geſpenſt aus der Vorzeit.

Die Freunde traten mit dem Fremden in ein entferntes Zimmer; wo er ohne weitere Vorrede in folgender Art begann.

Vor gar langer Zeit, und irre ich nicht, ſo war's im Monat Auguſt des Jahres Eintauſend dreihundert und vier und fünfzig, als der tapfere genueſiſche Feldherr, Paganino Doria geheißen, die Venetianer auf's Haupt geſchlagen und ihre Stadt Parenzo erſtürmt hatte. Im Golf, dicht vor Venedig, kreuzten nun ſeine wohlbemannten Galeeren hin und her wie hungrige Raubthiere, die in unruhiger Gier auf und nieder rennen, ſpähend, wo die Beute am ſicherſten zu haſchen; und Todesſchrecken erfaßte Volk und Signorie. Alle Mannſchaft, jeder, der nur vermochte die Arme zu rühren, griff zur Waffe oder zum Ruder. In dem Hafen von St. Nicolo ſammelte man die Haufen. Schiffe, Bäume wurden verſenkt, Kette an Kette geſchloſſen, um dem Feinde den Eingang zu ſperren. Während hier in wildem Getümmel die Waffen klirrten, die Laſten in das ſchäumende Meer niederdonnerten, ſahe man auf dem Rialto die Agenten der Signorie, wie ſie, den kalten Schweiß ſich von der bleichen Stirn wegtrocknend, mit verſtörtem Geſichte, mit heiſerer Stimme Procente über Procente boten für baares Geld; denn auch daran mangelte es der bedrohten Republik. In dem unerforſchlichen Rathſchluſſe der ewigen Macht lag es aber, daß gerade in dieſer Zeit der höchſten Kümmerniß und Noth der bedrängten Heerde der treue Hirt entriſſen werden ſollte. Ganz erdrückt von der Laſt des Ungemachs ſtarb der Doge Andrea Dandulo, den das Volk ſein liebes Gräfchen (il caro contino) nannte, weil er immer fromm und freundlich war und niemals über den Marcusplatz ſchritt, ohne für jeden des Geldes oder des guten Raths Bedürftigen, für dieſen Troſt im Munde, für jenen Zechinen in der Taſche zu führen. Wie es denn nun geſchieht, daß den vom Unglück Gedrückten jeder Schlag, ſonſt kaum gefühlt, doppelt ſchmerzlich trifft, ſo war denn auch das Volk, als die Glocken von San Marco in dumpfen ſchauerlichen Klängen den Tod des Herzogs verkündeten, ganz außer ſich vor Jammer und Betrübniß. Nun ſei ihre Stütze, ihre Hoffnung dahin, nun müßten ſie die Nacken beugen dem genueſiſchen Joch, ſo ſchrieen ſie laut, unerachtet, was die nöthigen kriegeriſchen Operationen betraf, der Verluſt des Dandulo eben nicht ſo verderblich ſchien. Das gute Gräfchen lebte gern in Ruhe und Frieden, es verfolgte lieber den wunderbaren Gang der Geſtirne, als die räthſelhaften Verſchlingungen der Staatsklugheit, es verſtand ſich beſſer darauf, am heiligen Oſtertage die Prozeſſion zu ordnen, als ein Kriegsheer zu führen. Nun kam es darauf an, einen Dogen zu wählen, der, gleich begabt mit muthigem Feldherrnſinn und tüchtiger Staatsklugheit, das in ſeinen Grundfeſten erſchütterte Venedig rette von der bedrohlichen Gewalt des immer kühnern Feindes. Die Senatoren verſammelten ſich, aber da ſah man nichts als trübe Geſichter, ſtarre Blicke, zu Boden geſenkte in die Hand geſtützte Häupter. Wo einen Mann finden, der jetzt mit kräftiger Hand das loſe Steuer zu ergreifen und richtig zu lenken vermag! Der älteſte Rath, Marino Bodoeri geheißen, erhob endlich ſeine Stimme. „Hier um uns, unter uns, ſo ſprach er, werdet Ihr ihn nicht finden; aber richtet Eure Blicke nach Avignon, auf Marino Falieri, den wir hinſchickten, um dem Papſte Innocenz Glück zu wünſchen zu ſeiner Erhebung. Der kann jetzt was Beſſeres thun, der vermag es, wählen wir ihn zum Dogen, allem Ungemach zu ſteuern. Ihr werdet einwenden, daß dieſer Marino Falieri ſchon an die achtzig Jahre alt iſt, daß Haupthaar und Bart reines Silber geworden, daß ſein munteres Anſehen, ſein brennendes Auge, das Glühroth

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*) Aus: E. T. A. Hoffmann's erzählende Schriften in einer Auswahl. 7. Bdchn. Stuttgart 1831.

auf Naſe und Wangen, wie Verläumder wollen, mehr dem guten Cyperwein als innerer Kraft zuzuſchreiben iſt, aber achtet das nicht. Erinnert Euch, welche glänzende Tapferkeit dieſer Marino Falieri als Proveditor der Flotte auf dem ſchwarzen Meere zeigte, bedenkt, welche Verdienſte es ſeyn mußten, die die Procuratoren von San Marco bewegen konnten, dieſen Falieri mit der reichen Grafſchaft Valdemarino zu belehnen!“ — So ſtrich Bodoeri Falieri's Verdienſte wacker heraus, und wußte jedem Einwand im Voraus zu begegnen, bis endlich alle Stimmen ſich zu Falieri's Wahl einten. Mancher ſprach zwar noch viel von Falieri's aufbrauſendem Zorn, von ſeiner Herrſchſucht, ſeinem Eigenwillen, aber da hieß es: Eben deshalb, weil das Alles von dem Greiſe gewichen, wählen wir den Greis und nicht den Jüngling Falieri. Derlei tadelnde Stimmen verhallten nun auch vollends, als das Volk die Wahl des neuen Doge erfuhr und ausbrach in ungemeſſenen ausgelaſſenen Jubel. Weiß man nicht, daß in ſolch gefahrvoller Zeit, in ſolcher Unruhe und Spannung jeder Entſchluß, iſt er nur wirklich einer, wie eine Eingebung des Himmels erſcheint! — So geſchahe es, daß das gute Greiſchen mit aller ſeiner Frömmigkeit und Milde bald vergeſſen war, und daß jeder rief: Beim heiligen Marcus, dieſer Marino hätte längſt unſer Doge ſein ſollen, und der übermüthige Doria ſäße uns nicht in den Rippen! — Und verkrüppelte Soldaten ſtreckten mühſam die lahmen Arme hoch auf in die Lüfte, und ſchrieen: Das iſt der Falieri, der den Morbaſſan ſchlug — der tapfere Heerführer, deſſen ſiegreiche Flaggen im ſchwarzen Meere wehten. Und wo das Volk zuſammen ſtand, erzählte einer von des alten Falieri Heldenthaten, und, als ſei Doria ſchon geſchlagen, erhallten die Lüfte von wildem Jubelgeſchrei. Hiezu kam, daß Nicolo Piſani, der, mag der Himmel wiſſen warum, ſtatt dem Doria zu begegnen mit der Flotte, ruhig nach Sardinien geſegelt war, endlich zurückkehrte. Doria verließ den Golf, und was die Annäherung der Flotte des Piſani verurſachte, wurde dem furchtbaren Namen: Marino Falieri zugeſchrieben. Da ergriff Volk und Signorie eine Art fanatiſcher Verzückung über die glückliche Wahl, und man beſchloß, damit das Außerordentliche geſchehe, den neuerwählten Doge wie den Himmelsboten, der Ehre, Sieg, die Fülle des Reichthums bringt, zu empfangen. Zwölf Edle, jeder von zahlreicher glänzender Dienerſchaft umgeben, hatte die Signorie bis nach Verona geſchickt, wo die Geſandten der Republik dem Falieri, ſo wie er angekommen, nochmals ſeine Erhebung zum Oberhaupt des Staats feierlich ankündeten. Fünfzehn reich verzierte Staatsbarken, vom Podeſta von Chiozza unter den Befehlen ſeines eignen Sohnes Taddeo Giuſtiniani ausgerüſtet, nahmen darauf in Chiozza den Dogen mit ſeinem Gefolge auf, der nun wie im Triumphzuge des mächtigſten ſiegreichſten Monarchen nach St. Clemens ging, wo ihn der Bucentoro erwartete.

Gerade in dieſem Augenblick, als nämlich Marino Falieri den Bucentoro zu beſteigen im Begriff ſtand, und das war am dritten October Abends, da ſchon die Sonne zu ſinken begann, lag vor den Säulen der Dogana, auf dem harten Marmorpflaſter ausgeſtreckt, ein armer unglücklicher Menſch. Einige Lumpen geſtreifter Leinwand, deren Farbe nicht mehr kenntlich, und die ſonſt einem Schifferkleide, wie das gemeinſte Volk der Laſtträger und Ruderknechte es trägt, angehört zu haben ſchienen, hingen um den abgemagerten Körper. Vom Hemde war nichts mehr zu ſehen, als die eigne Haut des Armen, die überall durchblickte, aber ſo weiß und zart war, daß ſie der Edelſten einer ohne Scheu und Scham hätte tragen können. So zeigte auch die Magerkeit nur deſto beſſer das reinſte Ebenmaß der wohlgebauten Glieder, und betrachtete man nun vollends die hell-kaſtanienbraunen Locken, die zerzauſt und verworren die ſchönſte Stirn umſchatteten, die blauen, nur von troſtloſem Elend verdüſterten Augen, die Adlernaſe, den feingeformten Mund des Unglücklichen, der höchſtens zwanzig Jahre zu zählen ſchien, ſo war es gewiß, daß irgend ein feindſeliges Geſchick den Fremdling von guter Geburt in die unterſte Klaſſe des Volks geſchleudert haben mußte.

Wie geſagt, vor den Säulen der Dogana lag der Jüngling und ſtarrte, den Kopf auf den rechten Arm geſtützt, mit ſtierem, gedankenloſem Blick ohne Regung und Bewegung hinein in das Meer. Man hätte denken ſollen, das Leben ſei von ihm gewichen, der Todeskampf habe ihn zur Bildſäule verſteinert, hätte er nicht dann und wann tief, wie im unſäglichſten Schmerz, aufgeſeufzt. Das war denn nun wohl der Schmerz des linken Arms, den er ausgeſtreckt hatte auf dem Pflaſter, und der mit blutigen Lumpen umwickelt, ſchwer verwundet zu ſeyn ſchien. —

Alle Arbeit ruhte, das Getöſe des Gewerbes ſchwieg, ganz Venedig ſchwamm in tauſend Barken und Gondeln dem hochgeprieſenen Falieri entgegen. So kam es, daß auch der unglückliche junge Menſch in troſtloſer Hülfloſigkeit ſeinen Schmerz verſeufzte. Doch eben als ſein mattes Haupt hinabſank auf das Pflaſter, und er der Ohnmacht nahe ſchien, rief eine heiſere Stimme recht kläglich mehrmals hintereinander: Antonio! — mein lieber Antonio! — Antonio erhob ſich endlich mühſam mit halbem Leibe und, indem er den Kopf nach den Säulen der Dogana, hinter denen die Stimme hervorzukommen ſchien, hinrichtete, ſprach er ganz matt und kaum vernehmbar: Wer iſt's, der mich ruft? — Wer kommt, meinen Leichnam ins Meer zu werfen; denn bald werde ich hier umgekommen ſeyn! — Da keuchte und hüſtelte ſich ein kleines uraltes Mütterchen am Stabe heran zu dem wunden Jüngling, und indem ſie neben ihm hinkauerte, brach ſie aus in ein widriges Kichern und Lachen. „Thörigtes Kind,“ ſo liſpelte dann die Alte, „willſt hier umkommen, willſt hier ſterben, weil das goldne Glück Dir aufgeht! — Schau nur hin, ſchau nur hin, dort im Abend die lodernden Flammen, das ſind Zechinen für Dich. — Aber Du mußt eſſen, lieber Antonio, eſſen und trinken; denn der Hunger nur iſt es, der Dich zu Boden geworfen hat, hier auf dem kalten Pflaſter! — Der Arm iſt ſchon heil, ſchon wieder heil!“ — Antonio erkannte in dem alten Mütterchen das ſeltſame Bettelweib, das auf den Stufen der Franziskanerkirche die Andächtigen, immer kichernd und lachend, um Almoſen anzuſprechen pflegte, und der er manchmal, von innerm unerklärlichem Hange getrieben, einen ſauer verdienten Quattrino, den er ſelbſt nicht übrig, hingeworfen. „Laß mich in Ruhe,“ ſprach er, „altes wahnſinniges Weib; wohl iſt es der Hunger mehr als die Wunde, der mich kraftlos und elend macht; ſeit drei Tagen habe ich keinen Quattrino verdient. Hinüber wollte ich nach dem Kloſter und ſehen, ein Paar Löffel Krankenſuppe zu erhaſchen, aber alle Kameraden ſind fort — keiner, der mich aus Barmherzigkeit aufnimmt in die Barke, und da bin ich hier umgeſunken, und werde wohl niemals wieder aufſtehen.“ —

„Hi hi hi hi,“ kicherte die Alte, „warum gleich verzagen, Du biſt durſtig, Du biſt hungrig, dafür habe ich Rath. Hier ſind ſchöne gedörrte Fiſchlein, erſt heute auf der Zecca eingekauft, hier iſt Limonenſaft, hier ein artig weißes Brödlein, iß und trinke, mein Söhnlein! dann wollen wir nach dem wunden Arm ſchauen.“

Die Alte hatte in der That aus dem Sack, der ihr auf dem Rücken hing und hoch hinüberragte über das gebückte Haupt, Fiſche, Brot und Limonenſaft hervorgeholt. So wie Antonio nur die brennenden verſchrumpften Lippen genetzt hatte mit dem kühlenden Getränke, erwachte der Hunger mit doppelter Gewalt, und er verſchlang gierig Fiſche und Brot. Die Alte war indeſſen darüber her, ihm die Lumpen von dem wunden Arm abzuwickeln, und da fand es ſich denn, daß der Arm zwar hart zerſchlagen, die Wunde aber ſchon in voller Heilung war. Indem nun die Alte eine Salbe, die in einem kleinen Büchschen befindlich, und die ſie mit dem Hauch des Mundes erwärmte, darauf ſtrich, frugte ſie: Aber wer hat Dich denn ſo arg geſchlagen, mein armes Söhnlein? Antonio, ganz erquickt, von neuem Lebensfeuer durchglüht, hatte ſich ganz aufgerichtet, mit blitzenden Augen die geballte Rechte erhoben, rief er: Ha! — Nicolo, der Spitzbube, wollte mich lahm ſchlagen, weil er mich um jeden elenden Quattrino beneidet, den mir eine wohlthätige Hand zuwirft! Du weißt, Alte, daß ich mühſam mein Leben dadurch erhielt, daß ich die Ballen aus den Schiffen und Barken in das Kaufhaus der Deutſchen, in den ſogenannten Fontego (Du kennſt es ja wohl das Gebäude), ſchleppen half. — So wie Antonio das Wort „Fontego“ ausſprach, kicherte und lachte die Alte recht abſcheulich auf und plapperte immerfort: Fontego — Fontego — Fontego. —

„Laß Dein tolles Lachen, Alte, wenn ich erzählen ſoll,“ rief Antonio erzürnt; da wurde die Alte gleich ſtill, und Antonio fuhr fort: „Nun hatte ich einige Quattrinos verdient, mir ein neues Wamms gekauft, ſahe ganz ſtattlich aus, und kam in die Zahl der Gondoliere. Weil ich immer frohen Muthes war, wacker arbeitete, und manches ſchöne Lied wußte, verdiente ich manchen Quattrino mehr als die Andern. Aber da erwachte der Neid unter den Kameraden. Sie verſchwärzten mich bei meinem Herrn, der mich fortjagte; überall, wo ich ging und ſtand, riefen ſie mir nach: „Deutſcher Hund! Verfluchter Ketzer!“ und vor drei Tagen, als ich bei San Sebaſtian eine Barke ans Land rollen half, überfielen ſie mich mit Steinwürfen und Prügeln. Wacker wehrte ich mich meiner Haut; aber da traf mich der tückiſche Nicolo mit einem Ruderſchlage, der mein Haupt ſtreifend und den Arm ſchwer verletzend, mich zu Boden warf. — Nun, Du haſt mich ſatt gemacht, Alte, und in der That fühle ich, daß Deine Salbe meinem wunden Arm auf wunderbare Weiſe wohlthut. Sieh nur, wie ich den Arm ſchon zu ſchwingen vermag, — nun will ich wieder tapfer rudern!“ Antonio war vom Boden aufgeſtanden und ſchwang den wunden Arm kräftig hin und her; aber die Alte kicherte und lachte wieder laut auf und rief, indem ſie ganz wunderlich wie in kurzen Sprüngen ſchwerfällig hin- und hertrippelte: Söhnlein, Söhnlein, mein Söhnlein, rudere tapfer — tapfer! — es kommt

— er kommt, das Gold glüht in lichten Flammen, rudere tapfer, tapfer! — aber nur noch einmal, nur noch einmal! — dann nicht wieder!

Antonio achtete nicht auf der Alten Beginnen; denn vor ihm hatte ſich das allerherrlichſte Schauſpiel aufgethan. Von San Clemens her ſchwamm der Bucentoro, den adriatiſchen Löwen in der flatternden Flagge, mit tönendem Ruderſchlage daher, wie ein kräftigbeſchwingter goldner Schwan. Umringt von tauſend Barken und Gondeln ſchien er, ſein fürſtlich kühnes Haupt erhoben, zu gebieten über ein jubelndes Heer, das mit glänzenden Häuptern aufgetaucht war aus dem tiefen Meeresgrunde. Die Abendſonne warf ihre glühenden Strahlen über das Meer, über Venedig hin, ſo, daß Alles in lodernden Flammen ſtand; aber wie Antonio in Vergeſſenheit alles Kummers ganz entzückt hinſchaute, wurde der Schein immer blutiger und blutiger. Ein dumpfes Sauſen ging durch die Lüfte, und wie ein furchtbares Echo hallte es wieder aus der Tiefe des Meeres. Der Sturm kam dahergefahren auf ſchwarzen Wolken und hüllte Alles in dicke Finſterniß ein, während aus dem brauſenden Meere höher und höher die Wellen wie ziſchende ſchäumende Ungeheuer emporſtiegen und Alles zu verſchlingen drohten. Gleich zerſtäubtem Gefieder ſah man Gondeln und Barken hier und dort auf dem Meere treiben. Der Bucentoro, mit ſeinem flachen Boden unfähig, dem Sturme zu widerſtehen, ſchwankte hin und her. Statt des fröhlichen Jubels der Zinken und Trompeten hörte man durch den Sturm das Angſtgeſchrei der Bedrängten.

Erſtarrt ſchaute Antonio hin, dicht vor ihm raſſelte es wie mit Ketten; er ſchaute hinab, ein kleiner Kahn, der an die Mauer angekettet, wurde von den Wellen geſchaukelt; da fiel es wie ein Blitzſtrahl in ſeine Seele. Er ſprang in den Kahn, machte ihn frei, ergriff das Ruder, das er darin fand, und ſtach kühn und muthvoll hinaus in die See, geradezu auf den Bucentoro. Je näher er kam, deſto deutlicher vernahm er das Hülfsgeſchrei auf dem Bucentoro: „Hinan! — hinan! — rettet den Doge!“ — Es iſt bekannt, daß kleine Fiſcherkähne im Golf, wenn er ſtürmt, gerade ſicherer ſind und beſſer zu handhaben, als größere Barken, und ſo kam es denn, daß dergleichen von allen Seiten herbeieilten, um das theure Haupt des würdigen Marino Falieri zu retten. Aber im Leben geſchieht es ja immer, daß die ewige Macht nur Einem das richtige Gelingen einer kühnen That als ſein Eigen zugetheilt hat, ſo daß alle Anderen ſich vergebens darum bemühen. So war es diesmal der arme Antonio, dem die Rettung des neuerwählten Dogen zugedacht war, und deshalb gelang es ihm ganz allein, ſich mit ſeinem kleinen, geringen Fiſcherkahn glücklich hinanzuarbeiten an den Bucentoro. Der alte Marino Falieri, mit ſolcher Gefahr vertraut, ſtieg, ohne ſich einen Augenblick zu beſinnen, rüſtig heraus aus dem prächtigen, aber verrätheriſchen Bucentoro und hinein in den kleinen Kahn des armen Antonio, der ihn über die brauſenden Wellen leicht weggleitend, wie ein Delphin, in wenigen Minuten hinüberruderte nach dem Platze des heiligen Marcus. Mit durchnäßten Kleidern, große Meerestropfen im grauen Bart, führte man den Alten in die Kirche, wo der Adel mit verbleichten Geſichtern die Ceremonien des Einzugs beendete. Das Volk, ebenſo wie die Signorie, beſtürzt über die Unfälle des Einzuges, zu denen es auch rechnete, daß der Doge in der Eil und Verwirrung durch die zwei Säulen geführt worden, wo gewöhnlich Miſſethäter hingerichtet zu werden pflegen, verſtummte mitten im Jubel, und ſo endete der feſtlich begonnene Tag traurig und düſter.

An den Retter des Doge ſchien niemand zu denken, und Antonio ſelbſt dachte nicht daran, ſondern lag todtmüde, halb ohnmächtig vor Schmerz, den ihm die neuaufgeriſſene Wunde verurſachte, in dem Säulengange des herzoglichen Palaſtes. Deſto verwunderlicher war es ihm, als, da beinahe die Nacht eingebrochen, ein herzoglicher Trabant ihn bei den Schultern packte und mit den Worten: Komm, guter Freund! in den Palaſt und in die Zimmer des Doge hineinſtieß. Der Alte kam ihm freundlich entgegen und ſprach, indem er auf ein Paar Beutel wies, die auf dem Tiſche lagen: „Du haſt Dich wacker gehalten, mein guter Sohn; hier! — nimm dieſe dreitauſend Zechinen, willſt Du mehr, ſo fordere, aber erzeige mir den Gefallen, und laß Dich nie mehr vor meinem Angeſichte ſehen!“ Bei den letzten Worten blitzten Funken aus den Augen des Alten, und die Naſenſpitze röthete ſich höher. Antonio wußte nicht, was der Alte wollte, ließ ſich das auch gar nicht zu Herzen gehn, ſondern raffte mit Mühe die Beutel auf, die er mit Fug und Recht verdient zu haben glaubte.

Leuchtend im Glanze der neuerlangten Herrſchaft, ſah andern Morgens der alte Falieri aus den hohen Bogenfenſtern des Palaſtes hinab auf das Volk, das ſich unter ihm in allerlei Waffenübungen luſtig tummelte. Da trat Bodoeri, ſeit den Jünglingsjahren in unwandelbarer Freundſchaft mit dem Doge feſt verbunden, in's Gemach, und als nun dieſer ganz verſunken in ſich und ſeine Würde, ihn gar nicht zu bemerken ſchien, ſchlug er die Hände zuſammen und rief, laut lachend, aus: „Ei, Falieri, welche erhabenen Gedanken mögen brüten und gedeihen in Deinem Kopfe ſeit dem Augenblicke, daß die krumme Mütze darauf ſitzt!“ — Falieri, wie aus einem Traum erwachend, kam dem Alten mit erzwungener Freundlichkeit entgegen. Er fühlte, daß es doch eigentlich Bodoeri war, dem er die Mütze zu verdanken, und jene Rede ſchien ihn daran zu mahnen. Da nun aber jede Verpflichtung ſein ſtolzes herrſchſüchtiges Gemüth wie eine Laſt drückte, und er den älteſten Rath, den bewährten Freund nicht abfertigen konnte, wie den armen Antonio, ſo zwang er ſich einige Worte des Dankes ab, und fing dann gleich an, von den Maßregeln zu ſprechen, die jetzt den überall ſich regenden Feinden entgegengeſtellt werden müßten. „Das,“ fiel ihm Bodoeri mit ſchlauem Lächeln in die Rede, „das und alles Uebrige, was ſonſt noch der Staat von Dir fordert, wollen wir nach ein paar Stunden im verſammelten großen Rath reiflich erwägen und überlegen. Nicht darum bin ich ſo früh gekommen, um mit Dir die Mittel aufzufinden, wie man den frechen Doria ſchlägt, oder wie man den ungariſchen Ludwig, dem es wieder nach unſern dalmatiſchen Seeſtädten gelüſtet, zur Vernunft bringt. Nein, Marino, nur an Dich ſelbſt habe ich gedacht, und zwar, was Du vielleicht nicht rathen würdeſt, an Deine Vermählung.“ „Wie konnteſt Du,“ erwiederte der Doge, indem er ganz verdrießlich aufſtand, und dem Bodoeri den Rücken gewendet, hinausſchaute durch das Fenſter, — „wie konnteſt Du nur daran denken. Noch lange iſt's hin bis zum Himmelfahrtstage. Dann, hoffe ich, ſoll der Feind geſchlagen, Sieg, Ehre, neuer Reichthum, glänzendere Macht dem meergebornen adriatiſchen Löwen erworben ſein. Die keuſche Braut ſoll den Bräutigam ihrer würdig finden.“ „Ach,“ fiel ihm Bodoeri ungeduldig in die Rede, „Du ſprichſt von der ſeltſamen Feierlichkeit am Himmelfahrtstage, wenn Du, den goldnen Ring vom Bucentoro hinabſchleudernd in die Wellen, Dich zu vermählen gedenkſt mit dem adriatiſchen Meer. Du, Marino, Du, dem Meere Verwandter, kennſt Du denn keine andere Braut, als das kalte, feuchte, verrätheriſche Element, dem Du zu gebieten wähnſt, und das erſt geſtern gar bedrohlich ſich gegen Dich auflehnte? — Ei, wie magſt Du liegen wollen in den Armen einer ſolchen Braut, die ein eigenſinnig tolles Ding, gleich, als Du auf dem Bucentoro dahergleitend, ihr nur die bläulich gefrornen Wangen ſtreichelteſt, zankte und tobte. Reicht denn ein ganzer Veſuv voll Gluth dazu hin, den eiſigen Buſen eines falſchen Weibes zu erwärmen, die in ſteter Treuloſigkeit, immer und immer ſich neu vermählend, die Ringe nicht empfängt als theures Liebespfand, ſondern hinabreißt den Tribut der Sclaven? Nein, Marino, ich gedachte, daß Du Dich vermählen ſollteſt mit dem ſchönſten Erdenkinde, das nur zu finden.“ „Du faſelſt,“ murmelte Falieri, ohne ſich vom Fenſter wegzuwenden, „Du faſelſt Alter. Ich, ein achtzigjähriger Greis, belaſtet mit Mühe und Arbeit, niemals verheirathet geweſen, kaum mehr fähig zu lieben.“ — „Halt ein, rief Bodoeri, läſtere Dich nicht ſelbſt. — Streckt nicht der Winter, ſo rauh und kalt er auch ſein mag, doch zuletzt voll Sehnſucht die Arme aus nach der holden Göttin, die ihm entgegenzieht von lauen Weſtwinden getragen? — Und wenn er ſie dann an den erſtarrten Buſen drückt, wenn ſanfte Gluth ſeine Adern durchrinnt, wo bleibt da Eis und Schnee! Du ſagſt, Du ſeiſt an die achtzig Jahre alt, das iſt wahr; aber berechneſt Du das Greisthum denn blos nach den Jahren? — Trägſt Du Dein Haupt nicht ſo aufrecht, gehſt Du nicht mit ſolchem feſten Schritt einher, wie vor vierzig Sommern? — Oder fühlſt Du vielleicht doch, daß Deine Kraft abgenommen, daß Du ein geringeres Schwert tragen mußt, daß Du im raſchen Gange ermatteſt, daß Du die Treppe des herzoglichen Palaſtes hinaufkeuchſt?“ — „Nein, beim Himmel! unterbrach Falieri den Freund, indem er mit raſcher heftiger Bewegung vom Fenſter weg und auf ihn zutrat, nein, beim Himmel! von dem Allen ſpüre ich nichts.“ — „Nun denn, fuhr Bodoeri fort, ſo genieße als Greis mit vollen Zügen alles Erdenglück, was Dir noch zugedacht. Erhebe das Weib, das ich für Dich wählte, zur Dogareſſa, und die Frauen von Venedig werden, was Schönheit und Tugend betrifft, ſo gut in ihr die Erſte anerkennen müſſen, als die Venetianer in Dir das Oberhaupt an Tapferkeit, Geiſt und Kraft.“ Bodoeri fing nun an, das Bild eines Weibes zu entwerfen, und wußte die Farben ſo geſchickt zu miſchen und ſo lebendig aufzutragen, daß des alten Falieri Augen blitzten, daß er im ganzen Geſicht röther und röther wurde, daß die Lippen ſich ſpitzten und ſchmatzten, als genöſſe er ein Gläslein feurigen Syracuſer nach dem andern. „Ei, ſprach er endlich ſchmunzelnd, ei, was iſt denn das für ein Ausbund von Liebreiz, von dem Du ſprichſt?“ —

„Kein anderes Weib, erwiederte Bodoeri, kein anderes Weib meine ich, als mein liebes Nichtchen.“ „Was, fiel ihm Falieri in die Rede, Deine Nichte! Die wurde ja, als ich Podeſtà von

Treviſo war, an Bertuccio Nenolo verheirathet?" „Ei, ſprach Bodoeri weiter, Du denkſt an meine Nichte Franzeska, und deren Töchterlein iſt es, die ich Dir zugedacht. Du weißt, daß den wilden barſchen Nenolo der Krieg ins Meer verlockte. Franzeska, voller Gram und Schmerz, begrub ſich in ein römiſches Kloſter, ſo ließ ich die kleine Annunziata erziehen in tiefer Einſamkeit auf meiner Villa in Treviſo." —

„Was, unterbrach Falieri den Alten voller Ungeduld aufs Neue, was! die Tochter Deiner Nichte ſoll ich zu meiner Gemahlin erheben? — Wie lange iſt's, daß Nenolo ſich vermählte? — Annunziata muß ein Kind ſein von höchſtens 10 Jahren. Als ich Podeſta von Treviſo wurde, war an Nenolos Vermählung noch nicht zu denken." „Und das ſind — 25 Jahre her! fiel Bodoeri ihm lachend in die Rede; ei! wie magſt Du Dich ſo verrechnen in der Zeit, die Dir ſchnell vergangen. Annunziata iſt ein Mädchen von 19 Jahren, ſchön wie die Sonne, ſittſam, demüthig, in der Liebe unerfahren, denn ſie ſah kaum einen Mann. Sie wird Dir anhängen mit kindlicher Liebe und anſpruchloſer Ergebenheit." „Ich will ſie ſehen, ich will ſie ſehen," rief der Doge, dem das Bild, das Bodoeri von der ſchönen Annunziata entworfen, wieder vor Augen kam. Sein Wunſch wurde ſelbigen Tages erfüllt, denn kaum als er aus dem großen Rath in ſeine Gemächer zurückgekehrt war, führte ihm der ſchlaue Bodoeri, der mancherlei Urſachen haben mochte, ſeine Nichte als Dogareſſa an Falieri's Seite zu ſehen, die holde Annunziata ganz heimlich zu. Als nun der alte Falieri das Engelskind erblickte, war er ganz beſtürzt über das Wunder von Schönheit, und vermochte kaum, unverſtändliche Worte ſtammelnd, um ſie zu werben. Annunziata, wohl von Bodoeri ſchon unterrichtet, ſank, hohe Röthe auf den Wangen, nieder vor dem fürſtlichen Greiſe. Sie ergriff ſeine Hand, die ſie an die Lippen drückte und liſpelte leiſe: „O Herr, wollt Ihr mich denn würdigen, Euch zur Seite den fürſtlichen Thron zu beſteigen? — Nun, ſo will ich Euch aus dem Grunde meiner Seele verehren und Eure treue Magd ſein bis zum letzten Athemzuge." Der alte Falieri war außer ſich vor Wonne und Entzücken. Als Annunziata ſeine Hand ergriff, fühlt' er es durch alle Glieder zucken, und dann begann er dermaßen mit dem Kopfe, mit dem ganzen Leibe zu wackeln und zu zittern, daß er nur ganz geſchwind ſich in den großen Lehnſtuhl ſetzen mußte. Es ſchien, als ſollte Bodoeri's gute Meinung von dem kräftigen Alter der achtziger Jahre widerlegt werden. Der konnte freilich ein ſeltſames Lächeln, das um ſeine Lippen zuckte, nicht unterdrücken, die unſchuldige unbefangene Annunziata bemerkte nichts, und ſonſt war zum Glück Niemand zugegen. —

Mocht' es ſein, daß der alte Falieri, dacht' er daran, ſich dem Volke als Bräutigam eines neunzehnjährigen Mädchens zu zeigen, das Unbequeme dieſer Lage fühlte, daß ſogar eine Ahnung in ihm ſich regte, daß man die zum Spott geneigten Venetianer dazu eben nicht aufreizen dürfe, und daß es beſſer ſei, den kritiſchen Zeitpunkt des Bräutigamsſtandes ganz zu verſchweigen, genug, mit Bodoeri's Uebereinſtimmung wurde beſchloſſen, daß die Trauung in der größten Heimlichkeit vollzogen, und dann einige Tage darauf die Dogareſſe, als mit Falieri längſt vermählt, und, als ſei ſie eben aus Treviſo angekommen, wo ſie ſich während Falieri's Sendung nach Avignon aufgehalten, der Signorie und dem Volk vorgeſtellt werden ſollte.

Richten wir unſern Blick auf jenen ſauber gekleideten bildſchönen Jüngling, der, den Beutel mit Zechinen in der Hand, den Rialto auf- und abgeht, mit Juden, Türken, Armeniern, Griechen ſpricht, die verdüſterte Stirn wieder abwendet, weiter ſchreitet, ſtehen bleibt, wieder umkehrt und endlich ſich nach dem Marcusplatz gondeln läßt, wo er mit ungewiſſem zauderndem Schritt, die Arme übereinander geſchlagen, den Blick zur Erde geſenkt, auf- und abwandelt und nicht bemerkt, nicht ahnt, daß manches Flüſtern, manches Räuſpern aus dieſem, jenem Fenſter, von dieſem, jenem reich behängten Balkon herab, Liebeszeichen ſind, die ihm gelten. Wer würde in dieſem Jünglinge ſo leicht den Antonio erkennen, der noch vor wenigen Tagen zerlumpt, arm und elend auf dem Marmorpflaſter vor der Dogana lag! „Söhnlein, mein goldenes Söhnlein Antonio, guten Tag! — guten Tag!" So rief ihm das alte Bettelweib entgegen, die auf den Stufen der Marcuskirche ſaß und bei der er vorüberſchreiten wollte, ohne ſie zu ſehen. So wie er, ſich raſch umwendend, die Alte erblickte, griff er in den Beutel und holte eine Hand voll Zechinen heraus, die er ihr zuwerfen wollte. „O, laß doch Dein Gold ſtecken, kicherte und lachte die Alte, was ſoll ich denn mit Deinem Golde anfangen, bin ich denn nicht reich genug? — Aber wenn Du mir Gutes thun willſt, ſo laß mir eine neue Kapuze machen, denn die, die ich trage, will nicht mehr halten gegen Wind und Wetter! — Ja, das thue, mein Söhnlein, mein goldenes Söhnlein — aber bleib weg vom Fontego — vom Fontego." —

Antonio ſtarrte der Alten ins bleichgelbe Antlitz, in dem die tiefen Furchen auf ſeltſame grauliche Weiſe zuckten, und als ſie nun die dürren Knochenhände klappernd zuſammenſchlug und mit heulender Stimme und widrigem Kichern immer fortplapperte: bleib' weg vom Fontego! Da rief Antonio: „kannſt Du denn niemals Dein tolles wahnſinniges Treiben laſſen, Du — Hexenweib!" So wie Antonio dies Wort ausſprach, kugelte die Alte, wie vom Blitz getroffen, die Marmorſtufen herab. Antonio ſprang hinzu, faßte die Alte mit beiden Händen und verhinderte den ſchweren Fall. „O, mein Söhnlein," ſprach jetzt die Alte mit leiſer kläglicher Stimme, „was für ein entſetzliches Wort ſprachſt Du aus! O tödte mich lieber, als daß Du dieſes Wort noch einmal wiederholſt. — Ach, Du weißt nicht, wie ſchwer Du mich verletzt haſt, mich, die Dich ja ſo getreulich im Herzen trägt — ach, Du weißt nicht." Die Alte brach plötzlich ab, verhüllte ihr Haupt mit dem dunkelbraunen Tuchlappen, der ihr wie ein kurzes Mäntelchen um die Schultern hing, und ſeufzte und wimmerte wie in tauſend Schmerzen. Antonio fühlte ſich im Innerſten auf ſeltſame Weiſe bewegt, er faßte die Alte und trug ſie hinauf bis in das Portal der Marcuskirche, wo er ſie auf eine Marmorbank, die dort befindlich, hinſetzte. „Du haſt mir Gutes gethan, Alte," fing er dann an, nachdem er des Weibes Haupt befreit hatte von dem häßlichen Tuchlappen, „Du haſt mir Gutes gethan, Dir habe ich eigentlich meinen ganzen Wohlſtand zu verdanken, denn ſtandeſt Du mir nicht bei in der Todesnoth, ſo läg ich längſt im Meeresgrunde, ich rettete nicht den Doge, ich erhielt nicht die wackern Zechinen. Aber hätteſt Du das auch nicht gethan, ſo fühle ich, daß ich doch mit ganz beſonderer Neigung Dir anhängen müßte, unerachtet Du mir mit Deinem wahnſinnigen Treiben, wenn Du ſo widerlich kicherſt und lachſt, oft inneres Grauen genug erregſt. In der That, Alte, als ich noch mit Laſttragen und Rudern mühſam mein Leben friſtete, da war mir es ja immer, als müſſe ich ſchärfer arbeiten, nur um Dir ein paar Quattrino's abgeben zu können." „O, mein Herzensſöhnlein, mein goldener Tonino," rief die Alte, indem ſie die verſchrumpften Arme hoch emporhob, ſo daß ihr Stab klappernd auf den Marmor niederfiel und weit fortrollte, „o mein Tonino! ich weiß es ja, daß Du mir, ſtellſt Du Dich auch an, wie Du nur magſt, mit ganzer Seele anhängen mußt, denn — doch ſtill — ſtill — ſtill!" Die Alte bückte ſich mühſam herab nach ihrem Stabe; Antonio hob ihn auf und reichte ihn ihr hin. Das ſpitze Kinn auf den Stab geſtützt, den ſtarren Blick auf den Boden gerichtet, ſprach die Alte nun mit zurückgehaltener dumpfer Stimme: „Sage mir, mein Kind! magſt Du Dich denn gar nicht der früheren Zeit erinnern, wie es ging, wie es war mit Dir, ehe Du hier, ein armer elender Menſch, kaum Dein Leben friſten konnteſt?" Antonio ſeufzte tief auf, er nahm Platz neben der Alten und fing dann an: „Ach, Mutter, nur zu gut weiß ich, daß ich von Eltern geboren wurde, die in dem blühendſten Wohlſtande lebten, aber, wer ſie waren, wie ich von ihnen kam, nicht die leiſeſte Ahnung davon blieb und konnte davon in meiner Seele bleiben. Ich erinnere mich ſehr gut eines großen ſchönen Mannes, der mich oft auf den Arm nahm, mich abherzte und mir Zuckerwerk in den Mund ſteckte. Ebenſo gedenke ich einer freundlichen hübſchen Frau, die mich aus- und anzog, mich jeden Abend in ein weiches Bettchen legte und mir überhaupt Gutes that auf jede Weiſe. Beide ſprachen mit mir in einer fremden volltönenden Sprache, und ich ſelbſt lallte manches Wort in dieſer Sprache ihnen nach. Als ich noch ruderte, pflegten meine feindlichen Kameraden immer zu ſagen, ich müſſe, meiner Haare, meiner Augen, meines ganzen Körperbaues halber, deutſcher Abkunft ſein. Das glaub' ich auch, jene Sprache meiner Pfleger (der Mann war gewiß mein Vater) war deutſch. Die lebhafteſte Erinnerung jener Zeit iſt das Schreckbild einer Nacht, in der ich durch ein entſetzliches Jammergeſchrei aus tiefem Schlaf geweckt wurde. Man rannte im Hauſe umher, Thüren wurden auf- und zugeſchlagen, mir wurde unbeſchreiblich bange, laut fing ich an zu weinen. Da ſtürzte die Frau, die mich pflegte, hinein, riß mich aus dem Bett, verſtopfte mir den Mund, wickelte mich ein in Tücher und rannte mit mir von dannen. Seit dieſem Augenblicke ſchweigt meine Erinnerung. Ich finde mich wieder in einem prächtigen Hauſe, das in der anmuthigſten Gegend lag. Das Bild eines Mannes tritt hervor, den ich „Vater" nannte, und der ein ſtattlicher Herr war, von edlem und dabei gutmüthigem Anſehen. Er, ſo wie Alle im Hauſe, ſprachen italieniſch. Mehrere Wochen hatte ich den Vater nicht geſehen; da kamen eines Tages fremde Leute von häßlichem Anſehen, die machten vielen Lärm im Hauſe und ſtöberten Alles durch. Als ſie mich erblickten, fragten ſie, wer ich denn ſei und was ich hier im Hauſe mache? — „Ich bin ja Antonio, der Sohn vom Hauſe." Als ich das erwiederte, lachten ſie mir ins Geſicht, riſſen mir die guten Kleider vom Leibe und ſtießen mich zum Hauſe hinaus, mit der Drohung, daß ich, wage ich es, mich wieder zu zeigen, fortgeprügelt werden ſolle. Laut jammernd lief ich von dannen. Kaum hundert Schritte vom Hauſe, trat mir ein alter Mann entgegen, in dem ich einen Diener meines Pflegevaters erkannte. „Komm, Antonio,“ rief er, indem er mich bei der Hand faßte, „komm, Antonio, armer Junge! für uns beide iſt das Haus dort auf immer verſchloſſen. Wir müſſen nun beide zuſehen, wo wir ein Stück Brod finden.“ Der Alte nahm mich mit hierher. Er war nicht ſo arm, als er ſeiner ſchlechten Kleidung nach zu ſein ſchien. Kaum angekommen, ſah ich, wie er die Zechinen aus dem zertrennten Wamms hervorholte, und den ganzen Tag, ſich auf dem Rialto herumtreibend, bald den Unterhändler, bald den Handelsmann ſelbſt machte. Ich mußte immer hinter ihm ſein und er pflegte, hatte er den Handel gemacht, noch immer um eine Kleinigkeit für den figliolo zu bitten. Jeder, dem ich recht dreiſt in die Augen ſahe, rückte noch gern einige Quattrinos heraus, die er mit vieler Behaglichkeit einſteckte, indem er, mir die Wangen ſtreichelnd, verſicherte, er ſammle das Alles für mich zum neuen Wamms. Ich befand mich wohl bei dem Alten, den die Leute, ich weiß nicht warum, Väterchen Blaunas nannten. Doch das dauerte nicht lange. Du erinnerſt Dich, Alte, jener Schreckenszeit, als eines Tages die Erde zu beben begann, als in den Grundveſten erſchüttert, Thürme und Paläſte wankten, als wie von unſichtbaren Rieſenarmen gezogen, die Glocken läuteten. Es ſind ja kaum ſieben Jahre darüber vergangen. — Glücklich rettete ich mich mit dem Alten aus dem Hauſe, das hinter uns zuſammenſtürzte. Alles Geſchäft ruhte, auf dem Rialto lag Alles in todter Betäubung. Aber mit dieſem entſetzlichen Ereigniß kündigte ſich nur das herannahende Ungeheuer an, das bald ſeinen giftigen Athem aushauchte über Stadt und Land. Man wußte, daß die Peſt aus der Levante zuerſt nach Sicilien gedrungen, ſchon in Toſkana wüthete. Noch war Venedig davon befreit. Da handelte eines Tages mein Väterchen Blaunas auf dem Rialto mit einem Armenier. Sie wurden Handels einig, und ſchüttelten ſich wacker die Hände. Mein Väterchen hatte einige gute Waaren dem Armenier abgelaſſen um geringen Preis, und forderte nun wie gewöhnlich die Kleinigkeit per il figliolo. Der Armenier, ein großer ſtarker Mann mit dickem krauſem Bart (noch ſteht er vor mir), ſchaute mich an mit freundlichem Blick, dann küßte er mich und drückte mir ein Paar Zechinen in die Hand, die ich haſtig einſteckte. Wir gondelten nach San Marco. Unterwegs forderte Väterchen mir die Zechinen ab, und ich weiß ſelbſt nicht, wie ich darauf kam, zu behaupten, daß ich ſie mir ſelbſt verwahren müſſe, da der Armenier es ſo gewollt. Der Alte wurde verdrüßlich; aber indem er mit mir zankte, bemerkte ich, daß ſein Geſicht ſich mit einer widerlichen erdgelben Farbe überzog, und daß er allerlei tolles unzuſammenhängendes Zeug in ſeine Reden miſchte. Auf dem Platze angekommen, taumelte er hin und her wie ein Betrunkener, bis er dicht vor dem herzoglichen Pallaſt todt niederſtürzte. Mit lautem Jammergeſchrei warf ich mich auf den Leichnam. Das Volk rannte zuſammen, aber ſo wie der fürchterliche Ruf: die Peſt — die Peſt! erſchall, ſtäubte Alles voll Entſetzen auseinander. In dem Augenblick ergriff mich eine dumpfe Betäubung; mir ſchwanden die Sinne. Als ich erwachte, fand ich mich in einem geräumigen Zimmer, auf einer geringen Matratze mit einem wollenen Tuche bedeckt. Um mich herum lagen auf ähnlichen Matratzen wohl zwanzig bis dreißig elende bleiche Geſtalten. So wie ich ſpäter erfuhr, hatten mich mitleidige Mönche, die gerade aus San Marco kamen, da ſie Leben in mir verſpürten, in eine Gondel bringen und nach der Giudecca in das Kloſter San Giorgio Maggiore, wo die Benediktiner ein Hoſpital angelegt hatten, ſchaffen laſſen. — Wie vermag ich Dir denn, Alte, dieſen Augenblick des Erwachens zu beſchreiben! Die Wuth der Krankheit hatte mir alle Erinnerung des Vergangenen gänzlich geraubt. Gleich als wäre in die todtſtarre Bildſäule plötzlich der Lebensfunken gefahren, gab es für mich nur augenblickliches Daſein, das ſich an nichts knüpfte. Du kannſt es Dir denken, Alte! welchen Jammer, welche Troſtloſigkeit dies Leben, nur ein im leeren Raum ohne Halt ſchwimmendes Bewußtſein zu nennen, über mich bringen mußte! — Die Mönche konnten mir nur ſagen, daß man mich bei Väterchen Blaunas gefunden, für deſſen Sohn ich allgemein gegolten. Nach und nach ſammelten ſich zwar meine Gedanken, und ich beſann mich auf mein früheres Leben, aber was ich Dir erzählte, Alte, das iſt Alles, was ich davon weiß, und das ſind doch nur einzelne Bilder ohne Zuſammenhang. Ach! dieſes troſtloſe Alleinſtehen in der Welt, das läßt mich zu keiner Fröhlichkeit kommen, ſo gut es mir nun auch gehen mag.“ — „Tonino, mein lieber Tonino,“ ſprach die Alte, „begnüge Dich mit dem, was Dir die beſſe Gegenwart ſchenkt.“ — „Schweig, Alte,“ unterbrach ſie Antonio, „ſchweig, noch etwas iſt es, was mir mein Leben verkümmert, mich raſtlos verfolgt, was mich über kurz oder lang rettungslos verderben wird. Ein unausſprechliches Verlangen, eine mein Innerſtes verzehrende Sehnſucht nach einem Etwas, das ich nicht zu nennen, nicht zu denken vermag, hat, ſeitdem ich im Spital zum Leben erwachte, mein ganzes Weſen erfaßt. Wenn ich als ein Armer, Elender, ermüdet, zerſchlagen von der mühſeligen Arbeit, Nachts auf dem harten Lager ruhte, dann kam der Traum und goß mir in lindem Säuſeln, die heiße Stirn fächelnd, alle Seligkeit irgend eines glücklichen Moments, in dem mich die ewige Macht die Wonne des Himmels ahnen ließ, und deſſen Bewußtſein tief in meiner Seele ruht, in mein Inneres. Jetzt ruhe ich auf weichen Kiſſen, und keine harte Arbeit verzehrt meine Kraft; aber erwache ich aus dem Traum, oder kommt mir wachend das Bewußtſein jenes Moments in den Sinn, ſo fühle ich, daß mein armes verlaſſenes Daſein mir ja eben ſo wie damals eine drückende Bürde iſt, die abzuwerfen ich trachten möchte. Alles Sinnen, alles Forſchen iſt vergebens, ich kann es nicht ergründen, was mir früher im Leben ſo Hochherrliches geſchah, deſſen dunkler, ach, mir unverſtändlicher Nachklang, mich mit ſolcher Seligkeit erfüllt; aber wird dieſe Seligkeit nicht zum brennendſten Schmerz, der mich zu Tode foltert, wenn ich erkennen muß, daß alle Hoffnung verloren iſt, jenes unbekannte Eden wiederzufinden, ja es nur zu ſuchen? Giebt es denn Spuren des ſpurlos Verſchwundenen?“ Antonio hielt inne, indem er aus tiefer Bruſt ſchwer aufſeufzte. Die Alte hatte ſich während ſeiner Erzählung geberdet, wie einer, der ganz hingeriſſen von dem Leid des Andern, Alles ſelbſt fühlt, und jede Bewegung, die dieſem der Schmerz abnöthigt, wie ein Spiegel zurückgiebt. „Tonino,“ fing ſie jetzt mit weinerlicher Stimme an, „mein lieber Tonino, darum willſt Du verzagen, weil Dir im Leben etwas Hochherrliches begegnet iſt, deſſen Erinnerung Dir erloſchen? — Thörigtes Kind! thörigtes Kind! — merk' auf — hi hi hi.“ — Die Alte begann nach ihrer gewöhnlichen Weiſe widerlich zu kichern und zu lachen und auf dem Marmorboden herumzuhüpfen. — Leute kamen, die Alte kauerte nieder, man warf ihr Almoſen zu. — „Antonio — Antonio, bring' mich fort — fort an's Meer!“ ſo kreiſchte ſie auf. Antonio wußte nicht, wie ihm geſchah, beinahe willkürlos faßte er die Alte und führte ſie über den Marcusplatz langſam fort. Während ſie gingen, murmelte die Alte leiſe und feierlich: „Antonio — ſiehſt Du wohl die dunklen Blutflecken hier auf dem Boden? — viel Blut, überall viel Blut! — aber hi — hi — hi — aus dem Blut entſprießen Roſen, ſchöne rothe Roſen zum Kranze für Dich — für Dein Liebchen. — O Du Herr des Lebens, welcher holde Engel des Lichts iſt es denn — der dort ſo anmuthig, ſo ſternenklar lächelnd auf Dich zuſchreitet? — Die lilienweißen Arme breiten ſich aus, um Dich zu umarmen. O Antonio, hochbeglücktes Kind — halte Dich wacker — halte Dich wacker! — Und Myrthen kannſt Du pflücken im ſüßen Abendroth, Myrthen für die Braut, für die jungfräuliche Wittwe — hi — hi — hi — — Myrthen, im Abendroth gepflückt, aber ſie blühen erſt um Mitternacht — hörſt Du wohl das Geflüſter des Nachtwindes, das ſehnſüchtig klagende Sauſen des Meeres? — Rudere wacker zu, mein kühner Schiffer, rudere wacker zu!“ — Antonio fühlte ſich von tiefem Grauen erfaßt bei den wunderlichen Reden der Alten, die ſie mit ganz ſeltſamer fremder Stimme unter beſtändigem Kichern hermurmelte. Sie waren an die Säule gekommen, die den adriatiſchen Löwen trägt. Die Alte wollte, immer weiter fortmurmelnd, vorüberſchreiten; Antonio, von der Alten Betragen gepeinigt, von den Vorübergehenden, ob ſeiner Dame verwunderlich angegafft, blieb aber ſtehen und ſprach mit barſchem Ton: „Hier — auf dieſe Stufen ſetze Dich hin, Alte, und halt ein mit Deinen Reden, die mich toll machen könnten. Es iſt wahr, Du haſt meine Zechinen in den Flammengebilden der Wolken geſehen, aber eben deshalb — was ſchwatzeſt Du von Engeln des Lichts — von Braut — jungfräulicher Wittwe — von Roſen und Myrthen? — willſt Du mich bethören, entſetzliches Weib, daß irgend ein wahnſinniges Streben mich in den Abgrund ſchleudert? Eine Kapuze ſollſt Du haben, Brod, Zechinen, Alles, was Du willſt, aber laß ab von mir.“ — Antonio wollte raſch fort, allein die Alte ergriff ihn beim Mantel und rief mit ſchneidender Stimme: „Tonino — mein Tonino, ſieh' mich doch nur noch einmal recht an, ſonſt muß ich ja hin bis an den äußerſten Rand des Platzes dort, und mich troſtlos hinabſtürzen in das Meer.“ — Antonio, um nicht noch mehr Blicke auf ſich zu ziehen, als ſich auf ihn zu richten begannen, blieb wirklich ſtehen. „Tonino,“ fuhr die Alte fort, ſetze Dich her zu mir, es drückt mir das Herz ab, ich muß Dir ſagen — o ſetze Dich her zu mir.“ Antonio ließ ſich auf die Stufen ſo nieder, daß er der Alten den Rücken zuwandte, und zog ſein Rechnungsbuch hervor, deſſen weiße Blätter von dem Eifer zeigten, mit dem er ſeine Handelsgeſchäfte auf dem Rialto betrieb. „Tonino,“ liſpelte nun die Alte ganz leiſe, „Tonino, wenn Du ſo in mein verſchrumpftes Antlitz ſchauſt, dämmert denn gar keine leiſe Ahnung in Deinem Innern auf, daß Du mich wohl in früher, früher

Zeit gekannt haben könnteſt?" „Ich ſagte Dir ſchon," erwiederte Antonio eben ſo leiſe und ohne ſich umzuwenden, „Alte, daß ich auf eine mir unerklärliche Weiſe mich zu Dir hingeneigt fühlte, aber daran iſt Dein häßliches, verſchrumpftes Geſicht nicht Schuld. Schau' ich vielmehr Deine ſeltſamen, ſchwarzen, blitzenden Augen, Deine ſpitze Naſe, Deine blauen Lippen, Dein langes Kinn, Dein ſtruppiges, eisgraues Haar an, hör' ich Dein widriges Kichern und Lachen, Deine verworrenen Reden — ei, ſo möchte ich mit Abſcheu mich von Dir abwenden und gar glauben, irgend verruchte Mittel ſtänden Dir zu Gebote, mich an Dich zu locken." „O Herr des Himmels," heulte die Alte, von unſäglichem Schmerz erfaßt, „welcher böſe hölliſche Geiſt gab Dir ſolche entſetzliche Gedanken ein! O Tonino, mein ſüßer Tonino, das Weib, das Dich als Kind ſo zärtlich hegte und pflegte, das Dich in jener Schreckensnacht rettete aus dringender Todesgefahr, das Weib war ich!" Im plötzlichen Schreck der Ueberraſchung drehte ſich Antonio raſch um, aber wie er nun der Alten in das abſcheuliche Geſicht ſtarrte, rief er zornig: „So gedenkſt Du mich zu bethören, altes, verruchtes, wahnſinniges Weib! — Die wenigen Bilder, die aus meiner Kindheit mir geblieben, ſind lebendig und friſch. Jene holde freundliche Frau, die mich pflegte, o, ich ſehe ſie lebhaft vor Augen! — Sie hatte ein volles, friſch gefärbtes Geſicht, mild blickende Augen, ſchönes dunkelbraunes Haupthaar, zierliche Hände — ſie mochte kaum dreißig Jahre alt ſein — und Du — ein neunzigjähriges Mütterchen." — „O all ihr Heiligen!" fiel die Alte ihm ſchluchzend in die Rede, „wie beginn' ich es denn, daß mein Tonino an mich, an ſeine treue Margaretha glaubt." — „Margaretha!" — murmelte Antonio, „Margaretha? — Der Name fällt, wie vor langer Zeit gehörte, längſt vergeſſene Muſik mir in die Ohren. — Aber es iſt nicht möglich!" — „Wohl war," fuhr die Alte ruhig fort, indem ſie geſenkten Blicks mit dem Stabe auf dem Boden hin- und herkritzelte, „wohl war der große, ſchöne Mann, der Dich auf den Arm nahm, Dich abherzte und Dir Zuckerwerk in den Mund ſteckte, wohl war das Dein Vater, Tonino! wohl war es das herrliche volltönende Deutſch, was wir mit einander ſprachen. Dein Vater war ein angeſehener reicher Kaufmann in Augsburg. Sein ſchönes junges Weib ſtarb ihm, als ſie Dich gebar. Da zog er, weil er ſich ſelbſt nicht dulden konnte an dem Orte, wo ſein Liebſtes begraben lag, hieher nach Venedig und nahm mich mit, mich, Deine Amme, Deine Pflegerin. In jener Nacht erlag Dein Vater einem grauſenden Schickſal, das auch Dich bedrohte. Es gelang mir, Dich zu retten. Ein edler Venetianer nahm Dich auf. Aller Hülfsmittel beraubt, mußte ich in Venedig bleiben. Von Kindheit auf machte mich mein Vater, ein Wundarzt, dem man nachſagte, er treibe nebenher verbotene Wiſſenſchaften, bekannt mit den geheimen Heilkräften der Natur. Von ihm lernte ich, durch Wald und Flur ſtreifend, die Abzeichen manches heilbringenden Krautes, manches unſcheinbaren Mooſes, die Stunde, wenn es gepflückt, geleſen werden mußte, die verſchiedene Miſchung der Säfte kennen. Aber dieſer Wiſſenſchaft geſellte ſich eine beſondere Gabe bei, die der Himmel mir verlieh in unerforſchlicher Abſicht. — Wie in einem fernen dunkeln Spiegel erſchaue ich oft künftige Ereigniſſe, und beinahe ohne eigenen Willen, in mir oft ſelbſt unverſtändlichen Redensarten das, was ich erſchaut, auszuſprechen, zwingt mich dann die unbekannte Macht, der ich nicht zu widerſtehen vermag. — Als ich nun einſam, von aller Welt verlaſſen, zurückbleiben mußte in Venedig, gedachte ich durch meine erprobte Kunſt mein Leben zu friſten. Ich heilte die bedenklichſten Uebel in kurzer Zeit. Kam nun noch hinzu, daß meine Erſcheinung auf die Kranken wohlthuend wirkte, daß oft das ſanfte Beſtreichen mit meiner Hand in wenigen Augenblicken die Kriſis löſte, ſo konnte es nicht fehlen, daß mein Ruf bald die Stadt durchdrang und mir die Fülle des Geldes zufloß. Da erwachte der Neid der Aerzte, der Ciarlatani, die auf dem Marcusplatz, auf dem Rialto, auf der Zecca ihre Pillen, ihre Eſſenzen verkauften und die Kranken vergifteten, ſtatt ſie zu heilen. Ich ſtehe mit dem leidigen Satan im Bündniß, das ſprengten ſie aus und fanden Glauben bei dem abergläubiſchen Volk. Bald wurde ich verhaftet und vor das geiſtliche Gericht geſtellt. O mein Tonino, mit welchen gräßlichen Martern ſuchte man mir das Geſtändniß des abſcheulichſten Bündniſſes zu erpreſſen. Ich blieb ſtandhaft. Meine Haare verbleichten, mein Körper ſchrumpfte ein zur Mumie, Füße und Hände erlahmten. — Die entſetzlichſte Folter, die ſinnreichſte Erfindung des hölliſchen Geiſtes war noch übrig, die entlockte mir ein Geſtändniß, vor dem ich noch jetzt zuſammenſchaudere. Ich ſollte verbrannt werden; als aber das Erdbeben die Grundmauern der Paläſte, des großen Gefängniſſes erſchütterte, ſprangen die Thüren des unterirdiſchen Kerkers, in dem ich gefangen ſaß, von ſelbſt auf, ich wankte wie aus tiefem Grabe durch Schutt und Trümmer hervor. Ach Tonino, Du nannteſt mich ein neunzigjähriges Mütterchen, da ich kaum über fünfzig Jahre alt bin. Dieſer knochendürre Leib, dieſes abſcheulich verzogene Geſicht, dieſes eiſige Haar, dieſe erlahmten Füße — nein, nicht Jahre, nur unſägliche Martern konnten das kräftige Weib in wenigen Monden umwandeln in ein Scheuſal. — Und dieſes widrige Kichern und Lachen — die letzte Folter, vor der ſich noch meine Haare ſträuben und mein ganzes Selbſt entbrennt wie im glühenden Panzer eingeſchloſſen, hat mir das abgepreßt, und ſeit der Zeit überfällt es mich wie ein ſteter unbezwingbarer Krampf. Entſetze Dich nun nicht mehr vor mir, mein Tonino! Ach, Dein Herz hat es Dir ja doch geſagt, daß Du, ein kleiner Knabe, an meinem Buſen lagſt!" „Weib," ſprach Antonio dumpf und in ſich gekehrt, „Weib, es iſt mir ſo, als wenn ich Dir glauben müßte. Aber wer war mein Vater? wie hieß er? welchem grauſigen Schickſal mußte er erliegen in jener Schreckensnacht? — Wer war es, der mich aufnahm? und — was geſchah in meinem Leben, das noch jetzt wie ein mächtiger Zauber aus fremder unbekannter Welt mein ganzes Selbſt unwiderſtehlich beherrſcht, ſo daß alle meine Gedanken ſich verlaufen wie in ein düſtres nächtiges Meer? — Das Alles ſollſt Du mir ſagen, Du räthſelhaftes Weib, dann werde ich Dir glauben!" — „Tonino," erwiederte die Alte ſeufzend, „Dir zum Heil muß ich ſchweigen, aber bald, bald wird es an der Zeit ſein. — Der Fontego, der Fontego — bleib weg vom Fontego!" — „O," rief Antonio erzürnt, „Deiner dunkeln Worte bedarf es nicht mehr, mich mit verruchter Kunſt zu verlocken, — mein Inneres iſt zerriſſen. — Du mußt ſprechen, oder" — „Halt ein, unterbrach ihn die Alte, keine Drohungen — bin ich nicht Deine treue Amme, Deine Pflegerin." — Ohne abzuwarten, was die Alte weiter ſprechen wollte, raffte ſich Antonio auf und rannte ſchnell von dannen. Aus der Ferne rief er dem Weibe zu: „die neue Kapuze ſollſt Du doch haben, und Zechinen obendrein, ſo viel Du willſt." — —

Es war in der That ein wunderlich Schauſpiel, den alten Doge Marino Falieri zu ſehen mit ſeiner blutjungen Gattin. Er, zwar ſtark und robuſt genug, aber mit greiſem Bart, tauſend Runzeln im braunrothen Geſicht, mit mühſam zurückgebogenem Nacken pathetiſch daherſchreitend. Sie, die Anmuth ſelbſt, fromme Engelsmilde im himmliſch-ſchönen Antlitz, unwiderſtehlichen Zauber im ſehnſüchtigen Blick, Hoheit und Würde auf der offenen, lilienweißen, von dunklen Locken umſchatteten Stirn, ſüßes Lächeln auf Wang' und Lippen, das Köpfchen geneigt in holder Demuth, den ſchlanken Leib leicht tragend — daher ſchwebend — ein herrliches Frauenbild, heimathlich in anderer höherer Welt. — Nun, ihr kennt wohl ſolche Engelsgeſtalten, wie ſie die alten Maler zu erfaſſen und darzuſtellen wußten. — So war Annunziata. Konnt' es denn fehlen, daß Jeder, der ſie ſah, in Erſtaunen und Entzücken gerieth, daß jeder feurige Jüngling von der Signorie aufloderte in hellen Flammen und den Alten mit ſpöttiſchen Blicken meſſend, im Herzen ſchwur, der Mars dieſes Vulkans zu werden, koſte es, was es wolle! Annunziata ſah ſich bald von Anbetern umringt, deren ſchmeichleriſche, verführeriſche Reden ſie ſtill und freundlich aufnahm, ohne ſich was Beſonderes dabei zu denken. Ihr engelreines Gemüth hatte das Verhältniß zu dem alten fürſtlichen Gemahl nicht anders begriffen, als daß ſie ihn wie ihren hohen Herrn verehren, und ihm anhängen müſſe mit der unbedingten Treue einer unterwürfigen Magd! Er war freundlich, ja zärtlich gegen ſie, er drückte ſie an ſeine eiskalte Bruſt, er nannte ſie ſein Liebchen, er beſchenkte ſie mit allen Koſtbarkeiten, die es nur gab; was hatte ſie ſonſt noch für Wünſche, für Rechte an ihn? Auf dieſe Weiſe konnte der Gedanke, daß es möglich ſei, dem Alten untreu zu werden, ſich in keiner Art in ihr geſtalten. Alles, was außer dem engen Kreiſe jenes beſchränkten Verhältniſſes lag, war ein fremdes Gebiet, deſſen verbotene Grenze im dunklen Nebel lag — ungeſehen — ungeahnet von dem frommen Kinde. So kam es, daß alle Bewerbungen fruchtlos blieben. Keiner von Allen war aber ſo heftig in wildem Liebesfeuer entbrannt für die ſchöne Dogareſſa, als Michaele Steno. Seiner Jugend unerachtet, bekleidete er die wichtige einflußreiche Stelle eines Raths der Vierzig. Darauf, ſo wie auf ſeine äußere Schönheit bauend, war er ſeines Sieges gewiß. Er fürchtete den alten Marino Falieri nicht, und in der That, dieſer ſchien, ſo wie er verheirathet, ganz abgelaſſen von ſeinem jähen aufbrauſenden Zorn, von ſeiner rohen unbezähmbaren Wildheit. An der Seite der ſchönen Annunziata ſaß er in den reichſten bunteſten Kleidern aufgeſchniegelt und geputzt da, ſchmunzelnd und lächelnd und mit ſüßem Blick aus den grauen Augen, denen manchmal ein Thränchen entträufelte, die Andern herausfordernd, ob ſich ſolcher Gemahlin einer rühmen könne. Statt des herriſchen rauhen Tons, in dem er ſonſt zu ſprechen pflegte, liſpelte er, die Lippen kaum bewegend, nannte Jeden ſeinen Allerliebſten und bewilligte die widerſinnigſten Geſuche. Wer hätte in dem weichlichen, verliebten Alten den Falieri erkennen ſollen, der in Treviſo in toller Hitze am Frohnleichnamsfeſte dem Biſchof ins Geſicht ſchlug, der den tapfern Mordaſſen beſiegte. Dieſe zunehmende Schwäche feuerte den Michaele Steno an, zu den raſendſten Unternehmungen. Annunziata verſtand nicht, was Michaele, ſie unaufhörlich mit Blicken und Worten verfolgend, von ihr eigentlich wollte, ſie blieb in ſteter milder Ruhe und Freundlichkeit, und das eben, das Troſtloſe, was in dieſem unbefangenen ſtets gleichen Weſen lag, brachte ihn zur Verzweiflung. Er ſann auf verruchte Mittel. Es gelang ihm, einen Liebeshandel mit Annunziata's vertrauteſtem Kammermädchen anzuſpinnen, die ihm endlich nächtliche Beſuche verſtattete. So glaubte er den Weg gebahnt zu Annunziata's unentweihtem Gemach, aber die ewige Macht des Himmels wollte, daß ſolche trügeriſche Tücke zurückfallen mußte auf das Haupt des boshaften Urhebers. —

Es begab ſich, daß eines Nachts der Doge, der eben die böſe Nachricht von der Schlacht, die Nicolo Piſani bei Portolongo gegen den Doria verloren, erhalten, ſchlaflos in tiefer Kümmerniß und Sorge die Gänge des herzoglichen Palaſtes durchſtrich. Da gewahrte er einen Schatten, der, wie aus Annunziata's Gemächern ſchlüpfend, nach den Treppen ſchlich. Schnell eilte er darauf los; es war Michaele Steno, der von ſeinem Liebchen kam. Ein entſetzlicher Gedanke durchfuhr den Falieri; mit dem Schrei: Annunziata! rannte er ein auf den Steno mit gezogenem Stilet. Aber Steno, kräftiger und gewandter als der Alte, unterlief ihn, warf ihn mit einem tüchtigen Fauſtſchlage zu Boden und ſtürzte laut auflachend: Annunziata! die Treppe hinab. Der Alte raffte ſich auf und ſchlich, brennende Qualen der Hölle im Herzen, nach Annunziata's Gemächern. Alles ruhig — ſtill wie im Grabe. Er klopfte an, ein fremdes Kammermädchen, nicht die, welche ſonſt gewohnt, neben Annunziata's Gemach zu ſchlafen, öffnete ihm die Thür. „Was befiehlt mein fürſtlicher Gemahl um dieſe ſpäte ungewohnte Zeit?“ — ſo ſprach Annunziata, die unterdeſſen ein leichtes Nachtgewand umgeworfen und herausgetreten, mit ruhigem engelsmildem Ton. Der Alte ſtarrte ſie an, dann hob er beide Hände hoch in die Höhe und rief: „Nein, es iſt nicht möglich, es iſt nicht möglich!“ „Was iſt nicht möglich, mein fürſtlicher Herr?“ fragte die, über den feierlichen dumpfen Ton des Alten ganz beſtürzte Annunziata. Aber Falieri, ohne zu antworten, wandte ſich an das Kammermädchen: „Warum ſchläfſt Du, warum ſchläft Luigia nicht hier wie gewöhnlich?“ „Ach,“ erwiederte die Kleine, „Luigia wollte durchaus mit mir tauſchen dieſe Nacht, die ſchläft im Vordergemach dicht neben der Treppe.“ „Dicht neben der Treppe?“ rief Falieri voller Freude und eilte mit raſchen Schritten nach dem Vordergemach. Luigia öffnete auf ſtarkes Klopfen, und als ſie nun das zornrothe Antlitz, die funkenſprühenden Augen des fürſtlichen Herrn erblickte, fiel ſie nieder auf die nackten Knie und bekannte ihre Schmach, über die auch ein paar zierliche Männerhandſchuh, die auf dem Polſterſtuhle lagen, und deren Ambrageruch den ſtutzerhaften Eigenthümer verrieth, gar keinen Zweifel ließen. Ganz ergrimmt über Steno's unerhörte Frechheit ſchrieb der Doge ihm andern Morgens: Bei Strafe der Verbannung aus der Stadt habe er den herzoglichen Palaſt, jede Nähe des Dogen und der Dogareſſa, zu vermeiden. Michaele Steno war toll vor Wuth über das Mißlingen des wohlangelegten Plans, über die Schmach der Verbannung aus der Nähe ſeines Abgotts. Als er nun aus der Ferne ſehen mußte, wie die Dogareſſa mild und freundlich, ihr Weſen war nun einmal ſo — mit andern Jünglingen von der Signorie ſprach, ſo gab ihm der Neid, die Wuth der Leidenſchaft, den böſen Gedanken ein, daß die Dogareſſa wohl nur deshalb ihn verſchmäht haben möge, weil Andere ihm mit beſſerem Glück zuvorgekommen, und er unterſtand ſich, davon laut und öffentlich zu ſprechen. Sei es nun, daß der alte Falieri Kunde erhielt von ſolchen unverſchämten Reden, oder daß das Bild jener Nacht ihm erſchien wie ein warnender Wink des Schickſals, oder daß ihm ſelbſt bei aller Ruhe und Behaglichkeit, bei vollem Vertrauen auf die Frömmigkeit ſeines Weibes doch die Gefahr des unnatürlichen Mißverhältniſſes mit der Gattin, hell vor Augen kam; kurz, er wurde grämlich und mürriſch, alle tauſend Eiferſuchtsteufel zwickten ihn wund, er ſperrte Annunziata ein in die innern Gemächer des herzoglichen Palaſtes und kein Menſch bekam ſie mehr zu ſehen. Bodoeri nahm ſich ſeiner Großnichte an und ſchalt den alten Falieri wacker aus, der aber von der Aenderung ſeines Betragens gar nichts wiſſen wollte.

Dies geſchah Alles kurz vor dem Giovedi graſſo. Es iſt Sitte, daß bei den Volksfeſten, die an dieſem Tage auf dem Marcusplatz Statt finden, die Dogareſſa unter dem Thronhimmel, der auf einer, dem kleinen Platz gegenüberſtehenden Gallerie angebracht iſt, neben dem Dogen Platz nimmt. Bodoeri erinnerte ihn daran und meinte, daß es ſehr abgeſchmackt ſei und er ganz gewiß von Volk und Signorie ob ſeiner verkehrten Eiferſucht weidlich ausgelacht werden würde, wenn er, aller Sitte und Gewohnheit entgegen, Annunziata von dieſer Ehre ausſchlöſſe. „Glaubſt Du,“ erwiederte der alte Falieri, deſſen Ehrgeiz auf einmal angeregt wurde, „glaubſt Du, daß ich, ein alter blödſinniger Thor, mich denn ſcheue, mein koſtbarſtes Kleinod zu zeigen, aus Furcht vor diebiſchen Händen, denen ich nicht den Raub wehren könnte mit meinem guten Schwerte? — Nein, Alter, Du irrſt, morgenden Tages wandle ich mit Annunziata in feierlich glänzendem Zuge über den Marcusplatz, damit das Volk ſeine Dogareſſa ſehe, und am Giovedi graſſo empfängt ſie den Blumenſtrauß von dem kühnen Segler, der ſich aus den Lüften zu ihr herabſchwingt.“ Der Doge dachte, indem er dieſe Worte ſprach, an eine uralte Gewohnheit. Am Giovedi graſſo fährt nämlich irgend ein kühner Menſch aus dem Volke an Seilen, die aus dem Meere ſteigen und an der Spitze des Marcusthurms befeſtigt ſind, in einer Maſchine, die einem kleinen Schiffchen gleicht, herauf, und ſchießt dann von der Spitze des Thurms pfeilſchnell herab bis zu dem Platze, wo Doge und Dogareſſa ſitzen, der er den Blumenſtrauß, den ſonſt der Doge, iſt er allein, erhält, überreicht. — Andern Tages that der Doge, wie er verheißen. Annunziata mußte die prächtigſten Kleider anlegen, und von der Signorie umringt, von Edelknaben und Trabanten begleitet, wandelte Falieri über den vom Volk überſtrömten Marcusplatz. Man ſtieß und drängte ſich halb todt, um die ſchöne Dogareſſa zu ſehen, und wem es gelang, ſie zu erblicken, der glaubte, er habe ins Paradies geſchaut und das ſchönſte Engelsbild ſei ihm ſtrahlend und herrlich aufgegangen. — Wie die Venetianer nun ſind, mitten unter den tollſten Ausbrüchen wahnſinniger Verzückung, hörte man hie und da allerlei ſpöttiſche Redensarten und Reime, die derb genug auf den alten Falieri mit der jungen Frau losfuhren. Falieri ſchien aber davon nichts zu bemerken, ſondern ſchritt, von aller Eiferſucht diesmal verlaſſen, obgleich er überall Blicke des brennendſten Verlangens auf die ſchöne Gattin gerichtet ſah, ſchmunzelnd und lächelnd mit dem ganzen Geſicht, ſo pathetiſch als möglich an Annunziata's Seite daher. Vor dem Hauptportal des Palaſtes hatten die Trabanten das Volk mit Mühe auseinander getrieben, ſo daß, als der Doge mit ſeiner Gemahlin hineinſchritt, nur hin und wieder einzelne kleine Haufen beſſer gekleideter Bürger ſtanden, denen man ſelbſt den Eintritt in den innern Hof des Palaſtes nicht wohl verwehren konnte. Da geſchah es, daß in dem Augenblicke, als die Dogareſſa in den Hof trat, ein junger Menſch, der nebſt wenigen andern Leuten am Säulengange ſtand, mit dem lauten Schrei: O du Gott des Himmels! entſeelt auf das harte Marmorpflaſter niederſchlug. Alles lief herbei und umringte den Todten, ſo daß die Dogareſſa ihn nicht erblicken konnte, aber ſo wie der Jüngling niederſtürzte, durchfuhr plötzlich ein glühender Dolchſtich ihre Bruſt, ſie erbleichte, ſie wankte, nur die Riechfläſchchen der herbeieilenden Frauen retteten ſie von tiefer Ohnmacht. Der alte Falieri, voller Schreck und Beſtürzung über den Unfall, wünſchte den jungen Menſchen mit ſammt ſeinem Schlagfluß zu allen Teufeln und trug, ſo ſauer es ihm auch wurde, ſeine Annunziata, die das Köpfchen mit geſchloſſenen Augen über die Bruſt hing, wie eine kranke Taube, die Treppe hinauf, in die innern Gemächer. —

Unterdeſſen hatte ſich dem Volke, das immer mehr im innern Hofe des Palaſtes zuſammengelaufen, ein wunderlich ſeltſames Schauſpiel eröffnet. Man wollte den jungen Menſchen, den man unbedingt für todt hielt, aufheben und forttragen, da hinkte mit lautem Jammergeſchrei ein altes, häßliches, zerlumptes Bettelweib heran, machte ſich, die ſpitzen Ellenbogen in Seiten und Rücken bohrend, im dickſten Haufen Platz und rief, als ſie endlich bei dem entſeelten Jünglinge ſtand: laßt ihn liegen — Narren! — tolles Volk! — er iſt ja nicht todt. Nun kauerte ſie nieder, nahm den Kopf des Jünglings auf den Schooß und nannte, ſeine Stirn ſanft ſtreichend und reibend, ihn bei den ſüßeſten Namen. Betrachtete man nun das abſcheuliche Fratzengeſicht der Alten, wie es herabhing über des Jünglings bildſchönem Antlitz, deſſen milde Züge im bleichen Tode erſtarrt lagen, während auf dem Geſicht der Alten ein widriges Muskelſpiel herumhüpfte, — betrachtete man, wie die ſchmutzigen Lumpen hin und her flatterten über die reichen Kleider, die der Jüngling trug — wie die dürren braungelben Arme — die Knochenhände auf der Stirn, auf der offenen Bruſt des Jünglings zitterten — in der That, man mochte ſich innern Grauens nicht erwehren. War es denn nicht anzuſehen, als ſei es des Todes grinſende Geſtalt ſelbſt, in deren Armen der Jüngling lag? So kam es denn auch, daß die umſtehenden Leute, einer nach dem andern, ſtill fortſchlichen und nur wenige übrig blieben, die den Jüngling, als er mit einem tiefen Seufzer die Augen aufſchlug, faßten und auf der Alten Geheiß nach dem großen Kanal trugen, wo eine Gondel beide, die Alte und den Jüngling, aufnahm und fortſchaffte bis nach dem Hauſe, das die Alte als die Wohnung des Jünglings bezeichnet hatte. Bedarf es denn noch, geſagt zu werden, daß der Jüngling Antonio, die Alte aber das Bettelweib von der Franziskanertreppe war, das durchaus ſeine Amme ſein wollte?

Als Antonio ganz aus ſeiner Betäubung erwacht war und die Alte an ſeinem Lager erblickte, die ihm ſo eben einige ſtärkende Tropfen eingeflößt hatte, ſo ſprach er, lange den düſtern ſchwermüthigen Blick ſtarr auf ſie gerichtet, mit dumpfem, mühſam gehaltenem Ton: „Du biſt bei mir, Margaretha! — das iſt gut! wo hätt' ich denn ſonſt eine treuere Pflegerin als Dich! — Ach, vergieb mir nur, Mutter, daß ich, blödſinniger, ohnmächtiger Knabe! nur einen Augenblick daran zweifeln konnte, was Du mir entdeckteſt. Ja, Du biſt die Margaretha, die mich nährte, die mich hegte und pflegte, ich wußte es ja ſchon immer, aber der böſe Geiſt verwirrte mir die Gedanken. — Ich habe ſie geſehen — ſie iſt es — ſie iſt es. — Habe ich Dir nicht geſagt, daß irgend ein dunkler Zauber in mir ruhe, der mein Selbſt unwiderſtehlich beherrſche? Aus der Dunkelheit blitzſtrahlend iſt er hervorgetreten, um mich in namenloſem Entzücken zu verderben! — Ich weiß jetzt Alles — Alles! — War nicht Bertuccio Nenolo mein Pflegevater, der mich erzog auf einem Landhauſe bei Treviſo?" — „Ach ja," erwiederte die Alte, „wohl war es Bertuccio Nenolo, der große Seeheld, den das Meer verſchlang, als er mit dem Lorbeerkranz ſein Haupt zu ſchmücken gedachte." — „Unterbrich mich nicht," ſprach Antonio weiter, „höre mich geduldig an. — Es ging mir gut bei dem Bertuccio Nenolo. Ich trug hübſche Kleider — immer war der Tiſch gedeckt, wenn mich hungerte, ich durfte, hatte ich meine drei Gebete ordentlich hergeſagt, herumſchwärmen nach Gefallen in Wald und Flur. Dicht beim Landhauſe befand ſich ein dunkles kühles Pinienwäldchen voll Duft und Geſang. Da ſtreckte ich, müde vom Springen und Laufen, an einem Abend, als ſchon die Sonne zu ſinken begann, mich hin unter einen großen Baum und ſtarrte hinauf in den blauen Himmel. Mag es ſein, daß der würzige Geruch der blühenden Kräuter, in denen ich lag, mich betäubte, genug, meine Augen ſchloſſen ſich unwillkürlich und ich verſank in träumeriſches Hinbrüten, aus dem mich ein Rauſchen, gleich als fiel ein Schlag dicht neben mir in das Gras, erweckte. Ich fuhr auf in die Höhe; ein Engelskind mit himmliſchem Antlitz ſtand neben mir, ſchaute in holder Anmuth lächelnd auf mich herab und ſprach mit ſüßer Stimme: „Ei, mein lieber Knabe, wie ſchliefſt Du ſo ſchön, ſo ruhig, und doch war Dir der Tod ſo nahe, der böſe Tod." Dicht neben meiner Bruſt erblickte ich eine kleine ſchwarze Schlange mit geborſtenem Haupt, das Kind hatte das giftige Thier mit dem Zweige eines Nußbaums erſchlagen, in dem Augenblicke, als es zu meinem Verderben ſich heranringeln wollte. Da erbebte ich in ſüßem Schauer — ich wußte ja, daß oftmals Engel herabſtiegen aus dem hohen Himmel, um ſichtbarlich den Menſchen zu retten vor dem bedrohlichen Angriff irgend eines böſen Feindes — ich ſank nieder auf die Knie, ich erhob die gefalteten Hände. „Ach, Du biſt ja ein Engel des Lichts, den der Herr ſandte, mich zu retten vom Tode." So rief ich, das holde Weſen ſtreckte aber beide Arme nach mir aus und liſpelte, indem höheres Roth auf ſeinen Wangen leuchtete: „Ach, Du lieber Knabe, ich bin ja kein Engel, ein Mädchen, ein Kind wie Du!" Da vergingen die Schauer in namenloſes Entzücken, das mich mit ſanfter Gluth durchſtrömte — ich ſtand auf — wir ſchloſſen uns in die Arme — wir drückten Lipp' auf Lippe — ſprachlos — weinend — ſchluchzend vor ſüßem unnennbarem Weh! Nun rief eine ſilberhelle Stimme durch den Wald: Annunziata — Annunziata! — „Ich muß nun fort, Du herzlieber Knabe, die Mutter ruft," ſo liſpelte das Mädchen; ein unſäglicher Schmerz durchfuhr meine Bruſt. — „Ach, ich liebe Dich ſo ſehr," ſchluchzte ich; heiße Thränen, die das Mädchen vergoß, fielen brennend auf meine Wangen. „Ich bin Dir ſo herzgut, Du lieber Knabe," rief das Mädchen, indem ſie den letzten Kuß mir auf meine Lippen drückte. — „Annunziata!" rief es aufs Neue, und das Mädchen verſchwand im Gebüſch! — Sieh, Margaretha, das war der Augenblick, in dem der mächtige Liebesfunke in meine Seele fiel, der ewig ſtets neue Flammen entzündend, in mir fortglühen wird! — Wenige Tage nachher wurde ich hinausgeſtoßen aus dem Hauſe. Vater Blaunas ſagte mir, als ich es nicht laſſen konnte, von dem Engelskinde zu reden, das mir erſchienen und deſſen ſüße Stimme ich zu vernehmen glaubte in dem Rauſchen der Bäume, in dem Geliſpel der Quellen, in dem ahnungsvollen Sauſen des Meers — ja, da ſagte mir Vater Blaunas, das Mädchen könne niemand anders geweſen ſein, als Nenolo's Tochter Annunziata, die mit ihrer Mutter Francesca nach dem Landhauſe gekommen, andern Tages aber wieder abgereiſt ſei. — O Mutter — Margaretha! — Hilf Himmel! — Dieſe Annunziata — es iſt die Dogareſſa!" — Damit hüllte ſich, vor unſäglichem Schmerz weinend und ſchluchzend, Antonio in die Kiſſen ein. „Mein lieber Tonino!" ſprach die Alte, ermanne Dich, widerſtehe doch nur tapfer dem thörigten Schmerz. Ei, wer mag denn gleich verzweifeln in Liebesnoth; ei, wem andern blüht denn das goldene Blümchen Hoffnung als dem Verliebten! Am Abend weiß man nicht, was der Morgen bringt; was man im Traum geſchaut, kommt lebendig dahergegangen. Das Schloß, das in den Wolken ſchwamm, ſteht mit einem Mal blank und herrlich auf der Erde. — Sieh, Tonino, Du giebſt nichts auf meine Reden, aber mein kleiner Finger ſagt es mir und wohl noch jemand anders, daß aus dem Meer Dir die leuchtende Liebesflagge mit frohem Schwingen entgegenweht. — Geduld mein Söhnlein Tonino — Geduld!" — So verſuchte es die Alte, den armen Antonio zu tröſten, denn in der That, ihre Worte klangen wie liebliche Muſik. Er ließ ſie gar nicht mehr von ſich. Das Bettelweib auf der Franziskanertreppe war verſchwunden und ſtatt ihrer ſah man die Haushälterin des Herrn Antonio in anſtändigen Matronenkleidern auf San Marco herumhinken und die Bedürfniſſe der Tafel einkaufen.

Der Giovedi graſſo war gekommen. Glänzendere Feſte als jemals ſollten ihn feiern. Mitten auf dem kleinen Platze von San Marco wurde ein hohes Gerüſt errichtet für ein beſonderes, nie geſehenes Kunſtfeuerwerk, das ein Grieche, der ſich auf ſolch Geheimniß verſtand, abbrennen wollte. Am Abend beſtieg der alte Falieri mit ſeiner ſchönen Gemahlin, ſich ſpiegelnd in dem Glanze ſeiner Herrlichkeit, ſeines Glücks, und mit verklärten Blicken Alles um ſich her auffordernd zum Staunen, zur Bewunderung, die Gallerie. Im Begriff, ſich auf den Thron niederzulaſſen, wurde er aber den Michele Steno gewahr, der auf derſelben Gallerie und zwar ſo Platz genommen hatte, daß er die Dogareſſa beſtändig im Auge behielt, und von ihr nothwendig bemerkt werden mußte. Ganz entbrannt von wildem Zorn, von toller Eiferſucht ſchrie Falieri mit ſtarker, gebieteriſcher Stimme, man ſolle augenblicklich den Steno von der Gallerie entfernen. Michele Steno erhob den Arm gegen den Falieri, in dem Augenblick traten die Trabanten hinzu und nöthigten ihn, der vor Wuth mit den Zähnen knirſchte, und in den abſcheulichſten Verwünſchungen Rache drohte, die Gallerie zu verlaſſen. —

Unterdeſſen hatte ſich Antonio, den der Anblick ſeiner geliebten Annunziata ganz außer ſich ſelbſt gebracht, durch das Volk fortgedrängt und ſchritt, tauſend Qualen im zerriſſenen Herzen, einſam in dunkler Nacht am Geſtade des Meeres hin und her. Er gedachte, ob es nicht beſſer ſei, in den eiskalten Wellen die brennende Gluth zu löſchen, als langſam todt gefoltert zu werden von troſtloſem Schmerz. Wenig hätte nicht gefehlt, er wäre hineingeſtürzt in das Meer, ſchon ſtand er auf der letzten Stufe, die hinabführt, als eine Stimme aus einer kleinen Barke hinaufrief: „Ei, ſchönen guten Abend, Herr Antonio!" Im Widerſchein der Erleuchtung des Platzes erkannte Antonio den luſtigen Pietro, einen ſeiner vormaligen Kameraden, welcher in der Barke ſtand, Federn, Rauſchgold auf der blanken Mütze, die neue geſtreifte Jacke bunt bebändert, einen großen ſchönen Strauß duftiger Blumen in der Hand. „Guten Abend, Pietro," rief Antonio zurück, „welche hohe Herrſchaft willſt Du denn heute noch fahren, daß Du Dich ſo ſchön geputzt haſt?" „Ei," erwiederte Pietro, indem er hoch aufſprang, daß die Barke ſchwankte, „ei, Herr Antonio, heut verdiene ich meine drei Zechinen; ich mache ja die Fahrt hinauf nach dem Marcusthurm, und dann hinab, und überreiche dieſen Strauß der ſchönen Dogareſſa." „Iſt denn," fragte Antonio, „das nicht ein halsbrechendes Wageſtück, Kamerad Pietro!" „Nun," erwiederte dieſer, „den Hals kann man wohl ein wenig brechen, und dann zumal heute, geht's mitten durch das Kunſtfeuer. Der Grieche ſagt zwar, es ſei Alles ſo eingerichtet, daß kein Haar einem angehen ſolle vom Feuer, aber" — Pietro ſchüttelte ſich. Antonio war zu ihm hinabgeſtiegen in die Barke, und wurde nun erſt gewahr, daß Pietro dicht vor der Maſchine an dem Seile ſtand, das aus dem Meere ſtieg. Andere Seile, mittelſt deren die Maſchine angezogen wurde, verloren ſich in die Nacht. „Höre, Pietro," fing Antonio nach einigem Stillſchweigen an, „höre, Kamerad Pietro, wenn Du heute zehn Zechinen verdienen könnteſt, ohne Dein Leben in Gefahr zu ſetzen, würde Dir das nicht lieber ſein?" „Ei freilich," lachte Pietro aus vollem Halſe. „Nun," fuhr Antonio fort, „ſo nimm dieſe zehn Zechinen, wechsle mit mir die Kleider und überlaſſe mir Deine Stelle. Statt Deiner will ich hinauffahren. Thue es, mein guter Kamerad Pietro!" Pietro ſchüttelte bedächtig den Kopf und ſprach, das Geld in der Hand wiegend: „Ihr ſeid ſehr gütig, Herr Antonio, mich armen Teufel noch immer Euern Kameraden zu nennen — und freigebig dazu! — Um's Geld iſt mir's freilich zu thun, aber der ſchönen Dogareſſa den Strauß ſelbſt in die Hand zu geben, ihr ſüßes Stimmchen zu hören — ei, das iſt's doch eigentlich, warum man ſein Leben auf's Spiel ſetzt. — Nun — weil Ihr's ſeid, Herr Antonio, mag's darum ſein." Beide warfen ſchnell die Kleider ab, kaum war Antonio mit dem Ankleiden fertig, als Pietro rief: „Schnell hinein in die Maſchine, das Zeichen iſt ſchon gegeben." In dem Augenblick leuchtete das Meer auf im flammenden Wiederſchein von tauſend lodernden Blitzen, und die Luft, das Geſtade erdröhnte von brauſenden rauſchenden Donnern.

Mitten durch die kniſternden glühenden Flammen des Kunſtfeuers fuhr mit des Sturmwindes Schnelle Antonio auf in die Lüfte, — unverſehrt ſank er nieder zur Gallerie und ſchwebte vor der Dogareſſa. — Sie war aufgeſtanden und vorgetreten, er fühlte ihren Athem an ſeinen Wangen ſpielen — er reichte ihr den Strauß; aber in der unſäglichſten Himmelswonne des Augenblicks faßte ihn wie mit glühenden Armen der brennende Schmerz hoffnungsloſer Liebe. — Sinnlos, raſend vor Verlangen, Entzücken, Qual, ergriff er die Hand der Dogareſſa, drückte Küſſe darauf, und rief mit dem ſchneidenden Tone des troſtloſen Jammers: „Annunziata!“ — Da riß ihn die Maſchine, wie das blinde Organ des Schickſals ſelbſt, fort von der Geliebten hinab ins Meer, wo er ganz betäubt, ganz erſchöpft in Pietro's Arme ſank, der ſeiner in der Barke wartete.

Unterdeſſen war auf der Gallerie des Doge Alles in Aufruhr und Verwirrung gerathen. An dem Sitz des Doge hatte man ein kleines Zettelchen angeheftet gefunden, auf welchem in gemeiner venetianiſcher Mundart die Worte ſtanden:

Il Doge Falier della bella muier.
I altri la gode é lui la mantien.

Zwar iſt der Doge Falier
Der ſchönen Dame Eheherr,
Doch hält er nur und hat ſie nie,
Und Andere, die gewinnen ſie.

Der alte Falieri fuhr auf in glühendem Zorn und ſchwur, daß den, der den boshaften Frevel begangen, die härteſte Strafe treffen ſolle. Indem er ſeine Blicke umherwarf, fiel ihm auf dem Platze unter der Gallerie Michaele Steno ins Auge, der in vollem Kerzenſchimmer da ſtand, und ſogleich befahl er den Trabanten, ihn feſt zu nehmen, als den Urheber jenes Frevels. Alles ſchrie auf über den Befehl des Doge, der, indem er ſich ganz ſeinem überwallenden Zorn überließ, beide, Signorie und Volk beleidigte, die Rechte der erſtern kränkend, dem letztern die Freude des Feſtes verderbend. Die Signorie verließ ihre Plätze und nur den alten Marino Bodoeri ſah man, wie er ſich unter das Volk miſchte, voller Eifer von der ſchweren Beleidigung ſprach, die dem Haupte des Staats widerfahren, und allen Haß auf den Michaele Steno zu leiten ſuchte. Falieri hatte ſich nicht geirrt; denn in der That war Michaele Steno, als er fortgewieſen wurde von der Gallerie des Herzogs, nach Hauſe gelaufen, hatte jene hämiſchen Worte geſchrieben, in dem Augenblick, als aller Augen auf das Kunſtfeuer gerichtet waren, das Zettelchen an den Stuhl des Doge angeheftet und dann ſich unbemerkt wieder entfernt. Recht tückiſch gedachte er den empfindlichen Streich zu führen, der beide, Doge und Dogareſſa, recht tief, recht ans Leben dringend verwunden ſollte. Michaele Steno geſtand ganz freimüthig die That und ſchob alle Schuld auf den Doge, der ihn zuerſt empfindlich gekränkt habe. Die Signorie war längſt unzufrieden mit einem Haupte, das, ſtatt die gerechten Erwartungen des Staats zu erfüllen, täglich bewies, wie der kriegeriſche zornige Muth in dem erkalteten Herzen des abgelebten Greiſes nur dem Kunſtfeuer gleiche, das aus der Rakete ganz gewaltig emporkniſtert, aber ſogleich in ſchwarzen todten Flocken wirkungslos dahinſchwindet. Dazu kam, daß das Bündniß mit der jungen ſchönen Frau (längſt wußte man, daß er es vor kurzer Zeit als Doge geſchloſſen), ſeine Eiferſucht, den alten Falieri nicht mehr als Kriegsheld, ſondern als vecchio Pantalone erſcheinen ließ, und ſo mußte es geſchehen, daß die Signorie, gährendes Gift im Innern nährend, mehr geneigt war, dem Michaele Steno Recht zu geben, als dem bitter gekränkten Oberhaupte. Von dem Rathe der Zehn wurde die Sache verwieſen an die Quarantie, von der Michaele ſonſt eines der Häupter war. Michaele Steno habe ſchon genug gelitten, und eine monatliche Verbannung ſei genugſam Buße des Vergehens; ſo fiel der Rechtsſpruch aus, der den alten Falieri aufs Neue und ſtärker erbitterte gegen eine Signorie, die, ſtatt das Haupt zu ſchützen, ihm widerfahrene Kränkung nur als Vergehen der leichteſten Art zu beſtrafen ſich unterſtand. —

Wie es denn zu gehen pflegt, daß der Liebende, den ein einziger Strahl des Liebesglücks getroffen, Tage, Wochen, Monate lang von goldenem Schimmer umfloſſen, Träume des Himmels träumt, ſo konnte ſich Antonio auch gar nicht erholen von der Betäubung des wonnereichſten Augenblicks, kaum aufathmen vor ſüßem Weh. — Die Alte hatte ihn tüchtig ausgeſcholten wegen des Wageſtücks, und murmelte und brummte unaufhörlich von ganz unnöthigem Beginnen. Eines Tages kam ſie aber ſo ſeltſam am Stabe hineingehüpft und gehüpft, wie ſie es in ihrer Art hatte, wenn ſie von fremdem Zauber berührt ſchien. Sie kicherte und lachte, und ohne auf Antonio's Reden und Fragen zu achten, ſchürte ſie im Kamin ein kleines Feuer an, ſetzte ein Pfännchen darauf, kochte, aus allerlei kleinen Ingredienzen hineinwerfend, eine Salbe, that ſie in eine kleine Büchſe, und hinkte damit laut kichernd und lachend von dannen. Erſt am ſpäten Abend kam ſie zurück, ſetzte ſich keuchend und huſtend in den Lehnſtuhl und fing, wie von großer Erſchöpfung zu ſich ſelbſt gekommen, endlich an: „Tonino, mein Söhnlein, Tonino, von wem komme ich her? — ſieh zu, ob Du rathen kannſt, — von wem komme ich her, von wem komme ich her?“ — Antonio ſtarrte ſie an, von ſeltſamer Ahnung ergriffen. „Nun,“ kicherte die Alte, „von ihr ſelbſt komme ich her, von dem lieben Täubchen, von der holden Annunziata!“ — „Mache mich nicht wahnſinnig, Alte!“ ſchrie Antonio. „Ei was,“ fuhr die Alte fort, „ich denke immer an Dich, mein Tonino! — Heute Morgen, als ich, unter den Säulengängen des Palaſtes feilſchte um ſchönes Obſt, murmelte das Volk von dem Unglück, das die ſchöne Dogareſſa betroffen. Ich frage und frage, da ſpricht ein großer, ungeſchlachter, rother Kerl, der gähnend an eine Säule gelehnt, Limonien kaut: „Ei nun, an der linken Hand der kleine Finger, an dem hat ein Scorpionchen die jungen Zähnchen probirt, und das iſt ein Bischen ins Blut gegangen, — nun, mein Herr, der Signor Dottore Giovanni Baſſeggio iſt eben oben, der wird nun wohl ſchon das Händchen mit ſammt dem Finger weggeſchnitten haben.“ Und in dem Augenblick, daß der Kerl das ſpricht, entſteht ein großes Geſchrei auf der breiten Treppe, und ein kleines, ganz kleines Männlein kugelt, von Fußſtößen der Trabanten wie ein Kegel getrieben, die Stufen herab und vor die Füße, ſchreiend und lamentirend. Das Volk ſammelt ſich um ihn herum, laut lachend, der Kleine zerarbeitet ſich und ſtrampelt mit den Beinen, ohne in die Höhe kommen zu können, da ſpringt aber der rothe Kerl herbei, rafft ſein Doctorchen auf, nimmt ihn in die Arme und rennt mit ihm, der immerfort aus vollem Halſe ſchreit und heult, was die Beine laufen können, fort nach dem Kanal, wo er mit ihm in die Gondel hineinſteigt und davonrudert. — Ich dachte es wohl, daß, ſo wie der Signor Baſſeggio das Meſſer anſetzen wollte an das ſchöne Händchen, der Doge ihn die Treppe hinabſtoßen ließ. Ich dachte aber noch weiter! — Geſchwind — ganz geſchwind nach Hauſe — das Sälbchen kochen — hinauf damit in den herzoglichen Palaſt! — Da ſtand ich auf der großen Treppe, mein blankes Fläſchlein in der Hand. Der alte Falieri kam gerade herab, der blitzte und zerrte mich an: „Was will das alte Weib hier?“ — Aber da machte ich einen Knix tief — tief, bis an die Erde, ſo gut es nur gehen konnte und ſprach, daß ich wohl ein Mittelchen hätte, daß die ſchöne Dogareſſa geheilt ſein ſolle gar bald. So wie der Alte das hörte, blickte er mich ſtarr an mit recht entſetzlichen Augen und ſtrich ſich den grauen Bart zurecht, dann packte er mich bei beiden Schultern und ſchob mich hinauf und hinein in das Gemach, daß ich beinahe der Länge nach hingeſtürzt wäre. Ach Tonino, da lag das holde Kind hingeſtreckt auf die Polſter, leichenblaß, ſeufzend und ſtöhnend vor Schmerz und leiſe klagend: „Ach, nun bin ich wohl ſchon durch und durch vergiftet.“ Aber ich machte mich gleich darüber her und nahm das dumme Pflaſter des einfältigen Doctors herab. O Herr des Himmels! die niedliche kleine Hand — blutroth — geſchwollen. — Nun, nun — meine Salbe kühlte — linderte. — „Das thut ja wohl, ſehr wohl,“ lispelte die kranke Taube. Da rief der Marino ganz entzückt: „Tauſend Zechinen ſind Dein, Alte! wenn Du mir die Dogareſſa retteſt,“ und verließ das Zimmer. Drei Stunden hatte ich nun da geſeſſen, die kleine Hand in meiner haltend, und ſie ſtreichelnd und pflegend. Da erwachte das liebe Weibchen aus leichtem Schlummer, in den ſie geſunken, und fühlte keinen Schmerz mehr. Nachdem ich den neuen Verband gemacht, blickte ſie mich an mit vor Freude leuchtenden Augen. Da ſprach ich: Ei, gnädige Frau Dogareſſa, Ihr habt ja auch ſchon einmal einen Knaben gerettet, da Ihr die kleine Schlange tödtetet, die ihn ſtechen wollte zum Tode, als er ſchlief. — Tonino! da hätteſt Du ſehen ſollen, wie, als leuchte ein Strahl des Abendroths hinein, das blaſſe Antlitz ſich ſchnell färbte, — wie die Augen funkelndes Feuer blitzten. — „Ach ja, Alte,“ ſprach ſie, „ich war nur ein Kind — auf meines Vaters Landhaus. — Ach, es war ein holder, lieber Knabe — o, wie gedenke ich noch ſeiner — es iſt mir, als ſei ſeit der Zeit mir gar nichts Glückliches mehr begegnet.“ — Nun ſprach ich von Dir, daß Du in Venedig wärſt, daß Du noch alle Liebe, alle Wonne jenes Augenblicks im Herzen trägſt — daß Du, nur um noch einmal in die Himmelsaugen des rettenden Engels zu ſchauen, die gefährliche Luftfahrt gewagt, daß Du ihr den Blumenſtrauß gegeben hätteſt am Giovedi graſſo! — Tonino — Tonino! da rief ſie wie in Begeiſterung: „ich hab' es gefühlt — ich hab' es gefühlt — als er meine Hand an ſeine Lippen drückte, als er meinen Namen nannte — ach, ich wußt' es ja nur nicht, was ſo ſeltſam mein Innerſtes durchdrang, es war wohl Luſt, aber auch zugleich Schmerz! — Bring' ihn her — her zu mir — den holden Knaben.“ Antonio warf ſich, als die Alte dies ſprach, auf die Kniee nieder, und rief wie wahnſinnig: „Herr des Himmels! nur jetzt, nur jetzt laß mich nicht untergehen in irgend einem ungeheuern Schickſal — nur nicht, bis ich ſie geſchaut, bis ich ſie an meine Bruſt gedrückt.“ Er wollte, daß die Alte ihn gleich andern Tages hinführen ſollte, was ſie ihm aber rund abſchlug, da der alte Falieri beinahe zu jeder Stunde die kranke Gemahlin zu beſuchen pflegte.

Mehrere Tage waren vergangen, die Dogareſſa war von der Alten ganz geheilt, aber noch immer blieb es unmöglich, den Antonio hinzuführen. So gut ſie es nur vermochte, tröſtete die Alte den Ungeduldigen, immer wiederholend, wie ſie mit der holden Annunziata von dem Antonio ſpreche, den ſie gerettet und der ſie ſo inbrünſtig liebe. Antonio, von tauſend Qualen der Sehnſucht, des Verlangens gefoltert, gondelte, lief auf den Plätzen umher. Unwillkührlich lenkten ihn ſeine Schritte immer und immer wieder nach dem herzoglichen Palaſte.

An der Brücke neben der hintern Seite des Palaſtes, den Gefängniſſen gegenüber, ſtand Pietro auf ein buntes Ruder gelehnt, im Kanal wogte an Säulen befeſtigt eine Gondel, die zwar klein, aber mit zierlichem Verdeck, buntem Schnitzwerk, ja mit der venetianiſchen Flagge geſchmückt war, und beinahe dem Bucentoro glich. So wie Pietro den ehemaligen Kameraden gewahrte, rief er ihm laut zu: „Ei Signor Antonio, ſeid mir tauſendmal gegrüßt! — mit Euern Zechinen iſt mir das Glück gekommen!“ Antonio fragte ganz zerſtreut, was er für ein Glück meine, erfuhr aber nichts Geringeres, als daß Pietro beinahe täglich in den Abendſtunden den Dogen mit der Dogareſſa hinüber gondeln mußte nach der Giudecca, wo unfern von San Georgio Maggiore der Doge ein artiges Haus beſaß. Antonio blickte den Pietro ſtarr an, und fuhr dann ſchnell heraus: „Kamerad, Du kannſt wieder zehn Zechinen verdienen und mehr wenn Du willſt. Laß mich Deine Stelle vertreten — ich will den Dogen hinüber rudern.“ Pietro meinte, daß das gar nicht anginge, da der Doge ihn kenne und eben nur ihm ſich anvertrauen wolle. Endlich, als Antonio mit dem wilden Zorn, wie er aus dem, von tauſend Liebesqualen aufgeregten Gemüth hervorſprudelte, in ihn drang, wie er ganz unſinnig ſchwur, daß er der Gondel nachſpringen und ihn herabreißen werde ins Meer, da rief Pietro lachend: „Ei, Signor Antonio! Signor Antonio! wie habt Ihr Euch vergafft in die ſchönen Augen der Dogareſſa,“ und willigte ein, daß Antonio mitkommen ſolle als ſein Gehülfe beim Rudern, er wolle die Schwere des Fahrzeugs ſo wie kränkliche Schwäche vorſchützen bei dem alten Falieri, dem ſo bei ſolcher Fahrt das Gondeln immer zu langſam ginge. Antonio rannte fort und kaum war er wieder an der Brücke in ſchlechten Schifferkleidern, mit gefärbtem Geſicht, einen langen Zwickelbart über die Lippen gehängt, als der Doge herabſtieg mit der Dogareſſa, beide in herrlichen bunten glänzenden Kleidern. „Wer iſt der fremde Menſch dort,“ fuhr der Doge den Pietro zornig an und nur die heiligſten Verſicherungen Pietro's, daß er heute eines Gehülfen bedürfe, konnten den Alten endlich bewegen zu erlauben, daß Antonio mit gondle.

Es pflegt wohl zu geſchehen, daß gerade im Uebermaße alles Entzückens, aller Seligkeit das Gemüth wie geſtärkt durch die Macht des Augenblicks, ſich ſelbſt bezwingt und den Flammen gebietet, die aus dem Innern hervorlodern wollen. So vermochte Antonio, dicht neben der holden Annunziata, berührt von dem Saume ihres Kleides, ſeine Liebesglut zu verbergen, indem er mit kräftiger Fauſt das Ruder regierte und größeres Wagſtück ſcheuend, kaum die Geliebte dann und wann flüchtig anblickte. Der alte Falieri ſchmunzelte und lächelte, küßte und ſtreichelte die kleinen weißen Händchen der holden Annunziata, legte den Arm um ihren ſchlanken Leib. Mitten auf dem Meere, als der Marcusplatz, das prächtige Venedig mit all' ſeinen ſtolzen Thürmen und Paläſten ſich vor den Schiffenden ausbreitete, da erhob der alte Falieri das Haupt und ſprach, indem er mit ſtolzen Blicken umherſchaute: „Ei mein Liebchen, iſt es nicht ſchön zu ſchiffen auf dem Meer mit dem Herrn, mit dem Gemahl des Meeres? — Ja mein Liebchen, ſei nicht eiferſüchtig auf die Gattin, die demüthig uns auf ihrem Nacken trägt. Hör' nur das ſüße Plätſchern der Wellen, ſind das nicht Liebesworte, die ſie dem Gemahl zuflüſtert, der ſie beherrſcht? — Ja ja Liebchen, Du trägſt meinen Ring am Finger, aber die da unten bewahrt in ihrem tiefſten Buſen den Trauring, den ich ihr zuwarf.“ „Ach mein fürſtlicher Herr,“ fing Annunziata an, „wie ſollte denn die kalte böſe Flut Deine Gemahlin ſein? Es wird mir gar ſchauerlich zu Muthe dabei, daß Du Dich dem ſtolzen herriſchen Element vermählteſt.“ Der alte Falieri lachte, daß Kinn und Bart wackelten. „Aengſtige Dich nicht, Täubchen,“ ſprach er dann, „beſſer ruht ſich's ja wohl in Deinen weichen warmen Armen als in dem eiskalten Schooße der Gattin da unten, aber ſchön iſt's zu ſchiffen auf dem Meer mit dem Herrn des Meeres.“ In dem Augenblick als der Doge dies ſprach, fing eine ferne Muſik zu ſäuſeln an. Ueber die Meereswellen gleitend, kamen näher die Töne einer ſanften Männerſtimme, es wurden die Worte geſungen:

Ah! senza amare
Andare sul mare
Col sposo del' mare
Non puo consolare.

Andere Stimmen fielen ein und in ſtetem Wechſelgeſange wurden jene Worte immer und immer wiederholt, bis der Geſang wie im Hauch des Windes ſtarb. Der alte Falieri ſchien auf den Geſang gar nicht zu achten, er erzählte der Dogareſſa vielmehr ſehr weitläuftig, was es mit der Feierlichkeit am Himmelfahrtstage, wenn der Doge von dem Bucentoro den Ring hinabwerfend, ſich dem Meer vermähle, für eine Bewandtniß habe.

Er ſprach von den Siegen der Republik, wie ehemals Iſtrien und Dalmatien erobert wurden unter der Regentſchaft Peter Urſeolo's des Zweiten, und wie in dieſer Eroberung jener Feierlichkeit erſter Urſprung liege. Achtete nun aber der alte Falieri nicht auf jenen Geſang, ſo ging dafür ſeine Erzählung ganz verloren der Dogareſſa. Die ſaß da, den Sinn ganz zugewendet den ſüßen Tönen, die über das Meer ſchwammen; ſie ſtarrte, als der Geſang geendet, mit ſeltſamem Blicke vor ſich hin, wie Jemand, der aus tiefem Traume erwacht, die Bilder noch zu ſchauen, zu deuten ſtrebt, die ihn umgaukelten — „Senza amare — senza amare — non puo consolare“ liſpelte ſie leiſe und Thränen glänzten wie helle Perlen in den Himmelsaugen und Seufzer entflohen der Bruſt, die auf und niederwallte vor innerer Beklemmung. —

Noch immer in vollem Schmunzeln und Lächeln forterzählend trat der Alte, die Dogareſſa an der Seite, heraus auf die Moloſtrada vor ſeinem Hauſe bei San Giorgio Maggiore und gewahrte nicht, wie von ſeltſamen dunkeln Gefühlen im Innern aufgeregt, Annunziata ſprachlos, den thränenſchweren Blick in ein fernes Land gerichtet, wie im Traume neben ihm ſtand. — Ein junger Menſch in Schifferkleidung ſtieß in ein muſchelartig gewundenes Horn, daß die Töne weit über das Meer hin hallten. Auf dies Zeichen näherte ſich eine andere Gondel. Unterdeſſen war ein Mann, der einen Sonnenſchirm trug und eine Frau heran getreten, und ſo begleitet ſchritt der Doge mit der Dogareſſa nach dem Palaſt. Jene Gondel landete, Marino Bodoeri mit vielen Perſonen, unter denen ſich Kaufleute, Künſtler, ja Leute aus der niedrigſten Volksklaſſe befanden, ſtieg aus und folgte dem Doge.

Antonio konnte kaum den andern Abend erwarten, weil er auf frohe Botſchaft hoffte von ſeiner geliebten Annunziata. Endlich, endlich hinkte die Alte herein, ſetzte ſich keuchend in den Lehnſeſſel, ſchlug die dürren Knochenhände einmal über das andere zuſammen und rief: „Tonino — ach Tonino, was iſt denn geſchehen mit unſerm armen Täubchen! — So wie ich heute hineintrete, liegt ſie da auf dem Polſter mit halbgeſchloſſenen Augen, das Köpfchen auf den Arm geſtützt, nicht ſchlummernd, nicht wachend, nicht krank, nicht geſund. — Ich nahe mich ihr, „ei, gnädige Frau Dogareſſa,“ ſpreche ich, „was iſt Euch denn Schlimmes begegnet? — ſchmerzt Euch wohl noch die kaum geheilte Wunde?“ — Aber da blickt ſie mich an mit Augen — Tonino! wie ich ſie noch gar nicht geſehen, und kaum hab' ich hineingeſchaut in die feuchten Mondesſtrahlen, ſo bergen ſie ſich hinter ſeidnen Wimpern, wie hinter dunkles Gewölk. Und dann ſeufzt ſie aus tiefſter Bruſt, und kehrt das holde blaſſe Antlitz der Wand zu und liſpelt leiſe, ganz leiſe, aber ſo wehmüthig, daß es mir gerade ins Herz ſticht: „Amare — Amare — ah senza amare!“ — Ich hole mir einen kleinen Stuhl, ich ſetze mich hin zu ihr, ich fange an von Dir zu erzählen. — Sie hüllt ſich ein in die Polſter — die ſchnelleren Athemzüge werden zu Seufzern. — Ich ſag's ihr unverholen, daß Du verkleidet bei ihr warſt in der Gondel, daß ich Dich, der vor Liebe und Sehnſucht verſchmachtet, nun ungeſäumt zu ihr bringen würde. Da fährt ſie plötzlich auf von den Polſtern und indem ein Strom heißer Thränen aus ihren Augen ſtürzt, ruft ſie heftig: „Um Chriſtus, um aller Heiligen willen — nein! — nein ich kann ihn nicht ſehen! — Alte! ich beſchwöre Dich, ſag ihm, er ſolle niemals mehr ſich mir nahen — niemals das ſag ihm, er ſolle Venedig verlaſſen, ſchnell verlaſſen.“ — „Nun, ſag' ich ihr ins Wort, ſo muß denn mein armer Tonino ſterben.“ Da ſinkt ſie wie von den unſäglichſten Schmerzen erfaßt in die Polſter und ſchluchzt mit von Thränen erſtickter Stimme: „Muß ich denn nicht auch ſterben des bitterſten Todes?“ Da trat der alte Herr Falieri ins Gemach und ich mußte mich auf ſeinen Wink entfernen.“ „Sie hat mich verworfen — fort aufs Meer,“ ſchrie Antonio auf in heller Verzweiflung. Die Alte kicherte und lachte nach ihrer gewöhnlichen Art und rief: „Du einfältig Kind! wirſt Du denn nicht geliebt von der holden Annunziata mit aller Inbrunſt, mit aller Liebesqual, die jemals ein weiblich Herz ergriff! — Einfältig Knäblein, morgen am tiefen Abend ſchleiche Dich in den herzoglichen Palaſt. In der zweiten Gallerie rechts der großen Treppe wirſt Du mich finden — und dann wollen wir ſehen, was ſich weiter begiebt.“ —

Als Antonio bebend vor Sehnſucht am andern Abend die große Treppe hinaufſchlich, war es ihm plötzlich, als wolle er einen ungeheuern Frevel beginnen. Ganz betäubt vermochte er kaum zitternd und ſchwankend die Stufen zu erſteigen. Er mußte ſich dicht vor der ihm bezeichneten Gallerie an eine Säule lehnen. Plötzlich umfloß ihn heller Fackelſchein und noch ehe er ſeinen Platz verlaſſen konnte, ſtand der alte Bodoeri dicht vor ihm, von einigen Dienern begleitet, die Fackeln trugen. Bodoeri ſah dem Jünglinge ſtarr ins Angeſicht und ſprach dann: „Ha! Du biſt Antonio, man hat Dich her beſtellt, ich weiß es, folge mir nur!“ — Antonio, überzeugt, daß die Zuſammenkunft mit der Dogareſſa verrathen, folgte nicht ohne Zagen. Wie erſtaunte er, als in ein entferntes Gemach getreten Bodoeri ihn umarmte und von dem wichtigen Poſten ſprach, der ihm anvertraut worden, und den er noch in dieſer Nacht mit Muth und Entſchloſſenheit behaupten ſolle. Sein Erſtaunen ging aber in Angſt über und Entſetzen, da er erfuhr, daß ſchon ſeit länger Zeit eine Verſchwörung wider die Signorie gereift, an deren Spitze der Doge ſelbſt ſtehe, daß, wie es in Falieri's Hauſe auf der Giudecca beſchloſſen, noch in dieſer Nacht die Signorie fallen und der alte Marino Falieri als ſouverainer Herzog von Venedig ausgerufen werden ſolle. Antonio ſtarrte den Bodoeri ſprachlos an, dieſer hielt des Jünglings Schweigen für eine Weigerung, Theil zu nehmen an der Ausführung der entſetzlichen That, und rief entrüſtet: „Feigherziger Thor! aus dem Palaſt kommſt Du nun nicht mehr, entweder Du ſtirbſt oder ergreifſt mit uns die Waffen, aber ſprich erſt mit dieſem!“ Aus dem dunkeln Hintergrunde des Zimmers trat eine hohe edle Geſtalt hervor. So wie Antonio das Antlitz des Mannes, den er nur erſt im Schein der Kerzen bemerken und erkennen konnte, erblickte, ſtürzte er wieder auf die Knie und rief, ganz außer ſich ſelbſt gebracht durch die nicht geahnte Erſcheinung: „O heiliger Herr des Himmels! mein Vater Bertuccio Nenolo, mein theurer Pfleger!“ — Nenolo hob den Jüngling auf, ſchloß ihn in ſeine Arme und ſprach dann mit ſanfter Stimme: „Wohl bin ich Bertuccio Nenolo, den Du vielleicht auch in dem Meeresgrunde begraben glaubteſt und der erſt ſeit kurzer Zeit der ſchmählichen Gefangenſchaft des wilden Morbaſſan entgangen. Bertuccio Nenolo, der Dich aufnahm und der nicht ahnen konnte, daß die unvernünftigen Diener, die Bodoeri abſchickte, als er das ihm verkaufte Landhaus in Beſitz nehmen wollte, Dich hinausſtoßen würden aus dem Hauſe. — Verblendeter Jüngling! Du ſtehſt an, die Waffen zu ergreifen gegen eine despotiſche Kaſte, deren Grauſamkeit Dir den Vater raubte? — Ja, gehe hin in den Hof des Fontego, es iſt Deines Vaters Blut, deſſen Spuren Du noch ſchauen kannſt auf den Steinen des Bodens. Als die Signorie den deutſchen Kaufleuten das Kaufhaus, welches Du unter dem Namen des Fontego kennſt, übermachte, wurde Jedem, dem man Gemächer einräumte, verboten, die Schlüſſel bei der Abreiſe an ſich zu behalten, er mußte ſie bei dem Fontegaro laſſen. Dieſem Geſetz hatte Dein Vater entgegengehandelt und war ſchon deshalb ſchwerer Strafe verfallen. Als nun aber bei der Rückkunft des Vaters die Gemächer geöffnet wurden, fand ſich unter ſeinen Waaren eine Kiſte venetianiſcher falſch ausgeprägter Münzen. Vergebens betheuerte er ſeine Unſchuld, es war nur zu gewiß, daß irgend ein hämiſcher Teufel vielleicht der Fontegaro ſelbſt, die Kiſte hereingebracht hatte, um Deinen Vater zu verderben. — Die unerbittlichen Richter mit dem Beweiſe, daß die Kiſte in Deines Vaters Gemächern gefunden, zufrieden, verurtheilten ihn zum Tode! — Auf dem Hofe des Fontego wurde er hingerichtet. — Auch Du wärſt nicht mehr, wenn die treue Margarethe Dich nicht rettete. — Ich, Deines Vaters treuſter Freund nahm Dich auf; damit Du Dich der Signorie nicht ſelbſt verrathen möchteſt, verſchwieg man Dir Deines Vaters Namen. Aber nun Anton Dalbinger, nun iſt es Zeit, nun ergreife die Waffen und räche an den Häuptern der Signorie den ſchmählichen Tod Deines Vaters.“ Antonio, vom Geiſt der Rache beſeelt, gelobte den Verſchwornen Treue und unbezwingbaren Muth. — Es iſt bekannt, daß der Schimpf, den Bertuccio Nenolo von dem, über die Seerüſtungen geſetzten Dandulo, der ihn bei einem Streit ins Geſicht ſchlug, erfahren, ihn bewog, mit dem ehrgeizigen Schwiegerſohn ſich wider die Signorie zu verſchwören. Beide, Nenolo und Bodoeri wünſchten dem alten Falieri den Fürſtenmantel, um ſelbſt mit ihm zu ſteigen. — Man wollte (ſo war der Plan der Verſchwornen) die Nachricht ausbreiten, die genueſiſche Flotte liege vor den Lagunen. In der Nacht ſollte dann die große Glocke auf dem Marcusthurme gezogen und die Stadt zu erdichteter Vertheidigung gerufen werden. Auf dieſes Zeichen ſollten die Verſchworenen, deren Anzahl beträchtlich und durch ganz Venedig verbreitet war, den Marcusplatz beſetzen, ſich der Hauptplätze der Stadt bemächtigen, die Häupter der Signorie ermorden und den Dogen als ſouverainen Herzog von Venedig ausrufen. Der Himmel wollte aber nicht, daß dieſer Mordanſchlag gelingen und die Grundverfaſſung des bedrängten Staates durch den alten von Stolz und Uebermuth entflammten Falieri in den Staub getreten werden ſollte. Die Verſammlungen auf der Giudecca in Falieri's Hauſe waren der Wachſamkeit des Raths der Zehen nicht entgangen, aber unmöglich blieb es, etwas Gewiſſes zu erfahren. Da rührte einen der Verſchworenen, einen Pelzhändler aus Piſa, Bentian geheißen, das Gewiſſen; er wollte ſeinen Freund und Gevatter, den Nicolao Leoni, der im Rathe der Zehen ſaß, vom Untergange retten. In der Abenddämmerung begab er ſich zu ihm, und beſchwor ihn, in der Nacht nicht das Haus zu verlaſſen, es möge auch geſchehen, was da wolle. Leoni, von Argwohn ergriffen, hielt den Pelzhändler feſt und erfuhr, als er in ihn drang, den ganzen Anſchlag. In Gemeinſchaft mit Giovanni Gradenigo und Marco Cornaro, berief er nun den Rath der Zehen nach St. Salvator und von hier aus wurden in weniger als drei Stunden Maßregeln ergriffen, die alle Unternehmungen der Verſchwornen im erſten Aufglimmen erſticken mußten.

Dem Antonio war es aufgetragen, mit einem Trupp nach dem Marcusthurm zu gehen und die Glocken anziehen zu laſſen. So wie er hinkam, fand er den Thurm ſtark beſetzt von Arſenaltruppen, die, als er ſich nahen wollte, mit Hellebarden auf ihn eindrangen. Von plötzlichem Todesſchreck ergriffen ſtäubte ſein Haufen auseinander, er ſelbſt entwiſchte in der Dunkelheit der Nacht. Dicht hinter ſich hörte er Tritte eines Menſchen, der ihm nachfolgte, er fühlte ſich ergriffen; ſchon wollte er den Verfolger niederſtoßen, als er bei einem plötzlich aufſchimmernden Licht den Pietro erkannte. „Rette Dich,“ rief dieſer, „rette Dich, Antonio! in meine Gondel, es iſt Alles verrathen — Bodoeri — Nenolo — ſind in der Gewalt der Signorie — die Thore des herzoglichen Palaſtes geſchloſſen — der Doge eingeſperrt in ſein Gemach — wie ein Verbrecher bewacht von ſeinen eigenen treuloſen Trabanten — fort, fort!“ — Halb ſinnlos ließ ſich Antonio hineinſchleppen in die Gondel. — Dumpfe Stimmen — Klirren der Waffen — einzelne Angſtrufe — dann trat mit der tiefſten Finſterniß der Nacht lautloſe ſchauerliche Stille ein. Am andern Morgen erblickte der von Todesſchrecken zermalmte Pöbel das entſetzlichſte Schauſpiel, das jedes Blut in den Adern gerinnen machte. Der Rath der Zehen hatte noch in derſelben Nacht das Todesurtheil über die Häupter der Verſchworenen, die ergriffen worden, gefällt. Erdroſſelt wurden ſie auf dem kleinen Platze zur Seite des Palaſtes von der Gallerie herabgelaſſen, wo der Doge ſonſt den Feierlichkeiten zuzuſchauen pflegte — ach! wo Antonio vor der holden Annunziata ſchwebte, wo ſie von ihm den Blumenſtrauß empfing. — Unter den Leichnamen befanden ſich Marino Bodoeri und Bertuccio Nenolo. Zwei Tage nachher wurde der alte Marino Falieri von dem Rathe der Zehn verurtheilt und auf der ſogenannten Rieſentreppe des Palaſtes hingerichtet. —

Wie bewußtlos war Antonio umhergeſchlichen, niemand griff ihn an; denn niemand kannte ihn als einen der Verſchwornen. Als er des alten Falieri graues Haupt fallen ſah, da fuhr er auf, wie aus ſchwerem Todestraum. — Mit dem Schrei des wildeſten Entſetzens — mit dem Ausruf: Annunziata! ſtürzte er in den Palaſt, durch die Gallerien. — Niemand hielt ihn auf, die Trabanten ſtarrten ihn an, wie betäubt von dem Fürchterlichen, das ſich ſo eben zugetragen. Die Alte hinkte ihm entgegen laut jammernd und klagend, ſie ergriff ſeine Hand, noch einige Schritte, und er trat mit ihr in Annunziata's Gemach. Da lag die Arme entſeelt auf den Polſtern. Antonio ſtürzte hin zu ihr, er bedeckte ihre Hände mit glühenden Küſſen, er rief die Geliebte mit den ſüßeſten, zärtlichſten Namen. Da ſchlug ſie die holden Himmelsaugen langſam auf, ſie ſah Antonio — erſt war es, als müſſe ſie ſich auf ihn beſinnen: doch plötzlich raffte ſie ſich auf, umſchlang ihn mit beiden Armen, drückte ihn an ihre Bruſt — benetzte ihn mit heißen Thränen — küßte ſeine Wangen — ſeine Lippen. „Antonio — mein Antonio — ich liebe Dich unausſprechlich — ja, es giebt noch einen Himmel auf Erden! — Was iſt des Vaters — des Oheims — des Gatten Tod gegen die Seligkeit Deiner Liebe — o laß uns fliehen — von dieſer blutigen Mordſtätte!“ — So rief Annunziata, zerriſſen von dem bitterſten Schmerze und der glühendſten Liebe.

Unter tauſend Küſſen, unter tauſend Thränen ſchwuren ſich die Liebenden ewige Treue, ſie vergaßen die furchtbaren Ereigniſſe der ſchrecklichſten Tage; den Blick von der Erde abgewandt, ſchauten ſie auf in den Himmel, den ihnen der Geiſt der Liebe erſchloſſen. Die Alte rieth nach Chiozza zu fliehen, Antonio wollte dann zu Lande in umgekehrter Richtung weiter herauf nach ſeinem Vaterlande. Freund Pietro verſchaffte ihm eine kleine Barke, die an der Brücke bei der hintern Seite des Palaſtes angelegt wurde. Eingehüllt in tiefe Schleier ſchlich Annunziata, als es Nacht worden, mit dem Geliebten, von der alten Margaretha, die in der Kapuze reiche Juwelenkäſtchen trug, begleitet, über die Treppe hinab. Unbemerkt kamen ſie an die Brücke, und ſtiegen hinein in die Barke. Antonio ergriff das Ruder, und fort ging es in ſchneller rüſtiger Fahrt. Wie ein fröhlicher Liebesbote tanzte der helle Mondesſchimmer auf den Wellen vor ihnen her. Sie waren auf hoher See. Da begann es ſeltſam zu pfeifen und zu ſauſen in hoher Luft — finſtere Schatten kamen gezogen, und hingen ſich wie dunkle Schleier über das leuchtende Antlitz des Mondes. Der tanzende Schimmer, der fröhliche Liebesbote ſank herab in die ſchwarze Tiefe voll dumpfer Donner. Der Sturm erhob ſich, und jagte die düſtern zuſammengeballten Wolken mit zornigem Toben vor ſich her. Hoch auf und nieder flog die Barke. „O hilf, o Herr des Himmels!“ ſchrie die Alte. Antonio, des Ruders nicht mehr mächtig, umſchlang die holde Annunziata, die, von glühenden Küſſen erweckt, ihn mit der Inbrunſt der ſeligſten Liebe an ihren Buſen drückte. „O mein Antonio! — o meine Annunziata!“ So riefen ſie, des Sturms nicht achtend, der immer entſetzlicher tobte und brauſte. Da ſtreckte das Meer, die eiferſüchtige Wittwe des enthaupteten Falieri, die ſchäumenden Wellen, wie Rieſenarme empor, erfaßte die Liebenden, und riß ſie ſammt der Alten hinab in den bodenloſen Abgrund! —

Als der Mann im Mantel auf dieſe Weiſe ſeine Erzählung geendet hatte, ſprang er ſchnell auf, und verließ mit ſtarken raſchen Schritten das Zimmer. Die Freunde ſahen ihm ſtillſchweigend und ganz verwundert nach, dann traten ſie aufs neue vor das Gemälde. Der alte Doge ſchmunzelte ſie wieder an, in thörichtem Prunk und faſelnder Eitelkeit, aber als ſie nun der Dogareſſa recht ins Antlitz ſchauten, da gewahrten ſie wohl, wie die Schatten eines unbekannten, nur geahnten Schmerzes auf der Lilienſtirn lagen, wie ſehnſüchtige Liebesträume unter den dunkeln Wimpern hervorleuchteten und um die ſüßen Lippen ſchwebten. Aus dem fernen Meer, aus den duftigen Wolken, die San Marco einhüllten, ſchien die feindliche Macht Tod und Verderben zu drohen. Die tiefere Bedeutung des anmuthigen Bildes ging ihnen klar auf, aber auch alle Wehmuth der Liebesgeſchichte Antonio's und Annunziata's kehrte, ſo oft ſie das Bild auch noch anblicken mochten, wieder, und erfüllte ihr innerſtes Gemüth mit ſüßen Schauern.

Jakob Daniel Hoffmann

ward am 26. September 1808 zu Lübeck geboren und erhielt, ſchon früh von harten Schlägen des Schickſals getroffen, ſeine Erziehung im großelterlichen Hauſe. Nachdem er das dortige Gymnaſium beſucht, bezog er im Jahre 1828 die Univerſität Jena, um ſich der Theologie und Philologie zu widmen, ſetzte dann ſeine Studien in Berlin, Heidelberg und München fort und kehrte 1831 nach Jena zurück, wo er ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn vollendete und Doctor der Philoſophie wurde. Er lebte nun einige Jahre als Privatgelehrter an verſchiedenen Orten in Thüringen, verweilte darauf eine Zeit lang als Lehrer an einem Privatinſtitute in der franzöſiſchen Schweiz, ging dann nach Thüringen zurück und von hier im Mai 1838 als Erzieher nach Rußland.

Von ihm erſchien:

Goethe's Fauſt. Eine Tragödie. Fortgeſetzt von J. D. Hoffmann. Leipzig 1833.
Taſſo's Tod. Tragödie. Leipzig 1834.
Die Halbſchweſter. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1835.
Eduard und Julie. Ein lyriſch-philoſophiſcher Roman. 2 Thle. Altenburg 1836.
Reiſe nach Savoyen. Blankenhain 1837.
Dichtung und Urtheil. 2 Hefte (im Vereine mit Andern). Blankenhain 1837.
Einzelne Gedichte, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Ein reichbegabter, aufſtrebender junger Dichter mit Talent und Phantaſie ausgeſtattet und von ehrenwertheſter Geſinnung. Die Aufgabe, welche er ſich geſetzt hat, und das Ziel, dem er entgegenringt, iſt, im Dichten wie im Denken, das Ideal der Menſchheit und das Ideal des wahrhaftigen Lebens zu verherrlichen. Geſunde und ächte Frömmigkeit, tiefes und warmes Gefühl, Wohllaut und Correctheit ſind ſeinen Leiſtungen eigen und beurkunden den ihm inwohnenden heiligen Ernſt, trotz allen Hinderniſſen des äußeren Lebens, den ihm von der Natur verliehenen Beruf, ein Prieſter des Edlen und Schönen zu ſein, auf die würdigſte Weiſe zu erfüllen.

Parcival *).

Beginn', o Lied, in ſanfter Weiſe,
Und ſchwebe, wie die Taube ſchwebt,
Da ich der Mutter Liebe preiſe,
Die einzig ihrem Liebling lebt.
Und wie die Blum' in Felſengründen
Einſam am Strahl des Lichts erblüht,
So will ich von der Mutter künden,
Die ihren Knaben ſtill erzieht.

Obgleich von hohem Stamm entſproſſen,
Zieht ſie ſich von der Welt zurück;
In engem Thale eingeſchloſſen,
Hier hegt ſie ihres Kindes Glück.
Wie ihn die Liebe hat geboren,
So wächſt er rein empor und ſchön;
In ſeinem Anſchaun oft verloren,
Glaubt ſie ein Engelbild zu ſehn.

Gedenken muß ſie ſel'ger Stunden,
Wo junge Ahnung ſie durchglüht;
Was mit dem Theuren ſie empfunden,
Iſt hier im Knaben aufgeblüht.
Und mit der ewig gleichen Liebe
Erwärmet ſie das junge Herz:
Es ſchwellen alle heil'gen Triebe,
Es ſchießt die Blume himmelwärts.

Am Abend iſt er, iſt am Morgen
Hinausgegangen in das Thal;
Entwachſen bald der Mutter Sorgen,
Beginnt im Herzen leiſe Qual:
Ein Suchen iſt es und ein Sehnen,
Es führt die Felſen ihn hinan,
Da ſteht er nun, mit ſtillen Thränen,
Weit das Gebirge aufgethan.

Ein Friede weht aus jenen Fernen,
Und nah' iſt ihm ein milder Geiſt,
Der aus den Quellen, aus den Sternen,
Aus Blumen ihn willkommen heißt.
Er ſchwellt das Herz im friſchen Wehen,
Und lockt zur Ferne wieder hin;
Was dort verborgen, möcht' er ſehen,
Ach! unſtet, traurig iſt ſein Sinn.

Ein Unermeßliches zu faſſen,
Dehnt ſchmerzlich ſich des Jünglings Bruſt,
Und kann doch von dem Geiſt nicht laſſen,
Er iſt ſich ſein ſo nah bewußt.
Er lauſchet oftmals in die Stille,
Wenn über ihm der Mond ſich klärt,
Und er umfängt des Geiſtes Fülle,
Befriedigt iſt er und erhört.

Ach, warum muß die raſche Freude,
Die ſich in Vaters Arme ſtürzt,
So ſchnell verwandelt ſein zum Leide!
Wird ſo uns alle Luſt verkürzt!

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*) Gedicht von J. D. Hoffmann.

Die ſel'ge Fluth, die uns getragen,
Wie ſinket bald und ebbet ſchwach:
Darf ich mich zu der Gottheit wagen,
Die eines Wurms nicht achten mag?

Er zweifelt, ſelber nur zu hoffen!
Mißtraut der Adler ſeiner Kraft,
Sieht er den weiten Himmel offen?
So ringt der Jüngling, unerſchlafft.
Da iſt ein Bote ihm erſchienen,
Ihm fremd, und doch wie längſt bekannt,
Verheißen ſchon, um ihm zu dienen,
Zu leiten in das fremde Land.

Ein Ritter, der ſich hat verirret,
Steigt nieder in dies ſtille Thal;
Der Jüngling ſchaut ihn, ſteht verwirret,
Umglänzt vom letzten Abendſtrahl.
Er ſah es, wie ſie ſank, die Sonne:
Thut auf ſich eine zweite Welt!
Die Felſen weichen ſchon, o Wonne!
Von wannen kommſt du, edler Held?

Bewundernd ſieht er ſeine Waffen,
Und fragt nach Lanze, nach dem Schwert,
Und macht ſich hier und dort zu ſchaffen,
Und fühlt im Herzen höhern Werth!
Er ſieht den ſtolzen Helmbuſch wallen,
Und ſieht am Arm den mächt'gen Schild,
Den Mantel von der Schulter fallen,
Und wähnt, er ſieht des Vaters Bild.

Des Vaters, den er früh verloren.
Und was die Mutter ihm erzählt,
Die Sagen ſind wie neu geboren,
Und ſind dem Augenblick vermählt.
Was dämmernd ſchlief in ſeiner Seele,
Erinnerungen werden wach;
Klar ſieht er, weiß er, was er wähle,
Gekommen iſt der ernſte Tag!

Mit friſchen Farben glüht das Leben,
Sein durſtend Auge ſaugt den Glanz;
Sein Arm verſteht den Speer zu heben,
Und ſchwingt ihn nach dem höchſten Kranz.
Ja, Thaten, Thaten ſind das Leben,
Sie füllen nur die Sehnſucht aus;
Die Kräfte hat mir Gott gegeben,
Drum muthig in die Welt hinaus!

Und von der Mutter ſoll er ſcheiden!
Das Thal, das ſeine Wiege war;
Er ſoll verlaſſen alle Freuden,
Die Liebe auch! für immer gar!
Doch iſt es denn ſein eigner Wille?
Ein höh'rer Geiſt zeigt ihm die Bahn;
Und daß ich ſeinen Ruf erfülle,
Eil' ich, ob tauſend Tode nahn.

Und kann die Mutter ihn beſchränken,
Den mächt'gen Trieb? Sie möcht' es wohl;
Und will ſie's denn? Süß iſt zu denken,
Daß er zum Manne reifen ſoll!
Verwaiſt iſt nun die treue Pflege,
Doch wozu zog ſie ihn empor?
Daß er der Beſte werden möge:
So ſchirm' ihn denn der Engel Chor!

Nicht ſanft, wie an der Mutter Herzen,
Wirſt ruhn Du an des Lebens Bruſt!
Wer wird beſänft'gen Deine Schmerzen,
Und theilend mehren Deine Luſt?
Ich halte Dich mit meinen Sorgen
Umſchlungen, wo Du immer weilſt,
Und heiter lächelt mir dein Morgen,
Wo ach! vielleicht in Tod Du eilſt!

Doch Dein Geſchlecht Dir zu enthüllen,
Das hieße, der Gefahr Dich weihn;
Ich geb' es in des Himmels Willen,
Wozu Du ſollſt erkoren ſein.
O kehre bald und fröhlich wieder,
Erfreue Deiner Mutter Herz! —
Der Jüngling zieht, Thal auf und nieder,
Gefangen noch im Trennungsſchmerz.

Zerriſſen ſind gewohnte Bande,
Die Zukunft regt ihm Zweifel auf;
Doch heiter um ihn ſind die Lande,
Und immer muntrer wird ſein Lauf.
Sieht er die Lerche jubelnd ſteigen,
Und ſchwebt der Adler kühn am Wald:
Im Herzen iſt ein Freun, ein Neigen,
Und muthig iſt die Fauſt geballt.

Er wirft ſich jauchzend in die Wellen.
Zerreißt der Wolken trüben Flor;
Für Licht und Wahrheit muß er ſtreiten,
Und ruft die Sonne laut hervor.
Er träumt' ſchon von errung'nen Ehren,
Der noch nicht einmal Waffen hat;
Doch ſich zu rüſten, zu bewehren,
Thut er die erſte Heldenthat.

Die Rüſtung wird im Kampf gewonnen,
Gewappnet zieht er zum Turnier,
Sein Zeichen iſt das Bild der Sonnen,
Und dreimal ſiegt das Zeichen hier.
Vom jungen Glanz des Ruhms umleuchtet,
Soll er den zarten Dank empfahn;
Und Augen, ſo die Sehnſucht feuchtet,
Darf kaum der ſtolze Jüngling nahn.

Er ſpiegelt ſich im Meer des Schönen,
Und freut ſich am gelung'nen Bild;
Doch ſich mit eitler Luſt zu krönen,
Zu edel iſt ſein Herz erfüllt.
Er ſchwebt wohl leicht im trunknen Reigen,
Der ſüße Zauber zieht ihn an,
Giebt ſchwärmend ſich der Freude eigen,
Die ihn doch nicht beſiegen kann.

Denn in den Wald entflieht er wieder,
Und lebt in tiefer Einſamkeit;
Die Zukunft ſteigt zu ihm hernieder,
Er blickt in die Vergangenheit.
Und folgend hehrem Himmelsklange,
Betritt er den gewölbten Dom;
Da rauſcht in heiligem Geſange
Hoch an ſein Herz der Andacht Strom.

Und zu dem Altar hingewendet,
Sieht er am Kreuz den Gottesſohn,
Den Prieſter, der den Segen ſpendet
Mit ſelt'nem, tiefgeheimem Ton;
Er ſieht die reinen Kerzenflammen,
Die fromme Menge betend knie'n;
Ein Schauer drückt ſein Herz zuſammen,
Er ſinkt in Demuth ſtill dahin.

Doch eine Laſt ſinkt ihm vom Haupte,
Wie er den freien Himmel grüßt,
Der Sonne Licht, das kurz geraubte,
O wie es ihm willkommen iſt!
Hier rauſchen volle Lebensbäche,
Hier, wo die Kraft, iſt auch der Muth;
Kein Heil entſteht aus unſrer Schwäche,
Das freie Herz nur, das iſt gut!

In Thaten kannſt Du nur geſunden,
Und wo Du wirkſt, iſt Gott mit Dir!
Genoſſen ſind mir ſchon gefunden,
Für Recht und Unſchuld fechten wir.
— Wer kann das ſchöne Leben ſingen,
Wenn Freund an Freund ſich fröhlich hängt,
Zum leichten Scherz wird Kampf und Ringen,
Da Sorge nicht den Muth bedrängt.

O wie entzückt und wie begeiſtert,
Wenn man im Freund ſich ewig weiß!
Ob Gram den Einſamen bemeiſtert,
Er iſt verſcheucht im trauten Kreis.
Der hat das Leben nicht genoſſen,
Der nicht an Bruders Lippen hing,
Dem Lieder nicht vom Munde floſſen,
Wenn rings der Becher kreiſen ging.

Und doch, was ſeufzt tief im Herzen,
Was klagt, daß es ſo einſam ſei,
Was möchte weinen unter Scherzen?
O, wohl ſind wir den Freunden treu

Doch Liebe ſeufzt das Herz, ach! Liebe,
Nach der Gefährtin ſehnſt Du Dich!
O, daß ſie käme, daß ſie bliebe,
Auf ewig, feſt umſchlinge mich! —

Der Abend war ſo mild gekommen,
Und ferne ſchimmert ſchon das Schloß;
Er weiß ſich gaſtlich aufgenommen,
Der fröhlich naht, der kleine Troß.
Und Parcival iſt unter ihnen,
Dem Haufen ſprengt er weit voran,
Dem ſüße Traumgebild' erſchienen,
Der ſich von Luſt nicht laſſen kann.

Ihm iſt, als müßt' er heut' empfangen,
Was lange ſchon ſein Herz entbehrt,
Zu einem ſüßen Ziel gelangen,
Nach dem er heimlich oft begehrt,
Als fühlt' er ſich nicht mehr verlaſſen,
Und breitet' er die Arme aus,
Könnt' er die Welt, die theure, faſſen: —
Und träumend tritt er ſo ins Haus.

Da giebt's viel fröhliche Geſichter,
Doch unſtet irrt ſein Blick umher;
Den Saal erfüllt der Glanz der Lichter,
Das Feſt beginnt; doch er will mehr.
Und als ſie noch beim Mahle waren,
Da tritt ein holdes Kind herein,
Ein Mägdlein iſt's von funfzehn Jahren,
Des Wirthes einzig Töchterlein.

Erſt hielt es ſchüchtern ſich im Schatten,
Dort ſucht es ſchon des Jünglings Blick;
Und wie ſie ſich gefunden hatten,
Gefunden war das goldne Glück.
Wer kann den Frieden wohl beſchreiben,
Den Uebermuth, der Jugend Glanz?
Und durch des Feſtes frohes Treiben
Winkt licht und ſchön der Liebe Kranz.

Erſt iſt es noch ein kindiſch Spielen,
Dann wird's ein kindliches Vertraun;
Es iſt ſo ſelig, was ſie fühlen,
So freundlich iſt's, ſich anzuſchaun.
Da ſteht der Mond am Himmel eben,
Wie wundermild iſt doch ſein Blick!
Aus Wolken quillt ſein ſtilles Leben,
Es bringt uns nah und flieht zurück.

Und wie der Morgen neu erwachte,
Geſteht er ſich's mit keckem Muth:
Dem Kindlein, das ſo ſchelmiſch lachte,
Er ſei dem Mägdlein einzig gut.
Auf Alles will er ſich beſinnen,
Da ſtutzt er, meint, es war ein Traum;
Als hätt' ſolch liebliches Beginnen
Im wachen Leben keinen Raum!

Er ſieht ſie wieder — welche Ferne!
Wie weit iſt ſie mir heut entrückt!
Er fragt der Augen lichte Sterne,
Und tröſtlich iſt es, was hier blickt.
Es iſt kein Wünſchen, kein Verheißen,
Es iſt ein ſtiller, ernſter Sinn:
Und ſelig dürften wir ihn preiſen,
Müßt' er nicht heute weiter ziehn.

Sie ſchaut ihm nach vom hohen Söller,
Er hat ſie deutlich ja geſehn;
Der Stern der Liebe flimmert heller,
Und rings der Abend iſt ſo ſchön.
Es war des Frühlings leiſes Wirken,
Er rühret an alle Knospen an,
Und bald in lachenden Bezirken
Sind Blum' und Blüthen aufgethan.

Er blickt in nebelweiche Fernen,
Sein Herz wird groß, die Thräne thaut,
Ein Seufzer ſtrebt zu jenen Sternen,
Und: Liebe! Liebe! ſpricht es laut.
Sie iſt, die Einzige, gefunden —
O, Erd' und Himmel ſtimmen ein! —
Von deren ſanftem Arm umwunden,
Ich friedlich könnt' und glücklich ſein!

Doch werd' ich Ruhe je gewinnen?
Nicht ſchleicht mein Pfad im niedern Thal!
Ach, fliehen muß ich, weit von hinnen,
Sei glücklich Du, viel tauſendmal!
Er denkt's — da ſinkt die Woge wieder,
Und ſchaukelt ihn in Träumerein:
Zum ſtillen Kreiſe zieht's ihn nieder,
Und ſie iſt ſein: ja, mein! ganz mein!

Er iſt ſo feſt, ſie zu beſitzen:
Mit ihr nur iſt das Leben ſchön!
Wie herrlich iſt es, ſie zu ſchützen,
Und für ſie in den Tod zu gehn!
Ein Pfand, vom Himmel mir verliehen,
Das biſt Du mir, Du ſüße Braut:
Du Himmelskind, hier rein zu blühen,
Ward'ſt meinem Schirm Du anvertraut.

Die Sorge, treu ſie zu bewahren,
Führt oftmals ihn zu ihr zurück,
Und muß dann in der Näh' erfahren
Unſel'ger Zweifel Mißgeſchick.
Er flieht, von böſem Groll zerriſſen,
Sie ſieht ihm ſtumm und ſeufzend nach!
Er kehrt zurück, kann ſie nicht miſſen,
Und endlich kommt der Friedenstag.

Was Blick' und Zeichen nicht beſagen,
Ein einzig Wort erklärt es ſchnell:
Will nur das Herz das Herz befragen,
Da wird das Dunkel plötzlich hell.
Die Seele liegt nun klar und offen,
Und was wir Liebes hier erſchaun,
Geht über Wünſchen und Erhoffen,
Und ankerfeſt liegt das Vertraun.

Sein wird ſie, ewig ſchon die Seine!
Und ganz nun werden ſie ſich klar
Im inn'gen, trauteſten Vereine,
O, täglich mehr — wie wunderbar!
Doch ſoll ich noch die Roſe fragen,
Wenn ſie ſchon königlich erblüht?
Mag ſie euch ſelbſt die Düfte bringen —
Vorüber eilt das flücht'ge Lied.

Zur Ruhe ward er nicht geboren,
Erreicht iſt nicht ſein höchſtes Ziel;
Zu Größ'rem fühlt er ſich erkoren,
Als zu der Liebe leichtem Spiel.
Sie will den Theuren zart verpflegen;
Und wenn ſie ſorget, ſollt' er ruhn?
Nein, rühren muß er ſich und regen,
Und jetzt mit Ernſt zum Werke thun.

Er fühlt's in ſeinem Geiſte glühen,
Und Thaten ruhn an ſeiner Bruſt;
Zu ew'gem Ruhm ſie zu erziehen,
Das iſt des Helden Drang und Luſt.
Die zarten Feſſeln, die ihn binden,
Er ſtreicht ſie ab, doch ſchmerzlos nicht;
Wie ſoll er's der Geliebten künden,
Daß nicht vor Gram ihr Herz zerbricht?

Er will dem Schmerz den Stachel rauben,
Für ſeinen Ruhm ſoll ſie erglühn:
Gern will ſie ſeinen Worten glauben,
Nur ach, nein! nicht verlieren ihn!
Doch wieder iſt zu andern Zeiten
Gefaßt ſie, weil es muß geſchehn;
Geſchäftig, Alles zu bereiten,
Und hofft auf frohes Wiederſehn.

Und nun ſchon morgen will er ſcheiden,
Das Bittre kommt, o, es wird wahr!
Sie ſcheint ihn heute faſt zu meiden;
Reicht oft das jüngſte Kind ihm dar,
Und blickt ihn an, ſo tief und ſchweigend,
Und birgt beſtürzt die Thränen dann: —
Der Morgen kommt; die Hand ihr reichend,
Fern zieht er hin, der theure Mann.

Die Sage ſpricht von ſeinen Zügen.
Montſalvatſch hat er ſchon erreicht;
Er ſieht's auf ſteiler Höhe liegen,
Den Tempel, der gen Himmel ſteigt.

Er glänzt ihm wunderbar entgegen,
Als dränge Licht aus dieſem Stein,
Und rings muß auch des Himmels Segen
Auf Thal und Wald verbreitet ſein.

Im Fluge eilt er ſtürmiſch näher,
Das ganze Wunder zu beſchaun:
Und größer wird es nur und höher,
Und ihn befällt ein heimlich Graun.
Mit Furcht und Zagen kämpft die Liebe,
Da bricht der freie Muth hervor:
Und könnt' er folgen ſeinem Triebe,
Im Arm höb' er den Bau empor.

Vom heil'gen Gral hat er vernommen
Und von der frommen Ritterſchaar;
Aus Morgenland iſt er gekommen —
Die Schale, die geweihet war
Mit des Erlöſers reinem Blute,
Sie iſt es, die hier Wunder weckt:
Er fühlt's an ſeinem eignen Muthe,
Er hat das Heiligthum entdeckt.

Es wird ihm lichter, iſt ihm weiter,
Beherzt tritt er in dieſes Haus:
Das Leben leuchtet ihm ſo heiter,
Fern ſchaut er in die Zeit hinaus. —
Und herzlich ſieht er ſich empfangen,
Als lieber, längſt erwünſchter Gaſt;
Was er nur kann zunächſt verlangen,
Das wird ihm: Speiſe, Trank und Raſt.

Ein Führer hat am andern Morgen
Des Tempels Hallen ihm gezeigt:
Doch ſeinem Blick bleibt's nicht verborgen,
Daß Kummer Alles rings gebleicht.
Da öffnen ſich die mächt'gen Pforten,
Er ſieht des Grales heilig Licht,
Das Strahlen ausgießt aller Orten,
Die rüſt'gen Streiter für die Pflicht.

Der Ritter ſieht er viele kommen,
Und viele ziehen ſtill hinaus,
Von freud'gem Muthe nicht entglommen:
Die Trauer wohnt in dieſem Haus.
Wo in des Gartens tiefen Gründen
Den Lauf die Silberquelle lenkt,
Da wird er einen Fiſcher finden,
Der eitel ſtets den Angel ſenkt.

Anfortas iſt es, der vom Grale
Einſt König war; doch ſünd'ge Luſt
Bethörte ihn mit einem Male
Und warf den Brand in ſeine Bruſt.
Ein gift'ger Pfeil hat ihn verwundet,
Daß er nun nicht geneſen kann,
Bis einer kommt und ſich erkundet,
Der Kunde nie davon gewann.

Und König wird derſelbe werden:
O, Parcival, Dein Glück iſt nah;
Doch ſchnell entflieht es von der Erden! —
Der Alles ſtill verwundert ſah,
Er ſieht den Fiſcher ohne Fragen:
Sein Geiſt, allmächtig angefacht,
Kann noch zu reden ſich nicht wagen,
Bis er das Neue ſelbſt durchdacht.

Wie viele Wunder, die da ſchlafen,
Wie viele Fragen werden laut!
Wie lebt es in der Seele Tiefen!
Doch nur der erſte Morgen graut,
Noch iſt das Licht nicht aufgegangen,
Zu leuchten dieſer neuen Welt:
Wohl Freude iſt's, doch mehr ein Bangen,
Daß Zittern unſer Herz befällt.

Nicht in der Enge kann er bleiben,
Hier löſen ſich die Räthſel nicht;
Weit muß ihn noch die Weiſe treiben,
Nur aus dem Leben blüht das Licht.
Noch Vieles ſoll ſich ihm erklären,
Und der Gewißheit jagt er nach;
Fort will er: Niemand kann's ihm wehren,
Doch ſcheidend man die Worte ſprach:

„Du gehſt dahin, wie Du gekommen,
Doch offen ſtand des Ruhmes Bahn,
Die Krone hätteſt Du genommen,
Wenn Eine Frage Du gethan.“
Man ſpricht's; er ziehet ſtill von hinnen,
Und wägt das ſchwere Schickſalswort,
Wohl wird es licht, die Nebel rinnen,
Doch auch die Hoffnung ſchwindet fort.

Klar ſteht es nun vor ſeinen Blicken,
Das Höchſte, das er wollen kann;
Er möcht's an ſeinen Buſen drücken,
Vollendet ſein, ein Gottesmann.
Doch ach, dann muß er ſich's ja ſagen,
Daß er das Glück ſich ſelbſt verſcherzt!
Indeß der junge Muth kann wagen,
Und hat ein Unglück leicht verſchmerzt.

Sollt' ihm der blinde Zufall ſchenken,
Was höchſter Werth nur geben kann?
Und er erringt's! er muß ſich's denken.
Da führt ein Ungefähr ihn an
Die Grotte, wo in tiefem Harme
Sigune lebt, die ewig liebt,
Den theuern Leichnam noch im Arme,
Dem ach! kein Kuß das Leben giebt!

Von ihr muß Parcival erfahren,
Wie ſein Geſchlecht ſo weitbekannt,
Des heil'gen Grales Hüter waren
All' ſeine Ahnen; ſelbſt verwandt
War ihm Sigune; da Geſchwiſter
Die Mütter ſind. Die Nachricht ſtimmt
Den jungen Helden ſchwer und düſter,
Und ach! ſein volles Herz ergrimmt.

„Was hab' ich kindlich denn geglaubt,
Gehofft auf den allgüt'gen Gott!
Da er mein Recht mir alſo raubet,
Und mich dem Zufall macht zum Spott!
Von ihm kommt aller Gaben Fülle,
So dacht' ich in unſchuld'gem Sinn:
Nicht Er, es iſt der eigne Wille,
Ihm nur verdank' ich, was ich bin.

Du wähnſt von Uns Dich übertroffen,
Wenn Du dem Menſchen Alles giebſt!
Ich laſſe ab, auf Dich zu hoffen,
Der uns nicht, der Du Dich nur liebſt.
Nichts gönnſt Du uns; es will erzwungen,
Ertrotzt mit allen Kräften ſein:
Dann Jubel, wo uns Sieg gelungen!
Doch ſtarrer Muth trägt jede Pein!

Ja, feſt, feſt will ich an mich halten,
Hier lebt die Kraft, hier grünt der Sieg!
Magſt Du in Deiner Weiſe ſchalten,
Und zwiſchen uns iſt offner Krieg!
Sollt' ich mich nahn noch den Altären,
In Deinen Tempeln Lieder weihn?
Ich will kein Wahngebild mehr ehren,
Von allen Feſſeln mich befrein!

Und bin ich auch an Hoffnung ärmer,
So bin ich reicher doch an Muth;
Dünkt uns des Glaubens Hülle wärmer,
O in mir iſt des Wiſſens Gluth!
Klar ſah ich ringsum mich verlaſſen,
Und das ermannt das Herz in mir;
Nicht lieben kann ich mehr, doch haſſen,
Und was uns höhnt, verachten wir.“

So flieht er mit verſtörten Sinnen:
Der hohe Himmel ſtürzt herab!
Es tobt in ihm! Doch was beginnen?
Die Welt verzerrt ſich ihm zum Grab!
Ach, ſchlummern möcht' er, tiefen Schlummer!
Und wieder ſtürmt der Trotz ihn auf:
Ach, über ſtrömt ſein Herz von Kummer,
Er läßt den Worten freien Lauf.

Und Alles möcht' er zürnend höhnen,
Was doch ſein edler Sinn verſchmäht;
Das Recht, die Wahrheit will er krönen,
Ob Erd' und Himmel widerſteht.

In ſeinem Herzen blieb das Wahre,
Die Sehnſucht, ob ſie auch nichts frommt.
So irrt er Wochen, Monde, Jahre,
Bis er zu Artus Hofe kommt.

Gar höflich wird er hier empfangen,
Da ihn der wackre Kay begrüßt;
Was Zierliches man kann verlangen,
Im Seneſchall vereinigt iſt.
Wie leicht, wie hold iſt hier das Leben,
Die Schönheit iſt die Königinn,
Für ihre Gunſt glüht Aller Streben,
Und artig iſt der Ritter Sinn.

Die Laune will das Leben ſchmücken,
Und ihrem Dienſte weiht man ſich;
Man liebt Gefahren, die beglücken,
Ja, folgt dem Tod unweigerlich,
Wenn ſie gebeut, die Hochverehrte.
Und Bitten rufen nah und fern,
Der Ritter kommt mit ſeinem Schwerte,
Mit Drachen, Rieſen kämpft er gern.

Da kann man hohen Ruhm gewinnen,
Und Länder bieten ſich dem Muth;
Selbſt in der Bruſt der Königinnen
Entzünden Helden Liebesgluth.
Dem, der das Ungeheure wagte,
Wird ungemeſſ'nes Glück zu Theil; —
Doch Parcival, der Unverzagte,
Erſieht in alle Dem kein Heil.

Wohl iſt es groß, das Leben wagen
Um einer Stunde flüchtig Glück;
Doch Größres gibt es zu erjagen,
Als einen ſel'gen Augenblick.
Nur was vergänglich lockt und reizet,
Nicht was da ew'gen Werth behält,
Der Sinn nicht nach dem Edlen geizet,
Er fragt allein, was ihm gefällt.

Mag Gawein holde Frauen befreien,
Schäumt ihm der Becher ſüßer Luſt;
Indeß, verſenkt in Träumereien,
Iſt Parcival ſich Eins bewußt:
Es iſt des Mannes Werth auf Erden,
In Treu und Recht ein Held zu ſein.
Dein Ziel iſt, Herr im Gral zu werden,
Dein Wunſch, die Menſchheit zu befrein.

Der Tag erſchien, in Grau gehüllet,
Der den Erlöſer ſterben ſah;
Dein Herz iſt wunderbar erfüllet,
Wie es dir lange nicht geſchah,
Du denkſt, wie in den Kindertagen,
In jene Stunde dich zurück,
Wo er, der alles Leid getragen,
Zum Tode ſenkt den heil'gen Blick.

Du ſiehſt vertieft in ſeine Wunden,
Vertieft in eines Gottes Schmerz:
Gefühle, die du nie empfunden,
Ach Schmerz, ach Freude füllt dein Herz;
Bewundrung faßt dich, inn'ge Liebe,
Und mit dem Sohn kannſt du vertraun
Dem ew'gen Vater: durch die Trübe
Kannſt du's, wie Sonnenhelle, ſchaun.

O Er, dem Keiner könnte geben,
Der ſich an allen Schönen freut,
Der ausgießt Fülle, Kraft und Leben,
Der Vater Aller trüge Neid?
Nein, er hat Luſt an edlen Werken,
Du ſelber aber ſollſt ſie thun:
In Trägheit will dich Lug beſtricken,
Du aber, glaub' und ringe nun!

Und nicht mehr fühlt er ſich verlaſſen,
Nicht mehr vereinzelt ſeine Kraft:
Es will ihn heben, ihn umfaſſen,
O wie es ringsum wirkt und ſchafft!
Es ſtrömt zu ihm die ew'ge Quelle,
Er trinkt, und jauchzt dem Meere zu:
Umfangen rings, ich kleine Welle,
In deinem Schooße hab ich Ruh!

Er will ſich Gott zu Herzen drängen,
Will, wie des Thaues Tropfen, ruhn,
Die früh ſich an die Blumen hängen,
Durchglänzt vom Strahl des Himmels nun.
Der aller Selbſtſucht ſich begeben,
Will nur ein Hauch des Ew'gen ſein,
Von ihm nimmt er ſein neues Leben,
Und will's dem heil'gen Geber weihn.

Nicht ſelbſt will er ſein Schickſal wählen,
Es iſt nicht ihm, nur Gott bekannt;
Des rechten Weges würd' er fehlen,
Führt' ihn nicht ſeine Vaterhand. —
Von Artus Hof iſt er gezogen,
Doch hat ſein Roß die Wege frei,
Und manche Bahnen hat's durchflogen,
Und hält an einer Siedelei.

Hier lebt in Trauer und in Sorgen
Anfortas' Bruder, Trevrizent,
In tiefer Einſamkeit verborgen,
Der ſeinen Neffen bald erkennt;
Mit Freuden hat er es vernommen,
Wie Gott ihn ſelbſt hierher geführet,
Den Tag des Heiles ſieht er kommen,
Wo dieſer Held im Gral regiert.

Und alle Zweifel zu zerſtreuen,
Die wiegt der Jugend raſches Blut,
Muß er des Jünglings Blick befreien,
Daß er nicht mehr auf Bildern ruht,
Die nur des Herzens Wahn erſchaffen:
Was wirklich iſt, das ſoll er ſchaun,
Und dann zum Höchſten auf ſich raffen,
Die Welt zur Schönheit licht erbaun.

Enthüllt hat er der Gottheit Weſen;
Die hohe Kraft, den heil'gen Sinn
Lehrt er ihn in den Felſen leſen,
Und weiſ't ihn zu den Sternen hin.
Die Mutter darf er nicht verachten,
Die Erde, die uns alle trägt,
Muß ihre Lieb' und Treu betrachten,
Wie ſie ſich unaufhörlich regt.

Und was ſie bildet, ſie geſtaltet,
Die Kinder alle ſchaut er an,
Die Blume, die ſich zart entfaltet,
Und die den Himmel meſſen kann,
Die ſtolze Eiche; ſieht das Regen
In Luft, im Waſſer, auf dem Land';
Und endlich noch ihr ganz Vermögen
Hat ſie dem Menſchen zugewandt.

Und der ſo edel aufgerichtet,
Ein Stern, zu höhern Sternen ſchaut,
Ihm hat des Geiſtes Kraft gelichtet,
Und iſt der Gottheit ſelbſt vertraut.
O heil'ge Macht, die alle Sterne
Auf ihren Händen ſchwebend hält,
In deſſen Blick, nach jeder Ferne,
Vereinigt iſt die Geiſterwelt!

Dein Strahl, der gute, lichte, reine,
Durchzückt belebend jedes Herz,
Du biſt die Seele der Gemeine,
Dir flammt die Sehnſucht himmelwärts.
Und daß ſie freudig ſich ergießen,
Die Quellen an die Vaterbruſt!
Daß Dämme nicht den Strom verſchließen,
Zum Meer hinbrauſt der Woge Luſt!

Nicht ſei zu Seen eingefriedigt
Das Wellenſpiel, des Lebens Kraft;
Was ſich nicht regt, das wird erniedrigt,
Nur weiter kommt, wer rüſtig ſchafft!
Geſprengt, gebrochen hat die Dämme
Der Menſchheit Held auf Golgatha,
Daß nichts die freie Quelle hemme,
Und allen Herzen fließt ſie nah!

Das Opferblut, das er vergoſſen,
Es ſtrömt in unſern Adern fort;
Er hat der Menſchheit Bund geſchloſſen,
Ihm huld'gen wir mit That und Wort.

Wir kennen nur das höchſte Streben,
Daß Alle einig ſind in Gott.
Und Lieb' und Müh' iſt unſer Leben;
Doch keimt das Unrecht, reift der Tod.

Sein Schatten hat den Gral umſchleiert,
Sei du zum Retter ihm erwählt;
Der Bund der Treue wird erneuert,
Wenn reinſte Liebe dich beſeelt.
Wenn du den Bruder haſt gefunden,
Und brüderlich dein Herz ihm ſchlägt,
Dann wird der Gral aufs neu gefunden,
Der dir die Krone überträgt.

So ſpricht der Greis. Ein reiches Leben
Hat Einſamkeit ihm aufgeklärt!
Er kennt der Menſchen Thun und Streben,
Und kennt des Menſchen wahren Werth.
Der Jüngling horcht: die Worte rauſchen,
Wie Sturmes Wehen, ihm ans Herz;
Den Sieg in ſeinem Buſen tauſchen
Bald Freud' und Muth, bald Reu und Schmerz.

Zu welchem Ziel ward er erkoren,
Und ach! wie klein blieb ſeine That!
Jüngſt noch im Irren ganz verloren,
Betrat er kaum den rechten Pfad.
Wie muß er höhnen ſich und haſſen,
Da arm er, ſo ohnmächtig iſt,
Und auch in Liebe ſich umfaſſen,
Da Gott ſich in ſein Herz ergießt.

Er iſt der Thaten rechte Quelle,
Er wirk' in mir mit ſeinem Geiſt;
Nur der erringt ſich ſeine Stelle
Der durch Verdienſt ſich würdig weiſt.
Den heil'gen Willen zu vollziehen,
Der in dir lebt, ſei ſtets bereit;
Und trägſt du lang auch ſchwere Mühen,
Gedulde dich! es kommt die Zeit! —

Im Herzen nur ſein treues Hoffen,
Da jeden Dünkel er zerſtört,
Liegt wieder nun die Welt ihm offen,
Die er mit freiem Sinn durchfährt.
Wohl regt Erinn'rung ſüßes Sehnen,
Entſchwund'ne Liebe fühlt er nah,
Doch weiß er mildernd ſeine Thränen,
Daß Alles einſt zum Heil geſchah!

Er wird die Lieben wiederfinden,
Sein wird das allgemeine Glück;
O mögen ſchnell die Tage ſchwinden,
Bis daß gelöſt iſt das Geſchick!
— Und wo der Irrthum ihm begegnet,
Stürzt er ſich auf den grimmen Feind,
Und ſeine Waffen ſind geſegnet,
Da iſt der Sieg, wo er erſcheint:

Doch als er einſt auf einen Helden
An einer Quelle traf, und ſcharf
Die Schwerter blitzen, zu entſcheiden,
Wer von dem Waſſer trinken darf:
Will ſich der Sieg zu Keinem neigen,
Die Waffen ſinken müd' vom Streit;
Die Helden ſchaun ſich an und ſchweigen,
Und ſind von ihrem Muth erfreut.

Darauf beginnen ſie, zu fragen,
Wes Landes und wes Stamms ſie ſind,
Und wie ſie alles ehrlich ſagen,
O welch ein Wunder da beginnt!
Die ſich mit Eiſen nicht bezwungen,
Sie ringen nun mit Liebesmacht,
Umarmt, umhalſet, feſt verſchlungen:
Und Engel gaben lauſchend Acht.

Ein Vater war es, der ſie zeugte,
Wenn zweier Mütter Leib ſie trug:
Wie ſich der Geiſt zum Geiſte neigte,
Und wie das Herz zum Herzen ſchlug!
Nicht kann der mächt'ge Glaube trennen,
Was mächt'ger die Natur verband:
Nun kann ſich erſt der Menſch erkennen,
Da er im Bruder ſich empfand!

Er ſiegt mit ihm zur Tafelrunde:
O ſeine Freude werde laut!
Da kommt vom heiligen Gral die Kunde,
Der ſeine Krone ihm vertraut.
So iſt das ernſte Ziel gewonnen!
Demüthig nimmt er nun den Preis,
Und iſt im Glück erſt ganz beſonnen
Das er, geprüft, zu ſchätzen weiß.

Als er zum heil'gen Berg gezogen,
Wie war der Gral ſo froh erhellt,
Der Sonne gleich am Himmelsbogen,
Wenn lächelnd liegt die junge Welt,
Sie freut ſich der allmächt'gen Liebe,
Trinkt ihren Strahl nie lang genung:
Verloren war die dumpfe Trübe,
Und auch Anfortas wieder jung.

Und krönt der Himmel uns mit Ehren,
Gönnt er uns auch das reinſte Glück;
Selbſt ſoll er ſeine Knaben lehren,
Empfängt die Gattin froh zurück.
Wie ſollt' er ſie nicht gleich erkennen,
Verräth ſie ihr Entzücken doch;
Die Knaben auch, wie ſoll er's nennen?
Daß ſein ſie ſind, er fühlt es noch!

Der Bruder hat die Tauf' empfangen.
Und nun erzählt die Sage mehr,
Nach Indien ſei der Gral gegangen;
Doch denk' ich, er kam wieder her.
Ich ſah ihn über Deutſchland ſchweben,
Und las die Inſchrift: Frei der Geiſt!
Er weilt, wo jung und friſch das Leben,
Nicht wo es müd' iſt und ergreiſ't.

Christian Hofmann von Hofmannswaldau,

ein Schüler Opitzens und Sohn des kaiſerlichen Kammerraths, Hans H. v. H., wurde am 25. December 1618 zu Breslau geboren und verrieth ſchon auf dem Gymnaſium zu Danzig Anlage zur Dichtkunſt. Hier wurde er auch von Opitz bemerkt. Er ſtudirte dann zu Leyden unter Salmaſius, Voſſius, Borhorn und Barläus ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und Staatskunde und machte mit dem Fürſten von Jermonville gelehrte Reiſen durch die Niederlande England, Frankreich, Italien und Deutſchland. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr verheirathete ihn ſein Vater mit Maria Weberskyn und wirkte ihm, obwohl er das geſetzliche Alter noch nicht erreicht hatte, eine Rathsherrnſtelle in Breslau aus, um ihn von einer beabſichtigten Reiſe nach Konſtantinopel zurückzuhalten. Seine Herablaſſung, Gefälligkeit, Aufrichtigkeit und ſein uneigennütziger Dienſteifer und einige wohldurchgeführte ſtädtiſche Angelegenheiten am kaiſerlichen Hofe erwarben ihm die Zuneigung ſeiner Mitbürger, wie des Hofes in gleich hohem Grade, in Folge deren er ſpäter kaiſerlicher Rath, Präſident des Collegiums zu Breslau und Director des Burglehns Namslau wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt mit dem Rufe eines geiſtreichen, wohlwollenden, treuen und rechtſchaffenen Mannes am 16. April 1679.

Sein literariſcher Nachlaß beſteht in folgenden Schriften:

Deutſche Ueberſetzungen und Gedichte. Breslau. 1673 in 8. Ebendaſelbſt wieder aufgelegt: 1680. 1689. 1704. 1717. 1730. Führen zuweilen auch den Titel: Sinnreiche Heldenbriefe und andere herrliche Gedichte.

Auserleſene und bisher ungedruckte Gedichte, nebſt einer Vorrede von der deutſchen Poeſie. Leipzig, 1695—1727, 7 Bde. in 8. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1734 in 8. Enthält auch Gedichte von Lohenſtein, Beſſer, dem Herausgeber der 2. Ausg., Neukirch, u. A. hin und wieder verändert.

Das treffendſte Urtheil über Hofmannswaldau fällt unbedingt Bouterweck in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Th. X. S. 288—298. Wir ſtellen es hier in ſeinen Hauptzügen zuſammen. — Aus Hofmannswaldau's poetiſchen Werken kann man lernen, welchen Einfluß der Begriff, den ein Dichter ſich von ſeiner Kunſt macht, auf ſeine Art zu dichten hat. Theoretiſch hat ſich Hofmannswaldau nicht über das Weſen und die Beſtimmung der Poeſie vernehmen laſſen, aber ſeine Gedichte ſelbſt laſſen nicht bezweifeln, daß in den Augen dieſes talentvollen Mannes, die ſchönſte der Muſenkünſte nichts weiter war, als ein erheiterndes Spiel der Phantaſie und des Witzes. Mit einem bloßen Spiele nimmt es, wer kein Pedant iſt, nicht ſo genau, wie mit einer ernſten Beſchäftigung. Hofmannswaldau von allem Pedantismus ſeiner Zeit frei, machte ſich alſo auch mit der Kritik nicht viel zu ſchaffen. Er ehrte Opitz und nahm Vieles von ihm an, was zum Mechanismus der Poeſie gehört; aber ernſte Prüfung des Edeln und Unedeln, des Schicklichen und Unſchicklichen in Gedanken, Ausdruck und Styl, durfte ihn in ſeiner leichten Art, ſich ſelbſt Genüge zu thun, nicht ſtören. Der Weltmann im Geſchmacke der Zeit war in der Perſon Hofmannswaldau's einerlei mit dem Dichter. In ſeinen bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen von unbeſcholtenen Sitten, ſetzte er ſich, wo es ihm nur um poetiſche Ergötzung zu thun war, deſto keker hinweg über die alte Ehrbarkeit, die zum deutſchen Nationalcharakter gehörte. Wenn die Deutſchen nach der alten burlesken Weiſe ſcherzten, hatten ſie ſich immer derbe Freiheiten auf Koſten der Anſtändigkeit erlaubt; aber in galanten, den Ton der großen Welt nachahmenden Gedichten ohne Scham und Zucht mahlend und witzelnd zur Schau auszuſtellen, was eine gebildetere Phantaſie ſchon um des guten Geſchmacks willen umſchleiert, erlaubte ſich Hofmannswaldau unter den deutſchen Dichtern zuerſt. Seine Bewunderer nannten ihn dafür den deutſchen Ovid. Sie bedachten nicht, daß ſelbſt die ſchlüpfrigſten Stellen in Ovid's Gedichten durch Grazie einigermaßen vergüten, was die Moral an ihnen verdammen muß. Hofmannswaldau's erotiſche Spiele der Phantaſie ſind frech. Auch das Feigenblatt, die letzte Schranke der ausſchweifenden Ueppigkeit, iſt aus ihnen verſchwunden. — —

Nicht alle Gedichte H's ſind indeſſen frivol. Auch wahre Zärtlichkeit hat er auf das Mannigfaltigſte malen wollen. Ueberhaupt ſcheint er ſich ſelbſt für den rechten Dichter des Gefühls gehalten zu haben. Aber faſt Alles, was er Gefühl nennt, iſt entweder ſinnlicher Kitzel oder oberflächliche Rührung, die ſich nur in unaufhörlich witzelnden Phraſen unerſchöpflich zeigt. Der Stoff ſeiner Gedichte iſt faſt durchgängig, wo er nicht den Sinnen ſchmeichelt, ohne inneres Intereſſe. Neue Gedanken, die an ſich etwas bedeuten, waren ihm eben ſo ſehr Nebenſache, wie die edleren Gefühle. Dafür aber ließ er zügellos ſeinen Witz und ſeine Phantaſie ausſchweifen in raffinirten, keken, nicht ſelten unnatürlichen und zuweilen faſt aberwitzigen Einfällen, Vergleichungen und Bildern; denn dieſe ſchienen ihm, wie den Italienern ſeiner Zeit die Concetti im Geſchmacke Marino's und Achillini's, die eigentlichen Gedanken der Poeſie. — —

Uebrigens zeichnet ſich der Styl bei H. vortheilhaft aus durch grammatiſche Reinheit, einige Provinzialformen abgerechnet, und durch eine ungezwungene und ziemlich harmoniſche Verſification. Von dieſer Seite zeigt er ſich als einen nicht unwürdigen Schüler Opitzens. Aber weit mehr Antheil an ſeiner Art zu dichten haben die Franzoſen, deren Ueppigkeit, und die Italiener jener Zeit, deren ausſchweifenden Styl er nachahmte.

Das menſchliche Leben *).

Wie dürfftig ſcheint dem Menſchen das Gelücke?
Die Dornen pflaſtern ſeine Bahn;
Er ſpühret mehr Blitz als Sonnen-Blicke,
Und rühret gar ſelten Roſen an.
Die Wiege blüht nicht ohne heiſſe Thränen,
Die Jugend lernt mit Fallen gehn,
Sie muß ſich bald verbrennen, bald verſehnen,
Und zwiſchen Sturm und wilden Klippen ſtehn.

Man ſuchet offt in leichten Hoffnungs-Winden,
Und in den Keſſeln ſeine Luſt.
Man reiſt durch Diſteln zu den Sünden,
Und ſpeiſet ſich mit fauler Koſt.
Man ſcherzt beherzt auf jäher Berge Spitzen,
Und die Gefahr heiſt Zeitvertreib,
Man lehnet ſich auf halb verfaulte Stützen,
Die fähig ſind, zu ſtürzen Seel und Leib.

Die Wolluſt ſelbſt verweiſt uns zu den Schmertzen,
Wir ſchauen ſelten Freuden-Thal,
Offt leuchten uns die Hochzeit-Kertzen,
Zu Klagenfurt im Trauer-Saal.
Der Kummer-Koch verſalzt uns alle Speiſen,
Und ſtreut vor Zucker Wermuth ein,
Die Lippe lacht, der Mund ſingt Freuden-Weiſen,
Wenn unſer Hertz in Weh gehüllt wird ſeyn.

Wir betten uns auf Dornen und auf Spitzen,
Und ſtöhren unſer Ruh und Luſt,
Läßt uns der Feind gleich ſicher ſitzen,
So tobt der Freund in unſer Bruſt.
Die gröſte Noth wächſt uns aus eignen Händen,
Wir ſtürmen unſer Hertz und Haus,
Und will uns gleich ein fremder nicht verblenden,
So ſtechen wir uns ſelbſt die Augen aus.

So taumeln wir als trunken aus dem Leben,
Gar reich an Wolluſt, arm an Gut,
Biß wir den Zoll dem Tode geben,
Der uns erſchüttert Fleiſch und Blut.
Dann ſchauet man der Menſchen Pracht verſchwinden,
Der Firnüß fällt, ſein Grund entweicht,
Auch unſer Grab iſt endlich nicht zu finden,
Wenn Heucheley nicht deſſen Stein beſtreicht.

Unbeſtand des menſchlichen Lebens.

Was trotzt der Menſch auf Kräfften und Gelücke,
Diß alles iſt der Morgenröthe gleich,
Dem Glücke folgt der Fall, den Kräfften folgt die Krücke,
Was früh dem Purpur gleicht, das macht der Abend bleich;
Ein Augenblick zureiſt die Freuden-Seiten,
Und vor das Luſthaus muß man uns den Sarg bereiten.

Es iſt ein ſchlüpffrig Eiß, darauf wir ſchreiten müſſen,
Doch heiſt der Menſch es eine Roſen-Bahn,
Den Coloquintenſafft kan offt der Wahn verſüſſen;
Man ſchaut den Neſſelſtrauch vor weiſſe Lilien an;
Wir ſpielen offt mit Feſſeln unſerer Knochen,
Und müſſen in Verdruß vermeinte Perlen ſuchen.

Wir dencken offtermals, der Ancker von Verſtande
Der leg' in Grund von Eiſen eingeſenckt,
So ſchwebt er mehr als offt auf einem leichten Sande,
Da ihn der ſchlechtſte Stoß aus ſeinem Lager lenckt;
Vergröſſrungs-Glas iſt faſt an allen Enden,
Die ſchönſten Augen will der Selbſtbetrug verblenden.

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*) Aus H's deutſchen Ueberſetzungen und Gedichten; ebenſo die folgenden Gedichte.

Wir reden insgemein von nichts als Amberkuchen,
Wie der Jeſmin ſich uns zum Lager macht,
Wie ſelbſt die höchſte Luſt bey uns ſucht Luſt zu ſuchen,
Und ſtete Sicherheit vor unſern Zimmer wacht,
Weil Angſt und Noth auf uns zu Felde ziehen,
Und unſer feſtes Haus zu ſtürmen ſich bemühen.

Die Röthe, ſo uns offt auf Wang und Lippen ſchweben,
Und man ein Pfand der guten Kräfften nennt,
Kan niemals Bürge ſeyn vor einem langen Leben:
Wohl dem, der ſeinen Stand und deſſen Schwachheit kennt,
Geſchick und Krafft wirfft leicht ein Wind darnieder,
Das Halleluja ſelbſt begleiten Sterbe-Lieder.

Lob der Vergnügung.

Wohl dem, der ſich vergnüget,
Und Freudigkeit ſtets ſeine Freundin nennt,
Der an Begierd und Geitz nicht als an Ketten lieget,
Den fremde Wohlfarth nicht wie eine Neſſel brennt;
Freud und Vergnügung kan den Wermuthſafft verſüſſen,
Und Traurigkeit verbleicht des Teuffels Schulterküſſen.

Nichts kan hier ewig währen,
Sturm und Orkan muß endlich doch vergehn,
Des Unfalls Feſſel will der Zeiten Roſt verzehren;
Die Morgenröthe ſelbſt muß aus der Nacht entſtehn;
Den Strauch, darauf man itzt nur Dornen kan verſpühren,
Wird bald ein Roſenknopf von hundert Blättern zieren.

Ein auffgeweckt Gemüthe
Verzagt nicht, wenn ſchärffſter Donner kracht,
Es ankert ſtets getroſt auf ſeines Schöpffers Güte,
Der mehrmal Laſt zur Luſt, und Gifft zur Labſal macht,
Ein Centner Ungedult iſt kein ſo kräfftig Stücke,
Daß er vertilgen thät ein Quintlein Ungelücke.

Sein eigen Hertze freſſen
Iſt eine Koſt, die Fleiſch und Witz verzehrt,
Der hat ganz GOttes Macht und Menſchen-Pflicht vergeſſen,
So ſich durch Kummerbrod und Thränenwaſſer nehrt,
Ein leichter Fliegenfuß kan Narren traurig machen,
Und ein geſetzter Geiſt wird auf den Dornen lachen.

Der Schönheit edles Prangen
Schaut Eiferſucht wie Schierlings-Blumen an,
Die ungezähmte Luſt, was neues zu erlangen,
Macht, daß das alte man nicht recht genieſſen kan;
Wer ihm Begierd und Geitz läſt Hertz und Sinnen binden,
Der wird Gebrauch und Angſt in Luſt und Reichthum finden.

Ein Hertze voller Freude
Heiſt ſchärffſtes Saltz Canarizucker ſeyn,
Sein Waſſer wird zu Wein, ſein Garn zu weiſſer Seide:
Ein bleicher Mondenblick wird ihm zu Sonnenſchein:
Wer ſich vergnügen kan, ſchmeckt nichts als Amberkuchen,
Und Unvergnügligkeit macht lauter Marterwochen.

Was nutzen Schätz und Güter?
Was hilfft uns doch viel Schönheit, Ehr und Pracht?
Vergnügung iſt allein das Reichthum der Gemüther;
Der bleibet ewig arm, der ſtets nach mehrern tracht;
Wem nicht durch Unluſt-Gifft des Geiſtes Kräffte ſchwinden,
Der wird ſein Paradies auch in der Wüſten finden.

Ermahnung zur Vergnügung.

Ach was wolt ihr trüben Sinnen
Doch beginnen!
Traurig ſeyn hebt keine Noth,
Es verzehret nur die Hertzen,
Nicht die Schmertzen,
Und iſt ärger als der Tod.

Donnerreiches Ungelücke,
Donner-Blicke,
Und des Himmels Härtigkeit
Wird kein Kummer linder machen;
Alle Sachen
Werden anders mit der Zeit.

Sich in tauſend Thränen baden
Bringt nur Schaden,
Und verlöſcht der Jugend Licht;
Unſer Seufftzen wird zum Winde;
Wie geſchwinde
Aendert ſich der Himmel nicht!

Heute will er Hagel ſtreuen,
Feuer dräuen,
Bald gewehrt er Sonnenſchein;
Manches Irrlicht voller Sorgen
Wird uns Morgen
Ein bequemer Leitſtern ſeyn.

Bey verkehrten Spiele ſingen,
Sich bezwingen,
Lieben, was uns nicht gefällt,
Und den trüben Geiſt und Sinnen
Schertzen können,
Iſt ein Schatz der klugen Welt.

Ueber das Verhängnüß klagen,
Mehrt die Plagen,
Und verräth die Ungedult;
Dieſem, der mit gleichem Hertzen
Trägt die Schmertzen,
Wird der Himmel endlich hold.

Auf O Seele! du muſt lernen
Ohne Sternen,
Wenn das Wetter tobt und bricht,
Wenn der Nächte ſchwartze Decken
Uns erſchrecken,
Dir zu ſeyn dein eigen Licht.

Du muſt dich in dir ergetzen
Mit den Schätzen,
Die kein Feind zunichte macht;
Und kein falſcher Freund kan kräncken
Mit den Räncken,
Die ſein leichter Sinn erdacht.

Von der ſüſſen Koſt zu ſcheiden,
Und zu meiden,
Was des Geiſtes Feind begehrt.
Sich in ſich ſtets zu bekriegen,
Und zu ſiegen,
Iſt der beſten Crone werth.

An einen Unvergnügten.

Ach was benebelt doch die Kräfften deiner Sinnen?
Wirſt du den Sonnenſchein nichts mehr erkieſen können?
Kennſt du dich ſelber nicht?
Dich hungert bey der Koſt, dich dürſtet bey den Flüſſen,
Du klagſt bey Ueberfluß, daß alles dir gebricht,
Und wirſt zu Eiß und Schnee beim Feuer werden müſſen.
Was marterſt du dich ſelbſt mit dürfftigen Gedanken?
Dringſt bey geſunder Haut dich in die Reyh der Krancken,
Und ſeuffzeſt bey der Luſt.
Wer ihm das Hertze friſt, der ſpeiſet allzutheuer;
Ach mache dich nicht ſelbſt zu einem Ungeheuer,
Das ihm die Nägel ſchärfft zu ſchaden ſeiner Bruſt.
Will denn der Liebes-Baum ſtets Argwohns-Früchte tragen?
Soll denn ſein Schatten uns die beſte Luſt verjagen,
Und bringen Ach und Weh?
Man weint offt ohne Noth, und zweiffelt ohne Gründe,
Plagt ſeiner Sinnen Schiff mit ungeſtümmen Winde,
Und ſtürtzt ſich ohne Sturm tieff in die Trauerſee.
Die Roſen blühen dir, was wilſt du Neſſeln hegen,
Und Diſteln, reich an Angſt, zu Luſt-Narciſſen legen?
Was übel ſtöſt dich an?
Bemüh dich, deinen Geiſt in ſüſſe Ruh zu ſetzen,
Und reiß dich mit Gewalt aus Schmertz und Trauer-Netzen.
Dem ſchadet nicht Verzug, wer Zeit erwarten kan.
Wen blinder Eyfer wiegt, dem träumt von Unglücke,
Rufft fern und ungelähmt auf Rettung und auf Krücke,
Meint ſtets auf Eiß zu ſtehn.
Erwach und ſtreich dir doch die Schuppen vom Geſichte,
Kein Kluger macht ſich ſelbſt durch Wahn und Dunſt zunichte.
Was ſäumeſt du dich ſelbſt ins Paradies zu gehn?

Klagelied über das unbeſtändige Glück.

Worzu hat mich der Himmel doch erkohren?
Bin ich der Sternen Gauckelſpiel?
Hab ich denn nun Verſtand und Witz verlohren?
Ich weiß nicht, was ich ſagen wil;
Doch mein' Ungedult die ſpricht:
Der iſt nicht klug, dem iſt und Witz gebricht.

Ich bin ein Ball, den das Verhängnüß ſchläget,
Des Zufalls Spiel; ein Schertz der Zeit;
Des Kummers Zweck; ein Rohr durch Angſt bewegt;
Ein Zeughaus voller Angſt und Leid.
Meine Seele lieget kranck;
Mein Hencker lacht; die Lieb iſt Folterbanck.

Das Unglücks-Garn wil mich nun gantz umſchlieſſen,
Mein Leben iſt ein langer Tod,
Ich bin ein Brunn, aus welchem Thränen flieſſen,
Als naſſe Zeugen meiner Noth;
Weil der Jammer dieſer Welt
Den Sammelplatz in meinem Hertzen hält.

Der Pfeil, damit Cupido mich getroffen,
Der iſt mit Wermuth angeſteckt,
Die Venus ſelbſten heiſt mich wenig hoffen,
Was nicht nach Gall und Eßig ſchmeckt.
Ja der klare Sonnenſchein
Bemühet ſich mir itzt ein Blitz zu ſeyn.

Das falſche Glück, Beſtändigkeit genennet,
Darauf ich manchen Schluß gebaut,
Das hab ich allzulangſam recht erkennet,
Und allzuſicher angeſchaut.
Hätt' ich doch zuvor bedacht:
Daß Irrthum klug, doch nicht glückſelig macht.

Wer aber kan den Schluß des Himmels ſtöhren?
Wer hebt ſein ſtrenges Urtheil auf?
Man muß es nur mit gleichen Ohren hören,
Und ihm vergönnen ſeinen Lauff;
Die Gedult muß hier allein,
Der Sinnen Troſt, der Wunden Pflaſter ſeyn.

Doch wil ich nicht mein Unglück ſelbſt beſingen;
Wohl dem, der ſtille leiden kan.
Ein Sclav' erſchrickt, wenn ſeine Feſſel klingen,
Er rühret ſie nicht mit Willen an.
Wer ſein Unglück recht bedeckt,
Hat öfftermals des Kummers Krafft erſteckt.

Mein Weinen ſehnt ſich nicht nach Weiberzähren;
Denn ſie vertrocknen allzubald.
Mein Sinn iſt nicht viel Wehmuth zu begehren;
Denn Wehmuth wird zu leichtlich kalt.
Hat mir einer wohl gewolt,
Der ſage nur: Er leidet ohne Schuld.

Schertz-Gedancken.

Was wilſt du dich im Leben ſelbſt begraben,
Kein ſterblich Menſch entlaufft ihm warlich nicht,
Wer der Natur zuwider thut und ſpricht,
Wird vor die Müh gar ſchlechten Lobſpruch haben;
GOtt ſchuff uns Fleiſch und Blut, darein der Geiſt ſich regt,
Und hat nicht kaltes Eiß in unſre Bruſt gelegt.

Es wird kein Menſch ſich recht entmenſchen können,
Menſch muß nur Menſch, und Engel Engel ſeyn,
Der Kieſel wird ja niemals Marmelſtein;
Der Tugend-Fluß muß zwiſchen Dämmen rinnen.
Wer ſich der Erd entbricht, und zu den Sternen wil,
Lernt, warum Icarus verbrennt ins Waſſer fiel.

Sich in ein Buch, das tod iſt, zu verlieben,
Und nach der Schnur der Worte ſtets zu gehn,
Heiſt der Vernunfft nicht deutlich zu verſtehn,
Was uns das Rom und Griechenland geſchrieben:
Der Keuſchheit reine Schein quall ihm aus geiler Hand,
Ihr Wort war voller Schnee, ihr Hertze voller Brand.

Viel ſchreiben gut, und wiſſen nicht zu leben,
Ein Artzt verſchreibt, und braucht doch ſelber nicht,
Was Seneca und Arianus ſpricht,
Hat uns vielleicht ihr Hochmuth übergeben,
Ihr Gold-geſtücktes Hertz umarmte Meſalin,
Und ſchauten übers Buch die ſchönſten Weiber an.

Die Luſt, als Luſt, wird niemals Sünde heiſſen,
Der Apfel wächſt, daß ich ihn eſſen mag,
Die Roſe kommt zum riechen an den Tag.
Wer wil ſich ſelbſt zu martern ſich befleiſſen;
Freud und auch Heiligkeit die können Schweſtern ſeyn,
Und Traurſucht bleibt ſtets verwand der Höllenpein.

Die Wolluſt.

Die Wolluſt bleibet doch der Zucker dieſer Zeit,
Was kan uns mehr, denn ſie, den Lebenslauff verſüſſen?
Sie läſſet trefflich Heil in unſre Kehle flieſſen,
Und öffnet uns den Schatz beperlter Lieblichkeit;
In Zuckerroſen kan ſie Schnee und Eiß verkehren,
Und durch das gantze Jahr die Frühlingszeit gewehren.

Es ſchaut uns die Natur als rechte Kinder an,
Sie ſchenckt uns ungeſpart den Reichthum ihrer Brüſte,
Sie öffnet einen Saal voll Zimmetreicher Lüſte,
Wo aus des Menſchen Wunſch Erfüllung quellen kan.
Sie legt, als Mutter, uns die Wolluſt in die Armen,
Und läſt durch Lieb und Wein den kalten Geiſt erwarmen.

Nur das Geſetze wil allzu tyranniſch ſeyn.
Es zeiget jederzeit ein widriges Geſichte,
Es macht des Menſchen Luſt und Freyheit gantz zunichte,
Und flöſt vor ſüſſen Moſt uns Wermuthstropffen ein;
Es unterſteht ſich uns die Augen zu verbinden,
Und alle Lieblichkeit aus unſer Hand zu winden.

Die Roſ entblöſſet nicht vergebens ihre Pracht,
Jeſmin wil nicht umſonſt uns in die Augen lachen,
Sie wollen unſre Luſt ſich dienſt- und zinsbar machen,
Der iſt ſein eigen Feind, der ſich zu plagen tracht,
Wer vor die Schwanenbruſt ihm Dornen wil erwehlen,
Dem muß es an Verſtand und reinen Sinnen fehlen.

Was nutzet endlich uns doch Jugend, Krafft und Muth,
Wenn man den Kern der Welt nicht reichlich wil genieſſen,
Und deſſen Zuckerſtrom läſt unbeſchifft verſchlieſſen.
Die Wolluſt bleibet doch der Menſchen höchſtes Gut,
Wer hier zu Segel geht, dem wehet das Gelücke,
Und iſt verſchwenderiſch mit ſeinem Liebesblicke.

Wer Epicuren nicht vor ſeinen Lehrer hält,
Der hat den Weltgeſchmack und allen Witz verlohren,
Es hat ihr die Natur als Stiefſohn ihn erkohren,
Er muß ein Unmenſch ſeyn und Schauſaal dieſer Welt;
Der meiſten Lehrer Wahn erreget Zwang und Schmertzen,
Was Epicur gelehrt, das kützelt noch die Hertzen.

Die Tugend.

Die Tugend pflaſtert uns die rechte Freuden-Bahn,
Sie kan den Neſſelſtrauch zu Lilien-Blättern machen,
Sie lehret uns auf dem Eiß und in dem Feuer lachen,
Sie zeiget, wie man auch in Banden herrſchen kan,
Sie heiſſet unſern Geiſt im Sturme ruhig ſtehen,
Und wenn die Erde weicht, uns im Gewichte gehen.

Es giebt uns die Natur Geſundheit, Krafft und Muth,
Doch wo die Tugend nicht wil unſer Ruder führen,
Da wird man Klippen, Sand und endlich Schiffbruch ſpühren,
Die Tugend bleibet doch der Menſchen höchſtes Gut,
Wer ohne Tugend ſich zu leben hat vermeſſen,
Iſt einem Schiffer gleich, ſo den Compaß vergeſſen.

Geſetze müſſen ja der Menſchen Richtſchnur ſeyn,
Wer dieſen Pharus ihm nicht zeitlich wil erwehlen,
Der wird, wie klug er iſt, des Hafens leicht verfehlen;
Und läuffet in den Schlund von vielen Jammer ein,
Wem Luſt und Ueppigkeit iſt Führerin geweſen,
Der hat vor Leitſtern ihm ein Irrlicht auserleſen.

Diß, was man Wolluſt heiſt, verführt und liebt uns nicht,
Die Küſſe, ſo ſie giebt, die triefſen von Verderben,

Sie läßt uns durch den Strang der güldnen Seide ſterben,
Man fühlet, wie zuletzt das matte Hertze bricht,
Vergiffter Honigſeim will uns die Lippen rühren,
Und ein vermeinte Luſt zu Schimpf und Grabe führen.

Die Tugend drückt uns doch als Mutter an die Bruſt,
Ihr Gold und edler Schmuck hält Farb und auch Gewichte,
Sie leitet uns zur Hand und zu dem groſſen Lichte;
Wo ſich die Ewigkeit vermählet mit der Luſt.
Sie reicht uns eine Koſt, ſo nach dem Himmel ſchmecket,
Und giebt uns einen Rock, den nicht die Welt beflecket.

Die Wolluſt aber iſt, als wie ein Irrwiſchlichte,
So helle Flammen giebt, doch mit Geſtanck vergehet,
Oder bei dem Grabe und ſeinem Hauffen ſtehet,
Der lernt, wie dieſe Waar als dünnes Glas zerbricht;
So kan die Drachenmilch uns nicht Artzney gewähren,
Noch gelbes Schlangengifft in Labſal ſich verkehren.

Die Welt.

Was iſt die Welt und ihr berühmtes Gläntzen?
Was iſt die Welt und ihre gantze Pracht?
Ein ſchnöder Schein in kurtzgefaſten Gräntzen,
Ein ſchneller Blitz bey ſchwartzgewölckter Nacht.
Ein buntes Feld, da Kummerdiſteln grünen;
Ein ſchön Spital, ſo voller Kranckheit ſteckt.
Ein Sclavenhaus, da alle Menſchen dienen,
Ein faules Grab, ſo Alabaſter deckt.
Das iſt der Grund, darauf wir Menſchen bauen,
Und was das Fleiſch für einen Abgott hält.
Komm, Seele, komm, und lerne weiter ſchauen,
Als ſich erſtreckt der Zirckel dieſer Welt.
Streich ab von dir derſelben kurtzes Prangen,
Halt ihre Luſt vor eine ſchwere Laſt;
So wirſt du leicht in dieſen Port gelangen,
Da Ewigkeit und Schönheit ſich umfaßt.

Luſt der Welt.

Was iſt die Luſt der Welt? nichts als ein Faßnachts-Spiel,
So lange Zeit gehofft, in kurtzer Zeit verſchwindet,
Da unſer Masquen uns nicht helffen, wie man will,
Und da der Anſchlag nicht den Ausſchlag recht empfindet.
Es gehet uns wie dem, der Feuerwercke macht,
Ein Augenblick verzehrt offt eines Jahres Sorgen;
Man ſchaut, wie unſer Fleiß von Kindern wird verlacht,
Der Abend tadelt offt den Mittag und den Morgen.
Wir fluchen offt auf diß, was geſtern war gethan,
Und was man heute läßt, muß morgen Eckel heiſſen,
Die Reimen, die ich itzt gedultig leſen kan,
Die werd ich wohl vielleicht zur Morgenzeit zerreiſſen.
Wir kennen uns, und diß, was unſer iſt, offt nicht,
Wir treten unſern Nutz offt ſelbſt mit ſteiffen Füſſen,
Man merckt, wie unſer Wunſch ihm ſelber widerſpricht,
Und wie wir Luſt und Zeit als Sclaven dienen müſſen.
Was iſt denn dieſe Luſt und ihre Macht und Pracht?
Ein groſſer Wunderball, mit leichtem Wind erfüllet.
Wohl dieſem, der ſich nur dem Himmel dienſtbar macht,
Weil aus dem Erdenkloß nichts als Verwirrung quillet.

Gebrauch der Welt.

Was iſt die Welt? ein Ball voll Unbeſtand,
Da ſich verknüpfft Tod, Leben, Bau und Brand,
Da Freud und Leid faſt ſtets beyſammen liegen,
Und Ja und Nein einander recht bekriegen.
Hier wird der Thron offt in den Sarg verkehret,
Der Purpur-Glantz wie leichter Schnee verzehret.
Und dieſes, was viel Tauſend bauen müſſen,
Hat manchesmahl ein Augenblick zerſchmiſſen.
Hier ſchauet man, wie vieler Jahre Schluß
In einem Nu verkehret Krafft und Fluß.
Und manches Gut, gewurtzelt durch die Zeiten,
In frembdes Haus und Kiſte denckt zu ſchreiten.
Ein Schiff mit Macht und Flügeln ausgeziert,
So Bantams Schatz und vieler Hoffnung führet,
So heute trotzt Wind, Klippen, Blitz und Wellen,
Das ſincket wohl noch heute zu der Höllen.
Deß Jungen Theil, das Braut und Bräutgam trägt,
Wird wohl verkehrt itzt in den Sarg gelegt.
So iſt der Schertz bey Seuffzern angemeſſen,
Und Roſen ſtehn nicht ſelten bey Cypreſſen.
Wer nun allhier gantz ſicher gehen will
Den runden Ball, das ungewiſſe Spiel,
Der ſey vorhin bemühet und befliſſen,
Sich in den Geiſt vernünfftig einzuſchlieſſen.
Er muß ein Herr der leichten Sinnen ſeyn,
Das Weſen nicht vermiſchen durch den Schein,
Und alles diß mit kalten Händen fühlen,
Was uns der Witz will aus der Ferne ſpielen.
Das Auge muß hier mäßig offen ſtehn,
Und ohne Raub durch die Blumen gehn,
Das Ohre muß die Laden wohl verſtopfen,
Was uns die Welt will in das Hertze pfropfen.
Er ſoll ſich nicht vergaffen in der Pracht,
Die ohne Grund den Firniß ſcheinbar macht,
Soll Ehre, Gut und Schönheit ſo genieſſen,
Als einen Strom, der leichtlich kan verflieſſen.
Er dencke nur, daß Armuth, Creutz und Leid,
Gleich wie es kommt, auch ſchwindet mit der Zeit,
Und daß ein Geiſt, der Tugend in ſich heget,
Nicht durch den Riß der Zeiten wird bewegt.
Wer weißlich ſich in dieſen Schrancken übt,
Den leichten Sinn der Zucht zum Schüler gibt,
Der Ungedult nicht läßt zum Hertzen treiben,
Der kan bei Lentz und Winter grüne bleiben.
Der iſt allein ein König dieſer Welt,
Den keine Brunſt an ihren Feſſeln hält,
Und dieſes ſind die rechten frommen Sinnen,
Die ſich durch ſich vernünfftig zwingen können.
Wer ſo die Luſt und ſeinen Willen bindt,
Und dieſen Feind, ſich ſelber überwindt,
Auf deſſen Haupt wird eine Crone ſchweben,
So noch kein Rom den Helden hat gegeben.

Entwurf der Eitelkeit.

Was iſt dieſer Prunk der Erden,
Als ein Spielplatz voller Schein,
Da wir heute Helden werden,
Morgen kaum ein Schatten ſeyn.
Da bey Cronen, Thron und Siegen
Feſſel, Band und Ketten liegen.

Hier will Lachen, Luſt und Schertzen
Bey den heiſſen Thränen ſtehn:
Und die hohen Wunder-Kertzen
Müſſen plötzlich untergehn.
Der die Welt vermeint zu ſchrecken,
Den will offt kein Grab verdecken.

Wo die gröſten Pfeiler waren,
Da liegt itzt ein wenig Grauß,
Bey den Sängern ſchaut man Bahren,
Bey der Burg ein Todten-Haus,
Bey den Roſen Dorn und Hecken,
Auf dem Purpur ſchwartze Flecken.

Dieſer Plan zeigt viel Geſichte,
Die der Falſchheit Masque deckt,
Und bey hellem Tages-Lichte
Wird viel falſcher Dunſt erweckt:
Schwur und Untreu, Kuß und Wunden,
Sind zuſammen hier verbunden.

Nichts will lang allhier verweilen;
Jugend, Pracht und Herrligkeit
Heiſt des Himmels Satzung eilen,
Und verſtieben vor der Zeit.
Mancher Blume Haupt erbleichet,
Eh es eine Nacht beſtreichet.

Die itzt tauſend Hertzen binden,
Den itzt jeder Hut ſich rühret,
Sind die Blumen, ſo verſchwinden,
Und ſo bald ſind abgeführet.
Mancher groſſen Schönheit Beine,
Sind itzt für den Sarg zu kleine.

Der man Hertz und Wunſch benennet,
Die man auf den Knien ehrt,

Die man eine Göttin nennet,
Derer Glanz die Sternen mehret,
Die nichts denckt, als nur zu wählen,
Muß den Würmen ſich vermählen.

Unſre Kindheit liebt die Wiege,
Unſre Jugend Brunſt und Wein,
Unſre Mannheit Ehr und Kriege,
Unſer Alter Geld und Stein.
Mancher hat in wenig Stunden
Spiel, Beruff und Abſchied funden.

Wohl demſelben, der im Spielen,
Nicht zu ſehr den Spielplatz liebt,
Und zum Himmel weiß zu zielen,
Weil die Welt ihm Blicke giebt.
Der als Fremder auf der Erden,
Oben Bürger denckt zu werden.

Wer ſo ſtirbt, iſt ungeſtorben,
Ihn verklärt die Ewigkeit,
Er hat einen Schatz erworben,
Den nicht Zeit und Sturm zerſtreut.
Tugend kan den Tod verlachen
Und die beſte Grabſchrifft machen.

An eine Freundin.

Freundin, laß das Gifft der Zeiten
Und den Irrthum dieſer Welt,
Der uns ſämmtlich wil beſtreiten,
Nicht erlangen Sieg und Feld.
Lerne dieſen Firnüß kennen,
Der auf ſchlechtem Grunde ſteht,
Den ein Zufall bald kan trennen,
Der bald kommt und bald vergeht.
Führe Geiſter und Geſichte
Unverdroſſen Himmel an,
Richte dich nach dieſem Lichte,
So uns ewig leuchten kan.
Ehre den, der Gifft und Schlangen
Auf dem Boden kriechen hieß,
So wird deine Seel erlangen
Das gewünſchte Paradies.

Der Tod.

Was iſt der Tod der Frommen?
Ein Schlüſſel zu dem Leben,
Ein Gräntz-Stein böſer Zeit,
Ein Schlaff-Trunck alter Reben,
Ein Fried auf Krieg und Streit.
Ein Führer zu der Sonne,
Ein Steg ins Vaterland,
Ein Auffgang aller Wonne,
Ein Trieb von groſſer Hand.
Ein Zunder zu dem Lichte,
Ein Flug in jene Welt,
Ein Paradies-Gerichte,
Ein Schlag, der alles fällt.
Ein Abtritt aller Plagen,
Ein Baum vor alle Noth;
Was ſoll ich ferner ſagen?
Diß alles iſt der Tod.

Abriß eines falſchen Freundes.

Was iſt doch ingemein ein Freund in dieſer Welt?
Ein Spiegel, der vergröſt und fälſchlich ſchöner machet,
Ein Pfennig, der nicht Strich und nicht Gewichte hält,
Ein Weſen, ſo aus Zorn und bitterer Galle lachet,
Ein Strauchſtern, deſſen Glantz uns Schand und Schaden bringt,
Ein Glas, an Außen gut, und doch mit Gifft erfüllet,
Ein Dolch, der ſchertzend iſt, und uns zum Hertzen dringt:
Ein Heilbrunn (wie er heiſt) aus dem Verderben quället,
Ein Gold-geſtrickter Strang, der uns die Gurgel bricht,
Ein Freund, der ohngefehr das Hertze hat verlohren,
Ein Honigwurm, der ſtets mit ſüſſem Stachel ſticht,
Ein weiſſes Hennen-Ey, das Drachen hat gebohren,
Ein falſcher Crocodil, der weinend uns zerreiſt,
Ein recht Sirenen-Weib das ſingend uns erträncket,
Ein Safft, der lieblich reucht, und doch die Haut durchbeiſt
Ein Mann, der uns umhalſt, wenn ſeine Hand uns hencket,
Ein Gifftbaum voller Blüth, ein Molch Muſicant,
Ein übergoldte Perl, ein Lock-Aaß zu den Nöthen,
Ein Apffel von Damaſc', ein falſcher Diamant,
Ein überzuckert Gifft, ein Irrlicht uns zu tödten,
Ein Pfeiffer in dem Garn, ein Spötter unſer Pein,
Ein güldner Urtheils-Tiſch, und eine faule Stütze,
Ein Zeug, der bald verſchleiſt, ein ungegründeter Schein,
Dem Teuffel allzuſehr, dem Menſchen wenig nütze.
Ein mehres läſt mir itzt die Ungedult nicht zu;
Mein Leſer, fleuch den Krahm von ſolchen falſchen Waaren,
Was dieſer Eyfer-Reim expreſt, das meide du.
Ach hätt ich, was ich ſchrieb, nicht auch zugleich erfahren.

Abriß eines gemeinen Schulmannes.

Itzt zeucht ein Hencker auf, der ehrlich ſtäupt und hauet,
Ein Bergmann, der allein auf alte Gründe bauet,
Ein Feind von allen dem, ſo nicht nach Griechen reucht,
Ein Fuchs, der in ſein Loch auf recht Lateiniſch kreucht.
Ein König, wo er lehrt, ein Scheuſaal auf den Gaſſen,
Ein Atlas, der noch mehr als Atlas wil umfaſſen,
Ein Buhler, der zugleich neun alte Mägde liebt,
Ein Kauffmann, der ſein Geld vor alte Lumpen giebt.
Ein Cicero, wenn er auf ſeinem Roſſe ſchwebet,
Ein rechter Tacitus, wenn er bey Fremden lebet,
Ein Gärtner, wo der Menſch anſtatt der Pfropffer iſt,
Ein Reiſe-Mann, ſo ihm die Flügel hat erkieſt,
Ein Held, wo ABC muß zu Soldaten werden,
Ein Igel, wenn er zürnt, ein Affe von Geberden,
Ein ſchwartz-gefärbtes Ziel, den Schützen vorgeſetzt,
Ein Fechter, der allzeit das Hintertheil verletzt.
Ein lebendiges Buch, beſudelt eingebunden,
Ein Bergmann, der ſein Geld hat durch die Ruthe funden,
Ein groß Comödiant, der die Perſonen führt,
Durch die der weite Platz der Erden wird gezieret.
Er lebet ohne Ruh mit Reimen bei dem Tiſche,
Paßt eine Sylbe nicht, ſo macht er ein Gepiſche,
Verachtet Speiß und Tranck, verſtellet Naſ' und Mund,
Und führet ein Geſicht als ein erzürnter Hund,
Der auf den Jungen liegt. Reiſt Morpheus ihn darnieder,
So führet ihn der Traum auf ſeine Lagen-Lieder;
Bald ſchreyt er Barbara; bald muß Celarent her,
Bald rufft er Tityre; bald läufft er über Meer.
Führt Ariſtotelen und tauſend alte Griechen
Um ſeine Feder her; bald ſchmeiſt er um die Küchen,
Trifft ſeiner Frauen Mund und deſſen Hintertheil,
Der nechſt aus Schelmerey ihm einen langen Keil
Durch ſeinen Seſſel ſchlug. Bald fängt ihm an zu träumen,
Wie er das Ungemach der Schule möcht verſäumen,
Greifft auf die Hoſen zu und fährt ſich mit der Hand,
Streicht Speichel um den Schlaff, und druckt ſein beſtes Pfand,
Ein alt Vocabel-Buch mit den beſchmierten Armen,
In Hoffnung von der Kunſt deſſelben zu erwarmen,
Läufft ſo bald ſchnarchende in ſein Regierungshaus,
Und trinckt vor böſe Lufft ein Glas Gebranntes aus.
Tritt er auf ſeinen Thron, ſo muß ihm Cato weichen,
So iſt an Tyrannen ihm Nero nicht zu gleichen;
Da ſtreicht er, raufft und ſchlägt, biß ſeine Stirne ſchwitzt,
Biß das vertraute Volck auf böſem Leder ſitzt,
Und ſeine Hand beklagt. Drum bleibt er ungeliebet,
Hört, wie das Schulgeſchrey ihm böſe Namen giebet,
Und ſchilt ihn öffentlich für einen ſolchen Mann,
Der andre führen wil, und ſelbſt nicht folgen kan.
Der Schwindel dräuet ihm mit einer Todten-Bahre,
Und friſt er ſein Gehirn im Grimm von Jahr zu Jahre,
Der Schlag kömmt endlich ſelbſt, löſcht ſeine Lichter aus,
Und ſchickt ihn unbeweint bis in das Todtenhaus.
Denn kommt das junge Volck, und hilfft ihn ſelbſt verſcharren,
Doch wil ihr leichter Fuß beym Grabe nicht verharren,
Aus Furchten: daß er nicht aus ſeinem Grabe ſteigt,
Und ihnen wie zuvor die ſtrenge Ruthe zeigt.

Eilhard von Hohberger, ſ. Minneſinger.

Rudolph von Hohenems, ſ. Minneſinger.

Burkard von Hohenfels, ſ. Minneſinger.

Eliſabethe Philippine Amalie, Freiin von Hohenhauſen,

Tochter des kurheſſiſchen Generals von Ochs, ward am 4. November 1791 zu Kaſſel geboren, erhielt eine ihrem Stande entſprechende Erziehung und verheirathete ſich an den daſigen weſtphäliſchen Diſtrictspräfecten Leopold von Hohenhauſen, dem ſie ſpäter als preußiſchem Regierungsrathe nach Minden folgte, wo ſie gegenwärtig noch lebt. Ein trauriges Geſchick entriß ihr ihren einzigen hoffnungsvollen Sohn in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre.

Sie machte ihren Namen literariſch bekannt durch:

Frühlingsblumen. Münſter 1817 in 8.
Minden und ſeine Umgebungen. Minden 1819.
Natur, Kunſt und Leben. Altona 1820 in 8.
Lord Byron's Korſar, überſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1820.
W. Scott's Ivanhoe. Zwickau 1822, 4 Thle.
W. Scott's Kenilworth. Ebendaſ. 1822, 4 Bde.
Poggezana. Romantiſch-hiſtoriſche Erzählung aus dem 16ten Jahrhundert. Danzig 1825 in 8.
Novellen. Braunſchweig 1829 u. 1830, 3 Bdchn. in 8. Mit 1 Titelkupfer.
Carl von Hohenhauſen. Untergang eines Jünglings von achtzehn Jahren. Zur Beherzigung für Eltern, Erzieher, Vormünder und Aerzte (in Gemeinſchaft mit ihrem Gatten). Braunſchweig 1837.

Innige, ungeheuchelte Frömmigkeit, anmuthige Darſtellung, Correctheit und eine blühende, wohllautende Sprache, verleihen den Schriften dieſer, durch Geiſt wie Gemüth gleich ſehr ausgezeichneten Frau, welche ſich nach den beſten Muſtern zu bilden ſtrebte, einen bleibenden Werth.

Chriſtoph Chriſtian Hohlfeld.

Von ſeinem Leben iſt nur bekannt, daß er am 9. Auguſt 1776 zu Dresden geboren wurde, nach vollendeten Studien in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Rechtsconſulent auftrat und 1819 Armenadvocat bei dem daſigen Appellationsgerichte wurde.

Er gab heraus:

Urania die Jüngere, zu Befeſtigung des Glaubens an Gott und Unſterblichkeit. Dresden, 1810, 8. Neue Ausg. Meißen, 1815. Mit F. A. Menke.
Die jungen Herren. Dresden 1811. Neue Ausgabe. Meißen 1815.
Der Menſch, von A. Pope, metriſch bearbeitet. Dresden 1822.
Harfenklänge. Ebendaſ. 1829. 1830, 2 Thle. in gr. 8.
Neuere lyriſche Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Beiträge zu Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w. —

Ein gewandter und talentvoller Lyriker, deſſen Streben für das Schöne und Edle, verbunden mit guter Bildung und Anſpruchsloſigkeit, ehrende Anerkennung um ſo mehr verdient, als ſich viele ſeiner Poeſieen durch außerordentliche Zartheit und Innigkeit höchſt rühmlich auszeichnen.

Franz Ignatz von Holbein,

ward 1779 zu Ziſtersdorf bei Wien geboren und zuerſt in Lemberg bei der Lotteriedirection angeſtellt, ging gegen den Willen der Seinigen unter dem Namen Fontano als Schauſpieler in die Welt und trat in Schleſien und ſpäter 1798 in Berlin als ſolcher und als Sprach- und Muſiklehrer auf. Das Mißfallen des Publikums an ſeiner öſtreichiſchen Mundart entfernte ihn wieder von der Bühne, er lernte in Glogau die Gräfin Lichtenau kennen, ließ ſich, um ſich mit ihr ehelich zu verbinden adeln und gewann, obwohl dieſe Ehe wieder getrennt wurde, dadurch Gelegenheit, ſein mimiſches Talent auszubilden. Er übernahm dann die Stelle eines Theaterdichters zu Wien, betrat als Sänger und Schauſpieler wieder die Bühne in Regensburg, leitete kurz nacheinander die Bühnen zu Würzburg, Bamberg, Hannover und Prag und kehrte von hier als Theaterdirector nach Hannover zurück, wo er gegenwärtig noch wirkt.

Er ſchrieb:

Theater. Rudolſtadt 1811. 1812. 2 Thle in gr. 8.
Neueſtes Theater. Peſth 1820—1823, 5 Th. in 8.
Dilettantenbühne für 1826. Wien 1826 in gr. 12.

Einzeln:

Apologie der Gräfin Lichtenau. Leipzig 1807, 2 Bde. in 8.
Mirina, Königin der Amazonen, dramatiſches Gedicht. Wien 1807 in 8.
Das Turnir zu Kronſtein. Peſth 1820 in 8. 2 Aufl. Ebend. 1825.
Kätchen von Heilbronn. Ebend. 1821 in gr. 8. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Liebe kann Alles. Ebend. 1822 in gr. 8.
Der Wunderſchrank. Ebend. 1823 in gr. 8.
Die Waffenbrüder. Ebend. 1826 in gr. 8.
Außerdem Mehreres in Almanachen (z. B. der Willmer und

die Wittwe in Kotzebue's Almanach. Hamburg 1827—1832, 20ſter Jahrgang) u. ſ. w.

Holbein's vorzüglichſtes Verdienſt beruht auf ſeiner genauen Kenntniß der Bühne und deſſen, was hier von glücklicher Wirkung iſt. Die Mehrzahl ſeiner dramatiſchen Arbeiten iſt nur Um- oder Nachbildung älterer Werke dieſer Art, verdient aber als ſolche alles Lob, da ſie vollkommen den beabſichtigten Zweck erreicht. — H. hat durch gewandte und feine Behandlung Dramen bühnengerecht gemacht und auf dem Repertoire erhalten, welche ſonſt entweder gar nicht hätten dargeſtellt werden können oder nur eine ephemere Exiſtenz würden gehabt haben. — Seine eigenen dramatiſchen Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch lebhaften und witzigen Dialog und glücklich erfundene Situationen aus; ſchwächer iſt ihr Verfaſſer dagegen in der Entwickelung und Schilderung der Charaktere.

Karl Eduard von Holtei

ward am 24. Januar 1797 zu Breslau geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften, mit beſonderem Eifer aber Mimik, wurde dann zu Breslau, ſpäter zu Berlin Schauſpieldichter und Schauſpieler und nahm 1830 die Stelle eines Vorleſers der Großherzogin von Heſſen und Regiſſeur's des darmſtädter Hoftheaters an. Er begab ſich darauf wieder nach Berlin, machte von hier aus mehrere Kunſtreiſen und ging dann als Theaterdirector nach Riga.

Er gab heraus:

Die Farben. Berlin 1819.
Blumen auf das Grab der Schauſpielerin Luiſe von Holtei. Mit Portrait. Berlin 1821 in 8.
Jahrbuch deutſcher Nach- und Bühnenſpiele. Berlin 1822 u. ff.
Erinnerungen. Breslau 1822 in 8.
Feſtſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1823 in gr. 12.
Wider das Theater. Ebendaſ. 1823 in 8.
Die deutſche Sängerin in Paris. Berlin 1826 in 8.
Brieftaſche des Obernigker Boten. Breslau 1826 in 8.
Die Berliner in Wien und die Wiener in Berlin. Berlin 1826.
Gedichte. Berlin 1827 in 8.
Monatliche Beiträge zur Geſchichte dramatiſcher Kunſt und Literatur. Berlin 1827. 1828, 2 Bde.
Farben, Sterne, Blumen. Berlin 1828 in gr. 12.
Lenore. Berlin 1829 in 8.
Schleſiſche Gedichte. Berlin 1830 in gr. 8. mit beigedruckten Melodien.
Heil dem Könige. Berlin 1831 in 16.
Ida. Berlin 1832 in 8.
Beiträge für's Königsſtädter Theater. Wiesbaden 1832, 2 Bde. in 8. mit Muſikbeilage zum alten Feldherrn.
Erzählungen. Braunſchweig 1833 in 8. 1. Bdchen.
Deutſche Lieder. Schleuſingen 1834 in 16.
Der Debutant. Berlin 1834 in 8.
Der Gärtner. Breslau 1835 in 12.
Außerdem mehrere Arbeiten in dem Jahrbuche der deutſchen Bühnenſpiele und andern Zeitſchriften.

H. beſitzt außerordentliche Gewandtheit und Biegſamkeit des Talents, er producirt mit großer Leichtigkeit, und hat ſich daher in den verſchiedenſten Gattungen der Poeſie mit Erfolg verſucht. Am glücklichſten iſt er jedoch im dramatiſchen Fache, namentlich im bürgerlichen Drama und im Liederſpiel geweſen. Hier verbindet er, Wärme und Innigkeit des Gefühls mit guter Erfindung, treffender Charakterzeichnung und Lebhaftigkeit des Dialogs, ſtets von feinem Geſchmack geleitet. Als lyriſcher Dichter zeichnet er ſich durch Herzlichkeit, Anmuth und Wohllaut auf eine höchſt vortheilhafte Weiſe aus. — Zu bedauern iſt, daß ſeine Lebensverhältniſſe ihm nicht jene Ruhe vergönnten, welche unabläßlich zur Vollendung eines wahren Kunſtwerkes gehört, Holtei würde ſonſt ſtatt genialer Entwürfe und raſch ausgeführter geiſtreicher Skizzen, bei den ihm eigenthümlichen Anlagen Arbeiten geliefert haben, die auf dauernden Ruhm Anſpruch machen dürfen.

Der ewige Jude*).

Immer einmal in der Woche verſammelte ſich des Abends um ſieben Uhr eine geiſtreiche Geſellſchaft von Männern und Frauen bei einem Kunſtfreunde in Leipzig zu traulichem Dichterverein, um ſich durch Mittheilung ihrer neuſten poetiſchen Beſtrebungen zu ergötzen. Salomo, ein Mitglied dieſer Geſellſchaft, begegnete eines Abends an der Thüre des Verſammlungshauſes einem Manne mit Büchern unter'm Arme, der im Gehen murmelte und, wie es Salomo ſchien, auf jemand ſchimpfte. Der Anzug des Mannes kam ihm ſeltſam vor, das Geſicht konnte er in der Dunkelheit nicht erkennen. Als er in die Stube trat, fand er die Geſellſchaft ſchon ziemlich vollzählig und in lautem Gelächter: man kam ihm jubelnd entgegen, und einige hübſche Mädchen ſagten ihm, es wäre eben ein Mann hier geweſen, der ihnen Bücher angeboten hätte, wie die Bauerleute ſie ehedem auf dem Markte kauften, alle gedruckt in dieſem Jahre, mit ſchrecklichen Holzſchnitten, als da ſind: Eulenſpiegel, Schildbürger, Octavian, Finkenritter und mehr ſolch dummes Zeug. Wir haben alle etwas genommen, um dem armen Teufel ein paar Groſchen zuzuwenden. — Salomo ſchwieg ein Weilchen, dann begann er, es thut mir leid, daß ſie dieſe Gattung von Büchern ſo kurz und verächtlich abfertigen, denn jetzt werd' ich es wohl kaum wagen dürfen, heute, obſchon die Reihe an mir, vorzuleſen, weil ich ein Gedicht mitgebracht habe, das durch die Lectüre eines ſolchen Volksbuches entſtanden iſt. O deshalb, riefen die Mädchen, müſſen ſie es nicht aufgeben; ihre Gedichte ſind immer ſehr hübſch, und ſie leſen auch ſehr ſchön vor. Wie heißt es denn? Es heißt, ſprach Salomo: der immer in der Welt herumwandernde Jude. Den hab' ich gekauft, rief Elise, eine junge ſchöne Wittwe, der Jude iſt vorn abgebildet, und ſieht gar abſcheulich aus; leſen ſie nur vor, wir wollen dann vergleichen. — Alle ſetzten ſich. Eine kluge Hofräthin ſagte noch eh' er anfing: Schlegel und Schubart haben die Idee ſchon für das Gedicht benutzt. Salomo antwortete: ich weiß es und muß bitten, jene Gedichte zu vergeſſen, wenn ſie das meinige hören. Wie beſcheiden! ſtöhnte die ganze Geſellſchaft, und Salomo begann zu leſen:

Der ewige Jude.

Dort blicken Feuer her,
Dort ſtehen Hütten!
Tragt mich bis dahin müde Füße.
Laß' mich gehen raſender Sturm!
Was ſtürzeſt du mir Felſen in den Weg,
Was hab' ich dir Leides gethan?
Warſt du ein Menſch?
Trugſt du ein Kreuz?
Raſe nicht Sturm, deiner,
Deiner hab' ich nicht geſpottet!
Oder wär'ſt du nicht Herr über dich und dein Wüthen?
Oder jagte dich der da, der mir die Blitze
In's Antlitz ſchleudert,
Die rothen Blitze?
Sie treffen,
Aber ſie tödten mich nicht.
Tödte du mich!
Sei mitleidig raſender Sturm,

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*) Aus H's „Erinnerungen." 1. Band.

Wirf mich tief hinab
In die ſpitzen Felſen! —
Und was bedarf ich dein?
Selbſt kann ich's thun:
Hinab Lebensmüder!
Hier hindert nichts, du findeſt Tod.
Köhler. Halt Landsmann nicht weiter!
Dort unten iſt's tief.
Seid ihr trunken oder von Sinnen,
Was wollt ihr da unten?
Jude. Sterben! laß mich!
Köhler. Nicht doch! ſagt mir warum?
Jude. Weil ich nicht leben mag!
Laß mich hinab,
Oder ich zerre dich mit in den Grund!
Köhler. Noch halt' ich feſt.
Mit mir zur Hütte! —
Ha — das blitzt!
Ihr ſeid wohl gar ein Jude?
Ja wirklich!
Wenn's noch einmal blitzt,
Will ich den Pfad finden zur Hütte.
Wir gehn hinab.
Warum wolltet ihr ſterben?
Jude. Weil ich ein Elender bin.
Köhler. Hofft auf Gott!
Nun, was erſchreckt ihr?
Jude. Es blitzte.
Köhler. Wird's noch oftmals thun.
Kommt mit mir, betet im Gehen.
Jude. Ja wenn ich beten könnte!!
Köhler. Ihr könnt nicht beten?
Beten die Juden nicht?
Jude. Wohl beten ſie.
Köhler. Und warum ihr denn nicht?
Habt ihr's beim Handel verlernt?
Jude. Ich handle nicht.
Köhler. Wovon lebt ihr?
Jude. Ich lebe ſo eben vom Leben.
Und der Tod thut mir nichts.
Köhler. Ihr ſeid ein ſchauriger Gaſt. —
Da iſt die Hütte!
Frau mach' auf,
Hier ein Fremder!
Frau. Der iſt krank und bleich,
Nein ich behalt' ihn nicht
Jude. Laßt mich hier!
Um euch nur bitt' ich!
Frau. Was ſoll das heißen?
Jude. Merkt euch die Lehre:
Niemand ſtoße von dir
Wenn er dich bittet,
Denn was du ihm thuſt,
Haſt du dir ſelbſt gethan;
Wenn du ihn kränkeſt,
Kränk'ſt du dich ſelbſt;
Wenn du ihn ſchmäheſt,
Schmäh'ſt du dich ſelbſt;
Wenn du ihn tödteſt,
Tödteſt du dich. — — —
Einſt war ein Jude,
Der ſtand an ſeinem Hauſe,
Und als der Gottmenſch
Zum Tode ging,
Schlug ihm verhöhnend der Jude,
Eine Bitte ab,
Eine rührende Bitte; dann — —
O laßt mich hier!?
Frau. Geht hinein! dort iſt ein Lager
— — Wie er ſich hinwirft!
Da er ſchläft ſchon.
Köhler. Unruhig ſein Schlaf:
Er ſtöhnt, er träumt,
Komm! —
Frau. Sieh' nur, wie ſchwer athmet
Der Arme!
Gieb die Lampe her:
Wie greiſe ſein Bart,
Wie hohl ſeine Augen,
Wie braun ſeine Haut,
Einem Todtengerippe gleich,
Lang die Geſtalt,
Er murmelt dumpfe Töne,
Sieh' nur, höre nur — —
Herr Gott im Himmel!!
Das iſt der ewige Jude.
Köhler. Ich glaube, er iſt es!
Komm' Frau! Er ruhe!
Er ruht zu neuen Qualen
Der Arme!
Gerecht iſt Gottes Gericht,
Aber ſtreng' iſt es ihm.
Laſſ' die Thüre offen,
Daß er morgen entfliehe
Unbemerkt.
Geweiht ſei die Stätte,
Wo er lag
Brünſtiger Andacht.
Armer Wanderer! auch dir
Schlägt der Erlöſung Stunde:
Das Weltgericht iſt deine Morgenröthe,
Wenn ſie anbricht
Stehſt du gereinigt da,
Ein Engel am ewigen Kreuze!
Komm' Frau, laſſ' ihn liegen!
Frau. Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!

Salomo, der das Gedicht faſt auswendig wußte, hatte bald im Anfange das Blatt bei Seite gelegt, und den Schluß recht lebendig dramatiſch vorgetragen. Es war es ihm gelungen, durch ein ſtarres Hinweiſen auf einen Fleck, begleitet von einem dumpfen grauenhaften Tone, die Hörer zur geſpannteſten Aufmerkſamkeit zu bringen, und ihnen dann durch den unerwartet gellenden Ausruf: Herr Gott, es iſt ꝛc., einen tiefen Schreck zu verurſachen. Die Damen hätten ihm gern gezürnt, wenn er ſie nicht durch die zart geſprochenen Schlußzeilen verſöhnt hätte. Nachdem er geendet, war eine lange Pauſe. — Die kluge Hofräthin nahm zuerſt wieder das Wort: wie doch die Phantaſie wirkſam iſt; wer Herrn Salomo jetzt in ſeiner Begeiſterung geſehen, der könnte glauben, er ſei nicht abgeneigt, ſolch abgeſchmacktes Mährchen für wahr zu halten. Allerdings, ſagte Salomo, die Phantaſie iſt mächtig, grade bei mir ſehr mächtig, und ich muß wirklich um Verzeihung bitten, wenn ich jetzt, vom Feuer fortgeriſſen, die nöthige Beſonnenheit aus der Acht gelaſſen habe. Werden ſie es wohl wahrſcheinlich finden können, daß mich Erzählungen von Geiſtererſcheinungen und Geſpenſtern, die nicht halb ſo tief und bedeutend gedacht ſind, als dieſer Jude, in Furcht und Angſt ſetzen können? daß ich oft, ohne die mindeſte Veranlaſſung, nicht nur bei Nacht, ſondern ſelbſt am Tage zuſammenſchrecke und wie geſcheucht herumlaufe? Gleichwohl iſt mir noch nichts Furchtbares oder Furchterregendes begegnet. —

Ja, fuhr die ſchöne Eliſe auf, ſo geht mir's; wenn ich im Finſtern allein bin, ſchließ' ich die Augen immer feſt zu, um nichts zu ſehen. Mir iſt jetzt ordentlich das Buch mit dem Judenbilde zur Laſt; es kommt mir vor, als ob der Alte ſeine Augen nach mir bewegte. Wer will es? Wenn ſich Niemand meldet, werf' ich es zum Fenſter hinaus. O, ehe ſie das thun, meine Schöne, bitt' ich ſie, es mir zu geben, es fehlt ohnedieß noch in meiner Sammlung, ſagte Salomo. Die ſchöne Eliſe gab es ihm von Herzen gern, und drückte ihm zugleich die Hand. Hier lieber Salomo, ſagte ſie leiſe und unbemerkt, denn die Geſellſchaft hatte ſich ſchon erhoben und tobte bunt durcheinander, um bald Thee zu trinken, nehmen ſie; ich wollte, ich könnte ihnen was Beſſeres geben, nicht, was mir zuwider, ſondern was mir irgend theuer iſt. Ich wollte auch, ich könnte ſie anders nennen, als Salomo, der Name klingt mir nicht recht, aber ich weiß ihren Taufnamen nicht. Liebe Eliſe, antwortete Salomo, ich ärgere mich oft genug über den Namen, aber ich kann mir doch keinen andern geben; mit dem Vornamen heiß' ich Rafael! Der gefällt mir ſchon beſſer, meinte die Kleine. — Er iſt wohl recht hübſch, fuhr Rafael Salomo fort, er iſt mir aber auch nicht recht, ich kann eben ſo wenig dem einen als dem andern Ehre machen, und berühmte Namen ſind ſo ſchlimm als berühmte Väter; für das Buch dank' ich ihnen von Herzen — Beſuchen ſie mich doch einmal, lieber Rafael, rief ihm Eliſe zu, eh' ſie zum Thee gingen. —

Der Student Rafael hatte ausſtudirt, und hieß unter ſeinen Bekannten nur deshalb noch immer Student, weil er eben noch nichts anders war. Aber er wollte recht bald etwas anders werden, und zwar ein Paſtor. Er hatte ſchon einige Probepredigten gehalten, die ſehr gut ausgefallen waren, und er ſtand auch nahe daran, eine Pfarre zu bekommen.

Beim Zuhauſegehen aus der Geſellſchaft fiel ihm ein, daß Eliſe ihn gebeten habe, ſie zu beſuchen, und er dachte, das kann ich ja thun; ſie gefiel ihm gar ſehr gut. Zwar brummte er vor ſich hin: ein luther'ſcher Geiſtlicher und eine katholiſche

Chriſtin — Eliſe iſt katholiſch — und dann ſchlug er ſich wieder auf den Mund und rief: ich Narr, wer redet denn vom Heirathen, ich ſoll ſie ja nur beſuchen —! In ſeiner Stube, die ſehr klein war, daß kaum einer darin hauſen konnte (er mochte keine große Stube, weil ſie zu viel koſtet und auch, weil er ſich darin gefürchtet hätte), nahm er ihr Geſchenk heraus und dachte: es iſt doch unrecht, daß ich nicht wenigſtens ihren Namen habe mit Bleiſtift darauf ſchreiben laſſen, und daß ich's von ihr bekommen habe; hier längs dem Bilde hätt' es grade Platz. — Was doch das für ein ſeltſames Bild iſt! Hm! Ich möchte wiſſen, Eliſe ſagte, es bewege ſich, und mir kommt's auch ſo vor, es kriegt Farbe. — Wie die Augen funkeln, nun ſieht es mich an, es erhebt ſeinen Wanderſtab, — um Gotteswillen, mich überfällt ein Grauen (das letzte ſprach er ſchon), ach Frau Wirthin, Frau Wirthin, wachen ſie denn noch? Und damit ſchlug er an ſeiner Wirthin Stubenthür: ich bitte ſie um alles in der Welt, Frau Mehlin, ſtehn ſie auf! Was iſt ihnen denn, lieber Herr Salomo, flüſterte die junge Frau, ſind ſie krank, ſoll ich ihnen Thee kochen, ich werde gleich 'raus kommen! Aber ſchreien ſie nur nicht, mein Mann ſchläft. Salomo, welcher die hübſche freundliche Frau Mehlin lieber im Rücken als im Geſicht hatte, gerieth nun in eine neue Furcht, denn er ſah ſie ſchon im Nachtkleide vor ſich, und als ein ernſter Theologe wollt' er ſolchen Anblick ſich nicht zumuthen; deshalb, (wenn er vorhin gerufen hatte, ſo brüllte er nun:) o Frau Mehlin, wenn ihr Mann hier iſt, ſo ſchicken ſie mir den, ich dachte nicht, daß er gerade heute zurückgekommen ſein würde, ſchicken ſie mir ihren Mann! hören ſie: ihren Mann! Ich komme ſchon, ſprach eine fremde Stimme. Rafael kannte den Mann noch gar nicht, denn als er vor Kurzem einzog, fragte er nicht nach ihm, und hörte erſt ſpäter, er ſei in Geſchäften verreiſ't, müſſe aber bald zurückkommen. Nun war er da, und das war ihm ſehr lieb, denn erſtens kam nun die Frau Mehlin nicht im Nachtkleide zu ihm, und zweitens ſchien ihm ein Mann eine beſſere Hülfe gegen die Anfechtungen des Spuckes, als eine Frau. — Wie kommt's mir vor, lieber Herr Mehl, — ich wünſche ihnen guten Abend — ich habe ſie ſchon geſehen, und wenn ich nicht irre, ſo ſind ſie derſelbe, der mir heute in der Dunkelſtunde auf der Petersſtraße an einer Hausthüre begegnete! Nicht wahr? —

Kann ſein; aber warum ſchreien ſie denn ſo läſterlich in der Nacht, Herr Student? ſind ſie krank?

Nein das nicht, Herr Mehl ich ſchäme mich gewiſſermaßen, es ihnen zu geſtehen, ich fürchtete mich.

Sind Mäuſe hier oder Ratzen?

Nein. Hier, ich habe heute ein Buch zum Geſchenk erhalten, wo ein Bild drauf iſt, welches mir wie ein Geſpenſt vorkommt.

Zeigen ſie doch her; ei das Buch iſt ja von mir! Noch weiß ich, ein hübſches junges Weibchen kauft' es mir ab.

So ſind ſie, beſter Herr Mehl, der Bücher- und Bilderhändler, der mir Abends auf der Petersſtraße begegnete?

Ja der bin ich, Herr Salomo, und ich habe ſie gleich erkannt; was das Bild anlangt, ſo dürfen ſie keine Sorge haben, es iſt ein ſtilles frommes Bild, in Holz geſchnitten, und regt ſich nicht.

Ich habe aber doch geſehen — — —

Das iſt ihnen nur ſo vorgekommen; in Ihnen geht etwas vor, und bewegt ſich ſehr, aber das Bild iſt unbeweglich. Kennen ſie den Mann, den es vorſtellt?

Ich? kennen? den Juden? ſchrie Salomo, Herr Mehl, ich glaube, ſie wollen mich aufs neue fürchten machen? ſie reden ja als ob er wirklich lebte.

Das thut er auch, entgegnete Mehl ſehr ruhig, und ich kenne ihn; wenn ſie wollen, können ſie ihn auch zu Geſichte kriegen, und ihn ſprechen hören; er redet mit ihnen in allen Sprachen, alten und neuen, die ſie verſtehen. Für jetzt gute Nacht; das Bild wird ruhig ſein, wenn ſie ruhig ſind. —

Er ging wieder. — Salomo konnte gar nicht einſchlafen, endlich, gegen Morgen verſank er in ſchwere Träume, und da ſchien es ihm, der geſpenſtiſche Jude führte ihn zu Eliſen. Daß der helle Morgen, nachdem er ihn geweckt hatte, ihn wirklich zu Eliſen führte, iſt natürlich.

Sie nahm ihn herzlich auf, und ihre liebenswürdige Vertraulichkeit ſcheuchte die angſtvollen Bilder der halbdurchwachten Nacht aus Rafaels Seele. Dennoch zog er an demſelben Tage bei Mehl's aus, und zwar in Eliſens Nähe. Dieſe wurde immer freundlicher gegen ihn, und eh' er ſich's verſah, war der arme Student der erklärte Bräutigam der reichen jungen Schönen. Jetzt meldete ſich auch eine Pfarre, zwar nicht ſehr einträglich, doch in einer himmliſchen Gegend, unfern der Elbe, und Salomo war innigſt froh, als Eliſe mit ihm darin übereinſtimmte, daß in ſolchen Bergen ein Geiſtlicher mit ſeiner Frau ein herrliches getreues Leben führen könne. Die Trauung ſollte verſchoben werden, bis der liebende Bräutigam, der in Eliſens Armen oftmals gar nicht wußte, wie ihm geſchah, die Zuſicherung der gewünſchten Stelle habe. Dann wollten ſie in Leipzig die Hochzeit feiern, und ſo als ein neues Ehepaar in Friedfeld ihren Einzug, Salomo die Antrittspredigt halten. Dieſer ging alles ein, was Eliſe wünſchte, und machte nur die Bedingung, daß ſie proteſtantiſch getraut würden. — Theils um noch einmal geprüft zu werden, theils um die gewünſchte Pfarrſtelle, ſich ſicher zuerkennen zu laſſen, mußte er noch vorher nach Dresden reiſen, und kam am erſten October ſpät Abends im kleinen Rauchhauſe an. Obwohl Leipzig geboren, nach dem Tode ſeiner Eltern dort erzogen, war er noch in ſeinem Leben nicht weiter, als in's Roſenthal gekommen, mithin zum erſtenmal in einer andern großen Stadt; und vollends in Dresden! Der Kopf wurde ihm warm, wenn er daran dachte, daß er in Dresden war. Doch hatte er ſich vorgenommen, diesmal nichts zu betreiben, als ſeine Geſchäfte, und den Anblick aller Kunſtſchätze bis auf eine ſpätere Zeit zu verſparen, wo er mit Eliſen, die dann ſchon ſeine Frau wäre, alles vereint anzuſchauen gedachte. — Es war wohl ſehr weiſe von ihm, die ewigen Meiſterwerke durch flüchtiges rohes Angaffen nicht zu entweihen, bis die Zeit es ihm vergönnte, ſie würdig zu befriedigen! Unten im Gaſtzimmer des kleinen Rauchhauſes, war noch alles voll von Studenten, die, den ſchönen Herbſt fröhlich durchwandernd, in Dresden Halt gemacht hatten, und er hätte gern das Handwerk gegrüßt. — Doch dachte er, wer weiß, zu welcher Meinung ſie ſich bekennen, du willſt lieber hinauf geh'n! Der Kellner wies ihm ſein Stübchen an. Ein Gaſt vor ihm, wahrſcheinlich von der Langeweile bei argem Regenwetter ſehr geplagt, hatte die ſchwankenden Umriſſe zufälliger Figuren, an der röthlich marmorirten Wand, mit der Feder, ſich'rer aber auch phantaſtiſcher angedeutet, und ſo eine wahre Zauberwelt an die Mauer gehaucht, die nur eines Beſchauers wie Salomo bedurfte, um Leben zu bekommen.

Ob ihn nun die Einbildung täuſchte, oder ob der Maler wirklich den Holzſchnitt des ewigen Judenbildes im Sinne gehabt hatte, wer weiß es? — Kurz Salomo erkannte überall ſeinen Ahasverus. Um ihm vollends alle Ruhe zu rauben, mußte, nachdem er ſich auf's Lager geworfen und ſein Licht gelöſcht hatte, der Mond die geſpenſtiſchen Blicke ins Zimmer werfen, und ſo ſchlief der arme Kandidat unter den ſeltſamſten Empfindungen ein. Aber im Schlafe noch hielt er Verkehr mit ſeinen Erſcheinungen, und trieb es ſo lange, bis er den gefürchteten und erſehnten Juden wirklich wie aus den verſchiedenen Geſichtern und Bildern, die alle lebend aus ihren Konturen zu treten und ſich in einem zu vereinigen ſchienen, zuſammengeſtellt vor ſeinem Bette ſah. — Er fühlte, daß er wache; zitternd und zagend flüſterte er unter ſeine Decke hinunter, — alle guten Geiſter! — und erholte ſich da nun ein Kleines, als der unerwartete Gaſt mit heiſ'rer aber ſanfter Grabesſtimme ihm nachſprach: loben ihren Meiſter!

Wer biſt du, lieber Mann? ich fürchte mich! — Folge mir nur, ſprach der Jude, ich will dich führen, unten an der Hausthüre will ich auf dich warten. Er verließ das Zimmer. — Rafael in ſeiner Todtesangſt zog ſich ſchneller an, denn jemals, und rannte vor lauter Furcht kühn dem Juden nach. Indem er über die Treppen ſchwebte, dachte er: wunderlich, daß der Menſch dem Bilde ſo ähnlich ſieht, Herr Mehl muß doch Recht haben. — Unten lärmten die Studenten noch, der Jude wartete an der Thüre. Wohin führen ſie mich denn, ſagte ganz beſcheiden der Erſchreckte, als Ahasverus ſehr geſchwind durch [illegible] Scheffelgaſſe über den Altmarkt mit ihm ging, und ſie haben keinen Hut? — In die Kirche, mein Sohn! — In die Kirche, jetzt um die Mitternacht? Nichts Mitternacht, es ſchlägt bald Eins, ich bin kein Geſpenſt Salomo. An der Ecke des Altmarkts ſah Salomo ein wunderlich kleines graues Männchen in ein Eckhaus ſchlüpfen, wahrſcheinlich durch das Schlüſſelloch, denn die Thüre wurde nicht geöffnet. — Haben ſie das geſehen! — Ja, Rafael Salomo, es war der Phantaſus, er geht in dieſer Geſtalt zu ſeinem Meiſter, drinnen aber verwandelt er ſich nach deſſen Willen. Du kennſt ihn doch? — Rafael begriff nicht, was der Jude wollte? Nun kamen ſie an die Kirchthüre, wo ſie den Nachtwächter ſchon fanden, der ihnen aufſchloß, und ſprach: ſie haben die höchſte Zeit, Meiſter Hasver, es wird eben Eins ſchlagen und auch bald angehn, und hier haben ſie ihre Lichter. — Die Kirche war ſpärlich erleuchtet, in den Betſtühlen knieten alte Leute, jedes hatte ein Lichtchen vor ſich, die meiſten laſen in dem alten Burg'ſchen Geſangbuche. Ahasverus zündete ſein Lichtchen an, gab auch dem jungen Freunde eins, den alle Alten ganz verwundert anblickten, wo er denn herkäme? — Auf dem Orgelchore war eine Geſellſchaft ehrwürdiger Männer in ſchwarzen Kleidern und ſchönen langen Perücken verſammelt, die ſich rüſteten, ein Lied zu beginnen. — Kennſt du ſie wohl, Salomo? Da ſind: Paul Flemming Georg Neumark, W. Gruber, Caspar Neumann, Joh. Heermann, Andreas und Chriſtian Gryphius, Erdmann Neumeiſter, Martin Opitz, Johann v. [illegible], [illegible], Burchard Waldis, Simon Dach, Joh. Riſt, Rodigaſt, Martin Rinkart, Heinrich Albert, Paul Gerhard, und viele ſolche Heilige. — Aber der, welcher doch eben den Stab in der Rechten das Ganze leitet, deſſen Antlitz Geiſt und Liebe athmet, der Hohe, Sanfte, wer iſt dieſer, mein Ahasverus? — Das iſt Benjamin Schmolke, lieber Kandidat! — Die Muſik fing an: es war das himmliſche Lied, O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden. Paul Gerhard nickte hinauf zu Benjamin Schmolke, und zeigte ihm an, wie er den Takt wollte. Rafael Salomo, als er hörte, daß die Gottesmenſchen in dem Lieblingsliede einſtimmten, erhob ſeine Stimme ebenfalls zu andächtigem Geſange, aber weil er das Lied nur nach der neuen verſtümmelten Bearbeitung auswendig wußte, ſang er es auch ſo. Da legte Ahasverus die Hand auf ſeinen Mund, und ſprach: laß das, Lieber, du betrübſt mir meine Freunde. Salomo ſchwieg, und hörte weinend zu. — Ein ſchöner alter eisgrauer Mann, deſſen Geſicht eines Jünglings ſchien, wandelte leicht die Gänge auf und ab; Rafael blickte ihm innig nach, ihm war es, als müßte er ihn zu benennen, und könnte nur die Buchſtaben nicht finden. Ahasverus bemerkte es, und ſagte: es iſt Novalis, die Sehnſucht treibt ihn hierher! — Als nun jeder ſein Licht löſchte, drehten auch Ahasverus und ſein junger Freund die übrigen um, und gingen zurück nach dem kleinen Rauchhauſe, wo nun Alles ſtill war. Der Jude verſprach, ihn in der nächſten Nacht wieder abzuholen, und ging. — Salomo ſchlief bald ein; aber als der Kellner, der ihm das Frühſtück brachte, früh um 8 Uhr an die [illegible] Thüre klopfte, als Rafael die Figuren an der Wand, ſo bunt phantaſtiſch ſie auch waren, mit ſeinem Holzſchnitt in gar keine Verbindung zu bringen vermochte, da ſah er wohl ein, daß er lebhaft — geträumt hatte. Aber es war ein ſchöner bedeutungsvoller Traum, beſonders für einen Theologen, ſagte er zum Kellner. — Und nun ging er gar ruhig an ſeine Geſchäfte, wurde gut empfangen und freundlich entlaſſen. Das war ihm eben recht. — Des Nachmittags ſuchte er einen Bekannten auf der früher in Jena ſtudirt, Salomo aber bei einem Beſuche in Leipzig kennen gelernt hatte, und nun ſeiner Neigung folgend auf die Dresdner Malerakademie gegangen war. Er freute ſich übermäßig, den lieben blonden Jungen wieder einmal an ſein Herz zu drücken, mit dem er zwar damals nur ein paar Tage umging, den er aber doch von ganzer Seele liebgewann. Mein Guſtav, ſprach er, wie geht's dir denn? Und weiter konnte er nichts ſagen. Als nun Guſtav Salomo mit ſeinen Fortſchritten in der Kunſt bekannt gemacht hatte, theilte ihm dieſer ſeinen Brautſtand, ſeine Hoffnungen mit, und kam endlich auch auf den Traum der vergangenen Nacht. Eben waren ſie auf den Altmarkt getreten. — Kurios! ſagte Rafael; auch hier war ich lebhaft im Traume, und jenes Eckhaus, ob ich es gleich niemals vorher erblickt, find' ich nun eben ſo, als ich's träumend ſah. — In dieſem Hauſe, rief der zarte blonde Maler, wohnt Ludwig Tieck. — Ach darum! dachte Rafael Salomo, und zerdrückte die Freudenthränen im Auge.

Auf dem Linkiſchen Bade kam Herr Mehl an ihn, und flüſterte ihm ins Ohr: im nächſten Jahre Charfreitags werden ſie ihn ſehen. Wen? ſchrie Salomo, und Guſtav ſchreckte zuſammen. Den Juden, fuhr Mehl fort, ſie dürfen mir's nur ſchreiben, wo ſie ſind, ſo wird er ſie beſuchen.

Und warum nicht eher, lieber Mehl? Und wie kommen ſie hierher? Und warum erzählen ſie mir das jetzt ſchon? Und warum —

Herr Mehl war fort, und ließ ſich die Elbe entlang fahren.

Wer war denn der Jude, fragte Guſtav, als Mehl weg war.

Ei das iſt kein Jude, Lieber, mein voriger Wirth, Herr Mehl!

Dein Wirth mag er wohl ſein, aber er iſt ein Jude.

Mir fällt eben ein, murmelte Rafael, er ſieht ihm ähnlich.

Wem?

Meinem Nachtgeſicht! Und er iſt auch ſo geſchwind von Leipzig hier! Nicht wahr, du ſchläfſt heute Nacht bei mir im kleinen Rauchhauſe?

Gern, antwortete Guſtav.

Im Gehen fing Salomo an: ich meine doch, Herr Mehl iſt ein ſchöner Mann, obgleich blaß und dürr; aber die Züge ſeines Angeſichts ſind recht intereſſant. Das mußt du ja am beſten beurtheilen können, als Schüler und Betrachter der Menſchenantlitze. —

Allerdings hat ſein Geſicht einen großen Eindruck auf mich gemacht, es kam mir ſogar bekannt vor, und ich weiß nur nicht, wo ich damit hin ſoll?

Wenn er es ſelbſt wäre, den er mir zu zeigen verſprach? Was meinſt du, Guſtav? Mir graut!

Komm' mit auf die Terraſſe, armer Salomo, du wirſt wie ſonſt krank. Sieh' in die Berge über die Elbe, ſieh' die reine Luft, die himmliſche Gegend; — kann da, wo ein frommer reiner Geiſt ſolche Lüfte auf und hernieder ſäuſelt, eine kindiſche Furcht vor Erſcheinungen aus der Geiſterwelt deiner Seele Herrin werden? Der Traum dieſer Nacht hat Dich erhitzt; blick' in die Abendluft, hier, wo der ſchönſte Abend in der ſchönſten Gegend lächelt, und kühle dich ab! — Sanfte Seele, treues kindliches Herz, rief Salomo, du haſt recht, aber mich beruhigſt du nicht. Der ewige Jude iſt kein Geiſt, hat ſeinen Körper noch, lebt noch, kann nicht ſterben, darf nicht ſterben, das iſt ſeine ſchaudervolle Bedeutung. Und wäre auch das nicht: meine Pulſe ſind einmal aufgeregt; erſt das bewegliche Bild, dann Mehls Erſcheinung in der Nacht, da ich ihn ſonſt und nachher (außer heute) nicht geſehen, mein Traum, die heutige Anrede, die Aehnlichkeit des Geſichts in der Wirklichkeit wie im Schlafe, — alles das — ich kann mich nicht beruhigen. Und überhaupt, daß ich's nur geſtehe, dir geſtehe, denn einem andern als dir würd' es der arme Kandidatus Theologiae ſchwerlich zu eröffnen wagen, was du mir vorhin über den Widerſpruch geſagt haſt, der zwiſchen dem Glauben an einen weltenwaltenden Gott und an eine finſtre gräuliche Geiſterwelt ſei, — das kann ich dir einmal nicht zugeben. Ich weiß nicht, geht es mir allein, oder geht es vielen Menſchen ſo, faſt alles, was mir im gewöhnlichen Leben auf die gewöhnlichſte Art begegnet, zeugt mir für eine ſeltſam wirkende Verbindung der Geiſter, und außerordentlicher geiſtiger Kräfte. Im reinſten heiterſten Anſchauen der freien Natur, zuckt ein Nerv in mir auf, bebend durch die tiefſte Seele, und mahnt mich an eine Unendlichkeit vor mir, die ich nie erlebt habe, die mir aber wie aus fernen Träumen bekannt ſcheint. Da iſt mir, als hätt' ich ſchon einmal gelebt. Die Regungen der Geſpenſterfurcht, welche mich in der Einſamkeit bei Tage wie bei Nacht überfallen kann, ſind mir nur Anklänge jener unbekannten [illegible] Zeit, mit der gegenwärtigen Mitternacht in Verbindung gebracht; kurz, mein Lieber, ich glaube als ein rechtſchaffner Chriſt an keine Geiſter, Geſpenſter und Ahnungen, — aber ich fürchte ſie. — Der Unterſchied zwiſchen dir und andern Menſchen von Geiſt, Herz und Phantaſie, iſt alſo nicht gar zu groß? nahm Guſtav das Wort. — O bewahre. Denn viele ſind ungläubig aus Muth, und muthig aus Unglauben, viele aber zieren ſich mit der Furchtloſigkeit, und bannen in der ſchmutzigſten elendeſten Proſa des Lebens alle Poeſie und Myſtik aus der Nacht. Sie brauchen einen allgemeinen Glauben an die Wunder des Chriſtenthums, und vergeſſen, daß der ſtille ſinnige Beobachter ihren Glauben nicht glauben kann, wenn er ſieht, daß ſie die Wunder der Natur auf trockne chemiſche Verfahrungen beſchränken wollen. Sie ſehen es alltäglich, daß Seelen und Herzen einiger Menſchen ſich anziehen, andere ſich abſtoßen, — aber die ſichtbaren Wirkungen der Sympathie und Antipathie nennen ſie Aberglaube. Wer ſo was ahnet und fühlt, der heißt Wundermann, Geiſterſeher, Finſterling! — Sieh' Guſtav, ſteht dort am eiſernen Gitter Herr Mehl, oder täuſcht mich die Furcht? — Nein, er iſt's wirklich, er ſpricht mit ſich ſelbſt, wir wollen ihn behorchen. Sie ſchlichen ſich hinter ihn, da ſprach der Einſame: Hätte doch Herr Paulus von Eitzen damals nicht die Sache bekannt gemacht, als ich mit ihm und dem Hamburger Rector geredet hatte. Jetzt ſpuckt es ſchon wieder aus dem alten Büchlein nach, und ich weiß nicht, ſoll ich mit dem Studenten Salomo — — mehr verſtanden ſie nicht. Nach einem Weilchen ſprach der Jude noch halblaut: wenn er es nur verdient! und ging ohne die Lauſcher geſehen zu haben. Der Jude ſag' ich; denn nun hegte Rafael nicht den geringſten Zweifel, daß dieſer vermeinte Herr Mehl wirklich der ewige Jude ſei. Guſtav machte die dringendſten Einwendungen, von denen keine in des Kandidaten Ohren Eingang fand, als die Erinnerung an jene Nacht, wo das Bild ſich zu bewegen ſchien, und der gerufene Herr Mehl ſich ſogleich einfand. Wie kann der ewige Jude, fuhr Guſtav fort, wenn du nun einmal an ihn glauben willſt, dein Hauswirth geweſen ſein?

Ach liebſter Guſtav, ich ſah' ihn ja vorher nie, ſah ihn ſelbſt nachher nicht mehr, da am andern Morgen die Wirthin mir erzählte, er ſei ſchon wieder auf Reiſen gegangen, um ſeinen kleinen Handelsgeſchäften nachzuhängen. Verdächtig war es mir wohl gleich, daß ſie nichts von ſeinem Verkehr mit Volksbüchern wiſſen wollte, da ich doch mit Zuverſicht behaupten konnte, der Mann, der mir auf der Petersſtraße begegnet war, ſei niemand anders geweſen; ja was noch mehr, er ſagte mir ja ſelbſt, daß er ſich erinnere, mich geſehen zu haben, an der Hausthüre nämlich. Damals bemerkte ich ſein jüdiſches Aeußeres nicht, weil ich zu aufgeregt war. In jedem Falle will ich, ſobald ich nach Leipzig zurückkomme, genauere Erkundigungen über Herrn Mehl einziehen.

Wenn nur, rief Guſtav laut lachend, die ganze Geſchichte nicht etwa von einem Spottvogel herrührt, der dich und deine Leichtgläubigkeit kennt, und den Juden beſtochen hat.

Nein Guſtav, das glaub' ich nicht. Wer ſollte ſo ſchlechten Scherz treiben? Und dann, in meinem Herzen ſpricht eine ſehr ernſte Stimme, daß es mehr als Scherz iſt. Genug, du ſchläfſt heute Nacht bei mir; meine Geſchäfte ſind abgemacht, morgen kehr' ich zurück nach Leipzig, und in acht Tagen haſt du einen Brief mit Auskunft über meine Zukunft, über Herrn Mehl und meine vorige Wirthin.

Der Student Rafael Salomo
an
den Maler Guſtav.

Meine Braut, geliebter Guſtav, wird alle Tage ſchöner, und ich liebe ſie ſtündlich inniger. Sie iſt ganz zufrieden mit der mir zugeſprochenen geringen Predigerſtelle, und dem damit verbundenen ſtillen Leben in der ſchönen Gegend. Nun zu Herrn Mehl: es wird immer verwirrter in dieſer Begebenheit, und das iſt das einzige, was mich jetzt bekümmert. Ja lache nur! Es bekümmert mich recht ernſtlich, und nur die Anmuth meiner Braut, (die ich beiläufig geſagt in wenig Tagen mein Weib nennen werde) vermag mir die trüben Gedanken zu verſcheuchen. Herr Mehl iſt nicht unſer Herr Mehl; ich habe den rechten Herrn Mehl nun geſehen; es iſt ein ganz anderer Menſch als unſer Jude, und ſieht eher einem Zwerge gleich, als dem Bilde, welches uns das Geſpenſt auf der Brühliſchen Terraſſe von Ahasverus gegeben hat. Als ich ihn wegen ſeines Nachtbeſuchs befragte, ſagte er, ſich entſchuldigend, er habe zwar meinen Ruf gehört, ſei auch Willens geweſen, gleich zu mir herum zu kommen; aber von der weiten Fußreiſe ermattet, und ſeit langer Zeit zum erſtenmale wieder auf bequemen Lager, habe ihn der Schlaf gleich darauf übermannt. Seine Frau hätte es nicht gewagt zu kommen, und dann um ſo weniger, als ſie mich mit verſchiedenen Stimmen hätte phantaſiren hören. Beide haben nachher geglaubt, ich wäre verrückt und ſind froh geweſen, daß ich bald darauf auszog. — Wenn ich nun die Bewegungen des Bildes und den Traum im kleinen Rauchhauſe für Phantaſien anſehe, und ſie alſo in Bezug auf unſer Factum Dir völlig preisgebe; wenn ich ſelbſt den Eintritt in mein Zimmer und die Unterhaltung mit dem Juden für eine Täuſchung meiner erhitzten Sinne halten wollte; — was denken wir denn von der Wiederkehr des Geſpenſtes mitten am hellen Tage, an einem volkreichen Ort, was von ſeiner Hindeutung auf den Charfreitag, was um alles in der Welt von ſeinem Selbſtgeſpräch? Du mußt mir bei'm kälteſten Blute geſtehen, daß, alles zuſammengenommen, wie es mich ſtufenweiſe betroffen hat, wohl einen minder Gläubigen in Beſorgniß ſetzen könnte! — Auf den Charfreitag bin ich ſchon ganz heimiſch in meiner Pfarre; wenn nicht eher, beſuche mich dann, und iß den Oſterkuchen mit uns. Da wollen wir gemeinſchaftlich den Wanderer erwarten. Meine Eliſe grüßt innig, und freut ſich ſehr, den lieben Maler kennen zu lernen. Ewig

Dein Salomo.

Bei Rafaels Hochzeitfeier waren faſt alle Mitglieder des Dichtervereins zugegen, theils weil Eliſe unter ihnen die meiſten Bekannten hatte, theils weil doch da der Grund zu ihrer Verbindung gelegt worden war. Man war ſehr heiter. Nach der Trauung wurde auch das neue Paar froher und freier, die alten Scherze lebten auf, und flatterten tändelnd durch den Saal, Neckereien und Anſpielungen gelangen auch dem minder Geiſtreichen zum Erſtaunen, und es beſtätigte ſich bei klingenden Gläſern, daß ein Hochzeitfeſt, ſelbſt den Armen an Witz Gelegenheit giebt, witzig zu werden. Beinah' alle Apolliniſten (der Zirkel hieß Apollo) hatten ihre Empfindungen in ſangbaren Weiſen zu Papier und Druck gebracht, und ſo wurde von acht bis zwölf Uhr immerwährend geſungen. Da erſchienen zwei Lieder auf die Melodie — es kann ſchon nicht immer ſo bleiben, — eilf — bekränzt mit Laub, — eins — in dieſen heil'gen Hallen, — ſieben — Freude ſchöner Götterfunken, — fünf — im Kreiſe froher kluger Zecher, — zwei — wer ſich von dem goldnen Ringe, — und alle dieſe wurden von den Herren Solo's und dem Chor meiſterhaft durchgeführt. Drei andere aber machten mancherlei Schwierigkeiten in der Ausführung, weil es große Bravourarien mit untergelegtem Text waren. Es hatten nehmlich einige Dichter Eliſen dieſe Arien oft trefflich vortragen hören, und vergaßen ganz, daß ſie (die einzige bedeutende Sängerin in der Geſellſchaft) heute nicht ſingen konnte, um ſo weniger, da die Schmeicheleien nicht geſpart waren. Es klang daher ſehr wild, als die große Geſellſchaft allzumal folgende drei Gratulationen ſang: 1) Ergittre nicht mein lieber Sohn ꝛc., 2) Meinen Romeo zu ſehen ꝛc., und 3) di tanti palpiti ꝛc., mit vorhergehenden Recitativ und Adagio.

Endlich nahm Salomo das Wort: Hier in dieſem Kreiſe lernte ich meine Eliſe kennen; ich trinke das Wohl des Apollo, und Heil dem Andenken des Abends, der unſre Verbindung gründete! Dann mußt du auch, ſagte Eliſe, das Wohl des Bücherhändlers trinken, dem ich den ewigen Juden abkaufte, denn das war eigentlich die Hauptſache: Herr Mehl ſoll leben! er ſoll leben! rief Rafael in einer furchtſamen Begeiſterung. — Der ewige Jude ſoll leben! tönte es unten am Tiſche wieder: er lebe! Die Gläſer klangen, man lachte, jauchzte und — Ahasverus trat in den Saal. Herr Mehl, der Bilderhändler, ein Jude, ſo ging es von einem Munde zum andern. Wer hat den Juden hereingelaſſen, fragen die Verwandten der Braut. Die Bedienten aber fürchteten ſich vor der hohen, feſten, fleiſchloſen Geſtalt, die mit hohlem Auge aus dem langbärtigen Antlitz in den Hochzeitsjubel blickte. Rafael faßte ſich, ging auf ihn zu und flüſterte: Charfreitag wollteſt du kommen! Ahasverus ſagte: gieb mir deinen Trauring, eher kann ich nicht gehen. Den Bräutigam faßte innerliches Entſetzen, er gab ihm den Ring heimlich und kehrte zu ſeiner Eliſe. Der Jude ging wieder. — Ich war ihm eine Kleinigkeit für Bücher ſchuldig, ſprach Rafael, als er gefragt wurde, was er mit ihm zu verkehren habe, und er kam ſich das Geld zu holen. Das hätt' ich wiſſen ſollen, ſchrie ein junger Student, ich hätte den unzeitigen Mahner ſchon zur Thür hinausgebracht; aber wirklich, ich erſchrack bei ſeinem Eintritt, denn ich dachte, er wäre der Juif errant, der ſich für die ihm gebrachte Geſundheit zu bedanken käme. — Die Trinker verſuchten nun, den vorigen Ton anzuſtimmen, aber vergebens; theils hatten die Weiber den Muth verloren, das Wohl der Abweſenden zu trinken, theils waren die Anweſenden ſchon nicht mehr im beſten Wohlſein; kurz das junge Paar benutzte die eingetretene Trink- und Sprachſtille, um ſich im Geheim zu entfernen; und obgleich mehrere muthwillige Gäſte Willens waren, ihnen zu folgen, um die alten marternden Unanſtändigkeiten des Kranzraubens auszuüben, ſo wagte es doch Niemand über den finſtern Saal zu gehen, weil unter den Dienern ſich die Rede verbreitet hatte, der ewige Jude ſäße in der Halle vor dem Brautgemach! — Und wahrlich, ſo war es! —

Schon hatte Eliſe ihr holdes Haupt, von dem quälenden Toben und der ſeligen Stille der verfloſſnen Stunden ermattet, auf die Kiſſen gelegt, und der zarte Buſen hob ſich ſanfter, ruhiger, — da ging die Thür auf, Ahasverus trat ein, winkte Salomo zu und ſteckte ihm den Ring wieder an den Finger. Kaum hatte dieſer vom neuen Schrecken ſich erholt, als der Wandrer auch ſchon wieder hinaus war; und nur der Ring konnte den erwachenden Ehemann am andern Morgen überzeugen, daß er diesmal nicht geträumt habe, wie zu Dresden im kleinen Rauchhauſe.

Als der Paſtor Rafael Salomo mit ſeiner jungen Frau in der Friedfelder Amtswohnung einzog, wurde ihm ganz wunderlich ums Herz. Der Herbſt hatte ſchon alle Bäume entlaubt, und es ſah in der Gegend umher, ſo ſchön ſie im Sommer iſt, jetzt wohl gar traurig aus. Eliſen fiel auf einmal der Gedanke an die ländliche Wintereinſamkeit ſchwer auf die Seele; beide ſahen ſich lange ſtumm ins Angeſicht. Die kleinen Zimmer waren einfach freundlich eingerichtet worden, die Magd hatte ſchon acht Tage vorher gefegt und geordnet, und Eliſe fand für's Erſte gar nichts zu verrichten. Sie ſenkte die Augen von Thränen ſchwer zur Erde und ſprach: was fehlt dir?

Was fehlt dir? muß ich fragen, rief Rafael, daß du weinſt?

Mir iſt ſo bange und ſchwer, ſprach Eliſe.

Und mir wird bange, weil ich dich traurig ſehe. Ich meine Geliebte, du wirſt es bereuen, mir deine Hand gereicht zu haben.

Nie, nie mein Einziger! Mit dieſen Worten ſank ſie ihm an die Bruſt und weinte recht lange. Dann, durch Thränen erleichtert, führte ſie den ſtummen Freund durch all' die kleinen Gemächer und zeigte ihm fröhlich das viele Geräth und andre Dinge, die ſie ohne ſein Wiſſen mitgebracht hatte. Laß' uns, ſprach ſie, die tiefſten Gefühle unſres Herzens ſtets offen mittheilen; laß' uns in unſrer Liebe die ganze Welt finden und vergönne mir, dich zu nennen, wie die treue Gattin Chriſtine ihren Stilling noch ſterbend nannte: mein Engel und mein Alles! — O du Holde, ſagte er, wenn ich dich nur verdiene. So kam der Abend und die Nacht herbei, und der Morgen fand ſie heitrer, als je. —

Rafaels Gemeinde war von der Probepredigt, die er vor ſeinem Einzug hielt, ſehr wohl erbaut worden, und hatte einſtimmig ihre Freude über den neuen Lehrer geäußert. Aber nun, nachdem er eingezogen war und ſich bei ihnen im Dorfe verlauten ließ, daß des neuen Predigers Weib eine katholiſche Chriſtin ſei, nahmen ſie, die allzumal ſtrenge Proteſtanten, ein großes Aergerniß daran. Rafael gerieth bei der erſten Nachricht von dieſen Aeußerungen in große Betrübniß. Da er nun, wie alle junge Leute, mit dem Kopf durch die Mauer rennen wollte, ſo predigte er bei der nächſten Gelegenheit ein Langes und Breites über die Pflicht der Duldung, und gab dann ſeine Geſinnungen über dieſen Punkt insbeſondere folgendermaßen zu erkennen, wie wir am beſten aus einem Stückchen ſeiner Predigt abnehmen können:

„Deshalb alſo, meine andächtigen Freunde, müßt ihr gerecht ſein, gegen die, welche einen andern Glauben hegen, als ihr, oder vielmehr ihren Glauben in eine andre Form kleiden. Glauben nicht alle Chriſten, ohne Unterſchied, an Gottes eingebornen Sohn? Laßt doch, ihr meine treuen Lutheraner, laßt uns doch nicht Richter des chriſtlichen Bruders ſein, der die Anſchauung eines Bildes, den Klang bedeutungsvoller Geſänge, die Uebung heiliger Gebräuche wünſcht, um ſich durch dieſe zur Andacht ſtimmen zu laſſen. Noch duldſamer aber wollen wir gegen die Frauen ſein. Denn der Mann, der von dem Schöpfer ſchon berufen und beſtimmt iſt, ſich ſelbſt zu vertreten, für ſich und die Seinigen zu ſtehen, ſeine Bildung und ſein Leben in innerer Abgeſchloſſenheit ſicher und frei zu vollenden, der vermag wohl eher ſich loszuſagen von dem Tempeldienſt der Sinnenwelt. Das Weib aber, hingebend und vertrauend von Natur, weich und gefühlvoll, zu willig, dem Aeußern Werth und Bedeutung zu leihen; zu ſchwach, ihre Gottesverehrung nur geiſtig zu begründen; laßt ſie, meine Freunde, knien und beten vor dem Bilde der Hochgebenedeiten; gönnt der Schwachen den Troſt, daß ſie in trüben Stunden Wunder von ihrer Heiligen zu erwarten habe. Ach, iſt das Leben doch ſo arm, ſo leer, wenn wir es nicht ausſchmücken mit Glaube, Liebe und Hoffnung. Der Glaube iſt mächtig und er macht ſelig. Nehmt dem Mann den Frieden, den gläubige Hingebung gewährt, regt ihn auf, geiſtig zu ſtreben, er ſoll kämpfen und männlich ringen, weil er ein Mann iſt. Aber dem Weibe gönnt ihre ſtille ſchwärmeriſche Andacht, dem Weibe, die der Leiden ſo viele, der Freuden ſo wenig kennt; laßt ihr die Zuverſicht auf ihre heilige Jungfrau, laßt —“

Nun konnten die Kirchkinder ſich nicht länger bändigen, es entſtand ein lautes Murren im Gotteshauſe, die Männer nahmen ihre Bücher unter den Arm und gingen hinaus. Bald ſtand Salomo auf der Kanzel allein, allein in der ganzen Kirche, faſt verſteinert vor Schreck und Entſetzen, und ihm gegenüber, an einem Pfeiler, ſtand — der Jude.

Hab' ich geſündigt, daß ich ſolche Züchtigung verdiene? rief er ihm zu; dieſer aber ging ſtarken Schrittes bei der Orgel vorbei, die Treppe hinunter, und als ſich unſer armer Freund geſammelt hatte, den ſchweren Weg nach ſeinem Hauſe antretend, fand er ihn ſchon nicht mehr an der Thür. In ſeine Stube tretend, rief er: heut bin ich ein Märtyrer für dich! Ottilie, die ſchon von den heimkehrenden Mägden unterrichtet worden war, lag in ihrem Schmerze vor der heiligen Jungfrau, die in dem herrlichen Müllerſchen Kupferſtich, nach Rafael, über dem Flügel hing. Weinend umfaßte ſie Salomo, noch im kirchlichen Ornate, und ſank an ihrer Seite nieder. In dem Augenblicke ging die Thür auf und der Gerichtsſcholz mit den Geſchwornen trat herein. Was brauchen wir weiter gegen ſie zu klagen, Herr Paſtor, begann der alte Mann, ſie fühlen ſelbſt, was uns zu Herzen gehen muß. Hier kommen wir zu ihnen, um über die heutige Predigt mit ihnen zu rechten, und finden ſie nun, wie ſie ſammt ihrer Frau Götzendienſt vor dem ſchwarzen heidniſchen Bilde treiben. Das iſt nur Zufall, lieber Freund, rief Rafael ganz außer ſich. Der Scholz aber ſagte: wir haben nichts mehr zu thun, kommt ihr Leute, und ſo ließen ſie die armen Ehegatten allein.

Von dieſem Tage an wurde Rafael nicht mehr froh. Er erfuhr, daß die Bauern bereits eine Klage gegen ihn eingegeben und ſeine Abſetzung verlangt hatten; er ſah, daß Ottilie, die ſich als die Urſache dieſes Unheils betrachtete, trübe und traurig umherſchlich; er fühlte tief, er habe wirklich unrecht, — und zu dieſen bittern Empfindungen geſellte ſich nun noch der Aerger über ſeine Kirchkinder, welche ſich jetzt zu andern Kirchen hielten und auch anderswo beichteten und taufen und trauen ließen. Er hätte zwar hier die beſte Gelegenheit finden können, ihnen Gleiches mit Gleichem zu vergelten und ſie ſo wie ſeine habſüchtigen Amtsbrüder zu verklagen; aber er dachte zu hoch, und Freiheit des Geiſtes, unumſchränkte Freiheit, ſich in Glaubensſachen an den wenden zu dürfen, dem das Herz vertraut, oder den man eben nur erwählen will, ſchien ihm wichtiger, als der ökonomiſche Nachtheil, der für ihn daraus erwuchs. — Seine Kirche war auch deshalb nicht leer; — denn obſchon die meiſten Mitglieder der Gemeinde die Gottesverehrungen der nachbarter Dörfer aufſuchten, ſo hatte doch der Ruf ſeiner Freimüthigkeit und die Kunde von den daraus entſtandenen Unruhen, eine ſolche Maſſe wiß- und neubegierige Hörer aus der Nähe und Ferne angezogen, daß die ziemlich große Dorfkirche oft zu eng wurde. — Am grünen Donnerſtage traf Guſtav ein, grade als der Paſtor und ſeine Frau ihre Honigſemmel aßen. Das war ein Troſt für beide, daß der blonde Maler kam. Sie theilten ihm Alles mit und auch die Furcht vor morgen. Rafael hatte auf den Charfreitag, wo ſonſt nur des Morgens Gottesdienſt geweſen, auch Nachmittags eine Betſtunde angeſetzt, zum Theil, um durch Beſchäftigung die neuerwachte Furcht vor dem Juden zu mindern, und es ließ ſich alſo erwarten, daß ſeine Gemeinde in dieſer Betſtunde ſich einfinden würde, weil um dieſe Zeit auf keinem andern Dorfe Gottesdienſt gehalten wurde. — Der Charfreitag brach an. Wie geſagt, Salomo war in großer Angſt und Verlegenheit; grade heute, dachte er in ſeinem Herzen, werden deine Feinde recht auf deine Worte lauern, dann will auch heute der Jude kommen, Gott bewahre uns, und mein Guſtav wird auch in der Kirche ſein. Er blickte aus dem kleinen Fenſter ſeiner Studirſtube in die Berge hinaus, auf denen ſchon der Frühling ſich regte. Vorbereitet auf die Rede war er auch noch nicht. Er ſann wohl hin und her, in welche Grundtheile er das reiche ſchöne Thema des Todestages Chriſti zerlegen und faſſen ſollte? Da fiel ihm auf einmal der Traum ein, den er im kleinen Rauchhauſe in Dresden geträumt hatte. Sangen ſie nicht das Lied: o Haupt voll Blut und Wunden! Und hab' ich das Lied nicht auswendig gelernt, wie's im alten Geſangbuch ſteht! Wenn heute Ahasverus käme, ſo dürfte er mir den andächtigen Mund nicht zuhalten, weil ich anders ſänge wie er und die frommen Nachbarn. Ja ja, heute will ich über das Lied predigen. Du alter Paul Gerhard, ſei ſegnend unſichtbar mir zur Seite, erwecke mich und meine Gemeinde zu reiner Andacht! Damit ging er zu Ottilien und ſagte: komme bald nach, mein Engel, jetzt geh ich in die Kirche. Aber die Kirche war heute ungemein voll und alle Leute in Trauerkleidern. Rafael las das Evangelium (Ev. Lucä 23); wie er an die Stelle kam: „und als er das geſagt, verſchied er“ — da läutete es auf dem Thurme, die Gemeinde knieete nieder, ein ſtilles Vaterunſer zu beten, und wer im Dorfe krank zu Hauſe lag, der faltete die matten Hände ſogleich, als die Töne über die Dächer zitterten. Nachdem der junge Prediger vom Altar gegangen, ließ er das Lied ſingen, und beim letzten Verſe beſtieg er die Kanzel. Da fing er gleich, wie es noch im friſchen Andenken der Zuhörer war, begeiſtert an:

„O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden! Theures geliebtes Haupt meines ewigen Erlöſers, ſei mir gegrüßt, du Haupt voll Schmerz! Wer, meine Andächtigen, wer unter euch erbebt nicht in Thränen bei dem lebhaften Gedanken, das Haupt eines Freundes, den er heiter und friſch verließ, das Haupt, welches er an das volle Herz drücken wollte, von Blut geröthet, von Wunden zerſtört, von Schmerz gefoltert zu ſehen! Wem regt ſich das Mitleid nicht in der Seele, ſelbſt wenn es das Haupt eines Feindes wäre? Und nun erſt: der Erlöſer, der aus Liebe zu uns kam, in Liebe lebte und lehrte, in Liebe litt, denkt euch das theure Antlitz des himmliſchen Freundes blutend vor euch, und jeder Menſch möchte in Thränen zerfließen. Aber ſo war es nicht. Den Schmerzen geſellte ſich bitterer Hohn, und ach, es heißt: o Haupt zu Spott gebunden mit einer Dornenkron! o Haupt, ſonſt ſchön gezieret mit höchſter Ehr' und Zier, jetzt aber hoch ſchimpfiret, gegrüßet ſeiſt du mir! Ja, gegrüßet ſeiſt du uns allen, o Meiſter voll Liebe, leidender, verhöhnter Chriſtus. Sei uns dreimal gegrüßet heute, du Lamm am hohen Kreuze, heute am Gedächtnißtage deines Leidens und Sterbens. Ja, mich dünkt, ich ſehe dich vor mir, Verklärter, ſehe die Milde, die aus deinen Zügen ſpricht, den Götterglanz deiner brechenden Augen, du edles Angeſicht! ſehe, wie deine Augen auch noch im Tode die Sünder darnieder blitzen, ſehe die Majeſtät, die du auch am Kreuze des Miſſethäters verbreiteſt; das Antlitz, davor ſonſt ſchrickt und ſcheut das große Weltgewichte (der Stolz des eitlen irdiſchen Treibens, die Ruhmſucht des Reichthums und der thörigten Macht armer Erdengröße), theures Antlitz, wie biſt du ſo beſpeit! wie biſt du ſo erbleichet! wer hat dein Augenlicht, dem ſonſt kein Licht mehr gleichet, ſo ſchändlich zugericht't? — Wer hat dich geſchmäht, als die, denen du wohlthateſt, die du mit Wahrheit und Weisheit erleuchten wollteſt, führen wollteſt an deiner Rechten vor den Thron des herrſchenden Vaters? Und dennoch ſprachſt du: vergieb ihnen! Von Schmerzen durchzuckt, mit den ſchmähendſten Zeichen der Verachtung belohnt, gegeißelt, geſchlagen, mit Dornen gekrönt, am Kreuze verhöhnt; — und dennoch ſprachſt du, vergieb ihnen! Ja, Jeſus, vergieb uns, ach wir wiſſen ſo oft nicht, was wir thun! Und iſt es möglich, ſie umſtehen dein Hochgericht, dieſelben, die dich mit Jubelklang, dem täuſchenden Frohlocken des ſchwankenden Volks, empfingen, dieſelben, die dich in der Blüthe deiner Mannheit als Freund und Lehrer begrüßten, ſie können ſich jetzt an deinen Qualen weiden? Die Farbe deiner Wangen, der rothen Lippen Pracht, iſt hin und ganz vergangen; des blaſſen Todes Macht hat alles hingenommen, hat alles hingerafft, und daher biſt du kommen, von deines Leides Kraft. Und für wen litteſt du, ſüßer Meiſter? Für wen kamſt du, die dürftige Geſtalt des Menſchen anzunehmen, ſeine Schmerzen zu dulden, ſeine Leiden mitzufühlen, ſeine Selbſtſucht zu tragen, für alle Segnungen verkannt, ja gemartert zu werden bis in den Tod? — Für wen, o Jeſus? — Nun, was du Herr erduldet, iſt alles meine Laſt. Auch für mich, der ich jetzt nach ſo vielen hundert Jahren nach dir lebe, um dich weine und ach, dennoch ſündige, auch für mich; ich hab es ſelbſt verſchuldet, was du getragen haſt. O vergieb auch mir, Erbarmer! Sieh mich hier im Angeſicht deiner mir zürnenden und doch von mir aufs innigſte geliebten Gemeinde, in deren Namen ich bitte und bete, ſieh mich hier knieend und vergieb, vergieb, vergieb! — Schau her, hier lieg ich Armer, der Zorn verdienet hat; aber du zürnſt mir nicht, du ſegneſt mich: gieb mir, o mein Erbarmer, den Anblick deiner Gnad'. Und da thut ſich der Himmel auf, der Lichtglanz des morgenden Oſterfeſtes klingt wie Glockenton über die Fluren, die Blümchen duften ſchon, deine Gnade und Milde zu verkünden, und der Wald ſtimmt ſeine Frühlingslieder an. Mich durchſtrömt inniges Entzücken, ich fühle beſeligt, daß, wenn auch ein Sünder, ich dennoch dir angehöre, doch ein Lamm deiner Heerde bin. Erkenne mich mein Hüter, mein Hirte nimm mich an! O, ich fühl es wohl, wie ſo ganz ich dir verpflichtet bin, wie deine Liebe den ganzen Menſchen ſo innig in Anſpruch nimmt, das ganze Leben begleiten, ſchmücken und erheben ſoll, wie ſie auch den Tod erhellt. Von dir, Quell aller Güter, iſt mir viel Gut's gethan: dein Mund hat mich begabet mit Milch und ſüßer Koſt. Alle Worte, die du geſprochen haſt, ſind Worte des ewigen Lebens geworden, laſſ' ſie mich leſen und immer leſen, bis ſie mir unwandelbar feſt im Herzen ſtehen, daß ich ſie auf immer mit mir trage, daß ich ſie wie den theuerſten Schatz bewahre, daß ich ſie zum Mittelpunkt meines Wirkens und Strebens mache. Wie reich bin ich dann, wie ſicher und gewiß meines Reichthums, denn wer wird ihn mir rauben? Wer mag ihn anfechten, wer ihn ſchwankend machen, dieſen beſeligenden Glauben, wenn er ganz mein iſt! — Dir Dank, Erlöſer: Dein Geiſt hat mich begabet mit mancher Himmelsluſt. Und ſo im Innerſten erfüllt von dir, mein Heiland, werd ich auch treu an dir halten, deinen Wandel zu meinem Vorbild machend. Weiß ich ſchon, daß ich arm bin, ſchwach und nichtig, ein Sclav des gebrechlichen Leibes, ein Sohn der Erde und der Sünde, dennoch ruf ich muthig: ich will hier bei dir ſtehen! bei dir, bei dir!! Mag es ſtürmen draußen im Leben, an dich, du Fels, darf ſich der Schwächſte lehnen; verachte mich doch nicht; ſieh mich huldvoll an, hoher Sohn Gottes voll Majeſtät, Großer, Dreieiniger, verachte mich nicht. — Aber nein, du biſt die demüthige Milde ſelbſt, du wirſt es dulden, daß ich mich dir recht innig anſchließe, daß ich mich Dein nenne. Treu will ich dir bleiben, gewiß ich will es. Und wenn du noch einmal hernieder kämeſt zu uns, dich unſrer Sünden noch einmal anzunehmen, wie wollt ich dir folgen, wie gern dein Jünger ſein. Ja wenn dich aufs Neue die ganze Welt verließe, der Undank kreuzigte, ich hielte nur immer feſter an dir. Von dir will ich nicht gehen, wenn dir dein Herze bricht. Wenn dein Haupt wird erblaſſen, im letzten Todesſtoß, dann nicht, mein ſüßer Heiland, will ich fliehen, oder gar einſtimmen in den Hohn, der dich tiefer kränkt, als alle Leibesſchmerzen, nein, alsdann will ich dich faſſen in meinen Arm und Schooß. Wenn ich es denke, dich halten zu dürfen in Armen, die ſtark werden würden durch deine Berührung, wenn ich es denke, das Glück, mit meinen Thränen deine Wunden baden zu dürfen! — — O vergieb, wenn ich nicht weiß, was ich thue oder rede, wenn ich in kühnen Träumen ſchwärmend die Glorie deiner Seligkeit irdiſch entweihe! aber ſieh! es dient zu meinen Freuden, und kommt mir herzlich wohl, wenn ich in deinen Leiden, mein Heil, mich finden ſoll. Ganz verſenkt in die Wonne dieſes Gedankens, begeiſtert durch ſeine Tiefe, hat ſelbſt des Lebens Freude keine Lockungen mehr für mich; Alles um mich her, ſei es noch ſo hoch und glänzend, wandelt ſich in nichtige Schatten; Alles wollt ich hingebend opfern, um dir folgen zu können, und ſo darf ich's mit Zuverſicht rufen: ach möcht' ich, o mein Leben, an deinem Kreuze hier mein Leben von mir geben, wie wohl geſchähe mir! — Aber noch hält mich des Daſeins rege Gewalt, noch fühl ich die Pflicht, zu wirken und zu ſchaffen, wie mein Beruf es mir befiehlt, wie dein Beiſpiel mich lehrt. Nicht der wehmüthig ſüßen Erſchlaffung ſtiller Sehnſucht nach dem Tode, nicht dem dumpfen geheimnißvollen Hange, des oft durch Leid und Freuden der Erde ermüdeten Leibes nach dem Grabe; nicht den Thränen, des Schmerzes um dich und dein Leiden darf ich mich leidend überlaſſen. Und weil ich niemand auf Erden, ſelbſt die Meinen nicht, treuer bewährt erfinden kann, als dich, mein Heiland, weil ich dich meinen rechten getreuen Freund nennen darf, ſo will ich mich auch herzlich beſtreben, dir ähnlich zu werden. Ich danke dir von Herzen, o Jeſu, liebſter Freund, für deines Todes Schmerzen, da du's ſo gut gemeint. Ach gieb, daß ich mich halte, zu dir und deiner Treu, und wenn ich nun erkalte, in dir mein Ende ſei. Wenn ich den Gang des Lebens durchwandelt, ſeine Stürme beſtanden, und ſeinen Frühling voll Blumen und Blüthen gekoſtet habe, und wenn dann das eilende Blut ſchwächer und lauer wird, verlaſſner mein Fuß geht, wo der Liebe noch Freundſchaft ſich traulich koſend an meinen Arm hängen wollen, dann, o Jeſu, gieb, daß in dir, in deinem Namen mein Ende ſei! Und wenn ich einmal ſoll ſcheiden, wenn ſie um mich ſtehen und die Augen voll Thränen auf den Sterbenden richten, Thränen, welche die Zeit trocknet, wenn die nächſte Stunde das Andenken an mich verweht, ſo ſcheide nicht von mir. Bleibe bei mir, wenn es will Abend werden, wenn es dunkelt vor meinen Blicken, wenn ich die Nacht des Todes fühle, wie gewaltig ſie die ſchweren Fittige über mich breitet, wenn keins der Bilder, die ich ſonſt gern ſah, mich anlächeln will, — wenn ich den Tod ſoll leiden, den Tod, deſſen Ernſt du Gottmenſch bitter empfandeſt, wenn ich ihn leiden ſoll, ſo tritt du dann herfür. Und wenn der gebrochene Blick die Freunde nicht mehr zu erkennen, die röchelnde Bruſt des Lebens erfriſchende Luft nicht mehr einzuſaugen vermag, die arme Hand zu ſchwach wird, um ſich ſegnend zu erheben, — wenn mir am allerbängſten wird um das Herze ſein, reiß du mich aus den Aengſten, Kraft deiner Angſt und Pein. Wenn die trübe Erinnerung an irdiſche Sündhaftigkeit noch einmal vor die ſcheidende Seele tritt und ſich drohend erheben will: erſcheine mir zum Schilde, zum Troſt in meinem Tod, und laſſ' mich ſehn dein Bilde in deiner Kreuzesnoth! Laß mich dein Bild vor mir ſehn, die Qual deines Leibes und deiner Seele am ſtarren Kreuze, laß mich Ruhe finden in dem Gedanken, daß du für mich gelitten haſt, für mich geſtorben biſt, daß deine Liebe mich, den Reuigen, entſündigt hat. Da will ich nach dir blicken, da will ich ſehnſuchtsvoll flehend die Arme nach dir ausſtrecken und rufen: Herr vergieb mir! dann wirſt du herniederſteigen, dein Kreuz verlaſſend, wie die Sünde von Haupt und Herzen nehmen, meine ſterbenden Hände in deine Wunden legen. Da wird die Erde um mich vergehen, rein ſeh ich über mir den Aether, die Wolken, die ſich öffnen, höre den himmliſchen Preisgeſang verklärter Engel, fühle mich von deinen Armen emporgetragen zum Lande der Ewigkeit; da will ich glaubensvoll dich an mein Herze drücken, wer ſo ſtirbt, der ſtirbt wohl. Amen!"

In der Sacriſtei wurde Rafael von ſeinem Guſtav empfangen. Dieſer fiel ihm ſchweigend um den Hals und ſchwieg auch ein langes Weilchen. Dann ſagte er: Bruder, nun glaub auch ich an den ew'gen Juden, er iſt hier. Er ſtand an einem Pfeiler gelehnt, faſt ungeſehen von der Menge und hat, wie es im Volksbuch heißt, wenn der Name Jeſus genennet wurde, ſich zum höchſten und demüthiglichſten geneigt, an ſeine Bruſt geſchlagen und inniglich geſeufzt. — Er wollte heute kommen, ſprach Salome; nun ſo wird er ſich bei mir ſehen laſſen, alſo gehen wir nach Hauſe.

An der Thür ſtand er: Wird deine Frau meinen Anblick ertragen können, junger Freund?

Und warum nicht? Dein Anſehn iſt ernſt, aber nicht fürchterlich, tritt herein und ruhe bei uns aus.

Ruhen! lachte der Jude. Ich ſeh wohl, du biſt derſelbe, der an jenem Abend in Leipzig das Gedicht vorlas. Ich ruhe nicht, Knabe, ſiehſt du den Staub auf meinen Schuhen?

Nun ſo komm wenigſtens herein, ſage mir, was du willſt; denn ſeitdem ich dich zum erſtenmal geſehen, bin ich nicht mehr ruhig geworden.

Sie traten hinein. Eliſe fuhr erſchreckt auf: wer kommt mit euch? — Ein alter Freund, ſprach der Jude. Laßt mir euren Mann auf ein Weilchen allein, dann komm ich mit ihm zu euch. Rafael bat Guſtav, bei Eliſen zu bleiben und führte den Juden hinauf in ſein Zimmer; von Angſt ermattet, die er kaum zu thun nicht wagte, ſetzte er ſich bleich vor ihm nieder.

Der Jude ſchlug den grauen Mantel zurück, ließ Bart und Haar, die verhüllt geweſen, in langen Locken herausfallen, daß ſie um Bruſt und Nacken ſchlugen, und ging ſtarken Schrittes auf und ab. Rafael ſah nichts als Knochen und Sehnen an ihm, dürr, doch kraftvoll ſtreckte ſich die ſchlanke Geſtalt im reinſten Ebenmaße, und trug ein edles Geſicht, aus dem ungemein ſtarke doch ausgebildete Züge leuchteten. Je länger der bewegte Prediger ſeinen Gaſt betrachtete, deſto mehr ſchwand die Furcht vor ihm und es umfing ihn eine gewiſſe Sehnſucht, ſich dem Wandrer herzlich zu nähern. Muthiger hob er die Stimme: ſage mir, wenn du es biſt, vielgeglaubter und doch fürchtend geahneter Ahasverus —

Ahasverus heiß' ich —

Sage mir, biſt du der ewige —

Der ewige Jude bin ich!

Nun ſo beſchwöre ich dich im Namen Gottes, ſage mir, was du von mir willſt. Wirſt du, ſo lange ich lebe, mich geſpenſtiſch verfolgen, im Traume wie im Wachen dich mir entgegenſtellend, oder biſt du gekommen, die Räthſel zu löſen, in denen ich lebe? Sage mir das.

Ach, ſie fürchten ſich alle vor mir, Salome, iſt das nicht ſchrecklich? Seit ſo vielen hundert Jahren zieh ich von Ort zu Ort, und wo ich's verſuchte, mich freundlich zu machen, flohen ſie mich. — Das Leben bin ich nun gewohnt, die Sehnſucht nach dem Tode war in den erſten fünfhundert Jahren überwunden; aber daß ich nicht ſagen darf, wer ich bin, nicht klagen darf, was ich fühle, daß ich verhüllt umhergehen muß, das iſt meine Qual. O, wenn ich nur den Buſen ausſchütten dürfte, einmal noch bis er kommt, — einmal — denn wenn ich's den Felſen ſage, ſie verſtehen's nicht, und die Blumen verblühen wieder, und die Vögel ziehen fort. Nur eine Bruſt für die Fülle meines Herzens!

Hier iſt ſie, Jude! ſchrie Rafael Salome, hier, ſprich! ich fühle mich dir befreundet, näher, je länger ich dich ſehe; ſprich!

Ja, du biſt es, mein Salome, wenn du wüßteſt — — —

Nun höre: ich lag vor meinem Hauſe und erwartete den Zug, der die Miſſethäter auf Golgatha begleiten ſollte. Den falſchen Judenkönig wollt' ich ſterben ſehn, mein Herz freute ſich auf dieſen Anblick. Wie es mir zu lange währte, rannte ich hinauf zum Pilatus, und miſchte mich unter das Volk. Kreuzige, kreuzige ihn! ſcholl über meine Lippen zurück, und dann: ſein Blut komme über uns und unſre Kinder! Der wilde Taumel wüthete durch mein Volk. Endlich war ſein Tod entſchieden. Ich lief nach Hauſe: ſie kommen mit ihm, laßt alles liegen, ſeht ihn kommen und höhnet ihn. Weib, Kinder und Geſinde traten auf die Gaſſe, mein kleinſtes Kind, das noch nicht gehen konnte, nahm ich auf den Arm. Er kam. Er war ermattet. An meinem Hauſe wollt' er ruhn; ich ſchlug nach ihm und ſtieß ihn fort, mein Kind raufte mit den kleinen Händen ſeinen Bart. Da erhob er das blaſſe Angeſicht und ſagte: Ich will hier ſtehn und ruhn, du aber ſollſt wandern bis ich wiederkomme. — Da legte ich mein Kind hin und folgte ihm; mir war, als müßte ich ihm folgen. Von Augenblick zu Augenblick wurde der Haß gegen ihn in meinem Herzen ſchwächer, und als er geſtorben war, erfüllte mich eine unbeſchreibliche Wehmuth. Ich mußte weinen. Nun fühlte ich nichts als Sehnſucht nach ihm, Sehnſucht nach dem Heiland, dem Erlöſer, dem Sohne Gottes; denn meine ganze Seele ſprach nichts als dieſe Worte. Ich ſtürzte über Berg und Thal, Tage und Nächte hindurch, ich wurde müde, ich wollte ruhen, neue Sehnſucht trieb mich weiter, ich konnte nicht mehr ſchlafen, der Hunger quälte mich, der Durſt, aber nur wenig Nahrung vermochte ich zu mir zu nehmen, es litt mich nicht, ich mußte fort. Und ſo wandre ich bis heute, ſuche den Herrn und kann ihn nicht finden; diene ihm wo ich bin, flehe ihn an und vernehme ihn nicht. Immer noch war es mein Troſt, verwandte Seelen aufzufinden, Herzen zu finden, die in Glauben und Demuth ihm ergeben. Aber ach, ſie werden immer ſeltner! Wenn er doch käme, daß ſie ihn ſähen — und lieben lernten! — Ja, wenn ſie ſeine Liebe wüßten, alle Menſchen würden Chriſten —

Das hat Novalis geſagt. —

Bei ihm war ich auch, mein Sohn! Ich bin vielen erſchienen, ſie wußten es kaum. Aber dich, Salome, dich lieb ich vor allen. Wenn du wüßteſt —

Was denn? du machſt mir bange, Ahasverus.

Sage mir, theurer Jüngling: wann und wie kamſt du zuerſt auf den Gedanken, jenes Gedicht aufzuſetzen?

Rafael ſagte: ich lag einmal im Halbſchlafe an einem Sommertage auf das Gras geworfen. Da träumte mir, es ging ein Mann um mich herum, der — o Himmel, jetzt fällt mir's ein, er ſah dir ähnlich — der leiſe ſprach: ich bin der Jude Ahasverus. Als ich erwachte, ſann ich über meinen Traum, und ſo entſtand das Gedicht.

Ich war es Salome, ich war es. Von jener Stunde an hab ich dich nicht aus den Augen gelaſſen. Ich war es auch, der Nachts in dein Zimmer trat.

Du warſt es?

Ja, ich ſtand vor deiner Thür, hörte dein Rufen, die Wirthsleute kamen nicht, da ging ich hinein. Als du im kleinen Raubhauſe träumteſt, ſtand ich vor deinem Bette, ſahe deine große Noth und gab dir den Traum ein, den du träumteſt.

Aber die Thür war zu —

Ich ließ das Schloß abſchnappen, als ich hineinging.

Warum haſt du mich auserſehn, warum mich?

Knabe, ich kann es dir jetzt nicht ſagen. Aber das wiſſe, nicht der Erſte biſt du, dem meine Leiden zu Herzen gingen, nicht der Erſte, der mich freundlich aufnimmt. Schon hat ein Herz an dem meinen geſchlagen, ein Arm mich umfangen — ich bin Vater!

Deine Kinder aber ſind todt.

Jene Kinder ſind begraben. Aber ein Sohn lebt mir!

Er lebt dir?

Vor ſieben und zwanzig Jahren am vier und zwanzigſten December in kalter Winternacht ging ich in eine Kirche, dort lag ein Judenmädchen am Altare und weinte. Sie klagte dem Ewigen, daß ihr Herz ſich ſehne nach neuem Licht und es nicht finden könne. Ich gab mich ihr zu erkennen; ſie folgte mir begeiſtert. Die Nacht war tief. Wir gingen in die Berge hinein. Ich lehrte ſie glauben und erkennen, ihre Seele that ſich auf. Sie zitterte, zu ihren Eltern zurückzukehren. Ich ließ ſie in einer Felſenhöhle, brachte ihr Hüllen, Stroh und bereitete Nahrung. Die Erde wurde mir wieder lebendig. Der Frühling kam mit den Lockungen ſeiner Blüthen, mit dem Jubel der Waldvögel. — Ich ſah mein Weib in ihr. — Sie wurde Mutter und ſtarb in der Höhle. Ich trug den Sohn in ein chriſtlich Haus, wo eben ein Kind geſtorben war, in Leipzig; es war im Februar! das iſt mein Kind.

Rafael bebte.

Jetzt geh hinab, ſagte der Jude, ich will allein bleiben.

Rafael ging zu den andern. Guſtav rief ihm entgegen: jetzt hab ich ſeine Züge gefaßt und könnte ihn malen.

Guſtav, Eliſe und Rafael blieben noch lange auf und konnten ſelbſt in der Nacht keine Ruhe finden. Am andern Morgen eilten ſie alle hinauf in die Gaſtſtube, aber fanden ſie leer. Auf dem Tiſche war mit den Nägeln eingekratzt: der Ring. — Rafael ſah es allein, er ging bei Seite, nahm ſeinen Trauring und fand inwendig neben Eliſens Namen eingegraben: Ah. Da überfiel es ihn gewaltig und er murmelte: der ewige Jude iſt mein Vater. Als er zu den andern zurückkehrte, kannten ſie ihn nicht wieder. Eliſe allein erfuhr das Geheimniß und bewahrte es treulich. Guſtav aber konnte ſich, als er den Pinſel zur Hand nahm, nicht mehr beſinnen, wie der Fremdling ausgeſehen habe; auch erblickte ihn niemand wieder.

Matthäus Holzwart

ward in der erſten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts im Elſaß geboren, abſolvirte wahrſcheinlich zu Straßburg ſeine humaniſtiſchen Studien und lebte dann als Magiſter der Philoſophie zu Harburg im Oberelſaß. Das Jahr ſeines Todes iſt unbekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

- Luſtgarten neuer deutſcher Poeterei in 5 Büchern. Straßburg 1568 f.
- Saul. Ein ſchön new Spil. Baſel 1571.
- Emblematum tirocinia, d. i. eingeblümete Zierwerk oder Gemälpoeſy. Straßburg 1581.

Gute Behandlung der Sprache und geſunde Lebensanſicht heben Holzwart vortheilhaft heraus unter ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen.

Johann Chriſtian Friedrich Hölderlin,

ein leider im Uebermaß ſeiner Kraft untergegangenes Dichtertalent, ward am 29. März 1770 zu Lauffen geboren, ſtudirte, wie es den Anſchein hat, wider Willen Theologie zu Tübingen, ohne jedoch die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu vernachläſſigen, ward Doctor der Philoſophie und Hauslehrer zu Frankfurt am Main, wo eine unglückliche, vom

Gegenſtande derſelben begünſtigte Neigung zu der ihm geiſtesverwandten Mutter ſeiner Zöglinge ſeinen Gemüthszuſtand auf ſein ſpäteres Schickſal vorbereitete. Von hier ging er nach Weimar und Jena, wurde dort mit Schiller befreundet, aber zugleich durch das Fehlſchlagen ſeines Plans, daſelbſt Profeſſor zu werden, Deutſchland noch mehr entfremdet, reiſte in die Schweiz zu Lavater und nahm endlich eine Hofmeiſterſtelle in Bordeaux an. Als Wahnſinniger kam er plötzlich 1807 nach Würtemberg zurück, wurde in dem tübing'ſchen Klinikum aufgenommen, aber nach zwei Jahren als unheilbar wieder entlaſſen und lebt ſeitdem in tiefſter Abgeſchiedenheit bei einem Tiſchler daſelbſt, der ihm mildthätig eine Freiſtätte in ſeinem Hauſe einräumte.

Wir haben von ihm:

Hyperion, oder der Eremit in Griechenland. Stuttgart 1797—1799, 2 Bde. in 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1822.

Sophokles Trauerſpiele, überſetzt. Frankfurt 1804, 2 Thle.

Gedichte. Stuttgart 1826 in 8. Herausgegeben von Schwab und Uhland.

Sehr wahr und ſchön ſagt Menzel (deutſche Literatur 2. A. Th. IV. S. 38) von dieſem reichbegabten unglücklichen Dichter: Hölderlin's Gemüth gehört zu den ſeltenen, die von Natur poetiſch ſind und in jeder Aeußerung Poeſie athmen, wie die Blume den beſtändigen und eigenthümlichen Duft. Er denkt auf nichts Poetiſches, er bemüht ſich nicht, es zu machen, es zu künſteln, er iſt es ſchon. Er ſtrahlt das poetiſche Feuer nur von innen aus, er läßt es brennen in kunſtloſen, ja in wilden Flammen, bis es ſich ſelbſt verzehrt hat. Seine Seele iſt eine zartbeſaitete Aeolsharfe, erſt leiſe melodiſch vom Winde bewegt, dann vom Sturm gepackt und unter furchtbaren, doch immer noch ſchönen Klängen zerriſſen. Wenn je ein Dichter gefühlt hat, was er ſingt, ſo iſt es dieſer. Im Strome ſeiner Lieder iſt jeder Tropfen aus ſeinem innerſten Herzen entſprungen.

Der Archipelagus *).

Kehren die Kraniche wieder zu dir? und ſuchen zu deinen
Ufern wieder die Schiffe den Lauf? umathmen erwünſchte
Lüfte dir die beruhigte Flut, und ſonnet der Delphin,
Aus der Tiefe gelockt, am neuen Lichte den Rücken?
Blühet Ionien? iſt es die Zeit? denn immer im Frühling,
Wenn den Lebenden ſich das Herz erneut, und die erſte
Liebe den Menſchen erwacht und gold'ner Zeiten Erinnerung,
Komm' ich zu dir, und grüß' in deiner Stille dich, Alter!
Immer, Gewaltiger! lebſt du noch und ruheſt im Schatten
Deiner Berge, wie ſonſt; mit Jünglingsarmen umfängſt du
Noch dein liebliches Land; und deiner Töchter, o Vater,
Deiner Inſeln iſt noch, der blühenden, keine verloren.
Kreta ſteht, und Salamis grünt, umdämmert von Lorbeern,
Rings von Strahlen umblüht erhebt zur Stunde des Aufgangs
Delos ihr begeiſtertes Haupt, und Tenos und Chios
Haben der purpurnen Früchte genug, von trunkenen Hügeln
Quillt der Cypriertrank, und von Kalauria fallen
Silberne Bäche, wie einſt, in die alten Waſſer des Vaters.
Alle leben ſie noch, die Heroenmütter, die Inſeln,
Blühend von Jahr zu Jahr; und wenn zu Zeiten, vom Abgrund
Losgelaſſen, die Flamme der Nacht, das untre Gewitter,
Eine der Holden ergriff und die Sterbende dir in den Schoos ſank, —
Göttlicher! du, du dauerteſt aus, denn über den dunkeln
Tiefen iſt Manches ſchon dir auf- und untergegangen.

Auch die Himmliſchen, ſie, die Kräfte der Höhe, die ſtillen,
Die den heiteren Tag und ſüßen Schlummer und Ahnung
Fernher bringen über das Haupt der fühlenden Menſchen
Aus der Fülle der Macht, auch ſie, die alten Geſpielen,
Wohnen, wie einſt, mit dir; und oft am dämmernden Abend,
Wenn von Aſiens Bergen herein das heilige Mondlicht
Kommt und die Sterne ſich in deiner Woge begegnen,
Leuchteſt du von himmliſchem Glanz, und ſo, wie ſie wandeln,
Wechſeln die Waſſer dir, es tönt die Weiſe der Brüder
Droben, ihr Nachtgeſang, im liebenden Buſen dir wieder.
Wenn die allverklärende dann, die Sonne des Tages,
Sie, des Orients Kind, die Wunderthätige da iſt,
Dann die Lebenden all' im goldenen Traume beginnen,
Den die Dichtende ſtets des Morgens ihnen bereitet,
Dir, dem trauernden Gott, dir ſendet ſie froheren Zauber,
Und ihr eigen freundliches Licht iſt ſelber ſo ſchön nicht,
Denn das Liebeszeichen, der Kranz, den immer, wie vormals,
Deiner gedenk, doch ſie um die graue Locke dir windet.
Und umfängt der Aether dich nicht, und kehren die Wolken,
Deine Boten, von ihm mit dem Göttergeſchenke, dem Strahle,
Aus der Höhe dir nicht? dann ſendeſt du über das Land ſie,
Daß am heißen Geſtad' die gewittertrunkenen Wälder
Rauſchen und wogen mit dir, daß bald, dem wandernden Sohn gleich,
Wenn der Vater ihn ruft, mit den tauſend Bächen Mäander
Seinen Irren enteilt, und aus der Eb'ne Kayſter
Dir entgegen frohlockt, und der Erſtgebor'ne, der Alte,
Der zu lange ſich barg, dein majeſtätiſcher Nil, itzt
Hochherſchreitend auf fernem Gebirg, wie im Klange der Waffen,
Siegreich kommt und die offenen Arme, der ſehnende, reicht.

Dennoch einſam dünkeſt du dir; in ſchweigender Nacht hört
Deine Wehklage der Fels, und öfters entflieht dir
Zürnend von Sterblichen weg die geflügelte Woge zum Himmel.
Denn es leben mit dir die edlen Lieblinge nimmer,
Die dich geehrt, die einſt mit den ſchönen Tempeln und Städten
Deine Geſtade bekränzt; und immer ſuchen und miſſen,
Immer bedürfen ja, wie Heroen den Kranz, die geweihten
Elemente zum Ruhme das Herz der fühlenden Menſchen.

O die Kinder des Glücks, die frommen! wandeln ſie fern nun,
Bei den Vätern daheim, und der Schickſalstage vergeſſen,
Drüben am Letheſtrom, und bringt kein Sehnen ſie wieder?
Sieht mein Auge ſie nie? ach! findet über den tauſend
Pfaden der grünenden Erd', ihr göttergleichen Geſtalten!
Euch das ſuchende nie? und vernahm ich darum die Sprache,
Darum die Sage von euch, daß immertrauernd die Seele
Vor der Zeit mir hinab zu euren Schatten entfliehe?
Aber näher zu euch, wo eure Haine noch wachſen,
Wo ſein einſames Haupt in Wolken der heilige Berg hüllt,
Zum Parnaſſos will ich; und wenn, im Dunkel der Eiche
Schimmernd, mir Irrenden dort Kaſtalia's Quelle begegnet,
Will ich, mit Thränen gemiſcht, aus blüthenumdufteter Schale
Dort auf keimendes Grün das Waſſer gießen, damit doch,
O ihr Schlafenden all'! ein Todtenopfer euch werde.
Dort im ſchweigenden Thal, an Tempe's hangenden Felſen,
Will ich wohnen mit euch, dort oft, ihr herrlichen Namen!
Her euch rufen bei Nacht; und wenn ihr zürnend erſcheinet,
Weil der Pflug die Gräber entweiht, mit der Stimme des Herzens
Will ich, mit frommem Geſang, euch ſühnen, heilige Schatten,
Bis, zu leben mit euch, ſich ganz die Seele gewöhnet.
Fragen wird der Geweihtere dann euch Manches, ihr Todten,
Euch, ihr Lebenden, auch ihr hohen Kräfte des Himmels,
Wenn ihr über dem Schritt mit euren Jahren vorbeigeht,
Ihr in der ſicheren Bahn! Denn oft ergreifet das Irrſal
Unter den Sternen mir, wie ſchaurige Lüfte, den Buſen,
Daß ich ſpähe nach Rath; und lang ſchon reden ſie nimmer
Troſt den Bedürftigen zu, die prophetiſchen Haine Dodona's;
Stumm iſt der delphiſche Gott, und einſam liegen und öde
Längſt die Pfade, wo einſt, von Hoffnungen leiſe geleitet,
Fragend der Mann zur Stadt des redlichen Sehers heraufſtieg.
Aber droben das Licht, es ſpricht noch heute zu Menſchen,
Schöner Deutungen voll, und des großen Donnerers Stimme
Ruft es: Denket ihr mein? und die trauernde Woge des Meergotts
Hallt es wieder: Gedenkt ihr nimmer meiner, wie vormals?
Denn es ruh'n die Himmliſchen gern am fühlenden Herzen,
Immer, wie ſonſt, geleiten ſie noch, die begeiſternden Kräfte,
Gerne den ſtrebenden Mann; und über den Bergen der Heimath
Ruht und waltet und lebt allgegenwärtig der Aether,
Daß ein liebendes Volk, in des Vaters Armen geſammelt,
Menſchlich freudig, wie ſonſt, und Ein Geiſt allen gemein ſei.
Aber weh! es wandelt in Nacht, es wohnt, wie im Orkus,

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*) Aus Hölderlin's Gedichten.

Ohne Göttliches unſer Geſchlecht! An's eigene Treiben
Sind ſie geſchmiedet allein, und ſich in der toſenden Werkſtatt
Höret jeglicher nur, und viel arbeiten die Wilden
Mit gewaltigem Arm, raſtlos, doch immer und immer
Unfruchtbar, wie die Furien, bleibt die Mühe der Armen. —
Bis, erwacht vom ängſtigenden Traum, die Seele den Menſchen
Aufgeht, jugendlich froh, und der Liebe ſegnender Othem
Wieder, wie vormals oft, bei Hellas blühenden Kindern,
Wehet in neuer Zeit, und über freierer Stirne
Uns der Geiſt der Natur, der fernherwandelnde, wieder
Stillewellend der Gott in gold'nen Wolken erſcheinet.
Ach! und ſäumeſt du noch? und jene, die göttlich gebor'nen,
Wohnen immer, o Tag! noch als in den Tiefen der Erde,
Einſam unten, indeß ein immerlebender Frühling
Unbeſungen über dem Haupt der Schlafenden dämmert?
Aber länger nicht mehr! ſchon hör' ich ferne des Feſttags
Chorgeſang auf grünem Gebirg, und das Echo der Haine,
Wo der Jünglinge Bruſt ſich hebt, wo die Seele des Volks ſich
Still vereint im freieren Lied, zur Ehre des Gottes,
Dem die Höhe gebührt, doch auch die Thäler ſind heilig.
Denn wo fröhlich der Strom in wachſender Jugend herauseilt,
Unter Blumen des Land's, und wo auf ſonnigen Eb'nen
Edles Korn und der Obſtwald reift, da kränzen am Feſte
Gerne die Frommen ſich auch, und auf dem Hügel der Stadt glänzt,
Menſchlicher Wohnung gleich, die himmliſche Halle der Freude.
Denn voll göttlichen Sinn's iſt alles Leben geworden,
Und vollendend, wie ſonſt, erſcheinſt du wieder den Kindern
Ueberall, o Natur! und, wie vom Quellengebirg, rinnt
Segen von da und dort in die keimende Seele dem Volke.
Dann, dann, o ihr Freuden Athens! ihr Thaten in Sparta!
Köſtliche Frühlingszeit im Griechenlande! wenn unſer
Herbſt kommt, wenn ihr, gereift, ihr Geiſter alle der Vorwelt!
Wiederkehret, und ſiehe! des Jahr's Vollendung iſt nahe!
Dann erhalte das Feſt auch euch, vergangene Tage!
Hin nach Hellas ſchaue das Volk! und weinend und dankend
Sänftige ſich in Erinnerungen der ſtolze Triumphtag!

Aber blühet indeß, bis unſere Früchte beginnen,
Blüht, ihr Gärten Joniens, nur, und die an Athens Schutt
Grünen, ihr Holden! verbergt dem ſchauenden Tage die Trauer!
Kränzt mit ewigem Laub, ihr Lorbeerwälder! die Hügel
Eurer Todten umher, bei Marathon dort, wo die Knaben
Siegend ſtarben; ach! dort auf Chäroneas Gefilden,
Wo mit Waffen hinaus die letzten Athener entflohn,
Fliehend vor dem Tage der Schmach, dort, dort von den Bergen
Klagt in's Schlachtthal täglich herab, dort ſingt von des Oeta
Gipfeln das Schickſalslied, ihr wandelnden Waſſer, herunter! —

Aber du, unſterblich, wenn auch der Griechengeſang ſchon
Dich nicht feiert, wie ſonſt, — aus deinen Wogen, o Meergott!
Töne mir in die Seele noch oft, daß über den Waſſern
Furchtlos rege der Geiſt, dem Schwimmer gleich, in der Starken
Friſchem Glücke ſich üb', und die Götterſprache, das Wechſeln
Und das Werden, verſteh'; und wenn die reißende Zeit mir
Zu gewaltig das Haupt ergreift, und die Noth und das Irrſal
Unter Sterblichen mir mein ſterblich Leben erſchüttert,
Laß der Stille mich dann in deiner Tiefe gedenken!

Der Wanderer.

Einſam ſtand ich und ſah in die afrikaniſchen dürren
Eb'nen hinaus; vom Olymp regnete Feuer herab;
Fernhin ſchlich das hag're Gebirg, wie ein wandelnd Gerippe,
Hohl und einſam und kahl blickt' aus der Höhe ſein Haupt.
Ach! nicht ſprang, mit erfriſchendem Grün, der ſchattende Wald hier
In die ſäuſelnde Luft üppig und herrlich empor;
Bäche ſtürzten hier nicht in melodiſchem Fall vom Gebirge,
Durch das blühende Thal ſchlingend den ſilbernen Strom;
Keiner Heerde verging am plätſchernden Brunnen der Mittag,
Freundlich aus Bäumen hervor blickte kein wirthliches Dach;
Unter dem Strauche ſaß ein ernſter Vogel geſanglos,
Aengſtig und eilend floh'n wandernde Störche vorbei.
Nicht um Waſſer rief ich dich an, Natur in der Wüſte, —
Waſſers bewahrte mir treulich das fromme Kameel. —
Um der Haine Geſang, um Geſtalten und Farben des Lebens
Bat ich, vom lieblichen Glanz heimiſcher Fluren verwöhnt:
Aber ich bat umſonſt; du erſcheinſt mir feurig und herrlich,
Aber ich hatte dich einſt göttlicher, ſchöner geſehn. —
Auch den Eispol hab' ich beſucht; wie ein ſtarrendes Chaos
Thürmte das Meer ſich da ſchrecklich zum Himmel empor.
Todt, in der Hülle von Schnee, ſchlief hier das gefeſſelte Leben,
Und der eiſerne Schlaf harrte des Tages umſonſt.
Ach! nicht ſchlang um die Erde den wärmenden Arm der Olymp hier,
Wie Pygmalions Arm um die Geliebte ſich ſchlang;
Hier bewegt' er ihr nicht mit dem Sonnenblicke den Buſen,
Und in Regen und Thau ſprach er nicht freundlich zu ihr.
Mutter Erde! rief ich, du biſt zur Wittwe geworden,
Dürftig und kinderlos lebſt du in langſamer Zeit;
Nichts zu erzeugen und nichts zu pflegen in ſorgender Liebe,
Alternd im Kinde ſich nicht wiederzuſehn, iſt der Tod.
Aber vielleicht erwarmſt du dereinſt am Strahle des Himmels,
Aus dem dürftigen Schlaf ſchmeichelt ſein Othem dich auf;
Und, wie ein Samenkorn, durchbrichſt du die eherne Hülſe,
Und die knoſpende Welt windet ſich ſchüchtern heraus.
Deine geſparete Kraft flammt auf in üppigem Frühling,
Roſen blühen und Wein ſprudelt im nordiſchen Nord. —
Aber jetzt kehr' ich zurück an den Rhein, in die glückliche Heimath,
Und es wehen, wie einſt, zärtliche Lüfte mich an;
Und das ſtrebende Herz beſänftigen mir die vertrauten
Friedlichen Bäume, die einſt mich in den Armen gewiegt,
Und das heilige Grün, der Zeuge des ewigen ſchönen
Lebens der Welt, es erfriſcht, wandelt zum Jüngling mich um.
Alt bin ich geworden indeß, mich bleichte der Eispol,
Und im Feuer des Süds fielen die Locken mir aus.
Doch, wie Aurora den Tithon, umfängſt du in liebender Milde
Warm und fröhlich, wie einſt, Vaterlandserde, den Sohn.
Seliges Land! kein Hügel in dir wächſt ohne den Weinſtock,
Nieder ins ſchwellende Gras regnet im Herbſte das Obſt;
Fröhlich baden im Strome den Fuß die glühenden Berge,
Kränze von Zweigen und Moos kühlen ihr ſonniges Haupt;
Und, wie die Kinder hinauf zur Schulter des herrlichen Ahnherrn,
Steigen am dunkeln Gebirg Veſten und Hütten hinauf.
Friedſam geht aus dem Walde der Hirſch an's freundliche Tageslicht.
Hoch in heiterer Luft ſiehet der Falke ſich um;
Aber unten im Thal, wo die Blume ſich nähret von der Quelle,
Streckt das Dörfchen vergnügt über die Wieſe ſich aus.
Still iſt's hier; kaum rauſcht von fern die geſchäftige Mühle,
Und vom Berge herab kündet das gehende Rad;
Lieblich tönt die gehämmerte Senſ' und die Stimme des Landmanns,
Der am Pfluge dem Stier, lenkend, die Schritte gebeut,
Lieblich der Mutter Geſang, die im Graſe ſitzt mit dem Söhnlein,
Das die Sonne des Mai's ſchmeichelt in lächelnden Schlaf.
Aber drüben am See, wo die Ulme das alternde Hofthor
Uebergrünt und den Zaun wilder Holunder umblüht,
Da umfängt mich das Haus, und des Gartens heimliches Dunkel,
Wo mit den Pflanzen mich einſt liebend mein Vater erzog,
Wo ich froh, wie das Eichhorn, ſpielt' auf den liſpelnden Aeſten,
Oder ins duftende Heu träumend die Stirne verbarg.
Heimathliche Natur! wie biſt du ſo treu mir geblieben!
Zärtlich pflegend, wie einſt, nimmſt du den Flüchtling noch auf!
Noch gedeihet die Pfirſiche mir, noch wachſen gefällig
Mir an's Fenſter, wie ſonſt, köſtliche Trauben herauf;
Lockend röthen ſich noch die ſüßen Früchte des Kirſchbaums,
Und der pflückenden Hand reichen die Zweige ſich ſelbſt.
Schmeichelnd zieht mich, wie ſonſt, in des Waldes unendliche Laube
Aus dem Garten der Pfad, oder hinab an den Bach;
Und die Pfade röthest du mir, es wärmt mich und ſpielt mir
Um das Auge, wie ſonſt, Vaterlandsſonne! dein Licht;
Feuer trink' ich und Geiſt aus deinem freudigen Kelche,
Schläfrig läſſeſt du nicht werden mein alterndes Haupt.
Die du einſt mir die Bruſt erweckteſt vom Schlafe der Kindheit,
Und mit ſanfter Gewalt höher und weiter mich triebſt,
Milde Sonne! zu dir kehr' ich getreuer und weiſer,
Friedlich zu werden und froh unter den Blumen zu ruhn.

Der Tod fürs Vaterland.

Du kommſt, o Schlacht! Schon wogen die Jünglinge
Hinab von ihren Hügeln, hinab ins Thal,
Wo keck herauf die Würger dringen,
Sicher der Kunſt und des Arms; doch ſich'rer

Kommt über ſie die Seele der Jünglinge!
Denn die Gerechten ſchlagen wie Zauberer;
Und ihre Vaterlandsgeſänge
Lähmen die Knie der Ehrloſen.

O nehmt mich, nehmt mich mit in die Reihen auf,
Damit ich einſt nicht ſterbe gemeinen Tod's!
Umſonſt zu ſterben, lieb' ich nicht, doch
Lieb' ich, zu fallen am Opferhügel

Für's Vaterland, zu bluten des Herzens Blut
Für's Vaterland — und bald iſt's geſcheh'n! Zu euch,
Ihr Theuern! komm' ich, die mich leben
Lehrten und ſterben, zu euch hinunter!

Wie oft im Lichte dürſtet' ich, euch zu ſeh'n,
Ihr Helden und ihr Dichter aus alter Zeit!
Nun grüßt ihr freundlich den geringen
Fremdling, und brüderlich iſt's hier unten.

Dichtermuth.

Sind denn dir nicht verwandt alle Lebendigen?
Nährt zum Dienſte denn nicht ſelber die Parze dich?
Drum! ſo wandle nur wehrlos
Fort durch's Leben und ſorge nicht!

Was geſchiehet, es ſei Alles geſegnet dir,
Sei zur Freude gewandt! Oder was könnte denn
Dich beleidigen, Herz! was
Da begegnen, wohin du ſollſt?

Denn, wie ſtill am Geſtad', oder in ſilberner
Fernhintönender Fluth, oder auf ſchweigenden
Waſſertiefen der leichte
Schwimmer wandelt, ſo ſind auch wir,

Wir, die Dichter des Volks, gerne, wo Lebendes
Um uns athmet und wallt, freudig, und Jedem hold
Jedem trauend, — wie ſängen
Sonſt wir Jedem den eig'nen Gott?

Wenn die Woge denn auch Einen der Muthigen,
Wo er treulich getraut, ſchmeichelnd hinunterzieht,
Und die Stimme des Sängers
Nun in blauender Halle ſchweigt:

Freudig ſtarb er, und noch klagen die Einſamen,
Seine Haine, den Fall ihres Geliebteſten;
Oefters tönet der Jungfrau
Vom Gezweige ſein freundlich Lied.

Wenn des Abends vorbei Einer der Unſern kommt,
Wo der Bruder ihm ſank, denket er Manches wohl
An der warnenden Stelle,
Schweigt und gehet getröſteter.

Der Rhein.

Im dunkeln Epheu ſaß ich, an der Pforte
Des Waldes, eben, da der goldene Mittag
Den Quell beſuchend, herunter kam
Von Treppen des Alpengebirgs,
Das mir die göttlich gebaute,
Die Burg der Himmliſchen heißt
Nach alter Meinung, wo aber
Geheim noch Manches entſchieden
Zu Menſchen gelanget; von da
Vernahm ich ohne Vermuthen
Ein Schickſal. Denn noch kaum
War mir, im warmen Schatten
Sich Manches beredend, die Seele
Italia zugeſchweift
Und an die Küſten Morea's.

Jetzt aber, d'rin im Gebirg,
Tief unter den ſilbernen Gipfeln,
Und unter fröhlichem Grün,
Wo die Wälder ſchauernd zu ihm
Und der Felſen Häupter übereinander
Hinabſchau'n, tag'lang, dort,
Im kälteſten Abgrund, hört'
Ich um Erlöſung jammern
Den Jüngling; es hörten ihn, wie er tobt'
Und die Mutter Erd' anklagt'
Und den Donnerer, der ihn gezeuget,
Erbarmend die Eltern; doch
Die Sterblichen floh'n von dem Ort,
Denn furchtbar war, da lichtlos er
In den Feſſeln ſich wälzte,
Das Raſen des Halbgotts.

Die Stimme war's des edelſten der Ströme,
Des frei gebor'nen Rheins;
Und Anderes hoffte der, als droben von den Brüdern,
Dem Teſſin und dem Rhodanus,
Er ſchied, und wandern wollt', und ungeduldig ihn
Nach Aſia trieb die königliche Seele.
Doch unverſtändig iſt
Das Wünſchen vor dem Schickſal.
Die Blindeſten aber
Sind Götterſöhne; denn es kennet der Menſch
Sein Haus, und dem Thier ward, wo
Es bauen ſolle, doch jenen iſt
Der Fehl, daß ſie nicht wiſſen, wohin?
In die unerfahr'ne Seele gegeben.

Ein Räthſel iſt Reinentſprungenes. Auch
Der Geſang kaum darf es enthüllen. Denn
Wie du anfingſt, wirſt du bleiben,
So viel auch wirket die Noth
Und die Zucht; das Meiſte nämlich
Vermag die Geburt
Und der Lichtſtrahl, der
Dem Neugebor'nen begegnet.
Wo aber iſt Einer,
Um frei zu bleiben,
Sein Leben lang und des Herzens Wunſch
Allein zu erfüllen, ſo
Aus himmliſch günſtigen Höh'n
Und ſo aus reineſtem Schooße
Glücklich geboren, wie Jener?
Drum iſt ein Jauchzen ſein Wort,
Nicht liebt er, wie andere Kinder
In Wickelbanden zu weinen;
Und wenn, wo die Ufer ſich ihm
An die Seite ſchleichen, die krummen,
Und durſtig umwindend ihn,
Den Unbedachten, zu ziehn
Und wohl zu behüten begehren
Im eig'nen Schlunde, lachend
Zerreißt er die Schlangen und ſtürzt
Mit der Beut'; und, wenn in der Eil'
Ein Größerer ihn nicht zähmt,
Ihn wachſen läßt, wie der Blitz muß er
Die Erde ſpalten, und wie Bezauberte fliehn
Die Wälder ihm nach und zuſammenſinkend die Berge.

Ein Gott will aber ſparen den Söhnen
Das eilende Leben, und lächelt,
Wenn unenthaltſam, aber gehemmt
Von heiligen Alpen, ihm
In der Tiefe, wie Jener, zürnen die Ströme.
In ſolcher Eſſe wird dann
Auch alles Lautre geſchmiedet;
Und ſchön iſt's, wie er drauf,
Nachdem er die Berge verlaſſen,
Stillwandelnd ſich im deutſchen Lande
Begnüget, und das Sehnen ſtillt
Im guten Geſchäfte, wenn er das Land baut,
Der Vater Rhein, und liebe Kinder nährt
In Städten, die er gegründet.

Doch nimmer, nimmer vergißt er's.
Denn eher muß die Wohnung vergeh'n,
Und die Satzung, und zum Unbild werden
Der Tag der Menſchen, ehe vergeſſen
Ein ſolcher dürfte den Urſprung
Und die reine Stimme der Jugend.
Wer war es, der zuerſt

Die Liebesbande verderbt
Und Stricke von ihnen gemacht hat?
Dann haben des eigenen Rechts
Und gewiß des himmliſchen Feuers
Geſpottet die Trotzigen, dann erſt,
Die ſterblichen Pfade verachtend,
Verweg'nes erwählt,
Und den Göttern gleich zu werden getrachtet.

Es haben aber an eig'ner
Unſterblichkeit die Götter genug, und bedürfen
Die Himmliſchen eines Dings,
So ſind's Heroen und Menſchen,
Und Sterbliche ſonſt. Denn weil
Die Seligſten nichts fühlen von ſelbſt,
Muß wohl, wenn ſolches zu ſagen
Erlaubt iſt, in der Götter Namen
Theilnehmend fühlen ein And'rer —
Den brauchen ſie. Jedoch ihr Gericht
Iſt, daß ſein eigenes Haus
Zerbreche der, und das Liebſte
Wie den Feind ſchelt', und ſich Vater und Kind
Begrabe unter den Trümmern,
Wenn Einer wie ſie ſein will, und nicht
Ungleiches dulden, der Schwärmer.
Drum wohl ihm, welcher fand
Ein wohlbeſchiedenes Schickſal,
Wo noch der Wanderungen
Und ſüß der Leiden Erinnerung
Aufrauſcht am ſichern Geſtade,
Daß da- und dorthin gern
Er ſehn mag bis an die Grenzen,
Die bei der Geburt ihm Gott
Zum Aufenthalte gezeichnet;
Dann ruht er, ſelig beſcheiden,
Denn Alles, was er gewollt,
Das Himmliſche, von ſelber umfängt
Es unbezwungen, lächelnd
Jetzt, da er ruhet, den Kühnen.

Halbgötter denk' ich jetzt,
Und kennen muß ich die Theuern,
Weil oft ihr Leben ſo
Die ſehnende Bruſt mir bewegt.
Wem aber, wie dir,
Unüberwindlich die Seele,
Die ſtark ausdauernde, ward,
Und ſicherer Sinn,
Und ſüße Gabe, zu hören,
Zu reden ſo, daß er aus heiliger Fülle
Wie der Weingott thörig, göttlich
Und geſetzlos ſie, die Sprache der Reinſten, giebt
Verſtändlich den Guten, aber mit Recht
Die Achtungsloſen mit Blindheit ſchlägt,
Die entweihenden Knechte, — wie nenn' ich den Fremden?
Die Söhne der Erde ſind, wie die Mutter,
Allliebend ſo empfangen ſie auch
Müh'los, die Glücklichen, Alle.
Drum überraſchet es auch
Und ſchreckt den ſterblichen Mann,
Wenn er den Himmel, den
Er mit den liebenden Armen
Sich auf die Schultern gehäuft,
Und die Laſt der Freude bedenket.
Dann ſcheint ihm oft das Beſte,
Faſt ganz vergeſſen da,
Wo der Strahl nicht brennt,
Im Schatten des Wald's,
In friſcher Grüne zu ſein,
Und ſorglos arm an Tönen,
Anfängern gleich, bei Nachtigallen zu lernen.
Und herrlich iſt's, aus heiligem Schlafe dann
Erſtehen und aus Waldeskühle
Erwachend Abends nun
Dem milderen Licht entgegen zu gehen,
Wenn, der die Berge gebaut
Und den Pfad der Ströme gezeichnet,
Nachdem er lächelnd auch
Der Menſchen geſchäftiges Leben,
Das odemarme, wie Segel
Mit ſeinen Lüften gelenkt hat,
Auch ruht, und vor der Schülerin jetzt,
Der Bildner vor der Braut,
Der herrliche Pygmalion,
Der Tagsgott vor der Erde ſich neiget.

Dann feiern das Brautfeſt Menſchen und Götter,
Es feiern die Lebenden all,
Und ausgeglichen iſt eine Weile das Schickſal.
Und die Flüchtlinge ſuchen die Herberg'
Und ſüßen Schlummer die Tapfern.
Die Liebenden aber
Sind, was ſie waren, ſie ſind
Zu Hauſe, wo die Blume ſich freuet
Unſchädlicher Gluth, und die finſtern Bäume
Der Geiſt umſäuſelt; aber die Unverſöhnten
Sind umgewandelt, und eilen,
Die Hände ſich ehe zu reichen,
Bevor das freundliche Licht
Hinuntergeht und die Nacht kommt.

Das Schickſal.

Als von des Friedens heil'gen Thalen,
Wo ſich die Liebe Kränze wand,
Hinüber zu den Göttermahlen
Des gold'nen Alters Zauber ſchwand;

Als nun des Schickſals eh'rne Rechte,
Die große Meiſterin, die Noth,
Dem übermüthigen Geſchlechte
Den langen, bittern Kampf gebot:

Da ſprang er aus der Mutter Wiege,
Da fand er ſie, die ſchöne Spur
Zu ſeiner Tugend ſchwerem Siege,
Der Sohn der heiligen Natur;

Der hohen Geiſter höchſte Gabe,
Der Tugend Löwenkraft, begann
Im Siege, den ein Götterknabe
Den Ungeheuern abgewann.

Es kann die Luſt der gold'nen Ernte
Im Sonnenbrande nur gedeih'n;
Und nur in ſeinem Blute lernte
Der Kämpfer, frei und ſtolz zu ſein.

Triumph! die Paradieſe ſchwanden;
Wie Flammen aus der Wolke Schoos,
Wie Sonnen aus dem Chaos, wanden
Aus Stürmen ſich Heroen los.

Der Noth iſt jede Luſt entſproſſen,
Und unter Schmerzen nur gedeiht
Das Liebſte, was mein Herz genoſſen,
Der holde Reiz der Menſchlichkeit;

So ſtieg, in tiefer Fluth erzogen,
Wohin kein ſterblich Auge ſah,
Stilllächelnd aus den ſchwarzen Wogen
In ſtolzer Blüthe Cypria.

Durch Noth vereiniget, beſchwuren,
Vom Jugendtraume ſüß berauſcht,
Den Todesbund die Dioskuren,
Und Schwert und Lanze ward getauſcht;

In ihres Herzens Jubel eilten
Sie, wie ein Adlerpaar, zum Streit,
Wie Löwen ihre Beute, theilten
Die Liebenden Unſterblichkeit.

Die Klagen lehrt die Noth verachten,
Beſchämt und ruhmlos läßt ſie nicht
Die Kraft der Jünglinge verſchmachten,
Giebt Muth der Bruſt, dem Geiſte Licht;

Der Greiſe Fauſt verjüngt ſie wieder;
Sie kommt wie Gottes Blitz heran,
Und trümmert Felſenberge nieder,
Und wallt auf Rieſen ihre Bahn.

Mit ihrem heil'gen Wetterſchlage
Mit Unerbittlichkeit vollbringt
Die Noth an einem großen Tage,
Was kaum Jahrhunderten gelingt.

Und wenn in ihren Ungewittern
Selbſt ein Elyſium vergeht,
Und Welten ihrem Donnern zittern —
Was groß und göttlich iſt, beſteht.

O du, Geſpielin der Koloſſen,
O weiſe zürnende Natur,
Was je ein Rieſenherz beſchloſſen,
Es keimt in deiner Schule nur;

Wohl iſt Arkadien entflohen;
Des Lebens beſſ're Frucht gedeiht
Durch ſie, die Mutter der Heroen,
Die eherne Nothwendigkeit.

Für meines Lebens gold'nen Morgen
Sei Dank, o Pepromene, dir!
Ein Saitenſpiel und ſüße Sorgen
Und Träum' und Thränen gabſt du mir!

Die Flammen und die Stürme ſchonten
Mein jugendlich Elyſium,
Und Ruh' und ſtille Liebe thronten
In meines Herzens Heiligthum.

Es reife von des Mittags Flamme,
Es reife nun von Kampf und Schmerz
Die Blüth' am grenzenloſen Stamme,
Wie Sproſſe Gottes dieſes Herz!

Beflügelt von dem Sturm erſchwinge
Mein Geiſt des Lebens höchſte Luſt,
Der Tugend Siegesluſt verjünge
Bei kargem Glücke mir die Bruſt!

Im heiligſten der Stürme falle
Zuſammen meine Kerkerwand,
Und herrlicher und freier walle
Mein Geiſt ins unbekannte Land!

Hier blutet oft der Adler Schwinge;
Auch drüben warte Kampf und Schmerz!
Bis an der Sonnen letzte ringe,
Genährt vom Siege dieſes Herz!

Ludwig Heinrich Chriſtoph Hölty,

der Sohn eines Landpredigers, wurde am 21. December 1748 zu Marienſee im Hannöverſchen geboren und wegen ſeiner früh hervorſtechenden Geiſtesanlagen, ſeines Witzes und ſeiner ſchönen Geſichtsbildung bei Allen, die ihn kannten, ſchon als Knabe ſehr beliebt. Bösartige Blattern raubten ihm gleich nach dem Tode ſeiner Mutter den letzteren Vorzug und ſein Geſicht mit ſeiner natürlichen Munterkeit und hinderten lange die Befriedigung ſeiner leidenſchaftlichen Wißbegierde. Doch bald hatte er das Verſäumte nachgeholt und ſich ſchon im 16ten Jahre zum fruchtbaren Genuß akademiſcher Vorleſungen befähigt, als ſein Vater, um ſeiner Bildung eine noch tüchtigere Grundlage zu geben, ihn 1765 auf das Gymnaſium nach Celle brachte, wo er ſich beſonders in der engliſchen Sprache vervollkommnete. 1769 ging er von da, um Theologie zu ſtudiren, nach Göttingen, wo er nächſt ſeinen Berufsſtudien beſonders Poeſie, italieniſche und ſpaniſche Sprache trieb und ein thätiges Mitglied des mit Bürger, Miller, Voß, Boje, Hahn, Leiſewitz, dem jüngern Cramer und den beiden Grafen Stolberg daſelbſt errichteten Dichterbundes war. Seit 1773 erleichterte er ſeinem Vater die Koſten ſeines Unterhalts durch Unterricht und Ueberſetzungen, wurde aber ſchon 1774 von einem Blutauswurf befallen, welcher, aller ärztlichen Kunſt ungeachtet, ſich 1775 nach ſeiner Rückkehr von Leipzig nach Hannover, ſehr verſchlimmerte und den mit der Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte beſchäftigten Jüngling am 1. September 1776 vom Leben abrief. — Sein ſtarker Wuchs, ſein niedergebückter unbehülflicher Gang, ſein todtenblaſſes Anſehen und ſeine faſt einfältige Miene waren nicht geeignet, den Mann in ihm erkennen zu laſſen, der er war. Aber das treuherzige, ſchalkhafte Lächeln, das in ſeinen blauen Augen ſchimmerte, ſeine brennende Wißbegierde, ſein ausdauernder Fleiß, ſein tiefes Gefühl für Recht und Unrecht und ſein wie der Blitz aus hellem Himmel urplötzlich hervorbrechender Witz verriethen den treuen Freund, den geiſtreichen Geſellſchafter, Gelehrten und den liebens- und achtungswürdigen Menſchen.

Wir haben von ihm:

Der Kenner, eine Wochenſchrift von Towe, aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1775 in 8.

Hurd's moraliſche und politiſche Dialogen. Aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1775, 2 Bde. in 8.

Des Grafen von Shaftesbury philoſophiſche Werke. Aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1776, 1. Bd. in 8.; 2. u. 3. Bd. von Voß.

Sämmtliche hinterlaſſene Gedichte. Halle 1782 in 8. — Unrechtmäßige mangelhafte Ausgabe von Friedrich Geißler jun. 2. Aufl. Halle 1800 in 8.; 3. Aufl. 1803 in 8.

Gedichte. Beſorgt durch ſeine Freunde, Leopold Friedrich Grafen von Stolberg und Johann Heinrich Voß. Hamburg 1783 in kl. 8. Mit H's Leben. 2. verm. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1804 in 8.; 3. rechtm. verm. Ausg. Königsberg 1833 in gr. 12.

Gedichte. Prachtausgabe. Wien 1803; neue Ausg. 1824 in 8.

H. iſt ſehr verſchieden beurtheilt worden, beſonders in früherer Zeit. Während einige Kritiker ihn als den erſten deutſchen Elegiker feierten, warfen andere ihm Weichlichkeit, übertriebene Sentimentalität und Mangel an Kraft vor. Die Wahrheit liegt, wie immer, in der Mitte. Beſchränkt iſt der Kreis, in welchem er ſich bewegt, allerdings, aber dieſe Beſchränktheit wird reichlich aufgewogen durch die Innigkeit, Wärme und Wahrheit ſeines Gefühls, die Einfachheit und Anſpruchsloſigkeit ſeines Charakters und den Wohllaut und die Anmuth, die von ſeinen Poeſieen ungetrennlich ſind. Ihm, der früh ſchon dem Grabe zuwelkte, den tiefen Ton der Wehmuth vorwerfen wollen, der ſich nachhallend durch alle ſeine Gedichte zieht, wäre höchſt ungerecht, da trotz dem ſeine geiſtige Geſundheit und Unverdorbenheit überall entſchieden hervortritt und uns ahnen läßt, was er geleiſtet haben würde, hätte ihm die Natur ein größeres Maß körperlicher Kraft und längere Lebensdauer verliehen. Wer das Gefühl für das rein Menſchliche im Menſchen noch nicht ganz aus ſeiner Bruſt verbannt hat, wird Hölty's Gedichte nie ohne tiefe Rührung über das liebenswürdige Gemüth ihres Verfaſſers aus der Hand legen.

Elegie auf ein Landmädchen *).

Schwermuthsvoll und dumpfig hallt Geläute
Vom bemooſten Kirchenthurm' herab;
Väter weinen, Kinder, Mütter, Bräute;
Und der Todtengräber gräbt ein Grab.
Angethan mit einem Sterbekleide,
Eine Blumenkron' im blonden Haar,
Schlummert Röschen, ſo der Mutter Freude,
So der Stolz des Dorfes war.

---

*) Gedicht von Hölty; ebenſo die folgenden.

Ihre Lieben, voll des Mißgeſchickes,
Denken nicht an Pfänderſpiel und Tanz,
Stehn am Sarge, winden naſſes Blickes
Ihrer Freundin einen Todtenkranz.
Ach! kein Mädchen war der Thränen werther,
Als du gutes, frommes Mädchen biſt,
Und im Himmel iſt kein Geiſt verklärter,
Als die Seele Röschens iſt.

Wie ein Engel ſtand im Schäferkleide
Sie vor ihrer kleinen Hüttenthür:
Wieſenblumen waren ihr Geſchmeide,
Und ein Veilchen ihres Buſens Zier;
Ihre Fächer waren Zephyrs Flügel,
Und der Morgenhain ihr Putzgemach,
Dieſe Silberquellen ihre Spiegel,
Ihre Schminke dieſer Bach.

Sittſamkeit umfloß, wie Mondenſchimmer,
Ihre Roſenwangen, ihren Blick;
Nimmer wich der Seraph Unſchuld, nimmer
Von der holden Schäferin zurück.
Jünglingsblicke taumelten voll Feuer
Nach dem Reiz des lieben Mädchens hin,
Aber keiner, als ihr Vielgetreuer,
Rührte jemals ihren Sinn.

Keiner, als ihr Wilhelm! Frühlingsweſte
Rief die Edlen in den Buchenhain:
Unterm Grün, durchſtrahlt von Himmelsbläue,
Folgen ſie den deutſchen Ringelreihn.
Röschen gab ihm Bänder mancher Farbe,
Kam die Ernt', an ſeinen Schnitterhut,
Saß mit ihm auf einer Weizengarbe,
Lächelt' ihm zur Arbeit Muth;

Band den Weizen, welchen Wilhelm mähte,
Sang und äugelt' ihrem Liebling nach,
Bis die Kühlung kam, und Abendröthe
Durch die falben Weſtgewölke brach.
Ueber Alles war ihm Röschen theuer,
War ſein Taggedanke, war ſein Traum;
Wie ſich Röschen liebten und ihr Treuer,
Lieben ſich die Engel kaum.

Wilhelm! Wilhelm! Sterbeglocken hallen,
Und die Grabgeſänge heben an,
Schwarzbeflorte Trauerleute wallen,
Und die Todtenkrone weht voran.
Wilhelm wankt mit ſeinem Liederbuche,
Naſſes Auges, an das offne Grab,
Trocknet mit dem weißen Leichentuche
Sich die hellen Thränen ab.

Schlummre ſanft, du gute, fromme Seele,
Bis auf ewig dieſer Schlummer flieht!
Wein' auf ihrem Hügel, Philomele,
Um die Dämmerung ein Sterbelied!
Weht wie Harfenliſpel, Abendwinde,
Durch die Blumen, die ihr Grab gebar!
Und im Wipfel dieſer Kirchhoflinde
Niſt' ein Turteltaubenpaar!

Der arme Wilhelm.

Wilhelms Braut war geſtorben. Der arme verlaſſene Wilhelm
Wünſchte den Tod, und beſuchte nicht mehr den geflügelten Reigen,
Nicht das Oſtergelag und das Feſt der bemaleten Eier,
Nicht den gaukelnden Tanz um die Oſterflamme des Hügels.
Einſam war er und ſtill wie das Grab, und glaubte mit jedem
Tritt in die Erde zu ſinken. Die Knaben und Mädchen des Dorfes
Brachen Maien, und ſchmückten das Haus und die ländliche Diele,
Und begrüßten den heiligen Abend vor Pfingſten mit Liedern.
Wilhelm floh das Gewühl der beglückten fröhlichen Leute,
Wandelt' über den Gottesacker und ging in die Kirche,
Nahm den Kranz der geliebten Braut von der Wand und kniete
An dem Altar, und barg das Geſicht in die Blumen des Kranzes,
Flehte weinend zu Gott: O entnimm mich der Erde, mein Vater!
Ruf mich zu meiner Entſchlummerten! Doch dein Wille geſchehe!
Tönend bebte das Gold und die Flitterblumen des Kranzes,
Lieblich rauſchten die flatternden Bänder, wie Blätter im Winde,
Und ein fliegender Lichtglanz flog durch die Fenſter der Kirche.
Ruhiger wandelte Wilhelm nach Haus. Bald hörten die Schweſtern
Drauf die Todtenuhr in der Kammer picken, und ſahen
Auf der Diele den Sarg, und den Pfarrer im Mantel daneben;
Und das Leichenhuhn ſchlug an die Kammerfenſter, und heulte.
Wenige Wochen, da ſtarb der verlaſſene traurige Wilhelm,
Und ſein grünendes Grab ragt hart am Grabe des Mädchens.

Das Feuer im Walde.

Zween Knaben liefen durch den Hain
Und laſen Eichenreiſer auf,
Und thürmten ſich ein Hirtenfeu'r,
Indeß die Pferd' im fetten Graſ'
Am Wieſenbache weideten.
Sie freuten ſich der ſchönen Gluth,
Die, wie ein helles Oſterfeu'r,
Gen Himmel flog, und ſetzten ſich
Auf einen alten Weidenſtumpf.
Sie ſchwatzten dies und ſchwatzten das,
Vom Feuermann und Ohnekopf,
Vom Amtmann, der im Dorfe ſpuckt,
Und mit der Feuerkette klirrt,
Weil er nach Anſehn ſprach und Geld,
Wie's liebe Vieh die Bauern ſchund,
Und niemals in die Kirche kam.
Sie ſchwatzten dies und ſchwatzten das,
Vom ſel'gen Pfarrer Habermann,
Der noch den Nußbaum pflanzen thät,
Von dem ſie manche ſchöne Nuß
Herabgeworfen, als ſie noch
Zur Pfarre gingen, manche Nuß!
Sie ſegneten den guten Mann
In ſeiner kühlen Gruft dafür,
Und knackten jede ſchöne Nuß
Noch einmal in Gedanken auf.
Da rauſcht das dürre Laub empor.
Und ſieh, ein alter Kriegesknecht
Wankt durch den Eichenwald daher,
Sagt: Guten Abend, wärmet ſich
Und ſetzt ſich auf den Weidenſtumpf.
Wer biſt du, guter alter Mann?
Ich bin ein preußiſcher Soldat,
Der in der Schlacht bei Kunnersdorf
Das Bein verlor, und leider Gott's!
Vor fremden Thüren betteln muß.
Da ging es ſcharf, mein liebes Kind!
Da ſauſeten die Kugeln uns
Wie Donnerwetter um den Kopf!
Dort flog ein Arm, und dort ein Bein!
Wir ratſchelten durch lauter Blut,
Im Pulverdampf! Steht, Kinder, ſteht!
Verlaſſet euren König nicht!
Rief Vater Kleiſt; da ſank er hin.
Ich und zwei Burſche trugen ſtracks
Ihn zu dem Feldſcheer aus der Schlacht.
Laut donnerte die Batterie!
Mit einmal flog mein linkes Bein
Mir unterm Leibe weg! — O Gott!
Sprach Hans, und ſahe Töffeln an,
Und fühlte ſich nach ſeinem Bein:
Mein Seel! ich werde kein Soldat,
Und wandre lieber hinterm Pflug
Da ſing' ich mir die Arbeit leicht,
Und ſpring' und tanze, wie ein Hirſch,
Und lege, wenn der Abend kommt,
Mich hinterm Ofen auf die Bank.
Doch kommt der Schelmfranzoſ' zurück,
Der uns die beſten Hühner ſtahl,
Und unſer Heu und Korn dazu:
Dann nehm' ich einen rothen Rock,
Und auf den Buckel mein Gewehr!
Dann komm' nur her, du Schelmfranzoſ'!
Hans, ſagte Töffel, lang' einmal
Die Kiepe her, die hinter die

Im Riedgras ſitzt, und gieb dem Mann
Von unſerm Käſ' und Butterbrot;
Ich ſammt' indeſſen dürres Holz;
Denn ſieh, das Feuer ſinket ſchon.

Der alte Landmann an ſeinen Sohn.

Ueb' immer Treu' und Redlichkeit
Bis an dein kühles Grab,
Und weiche keinen Finger breit
Von Gottes Wegen ab!
Dann wirſt du, wie auf grünen Au'n,
Durch's Pilgerleben gehn;
Dann kannſt du ſonder Furcht und Graun
Dem Tod' entgegen ſehn.

Dann wird die Sichel und der Pflug
In deiner Hand ſo leicht;
Dann ſingeſt du beim Waſſerkrug',
Als wär' dir Wein gereicht.
Dem Böſewicht wird alles ſchwer,
Er thue, was er thu';
Der Teufel treibt ihn hin und her,
Und läßt ihm keine Ruh.

Der ſchöne Frühling lacht ihm nicht,
Ihm lacht kein Aehrenfeld;
Er iſt auf Lug und Trug erpicht,
Und wünſcht ſich nichts als Geld.
Der Wind im Hain, das Laub am Baum,
Sauſt ihm Entſetzen zu;
Er findet nach des Lebens Raum
Im Grabe keine Ruh.

Dann muß er um die Geiſterſtund'
Aus ſeinem Grabe gehn;
Und oft als ſchwarzer Kettenhund
Vor ſeiner Hausthür ſtehn.
Die Spinnerinnen, die, das Rad
Im Arm, nach Hauſe gehn,
Erzittern wie ein Espenlaub,
Wenn ſie ihn liegen ſehn.

Und jede Spinnerſtube ſpricht
Von dieſem Abentheu'r,
Und wünſcht den todten Böſewicht
Ins tiefſte Höllenfeu'r.
Der alte Kunz war bis ans Grab
Ein rechter Höllenbrand:
Er pflügte ſeinem Nachbar ab,
Und ſtahl ihm vieles Land.

Nun pflügt er, als ein Feuermann,
Auf ſeines Nachbars Flur,
Und mißt das Feld hinab hinan
Mit einer glühnden Schnur.
Er brennet, wie ein Schober Stroh,
Dem glüh'nden Pfluge nach,
Und pflügt, und brennet lichterloh
Bis an den hellen Tag.

Der Amtmann, der die Bauern ſchund,
Und hurt'. und Hirſche ſchoß,
Trabt Nachts mit einem ſchwarzen Hund'
Im Wald' auf glüh'ndem Roß.
Oft geht er auch am Knotenſtock
Als rauher Brummbär um,
Und meckert oft als Ziegenbock
Im ganzen Dorf' herum.

Der Pfarrer, der aufs Tanzen ſchalt,
Und Filz und Wucherer war,
Steht Nachts als ſchwarze Spukgeſtalt
Um zwölf Uhr am Altar;
Paukt dann mit dumpfigem Geſchrei
Die Kanzel, daß es gellt,
Und zählet in der Sakriſtei
Sein Beicht- und Opfergeld.

Der Junker, der bei Spiel und Ball
Der Wittwen Habe fraß,
Kutſchirt, umbrauſt von Seufzerhall,
Zum Feſt des Satanas
Im blauen Schwefelflammenrock
Fährt er zur Burg hinauf,
Ein Teufel auf dem Kutſchenbock,
Zween Teufel hintenauf.

Sohn, übe Treu und Redlichkeit
Bis an dein kühles Grab,
Und weiche keinen Finger breit
Von Gottes Wegen ab!
Dann ſuchen Enkel deine Gruft,
Und weinen Thränen drauf,
Und Sommerblumen, voll von Duft,
Blühn aus den Thränen auf.

Die künftige Geliebte.

Entſchwebeſt du dem Seelengefilde ſchon,
Du ſüßes Mädchen? wehet das Flügelkleid
Dir an der Schulter? bebt der Strauß dir
Schon an der wallenden ſchönen Bruſt auf?

Ein ſüßes Zittern zittert durch mein Gebein,
Wann mir dein Bildniß lächelnd entgegentanzt,
Wann ich's auf meinem Schooße wiege,
Und an den klopfenden Buſen drücke.

Der Garten taumelt; röthendes Abendroth
Durchſtrömt die Blätter, purpurt die Maienluft;
Wie Engelflügel niederſäuſeln,
Rauſchet die Laube vom Aufgeliſpel.

An deiner Leinwand flattert vielleicht mein Bild
Dir auch entgegen, ſchmiegt ſich an deine Bruſt,
Und eine Sehnſuchtsthräne träufelt
Ueber die ſeidenen Purpurblumen.

Seid mir geſegnet, Thränen! Ihr fließet mir!
Bald ſchlägt die Stunde! Ach dann entküß' ich euch
Dem blauen Aug', der weißen Wange;
Trinke den Taumel der Erdenwonne!

An voller Quelle weil' ich, und ſchöpfe mir
Der Freuden jede, Himmel auf Himmel mir,
Die, deren Seelen mich umſchwebten,
Wann ich im Haine der Zukunft träumte!

Blüh' unterdeſſen ſchöner und ſchöner auf,
Du ſüßes Mädchen! leitet, ihr Tugenden,
Wie eine Schaar von Schweſterengeln,
Sie durch die Pfade des Erdenlebens!

Ein reinrer Aether lache herab auf dich!
Tönt, Nachtigallen, wann ſich der Abend neigt,
Im Apfelbaum vor ihrem Fenſter,
Goldene Träum' um ihr Mädchenbette!

Doch ſüß're Träume thaue das Morgenroth
Um deine Schläfe, Träume der Seraphim,
Wann jener Tag dem Meer' entſchimmert,
Da ich dich unter den Blumen finde!

An die Ruhe.

Tochter Edens, o Ruh, die du die Finſterniß
Stiller Haine bewohnſt, unter der Dämmerung
Mondverſilberter Pappeln
Mit verſchlungenen Armen weilſt.

Mit dem Schäfer am Bach flöteſt, der Schäferin
Unter Blumen der Au ſingeſt und Kränze flichſt,
Und dem Schellengeklingel
Ihrer tanzenden Schäfchen horchſt!

Wie der Jüngling die Braut liebet, ſo lieb' ich dich,
Allgefällige Ruh! ſpähe dir immer nach,
Bald auf duftenden Wieſen,
Bald im Buſche der Nachtigall!

Endlich bieteſt du mir, Herzenerfreuerin,
Deinen himmliſchen Kranz, ach! und umarmeſt mich,
Wie den flötenden Schäfer,
Wie die ſingende Schäferin!

Jeden Liſpel des Baums, jedes Geräuſch des Bachs,
Jedes ländliche Lied, welches vom Dorf' entweht,
Wandelt, Göttin, dein Odem
Mir in Sphärengeſangeton.

Hingegoſſen auf Thau, blick' ich den Abendſtern,
Deinen Liebling, o Ruh', blick' ich den Mond hinan,
Der ſo freundlich, ſo freundlich
Durch die nickenden Wipfel ſchaut!

Ruhe, lächle mir ſtets, wie du mir lächelteſt,
Als mein Knabengelock, mit der entknoſpeten
Roſenblume bekränzt,
Abendlüftchen zum Spiele flog!

Keiner Städterin Reiz, weder ein blaues Aug',
Noch ein küßlicher Mund, ſoll mich aus deinem Arm
In den Hallen des Tanzes
Locken, oder des Opernſpiels!

Hier bei Früchten und Milch unter dem Halmendach
Weil', o Freundin, bei mir, bis du mich, an der Hand
Eines lächelnden Mädchens,
Edens Hütten entgegenführſt.

Die Liebe.

1773.

Eine Schale des Harms, eine der Freuden wog
Gott dem Menſchengeſchlecht', aber der laſtende
Kummer ſenket die Schale;
Immer hebet die andre ſich.

Irr und trauriges Tritts wanken wir unſern Weg
Durch das Leben hinab, bis ſich die Liebe naht,
Eine Fülle der Freuden
In die ſteigende Schale geußt.

Wie dem Pilger der Quell ſilbern entgegen rinnt,
Wie der Regen des Mai's über die Blüthen träuft,
Naht die Liebe; des Jünglings
Seele zittert, und huldigt ihr!

Nähm' er Kronen und Gold, mißte der Liebe? Gold
Iſt ihm fliegende Spreu; Kronen ein Flitterband;
Alle Hoheit der Erde,
Sonder herzliche Liebe, Staub!

Loos der Engel! kein Sturm trübet die Heiterkeit
Seiner Seele! Der Tag hüllt ſich in lichtres Blau;
Kuß und Flüſtern und Lächeln
Flügelt Stunden an Stunden fort!

Herrſcher neideten ihn, koſteten ſie des Glücks,
Das dem Liebenden ward; würfen den Königsſtab
Aus den Händen, und ſuchten
Sich ein friedliches Hüttendach.

Unter Roſengeſträuch rieſelt ein Quell, und miſcht
Zum begegnenden Bach Silber. So ſtrömen flugs
Seel' und Seele zuſammen,
Wenn allmächtige Liebe naht.

Laura.

1772.

Kein Blick der Hoffnung heitert mit trübem Licht
Der Seele Dunkel! Nimmer, ach nimmer wird
Dein Auge, Laura, meinem Auge
Wieder begegnen, und Liebe ſprechen

Dein ehr'ner Fußtritt hallte mir oft, o Tod!
In meiner Kindheit tagender Dämmerung,
Und manche Mutterthräne rann mir
Auf die verblühende Knabenwange.

Komm' endlich, Tröſter, welcher den Sterblichen
Die Ketten ablöſt, komm und entfeſſle mich,
O Wonnetod! Dann ſchweb' ich Lauren,
Lauren entgegen, und bin ihr Engel!

Du ſollſt getröſtet werden, du Weinender!
Ruft, Palmen tragend, freundlich um Mitternacht
Der Tod; mir ſchallt die Sterbeglocke
Dumpfes Geläut, und des Grabes Schaufel.

Bald ſchweb' ich ſchauernd, Wonne mir! Wonne mir!
Um meine Laura; ſtröme, wo Laura kniet,
Anbetung über ſie und Andacht,
Wann ſie vom Kelche des Bundes trinket;

Und liſp're Schauer, Schauer der Seraphim
Am Throne Gottes, wann ſie den Preisgeſang,
Im Maienfrühroth' angeglühet,
Aus dem begeiſterten Herzen tönet!

Im Mondenſchimmer folg' ich der Denkerin
Durch deine Kühlung, duftende Frühlingsnacht;
Und decke, ſinkt ihr Aug' im Schlummer,
Sie mit verbreitetem ſanften Flügel.

Im Morgenſchimmer weh' ich den frommen Traum
Von ihrer Stirn und führe zum Garten ſie,
Im Thau durch Blumenbeet' und Blüthen,
Froh des Geſanges umher, zu wandeln!

Des ſchönen Buſens Wallung, des blauen Aug's
Bethränetes Wonnelächeln bei edler That,
Lohnt mir, und unter Himmelspalmen
Künftig ein Kuß von dem Roſenmunde!

Aufmunterung zur Freude.

Wer wollte ſich mit Grillen plagen,
So lang' uns Lenz und Jugend blühn?
Wer wollt' in ſeinen Blüthentagen
Die Stirn' in düſtre Falten ziehn!

Die Freude winkt auf allen Wegen,
Die durch dieß Pilgerleben gehn;
Sie bringt uns ſelbſt den Kranz entgegen,
Wann wir am Scheidewege ſtehn.

Noch rinnt und rauſcht die Wieſenquelle;
Noch iſt die Laube kühl und grün;
Noch ſcheint der liebe Mond ſo helle,
Wie er durch Adams Bäume ſchien!

Noch macht der Saft der Purpurtraube
Des Menſchen krankes Herz geſund;
Noch ſchmecket in der Abendlaube
Der Kuß auf einen rothen Mund!

Noch tönt der Buſch voll Nachtigallen
Dem Jüngling hohe Wonne zu;
Noch ſtrömt, wenn ihre Lieder ſchallen,
Selbſt in zerriſſ'ne Seelen Ruh!

O wunderſchön iſt Gottes Erde,
Und werth, darauf vergnügt zu ſein!
Drum will ich, bis ich Aſche werde,
Mich dieſer ſchönen Erde freun!

Trinklied.

Ein Leben, wie im Paradies,
Gewährt uns Vater Rhein.
Ich geb' es zu, ein Kuß iſt ſüß;
Doch ſüßer iſt der Wein.
Ich bin ſo fröhlich, wie ein Reh,
Das um die Quelle tanzt,
Wenn ich den lieben Schenktiſch ſeh',
Und Gläſer drauf gepflanzt.

Was kümmert mich die ganze Welt,
Wenn's liebe Gläslein winkt,
Und Traubenſaft, der mir gefällt,
An meiner Lippe blinkt?
Dann trink' ich, wie ein Götterkind,
Die volle Flaſche leer,
Daß Gluth mir durch die Adern rinnt,
Und tauml' und fordre mehr.

Die Erde wär' ein Jammerthal,
Voll Grillenfang und Gicht,
Wüchſ' uns zur Lind'rung unſrer Qual
Der edle Rheinwein nicht;
Der hebt den Bettler auf den Thron,
Schafft Erd' und Himmel um,
Und zaubert jeden Erdenſohn
Stracks ins Elyſium.

Er iſt die wahre Panacee,
Verjüngt des Alten Blut,
Verſcheuchet Hirn- und Magenweh,
Und was er weiter thut.
Drum lebe das gelobte Land,
Das uns den Wein erzog!
Der Winzer, der ihn pflanzt' und band,
Der Winzer lebe hoch!

Und jeder ſchönen Winzerin,
Die uns die Trauben las,
Weih' ich, als meiner Königin,
Ein volles Deckelglas!
Es lebe jeder deutſche Mann,
Der ſeinen Rheinwein trinkt,
So lang' er's Kelchglas halten kann,
Und dann zu Boden ſinkt!

Die Mainacht.

Wann der ſilberne Mond durch die Geſträuche blinkt,
Und ſein ſchlummerndes Licht über den Raſen ſtreut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Buſch zu Buſch.

Selig preiſ' ich dich dann, flötende Nachtigall,
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnet in Einem Neſt,
Ihrem ſingenden Gatten
Tauſend trauliche Küſſe giebt.

Ueberhüllet von Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einſame Thräne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenroth
Durch die Seele mir ſtrahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich,
Und die einſame Thräne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab!

Elegie bei dem Grabe meines Vaters.

1775.

Selig alle, die im Herrn entſchliefen!
Selig, Vater, ſelig biſt auch du!
Engel brachten dir den Kranz, und riefen,
Und du gingſt in Gottes Ruh;

Wandelſt über Millionen Sternen,
Siehſt die Handvoll Staub, die Erde, nicht;
Schwebſt im Glanz durch tauſend Sonnenfernen,
Schaueſt Gottes Angeſicht.

Siehſt das Buch der Welten aufgeſchlagen,
Trinkeſt durſtig aus dem Lebensquell;
Nächte, voll von Labyrinthen, tagen,
Und dein Blick wird himmelhell;

Doch in deiner Ueberwinderkrone
Senkſt du noch den Vaterblick auf mich;
Beteſt für mich an Jehova's Throne,
Und Jehova höret dich.

Schwebe, wann der Tropfen Zeit verrinnet,
Den mir Gott aus ſeiner Urne gab,
Schwebe, wann mein Todeskampf beginnet,
Auf mein Sterbebett herab:

Daß mir deine Palme Kühlung wehe,
Kühlung, wie von Lebensbäumen träuft;
Daß ich ſonder Grauen die Thäler ſehe,
Wo die Auferſtehung reift;

Daß mit dir ich durch die Himmel ſchwebe,
Wonneſtrahlend und beglückt, wie du;
Und mit dir auf einem Sterne lebe,
Und in Gottes Schooße ruh.

Grün' indeſſen, Strauch der Roſenblume,
Deinen Purpur auf ſein Grab zu ſtreun.
Schlummere, wie im ſtillen Heiligthume,
Hingeſäetes Gebein.

Auftrag.

1776.

Ihr Freunde, hänget, wann ich geſtorben bin,
Die kleine Harfe hinter dem Altar auf,
Wo an der Wand die Todtenkränze
Manches verſtorbenen Mädchens ſchimmern.

Der Küſter zeigt dann freundlich dem Reiſenden
Die kleine Harfe, rauſcht mit dem rothen Band,
Das, an der Harfe feſtgeſchlungen,
Unter den goldenen Saiten flattert.

Oft, ſagt er ſtaunend, tönen im Abendroth
Von ſelbſt die Saiten, leiſe wie Bienenton;
Die Kinder, auf dem Kirchhof ſpielend,
Hörten's und ſahn, wie die Kränze bebten.

Ernst Christoph Homburg

ward 1605 zu Mühla bei Eiſenach geboren, lebte nach vollendeten juriſtiſchen Studien als Gerichtsactuarius und Rechtsconſulent zu Naumburg, wurde 1648 unter dem Beinamen „der Keuſche“ in die fruchtbringende Geſellſchaft und unter dem des „Daphnis“ in den Schwanenorden aufgenommen, und ſtarb daſelbſt am 2. Junius 1681.

Er ſchrieb:

Schimpf- und ernſthafte Clio. N. N. 1638. 2 Ausg. Jena 1642, 2 Thle. in 8.

Tragicomedia von der verliebten Schäferin Dulcimunda. Jena 1743 in 8. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1765 in 8.

Cat's Selbſtſtreit, aus dem Holländiſchen. Nürnberg 1747 in 8.

Geiſtliche Lieder. Naumburg 1758. Neue Aufl. Jena 1759. 2 Thle. in 8. Auch in der Bibliothek deutſcher Dichter. Leipzig 1822 — 31, 7. Band.

Ein Schüler von Opitz befleißigte H. ſich beſonders ſtrenger Correctheit in Sprache und Rhythmus und hat hier Genügendes, im Verhältniß zu ſeiner Zeit, geleiſtet, namentlich zeichnen ſich unter ſeinen Liedern die von ihm ſogenannten trochäiſchen durch Wohllaut und Anmuth der Form aus; Phantaſie, Begeiſterung und Gedankenreichthum darf man dagegen nicht bei ihm ſuchen.

Karl Ferdinand Hommel

ward am 6. Januar 1722 zu Leipzig geboren und ſtudirte daſelbſt nach vollendeter Schulbildung zuerſt Medicin, wandte ſich aber bald dem Berufe ſeines Vaters, des daſigen Profeſſor der Rechte und Appellationsrathes, Ferdinand Auguſt H., zu, wurde 1744 Doctor der Rechte und der Philoſophie, 1750 Lehrer des Rechts und 1756 ordentlicher Profeſſor, Hof- und Juſtizrath und Domherr zu Merſeburg. Er ſtarb als beſtändiger Decan der Juriſtenfacultät und Decemvir der Univerſität, angeſehen und begütert am 16 Mai 1781.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Akademiſche Reden. Frankfurt a. M. 1757.

Einfälle und Begebenheiten. Leipzig 1760. Später (ebenfalls anonym) erſchien daſſelbe umgearbeitet unter dem Titel: **Kleine Plappereien.** Ebendaſ. 1773.

Ueber Belohnung und Strafe nach türkiſchen Geſetzen. Baireuth 1772 als 2. Ausgabe unter dem Namen: Alexander von Joch.

Von Verbrechen und Strafen. Breslau 1778.

Brutalia juris für alle Menſchenkinder. Köln 1779.

Deutſcher Flavius. Baireuth 1800; 4. verm. und verb. Ausgabe von Klein, 2 Bde.

H. war nicht ohne Talent für das Komiſche, namentlich wurde ſein komiſches Epos: das L'hombrespiel, früher gern und viel geleſen. Seine Verdienſte um das Criminalrecht, ſo wie ſeine mit Erfolg gekrönten Bemühungen, einen beſſeren Styl unter den deutſchen Juriſten einzuführen, ſind allgemein bekannt; ihre nähere Würdigung liegt indeſſen außer dem Bereiche dieſes Werkes.

Graf Werner von Honberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

August Ludwig Hoppenstedt,

ward am 22. März 1763 zu Großenſchwulper im Hannöverſchen geboren, und beſuchte, nachdem er auf der Domſchule zu Halberſtadt und auf dem Gymnaſium zu Hannover eine claſſiſche Vorbildung erhalten, die Univerſität Göttingen, wo er Theologie ſtudirte. Er wurde dann Hauslehrer bei dem Conſiſtorialrath Koppe zu Gotha und bereiſte dann ſeit 1788 Deutſchland im Auftrag der hannöverſchen Regierung, um das deutſche Schulweſen kennen zu lernen. Nach beendigter Reiſe wurde er 1789 Inſpector des Schullehrerſeminars zu Hannover, 1796 Superintendent zu Stolzenau und bei der Beſetzung Hannovers durch die Franzoſen 1805 Generalſuperintendent zu Harburg. Von hier ward er 1815 als Generalſuperintendent und Conſiſtorialrath nach Celle berufen und erhielt 1820 die Würde eines Coadjutors und 1829 eines Abtes zu Loccum, womit er zugleich das Amt eines Vicedirectors des Conſiſtoriums zu Hannover verband. Er ſtarb daſelbſt als Doct. theologiae den 6. Januar 1830.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ueber den verſtorbenen Dr. J. B. Koppe. Hannover 1791.

Lieder für Volksſchulen. Ebendaſ. 1793. 4. Ausg. 1816.

Fabeln und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1803.

Practiſche Anweiſung zum Gebrauch der Lieder in Volksſchulen. Ebendaſ. 1803.

Bemerkungen zu der practiſchen Anweiſung. Ebendaſ. 1805.

Predigten in den Jahren der feindlichen Unterdrückung und Befreiung 1805—1814. gehalten. Ebendaſ. 1818. 1819, 3 Bde. in 8.

Drei Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1825.

Von der chriſtlichen Glaubenskraft. Zwei Predigten. Zelle 1829.

H. erwarb ſich durch Lehre und Beiſpiel große und bleibende Verdienſte um die Kirche und die Volksſchulen ſeines Vaterlandes. Als Kanzelredner zeichnete er ſich ebenfalls höchſt vortheilhaft durch Würde, Innigkeit, Klarheit und vortreffliche Diction aus.

Bernge von Horheim, ſ. Minneſinger.

Joseph Freiherr von Hormayr,

Herr zu Hortenburg, ward am 20. Jan. 1781 zu Insbruck geboren, zeigte ſchon früh ein hervorragendes Talent für geſchichtliche Studien und ließ bereits im 13. Jahre die Geſchichte der Herzoge von Meran im Druck erſcheinen. Von ſeinem Vater aber für das Juſtizfach beſtimmt, ſtudirte er von 1794 — 1797 die Rechte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und avancirte, als er 1799 und 1800 in der tyroler Landwehr diente, bald zum Major. 1801 kam er nach Wien in das Departement der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten, wurde dort 1803 wirklicher Hofſecretair und Director des geheimen Staats-, Hof- und Hausarchivs und war auf dem Friedenscongreſſe zu Presburg als kaiſerlich öſtreichiſcher Beauftragter gegenwärtig. 1809 leitete er mit Einſicht den Aufſtand in Tyrol und die ganze Verwaltung dieſes Landes, bis der znaymer Waffenſtillſtand ihn hier außer Thätigkeit ſetzte. Nachdem er 1813 in Folge ſeiner Wirkſamkeit in Tyrol einige Zeit Staatsgefangener geweſen und nach Wien zurückgekehrt war, wurde er 1815 zum kaiſ. königl. Hofrathe und Reichshiſtoriograph ernannt und mit den Inſignien des Leopoldordens beehrt. Einen Ruf nach München, welchen er 1826 abgelehnt hatte, nahm er, als derſelbe 1828 wiederholt wurde, an und wurde dort Miniſterialrath im Departement des Aeußern, königlich. Kämmerer und Mitglied der daſigen Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften, ging aber 1832, mit dem Ritterkreuz des Civilverdienſtordens geſchmückt, als Miniſterreſident nach Hannover.

Er gab heraus:

Sämmtliche Werke. Tübingen 1820 ff.

Kleine hiſtoriſche Schriften und Gedächtnißreden. München 1832.

Einzeln:

Stammgeſchichte der Herzoge von Meran. Innsbruck 1796.

Kritiſch-diplomatiſche Beiträge zur Geſchichte Tyrols im Mittelalter. Wien 1805, 2 Bde.

Geſchichte der gefürſteten Grafſchaft Tyrol. Tübingen 1806 — 1808, 2 Bde.

Hiſtoriſch-ſtatiſtiſches Archiv für Süddeutſchland. Frankfurt 1807.

Oeſtreichiſcher Plutarch. Wien 1807 — 1820, 20 Bde.

Archiv für Geſchichte, Statiſtik, Literatur und Kunſt. Wien 1810 — 1828 in 4.

Taſchenbuch für vaterländiſche Geſchichte. Wien 1811 — 1814. 4 Bde.; ſeit 1820 mit Mednyanſki; dann wieder allein als: Neue Folge. München 1835, 5 Bde.

Maleriſches Taſchenbuch. Wien 1813 und 1814.

Oeſtreich und Deutſchland. Gotha 1814.

Biographiſche Züge. Leipzig 1815.

Das Heer von Inneröſtreich 1809. Altenburg 1817.

Allgemeine Geſchichte der neueſten Zeit. Wien 1817 — 1819, 3 Bde. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1831.

Wiens Geſchichte und ſeine Denkwürdigkeiten. Wien 1823 — 1829, 9 Bde. mit Kupf.

Geſchichtliche Fresken in den Arkaden des münchner Hofgartens. München 1830.

Die Baiern im Morgenlande. München 1832 in 4.

H. erwarb ſich um die Geſchichte, beſonders ſeines Vaterlandes große und bleibende Verdienſte, theils durch ſeinen unermüdlichen Fleiß in Sammlung von Urkunden, theils durch ſeine vortrefflichen ſpecialgeſchichtlichen Unterſuchungen. Während der Zeiten des Druckes und der Noth wirkte er erfolgreich durch Schrift, wie durch That, in echteſter deutſcher Geſinnung. — Sein Styl verräth, daß er ſich nach Johannes von Müller gebildet habe.

Franz Horn,

ein Bruder des berühmten preußiſchen Arztes Ernſt H., ward am 30. Juli 1781 zu Braunſchweig geboren, ſtudirte auf dem akademiſchen Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt alte Sprachen und Philoſophie und erhielt, nachdem er ſeine Rechts- und philoſophiſchen Studien zu Jena und Leipzig vollendet und ſich die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde erworben hatte, 1803 als Hülfslehrer eine Anſtellung am grauen Kloſter zu Berlin. Ein Ruf als ordentlicher Lehrer an das Lyceum zu Bremen brachte ihn 1806 dahin, aber ſeine anhaltende Kränklichkeit bewog ihn, dieſe Stelle wieder aufzugeben und ſich 1809 wieder nach Berlin zu wenden. Hier lebte er ohne öffentliches Amt als Privatlehrer mit Vorleſungen über Shakſpeare und deutſche Literaturgeſchichte und mit ſchönwiſſenſchaftlichen Studien beſchäftigt bis zu ſeinem Tode, welcher am 19. Juli 1837 erfolgte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Einige Worte über die Schauſpiele der Franzoſen. Leipzig 1801 in 8.

Der Einſame. Leipzig 1801; neue Ausgabe, Ebendaſelbſt 1807 in 8.

Guiskardo. Ebendaſ. 1801. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1817 in 8. mit 1 Kupf.

Die Dichter. Leipzig 1801, 3 Bde.; 2. Aufl. Berlin 1817 und 1818, 3 Bde. in 8.

Victors Wallfahrten. Penig 1802 in 8. mit 1 Kpf.

Andeutungen für Freude der Poeſie. Züllichau 1803 in 8.

Ueber K. Gozzi's dramatiſche Poeſie. Ebend. 1803.

Seneca's Thyeſtes und Trojanerinnen. Ueberſetzt. Ebend. 1803.

Luna. Taſchenbuch. Züllichau 1804. in 8. m. Kupf.

Der Geiſt des Friedens. Berlin 1804 in 8.

Henrico. Poſen 1804, 2 Bde. in 8.; 2 Aufl. Ebend. 1809 in 8. m. Kupf.

Liebe, Schmerz und Tod. Poſen 1805 in 8.

Octavio von Burges. Stuttgart und Tübingen 1805, in 8., 1r Thl.

Der Traum der Liebe. Berlin 1806 in 8. mit 1 Titelkupfer.

Geſchichte und Kritik der deutſchen Poeſie. Berlin 1807 in 8.

Leben und Wiſſenſchaft, Kunſt und Religion. Berlin 1807 in 8.

Fantaſtiſche Gemälde. N. Ausg. Leipzig 1807 in 8. mit Kupf.

Fr. Gedike's Biographie. Berlin 1808.

Raphael von Salvatara. Leipzig 1808, in 8. mit Kupfern.

Nero. Hiſtoriſches Gemälde. Leipzig, 1810, in 8. m. Kupf.

Otto. Bremen 1810.

Tiberius. Hiſtoriſches Gemälde. Leipzig 1811 in 8., mit 1 Titelkupf. und Vign.

Kampf und Sieg. Bremen 1811, 2 Bde. in 8.

Latona. Berlin 1812, 2 Bde. in 8.

Die ſchöne Literatur Deutſchlands. Berlin, 1812, 1813, 2 Bde. in 8.

Friedrich III., Kurfürſt von Brandenburg. Berlin 1816.

Leben und Liebe. Berlin 1817 in 8.

Freundliche Schriften. Nürnberg 1817 u. 1818, 2 Bde. in 8.

Novellen. Berlin 1819 u. 1820, 2 Bde. in 8.; 2r Bd.: Romantiſche Erzählungen.

Umriſſe zur Geſchichte und Kritik der ſchönen Literatur Deutſchlands von 1790 — 1818. Berlin 1819; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1820 in gr. 8. Ein Nachtrag dazu erſchien Ebendaſ. 1821 in gr. 8.

Liebe und Ehe. Berlin 1819; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1821 in 8.

Gedichte. Berlin 1820 in gr. 8.

Abendunterhaltungen, deutſche. Berlin 1822 in 8.

Die Poeſie und Beredtſamkeit der Deutſchen von Luther bis zur Gegenwart. Berlin 1822 — 1829, 4 Bde. in gr. 8.

Erläuterungen über Shakſpeare's Schauſpiele Leipzig 1823 — 1831, 5 Bde.

Erhebung und Beruhigung. Ebendaſ. 1824, in 8.

Dichtercharaktere. Ebendaſ. 1829 in 8.

Forteplano. Kleine heitere Schriften. Iſerlohn 1831 und 1832, 3 Bde in 8.; 3r Theil auch unter dem Titel: Heitere Spaziergänge.

Mai und September. Iſerlohn 1833, 2 Bde. in gr. 16.

Außerdem eine Menge Aufſätze, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. in der Abendzeitung, dem Geſellſchafter und andern Zeitſchriften und periodiſchen Blättern.

Phantaſie, Begeiſterung für das Schöne und Wahre, Herzensgüte und Rechtlichkeit der Geſinnung, verbunden mit den gründlichſten poſitiven Studien, waren die ſteten Begleiter dieſes trefflichen Mannes auf ſeiner literäriſchen Laufbahn, aber ſie genügten nicht, um ihm die entſcheidende Stellung zu geben, nach welcher er unabläſſig und auf edle Weiſe ſtrebte. — Ihm fehlte Schärfe des Verſtandes und Sicherheit des Urtheils; daher iſt namentlich in ſeinen kritiſchen und literärhiſtoriſchen Schriften ein ſtetes Schwanken bemerkbar, das ihn nie feſt auf der einmal eingeſchlagenen Bahn bleiben läßt, ſondern ihn bald zu ſehr nach jener, bald zu ſehr nach dieſer Seite führt, und eben ſo oft zu Ungerechtigkeiten gegen Andersgeſinnte, wie zu redſeliger Breite und Weitſchweifigkeit verleitet. Dies geſchieht ihm, wie durch eine Tücke des Schickſals, gerade dann am meiſten, wenn er ſich mit der ſtrengſten Gewiſſenhaftigkeit befleißigt, gerecht und concis zu ſein. — Seine Romane enthalten viel Schönes, Zartes und Tiefgefühltes und verdienen lebhaftere Anerkennung, als ſie namentlich in der neueſten Zeit gefunden. —

Erinnerung an Klopſtock und Göthe*).

A. Klopſtock und Göthe.

In dem kurzen „Briefwechſel zwiſchen Klopſtock und Göthe im Jahre 1776" (Leipzig 1833) iſt uns ein ſehr beachtenswerther Beitrag zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Literatur zugekommen. — Er enthält nur zwölf Seiten, aber voll ſchrecklichen Inhalts. Schrecklich doch angenehm; lehrreich doch kurzweilig; kurzweilig doch erhaben!

Mit dem Genie's hat man doch immer ſeine liebe Noth gehabt, und vorzüglich in Deutſchland, wo man nicht ſonderlich auf ſie eingerichtet war. Vor allen aber hat Göthe den Leuten viel Herzeleid verurſacht, und wenn man ihn auf einmal recht tüchtig zur Rede ſtellte, ſo ſah er doch immer dabei aus wie etwa eine Statue des Apollo oder Jupiter, die ihren Blick nicht ändert. — Hier liegt ein merkwürdiges Beiſpiel vor unſern Augen, das wohl nähere Betrachtung verdient.

Bekanntlich hatte ſich der edle Herzog von Weimar mit inniger Achtung und Liebe ſchon zu dem Jüngling Göthe gewandt, und es war ihm gelungen, ihn unter den ehrenvollſten Bedingungen nach Weimar in ſeinen nächſten Umgang zu ziehen. So etwas war nun in den Annalen der deutſchen Literatur noch nie vorgekommen und man konnte ſich aus traurigen Büchern erinnern, daß Günther — („er war ein Dichter, wenn es je einen gab", ſagt Göthe von ihm) ſich einſt bei dem Polenkönig Auguſt II. um die Hofpoetenſtelle — mit der aber leider eine abſonderliche bunte Kleidung nach dem gewöhnlichen Pritſchmeiſteramte verbunden war — beworben hatte, eifrig beworben und doch vergeblich! Solche trübſelige Zeit war jetzt Gott lob vorüber! und es gingen nunmehr viele deutſche Poeten und Schriftſteller jauchzend auf den Straßen herum und fielen einander gerührt um den Hals; denn warum ſollte ihnen nicht auch begegnen können, was Göthen begegnet war? Durften ſie nicht hoffen, daß auch ſie bald als Legationsräthe nach Weimar berufen werden, und dort nicht bloß Nektar trinken, ſondern ſich in Nektar baden würden!

Es kam aber alles ganz anders. Der Herzog war außerordentlich difficil und wollte immer nur mit den allerbeſten Poeten und Schriftſtellern zu thun haben. Das mußte man freilich loben, aber an Ruhe und Frieden war nicht zu denken, denn wenige Monate nach Göthe's Ankunft in Weimar (September 1775) verbreitete ſich durch ſämmtliche Gauen Deutſchlands das Gerücht, der böſe geniale frankfurter Jüngling habe bereits in ſo kurzer Zeit den vortrefflichen Fürſten und deſſen Stadt und Land zur bedenklichſten Hypergenialität verführt, es fließe dort der Wein in Strömen, und die Göttertafel in der Ilias werde dort weit übertroffen, und vermuthlich auch im Gelächter, was doch kaum möglich war, da Homer ſelbſt es für ein „unauslöſchliches" erklärt. — — „Verführer!" das Wort iſt in Deutſchland recht gebräuchlich, denn wir verlangen überall die naheliegendſten Motive, und hätten wir z. B. den Hamlet geſchrieben, wir würden mit angebracht haben, ſein Hofmeiſter ſei von melancholiſcher Gemüthsart geweſen, und daher komme auch Hamlets Hinneigung zur ſchwermüthigen Klügelei, wobei jedoch das Schlimme iſt, daß wir nun leider nicht wiſſen, woher der Hofmeiſter zu ſeinem Charakter gekommen. Auf ſolche Subtilitäten aber muß man ſich nicht einlaſſen, weil es ſonſt mit der Motivirung allerdings in's Unendliche ginge. Genug, daß wir nicht wohl glauben mögen, es könne ſich einer ſeinen Charakter ganz auf eigne Hand bilden. Es iſt durchaus nöthig, daß ihn der oder die verführe. Sind wir nun einmal jemanden auf die Sprünge gekommen, daß er etwas Verführeriſches habe, ſo muß er auch überall, wo er geht und ſteht, verführen, und Göthe ſah ganz danach aus, daß er es könne. Solche Vermuthungen hat man immer von ihm gehabt, und ich erinnere mich noch ſehr gut aus meiner Knabenzeit her, daß, als in der Michaelismeſſe 1796 alle Menſchen, welche leſen konnten, die noch naß aus der Preſſe gekommenen Xenien laſen, eine Menge Stimmen ertönten: „Der Göthe hat den Schiller verführt, das iſt keine Frage!" Man hätte freilich leicht erfahren können, daß ſich die Sache gar nicht alſo verhielt; es war indeſſen einmal abgemacht, daß Göthe, wenn er Luſt dazu habe, alle Welt verführen könne, und damit gut.

So wollte denn auch im Winter 1775 jenes Gerücht nicht ſchweigen, ſondern wurde vielmehr immer lebhafter, ſo daß es endlich gar zu den Ohren des großen Klopſtock gelangte. Das „großen" ſage ich, denn ſo wurde er ſeit ſeinem erſten Auftreten im Jahre 1745 von Hunderttauſenden genannt, ſo daß auch bald jenes Beiwort als der ihm gebührende Titel galt, ja man vergaß dabei nicht ſelten, daß er im Adreßkalender als Legationsrath ſtand, was doch auch nicht viel gelten ſoll. Es iſt gewiß: Klopſtock zeigte ſich wahrhaft groß, als er die Deutſchen liebend ſchalt, als er ihre Dudelſäcke, Hackebretter und Kinderklappern zerſchlug und ihnen zeigte, wie man von Religion, Vaterlandsliebe und Freundſchaft begeiſtert ſingen könne; die Deutſchen aber ſoll man gleichfalls loben, daß ſie einen ſolchen Mann — der ſie eben noch geſcholten hatte — ſo zu loben und zu lieben wußten. Schade nur, daß im Laufe der Zeit ſich in dieſem Verhältniſſe manches anders ſtellte, denn wenn das deutſche Publikum einmal außer ſich geräth, ſo wird es zuletzt ganz launiſch überſchwenglich und ſchwört und flucht fürchterlich: Solch ein Mann, wie der, den es gerade jetzt anbete, ſei ſeit Erſchaffung der Welt nie da geweſen, er verdiene ſämmtliche Lorbeerwälder, er ſei nicht bloß groß, ſondern größer als groß und vollendet, göttlich u. ſ. w. Dieſe Krankheit konnte freilich in ihrer Hoheit ſich nicht bis zum Jahre 1776 halten; wohl aber deren Tradition, und es blieb deshalb wenigſtens äußerlich immer beim Alten, d. h. ſo oft man von Klopſtock ſprach, ſo tönte die Lippe „der Große", „der Einzige," und wenn man von ihm ſchrieb, ſo floß aus der Feder, ohne daß man ſie drückte, jenes Beiwort gleichfalls, ſo wie auch die Druckereien und der Setzer auf alle Fälle für die gehörigen Ausrufungszeichen längſt geſorgt hatten. — Wie benahm ſich aber Klopſtock dabei? Menſchlich, denn das iſt es gewiß, wenn man ſich mit einigem Vergnügen verehren und lieben oder gar anbeten läßt; indeſſen bekommt ein ſolcher immerwährender dicker Ruhmesqualm auch dem Beſten nicht gut, und er kann ſich zuletzt in ſchwachen Stunden wohl gar für den eigentlichen Statthalter, König und Kaiſer der Poeſie anſehen, mit dem nicht leicht jemand den Kampf wagt. Da war nun aber in Frankfurt der junge Doctor juris Göthe mit einigen ganz beſondern Werken aufgetreten, und, obwohl er in der ſchönen Gewitterſcene (im Werther) Klopſtocken ausdrücklich und eindringlich gefeiert hatte, ſo konnte man ihm doch nicht recht trauen. Solche junge Leute haben nämlich die Eigenſchaft, mit jedem Monate weiter zu ſchreiten und um ſich zu greifen, weshalb man ſie ein wenig kurz halten zu müſſen glaubte. Es war indeß der Mühe werth, den Jüngling näher kennen zu lernen, und da bekanntlich Frankfurt nicht aus dem Wege liegt, ſo ließ ſich Klopſtock wirklich dahin einladen. Da fand ſich denn nun auch bald, daß dieſer Wolfgang ganz anders behandelt werden müſſe, als die ſonſtigen poetiſchen Jünglinge des göttinger Vereins. Er mußte möglichſt kalt, vornehm behandelt werden, man mußte ihm den Daumen auf's Auge ſetzen. Das geſchah denn auch auf eine recht verwunderliche Weiſe. Klopſtock ſprach mit dem Jünglinge kein einziges Wort von Poeſie, ſondern gab ihm guten und neuen Unterricht im Schlittſchuhlaufen, wobei er auch noch gründlich auseinanderſetzte, es heiße nicht Schrittſchuh, ſondern Schlittſchuh. Dankenswerthe Bemühung; aber leider für den Dichter des Götz von Berlichingen nicht genügend.

So ſtand nun das Verhältniß, als jenes böſe Gerücht nach Hamburg zu Klopſtock drang, der extravagante Jüngling verführe den trefflichen Herzog. Was war dabei zu thun? Es giebt freilich reſolute, kernhaft und vollſtändig gebildete Menſchen, die bei einer ſolchen Gelegenheit ohne alle Umſtände und ohne alle poetiſche Ausmalung kurzweg erwiedert haben würden: „der Kuckuk hole alle dergleichen Klätſchereien, ich mag ſie gar nicht hören, viel weniger ihnen glauben!" Ja es giebt ſogar Menſchen von ſo ruhiger Kraft und Bildung, daß ſelbſt der gröbeſte und frechſte Klätſcher nicht leicht wagt, zu ihnen zu klatſchen, ſo daß ſie von ſolchen fatalen Dingen gar nichts erfahren, weil ſie nichts erfahren wollen. Klopſtock aber erfuhr leider davon und glaubte auch leider dem Gerüchte*), wenn auch nicht ganz, doch zum Theil, und ſo ſetzte er ſich hin, und ſchrieb den Brief No. 1, den die Leſer gütigſt ſelbſt nachſehen wollen. — Mir iſt ſeltſam dabei zu Muthe geworden, und wenn ich ihn aus dem Klopſtock'ſchen in gewöhnliches Deutſch überſetzen darf, ſo lautet er etwa ſo: Ich, der Dictator der deutſchen Poeten, höre ſchreckliche Dinge von Dir, mein Jüngling, Du verführſt Deinen fürſtlichen Freund, und dadurch wird deſſen Gemahlin unglücklich; ich befehle Dir, Dich auf der Stelle zu beſſern. Glaube nur nicht, daß Du mit irgend einer Gegenrede bei mir durchkommſt, ich weiß alles und von meinem Richterſtuhl appellirt man nicht weiter u. ſ. w.

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*) Aus „Wein und Oel." Erzählungen, Charakteriſtiken rc. von Franz Horn. Dresden und Leipzig 1836.

Nur ein einziges Wort in dem Briefe iſt wirklich rührend: „aber dieſer Schmerz wird Gram werden, und läßt ſich der denn etwa auch niederhalten? Tauſend Gram! Gothe" — Dann aber ſtört wieder das Folgende: „Nein, rühmen Sie ſich nur nicht, daß Sie lieben wie ich!" — Es iſt möglich, daß Klopſtock wirklich einſt mehr lieben konnte; aber in einem Briefe, wie dieſer mußte nothwendig der furchtbar ſchwere Vorwurf durch das Beiwort „wie ich" um ſein ganzes Gewicht kommen. Dazu nun noch der ſeltſam geſchraubte Styl dieſes Briefes, der bald eine Dictatormiene zeigt, bald eine Art von Zärtlichkeit; doch dieſe letzte nur obenhin. Göthe aber erkannte Klopſtocken weder für ſeinen Dictator, noch für ſeinen Vater, er fühlte ſich — wir mögen es zu hoffen — in Beziehung auf ſein Verhältniß zu dem Fürſten im Großen und Ganzen ſchuldlos, er ſah das vortreffliche fürſtliche Ehepaar glücklich, ſeiner ganzen Natur war jede Klätſcherei durchaus zuwider, und ſo entſtand denn jene Antwort (Brief No. 2) deren Form durchaus nicht zu billigen iſt, ſollten wir auch den Inhalt ſehr begreiflich finden. — Hier bieten ſich uns gar manche Betrachtungen über Viertel-, Halbe-, Dreiviertel- und ganze Freundſchaftsverhältniſſe zwiſchen bedeutenden Männern, Philoſophen und Dichtern dar, und es ſchließt ſich daran die Frage, wann es wohl Zeit ſei, Bande zu löſen, die, weil ſie nur unzulänglich ſind, nothwendig etwas Hemmendes haben müſſen. Dann würde aber auch die Art der Löſung wohl zu betrachten ſein u. ſ. w. Göthe mochte genau einſehen, und weil er es einſah, auch ausſprechen, daß zwiſchen Klopſtock und ihm keine Freundſchaft im reinen Sinne des ſo oft mißbrauchten Wortes ſtattfinden könne; aber unmöglich iſt es zu billigen, daß er den Brief an den erſten Oberdichter des damaligen Deutſchlands mit den kalt tönenden, und doch faſt nur auf Bequemlichkeit hindeutenden Worten begann: „Verſchonen Sie uns künftig mit ſolchen Briefen, lieber Klopſtock! Sie helfen uns nichts, und machen uns immer ein paar böſe Stunden." — Einen Theil dieſer Schuld mag wohl die Raſchheit tragen, mit der Göthe Klopſtock's Brief vom 8. Mai bereits am 21. deſſelben Monats beantwortete.

Und nun Klopſtock! Ich muß meine ganze Phantaſie zuſammen nehmen, um mir einigermaßen die Augen und das ganze Geſicht zu denken, mit der er ſolche Worte mag geleſen haben! Er verwahrte gewiß in ſeinen Schreibſchränken ſeit dreißig Jahren einige Tauſend Briefe, in denen man ihn nur einen „göttlichen Mann" geheißen hatte, um deſſen kleinſte Zeile man nicht genugſam bitten könne, und nun ſollte er einen Jüngling von etwa ſechs und zwanzig Jahren mit Briefen verſchonen! — Verſchonen! Er! Die ganze Weltgeſchichte hatte dergleichen Ungebühr noch nicht aufzuweiſen, und darum mußte denn auch ein ungeheures Strafexempel ſtatuirt werden, und es erfolgte der letzte Brief No. 3. Welch' eine Epiſtel ſollte das werden! — Am Schluſſe des erſten Acts des „großmüthigen Titus" rufen die erſchrockenen Bürger, während das Capitolium in Flammen ſteht, unter andern die dumpfen Worte aus: „O gräßlich! o entſetzlich! o Nacht voll Angſt und Graus!" Dieſe Exclamationen bezeichnen noch lange nicht hinreichend den Eindruck, den Klopſtock vermuthlich bezweckte, und wir müſſen wohl in Gedanken die unendlich reiche tragiſche Muſik, mit der Mozart jene Worte umgeben hat, zu Hülfe nehmen um Klopſtock's Gefühl zu faſſen. Was er aber (und zwar nachdem er ſich drei Monate Zeit genommen) wirklich erreicht hat, iſt wenig erfreulich, denn es iſt keineswegs rein tragiſch. Was mich ordentlich betrübt hat, iſt das Bloßgeben des gekränkten Stolzes, bei dem die Mitempfindung des Leſers ſchweigt, und ſogar die Satyre ſich regen kann, gegen die ſelbſt Klopſtock's poetiſcher Purpurmantel nicht zu ſchützen vermag. Göthe hatte nämlich mit einer an Indolenz grenzenden Ungenirtheit geſchrieben: „Glauben Sie mir, daß mir kein Augenblick meiner Exiſtenz überbliebe, wenn ich auf all ſolche Anmahnungen antworten ſollte" — und niemand wird dieſe Ausdrücke vertheidigen wollen, aber die Art, wie Klopſtock das Zuſammenwerfen ſeines Briefes zu „all' ſolchen" Anmahnungen und zu „all ſolchen Briefen" rügt, iſt hochmüthig froſtig, und läßt uns ahnen, daß er nicht allein die Sache, ſondern größtentheils ſich wollte, wenigſtens zur Hälfte ſich mit. — Endlich der Styl! War der erſte Brief mit dem Cirkel und Lineal verfertigt, ſo ſieht man bei dem letzten eine Kneipzange, mit der gleichſam jedes Wort abgeriſſen und zu einem Pfeil gemacht wird. Aber eben dies Zwicken und Zwacken wirkt nur unangenehm. — — So war denn die Freundſchaft auf immer geendigt da, wo ſie eigentlich erſt recht hätte beginnen ſollen, und da ſie von beiden Seiten ohne großartigen Zorn — (auf den doch eine großartige Verſöhnung folgen kann) — gelöſet worden war, ſo folgte hier — gar nichts, d. h. es war fortan durchaus kein Verhältniß mehr zwiſchen beiden Männern, keines, durchaus gar keines! Freude konnte niemand, der es erfuhr, dabei haben, als etwa der gepuderte und ungepuderte Pöbelhaufen, der denn auch ſich wirklich ergötzte, und von Zeit zu Zeit ausrief: „Seht, das ſind die großen Poeten, ſie zanken ſich wie unſer eins." — Wir aber wollen lieber daran denken, daß unter gebildeten Menſchen nie ein Zank entſtehen kann, wohl aber zuweilen Streit ſein dürfe. Ein edler Streit, ein liebender Zorn, wie etwa zwiſchen Brutus und Caſſius in Shakſpeare's Cäſar. — Unſre beiden Dichter ſtritten auch um etwas ſehr Bedeutendes; nur fehlten ſie leider diesmal in der Art ſich auszuſprechen, denn ſie ſprachen ſich eben nicht rein und nicht ganz aus wie Brutus und Caſſius es thun, in deren Kampf ſich Flammen und Thränen miſchen. Folgt aber die erregtere Phantaſie den theuern Dichtern auch jetzt noch nach, ſo ſehen wir ſie fröhlich vereint und liebevoll zuſammen wandelnd, ſeinen noch fortgeſchrittenen Fauſt, jenen übermächtigen, [illegible] Meſſias.

B. Goethe's ſpätere Liebe.

(Nach dem Briefwechſel zwiſchen Goethe und Zelter. Th. III.)

Goethe's Liebe im vier und ſiebenzigſten Lebensjahre blieb auch dem großen Publikum zu ſeiner Zeit nicht unbekannt, und einige Tauſend deutſche Theegeſellſchaften dankten damals dem Schickſal, daß es doch endlich einmal ſich gnädig bezeige und einigen pikanten Unterhaltungsſtoff gewähre. Es war aber auch überhaupt eine ganz eigene Sache mit dieſem Dichter. Seit zwanzig bis dreißig Jahren hatte man ſich nämlich von geiſtreichen, gelehrten und ſonſt oft genug tadelnden Kritikern zurufen laſſen müſſen, dieſer Goethe ſei wirklich ein ganz erſtaunliches, ungemeines Genie, und es war nöthig geworden, ihn in gewiſſen Fällen gleichfalls laut zu rühmen, wenn man nicht in manchen Geſellſchaften als Philiſter wollte betrachtet werden. Das will aber auch der Philiſter und die Philiſterin durchaus nicht, und ſo bemühte man ſich denn um die herkömmlichen feurigen Redensarten und ſtellte ſie, während man ſich Arrak in den Thee einſchenkte, aus. Indeſſen iſt das Loben, wenn man's nicht recht anfängt, etwas ennuyant ſowohl für den Lober ſelbſt, als für den, der es mit anhören muß. Es klingt wie eine unnatürliche Anſpannung. Die Menſchen ſehen dabei, wenn ſie nicht beſonders auf ſich Acht haben, meiſtens wie [illegible] und boshaft, oder, wenn ſie ſich präparirt haben, kränklich, ſüßlich ſchmachtend aus.

Da erſchienen plötzlich — ſo um das Jahr 1800 — mehrere gedruckte ſehr heftige Ausfälle, ja ganz feindliche Bücher gegen Goethe, und Tauſende fühlten mit einem Male ihre Zunge gelöſt, und ſprachen vergnügt zu ſich ſelbſt: „Das habe ich ja immer gedacht, ich durfte es nur in großen Geſellſchaften nicht ausrufen, denn immer war irgend ſo ein verwünſchter Aeſthetiker in der Nähe, der ſo etwas nicht leiden mag, und ſolch Volk wird immer verflucht grob, wenn man nicht ganz ſo ſpricht, wie es haben will. Ich bin aber ein Mann bei der Stadt und will mir nicht ſo unhöflich begegnen laſſen." — Waren aber Gegner dieſer Art nur glücklich, ſo fühlte ſich die Schaar der Frömmler und Verſchwörer beinahe ſelig; denn was iſt ſeliger als ..... [illegible] und verdammen? Wie oft hatten ſie ſchon im Stillen munter und friſch an Goethe's Seelenheil verzweifelt! Aber man hatte dieſe vergnügt Seufzenden ſelbſt in der Regel ſo geiſtlos platt und ermüdend gefunden, daß ſie nichts Rechtes ausrichten konnten und wohl gar in Gefahr ſchwebten, ſelbſt als Gegenſtände der Satyre aufgegriffen zu werden. Nunmehr aber ſtand es doch ſchwarz auf weiß, und es war völlig ausgemacht, der berühmte Mann, der ſie ſo oft durch ſeine Poeſie gequält hatte, werde mit nichten — in den Himmel kommen.

Und nun nur wenige Jahre nachher noch dieſe neue aufregende Nachricht, Goethe — der Greis — habe ſich in den böhmiſchen Gebirgen, wo er ſonſt ganz ſolide Mineralogie getrieben, ſterblich verliebt. Es war faſt des Guten zu viel, denn es brauchte ſich jetzt niemand mehr gegen ihn die Waffen des Witzes aus den entlegenen Arſenalen eines [illegible] zu holen, ſie waren in jedem Hauſe in jeder Polterkammer zu finden. Wußte man nicht aus hundert franzöſiſchen und deutſchen Komödien und Opern, und hatte nicht vorzüglich der große moraliſche und äſthetiſche europäiſche Sittenlehrer Kotzebue mit allem Ernſt und anmuthigem Scherz häufig genug dem Publikum eingeſchärft, daß man nach dem vierzigſten oder fünf und vierzigſten Lebensjahre durchaus nicht mehr lieben müſſe, wenn man nicht eine klägliche Figur ſpielen wolle, und daß jeder wohlgebildete Yorick — (man kennt den Lieben aus dem Hamlet) — und trüge er auch noch die halbe Eierſchale auf dem Kopfe — kann er nur tanzen und ſpringen und etwas Witzchen machen — ſämmtliche Philoſophen und Dichter Griechenlands und Deutſchlands, ſobald ſie jene Jahre überſchritten haben, gänzlich ausſticht und zu Schanden macht. Vollends ein Liebhaber von mehr als ſechs und ſechzig Jahren! der iſt, ſo viel ich weiß, nie poetiſch dargeſtellt worden, ſelbſt nicht zum Spaße, denn ſo mäßig geſinnte Poeten wie Kotzebue, Jünger, Bretzner u. ſ. w. wollten aus äſthetiſchem Gefühl nie durch Uebertreibung und Unnatur gefallen, und wußten auch nur zu wohl, daß die trefflichen Menſchenkenner im Parterre ſich ſolche Unwahrſcheinlichkeiten nie würden gefallen laſſen, ſelbſt nicht zur bloßen Ergötzlichkeit. — Und nun dennoch! — es war wirklich und wahrhaftig an dem: Goethe im vier und ſiebenzigſten Lebensjahre, liebend, leidenſchaftlich liebend, vielleicht ſogar ſterblich und unſterblich verliebt. Ich kann mir den Eindruck, den dieſe ungeheure Begebenheit auf die ſolideren karlsbader Brunnengäſte männlichen und weiblichen Geſchlechts machte, nur ſchwach denken, denn obwohl ich ſelbſt aus Erfahrung weiß, welchen Aufruhr jener eben ſo herrliche als entſetzliche Brunnen in der ganzen körperlichen Beſchaffenheit des Menſchen hervorbringt, ſo habe ich doch jene ſchauerliche Begebenheit, oder, wenn man lieber will, That unter ſolchen Umſtänden nicht ſelbſt mit erlebt. Es iſt bekannt, man ſoll während der bedenklichen vierwöchentlichen Kur und nicht minder wichtigen Nachkur nicht eigentlich fühlen, reflectiren, anſchauen und noch viel weniger arbeiten, Briefe ſchreiben u. ſ. w.; wer aber kann es laſſen, wenn Goethe an ſich ſelbſt ſolche pſychologiſche Probleme darſtellt? Wie viel Briefe damals aus dem Brunnenort nach allen vier Weltgegenden geſandt wurden, lediglich um lieben geiſtreichen Verwandten und Gevattern ein Licht über dieſes poetiſche Nachtſtück aufzuſtecken, darüber fehlen freilich die Documente und man ſoll billig dieſe Neugier beſeitigen. Wohl aber darf ich geſtehen, daß ich nicht frei bin von der edlern Wißbegierde, in wie weit die Goethe'ſche Liebe (im Sommer 1823) der karlsbader Kurgäſte an Ort und Stelle förderlich oder hinderlich geweſen ſei, und nur die philoſophiſch gebildetſten und erfahrenſten Aerzte könnten hierüber entſcheiden. In jedem Falle dürfen wir indeſſen als unbezweifelbar anſehen, daß Goethe's Geſchick im nächſten Spätherbſt und Winter auf eine Menge von deutſchen Thee- und Punſchtrinkern und Trinkerinnen höchſt wohlthätig wirkte. Man konnte doch nunmehr mit beſſerer Bequemlichkeit lachen, denn was iſt lächerlicher, als ein liebender Greis? Jene verwünſchten Aeſthetiker mochten noch ſo böſe Mienen machen oder gar allerhand vornehme Paradoxien hervorbringen, ſie wurden wenig mehr gehört. Das horrible Factum lag ja vor Augen: „Goethe war ja von Alters her ein vollendeter Heide und zweitens ein vollendeter Verliebter mit weißem Haar." Das ſtand feſt, darauf ließ ſich fußen und die Polemik hatte nunmehr auf immer Gedeihen zu hoffen.

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*) Es mochten allerdings auch ſonſt glaubwürdige Perſonen zu Klopſtock geſprochen haben; allein ihre Anſicht von Göthe's Wirken in Weimar war ſo irrig, daß K. ſie hätte eines Beſſeren belehren ſollen. Ihm ſtand es zu, die edle Natur des Fürſten und des Dichters tiefer aufzufaſſen und beſſer zu würdigen.

Nach dieſer Erzählung, der man hoffentlich keine Uebertreibung vorwerfen wird, thut vielleicht ein ſehr gütiger Leſer oder eine ſehr gütige Leſerin die Frage an mich: Was meinſt denn nun Du dazu? und hierauf gebe ich folgende ganz einfache und anſpruchloſe fragmentariſche Antwort:

Die Liebe, als geheimnißvollſtes Leben des Lebens, iſt nicht nothwendig zu lernen wie das Einmal Eins, ſie hat deshalb mit dem Kalender ſchlechthin gar nichts zu thun, obwohl freilich der Kalender mit ihr nicht wenig. Ich kann mir ſogar recht gut denken, daß ein Kind von ſechs Jahren ein ähnliches mit Innigkeit, ja vielleicht mit dunkler Leidenſchaft liebt, worüber ſich — (wenn wir erſt mit dem bequemen Lachen über das Paradoxe zu Ende gekommen ſind) — wohl einmal ernſthaft reden ließe. Auch einige ebelliebende Tertianer und Secundaner ſind mir ſchon vorgekommen, mit denen jedoch, wenn ſie ſich in den mißverſtandenen Schiller'ſchen Gedichten an Laura betrunken hatten, kein leichtes Auskommen war. Dann folgt die herrliche Jünglingszeit, wo man ſogar verlangt, daß jeder, der ſie genießt, durchaus lieben ſolle, ein Verlangen, das ſpäterhin freilich nur zu einer Erlaubniß wird, und dieſe dauert dann etwa bis ins funfzigſte Jahr fort — Was dann in dieſer Hinſicht weiter folgt, kommt ſelten zur Sprache, und bleibt auch wohl für die Mehrheit der Menſchen gänzlich unbekannt. Großentheils möchte es allerdings der Lächerlichkeit anheim fallen, ſelbſt da, wo es nur als heitres Spiel mit der Liebe beginnt. Es verſtehen ſich gewiß nur ſehr wenige darauf, in jenen Jahren mit der Neigung ſo leicht zu ſpielen wie etwa Anakreon und — geſtehen wir es nur — unter den Liedern, die heut zu Tage noch ſeinen Namen führen, ſind doch auch manche, in denen das Spiel nicht frei iſt von kokettirendem Lächeln, das auf die Länge anwidert und ermüdet. Dieſe Lächerlichkeiten ſollen deshalb nicht bloß zugegeben werden, ſondern wir dürfen bedauern, daß ſie noch bei weitem nicht genügend von den Dichtern benutzt worden ſind. Die gewöhnliche ſatyriſche Landſtraße, die ſich hier öffnet, iſt freilich ausgefahren genug; aber es giebt noch manche Fußpfade und Holzwege für die komiſche Poeſie, die ſie nur mit friſchem Muthe betreten ſollte, um des ergötzlichſten reichſten Schmetterlingsfanges gewiß zu ſein.

Wo aber die Liebe, die uns noch im Alter beſchleicht, aufhört lächerlich zu ſein, da wird ſie keineswegs zu einer indifferenten, mittelmäßigen oder auch nur ernſthaften Sache, ſondern zu der allertragiſchſten Begebenheit, und es iſt erlaubt, dabei das faſt verriebene und verwaſchene Wort „Schickſal" mit einiger Feierlichkeit auszuſprechen. In dieſem Lichte erſcheint uns Goethe's Liebe.

Wir haſſen hoffentlich alle hinlänglich gründlich jedes Geklatſch über die Einzelnheiten im Leben großer Männer, wenn dieſe nicht ſelbſt uns dieſe mitzutheilen für gut finden. Was ſie aber ſelbſt darüber laut ausgeſprochen haben, ſoll uns von großer Wichtigkeit ſein. Wir lieben und beklagen Friederiken und Lili; der Dichter ſelbſt hat ſie ſo geſchildert, daß wir ſie wohl lieben müſſen, und nicht ohne Strenge iſt das Gericht, das er bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten über ſich ſelbſt hält, ja dieſe Strenge geht ſogar einmal ſo weit, daß er bei gewiſſen Charakteren im Götz von Berlichingen und Clavigo — an ſich ſelbſt erinnert. So giebt es auch im Wilhelm Meiſter einige Stellen, die ſich ſehr beziehungreich bedeutſam machen. Indeſſen war nun einmal geſchehen, was geſchehen war. Jahre gingen und kamen, immer großartiger wurde Goethe's Thätigkeit, immer voller, dichter und ſchwerer der Kranz, aber auch immer bleicher die Locke, die um ſeine Schläfe ſpielte. Es war das herrlichſte Jupitershaupt, das ſo prangte, aber der Menſch iſt nun einmal nicht der Vater der Götter und Menſchen, ſein Blut fließt langſamer oder ſchneller mit dem wechſelnden Gefühl, ſeine Augen haben auch Thränen und die Krankheit führt ihn wohl gar jener letzten Pforte ſo nahe, daß er zuweilen ſchon die Stimmen von jenſeits zu vernehmen glaubt. Eine ſolche Krankheit befiel den Dichter im Anfange des Jahres 1823, das Gerücht ſprach ſchon ſeinen Tod aus; aber der Rettungsengel nahte, und das ganze gebildete Europa freute ſich der Geneſung ſeines Lieblings.

Wie aber wirkte dieſe Geneſung auf Goethe ſelbſt? Es ſcheint faſt zu gewaltig. Seine Briefe vom Frühling und Sommer des genannten Jahres athmen eine angeſtrengte Jünglingskraft, die aber, weil die Anſtrengung hie und da ſichtbar wird, zuweilen in Ueberfeuer, Ueberflamme, ja Ueberſtolz ausſchweift und keinen ganz günſtigen Eindruck macht. Der Dichter erſcheint uns hier wie ein tragiſcher Held (etwa im vierten Act) der großartigen Kraft bewußt, laut aufjauchzend über neue Siege, während doch der Umſchwung ſchon nahe iſt, den das Geſchick ſelbſt angelegt, das hier das Geſchäft des tragiſchen Poeten ſelbſt übernommen hat. Wir ahnen, es könne mit jener Ueberflamme ſo nicht fortgehen, da die Zeit (mögen wir ſie auch noch ſo Kantiſch betrachten) ſich immer als ein reales Genius aufdringt, mit dem man ſich zwar verſöhnen kann, den man aber nie ganz ignoriren darf. Es bedurfte einer neuen Krankheit, und zwar der tiefſt-aufregenden, der göttlichen Krankheit der Liebe, die allein im höchſten Grade geſund machen kann.

Es waren ernſte Göttinnen, welche die Krankheit verhängten: — Nemeſis und Adraſtea, ſehr ernſte doch wohlwollende. — Auch Adraſtea! Ich glaube es, denn dieſe Göttin des Maßes, die beſonders vor dem Zuviel warnt, möchte wohl in einigen Goethe'ſchen Briefen jener Zeit einen gewiſſen Ueberſchwang von Vornehmheit und Abgeſchloſſenheit, die der lindernden Milde weit weniger hatte, als ſonſt, mit einiger Mißbilligung bemerkt haben, weshalb ſie den herrlichen alten Freund durch die edelſten Schmerzen wieder zu ſchönem Gleichgewicht hinüberführen wollte.

Auch Zelter ſcheint um dieſe Zeit nicht ohne tragiſche Beziehung zu dem läuternden Schmerzenslager ſeines großen Freundes geführt worden zu ſein. Auch er hatte vielleicht Adraſteen damals in einer gewiſſen Hinſicht gereizt. Wir erfreuen uns aber ſollen in ſeinen Briefen ſeiner Geſundheit, Derbheit, Tüchtigkeit und Entſchiedenheit, — in dem letzten [illegible]

Brief aber, der jener Kataſtrophe vorangeht (ſo wie überhaupt im dritten Bande dieſer Briefſammlung öfter als in den erſten Theilen) finden ſich einige unerfreuliche Spuren von überſchrittenen Linien, ſo wie von zu großer Bequemlichkeit und Ungenirtheit, die ſich für das höher geſtellte Freundſchaftsverhältniß nicht eignet. Dieſes Verhältniß ſoll allerdings auch das allertraulichſte, humoriſtiſch-mannigfaltigſte, behaglichſte ſein; dennoch giebt es auch hier eine feine Grenze, nicht bloß in dem geſchriebenen Wort, ſondern in der raſch geſprochenen Rede, jenſeit welcher das retardirend Bequeme und Ungenirte angeht *), — man verſtatte die Wiederholung dieſer nicht ganz unwichtigen Bemerkung. Dieſes Uebermaß von Behaglichkeit im raſchen Urtheil, ſo wie überhaupt das nicht immer günſtig wirkende Sich-gehen-laſſen, das alles hatte vielleicht jene Göttin gereizt, dem kräftig ſtolzen Manne einen Schmerz zu bereiten; aber einen der edelſten, den es geben kann. Nach einer langen höchſt vergnügten Reiſe mit durch und durch geſtärkter Geſundheit will er zum Schluſſe die höchſte Freude des Wiederſehens des unendlich geliebten Freundes genießen und bereitet ſich dazu auf eine ſchöne kindliche Weiſe vor — — „Nun waſche mich,“ heißt es hier (S. 379 ff.), „putze mich, freue mich, nehme Extrapoſt (24. Nov.), komme nach Weimar, fahre vor. Ich bleibe eine Minute im Wagen, Niemand kommt mir entgegen. Ich trete in die Thür, ein weibliches Geſicht guckt zur Küche heraus, ſieht mich, zieht ſich wieder zurück. Stadelmann kommt und hängt das Haupt und zuckt die Schultern. Ich frage, — keine Antwort. Ich ſtehe noch an der Hausthür: ſoll man etwa wieder gehn? Wohnt hier der Tod? Wo iſt der Herr? Trübe Augen. — Wo iſt Ottilie? — nach Deſſau. — Wo iſt Ulrike? — im Bette. Mein Traum fällt mir ein, ich erſchrecke. Der Kammerrath kommt: Vater iſt — nicht wohl; krank, recht krank. — Er iſt todt! — Nein, nicht todt, aber ſehr krank. Ich trete näher und Marmorbilder ſtehn und ſehn mich an. So ſteig ich auf. Die bequemen Stufen ſcheinen ſich zurückzuziehn. Was werde ich finden? Was finde ich? Einen, der ausſieht, als hätte er Liebe, die ganze Liebe mit aller Qual der Jugend im Leibe. Nun, wenn das iſt, er ſoll davon kommen! Nein, er ſoll ſie behalten, er ſoll glühn wie Auſternkalk, aber Schmerzen ſoll er haben wie mein Herkules auf dem Oeta. Kein Mittel ſoll helfen; die Pein allein ſoll Stärkung und Mittel ſein! — Und ſo geſchah's, es war geſchehn! Von einem Götterkinde, friſch und ſchön, war das liebende Herz entbunden. Es war ſchwer hergegangen, doch die göttliche Frucht war da, und lebt und wird leben und ihres Geiſtes Namen über Zonen und Kronen hinaustragen und wird genannt werden Liebe, ewige allmächtige Liebe.“

Man ſieht, hier werden die Briefe rein novellenartig, mit lyriſchem Anklange des friſch kräftigſten Mitgefühls, und Zelter fügt bei der letzten Redaction noch ein wichtiges Wort nachträglich hinzu. Wir finden hier mit Entſchiedenheit wie in einem Teſtament für die Mit- und Nachwelt ausgeſprochen, daß eine leidenſchaftliche Zuneigung des Dichters zu einem jungen weiblichen Weſen in Karlsbad, leidenſchaftlich erwiedert, ſo wenig verheimlicht worden ſei, daß man laut genug von einer ehelichen Verbindung des fünf und ſiebzigjährigen Greiſes geſprochen habe.

„Leidenſchaftlich erwiedert!“ welch ein gewichtiges Wort! und mit wie hohem Ernſt ausgeſprochen! Die Frivolität auf der einen, und die Frömmelei auf der andern Seite ſetzte vor etwa zehn Jahren als ſich von ſelbſt verſtehend voraus, daß ſie ſchlechterdings unmöglich und überbot ſich in wohlfeilen Scherzen; damit hat es jedoch nun ein Ende, indem hier der Mann, der in dieſer Hinſicht am beſten unterrichtet war, kurz und ruhig die alleinige Wahrheit ausſpricht. Nicht umſonſt ſoll uns Schiller geſagt haben, daß die Natur mit dem Genius in ewiger Verbindung ſtehe, und daß ſie leiſte, was jener verſpreche, und ſo wollen wir mit völliger Ueberzeugung hinzuſetzen: das Geſchick konnte unſerm Dichter nur einen großen reinen Schmerz bieten, nicht jenen Blitzes-Zick-Zack, nicht jene hin- und herſchleudernde zerreißende Qual, die eine unerwiederte Liebe zu geben pflegt. Bei Goethe wurde der Schmerz zu einer That, und dieſe finden wir in der Elegie in dem Mittelgedichte der Trilogie der Leidenſchaft (ſ. Goethe's Werke, Bd. III. S. 24 ff.). Man könnte ſich freilich wundern, daß dieſe Elegie, wie es ſcheint, nur ſelten beachtet worden iſt, allein es giebt doch noch Verwunderungswürdigeres, ich meine nämlich die moderate Tenacität überhaupt, mit der die Mehrheit der Deutſchen das Schöne aufzunehmen pflegt, wenn es ihr zu oft (!) geboten wird. Goethe iſt allerdings nicht freizuſprechen von dem Vorwurf, daß er außerordentlich freigebig war, und wir können uns ſchwer an den Gedanken gewöhnen, daß es ſo ganz enorm reiche Leute gebe, wie er war. Elegien mögen wir ſonſt recht gern leiden, ſie müſſen aber auch darnach ſein, — ſo hübſche Kirchhöfe mit Leichenſteinen und Kreuzen im Mondesſchimmer, ſanft melodiſches doch hinreichend ſchauerliches Unkengetön, wohlverſificirte Bettelbriefe an die Natur, mit Klagen, daß ſie theils ſo kümmerlich ſei, theils ſo roh verfahre mit zarten und weichen Gemüthern.

Auf dergleichen iſt jedoch Goethe nie recht eingerichtet geweſen, und wir wiſſen noch dazu, welche gefährlichen Dinge er zuweilen unter unſchuldigen Titeln eingeſchwärzt hat. Dieſe Beſorgniß mag denn auch wohl bewirkt haben, daß jene Elegie nicht vorzüglich beachtet worden iſt. Jetzt aber, da wir näher um die Sache wiſſen, ſteht es anders; diesmal hat ihn nicht Properz begeiſtert, ſondern das eigne Herz, welches ohne das Vermögen, ſich auszuſprechen, vielleicht verblutet ſein würde. Das hatte der Dichter längſt gewußt, als er ſeinem Taſſo die ewigen Worte ausſprechen ließ:

Und wenn der Menſch in ſeiner Qual verſtummt,
Gab mir ein Gott zu ſagen, was ich leide.

Der Spruch bewährte ſich an ihm ſelbſt, und ein freundliches Geſchick führte ihm ſodann noch den Freund zu, der die Heilung vollendete.

Es iſt ein angenehmer und anregender Gedanke, wie wohl einſt — etwa in einem Taſchenbuche für 1844 — ein deutſcher Dichter dieſe höchſtbedeutende Geſchichte künſtleriſch als Novelle behandeln werde. Möge ihm die Muſe günſtig ſein.

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*) Ueberhaupt hätten in der ganzen Briefſammlung, wie bereits früher bemerkt worden, hier aber wiederholt werden möge, manche verletzende Stellen getilgt werden ſollen.

Bruno von Hornberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Ottokar von Horneck, ſ. Minneſinger.

Franz Ludwig von Hornthal,

ein ausgezeichneter und freiſinniger Staatsmann, wurde am 5. März 1765 zu Bamberg geboren und nach daſelbſt vollendeten juriſtiſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien als Lehrer der fürſtbiſchöflichen Edelknaben angeſtellt. Bald aber vertauſchte er dieſes Amt mit der practiſchen Laufbahn eines Advocaten, ward Doctor der Philoſophie und der Rechte und nach Einverleibung ſeines Vaterlandes in das Königreich Baiern 1803 Landescommiſſär, Landesdirectionsrath, Stadtcommiſſär und Polizeidirector zu Bamberg, in welchen Functionen er ſich das öffentliche Vertrauen ſo ſehr erwarb, daß er 1807 zum oberſten Juſtizrath in Franken ernannt, mit der Ordnung des verworrenen Schuldenweſens der ehemaligen Reichsſtadt Nürnberg beauftragt und 1809 in Finanzangelegenheiten ſeiner Regierung nach Wien geſandt wurde. Als politiſcher Schriftſteller ſuchte er durch Wort und That in den Jahren der Erhebung Deutſchlands deſſen Jugend für das Vaterland zu entflammen, wurde wegen dieſer Verdienſte 1815 vom König von Baiern mit der erblichen Adelswürde belohnt und 1818 zum erſten Bürgermeiſter ſeiner Vaterſtadt erwählt. Als ſolcher behandelte er mit Klugheit, Kraft und Erfolg die Wunderkuren des Fürſten von Hohenlohe und vertheidigte mit Freimuth und Würde als erwählter Ständeabgeordneter 1819 und 1822 die Rechte des Volkes. Er ſtarb als erſter Juſtizrath am 27. Juni 1833.

Er ſchrieb:

Schreiben an Herrn Staatsrath Dabelow in Göttingen. Bamberg und Leipzig 1816.

Rede am 18. October 1816. Ebendaſ. 1816.

Anſichten über den wechſelſeitigen Einfluß der Umwälzung des Staats- und des Staatscredits. Ebendaſ. 1816.

Das Feſt aller Deutſchen, von ſeiner Heiligkeit und Feier in ganz Deutſchland, am 18. October jeden Jahres. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Zur Kritik der Verfaſſungsurkunde des Königreichs Baiern. Ebendaſ. 1818.

Darſtellung der Verhältniſſe der Stiftungen in Bamberg. Erlangen 1821.

Briefe über die Wunderrolle des Fürſten A. von Hohenlohe. Ebendaſ. 1821, 4 Lief.

Darſtellung der Ereigniſſe bei den von dem Fürſten von Hohenlohe zu Bamberg unternommenen Heilverſuchen. Ebendaſ. 1822.

Ueber den Congreß zu Verona. Nürnberg 1822.

Was haben die Baiern von dem Landtage 1827 — 1828 zu hoffen? Bamberg 1828, 2 Hfte.

Tiefes Gefühl für Recht und Wahrheit, ächte Begeiſterung für Freiheit und Geſetz, Klarheit und Unerſchrockenheit, verbunden mit dem redlichſten Patriotismus, offenbaren ſich in v. H's Schriften wie in ſeinen Reden und erwarben ihm hohe Verehrung nicht allein bei ſeinen gleichdenkenden Landesgenoſſen, ſondern überall, wo deutſche Sprache und deutſche Geſinnung herrſchend ſind.

Georg Konrad Horſt

ward 1769 zu Lindheim geboren, ſtudirte auf dem Gymnaſium zu Hanau und auf der vaterländiſchen Univerſität Philoſophie und Theologie und war eine geraume Zeit in ſeinem Geburtsorte Lindheim als Pfarrer angeſtellt, worauf er als Doctor der Theologie und geiſtlicher geheimer Rath nach Darmſtadt verſetzt wurde.

Er gab heraus:

Geſchichte des letzten ſchwediſch-ruſſiſchen Krieges. Frankfurt 1792.

Guſtav III. von Schweden. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1793 in 8.

Guſtav III. Tod. Dramatiſch dargeſtellt in 4 Büchern. Leipzig 1797, 2 Bde.

Die Viſionen Habakuks. Ueberſetzt. Gotha 1798.

Religion und Chriſtenthum. Frankfurt 1809.

Für Religion, Chriſtenthum und Menſchengeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1811 u. 1812, 2 Bde.

Dämonomagie. Ebendaſ. 1817, 2 Bde.

Elona. Mainz 1819, 2 Bde.; 3. Ausg. 1826.

Marienborn und Ronneburg. Ebendaſ. 1820.

Zauberbibliothek. Ebendaſ. 1821 — 1826, 6 Bde.

Flora oder die Blumen in höherer Bedeutung. Ebendaſ. 1824 in 12., mit 1 illum. Kpfr.

Gründliche Studien, Scharfſinn und ein dem Gegenſtande angemeſſener, klarer und eindringlicher Vortrag zeichnen H's didaktiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Wärme des Gefühls, Lebendigkeit und Innigkeit ſeine aſketiſchen Schriften höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Friedrich Hortleder

ward am 2. März 1579 zu Amfurt im Magdeburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte Humaniora, wurde dann Lehrer und Erzieher des Herzogs Johann Ernſt zu Weimar und lebte ſpäter daſelbſt, mit dem Titel eines fürſtlichen Hofrathes beehrt, ſeinen geſchichtlichen Studien, die am 5. Januar 1640 ſein Tod unterbrach.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Von den Urſachen des deutſchen Krieges. Gotha 1645, 2 Bde. in Fol.

H's geſchichtliche Arbeit iſt mit Fleiß, Scharfſinn und Gründlichkeit abgefaßt, und daher bei Quellenſtudien zu empfehlen.

Wilhelm Hoßbach

ward am 20. Februar 1784 zu Wuſterhauſen an der Doſſe im Brandenburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde dann als Doctor der Theologie, Prediger und Superintendent an der Jeruſalems- und neuen Kirche zu Berlin angeſtellt, wo er gegenwärtig noch ſegensreich wirkt.

Von ihm haben wir:

Johann V. Andreä und ſein Zeitalter. Berlin 1819.

Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1822 — 1826, 3 Sammlungen.

Philipp Jakob Spener und ſeine Zeit. Ebendaſ. 1828, 2 Thle.

Einzelne Predigten, Reden u. ſ. w.

H's biographiſche Arbeiten werden, und mit Recht, ſehr geſchätzt und erwarben dem Verfaſſer in dieſer Hinſicht einen hochgeachteten Namen. Seine geiſtlichen Reden beurkunden Tiefe und Reichthum der Gedanken, hohe Würde und Innigkeit, verbunden mit großer Klarheit und vortrefflicher Diction.

Chriſtoph Ernſt Freiherr von Houwald

ward am 29. November 1778 zu Straupitz in der Niederlauſitz geboren und erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung im Hauſe ſeines Vaters, eines niederlauſitzer Standesherrn, dann auf dem Pädagogium zu Halle, wo er mit dem jüngern

Conteſſa eine innige Freundſchaft ſchloß. Schon am heimiſchen Heerde durch den romantiſchen Spreewald und Schillers 30jährigen Krieg für Poeſie begeiſtert, lebte er hier mit ſeinem Freunde die Stunden, welche das Studium der Kameralwiſſenſchaften auf der daſigen Univerſität übrig ließ, den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und der Muſik. Seit 1802 dem ſtändiſchen Dienſte ſeiner Provinz gewidmet, zog er ſich 1815 bei der Theilung von Sachſen auf ſein Gut Sellendorf zurück und dichtete in ſeiner ländlichen Abgeſchiedenheit mit ſeinem Freunde Conteſſa. 1822 aber wählten ihn die Stände des Markgrafthums Niederlauſitz zu ihrem Syndicus, worauf er ſich zu Neuhaus bei Lübben niederließ und dort, mit den Inſignien des Johanniter- und rothen Adlerordens 3. Claſſe geſchmückt, ſeinen öffentlichen und literariſchen Geſchäften lebte.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Romantiſche Accorde. Berlin 1817 in 8.
Erzählungen. Dresden 1819 in 8.
Buch für Kinder gebildeter Stände. Leipzig 1819 — 1824, 3 Bde.
Die Freiſtatt. Tragiſches Gemälde. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Die Heimkehr und der Leuchtthurm. Zwei Trauerſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1821 in 8.
Fluch und Segen. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1821 in 8.
Das Bild. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1822 in 8.
Die alten Spielcameraden. Luſtſpiel. Weimar 1823 in 8.
Der Fürſt und der Bürger. Drama. Leipzig 1823 in 8. Ebendaſ. 1828 in 12.
Die Feinde. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1825 in 8.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1825, 2 Bde. in 8.
Bilder für die Jugend. Ebendaſ. 1828 u. 1829, 3 Thle.
Die Seeräuber. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1830 in gr. 12. mit Titelvign.

H., mit bedeutenden poetiſchen Gaben, namentlich für die Lyrik und die Novelle, ausgeſtattet, wandte ſich, ſeinen eigentlichen Beruf mißverſtehend, ſchon früh mit Vorliebe der dramatiſchen Dichtung zu und ſchloß ſich der von Werner und Müllner begründeten fataliſtiſchen Richtung an, die ſich nur ephemerer Theilnahme in Deutſchland erfreute. Seine dramatiſchen Leiſtungen leiden daher trotz großer Schönheiten, namentlich der Empfindung und der Form, an allen Fehlern, welche jener Schule eigenthümlich ſind, und entbehren des wahren tragiſchen Elements, obwohl ſie mit Phantaſie und umſichtiger Berechnung der Wirkung angelegt und durchgeführt ſind. Sehr glücklich iſt H. dagegen auf dem Gebiete der Erzählung, da er hier alle jene Eigenſchaften, welchen die Tragödie ſtrenge Beſchränkung auferlegt, frei walten laſſen konnte; namentlich gehören ſeine dahin einſchlagenden Jugendſchriften zu dem Trefflichſten und Gemüthlichſten, was wir in dieſer Gattung beſitzen.

Die Freiſtatt*).

Perſonen.

Conrad v. Ulſtrade, Senator und Patricier einer Reichsſtadt.
Sara, ſeine Frau.
Johannes Bruck, Todtengräber.
Ein Officier und Wache.

Der Schauplatz iſt in der Wohnung des Todtengräbers.

Erſte Scene.

(Ein kleines kellerartiges Zimmer, durch eine von der Decke herabhangende Lampe nur matt erleuchtet. An der Seite eine Ruhebank. Im Hintergrunde ein großer Vorhang, der einen weiten Ausgang verdeckt.)

Sara v. Ulſtrade. Johannes Bruck.

Sara.

Ich hab' Euch eine Leiche hergebracht.
Vergangene Nacht
Iſt jene arme Frau verſchieden. —
Und nun, mein Freund, gebt ſorgſam Acht,
Ob zu befürchten ſteht, daß ſie hienieden
Vielleicht doch noch einmal erwache!

Johannes.

Befürchten? — paßt es nicht in Euren Kram,
Wenn er, der ihr das Leben nahm,
Es noch einmal auf kurze Zeit verliehe? —

Sara.

Das wohl! Die Freundin ſtarb mir viel zu früh!
Doch ſoll der Schiffer immer noch nicht landen,
Der ſchon die Arme nach dem Ufer ſtreckt? —
Freund, wer einmal den heißen Kampf beſtanden,
Dem gönn' ich, daß man ihn nicht wieder weckt.

Johannes.

Ihr habt wohl recht! — es wäre faſt, als führte
Man vom Schaffot aus Todesangſt und Pein
Den armen Sünder wieder heim, und rührte
Ihm noch einmal die Henkersmahlzeit ein.
Drum mag ſie ruh'n, und ich will Wache halten;
Doch ſchläft ſie feſt, ſo daß ſie nichts mehr weckt,
Dann ſei das Kiſſen leicht auf ſie gedeckt.

Sara.

Ein ſchauerliches Amt müßt Ihr verwalten.
Fühlt Ihr Euch nie von Geiſterfurcht erſchreckt?

Johannes.

Nein! Geiſter, o! ſie wären mir willkommen!
Ich wohne hier ſo einſam, ſo allein! — —
Doch wen das Jenſeit einmal aufgenommen,
Der mag nicht mehr den Gräbern nahe ſein.
Glaubt nur, ich lauſcht' an jener dunklen Pforte,
Neugierig oft und horchend, wie ein Kind,
Doch nimmermehr vernahm ich leiſe Worte.

Sara.

Sie ruh'n wohl all' in Friede! — Selig ſind,
Die in dem Herrn entſchliefen! — Darum gönn'
Ich meiner armen Freundin auch die Ruh.

Johannes.

O nennt mir ſie, auf daß auch ich ſie kenne,
Eh' ich ſie deck' auf ewig zu.

Sara.

Ich kann Euch nicht den theuren Namen ſagen! —
Es wird Euch doch hier Niemand fragen,
Wo Ihr ſie einſam ſcharrtet ein! — —
Ach, dieſes Weib hat viel verloren,
Und ſchien vom Schickſal doch erkoren,
Die Glücklichſte der Glücklichen zu ſein! —
Hold war ſie, wie die Roſ' im Lenze,
Und ihre ſchönſten Myrthenkränze
Flocht früh die Lieb' ihr durch das Haar.
Es hatte ſie ein Mann zum Weib' erkieſen,
Der von dem Vaterland geprieſen,
Als Held, als Menſch, als Gatte war.
Ein lieblich Kind ward ihr gegeben;
Sein junges Leben
Ging wie ein goldner Morgen auf. —
So ſtand ſie in der Freunde Mitte,
Und Segen floß auf ihre Tritte
Wie Himmelsthau auf Blumen drauf. — —
Das alles hat man ihr genommen! — —
Zu mir gekommen
Iſt ſie als eine Bettlerin. — —
Von allem war ihr nichts geblieben,
Als nur das treue Herz zum Lieben,
Als der ergeb'ne fromme Sinn. —
(Sie trocknet die Augen.)

Johannes (abgewendet für ſich).

Von allem iſt mir nichts geblieben,
Und in der beſten Kraft zu lieben,
Sinkt ſtill verzehrt das Herz dahin! — —
(Zu Sara.)
Weint nicht! Sie ruht! — der Sturm des Lebens
Schlägt an die Felſe hier vergebens,
In welcher ich der Schirmvogt bin.

Sara.

Freund, eben darum, ach! beneide
Ich die Verblichne! — Glaubt es mir,
Faſt läg' ich gern im Sterbekleide
Statt ihrer auf der Bahre hier.

Johannes.

Wie kommt Ihr zu den Grabgedanken?
Ihr ſeid ja noch ſo jung und ſchön,
Und habt wohl kaum des Lebens Schranken
Sich Eurem Blick erſt öffnen ſeh'n.

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*) Tragiſches Gemälde von Houwald.

Sara.
Ach! wer das Kleinod, das vor allem theuer,
So unverſchuldet früh verlor, wie ich,
Der kehrt ſich von des Lebens Feſttagsfeier,
Und wendet zu den Gräbern ſich.

Johannes.
Noch blüh'n der Blumen wohl für Eure Pfade!
Doch, edle Frau, nennt Euren Namen mir.

Sara.
Ich heiße Sara von Ulfrade.

Johannes (erſtaunt).
Ulfradens Gattin? — des Senators hier!

Sara.
Deſſelben. — Doch behaltet ja den Glauben,
Ich wäre eine hochbeglückte Frau.

Johannes.
Ihr ſeid es auch! ich laſſ' ihn mir nicht rauben!
Ich kenne Euren Eh'gemahl genau.

Sara.
Dann liebt Ihr ihn, dann müßt Ihr ihn verehren!
Wer iſt, wie er, der Lieb' und Achtung werth! —
Drum, was ein armes Frauenherz beſchwert,
Soll Euren Glauben an ihn nicht zerſtören. —
Gehabt Euch wohl! — Vergeſſet meine Worte!
Wer Gräber baut, wird ja verſchwiegen ſein!

Johannes.
Geſtrenge Frau! Ihr wollet mir verzeihen,
Ich laſſ' Euch nicht von dieſem ſtillen Orte;
Will Eurem Kummer erſt ins Auge ſehen.
Glaubt nur, in eines Todtengräbers Bruſt
Schlägt auch ein Herz, das Eure zu verſtehen,
Und ſeid Ihr ſelbſt Euch keiner Schuld bewußt,
Verheiß' ich Rath und Hülfe.

Sara.
Eure Müh'
Gilt für die That. — Doch, guter Mann,
Ein ſchuldlos Herz erduldet in der Stille.
Der liebt nur rein, wer ſchweigen kann.

Johannes.
So? — Nun dann kann ich Euch ſelbſt nicht rathen.
Wär's Ehekummer, hätt' ich doch gehofft,
Ihn durch Vertrau'n leicht wieder abzuwenden,
Denn Euren Eh'gemahl, ihn ſprach' ich oft.

Sara.
Wie? meinen Mann? — Wann konnte dies geſchehen?

Johannes.
Iſt er denn nimmer von Euch fern?
Habt Ihr ſein Schlafgemach nie leer geſehen?

Sara (bewegt).
Ich bitt' Euch, ſprecht, wo ſah't Ihr meinen Herrn? —

Johannes.
Hier ſah ich ihn. — In dieſen ſtillen Mauern
Weilt er allnächtlich — aber nicht allein.

Sara.
Schweigt! — ich mag ſein Geheimniß nicht erlauern,
Und bitte Gott: er möge ſchuldlos ſein! —

Johannes.
Iſt dies vielleicht der Kummer Eurer Seele? —
Ward nicht in Euch ein leiſer Argwohn laut? —
Zürnt nicht, wenn ich Euch das Geheimniß ſtehle;
Ich glaub', ich hab' Euch tief durchſchaut.
(Da Sara ſchweigt, fährt er fort.)
Entdeckt Euch mir, fühlt Ihr Euch rein im Herzen!
Ich ſteh' Euch näher, als Ihr denkt,
Und ſchwör' es Euch, ich tilge Eure Schmerzen,
Eh' ſich der Tag noch einmal ſenkt.

Sara (ſchüchtern).
Wer aber ſeid Ihr? — daß ich Euch vertraue? —

Johannes.
Fragt nicht! — Jetzt bin der Todtengräber ich,
Und weil ich ſelbſt ew'ge Häuſer baue,
So baut auch nur getroſt auf mich.

Sara.
Liebt Ihr Ulfraden auch? —

Johannes.
In vollem Sinne!
Ich fragt' Euch nimmer, wär' ich nicht ſein Freund!

Sara.
Freund meines Herrn, ſo hör', und dann beginne
Dein Werk, das wieder uns vereint.
Ich war ein glücklich Weib, und es zu bleiben
Fühlt' ich im Herzen Muth und Kraft.
Ich will Euch nicht mein herrlich Loos beſchreiben,
Ihr kennt den Gatten, der mir's ſchafft.
Nicht Liebe war's allein, wornach ich ſtrebte,
Auf meines Gatten unbedingt Vertrau'n,
Das ich durch mein's in ſeiner Bruſt belebte,
Hofft' ich feſt unſer Glück zu bau'n.
Und ſeht, es war mir endlich ja gelungen,
Ich wußt' um alles, was er dacht' und that.
Galt es in wicht'ger Zeit verſchwieg'ne Zungen,
So ſaß ich dennoch mit zu Rath. —
Und blutete das arme Vaterland,
Und reichten ſich die Männer treu die Hand,
Entgegen den Bedrängern kühn zu gehen,
So durft' auch ich in ihrem Kreiſe ſtehen,
Zu ſegnen ihr geheiligt Band. — —
Ach! aber ſchon ſeit Monden hingegangen,
Ruht ein Geheimniß in des Gatten Bruſt.
Ein düſt'rer Ernſt wohnt ihm auf Stirn und Wangen;
Oft ſchleicht er nächtlich fort, mir kaum bewußt.
Was will er nicht auf meine Seele bauen? —
Was hält er dieſem Herzen für zu ſchwer? —
Ach! ich verzeihe! — fehlt' es nur Vertrauen,
Und ſagt' er ſelbſt: „Ich liebe Dich nicht mehr!" —

Johannes.
Nein, edle Frau! — nein, in Ulfradens Seele
Wohnt einzig Sara's heißgeliebtes Bild.
Doch will ſie ſein Vertrau'n, nun dann verhehle
Auch ſie ihm nicht, was ihre Bruſt erfüllt.
Auch Ihr habt ein Geheimniß auszutauſchen.
Wo weilt Ihr oft bei ſtiller Nacht?
Ulfrade iſt zu ſtolz, Euch zu belauſchen,
Ob man gleich viel ihm hinterbracht.

Sara.
War dies ſein Gram? Er ſoll es jetzt erfahren,
Was ich aus Lieb' und Schonung ihm verbarg.
Ich brauch' es länger nicht mehr zu bewahren,
Viel ſich'rer dort bewahrt's der Sarg.
Dies Weib, verlaſſen und verfolgt von allen,
Mit einer Gramesbürde, ach! ſo ſchwer!
Das arme Leben Henkern ſelbſt verfallen,
Sie kam, um Schutz zu ſuchen, zu mir her.
Und eingedenk der frühern Jugendliebe,
Nahm ich ſie auf bei mir,
Und, daß es ja ein tief Geheimniß bliebe,
Stahl ich mich nur die Nacht zu ihr.

Johannes.
Und weshalb durft' es Euer Herr nicht wiſſen?

Sara.
Sie wurde ja verfolgt von Schritt zu Schritt.
Wüßt' er's, dann hätt' er ſie beſchützen müſſen,
Dann ward ihr Unglück auch das ſeine mit.

Johannes.
Ihr hattet recht! — Geächtete zu ſchützen,
Iſt ein undankbar und gefährlich Ding.

Sara.
Doch im Geheim konnt' ich der Freundin nützen,
Bis ſie in meinem Arm zur Ruhe ging.

Johannes.
Ihr ſeid ein edles Weib! und Euer Gatte
Iſt Eurer werth, auch er iſt rein wie Ihr! —
Wenn dies nur zwiſchen Euch geſtellt ſich hatte,
So endigt Euer Kummer hier.

Sara.
So hätt' ich wirklich bei Euch Troſt gefunden? —
Von Gräbern ging ich faſt beruhigt fort! —

Johannes.
Hier heilen ja am leicht'ſten Herzenswunden! —
Und glaubt' es nur, ich halte Wort,
Denn eh' die Sonne wieder ſenkt ſich nieder,
Seid Ihr verſöhnt mit dem Gemahl.
Doch aber ſprecht, wann kommt Ihr morgen wieder? —

Sara.
Wenn bei dem erſten Frührothsſtrahl
Vom Thurm des Doms man bläſt den Morgenſegen,
Stell' ich mich wieder bei Euch ein;
Dann woll'n die Todte wir zur Ruhe legen.

Johannes.
Gut! ich will Eurer dann gewärtig ſein. —

Sara.
Gehabt Euch wohl! (Sie geht ab.)

Zweite Scene.

Johannes Bruck (allein).

Johannes.
So treu haſt Du geſchwiegen,
So treu, mein Conrad, als ich's kaum geglaubt! —

Der ſtille Gram in Deiner Sora Zügen
Hat ſelbſt Dir mein Geheimniß nicht geraubt? —
Ich kannte wohl das Herz, auf das ich baute! —
Doch Eure Liebe ſollt' ich ſtören? — nein!
Ein ſolches Weib verdient wohl die Vertraute
Von tiefem Männergram zu ſein. —
Und warum wollt' ich auch noch ſorgen? —
Hier ſucht mich nicht mehr des Tyrannen Blick.
Vor dieſer Feſte bebt er ſchon zurück,
Wo er das Volk, durch ſichern Wall geborgen,
Nicht mehr mit ſeinem Krieg kann überziehn;
Wo die Verweſung durch die Hügel ſchreitet,
Wie Wolkenſchatten über Gletſcher fliehn,
Und ihm ſein Herrenlager zubereitet. — —
Ich fühl' es auch, an dieſes Herzens Schlägen,
Bald wird die Sanduhr abgelaufen ſein;
Ich werde bald den Spaten niederlegen,
Und bei der Arbeit ſchlummern ein.
Und morgens weckt mich dann Eleonore,
Sie ſteht mit ihrem Sohn am Strahlenthore
Der Ewigkeit und harret mein — —
Doch nicht wie ich, — wie Du willſt, Herr der Gnade!

Dritte Scene.

Johannes Bruck und Conrad v. Ulſtrade.

Conrad (raſch hereintretend).
Hier bin ich endlich! — Iſt es ſpät? —
Johannes.
Schon Mitternacht! Doch, mein Ulſtrade,
Was kümmert's uns, wie ſchnell die Zeit vergeht? —
Conrad.
O, könnt' ich Monden jetzt zuſammenfaſſen,
In einem Griff, und hinter mir ſie weit
Mit ihrer Centnerlaſt verſinken laſſen! —
Mir graut vor meines Lebens nächſter Zeit. —
Johannes
Mein Freund! — So hab' ich nimmer Dich geſehen! —
Was iſt Dir? daß Du ſo bekümmert biſt? —
Warſt Du bei Sora? — woll' es mir geſtehen,
Nicht wahr? — heut' wieder haſt Du ſie vermißt.
Conrad.
Johannes, ja! — auch dies noch kommt hinzu! —
Wo faſſ' ich Muth, mein ſchweres Loos zu tragen?
Johannes.
An meinem Herzen ſuche Deine Ruh,
Denn, freudig kann ich Dir es ſagen,
Dein Weib iſt ſchuldlos, aber Deine Seele
Iſt ſelbſt voll Schuld! — Ich ſprach ſie hier.
Conrad.
Du ſprachſt ſie hier? — Johannes! o, erzähle,
Was war's? was führte ſie zu Dir?
Johannes.
Von mir nicht! Nein, aus ihrem eignen Munde
Vernimm, wie glücklich Du als Gatte biſt! —
Und dann verſtatte, daß bei Eurem Bunde
Auch Euer Freund zugegen iſt.
Conrad.
Willkommen ſei mir die erſehnte Stunde!
Doch Sora darf von Dir noch nichts erfahren!
Was forderſt Du? — Wo denkſt Du hin!
Johannes.
Vor einem ſolchen hohen Frauenſinn
Brauchſt Du nicht mein Geheimniß zu bewahren.
Conrad.
Das fühl' auch ich! — Doch aber Thür und Wände,
Sie haben Ohren, bringen uns Verrath! — —
Mein Freund, Dein Schickſal iſt noch nicht zu Ende;
Weit aus, hoff' ich, läuft noch Dein Pfad.
Johannes.
Weit aus? — Du irrſt! Hier iſt das Ziel gefunden.
Hier ſteh' und wart' ich, bis der Vorhang ſinkt.
Conrad.
Nein! Nein! Dein Leben bringt noch große Stunden,
In denen Dir Vergeltung winkt.
Johannes.
Vergeltung wohnt dort oben!
Conrad.
O, ich mahne
Dich an das Vaterland, das Dein bedarf!
Soll ſie denn wehn des Unterdrückers Fahne,
Der alles Recht zu Boden warf?
Wo iſt Johann von Bruckthal, der im Rathe
Der Väter als der erſte ſtand? —
Der, als der Feind den Mauern nahte,
Ihn züchtigte mit ſtarker Hand!
Du haſt noch nicht das ganze Spiel verloren,
Vom Schickſal biſt Du auserkoren
Zum Held, der für die Unſchuld ficht.
Steh auf, mein Freund, als wärſt Du neu geboren,
Und ſtelle Dich zum Gott'sgericht! —
Johannes.
Ich kann nicht! — Herz und Kraft ſind mir gebrochen
Schon gab ich alles, was ich nannte mein.
Conrad.
Nein! unter Gräbern, unter Todtenknochen
Soll Bruckthal länger nicht verborgen ſein.
An einen würdigern und ſichern Ort
Führ' ich Dich, wo Du freudig wirſt empfangen.
Johannes, zögre nicht! — Du mußt hier fort! —
Dein Freund hat Gründ', es dringend zu verlangen.
Johannes.
Ich war ein Mann, als ich die Bürger alle
Für ihre Freiheit einſt zum Kampfe rief! —
Als ich die Nacht verwachte auf dem Walle,
Indeß die Stadt in ſichrem Frieden ſchlief.
Als ich im Rath für die gerechte Sache
Das Wort geführt und dann das Schwert;
Als unterm theuren väterlichen Dache
Ein Weib noch mein war, noch ein Kind, ein Heerd —
Seit aber ich an jenem Schreckenstag
Lag blutend unter Feindes Roſſen;
Seit unſre arme Stadt dem Feind erlag
Und unſrer Bürger edles Blut gefloſſen,
Seit mir der Tod des Kindes Blüthe brach,
Seit jene Bürger auch mein Weib erſchoſſen — —
(Er bedeckt das Geſicht mit den Händen.)
Conrad.
Johannes! die Erinn'rungen erweichen
Dein Herz zu ſtark! — Was einmal hin, iſt hin
Johannes.
O laß mich immer mein Geſchick vergleichen,
Um zu vergleichen, was ich war und bin.
Denkſt Du des Abends, wo am Bettlerſtabe
Ich zitternd heimlich zu Dir kam? —
Und unerkannt die mir gereichte Gabe
Laut weinend nahm! —
Die Freunde hatten mit Gefahr des Lebens
Mich zwar durch Flucht befreit aus Henkershand,
Allein wohin ich floh, ich floh vergebens,
Denn Gram und Wahnſinn kamen nachgerannt.
Conrad.
Wohl denk' ich jenes Abends, die vertrauten
Geliebten Züge kannt' ich faſt nicht mehr;
Die bleichen Lippen bebten, und es ſchauten
Die treuen frommen Augen wild umher.
Johannes.
Und meine Wunden heilt' Dein zartes Sorgen,
Die Schwert und Roſſeshuf mir ſchlug.
Du haſt mich dem Tyrannen treu verborgen,
Der Rache dürſtend nach dem Flüchtling frug;
Und als ich endlich wiederum geneſen,
Biſt Du's, mein treuer Conrad, nicht geweſen,
Der mich in dieſen ſichern Hafen trug?
Conrad (dringend).
Doch nicht für immer. Ach! Johannes, frage
Mich länger nicht, fort mußt Du, es iſt Zeit! —
Johannes.
Nein! ſtöre nicht die letzten Tage,
Denn glaube nur, mein Ziel iſt nicht mehr weit.
Conrad.
Für Deine Hand paßt länger nicht der Spaten,
Der Dich auf eine kurze Zeit genährt.
Johannes.
Ich aber kann ihn jetzt nicht mehr entrathen.
Er iſt der Stab, auf den mein Arm ſich ſtützt.
Wenn ich des Tages meine Gräber baue,
Wenn bei der Arbeit Ruhe ſinkt auf mich,
Wenn Abends ich mein ſtilles Feld beſchaue,
[illegible] allnächtlich harr' auf Dich; —
Wenn wir dann beide im Geheim berathen,
Was Deinem Vaterland iſt Noth,
Du von mir eilſt zu ſtreu'n die neuen Saaten,
Und ich die Saat beſtelle für den Tod — —
Dann preiſ' ich knieend oft den Herrn des Lebens,
Denn halb erwacht, athm' ich doch nicht vergebens,
Weil er Dein Herz und Deinen Arm mir bot.
Conrad (unruhig).
Doch ſicher darfſt Du hier Dich nimmer halten. —

Man weiß, Du biſt nach unſrer Stadt geflohn. —
Ich habe leider Kunde heut erhalten.
Die Feinde ſuchen Dich aufs neue ſchon.

Johannes.
So laß ſie immer! hier ſucht doch mich keiner,
Den Todtengräber Bruck kennt ja nur einer,
Und dieſer treu verſchwiegne Freund biſt Du.
O laß' mich hier! — hier webet mir viel reiner,
Als irgendwo des Himmels Friede zu.
Wenn ich der Leichen ſtilles Antlitz ſchaue,
Bei ihnen wache, eh' das Grab ſie deckt,
Dann iſt's dem bangen Herzen ſo, als graue
Der Morgen ſchon, wo mich Lenore weckt.

Conrad (in heftiger Bewegung).
So darf ich Dir's denn länger nicht verhehlen! —
Es iſt heut ein Commando eingerückt;
Mit Grüßen zwar, doch eigentlich Befehlen,
Die der Tyrann an unſre Stadt geſchickt:
„Er hab' erfahren, daß der Hochverräther
Johann von Bruckthal bei uns ſei,
Und ſtell' es aus beſondrer Gnad' uns frei,
Selbſt auszuliefern jenen Uebertreter,
Wo nicht, doch ohne Weig'rung zu geſtatten,
Daß er ihn ſuche!" — Als nun ſchnell hierauf
Wir Senatoren uns verſammelt hatten,
Stand ernſt der Bürgermeiſter auf,
Uns dieſe Ford'rung vorzutragen.
Und als er ſchwieg — ſchwieg alles um ihn her;
Es wagte keiner nur ein Wort zu ſagen,
Denn jedem Buſen ward das Athmen ſchwer.
So ſaßen lange ſchweigend wir im Kreiſe
In unſre ſchwarzen Mäntel eingehüllt,
Und eine Ahnung überſchlich mich leiſe,
Als ſäh' ich Deines Todtenzuges Bild.

Johannes.
Und was beſchloßt Ihr, daß nun ſoll geſchehen?
Saßt Ihr als Väter auch zu Rath?
Brauchſt Du erröthend nicht vor mir zu ſtehen?

Conrad.
Was hätteſt Du gethan an unſrer Statt?

Johannes (haſtig).
Auf jeden Fall den Bruckthal preisgegeben!
Was gilt für's Ganze denn ein einzeln Leben!
Weh' dem, der ander Ding gerathen hat!

Conrad.
Mein Freund! ſo ſind wir Deiner werth geblieben!
Wir ſchwiegen lange fort und fort. —
Da nahm der Conſul wiederum das Wort:
„Die Antwort, ſprach er, iſt nicht zu verſchieben,
Wir dürfen's nicht mit jener Macht verderben,
Denn noch beruht das Wohl der Stadt darauf.
Ein Einzelner mag für das Ganze ſterben,
Das Ganze opfre ſich nicht Einem auf!
Doch laßt uns nicht das alte Gaſtrecht ſchmähen,
Ausliefern nicht den edlen Mann,
Mag man ihn ſuchen, ſelber ihn erſpähen,
Und, daß ein Freund noch helfen kann,
Laßt unſern Schluß uns öffentlich geſchehen.
Vielleicht wagt einer noch ſein Leben d'ran!" —

Johannes.
Du wackrer Mann! — Du Vater Deiner Bürger!
Dich ſegne Freund und Vaterland!

Conrad.
Mein Bruckthal! — ach! ſchon halten Deine Würger
Des Rathes Bewill'gung in der Hand.
Ihr Geierblick wird hier auch Dich erſpähen,
Drum folg' dem Freunde, der Dich retten will.
In Deiner Nähe hab' ich ſchon in der Still'
Dir ſichre Wege auserſehen.

Johannes.
Und Du willſt ſeine Rache auf Dich laden,
Daß Du das Opfer ihm entreißt?

Conrad.
Du mußt entfliehn! — Mir kann ſein Zorn nicht ſchaden,
Ich ſpotte ſeiner Allmacht dreiſt! —
Du mußt entfliehn! und ſollt' ich Dich nicht rühren
Durch meine Bitten, bleibſt Du trotzig, kalt,
Nun wohl, ſo werd' ich mit Gewalt
Dich weg von dieſen Gräbern führen.

Johannes.
Mein Conrad! faſſe Dich! ich will ja gehen! —
Doch warte nur bis morgen Nacht. —

Conrad.
Gut! dieſe Friſt will ich Dir zugeſtehen,
Dann aber friſch an's Werk gedacht.
Bis dahin, hoff' ich, bleibſt Du noch verborgen.

Johannes.
Jetzt geh' nur heim! vorbei iſt Mitternacht.
Ich will mein Amt noch einmal hier beſorgen.
Wenn aber bei dem erſten Frühroth ſtrahl
Vom Thurm des Doms man bläſt den Morgenſegen,
Dann, Conrad, eile zu mir noch einmal,
Ich habe viel Dir an das Herz zu legen.

Conrad.
Warum nicht jetzt? —

Johannes.
Nein, grad' an jener Stunde
Hängt Deine Ruh.
Verſprich mir, daß Du kommſt, mit Hand und Munde.

Conrad.
Ich ſag' es zu! (Geht ab.)

Vierte Scene.

Johannes (allein).
Der Tiger hat das weitgejagte Wild
In ſichrer Höhle wieder aufgefunden! —
Das warme Blut, aus meinen Herzenswunden
Hat ſeinen Durſt noch nicht geſtillt.
Und neue Flucht ſollt' ich auf's neue wagen?
Dem Tod entrinnen, der ſchon nah' mir ſteht?
Ich müßte ſelber mich verwundernd fragen:
Du fliehſt, Du, den die Füße kaum mehr tragen,
Ein Leben rettend, das ſchon ſtill vergeht! —
Erkaufen ſollt' ich dieſe Hand voll Stunden
Vielleicht mit eines edlen Freundes Glück! —
Der Tieger krallt ſich jedem ins Genick,
Durch den die Beute ſichre Flucht gefunden!
Ach! eine Stimme wiederholt es laut:
Wär' ich nicht dort entronnen ſeinen Krallen,
Als er das Blutgerüſt für mich gebaut,
So wär mein Weib als Opfer nicht gefallen! —
Doch kurz will ich das Spiel zu Ende führen. —
Das Bischen Leben iſt es nicht mehr werth,
Nur eine Thräne drüber zu verlieren,
Und daß die Sorge drum den Freund verzehrt.
Hab' ich nur in den nächſten Morgenſtunden
Mit ſeiner Cora erſt verſöhnt den Freund,
Hat er ſie wieder, und ſie ihn gefunden,
Hab' ich, die wie ſich trennten, nun vereint,
Dann überliefr' ich ſelbſt mich in der Stille. —
Die Rachegöttin hält das Sündenmaß,
So ſtröme denn mein Blut hinein, auf daß
Es ſchneller ſich bis an den Rand erfülle! —
Die Saat mit Blut gedüngt keimt herrlich auf,
Und wird dereinſt noch reiche Früchte tragen.
Prophetiſch ſeh' ich in der Jahre Lauf,
Die alte goldne Zeit noch einmal tagen,
Wo Fürſten ſich auf freie Völker ſtützen,
Und Friede halten fern und nah',
Und der Geſetze heil'ge Tafeln ſchützen,
Als ſtünde noch die Bundeslade da;
Wo blutige und gleißende Tyrannen
Wie böſe Geiſter ſind geflohn von dannen! —
(Er ſinkt auf die Raſenbank nieder.)
Wo war ich? — was erſchauten meine Blicke? —
Flog denn mein Geiſt ſchon himmelwärts? —
Ach, noch zieht ihn die Erde kalt zurücke,
Und banger, matter ſchlägt das Herz! — (Er ſteht auf.)
Doch, Todtengräber! nun zu Deiner Pflicht!
Erfülle ſie zum letzten Male.

(Er zieht den ſchwarzen Vorhang im Hintergrunde weg; man erblickt eine zweite kleine Halle, hinten mit einer Thüre. In derſelben ſteht ein offener Sarg, worin eine weibliche Leiche liegt, die von oben her bis an die Bruſt mit einem Tuche verdeckt iſt; die Hände, die ſie gefaltet hält, ſind frei. Von der Decke herab hängt über der Leiche eine ſeidne Schnur herab, wie dieß in Leichenhäuſern gewöhnlich iſt, um das Wiedererwachen der Todten durch eine Klingel, an welche die Schnur befeſtigt iſt, zu vernehmen. Der Sarg ſteht der Länge nach in der Halle, mit dem Fußende gegen die Zuſchauer, am Hauptende etwas erhöht. Der Sargdeckel liegt daneben. Johannes zündet eine Kerze an und ſtellt ſie ſo zu Häupten des Sarges, daß die Leiche völlig beleuchtet wird.)

Schlaf ruhig, armes Kind! erwache nicht!
Die Mutter wiegt Dich ein im Todesthale. —
Wie innig mich die Sehnſucht jetzt ergreift,
Mit Dir hinab den dunkeln Weg zu wallen!
Ich fühl's, das matte Herz, es iſt gereift,

Als Frucht vom Baum des Lebens abzufallen.
(Er will der Leiche die Schnur in die Hände geben.)
Nimm noch einmal in Deine kalten Hände
Des großen Schauſpielvorhangs Schnur:
Und iſt Dein Trauerſpiel noch nicht zu Ende,
Und kommt ein neuer Act, ſo klingle nur. —
(Er findet einen Brief in ihren Händen.)
Ein Briefchen? — Sind es des Geliebten Worte,
Die Deine Hand noch hält? —
Auf daß mit ihnen am verſchwiegnen Orte
Dein Herz in eine Aſche ſanft zerfällt! —
O, laſſ' mich doch Dein treues Antlitz ſchauen!
Was noch geheim auf Stirn und Lippe ſteht,
Kannſt Du mir immer anvertrauen,
Eh es mit Dir zu Bette geht.
(Er deckt das Tuch von der Leiche ab, und bebt zurück, als er ſie betrachtet.)
Was iſt das? — Tod! willſt Du mich hier belügen?
Die Leiche grüßt mich mit vertrauten Zügen,
Als hätte ſie mich längſt gekannt. —
Hat nicht dies Auge einſt mein Bild geſpiegelt?
Hat dieſer Mund ſo feſt verſiegelt,
Nicht liebend mich bei Namen ſonſt genannt?
(Er öffnet in größter Bewegung den Brief, und als er hineingeblickt, wankt er matt zurück.)
Es ſind die letzten Zeilen meiner Hand —
Es iſt mein Weib! — es iſt Eleonore! —
Willkommen! Biſt Du hergeſandt,
Mich zu empfangen an dem dunklen Thore? —
Biſt Du dem Blutgerüſt wie ich entkommen?
Haſt Du mich, wie ich Dich beweint? —
Und führſt mir jetzt in Deiner ſtillen frommen
Geſtalt den Tod herbei als Freund?
(Er ſtarrt ſie lange an, dann mit ſtockender Stimme.)
Ich fühl's, ſanft löſt er ab des Herzens Jammer. —
(Er löſcht die Kerze aus, und hält ſich mühſam am Sarge.)
Das Auge bricht! — — Es ſinkt der Tag! —
Zu Bette dann! — — Es öffnet ſich die Kammer —
(Er faßt die Hand der Leiche.)
Gib Deine Hand mein Weib! — und zieh' mich nach! —

(Er ſinkt langſam auf die Leiche hin. Indeß ein leiſes Zucken ſein Hinſcheiden verkündigt, hört man aus der Ferne vom Dom den Choral blaſen. Die dunkle Halle wird lichter, und auf die Gruppe der Todten fallen die erſten Strahlen der Morgenröthe.)

Fünfte Scene.

Sara von Ulſtrade.

Sara.
(Den Johannes erblickend.)
Sieh! bei dem Wachen iſt er eingeſchlafen. —
Ich will verziehn.
(Sie ſetzt ſich auf die Ruhebank.)
Wie ſanft er ruht! —
Der müde Steuermann in dieſem Hafen,
Schläft ſelbſt auf ſtarrer Leiche gut. — —
Doch horch! — wer naht! — ich höre Tritte ſchallen!

Sechſte Scene.

Die Vorige und Conrad von Ulſtrade.

Conrad.
(Im raſchen Hereintreten.)
Hier bin ich!
(Erſtaunend, als er Sara erblickt.)
Ha! Dich treff' ich hier?
Was willſt Du, Weib! in dieſen Todtenhallen?
Sara (freundlich auf ihn zutretend).
Mein Conrad! wie? — mißtrauſt Du mir? —
Conrad.
Nein! wahrlich nein! — Doch eine Zentnerlaſt — —
(Er vollendet nicht, und wendet ſich erſchüttert ab.)
Sara.
Welch' eine Laſt liegt auf dem treuen Herzen? —
Conrad.
So wiſſe denn, ich kann es nicht verſchmerzen,
Daß Du für mich Geheimniß haſt. —
Es iſt mir faſt, als hätt' ich Dich verloren! —
Sara.
So iſt mir's auch in meiner bangen Bruſt.
Geliebter Mann, biſt Du Dir's nicht bewußt,
Daß auch Du viel verborgen meinen Ohren! —
Conrad.
Wohl! Doch nicht um es ſicher zu bewahren;
Ich kenne Deinen treu verſchwiegnen Mund.
Nur meine Sorgen wollt' ich Dir erſparen;
Bald aber Sara, wird es nun Dir kund.
Sara.
So ſind wir beide einen Weg gegangen.
Daſſelbe hat zum Schweigen mich bewegt.
Doch meine Sorge hat der Tod empfangen;
Dort liegt die Freundin, die ich ſtill gepflegt.
Conrad (da er Johannes erblickt).
Sieh da! er ſchläft! — Ich werd' ihn wecken müſſen,
Denn unſ're edle Zeit verſtreicht.
(Sie treten näher).
Wach auf, mein Freund! — Du haſt ein kaltes Kiſſen!
Bald ſchlummerſt weicher Du vielleicht.
Sara.
O laſſ' ihn! —
Conrad (als er ſeine Hand faßt, erſchrocken).
Gott! was iſt hier vorgegangen?
Das iſt kein Schlaf; kalt iſt die Hand wie Eis! —
(Er will ihn aufheben, läßt ihn aber, da er ihn todt findet, ſanft neben dem Sarge nieder).
So biſt Du heimlich mir davon gegangen! —
Eh' ich Dich noch zu retten weiß! —
Sara.
Wie? iſt er todt? —
Conrad.
Das Herz hat ausgeſchlagen,
Das große Herz; wie keins mehr iſt! —
O kann nicht mehr Dein bleicher Mund mir's ſagen;
Warum Du mir ſo ſchnell entflohen biſt? —
(Sie ſtehn in ſeinen Anblick verſunken, dann fährt Conrad fort.)
Nun Sara, brauch' ich länger nicht zu ſchweigen. —
Sieh dieſe ſtarren edlen Züge an. — —
Du magſt Dich tief vor ſeinem Namen beugen,
Johann von Bruchthal hieß der Mann —
Sara.
Wie? und die Freundin, die ich heimlich barg,
Weil der Entflohnen Schmach und Tod bedrohten,
Die neben ihm dort friedlich ſchläft im Sarg,
Lenore iſt's, die Gattin Deines Todten! —
Conrad.
Lenore? — O nun ſieht mein Auge klar! —
Ihr habt Euch unverhofft hier wiedergefunden,
Noch einmal, doch am ernſtern Traualtar,
Hat Euch der Todesengel hier verbunden! —
(Zu Sara) Kannſt Du es nun in meinem Innern leſen,
Was mein Geheimniß und mein Gram geweſen?
Sara.
Durchſchauſt auch Du mein Herz nun klar? —
Conrad.
Mein Weib! — wir haben uns bewährt gefunden!
Sara.
So hat auch uns ein Engel neu verbunden
An dieſem ernſten Traualtar!
(Sie ſinken ſich in die Arme.)

Siebente Scene.

(Es iſt Tag geworden, und beide Hallen haben volles Licht. Ein Officier tritt mit vier Mann Wache herein. Conrad und Sara gehen ihm in den Vordergrund entgegen.)

Conrad.
Was wollt Ihr hier? —
Officier (zur Wache).
Beſetzt die Thüren.
(Hierauf gehen zwei Soldaten nach dem Eingange ab, durch welchen ſie hereingekommen, die beiden andern beſetzen die Thüre im Hintergrunde der zweiten Halle, und bleiben ſichtbar.)
Johann von Bruchthal ſuch' ich hier!
Ich habe Ordre, ihn hinwegzuführen,
Denn die Verkleidung kennen wir.
Conrad.
Ihr kommt zu ſpät, er iſt Euch ſchon entgangen!
Officier.
Wir wiſſen es genau, hier lebt er jetzt.
Er gebe ſich gutwillig mir gefangen,
Das ganze Haus iſt ſchon beſetzt.
Conrad.
Auf Frührothsſtrahlen iſt er hingeflogen,
Wo Ihr vergeblich ihn bedroht. —
Der Tod hat um das Opfer Euch betrogen —
Dort ſchläft er! — Rechtet mit dem Tod!

Officier.

(Er tritt in die Halle, und betrachtet die Leiche.)

Er iſt's! — Ich kannt ihn einſt in Kraft der Jugend.
Das Herz iſt ſtarr! — Die Hand iſt kalt! —
Ich weiche hier der höhern Gewalt,
Und ehr' im Feind auch ächte Heldentugend!

(Er zieht den Degen und winkt, worauf die an der Thüre ſtehende Wache ins Gewehr tritt; dann entblößt er ſein Haupt, und legt ſeinen Degen auf die Leiche.)

Der Vorhang fällt.

Das Seetreffen bei Nacht.

Eine hiſtoriſche Skizze.

Um ihren ausgebreiteten Handel kräftiger zu ſchützen, rüſtete die oſtindiſche Compagnie in Holland im Jahre 1615 eine Flotte von 7 Schiffen aus, und untergab ſie dem Befehl eines ſehr geübten Seemannes, des Joris van Spielbergen.

Der königlich ſpaniſche Rath in Peru hatte jedoch kaum hiervon Nachricht erhalten, als er dieſe Flotte, die ihm troz ihrer geringen Schiffzahl dennoch höchſt gefährlich ſchien, auf jede mögliche Weiſe zu vernichten beſchloß und, weil er den geübten Holländern auf offner See nicht zu begegnen wagte, es vorzog, ihnen in den Häfen aufzulauern, um ſie dort von der Land- und Seeſeite zu gleicher Zeit angreifen zu können.

Nur der ſpaniſche Admiral, Don Rodrigo, ein Verwandter des Vicekönigs in Peru, ſezte dieſem bedachten Plane ſeinen jugendlichen Uebermuth entgegen und verſicherte, daß er (ſo lauteten ſeine eignen Worte) dieſe jungen holländiſchen Hunde und verzagten Bruthühner blos mit zwei Schiffen einzufangen ſich getraue, zumal ſie, ſichern Nachrichten zufolge, bei der Durchfahrt in der Magellaniſchen Straße einen ſchweren Sturm ausgehalten hätten, und hierdurch, bis aufs Aeußerſte abgemattet, ſich ihm gewiß ohne Schuß ergeben würden.

Dem Vicekönig gefiel dieſe ſtolze Vermeſſenheit; er vertraute dem Don Rodrigo und gab ihm eine Flotte von acht Schiffen, um die Holländer wirklich in offner See aufzuſuchen. Das Admiralſchiff, Jeſu Maria genannt, war mit 460 Mann und 24 Kanonen beſezt; das Vice-Admiralſchiff, Santa Anna, mit 300 Mann und 14 Kanonen; das dritte Schiff, de Carmel, führte 200 Mann und 8 Stücke an Bord; das vierte Schiff, St. Diego, eine gleiche Anzahl von Leuten und Geſchütz; das fünfte Schiff, Maria del Roſario, 150 Mann und 4 Stücke, und die drei leztern Schiffe waren ohne ſchweres Geſchütz, nur mit Soldaten bemannt.

Der holländiſche Admiral van Spielbergen erfuhr zwar ſeiner Seits auch bald genug, daß dieſe feindliche Flotte zu ſeiner Vernichtung in See geſtochen ſei, er ſtieg aber nichts deſtoweniger mit ſeiner Mannſchaft auf dem Eilande Santa Maria ans Land, machte in den dort befindlichen ſpaniſchen Niederlaſſungen große Beute und eroberte, als er kaum von dort wieder abgeſchifft war, ein mit Oliven und baarem Gelde reichbeladenes ſpaniſches Schiff, welches er, nachdem die gefangene Mannſchaft und die Ladung geborgen worden, verſenken ließ.

Kaum war jedoch dieſe Beute errungen, als man von fern auch ſchon die Wimpel der feindlichen ſpaniſchen Flotte erblickte, die mit vollen Segeln auf die Holländer antrieb, ſo, daß am Abend beide Flotten ſchon einander dicht gegenüber lagen. Der ſpaniſche Vice-Admiral, Don Pedro Alvarez de Piger, einer der erfahrenſten Seeleute jener Zeit, ließ ſeinen jugendlichen Admiral warnen, den Angriff bei einbrechender Nacht nicht zu wagen. Allein der leichtſinnige, allzuhitzige Rodrigo blieb taub für jeden verſtändigen Rath, ſegelte dreiſt auf das holländiſche Admiralſchiff, die Sonne genannt, los, und kam ihm in der zehnten Abendſtunde ſo nahe, daß er ihm die ſtolze Aufforderung, ſich ohne Weiteres zu ergeben, ſelbſt zurufen konnte. — Spielbergen aber beantwortete dieſes Gebot mit einer vollen Salve aus grobem und kleinem Geſchütz, und ſo begann denn wirklich unter dem Schatten der einbrechenden Nacht das Seetreffen. Der Himmel war zwar allenthalben mit finſtern Wolken überhangen, als habe auch er ſich zum Kampfe gewaffnet; dennoch aber ruhten die Elemente und wollten ſtumme Zeugen ſein, und die tiefe Windſtille ließ das Toben des unſichtbaren menſchlichen Kampfes nur deſto grauſenhafter vernehmen. Trommeln wirbelten, Trompeten ſchmetterten, der Ruf der Befehlshaber ertönte; — aber die Nacht verhüllte Alles, was geſchah, keine Schiffslaterne war angezündet, um dem Feinde nicht zum Zielpunkte zu dienen, und nur in den bläulichen Blitzen des krachenden Geſchützes erkannten ſich die Feinde für den Augenblick und hörten, nachdem das flüchtige Licht von der Nacht wieder verſchlungen worden war, nur das Jammergeſchrei der Verwundeten und Sterbenden, die der lenkende Schuß getroffen hatte. Selbſt die Freunde ſuchten ſich oft vergebens; ſie durften troz der Beſorgniß, ſich einander ſelbſt zu vernichten, die Wuth des Kampfes nicht hemmen, und der Zufall wurde beſchworen, die Kugeln nur auf Feindesbergen zu leiten.

Die Holländer hatten eine glückliche Stellung genommen, und trafen faſt mit jedem Schuſſe, dergeſtalt, daß ſich das ſpaniſche Admiralſchiff, ſehr beſchädigt, endlich aus dem Kampfe zurückzuziehen verſuchte; allein die gänzliche Windſtille hielt es feſt, es mußte Stand halten, und würde wahrſcheinlich in den Grund gebohrt worden ſein, wenn nicht ein anderes ſpaniſches Schiff zufällig dem holländiſchen Admiral in die Flanke gerathen wäre. — Spielbergen wendete nunmehr den Kampf auf dieſe Seite, und ſezte auch dem zweiten feindlichen Schiffe ſo zu, daß es zu ſinken begann. In dieſer Noth trieb es auf eine holländiſche Jacht, an deren Bord es ſich in der Todesangſt feſtklammern und ſo ſeine Mannſchaft retten wollte. Allein es wurde auch hier abgeſchlagen, und ſo verſank es denn bald darauf mit Allem in der Fluth.

Kaum hatte die holländiſche Jacht hier geſiegt, als der ſpaniſche Admiral, aufs Neue die Flucht verſuchend, ebenfalls auf dieſelbe ſtieß und gezwungen, auch den Kampf mit ihr beſtehen mußte. Bei den häufigen Pulverblitzen bemerkte man alsbald auf dem holländiſchen Vice-Admiralſchiffe die große Bedrängniß, in welcher ſich die Jacht befand, und ein Officier auf derſelben, ein alter vertrauter Waffenbruder des Capitains der Jacht, bat den Vice-Admiral, ſeinem Freunde zu Hülfe eilen zu dürfen. Er beſtieg in kühner Haſt mit bewaffneter Mannſchaft ein Boot und ſteuerte jubelnd mit Siegesgeſchrei auf die Jacht los, um ihr Rettung zu bringen. Allein der Capitain von dem Feuer des Geſchützes geblendet, hielt auch dieſes Boot für nahende Feinde, und während er den Angriff des feindlichen Admirals tapfer abſchlug, ſchoß er das Fahrzeug ſeines treueſten rettenden Freundes in den Grund. — —

Als der Morgen endlich nach dieſer ſchaudervollen Nacht aufdämmerte und alles überſehen ließ, ſtrebten mehrere Schiffe, welche in der Finſterniß abgetrieben worden waren, den Ihrigen wieder zu Hülfe zu eilen. Don Rodrigo hatte ſich hinter das faſt noch unbeſchädigte Schiff ſeines Vice-Admirals gelegt, wo er Schutz zu finden glaubte, allein van Spielbergen griff beide aufs neue an, und es kam zwiſchen den Admirals- und Vice-Admiralſchiffen beider Theile zu einem neuen mörderiſchen Kampfe, der ſo lange unentſchieden blieb, bis das holländiſche Schiff, Aeolus, auch herbeieilte, und die Spanier dergeſtalt beſchießen half, daß ſie endlich ihre beiden Schiffe an einander trieben, und Bord an Bord legten, um aus einem derſelben ſich in das andere flüchten zu können. Das Vice-Admiralſchiff war jezt am härteſten getroffen worden, es drohte zuerſt zu ſinken; alles floh daher auf das Admiralſchiff hinüber. Allein hier befand ſich in einem nicht minder elenden Zuſtande; der geringe Theil der Mannſchaft, welcher noch am Leben war, eilte auf das Vordertheil des Schiffes, wo einige die weiße Fahne aufſteckten, andere ſie wieder herabriſſen und lieber zu ſterben, als ſich zu ergeben beſchloſſen. Verzweiflung kämpfte hier gegen Verzweiflung, Feigheit gegen Muth, Lebensluſt gegen Todesverachtung, und ſo den Kampf gegen die Feinde verachtend, trieben ſich die Spanier, taub gegen die Stimme der Befehlshaber, ſelbſt aus einem der beiden Schiffe in das andere. Da hatte ſich endlich der Wind erhoben, und die Wellen warfen den holländiſchen Vice-Admiral wie einen Schiedsrichter zwiſchen die beiden ſpaniſchen Schiffe; dies gab den Spaniern die Beſinnung wieder, ſie klammerten ſich nun ſofort an den Bord des feindlichen Schiffes, um es ſiegend zu erſteigen, wurden aber auch hier abgeſchlagen, und der ſpaniſche Admiral verſuchte nun, mit vollen Segeln und vom Winde begünſtigt, endlich ſeine lezte Rettung in der Flucht. Zwei holländiſche Schiffe verfolgten ihn, bis die Nacht ihn wieder verbarg, — man hat aber niemals wieder etwas von ihm erfahren. Während dem hatte van Spielbergen das ſpaniſche Admiralſchiff nach langem hartnäckigen Widerſtande endlich doch erobert und die Mannſchaft deſſelben zu Gefangenen gemacht. Sie ſollte nebſt ihrem Befehlshaber, dem Vice-Admiral, Don Pedro Alvarez de Piger, nunmehr vor dem Sieger erſcheinen. Allein Don Pedro beſtand darauf, ſein Schiff nicht eher, als nach Verlauf der nächſten Nacht, verlaſſen zu wollen, indem er deshalb ein Gelübde gethan zu haben vorgab. Es ward ihm zugeſtanden, und van Spielbergen der Sieger, vermochte es über ſich, den heldenmüthigen Beſiegten auf ſeinem halbzertrümmerten Schiffe ſelbſt zu beſuchen. Hier fand er Don Pedro mit dem Reſte ſeiner Officiere ruhig beim Abendbrot; zwei ſtattliche Jünglinge, ſeine Söhne, ſaßen ihm zur Seite. Der alte Vice-Admiral erhob ſich langſam von ſeinem Sitze, als van Spielbergen in die Kajüte trat; ſeine grauen Haare waren noch voll Blut, und ſeine zitternde Hand reichte dem Sieger einen Becher Wein entgegen.

„Seid mir willkommen, Herr Admiral!“ rief er aus: „Ihr habt ein volles Recht, mein Gaſt zu ſein. Nehmt den Becher! wir trinken ſo leicht nicht wieder zuſammen!“

Spielbergen trank, und als er wieder gehen wollte und er dem Gefangenen die Hand bot, ſprach Don Pedro: „Ich wünſch' Euch von Herzen heut' eine gute Nacht, denn Ihr habt ſie verdient, mögt Ihr mir morgen früh dafür doch auch von Herzen wieder einen guten Morgen wünſchen!“ ſo ſchieden ſie.

Als aber der nächſte Morgen aufging, war das eroberte Schiff verſchwunden. Don Pedro hatte nämlich wohl berechnet, daß es ſich, ſeiner großen Beſchädigungen wegen, nur noch wenige Stunden über dem Waſſer werde halten können, und entſchloſſen, lieber den Tod als die Gefangenſchaft zu wählen, hatte er die Seinigen vermocht, hier den Untergang heldenmüthig zu erwarten. So waren ſie denn alle im tiefſten Schweigen, damit kein Laut ihre Flucht nach dem Grunde des Meeres verrathe, und geheimnißvoll während der Dunkelheit der Nacht in der Fluth verſunken.

Spielbergen ſtand betroffen auf dem Verdeck, blickte wehmüthig auf die Wimpel des verſunkenen Schiffes hin, die noch oben auf der Meeresfläche ſchwammen, und die Hand nach den Wellen empor ſtreckend, rief er aus: „Doch guten Morgen! Don Pedro!“

Johann Ludwig Huber,

ein wegen ſeiner freimüthigen Rechtlichkeit und ſeines deshalb erlittenen Geſchickes achtungswürdiger und bekannter Mann, wurde am 4. März 1723 zu Großheppach im Würtembergiſchen geboren und erhielt von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Prediger, der ihn zum geiſtlichen Stande beſtimmte, eine vernünftige und gelehrte, aber ſtrenge Erziehung. Nachdem er die niedern Lehranſtalten und das theologiſche Stift zu Tübingen beſucht hatte und 1744 Magiſter der Philoſophie geworden war, verleidete ihm erlittenes Unrecht und ungünſtige Ausſichten die Theologie. Er begann daher das Studium der Rechte, hatte aber als Advocat, weil indeſſen ſein Vermögen aufgezehrt war und eine unvorſichtige Heirath die noch vorhandenen Mittel entzog, lange mit Kummer und Noth zu kämpfen, bis er auf ſeines Schwiegervaters Empfehlung 1750 die Oberamtei Nagold erhielt. 1756 bekleidete er einen gleichen Poſten zu Bebenhauſen und kam 1762 als Regierungsrath und Oberamtmann nach Tübingen, wo die Deſpotie des Herzogs Karl 1764 ihn widerrechtlich gefangen nehmen und nach der Feſtung Asperg führen ließ. Nach ſechsmonatlicher Haft befreite ihn die Verwendung des kaiſerlichen Geſandten und der Landſtände, welche letzteren außerdem ſeinen Patriotismus durch die Bewilligung einer Penſion von 600 Gulden ehrten. Ungeachtet mehrerer auswärtigen Anträge blieb er daher in ſeinem Vaterlande und verbrachte den Reſt ſeines Lebens in Stuttgart, wo er ſelbſt von hochgeſtellten Beamten ausgezeichnet und wegen ſeiner Redlichkeit und Geradheit, ſeines Patriotismus, ſeines muthigen Eifers gegen ungerechte Willkühr und ſeiner aufrichtigen Verehrung der Religion allgemein geliebt am 30. September 1800 ſtarb.

Wir haben von ihm:

Oden, Lieder und Erzählungen. Tübingen 1751 in 8.

Verſuche mit Gott zu reden. Reutlingen 1775 in 8.; 2. Aufl. Tübingen 1787 in 8.

Das Lotto. Tübingen 1779, 8.

Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben des Theodor Agrippa d'Aubigné. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Ebendaſ. 1780 8.

Vermiſchte Gedichte. Erlangen 1783, 8., mit Titelvignette.

Schreiben eines Predigers an ſeinen Collegen über die Tiſchgebete. Tübingen 1786, in 8.

Vier Predigten für Bürger und Bauern. Stuttgart 1789, 8.

Plouquet's Denkmal. Tübingen 1790, 4.

Des Kaiſers Tod. Ebendaſ. 1790, 4.

An Gallien im October 1789. Ebendaſ. 1790, 4.

Zamira. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8.

Denkmal des würtembergiſchen Präſidenten Eberhard von Gemmingen. Stuttgart 1791, gr. 4.

Etwas von meinem Lebenslaufe — auf der Feſtung ꝛc. Tübingen 1798, 8.

Warmes Gefühl für Wahrheit und Recht ſind wie ſeinem Charakter ſo auch ſeinen Schriften eigenthümlich; ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen erfreuen ſich einer leichten und gefälligen Behandlung der Sprache und der Form, doch fehlt es ihnen an Tiefe und Begeiſterung, die geiſtlichen Geſänge ausgenommen, in welchen glühende Andacht vorwaltet.

Ludwig Ferdinand Huber

ward 1764 zu Paris geboren und entfaltete bei einer trefflichen Erziehung und im Umgange mit den ausgezeichneten Männern ſeiner Zeit zu Leipzig, wohin ſein Vater 2 Jahre nach ſeiner Geburt als Lector der franzöſiſchen Sprache gekommen war, die glücklichen Anlagen ſeines lebensfrohen Geiſtes und ſeines tiefen Gemüthes. Eine unermüdliche Lernbegierde, die ihn bald in der Literatur der Franzoſen, Engländer und Deutſchen einheimiſch machte, bereicherte ihn dabei mit ſeltenen Kenntniſſen. Seine Stellung in Sachſen als Katholik verſchloß ihm den Weg zum Staatsdienſte in den Landescollegien und vermochte ihn, dem Anrathen des Miniſters Gutſchmid zu Dresden Gehör zu geben und ſich der Diplomatie zu widmen. In Folge deſſen wurde er 1787 Legationsſecretair bei der ſächſiſchen Geſandtſchaft zu Mainz und 2 Jahre darauf ſächſiſcher Reſident daſelbſt. Hier verband er ſich mit Georg Forſter zum innigſten Freundſchaftsbunde, den er 1793 dadurch bethätigte, daß er nach Forſter's Tode in Paris zu Gunſten ſeiner Familie ſeine amtliche Stellung aufgab, die verlaſſene Gattin heirathete und als Privatgelehrter in dem Dorfe Bole bei Neufchatel mit Schriftſtellerei ſeinen Lebensbedarf erwarb. Nach mehrjährigem Aufenthalte in Stuttgart zog er mit ſeiner Familie nach Ulm, wurde dort zum churpfalzbaieriſchen Landesdirectionsrath ernannt und 1804 als Oberſchulrath in das daſige neugebildete Provinzialdirectorium verſetzt, wo er nach vielen Stürmen ſichere Ruhe fand. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 24. December 1804. Als gefälliger zärtlicher Gatte und Vater, treuer Freund, tiefer und umfaſſender Kenner der neuern Literatur und des menſchlichen Herzens, phantaſiereicher, ausdauernder, beſcheidener und dienſtfertiger Mann, geachteter Schriftſteller und ſcharfſinniger Kunſtrichter war er der Liebling ſeiner Umgebung und ſeiner Freunde.

Theils ohne, theils unter und mit ſeinem Namen gab er heraus:

Karl Duclos' geheime Memoiren. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin, 1791 — 1793, 3 Bände. in gr. 8. (anonym).
Vermiſchte Schriften. Berlin 1793, 2 Bde. in 8. (anonym) mit Titelvign.
Friedenspräliminarien. Ebendaſ. 1793 — 1796. 10 Bde. in 8. (anonym).
Schauſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1795 in 8. mit Kupf.
Neues franzöſiſches Theater. Leipzig 1795 — 1797. 3 Bde. in 8. Neue Aufl. Frankfurt 1819 in 8.
Erzählungen. Braunſchweig 1801. 1802; 3 Sammlungen in 8., mit 3 Titelkpf. und Titelvign., von ſeiner Frau verfaßt.
Sämmtliche Werke ſeit 1802. Tübingen 1807 — 1819, 4 Bde. in 8.

Einzeln:

Aemiliens Unterredungen. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1788, 2 Bde. in 8.
Teleſus. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1784 in 8.
Der tolle Tag, oder Figaro's Hochzeit. Luſtſpiel aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Ebendaſ. 1785 in 8.
Ethelwolf. Schauſpiel. Deſſau und Leipzig 1785, in 8.
Offene Fehde. Luſtſpiel. Mannheim 1788 gr. 8.
Die Abentheuer einer Nacht. Luſtſpiel. Mannheim 1789 gr. 8.
Das heimliche Gericht. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1790, 8. Neue Aufl. Berlin 1795, 8.
Die magnetiſche Wunderkraft. Luſtſpiel. Berlin. 1790, 8.
Güte rettet. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1793, 8.
Schweizerſinn. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1794, 8.
Das natürliche Geſetz, von Volney. Berlin 1794, 8.
Emilie von Varmont. Tübingen 1794, 8.
Der Troſtloſe. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1794, 8.
Juliane. Ebendaſ. 1794, 8.
Drei Weiber. Novelle. Leipzig 1795, 8.
Du und Du. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1795, 8.
Eitelkeit und Liebe. Ebendaſ. 1795, 8. Neue Aufl. Frankfurt 1819, 8.
Die Familie Seldorf. Tübingen 1795 und 1796, 2 Thle. 8., von ſeiner Frau.
Adele von Senange. Ebendaſ. 1795, 8.
Briefe über in den pariſer Gefängniſſen vorgefallene Auftritte. Leipzig 1795, 8.
Leben der Bürgerin Roland. Von ihr ſelbſt. Berlin 1796, 8.
Honorine von Userche. Leipzig 1796, 8.
Lezari über die Urſachen und Reſultate der Revolution. Leipzig 1798, 8.
Emilie. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1798, 8. Neue Aufl. Frankfurt 1819, 8.
Marie von Sinclair. Ebendaſ. 1799, 8.
Guſettens Ausſteuer. Luzern 1799, 8.
Emilie. Ein Roman. Leipzig 1801, 2 Bde. in 8.
Vierteljährliche Unterhaltungen. 2 Jahrgänge Stuttgart 1804 und 1805, 8.

Eben ſo treffend als wohlwollend urtheilt Franz Horn in ſeinem Werke: „Die ſchöne Literatur des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts" (Berlin 1812. §. 146 und 147) über Huber, indem er von ihm ſagt: Huber ermangelte freilich der eigentlich gelehrten Bildung, ſein Geiſt war nicht genährt durch das Studium der Alten, nicht mit Sicherheit ausgebildet durch Logik und Philoſophie, und wir müſſen ihm ſogar einen bedeutenden Umfang und Tiefe des Geiſtes abſprechen; doch **wenn** ſich dieſer Mangel durch irgend etwas erſetzen und verhüllen läßt, ſo könnte man in der That bei Huber zuweilen in Verſuchung kommen, jene höheren Anſprüche zu vergeſſen. Man fand bei ihm ein redliches, durch Leiden geſtärktes, liebevoll klares Gemüth, den eigentlichen Boden, auf dem allein die Poeſie ſich erzeugen kann, die nie mit einem unreinen oder ſchwächlichen Herzen ſich vertragen mag; man erkannte in ihm einen combinatoriſchen Scharfſinn, einige gute leitende äſthetiſche Anſichten, einen Styl, der anfangs freilich von einer gewiſſen Mühſeligkeit erkältet, ſich in den letzten Jahren zu mehrerer Freiheit hindurcharbeitete. —

— Unter ſeinen Schriften hat die meiſte Celebrität davon getragen ſein Trauerſpiel: „Das heimliche Gericht," nicht ſowohl wegen ſeines innern Werthes (denn der beſſere Kritiker mußte bald finden, daß es nicht aus einem poetiſchen Gemüthe, ſondern nur aus einer ſehr kühlen und einſeitigen Reflexion hervorgegangen ſei, und dem Haufen hat es nichts anders als Langeweile geben können), ſondern wegen der ſteten Lobeserhebungen, mit denen die Freunde es ausſtatteten und wegen des Umſtandes, daß Huber, der ſonſt nur mit ſehr gemäßigter Neigung an ſeine Jugendarbeiten dachte, ſich auf den Titelblättern faſt aller ſeiner Schriften als den Verfaſſer jenes Drama nannte.

Von höherer Bildung zeigen ſeine Erzählungen, in denen manche der bedeutendſten Verhältniſſe der Liebe und Ehe auf eine anziehende Weiſe dargeſtellt worden ſind. Die erſte Schrift eines Schriftſtellers, nie eine Zeile zu ſchreiben, von deren Wahrheit er nicht innig überzeugt iſt, hat Huber ſtets redlich erfüllt.

Manches in ſeinen Erzählungen gewinnt dadurch eine rührende Bedeutſamkeit, daß er nicht ſelten ſelbſt und mit Schmerzen erlebt hatte, was er ſchilderte.

Mehrere ſeiner Kritiken, vorzüglich die über Göthe, ſind nicht bloß dem Literärhiſtoriker merkwürdig, ſondern verdienen auch ohne geſchichtliche Rückſicht eine nicht geringe Achtung durch Eindringlichkeit und Unbefangenheit. —

Thereſe Huber,

die Tochter des berühmten Philologen Heyne und die Gattin des Vorigen, ward am 7. Mai 1764 zu Göttingen geboren und bildete ihren reichen Geiſt meiſtens durch Selbſtbelehrung in der geiſtvollen wiſſenſchaftlichen Umgebung ihrer Familie und ſpäter in einer Penſionsanſtalt. Bei ihrer Rückkehr aus derſelben fand ſie in ihrer Stiefmutter eine liebevolle Freundin und Beſchützerin und wurde, 20 Jahr alt, an Georg Forſter verheirathet, dem ſie nach Polen und darauf nach Mainz folgte. Hier wurde ſie mit ihrem nachherigen Manne bekannt und durch den auch in Deutſchland entſtehenden franzöſiſchen Freiheitsenthuſiasmus von ihrem erſten Gatten getrennt, der als franzöſiſcher Deputirter nach Paris ging und ſeine Familie in Straßburg, dann in Neufchatel verweilen ließ. Nachdem ſie bei einer letzten Zuſammenkunft 1793 von ihrem ſchon längſt ihr ehelich entfremdeten Gatten ihrem zweiten Gemahl übergeben worden war, theilte ſie deſſen Geſchick, ſowie ſeine literariſchen Beſchäftigungen. Nachdem H's Tod ihr faſt idealiſches Familienglück zerſtört hatte, lebte ſie bis 1814 bei ihrem Schwiegerſohne, einem angeſehenen baieriſchen Beamten und kehrte dann nach Stuttgart zurück, wo ſie ſeit 1819 das Morgenblatt redigirte. Seit 1824 wählte ſie Augsburg zu ihrem dauernden Aufenthaltsorte, wo ſie am 15. Juni 1829 mit dem Rufe einer thätigen, edeln und gebildeten Hausfrau und einer Lieblingsſchriftſtellerin der Frauen ſtarb.

Unter ihre bei ihrem Manne noch nicht genannten Schriften gehören:

Louiſe. Leipzig 1796. Unter ihres Mannes Namen.
Bemerkungen über Holland. Leipzig 1811.
Erzählungen. Stuttgart 1820, 2 Thle.
Hannah. Leipzig 1821 in 8.
Ellen Percy. Ebendaſ. 1822, 2 Thle. in 8.
Jugendmuth. Ebendaſ. 1824, 2 Thle. in 8.
Die Eheloſen. Leipzig 1829, 2 Bde. in 8.
Erzählungen. Leipzig 1830—33, 6 Thle. in 8.
Geſchichte des Cevennenkrieges. Stuttgart 1834. in 8.

Tiefe Kenntniß des menſchlichen Herzens, Gefühl und Streben für das Wahre und Schöne, glückliche Empfindungsgabe und anmuthige Behandlung des Styls ſind Th. Huber nicht abzuſprechen; dagegen möchte die Tendenz ihrer meiſten Schriften, in welchen ſie dem Weibe eine ganz falſche Stellung für das Leben anweiſt, und Entſagung und Verzichten auf das Glück der Liebe in und durch die Ehe als etwas ſehr Hohes und Edles ſchildert, mithin einer unnatürlichen, ja faſt widernatürlichen und kränklichen Sentimentalität lebhaft das Wort redet, durchaus zu verwerfen ſein, ſobald wir vom Romane Wahrheit und Geſundheit, die wir auch hier mit Recht fordern können, als nothwendige Eigenſchaften deſſelben, verlangen.

Emilie Hübner

ward am 22. März 1794 zu Dresden geboren, erhielt im Hauſe ihres Vaters, des königlich ſächſiſchen Appellationsrathes Dr. Herrmann daſelbſt eine ihrem Stande angemeſſene und ihre natürlichen Geiſtesanlagen fördernde Erziehung und verheirathete ſich dann mit dem Kaufmann Gotthelf Hübner in Chemnitz; eine unglückliche Niederkunft endete aber ihr Leben bereits im Jahre 1819.

Unter dem Namen **Henriette Steinau** ſchrieb ſie:

Kleeblätter. Chemnitz 1816—1818, 3 Bdchen in 8., mit Amalie Clarus und Wilhelm Wilmar.
Aſteria oder der Partherkrieg. Meißen 1818 in 8.
Hyacinthen. Erzählungen, Märchen, Gedichte. Chemnitz 1819 in 8., mit A. Clarus und W. Wilmar.
Erinnerungen und Verſuche von E. Hübner und F. Herrmann (ihrem Bruder). Leipzig 1816 in 8.

Ein gefälliges anſpruchloſes Talent, deſſen Productionen, namentlich im Fache der kleineren Erzählung, nicht ohne Beifall blieben.

Johann Hübner

wurde am 17. März 1668 zu Torgau bei Zittau geboren und ſtudirte ſeit 1689 zu Leipzig Humaniora, worauf er zum Magiſter der Philoſophie promovirte, und dort Geographie und Geſchichte vortrug, bis 1694 ihn ein Ruf als Rector des Gymnaſiums nach Merſeburg führte. 1711 ging er von hier als Rector des Johanneums nach Hamburg, wo er am 21. Mai 1731 ſtarb.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Kurze Fragen aus der alten und neuen Geographie. Leipzig 1693; wurden bei ſeinem Leben 36 mal aufgelegt und in mehrere Sprachen überſetzt.
Kurze Fragen aus der politiſchen Hiſtorie. Ebendaſ. 1697—1712, 10 Bde. in 8.
Bibliſche Hiſtorien. Ebendaſ. 1714.; 100ſte Aufl. von Lindner, Leipzig 1833; 103. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1837.
Hamburgiſche Bibliotheka hiſtorika. Hamburg, 1715—1729, 10 Bde., mit Fabricius und Richey.
Hiſtorie der Reformation in 50 Reden. Ebendaſ. 1730.
Bekehrung der Sachſen zum Chriſtenthume. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1708. Neue Ausgabe. Ebendaſelbſt 1730.
Reimwörterbuch. Ebendaſ. 1696. Dann als: Neuvermehrtes poetiſches Handbuch. Leipzig 1812.
Oratoriſche Fragen. 5 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1709.

Ein tüchtiger, fleißiger Schulmann des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, der die Schriftſtellerei zwar etwas handwerksmäßig betrieb und mitunter ziemlich unkritiſch verfuhr, aber dieſe Mängel durch Herzlichkeit, guten Willen und unermüdliches Beſtreben, ſo viel er konnte, zu erſetzen ſuchte. — Am längſten haben ſich ſeine bibliſchen Hiſtorien in den Schulen erhalten.

Ludwig Hüffel

ward am 6. Mai 1784 zu Gladebach im Großherzogthum Heſſen geboren und wurde nach zu Gießen vollendeten theologiſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien in ſeinem Geburtsorte als Pfarrer angeſtellt, kam von da in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Friedberg und 1825 als Dr. der Theologie, Decan und Profeſſor am theologiſchen Seminar nach Herborn. Von hier führte ihn ein ehrenvoller Ruf 1828 als Kirchen- und Miniſterialrath nach Karlsruhe, wo er 1830 die Prälatenwürde und 1834 das Commandeurkreuz des großherzoglich badiſchen Hausordens vom zähringer Löwen erhielt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Predigten. Gießen 1817 und 1821, 2 Thle. in 8.
Die Schule der Geiſtlichen. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Ueber das Weſen und den Beruf des evangeliſchen Geiſtlichen. Ebendaſ. 1822 und 1823, 2 Thle. Neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Der Staat, die Kirche und Volksſchule. Darmſtadt 1823.
Des Lebens Weihe. Gießen 1826.
Predigten auf alle Sonn- und Feſttage. Wiesbaden 1828, 2 Thle.
Predigten. Karlsruhe 1830, 1. Sammlung.
Ueber die Einrichtung practiſcher Inſtitute zur Ausbildung der angehenden evangel. chriſtl. Geiſtlichen. Karlsruhe 1831.

Briefe über die Unſterblichkeit der menſchlichen Seele. Karlsruhe 1838.

Einzelne Predigten, Programme, Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Reichthum der Gedanken, tiefes Gefühl, innige Begeiſterung und ein edler Styl zeichnen H's Predigten, gründliche Forſchung, ausgebreitetes Wiſſen, Klarheit und Ruhe ſeine didaktiſchen Schriften höchſt vortheilhaft aus. —

Chriſtian Wilhelm von Hufeland

ward am 12. Auguſt 1762 zu Langenſalza in Thüringen geboren und zu Weimar, wohin ſein Vater ſpäter als herzoglicher Hofrath und Leibarzt gekommen war, erzogen. Nachdem er zu Jena und Göttingen ſeine Studien vollendet und 1783 auf letzterer Univerſität ſich den mediciniſchen Doctorhut erworben hatte, war er eine Zeitlang practiſcher Arzt in Weimar, bis er 1793 als Rath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Medicin nach Jena kam. Bald darauf erhielt er die Würde eines weimariſchen Hofrathes und Leibarztes, folgte aber 1801 einem Rufe als Leibarzt des Königs von Preußen nach Berlin und ward kurz nach einander Director des mediciniſch-chirurgiſchen Collegiums, erſter Arzt der Charité, Geheimrath, womit er nach Errichtung der Univerſität Berlin ſeit 1809 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Medicin verband. 1810 kam er als Staatsrath in die mediciniſche Abtheilung des Miniſteriums des Innern und leitete ſeit 1819 als Director die Geſchäfte der militäriſchen mediciniſch-chirurgiſchen Akademie. Beweiſe der hohen Achtung, welche ihm von König und Volk zu Theil wurde, lieferte ſein am 24. Juli 1833 gefeiertes 50jähriges Doctorjubiläum und die an dieſem Tage beſtätigte Umwandlung der 1810 von ihm geſtifteten „mediciniſch-chirurgiſchen Geſellſchaft“ in die „Hufelandiſche Geſellſchaft“, ſowie die vorangegangene Ernennung zum Ritter des rothen Adlerordens 2r Claſſe. Auch im Auslande wurden ſeine Verdienſte durch Ertheilung des hannöverſchen Guelphenordens und anderer Würden ehrend anerkannt. Er ſtarb zu Berlin am 25. Juli 1836.

Seine meiſt practiſchen und populären Schriften ſind:

Erfahrungen über den Gebrauch und die Kräfte der ſalzſauren Schwererde. Erfurt 1792; neue Aufl. Berlin 1794.

Ueber die Urſachen, Erkenntniß und Heilung der Skrophelkrankheit. Berlin 1795; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1819.

Die Kunſt das menſchliche Leben zu verlängern. Jena 1797; 5. Aufl. unter dem Titel „Makrobiotik,“ Berlin 1824.

Guter Rath an Mütter über die wichtigſten Punkte der phyſiſchen Erziehung. Berlin 1799; 3. Aufl. Leipzig 1836.

Syſtem der practiſchen Heilkunde. Leipzig 1800—1805; 2. Aufl. Berlin 1818—1819, unvollendet.

Practiſche Ueberſicht der vorzüglichſten Heilquellen Deutſchlands. Berlin 1810; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1831.

Geſchichte der Geſundheit. Berlin 1812.

Darwin's Anleitung zur phyſiſchen und moraliſchen Erziehung des weiblichen Geſchlechts. Mit Zuſätzen und Anmerkungen. Leipzig 1822.

Einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w., in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Außerdem leitete er die Herausgabe des 1795 von ihm begründeten Journals der practiſchen Medicin.

Abgeſehen von ſeinen außerordentlichen Leiſtungen im Gebiete der theoretiſchen wie der practiſchen Heilkunſt, deren Würdigung außer dem Bereich der uns in dieſem Werke geſtellten Aufgabe liegt, haben wir hier ſeine Meiſterſchaft in der Darſtellung, welche ſich in ſeinen populären Schriften, namentlich in ſeiner Makrobiotik zeigt, vor Allem hervorzuheben und ſie als ein Muſter für ähnliche Arbeiten aufzuſtellen, da ſie, was die lichtvolle Entwickelung, Klarheit, Verſtändlichkeit und Anſchaulichkeit betrifft, bisher noch nicht übertroffen worden iſt.

Aus Hufeland's Makrobiotik.

Durch die ganze Natur weht und wirkt jene unbegreifliche Kraft, jener unmittelbare Ausfluß der Gottheit, den wir Leben nennen. Ueberall ſtoßen wir auf Erſcheinungen und Wirkungen, die ihre Gegenwart, obgleich in unendlich verſchiedenen Modificationen und Geſtalten, unverkennbar bezeugen, und Leben iſt der Zuruf der ganzen uns umgebenden Natur. Leben iſt's, wodurch der Stein ſich bildet und kryſtalliſirt, die Pflanze vegetirt, das Thier fühlt und wirkt; — aber im höchſten Glanz von Vollkommenheit, Fülle und Ausbildung erſcheint es in dem Menſchen, dem oberſten Gliede der ſichtbaren Schöpfung. Wir mögen die ganze Reihe der Weſen durchgehen, nirgends finden wir eine ſo vollkommene Verbindung aller lebendigen Kräfte der Natur, nirgends ſo viel Energie des Lebens, mit ſolcher Dauer vereinigt, als hier. Kein Wunder alſo, daß der vollkommenſte Beſitzer dieſes Guts auch einen ſo hohen Werth darauf ſetzt, und daß ſchon der bloße Gedanke von Leben und Sein ſo hohen Reiz für uns hat. Jeder Körper wird uns um ſo intereſſanter, je mehr wir ihm eine Art von Leben und Lebensgefühl zutrauen können. Nichts vermag ſo ſehr auf uns zu wirken, ſolche Aufopferungen zu veranlaſſen und die außerordentlichſten Entwickelungen und Anſtrengungen unſrer verborgenſten Kräfte hervorzubringen, als der Trieb es zu erhalten und in dem kritiſchen Augenblick es zu retten. Selbſt ohne Genuß und Freuden des Lebens, ſelbſt für den, der an unheilbaren Schmerzen leidet oder im dunkeln Kerker auf immer ſeine Freiheit beweint, behält der Gedanke zu ſein und zu leben noch Reiz, und es gehört ſchlechterdings eine nur bei Menſchen mögliche Zerrüttung der feinſten Empfindungsorgane, eine gänzliche Verdunklung und Tödtung des innern Sinns dazu, um das Leben gleichgültig oder gar verhaßt zu machen. — So weiſe und innig wurde Liebe des Lebens, dieſer eines denkenden Weſens ſo würdige Trieb, dieſer Grundpfeiler ſowohl der einzelnen als der öffentlichen Glückſeligkeit, mit unſerer Exiſtenz verwebt! — Sehr natürlich war es daher, daß der Gedanke in dem Menſchen aufſteigen mußte: Sollte es nicht möglich ſein, unſer Daſein zu verlängern, und dem nur gar zu flüchtigen Genuß dieſes Guts mehr Ausdehnung zu geben? Und wirklich beſchäftigte dies Problem von jeher die Menſchheit auf verſchiedene Weiſe. Es war ein Lieblingsgegenſtand der ſcharfſinnigſten Köpfe, ein Tummelplatz der Schwärmer und eine Hauptlockſpeiſe der Charlatans und Betrüger, bei denen man von jeher finden wird, daß es entweder Umgang mit Geiſtern, eine Goldmacherkunſt oder Verlängerung des Lebens war, wodurch ſie das größere Publikum angelten. Es iſt intereſſant und ein Beitrag zur Geſchichte des menſchlichen Verſtandes, zu ſehen, auf wie mannigfaltigen, ſich oft ganz entgegengeſetzten Wegen man dies Gut zu erlangen hoffte, und da ſelbſt in den neueſten Zeiten die Caglioſtros und Mesmers wichtige Beiträge dazu geliefert haben, ſo glaube ich Verzeihung zu erhalten, wenn ich eine kurze Ueberſicht der nach und nach vorgekommenen Lebensverlängerungsmethoden voranſchicke, ehe ich zu meinem Hauptgegenſtande übergehe.

Schon in den früheſten Zeiten unter Egyptern, Griechen und Römern war dieſe Idee rege, und ſchon damals verfiel man in Egypten, der Mutter ſo mancher abentheuerlichen Ideen, auf künſtliche und unnatürliche Mittel zu dieſem Zweck, wozu freilich das durch Hitze und Ueberſchwemmungen ungeſunde Klima Veranlaſſung geben mochte. Man glaubte die Erhaltung des Lebens in Brechen und Schwitzen gefunden zu haben, es wurde allgemeine Sitte, alle Monate wenigſtens zwei Brechmittel zu nehmen, und ſtatt zu ſagen, wie befindeſt du dich, fragte man einander: Wie ſchwitzeſt du! —

Ganz anders bildete ſich dieſer Trieb bei den Griechen, unter dem Einfluſſe einer reinen und ſchönen Natur, aus. Man überzeugte ſich ſehr bald, daß gerade ein vernünftiger Genuß der Natur und die beſtändige Uebung unſerer Kräfte das ſicherſte Mittel ſei, die Lebenskraft zu ſtärken und unſer Leben zu verlängern. **Hippokrates** und alle damaligen Philoſophen und Aerzte kennen keine andern Mittel als Mäßigkeit, Genuß der freien und reinen Luft, Bäder und vorzüglich das tägliche Reiben des Körpers und Leibesübung. Auf letztere ſetzten ſie ihr größtes Vertrauen. Es wurden einige Methoden und Regeln beſtimmt, dem Körper mannigfaltige, ſtarke und ſchwache Bewegung zu geben; es entſtand eine eigene Kunſt der Leibesübung, die **Gymnaſtik**, daraus, und der größte Philoſoph und Gelehrte vergaß nie, daß Uebung des Leibes und Uebung der Seele immer in gleichem Verhältniß bleiben müßten. Man brachte es wirklich zu einer außerordentlichen Vollkommenheit, dieſe für uns faſt verſchwundene Kunſt den verſchiedenen Naturen, Situationen und Bedürfniſſen der Menſchen anzupaſſen, und ſie beſonders zu dem Mittel zu gebrauchen, die innere Natur des Menſchen immer in einer gehörigen Thätigkeit zu erhalten, und dadurch nicht nur Krankheitsurſachen unwirkſam zu machen, ſondern auch ſelbſt ſchon ausgebrochene Krankheiten zu heilen. Ein gewiſſer **Herodicus** ging ſo weit, daß er ſogar ſeine Patienten nöthigte ſpazieren zu gehen, ſich reiben zu laſſen und, jemehr die Krankheit abmattete, deſto mehr durch Anſtrengung der Muskelkräfte dieſe Mattigkeit zu überwältigen; und er hatte das Glück, durch ſeine Methode ſo vielen ſchwächlichen Menſchen das Leben viele Jahre zu verlängern, daß ihm ſogar **Plato** den Vorwurf machte, er habe ſehr ungerecht gegen dieſe armen Leute gehandelt, durch ſeine Kunſt ihr immer ſterbendes Leben bis ins Alter zu verlängern. Die beſten und naturgemäßeſten Ideen über die Erhaltung und Verlängerung des Lebens finden wir beim **Plutarch**, der durch das glücklichſte Alter die Wahrheit ſeiner Vorſchriften beſtätigte. Schon er ſchließt ſeinen Unterricht mit folgenden auch für unſere Zeiten gültigen Regeln: den Kopf kalt und die Füße warm zu halten; anſtatt bei jeder Unpäßlichkeit gleich Arzneien zu brauchen, lieber erſt einen Tag zu faſten, und über dem Geiſt nie den Leib zu vergeſſen.

Eine ſonderbare Methode, das Leben im Alter zu verlängern, die ſich ebenfalls aus den früheſten Zeiten herſchreibt, war die **Gerokomie**, die Gewohnheit, einen alten abgelebten Körper durch die nahe Atmoſphäre friſcher aufblühender Jugend zu verjüngen und zu erhalten. Das bekannteſte Beiſpiel davon enthält die Geſchichte des Königs **David**; aber man findet in den Schriften der Aerzte mehrere Spuren, daß es damals eine ſehr gewöhnliche und beliebte Hülfe des Alters war. Selbſt in neuern Zeiten iſt dieſer Rath mit Nutzen befolgt worden; der große **Boerhave** ließ einen alten amſterdamer Bürgermeiſter zwiſchen zwei jungen Leuten ſchlafen, und verſichert, der Alte habe dadurch ſichtbar an Munterkeit und Kräften zugenommen. Und gewiß, wenn man bedenkt, was der Lebensdunſt friſch aufgeſchnittener Thiere auf gelähmte Glieder, was das Auflegen lebendiger Thiere auf ſchmerzhafte Uebel vermag, ſo ſcheint dieſe Methode nicht verwerflich zu ſein.

Höchſt wahrſcheinlich gründete ſich auf dieſe Ideen der hohe Werth, den man bei Römern und Griechen auf das Anwehen eines reinen geſunden Athems ſetzte. Es gehört hierher eine alte Inſchrift, die man im vorigen Jahrhundert zu Rom fand, und ſo lautet:

Aesculapio et Sanitati
L. Clodius Hermippus
Qui vixit Annos CXV. Dies V.
Puellarum Anhelitu
Quod etiam post mortem ejus
Non parum mirantur Physici.
Iam posteri, sic vitam ducite.

Dem Aeſkulap und der Geſundheit
geweiht
von L. Clodius Hermippus
der 115 Jahre und 5 Tage lebte
durch den Athem junger Mädchen u. ſ. w.

Dieſe Inſchrift mag nun ächt ſeyn oder nicht; genug ſie veranlaßte noch zu Anfang dieſes Jahrhunderts eine Schrift, worin ein Doctor **Cohauſen** ſehr gelehrt beweiſet, dieſer **Hermippus** ſei ein Waiſenhausvorſteher oder Mädchenſchulmeiſter zu Rom geweſen, der beſtändig in dem Zirkel kleiner Mädchen gelebt, und eben dadurch ſein Leben ſo weit verlängert habe. Er giebt daher den wohlmeinenden Rath, ſich nur alle Morgen und Abende von kleinen unſchuldigen Mädchen anhauchen zu laſſen, und verſichert zu ſein, daß man dadurch zur Stärkung und Erhaltung der Lebenskräfte unglaublich viel beitragen werde, indem ſelbſt nach dem Ausſpruche der Adepten, in dem Hauche der Unſchuld die erſte Materie am reinſten enthalten wäre.

Aber am ergiebigſten an neuen und abenteuerlichen Ideen über dieſe Materie war jene tauſendjährige Nacht des Mittelalters, wo Schwärmerei und Aberglauben alle reinen naturgemäßen Begriffe verbannten, wo zuerſt der ſpeculative Müßiggang der Klöſter die und jene chemiſche und phyſiſche Erfindung veranlaßte, aber dieſelben mehr zur Verwirrung als zur Aufhellung der Begriffe, mehr zur Beförderung des Aberglaubens als zur Berichtigung der Erkenntniß nutzte. Dieſe Nacht iſt's, in der die monſtröſeſten Geburten des menſchlichen Geiſtes ausgebrütet, und jene abentheuerlichen Ideen von Bezauberung, Sympathie der Körper, Stein der Weiſen, geheimen Kräften, Chiromantie, Kabala, Univerſalmedicin u. ſ. w. in die Welt geſetzt oder wenigſtens ausgebildet wurden, die leider noch immer nicht außer Cours ſind, und nur in veränderten und moderniſirten Geſtalten immer noch zur Verführung des Menſchengeſchlechts dienen. In dieſer Geiſtesfinſterniß erzeugte ſich nun auch der Glaube, daß die Erhaltung und Verlängerung des Lebens, die man zeither als ein Geſchenk der Natur auch durch die natürlichſten Mittel geſucht hatte, durch chemiſche Verwandlungen, durch Hülfe der erſten Materie, die man in Deſtillirkolben gefangen zu haben meinte, durch Vermeidung böſer Conſtellationen und ähnlichen Unſinn erhalten werden könnte. Es ſei mir erlaubt, einige dieſer an die Menſchheit ergangenen Vorſchläge, die trotz ihrer Ungereimtheit dennoch Glauben fanden, nahmhaft zu machen.

Einer der unverſchämteſten Charlatans und hochprahlenden Lebensverlängerer war **Theophraſtus Paracelſus**, oder, wie ſein ganzer, ihn charakteriſirender Name hieß, **Philippus Aureolus Theophraſtus Paracelſus Bombaſtus ab Hohenheim**. Er war die halbe Welt durchreiſt, hatte aus allen Orten und Enden Recepte und Wundermittel zuſammengetragen, und beſonders, was damals noch ſelten war, in den Bergwerken Kenntniß und Behandlung der Metalle ſtudirt. Er fing ſeine Laufbahn damit an, alles niederzureißen, was bisher gelehrt worden war, alle hohen Schulen mit der größten Verachtung zu behandeln, ſich als den erſten Philoſophen und Arzt der Welt zu präſentiren, und heilig zu verſichern, daß keine Krankheit ſei, die er nicht heilen, kein Leben, das er nicht verlängern könnte. Zur Probe ſeiner Inſolenz und des Tons, in dem die Charlatans des 15ten Jahrhunderts ihr Publikum anredeten, will ich nur den Anfang ſeines Hauptwerks anführen: „Ihr müſſet mir nach, ich nicht euch, ihr mir nach, Avicenna, Rhaſes, Galen, Meſue, mir nach und nicht ich euch, ihr von Paris, ihr von Montpellier, ihr von Schwaben, ihr von Meiſſen, ihr von Köln, ihr von Wien, und was an der Donau und dem Rheinſtrom liegt, ihr Inſeln im Meer, du Italien, du Dalmatien, du Athen, du Grieche, du Araber, du Iſraelite, mir nach und ich nicht euch. Mein iſt die Monarchey!“ Man ſieht, daß er nicht Unrecht hatte, wenn er von ſich ſagt: „Von der Natur bin ich nicht ſubtil geſponnen; es iſt auch nicht unſere Landesart, die wir unter Tannzapfen aufwachſen.“ Aber er hatte die Gabe, ſeinen Unſinn in einer ſo dunkeln und myſtiſchen Sprache vorzutragen, daß man die tiefſten Geheimniſſe darin ahnete, und noch hie und da darinnen ſucht, und daß es wenigſtens ganz unmöglich war, ihn zu widerlegen. Durch Alles dieß und durch die neuen auffallenden Wirkungen einiger chemiſchen Mittel, die er zuerſt in die Medicin verpflanzte, machte er erſtaunliche Senſation, und ſein Ruf wurde ſo verbreitet, daß aus ganz Europa Schüler und Patienten zu ihm ſtrömten, und daß ſelbſt ein Erasmus ſich entſchließen konnte, ihn zu conſultiren. Er ſtarb im 50ſten Jahre, ohnerachtet er den Stein der Unſterblichkeit beſaß, und wenn man dieſen vegetabiliſchen Schwefel genauer unterſucht, ſo findet man, daß er weiter nichts war, als ein hitziges, dem Hofmanniſchen Liquor gleiches Mittel.

Aber nicht genug, daß man die Chemie und die Geheimniſſe des Geiſterreichs aufbot, um unſere Tage zu verlängern, ſelbſt die Geſtirne mußten dazu benutzt werden. Es wurde damals allgemeiner Glaube, daß der Einfluß der Geſtirne (die man ſich doch nicht ganz müßig denken konnte) Leben und Schickſale der Menſchen regiere, daß jeder Planet und jede Conſtellation derſelben der ganzen Exiſtenz des darin erzeugten Weſens eine gewiſſe Richtung zum Böſen oder Guten geben könne, und daß folglich ein Aſtrolog nur die Stunde und Minute der Geburt zu wiſſen brauche, um das Temperament, die Geiſtesfähigkeiten, die Schickſale, die Krankheiten, die Art des Todes und auch den Tag deſſelben beſtimmen zu können. — Dieß war der Glaube nicht bloß des großen Haufens, ſondern der größten, verſtändigſten und einſichtsvollſten Perſonen der damaligen Zeit, und es iſt zum Erſtaunen, wie lange und wie feſt man daran hing, ohnerachtet es nicht an Beiſpielen fehlen konnte, wo die Prophezeiung fehlſchlug. Biſchöfe, hohe Geiſtliche, berühmte Philoſophen und Aerzte gaben ſich mit dem Nativitätſtellen ab, man las ſogar auf Univerſitäten Collegia darüber, ſo gut wie über die Punctirkunſt und Kabala. Zum Beweiſe erlaube man mir ein Paar Worte von dem berühmten Thurneiſen, dem glänzendſten Phänomen dieſer Art, und einem wirklich ausgezeichneten Menſchen, zu ſagen. Er lebte im vorigen Jahrhundert an dem kurfürſtlichen Hofe zu Berlin, und war Leibarzt, Chemiſt, Raritätſteller, Kalendermacher, Buchdrucker und Buchhändler, alles in einer Perſon. Seine Reputation in der Aſtrologie war ſo groß, daß faſt in keinem angeſehenen Hauſe in Teutſchland, Polen und Ungarn, Dänemark, ja ſelbſt in England ein Kind geboren wurde, wo man nicht ſogleich einen Boten mit der Beſtimmung der Geburtsſtunde an ihn abſendete. Es kamen oft 8, 10 bis 12 ſolche Geburtsſtunden auf einmal bei ihm an, und er wurde zuletzt ſo überhäuft, daß er ſich Gehülfen zu dieſem Geſchäfte halten mußte. Noch befinden ſich viele Bände ſolcher Anfragen auf der Bibliothek zu Berlin, in denen ſogar Briefe von der Königin Eliſabeth erſcheinen. Außerdem ſchrieb er noch jährlich einen aſtrologiſchen Kalender, in welchem nicht nur die Natur des Jahres überhaupt, ſondern auch die Hauptbegebenheiten und die Tage derſelben mit kurzen Worten oder Zeichen angegeben waren. Freilich lieferte er gewöhnlich die Auslegung erſt das Jahr darnach; doch findet man auch Beiſpiele, daß er ſich durch Geld und gute Worte bewegen ließ, dieſelbe im voraus mitzutheilen. Und bewundern muß man, was die Kunſt der unbeſtimmten prophetiſchen Diction und die Gefälligkeit des Zufalls thun können; der Kalender erhielt ſich über 20 Jahre, hatte reißenden Abgang, und verſchaffte nebſt andern Charlatanerien dem Verfaſſer ein Vermögen von einigen 100,000 Gulden.

Aber wie konnte man in einer Kunſt, die dem Leben der Menſchen ſo beſtimmte und unvermeidliche Grenzen ſetzte, Mittel zur Verlängerung deſſelben finden! Dies geſchah auf folgende ſinnreiche Art: Man nahm an, daß eben ſo wie jeder Menſch unter dem Einfluß eines gewiſſen Geſtirnes ſtände, eben ſo habe auch jeder andere Körper, Pflanzen, Thiere, ſogar ganze Länder und einzelne Häuſer, ein jegliches ſein eignes Geſtirn, von dem es regiert würde, und beſonders war zwiſchen den Planeten und Metallen ein genauer Zuſammenhang und Sympathie. Sobald man alſo wußte, von welchen Conſtellationen und Geſtirnen das Unglück und die Krankheiten eines Menſchen herrührten, ſo hatte er weiter nichts nöthig, als ſich lauter ſolcher Speiſen, Getränke und Wohnungen zu bedienen, die von den entgegengeſetzten Planeten beherrſcht wurden. Dies gab eine ganz neue Diätetik, aber freilich von ganz anderer Art als jene griechiſche. Kam nun ein Tag vor, der durch ſeine beſonders unglückliche Conſtellation eine ſchwere Krankheit u. dgl. fürchten ließ, ſo begab man ſich an einen Ort, der unter einem freundlichen Geſtirn ſtand, oder man nahm ſolche Nahrungsmittel und Arzneien zu ſich, die unter der Protection eines guten Geſtirns den Einfluß des böſen zu nichte machen *). Aus eben dieſem Grunde hoffte man die Verlängerung des Lebens durch Talismans und Amulete. Weil die Metalle mit den Planeten in genaueſter Verbindung ſtanden, ſo war es genug, einen Talisman an ſich zu tragen, der unter gewiſſen Conſtellationen aus paſſenden Metallen geſchmolzen, gegoſſen und geprägt war, um ſich die ganze Kraft und Protection der damit verbundenen Planeten eigen zu machen. Man hatte alſo nicht nur Talismans, die die Krankheiten eines Planeten abwendeten, ſondern auch Talismans für alle aſtraliſche Krankheiten, ja auch ſolche, die durch eine beſondere Vermiſchung verſchiedener Metalle und eigene Künſte bei Schmelzung derſelben die wunderbare Kraft erhielten, den ganzen Einfluß einer unglücklichen Geburtsſtunde aufzuheben, zu Ehrenſtellen zu befördern, und in Handels- und Heirathsgeſchäften gute Dienſte zu leiſten. — War Mars im Zeichen des Scorpions darauf geprägt und ſie in dieſer Conſtellation gegoſſen, ſo machten ſie ſiegreich und unverwundbar im Kriege, und die teutſchen Soldaten waren von dieſer Idee ſo eingenommen, daß von einer Niederlage derſelben in Frankreich ein franzöſiſcher Schriftſteller erzählt, man habe bei allen Todten und Gefangenen Amulete am Halſe hängend gefunden. Aber die Bilder der Planetgottheiten durften in dieſer Abſicht durchaus keine antike Form, ſondern eine myſtiſche abentheuerliche Geſtalt und Tracht haben. Man hat noch eines gegen die Jovialiſchen Krankheiten mit dem Bildniſſe des Jupiters. Hier ſieht Jupiter völlig ſo aus, wie ein alter wittenberger oder baſeler Profeſſor. Es iſt ein bärtiger Mann in einem weiten mit Pelz gefütterten Ueberrock, hält in der einen Hand ein aufgeſchlagenes Buch, und docirt mit der Rechten. — Ich würde mich nicht ſo lange bei dieſer Materie aufgehalten haben, wenn nicht dieſe Grille voriger Jahrhunderte noch vor wenig Jahren von Caglioſtro wieder in Gang gebracht worden wäre, und noch in dem letzten Viertheil des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts hie und da Beifall gefunden hätte.

Je ungereimter und verworrener die damaligen Begriffe waren, deſto ſchätzbarer muß uns das Andenken eines Mannes ſein, der ſich glücklich aus denſelben herauszuwinden und die Kunſt, ſein Leben zu verlängern, auf dem Wege der Natur und der Mäßigkeit zu finden wußte. Cornaro, der Italiener, wars, der durch die einfachſte und ſtrengſte Diät, und durch eine beiſpielloſe Beharrlichkeit in derſelben, ſich ein glückliches und hohes Alter verſchaffte, daß ihm reichliche Belohnung ſeiner Entſagung, und der Nachwelt ein lehrreiches Beiſpiel gab. Nicht ohne Theilnahme und freudiges Mitgefühl kann man den drei und achtzigjährigen Greis die Geſchichte ſeines Lebens und ſeiner Erhaltung beſchreiben, und alle die Heiterkeit und Zufriedenheit preiſen hören, die er ſeiner Lebensart verdankt. Er hatte bis in ſein vierzigſtes Jahr ein ſchwelgeriſches Leben geführt, war beſtändig krank an Koliken, Gliederſchmerzen und Fieber, und kam durch letzteres endlich dahin, daß ihm ſeine Aerzte verſicherten, er werde nicht viel über 2 Monate mehr leben, alle Arzneien ſeien vergebens, und das einzige Mittel für ihn ſei eine ſparſame Diät. Er folgte dieſem Rath, bemerkte ſchon nach einigen Tagen Beſſerung, und nach Verlauf eines Jahres war er nicht nur völlig hergeſtellt, ſondern geſünder als er je in ſeinem Leben geweſen war. Er beſchloß alſo, ſich noch mehr einzuſchränken, und ſchlechterdings nicht mehr zu genießen, als was zur Subſiſtenz unentbehrlich wäre, und ſo nahm er denn 60 ganzer Jahre hindurch täglich nicht mehr als 24 Loth Speiſe (Alles mit eingeſchloſſen) und 26 Loth Getränk zu ſich. Dabei vermied er auch ſtarke Erhitzungen, Erkältungen und Leidenſchaften, und durch dieſe ſich immer gleiche gemäßigte Diät erhielt nicht nur ſein Körper ſondern auch die Seele ein ſo beſtimmtes Gleichgewicht, daß nichts ihn erſchüttern konnte. In ſeinem hohen Alter verlor er einen wichtigen Proceß, worüber ſich zwei ſeiner Brüder zu Tode grämten, er blieb gelaſſen und geſund; er wurde mit dem Wagen umgeworfen, und von den Pferden geſchleift, daß er Arm und Fuß ausrenkte, er ließ ſie wieder einrichten, und ohne ſonſt etwas zu brauchen war er in Kurzem wieder hergeſtellt. — Aber am merkwürdigſten und beweiſend, wie gefährlich die geringſte Abweichung von einer langen Gewohnheit werden kann, war folgendes. Als er 80 Jahre alt war, drangen ſeine Freunde in ihn, doch nun, da ſein Alter mehr Unterſtützung brauchte, ſeiner Nahrung etwas zuzuſetzen. Er ſah zwar wohl ein, daß mit der allgemeinen Abnahme der Kräfte auch die Verdauungskraft abnehmen, und man im Alter die Nahrung eher vermindern als vermehren müßte. Doch gab er nach und erhöhete ſeine Speiſe auf 28 und ſein Getränk auf 32 Loth. „Kaum hatte ich,“ ſagte er ſelbſt, „dieſe Lebensart 10 Tage fortgeſetzt, als ich anfing, ſtatt meiner vorigen Munterkeit und Fröhlichkeit, kleinmüthig, verdroſſen mir und andern läſtig zu werden. Am zwölften Tage überfiel mich ein Schmerz in der Seite, der 24 Stunden anhielt, und nun erfolgte ein Fieber, das 35 Tage in ſolcher Stärke fortdauerte, daß man an meinem Leben zweifelte. Aber durch Gottes Gnade und meine vorige Diät erholte ich mich wieder, und genieße nun in meinem 83ſten Jahre den munterſten Leibes- und Seelenzuſtand. Ich ſteige von der Erden auf mein Pferd, ich klettre ſteile Anhöhen hinauf, und habe erſt kürzlich ein Luſtſpiel voll von unſchuldiger Freude und Scherz beſchrieben. Wenn ich von meinen Privatgeſchäften oder aus dem Senate nach Hauſe komme, ſo finde ich 11 Enkel, deren Auferziehung, Zeitvertreib und Geſänge die Freude meines Alters ſind. Oft ſinge ich ſelbſt mit ihnen, denn meine Stimme iſt jetzt klarer und ſtärker, als ſie je in meiner Jugend war, und ich weiß nichts von den Beſchwerden und den mürriſchen und ungenießbaren Launen, die ſo oft das Loos des Alters ſind.“ In dieſer glücklichen Stimmung erreichte er das hundertſte Jahr, aber ſein Beiſpiel iſt ohne Nachfolge geblieben *).

Es war eine Zeit, wo man in Frankreich den Werth des Bluts ſo wenig zu kennen ſchien, daß man König Ludwig XIII.

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*) Marſilius Ficinus ermahnte damals in ſeiner Abhandlung über Verlängerung des Lebens alle vorſichtigen Leute, alle 7 Jahre einen Sterndeuter um Rath zu fragen, um über die etwa in den folgenden 7 Jahren drohenden Gefahren Nachricht einzuziehen, und vorzüglich die Mittel der heil. 3 Könige, Gold, Weihrauch und Myrrhen zu reſpectiren und gehörig zu gebrauchen. — M. Panſa dedicirte im Jahre 1470 dem Rathe zu Leipzig ein Buch De proroganda vita: Aureus libellus, worin er den Herren ſehr angelegentlich räth, ſich vor allen Dingen ihre günſtigen und ungünſtigen [illegible] bekannt zu machen, und alle 7 Jahre auf der Hut zu ſein, weil dann Saturn, ein böſer, feindſeliger Planet, herrſche.

*) Auch möchte ich recht ſehr bitten, ehe man dieſe Diät im ſtrengſten Sinne anfängt, erſt ſeinen Arzt zu conſuliren. Denn nicht Jedem iſt es heilſam, die Abhärtung ſo weit zu treiben.

in den letzten 10 Monaten ſeines Lebens 47 Mal zur Ader ließ, und ihm noch überdieß 215 Purganzen und 210 Lavements gab, und gerade da ſuchte man durch einen ganz entgegengeſetzten Proceß, durch Einfüllung eines friſchen jungen Bluts in die Adern, das Leben der Menſchen zu verjüngen, zu verlängern und incurable Krankheiten zu heilen. Man nannte dies Transfuſion, und die Methode war dieſe, daß man zwei Blutadern öffnete, und vermittelſt eines Röhrchens das Blut aus der Pulsader eines andern lebenden Geſchöpfes in die eine leitete, während man durch die andere Aderöffnung das alte Blut auslaufen ließ. Man hatte in England einige glückliche Verſuche an Thieren gemacht, und wirklich einigen alten lahmen und tauben Geſchöpfen, Schafen, Kälbern und Pferden, durch die Anfüllung mit dem Blute eines jungen Thiers, Gehör, Beweglichkeit und Munterkeit, wenigſtens auf einige Zeit wieder verſchafft; ja man unternahm es, furchtſame Geſchöpfe durch das Blut eines wilden grauſamen Geſchöpfs kühn zu machen. Hierdurch aufgemuntert trug man kein Bedenken, auch Menſchen auf dieſe Weiſe zu reſtauriren. Dr. Denis und Riva zu Paris waren ſo glücklich, einen jungen Menſchen, der an einer unheilbaren Schlafſucht litt (in der man ihm gleichfalls 20 Mal zur Ader gelaſſen hatte) durch die Anfüllung mit Lammsblut, und einen Wahnſinnigen durch die Vertauſchung ſeines Bluts mit Kalbsblut völlig herzuſtellen. Aber da man nur die unheilbarſten und elendeſten Menſchen dazu nahm, ſo trug ſichs bald zu, daß einige unter der Operation ſtarben, und ſeitdem hat es niemand wieder gewagt. Doch iſt ſie an Thieren auch hier in Jena ſehr glücklich ausgeführt worden; und in der That ſollte ſie nicht ganz verworfen werden; denn obſchon das eingelaſſene fremde Blut in Kurzem in das unſrige verwandelt werden muß, und alſo zur Verjüngung und Verlängerung des Lebens nicht viel davon zu hoffen ſein möchte, ſo müßte doch bei gewiſſen Krankheiten, beſonders der Seele und des Nervenſyſtems, der plötzliche ungewohnte Eindruck eines neuen Bluts auf die edelſten Lebensorgane, eine große und heilſame Revolution bewirken können.

Selbſt der große Baco, deſſen Genie alles Wiſſen umfaßte, und der dem ſo lange irre geführten menſchlichen Geiſte zuerſt die Bahn vorzeichnete, die Wahrheit wieder zu finden, ſelbſt dieſer große Mann fand das Problem der Verlängerung des Lebens ſeiner Aufmerkſamkeit und Unterſuchung würdig. Seine Ideen ſind kühn und neu. Er denkt ſich das Leben als eine Flamme, die beſtändig von der umgebenden Luft conſumirt wird. Jeder, auch der härteſte, Körper wird am Ende durch dieſe beſtändige feine Verdunſtung aufgelöſet und verzehrt. Er zieht daraus den Schluß, daß durch Verhütung dieſer Conſumtion und durch eine von Zeit zu Zeit unternommene Erneuerung unſerer Säfte das Leben verlängert werden könne. Zur Verhütung der Conſumtion von außen empfiehlt er beſonders kühle Bäder und das bei den Alten ſo beliebte Einreiben von Oel und Salben nach dem Bade; zur Verminderung der Conſumtion von innen Gemüthsruhe, eine kühle Diät und den Gebrauch des Opiums und der Opiatmittel, wodurch die ſo große Lebhaftigkeit der innern Bewegungen gemäßigt und das damit verbundene Aufreiben retardirt würde. Um aber bei zunehmenden Jahren die unvermeidliche Vertrocknung und Verderbniß der Säfte zu verbeſſern, hält er für das beſte, alle 2 bis 3 Jahre einen Renovationsproceß mit ſich vorzunehmen, der darin beſteht, daß man durch magere Diät und ausleerende Mittel erſt den Körper von allen alten und verdorbenen Säften befreie, und dann durch eine ausgeſuchte erfriſchende und nahrhafte Diät und ſtärkende Bäder die durſtigen Gefäße wieder mit belebenden Säften anfülle, und ſich alſo von Zeit zu Zeit im eigentlichſten Verſtande erneue und verjünge. — Das Wahre, was in dieſen Ideen liegt, iſt nicht zu verkennen; und mit einigen Modificationen würde ſie immer anwendbar ſein.

In den neueſten Zeiten hat man leider mehr Progreſſen in den Künſten, das Leben zu verkürzen, als in der, es zu verlängern, gemacht. Charlatans genug ſind erſchienen und erſcheinen noch täglich, die durch aſtraliſche Salze, Goldtincturen, Wunder- und Luftſalzeſſenzen, himmliſche Betten und magnetiſche Zauberkräfte den Lauf der Natur zu hemmen verſprechen. Aber man fand nur zu bald, daß der berühmte Thee zum langen Leben des Grafen St. Germain ein ſehr alltägliches Gemiſch von Sandelholz, Senesblättern und Fenchel, das angebetete Lebenselixir Caglioſtro's ein ganz gewöhnliches, nur ſehr hitziges Magenelixir, die Wunderkraft des Magnetismus aus Imagination, Nervenreiz und Sinnlichkeit zuſammengeſetzt war, und die geprieſenen Luftſalze und Goldtincturen mehr auf das Leben ihrer Erfinder, als jener, die ſie einnahmen, berechnet waren.

Beſonders verdient die Erſcheinung des Magnetismus in dieſer Sammlung noch einige Erwähnung. Ein heruntergekommener und unbedeutender, aber ſchwärmeriſcher und wahrſcheinlich nicht ſowohl von unſichtbaren Kräften, als von unſichtbaren Obern geleiteter Arzt, Mesmer, fiel endlich auf den Gedanken, künſtliche Magnete zu machen, und dieſe als ſouveraine Mittel gegen eine Menge Krankheiten, Lähmung, Gichtflüſſe, Zahnweh, Kopfweh u. dgl. zu verkaufen. Da er merkte, daß dies glückte, ſo ging er weiter, und verſicherte, daß er nun gar keine künſtlichen Magnete mehr nöthig hätte, ſondern daß er ſelbſt der große Magnet ſei, der die Welt magnetiſiren ſollte. — Seine eigene Perſon war ſo mit magnetiſcher Kraft angefüllt, daß er durch Berührung, durch Ausſtreckung ſeines Fingers, ja durch bloßes Anſchauen dieſelbe andern mittheilen zu können verſicherte. Er führte wirkliche Beiſpiele von Perſonen an, die durch Berührung von ihm, ja durch ſeine bloßen Blicke verſicherten, Empfindungen bekommen zu haben, als wenn man ſie mit einem Stock oder mit einem Eiſen geſchlagen hätte. Dieſe ſonderbare Kraft nannte er nun animaliſchen Magnetismus, und vereinigte unter dieſer ſeltſamen Benennung Alles, was der Menſchheit am meiſten am Herzen liegt, Weisheit, Leben und Geſundheit, die er dadurch nach Belieben mittheilen und verbreiten konnte.

Da man das Unweſen in Wien nicht länger dulden wollte, ſo ging er nach Paris, und hier nahm es nun erſt ſeinen rechten Anfang. Er hatte erſtaunlichen Zulauf; Alles wollte von ihm geheilt ſein, Alles wollte einen Theil ſeiner Kraft mitgetheilt haben, um auch Wunder wirken zu können. Er errichtete eigne geheime Geſellſchaften, wo ein jeder Novize 100 Louisd'or erlegen mußte, und äußerte endlich ganz laut, daß er der Mann ſei, den die Vorſehung zum großen Erneuerungsgeſchäfte der ſo ſichtbar hinwelkenden menſchlichen Natur erwählt habe. Zum Beweis will ich Ihnen nur folgenden Zuruf mittheilen, den er durch einen ſeiner Apoſtel, den Pater Hervier, ans Publikum ergehen ließ. „Seht eine Entdeckung, die dem Menſchengeſchlechte unſchätzbare Vortheile und ihrem Erfinder ewigen Ruhm bringen wird! Seht eine allgemeine Revolution! Andere Menſchen werden die Erde bewohnen; ſie werden durch keine Schwachheiten in ihrer Laufbahn aufgehalten werden, und unſre Uebel nur aus der Erzählung kennen! Die Mütter werden weniger von den Gefahren der Schwangerſchaft und den Schmerzen der Geburt leiden, werden ſtärkere Kinder zur Welt bringen, die die Thätigkeit, Energie und Anmuth der Urwelt erhalten werden. Thiere und Pflanzen, gleich empfänglich für die magnetiſche Kraft, werden frei von Krankheiten ſein; die Heerden werden ſich leichter vermehren, die Gewächſe in unſern Gärten werden mehr Kräfte haben und die Bäume ſchönere Früchte geben, der menſchliche Geiſt, im Beſitz dieſes Weſens, wird vielleicht der Natur noch wunderbarere Wirkungen gebieten. — Wer kann wiſſen, wie weit ſich ſein Einfluß erſtrecken wird?"

Man ſollte meinen, einen Traum aus dem tauſendjährigen Reiche zu hören. Und dieſe ganz pomphaften Verſprechungen und Ausſichten verſchwanden, als eine Commiſſion, an deren Spitze Franklin ſtand, das Weſen des Magnetismus genauer unterſuchte. — Der Nebel verſchwand, und es iſt nun von dem ganzen Blendwerk weiter nichts übrig geblieben, als die animaliſche Elektricität und die Ueberzeugung, daß ſolche, durch gewiſſe Arten von Streichen und Manipuliren des Körpers in Bewegung geſetzt werden kann, aber gewiß ohne Beihülfe von Nervenſchwäche und Schwärmerei nie jene wunderbaren Phänomene hervorbringen wird, noch weniger im Stande ſein kann, das menſchliche Leben zu verlängern.

Um die nämliche Zeit erſchien Dr. Graham mit ſeinem celeſtial bed, einem Bette, welches die wunderbare Eigenſchaft haben ſollte, den darin Liegenden mit neuer Lebenskraft zu imprägniren, und inſonderheit die Procreationskraft bis zu dem gewünſchten Ziel zu erhöhen. Aber dies wunderbare himmliſche Bett hat ſelbſt ſo wenig Lebensdauer gehabt, daß es ſehr bald unter den Händen unbarmherziger Schuldner ſein Ende fand, und ſtückweiſe in einer öffentlichen Auction verſteigert wurde, bei welcher Gelegenheit ſichs dann zeigte, daß das ganze Geheimniß in einer Verbindung von elektriſchen Einſtrömungen und den concentrirten Wirkungen ſinnlicher Reize, wohlriechender Düfte, der Töne der Harmonica u. ſ. w. beſtand, wodurch zwar wohl eine Nacht voll erhöheter Sinnlichkeit und Lebensgenuß, aber auch eine deſto ſchnellere Erſchöpfung der Lebenskraft und gewiſſe Verkürzung des Lebens bewirkt werden mußte.

Faſt ſchien es, als wolle man jene Idee ganz den Charlatans überlaſſen, um ſo mehr, da der aufgeklärtere Theil ſich für die Unmöglichkeit dieſer Erfindung dadurch entſchädigte, daß er die Länge des Lebens nicht in der Zahl der Tage, ſondern in dem Gebrauch und Genuß deſſelben fand.

Da aber dies doch unmöglich für einerlei gelten kann, und da ſich in neuern Zeiten unſere Einſichten in die Natur des organiſchen Lebens und der dazu nöthigen Bedingungen ſo ſehr vervollkommnet und berichtigt haben, ſo iſt es wohl der Mühe werth, dieſe beſſern Kenntniſſe zur Entwickelung eines ſo wichtigen Gegenſtandes zu verarbeiten, und die Methode, das Leben zu verlängern, ſo auf die Principien der animaliſchen Phyſik zu gründen, daß nicht allein eine beſtimmtere Richtſchnur des Lebens daraus entſtehe, ſondern auch, was kein unwichtiger Nebennutzen ſein wird, dieſer Gegenſtand ins Künftige den Schwärmern und Betrügern unbrauchbar gemacht werde, die bekanntlich ihr Weſen in einem ſcientifiſchen Gebiet nur ſo lange treiben können, als es noch nicht durch die Fackel gründlicher Unterſuchung erleuchtet iſt.

Wilhelm Friedrich Hufnagel

ward am 15. Juni 1754 zu Schwäbiſch-Hall geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Theologie und Philoſophie auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeines Vaterlandes und hielt ſeit 1779 als Dr. und Profeſſor der Philoſophie Vorleſungen zu Erlangen, womit er ſeit 1782 die theologiſche Doctorwürde und Profeſſur verband. 1791 kam er als Senior des geiſtlichen Miniſteriums nach Frankfurt am Main, legte aber 1823 ſeine öffentlichen Würden nieder und lebte bis an ſeinen Tod als Privatmann daſelbſt. Er ſtarb am 7. Februar 1830.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ueber den erſten Religionsunterricht. Erlangen 1784.

Einige Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1791.

Predigtentwürfe. Frankfurt 1792 — 1805, 13 Jahrgänge.

Reiſe von Frankfurt nach Karlsbad und Franzensbrunnen. Erlangen 1799.

Predigten an chriſtlichen Feſttagen. Frankfurt 1818.

Predigten über Ausſprüche Jeſu. Ebendaſ. 1820.

Ueber den evangeliſchen Glauben an Gott. Ebendaſ. 1821.

Ein ſeiner Zeit höchſt geachteter Theolog, der beſonders als practiſcher Geiſtlicher ſegensreich wirkte und ſich durch ſeine trefflichen Kanzelreden großen Beifall erwarb.

Karl Dietrich Hüllmann

ward am 10. September 1765 zu Erdeborn im Mansfeldiſchen geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Philoſophie und kam nach ſeiner Promotion zum Dr. philosophiae 1792 als Lehrer an die Kloſterſchule zu Bergen bei Magdeburg, von wo er zuerſt nach Berlin an die dortige Realſchule und 1796 als Privatdocent nach Frankfurt an der Oder abging. Hier erhielt er 1798 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur, wurde dann 1808 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Königsberg berufen, wo er ſeit 1809 zugleich die Oberinſpection des Collegii Albertini verwaltete. In gleicher Eigenſchaft ward er 1818 nach Bonn verſetzt und ſpäter mit dem Ritterkreuz des rothen Adlerordens 3. Cl. und 1828 mit dem Titel eines geheimen Regierungsrathes beehrt.

Er ſchrieb:

Hiſtoriſch-kritiſcher Verſuch über die lamaiſche Religion. Berlin 1795.

Geſchichte der Mongolen. Ebendaſ. 1796.

Geſchichte von Dänemark. Ebendaſ. 1796.

Geſchichte von Schweden. Warſchau 1797.

Theogonie. Berlin 1804.

Deutſche Finanzgeſchichte des Mittelalters. Ebendaſ. 1805.

Geſchichte des Urſprungs der Regalien. Ebendaſ. 1806.

Geſchichte des Urſprungs der Stände in Deutſchland. Ebendaſ. 1806 — 1808; 2. Ausg. 1817, 3 Bde.

Geſchichte der Domainenbenutzung. Ebendaſ. 1807.

Geſchichte des byzantiniſchen Handels. Ebendaſ. 1808.

Anfänge der griechiſchen Geſchichte. Königsberg 1814.

Urgeſchichte des Staats. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Urſprünge der Beſteuerung. Köln 1818.

Staatsrecht des Alterthums. Ebendaſ. 1820.

Städteweſen des Mittelalters. Bonn 1827 — 1829, 4 Bde.

H. iſt einer der gründlichſten und ausgezeichnetſten Geſchichtsforſcher unſerer Zeit, dem wir namentlich höchſt ſchätzbare und wichtige Arbeiten und Aufklärungen über die kirchlichen und politiſchen Verhältniſſe des Mittelalters, in einer eben ſo würdigen als anſprechenden Weiſe vorgetragen, zu verdanken haben.

Hulzing, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander Freiherr von Humboldt,

der berühmte deutſche Reiſende und Naturforſcher, ward am 14. September 1769 zu Berlin geboren, abſolvirte ſeine philoſophiſchen und mediciniſchen Studien zu Göttingen und Frankfurt an der Oder und unternahm, nachdem er noch einige Zeit die Handelsakademie zu Hamburg beſucht hatte, mit G. Forſter eine Reiſe nach Holland und England. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr machte er ſich auf der Bergakademie zu Freiberg mit dem Bergbau und der Botanik genauer bekannt und erhielt 1792 als Aſſeſſor und kurz darauf als Oberbergmeiſter eine Anſtellung bei dem Bergwerks- und Hüttendepartement der fränkiſchen Fürſtenthümer. Aus Vorliebe für Reiſen gab er 1795 ſeine Stelle auf, beſuchte Italien, die Schweiz, Oeſtreich und 1797 mit ſeinem Bruder Paris, wo er mit dem gleichgeſinnten Bonpland zuſammentraf und die ſchon längſt genährte Hoffnung, Südamerika zu bereiſen, zu verwirklichen begann. Nachdem er zu Madrid die nöthigen Vorbereitungen getroffen und 1799 die Erlaubniß zum Beſuch der ſpaniſch-amerikaniſchen Colonien erhalten hatte, ſchiffte er ſich auf eigene Koſten mit ſeinem herbeigerufenen Freunde Bonpland in Corunna ein und landete nach mehreren naturwiſſenſchaftlichen Beobachtungen auf Teneriffa im Juli in dem ſüdamerikaniſchen Hafen Cumana. Vier Jahre lang durchſtrich er in Begleitung ſeines Freundes und anderer wißbegieriger und ausgezeichneter Männer das Feſtland von Südamerika, beſtieg (am 23. Juni 1802) bis zu einer vor und nach ihm unerreichten Höhe den Chimboraſſo und überhaupt die höchſten Punkte der ſüdamerikaniſchen Gebirge und kam mit höchſtwichtigen geometriſchen, geologiſchen, mineralogiſchen und botaniſchen Beobachtungen und Sammlungen bereichert im Auguſt 1804 über Waſhington und Philadelphia nach Europa zurück. Mit der Herausgabe dieſer wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausbeute beſchäftigt, lebte er dann abwechſelnd zu Paris und London, bis er, nachdem er eine 1818 mit Unterſtützung des Königs von Preußen nach Tibet und Oſtindien beabſichtigte Reiſe aufgegeben hatte, dieſen Monarchen 1822 nach Italien begleitete. 1826 kehrte er nach Berlin zurück, hielt dort im Winter 1827—1828 vor einer zahlreichen und angeſehenen Verſammlung Vorleſungen über die phyſiſche Weltbeſchreibung, leitete 1828 geiſt- und kenntnißvoll die 7. Jahresverſammlung der deutſchen Naturforſcher und Aerzte und die Beobachtungen über die Temperatur der Bergwerke Preußens und trat 1829 unter dem beſondern Schutze der ruſſiſchen Regierung mit Ehrenberg und G. Roſe die Reiſe nach Sibirien und dem kaspiſchen Meere an. Auf derſelben beſuchte er faſt alle Provinzen des großen ruſſiſchen Reiches bis an die chineſiſche Grenze. Seitdem lebte er als preußiſcher wirklicher geheimer Rath und Kammerherr, Ritter des rothen Adler- 1., und des ruſſiſchen St. Annen- und Wladimirordens 1. Cl. hochgeehrt in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er beſchenkte die Literatur mit folgenden Werken:

Mineralogiſche Beobachtungen über einige Baſalte am Rhein. Braunſchweig 1790.

Vorrath kleiner Anmerkungen. Leipzig 1795.

Verſuche über die gereizte Muskel- und Nervenfaſer. Berlin 1797 und 1799, 2 Bde.

Verſuch über die chemiſche Zerlegung des Luftkreiſes. Braunſchweig 1799.

Ueber die unterirdiſchen Gasarten. Ebend. 1799.

Beobachtungen aus der Zoologie ꝛc. Tübingen 1806, gr. 4.

Reiſe nach den Tropenländern des neuen Continents. Ebendaſ. 1807, in 4.

Anſichten der Natur. Ebendaſ. 1808; 2. Ausg. 1826, 2 Thle.

Verſuch über den politiſchen Zuſtand des Königreichs Neuſpanien. Ebendaſ. 1809—1812, 4 Thle.

Reiſe in die Aequinoctialgegenden des neuen Continents. Ebend. 1815—1829, 6 Bde.; urſprünglich franzöſiſch, Paris 1810—1832, 6 Bde.

Essai géognostique sur le gisement des roches dans les deux hémisphères. Deutſch von Leonhard, Straßburg 1822—1823.

Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Was A. von Humboldt im Gebiete ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft Großes geleiſtet hat zu würdigen und zu beurtheilen, iſt weder Zweck und Aufgabe dieſes Werkes, noch würde es ſich genügend in dem engen hier vergönnten Raume zuſammendrängen laſſen. Dagegen muß aber hier vorzüglich hervorgehoben werden, daß ſein Styl eine eben ſo eigenthümliche und glänzende Erſcheinung iſt, wie er ſelbſt. Mit origineller Grazie und wahrhaft poetiſcher Färbung verbindet er in demſelben die feinſte Darſtellungsweiſe, neben der ſtrengſten wiſſenſchaftlichen Behandlungsart, namentlich ſind ſeine Naturſchilderungen in einer glühenden, herrlichen und begeiſterten Sprache geſchrieben, wie ſie vor ihm noch Niemand in ſolchem Grade beherrſchte. — Höchſt geiſtreich, ſagt Menzel (Deutſche Literatur Th. III. S. 111) von Alexander von Humboldt: An der Spitze dieſer neuen Reihe berühmter Reiſenden ſteht Alexander von Humboldt, der unter allen europäiſchen Reiſenden den größten Ruhm errang und unbeſtritten die erſte Stelle einnimmt, ohne daß weder Engländer noch Franzoſen ſie ihm ſtreitig machen. Er iſt der Napoleon unter den Naturforſchern, der mit ſeinem ſtolzen Blick Alles umfaßte und überſah, der auf den Cordilleren und auf dem Altai ſtand und dem von den kleinſten und beſchwerlichſten Barometervergleichungen bis zu den kühnſten und weiteſten Totalblicken alle Reiche und Gebiete der Natur als eine unermeßliche Eroberung vorlagen. —

Ueber den Bau und die Wirkungsart der Vulkane in den verſchiedenen Erdſtrichen *).

(Geleſen in der öffentlichen Verſammlung der kön. Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin am 24. Januar 1823.)

Wenn man den Einfluß betrachtet, den ſeit Jahrhunderten die erweiterte Erdkunde und wiſſenſchaftliche Reiſen in entfernte Regionen auf das Studium der Natur ausgeübt haben, ſo erkennt man bald, wie verſchiedenartig derſelbe geweſen iſt, je nachdem die Unterſuchung auf die Formen der organiſchen Welt oder auf das todte Erdgebilde, auf die Kenntniß der Felsarten, ihr relatives Alter und ihre Entſtehung gerichtet war. Andere Geſtalten von Pflanzen und Thieren beleben die Erde in jeglicher Zone, ſei es wo in der meergleichen Ebene die Wärme des Luftkreiſes nach der geographiſchen Breite und den mannigfaltigen Krümmungen der iſothermen Linien, oder wo ſie faſt ſcheitelrecht, an dem ſteilen Abhange der Gebirgsketten, wechſelt. Die organiſche Natur giebt jedem Erdſtrich ſeinen eigenen phyſiognomiſchen Charakter; nicht ſo die unorganiſche, da wo die feſte Rinde des Erdkörpers von der Pflanzendecke entblößt iſt. Dieſelben Gebirgsarten, gruppenweiſe ſich anziehend und abſtoßend, erſcheinen in beiden Hemiſphären vom Aequator an bis zu den Polen hin. In einem fernen Eilande, von fremdartigen Gewächſen umgeben, unter einem Himmel, wo nicht mehr die alten Sterne leuchten, erkennt oft der Seefahrer, freudig erſtaunt, den heimiſchen Thonſchiefer, die wohlbekannte Gebirgsart des Vaterlandes.

Dieſe Unabhängigkeit der geognoſtiſchen Verhältniſſe von der gegenwärtigen Conſtitution der Klimate mindert nicht den wohlthätigen Einfluß, welchen zahlreiche, in fremden Weltgegenden angeſtellte Beobachtungen auf die Fortſchritte der Gebirgskunde und der phyſikaliſchen Geognoſie ausüben: ſie giebt derſelben nur eine eigenthümliche Richtung. Jede Expedition bereichert die Naturkunde mit neuen Pflanzen und Thiergattungen. Bald ſind es organiſche Formen, die ſich an längſt bekannte Typen anreihen, und uns das regelmäßig gewebte, oft ſcheinbar unterbrochene Netz belebter Naturbildungen in ſeiner urſprünglichen Vollkommenheit darſtellen. Bald ſind es Bildungen, die iſolirt auftreten, als entkommene Reſte untergegangener Geſchlechter, oder als unbekannte, Erwartung erregende Glieder noch zu entdeckender Gruppen. Eine ſolche Mannigfaltigkeit gewährt freilich nicht die Unterſuchung der feſten Erdrinde. Sie offenbart uns vielmehr eine Uebereinſtimmung in den Gemengtheilen, in der Auflagerung verſchiedenartiger Maſſen und in ihrer periodiſchen Wiederkehr, welche die Bewunderung des Geognoſten erregt. In der Andeskette, wie in dem Centralgebirge Europa's, ſcheint eine Formation gleichſam die andere herbeizurufen. Gleichnamige Maſſen geſtalten ſich zu ähnlichen Formen: in Zwillingsberge, Baſalt und Dolerit; als prallige Felswände, Dolomit, Quaderſandſtein und Porphyr; zu Glocken oder hochgewölbten Domen der glaſige, feldſpathreiche Trachyt. In den entfernteſten Zonen, ſondern ſich gleichartig, wie durch innere Entwickelung, größere Kryſtalle aus dem dichten Gewebe der Grundmaſſen ab, umhüllen einander, treten in untergeordnete Lager zuſammen, und verkündigen oft, als ſolche, die Nähe einer neuen unabhängigen Formation. So ſpiegelt ſich, mehr oder minder klar, in jedem Gebirge von beträchtlicher Ausdehnung die ganze unorganiſche Welt; doch um die wichtigen Erſcheinungen der Zuſammenſetzung, des relativen Alters und der Entſtehung der Gebirgsarten vollſtändig zu erkennen, müſſen Beobachtungen aus den verſchiedenſten Erdſtrichen mit einander verglichen werden. Probleme, die dem Geognoſten lange in ſeiner nordiſchen Heimath räthſelhaft geſchienen, finden ihre Löſung nahe am Aequator. Wenn die fernen Zonen, wie ſchon

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*) Aus A. v. Humboldt's „Anſichten der Natur“, 2r Band., Stuttgart und Tübingen 1826.

eben bemerkt ward, uns nicht neue Gebirgsarten liefern, das heißt unbekannte Gruppirungen einfacher Stoffe, ſo lehren ſie uns dagegen die großen, überall gleichen Geſetze enthüllen, nach denen die Schichten der Erdrinde ſich wechſelſeitig tragen, ſich gangartig durchbrechen, oder mittelſt elaſtiſcher Kräfte gehoben werden.

Bei dem ſo eben geſchilderten Nutzen, den unſer geognoſtiſches Wiſſen aus Unterſuchungen zieht, welche große Länderſtrecken umfaſſen, darf es uns nicht befremden, daß eine Claſſe von Erſcheinungen, mit der ich dieſe Verſammlung vorzugsweiſe zu unterhalten wage, lange um ſo einſeitiger betrachtet worden iſt, als die Vergleichungspuncte ſchwieriger, man könnte faſt ſagen, mühevoller aufzufinden ſind. Was man bis gegen das Ende des verfloſſenen Jahrhunderts von der Geſtalt der Vulkane und dem Wirken ihrer unterirdiſchen Kräfte zu wiſſen glaubte, war von zwei Bergen des ſüdlichen Italiens, dem Veſuv und dem Aetna hergenommen. Da der erſte zugänglicher iſt, und (wie alle niedrigen Vulkane) häufiger auswirft, ſo hat ein Hügel gleichſam zum Typus gedient, nach welchem man ſich eine ganze ferne Welt, die mächtigen an einander gereihten Vulkane von Mexiko, Süd-Amerika, und den aſiatiſchen Inſeln gebildet dachte. Ein ſolches Verfahren mußte mit Recht an Virgil's Hirten erinnern, der in ſeiner engen Hütte das Vorbild der ewigen Stadt, des königlichen Roms, zu ſehen wähnte.

Allerdings hätte eine ſorgfältigere Unterſuchung des ganzen Mittelmeeres, beſonders der öſtlichen Inſeln und Küſtenländer, wo die Menſchheit zuerſt zu geiſtiger Cultur und edleren Gefühlen erwachte, eine ſo einſeitige Naturanſicht vernichten können. Aus dem tiefen Meeresgrunde haben ſich hier, unter den Sporaden, Trachytfelſen zu Inſeln erhoben, dem azoriſchen Eilande ähnlich, das in drei Jahrhunderten dreimal, faſt in gleichen Zeitabſtänden, periodiſch erſchienen iſt. Zwiſchen Epidaurus und Trözene bei Methone hat der Peloponnes einen Monte nuovo, den Strabo beſchrieben, und Dodwell wieder geſehen hat, höher als der Monte nuovo der phlegräiſchen Felder bei Bajae, vielleicht ſelbſt höher als der neue Vulkan von Jorullo in den mexikaniſchen Ebenen, den ich von mehreren Tauſend kleinen, aus der Erde herausgeſchobenen, noch gegenwärtig rauchenden Baſaltkegeln umringt gefunden habe. Auch im Becken des Mittelmeeres bricht das vulkaniſche Feuer nicht blos aus permanenten Cratern, aus iſolirten Bergen aus, die eine dauernde Verbindung mit dem Innern der Erde haben, wie Stromboli, der Veſuv und der Aetna. Auf Iſchia, am Epomeus und wie es nach den Berichten der Alten ſcheint, auch in der lelantiſchen Ebene bei Chalcis ſind Laven aus Erdſpalten gefloſſen, die ſich plötzlich geöffnet haben. Neben dieſen Erſcheinungen, die in die hiſtoriſche Zeit, in das enge Gebiet ſicherer Traditionen fallen, und welche Ritter in ſeiner meiſterhaften Erdkunde ſammeln und erläutern wird, enthalten die Küſten des Mittelmeeres noch mannigfaltige Reſte älterer Feuerwirkungen. Das ſüdliche Frankreich zeigt uns in Auvergne ein eigenes geſchloſſenes Syſtem an einander gereihter Vulkane, Trachytglocken, abwechſelnd mit Auswurfskegeln, aus denen Lavaſtröme bandförmig ſich ergießen. Die lombardiſche ſeegleiche Ebene, welche den innerſten Buſen des adriatiſchen Meeres bildet, umſchließt den Trachyt der euganeiſchen Hügel, wo Dome von körnigem Trachyt, von Obſidian und Perlſtein ſich erheben, drei auseinander ſich entwickelnde Maſſen, die den feuerſteinhaltigen Jurakalk durchbrechen, aber nie in ſchmalen Strömen gefloſſen ſind. Aehnliche Zeugen alter Erdrevolutionen findet man in vielen Theilen des griechiſchen Continents und in Vorder-Aſien, Ländern, die den Geognoſten einſt reichen Stoff zu Unterſuchungen darbieten werden, wenn das Licht dahin zurückkehrt, von wo es zuerſt über die weſtliche Welt geſtrahlt, wenn die gequälte Menſchheit nicht mehr unter der wilden Barbarei der Osmanen erliegt.

Ich erinnere an die geographiſche Nähe ſo mannigfaltiger Erſcheinungen, um zu bewähren, daß der Keſſel des Mittelmeeres mit ſeinen Inſelreihen dem aufmerkſamen Beobachter alles hätte darbieten können, was neuerlichſt unter mannigfaltigen Formen und Bildungen in Süd-Amerika, auf Teneriffa, oder in den Aleuten, der Polargegend nahe, entdeckt worden iſt. Die Gegenſtände der Beobachtung fanden ſich zuſammengedrängt, aber Reiſen in ferne Klimate, Vergleichungen großer Länderſtriche in und außerhalb Europa waren nöthig, um das Gemeinſame der vulkaniſchen Erſcheinungen und ihre Abhängigkeit von einander klar zu erkennen.

Der Sprachgebrauch, welcher oft den erſten irrigen Anſichten der Dinge Dauer und Anſehen giebt, oft aber auch inſtinctmäßig das Wahre bezeichnet, der Sprachgebrauch nennt vulkaniſch alle Ausbrüche unterirdiſchen Feuers und geſchmolzener Materien: Rauch- und Dampfſäulen, die ſporadiſch aus den Felſen aufſteigen, wie bei Colares nach dem großen Erdbeben von Liſſabon; Salze oder feuchten Koth, Aſphalt und Hydrogen auswerfende Lettenkegel, wie bei Girgenti in Sicilien und bei Turbaco in Süd-Amerika, heiße Geiſer-Quellen, die von elaſtiſchen Dämpfen gedrückt, ſich erheben, ja im Allgemeinen alle Wirkungen wilder Naturkräfte, die ihren Sitz tief im Innern unſeres Planeten haben. In Mittel-Amerika (Guatemala) und in den philippiniſchen Inſeln unterſcheiden die Eingebornen ſogar förmlich zwiſchen Waſſer- und Feuer-Vulkanen, Volcanes de agua y de fuego. Mit dem erſten Namen bezeichnen ſie Berge, aus welchen bei heftigen Erdſtößen und mit dumpfen Krachen von Zeit zu Zeit unterirdiſche Waſſer ausbrechen.

Ohne den Zuſammenhang der ſo eben genannten Phänomene zu läugnen, ſcheint es doch rathſam, dem phyſiſchen wie dem oryktognoſtiſchen Theile der Geognoſie eine beſtimmtere Sprache zu geben, und mit dem Worte Vulkan nicht bald einen Berg zu bezeichnen, der ſich in einen permanenten Feuerſchlund endigt, bald jegliche unterirdiſche Urſache vulkaniſcher Erſcheinungen. Im gegenwärtigen Zuſtande der Erde iſt freilich in allen Welttheilen die Form iſolirter Kegelberge (die des Veſuvs, des Aetna, des Pic's von Teneriffa, des Tunguragua und Cotopaxi) die gewöhnlichſte Form der Vulkane; ich habe ſie von dem niedrigſten Hügel bis zu 17,700 Fuß über der Meeresfläche anwachſen ſehen; aber neben dieſen Kegelbergen findet man auch permanente Feuerſchlünde, bleibende Communicationen mit dem Innern der Erde auf langgedehnten zackigen Rücken und zwar nicht einmal immer in der Mitte ihrer mauerartigen Gipfel, ſondern am Ende derſelben gegen den Abfall hin. So der Pichincha, der ſich zwiſchen der Südſee und der Stadt Quito erhebt, und den Bouguer's früheſte Barometerformeln berühmt gemacht haben; ſo die Vulkane, die in der 10,000 Fuß hohen Steppe de los Paſtos ſich erheben. Alle dieſe Gipfel von mannigfaltigen Geſtalten beſtehen aus Trachyt, ſonſt Trapp-Porphyr genannt, einem körnigen, riſſig zerklüfteten Geſteine von glaſigem Feldſpath und Hornblende, welchem Augit, Glimmer, blättriger Feldſpath und Quarz nicht ganz fremd ſind. Wo die Zeugen des erſten Ausbruches, ich möchte ſagen, das alte Gerüſte ſich vollſtändig erhalten hat, da umgiebt die iſolirten Kegelberge circusartig eine hohe Felsmauer, ein Mantel aus aufgelagerten Schichten zuſammengeſetzt. Solche Mauern oder ringförmige Umgebungen heißen Erhebungs-Crater, eine große wichtige Erſcheinung, über welche der erſte Geognoſt unſerer Zeit, Leopold von Buch, aus deſſen Schriften ich auch in dieſer Abhandlung mehrere Anſichten entlehne, unſerer Akademie vor 5 Jahren eine denkwürdige Abhandlung vorgelegt hat.

Mit dem Luftkreiſe durch Feuerſchlünde communicirende Vulkane, koniſche Baſalthügel und glockenförmige, craterloſe Trachytberge, letztere bald niedrig wie der Sarcouy, bald hoch wie der Chimborazo, bilden mannigfaltige Gruppen. Hier zeigt uns die vergleichende Erdkunde kleine Archipele, gleichſam geſchloſſene Bergſyſteme, mit Crater und Lavaſtrömen in den canariſchen Inſeln und den Azoren; ohne Crater und ohne eigentliche Lavaſtröme in den Euganeen und dem Siebengebirge bei Bonn: dort beſchreibt ſie uns Vulkane, in einfachen oder doppelten Ketten an einander gereiht, viele hundert Meilen lange Züge, bald der Hauptrichtung der Gebirge parallel, wie in Guatemala, Peru und Java, bald die Axe der Gebirge ſenkrecht durchſchneidend, wie im Lande der Azteken, wo feuerſpeiende Trachytberge allein die hohe Schneegrenze erreichen, und wahrſcheinlich auf einer Kluft ausgebrochen ſind, die in einer Länge von 105 geographiſchen Meilen den ganzen Continent, vom ſtillen Meer bis zum atlantiſchen Ocean durchſchneidet.

Dieſes Zuſammendrängen der Vulkane bald in einzelne rundliche Gruppen, bald in doppelte Züge, liefert den entſcheidenſten Beweis, daß die vulkaniſchen Wirkungen nicht von kleinlichen, der Oberfläche nahen Urſachen, abhängen, ſondern große tiefbegründete Erſcheinungen ſind. Der ganze öſtliche, an Metallen arme Theil des amerikaniſchen Feſtlandes, iſt in ſeinem gegenwärtigen Zuſtande ohne Feuerſchlünde, ohne Trachytmaſſen, wahrſcheinlich ſelbſt ohne Baſalte mit Olivin. Alle amerikaniſchen Vulkane ſind, in dem Aſien gegenüber liegenden Theile vereinigt, in der meridianartig ausgedehnten, 1800 geographiſche Meilen langen Andes-Kette. Auch iſt das ganze Hochland von Quito, deſſen Gipfel Pichincha, Cotopaxi und Tunguragua bilden, ein einziger vulkaniſcher Heerd. Das unterirdiſche Feuer bricht bald aus der einen, bald aus der andern dieſer Oeffnungen aus, die man ſich als abgeſonderte Vulkane zu betrachten gewöhnt hat. Die fortſchreitende Bewegung des Feuers iſt hier ſeit drei Jahrhunderten von Norden gegen Süden gerichtet. Selbſt die Erdbeben, welche ſo furchtbar dieſen Welttheil heimſuchen, liefern merkwürdige Beweiſe von der Exiſtenz unterirdiſcher Verbindungen, nicht blos zwiſchen vulkanloſen Ländern, was längſt bekannt iſt, ſondern auch zwiſchen Feuerſchlünden, die weit von einander entfernt ſind. So ſtieß der Vulkan von Paſto öſtlich vom Fluſſe Guaytara drei Monate lang im Jahr 1797 ununterbrochen eine hohe Rauchſäule aus. Dieſe Säule verſchwand in demſelben Augenblick, als 60 Meilen davon das große Erdbeben von Riobamba und der Schlammausbruch der Moya dreißig bis vierzigtauſend Indianer tödtete. Die plötzliche Erſcheinung der azoriſchen Inſel Sabrina, am 30. Januar 1811, war der Vorbote der fürchterlichen Erdſtöße, welche weiter weſtlich vom Monat Mai 1811, bis zum Junius 1813 faſt unaufhörlich, erſt die Antillen, dann die Ebenen des Ohio und Miſſiſſippi und zuletzt die gegenüberſtehenden Küſten von Venezuela erſchütterten. Dreißig Tage nach der gänzlichen Zerſtörung der Stadt Caraccas erfolgte der Ausbruch des Vulkans von Sanct Vincent in den nahen Antillen. In demſelben Augenblick als dieſe Exploſion erfolgte, am 30. April 1811, wurde ein Schrecken erregendes, unterirdiſches Getöſe in allen Theilen einer Landſtrecke von 2200 geogr. Quadratmeilen vernommen. Die Anwohner des Apure, beim Einfluß des Rio Nula, verglichen dies Getöſe eben ſo, als die fernſten Küſtenbewohner, mit der Wirkung ſchweren Geſchützes. Nun werden aber von dem Einfluß des Rio Nula in den Apure, durch welchen ich in den Orinoco gekommen bin, bis zum Vulkan von Sanct Vincent, in gerader Richtung 157 geogr. Meilen gezählt. Dies Getöſe, welches ſich gewiß nicht durch die Lüfte fortpflanzte, muß eine tiefe unterirdiſche Urſache gehabt haben. Seine Intenſität war kaum größer an den Küſten des antilliſchen Meeres, dem ausbrechenden Vulkan näher, als in dem Innern des Landes.

Es würde zwecklos ſein, die Zahl dieſer Beiſpiele zu vermehren, aber um an eine Erſcheinung zu erinnern, die für Europa hiſtoriſch wichtiger geworden iſt, gedenke ich nur noch des bekannten Erdbebens von Liſſabon. Gleichzeitig mit demſelben, am 1. Nov. 1755, wurden nicht nur die ſchweizer Seen und das Meer an den ſchwediſchen Küſten heftig bewegt; ſelbſt in den öſtlichen Antillen, um Martinique, Antigua, und Barbados, wo die Fluth nie über 28 Zoll erreicht, ſtieg ſie plötzlich 20 Fuß hoch. Alle dieſe Phänomene beweiſen, daß die unterirdiſchen Kräfte entweder dynamiſch, ſpannend und erſchütternd im Erdbeben, oder producirend und chemiſch verändernd in den Vulkanen ſich äußern. Sie beweiſen auch, daß dieſe Kräfte nicht oberflächlich, aus der dünnen Erdrinde, ſondern tief aus dem Innern unſeres Planeten durch Klüfte und unausgefüllte Gänge nach den entfernteſten Punkten der Erdfläche gleichzeitig hinwirken.

Je mannigfaltiger der Bau der Vulkane, das heißt der Erhebungen iſt, welche den Kanal umſchließen, durch welchen die geſchmolzenen Maſſen des innern Erdkörpers an die Oberfläche gelangen, deſto wichtiger iſt es, dieſen Bau mittelſt genauer Meſſungen zu ergründen. Das Intereſſe dieſer Meſſungen, die in einem andern Welttheile ein beſonderer Gegenſtand meiner Unterſuchungen geweſen ſind, wird durch die Betrachtung erhöht, daß das zu meſſende an vielen Punkten eine veränderliche Größe iſt. Die philoſophiſche Naturkunde iſt bemüht, in dem Wechſel der Erſcheinungen die Gegenwart an die Vergangenheit anzureihen. Um eine periodiſche Wiederkehr, oder überhaupt die Geſetze fortſchreitender Naturveränderungen zu ergründen, bedarf es gewiſſer feſter Punkte, ſorgfältig angeſtellter Beobachtungen, die an beſtimmte Epochen gebunden, zu numeriſchen Vergleichungen dienen können. Hätte auch nur von tauſend zu tauſend Jahren die mittlere Temperatur des Luftkreiſes und der Erde in verſchiedenen Breiten, oder die mittlere Höhe des Barometers an der Meeresfläche beſtimmt werden können, ſo würden wir wiſſen, in welchem Verhältniß die Wärme der Klimate zu- oder abgenommen, ob die Höhe der Atmoſphäre Veränderungen erlitten hat. Eben dieſer Vergleichungspunkte bedarf man für die Neigung und Abweichung der Magnetnadel, wie für die Intenſität der magnetiſch-elektriſchen Kräfte, über welche im Kreiſe dieſer Akademie zwei treffliche Phyſiker, Seebeck und Erman, ein ſo großes Licht verbreitet haben. Wenn es ein rühmliches Geſchäft gelehrter Geſellſchaften iſt, den kosmiſchen Veränderungen der Wärme, des Luftdrucks, der magnetiſchen Richtung und Ladung beharrlich nachzuſpüren, ſo iſt es dagegen die Pflicht des reiſenden Geognoſten bei Beſtimmung der Unebenheiten der Erdoberfläche hauptſächlich auf die veränderliche Höhe der Vulkane Rückſicht zu nehmen. Was ich vormals in den mexikaniſchen Gebirgen, am Toluca, Nauhcampatepetl und Jorullo, in den Anden von Quito am Pichincha verſucht, habe ich Gelegenheit gehabt, ſeit meiner Rückkehr nach Europa, zu verſchiedenen Epochen am Veſuv zu wiederholen. Sauſſure hatte dieſen Berg im Jahr 1773 in einer Zeit gemeſſen, wo beide Ränder des Craters, der nordweſtliche und ſüdöſtliche, ihm gleich hoch ſchienen. Er fand ihre Höhe über der Meeresfläche 609 Toiſen. Die Eruption von 1794 verurſachte einen Abſturz gegen Süden, eine Ungleichheit der Crater-Ränder, welche das ungeübteſte Auge ſelbſt in großer Entfernung unterſcheidet. Wir maßen, Herr von Buch, Gay-Luſſac und ich, im Jahr 1805 den Veſuv dreimal und fanden den nördlichen Rand, der der Somma gegenüber ſteht, la Rocca del Palo, genau wie Sauſſure; den ſüdlichen Rand aber 75 Toiſen niedriger als 1773. Die ganze Höhe des Vulkans hatte gegen Torre del Greco hin (nach einer Seite, gegen welche ſeit 30 Jahren das Feuer gleichſam vorzugsweiſe hinwirkt) um ⅛ abgenommen. Der Aſchenkegel verhält ſich zur ganzen Höhe des Berges am Veſuv wie 1 zu 3, am Pichincha wie 1 zu 10, am Pic von Teneriffa wie 1 zu 22. Der Veſuv hat alſo verhältnißmäßig den höchſten Aſchenkegel, wahrſcheinlich ſchon darum, weil er, als ein niedriger Vulkan, am meiſten durch ſeinen Gipfel gewirkt hat. Vor wenigen Monaten iſt es mir geglückt, nicht blos meine früheren Barometer-Meſſungen am Veſuv zu wiederholen, ſondern auch, bei dreimaliger Beſteigung des Berges, eine vollſtändigere Beſtimmung aller Crater-Ränder zu unternehmen. Dieſe Arbeit verdient vielleicht darum einiges Intereſſe, weil ſie die Epoche großer Eruptionen von 1805 bis 1822 umfaßt, und vielleicht die einzige in allen ihren Theilen vergleichbare Meſſung iſt, welche man bisher von irgend einem Vulkan bekannt gemacht hat. Sie beweiſt, daß die Ränder der Crater, nicht blos da, wo ſie (wie am Pic von Teneriffa und an allen Vulkanen der Andeskette) ſichtbar aus Trachyt beſtehen, ſondern überall ein weit beſtändigeres Phänomen ſind, als man bisher nach flüchtig angeſtellten Beobachtungen geglaubt hat. Einfache Höhenwinkel aus denſelben Punkten beſtimmt, eignen ſich zu dieſen Unterſuchungen noch mehr, als vollſtändige trigonometriſche und barometriſche Meſſungen. Nach meinen letzten Beſtimmungen hat ſich der nordweſtliche Rand des Veſuvs ſeit Sauſſure, alſo ſeit 49 Jahren, vielleicht gar nicht, der ſüdliche Rand, gegen Boſche Tre Caſe hin, welcher 1794 um 400 Fuß niedriger ward, kaum um 10 Toiſen verändert.

Wenn man in öffentlichen Blättern, bei der Beſchreibung großer Auswürfe, ſo oft der gänzlich veränderten Geſtalt des Veſuvs erwähnt findet, wenn man dieſe Behauptungen durch die pittoresken Anſichten bewährt glaubt, welche in Neapel von dem Berge entworfen werden, ſo liegt die Urſache des Irrthums darin, daß man die Umriſſe der Crater-Ränder mit den Umriſſen der Auswurfskegel verwechſelt, welche zufällig in der Mitte des Craters auf dem durch Dämpfe gehobenen Boden des Feuerſchlundes ſich bilden. Ein ſolcher Auswurfskegel, von Rapilli und Schlacken locker aufgethürmt, war in den Jahren 1816 und 1818 allmählig über dem ſüdöſtlichen Craterrand ſichtbar geworden. Die Eruption vom Monat Februar 1822 hatte ihn dergeſtalt vergrößert, daß er ſelbſt 100 bis 110 Fuß höher, als der nordweſtliche Craterrand (die Rocca del Palo) geworden war. Dieſer merkwürdige Kegel nun, den man ſich in Neapel als den eigentlichen Gipfel des Veſuvs zu betrachten gewohnt hatte, iſt bei dem letzten Auswurf, in der Nacht vom 22. October, mit furchtbarem Krachen eingeſtürzt, ſo, daß der Boden des Craters, der ſeit 1811 ununterbrochen zugänglich war, gegenwärtig 750 Fuß tiefer liegt, als der nördliche, 200 Fuß tiefer, als der ſüdliche Rand des Vulkans. Die veränderliche Geſtalt und relative Lage der Auswurfskegel, deren Oeffnungen man ja nicht, wie ſo oft geſchieht, mit dem Crater des Vulkans verwechſeln muß, giebt dem Veſuv zu verſchiedenen Epochen eine eigenthümliche Phyſionomie, und der Hiſtoriograph des Vulkans könnte aus dem Umriß des Berggipfels, nach dem bloßen Anblicke der Hackert'ſchen Landſchaften im Pallaſte von Portici, je nachdem die nördliche oder ſüdliche Seite des Berges höher angedeutet iſt, das Jahr errathen, in welchem der Künſtler die Skizze zu ſeinem Gemälde entworfen hat.

Einen Tag nach dem Einſturz des 400 Fuß hohen Schlackenkegels, als bereits die kleinen, aber zahlreichen Lavaſtröme abgefloſſen waren, in der Nacht vom 23. zum 24. October, begann der feurige Ausbruch der Aſche und der Rapilli. Er dauerte ununterbrochen 12 Tage fort, doch war er in den erſten 4 Tagen am größten. Während dieſer Zeit wurden die Detonationen im Innern des Vulkans ſo ſtark, daß die bloße Erſchütterung der Luft (von Erdſtößen hat man durchaus nichts verſpürt) die Decken der Zimmer im Pallaſte von Portici ſprengten. In den nahe gelegenen Dörfern Reſina, Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata und Boſche Tre Caſe zeigte ſich eine merkwürdige Erſcheinung. Die Atmoſphäre war dermaßen mit Aſche erfüllt, daß die ganze Gegend, in der Mitte des Tages, mehrere Stunden lang in das tiefſte Dunkel gehüllt blieb. Man ging mit Laternen in den Straßen, wie es ſo oft in Quito, bei den Ausbrüchen des Pichincha, geſchieht. Nie war die Flucht der Einwohner allgemeiner geweſen. Man fürchtet Lavaſtröme weniger als einen Aſchenauswurf, ein Phänomen, das in ſolcher Stärke hier unbekannt iſt, und durch die dunkle Sage von der Zerſtörungsweiſe von Herculanum, Pompeji und Stabiä die Einbildungskraft der Menſchen mit Schreckbildern erfüllt.

Der heiße Waſſerdampf, welcher während der Eruption aus dem Crater aufſtieg und ſich in die Atmoſphäre ergoß, bildete beim Erkalten ein dickes Gewölk um die neun tauſend Fuß hohe Aſchen- und Feuerſäule. Eine ſo plötzliche Condenſation der Dämpfe und, wie Gay-Luſſac gezeigt hat, die Bildung des Gewölkes ſelbſt vermehrten die electriſche Spannung. Blitze fuhren ſchlängelnd nach allen Richtungen aus der Aſchenſäule umher und man unterſchied deutlich den rollenden Donner von dem innern Krachen des Vulkan's. Bei keinem andern Ausbruche war das Spiel der electriſchen Schläge ſo auffallend geweſen.

Am Morgen des 26. Octobers verbreitete ſich die ſonderbare Nachricht: ein Strom ſiedenden Waſſers ergieße ſich aus dem Crater und ſtürze den Aſchenkegel herab. Monticelli, der eifrige und gelehrte Beobachter des Vulkans, erkannte bald, daß eine optiſche Täuſchung dies irrige Gerücht veranlaßt habe. Der vorgebliche Strom war eine große Menge trockener Aſche, die aus einer Kluft in dem oberſten Rande des Craters, wie Triebſand, hervorſchoß. Nachdem eine die Felder verödende Dürre dem Ausbruch des Veſuvs vorangegangen war, erregte, gegen das Ende deſſelben, das ſo eben beſchriebene vulkaniſche Gewitter einen wolkenbruchartigen, aber lang anhaltenden Regen. Solch eine Erſcheinung charakteriſirt, unter allen Zonen, das Ende einer Eruption. Da während derſelben gewöhnlich der Aſchenkegel in Wolken gehüllt iſt und da in ſeiner Nähe die Regengüſſe am ſtärkſten ſind, ſo ſieht man Schlammſtröme von allen Seiten abfließen. Der erſchrockene Landmann hält dieſelben für Waſſer, die aus dem Innern des Vulkans aufſteigen und ſich durch den Crater ergießen; der getäuſchte Geognoſt glaubt in ihnen Meerwaſſer zu erkennen oder kothartige Erzeugniſſe des Vulkans, ſogenannte eruptions boueuses, oder wie die alten franzöſiſchen Syſtematiker ſagten, Producte einer feurig-wäſſrigen Liquefaction.

Wenn die Gipfel der Vulkane (wie dies meiſt in der Andeskette der Fall iſt) über die Schneeregion hinausreichen, oder gar bis zur zwiefachen Höhe des Aetna anwachſen, ſo werden, des geſchmolzenen und einſinternden Schnees wegen, die ſo eben beſchriebenen Inundationen überaus häufig und verwüſtend. Es ſind Erſcheinungen, die mit den Eruptionen der Vulkane meteorologiſch zuſammenhängen, und durch die Höhe der Berge, den Umfang ihrer ſtets beſchneiten Gipfel und die Erwärmung der Wände der Aſchenkegel vielfach modificirt werden: aber als eigentliche vulkaniſche Erſcheinungen dürfen ſie nicht betrachtet werden. In weiten Höhlen, bald am Abhange, bald am Fuß der Vulkane entſtehen unterirdiſche Seen, die mit den Alpenbächen vielfach communiciren. Wenn Erdſtöße, die allen Feuerausbrüchen der Andeskette vorhergehen, die ganze Maſſe des Vulkans mächtig erſchüttern, ſo öffnen ſich die unterirdiſchen Gewölbe und es entſtürzen ihnen zugleich Waſſer, Fiſche und tuffartiger Schlamm. Dies iſt die ſonderbare Erſcheinung, welche der Wels der Cyclopen (Pimelodes Cyclopum) gewährt, den die Bewohner des Hochlandes von Quito Preñadilla nennen und den ich kurz, nach meiner Rückkunft, beſchrieben habe. Als nördlich vom Chimborazo in der Nacht vom 19. zum 20. Junius 1698 der Gipfel des 18000 Fuß hohen Berges Carguairazo einſtürzte, da bedeckten Schlamm und Fiſche, auf faſt zwei Quadratmeilen, alle Felder umher. Eben ſo wurden, ſieben Jahr früher, die Faulfieber der Stadt Ibarra einem ähnlichen Fiſchauswurfe des Vulkans Imbaburu zugeſchrieben.

Ich erinnere an dieſe Thatſachen, weil ſie über den Unterſchied zwiſchen dem Auswurf trockner Aſche und ſchlammartiger, Holz, Kohle und Muſcheln umwickelnder Anſchwemmungen von Tuff und Traß einiges Licht verbreiten. Die Aſchenmenge, welche der Veſuv neuerlichſt ausgeworfen, iſt, wie alles, was mit den Vulkanen und andern großen, ſchreckenerregenden Naturerſcheinungen zuſammenhängt, in öffentlichen Blättern übermäßig vergrößert worden, ja zwei neapolitaniſche Chemiker, Vicenzo Pepe und Giuſeppe di Nobili, ſchrieben ſogar, trotz der Widerſprüche von Monticelli und Covelli, der Aſche Silber- und Gold-Gehalt zu. Nach meinen Unterſuchungen hat die in 12 Tagen gefallene Aſchenſchicht gegen Boſche Tre Caſe hin, am Abhange des Conus, da wo Rapilli beigemengt waren, nur drei Fuß, in der Ebene höchſtens 15 bis 18 Zoll Dicke erreicht. Meſſungen dieſer Art müſſen nicht an ſolchen Stellen geſchehen, wo die Aſche, wie Schnee oder Sand, vom Winde zuſammengeweht, oder durch Waſſer breiartig angeſchwemmt iſt. Die Zeiten ſind vorüber, wo man, ganz nach Art der Alten, in den vulkaniſchen Erſcheinungen nur das Wunderbare ſuchte, wo man, wie Ktesias, die Aſche des Aetna bis nach der indiſchen Halbinſel fliegen ließ. Ein Theil der mexikaniſchen Gold- und Silber-Gänge findet ſich freilich in trachytartigem Porphyr: aber in der Veſuvaſche, die ich mitgebracht und die ein vortrefflicher Chemiker, Herr Heinrich Roſe, auf meine Bitte unterſucht hat, iſt keine Spur von Gold oder Silber zu erkennen.

So entfernt auch die Reſultate, die ich hier entwickele und welche Monticelli's genauern Beobachtungen entſprechen, von denen ſind, die man in den letzten Monaten verbreitet hat, ſo bleibt doch der Aſchenauswurf des Veſuvs vom 24. zum 28. October der denkwürdigſte, von dem man, ſeit des ältern Plinius Tode, eine ſichere Nachricht hat. Die Menge iſt vielleicht dreimal größer geweſen, als alle Aſche, welche man hat fallen ſehen, ſo lange vulkaniſche Erſcheinungen mit Aufmerkſamkeit beobachtet werden. Eine Schicht von 15 bis 18 Zoll ſcheint, auf den erſten Anblick, unwichtig gegen die Maſſe, mit der wir Pompeji bedeckt finden; aber ohne auch der Regengüſſe und Anſchwemmungen zu gedenken, die freilich wohl dieſe Maſſe, ſeit Jahrhunderten, vermehrt haben mögen, ohne den lebhaften Streit wieder aufzuregen, der jenſeit der Alpen über die Zerſtörungsurſachen der campaniſchen Städte mit vielem Skepticismus geführt worden iſt, darf man wohl hier in Erinnerung bringen, daß die Ausbrüche eines Vulkans, in weit von einander entfernten Zeitepochen, ihrer Intenſität nach, keineswegs mit einander zu vergleichen ſind. Alle auf Analogien geſtützte Schlüſſe ſind unzureichend, wenn ſie ſich auf quantitative Verhältniſſe, auf Menge der Lava und Aſche, auf Höhe der Rauchſäulen, auf Stärke der Detonationen beziehen.

Aus der geographiſchen Beſchreibung des Strabo und einem Urtheil des Vitruvius über den vulkaniſchen Urſprung des Bimsſteins, erſieht man, daß bis zu Veſpaſian's Todesjahre, das heißt bis zum Ausbruch, der Pompeji bedeckte, der Veſuv mehr einem ausgebrannten Vulkan, als einer Solfatara ähnlich ſah. Wenn plötzlich nach langer Ruhe die unterirdiſchen Kräfte ſich neue Wege eröffneten, wenn ſie Schichten von uranfänglichem Geſtein und Trachyt wiederum durchbrachen, ſo mußten Wirkungen ſich äußern, für welche die ſpäter erfolgten kein Maß abgeben können. Aus dem bekannten Briefe, in welchem der jüngere Plinius den Tod ſeines Oheims dem Tacitus berichtet, erſieht man deutlich, daß die Erneuerung der Ausbrüche, man könnte ſagen die Wiederbelebung des ſchlummernden Vulkans mit Eruption der Aſche anfing. Eben dies wurde bei Jorullo bemerkt, als der neue Vulkan im September 1759, Syenit- und Trachytſchichten durchbrechend, ſich plötzlich in der Ebene erhob. Die Landleute flohen, weil ſie auf ihren Hüten Aſche fanden, welche aus der überall geborſtenen Erde hervorgeſchleudert ward. Bei den gewöhnlichen periodiſchen Wirkungen der Vulkane endigt dagegen der Aſchenregen jede partielle Eruption. Ueberdies enthält der Brief des jüngeren Plinius eine Stelle, welche deutlich anzeigt, daß gleich anfangs, ohne Einfluß der Anſchwemmungen, die aus der Luft gefallene trockene Aſche eine Höhe von 4 bis 5 Fuß erreichte. „Der Hof, heißt es im Verfolg der Erzählung, durch den man in das Zimmer trat, in welchem Plinius Mittagsruhe hielt, war ſo mit Aſche und Bimsſtein angefüllt, daß wenn der Schlafende länger gezögert hätte, er den Ausgang würde verſperrt gefunden haben.“ In dem geſchloſſenen Raume eines Hofes kann die Wirkung Aſche zuſammenwehender Winde wohl eben nicht beträchtlich geweſen ſein.

Ich habe es gewagt, meine vergleichende Ueberſicht der Vulkane durch einzelne, am Veſuv angeſtellte Beobachtungen zu unterbrechen, theils des großen Intereſſes wegen, welches der letzte Ausbruch erregt hat, theils aber auch weil jeder ſtarke Aſchenregen uns faſt unwillkührlich an den klaſſiſchen Boden von Pompeji und Herculanum erinnert. In einer Beilage, deren Leſung für dieſe Verſammlung nicht geeignet iſt, habe ich alle Elemente der Barometermeſſungen und Notizen über die geognoſtiſche Sammlung zuſammengedrängt, welche ich am Ende des letztverfloſſenen Jahres am Veſuv, und in den phlegräiſchen Feldern bei Pozzuoli zu machen Gelegenheit gehabt habe. Dieſe kleine Sammlung, ſo wie die Gebirgsarten, welche ich aus den Euganeen und aus dem von Hr. v. Buch früher und gründlicher unterſuchten Fleimſerthale, zwiſchen Cavaleſe und Predazzo (im ſüdlichen Tyrol) mitgebracht habe, werden dem königlichen Muſeum einverleibt werden, eine Anſtalt, die durch ihre Gemeinnützigkeit ganz den edlen Abſichten des Monarchen entſpricht und deren geognoſtiſcher Theil, die fernſten Erdſtriche umfaſſend, ſchon in dieſer Hinſicht alle ähnlichen Sammlungen übertrifft.

Wir haben bisher die Geſtalt und die Wirkungen derjenigen Vulkane betrachtet, die durch einen Crater in einer dauernden Verbindung mit dem Innern der Erde ſtehen. Ihre Gipfel ſind gehobene, durch Gänge mannigfaltig durchſchnittene Maſſen von Trachyt und Laven. Die Permanenz ihrer Wirkungen läßt auf eine ſehr zuſammengeſetzte Structur ſchließen. Sie haben, ſo zu ſagen, einen mehr individuellen Charakter, der in langen Perioden ſich gleich bleibt. Nahe gelegene Berge geben meiſt ganz verſchiedene Producte, Leucit- und Feldſpathlaven; Obſidian mit Bimsſtein und olivinhaltige, baſaltartige Maſſen. Sie gehören zu den neueren Erſcheinungen der Erde, durchbrechen meiſt alle Schichten des Flözgebirges, und ihre Auswürfe und Lavaſtröme ſind ſpätern Urſprungs, als unſere

Thäler. Ihr Leben, wenn man ſich dieſes figürlichen Ausdrucks bedienen dürfte, hängt von der Art und Dauer ihrer Verbindung mit dem Innern des Erdkörpers ab. Sie ruhen oft Jahrhunderte lang, entzünden ſich plötzlich wieder und enden als Waſſerdampf, Gasarten und Säuren ausſtoßende Solfataren. Bisweilen, wie an dem Pic von Teneriffa, iſt ihr Gipfel bereits eine ſolche Werkſtatt regenerirten Schwefels geworden, und doch entfließen noch mächtige Lavaſtröme den Seiten des Berges, baſaltartig in der Tiefe, obſidianartig mit Bimsſtein nach oben hin, wo der Druck geringer iſt.

Unabhängig von dieſen mit permanenten Cratern verſehenen Vulkanen, giebt es eine andere Art vulkaniſcher Erſcheinungen, die ſeltener beobachtet werden, aber vorzugsweiſe belehrend für die Geognoſie, an die Urwelt, das heißt an die früheſten Revolutionen unſers Erdkörpers erinnern. Trachytberge öffnen ſich plötzlich, werfen Lava und Aſche aus und ſchließen ſich wieder, vielleicht auf immer. So der mächtige Antiſana in der Andeskette, ſo der Epomäus auf Iſchia im Jahre 1302. Bisweilen geſchieht ein ſolcher Ausbruch ſelbſt in der Ebene, wie im Hochlande von Quito, in Island fern vom Hecla, und in Euboea in den lelantiſchen Gefilden. Viele der gehobenen Inſeln gehören zu dieſen vorübergehenden Erſcheinungen. Die Verbindung mit dem inneren Erdkörper iſt dann nicht permanent, die Wirkung hört auf, ſobald die Kluft, der communicirende Kanal, wiederum geſchloſſen iſt. Gänge von Baſalt, Dolerit und Porphyr, welche in verſchiedenen Erdſtrichen faſt alle Formationen durchſchneiden, Syenit, Augitporphyr und Mandelſteinmaſſen, welche die neueſten Schichten des Uebergangsgebirges und die älteſte Schicht des Flözgebirges charakteriſiren, ſind wahrſcheinlich auf eine ähnliche Weiſe gebildet worden. In dem Jugendalter unſeres Planeten drangen die flüſſig gebliebenen Stoffe des Innern durch die überall geborſtene Erdrinde hervor; bald erſtarrend als körniges Ganggeſtein, bald ſich überlagernd und ſchichtweiſe verbreitend. Was die Urwelt von ausſchließlich ſogenannten vulkaniſchen Gebirgsarten uns überliefert hat, iſt nicht bandartig, wie die Laven unſerer iſolirten Kegelberge, gefloſſen. Die Gemenge von Augit, Titaneiſen, glaſigem Feldſpath und Hornblende mögen zu verſchiedenen Epochen dieſelben geweſen ſein, bald dem Baſalt, bald dem Trachyt näher: die chemiſchen Stoffe mögen ſich (wie es Herr Mitſcherlich's neue wichtige Arbeiten und die Analogie künſtlicher Feuerproducte uns lehren) in beſtimmten Miſchungsverhältniſſen kryſtalliniſch an einander gereiht haben; immer erkennen wir, daß ähnlich zuſammengeſetzte Stoffe auf ſehr verſchiedenen Wegen an die Oberfläche der Erde gekommen ſind, entweder bloß gehoben, oder mittelſt temporärer Spalten durch ältere Gebirgsſchichten, das heißt durch die früher oxydirte Erdrinde hervorbrechend, oder aus Kegelbergen, die einen permanenten Crater haben, als Lavaſtröme ergoſſen. Die Verwechſelung dieſer ſo verſchiedenartigen Erſcheinungen führt die Geognoſie der Vulkane in das Dunkel zurück, dem eine große Zahl vergleichender Erfahrungen ſie allmählig zu entreißen angefangen hat.

Es iſt oft die Frage aufgeworfen worden, was in den Vulkanen brenne, was die Wärme errege, bei der Erde und Metalle ſchmelzend ſich miſchen. Die neuere Chemie antwortet: was da brennt, ſind die Erden, die Metalle, die Alkalien ſelbſt, das heißt die Metalloide dieſer Stoffe. Die feſte, bereits oxydirte Erdrinde ſcheidet das umgebende ſauerſtoffhaltige Luftmeer von den brennbaren unoxydirten Stoffen im Innern unſeres Planeten. Die Erfahrungen, die man unter allen Zonen in Bergwerken und Höhlen gemacht und die ich mit Herrn Arago in einer eigenen Abhandlung zuſammengeſtellt, beweiſen, daß ſchon in geringer Tiefe die Wärme des Erdkörpers um vieles höher, als an demſelben Orte die mittlere Temperatur des Luftkreiſes iſt. Eine ſo merkwürdige und faſt allgemein bewährte Thatſache ſteht in Verbindung mit dem, was die vulkaniſchen Erſcheinungen uns lehren. Laplace hat ſogar ſchon die Tiefe zu berechnen verſucht, in welcher man den Erdkörper als eine geſchmolzene Maſſe betrachten könne. Welche Zweifel man auch, trotz der gerechten Verehrung, die einem ſo großen Namen gebührt, gegen die numeriſche Gewißheit einer ſolchen Rechnung erheben kann, ſo bleibt es doch wahrſcheinlich, daß alle vulkaniſchen Erſcheinungen aus einer ſehr einfachen Urſache, aus einer ſteten oder vorübergehenden Verbindung zwiſchen dem Innern und Aeußern unſeres Planeten entſtehen. Elaſtiſche Dämpfe drücken die geſchmolzenen, ſich oxydirenden Stoffe durch tiefe Spalten aufwärts. Vulkane ſind, ſo zu ſagen, intermittirende Erdquellen; die flüſſigen Gemenge von Metallen, Alkalien und Erden, die zu Lavaſtrömen erſtarren, fließen ſanft und ſtille, wenn ſie, gehoben, irgendwo einen Ausgang finden. Auf ähnliche Weiſe ſtellten ſich die Alten (nach Platon's Phädon) alle vulkaniſchen Feuerſtröme als Ausflüſſe des Pyriphlegethon vor.

Dieſen Betrachtungen ſei es mir erlaubt, eine andere noch gewagtere anzuſchließen. Vielleicht liegt auch in der innern Wärme des Erdkörpers, auf welche Thermometerverſuche und Beobachtungen über die Vulkane hindeuten, die Urſache eines der wunderbarſten Phänomene, welche die Petrefactenkunde uns darbietet. Tropiſche Thiergeſtalten, baumartige Farrenkräuter, Palmen und Bambusgewächſe liegen vergraben im kalten Norden. Ueberall zeigt uns die Urwelt eine Vertheilung organiſcher Bildungen, mit der die dermalige Beſchaffenheit der Klimate im Widerſpruch ſteht. Zur Löſung eines ſo wichtigen Problems hat man mehrerlei Hypotheſen erſonnen, Annäherung eines Kometen, veränderte Schiefe der Ekliptik, vermehrte Intenſität des Sonnenlichtes. Keine derſelben hat den Aſtronomen, den Phyſiker und den Geognoſten zugleich befriedigen können. Ich meines Theils laſſe gern unverändert die Axe der Erde, oder das Licht der Sonnenſcheibe, aus deren Flecken ein berühmter Sternkundiger Fruchtbarkeit und Mißwachs der Felder erklärt hat, aber ich glaube zu erkennen, daß in jeglichem Planeten, unabhängig von ſeinen Verhältniſſen zu einem Centralkörper und von ſeinem aſtronomiſchen Stande, mannigfaltige Urſachen der Wärmeentbindung liegen, durch Oxydationsproceſſe, Niederſchläge und chemiſch veränderte Capacität der Körper, durch Zunahme elektriſch-magnetiſcher Ladung, durch geöffnete Communication zwiſchen den inneren und äußeren Theilen.

Wo in der Vorwelt die tiefgeſpaltene Erdrinde aus ihren Klüften Wärme ausſtrahlte, da konnten vielleicht Jahrhunderte lang, in ganzen Länderſtrecken, Palmen und baumartige Farrenkräuter und alle Thiere der heißen Zone gedeihen. Nach dieſer Anſicht der Dinge, die ich in einem eben erſchienenen Werke: „Geognoſtiſcher Verſuch über die Lagerung der Gebirgsarten in beiden Hemiſphären" bereits angedeutet habe, wäre die Temperatur der Vulkane die des inneren Erdkörpers ſelbſt, und dieſelbe Urſache, welche jetzt ſo ſchauervolle Verwüſtungen anrichtet, hätte einſt, auf der neu oxydirten Erdrinde, auf den tiefzerklüfteten Felsſchichten, unter jeglicher Zone den üppigſten Pflanzenwuchs hervorrufen können.

Iſt man geneigt anzunehmen, um die wunderbare Vertheilung der Tropenbildungen in ihren alten Grabſtätten zu erklären, daß langbehaarte elephantenartige Thiere, jetzt von Eisſchollen umſchloſſen, einſt den nördlichen Klimaten urſprünglich eigen waren und daß ähnliche, demſelben Haupttypus zugehörige Bildungen, wie Löwen und Luchſe, zugleich in ganz verſchiedenen Klimaten leben konnten, ſo würde eine ſolche Erklärungsweiſe ſich doch wohl nicht auf die Pflanzenproducte ausdehnen laſſen. Aus Gründen, welche die Phyſiologie der Gewächſe entwickelt, können Palmen, Piſanggewächſe und baumartige Monocotyledonen nicht die nordiſche Kälte ertragen und in dem geognoſtiſchen Problem, das wir hier berühren, ſcheint es mir ſchwer, Pflanzen- und Thierbildungen von einander zu trennen. Dieſelbe Erklärungsart muß beide Bildungen umfaſſen.

Ich habe am Schluß dieſer Abhandlung den Thatſachen, die in den verſchiedenſten Weltgegenden geſammelt worden ſind, unſichere hypothetiſche Vermuthungen angereiht. Die philoſophiſche Naturkunde erhebt ſich über die Bedürfniſſe einer bloßen Naturbeſchreibung. Sie beſteht nicht in einer ſterilen Anhäufung iſolirter Beobachtungen. Dem neugierig regſamen Geiſte des Menſchen ſei es bisweilen erlaubt, aus der Gegenwart in die Vorzeit hinüberzuſchweifen, zu ahnen, was noch nicht klar erkannt werden kann, und ſich an den alten, unter vielerlei Formen wiederkehrenden Mythen der Geognoſie zu ergötzen.

Karl Wilhelm Freiherr von Humboldt

ward am 22. Juni 1767 zu Potsdam geboren, und widmete ſich nach einer ſehr ſorgfältigen Erziehung und Unterweiſung in Sprachen und Wiſſenſchaften dem Studium der Staatswirthſchaft und lebte dann einige Zeit in Schiller's Umgang zu Jena. 1802 kam er als preußiſcher Reſident nach Rom und wurde ſpäter außerordentlicher Geſandter daſelbſt. Er fand hier willkommene Gelegenheit, ſeinen Durſt nach den Schätzen des Alterthums zu befriedigen und ſich zum vollendeten Staatsmann auszubilden. 1806 wurde er als geheimer Staatsrath zum Chef der wiſſenſchaftlichen Section des Miniſteriums des Innern zu Berlin ernannt, vertrat ſpäter die Perſon und Rechte ſeines Fürſten als Staatsminiſter und Geſandter in Wien, beim Congreß zu Prag und Chatillon, unterzeichnete mit Hardenberg 1814 den Frieden von Paris und die Theilung von Sachſen und leitete als preußiſcher bevollmächtigter Miniſter zu Frankfurt die Territorialangelegenheiten Deutſchlands, worauf er zum Mitglied des Staatsraths ernannt und mit liegenden Gütern beſchenkt wurde. Von London, wohin er als außerordentlicher Geſandter geſandt worden war, kam er 1818 zum Congreß nach Aachen und beſorgte dann als Miniſter mit Sitz und Stimme im Departement des Innern die ſtändiſchen Angelegenheiten und das Fürſtenthum Neufchatel, ſo wie die Territorialregulirung zu Frankfurt am Main. 1819 wurde er ſeiner miniſteriellen Aemter enthoben und lebte, 1825 zum Mitglied der pariſer Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften ernannt, und als Ritter des rothen Adlerordens 1. Cl. der berliner Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften und ſeinen Privatforſchungen. Zwar nahm er 1830, nachdem er zum Ritter des preußiſchen ſchwarzen und des hannoverſchen Guelphenordens ernannt worden war, eine Zeit lang wieder an den Berathungen des Staatsrathes Theil, zog ſich aber bald in das Privatleben zurück und ſtarb am 8. April 1836 auf ſeinem Landſitze Tegel bei Berlin.

Er gab heraus:

Pindar's zweite olympiſche Ode, metriſch überſetzt. Berlin 1792, 4.

Aeſthetiſche Unterſuchungen. Ebendaſ. 1799, 1r Bd.

Rom. Eine Elegie. Ebendaſ. 1806; 2te Aufg. 1824, gr. 8.

Aeſchylos Agamemnon, metriſch überſetzt. Leipzig 1816.

Berichtigungen und Zuſätze zu Adelung's Mithridates. Berlin 1817.

Prüfung der Unterſuchungen über die Urbewohner Hiſpaniens vermittelſt der baskiſchen Sprache. Berlin 1821, gr. 8.

Ueber den Dualis. Berlin 1828, 4.

Ueber die unter dem Namen Bhagavad-Gita bekannte Episode des Mahabharata. Berlin 1826, gr. 4.

Ueber die Verwandtſchaft der Ortsadverbien mit dem Pronomen in einigen Sprachen. Berlin 1830, gr. 4.

Briefwechſel zwiſchen Schiller und W. v. H. Stuttgart 1830.

Ueber die Kawi-Sprache. Berlin 1837.

Ueber Sprachbau. Berlin 1837.

Außerdem viele Aufſätze in Schiller's Thalia, den Horen, Schlegel's indiſcher Bibliothek, dem Königsberger Archiv u. ſ. w.

In ſeinen äſthetiſchen Forſchungen verband W. v. H. die gewichtigſte Gründlichkeit mit dem feinſten Geſchmack und klarer, lichtvoller Darſtellung. Noch Bedeutenderes lieferte er in ſeinen ſprachlichen Unterſuchungen, in welchen er ſich Gegenſtänden zuwandte, die bisher wenig von deutſchen Gelehrten beachtet worden waren, und mit ſeltenem Scharfſinn die größten Schwierigkeiten zu überwinden und zu beſeitigen wußte. — Ueber ſeinen meiſterhaften Styl bemerkt Mundt (Die Kunſt der deutſchen Proſa. Berlin 1837, S. 397) ſehr wahr und richtig: Unabhängiger von beſtimmten antiken Einflüſſen, aber von dem Geiſte des Alterthums und dem erhabenen Sinn ſeiner Darſtellungskunſt durchdrungen, iſt die Proſa Wilhelm von Humboldt's vielleicht die gediegenſte und großartigſte, zu der es die deutſche wiſſenſchaftliche Diction bisher hat bringen können, und die ſelbſt auf dem trockenen Felde grammatiſcher Unterſuchungen eine immer rege Geiſtesbewegung verbreitet; die Schönheit dieſes tiefſinnigen Forſchers iſt eben ſo würdevoll als natürlich und einfach, und weiß mit Leichtigkeit das Einzelnſte in die höhere Verbindung mit dem Allgemeinen zu rücken.

Rom *).

Tibris, der du rollſt die ſtolzen Wogen,
Denkſt du wohl noch jener grauen Zeit,
Wo noch nicht, gewölbt auf luft'gen Bogen,
Stand des Capitoles Herrlichkeit,
Roma's Name, noch von Nacht umzogen,
Nicht des Nachruhms Stimme war geweiht? —
Kehrt einſt Nacht, die wieder ihn verſchlinget?
Strahlt ein Tag, wo keinem Ohr er klinget? —

Nein! ſo lang' auf ſeinen Felſenſäulen
Ragt das ſchmale, meerumfloßne Land,
Das der Götter Ahnherrn einſt ſah weilen,
Gründen goldnes Reich' an ſeinem Strand
Mag dahin das Rad der Zeit auch eilen —
Wird die Siebenhügelſtadt genannt.
Ewig lebt ſie in der Vorwelt Munde,
Ewig tönt der Nachwelt ihre Kunde.

Wenn der Tiefe Flut in wildem Schwalle
Sich empört' auch auf vom Meeresgrund,
Die jetzt ſchlummern, die Vulkane, alle,
Flammen ſpien aus umdampftem Schlund,
Auf das Land mit unerhörtem Falle
Beide ſtürzten in vereintem Bund,
Daß, wo jetzt den Ulm umſchlingt die Rebe,
Leicht zerriſſen, Well' an Welle bebe;

Staunend würde doch der Schiffer lauſchen,
Rufen: „Freunde, zieht die Segel ein!
„Höret Ihr die Welle ſtolzer rauſchen!
„Seht, auf wogt ſie vom Romul'ſchen Hain.
„Erd' und Meer kann wohl ſein Loos vertauſchen,
„Doch vertilgt nie Römername ſein.
„Nicht Gebäude nicht iſt's, was ihn träget,
„In der Menſchen Bruſt iſt er geprägt."

Als Aeneas zu Evanders Hütte,
Wälzend, kam, des großen Krieges Laſt,
Und in ſeiner Opferfeſtes Mitte
Nun der Held empfing den neuen Gaſt,
Wankten ſchon durch Trümmer ihre Schritte,
Die die graue Hand der Zeit erfaßt.
„Phryger, ſchaue dieſe öden Reſte,
„Hier ſtand Janus, dort Saturnus Feſte!"

Alſo ſprach Arkadiens Greis, und hüllte
Seines Freundes Sehnſucht, ahndungslos,
Welcher Werke Pracht noch Nacht umhüllte,
Welche Zinnen, wunderhehr und groß,
Da, wo ihm die frohe Heerde brüllte,
Einſt entſtiegen dunkler Zukunft Schooß.
Ach! die da noch nicht das Licht getrunken,
Liegen wieder jetzt in Schutt geſunken!

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*) Elegie von Wilhelm von Humboldt. Stuttgart 1824.

Und wann einſt in ſpäter Jahre Rollen
Seinen Schritt hieher der Waller lenkt,
Wird vielleicht er Trümmern Wehmuth zollen,
Wo ſich jezt die Menſchenmenge drängt,
Wann herab den heil'gen, gnadenvollen
Segen mild der Fürſt der Prieſter ſenkt.
Der ſich jezt des nahen Aethers freuet,
Jener Dom, liegt dann in Staub zerſtreuet.

Stadt der Trümmer! Zufluchtsort der Frommen!
Bild nur ſcheinſt du der Vergangenheit,
Pilger deine Bürger, nur gekommen,
Anzuſtaunen deine Herrlichkeit;
Denn vor allen Städten hat genommen
Dich zum Thron die allgewalt'ge Zeit.
Daß du ſeiſt des Weltenlaufes Spiegel,
Krönte Zeus mit Herrſchaft deine Hügel.

Oft ſah ich von Aventinus Spitze,
Wo ſich engt der Pfad von Oſtia her,
Tiber, unter Cacus altem Sitze,
Hin dich rollen zum Tyrrhenermeer.
Wie, geſchmelzt an Hohenofens Hitze,
Erz ſich wälzet, langſam, gelb und ſchwer,
Rollſt du ernſt und feierlich die Wellen,
Die das Herz mit tiefer Wehmuth ſchwellen.

Starr verfolgt die Woge, wie ſie gleitet,
Feſtgebannt der thränenvollſte Blick,
Und wann ſie zur fernſten Fern' ihn leitet,
Kehrt mit gleicher Sehnſucht er zurück.
Dieſer Wogen finſtres Rollen deutet
Wohl des Menſchen innerſtes Geſchick.
Wenn den Buſen Freud' und Kummer engen,
Iſt es mehr, als dunkles Wogendrängen?

Schnell vorüber rauſcht der Freud' Entzücken,
Langgehegt wird Schmerz und Kummer mild;
Wann es fern die Jahr' und fern entrücken,
Schwankt erbleichend das geliebte Bild.
Ew'ger Wechſel taumelt vor den Blicken,
Und eh' Löſung tief die Sehnſucht ſtillt,
Schlingt das Grab die ſtreitenden Gefühle,
Dumpf und ſtill, wie Sommermittagsſchwüle.

So von Leid' und Kummer trüb' umſchwebet,
Blicken, wie durch zarten Trauerflor,
Roms Gefild', und einſam klagend ſtrebet
Trümmer dicht an Trümmer nur empor.
Gräber, von der Vorzeit Hauch durchbebet,
Schweigend ewig dem erſchrocknen Ohr,
Hingeſtreut in wechſelnden Geſtalten,
Feiern Orcus dunkler Mächte Walten.

Denn bis wo des Meeres Woge ſchwillet,
Vom Gebirg her am Sabinerland,
Das mit tiefem Blau die Luft umquillet,
Wo der Sonne glühend heißen Brand
Sparſam ſchattiges Gehölz umhüllet,
Herrſchet der Zerſtörung graue Hand.
Wehmuth hat ihr Reich hier aufgeſchlagen;
Wehmuth flüſtern tauſend ſtumme Klagen.

Doch wie, wenn des Lebens Kraft verſieget,
Von der Liebe heißem Wonnekuß,
Schlürfet inniger ſtets angeſchmieget,
Ihrer Flammen tödtenden Erguß;
So in ſehnſuchtsvoll Erſtarren wieget
Dieſer Himmelsfluren Zaubergruß.
Segnen muß der Menſch, auch wann er kranket,
Doch den Erden, der ihn feſt umranket.

Stets an Alba's ernſter Scheitel hängen
Möchte zauberiſch gebannt der Blick,
Wo einſt Latium mit Feſtgeſängen
Flehte von dem Donnrer Sieg und Glück.
Zu Soracte's lichten Höhn ſich drängen,
Kehren über Tiburs Hain zurück;
All die tiefen, ſchmelzenden Verlangen
Halten in dem engen Raum gefangen.

Denn in dieſes engen Raumes Schranken
Ruht der Umfang einer halben Welt,
Wie in Einem flüchtigen Gedanken
Oft ein Menſchenleben vor ſich ſtellt.
Ferner Völker ſtolze Throne ſanken
Hier, an Roma's Felſenmacht zerſchellt,
Und mit Blüthen, fremder Zon' entpflücket,
Prangt ſie da, die Herrſcherſtirn geſchmücket.

Wie vom Helios zu Selenens Glanze,
Kehrt zwar von der Heldin blut'gem Schwert
Und der ſchlachtenfroh gebäumten Lanze
Gern der Geiſt zu der, die, gramverzehrt,
Mit der Locke wildzerrauftem Kranze
Sitzet an dem umgeſtürzten Heerd,
Deren Schmuck, mit Siegerhand entführet,
Nun der Stolzen hohe Mauern zieret.

Arme Hellas! traure nicht bekümmert!
Hebe froh den gottdurchſtrömten Sinn!
Wenn in heilger Tempel Halle ſchimmert
Waltend deine Nebenbuhlerin,
Wenn mit Mavors Stärke ſie zertrümmert,
Wurde dir ein höherer Gewinn:
Du nur ſangſt im Götterreihn der Muſen,
Du nur herrſcheſt in der Menſchen Buſen.

An Ilissos ſanftgewundnem Strande,
Wo Platanen wehrten Helios Strahl,
Führten lieblicher gewobne Bande
Durch des Erdenlebens dunkles Thal.
In der Dichtung magiſchem Gewande
Stand die Weisheit bei der Freude Mahl,
Und begeiſterter empor zu flammen,
Schmolz mit Freundſchaft Liebe ſich zuſammen.

Wenn der Perſer wilde Schaaren drohten,
Glühte jedem Griechen hoch der Muth,
Und von allen Küſten her entboten,
Spendeten der Freiheit ſie ihr Blut.
Ueberdeckt mit Trümmern und mit Todten,
Ausgeſpieen von des Meeres Fluth,
Können Salamis Geſtade zeugen,
Ob dem Joche ſich Hellenen beugen.

Doch wann ſie des Friedens Opfer weihten,
Raſteten die Waffen unberührt;
Knechtſchaftsfeſſeln einer Welt bereiten,
Iſt nicht, was Hellenenbruſt verführt;
Für des Vaterlandes Götter ſtreiten;
Aber, wann der Freiheit Kranz ſie ziert,
Froh den Reigen um die Freien ſchließen,
Und der Hohen Gegenwart genießen.

Ihren Geiſt — der Erd' und Himmel füllet,
Flüſtert in dem gottgeweihten Hain,
In des Meeres dunkler Woge ſchwillet,
Furchtbar ſtarrt im nackten Felsgeſtein,
Zart der Schönheit Wellenform entquillet —
Schlürfen mit geweihten Sinnen ein.
Tief die Bruſt in alles Leben tauchen,
Und es bildend wieder von ſich hauchen.

Aus dem Nichts da ſprangen die Geſtalten,
Die umſonſt die Hand der Zeit bezwang,
Deren überirdiſch Götterwalten
Jezt noch füllt den Sinn mit Himmelsdrang,
Die der Schönheit Urform rein entfalten,
Rhythmiſch, wie der Sphären Feierklang,
Und ſich, wie ſie frei den Aether ſchlürfen,
Huldreich fügen menſchlichem Bedürfen.

Da entſtrömeten der Hymnen Töne,
Wann in Elis und des Iſthmos Flur,
Eilend, ob des Sieges Kranz ſie kröne?
Flog zum Ziel der Flammenräder Spur.
„Eins ſind Götter, eins der Menſchen Söhne,
„Aber beiden Eine Mutter nur.
„Werden jene vom Olymp getragen,
„Können auf zu ihnen wir doch ragen!“

So vom Hauch der Schönheit überthauet,
So ergriffen von der Größe Macht,
Drang der Geiſt vom Morgenroth umgrauet,
Tiefer in des Menſchenſchickſals Nacht.
Keiner hat es je ſo klar geſchauet, —
Wie der Zorn der Eumeniden wacht,
Wie das Leben irrt, ein Traum am Tage,
Ewig tönt's des Chores Wechſelklage.

Klagt Euch ſelber; denn kaum flücht'ge Spuren
Ließ von Euch zurück Barbarenwuth.
Argos trauert und Mykene's Fluren,
Oed' iſt Aulis traubenreiche Flur;
Der Zerſtörung wilde Stürme fuhren
Da, wo Götter menſchlich einſt geruht.
Wie der Leier Tön' in Luft verhallen,
Muß des Lebens zartſte Blüthe fallen.

Nicht gegeben ward es Euch, zu gründen,
Was durch grauer Zeiten Alter lebt.
Der ſelbſt, deſſen kühnem Ueberwinden
Dienſtbar Indus Ufer einſt gebebt,
Konnte Welten wohl mit Ruhm entzünden;
Doch es ſank, was er mit Müh' erſtrebt.
Wie der Gott im Zweigeſpann der Tiger,
Zog dahin, und ſchwand der trunkne Sieger.

Wer empor ein feſt Gebäu will führen,
Trotzend Zeit und Schickſal unverwandt,
Muß das Ird'ſche muthig zu berühren
Nimmer ſcheun mit arbeitkühner Hand,
Und des innern Weſens Kräfte ſpüren
Näher mit der Erde Staub verwandt;
Wie die Eiche tief die Wurzeln ſenket,
Wenn am Aether ſie die Zweige tränket.

Zwar, ſie ſchöpfend von des Himmels Zinnen,
Goß ins Bild, das ſtarrte, kalt und taub,
Jene Gluten, die uns noch durchrinnen,
Kühn Prometheus; doch der Stoff war Staub.
Nun in jedem menſchlichen Beginnen
Wird des Himmels Frucht der Erde Raub.
Was entflammt von freigeſchwungnen Kräften,
Muß ſich an die Nacht des Bodens heften.

Ewig hätt' Homeros uns geſchwiegen,
Hätte Rom nicht unterjocht die Welt;
Nimmer wär' aus Grabesnacht geſtiegen,
Der die Seele feſt im Leiden hält,
Da die wilden Schlangen ihn umſchlingen,
Und der Knaben Tod den Buſen ſchwellt,
Ließ nicht Titus einſt von Siegestrümmern
Seine weiten, goldnen Hallen ſchimmern.

Wie empor, den Himmel tragend, ſtrebet
Atlas, eine allgewalt'ge Wehr.
Dicht von Wolken iſt ſein Haupt umſchwebet,
Und die Wurzel birgt das dunkle Meer.
So von dort, wo Dichtung Fabeln webet,
Ragt zu uns Roms mächt'ges Schickſal her.
Was von Thatenkunde wir vernahmen,
Wölbet ſich um ihren ſtolzen Namen.

Nicht ein frei Geſchenk aus Göttergüte,
Ward der Thron der Welt des Römers Loos:
Wie ſtets neu ein zürnend Haupt erblühte
Lerna's Drachen aus der Wunde Schooß,
Hob die Todbedrohte ſich, und ſprühte
Neue Flammen auf den Sieger los,
Bis die letzte Glut er nun vergoſſen,
Und ſich Janus hohe Pforten ſchloſſen.

Stark der Arbeit Mühſal zu wagen,
Schritt Quirinus Volk den Rieſenpfad,
Schnöd verſchmähend, Ruh nach Kampf zu pflegen,
Streuend ewig neuer Siege Saat,
Von des Ruhmes lichtbeſtrahlten Wogen
Ehrend nichts, als Herrſcher-Wort und That,
Gern vergeuderiſch mit Blut und Schweiße,
Wenn es nur der Welten Richter heiße.

Denn des Rechtes ehrne Geſetze
Hielt es den erſchrocknen Völkern vor;
Daß Gewalt den Schwachen nicht verletze,
Der zum Schirm es flehend ſich erkohr,
Und zum Sieg der Rache Schwert es wetze,
Lieh es dem Bedrängten gern ſein Ohr.
So von einem Meeresſtrand zum andern
Ließ es ſeine blut'gen Schaaren wandern.

Doch eh' kühn ſie waget ferne Züge,
Lebt daheim erſt Roma Schlachtenmuth;
Denn daß, kaum geboren, ſie erliege,
Dräut um ſie der Nachbarvölker Wuth;
Doch die Hände ſtreckt ſie aus der Wiege,
Und erwürget liegt der Nattern Brut.
Bändigend Latiner ihrem Worte,
Steigt ſie an der Weltbeherrſchung Pforte.

Und das Meer leckt ihren ſtolzen Füßen,
Und es wagt ſie, ſich ihm zu vertraun.
„Mag den Uebermuth Carthago büßen,
„Und Sicul's Macht die Fluten ſchaun!“
Ruft ſie, und mit lauten Siegesgrüßen
Senden ihre Flotten Todesgrauen.
Zwiſchen Schiff und Schiffen kühne Brücken
Schlagen ſie ſich auf der Woge Rücken.

Und der Kampf nun auf den ſchwanken Brettern
Tobt', als wüthet' er auf Felſengrund;
Vor des Römerſchwertes Flammenwettern
Sinkt der Pöne in der Wellen Schlund,
Und von ſeinen Siegern, wie von Rettern,
Bettelt er des Friedens ſchmähl'gen Bund.
Von dem ſchönen, [illegible] Lande
Muß er fliehn zu ſeinem öden Strande.

Aus der Heimath iſt ſie nun geſchritten,
Morgenröthlich, gleich ſchön geſchmückter Braut,
Muth und Stärke hat ſie ſich erſtritten,
Daß vor keinem Kampf ſie mehr ergraut.
Zwar noch blut'gen Regen auf ſie ſchütten
Ungewitter, denen Nacht entthaut;
Doch ſie harret aus, die Wolken fliehen,
Und es ſinkt die Welt zu ihren Knieen.

Und nach jedem ſchwer beſtandnen Streite
Heiter, noch vom Kampfgewühle heiß,
Zu der Götter Tempel ſie die Beute,
Des vergoßnen Blutes theuren Preis.
Mit den Grenzen dehnt ſich in die Weite
Nach der Stadt, der Ein'gen, heil'ger Kreis;
Denn zum Heerd des Reichs iſt ſie geweihet,
Wo ſich ew'ger Flamme Veſta freuet.

Um den Siebengürtel dieſer Hügel,
Deren Stirn die hohen Zinnen trägt,
Schwingt der Sieg die goldumſtrahlten Flügel,
Treu dem Kreiſe, der ihn einzig hegt.
Ew'ger Herrſchaft unverletztes Siegel
Hat hier nieder das Geſchick gelegt.
Wohl verpflanzen läßt ſich Muth und Tugend,
Aber nicht des Glückes Götterjugend.

Als einſt von der Gallier Siegerhänden
Rom, verbrannt, in Graus und Schutte lag,
Und den neuen Aufbau zu vollenden,
Es an Muth dem müden Volk gebrach,
Wollten ſie ſich feig nach Veji wenden;
Doch Camill, der kühne Retter, ſprach:
„Von der Götter Heerde wollt ihr fliehen?
„In die Stadt beſiegter Götter ziehen?

„So, Quiriten, traget ihr nur Liebe
„Zum Gebälk, von Menſchenhand erbaut?
„So umfaßt ihr nicht mit inn'germ Triebe
„Dieſer Muttererde ſüßen Laut?
„Nein! wenn auch nur jene Hütte bliebe,
„Die den großen Gründer einſt geſchaut,
„Möcht' an's Herz ich dieſe Oede drücken,
„Lieber, als den alten Sitz verrücken.

„Oft mit Thränen netzte meine Wangen,
„Als ich weilt' in Ardea verbannt,
„Hier nach dieſen Fluren tief Verlangen,
„Nach des Tibers oft gewohntem Strand,
„Nach dem Himmel, von dem hold umfangen,
„Mir der erſten Jugend Blüthe ſchwand.
„Daß nicht Sehnſucht trübe unſre Freuden,
„Laßt uns nie vom ſüßen Boden ſcheiden!

„Und wer wird den Göttern Opfer bringen,
„Denen Dienſt von unſern Vätern ſtammt?
„Deine Schilde, wer, Gradivus, ſchwingen,
„Wann kein Bürgerheerd mehr wirthlich flammt.
„Und wo jetzt der Freiheit Kräfte ringen,
„Iſt zur Wüſte dann der Markt verdammt!
„Veſta's Lohe wer zu löſchen wagen!
„Wer auf Feindes Heerd ſie frevelnd tragen?

„Jetzt noch ſteht die hohe Burg gegründet,
„Aller Götter Häuſer unverſehrt.
„Wem die Bruſt das Vaterland entzündet,
„Dem bleibt kein Beginnen je verwehrt.
„Für die oft in Schlachtenreih'n verbündet,
„Ihr gekämpft mit blutgefärbtem Schwert,
„Dieſe wüſten Mauern, o Quiriten,
„Laßt auf's neue Trotz den Zeiten bieten."

Und ſie wankten zweifelnd hin und wieder,
Da zieht über's Forum Kriegerſchaar,
Und begeiſtert ſchallt es durch die Glieder:
„Hier zu bleiben, frommt uns, immerdar!
„Senket hier der Adler ſtolz Gefieder!"
Und als laute Götterſtimme klar,
Hört vom Markt man und des Rathes Stufen:
„Hier zu bleiben, frommt uns!" alle rufen.

Und ſeitdem mit aller Götter Gnaden
Ward die Herrſcherin der Welt beſchenkt;
Schauend von des weiten Aethers Pfaden
Größ'res nicht, worauf den Strahl er ſenkt,
Iſt's, als ob, in Glanze ſie zu baden,
Phöbus ſeine Flammenroſſe lenkt.
Wo nur Hauch der Menſchlichkeit je wehte,
Sehnt die Bruſt ſich nach der Stadt der Städte.

Denn als hin das erſte war geſunken,
Blüht' in ihr empor ein neues Reich
Die durch Blut und Kampf ſchritt ſiegestrunken,
Herrſcht nun ſonder Schwert- und Lanzenſtreich;
Liebe weckt in ihr die Liebesfunken;
Statt des Lorbeers grünt der Palme Zweig.
Tod und Knechtſchaft hat ſie ſonſt entſendet,
Segnend jetzt die Welt ſich zugewendet.

Zwar auch dieſes Glanzes Strahlen bleichen.
Was die Erde Großes je geſehn,
Sinkt einſt vor des Schickſals mächt'gen Streichen,
Fortgewirbelt in des Poles Drehn.
Selbſt die Sonne muß am Abend weichen,
Neu am Morgen glühend zu erſtehn.
Doch der Geiſt, der tief verborgen weilet,
Wird von keiner Flucht der Zeit ereilet.

Und zu ihm, der, licht entflammt dem Himmel,
Um die Wange dieſer Hügel ſchwebt,
Flüchtet freudig aus dem Weltgetümmel,
Wem Betrachtung ſtill die Seele hebt.
Balſam iſt der Schatten Nachtgewimmel,
Wenn den Buſen Ahndung bang durchwebt.
Aus dem Leben in die Wüſte ſchweifen
Muß, wer kühn will Göttliches ergreifen.

So viel Saiten tief im Buſen ſchwingen,
Wenn der Welten Einklang rühret das Herz;
So viel Töne allgewaltig bringen
Auf von dieſem Boden himmelwärts.
Gräbertrümmer, öd' und wüſt, durchklingen
Bang die Bruſt mit ſehnſuchtsvollem Schmerz.
Größe ruht auf Mauern und Gefilden;
Schönheit ſtammt aus himmliſchen Gebilden.

Wenn, von ihrem Lichte, Ihr umfloſſen,
Götterſöhne, die Ihr, ewig jung,
Stehet bei den wildgebäumten Roſſen,
Hebt die Bruſt zu überſel'gem Schwung;
Wie dann in einander mild ergoſſen,
Strömen Wehmuth und Bewunderung,
Bis der Geiſt, von Ahndungsblitz gerühret,
In dem Loos der Menſchheit ſich verlieret.

Denn es ſoll vergehn des Menſchen Treiben;
Ewig währet nur, was leblos ſtarrt.
Nichts ſoll von der langen Vorzeit bleiben,
Was nicht lebend trägt die Gegenwart;
Kraft an Kraft ſich funkenſprühend reiben,
Hauch beleben Hauch, nach Geiſterart;
Der ſelbſt, von dem alles Leben ſtammet,
Iſt nur ewig, weil ſtets neu er flammet.

Darum ſonder bitt'rer Klag' Entſenden,
Senken edle Trümmer hier das Haupt,
Als verziehn ſie den Barbarenhänden,
Die der Pracht der Jugend ſie beraubt,
Sanft noch lächelnd in den öden Wänden,
Von des Epheus dichtem Schmuck umlaubt;
Wie der Saat, die bald der Sommer bleichet,
Still im Herbſt des Halmes Aehre weichet.

Niedern Dienſt dem neuen Wohner leihet,
Hoher Säulen ſchöngeformter Knauf.
Achtlos, ob er Werk der Kunſt entweihet,
Stützt er häusliches Geräth darauf.
Soll, der ſich des Augenblickes freuet,
Greifen in der Zeiten raſchen Lauf?
Blüthen, die aus ihrem Schooße ſprießen,
Mögen, welkend, hin mit ihnen fließen.

Großes ewig muß der Menſch erzeugen,
Weil zum Himmel auf ſein Weſen ſtrebt!
Doch das Große muß der Zeit ſich beugen,
Der im Buſen wieder Größ'res webt.
Schlingen ſo ſich hin ein Götterreigen,
In dem Schönes Schöneres belebt.
Nur ein Leben aus dem Tod' entfalten
Iſt der Menſchheit ſchmerzumwölktes Walten.

Der des Menſchen Buſen heiß durchglühet,
Hält die Welten auch im ew'gen Gleis,
Und die Funken, die er flammend ſprühet,
Faſſet ſeiner Ewigkeiten Kreis.
Neues auch aus ſeinem Schooß erblühet,
Ohne daß er ahndungsvoll es weiß.
Er auch kennt nur ewig neu Entwinden,
Ringt, im Größ'ren wieder ſich zu finden.

Denn das Neue doch iſt heimiſch wieder,
Stammt aus gleich verborgnem Urquell her.
Drum, wer lenken will des Geiſt's Gefieder
Um der Erde Rand, der Sterne Heer,
Steige nur zum eignen Buſen nieder;
Schwelle, wie der Ströme Flut das Meer,
Ihn mit aller Schöpfung reichem Leben,
So um Einen lichten Punkt zu ſchweben.

Denn, ein Abglanz göttlicher Gedanken,
Reißet, theilend ſeines Ird'ſchen Loos,
Aus der Alltagsbilder irrem Wanken
Plötzlich, ſtill verklärt, Geſtalt ſich los.
Größe, die nicht Wankel kennt, noch Schranken,
Ruht in ihrer Züge tiefem Schooß;
Was dem Geiſt entflieht, als reine Wahrheit,
Strahlt aus ihr in hoher Sinnenklarheit.

So erwachſen, durch der Gottheit Segen,
Dieſe Hügel in der Horen Tanz;
Was die Bruſt kann Großes je bewegen,
Hängt an ihrer Gipfel heiterm Glanz,
Um die ſich der Menſchheit Looſe legen,
Wie um Heldenſtirn ein Lorbeerkranz.
Welcher Laut hat menſchlich je geſchallet,
Den die Vorzeit hier nicht wiederhallet?

Ihren Tönen laß mich, Freundin, lauſchen!
Mag, was leicht, wie Windeshauch, verweht,
Immerhin ſein Wechſellos vertauſchen!
Was das ernſte Schickſal will, beſteht.
Laß den Augenblick vorüberrauſchen!
Nur das Meer, deß' Fluten glanzbeſä't,
An der Menſchheit tiefe Wurzeln ſchlagen,
Iſt es werth, den müden Geiſt zu tragen.

Julius Hundeiker

ward 179° zu Großlafferde im Hannöverſchen geboren, erhielt als Sohn des bekannten Educationsrathes Dr. Johann Peter H. zu Friedberg eine ſorgfältige Erziehung, ſtudirte auf den wiſſenſchaftlichen Anſtalten ſeines Vaterlandes Philoſophie und Theologie und war dann einige Zeit Lehrer an dem Erziehungsinſtitute ſeines Vaters zu Vechelde, bis er als Prediger nach Apelnſtädt in das Braunſchweigiſche kam.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Alexander von Oberg. Braunſchweig 1825, 2 Thle.

Hennig Brabant oder die Schrecken der Bürgermeiſterſchaft von Braunſchweig. Ebendaſelbſt 1825.

Herzog Friedrich Ulrich von Braunſchweig. Ebendaſ. 1826.

Die Guelphenbraut. Bremen 1827.

H. erwählte ſich W. Scott zum Vorbilde und hat nicht ohne Geſchick und Talent hiſtoriſche vaterländiſche Stoffe in der Form des Romans zu behandeln gewußt.

Albert Hüne

ward 1796 zu Göttingen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt die philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften und trat, nachdem er die Doctorwürde erworben hatte, als Privatdocent an dieſer Univerſität auf. 1828 wurde er als Bibliotheksſecretair nach Hannover berufen.

Wir haben von ihm:

Vollſtändige hiſtoriſch-philoſophiſche Darſtellung aller Veränderungen des Negerſclavenhandels. Göttingen 1820 u. f. 2 Thle.

Geſchichte des Königreichs Hannover und Herzogthums Braunſchweig. Hannover 1824—1830, 2 Thle.

Geſchichte von Großbritannien. Erfurt 1829—31, 2 Bdchen. in 12.

H. verbindet in ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen ſtrengen Fleiß und emſige Forſchung mit edler dem Gegenſtande angemeſſener Darſtellung.

Johann Nikolaus Ludwig Hünerkoch

ward am 12. Juli 1764 zu Klein-Wülknitz im Köthenſchen geboren und bekleidete nach vollendeten Humanitäts- und philologiſchen Studien eine Zeitlang das Amt eines Conrectors am reformirten Gymnaſium zu Hamm, wurde dann Lehrer an der Navigationsſchule in Bremen und privatiſirte ſpäter daſelbſt, nachdem er dieſe Stelle aufgegeben hatte.

Er gab heraus:

Practiſche deutſche Sprachlehre. Leipzig 1801; 2te Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1805.

Vergleichende Sprachlehre der Regeln zur Erlernung der deutſchen, franzöſiſchen und engliſchen Sprache. Hannover 1818.

Neueſte Erdbeſchreibung, verbunden mit Welt- und Naturgeſchichte. —

Ein tüchtiger Lehrer, deſſen grammatiſche Arbeiten ſich namentlich durch kritiſche Forſchung, Gründlichkeit und Genauigkeit auszeichnen.

Chriſtian Friedrich Hunold

ward 1680 zu Wandersleben in Thüringen geboren und ſeiner wiſſenſchaftlichen Erziehung halber von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen gräflich-hatzfeldiſchen Amtmann, zuerſt auf die Schule zu Arnſtadt und ſpäter von ſeinen Verwandten auf das Gymnaſium zu Weißenfels gebracht. Unter Bohſe's Leitung ſtudirte er in Jena die Rechte, zugleich aber auch Sprachen, Beredſamkeit und Poeſie und kam dann, nachdem ſein Vermögen durch eine Liebſchaft mit der Schweſter eines Buſenfreundes gänzlich zerrüttet worden, 1700 als irrender Ritter nach Hamburg, wo er anfangs durch Schreiben für einen Advocaten und Unterricht in Redekunſt und Dichtkunſt, ſpäter aber durch Schriftſtellerei ſich ernährte. So beifällig ſeine meiſt ſatyriſchen Schriften aufgenommen wurden, ſo wenig konnten ſie ihm dauerndes Glück in Hamburg ſchaffen. Kaum der Verfolgung wegen einer ſatyriſchen Grabſchrift auf König Karl II. von Spanien entgangen, machte ſein ſatyriſcher Roman ihn tödtlich gehaßt und nöthigte ihn, 1706 mit Lebensgefahr nach Braunſchweig zu entfliehen. Als ihm hier die gewünſchte Anſtellung nicht ward, ließ er ſich 1708 in Halle nieder, wo er über Dicht- und Redekunſt und über Moral Vorleſungen eröffnete und, nachdem er 1714 promovirt hatte, als Doctor beider Rechte ein geregeltes Leben führte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1721.

Meiſt unter dem Namen „Menantes" ſchrieb er:

Die verliebte und galante Welt. Hamburg 1700, 8.; ferner 1715 und 1740.

Curieuſe Sendſchreiben. Hamburg 1701, 4.

Verliebte, galante und ſatyriſche Gedichte. Hamburg 1702, 8; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1703, 2 Thle. in 8.

Die allerneueſte Manier, höflich und galant zu ſchreiben. Hamburg 1702, 8.

Die liebenswürdige Adalie. Hamburg 1702, 8; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1731.

Der thörigte Pritſchmeiſter. Coblenz (Hamburg) 1704, 8.

Salomon. Singſpiel. Hamburg 1704, 4.

Nebukadnezar. Singſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1704, 4.

Sendſchreiben an Herrn Feuſtking. Ebendaſelbſt 1704, 4.

Der europäiſchen Höfe Liebes- und Heldengeſchichte. Hamburg 1705, 8.; dann 1724 und 1734, 3 Thle.

Satyriſcher Roman. Hamburg 1706, 8.; neue Aufl. Stade 1710, 2 Thle., Hamburg 1719.

Die beſte Manier in honetter Converſation ꝛc. zu leben. Hamburg 1707, 8.

Die allerneueſte Art zur reinen und galanten Poeſie zu gelangen. Hamburg 1707, 8. Eigentlich Erdmann Neumeiſter's Arbeit, aber von Hunold mit Vorrede herausgegeben. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1728, 8.

Die allerneueſte Manier zu reden. Hamburg 1707, 8.

Rasepoen belle humeur. Ueberſetzt. Hamburg 1712, 8.

Lettres choisies. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1712, 8.

Die Höflichkeit der heutigen Welt. Ebendaſ. 1712, 8.

Einleitung zur deutſchen Oratorie. Halle 1713, 8.

Akademiſche Nebenſtunden. Halle 1713, 8.; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1726, 8.

Auserleſene Briefe. Halle 1714, 2 Thle. in 8.

Neue Briefe. Hamburg 1715, 8.

Vermiſchte Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1715, 8.

Auserleſene Gedichte berühmter und geſchickter Männer. Halle 1718—1720, 3 Bde. in 8.

Ernſthafter, ſinnreicher und ſatyriſcher Zeitvertreib. Halle 1720, 8.

Die wahre Klugheit in der Welt zu leben. Hamburg 1725, 8.

Die unvergleichlich ſchöne Türkin. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1723.

Hunold, ein Schüler Bohſe's (ſ. d.), ſuchte ſeinen Lehrer noch zu übertreffen und in ſeinen Schriften den Poeten mit dem Weltmann offenbar zum Nachtheil des erſteren zu verbinden. Er iſt keineswegs ohne Geiſt und Talent, aber flüchtig und geſchmacklos, blos für den Augenblick und aus Nothwendigkeit arbeitend, und ſich wenig um den eigentlichen Werth ſeiner Schriften kümmernd, die ſich daher auch nur eines ganz ephemeren Intereſſes zu erfreuen hatten, da obendrein Hunold's Luſt am Streit und Scandal ihm die Beſſeren abwendig machte. Unter ſeinen Poeſien haben einige ernſtere Dichtungen aus ſpäteren Tagen den meiſten Werth, der jedoch im Ganzen ebenfalls nur unbedeutend iſt, da ſie ſich nicht über den Rang poetiſcher Proſa erheben.

Ulrich von Hutten,

Sprößling eines uralten adeligen Geſchlechts, ward am 20. April 1488 auf ſeinem Stammſchloſſe Steckelberg bei Fulda geboren und kam 10 Jahr alt nach Fulda, um Mönch zu werden. Da dies mit ſeiner Neigung ſtritt, entfloh er 1504 nach Erfurt und dann nach Köln, von wo er mit dem aufgeklärten Rhagius nach Frankfurt an der Oder ging. Unterſtützt vom Ritter Eitelwolf von Stein ſtudirte er hier 3 Jahre, beſuchte dann kurz nach einander Greifswalde, Roſtock und Wittenberg und ging darauf nach Pavia, um dort die Rechte zu ſtudiren und dadurch ſeinen erzürnten Vater wieder zu verſöhnen. Der Verluſt aller ſeiner Habe bei Eroberung dieſer Stadt nöthigte ihn 1513 unter den kaiſerlichen Völkern Kriegsdienſte zu nehmen, aber bald war er derſelben überdrüſſig und verfolgte wieder ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Laufbahn, für Reuchlin und gegen die Mönche und den mörderiſchen Herzog Ulrich von Würtemberg auftretend. Nachdem ein nochmaliger Verſuch, in Bologna Doctor der Rechte zu werden, an ſeiner Unruhe und ſeinem Widerwillen gegen Italien geſcheitert war, wurde er in Augsburg von dem ſchönſten deutſchen Mädchen, Conſtantia Peutinger mit dem poetiſchen Lorbeerkranze geſchmückt und vom Kaiſer Maximilian I. zum Ritter geſchlagen, worauf er als Dienſtmann des Erzbiſchofs von Mainz denſelben nach Paris und 1518 nach Augsburg zu Luther's Unterredung mit dem Cardinal Cajetan begleitete und mit Demoſtheniſcher Beredtſamkeit die deutſchen Fürſten zum Türkenkriege anfeuerte. Bald darauf wurde er mit dem tapfern Franz von Sickingen bekannt und fand, von den Mönchen verfolgt, Schutz auf deſſen Burg, mußte aber nach der unglücklichen Fehde deſſelben mit dem Erzbiſchof von Trier in die Schweiz flüchten, wo er überall verfolgt und von ſeiner neu ausgebrochenen Krankheit überwältigt am 31. Auguſt 1523 auf der Inſel Ufnau im Zürcherſee ſtarb.

Ein wahrhaft freier deutſcher Mann, bekämpfte er raſch und kühn das Unrecht, wo er es fand, mit allen Waffen des Witzes und der Satyre und war dadurch ein treuer Gehülfe Luther's, den er zwar nicht perſönlich kannte, für welchen er aber ſpäter die größte Achtung empfand.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Anzeig, wie allwegen die römiſchen Biſchöfe ſich gegen die deutſchen Kaiſer gehalten haben.

Ein ſchön Dialogus von M. Luther.

Klage über die unmäßige Gewalt der Päpſte.

Karſthans.

Deutſche Gedichte. Herausgegeben von A. Schreiber. Heidelberg 1810.

Auserleſene Werke. Ueberſetzt von Münch. Leipzig 1821—1823, 3 Thle.

Die Lateiniſchen:

Epistolae obscurorum virorum. Venetiae 1516, 4., edidit Münch, Lipsiae 1827., mit Crotus u. A.

Opera. Edidit Münch. Berolini 1821—1825. 5 Tom.

Freimüthigkeit und unerſchütterliche, oft in Derbheit übergehende Geradheit charakteriſiren Ulrich von Hutten's Schriften. Es iſt lebhaft zu bedauern, daß er nicht mehr Milde und Ruhe beſaß, ſowie daß er den hohen Werth der deutſchen Sprache erſt in den letzern Jahren ſeines irdiſchen Wirkens erkannte; ſein Einfluß auf die Nation würde ſonſt weit dauernder und nachhaltiger bei den ihm eigenthümlichen Anlagen geweſen ſein. Wirkliches poetiſches Talent war ihm jedoch nicht eigen, auch benutzte er im Grunde nur das poetiſche Gewand, um ſeinen Gedanken und Anſichten leichteren Eingang bei ſeinem Volke zu verſchaffen.

Vergl. C. Schubart, Leben U's von Hutten. Leipzig 1791.

Klagred Hutteni an alle hohe und niedere Stände deutſcher Nation*).

Ich wollt gern (dörft ich) führen Klag,
Ein jedermann die Wahrheit ſag,
Gemeinen Irrthum machen klar,
Und viel Gebrechen offenbar,
Dadurch dies Nation beſchwert,
Ganz deutſches Land verderbet hat,
Die Sitten werden gar verkehrt.
So jetzund die Menſchen ſo verblendt,
Daß man die Wahrheit nicht erkennt,
Und achtet Aberglauben mehr,
Denn chriſtenlich und Gottes Lehr.
Dann wo der Wahrheit einer pflegt,
Gar bald man ſich entgegen legt,
Damit werd ſolliche unterredt,
Hat einer denn zu weit gredt,
Die Geiſtlichkeit gegriffen an,

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*) Aus Hutten's „Deutſche Gedichte." Herausgegeben von A. Schreiber. Heidelberg 1810.

Den hält man für ein böſen Mann,
Und ſchuldigt ihn der Ketzerey:
Ach Gott, zu dir ich ruf und ſchrey:
Das Menſchen Sinn wollſt geben ein,
Erkanntnuß und der Wahrheit Schein,
Durch deines Geiſtes göttlich Kraft,
Der ſolliches auch vor Zeiten ſchafft,
Da erleuchtet menſchlich Sinn,
Geb Wahrheit ein, treib Falſchheit hin,
Dann auch ſelbſt die Wahrheit biſt,
Als zeuget der Evangeliſt:
Giebt daß erkenn dieß Nation,
Wie weit ſey kein Gnad davon,
Wo man von deiner Gottheit ſchreibt,
Und doch den Geldes Nutzung bleibt,
Wo man durch Gottes Namen ſchwört,
Und doch des Teufels Reich ernährt,
Wo man ſich nimmt Geiſtlichkeit an,
Und Büberei doch für läßt gahn.
Wo jedermann ein Prieſter nennt,
Den man doch als ein Buben kennt
Derſelb mit Sitten, die er übt,
Ein andern böß Exempel gibt.
Wo der eins Herren Namen hat,
Gar nichtes denkt mit Hülf und Rath,
Wie er verhüten mög die Heerd,
Allein der Milch und Wollen gehrt;
Ach Gott, erleucht die Geſalbten dein,
Daß ſie durch deines Geiſtes Schein,
Verſtehen in der Gleißnerey,
Was Chriſtenheit und Wahrheit ſey;
Verleih mir, daß ich ſag davon,
Ob man mich dann verfolget ſchon,
Das trifft allein den Körper an,
Die Seel man mir nicht tödten kann,
Als du haſt ſelbſt geredt davon;
Und durchs Propheten Mund geſeit,
Wie weit geh Tyrannen Geleith,
Du biſt mir ein auserwähltes Faß,
Als auch der Apoſtel Paulus was.
Fahr hin, zeigs Herren und Fürſten an,
Ich wöll ſie all ermahnet han,
Zu beſſern ihr Lehr und Leben,
Darzu ihn mein Gnad woll geben.

Manes.

Hierum ich ſprich aus Gottes Lehr,
Ihr Fürſten merket neue Mähr,
Die Prieſter ſollten weltlich Ehr,
Und dieſes zeitlich Regiment,
Nicht haben vor ſein Teſtament.
Und was da wär des Körpers Sach,
Da ſollten ſie nicht denken nach,
Dann chriſtlich leben iſt ihr Fug.
Das haſt, Chriſt, Beyſpiel geben g'nug,
Nach fleiſches Werk haſt nicht getracht,
Der Welt Regierung ganz veracht,
Allein der Himmel war dein Reich,
Und was demſelben g'mäß und gleich,
Das haſt du dir geeignet zu,
So hat jetzund der Papſt kein Ruh,
Wie er mit g'waltiglicher Hand
Bringt unter ſich Städt, Leut und Land.
Spricht dann, es ſey der Kirchen Gut,
Heißt halten das in ſteter Hut,
Und nimmt ſich an St. Peters G'walt,
Den er auch übet mannichfalt,
Mit Binden, Löſen, hie auf Erd,
Als ob das angeſehen werd,
In Höllen und im Paradeiß.
Ach, Gott! nun mach all Herzen weiß,
Daß nicht mög werden zugeſtallt
Eim böſen Menſchen ſolcher G'walt,
Auf hartem Stein dein Kirch gebaut,
Allein den Frommen wird vertraut,
Auf daß die hab ein feſten Grund,
Und bleib in guter Lehr geſund.
Man ſieht wohl, wie ein jeder lebt,
Nach Gottes Ehr der Papſt nicht ſtrebt,
Allein ihn zeitlich Gut erhebt,
Drum auch zwey Schwerter meint zu han
Und läßt die Schäflein hinten gahn.
Dich wollt vor Zeiten werfen auf
Zum König ein groß mächtig Hauf,
Da biſt du weit geflohen hin,
So iſt nur jetzt des Papſtes Sinn,
Daß er der Welt Regierer ſey,
Und unter ihm leb niemand frey,
Denn er auch zu Gezeugnuß trägt
Ein Kron, dreyfaltig aufgelegt,
Und ſchleift den Purpur hinten nach,
In Demuth hat er kein Gemach,
Mit Hoffart treibt allein ſein Sach,
Und daß er Reichthum mög erwerben,
Muß mancher frommer Chriſten ſterben,
Dann ſtehlen heimlich iſt nicht g'nug,
Zu morden, ſtreiten, habens Fug.
Allein der Papſt ihm vorbehält,
Was wider Ehren iſt geſtellt,
Das heißt er dann der Kirchen G'winn,
Und geht allein ihm Bosheit hin.
Ich wollt gern, daß gelogen wär,
Er hält kein Glauben, acht kein Ehr;
Deshalb, ob ich hätt geſchworen ſchon,
Gar bald ich laſſen mag davon,
Das ſchafft ein Abſolution.
Wie mögen das ſein göttlich Ding,
Daher dein Nahmen achten gering,
Die andern Leuten ſollten ſich
Zum Beiſpiel ſehen offentlich,
Die deine Schaaf befohlen han,
Des Hirten Amts ſich nehmen an,
Und ſollten nur der Seelen Heil
Bedenken, und nicht tragen feil,
Dein Geiſtlichkeit, dein göttlich Gunſt,
Als ob du die nicht gäbſt umſunſt?
Dann du ſiehſt an den Menſchen Muth,
Vielmehr, denn was er hab an Gut,
So ſchickens täglich Bullen her,
Als obs nach deinem Willen wär.
Den Himmel ſchätzens um ein Geld,
Der allen Frommen zugeſtellt
Durch Dich, und vormals geben iſt,
Dann darzu kommen hilft kein Liſt,
Und wird der Ablaß ſchaffen nit,
Es geb dann rein Gewiſſen mit.
Wo dann iſt gut die Conſcienz,
Da fragt man nit nach Indulgenz,
Sie hand das aber gesteigt ſo viel,
Daß jetzund niemand leben will,
Er hab ihm dann ein Ablaß kauft,
Drum mancher auch gen Rom hinlauft,
Und holt ein Brief mit Siegel ſchwer,
Sein Sinn iſt guter Gedanken leer,
Nur auf die G'ſchrift er ſich verlat,
Wo er dann zu der Beichtung gat,
Erzählt er, was ihm ſey erlaubt,
Daran jetzt mancher feſter glaubt,
Dann, Chriſt, Herr an die Wahrheit dein,
Des Himmels Freud, der Höllen Pein,
Wie zu Sünd man Urlaub gibt,
Darum jetzt Sünden mehren liebt,
Und werden Laſter, Schand gemehrt,
Gut, Weis und Sitten gar verkehrt;
Denn, wer wollt meiden Uebel thun,
So man das kann austilgen nun?
Zu diſpenſiren ſie vermeint
Der Papſt, als ob er ſey vereint
Mit Gott, um ſolichs, und im Fug,
So falſcher Trug und ſchändlich Lug,
Dadurch die Welt geärgert wird,
Gemeiner Mann am Glauben irrt,
Denn, wo man um Geld kaufen kann,
Daß nichtes Uebels ſey gethan,
Und nicht allein die Sünd vergibt,
Die einer etwa hat geübt,
Und iſt geſchehen ſonder mehe
Auch wider Recht und göttlich Ehr.
Was einer noch in Willen hat,
Thut laſſen zu, und gibt dem Statt;
Fürwahr da wird kein Ehr geacht,
Das Volk zu Sünden geurſacht,
So haben unſer Eltern auch
Den Pfaffen etwan in Gebrauch
Gegeben unſer Güter viel,
Meinthalben ich nichts verheben will,
Doch iſt geweſt derſelben Muth,

Daß ſolches komm der Geiſt zu gut.
Und werd gemeinert Gottes Ehr,
So ſieht man jezund wenig mehr.
Die prieſterlichem Leben nach
Regieren ſich, allein die Sach
Der Geiſtlichkeit am Namen leid,
Der G'walt will jeder ſeyn gefreyt,
Man darf nicht fragen, wen ich mein,
Sieht groſſe Schaar, nicht ein allein,
Die Prälat und Dechan nennen ſich,
Prälaten, Pfarrherr offentlich,
Dumherren und Offizial,
Abt, Prior und Provincial,
Erz-Prieſter, Biſchoff und dergleich,
Die all der Kirchen werden reich,
Und leben niemands doch zu gut,
Allein auf Praſſen ſteht ihr Muth,
Und eſſen, trinken, was wohl ſchmeckt,
Mit Zobel, Marder werden gedeckt,
Die Wochen gehen ſie zwir ins Bad,
In ſeiden Schauben, weichem Wat,
Mit Frauen ſcherzen, müſſig gahn,
Und alles Luſts ſich nehmen an.
Iſt dann ein geiſtlich Leben das,
So wüßt ich ſprechen dann fürbaß,
Daß Gottes Wort nicht wär gerecht.
Wer ſolches gern zum Beſten brächt,
Den heiſchen ſie zum Feuer bald,
Und wird ihm ernſtlich nachgeſtallt,
Ich ſag: es iſt Bekehrung noth,
Und ſollt man mich drum ſchlagen todt,
Der Müßiggänger ſeynd zu viel,
Darzu der Pfaffen über Ziel,
Und muß an ſich jezt kaufen Gut,
Dann nimmer wird erfüllt ihr Muth,
Ihr Geiz hat weder Ziel noch End,
Zu gewinnen ſchreyns Füß und Händ,
Allein des Wuchers haben Fug,
Daß ſie doch nimmer pflegen g'nug,
Als ob ihn rauben ſey erlaubt,
Dann mancher jezt durch Irrthum glaubt,
Daß Geiſtlich rauben ſey kein Sünd,
Und ob man einen Pfaffen find,
Der durch Betrug und Büberey
Den Kirchen brächt viel Gutes bei.
Durch Wucher und Behändigkeit,
Man gibt ihm zu all Ehrbarkeit,
Hat geſammelt Kaſten, Keller voll,
Der Kirchen vorgeſtanden wohl,
Sein Leben keiner ſchelten ſoll.
Darzu ich ſag: es iſt nicht gut,
Daß man aufſehen will ein Hut
Den Sachen, die nicht billig ſeynd,
Gott hat es anders auch gemeint,
Sprach: daß ihm ſey ein häſſig Ehr
Ein Opfer, das vom Raub kommt her
Hierum ſo niemand rauben ſoll,
Wie pflegt dann ſein ein Prieſter wohl?
Ich hör ſie lehren alle Tag,
Als laut nur jeder rufen mag:
Wie Wucher ſey ſo große Sünd,
Daß man die g'nug kaum büßen könnt,
Wie Gut, daß man mit Wucher g'winnt,
Den Seelen mach viel Pein geſchwind.
Und ſind in ihren Werken doch,
Daß ſie deß pflegen immer noch
Gleichwie ein Bildſtock Straßen zeigt,
Die er zu gahn nicht iſt geneigt.
Er wär zuviel, und wider Zucht,
Wiewohl vielleicht nicht gar ohn Furcht,
Wo ich wollt decken auf all Schand,
Die treiben jezt im deutſchen Land
Viel, die man doch für Geiſtlich acht,
Und leben ſtets in großem Pracht,
Die ſchänden mancher Mutter Kind,
Noch iſt die Welt gar ſo verblind,
Daß man will die Wahrheit nicht verſtahn,
Und nehmen ſich der Sachen an,
Wiewohl ich weiß, und zweifel nit,
Daß Schmerzen groß wird bringen mit,
Arzney zu geben dieſer Sitt.
Dem ſey nun, wie ihm werden kann,
So muß man doch je greifen an,
Das weg, und auch vonnöthen iſt,
Und daß der Arzney bleib in Friſt.
Die kranken Glieder ſchneiden ab,
Latein ich vorgeſchrieben hab,
Das wär ei'm jeden nit bekannt,
Jezt ſchrey ich an das Vaterland:
Deutſch Nation in ihrer Sprach,
Zu bringen dieſen Rach.
Und will man ſonſt Beſchwerung mehr
Erkennen oder achten ſehr,
So denk doch jedes fromme Herz,
Ob da nicht ſey zu haben Schmerz,
Das ſtets gen Rom man Geld hinſend,
Und wieder her, als Uebel wend.
Daſſelb die Curtiſanen thun,
Die dieſe Sache treiben nun,
Ohn Zahl ſie Geld von hinnen führen,
Das wir vielleicht gern entbähren,
Wo nicht die guten Sitten hie
Zu Ergerung verkehrten ſie.
Der Wälſchen Poſſen ſieht man viel,
Der ich die keinen nennen will,
Dann läſterlich zu reden laut,
Das, der zu wirken keinem graut,
Und haben bracht in unſer Land,
Das vor den Deutſchen unbekannt,
Da habens uns beflecket mit,
Wer war der erſt, darzu je rieth,
Daß man ein römiſch Weis annehm,
Je mehr ich ſag, je mehr mich ſchäm,
Drum laß ich von der Welſchen Schand,
Die (leider) nimmt faſt überhand,
Und rühr das römiſch Regiment,
Des Geizes hat weder Ziel noch End.
Wie kommen da wir Deutſchen zu,
Das wir nicht mögen haben Ruh,
Bei dem, das doch iſt unſer Gut,
Ein ander uns das nehmen thut,
Und fordert unſer eigens ab,
Gleich ob er uns gefangen hab.
Wo ſeynd wir ſchuldig worden je
Dem Papſt tributen, oder wo,
Wie darf er heiſchen Penſion
Von dem, das wir geſtiftet hon?
Iſts billig, daß den Stuhl erhalt
Zu Rom, der drauf hat kein Gewalt?
Was geht uns an, daß einer lebt,
Und in ei'm Pracht und Wolluſt ſchwebt?
Will er daſſelb von uns bekomm!
Ach Gott, wir Deutſchen ſeynd zu fromm.
Wiewohl mit Frömmkeit wird genennt,
Daß wir ernähren Laſter, Schand,
Dann geben wir darzu kein Geld,
Ihr unkeuſch Leben wär geſtällt,
Ihr Bosheit halten wir in Brauch
Drum Gott uns billig ſtrafet auch,
Daſſelb mir in Gedanken leid,
Macht mei'm Gewiſſen manchen Streit,
Das wir ſo viel ausgeben han,
Und's doch geleget übel an.
Hört zu ihr Deutſchen, was ich ſag,
Aus Gottes Stiftung nimmer mag
Bewieſen werden, uns ſchuldig ſeyn,
Dem Papſt zu geben Geld hinein,
Und um ihn kaufen geiſtlich Waar,
Pfründ, Kirchen, Pfarren und Altar,
Gott hats gegeben als umſonſt.
Und mag nicht ſeyn der göttlich Gunſt,
Wo man die Sacrament verkauft,
Kein hat Gott nie ums Geld getauft,
Die zwölf er auch gebethen hat,
Der Geizigkeit nicht geben Statt.
Er ſprach: ihr habts umſonſt erlebt,
Drum auch umſonſt den andern gebt.
Dann hätt er ſeinen Glauben feil
Geboten je, und chriſtlich Heil,
Er hätt nicht minder mögen han,
Dann jezt der Papſt erſchätzen kann:
War aber ihm ein ſchnödes Ding,
Wo einer nur mit Geld umging.
Wo nun auf Geld der Himmel ſteht,
Wie kann dann mehr ſeyn Gottes Red;
Der ſpricht: ſo möglich, mögen ſeyn,
Zu einem Nadelöhr gahn ein
Ein ungefüges Kameelthier,
Als könnt ein Reicher ſich erführ
Gen Himmel, und den wohnen nun;

Fürwahr, es hat ein andern Sinn,
Denn wo man ſolches ſuchen möcht.
Daß Reichthum mehr denn Armuth döcht,
So wär nicht wahr, daß Gott hat g'ſeit,
Den Armen hat ſein Reich bereit,
Wo bleibt nun päpſtlich Hinterliſt,
Durch den man überſchwemmet iſt,
Zu kaufen Ablaß und Genad,
Auf daß man uns des Gelds entlad.
Ich will euch ſagen, was ich hör,
Es iſt geſchehen kurz hievor,
Da wollten die aus Reuſſen-Land
Im Glauben haben ſich erkannt,
Und zu uns treten alle gleich,
Da dacht der Papſt zu werden reich,
Und legt ihn auf ein großes Geld,
Das man ihm jährlich geben ſollt;
Das hat den Reuſſen ſehr verſchmacht,
Und haben ſich der Sach bedacht:
Die Kircheng'mein zu kaufen nit,
Wiewohl man ihn die feil anbiet.
Alſo der Papſt den Glauben mehrt,
All Ehrbarkeit von dannen kehrt,
Die chriſtlich Ordnunge verkehrt;
Doch ſtiftens Orden mannichfalt,
Der einer macht den andern alt,
Als muß man tragen Kleider an,
Darbei man kenn ein frommen Mann,
Und ſey am Glauben nicht genug.
Ich ſprich: ſie habens nimmer Fug.
Allein der Geiz ſie darzu zwingt,
Denn jeder Orden etwas bringt,
Die betteln auf durch alle Land,
Und machen päpſtlich Macht bekannt;
Franciscus iſt deß einen Gott,
Dominicus den andern hat,
Sanct Auguſtinus, der gemacht,
Ich ſag, Gott wird dadurch veracht.
Ein Orden iſt die Chriſtenheit,
Da darf man haben ja kein Kleid,
Allein die Seel den an ihr hat.
Das iſt ein unvergleichlich Wat,
So mag ich größer Ehr nicht han,
Denn wo man einen Chriſten-Mann
That nennen mich, das iſt mir Ehr,
Die ich allweg ſoll ſuchen mehr,
Dann mich mit neu'm G'ſetz beſchwer,
Dergleichen Wallfahrt ſeyn ohn Zahl,
Die machen auch uns Nahrung ſchmal,
Von dannen nimmt der Papſt ſein Theil,
Da find man die Mirakel feil,
Und rennt das Volk hinnach ohn Maß,
Die ſeynd die Pfaffen, loben das,
Und ſagen viel, was g'ſchehen ſey,
Do doch nie kam ihr einer bey,
Und wiſſen, daß ſie liegen d'ran,
Mit Wahrheit mögen nicht beſtahn;
Doch iſt der Geiz, der ſie das heißt,
Der Papſt mit dieſem Falken beißt,
Die jagen ihm das Wildpret auf,
All chriſtlich Weſen ſteht im Kauf,
Man beut nach Fündlein mancher Hand,
Daß von uns werd das Geld gewandt.
Jetzt heiſcht man Geld zum Türken-Krieg,
Da ſchämt ſich keiner, daß er lüg;
Dann will man bauen wunderlich
Sanct Peters Kirchen aber ſich'
Die wär ſonſt niederg'fallen gar,
Mich wundert, daß mans g'denken dar;
Ob dann ſchon Rom that Baues noth,
Wie darf man drum aufſetzen G'bot
Den Deutſchen, und uns heiſchen an,
Die Wahlen noch zu geben han!
Warum wird nicht die wälſch Art
Mit Ablaß ſo beſchweret hart?
Allein die Deutſchen Narren ſeyn,
Das thut mir weh, und macht mir Pein,
Und wollt, das jedermann bedächt,
So fänd man nicht, der unſer lacht.
Ihr Cardinäl ich ſprich euch zu,
Die uns zu rauben habt kein Ruh,
Und treibt die Sach ohn Maß und Ziel,
So je Sanct Peter fallen will:
So mindert dieſen großen Pracht,
Den ihr führt jetzt zu Rom mit Macht,
Zieht ab ein wenig vom G'präng,
Damit ihr Rom oft machet eng,
Und nehmt von Ueberflüſſigkeit,
Darin ihr euch macht alſo breit;
So möcht ihr wohl ſo viel erſpar,
Daß ſtehe St. Peters Münſter gar,
Ihr nennet euch Apoſteln gleich,
Und ſeyd doch nicht von Tugend reich,
Unkeuſchheit euer Leben iſt,
Kein Reinigkeit bei euch hat Friſt,
Als königlich iſt euer Stadt,
Das Chriſtus nie gelehret hat;
Allein die Kirch wöllt ihr jetzt ſeyn,
Und gebt doch alles falſ'r Schein,
Ein Papſt meint auch zu wählen ihr,
Obſchon darvon nicht wiſſen wir;
Das thut ihr wider göttlich G'ſetz,
Wiewohl ihr macht davon Geſchwätz.
Ich ſag euch: nehmt der Sachen acht,
Viel frommer Deutſchen ſeynd bedacht,
Die werden greifen euch in Zaum,
Denn werd ihr uns entreiten kaum,
Ihr habt das Spiel getrieben g'nug,
Laßt ab! hört auf! ihr habens kein Fug!
Gewöhnet auch den Papſt nicht mehr,
Daß er uns ſchick ſein Schinder her,
Die uns zu beichten regen an,
Das ſie doch ſelbs nie g'pfleget han,
Und ſagen uns von jeder Speis,
Von eſſen auf ein neue Weis,
Dann Fleiſch, dann Fiſch mit Unterſchied,
Da ſingens von ein langes Lied,
Und heißens halten feſt und hart,
Als ob es Chriſtus hätt gelehrt,
Und ob es wär ein nöthig Ding,
Gott ſolches ſich nie unterfing,
Und nicht allein iſts nicht ſein Lehr,
Er hats auch widerſprochen mehr,
Kein Unterſchied uns heißen han,
Was eß und trink ein jedermann.
Spricht Paulus auch, die Speiß iſt all,
Da wir Gott mögen g'fallen mit,
Heiß jeden eſſen, was er find
Im Speismarkt feil, ohn alle Sünd.
Iſt aber jetzt ein größer G'bot,
Denn ſelbs ja hat geſtiftet Gott,
Des will ich ſagen Urſach auch,
Den Deutſchen muß man dieſen Rauch
Vor Augen blaſen, der ſie blendt,
Daß Trügerey bleib unerkennt;
Und werden Buſſen theuer g'nug,
Dann wo dies Nation wär klug,
So hätt das Evangelium
Vor dieſen Fabeln keinen Ruhm.
Ihr Herrn ſollt wiſſen, und iſt wahr,
Es ſeynd nun hin wohl etlich Jahr,
Ward ich zu Mainz geſchloſſen aus
Hoher Schul und meines Vaters Haus,
Ein Teſtament macht mir den Graus;
Da wollt ich Rom erkennen auch,
Und was da wär der Römer G'brauch,
Wie möcht ich die von aller Schand,
Erzählung thun, die ich da fand,
Man ſieht dergleich in keinem Land;
Und nicht allein, was ander thun,
Alsdann die Welt ſich ärgert nun,
Mit Sünden, die da ſeynd gemein,
Viel Sachen Rom betreibt allein,
Der'n etlich wider menſchlich Art,
Und all natürlich Weis bekahrt,
Sonſt hab ich g'ſehen große Schaar,
Die Baſen treten hin und dar,
Viel Eſel und viel ſtolzer Pferd,
Der etlich viel Ducaten werth,
Und ſeyn geplaumert auf mit Gold,
Oft wann ich auch ſpaziren wollt,
So kam ich mitten ins Gepräng,
Von dem die Gaſſen waren eng,
Und dieſer Reuter geſtickt voll,
Daß ich von Glück mag ſagen wohl,
Daß mich kein Eſel trat zu todt,
Wiewohl ich hab gelitten Noth.
Da ritten her die Cardinäl,
Den folgen nach Officiel,
Abt, Biſchof und Prälaten viel,

Die ich nicht nennen kann, noch will,
Viel Dechant, Pröbſt und ander Geſchmeiß,
Von dem ich viel zu ſagen weiß,
In Seiden, Purpur all gekleidt,
Mit Schauben, Kutten ausgebreit,
Dann kam der Papſt zu dieſer Schaar
Auf einer wohlgeſchmückten Baar,
Den trugen zwölf Trabanten her,
Als ob er möcht nicht gehen mehr;
Da mußt man ſchreyen (vivo!) laut,
Hoſiren der geſtöhrten Braut,
Drum gibt er Benediction,
Da wird man reich und ſelig von.
Sag einer nun, wo Gottheit ſey!
Ob Chriſtus auch mög wohnen bey?
Da iſt ein ſo tyranniſch Pracht,
Hat Petrus auch dergleichen g'macht?
Das hab ich oft zu Rom gefragt,
Es hat mirs aber niemand g'ſagt;
Darum ſie prangen mit Gewalt,
Gott hat ihm das nicht zugeſtallt,
Ich hatt ein großes Wunder drab,
Oft, wann ich ſollichs g'ſehen hab.
Zuvor der Curtiſanen Schaar,
Die möcht kein Mann verzählen gar,
Da liefen viel Copiſten mit,
Viel tauſend Schreiber auch ein Glied
Der Kirchen, die zu Rom regiert,
Indem jetzt mancher Chriſten irrt,
Dann wie zu Rom die Kirch allein
All Chriſten ſeynd dies insgemein,
Denn das der Papſt zu Rom vermeynt,
Drum hat er ſich noch nie vereint
Mit andern, will auch nicht Gebühr,
Das ſey zu Rom des Papſtes Thür;
Noch hab ich g'ſehen lang Proceß,
Ein Volk der Frömmkeit ungemeß,
Viel ſchöner Frauen wohl gekleidt,
Die jedem ſeynd um Geld bereit,
Mit den der Rüffianer Heer,
Von den kein Gaß in Rom iſt leer,
Manch Advocat und Auditor,
Notarien und Procurator,
Die Bullen geben, ſprechen Recht,
Der jeder hat ſein G'ſind und Knecht,
Darunter iſt manch wild, und Geſell,
Den heißt man Curſor und Pedell,
Die auch ein Glied der Kirchen ſeyn
Zu Rom, und nehmen täglich ein
Von Deutſchen unſer Schweis und Blut,
Iſt das zu leiden, und iſts gut?
Ich rath, man geb ihn fürter meh
Kein Pfennig, daß ſie Hungers weh
Erſterben, und durch Armuths-Noth,
Das nicht zuwider Ehr und Gott
Solch unnütz Volk auf Erden leb,
Darum fürhin kein Deutſcher geb;
So mögens nicht ernähren ſich,
Wo nun man weiter fraget nicht,
So wüßt ich noch zu zeigen an
Ein Völklein, manchen loſen Mann,
Seynd auch im ſelben Regiment,
Das man die chriſtlich Kirchen nennt,
Dann jetzund Rom man weit und breit
Hält für ein Haupt der Chriſtenheit.
Das iſt ein Jammer, deß nicht gleich,
Ach Gott! wo iſt dein Himmelreich?
Das ſtets verkauft des Papſtes G'ſind,
Und uns vertheuert ſo geſchwind,
Die Buben, die ich hab genennt,
Hilf, daß der Hauf werd bald zertrennt!
Dann, wo das nicht in Kürz geſchicht,
Daß dem Gewalt ſich ſelbſt verſicht,
So fürcht ich, es werd übel gahn,
Sie han geäffet jedermann,
Drum mag es bleiben länger nit,
Es muß das Kalb, die Kuh gahn mit.
Das wär noch zu verhüten wohl,
Wo aber es geſchehen ſoll,
So hilft dafür kein weiſer Rath,
Ich bitt dich, Herre Gott! gib Gnad,
Daß werd gefreyet deutſches Land,
Dem Volk, dem rechter Glaub bekannt,
Sie nehmen uns all Freiheit ab,
Drum, da ichs vor geleſen hab.
Aufſetzen ſie uns Faſten-Speis,
Das thun ſie nur mit G'winnes Fleis,
Dann ich zu Rom die Faſten aus
Nie ſah in eines Metzgers Haus,
Ein Fleiſchbank, die verſchloſſen wär,
Glaubt mir, ich hab geſehen mehr,
Sie eſſen durch die Faſtenzeit
Fiſch, Wildpret, Vögel unvermeid;
In andern Städten auch dergleich,
So weit ſich ſtreckt der Wälſchen Reich,
Da hat man drob Gewiſſen klein,
Ißt Fleiſch und Fleiſch als ingemein,
Ohn daß bey dem gemeinen Mann
Der Päpſt Geſtift wird geſehen an;
Doch hab ich keinen Narren nie
Geſehen, der um Geld, wie hie,
Erlaubniß hab zu eſſen kauft,
Von hinnen nur der Pfennig lauft,
Auf daß der Aberglaub beſteh,
Daß thut mir in mein'm Herzen weh,
Daß man das nit bedenken will,
Deß ſeynd jetzt ſolche Lügen viel,
Die man viel größer acht, und mehr,
Dann heilig Schrift und chriſtlich Lehr;
Drum ſchickens ein Legaten her,
Der mit dem Haar die Haut abſchärt,
Vor dem die niemand eſſen mag
Milch, Butter, der ihms vor nicht ſag,
Und kauft ein Bullen drauf ums Geld,
Seht nun, was dieſen Leuten fehlt!
Und thätens das im wälſchen Land,
Sie kämen bald zu Spott und Schand;
Ich weiß nicht, ob noch etwas ſey
Vor dieſen Buben blieben frey,
Da nicht dem Papſt werd von gelobt,
Sie haben ja noch niemands geſchont.
Den Fürſten ſchickt man Roſen her,
Die nehmens an mit großer Ehr,
Dargegen übergebens viel,
Iſt keiner, der das merken will?
Und würf die Roſen an ein Wand,
Daß ſolcher Trug mög haben End!
Wo hat man größer Narren je
Gefunden in der Welt, denn hie?
Doch weiß ich ein, der hat ein Herz,
Wird dienen wohl zu dieſem Scherz,
Und hoff ja, Philipps Heſſen-Muth,
Daß ſey in ihm ein deutſches Blut,
Und werd mit Ehren üben ſich
Dem Papſt entgegen gewaltiglich.
Der Kaiſer nimmt von ſeinem Fuß
Die Kron, zwar ein große Buß,
Was iſt doch da eins Kaiſers Sinn?
Es iſt ſchier all mein Hoffnung hin!
Denn iſt es nicht ein große Schmach
Ein Hochfahrt und unförmlich Sach,
Daß der ſoll herrſchen in der Welt,
Dem Papſt zu ſeinen Füßen fällt,
Und muß die küſſen mit dem Mund?
Ich ſag, das iſt ein rechter Fund,
Desgleichen kein Tyrann nie dacht,
Wie groß er hat Gewalt und Macht,
Obſchon ein Wälſch den andern läßt die Füß,
So habens zuſammen die Gäl und Drüß,
Ja, iſt gewiß und liegt am Tag,
Daß Chriſtus ſolches gar nicht pflag,
Der ſeinen Jüngern wuſch die Füß,
Und ſie dergleichen gebieten hieß.
Wer nun will ſeyn in ſolcher Acht,
Als Gott die zwölf Apoſteln macht,
Der ſey ihn mit den Werken gleich,
Von Gottes Geboten nindert weich,
So halt ich ihn zu gleicher Ehr,
Wo aber einer anders wär,
Und meint den neben dieſem Stand
Zu herrſchen über Leut und Land,
Und haben weltlich Regiment,
Des Macht muß werden bald zertrennt;
Dann dies ſeynd widerwärtig Ding,
Drum ſag ein jeder aber ſing,
So iſt doch kündlich Gottes Sinn,
Was ihm und was dem Teufel dien,
Dann niemand beyden dienen kann,
Er muß des einen müßig gahn.
Iſt nun der Papſt ein geiſtlich Mann,

So ſeh er, wie er Land regier,
Und geiſtlich Namen nicht verlieht,
Dann je nicht iſt des Geiſtes Sach,
Gepräng und Wolluſt ſtellen nach,
Das wiſſent Ablaß-Krämer wohl,
Noch ſeynd ſie ſo des Geitzes voll,
Daß ſie der Wahrheit ſchweigen ganz,
Und geb.n uns ein falſchen Glanz,
Damit die Welt betrogen werd,
Und Aberglaub regier auf Erd.
Der Eigennuz geht allweg mit,
Deß wöllen ſie entbehren nit,
Und ſuchen Liſt auf alle Weg,
Das Nuz gebähr und Leut beweg;
Die reden von der Höllen-Pein,
Als ob die ihn bekannt möcht ſeyn,
Und was uns geb der Freuden Gott,
Die meſſen ſie aus mit dem Loth,
Und haben großen G'winn davon,
Drum, ob kein Höll wär, wundert ſchon,
So kämen doch die Pfaffen her,
Und predigten ein neue Mähr,
D.m Volk zu machen einen Graus,
Auf daß ihn Geld gefiel heraus;
Denn was ihn Geld und Nutzen bringt,
Ein jeder da ſein Liedlein ſingt.
Zu ſammeln Geld ſteht all ihr Muth,
Drum Pfaff zu werden iſt gar gut;
Sonſt wöllt die Platten niemand han,
Und müßten leer die Kirchen ſtahn,
Wo aber iſt ein frommer Mann,
Der ſich der Geiſtlichkeit nimmt an,
Die heiligen G'ſchrift auslegen kann,
Mit keiner Pfründ man ihn verſicht,
Dann, wer jezt nicht mit Schalkheit ſicht
Zu Rom und wird ein Curtiſan,
Den laſſen ſie dahinten ſtahn.
Alſo kein Frommer g'fördert wird,
Allein mit Schalkheit iſt geziert,
Das heißt man jezt die Geiſtlichkeit,
Und iſt ſo weit umher gebreit,
Daß Müßigänger ſeynd im Land,
Und die ſich fleißen aller Schand,
Mehr denn mag leiden nur die Welt,
Und Gott in ſeinem Reich gefällt,
Und ſeynd der Curtiſanen voll,
All Land, das ſieht man leider wohl,
Vor der Gewalt und Büberey
Kein Stift jezt mag bleiben frey,
Dann wo noch etwas wär vor Hand,
Zu Rom, der Kämmern unbekannt,
Da legens auf ein Penſion,
Obs hat geſtift ein Deutſcher ſchon,
Und b'halten im Patronen-Recht,
Allein für ſich und ſein Geſchlecht,
Das gilt zu Rom nicht fürter mehr,
Der Papſt ſucht alle Fürtele,
Wie er ein Nuz von dannen zieg,
Da ſchaut nicht ob man ſchwör und lüg,
Und brauchens Curtiſanen ſich,
Die wiſſen darin meiſterlich
Dem Papſt zu rathen, wie er thu,
Daß er ihm ſolich Freyheit zu
Mög wenden her, und habe allein,
Die Hälft, das Drittheil ſey zu klein.
Hierum, wo etwas frey noch wär,
Bald bringen ſie ein Urſach her,
Zu faſſen das mit einem Strick,
Da werden geſtellt Garn und Strick,
Auf daß nur hier kein Freyheit ſey,
Durch einen, der dagegen ſchreib,
Dann drum ich ſolches hab gethan,
Viel Abentheur muß ich beſtahn,
Und wird getracht nach meinem Leib,
Doch will ich bey der Wahrheit bleib,
Und ſchreiben als ei'm Edeln bühret,
Ob das dann einen trifft und rühret,
Der nehm mich an den Oerten vor,
Da ſolches kommen ſoll zu G'hör;
Sie wollen aber nicht darzu,
So kann ich auch nicht haben Ruh,
Und mag die Wahrheit ſchweigen nit,
Wiewohl mir das kein Freund nie rieth
Die förchten mein, das ſich ich wohl,
Drum aber ich nicht ſchweigen ſoll,
Dem Vaterland will ſeyn gedient,
So iſt das Chriſten-Volk verblindt,
Das muß man bringen zu Geſicht,
Ob einer dann derwider ficht,
Und meint verdrucken Recht mit G'walt,
Alsdann iſt jezt die Welt geſtalt,
Da iſt zu brauchen Aufenthalt,
Und meint Gewalt vertreiben mit,
Gibt weltlich und natürlich Sitt,
Sprich, ob ich ſchon geduldig wär,
So müßt ich dannoch haben Beſchwer,
Daß Geiſtlichkeit ich kaufen ſich,
Und das geſchicht ſo öffentlich,
Daß Fugger treiben in der Bank,
Davon zu ſagen iſt zu lang;
Aufs kürzt ich jezund ruf und klag,
Daß man zu Rom erkaufen mag,
Daß vorher geweſt ſo mannich Tag,
Die Vicarien mit dem Dum,
Die Biſchöf kaufens Pallium,
Dieſelbig Bezahlung hat kein Maß,
Das etwan hundert Gülden was,
Das müſſen jezund tauſend ſeyn,
Darzu ein Botſchaft man hinein
Mit großen Koſten ſchicken muß,
Dem Papſt zu ſchicken einen Gruß,
Daß er den Biſchof confirmir,
Darum erfüllt man ihm ſein Begier,
Und gibt ihm, was er heiſchen thut,
Das mehret ſich von Jahr zu Jahr;
Da ſchäzt man dann die armen Leut,
Nimmts Haar hinweg und auch die Häut,
Mich wundert, was doch mancher denkt,
Wenn ſie thun aber ſolche Schwänk,
Ob er nicht hab ein Grauen drab,
Zu geben hin ſein Gut und Hab,
Auf daß ein Biſchof ſey im Land,
Den er dann reiten ſieht zu Hand,
Mit Harniſch, Waffen, wie ein Held,
Dann beten lehren jezt nicht gilt,
Und predigen, zur Kirchen gahn,
Dem Biſchof je nicht will zuſtahn,
Wiewohl das wär ſein Amt und Recht,
Man find wohl einen armen Knecht,
Der ſolches alles verweſen thu,
Dem eignet man die Kirchen zu.
Alſo die Reichen ſchämen ſich
Der Geiſtlichkeit? das wundert mich!
Die armen Pfaffen Arbeit han,
Die Reichen ſieht man müßig gan.
Alſo wir Herren haben g'zeugt
Ums Geld, wer anders ſagt, der leugt.
Die haben jezt allein den Pracht,
Und iſt kein Herrſchung, noch kein Macht;
Es müſſen ſeyn Prälaten da,
Ohn die ſpricht ni.mand nein oder ja,
Wie könnt man auch regieren wohl,
Wenn wär das Reich nicht Pfaffen voll,
Drum ſteht es auch ſo wohl im Reich,
Und g'ſchicht ei'm jeden recht und gleich.
Ach, Herr, Gott, will man ſehen nit,
Erleucht die Sinn, ich aber bitt,
Daß werd ſolich Geiſtlichkeit erkannt,
Und ſey der nicht ein Biſchof g'nannt,
Der Biſchofs Werk mit nichten pflegt,
Allein ſein Sach auf Chriſtum legt,
Wiewohl ein Theil auch Krieger ſeynd,
Der einer iſt dem andern feind.
Daſſelbig ganz der Papſt nicht acht,
Wann man ihms Geld hinein hat bracht,
So leb ein Biſchof wie ein Kuh,
Da geht dem Papſt nichts ab noch zu,
Alſo die Geiſtlichkeit jezt ſtaht,
Drum geb ein jeder Frommer Rath,
Wie ſey zu thun in dieſer Sach,
Daß man uns länger nicht verlach,
Sein Volk ein Biſchof wählen ſoll,
Der muß ſeyn aller Tugend voll,
Mit Kunſt und Weisheit wohl geziert,
Daſſelbig ihn recht confirmirt,
Die Gottesfurcht er auch ſoll han,
Und laſſen allen Handel ſtahn,
Damit die Welt bekümmert ſich.
Das lehret St. Paulus öffentlich
Und glaub, daß nicht weiß jedermann,

Doch wird mans geſchrieben finden ſtehn,
Und ſolls bedenken, das iſt Noth.
Gott hat gelitten ſeinen Tod,
Auf daß er uns in Freyheit ſetzt,
So hat mans Volk ſo uberſchwätzt,
Das hat gemehrt der Pfaffen Zahl,
Die man für Herren halten ſoll,
Wie ſeyns die Pfaffen aber gethan,
Daß ſeynd die ſehn wir müßig gahn,
Und treiben Wolluſt und Gepräng,
All Städt und Flecken machen eng,
In langen Schauben, reinem Wadt,
Mit Frauen ſcherzen gehen ins Bad,
Das werden geheißen geiſtlich Leut,
Ich ruf euch Deutſchen zu der Beut,
Doch bitt ich und Kaiſer Carle dich,
Wöllſt dieſer Sach genädiglich,
Erzeigen dich und hören zu,
Dann was ich dieſen Dingen thu,
Soll geſchehen alles zu Ehren dir,
Dann ſonſt nicht wollt gebühren mir,
Im Reich Aufruhr zu heben an,
All fromme Deutſchen ich vermahn,
Doch dir zur Unterthänigkeit.
Zu ſeyn in dieſem Schimpf bereit,
Daß geholfen werd dem ganzen Land,
Und ausgetrieben Schad und Schand,
Deß ſollt ein Hauptmann du allein,
Anheber und Vollender ſeyn,
So will mit allem, das ich mag,
Zu Dienſt dir kommen Nacht und Tag,
Und begehr von dir deß keinen Lohn,
Möcht ich allein erlebet hon,
Daß wird gelegt Beſchwerung ab,
Darvon ich viel geſchrieben hab,
In Armuth wollt ich ſterben gern,
Auch Alles Eigennutz entbehr'n,
So ſoll man auch hierin kein Ehr,
Mir ſchreiben zu, du biſt der Herr,
Und was hierin gehandelt wird,
Durch das dein Lob ſoll werden geziert,
Drum hab ein Herz, und ſchaff ein Muth,
Ich will, dir wecken auf zu gut,
Und reizen manchen ſtolzen Held,
Habs ſchon ihr vielen eingebildt,
Uns fehlt allein an dein Gebot,
Hilf werther Kaiſer, es iſt Noth,
Laß fliegen auf des Adlers Fahn,
So wollen wir es heben an,
Der Weingart Gottes iſt nicht rein,
Viel Ungewächs iſt kommen drein,
Der Weiz des Herren Wicken trägt,
Wer darzu nicht ſein Arbeit legt,
Und hilft das Unkraut tilgen aus,
Der wird mit Gott nicht halten Haus,
Wir reuten aus Unfruchtbarkeit,
Und thund als Gott hats ſelbs geſeit,
Zu dem der ſolches rauben pflegt,
Da ers Propheten Mund bewegt,
Du haſt beraubt all Nation,
Drum dir auch werden widerſtohn,
All Völker überfallen dich,
Berauben wieder gewaltiglich,
Für wahr das wird ein gute That,
Ich gib all frommen Deutſchen Rath,
Werd ſich nicht beſſert dieſer Stadt,
Doch halt die Frommen ich bevor,
Der greift man keinem an ein Haar;
Und die ſeynd guter G'ſchriftgelehrt,
Ich bitt daß keiner werd verſehrt,
Und wer ein Geiſtlich Leben führt,
In dieſer Sach bleibt unberührt,
All Ding der Papſt hat Uebermacht,
Wer des dann hat zum beſten gedacht,
Den hat er mit dem Bann erſchreckt,
Ich hoff es ſeyen ſchon erweckt,
Viel Deutſcher Herzen werden ſich,
Der Sachen nehmen an als ich,
Ich hab je gut Vermahnung gethan,
Ich hoff ſie laſſen mich nicht ſtahn,
Den ſtolzen Adel ich beruf,
Ihr frommen Städt euch werfet uf,
Wir wollens halten in gemein,
Laßt doch nicht ſtreiten mich allein,
Erbarmt euch übers Vaterland,
Ihr werthen Deutſchen regt die Hand,
Jetzt iſt die Zeit zu heben an,
Um Freyheit kriegen, Gott wills han;
Hör zu, wer Mannes Herzen hat,
Gebt förter nicht den Lügen ſtatt,
Damit ſie han verkehrt die Welt,
Vor hat es an Vermahnung gefehlt,
Und einem, der euch ſagt den Grund,
Kein Ley euch damals weiſen kund,
Und waren nur die Pfaffen gelehrt,
Jetzt hat uns Gott auch Kunſt beſchert,
Daß wir die Bücher auch verſtahn,
Wohlauf, iſt Zeit wir müſſen dran,
Da uns die Geſchrift noch unbekannt,
Da hättens alls in ihrer Hand,
Und was ſie wollten, was der Glaub,
Das Volk ſie machten blind und taub,
Ward bald ein ſchlechter überredt,
Die Wahrheit ſchmählich unterdrückt,
All Predig was auf ihren Nutz,
Da leid die Wahrheit machen ſtutz,
Dann wer die ſagen wollt und lehrt,
Ward von denſelben bald geſtört,
Als Huſen g'ſchah im Böhmer Land,
Den habens für ein Ketzerbrand,
Und daß er bleib auf Chriſti Lehr,
Und acht nicht auf der Pfaffen mehr,
Sagt von dem Geiz und Uebermuth,
Unkeuſchheit, und der Kirchen Gut,
Von Gewalt des Papſts, der ihm nicht ziemt,
Und was er von den Chriſten nimmt,
Und wie das Geiſtlich Recht gericht,
Dadurch die heilig G'ſchrift vernicht,
Solch's was die Wahrheit, iſt's auch noch,
Die Pfaffen werden zornig doch,
Huß war citirt, und kam bereit,
Der Kayſer Sigmund gab ihm G'leit,
Und hielt ihms als noch mancher thut,
In dem nicht iſt ein fürſtlich Muth,
Doch hieß ihn ſolches der Pfaffen Rath,
Der Chriſtum auch verdammet hat.
Sie ſprachen, er wär ſchuldig nit,
Zu theilen Ketzern Glauben mit,
Wiewohl man den ei'm Feind als wohl,
Als guten Freunden halten ſoll,
Drum wär er geweſt ein Ketzer ſchon,
Man hätt ihm das unbillig gethon,
Alſo iſt Huſen worden g'lohnt,
Hieronymo ward nicht verſchont,
Und daß er hätt ein gleiche Sach,
Seither hat niemand gewollt hiernach,
Und fürchten all des Feuers Pein,
Bis jetzund unſer etlich zween,
Wer weiß, was jedem iſt beſchert,
Wir haben je viel Leut bekehrt,
Darum ich hoff, es hab nicht Noth,
Wär mir dann ſchon gewiß der Tod,
Noch wollt ich als ein frommer Held,
Der Wahrheit ſetzen Spieß und Schild,
Und den Tyrannen widerſtreben,
Vor welchen niemands frey mag leben,
Die ſchrecken uns mit ihrem Bann,
Denn mancher förcht, und geht von dann,
Ich bin deß aber nicht gewohnt,
Wiewohl ſie handlen faſt geſchwind,
Nicht daß ich Gottes Straf veracht,
Ich ſprich ihr bannen hab kein Macht,
Dann wie kann andre ſtrafen der
Iſt ſelbeſt von den Sünden ſchwer,
Und ſtoßen mich vons Himmels Thron,
Derſelbeſt iſt ſo weit darvon,
Doch habens lang die Leut bethört,
Und wer von Bannen hat gehört,
Der iſt von Schrecken worden kalt,
Damit ſie b'hielten ihren Gewalt,
Und haben oft durch Bannes Kraft,
Viel Nutz und großen Frommen g'ſchafft,
Um Geldes willen, und um Gut,
Den Bann man jetzund üben thut,
Das iſt nicht recht und wider Gott,
Dann Bannen iſt die letzte Noth,
Wann helfen will, kein Straf noch Lehr,
Und ſich der Sünder nicht bekehr,
Iſt doch vorhin ſo oft vermahnt,
Alsdann er rechtlich wird verbannt,

Wer aber jetzt die Wahrheit ſagt,
  Mit Bannen den man bald verjagt,
Das iſt nicht göttlich und nicht recht,
  Und der nicht, ſolliches widerficht,
Mit Gott er übel werd beſtahn,
  Des will ich ihn gewarnet han,
Und hör nicht auf, ich ſchrey und gill,
  Bis man der Wahrheit kommt zu Hülf,
Und ſchicket ſich zu dieſem Krieg,
  Wer weiß, ob ich noch unterlieg,
Am rechten Freund ſie werden zag,
  Drum denken ſie mir heimlich nach,
Man ſoll noch ſehen ſeltſam G'ſchrift,
  Nächſt wollten ſie mit ſchenken Gift,
Gott half mir auch an einem Ort,
  Daß man mich heimlich nicht ermordt,
Es hat auch nächſt ein G'bot gethan,
  Der Papſt und heißen g'fangen an,
Sie ſollten mich gen Rom hinein
  Ihm ſchicken zu des Todes Pein,
Und daß man weiß, wie das Geſtalt,
  Er hats geboten mit Gewalt,
Ei'm Fürſten viel zu tugentlich,
  Dann daß er ſoll verrathen mich,
Auch iſt g'ſchickt Kayſer Carl zu,
  Ein grauer Münch der böſen Schuh,
Derſelbig Gleißner hat Mandat,
  Zu greifen mich in jeder Stadt,
Und wo er mich im Land erſchnapp,
  Seht, was gethan die Münichs Katz,
Dem frommen Kaiſer er auch hat,
  Gegeben einen falſchen Rath,
Nachdem ich übel hab gethan,
  Erlauben ihm, mich z'fallen an,
Und mit Gewalt zu führen hin,
  Diewohl ich nie gebrochen bin,
Für Recht, noch g'antwort je ein Wort
  Und noch kein Richter hat gehört,
Ihm iſt auch b'fohlen weiter noch,
  Auf daß die Sach nur für ſich geh,
All Menſchen bitten gegen mir,
  Zu helfen ihm nach ſeiner B'gier,
Und daß ihm helf der weltlich Arm,
  Iſt niemand hie, den das erbarm,
Gerad nicht die viele Tyrannen,
  Bewegt, daß ſie mir wohnen bey,
Und helfen mir mit Hand und G'wehr,
  Zu ſtreiten wider's Papſtes Heer,
Darinn er Münnich hat ohn Zahl,
  Und Curtiſanen überall,
Die haben mein zu warten B'fehl,
  Darum ich ſchwör bey meiner Seel,
Würt je mir geben Gott Genad,
  Der Unſchuld nie verlaſſen hat,
Ich will es rächen mit der Hand,
  Und ſollt ich brauchen fremde Land,
So ſag mir eins du grauer Katz,
  Was ſtellſt du nach meinem Blut,
Hab ich das je verſchuldt um dich,
  Das niemand B'fehl zu fahen mich,
Ich hab dir nie kein Leid gethan,
  Drum will ich dich gewarnet han,
Du magſt der Sach wohl nehmen acht,
  Glück mag ſich wenden über Nacht,
Wer weiß ob ich verlaſſen bin,
  Die Zeit iſt noch nicht gangen hin,
Das werd gerochen alles Leid,
  Das ſey dir g'ſagt, du graues Kleid,
Daß aber mich der Papſt ſo g'ſchwind
  Verfolgen thut durch ſein Geſind,
Das thut er wider Recht und Gott,
  Das nimm ich auf mein letzte Noth.
Gott wöll es an mir rächen hie,
  Hab ich ihm geben Urſach je;
Wohl hab ich ihm die Wahrheit g'ſagt,
  Hätt er mich Urſach des gefragt,
Mit Antwort hätt er funden mich,
  So hab ich g'ſchrieben öffentlich,
Aus feſtem Grund, und guter Lehr,
  Die ſoll mir ſeyn ein Gegen-Wehr,
Der mag er nimmer widerſtahn,
  Drum hat er dies gefangen an,
Und d'weil er nicht mag haben Fug
 Zu rächen, denkt er aber Trug,
Und wie er finden mög ein Sinn,
  Damit ich werd gerichtet hin,
Mich heimlich zu verdämpfen meint,
  Deshalben muß noch werden gemeint.
Als fromm ich bin ein Edelmann,
  Und ſollt ich drob zu ſcheitern gahn,
Alſo, ihr Deutſchen, anders nit,
  Sie haben mir gefahren nit,
Wiewohl ich weiß noch weiter G'ſchrift,
  Darin ſie haben ſich vertieft,
Das laß ich ſtahn zu ſeiner Zeit,
  Dann ſoll es ſich austheilen weit,
Und ſoll ei'm jeden werden kund,
  Mein's Urſach, und der wahre Grund
Jetzt klag ich deutſcher Nation,
  Hab ichs verſchuldt, man geb mir Lohn,
Kein Recht ich nie geflohen bin,
  Und wär zu rechten noch mein Sinn,
Dieweil ſie aber brauchen G'walt,
  So bin ich auch dargegen geſtallt,
Und hoff, man werd mich laſſen nit,
  Und werd der Wahrheit helfen mit,
Geleben an wie ſchwere Laſt,
  Wir Deutſchen haben aufgefaßt,
Und werden täglich mehr beraubt,
  Die Alten hättens nicht geglaubt,
Daß die ihn ſollten kommen noch,
  Annehmen werden ſollich Sach,
Drum komm ich wieder, da ichs ließ,
  Sie übermachtens mit Betrieß,
Man mags nicht leiden fürter mehr,
  Ich hoff, es ſey genug, und ſeh,
Es iſt zum höchſten g'ſtiegen auf,
  Man ſtell der Curtiſanen Lauf,
So wird das Spiel ſchon haben End,
  Und ſich die Sachen beſſern b'hend.
Sie haben Unraths trieben g'nug,
  Hört auf, ihr G'ſellen, ſeyd ihr klug?
Ihr könnt wohl denken, was mein Sinn,
  Ihr habt ſo lang getragen hin
Viel Geld und Gut aus deutſchem Land,
  Herwieder bracht all Laſter Schand,
Die zu erzählen mir nicht ziemt,
  Durch euch der Papſt von hinnen nimmt,
Das wir bedürfen, unſer iſt,
  Durch Fälſcherey und böſen Liſt;
Gibt doch den Sachen kein Geſtalt,
  Meint vorzuzwingen mit Gewalt,
Von ihm zu kaufen unſer Gut,
  Ich frag: wo iſt der Deutſchen Muth?
Wo iſt das alt Gemüth und Sinn,
  Iſt geſtorben nun all Mannheit hin?
Die Römer etwan ehrbar Leut,
  Als uns der G'ſchichten Schrift bedeut?
Die Tugend halben waren werth
  Zu herrſchen über alle Erd?
Die Deutſchen wollten bezwungen han,
  Gewunnen Land und Freyheit an,
Das mocht nicht leiden teutſche Art,
  Manch werther Held erſchlagen ward,
  Und iſt geſtritten viel und hart,
Doch b'hielt dies Nation den Strauß,
  Und wurden Römer g'trieben aus,
Das Vaterland in Freyheit g'ſetzt,
  Jetzt man mit Trug uns überſchnellt,
Und zwingt uns nicht mit Mannes-Streit,
  Vor tapfern Leuten ſeynd wir gefreyt,
Ein weibiſch Volk, ein weiche Schaar,
  Ohn Herz, ohn Muth, ohn Tugend gar,
Der keiner hat geſtritten nie,
  Von Kriegen weiß nicht was, noch wie.
Da ſeynd wir überſtritten von,
  Im Herzen thut mir weh der Hohn,
Dann je mich das nicht b'dunken kunt,
  Die ſetzen unſer Gut in Beut,
Bey den ich auch ein mannlich That
  Nie funden hab, noch weiſen Rath,
Allein nach Schalkheit ſteht ihr Muth,
  Mit Trügerey erwerbens Gut,
Auf daß ihr Wolluſt mög gedäh,
  Und Härtigkeit ſie nicht berühr,
Dann ſollt man b'ſchirmen Städt und Land,
  Den Chriſten-Glauben mit der Hand,
Sie würden laufends aus ihr Schuh,
  Ihr Sach allein ſteht nur auf Ruh,
Dem thät ſie nimmer ſchaffen Weh,

Gott geb auch, wies im Glauben ſteh,
Kein Mann ein ſolcher nie gewann,
Es hätts ihm dann ein Hur gethon,
Gebiſſen, daß er ihr gedächt,
Der Leid ein Zeichen mit ihm brächt.
Solch unnütz Volk und weibiſch Leut
Regieren König, Fürſten heut,
Und habens überall Regiment,
Das ſchafft, daß es die Welt verblendt,
Dann wo Vernunft in Leuten wär,
Gäb man nicht über Gut und Ehr,
Denn die das ganz nicht würdig ſind,
Ein jeder ſorgt für Weib und Kind,
Und wird gemeiner Nutz betracht,
Des Landes Ehr für alls geacht,
So hand wir Schand, und doch nicht Scham,
Und iſt dem Weiſen niemand gram,
Das uns all Mannheit iſt entzuckt,
Von ſolchen Weibern unterdruckt,
Und müſſen leider nähren die,
Der keiner hat gearbeit nie,
So ſchneiden die nicht geſät han,
Wer iſt, der ſolches loben kann?
Doch man vielleicht nicht klagen thänt,
So ihr Begier auf Nothdurft ſtänd,
Und nicht ſo überflüſſiglich
Mit Geld und Gut beladen ſich,
So habens viel, das ihn nicht noth,
Iſt weder nutz der Welt, noch Gott.
Ich weiß der Buben viel ohn Zahl,
Der ein'lich Pfründen ſeynd zumal,
Viel Pfarren und viel Dumherren,
Probſteyen, Pfründen auch darbey,
Hat mancher unter ſeiner Hand,
Dem doch die G'ſchrift iſt unbekannt,
Denkt nimmer, was ihm zugehör,
Wiewohl er wendt ein Namen vör,
Ißt, trinkt, und übt in Freuden ſich,
Nach aller Begier, gleichwie ein Vieh,
Dies ſeynd jetzt Herren in der Welt,
Den Frommen wird nichts zugeſtellt.
Das ſchafft der untreu Curtiſan,
Der richt all Schand und Bosheit an,
All Ding ums Geld man kaufen mag,
Wer deß nicht hat, dem hilft kein Gruß,
Und ſeynd zu Rom die Pfründen feil,
Sie ſprechen auch der Seelen Heil,
Vergebung aller Miſſethat,
Und was die Geiſtlichkeit angaht,
Gehör in ſolcher Kaufleut Schatz,
In Rom hat Frommheit keinen Platz,
Ohn Geld zu Rom man nichts erwirbt,
Wer das nicht hat, ſein Sach verdirbt,
Iſt das nicht wider Gottes Lehr,
Und wie möcht werden geſündigt mehr,
Dann, wo man Gottes Wort verkehrt,
Die er geboten hat ſo hört,
Geſprochen, all Ding haben End,
Doch mag nicht werden je zertrennt
Von meiner Lehr das mindſte Wort,
Was man aus meinem Mund gehört,
Kein Buchſtab läßt verzehren ſich,
Kein Punkt wird weichen ewiglich,
So haben zeither Päpſte viel
Gekartet ganz das Widerſpiel,
Und machen neu Geſetz ohn Zahl,
Das Evangelium wird ſchmal,
Und hat in wenig Sachen Statt,
Was jeder Papſt geſetzet hat,
Darin er ſeinen Nutz betracht,
Hat Chriſtus Lehr gar wenig g'acht,
Alsdann jetzt auch vor Augen iſt,
Wann heut der Papſt zu g'winnen wißt
Ein neue Conſtitution,
Er bald von ihm wird laſſen gohn,
So ſpricht man über hundert Jahr,
Die Kirch habs alſo geſtiftet gar,
Und heißt das halten feſt und hart,
Wo ſich dann einer widerſperrt,
Der hat den rechten Glauben nit,
Kein Gnad ihm wird getheilet mit,
Und muß ein Ketzer ſeyn mit G'walt,
Damit der Papſt ſein G'winn behalt,
Und daß er deß hab billig Fug,
So werden g'funden Schriften g'nug,
Die zwingt er nach dem Willen ſein,
Zu machen dieſer Sach ein Schein.
Iſt das nun nicht ein Sünd und Mord,
Der alſo handelt Gottes Wort,
Der heiligen Kirchen, weiß man wohl
Daß jeder Chriſten glauben ſoll;
Wer will das aber laſſen zu,
Daß Rom allein die Kirchen thu,
Und ſey ins Papſts Gewalten Hand
Bezwungen König, Leut und Land,
Und ſetzen ihn Beſtimmung auf,
Ich ſprich, daß nicht der Schreiber Hauf,
Den ich zu Rom geſehen hab,
Der uns auch täglich raubet ab,
Mög g'heiſſen werd die heilig Kirch,
Ein ander iſt des Hirten Pferch,
Der hat ſein Schäflein lieb und werth.
Ihr Wollen nicht noch Milch begehrt,
Mehr dann, daß werden geweidet wohl,
Alſo der Papſt auch denken ſoll,
Und iſt die Kirch der Chriſten Schaar,
Wo anders Gottes Wort iſt wahr,
Daſſelb auch iſt der Schäflein Stall,
Den Gott ſanct Petro ſelbs befahl,
Und hieß verſorgen den mit Fleiß,
So iſt jetzt nur des Papſtes Weis,
Daß er die Schäflein ſchind und ſchab,
Acht nicht, ob eins zu leben hab,
Verſorgt das nicht mit guter Lehr,
Hätt er nur Geld, Gott geb, ich wär
Ein Heid, ein Türk, und was ich wöllt,
Gedächt er aber, wie er ſöllt,
So ließ er von der Schinderey,
Und ſtünd dem Chriſten-Glauben bey:
Sprach nicht, wo er ein Schalkheit gedächt,
Das ſolchs die chriſtlich Kirch ſelbs mächt,
Dann wo Verſammlung Frommer iſt,
Den an dem Glauben nicht gebriſt,
Das ſoll die Kirch geheiſſen ſeyn,
Da gehört kein böſer Schäfer ein,
So iſt auch noch nicht hie die Zeit,
Daß Chriſtus Pferch (der alſo weit)
Von einem Hirten werd verwahret,
Ein jeder Hirt in ſeiner Art,
Sein Schaf zu weiden hat Befehl,
Zu ſorgen für der ſeinen Seel,
Als Cyprianus hat geſeit,
Dann Chriſtus war noch nie gewellt,
Daß einer ſich des unterwind,
Das vieler Amten doch zuſtünd,
Deshalb er zwölf Apoſteln ſchuf,
Und legt den gleiche Bürden uf,
Drum je der Papſt nicht ſagen ſoll,
Daß er ſey alles Gewaltes voll,
Als viel ein anderer Biſchof mag
Denk, daß er gleiche Bürden trag,
In Rom ſein G'walt hat End und Wind,
Als man zu Menz und Würzburg findt,
Dann Chriſtus gab ſanct Petro nie
Macht, daß er ſollt regieren hie,
Und über der Apoſteln Schaar
Gewalts allein ihm pflegen gar,
Er gab ihm wohl der Schlüſſel G'walt,
Doch nicht, daß ers allein behalt,
Dann bald darnach geſchrieben ſteht,
Wie er ſein Macht getheilet hat,
Gegeben den Apoſteln gleich,
Zu mehren ihm der Himmel Reich,
Zu binden und zu löſen auf,
Das hat genommen an der Hauf,
Ward nie gewendt auf einen Mann,
Ein Menſch auch dies allein nicht kann,
Und iſt in ſei'm Vermögen nit,
Und ſollten da regieren mit,
Und halten ſich in Einigkeit,
Das Chriſtus Glaub werd ausgebreit,
Darin ſoll keiner ſuchen Ruhm,
Drum macht man ein Concilium,
Das iſt die oberſt Kirchen-Macht,
Das han die Päpſt auch nächſt betracht,
Und meinen zu vertilgen das,
Es werd nicht gehalten fürbaß,
Und das ſey jedem ſolches klar,
Und ſey die Wahrheit offenbar;
So confirmirt der Papſt jetzt mehr,

Kein Biſchof, der ihm nicht vor ſchwer,
Zu rathen darzu je auf Erd,
Daß ein Concilium mehr werd;
Iſt nicht ein groß Verſehrung das,
Wie könnt man ſuchen doch fürbaß
Verſchmälerung der Chriſtenheit,
Iſt das die päpſtlich Heiligkeit?
Und wenn ein Türk dergleichen thät,
Wer iſt, der das nit Wunder hätt?
Ach Gott, bedenk den Glauben dein,
Iſt Zeit, thu deiner Hülfe Schein,
Erlös uns von der Büberey,
Mach uns von dem Tyrannen frey,
Der unter deinem Titel ſich
Erhaben hat ſo unzüglich,
Daß unterdrücken nicht dein Wort,
Mach, daß dein Wort werd bald gehört,
Und daß nicht Statt der Räuber Will,
Die halten dein Gebot in Still,
Und mutzen auf ihr Trügerey,
Gib, daß frey jedem Chriſten ſey
Dein göttlich Wort zu breiten aus,
Das hat gelitten manchen Strauß,
Von Ketzern mannichfaltiglich,
Die haben angefochten dich,
Darzu die Heiden mit Gewalt,
Noch iſt es worden alſo alt,
Bis jetzt, und einer (der ſich nennt
Ein Haupt der Chriſten) der verblendt,
Und meint zu tilgen aus und ab,
Ach Gott, dein Wahrheit halt und hab,
Gib den, die dein Gezeugen ſeynd;
Daß überwinden ſolche Feind,
Und werd dein Völklein unterweiſt,
Dein Ehr und Nam allein gepreiſt,
Dir Gott allein gehört die Ehr,
Dein iſt der G'walt, du biſt der Herr;
Ob einer ſchon ein Kronen trägt,
Und ihm viel Gottheit auch zulegt,
Das mag doch nicht abbrechen dir,
So mögen auch nicht irren wir,
Die Arbeit bey deiner Wahrheit ſet,
Ob uns der Papſt ſchon g'ſcholten hätt,
Du weißt, daß er nicht hat die Macht,
Nach der er jetzt und täglich tracht,
Er iſt der Kirchen Glied, als ich,
Und ſoll ein Bruder nennen ſich,
Dann du gemeiner Vater biſt,
Drum er auch Vater unſer iſt,
Gleich andern Chriſten ingemein,
Wie kann ers dann als ſeyn allein,
Da Petrus hätt die Schlüſſel hin,
Da ſagſt du ihm nach deinem Sinn,
Wie er ſein Bruder halten ſollt,
Der ſeiner Lehr nicht folgen wollt,
Den ſollt er bei der Kirche gar
Verklagen, ihm beweiſen wahr,
Das iſt geweſt dein höchſter G'walt,
Wer hat dem Papſt dann zugeſtallt,
Daß er der Kirchen überlieg,
Und wider ihn dörf niemand krieg,
Als ſey dein Lehr, als was er lüg,
Wie ander Biſchof G'walt er hat,
Darum Volk zu geben guten Rath,
Das iſt dein Meinung allzeit geweſt,
Wer hören ſich nun weiter läßt,
Dem ſollen wir nicht g'horſam ſeyn,
Als weiſet uns die Predigt dein.
Wer nicht geht durch der Wahrheit Thür,
Hat nicht die rechten Hirten für,
Und ſey ein Dieb, als Du ihn heiſt,
So nun der Papſt nach anderm tracht,
Und ſucht Geld, wo ers finden mag,
Denkt nicht, was er für Bürden trag,
Zu ſchaffen nach der Seelen Heil,
Nicht tragen deine Gnadenſpiel,
Wie können wir dann leiden, daß
Er ſich erhöh in ſolcher Maß?
Ich ſag, wir ſollens gar nicht thun,
Und acht, die Zeit ſey eben nun,
Gott habe geſpart auf dieſe Zeit,
Daß werd dies Nation gefreyt,
Und geworfen ab das harte Joch,
Darunter man beſchwerlich zog.
Ich hoff, Kaiſer Carl gebe uns mit,
Daß ſelbs ſich unterdrucken nit,
Darum ich ihm bereit zu gut,
Kein Arbeit ſparen, noch mein Blut,
Und ruf all fromme Deutſchen an,
Wohlauf herzu, wer mit will gahn,
Die Ketzerey zu nehmen hin,
Die treibt der Papſt auf ſeinen G'winn,
Dem wöllen wir nehmen Hochfahrt ab,
Auf daß er gut Gewiſſen hab,
So b'halten wir bey uns das Geld,
Das ſonſt hinein gen Rom hinfällt,
Und wird der chriſtlich Glaub gemehrt,
Die neuen Lügen abgekehrt.
Wo einer dann ein Pfaff will ſeyn,
Muß haben nicht allein den Schein,
Mit Werken er auch folgen ſoll,
Dann wirds erſt ſtehen im Glauben wohl.
Hierum all Fürſten ich vermahn,
Den edlen Carolum voran,
Daß ſie ſich ſolches nehmen an,
Den Adel und die frommen Städt,
Dann, wem dies nicht zu Herzen geht,
Der hat nicht lieb ſein Vaterland,
Ihm iſt auch Gott nicht recht bekannt.
Herzu, ihr frommen Deutſchen all,
Mit Gottes Hilf der Wahrheit Schall,
Ihr Landsknecht und ihr Reuter gut,
Und all, die haben freyen Muth,
Den Aberglauben tilgen wir,
Die Wahrheit wiederbringen hier;
Und d'weil das nicht mag ſeyn in gut,
So muß es koſten aber Blut,
Da nähm ihm keiner Beſchwernuß ab,
Wiewohl ichs ſelbſt gebrauchet hab,
Hoff zu erfinden ander Maß,
Nun aber nicht will helfen das,
So muß man thun, was fügen will,
Wohlauf, es iſt die Zeit und Ziel,
Wir haben Schimpfs gehabt genug,
Und ſehen nun ihr Liſt und Betrug,
Glaub niemand fürter nach ihr Sag,
In dieſer Sach kein Mann verzag,
Ob ſie ſchon von der Prieſterſchaft,
Die iſt mit heiliger Weih behaft,
Und ſagen werden lange Mähr,
Die ſoll ihm keiner machen ſchwer;
Denn Gott ſein Geiſt läßt hauſen mit,
Da hat die Sach ein ſolchen Sitt,
Wo aber Prieſter leben wohl,
Da weiß man, wie mans halten ſoll,
Denn weit iſt Gottes Huld von den,
Die liegen in der Sünden-Pfen,
Und treiben Schand und Ungebühr,
Auf Freud und Wolluſt denken nür,
Als man die Pfaffen leben ſieht,
Der keiner ſchier nach Ehren ſicht,
Die treiben gar nicht Prieſters Amt,
Doch mein ich ſie nicht alleſammt,
Den Frommen wöll'n wir bieten Ehr,
Sie lieben allzeit ſoll und ſehr,
Die Böſen aber, wie ich ſag,
Von den ich hie und immer klag,
Die ſoll man ſtrafen, das iſt noth,
Wers thut, ihm wirds belohnen Gott.
Da ſoll kein Frommer zweifeln an,
Dann, ob nicht ihm mehr Nutz davon,
So iſts doch recht und wohlgethan,
Der bös Exempel andern gibt,
Daß man den von den Leuten ſchiebt,
Und tilget ab, auf daß nicht mehr
Verführet werd ein ganzes Heer.
Hierum ich wieder repetir,
Wer dieſen Handel treibt mit mir
In gleichem Vorſatz und Gemüth,
Mit reinem G'wiſſen, aller Güt,
Daß komm ein Beſſerung daraus,
Wiß, daß er Gott zum G'hülfen hat,
Drum her, ihr Deutſchen, nehmt ein Herz,
Ihr habt gelitten großen Schmerz,
Daß Müßgänger ſonder Zahl
In Freuden leben überall,

Die weder Leuten nutz, noch Gott:
Des Leidens ander Armuts Noth,
So viel der Bettelorden ſind,
Die ſtets auftreiben Gut geſchwind,
Und mehrt der Hauf ſich täglich noch,
Iſt wider Chriſtus Predigt doch.
Nur einen Orden Gott wollt han,
Da ſchreibt ſanct Paulus ernſtlich van,
Ich machs euch wiſſen, daß ihrs erſt,
Seit Bettelorden ſeynd geweſt,
So hat es nie geſtanden wohl
Im Glauben, als man ſehen ſoll,
Seht an, was treibends in der Beicht,
Denn, wer daſſelbig achtet leicht,
Der hat der Sachen nicht Verſtand,
Ich will geſchweigen großer Schand,
Die da geſchicht. So ſchwatzens ab
Beyd Weib- und Mannen Gut und Hab,
Wo denn ein Frommer ſterben muß,
Ins Kloſter geben iſt ſein Buß;
Alſo kommt Gut von uns auf die,
Die brauchen, was ſie mögen hie;
Das ander aus gen Rom man trägt,
Iſt niemand hie, den ſolchs bewegt?
Iſt niemand, der darzu woll thun?
Wohlauf ihr frommen Deutſchen nun,
Viel Harniſch hab'n wir, und viel Pferd,
Viel Hellenbarten und auch Schwerdt,
Und ſo hilft freundlich Mahnung nit,
So wöllen wir die brauchen mit,
Nicht fraget weiter jemands nach,
Mit uns iſt Gottes Hülf und Rach,
Wir ſtrafen, die ſeynd wider Gott,
Wohlauf, darzu, es hat nicht Noth!
Wir haben aller Sachen Fug,
Gut Urſach, und derſelben g'nug,
Sie haben Gottes Wort verkehrt,
Das chriſtlich Volk mit Lügen b'ſchwert;
Die Lügen wöll'n wir tilgen ab,
Auf daß ein Licht die Wahrheit hab,
Die, was verfinſtert und verdämpft,
Gott geb ihm Heil, der bei mir kämpft,
Das hoff ich: mancher Ritter thu,
Manch Graf, manch Edelmann darzu,
Manch Bürger, der in ſeiner Stadt
Der Sachen auch Beſchwernuß hat,
Auf daß ichs nicht anheb umſunſt,
Wohlauf, wir haben Gottes Gunſt,
Wer wollt in ſolchem bleiben daheim!
Ich hab's gewagt, das iſt mein Reim!

Ich habe gewagt.

J.

Johann Friedrich Jacobi

ward am 16. Januar 1712 zu Wollershauſen im Fürſtenthum Grubenhagen geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena und Helmſtädt Philoſophie und Theologie und trat dann zuerſt in Jena und ſpäter in Göttingen als Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatdocent der Theologie auf, nahm aber 1738 die Stelle eines zweiten Predigers zu Oſterode an und kam 1744 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Hannover. Hier wurde ihm 1758 eine Conſiſtorialrathsſtelle und ſpäter die Generalſuperintendentur zu Zelle übertragen, wobei er zugleich ſeit 1765 das Directorium der Landwirthſchaftsgeſellſchaft und ſeit 1769 das Decanat zu Bardowieck verwaltete. Er ſtarb, bis zum letzten Augenblicke in jenem Wirkungskreiſe thätig, als Dr. der Theologie am 19. März 1791.

Er gab heraus:

Abhandlungen über wichtige Gegenſtände der Religion. Hannover 1770—1773, 4 Thle. in 8.
Vermiſchte Abhandlungen. Ebendaſ. 1776, 2 Thle.
Betrachtungen über die weiſen Abſichten Gottes beim menſchlichen Geſchlecht. Ebendaſ. 1766, 4 Thle.
Sämmtliche kleine Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1788 u. 1789, 3 Thle.

Eben ſo gelehrt als freiſinnig und im ſchönſten Sinne des Worts aufgeklärt, erwarb ſich J. F. Jacobi zu ſeiner Zeit große und bleibende Verdienſte um eine lichtvolle, allgemein verſtändliche Behandlung des chriſtlichen Glaubens.

Johann Georg Jacobi,

der ältere Bruder des berühmten Philoſophen gleiches Namens, wurde am 2. September 1740 zu Düſſeldorf geboren und begann und vollendete ſeine theologiſchen Studien zu Göttingen, nachdem er wegen der Kriegsunruhen ein Jahr lang zu Helmſtädt denſelben obgelegen hatte. Hier wurde er auch mit dem damals berühmten Klotz bekannt, und erhielt durch ihn, nach ſeiner Promotion zum Magiſter der freien Künſte, den Ruf als Profeſſor der Philoſophie und Beredſamkeit nach Halle, wo er ſich 1764 durch ſeine „Poetiſchen Verſuche" der Welt zuerſt bekannt machte und die für ſein ganzes Dichterleben entſcheidende Freundſchaft Gleim's erwarb. Dieſer Freund verhalf ihm auch 1769 zu einem Canonicat in Halberſtadt, das er jedoch 1784 wieder aufgab, da er einem Rufe des Kaiſers Joſeph II. nach Freiburg im Breisgau als Profeſſor der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften folgte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt, wegen ſeiner Liebenswürdigkeit und Humanität allgemein beklagt, am 4. Januar 1814.

Wir haben von ihm:

Sämmtliche Werke. Halberſtadt 1770—1774, 3 Thle. in 8., mit Jacobi's Bildniß. 2te Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1773—1775, 3 Thle. in 8. Vermehrte Aufl. Zürich 1807—1822, 7 Bde. in gr. 8. Ein 8r Band von Ittner enthält J's Biographie. Neueſte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1825, 4 Bdchen., mit Bildniß in 16.
Auserleſene Lieder. Herausgegeben von J. G. Schloſſer. Baſel 1784 in 8.

Theatraliſche Schriften. Nachtrag zu ſeinen ſämmtl. Werken. Leipzig 1792 in 8.

Einzeln:

Poetiſche Verſuche. Düſſeldorf 1764 in 8. Mit neuem Titel, Frankfurt 1765 in 8.

Der Tempel der Wiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1764, 8.

Leander und Seline. Mannheim 1765, 8.

Romanzen aus dem Spaniſchen des Gongora. Halle 1767, 8.

Briefe. Berlin 1768, 8. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.

Briefe von Gleim und J. Herausgegeben von einem Ungenannten ohne Wiſſen der Verfaſſer. Berlin 1768, 8. und Ebendaſ. 1778 in 8.

An J., als ein Kritikus wünſchte, daß er aus ſeinen Gedichten den Amor herauslaſſen möchte. Berlin 1769, 8.

An J., als er von ſeinem Amor Abſchied nahm. Halle 1770, 8.

Paſtor Amors Abſolution. Halberſtadt 1771, 8.

Die beſte Welt. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.

Ueber den Ernſt. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.

Cantate am Charfreitage. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.

Ueber Hauſens Leben des Geheimenraths Klotz. Ebendaſ. 1772.

Die Dichter. Eine Oper. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.

Briefe über die Oper: Die Dichter. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.

Phädon und Naide. Singſpiel. Leipzig 1788, 8.

Trauerrede auf Kaiſer Joſeph II. Freiburg 1790, 8.

Trauerrede auf Kaiſer Leopold II. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.

Beſchreibung einiger Steine, mythologiſchen Inhalts, aus dem Cabinette des Herzogs von Orleans. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Zürich 1796, 4., mit Kupfern.

Mit ſeinen Freunden:

Iris. Zeitſchrift für Frauenzimmer. Düſſeldorf und Berlin 1774—1776, 8 Bände in kl. 8.

Taſchenbuch. Königsberg und Baſel 1795—1799, 4 Jahrgänge in 12., mit Kupfern und Melodien.

Ueberflüſſiges Taſchenbuch. Hamburg 1800 und und 1802 in 8., mit Kpfrn. Dazu eine Vorrede von Fr. H. Jacobi.

Iris. Taſchenbuch. Zürich 1803—1813, 11 Jahrgänge in 8., mit Kpfrn.

Außerdem Gedichte, Recenſionen und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, Taſchenbüchern, Almanachs u. ſ. w.

J. G. Jacobi's leichte, tändelnde, mitunter faſt ſüßliche Weiſe ward zu ihrer Zeit von den Kritikern, und namentlich von ſeinen Freunden überſchätzt. Sein Talent, ſich vorzüglich der lyriſchen Poeſie zuneigend, iſt keineswegs ein ſehr bedeutendes, doch ward es gehoben durch anmuthige Behandlung der Sprache und Form, ſtrenge Correctheit und Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls. — Von jenem hohen Range, den ihm die Genoſſen ſeiner Tage unter den Dichtern unſeres Landes anwieſen, hat ihn die ſtrengere Nachwelt ſchon lange wieder entfernt, aber ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen ſind die treueſten Zeugen ſeiner perſönlichen Liebenswürdigkeit, und die Erinnerung an dieſe wird ſein Andenken noch lange begleiten. —

Gedichte von J. G. Jacobi.

Litanei auf das Feſt aller Seelen *).

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet ſüßen Traum,
Lebensſatt, geboren kaum,
Aus der Welt hinüber ſchieden:
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Die ſich hier Geſpielen ſuchten,
Oefter weinten, nimmer fluchten,
Wenn von ihrer treuen Hand
Keiner je den Druck verſtand:
Alle die von hinnen ſchieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen,
Deren Thränen nicht zu zählen,
Die ein falſcher Freund verließ,
Und die blinde Welt verſtieß:
Alle, die von hinnen ſchieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und der Jüngling, dem, verborgen,
Seine Braut am frühen Morgen,
Weil ihn Lieb' in's Grab gelegt,
Auf ſein Grab die Kerze trägt:
Alle die von hinnen ſchieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Alle Geiſter, die, voll Klarheit,
Wurden Märtyrer der Wahrheit,
Kämpften für das Heiligthum,
Suchten nicht der Marter Ruhm:
Alle, die von hinnen ſchieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
Unter'm Mond auf Dornen wachten,
Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht,
Einſt zu ſehn von Angeſicht:
Alle, die von hinnen ſchieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die gern im Roſengarten
Bei dem Freudenbecher harrten,
Aber dann, zur böſen Zeit,
Schmeckten ſeine Bitterkeit:
Alle, die von hinnen ſchieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Auch, die keinen Frieden kannten,
Aber Muth und Stärke ſandten
Ueber leichenvolles Feld
In die halb entſchlafne Welt:
Alle, die von hinnen ſchieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet ſüßen Traum,
Lebensſatt, geboren kaum,
Aus der Welt hinüber ſchieden:
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Hochzeit-Lied.

Will ſingen euch im alten Ton
Ein Lied von alter Treu;
Es ſangen's unſre Väter ſchon;
Doch bleibt's der Liebe neu.

Im Glücke macht es freudenvoll,
Kann tröſten in der Noth;
Daß nichts die Herzen ſcheiden ſoll,
Nichts ſcheiden, als der Tod;

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*) An dieſem Feſte beſuchen die Römiſch-Katholiſchen die Gräber der Ihrigen, ſetzen Lichter darauf und beten für die Verſtorbenen.

Daß immerdar mit friſchem Muth
Der Mann die Traute ſchützt,
Und alles opfert, Gut und Blut,
Wenn's ſeinem Weibchen nützt;

Daß er auf weiter Erde nichts
Als ſie allein begehrt,
Sie gern im Schweiß des Angeſichts
Für ihren Kuß ernährt;

Daß, wenn die Lerch' im Felde ſchlägt,
Sein Weib ihm Wonne lacht,
Ihm, wenn der Acker Dornen trägt,
Zum Spiel die Arbeit macht,

Und doppelt ſüß der Ruhe Raſt,
Erquickend jedes Brot,
Den Kummer leicht an ihrer Bruſt,
Gelinder ſeinen Tod.

Dann fühlt er noch die kalte Hand
Von ihrer Hand gedrückt,
Und ſich in's neue Vaterland
Aus ihrem Arm entrückt.

An Chloen.

Bei der Liebe reinſten Flammen,
Glänzt das arme Hüttendach:
Liebchen! ewig nun beiſammen,
Liebchen! ſchlafend oder wach!

Süßes, zärtliches Umfangen,
Wenn der Tag am Himmel graut:
Heimlich klopfendes Verlangen,
Wenn der Abend niederthaut!

Wonne dort auf allen Hügeln,
Wonn' im Thal, und Jubel hier!
Volle Freiheit, zu verriegeln
Unſre kleine Hüttenthür!

Lobgeſang in Finſterniſſen,
Wo kein Neider ſich verſteckt;
Wo nicht mehr, indem wir küſſen,
Jedes Lüftchen uns erſchreckt!

Und wir theilen alle Freuden,
Sonn' und Mond und Sternenglanz;
Allen Segen, alles Leiden,
Arbeit und Gebet und Tanz.

So, bei reiner Liebe Flammen,
Endet ſich der ſchöne Lauf;
Ruhig ſchweben wir zuſammen,
Liebchen! Liebchen! Himmel auf.

Die Spinne und der Hänfling.

In einer durch die Kunſt gemachten Wüſtenei,
An einer Gartenklauſ', erbaut für junge Damen
Und Ritter, die nicht oft hineinzuſchauen kamen,
Hing eine Spinne, froh und frei,
Als Eremit im engen Fenſterrahmen,
Begann ihr Werk, und ſah dabei
Im wilden Luſtgehölz von Birken, Ulmen, Buchen,
Verſchiedne Vögel mancherlei
Zu Neſtern ſich zuſammenſuchen.
Ein wohlerfahrner Hänfling zog
Auf einen Aſt, der ſeine Zweige bog,
Der Spinne Fenſter zu beſchatten.
In voller Arbeit hüpft' und flog
Das Hänflingsweibchen hin und wieder mit dem Gatten;
Indeſſen jene bloß auf ihre Fäden ſann,
Und aus ſich ſelbſt den Zeug der Hütte ſpann.

Die armen Vöglein! hob ſie an:
Wie Mann und Weibchen ſich um ihren Bau ermatten!
Was holen ſie von Oſt und Weſt
Nicht alles her! Und ſteht das Neſt —
Dann neue Sorge, ſtetes Reiſen
Durch Garten, Hof und Feld, die junge Brut zu ſpeiſen!
Dann fürchten ſie des Hauſes jähen Sturz,
Wenn Knaben durch die Hecke rauſchen;
Und flattern auf, und jammern: Kurz!
Ich möchte nicht mit ihnen tauſchen.

Der Hänfling war ſo eben recht
Zum Horchen auf den Aſt gekommen,
Hatt' über ſich und ſein Geſchlecht
Die weiſe Rede wohl vernommen,
Und flog zum Fenſterrahmen hin,
Und ſagte: „Liebe Nachbarinn!
Ich lobe deinen klugen Sinn,
Der zwiſchen kahlen, finſtern Mauern
Dich hier ſo glücklich macht in deinem Selbſtgeſpinn,
Als ich im grünen Walde bin;
Uns aber mußt du nicht bedauern.
Im grünen Walde giebt es zwar
Nicht wenig Arbeit und Gefahr;
Jedoch auf Freude hofft umſonſt, wer nie will trauern.
Schon öfter wurde mir um Neſt und Futter bang;
Dann regt' ich mich, entfloh dem Untergang,
Und heller durch den Buſch ertönte mein Geſang.
Ich dächte, liebe Nachbarinn!
Es wäre wohl in dieſem Leben
Verluſt bei jeglichem Gewinn;
Ich dächte, liebe Nachbarinn!
Wir nützten das, was uns Natur gegeben,
Zum Niſten mir, und dir zum Weben."

Trauer der Liebe.

Wo die Taub' in ſtillen Buchen
Ihren Tauber ſich erwählt,
Wo die Nachtigallen ſuchen,
Und die Rebe ſich vermählt;
Wo die Bäche ſich vereinen,
Ging ich oft mit leichtem Scherz,
Ging ich oft mit bangem Weinen;
Suchte mir ein liebend Herz.

O, da gab die finſtre Laube
Leiſen Troſt im Abendſchein;
O, da kam ein ſüßer Glaube
Mit dem Morgenglanz im Hain;
Da vernahm ich's in den Winden;
Ihr Geflüſter lehrte mich:
Daß ich ſuchen ſollt' und finden,
Finden, holde Liebe! dich.

Aber ach! wo blieb auf Erden,
Holde Liebe, deine Spur?
Lieben, um geliebt zu werden,
Iſt das Loos der Engel nur.
Statt der Wonne fand ich Schmerzen,
Hing an dem, was mich verließ;
Frieden giebt dem treuen Herzen
Nur ein künftig Paradies.

Die Perle.

Es ging ein Mann zur Frühlingszeit
Durch Buſch und Felder weit und breit
Um Birke, Buch' und Erle;
Der Bäume Grün im Maienlicht,
Die Blumen drunter ſah' er nicht;
Er ſuchte ſeine Perle.

Die Perle war ſein höchſtes Gut,
Er hatt' um ſie des Meeres Fluth
Durchſchifft, und viel gelitten;
Von ihr des Lebens Troſt gehofft,
Im Buſen ſie bewahrt, und oft
Dem Räuber abgeſtritten.

Die ſucht' er nun mit Weh und Ach:
Da wies man ihm den hellen Bach,
Und drin die goldne Schmerle;
Nichts half der Bach im Sonnenglanz,
Im Bache nichts der Schmerlen Tanz;
Er ſuchte ſeine Perle.

Und ſuchen wird er immer ſo,
Wird nicht des Lebens werden froh,
Nicht mehr die Morgenſtunden
Am purpurrothen Himmel ſehn;
Berg auf und nieder muß er gehn,
Bis daß er ſie gefunden.

Der arme Pilger! So wie er,
Geh' ich zur Frühlingszeit umher
Um Birke, Buch' und Erle;
Des Maien Wunder ſeh' ich nicht:
Was aber, ach! was mir gebricht,
Iſt mehr als eine Perle.

Was mir gebricht, was ich verlor,
Was ich zum höchſten Gut erkor,
Iſt Lieb' in treuem Herzen.
Vergebens wall' ich auf und ab;
Doch find' ich einſt ein kühles Grab,
Das endet alle Schmerzen.

Hochzeit-Lied.

Willſt du frei und luſtig gehn
Durch dieß Weltgetümmel,
Mußt du auf die Vöglein ſehn,
Wohnend unterm Himmel;
Jedes hüpft und ſingt und heckt
Ohne Gram und Sorgen,
Schläft, vom grünen Zweig bedeckt,
Sicher bis am Morgen.

Jedes nimmt ohn' Argliſt,
Was ihm Gott beſchieden,
Und mit ſeinem Fräulein iſt
Männlein wohl zufrieden;
Keines ſammelt kümmerlich
Vorrath in die Scheunen;
Dennoch nährt und labt es ſich
Mit den lieben Kleinen.

Keines bebt im Sonnenſtrahl
Vor den fernen Stürmen;
Kommt ein Sturm, ſo wird's im Thal
Baum und Fels beſchirmen.
Täglich bringt es ſeinen Dank
Gott für jede Gabe,
Flattert einſtens mit Geſang
Leicht und ſtill zum Grabe.

Willſt du frei und luſtig gehn
Durch dieß Weltgetümmel,
Mußt du auf die Vöglein ſehn,
Wohnend unterm Himmel.
Wie die Vöglein, haben wir
Unſern Vater droben;
Laß ein treues Weib mit dir
Lieben und ihn loben!

Wiegenlied für ein Mädchen.

Schlummre, Liebchen, biſt noch klein,
Weißt vom ſchönen Sonnenſchein,
Weißt vom Strahl des Mondenlichts,
Und von Wald und Blumen nichts;
Liebchen, ſchlummre, werde groß!
Sollſt es ſehn auf meinem Schooß.

Sollſt den Glanz des Himmels ſehn,
Und aus ihm die Sonne gehn
Ueber Wieſen friſch und grün,
Wo die blauen Veilchen blühn.
Veilchen werden dann gepflückt,
Du an's Mutterherz gedrückt.

Mir am Herzen, liebes Kind
Spielſt du froh im Morgenwind;
Ueber dir iſt Jubelklang,
Um dich her iſt Lobgeſang;
Leiſe rauſchen Baum und Fluß,
Und du fühlſt den Mutterkuß.

Liebchen, ſchlummre, wachſ' heran!
Siehſt in meinen Armen dann
Auch der Abendſonne Gluth;
Siehſt, wenn Feld und Aue ruht,
Gold und Purpur überall,
Bei'm Geſang der Nachtigall.

Unter'm Nachtigallenlied
Kommt der helle Mond, und ſieht
Mild herab auf dich und mich;
Alle Blumen neigen ſich;
Und die Händchen falt' ich dir:
Kleiner Engel, Gott iſt hier!

Gott iſt hoch im Sternenglanz,
Und im niedern Veilchenkranz;
Iſt, wo jener Vogel ſchlägt,
Und, wo dieſer Arm dich trägt.
Sag' in jedem Winkel dir,
Liebes Mädchen: Gott iſt hier!

Vertrauen.

Die Morgenſterne prieſen,
Im hohen Jubelton,
Den Schöpfer grüner Wieſen
Viel tauſend Jahre ſchon;
Es glänzten Berg und Fläche,
Die Sonne kam und wich,
Der Mond beſchien die Bäche;
Noch aber nicht für mich.

Es weckte mich kein Morgen,
Es ſchien kein Erdentag
In's Dunkle, wo verborgen
Der Ungeborne lag;
Noch ſang der Vögel keiner
Mir ſeinen Liebesruf —
Doch Er gedachte meiner,
Der Sonn' und Mond erſchuf.

Er winkte mir in's Leben,
Er weihte mich zur Luſt,
Zum erſten Wonnebeben
An einer Mutter Bruſt;
Es war an ihrem Herzen
Mein Bettlein mir gemacht;
Sie trug mit ſüßen Schmerzen
Mich eine kurze Nacht.

Da grüßt' ich ſie mit Weinen,
Und ſchwieg in ihrem Schooß,
Sah Mond und Sonne ſcheinen,
Und Treue zog mich groß.
Mit Gottes Segen krönte
Sich Anger, Buſch und Feld;
Mein Lobgeſang ertönte
Zum Vater dieſer Welt.

Der Tag kann nun vergehen,
Der Morgen wieder graun;
Wo Gottes Lüfte wehen,
Da will ich ſicher traun;
Und wenn ich ſchlafen werde
Die zweite kurze Nacht,
Dann wird in ſeiner Erde
Mein Bettlein mir gemacht.

Dann opfert manche Blüthe
Mein Grab, o Vater, Dir;
Es preiſen deine Güte
Die Vögel über mir.
So wie am Mutterherzen
Ein Sohn der Freude liegt,
So lieg' ich ſonder Schmerzen,
Von Hoffnung eingewiegt.

Im Sterben Hoffnung geben
Mag Erdenweisheit nicht;
Jedoch bei Dir iſt Leben
Iſt Liebeskraft und Licht.

Du ſiehſt der Schöpfung Enden;
Und was Dich Vater heißt,
Das ruht in Deinen Händen:
Empfange meinen Geiſt!

In der Mitternacht.

Todesſtille deckt das Thal
Bei des Mondes halbem Strahl;
Winde flüſtern dumpf und bang,
In des Wächters Nachtgeſang.

Leiſer, dumpfer tönt es hier
In der bangen Seele mir,
Nimmt den Strahl der Hoffnung fort,
Wie den Mond die Wolke dort.

Hüllt, ihr Wolken, hüllt den Schein
Immer tiefer, tiefer ein!
Vor ihm bergen will mein Herz
Seinen tiefen, tiefen Schmerz.

Nennen ſoll ihn nicht mein Mund:
Keine Thräne mach' ihn kund;
Senken ſoll man ihn hinab
Einſt mit mir in's kühle Grab.

O der ſchönen langen Nacht,
Wo nicht Erdenliebe lacht,
Wo verlaßne Treue nicht
Ihren Kranz von Dornen flicht!

An des Todes milder Hand
Geht der Weg in's Vaterland;
Dort iſt Liebe ſonder Pein;
Selig, ſelig werd' ich ſeyn.

Die Linde auf dem Kirchhofe.

Die du ſo bang den Abendgruß
Auf mich herunter weheſt,
Zur Wolke ſchwebſt, und mit dem Fuß
Auf Todtenhügeln ſteheſt;
O Linde! manche Thräne hat
Den Boden hier benetzet,
Und Menſchenjammer, blaß und matt,
Auf ihn ſein Kreuz geſetzet.

Die auf dem Einen Hügel hier
Geweint um ihre Lieben,
Die liegt ein andrer neben dir,
Und ihrer wenig blieben.
Sie ſchlafen. Ach! um ihr Gebein
Verhallte ſchon die Trauer.
Du Linde rauſcheſt ganz allein
In athemloſe Schauer.

Vergebens läßt auf kühles Grab
Dein Zweig die Blüthe fallen;
Vergebens tönt von dir herab
Das Lied der Nachtigallen;
Sie ſchlummern fort. Du aber ſchlägſt
In modervolle Grüfte
Die Wurzel, ſchmückeſt dich, und trägſt
Empor die Blüthendüfte.

Auf Erden ſieht man immer ſo
Den Tod an's Leben grenzen,
Doch ewig kannſt du, ſtolz und froh,
Die Aeſte nicht bekränzen;
Es trocknet ſchon der Jugend Saft
In dir; Verweſung winket,
Bis endlich deine letzte Kraft
Dahin auf Gräber ſinket.

Wenn aber dein Geflüſter auch
Verſtummt an dieſen Hügeln,
So bringet neuen Frühlingshauch
Der Weſt auf Roſenflügeln.

Damit die Felder wieder blühn,
Umwallt er Berg' und Gründe;
Will deinen Sprößling auferziehn,
Und krönt die junge Linde.

Wohl uns! der große Lebensquell
Verſiegt dem Geiſte nimmer.
Das Kreuz auf Gräbern, wie ſo hell
In dieſer Hoffnung Schimmer!
O Linde! gern an deinem Fuß
Hör' ich des Wipfels Wehen;
Dein feierlicher Abendgruß
Verkündet Auferſtehen.

Lied *).

Willkommen, Bächlein: wie ſo hell!
Wie raſch dein Gang in's Thal hernieder!
Wer öffnete den Felſenquell?
Es ſchuf dich keiner meiner Brüder.

Willkommen, Zephyr, auf der Flur,
Weß Auge noch hat dich geſehen?
Wer deine Stätte, deine Spur?
Kein Sohn der Erde hieß dich wehen.

Du ſelbſt, o Bächlein, hörteſt nie
Zum Rauſchen deiner kleinen Wellen
Verjüngter Büſche Melodie
Dem grünen Ufer ſich geſellen;

Und dennoch redeſt du mit mir
In ſtillen Abenddämmerungen;
Schon hat dein leiſes Murmeln hier
Mit ſüßem Schauer mich durchdrungen.

Du Zephyr weißt nicht, wie, erfreut
Von deinem Hauch, die Staude ſäuſelt,
Das Blümchen Wohlgerüche ſtreut,
Die Aehre wallt, der Hain ſich kräuſelt;

Und dennoch, gleich dem Eſpen, bebt,
Wenn du mir liſpelſt von den Hügeln,
Mein klopfend Herz; die Seele ſchwebt
Auf deinen unſichtbaren Flügeln.

Woher dieß wonnige Gefühl,
Die hoch ſich hebenden Gedanken?
Was rauſchet mir im Wellenſpiel?
Was flüſtert in des Weinſtocks Ranken?

Das Maienlüftchen kennt mich nicht;
Dem Bächlein ſang ich jüngſt die Feier
Des Blüthenmonds im Roſenlicht;
Ihm aber tönte keine Leier.

Woher denn, um der Quelle Rand,
Woher das ahnungsvolle Wehen?
Ein Geiſt, dem meinigen verwandt,
Muß kennen mich, und mich verſtehen.

Wir nahe ſein im Waſſerfall,
Im Hauch des Windes Antwort geben,
Erfüllen alles überall
Mit Freud' und Liebe, Kraft und Leben.

Es iſt der Herr, der überall
Im Wieſenduft, im Sturme ſchwebet,
Der Abendthau und Waſſerfall,
Und Himmel, Erd' und Meer belebet;

Er, welcher auf's bekannte Land
Den kühlen Flug des Zephyrs lenket,
Er, der mit unſichtbarer Hand
Dem Wurme ſeinen Tiſch bereitet.

Der zählet meines Pulſes Schlag,
Hört meiner Wünſche leiſes Flehen;
Und, ſchmachtet meine Seel' ihm nach,
So fühl' ich ſeiner Flügel Wehen.

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*) Angefangen von Jacobi und vollendet von F. L. Stollberg.

Der Tag verkündiget der Nacht,
Die Nacht dem Tage ſeinen Namen,
Die Himmel preiſen ſeine Macht,
Und tief im Herzen ſchallt mein Amen.

Wohl mir, ich weiß, woher es ſchallt,
Es deutet hin in große Fernen;
Tief unter meiner Hoffnung wallt
Der Himmel hin mit ſeinen Sternen.

Wohl mir! ich fühle, wer ich ſei;
Wie leicht verſtäuben meine Sorgen!
Dieß Amen tönt als Hahnenſchrei
Vor meines Gottes nahem Morgen.

Spinnerlied.

Arbeit, ihr Mädchen,
Bringt ſüßen Gewinn:
Da ſchnurren am Rädchen
Luſtig die neblichten Tage dahin!

Mädchen, die der Ruhe pflegen,
Die gemächlich in den Schooß
Ihre zarten Hände legen,
Werden nie der Sorge los.

Arbeit, ihr Mädchen u. ſ. w.

Lange Weile baut im Stillen
Ihren Heerd bei'm Müßiggang;
Unterbrochen dann von Grillen
Wird der häusliche Geſang.

Arbeit, ihr Mädchen u. ſ. w.

Gern ſein liebes Rädchen hören:
O das ſichert vor Gefahr!
Und ſo tragt ihr einſt mit Ehren
Euren Hochzeitkranz im Haar.

Arbeit, ihr Mädchen,
Bringt ſüßen Gewinn:
Da ſchnurren am Rädchen
Luſtig die neblichten Tage dahin!

Lied.

Auf dem friſchen Raſenſitze,
Hier am kleinen Waſſerfall,
Hör' ich von des Thurmes Spitze,
Frommes Glöcklein, deinen Schall.

Tönſt, o Glöcklein, nennſt ihn lauter,
Dem mein Herz entgegen bebt,
Ihn, der freundlicher, vertrauter
Hier im Grünen mich umſchwebt.

Leiſe murmeln es die Bäche,
Daß er Flur und Aue liebt,
Daß die Roſe, die ich breche,
Mir ein guter Vater giebt;

Daß er aus der zarten Hülle
Selbſt die goldnen Früchte winkt,
Und durch ihn des Lebens Fülle
Jede neue Knoſpe trinkt.

Schalle, Glöcklein! ach, was bliebe
Jenem Himmel, dieſem Grün!
Ach! kein Leben, keine Liebe,
Keine Freude, ſonder ihn!

Morgens, wenn auf Buſch und Pflanze
Kühler Thau die Perlen ſä't,
Stimmen froh, im Sonnenglanze,
Vöglein mit in mein Gebet.

Und am Abend, wenn es dunkelt,
Seh ich ſeinen milden Schein!
Wo das Heer der Sterne funkelt,
Wacht er über Thal und Hain;

Leuchtet mir auf meinen Wegen,
Labt die Wieſe, nährt das Feld,
Spricht den väterlichen Segen
Ueber die entſchlafne Welt.

Seiner freu' ich mich im Lenze,
Wenn man Veilchenkränze flicht;
Seiner, wenn die Schnitterkränze
Sturm und Hagel unterbricht.

Sollt' ich ſeiner mich nicht freuen
Singen nicht, daß Wolke, Wind,
Auch die Blitze, wenn ſie dräuen,
In des Vaters Händen ſind!

Daß an öden Felſenklüften
Liebend er vorübergeht,
Und in düſtern Todtengrüften
Des Erhalters Athem weht?

Am Aſchermittwoch*).

Weg von Luſtgeſang und Reigen!
Bei der Andacht ernſtem Schweigen
Warnen Todtenkränze hier,
Sagt ein Kreuz von Aſche dir:
Was geboren iſt auf Erden,
Muß zu Erd' und Aſche werden.

Vom Altar in die Palläſte
Dräng' es ſich zum Jubelfeſte;
Mitten unter'm Göttermahl
Ruf' es in den Königsſaal:
Was den Zepter führt auf Erden,
Muß zu Erd' und Aſche werden.

Wo Trophäen ſich erheben,
Sieger jauchzen, Völker beben,
Tön' es aus der Ferne dumpf
In den ſchallenden Triumph!
Was den Lorbeer trägt auf Erden,
Muß zu Erd' und Aſche werden.

Wie ſie ringen, ſorgen, ſuchen,
Das Gefundne dann verfluchen;
Der umher getriebne Geiſt
Felſen thürmt und niederreißt!
Was ſo raſtlos ſtrebt auf Erden,
Muß zu Erd' und Aſche werden.

Siehe, durch des Tempels Hallen
Mann und Greis und Jüngling wallen,
Und die Mutter, die entzückt,
Ihren Säugling an ſich drückt.
Was da blüht und reift auf Erden,
Muß zu Erd' und Aſche werden.

Wie ſie kommen, ach! ſo kamen
Viele Tauſende: ihre Namen
Sind erloſchen, ihr Gebein
Decket ein zermalmter Stein.
Was geboren iſt auf Erden,
Muß zu Erd' und Aſche werden.

Aber, von der Welt geſchieden,
Ohne Freud' und ohne Frieden,
Blickt die Treue ſtarr hinab
In ein modervolles Grab.
Was ſo mächtig liebt auf Erden,
Soll es Erd' und Aſche werden?

In den ſchönſten Roſentagen
Füllt die Lüfte banges Klagen;
Jammert die verwaiſ'te Braut,
Einem Schatten angetraut.
Liebe kann nicht untergehen;
Was verweſ't, muß auferſtehen.

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*) Dieſes Feſt der Römiſch-Katholiſchen, an welchem ſie, nach geendigten Faſtnachtsluſtbarkeiten, der Prieſter mit geweihter Aſche beſtreut, um ſie an ihre Sterblichkeit zu erinnern, könnte, wenn man allen Aberglauben davon abſonderte, und der Ceremonie die erforderliche Würde gäbe, zu einem der edelſten und erbaulichſten Feſte werden.

Und das brüderliche Sehnen,
Abzuwiſchen alle Thränen;
Was die Hand der Armuth füllt,
Das mit Wohlthun gern vergilt;
Ewig kann's nicht untergehen!
Was verweſt, muß auferſtehen!

Jene, die gen Himmel ſchauen,
Ihrer höhern Ahnung trauen,
Dieſem Schattenland entfliehn,
Vor dem Unſichtbaren knien,
O die werden auferſtehen!
Glaube kann nicht untergehen.

Die dem Vater aller Seelen
Kindlich ihren Geiſt befehlen,
Und, vom Erdenſtaube rein,
Der Vollendung ſchon ſich freun,
Sollten ſie, wie Staub, verwehen!
Hoffnung muß dem Grab entgehen.

Sieh an ſchweigenden Altären
Todtenkränze ſich verklären!
Menſchenhoheit, Erdenreiz,
Zeichnet dieſes Aſchenkreuz;
Aber Erde wird zur Erde,
Daß der Geiſt verherrlicht werde,

Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi

ward am 25. Januar 1743 zu Düſſeldorf geboren und von ſeinem Vater für den Kaufmannsſtand beſtimmt, den er auch zu Frankfurt erlernte, ohne weder dadurch, noch durch den Spott ſeiner gleichalterigen Standesgenoſſen ſeinen literariſchen Studien, wozu ihn beſonders ſein religiöſer Tiefſinn zog, abgewendet zu werden. Nachdem er der Handlung ſeines Vaters mehrere Jahre lang vorgeſtanden und ſich mit der an Vorzügen des Körpers und des Geiſtes reichen Betty von Clermont vermählt hatte, erhielt er durch ſeinen Gönner, den Grafen von Goltſtein, die Stelle eines Hofkammerraths, worauf er ſich ganz der Staatswirthſchaft und den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften widmete. In Folge deſſen erhielt er 1779 einen Ruf als Geheimerath nach München, wo er ſich jedoch wegen gehabter Verdrießlichkeiten über das bairiſche Mauthweſen bald auf ſein Gut Pempelfort bei Düſſeldorf zurückzog. Doch auch von hier vertrieb ihn die franzöſiſche Revolution, und nun lebte er ſeit 1794 bei ſeinen Freunden in Holſtein, namentlich in Wandsbeck, Hamburg und Eutin, bis er 1804 einem neuen Rufe an die neu zu errichtende Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu München folgte und 1807 Präſident derſelben wurde. 1813 legte er jedoch auch dieſe Stelle nieder und lebte nun daſelbſt, mit dem Commandeurkreuz des bairiſchen Civilverdienſtordens geſchmückt und unter Beibehaltung ſeines vollen Gehaltes, ſeinen Lieben und ſeiner Muſe, bis der Tod am 10. März 1819 den geiſtvollen und originellen Denker abrief.

Er ſchrieb:

Werke. Leipzig 1812—1824, 6 Bde. in gr. 8.; 4r bis 6r Band herausgegeb. von J. Fr. Köppen und K. J. F. Roth.

Auserleſener Briefwechſel. Herausgegeb. von F. Roth, Leipzig 1825—1827, 2 Bde. in gr. 8.

Einzeln:

Woldemar. Flensburg 1779; 2te Aufl. Königsberg 1794, 2 Bde, gr. 12; die Ausg. letzter Hand, Leipzig 1826, 2 Bde., gr. 8.

Allwill's Briefſammlung. Breslau 1781; 2te Aufl. 1792. Ausg. letzter Hand, Leipzig 1826, gr. 8., mit einer Zugabe von eigenen Briefen.

Ueber die Lehre des Spinoza. In Briefen an Mendelsſohn. Breslau 1785; neue Aufl. 1789, 8.

Wider Mendelsſohn's Beſchuldigungen. Leipzig 1786.

David Hume über den Glauben, oder: Idealismus und Realismus. Breslau 1787.

Sendſchreiben an Fichte. Hamburg 1799.

Von den göttlichen Dingen und ihrer Offenbarung. Leipzig 1811.

Denkmal der Schrift von den göttlichen Dingen. Tübingen 1812.

Das treffendſte und gerechteſte Urtheil, welches je über F. H. Jacobi gefällt wurde, ſpricht der eben ſo einſichtsvolle als gediegene Bouterwek in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Thl. XI. S. 494, aus, wo er von ihm ſagt: „Zu den ganz correcten Styliſten, deren größtes Verdienſt aber auch oft nur in eleganten Phraſen und Wendungen beſteht, gehört dieſer Schriftſteller nicht. Aber wie Herder und Johannes Müller ragt er in der kräftigen und originalen Art, ſeine Gedanken auszudrücken, über alle übrigen deutſchen Proſaiſten ſeines Zeitalters hervor. Sein Styl iſt treuer Abdruck ſeines Geiſtes. Sehr empfänglich für das Schöne, war Jacobi auch nicht ohne Talent zur Poeſie; aber der raſtloſe Trieb nach philoſophiſcher Ergründung der Wahrheit, den er ſchon in ſeinem Knabenalter fühlte, ließ ihn nicht zum Dichter werden. Nach ſeinen Romanen legt man einen falſchen Maßſtab an, wenn man ſie nur als äſthetiſche Kunſtwerke würdigt. Denn ſo, wie ihr Verfaſſer die philoſophiſchen Ideen, von denen ſein Geiſt voll war, in alle Verhältniſſe des wirklichen Lebens übertrug, in denen er äußerlich nur als ein ſehr gebildeter Weltmann erſchien, ſo wollte er auch die moraliſchen Reſultate ſeines Studiums der menſchlichen Natur in Darſtellungen nach dem Leben niederlegen; und dazu ſchien ihm die Form des Romans die paſſendſte. Dieſe Form aber fügte ſich nicht ganz nach dem Zwecke des philoſophiſchen Kopfes, deſſen Phantaſie nur ſeinem forſchenden Verſtande und ſeinem tiefen Gefühle der Würde und Beſtimmung der menſchlichen Natur dienen ſollte, ſich ſo wahr auszuſprechen, als ob die Natur ſelbſt aus ihm ſpräche. Die überall vordringende didaktiſche Abſicht mußte ſeinen Charakter- und Situationsgemälden einen Theil ihrer, übrigens muſterhaften, Natürlichkeit entziehen, indem er Perſonen, die in der wirklichen Welt gar nicht zu philoſophiren pflegen, philoſophiſche Reflexionen, deren manche nur dem Metaphyſiker verſtändlich ſind, in den Mund und in die Feder legte. Beſonders erhielt dadurch und durch die ſtrenge Metaphyſik der Sitten der „Woldemar“ etwas Gezwungenes, das das äſthetiſche Intereſſe ſtört. Aber mit dieſem Romane haben auch die eigentlich philoſophiſchen Schriften Jacobi's die moraliſche Zartheit und Tiefe des Gefühls gemein, das in ſeiner Seele ſogleich aufwallte, wenn die Rede war von Wahrheit, die nicht, wie die mathematiſche, auf Formeln, oder, wie die empiriſche, auf ſinnliche Wahrnehmungen ſich zurückführen läßt, und an der das Herz deſto mehr Antheil nimmt. Das höchſte Bedürfniß ſeines Herzens war Religion, aber eine Religion, die vor der Vernunft beſtehen ſollte. Durch ſtrenge Kritik der metaphyſiſchen Syſteme hatte er ſich überzeugt, daß keine religiöſe Wahrheit ſich metaphyſiſch beweiſen laſſe, daß aber auch die Vernunft, durch die der Menſch der Idee der Wahrheit fähig wird, etwas Höheres in unſerm Geiſte ſei, als der bloße Verſtand, der allgemeine Begriffe bildet und zu Urtheilen vereinigt, aus denen man Schlüſſe zieht. Zur Vernunft, nach ſeiner Anſicht, gehörte eben jenes Gefühl, von dem er ſich nicht trennen konnte, wenn ihn nach reiner Wahrheit verlangte. Deſſen ungeachtet war wohl nie ein Verſtand heller und unbeſtechlicher, als der ſeinige. Syſtemmacher konnte er nicht werden, ungeachtet ſeines metaphyſiſchen Tiefſinns, weil ſeine Philoſophie nur fragmentariſch aus der Kritik andrer Syſteme ſich entwickelt hatte; aber die Erzeugniſſe ſeines philoſophiſchen Genies erhielten ein ihnen eignes äſthetiſches Intereſſe dadurch, daß er, wie kein Schriftſteller außer ihm, das Allgemeine immer an individuelle Verhältniſſe anknüpfte, und, indem er, wie in einer geſelligen Unterhaltung, folgerecht, aber nicht ſchulgerecht, räſonnirte und demonſtrirte, zugleich den ganzen Geiſteszuſtand malte, in welchem ein Gedanke den andern hervorruft oder veranlaßt. Jacobi's Styl iſt nicht lakoniſch, aber prägnant. Jedes Hauptwort hat eine tief durchdachte und ſcharfbeſtimmte Bedeutung. Ungeachtet der leichten und gefälligen Wendungen zeigt doch dieſer Styl keine Spur von Flüchtigkeit. Nicht ſelten hat er eine ſehr gefällige Rundung. In der Wortſtellung nimmt er ſich einige nicht gewöhnliche Freiheiten, die aber auch ſchon von andern Schriftſtellern nachgeahmt ſind, und die Klarheit und Kraft des Ausdrucks befördern. Daß Jacobi, immer ſorgfältig auf den treffendſten Ausdruck achtend, der deutſchen Sprache manche ihr eigne und von Andern wenig benutzte Wendungen abgeſehen hat, iſt um ſo bemerkenswerther, da er, wie Johannes Müller, in ſeiner Jugend einen Theil ſeiner Bildung in Genf erhalten hatte, und der franzöſiſchen Sprache ſo mächtig geworden war, wie außer ihm, ſo viel man weiß, kein philoſophiſcher Schriftſteller in Deutſchland ſeit Leibnitz."

Woldemar an Biderthal *).

Pappelwieſen, den 23. Auguſt.

Liebſter Biderthal, ich mache mir bittere Vorwürfe darüber, daß ich beinahe drei Wochen Dich ohne Briefe von mir laſſen konnte. Allwina und Henriette haben mich genug ermahnt; mein eigenes Herz noch mehr — aber ich konnte nicht! Eine Menge Blätter will ich Dir zeigen an Dich, worauf ſehr deutlich zu leſen iſt Monat und Tag; auch etliche mit einer halben Zeile wirklichen Briefs; — etliche ſogar mit einer ganzen Zeile; — mit zweien, mit dreien. — Aber dann wollte es für die Welt nicht weiter!

Ich begreife nicht mehr, wie ich es ehemals anfing, daß ich an Leute, die mir das gar nicht waren, was Du mir biſt, ſo lange Briefe ſchreiben mochte. Der halben Welt bin ich Antworten ſchuldig. Ich werde erinnert, geplagt, zum Mitleiden gereizt — weiß mir nicht zu helfen, und werde böſe. Mir däucht, es müßte mein Feind ſeyn, der mir zumuthete, meine Empfindungen bis auf den Grad herunter zu bringen, in welchem ſie ſich ſchreiben laſſen. Die edle unwiederbringliche Zeit auf dieſe Weiſe zu verlieren! Ich ſoll aufhören zu leben, damit ein Anderer zu leſen habe! Im ganzen Ernſt, wenn ich mir ſo einen theuren Freund gedenke, der das will, und mit zärtlich verdrießlichem Geſicht da ſitzt, und zwiſchen den Zähnen murmelt, weil ich das nicht will: — ich kann hämiſch gegen ihn werden, vom Stuhl aufſpringen und ihn nicht mehr anſehen mögen.

Freilich kommen hernach vernünftigere Augenblicke, worin ich fühle, daß ich Unrecht habe; daß ich kränklich bin; wo ich gegen mein Gewiſſen nicht aufkommen kann: — und das iſt eben mein Unglück!

Aber nun, was ſoll dies alles hier? — Vielleicht eine Entſchuldigung gegen Dich? — Ja, wenn man einmal ſo tief im Unrecht ſitzt, dann rede ſich einer heraus!

. . . . . Lieber, ich habe eben Deine zwei letzten Briefe zur Hand genommen und ſie wieder durchgeleſen. Mir wurde doch ganz bange ums Herz dabei, und ich dankte Gott, daß wenigſtens Allwina und Henriette an Deine Frau geſchrieben hatten, und letztere eine ziemlich lange Epiſtel auch an Dich. — Du kennſt mich; Du fühlſt meine Lage: alſo vergib! Nein — nicht vergeben, Biderthal; danken ſollſt Du dem Himmel, der mich ſo glücklich machte, daß ich Dirs nicht ſagen konnte und Dich verſäumte! Ich weiß, ich kann das von Deinem edlen brüderlichen Herzen fordern: und dies Zutrauen — Lieber! iſt es nicht mehr werth als tauſend Briefe, und ſagt es nicht Alles?

Seit geſtern bin ich hier ganz allein. Die beiden Tanten mit Allwinen und Henrietten ſind nach Schöllenburg, kommen aber dieſen Abend zurück. Es war mir gar nicht zuwider, auf dieſe kurze Zeit in Einſamkeit verſetzt zu werden; ich habe herrliche Stunden zugebracht. Noch war ich nicht Einmal zu einem ſolchen alleinigen ganz ſtillen Anſchauen meiner Glückſeligkeit gekommen; hatte mich eben auch nicht darnach geſehnt; aber mir geſchah unausſprechlich wohl, da ich nun von ungefähr dazu gelangte. — Könnte ich Dir in etwa nur beſchreiben, wie mir war, und wie mir iſt!

Sobald meine Reiſenden weg waren, Morgens um neun Uhr, lagerte ich mich, nicht weit unter der Krümmung des Bachs, in die wilde Laube unter den hohen Nußbäumen. Der eine Nußbaum diente mir, wie gewöhnlich, zur Lehne. Draußen gieng ein ſtarker Wind. Man hörte ſein Anfallen an das dichte Gebüſch, wie er die Aeſte bog und die Blätter drängte, — dann im Laube verwehte, — drinnen zum ſanfteſten Lüftchen wurde — und zwiſchen den jungen Eichen, Morellen, Pappelweiden, Quitten und Haſeln in vielfältigem Geiſpiel ſich verlor; — dann wieder majeſtätiſch rauſchte, höher und hinauf von Krone zu Krone, in den Zweigen der Nußbäume, — und beinahe Sturm war in ihren Gipfeln. — — In den mannigfaltigen Millionen Blätter, welch' unendliches Spiel! Welch' ein Wallen und Wühlen der Aeſte! — Unter und über mir das luſtige Laubmeer! — Ergriffen von ſeinen Wogen ſchwamm mein Auge hinweg in die ſchöne Fluth, und ließ ſich von ihr verſchlingen. — — Leiſe rieſelte unterdeſſen der liebe Bach an meiner Seite; gaukelte kleine Wellen daher, Wirbel und Schlünde, — und die Fiſche hatten ihren Scherz mit Springen, Schnalzen und Klatſchen. — — Der mächtige Stamm, an den ich gelehnt war, ſchwankte, faſt unmerklich, hin und her — bald ſtärker, bald ſchwächer; wiegte meinen Rücken, und bewegte ſanft ſchauerlich mein Haupt. — — — Wie war meine Seele ſo in allen meinen Sinnen! — Lauter Genuß mein ganzes Weſen! — Ewigkeit mein ſtehendes Daſein!

Ich verließ nach einer Weile den Platz; aber die Empfindungen, die er mir gegeben, folgten mir nach. Wohin ich wandern mochte, fand ich denſelben Zuſtand. Alles entzückte mich ſo wie es war. Ich freute mich ohne Ausſicht, ohne Hoffnung, ganz und gleich erfüllt von der Wonne jedes Augenblicks, und wie von Allgenugſamkeit umgeben.

Der Wind hatte um Mittag ſich gelegt, es war etwas ſchwül geworden, und gegen Abend regte ſich kein Blatt. Ich gieng umher und ergötzte mich an den wunderbaren Beleuchtungen der Erde; — Bäume und Blumen, als ob ſie in die Höhe ſchienen und die Dämmerung erhellten. Ich ließ mein Eſſen etwas früher unter die Laube vor dem großen Saal bringen, weil ich keine Kerze mochte und die Nacht wollte kommen ſehen. Ich war bald fertig; ſaß ſtille da, und ließ mir träumen — von Dir; dachte — wie Du vielleicht eben jetzt an mich dächteſt; — Deine Geſpräche mit Luiſen; Dein Sehnen nach uns zurück — Dein Kommen — Dein Eilen auf dem Wege, und mein Erwarten . . .

Es war mir nicht eingefallen, daß wir Vollmond hatten. Ganz hinten, bei den Eichen, ſah ich ihn unverſehens in die Caſtanienbäume ſcheinen. Er zog heran — wie mit ſpäter Dämmerung feierlich die Stille heranzieht; — lächelte zwiſchen dem dunkeln Laube; glich einem Freunde, der ſich zur Ueberraſchung herbeiſchleicht, bebend von den Schlägen ſeines Herzens, das die Freude nicht halten kann . . . Ich regte mich nicht, mochte kaum aufſchauen, als wäre es ſo in der That, und ich fürchtete ihm die Freude zu verderben. Da kam er endlich über die Gipfel der Eichen und trat vor mich hin. Ich flog auf! — Lieber, es war ein Augenblick voll Himmelsluſt!

Ich gieng, und wandelte auf und ab in meinen Alleen von Pommeranzenbäumen, unter den Linden, und in der mit dem Monde blitzenden Buchenhalle. Es war eine Nachtſtille — ein Schweigen um mich her, wie das Schweigen unausſprechlicher Liebe. So gieng ich, bis der Mond in den Teich ſchien, und ich nicht weg konnte unter der Ulme am Canal. Man hörte nichts als den Geſang der Grillen, das Rieſeln durch den Teich, und dann und wann die Bewegung eines Fiſches. — Hell und immer heller wurde das Waſſer — und ich ſchwebte wie in der Mitte der Schöpfung, aufgelöſt, und an mich ziehend aus dem feinſten Aether eine neue Bildung.

Lieber Biderthal — wie iſt mir ſo anders! — — Du weißt, ſchon als Kind hatte ich die ſüße Verliebtheit in alles, was meinen Sinnen oder meinem Geiſte in Schönheit entge-

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*) Aus F. H. Jacobi's „Woldemar“ (Th. II. S. 24 f.)

gen kam; — war in beſtändigem Ringen; und ſo voll Luſt und Muth — und ſo voll Trauer! — Wie wurde ich des Lebens ſo froh — ach! und ſo müde! — — Ich erfuhr, daß ich etwas im Buſen trug, welches mich von allen Dingen ſchied, von mir ſelbſt mich ſchied, weil es zu heftig mit allen Dingen ſich zu vereinigen ſtrebte. Jedermann liebte mich darum, daß ich alles ſo liebte; aber was mein Herz ſo liebend machte, ſo thöricht, ſo warm und ſo gut — das fand ich in Keinem. . . . — Von den meiſten dachte ich deswegen nicht ſchlechter; — zuweilen, im Gegentheil, nur deſto beſſer; aber ich glaubte zu ſehen, daß überhaupt die Menſchen wenig, im Grunde, nach einander fragen; wenig nach dem Menſchen im Menſchen. — — Ich wurde duldſam und ſtille . . . Lieber, wie rollen die Thränen herunter, vom Andenken meiner einſamen Wehmuth! — Jede Luſt machte mich betrübt, weil ſie nur Staub war, vom Winde aufgeregt, dahin fuhr wie ein Lichtſtrahl, mit dem Schall, mit dem Wallen des Blutes. Ich wollte Raum machen in meiner Seele, erretten wenigſtens an meinem Theile — aber, ach! dann erwachte gewaltig mein Herz, und ich fühlte zehnfaches Leiden. Wie oft habe ich auf meinem Angeſicht gelegen, vor der aufgehenden Sonne und vor der niedergehenden, unter dem Mond und den Sternen, voll Liebe und voll Verzweiflung, und habe geklagt, wie Pygmalion vor dem Bilde ſeiner Göttin . . .

Lieber, wie iſt mir ſo anders!

Mein Herz, das einer Bruſt glich, woraus der Lebensſaft zurückgetrieben wurde, weil den Säugling die Klemme dahin riß, und die nun der Krebs angefreſſen hat — es iſt geneſen! Ich lebe und liebe, und alles lebt und liebt um mich her. Wie dem Hiob hat mir der Herr alles zehnfach wieder gegeben und hat mich geheilt. Jeder Sonnenſtrahl wird lebendig, wenn ich ihn Allwinens oder Henriettens Auge erhellen ſehe; Mond und Sterne werden lebendig, wenn Allwina und Henriette in ihrem Scheine mich umarmen: ſo wird mir alle die Liebe wieder gegeben, die ich hoffnungslos ausgoß ins Unendliche: — Lebendiger Odem iſt in den Erdenkloß gedrungen; er iſt Menſch geworden! — Fleiſch von meinem Fleiſch und Bein von meinem Bein nun die ganze Schöpfung — geſchlungen an meine Bruſt, und erwiedernd meine Küſſe!

O, Lieber — wie iſt mir ſo anders! . . . .

Und wie das begann! . . . Die Stimme vom Himmel, die mir rief? Der Engel, der mir den Weg zeigte? — Du warſt es! Du, den ich zuerſt, den ich am längſten, den ich ohne Wandel geliebet, — mein Freund und mein Bruder!

Wunderbar, wie ich an dieſen Tag gekommen bin! — Ich werde nicht müde es zu überdenken; jeden kleinen Umſtand meinem Gedächtniſſe zu erneuern; alle die goldenen Ringe an einander zu ketten. . . . .

Ich kam nach N** durch Deine brüderliche Vorſorge und rechnete allein auf Dich — kam — und fand gleich in Dir noch mehr als ich gehofft hatte. Du warſt mir um vieles näher; verſtandeſt mich in tauſend neuen Dingen; — hatteſt ein Weib lieb gewonnen und mit ihr ein Haus gegründet; — Du hingſt nicht mehr an dieſem und jenem, womit ich nichts zu ſchaffen haben konnte; — von allen Seiten erſchienſt Du mir liebenswürdiger und beſſer. — Dein Gewerbe; Deine Wirthſchaft mit Dorenburgen; Euer ganzes Weſen — das mit andern Leuten, die Prunkgeſellſchaften und Gaſtmahle ausgenommen — ich ſage, Euer ganzes Weſen untereinander, gefiel mir bis zum Entzücken. In Dorenburgen erhielt ich einen zweiten Bruder; und, was ich nie gehabt hatte, zwei Schweſtern in Euern herzigen Frauen.

Du hatteſt mir Henrietten zur Gattin auserſehen; aber das ſollte nicht ſein. Sie war beſtimmt, meinem Schickſale eine merkwürdigere Wendung zu geben. Das himmliſche Mädchen deutete mir meinen alten Traum von Freundſchaft; half ihm zur Erfüllung; machte mir ihn wahr. Kaum dachte ich zuweilen noch an dieſen Traum, und nie anders, als wie man an ein Hirngeſpinnſt denkt. Ich hatte Freunde von allen Gattungen gehabt; hatte mit leidenſchaftlicher Anſtrengung die Menſchen beobachtet, mich ſelbſt zu erforſchen geſucht — hatte gefunden: daß wir ſammt und ſonders zu viele und zu heftige Begierden in uns haben und nähren; zu gewaltſam von den Sorgen, Geſchäften, Qualen und Freuden des Lebens herumgetrieben, hin und her geriſſen, entzückt und gefoltert werden, als daß irgendwo, in dieſen Zeiten, zwei Menſchen ſo Eins werden und bleiben könnten, wie meine liebevolle Schwärmerei es mich hatte träumen laſſen.

Das andere Geſchlecht hatte ich flüchtiger angeſehen, und war über ſeinen Charakter, der mir wenig Localfarben zu haben ſchien, früh mit mir einig. Es kam mir vor, als wenn die Empfindungen und Gedanken bei dieſen zarteren Geſchöpfen ſich unaufhörlich in einander verlören, und daher keine — von jenen zu einem gewiſſen Grade der Stärke — von dieſen zu einem gewiſſen Grade der Deutlichkeit ſich erheben könnten. Auch hatte ich keine weibliche Seele angetroffen, die in irgend etwas — nur einen ſelbſt eigenen Geſchmack gehabt hätte; nicht einmal was Geſtalt und Farbe, Putz und Geräthe anging. Dagegen aber fand ich in ihr Weſen die ſchönſten Triebe gelegt; eine wunderbare Anlage zur Selbſtverleugnung; holdſelige Luſt, nur Andern zur Freude, zur Wohlfahrt zu leben; — und jene allgegenwärtige Schönheit, jenen unbeſchreiblichen Zauber, der uns alle feſſelt. Ich ſagte zuweilen mit Lachen: An Treue, an Ergebenheit, an gefälligem Witz, übertreffen ſie uns Männer unendlich, und weichen kaum — dem beſten Pudel. Das ſagte ich mit Lachen; aber nach meinem innern Gefühl gab ich damit ein ſehr ernſthaftes Lob: wohl mit etwas Bitterkeit vermiſcht; aber nicht ſowohl gegen die Weiber, als überhaupt gegen die Menſchheit.

Ich ſah Henrietten. Sie zog mich an; aber mit einer Empfindung, die nichts mit ihrem Geſchlechte zu thun hatte, und die mir ganz neu war. Ich wunderte mich und betrachtete das Mädchen aufmerkſamer. Jeder weibliche Reiz an ihm war mir ſichtbar; ſichtbarer, als allen andern: wie Henriette hatte noch kein Mädchen mir gefallen. Dennoch erregte ſie nichts in mir, von ſogenannter, eigentlicher Liebe. — Die Eigenſchaften, die ich an ihr entdeckte, konnte ich mit meinen allgemeinen Begriffen von ihrem Geſchlecht nicht wohl vereinigen; konnte aber zugleich nicht in Abrede ſein: daß ſie ganz Mädchen war. Oefter hatte ich über die Mängel der Schönen mit ihr meinen Scherz. Ich behauptete, kein Frauenzimmer könnte ſich überwinden, Einen Gedanken zweimal zu denken, noch weniger — im Handeln, auf Veranlaſſung, inne zu halten: Alles ginge bei ihnen ſo in einem fort. Wenn ſie in ſchwierigen Fällen zur Ueberlegung ſchritten, ſo begnügten ſie ſich, den ſo oder anders geſponnenen und gezwirnten, gefärbten und gedrehten Faden ihrer Gedanken zehnmal hinter einander auf und ab zu haſpeln, ihn auf Karten, in Knäuel und über die Finger zu wickeln, ohne ſich je einfallen zu laſſen, ihn an dem einen oder andern Ende auseinander zu drehen und zu unterſuchen, ob ſie auch den rechten Faden hätten. Auf nichts vermöchten ſie mit ſtetem, ſcheidendem Blicke zu haften, wären keiner eigentlichen, entſchloſſenen, Geduld fähig, wären, außer ſich und in ſich, ewig zerſtreut. — Wie mit ihrem Denken, wäre es, natürlich, auch mit ihrem Empfinden beſchaffen; ja, aus Urſachen, mit dieſem noch etwas ſchlechter u. ſ. w. — — Henriette widerſprach nicht ſonderlich: ich möchte wohl nicht ſo Unrecht haben, ſagte ſie; ſie hätte über Denken und Empfinden nie ſehr tiefe Betrachtungen anſtellen können, überhaupt ſich wenig den Kopf zerbrochen, ſondern in jedem vorkommenden Falle das Nöthige überlegt, und, wie ungelehrte Leute pflegten, nach Gelegenheit und Umſtänden gehandelt.

Unterdeſſen ſah ich häufig die Loſe mich an Einſicht weit übertreffen, ſo, daß ich dumm vor ihr da ſtand; und nicht ſelten fühlte ich in meinem Herzen mich durch das ihrige beſchämt.

Wir waren Freunde, ehe wir es dachten, und eh ich noch das Vorurtheil recht überwunden hatte, daß es mit dem weiblichen Verſtande und mit der weiblichen Empfindung, über einen gewiſſen Grad hinaus, nichts als Betrug und Täuſchung ſei.

Nun aber ſtand mir das Gegentheil vor Augen; ich ſah meinen Irrthum, und begriff ihn nur nicht: bis ich durch Henrietten von ungefähr zu Aufſchlüſſen gelangte.

Wir waren in Allwinens Garten, und unterſuchten ſehr ſcharf an den verſchiedenen Kirſchbäumen den verhältnißmäßigen Werth ihrer Früchte. Wo wir zweifelten oder verſchiedener Meinung waren, da entſchied Allwina; und ſobald ſie den Ausſpruch gethan hatte, waren wir auch mit ihr eins. — „Wer ein paar Tage Hunger und Durſt gelitten hätte,“ ſagte unverſehens Henriette, „und käme über dieſe Bäume!“ — Himmel! rief ich, und ſah ganz entzückt aus.

Henriette lächelte: Wie der Mann die Stillung einer heftigen Begierde neidet, ſagte ſie, und gleich alles Angenehme, Liebliche, Köſtliche dafür hingäbe! — Oder glauben Sie, Woldemar, daß Sie, mit jenem grimmigen Hunger und Durſt, den Geſchmack dieſer Früchte, ihre lieblichen Eigenſchaften ſo wie jetzt empfunden hätten? Ihr Vergnügen wäre mehr die bloße Stillung eines Schmerzes geweſen, als eigentlicher Genuß, und kaum hätten Sie erkannt, was Sie hinunter geſchlungen.

Ich gab das zu.

Alſo, hub ſie an, wären die Freuden des Gaumens wohl im Grunde eben ſo wenig für den Heißhungrigen, als für den Ueberſatten; und der mäßig Gereizte allein genöſſe ſie wirklich und lauter?

Ich wußte nicht, was ſie wollte, und geſtand es abermals.

Sie fuhr fort: — Ich habe Sie Weine verſuchen ſehen;

da warteten Sie nicht eine Stunde des Durſtes ab; auch reizten Sie nicht vorher durch ſcharfe Sorben Ihre Zunge, ſondern Sie wollten mit friſchem Munde, in einem begierdenloſen Zuſtande koſten. — Was meinen Sie, mein Freund; ſollte man von hier aus nicht weiter gehen, und mit Sicherheit behaupten können, daß ein gewiſſer Mittelzuſtand, ein Zuſtand, worin die Kräfte des Menſchen wie in nüchternem Erwachen, frei und unbefangen ſind, für ihn auf alle Fälle, wie zur richtigen Wahl, ſo auch zum reineren, beſſeren Genuß die ſchicklichſte Faſſung ſei!

Ich merke, wir fangen ein Platoniſches Geſpräch an, ſagte ich lachend; und da Sie den Sokrates vorſtellen, ſo werden Sie, daß ich meinen Bleiſtift nehme, um Ihre Reden aufzuſchreiben.

Schreiben Sie nur, erwiderte Henriette, ich will ſehen, daß ich fortrede, ohne Antwort von Ihnen zu bedürfen.

Hierauf fing ſie an, und brachte, mittelſt eines kurzen Ueberganges, ihr Syſtem von den Mängeln des weiblichen Charakters auf die Bahn. Sie zeigte, daß dieſe Mängel zuſammen am Ende nur auf Einen Hauptmangel, — an ſinnlicher Begierlichkeit hinausliefen, und ſie bewies, daß eben dieſes Mangels wegen der weibliche Sinn weit reiner, ſchärfer, vollkommener wäre als der männliche, die wahren Eigenſchaften der Dinge, ihren innerlichen und verhältnißmäßigen Werth zuverläſſiger unterſchiede; daß endlich, und eben dieſes Mangels wegen, in einer weiblichen Seele jede ſchöne Bewegung leichter hervorkäme, ungehinderter und dauerhafter wirkte.

„Da alle wichtigen Geſchäfte des Lebens in Euren Händen ſind," fuhr ſie fort, „ſo habt Ihr mehr Uebung, mehr Erfahrung (des ſorgfältigen Unterrichts zu geſchweigen, den Ihr von Kindesbeinen an genießt); — aber bei Gelegenheiten, wo Euch dies Alles verläßt, wo Ihr Euch mit uns in gleichem Fall befindet: wer von uns ſieht da richtiger und weiter! wer ahnet tiefer und ſchneller! . . ."

„Neben Euren andern Sinnen habt Ihr auch ein Herz, und ſeid der edelſten Entſchlüſſe fähig. Ich will ſogar Euch zugeben, wenn Ihr wollt, Euer Herz ſei größer als das unſrige. Was hilft es, wenn ſeine Stimme durch den Tumult Eurer Begierden beſtändig unterdrückt wird? — Daß Ihr irgendwo in alleiniger Rückſicht des Edeln und Schönen handeln ſolltet, und Euren Leidenſchaften entgegen, daran iſt nicht zu denken; Leidenſchaft muß überall Euch unterdrücken, — ſelbſt in der Freundſchaft. Wo Ihr nicht eifert, da ſeid Ihr kalt und todt!"

„Hingegen ein Weib. . . . . Aber das begreift Ihr nicht, ſeht Ihr nicht, — das läſtert Ihr ſogar, — läſtert, weil Ihr ſelbſt nur nach Luſt dürſtet, ohne die Weihe der Begierde keine Schönheit wahrnehmen, ohne Zwang der Leidenſchaft Euch an Niemand hingeben, in ihrem heftigſten Rauſche nur Euch ſelbſt außer Acht laſſen könnt; — läſtert, weil Ihr lieber mögt geküſſet als geliebt ſein; lieber geprieſen als hochgeſchätzt."

Sie ſchwieg. — Ihr Auge ſenkte ſich, — öffnete darauf ſich wieder: — — es verklärte ſich ihre ganze Geſtalt. — Dann hub ſie an, in himmliſchen Tönen, die Wonne einer ſchönen Seele zu beſchreiben: ihre Stille, ihren Frieden, ihre Demuth und ihre Stärke. — Keine von den Muſen hat ſo geſungen! Es floß durch alle meine Sinne, und ich fühlte göttliches Weſen in der That und Wahrheit.

Das Mädchen war mir heilig geworden in dieſer Stunde. — — Unſre Geiſter näherten ſich von Tag zu Tage mehr, und von Tag zu Tage wurde die Entzündung einer gemeinen Liebe unter uns unmöglicher. Der bloße Gedanke daran wäre zuletzt mir ein Gräuel geweſen; ein Gräuel wie Blutſchande. — Jener Selbſtbetrug, den wir Platoniſche Liebe zu nennen belieben, konnte eben ſo wenig mich anwandeln; ich war ihm nie ergeben, und Henriette, die Erzwiderſacherin aller Schwärmerei, hätte bloß keinen Augenblick an mir geduldet. Wir wurden Freunde, im erhabenſten Sinne des Wortes; Freunde, wie Perſonen von einerlei Geſchlecht es nie werden können, und Perſonen von verſchiedenem es vielleicht vor uns nie waren.

Wir dachten an nichts: als Ihr, unter einander, eine Heirath zwiſchen uns, faſt unwiderruflich, beſchloſſen hattet. Die Eröffnung dieſes Anſchlags beſchleunigte meine Verbindung mit Allwinen, die ſich längſt ganz in der Stille bereitet hatte, und auch, ohne jene Veranlaſſung, durch Henrietten nun bald zur Wirklichkeit würde gebracht worden ſein. — Henriette war für mich eben ſo wenig Mädchen als Mann; ſie war mir Henriette, — die Eine Einzige Henriette; und es wäre geweſen, als hätte ich ſie verloren, als hätte ich ſie zu Grabe gebracht, wenn in Abſicht ihrer in meiner Vorſtellung irgend eine Verwandlung hätte vorgehen müſſen, — in unſerm Sein, in unſerm Thun und Weſen irgend eine Veränderung. — Nicht ſo Allwina. Sie war mein Urbild von reinem weiblichen Charakter; ganz geſchaffen zur Gattin und zur Mutter; der Ausbund ihres Geſchlechts. — Ich nahm ſie mit Freuden, ſie mit Freuden mich; ich war, entſchieden, für ſie der einzige Mann; ſie, entſchieden, für mich das einzige Weib.

Was ich aber nicht vorausgeſehen, auf keine Weiſe geahnet hatte, und doch ſo natürlich erfolgen mußte, war ein neuer Zuwachs von Freundſchaft zwiſchen Henrietten und mir. Allwina, als ich um ſie warb, hatte hundertmal ihre Freundin gefragt: „Aber würde hernach auch Woldemar noch eben das für Dich ſein!" — Hatte mich hundertmal gefragt: „Aber Henriette — würde Henriette nicht dabei verlieren!" — Wir hatten beide die Frage auf ſie zurückgewendet: Ob Sie vielleicht in ihrem Herzen fühlte, daß ſie nachher weniger an ihrer Freundin hangen würde? — „Ach Himmel!" rief ſie dann, „was für ein Gedanke!" — Dennoch behielt ſie eine geraume Zeit ihre Sorge, und konnte nicht genug Verſicherungen vom Gegentheil erhalten. Jeder Blick, den ich Henrietten gab, jede Zärtlichkeit, die ich ihr bewies, jede Liebkoſung, die ich ihr machte, war eine Wohlthat für meine ſorgliche Allwina; ſie hüpfte dann vor Freude, fuhr mir an den Hals und wollte mich erdrücken. Wie mir dabei im Herzen geſchah, was aus uns allen Dreien in einem ſolchen Umgange werden mußte, — kannſt Du Dir vorſtellen, und haſt es, zum Theil, geſehen. — Wir wurden je länger je vertraulicher unter einander. Jene äußerliche Zurückhaltung, die Henrietten und mir, als zwei unverheiratheten Perſonen, die keine Blutsfreunde waren, gegen einander geziemt hatte, durfte nunmehr wegfallen, und das geſchah bald; wir wurden Bruder und Schweſter — ganz, und wie von Mutterleibe an. Allwina weinte oft vor Freude, und ich ſelbſt fühlte mich kaum vor Wonne, wußte nicht, was mir widerfahren war. Aufgeregt war mein ganzes Weſen, und dabei meine Seele doch ſo ſtill, mein Geiſt ſo heiter! . . . — Die frohe, freie, volle Liebe war es; die hatte dies Alles gethan! Sie hatte bis auf den Grund mich erſchüttert und erweckt, an ſich gezogen jedes ihr ähnliche Gefühl, wie tief es ſchlummern mochte; hatte ſo erneuert, vervielfacht alle meine beſten Kräfte; unausſprechlich mein Daſein erhöht; ein Leben, wie von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit, in meine Seele geboren. — — Glücklich, o, glücklich der Mann, dem endlich die Liebe ſeinen Lohn giebt, den ſie zu ſich erhöhet, den ſie vollendet!

Beſter, komm! — Auf Einmal entſinkt die Feder meiner Hand — — komm! — — — Ich ringe Dich in meine Arme — drücke, preſſe Dich an mich, und mir iſt, als ſenkte ich mein Herz in Deinen Buſen.

Woldemar.

Friedrich Chriſtian Wilhelm Jacobs

ward am 6. October 1764 zu Gotha geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſich die nöthigen Vorkenntniſſe erworben hatte, ſeit 1781 zu Jena und ſeit 1784 zu Göttingen Theologie und Philologie, worauf er 1785 an dem Gymnaſium zu Gotha als Lehrer und 1790 als Profeſſor angeſtellt wurde. Der Ruf, welchen er ſich durch den ihm vergönnten Gebrauch der daſigen Bibliothek indeſſen erworben hatte, hatte für ihn die Auszeichnung zur Folge, daß er 1807 mit dem Titel eines Hofrathes als Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften und Profeſſor am Lyceum nach München verſetzt und 1808 mit dem Ritterkreuz des baieriſchen Civilverdienſtordens geſchmückt wurde. Die kurz darauf entſtandenen Streitigkeiten zwiſchen den Nord- und Süddeutſchen veranlaßten ihn aber 1810 nach Gotha zurückzukehren, wo ihm die Stelle eines Oberbibliothekars und Directors des herzoglichen Münzcabinets übertragen wurde, die er noch, allgemein verehrt und geſchätzt, verwaltet.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Athenienſiſche Briefe. Leipzig 1799, 1800, 2 Thle., 8.

Allwin und Theodor. Leipzig 1802; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1817, 2 Thle. 8.

Tempe. Ueberſetzungen aus der griechiſchen Anthologie. Leipzig 1803, 2 Bde. 8.

Roſaliens Nachlaß. Ebendaſ. 1812; 3. Aufl. 1820; 4 Aufl. 1826, 2 Thle. 8.

Auswahl aus den Papieren eines Unbekannten. Leipzig 1818 — 1822, 3 Bde.

Erinnerungen aus dem Leben der Frau Pfarrerin von Mainau. Leipzig 1820; 2 Aufl. 1827 8.

Die Feierabende in Mainau. Ebendaſ. 1820, 1821, 2 Thle., 8.

Die beiden Marien. Eine Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1821; 2 Aufl. 1826, 8.

Ido und Amanda. Leipzig 1822; 2. verb. Aufl. 1827, 2 Thle., 8.

Reden. Nebſt einem Anhange vermiſchter Aufſätze. Leipzig 1822, 8.

Aehrenleſe aus dem Tagebuche des Pfarrers von Mainau. Ebendaſelbſt 1823 — 1825, 2 Sammlungen, 8.

Vermiſchte Schriften. Gotha 1823 — 1834, 5 Bde., 8.

Leben der Alten. Leipzig 1826 — 1834, 4 Thle. 8.

Erzählungen. Leipzig 1824 — 1828, 6 Bdchen. 8.

Die Schule der Frauen. Leipzig 1827 und 1828, 7 Bde. 8.

Mit ſeinen Freunden:

Charaktere der Dichter aller Nationen. 7 Bde.

Außerdem gab er ein „Griechiſches Elementarbuch“, griechiſche und lateiniſche Claſſiker und Ueberſetzungen derſelben heraus, und lieferte Aufſätze ꝛc. in gelehrte Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

J. hat am ſchönſten den Beweis geliefert, welchen mächtigen Einfluß das tiefe, gründliche Studium der Alten auf die Bildung und Veredlung eines begabten Geiſtes ausübt, wenn er eben ſo jene ganz zu durchdringen, wie ſich von ihnen durchdringen zu laſſen vermag. Was der treffliche, feinſinnige Mann im Gebiete der Philologie und Archäologie geleiſtet, vollkommen zu würdigen, liegt gänzlich dem Bereiche dieſes Unternehmens fern; in ſeinen deutſchen erzählenden Schriften aber offenbart er eine tiefe Menſchenkenntniß, eine ſolche wahre und innige Frömmigkeit, ſo große Wärme des Gefühls und Liebe zur Wahrheit, verbunden mit ächter Begeiſterung für das Edle und Schöne, daß er in ihnen ſeinem Herzen wie ſeinem Geiſte ein unvergängliches Denkmal geſetzt hat, deſſen zarte harmoniſche Form im vollſten Einklange zu deſſen innerem Gehalte ſteht. Einen Mann wie Jacobs, gleich groß als Gelehrter, Schriftſteller und Menſch, der in ſo hohem Maße das Schöne mit dem Guten verbindet, kann unſere Nation nie genug ehren. —

Aurora oder die Erbſchaft *).

An einem grauen Herbſttage, gegen zwei Uhr Nachmittags, trat der Pfarrer von Unterlingen in die kleine Hinterſtube ſeines Hauſes, welche die Ausſicht auf den Kirchhof hat, und damals von einem Hoffräulein ſeiner Frau bewohnt wurde. Es war dies der erſte Beſuch, den Aurora von Brederode — dieſes war der Name des Fräuleins — von dem wackern Manne erhielt, der ſeine Studirſtube ſelten verließ, wenn ihn nicht Amtsgeſchäfte abriefen, oder er mit ſeiner Familie zu Tiſche ſaß. Aurora ſtand bei ſeinem Eintreten ſchnell von ihrem Sitze auf, und fragte ihn mit gewohnter Freundlichkeit, ob etwas zu ſeinen Dienſten wäre. Bei dieſer Frage, welche die verbeſſerte Aurora abſchnitt, zog der bejahrte Mann die Augenbrauen zuſammen, um Aurorens Freundlichkeit zu erwiedern; aber er konnte es nicht weiter bringen, als bis zu einem leiſen Zucken der Mundwinkel, um die ſich eine Menge feiner Falten gelagert hatte. Mit geöffnetem Munde ſtarrte er Auroren einige Augenblicke an, und erſt als ſie zum zweitenmale fragte: Wünſchen Sie etwas, Herr Pfarrer! antwortete er: Ja, Fräulein; wenn Sie es nicht übel nehmen wollen. Sehen Sie, da Alle aus dem Hauſe gegangen ſind, um die Soldaten kommen zu ſehen, und Niemand im Hauſe iſt, der Kaffee macht — denn Sie rechne ich nicht — ſo habe ich große Luſt bekommen, mir einen recht guten und vergnügten Tag zu machen. Dazu können Sie mir helfen. — —

Von Herzen gern, lieber Herr Pfarrer, ſagen Sie nur wie?

Ich habe, fuhr er fort, in dieſer Woche meine Annotationen zu den evangeliſchen oder katholiſchen Erquickſtunden zurecht gelegt. Sie werden davon gehört haben; aber ich habe ſie wegen gehäufter Amtsgeſchäfte ſeit einiger Zeit nicht vornehmen können. Heute hab' ich einmal einen freien Tag, und will mich wieder mit neuem Eifer daran ſetzen. Eine Pfeife Knaſter liegt ſchon dazu bereit; aber die rechte Pomeranze fehlt mir noch, die, um deutlich zu reden, das Schiff erſt flott macht — der Kaffee. Wenn Sie damit umzugehen wüßten. — Aber Sie müſſen es mir nicht übel nehmen.

Der Alte hatte noch nicht ausgeſprochen, als Aurora ſchon mit dem Schlüſſel in der Hand auf der Thürſchwelle ſtand, und ihm zurief: Gedulden Sie ſich nur einige Augenblicke. Ihr Wunſch ſoll ſogleich erfüllt werden; — Dann eilte ſie nach der Küche, und war mit ihrem kleinen Geſchäfte ſo ſchnell fertig, daß der Pfarrer ſich kaum bei ſeiner Arbeit eingerichtet hatte, als ſie ſchon mit dem Kaffe in ſeine Studirſtube trat.

Das, was den alten Mann ſo ergötzlich beſchäftigte, war eine kritiſche Vergleichung der ſämmtlichen Ausgaben von Luther's Werken unter einander und mit dem, was man die autographa Lutheri nennt, wobei er alle, auch die kleinſten Abweichungen in ſeine Sammlungen eintrug und mit ſeinem kritiſchen Urtheile begleitete, indem er der Meinung war, daß, wenn man ſich ſo viele Mühe um die Bearbeitung der heidniſchen Schriftſteller gebe, und dabei oft um einzelne Buchſtaben und Accente hadre, es doch wohl einem eifrigen lutheriſchen Pfarrer anſtehe, die herrlichen Werke des auserwählten Rüſtzeuges Gottes, wie Luther mit ſo großem Rechte genannt werde, mit nicht geringerer Sorgfalt zu bearbeiten, und dadurch zugleich ſeinen Amtsbrüdern ein Beiſpiel zu geben, wie ſie ihre Muße auf eine wahrhaft evangeliſche und ſegensreiche Weiſe zum Heil und Ruhme der Kirche anwenden möchten. Dieſe Arbeit, die ihm ſo nützlich ſchien, hatte ihn eine Reihe von Jahren hindurch auf eine beharrliche Weiſe beſchäftigt, und mehrere anſehnliche Quartbände enthielten die handſchriftlichen Früchte ſeines gelehrten Schweißes. Das allmählige Herannahen des dritten Jubiläums der Reformation, das er bei ſeiner feſten Geſundheit noch zu erleben und zu feiern hoffte, erhielt ſeinen Eifer wach, indem er ſich mit dem Gedanken ſchmeichelte, dieſes große Feſt mit einigen vollwichtigen Bänden ſeiner „Evangeliſchen Ergötzlichkeiten“ oder Erquickſtunden — er ſchwankte noch zwiſchen dieſen beiden Titeln — zu verherrlichen.

Bei dieſer Arbeit ſaß er nun jetzt. Zwei Foliobände lagen ihm auf beiden Seiten; ein kleines Büchelchen hielt er in der linken Hand, und indem er bald auf dieſes, bald auf die Bücher zur rechten und linken ſah, hielt er die Rabenfeder ſchwebend über ſeinem Heft, um jede Abweichung, die er entdeckte, augenblicklich anzumerken. Die Kaffeekanne, die ſich dabei auf dem ſehr beſchränkten Raume des Tiſches umherſchob, war ihm bei dieſer Arbeit ſehr im Wege; aber er bemerkte es nicht, und in ſeine Kritik vertieft, ſtarrte er ſogar Auroren an, als ſie mit dem Kaffee hereintrat, den er kurz vorher ſo ſehr gewünſcht, und jetzt faſt wieder vergeſſen hatte.

Das Fräulein hatte eben eine Taſſe vollgeſchenkt, und ſie auf den einzigen leeren Raum des Tiſches neben das porzellanene Dintenfaß vor den Magiſter geſetzt, als ſich ein Geräuſch auf der Treppe hören ließ, und ſtark und haſtig an die Stubenthüre geklopft wurde. Aurora öffnete, und vernahm, daß eine alte Nachbarin plötzlich krank geworden, und da ſie ihr Ende erwarte, den Herrn Magiſter um ſeinen geiſtlichen Beiſtand erſuchen ließe. Ob nun gleich dieſe Einladung von einer Perſon kam, mit der er, ohne alle ſeine Schuld, in ſchlechtem Vernehmen ſtand, und dadurch zugleich der ſchöne Plan eines genußreichen Nachmittags zerſtört war, antwortete er doch mit der gutmüthigſten Bereitwilligkeit, indem er zugleich eine eben angefangene Bemerkung zu Ende ſchrieb. Verwirrt aber hatte ihn die Sache doch gemacht, ſo daß, als er, die Augen immer noch auf ſein Blatt geheftet, nach der vor ihm ſtehenden Taſſe langte, er fehl griff, und das Dintenfaß an ſeine Lippen brachte,

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*) Aus Jacobs' „Erzählungen“ (Erſter Band, Leipzig 1824).

brachte, und da er ſeinen Irrthum bemerkte, es aus der Hand fallen ließ. Beſtürzt ſprang er auf, und ſah mit ſtarren Blicken auf die Blätter hin, die der Inhalt des Dintenfaſſes mit unheilbaren Flecken bedeckt hatte, indem er einmal über das andere ausrief: Mein Gott! wie viel verlorene Arbeit! wie viel vergebliche Mühe! Das muß nun alles noch Einmal gemacht werden! — Aurora eilte mit Löſchpapier herbei; der Bote drängte; kaum wiſſend, was er that, warf der Pfarrer ſeine Amtskleider über, indem ſeine Augen immer auf ſeine Papiere geheftet waren. Noch von der Thür aus ſendete er einen Blick darauf zurück, und in ſeinem Geſichte war ein Ausdruck von Schmerz, der auch auf Auroren überging, indem ſie, obgleich ohne Schuld, doch meinte, ſie hätte die Sache vielleicht anders einrichten können.

Der Pfarrer war jetzt die Treppe hinabgegangen, als Aurora ein kleines Gebetbuch auf dem Tiſche bemerkte, das er, wie ſie wußte, in ſolchen Fällen immer beiſteckte, und das ihm vielleicht jetzt bei ſeiner Verwirrung nöthiger ſein möchte als je. Sie eilte ihm alſo damit nach; da ſie aber von der Treppe herab den alten Mann mit entblößtem Haupte und emporgehobenen gefalteten Händen ſtehen ſah, wie er immer vor einer wichtigen Amtshandlung zu beten pflegte, um ſich zu ſammeln, verweilte ſie ſo lange, bis er ſich wieder bedeckt hatte, und nach der Thüre zu ſchritt. Ihr Gebetbuch, lieber Herr Pfarrer! rief ſie ihm nach, und reichte das Buch ihm hin. — Ei, ei, ſagte er, indem er darnach griff, daß einen doch irdiſche Dinge ſo verwirren können! Haben Sie Dank, Fräulein! Hätt' ich denken ſollen, daß Sie ſo verſtändig und ſo bedachtſam ſind!

Aurora lächelte. Die Unbehülflichkeit des Mannes in ſeiner Höflichkeit mißzudeuten, vermochte ſie nicht. Sie kannte ſein Gemüth. — Der arme Mann, ſagte ſie für ſich, hatte ſich einen frohen Tag verheißen, und nun iſt er mit einemmal in dem geſtört, was er für ſeinen größten Genuß hält, und jeder Andere für eine Pein halten würde! Aber ich will doch ſehn, ob dem Schaden nicht auf irgend eine Weiſe abzuhelfen iſt. —

Mit dieſem Gedanken kehrte ſie in die Studirſtube zurück, reinigte den Tiſch von den Ueberbleibſeln der Dinte, und nachdem ſie die aufgeſchlagenen Bücher ſorgfältig bei Seite gelegt hatte, beſtieg ſie den hohen Seſſel, des Pfarrers feierlichen Thron, und betrachtete die ſchwarzübermalten Blätter mit Aufmerkſamkeit. Die Schrift ſchien jetzt noch leſerlich genug aus der Dinte hervor. — Wie, wenn ich das abſchriebe! dachte ſie. Es gilt einen Verſuch! ſchnell machte ſie ſich daran. Die Arbeit ging wider Erwarten gut von Statten, und ſie ſah mit Vergnügen, daß ihre kleine zierliche Schrift der des Pfarrers gar nicht unähnlich, nicht mehr Raum, als die ſeinige füllte. Nach wenigen Stunden waren die befleckten Blätter ausgeſtrichen, die bei Seite gelegten Folianten hatten ihren Platz wieder eingenommen, und Aurora warf, am Tiſche ſtehend, noch einen prüfenden Blick auf ihr Werk, als der Pfarrer von ſeinem Geſchäfte zurückkehrte.

* * *

Dieſes geiſtliche Geſchäft hatte den erwünſchteſten Erfolg gehabt. Die alte ſtörrige Frau, durch einen Anfall von Schlagfluß geſchreckt, hatte endlich für gut gefunden, mit dem Himmel und ihrem Nächſten zu rechnen; und nachdem ſie den Pfarrer um Vergebung für ihre Unart gegen ihn gebeten, trug ſie ihm auf, auch ihren andern Nachbarn, mit denen ſie in Unfrieden gelebt hatte, ihre veränderten Geſinnungen zu erkennen zu geben. Der Pfarrer verſprach Alles und betete mit ihr. Nach Verlauf einiger Zeit ſagte ſie, ſie hätte noch etwas auf dem Gewiſſen, das ihr keine Ruhe ließe. Als ſie noch das Wirthshaus gehalten, ſei eines Tages ein Kaufmann bei ihr eingekehrt, und habe ihr ein Päckchen zur Beſorgung zurückgelaſſen, das dem Gewichte nach etwas Geld enthalten hätte. Nach einigen Tagen ſei Nachfrage nach dieſem Päckchen geſchehen, ſie habe aber geleugnet, etwas davon zu wiſſen; nicht um ſich damit zu bereichern, ſondern weil ſie einen tödtlichen Haß auf die Perſon geworfen gehabt, der das Geld beſtimmt geweſen ſei. Dieſe wäre bald darauf geſtorben, und nun habe ſie es aus Furcht zurückbehalten, um nicht des Diebſtahls beſchuldigt zu werden. — Sie ließ hierauf das unverſehrte Paket, das an Maria Wildſchütz überſchrieben war, aus einer Lade herbeiholen, und bat den Pfarrer, es an die Tochter dieſer Perſon gelangen zu laſſen, die in der Stadt bei dem Kaufmann Laſſolai in Dienſten wäre. — Erſt nachdem auch dieſes Geſchäft vollbracht war, fühlte ſich die Kranke erleichtert. Sie konnte nicht aufhören, dem Pfarrer für die Bereitwilligkeit zu danken, mit der er ihre Bitte erfüllt habe, indem ſie doch nun mit Ruhe ſterben könnte; und nachdem ſie ſich noch einmal die Erfüllung ihrer Wünſche hatte verſprechen laſſen, nahm ſie Abſchied von ihm. In der Nacht ſchlief ſie ruhig ein.

Ueber dieſe Sache hatte der gute Pfarrer ſeinen häuslichen Unfall gänzlich vergeſſen, und erſt als er vor der Thür ſeiner Studirſtube ſtand, trat ihm die Unglücksgeſchichte wieder vor das Gedächtniß. Leiſe öffnete er die Thür, und ſah Auroren am Tiſche ſitzend, die goldenen Locken auf das Papier herabhängend, auf das ihr dunkelblaues Auge feſtgeheftet war, während die kleine weiße Hand ein mißrathenes Wort ausbeſſerte. — Ei, ei, Fräulein, ſagte der Hereintretende, Sie wollen gewiß den Schaden Ihres Freundes beſichtigen! Eine ſchlimme Geſchichte! Arbeit auf Monate!

Unter dieſen Worten hatte er ſich zögernd dem Arbeitstiſche genähert, und da er hier nichts Beflecktes ſah, ſondern nur reinlich beſchriebenes Papier, rief er mit großer Bewegung aus: Aber, Fräulein — um Gotteswillen! was haben Sie mit den befleckten Blättern angefangen! Sie ſind mir unentbehrlich. — Hier ſind ſie, antwortete Aurora, indem ſie ihm die Abſchrift hinreichte; und hier iſt auch das beſchädigte Original (ſie hatte es im Tiſchkaſten auf die Seite gelegt); ich hoffe, daß Alles zuſammentreffen wird. —

Eine freudigere Ueberraſchung, als die des guten Pfarrers war, kann man ſich ſchwerlich denken. Er hätte in ſeiner Freude gern die treffliche Copiſtin umarmt, und es war ein Glück, daß ſie ſo klein war. Denn herabgebückt hatte er ſich ſchon, als ihm einfiel, daß er im Begriff ſei, etwas Unſchickliches zu begehn. Nun konnte er aber ſeines Staunens kein Ende finden. Immer nahm er die Blätter vor, hielt ſie gegen einander, bewunderte die ſchöne reinliche Handſchrift, und die Genauigkeit der Copie. Wahrhaftig es trifft auf einander, Zeile für Zeile, Wort für Wort! Wer in aller Welt hätte denken können, daß Sie ſo geſchickt wären? Wenn Sie Geſchmack an dieſer Arbeit finden, wie ich aus Ihrem Eifer dabei und dem ſchönen Erfolge ſchließen muß, ſo wird es mir ein Vergnügen ſein, Sie recht gründlich darinne zu unterrichten.

Lächelnd erwiederte Aurora: Ich möchte dieſer Bemühung kaum würdig ſein. Aber wollen Sie nicht Ihren Kaffee trinken. Er iſt warm geſtellt, und Sie dürfen ja wohl jetzt keine Störung weiter fürchten. — Schön, ſchön, rief der Pfarrer aus; mir war das ganz aus dem Sinne gekommen, aber in Ihrem kleinen Köpfchen, ſeh' ich wohl, geht nichts verloren. — Dabei legte er die Amtskleidung wieder ab, und zündete die unterbrochene Pfeife wieder an; aber die unterbrochene Arbeit von neuem vorzunehmen, dazu war er durch die Ereigniſſe des Nachmittags allzuſehr aufgeregt, weshalb er denn auch Auroren, als ſie die Stube verlaſſen wollte, erſuchte, ihm Geſellſchaft zu leiſten.

Das, was der gute Pfarrer Geſellſchaft nannte, war freilich eigentlich nur ein Zuſammenſein in demſelben Raume. Lange ging er darinne auf und ab, ohne ein Wort zu ſprechen, indem er bald an die Aufträge der Kranken, bald an ſeine Erquickſtunden dachte, und mit ſich zu Rathe ging, wie er jene am beſten ausrichten, dieſe in einer würdigen Geſtalt in die Welt bringen möchte. Bei dieſem Gedanken war er ſehr vergnügt, und vergaß Auroren ſo ganz, daß er erſt durch eine zweite Taſſe, die ſie ihm reichte, an ihre Gegenwart erinnert wurde. Aber, Fräulein hub er jetzt an, wie aus tiefen Gedanken erwachend, da fällt mir eben ein, warum Sie denn nicht auch mit meinen Leuten nach den Soldaten gegangen ſind. Ich dächte, Sie kämen gar nicht unter die Menſchen. Wie iſt das? In Ihren Jahren! — — Aurora erröthete. Ich habe Urſache zu glauben, antwortete ſie, daß mich die Menſchen nicht vermiſſen, vielleicht auch nicht ſehr lieben. Warum — —

Nicht ſehr lieben, nicht ſehr lieben, wiederholte der Pfarrer, den Kopf ſchüttelnd. Wie können die Menſchen Sie lieben, wenn ſie nichts von Ihnen wiſſen? Aber Fräulein Verehrte, wenn Jemand von Ihnen ſagen ſollte, Sie hätten nicht viel Verſtand, aber kein gutes Herz, oder, was auch etwas ſagen will, keine ſchöne Handſchrift — ſo ſchicken Sie ihn zu mir, und er ſoll bald eine andere Meinung von Ihnen bekommen. Ich wußte ja auch nichts von Ihnen, und hätte wohl auch unverſtändig von Ihnen geurtheilt; aber jetzt! — Loquere, ut te videam, ſagt der Lateiner; das heißt: Sorge dafür, daß man dich kennen lernt. Sie können darüber in den Tiſchreden unſers großen Luther treffliche Betrachtungen finden.

Aurora ſchwieg, aber zwei helle Tropfen traten in ihre Augen, zitterten an ihren Wimpern und fielen unbemerkt in ihren Schooß. Dann ſah ſie zum Himmel, und in ihren Blicken lag ein großer Schmerz und eine noch größere Ergebung.

* * *

In dieſem Augenblicke rollte ein Wagen vor die Thür. Ein junger Offizier, der ihn begleitet hatte, ſprang vom Pferte, öffnete den Schlag, und hob zwei Frauen heraus, welche die Paſtorin und ihre Tochter waren. Der junge Mann war von ſchlankem und kräftigem Wuchs; ſein Geſicht männlich, von der Sonne gebräunt, die hohe Stirn von dunkeln Locken beſchattet, die ſich an den Schläfen herabziehend, mit einem reichen Backenbarte zuſammenſchmiegten. Aber über dem ſchönen Angeſichte hing ein Schleier von Unmuth, der das dunkle Auge noch mehr verdüſterte, und den feingeſpaltenen Mund peinlich zuſammendrückte. Auch die Frauen ſahen nicht heiter aus, und es war nicht ſchwer zu bemerken, daß die Wolke, die das Geſicht ihres Begleiters überzog, ihren Schatten auch auf das übrige warf.

Auch ihnen war es zum Theil nicht beſſer, zum Theil weit ſchlimmer ergangen, als dem ehrlichen Paſtor zu Hauſe. Mit der Rechnung auf einen höchſt vergnügten Tag hatten ſie ihre Anſtalten zu der Fahrt gemacht, und mit Verdruß ſtiegen ſie aus; denn obgleich die Hauptſache — das Wiederſehn des langvermißten Vetters — erreicht war, ſo hatte doch dieſer ſelbſt, gerade heute, und die Frauen in ihrer Art ebenfalls ſo manches Widrige erfahren, daß man nicht eben Urſache hatte, ſich über ihre düſtern Mienen und ihr verſtimmtes Weſen zu wundern.

Die Sache war dieſe: Das zwölfte Infanterieregiment kam, mit Lorbeern gekrönt, in der Entfernung von einigen Stunden vorbei, und mit ihm ein Vetter der Paſtorin, der Hauptmann Moritz von Oſterwald, welches eben der Offizier war, der die Frauen aus dem Wagen hob. Dieſer junge Mann hatte ſeine Kinderjahre, nach dem frühzeitigen Tode ſeiner Mutter, in dem Hauſe ſeiner Tante zugebracht; und indem er hier mit ſeiner Couſine Klotilde aufwuchs, hatte ſich unter ihnen, zwiſchen Scherz und Ernſt, Streit und Spiel, eine Art von Liebe erzeugt, die von der Pfarrin ernſtlicher als von den beiden Betheiligten genommen und auf alle Weiſe gepflegt wurde, ſo daß es eine angenommene Sache war, Klotilde und Moritz wären verſprochen. Sie glaubten ſelbſt, daß es nicht anders ſei; und da, vor dem Ausbruche des Kriegs, in dem Herzen des jungen Mannes das kindiſche Gefühl in der That zur lodernden Flamme wurde, ſo ſchien die Sache allerdings dahin gediehen zu ſein, daß man nach geſchloſſenem Frieden ſeine Verbindung mit der ſchönen Couſine erwarten durfte.

Dieſer Zeitpunkt ſchien nun wirklich ganz nah zu ſein. Moritz war bis jetzt den Gefahren des Krieges glücklich entgangen und zum Hauptmanne vorgerückt; ſo daß die Pfarrin keinen Augenblick zweifelte, daß ſich nun die Lorbeern des Mars mit den Myrten der Liebe verſchlingen, und der ſchöne Vetter in glänzender Uniform, vielleicht mit dem Orden des kriegeriſchen Verdienſtes geſchmückt, mit der beſcheidnen und ſittigen Klotilde vor den Altar treten würde. Sobald alſo die ſehnlich erwartete Nachricht anlangte, daß das zwölfte Regiment auf ſeiner Rückkehr bei Oberillingen Halt machen würde, beſchloß die Pfarrin ſogleich, dem Vetter mit ſeiner Verlobten entgegenzugehn, oder, da ein Zuſammenfluß von Menſchen aus der Umgegend erwartet werden durfte, ließ ſie vielmehr den Pachter für einige Stunden um ſeinen Wagen erſuchen. Mit der Zuſage von dieſer Seite war die Sache freilich noch nicht abgemacht. Es gab außerdem noch ſo Vieles zu bedenken; wie man ſich ankleiden, wo man einkehren wolle; ſo daß in der That die Pfarre einige Tage von der großen Begebenheit in der lebhafteſten Bewegung war. Der Pfarrer nahm davon keine Kenntniß. Denn ſo erfreulich ihm auch die glückliche Rückkehr des Vetters war, ſo hatte er doch eine viel zu große Scheu vor dem Soldatenweſen, um an dem Schauſpiele der Rückkehr einen andern Antheil zu nehmen, als der einem guten Chriſten überhaupt geziemt; und da ihm der militäriſche Beſuch einige noch unruhigere Tage als die gegenwärtigen vorausſehen ließ, wollte er wenigſtens die Windſtille genießen, welche ihm die Zwiſchenzeit einiger wenigen Stunden zu verheißen ſchien.

Nachdem nun Alles vorbereitet, und nach mannigfaltiger Ueberlegung und häufigen Abänderungen der geſchicklichſte Putz angelegt war, ſaß die Pfarrin, den Wagen erwartend, am Fenſter, und zählte die Augenblicke, die ſie, ihrer Meinung nach, hier verlor. Zwei-, dreimal wurde auf den Pachthof geſchickt, und immer kam die Nachricht zurück, man möchte ſich gedulden, die Pferde fräßen noch. Endlich hatten die Pferde ausgefreſſen: der Wagen rollte heran; die Frauen ſtiegen ein, und die Magd, die auch einen Bruder bei dem Regimente hatte, nahm ihren Platz hinten auf. Freilich ſchritten die müden Pferde nur langſam zu, und weder der ermunternde Zuruf des Kutſchers, noch die raſch voraus eilenden Wagen und Reiter, welche das nämliche Ziel hatten, waren vermögend ihren Ehrgeiz zu ſpornen. Während die Pfarrin auf die trägen Thiere ſchalt, und Klotilde ſich mit dem Kutſcher unterhielt, rollte von einem Seitenwege her ein lakirter Wagen mit vier raſchen Füchſen beſpannt heran, deſſen ganzes Anſehn, ſo wie die goldene Livree ſeines Automedon, und die beiden Jäger auf dem Bocke, die mit ihren Federhüten und blinkendem Jagdzeuge ſtolz umher ſchauten, vornehme Inſaſſen ankündigte. Während dieſer Wagen in den Hauptweg einſchwenkte, blieben die Pachtpferde demüthig in einem ausgetretenen Waſſer ſtehn, und löſchten mit herabhängenden Köpfen ihren Durſt, und nichts in der Welt, ſelbſt die drohende Peitſche nicht, konnte ſie bewegen ihr Geſchäft abzukürzen. Die Jäger auf dem Bocke lachten; zwei im Wagen ſitzende Damen ſteckten die zierlich geſchmückten Köpfchen aus dem Wagen heraus, und lächelten, und der vergoldete Kutſcher gab im Vorüberjagen den durſtigen Roſſen einen muthwilligen Hieb, den der Knecht des Pachters mit einem derben Fluche erwiederte. Während dem drückte ſich die Pfarrin beſchämt in die Ecke und zog auch Klotilden zurück. Sie hatte die Baronin Grabow und ihre Tochter erkannt, Verwandtinnen ihres Hauſes, die aber dieſen Zuſammenhang ihrer Stammbäume eben ſo vollkommen vergeſſen hatten, als er der Pfarrin gegenwärtig war. „Daß uns die hochmüthige Frau auch gerade hier begegnen muß, ſagte ſie in großer Verſtimmung. Hat man nur in der Welt ein ſo dummes und träges Vieh geſehn, da mitten auf dem Wege ſtehn zu bleiben! oder einen ſo erbärmlichen Kutſcher, der ſeine Pferde nicht beſſer in der Gewalt hat! Und nun muß zum größten Unglück auch unſre Martha hinten auf ſitzen, mit ihrem Schaubhute und ihrem dicken Rücken. Die mag ſich gut ausnehmen!“

Aber, liebe Mama, ſagte Klotilde, welche die Laune ihrer Mutter wieder herzuſtellen wünſchte, warum wollen wir uns wohl über das grämen, was die Frau Baronin in ihrer Caroſſe von uns denkt, und vielleicht auch nicht denkt. Es iſt doch gewiß kein Verdienſt, einen ſchönen Wagen, raſche Pferde und viele Bedienten zu haben; wenn man reich iſt, hat man das Alles mit geringer Mühe, und wen das hochmüthig macht, der muß einen ſchwachen Kopf haben. Ihre arme Tochter iſt auch gewiß nicht hochmüthig. Es iſt entſetzlich, wie das Fräulein verwachſen iſt, und wie ſchrecklich ſie ſchielt!

Die Pfarrin lächelte. Was Klotilde in aller Gutmüthigkeit geſagt hatte, bewog ſie, einen Blick der Mutterliebe auf die zierlich gewachſene Tochter zu werfen, und in Gedanken die kaſtanienbraunen reichen Locken mit den rothen Haaren, die großen und geiſtreichen Augen mit den ſchielenden, und die Perlenreihe der ſchönſten Zähne hinter den vollen Purpurlippen mit den ſchwarzen und brüchigen Zähnen des Fräuleins von Grabow zuſammenzuhalten. Dieſe Vergleichung goß Balſam in ihre Wunde. Du ſprichſt, Kind, ſagte ſie ziemlich verſöhnt, wie Du es verſtehſt. Du biſt in der Dunkelheit der Pfarre von Unterillingen aufgewachſen, und haſt nichts geſehn, als die Gänſe Deines Dorfes — denn Dein Aufenthalt in der Stadt iſt kaum zu rechnen — und weil Du noch mit das vornehmſte Frauenzimmer in Unterillingen biſt, ſo ſind Deine Anſprüche befriedigt. Die Gefühle Deiner Mutter ſind von andrer Art. Ich bin von ſo guter Abkunft als die Frau Baronin, und es iſt mir nicht in der Wiege geſungen worden, daß ich meinen alten unbefleckten Adel in dem Pfarrhauſe von Unterillingen begraben ſollte. Schickſale der eigenſten Art, an denen ich vollkommen unſchuldig bin, mußten dieſes herbeiführen. Mein ſeliger Vater, der Freiherr von Bock, Dein Großvater, verlor — —

Liebe Mama, fiel Klotilde ein, ich weiß das; Sie haben es mir oft erzählt, und ich hab' es mir gut eingeprägt. Auch erinnern Sie mich ja täglich ſtillſchweigend daran. Denn gewiß ſpricht ſich Ihre Abkunft in Ihrem Betragen und Ihrer ganzen Haltung ſo deutlich aus, daß, wenn man auch gar nichts von Ihrer Geſchichte weiß, man ſie doch ahnen muß.

Die Pfarrin lächelte zum zweitenmal, und noch freundlicher als vorher. Kein Geſpräch konnte ihr angenehmer ſein. Die Geburt, ſetzte ſie hinzu, iſt eine Gabe des Himmels, die nur von denen, die ſie nicht beſitzen, verachtet werden kann; und ich bin überzeugt, daß es eine der erſten Pflichten iſt, die damit verbundenen Eigenſchaften zu bewahren und auszubilden. Ach ſie werden durch veränderte Verhältniſſe nur ſchnell verbannt, und wenn auch nie der Apfel weit vom Stamme fällt, ſo haſt Du, meine liebe Tochter, doch noch weit hin, ehe Du die Haltung und den Anſtand eines gebornen Fräuleins bekömmſt. Du mußt Dich jetzt auf alle Weiſe bemühen, das, was Dir noch von der Pfarrjungfer und dem Dorfe anhängt, abzuſchleifen, und ich werde es mir jetzt mehr als je zur Pflicht machen, darauf zu achten. Du mußt das ſelbſt einſehn, da Deiner Verbindung mit Moritz nichts weiter im Wege ſtehen wird. Dann, Kind, haben wir einen großen Schritt gewonnen. Dann wirſt Du, was ich immer in den Augen behalten habe, wieder auf die Stufe erhoben, von der ich leider habe herabſteigen müſſen, und wo Du von der Erziehung, die Du von mir erhalten haſt, wirſt Gebrauch machen können.

Unter dieſen Geſprächen und kleinen Nadelſtichen des Zufalls, die aber oft ſchmerzlicher ſind als große Wunden, langten ſie endlich bei dem Wirthshauſe zur goldnen Ente an, das, vor dem Dorfe an der Straße gelegen, in dieſem Augenblicke einen großen Zuſammenfluß von Menſchen beherbergte, welche die Neugierde, oder der Müßiggang, oder das Verlangen, einen Bekannten zu begrüßen, hierhergeführt hatte. Wagen und Pferde ſtanden überall umher; alle Fenſter waren beſetzt; auch die Baronin Grabow ſah ſchon mit ihrer Lorgnette herab; und als die Pfarrin den Fuß auf die Erde ſetzte, ward ihr Ohr von jener Seite durch ein muthwilliges Lachen verletzt, das ſie, ohne Grund, wie wir glauben, auf ſich bezog. In der That kam ſie ſich nebſt ihrer Tochter mit ihrem ſo mühſam zuſammengewählten Putze überaus ärmlich vor, da überall italieniſche Strohhüte und zierliche Turbans aus den Fenſtern ſchauten, krauſe Straußfedern in der Luft zitterten, und ein ganzer Blumenflor der köſtlichſten Shawls mit ihren hellen und mannichfaltigen Farben unter einander wetteiferten. Sich in dieſe glänzende Geſellſchaft zu miſchen, wäre ihr jetzt unmöglich geweſen, und ſie war froh, in der Umgebung des Wirthshauſes eine noch unbeſetzte Laube zu finden, wo ſie den Augen der Gaffer wenig bloßgeſtellt war.

Sie hatte hier eben Platz genommen, ihren Anzug ein wenig geordnet und die verſchobenen Falten ausgeſtrichen, als die von der Landſtraße aufſteigenden Wolken die Ankunft der Soldaten verkündigten. Einzelne Fußgänger mit Staube bedeckt; Reiter, die abſichtlos, aber mit großer Geſchäftigkeit, bald vor, bald zurück ſprengten; Marketenderinnen mit ihren Fäßchen auf dem Rücken, und eine unbeſchuhte Dorfjugend, die mit Stöcken auf der Schulter in Reih und Gliedern das nachfolgende Regiment parodirte, machten den Vortrab. Klotilden klopfte das Herz. Jeder Säbel, der in der Sonne blinkte, ſollte ſein Säbel ſein; jede Feder, die von einem Hute wehte, ſollte ihn anmelden! — In der Nähe des Wirthshauſes ſchwenkte das Regiment auf eine Wieſe ein, wo es aufgeſtellt werden ſollte; und hier erblickten ſie endlich, zu ihrer unbeſchreiblichen Freude, den erſehnten Vetter in militäriſcher Thätigkeit, und hörten ſeine Stimme von fern. Dieſer aber ſchien auf die verſammelte Menge nicht zu achten, und ſeine Blicke richteten ſich auch nicht Einmal nach der Laube hin, wo man ſich ſeiner Gegenwart ſo herzlich freute, und durch wehende Schnupftücher und andre Bewegungen ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit zu gewinnen ſuchte. Es war Alles umſonſt. Moritz war ganz bei ſeinem Geſchäfte; und wenn auch die Pfarrin ihre Stimme erhob, und im lauten Geſpräch ſeinen Namen nannte, die Töne verhallten in dem ſummenden Lerm, und erreichten das Ohr deſſen nicht, dem allein ſie galten.

Das Regiment, das an dieſem Tage nur einen kleinen Marſch gemacht hatte, ſollte hier ſeinen General erwarten, der in dem Hauptquartiere neue Befehle für ſeine weitere Beſtimmung eingeholt hatte. Man ſprach von Beförderungen, die er bekannt machen, von Ehrenzeichen, die er austheilen ſollte. Jedermann war auf ſeine Ankunft geſpannt; und da jetzt ein Adjutant herbeigeſprengt kam, richteten ſich alle Augen nach der Gegend hin, von welcher der Erwartete herkommen mußte. Nachdem der Adjutant dem Oberſten einige Worte geſagt hatte, zog er ſich unter die Bäume, nächſt der Laube zurück, in welcher Klotilde mit ihrer Mutter harrte, und indem ſein erſter Blick auf Klotilden fiel, grüßte er ſie mit dem Anſtande eines Bekannten, und fragte die Erröthende nach den erſten Erkundigungen nach ihrem Befinden, ob ſie vielleicht Bekannte und Freunde in dem Regiment hätte. Ja wohl, fiel die Pfarrin ein, da Klotilde mit der Antwort zögerte; der Hauptmann von Oſterwald iſt mein Neffe à la mode de Bretagne, und um ihn zu begrüßen, ſind wir herausgefahren. Aber er iſt ſo mit dem Dienſte beſchäftigt, daß er uns nicht gewahr werden will.

Ich wünſche Ihnen Glück, antwortete der Adjutant, zu dieſem braven Verwandten. Er iſt immer ganz bei dem, was er thut. Aber gerade in dieſem Augenblicke iſt er müßig, und ich mache mir ein Vergnügen daraus, ihn von Ihren Wünſchen zu benachrichtigen. — Nach dieſen Worten regte er ſein Pferd an, grüßte den Hauptmann mit der Hand, und ſagte zu ihm: Zwei weibliche Augen, Herr Capitän, ſehen nach Ihnen aus, und wünſchen Ihnen in der Nähe zu erkennen zu geben, wie ſehr ſie ſich Ihrer Rückkehr freuen. — Zugleich deutete er nach der Laube hin, und Moritz, der leicht errieth, wen er dort finden ſollte, eilte dem bezeichneten Orte zu.

Die Begrüßung war warm und herzlich, auch lebhaft, wenn man will, ſo weit es der Anſtand auf offener Straße und unter den Augen ſo vieler Zuſchauer verſtattete. Doch hatte ſich Moritz von Klotilden mehr verſprochen. Auch können wir nicht bergen, daß ſie etwas zerſtreut war; daß ihre Blicke einigemal neben dem Vetter vorbei nach einer andern Ecke gingen, und daß ſie von dem, was er ſagte, einiges gar nicht, anderes nur halb, oder anderes falſch verſtand. Ein ſtechender Blick fiel auf die Beunruhigte, und eine vielleicht noch ſtechendere Frage ſchwebte auf den zuſammengekniffenen Lippen, als ein gegebenes Zeichen die Nähe des Generals meldete. Mit einer leichten Verbeugung, die Hand flüchtig zum Tſchako erhoben, entfernte ſich der Hauptmann von Oſterwald, um ſeinen Platz bei der Compagnie einzunehmen, und gleich darauf zeigte ſich am Ausgang des Dorfs auf einem ſtolzen Rappen, der mit Orden bedeckte General, und nahm, von ſeinem glänzenden Stabe umringt, die Begrüßung des Oberſten an. An der Fronte hinabreitend, gab er ſeine Zufriedenheit durch Worte und Mienen zu erkennen, hielt dann eine kurze Anrede an das Regiment, worin er ſeine Dienſte rühmte, und nachdem er vom Pferde geſtiegen war und die Offiziere um ſich verſammelt hatte, ertheilte er auch dieſen großes Lob, und machte ihnen die beſondere Gnade des Königs kund. Eine tiefe Stille herrſchte rund umher; alle Augen waren auf den Sprechenden gerichtet, und die ganze vorher ſo bewegte und unruhige Menge ſchien nur Ohr und Auge zu ſein. Nach der gemeinſamen Anrede fing die Vertheilung der Verdienſtorden an. Mehrere erhielten ihn; unter ihnen auch der Adjutant, den wir vorhin neben Klotilden geſehen haben. Ihm zunächſt ſtand Moritz, geſpannt und die Farbe wechſelnd. Daß auch er ausgezeichnet zu werden erwartete, war ſichtbar genug. Nachdem aber der General dem Hauptmann Elgerbiere — dieß war der Name des Adjutanten — einige ſchmeichelhafte Worte geſagt hatte, wendete er ſich an den Hauptmann von Oſterwald, und ſagte mit etwas gedämpfter, aber vernehmlicher Stimme: Herr Hauptmann von Oſterwald, ich hatte mir das Vergnügen verſprochen, auch Ihnen ein Zeichen der Zufriedenheit Seiner Majeſtät einhändigen zu können. Die Tapferkeit, die Sie bei mehreren Gelegenheiten an den Tag gelegt haben, ſo wie Ihr Eifer im Dienſt, gab Ihnen Anſprüche darauf; und es thut mir unbeſchreiblich leid Ihnen ſagen zu müſſen, daß Ihre Neigung, Händel zu ſuchen, eine Neigung, die, trotz aller Warnung, mit jedem Tage geſtiegen iſt, Sie um dieſe Ehre, mich um dieſes Vergnügen gebracht hat. — Dann ſetzte er mit lauterer Stimme hinzu: Der König will ausdrücklich, daß ſeine Offiziere im Lager und in der Garniſon eben ſo ruhig und friedfertig ſein ſollen, als unerſchrocken gegen den Feind. Durch mehrere traurige Vorfälle, die ſich bei der Armee ereignet haben, und die Ihnen nicht unbekannt ſind, haben ſich Seine Majeſtät veranlaßt gefunden, ein warnendes Beiſpiel zu geben, und ich beklage unendlich, daß es Sie, Herr Hauptmann, treffen muß.

Nach dieſer Rede, die, wie alles Uebrige, bei der tiefſten Stille angehört wurde, grüßte der General, ſchwang ſich auf ſein Pferd, und ſprengte davon, begleitet von dem Rufe der Soldaten und Zuſchauer, die den König hoch leben ließen. Moritz rief nicht mit. Tief ergrimmt über die Schmach, die ihm, wie er glaubte, unverdienter Weiſe widerfahren war, und von den Blicken der Menge, die alle einen Augenblick auf ihn gerichtet waren, wie von tauſend Pfeilen durchbohrt, behauptete er nur mit Mühe ſo viel Haltung, als die militäriſchen Verhältniſſe nothwendig forderten. Als aber der General ſich entfernt hatte, ſagte er mit verbiſſenem Hohne zu den umſtehenden Offizieren: Es iſt in der That eine ganz neue Lehre in dem Geſetzbuche der Ehre, daß nicht der Muth, ſondern die Feigheit und was man la vertu des ſots nennt, über das Verdienſt eines Soldaten entſcheidet. Wenn es aber einmal ausgemacht iſt, daß die Friedfertigſten die Verdienſtvollſten ſind (hiermit wendete er ſich nach dem Adjutanten hin), ſo müſſen Sie ſich wundern, Herr Kamerad, daß Sie nicht ſtatt dieſes unbedeutenden Kreuzes (er berührte es unſanft mit der Hand) das Großkreuz eines neu zu errichtenden Lamm- und Schöpſen-Ordens erhalten haben.

Es würde mir nicht ſchwer fallen, erwiederte der Angeredete mit möglichſter Faſſung, Ihnen in demſelben Tone zu antworten, der unter Leuten von Ehre nie gehört werden ſollte. Da ich Ihre unſchicklichen Ausdrücke auf die Verſtimmung ſchreibe, die Sie in dieſem Augenblicke beherrſcht, ſo erwarte ich, daß Sie Ihr Unrecht vor dem Anbruche des morgenden Tages einſehn, und in Gegenwart dieſer Herren, die uns beide kennen, und ſehr wohl wiſſen, auf welcher Seite das Recht iſt, gut machen werden.

Mein Unrecht? unterbrach ihn der Andre mit zornglühendem Angeſicht. Meine Bemerkung kann Ihnen unangenehm, kränkend, demüthigend kann ſie für Sie ſein — und es war meine Abſicht, daß ſie es wäre — aber zurücknehmen kann ich und werd' ich ſie nicht. Ja, ich wiederhole ſie in dieſem Augenblicke noch einmal, und ich werde ſie zum dritten- und viertenmale wiederholen, und ſo oft, bis es Ihnen gefällig iſt, mich durch die That von ihrer Unrichtigkeit zu überzeugen.

Dieſe Erklärung kömmt mir von Ihnen nicht unerwartet, erwiederte der Beleidigte mit Trockenheit; aber jetzt rufen mich andere Geſchäfte, die mir wichtiger ſind, als eine Unterhaltung, deren Reſultat ſchon jetzt vollkommen klar. Morgen früh das Weitere.

Ehe dieſes Geſpräch begann und gleich nach dem Wegreiten des Generals hatte ſich die Fluth der Zuſchauer um die Soldaten ergoſſen, und die Reihen löſten ſich auf, um ſich in die angewieſenen Wohnungen zu vertheilen, zu denen ſie jetzt von ihren Wirthen geleitet wurden. In dieſem Getümmel war der Streit von Wenigen bemerkt worden, und durch die Menge des Volkes war der Pfarrin und Klotilden ſogar der Anblick des Vetters entzogen. Aber das, was dem Streite vorausgegangen war, die Rede des Generals und die Demüthigung ihres Freundes hatten ſie leider nur allzugut gehört. Die Pfarrin erblaßte; Klotilde ſah zur Erde; beide vermieden die Blicke der Umſtehenden, von denen ſie wähnten, daß ſie nur auf den Gekränkten und auf ſie, die Theilnehmerinnen dieſer Kränkung, gerichtet ſein müßten. So viel iſt gewiß, daß die Freude, die ſie ſich von ihrer Fahrt verſprochen hatten, ſo gut als vernichtet war, und daß die Caroſſe der Baronin Gradow jetzt unbemerkt vor den Augen der Pfarrin vorüberflog.

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Die Quartierzettel waren jetzt vertheilt, die Soldaten und Zuſchauer hatten ſich zerſtreut, und die Pfarrin ſaß mit Klotilden wieder in ihrer Chaiſe; beide in Gedanken verſunken, von denen wir nicht mit Gewißheit ſagen können, ob ſie ihre Richtung nach einem und demſelben Ziele nahmen. Schweigend hatten ſie die Hälfte des Weges vollbracht, und oft zurückgeſehn; denn ſie erwarteten, daß Moritz ihrer Einladung Folge leiſten und ihnen nachkommen würde; nur oft hatte ſie das Geräuſch von Pferden und Reitern getäuſcht, die deſſelben Weges kamen. Endlich kam er wirklich von ſeinem Diener begleitet, herangeſprengt; aber als er an den Wagen kam, hemmte er ſein Pferd mit ſolcher Gewalt, daß es ſich auf die Gruppe ſetzte und ſeinen Reiter bügellos machte. Die Frauen ſchrien auf; der Hauptmann biß die Zähne zuſammen und ſtrafte ſein Pferd, aber mit ſolchem Ungeſtüm, daß das edle Thier ſtieg, und, da die Züchtigungen kein Ende nahmen, mit ſammt dem Reiter überſchlug. Es ſprang augenblicklich wieder auf, und ſtand nun zitternd ſtill, befriedigt, wie es ſchien, durch den geleiſteten Widerſtand, und nur wegen der Folgen beſorgt; und hierbei gewiß unendlich verſtändiger als die meiſten Menſchen, die im Anfalle der Leidenſchaft mit Einem Vergehen ſelten zufrieden, noch ein zweites und drittes begehn, und ſo das erſte durch Steigerung zu tilgen oder zu rechtfertigen glauben.

Dieſes neue Ereigniß war nun keineswegs geeignet, die Stimmung des Reiters oder der fahrenden Frauen zu verbeſſern, und ſo kamen ſie, nach einer ziemlich einſylbigen Unterhaltung, alle, wie wir oben geſehen haben, mehr und weniger verſtimmt, vor dem Pfarrhauſe von Unterillingen an. Der Pfarrer kam ihnen an der Thür entgegen, begrüßte den Vetter mit einem herzlichen Willkommen, und verſicherte ihm zu wiederholtenmalen, daß er ſich aufrichtig über alle die Ehre und Auszeichnung freue, die ihm zu Theil geworden. Der gute Mann ahnete nicht, wie tief dieſe Worte in das Herz ſeines Vetters ſchnitten, der nur an die erfahrene Demüthigung dachte, während der Pfarrer nur das Hauptmanns-Patent in Gedanken hatte, das ihm bei einem ſo jungen Manne ein faſt übermäßiges Glück ſchien, und er wunderte ſich faſt, daß der Vetter ſeine gutgemeinten Glückwünſche mit ſo finſtrer Miene und ohne Antwort hinnahm.

Moritz hatte eben die erſten vernünftigen Worte in der Stube mit Klotilden gewechſelt, als Aurora durch ich weiß nicht was für ein Geſchäft herbeigezogen wurde. Sie trat zwar augenblicklich zurück, als ſie den Fremden erblickte, aber doch nicht ſchnell genug, um nicht zu hören, daß er zu Klotilden ſagte: Was um Gottes Willen habt ihr euch denn hier für einen Hausgnomen zugelegt! — Und als ihn Klotilde haſtig bei beiden Händen faßte, und ſeine Rede tadelte, noch lauter hinzuſetzte: Nun ich gebe dem Dinge den Namen, den es verdient. Soll ich ſie etwa eine Grazie nennen! Oder hat ſich die Welt ſo umgekehrt, daß wie man jetzt den friedfertigen Soldaten Belohnungen giebt, ein Höcker auf dem Rücken für ein Mädchen ein Schönheitsdiplom iſt, das ihr einen Anſpruch auf den Apfel des Paris giebt!

Die rohen Worte des Hauptmanns waren leider nicht ohne Grund; und was wir unſern Leſerinnen bis jetzt in guter Abſicht verborgen gehalten, kömmt nun wider unſern Willen an den Tag. Denn da wir von Herzen wünſchten, die gute und kluge Aurora ihrem Wohlwollen zu empfehlen, und in ſolchen Fällen der erſte Eindruck von entſchiedener Wichtigkeit iſt, ſo haben wir von ihrer Geſtalt nur das erwähnt, was gut daran war. Wer ihrer kleinen verkümmerten Geſtalt einige Aufmerkſamkeit ſchenkte, mußte ihr Unglück um deſto mehr beklagen, da ihr Kopf ſehr ſchön, und auf eine wunderbare Weiſe von der übrigen Verunſtaltung faſt frei geblieben war. Der Hauptmann in ſeinem Unmuthe nahm hiervon keine Notiz, ob wir gleich viel darum gäben, wenn er ſeine rohen Worte zurückgehalten hätte, von denen gerade genug zu den Ohren des armen Kindes kam, um es durch die Erinnerung an ſein unverſchuldetes Unglück zu kränken, und kaum vernarbte Wunden wieder aufzureißen.

Als ſie ſich hinlänglich entfernt hatte, ſagte Klotilde: Fürwahr, Moritz, ich könnte böſe auf Dich ſein, wenn man es auf einen lieben Freund ſein dürfte, der uns nach ſo manchen Gefahren wiedergegeben iſt. Aber, ich beſchwöre Dich, laß mich nie wieder ſo etwas in Gegenwart dieſes guten Mädchens hören, das, trotz ſeiner Verunſtaltung, mehr werth iſt als ich und Du! Ja, Lieber, ſuche Deinen Fehler wieder gut zu machen! Du haſt ihr groß Unrecht gethan. Wenn Du nur Gelegenheit dazu bekömmſt! Denn ſie iſt faſt menſchenſcheu, und ohne Zweifel ſind es eben die rohen Worte hartherziger Menſchen, die ſie von der Welt und der Geſellſchaft verbannt haben.

Nun bei Gott, fuhr der Hauptmann auf, wenn man Dich hört, ſo ſollte man meinen, ich hätte ein Majeſtätsverbrechen begangen, indem ich dieſes Meiſterwerk der Natur bei ſeinem rechten Namen genannt habe. Sollen mir denn heute von allen Seiten Fehler und Unrecht vorgeworfen, Entſchuldigungen und Deprecationen von mir verlangt werden!

Indem er ſo ſprach, ging er in der Stube auf und ab. Der Säbel ſchleppte ihm klirrend nach; die Sporen an ſeinen Stiefeln klapperten auch dazu. Durch dieſes Geräuſch wurden zwei Canarienvögel, die eben im Einſchlafen begriffen waren, wieder ermuntert, und ſtimmten einen ſchmetternden Wettgeſang an, und der Hund, der unter dem Ofen lag, fuhr auf und bellte darein. — Hat ſich denn heute Alles gegen mich verſchworen? rief Moritz aus, indem er im Vorübergehen dem Hunde einen Tritt verſetzte, daß er winſelnd zu ſeinem Lager zurückkehrte; wollen mich auch die Thiere raſend machen!

Klotilde war indeſſen auf den Stuhl geſtiegen und hatte die Käfige verhängt. Die Vögel ſchwiegen; aber Moritz fuhr fort: Man wirft mir Reizbarkeit vor — iſt das meine Schuld? Und wenn mich nun Alles reizt und aufbringt, und es an manchen Tagen ſo recht darauf angelegt ſcheint, mich außer mir zu ſetzen! Wahrlich es giebt Verhältniſſe und Verknüpfungen ganz unſchuldiger Umſtände, die einen Mann, der nicht Lavendel ſtatt der Galle hat, raſend machen müſſen, zumal wenn ihm noch überdieß mit dem Vorwurfe von Fehlern und Vergehungen zugeſetzt wird, um auf eine geſchickte Weiſe den Krieg in ſein Land zu verſetzen. So iſt es ohne Zweifel durch eine ſolche Verknüpfung ganz unſchuldiger Umſtände geſchehen, daß ſich heute meine unvergleichliche Couſine ſo ſchnell mit dem Hauptmann Lizardiere zuſammentraf. Darf ich wohl fragen, von welcher Seite die Einladung ausgegangen war? Doch ich weiß es ſchon. Sie kam von ihm. Er hatte es auf meine Demüthigung abgeſehn; darum mußteſt Du gegenwärtig ſein; und damit ich auch wüßte, daß Du gegenwärtig wäreſt, übernahm er es, mich zu Dir einzuladen. Klotilde, das ſind Dinge, die mich um den Verſtand bringen können, und ich muß über die Kaltblütigkeit ſtaunen, mit der ich Alles denken und ſagen kann.

Aufgeregt von gekränktem Stolze und Eiferſucht — den zwei entſetzlichen Dämonen der menſchlichen Bruſt, denen Argwohn und Mißtrauen mit ihren Fackeln zur Seite ſtehn, um, unter dem Wahne der Erleuchtung, den unglücklichen Bethörten in die häßlichſten Sümpfe des Irrthums zu verlocken — von dieſen Furien geſpornt hatte Moritz das, was er für unbezweifelte Wahrheit hielt, in größter Haſt und ohne Unterbrechung ausgeſtoßen. Mit Verwunderung hatte ihm Klotilde zugehört, und als endlich ſeine eiferſüchtige Anklage hervortrat, dachte ſie: Das iſt alſo der Schlüſſel zu dieſen Orakeln und Räthſeln! — Dann, als er inne hielt, trat ſie zu ihm hin, legte die eine Hand auf ſeine Schulter, die andere auf ſeinen Arm, und ihm mit unbeſchreiblicher Gutmüthigkeit in die Augen blickend, ſagte ſie: Wozu nur dieſe Reden, die ſogar keinen Sinn und Boden haben? Hat je ein Freund zu einer Freundin, ein Geliebter zu ſeiner Geliebten ſo geſprochen? und das in der erſten Stunde des Wiederſehns? Was ſprichſt Du von Beſtellungen, von abſichtlichen Zuſammentreffen? Wußte ich doch kaum, daß Lizardiere bei Deinem Regimente iſt.

Moritz, deſſen Bruſt in dieſem Augenblicke der Tummelplatz ſtürmiſcher Leidenſchaften war, unter denen die Eiferſucht nur den Vorwand zu einem Ausbruche gab, deſſen er nicht mehr Meiſter war, hätte ſich durch Klotildens Ruhe und den Ton der Unbefangenheit, mit dem ſie ſeine Vorwürfe beantwortete, doch vielleicht beruhigen laſſen, hätte ſie nicht zu größeder Beglaubigung einen Zuſatz gemacht, der, wie es wohl oft geſchieht, Alles übrige verdarb. — Wie! fiel er mit ſchneidendem Hohne ein, Du wußteſt nicht, daß Eigarbiere beim Regimente war? O die unwiſſende Unſchuld! o die unſchuldige Unwiſſenheit! Dieſes einzige Wort würde Dich verurtheilen, wenn es nicht vorher ſchon Deine Blicke gethan hätten, die nur auf ihn gerichtet waren, und die Zerſtreuung, die in dem Augenblicke des Wiederſehens ſo ungemein ſchmeichelhaft für mich war.

Klotilde erröthete. Sie wollte antworten, aber die Heftigkeit des Vetters drängte das Wort zurück, was ihr ſchon auf den Lippen ſchwebte. — Du verſtummſt! rief er mit ſteigender Heftigkeit; Du verſtummſt in dem Augenblicke, wo eine Antwort ſo dringend wäre! Haſt Du denn nicht ein einziges falſches Wort, um mich in Irrthum zu wiegen! Falſche Worte werden euch Weibern ja ſo leicht — o ſo leicht, wie falſche Thaten. — Nun, Herzens-Couſine! Ich bitte ja nur um ein Wörtchen — um ein erlogenes Wörtchen!

Bei dieſen Worten beugte er höhnend ein Knie und hob die gefalteten Hände zu Klotilden empor. Seine Augen funkelten; die Lippen zitterten ihm. Dann erhob er ſich ſchnell, und in ſeiner ganzen ſtolzen Höhe vor ihr ſtehend, ſagte er mit untergeſchlagenen Armen und angenommener Ruhe, aber mit ſchneidendem Hohne: Wenn Dein Zuſammentreffen mit ihm zufällig war, wie kam es denn, daß er, kaum angekommen, Dich auch ſchon in der Menge auffand, während — —

Er kam mit ſeiner Rede nicht zu Ende. Denn da ein Thränenſtrom aus Klotildens Augen brach, und ſie ſich mit aufgehobenen Händen und Blicken von ihm abwendete, fiel er aus der angenommenen Faſſung in die erſte Wildheit zurück, indem er ausrief: Ja weinen könnt ihr alle, wenn ihr nicht weiter könnt! Aber Deine Thränen fachen die Flammen meines Zornes an; und wenn ich nicht ſchon raſend bin — —! Klotilde, ich könnte Dir die Untreue vergeben — ich kann Dich nicht zwingen mich zu lieben — aber dieſe Untreue — gegen dieſen Elenden — gegen den Feind meines Glücks und meiner Ehre — das iſt mehr als ich ertragen kann.

Auf dieſe Ausrufungen der heftigſten Wuth konnte Klotilde nur mit erſtickter Stimme antworten: Moritz, Du thuſt mir großes Unrecht! Du quälſt Dich und mich ohne Urſache. — Er hörte ſie nicht. Uebermältigt von Zorn ſtürmte er mit glühendem Angeſicht hinaus, rief ſeinen Diener, und da dieſer nicht bei der Hand war, eilte er ſelbſt in den Stall, zog den Gurt ſeines Pferdes wieder an, warf ihm den Zaum über und ritt ohne Abſchied davon.

Die Pfarrin, die durch häusliche Geſchäfte außerhalb der Stube gehalten worden war, hatte das Schelten des Vetters gegen ſeinen abweſenden Diener gehört, und da ihr einige Augenblicke nachher auch die Tritte des Pferdes zu Ohren kamen, eilte ſie an die Thür, und ſah ihn zu ihrer größten Beſtürzung von dannen reiten. Sie winkte ihm mit dem Arme zurück; aber er, ſie leicht grüßend, ſetzte ſeinem Pferde die Sporen in die Seite, und jagte mit einer Haſt durch das Dorf, als ob er vor ſeinem Unglücke flöhe. Der Diener, der das Wegreiten ſeines Herrn mit dem größten Erſtaunen aus der Ferne ſah, kam athemlos in die Pfarre zurück, und indem er ſein Pferd aufzäumte, murmelte er für ſich: Heute Abend Gnade mir Gott! aber morgen gibt es gewiß wieder etwas mit dem Herrn. Er hat ſchon zu lange Ruhe gehabt. — Mit dieſen und ähnlichen Worten zog er ſein Pferd aus dem Stalle, und jagte, trotz ſeiner verdrießlichen Erwartungen, mit nicht geringerer Eile als ſein Herr davon.

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So arg das Unrecht des Hauptmanns von Oſterwald gegen Klotilden war, ſo hatte er doch in der Sache ſelbſt nicht ſo ganz Unrecht; und ſeine Eiferſucht, obſchon mehr die Wirkung des Ehrgeizes als der Liebe, war nicht ohne Grund. Wir müſſen aber, um dieſes Verhältniß aufzuklären, in die frühern Zeiten zurückkehren, wozu uns eben der gegenwärtige Zeitpunkt, wo Moritz von dannen reitet, und Klotilde, voll gerechten Unmuthes, ihre Thränen trocknet, ganz ſchicklich zu ſein ſcheint.

Wir haben ſchon oben geſagt, daß Moritz und Klotilde faſt mit einander aufgewachſen waren. Da ſie ſich in dieſem Zeitraume täglich einigemal entzweiten und eben ſo oft wieder ausſöhnten, ſo glaubte die Pfarrin hier ſchon eine Art von ehelichem Verhältniſſe zu ſehen — in dem Hauſe ihrer Eltern wenigſtens hatte ſie den Eheſtand von dieſer Seite kennen lernen — und ſie hielt es um deſto mehr für Pflicht, dieſes Verhältniß zu verwirklichen, da, aus Gründen, die wir oben aus ihrem eigenen Munde vernommen haben, die adliche Geburt ihres Vetters für ſie eine Sache von ſo großer Bedeutung war. Daß dieſer Vetter beiläufig noch andre Bekanntſchaften im Dorfe anknüpfte — unter andern mit einem kleinen ſchwarzäugigen Mädchen, Franziska genannt, die hübſch zu werden verſprach — machte ſie nicht irr. Sie nannte das Kindereien, die bei jungen Herren von Adel ganz herkömmlich wären; und da jenes Mädchen noch vor ſeinem Abgange nach der Militärſchule, von Unterlingen weg in ein entferntes Forſthaus kam, glaubte ſie ihre Tochter in ſicherm Beſitz, und überließ ſich den erfreulichſten Hoffnungen. Dieſe Hoffnungen ſchienen nun über alles Erwarten in Erfüllung zu gehen, da Moritz als junger Offizier wieder nach Unterlingen kam, und jetzt in der ſchlanken ausgebildeten Geſtalt, und dem lieblichen geiſtvollen Angeſichte kaum das unbedeutende Mädchen wieder erkannte, das er vor fünf Jahren verlaſſen hatte. Nach ſeiner heftigen Weiſe faßte er jetzt eine Leidenſchaft, die wie ein gewaltiger Brand ſein ganzes Weſen ergriff, und ihn einige Wochen hindurch ſo beſchäftigte, daß er nicht von Klotildens Seite wich, und nur durch die dringendſten Gründe bewogen werden konnte, ſeinen Urlaub nicht zum zweitenmale zu verlängern. Die Pfarrin war in dieſer Zeit unausſprechlich glücklich. Sie ſah ihren heißeſten Wunſch ſo gut als erfüllt, und die Leidenſchaftlichkeit des Vetters, weit entfernt ihr Sorgen zu machen, galt ihr nun für das unverwerflichſte Zeugniß von dem Werthe ihrer Tochter, der erſt von jetzt an in ihren Augen entſchieden war. Nicht ganz ſo glücklich war Klotilde ſelbſt. Daß ſie den Vetter liebte, war kein Zweifel; ob ſie ihn aber nur als Vetter oder als Bräutigam liebe, ob ſie eine engere Verbindung wünſchte, als die des Zuſammenſeins, woran ſie ſeit ihrer Kindheit gewöhnt war; darüber war ſie ſelbſt nicht im Klaren; und eben daraus erhellte, wenn wir nicht irren, das, was ſie ſelbſt nicht wußte: daß von den Flammen, die in dem Herzen des jungen Lieutenants loderten, wenig oder nichts in das ihrige übergegangen war.

Wenn es erlaubt iſt, bei Erſcheinungen dieſer Art, die meiſt ſo wenig Methode und Geſetz befolgen, als das Wetter und der Wind, nach Grund und Urſache zu fragen, ſo war von Klotildens Kaltſinn allerdings einiger Grund anzugeben. Sie ſelbſt wußte ihn kaum. Da aber die Sache auf den weitern Verfolg unſerer Geſchichte von Einfluß iſt, ſo müſſen wir ſchon ſo lange dabei verweilen, als nöthig iſt, um ſie unſern Leſern in erforderlicher Ausführlichkeit vor die Augen zu legen.

Während Moritz ſeine militäriſchen Studien im Cadettenhauſe machte, war Klotilde von ihrer Mutter in das Haus eines weitläufigen Verwandten väterlicher Seite geſchickt worden, um dort während des Winters etwas von der hohen Bildung der Stadt wegzubekommen. Der Herr dieſes Hauſes, Juſtizrath Heyer, war ein Rechtsgelehrter vom Ruf, der an wenigen Dingen in der Welt Antheil nahm, als an ſeinen Proceſſen und dem, was ſie eintrugen; aber er hatte eine Frau, die ſich um Alles, und faſt noch um mehr als Alles bekümmerte. Dieſes Haus wurde denn auch in ſeinen beiden Abtheilungen von Leuten beſucht, die faſt eben ſo verſchieden waren, als die beiden Eheleute ſelbſt, und nur wenige von denen, welche am Morgen die ſtaubige, von Tabacksdampf durchzogene, und mit großen und kleinen Käfigen, Glockenbauern, Wachtelhäuſern und Finkenbauern ausſtaffierte Stube des Juſtizraths beſuchten, um mit dem feinen, etwas verwachſenen Manne unter dem gellenden Geſchrei der Vögel über ihre rechtlichen und unrechtlichen Angelegenheiten zu verhandeln, erſchienen am Abend in den duftenden, mit Spiegeln, Uhren und engliſchen Kupferſtichen zierlich ausgeſchmückten Zimmern der Frau Juſtizräthin, wo ſich, außer einigen Hausfreunden, die an keine Zeit gebunden waren, alle Donnerſtage eine ausgeſuchte Geſellſchaft hochgebildeter Männer und Frauen, von denen einige unter ihren eigenen, andre unter romantiſchen Namen der Leſewelt nicht unbekannt ſind, zum Thee verſammelte. Zu jenen Wenigen, obgleich kein Schriftſteller, gehörte der junge Eigarbiere, der Sohn eines reichen Fabrikanten in der Nachbarſchaft, der durch den Tod ſeines Vaters in einen Proceß verwickelt worden, der ſein ganzes Vermögen bedrohte. Da ihn dieſer Rechtshandel zu einem längern Aufenthalte in der Stadt nöthigte, und ſein Geſchäft ihn faſt täglich zu dem Juſtizrathe führte, wurde er auch mit der Frau vom Hauſe bekannt, und als ein gebildeter Mann von den feinſten Sitten und der angenehmſten Geſtalt ein für allemal zu ihren ſoiréen eingeladen. Da er ſich im Anfange auf die Rolle des Beobachters beſchränkte, und an der lebhaften Unterhaltung, bei welcher ſich jeder nur ſelbſt hörte, gerade ſo viel Antheil nahm, als die Höflichkeit forderte, ſo bildete ſich allmählig die Meinung, die geiſtreiche Geſtalt des jungen Mannes ſei nicht viel mehr als eine Geiſt-Larve, die einen leeren Schädel bedecke. Bald aber trug ſich etwas zu, das ſeinem Credit aufhalf. Auf einen der Verſammlungstage war der Geburtstag einer hochgebildeten und hochgeſchminkten Wittwe gefallen, die zwiſchen den vierzigen und funfzigen ſchwebte, und da ſie den übrigen Künſten ihrer unleidlichen Koketterie auch die Poeſie beigeſellt hatte, ſo galt ſie für eine der Koryphäen dieſes Vereins. Ein alter Finanzrath, der den abgenützten Reigen dieſer ſchönen Molette huldigte, hatte ſie am Morgen mit einem Gedichte von ſeiner Arbeit überraſcht, und die Dame hatte nicht eher Ruhe, bis ſie unter unendlicher Zierrerei das duftende Opfer, das ihr zu Theil geworden, aus ihrem ridicule zum Vorſchein gebracht hatte. Der Verfaſſer ſollte es auch vorleſen; aber er hatte ſeine Brille vergeſſen, und auswendig wußte er es nicht; ſeine Göttin wußte es recht gut auswendig, aber ſie konnte ſich doch nicht entſchließen, ihre eigene Apotheoſe zu verkündigen; und ſo geſchah es denn, daß Lizardiere, der zwiſchen den beiden lächerlichen Perſonen ſaß, ſich zum Vorleſen erbot. Das Werk des bejahrten Jüngers der Muſen war mehr als mittelmäßig, aber leidlich verſificirt; und Lizardiere, welcher das ſchönſte Organ von der Welt hatte, wußte durch Ton und Miene auch das Unbedeutende ſo zu heben, daß der Autor erſt jetzt das Verdienſt ſeines Werkes recht erkannte, und die gefeierte Schöne ſich nicht enthalten konnte, in ihrer Begeiſterung den Vorleſer in ihre Arme zu ſchließen und auf beide Backen zu küſſen. Die ganze Geſellſchaft klatſchte in die Hände, die Glückwünſche regneten auf den Poeten und die Beſungene, und dieſe ließ nun ihren ſchönen Nachbar mit dem ſonoren Organ nicht wieder frei. Da ihn ſein Name als einen Franzoſen ankündigte, erzeigte ſie ihm die Ehre, die Unterhaltung in franzöſiſcher Sprache zu führen, wobei ſie nicht unterließ, ihm die ſchmeichelhafteſten Dinge über ſeinen Accent zu ſagen. Er gab ihr das Compliment aus Höflichkeit zurück; aber im Herzen verwünſchte er eine Unterhaltung, die ſeine Ohren und ſeinen Geſchmack auf gleiche Weiſe beleidigte. Endlich mußte ſie ihn doch verlaſſen, avec infiniment de regret, wie ſie ſagte, um einer anderweitigen Einladung zu folgen. Ach, ſagte ſie beim Scheiden mit einem bedeutungsvollen Seitenblicke, die Feſſeln der geſellſchaftlichen Pflichten ſind nicht immer Roſenketten! Ich fühle es in dieſem Augenblicke, wo ich die angenehmſte Unterhaltung im beſten Falle mit dem Spieltiſche vertauſche. Doch au revoir! — Und mit einem leichten koketten Knix ſich von ihrem neuen Verehrer, wie ſie nicht zweifelte, verabſchiedend, bewegte ſie ſich am Arme des Finanzrathes aus dem Salon hinweg.

Lizardiere's Prüfungen waren noch nicht geendigt. Kaum war der Platz neben ihm erledigt, als ſich ein langes, hageres, ſechzigjähriges Fräulein zu ihm drängte, das mit unerſchöpflicher Wortfülle, aber heiſerer Stimme über Kunſt und Poeſie ſprach, und weil ſie ein ſehr kurzes Geſicht hatte, außerdem daß ſie entſetzlich ſchielte, den Kopf ſo nahe rückte, daß ihm der Athem unaufhörlich wie ein Samum in den Locken ſpielte. Noch einige andere näherten ſich; jede wollte ihm etwas geſagt, jede wollte ſich ein Recht erworben haben, ſein ſchönes Organ einmal für einen ihrer Verſe in Anſpruch zu nehmen. Es war in der That ein Triumph; wäre nur der Triumphirende nicht auch zugleich das Opfer geweſen.

Wirklich war Lizardiere von ſeinem Erfolge ſo wenig entzückt, daß er faſt verſchworen hätte, die soirées spirituelles der Frau Juſtizräthin wieder zu beſuchen. Aber er verſchwor es nicht, und daß er es nicht that, daran war nichts Schuld, als Klotildens Gegenwart. Dieſe war die einzige Perſon, die ihn hier anzog, und ſo oft er ſie ſah, fand er ſie ſchöner und liebenswürdiger. Auch gereichte ihr es ohne Zweifel in ſeinen Augen ſehr zum Vortheil, daß ſie den Anſprüchen der Hochgebildeten ſo anſpruchlos gegenüber ſtand, und ſich durch Einfachheit natürliche Anmuth und ſittſame Zurückhaltung nicht weniger, als durch ihre blühende Jugend und den Liebreiz ihrer Geſtalt, auszeichnete. Er hatte ſie nicht ſobald geſehen, als er auch geſucht hatte, ſich ihr zu nähern und Geſpräche mit ihr anzuknüpfen, die trotz ihrer geringen Bedeutung ihn dennoch bezauberten, da die wenigen Worte, die ſie ſagte, über Lippen gingen, die man nicht wohl anſehen konnte, ohne ſie in Gedanken zu küſſen. Da er in der Geſellſchaft der Juſtizräthin der einzige Mann war, welcher dem unbedeutenden Landmädchen einige Aufmerkſamkeit ſchenkte, ſo würde ſchon dieß zu ſeiner Gunſt bei ihr geſprochen haben; aber wie hoch mußte ſie erſt eine ſolche Aufmerkſamkeit einem Manne anrechnen, den ſeine Geſtalt ſo wie ſein Betragen empfahl, und der ſeit dem erwähnten Abende ein Gegenſtand der Bewerbung aller Frauen und Fräuleins dieſer Geſellſchaft geworden war. Klotilde bemerkte alles das mit ungewöhnlichem Wohlgefallen. Sie fand den jungen Kaufmann artig, dann angenehm, dann liebenswürdig; und da ein ſolches Urtheil des Herzens nie umhin kann, ſich auf die eine oder die andere Weiſe auszuſprechen, ſo konnte Lizardiere bald nicht mehr zweifeln, wie er mit Klotilden daran war. Der gegenſeitige geſellſchaftliche Verkehr wurde immer lebhafter unter ihnen, und Klotilde trug um deſto weniger Bedenken, ſich dem angenehmen Zuge zu dem neuen Freunde zu überlaſſen, da ſeine Wünſche nicht über den Genuß der geſellſchaftlichen Unterhaltung hinauszugehen ſchienen. Da er nie ein Wort von Liebe ſprach, ſo fiel ihr auch nicht ein, auf ihrer Hut zu ſein; denn ſie ahnete nicht, daß das, was ſeine Unterhaltung ſo anziehend und genußvoll machte, eben der geheime Brand war, den er in ſeinem Herzen verbarg, und daß eben das, was er nicht ſagte, dem, was er ſagte, zur Folie diente. Treuherzig überließ ſie ſich dem Vergnügen, das ihr ſeine Gegenwart, ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit für ſie und ſeine Unterhaltung gewährte; aber ſie war eben ſo weit entfernt, eine Erklärung von ihm zu erwarten, als er vor Verlangen brannte, ihr das, was er für ſie fühlte, zu geſtehen. Daß er dieſem Verlangen widerſtand, daß er ſelbſt den Unmuth bekämpfte, der ſich ſeiner bemächtigen wollte, wenn ſich bisweilen Zweifel über Klotildens Geſinnungen bei ihm einſchlichen, daran war die ungewiſſe Lage Schuld, in die ihn ſein unſeliger Prozeß verſetzt hatte. Gegen alle Erwartung zog ſich dieſer Handel in die Länge, und er würde es ſich nicht vergeben haben, vor der Entſcheidung deſſelben einen Schritt zu thun, durch den er das Schickſal einer andern und einer geliebten Perſon an ſein ungewiſſes Loos geknüpft hätte. Es handelte ſich dabei zuletzt um einen Eid über die Richtigkeit der Hauptbücher, welche verfälſcht und verſtümmelt ſchienen. Nach langwierigem Streite über die Verpflichtung der einen oder der andern Partei, dieſen Eid zu leiſten, wurde er endlich dem Schuldner zugeſchoben. Der Schuldner leiſtete ihn. Lizardiere verlor den Prozeß, und mit ihm zugleich den größten Theil ſeiner Habe.

Der Tag, an welchem dieſes Urtheil geſprochen worden, mochte leicht der unglücklichſte in Lizardiere's Leben ſein. In der Hoffnung des Reichthums und der Unabhängigkeit aufgewachſen, ſah er ſich mit einemmale verarmt, und zu einer neuen Laufbahn genöthigt. Von ſeiner Liebe, von einer Erklärung ſeiner Liebe konnte jetzt nicht mehr die Rede ſein; und da er ſich nicht für ſtark genug hielt, bei einem mündlichen Abſchiede ſeine Gefühle zu beherrſchen, entfernte er ſich noch am Abend des Tages, an welchem ihm das Loos doppelter Verarmung geworfen worden, aus der Stadt, um ſich zum Heere zu begeben, wohin ihn ſein Unmuth, der bevorſtehende Ausbruch eines neuen Krieges, und einige freundſchaftliche Verbindungen riefen, die er im Heere hatte. Klotilden ſah er nicht. Aber am Morgen nach ſeiner Abreiſe erhielt ſie einige Muſikſtücke zurück, die er von ihr geliehen hatte und mit ihnen ein kurzes Billet, in welchem er auf immer von ihr Abſchied nahm, und ihr betheuerte, daß er bei ſeinem Unglücke nichts ſo ſehr beklage, als die Nothwendigkeit aus ihrer Nähe zu ſcheiden.

Noch vor dem Empfange dieſer Zeilen war Klotilde durch den Juſtizrath von dem Mißgeſchicke ihres Freundes unterrichtet worden. Ich habe das wohl gedacht, ſagte der würdige Rechtsgelehrte; aber meine Schuld iſt es nicht. Warum hat er nicht geſchworen, da es in ſeiner Gewalt ſtand? Da war der Gegner verloren. Aber Gott weiß, was er da für Grillen hat; ob er ein Quäker iſt, oder ein Wiedertäufer, oder was ſonſt; genug, er ſperrte ſich. Damit war der Handel verdorben. Ich habe dann gethan, was nur ein ehrlicher Advocat thun kann, um die Sache in die Länge zu ziehn, bis etwa der alte Sünder, der Baron [illegible], des Todes verführe. Aber damit hatte es keine Noth. Nun ſteckt der mit ſeinem Eide ein achtzigtauſend Thälerchen in die Taſche, und lacht uns aus, und Lizardiere hat mit ſeiner Gewiſſenhaftigkeit gerade noch ſo viel, daß er ſich einen Strick kaufen kann. Ich danke nur Gott, daß ich wegen der [illegible] Gebühren ſicher geſtellt bin!

Mein Gott, ſagte Klotilde mit einer Beſtürzung, die ſie nicht zu verbergen vermochte, glauben Sie denn, daß der arme Lizardiere eines verzweifelten Entſchluſſes fähig wäre?

Man kann nicht wiſſen, antwortete der Juriſt mit Achſelzucken, wozu einen Menſchen die Verzweiflung treiben kann. Der Fall iſt allerdings bedenklich. Und bei der Publication des Beſcheides ſah der Mann ſo verſtört aus, und ſchlug bei den Worten von Rechtswegen eine Lache auf, die gegen allen Anſtand war, wie ein mente captus! Ich that, was ich konnte, um ihm zuzureden; aber die juriſtiſchen Troſtgründe, die ich ihm adminiſtrirte, fanden keinen Eingang. Er ging lange ſtumm neben mir her; dann faßte er mich plötzlich beim Arm, und ſagte mit ganz ſonderbaren Blicken: Sagen Sie Klotilden, daß ich ihr entſagen muß. — Und da ich ihm bei dieſer ſonderbaren Rede ſtarr in die Augen ſah, und Wie? was? fragte, fuhr er zuſammen, wie Jemand, den man aus einem tiefen Schlafe aufweckt, und ſagte: Was hab' ich geſprochen? Nein, ſagen Sie nichts, gar nichts weiter. — Es iſt gewiß nicht richtig mit dem Manne; denn was will er mit dem Entſagen! Er hat ja kein jus quaesitum auf Sie, mein Kind.

Der Juſtizrath, der von der Liebe nichts wußte, und bei ſeiner eigenen Ehe nur die anſehnliche Mitgabe ſeiner Frau in den Augen gehabt hatte, die er zum mutuo adjutorio rechnete, ahnete nicht, wie tief ſeine Erzählung in Klotildens Herz einſchnitt. Sie wurde erſt jetzt inne, wie ſehr ſie den Unglücklichen liebte, und als ihr am folgenden Morgen die Sendung des Abgereiſten überbracht wurde, war ſie nicht im Stande, ſich mit ihren verweinten Augen von dem Boden ſehen zu laſſen. Die wenigen Worte, die er, offenbar durch die Macht ſeiner Gefühle überwältigt, dem Juſtizrathe in Beziehung auf ſie geſagt hatte, dienten ſeinem Billet zum Commentar, und indem ſie ſich jetzt ſein Benehmen gegen ſie vom erſten leiſen Reden bis zu ſeinen letzten Geſprächen mit ihr in's Gedächtniß zurückrief, begriff ſie erſt ſeine Geſinnungen, ſeine Abſichten und ſeine Zurückhaltung. Dieſe Entdeckungen, obgleich durch die eingetretenen Verhältniſſe ſehr verbittert, beſchäftigten ſie lange genug, um Lizardiere's Bild ihrem Herzen unauslöſchlich einzuprägen, und ihm einen Thron darin zu errichten, der von allen Genien der zärtlichſten Achtung umgeben war.

Ganz kurze Zeit nach dieſen Ereigniſſen wurde Klotilde von ihrer Mutter nach Hauſe beſchieden, um bei dem Abſchiedsbeſuche des Vetters gegenwärtig zu ſein. Dieß war eben der Beſuch, von welchem wir oben geſprochen haben, bei dem die Leidenſchaft des jungen Oſterwald einen ſo feurigen Schwung nahm. Die Heftigkeit dieſes Brandes hätte Klotilden vielleicht geſchmeichelt, ſie hätte vielleicht ſogar entſprechende Gefühle in ihr geweckt, wenn nicht eben das Ungeſtüme und Stürmende dieſer Leidenſchaft in einem ſo ſchneidenden Gegenſatze mit Lizardiere's Liebe geſtanden hätte. Immer drängten ſich ihr Vergleichungen auf, und dieſe Vergleichungen fielen faſt immer zum Nachtheil ihres jetzigen Bewerbers aus; wie denn ein unverdorbenes weibliches Herz immer derjenigen Art von Bewerbung, die ihren Erfolg von der Tiefe der Liebe erwartet, den Vorzug vor derjenigen geben wird, die ſtürmend und mit unruhiger Heftigkeit dem Herzen Gewalt anthun will. Lizardiere hatte in ſeinem Verkehr mit ihr ſich faſt zu vergeſſen geſchienen, indem er ſich nur mit ihr beſchäftigte; Moritz dachte immer nur an ſich und an die Rechte, die ihm ſeine Leidenſchaft gäbe; und wenn die erwachſene Jungfrau nicht die frühere Unbefangenheit des Mädchens zeigte, zürnte er ihrer ſittſamen Zurückhaltung, wie einer Kränkung des alten, durch die Zeit begründeten Rechtes.

Schon in der Blüthe einer ſolchen Liebe lag der giftige Wurm der Eiferſucht eingeſchloſſen. Die Vermuthung lag nah, daß der Aufenthalt in der Stadt auf Klotildens Zurückhaltung Einfluß habe; aber da Klotilde den Gegenſtand ihrer ſtillen Zuneigung nie erwähnte, und die Sache für die ganze übrige Welt ein Geheimniß war, ſo wäre auch Moritz vielleicht in der Unwiſſenheit geblieben, wäre ihm nicht zufällig Lizardiere's Briefchen in die Hände gefallen. Klotilde, der dieſe Zeilen ein theures Andenken waren, hatte das Billet mit dem Hefte der Muſikalien, der es ihr zugebracht, aufbewahrt, und ſelten öffnete ſie ihren Muſikkaſten, ohne einen Blick darauf zu werfen, und ſeinem unglücklichen Verfaſſer einige Seufzer zu weihen. Eines Tages, wo ſie jenen Kaſten auf dem Schranke ſtehen ließ, um nach etwas anderem zu ſuchen, wurde ſie von Moritz überraſcht, der ſich, nach ſeiner zudringlichen Art, ſogleich des Kaſtens bemächtigte und gedankenlos Alles durchſtörte, bis er ſich in eine Nadel ſtach. Ein Blutstropfen fiel auf das Blättchen. Ah, rief er aus, indem er das Blut aus der Wunde ſog, das iſt gewiß ein Herzenserguß einer ſentimentalen Freundin aus der Stadt, ein doux und gracieux der lieblichſten Art! hab' ich es nicht getroffen! — Aber warum wirſt Du ſo roth? — Alſo wohl gar von einem Freunde! Nun da muß ich es auf alle Weiſe ſehn. Ich will mein Blut nicht umſonſt vergoſſen haben.

Klotilde hatte anfänglich verſucht, Moritzens Augen das unglückliche Blättchen zu entziehn; aber bei der Wendung, die er der Sache gab, war ſie zu ſtolz oder zu klug, ſeine Auslieferung zu verweigern. Moritz las. Der ſchwarze Dämon der Eiferſucht fuhr in ſein Herz, und flüſterte ihm über die unſchuldigen Worte des Briefchens einen großen und langen Commentar zu, der zu einer großen und langen Erörterung führte. Glücklicher Weiſe war der Stoff, welchen das Document darbot, allzu mangelhaft, um einen haltbaren Streit darauf zu gründen, und Moritz war zu verliebt, als daß ihm nicht eine Widerlegung erwünſcht hätte kommen müſſen. Der Friede wurde alſo wieder hergeſtellt; aber die Nattern des Argwohns, ob ſie gleich für den Augenblick ihre ſchwarzen Häupter verbergen mußten, behaupteten ihren Platz, um bei günſtiger Zeit wieder mit giftigen Zungen hervorzuziſchen.

Wenige Tage nach dieſem Ereigniſſe reiſte Moritz zu ſeinem Regimente ab, das ſchon im Begriff war aufzubrechen, und fand hier zu ſeinem größten Erſtaunen eben den Lizardiere, in welchem er einen Nebenbuhler vermuthete, und der ihm nur um deſto verhaßter wurde, je liebenswürdiger er war. Zu ſeinem Verdruſſe kam er mit dieſem neuen Cameraden auf dem Marſche nur ſelten in Berührung, und wo es etwa geſchah, behandelte Lizardiere den jungen anmaßenden Oſterwald mit ſo großer Gewandtheit und zugleich mit ſo großer Ueberlegenheit des Charakters, daß Moritz ſeinen Wunſch, Händel mit ihm zu bekommen, durchaus nicht in Erfüllung bringen konnte. In der Folge wurde Lizardiere im Hauptquartiere gebraucht, wo er nützliche Dienſte that; ſo wie er auch überall, wo es gegen den Feind galt, Unerſchrockenheit und Einſicht zeigte. Moritz ſtand ihm in dieſen Eigenſchaften nicht nach; aber ſie waren mit einem Ungeſtüm gepaart, das zwar auf dem Schlachtfelde bisweilen zu glücklichen Erfolgen führte, im gewöhnlichen Verkehr aber eine Quelle unzähliger Verdrießlichkeiten und Händel wurde, die ihn dann, wie wir oben geſehn haben, bei ſeinen Obern in Mißcredit brachten, und der Auszeichnung beraubten, auf die er außerdem ein ſo gegründetes Recht gehabt hätte.

Mit welchem Ungeſtüm er an dem Tage, mit dem unſere Geſchichte begonnen hat, und den man den Tag der betrogenen Hoffnungen nennen dürfte — das Pfarrhaus und Klotilden verließ, haben wir oben geſehn. Bei der Rückkehr in ſein Quartier war das erſte, was er that, daß er ſeinen Diener aus dem Dienſte jagte, weil er nicht zur rechten Zeit bei der Hand geweſen; das zweite, daß er fragte, ob keine Botſchaft vom Hauptmann Lizardiere angekommen ſei. Da die Wirthin es verneinte, rief er aus, O die Memme! Er thut wohl daran, meine Hand zu ſchonen. Ich würde es wohl zu treffen wiſſen! — Indem er aber ſo voreilig triumphirte, erſchien ein Bote mit der Aufforderung. Dieſe, mit der Ruhe und dem Selbſtgefühl eines tapfern und tiefbeleidigten Mannes abgefaßt, ſteigerte die Erbitterung des Hauptmanns, der mit der Bleifeder auf einen abgeriſſenen Fetzen die Worte ſchrieb: Mit Vergnügen angenommen. Kampfplatz, hinter dem Buſch bei Unterdillingen. Zeit, ſechs Uhr. — Mit dieſer Antwort wurde der Bote zurückgeſchickt.

Am folgenden Morgen zur beſtimmten Stunde fanden ſich beide Gegner hinter dem Buſche ein; Lizardiere von zwei Secundanten begleitet; Oſterwald allein; entweder, um auch hierdurch Verachtung gegen den Feind an den Tag zu legen, oder, weil er alle ſeine Cameraden für Mitverſchworene ſeines Gegners hielt. Moritz war zuerſt auf dem Platze. Als Lizardiere ihn anſichtig wurde, ritt er auf ihn zu, grüßte ihn und ſagte: Es thut mir leid, mit Ihnen auf dieſe Weiſe zuſammen zu treffen. Es bedurfte für mich dieſer Veranlaſſung nicht, um Ihren Muth achten zu lernen; und ich darf annehmen, daß Sie in Beziehung auf mich in demſelben Falle ſind. Ich bin noch jetzt vollkommen geneigt, die erfahrene Beleidigung zu vergeſſen, und mir mit der Erklärung genügen zu laſſen, daß Sie ſich in einem unbewachten Augenblicke vergeſſen haben, und Ihr Unrecht erkennen.

Moritz zog bei den letzten Worten die Augenbraunen krampfhaft zuſammen, und antwortete mit leidenſchaftlicher Haſt: Meine Antwort hierauf iſt, daß mir nichts bei dieſem Handel leid thut, als daß er nicht ſchon früher Statt gehabt hat. Laſſen Sie uns die Zeit nicht mit Reden verderben, die in meinen Geſinnungen nicht das mindeſte ändern können. Ich weiß, was ich geſagt habe, und ſo weiß ich auch meine Worte vor dem Tribunal der Ehre zu rechtfertigen.

Nach dieſer vermeſſenen Erklärung zog er ſein Pferd zurück; die Secundanten maßen die Entfernung, und nachdem beide ihre Plätze eingenommen, feuerten ſie ohne zu zielen ihre Piſtolen zu gleicher Zeit ab. Lizardiere's Kugel ging über den Kopf ſeines Gegners weg; aber in dem Augenblicke, wo das Feuer von Oſterwalds Piſtole blitzte, wankte Lizardiere nach der linken Seite, dann nach der Rechten; die Zügel entſchlüpften ſeiner Hand, und er fiel zur Erde herab. Die Secundanten ſprangen von den Pferden zu Hülfe. Auch Moritz eilte herzu. Er iſt todt, riefen die Secundanten, kein Reſt des Lebens mehr! — Und als Moritz, den Todten anſtarrend, ſagte: So war es nicht gemeint! — riefen ſie ihm mit finſtrer Miene zu: Ihre Gegenwart iſt hier unnütz. Denken Sie auf Ihre Sicherheit. — Die Ihrige iſt nicht weniger gefährdet, verſetzte Moritz mit beſtimmter Stimme. Es iſt an dieſem Einen Unglück genug, und ich nehme die Folgen davon, ſo wie die Schuld allein auf mich. Gehn Sie. Für den Todten ſoll geſorgt werden.

Einige Holzhauer aus Unterdillingen hatten bei der Ankunft der Officiere ihre Arbeit verlaſſen, und hinter den Büſchen verſteckt dem Zweikampfe zugeſehn. Moritz hatte ſie bemerkt, als ſie beim Schuß mit den Köpfen in die Höhe fuhren, und befahl ihnen jetzt, den Verwundeten auf Zweige zu legen, ihn nach dem Dorfe zu tragen, und wenn er nicht zum Leben zurückkehrte, für ſein Begräbniß zu ſorgen. Die Bauern, denen dieſer Auftrag mehr als bedenklich ſchien, ſchickten ſich an, die Flucht zu ergreifen; da er aber den einen beim Kragen ergriff, dem andern das geſpannte Piſtol vor's Geſicht hielt, und nachdem er ſie zum Stillſtand gebracht hatte, einen guten Theil ſeiner Baarſchaft in ihre Hände ausſchüttete, erlangte er die Befolgung ſeines Befehls, und wich nicht von der Stelle, bis er geſehen hatte, daß die Träger mit ihrer Laſt in dem Dorfe angelangt waren. Hierauf wendete er ſein Pferd um, gab ihm die Sporen und verließ den Schauplatz ſeines unglücklichen Sieges mit pfeilſchneller Geſchwindigkeit.

* * *

An dem Abend des Wiederſehens und der Trennung verließ die Pfarrin, als Moritz ihr um die Ecke verſchwunden war, die Schwelle der Hausthür, kopfſchüttelnd und über die Urſache einer ſo ſchnellen Flucht nachdenkend, und begab ſich ſogleich, um Erklärung des Räthſels zu holen, in die Stube zu ihrer Tochter, die kaum Zeit gehabt hatte, ihre Thränen zu trocknen. Was in aller Welt ſoll das nur bedeuten, ſagte ſie, daß der Vetter ſo über Hals und über Kopf davon reitet? — Wie ſoll ich das verſtehn? Und ohne Abſchied zu nehmen? Sollte ein ſo feiner Mann, ſollte ein Baron von Oſterwald, mein Vetter, ſo alle Lebensart aus den Augen ſetzen? Unmöglich. Gieb mir einen Aufſchluß hierüber, Klotilde!

Er hat dringende Geſchäfte beim Regimente, antwortete Klotilde, der die Abenddämmerung zu Statten kam. Sie wiſſen ja, was er uns ſo manchmal von den Plackereien der Offiziere in der Garniſon erzählt hat; und nun gar im Felde, auf dem Marſch. —

Wenn das wäre, fiel die Mutter ein, ſo würde er es mir zum Voraus geſagt, und nicht zugegeben haben, daß ich unnütze Anſtalten zu ſeiner Bewirthung machte. Nein, mein Kind, damit täuſcheſt Du mich nicht. Ihr habt euch einmal nach eurer alten Weiſe überworfen; Du haſt ihm den Stuhl vor die Thür geſetzt; er hat ſich echauffirt und iſt im Zorn weggeritten. Hab' ich nicht Recht? O ich verſtehe mich auf die Händel der Verliebten, ob mich gleich der Himmel nie in dieſen Fall hat kommen laſſen. Du thuſt ſehr Unrecht, Klotilde, ihn ſo zu pouſſiren. —

Aber, liebſte Mama, antwortete Klotilde, Moritz iſt bisweilen ganz unerträglich mit ſeinen Phantomen. Vollends heute, wo ihn die Geſchichte mit dem Orden verſtimmt hat.....

Eben darum hätteſt Du ihn heute ganz beſonders ſchonen, und nicht jedes Wort auf die Waage legen ſollen. Das geht nicht, mein Kind, weder im Brautſtande noch in der Ehe. Nachgiebigkeit, Ergebung, demüthiges Schweigen, das ſind die Tugenden, welche die Männer vorzüglich von uns fordern, und, wie einmal die Welt eingerichtet iſt, müſſen wir leider unſern Nacken unter das Joch beugen. Nicht alle Männer, mein Kind, ſind wie Dein Vater, daß ſie das Regiment des Innern in die Hand legen, wo es am beſten ruht, und ſich mit dem Auswärtigen begnügen. Doch dieſes Capitel können wir bei größerer Muße ein andermal ausführlicher abhandeln. Jetzt iſt es dringend nothwendig, euren Zwiſtigkeiten ein Ziel zu ſetzen, und das kann nicht beſſer geſchehn, als durch die Hochzeit. Moritz liebt Dich mit Leidenſchaft; daß Du ſeine Liebe erwiederſt, weiß ich. Dieß iſt genug. Ihr müßt alſo beide wünſchen, die Sache beendigt zu ſehn. Der Friede iſt vor der Thür. Das iſt dann die rechte Zeit, Hochzeit zu machen. Deine Ausſtattung liegt zur Hälfte bereit. Das Uebrige muß nun ſo ſchnell als möglich beigeſchafft werden, und ich will ſogleich darüber mit Deinem Vater Rückſprache nehmen.

Der Gedanke an die Hochzeit der Tochter hat für eine Mutter eine ſo bezaubernde Kraft, daß ſie alles andere darüber vergißt, und ſo eilte die Pfarrin, ohne ihrer Tochter Zeit zu Einwendungen zu laſſen, unverzüglich in die Studirſtube ihres Mannes, der wieder über Luther's Werken gebückt ſaß, und ihr Eintreten gar nicht beachtet haben würde, hätte ſie nicht einen Stuhl an den Tiſch gerückt, und ſich mit folgenden Worten vernehmen laſſen:

Nun, mein lieber Mann, unſer Neffe iſt aus dem Kriege zurück — denn mit dem Frieden kann es nun nicht lange mehr dauern — und er dringt mehr als je auf die Verbindung mit unſrer Klotilde. Die Sache muß durchaus je eher je lieber zu Ende gebracht werden. Sie haben ſich eben mit einander überworfen, und er iſt im Zorn davon geritten. Wir müſſen alſo den Hochzeittag feſtſetzen, und die nöthigen Einrichtungen treffen.

Der Pfarrer ſchwieg auf dieſen Antrag einige Augenblicke, während denen er ſich vergebens bemühte, den logiſchen [illegible] ſeiner Frau unter eine der regelmäßigen Formeln zu bringen; dann ſagte er kopfſchüttelnd: Ich ſollte meinen, wir thäten beſſer, erſt die Verſöhnung abzuwarten.

Liebſter Paſtor, erwiederte die Frau, indem ſie nach der Wand ſtarrend, langſam eine Priſe Taback nahm, ich will nicht hoffen, daß Du von dieſen Dingen mehr verſtehn willſt, als ich. Du weißt, daß ich Dich in Deinen Geſchäften immer nach Deinem Willen handeln laſſe — —

Bisweilen, dachte der Pfarrer.

Aber in dem, was die Wirthſchaft, das Herz meiner Tochter, die Küche und das Glück unſers Kindes betrifft, glaube ich bewieſen zu haben, daß die Blicke einer Mutter weiter reichen und tiefer gehen, als die des beleſenſten Mannes. Die Hochzeit muß alſo feſtgeſetzt werden, und Alles, wozu ſich das Brautpaar etwa verſtehen dürfte, iſt ein Verzug von drei oder vier Monaten. Auf jeden Fall muß ſie vor den Faſten ſein.

Wenn es ſo ſein muß, antwortete der Pfarrer, ſo ſoll meine Traurede bis dahin in Bereitſchaft ſein.

Die Traurede, lieber Mann, erwiederte die Pfarrin vornehm lächelnd, iſt hierbei die Hauptſache nicht.

Allerdings, entgegnete der Pfarrer, iſt es das Formular, die Zuſage des Brautpaars und die Einſegnung, was das Weſentliche der Trauung conſtituirt; aber eine Rede, die dem neuen Paare ſeine künftigen Pflichten einſchärft, ſie zur Eintracht — —

Alles das hat ſeinen Werth, unterbrach die ungeduldige Pfarrin den Redefluß ihres Mannes; ja, es verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, daß Du bei dieſer Gelegenheit der Gemeinde einen ausgezeichneten Beweis Deiner Rednergaben giebſt; aber jetzt muß vor allen Dingen die Ausſtattung in Stand geſetzt werden; dazu bedarf ich Geld, und ich bitte Dich, mich unverzüglich damit zu verſehen.

Dieſe Wendung des Geſprächs überraſchte den Pfarrer. Seit zwei Jahren hatte das Wort Ausſtattung faſt täglich in ſeinen Ohren geklungen, und in ſeinem Rechnungsbuche war dieſer Gegenſtand ein ſtehender Artikel geworden, ſo daß er ſich geſchmeichelt hatte, es ſei von dieſer Seite Alles gethan. Aber was half das! Da er mit einer Einwendung hervortrat, wurde ihm die Bemerkung entgegen gehalten, daß die Ehre, deren Klotilde gewürdigt wäre, einen Edelmann zu heirathen, mehr als gewöhnliche Anſtrengungen gebiete, und man ſich auf keine Weiſe durch eine bloß nothdürftige Ausſtattung dem Spotte der vornehmen Verwandtſchaft ausſetzen dürfe. Gegen dieſen Grund war nichts einzuwenden. Hätt' er es unternehmen wollen, ſo lag ſchon das lange Capitel von den Vorzügen der adlichen Geburt vor ihm aufgeſchlagen, ein Capitel, das die Pfarrin mit beſonderer Liebe und Fertigkeit zu behandeln wußte. Hatte er es nicht oft genug vernommen? Und war er nicht jetzt ſchon allzulange durch dieſe häuslichen Nebendinge von ſeinen Lutheriſchen Erquickſtunden abgehalten worden?

Er ergab ſich alſo. Nur war die Frage, wo das Geld herzunehmen ſei. Vorräthig war gerade nur ſo viel, als das Haus bedurfte, und der Zehnten war noch nicht verkauft. Indem er alſo vor ſich hin ſah, und ſeinen einfachen Finanzſtand in Gedanken durchlief, fielen ſeine Blicke zufällig auf die von Aurorens Hand zierlich geſchriebenen Blätter ſeines Werkes. Hier hatte er, was er ſuchte. Hab' ich denn, ſich vom Stuhle erhebend, ſo lange Tag für Tag gearbeitet im Weinberge des Herrn und auf dem Fruchtacker ſeines auserwählten Dienſtes, um nicht unſre geliebte Tochter, das einzige Unterpfand unſerer ehelichen Zärtlichkeit, in den Stand der heiligen Ehe zu bringen, welchen die theuern Alten mit vollem Rechte den Ehe- d. h. den ſichern, wahren und vollkommenen Stand genannt haben. Sonſt bedeutet aber Ehe auch einen Bund, wie denn die Bibel Alten Teſtaments häufig die alte Ee genannt wird. Man könnte — —

Lieber Mann, fiel ihm die Pfarrin in's Wort, Du kommſt von der Hauptſache ab.

Die Hauptſache, erwiederte der Pfarrer, iſt die Verheirathung unſerer Tochter.

Und die Ausſteuer, lieber Mann, die Ausſteuer.

Dieſe ſoll uns mein Werk hier verſchaffen, antwortete er. Die Zeit des Jubiläums rückt heran, und ich muß nun ernſtlich daran denken, durch die Publication meines lang vorbereiteten und mühſam ausgearbeiteten Werkes ein kleines Scherf, als Zeichen meiner chriſtlich-lutheriſchen Geſinnung auf den Altar des Herrn niederzulegen. Wie leicht könnte ein neuer Unfall, eine Waſſerfluth, ein Brand die Arbeit ſo vieler Jahre vernichten! Ich kann das nicht ohne Schaudern denken. Am beſten iſt es, ich ſchreite ſogleich zur Ausführung. Ich habe ſo etwas im Auftrage unſerer Nachbarin, die ohne Zweifel dieſe Nacht in die Ewigkeit gehen wird, in der Stadt zu verrichten; da kann ich denn ſo zu ſagen uno fidelia duos dealbare parietes, oder zwei Fliegen mit einer Klappe ſchlagen. Lege mir Alles zurecht. Morgen vor Tages Anbruch rück' ich in's Feld. Ich werde meine Bedingungen billig ſtellen, und mich mit einer mäßigen Entſchädigung für gehabte Mühe begnügen; aber die Ausſtattung wirft das reichlich ab und noch mehr als das. Wird der Verleger durch den Artikel reich, ſo ſoll es mich freuen; ich mißgönne es ihm nicht, und ich will mit meinem Pfunde nicht auf jüdiſche Weiſe wuchern.

Die Pfarrin, die ſeit einer Reihe von Jahren oft genug von den Grundſätzen ihres Mannes hatte ſprechen hören, ohne deshalb einigen Geſchmack daran zu gewinnen, ſah jetzt das Werk, da es eine Quelle von Einkünften werden ſollte, mit andern Augen an, und die ſechs ſtattlichen Quartbände, mit römiſchen Ziffern überſchrieben, flößten ihr etwas der Ehrfurcht ähnliches ein. Der Himmel gebe ſein Gedeihen zu dieſem Gedanken, ſagte ſie; aber ich fürchte, Du wirſt es bei dem Handel machen, wie immer, wenn ich nicht dabei bin, daß Du andern die Früchte läßt, und ſelbſt mit den Stielen vorlieb nimmſt. Setz' einmal die Uneigennützigkeit bei Seite, und bedenke deine lange mühſame Arbeit, und die Ausſteuer Deiner Tochter, und daß wir einen Zuſchuß in unſre Wirthſchaft brauchen können. Ich habe oft gehört, und von Leuten die Erfahrung hatten, man möchte nur nicht zu viel Schonung gegen die Buchhändler haben. Sie vergäßen ihren Vortheil nie. Merke Dir das lieber Paſtor, und nimm Dich zuſammen.

Unter dieſen Ermahnungen hatte ſie die übrigen Kleidungsſtücke für den folgenden Morgen zuſammengetragen; der Pfarrer aber hatte den erſten Band ſeines Werkes zur Hand genommen, und blätterte darin. Denn dieſen wollte er dem Verleger als Probe und Lockſpeiſe vorzeigen. Und da er gleich in der Vorrede auf einige Bemerkungen ſtieß, die ihm eben ſo neu als bedeutend ſchienen, wuchs ihm der Muth, und er ſagte lächelnd zu ſeiner Frau: Nun, Dorchen, Du wirſt mich loben, wenn ich zurückkomme, und einen profitabeln Contract gemacht habe, und einen Beutel mit baarem Gelde mitbringe, auf Abſchlag.

* * *

Während dieſer ehelichen Verabredungen hatte ſich Klotilde mit ihrem vollen und gepreßten Herzen zu Auroren geflüchtet, die wieder bei ihrer Arbeit ſaß, und ſo freundlich ausſah, als ob ſie von Klotildens Geliebten, ſtatt Beleidigungen, nur Schmeicheleien gehört hätte. Klotilde aber ſchämte ſich an ſeiner Stelle, und da ſie nicht glauben konnte, daß eine ſo ſtechende Kränkung gar keine Wunde zurückgelaſſen habe, beſchloß ſie, ihr den Dorn aus der Bruſt zu ziehen, und dabei zugleich ihrem eignen Herzen Luft zu machen. — Er iſt fort, ſagte ſie, und zwar ſo, daß ich nicht weiß, ob er jemals wiederkommen wird. Heute war es gewiß das Beſte, was er thun konnte; und ſein ungeſtümes Weſen iſt mir in dieſem Augenblicke ſo zuwider, daß ich mich wahrhaftig betrüben würde, wenn er die Rückkehr vergäße.

Bei dieſen Worten faßte ſie Auroren mit ihren Blicken, und indem ſie ihre Hand auf Aurorens Arm legte, fuhr ſie fort: Sollt' ich wohl mit einem Manne glücklich ſein können, bei dem die Leidenſchaft oft alle Vernunft beſiegt, ſo daß ſie dann nichts ſchont, und Alles mit ihrem ſelbſtſüchtigen Ungeſtüm verletzt?

Ich glaube dich zu verſtehen, erwiederte Aurora mit einem leichten aber ſchmerzlichen Lächeln. Aber wenn das die Urſache Deines Zweifels geweſen iſt, oder wenn Dich Deine Liebe zu mir ſo weit getrieben hat — —

Nicht das war es, fiel Klotilde mit Lebhaftigkeit ein, wenigſtens [illegible] allein. Die erſte Veranlaſſung des Zwiſtes [illegible] ſein. Ich weiß es kaum mehr. Denn er [illegible] ſüchtigen Grillen auf mich ein, zu de[illegible] ig Grund hatte. Ich habe gewiß ge[illegible] um mich zurückzuhalten; aber meine [illegible] noch mehr außer ſich. So trennten wir [illegible] nicht das erſtemal; aber glaube mir, Aurora, [illegible] chen, es wäre das letztemal geweſen.

Bei [illegible] deckte Klotilde ihr Geſicht mit dem Tuche und [illegible] Aurora aber ſuchte ſie zu tröſten, und ſagte freu[illegible] ihr: Du biſt in dieſem Augenblicke gereizt, [illegible] ſagte ſie; aber das wird vorübergehn; ihr wer[illegible] der ausſöhnen. Und da ihr euch liebt — —

Ach, fiel Klotilde ein, wenn ich deſſen gewiß wäre, ſo wollte ich Alles ertragen, und ich dürfte hoffen, daß er ſich änderte. Aber — —

Aber, liebes Mädchen, unterbrach ſie Aurora, wie hat ohne eine ſolche Gewißheit die Rede von einer Verbindung ſein können? Ich verſtehe das nicht.

Klotilde erzählte ihr nun, was wir ſchon wiſſen; von dem Eifer, mit dem ihre Mutter den Plan ſeit Jahren verfolgte; von ihrem frühern Zuſammenleben, und Moritz plötzlich erwachter Leidenſchaft, der ſie auf dieſe Weiſe nicht habe entſprechen können. Allmählig kam ſie auch zögernd, ſtockend, inne haltend, wieder beginnend, und wieder innehaltend, auf das Geheimniß ihres Umganges in der Stadt. Sie ſchilderte den Freund, den ſie dort bei dem Juſtizrathe geſehn hatte, mit den lebendigſten Farben; erzählte die kurze Geſchichte ihrer Bekanntſchaft mit ihm, ihre plötzliche Trennung und ſein Unglück; endlich ſagte ſie hinzu, daß ſie ihn unverhoffter Weiſe heute wieder geſehn habe, eben ſo liebenswürdig als je, aber noch männlicher. Erſt am Ende der Erzählung nannte ſie den Namen des Mannes.

Aurora ſchlug ihre kleinen Hände verwundert zuſammen, und ſagte: Was doch die Liebe für eine geſchickte Künſtlerin iſt! Hätte Dir Lizardiere jetzt gegenüber geſeſſen, Du hätteſt kein ſprechenderes Gemälde von ihm entwerfen können! — Sollteſt Du ihn kennen? fragte Klotilde verwundert. — Ich könnte antworten, erwiederte Aurora, Deine Schilderung habe mir ihn gezeigt; aber ich will nicht ſcherzen. Allerdings kenne ich ihn; ja, ich will noch mehr ſagen, er iſt der einzige Mann, den ich zum Freunde haben möchte.

Bei dieſen Worten warf Klotilde ihren Arm um Aurorens Nacken, drückte ſie an ſich und erſtickte ſie faſt mit ihren Küſſen. Du kennſt, Du achteſt ihn? rief ſie. Ach Gott, da kann ich ja nun recht aus dem Herzen mit Dir ſprechen. — Siehſt Du nun wohl, antwortete Aurora ſcherzend, wie gut es in manchen Fällen iſt, ein Gnom und Kobold zu ſein, oder wie mich Dein Bräutigam ſonſt genannt haben mag? — Nenne ihn nicht ſo, rief Klotilde; dieſer Name iſt mir in dieſem Augenblicke verhaßter als je. — Hätte Dir, fuhr Aurora fort, ein ſo hübſches Mädchen wie Du ſelbſt biſt geſtanden, daß ſie ſich den Mann, den Du liebſt, zum Freunde wünſche, ſo wären damit gewiß die Mittheilungen Deiner Vertraulichkeit zu Ende geweſen. Aber jetzt — —

Aurora warf, indem ſie dieß ſagte, einen Blick auf ſich, und dieſer Blick ergänzte ihre Reden. Klotilde verſtand ihn. Ich weiß ja nicht einmal, fuhr ſie mit geringerer Zurückhaltung fort, ob er mich liebt; nur das weiß ich, daß ich ihn liebe; aber ich weiß es auch erſt ſeit wenigen Augenblicken. Und doch — halt' es nicht für eitle Prahlerei; denn es kommt tief aus meinem Herzen — wenn ein Wort der Entſagung Deine Geſtalt herſtellen könnte, wie ſie ohne Deinen Unfall ohne allen Zweifel geworden wäre, ich würde dieſes Wort ohne zu zögern ausſprechen, und den Reſt meines Lebens an der Freude über Dein Glück zehren.

Klotilde ſprach dieſe Worte mit einer Innigkeit aus, welche die Ueberzeugung mit ſich führt; und Aurora, welche Urſache hatte, nicht viel von dem Wohlwollen der Menſchen zu erwarten, wurde ſo von ihnen ergriffen, daß ſie ihr mit einem Strom von Thränen in die Arme fiel. Schnell aber ermannte ſie ſich und ſagte: Es muß doch zu meinem Frieden dienen, daß es ſo und nicht anders iſt. Laß uns nicht von unmöglichen Dingen träumen, ſondern fahre fort über Deine Lage mit mir zu ſprechen. Vielleicht wird es Dir nützlich ſein, und in jedem Falle wird es Dich aufheitern.

Zwei Freundinnen, die von einem gemeinſamen Freunde ſprechen, der für eine von ihnen noch mehr iſt, als das, finden das Ende ihres Geſpräches nicht ſo leicht. Aurora hatte während des Aufenthaltes bei ihrem Oheime öfters Gelegenheit gehabt, den jungen Lizardiere zu ſehn; ſie war Zeugin ſeines Aufblühens und ſeiner Entwickelung geweſen; ſie hatte alſo viel von ihm zu erzählen, was, wenn es auch einem Dritten unbedeutend geſchienen hätte, für Klotilden unſchätzbar war. So kam Mitternacht herbei, und ſie hätten noch länger geplaudert, wenn nicht der Ruf der Mutter ihrem Geſpräche ein Ziel geſetzt hätte.

Den Reſt der Nacht wiederholte Klotilde die Erzählungen ihrer Freundin im Stillen für ſich, und indem ſie das Gehörte mit ihren Wünſchen und Gefühlen vereinigte, knüpfte ſie dadurch das unſichtbare Band ihrer Liebe ſo feſt, daß ſie am folgenden Morgen keine Möglichkeit mehr ſah, den Plan ihrer Mutter zu erfüllen, ohne ſich in einen Abgrund von Elend zu ſtürzen. Auch Aurora wachte noch lange, und ſann über die Lage ihrer Freundin nach, und je mehr ſie ſann, deſto nothwendiger ſchien ihr die Auflöſung des willkührlichen Bandes, das Klotilden an Moritz knüpfte. Wie das bei dem feſten Sinn der Mutter zu bewirken ſein möchte, war freilich nicht klar; auch nicht, ob, nach Erreichung dieſes einen Punktes, Klotildens und Lizardiere's Liebe gefördert wäre. Während ſie aber auf Mittel ſann, für das Glück ihrer Freundin zu arbeiten, hatte ſich der Zufall dieſer Sache angenommen, und ihr auf ſeine Weiſe, d. h. mit eiſerner Hand, eine andere Richtung gegeben. Ehe wir dieſe weiter verfolgen, müſſen wir den wackern Pfarrer, der ſchon vor Tagesanbruch ſein Lager verlaſſen hatte, nach der Stadt begleiten, und den Erfolg ſeiner Bemühungen um die evangeliſche Kirche, den Glanz der Jubelfeier, ſeinen eignen Ruhm und die Ausſtattung ſeiner Tochter beobachten.

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Den 1. October 18** begab ſich der Pfarrer von Unterillingen auf den Weg, um für das Kind ſeiner Liebe einen buchführende Hebamme in der Stadt aufzuſuchen. Seine Frau gab ihm das Geleit bis zum Birnbaum, wo der Feldweg in die Straße einfällt, und benutzte die Stunde einſamen Zuſammenſeins, um ihrem Manne die Handlungsgrundſätze des des vorigen Abends von neuem einzuſchärfen, und ihn an die Pflichten zu erinnern, die er als Vater einer ſchönen und zu großen Dingen berufenen Tochter zu erfüllen habe. Auch nachdem ſie ſchon Abſchied genommen, rief ſie ihm noch in einigen kurzen Sätzen die Summarien ihres Vortrags nach, und nahm dann erſt den Rückweg, voll von Gedanken an alle die nothwendigen und nicht nothwendigen Unentbehrlichkeiten, die ſie noch für ihre Tochter anzuſchaffen habe, und nicht ohne ergötzliche Pläne über die Verwendung des Geldes, das, wie ſie hoffte, nach Ankauf der Ausſtattung von dem zu gewinnenden Honorar noch übrig bleiben würde.

Der Pfarrer ſetzte ſeinen Weg mit andern aber nicht minder ergötzlichen Betrachtungen fort, in denen er ſich nur durch die ihm gegen die Beine ſchlagenden Rocktaſchen geſtört ſah, die er mit zwei Bänden ſeines Werkes — dem mäßigen Drittheil des Ganzen — belaſtet hatte. Er fand es daher bequemer, die beiden Quartbände unter die Arme zu nehmen, bald einen unter jeden, bald beide unter einen. Dieß ging denn auch ganz gut — denn die Beſchwerde der Laſt achtete er wegen des Zweckes nicht — bis in die Nähe der Stadt, wo ihm ſtattliche Reiter und Wagen mit Männern und Frauen begegneten, die, wie der an Demuth gewöhnte Pfarrer glaubte, ein Recht auf ſeine Begrüßung hatten. Da geſchah es denn nun freilich einigemal, daß ihm einer ſeiner Bände auf die Erde glitt, und, wenn er ſich bückte ihn aufzuheben, auch wohl der andere; ſo daß er ſich doch entſchließen mußte, wieder einen davon in die Taſche zu ſtecken, und mit dieſer ihm zwiſchen den Beinen baumelnden Glocke in die Stadt einzuziehen. Hier begab er ſich nun ohne auszuruhn auf den alten Neumarkt, wo ſich, ſeiner Meinung nach, an der Ecke der Lautergaſſe ein Buchladen befand, in welchem er als Candidat vor dreißig Jahren ſeinen Bedarf gekauft hatte, und deſſen Beſitzer ihn ja von jener Zeit her noch kennen mußte. Aber als er ankam, fand er zu ſeinem Erſtaunen Alles verändert, und von dem damaligen Buchladen keine Spur. Aber etwas weiter hin wurde er hinter großen und hellen Spiegelfenſtern Bücher gewahr. Er trat durch die hohe Thür in ein weites Gewölbe, an deſſen Wänden bis hoch hinauf zierlich gebundene Bücher ſtanden. Zwiſchen den Bücherſtellen prangten Spiegel und Uhren, Gemälde und Büſten; Alles war mit anſprechender Eleganz geſchmückt. Mit Staunen betrachtete der Pfarrer den herrlichen Bücherſaal, und war in Bewunderung verloren, als ein ſchwarzgekleideter Diener zu ihm trat, und ihn mit leichter Begrüßung fragte, was zu ſeinen Dienſten ſei. — Sie ſind ohne Zweifel der Eigenthümer dieſes koſtbaren Buchladens? fragte der Pfarrer mit einer tiefen Verbeugung. Das nicht; aber gleichviel. Was ſteht zu Ihren Dienſten? antwortete der Diener. — Kann ich nicht die Ehre haben, Ihren Herrn zu ſprechen? — Jetzt nicht; er hat Geſchäfte. — Aber vielleicht zu einer ſpätern Stunde. — Er ſpeiſt auf dem Lande bei dem weſtphäliſchen Miniſter; da kömmt er vor Abend nicht nach Hauſe.

Der Pfarrer ging jetzt mit ſich zu Rathe, ob er wohl den Diener von ſeinen Wünſchen in Kenntniß ſetzen dürfte. Es iſt vielleicht der Sohn vom Hauſe, dachte er; und dann iſt es ja eben ſo gut. — Ich habe hier ein Werk, ſagte er, das ich Ihrer Handlung in Verlag zu geben geſonnen wäre. Sie dürfen nicht fürchten — — Von welcher Art? unterbrach ihn der Diener mit einer ſchnellen und trocknen Frage, indem er einen flüchtigen Blick auf die ſtattlichen Quartbände warf. — Es iſt ein kritiſch-theologiſch-literariſches Werk, antwortete der Pfarrer, indem er Anſtalt machte es vorzuzeigen. — Bemühen Sie ſich nicht, ſagte der Diener, mit der Hand abwehrend; ein Buch dieſes Inhalts iſt nicht für uns; wir handeln nur mit lesbaren Artikeln. — Es iſt zur Verherrlichung der Jubelfeier geſchrieben; ſetzte der Pfarrer hinzu; ein Werk zehnjährigen Fleißes — — Gleichviel, entgegnete der Andere. Wir können Ihnen nicht dienen. — Und damit kehrte er in die Schreibſtube zurück und ließ den Pfarrer verwirrt und betroffen zurück.

Abgeſchreckt war er indeß noch nicht. Lesbare Artikel, ſagte der junge Menſch. Das heißt wohl, Gedichte, Schauſpiele, Romane, und ſolche weltliche Dinge, die die Köpfe der Jugend verwirren und Hoffart, Leichtſinn, Ueppigkeit und alle irdiſche Laſter fördern. Aber es giebt dennoch noch gute, alte, Lutheriſche Chriſten, ich weiß es gewiß, und wenn ſich auch die Heerde um etwas vermindert hat, ausgeſtorben iſt ſie noch nicht. Alſo nur weiter; — Mit dieſen Gedanken ſchritt er zu, und las die Ueberſchriften aller Schilder. Da waren Modehändler, Putzmacherinnen, Parfümeurs, Weinhändler, Artistes perruquiers und Artistes tailleurs; Alles, nur keine Buchhändler. Endlich erſchien denn doch ein Laden, an welchem angeheftete Büchertitel die Hoffnung des Pfarrers von neuem belebten. Er blieb ſtehen und las: Die Stunden der Andacht; Feierklänge geiſtlicher Lieder und Gebete; Vom rechten Glauben u. ſ. w. — Hier find' ich meinen Mann, dacht' er, und trat getroſt in den Laden ein. Nah am Fenſter, an einem grünen Pulte war der Eigenthümer im Schreiben begriffen, ſtand aber ſogleich auf und begrüßte den Eintretenden mit der Frage, was zu ſeinem Befehle wäre. Der Muth des Pfarrers ſtieg. Er legte den erſten Band ſeiner Ergötzſtunden auf den Tiſch, zog dann den zweiten aus der Taſche, ſchlug ſie auf, und mit dem Finger auf den Titel deutend, ſagte er: Mit dieſem Werke, deſſen geringen Anfang Sie hier ſehen, bin ich willens durch Ihre Vermittelung das bevorſtehende große Feſt zu verherrlichen. — Das Siegesfeſt! fragte der Buchhändler mit einiger Zerſtreuung. — Ja, erwiederte der Pfarrer, das Siegesfeſt der wahren Kirche und des ſeligmachenden reinen Glaubens, der nunmehr vor dreihundert Jahren durch die Kraft Gottes und ſeines auserwählten Rüſtzeuges, des nie genug zu preiſenden Doctor Martinus Luther, wieder hergeſtellt worden iſt. Dieſen Sieg zu feiern, welcher das irdene Götzenbild des Antichriſten zertrümmert und der Schlange den Kopf zertreten hat, habe ich — —

Der Buchhändler, welcher indeß den weitläuftigen Titel durchgeleſen und hin und wieder in dem dickleibigen Manuſcripte geblättert hatte, ſah jetzt mit einem ſchelmiſchen Blicke zu dem begeiſterten Redner hinauf, und den angefangenen Satz kurz abſchneidend, ſagte er: Sie wollen mir ohne Zweifel dieſes Werk in Verlag geben. Ich muß Ihnen für dieſes Zutrauen um ſo mehr danken, da ich als Katholik an dem Feſte, das Sie damit zu ſchmücken beabſichtigen, keinen Antheil nehmen kann. Sie werden es mir alſo wohl nicht übel nehmen, wenn ich Ihren Antrag ablehne.

Ein Wanderer, der auf ſanftem und ſicherm Wege wohlgemuth durch einen Wald ſchreitet, und plötzlich auf eine Schlange tritt, kann nicht heftiger zuſammenſchrecken, als der Pfarrer von Unterillingen bei dem Glaubensbekenntniſſe des Buchhändlers. Schweigend ſchlug er ſein Manuſcript zuſammen, nahm es wieder unter den Arm und entfernte ſich mit einem ſtummen Bücklinge, indem er vor der Thür die Worte murmelte: evasi ex antro leonis. Hätt' ich doch faſt Perlen vor die Säue geworfen.

Ein dritter Verſuch gelang nicht beſſer. In ein dunkles Seitengäßchen gewieſen, in welchem nur ein einziger Laden war, den im Innern eine düſtre Lampe zu erleuchten dienen ſollte, las er auswendig unter andern Büchertiteln: Vom göttlichen Spinnrad; Von der dunkeln Nacht der Seele und der lebendigen Liebesflamme; Die himmliſche Seelenleiter, und mehreres dergleichen. — Immer beſſer, rief er aus. Da heißt es wohl mit Recht, incidit in scyllam; — denn wenn das nicht die Charybdis und der Höllenſtrudel der Myſtik iſt, ſo will ich nichts von geiſtlichen Dingen verſtehn. — Und ſo kehrte er dieſem dunkeln Tempel unverſtändlicher Weisheit den Rücken, ohne ihn zu öffnen, und trat wieder auf den Markt, ungewiß, wohin er ſeine Schritte wenden ſollte.

Indem er ſtand und ſann, fiel ihm das Päckchen an Maria Wildſchütz ein, das er ihrer Tochter zu bringen übernommen hatte. Das Päckchen hatte er zu ſich geſteckt; aber wie der Kaufmann hieß, bei dem ſie in Dienſten ſtand, das war ihm in dem Gedränge anderer Gedanken gänzlich entfallen. Doch ſo viel erinnerte er ſich allmählig, daß er mit La anfing. Nun durchlief er zwar alle Namen des Anfangs, die er im Gedächtniſſe hatte, aber es fielen ihm nur Theologen ein, Labadie, Lanfranc, Lattermann, Laſſenius — aber keine Kaufleute. Bei Laſſenius hielt er an; denn es war ihm, als ob er hier auf der Spur wäre; und wie er weiter ſinnend in die Höhe blickte, las er an dem Schilde des gegenüberliegenden Hauſes: François Lasaulx. Das iſt es, dachte er und ſchritt über die Straße nach dem Hauſe zu. Und in demſelben Augenblicke trat aus der Thür des Ladens ein niedliches Mädchen auf ihn zu, und redete ihn an. Da er ſie mit offnem Munde anblickte, ſagte ſie mit einem gutmüthigen Lächeln: Sie kennen mich wohl nicht mehr Herr Pfarrer? Erinnern Sie ſich nicht der kleinen Leonore, die als Kind ſo oft in der Pfarre geweſen iſt? Mamſell Klotilde würde mich gewiß noch kennen.

Der Pfarrer war jetzt mit ſeinen Gedanken etwas in Ordnung gekommen; aber ſein Staunen war nur noch größer, da er die vor ſich ſah, die er aufſuchte, und vor wenigen Augenblicken faſt verzweifelte aufzufinden. Auch Leonore wunderte ſich, als er ihr ſagte, daß er ſie eben geſucht, um einen Auftrag an ſie auszurichten, und ihr zugleich das an ihre Mutter überſchriebene Päckchen einhändigte. Aber treten

Sie doch herein, lieber Herr Pfarrer, ſagte ſie, und genießen etwas bei mir. Es wird auch Herrn Laſſolai Freude machen, Sie kennen zu lernen.

Der gute Pfarrer bemerkte erſt jetzt, was ihm die Sorge um ſein Geſchäft gar nicht hatte wahrnehmen laſſen, daß er Hunger hatte. Er trat in den Laden ein, und aus ihm in Leonorens ſehr [illegible] Wohnzimmer, in welchem ein goldlockiger Knabe beſchäftigt war, die Bände von alten Büchern abzulöſen, die zu Dutten verwendet werden ſollten. Ein natürlicher Inſtinct zog die Blicke des Pfarrers auf die zerſchnittenen Bände, deren Quartform und alterthümlicher Druck ihn ſchon von fern anſprach; und als er näher trat, erkannte er zu ſeinem großen Erſtaunen den erſten und ſeltenſten Druck von Luther's Schrift „An die Kaiſerl. Majeſtät und den chriſtlichen Adel der deutſchen Nation," einen Druck, dem er bis jetzt vergebens nachgeſpürt hatte. [illegible] las er eine Seite aufmerkſam durch, und ſchon die erſten Zeilen ließen ihn Abweichungen bemerken, die er noch nicht in ſeine Erquickſtunden eingetragen hatte. Während er las, hielt er die Hand und das vandaliſche Meſſer des Knaben mit ſeiner Linken feſt, und ſchützte zugleich den Stoß der koſtbaren Maculatur, der ebenfalls dem Untergange gewidmet war, indem er den Arm darüber ausbreitete. So fand ihn Leonore, als ſie mit dem Frühſtück zurückkam, ohne von ihm bemerkt zu werden. Beſcheiden erwartete ſie, bis er das Blatt geendigt hatte, und erſt als er die Hand nach neuer Beute ausſtreckte, beugte ſie ſich über ihn mit den Worten: Wollen Sie denn die Bücher gar nicht loslaſſen? Es iſt ja doch nur ſchlechtes Zeug.

Bei dieſen Worten hob der Pfarrer den Kopf und ſeine Linke empor, indem er die gefangene Hand des Knaben frei ließ, und ſagte ſtrafend: Meine Tochter, das war ein frevelhafter und unbeſonnener Ausdruck, den Du nicht genug bereuen kannſt. Dieſer koſtbare Druck vom Jahr 1520, ſchlechtes Zeug! Es iſt ein Buch, Kind, das man mit Golde aufwiegt. — Ich meinte nur erwiederte das Mädchen mit anmuthiger Schalkheit, weil wir den ganzen Plunder — den ganzen Schatz wollt' ich ſagen, für wenige Groſchen gekauft haben. Zu Dutten iſt dieſes Papier ganz vortrefflich. Was weiter daran iſt, weiß ich nicht, und Sie müſſen mir meine Unwiſſenheit nicht übel deuten. Aber jetzt haben Sie die Güte etwas von dem Frühſtück zu genießen. In den alten Papieren können Sie ja nachher noch immer kramen.

Mit dieſen Worten zog ſie den alten Mann faſt beim Arm nach dem andern Tiſche hin. Er ließ ihr den Arm, aber der übrige Leib blieb bei ſeinem Schatze feſt. Kind, hob er jetzt wieder an, dieſe Bücher gehören, ſoviel ich verſtehen kann, Deinem Herrn. — Allerdings. — Nun denn, ehe wir ein Wort weiter ſprechen, verſchaffe mir eine Unterredung mit Deinem Herrn. — Wollen Sie nicht erſt etwas eſſen? — Eines nach dem Andern, liebes Kind. — Mein Herr pflegt nicht in meine Stube zu kommen, ſagte Leonore. Wenn es Ihnen aber gefällig wäre, ſich auf ſein Zimmer zu bemühn. — —

Der Pfarrer that einen Schritt nach der Thür; aber ein Blick auf die koſtbaren Autographa, die er unter dem Meſſer hätte laſſen müſſen, zog ihn zurück. — Es wäre doch beſſer, ſagte er, wir machten die Sache hier ab. — Nun es ſei, erwiederte Leonore; ſchlüpfte zur Thür hinaus, und öffnete dieſe gleich darauf einem wohlgeſtalteten Manne von mittlern Jahren, welcher ihr Dienſtherr, ein Wittwer, und der Vater des ſo höchſt unzweckmäßig beſchäftigten Knaben war.

Nach den erſten Begrüßungen entdeckte der Pfarrer dieſem Manne ohne Rückhalt — denn die Künſte der Käufer und Verkäufer waren ihm fremd — was er hier für einen unerkannten Schatz beſäße, und ließ auf die bibliographiſch-theologiſche Erörterung dieſes Gegenſtandes endlich die ſchüchterne Frage folgen, ob Herr Laſſolai wohl geneigt ſein möchte, ihm das ſchätzbare Autographum für Geld und gute Worte zu überlaſſen. — Er ſprach die letzten Worte ſeiner Bitte ſehr langſam aus, weil er in der That eine abſchlägliche Antwort, oder im günſtigſten Falle eine hohe Forderung erwartete, über die es dann mit ſeiner Frau zu Erörterungen gekommen ſein würde. Aber kaum hatte er ſein Verlangen an den Tag gelegt, als der Kaufmann auch mit ſeiner Antwort fertig war: Ich habe, ſagte er, dieſes ganze Paket von einem Juden für wenige Groſchen gekauft. Seine Beſtimmung ſehen Sie. Jedes andere ähnliche Papier wird dieſe Beſtimmung eben ſo gut erfüllen. Finden Sie alſo hier etwas, das Ihnen angenehm oder nützlich iſt, ſo nehmen Sie es zu ſich; und wenn Sie es nicht als ein Geſchenk von mir annehmen wollen, ſo geben Sie mir anderes Maculatur dafür, das Sie entbehren können.

Jener arme Tagelöhner, dem beim Zerſchlagen ſeines hölzernen Mercurs, mit dem er einheizen wollte, eine Summe Goldſtücke entgegenrollte, war gewiß nicht froher erſtaunt, als unſer Magiſter über die Großmuth des Kaufmanns. In der Freude ſeines Herzens eröffnete er ihm die Veranlaſſung ſeines Ganges nach der Stadt, erbat ſich ſeinen Rath wegen eines Verlegers, und zugleich die Erlaubniß, ihm zum Zeichen ſeiner Dankbarkeit ein Exemplar ſeiner Erquickſtunden, wenn ſie gedruckt ſein würden, überreichen zu dürfen. Herr Laſſolai nahm dieſes Verſprechen freundlich an, und da ihm des Mannes gutmüthige Beſchränkung zuſprach, und vielleicht noch aus einem andern Grunde, lud er ihn zum Mittageſſen ein. Wie er ſeine Zeit bis dahin zubrachte, brauchen wir unſern Leſern nicht zu erzählen, ſo wenig als wir nöthig haben, die Freude zu ſchildern, die er empfand, als er noch einige andere Flugſchriften der Reformationszeit aus dem Maculatur zuſammenlas, die ihm Goldes werth ſchienen, ob ſie gleich der Lutheriſchen „an den chriſtlichen Adel" an Werth nicht gleich kamen.

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Der Pfarrer war jetzt nicht das einzige frohe Weſen in Laſſolai's Haus. Lorchen hatte beim Eintreten ihres Dienſtherrn das Zimmer verlaſſen, und die Zeit benutzt, das ihr mitgebrachte Päckchen zu öffnen. Dieſes Päckchen enthielt, außer einigen Goldſtücken, einen mit L. unterzeichneten Brief an ihre Mutter, des Inhalts, daß er, um ihren Klagen ein Ende zu machen, ihr den Trauſchein hiermit überſende, doch mit der ausdrücklichen Bedingung, nicht eher als im äußerſten Nothfalle während ſeines Lebens davon Gebrauch zu machen; nach ſeinem Tode ſtehe es ihr frei, die Sache kund zu thun, und auch wenn ſie wolle, ſeinen Namen zu führen. Für die Kinder ſei geſorgt, und ein Capital ſtehe für ſie in der Handlung, worüber ſein Aſſocié die nöthigen Papiere in den Händen habe.

Aus dem beiliegenden Trauſcheine erhellte, daß Maria [illegible] aus [illegible] den 6ten Julius 179* zu [illegible] von einem Prediger reformirter Confeſſion mit dem Kaufmanne Henri-Elie-[illegible] nach den Gebräuchen der Kirche getraut und feierlich eingeſegnet worden.

Mehr als einmal las Leonore dieſe wichtigen Documente. Ihre Wangen glühten, und eine Thräne fiel auf das Papier, das ſie auf ihrem Schooße hielt. Arme Mutter, ſagte ſie, arme, gute, gekränkte Mutter! — Doch Deine Leiden ſind vorüber, und Du ſiehſt jetzt vielleicht aus Deinem ſeligen Leben auf Deine glückliche Tochter! — Was wird Franciska dazu ſagen? Und mein guter Herr? — O hätt' ich das vermuthen ſollen, da ich den guten alten Pfarrer von Unterſtilingen auf der Straße ſah!

Leonore erinnerte ſich jetzt, daß ihre Mutter in den letzten Wochen ihres Lebens ängſtlich auf Briefe gehofft, auch über das Ausbleiben von Gelde geklagt hatte. Der Brief aber war dem Datum nach kaum einen Monat vor dem plötzlichen Tode ihrer Mutter geſchrieben, und dieſer durch die treuloſe Wirthin vorenthalten worden. Ihr Vater mochte geglaubt haben, er ſei richtig abgegeben, und ſich dann nicht weiter darum bekümmert haben; wie denn überhaupt der Brief in ſeiner trocknen Kürze Kaltſinn oder Verſtimmung verrieth. Was es aber mit dem für ſie und ihre Schweſter niedergelegten Capitale für eine Bewandtniß habe, und warum davon nie etwas zu ihren Ohren gekommen ſei, blieb ihr noch dunkel.

* * *

Um drei Uhr hatte Herr Laſſolai ſeine Geſchäfte in der Schreibſtube, der Pfarrer bei den Autographis, und Leonore in der Küche geendigt, und nun ſaßen, den kleinen Knaben abgerechnet, der ſeinen Platz neben Leonoren hatte, drei Menſchen um den Tiſch, deren Herzen auf die mannigfaltigſte Weiſe, aber alle tief und innig bewegt waren. Der Pfarrer ſchien bei weitem der glücklichſte. Er ſprach gegen ſeine Gewohnheit viel und laut, und zeigte, trotz dem ſpäten Frühſtück, den beſten Appetit; während Laſſolai, immer die Augen auf Lorchen gerichtet, wenig aß; Lorchen aber mit dem Knaben beſchäftigt war. Doch bemerkten wir, daß ſie auch bisweilen verſtohlene Blicke auf ihren gegenüber ſitzenden Dienſtherrn warf, und dabei ein wenig erröthete; was uns bei ihrem Verhältniſſe, und nach dem langen Zuſammenſein mit ihm allerdings etwas wunder nimmt.

Gegen das Ende der Mahlzeit, als Lorchen hinausgegangen und der Knabe ihr nachgeſchlichen war, ſchenkte Laſſolai die Gläſer wieder voll, und ſtieß mit den Worten an: Auf glückliche Beendigung Ihres Geſchäftes! — Der Pfarrer erwiederte: Möge der Hermes, unter deſſen Schutz Sie ſtehn, Ihnen als ein wahrer Kerdoos, ich will ſagen, als ein Gewiederbringen, für alle Ihre Gutheit lohnen, aber um mich deutlicher auszudrücken: Möge der Himmel Ihr Hausweſen und Ihren Handel ſegnen!

Das hat er bis jetzt, Gottlob, recht ſichtbarlich gethan, erwiederte Laſſolai, und ich muß glauben, daß ich dieſen Segen meines Hauſes vornemlich dem lieben Mädchen verdanke, das uns eben verlaſſen hat. Während der langwierigen Krankheit, in die meine arme Frau gleich nach ihrem erſten Wochenbette verfiel, verlor ich alle Freude am Leben, und meine Geſchäfte giengen rückwärts. Einige Zeit vor ihrem Tode ſchickte mir der Himmel dieſes Mädchen in's Haus. Ein Engel hätte mir nicht wohlthätiger ſein können. Sie pflegte meine Frau, beſorgte den Kleinhandel und führte zugleich die Aufſicht über das Kind mit einer Thätigkeit und Sorgfalt, die alle Herzen gewann. Seit dieſer Zeit iſt mein Haus in der erfreulichſten Ordnung; meine Geſchäfte erweitern ſich zuſehends; mein Sohn vermißt keine mütterliche Fürſorge, und ich habe wieder Freude am Leben.

Laſſolai bemerkte jetzt, daß ſein Gaſt anfing mit einiger Zerſtreuung zuzuhören. Er hielt inne und ſchenkte von neuem ein: Auf die glückliche Verheirathung Ihrer Tochter! ſetzte er hinzu. — Der Pfarrer dankte und trank. Wollen Sie aber, Herr Laſſolai, nicht auch von neuem in den Stand der heiligen Ehe treten? ſagte er, indem er das ausgeleerte Glas niederſetzte. Ich weiß wohl, daß manche eine zweite Ehe bedenklich, vielleicht gar unchriſtlich haben wollen; aber dieß iſt ein Irrwahn, welchem Lutherus keineswegs beiſtimmt, und Calvinus ſelbſt, obgleich ſonſt voll von Irrlehren und ein Häreſiarcha — — Laſſen wir das jetzt, Herr Magiſter, unterbrach ihn der Kaufmann. Ich gehe allerdings mit dem Gedanken um, mich wieder zu verheirathen; und Sie können mir zur Ausführung meiner Abſichten behülflich ſein. — Ich? fragte der Pfarrer mit Verwunderung. — Allerdings. Sie kennen den Gegenſtand meiner Neigung. — Der Pfarrer ſtaunte noch mehr. — Um es kurz zu machen, es iſt eben das Mädchen, das Sie in mein Haus geführt hat, und das Sie, wie ich höre, ſchon von längerer Zeit her kennen. — Ah, ah, rief der Pfarrer, deſſen Gedanken ſich wieder zu ordnen begannen. Leonore alſo? Ja wohl kenn' ich ſie. Das Mädchen kam nach dem Tode der Mutter mit einer Zwillingsſchweſter nach Ammerlingen, und ich habe es im Chriſtenthume unterrichtet und confirmirt. Es war das gerade in dem Jahre, wo ich mein großes Werk auszuarbeiten anfing. Seitdem iſt es freilich ſehr herangewachſen, und hat an Vollkommenheit gewonnen; und wenn ich den Fleiß bedenke, den ich darauf gewendet habe, und den Ruhm, den es dem glorreichen Stifter unſrer nie genug zu preiſenden Reformation bringen muß, ſo kann ich — —

Herr Laſſolai, welcher geglaubt hatte, der Magiſter ſpreche noch von ſeinem Pfarrkinde, hemmte, da er ſeinen Irrthum gewahr wurde, die Rede des guten Mannes durch einen neuen Toaſt auf die glückliche Vollendung und Publication ſeines Werkes. Möge die Welt, ſetzte er hinzu, ſo viel Freude daran haben, als ich an Ihrem Pfarrkinde. Ich laſſe Sie jetzt nicht wieder los, Sie müſſen mir verſprechen, für mich bei Leonoren zu werben.

Hierauf erzählte er mit wenigen Worten, wie er ſich ſeit länger als einem Jahre um die Gunſt des Mädchens beworben; daß es ihm aber immer ausgewichen ſei, ſo daß er gar nicht mehr den Muth habe, von ſeinen Geſinnungen und Abſichten mit ihr zu ſprechen. Er kenne kein größeres Glück als ihren Beſitz, und keinen größern Schmerz, als wenn er ihr entſagen müßte. Aber ſeine Verhältniſſe nöthigten ihn, die Sache zur Entſcheidung zu bringen; und da ſeh' ich es, ſetzte er hinzu, für eine Schickung des Himmels an, daß Sie, wertheſter Herr Paſtor, in mein Haus haben kommen müſſen, um das Mädchen zu einem Gott gebe mir günſtigen Entſchluß zu bringen.

Ohnerachtet ſich der Pfarrer in ſolchen Dingen keine große Geſchicklichkeit zutraute — er hätte das Geſchäft lieber ſeiner Frau zugewieſen — ſo verſprach er doch aus Dankbarkeit gegen den wohlwollenden Mann alle nur möglichen Bemühungen. Laſſolai ſchüttelte ihm die Hand: Ich verlaſſe Sie auf eine Stunde, um Ihnen freie Hand zu laſſen. Leonore ſoll Ihnen Geſellſchaft leiſten, und daß Niemand Sie ſtört, dafür will ich Sorge tragen. Gott gebe glücklichen Erfolg!

Laſſolai hatte noch nicht lange die Stube verlaſſen, als Leonore mit dem Kaffee hereintrat. Der Pfarrer ſaß in Gedanken verſunken und mit ſeinem Operationsplane beſchäftigt; aber dieſer wurde bald genug durch lutheriſche Gedanke über den Eheſtand unterbrochen, die ſchnell den Erfolg hatten, ihn von dem geſuchten Ziele weit ab in ſeine Studirſtube und unter ſeine Bücher zu führen. Leonore unterbrach ſeine Meditation, indem ſie ihm die geſtopfte Pfeife und den Wachsſtock reichte. Alſo Mamſell Klotilde, ſagte ſie, wird bald Hochzeit machen? Ich kenne ihren Bräutigam; er wollte mir als Kind ſehr wohl; aber meiner Schweſter war er doch noch günſtiger, und wenn Verſprechungen unter Kindern gelten ſollten, ſo könnte Franziska Einſpruch thun. Sie werden gewiß recht glücklich mit einander ſein. —

Daran iſt kein Zweifel, antwortete der Pfarrer etwas zerſtreut; aber à propos vom Heirathen und Verſprechen: ich habe einen Auftrag an Dich, liebes Kind. — Du wirſt ja blutroth! Weißt Du es etwa ſchon?

Wie könnt' ich es wiſſen, antwortete ſie, ohne in Ihrem Herzen zu leſen? — Aber ſie hatte allerdings darin geleſen, oder vielmehr, ſie hatte mit weiblicher Dechiffrirkunſt aus den Blicken ihres Herrn, aus dem Tone, mit dem er ſie bat, dem Pfarrer Geſellſchaft zu leiſten, und der Eile, mit der er, ſein den Knaben an der Hand, das Haus verlaſſen hatte, aus Allem, was längſt vorhergegangen war, und endlich aus den Worten des Pfarrers Alles ſo deutlich zuſammengeleſen, daß ſie es ihm weit beſſer hätte ſagen können, als er ſelbſt. Während er alſo mit geringer Beredſamkeit ſeinen Auftrag ausrichtete, machte ſie ihre Antwort fertig, die ohne Zaudern, und nur mit einer kleinen mädchenhaften Heuchelei von Ueberraſchung das gewünſchte Ja ausſprach. — Aber wirklich überraſcht war, war der Pfarrer, der ſich auf mehr Ueberredungsmittel gefaßt gemacht hatte, von denen nun kein weiterer Gebrauch zu machen war; ſo daß er in der That glaubte, gleich in ſeine erſte Anrede, ohne es zu wiſſen, eine ſo gewaltige Kraft gelegt zu haben. Dieß freute ihn, weniger aus eitler Selbſtliebe, als wegen ſeines Freundes und Gönners, dem er doch nun auch einen angenehmen Dienſt erwieſen hatte. — Der brave Mann, ſagte er, glaubt, Du hätteſt etwas gegen ihn, weil Du ſeiner Erklärung immer aus dem Wege gegangen biſt.

Leonore lächelte, und über ihre kleine Heuchelei, vielleicht auch aus Freude über ihr Glück erröthend, ſagte ſie, indem ihr einige Thränen über die Wangen rollten: Ich will Ihnen nur mit aller Aufrichtigkeit geſtehen, daß ich die Abſichten des wackern Mannes nicht verkannt habe. Aber mein Verhältniß zu ihm gebot mir Zurückhaltung. Vieles ſtand zwiſchen uns, aber Eins vorzüglich, was es mir unmöglich machte, auf ſeine Wünſche einzugehen. Und dieſes Eine, lieber Herr Pfarrer, haben Sie erſt aus dem Wege geräumt. —

Der Pfarrer ſtaunte. Die Sache iſt ſehr einfach, fuhr ſie fort. Da meine Mutter ihren Namen nie geändert hatte, und ich mit meiner Schweſter auch auf ihren Namen getauft war, ſo hielten wir uns für uneheliche Kinder, und ich habe deshalb in frühern Jahren manche Kränkung erdulden müſſen. Dieſen Flecken meiner Geburt auf einen ſo würdigen Mann überzutragen, war mir unmöglich, und ich wollte lieber meinem Glücke entſagen, als ihm eine ſolche Schande zuziehen, oder ſelbſt die Schande haben, als ein uneheliches Kind proclamirt zu werden. Seit einigen Stunden und ſeit Ihrem Eintritte in das Haus, lieber Mann, hat ſich dieſes Verhältniß geändert. Das Päckchen, das Sie mir mitgebracht haben, enthält den vollſtändigen Beweis, daß meine Mutter wirklich verheirathet geweſen, und daß ich aus einer rechtmäßigen Verbindung geboren bin, die mein Vater, ich weiß nicht aus welchen Gründen, geheim gehalten hat. — Dieß iſt der Zuſammenhang der Sache, und die Urſache meiner frühern Zurückhaltung. Wie vielen Dank bin ich Ihnen ſchuldig! Herr Laſſolai iſt der edelſte Mann von der Welt, und ich darf mir von ihm das reinſte Glück verſprechen. Und daß ich nun bei dem lieben Knaben Mutterſtelle vertreten, daß ich ihn mein Kind nennen ſoll — —!

Indem ſie ſo ſprach, hörte ſie ihren Herrn, der aus Ungeduld ſeine Rückkehr beſchleunigt hatte, und entſchlüpfte durch eine andere Thür, ſo daß er beim Hereintreten noch das Wehen ihres Kleides ſah. — Leonore flieht, da ich komme! ſagte er. Es iſt alſo wohl Alles verloren!

Der Pfarrer erhob ſich. Sein ganzes Geſicht ſtand in Sonnenſchein, und ſeine lange hagere Geſtalt ſchien ſich noch höher zu ſtrecken. Dann faßte er den Beunruhigten mit beiden Händen an den Schultern, beugte ſich gegen ihn, und ſagte endlich: Gott hat meinen Worten Kraft gegeben. Sie nimmt Ihre Bewerbung an, und Sie können nun ſelbſt aus ihrem Munde das erfreuliche Jawort empfangen.

Bei dieſen Worten trat nun auch der Sonnenſchein in das Geſicht des wackern Laſſolai. Darf ich es glauben? rief er aus, und ohne eine Antwort zu erwarten, eilte er Leonoren nach. Dieſe ſaß in ihrer Stube, den Kopf auf die Hand gelehnt. Als er mit einem: „Darf ich?“ hereintrat, ſtand ſie auf, ging ihm einen Schritt entgegen, und erwartete mit anmuthigem Erröthen ſein Wort. Aber der allzuglückliche Mann war zu ſprechen nicht im Stande. Mit Heftigkeit faßte er ihre beiden Hände, und indem er ihr mit zährenden Augen in das liebe Angeſicht ſah, ſagte er endlich: Iſt Alles ſo wie es der Paſtor ſagt? Soll ich glücklich ſein?

Wenn meine Achtung und die treueſte Ergebenheit zu Ihrem Glücke beitragen kann, antwortete Lorchen. — Nicht auch Deine Liebe? unterbrach er ſie bittend. — Auch meine Liebe, erwiederte ſie, von neuem erröthend. — Und ich kann meinem Heinrich ſagen, daß er Dich Mutter nennen darf? — Von ganzer Seele.

Und nun eilte der beglückte Bräutigam hinaus, und kam einen Augenblick darauf mit ſeinem Knaben zurück. Da, ſagte er, umarme Deine Mutter, Heinrich. — Meine Mutter? fragte der Knabe verwundert, nicht mehr mein gutes Lorchen? — Ja, Dein gutes, liebes Lorchen, wie immer, aber auch Deine Mutter noch überdieß. — Da ſprang der Knabe an ihr in die Höhe, und bedeckte ſie mit ſeinen Küſſen, und ſein Vater vereinigte ſich mit ihm, und jetzt zum erſtenmale drückte er die Geliebte an ſein entzücktes überſtrömendes Herz.

Der Paſtor ging unterdeſſen in der Wohnſtube mit großen Schritten auf und ab, und freute ſich über das Glück ſeines Werthes ſo innig, daß er alles andere darüber vergeſſen hätte, wäre ihm nicht ein im Fenſter liegender heidelberger Katechismus in die Hände gefallen, der ſeine Gedanken mit einemmale ablenkte, und ſie in die Geſchichte der Reformationshändel, Luther's Streitigkeiten mit den Schweizern, den Kryptocalvinismus, die Formula Concordiä, und die mannichfaltigen, immer mißlungenen Unionsverſuche führte, was ihn dann ſo beſchäftigte, daß, als Laſolat mit Lorchen in das Zimmer trat, er einige Augenblicke bedurfte, ehe er ſich den Zuſammenhang dieſer dreifachen Union klar machen konnte. Indem er aber den Dank des glücklichen Paares empfing, fuhr ihm durch den Kopf, daß der Bräutigam wohl ein Calviniſt ſein müßte, und er ſich alſo, ohne ſein Wiſſen, durch Beförderung dieſer Heirath eines kirchlichen Synkretismus ſchuldig gemacht habe. Dieſer Gedanke beunruhigte ſein lutheriſches Gewiſſen außerordentlich, und er fand in dieſem Augenblicke in ſeiner Paſtoralklugheit keine Verhaltungsregel, die auf den gegenwärtigen Fall paſſen wollte. Da aber die beiden Leute ſo glücklich waren, der Bräutigam ihm ſo herzlich dankte, und die Braut ihm ſo freundlich in die Augen ſah, und auch der kleine Heinrich bald ihm, bald ſeiner neuen Mutter ſchmeichelte, zogen die Beſorgniſſe orthodoxer Polemik wieder ab, und indem er ſich vornahm, dem Falle zu Hauſe weiter nachzudenken, drückte er dem Bräutigam die Hand mit ſo aufrichtigem Wohlwollen, als ob er ein ächter Sohn der lutheriſchen Kirche geweſen wäre.

Der Abend ging vergnügt vorüber, obgleich etwas weniger laut, als der Mittag, weil der Pfarrer anfangs glaubte, ſich vor einem Calviniſten einigen Zwang anlegen zu müſſen. Als aber Laſolat ganz von freien Stücken ihm ſeine Dienſte bei einigen Buchhändlern ſeiner Bekanntſchaft anbot, und ſich alſo angelegentlich für die Erſcheinung ſeines Werkes intereſſirte, faßte er wieder Zutrauen zu ihm, und fing ſchon an zu vermuthen, der Mann möchte doch wohl ein ehrlicher Lutheraner ſein. Mit dieſem Gedanken ſchlief er ein, und erfuhr erſt am folgenden Morgen von Lorchen, daß er ſich geirrt habe. Gern hätten ihn die guten Leute noch bei ſich behalten; aber der 17te October rief ihn nach Hauſe und in ſeine Kirche zurück. Uebrigens hatte er ſeinen Wanderſtab ſchon in der Hand, und ſeine Erquickſtunden unter dem Arme — denn die zurückgelaſſenen hinderte ihn die Furcht vor Omar-Heinrichs Schlachtmeſſer — als er zu ſeinem großen Erſtaunen gewahr wurde, daß Laſolat's Wagen vor der Thüre hielt, um ihn mit geringerer Beſchwerde nach Unterlingen zurückzubringen.

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Hier hatte ſich in der kurzen Zwiſchenzeit Manches zugetragen, wovon der gute Pfarrer keine Ahnung gehabt hatte. Seine Frau, die wir vorhin auf der Rückkehr nach Hauſe verlaſſen haben, war noch nicht lange gegangen, als militäriſche Muſik ſie in ihren ökonomiſchen Planen ſtörte, und gleich darauf zog das zweite Regiment im Sturmmarſch vor ihr über die Straße hin. Sie ſchärfte ihre Blicke, ſo ſehr ſie konnte, um unter den begleitenden Offizieren den Vetter zu erblicken; aber weder der Vetter war zu ſehn, noch der liebenswürdige Adjutant, mit dem ſie den Tag zuvor geſprochen hatte. Aber das konnte ein Zufall ſein. Warum das Regiment aber überhaupt ſchon aufbreche, da es doch einen Raſttag hatte haben ſollen, befremdete ſie. Späterhin erfuhr man, daß Eilboten aus dem königlichen Hauptquartiere wegen eines unerwarteten Streifzugs des Feindes ſchnellen Aufbruch geboten hatten. Wären ſie eine Viertelſtunde früher eingetroffen, ſo hätte der unglückliche Zweikampf nicht an dieſem Morgen ſtattfinden können; das erhitzte Blut würde ſich abgekühlt haben, und ein ſchmerzliches Unglück würde vielleicht verhütet worden ſein. Aber wie die kleinſte Bewegung eines Feuergewehrs die Kugel in weiter Ferne neben dem Ziele vorbeitreibt, ſo beſtimmt oft ein geringfügiger Unterſchied der Zeit Sein und Nichtſein, und das Schickſal der Völker und Reiche hängt an den Füßen eines Pferdes oder den Ferſen eines Boten.

Als die beiden Holzhauer mit dem für todtgehaltenen Offizier auf ſeiner Bahre in das Dorf gekommen waren, ruhten ſie aus, um über das weitere zu Rathe zu gehen. Bald waren ſie von Frauen und Mädchen umringt, die nach dem Zuſammenhange der Sache fragten, und ſich in Wehklagen über den ſchönen Mann ergoſſen. Es iſt der Offizier aus dem Pfarrhauſe, ſagte die eine. Ei bewahre Gott! die andere: den Junker Moritz hab' ich ja erſt geſtern vorgehen ſehen. — Es muß etwas Vornehmes ſein, ſagte eine dritte; er hat ein rothes Bändchen im Knopfloch. — Was ſteht ihr aber nur da, rief ein altes Mütterchen dazwiſchen, und ſperrt den Mund auf. Laufe doch eines nach dem Barbier. Man muß doch ſehn, ob er noch lebt. — Dabei legte ſie ihm die Hand aufs Herz, zog ſie aber ſogleich kopfſchüttelnd wieder zurück. — Nun ihr Zöpel, fuhr ſie fort, ſo tragt ihn doch nach dem Wirthshauſe, daß man nachſehen kann. — In der Pfarre wär' er wohl noch beſſer aufgehoben, und machte auch der Gemeinde die Koſten nicht, ſagte einer der Träger; zumal da es ja eben der Junker Moritz aus der Pfarre iſt, der ihn todt geſchoſſen hat. Er hat es auch wohl ſo gemeint, da er uns hierher ſchickte.

Der Leichenzug ſetzte ſich nun wieder in Bewegung. Das halbe Dorf zog mit, aber eine der leichtfüßigſten Dirnen, von dem Wunſche beflügelt, die Unglücksbotſchaft zuerſt zu bringen, eilte voraus, und meldete in der Pfarre, ſie brächten da einen todten Herrn Offizier getragen. — Biſt Du toll, Mädchen! ſagte die Pfarrerin, die ſo eben den Fuß in das Haus geſetzt hatte. — Nein, es iſt gewiß wahr, betheuerte jene. — Gott ſteh uns bei, rief Klotilde, wenn es nur nicht der Vetter iſt, der ein Unglück genommen hat! — Nein, erwiederte das Mädchen, der Herr Junker Moritz iſt es nicht; der hat den eben todt geſchoſſen, ſagen die Männer.

Dieſe Worte gaben Klotilden ein furchtbares Licht. Sie zweifelte nicht, daß die Eiferſucht, die ſie den Abend vorher von ihm gefürchtet hatte, die Urſache dieſer That ſei; aber ob ſie gleich darin irrte, ſo irrte ſie doch in der Perſon des Ermordeten nicht. — Außer ſich vor Schrecken eilte ſie vor die Thür, wo in dieſem Augenblicke die Bahre niedergeſetzt wurde. Ein Blick auf den Verwundeten überzeugte Klotilden von der Wahrheit ihrer Vermuthung. Mit einem Schrei des Entſetzens und mit verhülltem Angeſichte ſtürmte ſie die Treppe hinauf, ſank an dem Bette der ſchlummernden Aurora zur Erde, und als dieſe erſchreckt auffuhr und fragte: Was iſt Dir, Klotilde? Liebe Klotilde, was haſt Du? — antwortete ſie ihr mit dem Tone des Entſetzens: Theodor iſt ermordet — von dem eiferſüchtigen Moritz ermordet. Und er ſelbſt ſchickt mir ſeine Leiche, um Rache an mir zu nehmen — um mich auch durch den Schmerz zu ermorden.

Dieſe ſchreckliche Nachricht ergriff Auroren mit unwiderſtehlicher Gewalt. Der Schmerz ihrer Freundin war dem ihrigen ſo nah verwandt; das Geſpräch der verfloſſenen Nacht hatte ſo viele Erinnerungen in ihrem Herzen erweckt, die jetzt den Strom ihres Schmerzes anſchwellten! Aber ſie ſammelte ihre Kraft, um Klotilden beizuſtehen, und da das Schrecklichſte nicht zu ändern war, ſann ſie darauf, wenigſtens die erſchwerenden Umſtände, die Klotildens Phantaſie mit großer Wahrſcheinlichkeit dazu gebildet hatte, zu mildern oder zweifelhaft zu machen.

Der Verwundete war unterdeß von der Bahre gehoben, und in ein Zimmer des Hinterhauſes getragen worden, das gewöhnlich unbewohnt, dem Vetter auf ſeinen Durchreiſen zum Abſteigequartiere diente. Der Barbier, ein erfahrner Mann, hatte nicht geſäumt zu erſcheinen, und während Aurora vergebens Alles aufbot, was Freundſchaft und Liebe ihr eingab, um Klotilden zu tröſten, erhielt ſie die Nachricht, die Kugel ſei aus der Wunde gezogen, der Verwundete habe die Augen aufgeſchlagen und athme. Bei dieſer Nachricht fiel Klotilde auf die Knie, hob ihre Hände zum Himmel, und ein Strom von Thränen — die erſten die ſie weinen konnte — ergoß ſich über ihr Angeſicht. Ach, Aurora, wenn er ins Leben zurückkehrte! wenn er uns wiedergeſchenkt würde! wenn er hierher hätte kommen müſſen — Ich kann es nicht ausdenken. Ach, Aurora, wer wäre glücklicher als ich!

Dieſe Hoffnung ſtärkte ihre Kraft. Sie warf ſich Auroren um den Hals, eilte dann die Treppe hinab, um Alles ſelbſt zu ordnen, und war nun geſchäftig, ihrer Mutter zu helfen, Leinwand herbeizuholen, Binden zu ſchneiden, und eine bequeme Kleidung für den Kranken zuſammenzuſuchen. Sie fand keine Ruhe, bis für Alles geſorgt war, und nie gab ſie dem Wundarzte ein Stück in die Hand, ohne ihn wenigſtens mit den Augen nach dem Befinden ihres Freundes zu fragen, oder ihm mit einigen Worten die größte Sorgfalt anzuempfehlen.

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Während ſich dieſes im Pfarrhauſe begab, ließ Moritz ſein Pferd laufen, ſo ſchnell es konnte, anfänglich ohne einen andern Zweck, als ſich von dem Dorfe zu entfernen; aber als er von dieſer Seite keine Gefahr mehr fürchtete, lenkte er es auf den Weg nach Homburg, wo er Sicherheit zu finden hoffte. Indem nun das Pferd jetzt langſamer fortſchritt, nahmen auch die Gedanken des Reiters eine beſtimmtere Richtung, und worauf hätten ſie ſich anders lenken können, als auf ſeine That, und auf die Lage, in die ihn dieſe That geſtürzt hatte. Gern hätte er die wilde Verwirrung zurückgehabt, in welcher ſich vorher ſeine Gedanken über einander wälzten, wobei er wenigſtens ein täuſchendes Gefühl von Kraft gehabt hatte, das jetzt immer tiefer ſank, je gebahnter der Weg, und je geordneter der Gang ſeines Pferdes wurde. Der Zorn vor der That, war nach ihr einem Gefühle befriedigter Rache gewichen; aber auch dieſes Gefühl ſchwand nur allzuſchnell, und machte einem unbeſtimmten, aber drückenden Unmuthe Raum, bei dem es ungewiß war, ob er mehr der Perſon des Gegners, oder ſeinem unglücklichen Geſchick, oder ſeiner eignen Lage und der Schuld galt, mit der er ſich dieſe Lage bereitet hatte. Aber immer mehr drang die Stimme des innern Anklägers durch. — Du haſt ihn ohne Grund zum Zweikampfe genöthigt, ſagte der Ankläger. — Aber er hat mich ohne Zweifel bei meinen Obern angeſchwärzt! — Du lügſt. Nicht er, ſondern Du ſelbſt haſt Dir Deinen übeln Ruf bereitet. — Er hat ſich um Die beworben, die ich liebe. — Du lügſt. Dein Herz weiß nichts von Liebe zu Klotilden. Es iſt nur die Eitelkeit, die Dich eiferſüchtig gemacht hat. — Die Auszeichnung, die er erhielt, und die mir bei gleichen Anſprüchen verſagt wurde, war eine Verhöhnung meines Verdienſtes. — War es ſeine Schuld, daß Du Dir durch Uebermuth eine Demüthigung zugezogen hatteſt? — Ich glaubte nicht, daß der Kampf ſo unglücklich endigen ſollte. — Du lügſt! Du haſt nach ſeinem Blute gedürſtet; es ſtand bei Dir, Deiner Kugel eine unſchädliche Richtung zu geben. Du biſt ein Mörder, und vielleicht ein zwiefacher Mörder, wenn es wahr iſt, daß Klotilde ihn liebt.

Dieſem furchtbaren Selbſtgerichte zu entgehen, ſpornte Moritz ſein Pferd noch von neuem an; aber es half ihm nichts, daß er den Steinweg hinab und über die Wieſe hinjagte; immer rief die furchtbare Stimme in der Tiefe ſeiner Bruſt Mord in ſein Ohr. So laut vernahm er dieſe Stimme, daß er mehr als einmal ſcheu hinter ſich ſah; und kaum hatte er ſich überzeugt, daß ihn Niemand verfolgte, als der Hufſchlag ſeines Roſſes oder das Rauſchen des Laubes oder das Murmeln eines Baches neue Täuſchung erzeugte. So floh er, wie die geängſtete Sünde, bis der Schaum auf dem ſtöhnenden Pferde ſtand, und er dem ermüdeten Thiere am Eingange eines Waldes, eine kurze Ruhe gönnen mußte.

Während er hier hielt und ſich den Schweiß abtrocknete, der ſtromweis von ſeiner blaſſen Stirn herabfloß, wurde das Pferd plötzlich unruhig. Eine Horniſſe fuhr ſummend an dem Ohre des Reiters hin, dann eine zweite; dann bemerkte er mit Schrecken, daß der Huf des Pferdes ein Neſt dieſer Thiere berührt hatte, und dieſe, Rache dürſtend, aus der Erde hervordrangen. Das Pferd wartete nicht auf die Anregung ſeines Herrn, ſondern von Angſt gejagt ſtürzte es in den Wald, erſt auf gebahntem Wege, dann, da die Verfolgung nicht nachließ, Schutz im Gebüſch ſuchend, wo es das kleinere Geſträuch nieder trat, und ohne auf den Zügel oder ein Gebot ſeines Reiters zu achten, nur dem Antriebe ſeiner Angſt folgte. Schon hatten jenem die Zweige den Hut abgeriſſen, und einige Stöße gegen den Kopf hatten ihn betäubt, als das Pferd über eine entblößte Stelle des Waldes mit verdoppeltem Ungeſtüm rannte, ſich zwiſchen die engen Bäume drängte, und ſeinen Reiter hier abſtreifte. Athemlos, ohne Bewußtſein und an einigen Stellen verletzt, fiel er in das Gebüſch. Das Pferd aber ſetzte ſeinen wilden Lauf ungehindert fort, bis es, von ſeinen Verfolgern befreit, erſchöpft zu Boden ſank.

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Als ſich in dem Pfarrhauſe von Unterillingen die erſte Unruhe ein wenig gelegt hatte, und dem Kranken ein Wächter zugegeben war, der, nach der Vorſchrift des herbeigerufenen Amtsarztes, vor allen Dingen jede Beunruhigung entfernt halten ſollte, trat eine Frau in das Haus, von anſehnlichem Wuchſe und ſtarkem Gliederbau, die in halbe Trauer gekleidet war, und fragte nach dem Fräulein von Brederode. Sie wurde zu Auroren gewieſen. Als ſie in das Zimmer trat, verbeugte ſie ſich ehrfurchtsvoll, trat dann langſam näher, um mit einem noch tiefern Knicks Auroren die Hand zu küſſen. Ei, guten Abend, Frau Brandau, ſagte dieſe; was führt Sie denn hierher? Was macht der Großonkel? — Deshalb bin ich eben hierher gekommen, erwiederte die Frau, indem ſie das Geſicht in die Länge zog; nur muß ich vorher unterthänig bitten, daß ſich das gnädige Fräulein nicht erſchrecken. — Iſt dem Oheim etwas zugeſtoßen? fragte Aurora, die jetzt wirklich erſchrak. — Das allgemeine Loos der Menſchheit, erwiederte die Frau mit Achſelzucken. Er iſt vorgeſtern aus dieſer Zeitlichkeit abgerufen worden. Ihm iſt wohl; beſſer als ſeit langer Zeit. Ihnen aber, gnädiges Fräulein, muß man zu gleicher Zeit condoliren und gratuliren.

Aurora war beſtürzt, mehr über das Unerwartete der Nachricht, als daß ſie beſonders Urſache gehabt hätte, ſich über den Tod eines Mannes zu betrüben, der ihr nie einige Liebe erwieſen hatte. — Das iſt mir in der That ſehr unerwartet. Seine Geſundheit war ja ſo feſt, und er ſchien die größten Anſprüche auf ein viel höheres Alter zu haben. — Da haben Ihr Gnaden vollkommen recht, erwiederte die Frau, nach dem zu urtheilen, was der ſelige Herr vor drei Jahren war — denn ſo lange wird es wohl her ſein, daß Sie ihn nicht geſehen haben. Aber ſeitdem —! Da hatte man wohl Urſach ſo etwas zu fürchten. Sie wiſſen ja, gnädiges Fräulein, daß ich ihm länger als fünf und zwanzig Jahre treulich und gewiſſenhaft Haus gehalten und meine Geſundheit und Jugend in ſeinem Dienſte zugeſetzt habe, für einen ſchmalen und magern Lohn; lieber Gott ich hoffte, und er hat es mir nicht Einmal, ſondern hundertmal zugeſagt, wenn ich über den geringen Gehalt klagte, daß er mich in ſeinem Teſtamente gut bedenken wolle. Ja, mein Gott, wenn er ſich hätte entſchließen können, ein Teſtament zu machen! Nun geh ich aus dem Hauſe nackt und arm, wie ich auf die Welt gekommen bin, und mag nun zuſehn, wie ich meine alten Tage hinbringe.

Der Himmel wird für Sie ſorgen, Frau Brandau, ſagte Aurora, da ſich das Geſicht der Haushälterin zum Weinen verzog; aber wie ging es dem Onkel in der letzten Zeit? Er ſcheint gelitten zu haben? Warum hab ich ihn doch nicht warten können!

Die Haushälterin ließ von der Seite einen Blick auf Auroren fallen; da ſie aber gute Urſache hatte, den Faden ihrer Rede nicht abreißen zu laſſen, gab ſie auf die letzte Frage des Fräuleins keine Antwort, ſondern fuhr in ihrer eignen Gedankenreihe fort: Ach, gnädiges Fräulein, ſagte ſie, indem ſie ſich einen Stuhl zu ihr hinſchob, wenn ich mir auch in früherer Zeit keine Verdienſte um den ſeligen Herrn erworben hätte; aber ich habe ihm immer treu und redlich gedient, und alle Vortheile verſchmäht, die ich mir hätte machen können — aber in der letzten Zeit war kaum mit ihm auszukommen. Nichts konnte man ihm recht machen, und wenn er ſchon immer genau geweſen war, ſo ging es doch in der letzten Zeit über alle Grenzen hinaus. Und die Unruhe, die in dem Manne war! Großer Gott, was iſt doch der Reichthum, wenn man ihn nicht mit Ruhe genießen kann!

Aurora ſah zum Himmel und ſagte: Was konnte ihn nur ſo beunruhigen?

Darüber ließe ſich viel ſagen, antwortete die Haushälterin, aber man kann einem Menſchen nicht in das Herz ſehn. Nun, ſo viel iſt gewiß, er war wie einer, der einen Mord begangen hat. Den Tag über ſaß er bei ſeinen Rechnungen; in der Nacht aber lief er im Zimmer auf und ab, riß die Fenſter auf, ſtreckte die Arme hinaus, ſeufzte und jammerte, daß man nicht wußte, was man davon denken ſollte. Oft ward es Morgen, eh' er ſich niedergelegt hatte, und die Sonne ſtand dann kaum am Himmel, ſo ſtand er wieder auf. Bisweilen ſchellte er mir in der Nacht, und fragte mich, ob ich nichts gehört hätte; und wenn ich ſagte, ich hätte ihn ſeufzen hören, rief er wohl aus: Nicht ich! nicht ich! Aber ſag' es Niemandem. Hörſt Du? So ging es Tag für Tag, und dabei zehrte er ab, daß man ihn kaum noch kannte.

Unglücklicher Mann! ſagte Aurora. Wann mag das angefangen haben?

Bei dieſer Frage ſah ſich die Haushälterin um, als ob ſie Zeugen gefürchtet hätte, rückte dann näher und ſagte mit gedämpfter Stimme: Gegen Sie, gnädiges Fräulein, darf ich ſchon offen ſprechen; gegen niemand Anders aber würde ein Wort davon über meine Zunge gehen; denn dazu hab' ich Sie viel zu lieb. — Das Unglück fing an mit dem Tode des alten Lizardiere. Es iſt damals nicht gegangen, wie es hätte gehen ſollen.

Bei Lizardiere's Namen fuhr Aurora zuſammen: aber ſie bezwang ſich, und ſagte mit ſcheinbar gleichgültigem Tone: Wie wäre denn das geweſen, Frau Brandau? — Nun antwortete die Frau, Sie wiſſen ja, in was für großen und weitläufigen Geſchäften der ſelige Herr mit dem alten Lizardiere ſtand, der für einen reichen Mann galt, ob er ſchon eigentlich nur der Factor und Buchhalter des Herrn war. Bei ſeinem Tode aber fand ſich Alles anders. Etwas baares Geld, einige Ausſtände bei Freunden — das war die ganze Sache, die ſein Sohn erbte, der bei dem Tode ſeines Vaters noch auf Reiſen war. Alles Uebrige, was er hätte haben ſollen, war er, wie es hieß, dem ſeligen Herrn ſchuldig. Es kam freilich zum Proceß. —

Ich habe davon gehört, ſagte Aurora, und der junge Lizardiere hat das Unglück gehabt, ihn zu verlieren.

Was ſein Unglück war, gnädiges Fräulein, entgegnete die Haushälterin mit einer Verbeugung, iſt andrer Leute Glück. Freilich hat er ihn verloren; wie hätt es auch anders kommen können? Sein Advocat, der Juſtizrath Heyer, ſtand ſich mit dem ſeligen Herrn wenigſtens nicht ſchlechter als mit ſeinem Clienten. Unſer einer verſteht zwar nichts von Rechtsſachen, aber auf den Kopf iſt man doch auch nicht gefallen. —

Wär' es möglich? rief Aurora. Wäre der Oheim im Stande geweſen —?

Ach, liebes gnädiges Fräulein, erwiederte die Haushälterin, ich habe wohl andere Dinge erlebt. Da war der Advocat Wolkesgott, der bei uns neben den Schrangen wohnt, der erſchlich die Erbſchaft einer reichen Brauerwittwe, und da er die Beſchuldigungen abſchwur, die ihm die armen Verwandten machten, gingen ſie alle leer aus. Und wie ſind denn die Kinder des Geheimen Finanzraths Scheme zu ihrem Reichthum gekommen? Solche Dinge tragen ſich überall zu. Und am Ende iſt es doch dem jungen Lizardiere zum Glück geweſen. Jetzt ſäß er auch vielleicht vom Morgen bis zum Abend hinter dem Rechentiſch, wie ſein ſeliger Vater ſein Lebenlang gethan hat, und hätte doch am Ende nichts weiter davon; ſo iſt er bei der Armee, und hat Ehre und Anſehen. —

Und kämpft, dachte Aurora bei ſich, zwiſchen Leben und Tod.

Dem ſeligen Herrn, fuhr die Haushälterin fort, hat es auch keine Roſen getragen. Aber ſeine Erben, die nun alles, was er hinterlaſſen hat, mit gutem Gewiſſen genießen dürfen, können nun recht glücklich ſein, und auch Andere glücklich machen.

Bei dieſen Worten küßte ſie Aurorens Hand und ſah ihr forſchend ins Geſicht. Dieſe antwortete ihr nicht. — Ich kann wohl denken, fuhr jene fort, daß Sie meinen Reden nicht gern Glauben beimeſſen möchten; aber da es ſich um keine Kleinigkeit handelt, ſo müßt ich Sie nicht lieb haben, wenn ich Ihnen nicht reinen Wein einſchenkte, und alles ſagte, was ich von der Sache weiß. Ich darf doch ſicher ſein, daß uns Niemand behorcht? —

Obgleich Aurora die ängſtliche Erzählerin beruhigte, ging ſie doch nach der Thür, und erſt nachdem ſie ſich überzeugt hatte, daß Niemand in der Nähe ſei, fuhr ſie fort: Während der letzten Krankheit des alten Lizardiere, an der er ſtarb, beſuchte ihn der ſelige Herr täglich, und blieb oft ſpät in die Nacht aus; an dem Abend aber, wo er ſtarb, kam er wohl zwei Stunden nach ſeinem Tode nach Hauſe. Er hatte zwei große Bücher unter dem Mantel und war überaus haſtig. Sobald er den Mantel abgeworfen und mancherlei Papiere ausgekramt hatte, ſetzte er ſich mit den Büchern an den Schreibtiſch, und ich mußte ihm eine Flaſche Wein und etwas Brod geben; und da ſaß er und ſchrieb und ſchrieb, und ging nicht zu Bett, und um zwei Uhr nach Mitternacht ſchellte er mir, und befahl mir Feuer im Kamin nachzulegen und Kaffee zu machen; und da ſaß er immer noch tief in der Arbeit. Am folgenden Morgen trug er die Bücher ſelbſt wieder auf das Comptoir, und erſt zwei Stunden darauf wurde verſiegelt. Im Kamin aber fand ich am Morgen einige Hefte aus Handlungsbüchern, die das Feuer verſchont hatte. Ich habe dieſe Blätter aufgehoben, fuhr die Haushälterin fort; denn man kann nicht wiſſen, wozu ſo etwas gebraucht werden kann.

Dabei zog ſie ein in Maculatur geſchlagenes Paket aus der Taſche, rollte es auf, und zeigte Auroren die Spuren des Feuers. — Ihnen gnädiges Fräulein, fuhr ſie fort, muß jetzt Alles daran gelegen ſein, daß dieſe Blätter nicht in unrechte Hände kommen; denn daraus könnte eine üble Geſchichte entſtehen. Sie ſehen, daß ich es gut mit Ihnen meine. Ich hätte ja die Sache an den Lizardiere berichten können, oder auch an die Fräulein Couſine in Föhrenau. Aber die hat nicht Ihr Gemüth, und ich glaube, man könnte eher Waſſer aus einem Kieſel preſſen, ehe die ein reelles Zeichen der Dankbarkeit von ſich gäbe.

Kunigunde, ſagte Aurora entſchuldigend, iſt immer in ſo beſchränkten Umſtänden geweſen, daß ſie ihrer Neigung Gutes zu thun, nicht hat folgen können. Sie wird künftig gewiß — —

Ach, liebes gnädiges Fräulein, fiel die Haushälterin ein, lehren Sie mich Fräulein Gundel nicht kennen. Die hat ganz das Gemüth des ſeligen Herrn. —

Laſſen wir das jetzt, ſagte Aurora; wie ging es weiter mit dem Oheim.

Die Haushälterin hatte unterdeß die angebrannten Papiere auf den Schooß genommen, um ein anderes Papier, das in Briefform gelegt war, aus der Taſche zu ziehen. Dieſes in der Hand haltend fuhr ſie in ihrer Erzählung fort.

Seit jener Nacht hatte der Herr immer viel zu thun, und kam faſt nicht vom Schreibtiſche weg, und oft ſchloß er ſich ganze Tage ein. So mochten etwa vier Wochen oder etwas darüber vergangen ſein, als der junge Franz Lizardiere von ſeiner Reiſe zurückkam. Er kam gleich zum ſeligen Herrn, und man konnte hören, daß ſie hart an einander geriethen. Der junge Lizardiere ging mit glühend rothem Geſichte weg, und ſeitdem fing der Proceß und das Elend im Hauſe an. Des Schreibens war auch noch jetzt kein Ende, und oft wurden in der Nacht Boten mit ganzen Paketen an den Heyer abgeſchickt, der doch der Advocat der Gegenpartei war. — Bedenken Sie das, liebes gnädiges Fräulein! — Endlich kam es zum Schwur. Da war nun der Herr in ſo weit ſchon glücklich zu nennen, daß er das ſchöne Geld behielt — es war von einer Tonne Goldes die Rede; und wohl dem, dem das nun anheim fällt! Aber die Qual, die der Herr ſeit der Zeit hatte, möchte man auch ſeinem ärgſten Feinde nicht wünſchen. Zwei Jahre hielt das an, und in der letzten Zeit ergab er ſich dem Trunke. Da ſchlief er doch etwas mehr, manchmal am Tage, und bisweilen in der Nacht. So kam ich am Dienſtag gegen neun Uhr in ſein Zimmer, und fand ihn mit dem Kopfe auf dem Pulte liegen, wie das ſchon manchmal geſchehen war. Ich glaubte, er habe getrunken und ſei eingeſchlafen. Aber — mein Gott — da ich näher nachſah und ihn bei den Schultern rüttelte, ſah ich, daß er todt war. Denken Sie meinen Schrecken, gnädiges Fräulein! Ich ſchickte ſogleich nach Doctor und Barbier; man ſchlug ihm zur Ader; aber es lief kein Blut. Nun wurde es den Gerichten gemeldet, die denn Alles unter Siegel genommen haben; und es hätte wenig gefehlt, ſo hätten ſie mein Bischen Armuth auch mit eingeſchloſſen.

Bei dieſem Theile ihrer Erzählung hielt die Frau das zuſammengelegte Papier immer in den Händen, faltete es auseinander, legte es wieder zuſammen und öffnete es wieder. Sie ſchien damit in einiger Verlegenheit zu ſein. Endlich fuhr ſie nach wiederholtem Hüſteln fort: Der ſelige Herr lag mit dem Kopfe auf dem Papier hier, das mir in der Beſtürzung in den Händen geblieben iſt. Sie werden ſehen, daß es recht zu Ihrem Glücke in meine Hände gekommen iſt.

Bei dieſen Worten reichte ſie Auroren das Blatt hin, die Folgendes las:

„Herr Juſtizrath! Ihr Rath mag in der Hölle gut ſein, und ich wollte, daß Sie damit zur Hölle gefahren wären, ehe Sie mir ihn gegeben hätten. Der verfluchte Handel läßt mir keine Ruhe, und doch kann ich mein Gewiſſen nicht frei machen, ohne Ehre und Reputation zu verlieren. Was ich indeß mit Ehren thun kann, will ich doch thun. Die beiliegende Anweiſung an die beiden Wildſchützens beträgt ſo viel als die Intereſſen ſeit den drei Jahren von dem Capitale betragen. Laſſen Sie das den Mädchen zukommen, ohne daß ſie erfahren woher. Sie mögen glauben, es ſei von einem unbekannten Wohlthäter. Gern möcht' ich auch dem Franz — —"

Hier brach der Brief ab; die letzten Worte waren undeutlich und ein langer Federſtrich vertrat die Stelle des Schluſſes. Aurora ſteckte ihn ſtillſchweigend zu ſich, nicht ohne Verdruß der Haushälterin, die die Hand ſchon darnach ausgeſtreckt hatte, und von Aurorens Seite den feurigſten Dank erwartet haben mochte. — Dieſes Blatt, ſagte ſie, ihr verkanntes Verdienſt hervorhebend, dieſes Blatt wäre in den Händen des Franz Lizardiere eine Tonne Goldes werth, und wenn ich gegen die Erben des ſeligen Herrn hätte ſchlecht ſein wollen — —

Aber dieſem Blatte, Frau Brandau, ſagte Aurora, fehlt alle Beglaubigung, und die darin erwähnte Anweiſung liegt auch nicht dabei. Ich muß zweifeln, daß es die Hand meines Oheims ſei. —

Und doch iſt es ganz gewiß ſeine Hand, erwiederte die Frau. Sehen Sie hier die Blätter aus den Handelsbüchern; das iſt Lizardiere's Schrift, der ſie geführt hat. Und nun vergleichen Sie damit den Brief! —

Die Aehnlichkeit iſt auffallend, ſagte Aurora. Aber dann könnte ja der Brief auch von dem alten Lizardiere ſein. —

Ach liebes gnädiges Fräulein, rief die Haushälterin, er war ja noch naß, als ich ihn dem ſeligen Herrn unter dem Kopfe vorzog. Es hat ihm Mühe genug gekoſtet, und er hat ſich lange darauf geübt. — Er glaubte nicht, daß ich es bemerkte. Aber Sie ſehen, daß dadurch in dem Handel manches klar wird, und daß, wenn der Franz wüßte, was ich weiß, ſein Glück gemacht wäre. Aber möge mich der Himmel vor einem ſolchen Verrathe bewahren, der mein gutes gnädiges Fräulein in ſo großen Schaden bringen würde. —

Bei dieſen Worten ſah ſie Auroren mit forſchenden Blicken an. Dieſe erröthete, und ein innerer Unwille ſchien ihr Inneres heftig zu bewegen. Doch nahm ſie ſich zuſammen und ſagte: Sie ſoll gut belohnt werden, Frau Brandau; aber unter der Bedingung, daß Sie von Ihrem Geheimniſſe mit Niemandem ſpricht. Hört Sie; mit Niemandem, wer es auch ſei. Nur unter dieſer Bedingung darf Sie auf Belohnung rechnen.

Ei das verſteht ſich, antwortete die Haushälterin, die Aurorens Worte nach ihrem eignen Sinne deutete; wie könnt' ich ſo unbeſonnen ſein, von einer ſo wichtigen Sache ein Wort über meine Zunge gehen zu laſſen! Nehmen Sie nun auch dieſe Papiere zu ſich. Sie können Niemandem mehr nützen. Nun, ich gratulire von Grund der Seele zu der ſchönen Erbſchaft. Werden Sie nicht bald hinauf kommen nach Neurode, um Sie in Empfang zu nehmen? Ich will Ihnen ein Zimmer in Bereitſchaft halten. —

Das werden Andere an meiner Stelle thun, antwortete Aurora, von neuem erröthend. Aber jetzt, Frau Brandau, lebe Sie wohl. Hier iſt Koſtgeld auf drei Monate, und Zehrung für die Rückkehr. Gute Nacht. Alſo vor allen Dingen die tiefſte Verſchwiegenheit.

Die Haushälterin war jetzt im Begriff, unter Glückwünſchen und Dankſagungen wegzugehen, als Aurora ſie zurück rief. Noch Eins! Was hat es mit den Wildſchützens für eine Bewandtniß, von denen in dem Briefe ſteht? Sie ſcheinen auch eingebüßt zu haben. — Das ſind uneheliche Töchter des alten Lizardiere, antwortete die Haushälterin. Wenig Leute wiſſen darum. Der alte Lizardiere hatte in Oberföhringen eine Fabrik und lernte da ihre Mutter kennen, die mit Zwillingen niederkam. Die Sache wurde ſehr geheim gehalten; und nur der ſelige Herr wußte darum, der den Leuten durch die dritte Hand das Alimentengeld ſchicken mußte. Dadurch iſt mir etwas davon kund geworden.

Nach dieſem Zwiegeſpräch entfernte ſich die Haushälterin. Aurora aber ſaß noch lange, die Blicke auf den Boden geheftet, in Gedanken verſunken. Dann ſtand ſie auf, öffnete ihren Schreibtiſch, und, nachdem ſie die empfangenen Papiere aufbewahrt hatte, ſetzte ſie ſich zum Schreiben nieder. Was ſie geſchrieben, wiſſen wir nicht. Aber ihre Wangen färbten ſich mehr als einmal von einer höhern Röthe, und mehr als einmal löſchten Thränen, die von ihren Wangen rollten, die geſchriebenen Worte aus.

* * *

An demſelben Abend gegen Sonnenuntergang ging der alte Förſter Wennhard vom Hagenbruch allein mit ſeinem Hunde durch den Wald, wo er den Tag über Holz angewieſen hatte. Langſam und in tiefen Gedanken ſchritt er nach der Heimath zu; denn er dachte an ſeinen Sohn, der im Auslande ſtand, und länger als gewöhnlich keine Nachricht von ſich gegeben hatte; und es war ihm, als ob ſeine Sehnſucht nach dem einzigen Sohne noch nie ſo heftig geweſen ſei. „Er ſoll mir auch wahrhaftig nach Hauſe, dachte er bei ſich. Es iſt Zeit. Kann ich auch jetzt noch gut auf meinen fünf und ſechzigjährigen Beinen fort, ſo kann das doch nicht mehr ſehr lange dauern. Und ſoll ich den ſchönen Forſt in fremde Hände kommen laſſen, die ihn vielleicht wieder in Unordnung bringen, wie er vor dreißig Jahren war? Das wäre Jammer und Schade. Wird mir aber der Chriſtlieb beigeſetzt, der hat ganz meinen Sinn, und die Sache geht in dem Geleis fort, wie bisher. Auch denk' ich, er wird es mir zu Gefallen thun, und die Franciſke heirathen, wenn er ſieht, was aus dem Mädchen geworden iſt. Eine beſſere Frau findet er auf der Welt nicht mehr. Und wenn er ſchon eine Braut hätte, würd' er es mir geſchrieben haben."

Indem nun der alte Mann ſich mit dieſen und ähnlichen Gedanken beſchäftigte, und den künftigen Haushalt ſeines Sohnes ausmalte, und ihn mit der ſchönen blühenden Frau und einigen rothbäckigen Enkelchen ſchon am Tiſche ſitzen ſah, und bei dem Anblicke dieſer Seelenmalerei die Sehnſucht in eine rechte Seelenfreude überging; ſchlug ſein munterer Hund, der überall herumrevierte, auf einer Waldblöße an, ſteckte den Kopf in das Gebüſch, zog ihn wieder zurück, ſah ſich dann nach ſeinem Herrn um, und erwartete nun mit vorgeſtrecktem Schwanze die Ankunft deſſelben. Dieſer beſchleunigte ſeine Schritte, und als er die Büſche, vor denen der Hund ſtand, ein wenig von einander gezogen hatte, ſah er in dem Dämmerlichte nicht ohne Verwunderung einen Mann in militäriſcher Tracht, deſſen Kopf gegen die Erde geſtützt war, während der rechte Fuß noch an dem niedrigen Zweige einer Birke hing. Es war offenbar, daß er durch einen Sturz von der Höhe in dieſe Stellung gerathen war; wie ſich aber das zugetragen haben mochte, zu unterſuchen, nahm ſich der alte Wennhard jetzt keine Zeit, ſondern bemühte ſich vielmehr, den Verunglückten aus den Büſchen herauszuziehen. Nachdem ihm dieſes mit Anſtrengung gelungen war, ließ er den Hund bei ihm zurück, um Waſſer aus einer benachbarten Quelle zu holen, und da er zurückkam, fand er den Hund beſchäftigt, ihm das Blut vom Geſichte zu lecken. Todt iſt er nicht, ſagte er, und indem er anfing, ihn mit dem kalten Waſſer zu beſprengen und abzuwaſchen, ſchöpfte der Verunglückte wieder Athem, zog mühſam die Augenlieder auf, und fragte, wie einer, der aus einem tiefen Schlafe erwacht: Wo bin ich? — Unter ehrlichen Leuten, antwortete der Förſter. Aber wie kommen Sie hierher? — Ich weiß es nicht, antwortete Moritz noch halb bewußtlos, indem er ſich den Kopf aufzurichten bemühte. Bin ich verwundet? fragte er weiter, als er an dem Taſchentuche des Förſters Blut ſah. — Etwas, wie es ſcheint, von dem Falle. Können Sie gehn? — Ich will es verſuchen. Aber wo bin ich? — Eine kleine halbe Stunde von meinem Forſthauſe. Dahin will ich Sie führen.

Moritz verſuchte nun aufzuſtehn; aber die Füße verſagten ihm den Dienſt. Er hatte den ganzen Tag keine Nahrung zu ſich genommen; die heftige Bewegung des Gemüths, der Hunger, der Verluſt des Blutes, die Betäubung von dem Falle — alles das hatte ihn der Kräfte beraubt. Er verſuchte es noch einmal mit Haſt und Unwillen; aber noch einmal ſanken die Knie unter ihm ein. Der Förſter errieth, was ihm fehlte; zog ein Stück Brod aus dem Ranzen, befeuchtete es mit Branntwein und reichte es ihm hin. Einige Biſſen davon ſtärkten ihn. Er konnte jetzt aufrecht ſtehn, wenn ſchon auf zitternden Knien; dann konnt' er auch, von dem Alten geſtützt, fortſchreiten, obgleich nur langſam. Erſt jetzt fühlte er Schmerzen an ſeinem zerſchlagenen Kopfe, und an andern Theilen, wo er gequetſcht und geſtoßen worden; und ſo wie er ſich der Schmerzen bewußt wurde, kehrte auch die qualvolle Erinnerung an die Ereigniſſe dieſes verhängnißvollen Tages in ſein Gedächtniß zurück.

Schweigend gingen beide und langſam neben einander durch den Wald. Moritz ſchwieg, weil er in düſtre Gedanken verſunken war; der Förſter, weil er es für unbeſcheiden hielt, einen Fremden und Kranken, mit dem ihn der Zufall zuſammengeführt hatte, mit Fragen zu beläſtigen. Nachdem ſie ſo eine Strecke gegangen waren, und die Nacht ſich immer tiefer und tiefer ſenkte, erſchien in der Ferne der Schimmer eines Lichtes, das zwiſchen den Bäumen wankte, bisweilen gänzlich verſchwand, und dann wieder größer hervortrat. — Das ſollte mich doch wundern, ſagte der Förſter vor ſich hin, wenn das nicht Franciſka mit ihrer Laterne wäre! Ja, ja — ſie ſingt, um ſich Muth zu machen. — Franzchen, rief er dann mit lauter Stimme, Franzchen, biſt Du's? — Freilich bin ich es, antwortete eine wohlklingende weibliche Stimme; aber wo bleibt Ihr nur in aller Welt? Ich habe mich ſo geängſtigt. Es iſt auch etwas für Euch angekommen. — Ein Brief von Chriſtlieb etwa? fragte der Alte. — Vielleicht; wenigſtens kömmt er mit der hamburger Poſt. —

Mit dieſen Worten trat Franciſka hinter einem Buſche vor, um den der Weg ſich krümmte, und der die Kommenden verſteckt hatte; wich aber bei dem Anblicke des fremden Mannes ſogleich wieder einen Schritt zurück, und ſagte halblaut: Wer iſt denn der kranke Mann, Vater, den Ihr da mitbringt? — und zugleich wendete ſie ihre Laterne ein wenig nach dem Fremden hin, der die Augen nicht aufſchlug, ſondern haſtig nach ſeinem Begleiter griff; aber eh er ihn erfaſſen konnte, in die Knie und zur Erde ſank. Franciſka erſchrack und bückte ſich ſchnell nach dem Umgeſunkenen, den eine doppelte Nacht umhüllte, und ſie meinte, er wäre todt; aber der Alte ſchickte ſie fort und ſagte: Der Mann iſt ſehr ſchwach, aber Gefahr wird es wohl nicht haben; geh, lauf nach Hauſe, und hol den Spiritus aus dem Wandſchranke. Da hör' ich auch die Burſche; die ſollen herbeikommen. — Während nun Franciſka nach dem nahen Hauſe eilte, pfiff der Alte auf dem Finger; das Zeichen wurde erwiedert; die Hunde ſchlugen an, und nach einigen Augenblicken kamen faſt zu gleicher Zeit zwei Jägerburſche und Franciſka von verſchiedenen Seiten her an. Die Ohnmacht des Unglücklichen dauerte noch. Franciſka kniete neben ihm auf die Erde, öffnete das Glas, goß etwas daraus auf ein Tuch, und rieb ihm die Schläfe damit. Ueber ihn gebeugt hingen ihre langen braunen Locken auf ſeine Stirn herab, und das Licht der Laterne von der Erde her erleuchtete zugleich ihr liebliches Geſicht und das graue ehrwürdige Haupt des alten Wennhard, der neben ihr beſchäftigt war, dem Kranken die Pulſe zu reiben. Zugleich ſtreckten die Hunde von beiden Seiten neugierig ihre Köpfe nach dem fremden Gegenſtande hin, und hielten den Odem an, als ob ſie ein ruhendes Wild bezeichneten.

Die beiden Jägerburſche waren unterdeß auf Befehl ihres Herrn nach dem Forſthauſe gegangen, und kamen eben mit einer Tragbahre wieder an, als Moritz mit einem tiefen Seufzer die Augen wieder öffnete. Starr hefteten ſie ſich auf das Geſicht des Mädchens, das ſich jetzt langſam wieder aufrichtete, und er ſagte mit ſchwacher Stimme: Biſt Du es, Leonore? — Worte, die von den einen nicht gehört, von von den andern nicht beachtet wurden. — Das Gehen hat den Herrn zu ſehr ergriffen, ſagte der Förſter, und half ihm auf die Tragbahre, die nun von den beiden Burſchen in das Forſthaus getragen wurde. Der Alte ging neben her; Franciska beleuchtete vorausſchreitend den Weg; aber oft verweilte ſie, und ſah nach dem Kranken, beſorgt, daß er ihrer Hülfe von neuem bedürfen möchte. Dieſer aber, auf die untergelegten Kiſſen geſtützt, verfolgte mit ſeinen Blicken die zarte und ſchlanke Geſtalt des Mädchens, die von dem Lichte der Laterne nur ſchwach beleuchtet, mehr einem ſchwebenden Geiſte, als einer wandelnden Sterblichen glich.

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Nachdem der Pfarrer von Unterrißlingen zu Hauſe angekommen war, und ſeiner Frau den Erfolg ſeiner Reiſe gemeldet, vorzüglich aber die ihm von Laſſolai gegebenen Verſprechungen und Hoffnungen herausgehoben hatte, vernahm er ſeiner Seits, nicht ohne das größte Erſtaunen, was ſich unterdeſſen im Pfarrhauſe zugetragen, und daß die Nothwendigkeit der Ausſtattung in eine weite und ungewiſſe Ferne gerückt war. — Ei, ſagte er, wenn wir das gewußt hätten, ſo hätt' ich mir den Weg in die Stadt erſparen können. Doch der hat mir auch Segen gebracht; und dabei fielen ſeine Blicke auf den Schatz der mitgebrachten Reformationsſchriften. — Aber wie nannteſt Du vorhin den kranken Offizier? fuhr er fort. — Lizardiere. — Den Namen ſollt' ich ja kennen! — Freilich kennſt Du ihn. Sein Vater kam ja ſonſt bisweilen in unſre Gegend, da er noch die Fabrik in Oberföhringen hatte. — Ah, rief der Pfarrer, iſt es der? Er war reformirter Confeſſion, und ich habe einigemal mit ihm über die Irrlehren des Calviniſchen Glaubens disputirt. Aber ich fand den Mann ſchwach in der Controvers. Nun es ſoll ſeinem Sohne nicht ſchaden, daß er nicht zu unſerer Kirche gehört, und ich bitte Dich, liebes Dortchen, es ihm an nichts fehlen zu laſſen, ohne Rückſicht auf die Verſchiedenheit des Glaubens. Das iſt Menſchen- und Chriſtenpflicht. Aber ſobald es der Arzt erlaubt, will ich ihn beſuchen, und dann ſehen, was im puncto fidei bei ihm zu thun iſt. Das iſt auch wieder meine Pflicht.

Da die Erwähnung des Calvinismus in dem Gedächtniſſe des Pfarrers die Begebenheiten des vorigen Tages wieder aufgefriſcht hatte, erzählte er ſeiner Frau, daß Laſſolai auch ein Calviniſt ſei, was er zu ſpät erfahren, nachdem die Sache mit der Leonore ſchon ſo gut als richtig geweſen. Es iſt Jammer und Schade, ſetzte er hinzu; denn der Mann iſt übrigens brav und freundlich, und überaus gefällig. Gott gebe, daß ſie glücklich mit ihm iſt, und daß ihr zeitliches Wohl nicht das Verderben ihrer Seele nach ſich zieht. Ich für meine Perſon würde mich nie entſchließen, meine Tochter einem Feinde des Lutheriſchen Glaubens zu geben, und wenn er Tonnen Goldes beſäße. Es iſt immer eine große Gewiſſensſache, eine ſolche Vermiſchung des reinen Glaubens zu veranlaſſen, und Unkraut zwiſchen Weizen zu ſäen.

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Einige Tage verſtrichen jetzt, ohne daß ſich etwas merkwürdiges in dem Pfarrhauſe zutrug. Lizardiere's Krankheit ſchien einen guten Gang zu nehmen; es war jetzt gewiß, daß kein edler Theil verletzt war, und die Heilung der Wunde wäre vielleicht ſchnell von Statten gegangen, wäre das Gemüth des Kranken ruhiger geweſen. Mehr als eines bekümmerte ihn, und die Gegenſtände ſeiner Bekümmerniß waren auf mehr als Eine Weiſe verſchlungen. Das Schickſal des Mannes, den man für ſeinen Mörder hielt, war nicht das letzte darunter. Es hätte ihn ſchon geſchmerzt, das Unglück irgend eines Menſchen veranlaßt zu haben, — wie unſchuldig er auch immer dabei hätte ſein mögen — aber für Oſterwald hatte er immer etwas gefühlt, von dem er ſich, wenn er das Betragen des jungen Mannes gegen ihn erwog, ſelbſt kaum Rechenſchaft geben konnte. Wider ſeinen Willen hatte er ſich von ihm entfernt gehalten, aber ohne ihn aus den Augen zu verlieren, oder ohne die Hoffnung aufzugeben, ſeine Geſinnungen umzuwandeln. Er benutzte auf die großmüthigſte Weiſe die Achtung, deren er bei ſeinen Vorgeſetzten genoß, um, wo es nur möglich war, Oſterwald's Tapferkeit und ſeine militäriſchen Kenntniſſe geltend zu machen, und ſeine Fehler zu entſchuldigen. Wäre er von der Demüthigung unterrichtet geweſen, die man zur Beſſerung des hochfahrenden Jünglings für zuträglich hielt, und deren Erfolg ſo verderblich war, ſo iſt nicht zu zweifeln, daß er Alles aufgeboten haben würde, um ſie abzuwenden, und daß es ihm bei der Gewandheit, die er mit dem reinſten Eifer verband, vielleicht gelungen ſein würde.

Das Unglück, daß er von der Hand dieſes jungen Mannes erfahren hatte, deſſen Tugenden durch eine krankhafte Reizbarkeit ſeiner Organiſation verdunkelt wurden, hatte ſeine Geſinnungen nicht verändert, und als er zufällig hörte, daß Oſterwald's Pferd ſich mit der Hälfte des Zeuges und in dem kläglichſten Zuſtande bei dem Regimente eingefunden habe, ſo daß man glauben mußte, der Reiter ſei umgekommen, kränkte es ihn ſchmerzlich, daß er mit dem Haſſe gegen ihn aus der Welt gegangen ſei. Es war ein Zuwachs ſeines Schmerzes, daß er erfuhr, wie nahe Oſterwald mit den wackern Leuten verwandt war, die ihn ſo gaſtfreundlich bei ſich aufgenommen hatten, und obgleich unbekannt mit Klotildens näherem Verhältniſſe zu ſeinem Gegner, ſchien es ihm doch, daß ſeine Nähe Klotilden peinlich, vielleicht verhaßt ſei, da ſie nicht umhin könne, das Schickſal ihres Verwandten in gewiſſer Rückſicht und vielleicht aus dem nemlichen Vorurtheile, das dieſer gegen ihn hegte, auf ſeine Rechnung zu ſchreiben. Noch hatte er Klotilden nicht geſehn. Aber ſchon der Gedanke der Nähe dieſes geliebten Mädchens, auf das er in der Verzweiflung Verzicht gethan, das er aber nie vergeſſen hatte, trieb ihm das Blut ſchneller durch die Adern; und wenn er von fern den Ton ihrer Stimme vernahm, oder ſie von der Mutter mit Namen rufen hörte, ſo erwachten alle Erinnerungen ſeiner erſten Liebe, und ließen eine Schwermuth in ſeiner Seele zurück, welche die phyſiſchen Kräfte niederdrückte und den Fortgang der Cur ſichtbarlich hemmte.

Aurora, die wie ein Schutzengel des Hauſes auf Alles achtete, was Andere bekümmerte, und in dieſer Sorge ſich ſelbſt vergaß, benutzte den erſten ſchicklichen Vorwand, um ſich ihrem kranken Freunde zu nähern. Lizardiere wußte nichts von ihrem Daſein in dieſem Hauſe, und als ſie zum erſtenmal in ſein Zimmer trat, um ihm einen Trank zu reichen, den ſie ſeinem Wärter abgenommen hatte, glaubte er zu träumen, rieb ſich die Augen, und ſtarrte ihre Erſcheinung mehr mit Verwunderung als Freude an. Sie müſſen es einer alten Freundin ſchon verzeihen, ſagte ſie mit ihrer melodiſchen Stimme, wenn ſie ſich zu Ihnen drängt, und ſie glaubt nicht, daß die Arzneimittel, die ſie Ihnen reicht, durch ihre guten Wünſche an Kraft verlieren werden. — Indem Aurora ſo ſprach, griff Lizardiere, ſtatt den dargereichten Trank zu nehmen, nach ihrer Hand, drückte ſie zwiſchen den ſeinigen, und indem er ſie mit feſten brennenden Blicken anſah, ſagte er: Wenn ich hier ſterbe, ſo werden doch liebe Hände meine Augen zudrücken.

Sie werden nicht ſterben, guter Franz, antwortete Aurora, und meine Hände werden Ihnen noch ſo lange Arzneien reichen, bis Ihre Augen wieder ſo heiter werden, wie damals, als Sie mir von Ihren Bekanntſchaften in der Stadt erzählten.

Damals, antwortete der Kranke mit einer ſchmerzlichen Veränderung ſeiner Züge, damals ſtand ich noch auf der Höhe der Hoffnung und träumte von Glück. Dieſe Träume wurden bald darauf zerſtört; und jetzt — —

Und warum ſollen Sie jetzt der Hoffnung entſagen, da Sie noch leben? Und ſollte nicht Ihre jetzige Schwermuth eher ein Traum ſein, als damals Ihre Hoffnung?

Ohne hierauf zu antworten, ſagte Lizardiere, der noch immer Aurorens Hand hielt: Der Zufall hat mich hier in die Nähe einer Perſon gebracht, die mir in jener Zeit ſehr werth wurde. Ich weiß, daß ſie mit Oſterwald nahe verwandt iſt. Sie muß mich haſſen, da er mich haßt, und vielleicht jetzt — — Hat man nichts wieder von ihm gehört? —

Nichts, antwortete Aurora, als was Ihnen der Wundarzt unvorſichtiger Weiſe hinterbracht hat. Er glaubte nicht, daß Sie an dem Schickſale eines Gegners einen ſo freundſchaftlichen Antheil nehmen könnten. Aber Sie irren ſich, wenn ſie glauben, daß die Familie einen Groll gegen Sie hegt; ja, Sie dürfen überzeugt ſein, daß Ihre beſten Freunde keine heißern Wünſche für Ihre Rettung thun, als man in dieſem Hauſe thut.

Auch Klotilde? fragte er nach einigem Zögern. Ich habe bisweilen vermuthet, daß ihr Verhältniß mit Oſterwald noch ein anderes als das der Verwandtſchaft ſein möchte, und in dieſem Falle — —

Der Fall mag ſein wie er will, fiel Aurora lebhaft ein, ſo dürfen Sie nicht einen Augenblick zweifeln, daß Klotildens Wünſche mit den Wünſchen der Uebrigen zuſammenſtimmen. Ja, wäre es denn ein Wunder, wenn ſie ſogar noch lebhafter wären, da Sie zu ihren frühern Bekanntſchaften gehören?

Lizardiere ſah Auroren mit zweifelnden Blicken an, und da ſie treuherzig hinzuſetzte: Glauben Sie mir nur. Ich täuſche Sie nicht — drückte er ihre Hand mit Innigkeit und ſagte: Dieſes Wort ſtärkt mich mehr als jede Arznei. — Dann ſchwieg er eine Zeitlang, als ob er in Gedanken verloren ſei; und auf dem Rücken liegend die Blicke an die Decke geheftet, ſagte er leiſe vor ſich hin: Und vielleicht iſt doch Alles nur Täuſchung gutmüthigen Wohlwollens gegen einen ſterbenden Freund!

Sie thun ſich und mir Unrecht, ſagte Aurora, die ſeine leiſen Worte doch vernommen hatte, und ich darf hinzuſetzen, Klotilden noch mehr als mir. Wünſchen Sie meine Verſicherung aus ihrem Munde beſtätigt zu hören? Ich glaube nicht, daß, wenn es der Arzt erlaubt, ſie Bedenken tragen wird, mit ihrer Mutter hieher zu kommen.

Von dieſer Verheißung überraſcht, wollte der Kranke ſich zu der Sprechenden wenden, aber ſich und ſeinen Zuſtand vergeſſend, ſtieß er bei der Schnelligkeit ſeiner Bewegung gegen den Verband ſeiner Wunde, und ſank von Schmerz überwältigt, bewußtlos zurück. Beſtürzt rief Aurora um Hülfe, und Klotilde, die ſich in der Nähe befand, und bei der Gefahr des geliebten Freundes jede andere Rückſicht vergaß, ſtürzte herein. Ihre Blicke fielen auf den Erblaßten. Ungeordnet hingen ſeine ſchwarzen Locken um die todtenbleiche Stirn; und mit den eingefallnen Wangen, vom Fieber verzehrt, mit blutloſen Lippen, ſchien er einem Todten gleich. In bewußtloſem Schmerz ſank ſie an ſeinem Lager nieder, und brach in Klagen über den Tod des Mannes aus, den ſie allein auf Erden geliebt, und für den ſie ihr Leben gegeben haben würde, um das ſeine zu retten. — Ach, rief ſie aus, wie gern wär' ich an Deiner Stelle geſtorben, wenn Du es auch erſt nach meinem Tode erfahren hätteſt. Nun biſt Du todt, und weißt nicht, wie ſehr ich Dich geliebt habe!

Die Bemühungen des Wärters und Aurorens hatten indeß das fliehende Leben des Kranken zurückgerufen, und in dem Augenblicke, wo Klotilde jene Worte ſprach, kehrte er zum Bewußtſein zurück. Er hatte ſeinen Namen, er hatte die Stimme der Troſtloſen gehört, und der erſte Gegenſtand, den er erblickte, war die Geliebte, die an ſeinem Lager kniete und verzweifelnd die Hände rang. — Er lebt, rief Aurora, die ſich Klotilden an die Bruſt warf, Gott lob, er lebt! — Klotilde ſprang auf, und nachdem ſie ſich durch einen Blick von ſeinem Erwachen überzeugt hatte, eilte ſie mit emporgehobenen Händen und ſchamglühendem Geſicht aus dem Zimmer.

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Dieſer Zufall hatte das Verhältniß der Liebenden mit einemmale in ein klares Licht geſetzt. Lizardiere konnte nicht mehr an Klotildens Liebe zweifeln, und Klotilde erfuhr durch Auroren, wie treu er ihr immer ergeben geweſen, und wie nur die Ueberzeugung von ihrer Liebe die glückliche Kriſis hervorgebracht habe, von welcher der Arzt die beſten Folgen verſprach. Da dieſer aber äußere und innere Ruhe als die unerläßliche Bedingung der Cur wiederholt und auf das dringendſte empfohl, und dadurch ein zweiter Beſuch von Klotilden ſich von ſelbſt verbot, wenn ſie auch ihre jungfräuliche Blödigkeit hätte überwinden können, ſo beſchränkte ſich jetzt der Verkehr der Liebenden wieder auf das, was ihnen Aurora gegenſeitig mittheilte.

Aurora hatte ſich durch die ſtille Aufmerkſamkeit, und durch die beſonnene Ruhe, mit der ſie für Alles ſorgte, die Gunſt des bejahrten Arztes gewonnen, ſo daß er ſich mit ſeinen Vorſchriften bald an Niemanden wendete, als an ſie, und den Wärter des Kranken ihren Anordnungen unbedingt unterwarf. Lizardiere befand ſich hierbei in jeder Rückſicht gut. Die treue Pflegerin war ihm auch eine treue Botin der Liebe, und eine theilnehmende, geiſtreiche Geſellſchafterin. Da ſie ihn, wie wir ſchon oben geſagt haben, in früherer Zeit oft geſehn und in dem Hauſe ihrer Tante Umgang mit ihm gehabt hatte, ſo bot die Erinnerung der Vergangenheit, das Intereſſe der Gegenwart und die Ausſicht auf die Zukunft einen reichen Stoff zu Unterhaltungen, denen Aurorens Wohlwollen ein erquickendes Nepenthe von ſtiller Freude und heitern Hoffnungen beizumiſchen verſtand.

So lange nun Lizardiere wegen ſeiner Wunde noch in Gefahr war — was nur wenige Tage dauerte — beſchäftigte ihn nichts als der Wunſch, Klotilden ſein Herz zu entdecken, und aus ihrem Munde die Beſtätigung deſſen zu hören, was er bisweilen nur geträumt zu haben glaubte; aber als die Gefahr verſchwand, fing er an, ſich wieder mit Zweifeln zu quälen. Wenn auch Klotilde, dachte er, ihre frühere Verbindung löſt, und wenn ihre Eltern verſtatten ſollten, was ſie kaum verſtatten können, was hab' ich Klotilden jetzt mehr anzubieten, als damals, da ich mich ihr zu entſagen entſchloß? Der Kriegsdienſt hat den kleinen Reſt meiner Habe aufgezehrt; ich kehre arm und entblößt zurück; und wenn der Friede geſchloſſen und das Heer aufgelöſt iſt, werd' ich mich glücklich ſchätzen müſſen, in irgend einem Landſtädtchen mit halbem Solde ein kärgliches und dunkles Daſein zu führen. Wäre das ein Loos für Klotilden? Könnte ich es mir verzeihen, ihre Liebe ſo zu mißbrauchen, daß ich ſie zur Theilnehmerin an meinem Elende machte? Was bleibt mir übrig, als ihr zum zweitenmale zu entſagen, und jetzt mit deſto größerem Schmerz, da ich von ihrer Liebe weiß? Aber es muß ſein. Ehre und Liebe gebieten mir dieſes Opfer, und wenn es mir auch das Leben koſten ſollte.

Dieſen Entſchluß, das Reſultat eines ſchweren Kampfes, hielt er vor Auroren verborgen, weil es ihm unzart ſchien, ſeiner Armuth gegen die Erwähnung zu thun, deren Oheim ihn in dieſe Lage verſetzt hatte. Zwei Tage lang hielt er ſeinen Vorſatz. Aber Aurorens Blicken, die, von Natur ſcharf und eindringend, durch die Theilnahme der Freundſchaft noch mehr geſchärft wurden, entging der Zwang nicht, den er ſich anthat, und der mit der offnen Vertraulichkeit der vorhergehenden Tage in Widerſpruch ſtand. Da er von Klotilden zu ſprechen vermied, ſo hätte ſie vermuthen können, daß irgend ein Argwohn ſich ſeines Herzens bemächtigt hätte. Aber was in aller Welt hätte dieſen Argwohn erzeugen ſollen? oder was hätte ihn abhalten können, ihr auch dieſen zu entdecken, ſo wie er ihr ſein ganzes Herz geöffnet hatte? Sie ſann die ganze Nacht, und da ſie das Wahre zu ahnen anfing, konnte ſie den Tag nicht vorübergehen laſſen, ohne Gewißheit zu bekommen. — Freuen Sie ſich, ſagte ſie, nachdem ſie, wie gewöhnlich, Platz an ſeinem Lager genommen hatte; freuen Sie ſich. Unſer lieber Arzt, der leider noch immer das Zimmer hüten muß, hat mir auf meinen Bericht geantwortet, daß Sie morgen Ihr Bett unbedenklich einige Stunden verlaſſen dürften, um ſich allmählig an das Leben eines Geſunden zu gewöhnen. Ich habe dieß Ihren Hausgenoſſen angekündigt, die ſchon lange auf den Tag geharrt haben, wo ſie Ihnen ihre Freude über die glückliche Rettung Ihres Lebens bezeigen können. Auch Klotilde wird Sie beſuchen.

Klotilde, ſagen Sie? rief Lizardiere mit freudigem Erröthen aus. Sie glauben —

Warum nicht, erwiederte Aurora, wenn es Ihnen Freude macht?

Der Gedanke, Klotilden zu ſehen, hatte den armen Kranken im erſten Augenblick ſo freudig überraſcht, daß er ſeinen Vorſatz vergaß; aber im zweiten kehrte der gehemmte Strom ſeiner ſchmerzhaften Zweifel mit neuer Gewalt zurück. Er ſchwieg; eine Wolke von Traurigkeit zog über ſein kaum noch ſo heiteres Angeſicht; dann heftete er einen langen trüben Blick auf Auroren, und ſagte: „Ich wollte ſchweigen; aber ich fühle, daß ich es nicht länger vermag. Ach, Aurora, meine gütige, meine großmüthige Freundin, Sie wollten mir eine Freude bereiten; aber Sie wiſſen nicht, daß dieſes arme gequälte Herz der Freude nicht mehr empfänglich iſt.“ — Und nun erzählte er ihr Alles; wie er mit ſich gekämpft, wie Liebe und Pflicht ſich um ſein Herz geſtritten, und wie er endlich zu dem nothwendigen Entſchluſſe gelangt ſei, eben an der Schwelle ſeines Glückes umzukehren. Sein Vorſatz, ſetzte er hinzu, ſtehe feſt; er werde nun auch Kraft in ſich finden, ihn auszuführen; nur darüber könne er noch nicht zu einem Entſchluſſe kommen, wie er die Trennung bewirken könne, ohne Klotildens Herz zu verwunden.

Und Sie ſchmeicheln ſich in der That, ſagte Aurora, einen Weg zu finden, dieſes möglich zu machen?

Lizardiere ſchwieg.

Und wenn ſie nun keinen fänden, wie Sie denn zuverläſſig keinen finden können, was wird dann aus ihrem Entſchluſſe werden? Aber laſſen Sie uns hiervon abbrechen. Ein Kranker muß dem Augenblicke leben, und ſich ſo wenig als möglich um die Zukunft bekümmern. Morgen empfangen Sie Klotildens Beſuch, und freuen ſich heute darauf, ohne an etwas anderes zu denken; und wenn Sie bis zu Ihrer völligen Geneſung noch dieſelben Geſinnungen hegen, ſo will ich nicht mit Ihnen ſtreiten, ſondern Ihnen ſogar bei der Ausführung Ihres paradoxen Entſchluſſes nach meinen Kräften beiſtehn. Uebrigens verſprechen Sie mir, über dieſen Gegenſtand kein Geheimniß vor mir zu haben.

Durch dieſes Geſpräch erleichtert, wenn ſchon nicht beruhigt, reichte Lizardiere ſeiner Freundin die Hand. Die Erwartung eines glücklichen Tages erhob ſich in ſeinem Herzen, und aus ſeinen, eben erſt ſo trüben Augen, leuchtete der Strahl der Hoffnung, der ihm ohne ſeinen Willen in das Herz gefallen war.

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Ehe wir die Geſchichte dieſes Paares, das wir getroſt der Obhut ſeines Schutzengels überlaſſen dürfen, weiter verfolgen, mußten wir in das Forſthaus zurückkehren, wo Martin zu Bett gebracht, und durch einige ſtärkende Mittel ſo weit hergeſtellt war, daß ihm nur der Schmerz an den gequetſchten und zerſtoßenen Stellen ſeines Leibes übrig blieb.

Nicht eher, als bis für Alles geſorgt, jede der beſchädigten Stellen ſorgfältig unterſucht und Umſchläge darum gelegt worden waren — was der erfahrne Wennhard Alles ſelbſt beſorgte — übertrug dieſer die fernere Wartung und Bewachung des Kranken für den Reſt der Nacht dem älteſten ſeiner Jägerburſche, und zog ſich in ſeine Wohnſtube zurück, wo ihn Franciska und eine dampfende Suppe erwartete.

Nun ruht aus, Vater, ſagte Franciska, indem ſie ihm den Hausrock und die Schlafmütze reichte. Es iſt Euch ſauer geworden, und ſchon ſpät an der Zeit. Wer aber nur der fremde Herr ſein mag? Es iſt mir immer, als müßte ich ihn ſchon einmal geſehn haben. —

Wir werden das ſchon zu ſeiner Zeit von ihm ſelbſt erfahren, erwiederte der Alte, indem er die dargebotenen Kleidungsſtücke anlegte. Daß er ein Offizier iſt, zeigt der Rock; auch iſt er zu Pferd durch den Wald gekommen, wie ich aus der Spur geſehn habe, und das Pferd mag mit ihm durchgegangen ſein; denn es hat gewaltige Sätze gemacht. Jetzt aber laß uns ein gutes Wort ſprechen, und zum Eſſen ſchreiten.

Bei dieſen Worten entblößte der Alte ſein graues Haupt und ſprach ein kurzes Tiſchgebet, dem Franciska noch eines beifügte, das ſie mit einem Kuß beſchloß. Als die Suppe ſtillſchweigend verzehrt war, ſagte der Förſter: Aber ſieh doch, Kind, wie wir das Beſte vergeſſen haben! Den Brief von Chriſtlieb.

Franciska ſtand auf und langte einen Brief vom Schranke herab, indem ſie ſagte: Chriſtlieb's Hand iſt es nicht; er iſt auch nicht mit dem Hirſchchen geſiegelt; aber Retra ſteht darauf, wie auf den andern Briefen. — Nun Gott gebe nur, daß ihn kein Unglück betroffen hat, ſagte der Alte, indem er nach dem Briefe griff. Es iſt die Hand ſeines Herrn, ſetzte er hinzu. Da, Franzchen, lies Du mir ihn vor; ich kann bei Licht Geſchriebenes nicht gut erkennen.

Franciska brach das Siegel auf, und indem ſie die erſten Zeilen mit ſchnellen Blicken überlief, zitterte das Blatt in ihrer Hand, und ſie ſagte: Vater, ich glaube, Ihr werdet beſſer thun, den Brief erſt Morgen zu leſen. — Sie ſagte das aber mit bebenden Lippen, und ſo, daß man ſehen konnte, ſie thue ſich große Gewalt an.

Der alte Mann, der mit geſpannter Erwartung dem Vorleſen des Briefes entgegengeſehen hatte, fuhr bei dieſen Worten zuſammen, und ergriff Franciskens Arm, als ob er ſich an ihr feſt halten wollte, faßte ſich aber ſogleich wieder und ſagte: Der langerſehnte Brief enthält alſo eine Trauerpoſt? Verbirg ſie mir nicht, mein liebes Kind. Sie wird durch den Aufſchub nicht beſſer. Iſt mein Chriſtlieb krank? — Franciska drückte ſchweigend beide Hände gegen die Augen, und ihre Thränen drängten ſich durch die verſchränkten Finger. — Er iſt alſo todt? fragte der Alte weiter, indem ſein Haupt auf die Bruſt ſank. — Da ſprang Franciska auf, warf ihre Arme dem Greis um den Hals, und ſagte mit erſtickter Stimme: Ach, armer Vater, Ihr habt keinen Sohn mehr.

Als dieſes entſcheidende Wort ausgeſprochen, und der letzte Funke der Hoffnung dadurch ausgelöſcht war, faßte der Greis mit zitternder Hand an das Haupt und ſagte: So ſoll denn der graue Kopf mit Trauer beladen zur Grube fahren, und fremde Hände ſollen die Augen zudrücken, die ſo oft für ihn gewacht haben! Wie iſt denn der gute Junge geſtorben? Sage mir Alles! Hat er wohl noch vor ſeinem Ende an ſeinen alten Vater gedacht, der ſich ſo ſehr nach ihm ſehnte?

Franciska ſchwieg einige Augenblicke. Ihr heftiges Weinen hemmte die Rede. Ach, Vater, Vater! war Alles was ſie ſagen konnte. — Es iſt ihm alſo wohl ein großes und ſchweres Unglück begegnet? Quäle mich nicht durch Zurückhalten. Lies mir den ganzen Brief. Gott wird mir Stärke geben, auch das Schwerſte zu ertragen.

Franciska las mit bebender Stimme, die oft durch Thränen gänzlich erſtickt wurde. Der Brief fing mit Lobſprüchen des jungen Mannes an, von ſeinem ſtillen Wandel, ſeiner Frömmigkeit, der Unverdroſſenheit endlich, mit der er ſeine Pflicht geübt, und wie eben das die Urſache ſeines traurigen Todes geworden. „Nicht anders, hieß es weiter, als ob er eine Ahnung von ſeinem Schickſale gehabt hätte, bezeigte er in den letzten Wochen eine große Sehnſucht nach der Heimath, und bat mich zu wiederholtenmalen, ihm im Herbſte auf einen Monat Urlaub zu geben, um ſeinen alten Vater zu beſuchen, von dem er oft Nachts träume, was ihn ſehr traurig mache, weil er fürchte ihn bald zu verlieren. — Seine Bitte war ihm zugeſagt worden, und er hatte ſich ſehr auf die frohe Ueberraſchung gefreut, die er ſeinem Vater dadurch zu bereiten gedachte. Schon war der Tag der Abreiſe beſtimmt, als er noch mit einem ſeiner Cameraden, ſeinem beſten Freunde, in das Holz geht. Da ſie nach verſchiedenen Richtungen hin ſchießen hören, trennen ſie ſich, die Wilddiebe aufzuſuchen. Chriſtlieb ſtößt auf einen, ruft ihn an und bedroht ihn; aber eh' er ſich ſeiner bemächtigen kann, fällt ein Schuß in ſeinen Rücken und tödtet ihn. Sein Gefährte eilt ſchnell herbei; aber alle Hülfe iſt umſonſt. Chriſtlieb ſtirbt in den Armen ſeines Freundes, indem er ihm mit einem Händedruck ſagt: Nun trete ich alſo meine Reiſe an. Laß meinen alten Vater grüßen. Gott helfe ihm auch das zu überwinden!“

Bei dieſen Worten verbarg der Greis ſein Geſicht und weinte und ſchluchzte. Ach mein Sohn, rief er aus, mein guter Sohn! Du warſt mir immer ein gutes und liebes Kind, und recht nach meinem Herzen. Du ſollteſt die Stütze meines Alters ſein. Ach, meine ſchönen Hoffnungen! —

In der Nachſchrift des Briefes hieß es, der muthmaßliche Mörder ſey ſo eben eingebracht worden, und werde der verdienten Strafe nicht entgehen. „Euer Sohn iſt alſo nicht ungerächt gefallen, hieß es weiter, ſo wie auch nicht unbeweint. Kein Aug' iſt hier im ganzen Orte trocken geblieben, als er zu Grabe getragen wurde, und es wurden mehr Kränze gebracht, als auf dem Sarge Platz hatten.“

Gott hat ihn in ſeinem Beruf ſterben laſſen, ſchluchzte der Greis, auf den die letzten Zeilen des Brief's heilſam wirkten; hart für mich, bei dieſen hohen Jahren, und er in der Blüthe der Jugend! Er war gerecht vor Gott und geliebt bei den Menſchen. Recht das Ebenbild ſeiner ſeligen Mutter. Auch die freundlichen Augen hatt' er wie ſie, und ihr ganzes Gemüth. Hätt' ich Dich doch nur einmal an das alte Herz drücken können! Dann wär' ich ja mit Freuden zur Grube gefahren.

Nach dieſen Worten verſank der alte Mann in ein tiefes Schweigen, und ſaß lange, den Kopf zur Bruſt geſenkt, während ihn Franciska mit dem Arm um ſeine Schultern ſtützte. Dann richtete er ſich ein wenig auf, und Augen und Hände zum Himmel erhebend, ſagte er: „Der Herr hat's gegeben, der Herr hat's genommen“ — und nach einer kleinen Weile ſetzte er ſeufzend hinzu: „Der Name des Herrn ſei gelobt! Wir müſſen ja in Allem, was uns begegnet, Gottes Willen verehren, wenn es uns auch hart fällt. Er legt uns eine Laſt auf, aber er hilft uns auch. Ich will alſo nicht gegen meinen himmliſchen Vater murren, daß er mir nun auch das Liebſte genommen hat, was ich auf Erden beſaß; ſondern ich will ihm danken, daß er mich eine ſolche Freude doch ſo lange hat genießen laſſen. Und wie lange kann es dauern, ſo ſehen wir uns dort droben wieder.“

Der Gott ergebene Greis ſagte dieſe Worte mit gebrochener Stimme. Die Thränen rieſelten über ſeine Wangen und ſeinen grauen Bart, und benetzten Franciskens Angeſicht, das an dem ſeinigen ruhte. — Gott wird Euch tröſten, ſagte ſie weinend; und ſeht, ſchon hat ſein Gericht den Böſewicht eingeholt, der Euren Chriſtlieb ermordet hat.

Ich weiß nicht, erwiederte der Greis, ob ich mir das ſoll einen Troſt ſein laſſen. Es iſt ſchon recht, daß böſe Thaten geſtraft werden; aber wird mein Unglück dadurch geringer, daß ein Anderer, und mit ihm vielleicht eine ganze Familie unglücklich wird? Ich will kein Unrecht entſchuldigen — Gott behüte mich davor! — aber, Kind, es giebt viele Dinge, die einen Menſchen zu den Allerunſeligſten treiben können: Hab' ich doch ſelbſt dergleichen erfahren.

Er ſchwieg hierauf ein wenig; dann fuhr er fort: Ich kann Dir Eines erzählen, das auch auf mein Leben Einfluß gehabt hat. — Das wird uns auf andere Gedanken bringen. — Zu der Zeit, wo ich hier auf den Forſt kam, war der Wilddiebſtahl durch die Unachtſamkeit meines Vorgängers ganz allgemein. Ich war jung, voll Dienſteifers und feſt entſchloſſen, die Ordnung wieder herzuſtellen. Es gelang mir, einige der verwegenſten Diebe zur Haft zu bringen, und ſchon glaubte ich, meines Forſtes Meiſter zu ſein, als ich eines Abends auf dem Anſtande einen Schuß in meiner Nähe fallen hörte. Ich eile der Gegend zu, und hole bald einen Mann ein, der mit dem geſchoſſenen Wilde auf der Schulter ſich nur mühſam fortzuſchleppen ſchien. Als ich ihn anrief, ließ er ſeine Beute fallen, und verſuchte zu fliehen, und da er bald inne wurde, daß ihm dieſes nicht gelingen würde, rüſtete er ſich zum Widerſtande. Ich rief ihm zu, ſich zu ergeben, indem ich auf ihn zu ſchießen drohte. Da warf er ſein Gewehr zur Erde, und erwartete mich, und ich ſah die hagere, blaſſe, abgemergelte Geſtalt eines Mannes von mittlern Jahren, ein Bild des Hungers, des Elends und der Verzweiflung. Schießt mich todt, rief er mir mit hohler Stimme zu, als ich ihm nahe trat, ſo bin ich meines Elends los, und meine armen Würmer könnt' Ihr dann mit mir in Ein Loch ſcharren; ſo hat's ein Ende. — Dieſe Worte, die Stimme des Mannes und ſein ganzes Anſehn, das durch das Dämmerlicht noch furchtbarer wurde, entwaffnete mich. — Wer ſeid Ihr? ſagt' ich. — Ein Bettler, antwortete er, der mit einer Frau und fünf Kindern Hungers ſtirbt, und weil er ſie nicht verſchmachten ſehen will, für ſie ſtiehlt. — Ich fragte weiter nach ſeinem Aufenthalte, und da Alles an ihm für die Wahrheit ſeiner verzweiflungsvollen Ausſage zeugte, begleitete ich ihn nach ſeiner Wohnung, einer armſeligen Köhlerhütte, die unter einem überhängenden Felſen von wenigen Brettern zuſammengenagelt, nur einen geringen Schutz gegen die rauhe Jahreszeit bot. Ich trat hinein, und nie werd' ich den Anblick vergeſſen, der ſich mir hier darbot. Eine ſterbende Frau in Lumpen gehüllt, auf dürrem Laube liegend und ohne Zudeck; vier nackte Kinder wimmernd in den Winkeln kauernd; ein etwas erwachſeneres Mädchen, das an dem Lager der Sterbenden auf ſeinen Ferſen ſaß, und in Thränen zerfließend den Kopf der ſtöhnenden Mutter ſtützte. Kein Geräth, kein Kleidungsſtück, keine Spur von Lebensmitteln war zu ſehn; in der Höhle eines wilden Thiers ſind mehr Mittel der Bequemlichkeit zu finden, als man hier erblickte. — Mit Entſetzen über dieſen Anblick fuhr ich in meine Taſche, wo ich zum Glück ein Stück Brod und einen Reſt von Branntwein fand, was ich dem unglücklichen Hausvater in die Hand legte. Bei dem Anblicke des Brodes drängten ſich die vier nackten Kinder herbei, und die größere Tochter blickte mit unbeſchreiblicher Sehnſucht darnach hin, ohne doch den Platz neben der Mutter zu verlaſſen. Nie werd' ich die entſetzliche Gier vergeſſen, mit der dieſe Unglücklichen die mit dem Branntwein befeuchteten Biſſen verſchlangen, wobei der Vater allein leer ausging. Ich lief nun ſpornſtreichs nach dem nächſten Dorfe, brachte einige Lebensmittel und Lumpen zuſammen, und eilte damit belaſtet nach der Hütte des Elends zurück. Es war unterdeſſen Nacht geworden. Ich machte Feuer an und theilte jetzt bei dem Scheine eines Kienholzes meine Gaben aus, ſorgend, daß die Hungrigen nicht zu gierig aßen. Der Vater wurde jetzt auch bedacht. Es ging dabei ganz ſtill und ſtumm her, und nur das älteſte Mädchen bat die kranke Mutter, doch auch etwas zu ſich zu nehmen, und hielt ihr den Biſſen an den Mund; aber das arme Weib wendete das Geſicht ab, und weigerte ſich die dargebotene Nahrung zu nehmen. Da fielen die Thränen des guten Kindes darauf, und es verſchlang den ſo befeuchteten Biſſen ſelbſt. Dieſes Kind iſt nachher meine Frau und meines Chriſtliebs Mutter geworden, und nie hat ſie ihr frühes Elend vergeſſen, ſondern iſt immer eine Mutter der Armen geweſen. Der Vater war ein rechtlicher Mann, und durch die ſchändlichſten Verleumdungen und Ränke aus dem Dienſte und in das tiefe Elend gekommen, und es war mir von Gott beſchieden, ihn wieder zu Ehren zu bringen. Auch die andern Kinder haben ihr reichliches Auskommen, vornehmlich das jüngſte von Allen, der Laſſolei, bei dem Deine Schweſter iſt. Der war auch immer mein Liebling, und iſt jetzt ein ſchwerer und ehrenfeſter Mann.

Die Erinnerung an dieſe Begebenheit und an den glücklichen Erfolg, den ſeine Bemühungen gehabt hatten, wirkten höchſt wohlthätig auf das tief betrübte Gemüth des alten Mannes; denn von allen Mitteln, die einen Menſchen zu beruhigen vermögen, giebt es keines, das eine größere Kraft hätte, als die Erinnerung an das Gute, das er Andern ohne Nebenabſicht erwieſen hat. Auch das Andenken an ſeine Frau war dadurch auf das lebhafteſte erweckt worden, und die Erinnerung an das ſtille Glück, das er in ihrem Beſitze genoſſen hatte, öffnete in ſeiner Bruſt die Quellen jenes aus Luſt und Schmerz wunderbar gemiſchten Gefühls, das ſo wirkſam iſt, die Widerhaken eines heftigen Schmerzes abzuſtumpfen. Franciska, deren Aufmerkſamkeit dieſe Wirkung nicht entging, wußte ihn, ſo oft ſich ſeine Blicke wieder auf den unglücklichen Tod ſeines Sohnes richten wollten, mit ſanfter Hand nach einem der entfernter liegenden Blumenſtücke ſeiner Jugend hinzuleiten, ſo daß ihn allmählig die Müdigkeit überſchlich, und er ſich, nachdem er noch einmal nach ſeinem Kranken geſehn, und dem Wächter Aufmerkſamkeit empfohlen hatte, zum Schlafe niederlegte.

* * *

Als Franciska am folgenden Morgen aufſtand, fand ſie den Alten ſchon wach und ſich zum Ausgehen bereitend. Wollt Ihr denn auch heute auf's Revier? fragte ſie nach dem Morgengruße. — „Du meinſt wohl wegen der Trauerpoſt von geſtern? erwiederte der alte Mann. Ich kann draußen meinen Gedanken ſo gut nachhängen wie zu Hauſe, und ich habe es mehr als einmal erfahren, wenn ich recht tief betrübt war, daß die Bäume tröſtlich zu mir ſprachen. Oder glaubſt Du wohl, Kind, daß es mich beruhigen könnte, wenn ich mein Amt verſäumte, während mein Chriſtlieb in dem ſeinigen geſtorben iſt?“ — Und nachdem er ihr befohlen hatte, für den Kranken zu ſorgen, verließ er das Haus, um das den Tag vorher begonnene Geſchäft zu endigen.

Der Jägerburſche, welcher die Wache bei dem Kranken gehabt hatte, meldete jetzt Francisken, der Herr habe die Nacht ſehr unruhig zugebracht, klage aber wenig über äußere Schmerzen; es ſcheine ihm vielmehr eine große Angſt auf der Seele zu liegen. Er ſei oft bei einem geringen Geräuſche aufgefahren, und habe dann genau nach der Lage des Hauſes, der umliegenden Gegend, der Entfernung von der Hauptſtraße und dergleichen gefragt. Auch von der Jungfer, die ihm geſtern geleuchtet, habe er wiſſen wollen, ob ſie die Tochter des Hauſes ſei und ob ſie nicht Leonore heiße.

Franciska erinnerte ſich jetzt der Worte, die der Fremde bei ſeinem Erwachen geſprochen, und ſie fing an zu vermuthen, daß er ſie mit ihrer Zwillingsſchweſter verwechſelt habe. Auch fuhr ihr der Gedanke durch die Seele, ob er nicht etwa der Geſpiele ihrer Jugend ſei. Dieſe Vermuthung beſtätigte ſich, je mehr ſie ihr nachhing; und bei der erſten Zuſammenkunft erkannten beide gegenſeitig, ob gleich mit ſehr verſchiedenen Gefühlen, den Gegenſtand ihrer kindiſchen Neigungen.

Dieſer Umſtand, der das über Oſterwald's Gemüth ruhende Dunkel mit einem Strahle der Freude vergoldete, der aber ſchnell wieder erloſch, führte nach kurzem Zuſammenſein das Vertrauen herbei. Der Unglückliche, von dem Bewußtſein ſeiner That, der Furcht vor Entdeckung, und dem Mangel an Mitteln zur Flucht gequält, theilte der alten, wohlwollenden Freundin ſein Geheimniß mit, und ſuchte in ſeiner Bedrängniß Rath bei ihr. So gedemüthigt war dieſes ſtolze und hochfahrende Herz durch die Ereigniſſe weniger Stunden, daß er den Beiſtand eines Mädchens ſuchte, und ihren Troſt und das Verſprechen, ſich ſeiner aus allen Kräften anzunehmen, mit Dankbarkeit empfing. „Wie glücklich wäre ich geweſen, ſagte er, wenn ich in jenem unſeligen Zweikampfe gefallen wäre, oder wenn mir nachher der Sturz mit dem Pferde das Leben genommen hätte! Nun iſt mir nichts als das armſeligſte Daſein übrig, wo ich, von der ſchmählichſten Furcht niedergehalten, mein Haupt nie mehr werde erheben können.“

Franciska war auf das tiefſte von dem Unglücke ihres alten Freundes gerührt, deſſen ganze Schuld ſie noch nicht kannte — denn von der Veranlaſſung ſeines Ehrenhandels hatte er nicht mit ihr geſprochen — aber entſchloſſen wie ſie war, verlor ſie die Zeit nicht mit eiteln Troſtworten, die oft nur von der Verpflichtung zu tröſtenden Thaten loskaufen ſollen, ſondern dachte mit Ernſt auf das, was Noth that. „Für's erſte, ſagte ſie, iſt es nicht ſchwer, hier verborgen zu bleiben. Denn Niemand wird Euch in dem einſamen Forſthauſe aufſuchen. Dann aber müſſen wir dem Vater, wenn er zurückkommt, Alles entdecken; der wird auch für das Uebrige Rath ſchaffen. Wegen Eurer Sicherheit laßt Euch alſo nicht bange ſein, und wenn Ihr nur — —“ Sie wollte hinzuſetzen: und wenn Ihr nur Eure ſchwere That vergeſſen könnt — aber ſie änderte ihre Rede und ſagte: Und vielleicht wird Alles noch beſſer gehn, als Ihr jetzo glauben mögt.

Moritz reichte Francisken ſeufzend die Hand, und ſank wieder in die tiefe Schwermuth zurück, die ſich wie ein düſteres Gewölk über ein belaſtetes Gewiſſen wälzt. Franciska fühlte in ſeine Seele, und da ſie jetzt nichts weiter für ihn thun konnte, ſuchte ſie ihn zum Sprechen zu bringen, wohl wiſſend, daß nichts den harten quälenden Schmerz beſſer lindert als Mittheilung. Es mißlang ihr nicht. Wie die Berührung einer weiblichen Hand körperlichen Wunden ſo heilſam iſt, ſo legt ſich die weibliche Rede mild und wohlthätig an ein verwundetes Herz, und wehrt der Verzweiflung, indem ſie den fliehenden Glauben an menſchliche Theilnahme zurückführt. Moritz ſprach von den Tagen ſeiner Kindheit, von ſeinen Gefühlen, ſeinen Wünſchen und Hoffnungen; und da er vom Unglück gedemüthigt, jetzt mehr er ſelbſt war, als in den Tagen ſeines ſtolzen Glückes, ſprach er wahrer, inniger und offenherziger, als er je gethan. Er bemerkte jetzt, nicht ohne Verwunderung, daß das Bild der Zwillingsſchweſtern und ſeine kindiſche Liebe zu ihnen nie in ſeinem Herzen erloſchen war, und erinnerte ſich der Zeit, wo er mit ſchwankender Neigung zwiſchen beiden auf die einfältige Einrichtung geſcholten hatte, die nicht mehr als Eine Frau zu nehmen erlaubt, und ſich deshalb vorgenommen hatte, ein Türke zu werden. Allmählig aber hatte ſich ſeine Neigung für Francisken entſchieden. An dem Tage, wo ihre Mutter begraben worden, und ſie nicht aufhören konnte zu weinen, ſetzte er ſich zu ihr, faßte ſie bei der Hand und ſagte: Gieb Dich zufrieden, Franzchen! Ich habe Dich lieb, und wenn ich einen

Dienſt habe, heirath' ich Dich. Bis dahin wird Dir der liebe Gott ſchon helfen. — Da ſie nun antwortete: Wo denken Sie hin, Junker Moriz? Ein Junker wird ſo ein armes Mädchen, wie ich bin, heirathen können! Das ſchickt ſich ja nicht — fuhr er nach ſeiner heftigen Weiſe auf und ſagte: Warum ſollte ſich das nicht ſchicken? Das iſt nur einfältiges Zeug. Wenn ich Dich lieb habe und Du haſt mich lieb, ſo iſt's genug und Niemand hat etwas darein zu reden. Und damit Du nur nicht mehr zweifelſt, will ich Dir einen fürchterlichen Eid ſchwören. — Da er aber anfing zu ſchwören, hielt ſie ihm den Mund zu, und da er doch nicht aufhören wollte, lief ſie davon. Seit der Zeit bracht' er ihr alle Wochen ſein Taſchengeld; denn er ſagte, er müßte nun für ſie ſorgen als für ſeine künftige Frau, und wenn ſie es nicht nehmen wollte, zog er ſein Meſſer heraus und ſchwur, ſich vor ihren Augen um's Leben zu bringen. So hatte das gedauert, bis ſie auf das Forſthaus kam, und er in die Cadettenſchule. Seitdem hatten ſie ſich nicht mehr geſehn.

Auch von ſeiner Liebe zu Klotilden ſprach er, wahr und aufrichtig. Es gab eine Zeit, ſagte er, wo ich eine heftige Leidenſchaft für ſie gefaßt hatte. Ich glaubte ſie zu lieben, aber ich fürchte, daß ich ſie und mich täuſchte; ja, ich habe alle Urſache zu glauben, daß ſie in einem ähnlichen Falle war. Wie dem aber auch ſein mag, ſeit dem geſtrigen unſeligen Tage iſt Alles geendigt. Sie muß mich verabſcheuen, was auch früher ihre Gefühle geweſen ſein mögen; und iſt meine Vermuthung gegründet, iſt meine Eiferſucht etwas mehr geweſen als ein Geſpenſt meiner Einbildungskraft, ſo muß ſie mich tauſendfach verabſcheuen.

Unter ſolchen Geſprächen, die oft von Ausbrüchen der heftigſten Verzweiflung und von bittern Selbſtanklagen unterbrochen wurden, verging der Tag bis zur Rückkehr des Förſters. Dieſem eröffnete Franciska die Sache. Sie ſprach mit der Wärme eines theilnehmenden und befreundeten Herzens, und es fiel ihr nicht ſchwer, ihre Wünſche und Gefühle in das Herz eines Mannes zu verpflanzen, der von Natur wohlwollend, durch das Unglück, das ihn betroffen hatte, erweicht war. — Ich ſehe wohl, ſagte er, daß ich mich Deines Jugendfreundes annehmen ſoll, ich mag wollen oder nicht. Weiter reiſen kann er jetzt freilich nicht. Alle Wege ſind mit Soldaten bedeckt; er hat keinen Paß; und wenn er aufgegriffen wird, ſo ſind zehn Jahre Feſtungsarreſt das Geringſte, was ihn treffen kann. Aber was iſt da zu thun? fuhr er nach einer kurzen Pauſe fort. Soll ich einen Mörder in meinem Hauſe verbergen?

Franciska erblaßte bei dieſen Worten, die nicht an ſie gerichtet waren, aber ihre Hoffnungen zu bedrohen ſchienen. — Es iſt wohl eine entſetzliche Sache, ſagte ſie, und es kann wohl für einen Menſchen keine härtere Strafe geben, als das Bewußtſein einer ſolchen That. Ach hättet Ihr nur gehört, wie er ſelbſt darüber ſpricht! wie er ſich anklagt und mit der Verzweiflung ringt! Ich kann ihn nicht anſehn, ohne daß mir die Thränen in die Augen kommen.

Der Alte ſchwieg. Lange ſah er vor ſich hin, ſtand dann auf, ging auf und ab, und ſetzte ſich wieder. Er ſchien zu keinem Entſchluſſe kommen zu können. Endlich ſagte er: Was würdeſt Du thun, Kind, wenn der Mörder unſers Chriſtlieb ſich hierher flüchtete und, ohne uns zu kennen, Schutz bei uns ſuchte? — Ach Vater, rief das Mädchen, das die Abſicht dieſer Frage nicht errieth, was für eine ſchreckliche Vorausſetzung! — Aber was würdeſt Du thun? antworte mir. — Ich glaube, antwortete ſie, ich würde ihm mit abgewendetem Geſicht die Thüre öffnen; dann würd' ich Euch davon Nachricht geben. — — Und wenn ich nun in meinem Grimme über ihn herfiele, ſagte der Alte, und ihn erſchlagen wollte; würdeſt Du es geſchehn laſſen? — Ich würde mich zwiſchen Euch werfen, und Euch ſo lange zurückhalten, bis ſich Jener gerettet hätte.

Und ſollte ich bei einem fremden Manne, der mir nichts zu Leide gethan hat, und Deinem Freunde weniger thun?

Franciska ſchöpfte wieder Athem.

Sein Unglück iſt einem vorſätzlichen Morde nicht gleich zu ſetzen, und ſo ſtrafbar es auch iſt, ſo verdient er doch Mitleiden. Sieh, was ich thun will. Seine Kleidung muß er vor allen Dingen mit Jägertracht umtauſchen. Da mag er dann für einen fremden Waidmann gelten. Unſre Einſamkeit hier kömmt ihm zu Statten, und auf die Verſchwiegenheit meiner Burſche darf ich rechnen.

Franciskens Angeſicht ſtrahlte vor Freude, und am folgenden Morgen ſchon war Alles in's Werk geſetzt. Moriz galt von nun an für einen fremden Jäger, der ſich mit der hieſigen Landesart bekannt machen wollte, und dieſes Vorgeben konnte um deſto eher Glauben finden, da er mit Forſt- und Jagdweſen nicht unbekannt war. Indem er nun ſeinen alten Schützer täglich begleitete, und ihm bei allen Geſchäften zur Hand ging, hatte er Gelegenheit, ſich ſein Wohlwollen zu verdienen, indem er täglich ſeine eignen Kenntniſſe erweiterte. Aber alle Liebe, die er hier erfuhr, vermochte nicht die Schwermuth zu verſcheuchen, die auf ſeiner Seele laſtete. Auch ſeine Geſchäfte verrichtete er ſtill und trübſinnig, und die gewiſſenhafte Erfüllung deſſen, was ihm jetzt zur Pflicht geworden war, war nicht im Stande ſein gepreßtes Herz zu erheitern.

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Eines Abends, da Moriz mehr als als je in ſich verſunken war, ſagte der Alte: Richtet Eure Gedanken nicht immer ſo feſt auf Euer Unglück hin; es wird dadurch nicht anders, und Ihr verzehret nur die Kraft, die Ihr zu guten Dingen habt und anwenden müßt. Wenn einer irr gegangen iſt, und kömmt dann wieder auf den rechten Weg, ſo geht er raſcher vorwärts, um die verlorne Zeit wieder einzubringen. So muß es auch bei andern Fehlern ſein. Und wie Manchem ſind nicht dann ſeine Verirrungen noch zum Glück und Segen ausgeſchlagen!

Moriz ſeufzte und faltete die Hände ohne aufzuſchauen.

Wär' ich doch auch beinah einmal in Euren Fall gekommen, fuhr der Alte fort, und Gott weiß, was dann aus mir geworden wäre; aber er hat es anders gelenkt, und Böſes zum Guten gekehrt.

Oſterwald erhob jetzt die geſenkten Augen, und ſah den Greis erwartungsvoll an. — Ich will Euch die Geſchichte erzählen, fuhr dieſer fort.

Bei meinem erſten Ausflug in die Welt hatte ich keine geringe Meinung von mir. Ich hatte das Meinige gelernt; darauf that ich mir etwas zu gut; noch mehr aber auf meine Geſtalt und Gott weiß worauf noch ſonſt Alles. Das machte mich hochfahrend, anmaßend und ſtreitſüchtig, und da es mich verdroß, daß junge Edelleute, oft bei geringen Kenntniſſen, ſchnell ihren Weg machten und Stellen erhielten, die unſer einem nie zu Theil wurden, machte ich mir ganz beſonders ein Geſchäft daraus, dieſen Herren meine Ueberlegenheit fühlen zu laſſen. Neben mir ſtand ein junger Baron, der einen ziemlichen Dünkel vom Hauſe mitgebracht hatte, übrigens aber die Gutmüthigkeit ſelbſt war. Dieſen machte ich zur Scheibe meines Witzes, nicht nur unter vier Augen, ſondern ſelbſt unter Mehreren, ſo daß wir einigemal hart an einander kamen, und ohne die Vermittelung einiger Freunde Blut gefloſſen wäre. Ich ließ indeß in meinem Uebermuthe nicht nach, und da er ſeine Neigung auf ein Fräulein im Orte warf, die mir auch ſehr wohl gefiel, aber ohne daß ich je an Liebe gedacht hatte, trat ich plötzlich als ſein Nebenbuhler auf, und trieb die Sache mit ſolchem Ernſte, daß ich ihm bald ſeine Bemühungen um dieſe Perſon zum größten Verbrechen machte. Die Erbitterung war jetzt von beiden Seiten ſo hoch geſtiegen, daß wir uns kaum anſehen konnten, ohne uns kränkende Dinge zu ſagen; und da ich dieſe traurige Kunſt beſſer verſtand als er, erbitterte ich ihn eines Tages, wo wir beide allein im Hauſe waren, ſo ſehr, daß er mich ſchlug. Ich hatte dieß vollkommen verdient; aber in meinem Zorne riß ich ein Paar Piſtolen von der Wand, und drang ihm die eine auf. Wir feuerten auf einander; meine Kugel ſtreifte ihn am Halſe, und da ich eine Ader getroffen hatte, ergoß ſich das Blut in ſolcher Menge, daß er ohnmächtig zu Boden ſank. Ich hielt ihn für todt. Aber in dieſem Augenblicke hatte der Schrecken und der Anblick des Blutes allen Zorn ſo gänzlich in mir ausgelöſcht, daß ich mein Leben gegeben hätte, um die That ungeſchehen zu machen. Ich verband die Wunde; und da er bald darauf wieder zu ſich kam, war meine Reue ſo groß, daß ich neben ihm niederkniete, ihn um Vergebung bat, und für die Zukunft Alles Gute verſprach. Brederode — ſo hieß der junge Baron — war, wie geſagt, der gutmüthigſte Menſch von der Welt. Meine Demüthigung rührte ihn; er ſchlang ſeine Arme um meinen Hals, vergab mir mein Unrecht, und entzog mich ſogar, durch eine wahrſcheinliche Erdichtung, der Strafe, die ich ſo reichlich verdient hatte. Von dieſer Zeit an wurden wir die vertrauteſten Freunde. Das Mädchen, das die zufällige Veranlaſſung unſers Handels geweſen war, wurde ſeine Frau; und da er in der Folge auf dem ſchwarzenberger Forſt mein Nachbar wurde, machten wir einige Jahre hindurch gewiſſermaßen nur Eine Familie aus. Das war meine glücklichſte Zeit. Aber allen frohen Stunden, die ich mit meinem Brederode genoß, lag die Erinnerung an den blutigen Vorfall zum Grunde, der durch die wunderbare Fügung Gottes unſre Freundſchaft geknüpft und mich zu einem andern Menſchen gemacht hatte.

Moriz bedeckte bei dieſen Worten ſein Geſicht; ein ungeheurer Schmerz zerriß ſeine Bruſt, und machte ſich durch einen Strom von Thränen Luft. Faſt gereute dem alten Wennhard ſeine Erzählung. Ihr müßt ein Mann ſein, ſagte er. Geſchehene Dinge können nicht ungeſchehen gemacht werden, und Gott, der ein barmherziger Vater iſt, wird, glaubt mir, durch Eure Reue verſöhnt. Es können auch für Euch noch gute Tage kommen.

Ach Vater, ſagte Moritz, wie ſollen für mich gute Tage kommen? Ihr ſaht Euern Gegner in das Leben zurückkehren; aber der meinige liegt in der kalten Erde.

Auch mein Brederode liegt ſchon lange im Schooße unſerer alten Mutter, ſagte der Greis, der dem Geſpräche eine andere Richtung zu geben ſuchte, und ſeine letzten Lebensjahre waren ſo traurig, daß er den Tod wie einen Freund umarmte. Ich muß Euch das auch erzählen, damit Ihr ſeht, daß es auch Leute giebt, die ohne ihre Schuld recht unglücklich ſein können.

Mein guter Brederode hatte mit ſeiner Frau, die ein Engel war, zehn Jahre in der Ehe wie im Himmel gelebt, wie es denn wohl ſchwer ſein möchte, beſſere Menſchen bei einander zu ſehn. Nur Kinder fehlten ihnen, und beide trauerten über dieſen Mangel vielleicht mit ungebührlicher Sehnſucht. Endlich wurde ihr heißer Wunſch erfüllt. Brederode's Freude war faſt ausſchweifend, und nichts damit zu vergleichen, als die Angſt, die ihn folterte, da die Zeit ihrer Entbindung nahe kam. Auch dieß ging glücklich vorüber: ſeine Frau brachte eine Tochter zur Welt, und ſobald das Kind in der Wiege lag, jagte er zu mir herüber, fiel mir und meiner Frau um den Hals, lachte und weinte zu gleicher Zeit, und that in der Trunkenheit ſeiner Freude eine Menge thörigter Dinge, über die man hätte lachen müſſen, wenn ihre Quelle nicht ſo rührend geweſen wäre. Meine Frau beſchwor er, noch deſſelben Tages zu ihm zu kommen, theils, um das neugeborne Kind zu ſehen, das, ſeiner Verſicherung nach, ein Wunder von Schönheit war, theils, um der Wöchnerin mit Rath und That beizuſtehn. Alles ging nun nach Wunſch. Die Wöchnerin ſtillte ihr Kind mit dem beſten Erfolg; kein Schein der Gefahr war da: als am neunten Tage nach der Niederkunft ein heftiges Gewitter aufzog. Ich bin alt geworden; aber ich habe nur wenig Aehnliches geſehen. Der Himmel ſchien in Feuer zu ſtehn; die Blitze jagten ſich und ſpalteten die ſtärkſten Tannen: kein Tropfen Regen fiel. Ich war gerade in Schwarzenberg, um meine Frau abzuholen, und war Zeuge des ſchrecklichen Schauſpiels, das ſich dort in dem Keſſel der Berge zuſammendrängte. Gegen Mitternacht fuhr ein Blitzſtrahl auf ein benachbartes Haus. Die helle Flamme ſchlug augenblicklich in die Höhe; das Forſthaus war zunächſt bedroht. Die Wöchnerin, ſchon halb todt vor Schrecken und Angſt, mußte in ihrem Bette aus dem Hauſe getragen werden; der Regen ergoß ſich jetzt ſtromweis; und da das nächſte Haus, in das ſie mit Sicherheit gebracht werden konnte, einige hundert Schritte entfernt lag, ſo war keine Vorſicht im Stande, ſie gegen Näſſe zu ſchützen. Das Forſthaus brannte nieder, und die gute und ſchöne Aurora ſtarb wenige Tage nach dieſem unglücklichen Ereigniſſe mit ihrem Kinde im Arm, das ſie im Sterben noch der Liebe und Vorſorge meiner Frau empfahl. Der unglückliche Mann war wie erſtarrt. Unbekümmert über den Verluſt ſeiner Habe, hatte er ſeine Frau nicht einen Augenblick verlaſſen, und als ſie ſtarb, ſank er bewußtlos zu Boden. Ich nahm ihn mit mir nach Hauſe, und ohne ein Wort zu ſprechen, und ohne zu wiſſen, was mit ihm geſchah, folgte er mir. Seit jener Zeit hat die Freude nie wieder bei ihm eingeſprochen, und ſelbſt die, welche er an ſeinem Kinde hatte, das unter der Pflege meiner Frau wunderbar gedieh, war mit dem bitterſten Schmerze gemiſcht. Ja dieſes Kind ſelbſt mußte ſeine letzten Tage verbittern.

Wie das? fragte Moritz, den das Schickſal des unglücklichen Mannes anzog.

So lange bis das Forſthaus in Schwarzenberg wieder aufgebaut war, fuhr Wennhard fort, genoß das Kind der Pflege meiner Frau, welche die Bitten ihrer ſterbenden Freundin auf das gewiſſenhafteſte erfüllte. Es war ihr leicht. Es iſt nicht wohl möglich ein ſchöneres Kind zu ſehn, als die kleine Aurora war — ſie hatte den Namen ihrer Mutter geerbt — noch ein beſſeres und folgſameres, ſo daß die kleine Mühe, die uns ihr Auferziehn koſtete, durch die Freude, die wir an ihr, wie an einem eignen Kinde, hatten, reichlich vergolten wurde. Ungern trennten wir uns von ihm; aber ſobald ſein Vater in dem neuen Hauſe eingerichtet war, nahm er es, als den einzigen noch übrigen Troſt ſeines Lebens, zurück. Meine Frau hatte für eine verſtändige Wärterin geſorgt, und beſuchte es, ſo oft es nur möglich war, und nie kam ſie zurück, ohne mich durch ihre Erzählungen von dem Gedeihen des lieben Kindes zu erfreun. Dieſe Freude ſollte nicht lange dauern. Die kleine Aurora hatte das vierte Jahr zurückgelegt, als ſie mit ihrer Wärterin im Garten von der Terraſſe herab den Spielen einiger Nachbarkinder zuſehe, die ſich um einen Teich herum jagen. Eines der Kinder gleitet aus und fällt in das Waſſer. Die andern ſchreien; Niemand iſt in der Nähe; die Wärterin ſpringt alſo zu, indem ſie Auroren befiehlt, an ihrer Stelle zu bleiben. Als dieſe aber ſieht, daß ihre Wärterin in das Waſſer ſteigt, um das Kind herauszuziehn, erhebt ſie ein Angſtgeſchrei, läuft zu, verfehlt die Stufen und ſtürzt herab. Zuerſt ſchien ihr der Fall keinen Schaden gebracht zu haben; bald aber fing ſie an zu kränkeln, und wuchs aus. Nun machte ſich der arme Vater Vorwürfe, daß er das Kind nicht bei meiner Frau gelaſſen, und der neue Gram, der ſich zu dem alten geſellte, rieb ihn auf. Nach ſeinem Tode nahmen wir das Kind wieder zu uns, und es iſt bei uns geblieben, bis meine Frau, ſeine zweite Mutter, ſtarb; und immer hat es ſich als einen Engel bewieſen. Aber nicht alle Menſchen haben das erkannt. Sie iſt nachher in das Haus einer Tante gekommen, wo es ihr nicht gut gegangen ſein ſoll. Vorzüglich ſprach man von einer Couſine, die ihr viele Drangſale zugefügt, und ſie zum Gegenſtande ihrer Spöttereien gemacht habe, ſo daß ſie endlich ganz menſchenſcheu geworden ſein ſoll. Glücklicherweiſe iſt ihr ein kleines Vermögen zugefallen, das ſie in den Stand geſetzt hat, ſich loszumachen und auf das Land in die Koſt zu begeben. Wie es ihr da geht, iſt mir nicht bekannt.

Moritz erröthete bei dieſer Erzählung mehr als einmal. Sein Herz ſchlug ihm von einem böſen Bewußtſein; denn er konnte nicht zweifeln, daß die Aurora, von der der gute Alte mit ſo vieler Zärtlichkeit ſprach, eben dieſelbe ſei, die er an ſeinem unglücklichſten Tage in einem Anfalle des bösartigſten Unmuthes gekränkt hatte. Auf ſich ſelbſt zürnend und voll der quälenden Ueberzeugung, daß das Unglück, unter dem er jetzt ſeufzte, die gerechte Strafe ſeines Uebermuths ſei, ging er in die Nacht hinaus, und ſchärfte mit gefliſſentlicher Selbſtpeinigung alle Widerhaken, mit denen ſich der Schmerz an ſeinem Herzen befeſtigt hatte. Und die Sterne, die mit Liebesaugen auf die Erde ſchauen, mochten in jener Stunde den Thau ihrer Strahlen wohl auf manches bekümmerte Herz herabſenken, aber ſchwerlich auf eines, das, von Natur ſo edel gebildet und vom Glück verzogen, jetzt ſeinen einzigen Troſt darin fand, ſich ſelbſt mit ſchonungsloſem Grimm zu zerfleiſchen.

Eine fremde Stimme weckte den in tiefes und düſteres Sinnen Verſunkenen: Komm' ich hier recht nach dem Forſthauſe? — Ja, was wollt Ihr. — Ich ſoll an den Herrn Förſter Wennhard einen Brief von dem Fräulein Brederode beſtellen. — Von Auroren? — Ja, ich denke ſo heißt ſie. — Dort hinter dem Buſche liegt das Forſthaus.

Der Brief enthielt die Nachricht, daß Aurora in einigen Tagen in Begleitung einer Freundin nach dem Hagenbruche kommen würde, und um ein Nachtlager für ſich und ihre Begleiterin bat.

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Dieſe Botſchaft ruft uns in das Pfarrhaus zurück, wo ſich Einiges zugetragen hatte, was Erwähnung verdient. Der Beſuch bei dem Kranken war abgeſtattet; da aber die Schonung ſeiner Kräfte ein langes Verweilen verbot, hatte ſich die Unterhaltung nur auf die nächſten Gegenſtände, Lizardiere's Befinden auf der einen, ſeine Dankſagungen von der andern Seite beſchränkt. Klotilde, die ihre Verlegenheit nur mit Mühe und vielleicht nicht mit dem beſten Erfolge beherrſchte, richtete nur wenige Worte, aber deſto mehr Blicke an ihn; aber auch dieſe nur, wenn er mit ihren Eltern ſprach; und Lizardiere's zarte Bedenklichkeiten erlaubten ihm nicht, ſie in das Geſpräch zu ziehn, oder auch in den an ſie gerichteten Worten über die Ausdrücke einer allgemeinen Höflichkeit hinauszugehn. Nach Verlauf einer halben Stunde trennte man ſich mit der gegenſeitigen Aeußerung, wie ſehr man wünſche, ſich bald und auf längere Zeit wieder zu ſehn. Dieſer Wunſch war vollkommen aufrichtig. Der Pfarrer fand, daß Lizardiere für einen Jünger Calvin's ſehr milde Geſinnungen hege — nur einigemal, ſagte er, zeigten ſich in ſeinen Ausdrücken leiſe Spuren des Prädeſtinationsglaubens; sorex suo se prodebat sibilo, wie Herr Philippus in einem ſeiner Briefe ſagt — und die Achtung, die er ihm als einem Lutheriſchen Geiſtlichen bewieſen, ließ die ſchmeichelhafte Hoffnung in ihm aufkeimen, bei dieſem Manne zu bewirken, was ſein großes Vorbild, der unſterbliche Luther, bei den Schweizern vergeblich verſucht hatte; weshalb er auch ſogleich anfing, im Stillen den ganzen Streit mit Gewiſſenhaftigkeit durchzugehn, jeden Punkt der Abweichung zu beſtimmen, und die trennenden Linien mit deſto größerer Schärfe zu ziehn, je verhaßter ihm die Idee eines Synkretismus war. — Die

Pfarrin ihrer Seits war durch Lizardiere's vornehmes Weſen, wie ſie es nannte, bezaubert, und konnte nicht müde werden, ſein Betragen und ſelbſt ſeine einnehmende Geſtalt gegen Klotilden zu rühmen, die in dieſes Lob von ganzer Seele einſtimmte; doch mehr durch ein freudiges Erröthen und die Bewegung ihres Herzens, als durch Worte.

Aurora war mit dieſer Wirkung der nähern Bekanntſchaft unbeſchreiblich zufrieden, und ſetzte von ihrer Seite ſo vieles Gute zu, als ſie nur immer mit gutem Gewiſſen thun konnte. — Es iſt nur Schade, ſagte die Pfarrin, daß er nicht von Adel iſt; er hat ſonſt in Wahrheit eine recht noble tournure. — Wär' er nur kein Calviniſt, ſagte der Pfarrer. — Er hat den Glauben ſeiner Väter, verſetzte Aurora entſchuldigend. — Aber dieſer Glaube, entgegnete der Pfarrer, iſt in höchſt weſentlichen Dingen falſch und irrig. Ich kann es Ihnen beweiſen. — Ich bin zu gut lutheriſch geſinnt, antwortete Aurora, der vor einer Controvers bange war, um daran zu zweifeln. — Aber jetzt, fuhr der Pfarrer fort, hat er Gelegenheit, ſich von ſeinen Irrthümern zu überzeugen; und vielleicht hat ihn die Vorſehung eben deshalb in ſein Unglück gerathen laſſen.

Bei dieſen Worten leuchtete etwas, wie Freude und Hoffnung, in dem Geſichte des Pfarrers, und Aurorens ſcharfe Blicke drangen ſchnell zu der Quelle ſeiner Gefühle. Erſchreckt durch den Gedanken, ihren Freund durch Bekehrungsverſuche gequält zu ſehn, die ſo leicht das freundſchaftliche Vernehmen in ſeinem Entſtehen vernichten konnten, ſetzte ſie der Abſicht des guten Pfarrers die Bemerkung entgegen, daß, wie ſie gehört, die Nachkommen der franzöſiſchen Reformirten ſtandhaft an ihren Meinungen hielten. „Wenn es ſo natürlich iſt, ſagte ſie, den Ueberzeugungen, in denen ehrwürdige und geliebte Eltern ihren Troſt gefunden haben, vor allen andern den Vorzug zu geben, ſo iſt es noch natürlicher, ſich feſt an diejenigen zu halten, um derentwillen unſre Vorfahren Hab' und Gut verloren und ihr Vaterland mit dem Rücken angeſehen haben. Gewiß das Feſthalten am Irrthum iſt unter ſolchen Umſtänden recht ſehr zu entſchuldigen.“ — Ja, ja, ſagte der Pfarrer, irren iſt menſchlich, aber im Irrthum beharren — —!

Um dem Geſpräch eine andere Wendung zu geben, kündigte Aurora an, daß ſie in einigen Tagen einen Beſuch bei ihrem ehemaligen Pfleger auf dem Forſthauſe vom Hagenbruch machen wolle, und bat für Klotilden um die Erlaubniß, ſie begleiten zu dürfen. Die Einwilligung war leicht erhalten, und nach kurzer Vorbereitung ſaßen beide Freundinnen neben einander im Wagen, wo Klotilde nicht unterließ, alle ihre Hoffnungen, ihren Kummer und ihre Beſorgniſſe in das Herz ihrer theilnehmenden Gefährtin auszuſchütten.

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Moritz hatte ſich mit ſeinen ſchwermüthigen Gedanken ſo lange unter freiem Himmel aufgehalten, daß, als er in das Haus zurückkehrte, Alles ſchon in tiefer Ruhe lag; und den folgenden Morgen riefen ihn entfernte Geſchäfte ſo früh in den Forſt, daß er nicht eher als am zweiten Tage, erſt aus den Anſtalten im Hauſe, dann aus Franciskens Munde erfuhr, daß ein Beſuch erwartet würde. Er fragte nicht weiter; da ihn aber ſeine Stimmung von den Menſchen verſcheuchte, deren Blicke zu fliehn er alle Urſache zu haben glaubte, beſchloß er ſogleich, ſo lange die Fremden in dem Forſthauſe ſein würden, entfernt zu bleiben.

Nachdem alſo das Haus vom Boden bis zum Keller gewaſchen, gefegt, geordnet und ausgeſchmückt, Kuchen gebacken, Hühner geſchlachtet, Betten aufgeſchlagen und Alles zum Empfange der Gäſte bereitet war, ſo daß Franciska, mit der in dieſen Tagen kein zuſammenhängendes Geſpräch geführt werden konnte, und der alte Bernhard, dem die ſtille Freude des Erwartens aus den Augen ſtrahlte, ſich der Ruhe wieder hingeben konnten, nahm Oſterwald Büchſe und Ranzen über die Schulter, um einem Fuchſe aufzulauern, der in der Umgegend geſpürt worden war, und wahrſcheinlich in den Felſen an der Grenze hauſte. Der Morgen war heiter; ein weißer, funkelnder Reif bedeckte die entblätterten Bäume, und das Thal war mit einem Nebelmeere übergoſſen, aus deſſen ungleicher Fläche hin und wieder ein Kirchthurm ſein ſpitziges Dach erhob. Moritz ging ſtill vor ſich hin. Seine Augen ſahen in die winterliche Landſchaft hinein, die ſich anmuthig in fernem Dunſt verlor; aber in ſeiner Bruſt war nichts, was der friſchen Heiterkeit der Natur entſprach; ja jemehr die Sonne ihre Strahlen ausbreitete, Alles, was ſie berührte, verſilbernd, deſto mehr umdunkelte ſich ſein Inneres, und er fühlte ſich erſt erleichtert, als ihn ſein Weg in eine Schlucht führte, durch die ein dunkler Waldſtrom zwiſchen ſchroffen und zerriſſenen Felſen brauſte. Die Dunkelheit umher und das Getöſe that ihm wohl. An einen Stamm gelehnt, der ſich über das ſteile Ufer beugte, ſah er in das wirbelnde und ſchäumende Waſſer hinab, und es war ihm, als könnte ihm erſt dann wohl werden, wenn er mit dieſen Fluthen wirbelte und ſchäumte, um endlich in dem todten Meere der Vernichtung Ruhe und Vergeſſenheit ſeines Kummers zu finden.

Indem er über dieſen finſtern Gedanken brütete, vernahm er von der Seite her ein Geſchrei weiblicher Stimmen, und als er den Blick erhob, ſah er ein leichtes verſchloſſenes Fahrzeug ohne Beſpannung und mit zerbrochener Deichſel eine jähe Anhöhe herabrollen, gerade nach den ſchroffen Ufern des Waſſers hin, an denen er ſtand. Mit zwei Sprüngen war er an dem Wagen, griff mit ſtarker Hand in das Hinterrad, und richtete durch eine raſche Wendung das Fahrzeug gegen eine Gruppe von Bäumen, zwiſchen denen es ſich feſtfuhr. Dieß war das Werk eines Augenblick. Moritz hatte nicht Zeit gehabt einen Blick auf die Frauen zu werfen, denen er Hülfe geleiſtet hatte, und die erſt jetzt, da ſie den Wagen verließen, die Größe der Gefahr erkannten, aus denen die Entſchloſſenheit des Jägerburſchen — denn dafür hielten ſie ihn — gerettet hatte. Ihr erſtes Bedürfniß war, dem Manne zu danken, der ihnen ſo bereitwillig und nicht ohne eigene Gefahr beigeſprungen war; aber dieſer hatte kaum einen Blick auf ſie geworfen, als er betroffen zurücktrat, den Hut über die Stirn zog, und von ihnen abgewendet nach dem Walde zu ſchritt. Bei dieſer Bewegung eilte ihm die Kleinere, die er beim Ausſteigen aus dem Wagen für ein Kind gehalten hatte, nach, und bat ihn, ſich doch ihrer Dankbarkeit nicht zu entziehn, und ſie nach dem erſten unvergeßlichen Dienſte durch einen zweiten zu verpflichten, indem er ihnen den Weg nach dem Hagenbruch zeige, den der Kutſcher verfehlt habe.

Unſere ſcharfſichtigen Leſerinnen wiſſen ſchon längſt, wer die beiden Reiſenden waren, und was Oſterwald's Beſtürzung verurſachte. Aurorens Worte hemmten ſeine erſte gedankenloſe Bewegung. Er ſtand ſtill; aber noch war ſein Geſicht abgewendet und ſein Blick auf die Erde geheftet. Wär' er dem erſten Anſtoße ſeines Gefühles gefolgt, und in den Wald entflohn, ſo hätte er die Frauen in Ungewißheit gelaſſen, ob ſie ihre Rettung einem Berggeiſte oder einem Wahnſinnigen zu danken hätten; jetzt aber, nachdem er einmal ſeine eilenden Schritte gehemmt hatte, drängte ſich in dem Aufruhr ſeiner Gefühle etwas dem Stolze Aehnliches hervor, der dem Zufall zu trotzen gebietet. Sein Angeſicht mit einem glühenden Roth überzogen und mit entblößtem Haupte, wendete er ſich nach der Sprechenden und begrüßte ſie mit den Worten: Ich verdiene Ihren Dank nicht; aber ich ſelbſt habe Urſache dem Himmel zu danken, daß er einen Unglücklichen dieſes Wegs geführt und ihn gewürdigt hat, Ihnen einen Dienſt zu leiſten. — In dem Augenblicke, wo er ſprach, ward er von den Freundinnen erkannt. Klotilde trat mit einem Schrei des Erſtaunens zurück; Aurora näherte ſich ihm. Es iſt mir in der That ſehr unerwartet, ſagte ſie mit leiſem Erröthen, Sie hier zu finden, aber Sie können überzeugt ſein, daß wir uns ſehr freuen, unſere Rettung gerade Ihnen zu danken. — Klotilde trat jetzt auch zu ihm, und mit geſenkten Blicken bot ſie ihm die Hand; aber ehe ſie ſprechen konnte, zog er die ſeinige zurück. Berühre ſie nicht, ſagte er, indem die Röthe noch heftiger auf ſeiner Stirn aufflammte; verbirg Deine Gefühle nicht, fuhr er haſtig fort; ſie ſind mir nicht fremd; denn ich theile ſie ſelbſt. Verabſcheue mich, und laß mich fliehn.

Indem er ſo ſprach, fiel Klotilde Auroren um den Hals und ſagte: Ach, Liebe, er weiß noch nicht — O ſage ihm, was er noch nicht weiß; oder ich will es ihm ſagen, damit er nicht glaubt, ich hegte Groll gegen ihn. — Dann trat ſie wieder zu ihm, der in ſeine Qual verſunken ſtarr vor ſich hin ſah, und nichts von ihrer Rede vernommen hatte. Du haſt uns, ſagte ſie, indem ſie die Hand auf ſeinen Arm legte, einen Dienſt erzeigt, den wir nicht vergelten zu können glaubten; nun findet es ſich doch anders. Denn die Nachricht, die wir Dir mitbringen, iſt auch des Dankes werth, und wird, wie ich aus Deinen düſtern Worten abnehmen kann, nicht ohne Belohnung bleiben. Der Mann, den Du getödtet zu haben glaubſt, lebt —

Lizardiere lebt! rief Moritz aus. — Er lebt, fuhr Klotilde fort, und iſt ſo gut als geheilt. — O Engel des Himmels! rief der Ueberraſchte aus; Engel des Himmels! rief er noch einmal, im Begriff vor ihr niederzufallen. Dieſe Nachricht iſt hundert Leben werth. Sie giebt mich mir ſelbſt zurück; ſie richtet mich wieder auf — Und wird er ganz wieder hergeſtellt werden? Wird kein Siechthum zurückbleiben?

So ſcheint es nicht, antwortete Aurora; aber, was Ihnen auch nicht unwichtig ſein wird, er hegt keinen Groll gegen Sie. Aufrichtig hat er Ihre Flucht beklagt, und wenn er erfährt, daß die Vermuthung, Sie wären verunglückt, ungegründet iſt, wird ſeine Freude nicht geringer ſeyn, als jetzt die Ihrige. Doch von dem Allen werden wir mit Bequemlichkeit ſprechen können, wenn Sie die Gefälligkeit haben, uns nach dem Orte unſrer Beſtimmung zu geleiten.

Während dieſer Verhandlungen war der Kutſcher mit den flüchtigen Pferden zurückgekommen, ſcheltend auf den gottloſen Weg, und ſich Glück wünſchend, daß er ſeinem Kopfe und nicht dem Willen der Mamſellen gefolgt ſei. „Wären wir geſtern Abend von Wertingen her ſo zwiſchen die Steine gekommen, ſo wäre kein Stückchen an dem Wagen mehr ganz, und an den Mamſellen auch nicht.“ — Einige Bauern, die er mitgebracht hatte, halfen ihm den beſchädigten Wagen nach dem nächſten Dorfe ſchleppen; Moritz aber ſchlug mit den beiden Freundinnen den nächſten Weg nach dem Forſthauſe ein, und erfuhr auf dieſem Gange Alles, was ſich in Unterillingen begeben hatte, das Eine ausgenommen, was ihm eine untrügliche Ahnung geſagt hatte, ihn aber, ſo wie er jetzt geſtimmt war, nicht mehr betrüben oder erzürnen konnte.

* * *

Wir glauben den Empfang der Gäſte in dem Forſthauſe, die Freude des alten Wennhard über Aurorens Wiederſehn, Aurorens kindliche Zärtlichkeit gegen ihn mit Stillſchweigen übergehen zu dürfen, da keine unſrer gefühlvollen Leſerinnen iſt, die ſich das nicht ſchöner und lebendiger ausmalt, als wir zu thun im Stande ſind. Nur das Eine wollen wir bemerken, daß die Heiterkeit, die ſonſt auf Franciskens Stirn wohnte, gewichen zu ſein ſchien, und daß mitten durch ihre wirthliche Geſchäftigkeit ein Schein von Unruhe brach, den ſie nicht zu beherrſchen vermochte.

Nach den gegenſeitigen Mittheilungen über die Ereigniſſe der Zwiſchenzeit, zog Aurora den alten Wennhard bei Seite, um ihn mit der beſondern Urſache ihrer Reiſe bekannt zu machen. Sie waren einige Stunden zuſammen eingeſchloſſen, und nach Verlauf derſelben befahl der Förſter ſein Pferd zu ſatteln und ihm einiges Linnen und Nachtzeug einzupacken; und da ſich Franciſka verwunderte, daß er ſeine Gäſte verlaſſen wolle, befahl er ihr, ohne eine Erörterung beizufügen, eine gute Wirthin zu machen, und ihn erſt in einigen Tagen wieder zu erwarten. Nachdem er nun auch ſeinen Jägerburſchen die nöthigen Befehle ertheilt, und ein Bündel wohl verwahrter Papiere in ſeinen Mantelſack geſchoben hatte, ſchwang er ſich nach einer kurzen und eilfertigen Mahlzeit mit der Munterkeit eines Jünglings auf ſein Pferd, und ritt quer durch den Wald nach der Landſtraße zu.

Moritz, der ſich in dem Zuſtande eines Geneſenen befand, welcher zum erſtenmale wieder mit dem Gefühle der Geſundheit friſche Luft einathmet, und jede Veranlaſſung ergreift, um den Wänden des Krankenzimmers zu entfliehn, führte Klotilden, da die Sonne für einen Novembertag ungewöhnlich warm ſchien, in den Baumgang vor dem Hauſe, während Aurora Francisken bat, ſie in den Garten und zu den Plätzen zu begleiten, wo, wie ſie ſagte, die Erinnerungen ihrer glücklichſten Tage ruhten. Was nun Aurora hier mit tiefem Gefühl und in den einfachſten Worten von der Liebe erzählte, die ihr in dieſem Hauſe erwieſen worden, wurde von Francisken mit ähnlichen Erzählungen erwiedert, ſo daß dieſes Geſpräch wie ein Wechſellied wetteifernder Nachtigallen, aber noch ſchöner klang, da es aus den einfachen Accorden der ſchönſten und reinſten Dankbarkeit beſtand. Dieſes Zuſammenſtimmen des Gefühls in Einem Gegenſtande der Verehrung und Liebe gebar in Kurzem ein Vertrauen, in welchem ſich die Ungleichheit des Alters und der Verhältniſſe vollkommen ausglich. Sie haben, ſagte Franciſka mit einem leichten Erröthen, Sie haben unſerm Moritz — ich ſollte jetzt wohl ſagen, dem Herrn Hauptmann von Oſterwald — eine ſehr erfreuliche Nachricht mitgebracht. Er iſt auf einmal recht heiter geworden. Ich freue mich herzlich darüber, aber — —

Ihre Rede ſtockte; das Erröthen vermehrte ſich, und ſie ſah vor ſich hin in den Schooß.

Aber —? fragte Aurora, indem ſie Francisken erwartungsvoll in die Augen ſah. Sollte ſich auch hier etwas Widriges einmiſchen?

Nichts Widriges eben, erwiederte Franciſka, aber doch etwas, das meine Freude über dieſes Ereigniß vermindern muß.

Aurora hatte bei Tiſche einige Blicke Franciskens bemerkt, die ſie verſtohlen auf Moritz hatte fallen laſſen, wenn er mit Klotilden ſprach; und ſie hatte daraus eine Vermuthung geſchöpft, die jetzt durch die Worte dieſes guten Mädchens an Wahrſcheinlichkeit gewann. Sie beſchloß, den Augenblick zu benutzen, um ſich darüber aufzuklären, und da Franciſka wieder ſchwieg, ſagte ſie:

Könnten Sie wohl wünſchen, daß Oſterwald's troſtloſer Zuſtand fortdauerte?

O nein, nein, erwiederte Franciſka mit großer Lebhaftigkeit; um Alles in der Welt willen nicht. Sie müſſen mich nicht ſo unrecht verſtehn. Meine Bemerkung bezieht ſich bloß auf den Vater. Aller Wahrſcheinlichkeit nach wird dieſer nun einen Gehülfen verlieren, der ihm ſo nützlich war, den er jedem andern vorzog, und deſſen er in ſeinem Alter immer mehr bedarf. Sie wiſſen, daß er ſeinen einzigen Sohn auf eine unglückliche Weiſe verloren hat? —

Er hat es mir geſagt, und er ſcheint den Schmerz darüber noch nicht überwunden zu haben.

Wie könnte er auch! Er war von mehrern Kindern das einzige, das ihm übrig geblieben war, und die Freude und Hoffnung ſeines Vaters.

Und das Schreckliche ſeines Todes!

Allerdings. Doch war es der erſte und vorzüglichſte Troſt des guten Mannes, daß ſein Sohn in der Ausführung ſeiner Pflicht geſtorben ſei. Den nächſten Troſt brachte ihm Moritz, der eben an demſelbe Tage zu uns kam, da die ſchreckliche Nachricht eintraf. Da ſich dieſer ſo gut in Alles fand, und, was er noch nicht wußte, ſchnell begriff, ſo ſagte der gute Vater oft zu mir: Da es nun einmal Gottes Wille war, daß ich mich meines Sohnes nicht mehr freuen ſollte, ſo iſt es ordentlich, als ob mir Gott dieſen zum Erſatz geſchickt hätte. — Und dann glaube ich faſt — ſo ſonderbar es auch klingt, — daß der Moritz, außer ſeinem Eifer und ſeiner Geſchicklichkeit, auch durch ſeine Traurigkeit bei dem Vater gewonnen hat: erſtlich weil man ihn nicht anſehn konnte, ohne Mitleiden mit ihm zu haben, und dann — ich weiß nicht, wie es ſagen ſoll, — paßte eben ſeine Gemüthsſtimmung zu des Vaters Traurigkeit.

Da Franciſka einmal in den Zug vertraulicher Mittheilungen gekommen war, ſo reichten einige paſſende Fragen hin, ihr Alles zu entlocken, was ſie von Oſterwald's Liebe zu ſagen wußte. Halb ſcherzend erwähnte ſie auch, daß ſie ſich als Kinder ſchon gekannt hätten, und daß ſie beim Spiele immer ſeine Braut hätte ſein müſſen. Jetzt, ſetzte ſie hinzu, hat er eine ſchönere Braut.

Wen meinen Sie, liebes Kind?

Nun die Mamſell aus Unterillingen, die mit Ihnen heraufgekommen iſt.

Woraus ſchließen Sie, daß ſie ſeine Braut iſt? Sie iſt ſeine Couſine.

Ganz recht. Meine Schweſter aber ſchreibt mir heute, indem ſie mir ihre eigene Verheirathung meldet, daß Moritz mit Mamſell Klotilden verſprochen ſei. Allem Anſchein nach, iſt dieß kein leeres Gerücht —

Wo iſt Ihre Schweſter, mein gutes Kind?

In der Stadt, bei dem Kaufmann Laſſolai, mit dem ſie verſprochen iſt.

Wie ſagen Sie? Bei dem Kaufmann Laſſolai, dem Bankier?

Bei demſelben.

Und wie heißt Ihre Schweſter? fragte Aurora mit erhöheter Lebhaftigkeit.

Eleonore Wildſchütz.

Und ſie iſt Ihre Zwillingsſchweſter?

Ja.

Aurora ſchwieg und ſchien über etwas nachzuſinnen. Auch Franciſka ſchwieg, verwundert über die heftige Neugier der neuen Bekannten. Nach einigen Augenblicken fuhr Aurora fort: Iſt Ihnen der Name Lizardiere bekannt?

Franciſka ſah betroffen vor ſich hin und ſchien ungewiß, wie ſie antworten ſollte. Denn ihre Schweſter hatte ihr geſchrieben, ſie würde ſogleich nach ihrer Verheirathung mit ihrem Manne nach dem Forſthauſe kommen, und ihr dann Dinge erzählen, die ihr Freude machen würden. Zugleich hatte ſie ſich unterzeichnet: Eleonore Wildſchütz, genannt Lizardiere; aber die beiden letzten Worte waren — doch noch leſbar — ausgetilgt. — Ich habe dieſen Namen bisweilen von meiner Mutter gehört, ſagte ſie dann.

Aurora ging auf dieſen Gegenſtand nicht weiter ein. Sie hatte genug gehört, um Franciskens Verhältniß zu verſtehn, und es war ihr wahrſcheinlich, daß auch Moritz dieſes Mädchen liebe, aber ſich, durch ſeine Lage und Schwermuth abgehalten, nicht gegen ſie erklärt habe. Franciſka aber kam immer wieder auf ihn zurück, und auch die Fragen, die ſie, mit dem Tone der Gleichgültigkeit, über ſein künftiges Schickſal that, führten insgeſammt auf den Gegenſtand hin, der ihre ganze Seele beſchäftigte, und eben jetzt, wo ſie ſeinen Verluſt befürchtete, ihr ein verſtärktes und leidenſchaftliches Intereſſe für ihn einflößte.

* * *

Die Sache war allerdings ſo, wie ſie Aurora gedacht hatte. Franciskens Nähe hatte in Oſterwald's Herzen die Erinnerung an ſeine unſchuldige Kindheit geweckt, und dieſe Erinnerung wirkte jetzt mit doppelter Kraft, da er von der Laſt grober Verſchuldungen niedergedrückt war. Auch Franciskens Theilnahme an ſeinem Schickſale hatte durch das Andenken an die frühere kindiſche Vertraulichkeit einen eigenthümlichen Charakter angenommen, der ſich, ehe ſie es ſelbſt ahnete, zur Liebe geſtaltete. Bald waren alle ihre Gedanken auf ihn gerichtet, und die Neigung, die der alte Vater gegen ihn faßte, und die Liebe, die er ſelbſt dem alten Vater bewies, trug nicht wenig bei, die ſtille Leidenſchaft zu nähren, die ſie gefaßt hatte. Auch Moritz liebte ſie. Ohne Gegenliebe zu fordern, ja ohne ihr Daſein zu muthmaßen — ſo ſehr hatte die Schwermuth jede Anmaßung in ihm erſtickt — fühlte er ſich mit einer Innigkeit zu Francisken hingezogen, die ihm zuerſt einen Begriff von wahrhafter Liebe gab. Er erkannte jetzt deutlicher als je, wie er ſich in ſeinen Verhältniſſen zu Klotilden getäuſcht, wie ſeine Eitelkeit ihn betrogen habe. Aber auch dieſe Erkenntniß erſchwerte die Bürde, die er trug; und die Bilder des Glückes der Liebe, die ſich bisweilen vor ſeine Einbildungskraft drängten, weit entfernt, ihn zu erheitern, dienten nur, die dunkeln Schatten zu vertiefen, die um ſeine Gegenwart und ſeine Zukunft gebreitet waren.

Die Nachricht, die ihm die Freundinnen gebracht hatten, warf auch auf dieſe Gegend ſeines Innern einen breiten erheiternden Strahl. Nachdem er ſich von dem erſten freudigen Erſtaunen erholt hatte, traten ihm mit einemmal ſeine Verhältniſſe klar vor die Seele, und ſo wie ſich der düſtre Nebel zurückzog, ging ihm die Hoffnung einer heitern Zukunft auf. So könnte doch noch, dachte er bei ſich, die Weiſſagung des Vaters in Erfüllung gehn, und Alles könnte ſich zum Beſten wenden, wenn ſchon ohne mein Verdienſt. Lizardière lebt; das iſt das erſte Glied an der Kette dieſer neuen Epoche meines Lebens, das ſich nicht mehr in den Gärten des Irrwahns, der Eitelkeit und Eiferſucht verlieren darf. Ich habe hart für meine Fehler gebüßt; ich hoffe, durch dieſe ſchmerzlichen Erfahrungen geheilt zu ſein. Iſt es nicht mein Glück, daß ſich die ſchlüpfrigen Wege der Verſuchung von ſelbſt verſchließen! Meine militäriſche Laufbahn iſt geendigt — ſie muß geendigt ſein. Dagegen eröffnet ſich eine andre, die eben ſo harmlos als genügend iſt. Oder könnte mir ein glücklicheres Loos fallen, als fernerhin meinem Retter, meinem zweiten Vater, hülfreich zur Seite zu ſtehn, von ihm zu lernen, und mich ſeiner Liebe zu erfreuen, indem ich dem Bedürfniſſe meiner Dankbarkeit Genüge leiſte? Hier iſt Alles ſo einfach, ſo fern von dem unruhigen, heftigen Streben, das mich bis zum Wahnſinn und an den Rand des Abgrundes geriſſen hat. — Seine Gedanken verweilten hier. Es war ihm, als ob ein neuer Tag für ihn anbräche, und indem er ſeine Blicke in die Zukunft ſenkte, heitere und ſonnige Stellen aus dem Dunkel emporſtiegen. — Ich kann, dachte er weiter, dann darf ich auch mein Schweigen brechen; der alte, lang niedergehaltene Wunſch darf laut werden, und mein Glück wird vollendet ſein, wenn Sie die entſühnte Hand von mir annimmt. Aber wird ſie ſie annehmen? oder wird ihr Vater das Kind ſeiner Wahl einem Jünglinge geben, der im Glücke ſo übermüthig geweſen iſt? — Wird er nicht wenigſtens gültigere Beweiſe meiner Aenderung fordern? — Es ſei! Ich ſcheue die Prüfung nicht, wenn ich nur hoffen darf.

Voll von dieſen Geſinnungen und mit ſich ſelbſt verſöhnt, wie der Menſch immer iſt, wenn er mit ſtarkem Willen einen guten Vorſatz gefaßt hat, trat Oſterwald mit Klotilden in den Baumgang, und ſie waren länger als eine Stunde in tiefem Geſpräche mit einander auf und abgegangen, als ſie Hand in Hand in den Garten und zu der Bank traten, wo Aurora und Franciska ruhten. Wir haben einen ewigen Frieden geſchloſſen, ſagte Klotilde lächelnd, indem ſie an Moritz hinaufſah, der mit geſenktem Haupte neben ihr ſtand. Aller Streit iſt geſchlichtet und auf immer.

Klotilde hatte dieſe Worte in einem Tone geſagt, bei dem man ungewiß blieb, ob es Scherz oder Ernſt ſei. Aurora ſah ſie bedenklich an, und erwartete eine Erklärung; Franciska blickte in ihren Schooß, und Moritz richtete ſeine Augen nach Francisken hin. — Du zweifelſt noch, wie es ſcheint, fuhr Klotilde in dem vorigen Tone fort. Glaube nur mir. Wir haben uns jetzt eben ewige Treue und Freundſchaft geſchworen. —

Franciskens Angeſicht glühte; eine Thräne zitterte in ihren Augen; ſie wäre gern gegangen; aber die Furcht ſich zu verrathen hielt ſie zurück.

Und um nie in Gefahr zu gerathen, dieſen Schwur zu verletzen, fuhr Klotilde fort, haben wir alle frühern Verträge, Pacten und Concordate, wie ſie auch den Namen haben mögen, feierlich aufgehoben, und ſtehen als freie und geſchiedene Leute hier, zwiſchen denen nichts mehr beſteht, als der Bund der alten Verwandtſchaft und des alten Wohlwollens, das um deſto dauernder zu werden verheißt, da von keiner Seite ein Anſpruch oder eine Grenzirrung mehr ſtattfinden wird.

Bei dieſem letzten Theile der Rede Klotildens athmete Aurora wieder auf, die in der That einen Augenblick für ihren zurückgelaſſenen Freund gefürchtet hatte, und Franciska blickte auf Oſterwald, und ihr Blick begegnete dem ſeinigen, und dieſes Begegnen war einer Erklärung gleich. Da der Tag zu ſinken begann, kehrten Alle in das Haus zurück: Franciska zu ihren Geſchäften; Aurora, um von den getrennten und verſöhnten Verlobten zu hören, wie ſie ſich mit ihren Bekenntniſſen entgegengekommen, ſich gegenſeitig verziehen, und ihre Wünſche und Hoffnungen ohne Rückhalt mit aller kindlichen Vertraulichkeit einander mitgetheilt hatten.

Noch denſelben Abend ſchickte Aurora einen Boten mit einem Briefe an Lizardière mit der Nachricht ab, daß ſie zufällig mit Oſterwald zuſammengetroffen ſei, daß er ſich verborgen halte, und keinen Wunſch kenne, als ſich mit ihm zu verſöhnen und durch Begnadigung des Königs in den Stand geſetzt zu werden, eine neue Laufbahn einzuſchlagen. Sie lege dieſe Sache mit vollem Vertrauen in ſeine Hand, und überlaſſe es ſeiner Einſicht, ob er es für gut halte, einen Brief an den Oberſt Broderode, einen Verwandten ihres Vaters, den ſie beilegte, und der denſelben Gegenſtand betraf, abgehn zu laſſen. In der Nachſchrift meldete ſie: daß Oſterwald's Entſchloſſenheit Klotilden und ihr das Leben gerettet, daß er aber dafür keinen Lohn von ſeiner ehemaligen Geliebten gefordert, als aller frühern Verbindlichkeit gegen ſie entlaſſen zu werden.

* * *

Die Zeit der Abweſenheit des alten Wernhard blieb für die Liebe nicht unbenutzt. Sonderbarer Weiſe war Moritz, der früher ein ſo heftiger und beredter Liebhaber geweſen war, in ſeinem neuen, noch ungewiſſen Verhältniſſe, ſo zurückhaltend und ſchüchtern, daß er faſt nur durch Blicke ſprach, und, wenn ihn Klotilde oder Aurora bei dieſen ſtummen Erklärungen überraſchten, die Augen erröthend niederſchlug. Aurora, die in dieſer Zeit immer ungewöhnlich heiter war, nicht gedrückt, nicht ſchüchtern, nicht menſchenſcheu, ſondern froh, mittheilend und ſcherzend ſogar, — Aurora kam auch hier zu Hülfe. Sie entlockte den Liebenden das Bekenntniß ihres Geheimniſſes, und brachte eine gegenſeitige Erklärung zu Stande, die, um ihr Glück zu befeſtigen, nur der Zuſtimmung des abweſenden Vaters bedurfte.

Während nun dieſe die Rückkehr des alten Mannes mit Sehnſucht erwarteten, um ſeine Entſcheidung zu vernehmen, ſehnte ſich Klotilde nicht weniger darnach, nun ſelbſt wieder nach Hauſe zurückzukehren. Ihre Unruhe wuchs in der Abweſenheit, und die Schwierigkeiten, die ſich der Erfüllung ihrer Wünſche entgegenſetzten, ſchienen ſich durch die Entfernung zu vergrößern. Sie ſelbſt wäre mit dem mäßigſten Looſe äußern Glückes zufrieden geweſen; aber ſie wußte nur allzugut, daß ihre Mutter die Beſchränkung ihres eignen Lebens nur mit Unmuth ertrug, und daß ſie von ihrem künftigen Schwiegerſohne die Wiederherſtellung des Glanzes ihrer Familie erwartete, an deſſen Verluſt ſie nie ohne die bitterſten Schmerzen denken konnte. Aurora tröſtete, ſo gut ſie konnte, und trat jetzt mit der Aeußerung hervor, daß ihr eine Nachricht zugekommen ſei, als ob den Glücksumſtänden ihres Freundes eine günſtige Veränderung bevorſtehe. Ueber das andere, was Klotilden beſorgt und ängſtlich machte, wußte ſie nichts zu ſagen. Vielleicht aber, ſagte ſie, wird Deine Mutter, wenn Dir Lizardière ein anſtändiges Auskommen bieten kann, die Grille mit dem Adel fallen laſſen, und Dein Vater wird es vielleicht bei einem reichen Schwiegerſohne nicht ſo genau mit dem Religionspunkte nehmen.

Es hatte ſich aber in Unterwillingen die Sache in denſelben Tagen gegen alles Erwarten verbeſſert. Wir haben oben angedeutet, was der Pfarrer für Plane in Rückſicht auf Lizardière entworfen hatte. Dieſe Plane beſchäftigten ihn Tag und Nacht. Nachdem er ſich alſo auf das gewiſſenhafteſte vorbereitet und ſeine geiſtlichen Waffen nicht anders geſchärft hatte, als ob er gegen Mornay oder Claude oder Basnage zu Felde zöge — er hatte ſich Aurorens Bemerkungen über die Standhaftigkeit der Reformirten in Glaubensſachen wohl zu Herzen genommen — trat er ſchon am Tage nach Aurorens Abreiſe nicht ohne Feierlichkeit in das Krankenzimmer, und kündigte dem Hauptmanne ohne Umſchweife an, daß er, wenn es ihm nicht läſtig wäre, über einen ernſten Gegenſtand mit ihm ſprechen wolle. — Lizardière, dem nichts als ſeine Liebe im Sinne lag, über die er mit allen ſeinen herzhaften Vorſätzen, doch nicht Herr werden konnte, dachte natürlich zuerſt an die

Tochter des Pfarrers, und erklärte mit klopfendem Herzen, daß er den Eröffnungen ſeines verehrten Wirthes mit Verlangen entgegenſehe. Der Eingang, mit welchem der Pfarrer nun ſeinen Vortrag eröffnete, indem er von ſeinem Wunſche ſprach, einen ſo braven und achtungswerthen Mann in jeder Rückſicht und vollkommen glücklich zu ſehn, war der erſten Vermuthung keineswegs entgegen, und Lizardiere fing ſchon an mit ſich zu Rathe zu gehn, wenn ihm der Pfarrer — was er freilich ſonderbar genug fand — die Hand ſeiner Tochter antragen ſollte, ob er dieſes Glück in ſeinen Verhältniſſen mit gutem Gewiſſen annehmen dürfe; als Jener ſeinem Ziele durch die Erklärung näher rückte, wie weh es ihm thue, einen Mann wie ihn in gefährlichen Irrthümern befangen zu ſehn.

Lizardiere machte jetzt große Augen, und da der Pfarrer inne hielt, und mit einem forſchenden Blicke die Wirkung ſeiner Rede beobachtete, ſagte er nicht ohne Verwunderung: In welchen Irrthümern, liebſter Herr Paſtor? Ich verſtehe Sie nicht.

Ich glaube ſehr gern, antwortete der Pfarrer, und es iſt Ihnen in gewiſſer Rückſicht nicht zu verdenken, daß es Ihnen ſchwer wird, Ihre Meinungen für Irrthümer zu halten; aber wenn Sie die, in der beſten Abſicht dargebotene, wenn auch vielleicht bittere Arznei nicht verſchmähen, ſo bin ich vollkommen bereit, Ihnen auf die unwiderleglichſte Weiſe darzuthun, daß Sie auf einem irrigen und gefährlichen Wege ſind.

Lizardiere's Verwunderung ſtieg immer höher, aber er ſchwieg. — Laſſen Sie uns gleich, fuhr der Pfarrer fort, der vor Verlangen brannte auf die Controvers einzugehn, ohne uns bei Nebenſachen zu verweilen, ob man ſchon in rebus ad fidem pertinentibus keine eigentlichen Adiaphora und Nebenſachen ſtatuiren darf — aber laſſen Sie uns gleich den Hauptartikel Ihres Irrglaubens — Sie müſſen einem rechtgläubigen Lutheriſchen Geiſtlichen dieſen Ausdruck zu Gute halten — laſſen Sie uns den Artikel von der Prädeſtination und Gnadenwahl beleuchten, den, wie Sie wiſſen, Johannes Calvinus und ſein Schildknappe, Theodorus Beza — —

Ach, ſagte Lizardiere, dem mit einemmale die Bruſt frei wurde, Sie ſprechen von meinem Glauben. Das iſt freilich eine ſehr ernſte Sache, und ich danke Ihnen für das Wohlwollen, womit Sie ſich meiner Bekehrung unterziehen wollen, aber —

Ich verſtehe Sie, fiel der Pfarrer mit Lebhaftigkeit ein; Sie glauben Ihrer Sache gewiß zu ſein und glauben meine Belehrung entbehren zu können. Es wird Ihnen aber erinnerlich ſein, daß ſelbſt in Ihrer Kirche — —

Verzeihen Sie, theuerſter Herr Paſtor, unterbrach ihn Lizardiere, der nur mit Mühe das Lachen zurückhielt; verzeihen Sie, ich bin kein Calviniſt; ich bin — —

Ein Papiſt vielleicht! rief der Pfarrer.

Auch das nicht. Ich bin ein guter Lutheriſcher Chriſt, wie Sie, Herr Paſtor, nur nicht ſo gründlich, nicht ſo gelehrt.

Dem Pfarrer blieb vor Erſtaunen der Mund offen. Er hielt beide Arme ausgebreitet, und ſeine Blicke waren gedankenlos auf Lizardiere's Geſicht geheftet. — Sie ſind ein Lutheraner! brach er endlich hervor. Und ich darf dieß für Wahrheit nehmen?

Für die Wahrheit eines Mannes, der nie lügt, am wenigſten bei Gegenſtänden dieſer Art.

Der Pfarrer ſah nach der Decke und rieb ſich die Stirn. Man hätte ſagen ſollen, es thue ihm leid, ſeine gründliche Vorbereitung und den gehofften Sieg einzubüßen. — Aber Ihr Vater, ſagte er endlich, war doch der reformirten Kirche zugethan? Ich weiß es gewiß.

Allerdings war er das; aber meine Mutter nicht. Mein Vater war in früherer Zeit in ſo mannichfaltige Geſchäfte verwickelt, daß er meine Erziehung gänzlich meiner Mutter überlaſſen mußte. Dieſe übergab mich meiner Geſundheit wegen, die einen Aufenthalt auf dem Lande nothwendig machte, dem Pfarrer von Wolfartshauſen, bei dem ich den Lutheriſchen Katechismus gelernt, und nie andere Gebräuche als die der Lutheriſchen beobachtet habe. Mein Vater hatte nichts dagegen einzuwenden. Sein Grundſatz war, ein rechtſchaffener Mann könne bei dieſem und jenem Glauben ſelig werden.

Ein gefährlicher, indifferentiſtiſcher Irrthum! ſagte der Pfarrer kopfſchüttelnd.

Vielleicht, erwiederte Lizardiere, aber ein menſchenfreundlicher. Wollte Gott, er hätte zur rechten Zeit in Frankreich Wurzel geſchlagen, ſo wären dieſem ſchönen Lande Ströme von Blut und zahlloſe Greuel erſpart worden.

Der Pfarrer ſeufzte und ſah zweifelhaft umher. Die Greuel der Ligue und die noch verabſcheuungswürdigern Verfolgungen der Hugenotten nach der Widerrufung des Edicts von Nantes traten lebendig vor ſeine Seele. Auch für Irrende, ſagte er, war das ein zu hartes Loos. Und durch wen fiel es ihnen? Durch Leute, die in noch viel gröbern Irrthümern verwickelt waren.

Mich dünkt, ſagte Lizardiere, dem bei der Erinnerung an die Mißhandlungen, die ſeine Vorfahren ausgeſtanden hatten, das Herz warm wurde, mich dünkt, daß jede Verfolgung um des Glaubens willen ein Verbrechen ſei; denn der Verfolgende, der ſeine Wahrheit, als ob ſie die allein gültige wäre, einem Andern aufdringt, iſt zugleich Partei und Richter in ſeiner eigenen Sache, und zwar auf eine Weiſe, bei der nur die Gewalt entſcheidet. Wenn die Meinung von dem Beſitze der Wahrheit ein Recht zum Zwange giebt, ſo hindert nichts, daß ſo wie die Macht aus einer Hand in die andre und von einer Partei zu der andern übergeht, eine ununterbrochene Reihe der grauſamſten Verfolgungen gegen die Menſchheit wüthe. Manche haben behauptet, daß die Revolution das Nachſpiel der früheren Religionskriege, und vorzüglich der Gewaltthätigkeiten Ludwigs des Vierzehnten geweſen ſei; und vielleicht nicht mit Unrecht. Wenigſtens haben die Jacobiner den Katechismus der Hölle, den die Dragoner der Maintenon und Tellier's mit Blute geſchrieben hatten, gut einſtudirt und ſchwerlich einen darin enthaltenen Greuel ungeübt laſſen. Aber zuzuſehen fanden ſie auch nicht viel.

Wenn ich mich recht erinnere, ſagte der Pfarrer, ſo hab' ich unter den Opfern jener fluchwürdigen Zeit einen Namen gefunden, der dem Ihrigem ähnlich war. War es nicht ein Baron von Lizardiere aus Montauban, welcher als ein junger Mann langwieriges und hartes Gefängniß und mannichfaltige Qualen um des Glaubens Willen ausgeſtanden hat!

Dieſer Baron von Lizardiere, antwortete der Kranke, war der jüngere Bruder meines Urgroßvaters. Er ſtarb im Gefängniſſe, während mein Urgroßvater ſich glücklich ſchätzen mußte, mit Zurücklaſſung ſeiner Habe unter unſäglichen Gefahren den blutigen Händen der Verfolger zu entgehen. —

Bei dieſen letzten Reden war die Pfarrin in die Stube getreten, um ihrem Manne zu ſagen, daß er zu einem Kranken verlangt werde. Das, was ſie vernommen hatte, war ihr allzu intereſſant, um es auf die Erde fallen zu laſſen, und ſobald der Pfarrer das Zimmer verlaſſen hatte, nicht ohne Aeußerungen des aufrichtigſten Wohlwollens und herzliches Händeſchütteln, ſagte ſie: Wie ich höre, Herr von Lizardiere, ſo ſind Sie vom Adel. Verzeihen Sie nur, daß wir Ihnen bisher nicht den rechten Titel gegeben haben. Es iſt aus Unwiſſenheit geſchehen.

Ich habe nichts zu verzeihen, antwortete Lizardiere, wo nichts gefehlt worden iſt. Sie haben vollkommen Recht gehabt, mir einen Titel nicht zu geben, auf den mein Vater von dem Augenblicke an verzichtet hat, wo er ſich dem Handel widmete. — Aber werden Sie ihn nicht jetzt, ſagte die Pfarrin, wo Sie beim Militär eine Laufbahn gemacht haben, wieder geltend machen?

Es gab allerdings eine Zeit, erwiederte Lizardiere, wo das militäriſche Verdienſt nicht ohne eine Verzierung vor dem Namen des Offiziers beſtehen konnte. Wahrſcheinlich — ich möchte ſagen, hoffentlich, iſt dieſe Zeit vorüber. Wenigſtens zählt das Heer gegenwärtig eine bedeutende Anzahl von Offizieren, die trotz ihrer bürgerlichen Abkunft alle Verdienſte guter Soldaten haben, und die Zeit ſcheint zu fordern, daß in dieſem Staate, ſo wie in jedem andern, auch künftig dem Verdienſte die Laufbahn geöffnet ſei, die früher nur der Geburt offen ſtand. Mag der Geburtsadel die Höfe beſetzt halten; im Staate und bei dem Heere müſſen Einſichten, Kenntniſſe, Talente und Tugend entſcheiden.

Obgleich der Pfarrin dieſe Grundſätze ziemlich freigeiſteriſch klangen, ſo fand ſie doch nicht für nöthig, etwas dagegen einzuwenden, weil ſie ihr eigenes Intereſſe nicht berührten. Aber wie Lizardiere dem Pfarrer lieber geworden, ſeit er wußte, daß er ſein Wohlwollen nicht an einen Calviniſten verſchwendete; ſo war er durch ſeinen alten Adelsbrief in der Achtung der Pfarrin bedeutend emporgeſtiegen, und ſie ließ ſich nicht abhalten, ihn als einen Edelmann zu behandeln, was er ſich denn auch, weil die gute Frau einen Ehrenpunkt daraus machte, zuletzt ohne weitere Proteſtation gefallen ließ.

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Lizardiere ſah ſich kaum wieder allein, als er ein Paket von unbekannter Hand erhielt, bei deſſen Eröffnung ihm einige Dutzend Banknoten entgegen fielen. Ein beiliegender Brief ohne Unterſchrift meldete ihm, daß einige Perſonen, die mit ſeinem Vater in Verbindung geſtanden, dieſem eine Summe von 82,000 Thalern ſchuldeten, von welcher Schuld er hier den vierten Theil auf Abſchlag erhalte: das Uebrige werde ihm auf dieſelbe Weiſe in beſtimmten Friſten zu Händen kommen. Die Gründe, welche die Ueberſender hätten, ihren Namen zu verſchweigen, wären durchaus unverfänglich, und dürften ihn auf keine Weiſe hindern, von der überſendeten Summe jeden beliebigen Gebrauch zu machen. In einer Nachſchrift wurde er gebeten, den Empfang mit Beiſetzung der Anfangs-Buchſtaben ſeines Namens in dem hamburger Correſpondenten anzuzeigen, übrigens aber ſich keine Mühe zu geben, dem Geheimniſſe nachzuſpüren.

Lizardiere's Erſtaunen über dieſes Ereigniß war wie man erwarten kann. Er überlief den Brief mehr als Einmal; wendete ihn nach allen Seiten; zählte die Banknoten; Alles war richtig; aber nichts führte auf eine Spur. Für ein Geſchenk war die Summe zu groß, und wer in aller Welt hätte ihm ein ſolches Geſchenk machen können? So viel war es aber ohngefähr, was er durch den unſeligen Prozeß mit Belende verloren hatte. Sollte bei dieſem die Stimme des Gewiſſens erwacht ſein? — Denn daß er todt war, wußte er nicht. Ganz gewiß, dachte er, iſt es ſo. Er ſchämt ſich ſeiner That; er macht ſein Unrecht wieder gut; und es iſt ganz natürlich, daß er ſich nicht zu einer Handlung bekennen will, die das Bekenntniß eines großen und ſchimpflichen Vergehens in ſich ſchließt.

Unſre Leſerinnen wiſſen von dieſer Sache ſchon ſoviel, daß wir nur Weniges hinzuzuſetzen brauchen, um ihren ganzen Zuſammenhang aufzudecken. Die Nachrichten, die Auroren aus dem Munde der Haushälterin ihres Oheims zugekommen waren, und die Belehrungen, die ſie aus den mitgetheilten Papieren ſchöpfte, hatten ſie keinen Augenblick über die Lage der Sachen und das, was ihr zu thun obliege, in Zweifel gelaſſen. Weder die Beſchränktheit ihres jetzigen Vermögens, das nur eben für ihr Bedürfniß hinreichte, noch die Größe der Summe, die ſie dem Rechte und der Pflicht opfern zu müſſen glaubte, veränderte Etwas in dem Entſchluſſe, den ſie ſchon während der Erzählung der Haushälterin faßte, und mit deſto größerer Standhaftigkeit feſt hielt, da ſie in der Ausübung einer Pflicht zugleich das Mittel fand, das Glück eines Freundes, den ſie hochachtete, und einer Freundin, die ſie liebte, zu gründen. Das Einzige, was ſie ſich ſchuldig zu ſein meinte — vielleicht nur um ſich ſelbſt von dem Verdachte einer prahleriſchen Großmuth frei ſprechen zu können — war, ihre Miterbin, die Couſine Kunigunde in Kenntniß der Sache zu ſetzen, und ſie aufzufordern, gemeinſchaftlich mit ihr die Schuld des Oheims zu tilgen. Dieſe Aufforderung hatte keinen Erfolg. Kunigunde antwortete mit trockener Kürze, erſtlich, daß es ihr widerſtrebe, ihren Oheim, deſſen Wirthſchaftlichkeit ſie ihr gegenwärtiges Glück verdanke, für einen Betrüger zu halten; zweitens aber möchte die Sache ſein, wie ſie wollte, ſo hätte ſie nicht Urſache ſich darüber ein Gewiſſen zu machen. Der Oheim habe ſeinen Prozeß nach Urtel und Recht gewonnen, ſo wie ſie jetzt mit vollem Rechte in den Beſitz der ihr zugefallenen Erbſchaft träte. Sie ſetzte hinzu: „Ich habe mich lange genug behelfen müſſen, um Geld und Geldeswerth ſchätzen zu lernen, und Niemand in der Welt kann es mir verdenken, wenn ich keine Närrin bin, und nicht aus thörigter Gewiſſenhaftigkeit mein rechtmäßiges Erbtheil zum Fenſter hinauswerfe. Du magſt es halten, wie Du willſt; aber vernünftiger wär' es gewiß, wenn Du es machteſt wie ich, und das Deinige zuſammen hielteſt. Von den Wildſchützens weiß ich nichts. Sie werden es wohl gemacht haben, wie ihre Mutter, und wer mag ſich dann um ſolche Dirnen bekümmern?"

Aurora war über dieſen Brief weder verwundert noch ungehalten. Sie beharrte bei ihrem Entſchluſſe, und da ihr nur daran gelegen war, die Sache ſo ſchnell als möglich zu beendigen, gab ſie ihrem Sachwalter den Auftrag, die Theilung von ihrer Seite auf alle Weiſe zu erleichtern, und indem er ihrer Miterbin die Grundſtücke zu billigen Preiſen überließ, die auf den Namen des Oheims geſtellten Pfandbriefe und Wechſel, als das, was am leichteſten realiſirt werden konnte, an ſich zu bringen. Sobald ſie dieſe in den Händen hatte, dachte ſie darauf, ſie ſo umzuſetzen, daß der Name ihres Oheims möglichſt geſchont, und die Quelle verdeckt würde, aus welcher Lizardiere zu dem Verlorenen kommen ſollte. Zu dieſem Geſchäft erſah ſie ihren alten Pfleger, deſſen Klugheit ſie kannte; und ihre geheimen Verhandlungen mit ihm und ſeine Reiſe nach der Stadt hatte keinen andern Gegenſtand. Hier verhandelte er es mit ſeinem Schwager Laſſolai, dem ſein Credit und ſeine ſoliden Verbindungen hierzu alle Mittel boten; und erſt nachdem Alles in Ordnung gebracht, und die erſte Sendung abgegangen war, kehrte er nach dem Forſthauſe zurück, begleitet von dem neuen Ehepaare, deſſen ſtille und glückliche Hochzeit er durch ſeine Gegenwart verſchönert hatte.

Die Freude, welche Franciska über das Wiederſehen einer geliebten Schweſter fühlte, mit der ſie ziemlich lange nicht zuſammen geweſen — die häuslichen Verhältniſſe, in denen beide ſtanden, erlaubten keine lange Abweſenheit — und die jetzt eben in ein neues, und, allem Anſchein nach, höchſt glückliches Verhältniß getreten war, drängte die Unruhe zurück, die ſie über ihr eigenes Loos und ſeine nahe Entſcheidung fühlte. Bald aber ergoß ſich das volle Herz in ſchweſterlichen Mittheilungen, bei denen der alte gemeinſchaftliche Freund in einem ſo günſtigen Lichte erſchien, daß Leonore der Schweſter um den Hals fiel und ſagte: Da wird doch der Vater gewiß nicht Nein ſagen. Ich dächte, er könnte es ſich nicht anders wünſchen.

Und ſo war es allerdings. Sobald der alte Wennhard Auroren von ſeinem Geſchäfte Bericht erſtattet und ihren Dank empfangen hatte, theilte ſie ihm Alles mit, was ſich in ſeiner Abweſenheit zugetragen hatte, und bat im Namen der Liebenden um ſeine Einwilligung. Dieſe wurde mit Freuden ertheilt. Er ſoll mir mein Chriſtkind ſein, ſagte der Greis. Wenn nur erſt ſeine Sache bei der Armee abgemacht wäre!

Während ſie noch hierüber ſprachen, und Aurora gute Hoffnungen gab, und der Greis immer heiterer wurde, kam ein Bote von Unterwillingen mit einem Briefe des Oberſten Brederode an Auroren, als Antwort auf den ihrigen. Der Oberſte ſchrieb, für die Nachricht, die ſie ihm von dem Leben zweier geſchätzten und verdienſtvollen Officiere gegeben, die man für todt und verloren gehalten, ſei er ihr höchlich verpflichtet. Er habe gegen den Hauptmann Lizardiere die größten Verbindlichkeiten, die er durch nichts gut machen könne, und ſeine Verwendung für ihn, die er ſich zur Pflicht mache, ſei nur ein geringer Beweis ſeiner Dankbarkeit. Was den Hauptmann Oſterwald betreffe, ſo wäre ſeine Sache allerdings etwas ſchwieriger; da aber ſeine Verdienſte allgemein anerkannt wären, auch vielleicht durch die — wie er glaube — etwas zu harte Behandlung im Angeſichte ſeines Regiments ſein Vergehen gemildert würde, ſo hätte er ebenfalls die beſte Hoffnung für ſeine Begnadigung. Er habe ſogleich nach Empfang ihres Briefes eine Staffette in das Hauptquartier geſchickt, und werde, ſobald er eine befriedigende Antwort erhielte, ihr dieſe unverzüglich, und, wenn es ihm ſeine noch immer ſehr wankende Geſundheit erlaubte, vielleicht perſönlich einhändigen.

Dieſem erfreulichen Briefe lagen einige Zeilen von Lizardiere bei, in denen er meldete, er habe, wie in einem Feenmährchen, ſich als ein Bettler zu Bett gelegt, und ſei als ein reicher Mann erwacht. Noch wiſſe er nicht, ob er wache oder träume; aber wie dem auch ſei, die Hoffnungen, die ſich an ſeinen Traum anknüpften, wären das erfreulichſte, was er je erlebt hätte. Zum Schluſſe beſchwor er ſie, ihre Rückkehr zu beſchleunigen, weil er ſein Loos ohne ſie nicht zur Entſcheidung zu bringen wiſſe, oder, wenn er es wüßte, doch nicht wollte. Er ſei ſeiner Ungeduld nicht mehr Herr, und wenn ſie nicht in den erſten Tagen zurückkehren könnte, ſo werde er ſich die Erlaubniß nehmen, ſie zu überfallen, da ihm ſein Zuſtand jetzt wohl erlaube, dieſen Weg in kleinen Tagereiſen zu machen.

Auf dieſen Brief wurde durch den rückkehrenden Boten eine Antwort geſandt, welche die dringendſte Einladung nicht nur an Lizardiere, ſondern auch an den Pfarrer und ſeine Frau enthielt, und um die Ankunft dieſer erſehnten Gäſte zu beſchleunigen, gab der alte Wennhard dem Boten ein Pferd. Nicht Aurora allein hatte geſchrieben, auch Klotilde hatte ihre Eltern flehend gebeten, ihren Wunſch zu erfüllen, und Laſſolai hatte in ſeinem und ſeiner Frauen Namen dieſe Bitte unterſtützt; endlich hatte auch Moritz einige Zeilen an Lizardiere beigelegt, die ſeiner jetzigen Stimmung und beſſern Einſicht entſprachen, und auch ein erzürntes Gemüth zu verſöhnen genügt hätten. Dieſer Vereinigung von Bitten konnte ſelbſt der Pfarrer nicht Widerſtand thun, und ſo ungern er ſich von ſeiner Studirſtube trennte, ſo war er doch, nachdem er einmal eingewilligt hatte, und die Reiſe beſchloſſen war, faſt von Allen der ungeduldigſte. Er freute ſich auf Klotilden, mit der er zwar gewöhnlich nicht viel verhandelte, die er aber immer ungern vermißte, wenn ſie abweſend war; auf Auroren, die ſeit dem Nachmittage, mit dem unſre Geſchichte beginnt, täglich in ſeiner Achtung geſtiegen und eigentlich ſeine Favoritin war; auf Laſſolai, der ihm vielleicht eine erwünſchte Nachricht mitbrachte; auch auf den wiedergefundenen Vetter ein wenig. Auf Alles das freute er ſich; aber aller der Freude lag doch — wir können es nicht läugnen — der Gedanke an die baldige Rückkehr nach Hauſe, in ſeine Studirſtube und zu den lutheriſchen Erquickſtunden als Folie zu Grunde.

Niemand kann liebenswürdiger ſein, als Lizardiere auf dieſer Fahrt war, die, um ſeine Geſundheit zu ſchonen, in zwei Tagereiſen getheilt wurde. Das neue Gefühl des wiedergeſchenkten Daſeins und der zurückkehrenden Kräfte; die Ausſichten, die ſich ihm auf ein unabhängiges Leben öffneten, vor Allem die Hoffnung, Klotilden wiederzuſehen, und die geheime Ahnung, daß dieſes Wiederſehen ſein Verhältniß mit ihr zu einer glücklichen Entſcheidung bringen könne — das Alles gab ſeinem an ſich regen Geiſt einen ungewöhnlichen Schwung, und er war unerſchöpflich in Geſprächen, von denen er vermuthen konnte, daß ſie ſeinen Begleitern die angenehmſten und anziehendſten waren. Die alte Bemerkung, daß auf einer gemeinſchaftlichen Reiſe die Menſchen ſich ſchneller und beſſer kennen lernen, als oft bei einem langen Zuſammenſein in gewöhnlichen Verhältniſſen geſchieht, beſtätigte ſich auch hier; und ſchon am erſten Abend hatte ſich unter den drei Reiſenden eine Art von Vertraulichkeit gebildet, die der Pfarrin ſchmeichelhaft und dem Pfarrer behaglich war, während ſie in ihrem Begleiter die erfreulichſten Hoffnungen aufkeimen ließ.

Am folgenden Tage, einige Stunden vor Sonnenuntergange gelangten ſie auf eine Anhöhe, wo wirbelnde, von der Sonne vergoldete Rauchwolken, die ſich aus den Schornſteinen in die heitere Luft ergoſſen, die Nähe des Forſthauſes und das Ziel der Reiſe ankündigten, und kurz darauf erblickten ſie auf einem Pfade des Waldes von Zeit zu Zeit eine Bewegung von Menſchen, Männern und Frauen, wie es ſchien, die, wie es das Auf- und Abſteigen des Weges und die Beſchaffenheit des Waldes, durch den er ſich ſchlängelte, mit ſich brachte, bald erſchienen, bald wieder verſchwanden, aber immer mehr ſich der Stelle näherten, auf welcher ſich der Wagen befand. Es war jetzt kein Zweifel mehr, daß dieſes eben die Freunde waren, welche ſie zu ſich eingeladen hatten. Lizardiere, der ſeiner Ungeduld nicht Meiſter war, verließ den Wagen, der ſich auf dem abſchüſſigen und ſchroffen Wege nur langſam fortbewegte, um den Kommenden entgegen zu eilen. Auf einer Waldblöße trafen ſie ſich, und an derſelben Stelle, wo Moritz an dem Tage ſeines Unglücks betäubt zu Boden gelegen und den Tod gewünſcht hatte, umarmten ſich die beiden Gegner mit verſöhntem Herzen, und vergaben ſich jede erträumte und jede wirkliche Schuld. Moritz war vor den Uebrigen vorausgeeilt, und als ihm Lizardiere ſchon von fern wie einem alten Freunde die Hand reichte, fiel er gerührt an ſeine Bruſt, und Thränen der Reue ergoſſen ſich, und er ſchämte ſich ſeiner Reue nicht. Dazu war ſein Gefühl in dieſem Augenblicke zu würdig und hoch. Wenn der Irrthum beſchämt, ſo erhebt das freie Bekenntniß des Irrthums; und ein edles Gemüth kennt keine höhere Freude, als der verkannten Tugend, nach erlangter Einſicht, alle Huldigungen der Demuth freiwillig als ſühnendes Opfer darzubringen.

Die freudige Wirkung, welche dieſe Ausſöhnung — oder ihr Zeichen vielmehr; denn ſie ſelbſt war dieſem längſt vorausgegangen — auf die übrige Geſellſchaft hervorbrachte, die mannichfaltig bewegt die neuen Freunde umringte, wollen wir nicht beſchreiben. Klotilden floſſen heiße Thränen von den Wangen, die ſie den Augen der Umſtehenden entzog, indem ſie ſich ſchnell an Franciſken ſchloß, mit der ſie, ſeit das Verhältniß zu Moritz beſtimmt war, die vertraulichſte Freundſchaft errichtet hatte. Leonorens Augen aber waren auf den eben Angekommenen geheftet, der ſich mit Auroren unterhielt, und die Blicke, die ſie von Zeit zu Zeit mit ihrem Manne wechſelte, der an ihrer Seite ging, deuteten auf irgend ein Geheimniß, das ſich zwiſchen dieſen beiden verbarg. Bald aber ſchloß ſich der Pfarrer an Laſſolai an, und erfuhr von dieſem, daß eine ſolide Buchhandlung in Braunſchweig nicht abgeneigt ſei, den Verlag der Erquickſtunden zu übernehmen, und ſich mit dem Verfaſſer über die Einrichtung und den Umfang des Werkes zu verſtändigen wünſche. Der geneigte Leſer wird es uns auf das Wort glauben, daß dieſe Nachricht nicht wenig beitrug, die Heiterkeit des Pfarrers zu vermehren, der nicht umhin konnte, in den Bemühungen des calviniſtiſchen Laſſolai um die Erſcheinung ſeines Werkes einen glänzenden Triumph des reinen Lutherthums zu finden, der ihm immer das Erſte war. Das zweite war, daß ſich ſeine Achtung gegen Laſſolai noch um Vieles vermehrte, und das Dritte, was er aber ſelbſt kaum wahrnahm, daß der Calvinismus von dieſer Zeit an in ſeinen Augen ſehr viel von ſeiner verhaßten Geſtalt verlor.

Alles das geſchah auf dem Wege nach dem erſten Zuſammentreffen. Als man aber im Forſthauſe angekommen war, und ſich die alten und neuen Bekannten nach Anziehung oder Bedürfniß oder Zufall zuſammengeordnet hatten, vernahm Aurora aus dem Munde der Pfarrin, was ſich während ihrer Abweſenheit in Unterillingen zugetragen hatte, worunter denn die merkwürdige Entdeckung von dem Adel des Herrn von Lizardiere die — Pfarrin nannte ihn ſeit jenem Tage nie anders — und ſeinem lutheriſchen Glauben das Merkwürdigſte war. Da nun die gute Frau, nachdem ſie einmal dieſen Gegenſtand berührt hatte, nicht aufhören konnte, die unſchätzbaren Eigenſchaften dieſes Mannes zu rühmen, und zugleich verſicherte, ihr Mann habe eine ſolche Liebe zu ihm gefaßt, daß er geſtern noch beim Schlafengehen zu ihr geſagt, der Hauptmann ſei recht nach ſeinem Herzen, und er würde ſich glücklich ſchätzen, einen ſolchen Sohn zu haben, hielt Aurora den Zeitpunkt für günſtig, um das Eis zu brechen. Sie entdeckte ihr, ohne die Vorgänge früherer Zeit zu berühren, daß während Lizardiere's Krankheit ſich eine gegenſeitige Liebe zwiſchen ihm und Klotilden entſponnen, ſo wie auch Moritz und Franciſka faſt um dieſelbe Zeit Zuneigung zu einander gefaßt hätten, und jetzt, da ſie ſich hier zufällig zuſammengetroffen, hätte ſich die Sache aufgeklärt und das alte Verhältniß gelöſt. Das Erſtaunen der Pfarrin war nicht gering; aber ihre Freude wo möglich noch größer; und das Einzige, was ſie beunruhigte, war die Verletzung ihres mütterlichen Anſehens durch die Freiheit, die ſich Klotilde genommen, ohne ihr Wiſſen und Zuthun ihr Herz zu vergeben. Da aber Aurora, welcher dieſe Regung der Anſprüche des mütterlichen Hoheitsrechtes nicht unbemerkt blieb, ihr ſogleich durch die Verſicherung zuvorkam, daß es zwiſchen den beiden Liebenden nie zu einer Erklärung gekommen, und daß Klotilde, bei aller Stärke ihres Gefühls, doch Alles der Einſicht und Entſcheidung ihrer Mutter anheim gebe, fühlte ſie eine ſo ungeduldige Freude, daß ſie ihren Mann ſogleich bei Seite nahm, und nach einer kurzen Rückſprache mit ihm, Auroren erklärte, daß, wenn Herr von Lizardiere ihre Tochter begehre, weder ſie noch ihr Mann dem Glück ihrer Tochter in den Weg treten würde.

Während dieſer Verhandlungen hatte Lizardiere Klotilden aufgeſucht, die mit Franciſken im Garten auf und abging, und hatte ſich an die beiden Freundinnen angeſchloſſen. Da jetzt bei veränderten Umſtänden ſeine frühern Bedenklichkeiten gewichen waren, und Franciſka mit leiſen Anſpielungen, die ſich zwiſchen Scherz und Ernſt hielten, den Weg ebnete, ſo erfolgte die gegenſeitige Erklärung in unerwarteter Schnelligkeit, und die Lippen der Hocherrötheten ſprachen jetzt zum zweitenmal, nur mit mehr Beſonnenheit und mit froherer Erwartung, das Geſtändniß der Liebe aus. Nach kurzem Verweilen waren auch die Eltern unterrichtet, und da durch Aurorens kluge Vorbereitungen alle Hinderniſſe weggeräumt waren, ſo wurden die Glücklichen, mit Uebergehung aller Ceremonien, noch denſelben Abend als Braut und Bräutigam anerkannt.

Nachdem nun das neue Ereigniß kund gemacht worden, und die Glückwünſche abgeſtattet werden ſollten, geſchah Etwas, worauf ſich meine Leſerinnen gewiß ſchon lange gefreut haben, und ich mich auch. Der alte Wennhard nämlich ergriff Leonoren und Franciſken, die Zwillingsſchweſtern, bei den Händen, führte ſie zu dem Bräutigam hin und ſagte: Ihre Schweſtern, Herr Hauptmann, bitten um die Erlaubniß, Ihnen ihre Freude an Ihrem Glücke zu erkennen zu geben — und da Lizardiere mit einem Ausrufe der Verwunderung zwiſchen ſie trat, hielt ihm der Alte den offenen Taufſchein hin. Alles war erſtaunt, aber Niemand mehr als Franciſka, welcher ihre Schweſter das Geheimniß noch verborgen hatte. Nach einem Blicke auf das Blatt warf ſich Lizardiere Franciſken in die Arme, und Leonore umſchlang beide, und der glückliche Laſſolai vereinigte ſich mit ihnen, und kein Auge blieb trocken; und es war ein Feſt, wie man nur ſelten ſieht; und ein Taumel der Freude und eine ſelige Trunkenheit, wo die Lippen nur lallen, während in der Bruſt jeder Blutstropfen und jede Fiber jubelt. Faſt ſchien Lizardiere Klotilden zu vergeſſen über den ſchönen neugefundenen Schweſtern, die ihm um die Wette ſchmeichelten; Leonore mit größerer Keckheit, Franciſka mit mehr mädchenhafter Schüchternheit. Aber indem er ihr in die freudenhellen Augen ſah, und ſie mit ſeinen Blicken zu fragen ſchien, ob es wahr ſei, daß er ſie Schweſtern nennen dürfe! ſchmiegte ſich Klotilde an Franciſken und ſagte leiſe: Nun biſt Du reicher als ich; aber ich bin doch eben ſo glücklich als Du. Da zog ihr Geliebter ſie an ſeine Bruſt, und drückte den erſten Kuß auf die vollen Purpurlippen, und ſagte mit halberſtickter Stimme: Wie errang ich nur ſoviel Seligkeit an Einem Tage?

Aber noch hatte das Glück ſein Füllhorn nicht ganz geleert, und indem es unſern Freunden das Maß der Freude bis an den Rand erfüllte, ſchien es an dieſem Einen Tage alle Verſchuldungen der vorigen wieder gut zu machen. Während die Geſellſchaft beim Abendeſſen ſaß, und faſt Niemand aß und ſprach, und doch Niemand Langeweile hatte, rollte ein Wagen auf den Hof. Der alte Wennhard begab ſich hinaus, um zu ſehen, was es gäbe, und führte gleich darauf den Oberſten von Brederode herein, der auf dem Wege nach Unterillingen in Wertingen eingekehrt war, und da er hier aus dem Fremdenbuche ſah, daß wenige Stunden vorher eben der Mann nach dem Forſthauſe abgereiſt war, den er in Unterillingen aufſuchte, ſeinen Wagen ſogleich nach demſelben Ziele hatte wenden laſſen. Als er in das Zimmer trat, richtete er ſeine Blicke zuerſt auf Lizardiere, und ſchien dieſen anreden zu wollen; aber ſobald er Auroren ſah, wendete er ſich zu dieſer, und nachdem er ſie mit ausgezeichneter Achtung begrüßt hatte, ſagte er: Das Geſchäft, mein Fräulein, das mich hierher führt, iſt von Ihnen angefangen worden; nichts iſt billiger, als daß es auch von Ihnen beendigt werde. — Und zugleich mit dieſen Worten gab er ihr einen Brief in die Hand, welcher die Begnadigung der Duellanten enthielt, mit der beigefügten Aeußerung, daß man es gern ſehen würde, wenn dieſe beiden Offiziere, zu deren Empfehlung ſich die ausgezeichnetſten Stimmen vereinigten, ihre bisherige Laufbahn bei dem Heere fortſetzen wollten; ſollte aber der Hauptmann Oſterwald bei dem Vorſatze beharren, einen andern Weg einzuſchlagen, ſo ſolle ihm ein ehrenvoller Abſchied nicht verſagt werden.

Nachdem Aurora den Brief überlaſſen hatte, wendete ſie ſich an Moritz und Liſardiere, deren Blicke auf ſie geheftet waren, und ſagte: Danken Sie dem Könige und dieſem Manne! — indem ſie auf den Oberſten deutete. Mehr konnte ſie nicht ſagen, denn die Thränen erſtickten ihre Stimme. Da nahm der Oberſte das Wort und ſagte: Der König hat Ihren und den Wunſch Ihrer Freunde erfüllt, und ich ſchätze mich glücklich, zwei Männern, die ſich nicht auf lange Zeit verkennen konnten, eine ſo erfreuliche Nachricht zu bringen. — Bei dieſen Worten umarmte er beide, drückte ihre Hände und empfing ihren Dank; und Niemand war am Tiſche der nicht ſtumm oder laut mitgedankt, und ſich des neuen glücklichen Ereigniſſes gefreut hätte, durch welches alle die vorigen gleichſam beſiegelt wurden.

Während nun der Oberſte durch Auroren, neben welcher er Platz genommen hatte, von den Gliedern der Geſellſchaft und ihren Verhältniſſen in Kenntniß geſetzt wurde, hatte ſich der alte Bernhard entfernt, und kehrte jetzt mit einigen Weinflaſchen unter den Armen zurück. Indem er ſie vor ſich auf den Tiſch ſetzte, ſagte er: „Dieſer alte Wein iſt ein Geſchenk meines theuerſten Freundes, meines ſeligen Brederode, des Vaters von dieſem Fräulein hier, das er mir an dem Tauftage dieſes ſeines geliebten und einzigen Kindes machte! Ich hatte ſie zu irgend einem großen Feſttage geſpart, und hoffte, es ſollte das der ſein, wo mir mein Chriſtlieb an die Seite geſetzt würde. Gott hat es nicht ſo gewollt. Er hat mir aber einen andern Sohn gegeben, und dieſer führt mir die Tochter meiner Wahl zu, indem er mir ſie zugleich nimmt und giebt. Indem möchte mir wohl kein größerer Feſttag mehr auf Erden erſcheinen, als dieſer, wo ſo ſtattliche Ehrenmänner, ſo theure Freunde und ſo liebe Kinder um meinen Tiſch verſammelt ſind. So ſoll denn von ſolchen Gäſten mit dieſem alten und edlen Weine dieſer Tag und zugleich das Andenken des redlichſten Mannes und meines theuerſten Freundes in Gegenwart ſeiner edlen und großmüthigen Tochter gefeiert werden.“

Unabſichtlich hatte der Greis, von ſeinem Gefühl übermannt, die letzten Worte durch den Ton ſeiner Stimme ſo hervorgehoben, daß Aurora heftig erröthete, und der Oberſte, der durch die Plauderei der wohlbetagten und dankbaren Haushälterin einige Kenntniß von Aurorens edlem Opfer hatte, keinen Augenblick zweifelte, daß ſeine Verwandten den Gliedern der Geſellſchaft als ihre großmüthige Wohlthäterin bekannt wäre. Nachdem alſo in dem alten feurigen Rebenſafte die Geſundheit des Königs, ſeiner Rathgeber, des anweſenden Brautpaars getrunken und auch das Andenken ſeines Vaters gefeiert worden war, erhob ſich der Oberſte, und trank auf das Wohl des Fräuleins, ſeiner Nachbarin, die er zu ſeiner Verwandtſchaft zu rechnen für die größte Ehre hatte, indem ſie durch ihre Handlung bewieſen habe, daß die Tugenden der Gerechtigkeit, der Großmuth und Uneigennützigkeit noch nicht von der Erde gewichen, und daß es noch nicht an Edlen fehle, die das, was Nichtswürdige ſündigen, durch ihre Tugenden wieder gut machten, ja überwogen. „Ich wiederhole alſo, ſetzte er hinzu, aus vollem Herzen, die Worte unſers biedern Wirthes: Es lebe die edle, großmüthige Aurora, die Zierde der Brederode, die Tochter des edelſten, und die Erbin des nichtswürdigſten Mannes!“

Aurora war über dieſen Toaſt unbeſchreiblich beſtürzt. Glühenden Angeſichts ergriff ſie den Arm des Oberſten, und beſchwor ihn leiſe, ihrer zu ſchonen. Aber jetzt war ſchon zu viel geſagt; das Band war gelöſt, in welchem das ſchöne Geheimniß ſchon zu lange und gleichſam ungeduldig gefeſſelt, ſich dem Herzen ſeiner Bewahrer zu entwinden ſtrebte. „Da das Geheimniß einmal verrathen iſt, ſagte Laſſolai, welcher am wenigſten gebunden war, ſo will ich mir auch nicht länger Gewalt anthun. Sie wiſſen nicht Alles, Herr Oberſt. Dieſes Fräulein hat nicht bloß, um eine legale Ungerechtigkeit, von der ſie mit gutem Gewiſſen hätte Nutzen ziehen können, gut zu machen, auf ihr Erbtheil, ſondern auch — was vielleicht noch mehr iſt — auf den Dank derer Verzicht gethan, die ſie bereichert hat. Meine Frau und ihre Schweſter erfahren erſt in dieſem Augenblicke, von wem ihre Mitgabe ſtammt, und außer Ihnen iſt noch Einer unter uns, der jetzt eben das erſte Wort von dem Tode des Mannes erfährt, der durch die nichtswürdigſte Handlung Veranlaſſung zu der edelſten gegeben hat.

Während Laſſolai dieſe Worte mit der Kraft und Innigkeit eines von Achtung ergriffenen Gemüthes ſprach, hatte Aurora ihr glühendes Geſicht an Klotildens Buſen verborgen, und heiße Thränen, die ihren Augen entquollen, benetzten die Bruſt der Freundin, die nicht weniger als die Uebrigen durch dieſe unerwarteten Entdeckungen überraſcht worden war. — Es iſt grauſam, ſagte Aurora mit erſtickter Stimme; es iſt nicht zu verantworten! — Es iſt grauſam von Ihnen, verſetzte der Oberſte, daß Sie den Dank dieſer wackern Leute zurückweiſen, der ihr Herz belaſtet, und denen dieſer Dank ein Bedürfniß iſt. Ihre Tugend, liebſte Aurora, hat ſich wider Ihren Willen an den Tag gedrängt, haben Sie auch nun den Muth ſich ihrer nicht zu ſchämen.

Dieſe Worte des würdigen Mannes verfehlten ihre Wirkung nicht. Ich habe ſagte Aurora etwas mehr ermuthigt, eine Pflicht geübt, die ich für unerläßlich hielt; und ich weiß nicht, ob ich es gut finden darf, daß man einer Handlung einen Werth beilegt, die man, wie ich glaube, nicht unterlaſſen dürfte, ohne ſich zu verabſcheuen. — Nicht Jedermann glaubt wie Sie, ſagte der Oberſte halblaut, und Sie werden ſehen, mit welcher Behendigkeit ſich die Couſine Kunigunde über dieſen Abſcheu hinwegſetzen wird. — Wenn Sie denn, fiel Liſardiere ein, der den Zuſammenhang der Sache ſchnell errathen hatte, durchaus nicht wollen, daß wir einen Werth auf eine Handlung ſetzen, die wenigſtens zu den ſeltenſten gehört, ſo erlauben Sie uns doch, einen hohen Werth auf das Glück zu ſetzen, das wir Ihrer Großmuth verdanken, und ſeinen Genuß täglich durch die dankbare Erinnerung an ſeine Urheberin zu erhöhen.

Die lebhafteſten Ausbrüche der Bewunderung, der Liebe, der Rührung folgten dieſen Worten, und es war umſonſt, daß Aurora ſie zu hemmen ſuchte. Sie zog ſich bald zurück. Aber auch nach ihrer Entfernung wurde ſie gefeiert, nur noch lauter, noch lebhafter, noch ungezwungener. Der alte Förſter erzählte von den Tagen ihrer Kindheit; Liſardiere von ihrer ſtillen Ergebung in die Prüfungen, die ſie von gefühlloſen Menſchen hatte erfahren müſſen; Klotilde von der Freundſchaft, die ſie ihr erwieſen; der Pfarrer endlich von den Verdienſten, die ſie ſich um ſeine Erquickſtunden gemacht hatte, und die ausführliche Schilderung, die er von dieſem Ereigniſſe machte, ergötzte die ganze Geſellſchaft, ſo daß Alle heiter und lachend von einander ſchieden und ſich zur Ruhe begaben.

Am folgenden Morgen, ehe man ſich zum Frühſtück verſammelte, ließ ſich der Oberſte bei Auroren anmelden, und gewann ihr das Verſprechen ab, da ihn ſeine Geſundheit nöthigte den Dienſt zu verlaſſen, künftig ſein ſchöngelegenes Gut, den alten Stammſitz der Brederode, zum Aufenthalte zu wählen, und, da er ſeine Frau während des Krieges durch den Tod verloren hatte, ſeine Einſamkeit zu erheitern. Nachdem er dieſes Verſprechen erhalten und den nächſten Frühling als den Zeitpunkt beſtimmt hatte, wo er ſie abholen wollte, verließ er das Forſthaus und die darin Verſammelten, begleitet von allen Zeichen des Wohlwollens, der Freundſchaft und Dankbarkeit, die ſein Eifer für die Sache unſerer beiden Freunde und ſein Charakter verdiente. Nach einigen Tagen löſte ſich auch die übrige Geſellſchaft auf. Alles Vorbereitete wurde in kurzer Friſt ausgeführt. Und nun genießt der alte Bernhard in ununterbrochener Zufriedenheit den Beiſtand ſeines Gehülfen, der das Syſtem ſeines Lehrers und Freundes noch vervollkommnet hat, und den Forſt in immer ſchönere Ordnung bringt. Franciska, welche jetzt Mutter einiger blühenden Kinder iſt, pflegt den guten Alten mit immer gleicher Liebe und Sorgfalt, während ihre Schweſter, noch kinderlos, all' ihr Bemühen auf die Erziehung ihres Stiefſohnes wendet. Jährlich hat ſich bisher die Familie einige Tage auf dem Forſthauſe zuſammengefunden, und auch Aurora hat bis jetzt nie unterlaſſen, an dieſen Feſten der Liebe und rührender Erinnerungen Theil zu nehmen. Durch einen ſonderbaren Glückswechſel iſt dieſe vor einigen Jahren die Erbin der Kunigunde geworden, die nach einem heftigen Aerger ohne Teſtament an einem Gallenfieber geſtorben iſt. Sie macht das Glück des Mannes, in deſſen Hauſe ſie lebt, und Aller, die in ihrem Bereiche Rath, Hülfe und Troſt bedürfen. Ihre Geſundheit iſt jetzt beſſer als je, und von der Menſchenſcheu, vor der ſie der Pfarrer von Unterillingen ſo ernſtlich warnte, iſt ſie bis auf leiſe Anwandlungen faſt ganz geheilt. Der gute Pfarrer hat noch die Freude gehabt, den erſten Bogen ſeiner Erquickſtunden gedruckt zu ſehen; aber einige Tage nach dem Empfange dieſer Probe fand man ihn über ſeinem Werke eingeſchlafen, ohne daß er wieder erweckt werden konnte. Seitdem wohnt ſeine Wittwe mit ihrer Tochter zuſammen. Liſardiere, deſſen Adel der König aus eigner Bewegung erneuert hat, genießt die Achtung ſeiner Vorgeſetzten, das allgemeine Wohlwollen ſeiner Cameraden und die Liebe ſeiner Untergebenen. Von ſeiner Frau wird er angebetet. Sie hat ihm zwei Kinder, einen Knaben und ein Mädchen, geboren, und geht jetzt wieder mit einem Kinde, bei welchem der Verfaſſer dieſer Erzählung, wie er aus gewiſſen Aeußerungen ſchließen darf, Pathenſtelle vertreten wird.

Heinrich Joachim Jäck.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes tüchtigen Bibliographen und beliebten Jugendſchriftſtellers iſt uns bloß bekannt, daß er am 30. October 1777 zu Bamberg geboren wurde, ſich vorzüglich dem Studium der Literatur und den neuern Sprachen widmete und dann als Bibliothekar und Lehrer der engliſchen Sprache am Lyceum ſeiner Vaterſtadt angeſtellt wurde, wo er ſich gegenwärtig noch befindet.

Wir haben von ihm:

London. Bamberg 1805 und 1806, 4 Hefte.
Bamberg's Geſchichte. Erlangen 1806.
Geſchichte der Provinz Bamberg von 1006 — 1803. Bamberg 1809, 3 Thle.
Barth. Döring. Bamberg, 1812.
Pantheon der Literaten und Künſtler Bambergs. Bamberg, 1812 — 1815, 7 Hefte.
Th. Gönner. Bamberg 1813.
Beſchreibung der Stadt Paris. Bamberg 1814.
Bamberg und deſſen Umgebungen. Erlangen 1814. 1815.
L. Röſchlaub. Altenburg 1814.
Lehrbuch der Geſchichte Bambergs. Bamberg 1815.
A. Schmötzer. Bamberg 1815 in 8.
Th. Wazanini. Nürnberg 1816.
Rückblick auf meine Reiſe über Hamelburg. Erlangen 1818.
Bamberg, wie es war und iſt. Bamberg 1819.
Reiſe durch England, Frankreich und die Niederlande im Jahre 1824. Weimar 1826, 2 Theile.
Beſchreibung von Frankenthal und Langheim. Nürnberg 1827.
Wahres Bild der Klöſter. Bamberg 1827, 2 Theile.
Taſchenbibliothek der Land- und Seereiſen. Nürnberg 1827 — 1830, 46 Hefte.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit J. Heller:

Beiträge zur Literaturgeſchichte. Bamberg 1825.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Reden u. ſ. w.

Gründlichen Fleiß mit reicher Beleſenheit und anmuthiger Darſtellung verbindend, hat ſich Jäck einen ſehr geachteten Namen in der literäriſchen Welt erworben.

Friedrich Ludwig Jahn,

der Wiedererwecker der Gymnaſtik in Deutſchland, ward 1778 in Pommern geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena und Halle Philoſophie und zeichnete ſich hier und auf den Univerſitäten, welche er ſpäter noch beſuchte, beſonders durch ſein Bemühen für Vereinigung der in den Gemüthern und im Leben getrennten deutſchen Völkerſchaften unter den Studirenden aus. 1809 kam er als Lehrer der Gymnaſtik an die Erziehungsanſtalt des Dr. Plamann nach Berlin, eröffnete aber 1811 ſeine eigne berühmte Turnanſtalt daſelbſt, um durch volksthümliche Ausbildung der Willenskraft Deutſchlands Jünglinge zu ſtählen und reif zu machen für den bevorſtehenden Todeskampf der Freiheit und der Ehre des Vaterlandes, wofür er ſchon in Rede und Schrift gewirkt hatte. Als Deutſchland ſich 1813 gegen die Fremdherrſchaft erhob, zog er mit den Freiwilligen ins Feld und wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1817 zu Berlin als beſoldeter Turnlehrer angeſtellt; er hielt zugleich auch Vorleſungen über deutſches Volksthum. Der vielfach gereizte Argwohn demagogiſcher Umtriebe wandte ſich 1819 auch gegen ihn; er wurde, nach Schließung der Turnplätze, ſchon im Begriff, einem Rufe als Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Greifswald zu folgen, nach Spandau, Küſtrin und vor eine Immediatcommiſſion nach Berlin zurückgebracht und endlich, wegen Mangels von thatſächlichen Beweiſen gegen ihn, ſeit 1820, jedoch mit Belaſſung ſeines Gehaltes als Turnlehrer, bis zu weiterer Entſcheidung als Feſtungsgefangener in Koblenz verwahrt. 1825 erhielt er ſeine Freiheit wieder und lebte nun als Dr. der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter zu Kölleda und nachher zu Freiburg an der Unſtrut, von wo aus er ſeit 1830 mit Kraft und Erfolg die undeutſche Richtung der Bewunderer der Julirevolution bekämpft.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Deutſches Volksthum. Lübeck 1810. Neue Aufl. 1817.

Mit E. Eiſelen:

Runenblätter. Naumburg 1814.
Deutſche Turnkunſt. Berlin 1816.
Neue Runenblätter. Naumburg 1828.
Merke zum deutſchen Volksthum. Hildburghauſen 1833.
Fahrten des Alten im Bart. Herausgegeben von K. Schöppach. Leipzig 1836 (wird J. zugeſchrieben, doch hat er ſich nicht öffentlich dazu bekannt).

Die tüchtigſte Geſinnung und der unermüdlichſte Eifer für das als recht und wahr Erkannte bilden die Grundlage von Jahn's Handlungsweiſe, wie von ſeinen Schriften, aus denen uns ſtets ein echt deutſcher, durch keine Einwirkung von außen zu beugender Charakter entgegentritt. Daß er in ſeiner ſtrengen Beharrlichkeit oft einſeitig werde und mitunter zu weit gehe, oder ſich zu heftig gegen die Forderungen des Tages ſtemme, iſt nicht zu läugnen; aber ſelbſt da, wo er zu ſchroff und gewaltſam erſcheint, bringen ihm die eigentlichen Triebfedern ſeiner Handlungsweiſe ſtets die größte Ehre. Sein Charakter ſpricht ſich vollkommen in ſeinen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen aus; wir finden dieſelbe Gediegenheit, Kraft und Körnigkeit, dieſelbe Eigenthümlichkeit, verbunden durch eine ſehr lebhafte und anſchauliche Darſtellungsweiſe, ſchlagenden Witz und geiſtreiche, wenn gleich mitunter unwillkührlich gezwungene Behandlung der Sprache und Form, dort wieder. — Wie auch die Anſichten wechſelten ſeit den letzten Jahrzehnden, ſo verdienen doch Wenige bei dem deutſchen Volke ſo in dankbarem Andenken gehalten zu werden, wie Friedrich Ludwig Jahn; denn er hat in bedrängter Zeit gar viel für daſſelbe gethan, und das ſollte nie vergeſſen werden. —

Heiligkeit der Mutterſprache *).

Die Sprache, worin dem Menſchen das Leben im Daſein erwacht, heißt auf Deutſch mit wunderſüßem Namen die Mutterſprache, Mutterſprache — Sprachmutter!

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*) Aus F. L. Jahn's „Merke zum deutſchen Volksthum.“ Hildburghauſen 1833.

Mit einem Schrei nimmt der Neugeborne Beſitz in der Sinnenwelt, mit dem Ausbruch der Gefühle, Empfindniſſe und Gedanken in vernehmliche Laute wird ihm die Sprache offenbart. Da kann die Zunge nicht wieder verſtummen, das Ohr nicht mehr vertauben. Mit der Sprache eröffnet ſich der Menſch den Geiſterhimmel. Kein Menſch kann in ſeiner Mutter Schooß zurückkehren und ſich noch einmal gebären laſſen. Auch keine zweite Sprachmutter kann er wiederfinden, wenn er ſich von der erſten verirrt. Keiner kann einer zweiten Mutterſprache ſich ſprachvergeſſen einfinden, wenn er die erſte Sprachmutter verloren. Es iſt nichts Unheilbringenderes als eine Stiefſprache. Wer deren Schooßkind geworden, wird nicht Sorgen und Plagen haben, ſein Laſter ihn verfolgen, Unklarheit ſeine Beute, Undeutlichkeit ſein Loos ſeyn, auf Irrwegen wird er als Irrthümer wallen.

Die Mutterſprache iſt die Urwiſſenſchaftslehre, die Sinnlichkeit und Geiſtigkeit vermittelt, Sinne und Denkvermögen gattet. Die Mutterſprache iſt die Erneuerung aller Offenbarung, und jede Sprachenlernerei bleibt nur ein dolmetſchendes Nachſprechſpiel der erſten.

„Jede neue Sprache wird nur durch Verhältniß und Ausgleichung mit der erſten verſtanden, das Urzeichen wird nur wieder bezeichnet; und ſo bildet ſich die neuere Nachſprache nicht der neuen, und eine der andern, ſondern alle ſich der erſten Vorſprache nach" (Levana oder Erziehungslehre von Jean Paul. Zweite Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen in der Cotta'ſchen Buchhandlung, 1814. Erſtes Bändchen. Seite 96).

Ein Zugleichlernen mehrerer Sprachen in früher Jugend, ehe noch die Mutterſprache der Mutterpflicht und Mutterpflege Genüge gethan, iſt eine Folterzucht, worunter die Sprachkraft zermartert wird. Es giebt vornehme Leute, die ihre Vornehmigkeit als ein geſchenktes Welthandwerk anſehen, ſich als hochwürdige Meiſter, erleuchtete Geſellen und wackere Diener von einem großen Weltorden betrachten, der überall zu Hauſe iſt, aber nirgends völlich. Dieſe Vornehmlinge leiden nicht, daß ihre Kinder Vater und Mutter rufen, und guten Tag, und ruhige Nacht grüßen, Lebewohl und Glückauf wünſchen.

Daraus kommt auch der Sprachwirrwarr, daß die vielſprachernten Leute nicht mehr reden können, und ſich mit Geſchwabbel und Geſchnatter behelfen, was Converſation heißt.

Vielſprecherei iſt immer eine Sprachtäuſchung. Ihr Wortgeſchwall erſäuft den Urquell der Mutterſprache mit wildem Waſſer. Nach ſolcher Wortfluth findet ſich Braß, Brack, Ballaſt ſtatt Hehrheit und Hoheit, und todtes Zeichenſpiel für liebliches Leben. So werden die Sinne um Anſchauung gebracht, die Beobachtung wird ſtumpf, die Wahrnehmungsgabe ſtirbt ab, das Darſtellungsvermögen ſiechet. Ein hohles, dumpfes Schallwort umdröhnt die armen ſprachmutterloſen Waiſen.

„Jede Erlernung einer fremden (zumal Klangſprache), vornämlich aber einer todten Sprache, ſchläfert die Fähigkeit unſerer Seele zu anſchauender Erkenntniß ein, verwöhnt ſie, ſich in den meiſten Fällen mit todter, ſinnbildlicher Erkenntniß zu begnügen, und mehr auf Worte, als auf Sachen zu achten" (Campe in: Adelheid und Theodor, oder Briefe über die Erziehung. Th. 1. S. 105. Anmerkung).

Jede Sprache iſt das vollſtändigſte und genaueſte Abbild des Volkes, das ſie ſpricht, in ſich trägt, und dem Lernenden überliefert, zumal unbewußt und unbemerkt der Jugend, deren heilige Einfalt man eben deshalb durch Vielſprecherei nicht brechen ſoll. Mehr- oder gar Vielſprecherei in der Kindheit und Jugend iſt Blenden der Anſchauung, Nothzucht des Gedächtniſſes und Entmannen des Sprachvermögens.

„Es iſt keine größere Gewalt, denn der Worte Gewalt; nichts Beſſeres, wo ſie recht, nichts Böſeres, wo ſie unrecht iſt. Es iſt aber eine böſe Zunge kein ſchärferes Schwert. Mit Geſetz und Worten beherrſcht man die Welt, leitet (die Leute), führt man die Herzen, heilt die Gewiſſen (ordnet und wendet zum gemeinen Wohl). Wiederum bezaubert, verwundet, ſehrt und tödtet man die Herzen mit Worten." Luther.

Es giebt Staaten, wo die Freiheit zum Auswandern beſchränkt iſt; es kann aber kein Eingeborner ohne Urtel und Recht zum Lande hinausgewieſen werden. Und doch giebt es Schulen und Erziehungsanſtalten, wo man recht darüber gegrübelt hat, wie man das jugendliche Gemüth aus dem Vaterlande in die Fremde treibe: zuerſt ſchulklöſterlich und baieriſch ins verſchollene Alterthum von Athen und Rom, als Abſchreiber von Alexandria's Bücherei, und als Futter für den Veſuv in Herculanum und Pompeji: zuletzt als Impfling der Wälſchheit in des Auslandes Elend.

Man hat eine Lehrfolter, wodurch der volksthümliche Geiſt hinausgetrieben wird, um unſaubern Unholden Platz zu machen. Es iſt eine Seelentreiberei erfunden, um des Menſchen heimiſche Sinnesart, Denk- und Handelsweiſe in fremde zu erkünſteln.

Das kann man aber von jeder Schule verlangen, daß ſie in allen ihren Ordnungen die Mutterſprache als Lehrgegenſtand Jahr aus Jahr ein habe, und wenn ſie Prüfungen veranſtaltet, die Mutterſprache nicht hintanſetze, auch in den Abgangszeugniſſen nicht vergeſſe.

Jede Schule, wo eine fremde lebende Sprache ſchulplanig gelehrt wird, und als höchſtnöthiges Bindemittel gilt, legt dem Volksthum einen Hinterhalt zum Ueberfall für den Feind. Durch das ſchulmäßige Erlernen fremder Sprachen will man in der Jugendbildung den Grund legen, daß die künftigen Deutſchen mir nichts dir nichts zum Feind des deutſchen Namens übergehen können.

Durch das Schulgetrill der Schulkinder in der Lebensfrühe lernen ſie ſich aus der Deutſchheit heraus, und werden fertig gemacht, erfolglichen Falls, gleich als Undeutſche bei der Hand zu ſeyn, wie Zeitungsſchreiber und Zeitſchriftler. Von ſolchen Ueberläufern mag der berliner Telegraphenſchreiber, der vor und nach der jenaer Schlacht zu einem unglückſeligen Namen, wie weiland Heroſtratus gelangt, als Vorſchreiber gelten. Er iſt der Höllenpförtner der heutigen Hundswochenleute, die an der Volksthumsſeuche leiden, und gerne ein Deutſchlein nach franzöſiſchem Richt zubereiten. Wie Heine und Börne ſtammt er aus der Jüdiſchheit, und kam nach Berlin mit einem franzöſiſchen Paß, als „Sprachmeiſter" bezeichnet, was er in „Herr Lange" verdeutſchte. Das Volksgericht hat gegen ihn durch Lieder und Zerrbilder erkannt.

Sprachſinn, Sprachkraft, Sprachfertigkeit iſt alles näher in der Mutterſprache zu haben. Die fremden lebenden zerſtören als Doppelgift, bald betäubend, bald ätzend. Mit der fremden Sprache lagert ſich eine fremde Beſatzung in Kopf und Herzen; das Gemüth iſt dann vom fremden Geiſt beſeſſen. Den fremden Völkern iſt nur dadurch das Land zu ſperren, daß man ihnen die deutſche Jugend nicht zur künftigen Geiſteigenſchaft, Geiſtesknechtſchaft abrichtet. Wir bleiben immer nur Bruchdeutſche, werden nie Volldeutſche, wenn wir in früher Jugend allerlei Sprachen durcheinander zu lernen gezwungen werden.

Durch das Verpichtſeyn auf fremde Sprachen behelligen wir die armen Kinder mit ſo vieler Lapperei, daß ihr Wiſſen, wie ein Plundermatz umherläuft. Die edle Zeit wird durch dieſe Sprachläpperei verdorben, es bleiben nur verſtohlene Augenblicke für die Naturkunde, die doch der Menſch nie auslernt. Ueber wichtige Wiſſenſchaften muß nun obenhin getappt werden; wo bliebe die Zeit für die Sprachfalknerei?

Wer fremde, lebende Sprachen künftig braucht, mag ſie dann lernen, wie er ſie braucht, der Gelehrte zum Verſtändniß gelehrter Werke, der Kaufmann zum Verkehr, der Seemann, um durchs Sprachrohr vorbeiſegelnden Schiffern zuzurufen. In die Volksſchulen gehören ſie drum nicht; da hat nur die Mutterſprache Sitz und Stimme. In den gelehrten Schulen aber erforſcht man die ſchöne Vergangenheit untergegangener Völker und ſoll ſich nicht mit dem Geſchwabbel aller Welt befaſſen.

Der Wehrmann von der Feder gehört zu den Gelehrten, der Krieger vom Leder braucht vollends nur die Mutterſprache. Gnade ſoll er vom Feind nicht begehren. Wer Gott vertraut, brav um ſich haut, kommt nicht ſo leicht zu Schanden. Vom Koſen mit feindlichen Schönen lehrt die Landwehr nichts. Das hat ſchon den Simſon betrogen. Die Zugvögel kommen, ohne die Sprachen der Länder zu kennen, glücklich von ihrem Sommerland in ihr Winterland und wieder heim. Auch die Koſacken wußten ohne Franzöſiſch den Weg von Moskau bis Paris zu finden, nahmen auch noch manche Andere mit, denen ſie als Wegweiſer dienten. Scheidemünze der Höflichkeit braucht man gegen keinen Feind, und die Sprache, in der man mit Feinden nur einzig reden darf, iſt handgreiflich und fühlbar. Felddolmetſcher gehören zur Wegweiſerſchaar, die auch im Frieden als ſtehende Waffe ganz vorzüglich zu üben iſt.

Fremde, lebende Sprachen in den Schulen ſind ein Molochsverdienſt, wo die unſchuldigen Kinder der Höllengluth geopfert werden. Das iſt ein grauenvolles Blut-, Schimpf-, Schand- und Brandopfer der Ausländerei, der Erbärmlichkeit, der Eitelkeit, dem Irrlicht von Allerweltsbürgerei gebracht. Durch fremde, lebende Sprachen in deutſchen Volksſchulen werden wir Deutſche Leibeigene auf eigenem Boden, Frohnknechte und Sprachſklaven fremder Völker.

Haben wir erſt des Geiſtes Wehr und Waffen geſtreckt, und der Sprache Heiligthum verloren, ſo iſt der Feind ſchon im Frieden der Oberherr. Kein Wagniß kann uns retten, kein Heldenthum ſchirmen, ſobald wir den Rückfall in die Sprachwuth bekommen. Wir wärmen in den wälſchen Sprachen die Natter im Buſen. Wollen wir denn ewig ehr- und wehrvergeſſen bleiben? Unſer Volk, Gott und die heiligen Siege läſtern? Soll alles Blut vergeblich gefloſſen ſeyn?

Die Aeltern, ſo ihre zarten Kinder zu wälſchem Geſprach zwingen, ächten, verbannen und enterben die Unmündigen, machen ſie rechtlos, ſchutzlos, ſchirmlos, arm und bloß, rauben ihnen das Pflichttheil der Mutterſprache. Deutſchlands Töchter ſind doch wohl nicht dazu beſtimmt, um mit den Einlagerern fremder Völker zu hübſchen. Zur Zeit der franzöſiſchen Zwingherrſchaft deutſchen Jungfrauen Franzöſiſch beizubringen, war das beſte Mittel, ſie zu Hübſcherinnen zu entweihen. Und jeder Schulhalter und jede Schulhalterin ſoll lieber die Schule ſchließen, als Sprachunzucht und wälſchen Frevel leiden. Wer mit dem wälſchen Sprachteufel buhlt, giebt ſich ſelber auf, Namen und Ahnen, Kinder und Enkel. Sie löſchen ſich ſelber aus dem Lebensbuch der Geſchichte, ſetzen ein Brandmahl an ihre Stirne und zerknicken die Lebenskeime der Zukunft.

Wider die Wortmengerei.

Die deutſche Sprache hat ihr eigenes, beſonderes Thum für ſich, wo ſich Alles im eigenſten Verhältniß zuſammenfindet, und ſich zu einem Gliedbau füget. Sie hat einen Leib von feſten und flüſſigen Theilen, Kopf und Herz, und keinen Straußenmagen, daß ſie alles verdauen könnte, womit Rabenkinder die Alte nudeln und freſſen.

Unſere Sprache als Urſprache iſt ein Schattenriß vom göttlichen Ebenbild im Menſchen. So wie der erſte Laut da war, folgte der andere, bis die ganze Lautleiter feſt ſtand. Wer A ſagt, muß auch B. ſagen, iſt ein Wahrwort. War Eins entdeckt und ins Leben gerufen, ſo mußte ſich das Andere folgerecht von ſelbſt ergeben. So hat nun auch unſere Sprache eine urſprüngliche, ureigene Lautung, und darf keine neuen, ihr ſonſt fremden Laute mehr aufnehmen, will ſie anders Urſprache bleiben, ihr Selbſt, ihr Thum und ihre Heit bewahren. Alle ihr fremdartige, ſonſt an ſich unverwerfliche Laute, werden unter den Deutſchen eine Ohrenfolter. Mögen ſie anderswo ſchön klingen, hier klippen und klappen ſie nicht einmal. Wer die Sprache dadurch zu bewohllauten meint, iſt auf einer falſchen Fährte, nimmt Ohrenzwang für eine Wonne und entzückt ſich beim Aechzen und Krächzen einer Katzenorgel.

Es giebt unſchuldige Stoffe, die aber in der Miſchung fürchterlich aufbrauſen. Aerger noch iſt es mit Worten und einem fremden Sprachthum. Die ſind in unſerer Sprache ein Laab, was die ſüße Muttermilch gerinnen macht.

Vor Zeiten ſoll es Leute gegeben haben, die wollten ſich verjüngen und erneuen, ließen ſich die Adern öffnen, zapften ſich ihr Herzblut ab, um ſich fremdes wieder hereinzuquirlen. So ſind die Sprachmenger. Die hat der tolle Hund der Eitelkeit und des Machtdünkels gebiſſen, und nun rennen ſie ſich in der Wälſchwuth über Wortleichen zu Tode.

Wie wenn ein Kranker zum Arzneibereiter käme, aus jeder Büchſe etwas, von jeder Waare eine Gift verlangte, dies in einen Abſud miſchte — ſollte er davon wohl geneſen? Wenn ein Lecker ſeinen Geſchmack ſo verfeinert hätte, daß ihm keine Speiſe mehr mundete, und er nun in ſeiner Mißlings-Nüchternheit zum Quickkoch rennte, dort von aller und jeder Speiſe eine Gift forderte, dieſe einzelnen Giften zuſammenrührte, um ein Prahleſſen zu bekommen — ſo würde vor dieſem Allerlei einer freßgierigen Sau ſogar Schauder anwandeln und nur ein Hai ſolches verſchlingen.

Rechnet man zur Vollkommenheit einer Sprache, wenn ſie viel Fremdes hat, und immerfort wälſchen kann, ſo muß die Rede des ſchadigen Betteljuden über Luther und Klopſtock, über Schiller und Göthe ſtehen, und wir müſſen alle noch in die pohlniſche Judenſchule, um Plapperdeutſch zu lernen.

Ein Jahrtauſend lang iſt in deutſchen Landen geſagt und geklagt worden, daß man die Mutterſprache fremden Zungen hintenan ſetze. Noch immer trifft uns dieſer Vorwurf, noch immer iſt das wälſchſüchtige Gelichter nicht verſchwunden. Darum iſt es gut, daß von Zeit zu Zeit die Urrechte der Mutterſprache in einzelnen Leuten und ganzen Vereinen ihre Anwalte finden. Aber dieß ſind Tropfen auf einen glühenden Stein, ſo lange die Mütter, die Väter, die Schriftſteller, die Dichter, Geſchichtſchreiber und Staatsverwalter ohne Scham und Gram bleiben, und ſich hochverrätheriſch wider die Mutterſprache in unzähligen Sprachfreveln empören.

„Es iſt ein unbeſtrittenes Recht, eine deutſche Sache in deutſcher Sprache, ein deutſches Werk mit deutſchem Wort zu benennen. Warum auch bei fremden Sprachen betteln gehn, und im Auslande auf Leih und Borg nehmen, was man im Vaterlande reichlich und beſſer hat. Kein gründlicher Sprachkenner, kein echtdeutſcher Volksmann hat auch je der Wortmengerei die Stange gehalten. Nur Sprachſchwache und Afterdeutſche werfen ſo gern den Zweifel auf: ob man im Deutſchen ſich auch deutſch ausdrücken könne? Ihre Sprachſchwäche, Unwiſſenheit und Verkehrtheit dichten ſie der edeln deutſchen Heldenſprache an, verlaſſen dieſe feldflüchtig, ergeben ſich der Wälſchſucht und meindeutſchen. Kunſtner und Wiſſenſchaftner ſind in der Regel für reindeutſche Kunſtwörter in allen andern Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften. Von den übrigen kommt es ihnen immer zu ſchwer vor, und darum laſſen ſie es auch ohne Verſuche bewenden. Auch iſt ſelten unter ihnen ſolch geſelliger Verkehr und geſellſchaftlicher Verein, als die Sprachbildung erfordert. Soll eine Kunſtſprache lebendig ſeyn, ſo muß ſie aus dem Leben hervorgehen. Ein einzelner Mann kann wohl die Sprache um ſeinen Theil rein halten, nur nicht allein rein fegen.

Uebrigens entſpringt alle Wortmengerei aus Unkunde, Sprachfaulheit und Vornehmthuerei. Leider können alle Klagen und Reden dagegen nichts helfen, ſo lange die deutſchen Kinder in ihrer Kindheit gefliſſentlich um ihre Mutterſprache betrogen werden; ſo lange man den Kindern die Sprachmutter raubt und ihnen eine fremde Sprachamme gewaltſam aufbringt. Die Geſchmackloſigkeit und die Unklarheit neuer Schriftſteller entſtehen aus meindeutſcher Volksvergeſſenheit. Kolbe, ein wackerer Kämpfer, hat die urkundlichen Beweiſe geliefert in ſeinen Schriften: Ueber Wortmengerei. Die vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig, bei Reclam, 1812 (2 Thlr. 12 Gr.). — Abgeriſſene Bemerkungen über Sprache. Ein Nachtrag zu der Schrift: Ueber Wortmengerei. Leipzig, bei Fleiſcher, 1813 (20 Gr.). — Noch ein Wort über Spracheinheit. Berlin, Realſchulbuchhandlung, 1815 (12 Gr.). — Die Vielſpracherei iſt der Sündenpfuhl, woraus aller Büchernebel dunſtet. Was einer Sprache recht bleibt, iſt der andern — und der eignen zumal, auch wohl billig. Was eine lebendige Sprache um Leib und Leben bringt, ſollte man ihr doch nicht zu Leide thun. Nimmermehr wird die deutſche Sprache eine Mangſprache werden. Noch immer behauptet ſie im ſiegreichen Kriege ihr Urrecht als Urſprache. Ihr iſt Wortmengerei — Armuth, Reinheit — Reichthum und Reinigung — Bereicherung. Die Fremdſucht iſt ihre Galle, Gift und Greuel, ein Irrleuchten im Dämmer und Nebel. Fremdwörter gehen als ſolche, und wenn ſie hunderttauſend Mal eingebürgert heißen, nie in Gut und Blut über. Ein Fremdwort bleibt immer ein Blendling ohne Zeugungskraft; es müßte dann ſein Weſen wandeln und ſelber als Urlaut und Urwort gelten können. Ohne ein Urwort zu werden, läuft es als Aechter durch die Sprache. Wälſchen iſt Fälſchen, Entmannen der Urkraft, Vergiften des Sprachquells, Hemmen der Weiterbildſamkeit und gänzliche Sprachſinnloſigkeit (Deutſche Turnkunſt. XIX bis XXII).

Die Klage wider die Wortmengerei iſt ſehr alt, und nicht erſt von geſtern, wie die wälſchſüchtigen Manghänſe geifern. Die deutſche Sprache und das deutſche Volk haben nur noch immer nicht ihr Recht finden können. Jahrhunderte dauert ſchon der Kampf mit der Ausländerei aller Art. Doch die leipziger Schlacht hat uns Hand und Mund frei gemacht. Beide wollen wir denn auch nach unſerer Väter Art fromm und feſt gebrauchen, und uns wacker und weidlich weiſen.

Als alte Loſung und Feldgeſchrei mögen folgende alte Strafreden gelten.

„Ueber die Stockfiſcherei der Sprachenverwirrung und Verirrung, als ob wir mit der altdeutſchen Tugend und unſerer deutſchen Sprach allgemach müd worden, klaget Matthias Bernegger, der Hiſtorien Profeſſor zu Straßburg in ſeinem Suetonianiſchen Fürſtenſpiegel, da er ſpricht: Obſchon unſere deutſche Sprach an der Menge auserleſener Wörter, an Vollkommenheit anſehnlich begriffener und weitläuftig ausgeführter Umkreis, auch ganzer Reden Zierlichkeit einiger andrer Sprach nicht weichet, ſo ſetzen wir ſie doch ſelbſten hinten nach, geſtalt insgemein faſt alles Einheimiſche pflegt unwerth zu ſein; ja wir legen auch nicht allein keinen Fleiß darauf, ſie aufzuzieren und zu ſchmücken, ſondern beſchmeißen ſie im Widerſpiel mit fremder Wörter Zierrath, wie wir meinen, ſo aber im Werke vielmehr grobe Schandflecken ſein, alſo daß man mit gutem Fug ſagen möchte, es werde dieſe unſere Mutterſprach vor lauterem Alter zu einer endlichen Grundſuppen, darin aller andern Sprachen Unart gleichſam als mit einem ungeſtümen Regenbach zuſammenfließet. Bald entlehnen wir vom Lateiniſchen, bald vom Franzöſiſchen, ja gar vom Spaniſchen und Italieniſchen dasjenige, welches uns daheim viel ſchöner und beſſer erwachſet. Auf dieſer Leut unartigen Mißbrauch ziehet Martin Opitz in ſeinem Ariſtarcho recht tapfer durch die Hechel, welchen die Nachkommenheit unfehlbar einen deutſchen Virgilium nennen wird. Wiewohl auch dieſe unſere Zeit der Ihrigen noch nicht ſo unachtſam, daß ſie dieſes neu aufgehenden Geſterns nicht vernehmen ſollte.“

Der Geſchichtſchreiber Lehmann in ſeiner Speieriſchen Chronik (zu Ende des 107ten Kapitels) ſchreibt: „Aber hernach hat die Erfahrung bezeugt, daß die deutſche Sprach zur Eröffnung eines jeden Gedankens und Meinung, zu aller Nothdurft, zur Zier, zur Bewegung der Gemüther, zu Schimpf und Ernſt, zu Lieb und Leid ſo reich an Worten, daß man nicht Noth hat aus lateiniſcher oder anderen Sprachen zu entlehnen, damit man rund, zierlich und verſtändlich ſchreiben und reden könne. Und iſt dahin kommen, gleichwie die Römer in ihrem Wohlſtand allein die lateiniſche Sprach geführt, und ihrem Anſehen und Hoheit verkleinerlich ermeſſen, ſo jemand in offenen Schriften aus der griechiſchen Sprach ein einziges Wort mit eingemiſcht. Gleicher Geſtalt haben's die Alten für unziemlich gehalten, wenn man in Schriften, ſo vor Obrigkeiten oder Gerichten ausgefertigt, Latein eingemiſcht, die allgemeine Sprach mit fremden Worten verbrämt, und nicht deutſch und verſtändlich gehandelt, darum vor Jahren alle Sachen und Schriften im ganzen Reich mit klaren, runden und kräftigen deutſchen Worten begriffen, und anderer fremder Sprachen Entlehnung als ein Uebelſtand vermitten blieben."

Faſt eine gleichmäßig denkwürdige Klag führt Herr Johannes Fabricius von Halden, der hochlöblichen Stadt Bern beſtallter Wundarzt, in der Vorrede ſeines Spiegels menſchlichen Lebens, da er ſpricht: „Unſer deutſche Sprach iſt nicht dergeſtalt arm und baufällig, wie ſie etliche Naſweiſe nunmehr machen, die ſie mit franzöſiſchen und italieniſchen Pletzen alſo flicken, daß ſie auch nicht ein kleines Brieflein fortſchicken, es ſeye denn mit andern Sprachen dermaßen durchſpickt, daß einer, der es will verſtehen, faſt in allen Sprachen der Chriſtenheit bedürfte Erkenntniß zu haben, zu großer Schand und Nachtheil unſerer deutſchen Sprach, die in ihr ſolche Vollkommenheit hat, daß ſie auch Alles, was da könnte fürfallen, gar wohl kann ausdrucken, und verſtändlich genug, ohne Zuthun anderer Sprachen, zu verſtehen geben ꝛc. Iſt ſolches nun nicht zu beklagen? Ja, iſt ſolches nicht eine große Leichtfertigkeit, daß die Deutſchen ihre deutſche Sprach alſo verachten, und ſo viel an ihnen unter die Füße treten? Ja, alſo verderben, daß, wenn da unſere liebe Altväter, die für zwei und drei hundert Jahren gelebt, wieder würden herfür kommen, uns nicht würden verſtehen können. Lieber, wo findet man andere Völker, die da etwas von den Deutſchen, ſowohl ihrer Sprachen, als auch der Kleidung entlehnen! Zwar keine, es ſey denn, die Deutſchen damit zu verachten und ihrer zu ſpotten. Wie nun andere Völker von uns nicht entlehnen wollen, alſo haben unſere lieben Voraltern ihre Sprach mit andern nicht beſudeln wollen."

Als während des großen, dreißigjährigen Bürgerkrieges die Sprachmengerei überhand nahm, und unſere herrliche Sprache nahe daran war, ein Unrath und Unflath zu werden, ſtraften im edlen Zorn tapfere Sprachfreunde immer lauter.

„Schämſt Du Dich, ein Deutſcher zu ſein, ſo wiſſe gewiß, daß ſich Deutſchland Deiner auch ſchämt. Schämſt Du Dich der deutſchen Rede, ſo biſt Du ja ärger, als ein wild, unvernünftig Thier. Denn welches Thier iſt doch, das dem andern zu Gefallen, ſeine Sprach oder Stimm änderte? Haſt Du je eine Katze dem Hunde zu Gefallen bellen, und den Hund, der Katzen zu lieb, mauzen hören? Haſt Du je einen Vogel blärren und die Kuh pfeifen hören? Und ihr wollt die edle Sprach, die euch angeboren, ſogar nicht in Obacht nehmen in eurem Vaterland! Pfui dich der Schand!" (Der deutſchen Sprache Ehrenkranz. 1644. Straßburg bei J. P. Mülben).

Die Geſichte von Sittewalt ſind voll des Eifers für Unbeflecktheit und Reinheit der Sprache.

„Fürſten und Herrn, Stadt- und Schulräthe ſollten da ihre Macht und Liebe gegen das werthe Vaterland ſehen laſſen, und demſelben zu ehren, wegen der Sprach heilſame Ordnungen ſetzen: verſtändige deutſche gelehrte Männer darauf halten, und wohl beſolden" (Seite 126. Erſtes Geſicht à la mode Kehraus. Straßburg. 1656).

„Es wird aber am jüngſten Tag unſern Fürſten und Herrn wunderlich vorkommen: wann ſie vor Gottes Gericht, wegen des Guten, wo ſie auf ſo öfters zuſprechen, aus Unachtſamkeit unterlaſſen haben, eben ſo beſchämt ihr Urtheil werden anhören müſſen, als jetzt die armen Bauern von ihnen. Doch verſtehe ich allein die, welche Kunſt und Tugend mehr verhindern, als befördern helfen. Diejenigen aber verhindern Kunſt und Tugend, welche auf Thorheiten, Eitelkeiten und nichtsnutzende Dinge große Koſten verwenden; wann es aber an Erhaltung des Vaterlands, Hoheit und Würde gehet, und an deſſen Liebhabern, ſie dann Alles erſparen und erkargen wollen" (Seite 127).

„Es wird eine Zeit kommen, weil alle Dinge vergänglich ſind, wann das deutſche Reich ſoll zu Grunde gehn: ſo werden Bürger gegen Bürger, Brüder gegen Brüder im Felde ſtreiten und ſich ermorden, und werden ihre Herzen an fremde Dinge hängen, ihre Mutterſprach verachten, und der Welſchen Gewäſch höher halten, weder ihr eigen Vaterland und Gewiſſen dienen: und alsdann wird das Reich, das mächtigſte Reich zu Grunde gehn, und unter deren Hände kommen, mit welcher Sprach ſie ſich ſo gekitzelt haben, wo Gott nicht einen Helden erweckt, der der Sprach wieder ihr Maß ſetze, ſie durch gelehrte Leut aufbringe, und welſchelnde Stimpler nach Verdienſt abſtrafe. O Gott, welchen Helden haſt du dir hierzu erwählet: treibe ihn, auf daß dieß Werk einen ſeeligen Fortgang habe.

Der wär ein Narr, der ſchiffen wollt:
Obſchon das Schiff wär voller Gold,
Sollt aber gehn zu Stücken.
Alſo deutſch Herz und welſches Maul,
Ein ſtarker Mann und lamer Gaul
Bekommen ſich nicht ſchicken." —

(Daſelbſt. Seite 122, 123.)

Wortlehre.

„Unſer Ekel für Wörter, die älter ſind, als unſre Ammen, iſt eine der ſchlechteſten Nachahmungen der Franzoſen" (Friedrich v. Hagedorn's poetiſche Werke, herausgegeben von Eſchenburg. Hamburg bei Bohn. 5. Thl. S. 94).

Die Wortlehre führet den Sprachfreund zum Urquell der Sprache und zeigt ihren nachhaltigen Sprudel. Von hier begiebt ſie ſich mit dem Leſer in des neuern und neueſten Wortprägers Münzſtatt, wo das Sprachthum als Werbein der Mutterſprache heilige Gerechtſame werbet und wortet.

Nur die Sprachthümlichkeit verleiht Wörtern die Sprachbürtigkeit. Ihre künftige Schriftfähigkeit beruht auf Zeit, Gelegenheit, Geſchick und Glück.

Wer übrigens viele Wörter gebildet, gebraucht und in Umlauf gebracht, iſt am Beſten berechtiget, und am Meiſten verpflichtet darzulegen, daß er mit Sprachbewußt und im Sprachgefühl, der hochheiligen Mutterſprache allzeit hold, treu und gewärtig gehandelt.

Die Darſtellung der Verfahrungsweiſe beim Wortbilden zeigt die Merkſtäbe der ausgeſteckten Bahn, als Wegweiſer für die Nachfahren und als Warnungszeichen vor Unwegen.

Ein Neuwort wird durch ſeines Begriffes Denkbarkeit erſt ein Gedankending, ſonſt entſchwindet es als Spuk in ſein früheres Nichts. Die mögliche Denkbarkeit bedarf eines beleibenden Wortes und das leibhafte Wort eines beſeelenden Geiſtes. Beides iſt unzertrennlich, ſoll Leben und Lebendigkeit weſen. Innengeiſtigkeit wird nur erſt Erſcheinung im Wort, und dieſes gelangt blos zur Anſchauung durch ſeine ſprachthümliche Geſtaltung.

Das Unſprachthümliche gelangt niemals zum ſprachbürtigen Wortrecht, es vermodert als Wortleiche, oder verwittert als ein Wortſtein.

Solcher Fluch der Wegelagerei, ſo aller Welt Sprachen plündert, und am liebſten die wehrloſen todten des Alterthums um Kunſtworte beutet, laſtet auf jedem Wortmenger. Er verrennt ſich in einen Sack, und zerfähret das Sprachſchiff zum Wrack, was einmal im Sogſand eingeſtrandet, nimmer mehr flott wird.

„Fremdwörter gehen als ſolche und wenn ſie hunderttauſend Mal eingebürgert heißen, nie in Gut und Blut über. Ein Fremdwort bleibt immer ein Blendling ohne Zeugungskraft; es müßte denn ſein Weſen wandeln und ſelber als Urlaut und Urwort gelten können. Ohne ein Urwort zu werden läuft es als Aechter durch die Sprache. Wälſchen iſt Fälſchen, Entmannen der Urkraft, Vergiften des Sprachquell, Hemmen der Weiterbildſamkeit und gänzliche Sprachſinnloſigkeit" (Deutſche Turnkunſt von Jahn und Eiſelen. Seite XXII).

Von der Urmenſchen Wortbildung und Namengebung meldet die heilige Sage: „Und als Gott der Herr gemacht hatte allerlei Thier auf dem Felde und allerlei Vögel unter dem Himmel, brachte er ſie zu dem Menſchen, daß er ſähe, wie er ſie nennete: denn wie der Menſch allerlei lebendige Thiere nennen würde, ſo ſollten ſie heißen. Und der Menſch gab einem jeglichen Vieh und Vogel unter dem Himmel ſeinen Namen" (1 Moſe 2, 19 u. 20).

Ohngefähr ebenſo macht es noch heutzutage jeder Entdecker, ein an eine ferne Küſte Verſchlagener, ein Schiffbrüchiger auf einem wüſten Eilande, ein Neuſiedler in einem unbewohnten Erdviertel. Sie faſſen alles Sichtbare, Hörbare, Riechbare, Schmeckbare, Fühlbare, kurz alles Sinnbare als

Kennzeichen auf, bilden aus dieſen unterſcheidende Merkmale, bringen ihre Wahrnehmung zum lebendigen Anſchaun, und rahmen ſie dann als Dauerbild in ein Kunſtwort.

An ſolchen lebendigen, leibhaften und werklichen Wörtern iſt die deutſche Turnkunſt reich. Von anderweitigen Neubildungen mag leicht „Kantel," was ſogar marktwörtlich geworden, am anſchaulichſten ſeyn, das als Kunſtwort in der Schreibſchule gebraucht wird. Kantel iſt ein vollkantiges Hölzchen von verſchiedener Länge nach dem Maße der gemeinüblichen Schreibbücher. Es wird Seite nach Seite umgekantet, und dann mit dem Bleiſtift an der ſcharfen Kante entlang ein gerader Strich gezogen, wodurch ohne ängſtliches, genaues Meſſen alle Linien einen gleichweiten Abſtand bekommen. Dies Werkzeug hatten aus dem Waadtlande der wälſchen Schweiz die Peſtalozzier nach Berlin gebracht und in mehreren Schulen eingeführt, wo es nun bei den Kindern Carolett hieß. Aus ganz widerſprechenden Begriffen, aus Quarré und rouler ſollte dieſes geradebrechte Wort entſtanden ſeyn. Jahn nannte dieſes Ding Kantel, und die Anwendung deſſelben kanteln. Dieſe Ausdrücke ſind bald gäng und gebe geworden, und ihre Kunſtſprache wird bleiben ſo lange als die Sache.

Tattowiren oder tättowiren giebt durch „bepunkten" Campe, der beſſer das Ueberſetzen als das Ueberſetzen verſteht, doch in beiden kein Glück macht. Die Sache ſelbſt iſt alt und von Beckmann recht ſinnig, wenn auch nicht erſchöpfend, abgehandelt (Vorrath kleiner Anmerkungen. Erſtes Stück. Göttingen 1795. Seite 69 — 75 und Seite 61 — 67). Der unſittige, unziemliche Gebrauch iſt weit verbreitet und weltkundig, ja ſelbſt in Deutſchland noch üblich, wo gewiſſe Leute die Zeichen ihres Gewerbes, mancherlei Sinnbilder und Namen, bald der Geliebten, bald der Schutzheiligen auf dem Arme, ja wohl gar auf der Bruſt getragen.

Durch Tippen mit gewiſſen Nadeln und nachheriges Eintüpfeln einer farbigen Tinte, die mit Indigo, Mennich und andern Farbeſtoffen verſetzt, auch wohl mit Galle angemacht iſt, werden die Tippe farbig und verwachſen in farbige Narben.

Wie nun dieſe Zierkunſt der Rohheit bei Wilden und Zahmen nennen? Ihrem Zwecke nach iſt dieſe vermeintliche Hautverzierung gleich mit putzen, ſchmücken, ſchminken, nur dauernder. Die Mittel, ſolche Ziermäler hervorzubringen, ſind zum Theil Verrichtungen, wie beim Impfen; es erfolgt auch ein Wundfieber und oftmals ſehr heftig.

„Holz, deſſen Faſern unregelmäßig und kraus unter und in einander verwachſen ſind, und allerlei Flecken, Flammen u. ſ. w. bilden," heißt nach Campe: Maſer, und alle unnatürlichen und fehlerhaften Flecken der Haut, ſelbſt Narben und Muttermäler hießen und heißen nach Adelung und Campe Maſer und Maſern, von Maſe: die Narbe, das Mal.

Luther in der Bibelverdeutſchung hat 3. Moſe 21, 5: „und an ihrem Leibe kein Mal pfetzen" und 5. Moſe 14, 1: „ihr ſollt euch nicht Mal ſtechen," und die pommerſch ſaſſiſche Uebertragung, Bard 1588, hat die erſtere Stelle „mahl snyden" gegeben, und beim letztern Fall „mahl steken."

Nach allem Angeführten würde für mehr gedachtes Hautgezier maſeln der richtige deutſche Ausdruck ſeyn, und das alſo Dargeſtellte eine Maſel heißen müſſen, die dann eine Schriftmaſel, Namenmaſel, Bildmaſel, Zeichenmaſel, Maſelbild, ja eine ganze Maſelhaut ſeyn könnte.

Miſt mit langem i, weshalb Stieler der Spaten Mieſt ſchreibt, von den Alpen bis zu den beiden deutſchen Meeren der dickliegende, oftmals ſtinkende Nebel, ſo eine Art Undurchdringlichkeit, die man kaum nach der Volksſprache mit dem Säbel durchhauen kann. Es kam ſonſt in der Schriftſprache vor, ſelbſt bei dem die Ausdrücke wählenden und wägenden Opitz:

Wie auch die Sonne glänzt, die auf den Mittag ſteht,
Wodurch der Wolken Dunſt und ſchwarze Miſt vergeht.

Davon miſten (Werke, S. 13 und 59) auch wie alle andere Ablaute mit langem i, dicknebeln; miſtig dicknebelig. Angelſächſiſch Miſt, die Dunkelheit; engliſch und holländiſch Miſt, Nebel; Miſtur, isländiſch ſchwarzer Regennebel. Es war durch das Gothiſche und Althochdeutſche verbreitet, und iſt laut- und ſinnverwandt mit dem altgriechiſchen Urwort, deſſen Sproſſen: μύστης, μυστήριον, μυσταγωγός, μυστικός u. ſ. w. bekannt genug ſind, und ſämmtlich etwas bedeuten, wo durch Dunkel zum Lichte geſtrebt wird.

Der Blinde taſtet und tappt; wer aber Gottes Ebenbild in der Vernunft verkennt, ſich zur Vernunftloſigkeit hingrübeln und verquälen will, wird ein Miſter und Miſteler.

Iſt die Wortbildung zugleich Sprachreinigung, ſo iſt zuerſt nachzuforſchen, wann, wo, wie, warum und wodurch das Fremdwort aufgekommen. Dann iſt zu unterſuchen, wie das etwanige deutſche Wort vor der Mengzeit geheißen, und wenn kein eigenes wirkliches Kunſtwort zu ermitteln — welcher Begriff ihm nahe gekommen, wie man etwa den Gegenſtand umſchrieben. Hört dann der ſchriftlichen Urkunden Heerſtraße auf, ſo durchwandere der Sprachforſcher der Bauern ungebuchten Wortſchatz. Findet ſich auch hier kein Richtſteig durch das wälſche Sprachgewirr, ſo ſtelle ſich der Sprachfeger ſelber die Fragen:

1) Was heißt das Fremdwort eigentlich in der Sprache, woher es entlehnt iſt?
2) Welche Bedeutung iſt ihm in unſerer Sprache übertragen?
3) Wie umſchreiben und darſtellen wir wohl dieſe Begriffserklärung?
4) Wie geben wir das rein Deutſch nach dem Bildungstriebe unſerer Sprache, ſo daß es ſich mit ihrem Muſterbilde verträgt?
5) Und wie bringen wir alle dieſe Einzelnheiten durch den Storchſchnabel in ein einiges ſprachfertiges Kunſtwort?

Parade, aus dem lateiniſchen parata, wo man ſich die ausgelaſſenen lateiniſchen Wörter: manus, Mannſchaft; legio, Heerſchaar; arma, Kriegsrüſtung hinzudenken muß, iſt im Mittelalterlatein der Lehnherrn Berechtigung, in des andern Gebiet ihrem entflohenen Leibeigenen nachzuſetzen, wie bei uns der Jagd die Folge. Dann iſt auch der Pfaff in parata — Bereitſchaft, wenn er mit Kappe, Kreuz und Kleid, und was zum Prieſterſchmuck gehört, angethan iſt, um Amtsverrichtungen gültig vornehmen zu dürfen.

Lehmann (Speieriſche Chronik. Buch 2, Cap. 37) meldet, „daß zur ſelben Zeit, da das deutſche Reich in höchſter Blüthe und beſtem Aufnehmen geſtanden, die ſtattlichen Tugenden, Herzhaftigkeit, Weisheit, Verſtand und Erfahrniß angeſehen, große koſtbarliche Anſtellungen und Bereitſchaft wenig in Acht genommen worden."

Als ſich nun ſpäterhin Weſentliches mit Unweſentlichem miſchte und Nebendinge von ſchönem Außenſchein mehr galten, als der innere nothwendige Kern, da war Bereitſchaft nicht mehr paſſend, ſagte zu wenig und verlangte zu viel, mithin flüchtete ſich die verſchleiernde Ausdrucksweiſe in ein fremdes Irrgewinde. Karl Müller (Verdeutſchwörterbuch der Kriegſprache. Leipzig 1814) ſagt von Parade: „Wir haben dem fremden Worte nur das Gehäſſige genommen, weil wir uns in der Sache gefielen, und das heimiſche mehr ſinken laſſen, weil wir uns ſchämten, unſre Parade-Künſte deutſch zu benennen." Doch findet ſich ein Wort, was die Alten gebrauchten, und jetzt noch ausreicht und ein ganzes Gefolge hinter ſich her hat. Balthaſar Ruſſow hat es in der Chronik von Liefland (Roſtock 1578. S. 21) bei der Erzählung, wie der fünfte Biſchof von Riga und der vierte Meiſter deutſchen Ordens in Liefland „haben zwei köſtliche Kronen machen laſſen, und mit dem Biſchof Heinrich von Kulm und andern Biſchöfen mehr und vielen Mitgebietern und Ritterſchaft gar ſtattlich nach Lithauen 1255 gezogen, um mit Vollmacht des Papſtes den König Mendow nach der Chriſtenordnung und Weiſe zu krönen. Welcher König, fährt Ruſſow fort, ſie mit einem großen Prahle gar herrlich empfangen hat."

Mag auch urſprünglich, wie Adelung wahrſcheinlich macht, prahlen ein Schallwort fürs Ohr geweſen ſein, ſo iſt es gewiß ſehr bald ein Glanzwort fürs Auge geworden und in dieſer Bedeutung iſt es in unſerer Sprache reich an Ableitungen zur Bezeichnung von dem, was augenfällig erſcheint, wie in Prahlſalat, den beide, Adelung und Campe, kennen, und in Prahlbohne, Prahlkorn, was Pachter und Gutsbeſitzer an den Wegen durch beſſere Bearbeitung des Bodens hervorbringen; und prahlgelb, prahlgrün, prahlroth.

Prahl iſt in verwandten Sprachen, wie im Schwediſchen und Isländiſchen, Schmuck und Glanz. So nimmt es auch unſer Schildknecht (Beſchreibung, Feſtungen zu bauen. Stettin 1652. I. 91; III, 29, 76), der Prahl mit Pracht zuſammenſtellt.

Für alle Bezeichnungen, die mit Parade gegeben werden, hilft Prahl aus und ſpannt ſich vor: Bett, Decke, Degen, Hut, Kleid, Leiche, Marſch, Pferd, Platz, Ritt, Roß, Rock, Sarg, Schritt, Wache, Zimmer, Zelt bis in die aſchgraue Möglichkeit.

Ein Sprachbildner, der ein Erſatzwort vorſchlägt, muß ein ſprachthümliches, urkräftiges, urächtes ſchaffen. Immerhin mag es ſchriftneu ſeyn, wenn es nur ſprachthümlichen Sinn hat, und ſeine Bildebahn fortzuſetzen fähig iſt. Ein Inſelwort iſt eine Klippe, woran die Weiterbildſamkeit ſcheitert. Ein Erſatzwort muß wo möglich aufſteigenden und niederſteigenden Stammbaum haben, den man nach unten bis zur tiefſten Wurzel und aufwärts zum äußerſten Zweig verfolgen kann. Nach Moder und Wortleichenduft darf es nicht riechen. Es muß fruchtbar an neuen Ableiten ſeyn, und ſo der fortſchreitenden Begriffs-Entwickelung Raum geben können — kurz es muß lebendig ſeyn — ein wahres Quickwort in Ahnen und Nachkommen. Dann gewährt *Sprachreinigung allemal Sprachreichthum.*

M. Chriſtian Moritz Pauli, die Sprachreinigkeit von Seiten ihres förderlichen Einfluſſes auf Sprachbereicherung. Leipzig 1811. Bei P. G. Kummer.

Matthäus Chriſtian Glaſer, die Mutterſprache des Wiſſens beſte Mutter. Erlangen 1817.

Vor allem aber muß ein Abfaſſer irgend eines Wörterbuchs ſich in Acht nehmen, daß nicht unter ſeinem Wortſtempel die Sprache ſtarr und ſteif werde, und ling und lang todt bleibe. Auf dieſer Sandbank ſind bis jetzt alle *Sprachfeger* ſitzen geblieben, die mit einem Male von Wort zu Wort auf einer großen Klopperjagd die Fremdwörter ausjagen wollten. Einer kann ſich nicht in alle Wiſſenſchaften verſteigen; jede erfordert zum Betrieb ſchon allein einen ganzen Mann. Aber wer dürfte ſich ſo weit vermeſſen, alle Lehren und Künſte ꝛc. ꝛc. mit zweckdienlichen Kunſtwörtern in Bauſch und Bogen verſorgen zu wollen und zu dem Ende ein *Wörterlager* bereit halten. Jede Wiſſenſchaft, Lehre, Kunde und Kunſt muß ſich aus ſich geſtalten und kann ihre Kunſtſprache nur geſellſchaftlich finden und einleben. Von außen kommt ihr durch Aufdringlinge: Starrkrampf und Schlagfluß. Ein Beiſpiel: Es habe Jemand in England Bergbau, und ein Anderer in Frankreich Jägerei gelernt. Beide hätten nie ein deutſches Buch über Bergweſen und Jagd geleſen, und wollten nun Berg- und Jagdſprache erklügeln.

Jede Sprache iſt an eine ſtimmrechte Sprachgemeinde geknüpft, nicht an eine ſchweigſame Joherrſchaft. Was über Volk und Volksthum hinaus liegt, iſt Wirrwar von Babel. Mit *Ueberſehen* iſt wenig gethan, mit *Ueberſetzen* gar nichts. Umſchreibungen wie der Roſengeſellſchaft einzelne Bezeichnungen der Büchergröße: Bogengröße, vierblättrige Größe, achtblättrige Größe, zwölfblättrige und ſechzehnblättrige Größe ſind wahre Worttölpel und Wortkrüppel, beides *unſachlich* und *unſprachlich*. Campe's Bogen-, Viertel- und Achtelform u. ſ. w., Rüdiger's Bogen-, Viertel und Achtelgröße haben nirgend in der Sprache einen Anhalt und Anklang. Ausdrucksamer und wiederhallend möchten dafür: *Vollblatt, Vierblatt, Achtblatt, Zwölfblatt, Sechzehnblatt* lauten.

Die Mutterſprache lauter und *rein zu halten*, beides in Rede und Schrift, — dazu iſt jeder verpflichtet; doch kann keinem zugemuthet werden, alles allein wieder gut zu machen, was der Sprachfrevler Uebles angerichtet. Das Rügeamt der Sprache gebührt jedem Sprachgenoſſen.

Wer ſich zum Wortbildner und Sprachfeger aufgelegt und berufen fühlt — mag zuerſt vor ſeiner Thür kehren, und dann an die Nachbaren denken. Von ſeinem eigenen nächſten Bedürfniß muß er ausgehen, um zum Nahen und Allgemeinen zu gelangen. Nicht was jeder Querkopf, Unwißler, Aufſtuer und Dünkrich hineingewälſcht, ſoll er urplötzlich auf den *Schub* ſetzen. Das leiſtet viel ſicherer die Zeit und die Sprachgemeinde, die ſich niemals vertaget.

Doch müſſen mit ſtrengem Ernſt und unerbittlicher *Sprachpflege* in Bann und Acht gethan, ewig verfolgt werden jene *Wälſchworte, ſo Seelengift einſchwärzen, unſere Grundanſicht verdüſtern, die Lebensverhältniſſe verwirren, und durch andersartige, ſittliche, rechtliche und ſtaatliche Begriffe das Deutſchthum verunſtalten, entſtellen und ſchänden.*

Schmachvoller, anſteckender und unheilvoller wird ſolche bewußtloſe Sprachvergeſſenheit, wenn ſolche die *Schrannen* „verwahrte, im Gitter oder Geländer eingefaßte Sitze oder Bänke" (nach Friſch, vergl. Haltaus Glossarium. Leipzig 1758) durch *Schranner* und *Schrannerei* nicht abwehren, ſondern geſliſſentlich hegen, und den Sprachverderb wie von Amtswegen betreiben. Auch ſie ſtehen, wie unſer Schwan ſingt, „in des höheren Herren Pflicht," und ſtaunen, wie Marcellus zum Kaiſer Tiberius ſagte: „*wohl Ausländern das Bürgerrecht ertheilen, doch nicht Worten.*" (Dio Cassius 57, 17; Sueton. de illustr. grammaticis.)

Sittewalt würde auch heutzutage bei der Zergliederung von eines neuſüchtigen Deutſchlings Herzen ſo ungefähr den nämlichen Befund treffen: „daß fünf Achtel deſſelben franzöſiſch, ein Achtel ſpaniſch, ein Achtel italiſch, ein Achtel, doch nicht wohl deutſch daran ſollte gefunden werden" (Zugabe 696; 1. Theil. Straßburg 1650).

Meinte doch Archenholz (Minerva 1807, Junius. 468): „der deutſche Schriftſteller iſt ſehr gerechtfertigt, das auswärtige Wort Declaration zu gebrauchen, weil das ſimple deutſche Wort *Erklärung* — wie es wohl manche Puriſten verlangt hätten — keine Staatshandlung, ſondern nur eine mündliche Aeußerung bezeichnet hätte und daher unpaſſend geweſen wäre." Und doch braucht der Staatsdienſt *Kriegserklärung*! Oder wähnte der gelobhudelte Archenholz: *Erklärung* von klar, ſpreche zu deutlich, zu unumwunden, und geradezu, halte nicht genug hinter dem Berge?

Andre Selbſtſchwächer der Sprache treten, wie die Hambacher das linke Rheinufer, ſo ſie ganze Wortſtämme an die Ausländer ab, und holen ſie dann aus der weiten Welt wieder zurück, weil ſie meinen, die Wörter wären unter andern Völkern geſchliffen und beſſer geworden, wie das Bier durch das Verfahren. — So nennt Adelung *Marſch* „ein zunächſt aus dem Franzöſiſchen entlehntes Wort," und doch ſteht es feſt, daß *Marſch* ſchon vor der Völkerwanderung bei den Deutſchen ein kriegeriſches Befehlwort war. Ammianus Marcellinus meldet (XIX, 11.) bei der Schilderung eines Aufſtandes deutſcher Truppen in römiſchen Dienſten es habe Einer marha, marha, gerufen, und fügt hinzu — was bei ihnen ein Kriegszeichen iſt.

Der wackre *Kolbinger*, deſſen Zinkgräf erwähnt, hatte ſehr recht zu fragen: „Ob das nicht eine allgemeine Schand wäre, daß wir von den Fremden die Wörter lernen und entlehnen, die von uns das Werk gelernet." Geſchichtlich zu erörtern, wie und wann, warum und wodurch ſich deutſche Kriegsbenennungen verloren und franzöſiſche nachgeſtoppelt worden, wäre ein Zank: wo der vorjährige Schnee hingekommen. Daß aber läßt ſich erweiſen, daß die Franzoſen niemals Heermeiſter und Sprachzauberer, und wenn auch Meiſter in Staatshändeln, doch niemals die alleinigen Herren der Wahlſtatt geweſen; auch in allen Jahrhunderten ein Roßbach und Leipzig gefunden. Joſeph Graſſi unterzog ſich der Mühe, aus italieniſchen Schriftſtellern der vergangenen Jahrhunderte die Kunſtausdrücke des Krieges zuſammenzuſuchen und lieferte in ſeinem Kriegswörterbuch (Turin 1817) den ſchlagenden Beweis, wie die italiſche Sprache rein und ohne Miſchmeſch das Weſentliche der Kriegskunſt ſonſt vollkommen auszudrücken verſtanden, und auch jetzt noch genügend vermöge. In dieſem Werke fand Botta, der berühmte Geſchichtſchreiber von Nordamerika's Freiſtaatenkrieg, ein geborner Unterbergler (Piemonteſer), der Verfechter von Italiens Sprachfegern — nur ſiebzehn Worte, deren er ſich nicht würde bedient haben (Wiener Jahrbücher der Litteratur 1. Band. 1818. Anzeigeblatt S. 3).

„Wer weit fraget, gehet weit irr," ſo geht es unſern meiſten Wortforſchern, die in Deutſchland nichts zu finden wiſſen, und mit ihrer gelehrten Wünſchelruthe in Babel, Jeruſalem, Athen, Rom und am liebſten in Frankreich anſchlagen. Hier eine Probe von dem Schatz, der in den alten Schriften zu finden iſt:

Quartier, quartiren, Einlager, Einlagerung. „Wir haben auch viel erlitten: Peſt, Theurung, Raub, *Einlagerung*, Krieg, Mord, Schande und Schmach" (Werfahrt, Gedenkpredigt 1633); eingelagert: „Auf die 2000 Soldaten und bei 4000 Pferde bei den Bauern *eingelagert*" (Weſſenberg, deutſcher Florus S. 615).

Infam, infamiren, Schelm, ſchelmen, verſchelmt (*Dianea* S. 252): „Es kann nicht eher beſſer werden, man mache denn wieder Ritter und *Schelmen*, das iſt, man ehre die Tugend und ſtrafe die Laſter." Ein Reichsmarſchall v. Pappenheim: „mit einem Schelmen verweiſen." Engelſüß. S. 535.

Proviant, proviantiren, verproviantiren, Speiſe, ſpeiſen, beſpeiſen: „die zogen mit vielen Wagen, ſo mit Speiſe wohl beladen waren, gen Sonnenborn, und *beſpeiſeten* darnach das Schloß Wartburg mit Gewalt. Da das Haus alſo *beſpeiſet* war." Düringiſche Chronik — durch Rivandrum, 1581. S. 376, 377; Ebendaſelbſt S. 436. „Er hielt aber nicht lang, ſondern als der Landgraf die gewonnenen Schlöſſer *beſpeiſen* wollte, überfiel der Herzog des Landgrafen Leute und nahm ihnen *Speiſe* und Wagen." „So ihm hatten Wartburg *ſpeiſen* helfen." Spangenberg, Mansfeldiſche Chronik. S. 326.

Colonne, lateiniſch agmen; in drei Colonnen, lateiniſch tripartito agmine — *Zeile, zeilweiſe*. Gottfried, Inventarium Sueciae 2. Theil. S. 407; auch armorum Suecicorum continuatio 1633. S. 15.

Vice-Roi, lateiniſch prorex — *Schaltkönig*, der als König ſchaltet, für einen König ſchaltet (Sandorin's vollkommener deutſcher Geſandte. Frankfurth 1679).

Lazarus Schwendi, berühmt als Feldherr und Staatsmann, benennt die hohen Kriegswürden:

Kriegsherr, wie Bauherr, der Landesfürſt der kriegführenden Macht.

Feldherr, Generaliſſimus.

Feldoberſter, Stellvertreter des Kriegsherrn und Feldherrn.

Feldmarſchall, General der Kavallerie.

Untermarſchall, Stellvertreter des Feldmarſchalls.

Oberſtzeugmeiſter, Chef der Artillerie.

Feldzeugmeiſter, General der Artillerie.

Feldhauptmann, General der Infanterie.

In der franzöſiſchen Sprache leben noch viele urdeutſche Ausdrücke, verſchollene Kinder unſeres Sprachſtammes, des Wortſchatzes Elſaſſer und Lothringer (Wolfgang Hunger, Vindicatio linguae germanicae, Straßburg 1586).

Dieſe können wir zu allen Zeiten wieder einberufen, ſie bleiben als urſprüngliche Deutſche unſerer Sprache wortpflichtig. Freilich, wie der pariſer Stutzer ſie geſchniegelt und gebiegelt hat, dürfen wir ſie nicht einſtellen. Die franzöſiſche Naſe müſſen wir ihnen erſt entſchnauzen und den franzöſiſchen Zopf kappen.

Es iſt aber in allen Sprachen lateiniſchen Nachlaſſes jedes Wort für ein entlehntes deutſches, nur lang verſchollenes zu halten:

1) was nicht eine fremde Wurzel gründlich nachweiſt,
2) nicht deutſchwidrig lautet, d. h. nicht unſerem Lautthume widerſpricht,
3) deutſchthümlich gebildet iſt,
4) nähere und entferntere Lautverwandtſchaft und Sinnverwandtſchaft mit ähnlichen deutſchen Wörtern hat, wenn auch nur in den Mundarten.

Eine Urſprache kann zu allen Zeiten und Stunden ihr großes Hall- und Jubeljahr feiern, das iſt ihr unveräußerliches Odelsrecht — ihr Eigenthum wieder zu nehmen, wo es ſich findet.

Ludwig Heinrich von Jakob

ward am 26. Februar 1759 zu Wettin im Magdeburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1777 zu Halle Philoſophie und die Rechte und wurde daſelbſt Doctor und Profeſſor der Philoſophie. 1807 nahm er einen Ruf als Profeſſor der Philoſophie und des Rechts nach Charkow in Rußland an, wurde ſeit 1809 daſelbſt kaiſerlicher Staatsrath, Ritter des ruſſiſchen St. Annenordens 2r und des preußiſchen rothen Adlerordens 3r Claſſe, und kehrte 1816 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Staatswiſſenſchaften nach Halle zurück. Er ſtarb im Bad zu Lauchſtädt am 22. Juli 1827.

Wir haben von ihm:

Prolegomena zur praktiſchen Philoſophie. Halle 1787.

Ueber das moraliſche Gefühl. Halle 1788.

Beweis für die Unſterblichkeit der Seele aus dem Begriffe der Pflicht. Züllichau 1790. Eine in Holland gekrönte Preisſchrift.

Ueber den moraliſchen Beweis fürs Daſein Gottes. Liban 1791. Ebenfalls eine Preisſchrift.

Antimachiavel. Halle 1794.

Annalen der Philoſophie und des philoſophiſchen Geiſtes. Halle 1795, 4.

Vermiſchte Abhandlungen. Ebendaſ. 1797.

Grundſätze der Weisheit für gebildete Leſer. Ebendaſ. 1800. 1801, 2 Thle.

Lehrbuch der Nationalökonomie. Halle 1805; 3. Aufl. 1825.

Grundſätze der Polizeigeſetzgebung und der Polizeianſtalten. Halle 1809, 2 Bde.

Grundriß der empiriſchen Pſychologie. Riga 1814.

Ueber Rußlands Papiergeld und die Mittel, ihm firen Werth zu verſchaffen. Halle 1817.

Entwurf eines Criminalgeſetzbuchs für das ruſſiſche Reich. Halle 1818.

Akademiſche Freiheit und Disciplin. Leipzig 1819.

Staatsfinanzwiſſenſchaft. Halle 1821, 2 Bde.

v. J. erwarb ſich großes Verdienſt, ſowohl um die Beförderung der Kantiſchen Philoſophie, die er der Menge durch ſeine Schriften und Lehrbücher zugänglicher zu machen ſuchte, als auch um die Behandlung der Staats- und Finanzwiſſenſchaften, über welche er in ſeinen Werken große und ſyſtematiſche Klarheit verbreitete.

Friedrich Karl von Jariges

iſt ſeinem Leben nach nur in ſo weit der Welt bekannt, daß er am 3. September 1773 zu Berlin geboren wurde, und nach verſchiedenen Reiſen, die er nach zu Berlin abſolvirten humaniſtiſchen Studien unternahm, ſich als Privatgelehrter in ſeiner Vaterſtadt niederließ, wo er am 22. Juni 1826 ſtarb.

Unter dem Namen „Beauregard Pandin" erſchien von ihm:

Bruchſtücke einer Reiſe durch das ſüdliche Frankreich, Spanien und Portugal. Leipzig 1810.

Spaniſche Romanzen. Berlin 1823.

Troilus und Creſſida von Shakeſpeare. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1824.

Einzelne Gedichte und Erzählungen in Taſchenbüchern, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein angenehmes Talent, das ſich vorzüglich in leichter und anmuthiger Behandlung ausländiſcher Originale und Stoffe ſehr gewandt zeigte.

Jean Paul, ſ. J. P. F. Richter.

Daniel Jeniſch

ward am 2. April 1762 zu Heiligenbeil in Oſtpreußen geboren, ſtudirte zu Königsberg Philoſophie und Theologie, wurde Dr. der erſtern Wiſſenſchaft und Prediger an der Nikolaikirche zu Berlin und ſtürzte ſich am 9. Februar 1804 in einem Anfalle von Schwermuth in die Spree.

Er gab heraus:

Romantiſch-ſcherzhafte Erzählungen. Berlin 1792, 3 Bde.

Boruſſias in 12 Geſängen. Berlin 1794, 2 Thle. 8.

Threnodie auf die franzöſiſche Revolution. Leipzig 1794.

Ueber Meiſters Lehrjahre. Berlin 1797.

Geiſt und Charakter des 18. Jahrhunderts. Ebendaſ. 1800—1801, 3 Thle.

Denkſchrift auf Friedrich II. Ebendaſ. 1801.

Obelisk an der Grenzſcheide des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts. Ebendaſ. 1801.

Univerſalhiſtoriſcher Ueberblick der Entwickelung des Menſchengeſchlechts. Ebendaſ. 1801, 3 Thle.

Theorie der Lebensbeſchreibung. Ebendaſ. 1802.

Vorleſungen über die Meiſterwerke der griechiſchen Poeſie, mit Hinſicht auf die Meiſterwerke der neuern Literatur. Berlin 1803, 2 Thle. in gr. 8.

J. verſuchte in Klopſtock's Weiſe und Styl Friedrich den Großen durch ein Heldengedicht zu verherrlichen, blieb aber weit hinter ſeinem Vorbilde zurück und erntete wenig Ruhm mit ſeiner Epopöe ein. In ſeinen übrigen Schriften, welche ſämmtlich Geiſt und Kenntniſſe verrathen, offenbart ſich jedoch eine zu große Geſuchtheit und Künſtelei, ſo daß ſie ſchon bei ſeinen Lebzeiten nicht die Anerkennung fanden, die ihnen ohne dieſen Fehler, ihrer übrigen vortrefflichen Eigenſchaften wegen, hätte zu Theil werden müſſen.

Jenis, ſ. K. Stein.

Nikolaus Jeroſchin, ſ. Minneſinger.

Jerrer, ſ. Meynier.

Friederike Jeruſalem,

die Tochter des berühmten Theologen gleiches Namens, ward am 4. April 1759 zu Braunſchweig geboren, erhielt eine den höhern Kreiſen des bürgerlichen Lebens angemeſſene Erziehung und beſonders gute ſittlich religiöſe Bildung und wurde dann Stiftsdame zu Wülflingshauſen in Hannover. Das Jahr ihres Todes iſt unbekannt.

Eine beſondere Sammlung ihrer

Gedichte, kam nicht heraus, einzelne finden ſich aber in Matthiſſon's lyriſcher Anthologie B. XIV. in mehreren Jahrgängen des Göttinger Muſenalmanachs u. ſ. w. und

beurkunden Anmuth, Wärme des Gefühls und Talent für die Behandlung der Form.

Johann Friedrich Wilhelm Jeruſalem

ward am 22. November 1709 zu Osnabrück geboren und bei vorzüglichen Anlagen, die ſich früh entwickelten, unter der Leitung ſeines Vaters, des daſigen Oberpfarrers und Superintendenten J., bereits im 16. Jahre ſo weit herangebildet, daß er 1724 mit Nutzen die Univerſität Leipzig beziehen konnte. Hier widmete er ſich mit dem unverdroſſenſten Fleiße den Wiſſenſchaften, beſonders der Theologie, wurde darauf im 21. Jahre Magister A. L. zu Wittenberg und beſuchte dann nach kurzem Verweilen in ſeiner Vaterſtadt zu ſeiner weitern gelehrten Ausbildung die vorzüglichſten wiſſenſchaftlichen Anſtalten und Städte Hollands. Nachdem häusliche Verhältniſſe, die eine Reiſe nach England und Frankreich verhinderten und ſeine Anweſenheit zu Osnabrück nöthig gemacht hatten, beſeitigt waren, ging er als Führer zweier jungen weſtphäliſchen Edelleute nach der neu errichteten Univerſität Göttingen, wo er bald mit den vorzüglichſten akademiſchen Lehrern und beſonders mit dem Engländer Thompſon innig vertraut wurde und ſich die Zuneigung des großen hannöverſchen Staatsminiſters von Münchhauſen erwarb. Dieſe Bekanntſchaften verſchafften ihm auch das Glück der Befriedigung ſeines innigſten Wunſches, einer Reiſe nach England. Sein dreijähriger Aufenthalt daſelbſt machte ihn reich an Menſchen- und Weltkenntniß und brachte ihn zu dem Entſchluſſe, hier ſich für immer niederzulaſſen. In dieſer Abſicht kehrte er 1740 nach Hannover zurück, um ſeine häuslichen Angelegenheiten zu ordnen und ſich dann dem Gefolge Georgs II. anzuſchließen. Nachdem ihn angenehme mit verſchiedenen angeſehenen Männern angeknüpfte Verbindungen hier 2 Jahre lang zurückgehalten hatten und er eben auf dem Punkte der Abreiſe ſtand, erhielt er 1742 vom Herzog Karl von Braunſchweig den Ruf als Hof- und Reiſeprediger und Erzieher des Erbprinzen, den er auch ſogleich annahm. Während er ſich nun in Braunſchweig durch ſeine Predigten und ſeine Erziehung des jungen Regenten allgemeinen Beifall erwarb, gewann er ſeinen Fürſten zugleich für die Errichtung eines Inſtituts, welches die Lücke zwiſchen Gymnaſien und Univerſitäten ausfüllen und die nöthige Unterweiſung und Sittenbildung junger Militärs, Hofleute und unabhängiger Privatleute gewähren ſollte. Unter ſeiner Curatel blühte die Anſtalt, das berühmte Collegium Carolinum bald erfreulich auf, und wurde von Ausländern gern beſucht. Zu gleicher Zeit gab er dem Armenweſen von Braunſchweig eine muſterhafte Einrichtung, entwarf den Plan eines dem Lande nützlichen, weit verbreiteten Buchhandels, und wurde dafür von ſeinem Fürſten, dem er ſeine Theilnahme an den Cabinetsarbeiten verſagt hatte, 1743 zum Probſt der beiden Klöſter St. Crucis und Aegidii, 1749 zum Abt von Marienthal und 1752 zum Abt von Riddagshauſen ernannt, nachdem ihm ſchon 1749 die Univerſität Helmſtädt die theologiſche Doctorwürde ertheilt hatte. Seine vielſeitige Wirkſamkeit als Abt von Riddagshauſen, womit die Leitung eines daſelbſt beſtehenden evangeliſchen Predigerſeminars verbunden war, als Director des Carolinums, Erzieher des Erbprinzen und Kanzelredner, zugleich mit ſeinen eifrigen Privatſtudien, machten zwar ſeinen Namen im In- und Auslande berühmt, zogen aber ſeinem ſchwachen Körper Entkräftung und eine gefährliche Krankheit zu, von welcher er jedoch bald wieder genas. Um ihm Erleichterung zu ſchaffen, enthob ihn der Herzog nun einiger der beſchwerlichſten Amtsverrichtungen und erhob ihn ſeiner Anhänglichkeit wegen an das Haus Braunſchweig, die er durch Ablehnung eines Rufes als Kanzler der Univerſität nach Göttingen und als Abt zu Kloſterbergen und Generalſuperintendent des Herzogthums Magdeburg bewieſen hatte, 1771 zum Vicepräſidenten des Conſiſtoriums zu Wolfenbüttel, ohne ihn zugleich zu allen dahin einſchlagenden Geſchäften zu verpflichten. Ruhiger würde jetzt der Abend ſeines Lebens herangenaht ſein, wenn nicht der Tod ſeines zärtlich geliebten Sohnes, der als Student der Rechte in einem Anfalle von Schwermuth zu Wetzlar ſich durch einen Piſtolenſchuß entleibte, und der kurz darauf folgende Verluſt ſeiner innigſt geliebten Gattin ihn tief erſchüttert hätten. Doch bald erhob ihn ſeine Geiſtesſtärke wieder, die er, wie die Kraft ſeiner Sinne, unter allen Lagen und Leiden bis an ſeinen Tod bewahrte. Ruhig und heiter entſchlummerte er am 2. September 1789 und wurde in der Kloſterkirche zu Riddagshauſen beigeſetzt. Ueber ſeiner Gruft erhebt ſich daſelbſt ein von der verwittweten Herzogin von Braunſchweig errichtetes ſchönes Denkmal mit einer von ihr ſelbſtverfertigten Inſchrift. — Kindliche Herzlichkeit, unabläſſige Sorgfalt für das Wohl ſeiner Untergebenen wie der ihm ferner Stehenden, große Amtstreue, ſtille und umfaſſende Wohlthätigkeit, ausgebreitete Beleſenheit und tiefe umfaſſende Menſchenkenntniß vereint mit wahrer Leutſeligkeit und Beſcheidenheit, ſowie zarte Empfänglichkeit und Eifer für alles Schöne und Gute, bei ſchwachem Körper, zeichneten ihn ebenſo herrlich aus, als ſie ihn bewunderungs- und liebenswürdig machten.

Wir haben von ihm:

Sammlung einiger Predigten, vor den Durchlauchtigſten Herrſchaften zu Braunſchweig-Lüneburg gehalten. Braunſchweig 1745 — 1753, 2 Sammlungen in gr. 8.; neue Aufl. 1756 — 1769, gr. 8.; neueſte Aufl. 1788 und 1789.; holländiſch, Amſterdam 1767, 2 Thle. in gr. 8.; ſchwediſch, Upſala 1784 2 Thle. in gr. 8. Einige franzöſiſche für den Prinzen von Wales überſetzt durch den ſächſiſchen Staatsminiſter von Manteufel, mit Vorrede vom Kanzler Wolf, unter dem Titel: Recueil de six discours etc. par un Anonyme. Leipzig 1748. gr. 8.

Ob die Ehe mit der Schweſtertochter nach den göttlichen Geſetzen zuläſſig ſei? Braunſchweig 1755, 8. Von Fr. Gühling mit Anmerkungen herausgegeben. Chemnitz 1755, 8.

Rede am Grabe des Landdroſt von Rhetz. Braunſchweig 1758, gr. 8.

Ueber die beſſere Vorbereitung derer, die ſich dem Predigtamte widmen wollen. Hamburg 1760, 8. Wieder abgedruckt in: Nachgelaſſene Schriften ꝛc.

Das Leben des Prinzen Albrecht Heinrich von Braunſchweig-Lüneburg. Braunſchweig 1761; neue Aufl. 1774, gr. 8.; engliſch, London 1764, 8.

Briefe über die Moſaiſchen Schriften und die Philoſophie. Braunſchweig 1762 — 1773; 3. Aufl. 1783, gr. 8.

Betrachtungen über die vornehmſten Wahrheiten der Religion. Braunſchweig 1768 — 1779; 2 Aufl. 1774; neue Aufl. 1785, kl. und gr. 8.; franzöſiſch, Yverdon 1770, gr. 12.; däniſch, Kopenhagen 1776, gr. 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1780, gr. 8.; holländiſch, mit Anmerkungen von Caruß, Amſterdam 1772 — 1781, 3 Thle. gr. 8.; ſchwediſch, Upſala 1783 — 1786, 3 Thle. 8. Ein Auszug davon vom Biſchof Gerenius 177*.

Glaubensbekenntniß des Prinzen Leopold von Braunſchweig. Braunſchweig 1769; 3. verb. Aufl. 1781, gr. 8.

Zwei Landtagspredigten. Braunſchweig 1770, gr. 8.

Charakter und vornehmſte Lebensumſtände des Prinzen Wilhelm Adolph von Braunſchweig-Lüneburg. Berlin 1771, gr. 8.; franzöſiſch, Ebendaſ. 1781, 8.

Von der Kirchenvereinigung. Braunſchweig 1772, wurde wider ſein Wiſſen und Willen gedruckt. Verbeſſert in: Nachgelaſſene Schriften.

Lehre von der moraliſchen Regierung Gottes über die Welt. Braunſchweig 1780, gr. 8. Wieder abgedruckt in: Betrachtungen über die vornehmſten Wahrheiten ꝛc.

Ueber die deutſche Sprache und Literatur. Berlin 1781, 8.; franzöſiſch von le Cocq, Ebendaſ. 1781, 8. Wieder abgedruckt in: Nachgelaſſene Schriften.

Nachgelaſſene Schriften. Herausgegeben von Friederike J. Braunſchweig 1792 und 1793, 2 Thle. kl. und gr. 8.; 1r Theil auch unter dem Titel: Fortgeſetzte Betrachtungen ꝛc. Holländiſch, Amſterdam 1793, 8.

Klarheit, Scharfſinn und unerſchrockenes Streben für das Wahre und Gute treten charakteriſtiſch in allen Leiſtungen Jeruſalem's hervor, hin und wieder nur etwas geſchwächt durch eine gewiſſe Weitſchweifigkeit, zu der ihn ſeine ſteten Bemühungen, faßlich und leicht verſtändlich zu ſein, mitunter verleiteten. Als Kanzelredner zeichnete er ſich, namentlich zu ſeiner Zeit, höchſt vortheilhaft aus durch ſtrenge würdevolle Einfachheit, welche allen rhetoriſchen Glanz und Prunk entſchieden von ſich wies.

Ernst Friedrich Jester

ward 1745 zu Königsberg in Preußen geboren und kam zuerſt als Secretär zum preußiſchen Miniſter von Rhode. In der Folge wurde er Kriegs- und Domänenrath zu Königsberg, 1788 aber Oberforſtrath und ſtarb daſelbſt am 14. April 1822.

Er ſchrieb:

Das Duell. Luſtſpiel. Wien 1768.

Die junge Indianerin. Luſtſpiel. Wien 1777.

Vier Narren in einer Perſon. Parodie. Wien 1881.

Die erzwungene Einwilligung. Ebendaſ. 1781.

Der Dorfprediger. Schauſpiel. Königsberg 1792.

Der Wunderigel. Komiſche Operette. Ebendaſ. 1793.

Der Freund der Schooßhündchen. Neujahrsgeſchenk für Damen. Königsberg 1797 in 12.

J. beſaß ein angenehmes Talent und Gewandtheit für leichtere dramatiſche Arbeiten; ſeine derartigen Leiſtungen, getragen durch einen witzigen und lebhaften Dialog, erwarben ſich zu ihrer Zeit freundlichen Beifall, erhielten ſich aber nicht lange auf der Bühne.

Auguſt Wilhelm Iffland

ward am 19. April 1759 zu Hannover von wohlhabenden und angeſehenen Eltern geboren und zuerſt von Hauslehrern, dann auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt für ein Berufsſtudium, das er in Leipzig abſolviren ſollte, wiſſenſchaftlich herangebildet. Allein die überwiegende Neigung zur Schauſpielkunſt, die ſich ſchon in dem Knaben kund gab, und der unauslöſchliche Eindruck, den eine dramatiſche Leiſtung auf ihn gemacht hatte (der er in ſeiner Jugend beiwohnte), ließ ihn die Gegenſtände des wiſſenſchaftlichen Unterrichtes nur mit Widerwillen treiben, und brachte ihn bei den damals noch gewöhnlichen Vorurtheilen ſeiner Eltern gegen ſeinen Lieblingswunſch auf den Gedanken einer heimlichen Flucht aus dem elterlichen Hauſe, als er eben die Univerſität beziehen ſollte. Er kam daher 1777 nach Gotha, ließ ſich bei der Seylerſchen Geſellſchaft aufnehmen und legte dort unter ſeines Lehrers und Freundes, des trefflichen Schauſpielers Eckhof, und des unermüdlichen, geſchmackvollen Gotter's (ſ. d.) gemeinſchaftlicher Leitung den Grund zu ſeiner nachmaligen Künſtlergröße. Nach Eckhof's Tode und der Auflöſung der gothaiſchen Bühne ging er nach Mannheim, wo er auch für das Theater zu ſchreiben begann und aufſtrebende junge Talente, z. B. Schiller, nach Kräften unterſtützte. Der Einfall der Franzoſen nöthigte ihn nach Hamburg und Hannover zurückzugehen und durch Gaſtrollen auf verſchiedenen ausgezeichneten Bühnen ſeine Zukunft zu ſichern. 1798 wurde er als Director des königlichen Nationaltheaters nach Berlin berufen, erhielt dort 1810 den rothen Adlerorden und wurde 1811 zum Director aller königlichen Schauſpiele ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 22. September 1814.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Dramatiſche Werke. Leipzig 1798 — 1802, 16 Bde. 8., mit 16 Kupfern der beſten Künſtler und auf Schreib- und Velinpapier.

Neue dramatiſche Werke. Berlin 1807, 8., mit Kupfr., 1r Band, 8. Bildet den 17. Band der vorigen Sammlung unter obigem Titel.

Dramatiſche Werke. Leipzig 1827 und 1828, 11 Bde. 16. Es iſt dieß eine Auswahl aus der erſteren.

Einzeln erſchienen:

Albert von Thurneiſen. Trauerſpiel. Mannheim 1781.

Verbrechen aus Ehrſucht. Familiengemälde. Ebendaſ. 1784 und verändert Ebendaſ. 1787.

Die Mündel. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1785; nachgedruckt Augsburg 1785.

Die Jäger, ländliches Gemälde. Berlin 1785; nachgedruckt Augsburg 1785.

Liebe um Liebe. Ländliches Schauſpiel. Mannheim 1785.

Fragmente über Menſchendarſtellung auf deutſchen Schaubühnen. Gotha 1785, 1. Sammlung, 8.

Bewußtſein. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1787.

Der Magnetismus. Nachſpiel. Mannheim 1787.

Vaterfreude. Vorſpiel. Heidelberg 1787.

Reue verſöhnt. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1789.

Figaro in Deutſchland. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1790.

Luaſſan. Prolog. Mannheim 1790.

Friedrich von Oeſtreich. Schauſpiel. Gotha 1791.

Die Kokarden. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1791.

Die Geflüchteten. Schauſpiel. 1791.

Das Erbtheil des Vaters. Schauſpiel. 1792.

Der Eichenkranz. Dialog. Frankfurt a. M. 1792.

Eliſe von Valberg. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1792.

Frauenſtand. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1792.

Herbſttag. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1792.

Die Hageſtolzen. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1793.

Die Verbrüderung. Schauſpiel. Mannheim 1793.

Blick in die Schweiz. Reiſebeſchreibung. Leipzig 1793, 8.

Scheinverdienſt. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1794.

Allzuſcharf macht ſchartig. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1794.

Alte und neue Zeit. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1794.

Die Hand des Rächers. Sittengemälde. Leipzig 1795, 8.

Die Ausſteuer. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1795.

Die Reiſe nach der Stadt. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1795.

Dienſtpflicht. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1795.

Der Vormund. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1795.

Das Vermächtniß. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1796.

Die Advokaten. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1796.

Der Veteran. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1798.

Antwort auf das Schreiben über das Schauſpiel „Der Jude“. Berlin 1798, 8.

Das Gewiſſen. Trauerſpiel. 1799.

Erinnerung. Schauſpiel. 1799.

Hausfrieden. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1799.

Leichter Sinn. Luſtſpiel. 1799.

Der Komet. Poſſe. 1799.

Der Mann von Wort. Schauſpiel. 1800.

Der Fremde. Luſtſpiel. 1800.

Selbſtbeherrſchung. Schauſpiel. 1800.

Die Künſtler. Schauſpiel. 1800.

Die Höhen. Schauſpiel. 1800.

Die Familie Lonau. Luſtſpiel. 1800.

Das Vaterhaus. Schauſpiel. [illegible]

Die Hausfreunde. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1806, 8. mit Kupfern.

Almanach für das Theater und Theaterfreunde aufs Jahr 1807. Berlin 1806, 12.; neue Aufl. mit Kupf. und mit Muſikbeilagen. Ebendaſ. 1807, 8.

Wohin? Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1806, 8.

Beiträge für die deutſche Schaubühne. Berlin 1807, 2 Bde, 8.

Almanach für das Theater rc. aufs Jahr 1808. Berlin 1808, 8. Mit 12 Kupfern.

Der Oheim. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1808, 8.

Die Marionetten. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1808, 8.

Neue Beiträge für die deutſche Schaubühne. Berlin 1809 — 1812, 4 Bde, 8.

Die Einung. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1811, 8.

Almanach für das Theater auf die Jahre 1809, 1811, 1812. Berlin 1812, 3 Bdchen, 16. mit 3 Portraits.

Liebe und Wille. Ländliches Geſpräch. Berlin 1814, 8.

Theorie der Schauſpielkunſt. Herausgegeben von C. G. Rittner, Berlin 1815, 2 Bdchen, 12. mit 15 Kupf.

Die Brautwahl. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1825, 8.; verbeſſ. Ausg. mit Muſikbeilage.

Einzelne Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Almanachen und Zeitſchriften.

In ſeiner Charakteriſtik Iffland's, ſagt Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredtſamkeit Th. XI. S. 462) ſehr treffend von deſſen Leiſtungen: Iffland's Verbrechen aus Ehrſucht, ſeine Jäger, und ſeine übrigen Schauſpiele dieſer Gattung wurden überall in Deutſchland mit dem größten Beifalle aufgeführt, bis gegen das Ende des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, als dieſer Künſtler auf dem Gipfel ſeines Ruhmes ſtand, die Kritik auf einmal ſich gegen ihn erklärte, und das Publicum nun auch eben ſo ſchnell ihm den größten Theil der Gunſt wieder entzog, mit der es ihn überhäuft hatte. Der Tadel, der die ganze Gattung von dramatiſchen Werken trifft, in denen Iffland ſich hervorgethan hat, fällt auf ſeine eigenen Schauſpiele dieſer Mittelgattung in vollem Maße. Was ſie Komiſches haben, wird erdrückt durch die rührenden Scenen. Die Rührung ſelbſt iſt faſt durchgängig von der weinerlichen Art, durch die das Herz zwar moraliſch bewegt, aber auch ſo beengt wird, daß die eigentliche Wirkung, die ein ſchönes Kunſtwerk hervorbringen ſoll, faſt verloren geht. Iffland arbeitete gefliſſentlich dahin, in keinem Zuge ſich über die gemeine Natürlichkeit zu erheben. Das Intereſſe ſeiner Dichtungen, wie ſeiner Schauſpielkunſt, ſollte auf nichts Anderem ruhen, als auf der Wahrheit, mit der die Charaktere aus der Natur gegriffen, in anziehenden und zurückſtoßenden Situationen, und durch eine gut angelegte Verwickelung und Auflöſung in einem dramatiſchen Ganzen ſo zuſammengeſtellt ſind, daß die moraliſche Belehrung und Beſſerung, als letzter Zweck, durch das Ganze erreicht werde. Aber nach dieſen Grundſätzen ſind dann auch die wegwerfenden Urtheile zu berichtigen, die von einigen neueren Kritikern über den vorher ſo bewunderten Iffland gefällt werden. Denn was Iffland wollte, hat er mit einer allerdings bewundernswerthen Kunſt geleiſtet. In ſeinen Schauſpielen ſpiegelt ſich das häusliche Leben der Deutſchen mit einer Wahrheit, daß ein künftiger Geſchichtſchreiber, dem andere Nachrichten fehlten, aus dieſen dramatiſchen Gemälden faſt Alles ſchöpfen könnte, deſſen er bedürfte, um von dieſem Theile der Sitten der deutſchen Nation, wie ſie zu Iffland's Zeit war, treuen Bericht abzuſtatten. Die Charaktere aus den höheren und niederen Ständen treten bei Iffland mit einer Individualität hervor, als ob ſie in jedem Zuge wirklichen Individuen nachgezeichnet wären; und doch repräſentirt jeder zugleich auf das Sprechendſte die Gattung, zu der er gehört. Solcher deutſchen Hofräthe, Secretäre, Amtleute, Oberförſter und anderer Perſonen, die Iffland nach der Natur gemalt hat, erinnert ſich Jeder, wer Gelegenheit hatte, ihre Standesgenoſſen im wirklichen Leben kennen zu lernen. In der pſychologiſchen Feinheit dieſer Charakterzeichnungen erkennt man den hellen Blick des Beobachters, in der Anordnung der Scenen und in ihrer dramatiſchen Kraft den Kunſtverſtand des denkenden Schauſpielers. — So weit Bouterwek. — Es ſei uns geſtattet noch hinzuzufügen, daß es Iffland durchaus an ſchaffender Phantaſie fehlte und er jenen Malern zu vergleichen iſt, welche das Gegebene getreu bis in das Kleinſte nachzubilden verſtehen, oft mit peinlicher Aengſtlichkeit, nie aber etwas Eigenes und Urſprüngliches hervorzubringen vermögen. Daher die ſtete Wiederkehr derſelben Charaktere und die beſchränkten Verhältniſſe, welche ſich nie aus dem Alltäglichen erheben, in ſeinen Stücken, daher endlich der Grund, daß ſeine Muſe eben ſo eifrige Gegner als Bewunderer fand, jene aber zu den beſten Köpfen der Nation gehörten, die durch die getreue Darſtellung niedriger bürgerlicher Miſere am wenigſten zu befriedigen waren.

Der Komet.*)

Poſſe in Einem Aufzuge.

Perſonen.

Der Buchbinder Balder.
Deſſen Frau.
Juſtine, ſeine Tochter.
Chirurgus Krappe.
Advokat Grünſtein.
Ein Gerichtsdiener.

Erſter Auftritt.

Das Arbeitszimmer des Buchbinders Balder. Einige Stöße ungebundener Bücher und anderes Geräthe liegen in der ſonſt reinlich eingerichteten Stube umher. Juſtine kehrt das Zimmer aus.

Juſtine (allein).

Warum ich mich nur damit plagen muß? — Wenn denn doch alles zu Grunde gehen ſoll und muß — ſo iſt es ja gleichviel, ob die Stube ſo ausſieht, oder anders. (Sie ſieht unmuthig umher.) Es iſt ſchon ſo ſpät, mein lieber Grünſtein war noch nicht da; nun kommt er auch nicht mehr. Hinſchicken darf ich nicht. Ach, ſo ſoll der jüngſte Tag einbrechen, ohne daß ich ihn vorher geſehen habe! (Sie ſetzt ſich, und trocknet ihre Augen mit dem Tuche.) Ich bin recht unglücklich!

Zweiter Auftritt.

Vorige. Advokat Grünſtein.

Grünſtein. Guten Abend, Juſtinchen!

Juſtine (ſteht auf, verneigt ſich, und ſieht weg, um ihre Thränen zu verbergen).

Grünſtein. Gar kein Wort zu mir?

Juſtine. Ach!

Grünſtein. Hat mein gutes Mädchen kein freundliches Geſicht für mich?

Juſtine (weinerlich). Es iſt ja heute der Achtzehnte.

Grünſtein. Ja ſo — heute geht die Welt zu Grunde.

Juſtine (ihm näher rückend). Sie glauben es nun doch auch?

Grünſtein. Nein, wahrhaftig nicht.

Juſtine. Es muß doch wohl gewiß ſein. Die Mutter will freilich nicht gern daran — aber der Chirurgus Herr Krappe —

Grünſtein. Der Narr —

Juſtine. Ach, der hat es ſo gewiß gemacht, der Vater hat es uns ſo bedenklich und ſo beweglich vorerzählt, daß wir es nun feſt glauben.

Grünſtein. O es fürchten es wenigſtens mehr Menſchen, als ihr guten Leute.

Juſtine. Nicht wahr? Ach es iſt recht erbärmlich! Der Vater hat nun ſchon die ganze Zeit her alles Geld hergegeben, ſo daß er jetzt gar nichts mehr hat.

Grünſtein. Und der Herr Gevatter Krappe hat die ganze Zeit her brav mitgegeſſen und getrunken —

Juſtine. Ei freilich! So oft er uns den Kometen bewieſen hat, der heute die Welt zuſammenſchlagen ſoll, ſo oft iſt allemal ſehr viel getrunken worden.

Grünſtein. Nun ja, das heißt wenigſtens den Untergang dieſes Hauſes gewiß machen, wenn auch die Welt ſtehen bleibt.

Juſtine (freundlich). Glauben Sie denn im Ernſt, daß die Welt nicht verbrennt?

Grünſtein. Liebes Mädchen, laſſen Sie Sich nicht ängſtigen. Ich muß dieſen Tag vorbei gehen laſſen, eher iſt Ihr Vater nicht zu überzeugen.

Juſtine. Alſo werden wir morgen leben?

Grünſtein. Leben und glücklich ſein.

Juſtine. Glücklich? Nein! glücklich nicht! Herr Krappe hat den Vater ganz für ſich und ſehr gegen Sie eingenommen. Wenn wir morgen leben, ſo muß ich gewiß den entſetzlichen Narren heirathen.

Grünſtein. Daraus wird nichts.

Juſtine. Ich bitte Sie, verhindern Sie es; denn lieber will ich, daß uns der Komet erſchlägt, als daß ich den heirathe. Ach kommen Sie doch heute noch — ich bin ſo ängſtlich — der Vater will uns alle dieſe Nacht wohin führen —

Grünſtein. Dieſe Nacht? Wohin denn?

Juſtine. Das weiß ich nicht. Er ſagt, wir ſollten von der Welt kommen, daß wir nicht wüßten wie.

Grünſtein. Der Mann wird doch die Thorheit ſich nicht ſo weit verleiten laſſen —

Juſtine. Ach ja!

Grünſtein. Gut. So will ich denn heute noch die Sache ſo ernſtlich als möglich behandeln. Adieu, Juſtine.

Juſtine. Verlaſſen Sie uns nicht.

Grünſtein. Ich ſollte meine Braut verlaſſen?

Juſtine. Wir ſind arme Leute geworden —

Grünſtein. Ich bin nicht arm — und wäre ich arm, ſo könnte mich niemand ſo nennen, wenn er meine Braut ſieht.

Juſtine. Bin ich denn Ihre Braut?

Grünſtein. Wollen Sie es nicht ſein.

Juſtine. Ach, ich wohl — aber der Vater —

Grünſtein. Der verlangt nichts, als daß die Welt untergehe. Sein Sie ruhig. Auf Wiederſehen! (Geht ab.)

Juſtine (verneigt ſich). Der denkt nicht an der Welt Ende! (Sie ſeufzt.) Aber der Vater iſt auch ein vernünftiger Mann, und der behauptet es doch ſteif und feſt! — Ich will ihn noch einmal fragen — (Sie läuft ihm nach).

Dritter Auftritt.

Balder (im Caſagin, mit einer Schürze vor, tritt von der andern Seite ein).

Niemand hier? — Hm! Freilich, man ſieht überall nicht, daß die Leute zuſammen treten! Das pflegt ſo zu ſein in den letzten Tagen. (Er geht, die Arme auf den Rücken gelegt, umher.) Wir treten nun dem gewaltigen Augenblick ſehr nahe. (Er zieht die Uhr heraus, und ſagt ſehr bedenklich:) Fünf Uhr! Von fünf bis zehn Uhr — fünf Stunden — transit gloria Mundi! — (Er nimmt ſeine Schürze ab, legt ſie ſorgfältig zuſammen, und auf den Tiſch.) Ade, Du loſe Welt! (Er geht wieder herum.) Wir ſind mit einander fertig. (Man klopft, Balder bleibt ſtehen.) Herein!

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*) Aus: „A. W. Iffland's dramatiſche Werke." Fünfter Band. Leipzig, 1799.

Vierter Auftritt.

Balder. Ein Gerichtsdiener.

Gerichtsd. Guten Abend, Herr Balder!

Balder. Gute Nacht, Herr Gerichtsdiener!

Gerichtsd. (verwundert). Was?

Balder (ſchlägt ihn auf die Schulter). Ja, ja!

Gerichtsd. Es iſt ja erſt fünf Uhr.

Balder. Wie man's nehmen will. (Er geht wieder umher.)

Gerichtsd. (ſchüttelt den Kopf). Da iſt noch ein Schreiben vom Stadtrath an Ihn, Herr Balder.

Balder. Giebt ſich der Stadtrath noch mit Schreiben ab?

Gerichtsd. Ei freilich!

Balder (faltet die Hände). Nun! — lege Er es nur dahin.

Gerichtsd. Morgen iſt Termin —

Balder. Das iſt nicht wahr —

Gerichtsd. Leſe Er nur —

Balder. Heute iſt der Termin.

Gerichtsd. Morgen um —

Balder. Heute Nacht um zehn Uhr.

Gerichtsd. Was?

Balder. Ja, ja!

Gerichtsd. Morgen Nachmittag um drei Uhr —

Balder (lacht).

Gerichtsd. Um drei Uhr wird Sein Haus verkauft, wenn Er nicht bezahlen kann.

Balder. Dieſe Nacht um zehn Uhr ſchlafen alle Gläubiger und alle Schuldner in der ganzen Welt unter einer ſchweren Decke.

Gerichtsd. Herr Balder!

Balder. Dieſe Nacht um zehn Uhr habe ich abgezahlt.

Gerichtsd. Ich weiß nicht, wie Er mir vorkommt, Herr Balder.

Balder. Was ſchreiben wir heute?

Gerichtsd. Den Achtzehnten.

Balder. Alſo?

Gerichtsd. Er wird doch nicht ſo wunderlich ſein —

Balder. Um zehn Uhr kommt der Komet an Ort und Stelle. Um zehn Uhr bin ich und Er, der Stadtrath, mein Haus und das Schreiben da, an Ort und Stelle.

Gerichtsd. Aber, Herr Balder —

Balder. Nun, nun! Gehe Er jetzt in Gottes Namen, und ſtöre Er mich nicht in meiner Präparation.

Gerichtsd. Er iſt ein ſo honetter Mann —

Balder. Das hoffe ich —

Gerichtsd. Die Obrigkeit hat immer viel auf Ihn gehalten.

Balder. Gleichfalls.

Gerichtsd. Der Herr Bürgermeiſter möchte Ihn ſo gerne — Aber leſe Er doch nur die Schrift —

Balder. Ich leſe nichts mehr.

Gerichtsd. Er möchte Ihm ſo gerne ſein Häuschen erhalten.

Balder (rückt die Mütze). Ich bedanke mich.

Gerichtsd. Drum hat er —

Balder. Zu guter Letzt!

Gerichtsd. Er ſoll ſich noch einmal vernehmen laſſen, ob Er vielleicht —

Balder. Ei was! das iſt ja alles weltlich Weſen!

Gerichtsd. Bedenke Er doch —

Balder. Gute Nacht! — Indeſſen, da es denn der Herr Bürgermeiſter ſo gut mit mir meint, ſo will ich mich doch erkenntlich beweiſen.

Gerichtsd. Wie denn?

Balder. Durch einen guten Rath. Empfehle Er mich dem geſtrengen Herrn, und ſage Er ihm, ich ließe ihm rathen, mit dem ganzen Stadtrath dieſe Nacht vor zehn Uhr hinaus zu gehen auf das Blachfeld.

Gerichtsd. Was ſoll der Stadtrath da machen?

Balder. Erſtens wird er dort in Compagnie verſchlungen, welches allemal anſtändiger iſt, auch die Angſt mindert.

Gerichtsd. (lacht). Herr Balder —

Balder. Zweitens fallen ihnen keine Häuſer auf die Köpfe; und da nicht alle Köpfe vieles vertragen können, ſo erſtickt der geſammte Stadtrath auf dieſe Manier ganz piano im Sande, welches die gelindere Todesart iſt. Hiermit will ich, als ein rechtlicher Bürger gemeiner Stadt, mein Stimmenrecht zum letzten Male geübt haben.

Gerichtsd. Er iſt nicht recht bei Sinnen.

Balder. Es wird Euch ſchon einleuchten, wenn der lange Kirchthurm Euch an der Naſe herab rutſcht. Ehe Ihr nicht ſo ein Avis bekommen habt, eher hört Ihr auch nicht!

Gerichtsd. Nun, wir wollen's abwarten. Indeß ſei Er ſo gut und bezahle Er mir für die Inſinuation meine Gebühren.

Balder. Ich rühre kein Geld mehr an.

Gerichtsd. Aber ich will's anrühren.

Balder. Ich habe auch kein Geld mehr.

Gerichtsd. Wie? die paar Groſchen.

Balder. Keinen rothen Heller, und wenn Ihr das Haus umkehrt.

Gerichtsd. Er iſt verrückt —

Balder. Das habe ich ausgerechnet, daß eben heute das letzte Geld für eine Flaſche Wein ausgegeben iſt.

Gerichtsd. Nun, nun! Ihr werdet wunderlich drein ſehen, wenn Ihr morgen früh aufwacht, die Bäcker- und Kramladen noch alle offen ſind wie heute, und Eure Taſchen ſind leer.

Balder. Bedient Euch für Eure Perſon gleichfalls meines guten Rathes, und geht mit dem Stadtrathe hinaus zum gelinden Verſinken: ſo ſeid Ihr bezahlt.

Gerichtsd. Bediene Er Sich meines guten Rathes, und ſehe Er Sich nach einem Logis um, das über der Erde iſt; denn dieß Haus wird morgen verkauft. (Geht ab.)

Balder. Dergleichen Leuten iſt nicht zu helfen; ſie glauben nicht, bis ſie die Poſaune hören.

Fünfter Auftritt.

Balder. Juſtine.

Balder. Nun, wo ſteckt Ihr denn zuſammen, Du und Deine Mutter?

Juſtine. Ich war vorher ganz getröſtet; aber die Mutter geberdet ſich recht kläglich, nun bin ich wieder angſt.

Balder. Gott Lob! ſo glaubt ſie doch endlich! Geſtern lachte ſie noch mitunter.

Juſtine. Heute nicht.

Balder. Gut.

Juſtine. Sie beſinnt ſich recht ängſtlich auf alle ihre Sünden, wie ſie ſagt.

Balder. Das geht nun in einem hin.

Juſtine. Sie hat mich in die andre Ecke der Stube geſtellt, ich ſoll mich auf meine Sünden beſinnen.

Balder. Nun?

Juſtine. Ach, es iſt nicht viel.

Balder. Aber doch —

Juſtine. Gewiß, Vater, es iſt — (weinerlich) es iſt gar nicht der Mühe werth, daß deswegen ein Komet kommt.

Balder. Wir wollen vorher noch jedem das Seine geben, ſo gut wir können. Hilf mir die Bücher hertragen.

(Sie legen einen Theil der rohen Bücher auf den Tiſch an der einen Seite.)

Balder. Bindfaden.

Juſtine (bringt ihn). Die Bücher gehören Herrn Grünſtein.

Balder. Ja. (Er ſortirt, und bindet ſie in ein Paket.) Die ſoll ihm der Junge noch hintragen, ehe es losgeht.

Juſtine. Ach!

Balder. Mag er doch mit den Büchern hinabfahren!

Juſtine. Dieſe Bücher —

Balder. Es ſind ſo Bücher von denen, die an der Welt Untergang nicht glauben wollen.

Juſtine. Er glaubt auch nicht daran lieber Vater.

Balder. Leider! Nun, er wird es fühlen, wenn ihm ein paar Nachbarhäuſer auf die Arme fallen; dann hat er den Glauben in der Hand.

Juſtine. Ach! das iſt ſchrecklich!

Balder. Nun, (er ſtemmt die Arme in die Seite), was ſoll das? Ich habe Dir ja geſagt, Du gehſt mit uns unter im Freien.

Juſtine. Lieber Vater! (ſie nimmt ſeine Hand), ich möchte ſo gerne mit ihm untergehen.

Balder. Siehſt Du — es iſt jetzt Dein Glück, daß der Welt Ende vor der Thüre iſt, ſonſt wollte ich Dir Mores lehren.

Juſtine. Aber —

Balder. Was? mit ſo einem Zweifler an den unläugbarſten Dingen —

Juſtine (ſchnell). Vater!

Walder. Was ſoll's?

Juſtine. Wenn's aber nun möglich wäre — wenn die Welt noch auf der Welt bliebe —

Walder. Es iſt nicht möglich.

Juſtine. Wenn der Komet —

Walder. Heute iſt der Achtzehnte.

Juſtine. Wenn er noch ausbliebe —

Walder. Um zehn Uhr ſtößt er an die Welt. Paff — das alte Machwerk poltert zuſammen — Gute Nacht!

Juſtine. Wenn ſich nun der Komet verſpäten könnte —

Walder. Das iſt nicht möglich. Wäre es aber — ſo iſt es eine Galgenfriſt — denn er kommt doch.

Juſtine. Nun, ich meine ſo — wenn Ihr mich dann — bis er kommt — den Advokaten Grünſtein heirathen laſſen wolltet?

Walder. Wenn auf dieſer gebrechlichen Welt noch von Heirathen die Rede ſein könnte, ſo heirathetest Du den Herrn Gevatter Krappe.

Juſtine. Vater, das kann ich nicht.

Walder. Was?

Juſtine. Lieber ſoll uns der Komet umſtoßen!

Walder. Der Herr Gevatter iſt ein Mann, der doch etwas glaubt.

Juſtine. Ja — Unheil.

Walder. Mit dem man von etwas ſprechen kann —

Juſtine. Dem Verſtande.

Walder. Davon iſt die Rede.

Sechster Auftritt.

Vorige. Frau Walder.

Fr. Walder. Ich habe Deinen Sonntagsrock zurecht gelegt.

Walder. Gut.

Fr. Walder. Auch die neue Perücke.

Walder. Wohl! ich will mich anziehen.

Fr. Walder. Ach!

Walder. Ja, ja! (Sieht nach der Uhr.) Halb ſechs Uhr. Um neun Uhr gehen wir zuſammen hinaus.

Juſtine. Zum Untergehen?

Walder. Freilich.

Fr. Walder. Mein ſchönes Tiſchzeug!

Walder. Es wird bald vorüber gehen.

Fr. Walder. Meine ſchönen Kleider!

Walder. Ein Glück, wer es noch vorher weiß.

Fr. Walder. Das allerliebſte Stück Leinewand, das ich erſt von der Bleiche bekommen habe!

Walder. Weltlich Weſen!

Fr. Walder. Ach lieber Mann — das habe ich die Tage meines Lebens ſo gern gehabt!

Walder. Wo der Herr Gevatter nur bleiben mag?

Fr. Walder. Ich wollte, er wäre niemals gekommen.

Walder. Er hat es mir gewiß und feſt verſprochen mit hinaus zu gehen.

Juſtine. Ach! wenn er doch allein untergehen wollte!

Walder. Unſer Freund verläßt uns nicht in der Noth, und wir wollen ihn auch nicht verlaſſen.

Fr. Walder. Wenn er Dir nur die vier Hundert Thaler bezahlen wollte, die er Dir ſchuldig iſt!

Walder. Vom Gelde iſt keine Rede mehr.

Fr. Walder. Wenn aber die Welt ſtehen bleibt —

Walder. So ſchenke ich dem Herrn Gevatter den Schuldſchein zur Ausſteuer.

Fr. Walder. Was? und das Haus würde verkauft?

Walder. Die Gläubiger zu bezahlen.

Fr. Walder. Und der widerwärtige Kerl ſollte —

Walder. Mit dem Herrn Gevatter Krappe im Sterben, mit dem Herrn Gevatter Krappe im Leben, dabei bleibt es.

Fr. Walder. Mann, wenn es nichts iſt mit dem Untergange, ſo kratze ich dem Herrn Gevatter die Augen aus.

Juſtine. Da habt Ihr Recht, liebe Mutter!

Fr. Walder. Ich ſoll mich ſo geängſtigt haben, ſoll meine Sünden umſonſt ins Gedächtniß gerufen, ſolche bittere Thränen über meine Sünden umſonſt vergoſſen haben? Das vergebe ich dem Kerl nun und nimmermehr!

Walder. Sage mir — hm! hm! Du biſt da auf ein Kapitel gerathen — Juſtine gieb dem Jungen die Bücher, daß er ſie gleich zu Grünſtein trage.

Juſtine. Ja, (ſie nimmt das Paket) und daß er ihm derbeſtelle.

Siebenter Auftritt.

Walder. Frau Walder.

Walder. Sage mir, Frau, was ſind denn das für Sünden, die Dich ſo alteriren?

Fr. Walder. Ach!

Walder. Das bin ich doch kurios zu wiſſen.

Fr. Walder. Sie gehen Dich nichts an.

Walder. Das finde ich zum Exempel zu guter Letzt noch recht impertinent!

Fr. Walder. Ich habe mich damit ſchon eingerichtet. — Der unglückliche Komet kann an die Welt anrumpeln, wenn er will, ich kann kein Thränchen mehr vergießen, als ſchon geſchehen iſt. Damit holla, in Gottes Namen!

Walder. Die Sünden einer Frau können keinen Menſchen näher angehen, als den leiblichen Mann. So lange die Welt noch nicht umgeworfen iſt, kann mir auch die Kurioſität nicht benommen ſein.

Fr. Walder. Ach, ach!

Walder. Sei offenherzig, liebe Frau, daß wir ohne Argwohn und ohne Skandal hinunter fahren.

Fr. Walder. Lieber Mann, laß es gut ſein! Wenn der Spektakel los geht —

Walder. Um zehn Uhr.

Fr. Walder. Nun ja, dann will ich Dir alles in der Geſchwindigkeit bekennen.

Walder. Das geht nicht.

Fr. Walder. Ach ja!

Walder. Nein!

Fr. Walder. Warum nicht?

Walder. Ich habe mir vorgenommen, daß wir, wie es chriſtlichen Eheleuten ziemt, in der Umarmung verſinken wollen.

Fr. Walder. Ach ja, ja, ja!

Walder. Wenn Du mir nun in dem Getümmel noch eine Malice bekennen mußt, ich entſetze mich, ſtoße Dich ein Bischen weg — indem fahren wir ab — ſo ſage einmal, in was für einer meſchanten Lage kommen wir hinunter?

Fr. Walder. Freilich!

Walder. Was für ein nachtheiliges Aufſehen muß das geben!

Fr. Walder. Wo denn?

Walder. Wo wir hinkommen werden. Das iſt das einzige, worüber der Herr Gevatter und ich noch nicht zum Schluß haben kommen können, ob es nämlich erſt noch in einen andern Planeten geht, oder gerade zum letzten Termin.

Fr. Walder. Freilich, freilich! Ach, ich klägliche Sünderin! nun kommt die Angſt wieder! Ach!

Walder. Drum bekenne.

Fr. Walder. Ja, ja! Sieh, mein Schatz, weil ich gern ehrbar und doch zierlich einher gegangen bin —

Walder. Ja, das hat mich viel gekoſtet.

Fr. Walder. Ach, das iſt wahr! Aber Du weißt doch nicht alles, lieber Mann.

Walder. Das glaube ich ſelbſt, mein Schatz.

Fr. Walder. Ich habe es mit dem Marktgelde nicht ſo genau genommen, mein Kind.

Walder. Das geſtehe ich!

Fr. Walder. Was aber dafür angeſchafft iſt, iſt alles da.

Walder. Nun, dieſe Sünde geht mit unter.

Fr. Walder. Mein Kleiderſchrank — ja, das iſt ja eben mein Wehklagen.

Walder. Weiter!

Fr. Walder (ſie ſtockt).

Walder (ſieht nach der Uhr). Noch vier Stunden.

Fr. Walder. Ach, es iſt ſchrecklich! Ich bin noch in meinen beſten Jahren!

Walder. Darnach fragt der Komet nicht.

Fr. Walder. Ich habe ſo meinen Wohlgefallen an der Welt, wie ſie iſt.

Walder. Leider!

Fr. Walder. Und auch an Dir.

Walder. Ich bedanke mich.

Fr. Walder. Beſonders die letzten Jahre her.

Walder. So?

Fr. Walder. Ja! Die letzten Jahre her habe ich Dich wegen Deiner beſondern Gutmüthigkeit gleichſam lieb gehabt.

Walder. Das geſtehe ich! Nun, und die erſten Jahre? wie war es da gleichſam?

Fr. Walder. Ja — die erſten Jahre — Ach! nimm mir's nicht übel, Du hätteſt es gewiß nicht erfahren, wenn nicht die Welt untergehen wollte — die erſten Jahre — biſt Du mir nicht beſonders hübſch vorgekommen.

Walder. Sieh! ſieh!

Fr. Walder. Die erſten Jahre habe ich mir nicht erſtaunlich viel aus Dir gemacht —

Walder. Es iſt mir zuweilen ſo vorgekommen.

Fr. Walder. Damals hat der geiſtliche Herr bei uns gewohnt —

Walder. Frau!

Fr. Walder. Eine Treppe hoch —

Walder. Die Welt iſt noch nicht untergegangen!

Fr. Walder. Damals habe ich gedacht —

Walder. Es ſtehen noch ab und an verſchiedene herrenloſe Baculi im Hauſe!

Fr. Walder. Daß er doch hübſcher wäre, als Du.

Walder. Der Gerechtigkeit wegen kann ich noch vorher meinen Zorn an Dir exerciren.

Fr. Walder. Und da habe ich oft gedacht, wenn es doch Gott hätte ſo fügen wollen, daß er mein Mann wäre oder würde, und wenn er Dich deshalb in ſein Freudenreich aufnehmen wollte!

Walder. Ei Du malitiöſeſte Perſon!

Fr. Walder. Aber alles in Ehren und mit Sitte.

Walder. Sind das Gedanken einer Eheconſortin?

Fr. Walder. Ach, wer dachte denn damals, daß der Komet kommen würde!

Walder. Dieſe hohe Ankunft iſt's auch allein, was Dich vor ſchweren Prügeln ſalvirt. An dem vornehmen Tage mag es hin und mit hinabgehen. Außerdem würdeſt Du, mit Beihülfe eines Steckens, Dich in etwas maltraitirt befinden.

Achter Auftritt.

Vorige. Chirurgus Krappe.

Krappe. Herr Gevatter, Herr Gevatter — es geht friſch darauf los.

Fr. Walder. Gott ſteh' uns bei!
Walder. Wirklich? Nun?

Krappe. Wenn ich etwas geſagt habe — ſo kann ich dreiſt ſprechen: dixi!

Walder. Nun, was meinſt Du nun?

Krappe. Ein Kranker oder Geſunder unter meinen Händen — ſobald ich ſage: Es hilft nichts, er muß fort — richtig er hat mir abmarſchiren müſſen.

Walder. Allemal.

Krappe. Nun, ſo jetzt mit dem Weltkörper — er marſchirt, ob er will oder nicht.

Fr. Walder. Iſt denn der Komet ſchon zu ſehen?

Krappe. Was habe ich geſagt? Habe ich nicht geſagt, drei tauſend Meilen von hier iſt der Standort; den Sechzehnten tritt er den Marſch an, alle Tage tauſend Meilen; heute iſt der Achtzehnte; ſechzehn, ſiebzehn, achtzehn zu tauſend Meilen — facit drei tauſend Meilen. Summa — heute iſt der Kerl da, da hilft kein Singen und Beten.

Walder. Natürlich!

Fr. Walder. Aber wenn er ſich nun heute ſpät auf den Weg gemacht hätte?

Krappe. Das iſt ſeine Sache.

Walder. Natürlich, Herr Gevatter!

Fr. Walder. So träfe er ſpäter ein.

Krappe. Darin kann man ihm nichts vorſchreiben.

Walder. Natürlich, Herr Gevatter!

Krappe. Spät oder früh — gleichviel.

Walder. Natürlich!

Krappe. Kommen wird er.

Fr. Walder. Ach Gott!

Krappe. Zehn Uhr — ſo ſage ich.

Walder. Das iſt ja ganz natürlich, Herr Gevatter!

Krappe. Wir bleiben Freunde.

Walder. Auf der Erde, oder unter der Erde.

Krappe. Natürlich, Herr Gevatter!

Fr. Walder. Was machen denn die Leute in der Stadt?

Krappe. Ach du Gott!

Fr. Walder. Nun?
Walder. Das bin ich auch begierig.

Krappe. Davon wäre vieles zu reden! Zittern und Zagen, Heulen und Zähnklappern.

Walder. Sehe mich der Herr Gevatter an, bei mir iſt kein Zähnklappern zu ſehen und zu hören.

Krappe. Wem dankt Ihr das, Gevatter?

Walder. Ihm, Herr Gevatter! Nur meine Frau die heult ab und an.

Krappe. Iſt ja natürlich, Herr Gevatter! Primo iſt ſie ein Weib —

Walder. Ja, und secundo ein Bischen gottlos geweſen, wie ſie geſtanden hat.

Krappe. Wäre der Kukuk? Ich ſage es, der Komet hat ſein Gutes, bringt manchen in dieſen Tagen zur Räſon.

Fr. Walder. Iſt denn ſchon ein Aufſtand in der Stadt?

Krappe. Jämmerlich, Frau Gevatterin! jämmerlich! Da ſind, die ihr Haus beſtellen — andere, die nach den Sternen ſehen — andere, die ſich bei der innerlichen Gemüthsangſt — doch nur quaſi von weitem — erkundigen; die ſind denn von der wahren Galgenangſt penetrirt. Es iſt ein Fahren, Gehen, Rennen, Forſchen — in Summa, die allgemeine Konſternation iſt da.

Walder. Natürlich, Herr Gevatter!

Krappe. Soll ich ſagen, was wir jetzt thun müſſen?

Walder. Nun?

Krappe. Ein rechtes Courage-Stück ausgehen laſſen.

Walder. Ich bin ſo bereit als willig dazu.

Fr. Walder. Ich nicht. Ich habe gar keine Courage.

Krappe. Schämt Euch! Seht! — thun wir, als ob gar nichts wäre. Verlobt mir vor ein paar Zeugen das Juſtinchen — cedirt mir den Schuldſchein, der ja ohnedieß vom Kometenfeuer in ein paar Stunden zum Fidibus mortificirt wird. Hernach trinken wir ein paar Bouteillen Wein, und dann laßt den Teufel brummen.

Walder. Herr Gevatter —

Fr. Walder. Wenn die Welt ſtehen bliebe —

Krappe. Iſt ja nicht möglich!

Walder. Freilich! Aber das iſt doch gar zu weltlich.

Krappe. Courageux iſt es, courageux, Gevatter! — So müßt Ihr handeln! Das hat ſich noch kein Buchbinder unterſtanden — das bringt Ehre!

Fr. Walder. Wenn die Welt untergeht? Wo denn?

Krappe. Nun — posito — nehmen wir an — ſo ein Klümpchen Welt läßt der Komet wohl ſtehen — zum Wahrzeichen.

Fr. Walder. Dann wollte ich, es beträfe unſer Eckchen hier.

Walder. Das will ich mir ſehr verbitten; denn meine ganze Präparation und übrige Einrichtung iſt zur Abfahrt gemacht. Es muß heute alles zu Ende gehen — anders thu' ich es nicht.

Neunter Auftritt.

Vorige. Advokat Grünſtein.

Grünſtein. Guten Abend.

Krappe. Haha, haha! da iſt er auch. Nun der Achtzehnte iſt da.

Grünſtein. Und der Neunzehnte wird morgen ſein.

Krappe. Ich ſage Nein!

Grünſtein. Ihr thörichten Leute dauert mich.

Walder. Sie dauern mich, Sie — denn Sie werden in allen Ihren Zweifeln getroffen.

Krappe. So iſt's! In Zweifeln erſchlagen. Ich ſage Ihnen — machen Sie Ihre Rechnung. Geht — gehen Sie — gehen Sie hinaus. Ich kann Sie nicht anſehen. Es überfällt mich ein Grauſen bei Ihrem Anblick.

Grünſtein (lacht). Warum?

Krappe. Gevatter, eheliche Frau Gevatterin, denken Sie Sich einen Advokaten, dem der Komet unbereitet ins Angeſicht leuchtet, und ihn zum letzten Termin abruft, wo ihm Berge und Hügel als Replik und Duplik auf den Hals fallen. Sehe ihn nur an, ich meine er zähnklappert ſchon.

Grünſtein. Denken Sie Sich alle die ſeligen Patienten, die Ihnen die ſchief kurirten Glieder vorhalten, und auf einmal mit lauter Stimme die geſtohlenen Lebensjahre abfordern. Bei meiner Seele, das wird ein Chor, über dem man das Praſſeln und Toben des Weltuntergangs nicht vernehmen wird.

Krappe. Gevatter, Ihr ſeht doch, daß die Angſt aus ihm ſpricht?

Walder. Nun, was wollen Sie denn eigentlich?

Grünſtein. Daß Sie bedenken, daß Sie morgen und noch viele Jahre, hoffe ich, eſſen müſſen und wohnen.

Fr. Walder. Das wäre ſchön.

Walder. Wäre entſetzlich! Aber —

Krappe. Iſt nicht daran zu denken — Sind morgen alle mauſetodt.

Grünſtein. Daß morgen Ihr Haus verkauft werden ſoll.

Krappe. Unter der Erde.

Grünſtein. Daß dieſer Menſch Sie nur in Angſt gejagt hat, um Sie nicht zu bezahlen, und Juſtinen zu beſitzen.

Walder. Laſſen Sie mir den Herrn Gevatter nicht an.

Fr. Walder. Ach ja, liebſter Herr Grünſtein; taſten Sie ihn durch und durch.

Grünſtein. Nun im Ernſt denn. Herr Krappe — was werden Sie denn ſagen, wenn, troz Ihrer feſten Prophezeihung, die Welt morgen noch ſteht?

Krappe. Was ich denn ſagen werde?

Balder. Gevatter, jezt zahlt ihn aus.

Krappe. Was ich ſagen werde.

Balder. Schlagt ihn mit Kernbeweiſen zu Boden.

Grünſtein. Noch einmal — was werden Sie ſagen, wenn die Welt morgen, übermorgen, und noch viele Jahre ſtehen wird?

Krappe. Wenn morgen, übermorgen, und noch viele Jahre — viele Jahre?

Grünſtein. Ja.

Krappe (außer ſich). Eine Schale mit Waſſer, Frau Gevatterin, eine Schale mit Waſſer!

Fr. Balder. Antwortet doch erſt —

Krappe. Um Gottes willen, eine Schale mit Waſſer! Gleich! zur Stelle!

Balder. Hole ſie.

Fr. Balder (geht ab).

Krappe. Ich will's ihm zeigen! Ich will's ihm zeigen, woran wir ſind. Ich will's ihm zeigen! Hm! Was ſagt er nun? Was ſagt der Herr, wenn ich beweiſe?

Grünſtein. Ich will mir beweiſen laſſen.

Balder. Da findet gar kein Disputiren ſtatt —

Grünſtein. Aber jede Sache will Unterſuchung —

Balder. Nein, Sapperment! Wenn ich nur erwähnen will, wie ſich die Bücher widerſprechen, die ich alljährlich eingebunden habe, wie darin die armen Menſchenkinder bald alle rechts, bald alle links getrieben, umgeworfen, wieder aufgerichtet, heute auf den Kopf und morgen auf die Füße geſtellt werden — ſo muß ja das allein ſchon ohne Komet beweiſen, daß daraus, wie aus dem konfuſen Rath vor der Zerſtörung Jeruſalems, unmittelbar das lezte Ende gedeihen muß.

Krappe. Reden wir von den Menſchen, Herr Gevatter, wie ſie unſer einem unter die Hände kommen, ſo iſt es ja klar, daß der Stoff alle Tage nichtsnuziger wird! Facit? Weltende!

Fr. Balder (mit einer tiefen Schüſſel mit Waſſer). Da iſt Waſſer.

Krappe. Gut. Einen Tiſch in die Mitte — daher — vor mich hin!

Balder (bringt ihn).

Krappe. Die Schale darauf!

Fr. Balder (ſezt die Schale auf den Tiſch). Hier.

Krappe. Nun?

Grünſtein (ſieht in die Schüſſel). Iſt das der Beweis?

Krappe. Tauſend Element! Mein Beweis wird ſo klar wie das Waſſer ſein! Einen Bogen Papier, Herr Gevatter — einen Bogen Papier — geſchwind!

Balder. Es iſt kein Papier mehr im Hauſe.

Krappe. Herr! meine Ehre ſteht auf dem Spiele!

Grünſtein. Allerdings.

Krappe. Schaffen Sie mir einen Bogen Papier!

(Alle ſuchen in den Taſchen und deuten an, daß ſie keines haben.)

Krappe. Auf dieſem Bogen Papier beruht jezt die ganze Welt, ſage ich! Ich ziehe einen Bogen aus den Büchern. (Er geht hin, und zieht aus den ungebundenen Büchern einen Bogen.)

Fr. Balder. Das ſind ja ganze Werke.

Krappe. Thut nichts, man kann ſie leſen; der Bogen kann herausgenommen ſein, und es fehlt doch nichts. Mein Beweis muß triumphiren — Sapperment!

Grünſtein. Dem Beweiſe zu Ehren — ich bezahle das Werk.

Krappe. Acht gegeben! (Er formirt aus dem Bogen eine Art Ballon.) Seht Ihr das — hier dieſes Weſen, welches eine runde Kugel vorſtellen ſoll? Antwortet Alle!

Alle. Wir ſehen es.

Krappe. Dieß iſt die Welt. Merken Sie Sich es wohl; dieß iſt alſo die Welt. Haben Sie Sich alle gemerkt, daß dieß die Weltkugel iſt?

Alle. Ja.

Krappe. Gut! ſo weit ſind wir.

Grünſtein. Ich hoffe wir werden weiter kommen.

Krappe. Verehrungswerthe Zuhörer, ich bitte (er legt das Papier hin), daß ich nicht geſtört werde; ſonſt gehe ich fort, ſpreche kein Wort mehr und Sie gehen ohne Beweis unter.

Grünſtein. Ich ſage kein Wort mehr — beweiſen Sie.

Balder (ſtampft mit dem Fuße, und ſagt erboßt zu ſeiner Frau). Jezt ſage noch ein Wort, ſo wirſt Du ſehen, was es giebt.

Fr. Balder. Ei um Gottes willen, ich habe ja nicht geſprochen, als wenn ich gefragt wurde.

Krappe. Still!

Balder. Halte den Athem an Dich.

Krappe. Meine Herren, Sie machen mir es ſehr ſauer! Zur Sache! Hier — da — in der vor uns ſtehenden Schüſſel iſt Waſſer befindlich. Dieſes Waſſer, wenn ich — Jezt belieben Sie erſtaunlich genau Acht zu geben — dieſes Waſſer, wenn ich dieſes Papier, welches die Weltkugel, nach vorhergegebenen Begriffen, vorſtellt — wenn ich dieſen für die Weltkugel ausgegebenen Körper über dieſes Waſſer halte — ſo ſtellt daſſelbe Waſſer jenes unſre Weltkugel umgebende allgemeine Weltmeer vor. Haben ſie das verſtanden? — Sagen Sie mir, werthe Zuhörer, ob Sie das — mit der Weltkugel und dem Weltmeer hinlänglich capirt haben?

Alle (ſchweigen).

Krappe. Aber um Gottes willen, (er legt das Papier weg und ſezt die Schale hin), ich docire mir die gallopirende Lungenſucht an den Hals, ohne daß meine verehrten Zuhörer ein Zeichen des Lebens, geſchweige Begreifens, von ſich geben?

Grünſtein. Zum Teufel, wir ſollen ja nicht reden!

Balder (zur Frau). Sprich — haſt Du's begriffen?

Fr. Balder. Ja — Nein — Ja, ich weiß nicht mehr, wo mir der Kopf ſteht.

Krappe (trocknet ſich die Stirne). Weiter! (Er hält die Schale in die Höhe, das Papier drüber.) Nun der Beweis — Alle hier — Acht gegeben, keine Diſtraktionen — hier oben Weltkugel, unten Weltmeer — Herr Gevatter, geſchwind noch einen Bogen Papier!

Balder (läuft hin und holt einen).

Krappe. Geſchwind!

Balder (bringt ihn). Hier.

Krappe. Machen Sie mir geſchwind noch eine dito Welt.

Balder. Wozu?

Krappe. Im Nothfall — wenn meine hier vor der Zeit zu Grunde ginge. (Er bleibt in der vorigen Stellung.)

Balder (hält den Bogen auf den Rücken). Herr Gevatter, da thue ich Einſpruch.

Krappe. Was? in mein Weltſyſtem? Gevatter, bringt mich nicht in Rage!

Balder. Was dann wird, wenn dieſe Welt untergegangen iſt, darüber ſind wir noch nicht einig geworden, das wißt Ihr!

Krappe. Es iſt ja hier nur von einem Experiment die Rede, vom Beweiſe, daß unſere Welt platt geſchlagen werden, oder verbrennen muß, nicht von der Welt, die dann entſtehen wird! Macht eine zweite Welt, ich ſchlage die eine platt, und verbrenne die andere. Was hier an zweien probirt werden ſoll, ſtellt das Entweder - Oder vor, was dieſe Nacht an unſerer Welt geſchieht. Verſtanden?

Balder. Das iſt ein anders. (Er macht die zweite Weltkugel.) Da hier iſt die Welt.

Krappe. Hingelegt!

Balder (legt ſie auf die Erde).

Krappe. Hier auf den Tiſch!

Balder (legt das Papier auf den Tiſch). So ungeſtüm habe ich ihn noch nie geſehen.

Krappe. Jezt gebt mir ein Licht in meine rechte Hand!

Balder (giebt ihm das Licht). Hier! hier iſt es!

Krappe. Nun — hier in der Linken die Weltkugel, nebſt dem ſie umgebenden Weltmeer — hier in der Rechten das Talglicht, welches Talglicht vorſtellt — Acht gegeben — keine Diſtraktionen, meine Herren — welches Talglicht für dieſesmal nicht ein Talglicht vorſtellt, ſondern den bewußten verderblichen Kometen quaestionis. (Er hält das Licht fern.) In jener Gegend und Ferne, in welcher ich das Talglicht, oder den Kometen, vom Papier oder der Welt entfernt hatte, hat der unvergleichliche parthiſche Menſch das allgemeine Weltelend, den Zornprügel, oder den Kometen, wie weit er von unſerer Welt entfernt iſt, gewittert. (Er rückt näher mit dem Lichte.) Hier ſteht der Komet den Sechzehnten, marſchirt ſelben Tag ab tauſend Meilen, (er rückt näher) marſchirt den Siebzehnten tauſend Meilen. (Er rückt näher mit dem Arme) Allons — Gott ſteh' uns bei! — ſo nahe ſtand er heute morgen den Achtzehnten — Acht gegeben! Nun iſt er ausgerückt, marſchirt tauſend Meilen, und — Acht gegeben! — der Komet wird ſich gleich in den lezten Marſch ſetzen — Nun — nun wird er entweder mit ſeiner Force gegen die Erde ſtoßen — ſehen Sie — (er fährt mit dem Lichte ſo ſtark gegen das runde Papier, daß das Licht auslöſcht, und das Papier platt wird) Bauz! — da haben wir's! Der Komet iſt zwar von dem ſtarken Stoß gegen die

Erde ausgelöſcht, hat aber die Erde mit ſeiner Gewalt platt geſchlagen. Jeder ehrliche Chriſtenmenſch kann vorausſehen, daß unſere Gebeine bei dieſem Plattſchlagen unmöglich etwas gewinnen können. He! habe ich Recht?

Balder. Herr Grünſtein, das iſt klar — dagegen läßt ſich nichts ſagen.

Krappe. Das Licht angeſteckt!

Fr. Balder (thut es, und bringt es ihm).

Krappe. Alſo — entweder werden wir heute um zehn Uhr dermaßen plattgeſchlagen, oder — Acht gegeben! der Komet macht ſeine drei Tagereiſen, und rückt nicht mit ſolcher Vehemenz gegen die Welt, reiſet langſamer, und (er rückt allmählig gegen das genommene zweite Papier) ſengt uns pou à pou ganz gelinde braun und blau, bis er — (hier ergreift das Licht das Papier) uns in Flammen verzehrt, wie Figura zeigt. Nun frage ich jedermann, der da weiß was Feuer iſt, ob es uns wohl gehen kann, wenn wir allmählich abgebrüht und zuletzt pulveriſirt werden? He?

Balder. Er hat abgeſiegt, Herr Gevatter — es bleibt dabei — um zehn Uhr ſind wir caput.

Grünſtein. Woher haben Sie die Gewißheit, daß dieß gerade den Achtzehnten, und eben um zehn Uhr ſo oder ſo geſchehn müſſe?

Krappe. Das ſagt die ganze Welt, und die ganze Welt lügt nicht.

Grünſtein. Und von wem hat es die ganze Welt?

Krappe. Von einem extra berühmten Herrn in Paris.

Grünſtein. Wo hat der es eigentlich ſo beſtimmt geſagt?

Krappe. Machen Sie mir den Kopf nicht warm!

Grünſtein. Und wenn nun nach zehn, nach hundert Jahren die Welt noch ſteht? He?

Krappe (zuckt die Achſeln).

Balder. Herr Gevatter, das ſtatuiren wir ja nicht.

Krappe. Freilich nicht. Allein, wenn es ſich zutrüge — lieber Gevatter — ſo — ſo wäre es ein — ein Naturſpiel.

Balder. Was? — Das wäre ein verdammter Streich! Ich habe weder zu beißen noch zu brechen, wenn wir heute nicht untergehen.

Grünſtein. Und doch wird das ſo ſein.

Krappe. Es iſt freilich möglich, daß wir allenfalls jetzt nicht untergehen —

Balder. Was? Was ſagt Er da?

Krappe. O ja! So ein Komet iſt — wie will ich ſagen? feurig — und alles Feurige hat Kapricen. — Nicht wahr, Herr Grünſtein?

Grünſtein. Weiter!

Balder. Herr Gevatter — Ihr müßt bei Eurem Satze bleiben, oder es geht nicht gut.

Krappe. Das thue ich auch. Ich will allemal noch, daß der Komet die Welt zerſchlägt; aber wenn nun der Komet nicht will?

Balder. Was? Dieſe Welt mit Kirchen und Schulen ſtände morgen noch friſch da, und ich — nüchtern und arm in der Welt — und Ihr hättet mich zum Narren gehabt? Gevatter! ſo wahr ich lebe, dann würde ich Eure Gliedmaßen mit Prügeln beſchweren.

Grünſtein. Immerhin!

Krappe. Meint Ihr zu triumphiren? Nichts da! Ich habe eine neue Theorie. Bleibt die Welt ſtehen, ſo behaupte ich noch immer, ſie hätte eigentlich untergehen ſollen, um eine vernünftige Rechnung zu beſtätigen — will Euch aber ſagen, wie es ſich verhält, daß ſie nicht untergeht. Das iſt der große Hauptbeweis, auf den ich Euch heraus gefordert habe. — Licht her! Die vorhin zuſammengeknetete Welt kann uns ſchon noch einmal dienen. Geht der Komet, und nimmt den dritten Tag ſeinen Fuß zu kurz, ſo berührt er — gebt Acht — die Welt nicht — (er fährt zwei Finger breit vom Papier entfernt vorbei, und hält gegen dem Papier über ſtill) ſenkt ſich, fällt in das Weltmeer — (er taucht das Licht ins Waſſer) löſcht aus — und unſre Welt iſt in salvo, wobei wir uns insgeſammt alsdann wohl befinden.

Balder. Herr Gevatter, Herr Gevatter, Ihr ſeid ein malitiöſer Variant! Ich möchte Euch Euer Weltmeer über das Angeſicht gießen, und mit ſeinen irdenen Ufern den Globus Eures Kopfes dergeſtalt platt ſchlagen, daß er ein wahres Syſtem der untergegangenen Welt vorſtellen könnte.

Krappe. Ich habe Euch Faſſung gegen ein großes Unglück gegeben, wenn es kommt. Wenn es nicht kommt, braucht Ihr keine Faſſung.

Fr. Balder. Leere Taſchen habt Ihr ihm gemacht; denn er brauchte kein Geld, weil die Welt aufhörte. Die bleibt nun, aber niemand giebt ihm ſein Geld wieder.

Balder. Herr Grünſtein, wenn die Welt nicht um zehn Uhr untergeht, muß ich mich aufhängen.

Grünſtein. Nicht doch!

Balder. Meine Schürze Frau — meine Schürze her! — Wenn wir den morgenden Tag erleben, muß Eſſen da ſein. Ich arbeite.

Fr. Balder (giebt ihm die Schürze).

Balder (bindet ſie um). Ich will die Nacht noch ein paar Bücher binden. — Morgen, wenn wir noch leben, Arbeit ſuchen, gegen Abend den Herrn Gevatter wegen der vier hundert Thaler verklagen, und übermorgen früh, wenn etwas vorgearbeitet iſt, dem Herrn Gevatter verſchiedene handgreifliche Injurien appliciren.

Grünſtein. Herr Balder — da leſe Er die Zeitung unſerer Nachbarn. Ein ehrwürdiger Name kann Ihn über die Geſchichte mit dem Weltuntergange durch den Kometen beruhigen, und dieſen Charlatan von hier verbannen.

Balder (lieſt).

Krappe. Charlatan haben Sie geſagt? Ich bedanke mich. Dergleichen Männer gehen jetzt über alles. Sie haben mir aber eine überflüſſige Honneur erwieſen; denn wäre ich ein wahrhafter Charlatan — ſo ſtände ich, wo Sie Sich vor mir bücken müßten, und das Wort gar nicht ausſprechen dürften. Mit dem Weltuntergange habe ich, wie viele meiner vornehmen Collegen, Spectakel gemacht, und Lebensmittel fouragirt von den Einfältigen. Auf Ehre! ich bin ein guter Narr — nur — ich bin ein armer Teufel — und wie der Teufel ſelbſt heutiges Tages in Decadence gerathen iſt, bin auch ich eine Persona miserabilis. Bitte daher nichts übel zu nehmen. (Geht ab.)

Balder. Frau, es iſt Alles nicht wahr.

Fr. Balder. Gott Lob! ich gehe nicht gern unter.

Balder. Ein weiſer Mann ſagt es, wir bleiben noch oben.

Fr. Balder. Schön!

Balder. Kein Geld, kein Eſſen! Das iſt ſchlecht!

Grünſtein. Nehmt hier einen Schwiegerſohn, der Geld hat.

Fr. Balder. Ach — die Ehre —

Balder. Wir verdienen es nicht — aber —

Grünſtein. Doch Eure Redlichkeit verdient Achtung.

Balder. Nehmen Sie das Mädchen — ja!

Grünſtein. Ich danke Euch von Herzen.

(Reicht ihnen die Hände.)

Balder. Arbeiten wollen wir — arbeiten müſſen wir — ſonſt ſchäme ich mich todt. Frau, greif an — lang zu — die Preſſe her — die Heftlade — Juſtine — Juſtine — he! arbeite — die Nacht muß alles arbeiten! Juſtine!

Grünſtein. Ich will ſie rufen — in dieſer ſchönen Entſchließung empfangen wir Euren Segen.

Balder. Ja, alles gut! — Segen und Heirath! aber erſt muß Juſtine helfen arbeiten.

Grünſtein. Mit Freuden. — Ich hole ſie her — ſorgt nicht! — Euch ſoll nichts fehlen.

(Geht ab.)

Fr. Balder (ſortirt Bücher auf der einen Seite). Ich will arbeiten Tag und Nacht — wenn meine Augen zufallen wollen, will ich ſie mit dem Sperrhölzchen aufhalten — nur nicht untergehen.

Balder (arbeitet auf der andern Seite). Ich auch.

Fr. Balder. An den Kometen will ich denken.

Balder (nachdenkend). Hm! ich auch! — (Stehet auf.) Frau! (Er geht ein paar Schritte zu ihr.) Höre!

Fr. Balder (kommt auf ihn zu). Was iſt's?

Balder. Denke an den Kometen, wenn Du mir das Marktgeld abforderſt.

Fr. Balder. Ach ja!

Balder. Und wenn ein hübſcherer Herr, als ich bin, in den erſten Stock zieht, ſo denke an den Kometen.

Fr. Balder. Das gelobe ich Dir.

Balder. Nun, Gott gebe! daß alle Weiber, die der Komet geängſtiget hat, das ihren Männern geloben, und daß ſie es halten, ſo iſt der Komet ein wahrer Hausſegen geweſen.

Juſtine (läuft in ihre Arme).

Grünſtein (folgt ihr).

Karl Leberecht Immermann

ward am 24. April 1796 zu Magdeburg geboren, diente anfangs als Diviſionsauditeur und Secondelieutenant bei dem zu Münſter garniſonirenden preußiſchen Militär und wurde 1824 als Regierungsrath nach Magdeburg verſetzt. Später kam er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Düſſeldorf, wo er gegenwärtig als Landesgerichtsrath noch lebt, und eine Zeitlang die Leitung der düſſeldorfer Bühne übernahm, die er jedoch nach zwei Jahren wieder abgab. — 1838 ward er von der philoſophiſchen Facultät der Univerſität Jena, **honoris causa**, zum Doctor der Philoſophie ernannt. —

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Hamm 1822, 8. mit Muſikbeilagen und ſeinem Bildniß.
Gedichte. Neue Folge. Stuttgart 1830, 8.
Schriften. Düſſeldorf 1835, 3 Bde., 8.

Einzeln:

Die Papierfenſter eines Eremiten. Hamm 1822, 8.
Die Prinzen von Syrakus. Romantiſches Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1822, 8.
Trauerſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1822, gr. 8.
König Periander und ſein Haus. Trauerſpiel. Bonn 1823, gr. 8.
Ein ganz friſch Schau-Trauerſpiel von Pater Brey. Münſter 1822, 8.
Brief über die falſchen Wanderjahre. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Das Auge der Liebe. Luſtſpiel. Hamm 1824, 8.
Cardenio und Celinde. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1826, gr. 12.
Ueber den raſenden Ajax des Sophokles. Eine äſthetiſche Abhandlung. Magdeburg 1826, 8.
Das Trauerſpiel in Tyrol. Dramatiſches Gedicht. Hamburg 1827, 8.
Die Verkleidungen. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1828, 8. mit Titelvignette.
Kaiſer Friedrich II. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1828, 8.
Die Schule der Frommen. Luſtſpiel. Stuttgart 1829, 8.
Der im Irrgarten der Metrik herumtaumelnde Cavalier. Hamburg 1829, gr. 8.
Miſcellen. Stuttgart 1830, gr. 8.
Tulifäntchen. Heldengedicht. Hamburg 1830, 8.
Alexis. Trilogie. Düſſeldorf 1832, 8. mit 1 Muſikbeilage.
Merlin. Eine Mythe. Ebendaſ. 1832, 8.
Reiſejournal. Ebendaſ. 1833, 8.
Die Epigonen. Familienmemoiren. Ebendaſ. 1836, 3 Thle., 8.
Einzelne Erzählungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Es ſei dem Herausgeber dieſes Werkes geſtattet, eine Aeußerung, welche er bereits früher über Immermann gethan*), hier zu wiederholen, und weitere Bemerkungen an dieſelbe anzuknüpfen. — Unbekümmert um die Menge, obwohl oft von ihr mißverſtanden und dadurch ſchwer verletzt, ſchritt J. auf ſeinem Pfade fort; er hatte ſich an dem Beſten aller Zeiten heraufgebildet, und ſich doch ſelbſtſtändig zu erhalten gewußt. Ein ſchönes Fortſchreiten und eine reine Entwickelung durch eigene Kräfte blieb in ihm unverkennbar; jedes neue Werk beurkundete es, und endlich am Fenſter des eignen Herzens gereift, ſtand der ausgebildete Dichter da, eine gigantiſche Natur, die ſich ſelbſt würdig zu zügeln weiß, und zugleich ein Mann von edler, erprobter Geſinnung, der ſeinem Innern treu blieb und den weder das Schreien der Menge, noch das Gefühl des eigenen Selbſt von ſeiner Bahn verlockten. Heine nennt ihn einen Adler, und hat Recht; Immermann's Geiſt ſchwebt ſtets hoch über dem Gemeinen; er iſt einer von den wenigen Dichtern, die dem deutſchen Vaterlande in jedem Sinne Ehre machen.

Dieſe wenigen aus tiefſter Ueberzeugung niedergeſchriebenen und hier wiederholten Worte, bedürfen unſerer Meinung nach eigentlich keines weiteren Zuſatzes, und finden vollkommenen Beweis in den Werken des Dichters ſelbſt, der hinſichtlich ſeiner dramatiſchen Leiſtungen unbeſtritten der erſte unter den lebenden deutſchen Tragikern iſt, und als ſolcher, trotz manchem neidiſchen Scheelblicke journaliſtiſcher Cliquen immer mehr von der Nation anerkannt wird; denn er verbindet die reichſten Gaben der Muſe mit den edelſten Eigenſchaften der Seele und des Gemüthes. Wie ihn bei ſeinen Leiſtungen das Feuer ächter Begeiſterung durchglühe, ſo leitet ihn zugleich die tiefſte Liebe für das Wahre und Gute, und was er ſchafft iſt ein reines, nie ohne jenen Kampf, der den Mann ſtählt und würdigt, den höchſten Intereſſen der Menſchheit gebrachtes Opfer. Eben um dieſer Tiefe der Empfindung und Anſchauung, um dieſes Adels der Seele willen, ſteht er einſam in der Menge, nur von Wenigen ſo verſtanden und geliebt, wie er es verdient; aber wie er ſelbſt unaufhörlich weiter ſtrebt und ſchreitet auf der vorgeſteckten Bahn, ſo werden immer mehr und mehr die Beſſern ſich zu ihm geſellen und erkenntlich ausſprechen, was er ihnen gilt und was ſie ihm verdanken. Denn neben jenen hohen Zierden der Seele und des Gemüthes, beſitzt er, wie Wenige, ſeltenen Reichthum der Phantaſie, Zauber der Darſtellung und der Form und die ſelbſtbewußteſte Herrſchaft über die Sprache. Die Verſtimmung, welche der Druck des Alltags mitunter laſtend in ihm hervorrief, wird immer mehr der geiſtigen Harmonie weichen; denn ſeine Muſe iſt eine edle deutſche Jungfrau mit vollendeten griechiſchen Formen, nur daß der Zorn, ob der Erbärmlichkeit der Gegenwart, ſtatt der Anmuth mitunter grollenden Ernſt über ihre hohen und edlen Züge legt.

Eudoxia*).

Ein Epilog.

Perſonen.

Eudoxia (erblindet).
Peter der Große.
Katharina.
Gordon.
Mons de la Croix.
Jaguſchinsky.
Oſtermann.
Menzikof.
Theophanes.
Ein Späher.
Das Volk.

Oede Haide.

Eudoxia. Ein junges Mädchen. Das Volk.

Volk.

Nicht die Wolke zog im Regenroth herauf,
Abendgang, o heil'ge Mutter walleſt Du;
Nicht der Nebel fliegt um weißen Kieſelberg,
Graue Lock' umfliegt erbleichtes Gramgeſicht;
Nicht der Erdſpalt lechzet, den die Quelle ließ,
Thränenblinder Augen Höhlung dürſtet, grau. —
Schaue dennoch! Thronberaubte Herrſcherin,

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*) Briefe, geſchrieben auf einer Reiſe nach Paris. Leipzig. S. 105.

*) Aus Immermann's Alexis. III. (Schriften. 3r Bd. Düſſeldorf 1835.)

Welche, grüßend aufgethan empfing das Reich
Klarer, zukunftſchwangerer, Sterndurchblitzter Nacht!
Pflogeſt einſam deines Tages ſtill Geſpräch
Mit dem Wehn des Forſtes, mit des Winds Gebraus;
Schritteſt Rückweg durch der Haide Ginſterfeld
Nach dem Birkenſchatt'gen Newsky-Trümmerbau,
Drin du hauſeſt, angeredet aus der Fern'
Von des murmelnden Ladoga Wogenſchlag.
Liebevoll verlegt den Pfad, geweihte Frau,
Deine Füße küſſend, dir das Gottesvolk,
Auf der Fläche ſchwergedrängt, dem Wilde gleich,
Wenn der Waidmann lauert mit dem Todesrohr.
Denn der Czar iſt groß, und tauſend Augen hat,
Wer der Späher reichbelohnte Koppel nährt!
Eudoxia.
Was begehrt das Volk?
Volk.
Erinnerung, Hoffen, Troſt!
Eudoxia.
Habt Ihr Hoffnung, Troſt, Erinnern eingebüßt?
Volk.
Auf der Erde trat er Spur des Geſtern aus,
Aus den Lüften luſt'ges Morgen ſcheucht' er weg,
Ließ erdampften Herzen troſtlos fahles Heut.
Eudoxia.
Nicht der Hoffnung, nicht des Troſtes Prieſterin
Iſt, die weiland ward genannt Eudoxia.
Doch Erinnrung, wer vertilgt ſie?
Volk.
Wo ihr Feld?
Eudoxia.
In der Bruſt des Drängers! Furchen zieht ſie dort,
Zehrt von ſeiner Seufzer ſchwerem Hauche, trinkt
Glühendes Leben aus den Zähren, die er weint.
Volk.
Näh're gieb uns, Mutter, näh're Zuverſicht!
Eudoxia.
Seht den Falken Ihr?
Volk.
Auf hoher Eiche Zweig,
Schwarz, verdorrt ſich ſtreckend in den Abendſtrahl,
Sizt ein braungeſäumter ſchlanker Edelfalk,
Der zerfleiſcht den ſchwarzen Raben, ſeinen Fang;
Blut, vom Schnabel rinnt es, von den Klauen ſcharf,
Und die Federn ſtäuben von dem Baum herab.
Eudoxia.
Leſ't die Federn auf, und zählt ſie! Dieſe Zahl
Rollet; dreimal roll'n der Jahre Neun hinzu.
Dann wird ſizen wieder in dem goldnen Thor
Vielbethürmten Kremls der Moſcowit'ſche Czar!
Knäs, Bojar in Reihermütz' und Zobelpelz
Sehn ihn von der Seite tückiſch blickend an,
Und vergeſſen hat der Bürger, Handelsgaſt,
Flur, die jenſeit ſchwarzer Donau Strand ſich ſtreckt.
Volk.
Unſre Enkel Enkel Enkelkinder Glück!
Eudoxia.
Schaun die Looſe kann ich, darf ich legen ſie?
Gebend Wahrheit, ſpendet' ich mein Alles aus.
Linderung verlanget Ihr: die verſag' ich ſtreng:
Bald zerbreche der Verrenkung Mißgeſtalt;
Lange länderüberlaſtend drückt der Alp.
Kennt Ihr nach der eignen Freude, höhre Luſt,
Als den Feind hinabgeſchleudert ſehn in [illegible]?
Schmerzen-Mitgenoſſenſchaft verkünd' ich Euch:
Eh' die Mitternacht ihr letztes Wiegenlied
Singt im Geiſterton dem neugebornen Tag,
Seid Ihr Leidensbrüder worden, Ihr und Er.
Volk.
Iſt ſein Heil zu Ende?
Eudoxia.
Ganz unzögerlich.
Denn wie hoch emporgerückt ihm Himmels Schloß
So ihn tief hinabzudrücken hob bereits
Sich der Arm der ewigen Nothwendigkeit.
Seine Kebſe ließ in Moskau krönen Er!
Auf der Dienſtſchweißeingeätzten Stirn der Magd
Ward entweiht Kiews uralte Fürſtenzier.
Dieß iſt ſeine letzte Handlung. Rache wallt
Auf der Stand der Redenden von Olegs Stadt!
Bald in dieſem Sande ſinkt der Czar, das Weib
Und der Knechte Schwarm. Der Haide Boden ſieht
Ihn zuletzt als Menſchen; groß von hier beginnt
Unaufhaltſam ſchaudervorbereiteter Fall!
Daß des Lebens Glanze ſich vergleichet nur
Solches Sterbens äußerſte Verfinſterung.
Kehre Volk! In Deiner Hütt' erwart' den Tag!
(Zu ihrem Mädchen:)
Führe mich nach Haus! Geſchäfte bringt die Nacht.
(Sie geht, von dem Mädchen geleitet. Das Volk folgt.)

Ein Späher (tritt auf).

Arm bleibt die Pflicht, begünſtigt nicht Gelegenheit
Des Thät'gen Fleiß; verſchwenderiſch ſah Goldes Gunſt
Zuroll'n ich oft der läſſ'gen Fauſt des Schlafenden,
Indeß ich, nimmer raſtend, viel' der Jahr' im Joch
Verwandte ſchlechtbelohnter Augen Spürerkraft.
In's Blaue dreiſt geworfen trifft des Thoren Stein,
Es ſchießt Erfahrung zielend fehl, gebar den Mann
Der böſe Tag! Doch heut gelang Aufmerkers Müh';
Ablauſcht' ich, was, ſchnell angebracht, ein groß Verdienſt
Mir in des Herrſchers leichterzürnter Seele zeugt.
Geſtampf der Roß und Stimmenlaut! Sie ſind's, ſie nahn!
(Er tritt zur Seite.)

Peter der Große. Katharina. Gordon. Mons de la Croix. Gefolge.

Peter.
Ermüdet hat mich unſer Ritt; gefällt es Dir,
So gehn wir eine Strecke.
(Zum Gefolge:)
Nur des Wegs voran!
Und harrt am Wald, der Petersburgs Weichbild begrenzt.
(Das Gefolge ab.)
Katharina (ſich umſchauend).
Aus dürrem Erdreich keimt empor die Diſtel hier,
Unheimlich ſchwingend blaß-gefärbter Dolden Haupt;
Der Ort iſt öde, Siedler ſind wohl Fuchs und Wolf.
Dahinten ſteigen ſchwere Dämpfe, lagern ſich,
Die niedre Sphäre deckend zu des Horizonts.
Wo ſind wir? Grell im gelben Licht ſcheint alt Gemäu'r
Zerborſten, fahl, Ruinenhaft von jener Höh'.
Gordon.
Die Trümmer auf dem Birkenhügel, Czarin, ſind
Was übrig iſt verblieben von dem Ehrenſchloß
Des Helden Alexander, (Newsky zubenannt,)
Dem ſteten Denkmal ſeines Sieges, nah dem Strom.
Aufſteigen ſiehſt Du Dämpfe des Ladogaſees,
Der vielen Ruſſiſchen Haiden Eine liegt vor uns.
Katharina.
Urbargemachtes preiſe, wem der Boden fehlt!
Die Steppe zeigt der Landesfülle Ueberfluß.
Das unſre Sinn dämpfen, nenn' ich Schicklichkeit.
Weihrauch aus ſolchen Schaalen nur geziemt dem Czar.
Zertrümmert' Alexanders Newanaher Bau,
Bau'n wir ein Denkmal, weiter nach Finnlands Geſümpf!
Peter.
Für heut indeſſen ſchlafen wir in Petersburg. —
Gordon, ich ſeh' den Haufen dichtgereiht am Weg,
Von jedem Alter, Kinder, Knaben, Weib und Mann.
Es ſcheint, die Heimkehr ward dem Volke kund; ſie woll'n
Mit lärmenden Geſchreies Willkommgrüße weihn:
Bedeut die Menſchen! Ferne mir den lauten Kreis!
Die Jugend iſt vorüber, wo das Herz erſchwoll,
Wenn jauchzend ſich auf meinen Pfad die Menge goß,
Wie um den Pfleger munter tanzt der Bienen Stock.
Für ſie zu leben, ſterben, heiſcht mein Königs-Eid,
Doch ihren Dank kann ich entbehren.
Der Späher (vortretend).
Sende nicht,
Entſende nicht den Boten, groß Dich täuſchend, Herr
Zum böſen Pöbel, ſeelenlos gleich trägem Koth.
Entgegen hält er Deiner Liebe heil'gem Pfeil
Den Schild, den ſiebenhäut'gen. Unter dem beſpricht
Er ſeine Feindſchaft. Gruß zu meiden, wallen ſie
Abwärts hinweg vor Deinem Nahn. Eudoxia,
Die ſtetsbereite Sängerin des Uebels ſprach,
Sie aber ſogen gierig ein der Rede Gift.
Dies zeigt ein guter Unterthan pflichtſchuldig an.
Peter.
Was ſagte Jene?
Späher.
Gräuliches Verderben rief
Sie ſchäumend aus; des Herrſchers und der Seinen Sturz.
Peter.
Vernahm das Volk ſie gläubig?
Späher.
Und der Hohen trifft
Ein offnes Ohr der Niedern.

Peter.
Spricht ſie öfters ſo?
Späher.
Wo Deiner Haſſer Etliche zuſammenſtehn.
Katharina.
Wohnt dieſer Wahnwitz hier im Frei'n bei Gras und Laub?
Späher.
In jenem alten weißbemooſten Trümmerbau
Dort iſt ihr Horſt, ſeitdem ſie ſchlechtvergoltne Gunſt
Des Herrn entließ aus Schlüſſelburgs geſtrenger Haft.
Katharina.
Und geht das Raubthier täglich vor aus ſeiner Kluft?
Späher.
So lang der Tag dauert, ruht ſie ſtumm in jenem Schutt,
Unnahbar, Eule bei den Eulen, Staub im Staub,
Zerſtörte mit Zerſtörtem, Blind' in Dunkelheit.
Doch wenn des Abends feuchter Duft Nachtvögel weckt,
Verläßt auch ſie gedehnten Schritts die öde Burg,
Und dieſe Haid' ummeſſend ſacht, langſamen Gangs,
Wie Kettenziehnd der Kund'ge mißt Landeigenthum,
So markt ſie murmelnd ihres Zorns Grundſtück ſich ab.
Querdurch dann ſchneidend dies Gelände, ſteht ſie lang
Gereckten Arms, bildſäulenſtarr, o Königspaar
Auf Deinem Platz, wo ihres Ackers Mittelpunkt.
Da ſtreut ſie bittern Fluches Unglücksſamen aus,
Drauf kehrt erleichterten Muthes ſie zum nächt'gen Schloß,
Und morgen wiederholet ſich, was heut geſchah.
Katharina.
Was regte dieſes Gräuels Wuth ſo heftig auf?
Späher.
Ihr ſtreng Geſchick, bereitet durch Gerechtigkeit.
Katharina.
Prophetenſprüch' enthallen ihrem Mund?
Späher.
Vergib
Des Aberwitzes ſträfliches Bezeichnen mir!
Peter.
Genug; im Palaſt finde Deinen Lohn. Geh!
(Der Späher ab.)
Drei Roſſe laß, Gordon, ſofort vorführen.
(Gordon ab.)
Katharina.
Mons!
(Mons tritt zu ihr.)
Verfüge Dich zur wüſten Trümmer-Klausnerin!
Sag, wer Dich ſende, ſprich ſodann: Von ihrer Kunſt
Sei viel des Rühmens mir gemacht. Die ganze Zeit
Wohl durchzuforſchen, habe ſie auch Zeit genug.
Des Hortes Scherflein nur begehr' ich; nur des Tags,
Nur meines morgenden nächſten Tags Ereigniſſe.
Gold leg' in der [illegible] Hand! Denn nicht umſonſt,
Nein von den Kunden baar bezahlt, ſpricht das Gewerb.
Für einer Czarin hohe Stellung ungeſchickt,
Mag dieſem Handwerk beſſer eignen ihr Verſtand.
(Mons de la Croix ab.)

Peter. Katharina.

Peter.
Warum der ſchon Gebeugten noch des Hohnes Schlag?
Katharina.
Von Jedem, was darbringt das Land an Früchten, fall'n
Dem Herrn, der Herrin Zinſen. Feld und Heerde zinſt,
Bergwerke, Jagden, Handels Vortheil, Rhederei;
Zinsbar iſt Alles der Alles ſchützenden Gewalt.
Und ich entböte dieſem Boden nicht das Recht?
Er trägt, vernahmſt Du, ſeltne Saat der Weiſſagung.
Befreiungen ſind unerlaubt; ich fodr' ihn ab
In dem, was außer Diſteln hier allein gedeiht.
Peter.
An dem Verfalltag gehen erſt, Katharina, Zins
Und Schulden ein!
Katharina.
Mir ſtände dieſer Tag noch aus
Ernſtfragend ruht Dein Blick auf mir, doch ich vermag
Antwort zu geben. In der Oede wildem Graun,
— Und nahe krächzt der Haſſerin Giftſprühender Mund —
Hier wag' ich's Dir zu ſagen: ja, ich fühle mich
Nun ebenbürtig, Gleiche Gleichem zugeſellt!
Denn hin nach Moskau führteſt Du die Zitternde,
Die Unerſchrockne, Czarin haſt Du heimgebracht.
Der Traum gerann zu Goldgediegner Wirklichkeit,
Ich wurde heilig, unverletzlich! Selber Du
Haſt Deine Macht an mir verloren. Dieſe Stirn
Umſchloß der Reifen, der ewiglich-beſchirmende,
Den Kaiſertöchter aus Byzanz fruchtlos gewünſcht!
Von beiden Schultern rauſchend wogte Purpurſammt,
Salböl empfing ich auf der Angſtgenet'nen Bruſt,
Dem Strom des Wandelbaren weiß ich mich enttaucht.
Peter.
Du ſeiſt ſchon Regentin, nicht, das meinſt Du?
Katharina.
Die Unterthanin, mein' ich, ward niemals gekrönt.
Peter.
Metall iſt Zeichen, ich vergabt' es, halt' es feſt!
Hand nimmt, was Hand gegeben hat, wohl nur geliehn.
Die Frau, die mir zur Seite ſitzt, muß doch auch
Des Platzes werth geziert ſeyn. Verſtehſt Du mich?
Aus Güte Schwachheit folgern iſt der Thoren Schluß.
Ich will Dich nicht erſchrecken. Hoffnung bleibe Dir.
Mag ſein, der Vorſatz, ſchattengleich in mir gekeimt,
Da meines armen Sohnes böſe Stunde ſchlug,
Wächſt, reift zum Licht! Für jetzt indeſſen, faſſe dies:
Iſt Deiner Moskau-Krone Dich berauſchend Erz
Zierrath und Schmuck; und wird ſie jemals mehr, ſie wird's
Nur für die mäß'ge, ſtillgeduld'ge Wartezeit.
Denn, meine Gute, jed'weder Ding' Ausbruch und Kern
Erwirbt der Menſch tiefſchweigend nur. Stumm reißt der Hau'r
Vom Ort den Demant; heimlich klopft von tiefer Bank
Die Perl' der Fiſcher. Kommt man leergeſchwätzig wohl
Auf breitem Heerweg, ſchlenderhaft, in's Schatzgewölb,
Zum Schrein der Reichskleinodien? Weiſe grub den Gang
Der Zwinggewalt'ge Meiſter in Verborgenheit.
Leis taſte durch das Dunkel Dich! Beſcheiden poch'!
Dem Ernſte thut der ernſte Hüter auf die Thür.

Mons de la Croix (tritt auf, verſtört).

Katharina.
Zurück? — Wir wurden eben ſtreng vom Czar belehrt,
Wie ſei'n das große flitterputzbehängte Kind.
Darnach gebeut er ſelber uns die Albernheit!
Mons, Deine Schickſalskunde! Sprich! Wie bildeten
Sich meines Tags Geſtalten ab im Zauberſang?
Mons.
Erforſche nicht, was ich gehört! Das Siegel laß
Auf meinem Mund!
Katharina.
Verderben war's, was ſie geſagt?
Du zahlteſt wohl der Gierigen zu kleinen Preis?
Mons.
Furchtbaren Preis bezahleſt Du! Er wird Dich mehr
Als eine Thräne koſten!
Katharina.
So erſchrecklich klang's?
Die Tapferkeit, wenn Männer beben, ſteht zur Frau.
Mein großes Leid erfahren will ich alſobald!
Peter.
Das iſt des frevelhaften Spiels Bezauberung.
Mit Unvernünftigem zu ſcherzen wähnt der Menſch,
Geringe ſcheint's. Doch angerufen kaum, beherrſcht
Dich ſchon der Dämon, welchem wir die Augen ſoll'n
Durchaus verſchließen, oder zum gerechten Kampf
Bereit entgegen in der Tugend Rüſtung ſtehn.
Zuckt nicht die Lippe heiß und roth, ſehnſüchtig Dir?
Fliegt nicht die Bruſt, vom Wunſch emporgeſtürmt? Es ward
Etwas getrieben, welches ich verböte, wär's
Zu hindern noch. Jetzt werde dieſes Hirngeſpinſt
Sofort hinausgeſchüttet in die heil'ge Luft,
Die alle Dünſte löſend tilgt! — Was trug ſich zu?
Mons.
Aufriegelſt Du die armen Lippen mächtiglich,
Die gern verſchloſſen blieben, weil der Zeiten doch
Sie ein ſich üben müſſen, immer ſo zu ſein!
Ich könnte, raunt ein Ahnen deutlich-flüſternd zu,
Unſel'gen Ausgang wenden vom lebend'gen Haupt,
Wagt' ich, der Erſte, Widerſtand; verbliebe ſtumm,
Und ſprengte, mit verhängtem Zügel jagend, fort
Von der Grauumbelaubnen Haide! Raſtlos, bis das Roß
Am fernen Grenzſtein unter mir zuſammenbräch'.
Dort läg ich matt, gerettet; litte. lebte doch.
Allein zur Feigheit nicht erzog mich hohes Glück;
Zu handeln, wie ſie mögen, iſt der Kön'ge Macht,
Des Dieners Ehr' iſt duldende Gelaſſenheit
Und ewiglich-feſtes Schweigen.
Katharina.
Eines Dieners Pflicht
Iſt, ſeinen Dienſt ausüben. Den verſäumeſt Du.
Nach Deinem Tranke lechz' ich, Mons! Reich mir den Trank!

Peter.
Weiß was erſann der Kranken nächſtem Tag die Frau?
Mons.
Viel Glück; Erfüllung innerlichſt genährtem Wunſch:
„Sie ſei zu morgen ausgerufne Kaiſerin.“
Katharina.
Und das war unheilvolle Kunde Dir, o Mons?
Mons.
Ich meldete, was Dich betrifft.
Peter.
Und mich zugleich.
Sie prophezeite mir den Tod. Weshalb die Furcht?
Mons.
Vom Tode war die Rede. Zu der Furcht iſt Grund.
Peter.
Beſtraft' ich jemals eines Dritten Fehl an Dir?
Katharina.
Erhole Dich, Du Weichlicher!
Mons.
Hinweg! Wer giebt
Mir meiner Unſchuld ſüßen Jugendhauch zurück!
Peter.
Was ſagt er?
Katharina.
Unverſtändliches.
Peter.
Das gebe Gott!
Katharina.
Wie Herr?
Peter.
Daß dieſes Knaben Schreck und Seufzerlaut
Dir unverſtändlich ſeien!
Katharina.
Lachen muß ich nur!
Iſt Kahleres wohl auszuſinnen! Wer behend
Wahrſagen will, erſinne doch Wahrſcheinliches.
Vor meiner gründlich-eingeſchärften Richtigkeit
Stehſt Du geſund, kraftſtrotzend…
Peter.
Ach
Katharina.
Haſt Du geſeufzt?
Peter.
Ich ſeufzte nicht.
Katharina.
Es kam mir vor, als ſeufzteſt Du,
Da Deiner kräftigen Geſundheit ich erwähnt.
Peter.
Du irrſt.
Gordon (zurückkommend).
Die Roſſe ſtehen an des Waldes Rand.
Peter (zu Katharinen).
So reiſe denn nach Petersburg; erwart' mich nicht
Heut Abend, ich hab' außerhalb Geſchäfte noch.
Katharina.
Ich ſcheid' in Demuth. Tiefgeſenkten Nackens ſieht
Zurechtgewieſ'ner Uebermuth: Vergiß ihn, Herr!
Den breiten Heerweg, unerſprießlich, wie Du ſagſt,
Meid' ich hinfort. Den ungerühmten dunkeln Gang
Soll emſig ſuchen meine ſchwache Fähigkeit.
(Zu Mons.)
Du aber ruf' in Dir beherzt Dein Leben wach!
Als Führer, als Begleiter warbſt Du angeſtellt.
Doch über ſchmaler Brücken Steg, Abgründen dicht
Vorüber windet ſich der Pfad, Nachteingehüllt.
Auf weſſen Arm die Fürſtin dort ſich lehnen muß,
Der ſtehe feſt! Den Schwindel bann' er weit hinweg!
(Katharina und Mons ab.)
Peter und Gordon.
Peter.
Verkehrte Sterne lenken meinen Fuß und Arm,
Gewaltſamkeiten auszuüben gegen Sinn
Und eigne Neigung, ſchlechterfreut von hartem Zwang.
Eudoxiens dacht' ich ſonder Regung. „Abgethan
Iſt dieſe mindeſtens!“ ſprach ich froh. Doch weit gefehlt,
Sie drängt heran ſich, nichtigend.
Gordon.
Weshalb verblieb
Unſchädlich nicht die Heftige zu Schlüſſelburg?
Peter.
Auftritte wurden mir berichtet, ſchlimmſter Art,
Schwermuther in ſich abgeſperrter Todeswuth
Verzuckungen. Das Mitgefühl erweichte mich,
Das kränklich, doch von Kränklichen geprieſen, meint,
Daß keines Lebens reine Vollgeſtalt erblüh'.
Selbſt leidend, dacht' ich ihrer Leiden, ordnete:
Entlaſſen dürfe wandern ſie, gemäß dem Wunſch.
Nun dankt ſie mir mit Flüchen, pflanzt den Gähre-Keim
Den Seelen vieler Menſchen ein. Sie wagt ſich frech
Selbſt an die Gattin, brandverſuchend. — Volksgeſchrein,
Und ſchlaffe Zügel, erfreulich Willkührdürſtenden! —
Schlau miſcht ſie unſrer alten Zwietracht Stoffe, rührt
Im Hexentopfe durcheinander ihr Gebräu.
Ich fürchte, Gordon, nachgeboren aus dem Blut
Der todten Feinde ſieht bereits ein friſches Heer
Gerüſtet auf zum Streite! Marſch und Kampfſignal
Erklinget aus der Ferne Drommetenton!
Ihr Schmettern hemm' ich.
Gordon.
Stirbt ſie, Herr?
Peter.
Ich hoffe: Nein.
Dem Licht jedoch, dem zeig' ich ſie, dem Tageslicht.
An meinen Tag gebietend zwing' den Drachen Ich!
Einöden ſind es, die das Einhorn auferziehn,
Den Greif, das Pferd mit Flügeln! Jeder Geiſt, beglänzt
Vom Sonnenſcheine, wirft den Schatten. Angeſchaut
In nüchterner Geſellen Kreiſe, ſchrumpft Alraun
Zur Wurzel ein; Lindwürmer werden Schlinggewächſe.
In Petersburg iſt viel Geräuſch der Thätigkeit,
Das überhallt wohl müßiges Prophetenwort.
Da rechnet, zählet, mißt man. Bald ergründet iſt
Von meinen Mathematikern auch das Problem.
Und weil die Straßen breitgebaut und grade ſind,
Gebricht der Winkel, der des Rufes Echo weckt.
Gordon.
Du willſt nach Petersburg ſie führen?
Peter.
Allerdings.
Einſtweil befehl' ich Reiſe. Nun, mein treuer Mann,
Gebrauch' ich Deiner Hülfe. Geh, eröffne Du
Ihr meines Willens unabänderlichen Schluß.
Nichts ſinn' ich ihr mit rechtem Grunde Kränkendes;
Das Haus laß' ich ihr rüſten dort, bequem und ſtill
Entlegen, daß die Neubegier ſie nicht verletzt.
Aufſicht verordn' ich, ſanfte, ziemliche; Gewalt
Sei ferne, wenn beſcheiden ſie zu leben weiß.
Dieß gieb, in ſtrenggemeßner Weiſe redend, kund,
Befehlend, wie dem Boten Deines Herrſchers ziemt.
Vor Härte brauch' ich nicht zu warnen, Dich, den Schott.
Hier will ich Deiner, ihrer harren; bring' ſie ſchnell.
Gordon.
Laß ungeſtört die Leidige.
Peter.
Wie gern geſchäh's!
Und möchte nur die Eumenid' im düſtern Hain
Für ſich erheben jeden ſchärfſten Fluchgeſang!
Denn ihren Segen wahrlich hab' ich nicht verdient.
Sie aber ſtreift in mein Gebiet. Mit Zaubertrank
Erregt ſie friſche Kräfte jenem Ungethüm:
Dem dummen, dumpfen, träggewalt'gen Widerſtand.
Und weil auf Erden ihre Schlacht verloren ging,
Bewaffnete die Hölle ſie. Leichtſinnig ſäh'
Ich ſolchem Treiben, duldend zu! Ich warf der Peſt
Des eignen Sohnes Leiche hemmend in den Weg,
Und nun ließ' ich ſie raſen!
Gordon.
Jüngſt erzählte mir
Der Fremde, der das Land beſucht, die Wundermähr.
Ein Ritter, ſtolz und tapfer ohne Gleichen, ſtritt
Mit einem zauberkund'gen Feinde, der ſich bald
Zum Bären wandelte, Löwe dann, darauf Tiger ward.
Den Bären, Löwen, Tiger ſchlug des Ritters Schwert.
Als unbedeutend-kleines Männchen ſchlüpft zuletzt
Ermattet ſchon, der Gegner in der Höhle Spalt,
Klaglaut erhebend, Angſtgequält. Der Ritter dringt
Nach in die Zuflucht, ſeines Feindes Lauerſitz.
Peter.
Du bleibſt den Schluß mir ſchuldig.
Gordon.
Schenk' ihm Glauben, Herr!
Am andern Morgen fanden ſie den Sieger todt,
Zwar unverwundet, doch entſtellten Angeſichts,
Die edlen Züge ganz verzerrt vom letzten Schreck.
Peter.
Was tödtete den Ritter?
Gordon.
Das erfuhr man nicht.
Er hat vermuthlich Grauſeres, als Bär und Löw'
Und Tiger in des Flüchtigen Verſteck geſehn.

Peter.
Phantome trägt der warme Schooß des Mädchens aus!
Ich bin der ſpätern Zeiten kalter Paladin.
Gordon.
Schick mich in des Phantomes Höhle nicht zu Nacht!
Peter.
Das Fieber hätt' ich nimmermehr in Dir geſucht.
Gordon.
Ja, ich begreif' es, ſonderbar erſchein' ich Dir.
Peter.
So ſchwärmt in Einem Punkte ſelbſt der Tüchtigſte.
Gordon.
Wie feſt umſtrickt uns früher Jahre Erinnerung!
Peter.
Mit Worten ſpüle dieſen Kindertraum hinweg.
Gordon.
Den Kindertraum! — Schottland erzeugt in jedem Clan...
Peter.
Propheten! Wohlfeil iſt ſonach Weisheit bei Euch.
Gordon.
Die Menſchen, die behaftet ſind mit second sight.
Peter.
Dem angebornen Uebel! Sie war frei davon.
Gordon.
Auch Jammer treibt die Seelen aus des Fleiſches Eng'
Peter.
Fünf Sinne faſſen, was hienieden faßlich iſt.
Gordon.
Unermeßlich furchtbar wächſt die Kraft Verzweifelnder!
Peter.
Und welche Tiefen ſchauet der Erhöhten Schwung?
Gordon.
Der Welt betünchte Riſſe.
Peter.
Was erblicken wir?
Gordon.
Firniß des Hoffens, Wünſchens, eitler Täuſchungen.
Peter.
So ſchreit' in jener Klauſe Du ſorgloſen Muths!
Denn ich bin ohne Wunſch und Hoffnung, längſt enttäuſcht.
Mithin der Wahrheit weiß ich wohl ſo viel, als ſie.
Wenn unſichtbar-geheime Hände ſtellten, Freund,
Die Zeiger unſres Zifferblatts, ſo wäre meins
Der Ehre werth geweſen! Aber nie erfuhr
Ich Andres als Gemeines, Leichtbegreifliches.
Sonſt galt Dir meine Rede was. Vernimm: dies iſt
Nur Lug, ſo wahr Du Deines Vaters Namen trägſt.
Gordon.
Ich bin ein Waiſenfindelkind, ich kenn' ihn nicht.
Peter.
Es braucht ja auch ein klarer Satz Betheuerns nicht.
Dich überzeugen könnt' ich gleich. Eudoxia
Weiſſagte jetzo, kurz zuvor, was nicht geſchieht,
Weil grade damals, grad' im ſeld'gen Augenblick
In tiefſter Bruſt ich deſſen Gegentheil verfügt.
Gordon.
Gehorche Dir Verfügendem die Zeit, wie ich!
(Gordon ab.)
(Es iſt Nacht geworden.)

Peter (allein).

Herzklopfend ſchreitet er von hinnen. Glücklicher,
Dem dieſe bangen Schläge noch der Dinge Puls
Troſtreich verbürgen! Bebend jetzt, beruhigt dann,
Mit neuer Lieb' umklammert Dein Gemüth die Welt.
Verſtehſt Du mich? Verſtehſt Du den, Frohmüthiger,
Des Seele Nachtfroſtſtarrer Eiſesſpiegel ward!
Denn der Erwartung Muth verlor ich! Ungeſtalt,
Schwer, Maſſenhaft, wie grauer Vorwelt Urgebirg,
Bedeckt Erfüllung meines Geiſtes dunkeln Grund.
Und, Sterne, unter Eurem reichen Lichte ſitzt
(Er ſetzt ſich auf einen Stein.)
Der weiten Länderſtrecken allerärmſter Mann!
Ich that das Unnatürliche, des Lebens Schein
Der Mißgeburt zu geben. Mich bedünkt, es ſei
Der Raum, die Größe, wie die Macht zu Land und Meer,
Als deren Schöpfer mich der Menſchen Zunge nennt,
Auch durch Mechanik zu erhalten, Druck und Stoß,
Durch Waſſer, Feu'r. Und Solches hab' ich eingetauſcht
Für das, wornach in Einem Himmel ſelbſt ein Gott
Sich einſt geſehnt: Gefühl des Vaters! Ich verlieh
Das Menſchliche, nun leid' ich Uebermenſchliches.
Ja, auch des letzten Troſtes letzter Schimmer ſchwand!
Durch meinen Winter flog es, wie der Sonnenſtrahl
Im Januar: ſie dürfe mich beerben. Mild
Im ſchrofferbauten finſtern Hauſe zünde ſie
Des Heerdes ſchöne ſtill'ge Gluthen mütterlich.
Katharina, Peter! Dieſer Namen Bund vergiß
Des ſchweren Daſeins tiefempfundnen Widerſtreit;
Ach, immer, was mir mangelte, begriff ich's nicht?
Jetzt ſollte ſie die Königsprobe wohl beſtehn
Im Dom zu Moskau. Wehe mir! Erlegen iſt
Die Schülerin. Der Scheitelpunkt des Glückes trifft
In Würd'gen würdiges Bewußtſein. Ruhig nimmt
Ein edler Menſch, wovon er denkt: Du haſt's verdient;
Und wahren Fürſten däucht der Purpur ſchauerlich.
Sie aber prunkt und ſpreizet ſich. Der Zofe gleich,
Begeiſtert vom geſchenkten Kleide! Da erſcheint
Verdorbnes Weſen, niedrer Herkunft Sinnesart!
In ſolchen Stunden bricht hervor das Innerſte;
Die Andern prüf' am allgewohnten Lauf des Tags,
Denn ihre Pflicht iſt Tagewerk, gewöhnliches;
Am Ungemeinen aber miß den Herrſcher ab,
Da er im Guten, Schlimmen, Ungeheurſtes
Ertragen muß. Irrthum verließ mich, freundlicher!
Nie wird ſie Rußlands ausgerufne Kaiſerin. —
Fühlloſer Stein, in Deine Faſern graben ſich
Die Finger ein! Dir ſagt mit wildem, wundem Druck
Sein ganz Geheimniß ſchweigend ein zerſtörter Greis.
Hier unbehorcht, erleichtre Dich im Klagelaut,
Natur! O mein zerrißner, ſchmerzdurchwühlter Leib!
Ach! Ach! Ward eines Feuerberges Lavaſtrom
In mich verlegt, darin zu kühlen! — Doch es naht.
Nun wickle dich in deine Leiden! Ruhe groß
Auf großem Elend, Todesheiter, ſtillgefaßt!

Gordon (tritt wieder auf).

Gordon.
War es hier? Schau' ich den Kaiſer?
Peter.
Auf dem Steine ruht er aus.
Wünſchteſt ſie?
Gordon.
Sie folgt mir. Was Du wollteſt, wird geſchehn.
Peter.
Mich erfreut, daß ſie gehorſamt.
Gordon.
Meinſt Du, daß ſie Dir gehorcht
Peter.
Sagteſt ja, ſie komme willig.
Gordon.
Von dem eignen Geiſt geführt.
Peter.
Endlich müde dieſer Reden bin ich, Gordon, wiſſe das!
Gordon.
Wiſſe Du, daß mir erſpart ward, ihr zu bringen Dein Geheiß.
Peter.
Trafſt Du ſchon ſie unterweges?
Gordon.
Nein, jedoch in ihrem Haus
Harrte ſie des Boten ſehnlichſt.
Peter.
Deſſen Auftrag nur gehört
Dieſer Oede tauber Flugſand?
Gordon.
Frage ſie, wer ihr's verrieth.
Melden meiner Sinne Zeugniß, das vermag ich.
Peter.
Leg' es ab.
Gordon.
Durch des Vorhofs Schutt geſtiegen, trat ich in der Pforte Rahm.
Ihres Dienſtes quitt, vereinſamt, ſtand ſie ſchwarz im Mondenlicht;
Und daneben über Steine von zerfallner Mauern Ring
Schlüpft emporgeſcheuchtes Hochwild, ungehemmt, das ſich geatzt.
An der Kräuter wildentſproßnem, grünem Wucherüberfluß.
Vor mir ſah ich vielgeſtalt'ger Bauzerſtörung ſchönes Bild,
Aus dem Gras, hoch über Mauerſtück', Balkenſtarrendes Gewirre,
Pfeilerſchäft' und eingeſunkner Giebeldächer Sparrenwerk.
Gegenüber aus dem Wandſtück, ſtehn geblieben, aber ſchaut'
Einzeln, trübderhellt ein Fenſter! — Nun, zuſammen mich gerafft,
Auf des Wilds getretnem Pfade ſchritt ich vorwärts, Schwert im Arm,
Und ich taſtet', und ich tappte zwiſchen Gruben halbbedeckt.

Brunnen, Farrnkraut-überwachſnen, ſtrauchelnd nach dem ſchlimmen Ziel.
An der Wendeltrepp' hinaufwärts ſchwang ich mich zur Flügelthür,
Und ich horchte, anziehend den Athem. Drinnen ſprach es rauh und tief:
„Raſch die goldnen Schuhe reich mir! Vor der Thüre lauſcht der Mann,
Mädchen, welcher kommt zu führen uns zum Czar nach Petersburg."
Auf, Entſetzen im Gemüthe, riß der Pforte Wucht ich ſchnell:
„Harre nur ein wen'ges" — rief ſie — „gleich bereit bin ich zu gehn!
Schreckgefeſſelt ſtand ich, ſchauend, in der Hand der Klinke Griff.
Auf der Truh', der offnen, Erzrand ſetzte ſie gehobnen Fuß,
Und ihr Mädchen band der Goldſchuh kunſtgewirkte Bänder feſt.
„Jetzt den Mantel!" rief ſie. Mühſam, an den Zipfeln ſchwer, gefaßt,
Hob den ſchmelzbeblümten Mantel aus der Truh' die Dien' empor,
Ueber Leibrock, Mieder warf ſie bauſchig ſeine bunte Laſt,
Und in Falten, ſteifgebrochnen, wallt' er um die Schreckliche,
Welche drauf, mir zugekehret, hohlen Stimmlauts alſo ſprach:
„Jetzt! Zu wallen nach dem Czaren! Nur die Binde fehlet noch.
Eh' Du ausgeredet, naht ihm feſtgeſchmückt die Prieſterin."
Und hinab die Stiege ſchritt ich, fürchtend, rückwärts, daß nicht Grauen
Schwindelnd mich ergriff' und ſtürzte, wendet' ich den Nacken ab.
Jene legte nun die Binde, ſchimmernd, um die hagre Stirn...

(Eudoxia tritt auf in Goldſchuhn, Mantel, mit einer Stirnbinde. Das junge Mädchen mit der Fackel vor ihr her.)

Nicht betrogen hat Dich Irrſinn; ſieh ſie ſelber, wie ſie iſt!
Zornig ſind die dunklen Wächter vor der Schmerzen Heiligthum,
Bitter rächen ſie den Einbruch, geh' vorüber, da iſt Gott!
Dieſe wird zu feiern wiſſen, Feſte, die ſie ſich erſann!

Peter.

Soll Verkleidung mich beſiegen! Her die Roſſ'! Es wird gereiſt.

(Gordon ab.)

Eudoxia. Peter.

Eudoxia.

Hier ſteht, die Du riefſt.

Peter.

Folgſam; das iſt gut.

Eudoxia.

Heut ſehn wir uns wieder, o Czar.

Peter.

Spät kommſt Du, indeſſen bei Zeiten doch ſtets gleichmäßigen Sinnes Geduld.
Widerſtreben dem Herrn, fruchtloſes Bemühn! Lang hätſt Du ein würdiges Stück,
Wär' entſchritten gezogenem Kreiſe nicht kühn mannweiblich der irrende Fuß.
Aber nun wird der Reſt der beſchiedenen Zeit Dir verfließen in ruhigem Strom,
Heilſames vergeſſend-vergeſſenes Sein. Friedbringendes Dunkel iſt nah.
O Eudoxia, welchen die eiſerne Pflicht in der Erde Geſchäfte nicht ſtößt,
Der halte ſich fern der unſeligen Ding' Gramzerreißendem Gräuelgemiſch!

Eudoxia.

Weisheit ſpar auf; noch iſt nöthig ſie nicht. Bald, bald wird ſie nützlicher ſein!

Peter.

Wem?

Eudoxia.

Dir!

Peter.

Warum mir?

Eudoxia.

Wenn zerſchmetterten Haupts auf dem Altar der Heide Du liegſt.

Peter.

Schon ertrug ich's zu lang'. Nun herunter die Schuh' und den Mantel, das flitternde Band!

Eudoxia.

Für den Dienſt aufſchmückt' ich mir Buſen und Leib.

Peter.

Armſeliges Larvengeſchmeiß!

Eudoxia (murmelnd).

O Du in des Lebens erborgeter Larv' einherſtolzirender Tod!

Peter.

Nicht murmle Du leis!

Eudoxia.

Noch verſpar' ich die Luſt!

Peter.

Sprich laut!

Eudoxia.

Noch ſoll' ich an Dir,
Verſchmeckende Süß'! An des Wartens geheimdurchdringender lieblicher Qual!

Peter.

Herſtarrt ſie nach mir, doch ſie höret mich nicht. Nun gebeut', ablege den Pomp!

Eudoxia.

Siegjauchzende Freude, den ſchwächlichen Sprung des bezeichneten Opfers zu ſchaun!

Peter.

Ich befehle dem Rieſen: Schweige! Dir naht des Verſtandes gebietender Tag!

(Er nähert ſich ihr, tritt aber betroffen zurück.)

Eudoxia.

So erhebe Dich tapfre urewige Nacht! So erhebe zum Kampfe den Schild!
Warum weichſt Du zurück?

Peter.

Wen erblick' ich?

Eudoxia.

Nun mich.

Peter.

O der kläglichen Jammergeſtalt!
Biſt Du es? Iſt ſie das entfleiſchte Gebild in der Fackel verrathendem Glanz?
Wo blieb der Glieder gerundete Fülle!

Eudoxia.

Du weißt es.

Peter.

Die Augen, o Weib!

Eudoxia.

Das weißt Du ja auch. Müd waren ſie ſchon; als dem Sohne den Trank Du gereicht,
Da entfloß dem erſchöpften Brunnen die Zäh'.

Peter.

Weib, liebteſt Du ihn?

Eudoxia.

Ja, im Tod.

Peter.

Sie iſt blind!

Eudoxia.

Nein, ſie ſieht.

Peter.

Kehr heim!

Eudoxia.

Nein, ſie folgt.

Peter.

Vor dem Aeußerſten tret' ich zurück.

Eudoxia.

Doch das Aeußerſte tritt haarſträubend anjetzt, zum Vernichten gerüſtet, Dir nah!

(Sie naht ihm.)

Bin die Bettlerin ich, die Du rufeſt und ſchickſt, wie der wechſelnden Laune behagt?
Mitgift hab' ich einſt Dir gebracht in das Haus, Mitgift bring' heut' ich Dir zu.
Als wir Beide gekniet, hob Mutter das Brot, hob Vater das Heiligenbild
Ob der Betenden Haupt; daß gedeihe der Schatz in dem Gütervermehrenden Bund;
Und gewirkt hat der Segen. Ich zeig' es Dir heut. Nur heraus! Aus der Tiefe heraus,
Vielmächtiger Gaben geſammelte Laſt, Prachtherrliche, würdig des Manns!

Peter.

Wahnwitzige!

Eudoxia.

Wandelnde Leiche!

Peter.

Ha, wie?

Eudoxia.

Jetzt löſ' ich die Schnüre vom Gut! —
Was die Diener nicht wiſſen, dem Arzte verſchwiegt, und der Kehle der zuckende Mund,
Das erfähret das zerknitterte Kiſſen, der Pfühl, und das ruhloſe Schlummergemach.

Er iſt krank! Es zerfriſst ihn der Qualen Gebiß! Mich beſtraf' um die Lüge der Czar!

Peter.

Den Verrückten beſcheert es der Gott! — Doch ich ring', und die Mitgift wäg' ich noch auf!
Nur das Uebel enthüllet der Wetterin Geiſt, nicht die Kraft, die das Uebel verhüllt.

Eudoxia.

Aufbrechen ſich die Flügel des Kirchengewölbs, und ſie ſuchen die Stelle zum Sarg.
Eh' das Aug' er geſchloſſen, beſtaubete ſich neuſproſſend, Paſſaten-Gewächs.
Sein Will' iſt ein Nichts, ſein Streben ein Spott; Er aber erfährt es, vernimmt's.
Nach der Wohlſchaft Schmach nach der Günſtlinge Trotz, nach der Räuber verpraſſendem Muth,
Mord, Mord an dem Kind, an dem Gatten der Mord, Mord, Mord an dem Vater zuletzt!
Es genügt der hungrigen Sünde nicht mehr, weit gähnt der verſchlingende Mund!
Sie zerſtücken der Edlen lebendigen Leib, Rührung in dem ſchwimmenden Aug',
Denn der Falſchheit ſüßliches Grinſen bedeckt's, wie der Schlange geſprenkelte Haut,
Großmuth wird geheißen, den blutenden Freund ausplündern, zu helfen dem Feind.
Ueberwältigend drängt ſich Geſicht an Geſicht! Lahm werden die Schwingen des Worts,
Mein Stammeln erreichet Unendliches nicht; mich beſtraf' um die Lüge der Czar!

Peter.

Sie ſtrafe die Zeit! Doch erfüllte ſich's ganz, ja, erfüllte ſich raſender Fluch,
Mit Gemeinſpruch laßt den dürftigen aus der vertrauende Glaube des Manns.
Was die Thier' erſtaunen, erreichet den Zweck, und das Meiſte wäre nur Traum!
Ich bin, ich war! Darum werde ich ſein bei den Meinen. Ich ſegne das Land,
Ich ſegne die Halmen des Feldes, den Wald! Ich ſegne die Bäche, den Strom!
Ich ſegne die Häuſer im Dorf, in der Stadt! Ich ſegne der Mutter Geburt!
Zu beſtändiger Wohlfahrt ſegnet Dich ein, Rußland, Dein ſterbender Held!
(Er ergreift Eudoxien bei der Hand.)
Folg'! (Sie ſieht ſtarr in die Weite.)

Eudoxia.

Stören wir nicht!

Peter.

Wohin ſtarrt ſie denn nun?

Eudoxia.

Ei, wie halten die Finger uns vor!
Grauſam, aus der Lieb' einlullendem Rauſch dem Verderber in's Antlitz zu ſehn!

Peter.

Rauſch? Liebe?

Eudoxia.

Verhängt aber mindeſtens doch das geharniſchte Bild am Kamin!

Peter.

Katharinens Gemach! Mein Bild!
(Er ſchlägt die Hände vor das Geſicht.)

Eudoxia.

Wie ſie küßt, wie den Knaben ſie ſtreichelt und herzt!
Ich verdenke Dir dieſe Ergötzungen nicht; hat der Czar Deine Art doch gekannt.
Stumm ruhet der Knab' an der gütigen Bruſt, liebkoſen erwiedert er nicht;
„Ach Herrin, wie rufſt den ſchleunigen Tod weiſſagend die Gräßliche zu.“
Mein Theurer, vergiß es, Du blühſt ſo friſch! Sei ruhig, wir freuen uns Beid'
In der Freiheit Noth auf des ſeligen Grab...

Peter.

Mutter!
(Er ſtürzt ohnmächtig nieder.)

Gordon (eilt herbei).

Iſt er todt? (Er kniet bei dem Hingeſunkenen.)

Eudoxia.

Nun beginnt
Ausgang und vollendende Marter Triumph! Zählbar ſind die Sproſſen, hinab
In Sibiriſcher Werke tiefunterſten Gang; unzählbar aber, o Menſch,
Iſt der Stufen gebaute Meng' in des Todes Abgrund und ergiebigem Schacht.
(Sie ſinkt hinter der Gruppe.)

Terraſſe am Meere.

Morgen.

Jaguſchinsky. Oſtermann.

Oſtermann.

Nicht, Jaguſchinsky, folge Deines Grolls Gebot!
Dem Manne ziemt die mäßige Gleichgültigkeit.
Nothwendig iſt die Thörin, ſchon gelaſſen zu.

Jaguſchinsky.

Uns aber hält ſie eben doch für nöthig nicht.
Mit welcher künſtlich-deutlichen Abſichtlichkeit
Vermied ſie unſer Zwiegeſpräch! Den ſtummen Blick
Ausweichend, und gewohnten Anbetungen Gruß,
Erheuchelt Fremdheit, ſonderbare Kälte ſie,
Seitdem in Moskau ihre Glieder eingehüllt
Die ſchimmernde Dalmatica. Die Miene ſagt:
Da bin ich! Weiter komm' ich auch wohl ſonder Euch.

Oſtermann.

Sie läßt es merken, iſt in unſrer Hand dadurch.
Wenn man mir ſchmeichelt, kann ich zittern; mag der Stolz,
Entbehren mich zu wollen, den ich hergeſtellt.
Wie weiß' er lügen, ſich belügt er. Dieſe Frau
War lang, ich darf es nun geſtehn, mir fürchterlich;
Denn blieb mir unergründbar ihre Schlauigkeit,
Wenn ſie, das Aug' voll Thränen, Zärtliches mir ſprach:
Wie möcht' ich bangen, lehnt' ich mich auf Freunde nicht
Gleich Dir und Deinesgleichen — mich durchzuckt ein Graun.
Natürlich ſchien es, war's gewiſſermaßen auch;
Sie iſt die Meiſterin der Kunſt, ſie glaubt an ſich.
Gefährlich ſind die unbewußten Täuſchenden!
Nun aber ſieht des Geſchlechtes Schwäche klar hervor,
Das feiner als wir Männer einzufädeln weiß,
Und durch den Anfang ſehr gewandt das Schiffchen wirft,
Doch vor dem fertigen Geſpinnſt rathlos verſtummt.

Jaguſchinsky.

Sie wird den Rath zu ſchaffen wiſſen! Schleichend wird
In dieſes Herrſchers Abendſtunden unſre Macht
Sie untergraben; endlich wird geſchehn, was längſt
Mir jedes Morgens Rothergühter Strahl gedräut.
Wir werden fallen, Oſtermann! Umſonſt haſt Du,
Vergebens haben unſres Innern Stürme wir
Hinabgekämpft, Blutſchuld geladen auf das Haupt!
Ein drittes, jüngeres Geſchlecht erzieht für ſich
Die Falſche; Fremde raffen hin, was wir bezahlt.

Oſtermann.

Herrführer iſt der Lautenſpieler Mons, nicht wahr?
Ich mag den Nebenbuhler dulden.

Jaguſchinsky.

Lebten wir
Im Stand der Ordnung, frei, berechtigt, wohlgeſchätzt
Von ſtarker Satzung, Volksgefühl und ſittlem Brauch,
Dann ruhte, ſich vertrauend, würd'ge Kräftigkeit.
Doch hier iſt Alles möglich. Ja das Thörichtſte
Erſcheint mir als das Glaublichſte! Das Ungethüm
Regiert, und deſſen Scheußlichkeit iſt bekannt genug.
Es ſchwand die Welle; wüſt darüberhin erbrauſt
Meerfluth von Drachen einer frühern Zeit bedeckt,
Und unſerem Machwerk. Freundlich trägt die Welle Kork,
Das Gold, der Marmor ſinkt zum Grund...

Oſtermann.

Sehr ernſthaft
Erbaut der Freiheit Preiſen mir aus Deinem Mund.

Jaguſchinsky.

Ich preiſe nicht. Ich zeichne nur die Gegenwart.

Oſtermann.

Die Noth verdoppelt's, zeichneſt Du ſie an die Wand.

Jaguſchinsky.

Zu wenden wäre dieſe Noth mit raſcher That.

Oſtermann.

Das, hoff' ich, hab' ich mißverſtanden.

Jaguſchinsky.

Nicht ſo ganz.
Vernichtet, unterläßt ſie, uns zu ſchädigen.

Oſtermann.

Du willſt ſie ſtürzen, Jaguſchinsky? Nimmermehr!

Jaguſchinsky.

In ſeine Seele werf' ich gleich den glüh'nden Brand.

Oſtermann.

Unglückſeliger! Verblendeter! Ahnt Dein Gemüth
Die Folgen dieſes Schrittes? Stürze ſie, ſo fällt
Schwerpunkt und Gleichgewicht in's Leere! Unſer Troſt,

Ja unſer einz'ges Hoffen iſt das Schaumgeſchöpf.
Vergaßt Du mancher Traulichkeit Nachttiefen Schluß?
Nur unter ſolcher ungemein-gemeinen Frau
Enthüllen wir die Sternen, ſind die Waltenden.
Belehrt das Beiſpiel nimmer! Wollen wir durchaus
Nachfeiern! Auch Bojaren ſein! Verrückt ſie!
Erſieht der Unſern Einer jene Bäuerin!
Der Stoff, aus dem man Kön'ge wirkt, heißt der: Verdienſt?
Dem Glück, dem Fremden, Neuen beugt Andacht-entzückt
Sein Knie der Menſch! Am liebſten voll'ger Nichtigkeit.
Darnach iſt ſie die Tüchtigſte. Verrathen ward,
Wenn wir erhoben wider dieſes Wahngebild
Unweiſe Hände, ein vom Feind Gefertigtes.
Repnin hat ſich entſchieden; nach der ſchwärmenden
Eudoxia lenkt' er ſeiner Helfershelfer Sinn.
Verehren unſer Wunder wir mit kluger Treu',
Gleich einem Talismane, der, von ſchlechtem Holz,
Dem Gläub'gen dennoch ſichert Heil und Wohlergehn!
Jaguſchinsky.
Und ihren Liſten bieten wir wehrlos die Bruſt?
Oſtermann.
Mein Gleichniß wiederhol' ich von der Weberin.
Vor ihrem fertigen Geſpinnſte ſteht ſie dumpf,
Verwirrter ſie zu machen ſei mir liebe Pflicht!
Ich lege niemals klar zu Tage Strebemuth,
Der Dunkelſte wohl bin ich ihr. Ertönen laſſ'
Ich ihrer nunmehr ganz erſtarkten Machtgewalt
Triumph und Ruhm! Drauf ſpend' ich ſüßen Lobesſpruch:
Daß ihre Hoheit jetzo ſtolz entbehren kann
Die unentbehrlich, leeren Wähnens, ſich geglaubt.
Die eigne Weiſe fortzuſetzen rath' ich an.
Da wird ſie ſtaunen! Treulos ſei der Schmeichelton,
Empfindet ihr Erſchrecken. Grad' das Gegentheil
Beſchließt ſie nun: zu warten, nach der Frauen Art.
Indeſſen gehn die Zeiten, kommt der Tag heran,
Der auch des ſtärkſten Lebens Kraft Todathmend bricht,
Katharina, wartend aber hat die That verſäumt!

Menzikof. Die Vorigen.

Menzikof.
So erfüll'n ſich die Gerüchte!
Jaguſchinsky.
Eifrig glüht des Fürſten Wang'!
Oſtermann.
Welch ein wildes Lied! Die Urſach?
Jaguſchinsky.
Ueber wen erging Gericht?
Menzikof.
Ueber ein verächtlich Spielwerk in der Undankbarn Hand.
Oſtermann.
Ha, ich ahne Deine Nachricht!
Jaguſchinsky.
Ich der Rache Sättigung.
Menzikof.
Hört des Schloſſes neu Geheimniß, wißt das Ende jenes Mons.
Von der Haid' am See Ladoga, ließ der Czar die Czarin ziehn,
Sicher kam ſie mit dem Knaben Abends an im Sommerſchloß.
Denn der Herr verſprach zum Abſchied, auszubleiben über Nacht.
Jaguſchinsky.
Wie? Wo war er?
Menzikof.
Weiß es Jemand?
Oſtermann.
Weiter! Weiter! Dann um Eins...
Menzikof.
Plötzliches Gepolter! Repnin, der im Erdgeſchoſſe ſchläft,
Fühlt ſich heftig angerühret, fährt empor Entſetzensvoll;
Schief den Hals gezogen, ſeitwärts, ſteht der Czar vor ſeinem Bett.
Folg mir! ruft der Krampfverzerrte. Zitternd folgt Repnin, er meint:
Ihm beſtimmt ſei ſchwarz Verhängniß. Leuchtend ſchwankt der Czar voran;
Nach der Katharina Zimmern gehn ſie ſchweigend. Sinnberaubt,
Ausgeſtreckt liegt Mons am Boden, ſeine Schweſter jammert knieend.
[illegible] entblößten Schwertes Henker! Finſtrer Hüter ſteht er da.
Katharina ſitzt im Lehnſtuhl, blaß, doch ſcheinbar ganz gefaßt.
Nimm ihn! ſchnaubt mit Wuthbewegtem Laut der Herr. Aufraffend hebt
Repnin den, der ſchon ein Leichnam, ſchlaff die Glieder hängen läßt.
Drauf verläßt der Zug das Zimmer; nicht ein Wort ſprach ſie für ihn.
Jaguſchinsky.
Und wo iſt er?
Menzikof (in die Ferne deutend).
Frag die Raben, die ob jenem Felde ſchrein.
Oſtermann.
Katharina?
Menzikof.
Folgt vermuthlich.
Oſtermann.
Weh dem Zufall dieſer Nacht!
Jaguſchinsky.
Mich beſtürzt es. Unſre Bildung zeigt ſich, was ich ſelbſt gewollt.
Menzikof.
Seid Ihr Thoren? Jauchzt und jubelt!
Oſtermann.
Wir erwägen mehr als Du.

Theophanes. Die Vorigen.

Theophanes.
Pflegt Ihr müß'ge Unterredung, wenn die Zukunft, Segenſchwer,
Beugt nach Euren kräft'gen Händen, quillt zu werden ihrer Frucht!
Fürſten ruft ſie zum Gebärſtuhl; hohe Aerzte, zögert nicht!
Jaguſchinsky.
Was bedeutet's?
Theophanes.
Ungeheures! Denn im Sterben liegt der Czar.
Jaguſchinsky.
Ha, im Sterben?
Oſtermann.
Große Wendung!
Menzikof.
Wirklich, im Sterben?
Theophanes.
Aufgezehrt,
Scheidend von dem Dochte hebt ſich ſchon der Flamme letzt Geleucht.
Menzikof.
Und ſo plötzlich! Wer erklärt das!
Theophanes.
Nicht im Flug kam dieß herbei;
Lange nagt' ihn ſchwere Krankheit in des Lebens Marke matt,
Leiche lang' ſchon war der Körper, nur der Geiſt hielt ihn empor;
Fühlend Alles ſich in Allem, täuſcht' er uns, bezwang er ſich,
Jetzo wirft des Kummers Fauſtſchlag unſern Ringer in den Staub.
Jaguſchinsky.
Raſch von hinnen!
Oſtermann.
Halt! Fortuna ſucht ein weibliches Geſchlecht;
Finde ſie uns ihr gewachſen! Sieh die Göttin ruhig an,
Wende drauf den Kopf verachtend! Es will ſie behandelt ſein.
Und nun laß es uns entſcheiden! (Zu Jaguſchinsky.)
Deinen Groll wirfſt Du hinweg?
Jaguſchinsky.
Nur die Furcht trieb mich zum Haſſe.
Menzikof.
Tod der Doppelzüngigen!
Es verderbe die Verrätherin!
Oſtermann.
Fröhnſt Du Deinem Liebesneid,
Fällt vom Unſern unſre Sache gleich der Degen Oſtermanns.
Fürchte den, der nie geprahlt! Nimmer droht' ich, jetzt geſchieht's.
Menzikof.
Darf ich mit der Worte Fallwurf ſie zerſchlagen, ſagen ihr:
Daß ſie, Sclavin unſrer Großmuth, unverdient erhoben ward,
Kehr' ich um zu Euch.
Oſtermann.
Gebahre hierin Dich nach Deiner Art.
Theophanes.
Ohne Zaudern dann ein Jeder an ſein Amt!
Verſammelt iſt
Der Synod in voller Anzahl.
Jaguſchinsky.
Unſer alle!
Theophanes.
In Betracht
Deſſen, was Ihr uns verſprochen...

Oſtermann.
Was gehalten werden wird.
Führt ſie nach dem Gartenſaale dort, dem nahen!
Theophanes.
Soll geſchehn.
Oſtermann.
Ich berufe den Senat hin.
Jaguſchinsky.
Ich die Garden. Buturlin
Hat uns ſeine Schaar gewidmet.
Menzikof.
Katharinen führe ich.
Zeichnen ſoll ſie erſt die Schriften, unſrer Macht Beſtätigung,
Uns die Schenkungen verbriefen.
Oſtermann.
Denn des Siegels noch bedarf's
Vor dem Gottergebnen Volke; hören aus geweihtem Mund
Muß es, daß der Czar ſie ſterbend zur Nachfolgerin ernannt.
Jaguſchinsky (zu Theophanes).
Könnt Ihr es beſchwören?
Oſtermann.
Wollt Ihr's?
Theophanes.
Ich beſchwör' es. Laßt uns gehn.
Oſtermann.
Hier verein'gen wir uns wieder, zeigen uns von Schmerz erfüllt,
Wie der Anſtand bei ſo großem Trauerfalle dieß befiehlt!
(Sie gehn ab.)

Peter der Große. Gordon (ihn führend).

Peter.
Hier laß mich raſten, bis der Wuſt von Schleim und Koth
Der dreiundfunfzigjähr'gen Tage müde ward,
Und ernſte Wahrheit ihre tiefen Züge prägt
In dieſe kalte Maſſe. Glänzt nicht dort ein Licht?
Gordon.
Des nahen Meeres Morgenbleicher Streifen iſt's.
Peter.
Drum weht' es auch ſo eigenkräftig athmend her!
Den älteſten Freund im Angeſicht, erwarten wir's.
(Er ſitzt in einem Seſſel. Gordon ſteht neben ihm.)
Gordon.
Wie fühlſt Du Dich?
Peter.
Ganz leidlich. Nur die Zunge quält
Ein ſalzig-faulichter Geſchmack, als läge drauf
Der Welt Gemeinheit.
Gordon.
Dieſe Nacht hat Dich geſchwächt.
Peter.
Hättſt Du in meine früheren hineingehorcht,
Du ſtaunteſt, daß ich dieſ' erlebte. Längſt zerbarſt
Das Gefäß, und gänzlich war der Inhalt ausgeſtrömt.
Ein letztes Tröpfchen zittert' an des Eimers Rand,
Und dieſes freilich ſchleuderte die Trau'r hinweg,
Trau'r ob der Menſchen völliger Verworfenheit.
Zu einem Schüler der Wahn-Propheten aber macht'
Mich dennoch nicht! Phantaſterei, Zufall demnächſt,
Die Spur der Unthat weiſend, die ich lang geahnt!
Gordon, es giebt nichts Leichteres als Wahrſagerkunſt!
Auch dieſe, wie ſo Vieles, lernt' ich; ſie zuletzt,
Dir hinterlaſſ' ich, daß ſie bleibe, die Wiſſenſchaft:
Sprich dreiſt das Ärgſte, Dümmſte, Widerwärtigſte,
Denn das erfolgt.
Gordon.
Beruf' ich nicht den Arzt, mein Herr?
Peter.
Ja wohl, beruf' ihn! Künſtlich ſoll er neues Blut
In die vertrockneten Adern gießen; einen Leib
Aus friſchem Fleiſche auferbauen! Und er ſoll
Den Glauben heilen, die Liebe! Stellt er ferner her
Die abgezehrte Sonn' und Erde, lohn' ich ihm
Mit glänzender Beförderung.
(Jaguſchinsky, Oſtermann, Theophanes und andere Große treten in der Entfernung ſeitwärts auf.)
(Peter ſieht nach ihnen hin.)
Hinweg den Kram!
Seid Ihr dem Geiſte Puppenſpiel an meiner Gruft?
Gordon.
Es ſind die Großen Deines Hofs, Du kranker Fürſt.
Peter.
Es ſind geſchnitzte Marionetten, lebensgroß!
Die Glieder klappern an den Dräthen! Schütze mich!
(Menzikof tritt auf, Katharinen führend.)
Ausrufer! Eigenthümerin der Bude! Fort!
Gordon.
Er redet irr. In Dein verdüſtertes Gemüth
Tönt meine Frage: Wer ſoll erben? Nenn' ihn, Czar!
Peter (auf ſeinen Körper deutend).
Hier liegt ein andres, einſtens wohlgefügtes Reich.
Darin, nach wenigen Stunden, wird nun auch
Nachfolg' eröffnet von gewiſſer Erben Schaar.
Iſt mir Verfügung dort erlaubt? Befehl' ich dem:
Das hab'! Und denen: Jenes! Darf vorweg etwas
Mein Wille geben, nehmen? Nein, nach eignem Recht
Zernagt der Chor. — Es ſei das Chaos anerkannt
In ſeiner allerhöchſten Machtvollkommenheit!
Beſchließen, bricht ein Knabe ſein in grauem Haar!
Abſicht iſt Blödſinn... (Er ſinkt in Ermattung.)
Oſtermann (tritt näher).
Starb der Czar?
Gordon.
Er ſtarb. Ihr könnt
Den öden ſchwanken Eurer Herzen Klageſchrei!
Oſtermann.
Auf den Altan! Des großen Todten Teſtament
Den Völkern eiligſt öffnend, Freunde, kommt zu ihm.
(Katharina mit den Großen ab.)
Gordon.
Dem Meere werf' ich knirſchend dieſe Thräne zu.
Die Einzige! O er hat Recht! Warum, Natur,
Erzeugteſt Du einen Mann!
(Ruf von außen).
Sie lebe, lebe hoch!
Katharinen Heil und Huldigung!
Peter (erwacht).
Wer weckt mich auf
Nicht ſterben können! Endigt! Schon klingt Geräuſch
Arbeitenden Verweſens! Bei dem Werke ſind
Geſchäftig-laut die Würmer. Still... Gordon, vernimm:
Gebt Alles an... (Er ſtirbt.)
Gordon.
An wen, o Herr? — Der Athem ſteht,
Und Rauch des Todes ſchwärzet ſeiner Lippen Saum.
„Gebt Alles an“... Du haſt, das Räthſel Deiner Zeit,
Abſcheidend, Rußlands Räthſel der Zukunft vermacht,
Die, hoher Geiſt, immer Dein Orlog geſucht.
(Ruf).
Heil unſrer erſten Katharina! Ew'ges Heil!
Gordon.
O Gott, ich könnt' auflachen laut! — — Das Räthſel bleibt
Für's Erſte wohl noch ungelöſt von dem Geſchmeiß.
Doch ziemt's, an Andres hier zu denken, als an Dich!
Du ſiehſt aus offnen Fenſtern Dir den Stürmen an!
Ehrfürchtig nahe ſich, o erloſchne Sterne, Euch,
Die Augen drückt, mein König, frommen Dir Einer zu,
Der von den Wirren unſrer Welt ſo viel begriff,
Als der Entſeelten gläſern-ſtumpfer Blick erſchaut.
(Er drückt ihm die Augen zu.)

Der neue Pygmalion *).

Der Baron Werner ſaß nachdenkend am Theetiſch, ſeiner Tante Cecilia gegenüber. Das Geſpräch mußte wichtige Dinge betreffen; denn auf den Wangen der alten Dame lag eine hohe Röthe, auch goß ſie in der Zerſtreuung Arrak ſtatt der Milch in ihre Taſſe. Da die Reden bejahrter Frauenzimmer ſo bald nicht enden, kann es uns vielleicht gelingen, noch etwas von ihren Worten zu hören. Welcher Eigenſinn, lieber Vetter! rief ſie. Warum willſt Du nicht wenigſtens den Verſuch machen, Fräulein Lucianen kennen zu lernen? Der Vater iſt Dein Nachbar, die Tochter hat den Ruf des klügſten und ſittſamſten Mädchens; es gäbe eine Partie, welche man nicht ſchöner wünſchen könnte. Wie lange willſt Du noch einſam unter Deinen Ahnenbildern umhergehn? Du ſtehſt in den Dreißigen; es iſt die höchſte Zeit, Dich zu vermählen; das habe ich Dir oft geſagt, und ſage es auch noch heute. Du verläſſeſt Dich auf mich, weil Du mich noch haſt; weil Du jetzt Ordnung in Deinem Hauſe ſiehſt, denkt Dein Leichtſinn nicht weiter. Vetter, ich bin alt, und meine Flüſſe im Haupte werden mir einmal unverſehens ein Ende machen. Dann ſtehſt Du allein, und wirſt es zu Deinem Schaden merken. Ach, gönne mir doch die Freude, die Hälfte der Wirthſchaftsſorgen noch bei meinen Lebzeiten auf jüngere Schultern legen

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*) Novelle von K. L. Immermann. Aus: „Taſchenbuch zum geſelligen Vergnügen“ (Jahrg. 1825).

zu dürfen, damit ich, wenn ich ſterbe, ſicher ſein kann, daß Dein Vermögen ordentlich zuſammengehalten wird. Denn ohne Frauen ſind alle Männer ſchlechte Wirthe, wo nicht gar Verſchwender. Nicht wahr, wir fahren morgen zum Nachbar?

Ich werde für Sie anſpannen laſſen, verſetzte der Baron; mich wollen Sie gütigſt entſchuldigen, ich bleibe zu Hauſe.

Und warum? warum, Du Starrkopf? fragte ganz eifrig die Tante.

Mir ſind ſolche abſichtliche Freierritte wie der Tod zuwider, antwortete der Baron, und ich fühle mich um ſo weniger zu einem Beſuche bei dem Nachbar aufgelegt, da ich verſichern kann, daß ich zu ſeiner Tochter nie die mindeſte Neigung faſſen werde.

Die Neigung findet ſich, ſprach Cordula; ich möchte wiſſen, was Du an Lucianen auszuſetzen haſt?

Gar Nichts, erwiederte lächelnd der Neffe, wenn ich ihr ein Conduiten-Atteſt ſchreiben, und Alles, wenn ich ſie zu meiner Frau nehmen ſoll. Liebe Tante, ſie hat viel gelernt: ſie muſicirt, zeichnet, tanzt ſehr gut, und wird gewiß nie von dem Gleiſe der Tugend weichen. Es iſt nur Schade, daß ſich alle ihre Eigenſchaften beſchreiben laſſen, und daß ihr die Natur den kleinen Rückhalt von Unbeſchreiblichkeit verſagt hat, welcher Männer und Frauen erſt zu anziehenden Erſcheinungen macht. Der Menſch ſoll nicht ſein, wie eine ſchlechtverhüllte Charade, deren Auflöſung im nächſten Stücke erfolgt, ſondern wie ein ewiges und unergründliches Räthſel. Sie müſſen es meiner Bizarrerie zu gute halten, daß ein ſo vollkommenes Frauenzimmer, wie Luciane, dem Ideale nicht entſpricht, welches ich mir von der Weiblichkeit gebildet habe, und welchem ich, wenn nicht hienieden, doch jenſeits zu begegnen gedenke.

Mit eurem Ideale! fuhr die Tante heraus. Das Wort gehört zu den verderblichſten, die je erfunden worden ſind. Ihr macht einem ſelbſtgeſchaffenen Luftbilde den Hof, legt ihm ein ganzes Regiſter von Vollkommenheiten bei, ſteigert eure Anſprüche weit über euer Verdienſt, und ſchaut natürlich in einem braven Mädchen von Fleiſch und Blut, welches euch das gute Glück in den Weg führt, das ſogenannte Ideal nicht erblicken.

Sie werden mir wohl erlauben, beſte Tante, ſagte der Baron, daß ich hierin meinen Gefühlen folge.

O ja! rief ſie, nun im Ernſt böſe, und ich wünſche Dir, daß Du Dich noch in eine Landdirne verlieben, und von ihr einen Korb bekommen mögſt! Mit dieſen Worten verließ ſie das Zimmer.

Der Geſcholtene lächelte über den Zorn der guten Frau, die ihn herzlich lieb hatte. Welche Mühe ſie ſich giebt, mich zu verkuppeln! ſprach er. Iſt das denn ſo nothwendig? Er ſtand auf, und machte einen Gang durch das Zimmer; denn ſein Gemüth war doch erregt worden von dem Geſpräche, welches ihn näher berührt hatte, als er zugeben wollte. Die Strahlen der Abendſonne fielen herein und beleuchteten die Portraits ſeiner Aeltern, die neben einander an der Wand hingen. Ihm ſelber unerklärlich war es, wie ihn der verehrten Bilder Anblick gerade jetzt ſo tief rühren mußte. Der Vater ſchaute aus der alterthümlichen Uniform ernſt und tapfer, die Mutter blickte unter ihrem Spitzenhäubchen ruhig und ſanft, und man ſah, daß die beiden Perſonen zuſammengehört hatten. Welch eine Fülle von Glück haben ſie mit einander genoſſen! dachte Werner; und eine Thräne der Wehmuth trat in ſein Auge. Ihm dünkte, als riefen ſie ihm zu: Gaben wir dir das Daſein, damit du es müßig und einſam verträumen ſollteſt? Schaue uns an, und folge unſerm Beiſpiele. — Er trat an das Fenſter, und ſah in die herrliche, vom Abendroth verklärte Landſchaft. Sein Blick fiel in den Schloßgarten unter dem Fenſter, ſchweifte dann hinüber zu dem prächtigen Rhein, der den Garten beſpülte, zu den grünen Rebenhügeln am jenſeitigen Ufer, und den Gebirgen, die ſich über ihnen in blauen Umriſſen erhoben. So weit er Gegenſtände unterſcheiden konnte, reichte ſein Eigenthum. Dieſe Kornfelder, dieſe Weinberge, dieſe Forſten ſind mein — rief er aus — und ich bin Niemandes! In meiner Jugend reiſte ich durch fremde Länder; nun bin ich zu Hauſe, wie in der Fremde. Wenn ich einen Ritt gemacht habe, und zurückkomme, wenn ich meine Saatregiſter nachgeſehen, meine Bauten revidirt habe: es iſt Alles eins und daſſelbe. Ich häufe Geld auf Geld; es macht mir keine Freude. Sterbe ich, ſo weiß nur der Kaſtellan von mir zu ſagen, der Reiſenden die Familiengruft zeigt. Bei Gott, ſolch ein Leben iſt ganz leer und elend, und ich muß es aufgeben über kurz oder lang!

In dieſen Betrachtungen ſtörte ihn eine kurze, altfränkiſch gekleidete Figur, die zur Thür herein ſprang. Es war der Maler Sterzing, ein alter Bekannter des Barons, der ſeit einigen Wochen ſich auf ſeinem Gute verweilte, um Proſpecte nach der Natur zu zeichnen. Thee! rief der poſſierliche Mann — um aller Götter willen, Thee! ich bin ſo dürr im Halſe, wie ein trockner Pinſel. Superbe Gegenden, aber wahre Todtmacher für meine krummen Beine! Das verdammte Bergklettern!

Wo ſeid Ihr geweſen? fragte der Baron.

Erſt im Thale, um die Felſen zu copiren, verſetzte Jener, dann am Waldbrunnen bei dem Förſterhauſe, wo ich höchſt wunderbarer und glücklicher Weiſe die vollkommenſte Staffage zu meiner heroiſchen Landſchaft fand.

Lieber Sterzing, ſagte der Baron, ich wollte, Ihr ließet dieſe leidige Mittelgattung fahren, und ergäbet Euch entweder der reinen Landſchaft oder der reinen Hiſtorie. Ihr ſeid ein wackrer, denkender Künſtler; aber bei Euren Lieblingscompoſitionen weiß man in der That nicht, worauf man blicken ſoll, auf die Bäume oder auf die Nymphen, die unter ihnen ſcherzen, auf die Felſen, oder auf den todten Adonis, der am Fuße ihrer Wände von der Göttin beweint wird? In jedem Kunſtwerk muß etwas die Hauptſache und etwas die Nebenſache ſein, ſonſt entſteht bei allem Reichthum nur Verworrenheit.

Der Maler lächelte während dieſer Rede ſeinen Wirth mitleidig an, wie Einer, der ſich ſeiner Ueberlegenheit bewußt iſt, und ſprach ganz ruhig: Ihr habt Eure Meinung, und ich meinen Pinſel. Sprecht Ihr, — ich male. Euch ſchüttelt auch das allgemeine Fieber, von der Kunſt zu ſchwatzen, mein lieber Baron. Sie reden in unſer Metier mächtig hinein; aber ein braver Knabe kehrt ſich nicht daran.

Werner wollte das Geſpräch nicht weiter führen, und fing an in des Malers Mappe zu blättern. Er ſah mit Vergnügen die Umriſſe mehrerer, ihm lieb gewordenen Plätze von ſicherer Hand aufgenommen. Sterzing war ein talentvoller Menſch, und hätte weit mehr leiſten können, wenn nicht eine gewiſſe willkürliche Laune ſein productives Vermögen oft geſtört hätte. Der Humor, welcher ſchon in der Poeſie die gefährlichſte Beimiſchung iſt, aber ganz unerträglich wird, wenn er in Werken der bildenden Kunſt ſich ruhigen, ernſten Stoffen anheftet, verleitete ihn zu manchen Abenteuerlichkeiten. Er that ſich nicht wenig darauf zu Gute, in eine ſehr liebliche Landſchaft Galgen und Rad, grell beleuchtet, gepflanzt zu haben, um durch dieſe ſonderbare Zuſammenſtellung den Contraſt zwiſchen der Anmuth der Natur und der menſchlichen Verruchtheit anzudeuten. Das Gemälde aber, welches die Flucht der Daphne vorſtellte, und, um die Schnelligkeit derſelben zu bezeichnen, am linken Rande nur noch das aufgehobene Bein der Nymphe ſehen ließ, war ſeine ganze Seligkeit, und er verſicherte im vollen Ernſt, dieſes Stück werde ihn der Unſterblichkeit überliefern. Fragte man ihn, wo Apoll ſtecke, der nirgends zu ſehen war — ſo antwortete er: daß dieſer Gott noch weit zurück ſei. Auch ſeinen beſſern Bildern begegnete das Unglück, daß ſie der Erklärung bedurften. Vielleicht wäre er für kleine geiſtreiche Skizzen zur Verzierung von Büchern ſehr brauchbar geweſen; aber er hatte gegen dieſe Art, womit ſeine dürftigen Jugendjahre ſich beſchäftiget, einen entſchiedenen Haß, und leidenſchaftliche Neigung zu großen ſelbſtſtändigen Werken. Solche Talente, wie ſeines, ſprechen die Zeit raſcher an, als ein einfaches, bewußtloſes Genie, und unſer Maler hatte ſich daher über ſeine Glücksumſtände nicht zu beklagen.

Der Baron rief plötzlich, indem er ein Blatt zur Hand nahm: Was iſt das? Wer hat Euch dieſe Idee eingegeben? In der That bot die Zeichnung das ſonderbarſte Gemiſch der Phantaſie und Wirklichkeit dar. Die Landſchaft erkannte er wieder; es war ein heimliches Waldplätzchen neben der Wohnung ſeines alten Förſters Konrad. Unter einer Eiche ſaß eine Figur, welche die größte Aehnlichkeit mit des Förſters Tochter Emilie hatte, ſinnend, in ſich gekehrt, und mit dem allerliebſten Zuge des Trotzes auf dem Geſichtchen, welcher ihn ſchon oft an dieſem Kinde ergötzt hatte. Um ihr Haupt war der Heiligenſchein angegeben, und über ihr ſchwebte in wolkigen Umriſſen eine zarte Engelgruppe. Ganz links in der Entfernung ſtand eine männliche Geſtalt, im weiten Mantel, mit dem Antlitz des Barons. Sie ſchien ſich der Jungfrau nähern zu wollen, aber voll ahnungsvoller Ehrfurcht an ihren Platz gefeſſelt zu ſein. Auch ihrem Haupte fehlte der Zirkel nicht.

Sterzing weidete ſich an dem Erſtaunen ſeines Wirthes, und zögerte mit der Antwort. Jener fuhr fort: Ich muß geſtehen, daß dieſe Skizze einen tiefern Eindruck auf mich macht, als was ich bis jetzt von Euch geſehen habe, und wenn Ihr nicht meinem Conterfei einen Zug von Albernheit gegeben hättet, ſo würde jener Eindruck ganz vollkommen ſein. Aber redet, woraus entſprang die hieroglyphiſche Conception? In der Landſchaft ſind Correcturen; wo ſeid Ihr dazu gekommen? Ihr nehmt doch ſonſt jede Partie, ohne zu irren, auf. Hört die Geſchichte, antwortete der Maler. Aber erſt ſagt mir: wofür haltet Ihr dieſe Figuren? — Der Baron meinte, daß ſie wahrſcheinlich Maria und Joſeph bedeuten ſollten, worauf der Andre ſagte: Ihr habt es getroffen. Es iſt der Moment vor der Verkündigung. Maria iſt in der Sommerhitze hinaus gegangen, und treibt ein weibliches Geſchäft; der Himmel ſchenkt ihr den Heiligenſchein pränumerando, kleine Engelchen ſchweben höflich über der zukünftigen Mutter des Herrn, eine kräftige Beleuchtung wird ſie auf das Schönſte herausſetzen; der ätheriſche Bote mag erſcheinen, wann er will, es iſt alles zu ſeinem Empfange bereit, und dieſes liebe trotzige Mädchen, wird nicht anſtehn, ihn etwas ſchnippiſch zu fragen: Wie ſoll das zugehn? Joſeph der ſeiner Braut in ihre Einſamkeit gefolgt war, merkt plötzlich, da er ſie von Weitem unter dem Baume ſitzen ſieht, daß er nicht recht zu der Jungfrau paſſe, bleibt aus Reſpect, wo er iſt, und muß, wie jeder chriſtliche Bräutigam in ähnlicher Lage, etwas verlegen, oder wenn Ihr wollt, einfältig ausſehn.

Ihr ſeid und bleibt ein Parodiſt, rief der Baron, aber wie kommt Ihr zu dieſer Portraitirung von Landſchaft und Figuren?

Ich hatte lang im Sinn, ein ſolches Bild zu machen, ſagte Sterzing. Die Landſchaft war zuſammenphantaſirt, und auf das Papier geworfen; mit der Staffage haperte es, mein Gehirn wollte nicht in die Wochen kommen. Zufällig trage ich das Blatt heute bei mir, als ich umherſtreife. Ich dringe durch den Thalweg zu der Stelle, die Ihr kennt, und ſehe auf einmal das ganze Gemälde, wie ich es wünſche, vor mir. Das Förſterhäuschen, die Eichen, der Brunnen — faſt ſo, wie meine Phantaſie, die mit wenigen Strichen in eine Copie umzuſetzen war. Unter der größten Eiche ein Kind, wie ich mir die Jungfrau denke, die ſich bei der Geburt ihres erſten Sohns ſo reſolut benahm. Ich hätte beinahe vor Freude geſchrieen bei dieſem Anblick, bezwang mich aber, holte ſtill den Bleiſtift hervor, und im Umſehn war das Ding fertig.

Aber Joſeph?

Ihn mußte ich dazu haben, wegen des Contraſtes. Ich weiß nicht, woher es kam, daß mir kein andrer Mann einfiel, als Ihr, und ſo erlangtet Ihr den Heiligenſchein.

Sterzing packte ſeine Sachen zuſammen, und trug ſie fort. Unſer Freund war wieder allein, und in der ſeltſamſten Stimmung. Die Geſtalt des Mädchens unter der Eiche wich nicht aus ſeinem Geiſte, und er erinnerte ſich mit einem träumeriſchen Behagen, wie ihm das Urbild, wenn er in der Nähe des Förſterhauſes ſpazieren ging oder ritt, oft aus einem dunkeln Seitenwege unerwartet entgegengetreten war, ihn dreiſt und unbefangen grüßend. Er wurde zum Abendeſſen gerufen, und war bei der Tafel zerſtreuter, als gewöhnlich. Nur mit halbem Ohr hörte er auf die Poſſen Sterzings, die ihn ſonſt zu ergötzen pflegten. Dieſer hatte durch verſchiedene geheimnißvolle Reden der Tante Corbula eingebildet, daß er aus irgend einer illegitimen Verbindung irgend eines Fürſten entſproſſen ſei, und die brave Frau, welche, bei aller Herzensgüte, doch gar gern unter Stammbäumen ſpazieren ging, ſah freilich den Maler ſeit dieſer Entdeckung mit andern Augen an, ſchmückte ſeinen Namen mit dem bedeutenden: von, hielt den vertraulichen Ton zwiſchen ihrem Neffen und ihm für nicht ſo anſtößig mehr, als früherhin, und tröſtete ihn, wenn er über die Dunkelheit ſeines Schickſals klagte, mit der Zeit, die oft verborgne Größe an das Licht gebracht habe.

Bemerken ſie nur unſern Eremiten, meine Gnädigſte, ſagte er, als er merkte, daß ſeine gewöhnlichen Scherze nicht verfingen. Obgleich in ſchätzbarer Geſellſchaft, befindet er ſich doch, wie ich ſehe, ganz mit ſich allein, höchſtens von einigen melancholiſchen Gedanken umgeben. Ach ja, das Unglück der Zeiten iſt ſchwer, und drückt auch kräftige Seelen. Was kann illegitimen Prinzen das Bewußtſein ihrer erhabnen Geburt helfen? Sie gehen an ihrem Incognito zu Grunde, die Legitimation geſchieht vielleicht jenſeits nicht einmal.

Er ſah die Tante bei dieſen Worten bedeutend an, und leerte ein großes Glas Wein aus, als wollte er ſeine Wehmuth hinter dieſem Trunke verſtecken.

Die Tante Corbula ſprach: Schon das Gefühl einer würdigen Herkunft iſt unbezahlbar, werde letztere von der Welt auch nicht erkannt; die Gleichgeſtimmten finden ſie heraus, und wiſſen ſie zu achten.

O meine Verehrliche, rief Sterzing, indem er der Dame die Hand küßte, ſolche Gefühle beglücken unendlich in der Nacht eines ſchweren Verhängniſſes. Erlauben Sie mir, daß ich Ihnen aus der Stadt den neuen Hof- und Staatskalender ſenden darf?

Er wird mir ein werthes Angedenken ſein, erwiederte die Tante, und nahm ernſthaft eine Priſe Spaniol, worauf ſie die Tabatiere dem Maler darbot, der mit gleichem Ernſt aus ihr ſich bediente.

Der Baron war aufmerkſam geworden, und ſuchte dem Geſpräch eine andere Wendung zu geben, weil ihn dieſe Myſtificationen peinigten. Es iſt doch ein ſonderbarer Zufall — rief er mit einiger Befangenheit — der Ihre heutige Zeichnung ſchuf!

Darum verzage keine Junggeſell — erwiederte der Spötter, der aus den Perſönlichkeiten ſich nicht loswinden konnte — wenn er nicht gleich eine Staffage für ſeine Landſchaft finden kann. Ich hatte auch die Bäume und Gräſer eher, als die Figuren, und es giebt ihrer, die haben Korn und Dorn, Rind und Geſind, den herrlichſten Proſpect von der Welt, nur das charmante Figürchen, welches das Ganze erſt beleben muß, fehlt ihnen. Gott gebe allen Solchen baldige Staffage! Stoßen wir darauf an!

Die Gläſer klangen, Sterzing verkündigte ſeinen Entſchluß, morgen abzureiſen. — Ich muß wieder akademiſche Luft athmen und mit Zunftgenoſſen plaudern, ſagte er. Sie ſollen die Zeichnung haben von Joſeph und Maria, Baron, ſobald das Gemälde fertig iſt. Würden wir vornehmen Perſonen (ich verſtehe hierunter auch Prinzen von gewiſſer Art) nicht von Standesbegriffen eingezwängt, ſo würde ich dem Sanct Joſeph rathen, ungenirt an die Jungfrau Maria heranzutreten, denn ſie iſt, bei allen Heiligen, ein Zuckerpüppchen.

Die Tante, welche den Sinn dieſer Worte zwar nicht faßte, aber dennoch Alles, was geredet wurde, auf ihre Ideen bezog, ſagte: Sie heißt nicht Maria, ſondern Luciane, Herr von Sterzing. Nein, ſie heißt Emilie, fuhr Werner heraus. Wie? fragte die Tante und der Maler. Ich meine des Förſters Tochter, antwortete der Baron verlegen. Die Tante murmelte: Was will er mit der Förſterstochter ſagen? und ging zu Bette. Der Maler lachte und rief: hier iſt eine babyloniſche Sprachverwirrung. Gute Nacht, ich wandre morgen ganz in der Frühe. Ihr ſeid die bravſte freiherrliche Seele unter Gottes Himmel. Schafft Euch Staffage an, ich male Euch dann gratis als nobeln Gatten und Vater.

In der Einſamkeit der Nacht reifte in dem Baron ein unerwarteter Entſchluß. Sein Charakter war von Natur ſelbſtſtändig, und ein mehrjähriger Aufenthalt in England hatte ihm eine gewiſſe Neigung zum Sonderbaren gegeben, weshalb ihn ſeine Freunde wohl im Scherz Mylord zu nennen pflegten. Kein Menſch war unbefangener, als er, wenn es Kaſtenbegriffe galt, und befangner, wenn es eigne vorgefaßte Ideen betraf. Das ganze Gefühl ſeiner Verlaſſenheit kam in dieſer Nacht, die er wandernd und ſinnend zubrachte, über ihn, und das ganze Bewußtſein, welchen Himmel grade er an dem Buſen einer Genoſſin zu finden im Stande ſei. So will ich denn, rief er aus, nicht länger zaghaft vor dem Paradieſe ſtehn, welches mir winkt. Was koſtet es mehr, als einen Schritt, und das höchſte Glück iſt mein, welches die Erde mir bieten kann. Wo ich bis jetzt ſuchte, konnte ich nicht finden: das Verderbniß des Geſchlechts iſt zu groß, die Verbildung zu ungeheuer, als daß ein empfindender Mann auf dem Markte, wo die ſchöne Waare feil ſteht, ſeinen Kauf zu machen im Stande iſt. Nein, ich wähle mir den reinen unentweihten Stoff; die zärtlichſte Sorge; die liebevollſte Aufmerkſamkeit ſoll daraus die Schöpferin meiner Zufriedenheit mir erziehn. So erkieſet ſich der Künſtler den ſchneeweißen Marmor, und formt daraus das Bild, welches nachher der Gegenſtand ſeiner eignen Anbetung wird. Glücklicher Mann, dem es gelingt, in ſeiner Geliebten ſein Werk zu ſchaun; welche Tage werden ihm mit dem dankbaren Geſchöpfe ſeiner Wahl verfließen!

Er ſprach es nicht aus, aber er nahm im Stillen ſich vor, daß Emilie der Zögling dieſer erotiſchen Pädagogik werden ſolle. Flüchtige Jugendneigungen abgerechnet, hatte er noch nie geliebt; was Wunder, daß er jetzt in der Vorahnung einer vollkommenen Wonne ſchwelgte, und gar keine Schranken ſich zu ſetzen wußte. Die Sonne ging auf, nichts ſollte verzögert werden, es mußte gleich ein Schritt geſchehn.

Er ließ ſatteln, und ſtieg froh, wie ein Mann, der einen großen Gedanken gefaßt hat, zu Pferde. Er hatte alles in ſich zurecht gelegt, wie er den Vater bewegen, die Tante zu ſeinen Zwecken führen wollte. Der Braune trug ihn längs dem prächtigen Strome raſch dem Förſterhauſe zu. Ueber dem Waſſerſpiegel wallte ein leichter Nebel; es war ihm, als ſähe er darin die luftigen Geſtalten der Nixen, als hörte er ſie Brautlieder ſingen. Der Weg führte über Felder, Wieſen, durch Holz und Geſtein, an mancher lieblichen Stelle vorbei. Unſer Freund bezeichnete in Gedanken ſchon die Plätze, wo dereinſt Ruhebänke für Emilien angebracht werden ſollten. — Wie glücklich können wir Vornehmen ſein — rief er aus — wenn wir nicht an Erbärmlichkeiten kleben! Vieles hängt von uns ab; wir ſtehn freier da, als der Bürger. Ich entſcheide mich in einer muthigen Stunde für das Landmädchen, und mit dieſem Entſchluß iſt eine Welt von Unannehmlichkeiten unter meine Füße geworfen. Wählte ich ein hochgebornes Fräulein, wie würde ich da mich zwingen, mich beſtimmen laſſen müſſen, ſtatt daß ich jetzt, frei wie ein Gott, mein Loos ſelbſt bedinge und beſtimme.

Das Förſterhaus lag vor ihm. Im Garten ging Emilie umher, und begoß Blumen. Sie hörte den Hufſchlag des Pferdes und wandte das offne, keke Geſichtchen nach ihm. Mit einem Sprunge war ſie außen und begrüßte den Baron, wie er's von ihr gewohnt war, ohne die mindeſte Schüchternheit. Er fragte ſie nach ihrem Vater: ſie verſetzte, daß er im Hauſe ſei, und erbot ſich, ihm das Pferd zu halten, bis er ſein Geſchäft mit dem Alten abgemacht habe. Der Baron äußerte Furcht, daß ſie von dem Thiere beſchädigt werden möchte. Sie erwiederte: Es iſt doch nicht anders zu helfen, die Leute ſind alle über Feld; geben Sie mir nur den Braunen, er thut mir nichts, man muß ihn nicht zerren, er iſt ganz ſanft, wenn man ihn ruhig umherführt. In dieſem Augenblicke war es Wernern, als könne dem Mädchen keine Gefahr etwas anhaben. Er ſtieg ab, gab ihr das Pferd, ſie nahm es ruhig an, und der kleine Reitknecht führte es gar verſtändig im Kreiſe umher.

Der alte Konrad wunderte ſich ſehr über den frühen Beſuch. Ich komme, Euch etwas mitzunehmen, rief der Baron. Das iſt man von Ihnen nicht gewohnt, antwortete der Förſter; Sie geben eher. Was iſt's denn? Eure Tochter! antwortete der verkappte Freier. Halt, gnädiger Herr! rief der Alte, indem er vom Seſſel auffuhr — daraus wird nichts, nehmen Sie mir's nicht übel. Der Baron ſagte nun mit ſo viel Faſſung, als ſeine Verſtellung erlaubte, das einſtudirte Mährchen her. Er müſſe für ſeine Tante, für die Gemahlin, die er in der Zukunft einmal heimführen werde, die Geſellſchafterin und Gehülfin haben. Das Kind laſſe ſich ſo gut an, daß er keine beſſere Wahl in dieſer Hinſicht treffen könne, ſie ſolle, wenn der Vater nichts dawider habe, noch in dieſen Tagen auf das Schloß, um Unterricht und Erziehung zu bekommen.

Während dieſer Reden ging der alte Konrad mit den ſonderbarſten Geberden in der Stube auf und ab. Sein Geſicht war roth, die Hände hatte er geballt, und focht damit in den Lüften, man ſah, daß er mit ſich, wie mit einer zweiten Perſon, den heftigſten Kampf ſtritt. Verfluchter Antrag — rief er, ohne ſich an die Gegenwart ſeines Dienſtherrn zu kehren — dem Vater das Kind wegnehmen wollen! — Alter Sünder, bekehre dich, laß den ſchändlichen Eigennutz; es iſt des Kindes Vortheil. — Vortheil? Schöner Vortheil! Man weiß wohl, wie man ſie hingiebt, aber nicht, wie man ſie wiederbekommt. — Albernes Geſchwätz! der Herr iſt die Tugend ſelbſt; ſie iſt dort aufgehoben, wie in Abrahams Schooß. — Nein, ſag' ich, ſie kriegt Dinge in den Kopf, die für ſie nicht paſſen. — Warum denn nicht? das Mädel hat ein gutes Ingenium, es wäre Jammer und Schade, wenn ſie nichts lernte. Es iſt ein Fingerzeig vom Himmel ich gebe ſie hin.

Der Baron hörte dieſem lauten Denken des alten Waidmanns lächelnd zu. Konrad wandte ſich zu ihm, und ſprach: Meinetwegen können ſie die Dirne bekommen. Der Baron dankte ihm und wollte fort. Ja — ſagte der Förſter — da iſt noch eins nöthig: wir müſſen ſie erſt ſelbſt fragen. Sie iſt ein kleines eignes Ding; wenn ſie nicht mag, bringen ſie vier Pferde nicht auf das Schloß. Beide gingen zu Emilien, die noch immer als Stallmeiſter Dienſte that. Du ſollſt auf mein Schloß! rief ihr der künftige Gemahl zu. Wer will mich dazu zwingen? fragte ſchnippiſch die artige Kleine. Er erwiederte kleinlaut: zwingen wird dich Niemand, es geſchieht nur, wenn Du es wünſcheſt — und der Vater ſchmunzelte wohlgefällig. Es wurde ihr nun die Sache erklärt; ſie ſagte trocken: das bin ich zufrieden, hielt dem Baron den Steigbügel, und ging wieder zu ihren Blumen, um das Begießen fortzuſetzen.

Den Rückweg machte der Baron nicht halb ſo heroiſch, als den Hinweg. Er ſchob ſeine Verdrießlichkeit auf das Nachtwachen und ſeine Erſchöpfung. Indeſſen nahm er ſich zuſammen, denn es galt nun, eine dreiſte Lüge mit heitrer Stirn vorzutragen.

Er hatte im Sinn, die Tante dadurch für ſich zu gewinnen, daß er ſich ihren Abſichten geneigt zeigte. Er fand ſie auf dem Sopha, von Migraine geplagt, und ſetzte ſich zu ihren Füßen, indem er ſein Beileid bezeugte, worauf ihm keine Antwort ertheilt ward. Ich bedaure, hob er etwas boshaft an, um ſo mehr Ihr heutiges Uebelbefinden, als es mir das Vergnügen Ihrer Begleitung entziehn wird. Ich habe eine kleine Partie vor.

Jedes Ihrer geſtrigen Worte hat ſich meiner Seele feſt eingeprägt, in der Stille bin ich zur Ueberlegung gekommen: ich will den Nachbar heute beſuchen, und wünſche herzlich, daß ich ihm und Fräulein Lucianen gefallen möge.

Die Tante ſprang vom Lager auf, erklärte, daß ihr Kopfweh plötzlich nachlaſſe, und daß ſie bereit ſei, den Neffen zu begleiten. Sie rief ihr Kammermädchen, ließ ſich ſogleich ankleiden, ſteckte mehr Ringe an als gewöhnlich, und ruhete nicht eher, bis ihr Werner verſprach, ſeine Uniform anzuziehen.

Er war mit dem Erfolge der angewandten Kriegsliſt zufrieden, und dieß erheiterte ſeine Stimmung wieder. Geduldig hörte er im Wagen das ſchon oft vernommene Lob einer glücklichen Ehe an, indem er ſich im Stillen dazu das artige Perſönchen Emilie dachte. Der Sermon war noch nicht ganz geendigt, als der Wagen ſchon vor dem Schloſſe des Nachbars hielt. Dieſer, ein kurzer, corpulenter Phlegmaticus, kam die Treppe herabgekeucht, und bot der Tante mühſam den Arm. Der Baron folgte. Oben empfing die Geſellſchaft Fräulein Luciane mit der zierlichſten Verneigung. Die Tante nannte ſie ſehr zärtlich: Mein liebes Kind — und küßte ihr die Stirn, der Baron aber ſagte, gegen ſeine ernſte Art, dem Fräulein faſt bei der Begrüßung ſchon eine Galanterie, worauf dieſes gebildete Frauenzimmer mit der Reminiſcenz aus einem Dichter antwortete.

Man redete nun erſt vom gegenſeitigen Wohlbefinden, dann vom betrübten Hintritt einer ſechzigjährigen Edeldame in der Nachbarſchaft, und den Krankheiten verſchiedener Perſonen, welche für dieſen Kreis von Intereſſe waren. Zwiſchen dieſen Geſprächen wurde Kaffee ſervirt, und darauf noch bei hochſtehender Sonne ein Spaziergang durch den Gemüſegarten gemacht, welche Mühe zu verſüßen, der Nachbar, trotz ſeiner ſtarken Transſpiration, einige lange Geſchichten aus ſeiner Jugend erzählte. Als man in das Haus zurückgekommen war, nahm die Unterhaltung einen höhern Schwung, und warf ſich mit voller Gewalt auf Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft, eine Veranlaſſung für die Gäſte, Lucianen zur Production ihrer Talente aufzufordern. Das Fräulein brachte nach einigem Weigern ihre jüngſtvollendeten Stickereien und Zeichnungen hervor, welche gebührend bewundert wurden, und ſpielte einige Sonaten auf dem Flügel ab, wodurch ſie den ungetheilten Beifall der [illegible] erwarb. Die lauten Aeußerungen deſſelben erweckten den Nachbar, welcher unterdeſſen in einer Ecke des Zimmers entſchlafen war, und nun ſich neugeſtärkt fühlte, ebenfalls wieder zum geſelligen Vergnügen beizutragen. Er ließ unter dem Fenſter Pferde vorbeiführen, auch wurden neue Lütticher Jagdflinten gebracht, woran die Arbeit wirklich vortrefflich war. Der Anblick dieſer tödtlichen Inſtrumente ſetzte zwar die Damen in einigen Schrecken, indeſſen beſtätigte ſich die Erfahrung, daß die Freude vom Grauſen einen ſchärfern Charakter gewinnt, an dem nach ihrer Entfernung äußerſt lebhaft werdenden Geſpräche. Eine ſehr gute kalte Collation folgte. Werner ſaß neben dem Fräulein, welches ihn ſtark nöthigte, und von der Tante mit gerührten Blicken betrachtet wurde. Der Nachbar brachte dieſer ſcherzhafte Geſundheiten zu und nannte ſie ſeine Schöne; kurz die Begeiſterung hatte den höchſten Gipfel erreicht, als die Stunde zur Abfahrt mahnte. Man trennte ſich mit dem Wunſche des baldigſten Wiederſehens, und verſprach beſtimmte Tage zu gegenſeitigen Beſuchen feſtzuſetzen. Wir dürfen bei dieſem Punkte die Tücke des Barons nicht verſchweigen, welcher wie ein Inſect ſich im Stillen vornahm, an ſolchen Tagen entweder krank, oder mit Geſchäften überhäuft zu ſein. Er küßte jedoch dem Fräulein affectvoll die Hand, und verſprach ihr nächſtens ein philoſophiſches Buch, nach welchem ſie unendlich verlangte, zu ſenden.

Die Tante hatte den ganzen Nachmittag über, ſo zu ſagen, in einem Meere von Vergnügen geſchwommen, und konnte dieſe Empfindung nicht ſtark genug auf dem Rückwege ausſprechen. Der Heuchler im Wagen ſpielte ſeinerſeits die Komödie mit der guten Frau unter leiſen Vorwürfen ſeines Gewiſſens weiter.

Wir können uns rühmen, — ſagte er — auf recht deutſche Weiſe dieſe letzten Stunden genoſſen zu haben. Lucianen weiß ich kein anderes Mädchen an die Seite zu ſtellen; ich bin ganz außer mir über den unerwartet mächtigen Eindruck. Es wäre thöricht, dahin und dorthin zu taſten, und nicht vielmehr das Nächſte, Beſte zu ergreifen. Sie vergeben meiner in ſolchen Dingen mir natürlichen Schüchternheit, daß ſie ſich noch nicht näher über dieſen delicaten Punkt ausläßt, ich will Ihnen jedoch zeigen, daß es mir damit Ernſt iſt.

Und nun erſchien die Fabel des Morgens in etwas veränderter Geſtalt. Es ſei Pflicht, meinte der Baron, wenn man auf Heirath mit einer ſo gebildeten Dame ſinne, für eine gebildete Geſellſchafterin in der ländlichen Einſamkeit zu ſorgen, auch werde eine treue und geſchickte Helferin in der Wirthſchaft nothwendig ſein. Die Tante verſchmerzte den kleinen Stich, den ihre Eitelkeit dadurch erhielt, und fragte: Wen nehmen wir? Am beſten wäre ein Mädchen, welchem wir ſelbſt noch die letzte Ausbildung geben könnten, eine ſechzehn- oder ſiebenzehnjährige etwa. Der Baron rief: Solch' eine habe ich gefunden, und berichtete ſeinen Plan mit Emilien, ſo wie den Wunſch, das Kind in den nächſten Tagen auf das Schloß zu holen. Die Tante gab ihre Einwilligung, und lehnte ſich in eine Ecke des Wagens, um zu entſchlummern, da ſie denn bald im Traume den Baron und das Fräulein vor dem Altare hochzeitlich geſchmückt, hierauf aber an vier und zwanzig kleine Werners und Lucianen ſah, welche ſie um Bonbons anſprachen.

Am andern Morgen brachte der Kammerdiener Wernern ein großes Schreiben vor das Bett. Dieſer ſah ein ſtandſchaftliches Siegel, erbrach, und fand ſich nicht wenig durch den Inhalt überraſcht. Die Ritterſchaft des Kreiſes wählte ihn zu ihrem Vertreter in einer verwickelten Angelegenheit vor dem Reichstage. Der Gegenſtand war ſchon mehrere Jahre durch entfernte Bevollmächtigte betrieben worden, und hatte kein Reſultat geliefert, gegenwärtig hoffte man, ihn durch einen von allen Localverhältniſſen vollkommen unterrichteten, ſelbſt bei der Sache intereſſirten Mann zum gedeihlichen Ende zu führen.

Welch ein verdrießlicher Zufall! rief der Baron aus. Dieſer Auftrag iſt zu ehrenvoll, als daß ich mich ihm entziehn darf, auch iſt es hohe Zeit, unſre Gerechtſame aus den Krallen der Advocaten zu reißen, gleichwohl kreuzt das öffentliche Geſchäft meinen Privatvortheil auf das Empfindlichſte. — Er ſprang aus dem Bette, kleidete ſich an, und ging zur Tante. Nachdem ſie erfahren, was bevorſtand, ſagte ſie: Sehr fatal! Das Beſte wäre, wenn Du durch eine raſche Verlobung mit Fräulein Lucianen, vor Deiner raſchen Abreiſe nach Regensburg, die Sache in Richtigkeit brächteſt. Mein Gott, antwortete er, äußerſt verlegen, das wäre ja ſehr unſchicklich, und wollte ſich entfernen. Frühſtückſt Du nicht mit mir? fragte ſie. Nein, erwiederte er, ich fahre gleich nach dem Förſterhauſe, um Emilien zu holen. Nun ich denke, ſprach Cordula, mit der hat es denn auch wohl noch Zeit. — Aber Werner war ſchon zur Thür hinaus, und bald darauf hörte ſie den Wagen rollen.

Der alte Konrad empfing ihn vor der Thür ſeines Hauſes ganz heiter. Wollen ſie das Kind haben? fragte er. Der Baron bejahte. Immerhin, verſetzte der Alte; ſie iſt bereit, und kann Ihnen jeden Augenblick folgen. Emilie kam.

Ich bin hier, um Dich abzuholen, liebe Emilie, ſagte der Baron. Dem Kinde trat eine kleine Thräne in das himmliſchklare, blaue Auge, ſie trocknete daſſelbe raſch, ſah wieder freundlich aus, und ſprach zum Vater weiter nichts, als: Adieu! indem ſie ihm die Hand gab. Der Vater ließ ſie niederknieen, legte ihr die Hände auf das Haupt, und ſagte: der Herr ſegne und behüte dich! Adieu, mache, daß du fortkommſt. Dann hob er ſie auf, küßte ihr die Stirn, und ging, ohne ſich umzuſehn, in den Wald.

Der Baron hob Emilien in den Wagen, die Schecken flogen davon, und unſerm Freunde war wie einem glücklichen Abenteurer zu Muthe, der ein koſtbares Kleinod errungen hat. Was ſoll ich bei Ihnen lernen? fragte Emilie. Er verſetzte: daß er ſie in feinen weiblichen Arbeiten, in der Erdbeſchreibung, Geſchichte, und Naturgeſchichte, ſo wie in der deutſchen Sprache unterrichten laſſen werde. — Das Kind ſchüttelte den wunderſchönen Kopf, und rief: Deutſch lerne ich nicht mehr, das kann ich ſchon. Er ſuchte ihr deutlich zu machen, daß man ſeine Mutterſprache auch nach Regeln lernen müſſe, worauf ſie begierig fragte: was eine Regel ſei? Er bemühte ſich, ihr davon einen Begriff zu geben; ſie wurde ganz traurig, fing an zu ſchluchzen, und rief: Laſſen Sie mich aus dem Wagen, ich will zu meinem Vater zurück, ich mag nicht auf Ihr Schloß. — Der Baron wußte nicht, was ihr war, er fragte ſie nach dem Grunde ihrer Bekümmerniß. Wenn Sie mich mit ſolchen Sachen plagen wollen, rief der niedliche Trotzkopf aus, da iſt es gar nicht zum Aushalten bei Ihnen. Unſer Freund verſprach ſeiner Eleven in der Angſt, ſie ſolle nichts lernen und thun, als was ihr Vergnügen mache, und bat ſie, ſich zu beruhigen. Ein eignes Gefühl ergriff ihn, als der Wagen durch das Schloßthor raſſelte, und Emilie ſo unbefangen alle die Gebäude anſchaute, in welchen ſie dereinſt neben ihm herrſchen und wirken ſollte.

Die nächſten Tage vergingen raſch unter mannichfaltigen Geſchäften, und der Scheidemorgen kam heran, ehe man ſich es verſah. Der Neffe empfahl ſeiner Tante den liebenswürdigen Schützling, und fuhr fort mit dem Gedanken, in einem Vierteljahre ſpäteſtens wieder einzutreffen, um dann ſelbſt ſeine künftige Frau ſich zu erziehn.

Emilie hatte ſich bald auf dem Schloſſe zurecht gefunden. Es ſchien, als wollte ſie ihr Eigenthum kennen lernen, ſo eifrig durchlief ſie alle Säle, Zimmer, Gänge, Böden, Keller. In die Ställe und Remiſen kroch ſie; kein Platz in den Gärten und Höfen blieb unbeſucht. Die Lehrer, welche kurz nach des Barons Entfernung anlangten, hatten oft Noth, ſie zu finden, wenn die Lectionen beginnen ſollten. Auch ſchien der Geiſt des Kindes durchaus für die todte Art des Unterrichts, welche damals noch allgemein herrſchte, nicht ſehr empfänglich zu ſein; es hielt ſchwer, ihre Aufmerkſamkeit zu wecken, und wenn ſie geweckt war, dieſelbe zu erhalten. Dennoch fühlten die Unterrichtenden einen ſtillen Zug der Neigung zu dem ſchönen, muntern Kinde, und tröſteten ſich damit, daß ſie allzulang verſäumt worden ſei, um raſch lernen zu können. Eine Natur, welche ſich ſpät entwickelt, hat immer etwas ſehr Anziehendes, man ahnet in ihr bedeutende, lang aufgeſparte Schätze. Emilie war funfzehn Jahr alt, und nichts deutete die Jungfrau an. Wir müſſen es der Malerphantaſie zu Gute halten, daß Sterzing ihr ſchon jetzt eine Verkündigung hatte zudenken können.

Verurſachte ſie den Lehrern, wo nicht Bekümmerniß, doch einige Sorge, ſo war ſie dagegen der Tante zur größten Freude in das Schloß gekommen. Dieſe würdige Frau hatte in ihrem Benehmen gegen Jüngere etwas Sanftes und Mütterliches. Emilie war früh mutterlos geworden, ſie wandte jetzt ihr ganzes aufgeſchloſſenes Gefühl der Frau zu, welche ſich zum Erſtenmale ihrer annahm. Ihr zu dienen, flinker als Bediente und Mägde ihr das Verlangte zu holen; zu ihren Füßen ſitzend kleine Arbeiten zu verrichten, war dem Kinde das höchſte Vergnügen. Die Tante, gerührt durch die Anhänglichkeit, widmete ſich ſelbſt mit vielem Eifer dem Bildungsgeſchäfte, unterrichtete Emilien in Wirthſchaftskenntniſſen, lehrte ſie ſticken und nähen, nahm ſie auf ihren Beſuchen in der Nachbarſchaft mit, und ließ ſie in ihrem eignen Schlafzimmer ruhn. Nicht wenig that ſie ſich darauf zu Gute, daß Emilie alles, worin ſie das Mädchen unterwies, ſpielend begriff, und ſie konnte ſich nicht enthalten, wenn die Lehrer über Mangel an Faſſungskraft klagten, die Bemerkung auszuſprechen, daß die Kinder oft geſcholten würden, wenn die Methode etwas verſehen hätte. Hin und her langten Briefe vom Baron an, von Verzögerungen im aufgetragenen Geſchäfte redend, und die Rückkehr hinausſetzend. Man kann nicht ſagen, daß die Tante ſich in ihrer Einſamkeit unwohl gefühlt hätte, denn es bleibt immer wahr: die Frauen werden auch von den beſten Männern bedrängt. In einem Hauſe, worin Männer das Regiment führen, herrſcht Thätigkeit und Erwerb; da, wo die Frauen gebieten, waltet Ruhe und Genuß. Das Schloß war jetzt, wie ein ſtilles Kloſter, und nur die Züge der Mäher und Schnitter, welche ſich über den Hof ſchwenkten, das Raſſeln der Ackerwagen, bezeugte, daß dort mehr gethan werde, als Beten. In ſolcher glücklichen Abgeſchiedenheit blieben die Geſpräche der Lehrer, welche ſich bisweilen von den ſonderbaren politiſchen Gewitterwolken am weſtlichen Himmel unterhielten, faſt unbeachtet. Man konnte ſich dort, wie an vielen Orten unſers Vaterlandes, nicht denken, daß der Umſturz und die Zerſtörung da eintreten werde, wo gegenwärtig Ordnung und Sicherheit herrſchte.

So verlebte die Tante in unzerſtörlicher Heiterkeit mit ihrem Zögling einen Tag nach dem andern. An Beſuch fehlte es nicht, denn die gute Frau wollte auch dieſes Vergnügen, da es ihr eine Zeit lang gegönnt war, in vollen Zügen genießen. Der Baron hatte durch eine gewiſſe Unfreundlichkeit manchen Nachbar, dieſen und jenen Bekannten zurückgeſchreckt; denn er war nach der Weiſe gebildeter und talentvoller Männer intolerant gegen das Mittelgut der Geſellſchaft, welches in den Frauen ſeine gebornen Beſchützerinnen verehrt. Nun fanden ſich die Verſcheuchten, als ſie merkten, daß das Feld rein ſei, nach und nach wieder ein, und wurden von der Tante freundlich empfangen.

Da kamen zärtliche Mütter, gute junge Töchter, redliche Männer, Hofdamen, welche ſich zurückgezogen hatten, penſionirte Offiziere mit ihren Neffen in der Fähnrichsuniform, Domherren, Kaufleute, welche ihre Kapitalien in Gütern angelegt hatten, hinter einander auf das Schloß, und wurden bewirthet. Auch den Muſen ſtand die gaſtliche Thür offen. Ein Flötenſpieler, deſſen Concert in der nächſten Stadt verunglückt war, ſprach für mehrere Tage ein, und unterhielt die Anweſenden auf ſeinem Inſtrument.

Solchergeſtalt zogen die Figuren der Welt in dem angenehmen Schimmer einer Laterna Magica an Emiliens heiterm, aufmerkſamem Sinne vorüber. Das ſonderbare Mädchen war einmal nicht geſchaffen, aus Büchern und auf Befehl zu lernen; ihr Geiſt verlangte Anſchauung, und faßte nur, was er ſelbſt mit freier Thätigkeit ſich zueignete. Sie, deren Flatterhaftigkeit in den Lehrvorträgen nicht zu bändigen war, horchte Stunden lang zu, wenn der Kaufmann von ſeinen Reiſen, der Krieger von ſeinen Abenteuern, die Hofdame von den Wundern der Hauptſtadt erzählte. Dabei gerieth ſie durchaus nicht in den Zuſtand der Zerſtreuung; denn die Tante hatte durch ihren Verſtand, und durch ihre perſönliche Würde eine große Ueberlegenheit, den Menſchen gewöhnlichen Schlags gegenüber, die ſich in dieſen Mauern blicken ließen. Nie trat daher Unruhe oder Schwärmen ein, und die geſellſchaftliche Freude drang nicht über die Grenzen eines muntern, belebten Geſprächs. Mit Klugheit verhinderte die Tante zahlreiche Zuſammenkünfte, welche der Tod alles häuslichen Behagens ſind, und das Schloß glich auch darin einem Kloſter, daß zwar Jedem vergönnt war, an ſeiner Pforte zu klingeln und einzutreten, Niemand aber hoffen durfte, mit Gevatter Hinz und Kunz, als wie in einem Gaſthofe darin zuſammen zu treffen.

Während nun ſo Emilie, von keiner übermächtigen Erſcheinung bedrängt, aber von tauſend kleinen belebenden Einflüſſen angeregt, der ſchönſten Entwicklung zureifte, dachte die Tante, wenn ihr Blick über die Gegenwart hinaus ſpähte, an die glückliche Zeit, da das gebildete Fräulein Luciane erſt hier den rechten Hof der Sitte und Geſelligkeit gründen werde. Sie erwies dem Nachbar und ſeiner Tochter alle möglichen Gefälligkeiten, und prägte Emilien die größte Ehrfurcht vor ihrer künftigen Gebieterin ein. Letztere trug dazu bei, dieſen Eindruck zu verſtärken, indem ſie das Kind, wenn ſie mit demſelben zuſammentraf, ganz überſah, oder höchſtens mit einem gleichgültig lächelnden Blicke betrachtete.

Der Baron führte indeſſen ein ganz verſchiedenes buntes Hof- und Reiſeleben. Dem Geſchäfte am Reichstage waren bedeutende Hinderniſſe entgegengeſetzt worden, deren Hebung ſich nur hoffen ließ, wenn die einzelnen deutſchen Höfe, welche in dieſer Angelegenheit concurrirten, perſönlich beſucht würden. Er entſchloß ſich zu dieſen Reiſen, und war nach einander wohl in fünf bis ſechs Reſidenzen, ohne ſonderlichen Erfolg ſeiner Bemühungen zu ſehen. Da jede Schwierigkeit bei ihm nur den Eifer und die Hartnäckigkeit für eine unternommene Sache vermehrte, ſo widmete er ſich dem Auftrage nun erſt, wo Andere ſich zurückgezogen hätten, um ſo gewiſſenhafter. Er verband ſich mit den einſichtsvollſten Rechtsgelehrten, trat den Kaiſer in Wien ſelbſt um die Sache an, und hatte nach drei mühevollen Jahren die Genugthuung, ſeinen Committenten die Anerkennung ihrer Forderungen melden zu können.

Freilich ſagte ihm ein ſtilles Bewußtſein, daß, wenn die Verfaſſung des Reichs noch in voller Kraft beſtände, ſolche Anſprüche einzelner Glieder, als er vertreten hatte, nie hätten durchgefochten werden können. Und ſo lehrte ihn das eigene Gewiſſen, was die Beobachtung Anderer ihm laut genug während dieſer Zeit verkündet hatte: daß das deutſche Reich ſchon eigentlich aufgehört habe, und den Leichen in manchen Gewölben gleiche, welche noch die vollkommene menſchliche Form zeigen, aber bei der leiſeſten Berührung in ein Häufchen Staub zerfallen. Ueberall hatte er mit Schauder geſehen, daß jeder Stand, vom größten bis zum kleinſten, nach einer unbedingten Freiheit ſtrebte, und nur auf die erſte günſtige Gelegenheit wartete, um das morſche Band zwiſchen ſich und dem Oberhaupte zu zerreißen. Viele Geſpräche mit Vornehmen und Perſonen des Mittelſtandes überzeugten ihn, daß die Einrichtungen, welche mehrere Jahrhunderte hindurch vorgehalten hatten, nunmehr abgenutzt waren. Das Ungewitter in Frankreich war immer drohender geworden, die Niedern richteten ſehnſuchtsvolle Blicke dahin, und hofften im Stillen auf die Apoſtel des neuen Evangeliums; die Höheren wandten ſich mit ſchroffem Abſcheu von der ungeheuern Erſcheinung ab, und meinten: nun erſt ſeien Privilegien und Geburtsvorzüge recht feſt zu halten, da ein raſender Pöbel beabſichtige, dieſe ſchönen Güter für ſich zu rauben. Der Baron gehörte zur letztern Partei; er war Ariſtokrat, aber er war es in einem edlen Sinne. Sein Gemüth ſagte ihm, daß er Niemanden gedrückt, daß er das Seinige genoſſen, aber keines Andern Genuß geſtört habe. Er war immer ein Vater ſeiner Gutsunterthanen geweſen, und empfand einen unerträglichen Widerwillen bei dem Gedanken, daß dieſe patriarchaliſche Stellung auf eine wüſte Art, und ſelbſt zum Nachtheil derer, denen man helfen zu wollen ſchien, zerſtört werden ſollte. In einer gemiſchten Geſellſchaft, in welcher er ſich einſt befand, kamen die gegenſeitigen Grundſätze beider Parteien hart zur Sprache. — Einige Anweſende freuten ſich laut bei der Nachricht von einem zertrümmerten Geſetze, welche ſo eben mit dem Pariſer Moniteur eingegangen war, und man ſprach auf eine höchſt unzarte Weiſe aus, was in erhitzten Köpfen ſich damals Abenteuerliches bewegte. Der Baron konnte nicht länger an ſich halten. Guter Gott! — rief er — in welcher Verblendung ſeid Ihr Alle! Iſt es denn möglich, auf Glück zu hoffen, wenn eine neue Völkerwanderung hereinzubrechen im Begriff ſteht? Ruhe zu erwarten, wenn der blutrothe Himmel die gräulichſten Stürme verkündigt? Ja, es wird ſich Alles vollenden, aber nicht, wie Ihr es denkt; der Wagen der Zeit wird über Euch und unſre Leichen rollen. Ich will nicht vom Recht ſprechen; dazu iſt jetzt nicht der Augenblick, wie ich wohl merke. Ich will Euch nur ſagen, wie Alles kommen muß. Ihr denkt, wenn dieſes Geſchlecht erſt in den Beſitz der Vortheile, die Ihr uns ſo ſehr mißgönnt, gelangt iſt, dann werden Saturniſche Zeiten eintreten. Arme Thoren! Eben weil ſie den Beſitzſtand, der ſo lange von der ſtaatlichen Sicherheit verbürgt worden war, zerſtören konnten, werden ſie ihren Beſitz mit feiger Unruhe antreten, und unter ewigen Zweifeln genießen. Niemals werden ſie deſſelben froh werden, eine immerwährende Angſt vor dem Morgen wird ſie antreiben, das Heute raſend und gierig auszukoſten. Die Verräther fürchten den Verrath, die Uſurpatoren die Empörung, und die Demagogen einen liſtigen und kühnen Verführer. Widerlegt mich, wenn Ihr könnt!

Solche heftige Reibungen machten zuletzt dem Baron das Leben in der Fremde unleidlich; er dachte mit Sehnſucht an ſeine väterlichen Mauern. Emiliens Bild war etwas in den Hintergrund ſeiner Seele zurückgetreten; die Briefe der Tante erwähnten ihrer nur mit kurzen Worten, und ſein eigenes Verhältniß zu dem Mädchen ruhte doch, die Wahrheit zu ſagen, allzu ſehr auf einer Grille, als daß er davon hätte dauernd berührt werden können. Eben als der Entwurf des abgeſchloſſenen Receſſes ſeinen Committenten überſchickt werden ſollte, langte ein Brief der Tante an, aus dem wir folgende Stelle herausheben.

„Was Emilien betrifft — ſchrieb ſie — ſo wirſt Du Dich wundern, wenn Du ſie wieder erblickſt. Ihre Geſtalt hat ſich in den letzten Jahren außerordentlich entwickelt, ſie ſteht jetzt in der vollſten Jugendblüthe, und ich fürchte, Du haſt ſie für einen rüſtigen Freier erziehen laſſen, der ſie Dir bald genug entführen möchte; denn mit einer ſolchen Figur kann ſie nicht lange unbemerkt bleiben. Ihre Ausbildung hat einen ſonderbaren Gang genommen. Du erinnerſt Dich, daß ich immer ſehr zufrieden mit ihr war; die Lehrer weniger. Wovon ſie einen Nutzen einſah, was zunächſt ſie betraf, das faßte ſie leicht, auch war ſie bald ein Perſönchen, welches ſich in jeder Geſellſchaft produciren ließ. Aber mit den Jahrzahlen aus der griechiſchen Geſchichte, mit den Namen ferner Länder und Städte zerquälte ſie ſich oft auf eine mitleidswürdige Art den Kopf, ohne daß etwas haften blieb. Der junge Mann, von dem ich Dir früher ſchrieb, daß er aus der Schweiz gekommen ſei, und daß ich ihn zum Lehrer angenommen habe, indem ich die frühern gehen ließ, begann dagegen den Unterricht auf eine ganz neue Weiſe. Er nahm Emilien mit hinaus in's Freie, machte ihre Neugier rege nach den Gegenden, die ſtromauf- und ſtromabwärts, öſtlich und weſtlich gelegen ſind; ihr Geiſt übertrat allmählig die Grenzen Deiner Feldmark, wollte ſich in dem benachbarten Gelände zurecht finden, dieſes leitete aber wieder über zu andern Gebieten und ſo immer weiter, bis der geſchickte Lehrer ihr einen höchſt natürlichen Begriff von unſerm Vaterlande eingeprägt hatte. Da der Trieb zum Wiſſen nun einmal geweckt war, ſo verlangte ſie ſelbſt, etwas von den Nachbarländern zu erfahren, ihr Geiſt betrat den Ocean, und wurde in eine ſchrankenloſe Ferne fortgeriſſen, bis ihr als willkommne Haltepunkte die fremden Welttheile entgegenſtiegen, kurz, ſie erlangte bald, wie durch einen großen Spaziergang, wünſchenswerthe geographiſche Kenntniſſe.

In der Geſchichte war der Unterricht ähnlicher Art. Er fragte ſie nach ihrem Vater und ſeinen Lebensumſtänden, davon wußte ſie Bericht zu erſtatten; nun ſollte ſie von ihrem Großvater erzählen, da ging es ihr, wie allen Perſonen ihrer Herkunft, welche nicht das Glück haben, die Reihe bedeutender Ahnen in Bild und Stammbaum anſchaun zu dürfen, ſie hatte kaum Etwas von dem Manne gehört. Der kluge Lehrer ließ das Hausbuch des alten Konrad holen, in welchem artig genug, die Geſchichte dieſes guten Mannes und ſeiner Vorfahren mehrere Geſchlechtsfolgen hindurch aufgeſchrieben worden war, und las es mit Emilien durch. Da manche merkwürdige Ereigniſſe darin verzeichnet ſtanden, ſo fand das Mädchen viel Vergnügen daran. Ihr Großvater war Büchſenſpänner bei einem benachbarten Fürſten geweſen, und hatte im Gefolge ſeines Herrn dieſes und jenes allgemein intereſſante Ereigniß mit angeſehn. Durch ſolche Beziehungen erhielt die Hausgeſchichte eine Richtung gegen das

Allgemeine, die der Lehrer geſchickt zu benutzen wußte, um Emilien nach und nach in immer größere hiſtoriſche Kreiſe zu locken. Die Methode glückte vollkommen, und ich verſichere Dich, daß das Mädchen jetzt von jeder einigermaßen bedeutenden Thatſache in der deutſchen Geſchichte Rede und Antwort zu geben weiß, daß ihr auch die ruhmvollen Handlungen der Alten nicht fremd ſind.

Es war ein wunderbarer Mann, dieſer Lehrer: er hatte unſre Natur durchaus erkannt, und wußte, daß Weiber ſich nur mit demjenigen fruchtbar beſchäftigen, was eine Beziehung auf das Gemüth hat, oder in irgend einem Zuſammenhange mit ihrer nächſten, täglichen Umgebung ſteht. Er pflegte mitunter zu ſagen: daß der Mann vom Wiſſen zur Erfahrung, die Frau hingegen von der Erfahrung zum Wiſſen fortſchreite. Ich mußte ihm ganz vertrauen, darum ließ ich ihn gewähren, auch wenn ich ihn nicht begriff, ſo z. B. in dem Religionsunterrichte. Ich glaubte, daß er dieſen ebenfalls leicht und faßlich einrichten würde, er befolgte aber hier einen entgegengeſetzten Weg; denn er erzählte Emilien die bibliſche Geſchichte ohne die mindeſte Erklärung der Wunder und ließ ſie Vers auf Vers, Spruch auf Spruch, im eigentlichen Sinne des Worts, auswendig lernen. Als ich mich darüber wunderte, ſagte er: Freiheit und Beſchränkung im rechten Gleichmaß iſt die höchſte Beſtimmung des Menſchen. Zu jener führt das Wiſſen, zu dieſer die Religion. Alles Andere ſoll dem Menſchen leicht und deutlich werden, ſie allein muß ſchwer und ein Geheimniß bleiben. Ich habe Vieles begreifen lernen, aber nie, was der Ausdruck: Vernunftreligion, ſagen will. Der Erfolg hat auch hierin ſeine Weisheit beſtätigt. Emilie iſt fromm geworden, ohne zu frömmeln, und jene geheimnißvollen Sprüche und Verſe haben der Heiterkeit ihrer Seele keinen Eintrag gethan. Sie iſt ein außerordentliches Geſchöpf, und ich bedaure oft die Niedrigkeit ihrer Geburt, welche ihr den Eintritt in die höheren Kreiſe des Lebens verſagt; denn ſie würde auch der höchſten würdig ſein. Ich empfinde zu gleicher Zeit eine wahre Furcht vor dem Augenblicke, der ſie von meiner Seite reißt; denn ich habe mich ganz an ſie gewöhnt. Ich bin ſo weitläuftig über ſie geweſen, damit Du weißt, was Du zu erwarten haſt, wenn Du nach Hauſe zurückkehrſt.“

Dieſe wohlgemeinten Worte brachten einen unbeſchreiblichen Eindruck auf den Baron hervor. Seine Phantaſie ſchmückte Emiliens Bild über alle Schilderungen der Tante reizend aus; zugleich empfand er einen innerlichen Triumph, daß das herrliche Weſen für ihn erzogen ſei. Wie glücklich — rief er aus — war dieſe Reiſe und meine Abweſenheit! Wäre ich ein allmähliger Zeuge von Emiliens Entwickelung geweſen, gewiß würde dann die Wirkung ihrer Vorzüge viel ſtumpfer geworden ſein; ich hätte vielleicht ſelbſt Manches gehindert und im Keime zerſtört. Nun hat das Götterbild Zeit gehabt, ſich ſtill und frei zu geſtalten, und mit Einemmale werde ich die Frucht und den Segen meiner Großmuth ſchmecken. Er beeilte die Abreiſe; er fühlte ſich nicht eher ruhig, als bis er im Wagen ſaß. Die Luftgeſtalt der künftigen Gattin ſchwebte über den Häuptern der Pferde, die ihn zogen; er fuhr einen Theil der Nächte durch, und ſprang mit einem Schrei des Entzückens aus dem Wagen, als er eines Morgens von fern die Thürme des Schloſſes ſah. Der Weg dahin führte durch ein anmuthiges Wäldchen; er ließ den Wagen auf der Straße fahren, und ſchlug ſelbſt zu Fuße einen Seitenpfad ein, um heimlich, wie ein Glücklicher, in ſein Eigenthum zu dringen.

Die Tante hatte auf ihr ausdrückliches Verlangen, den Tag der Ankunft zu wiſſen, von ihrem Neffen einen Brief erhalten, der ihren Wunſch erfüllte; und nun war ſie, da ſie das Feierliche liebte, beſchäftigt geweſen, alle Anſtalten zu treffen, wodurch die Rückkunft des Gutsherrn verherrlicht werden konnte. Ehrenpforten, geputzte Bauermädchen, Muſikchöre, Nichts war unterlaſſen, was bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten erſonnen zu werden pflegt. Sie war eine Menſchenkennerin, und wußte, daß Jemand in aufgeregten Momenten am raſcheſten Entſchlüſſe faßt; deshalb war auch der Nachbar mit ſeiner Tochter eingeladen worden. Der Baron ſollte, erhitzt von den Feſtlichkeiten, und von dem frohen Gefühle, zu Hauſe zu ſein, ſich noch am Tage der Rückkunft verloben.

Emilie ſah dem Manne, der auch ihr Herr und Wohlthäter war, mit einer reinen Freude entgegen. Eine Familie ohne Vater, ein Landgut ohne Beſitzer, ſind immer etwas Fragmentariſches. Dieſe Zimmer waren doch nur da, damit der Erwartete in ihnen wohne, dieſe Gärten, damit er in ihnen luſtwandle, dieſe Pferde, damit er ſich ihrer zum Reiten oder Fahren bediene. Wie mußte Emiliens kindlicher Sinn wünſchen, daß jedes dieſer Dinge ſeine Beſtimmung erfülle! Um auch von ihrer Seite ſich dankbar und wohlwollend zu erweiſen, hatte ſie nicht eher abgelaſſen, als bis die Tante in der größten Eile eine alte Mauer abbrechen ließ, welche die Ausſicht in den Park von einem Lieblingszimmer des Barons verſperrte, und wie Emilie wußte, eben hatte niedergeriſſen werden ſollen, als Wernern ſein Geſchäft in die Fremde rief.

Der Tante, deren Körper in der That ſehr ſchwach war, begegnete das Unglück, welches ſie gewöhnlich traf, wenn es ein Familienfeſt galt, ſie wurde krank, als eben die Torten aus der Stadt ankamen, und mußte ſich zu Bett legen. Da ſie ſich auf Emilien verlaſſen konnte, und da ſie hoffte, daß der folgende Tag alle ihre Wünſche krönen werde: ſo beſtieg ſie mit einer Art von Triumph ihr Lager, ruhte aus von den überſtandnen Mühſeligkeiten und trank getroſt den bittern Kamillenthee. Sie hatte eine unruhige Nacht, und war an dem Morgen, an welchem ihr Neffe eintreffen ſollte, unvermögend, aufzuſtehen. Krämpfe hatten ſich zu einem fieberhaften Zuſtande geſellt.

Emilie war mit dem erſten Sonnenſtrahle aus den Federn, ſah alle Anſtalten draußen und in dem Schloſſe nach, revidirte die Tafel, welche ſeit geſtern gedeckt ſtand, wünſchte der Tante guten Morgen, reichte ihr das Frühſtück, und begab ſich dann in den Garten, um dem Baron den ſchönſten Kranz zu winden, und dieſen über ſeinem Tiſche in dem Zimmer aufzuhängen, vor welchem die Ausſicht ſperrende Mauer weggefallen war. Sie wollte ihn aus einer Gattung von Blumen zuſammenſetzen, deren Farbe das ſanfteſte Veilchenblau war, und deren Blätter denen des Immergrüns glichen. Dieſelbe wuchs häufig wild im nahen Wäldchen; auf Emiliens Anrathen aber war eine Partie davon in den Garten gepflanzt worden. Als ſie eben ſich zu dem Beete niederbückte, um zu pflücken, kam der alte Gärtner herbei. Dieſer wunderliche Mann übte in ſeinem Reviere eine unumſchränkte Herrſchaft aus, und an ſeine Laune mußte ſich Alles im Schloſſe und Dorfe gewöhnen. Er hatte geſtern zu ſeinem größten Verdruſſe bemerkt, daß von den mit dem Sammeln von Blumen und Laubwerk beauftragten Bauermädchen, die den weiten Gang durch Wälder und Wieſen geſcheut hatten, ſein Garten auf die unbarmherzigſte Weiſe geplündert worden war. Verdrießlich und lebhaft fuhr er auf Emilien los: denken Sie denn, Mamſell, daß Sie hier gnädige Frau ſind, und wirthſchaften können, wie Sie wollen! Ich pflanze die Sachen nicht, daß Ihr ſie ausreißen ſollt. Gehen Sie in den Wald, da wachſen ſo viel von den Blumen, als Sie begehren. Wenn Sie der gnädige Herr heirathet, ſo dürfen Sie nur befehlen; aber jetzt iſt es noch nicht ſo weit. — Er hätte länger fortgebelfert; aber Emilie, die ſeine Weiſe ſchon kannte, und ſich größern Anzüglichkeiten nicht ausſetzen wollte, ließ ihn ſtehn, und ging mit muntern Schritten dem Walde zu.

Der Baron drang von ſeiner Seite immer tiefer in denſelben Wald. Anfangs klapperte der Wagen in dem feuchten und engen Fahrwege neben ihm langſam daher, dann ſchwang er ſich ſeitwärts ab über einen offnen Bergrücken, der Fußpfad lief durch die anmuthigſten Waldgründe, und unſer Freund befand ſich bald in der reizendſten Einſamkeit. Eben trat er aus einer dichtern Stelle des Geholzes; vor ihm lag eine kleine rings eingeſchloſſene Wieſe im üppigſten Wuchſe, von der Sonne beleuchtet, als ihm ein unerwarteter Anblick wurde. Unter kräftigen Bäumen, gegenüber im Schatten, ſaß eine weibliche Geſtalt, welche ihm den Rücken zukehrte, und mit etwas beſchäftigt zu ſein ſchien; denn die Haltung ihres Kopfes war geſenkt. Ein himmelblauer Spencer hob ihre überaus ſchöne Taille hervor; unter demſelben trug ſie ein weißes Gewand. Sie ſaß auf einem Tuche, ſo daß die ganze Figur ſichtbar war. Alle Verhältniſſe an ihr zeigten ſich rein und frei, namentlich bot der Kopf die vollendetſte Form dar. Werner ſtand an ſeinem Platze, wie angefeſſelt; eine Ahnung durchflog ſeine Seele. In dieſem Augenblicke hatte Emilie — denn ſie war es — ihren Kranz fertig — ſie erhebt ſich, tritt damit unter den Bäumen hervor, und ſteht nun im vollen Lichte der Sonne und Schönheit. Der Baron bewegt ſich, ſie ſieht ihn; unwillkürlich hebt ſich ihr Arm in einer Regung des Erſtaunens, und ſo ſteht ſie, mit dem emporgehaltnen blauen Kranze, wahrlich einer Unſterblichen vergleichbar.

Der Baron iſt von dieſer mächtigen Erſcheinung wie vernichtet. Er erlebt einen Moment, wie ſie zum Glück nur ſelten kommen. Er weiß: es iſt Emilie, die dort mit dem Kranze ihm zu winken ſcheint; er jauchzt über das herrliche Werk ſeiner Sorgfalt; er ſchilt dieſes Jauchzen vermeſſen; er fühlt daß einem ſolchen Weibe gegenüber keine Willkür Statt finde. Furcht, Hoffnung, Liebe, Freude, Schmerz ziehen, wie Gewitter, durch ſeine Bruſt. In dieſem Sturme verſagen die Glieder ihm den Dienſt; faſt bewußtlos ſinkt er in ſeine Kniee, und macht ſich mit dem Rufe: Emilie! Luft.

Emilie warf den Kranz weg, und flog auf ihn zu. Um Gottes Willen, gnädiger Herr! rief ſie, indem ſie ſich bemühte, ihn aufzurichten — welch ein trauriger Zufall! Was fehlt

Ihnen? Sie kniete zu ihm nieder, ſie faßte ſeine Hände, ſie richtete ihm das Haupt auf, welches zur Bruſt niederhing. Jetzt ſah er das herrliche, regelmäßige Geſicht dem ſeinigen ganz nahe, die himmliſche Stirn, das milde Feuer der blauen Augen, den feinen Mund, der ſchwellend zum Kuſſe einlud. Ihre zarten, milchweißen Hände hielten die ſeinigen liebevoll gefaßt; über ihrem ganzen Weſen ruhte, wie ein gelinder Nebel, die trauteſte Sorglichkeit. Alle Geiſter des Muthes rief unſer Freund zu Hülfe; denn er fühlte die Pflicht, ſich zu beherrſchen, damit Leidenſchaftlichkeit ſein Glück nicht im Keime vernichte. Seine Stärke ſiegte; freundlich drückte er Emilien die Hand, richtete ſich gefaßt auf, und küßte ſie herzlich auf die Stirn, indem er ſein Niederſinken einem plötzlichen Schwindel beimaß. Sie hieß ihn mit unverſtellter Freundlichkeit willkommen, heiter gingen ſie Arm in Arm auf dem Fußſteige. Emilie nahm den Kranz vom Boden, und verkündete ſeine wohlgemeinte Beſtimmung. Der Baron dankte ihr; eben traten ſie aus dem Walde, und das Schloß lag nun dicht vor ihnen. Ein als Wächter ausgeſtellter Knabe hatte nicht ſobald den Herrn erblickt, als er voranlief, um den verſammelten Leuten deſſen Ankunft zu hinterbringen. Emilie unterrichtete Wernern mit kurzen Worten von den getroffenen Vorkehrungen, und ſchon bewegte ſich der Zug der feſtlich geputzten Menſchen ihnen entgegen. Liebe Emilie — rief Werner aus — Sie kommen mir in dieſen Umgebungen wie eine Prieſterin vor, und Prieſterinnen müſſen bekränzt ſein. Er drückte ihr mit einem ſanften Scherze das Geflecht in die Locken, und das gute Mädchen ließ es ohne Widerſtreben geſchehen.

Die ganze Schaar der Landleute begann jetzt ein geiſtliches Lied, und der Baron fühlte ſich bei dieſen frommen Tönen aus der wüſten, fürchterlichen Welt, woher er kam, wie in eine ſtille Inſel gerettet. Der Geſang war beendet, die Menſchen theilten ſich, und bildeten zwei Reihen, durch welche unſer Freund, ſeine bekränzte Schöne gleich einer Braut an der Hand führend, ſchritt. Von beiden Seiten wurden die Hüte empor geworfen, und Jubelgeſchrei erfüllte die Luft. Der Baron dankte rechts und links, und kam zur Ehrenpforte, an welcher ihn der Schulmeiſter mit einer etwas lang ausgeſponnenen Rede bewillkommnete.

Ein junges Bauerweib rief halblaut: Was für ein ſchmuckes Paar! Er ſah ſich heiter nach der Frau um, und beſchloß, an ſeinem Hochzeittage ſie mit einer anſehnlichen Gabe zu bedenken. Wer in dieſem Augenblicke ihm zur Verbindung mit Emilien gratulirt hätte, würde Alles, was er verlangen mögen, von ihm haben bekommen können; denn Keiner erfreut uns mehr, als wer das, was bei uns ſelbſt noch manchem Zweifel unterliegt, mit getroſter Sicherheit ausſpricht.

Vor dem Schloſſe fragte Werner Emilien nach ihrem Vater. Ihre Augen füllten ſich mit Thränen; leiſe verſetzte ſie: er iſt todt. — Er tröſtete die ſchöne Traurige, und konnte es um ſo beſſer, als die Nachricht abermals einen Stein von ſeinem Herzen gewälzt hatte. Nun ſchien ihm Emilie erſt ganz frei dazuſtehn; nun verſchwand alles Hemmende, Unerfreuliche, was ihn bis jetzt noch bei dem Gedanken an eine Verbindung mit ihr geheim aber empfindlich berührt hatte. Weinen Sie nicht, Emilie! rief er aus. Weinen Sie; aber der Schmerz erzeuge Ihre Thräne, nicht die Sorge. Sie ſind bei mir wohl aufgehoben. Gewiß, erwiederte ſie, und blickte ihn mit den großen Augen ruhig an, daß er meinte, er ſähe in den Himmel und ſeine tiefe unendliche Bläue. Sie nahm den Kranz ab und ſagte: nun begrüßen Sie die gnädige Frau, ich will den Kranz in dem Eckzimmer aufhängen.

Er ging zur Tante: Das Wiederſehen war ſehr herzlich. Er drückte ihr ſeinen Dank aus, für alle die freundlichen Anſtalten. Das Beſte iſt noch zurück — verſetzte Cordula mit einem feinen Lächeln. Eile, Dich umzukleiden; Luciane muß bald kommen. Er machte ein verdrießliches Geſicht, und verließ ſie raſch. Im Eckzimmer fand er Emilien. Ein Blick durch das Fenſter zeigte ihm die herrlichſte Ausſicht auf bunte Blumenſtücke und grüne Baumgruppen, ſtatt der grauen, unerfreulichen Mauer. O mein Gott! rief er ſehr überraſcht aus, wer hat mir das bereitet! Die gnädige Tante — verſetzte das beſcheidne Mädchen. Es kommt von Ihnen, herrliche Emilie, rief der Baron, indem er ihre Hände faßte. So ſollen alle Scheidemauern fallen, die mir die Ausſicht auf mein Glück verſperren; ein prophetiſcher Sinn gab Ihnen ein, dieſe niederreißen zu laſſen. Emilie ſah ihn verwundert an. Ein Wagen rollte in den Hof. Fräulein Luciane und ihr Vater! rief Emilie und entfernte ſich. O zum Geier! fuhr der Baron heraus; denn er war ſchon im Begriff geweſen, ſein ganzes Herz zu offenbaren.

Indeſſen nahm er ſich zuſammen, und begrüßte gefaßt die Geſellſchaft. Ein Gereiſter hat den Vortheil, der Keinem ſonſt zugeſtanden wird, daß er von ſich reden darf; dieſen benutzte der Baron, und eine lebhafte Unterhaltung war bald im Gange. Insbeſondere entwickelte ſich das intereſſanteſte Verhältniß in den Geſprächen zwiſchen ihm und dem Fräulein. Wenn er von irgend einer Stadt erzählte, ſo fragte Luciane: Iſt es nicht dort, wo das und das iſt? nun nannte ſie eine andre Merkwürdigkeit des Orts. Der Baron erwiederte dann: Ganz recht mein Fräulein, es iſt auch noch das und das — da. Der Nachbar blickte vergnügt auf die unterrichtete Tochter, und Emilie kam nicht aus dem Erröthen über die Thörin. Und wenn es wahr iſt, daß die Folie den Glanz des Edelſteins erhöht, ſo iſt es nicht minder wahr, daß der Menſch vom Menſchen erhoben oder herabgedrückt wird. Wer hätte dieſe beiden Mädchen neben einander ſehen können und nicht des Barons Entzücken für Emilien theilen müſſen! Nie zeigte ſich der Abſtich deſſen, was erlernt werden kann, von dem, was die Natur aus überſprudelnder Willkür mittheilt, deutlicher. Selbſt der alte Nachbar, deſſen Unterhaltung Emilie übernommen hatte, ſchien ſich während der Zeit zu verjüngen. Die Grazie kleidete ihre Reden, wie das ſchneeweiße Gewand ihren Leib.

Es kamen mehr und mehr Gäſte an, dem Baron ganz gelegen. Ein volles Herz ſehnt ſich, wie nach der Einſamkeit, ſo nach dem Getümmel, um ſich zu verbergen. Er und Emilie machten die zierlichſten Wirthe, und ein Fremder, der in den Saal getreten wäre, hätte wahrlich, wie jenes Bauerweib, ausgerufen: Welch ſchmuckes Paar! Bei der Tafel ſaß er neben Lucianen, und war ausgelaſſen fröhlich. Sein Mund ſtrömte über von Scherzreden und Galanterien. Emilie wurde von Zeit zu Zeit in das Zimmer der Tante berufen, um vernommen zu werden, wie ſich der Neffe gegen das Fräulein verhalte? Da nun hierüber die befriedigendſten Nachrichten kamen, ſo ſteigerte ſich die Empfindung der alten Dame bis zu einem Grade, daß es ihr unmöglich fiel, im Bett zu bleiben. Aller Widerreden ungeachtet, verließ ſie daſſelbe, kleidete ſich an, und erſchien plötzlich in der Verſammlung. Man drängte ſich um ſie, man bewunderte ihren Heroismus. Aber ſie ſollte bald die Folgen ihrer Unvorſichtigkeit fühlen. Das Geräuſch, die Hitze, dann der dazwiſchen entſtehende Zugwind, Alles wirkte ſo feindlich auf ſie ein, daß ſie ſich in Kurzem ſehr übel befand. Um die Geſellſchaft durch ein raſches Verſchwinden nicht zu ſtören, that ſie ſich Gewalt an, obgleich ihre Beängſtigung immer ſtärker ward, und ein unerträglicher Kopfſchmerz ſich dazu geſellte. Indem ſie dahin und dorthin ging, und mit der größten Lebhaftigkeit ſprach, glaubte ſie den innern Feind zu beſiegen. Aber ein ſonderbares Schickſal hatte ſie nun einmal beſtimmt, dieſen Kreis zu verlaſſen, freilich auf eine Weiſe, die Keiner vorherſah. Eben bewegte ſie ſich nach ihrem Neffen und Lucianen, die in eifrigem Geſpräche zuſammenſtanden, hin, als man ſie ſchwanken, und ehe ſie noch Jemand auffangen konnte, mit dem Schrei: Hülfe! Wie wird mir! leblos zu Boden fallen ſah.

Unter entſetzlichem Getöſe drang die Geſellſchaft herzu. Emilie kniete bleich, wie ein ſchönes Marmorbild neben der Entſeelten und rief: Es iſt eine Ohnmacht, den Augenblick den Chirurgus aus dem Dorfe! Ein Bedienter ſprang fort. Zwei Andern befahl ſie, den Körper wegzutragen. Sie ſelbſt folgte, und flüſterte dem Baron zu: Sorgen Sie dafür, daß Niemand nachkommt.

Die Geſellſchaft verlor ſich ſtill und dumpf, ohne von dem Wirthe Abſchied zu nehmen. Dieſer ging wie ein Träumender umher. Der Chirurgus kam, und da er das Geſicht ganz roth fand, ſo mußte er auf einen apoplektiſchen Anfall ſchließen. Er ſchlug eine Ader. Es kam nur ſehr wenig dickes Blut zum Vorſchein. Der ſchweigſame Mann verſuchte noch mehrere Mittel, welche alle kein Reſultat gaben. Emilie fragt ihn dringend, ob zu helfen ſei? Er entfernt ſich, ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, mit Achſelzucken. Nun iſt ſie allein mit der Todten, und jenes fürchterliche wunderbare Gefühl ergreift ſie, welches Jeder kennen lernt, wenn er zum Erſtenmale in ſeinem Leben dasjenige kalt und ſtarr, wie einen Stein daliegen ſieht, was vor Minuten Hauch hatte, um zu reden, und Wärme, um ſich zu regen. Sie blickt in das ernſte, verwelkte Antlitz; es iſt ihr unmöglich, zu denken, daß das Alles, was ſie jetzt noch ſieht, ſo gar zu Nichts werden ſolle. Zum erſten Male überfällt der Glaube: daß der Tod ein Schlaf ſei, ihre bangende Seele mit ſeiner ganzen rührenden Gewalt, und löſt die herbe Angſt in heilige Wehmuth auf.

Der Baron betritt mit dem aus der Stadt herbeigerufenen Arzte das Zimmer. Dieſer unterſucht den Körper genau, billigt die angewandten Mittel, und ſpricht das traurige Wort aus: daß eine Leiche zur Stelle ſei. Da findet Emiliens Schmerz willkommne Thränen. Der Baron bittet ſie, mit ihm zu gehn, ſie aber wünſcht, die Nacht über bei der Entſeelten wachen zu dürfen. Als die Männer ſie verlaſſen, ſinkt ſie an dem Bette nieder, auf welches man den Leichnam gelegt hatte, und überläßt ſich ganz ihrer Trauer.

Während das gute Mädchen die Hände ihrer Wohlthäterin mit dankbaren Zähren bethaut, ſchweift der Liebende im Hauſe und Garten umher, wie von fremden unſichtbaren Mächten getrieben. Die Leidenſchaft bezieht Alles auf ſich. Was auch geſchehen möge, das Ungeheuerſte und Furchtbarſte — es iſt für ſie nur in ſofern vorhanden, als es ſie begünſtigt oder hemmt. Dieſer Todesfall, der wunderbar in den Kreis der Freude herein gebrochen, wird von ihm nicht beweint; eine geheime, aber laute Stimme in ſeinem Herzen nennt ihn, wie den Tod des alten Konrad, ein Glück; und unſer Freund iſt zu ſchwach, um dieſe Stimme zu ſchelten. Er preiſet die Tante, daß ſie zur rechten Stunde aus der Welt gegangen, ſich und ihm Leidweſen erſparend. Die Nacht iſt lau und üppig, der Mond umkleidet Büſche und Bäume mit wunderlichem Scheine, glänzt ſilberbläulich aus den Waſſerſpiegeln. Werner fühlt eine gewaltige Sehnſucht, am Buſen der Geliebten zu ruhn, ihren Athem zu trinken. Fern ſchimmert vom Schloſſe ein trübeerleuchtetes Fenſter durch die Nacht; dort iſt das Zimmer, in dem Emilie bei der Todten wacht. Es iſt, als wollte das arme Licht ihm ſagen: Beſinne Dich — aber es iſt zu matt, um ſeinen verdunkelten Geiſt zu erhellen. Alles ſcheint ihn in dem gefaßten Entſchluſſe zu fördern, er wähnt das Verhängniß mit ſich im im Bunde. Um ſelber nicht müßig zu ſein, eilt er zurück in das Schloß, in das Zimmer, wo Emiliens Kranz hängt, zündet ſich Licht an, und verwildert wie er iſt, ſchreibt er folgende Zeilen:

> „Die Nacht umgiebt uns Beide mit ernſten Schatten. Du haſt die kleine Kerze angezündet, daß es nicht ganz finſter ſei, und meine Liebe brennt, ein gewaltiges Feuer, im Dunkel. Ja, Liebe, o Du Einzige, Geliebte! Der Todesengel iſt dicht an unſern Häuptern vorüber geſtreift, aber das Rauſchen ſeiner Flügel übertäubte nicht den Flötenlaut der Neigung in meiner Bruſt. Daß ich jetzt, in dieſen feierlichen Stunden, nur Dich denke, Emilie, ſei Dir Bürgſchaft dafür, daß ich immer Deiner gedenken werde. Der erſte Moment unſres Wiederſehens hat mein Schickſal unabänderlich entſchieden, und mich Dir ganz zu eigen gegeben. Emilie, höre das Bekenntniß meiner Thorheit; denn ich kann vor Dir kein Geheimniß bergen. Als ich Dich von Deinem Vater holte, beſtimmte ich Dich ſchon zu meiner Gattin, und wollte Dich in männlichem Uebermuthe zu mir herauf bilden. Ich bin ſchwer dafür beſtraft worden! Der ſich vermaß, Dein Herr und Meiſter ſein zu wollen, liegt nun demüthig, wie ein Sklav zu Deinen Füßen, und erwartet bebend, ob Du ihn zu Deinem Herzen emporheben magſt. Laß mich in Deinen Armen Ruhe, Troſt, Frieden, Glück finden, beſtes Herz, und ſei — ich flehe Dich an — die Meinige, wie ich der Deinige bin —."

Er überlas den Brief, der ihm nicht beſonders gefiel. Alles ſollte noch feuriger, noch energiſcher ſein. Am Ende aber fühlte er, daß keine Feder dem aufgeregten Herzen genugthun kann; deshalb ſiegelte er das Papier zu, und warf ſich angekleidet auf das Sopha, wo er nach langem Wachen endlich einen kurzen, unruhigen Schlummer fand.

Emilie hatte in dieſer Nacht ihre ganze Faſſung wieder erworben. Sie berief am Morgen eine Frau, welche die Todte ankleiden mußte, und beſorgte getreulich, was ihr im Hausweſen oblag. Erſchöpft von den Anſtrengungen der vorigen Tage und von der Nachtwache, begab ſie ſich darauf nach ihrem Stübchen, um etwas zu ſchlafen. Eben als ſie ſich niederlegen wollte, fiel ihr Blick auf die Kommode, und ſie gewahrte ein verſiegeltes Papier. Neugierig nahm ſie es in die Hand, und fand es an ſich addreſſirt. Sie öffnete; und wer beſchreibt ihr Erſtaunen, als ſie die Zeilen des Barons überleſen hatte?

Um ſich nur einigermaßen zu ſammeln, trat ſie an das Fenſter. Sie blickte durch daſſelbe, und ſah noch die Ehrenpforte von geſtern, die Blumen, welche auf dem Erdboden verſtreut lagen. In dieſem Augenblicke kam die Todtenfrau, und fragte noch etwas, was zur Bekleidung der Leiche nothwendig war. So mit den Augen Anſtalten der Freude zu ſehen, mit den Ohren vom Sterben zu hören, und in der Hand einen kühnen Liebesantrag zu halten, dieſe Gegenſätze waren zu ſchroff, als daß der armen Emilie nicht hätte der Kopf ſchwanken ſollen.

In ſolchen Fällen kommen dem durch das Leben geängſteten Menſchen die Gräber wie Aſyle, und die Todten wie Heilige vor. Emilie empfindet dies und flüchtet in das Sterbezimmer, wo ſie ſich, den Kopf in die Hände geſtützt, niederſetzt. Sie ahnet, daß es nun mit ihrem Schickſale Ernſt werde, und bittet Gott, ihr Kraft zu verleihen. In jener Stellung findet ſie der Baron. Mechaniſch hält ſie noch immer den Brief in der Hand. Er nähert ſich ihr lebhaft, und ruft: Geliebte Seele, haſt Du entſchieden? Sie hebt ihren Kopf empor, und verſetzt: Ja — indem ſie unſern Freund mit einem durchdringenden Blicke anſieht. Er deutet dieſe Antwort zu ſeinen Gunſten, und will ſie mit einem Ausrufe des Entzückens umarmen. Aber ernſt, wie die Nemeſis, ſagt das Mädchen: Ei! Sie wecken dieſe Todte auf. Laſſen Sie uns vom Begräbniß reden; das wird jetzt das Nöthigſte ſein.

Er gerieth in Verlegenheit, denn er wußte dieſes räthſelhafte Benehmen nicht zu deuten. Er ſprach mit ihr über das Begräbniß, und half ſelbſt bei der Decorirung der Kirche, um etwas zu thun zu haben. Emilie verhielt ſich ruhig und unbefangen gegen ihn, wich aber jedes Geſpräch, welches über die Angelegenheiten des Tages und die Geſchäfte der Wirthſchaft hinaus ſtrebte. Der Baron fing an, ängſtlich zu werden.

Nach der Beiſetzung traf er mit ihr in den Zimmern, welche die Tante bewohnt hatte, zuſammen. Emilie trug mehrere von ihren Sachen auf dem Arme, und wollte ſich damit nach ihrem Gemache begeben. Der Baron hielt ſie auf. Ich laſſe Sie nicht gehn, beſte Emilie, rief er, bis Sie mir Antwort auf meinen Brief gegeben haben. Was beſchließen Sie? Ich muß es wiſſen, ich kann dieſe quälende Ungewißheit, Ihnen gegenüber, nicht länger ertragen. Reden Sie! Bin ich nicht einmal einer Antwort werth, Emilie?

Ich liebe Sie nicht, verſetzte das Mädchen mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen, und Sie lieben mich auch nicht; Sie bilden ſich das nur ein. Es traf ihn wie ein Donnerſchlag. Einbilden! rief er aus. Ich lege Ihnen Stand, Reichthum, Vorurtheile, Alles zu Füßen, und Sie können von Einbildung reden! Sie können einen Mann, der Ihnen von jeher ſo herzlich zugethan war, mit dem kalten: Ich liebe Sie nicht — abfertigen?

Sie haben dieſen Plan entworfen, Herr Baron, ſagte Emilie, er ſcheint Ihnen geglückt zu ſein; und nun berührt es freilich Ihren Eigenſinn ſchmerzlich, daß ein armes Mädchen, das Geſchöpf Ihrer Gnade, es wagt, denſelben zu vereiteln. Sie kennen mich ja nicht; glauben Sie, daß vier und zwanzig in Lärm und Verwirrung hingegangene Stunden genügen, eines Menſchen Sinn zu ergründen? Wie aber iſt der Gedanke unerträglich, etwas als künſtliche Berechnung anſehen zu müſſen, was ich bis jetzt als Werk der freien Großmuth verehren zu können, mich innig freuete. Aus ſolchen Enttäuſchungen erzeugt ſich, wie Sie leicht ahnen, keine Liebe.

Der Baron war ganz vernichtet in ſeinen Stuhl geſunken. Emilie fuhr mit milderem Tone fort: Laſſen Sie uns friedlich ſcheiden! Ihnen den Kummer, wie ein ängſtliches Leben zu erſparen, muß ich aus Ihrem Schloſſe fort: Sie ſehen ein, daß wir unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen hier nicht zufrieden mit einander wohnen können. Ich will dieſe Sachen zu meinen übrigen packen; Sie geben mir wohl eine Fuhre bis zur Stadt!

Er ſprang auf, und ſagte: Alles Andre, nur dieſes nicht. Ich müßte verzweifeln, wenn ich mir dächte, daß meine Leidenſchaft Ihnen die ſichere Stätte genommen, Sie heimathlos in die weite wüſte Welt hinaus getrieben habe. Erſinnen Sie, was unſerer Lage angemeſſen iſt; ich will Alles eingehen: nur ſtrafen Sie mich nicht ſo hart, wie Sie vorhaben.

Wir ſind in einer ſonderbaren Verwirrung, erwiederte Emilie. Niemand fühlt es mehr, als ich, wie grauſam es wäre, wenn ich Sie jetzt verließe. Sie haben an mir gethan, was ich Ihnen nie vergelten kann; mein ganzes Beſtreben muß ſein, Ihnen Zinſen von dem unabtragbaren Capitale zu entrichten; und mögen Sie daſſelbe angelegt haben, aus welcher Abſicht es auch ſei, ich halte mich daran, daß es angelegt worden iſt, und bin mit reinſtem Herzen bereit, Ihnen Zeit Lebens dankbar zu dienen. Sie werden mich bei ſich zurückhalten, wenn Sie eine Bedingung erfüllen, welche unerläßlich iſt.

Der Baron fragte haſtig nach dieſer Bedingung, und ſie fuhr fort: Sie geben mir Ihr männliches Ehrenwort, daß Sie nie zu mir von Liebe reden wollen.

O Gott — ſeufzte der Baron — kann ſich das Menſchenherz nicht ändern? Kann ſich nicht in Ihre Bruſt mit der Zeit eine wärmere Empfindung ſchleichen, und ich ſoll alle meine Hoffnungen in *einem* ſtarren Worte ſo unbedachtſam aufgeben!

Sein Sie verſichert, antwortete Emilie lächelnd, daß ich es Ihnen ſagen würde, wenn ich Sie einſt lieben ſollte. Aber dieſe Zeit wird nicht kommen; ich kann mir keine Vorſtellung davon machen, wie es möglich ſein ſollte.

Der Baron reichte ihr ſeine Hand und ſprach: Wohlan, Sie haben mein Wort. Und ich bleibe hier, rief Emilie, und wünſche, Ihnen nützlich zu werden.

Aeußerlich ſchien nun Alles auf dem Schloſſe im ſchönſten Gleiſe zu ſein. Emilie nahm ſich mit dem größten Eifer der Wirthſchaft an; ihr ganzes Beſtreben ging dahin, die Tante vollkommen zu erſetzen. Sie übereilte nichts, ſie ſorgte nur, daß jedes Ding zu ſeiner Zeit ſtill und geräuſchlos geſchehe. Als die Tante das Regiment führte, war der Baron oft mit den Ungezogenheiten des Geſindes behelligt worden, und hatte zu ſeinem Verdruſſe richten und ſtrafen müſſen. Das kam jetzt nicht mehr vor; Emilie beſaß die Klugheit, auf Kleinigkeiten nicht zu merken, bei größern Verſtößen aber unerbittlich raſch die Uebelthäter fortzuſchaffen.

Gegen den Baron war ſie die Unbefangenſte, die man ſich denken kann. Jungfrau im höchſten Sinne des Wortes, gab es für ſie nichts Verfängliches. Sein Ehrenwort beruhigte ſie durchaus; ſie mied keinen einſamen Spaziergang, kein Alleinſein mit ihm in Morgen- und Abendſtunden. Herzlich und theilnehmend bewies ſie ſich, wenn ſie an ihm Verſtimmung ſah, wußte dann dem Geſpräche eine freie Wendung gegen die heitern Seiten des Lebens zu geben, oder beſchwor ſeinen böſen Dämon mit den Tönen ihrer Harfe, die ſie fertig und ausdrucksvoll ſpielte. Sie lernte den Baron immer mehr ſchätzen; und wie natürlich war es daher ihrem ſchönen Herzen, auf alle ſeine Wünſche und Eigenheiten zu achten, jene im Voraus zu errathen und dieſe zu ſchonen. Sie merkte denn doch nach und nach, daß ſein Gefühl tiefer geweſen ſei, als ſie anfangs gemeint hatte, und es ſchien daher menſchlich zu ſein, ihm den Kummer, welchen ſie ihm, wiewohl ohne Abſicht, verurſachte, durch beſondere Sanftmuth einigermaßen zu lindern.

Was ihn ſelbſt betrifft, ſo war er in einer bedauernswürdigen Lage. Es iſt nichts ſchrecklicher, als auf einen Schatz Verzicht leiſten zu müſſen in dem Augenblicke, da man ſeinen Werth nur noch dunkel ahnt, und darauf verdammt zu ſein, die herrlichen Eigenſchaften des verſagten Gutes alle in der nächſten Nähe kennen zu lernen. Dieſen Gram hatte unſer Freund zu erdulden. Je mehr ſich Emiliens treffliches Weſen vor ſeinen Augen entfaltete, um deſto ſchärfer wurde der Gram, der an ſeinem Herzen nagte. Nach allen Seiten hin gab ſie Freude und Beruhigung; ihn allein kränkte und verletzte ſie, und um ſo ſchwerer, je freundlicher ſie gegen ihn wurde. Wäre ſie kalt und ſtrenge geweſen, er hätte es nicht ertragen; wenn ſie warm und mild war, fühlte er nicht mindere Qual. Oft, wenn ſie bei ihm ſaß, und einfache Worte, wie himmliſche Muſik, aus ihrem Munde quollen, zerfloß er innerlich vor bittrer Wehmuth. Dann mußte er ſich halten, daß er nicht, in Thränen aufgelöſt, an ihren Hals ſtürzte. Dann eilte er fort in die einſamſten Gänge ſeines Parks, oder in die Schatten ſeiner Forſten, und klagte den Bäumen, wie ein Jüngling, daß ihm das Schickſal Alles gegeben habe, nur nicht Liebe.

Gegen ſeine Untergebenen ſtimmte ihn das eigne Unglück nur noch milder. Was viel ſpäter an andern Orten geſchah, das beabſichtigte er jetzt ſchon in ſeinem Kreiſe wirklich zu machen. Die perſönlichen Frohnen der Unterthanen, welche der Menſchlichkeit entgegen waren, ließ er ſtillſchweigend abkommen, indem er ſie nicht forderte; wegen der übrigen Laſten arbeitete er mit dem Gerichtshalter einen Plan aus, nach welchem dieſelben allmählig zu Gunſten der Leute, und ohne gar zu großen Schaden der Herrſchaft verſchwinden ſollten. Wenn ihn etwas aufzuheitern vermochte, ſo war es die Hoffnung, daß ſein Nachfolger unter lauter freien Menſchen wohnen werde. Er dachte mit einer Art von Freude an ſeinen Tod, und wollte ſeine Beſitzthümer im beſten Stande überliefern, damit diejenigen, welche nach ihm kämen, ſich ihrer zu erfreuen hätten. Sich ſelbſt ſah er für einen Haushofmeiſter an, der für Andere ſorgt, und zufrieden iſt, wenn man ſeine treue Mühwaltung mit einem dankbaren Worte anerkennt. Er äußerte dieſen Gedanken einſt gegen Emilien ohne alle Bitterkeit, erfuhr aber von ihr den lebhafteſten Widerſpruch, und wurde faſt geſcholten, daß er ſo wenig dem Leben vertraue, welches doch gewiß ihm noch reichen Genuß verſtatten werde. Er ſchwieg mit einem ſchmerzlichen Lächeln.

Das Verhältniß beider Perſonen war indeſſen immer reiner und ſo ſchön geworden, als es ohne Wechſelliebe ſein konnte. Sie hegten gegen einander das unbedingteſte Vertrauen, und erkannten ſich ſo richtig in ihrer Eigenthümlichkeit, daß faſt nie ein Mißverſtändniß zwiſchen ihnen obwaltete, oder wenn ja eins entſtanden war, daſſelbe bald auf friedliche Weiſe geſchlichtet wurde. Nur zeigte ſich in Emiliens Weſen ſeit jener reſignirenden Erklärung des Barons eine gewiſſe Unruhe, die mit ihrem frühern Gleichmuth ſonderbar genug contraſtirte. Sie fragte ſonſt nicht leicht nach etwas, das in ihr Departement gehörte, weil ſie darin ſelbſt ſo ziemlich feſt war. Jetzt ſchien es aber, als ob ihre Kenntniſſe von manchen Gegenſtänden gelitten hatten; denn ſie kam faſt täglich zu ihrem Beſchützer auf ſein Zimmer, um ſich einen entſtandnen Zweifel auflöſen zu laſſen. Ein Schalk hätte glauben können, es ſei mit manchem dieſer Scrupel nicht ſo gar ernſtlich gemeint geweſen. Hatte Sie das Zimmer verlaſſen, ſo war meiſtens ein Schlüſſel, oder ein Tuch, oder ſonſt Etwas von ihr dort liegen geblieben, und das arme Mädchen mußte dann noch einmal kehren, welches ihr, wie ſie jederzeit verſicherte, ſehr leid that. Einſt war der Baron in eine ſchwierige Arbeit vertieft, und blickte daher nicht auf, während Emilie im Zimmer umherſuchte. Sie war zuletzt genöthigt, ihn geradezu anzureden, und nach dem Buche zu fragen, welches ſie geſtern hatte liegen laſſen. Dort iſt es — verſetzte er, und wies auf eins, welches dicht vor ihren Augen lag.

Er zog aus Dieſem und Aehnlichem keine Folgerungen; denn er war frei von Eitelkeit, und hatte bei ſich die Hoffnung aufgegeben, Emilien zu gewinnen.

Seit ſeiner Heimkunft war er noch nicht bei dem Nachbar geweſen, und konnte jetzt einen Beſuch nicht länger verſchieben. Es fiel ihm eines Tages plötzlich ein, die läſtige Viſite raſch abzumachen; er ließ daher ſeinen Fuchs vorführen, und ritt hinüber, ohne Emilien, welche grade nicht im Hauſe war, Adieu zu ſagen. Drüben bemerkte er am Fräulein und dem Phlegmaticus eine gewiſſe Verlegenheit. Er ahnte häuslichen Verdruß; that aber, als ſähe er nichts, und nahm ſich vor, den Beſuch möglichſt abzukürzen.

Kaum hatte Luciane auf einen Augenblick das Zimmer verlaſſen, als der Nachbar ſeinem Herzen Luft machte. Ein Maler in der Stadt hatte verſprochen, ſie zu portraitiren, war aber leichtſinnig fortgereiſt, ohne ſein Wort zu halten. Das Bild mußte in acht Tagen fertig ſein; man wußte keinen Rath, wie es zu ſchaffen. Der Nachbar rief aus, daß man alle Halunken von Farbenkleckſern ins Zuchthaus ſtecken müſſe, da ſei man ihrer doch gewiß.

Der alte Mann war ganz erboßt, und forderte Selterwaſſer, um ſich abzukühlen. Fräulein Luciane trat herein. Ich höre — ſagte der Baron zu ihr — in welcher Verlegenheit Sie ſich befinden.

Sie entgegnete: Es iſt ein bekannter Satz, Herr Baron, daß das menſchliche Leben aus fehlgeſchlagenen Wünſchen und Hoffnungen beſteht; und ſehr ſchön ſagt der Dichter in dieſer Beziehung:

Schweigend herrſcht des Schickſals unbewußtes Schrecken!

Ich rufe dagegen, antwortete er, Ihrer Beleſenheit den Vers ins Gedächtniß zurück:

Die Hand, die uns durch dieſes Dunkel führt u. ſ. w.

deſſen Wahrheit ſich hier beſtätigt; denn ich bin das ſchwache Werkzeug des Himmels, welches Ihnen aus der gegenwärtigen Noth helfen ſoll. Ich habe ziemliche Uebung im Portraitiren; wenn Sie mir ſitzen wollen, ſo werde ich Sie malen.

Die Geſichter heiterten ſich auf; das Fräulein ſprach in den zierlichſten Worten ihren vorläufig gefühlten Dank aus, und der alte Phlegmaticus raunte dem Baron, als dieſer ſich beurlaubte, ins Ohr: Unter dem Siegel der Verſchwiegenheit beſter Freund, Luciane iſt verlobt mit dem und dem, und will ihm das Portrait zu ſeinem Geburtstage ſchenken, der dann und dann iſt. Wernern überraſchte die Nachricht ſehr angenehm; ſein zartes Gewiſſen hatte ihm mitunter Vorwürfe gemacht; er glaubte durch ſeine Unvorſichtigkeit in dem Fräulein Hoffnungen erweckt zu haben, und fühlte ſich nun plötzlich von allen Anforderungen ihrerſeits frei. Er verſprach am folgenden Tage mit Elfenbein und Farben wiederzukommen, und langte heiter zu Hauſe an.

Emilien war eine ſonderbare Empfindung durch das Herz gedrungen, als ſie vernommen hatte, daß der Baron nach Burgdorf geritten ſei. Sie wußte von dem Plane der Tante, und es ſchien ihr natürlich, daß der Neffe ihn jetzt wiederaufnehme; doch konnte ſie ſich nicht darüber freuen. Zum erſten Male dachte ſie über die Veränderlichkeit der Männer nach, wovon ſie bis jetzt bloß durch Bücher gehört hatte. Sie ſah in dem unbemerkten Fortreiten eine beſondre Heimlichkeit, und war etwas befangen, als er ihr entgegentrat. Er zeigte ſich den Abend über heiter, ja ſelbſt ſcherzhaft, wodurch ihre Unruhe nur noch vermehrt wurde. Als ſie gar hörte, daß er in der nächſten Woche täglich den Nachbar beſuchen werde, ſo ergriff ſie in ihrer Verwirrung den erſten Vorwand, um ſich fortzubegeben. Allein mit ſich, ſchalt ſie ihr albernes Herz, welches ſie zum Erſtenmale nicht verſtand. Aber das Herz iſt ein Sophiſt; es verantwortete ſich und ſprach: wenn er die Gemahlin in das Haus führt, ſo wird deine Lage vielleicht ſehr ſchlimm. Nun hatte ſie einen Grund ihres Verdruſſes, und dies beſchwichtigte ſie, ohne ſie zu erheitern. Sie fühlte, daß ſie ein armes abhängiges Mädchen ſei; Wehmuth und eine bittere Abneigung gegen Lucianen ſtritten in ihrem Buſen um die Oberhand.

Werner ritt indeſſen unſchuldig drei oder viermal nach Burgdorf, und hatte bald die Züge des Fräuleins treffend ähnlich auf ſeiner Platte. Er nahm nun das Bild mit nach Hauſe, um dort noch Manches nachzubeſſern. Eines Morgens, als er, eben damit beſchäftigt, in ſeinem Zimmer bei gedämpften Lichte ſaß, trat Emilie ein. Da der Zweck des Portraits ein Geheimniß war, ſo wollte er es nicht gern ſehen laſſen, und verſteckte es ſchnell. Aber Emilie bemerkte dies und ihr Geſicht veränderte ſich. Unglücklicher Weiſe ward er in dieſem Augenblicke zu einem Fremden abgerufen. Sie befand ſich nun allein, und eine Vorſtellung jagte die andre blitzſchnell durch ihre Seele. Er zeichnet, er verſteckt die Zeichnung vor mir, er reitet täglich nach Burgdorf; was kann er zeichnen, als Lucianens Geſicht? Warum, wenn er nicht Abſichten auf ſie hat, betreibt er die Sache ſo im Verborgnen? — Ein böſer Genius flüſterte ihr zu: das Verſteckte hervorzuholen; ſchon hat ſie ihren Arm erhoben, da ſpricht ihr guter Genius, und ſiegt. Sie geht aus dem Zimmer, ohne des Barons Rückkunft zu erwarten. Er ſeinerſeits hatte ſich bereits Vorwürfe über ſein Benehmen gemacht; er glaubte, Emilien beleidigt zu haben, und nahm ſich vor, das Verſehene wieder gut zu machen. Sobald er mit Emilien zuſammen kam, ſagte er: Sie hätten aus meinem albernen Verſtecken heute Morgen auf Gott weiß was für Geheimniſſe ſchließen können. Sehen Sie hier den verborgnen Talisman. — Er wies ihr das Bild; ſie fand ihre Ahnung beſtätigt. Mit angenommener Gleichgültigkeit fragte ſie: Für wen iſt es denn? — Er ſah ſich ſchon wieder in der unangenehmen Lage, eine Unwahrheit ſagen zu müſſen, und verſetzte mit halbem Tone: Für eine Freundin Lucianens.

Emilie war in ihrem Innern wie verwandelt. Es kränkte ſie tief, daß der Freund vor ihr Geheimniſſe hatte. Dann zitterte ſie wieder vor dem Augenblicke, da er den Mund gegen ſie öffnen würde. Ihre Seele ſpaltete ſich in heftigen Kämpfen; ſie ward, was ihr ſonſt ſo fremd geweſen war, empfindlich, und konnte durch den Ton eines Wortes, ja durch Blicke beleidigt werden.

Der Baron, welcher dies bemerkte, grübelte der Urſache nach, konnte aber natürlicher Weiſe die Wahrheit nicht errathen. Er erhöhte ſeine Freundlichkeit, und war untröſtlich, daß Emiliens Verſtimmung in dem Grade zunahm, als er bemüht war, dieſelbe zu heben und aufzulöſen.

So verſenkt in die Intereſſen ſeines Herzens und ſeiner nächſten Umgebung, hatte unſer Freund ſeither wenig auf den Gang der großen Welthändel geachtet, die indeſſen einen immer fürchterlichern Charakter angenommen hatten. Es kam die Zeit, da man auch auf dem Boden unſers Vaterlandes die Republik gründen wollte. Eine große benachbarte Stadt machte den Anfang; Emiſſarien durchzogen von da aus, an der Spitze bewaffneten Geſindels, das umliegende Land, die dreifarbige Cocarde auszutheilen, und den verführeriſchen Freiheitsbaum zu pflanzen.

Ein ungeheurer Zorn ergriff den Baron, als er von dieſen Dingen Nachricht bekam. Emilie mochte bitten und beſchwören, ſo viel ſie wollte, ſie konnte den Aufruhr ſeiner Bruſt nicht dämpfen: denn die innerſten Faſern ſeiner Natur waren durch ſo rohe Angriffe verletzt. Sobald das Geſpräch nur nach dieſem Punkte hinklang, bemeiſterte ſich ſeiner eine unbändige Wuth, welche austoben mußte und ſich durch kein gutes Wort beſprechen ließ. Er wollte einen Landſturm gegen die Ruheſtörer bilden, im Heere des Kaiſers als Freiwilliger dienen, und was noch ſonſt für abenteuerliche Gedanken durch ſeine Seele zogen.

Einſt kam der phlegmatiſche Nachbar voller Angſt auf das Schloß. Die Emiſſarien hatten ſich in ſeinem Gebiete blicken laſſen; er wußte nicht, was er bei ſo kritiſchen Umſtänden beginnen ſollte, und bat den Baron um Rath. Dieſer verſetzte: Ich kann nicht ſagen, was Sie zu thun haben; ich für meinen Theil ſteche Jeden nieder, der in meiner Feldmark von der neuen Freiheit predigt! Gott bewahre! rief der Nachbar, das gäbe ja Mord und Todtſchlag. Es könnte wohl ſein, erwiederte Werner kalt.

In dieſem Augenblicke ſtürzte ein Bedienter herein und ſchrie: Gnädiger Herr, unten im Dorfe ſteht der Trödel-Jude Mendel mit einer ganzen Bande, und ſchwatzt tolles Zeug, und will ſengen und brennen; Alle tragen ſie dreieckige Hüte und bunte Cocarden! — Hölle und Teufel! donnerte der Baron außer ſich. — Meinen Degen! — Herr Nachbar! rief der Phlegmaticus, und entfloh ſpornſtreichs. Lieber Werner, rief Emilie, ſich vergeſſend, und wollte ihn feſthalten. Aber er wand ſich mit männlicher Stärke los, indem er nun, den Degen in der Fauſt, durch die Thüre hinausſchritt, war es ihr, als müßte ſie vor dieſer Erſcheinung in die Knie ſinken; er kam ihr vor, wie ein gewaltiger Ritter der alten Zeit.

Unten im Dorfe fand er einen Kreis von Bauern um den Juden Mendel verſammelt, der auf einem Steine ſtand, und die eingelernten Floskeln des Convents vortrug. Neben ihm waren acht bis zehn zerlumpte Kerls, welche Hirſchfänger, Säbel und Piſtolen trugen. Der Baron trennte mit ſtarkem Arme den Kreis, und drang gezückten Degens auf den Freiheitsprediger ein. Dieſer wollte ſich mit einem Satze retten; aber ſchon hatte ihn der Baron erreicht, und hieb ihm über den Kopf, daß das Blut herabrann, und der Jude zu Boden taumelte. Er richtete ſich indeſſen gleich wieder auf, und ſchrie: Schießt ihn todt! Ein Kerl von wildem Anſehn zielte, drückte ab, und ſchoß unſern Freund in die Schulter, ſo daß er ſtürzte. Die Bauern ſprengten auseinander, machten einen entſetzlichen Lärm; Keiner wagte aber, Hand anzulegen. Die Bande, den blutenden Juden in die Mitte nehmend, zog ſich langſam aus dem Dorfe zurück, feuerte links und rechts in die Häuſer, und drohte unter fürchterlichen Schwüren, nächſtens mit bewaffneter Macht zum Ruin des Tyrannen wiederzukehren. Die Bauern begnügten ſich, ihnen von weitem zu folgen, und ihnen einige Steine nebſt vielen Schimpfworten nachzuſenden.

Emilie kam in Todesangſt vom Schloſſe herab, und fand Wernern an der Erde liegen, um welchen ſich in der Verwirrung noch Niemand bekümmert hatte. Der Blutverluſt hatte ihm eine Ohnmacht zugezogen; ſie riß ſich das Halstuch ab und verband unter heißen Thränen damit nothdürftig den bleichen Freund. Dann wurde er auf einen Trageſeſſel geſetzt, und in das Schloß gebracht. Als er wieder zum Bewußtſein kam, fühlte er einen warmen Athem an ſeiner Wange. Emilie kniete vor dem Bette, ſein erſter Blick fiel in den ihrigen. Wie geht es Ihnen? fragte ſie ſanft. Recht wohl, verſetzte er, und drückte ihr freundlich die Hand, indem er die Augen abermals ſchloß.

Emilie überſah bald mit Beſonnenheit die Lage der Sache. Die Kugel war aus der Schulter gezogen, das Schlüſſelbein unverletzt befunden worden, und der Chirurgus verſprach eine baldige Herſtellung, wenn der Kranke die nöthige Ruhe genöſſe. In letzterer Beziehung hegte Emilie einige Beſorgniß. Sie hatte von den Drohungen jener Rotte gehört, und wenn ſie auch nicht gerade eine Wiederkehr derſelben fürchtete, ſo konnte doch nach ihrer Meinung in ſo ſtürmiſchen Zeiten, hier am Orte, manches Unangenehme vorfallen, welches dem Baron vielleicht nicht zu verbergen war, und ſeine Herſtellung hindern mußte. Sie entſchloß ſich daher kurz und gut, ihren Verwundeten in ein nahes, wohlgelegnes Städtchen zu bringen, in welchem ſich ein ſehr guter Gaſthof befand. Mit der Wirthin wurde ſogleich das Nöthige durch einen Boten abgemacht. Als ſie dem Baron ihren Plan eröffnete, willigte dieſer in Alles, was ihr gut dünkte; ſie ſäumte daher nicht, augenblicklich den Entſchluß auszuführen. Der Kranke wurde in Kiſſen gepackt, in einen bequemen Wagen gelegt und kam ohne große Beſchwerde im Städtchen an. Im Gaſthofe waren zwei kühle, freundliche Zimmer nach hinten hinaus beſtens zubereitet, eins für den Baron, und dicht daneben eins für Emilien. Kaum war der Kranke beſchickt, als Emilie von der Wirthin Feder, Dinte und Papier forderte, und [illegible] niederſetzte, um zu ſchreiben. Der Baron fragte ſie, [illegible]n der Brief gerichtet ſei? — An Ihre Fräulein Braut: Ich muß ihr doch Nachricht von Ihrem Zuſtande geben — antwortete das gute, von mannichfaltigen Empfindungen gepeinigte Mädchen, mit einem jener unbeſchreiblichen Blicke, die man nur an den Frauen wahrnehmen kann. An wen? fragte er verwundert. An Fräulein Lucianen, erwiederte Emilie, die ihren Mißgriff einſah. Liebe Emilie, das Fräulein iſt nie meine Braut geweſen; und ich habe jetzt am wenigſten Luſt, um ſie zu werben. Gewiß nicht? fragte ſie, indem ſie, von Freude glühend, aufſprang. Er verneinte es, indem er die Hand auf das Herz legte. Was brauche ich dann zu ſchreiben! rief das Mädchen, im ganzen Geſichte Vergnügen, und hüpfte den Tag über mehr, als ſie ging.

Ein ſtarkes Wundfieber quälte den Kranken die nächſten Nächte hindurch. Die Tage waren leidlich. Emilie wich faſt nicht von ſeinem Lager. Immer bedacht, ihm Linderung zu verſchaffen, hatte ſie ſehr bald ihm abgemerkt, wie er am bequemſten lag, wovon er am liebſten reden hörte, was ihm Erquickung gab. Daß ſie faſt keinen Schlummer genoß, konnte man ihren glänzenden Augen nicht anſehn.

Eines Morgens wanderte demſelben Städtchen ein humoriſtiſcher Muſenſohn zu, das Portefeuille unterm Arm. Es war Niemand anders als Sterzing, der wieder einen Beſuch auf dem Gute des Barons machen wollte, und nach Künſtlerweiſe unbekümmert um die Ereigniſſe in der Welt, von allem Vorgefallnen nicht das Mindeſte wußte. Da ihm der Weg lang wurde, ſo ſang er zum Zeitvertreib mit ſeiner heiſern Stimme für ſich ein Lied hin, welches ihm ein jüngrer Kunſtgenoſſe einſt in das Stammbuch geſchrieben hatte, und von dem einige Verſe ſo lauteten:

Will ein König, ſtolz und mächtig,
Zeigen ſich den Völkern prächtig,
Und ein Erdenherrgott ſcheinen,
Hilft ihm keiner von den Seinen:
In des Architekten Händen
Muß der Fürſt ſich flehend wenden

Baut ihm Palaſt, goldne Dächer,
Audienz- und Prunkgemächer,
Solches müſſet ihr uns laſſen:
Kunſt iſt Haus in allen Gaſſen.

Will ein braves Chor von Frommen
Gradeswegs zum Himmel kommen,
Fehlt es leider nur an Schwingen,
Die die Seelen aufwärts bringen.
Gebt ein gutes Wort dem Meiſter,
Der verſammelt Klanges Geiſter,
Melodieen führen weich
Andacht auf zum Himmelreich!
Solches müſſet ihr uns laſſen:
Kunſt iſt Haus in allen Gaſſen.

Will ein Paar von zarten Pinſeln,
Nicht mehr einſam für ſich winſeln,
Sondern ſich getroſt entdecken,
Bleibt das Wort im Munde ſtecken.
Doch der Maler hilft den Leuten,
Bild und Zeichnung ſollen deuten
Tiefe Flammen, wunde Herzen
Verschen drunter ſpricht von Schmerzen.
Solches müſſet ihr uns laſſen:
Kunſt iſt Haus in allen Gaſſen.

Er war bei dieſen Worten an das Städtchen gekommen, und bog hinein, um darin zu Frühſtücken. Als er in den Gaſthof trat, ſchritt Emilie gerade von der Treppe herab. Sein ſcharfes Malerauge erkannte ſie ſogleich wieder; aber wie erſtaunt war er über die Verwandlung, welche mit ihrer Geſtalt vorgegangen war. In einer Art von komiſchen Entzücken ließ er ſeine Mappe fallen, kniete darauf, und rief, indem er die Arme gegen ſie ausbreitete: Ave Maria! Wo iſt Sanct Joſeph, der Zimmermann? Sie machte große Augen, ſagte: Sie ſind wohl närriſch! und verſchwand. Sterzing raffte ſich auf, mit dem Entſchluſſe, die herrliche Figur in einem von ſeinen Gemälden anzubringen. Er ging zur Wirthin, und erfuhr von ihr, daß der Baron verwundet im Hauſe ſei und daß die Mamſell ihn pflege. Er wollte gleich zu ſeinem Freunde, die Wirthin hielt ihn aber zurück, und meinte, eine Ueberraſchung möchte dem Kranken gefährlich ſein. Sie ging, um ihn anzumelden. Sterzing ſetzte ſich hin, ließ ſich Wein geben, und blätterte in ſeiner Mappe. Er hatte die Skizze von Maria und Joſeph für den Baron mitgebracht, deren wir uns aus dem Anfange dieſer Geſchichte erinnern, und ſah ſie jetzt mit einem ſonderbaren Vergnügen an; denn er hielt Emilien und Wernern für ein Paar, und betrachtete ſich als den Gründer ihres Glückes.

Voll von dieſem Glauben betrat er das Krankenzimmer, in welches er durch die Wirthin beſchieden wurde. Der Baron rief ihm entgegen: Wie in aller Welt kommt Ihr hieher? Ei. möchte ich Euch fragen, verſetzte Sterzing, wenn ich es nicht ſchon wüßte. Der Teufel heißt Euch Euern hochfreiherrlichen Leib ins Gefecht mit Juden und Revolutionspack tragen? Das war mit Eurer Erlaubniß, eine kleine Sottiſe, mein lieber Baron. — Ich hätte es eben ſo gemacht, wenn ich ein Mann geweſen wäre! rief Emilie mit anmuthiger Kühnheit aus. — Bravo, ſagte Sterzing — das wird ein Geſchlecht von Helden geben. Der Baron fürchtete von der Unkunde des Malers eine verletzende Wendung des Geſprächs; er entfernte daher Emilien durch die Bitte, ihm etwas zu holen, und ſagte dann: Sie ſehen mich hier als Opfer einer doppelten Revolution. Die eine geht von unten nach oben; das Volk will die Privilegien der Großen vernichten, oder an ſich reißen; ich weiß nicht, was in dem dunkeln Schooße der Zeit gährt. Dieſer widerſetzte ich mich meines Orts, und bekam dafür eine Kugel in die Schulter. Die andre geht von oben nach unten; die Großen möchten der Freiheit des Volks genießen, Bündniſſe ſchließen, und alle Standesbegriffe wegtilgen, ſo weit ſie ihnen hinderlich ſind. An dieſer nahm ich ſelbſt Theil, und bekam dafür einen Korb, der mir noch zu ſchaffen macht. Will Maria Sanct Joſeph nicht haben? fragte Sterzing. Laſſen Sie uns über einen ſo ernſten Gegenſtand nicht witzeln, verſetzte unſer Freund. Gattinnen ſchenkt uns der Himmel, wenn er ſie für uns fertig hat; ich vergaß das, und wollte mir ſelbſt eine erziehn. Für dieſe Thorheit, und dafür, daß ich meine alte ehrwürdige Tante Jahre lang täuſchte, vielleicht durch meine Täuſchung Anlaß zu ihrem Tode gab, büße ich, und büße gerecht. Erwähnen Sie in Emiliens Gegenwart ja nichts von dieſen Dingen; das edle Mädchen iſt nur unter der Bedingung bei mir, daß hierüber ein gewiſſenhaftes Stillſchweigen beobachtet wird. — Hm, hm, murmelte Sterzing; das iſt hier ein kurioſes Weſen, und ich komme vielleicht gerade zur rechten Zeit an.

Der Kranke hätte ihn nun gern entfernt; denn er war in ſeinem jetzigen Zuſtande für Sterzings Laune nicht recht empfänglich. Er ſchlug ihm daher vor, nach dem Schloſſe zu gehn, und dort einſtweilen allein ſich die Zeit zu vertreiben. Aber der Maler gehörte zu den Menſchen, die innerlich kalt, bisweilen einen Anlauf zur Wärme und zur Empfindung nehmen, und dann in ihrer Bizarrerie verharren, welche ſie für Vortrefflichkeit halten. Er ſchlug dem Baron rund ab, ihn zu verlaſſen. Ich wäre ein Ochs, und gehörte in ein Potterſches Viehſtück — ſagte er auf ſeine energiſche Weiſe, wenn ich jetzt von Euch ginge, mir bei Euch bene thäte, und meinen edeln Kumpan hier ſchmachten ließe. — Es war nichts mit ihm anzufangen; man mußte ihn gewähren laſſen. Emilie hatte nun die doppelte Sorge, ihren Beſchützer zu warten, und den unruhigen Geſellen von ihm abzuhalten, der mit ſeinen Späßen der Geneſung eher hinderlich, als förderlich war. Es gelang ihr ſo ziemlich: Sterzing lief faſt den ganzen Tag umher, bildete ſich aber nichts deſto weniger ein, daß er dem Baron die erſprießlichſten Dienſte leiſte, und einen unendlichen Edelmuth durch ſein Verweilen zeige.

Einmal kam Emilie zu ihrem Freunde und ſagte: Was mag der wunderliche Mann nur mit ſeinen immerwährenden Anſpielungen auf Maria und Joſeph wollen? Sie ſind mir unleidlich; Witzworte, deren Sinn ich nicht verſtehe, erſchrecken mich wie Geſpenſter; ſie ſind körperlos und grauenhaft, gleich dieſen. — Krankheiten geben dem Menſchen eine gewiſſe Rückſichtsloſigkeit. Werner erzählte ihr ſo freimüthig, als ſie gefragt hatte, die Geſchichte der frühern Tage, und zeigte ihr des Malers Skizze, mit welcher er ſich eben beſchäftigt hatte. Emilie ſchauderte faſt vor der ſeltſamen Zeichnung zurück und verſank in tiefes Nachdenken. Es kam ihr ſonderbar vor, daß Menſchenwille und Geſchick ſich unſre unbewußteſten, einſamſten Momente wählen, um uns in ferne, kaum geahnete Kreiſe zu ziehn. Werner, da er ihren Ernſt bemerkte, fragte ſie: ob er ſein Ehrenwort gebrochen habe? Nein, erwiederte ſie erröthend; Sie ſprachen von Dingen, welche vergangen ſind.

Gewiß Emilie — rief er — ſie ſind in jedem Sinne vergangen. Es iſt Zeit, fuhr er mit ſchöner Herzlichkeit fort, daß ich einmal ganz meinen Buſen Ihnen eröffne. Ich habe Ihnen durchaus entſagt; ich fühle im Grunde meiner Seele, daß ich Sie nicht verdiene zu beſitzen. Mein innigſter Wunſch iſt nur, daß Sie an der Seite eines geliebten Mannes dereinſt das Glück genießen mögen, deſſen Sie fähig ſind. Beſte Emilie, laſſen Sie mich etwas ausſprechen, und nehmen Sie es gut auf. Schon lange bekümmerte mich die Sorge um Ihre künftige Exiſtenz, und während meines jetzigen Siechthums iſt ein Plan gereift, Sie zu ſichern. Ich habe vor, Ihnen die kleine Meierei am Strome, welche Sie ſo lieben, als Ihr Eigenthum zuſchreiben zu laſſen. Verſagen Sie mir den Wunſch nicht, nehmen Sie das Gehöfte aus der Hand Ihres treuen Freundes an!

O Gott! war Alles, was Emilie auf dieſe erſchütternden Worte vorbringen konnte. Ihr Herz im Buſen ſtockte, ſie ſchwankte in ihr Zimmer, und fiel vor dem Sopha nieder, das Geſicht in die Kiſſen drängend. Lange lag ſie ohne deutliches Bewußtſein. Dann durchdrang ein unabweisliches Gefühl ihre Bruſt, und rief ihr zu: daß ſie Wernern liebe, daß ſie ihn ſchon längſt geliebt habe. Zugleich aber machte ſeine Faſſung ihr ſchrecklich klar, daß er geneſen ſei von der Leidenſchaft, daß er wirklich der Hoffnung entſagt, weil ihn der Wunſch verlaſſen habe. Sie rief den Himmel um Erleuchtung an in ihrem dunkeln Verhängniß, und der Himmel gab ihr dieſe Erleuchtung. Der Entſchluß wuchs in ihr empor, den edelmüthigen Mann nie zu verlaſſen, ſondern Zeit ihres Lebens bei ihm als treue Nachbarin und Beſchließerin auszuharren. Dieſen Vortheil haben die Frauen in ſolchen Lagen über uns; ſie dürfen ſich einem opfern, und darin eine traurigfreundliche Beruhigung finden; uns vielfach Angeſprochenen iſt das verſagt.

Sie behauptete ihre Faſſung, und ließ Niemanden gewahren, daß Welt und Zeit vor den getrübten Blicken zitterten. Ihre Kraft wurde durch die Bemühungen herausgefordert, welche ſie dem Maler entgegenzuſetzen hatte, der nunmehr, geradehin geſagt, unausſtehlich zu werden anfing. Er hatte mehrere hübſche Anſichten bei dem Städtchen aufgenommen, dann einige Karrikatur-Geſtalten, die ihm in den Straßen entgegen gelaufen waren, gezeichnet, und war nun ohne Beſchäftigung, daher er die größte Langeweile zu fühlen begann. In dieſem Zuſtande kam nichts ſeinem Müßiggange und ſeiner Unruhe gleich. Queckſilbrig durchrannte er das ganze Haus, ſchlug die Thüren heftig zu, ſtürmte jeden Augenblick unerwartet ins Krankenzimmer, überſchüttete Wernern mit einer Maſſe von barocken Einfällen, forderte ſein Urtheil über abſcheuliche Zerrgeſtalten, die er alle Tage zu

Dutzenden fabricirte, und was dergleichen Ungereimtheiten mehr waren, welche den Kranken ganz verdrießlich machten.

Emilie bat den Maler mehrmals höflich, doch nach dem Schloſſe abzureiſen; aber er blieb unbeweglich: denn er war ſo conſequent in einer angefangnen Starrheit, als er inconſequent war, da wo es Ernſt galt. Um ihn zu beſchäftigen, und ihn einigermaßen unſchädlich zu machen, ſchlug ihm Emilie vor: er möchte insgeheim eine Compoſition machen und damit den Freund zu ſeiner Geneſung überraſchen; irgend etwas Bedeutendes, Charakteriſtiſches müſſe es ſein. Sterzing ergriff dieſe Idee mit allem Feuer. Ich will etwas liefern, rief er aus, was alle meine bisherigen Werke übertreffen ſoll. Man hat mich ſo oft getadelt, daß ich die Gattungen vermiſche; jetzt iſt ein reiner, antiker, erhabner Sinn, wahrſcheinlich durch die Langeweile dieſes Orts in mir erweckt worden; und ich benutze dieſe Stimmung, welche leicht ſpäterhin wieder verfliegen möchte, zu einer Schöpfung im großen Genre, die man nicht ohne gähnende Bewunderung und ohne bewunderndes Gähnen wird anſchauen können. Ich male für unſern Baron, der auch ſo eine Art von Pygmalion iſt, die Scene, wo dieſer Künſtler die Göttin bittet, die geliebte Statue für ihn zu beleben. Nun merken ſie aber, wodurch ich eine Situation hervorbringe. Die Statue iſt ein Bild der Venus; der Meiſter darf daher vor ihr im Staube liegen, und ſie ſelbſt um ſie ſelbſt anflehn. O ein herrlicher Gedanke! Ich freue mich ſchon darüber, was mir alles während der Arbeit noch einfallen wird. Sie, ſchönſte Emilie, ſollen mir als Modell dienen und die allerliebſte, kalte Bildſäule vorſtellen, was Ihnen nicht ſchwer fallen kann.

Emilie hatte zwar bei ſich viel gegen dieſen Einfall einzuwenden, weil ſie deſſen Unſchicklichkeit fühlte; indeſſen wußte ſie ſchon, daß wenn man Sterzing in ſeinen Planen kreuzte, er nicht leicht anderweit wieder zu fixiren war. Sie ergab ſich alſo, indem ſie hoffte, die Ueberreichung des Bildes auf irgend eine Weiſe verhindern zu können, und bat ihn, um ihn ganz zu iſoliren, daß er doch ja recht heimlich und recht fleißig ſein möge. So etwas brauchte man ihm aber nicht erſt zu ſagen, wenn ihn eine Compoſition ergriffen hatte. Er lebte und webte von nun an ganz in ſeinem Gedanken, lief nach Materialien und Vorrichtungen zu einem Gerüſte umher, und war in den erſten zwei Tagen kaum ſichtbar, ſo daß unſer ſeltſames Paar ſich einer wohlthuenden Einſamkeit überlaſſen fand. Emilie benutzte dieſelbe zu einer Ausflucht nach dem Gute, indem ſie Wernern unter der Obhut der freundlichen Wirthin zurückließ. Es war der ſchönſte Herbſttag, ſie konnte ihrem Pflegbefohlnen ein Körbchen der herrlichſten Obſtarten und Trauben zu ſeiner Erquickung mit zurückbringen. Sie ſetzte ihm daſſelbe auf ſein Bett; er genoß die Früchte dankbar, und ſprach: Für die Obſtzucht auf Ihrem Gehöfte will ich insbeſondre ſorgen, liebe Emilie; ich denke, Ihnen eine treffliche Baumſchule anzulegen. In dem Augenblicke trat die Wirthin herein und rief froh: Es iſt Friede! Sie legte die Zeitung auf den Tiſch, aus welcher man erſah, daß das deutſche Republikenweſen in ſein Nichts zurückgeſunken war. Der Chirurgus kam, nahm den Verband ab, und erklärte Wernern für geheilt. Es war, als ob aller Segen heut Abend über ihn kommen ſollte; er rief fröhlich aus: Wie ſehne ich mich nach Luft und Licht, nach Bewegung und Freiheit! Wie wohl wird mir die Arbeit auf meinem Gute thun! Beſte Emilie, Sie ahnen nicht, was es heißt, krank ſein; man vergißt alles Andre, wenn ſich der Körper übel befindet. — Ach ja, dachte Emilie traurig, er hat Alles vergeſſen, auch ſeine Liebe. Obſtbäume will er mir pflanzen; er mag nur für Cypreſſen ſorgen; an einem Grabe wird es vielleicht nicht mangeln! — Dann ſchalt ſie dieſe weichlichen Gedanken, und beſchloß, ſich im Dulden zu bewähren. Aber ihr Buſen war wie von tauſend Meſſern zerſchnitten.

Als ſie am andern Morgen ſich kaum erhoben und angekleidet hatte, klopfte es leiſe an ihre Thür. Sie öffnete; Sterzing ſtand davor mit Crayon und blauem Papier. St! ziſchelte ſie ihm zu — der Baron ſchläft noch. St! ziſchelte er nach — ich will Sie mäuschenſtill abzeichnen. Was ſollte ſie thun? Sie mußte es ſich wohl gefallen laſſen. Leiſe machte ſie die Thür des Krankenzimmers auf, um gleich zu hören, wenn Werner etwas verlangte. Dann ſtellte ſie ſich auf den Stuhl, den Sterzing zum Piedeſtal erhoben hatte. Er löſte ihre Flechten, gab ihr mit Shawls eine Art von antiker Bekleidung, und brachte ſie in die Attitüde der Venus Genitrix. Sich ſelber ſetzte er gegenüber, und fing an zu zeichnen. Kaum hatte er begonnen, als unſer Freund von einem langen, balſamiſchen Schlummer erwachte. Er lag abgewendet von der Thür, die nach Emiliens Zimmer führte, und hielt ſich in der Todtenſtille, welche herrſchte, für ganz allein und unbelauſcht. Das Fenſter, zunächſt ſeinem Bette, war aufgegangen, ein kühler Luftſtrom ſpielte an ſeine Wangen, als wollte er ihm Grüße von draußen, von der ſchönen Natur bringen. Er ſah in den blauen Himmel, in die gelbrothen Kronen der Bäume, und empfand ein unausſprechliches Wohlſein, eine Gewißheit der Geneſung. In ſolchen Momenten macht der Menſch ſeinem Drange durch Worte Raum. Auch Werner war zu beglückt, um ſtumm bleiben zu können. Dank euch, ihr himmliſchen Mächte, rief er aus, daß ihr mich wiederhergeſtellt habt. Das Leben iſt ſo ſchön, daß man dafür danken muß, ſelbſt wenn es noch ſo viel geraubt, noch ſo oft getäuſcht hat! Welche ſüße Hoffnungen ſind mir zertrümmert! dennoch lebe ich und lebe gern.

Im Nebenzimmer ging kein Wort von dieſem Selbſtgeſpräch verloren. Sterzing ſah mit Schrecken, daß Emilie auf ihrem Stuhle unruhig wurde. Er fürchtete eine Störung der Seſſion — ihm das Verhaßteſte auf der Welt — und flüſterte kaum hörbar: Ruhig geblieben, er will von Ihnen nichts; er ſpricht mit dem lieben Gott; man darf keinen Menſchen in der Andacht ſtören.

Werner fuhr fort: du darfſt es dir in dieſer ſtillen Minute geſtehn, daß du ſie liebſt, und ewig lieben wirſt. Wo fändeſt du ihres Gleichen? Aber du haſt ihr entſagt, und mußt dein Gelübde halten. Du wirſt es halten können, wenn du ſie ſelber glücklich ſiehſt.

Emilie glühte, wie eine Purpurroſe. Auch Sterzing verließ der alte Spottgeiſt; die Sonderbarkeit dieſer Situation überwältigte ihn. Er ſaß ſtumm da, und ſchabte mit einem verlegnen Geſichte ganz unmäßig an ſeiner ſchwarzen Kreide, bis er den Stift weggeſchabt hatte.

So bete ich denn nicht — rief Werner — Gott gieb ſie mir; ſondern: Gott gieb ſie Einem, der ihr Weſen zu erkennen im Stande iſt. Entzünde in ihrer Bruſt, o Natur, das heilige Feuer einer unſträflichen Liebe, und vollende, indem du ihre Seele beſeelſt, dein ſchönes Werk.

Wie hätte ein armes Mädchen, dem das Feuer, von welchem die Rede war, bereits im Herzen glühte, bei ſo guten, dringenden Worten, wohl länger ein Bild von Stein darſtellen können? Emilie warf heftig den Shawl ab, ſtürzte von ihrem Poſtament, flog in das Nebenzimmer, und warf ſich, aufgelöſt von gewaltiger Rührung, dem Freunde an die Bruſt. O Du — Himmel! war Alles, was ſie ſchluchzend hervorbringen konnte. — Emilie! rief er außer ſich — iſt es möglich? liebſt Du mich denn? — Wen ſonſt! ſagte das Mädchen. Es iſt ein Traum! ſprach er. Es iſt die Wahrheit! rief ſie.

Sie holte ſich einen Stuhl, ſetzte ſich neben dem Bette nieder, faßte mit beiden Händen die ſeinigen, und ſah ihn lange innig an. Da merkte er, daß es Wirklichkeit war, ſelige Wirklichkeit. Ach, wie ging das zu? fragte er.

Ich weiß es nicht; verſetzte das herrliche Mädchen mit einer züchtigen Freundlichkeit. Es iſt, wie es iſt; laß uns nicht grübeln. Du verdienſt eine Gattin, Du bedarfſt eine; Du litteſt, Du liebteſt; ſeit ich das wußte, litt ich, liebte ich, war ich Dein, und will Dein bleiben bis in den Tod.

Sterzing ließ ſich ſehen. Der Baron ſagte freudig: Bieder Sterzing, hier ſind zwei glückliche Menſchen. Der Maler erwiederte trocken: Ich gratulire. Bei mir habt Ihr Euch zu bedanken; ich ſchüttelte Euch die reife Frucht vom Baume. Es heißt mit Recht:

Solches müſſet ihr uns laſſen,
Kunſt iſt Hans in allen Gaſſen.

Aber ich habe mein Blatt zerriſſen; denn Ihr ſeid ein größerer Meiſter, als ich. Ich zeichne die Bildſäulen; Ihr macht ſie lebendig, daß ſie mir vom Stuhle ſpringen; darum ſollt Ihr bis zum jüngſten Tage heißen: der neue Pygmalion.

Meiſter Ingold, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Chriſtian Gottlieb Jöcher

ward am 25. Juli 1694 zu Leipzig geboren und ſtudirte auf den gelehrten Anſtalten dieſer Univerſitätsſtadt Philoſophie und ſeit 1712 Medicin und Theologie. Nachdem er 1714 Magiſter A. L. geworden war und ſeitdem Vorleſungen über die Wolf'ſche Philoſophie gehalten hatte, erhielt er 1730 eine Profeſſur der Philoſophie. Dieſe vertauſchte er 1732 mit der der Geſchichte, wurde Dr. der Theologie, ſeit 1742 Univerſitätsbibliothekar, und ſtarb daſelbſt am 10. Mai 1758.

Er gab heraus:

Trauerreden. Leipzig 1730.

Allgemeines Gelehrtenlexikon. Leipzig 1750—1751, 4 Bde., 4.; ergänzt durch Adelung bis J., Ebendaſ. 1784, 2 Bde., 4., und durch Rotermund bis Rin., Bremen 1810—1822, 6 Bde. 4. in drei Abtheilungen.

Als Redner leiſtete J. nicht eben Bedeutendes; größeres Verdienſt erwarb er ſich dagegen durch ſeine literärhiſtoriſchen Arbeiten, die ſeinen Namen achtungsvoll erhalten werden.

Der von Johannsdorf, ſ. Minneſinger.

Juſtus Jonas,

ein Zeitgenoſſe und Mitbeförderer der Reformation, ward am 5. Juni 1493 zu Nordhauſen geboren, ſtudirte Theologie zu Wittenberg, und wurde dann Probſt daſelbſt. Hierauf erhielt er 1541 die Superintendentur zu Halle, eine Profeſſur der Theologie an der neugegründeten Univerſität Jena und 1551 die Stelle eines Hofpredigers zu Koburg, welche er 1553 mit der Würde eines Generalſuperintendenten und Oberpfarrers zu Eisfeld in Franken vertauſchte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 9. October 1555.

Er verfaßte:

Das Lied: Wo Gott der Herr nicht bei uns hält ꝛc.

erwarb ſich große Verdienſte um die Verbreitung beſſerer Glaubensanſichten, und wirkte namentlich durch ſeine trefflichen, leider nicht der Nachwelt aufbewahrten Kanzelreden höchſt ſegensreich.

Guſtav Jördens

ward am 12. Auguſt 1785 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig Philoſophie und die Rechtsgelehrſamkeit und wurde dann Oberlandesgerichtsreferendar und Rathsaſſeſſor zu Görlitz. Später lebte er als Privatgelehrter zuerſt zu Leipzig und dann zu Deuben in der Nähe dieſer Stadt.

Er gab heraus:

Morgana. Leipzig 1820, 2 Thle.

Die Vermählung. Ebendaſ. 1822.

Die Jahreszeiten der Ehe. Ebendaſ. 1822.

Lanzelot vom See. Leipzig 1822.

Geſchichten aus Johann Pauli's Schimpf und Ernſt. Leipzig 1822.

Bunte Bilder. Ebendaſ. 1824, 2 Thle.

Bella und Beata. Ebendaſ. 1825.

Amalfried der Thüringer. Ebendaſ. 1826.

J. beſitzt ein ſehr angenehmes erzählendes Talent, glückliche Darſtellungsgabe und friſche Phantaſie; ſeine Leiſtungen haben daher viel Anſprechendes und verdienen den Beifall, den ſie zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens fanden, vollkommen.

Karl Heinrich Jördens,

der Vater des Vorigen, ward am 24. April 1757 zu Fienſtadt im Mannsfeldiſchen geboren, erhielt nach beendigten philoſophiſchen Studien eine Lehrerſtelle am Schindlerſchen Waiſenhauſe zu Berlin, und wurde dann Subrector am kölniſchen Gymnaſium daſelbſt. 1792 folgte er einem Rufe als Inſpector und Mitdirector der Waiſen- und Schulanſtalt nach Bunzlau und wirkte ſeit 1794 als Rector der lateiniſchen Schule zu Lauban. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt.

Er gab heraus:

Horazens Oden. Berlin 1781; neue Ausgabe, Görlitz 1812.

Virgils Eklogen. Berlin 1782.

Epigrammenleſe. Berlin 1780, 8.

Originaldialogen und Erzählungen. Berlin 1789, 2 Bdchen., 12.

Blumenleſe deutſcher Sinngedichte. Berlin 1789—1790, 2 Thle. 8.

Hierokles Schnurren. Leipzig 17[illegible].

Berlinſcher Muſenalmanach auf 1791 und 1792. Berlin 1791 und 1792, 2 Bdchen., 16., mit Kupf.

Lexikon deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten. Leipzig 1806—1811, 6 Bde. gr. 8.

Denkwürdigkeiten, Charakterzüge und Anekdoten aus dem Leben der vorzüglichſten deutſchen Dichter und Proſaiſten. Leipzig 1812—1813, 2 Bde. 8.

Gründlicher Fleiß, Beleſenheit und Gewiſſenhaftigkeit, zeichnen dieſen trefflichen Mann mehr aus als ſeine übrigen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Eigenſchaften, welche ſich nicht über das Gewöhnliche erheben, doch verdient in einigen Leiſtungen, ſeine behagliche Darſtellungsweiſe angemeſſenes Lob. — Großes Verdienſt dagegen erwarb er ſich um die Geſchichte deutſcher Literatur, durch ſein Lexikon deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten, welches einen bedeutenden Reichthum von höchſt ſchätzbaren, mit unermüdlicher Emſigkeit zuſammengetragenen Notizen und Nachweiſungen enthält, und, ſo vornehm auch mancher neuere Kritiker auf daſſelbe herabblickt, ſich doch noch fortwährend als höchſt brauchbar erweiſt.

Karl Franz von Irwing

ward am 21. November 1728 zu Berlin geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten Studien eine Anſtellung bei dem Schulcollegium zu Berlin, wurde Oberconſiſtorialrath und zuletzt Präſident des daſigen Oberſchulcollegiums, als welcher er am 17. December 1801 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedanken über die Lehrmethoden in der Philoſophie. Berlin 1773.

Erfahrungen und Unterſuchungen über den Menſchen. Ebendaſ. 1773 — 1785, 4 Thle.

Verſuch über den Urſprung der Erkenntniß der Wahrheit und der Wiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1781.

Fragmente der Naturmoral. Ebendaſ. 1782.

Irwing's Streben ging vorzüglich dahin, die durch Forſchungen auf dem Gebiete der Philoſophie gewonnenen Wahrheiten und Anſichten allgemein zugänglich zu machen. Unterſtützt durch Leichtigkeit und Gewandtheit des Vortrags, ſowie durch Eleganz und Sauberkeit der Form, gelang ihm dies auch in hohem Grade.

Iſaak Iſelin

ward am 17. März 1728 zu Baſel geboren, ſtudirte in Göttingen die Rechte und begab ſich nach ſeiner Promotion als Dr. juris zu ſeiner weitern Ausbildung auf Reiſen. Nachdem er in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurückgekehrt war, wurde er 1754 Mitglied des großen Rathes und leitete ſeit 1756 als Rathsſchreiber mit Geſchick die wichtigſten Geſchäfte dieſes Freiſtaates. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 15. Juni 1782.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ueber die Entvölkerung unſrer Vaterſtadt. O. O. und Namen 1757, 8.; 2. Aufl. Baſel 1758, 8.; 3. Ausg. Zürich 1764, 8.

Der Patriot und Antipatriot. Zürich 1758. 8.

Philoſophiſche und patriotiſche Träume. Zürich 1758, 8.; 2. verb. Aufl. 1761, 8.; 3. Aufl. 1776, 8.

Ueber die Geſetzgebung. Baſel 1758, 8. Mit verändertem Titel, Zürich 1760, 8. Dann Ebendaſ. 1764. 8. Franzöſiſch mit Servins „De la legislation criminelle." Baſel 1782, 8.

Ueber die Verbeſſerung der B.(aſel)ſchen hohen Schule. 1759, 8.

Philoſophiſche und politiſche Verſuche. Zürich 1760, 8.; n. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1767, 8.

Politiſcher Verſuch über die Berathſchlagung. Mit einem Anhange vermiſchter Schriften. Baſel 1761, 8.

Ueber den wahren Gebrauch der Reichthümer. Baſel 1762, 8.

Geſchichte der Menſchheit. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1764, 2 Thle., 8. ohne Namen; 2. verb. Aufl., mit dem Namen des Verfaſſers, Zürich 1768, 8; 4 verm. und verb. Aufl. Baſel 1779, 8; 5 verm. Aufl., mit dem Leben des Verf., Baſel 1786., 8.

Sammlung, der Jugend geheiligt. Baſel 1768, 8.; neue ſehr verm. Aufl., Ebendaſ. 1773, 8.

Schreiben an die helvetiſche Geſellſchaft. Baſel 1769, 8.

Vermiſchte philoſophiſche Schriften. Frankfurt 1770, 2 Thle., 8.

Ueber die Nothwendigkeit und Unzulänglichkeit der Pachtgeſetze. Zürich 1770, 8.

Der zweite Palämon. Zürich 1771, 8.

Verſuch über die geſellige Ordnung. Zürich 1772, 8.; neue verm. Aufl. unter dem Titel: Träume eines Menſchenfreundes. Baſel 1776, 2 Bde. 8.

Schreiben an Salis und Antwort von ihm. Baſel 1775, 8.

Philanthropiſche Anſichten redlicher Jünglinge. Baſel 1775, 8.

Ephemeriden der Menſchheit. Baſel 1776 — 1782, 7 Jahrgänge, 8., wurden von R. Z. Becker bis 1786 fortgeſetzt, welcher auch die letzten 6 Stücke des 7. Jahrgangs beſorgte.

J. G. M. Grundriß der nöthigſten pädagogiſchen Kenntniſſe. Baſel 1780, kl. 8.

Die Verbeſſerung der öffentlichen Erziehung. Berlin und Leipzig 1781, 8.

Ueberdieß Aufſätze in damals beſtehenden Zeitſchriften und in Schloſſer's Werken.

Iſelin bethätigte ſich als ausgezeichneter philoſophiſcher Denker und hiſtoriſcher Forſcher, namentlich durch ſeine Geſchichte der Menſchheit und ſeine Träume eines Menſchenfreundes. Sein Styl iſt einfach, verſtändig und klar, hin und wieder jedoch ringt er mit dem falſchen Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit, und wird, gerade um dieſen zu vermeiden, unbeholfen und breit. —

Iſenhöfer von Walzhut, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Joſias Albrecht von Ittner

ward im J. 1750 in der Nähe von Bingen geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und kam dann als Regierungsrath des Malteſerordens nach Heitersheim, wo er bald Kanzler deſſelben Ordens wurde. Nach Auflöſung dieſes Inſtituts, ernannte ihn der Markgraf von Baden zum Hofcommiſſär und Curator der Univerſität Freiburg, womit er zugleich die Würde eines ſchweizeriſchen Geſandten verband. Später fungirte er als Director des Seekreiſes, und großherzoglicher Staatsrath, nahm aber, noch mit dem Commandeurkreuz des zähringer Löwenordens geſchmückt, ſeinen Abſchied und lebte bis an ſeinen am 9. März 1825 erfolgten Tod als Privatmann zu Conſtanz und in der Umgegend.

Er ſchrieb:

J. G. Jacobi's Leben. Im 8 Bde. der Schriften Deſſelben. Zürich 1822.

Schriften. Herausgegeben von H. Schreiber. Freiburg 1827 u. 1829, 4 Bde., 8. Der 4 Band auch beſonders unter dem Titel:

Ausgewählter Briefwechſel. Nebſt Deſſen Leben. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.

Dieſer bedeutende Mann zeichnete ſich während ſeines vielbewegten Lebens in mannigfacher Hinſicht, namentlich als Juriſt, Staatsmann und Botaniker glänzend aus. In ſeinen Schriften, welche meiſt belletriſtiſchen Inhalts ſind, waltet ein überaus glücklicher und echter Humor, verbunden mit Kraft und Beredſamkeit, und erhöht durch eine vortreffliche Darſtellungsgabe.

Johann Heinrich Jung

ward am 12. September 1740 zu Im Grund im Naſſauiſchen geboren, trieb anfangs das Schneiderhandwerk, das er erlernt hatte, und ſtudirte, nachdem er vorher ſich noch als Schul- und Hauslehrer verſucht hatte, Medicin in Straßburg. Hierauf lebte er eine Zeitlang als praktiſcher Arzt zu Elberfeld und ſpäter als Profeſſor der Kameralſchule zu Lautern und kam mit dieſer in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Heidelberg, wo er, nachdem er 1787 ſich kurze Zeit an der Univerſität Marburg aufgehalten hatte, zum Dr. der Medicin, geheimen Hofrath und Profeſſor der Staatswiſſenſchaften emporſtieg. Gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens ließ er ſich als Privatmann zu Karlsruhe nieder, wo er am 23. März 1817 ſtarb.

Wir haben von ihm unter dem Schriftſtellernamen „Stilling“:

Leben. Berlin 1777—1789; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1789—1806, 5 Thle., 8. mit Kupf. und Titelvign.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Zum erſtenmale vollſtändig geſammelt und herausgegeben von Verwandten, Freunden und Verehrern des Verewigten. Mit Vorrede von J. U. Grollmann. Stuttgart 1835—1837, 13 Bde., gr. 8. (15 Thlr.)

Einzeln:

H. St's Jugend. Berlin 1777, 8.; neue Originalaufl. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.
— Jünglingsjahre. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.; neue Originalaufl. 1806, 8.
— Wanderſchaft. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.; neue Originalaufl. 1806, 8.
Geſchichte des Herrn von Morgenthau. Berlin 1779, 2 Thle., 8.
Geſchichte Florentin's von Fahlendorn. Mannheim 1781—1783; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1825, 3 Thle., 8.
Leben der Theodore von der Linden. Mannheim 1783, 2 Thle., 8.; neueſte Originalaufl. Ebendaſ. 1825, 2 Thle., 8.
Der Volkslehrer. Monatsſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1783—1784.
Theobald. Leipzig 1784—1785. 2 Thle., 8.; neue verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1797, 2 Bde., 8.
H. St's häusliches Leben. Berlin 1789, 8.
Das Heimweh. Marburg 1794—1796, 4 Thle., 8.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1800, 5 Thle., 8. Der 5. Theil auch unter dem Titel:
Der Schlüſſel zum Heimweh. Frankfurt 1796, 8.
Der graue Mann. Eine Zeitſchrift. Nürnberg 1796—1816, 30 Hfte. 8.; wurde von Gelanor und de Valenti fortgeſetzt.
Scenen aus dem Geiſterreiche. Frankfurt 1797—1801, 2 Thle.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1817, 2 Bde., 8.
H. St's Lehrjahre. Berlin 1804, 8. mit dem Bildniß des Verfaſſers.
Theorie der Geiſterkunde. Nürnberg 1808.
Apologie derſelben. Ebendaſ. 1809.
Klara. Ein Gedicht. Frankfurt 1814, 8.
Erzählungen. Mit Vorrede von J. L. Ewald. Frankfurt 1814—1815, 3 Bdchen., 8.
H. St's Alter. Herausgegeben von W. und H. C. Schwarz. Heidelberg 1817, 8.; mit Portrait im Tode. Auch 6r Theil des Lebens ꝛc.
Chryſäon, oder das goldene Zeitalter. Gedicht. Nürnberg 1818, 8.
Heinrich Frauenlob. Ein Gedicht. 2. Ausg. Mainz 1819, 8.
Gedichte. Herausgegeben von ſeinem Enkel W. C. Schwarz. Frankfurt 1821, gr. 8.

Die urtheilenden Stimmen waren über Jung bereits während ſeines Lebens ganz verſchieden und ſind auch nach ſeinem Tode bis jetzt noch zu keinem Einklange über ihn gekommen. Während ihn viele Kritiker über Alles preiſen und ihn als einen der tiefſinnigſten und frömmſten Schriftſteller verehren, brechen Andere unbarmherzig über ihn den Stab, und erklären ihn für einen bornirten Schwächling, deſſen Geiſterſeherei eben ſo trivial als abgeſchmackt ſei. Beide Parteien haben theils Recht, theils Unrecht. Jung, aus dem Volke hervorgegangen, beſaß allerdings alle jene Eigenſchaften, welche erfordert werden, um einem Schriftſteller die erſtrebte Popularität zu ſichern: Frömmigkeit, Gemüth, Ernſt, Milde, Anſchaulichkeit, und bei großer Einfachheit, doch auch großen Reiz der Darſtellung, verbunden mit reicher Phantaſie; aber er verlor ſich in einen einſeitigen Myſticismus, der ſich nicht einmal über das Alltägliche erhebt, und die großartigſten Dinge mit dem beſchränkten Maßſtabe einer ſüßlichen pietiſtiſchen Anſicht mißt. — Ueberall, wo dieſe Richtung nicht vorwaltend eintritt, bieten ſeine Schriften eine ſehr anziehende Lectüre. Dagegen aber werden ſie, wo das der Fall iſt, dem geſunden unverdorbenen Verſtande ſtets ungenießbar und widerwärtig. —

Auch eine heilige Familie *).

Ich habe oft von Männern, die am Chriſtus-Eckel kränkeln, den Einwurf gehört: was denn doch die Religion Jeſu viel nütze und genützt habe! — Die europäiſchen oder chriſtlichen Nationen ſeien ja doch in Anſehung ihrer ſittlichen Vervollkommnung keinen Grad beſſer, als von jeher auch andere gebildete Völker geweſen ſind.

Im Ganzen genommen iſt freilich etwas daran: die Staatspolitik iſt noch immer eben ſo pfiffig, als ſie bei den Aſſyriern, Babyloniern, Perſern, Griechen und Römern war; und unſere Kriege haben durchgehends ſo wenig Chriſtliches, daß man eine europäiſche Armee wohl ſchwerlich von Nebukadnezars oder Alexanders Heeren, was die Handelsweiſe betrifft, würde unterſcheiden können. Was vollends den phyſiſchen und moraliſchen Luxus angeht, ſo geben wir darin den Völkern aller Orten und aller Zeiten nichts nach. Wenn wir aber in's Einzelne gehen, und die Volksmaſſe von Haus zu Haus, und von Familie zu Familie prüfen, ſo findet der ruhige und Gott liebende Beobachter manches verborgene, aber eben darum deſto reinere Gute; — einen Fortſchritt in der Heiligung, den man außer der Chriſtenheit, in dem Grade, vergebens ſucht. Man trifft allerdings unter Juden, Mahomedanern und Heiden auch einzelne edle Menſchen an; aber bei weitem nicht in der Menge und in dem hohen Grade der Menſchengüte, als unter den Chriſten.

„Das Reich Gottes iſt einem Sauerteige gleich, den Jemand nahm, und ihn unter das Mehl verbarg, bis es ganz durchgeſäuert ward.“ Noch immer iſt der Teig nicht geſäuert, aber das Ferment wirkt im Verborgenen unaufhaltbar fort, und Er wird ſchon daraus machen, was daraus werden ſoll.

Wenn Prediger und Aerzte Augen und Willen zum Beobachten haben, ſo können ſie Wirkungen der Religion, beſonders unter dem gemeinen Volke, entdecken, die Einem Herz und Seele erquicken. Ein treffliches Beiſpiel von der Art will ich jetzt erzählen; es geht ohnehin ſtark auf Mitternacht zu: wir werden über dem langen Warten auf die Zukunft unſeres Herrn ſchläfrig, und es giebt der muthwilligen Knaben ſo viele, die immer darüber aus ſind, einem das ohnehin ſo ſchwach brennende Lämpchen unvermerkt auszupuſten, welches ſie aufklären nennen; ſo daß es höchſt nöthig iſt, ſich untereinander wachend

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*) Aus Jung's ſämmtlichen Schriften. 12r Bd. (Stuttgart 1837).

zu halten, und da iſt bekanntlich nichts beſſer und zweckdienlicher, als wenn man ſich etwas Hübſches erzählt. Nun, Kinder, ſeid aufmerkſam! Aber gebt auch Acht auf die pausbackigen Jungens, und haltet die Hand um das Flämmchen!

In dem herrlichen Thal, in welchem unten am Ende Schönthal liegt, blühen die Leinwandfabriken in einem hohen Grade; von Oſten gegen Weſten zu, zwei Stunden lang, ſieht der ganze Grund einem Luſtgarten voller prächtiger Landhäuſer ähnlich; hier wohnen reiche Kaufleute und wohlhabende Fabrikanten zerſtreut durcheinander. Jeder hat das, was er bedarf, um ſich her, Alles wimmelt von Thätigkeit, und im Sommer ſtaunt der Wanderer aus der Ferne die großen, prächtigen Fluren an. — Er kann nicht begreifen, wie ſich der Schnee mit ſchwüler Sommerhitze verträgt; kommt er aber näher, ſo entdeckt er erſt, daß ſie über und über mit ſchneeweißem Garn belegt ſind.

In einer abgelegenen Ecke des großen Thals, da, wo ein kleiner Bach ſich durch ein enges Thälchen herabſchlängelt, und dann den Bleichern zum Begießen des Garns dient, guckt ein kleiner, einſamer Schornſtein aus einem Obſtgebüſche hinter dem Hügel hervor. Zoar fällt einem ein, wenn man dahin blickt, und es iſt einem ſo, als wenn da der Blitz nicht einſchlagen könnte. Tauſende reiten, fahren und gehen die nur eine Viertelſtunde entfernte Straße, und ſchwerlich bemerkte einer die niedrige Hütte; aber deſto beſſer kennen ſie die unſichtbaren Geſandten, die dienſtbaren Geiſter, die denen zum Dienſt thätig ſind, die die Seligkeit ererben ſollen.

In dieſer Hütte wohnte ehemals eine arme Wittwe, mit einer einzigen Tochter; ſie ernährte ſich mit Baumwollenſpinnen und Garnſpuhlen, und in ihrem kleinen Gärtchen hinter dem Hauſe erzog ſie ſich die ärmliche Nahrung für ſich und ihr Mädchen. Viele Jahre lang kannte ſie die Nachbarſchaft nur von Angeſicht; der Kaufmann, für den ſie arbeitete, ſagte von ihr, ſie ſei eine arme, aber fleißige und treue Frau; aber da ſie nie in ihrem Leben außer Gott Jemand ihre Leiden klagte, ſo dachte auch Niemand weiter an ſie; ſie war mit ihrer Tochter ein alltäglicher Gegenſtand, von dem man weder Gutes noch Böſes ſprach, eine Null in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft, die aber gemeiniglich ſehr viel bedeutet, wenn eine gültige Zahl vor ſie geſetzt wird.

Gute und treue Prediger pflegen ſonſt wohl arme, gute Menſchen zu kennen; aber das war auch hier nicht einmal der Fall. Dieſe Frau äußerte ſich auch in Anſehung ihrer Empfindungen und Kenntniſſe nicht; man hielt ſie für dumm, unwiſſend und gefühllos; und ſo bekümmerte ſich Niemand um ſie. Immer hatte ſie gekränkelt, und ihr Leben war eine Kette von Jammer geweſen, ohne daß es Jemand wußte; auf den nämlichen Fuß hatte ſie auch ihre Tochter erzogen: dies Mädchen fiel hübſch und beſcheiden in's Auge, aber ſie hatte im geringſten nichts Anziehendes; von allen ihren innern Koſtbarkeiten hing ſie nichts auf den Laden, um Käufer anzulocken, folglich kam auch keiner, der etwas bei ihr ſuchte.

Endlich wurde es ſchlimmer mit der Frau; ſie konnte nichts mehr arbeiten, ihre Tochter mußte ihr aufwarten. Schmerzen und Elend beſtürmten ſie unaufhörlich und ohne Zahl, und noch immer blieben beide bei ihrem Grundſatz, ihren Mund auch auf der Schlachtbank zum Klagen nicht zu öffnen. Daher kams denn, daß kein Menſch auf der Welt von dieſen beiden großen Dulderinnen etwas wußte.

Dieſes Elend mochte ungefähr ein Vierteljahr gewährt haben, als an einem Nachmittage zwei Bleichergeſellen, von welchen der eine Johannes Langenborn hieß, in der Nähe der Hütte auf einer Bleiche geſchäftig waren. Ob ſie nun gleich oft und vielfältig da gearbeitet, und ſich nie um das Häuschen und ſeine Bewohner bekümmert hatten, ſo wurden ſie doch jetzt dadurch aufmerkſam gemacht, daß die Tochter der armen Wittwe aus ihrer Hausthür gelaufen kam, und die Hände über dem Kopfe zuſammen ſchlug, dann im Hofe herum lief und wehklagte.

Beide Bleichergeſellen durften nicht zugleich vom Garne gehen, ſie wurden alſo einig, daß Langenborn hinlaufen und nachſehen ſollte, was das zu bedeuten habe; dieſer war aber auch der rechte Mann zu dieſer göttlichen Geſandtſchaft, und er war der Ehre werth, Engelsdienſte zu übernehmen. Er lief, was er laufen konnte, und war in einer Minute an Ort und Stelle.

Angelegentlich rief er ſchon aus der Ferne: „Mädchen! Mädchen! was iſt? — was fehlt Dir?“ — „Johannes,“ antwortete ſie ängſtlich: „komm und ſieh es!“ —

Langenborn lief an den Ort des Elends, und ſiehe da, die Kreuzträgerin lag auf ihrem Bette und ſchien todt zu ſein. Flugs nahm er das kleine Spiegelchen von der Wand und hielt es ihr vor den Mund; — da bemerkte er denn, daß es noch anlief; ſo hielt er ſie mit Recht noch nicht für todt. Er wuſch ſie alſo mit kaltem Waſſer und Eſſig, und brachte ſie wieder zurecht; ſie konnte vor Schwäche noch nicht reden, aber ſie lächelte himmliſch und ſtreichelte ſeine Wangen.

So eigenſinnig waren die beiden Dulderinnen nicht, daß ſie auf Langenborns liebevolle Fragen nicht nach der Wahrheit hätten antworten ſollen; er erfuhr alſo den ganzen Jammer. Schmerz und Mangel an Erquickung waren die Peiniger, denen die ſonſt ſtarke Natur der guten Frau unterliegen mußte. Er ſuchte alſo ſeinen Sparpfennig hervor, begab ſich ſeiner Bleichergeſchäfte, und ward der Pfleger der armen kranken Wittwe.

Jetzt lernte er nun das verborgene Kleinod, das in ein ärmliches Gewand und in der niedern Hütte verſteckt war, recht kennen, und er glaubte, die größte irdiſche Belohnung für ſeine Dienſte ſei Katharinens Beſitz; das glaubte er, und er betrog ſich nicht. Eben ſo hielten auch Mutter und Tochter ihren Johannes für den größten Schatz, den ſie in dieſem Leben erringen konnten, und auch ſie betrogen ſich nicht. Langenborn und Katharine heiratheten ſich am Krankenbette der Mutter; im Himmel war Freude über dieſe Verbindung, auf Erden aber beſorgte man, durch dieſe Heirath würde nun eine Familie entſtehen, die mit der Zeit durch Betteln und durch ihre Bedürfniſſe dem Armenfond zur Laſt fallen könnte; allein dieſe Sorge war unnöthig; denn Johannes ernährte ſich, ſeine Frau und nachher ſeine Kinder recht ordentlich, er war allgemeinerer Wohlthäter als Alle, die für den Armenfond beſorgt geweſen waren.

Die alte Kreuzträgerin wurde ſo lange auf den Händen getragen, bis ſie von den Engeln in Abrahams Schooß getragen wurde. In ihren letzten Tagen beſuchte ſie der Prediger; dieſer erfuhr nun, welch' eine koſtbare Seele er in der Nähe gehabt hatte, ohne ſie zu kennen. Er bedauerte laut und öffentlich dieſen Verluſt, und zog den großen Nutzen daraus, daß er von nun an die Hütten des gemeinen Mannes fleißiger beſuchte, und die daſelbſt wohnenden Geiſter genauer prüfte; er hielt der abgeſchiedenen Edlen die Leichenpredigt über die Worte: Jeſ. 57, V. 1 und 2: „Aber der Gerechte kommt um. Und Niemand iſt, der es zu Herzen nehme: und heilige Leute werden aufgerafft, und Niemand achtet darauf; denn die Gerechten werden weggerafft für dem Unglück, und die richtig für ſich gewandelt haben, kommen zum Frieden und ruhen in ihren Kammern.“

Johannes Langenborn und ſein Weib Katharine blieben nun lange und viele Jahre im Segen Haus; beide waren allgemein geliebt, und ihre Kinderzucht war ein Muſter für alle ihres Gleichen.

Kreuz hat jeder gottesfürchtige Hausvater. Langenborn wurde alſo auch nicht damit verſchont. Indeſſen fand es der große Schmelzer der Mühe werth, ihn auf den Treibheerd zu bringen, und ihn da recht tüchtig auszubrennen. Erſt ſtarben dem guten Ehepaar alle Kinder bis auf die zwei älteſten Töchter, darauf bekam Langenborn einen Zufall an's rechte Knie, ſo daß er Jahr und Tag das Bett hüten mußte, und als er es wieder verlaſſen konnte, ſo war das Knie ſo krum gewachſen, daß er ein hölzernes Bein anſchnallen und auf einer Krücke gehen mußte. Jetzt war er nicht mehr fähig mit Bleichen ſein Brod zu erwerben; er ſah alſo, wenn er bloß ſeine Vernunft zu Rathe zog, einer traurigen Zukunft entgegen; allein er war ein Chriſt, das heißt: er glaubte und hoffte, wo nichts zu glauben und zu hoffen war, und dann war er zu jedem ehrlichen Gewerbe, ſei es auch das niedrigſte, geringſte und verächtlichſte, bereit, ſobald es ihm die Vorſehung anwies, ſich dadurch zu ernähren.

Es währte nicht lange, ſo bekam er ein Geſchäft, womit er ſich zwar kümmerlich, aber doch ehrlich durchbringen konnte; es wurde nämlich eine Maſchine erfunden, womit man durch bloßes Drehen einer Kurbel, nachdem die gehörige Vorrichtung geſchehen war, in großer Geſchwindigkeit viele Ellen Schnürbänder flechten konnte. Ein Kaufmann verſchaffte dem lahmen Johannes eine ſolche Maſchine; nun konnte er ſich dabei ſetzen und wenigſtens das trockene Brod verdienen, ſeine Frau und beiden Töchter ſponnen und ſpuhlten dazu, und ſo brachten ſich die lieben Leute ehrlich und redlich durch.

Bis ſoweit findet der Menſchenbeobachter noch nichts Ausgezeichnetes, das mich berechtigen könnte, dieſer Familie vorzugsweiſe den Charakter der Heiligkeit beizulegen. Daß auch dieſe vier Leute von Herzen fromm waren, ohne Anſpruch auf den Ruf der Frömmigkeit zu machen, macht es noch nicht allein aus; daß ſie aber bei ihrer Armuth aus reinem und lauterm Liebestriebe noch die Pfleger armer Kranken und eine Zuflucht der Verlaſſenen waren, daß alle vier einen ſo hohen Grad der Erleuchtung und der ſittlichen Kultur erſtiegen hatten, wie ihn wenige, auch der wahrhaft Aufgeklärten unter den Chriſten erſteigen.

In dieſem Zuſtande war dieſe Familie, als der Doctor Stilling nach Schönthal kam; er hörte zwar zuweilen etwas von dieſen Leuten, das ihm wohlgefiel; allein da ſie arm und gering waren, ſo ſchätzte man ihre Handlungen nicht nach ihrem wahren Werthe. Das Gerücht ſagte daher immer viel zu wenig von ihnen, und er erfuhr vor der Hand weder ihre Geſchichte, noch ihre ausgezeichnet edeln Thaten, bis er ſie endlich bei folgender Gelegenheit ſelbſt kennen lernte.

In der Nachbarſchaft des Langenborn'ſchen Hauſes wohnte ein reicher Mann, dieſer hatte über zwanzig Jahre eine Magd gehabt, die durch vorzügliche Treue in ihrem Dienſt, und durch ihre chriſtliche Aufführung, als eine fromme und brave Perſon, wenigſtens ihrem Gott, und dann auch einigen Wenigen, die das wahre Verdienſt allenthalben, auch da ſchätzen, wo es nicht mit äußerem Glanz umgeben iſt, bekannt war. Dieſe gute Seele mußte viele Jahre lang mit Engbrüſtigkeit kämpfen, die ihr ihren Beruf öfters äußerſt beſchwerlich machte. Endlich bekam ſie am Beine eine Geſchwulſt und zugleich verlor ſich ihr kurzer Odem, und die Bruſt wurde frei; jetzt aber konnte ſie nicht mehr fortkommen, ihr Dienſt wurde ihr alſo ſehr ſauer. Anſtatt nun, daß ihr Dienſtherr ſie hätte verpflegen und für ihre Geneſung ſorgen ſollen, verfuhr er mit ihr nach der gewöhnlichen Weiſe, ſo wie es die Geſetze der Dienſtordnung mit ſich bringen; er kündigte ihr alſo an, daß ſie aus dem Dienſt gehen müßte, bis ſie von ihrem Uebel geheilt wäre.

Die arme Magd wußte jetzt weder aus noch ein; in's Hoſpital konnte ſie nicht aufgenommen werden, denn ſie war keine Bürgerstochter, und Geld hatte ſie auch nicht, um ſich verpflegen, viel weniger, um ſich curiren zu laſſen. Sie ſchleppte ſich alſo mit ihrem Jammer, und arbeitete über Vermögen. Unter der Hand bemerkte ſie nahe am Schienbein, einwärts gegen den Waden zu, an ihrem braun angelaufenen und geſchwollenen Bein einen ſchwärzlichen Flecken. Dieſe Erſcheinung machte ihr Angſt, und nun ſehnte ſie ſich nach einem Arzte, den ſie auch an einem Leinweber zu finden hoffte, der zwei Stunden weit in einem Flecken wohnte, und durch ſeine Kuren berühmt war. Da ſie nun nicht ſelber dahin gehen konnte, ſo erbarmte ſich ein Webergeſelle über ſie, der an einem Sonntage hinging und den Doctor Leinweber ihrenthalben conſultirte; dieſer erklärte gleich das Uebel für gefährlich, und gab den Flecken für den kalten Brand aus; er verordnete alſo ſeiner Meinung nach eine ſehr kräftige Arznei; denn er gab ein ätzendes Pulver, das auf den Fleck geſtreut werden ſollte.

Die arme Leidende folgte treulich dem Rath des Afterarztes, ſie ſtreute das Pulver auf den ſchadhaften Ort, das Pulver fraß um ſich und verurſachte ihr unleidliche Schmerzen, wobei ſie nun ihren Fuß nicht mehr von der Stelle bewegen konnte. Jetzt mußte ſie alſo das Bett hüten.

Ihr Herr wurde darüber äußerſt ungeduldig, er fuhr ſie an und ſagte: wenn ſie nicht machte, daß ſie aus dem Hauſe käme, ſo würde er ſie hinaustransportiren und auf die Straße werfen. Dieſe Unbarmherzigkeit ſchnitt Wunden in ihr Herz, und ſie rief mit unausſprechlichem Weinen in ihrem troſtloſen Zuſtande Gott um Hülfe an, der ſie denn auch gnädig erhörte.

Langenborn, der immer der Erſte war, der ſo etwas erfuhr, ward auch bald den Zuſtand der bedauerungswürdigen Dienſtmagd gewahr; ſtugs nahm er ſeine Krücken unter den Arm und holperte nach dem unbarmherzigen Hauſe. Gleich bei dem Eintritt begegnete ihm der hartherzige Kaufmann, der ihn anfuhr und fragte, was er wolle! Mit dem erhabenen Ernſt des Chriſten antwortete Johannes: „ich will Ihre Magd abholen und zu mir nehmen.“ „So!“ antwortete der Kaufmann, „Ihr habt ja ſelber nichts, Ihr hofft vielleicht für die Magd zu betteln, und dann mitzuzehren!“ — Mit ſanftem Lächeln verſetzte Langenborn: „O ja! ich hoffe bei dem lieben Gott recht viel für Ihre arme Magd zu erbetteln, und dann freilich auch von dem, was er beſcheert, mitzuzehren! Aber,“ ſetzte er entſchloſſen hinzu, „bei Menſchen habe ich noch nie gebettelt, und wenn's ja dazu kommen ſollte, ſo würde ich doch einem ſo ſehr armen Mann, wie Sie ſind, niemals beſchwerlich fallen; denn wahrlich! Sie müſſen wohl bitterarm ſeyn, weil Sie nicht einmal vermögend ſind, Ihren kranken Dienſtboten die Koſt zu geben, wenn ſie nichts verdienen können.“

Der Kaufmann eilte glühend weg, und Johannes hinkte hinauf auf die Kammer. Hier war es nun freilich kein hinkender Bote, ſondern ein Engel des Herrn, der Heil verkündigte. Mit einem Worte: noch in der nämlichen Stunde trugen einige Geſellen und Knechte die fromme Dulderin in Langenborns ſegensvolle Hütte. Nun waren aber nur zwei Betten im Hauſe. In der Stube ſchliefen Vater und Mutter, und in der Kammer beide Töchter, allein die Liebe findet allenthalben Auskunft; die Kranke wurde in's beſte Bett in die warme Stube gelegt; der gebrechliche Vater und die ſchwächliche Mutter ſchliefen in der Kammer, und die beiden Töchter lagen bei der Kranken in der Stube auf der Erde auf bloßem Stroh, um immer bei der Hand zu ſeyn. Jetzt war nun die Magd zwar in ſoweit verſorgt, aber deswegen war ihr Bein doch immer nicht beſſer. Sie ſtreute das Pulver und duldete die fürchterlichſten Schmerzen, indeſſen wurde das Loch am Waden immer größer; Langenborns älteſte Tochter lief alſo wieder zum Arzte, der aber befahl, immer mit dem Pulverſtreuen fortzufahren. Einige Zeit wurde dieſer Rath unter unſäglichen Schmerzen noch fortgeſetzt; allein nun fing die Sache an, gefährlicher zu werden. Die Patientin zehrte ab, und es hatte das Anſehen, als ob das Bein verloren gehen würde.

Endlich fiel dem guten Langenborn ein, daß er von dem neuen Doctor Stilling gehört habe, er ſei ein guter Mann, der den Armen nichts abnähme, er wolle alſo ſelbſt zu ihm gehen, und ihn erſt einmal ausforſchen, ob dem Ding auch wohl ſo wäre, und was er zu dem Umſtand ſagen würde.

Stilling ſaß eben auf ſeiner Studirſtube und arbeitete, als er ein dreifüßiges Weſen, einen hölzernen Fuß, eine Krücke und einen natürlichen Fuß, die Treppe herauf kommen hörte. Er eilte an die Thüre und führte den edeln Langenborn, den er jetzt zum erſten Male ſah, herein. — Das iſt wahr, ein ſolch apoſtoliſches Geſicht hatte er in ſeinem Leben noch nicht geſehen. Ehrfurcht und Liebe durchſchauerte ihn bei dem Anblicke dieſes ärmlich, aber ſehr reinlich gekleideten Mannes; er ließ ihn ſitzen und ſeine Kappe aufſetzen: denn wahrlich! Langenborn war ein vornehmerer Mann als er. Auch Stilling mußte dem ſcharfblickenden Geiſt ſo ziemlich behagen; denn er floß alſofort von Zutrauen und Leutſeligkeit über, und bedauerte, daß er den Herrn Doctor nicht eher gekannt habe. Stilling freute ſich ebenfalls über dieſen neuen und würdigen Freund, und fragte ihn dann, was ſein Begehren wäre. Jetzt erzählte Langenborn nun die Geſchichte mit der Magd ſo umſtändlich, als ich ſie hier erzählt, und im Augenblicke machte ſich Stilling bereit, und eilte zu der Kranken.

Nie in ſeinem Leben wird er das Leidensbild vergeſſen, das er hier zwiſchen den dienenden Chriſtinnen antraf. — Abgezehrt bis auf die Gebeine, lag ſie da, — jede Miene war Ausdruck der ſchrecklichſten Schmerzen, und jeder Odemzug war ein himmelanſteigender Seufzer, um Erbarmung. Dieſer Anblick trieb dem Arzte häufige Thränen aus den Augen, die Wangen herab; er eilte alſo zur Linderung. Aber großer Gott! — welch' ein Anblick! — er fand das Schienbein faſt vom Knie bis auf den Knöchel entblößt, der ganze Waden hatte ſich abgelöſt, und hing nur noch vermittelſt der Haut und ein paar Muskeln mit dem Bein zuſammen, und man konnte beinahe den ganzen Vorderarm in dieſer ungeheuern Wunde verbergen.

Stilling nahm alſo die ſchleunigſten Maßregeln zur Hülfe; die älteſte Tochter Langenborns mußte in den nahen Wald laufen, um einen Arm voll Goldwurzeln (chelidonium majus) zu ſuchen; die zweite mußte in die Stadt und Bienenhonig holen, und die Mutter, der Vater und der Arzt pflückten Charpie. Als nun Alles bei der Hand war, ſo wurden die Wurzeln und Stängel der Goldwurzel in einem Mörſer geſtoßen, und der Saft durch ein Tuch gepreßt. In einem halben Schoppen dieſes Saftes miſchte Stilling eben ſo viel Honig, tauchte dann Büſchlein von Charpie in dieſes Gemiſche, und füllte die ganze Höhle der Wunde damit aus; dann legte er den beinahe abgelöſten Waden wieder an ſeinen Ort, und umwand das ganze Bein mit dem gehörigen Verband. Durch dieſes Arzneimittel und durch dieſe Methode nebſt der gehörigen Diät wurde das Bein innerhalb drei bis vier Wochen vollkommen heil und brauchbar, ſo daß die gute Perſon hernach wieder bis an ihr Ende in Dienſte gehen konnte. Daß ſie ihrem vorigen Herrn dieſe Ehre nicht erzeigte, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt.

Während dieſer Kur wurden Stilling und Langenborn vertraute Freunde; beide erzählten ſich ihre Schickſale, und wenn der Erſte zuweilen in ſeinen ſchweren Prüfungen ſich erholen wollte, ſo ging er zu ſeinem Freunde Langenborn, dem kreuzgewohnten Dulder, der ihn dann aus ſeiner Fülle reichlich zu tröſten wußte.

Endlich zog Stilling, bekanntlich als Profeſſor der Staatswirthſchaft nach Rittersburg; er nahm auch bei Langenborn Abſchied. Alle fünf weinten zärtliche Thränen, und das Präſent, das der erhabene Streiter ſeinem Freunde mitgab, beſtand in dem herrlichen Spruche: „Trachtet nicht nach hohen Dingen, ſondern haltet Euch herunter zu den Niedrigen.“

Jetzt webt Langenborn nicht mehr Schnürbändchen, auch braucht er ſeine Krücke und ſein hölzern Bein nicht mehr; denn er wandelt mit andern ſeines Gleichen unter den Lebensbäumen im Paradieſe Gottes, und genießt, was ſeine Thaten werth ſind.

Johann Friedrich Jünger,

der Sohn eines wohlhabenden Kaufmanns, wurde am 15. Februar 1759 zu Leipzig geboren und widmete ſich der Handlung, wandte ſich aber bald zum Studium der Rechte auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt und erhielt 1780 die juriſtiſche Doctorwürde. Nachdem er hierauf eine Zeitlang Hofmeiſter zweier Prinzen geweſen war, privatiſirte er in Weimar und ſeit 1787 in Wien, wo er ſich als Dramatiker rühmlich auszeichnete und deswegen 1789 vom Kaiſer Joſeph II. als Hoftheaterdichter angeſtellt wurde. In Folge einer Veränderung des Nationaltheaters aber erhielt er 1794 ſeine Entlaſſung, welche, obwohl ſie in den ſchmeichelhafteſten Ausdrücken abgefaßt war, verbunden mit ſeiner kümmerlichen Lebensweiſe, vielleicht den Grund zu dem ſtillen Wahnſinn legte, der am 25. Februar 1797 ſeinem, von Rechtſchaffenen geſchätzten Leben ein Ende machte; denn mit ſeinem Talente vereinigte er ein ſehr edles Gemüth, hohe Genügſamkeit, Liebenswürdigkeit im Umgange und unerſchütterliche Rechtſchaffenheit.

Er gab heraus:

Huldreich Wurmſamen von Wurmfeld. Komiſcher Roman. Leipzig 1781 — 1787, 3 Thle., 8.

Der kleine Cäſar. Komiſch-ſatyriſcher Roman nach dem Engliſchen des Coventry. Leipzig 1782, 8. mit Kupfern.

Des Grafen Heinrich von Moreland merkwürdige Geſchichte und Abentheuer. Leipzig 1783, 8.

Der blinde Ehemann. Operette. Berlin 1784, 8.

Luſtſpiele. Leipzig 1785 — 89, 5 Thle., 8.

Das Weiberkomplott. Luſtſpiel nach Dancourt. Leipzig 1786, 8.

Jeannot, oder: Wer den Schaden hat, darf für den Spott nicht ſorgen. Luſtſpiel nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1786, 8.

Der Inſtinkt, oder: Wer iſt Vater zum Kinde. Luſtſpiel nach du Perty. Leipzig 1786, 8.

Camille, oder: Briefe zweier Mädchen aus unſerm Zeitalter. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1786 — 1787, 4 Bde., 8.

Vetter Jakobs Launen. Leipzig 1786 — 1792, 6 Bdchen, 8.

Der Schein betrügt. Berlin und Libau 1787 — 1788, 2 Thle., 8.

Eheſtandsgemälde. Leipzig 1790, 8. mit J.'s Bildniß von Geyſer.

Komiſches Theater. Leipzig 1792 — 1795, 3 Bde., 8. mit Kupfern.

Des Herrn von Gorgo's ſämmtliche Werke, frei überſetzt. Berlin 1793 — 1794, 6 Bdchen, kl. 8. mit Kupfern.

Wilhelmine, oder: Alles iſt nicht Gold, was glänzt. Berlin 1795 — 1796, 2 Thle., 8.

Fritz. Ein komiſcher Roman. Berlin 1796 — 1799, 4 Thle., 8., mit Kupfern. Der 3te und 4te Theil iſt von fremder Hand.

Nach ſeinem Tode erſchienen:

Prinz Amaranth mit der großen Naſe. Eine moraliſche Erzählung aus den Jahrbüchern der Regierung Königs Dibeltang des Großen und deſſen Gemahlin Aliheikadel der Weiſen, nebſt hiſtoriſchen Nachrichten von der Königin Karunkel, dem Prinzen Hampeldiden und dem Zauberer Talpatſch. Berlin 1799, 16 Bdchen, 8.

Adolphine von Roſenthal, oder: Der Schein trügt. Luſtſpiel. Pillau 1801, 8.

Theatraliſcher Nachlaß. Zweite Auflage. Regensburg 1803 — 1804, 2 Bdchen, 8.

Weiberliſt. Ein Luſtſpiel. Riga 1804, 8.

Gedichte. Herausgegeben von Joh. G. Gk. Leipzig 1821, 8.

Die übrigen einzeln erſchienenen Schriften, von denen einige ins Däniſche (z. B.: Der Strich durch die Rechnung; Dank und Undank; Die Entführung) und letztere auch ins Franzöſiſche überſetzt worden ſind, befinden ſich ſämmtlich in den oben verzeichneten Sammlungen.

Einzelne Gedichte und Aufſätze ſind Journalen, Taſchenbüchern und Almanachs einverleibt. Ueberdieß beſorgte J. die Herausgabe der: Gedichte von Fr. Aug. Galliſch, (Leipzig 1784, 8.), ſeinem Freunde, und ſchrieb einen Vorbericht und deſſen Biographie dazu.

Lebhafter Dialog, glückliche Charakterzeichnung und Herbeiführung guter Situationen beurkunden allerdings Jünger's Talent zum Luſtſpieldichter, doch war ſeine Phantaſie nicht productiv genug, und er mußte daher bei andern Nationen borgen, um ſeine ſpätern Leiſtungen nicht zu ärmlich auszuſtatten. Sie hielten ſich daher auch nicht lange auf der Bühne und ſind faſt gänzlich in Vergeſſenheit gerathen. Unter ſeinen komiſchen Romanen iſt ſein „Fritz“ der beſte, obwohl er ſich keineswegs ſehr über die Mittelmäßigkeit erhebt.

Friedrich Auguſt Junker

ward am 30. Juni 1754 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde dann als Lehrer am daſigen Pädagogium angeſtellt. Bei dem Ausbruch des Krieges mit Frankreich kam er als Feldprediger nach Magdeburg und 1798 als Garniſonprediger und Waiſenhausdirector nach Braunſchweig, wo er am 8. Januar 1816 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Kleines Schulbuch. Magdeburg 1786.

Ueber den erſten Unterricht. Magdeburg 1787.

Handbuch der gemeinnützigen Kenntniſſe für Volksſchulen. Ebendaſ. 1788, 3 Thle. 4. Aufl. 1819.

Grundlegung zur deutſchen Sprachkenntniß. Braunſchweig 1805.

Pädagogiſche Aphorismen. Herausgegeben von Hörgenheim. Braunſchweig 1819.

Ein tüchtiger Schulmann, der durch Lehre und That zu ſeiner Zeit und in ſeinen Verhältniſſen, höchſt ſegensreich und fruchtbringend wirkte.

Johann Heinrich Gottlob von Juſti,

ein durch ſeine merkwürdigen Schickſale bekannter Mann, ward im Jahre 1705 zu Brücken in Thüringen geboren und diente, nachdem er ſich einige wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung erworben hatte, als Soldat, Profeſſor, Polizei-, Bergwerks- und Finanzbeamter kurze Zeit nach einander in Oeſtreich, Hannover, Dänemark und Preußen. Endlich erhielt er eine feſte Anſtellung als Berghauptmann und Oberaufſeher aller preußiſchen Bergwerke zu Berlin, wurde aber 1768 ſeines Amtes entſetzt und beſchloß ſein Leben als Staatsgefangener auf der Feſtung Küſtrin am 20. Juli 1771.

Er verfaßte:

Ergötzungen der vernünftigen Seele. Leipzig 1745 — 1750, 6 Bde.

Die Dichterinſel. Ebendaſ. 1745.

Fabeln und Erzählungen. Köln 1759.

Die Wirkungen und Folgen des wahren und

falſchen Staatskunſt in der Geſchichte des Pſammetich. Frankfurt 1759—1760, 2 Thle.
Scherzhafte und ſatyriſche Schriften. Berlin 1760—1765, 3 Thle.
Moraliſche und philoſophiſche Schriften. Berlin 1760 und 1761, 2 Thle.

Ein äußerſt fruchtbarer und federfertiger Schriftſteller, dem aber alle Gediegenheit und Gründlichkeit abging, und der daher ſehr ſchnell in die Nacht der Vergeſſenheit ſank.

Karl Wilhelm Juſti

ward am 14. Januar 1767 zu Marburg geboren, ſtudirte auf dem Gymnaſium und der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt Philoſophie und Theologie und erhielt 1790 eine Predigerſtelle an der daſigen Lutheriſchen Kirche. 1793 wurde er Profeſſor der Philoſophie, nachdem er ſich die Doctorwürde dieſer Wiſſenſchaft vorher erworben hatte, 1801 Archidiakonus, 1802 Conſiſtorialrath und Superintendent und 1814 Oberpfarrer an der großen Pfarrkirche zu Marburg und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie daſelbſt. Schon vorher hatte er die theologiſche Doctorwürde erhalten und wurde im Jahre 1834 in ehrender Anerkenntniß ſeiner Leiſtungen auf dem Felde der Alterthumskunde von der königlich däniſchen Geſellſchaft für nordiſche Alterthumskunde und von der königlich ſächſiſchen hiſtoriſch-theologiſchen Societät zu Leipzig noch zum ordentlichen Mitgliede ernannt.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Abendphantaſien. Marburg 1790.
Joel. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1792.
Eliſabeth die Heilige. Zürich 1798.
Amos. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1799.
Micha. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1799.
Heſſiſche Denkwürdigkeiten. Ebendaſ. 1799—1802, 3 Thle., mit Hartmann.
Nationalgeſänge der Hebräer. Neu überſetzt und erläutert. Leipzig 1803—1808, 3 Bde., 8.
Gedichte. Marburg 1808, 8.; mit 1 Kupf. und Muſikbeilage.
Amalie Eliſabeth, Landgräfin von Heſſen. Gießen 1812.
Teutona's Nacht und neuer Morgen. Marburg 1813.
Erſcheinungen im Haine Thuiskon's. Ebendaſ. 1814; mit W. Beck.
Blumen althebräiſcher Dichtkunſt. Gießen 1809, 8. Mit Auguſti, Dahl, Eichhorn, Hartmann und Hufnagel.
Die Vorzeit. Taſchenbuch. Marburg 1820 u. f.
Nahum und Habakuk. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1821.
Sionitiſche Harfenklänge. Leipzig 1829, gr. 8.
Gedichte. Neue Sammlung. Marburg 1834. 8.; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1838, 8.; mit 1 Titelkupfer und 3 muſikaliſchen Compoſitionen.

Tiefes Gefühl, Zartheit der Empfindung, Anmuth der Darſtellung und eine glückliche Phantaſie verleihen den eigenen Dichtungen dieſes vortrefflichen Mannes und ausgezeichneten Gelehrten einen hohen Werth. Seine Nachbildungen althebräiſcher Dichtkunſt beweiſen, was ein feiner Geſchmack, verbunden mit ſtrengwiſſenſchaftlicher Gründlichkeit, zu leiſten vermag, und haben ihrem Verfaſſer hohen und bleibenden Ruhm erworben; ſeine gehaltvollen hiſtoriſchen Arbeiten erfreuen ſich nicht minder allgemeiner Anerkennung und wurden in weitem Kreiſe viel und gern geleſen.

Gedichte von K. W. Juſti *).

Schatten entflohener Stunden.

Unter wonnigen Träumen flücht'ger Tage
Schwand, wie Morgengewölk, des Lebens Lenz mir;
Durch das duftende Heimthal floß fröhlich
Silber-[illegible].

Herrlich glänzte durch Nebel mir der Wahrheit
Tempel, ſtrahlender Edlen Sternen-Höhe;
Weſte ſäuſelten durch des Lebens Garten
Kühlung dem Waller.

Plötzlich rauſcht' es daher, wie Wogenrauſchen, —
Meine lieblichſten Blumen knickt' ein Sturmwind,
Und die roſigen Träume flohen trauernd, —
Wehmuth ergriff mich!

Fliehen wollt' ich, denn ringsum ſchnob Zerſtörung,
Meine Wonnegefilde deckten Trümmer,
Und des Bangenden Tritte hemmten düſtre
Nebel-Geſtalten.

Da erſchienſt du mir, holder Lebens-Führer
Du, mein Genius; — lächelnd langſt du Tröſtung
Mir in's blutende Herz, und reicheſt traulich
Dann mir die Harfe!

Ihr entquollen der Trauer Erſtlings-Töne, —
Milder lächelte Wehmuth; — Frühlings-Blumen
Sproßten lieblich auf Gräbern; ahnend träumt' ich
Höheres Daſeyn.

Bald umwogten mich Morgenlands Geſänge, —
Moſe's heilige Lieder, David's Hymnen,
Hiob's Wonne der Wehmuth, Joel's Klagen
Schwellten die Bruſt mir.

O der hehren Erquickung heil'ger Lieder! — —
Mächtig rauſchte die Fluth in Harmonieen,
Deren Töne nicht ſtarben; — — himmliſch klang es
Wieder im Herzen!

Bald vernahm ich Geſäng' im Sphärenraume
Silberſchimmernder Welten, Sternenwallen
Boten, magiſch leuchtend, weiſem Geiſte
Wonne-Gerüchte.

Und es tönte Stimmungen meine Harfe,
Lieber ſchwebten die Wolken trüber Schwermuth,
Aus der Wirklichkeit ſchwebt' in ſchön're Welten
Hoffend die Seele. — —

Und ſo leiten den Abend nur Geſänge,
Sind die Pflichten des ſchwülen Tags vollendet,
Bis, entfeſſelt, der Geiſt am jüngſten Abend
Kühner ſich aufſchwingt!

Orpheus.

Weſſen Wehmuth tönt die goldne Leier?
Welche Klage weht, wie Frühlingswort,
Durch die Saiten, wenn zur Abendfeier
Abendgold die Hainesflur durchwallt?
„Holde Gattin!“ bebt's von Orpheus's Lippen;
„Holde Gattin!“ wiederhallt's an Klippen.

Denn es bleichten früh die Roſenwangen
Ihr, der Gott nur an Reizen glich,
Und der Orkus hält ſie gefangen,
Die nach [illegible] nicht wich.
Neu erwachen nun an jedem Morgen
Des gebeugten Gatten Gram und Sorgen.

Aber plötzlich ſtimmt ein Gott die Saiten,
Gießt Begeiſt'rung in der Töne Lauf,
Daß melodiſcher die Töne gleiten,
Kummerſtillend, wie der [illegible]:
„O, vielleicht, daß meiner Töne [illegible]
„Schmelzen mag des Dis Ingrimm!“

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*) Aus deſſen Gedichten. 2. Ausgabe. Marburg 1838.

Sprach's; und ſieht die ſchwarzen Fluthen drängen,
Kämpfend mit des Charon düſtrem Kahn,
Klippen ſieht er drohend um ſich hängen;
Dennoch landet er am Ufer an,
Wo ihm ernſte Dämmerung verkündet,
Daß die Fackel Eos hier nicht zündet.

In dem grauenvollen Schattenlande
Stand der Sänger jetzt, gehüllt in Nacht,
Doch hinab gewagt zum Geiſterſtrande,
Trotzt er nun der ganzen Höllenmacht;
Denn die Liebe hieß dahin ihn gehen,
Seine Gattin ſingend zu erflehen.

Magiſch tönt' in allen Felſenklüften
Seiner Leier Harmonie; es klang
Wie Erweckungs-Jubel über Grüften,
Cerberus verſtummt' am Klippenhang,
Tantalus hört' auf, vor Durſt zu ſchmelzen,
Siſyphus vergaß, den Stein zu wälzen.

Eine Thräne floß den Eumeniden,
Und die Armen, ſonſt der Qual geweiht,
Koſteten das Glück der Uraniden,
Schmeckten jetzt der Ruhe Seligkeit;
Herrſcher und Beherrſcherin der Schatten
Fühlten Mitleid mit dem hehren Gatten.

„Dringe, Sänger, durch die Nebelnächte,
„Durch des grauſen Thales Düſterheit!"
So geſchah's. Ihm huldigten die Mächte
Des Avernus voller Mildigkeit.
Lieblich in der Morgendämmerung Bilde
Sah er nun Elyſiums Gefilde.

Roſenfarbne Nebelwölkchen hüllen
Lieblich-düſter jene Gegend ein,
Düfte ſüßer Balſamblüthchen füllen
Sie mit Lebenshauch und Spezerei'n;
Geiſter, die den Sänger ſanft umſchweben,
Flüſtern: „aus dem Tod' entkeimt das Leben!"

Wie berühret von einer Gottheit Stabe,
Thut ihm eine neue Welt ſich auf,
Im Gefühl' erhöhter Sehergabe,
Maß er kühn den neuen Heldenlauf.
Dennoch wogt' in ihm ein fremdes Bangen,
Und ein freudig-ſchüchternes Verlangen.

„Sieger mit der Güte Myrthen-Kränzen,
Mit der Wonne ſüßem Flötenton,
Sagt, wo harrt in dieſes Haines Grenzen
Meine Holde auf der Liebe Lohn?
Möcht' ich Einmal noch, mit Hochentzücken,
Auf der Oberwelt an's Herz ſie drücken!"

Sprach's; da hielt ein lieblich-banges Sehnen
Seinen Schritt mit Zauberbanden feſt;
Seinem Aug' entrannen heiße Thränen,
Die der Gattin Löſung ihm erpreßt.
„Ha! ſchon wär' der heil'ge Spruch erfüllet,
Da den Blick noch Wehmuths-Thau verhüllet!

„Sind es Träume, die mich hold umgaukeln!
Oder folgt ſie mir, mit Zephyrtritt!
Sind es Phantaſieen, die mich ſchaukeln!
Oder wallſt, Euridice, du mit?
Eil' und kehre aus dem Reich der Schatten
An die liebewarme Bruſt des Gatten!"

Ach! da Beide bald dem Thal entfliegen,
Bald enteilt dem ſtillen Schattenort,
Den Getreuen Lebensträume wiegen,
Reißt auf Einmal ihn Beſorgniß fort:
Ob auch wirklich folge, die er liebet,
Oder bloße Täuſchung ihn betrübet?

Er blickt um; doch die ſein Herz erkohren,
Und die neu belebt den todten Sinn,
Ach! die Holde war für ihn verloren,
Und in Nebel ſchwand ihr Bild dahin.
Orpheus's Glück war von Nacht gebunden,
Seine Hoffnung, wie ein Traum, verſchwunden!

Ach! ſo grenzt des Geiſtes höh'res Leben
Oft an Tod; und ohne Wiederkehr
Sinkt, wenn wir am beſſern Daſein ſchweben,
Pſyche tief hinab in's Sinnenmeer!
Selig, wem des Herzens Flammentriebe
Früh ſich läutern zu der reinern Liebe! — —

Die Aeols-Harfe.

Himmliſche Töne, die einſt, wenn kräftig wehte die Nachtluft,
Strömt' in melodiſchem Klang' David's Harfe dahin;
Die ihr von ſelbſt, — wenn ringsum ſchwieg in Hainen und Grotten
Oſſian's Harfengetön, — lieblich den Saiten entfliegt; —
Töne, bald leiſe verwehend und ſterbend, wie Klagen der Geiſter,
Bald ergreifend mit Macht, feſtlich, wie Orgelgeſang; —
Singen euch klagende Seelen mir zu? — wie? ſeyd ihr die Lieder
Liebender Geiſter der Fluth, traurig den Wellen entſchwebt?
Seid ihr die Seelen der Klagegeſänge Malvina's um Oskar?
Oder das launige Spiel eines ätheriſchen Geiſts?
Fließt ihr von Sternengefilden herab, ihr reinen Akkorde?
Oder iſt Gräbergetön euer erſterbender Klang? —
Wohl, ihr wehet Begeiſtrung mir zu, doch wecket ihr Liebe,
Singet bald zärteren Schmerz, lullet die Seele in Ruh;
Bald beſchwingt ihr zu Ahnungen mich von beſſerem Daſein,
Rauſchet Hymnen daher, in melodiſchem Sturm! — —
So erklingen die Harfen der Engel, wenn heilige Seelen
Sich entwinden dem Staub', ſteigen zum Himmel empor! — —
Wallet erquickt am Abend des Lebens, ihr Fluthen des Wohllauts
Und im reinſten Akkord ſei dann, o Seele, geſtimmt! — —

An Roſaliens, der Früherblaßten, Grabe.

Im Januar 1798.

Kalt und ſchaurig wehen ſchon die Lüfte
Um der Hingeſchiednen ſtilles Grab,
Und die Sonne blickt durch Nebeldüfte
Melancholiſch in den Hain herab.

Freundin ſchöner Seelen — Abendröthe,
Küſſe ſanft die ungeſchmückte Gruft;
Und ihr Wälder durch die Blumenbeete —
Leiſe Winde, wehet Gräberduft! —

Zwar die Blume, deren Blätter fielen,
Iſt nicht ewig ihres Schmucks beraubt,
Hebt im Kreiſe lieblicher Geſpielen
Nun in Eden ihr umſtrahltes Haupt.

Süßer ſollte ſie dort oben düften,
Darum ſtarb die Himmelsroſe früh;
In der Erde wolkentrüben Lüften
Weht Verderben; — darum welkte ſie!

Roſen werden in dem nächſten Lenze
Unſrer Trauten ſtiller Gruft entblüh'n;
Küſſen wird der Weſt die Blumenkränze,
Die ſich ſanft um ihre Urne zieh'n.

Ausgeweinet ſind die Trauertage; —
Aller Kummer ſchweigt, ihr Loos iſt Ruh,
Und ſie lächelt ungeſehn der Klage
Ihrer Lieben ſanfte Tröſtung zu.

Ihren Wunſch und ihres Herzens Sehnen
Hat die Ruh des Grabes nun erfüllt;
Tiefer Leiden unbelauſchte Thränen
Hat der Gramvollender Tod geſtillt!

Schwebe, Dulderin! dem Sturm' enteilet,
Nun die Freude, die nicht Wechſel kennt,
Wo des Kummers tiefe Wunde heilet,
Wo Verbundne kein Geſchick mehr trennt! —

Jukunde.

Romanze.

Traurig-ſinnend ſaß Jukunde
  Auf dem hohen Felſenſchloß,
Lehrend ihre beiden Söhne,
Als es ſüß, wie Lauten-Töne,
  Sich durch's Maienthal ergoß:

„Oeffne deine ſtille Wohnung,
  Holde Herzens-Königin!
Einen Ritter ſiehſt du nahen,
Der, um Minne zu empfahen,
  Kommt mit ehrfurchtsvollem Sinn!“

„Laß die Todten friedlich ruhen!
  Ach! ſchon manche Thräne quoll; —
Bei des Aufgangs Purpurkranze,
Bei der Sterne mildem Glanze,
  Bebt mein Herz, ſo heiß und voll!“

Zürnend ſprach die treue Gattin:
  „Nahe dieſer Wohnung nicht!
Schlummert gleich im heil'gen Lande
Längſt mein Wilhelm, trennt die Bande
  Dennoch Zeit und Schickſal nicht!“

„Dem zuerſt mein Herz geſchlagen,
  Schlägt es bis zur ſtillen Gruft.
Treue hab' ich ihm geſchworen,
Deine Seufzer ſind verloren,
  Und verweh'n im Abendduft!“

„„Treue haſt du ihm gelobet; —
  Doch der Tod bricht jeden Schwur;
Soll der Wangen Roth verblühen?
Deiner Augen Gluth verglühen?
  Lebſt du für die Todten nur?““

„Nein! ich lebe friſchem Leben —
  Meinem holden Knaben-Paar!
Seh' ich einſt ſie herrlich blühen,
Dann mag dieſe Gluth verglühen,
  Die dem Gatten heilig war!“

Ernſt und ſinnend ſchwieg Jukunde;
  Als der Ritter dieſes ſprach:
„Edle Frau, vom heil'gen Grabe
Komm' auch ich, und ſüße Gabe
  Folget meinem Flehen nach!“

„Rudolph bin ich, der die Freundſchaft
  Deines Gatten hatt' erſtrebt;
Das Gerücht hat dich betrogen,
Prüfend hab' ich dir gelogen;
  Wilhelm, der Beweinte, lebt!“

„Komm herein“, ſprach die Entzückte,
  „Feurig nannte Wilhelm dich
Oft den Freund der zarten Jugend,
Und das Urbild heil'ger Tugend:
  Neues Leben ſtrömt durch mich!“

Bald erſtieg der wackre Ritter
  Der Getreuen Felſenſchloß.
Aber welch ein Wonnebeben!
Wilhelm war's, der voller Leben
  Selbſt in ſeinen Arm ſie ſchloß! —

Die Stimme vom Grabhügel.

Seinem Freunde, Herrn Senator Günther zu Hamburg gewidmet.

Sonett.

  Betrachtungsvoll irr' ich in jenen Thalen,
Wo mühſam kaum ein Streif vom Sonnenlichte
Durch's Schattendach verſchränkter Zweige bricht —
Im Sammelplatz' von hohen Idealen.

  Ich weilte traurig-ernſt bei Todten-Malen,
Wo Wahrheit laut zum Menſchenherzen ſpricht,
Und unter Roſen und Vergißmeinnicht
Die Müden ruhen von des Lebens Qualen.

  Theilnehmend rann die Thräne mild herab
Auf deiner Gattin feierlichen Hügel,
Und leiſe tönt's, wie Hauch von Zephyr's Flügel:

  „Mein Staubgewand nur deckt dieß ferne Grab,
„Indeſſen, was das Leben überlebet,
„Mein freier Geiſt um den Geliebten ſchwebet!“

Die ſionitiſchen Geſänge.

Hrn. Johann v. Müller geweiht.

Sion's Feier-Geſänge heben die Seele des Weiſen
  Ueber dieß nächtliche Thal in den Unſterblichen Hain;
Und die Muſe mit Palmen führt auf Schwingen der Andacht,
  Singend ihr himmliſches Lied, heimwärts den freieren Geiſt.
Nimm, o Seher! den Kranz, von Blumen des Morgens gewunden,
  Unverwelklich umſchlingt einſt dich ein ſchönerer Kranz!
Walle den Strom des Lebens hinab, wie Töne Siona's
  Wallen mit ſilberner Fluth nach der Heimath Gefild! — —
Als der Sänger noch ſang, da rauſchte der himmliſchen Harfe
  Feſtlich-tönendes Gold durch den balſamiſchen Hain;
Und vom Liede Siona's ergriffen, ſchwang ſich im Lichtſtrahl
  Heim der unſterbliche Geiſt. Schweige drum, irdiſcher Laut! —

Hymenäe.

Allwill'n und Allwinen

an ihrem Bundestage geſungen.

  Der goldne Tag erglänzet,
  Der laute Jubel tönt,
  Der Horen ſchönſte kränzet
  Euch, Traute, hoch verſchönt!
Und Hymen, eurem Bund zum Siegel,
Blickt lächelnd in der Zukunft Spiegel!

  Das Kleinod iſt gefunden
  Im Unſchulds-Heiligthum!
  Vom Liebes-Band umwunden,
  Lohnt euch der Treue Ruhm!
Den Freuden, die euch heut' umſchweben,
Sei heilig euer ganzes Leben!

  Gleich einer Demantmauer,
  Umſchirm' euch Lieb' und Treu'! —
  Im Maien-Regenſchauer
  Blüh'n Laub und Blumen neu; —
So wiſſe ſich, bei Wolkenthränen
Des Schickſals, euer Glück verſchönen!

  Bei wonnevollem Schweigen, —
  Die Wangen Roſenblut, —
  Winkt unter Myrthenzweigen
  Die Liebe, fromm und gut;
O Traute! folget ihrem Winken,
Nie wird, wenn ſie geleitet, ſinken!

  Nach langer Mittagsſchwüle,
  Fühlt oft der ſtille Harm
  Die Luſt der Abendkühle
  In ihrem Schwanenarm; —
Durch Leiden ſelbſt weiß ſie dem Leben
Erhöhten neuen Reiz zu geben.

  Mit unentweihten Lippen
  Verſiegelt euren Bund;
  Aus Hymens Schale nippen,
  Macht Geiſt und Herz geſund!
Die Morgenroth' auf lichtem Hügel
Sei eurer Blüthentage Spiegel!

  Auch Freundes Herz erweitert
  Sich froh bei eurer Luſt,
  Das Licht, das euch erheitert,
  Belebt auch meine Bruſt! —
Sanft, wie das Lied der Nachtigallen,
Hör' ich die Hymnen wiederhallen! —

Die Geneſung.

Im Junius 1803.

Wer begrüßte den Waller auf Dornen? war es ein Bote
  Aus dem Lande der Ruh'? war es der löſende Tod? —
Nacht umhüllte mein Auge, des Körpers Kräfte verſchwanden,
  Gleich dem Nebel im Thal', ſchwebte die Welt mir dahin.
Aber die Seele, beflügelt, erſchwang die beſſere Heimath,
  Die dem Ermüdeten Ruh', Balſam dem Blutenden ſchenkt.
Lieblich wogten des Wonneſtromes kryſtallene Fluthen,
  Aus der Seligen Hain' rauſchten wie Harfengetön;
Baden wollte der freiere Geiſt in Fluthen des Wohllauts,
  Sieh, da rief ihn zurück irdiſcher, zagender Laut.
Kindlich bebende Klagen des bangen lallenden Willy,
  Mona's Jammergeſtöhn, Seufzer mit Thränen vereint,
Und des pflegenden Bruders, der Freunde zärtliche Wünſche
  Bannten den Waller zurück in das verlaſſene Land! — —
Ha! da ſchau' ich die Erde verjüngt im Schmucke des Frühlings.
  Durch die duftende Flur haucht' ich des Dankes Gefühl! — —
Heitere Stunden, ſo wallet mir hin, bis bräutlich geſchmückt
  Einſt die jüngſte mir winkt, Kühlung dem Scheidenden weht,
Und mit Schwingen des Glaubens mein Geiſt die Heimath erflieget,
  Die kein Nebel umhüllt, und kein Sturmwind umſauſt!

Die drei Grafen-Töchter.

Eine Legende.

Einſt prangt ein ſtattlich Zinnen-Schloß
Auf ſchroffer Felſen ſtolzem Gipfel;
Die Fenſter flammten, Monden gleich,
Durch hoher Lindenbäume Nacht.
Graf Robert hauſte hier, — umlagert
Von Gäſten ſtets, — in Saus und Braus.
Der Forſt erklang von Hörnerſchall,
Die Burg von Jubelſang' und Zimbeln,
Und der Bankete wildem Schwarm.
Drei Töchter, wie die Engel ſchön, —
Nur nicht an Geiſt' und Herzen gleich, —
Erhöhten jede Feſtlichkeit.
Sie waren ihres Vaters Stolz,
Der nichts nach Zucht und Sitten frug.
Wenn oft Sanct Anton warnend ſprach:
„Herr Graf, bedenkt der Seelen Heil!"
So hieß es: „bete du für uns!
Wir freuen uns des kurzen Lebens,
Und laſſen Ablaß und Gebet!"

Die erſte Tochter, Meta, fröhnte
Dem Sinnendienſt', der Eitelkeit,
Und jedem neuen Feſt des Tages.
Der Glocken ernſter Feierklang
Rief nimmer ſie vom Spiegel weg.
Sie ſchmückt' ihr Haupt, und zier't ihr Haar,
Und prunkte ſtets im Feſtgewand,
Sann Liebesſchlingen aus, und gab
Sich ſchmeichelnden Genüſſen hin.

Die zweite Tochter, Fredegunde,
Kannt' ihres Stolzes Grenze nicht.
Der frommen Chriſten Sonntagsfeier
Hielt unter ihrer Würde ſie;
Des Lehrers ernſtes Warnungswort,
Der Beter demuthsvoller Sinn,
Der Liebe Geiſt in Wort und That
War Pöbelwerk in ihren Augen.

Tilwine war, die dritte Tochter, —
Von Antlitz hold, wie Maienblüthe,
An Herz und Sinn den Engeln gleich —
Blieb Gott und der Natur getreu,
Hielt heilig jede Menſchenpflicht,
Erduldete der Schweſtern Hohn,
Und blieb der armen Kranken Pflege.
Wenn früh des Sonntags erſter Strahl
Beſchien des Domes goldnes Kreuz,
Dann miſchte ſie ſich andachtsvoll
In frommer Chriſten frohe Menge.

Oft flimmten ob des Grafen Burg
Drei Sterne, funkelklar und feurig:
Dann rauſcht' es durch den Saal, wie Sturm,
Und endigte, wie Flötenton.
Dem Grafen ſagt' ein banges Ahnen,
Daß Trauer in die Burg ſich dränge.
So war's; — denn Meta ſtarb am Abend,
Um Mitternacht ſchied Fredegunde,
Und als der Graf noch rang die Hände,
Daß ſie ein ſchneller Tod ereilt,
Bevor geläutert wär' ihr Geiſt —
Als für der Schweſtern Heil Tilwine
Noch betet', ſchied auch ſie am Morgen.
Der Vater heult' in Folterqual,
Und zagend wünſcht' auch er, zu ſterben.

Bei Glockenklang und Grabesſang,
Trug man an Einem Tag' die Leichen
In ihrer Ahnen ſtille Gruft.
Die Seelen ſchwebten gleiches Flugs,
Durch Todesnacht und Dämmerung,
Bis vor des Himmels goldne Pforte.
„Sanct Petrus, ſchließ doch auf die Thür!
Es harren hier drei arme Seelen!"
Sanct Petrus that die Pforte auf.
„Tilwine! ſprach er, geh' herein;
Ihr beiden andern kehret um.
Wer gut und fromm auf Erden lebt',
Dem blüht hier oben reines Glück;
Wer bös und voller Sünden war,
Bedarf erſt langer Läuterung!"

Der guten Schweſter Seele ſprach:
„Laß Gnade doch für Recht ergehn!" —
Doch eh' dieß Wort der Lipp' entquoll,
Führt' eines Engels Hand ſie ſchon
In's Paradies, zum Lebensquell,
Und in die amaranthnen Lauben,
Wo, unter Wonne-Melodieen,
Die Unſchuld ihren Kranz empfängt.

Noch ſtarrten Meta, Fredegunde
Hin auf Tilwinen's Sternen-Krone,
Und ſannen auf Entſchuldigung,
Wie nimmer eine Läſterthat
Der Menſchen ihren Ruf befleckt — — —
Doch plötzlich hüllte Rabennacht
Die Sterne ein; es wankt' der Grund,
Und wie von dunkler Rieſenhand
Sah'n beide ſich hinabgeſchleudert,
Bei Sturmwind und Gewittertoſen.
Ein grünlich gelber Wetterſchein
Umzog ein düſtres, ödes Thal,
Das Thal der Prüfungen genannt.
„Hier duldet (ſprach's mit Donnerſtimme)
Bis abgebüßt der Sünden-Dienſt,
Der euch das höchſte Gut verſagt,
Bis eure Seelen ſchlackenrein,
Beſcheiden ihre Schuld erkennen,
Und dann der Richter ſich erbarmt!"

Das Winſeln, das die Luft durchdrang,
Von keinem Sternenſchein' erhellt,
Das Aechzen, das der Bruſt entquoll,
Ließ ahnen des Gewiſſens Angſt,
Und ernſter Sühnung harte Pein;
Doch gab des Urtheils letztes Wort
Den Armen fernen Hoffnungs-Schimmer. —
Was dieſen Seelen widerfuhr,
Ließ Gott am trüben Sterbetag'
Im Traum den frommen Anton ſehn.
Es rieſelt' kalt ihm durch die Glieder;
Doch als noch Angſt und Hoffnung kämpften,
War Nacht und Traumgeſicht verſchwunden. —

Der Graf vernahm des Sehers Traum,
Ward ernſter, ging in ſich, und that
Von nun an manches Liebeswerk.
In ſeinen Hallen herrſchte Trauer;
Der Jagd Geräuſch war ihm zuwider,
Der Hörner Schall ein Mißgetön;
Wo ſonſt ein ſchöner Garten blühte,
Da ſtarrt' ihn nun Verwüſtung an.
Oft betet' er, und tief durchdrungen

Von Reu' und Demuth war ſein Herz.
Stets miſchte ſeiner Väter Gott
Ihm Wermuth in den Lebenskelch,
Bis ſeiner Stunden letzte ſchlug.

Die Erſcheinung.

Im Sommer 1805.

Umfloſſen von des Abends Purpurſcheine,
Erſchüttert durch des Zeitgeiſts Machtgebot,
Saß ich im väterlichen Eichenhaine,
Am Felſenbühl, der nach der Tiefe droht,
Es wogt' um mich der wilde Strom der Zeiten,
Und zürnend ſchien die Hore wegzugleiten.

Der Schauerwald, die ſchroffen Klippenhänge —
Sie waren mir ein Bild von Thuiskon's Land,
Der Waldbewohner ſüße Klaggeſänge —
Ein Schwanenlied, das tief mein Herz empfand; —
So wie dahin des Waldſtroms Fluthen zogen,
Wähnt' ich, was wahr und recht und gut, verflogen.

„Wo iſt, ſo ſeufzt' ich, Liebe noch zu finden?
Nur Selbſtſucht ach! umgarnt der Menſchen Sinn:
Und Glaube, der einſt Nacht und Dorngewinden
Gab mildes Licht, floh trauernd auch dahin!
Wie ſollte Hoffnung denn die Sehnſucht ſtillen?
Und armen Lechzern ihren Becher füllen!"

Jetzt ſchlief ich ein. Es prangten neue Welten
Vor meinem Blick'; ich war hinweggerückt
Aus meinem Schauerhain', Wohllaute ſchwellten
Den Buſen mir; mein Geiſt war hochentzückt.
Im ſchönen Morgenland' fand ich mich wieder,
In Sion's heil'ger Nähe ſank ich nieder.

Von Jordan's Ufern rauſchten Harfentöne,
Und durch die Zedern ſcholl ein ſüßer Laut;
Das friſche Thal erglänzt' in Aether-Schöne,
Und war von tauſend Perlen rings bethaut;
Die junge Pflanzenwelt haucht' Lebens-Düfte,
Ihr Balſam wallte durch die reinern Lüfte.

Ich ſchaut' empor; vor den erſtaunten Blicken
Erhob ein Tempel ſich, und wunderbar
Von Antlitz' und Geſtalt, im Aug' Entzücken,
Naht' eine Jungfrau, opfernd am Altar;
Sie ſah, entwöhnt der Erde Schauernächten,
Gen Himmel, einen Kelch in ihrer Rechten.

Der Holden Schweſter kam, und ſchloß mit Wonne
Ein weinend Kind an ihre Schwanenbruſt;
Ihr Auge ſtrahlte, wie die Maienſonne,
Und ſchwamm im Spiegel reiner Himmelsluſt.
Sie ſtrömt' in meinen Buſen Hochentzücken,
Enthüllte neues Daſein meinen Blicken.

Dann naht' die dritte, hielt mit ſüßem Schmachten
Den Anker in der Lilienhand, und winkt'
Dem Dulder Muth, ſchien ahnungsvoll zu trachten
Dorthin, wo nicht die Sonne niederſinkt. —
Wo, wenn der Erde bunte Träum' entſchweben,
Dem Kämpfer lächelt unvergänglich Leben.

Die erſte deutet nach dem Friedenslande,
Das Siegesfrohen mit der Palme lohnt;
Die zweite knüpft der reinen Sehnſucht Bande,
Wo ſie im Heiligthum der Herzen thront.
Die dritte zeigt in wonnigſüßen Träumen
Dem Dulder goldne Frucht an Lebensbäumen.

Die ſchöne Jordans-Flur, die Zedern-Haine
Durchflammen Spätroth, ruhig wogt der See,
Sich ſpiegelnd in dem Abendſonnen-Scheine,
Vergoldet war Sion's Tempelhöh.
Ein Wonneſchauer drang durch meine Glieder. — —
Mein Eden ſchwand! — doch kehrt ſein Bild oft wieder.

Wenn finſter nun des Lebens Stürme walten,
Dann blickt mein Aug' nach heil'ger Sühne hin,
Und Frieden winken jene Huldgeſtalten,
Die mich im Traum' entzückten, meinem Sinn.
Heil mir; denn Glaube, Lieb' und Hoffnung leiten
Mich ſchirmend durch das Land der Dunkelheiten! —

Das Leben.

Eine Rhapſodie.

Dem Herrn Landrathe und Geheimden, Moritz von Schenk zu Schweinsberg, geweiht.

Leicht entgleitet dem wogenden Strom' der Nachen des Weiſen,
  Wie ihn der ſchirmenden Bucht freundliche Winde entweh'n;
Bald durch Sturm und bald durch Klippen ergießet die Fluth ſich,
  Bis ſie ihr Silber verſtrömt in der Unſterblichkeit Land.
Kräftig beſieget Urania's Zögling, was tobet den Buſen;
  Dämpfend die Sorgen der Welt, hebt ihn, was bildet, empor.
Trübet bisweilen ein düſtres Gewölke den Himmel der Zukunft,
  Bald verweht das Gewölk', ſtrahlet verklärter ſein Blau.
Nah'n, gleich Wettern, [illegible] die Mühen des Tages dem Weiſen,
  Kühn ermuthigt er ſich, einſam und frei im Gedicht.
Tobet gewaltig der Strom der Zeit, er lebet geborgen
  In dem unendlichen Reich', welches ſein Genius ſchuf.
Fliehend der Gegenwart wildes Gewühl, begrüßet er freudig
  Dich, heſperiſchen Hain, ſchönerer Vorzeit Gefild!
Dauert zu Zeiten das Glück, geheim verbündet dem Tode,
  Zu erſticken, was keimt, zu vernichten, was reift;
Dann auch hebt ihn ſein Hochgefühl für Wahrheit und Güte,
  (Wen du beſeeleſt, Gefühl! der trug Himmel in ſich!)
Wenn das Veraltete ſtirbt, und was verdorben, verſchwindet,
  Wenn, was überreif war, welket, und modert, was ſtarb,
Wenn die [illegible] Kraft erliegt dem ſchaffenden Geiſte,
  Eigennutz tödtet den Sohn, Kleinmuth verzagt an ſich ſelbſt,
Raſtet im Dunkeln denn die Hand des ewigen Schickſals?
  Iſt es nicht ernſtes Gebot, Spruch des Geſchicks, was geſchieht? —
Wenn die Rechtlichkeit flieht, der Sinn für Billigkeit ſcheidet,
  Und der Geborne des Staubs achtet nicht Maß und nicht Ziel:
Sollte denn Nemeſis nicht die Schritte des Uebermuths zügeln?
  Und mit leiſerem Fuß ändern das rollende Rad? —
Wenn mit diamantenem Arm zerſchmettert das Schickſal
  Rieſengebäude der Zeit, ſchleudert die Trümmer umher;
Wenn es den Nacken des Uebermuths beugt, vernichtet die Plane,
  Die der Stolz ſich erſann, höhnend der Menſchheit Geſetz:
Ha! dann feiert die Seele des Weiſen voll heiliger Ehrfurcht;
  Staunend naht er dem Geiſt', der vernichtet und ſchafft; —
Wenn aus Tod' und Zertrümmerung keimt ein neues Gebilde,
  Und den Grüften entſteigt Leben und früheres Sein;
Wenn die Demuth und Liebe ſiegen, wenn Wahrheit und Rechtthun
  Feiern Triumph', und nicht mehr Thränen die Menſchlichkeit weint;
Dann umweht es, wie Himmelsduft, des Feiernden Seele,
  Und das geklärte Gemüth jubelt zum Weltgeiſt' hinauf! —
Mäßigung zeigt der Menſch, wenn Glück die Schritte beflügelt,
  Hoffend ſchaut er empor, drohet ein Mißgeſchick ihm;
Nie verkennt ſein Blick der wahren Trefflichkeit Siegel:
  „Unabhängig zu ſein von der Gewalt des Geſchicks."
Männlich lernt' er entbehren, dem Schmerz und Tode zu trotzen,
  O! dann fühlt er ſich frei, o, dann fühlt er ſich groß!
Spröd' iſt das Leben, und weicht, voll bitteren Eigenſinns, dem aus,
  Der es ſuchet, und den, der es nicht achtet, umfängt's.
Werden dem Weiſen der Tage nur wenig vom Schickſal beſchieden,
  O! ſo gießet es ihm Schätze des Lebens hinein!
Wie ſein hoher Geſang, ſo wallen harmoniſche Töne,
  Hörbar dem Scheidenden nur, einſt ihm um's Lager der Ruh.
Freundliche Träum' umſchweben ſein Haupt mit goldenen Schwingen,
  Die mit Erinnerung ihn, die ihn mit Ahnung umwehn! — —
Lang' noch walle dem Lebensſchiff, mit günſtigen Winden,

Und im Silber des Stroms ſpiegle ſich ſtärkend mein Aug'!
Leben genießeſt du, Freund, und ſpendeſt Leben und Wonne,
Kehrſt du zur Heymath einſt ſpät, bleib' uns hienieden
dein Bild! —

Salomoniſche Hochgeſänge der Liebe.

Aus der hebräiſchen Urſchrift neu überſetzt.

Eine Sammlung erotiſcher Lieder, zwar ohne künſtlichen Plan, doch aber durch Ein Hauptthema mit einander verbunden, und durch den unverkennbaren Faden der Einheit an einander gereihet; — zarte Wechſelgeſänge und Selbſtgeſpräche, worin die Liebe eines ländlichen Paars, von ihrem erſten Aufkeimen bis zu ihrer vollkommenen Reife, nach ihren ſtillen Wonnen und ſüßen Schmerzen, in der Sprache der Natur und Unſchuld beſungen wird. Die Hauptperſonen bleiben in der ganzen Sammlung dieſelben, ein ſchlichtes Landmädchen, unter Reben, Granatblumen und Lilien weilend, und ein Jüngling, ſeine Heerde weidend und in Wieſen und Gärten luſtwandelnd; — das Intereſſe bleibt daſſelbe. Die Zeit der Handlung iſt die Zeit des Frühlings. Der Schauplatz hingegen ändert ſich öfter, und iſt bald ein morgenländiſcher Garten, bald ſind es offene Triften und Fluren. Das ganze athmet freie Natur und ländliche Einfalt.

Der leichtern Ueberſicht wegen, hat man in der Ueberſetzung den Wechſel der redenden Perſonen, — den der feurige Morgenländer nie beſtimmt angiebt, den aber der veränderte Ton der Geſänge nicht ſchwer errathen läßt, — jedesmal über den einzelnen Abſchnitten angedeutet.

Der Kenner der orientaliſchen Denkart und Sitten wird manche Züge dieſer Liebes-Geſänge unanſtößig finden, die dem wahren oder gekünſtelten Gefühle des Abendländers widerſtreiten, wiewol auch dieſe Lieder, mit manchen perſiſchen und arabiſchen Liebes-Geſängen und mehreren zarten Propheten-Stücken des alten Teſtaments verglichen, noch eine große Feinheit und Zurückhaltung athmen. Uebrigens trägt dieſe, das jugendliche Gemüth durch ihre Herzensſprache ſo ſtark anſprechende Lieder-Sammlung manche Spuren eines weit jüngern Zeitalters, als des Salomoniſchen, z. B. mehrere aramäiſche Wendungen in der Sprache, — an ſich. Sie enthält die Nachklänge des Salomoniſchen Saitenſpiels, — und konnte daher ſchicklich nach dem Namen des Königs, der die Saiten der Zeit und Nachwelt durch ſeine begeiſterungsvollen Lieder geregt hatte, „Ausbund Salomoniſcher Liebes-Geſänge“ das heißt: „Hochgeſänge der Liebe, in dem feurigen Geiſte Salomo's gedichtet,“ genannt werden. Ueber den ausgezeichneten Werth dieſes Buches bedarf's unter edlen Gemüthern keiner Worte mehr. „Es iſt, wie der verewigte Herder ſagt, unter den Büchern des alten Teſtaments eine Roſen- und Myrthenlaube im Thale des Frühlings, rings umher voll ſchöner Ausſicht auf alle Seiten der Menſchheit.“

I.

1 Das Lied der Lieder Salomo's.

Das Mädchen.

2 O küßt' er mich mit ſeines Mundes Küſſen! — —
Denn köſtlicher, als Wein, iſt deine Liebe!
3 Sie duftet, wie dein Salböl, Wohlgeruch; —
Dem ausgegoßnen Balſam gleicht dein Name:
Drum lieben dich die Mädchen!
4 Zieh mich dir nach, und laß uns eilen!
Es führte mich der König in ſein Harem,
Wo froh und freudig ſind wir über dich,
Gedenken deiner zarten Liebe,
Und lieben höher dich, als edlen Wein! —
5 Schwarz bin ich zwar, doch lieblich,
Ihr Töchter von Jeruſalem!
Wie Kedarenen-Zelte,
Wie Decken Salomo's!
6 Schaut mich nicht an, daß ich ſo ſchwarzbraun bin,
Die Sonne hat mich ſo gebräunt!
Es zürnten meiner Mutter Söhne mir,
Und ſetzten mich zur Weinbergs-Hüterin: —
Doch meinen Weinberg — hab' ich nicht gehütet!
7 O ſage mir, den meine Seele liebt:
Wo weideſt du?
Wo ſchläfſt du deinen Mittags-Schlummer?
Denn warum ſollt ich hin und her
Bei deiner Freunde Heerde irren?

Der Jüngling.

8 Weißt du es nicht, der Jungfraun Schönſte?
So folge nur der Heerde Spur,
Und weide deine Ziegen
Bei jenen Hirtenzelten!
9 Dem Prachtgeſpann' am Wagen Pharao's
Vergleich' ich, meine Holde, dich!
10 Schön blicken durch die Kettlein deine Wangen,
Dein Hals durch Perlenreihen!
11 Ich ſchaffe goldne Spangen dir,
Geſprenkt mit Silber-Pünktchen!

Das Mädchen.

12 Indeß der König an der Tafel weilet,
Verbreitet meine Narde ihren Duft!
13 Ein Myrrhen-Sträußchen iſt mein Trauter mir,
An meinem Buſen ruhend.
14 Ein Cypreß-Träubchen iſt mein Trauter
Mir auf Engeddi's Rebenhügeln.

Der Jüngling.

15 Schön biſt du, meine Holde!
Schön biſt mit deinen Tauben-Augen du!

Das Mädchen.

16 Schön biſt, mein Lieber! du, und reizend; —
Ein friſches Grün iſt unſer Lager;
17 Die Balken unſers Hauſes — Zedern,
Zypreſſen unſre Latten! — —

II.

Das Mädchen.

1 Ich bin die Roſe Saron's,
Die Lilie des Blumenthals!

Der Jüngling.

2 Wie unter Dorngeſträuch die Lilie,
So unter Jungfraun, meine Traute!

Das Mädchen.

3 Was unter'm Waldgehölz' ein Apfelbaum,
Das iſt mein Lieber unter Jünglingen!
In ſeinem Schatten wünſch' ich auszuruhen,
Und ſüß iſt meinem Gaumen ſeine Frucht!
4 Er macht mich liebetrunken,
Und über mir weht ſein Panier, die Liebe!
5 O ſtärket mich mit Traubenſaft,
Und labt mich mit des Obſtbaums Frucht;
Denn ich bin liebekrank!
6 Ach! unter meinem Haupt ruht ſeine Linke,
Mit ſeiner Rechten hält er mich umſchlungen!

Der Jüngling
an die Geſpielinnen ſeiner Geliebten.

7 Ich beſchwör' euch, Jeruſalem's Töchter,
Bei den Gazellen,
Bei den Rehen der Flur,
Wecket ſie nicht!
Störet die Traute nicht,
Bis ſie von ſelbſt erwacht!

Das Mädchen.

8 Die Stimme meines Holden!
Ach! ſieh, er kommt!
Er ſpringet über Berge,
Und hüpfet über Hügel!
9 Es gleicht mein Liebling der Gazelle,
Er gleicht dem jungen Hirſch'!
Da ſteht er ſchon!
Steht hinter unſrer Wand,
Schaut durch die Fenſter-Oeffnung,
Und blicket durch das Gitter!
10 Mein Lieber ruft mir zu, und ſpricht:
„Auf, meine Freundin! meine Schönſte!
Auf! komm mit mir!
11 Denn ſieh, der Winter iſt vergangen,
Die Regenzeit dahin, vorüber!
12 Schon ſieht man junge Sproſſen auf dem Felde,
Die Zeit der Lieder naht!
Der Turteltaube Girren
Hört man auf unſrer Flur!
13 Der Feigenbaum würzt ſeine Früchte,
Die jungen Trauben-Blüthen
Verbreiten Wohlgeruch.
Auf, meine Freundin! meine Schönſte, fort!
14 Mein Täubchen in den Felſenklüften,
In ſteiler Berge Höhlen!
Laß mich dein Antlitz ſchauen,
Vernehmen deine Stimme,

Denn deine Stimm' iſt lieblich
Und hold dein Angeſicht!" —
5 Die Füchſe fangt uns weg,
Die kleinen Füchſe, die Verwüſter unſers Weinbergs,
Denn unſer Weinberg knoſpet ſchon! — —
16 Mein Freund iſt mein, und ich bin ſein;
Er weidet unter Lilien!
17 Wenn kühler wird der Tag,
Und ſich die Schatten längern;
Dann kehre heim, o Freund, wie die Gazelle,
Und wie der junge Hirſch,
Der über Scheideberge ſpringt!

III.

Das Mädchen.

1 Des Nachts auf meiner Lagerſtätte
Sucht' ich den Liebling meines Herzens auf;
Ich ſucht' ihn, fand ihn aber nicht!
2 „Wohlan! ſo will ich aufſtehn,
Will wandern durch die Stadt,
Auf allen Plätzen und in allen Straßen
Den Liebling meines Herzens ſuchen!"
Ich ſucht' ihn, aber fand ihn nicht!
3 Da fanden mich die Wächter,
Als ſie die Stadt durchſtreiften.
„Saht ihr den Liebling meines Herzens nicht?"
4 Kaum war ich weg von ihnen,
So fand ich ihn, den meine Seele liebt.
Nun hielt' ich ihn, und ließ' ihn nicht,
Bis ich ihn führ' in meiner Mutter Haus,
In meiner Mutter Kammer!

Der Jüngling.

5 Ich beſchwör' euch, Jeruſalems Töchter!
Bei den Gazellen,
Bei den Reben der Flur,
Wecket ſie nicht,
Störet die Traute nicht,
Bis ſie von ſelbſt erwacht!

Aufforderung an die Jungfrauen Jeruſalem's, die Pracht Salomo's an ſeinem Vermählungsfeſte zu ſehen.

6 Was ſteiget von der Wüſte dort empor,
Wie ſäulengleicher Rauch?
Der Myrrhe und des Weihrauchs Wohlgeruch,
Der alle Kaufmanns-Würze übertrifft! — —
7 Ha! ſeht die Sänfte Salomo's!
Es ſtehen ſechzig Helden um ſie her,
Die Tapferſten in Iſrael!
8 Ein jeder mit dem Schwert bewaffnet,
Des Krieges kundig;
Ein jeder trägt's an ſeiner Hüfte
Vor mitternächt'gem Grauen!
9 Dieß Prachtbett machte ſich der König Salomo,
Aus Zedernholz vom Libanon!
10 Die Säulen macht' er ſich von Silber,
Und das Geſtell von Gold,
Von Purpur ſeinen Anſitz.
Die holdeſte von allen Töchtern
Jeruſalem's ſchmückt ſeine Mitte aus.
11. Geht hin, und ſchaut, ihr Töchter Zion's!
Den König Salomo in ſeinem Blumenkranze,
Womit ihn ſeine Mutter
Am Tage der Vermählung ſchmückte,
Am Wonne-Tage ſeines Herzens!

IV.

Der Jüngling.

1 Schön biſt du, meine Traute, ſchön!
Wie Täubchen, blicken deine Augen durch den Schleier!
Dein Lockenhaar gleicht einer Ziegenheerde,
Die von dem Gilead herab erglänzt;
2 Und deine Zähne ſind, wie Schäfchen,
Die, neugeſchoren, aus dem Bade ſteigen, —
Wie alle Zwillings-Mütter,
Und keines kinderlos.
3 Dem Purpurfaden gleichen deine Lippen,
Und anmuthsvoll iſt deine Stimme! —
Wie am Granat der Riß,
So deine Wangen unter'm Schleier!
4 Dein Hals iſt wie der Davids-Thurm,
Erbaut zur Waffenburg,
Da hängen tauſend Schilde dran,
Der Helden Rüſtung mancherlei.
5 Es gleichen deine Brüſte zwei Gazellen,
Den Zwillingen von Einer Mutter,
Die unter Lilien weiden.

Das Mädchen.

6 Bis ſich der Tag abkühlt,
Und ſich die Schatten dehnen,
Will ich zum Myrrhenberge,
Zum Weihrauchhügel wallen! —

Der Jüngling.

7 Ganz ſchön biſt, Holde! du;
Kein Fehler iſt an dir!
8 Vom Libanon komm mit mir, meine Braut,
Vom Libanon komm mit herab!
Und blicke von Amana's Gipfel,
Von Senir's Hügel und vom Hermon weit umher;
Vom Aufenthalt der Löwen,
Vom Leoparden-Berge! —
9 Du haſt mein Herz verwundet,
O Schweſter! holde Braut!
Verwundet mich, mit Einem deiner Blicke,
Mit Einer Kette deines Halsgeſchmeides!
10 Wie ſüß iſt deine Liebe,
Du, meine Schweſter, Braut!
Weit ſüßer noch, als Wein, iſt deine Liebe,
Und lieblicher der Duft von deinen Salben,
Als alle Würze! —
11 Von deinen Lippen, Braut! träufelt Honigſeim,
Und unter deiner Zung' iſt Milch und Honig;
Dem Duft' vom Libanon
Gleicht deiner Kleider Duft!
12 Ein wohlverwahrter Garten,
Biſt du, o Schweſter, Braut!
Biſt ein verſchloſſener Quell,
Ein Brunnen, zugeſiegelt!
13 Und dein Gewächs
Gleicht einem Luſtgefilde von Granaten,
Voll ſüßer Früchte; Zypern, Narde,
14 Und Nard' und Krokus, Würzrohr, Zimmet,
Der Weihrauch-Stauden mancherlei,
Und Myrrh' und Aloe mit aller edlen Würze
15 Der Gartenquell ein Born lebend'gen Waſſers,
Das ſich vom Libanon ergießt.
16 Auf, Nord! und Südwind, auf!
Durchſtrömt meinen Garten,
Der von Gewürzen träuft!

Das Mädchen.

Mein Trauter komm' in ſeinen Garten,
Und koſte ſeine edlen Früchte! — —

V.

Der Jüngling.

1 Ich komm' in meinen Garten,
O, meine Schweſter, meine Braut!
Dann pflück' ich meine Myrrhe, meinen Balſam,
Ich eſſe meinen Honigſeim und Honig,
Und trinke meinen Wein und meine Milch
Eſſet, Freunde!
Trinkt euch ſatt, ihr Lieben!

Eine Traum-Erzählung des Mädchens.

2 Ich ſchlummerte, doch wachte meine Seele. —
Die Stimme meines Trauten!
Er klopfet an!
„Thu' auf mir, Schweſter, holde Freundin,
Mein Täubchen! meine Schöne!
Mein Haupt iſt thaubenetzt,
Nachttropfen rieſeln mir vom Haar!"
3 Schon bin ich des Gewands entkleidet,
Soll ich auf's neue mich bekleiden?
Schon wuſch' ich meine Füße rein;
Soll ich auf's neue ſie beſtäuben?"
4 Da ſtreckt mein Lieber durch das Gitter ſeine Hand;
Mein Herz bebt' ihm entgegen!
5 Jetzt ſtand ich auf, zu öffnen meinem Liebling;
Von Myrrhe troffen meine Hände,
Und edle Myrrhe rann
Von meinen Fingern auf des Schloſſes Riegel!
6 Auf that ich meinem Liebling;
Doch war mein Liebling fort! entfloh'n!
Entgangen war mir, da er ſprach, die Seele!
Ich ſucht' ihn, aber fand ihn nicht,
Ich rief ihm zu, doch keine Antwort!
7 Die Wächter fanden mich; als ſie die Stadt durchſtreiften!
Sie ſchlugen blutig mich und wund.
Die Mauerhüter raubten mir den Schleier.

8 Ich beſchwöre euch, Jeruſalems Töchter!
Trefft ihr meinen Holden an,
Sagt ihm, ich ſei krank vor Liebe!
Frage der begleitenden Jungfrauen.
9 „Was hat dein Liebling denn voraus vor andern?
O du, der Frauen Schönſte!
Was hat dein Liebling denn voraus,
Daß du uns ſo beſchwöreſt?“ — —
Antwort des Mädchens.
10 Mein Freund iſt weiß und roth,
Und vor Zehntauſenden erkoren!
11 Sein Hauptſchmuck iſt das feinſte Gold,
Sein Haar iſt krausgelockt und Rabenſchwarz!
12 Es gleichen ſeine Augen
Den Täubchen an der Quelle,
In Milch gebadet,
Und ſchwimmend in der Fülle!
13 Gleich einem Blumenfelde,
Würzbeeten gleich ſind ſeine Wangen,
Und Purpur-Lilien ſeine Lippen,
Von welchen flücht'ge Myrrhe träuft!
14 Es gleichen goldnen Walzen ſeine Hände,
Beſetzt mit Hyazinthen;
Sein Leib iſt glänzend Elfenbein,
Geſchmücket mit Sapphiren;
15 Die Schenkel Marmorſäulen,
Auf goldnem Fußgeſtelle.
Sein Anſehn gleicht dem Libanon,
Wie Zedern auserleſen.
16 Süß iſt ſein Gaumen,
Und Alles wonniglich an ihm!
So iſt mein Trauter, ſo mein Freund!
Ihr Töchter von Jeruſalem! —

VI.

Die begleitenden Jungfrauen.

1 „Wo ging er hin, dein Holder!
O du, der Frauen Schönſte!
Wo wandte ſich dein Holder hin?
Wir ſuchen ihn mit dir!“
Antwort des Mädchens.
2 Mein Holder ging hinab in ſeinen Garten,
Hin zu den Balſambeeten,
Zu weiden in dem Garten,
Und Lilien zu ſammeln.
3 Mein iſt mein Trauter; ich bin ſein,
Er weidet unter Lilien! —
Der Jüngling.
4 Schön biſt du, meine Traute!
Wie Thirza ſchön,
Biſt prächtig, wie Jeruſalem,
Und furchtbar-ſchön, wie Heeres-Reihen!
5 O wende deinen Blick von mir:
Er überwältigt mich!
Dein Haar gleicht einer Ziegenheerde,
Die von dem Gilead herab erglänzt;
6 Und deine Zähne — Lämmerheerden,
Gebadet in dem friſchen Quell;
Sie alle Zwillinge gebährend,
Und keines kinderlos.
7 Wie am Granat ein Riß,
So deine Wangen unterm Schleier!
8 Hab' einer auch der Königinnen ſechzig,
Der Neben-Frauen achtzig,
Und Zofen ohne Zahl:
9 Nur Eine iſt mein Täubchen, meine Holde,
Die Auserwählte ihrer Mutter,
Die Liebſte deren, die ſie einſt gebar!
Es ſah'n die Mädchen ſie,
Und prieſen ſie glückſelig,
Die Königinnen
Und Nebenfrauen lobten ſie!
Die königlichen Gemahlinnen und Zofen.
10 „Wer iſt die, deren Anblick
Der Morgenröthe gleicht!
Schön wie der Mond, rein wie die Sonne,
Und furchtbar, wie ein Kriegesheer!“
Das Mädchen (erzählt ſeinem Geliebten).
11 Zum Nußgehölz war ich gegangen,
Zu ſchauen das Geſträuch im Thal,
Zu ſehen, ob der Weinſtock knospe!
Ob die Granaten trieben! — —
12 Mir ahnte nichts! — —
Da bangt' ich ſchon zurück
Bei'm Anblick eines Wagenzuges!

VII.

Nachruf eines lüſternen Städters.

1 Kehr' um, kehr' um, o Sulamith!
Kehr' um, kehr' um, daß wir dich ſchauen!
Das Mädchen.
„Was wollt ihr ſchaun an Sulamith?“
Der Städter.
Sie, die den Heeres-Reihen gleicht!
2 Wie ſchön ſind in den Schuhen,
O Fürſtentochter, deine Tritte!
Die Wölbung deiner Hüfte gleicht
Dem Kettenwerk von Meiſterhand geſchlungen!
3 Dein Schooß — ein runder, voller Becher,
Mit Würzwein angefüllt!
Dein Leib — ein Waizenhügel,
Mit Lilien umſteckt!
4 Dein Brüſte-Paar gleicht zwei Gazellen,
Den Zwillingen von Einer Mutter! —
5 Dein Hals, ein Thurm von Elfenbein,
Und deine Augen, klar, wie Hesbons Teiche,
Am Thor' der Fürſtentöchter:
Die Naſe, wie der Thurm auf Libanon,
Der nach Damaskus ſchaut.
6 Dein Hauptſchmuck gleicht dem Karmel,
Die Locken deines Hauptes dem Purpur,
Im Königs-Bunde ſchön geſchlungen! —
7 Wie ſchön biſt du!
Wie reizend, meine Holde!
8 Dein Wuchs iſt gleich dem Palmenbaum,
Den Träubchen gleichen deine Brüſte!
9 Gern möcht' ich auf den Palmbaum klimmen,
Umſchlingen ſeine Zweige!
Dein Buſen ſei mir Trauben-Blüthe,
Und deines Athems Hauch mir Apfelduft!
10 Dein Gaumen gleicht dem edlen Wein — — —
Das Mädchen.
„Der meinem Trauten gleitet ſanft hinab,
Und der dem Schlummernden
Beredte Lippen ſchafft!
11 Ich bin für meinen Holden,
Er ſehnet ſich nach mir.
12 Auf, Trauter! laß uns eilen auf die Flur,
Und unter Zyprus-Bäumen übernachten!
13 Dann wallen früh zum Rebenberg wir hin,
Und ſehen, ob der Weinſtock ſproſſe,
Ob ſich die Traubenblüthen öffnen,
Und die Granaten blüh'n.
Dort weih' ich dir all' meine Liebe!
14 Die Liebesäpfel duften ſchon,
Und über unſrer Pforte
Hab' ich der Früchte mancherlei,
Der neuen und der alten,
Dir, Holder, aufbewahrt.“ —

VIII.

Das Mädchen.

1 O wäreſt du mein Bruder,
Der meiner Mutter Bruſt geſogen!
Fänd' ich dich draußen dann,
So küßt' ich dich, und niemand höhnte mich darum!
2 Ich führt' und brächte dich
In meiner Mutter Wohnung;
Du lehrteſt mich; ich tränkte dich
Mit Würzwein und Granaten-Moſt!
3 Unter meinem Haupte ſeine Linke,
Mit der Rechten hält er mich umſchlungen!
Der Jüngling
an die Geſpielinnen ſeines Mädchens.
4 Ich beſchwör' euch,
Töchter Jeruſalems!
Wecket und ſtöret die Holde nicht,
Bis ſie von ſelbſt erwacht!
Der Dichter.
5 Wer iſt es, die herauf
Dort aus der Wüſte kommt,
Gelehnt auf ihren Freund!
Der Jüngling.
„Einſt weckt' ich dich
Dort unter'm Apfelbaume,

Wo deine Mutter dich gebar,
Wo die Gebärerin entbunden ward von dir!

Das Mädchen.

6 Präg', wie ein Siegel, mich auf deine Bruſt,
Wie einen Siegelring auf deinen Arm!
Denn ſtark iſt, wie der Tod, die Liebe,
Und hat ihr Eifer, wie das Todtenreich;
Der Gluth des Feuers gleichet ihre Gluth,
Jehovens Blitzen!
7 Die ſtärkſte Fluth löſcht nicht die Liebe,
Es reißen Ströme ſie nicht fort!
Böt' einer auch ſein Haus und Gut um Liebe,
Verſchmäht, verſpottet [illegible] d' er nur!

[illegible] rüder.
[illegible] erſte.)

8 Noch klein iſt [illegible] weſter,
Ihr Buſen [illegible] eif!
Was th [illegible] r Schweſter,
Wenn [illegible] ſie wirbt?
(Der andere.)
9 [illegible] ſt eine Mauer,
[illegible] n wir ſilbern Bollwerk drauf,
Und wird ſie eine Pforte,
So wahren wir mit Zedernbalken ſie!

Die Schweſter.

10 Eine Mauer bin ich ſchon,
Meine Brüſte ſind, wie Thürme,
Schon gefall' ich meinem Holden! — —
11 Zu Baal-Hamon hatte
Einen Weinberg Salomo,
Hütern gab er ſeinen Weinberg:
Jeder ſollt' ihm für die Früchte
Tauſend Silberſtücke bringen! — — —
12 Doch mein Rebenhügel liegt vor mir.
Tauſend ſei'n, o Salomo! für dich,
Und zweihundert für die Hüter deiner Frucht!

Der Jüngling.

13 Die du wohneſt in den Gärten,
Deiner Stimme horchen die Geſpielen,
laß auch mich ſie hören! — — —

Das Mädchen.

14 Mein Trauter, eile, —
Wie die Gazelle,
Und wie ein junger Hirſch —
Auf Würzgebirge! —

K.

Ludwig Auguſt Kähler

ward im Jahre 1766 zu Sommerfeld im Brandenburgiſchen geboren, kam nach abſolvirten theologiſchen Studien 1798 als Pfarrer nach Konig im Regierungsbezirk Frankfurt und von da 1809 als Archidiakonus nach Kottbus. 1819 wurde er als Konſiſtorialrath und Pfarrer der löbenichtſchen Kirche nach Königsberg berufen und dort zum Dr. der Theologie und ordentlichen Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft an der daſigen Univerſität ernannt.

Er ſchrieb theils anonym, theils unter dem Namen „Filibert“ folgende Romane und Poeſieen:

Graf Friedrich von Werden. Roman. Leipzig 1802, 2 Thle., 8.
Bauer Martin, der Mörder. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8.
Herrmann von Löbeneck, oder Geſtändniſſe eines Mannes. Leipzig 1805 — 1806, 3 Thle., 8. mit 1 Kupf.
Theodore von Manſtein. Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Thle. 8.
Geſchichte von Kottbus, während der Jahre 1813 u. 1814. Kottbus 1816.
Weltkunde. Leipzig 1817 — 1819, 2 Thle.
Todtenranken. Leipzig 1819, 8.
Der Tag des Gerichts und der ewigen Ausſöhnung. Eine chriſtliche Dichtung. Königsberg 1829, 8.

Seine theologiſchen Leiſtungen dagegen ſind:

Abſchiedspredigt. In Kottbus gehalten. Königsberg 1819.
Antrittspredigt in Königsberg. Königsberg 1819.
Antwort auf den Brief des Hrn. Pfarrer Wigand an den Hrn. Erzbiſchof Dr. v. Borowski. Königsberg 1831.
Beitrag zu den Verſuchen neuerer Zeit, den Katholicismus zu idealiſiren. Königsberg 1828.
Betrachtungen über die doppelte Anſicht, ob Jeſus blos ein jüdiſcher Landrabbiner oder Gottes Sohn geweſen ſei? Königsberg 1831.
Sonnenklarer Beweis, daß ein chriſtlicher Regent ſtets der oberſte Biſchof der Kirche in ſeinem Lande ſei. Leipzig 1819.
Diss. inaug. de eo, quod positivum est in ecclesia christiana. Leipzig 1819.
Glossa perpetua zu Harms' Ueberſetzung der 95 Theſes Luther's für das Jubeljahr 1817. Leipzig 1818.
Die Herrlichkeit der evangeliſch-chriſtlichen Kirche. Predigt. Königsberg 1830.
Sind Kirchenſtrafen ein weſentliches Stück der Kirchenzucht? Magdeburg 1819.
Die chriſtliche Lehre nach der heiligen Schrift. Königsberg 1831.
Neujahrsgeſchenk für Patrioten. Berlin 1814.
Philagathos; Andeutungen über das Reich des Guten ꝛc. Königsberg 1823 u. 1824.
Predigt bei der 300jährigen Jubelfeier der in der Stadt Königsberg angefangenen Kirchenreformation. Königsberg 1823.
Predigt über die Verpflichtung zur Theilnahme an der öffentlichen Religionsübung. Kottbus 1810.
Sechs Predigten über den ſeligmachenden Glauben an Jeſum Chriſtum. Königsberg 1827.
Preußens Größe. Eine Rede. Königsberg 1821.
Synodalpredigt. Gehalten vor der Geiſtlichkeit des kottbuſſer Kreiſes. Leipzig 1819.
Ueber Religionsduldſamkeit und Religionseifer. Zwei Predigten. Königsberg 1822.
Schutzrede für das auf Vernunft gegründete Chriſtenthum und deſſen Lehren. Königsberg 1829.
Ueber Schwärmerei, Begeiſterung, ſcheinbare und wahre Größe. Drei Predigten. Königsberg 1821.
Sendſchreiben an Dr. Hahn in Leipzig. Königsberg 1827.
Supernaturalismus und Rationalismus in ihrem gemeinſchaftlichen Urſprunge, ihrer Zwietracht und höhern Einheit. Leipzig 1818.
Der Tag des Gerichts und der ewigen Ausſöhnung. Königsberg 1829.
Weltkunde, ein Mittel höherer Geiſtesbil-

tung für die ſpätere weibliche Jugend ꝛc. Leipzig 1818 u. 19.

Auch einige Worte über die Wahrheit, daß ein chriſtlicher Landesherr der oberſte Biſchof jeder Kirche in ſeinem Lande ſei. Königsberg 1820.

Was haben wir zu halten von den Wunderthätern unſerer Zeit? Eine Predigt. Königsberg 1823.

Kähler erwarb ſich durch ſeine Leiſtungen im Gebiete der Erzählung einen höchſt geachteten Namen, indem er treffende Charakterzeichnung mit glücklicher Erfindung der Situationen und einer eben ſo anmuthigen als correcten Schreibart zu verbinden wußte; namentlich iſt ſein Roman, **Herrmann von Löbeneck**, ausgezeichnet, ſowohl durch dieſe Eigenſchaften, wie durch die tiefe Welt- und Menſchenkenntniß, welche der Verfaſſer in demſelben niederlegte. — Weit bedeutender noch ſteht natürlich ein ſo begabter Mann, wie Kähler, als Kanzelredner und als praktiſcher Geiſtlicher da; in dieſem, ſeinem wahren Berufe wirkte er höchſt ſegensreich durch Lehre und Beiſpiel, Klarheit, Ruhe, innige Liebe und echte, aus dem Herzen quellende Begeiſterung, gehoben durch gründlichſtes Wiſſen, Scharfſinn und Beſonnenheit, haben ihm einen ſehr hohen Rang unter den Geiſtlichen ſeines Vaterlandes angewieſen und warme Anerkennung und Verehrung in der Nähe wie in der Ferne erworben.

Die drei Schweſtern *).

1.

Ich ritt von Sir Drunker nach Hauſe. Sir Drunker hatte Energie; ein gewöhnliches philoſophiſches Räuſchchen widerſtand ihm, wie dem Löwen der Sieg über eine Maus; der Wein machte mit ſeinem Verſtande ſo gewaltig und nicht ſelten glücklicher, als die Giganten mit den Göttern kämpfen, wenn er ſich wohlbefinden ſollte. Wir hatten uns auf dem Kaffeehauſe kennen gelernt; er hatte mich nach Altona eingeladen, und ich mit dem kräftigen Briten ſo heldenmäßig getrunken, daß mir gerade noch ſo viel Gleichgewicht blieb, auf meinem Falben zu hängen, und ſo viel Beſinnung, den Weg nach Hamburg ohne Boten zu finden.

Es war ein ſchöner, kühler Maimorgen; ich ſog begierig die ſtärkende Luft, die mir entgegen duftete, in meine erhitzte Lunge ein, während mein Falber in kurzem Galopp mich forttrug, und ahnete Schlaf bis an den hellen Mittag, und Träume ſo hold und erquickend, wie der dämmernde Tag um mich her. In meines Vaters Comptoir war Licht. Es nahm mich Wunder, weil es erſt um drei war und ich ging hinein. Mein Vater ſaß vor ſeinem Schreibtiſch; neben ihm ſtand Schiffer Claſſen, ſein alter Freund und Diener. Sie ſahen mich beide verwundert an und winkten ſich, wie mir's ſchien; ich bot einen guten Morgen und wollte gehn.

„Guten Morgen Heinrich — ſagte mein Vater — es iſt mir lieb, daß Du da biſt; ich habe Geſchäfte mit Dir." Claſſen es bleibt dabei, punkt zwölf Uhr Mittags — es ſoll Alles beſorgt werden.

Claſſen ging. Auf Wiederſehen, junger Herr, brummte er im Gehen, und ſchüttelte mir die Hand mit einem Lächeln, welches auf meinen Körper die ſchauderhafte Wirkung hatte, als wenn Jemand in einen Korkſtöpſel ſchneidet, oder an den Fenſtern ſchreibt. —

„Heinrich — ſagte mein Vater, als er fort war, ohne die Feder wegzulegen — richte Dich ein, zu Mittag nach Frankreich zu reiſen."

„Nach Frankreich, lieber Vater, — und in welchen Geſchäften?"

„Du ſollſt heirathen." —

„Heirathen!" — wiederholte ich lächelnd; denn ich ſah mich ſchon im Geiſte im Brautrock mit dem Myrthenkranze geſchmückt, an meiner Seite eine reichvergoldete, ſauber geſchnürte Jungfrau, die an mein Herz geheftet, Zeit meines Lebens als Ladenhüter darin bleiben ſollte, und die frohen Tage der Jugend flohen weg, wie ſpielende Kinder, wenn ein Geiſt oder ein Prediger kommt — natürlich fror mich noch ſtärker, als vorher. —

„Ja — eine Tochter des Kaufmanns Gerſon aus Bourdeaux."

„Wie, mein Vater! eine Braut, die ich nicht kenne!"

„Es iſt ein gutes Haus — und Du haſt die Wahl unter drei Schweſtern." —

„Und wenn mir keine gefällt?" —

„Keine Narrheiten, Heinrich! — ſagte mein Vater ſehr ernſt; — alles Ding hat ſeine Zeit, und ich habe den Deinigen Zeit genug gelaſſen."

„Wenn ich ein Fürſt wäre" —

„Und wenn Du ein Kaiſer wäreſt — fiel er mir hitzig ins Wort — ſo wärſt Du nur ein lockrer Zeiſig, der eines Vormundes bedarf, und mein Sohn. Hier iſt der Brief von Herrn Gerſon, daß er deine Ankunft erwartet, und hier iſt meine Antwort. Zu Mittag reiſeſt Du."

„Einige Abſchiedsbeſuche" —

„Sind nicht nöthig. Hier iſt ein Paquet Karten, Du darfſt nur die Namen darauf ſchreiben."

Ich nahm die Karten und ging auf mein Zimmer. Heirathen! — murmelte ich bei mir ſelbſt — und eine kleine, gelbe, magere Franzöſin, mit plattem Buſen und unverſchämten brennenden Augen, die keine Minute ſtill ſein und keinen Tag leben kann, ohne einmal für deinen Kopfputz geſorgt zu haben! — und warum denn nicht in Hamburg, wenn es denn einmal ſein ſoll? Etwa die lange blonde Mamſell Törgel? oder die kurze, runde, braune Mamſell Waltermann? oder die reiche, einäugige Mamſell Funk? oder die ſchöne, einfältige Mamſell Adler? oder — die — witzige —

Meine Gedanken verloren ſich und der Schlaf neigte meinen Kopf, wie Blei — ich war im Begriff, aus meiner ſenkrechten Linie ziemlich ſchnell eine wagerechte zu bilden, als ich erwachte, und Kraft genug war, mich auf's Bett zu werfen, wo ich bald in den Armen des Schlafs die Schönen in Bourdeaux, wie die in Hamburg vergaß.

2.

„Heinrich!" — ſchallte es in meine Ohren. Ich ſprang auf, rieb mir die Augen, und ſah ſtarr vor mich hin — mein Vater ſtand vor mir.

„Willſt Du Dich nicht anziehen? — es iſt elf Uhr — Dein Koffer iſt gepackt, und das Eſſen iſt fertig. Der Wind ſteht gut, es iſt um jede Minute Schade."

Ich ſah mich dämiſch um — auf einem Stuhle lagen Reiſekleider — mein Vater ging, und Georg, mein Bedienter, kam und half mich aus- und wieder anziehen.

„Kömmſt du mit? fragte ich ihn" —

„Ja, Herr Wallmann" —

„Das iſt gut" — rief ich getröſtet; denn es gab keinen größern Schelm, aber auch keine treuere Seele, als meinen Georg. Mein Vater bezahlte ihn, daß er ihm meine Unbeſonnenheiten erzählte — was er unbedenklich thun konnte, weil ich ſelbſt kein Geheimniß daraus machte — ich, daß er mir ſie ausführen half. Die Ausſicht auf die Reiſe fing mich an zu ergötzen, und wenn ich einmal zur Strafe für meinen Leichtſinn, wie ein Wilddieb an den Hirſch, an eine Frau gefeſſelt werden ſollte, ſo war es doch angenehmer, ſie in Frankreich unter drei Schweſtern zu ſuchen, als wenn ſie mir hier aus dem Magazin der Kaufmannstöchter fix und fertig, und gut conditionirt, ohne weiteres Vorſpiel zugeſtellt worden wäre.

Ich aß zu Mittag mit beſſerem Appetit, als meine Eltern und meine Schweſter, und nahm ihre Glückwünſche, Thränen und guten Lehren beim Abſchiede mit gleicher Gelaſſenheit auf. Schiffer Claſſen wartete mit Schmerzen. Er nahm ſich nicht die Zeit mich zu bewillkommen — kaum war ich ins Schiff getreten, ſo gab er das Signal; und unter dem herzdurchdringenden Geſchrei der Matroſen hoben ſich die Maſten, die Wimpel flatterten, die Segel blähten ſich, vom Winde gebläht, und allmälig verſchwand Hamburg und die Küſte des geliebten Vaterlandes unſern Augen.

3.

Es war meine erſte Seereiſe nicht — ich hatte einigemal in Handelsgeſchäften England beſucht. Folglich fühlte ich keine Beſchwerden, als die der Langeweile, welche ein ſo plötzlicher Wechſel der unterhaltendſten Unordnung mit der platteſten Einförmigkeit mir allerdings doppelt fühlbar machen mußte.

Freund Claſſen that das Seinige, dieſen Dämon zu bannen, und machte den Wirth auf gut ſeemänniſch, indem er mir tüchtig zutrank. In der That, Sir Drunker und alle meine luſtigen Geſellen ſchwelgeriſcher Nächte waren armſelige Wichte gegen den alten runzlichen eiſenfeſten, mit Ankern ausgeſchlagenen Schiffspatron. Sein geräumiger Mund ſchien das pundloch eines wandelnden Weinfaſſes, und ich ſah mit reckenvollem Erſtaunen die Bouteillen franzöſiſcher und ſpaſcher Weine ſich zu Dutzenden allmälig darin ausleeren, bis ie endlich die Kraft mitzutrinken, wie zu ſehen, gebrach, und laſſen und Georg mich auf meine Hängematte brachten, wo h ſchlief, daß der Sturm des jüngſten Gerichts mich durch , in Schütteln nicht hätte erwecken können.

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*) Aus L. A. Kähler's „Erholungen" (Leipz., 1819).

Ich liebte den Wein als ein Mittel, den Reiz einer intereſſanten Geſellſchaft zu erhöhen, und hatte, ſelbſt bei dem übermäßigen Gebrauch dieſes Mittels, den Zweck nie aus den Augen verloren. Dieſe Schiffsſauferei empörte mich, als ich erwachte, mit einer Empfindung, als hätte ich einen betäubenden Schlag empfangen, der keine neubelebenden Erinnerungen hatte, als die des Larvengeſichts mir gegenüber, und der Anzahl von Flaſchen, die in ſeine unergründliche Kehle gefloſſen waren. Ich war verdrießlich, und weigerte mich ſtandhaft, wieder von vorn anzufangen, wozu Claſſen mich dringend einlud.

Er bequemte ſich zu einer andern Unterhaltung, weil mir dieſe nicht anſtand, und erzählte viel von Bourdeaux, von Mr. Gerſon und ſeinen drei Töchtern. Auch dieſes Geſpräch verdroß mich; ich zwang mich nicht zu hören, und ging endlich in mein Kabinet, um meinen Grillen nachzuhängen.

Mein Koffer fiel mir in die Augen — ich hatte ihn noch nicht unterſucht, und beſchloß es jetzt zu thun, mehr zum Zeitvertreib, als aus Neugier. Meine beſten Kleider, meine feinſte Wäſche — Briefe an verſchiedene Handlungshäuſer — ein Käſtchen mit einem koſtbaren Ringe und dergleichen Armbändern — — — ich errieth die Beſtimmung, und ſchob es unwillig auf die Seite — ſieh da! wie eine muthwillige Geliebte lauſcht in die Ecke gedrückt ein Beutel — ich hob ihn auf, und mein Herz pocht vor Freude, während meine Hand ihn prüfend wiegt — ich öffne, und finde eitel Gold, an der Zahl richtig dreihundert Louisd'ors. — —

Ich hatte an manchem Abend ſo viel und mehr verloren, und hätte noch am letzten Abend mit Sir Drummer unbedenklich die doppelte Summe gewettet, daß ich heute keinen Fuß aus Hamburg ſetzen würde — aber in der letzten Zeit hatte das Geld dem Fehler ſeiner runden Geſtalt etwas zu ſehr bei mir nachgegeben, und es war am Morgen kein Louisd'or in meiner Taſche, der nicht am Abend ſich in einer andern befunden hätte. Natürlich war die Ebbe ſtärker, als die Fluth, und trotz der freigebigen Unterſtützung meines Vaters war ich ſicher, auf jeder der zahlreichen Straßen Hamburgs einem Gläubiger zu begegnen. Wie viel meine Hüte dabei litten, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt — doch waren ſie zufrieden, wenn ſie mich ſahen, und auf ihr Befragen hörten, daß ich mich wohlbefände. Es machte mir in dieſem Augenblick unbeſchreibliches Vergnügen zu denken, wie dieſe unglückliche Horde von Mäklern, Juden, Weinhändlern, Cafetiers, Roßkämmen u. ſ. w. ihre Schuhe jetzt um meinetwillen eben ſo ſtark, aber vergeblicher anſtrengen würde, als ich meine Hüte um ihretwillen; und ich hätte einem klugen Manne, der dieſer geldgierigen Zunft im Zauberſpiel meine Geſtalt, wie ich hier im Schiff, in froher Sicherheit meine Goldſtücken zählte, gezeigt hätte, den dritten Theil davon mit Vergnügen geben wollen.

Allmälig verlor ich den Geſchmack an dieſer Scene, und ſann ernſtlich nach, was ich mit dem Gelde anfangen möchte. Ein böſer Geiſt lockte mich, ein Spielchen mit Freund Claſſen zu verſuchen, bei dem ich eine reiche Börſe vorausſetzen mußte — aber der Henker traue den alten Sündern! — ich fürchtete, meinen Mann hier ſo gut als bei der Flaſche, und einen elenden Zeitvertreib mit ſchweren Koſten zu finden. Ein beſſerer Geiſt lenkte meine Gedanken auf Paris — ich hatte London geſehen, und ſollte ihre Nebenbuhlerin vorübergehen! Georg wurde gerufen, und ich ſagte ihm, was nöthig war.

„Legen wir nicht bald an!“ — fragte ich Claſſen, als ſich die Küſte von Frankreich zeigte.

„Wo! — fragte er verwundert —.

„In Boulogne.“ —

„Warum!“ —

„Wiſſen Sie nicht, Freund! hat Ihnen mein Vater nichts geſagt!“ —

„Kein Wort“ —

„Daß ich hier ans Land ſteigen, und über Paris nach Bourdeaux reiſen ſoll!“

„Ach Poſſen, Pinſen, faule Fiſche, lieber Sohn!“ rief er, und lachte, daß er ſich den Bauch hielt. —

„Ich hoffe, Herr Claſſen, ſagte ich ernſthaft, daß Sie mich nicht als einen Jungen anſehen und behandeln werden. Georg, ſage Du, war das nicht der Befehl meines Vaters!“ —

Georg zauderte etwas — ein ſtrenger Blick von mir, welchen Claſſen nicht bemerken konnte, weil er ihm den Rücken zukehrte, ſtärkte ſeinen Eifer, und er bekräftigte meine Ausſage —

„So, ſo! — hm! hm!“ — brummte Claſſen, und faßte mich ſcharf mit einem prüfenden Blick ins Auge, den ich aber mit unveränderlicher Faſſung aushielt — „das habe ich nicht gewußt — bitte um Vergebung!“ —

Er ſteuerte nach Boulogne — in wenig Stunden waren ich und Georg ſammt dem Koffer am Lande, und einige Stunden ſpäter auf dem Wege nach Paris.

4.

Ich jauchzte laut auf, als ich die Spitze von Notredame, und bald darauf das Häuſermeer rundherum erblickte. Jetzt, im Angeſichte der erſten Stadt in der Welt, fiel mir ein, zu bedenken, was ich da wollte.

Genießen? — was ſonſt? — aber wie am beſten? nach einer kaufmänniſchen Eintheilung? — und wäre das der Mühe werth? — ich wollte nicht vergebens dreihundert Louisd'ors und zum erſtenmale in meinem Leben volle Freiheit haben. Nach meiner Ankunft miethete ich eine Chambre garnie, nahm den Titel eines Lord Johnbury an, und tummelte mich, vierzehn Tage lang zu ſehen, zu hören und zu ſchmecken, was ſich nur immer Ausgeſuchtes ſehen, hören und ſchmecken ließ. Mein brittiſcher Name, und noch mehr mein brittiſches Gold, machte mir leichtes Spiel, und Alles neigte ſich, mir zu dienen.

Ich trug den Solitair, der meiner Braut beſtimmt war. Er war locker geworden, und ich ging in den Laden eines Juweliers, ihn ſeiner Cur zu übergeben. Zwei Damen kamen bald darauf. Die eine war bejahrt, die andere jung und ſchön, ſo ſchön, daß ich das erſtemal in meinem Leben mich von einer ſtummen Bewunderung ergriffen fühlte, und ehrerbietig Platz machte. Sie handelte um ein Paar Ohrengehänge; der Juwelier bot ihr zu viel, und ſie gab ſie zurück. Ich bezahlte den geforderten Preis, und bat ſie, ſie zum Andenken anzunehmen.

„Sie ſind ſehr großmüthig mein Herr — ſagte ſie erröthend, und heftete ihre ſtrahlenden Augen ſo forſchend auf mich, daß ich vor Furcht und Vergnügen zugleich erzitterte — und dieſe Juwelen ſind recht artig; aber wenn ſie noch ſchöner wären, dürfte ich ſie nicht von einem Unbekannten annehmen.“

Ich bat vergeblich. Unwillig über dieſen Widerſtand wandte ich mich endlich an die Aeltere, und bot ihr die Ohrengehänge an, indem ich ſie erſuchte, mir wenigſtens die Genugthuung zu verſchaffen, daß ich die Unerbittliche in ihrer Freundin verbinden dürfte. Sie betrachtete meine Gabe mit der Begierde funkelnden Augen, und griff darnach, nach einigem Zaudern. Die Andere ſah ſie ſtrafend an, und ſchüttelte leicht den Kopf, als ſie mein Geſchenk nahm.

Sie gingen wieder, und ich unglücklicher Lord war einfältig genug, ſie nicht weiter zu fragen. Erſt zu Hauſe erwachte ich, wie aus tiefem Traum; das Bild des liebenswürdigen Mädchens ſchwebte mir vor, und ich hätte gern noch einmal dreißig Louisd'ors gegeben, um ſie nur noch einmal zu ſehen.

Das Glück begünſtigte meine Wünſche. Im Théâtre françois ſah ich meine Damen in einer Loge. Ich eilte zu ihnen und hatte die Genugthuung, von meiner Alten recht zärtlich, und von meiner Erkornen nicht unfreundlich empfangen zu werden. Ich wollte nicht vergebens ein Lord, und in Paris ſein. Mit ſo vieler Geſchwätzigkeit, als ich zu erkünſteln vermochte, unterhielt ich die junge Dame, die mir von ihrer Hüterin angelegentlich Preis gegeben wurde. Ich war mit der Schilderung meiner Flammen ſo zudringlich, daß ſich allmälig der Sonnenſchein ihres bezaubernden Geſichtes verlor, und ihre Mienen ihr Mißfallen ſo unverkennbar ausſprachen, daß ich mich gedrungen fand, ſie mit Theilnahme zu fragen, was ſie betrübte —

„Nichts, mein Herr — erwiederte ſie, und ſah mich ruhig ernſt an, daß ich die Augen niederſchlug — als daß wir uns beide verkannt haben.“

Dieſe Antwort nahm mir mit meiner Zuverſicht die Sprache. Ich wandte mich endlich wieder an die Alte, ſagte ihr meinen Namen, und wie ſehr ich ihre nähere Bekanntſchaft wünſchte. Sie war zurückhaltender als ich geglaubt hatte. Ich mußte die ganze Litanei von der Unzuverläſſigkeit junger Männer, und von der Vorſicht junger Mädchen anhören, wie ſie nur eine tüchtige Duenna abſingen kann, eh' ich zur Nachricht erhielt, daß ſie bei gutem Wetter mit ihrer Nichte — wie freute ſich mein böſes Princip über dieſe Benennung — in den Tuilerien zuweilen ſpazieren ginge.

Ich hatte vergeſſen, nach der Stunde zu fragen, und das Gewicht des Wörtchens zuweilen nach meinen Wünſchen gewürdigt. Die verwünſchte Welt ſchlief noch, als ich ſchon in den Tuilerien revierte. Meiner Kaſſe, aber nicht meinem Magen zum Vortheil trieb ich mein Umherlaufen, bis der Abend einbrach, und Niemand zurückblieb, als elende Nachtſchwärmer und Schwärmerinnen. Das ging vier Tage ſo fort — es ließ ſich keine Tante und Nichte blicken, und ich hätte vor Zorn und vor Sehnſucht vergehen mögen.

Schon neigte ſich am fünften die Sonne, und ich verfluchte in toller Hitze mich und alle Damen in und außer Paris, als meine Erſehnte mit ihrer Sauvegarde erſchien. Sie erſchrack über meinen Anblick, ich weiß nicht, ob über mich ſelbſt oder über die Empfindungen, die ſich unſtreitig in meinem Geſichte ausdrückten. Ich vermochte ihnen nicht länger zu gebieten, und beſtürmte ſie mit ſo ernſtlichen Fragen, und Bitten, und Verſicherungen, daß ihre vorſichtige Entſchloſſenheit ſich allmählig in Theilnahme zu verwandeln ſchien. Ich nahm deſſen wahr, ihr den Solitair, den ich wieder am Finger hatte, anzubieten; und er ſaß an dem ihrigen feſt, eh' ſie noch die Gegengründe recht überlegen konnte.

„Sie machen mich zum Kinde — ſagte ſie nach vergeblicher Gegenwehr — ich thue ſo großes Unrecht, Sie anzuhören, als dieſen Diamant anzunehmen. Sie ſelbſt aber verbinden ſich eine Undankbare, die es nicht einmal ahnen laſſen ſollte, daß ſie es wider ihren Willen iſt.“

„Umſonſt beklagte ich mich über dieſe Härte — ich erfuhr nicht mehr. Doch ſchnitt ſie mir nicht alle Hoffnung ab, und in einer günſtigen Minute bat ich die Tante um ihren Beiſtand und um den Namen ihrer Wohnung.

„Ich habe meiner Nichte verſprochen, ſagte dieſe, Ihnen auf keine Weiſe zu helfen. Folglich kann ich Ihnen auch die verlangte Nachricht nicht geben. Doch, ſetzte ſie lächelnd hinzu, wundert es mich, daß Sie erſt der Frage bedürfen.“ —

Ich erſtaunte über meine Einfalt. Ohne Sorge ließ ich ſie gehn, und ſandte meinen Lohnbedienten nach, ihnen von fern bis in ihre Wohnung zu folgen. Er brachte mir bald die Nachricht, daß ſie in der Nähe des Palais Royal wohnten.

5.

Ich fürchtete mich zu ſehr vor meiner Geliebten, als daß ich gewagt hätte, noch heute dieſe Kenntniß zu benutzen. Innere Unruhe trieb mich von einem Orte zum andern. Ich konnte nirgends, ſelbſt im Theater nicht, aushalten: Talmas Lebhaftigkeit ſchien mir heute froſtig, und das gefühlvolle Spiel der Demoiſelle Georges leere Affectation. Endlich ging ich ins Palais Royal, um wenigſtens in ihrer Nähe zu ſein.

Der Zufall führte mich in ein Zimmer, wo geſpielt wurde. Es war mir eben recht. Ich pointirte, gewann — verlor — gewann wieder — verlor wieder — und nach zwei Stunden hatte ich keinen Sou mehr in der Taſche.

Die vierzig Louisd'ors, welche emigrirt waren, kümmerten mich wenig; doch mußte ich nach Hauſe gehen. „Georg — ſagte ich, als er mich auszog, und reichte ihm die leere Börſe — fülle ſie morgen wieder.“ —

„Haben Sie noch Vorrath?“ fragte er —

„Wie? was ich Dir gegeben habe —“

„Iſt hin, bis auf zwanzig Louis, wovon der Wirth noch drei zu fordern hat“ —

„Kerl, Du haſt mich betrogen“ —

„Belieben Sie meine Rechnung zu ſehen?“ —

„So ſchaffe Rath“ —

„Zum Reiſegelde?“ —

„Ich gehe nicht aus Paris und wenn ich auf der Straße ſchlafen ſollte,“ rief ich mit Hitze —

„Die Jahreszeit iſt recht angenehm — ſagte er ſpöttiſch lächelnd — ein Verliebter kann es allenfalls ohne Holz aushalten, und für den Magen da wird der Himmel ſorgen, der ihn gemacht hat“ —

„Was fällt Dir ein? —

„Nichts — ich ging heute in den Tuilerien, und Ihr Solitair blitzte durch die Hecke, die mich von Ihnen trennte, ſo gewaltig — aber, Gott ſteh' uns bei, Sie haben ihn ja verloren.“ —

„Geh! — Du biſt ein lauernder Schelm! — das Mädchen iſt ein Engel“ —

„Vom Palais Royal.“ —

Der Menſch ſagte das mit einer ſo ehrlichen Miene, daß ich ihn verwundert anſtarrte. „Ich will nicht hoffen“ — ſagte ich ernſthaft —

„Daß ich ſcherze? — ſagte er, wie vorhin. — Hör' mich Gott! Sie iſt die ehrbare Nichte einer frommen Tante, und ſie verſtehen ſich beide recht gut auf Juwelen — à propos, es ſind ja noch ein Paar Armbänder da, die zum Solitair gehören.“ —

„Schweig“ — rief ich [illegible]. — Die Ausſicht, in einer Stadt, wo ich Niemand kannte, in die bitterſte Armuth verſetzt zu werden, und mich vielleicht einer verächtlichen Dirne aufzuopfern, war nicht die angenehmſte — ihr Bild, das ſich in den edelſten Zügen tief in meine Seele geprägt hatte, ſtrafte den Argwohn Lügen — und doch, wenn ich alles, beſonders das Benehmen der Tante erwog, ſchien Georg nicht ganz unrecht zu haben. — Unſchlüſſig maß ich mit großen Schritten die Stube, als Mr. Berlon, mein Hauswirth, eintrat.

6.

„Monſigneur verzeihen — ſagte Mr. Berlon, ein echter Pariſer — daß ich ſo ſpät Ihre Ruhe ſtöre — aber ich ſchätze Monſigneur ſo hoch, daß ich nicht umhin kann, Ihnen eine Nachricht von großer Wichtigkeit mitzutheilen.“

„Ich bin Ihrer Gefälligkeit höchſt verbunden, Mr. Berlon; haben Sie die Güte zu ſprechen“ —

„Meine jüngſte Tochter ſteht in der genaueſten Verbindung mit Mr. Grosbaton, dem Kammerdiener des Generals Junot; Mr. Grosbaton hat eine Schweſter, welche die Gunſt eines Polizeibedienten beſitzt, der eine Tochter hat, welche mit dem Portier des Lord Whitworth einigen Umgang hat; der Portier iſt der genaue Freund einer Soubrette von Milady, und die Soubrette die Geliebte des Tafeldeckers Sr. Excellenz des Geſandten“

„Sie führen mich in eine unſichtbare Saga der Freundſchaft, Mr. Berlon, welche für das gute Herz der Pariſer einen neuen Beweis giebt; aber wollten ſie nicht die Gefälligkeit haben, mir die wichtige Nachricht mitzutheilen“ —

„Den Augenblick — Monſigneur ſollten nur erſt die Quelle kennen lernen, um aus eigner Einſicht zu beurtheilen, in welchem Grade ſie authentiſch iſt“ —

„Sehr klug, vortrefflich, Mr. Berlon — Sie verbinden mich unendlich“ —

„Ich thue meine Schuldigkeit, Monſigneur, eine Schuldigkeit, welche mir die ehrerbietigſte Ergebenheit gebietet“ —

„Ohne Complimente, Mr. Berlon“ —

„Ich gehorche Ihren Befehlen Monſigneur — der Tafeldecker Sr. Excellenz hat der Soubrette erzählt, und dieſe dem Portier, und dieſer weiter, wie Monſigneur die Güte haben werden, ſich noch zu erinnern“ —

„Vollkommen, Mr. Berlon — fahren Sie nur fort“ —

„Daß Sr. Excellenz bei Tafel die anweſenden Herren engliſcher Nation gefragt hätten, ob Sie das Glück hätten, den Lord Johnsbury zu kennen; nämlich Sie ſelbſt, Monſigneur“ —

„Ganz wohl, Mr. Berlon — ſagte ich ſo [illegible] als ich konnte, und zwang mich, auf eine nichtsſagende Weiſe zu lächeln, um ihm glaublich zu machen, daß ich nichts [illegible]“ —

„Die Herren hätten erwiedert, ſie hätten dieſe Ehre nicht — darauf hätten Sr. Excellenz erzählt, daß ſie heute bei dem Lever des erſten Conſuls geweſen wären — der erſte Conſul hätte ſie ſelbſt gefragt, ob ſie Monſigneur kennten, und warum Sie ihm noch nicht vorgeſtellt worden wären — Sr. Excellenz hätten erwiedert, daß ſie keinen Lord Johnsbury kennten, doch an ſeiner Exiſtenz nicht zweifeln wollten, und Monſigneur könnten vielleicht wichtige Gründe haben, ſich nicht öffentlich zu zeigen. — Darauf hätte der erſte Conſul geſagt — „ein Menſch, der ſich ſo nennt — Monſigneur verzeihen, daß ich ſo unhöflich bin, ſeine Worte zu wiederholen — macht ſeit einigen Tagen die Runde in den Tuilerien, und ich wünſchte genau zu wiſſen, ob er auf Ihren Schutz Anſprüche hat.“

Ich warf einen Blick auf Georg, und las in ſeinen Mienen gleiches Schrecken, als durch meine Adern erſtarrend lief —

„Das wird ein Wildpret für die Polizei ſein — ſind die letzten Worte ſeiner Excellenz geweſen.“

„Ich betheure, Monſigneur, — fuhr er fort, als ich ſtumm blieb — bei meiner Ehre, und der Achtung, welche ich gegen Sie trage, daß ich nicht ſo niedrig bin, den mindeſten Verdacht gegen einen Mann zu faſſen, deſſen [illegible] Betragen jeder Nation Ehre machen würde — ſollten Sie aber auf die Vermittlung ſeiner Excellenz nicht rechnen können — Monſigneur verzeihen meiner Dreiſtigkeit — aber Ihre Sicherheit — die morgige“ —

„Haben Sie keine Furcht, Mr. Berlon — ſagte ich ſo ruhig, als möglich, und drückte ihm dankbar die Hand — ich hoffe, es iſt ſo ſchlimm nicht, und im ärgſten Fall wird es mir nicht an Mitteln fehlen, meine Unſchuld zu beweiſen. Ich habe vielleicht etwas unvorſichtig darauf [illegible]“ —

Er zuckte die Achſeln —

„In England iſt es ſo Sitte, und es hält ſchwer, [illegible] Sitten zu laſſen. Ich danke Ihnen herzlich, und te Sie um Ihr gütiges Andenken. Georg ſoll mein huld berichtigen, und noch in dieſer Stunde Poſtpferde ſtellen.

Er verbeugte ſich tief, unter wiederholten Entſchuldigungen, und nahm ſeinen Abſchied.

7.

Die Ausſicht, meinen Sommeraufenthalt im Temple oder Bicêtre angewieſen zu erhalten, oder eine Spazierfahrt nach Cayenne zu machen, hatte ſo wenig Reizendes, daß ich Georg auf der Stelle nach Poſtpferden fortjagte, und ſelbſt eiligſt einpackte. Während dieſes Geſchäftes überlegte ich wohin. Mit funfzehn Louisd'or — denn Herr Breton hatte ſeine Rechnung, die nach Georgs Meinung drei Louis betrug, auf fünf geſtellt, pour prendre congé — ließ ſich keine Reiſe um die Welt machen; auf meine Geige durfte ich auch nicht rechnen, ſo ſehr mein Spiel immer im Liebhaberconcerte gerühmt worden war; und ich hatte mich daheim zu wenig um die Handlung bekümmert, um mich eines Handlungsfreundes von meinem Vater zu erinnern, deren es in Paris unſtreitig mehrere gab, die mich unterſtützen konnten. „Nach Bourdeaux — ſagte ich endlich halblaut — wir wollen ſehen, was der Schwiegerpapa, und die bräutliche Dreifaltigkeit macht — ohne Geld kann doch der Alte den Schwiegerſohn nicht laſſen, und ich will ſo lange zwiſchen den Reizen ſeiner drei Töchter ſchwanken, bis ſich eine Gelegenheit ihnen glücklich zu entwiſchen findet.“ —

Die Pferde kamen, und es ging ohne Aufenthalt nach Orleans. Mein Reiſegeld war ſehr geſchmolzen, und ich wollte bei Mr. Gerſon nicht als ein Bettler einziehen. Die Armbänder meiner unbekannten Braut kamen mir wie gerufen; ich ſchickte Georg in Orleans zu einem Juwelier, ſie zu verkaufen. Sie waren zweihundert Louisd'or werth — Georg brachte mir achtzig dafür, die er unter der Bedingung genommen hatte, daß er erſt um meine Einwilligung fragen wollte. Ich ſchüttete ſie in meine Börſe und reiſte ab.

Die Fahrt nach Bourdeaux ging ſchnell und angenehm. Zuweilen flog mein Herz nach Paris zurück zu der ſchönen Unbekannten; aber mein ganzes Leben zu Paris glich einer Erſcheinung im Traume, wie viel mehr dieſe Liebe von wenig Tagen! Allmälig verloren ſich die Eindrücke, welche ſie auf mich gemacht hatte, und als ich vor dem Hauſe des Mr. Gerſon abſtieg, fühlte ich die beſte Laune von der Welt, mich in jede ſeiner Töchter der Reihe nach zu verlieben, und dann nach Hamburg ſo ſchnell, und frei, und fröhlich zurück zu reiſen, als von Paris nach Bourdeaux.

8.

Das Haus meines prädeſtinirten Schwiegervaters machte keine üble Miene. Mein Name ſchien dem Bedienten, der an den Wagen kam, ſo melodiſch zu klingen, als ein Dutzend Goldſtücke; er überhäufte mich mit Höflichkeit, und führte mich zu Mr. Gerſon.

Mr. Gerſon war noch einen Kopf unter pariſer Maß — breitſchultrig, mager und etwas ſchief gewachſen. Eine ſtarke Platte verlängerte ſeine an ſich hohe Stirn, und ſeine eingefallenen, lederfarbigen Wangen ſeine an ſich [illegible] ſpitze Naſe. Um ſo kleiner hatte die Natur ſeine Augen und ſeinen Mund gebildet, aus jenen blitzte die Lebhaftigkeit eines Franzoſen, wie die Strahlen der Sonne durch eine Ritze, und dieſer ſpitzte ſich wie eine Roſenknoſpe auf gelbem Grund geſtickt. Er umarmte mich feurig, was ihm bei meiner anſehnlichen Figur nur durch einen Sprung gelang, welchen nur ein Franzoſe mit Anſtand machen kann; und zu meiner Verwunderung ſtrömten aus der Oeffnung, die ihm ſtatt des Mundes diente, ſo viel verbindliche Worte, daß ich meine Theilnahme durch nichts, als ein abgebrochenes Monsieur! — ah — pardonnez — an den Tag legen konnte.

Es war ungefähr die Zeit des Abendeſſens, und nach einer Viertelſtunde ſervirte ein Bedienter zu zwei Couverts. „Gewiß, dachte ich bei mir ſelbſt, hat dieſer wackere Mann ſeine drei Töchter unter Schloß und Riegel, um die für gute, aufrichtige Waare ſtehen zu können. Aber wenn ſie ihm ähnlich ſind, werden ihre Bildniſſe wie in der Gallerie des Louvre hängen, und ſie könnten vor Liebhabern nie ſicherer ſein, als wenn ſie gemalt werden.“

In meiner Zufriedenheit hatte Mr. Gerſon ſo ausgeſuchten Wein, daß ich bei der zweiten Flaſche vergaß, ich ſei nach Bourdeaux gekommen, der Braut und den Grazien, nicht dem Bacchus zu opfern. Er ſelbſt trank, wie einem neuen Franzoſen und einem alten Deutſchen. Allmälig glühten ſeine Wangen ſtellenweiſe, wie [illegible], und ſeine Augen zogen ſich in demſelben Maße zu einem faſt unerkennbaren Punkt zuſammen, als ſein Herz ſich zu unbegrenzter Liebe und Vertraulichkeit auszudehnen ſchien.

„Ihr Herr Vater — ſagte er — iſt gewiſſermaßen der Urheber meines Glücks. Sie wiſſen wohl, daß ich bei ihm in Condition geweſen bin“ —

„Mein Vater hat mir davon geſagt“ —

„Er empfahl mich an Mr. Pigrennon, den ehemaligen Beſitzer dieſes Hauſes und dieſer Handlung. Ich hatte das Glück, ihm und ſeiner einzigen Tochter zu gefallen“ —

„Ich finde das ſehr natürlich, Mr. Gerſon“ —

„Sie ſind ſehr verbindlich Mr. Wallmann — und ſo wurde ich der Erbe ſeines Vermögens. Meine Frau ſchenkte mir drei Töchter und ſtarb, als ſie mit der vierten im Kindbett lag“ —

„Ich fühle die Schmerzen, die Sie ausgeſtanden haben“ —

„Die Hölle kennt nichts Aehnliches — glücklicherweiſe fand ich eine weitläuftige Verwandte, eine gute, leidliche Perſon, die ſich nach meinem Charakter bequemte“ —

„Welches Glück für einen ſo unglücklichen Wittwer! —

„Und mir die Laſt der Erziehung und der Haushaltung abnahm, die ſich mit meinen ausgebreiteten Geſchäften nicht vertrug. Sie erwies mir dieſen Dienſt, bis meine Töchter herangewachſen waren; dann verſorgte ich ſie an einen meiner Commis, dem ich ſtatt der Ausſtattung eine kleine Handlung etablirte.“

„Sie war dieſer Belohnung würdig. Doch konnten Ihre Demoiſelles Töchter Ihnen dieſen Verluſt erſetzen?“ —

„Ach, Mr. Wallmann, ſie hatte ſie aufs beſte erzogen, und zu Hausfrauen ſo gut, als zu Damen von gutem Ton gebildet. Ich vermißte nichts, was meine Zufriedenheit befördern konnte, wären ſie nur weniger ſchön, oder wenigſtens nicht alle drei gleich liebenswürdig geweſen.“ —

„Ein ganz außerordentliches Unglück, Mr. Gerſon“ —

„Ich geſtehe Ihnen meine väterliche Schwachheit, ich hielt es anfangs für mein Glück, und war ſtolz darauf, daß ganz Bourdeaux, ja die ganze Provinz nichts Aehnliches aufweiſen konnte. Es fehlte nicht an Liebhabern“ —

„Das verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, und ich wundere mich nur, die Mauern Ihres Hauſes noch in ſo gutem Stande zu ſehen“ —

„Die hatte die eine, daß die andere ſich geneigt zu machen ſuchten. Aber meine Töchter waren zu klug, zu geſetzt, und der Lehren ihrer Pflegemutter zu eingedenk, um ſich in ein Spiel von Empfindungen einzulaſſen, das wohl zu Abentheuern, aber nicht zu einer ehrenvollen Verſorgung führt“ —

„Wie alle Spiele, Mr. Gerſon“ —

„Sie äußern für Ihr Alter ſehr liebenswürdige Geſinnungen Mr. Wallmann. — Sie wollten Ihre künftigen Männer erſt kennen, und dann lieben; und jeder, der ſich um ſie bewarb, erhielt Zutritt in meinem Hauſe, um meine Töchter gleichfalls näher kennen zu lernen, während er ſelbſt ſich der Prüfung bloßſtellte“ —

„Welche Weisheit! — Gewiß, Ihre Töchter, Mr. Gerſon, ſind nicht bloß die Grazien, auch die Minerven von Frankreich!“

„In Wahrheit ſehr gute Mädchen, Mr. Wallmann — aber dieſe liebenswürdige Vorſicht hatte ſehr unangenehme Folgen. Kein junger Mann von Geſchmack und Empfindung kam in mein Haus, der nicht bei näherer Bekanntſchaft immer unſchlüſſiger in ſeiner Wahl geworden wäre. Sie wurde um ſo ſchwieriger, weil meine Töchter ſich gegenſeitig verbunden hatten, keinem eher die mindeſte Aufmunterung zu geben, und jedes Gefühl von Liebe in ſich ſelbſt zu erſticken, bis eine von ihnen unter den angeführten Bedingungen die Wahl getroffen hätte“ —

„Unglaublich, Mr. Gerſon“ —

„Ich würde ſelbſt daran zweifeln, hätte ich nicht die Erfahrung ſelbſt gemacht — aber, auf das Wort eines ehrlichen Mannes, wenigſtens dreißig anſehnliche Partien ſind auf dieſe Weiſe für meine Töchter verloren gegangen.

„Das macht zehn für jede — aber Sie betrüben mich tief, Mr. Gerſon, durch eine Erzählung, die mich erwarten läßt, ich ſei von Hamburg nach Bourdeaux nur darum gereiſt, einen neuen Beitrag zur Ausfüllung des weiten [illegible] zu gewähren“ —

„Erlauben Sie — in einem freundſchaftlichen Briefe an Ihren Herrn Vater beklagte ich mich darüber, und ſchilderte ihm meine ganze Lage. Er antwortete mir, er hätte einen einzigen Sohn, einen talentvollen, gutgearteten“ —

Ich verneigte mich —

„Aber etwas unordentlichen, und ſeinem feurigen Temperamente ſich zu ſehr überlaſſenden jungen Mann“ —

„Pardon! — rief ich, und [illegible] — mein Vater ſchmeichelt ſeinem Kinde nicht“ —

„Und es würde ihn ſehr freuen, ihn mit einer meiner Töchter verbunden zu ſehen, wenn er ihr Herz und meinen Beifall gewinnen könnte. Ich antwortete ihm, daß mir nichts angenehmer ſein könnte, als eine ſo genaue Verbindung mit dem Hauſe meines alten Freundes und Wohlthäters — daß ich einem Manne von ſolchen Eigenſchaften, als er ſeinem Sohne beilegte, meinen Beifall nicht verſagen würde, weil ich die Unbeſonnenheiten der Jugend gehörig zu würdigen wüßte.“ —

„Sehr verbunden Mr. Gerſon! — da ſieht man, was Weisheit aus eigner Erfahrung vor gelernter voraus hat“ —

„Ach! Mr. Waltmann! — ein Franzoſe berührt und verbindet ſtets die Extreme“ —

Ich dachte im Stillen an den Vater und ſeine drei Töchter —

„Und geht durch die Unordnung zur Regelmäßigkeit, und durch die Ausgelaſſenheit (libertinage) zu den Tugenden eines Familienvaters über“ —

„Die Deutſchen thun ein Gleiches, Mr. Gerſon; nur wird ihnen der Uebergang nicht ſo leicht“ —

„Was aber das Herz meiner Töchter anbeträfe, ſo dürfte ich auf ihre kindliche Ergebenheit zu ſehr rechnen, um zu fürchten, daß ich zu viel verſpräche, wenn ich ſeinen Sohn meinen künftigen Schwiegerſohn nennte.“

„Sie entzücken mich durch Ihre Güte, Mr. Gerſon.“ —

„Schiffer Claſſen brachte mir die Antwort, die ſich auf Sie ſelbſt bezog. Der Frachtzettel war richtig, aber die Waare fehlte“ —

Ich holte zu einer Entſchuldigung aus —

„Still, ſtill! — Sie haben einen Abſtecher gemacht, der noch auf die alte Rechnung kömmt. Im vollen Sprunge ſteht ſich's nicht gut auf einmal. Mein alter Freund hatte Recht, und ich ſehe ſo ehrliche Schelmengeſichter, wie das Ihrige, gern“ —

Mr. Gerſon war feiner, als ich geglaubt hatte. Sein Lob gewann ihm mein Herz, und ich wurde ernſthaft.

„Es würde mich unendlich kränken, wenn dieſer Plan welchen mir die freundſchaftlichſte Geſinnung eingegeben hat, mißglücken ſollte. Ich habe mir ein Mittel dagegen ausgedacht, und ich theile es Ihnen mit; denn ich bin offenherzig, und es iſt gut, wenn Sie meine Maßregeln kennen. Sie ſollen meine Töchter nicht auf einmal kennen lernen. Ich habe meine beiden jüngern weggeſchickt, und die älteſte allein für Ihre Bekanntſchaft zurück behalten. Ihrem Alter gebührte dieſes Vorrecht. Sie iſt die Ihrige, ſobald ſie Ihnen anſteht. Ich werde die beiden andern nicht eher zurückrufen, als bis Sie Sich erklärt haben, und ich glauben darf, daß Ihre Liebe ſtark genug iſt, um keine Gefahr zu laufen. Sie ſind deswegen an dieſe nicht gebunden — denn jeder hat ſeinen Geſchmack; und wollte Gott, meine Töchter hätten dieſes Sprichwort beſtätigt, und nicht umgeſtürzt. Morgen ſollen Sie ſie ſehen; denn nach einer ſo ermüdenden Reiſe iſt man nicht ſehr geſchickt zur Einleitung in die Liebe — trinken Sie, Mr. Waltmann, auf die Geſundheit der, welche Sie wählen werden; meine väterliche Zuneigung iſt die Mitgift einer jeden.“

Ich trank, und nach dieſer Erzählung, und nach ſo manchem Zuge aus vollem Becher, mit wahrer Theilnahme, und als wir uns trennten, um zu Bett zu gehen, ſchlief ich mit recht erfreulichen Gedanken ein.

2.

Als ich in der Morgenſtunde im Bett nüchternen Muthes weiter dachte, kamen mir allerdings wieder einige Zweifel. Es ſchmeichelte mir, daß ich der Held ſein ſollte, welcher den Zauber dieſer Unzertrennlichen zu löſen, und ſo viel getäuſchte Männerherzen zu ſühnen beſtimmt wäre. Aber ich traute dem alten Gaunergeſichte des Vaters nicht recht, es verdroß mich, daß ſie nicht alle Drei vor mir erſchienen, wie die Göttinnen auf dem Berge Ida vor dem Hirten; und ich that das Gelübde, nicht eher aus meiner Gleichgültigkeit zu treten, bis die beiden andern aus der Fremde herbeigelockt wären.

„Georg kam, und ſein Angeſicht leuchtete wie von einem erfreulichen Geheimniß. Ich fragte ihn, ob er vielleicht in Bordeaux ſchon jetzt in der Liebe glücklicher gegen die Franzoſen wäre, als die Deutſchen daheim im Felde?“

„Ich denke nicht an mich, erwiederte er. Sie haben die glückliche Beſtimmung, die Ehre der Deutſchen zu retten. Ich habe Mamſell Conſtance geſehen“ —

„Wer iſt dieſe Conſtance?“ —

„Die älteſte Tochter von Mr. Gerſon“ —

„Du haſt ſie geſehen! nun, iſt ſie der Reiſe werth?“ —

„Werth, und wenn Sie auf den Knieen hätten herrutſchen ſollen, wie ein Pilger auf der heiligen Treppe — aber, was nützen meine Worte? Stehen Sie auf — Sie verlieren jede Minute, wo Sie ſie nicht ſehen“ —

„Potz Wetten! — rief ich, ſprang auf, und ließ mich ankleiden. — Wenn ein Kenner vom Hamburger Fiſchmarkt, wie Du, in Ekſtaſe geräth, wo ſollen meine fünf Sinne bleiben?“ —

Mr. Gerſon machte mir den Morgenbeſuch. „Sie werden vergeben, Mr. Waltmann, ſagte er, wenn ich mich den Tag über nicht um Sie bekümmere als bei Tiſche. Meine Tochter wird Ihnen Geſellſchaft leiſten, ſo oft Sie ſie wünſchen und ſuchen.“

Ich bat ihn, ſich nicht zu geniren. Er ging, und ich ließ mich bei Conſtancen melden, ſobald meine Toilette fertig war.

Ach mein armes Herz! — Es pochte gewaltig, als ich in dieſen Lichtkreis trat, um mir, gleich ſo vielen Andern, die Flügel zu verbrennen. Mich armen Sünder überfiel eine Ehrfurcht vor dieſer hohen, blendenden Geſtalt, die ich noch nie, außer in Paris beim Anblick meiner Unbekannten, gefühlt hatte. Sie ſtand da, wie ein überirdiſches Weſen, und auf ihrem ſtrahlenden Geſicht dünkte mir ein mitleidiges Lächeln über den Verwegnen, der ſich bangerzitternd ihr darzuſtellen wagte, zu ſchweben.

„Das Erſtaunen, ohne welches Niemand Ihre Reize ſehen kann, iſt Ihnen Mademoiſelle nicht neu; aber neu iſt mir ein Anblick, der jedes Malers Ideal befriedigen würde.“ —

Soviel künſtelte ich ſtotternd heraus; ſie antwortete mir mit einem leichten Compliment, und ſprach mit vieler Lebhaftigkeit und Fertigkeit von gleichgültigen Dingen. Ihre Ruhe gab mir allmälig die meinige wieder, und ich konnte ſie mit prüfender Aufmerkſamkeit betrachten.

Ich habe die Feder nicht ergriffen, um eine Anweiſung für Zeichner zu ſchreiben, was zu einer vollendeten Geſtalt gehört. Mag Conſtance ſich zu dem Behuf in Kupfer ſtechen laſſen, wenn ihr die Kunſt ſo am Herzen liegt. Aber ich fand keinen, durchaus keinen Tadel — dieſe Formen, dieſe Taille, dieſe Farbe, gehörten keinem Lande als dem der Schönheit an, und nur das braune Haar, das in üppigen Locken um den weißen Nacken floß, und die braunen flammenden Augen konnten für ein Zeichen der Verwandtſchaft mit Frankreich gelten.

Wie bereute ich die Schmähungen, die ich in Hamburg ausgeſtoßen hatte, als ich erfuhr, daß mir eine Franzöſin beſtimmt ſei! Wie ſchmähte ich jetzt auf die Demoiſelles Obergel, Watermann, Funk und Alter, welche ſo unglücklich waren, mir damals zur Vergleichung einzufallen! Meine Bewunderung vermehrte ſich, als ſie, ohne Prätenſion und Affectation, mir allmälig ihre Geſchicklichkeiten enthüllte. Sie ſang, ſie ſpielte, ſie zeichnete meiſterhaft.

Es währte einige Tage, eh' ich in ihrer Geſellſchaft ohne Beklommenheit ſein konnte. Allmälig half ſie mir ſelbſt ins Geleis. Sie blieb ſich gleich — ſie war in jeder Minute entzückend, aber in keiner mehr, als in der andern, und ich gewöhnte mich an ihren Anblick, wie an den eines vortrefflichen Gemäldes.

Mit meiner Ruhe kam mein luſtiger Jünglingsmuth wieder, und ich ſcherzte mit ihr über die Anſprüche, welche ihres Vaters Einwilligung mir auf ſie vergönnte. „Meine Augen haben geprüft, ſagte ich, und Gott, der mein Herz kennt, weiß am beſten, wie verſengt es dabei weggekommen iſt. Aber ich bin der Sohn eines Kaufmanns, und ſelbſt dazu beſtimmt. Wir Kaufleute prüfen jede Waare mit allen Sinnen ſo genau, als wir dürfen, ohne ſie zu verderben. Sie dürfen ſich nicht weigern, ſchöne Conſtance, mir den Verſuch zu erlauben, ob dieſe Lippen ſich ſo gut küſſen, als ſie ſich anſehen.“

Sie war zu ſehr Franzöſin, um einen ſolchen Scherz abzulehnen. Ich küßte ſie — aber dieſe trügeriſchen Lippen fingen die meinigen, wie die Leimruthe den ſorglos hüpfenden Zeiſig — ich konnte mich nicht davon losreißen — und als es geſchah durch ihr Zurückdrängen, war meine frohe Laune weg, und mir fehlte, ich wußte ſelbſt nicht, was.

Ich hatte bisher kein Mädchen geliebt, ja keins berührt, die Unbekannte ausgenommen. In den unſchuldigen Knabenjahren hatte leidenſchaftliche Liebe zur Muſik, und in der wilden Jünglingszeit bis jetzt Pferde, Spiel, Flaſche, Jagd und witzige Geſellſchaften meine Neigungen erfüllt. Ich ſah in Hamburg alle Demoiſellen und Jungfern ſo gleichgültig an, als die bereits erwähnten, und konnte in dieſer Hinſicht höchſtens in Worten für einen Lovelace gelten.

Der erſte Kuß von dieſen Lippen goß Feuer in mein Blut. Ich ſah, ich dachte nichts, als Conſtance; ich hungerte und dürſtete nach nichts, als nach dem Nektar ihres undes. Und da es nur von mir abzuhängen ſchien, ſie für ine Braut zu erklären, und mich jedes Genuſſes zu verern, den ſie gewähren konnte, war es ſo wunderbar, daß die Stufenleiter der Wolluſt in Gedanken erſtieg, und jener Minute an, an jedem ihrer Reize nicht mit ent- ktem Erſtaunen, ſondern mit roher ungeſtümer Begierde hi g? —

Das Uebel wuchs, je öfter ich ſie ſah — ſie ſelbſt wurde unruhiger, als zuvor — ich brauchte alle Künſte der Welt, um wieder zu genießen, was mein Verlangen nur reizte, ohne es zu befriedigen und vierzehn Tage nach meiner Ankunft ging ich zu Mr. Gerſon, und erbat mir die Hand ſeiner Tochter.

Der alte Mann hüpfte auf einem Beine vor Freuden. Er führte mich ſelbſt zu ſeiner Tochter, und drückte ſie in meine Arme. Ich ſchloß die Unvergleichliche mit dem feurigſten Entzücken an meine Bruſt.

„Es iſt richtig — rief er, indem er uns zuſah; ſchnippte mit den Fingern, und tanzte in der Stube herum — es iſt vortrefflich — ſo iſt es recht, ich erinnere mich deſſen noch — und morgen, Conſtance, ſchreibe ich an Deine Schweſtern; denn bei der Hochzeit müſſen ſie ſein, um Luſt zu bekommen!“ — —

10.

Und meine Gelübde, zu warten, bis ich wie ein Sultan unter drei Houris der Schönſten das Schnupftuch zuwerfen könnte? Ach, lieben Brüder und Schweſtern, wißt ihr noch nicht, wie wenig dergleichen Ballaſt einem Herzen hilft, deſſen Segel die Leidenſchaft gefaßt hat? Die Geliebte hebt mit Einem Blick alle Gelübde!

Angelique, die zweite Tochter von Mr. Gerſon, kam in wenig Tagen an. Sie war in Rochelle bei Verwandten geweſen. So ſchön ſie war, ſo ſchien ſie es weniger neben ihrer Schweſter, und ich wünſchte mir Glück, ohne es zu wiſſen, wenigſtens unter zweien die beſte Wahl getroffen zu haben.

Victorie, die dritte, blieb aus. Statt ihrer kam nach acht bis zehn Tagen ein Brief an ihre Schweſter Angelique, daß ſie mit der Tante, bei welcher ſie ſich aufhielt, verreiſt wäre, und bald zurückkommen würde.

Das verzögerte die Hochzeit, und ich hatte hinlängliche Muße, die beiden Schweſtern in ihrer Verſchiedenheit kennen zu lernen. Angelique war um einen Zoll kleiner, ihre Taille um einen Zoll ſtärker, ihre Haut um einen Grad gefärbter, ihre Zähne waren nicht ganz ſo klein und weiß, mit einem Worte, jeder weibliche Reiz war ihr um ein Kleines geringer, als Conſtancen zugetheilt worden. Sie ſang, ſie ſpielte, ſie ſtickte und malte auch, aber gegen Conſtancen immer nur wie eine talentvolle Schülerin gegen den Meiſter. Alle dieſe Bemerkungen machten mir in den erſten Tagen viel Vergnügen. Sie hatte überdieß etwas Niedergeſchlagenes in ihrem Weſen, was ihr nicht vortheilhaft war.

Allmälig verlor ſich dieſer anſcheinende Trübſinn, und es lebte ein Geiſt in dem reizenden Körper auf, den die Natur mit unwiderſtehlichem Intereſſe ausgeſtattet hatte, und der gegen Conſtancens Gelaſſenheit, wie ein helles Bild auf dunklem Grunde abſtach. Eine Fülle von witzigen Einfällen ſtrömte über ihre Lippen — in dem Augenblick, wo man die Pointe des erſten bewunderte, riß eine zweite die Aufmerkſamkeit ſchon an ſich. Sie unterdrückte oft ihren Witz, aber nie konnte ſie die allerliebſte ſatiriſchfröhliche Phyſionomie des Witzes unterdrücken, womit ihre Gedanken ihr blühendes Geſicht verſchönerten. Ihre Handlungen, ihre Vergnügungen hatten daſſelbe Gepräge. Ihr Geſang ſprach die verſchiedenſten Gefühle mit gleicher Lebhaftigkeit aus — ihre Gemälde hatten eine höchſt pikante Originalität, und ihre Stickerei übertraf, nicht in der Ausführung, aber in der Anlage, weit die ihrer Schweſter.

Meine natürliche Luſtigkeit fand an der ihrigen Behagen; wir wurden allmälig vertrauter, und ich theilte Conſtancen meine Küſſe und Seufzer, Angeliquen meine Unterhaltung zu. Aber jene Küſſe, ſo ſehr ſie mich entzückten, jene zärtlichen Seufzer, ſo ſanft ſie meine Bruſt beklemmten, blieben bei der Wiederholung immer dieſelben; Angeliquens Unterhaltungen im Gegentheil nahmen ſtets eine neue und angenehmere Wendung. So oft ich jene anſah, hob ſich meine Bruſt von zärtlichem Verlangen; ſo oft ich dieſer zuhörte, flog meine ganze Seele der reizenden Schwägerin zu. Einige Zeit blieb das Gleichgewicht — allmälig fing die Schale an, wechſelweiſe zu ſinken und zu ſteigen — und abermals nach vierzehn Tagen ſeit meiner Verlobung liebte ich die ſchöne Conſtance nur, wenn ich ſie ſah; aber das Bild der Einnehmenden Angelique beſchäftigte mein zärtliches Andenken in der Einſamkeit ſo gut, als in ihrer Nähe. Was mich dabei am meiſten Wunder nahm, war, daß Conſtance das Abnehmen meiner Neigung nicht mit Mißfallen, und Angelique das Zunehmen nicht mit merklichem Wohlgefallen aufzunehmen ſchien.

11.

Mr. Gerſon ſagte zu alledem nichts. Er arbeitete den Tag auf ſeinem Comptoir, und war nur Abends in unſerer Geſellſchaft. In dieſen Stunden häuslicher Freude überließ er ſich den Seinigen ganz, indem er an unſern Scherzen und Spielen Antheil nahm; und ich fand, daß der kleine Aeſop, wie er ſich ſelbſt oft nannte, dem alten Fabelhelden an Geiſte nicht viel nachgab.

Er empfahl mich mehrern ſeiner Bekannten in und um Bourdeaux, und zog mir dadurch eine Menge Einladungen zu, die mich zu meinem Verdruß häufig vom Hauſe entfernten, und mir zuweilen wenig Erſatz gewährten. Die Liebe hatte mich umgeſchaffen, und die feine Schwelgerei und Jovialität der Einwohner von Guienne hatte keine Reize mehr für ein Herz, das ihre Freuden gekoſtet hatte.

Eines Abends kehrte ich vom Lande zeitig zurück, und ſtieg am Garten meines Schwiegervaters ab, weil ich wußte, daß die Familie heute dort ſein werde. Ich ging auf einen Pavillon zu, wo ich die Geſellſchaft vorausſetzte. Als ich mich näherte, hörte ich Stimmen, und ging leiſer mehr aus Inſtinkt, als aus Vorſatz. Noch näher unterſchied ich deutlich die geſangvolle Stimme meiner Braut, in wetteifernder Rede mit einer männlichen —

„Es thut mir leid, ich leide ſelbſt dabei — ſagte Conſtance — aber es iſt nicht zu ändern“ —

„Wenn Sie nur wollten, Conſtance, ſagte die männliche Perſon, deren Ton mir bekannt ſchien —

„Aber ich darf nicht wollen, Mr. D'Argenet.“ —

Mr. D'Argenet war ein Commis des Hauſes, den ich nie anders als bei Tiſche geſehen, und als einen ſtillen, höflichen, wohlgebildeten Menſchen kennen gelernt hatte. —

„Es iſt hart, es iſt unerträglich, ſagte er, von der liebenswürdigſten Perſon auf Erden ſo ſtarke Verſicherungen ihrer Liebe erhalten zu haben, und ſich doch getäuſcht zu ſehen“ —

„Sie wiſſen, ich kann nichts dafür“ —

„Ich glaube es kaum“ —

„Pfui, ſchämen Sie Sich — Sie kränken mich mit Abſicht; Sie wiſſen ſo gut als ich, wie nachdrücklich mein Vater uns allen jede Verbindung unterſagt hat, weil er ſich dem Vater des Herrn Wellmann verbindlich gemacht hatte“ —

„Eine thörichte Verbindlichkeit“ —

„Das iſt ſeine Sache. Sie verfolgten mich mit Ihrer Liebe — der Waldherr blieb aus, und da glaubte ich ſelbſt wählen zu dürfen, und wählte Sie, weil Sie mir gefielen. Endlich kam er doch“ —

„O, daß er ewig geblieben wäre“ —

„Ich würde ihn nicht vermißt haben. Dieſer große blauäugige Deutſche iſt ſo keck, aber nicht ſo höflich wie ein Franzoſe; ſeine Liebe iſt gebieteriſch, und wenn er mit meinem Vater getrunken hat, muß man ſich vor ihm fürchten. Aber ſoll ich meinen Vater deswegen erzürnen? Sie wiſſen, wie feſt er auf ſeinem Sinn beſteht, und ich muß zufrieden ſein, wenn nicht einem liebenswürdigen, doch einem erträglichen Manne zuerkannt zu ſein.“ —

„Ach, welche Qualen laſſen Sie mich empfinden! Dieſe Reize, die ich anbete, ſollen das Eigenthum eines Andern ſein, wie eine Waare ſollen Sie ihm verhandelt werden? Conſtance! ich ertrage das nicht — am Tage Ihrer Hochzeit fliehe ich aus Frankreich, oder ich tödte mich oder ihn“ —

„Sie ſind ein Narr, Mr. D'Argenet, und würden es am wenigſten ſein, wenn Sie davon liefen. —

Der Liebhaber ergoß ſich nach dieſer Antwort, welche die ſchöne Conſtance ſo melodiſch, aber auch ſo ruhig, wie alles, was ſie ſprach, von ſich gab, in ſo feurige Klagen, und ſprach ſo ſchnell, daß ich nur einige Schlagwörter ſeiner tragiſchen Exploſionen weghaſchen konnte. Ich hatte genug, und ſchlich mich eben ſo heimlich fort, als ich gekommen war.

12.

„Sie hätten mich ſchön angeführt, ſchöne Conſtance“ — ſagte ich halblaut, als ich mich nach einer halbſtündigen Promenade auf dem Walle niederlegte. Aber Sie haben ſich ſelbſt betrogen — ich bin Ihre reizende Unveränderlichkeit los, und die einnehmende Angelique wird mir mehr erſetzen, als ich verloren habe.“

Früh ging ich zu Mr. Gerſon. Ich ſpielte den Großmüthigen, und verſicherte ihm, daß ich mir nie den entfernteſten Anſpruch auf die Hand eines Mädchens, deſſen Herz ſchon verſchenkt wäre, erlauben würde. Er wurde ſo wild, daß ich Mühe hatte, ihn zurück zu halten. D'Argenet war arm. Ich ſtellte ihm vor, daß ein Frauenzimmer von achtmalhunderttauſend Livres, wie ſeine Tochter, ſehr füglich einen Mann ohne Vermögen, zumal einen Kaufmann, heirathen könnte, deſſen Induſtrie dieſe Summe in kurzer Zeit zu verdoppeln vermöchte. Es war ihm nur um meinetwillen. Um mir nicht gänzlich zu widerſprechen, beklagte ich allerdings den Verluſt der ſchönen Conſtance, verſicherte indeſſen, daß die reizende Angelique ſelbſt den unglücklichſten Liebhaber zu tröſten vermöchte, und daß ich gar nicht zweifelte, ſie in kurzer Zeit leidenſchaftlich zu lieben, ſobald ich dazu berechtigt wäre. So wurde endlich der Handel geſchloſſen, und wir gingen zu den beiden Mädchen, um ihnen, die von nichts wußten, ihr Schickſal anzukündigen.

Mir wurde bange, als ich ihnen gegenüber ſtand — nicht vor der ſchönen Conſtance, deren geheime Wünſche befriedigt werden ſollten, aber wohl vor dem keken Geſicht meiner neuen Geliebten, welches die meinigen etwas ſtark zu ſetzen verhieß. Vorher hatte ich ihr immer Gleiches mit Gleichem vergolten — heute gab ich mich der Unbarmherzigen mit dem Gefühl der Wehrloſigkeit hin.

„Schöne Conſtance — nahm ich nach unſerer Verabredung das Wort, als Mr. D'Argenet eintrat, den wir hatten rufen laſſen — dieſer junge Mann hat früheres Recht auf Ihre Hand, als ich, und verdient ſie unſtreitig mehr, da Sie ihm ſelbſt dieſe Rechte gegeben haben. Ich breche mein Herz, indem ich die Bande breche, die bisher zwiſchen uns Statt fanden; aber ich will das höchſte Glück meines Lebens nicht mit der Ruhe derjenigen erkaufen, die es mir verſchaffen ſollte, und habe Ihren Herrn Vater gebeten, zu Ihrer Verbindung mit Mr. D'Argenet ſeine Einwilligung zu geben" —

Mr. Gerſon beſtätigte, was ich ſagte, und die beiden Liebenden vergaßen bald die Ausbrüche des Danks über der Freude, welcher ſie ſich überließen. Es war das erſtemal, daß ich die ſchöne Conſtanze durch den Ausdruck des Gefühls verſchönert ſah, und ich bemerkte im Stillen, daß ich ſie um keinen Preis hingegeben hätte, wäre ſie jemals ſo ſchön für mich geweſen.

13.

Das Schwerſte war übrig; mit verſtellter Heiterkeit, aber innerlich ſcheu, wie ein Miſſethäter, ſtellte ich mich vor Angeliquen hin, die nicht ein Wort geäußert, aber uns Alle mit ſcharfen Blicken gemuſtert hatte.

„Sie ſind ſehr edelmüthig" — ſagte ſie mit verbißnem Lächeln, und einer ſo ſchlauen Miene, und ſo durchdringendem Blick, daß mir zu Muth war, als läſe ſie jeden Gedanken in meiner Bruſt. —

„Wenn es ſo iſt meine engliſche Angelique, ſo rechne ich darauf, daß Sie mich dafür belohnen werden." —

„Nach Verdienſt — verlaſſen Sie Sich darauf." —

„Sie ſchrecken mich zurück, indem Sie mir ſchmeicheln." —

„Das iſt meine Abſicht." —

„Aber der Zug Ihrer Reize iſt mächtiger." —

„Ich wünſchte deren weniger zu haben." —

„Ich würde dann weniger leiden." —

„Das iſt nicht die Abſicht, warum ich es wünſche." —

„Ich bin jetzt verlaſſen." —

„Ich beklage jeden Verlaßnen — (abandonné)." —

„Um ſo eher hoffe ich — ſagte ich, und bog ein Knie vor ihr — daß Sie meinen Jammer anſehen und mich heirathen werden." —

„O, ich bitte, mein Herr, verrichten Sie das Gebet. Das iſt nicht der Mühe werth — Heirathen! — das iſt ſehr wenig — von Herzen gern — ich fürchtete in Wahrheit, Sie wollten mir zumuthen, Sie zu lieben." —

„Ich ſetze das voraus." —

„Sie thun mir einen großen Gefallen, wenn Sie das immer vorausſetzen. Sie erſparen mir eine ſehr beſchwerliche Mühe." —

„Sie zwingen mich zu zweifeln, um ein ſo koſtbares Beſtreben nicht zu verlieren" —

„Sie werden auf jeden Fall nichts verlieren." —

„Ich fühle, wie wenig ich ein ſolches Kleinod verdiene, und werde mich bemühen, Sie wenigſtens an Zärtlichkeit zu übertreffen." —

„So werden Sie ſehr große Vorzüge vor mir haben." —

„Mr. Gerſon — ſagte ich zu dem Vater — ich muß Sie um Ihre Vermittlung bitten. Angelique ſagt mir zu, mich zu heirathen, aber ſie beißt, kratzt und ſchlägt um ſich, wie eine tatariſche Braut, und ich brauche Hülfstruppen." —

„Laſſen Sie ſie gehen — ſie iſt ein närriſches Mädchen, ich kenne ſie wohl, aber eine gute Tochter. Hier — indem er ihre Hand nahm und in die meinige legte — ſie iſt die Ihrige."

Sie gab ihre Hand ohne Widerrede, und betrachtete mich, während ich ſie hielt, ſo zuverſichtlich, als wollte ſie ſagen — ich habe dich, und will ſchon fertig mit dir werden. Mir ſchien es ſelbſt ſo, und ſtatt mich dem neuen Entzücken zu überlaſſen, ſprach ich mit D'Argenet, der es gern gethan hätte, über den amerikaniſchen Handel eine halbe Stunde, und verließ dann ziemlich mißvergnügt die Geſellſchaft.

14.

Angelique blieb in dieſem Ton, und ich bereuete tauſendmal, ſie aus einer liebenswürdigen Schwägerin in eine qualbegierige Braut verwandelt zu haben. Sie marterte mich recht ausgeſucht, denn wenn ſie mich durch unzählige Beleidigungen ſo ſehr empört hatte, daß mein Zorn dem Ausbruch nahe war, ſchmeichelte ſie mir wieder, und war ſo zärtlich, daß ich Alles vergaß, und thöricht genug war, zu hoffen, ſie werde ſich anders benehmen. Nicht genug, daß ich unmittelbar dadurch litt, ich hatte den Verdruß zu ſehen, daß die ganze Familie ſich an unſern Kriegen ergötzte, und mußte ihr Gelächter auf meine Rechnung nehmen, weil ich zu deutlich fühlte, daß ich der verlierende Theil war.

Noch hatte ich nicht den letzten Grad der Folter erfahren. Der Onkel aus Rochelle, in deſſen Hauſe Angelique geweſen war, kam mit einem jungen Menſchen, der auch ein Couſin ſein ſollte, zum Beſuch. Angelique umarmte beide, und mein ſcharfes Bräutigamsauge glaubte in den Blicken des Couſins einen Grad zärtlicher Bewegung zu leſen, der für einen Couſin zu ſtark ſchien.

„Es freut mich recht, daß Sie da ſind, Couſin — ſagte ſie zu ihm — hier iſt mein Bräutigam, Mr. Waltmann aus Hamburg. Ich habe ihn noch wenig anders, als mit Worten, kränken können — jetzt will ich mich durch Sie für alles Unheil rächen, das er mir nach der Trauung anthun wird." —

Der junge Mann erröthete, und erwiederte einige nichtsſagende Complimente.

„Ich erkläre Sie hiermit feierlich für meinen Cicisbeo — denn die italieniſche Sitte gefällt mir, ſeit wir in Frankreich deutſche Bräutigams haben — Sie ſollen über unſere Streitigkeiten entſcheiden, weil ich vorausſehe, daß Sie mir allemal recht geben werden — Sie ſollen den Schlüſſel zu meinem Zimmer haben — Sie ſollen neben mir ſitzen und ſtehn, um mich gegen ihn zu vertheidigen. Er heirathet mich nur aus Rache, weil ihn meine Schweſter nicht mag; und ich handle großmüthig, indem ich ſie ihm erſchwere; denn die Rache iſt um ſo ſüßer, je ſchwerer ſie geworden iſt." —

„Du biſt ein Herold des Teufels, Mädchen!" — rief Mr. Gerſon, und drohte ihr mit der Hand. —

„Laſſen Sie mich, Väterchen — die Deutſchen haben gegen unſre Nation immer viel Geduld bewieſen, und ich glaube ſelbſt, daß ich kein Lamm von Franzoſen fände, der es mit mir aushielte." —

Ich kochte innerlich, doch machte ich gute Miene zu ſchlechtem Spiel. Meine Geduld ging zu Ende, als ſie aus Scherz Ernſt machte, und dem Couſin gütig, ja zärtlich begegnete, während ſie mich mit der größten Strenge zurückwies. „Blos um Sie auf die Probe zu ſtellen, mein Herr" — ſagte ſie, als ich mich beklagte.

„Das heißt, Sie ſchneiden mir den Leib auf, um zu ſehen, ob mein Herz noch ſchlägt — rief ich entrüſtet — aber ich werde Mittel finden, dieſen Mißhandlungen zu entgehen."

Ich verließ haſtig das Zimmer, und ſie ſchickte mir ein ſchallendes Gelächter nach. Höchſt aufgebracht ging ich zu Herrn Gerſon, und klagte ihm meine Noth.

„Sie ſagen mir etwas ganz Neues — erwiederte er — ich habe unter Ihnen Beiden das beſte Einverſtändniß vorausgeſetzt. Ja, ja, es iſt wahr, ſie iſt ein kleiner Satan, aber mit dem beſten Herzen. Ich verſichere Sie, ſie würde am jüngſten Gericht dem lieben Gott ins Geſicht lachen, wenn er ihr Sündenregiſter vorleſen ließe, und der Teufel wäre ſelbſt doppelt verdammt, dem ſie zur Verdammniß übergeben würde. Aber das ſchadet nichts — ſie hat keine falſche Ader, und wenn Sie ihre Laune nicht durch Empfindlichkeit erbittern, werden Sie die luſtigſte Frau auf der Welt haben. Doch will ich mit ihr ſprechen." —

Er that es, meines Widerſpruchs ungeachtet; aber ich weiß nicht, ob aus Mangel an Nachdruck, oder aus Bosheit, in Gegenwart Aller. Das Lächeln der Anweſenden, als Mr. Gerſon mit vielem [illegible] ſeine Worte vorbrachte, verkündigte mir mein Schickſal.

„Wie? — ſagte Angelique — ſind die Nerven eines Nordländers ſo empfindlich? — Sie können es nicht vertragen, daß ich hüpfend und tanzend durchs Leben gehe? Sie faſſen meine Laune nicht, kein Wunder, daß Sie auch meine Liebe nicht faſſen.“ —

„Schöne Angelique“ —

„Sagen Sie das meiner Schweſter — ich bin die böſe, die unausſtehliche, und liebe Sie doch ſo zärtlich, wie irgend eine Dame ihren Mops oder ihren Papagei.“ —

„Wollten Sie nicht die Rolle des Mopſes übernehmen? denn dieſe Thiere, bei der innigſten Liebe gegen ihre Gebieterin, knurren und beißen gern.“ —

Sie lachte und gab mir die Hand, die ich dankbar küßte. Aber es dauerte keine Viertelſtunde, ſo marterte ſie mich wieder ſo, daß ich hätte Blut ſchwitzen mögen.

15.

Zufälligerweiſe fand ich in meinem Koffer einen Brief meines Vaters, überſchrieben — an die geliebte Braut meines Sohnes. Die herzliche Sprache eines frohen Vaters wird ſie rühren, dachte ich, und brachte ihr den Brief.

„Nicht an mich — ſagte ſie — denn Sie lieben mich nicht. Keine Betheuerungen — — aber ich will den Brief erbrechen, weil ich doch die Stelle einer Geliebteren erſetze.“ —

„Schön, vortrefflich, rief ſie aus, als ſie ihn geleſen hatte — Sie haben einen wackern Vater — und ſeine Güte überraſcht mich; er muß wiſſen, daß ſich Mädchen gern und Bräute am liebſten putzen. — Wollen Sie mir die Juwelen nicht zeigen?“ —

Ich blickte ſie betroffen an — das Gefühl meiner Unbeſonnenheit fiel mir ſo ſchwer aufs Herz, daß ich kein Wort ſagen konnte. —

„Nun, Sie haben ſie doch nicht verloren“ —

„Mein Vater muß ſie vergeſſen haben — wollen Sie mir den Brief erlauben.“ —

„So unheiligen räuberiſchen Händen ſollte ich dieß Document vertrauen? Couſin, leſen Sie ihm den Brief vor.“ —

Der Couſin las — „Den Solitär und die Armbänder, welche mein Sohn Ihnen mit dieſem Briefe übergeben wird, bitte ich — u. ſ. w.

Ich ſtand wie vernichtet, und verwünſchte im Herzen tauſendmal die Stunde, wo ich Mr. Gerſon's Haus betreten, und dieſe Schweſtern kennen gelernt hatte, die ihre Vollkommenheiten nur mir zur Plage beſaßen. —

„Ich bitte Sie, Couſin Céleſtin — ſagte Angelique, und deutete mit dem Finger auf mich — betrachten Sie dieſen armen Sünder. Sein Vater ſchickt ihn aus Hamburg, weil ihn die Weiber dort ſo genau kennen, daß ihn keine mag. Drei Schweſtern, die Kleinode von ganz Frankreich, harren auf den hamburger Meß- und Märzbräutigam, wie Sklavinnen in Smyrna auf den Käufer. O, denkt er, die danken Gott, wenn ich komme, früh oder ſpät — und macht einen Abſtecher von drei Wochen, um ſich erſt noch einmal recht auszutoben, eh' er ein Hausvater wird. Das Reiſegeld iſt weg, und er iſt klug genug, ſtatt des Hungertodes in Paris, die fetten Küche und den reichen Keller des unbekannten Schwiegervaters zu erkieſen. Aber wie hinkommen? Der Brautſchmuck muß aushelfen, ſo viel die pariſer Freundinnen davon übrig gelaſſen haben.“

„Guter Gott!“ rief ich —

„Schweigen Sie. Dieſer Herr ſoll Sie kennen lernen. Er kömmt, und ſieht die Erſte. Sie gefällt ſeinen Augen wohl, und die Schönſte in ganz Bourbonnais wird ſeine Braut. Ich komme, er hört mich. Durch ſeine Ohren faßt ich ihn.“ —

„Wie ungerecht.“ —

„O mein Gott, ſchweigen Sie doch — er giebt der Erſten einen charmanten, recht wohl geſetzten, reſpectabeln Abſchied — und wer ihn nicht beſſer kannte, hätte denken ſollen, er ſäße vor lauter Großmuth mit dem Herzen, das vor Liebe platzen wollte, auf dem Stuhl mit eiſernen glühenden Zacken, und er wendete ſich an mich als die Zweite bloß aus Mitleid, daß ich nicht vor Gram über ſeine Verachtung, oder als eine alte Jungfer ſterbe. — Ich nehme in Demuth das Geſchenk ſeiner, durch ſo vieles Schwanken ſo ſehr abgenutzten, Liebe an, laſſe mich geduldig von ihm anfahren, von meinem Vater ausſchelten, und jetzt bringt er mir ſtatt der verkauften oder verſchleuderten Juwelen, den Brief mit der leeren Anweiſung, als wollte er mir ſagen, meine Hand ſei ſo nackt und bloß nicht gut genug, ich ſolle ſie erſt ſelbſt mit Brillanten ausſtaffiren, ehe er es für nöthig fände“ —

„Theure Angelique“ —

„Ich bitte, nennen Sie mich nicht — mein Name klingt mir ganz abſcheulich, ganz diaboliſch aus Ihrem Munde — wahrhaftig, Sie verdienen es, daß ich Sie heirathe — zur Strafe. Ich wette, meine Schweſter Victoire drückt Ihnen vollends das Herz ab — denn ſie iſt ſo ſchön, wie Conſtance, ſo klug, wie ich, und gefühlvoll, wie wir alle beide nicht ſind, und trägt den Namen mit der That — aber hoffen Sie ja nicht, daß Sie etwas von ihr ſchmecken werden — Sie haben um mich angehalten, und dieſer Brief Ihres Herrn Vaters, auch ohne Juwelen, iſt mein Privilegium auf Ihre Perſon, das ich nie weggeben werde.“ —

„Gewiß die angenehmſte Verſicherung.“ —

„Sparen Sie die Schmeicheleien bis zu der Zeit, wo ich wünſchen werde, Sie zu hören.“ —

Ihre zürnende Miene war ſo unverkennbar verſtellt, daß ich ſie doppelt reizend fand und ihre Hand ergriff, ſie zu küſſen. —

„Nicht doch, ſagte ſie, und zog ſie zurück — die Stunde hat noch nicht geſchlagen, wo ich Ihnen meine Zärtlichkeit nach Pflicht und Gewiſſen in Portionen und Rationen zutheilen werde.“

16.

Endlich kam Nachricht von Victoiren, daß ſie den Tag darauf eintreffen würde. Der ungeduldige Vater beſtimmte die Hochzeit für beide Töchter auf den Tag nach ihrer Ankunft. Angelique hatte nichts dagegen. Die nahe Ausſicht, ganz die Meinige zu werden, ſchien ihr mildere Gefühle einzuhauchen, und ich freute mich darüber.

Victoire kam Abends ſpät. Ich wollte ihr noch meine Freude über ihre Ankunft bezeugen. Angelique haſchte mich auf. — „Dachte ich's doch — ſagte ſie — aber Sie ſehen ſie nicht. Erſt wenn ich mit Ihnen vor dem Geiſtlichen ſtehe, ſollen Sie den Schatz betrachten, den Sie ohne Prüfung verworfen haben, um ſich eine Plage, wie ich bin, an den Hals zu ziehen.“

Ich geſtehe, der Morgen, wo ich den Uebergang von genialiſcher Unordnung zu weiſer Regelmäßigkeit machen ſollte, war mir ſehr peinlich. So ſchön, und reich, und geiſtvoll Angelique war, ſo bedachte ich, daß der erſte Vorzug bald vergehen würde, der zweite mir wenig nützte, und dritte Dornen als Roſen gewähren könnte. Und wo blieben jene luſtigen Stunden, wo ich mich ſo oft mit Vorſatz der Ausgelaſſenheit und Thorheit überlaſſen hatte? —

D'Argenet kam, umarmte mich als ſeinen Schwager, und führte mich in das Zimmer, wo die Trauung geſchehen ſollte. Der Vater, die beiden Schweſtern, der Onkel und Couſin, nebſt dem Geiſtlichen, waren da. Victoire fehlte. —

„Sie putzt ſich noch, ſagte Angelique. Sie gönnt keiner ehrlichen Braut ſelbſt am Hochzeittage nicht die Freude, ſchöner zu ſein. Ein großer Fehler, nicht wahr, mon cher?“ —

Ich bejahte ihre Freude lächelnd — ſie war ungemein reizend in dieſer Lebhaftigkeit. —

„Nun, danken Sie Gott, daß ich ſolider bin.“ —

Jetzt traten zwei Damen durch eine Nebenthür ein — und ich erſtaunte gewiß lebhafter, als der Leſer, der es längſt errathen hat, als ich in beiden die Tante von Paris mit ihrer ſchönen Nichte erblickte.

17.

„Endlich!“ — rief Angelique, und zog mich bei der Hand zum Tiſch, wo der Geiſtliche ſtand, mit Gewalt; aber mein Geſicht war zu Victoiren hingewandt, die hocherröthend, und unendlich ſchöner, als ſie mir je erſchienen war, ihre Augen ernſthaft auf mich heftete. —

„Ihre Liebe ſcheint der Peitſche zu bedürfen — ſagte Angelique. — Hangen Sie nur immer an, Mr. la Tournelle“ —

Ich erwachte aus meiner Betäubung; ohne zu wiſſen, was ich that, entriß ich Angeliquen meine Hand, und blickte erſchrocken den Geiſtlichen an, der lächelnd ſchwieg.

Victoire ſtand unbeweglich. An ihrem Finger blitzte mein Solitair, und die Armbänder, die ich in Orleans verkauft hatte, an ihrer Hand. Aller Augen waren auf mich gerichtet, und ich glaubte, unter die Erde ſinken zu müſſen.

„Ich bitte Sie, Couſin — rief Angelique — laſſen Sie ſich mit Victoiren trauen. So lange mein Bräutigam noch eine Schweſter ledig ſieht, denkt er, es ſei Schuldigkeit, an ihr auch ſeine Liebe zu verſuchen.

Der Couſin ging zu ihr hin. Länger hielt ich mich nicht — ich flog vom Tiſche weg, zu Victoiren, und ergriff ihre Hand, die ſie mir erröthend, mit einem zärtlichen Blicke überließ. „Iſt es möglich? ſagte ich — ich habe keine Anſprüche auf Ihre Verzeihung, aber mit den mächtigen Gefühlen, die Sie mich zuerſt kennen lehrten, leben alle Hoffnungen wieder auf, die jetzt nicht mehr chimäriſch ſind, ſobald Sie wollen. —

„Ich bin nicht mehr mein — erwiederte ſie lächelnd und zeigte auf die Juwelen — ich trage den Kaufpreis an meiner Hand.“ —

„Es iſt zu toll — ſagte Angelique — ſo ungezogen iſt noch kein Bräutigam geweſen. Gott ſchütze mich vor einem ſolchen Ehemann. Kommen Sie Couſin. Sie haben eine ſanfte treue Seele — ich will es mit Ihnen verſuchen. Mag er machen, was er will.“

Meine Verlegenheit war vorüber. Ich blickte den Vater fragend an — er konnte vor Rührung nicht ſprechen, legte unſere Hände zuſammen, und führte uns zu den beiden andern Paaren. Mr. le Tourneur fing ungeheißen an, und nach zehn Minuten waren die drei Schweſtern in drei Frauen verwandelt.

18.

Georg hatte in Orleans meine Armbänder in den nächſten anſehnlichen Kaufladen, ſtatt zum Juwelier, der am andern Ende der Stadt wohnen ſollte, getragen. Der Handelsherr, dem er ſie anbot, fragte bedächtig, wem ſie gehörten. Georg fand kein Bedenken, meinen Namen, und die Abſicht meiner Reiſe anzugeben. „Zu Mr. Gerſon nach Beaubeaur, um ſein Schwiegerſohn zu werden! Ich kenne Mr. Gerſon genau, und mache mir ein Vergnügen daraus, Herrn Waltmann eine Summe auf dieſe Armbänder zu leihen, die gewiß eine andere Beſtimmung haben, als in Orleans verkauft zu werden.“

Dieſes Anerbieten kam Georgen erwünſcht. Ein Wort gab das andere, und mein Schelm von Diener, der an meinen vorigen Streichen großen Antheil genommen hatte, erzählte alles, was er von meiner dortigen Lebensart wußte, und prieß ſich glücklich, daß die Noth mich endlich triebe, eine ſo angenehme Zuflucht zu wählen. Mir aber verſchwieg er aus guten Gründen Alles.

Victoire, die mit der Frau deſſelben Kaufmanns in Paris war, erfuhr bei ihrer Zurückkunft, welche Nachrichten von dem deutſchen Bräutigam eingegangen waren, und wußte ſich nun das ſchnelle Verſchwinden Lord Johnsbury's, den ſie, wider ihr dem Vater gegebenes Verſprechen, lieb gewonnen hatte, zu erklären. Sie ſchrieb ſo eilig, als verlegen an ihre Schweſter Angelique, weil ihr die Neuigkeit von meiner Verlobung mit Conſtancen gemeldet worden war.

Angelique durchſchauete Alles, rieth ihr, noch einige Zeit zurückzubleiben, und entwarf den Plan zu meiner Züchtigung, den ſie zur Unterhaltung der ganzen Familie — denn ſeit ich ſie ſelbſt zur Braut erkohren hatte, hatte ſie den Vater und die Uebrigen in das Verſtändniß gezogen, und zugleich ihre eigene Neigung gegen den Couſin erklärt — ſo nachdrücklich durchführte.

Konnte ich über eine Rache zürnen, die ich ſo wohl verdient hatte, und deren Ziel mein eignes Glück war? Ich hatte wieder den Muth, mit meiner geiſtreichen Schwägerin zu ſtreiten, ich konnte wieder die ſchöne Conſtance mit Unbefangenheit küſſen. Vier Wochen flogen mir in dem liebenswürdigſten Familienkreiſe wie vier Stunden hin.

Da kam Claſſen, und gebot Trennung. Ich bat meinen Schwiegervater um ſeinen Segen.

„Ich habe keinen Segen für Sie, als den Sie ſelbſt genommen haben, ſagte er. Sie führen mir das liebſte Kind hinweg; und doch danke ich Ihnen, denn ich bin erſt durch Sie ein vollkommen glücklicher Vater geworden.“ —

Claſſen führte uns ſchnell, und unverletzt nach Homburg zurück. Die herzliche Umarmung meines Vaters ſagte mir, daß der Engel, der mir zur Seite ſtand, auch ſein Vaterglück vollendet hätte. Und ſie, die mir auch in dieſem Augenblick lächelnd zur Seite ſteht, zweifelt nicht mehr, daß ſie eben ſo glücklich meine Beſſerung vollendet habe.

Johann Geiler von Kaiſersberg.

Dieſer eigenthümliche Kopf ward am 16. März 1445 zu Schafhauſen, wo ſein Vater als Gehülfe des Stadtſchreibers lebte, geboren, erhielt ſeine Erziehung im großväterlichen Hauſe zu Kaiſersberg und ſtudirte dann zu Freiburg und Baſel. An letzterem Orte wurde er Doctor der Theologie und kam dann als Prediger nach Freiburg. Von hier ging er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Würzburg und dann nach Straßburg, wo man ihn hoch in Ehren hielt, und eigends für ihn 1486 die berühmte Kanzel im Münſter erbaute. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 10. März 1510.

G. machte ſich vorzüglich berühmt durch ſeine 1498 in der Kathedrale zu Straßburg gehaltenen Predigten über Brandt's Narrenſchiff (ſ. Sebaſtian Brandt), welche in folgenden deutſchen Ausgaben erſchienen, nachdem ſie urſprünglich in lateiniſcher Sprache herausgegeben worden.

Troſtſpiegel. Straßburg 1503.
Speculum stultorum. Deutſch Straßburg 1509. Fol.
Schiff des Heils, der Reue und der Pönitenz. Straßburg 1512. Fol.
Predigten über die Evangelien. Straßburg 1515. Fol. m. Hſch.
Berg des ſchauenden Lebens. Augsburg 1510.
Granatapfel. Augsburg 1510. Straßburg 1511.
Des hochwürdigen Doctors Johann Geiler von Keyſersberg Narrenſchiff, ſo er gepredigt hat zu Straßburg in dem hohen Stifft daſelbſt Predicant zur Zeit 1498. Aus dem Latein M. Jacobi Other ins Deutſch gebracht von Bruder Johann Pauli u. ſ. w. Straßburg durch Johann Grüninger 1520. Fol. mit Holzſchnitten.
Weltſpiegel oder Narrenſchiff u. ſ. w. Weiland durch den hochgelehrten Johann Geiler, Doctorem der h. Schrifft in lateiniſcher ſprach beſchrieben jetzt aber mit ſonderm fleiß aus dem Latein in das recht hochteutſch gebracht und erſtmals im Truck außgangen durch Nicolaum Höniger von Tauber Königshoffen. Baſel 1574, 8.

Vergl.: Vita J. Geileri per Beatum Rhenanum. 1513., 4.
J. W. Ph. von Ammon, Leben, Lehren und Predigten Geiler's von K. Erlangen 1826, 8.
A. Weick, Geiler's Leben und Schriften in einer Auswahl. Frankfurt 1829, 3 Thle.
Teutſcher Merkur. 1776, Th. 4., S. 121.

Geiler's mit dem damaligen Zeitgeſchmack ſich wohl vertragende Predigten hatten einen ſtreng moraliſchen Zweck und mögen durch ihre ehrenwerthe Geſinnung und ihren blumigen, oft ſelbſt barocken, ſtets aber kräftigen und ſchwungreichen Styl, ihr Ziel weit leichter erreicht haben, als mancher gelehrte Vortrag moderner Kanzelredner. Ihr Verfaſſer ſtand als ein trefflicher, tiefgelehrter Mann bei ſeiner Gemeine in höchſter Achtung, und ſein Bemühen, die Satyre ſelbſt in die geiſtliche Beredſamkeit, zu verflechten und dadurch doppelt kräftig zu wirken fand nicht allein Anklang bei ſeinen Zuhörern, ſondern ſah ſich auch mit gutem Erfolg gekrönt. — G's Predigten ſind jedoch nicht in ihrer urſprünglichen Aechtheit auf uns gekommen, ſie wurden nach der Sitte jener Zeit lateiniſch von einem ſeiner Schüler aufgeſchrieben und herausgegeben und fanden dann von neuem Ueberſetzer in die Mutterſprache. —

Aus Geiler's Troſtſpiegel *).

Gedenk, was großen nutz deinem freund iſt dem tod entſpringt, [illegible] 1), ob was jamers, leidens und ellends, das in leben iſt, er hingenommen wird und enthaben, wer wohl er-

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*) D. Keiſers Keyſersbergs Troſtſpiegel, ſo im [illegible] [illegible] tod oder freund geſtorben iſt. Straßburg 1503.

1) [illegible]

zalen die unſeligkeit, die alle menſchen, ſo ſeyn in was ſtandts ſie wellen, erleiden müſſen, es bedörfft ein gantz groß buch, das zu erzalen. liß ſanctum Auguſtinum im buch von der ſtatt gottes, liß Franciſcum Petrarcham vom glück und unglück, deßgleichen in einer epiſtel von diſem leben, ſo vindeſtu wunder davon, was ein menſch erleiden muß in leib und ſeel. Heut geſunt, morgen kranck, heut frölich, morgen traurig, yetz in eren, morn in ſchand, yetz rich, morgen arm, yetz geliebt, morn geſcholten, heut genediger her, morn ſtoßt man dir die zung über dich uß und macht dir eſels oren, heut lebendig, morn tod. was ſol ich vil ſchreiben, ich ſprich mit dem Job: Der menſch geborn von einem wib, lebt ein kurtze zit, und wirt erfüllet mit vil unſeligkeit, dar für hilfft weder gold noch ſilber, weder ſyden noch perlin, weder gewalt noch adel, weder kunſt noch vernunfft. nun wolan, uß dem jammer iſt den freund hingenommen, uß der [illegible]¹) gezogen, uß dem ſchwetzbad gangen, do du noch in ſteckſt; iſt das, daß du alſo clageſt und ſo unvernünfftiklichen trureſt? wenn wir in diſer welt keyn unſeligkeit und widerwertikeit hetten, ſonder alle ding nach unſerm willen giengen, ſo wer es nit ein wunder, daß wir weineten unſere todten freund, ſo wir aber ſehen den jamer und not in diſer welt, ſolten wir billicher warlichlich frölich ſeyn, ſo unſer freund von hinnen ſcheiden uß diſem jamertal. Nun ſprichſtu: ja wenn ich wüßte, daß mein fründ uß diſem jamertal kem in ewige freud, ich ſorg aber, daß er vom feuren [illegible] gefangen werd in den wagen des ewigen feuers, es darff ſich ein dieb nit freuwen, ſo man ne uß dem turn laßt, und ne an den galgen fürt. Er iſt in todſünden villicht geſtorben, ungeruwet und ungebicht³), uß ſeyn lebtag [illegible] gewiſt, gott nie vor ougen gehabt, allweg ſeynem mutwillen gelebt.

Ich ſprich zum erſten: Es weiß niemant, wie er ſich an ſeynem letſten end gehalten hat, er hat villicht geruwet⁴), und alſo iſt im gnad beſchehen, wiewol ſich niemant daruff verlaſſen ſol, wenn⁵) under hundert tuſenden keum, die iren ruwen ſparen uff das letſt, nit einer behalten wirt, als ſanctus Hieronymus ſpricht, und das im [illegible] als beſtetiget wirt und ich keynen zwifel daran hab.

Ich ſprich zum andern mal: iſt den freund in todſünden begriffen und alſo geſtorben und zu der hellen gefaren, ſo iſt im recht, er ligt, do er ligen ſol, und niergen rechter. ein dieb gehört an den galgen, und ein mörder uffs rad, und ein [illegible] uff die [illegible]⁶). Mich [illegible] der gerecht, ſo er ſiht den rechten billichen rach gottes. Wölt ich meinen vatter, ſpricht ſanctus Auguſtinus, in der hellen, ich wolt nit für in bitten. Judas ligt als füglichen in der hellen, als ſanct Peter im himelrich. Gang⁷) müſſig, ſchaw an das erſt hauptglid⁸) in dem willen gottes. das ingeweid gehöret uff den miſt den rappen⁹), und das [illegible] uff den tiſch für die herren, das [illegible] gehöret [illegible] in himmel, es ſol ſeyn der ſchemel der füß gottes. Ach gott, ſprichſtu, het er lenger gelebt, ſo het er ſich villicht beſſert, wie kan man das zu wegen bringen, daß er in ſeynen ſünden tod iſt. Ich ſprich zum dritten: er wer nit beſſer worden, ob er ſchon lenger gelebt hett, wenn¹⁰) ſobald gott einen menſchen durch den tod hin nimt, ſo wer derſelb menſch niemer beſſer worden, als ſanctus Johannes mit dem gülden mund offenlich ſpricht.

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2) [illegible]. 3) Ohne Reue und Beichte. 4) Bereuet. 5) Denn. 6) [illegible]. 7) [illegible]. 8) [illegible]. 9) Raben. 10) Denn.

Aus Geiler's Predigten: Vom Baum der Seligkeit.

(Ausg. Straßburg 1518. Bl. 37.)

Uber diſe wort, die Chriſtus ſprach: Es ſei dan, daß ir glaubent, daß iche bin, ſo ſterbent ir in ewweren ſünden, ſpricht Auguſtinus: Herr, was meinſtu damit, daß du ſprichſt, daß man ſol glauben, daß du biſt? Iſt nit auch laub und gras? ſeint nit auch die menſchen? was iſt das, daß du biſt? Ja, ſpricht er, du biſt, dan alles das uff erdtreich iſt, das kumpt hin und zergat, on¹) eim got. Da ich herein gieng, da was ich nit was ich yetz bin, dan ich bin elter dan vor einer ſtund. Wan alſo alle ding zergond und zerfließen und werden zu nüt, on eim got.

Er iſt, er eſt²) er wechſet nit und zerget auch nit, er iſt das ewig weſen, in den menſchen iſt ein zergen und ein flüſſigs weſen, aber in got nit. Darumb ſprach er: e der Abraham was, da bin ich. Er iſt das beſtendig bleiblich gut, alles das, das weſen hat, das hangt an got, an got, der hangt niergents an. Man zündet vil liechter von einem liecht an; die liechter nemen das ſchinnen alle von eim liecht. Aber got iſt das weſen, und das weſen, das er hat, nimpt er von niemant, aber alle weſen nement ir weſen von im. Darum iſt er ein [illegible]³) weſen aller ding. daz wir ſeint, das ſein wir uß got, on in ſo zergond wir. Plato ſach das und ſprach in der perſon gottes zu den engelen: o ir götter, ir ſeint zerſtörlich in ewwer natur, aber uß meiner güte ir beſtendig bliben, daß ir fürbaß beſtond.

Er iſt, got iſt das neſt, in dem die turteltaub, d. i. die ſel, findet gantze ru. Selig iſt das vögelin, die ſel, die ir füß in das neſt legt, in dem findet ſie allein ru und niergets anders uff ertreich. Laß dir den uff fleiſchliches luſtes, zeitlichen guts nit als⁴) lüſtlich ſein, daß du den fuß deiner liebe darein legeſt, dan du findeſt kein ru da überal, flüg [illegible] uff dem [illegible]⁵) in das neſt, daß got iſt, da findeſtu ru, als ſanctus Auguſtinus ſpricht: O herr, du haſt uns beſchaffen zu dir, und unſer hertz iſt unruwig, biß das es ruwet in dir. Unſer hertz iſt [illegible], und fügt ſich eben in das neſt der heiligen driualtigkeit, daz da iſt das recht neſt. Daher kumpt es, daß wir nirgent uff ertrich in allen ſtetten kein gantze ru finden. Biſtu in der e, du meinſt, wereſtu noch ein jungfrauwe, ſo wer dir baß. Biſtu ein jungfrauwe, ſo meinſtu, wereſtu in der e, ſo hetteſtu jemant, der für dich ſorgte. Biſtu in der welt, du meinſt, wereſtu in eim cloſter, du möchteſt got baß dienen. Biſtu in dem cloſter, du meinſt, wereſtu in der welt, ſo hetteſtu dein eigen willen, daß du möchteſt betten und zu dem Sacrament gon, wan du woltſt. Alſo in allen ſtenden iſt daz, wer ich anderswo, ſo wer mir baß. Darum, hetteſtu kein ander ſach, die dich zu got treib, ſo hetteſtu doch genug, daz kein ru uff erdtreich iſt, dan in dem neſt, daz got iſt. —

Vogel, flüg in das neſt. die ſel iſt der vogel, der da ſol fliegen in daz neſt, daz got iſt, mit den zweien fettichen der vernunft und des willens, die da zu den himmelſchen dingen uff ſich ſchwingen, als man ſingt von allen heiligen, daz ir leib wonent uff dem ertrich, aber ir gemüt was ſtetiglichen in dem himel. Selig iſt der menſch, der alle ſeine gedancken und begird legt in daz neſt. Du ſprichſt: lieber got, mag ich allwegen in dem neſt ſitzen, es iſt mir unmüglich. Nein, du ſolt nit allwegen darin bleiben. Flüg in daz neſt in einem ſchauwenden leben. Flüg wider herauß in einem wirckenden leben. dan die zwei müſſen bei einander ſein, als ſich [illegible], dan du ſolt oben in der liebe gotes und des nechſten, das der menſch etwan ſein angeſicht gantz kere zu got in betrachten, dan ſich [illegible] uff zu eim wirckend leben zu nutz deines nechſten menſchen.

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1) Ohne. 2) [illegible]. 3) Gebietend, erzeugend. 4) Alſo. 5) [illegible].

Friedrich Graf von Kalkreuth,

der Sohn des berühmten Feldmarſchalls, Friedrich Adolph Gr. v. K., ward am 13. März 1790 zu Paſewalk geboren, erhielt eine ſeinem Stande angemeſſene Erziehung und ſtudirte ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften. Nachdem er 1817 und 1818 eine Reiſe durch Italien gemacht hatte, ließ er ſich als Privatgelehrter in Dresden nieder.

Er gab heraus:

Die Ahnen von Brandenburg. Ein Gedicht. Berlin 1815, 8.
Bundesblüthen. Ebendaſ. 1816, gr. 8.; mit G. Graf von Blankenſee, W. Henſel, W. Müller und W. von Studnitz.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1823, 8.
Dramatiſche Dichtungen. Leipzig 1824, 2 Bde., gr. 8.

G. v. K. gehört als Lyriker, wie als dramatiſcher Dichter der romantiſchen Schule an, nimmt aber, ſich auszeichnend durch reiche Phantaſie, Zauber der Sprache und Anmuth der Diction, eine bedeutende Stellung unter den Mitgliedern derſelben ein, die er würdig zu behaupten weiß.

Karl Adam Kaltenbrunner.

ward am 30. December 1804 zu Ens in Oberöſtreich geboren, und erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung zu Admont in einem der romantiſcheſten Thäler der oberen Steiermark, wo im vierzehnjährigen Knaben die glühendſte Liebe zur Poeſie erwachte, welche er aber, ungünſtiger äußerer Verhältniſſe wegen bis zu deren freundlicherer Geſtaltung, mehrere Jahre lang nur heimlich pflegen konnte. Die weitere Ausbildung verſchaffte ſich K. auf dem Lyceum zu Linz, von welchem er 1823 nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen Studien in Staatsdienſte trat. Er lebt gegenwärtig noch in Linz als k. k. Beamter.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Vaterländiſche Dichtungen. Linz 1835.
Konſtantin XI., letzter griechiſcher Kaiſer. Tragödie. Wien 1836.
Lyriſche und epiſche Dichtungen. Wien 1838.

K. iſt dem größeren Publicum noch nicht ſo bekannt geworden, wie ſein glückliches Talent und ſein ernſtes Streben es verdienen. Er beſitzt tiefes Gefühl. Reichthum der Erfindung und Gewandtheit in Sprache und und Form neben lebendiger Anſchauung und Biegſamkeit des Geiſtes, doch hat er ſich noch nicht gänzlich zu der Freiheit des Selbſtbewußtſeins ſchöpferiſcher Kraft emporgeſchwungen, welche mit Recht von dem wahren Dichter gefordert werden kann, und man ſieht hin und wieder ſeinen Leiſtungen noch den Einfluß an, den große Muſter auf ihn einübten. Bei dem ihm einwohnenden Eigenſchaften und bei dem heiligen Ernſt, der uns überall aus ſeinen Werken entgegentritt, ſteht indeſſen zu hoffen, daß ſeine Muſe ſich mit jedem Tage ſelbſtſtändiger entfalten und K. als Dichter bald ruhmvoll jenen Männern zur Seite ſtehen werde, denen er ſo würdig nacheifert.

Der Streit um die Krone *).

Vorſpiel in einem Aufzuge.

Perſonen.

Andronicus, Fürſt von Theſſalien,
Konſtantin, Beherrſcher von Morea,
Demetrius Porphyrogenitus,
} Brüder des griechiſchen Kaiſers Johann II.
Prinz Calo Komnenus, von Trapezunt.
Kantakuzeno,
Kantemir,
} griechiſche Fürſten.
Notaras, Admiral.
Gartuca, Hauptmann der kaiſerlichen Leibwache.
Georg Phranzes, Geſchichtſchreiber und Archonte Konſtantins.
Chalil Paſcha, türkiſcher Großvezier.
Leibwache, Truppen, Hofſtaat, Türken.

(Die Handlung ſpielt in Konſtantinopel, im Jahre 1448.)

Erſte Scene.

Im kaiſerlichen Pallaſte.

Reichgeſchmückter Thronſaal. In der Mitte des Hintergrundes ein hoher Katafalk, auf welchem ein Sarg, mit den kaiſerlichen Inſignien geziert; Leibwache umgiebt ihn. Aus einer Seitenhalle kommt

Phranzes. Vor dem Sarge ſtehend:

Hier liegſt du, todter, kinderloſer Kaiſer!
Im Tod allein — verlaſſen — unbeweint!
Das Leben kümmert ſich nicht um die Todten,
Nach dem nur wird gefragt, was ſie beſeſſen,
Und an das Erbe klammert ſich die Habſucht.
— Zurückgelaſſen haſt du einen Reif,
Des Kaiſerhauptes Schmuck und goldnen Glanz,
Der, ewig blendend, zum Beſitze lockt.
Ich muß dich glücklich preiſen, Hingeſchied'ner,
Daß du nicht ſiehſt die Zeit, die jetzt gekommen,
Unſel'gen Kampf der innern Spaltung drohend;
Jetzt, wo ſich alle Männer Griechenland's
Vereinen ſollten gegen äuß're Feinde, —
Daß du nicht ſiehſt den thränenwerthen Anblick,
Wie deine Brüder gegen ſich das Schwert
Erheben um die unheilvolle Krone, —
Vielleicht ſie färben mit dem Blut der Bürger!
— O, ſtänd' an deinem Sarg ein frommer Sohn,
Der dich zur Gruft in Lieb' und Wehmuth trüge,
Im Frieden dann des Vaters Thron beſtiege!
(Bleibt im Schmerz verſunken vor dem Katafalk ſtehen.)

Zweite Scene.

Gartuca (eilt herein). Phranzes.

Gartuca (Phranzes nicht bemerkend).
Wir ſind verloren! (Da er Phranzes erblickt)
Wo iſt Prinz Demetrius!
Phranzes.
Ihr ſeid erhitzt — beſtürzt! was iſt geſchehen?
Gartuca (ſich ermannend).
Nichts von Bedeutung — doch ich war ergriffen;
Ihr kennt mein Amt die Sorge für die Pflicht.
— Gefallen iſt Demetrius Partei. —
Phranzes.
O möchte ſich die Frage friedlich löſen!
Doch ſprechet! Siegte die gerechte Sache?
Gartuca.
Vernehmet, was mir Eil' und Ort erlauben.
Gewonnen war ein großer Theil der Bürger,
Ein größerer der Truppen für den Prinzen; —
Schon glaubt' ich — (Phranzes ſtutzend) und mich ſchreckte der Gedanke —
Man ruft Demetrius zum Kaiſer aus, —
Da kommt zur Stunde, die entſcheiden will,
Ein Abgeſandter Sultan Amurath's,
Der allem Volke laut verkünden läßt,
Es habe ſich der Padiſchah erklärt
Für Konſtantin, den Fürſten von Morea.
Phranzes.
Für Konſtantin!
Gartuca.
So iſt's, und — war es Furcht
Vor Murad's Macht, war's ſchneller Sinneswandel —
Die Stadt rief Konſtantin zum Herrſcher aus.
Phranzes.
Es iſt der Fürſt, dem ich ein alter Diener; (halb laut)
Doch — ob ich jubeln ſoll, ob fürchten — weiß ich's!
Gartuca (dringend).
Ihr werdet Einfluß üben bei dem Kaiſer;
Er liebt Euch, denn Ihr ſeid ihm treu ergeben;
Ihr werdet Manchen heben, glücklich machen,
Für den Ihr Euer mächtig Wort verwendet, —
Gedenkt dann auch Gartuca's. (Für ſich)
Tod und Teufel!
Phranzes (bei Seite).
Du biſt mir nicht entgangen, falſche Seele!

Dritte Scene.

Demetrius.
O ſchnöde, ſchändliche Entſcheidung!
Gartuca (ſchnell und heimlich zu Demetrius).
Flieht,
Mein Prinz! Ihr ſeid nicht ſicher!
Demetrius (halb laut).
Feige Furcht!
Konſtantin (der Gartuca's heimliche Rede noch bemerkt),
mit ſtolzer Ueberlegenheit vortretend:
Es iſt entſchieden nun — die Krone mein!
Andronicus (zu Konſtantin).
Nicht iſt's das Recht, das die Geburt gewährt,
Nicht iſt's das Volk, das dich zum Herrſcher kürt!
Konſtantin.
Mein iſt die Macht! Ich frage nicht nach Anderm

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*) Aus Kaltenbrunner's „Konſtantin XI" (Linz 1836).

Die Krone will ich — und ich trage ſie!
Demetrius (zu Konſtantin).
Ich wollte meſſen meine Macht mit deiner,
Und allzufeſt noch wäre nicht dein Thron!
Doch nicht beflecken will ich mich im Kampf
Mit Griechen, die Barbaren Brüder nennen!
Andronicus (zu Konſtantin).
Der ältre Sohn des Kaiſers Manuel, (auf den Katafalk zeigend).
Der ältre Bruder Kaiſer Johann's bin ich,
Und mir gebührte der verlaſſ'ne Thron;
Doch aus dem Streite tret' ich frei zurück;
Aus ſchwacher Furcht nicht dir zu unterliegen, —
Aus Liebe für das ſchöne Griechenland,
Das nicht mit eigner Hand ſich ſoll zerfleiſchen.
Ein heilig Kleinod iſt das Blut der Bürger!
Ich gönne dir das Ziel der heißen Ehrſucht,
Den Kaiſerthron, den du dir ſelbſt gezimmert!
Sei deines Glückes Herr, und ſeh dich vor,
Daß ſicher ſtehen mag dein Herrſcherſtuhl,
Daß unter dir nicht breche ſein Geſtell!
Konſtantin (ſtolz).
Die Sorge, die euch nicht zu quälen braucht!
Demetrius.
Nicht weich' ich im Gefühl, beſiegt zu ſein;
Denn vor euch Beiden nenn' ich mein das Recht,
Den Anſpruch auf die Krone von Byzanz.
— Noch hatte unſer Vater Manuel
Den Thron der Paläologen nicht beſtiegen;
Ein Prinz des Hauſes war er, ohne Land
Und ohne Macht, da ihr geboren ſchon;
Die Kaiſerkrone tragend, zeugt' er mich,
Und nannte mich Porphyrogenitus.
Im Purpur bin nur ich allein geboren,
Und mir allein verfallen iſt ſein Reich. (zu Konſtantin)
Doch fürchte nicht! Mein rüſtig Schwert mag ruhn.
Es weicht ein edler Sinn der rohen Macht,
Unedlem Streit' und fürſtlicher Entehrung;
Doch geiſtig eigen bleibt ihm ja ſein Recht,
Und unentſchieden iſt, wer hier verlor!
Konſtantin.
Was gilt vor dem, was iſt, der Sinn — die Meinung?
Was ficht das eitle Wort mit dem Beſitz?
Ihr ändert nicht, was ſich entſchied für mich!
Dort naht der Mann, der allen Streit beendet.

Vierte Scene.

Großvezier Chalil mit glänzendem Gefolge. Er tritt in die Mitte vor. Die Vorigen.

Chalil.
Geſandt von Sultan Amurath dem Zweiten,
Dem Herrn des Orients, dem großen Kaiſer,
Verkündet Chalil Paſcha, ſein Vezier:
Beſchloſſen hat der mächtige Gebieter,
Schiedsrichter will er ſein in euerm Streit;
Es ſoll den Thron des Kaiſerthum's der Griechen
Kein Andrer ſeines Nachbarvolk's beſteigen,
Als Konſtantin, der Herrſcher von Morea! (zu Konſtantin)
Dir bietet er, ſo du's verlangeſt, Hülfe,
Der Freundſchaft Schutz und ſeine ganze Macht.
Pheranzes (halb laut).
Ein Unheil iſt's, daß Amurath ſich einmiſcht!
Konſtantin (beſteigt den Thron).
Ihr habt gehört, und ſo vernehmt die Rede!
Im Angeſichte der Leiche meines Bruders,
Johann des Zweiten, kinderlos Verblich'nen,
Beſteig' ich ſeinen Thron, und eigne mir
Die Kaiſerkrone der Paläologen!
In Folge der freiwilligen Entſagung
Des Aelteren der beiden Mitbewerber, — (zu Demetrius)
In Kraft des Rechtes der Geburt vor dir,
Dem Jüngeren, — in Folge der Gewalt,
Die mir zu Theil, Geſetzeskraft verleihend, —
Und nach Entſcheidung Sultan Amurath's,
Des hochgeehrten, mächt'gen Bund'sgenoſſen,
Erklär' ich mich zum Kaiſer Griechenland's,
Der herrſchen wird als Konſtantin der Eilfte!
Andronicus und Demetrius ſtehen abgewendet.
Mein Name ſelbſt, der altherkömmliche,
Mit Ruhm genannt in unſerer Geſchichte,
Vermehret und bekräftiget mein Recht.
Den Namen trug der Gründer dieſes Reichs,
Der tapfere Erbauer von Byzanz,
Der große Römer, Konſtantin der Erſte!
Mit ſtolzer Luſt erhebt mich der Gedanke,
Daß mein die Krone jenes großen Kaiſers,
Daß mein das ſchöne Land, von ihm geſchaffen!
Und dies Gefühl wird mir die Seele rüſten,
Das Scepter kräftig — ungebeugt zu führen;
Denn eines ſtarken Arm's bedarf das Reich!
(Bewegung unter der Verſammlung.)
Chalil (zu Konſtantin).
Zu End' iſt meine Sendung. — Laß mich abziehn!
(will abgehen).
Konſtantin.
Nicht alſo zieht ein Freund von meinem Hof.
Ihr Vetter Calo, (zu Notaras) Ihr, und du, Pheranzes,
Begleitet Chalil nach Adrianopel.
An Amurath entbietet meinen Gruß
Und meinen Dank für ſeine hohe Freundſchaft.
Dem Sultan meldet meinen ernſten Willen;
Der Wunſch und Bitte nennt von euerm Kaiſer:
Ich lad' ihn ein zu einem feſten Bunde,
Der uns vereinen ſoll auf alle Zeiten,
Zu Schutz und Trutz, zur Wohlfahrt unſ'rer Völker.
Doch laßt mich, eh' ihr Abſchied nehmt von mir,
Beſtimmen die begleitenden Geſchenke,
Die ihr dem Sultan bringt, und die ich (zu Chalil) dir
Für deinen Dienſt und deine Sendung ſchulde.
Chalil.
Ich rufe Heil dem neuen Griechenkaiſer! (ab)
(Ihm folgen Prinz Komnenus, Notaras und Pheranzes.

Fünfte Scene.

Die Vorigen, ohne Chalil, Notaras und Pheranzes.

Konſtantin (mit ſtrengem Tone).
Noch Eines muß von mir geſchlichtet werden,
Eh' Konſtantin zur Huldigung euch ruft.
Gartuca (beſtürzt für ſich).
Sein Blick traf mich!
Konſtantin.
Gartuca! Tretet vor!
Gartuca (ſich demüthig nähernd).
Befehlt, mein Kaiſer!
Konſtantin.
Glaubt nicht, mich zu täuſchen!
Es blieb mir Euer Treiben nicht verborgen.
Ein thät'ger Gegner waret ihr vor Allen,
Ein tüchtig Glied der feindlichen Partei,
Die mir verwegen gegenüber ſtand.
Ich hab' Euch wohl erkannt, und künd' Euch nun:
Der, den Ihr früher habt bewacht, iſt todt, —
Und todt, wie jener Leib, ſei auch der Geiſt,
Der Euch erfüllt, in meiner künftgen Wache!
Ich brauche beſſern Schutz und andre Treue,
Als Ihr mir leiſten würdet im Pallaſte. (mit Härte)
In die Verbannung geht nach Taurien!
Gartuca.
Laß Gnade, Herr, von deinem Throne fließen!
Demetrius (aufſtehend).
Wie? Welche Grauſamkeit!
Konſtantin.
Der Kaiſer ſprach's!
Es ſoll der menſchenleere Cherſonnes
Ihn zahmer machen, als wir's hier vermöchten.
Im ſchwarzen Pontus mag er ſich beſpiegeln,
Und wenn die Zeit ihm lange dünkt, wie Jaſon,
Noch einmal ſich bemüh'n um's gold'ne Vließ. (zu Gartuca)
Entfernt Euch ohne Säumniß! Laßt mich, wenn
Die Sonne dieſes Tages ſinkt, nicht hören:
Es hab' Euch irgendwo in unſern Mauern
Ein Auge noch geſehen!
Demetrius.
O Tyrannei!
Andronicus.
Bei Gott! zu hart!
Gartuca (mit verbiſſenem Grimme für ſich)
Der Dinge Lauf kann wechſeln (ab).

Sechste Scene.

Die Vorigen, ohne Gartuca.

Konſtantin.
Gereinigt muß des Bodens Fläche werden,
Auf der ich meine Herrſcherbahn beginne!
Noch iſt des Richters Letztes nicht gethan.
Geſichert will ich ſein auf meinem Throne,

Unangetaſtet ſoll die Krone ſein!
(Gegen Andronicus und Demetrius).
Darum erklär' ich als Rebellen euch,
Als Hochverräther gegen ihren Fürſten,
Und in dem Kerker büßt das Staatsverbrechen!
(Allgemeine Aufregung und Beſtürzung.)
Wer wagt zu murren gegen meinen Ausſpruch!
Vollzogen werde der Befehl — zur Stelle!
Ihr Alle haftet mir für ſie! (entfernt ſich ſchnell).
(Man bemächtigt ſich der beiden Prinzen).
Demetrius (gegen den Katafalk gewendet).
Du Todter,
Empöre dich! da dieſe Lebenden
Es angehört mit dumpfen Sclavenſeelen!
Andronicus.
Mein Blut verſpritze des Tyrannen Hand —
Nicht mich beklag' ich — ihn und Griechenland!

(Der Vorhang fällt.)

Gedichte von Kaltenbrunner*).

An die Natur.

(1834.)

I.

Natur! Du biſt die Wahrheit!
Dein Buch iſt aufgeſchlagen
Seit tauſendjähr'gen Tagen;
Du hältſt es Jedem hin,
Und keine Lüg' iſt d'rin.
Auf jedem Blatte thronet
Der Geiſt, der dich bewohnet;
Was deine Stimme ſpricht,
Iſt [illegible] wie ew'ges Licht!
Der Menſch — im Truggewande,
Erkenne ſeine Schande,
Und rufe laut dir zu:
Ich bin nicht wahr, wie du!
Denn du nur biſt die Wahrheit! —

II.

Natur! Du biſt die Schönheit!
Du biſt's im Frühlingskleide,
Wie mit dem Eisgeſchmeide,
In ſtiller Sternennacht,
Wie in der Morgenpracht;
In kleinen Wieſenquellen,
Wie in den Meereswellen, —
Auf Bergen und im Thal,
Hier — dort — und überall!
Der Menſch beſchaut dein Blühen
Und fühlt ſich oft erglühen;
Doch ach, — ſein eitles Ich
Beſieht am liebſten ſich; —
Doch du nur biſt die Schönheit! —

III.

Natur! Du biſt die Liebe!
Wer zählt die ſüßen Freuden
Aus deinen Mutterhänden?
Wer nennt die Kindesluſt
An deiner Mutterbruſt?
Wer zählt der Fülle Segen
Auf allen deinen Wegen?
Du forderſt nicht, du gibſt,
Du haſſeſt nie, du liebſt!
Der Menſch — mit ſeinen Trieben —
Wohl wähnt er, auch zu lieben;
Doch iſt zu Haß und Streit
Der Wille ſchnell bereit:
Denn du nur biſt die Liebe! —

IV.

Natur! Du biſt die Treue!
Wie auch im großen Ringe
Der Wechſel aller Dinge
Zerſtört und wieder ſchafft:
Du bleibſt dieſelbe Kraft!
Jahrtauſende verſanken —
Wer ſah dich einmal wanken?
Mit jedem jungen Jahr
Erneut' ſich dein Altar!
Der Menſch — oft nach drei Tagen
In and're Form geſchlagen,
Beſingt, bewundert dich,
Und — lernt doch nichts für ſich:
Denn du nur biſt die Treue! —

V.

Natur! Du biſt die Weisheit!
Wo ſaß auf gold'nem Throne
Mit angeborner Krone,
Wie du mit weiſem Sinn,
Je eine Königin?
Wer gab uns ihre Schätze
Durch Lehren und Geſetze
Wie du, gerecht und klar,
Und ewig wunderbar?
Der Menſch — reißt morgen wieder,
Was heut' er baute, nieder,
Und morgen trifft ſein Spott,
Dem heut' er Lorbeer'n bot;
Denn du nur biſt die Weisheit! —

VI.

Natur! Du biſt die Größe!
Dich feiern tauſend Himmel
In jenem Lichtgewimmel,
Die Nacht — der Sterne Kranz,
Der Tag — der Sonne Glanz.
Es feiert dich die Erde
Seit jenem Wort: „Es werde!"
Dich preiſ't der Fels — der Sturm,
Der Blüthe Staub — der Wurm!
Der Menſch — der Stolze, Kleine,
Erhebt ſich, wenn er Steine
Zu Steinen füget, hoch,
Und iſt ſo nichtig doch!
Denn du nur biſt die Größe! —

VII.

Natur! Du Thron der Gottheit!
Es iſt ein heilig Walten
Im Schaffen und Geſtalten,
Der Odem Gottes weht
Ob Allem, was beſteht!
Der Ew'ge, Unſichtbare
Schwebt über'm Hochaltare,
Der aus der Erde Kern
Aufſteigt zum höchſten Stern;
Und jene heil'ge Sieben
Iſt leuchtend hingeſchrieben,
Und hehr verklärt ſich drin
Die hohe Prieſterin.
Natur! Du Thron der Gottheit! —

In Schiller's Album.

(1835.)

Seine Heroen nennt mit kaltem Stolze der Britte,
Und mit geſchwätzigem Mund brüſtet ſich galliſcher Ruhm;
Aber das Herz wird warm, und Begeiſterung leuchtet vom Auge,
Wenn Germania ſpricht: „Friederich Schiller mein Sohn!" —

Dichter und Vogel.

(1835.)

Vogel! Was that ich dir?
Sänger! Du fliehſt vor mir?
Sänger ich, ſo wie du,
Füg' ich kein Leid dir zu.

Ob ich auch nicht ſo frei,
Nicht, wie du, glücklich ſei,
Hab' ich doch, kleiner Freund
Immer dir's gut gemeint.

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*) Aus: Lyriſche und epiſche Dichtungen von K. A. Kaltenbrunner (Wien 1838.)

Still mit vergnügtem Sinn
Bin ich im Walde d'rin;
Hier von den Menſchen fern,
Weil' ich bei dir ſo gern!

Friedliche Welt um mich
Träumeriſch, abendlich!
Und der du wohneſt hier,
Vogel, wer gleicht wohl dir?

Flatterſt von Aſt zu Aſt,
Ueb'rall ein froher Gaſt,
Und wie dir wohl geſchieht,
Singſt du dein Freudenlied.

Dennoch auch manches Mal
Drückt mich des Neides Qual,
Und aus dem Laubendach
Blick' ich dir ſehnend nach!

Wäre dein Schickſal mein:
Sänger und frei zu ſein,
Und, wie du, Glücklicher,
Nichts zu bedürfen mehr! —

Könnt ich nach deinem Brauch
Singen und wandern auch!
Sorgenlos, leicht, wie du,
Zög' ich dem Süden zu!

Sänger der freien Luft,
Hoch über Staub und Gruft,
Könnte mit dir ich zieh'n
Ueber die Länder hin! —

Die Guelphenmutter.

(1835.)

I.

Spoleto's Gaſſen durchfährt ein Sturm, —
Die Glocken heulen herab vom Thurm,
Entſetzliches kündend, das jetzt geſchieht;
Aufſchreien die Mütter: „O, Kinder, flieht!"
Die Männer, die Guelphen, rufen mit ihnen:
„Die Gibellinen! — Die Gibellinen!" —

Sie raſen heran, das Verderben im Bunde,
In ihres Ueberfalls gräßlicher Stunde.
Hervor aus den Höhlen ſtürzte ſie wieder,
Des Bürgerkrieges gräuliche Hyder.

Nicht ſäumen die Waffen, — der Guelph iſt gefaßt,
Zu ſteh'n der Partei, die ſo tödtlich er haßt;
Und wie zwei grimmig ſchwellende Wogen,
So ſind ſie gegen einander gezogen.
Es ballen ſich Knäuel, — es ſteigt die Wuth,
Und mit ihr ſteigen die Wogen von Blut.

Wie bohren die Dolche ſich tief und weit!
Wie ſchlagen die Schwerter ſo klaffend breit!
Wie dürſtet die Rache! — Die Zecher trinken
An rothen Quellen, — und Taumelnde ſinken,
Die noch in den letzten, zuckenden Reden
Am Boden — im Sterben ſich befehden.
— Wo die zwei feindlichen Farben erſcheinen,
Da wollen ſich ſelbſt nicht die Leichen vereinen.

Und die zu dem würgenden Kampf entbrennen,
Nicht Fremdlinge ſind es, die ſich nicht kennen,
Sie Alle umfing dieſelbe Stadt,
Die jetzt ſich brechen den Todespfad.
Sie wollen nimmer Verſöhnung und Frieden,
So lange die Meinung ſie hält geſchieden,

Die Erde der Heimat treten ſie nieder,
Den Leib bekämpfen die eignen Glieder.
Es ſtehen hier, gegen einander verſchworen,
Die liebend von einer Mutter geboren.
Nicht kennt der Vater den eignen Erzeugten,
Es ſchlägt der Sohn den Altergebeugten, —
Und Alles, was auf zum Himmel ſchreit,
Es wird begangen in ſolcher Zeit! —

II.

Die Stadt durchbrüllt es: „Der Feind — er verderbe!
Es ſterbe der Guelph, — der Feind und ſein Erbe!"

Der ſchreckliche Gibelline ſiegt, —
Weh dir, Spoleto! Der Guelph erliegt!

Die Siegesfackel zündet er an,
Zu krönen die Thaten, die er gethan.

Dort leuchtet ſie auf, wo ein Feind noch wohnt;
Kein guelphiſcher Giebel wird geſchont.

Die Sonne umflort der wirbelnde Brand,
Und traurig blickt ſie hernieder auf's Land.

Die Männer verſtummten, — die Greiſe jammern,
Und an die Mütter die Kinder ſich klammern. —

III.

Wo ſtürmet die Schar dort ſo wüthend hin,
Voran ein gebietender Gibellin?
Er ſchwingt den Pechkranz hoch in der Hand, —
Das Ziel iſt gefunden, — er ſchleudert den Brand.

— Ein ſtattlich Gebäude — wohl iſt's ihm bekannt, —
Dem hat er jetzt das Verderben geſandt,
Die Flamme gehorcht dem blutigen Mann,
Sie fährt an das Haus, wie ein Pfeil, hinan.
Er blickt, wie mit Gier, in des Feuers-Bilder, —
Es grinſ't in dem Pfuhl der Teufel nicht wilder. —

Doch jetzo über dem brennenden Haus
Stürzt bleich ein Weib mit zwei Kindern heraus; —
Die blonden Knaben in beiden Armen,
So fleht die Mutter herab um Erbarmen.

— Was ſtarret ihr die Rede ſo jäh' im Munde?
Was gibt ihr das Auge für eine Kunde?

Zu kennen ſcheint ſie der Gibellin,
Doch kein Entſetzen erſchüttert ihn.

Dieſelben Züge trägt er, wie droben
Das Weib, das um Gnade die Hände erhoben.
— Die Schweſter iſt's, die um Rettung fleht,
Die bald inmitten der Flammen ſteht. —

Und jetzo ruft ſie wieder
In ſtarrer Verzweiflung nieder:
— Wie ſchneidet der Ton durch's Männergebein —
„Erbarme dich, Bruder! — Erbarme dich mein!
Und findet die Mutter nicht Gnade vor dir,
So rette die ſchuldloſen Kinder hier!" —

Das Ungeheuer — noch ſchrecklicher d'rauf —
Erwiedert das Ungeheure hinauf:

„Ein Guelph iſt der Mann, dem du gabſt die Hand
Du haſt zerriſſen des Blutes Band!
Doch — willſt du mit uns gibelliniſch denken,
So will ich das eig'ne Leben dir ſchenken.
Doch — was ich bedinge, das thue zur Stell', —
Du mußt dich ſühnen, — das Mittel iſt ſchnell, —
Wirf deine Knaben — die guelphiſche Brut —
Du ſelber, hinab in die tödtende Glut!" —

Die Guelphin durchwühlt ein Schmerzenskrampf,
Doch kämpft die Mutter nicht lange den Kampf;
Die Söhnlein preßt ſie an's ſtarke Herz,
Und blickt zu dem Rächer himmelwärts.

O brennt nur, ihr Flammen, heiß und hoch; —
Die Liebe iſt heißer und höher noch!
Sie ruft und entgegnet dem furchtbaren Sünder:
„Die Guelphenmutter begräbt ihre Kinder!
Unmenſchlicher Bruder! Vergebe dir Gott!"

Die Kleinen umfängt ſie, — und purpurroth —
Ein Baldachin von hüllenden Flammen
Schlägt über Mutter und Kinder zuſammen. —

An Johanna,

meine Erſtgeborne.

Am 28. Jänner 1835.

> „Was einſt als Ahnung — Sehnſucht war,
> Durchdrungen deines Vaters Lieder,
> Das ſinkt von der Himmelsflur
> Als reiches Leben dir hernieder!" —
> Uhland.

Sei mir gegrüßt im erſten Strahl des Lichtes,
Der in dein klares, blaues Auge fällt!
Du, meines wahrſten — freudigſten Gedichtes
Geliebter Stoff, den Gott mir ſelbſt gewählt!

Es ſei gegrüßt, o Kind, dein erſtes Regen!
Gegrüßt dein erſter Blick — dein erſter Schrei!
Laß dich das erſte Mal an's Herz mir legen,
Dich ſegnen mit dem Kreuz der heil'gen Drei!

Gegrüßet ſei von dieſer Freudenthräne,
Die vom entzückten Vaterauge rinnt!
Vergeſſen hab' ich alle Lebenspläne, —
Jetzt hab' ich dich, du mein geliebtes Kind!

O ſei geküßt vom heißen Vatermunde,
Der jetzt auf dich ein weihend Siegel drückt!
O ſei geküßt in dieſer Jubelſtunde,
Die mir die Blume ſüßer Liebe pflückt!

Am Tage, der den Namen mir gegeben,
Empfang' ich dich, ein heiliges Geſchenk!
— So ſchöner Fügung bleib' ich durch mein Leben
Mit dankbar frohem Herzen eingedenk.

Ich ſegne dich an deiner Lebenspforte
Mit allen Freuden meiner Jugendzeit!
Mit meiner Liebe höchſtem Seelenworte,
Mit meines Herzens ganzer Innigkeit!

— Nicht Träume ſind's, die ſpielend mich umſchweben,
Und keine Täuſchung iſt mir dieſer Tag:
Was mich beſeligt, iſt ja Sein und Leben,
Und fühlbar iſt mir deines Herzleins Schlag! —

Und nicht hat mir die Poeſie gelogen,
Da ſie in Bildern Himmel mir gemalt:
Hier wölben ſich mir zwei der blauen Bogen,
Woraus mir Gottes nächſter Himmel ſtrahlt!

Du neue, kleine Bürgerin der Erde,
Des Lebens Herr — ſein Engel ſei mit dir!
Auf daß dir einſt erfüllt der Segen werde,
Den du als Wiegenlied erhälſt von mir!

Gedeihe durch der Mutter treue Pflege,
Und werde einſt ihr ſüßes Ebenbild!
O, daß ſie auch in deinen Buſen lege,
Was ihre Bruſt und ihre Seele füllt!

An ſtarker Liebe ſollſt du einſt ihr gleichen,
So innig werde, und ſo treu und wahr!
Den Sinn der Mutter ſtrebe zu erreichen,
Und werde gut, wie ſie, die dich gebar!

— Und ſoll nicht mir die gold'ne Zukunft werden,
Wie ſie mein Träumen und mein Hoffen glaubt,
So lenke ſie doch deine Fahrt auf Erden,
So kränze ſie doch dein geliebtes Haupt!

Die Welt, wie ich in Liebe mir ſie ſchmückte,
Und was mein Sehnen legt in ſie hinein,
Die Welt, in der ich innen mich beglückte,
Soll ſelig auch von außen um dich ſein! —

Engelbrecht Kämpfer,

der Sohn eines lippiſchen Predigers, ward am 16. September 1657 zu Lemgo geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Medicin zu Königsberg und unternahm nach erhaltener Doctorwürde als ſchwediſcher Geſandtſchaftsſecretär eine Reiſe durch Rußland nach Perſien. Von hier aus durchreiſte er aus Liebe zur Wiſſenſchaft Arabien, Indien, Koromandel, Java, Sumatra, Siam und Japan, und wurde, nachdem er 1692 wieder in ſeiner Vaterſtadt angekommen war, vom Grafen von der Lippe zum Leibarzte ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 2. November 1716.

Von ihm beſitzen wir:

Geſchichte und Beſchreibung von Japan. Herausgegeben von C. W. Dohm. Lemgo 1777 — 1779, 2 Bde., 4.

Ferner Auszug aus: Diarium itineris ad aulam moscoviticam. Beſorgt von Adelung. Petersburg 1827. Sowie wichtige Handſchriften, welche ſich noch ungedruckt im britiſchen Muſeum befinden.

K's Beſchreibung von Japan wird immer ihren Werth behalten, da wir ihm die erſten zuverläſſigen und ausführlichen Nachrichten über dieſes merkwürdige Land verdanken.

Johann Arnold Kanne

ward im Mai 1773 zu Detmold geboren und ſtudirte zu Göttingen Philoſophie und Humaniora. Nach vollendeten Studien privatiſirte er eine Zeitlang in Leipzig, Halle, Frankfurt, Göttingen und in andern Sitzen der Wiſſenſchaft, nahm dann zuerſt in Oeſtreich und ſpäter in Preußen Kriegsdienſte, gab ſie aber bald wieder auf und ließ ſich 1809 als Profeſſor der Geſchichte am Realinſtitut in Nürnberg nieder. 1817 trat er die Profeſſur der Philologie am daſigen Gymnaſium an, folgte aber ſchon 1818 einem Rufe als Dr. der Philoſophie und ordentlicher Profeſſor der orientaliſchen Literatur nach Erlangen, wo er am 17. December 1824 ſtarb.

Theilweiſe unter dem Namen: „Walther Bergius" und „Johann Author" erſchien von ihm:

Nikolai's litterariſcher Liebesbrief. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1803.
Blätter von Aleph bis Kuph. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8.
Kleine Handreiſe. Penig 1804.
Neue Darſtellung der Mythologie der Griechen und Römer. Leipzig 1805.
Comoedia humana, oder Pleyſidemas Hochzeit und Kindtaufe. Baireuth 1806, gr. 8.
Erſte Urkunden der Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1808; neue Ausg. 1815, 2 Thle.
Gianetta, oder das Wundermädchen Roms. Ebendaſ. 1809, 8.
Geſchichte des Zwillings a parte. Nürnberg 1811, 8.
Pantheon der älteſten Naturphiloſophie. Tübingen 1811.
Syſtem der indiſchen Mythe. Leipzig 1813.
Zwanzig kritiſche Paragraphen. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Lappalien. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Sämundi's Fährungen. Mauerroman. Nürnberg 1816, gr. 8.
Erweckliche Geſchichten aus dem Reiche Chriſti. Ebendaſ. 1816 — 1817, 2 Thle.
Leben erweckter Chriſten. Bamberg 1816, 2 Thle.
Romane aus der Chriſtenwelt aller Zeiten. Nürnberg 1817, 1r Thl., 8.

Chriſtus im alten Teſtament. Nürnberg 1818, 2 Thle.
Bibliſche Unterſuchungen und Auslegungen. Erlangen 1819, 2 Thle.
Ein Recenſent und noch einer. Erlangen 1820.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Abhandlungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Kanne war eine der eigenthümlichſten Erſcheinungen, welche die deutſche Literatur aufzuweiſen hat. Er verband gründliche Gelehrſamkeit, tiefen Forſchergeiſt und ſeltenen Scharfſinn mit ſchlagendem Witze und feinem Humor, war aber durch naturphiloſophiſche Studien zu einem ſonderbaren Myſticismus übergegangen, deſſen Ausbildung alle ſeine großen Kräfte beherrſchte und ihn dazu trieb, ſeine ungewöhnlichen religiöſen Anſichten in ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen vorwalten zu laſſen, ſo daß vieles ſonſt Treffliche aus ſeiner Feder dem geſunden Sinne des Leſers faſt ungenießbar iſt. Er iſt daher vom größeren Publicum nie mit Theilnahme empfangen und ſehr bald wieder vergeſſen worden, trotz dem daß Jean Paul in ſeiner Vorſchule zur Aeſthetik Kanne's Handreiſe und deſſen Blätter von Aleph bis Kuph für die witzigſten Bücher erklärt, die je in deutſcher Sprache geſchrieben worden ſind. — Großes Verdienſt als wiſſenſchaftlicher Forſcher erwarb ſich K. übrigens durch ſeine Arbeiten im Gebiete der Religionsgeſchichte und der Mythologie. —

I.

Ueber politiſche Reime*).

Unſre reimarme Sprache könnte von der Welt noch immer ein und den andern Reim auf Jungfer zu borgen kriegen, und das einen männlichen, was auch die Welt ſagen mag, z. B. von mir. — Dieß wäre einmal ein Sachreim für den Verſtand, wie die Engländer Wortreime haben für's Auge, wobei freilich nichts zu hören, aber auch nichts zu überhören und zu überſehen wäre, wie bei Ohrreimen, und man könnte mit mehrern dergleichen zu einerlei Zweck mit Klopſtock kommen, vielleicht auf einem proſaiſchen Wege.

So kann ſich ein Blatt immer anfangen, das nicht Willens iſt, ſo fortzufahren. Doch wer wüßte, ob ich ohne das jemals auf die Real- und Verbalreime zu ſprechen gekommen wäre, das ich nun wohl muß, da ich ſo weit bin, obgleich das folgende Blatt: von den Juden, das Recht der Erſtgeburt hat; es wird ſelbſt beweiſen, warum? Sonſt iſt ein Schriftſteller leidlich daran: wenige Sachen nehmen ihm Zeit weg, die ihm welche koſten; und es wäre unklug, z. B. nicht ſchreiben zu wollen, weil man eſſen muß, und die erſten Kapitel d. i. Blätter kürzer oder gar nicht zu ſchreiben, damit die folgenden fertig werden, und endlich das Ende. Deswegen nehme ich mir Zeit und Raum mit benannten Verbal- und Realreimen.

So nenn' ich zwei Dinge, die ſich im Wort und in der Sache reimen, z. B. Hehler und Stehler, Sack und Pack, Finanzen und Wanzen; nicht: gelehrt und verkehrt, (denn hier iſt ein Sprung und Ideenreim, ſo groß, wie in Corporal und General) und die alſo für den Dichter ein gefundenes Eſſen ſind. Hätten ſie Verſtand, ſo müßten ſie ſich oft wundern, daß ſie wie im Leben ſo auch auf dem Papiere zuſammentreffen. Aber wie es zugeht, daß ſich zwei Dinge an zweierlei Orten reimen, in Poeſie und Proſa, ſo nenn' ich das Leben, weiß bis hieher kein Menſch, und ein ſcharfſinniger Mann könnte hierbei viel zeigen, viel Scharfſinn nämlich. Ich gebe mir nur die politiſch-poetiſchen auf, und komme da nicht mit zurechte. Es ſind ihrer fünf, die faſt alle Theile eines (nicht mathematiſchen, ſogar unmathematiſchen) Ganzen, eben des Staats, zuſammenreimen, wie geſagt, ſowohl in Verſen, als in Proſa, das heißt wieder, im Staate. Das letztre beweiſe ich, das erſtere thun ſie ſelbſt, wie folgt:

Nähr-
Lehr-
Wehr-
Mehr- und
Zehr-Stand.

Probe, Beweis und Anwendung gab ohnlängſt jüngſt Freund Piſtol im letzt verfloſſenen 30jährigen Kriege, als ihm der rothnaſigte Bartolph, ich weiß nicht was? gemauſt hatte, oder weil Gley antwortete: Schweigt Spitzbuben, die Gleys ſind keine ſchlechten Kerls! Sie kann mitgetheilt werden:

Als Hector dem Achill auf 2 Schritt-Näh're
ſtand, ſo ſollt zur tapfern Wehr-
ſich Priams ſchöner Sohn. Du Lumpenhund komm her!
Ich will dir ſchon mit dieſer Lanz' das Zehr-
Geld zahlen, oder du gehſt Lehr-
mit Menelaos heim. Komm her du Zottelbär!
Sprach's und-ſtand zur tapfern Gegenwehr.

Nun ſollt ich eigentlich zeigen, wie es komme, daß in der Staatskunſt fünf Dinge zuſammengereimt ſind, die es in der Dichtkunſt auch ſind; aber ganz eigentlich gehts mich hier nichts an, wenigſtens nicht, ehe jenes erwieſen iſt. Zudem könnte die Sache unter der beſten Feder ins Fade gerathen. Ich z. B. würde mir den Zufall dabei ganz wegdenken, um auf der Welt keinen vernünftigen Weg zu finden, es zu erklären, als einen völlig unvernünftigen. Zu dem Ende thue man einmal, als komme dieſe Reimharmonie nicht vom Teufel ſelbſt, der nach Tertullian Apollo iſt und ein guter Politiker nach Lavater (denn das hieße nach einer jeden geläuterten Dogmatik es kommt von Ohngefähr —), ſo kommt man ſo hart darauf, wie ich, daß die Staatsmänner, weil ſie aus ſo vielem ein Geheimniß machen, alſo am Ende auch wohl aus ſich, und ihre Sonntagsſeite gar nicht zeigen, im Verborgenen ſo gute Poeten ſein, wie die Kretenſiſchen und Athenienſiſchen Geſetzgeber, die ihre Geſetze in Verſen abfaßten. Das Fade hievon leuchtet ein, aber was können nicht für kühne Wahrheiten aus einer faden Hypotheſe — das heißt [illegible] — hervorwachſen, wenn man ſie eine Jubilatemeſſe ſtehen läßt. Dieß zeigt die Aſtronomie nicht halb ſo gut, wie ichs hierbei könnte. Ich fände nämlich zwiſchen Poeſie und Politik eine Harmonie, an die niemand ganz glauben könnte, der keine harmonia praestabilita annehmen will, und ſomit auch die Hypotheſe umſtoßen. Denn woher käm' es, daß die Politik wie die Poeſie die Natur verſchönert, z. B. jeden Lump in Uniform ſteckt, und dennoch der Natur nicht nachahmt (beides nach Batteux) die hier auf Gottheit dringt, daß der regierte und regierende Theil des Staats einem griechiſchen Chor mit Strophe und Antiſtrophe ſo gleich ſieht, wie nur etwas, beſonders da der Regent ſelbſt, als Chorepiſtates, weiter nichts dabei zu thun hat, als dem Bacchus einen Bock opfern, wenn gleich ſich ſelbſt. Ich meine nicht den Chor bei Tragödien, die immer ganz in Verſen waren, und zwar in Jamben, weil die politiſchen Trauerſpiele ſich zwar eben ſo gut machen, die Jamben mein ich, einen langen und einen kurzen Fuß oder Arm; aber das Opfern geht doch alle Akte hindurch (die griechiſche Tragödie fing damit nur an), und der rex sacrificulus muß weiter vom Schlachtopfer und Feuer ſtehen, als der griechiſche und römiſche Opferkönig. Wer verdenkt es ihm ſo, daß er nachher den Kranz des Opferthiers aufſetzt, zumal da er, nicht es, vorher die vergüldeten Hörner trug. Und iſt er nicht ſo menſchlich, ihm nach wie vor ſeine mola salsa, ſein Brod und Salz zulaſſen, und obendrein Salzgeld (salarium) 10 x. täglich, zu reichen? Mehr giebt nicht einmal der römiſche Kaiſer und nicht einmal ſeinen eigenen Soldaten Löhnung, ſo wie ich nicht mehr beweiſende Beiſpiele geben will, und nun ungehindert zu den 5 gereimten Ständen fortſchreite. Ich kann mit dem letzten anfangen, und ihn gegenwärtigem Blatte erſt halb aufgeben, die andere Hälfte von den Juden ſodann dem folgenden.

Dieſe nämlich und die Bettler faßt bekanntlich der Zehrſtand in ſich, die Ehrenmitglieder aus den 4 übrigen noch nicht zu nennen. Alſo von den Bettlern zuerſt. —

Ein Bettler iſt, wie man denken kann, kein Ding zum Spaßen; wenigſtens muß man ſie dazu gruppenweis ſehen, wie ich in Italien, ſo wie ich in der Türkei über einen Waſchkorb voll Naſen ausgelaſſen lachte, hingegen bei Baſel einen Franzoſen nicht weniger beweinte, der die ſeinige aus der Patrontaſche zog und mir zeigte. Wir mögens oft machen, wie wir wollen, der Spaß giebt uns den verhängten Ernſt zum Ehren, zum Bedauern oder zum Verachten zurück, und dann iſt nichts mehr zu machen, als eins von den dreien, obgleich man in den zwei erſten Fällen ſehr viel ſein muß, ein kleiner oder guter Menſch, ein ſchlechter Komiker und guter Kritiker. Das heißt, dünkt mich, viel. Wegen der Bettler aber könnte ſich ein Satiriker auf eine Bemerkung ſtoßen, die mit dem Obigen ſo genau zuſammenhängt, wie der Bettler ſelbſt mit dem Staate, es iſt dieſe:

Daß man bei Menſchen nicht immer ihre eigne Perſönlichkeit, ſondern eine andere höhere in ihrer niedrigen verſpottet, ohne die ſie gar nicht einmal lächerlich wären. Sie werden ſo zu zu Sachen. Die niedrigſten kann man ohne alle Rückſicht ſo behandeln, und es thut dem guten Menſchen eher wohl als weh. z. E. wenn man einen Galgen voll Baieriſcher Hieſel mit einem Stock voll Göttinger Würſte zuſammenmalte, um zu zeigen, wie die gottloſe Welt mit zweierlei Fleiſch, aus zweierlei Häuten, einer ehrlichen und einer unehrlichen, ſo ganz einerlei umſpringe, mit einer unſchuldigen Wurſt, als ſei ſie ein Straßenräuber, und mit einem Straßenräuber, als ſei er eine ſchuldloſe Göttinger Wurſt.

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*) Aus J. A. Kanne's „Blätter von Aleph bis Kuph" (1 S. 67).

Was ich als Menſch durch dieſe Anmerkung gewinne, könnt' ich bei der Cenſur als Schriftſteller leicht wieder zuſetzen, vielleicht auch als Bürger; aber ich denke, es wird ſo gefährlich nicht werden, wenigſtens iſt ſie es nicht und das folgende, da wo ich ſchreibe (das ſei ohne eine bekannte Naivität geſagt), in Deutſchland. Denn ich bin kein ſolcher Narr, wenn ich von Bettlern ſchreiben will, dazu andre zu nehmen, als die im Kirchenſtaate, Italien überhaupt und in Portugal: der Deutſche zeichnet ſich ſelbſt als Bettler nicht aus. Und ſo iſt alle und jede Satire jugulirt, wie die Philologen ſagen. Zu der gehört eine gewiſſe Ignoranz, in deren Beſitz ich nicht bin, oder eine verſtellte, die mir niemand zutrauen wird. Denn ich weiß, daß ſich die Religion einmal nirgends ſo gut in Polizei als in Politik finden kann, und daß jene geiſtlichen oder katholiſchen Staaten den Bettlerſtand als das beſte Tugendmittel für die übrigen kennen und dulden. Daher in Rom, wie faſt im Nürnbergiſchen, ein Schritt aus dem Hauſe ein Fortſchritt in der Moral werden kann, und eine kurze italieniſche Meile moraliſch zehnmal ſo lang iſt, als eine deutſche im Preußiſchen. Ich ſelbſt übte einſtmal auf einer Promenade dießſeits Rom ſo oft eine moraliſche Handlung, als mein Spitz piſte, und ſah meinen Beutel eher leer, als ſeine Blaſe. Hätte mir Jupiter Pluvius ſelbſt nicht dieſen Weg der Tugend ſo dreckigt gemacht, ſo wär ich meinem Vormann, einem frommen Manne, gefolgt, der nach einigen Sabbaterweges am nächſten Horizont gewiß ſchon den Himmel antraf, wie ich ihn ſahe, wenn uns beiden der Satan nicht dieſen optiſchen Schein und Betrug vorgemacht hat. Aber nichts bringen die geiſtlichen Regenten dieſer Länder ſo ſehr in Anſchlag, als daß der Bettler das Vaterunſer und die ordinären Tiſchgebete, die doch alle an Gott gerichtet ſind, zu Bitten an promenirende Menſchen gebrauchen, und ſo täglich ſichtbare Wunder geſchehen, indem die Hülfe gleich auf das Gebet folgt. Auf dieß bewegt ferner der Wunderglaube des Bettlers, wie Mahomet, Felſen zu ſich, die ſonſt kein Eſſig und keine Thränen und Leiden erweicht hätten, gerade unter der größten Anzahl Menſchen, die alſo alle davon zeugen können. Endlich wird nicht auch durch eben jenen Gebrauch des Wortes Gottes dieß ſelbſt erfüllet, weil geſchrieben ſteht, der Menſch lebt nicht allein vom Brode, d. h. von einem Amte, ſondern vom jeglichem Worte, das durch den Mund Gottes geht? Wenn alſo vom Reimen der Stände die Rede iſt, ſo greift der Zehrſtand in dieſen Ländern ſo geſchickt in den Lehrſtand, d. h. in den geiſtlichen, als dieſer in den Zehrſtand, und ſo daß beide Stände nicht bloß Unverſtümmelte, ſondern auch Krüppel, z. B. Blinde, genug haben, die das Evangelium predigen; noch zu gedenken, daß die Bettler noch mehr können als die Geiſtlichen, künftige Volkslehrer nicht allein bilden in den Klöſtern, ſondern auch zeugen auf allen Strohſäcken. Denn in dieſen Ländern und in dieſem Stande wird, wie in Aegypten, der Sohn was der Vater war, und nichts anders. Bei ſolchen Vortheilen des Bettelſtandes iſt es gerecht, daß ſich die Geiſtlichkeit, die Regierung und der Himmel wenig der Hausarmen annimmt, dieſer pauvres honteux, die ſich des Evangeliums ſchämen. Was übrigens die heilige Poeſie durch die Bettlergebete in gebundener Rede gewinnt, kommt in keinen Betracht. Denn hier iſt von der Poeſie überhaupt nichts nöthig, als die Illuſion, um die Güte des Schöpfers zu preiſen, daß er ſogar Krüppeln geſunde Gliedmaßen gegeben hat. Demnach that es mir ganz wohl, es in Italien einmal anders zu treffen, als in Deutſchland, daß der Eheſtand nicht den Bettlerſtand vermehrt, ſondern dieſer jenen, weil ich die Allmacht der Liebe bewundern mußte, der ein junger rüſtiger Menſch hier ſogar ſeine geſunden Glieder aufopfert, und ſich entſchließt, ſein Lebelang, d. h. nach Voltaire, ſo lange er nicht ſchläft, ein Krüppel zu werden. So ſah ich aufs glücklichſte auch den Zehr- und Wehrſtand zuſammenfließen. In deutſchen Krüppeln ſucht' ich nie ſo viel Genie, und dachte, eh' ich in Italien geweſen war, gar nicht an die Eintheilung der Krüppel 1) in ſolche, die es von Natur, 2) die es mit Kunſt, 3) die es durch Kunſt ſind, z. B. durch die Kriegskunſt, und nahm nur die erſte und dritte Klaſſe an.

Die letztere bringt mich, ſo daß ichs merke, von den geiſtlichen Herrn auf die weltlichen, oder wenn man will, von katholiſchen auf proteſtantiſche, und hier könnte eine Satire angehen, wenn ſie wollte. Denn es mag immer edler bleiben, daß ein Invalid auf ſeine eignen Reliquien bettelt, als daß es die Mönche von Loretto auf fremde, der Heiligen thun, und iſt ohne Tadel, daß ſeine ſeligen Arme und Beine die überlebenden Glieder zu Erben ſeiner Schmerzgelder einſetzen, die er vom Vaterlande zu beziehen hat; aber einen ſolchen Menſchen läßt man ja in einer Unwiſſenheit, daß er nicht einmal weiß, wo auf der Karte ſein Vaterland liegt, und Preußen z. B. im Nürnberger Territorium ſucht oder gar mitten im Anſpachiſchen.

Das heißt nicht, der Staat ſoll der Harmonie auch dieſes Standes, des Wehrſtandes mit einem andern, dem Zehr- oder Bettlerſtande irgend etwas in den Weg legen. Er (der Wehrſtand) muß ſich noch wohl härter reimen, nämlich mit dem Lehrſtande, wenn der Landgraf von ** Invaliden und ausgediente Korporale zu Schulmeiſtern macht. Denn das heißt dem Reime Gewalt anthun, ſowohl dem Lehrer als dem Schüler, und iſt weit ärger, als wenn dieſer Dorflehrſtand mit dem Nährſtande in Harmonie treten muß, und der Schulmeiſter, um ſein Amt zu ernähren, ſein urſprüngliches Gewerbe, z. B. das Schneidern, fortſetzen. Denn nicht beſſer hat's der König von Sardinien (ſiehe Archenholz Italien), der von ſich, als Herzog von Piemont leben muß.

Aber man kann doch, denk ich, keinem Menſchen verwehren, hierbei ernſthaft zu werden, d. h. ſcheint es, ſatiriſcher als ſatiriſch. Er darf nur, wie ich vorigen März, ein halbes Rudel Preußen und ein ganzes Krücken in Baiern vor einer Iſerbrücke ſehen, die Brücke ohne Geländer, — in Venedig hat man gar keine, weil man wenig trinkt, in Baiern brauchte man keine, weil man — viel ißt, — den Wind ferner ungünſtig, d. h. heftig, Nepomuk endlich als Brückenpatron, wie er Proteſtanten nichts hilft, die keine Baieriſchen Klöße im Leibe haben: das alles darf er nur ſehen, und er wird gern jedem 3 Kr. geben, wie ich, damit ſie erſt eſſen, ehe ſie über die Brücke hinken, und noch wohl obendrein wünſchen, daß dieſe ungelehrten Ohnfüßler ihre Gegenfüßler werden, Gelehrte, die noch immer auf dem Kopfe gehen können, ſogar wenn ſie auch den verlieren ſollten.

Es kommt mir vor, als müßt ich hier ſchließen, wo ich erſt anfangen ſollte. Die Laune, glaub ich, giebt dem Witze die Form, die Welt den Stoff, deswegen läßt uns dieſe ſelten bei guter. Mir ſchiebt ſie meinen eigenen leiblichen Bruder mit der Krücke vor die Feder, der, wer weiß wo, herumhinkt, und ſo mag ich's ohne Thränen gar nicht erzählen, wie ihm mein Vater mich vorrückte, und ihm die Vortheile davon zeigte, wenn an einem Menſchen der Kopf nicht die Fortſetzung des Rumpfes iſt; „umſonſt, ſagt er, hat die Natur hier keinen Abſchnitt gemacht.“ Mein Bruder wollte lieber Soldat werden, als den Mund mit dem Munde, mit dem Predigen, ernähren. Nun hat er's ja, und ich dazu.

Nämlich ich habe mich gerührt, und in der Rührung, denk ich, mich etwas vergeſſen; der geneigte Leſer ſehe nur nach, und bleibe mir geneigt. Ich bin, verſteht ſich, einer von meinen Landsleuten, die ſich ſelbſt wenig Geheimniß aus dem machen, was ſie treiben, zumal wenn die lachenden Mutter Laune, Witz, Komiſch und Satire, den Kiel beſeelen, ſo weiß es gewiß die linke Hand, was die rechte thut, und darauf die ganze Welt, ſchon vom Titel aus; obgleich man hier nicht nennen ſollte, was man thut. Aber kann ich gleichwohl nicht meine Unſchuld beweiſen, wenn ich ernſthaft wünſche, daß von jenen Dingen das leichteſte ſich zu meiner Rührung geſelle, um zu zeigen, was chemiſch für ein Ding aus zweierlei Salz werde, aus Thränen und Epigrammen, wie in franzöſiſchen Tragödien, mir deucht ein Mittelſalz.

Allein ich brauche lieber mein Bischen Verſtand zu etwas anderm, vorerſt, um einzuſehen, daß Abbt den Tod fürs Vaterland zu weit hinausſchiebt, bis auf die letzte Kataſtrophe des Lebens, auf den Tod ſelbſt, ohne zu bedenken, daß unſre Patrioten lange vorher von ihren Tractamenten fürs Vaterland — nicht ſterben. Zwar iſt dieß kein Tod vor dem Feinde, den man wie Trim in den Rachen ſehen kann, deswegen weil er uns ſelbſt aus dem Geſichte ſieht, aber man ſtirbt da eben doch ſehr lange an ſeinem Bischen Tode. Und nur in ſofern dürfte man ein Frauenzimmer, die ſowohl denkt als empfindet, mit aufs Schlachtfeld nehmen, um den Jammer anzuſehen, wenn ein Bleſſirter überrechnet, was er für Glieder mitgebracht, und wenn er etwa den Defekt entdeckt, den Reſt zu allen Teufeln wünſcht, weil ein Soldat ein ganzer Mann ſein muß. Denn ſo ein Menſch denkt offenbar nicht nach in dem Augenblicke (wie etwa das Frauenzimmer), daß er forthin niemanden mehr in der Koſt hat, als den Magen ſelbſt, keinen Arm und kein Bein mehr.

Oder dieſe könnten immer ſitzen bleiben, wo ſie ſitzen, wenn die Kugeln nur immer allein den Magen todt ſchößen, was hilft ſonſt das Zielen auf den halben Mann? Aber warum thun ſich das die Leute nicht ſelbſt, ſchon in Friedenszeiten? Sie könnten ihre Tractamenten dabei in die Taſche ſtecken, und wären Weiſe ohne Bedürfniſſe und Weisheit, mithin Engel!

Freilich wenn die Natur alles wollte, was die Welt brauchen kann, ſo ſtänden weniger Monſtra in Spiritus und mehr im Felde, und ein Musketier dürfte ohne Generoſität ein übercompletes Glied an ſeinen König verſchenken, er müßte Gott danken dazu. Aber was hat denn ein halber Soldat auch mehr Noth als ein ganzer? Man darf nur kaltblütig die Löhnung von letzterm mit dem unfixirten Gehalte des halbabgeſchoſſenen vergleichen, ſo hat Heſiod recht, daß die Narren nicht wiſſen, wie viel mehr die Hälfte iſt als das Ganze, und man könnte faſt die Leute in der Bataille mit dieſer Sentenz zum Stehen bringen. Meine Rührung iſt daher ſchon ſo gut wie zu Ende, und ich kann es nun erwägen, mit wie viel Aufopferung Potentaten einem völlig unbrauchbar geſchoſſenen Menſchen noch ihre Livree laſſen; um ſo zu ſagen, dem gütigen Schöpfer mit einem guten Exempel voranzugehen, daß er, der die Lilien des Feldes kleidet, doch ſeinen Liebling, ſeinen Platoniſchen Hahn, die etwa auszumauſernden Federn mit abgelegten Hoſen erſetzen möge, deren Unterfutter die Welt auch zu ſehen kriegt, ſo gut wie das Oberfutter, auf den Reiſen dieſer Zugvögel. Und ſo geſchieht es denn auch. Nicht ganz Deutſchland iſt zum Glück ein gelehrtes, und berechnet ſogar ſeine Hadern für Haderlump und Literatur. Ja ich habe einen Invaliden geſehen, der es kecklich wagte zu lachen, ohne den Haupthoſenknopf zu fragen, ob es thunlich wäre, und das Zwerchfell verlor ſein Diaphragma nicht. Und woher ſahe ich's ſo gut, als aus dem Rocke eines Andern, daß der Zufall zuweilen auch Kopf habe: ſo glücklich und gelehrt lag Italien, Sizilien, Sardinien und Korſika mitten auf Preußiſchen Grund und Boden, und der Herzog von Piemont kriegte eine Acquiſition, die er bis die Stunde noch nicht einmal kennt. So viel hatte die halbe Welt für einen Rock gethan! Man nenne bei ſolchen gemalten Welten, die ſolchen Atlanten auf den Schultern hängen, einmal das Preußiſche Urtuch Waſſer, und ſehe dann zu, ob die Erde mehr Waſſer als Land hat. Man darf auch die Mittagslinien näher rücken, und aus dem Thierkreiſe die Jungfrau weglaſſen, das ſchadet nichts. Ein ſolcher Menſch dreht ſich doch ganz richtig um die Sonne, wenn er ſich gleich erbärmlich auf ſeiner Achſel drehen muß, d. h. er wird doch ſelig, wenn er gleich hinkt.

Nie deuten wir die Menſchen leicht beſſer oder ſchlechter, als ſie ſind, als wenn wir oder ſie im Unglück ſind. Mit der Bemerkung ſehe man Invaliden an der Chauſſee ſitzen, und beurtheile, was ſie machen, wenn man dazu genommen, daß das Unglück die weichen empfindſamer, die harten, alſo Soldaten, härter mache. Wird man denn dieſen Glücklichen, die als Gemeine ſo viel Truppen auf ſo viel Beinen haben, in Aſtrachan und Orenburg, wenn ſie den einen und den andern hinter beide Ohren greifen und ſtranguliren, die Moral an den Hals werfen können, Schaft, leben und leben laſſen? O! nein. Aber ſo ſei man doch auch nicht empfindſamer für ſie als gegen ſie. Dafür, daß ſie hinken, ſtehen ſie noch immer auf einem zu guten Fuße, z. B. wenn das Kleid den Mann macht, kann ſich ein ſolcher Lump nicht damit behelfen, vor der Hand Menſch zu ſein? Hätte nicht doch, wär' er beim Handwerk geblieben, der blaue Montag vielleicht eben ſolche Interpolationen in den Grundtext mit blauen Aermeln gemacht? Wer das ſehen will, geht nach Berlin, wo der Unterſchied zwiſchen einem Haushahn und einem Platoniſchen der iſt, daß dieſer als Handwerksburſch umgekehrt als jener am meiſten mauſert, wenn er am wenigſten Kapaun iſt. Ueberhaupt die meiſten Menſchen recenſirt ihr Schickſal wie Maculatur. Höchſtens verdienen Schneidergeſellen noch Mitleid, die alle ihre Nadeln zerbrochen hatten, und ſo Soldaten werden mußten, nachdem ſie es eine Zeitlang vergebens verſucht hatten, ob es nicht auch ſeinen Mann ernähre. wenn man, wie Hudibras Schwerdt, zehrt — von ſeiner Scheibe. Ich glaube, Jupiter ſelbſt und ſein Lucian würde manchen nicht einmal bedauern, deſſen Hut noch einmal ſichten muß, was der Gott zu grob durch ſein Sieb laufen läßt, etwa einen ganzen Wolkenbruch; alſo wozu meine Rührung? Mit ihr laß ich dieß Blatt fahren und handle von den Juden im folgenden.

Karl Friedrich Ludwig Kannegieſser

ward am 9. Mai 1781 zu Wendemark im Brandenburgiſchen geboren widmete ſich den philologiſchen und humaniſtiſchen Studien und erhielt dann eine Lehrerſtelle am Schindler'ſchen Waiſenhauſe zu Berlin. Von hier kam er als Prorector des Gymnaſiums nach Prenzlau und, nachdem er hier eine Zeitlang auch das Rectorat bekleidet hatte, als Dr. der Philoſophie und Director des Eliſabethen-Gymnaſiums nach Breslau, welche Stelle er ſpäter wieder mit dem Directorium des daſigen Friedrichs-Gymnaſiums vertauſchte.

Er gab heraus:

Beaumont's und Fletcher's dramatiſche Werke. Aus dem Engliſchen. Berlin 1807 — 1808, 2 Thle., 8.
Dante's göttliche Comödie. Leipzig 1809 — 1821, 2 Thle., gr. 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1825; 3. ſehr veränderte Aufl. mit Dante's Portrait und lithogr. Planen, Ebendaſ. 1832.
Dramatiſche Spiele. Berlin 1810, 12. mit A. Bode.
Pantheon für Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt. Leipzig 1810, 2 Bde., mit J. G. Büſching.
Amor und Hymen. Idylliſches Gedicht. Prenzlau. 1818, gr. 8.
Mirza, die Tochter Jephta's. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1818. Wohlfeile Ausg. 1827, 8.
Horazens 4 Bücher Oden in gereimter Ueberſetzung. Prenzlau 1820.
Gedichte. Breslau 1824, gr. 12.
Dante's lyriſche Gedichte. Italieniſch und deutſch. Leipzig 1827, gr. 8.
Ausgewählte Schriften der Madam Staël-Holſtein. Zwickau 1830 ff., 18 Bde. mit ſeinen Freunden überſetzt. Von ihm iſt: **Zehn Jahre in der Verbannung.** 2 Bde., 16.

Ausgezeichnet durch Geiſt, gründliches Wiſſen, Scharfſinn und Geſchmack hat ſich K. namentlich als Ueberſetzer poetiſcher Meiſterwerke des Auslandes bleibende Verdienſte erworben. In ſeinen eigenen poetiſchen Leiſtungen zeigt er warmes Gefühl für das Gute und Schöne, Anmuth der Darſtellung und Herrſchaft über die Form.

Immanuel Kant,

der Sohn eines Riemers, ward am 22. April 1724 zu Königsberg geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er ſich die nöthige Vorbildung erworben hatte, ſeit 1740 daſelbſt zuerſt Theologie und ſpäter ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften. Hierauf fungirte er eine Zeitlang als Hauslehrer, ließ ſich aber 1755 als Magister philosophiae und Privatdocent in ſeiner Vaterſtadt nieder und hielt als ſolcher 15 Jahre lang Vorträge über Logik, Metaphyſik, Phyſik und Mathematik. Endlich wurde er 1770 zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Logik und Metaphyſik ernannt und verwaltete dieſes Amt bis zum Jahre 1794, wo Altersſchwäche ihn zwang, ſeiner akademiſchen Thätigkeit zu entſagen. Er ſtarb am 12. Februar 1804 von der Welt gefeiert und betrauert, obwohl er nie über ſieben Meilen von

Königsberg hinausgekommen war. Das beſte Bild der Perſönlichkeit dieſes der Welt angehörigen Weiſen entwirft Reichardt in der Urania 1812, wenn er ſagt: „K. war ein an Leib und Seele ganz trockener Mann. Magerer, ja dürrer als ſein kleiner Körper, hat vielleicht nie einer exiſtirt; kälter, reiner in ſich abgeſchloſſen, wohl nie ein Weiſer gelebt. Eine hohe, heitere Stirn, feine Naſe und helle klare Augen zeichneten ſein Geſicht vortheilhaft aus. Aber der untere Theil deſſelben war dagegen auch der vollkommenſte Ausdruck grober Sinnlichkeit, die ſich bei ihm beſonders im Eſſen und Trinken übermäßig zeigte. Er liebte eine gute Tafel in fröhlicher Geſellſchaft und war ſelbſt ein angenehmer Geſellſchafter, der durch ausgebreitete Beleſenheit und einen unerſchöpflichen Vorrath von unterhaltenden und luſtigen Anekdoten, die er ganz trocken, ohne je dabei ſelbſt zu lachen, erzählte, und durch echten Humor in treffenden Repliken und Anmerkungen jede Geſellſchaft aufheiterte und unterhielt. K's Geſellſchaft wurde um ſo mehr von den beſten Häuſern und angeſehenſten Familien geſucht, da er ſich durch die vollkommenſte Rechtlichkeit und durch echten Stolz, der ihm nicht nur als dem geiſtreichſten Manne des Orts, ſondern als einem der tiefſten Denker, die je die Menſchheit gehabt haben, wohl anſtand, überall in hoher Achtung zu erhalten wußte, auch im Aeußern nicht nur ſtets ſauber, ſondern ſehr ſtattlich erſchien. Er paßte auch um ſo mehr in jede große und kleine Geſellſchaft, da er das Kartenſpiel liebte und nicht gern einen Abend ohne ſeine kleine L'Hombrepartie zubrachte. Er hielt dieſes für das einzige ſtets ſichere Mittel, den Kopf vom angeſtrengten Denken abzuziehen und zu beruhigen. Schöne Künſte hatte er nie geübt und liebte ſie auch nicht beſonders. Es war vielmehr, als wäre er lauter tiefer Verſtand, neben welchem man ſelten ein ſo grenzenloſes Gedächtniß antreffen wird, als K. beſaß. Seine Vorleſungen wurden auch dadurch äußerſt intereſſant und lehrreich. Er las den größten Theil des Vormittags, Nachmittags ſelten, und ließ ſich zwiſchen jeder Vorleſung 20 Minuten Zeit für die folgende. Logik und Metaphyſik las er gewöhnlich öffentlich; dann noch abwechſelnd Naturrecht, Moral, Anthropologie, Phyſik und phyſiſche Geographie. Letzteres waren beſonders angenehme und lehrreiche Vorleſungen für junge Leute, durch die unermeßliche Beleſenheit in Geſchichte, Reiſebeſchreibungen, Biographien, Romanen und in allen Fächern, die nur je Materialien zur Bereicherung oder Erläuterung für jene Wiſſenſchaften liefern können. Sein Gedächtniß zeigte ſich dabei in voller Stärke; denn obgleich er die Hefte vor ſich liegen hatte, ſah er doch ſelten hinein und ſagte oft ganze Reihen von Namen und Jahrzahlen frei aus dem Kopfe her. Aber auch ſeine Vorleſungen über abſtracte Philoſophie erhielten durch jenen Schatz von Erläuterungen und Beiſpielen, die ſein Gedächtniß darbot, große Klarheit und Deutlichkeit, und ſeine Schriften ſind Vielen wohl immer dadurch ſo dunkel und ſchwierig geblieben, weil er den beſten philoſophiſchen Köpfen zuviel zutraute, als daß er jene hinzuzufügen für nöthig hätte erachten ſollen."

Seine Schriften ſind:

Kleinere Schriften. Königsberg und Leipzig 1797, 3 Bde.

Vermiſchte Schriften. Herausgegeben von Tieftrunk. Halle und Königsberg 1799 — 1800, 4 Bde.

Vorzügliche kleine Schriften. Herausgegeben von Starke. Leipzig 1832 — 1833, 2 Bde.

Sämmtliche Werke. Herausgegeben von Roſenkranz.

Einzeln:

Allgemeine Naturgeſchichte und Theorie des Himmels. Königsberg 1755; 4. Aufl. Zeitz 1808.

Über das Gefühl des Schönen und Erhabenen. Königsberg 1764; Riga 1771.

Träume eines Geiſterſehers. Riga 1766; 2. Aufl. 1769.

Kritik der reinen Vernunft. Riga 1781; 6. Aufl. Leipzig 1818; 7. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1828.

Prolegomena zu einer jeden künftigen Metaphyſik. Riga 1783.

Grundlegung zur Metaphyſik der Sitten. Riga 1785; 4. Aufl. 1797.

Metaphyſiſche Anfangsgründe der Naturwiſſenſchaft. Riga 1786; 3. Aufl. 1800.

Kritik der praktiſchen Vernunft. Riga 1787; 5. Aufl. Leipzig 1818; 6. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1827.

Kritik der Urtheilskraft. Libau (Berlin) 1790; 3. Aufl. 1799.

Die Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der bloßen Vernunft. Königsberg 1793; 2. Aufl. 1794.

Zum ewigen Frieden. Königsberg 1795; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1796.

Metaphyſik der Sitten. Königsberg 1797 — 1799, 2 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1803.

Metaphyſiſche Anfangsgründe der Rechtslehre. Königsberg 1797; 2. Aufl. 1798.

Anthropologie in pragmatiſcher Hinſicht. Königsberg 1798; 3. Aufl. 1821; 4. Aufl. von Herbart Leipzig 1833.

Logik. Herausgegeben von Jäſche. Königsberg 1800.

Phyſiſche Geographie. Herausgegeben von Rink. Königsberg 1802, 2 Bde.

Vorleſungen über die philoſophiſche Religionslehre. Herausgegeben von Pölitz. Leipzig 1817; 2. Aufl. 1830.

Vorleſungen über die Metaphyſik, nach dem Manuſcripte Rink's. Erfurt 1821.

Anweiſung zur Menſchen- und Weltkenntniß. Herausgegeben von Starke. Leipzig 1831.

Menſchenkunde, oder philoſophiſche Anthropologie. Herausgegeben von Starke. Leipzig 1831.

Die letztgenannten 6 Schriften ſind meiſt Abdrücke unvollkommener Collegienhefte ſeiner Schüler.

Was Kant im Gebiete der Philoſophie geleiſtet hat, ausführlich zu entwickeln und zu würdigen, erlauben weder Zweck noch Raum dieſes Werkes; es genüge anzudeuten wie er auf ſein Vaterland und ſeine Zeit wirkte. Dieſe Andeutung aber hat Menzel in ſeinem Werke über die deutſche Literatur Th. 1. S. 282 fgl. ſo trefflich gegeben, daß eine andere als wörtliche Mittheilung ſeiner Anſicht uns wie ein Plagiat erſcheinen würde. Sie möge daher hier buchſtäblich genau folgen: „Bei Kant lag die Einſeitigkeit mehr im Princip ſelbſt, als in deſſen Anordnung. Er war ſo vielſeitig, als die Bildung des Jahrhunderts ihm Seiten darbot. Sein brillantirter Geiſt war der Stein der Weiſen damaliger Zeit. Er würdigte alle geiſtigen Richtungen, und wirkte wohlthätig auf alle. Er befand ſich auf dem höchſten Gipfel jener proteſtantiſchen Aufklärung und Bildung, die ſeine ganze Zeit charakteriſirt. Nach ihm mußte man nothwendig theils in die Einſeitigkeit, theils in den Gegenſatz, in das romantiſch-katholiſche Element fallen. Er war noch reines Product der Reformation, und umfaßte eben ſo im ſchönſten Sinne deren gute und edle Seite, als gleichzeitig die atheiſtiſch-materialiſtiſche Spötterſchule in Frankreich ganz in die Nachtſeite des Unglaubens und der genialen Unſittlichkeit gefallen war. Wie die ganze Bildung ſeit der Reformation auf Kritik und Empirie beruhte, ſo auch das Kantiſche Syſtem, das mithin auch wohlthätig auf die theologiſche Exegeſe, auf die Naturforſchung, auf die Unterſuchungen des Staats- und Erziehungsweſens zurückwirkte, und ſelbſt mit der modernen, Leben und Natur nachahmenden Poeſie, wie ſie ſeit Leſſing, Wieland, Goethe aufgekommen war, in Wechſelwirkung ſtand. Die allgemeine Toleranz, die ſeit Friedrich dem Großen vorzüglich von Preußen ausging, das Streben nach allſeitiger Bildung, das Intereſſe für alles Fremde, die billige Prüfung aller Partei-Anſichten, da

Vorliebe für das analytiſche Verfahren, die Bemühung um Urbanität, das Streben nach Nützlichkeit, Popularität und Geſelligkeit gewann hauptſächlich durch den edlen königsberger Philoſophen die Ausbildung und Verbreitung, die das vorige Jahrhundert ausgezeichnet hat. Gleichzeitig war auch in Frankreich und England ein anthropologiſch-kritiſches Verfahren herrſchend geworden. Rouſſeau's Gemüth, Voltaire's Verſtand, Swift's Satyre, Sterne's Humor appellirten an die menſchliche Natur und ſtürzten die alten Vorurtheile. Sie und Diderot, Goldſmith und Fielding drangen in die deutſche Literatur, und ihre Wirkungen ſtehen in genauer Beziehung zu Kant's Anthropologie. Man warf die ſteife Form von ſich und belauſchte das menſchliche Herz, das geſellige Leben, und gab Sittengemälde, pſychologiſche Romane, Idyllen, bürgerliche Schauſpiele, Satyren, humoriſtiſche Ausſchweifungen, worin überall der Grundton der Kantiſchen Philoſophie wiederklingt, Prüfung der Menſchenſeele, Humanität und zugleich Polemik gegen den alten Wahn. Man könnte dieß die niederländiſche Schule der Philoſophie nennen, im Gegenſatz gegen die italieniſche Schule der frühern Myſtik und des ſpätern Schellingianismus. Dieſe ruhige, glückliche Zeit der achtziger Jahre ahnete noch nichts von dem Sturm der Begeiſterung der franzöſiſchen Revolution, von den Abenteuern des Kaiſerthums und dem Kirchenſtyl der Reſtauration. Nüchtern, bürgerlich, bequem, kleinſtädtiſch erlebte ſie eine kurze weltgeſchichtliche Idylle als ein Zwiſchenſpiel, hinter dem ein großartiges Trauerſpiel folgen ſollte. Kant aber war der waltende Genius in dieſem häuslichen Frieden der guten, alten, achtziger Zeit.

Zum ewigen Frieden [*].

Ob dieſe ſatyriſche Ueberſchrift auf dem Schilde jenes holländiſchen Gaſtwirths, worauf ein Kirchhof gemalt war, die Menſchen überhaupt, oder beſonders die Staatsoberhäupter, die des Krieges nie ſatt werden können, oder wohl gar nur die Philoſophen gelte, die jenen ſüßen Traum träumen, mag dahingeſtellt ſein. Das bedingt ſich aber der Verfaſſer des Gegenwärtigen aus, daß, da der praktiſche Politiker mit dem theoretiſchen auf dem Fuß ſteht, mit großer Selbſtgefälligkeit auf ihn als einen Schulweiſen herabzuſehen, der dem Staat, welcher von Erfahrungsgrundſätzen ausgehen müſſe, mit ſeinen ſachleeren Ideen keine Gefahr bringe, und den man immer ſeine eilf Kegel auf einmal werfen laſſen kann, ohne, daß ſich der weltkundige Staatsmann daran kehren darf — dieſer auch, im Fall eines Streits mit jenem ſofern conſequent verfahren müſſe, hinter ſeinen auf gut Glück gewagten, und öffentlich geäußerten Meinungen nicht Gefahr für den Staat zu wittern; — durch welche Clauſula ſalvatoria der Verfaſſer dieſes ſich denn hiemit in der beſten Form wider alle bösliche Auslegung ausdrücklich verwahrt wiſſen will.

Erſter Abſchnitt,

welcher die Präliminarartikel zum ewigen Frieden unter Staaten enthält.

1) „Es ſoll kein Friedensſchluß für einen ſolchen gelten, der mit dem geheimen Vorbehalt des Stoffs zu einem künftigen Kriege gemacht worden.“

Denn alsdann wäre er ja ein bloßer Waffenſtillſtand, Aufſchub der Feindſeligkeiten, nicht Friede, der das Ende aller Hoſtilitäten bedeutet, und dem das Beiwort ewig anzuhängen ein ſchon verdächtiger Pleonasm iſt. Die vorhandenen, obgleich jetzt vielleicht den Paciſcirenden ſelbſt noch nicht bekannten Urſachen zum künftigen Kriege ſind durch den Friedensſchluß insgeſammt vernichtet, ſie mögen auch aus archivariſchen Dokumenten mit noch ſo ſcharfſichtiger Ausſpähungsgeſchicklichkeit ausgeklaubt ſein. — Der Vorbehalt (reservatio mentalis) alter allererſt künftig auszudenkender Prätenſionen, deren kein Theil für jetzt Erwähnung thun mag, weil beide zu ſehr erſchöpft ſind, den Krieg fortzuſetzen, bei dem böſen Willen, die erſte günſtige Gelegenheit zu dieſem Zweck zu benutzen, gehört zu der Jeſuitencaſuiſtik, und iſt unter der Würde der Regenten, ſo wie die Willfährigkeit zu dergleichen Deduktionen unter der Würde eines Miniſters deſſelben, wenn man die Sache, wie ſie an ſich ſelbſt iſt beurtheilt. —

Wenn aber, nach aufgeklärten Begriffen der Staatsklugheit, in beſtändiger Vergrößerung der Macht, durch welche Mittel es auch ſei, die wahre Ehre des Staats geſetzt wird, ſo fällt freilich jenes Urtheil als ſchulmäßig und pedantiſch in die Augen.

2) „Es ſoll kein für ſich beſtehender Staat (klein oder groß, das gilt hier gleichviel) von einem andern Staate durch Erbung, Tauſch, Kauf oder Schenkung, erworben werden können.“

Ein Staat iſt nämlich nicht (wie etwa der Boden, auf dem er ſeinen Sitz hat) eine Habe (patrimonium). Er iſt eine Geſellſchaft von Menſchen, über die Niemand anders, als er ſelbſt, zu gebieten und disponiren hat. Ihn aber, der ſelbſt als Stamm ſeine eigene Wurzel hatte, als Pfropfreis einem andern Staate einzuverleiben, heißt ſeine Exiſtenz, als einer moraliſchen Perſon, aufheben, und aus der letzteren eine Sache machen, und widerſpricht alſo der Idee des urſprünglichen Vertrags, ohne die ſich kein Recht über ein Volk denken läßt [*]. In welche Gefahr das Vorurtheil dieſer Erwerbungsart Europa, denn die andern Welttheile haben nie davon gewußt, in unſern bis auf die neuſten Zeiten gebracht habe, daß ſich nämlich auch Staaten einander heirathen könnten, iſt jedermann bekannt, theils als eine neue Art von Induſtrie, ſich auch ohne Aufwand von Kräften durch Familienbündniſſe übermächtig zu machen, theils auch auf ſolche Art den Länderbeſitz zu erweitern. — Auch die Verdingung der Truppen eines Staats an einen andern, gegen einen nicht gemeinſchaftlichen Feind iſt dahin zu zählen; denn die Unterthanen werden dabei als nach Belieben zu handhabende Sachen gebraucht und verbraucht.

3) „Stehende Heere (miles perpetuus) ſollen mit der Zeit ganz aufhören.“

Denn ſie bedrohen andere Staaten unaufhörlich mit Krieg, durch die Bereitſchaft, immer dazu gerüſtet zu erſcheinen; reizen dieſe an, ſich einander in Menge der Gerüſteten, die keine Grenzen kennt, zu übertreffen, und, indem durch die darauf verwandten Koſten der Friede endlich noch drückender wird als ein kurzer Krieg, ſo ſind ſie ſelbſt die Urſache von Angriffskriegen, um dieſe Laſt loszuwerden; wozu kommt, daß zum Tödten, oder getödtet zu werden in Sold genommen zu ſein, einen Gebrauch von Menſchen als bloßen Maſchinen und Werkzeugen in der Hand eines Andern (des Staats) zu enthalten ſcheint, der ſich nicht wohl mit dem Rechte der Menſchheit in unſerer eigenen Perſon vereinigen läßt [**]. Ganz anders iſt es mit der freiwilligen periodiſch vorgenommenen Uebung der Staatsbürger in Waffen bewandt, ſich und ihr Vaterland dadurch gegen Angriffe von außen zu ſichern. — Mit der Anhäufung eines Schatzes würde es eben ſo gehen, daß er, von andern Staaten als Bedrohung mit Krieg angeſehen, zu zuvorkommenden Angriffen nöthigte (weil unter den drei Mächten, der Heeresmacht, der Bundesmacht, und der Geldmacht, die letztere wohl das zuverläſſigſte Kriegswerkzeug ſein dürfte; wenn nicht die Schwierigkeit, die Größe deſſelben zu erforſchen, dem entgegenſtände).

4) „Es ſollen keine Staatsſchulden in Beziehung auf äußere Staatshändel gemacht werden.“

Zum Behuf der Landesökonomie (der Wegebeſſerung, neuer Anſiedelungen, Anſchaffung der Magazine für beſorgliche Mißwachsjahre u. ſ. w.), außerhalb oder innerhalb dem Staate Hülfe zu ſuchen, iſt dieſe Hülfsquelle unverdächtig. Aber als entgegenwirkende Maſchine der Mächte gegen einander, iſt ein Creditſyſtem ins Unabſehliche anwachſender und doch immer für die gegenwärtige Forderung (weil ſie doch nicht von allen Gläubigern auf einmal geſchehen wird) geſicherter Schulden, — die ſinnreiche Erfindung eines handeltreibenden Volks in dieſem Jahrhundert, — eine gefährliche Geldmacht, nämlich ein Schatz zum Kriegführen, der die Schätze aller andern Staaten zuſammengenommen übertrifft, und nur durch den einmal bevorſtehenden Ausfall der Taxen (der doch auch durch die Belebung des Verkehrs, vermittelſt der Rückwirkung auf Induſtrie und Erwerb, noch lange hingehalten wird) erſchöpft werden kann. Dieſe Leichtigkeit Krieg zu führen, mit der Neigung der Machthabenden dazu, welche der menſchlichen Natur eingeartet zu ſein ſcheint, verbunden, iſt alſo ein großes Hinderniß des ewigen Friedens, welches zu verbieten um deſto mehr ein Präliminarartikel deſſelben ſein müßte, weil der endlich doch unvermeidliche Staatsbankerott manche andere Staaten unverſchuldet in den Schaden mit verwickeln muß, welches eine öffentliche Läſion der letzteren ſein würde. Mithin ſind wenigſtens andere Staaten berechtigt, ſich gegen einen ſolchen und deſſen Anmaßungen zu verbünden.

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[*] Z. ewig. F. Ein philoſoph. Entwurf v. J. Kant. Königsberg 1795.

[*] Ein Erbreich iſt nicht ein Staat, der von einem andern Staate, ſondern deſſen Recht zu regieren an eine andere phyſiſche Perſon vererbt werden kann. Der Staat erwirbt alsdann einen Regenten, nicht dieſer als ein ſolcher (d. i. der ſchon ein anderes Reich beſitzt) den Staat.

[**] So antwortete ein bulgariſcher Fürſt dem griechiſchen Kaiſer, der den Zwiſt mit ihm, nicht durch Vergießung des Bluts ſeiner Unterthanen, ſondern gutmüthigerweiſe durch einen Zweikampf abmachen wollte: „Ein Schmidt, der Zangen hat, wird das glühende Eiſen aus den Kohlen nicht mit den Händen herausnehmen.“

5) „Kein Staat ſoll ſich in die Verfaſſung und Regierung eines andern Staats gewaltthätig einmiſchen.“

Denn was kann ihn dazu berechtigen? Etwa das Skandal, was er den Unterthanen eines andern Staates giebt? Es kann dieſer vielmehr, durch das Beiſpiel der großen Uebel, die ſich ein Volk durch ſeine Geſetzloſigkeit zugezogen hat, zur Warnung dienen; und überhaupt iſt das böſe Beiſpiel, was eine freie Perſon der andern giebt (als scandalum acceptum), keine Läſion derſelben. — Dahin würde zwar nicht zu ziehen ſein, wenn ein Staat ſich durch innere Veruneinigung in zwei Theile ſpaltete, deren jeder für ſich einen beſondern Staat vorſtellt, der auf das Ganze Anſpruch macht; wo einem derſelben Beiſtand zu leiſten einem äußern Staat nicht für Einmiſchung in die Verfaſſung des andern (denn es iſt alsdann Anarchie) angerechnet werden könnte. So lange aber dieſer innere Streit noch nicht entſchieden iſt, würde dieſe Einmiſchung äußerer Mächte Verletzung der Rechte eines nur mit ſeiner innern Krankheit ringenden, von keinem andern abhängigen Volks, ſelbſt alſo ein gegebenes Skandal ſein, und die Autonomie aller Staaten unſicher machen.

6) „Es ſoll ſich kein Staat im Kriege mit einem andern ſolche Feindſeligkeiten erlauben, welche das wechſelſeitige Zutrauen im künftigen Frieden unmöglich machen müſſen, als da ſind: Anſtellung der Meuchelmörder (percussores), Giftmiſcher (venefici), Brechung der Capitulation, Anſtiftung des Verraths (perduellio) in dem bekriegten Staat ꝛc.“

Das ſind ehrloſe Stratagemen. Denn irgend ein Vertrauen auf die Denkungsart des Feindes muß mitten im Kriege noch übrig bleiben, weil ſonſt auch kein Friede abgeſchloſſen werden könnte, und die Feindſeligkeit in einen Ausrottungskrieg (bellum internecinum) ausſchlagen würde; da der Krieg doch nur das traurige Nothmittel im Naturzuſtande iſt (wo kein Gerichtshof vorhanden iſt, der rechtskräftig urtheilen könnte), durch Gewalt ſein Recht zu behaupten; wo keiner von beiden Theilen für einen ungerechten Feind erklärt werden kann (weil das ſchon einen Richterausſpruch vorausſetzt), ſondern der Ausſchlag deſſelben (gleich als vor einem ſogenannten Gottesgerichte) entſcheidet, auf weſſen Seite das Recht iſt; zwiſchen Staaten aber ſich kein Beſtrafungskrieg (bellum punitivum) denken läßt (weil zwiſchen ihnen kein Verhältniß eines Obern zu einem Untergebenen ſtatt findet). — Woraus denn folgt: daß ein Ausrottungskrieg, wo die Vertilgung beide Theile zugleich, und mit dieſer auch alles Rechts treffen kann, den ewigen Frieden nur auf dem großen Kirchhofe der Menſchengattung ſtatt finden laſſen würde. Ein ſolcher Krieg alſo, mithin auch der Gebrauch der Mittel, die dahin führen, muß ſchlechterdings unerlaubt ſein. — Daß aber die genannten Mittel unvermeidlich dahin führen, erhellet daraus: das jene hölliſchen Künſte, da ſie an ſich ſelbſt niederträchtig ſind, wenn ſie in Gebrauch gekommen, ſich nicht lange innerhalb der Grenze des Krieges halten, wie etwa der Gebrauch der Spione (uti exploratoribus), wo nur die Ehrloſigkeit Anderer (die nun einmal nicht ausgerottet werden kann) benutzt wird, ſondern auch in den Friedenszuſtand übergehen, und ſo die Abſicht deſſelben gänzlich vernichten würden.

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Obgleich die angeführten Geſetze objectiv, d. i. in der Intention der Machthabenden, lauter Verbotgeſetze (leges prohibitivae) ſind, ſo ſind doch einige derſelben von der ſtrengen, ohne Unterſchied der Umſtände geltenden Art (leges strictae), die ſofort auf Abſchaffung dringen (wie Nr. 1, 5, 6), andere aber (wie Nr. 2, 3, 4), die zwar nicht als Ausnahmen von der Rechtsregel, aber doch in Rückſicht auf die Ausübung derſelben, durch die Umſtände, ſubjectiv für die Befugniß erweiternd (leges latae), und Erlaubniſſe enthalten, die Vollführung aufzuſchieben, ohne doch den Zweck aus den Augen zu verlieren, der dieſen Aufſchub, z. B. der Wiedererſtattung der gewiſſen Staaten nach Nr. 2 entzogenen Freiheit, nicht auf den Nimmertag (wie Auguſt zu verſprechen pflegte, ad calendas graecas) auszuſetzen, mithin die Nichterſtattung, ſondern nur, damit ſie nicht übereilt und ſo der Abſicht ſelbſt zuwider geſchehe, die Verzögerung erlaubt. Denn das Verbot betrifft hier nur die Erwerbungsart, die fernerhin nicht gelten ſoll, aber nicht den Beſitzſtand, der, ob er zwar nicht den erforderlichen Rechtstitel hat, doch zu ſeiner Zeit (der putativen Erwerbung), nach der damaligen öffentlichen Meinung, von allen Staaten für rechtmäßig gehalten wurde *).

Zweiter Abſchnitt,

welcher die Definitivartikel zum ewigen Frieden unter Staaten enthält.

Der Friedenszuſtand unter Menſchen, die neben einander leben, iſt kein Naturſtand (status naturalis), der vielmehr ein Zuſtand des Krieges iſt, d. i. wenn gleich nicht immer ein Ausbruch der Feindſeligkeiten, doch immerwährende Bedrohung mit denſelben. Er muß alſo geſtiftet werden; denn die Unterlaſſung der letzteren iſt noch nicht Sicherheit

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*) Ob es außer dem Gebot (leges praeceptivae), und Verbot (leges prohibitivae), noch Erlaubnißgeſetze (leges permissivae) der reinen Vernunft geben könne, iſt bisher nicht ohne Grund bezweifelt worden. Denn Geſetze überhaupt enthalten einen Grund objectiver praktiſcher Nothwendigkeit, Erlaubniß aber einen der praktiſchen Zufälligkeit gewiſſer Handlungen; mithin würde ein Erlaubnißgeſetz Nöthigung zu einer Handlung, zu dem, wozu jemand nicht genöthigt werden kann, enthalten, welches, wenn das Object des Geſetzes in beiderlei Beziehung einerlei Bedeutung hätte, ein Widerſpruch ſein würde. — Nun geht aber hier im Erlaubnißgeſetze das vorausgeſetzte Verbot nur auf die künftige Erwerbungsart eines Rechts (z. B. durch Erbſchaft), die Befreiung aber von dieſem Verbot, d. i. die Erlaubniß auf den gegenwärtigen Beſitzſtand, welcher letztere, im Ueberſchritt aus dem Naturzuſtande in den bürgerlichen, als ein, obwohl unrechtmäßiger, dennoch ehrlicher, Beſitz (possessio putativa), nach einem Erlaubnißgeſetze des Naturrechts noch fernerhin fortdauern kann, obgleich ein putativer Beſitz, ſo bald er als ein ſolcher erkannt worden, im Naturzuſtande, ingleichen eine ähnliche Erwerbungsart im nachmaligen bürgerlichen (nach geſchehenem Ueberſchritt) verboten iſt, welche Befugniß des fortdauernden Beſitzes nicht ſtatt finden würde, wenn eine ſolche vermeintliche Erwerbung im bürgerlichen Zuſtande geſchehen wäre; denn da würde er als Läſion ſofort nach Entdeckung ſeiner Unrechtmäßigkeit aufhören müſſen.

Ich habe hiermit nur beiläufig die Lehrer des Naturrechts auf den Begriff einer lex permissiva, welcher ſich einer ſyſtematiſch-eintheilenden Vernunft von ſelbſt darbietet, aufmerkſam machen wollen; vornehmlich, da im Civilgeſetze (ſtatutariſchen) öfters davon Gebrauch gemacht wird, nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß das Verbotgeſetz für ſich allein daſteht, die Erlaubniß aber nicht als einſchränkende Bedingung (wie es ſollte) in jenes Geſetz mit hinein gebracht, ſondern unter die Ausnahmen geworfen wird. — Da heißt es dann: dieß oder jenes wird verboten: es ſei denn Nr. 1, Nr. 2, Nr. 3, und ſo weiter ins Unabſehliche, die Erlaubniſſe nur zufälliger Weiſe, nicht nach einem Princip, ſondern durch Herumtappen unter vorkommenden Fällen, zum Geſetz hinzukommen; denn ſonſt hätten die Bedingungen in die Formel des Verbotgeſetzes mit hineingebracht werden müſſen, wodurch es dann zugleich ein Erlaubnißgeſetz geworden wäre. — Es iſt daher zu bedauern, daß die ſinnreiche, aber unaufgelöſt gebliebene Preisaufgabe des eben ſo weiſen als ſcharfſinnigen Herrn Grafen von Windiſchgrätz, welche gerade auf das letztere drang, ſobald verlaſſen worden. Denn die Möglichkeit einer ſolchen (der mathematiſchen ähnlichen) Formel iſt der einzige echte Probierſtein einer conſequent bleibenden Geſetzgebung, ohne welche das ſogenannte ius certum immer ein frommer Wunſch bleiben wird. — Sonſt wird man bloß generale Geſetze (die im Allgemeinen gelten), aber keine universale (die allgemein gelten) haben, wie es doch der Begriff eines Geſetzes zu erfordern ſcheint.

dafür, und, ohne daß ſie einem Nachbar von dem andern geleiſtet wird (welches aber nur in einem *geſetzlichen* Zuſtande geſchehen kann), kann jener dieſen, welchen er dazu aufgefordert hat, als einen Feind behandeln *).

Erſter Definitivartikel zum ewigen Frieden.

Die bürgerliche Verfaſſung in jedem Staat ſoll republikaniſch ſein.

Die erſtlich nach Principien der *Freiheit* der Glieder einer Geſellſchaft (als Menſchen), zweitens nach Grundſätzen der *Abhängigkeit* aller von einer einzigen gemeinſamen Geſetzgebung (als Unterthanen), und drittens, die nach dem Geſetz der *Gleichheit* derſelben (als *Staatsbürger*) geſtiftete Verfaſſung — die einzige, welche aus der Idee des urſprünglichen Vertrags hervorgeht, auf der alle rechtliche Geſetzgebung eines Volks gegründet ſein muß — iſt die *republikaniſche* **). Dieſe iſt alſo, was das Recht betrifft, an ſich ſelbſt diejenige, welche allen Arten der bürgerlichen Conſtitution zum Grunde liegt; und nun iſt nur die Frage: ob ſie auch die einzige iſt, die zum ewigen Frieden hinführen kann?

Nun hat aber die republikaniſche Verfaſſung, außer der Lauterkeit ihres Urſprungs, aus dem reinen Quell des Rechtsbegriffs entſprungen zu ſein, noch die Ausſicht in die gewünſchte Folge, nämlich den ewigen Frieden; wovon der Grund dieſer iſt. — Wenn (wie es in dieſer Verfaſſung nicht anders ſein kann) die Beiſtimmung der Staatsbürger dazu erfordert wird, um zu beſchließen, „ob Krieg ſein ſolle, oder nicht," ſo iſt nichts natürlicher, als daß, da ſie alle Drangſale des Krieges über ſich ſelbſt beſchließen müßten (als da ſind: ſelbſt zu fechten; die Koſten des Krieges aus ihrer eigenen Habe herzugeben; die Verwüſtung, die er hinter ſich läßt, kümmerlich zu verbeſſern; zum Uebermaße des Uebels endlich noch eine, den Frieden ſelbſt verbitternde, nie (wegen naher immer neuer Kriege) zu tilgende Schuldenlaſt ſelbſt zu übernehmen, — ſie ſich ſehr bedenken werden, ein ſo ſchlimmes Spiel anzufangen: da hingegen in einer Verfaſſung, wo der Staatsunterthan nicht Staatsbürger, die alſo nicht republikaniſch iſt, es die unbedenklichſte Sache von der Welt iſt, weil das Oberhaupt nicht Staatsgenoſſe, ſondern Staatseigenthümer iſt, an ſeinen Tafeln, Jagden, Luſtſchlöſſern, Hoffeſten u. d. gl. durch den Krieg nicht das Mindeſte einbüßt, dieſen alſo wie eine Art von Luſtpartie aus unbedeutenden Urſachen beſchließen, und der Anſtändigkeit wegen dem dazu allezeit fertigen diplomatiſchen Corps die Rechtfertigung deſſelben gleichgültig überlaſſen kann.

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Damit man die republikaniſche Verfaſſung nicht (wie gemeiniglich geſchieht) mit der demokratiſchen verwechſele, muß Folgendes bemerkt werden. Die Formen eines Staats (civitas) können entweder nach dem Unterſchiede der Perſonen, welche die oberſte Staatsgewalt inne haben, oder nach der *Regierungsart* des Volks durch ſein Oberhaupt, er mag ſein welcher er wolle, eingetheilt werden; die erſte heißt eigentlich die Form der *Beherrſchung* (forma imperii), und es ſind nur drei derſelben möglich, wo nämlich entweder nur *Einer*, oder *Einige* unter ſich verbunden, oder *Alle* zuſammen, welche die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft ausmachen, die Herrſchergewalt beſitzen (*Autokratie*, *Ariſtokratie* und *Demokratie*, Fürſtengewalt, Adelsgewalt und Volksgewalt). Die zweite iſt die Form der Regierung (forma regiminis), und betrifft die auf die Conſtitution (den Akt des allgemeinen Willens, wodurch die Menge ein Volk wird) gegründete Art, wie der Staat von ſeiner Machtvollkommenheit Gebrauch macht: und iſt in dieſer Beziehung entweder *republikaniſch* oder *despotiſch*. Der *Republikanism* iſt das Staatsprincip der Abſonderung der ausführenden Gewalt (der Regierung) von der geſetzgebenden; der Despotism iſt das der eigenmächtigen Vollziehung des Staats von Ge-

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*) Gemeiniglich nimmt man an, daß man gegen Niemand feindlich verfahren dürfe, als nur, wenn er mich ſchon thätig *lädirt* hat, und das iſt auch ganz richtig, wenn beide im *bürgerlich-geſetzlichen* Zuſtande ſind. Denn dadurch, daß dieſer in denſelben getreten iſt, leiſtet er jenem (vermittelſt der Obrigkeit, welche über beide Gewalt hat) die erforderliche Sicherheit. — Der Menſch aber (oder das Volk) im bloßen Naturſtande benimmt mir dieſe Sicherheit, und lädirt mich ſchon durch eben dieſen Zuſtand, indem er neben mir iſt, obgleich nicht thätig (facto), doch durch die Geſetzloſigkeit ſeines Zuſtandes (statu iniusto), wodurch ich beſtändig von ihm bedrohet werde, und ich kann ihn nöthigen, entweder mit mir in einen gemeinſchaftlich-geſetzlichen Zuſtand zu treten, oder aus meiner Nachbarſchaft zu weichen. — Das Poſtulat alſo, was allen folgenden Artikeln zum Grunde liegt, iſt: Alle Menſchen, die auf einander wechſelſeitig einfließen können, müſſen zu irgend einer bürgerlichen Verfaſſung gehören.

Alle rechtliche Verfaſſung aber iſt, was die Perſonen betrifft, die darin ſtehen,

1) die nach dem *Staatsbürgerrecht* der Menſchen in einem Volk (ius civitatis),

2) nach dem *Völkerrecht* der Staaten im Verhältniß gegen einander (ius gentium),

3) die nach dem *Weltbürgerrecht*, ſo fern Menſchen und Staaten, in äußerem auf einander einfließendem Verhältniß ſtehend, als Bürger eines allgemeinen Menſchenſtaats anzuſehen ſind (ius cosmopoliticum). Dieſe Eintheilung iſt nicht willkürlich, ſondern nothwendig in Beziehung auf die Idee vom ewigen Frieden. Denn wenn nur einer von dieſen im Verhältniſſe des phyſiſchen Einfluſſes auf den andern, und doch im Naturſtande wäre, ſo würde damit der Zuſtand des Kriegs verbunden ſein, von dem befreit zu werden hier eben die Abſicht iſt.

**) *Rechtliche* (mithin äußere) *Freiheit* kann nicht, wie man wohl zu thun pflegt, durch die Befugniß definirt werden: „alles zu thun, was man will, wenn man nur Keinem Unrecht thut." Denn was heißt *Befugniß*? Die Möglichkeit einer Handlung, ſo fern man dadurch Keinem Unrecht thut. Alſo würde die Erklärung einer Befugniß ſo lauten: „Man thut Keinem Unrecht (man mag auch thun, was man will) wenn man nur Keinem Unrecht thut:" folglich iſt es leere Tautologie. — Vielmehr iſt meine äußere (rechtliche) *Freiheit* ſo zu erklären: ſie iſt die Befugniß, keinen äußeren Geſetzen zu gehorchen, als zu denen ich meine Beiſtimmung habe geben können. — Eben ſo iſt äußere (rechtliche) *Gleichheit* in einem Staate dasjenige Verhältniß der Staatsbürger, nach welchem Keiner den Andern wozu rechtlich verbinden kann, ohne daß er ſich zugleich dem Geſetz unterwirft, von dieſem wechſelſeitig auf dieſelbe Art auch verbunden werden zu *können*. (Vom Princip der *rechtlichen* Abhängigkeit, da dieſes ſchon in dem Begriffe einer Staatsverfaſſung überhaupt liegt, bedarf es keiner Erklärung). — Die Gültigkeit dieſer angebornen, zur Menſchheit nothwendig gehörenden und unveräußerlichen Rechte wird durch das Princip der rechtlichen Verhältniſſe des Menſchen ſelbſt zu höheren Weſen (wenn er ſich ſolche denkt) beſtätigt und erhoben, indem er ſich nach eben denſelben Grundſätzen auch als Staatsbürger einer überſinnlichen Welt vorſtellt. — Denn, was meine Freiheit betrifft, ſo habe ich, ſelbſt in Anſehung der göttlichen, von mir durch bloße Vernunft erkennbaren Geſetze, keine Verbindlichkeit als nur ſo fern ich dazu ſelber habe meine Beiſtimmung geben können (denn durchs Freiheitsgeſetz meiner eigenen Vernunft mache ich mir allererſt einen Begriff vom göttlichen Willen). Was in Anſehung des erhabenſten Weltweſens außer Gott, welches ich mir etwa denken möchte (einen großen *Aeon*), das Princip der *Gleichheit* betrifft, ſo iſt kein Grund da, warum, wenn ich in meinem Poſten meine Pflicht thue, wie jener Aeon es in dem ſeinigen, mir bloß die Pflicht zu gehorchen, jenem aber das Recht zu befehlen zukommen ſolle. — Daß dieſes Princip der *Gleichheit* nicht (ſo wie das der Freiheit) auch auf das Verhältniß zu Gott paßt, davon iſt der Grund dieſer, weil dieſes Weſen das einzige iſt, bei dem der Pflichtbegriff aufhört.

Was aber das Recht der Gleichheit aller Staatsbürger, als Unterthanen betrifft, ſo kommt es in Beantwortung der Frage von der Zuläſſigkeit des *Erbadels* allein darauf an: „ob der vom Staat zugeſtandene *Rang* (eines Unterthans vor dem andern) vor dem *Verdienſt*, oder dieſes vor jenem vorhergehen müſſe." — Nun iſt offenbar: daß, wenn der Rang mit der Geburt verbunden wird, es ganz ungewiß iſt, ob das Verdienſt (Amtsgeſchicklichkeit und Amtstreue) auch folgen werde; mithin iſt es eben ſo viel, als ob er ohne alles Verdienſt dem Begünſtigten zugeſtanden würde (Befehlshaber zu ſein); welches der allgemeine Volkswille in einem urſprünglichen Vertrage, (der doch das Princip aller Rechte iſt) nie beſchließen wird. Denn ein Edelmann iſt darum nicht ſo fort ein *edler* Mann. — Was den *Amtsadel* (wie man den Rang einer höheren Magiſtratur nennen könnte, und den man ſich durch Verdienſte erwerben muß) betrifft, ſo klebt der Rang da nicht, als Eigenthum, an der Perſon, ſondern am Poſten, und die Gleichheit wird dadurch nicht verletzt; weil, wenn jene ihr Amt niederlegt, ſie zugleich den Rang ablegt, und unter das Volk zurücktritt. —

ſetzen, die er ſelbſt gegeben hat, mithin der öffentliche Wille, ſofern er von dem Regenten als ſein Privatwille gehandhabt wird. — Unter den drei Staatsformen iſt die der Demokratie, im eigentlichen Verſtande des Worts, nothwendig ein Despotism, weil ſie eine executive Gewalt gründet, da Alle über und allenfalls auch wider Einen (der alſo nicht mit einſtimmt), mithin Alle, die doch nicht Alle ſind, beſchließen; welches ein Widerſpruch des allgemeinen Willens mit ſich ſelbſt und mit der Freiheit iſt.

Alle Regierungsform nämlich, die nicht repräſentativ iſt, iſt eigentlich eine Unform, weil der Geſetzgeber in einer und derſelben Perſon zugleich Vollſtrecker ſeines Willens (ſo wenig, wie das Allgemeine des Oberſatzes in einem Vernunftſchluſſe zugleich die Subſumtion des Beſondern unter jenem im Unterſatze) ſein kann, und, wenn gleich die zwei andern Staatsverfaſſungen inſofern immer fehlerhaft ſind, daß ſie einer ſolchen Regierungsart Raum geben, ſo iſt es bei ihnen doch wenigſtens möglich, daß ſie eine dem Geiſte eines repräſentativen Syſtems gemäße Regierungsart annähmen, wie etwa Friedrich II. wenigſtens ſagte: er ſei bloß der oberſte Diener des Staats [*], da hingegen die demokratiſche es unmöglich macht, weil Alles da Herr ſein will. — Man kann daher ſagen: je kleiner das Perſonale der Staatsgewalt (die Zahl der Herrſcher), je größer dagegen die Repräſentation derſelben, deſto mehr ſtimmt die Staatsverfaſſung zur Möglichkeit des Republikanism, und ſie kann hoffen, durch allmälige Reformen ſich dazu endlich zu erheben. Aus dieſem Grunde iſt es in der Ariſtokratie ſchon ſchwerer, als in der Monarchie, in der Demokratie aber unmöglich anders, als durch gewaltſame Revolution zu dieſer einzigen vollkommen rechtlichen Verfaſſung zu gelangen. Es iſt aber an der Regierungsart [**] dem Volk ohne alle Vergleichung mehr gelegen, als an der Staatsform (wiewohl auch auf dieſer ihre mehrere oder mindere Angemeſſenheit zu jenem Zwecke ſehr viel ankommt). Zu jener aber, wenn ſie dem Rechtsbegriffe gemäß ſein ſoll, gehört das repräſentative Syſtem, in welchem allein eine republikaniſche Regierungsart möglich, ohne welches ſie (die Verfaſſung mag ſein, welche ſie wolle) despotiſch und gewaltthätig iſt. — Keine der alten ſogenannten Republiken hat dieſes gekannt, und ſie mußten ſich darüber auch ſchlechterdings in den Despotism auflöſen, der unter der Obergewalt eines Einzigen noch der erträglichſte unter allen iſt.

Zweiter Definitivartikel zum ewigen Frieden.

Das Völkerrecht ſoll auf einen Föderalism freier Staaten gegründet ſein.

Völker, als Staaten, können wie einzelne Menſchen beurtheilt werden, die ſich in ihrem Naturzuſtande (d. i. in der Unabhängigkeit von äußern Geſetzen) ſchon durch ihr Nebeneinanderſein lädiren, und deren jeder, um ſeiner Sicherheit willen, von dem andern fordern kann und ſoll, mit ihm in eine, der bürgerlichen ähnliche, Verfaſſung zu treten, wo jedem ſein Recht geſichert werden kann. Dieß wäre ein Völkerbund, der aber gleichwohl kein Völkerſtaat ſein müßte. Darin aber wäre ein Widerſpruch; weil ein jeder Staat das Verhältniß eines Oberen (Geſetzgebenden) zu einem Unteren (Gehorchenden, nämlich dem Volk) enthält, viele Völker aber in einem Staat nur ein Volk ausmachen würden, welches (da wir hier das Recht der Völker gegen einander zu erwägen haben, ſo fern ſie ſo viel verſchiedene Staaten ausmachen, und nicht in einen Staat zuſammenſchmelzen ſollen) der Vorausſetzung widerſpricht.

Gleichwie wir nun die Anhänglichkeit der Wilden an ihre geſetzloſe Freiheit, ſich lieber unaufhörlich zu balgen, als ſich einem geſetzlichen, von ihnen ſelbſt zu conſtituirenden, Zwange zu unterwerfen, mithin die tolle Freiheit der vernünftigen vorzuziehen, mit tiefer Verachtung anſehen, und als Rohigkeit, Ungeſchliffenheit, und viehiſche Abwürdigung der Menſchheit betrachten, ſo, ſollte man denken, müßten geſittete Völker (jedes für ſich zu einem Staat vereinigt) eilen, aus einem ſo verworfenen Zuſtande je eher deſto lieber herauszukommen. Statt deſſen aber ſetzt vielmehr jeder Staat ſeine Majeſtät (denn Volksmajeſtät iſt ein ungereimter Ausdruck) gerade darin, gar keinem äußeren geſetzlichen Zwange unterworfen zu ſein, und der Glanz ſeines Oberhauptes beſteht darin, daß ihm, ohne daß er ſich eben ſelbſt in Gefahr ſetzen darf, viele Tauſende zu Gebot ſtehen, ſich für eine Sache, die ſie nichts angeht, aufopfern zu laſſen [*], und der Unterſchied der europäiſchen Wilden von den amerikaniſchen beſteht hauptſächlich darin, daß, da manche Stämme der letzteren von ihren Feinden gänzlich ſind gegeſſen worden, die erſteren ihre Ueberwundenen beſſer zu benutzen wiſſen, als ſie zu verſpeiſen, und lieber die Zahl ihrer Unterthanen, mithin auch die Menge der Werkzeuge zu noch ausgebreiteteren Kriegen durch ſie zu vermehren wiſſen.

Bei der Bösartigkeit der menſchlichen Natur, die ſich im freien Verhältniß der Völker unverholen blicken läßt (indeſſen daß ſie im bürgerlich-geſetzlichen Zuſtande durch den Zwang der Regierung ſich ſehr verſchleiert), iſt es doch ſehr zu verwundern, daß das Wort Recht aus der Kriegspolitik noch nicht als pedantiſch ganz hat verwieſen werden können, und ſich noch kein Staat erkühnet hat, ſich für die letztere Meinung öffentlich zu erklären; denn noch werden Hugo Grotius, Puffendorf, Vattell u. And. (lauter leidige Tröſter), obgleich ihr Codex, philoſophiſch oder diplomatiſch abgefaßt, nicht die mindeſte geſetzliche Kraft hat oder auch nur haben kann (weil Staaten als ſolche nicht unter einem gemeinſchaftlichen äußeren Zwange ſtehen), immer treuherzig zur Rechtfertigung eines Kriegsangriffs angeführt, ohne daß es ein Beiſpiel giebt, daß jemals ein Staat durch mit Zeugniſſen ſo wichtiger Männer bewaffnete Argumente wäre bewogen worden, von ſeinem Vorhaben abzuſtehen. — Dieſe Huldigung, die jeder Staat dem Rechtsbegriffe (wenigſtens den Worten nach) leiſtet, beweiſt doch, daß eine noch größere, ob zwar zur Zeit ſchlummernde, moraliſche Anlage im Menſchen anzutreffen ſei, über das böſe Princip in ihm (was er nicht ableugnen kann) doch einmal Meiſter zu werden, und dieß auch von andern zu hoffen; denn ſonſt würde das Wort Recht den Staaten, die ſich einander befehden wollen, nie in den Mund kommen, es ſei denn, bloß um ſeinen Spott damit zu treiben, wie jener galliſche Fürſt es erklärte: „Es iſt der Vorzug, den die Natur dem Stärkern über den Schwächern gegeben hat, daß dieſer ihm gehorchen ſoll.“

Da die Art, wie Staaten ihr Recht verfolgen, nie wie bei einem äußern Gerichtshofe, der Proceß, ſondern nur der Krieg ſein kann, durch dieſen aber und ſeinen günſtigen Ausſchlag, den Sieg, das Recht nicht entſchieden wird, und durch den Friedensvertrag zwar wohl dem diesmaligen Kriege, aber nicht dem Kriegszuſtande (immer zu einem neuen Vorwand zu finden) ein Ende gemacht wird (den man auch nicht geradezu für ungerecht erklären kann, weil in dieſem Zuſtande jeder in ſeiner eigenen Sache Richter iſt), gleichwohl aber von Staaten, nach dem Völkerrecht, nicht eben das gelten kann, was von Menſchen im geſetzloſen Zuſtande nach dem Naturrechte gilt, „aus dieſem Zuſtande herausgehen zu ſollen“ (weil ſie, als Staaten, innerlich ſchon eine rechtliche Verfaſſung haben, und alſo dem Zwange anderer, ſie nach ihren Rechtsbegriffen unter eine erweiterte geſetzliche Verfaſſung zu bringen, entwachſen ſind), indeſſen daß doch die Vernunft vom Throne der höchſten moraliſch geſetzgebenden Gewalt herab, den Krieg als Rechtsgang ſchlechterdings verdammt, den Friedenszuſtand dagegen zur mittelbaren Pflicht macht, welcher doch, ohne einen Vertrag der Völker unter ſich, nicht geſtiftet oder geſichert werden kann: — ſo muß es einen *Bund* von beſonderer Art geben, den man den *Friedensbund* (foedus pacificum) nennen kann, der vom *Friedensvertrag* (pactum pacis) darin unterſchieden ſein würde, daß dieſer bloß *einen* Krieg, jener aber *alle* Kriege auf immer zu endigen ſuchte. Dieſer Bund geht auf keinen Erwerb irgend einer Macht des Staats, ſondern lediglich auf Erhaltung und Sicherung der *Freiheit* eines Staats, für ſich ſelbſt und zugleich anderer verbündeten Staaten, ohne daß dieſe doch ſich deshalb (wie Menſchen im Naturzuſtande) öffentlichen Geſetzen, und einem Zwange unter denſelben, unterwerfen dürfen. — Die Ausführbarkeit (objective Realität) dieſer Idee der *Föderalität*, die ſich allmälig über alle Staaten erſtrecken ſoll, und ſo zum ewigen Frieden hinführet, läßt ſich darſtellen. Denn wenn das Glück es ſo fügt: daß ein mächtiges und aufgeklärtes Volk ſich zu einer Republik (die ihrer Natur nach zum ewigen Frieden geneigt ſein muß) bilden kann, ſo giebt dieſe einen Mittelpunkt der föderativen Vereinigung für andere Staaten ab, um ſich an ſie anzuſchließen, und ſo den Freiheitszuſtand der Staaten, gemäß der Idee des Völkerrechts, zu ſichern, und ſich durch mehrere Verbindungen dieſer Art nach und nach immer weiter auszubreiten.

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[*] Man hat die hohen Benennungen, die einem Beherrſcher oft beigelegt werden (die eines göttlichen Geſalbten, eines Verweſers des göttlichen Willens auf Erden und Stellvertreters deſſelben), als grobe, ſchwindlich machende Schmeicheleien oft getadelt; aber mich dünkt, ohne Grund. — Weit gefehlt, daß ſie den Landesherrn ſollten hochmüthig machen, ſo müſſen ſie ihn vielmehr in ſeiner Seele demüthigen, wenn er Verſtand hat (welches man doch vorausſetzen muß) und es bedenkt, daß er ein Amt übernommen habe, was für einen Menſchen zu groß iſt, nämlich das Heiligſte, was Gott auf Erden hat, das Recht der Menſchen zu verwalten, und dieſem Augapfel Gottes irgend worin zu nahe getreten zu ſein, jederzeit in Beſorgniß ſtehen muß.

[**] Mallet du Pan rühmt in ſeiner genietönenden, aber hohlen und ſachleeren Sprache: nach vieljähriger Erfahrung endlich zur Ueberzeugung von der Wahrheit des bekannten Spruchs von Pope gelangt zu ſein: „laß über die beſte Regierung Narren ſtreiten; die beſtgeführte iſt die beſte.“ Wenn das ſoviel ſagen ſoll: die am beſten geführte Regierung iſt am beſten geführt, ſo hat er, nach Swift's Ausdruck, eine Nuß aufgebiſſen, die ihn mit einer Made belohnte; ſoll es aber bedeuten, ſie ſei auch die beſte Regierungsart, d. i. Staatsverfaſſung, ſo iſt es grundfalſch; denn Exempel von guten Regierungen beweiſen nichts für die Regierungsart. — Wer hat wohl beſſer regiert als ein Titus und Markus Aurelius, und doch hinterließ der eine einen Domitian, der andere einen Commodus zu Nachfolgern; welches bei einer guten Staatsverfaſſung nicht hätte geſchehen können, da ihre Untauglichkeit zu dieſem Poſten früh genug bekannt war, und die Macht des Beherrſchers auch hinreichend war, um ſie auszuſchließen.

[*] So gab ein bulgariſcher Fürſt dem griechiſchen Kaiſer, der gutmüthigerweiſe ſeinen Streit mit ihm durch einen Zweikampf ausmachen wollte, zur Antwort: „Ein Schmidt, der Zangen hat, wird das glühende Eiſen aus den Kohlen nicht mit ſeinen Händen herauslangen.“

Daß ein Volk ſagt: „es ſoll unter uns kein Krieg ſein; denn wir wollen uns in einen Staat formiren, d. i. uns ſelbſt eine oberſte geſetzgebende, regierende und richtende Gewalt ſetzen, die unſere Streitigkeiten friedlich ausgleicht“ — das läßt ſich verſtehen. — — Wenn aber dieſer Staat ſagt: „es ſoll kein Krieg zwiſchen mir und andern Staaten ſein, obgleich ich keine oberſte geſetzgebende Gewalt erkenne, die mir mein, und der ich ihr Recht ſichere,“ ſo iſt es gar nicht zu verſtehen, worauf ich dann das Vertrauen zu meinem Rechte gründen wolle, wenn es nicht das Surrogat des bürgerlichen Geſellſchaftsbundes, nämlich der freie Föderalism iſt, den die Vernunft mit dem Begriffe des Völkerrecht nothwendig verbinden muß, wenn überall etwas dabei zu denken übrig bleiben ſoll.

Bei dem Begriffe des Völkerrechts, als eines Rechts *zum* Kriege, läßt ſich eigentlich gar nichts denken (weil es ein Recht ſein ſoll, nicht nach allgemein gültigen äußern, die Freiheit jedes Einzelnen einſchränkenden Geſetzen, ſondern nach einſeitigen Maximen durch Gewalt, was Recht ſei, zu beſtimmen), es müßte denn darunter verſtanden werden: daß Menſchen, die ſo geſinnet ſind, ganz recht geſchieht, wenn ſie ſich unter einander aufreiben, und alſo den ewigen Frieden in dem weiten Grabe finden, das alle Gräuel der Gewaltthätigkeit ſammt ihren Urhebern bedeckt. — Für Staaten, im Verhältniſſe unter einander, kann es nach der Vernunft keine andere Art geben, aus dem geſetzloſen Zuſtande, der lauter Krieg enthält, herauskommen, als daß ſie, eben ſo wie einzelne Menſchen, ihre wilde (geſetzloſe) Freiheit aufgeben, ſich zu öffentlichen Zwangsgeſetzen bequemen, und ſo einen (freilich immer wachſenden) *Völkerſtaat* (civitas gentium), der zuletzt alle Völker der Erde befaſſen würde, bilden. Da ſie dieſes aber nach ihrer Idee vom Völkerrecht durchaus nicht wollen, mithin, was in thesi richtig iſt, in hypothesi verwerfen, ſo kann an die Stelle der poſitiven Idee *einer Weltrepublik* (wenn nicht Alles verloren werden ſoll) nur das *negative* Surrogat eines den Krieg abwehrenden, beſtehenden und ſich immer ausbreitenden *Bundes*, den Strom der rechtſcheuenden, feindſeligen Neigung aufhalten, doch mit beſtändiger Gefahr ihres Ausbruchs (Furor impius intus fremit horridus ore cruento. Virgil.) *).

Dritter Definitivartikel
zum ewigen Frieden.

„Das **Weltbürgerrecht** ſoll auf Bedingungen der allgemeinen *Hoſpitalität* eingeſchränkt ſein.

Es iſt hier, wie in den vorigen Artikeln, nicht von Philanthropie, ſondern von *Recht* die Rede, und da bedeutet *Hoſpitalität* (Wirthbarkeit) das Recht eines Fremdlings, ſeiner Ankunft auf dem Boden eines andern wegen, von dieſem nicht feindſelig behandelt zu werden. Dieſer kann ihn abweiſen, wenn es ohne ſeinen Untergang geſchehen kann; ſo lange er aber auf ſeinem Platz ſich friedlich verhält, ihm nicht feindlich begegnen. Es iſt kein *Gaſtrecht*, worauf dieſer Anſpruch machen kann (wozu ein beſonderer wohlthätiger Vertrag erfordert werden würde, ihn auf eine gewiſſe Zeit zum Hausgenoſſen zu machen), ſondern ein *Beſuchsrecht*, welches allen Menſchen zuſteht, ſich zur Geſellſchaft anzubieten, vermöge des Rechts des gemeinſchaftlichen Beſitzes der Oberfläche der Erde, auf der, als Kugelfläche, ſie ſich nicht ins Unendliche zerſtreuen können, ſondern endlich ſich doch neben einander dulden müſſen, urſprünglich aber Niemand an einem Orte der Erde zu ſein mehr Recht hat, als der Andere. — Unbewohnbare Theile dieſer Oberfläche, das Meer und die Sandwüſten, trennen dieſe Gemeinſchaft, doch ſo, daß das Schiff, oder das *Kameel* (das *Schiff der Wüſte*) es möglich machen, über dieſe herrenloſe Gegenden ſich einander zu nähern, und das Recht der Oberfläche, welches der Menſchengattung gemeinſchaftlich zukommt, zu einem möglichen Verkehr zu benutzen. Die Unwirthbarkeit der Seeküſten (z. B. der Barbaresken), Schiffe in nahen Meeren zu rauben, oder geſtrandete Schiffsleute zu Sclaven zu machen, oder die der Sandwüſten (der arabiſchen Beduinen), die Annäherung zu den nomadiſchen Stämmen als ein Recht anzuſehen, ſie zu plündern, iſt alſo dem Naturrecht zuwider, welches Hoſpitalitätsrecht aber, d. i. die Befugniß der fremden Ankömmlinge ſich nicht weiter erſtreckt, als auf die Bedingungen der Möglichkeit, einen Verkehr mit den alten Einwohnern zu *verſuchen*. — Auf dieſe Art können entfernte Welttheile mit einander friedlich in Verhältniſſe kommen, die zuletzt öffentlich geſetzlich werden, und ſo das menſchliche Geſchlecht endlich einer weltbürgerlichen Verfaſſung immer näher bringen können.

Vergleicht man hiermit das *inhoſpitale* Betragen der geſitteten, vornehmlich handeltreibenden Staaten unſeres Welttheils, ſo geht die Ungerechtigkeit, die ſie in dem *Beſuche* fremder Länder und Völker (welches ihnen mit dem *Erobern* derſelben für einerlei gilt) beweiſen, bis zum Erſchrecken weit. Amerika, die Negerländer, die Gewürzinſeln, das Kap ꝛc. waren, bei ihrer Entdeckung, für ſie Länder, die Keinem angehörten; denn die Einwohner rechneten ſie für nichts. In Oſtindien (Hindoſtan) brachten ſie, unter dem Vorwande bloß beabſichtigter Handelsniederlagen, fremde Kriegesvölker hinein, mit ihnen aber Unterdrückung der Eingebornen, Aufwiegelung der verſchiedenen Staaten deſſelben zu weit ausgebreiteten Kriegen, Hungersnoth, Aufruhr, Treuloſigkeit, und wie die Litaney aller Uebel, die das menſchliche Geſchlecht drücken, weiter lauten mag.

China *) und Japan (*Nipon*), die den Verſuch mit ſolchen Gäſten gemacht hatten, haben daher weislich, jenes zwar den Zugang, aber nicht den Eingang, dieſes auch den

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*) Nach einem beendigten Kriege, beim Friedensſchluſſe, möchte es wohl für ein Volk nicht unſchicklich ſein, daß nach dem Dankfeſte ein Bußtag ausgeſchrieben würde, den Himmel im Namen des Staats, um Gnade für die große Verſündigung anzurufen, die das menſchliche Geſchlecht ſich noch immer zu Schulden kommen läßt, ſich keiner geſetzlichen Verfaſſung, im Verhältniß auf andere Völker, fügen zu wollen, ſondern ſtolz auf ſeine Unabhängigkeit lieber das barbariſche Mittel des Krieges (wodurch doch das, was geſucht wird, nämlich das Recht eines jeden Staats nicht ausgemacht wird) zu gebrauchen. — Die Dankfeſte während dem Kriege über einen erfochtenen *Sieg*, die Hymnen, die (auf gut Iſraelitiſch) dem *Herrn der Heerſcharen* geſungen werden, ſtehen mit der moraliſchen Idee des Vaters der Menſchen in nicht minder ſtarkem Contraſt; weil ſie außer der Gleichgültigkeit wegen der Art, wie Völker ihr gegenſeitiges Recht ſuchen (die traurig genug iſt), noch eine Freude hineinbringen, recht viel Menſchen, oder ihr Glück zernichtet zu haben.

*) Um dieſes große Reich mit dem Namen, womit es ſich ſelbſt benennt, zu ſchreiben (nämlich *China*, nicht Sina, oder einen dieſem ähnlichen Laut), darf man nur Georgii Alphab. Tibet. pag. 651 — 654, vornehmlich Nota b unten, nachſehen. — Eigentlich führt es, nach des petersb. Prof. *Fiſcher* Bemerkung, keinen beſtimmten Namen, womit es ſich ſelbſt benennt; der gewöhnlichſte iſt noch der des Worts Kin, nämlich Gold (welches die Tibetaner mit Ser ausdrücken), daher der Kaiſer König des *Goldes* (des herrlichſten Landes von der Welt) genannt wird, welches Wort wohl im Reiche ſelbſt wie Chin lauten, aber von den italieniſchen Miſſionarien (des Gutturalbuchſtabens wegen) wie Kin ausgeſprochen ſein mag. — Hieraus erhellt

erſteren nur einem einzigen europäiſchen Volk den Holländern, erlaubt, die ſie aber doch dabei, wie Gefangene, von der Gemeinſchaft mit den Eingebornen ausſchließen. Das Aergſte hierbei (oder, aus dem Standpunkte eines moraliſchen Richters betrachtet, das Beſte) iſt, daß ſie dieſer Gewaltthätigkeit nicht einmal froh werden, daß alle dieſe Handlungsgeſellſchaften auf dem Punkte des nahen Umſturzes ſtehen, daß die Zuckerinſeln, dieſer Sitz der allergrauſamſten und ausgedachteſten Sklaverei, keinen wahren Ertrag abwerfen, ſondern nur mittelbar, und zwar zu einer nicht ſehr löblichen Abſicht, nämlich zu Bildung der Matroſen für Kriegsflotten, und alſo wieder zu Führung der Kriege in Europa dienen.

Da es nun mit der unter den Völkern der Erde einmal durchgängig überhand genommenen (engeren oder weiteren) Gemeinſchaft ſo weit gekommen iſt, daß die Rechtsverletzung an *einem* Platz der Erde an *allen* gefühlt wird: ſo iſt die Idee eines Weltbürgerrechts keine phantaſtiſche und überſpannte Vorſtellungsart des Rechts, ſondern eine nothwendige Ergänzung des ungeſchriebenen Codex, ſowohl des Staats- als Völkerrechts zum öffentlichen Menſchenrechte überhaupt, und ſo zum ewigen Frieden, zu dem man ſich in der continuirlichen Annäherung zu befinden, nur unter dieſer Bedingung ſchmeicheln darf.

Zuſatz.

Von der Garantie des ewigen Friedens.

Das, was dieſe *Gewähr* (Garantie) leiſtet, iſt nichts Geringeres, als die große Künſtlerin *Natur* (natura daedala rerum), aus deren mechaniſchen Laufe ſichtbarlich Zweckmäßigkeit hervorleuchtet, durch die Zwietracht der Menſchen Eintracht ſelbſt wider ihren Willen emporkommen zu laſſen, und darum, gleich als Nöthigung einer ihren Wirkungsgeſetzen nach uns unbekannten Urſache, *Schickſal*, bei Erwägung aber ihrer Zweckmäßigkeit im Laufe der Welt, als tiefliegende Weisheit einer höheren, auf den objectiven Endzweck des menſchlichen Geſchlechts gerichteten, und dieſen Weltlauf prädeterminirenden Urſache *Vorſehung* *) genannt wird, die wir zwar eigentlich nicht an dieſen Kunſtanſtalten der Natur *erkennen*, oder auch nur daraus auf ſie ſchließen, ſondern (wie in aller Beziehung der Form der Dinge auf Zwecke überhaupt) nur *hinzudenken* können und müſſen, um uns von ihrer Möglichkeit, nach der Analogie menſchlicher Kunſthandlungen, einen Begriff

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man denn, daß das von den Römern ſogenannte Land der *Serer* China war, die Seide aber über *Groß-Tibet* (vermuthlich durch *Klein-Tibet* und die Bucharei über Perſien, ſo weiter) nach Europa gefördert worden, welches zu manchen Betrachtungen über das Alterthum dieſes Staats, verglichen mit Hindoſtan, bei der Verknüpfung mit *Tibet*, und, durch dieſes, mit Japan, hinleitet; indeſſen daß der Name Sina oder Tſchina, den die Nachbaren dieſem Lande geben ſollen, zu nichts hinführt. — — Vielleicht läßt ſich auch die uralte, ob zwar nie recht bekannt gewordene Gemeinſchaft Europens mit Tibet aus dem, was uns *Heſychius* hiervon aufbehalten hat, nämlich den Zuruf *Κονξ Ομπαξ* (Konx Ompax) des Hierophanten in den eleuſiniſchen Geheimniſſen erklären (ſ. Reiſe des jüngern Anacharſis, 5ter Theil, S. 447 u. f.) — Denn nach Georgii Alphab. Tibet. bedeutet das Wort Concioa *Gott*, welches eine auffallende Aehnlichkeit mit Konx hat. Pah-cio. (ib. p. 520), welches von den Griechen leicht wie pax ausgeſprochen werden konnte, promulgator legis, die durch die ganze Natur vertheilte Gottheit (auch Cencresi genannt, p. 177). — Om aber, welches La Croze durch benedictus, *geſegnet*, überſetzt, kann, auf die Gottheit angewandt, wohl nichts anders als den *Seliggeprieſenen* bedeuten, p. 507. Da nun P. Franz. *Horatius* von den Tibetaniſchen *Lhamas*, die er oft befrug, was ſie unter Gott (Concioa) verſtänden, jederzeit die Antwort bekam: „*es iſt die Verſammlung aller Heiligen*" (d. i. der ſeligen durch die Lamaiſche Wiedergeburt, nach vielen Wanderungen durch allerlei Körper, endlich in die Gottheit zurückgekehrten, in *Burchane*, d. i. anbetungswürdige Weſen, verwandelten Seelen (p. 223), ſo wird jenes geheimnißvolle Wort, Konx Ompax, wohl das *heilige* (Konx), *ſelige* (Om) und *weiſe* (Pax), durch die Welt überall verbreitete höchſte Weſen (die perſonificirte Natur) bedeuten ſollen, und in den griechiſchen *Myſterien* gebraucht, wohl den *Monotheism* für die Epopten, im Gegenſatz mit dem *Polytheism* des Volks angedeutet haben; obwohl P. *Horatius* (a. a. O.) hierunter einen *Atheism* witterte. — Wie aber jenes geheimnißvolle Wort über Tibet zu den Griechen gekommen, läßt ſich auf obige Art erklären, und umgekehrt dadurch auch der frühe Verkehr Europens mit China über Tibet (vielleicht eher noch als mit Hindoſtan) wahrſcheinlich machen.

*) Im *Mechanism* der Natur, wozu der Menſch (als Sinnenweſen) mit gehört, zeigt ſich eine ihrer Exiſtenz ſchon zum Grunde liegende Form, die wir uns nicht anders begreiflich machen können, als indem wir ihr den Zweck eines ſie vorher beſtimmenden Welturhebers unterlegen, deſſen Vorherbeſtimmung wir die (göttliche) *Vorſehung* überhaupt, und, ſofern ſie in den *Anfang* der Welt gelegt wird, die *gründende* (providentia conditrix; semel iussit, semper parent, Augustin.), im *Laufe* der Natur aber dieſen nach allgemeinen Geſetzen der Zweckmäßigkeit zu erhalten, die *waltende* Vorſehung (providentia gubernatrix), ferner zu beſonderen, aber von dem Menſchen nicht vorherzuſehenden, ſondern nur aus dem Erfolg vermutheten Zwecken, die *leitende* (providentia directrix), endlich ſogar in Anſehung einzelner Begebenheiten, als göttlicher Zwecke, nicht mehr Vorſehung, ſondern *Fügung* (directio extraordinaria) nennen, welche aber (da ſie in der That auf Wunder hinweiſet, obgleich die Begebenheiten nicht ſo genannt werden) als ſolche erkennen zu wollen, thörigte Vermeſſenheit des Menſchen iſt; weil aus einer einzelnen Begebenheit auf ein beſonderes Princip der wirkenden Urſache (daß dieſe Begebenheit Zweck, und nicht bloß naturmechaniſche Nebenfolge aus einem anderen uns ganz unbekannten Zwecke ſei) zu ſchließen ungereimt und voll Eigendünkel iſt, ſo fromm und demüthig auch die Sprache hierüber lauten mag. — Eben ſo iſt auch die Eintheilung der Vorſehung (*materialiter* betrachtet), wie ſie auf *Gegenſtände* in der Welt geht, in die *allgemeine* und *beſondere*, falſch und ſich ſelbſt widerſprechend (daß ſie z. B. zwar eine Vorſorge zur Erhaltung der Gattungen der Geſchöpfe ſei, die Individuen aber dem Zufall überlaſſe); denn ſie wird eben in der Abſicht allgemein genannt, damit kein einziges Ding als davon ausgenommen gedacht werde. — Vermuthlich hat man hier die Eintheilung der Vorſehung (*formaliter* betrachtet) nach der Art der Ausführung ihrer Abſicht gemeint: nämlich in *ordentliche* (z. B. das jährliche Sterben und Wiederaufleben der Natur nach dem Wechſel der Jahreszeiten) und *außerordentliche* (z. B. die Zuführung des Holzes an die Eisküſten, das da nicht wachſen kann, durch die Meerſtröme, für die dortigen Einwohner, die ohne das nicht leben könnten), wo, ob wir gleich die phyſiſch-mechaniſche Urſache dieſer Erſcheinungen uns gut erklären können (z. B. durch die mit Holz bewachſenen Ufer der Flüſſe der temperirten Länder, in welche jene Bäume hineinfallen, und etwa durch den Golfſtrom weiter verſchleppt werden), wir dennoch auch die teleologiſche nicht überſehen müſſen, die auf die Vorſorge einer über die Natur gebietenden Weisheit hinweiſet. Nur was den in den Schulen gebräuchlichen Begriff eines göttlichen *Beitritts*, oder Mitwirkung (concursus) zu einer Wirkung in der Sinnenwelt betrifft, ſo muß dieſer wegfallen. Denn das Ungleichartige paaren wollen (gryphes iungere equis) und den, der ſelbſt die vollſtändige Urſache der Weltveränderungen iſt, ſeine eigene prädeterminirende Vorſehung während dem Weltlaufe *ergänzen* zu laſſen (die alſo mangelhaft geweſen ſein müßte), z. B. zu ſagen, daß *nächſt Gott* der Arzt den Kranken zurecht gebracht habe, alſo als Beiſtand dabei geweſen ſei, iſt *erſtlich* an ſich widerſprechend. Denn causa solitaria non iuvat. Gott iſt der Urheber des Arztes ſammt allen ſeinen Heilmitteln, und ſo muß ihm, wenn man ja bis zum höchſten, uns theoretiſch unbegreiflichen Urgrunde hinaufſteigen will, die Wirkung *ganz* zugeſchrieben werden. Oder man kann ſie auch *ganz* dem Arzt zuſchreiben, ſo fern wir dieſe Begebenheit als nach der Ordnung der Natur erklärbar in der Kette der Welturſachen verfolgen. *Zweitens* bringt eine ſolche Denkungsart auch um alle beſtimmte Principien der Beurtheilung eines Effekts. Aber in *moraliſch-praktiſcher* Abſicht (die alſo ganz aufs Ueberſinnliche gerichtet iſt), z. B. in dem Glauben, daß Gott den Mangel unſerer eigenen Gerechtigkeit, wenn nur unſere Geſinnung ächt war, auch durch uns unbegreifliche Mittel ergänzen werde, wir alſo in der Beſtrebung zum Guten nichts nachlaſſen ſollen, iſt der Begriff des göttlichen Concursus ganz ſchicklich und ſogar nothwendig; wobei es ſich aber, von ſelbſt verſteht, daß Niemand eine gute Handlung (als Begebenheit in der Welt) hieraus zu *erklären* verſuchen muß, welches ein vergebliches theoretiſches Erkenntniß des Ueberſinnlichen, mithin ungereimt iſt.

zu machen, deren Verhältniß und Zuſammenſtimmung aber zu dem Zwecke, den uns die Vernunft unmittelbar vorſchreibt (dem moraliſchen), ſich vorzuſtellen, eine Idee iſt, die zwar in theoretiſcher Abſicht überſchwenglich, in praktiſcher aber (z. B. in Anſehung des Pflichtbegriffs vom ewigen Frieden, um jenen Mechanism der Natur dazu zu benutzen) dogmatiſch und ihrer Realität nach wohlgegründet iſt. — Der Gebrauch des Wortes Natur iſt auch, wenn es, wie hier, bloß um Theorie (nicht um Religion) zu thun iſt, ſchicklicher für die Schranken der menſchlichen Vernunft (als die ſich in Anſehung des Verhältniſſes der Wirkungen zu ihren Urſachen, innerhalb den Grenzen möglicher Erfahrung halten muß), und beſcheidener, als der Ausdruck einer für uns erkennbaren Vorſehung, mit dem man ſich vermeſſenerweiſe Ikariſche Flügel anſetzt, um dem Geheimniß ihrer unergründlichen Abſicht näher zu kommen.

Ehe wir nun dieſe Gewährleiſtung näher beſtimmen, wird es nöthig ſein, vorher den Zuſtand nachzuſuchen, den die Natur für die auf ihrem großen Schauplatz handelnden Perſonen veranſtaltet hat, der ihre Friedensſicherung zuletzt nothwendig macht; — alsdann aber allererſt die Art, wie ſie dieſe leiſte.

Ihre proviſoriſche Veranſtaltung beſteht darin: daß ſie 1) für die Menſchen in allen Erdgegenden geſorgt hat, daſelbſt leben zu können; — 2) ſie durch Krieg allerwärts hin, ſelbſt in die unwirthbarſten Gegenden, getrieben hat, um ſie zu bevölkern, 3) — durch eben denſelben ſie in mehr oder weniger geſetzliche Verhältniſſe zu treten genöthigt hat. — Daß in den kalten Wüſten am Eismeer noch das Moos wächſt, welches das Rennthier unter dem Schnee hervor ſcharrt, um ſelbſt die Nahrung, oder auch das Angeſpann des Oſtjaken oder Samojeden zu ſein; oder daß die ſalzigten Sandwüſten doch noch das Kameel, welches zur Bereiſung derſelben gleichſam geſchaffen zu ſein ſcheint, um ſie nicht unbenutzt zu laſſen, enthalten, iſt ſchon bewundernswürdig. Noch deutlicher aber leuchtet der Zweck hervor, wenn man gewahr wird, wie außer den bepelzten Thieren am Ufer des Eismeeres, noch Robben, Wallroſſe und Wallfiſche an ihrem Fleiſche Nahrung, und mit ihrem Thran Feurung für die dortigen Anwohner darreichen. Am meiſten aber erregt die Vorſorge der Natur durch das Treibholz Bewunderung, was ſie (ohne daß man recht weiß, wo es herkommt) dieſen gewächsloſen Gegenden zubringt, ohne welches Material ſie weder ihre Fahrzeuge und Waffen, noch ihre Hütten zum Aufenthalt zurichten könnten; wo ſie dann mit dem Kriege gegen die Thiere genug zu thun haben, um unter ſich friedlich zu leben. — — Was ſie aber dahin getrieben hat, iſt vermuthlich nichts anders als der Krieg geweſen. Das erſte Kriegswerkzeug aber unter allen Thieren, die der Menſch, binnen der Zeit der Erdbevölkerung, zu zähmen und häuslich zu machen gelernt hatte, iſt das Pferd (denn der Elephant gehört in die ſpätere Zeit, nämlich des Luxus ſchon errichteter Staaten), ſo wie die Kunſt, gewiſſe, für uns jetzt, ihrer urſprünglichen Beſchaffenheit nach, nicht mehr erkennbare Grasarten, Getraide genannt, anzubauen, ingleichen die Vervielfältigung und Verfeinerung der Obſtarten durch Verpflanzung und Einpfropfung (vielleicht in Europa blos zweier Gattungen, der Holzäpfel und Holzbirnen), nur im Zuſtande ſchon errichteter Staaten, wo geſichertes Grundeigenthum ſtatt fand, entſtehen konnte, — nachdem die Menſchen vorher in geſetzloſer Freiheit von dem Jagd-*), Fiſcher- und Hirtenleben bis zum Ackerleben durchgedrungen waren, und nun Salz und Eiſen erfunden ward, vielleicht die erſteren weit und breit geſuchten Artikel eines Handelsverkehrs verſchiedener Völker wurden, wodurch ſie zuerſt in ein friedliches Verhältniß gegen einander, und ſo, ſelbſt mit Entfernteren, in Einverſtändniß, Gemeinſchaft und friedliches Verhältniß unter einander gebracht wurden.

Indem die Natur nun dafür geſorgt hat, daß Menſchen allerwärts auf Erden leben könnten, ſo hat ſie zugleich auch despotiſch gewollt, daß ſie allerwärts leben ſollten, wenn gleich wider ihre Neigung, und ſelbſt ohne daß dieſes Sollen zugleich einen Pflichtbegriff vorausſetzte, der ſie hiezu, vermittelſt eines moraliſchen Geſetzes, verbände, ſondern ſie hat, zu dieſem ihrem Zwecke zu gelangen, den Krieg gewählt. — Wir ſehen nämlich Völker, die an der Einheit ihrer Sprache die Einheit ihrer Abſtammung kennbar machen, wie die Samojeden am Eismeer einerſeits, und ein Volk von ähnlicher Sprache, zweihundert Meilen davon entfernt, im altaiſchen Gebirge andererſeits, wozwiſchen ſich ein anderes, nämlich mongoliſches, berittenes und hiermit kriegeriſches Volk, gedrängt, und ſo jenen Theil ihres Stammes, weit von dieſem, in die unwirthbarſten Eisgegenden, verſprengt hat, wo ſie gewiß nicht aus eigener Neigung ſich hin verbreitet hätten*); — ebenſo die Finnen in der nördlichſten Gegend von Europa, Lappen genannt von den jetzt eben ſo weit entfernten, aber der Sprache nach mit ihnen verwandten Ungern, durch dazwiſchen eingedrungene gothiſche und ſarmatiſche Völker getrennt; und was kann wohl anders die Eskimos (vielleicht uralte europäiſche Abentheurer, ein von allen Amerikanern ganz unterſchiedenes Geſchlecht) im Norden, und die Peſcheräs, im Süden von Amerika, bis zum Feuerlande hingetrieben haben, als der Krieg, deſſen ſich die Natur als Mittel bedient, die Erde allerwärts zu bevölkern. Der Krieg aber ſelbſt bedarf keines beſondern Bewegungsgrundes, ſondern ſcheint auf die menſchliche Natur gepfropft zu ſein, und ſogar als etwas Edles, wozu der Menſch durch den Ehrtrieb, ohne eigennützige Triebfedern, beſeelt wird, zu gelten: ſo, daß Kriegesmuth (von amerikaniſchen Wilden ſowohl, als den europäiſchen, in den Ritterzeiten) nicht blos wenn Krieg iſt (wie billig), ſondern auch, daß Krieg ſei, von unmittelbarem großem Werth zu ſein geurtheilt wird, und er oft, blos um jenen zu zeigen, angefangen, mithin in dem Kriege an ſich ſelbſt eine innere Würde geſetzt wird, ſogar daß ihm auch wohl Philoſophen, als einer gewiſſen Veredelung der Menſchheit, eine Lobrede halten, uneingedenk des Ausſpruchs jenes Griechen: „Der Krieg iſt darin ſchlimm, daß er mehr böſe Leute macht, als er deren wegnimmt.“ — So viel von dem, was die Natur für ihren eignen Zweck, in Anſehung der Menſchengattung als einer Thierklaſſe, thut.

Jetzt iſt die Frage, die das Weſentliche der Abſicht auf den ewigen Frieden betrifft: „Was die Natur in dieſer Abſicht, beziehungsweiſe auf den Zweck, den dem Menſchen ſeine eigene Vernunft zur Pflicht macht, mithin zur Begünſtigung ſeiner moraliſchen Abſicht thue, und wie ſie die Gewähr leiſte, daß dasjenige, was der Menſch nach Freiheitsgeſetzen thun ſollte, aber nicht thut, dieſer Freiheit unbeſchadet auch durch einen Zwang der Natur, daß er es thun werde, geſichert ſei, und zwar nach allen drei Verhältniſſen des öffentlichen Rechts, des Staats-, Völker- und weltbürgerlichen Rechts.“ — Wenn ich von der Natur ſage: ſie will, daß dieſes oder jenes geſchehe, ſo heißt das nicht ſoviel, als: ſie legt uns eine Pflicht auf, es zu thun (denn das kann nur die zwangsfreie praktiſche Vernunft), ſondern ſie thut es ſelbſt, wir mögen wollen oder nicht (fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt).

1. Wenn ein Volk auch nicht durch innere Mißhelligkeit genöthigt würde, ſich unter den Zwang öffentlicher Geſetze zu begeben, ſo würde es doch der Krieg von außen thun, indem, nach der vorerwähnten Naturanſtalt, ein jedes Volk ein anderes es drängendes Volk zum Nachbar vor ſich findet, gegen das es ſich innerlich zu einem Staat bilden muß, um, als Macht, gegen dieſen gerüſtet zu ſein. Nun iſt die republikaniſche Verfaſſung die einzige, welche dem Recht der Menſchen vollkommen angemeſſen, aber auch die ſchwerſte zu ſtiften, vielmehr aber noch zu erhalten iſt, dermaßen, daß Viele behaupten, es müſſe ein Staat von Engeln ſein, weil Menſchen mit ihren ſelbſtſüchtigen Neigungen einer Verfaſſung von ſo ſublimer Form nicht fähig wären. Aber nun kommt die Natur dem verehrten, aber zur Praxis ohnmächtigen allgemeinen, in der Vernunft gegründeten Willen, und zwar gerade durch jene ſelbſtſüchtigen Neigungen, zu Hülfe, ſo, daß es nur auf eine gute Organiſation des Staates ankommt (die allerdings im Vermögen der

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*) Unter allen Lebensweiſen iſt das Jagdleben ohne Zweifel der geſitteten Verfaſſung am meiſten zuwider; weil die Familien, die ſich da vereinzeln müſſen, einander bald fremd und ſonach in weitläuftigen Wäldern zerſtreut, auch bald feindſelig werden, da eine jede zu Erwerbung ihrer Nahrung und Kleidung viel Raum bedarf. — Das Noachiſche Blutverbot, 1 M. 9, 4—6, (welches, öfters wiederholt, nachher gar den neuangenommenen Chriſten aus dem Heidenthum, obzwar in anderer Rückſicht, von den Judenchriſten zur Bedingung gemacht wurde. Apoſt. Geſch. 15, 20. 21. 25 fg.) ſcheint urſprünglich nichts anders, als das Verbot des Jägerlebens geweſen zu ſein; weil in dieſem der Fall, das Fleiſch roh zu eſſen, oft eintreten muß, mit dem letzteren alſo das erſtere zugleich verboten wird.

*) Man könnte fragen: Wenn die Natur gewollt hat, dieſe Eisküſten ſollten nicht unbewohnt bleiben, was wird aus ihren Bewohnern, wenn ſie ihnen dereinſt (wie zu erwarten iſt) kein Treibholz mehr zuführte! Denn es iſt zu glauben, daß, bei fortrückender Kultur, die Einſaſſen der temperirten Erdſtriche das Holz, was an den Ufern ihrer Ströme wächſt, beſſer benutzen, es nicht in die Ströme fallen, und ſo in die See wegſchwemmen laſſen werden. Ich antworte: Die Anwohner des Obſtroms, des Jeniſei, des Lena u. ſ. w. werden es ihnen durch Handel zuführen, und dafür die Produkte aus dem Thierreich, woran das Meer an den Eisküſten ſo reich iſt, einhandeln; wenn ſie (die Natur) nur allererſt den Frieden unter ihnen erzwungen haben wird.

Menſchen iſt), jener ihre Kräfte ſo gegen einander zu richten, daß eine die anderen in ihrer zerſtörenden Wirkung aufhält, oder dieſe aufhebt, ſo daß der Erfolg für die Vernunft ſo ausfällt, als wenn beide gar nicht da wären, und ſo der Menſch, wenn gleich nicht ein moraliſch-guter Menſch, dennoch ein guter Bürger zu ſein gezwungen wird. Das Problem der Staatserrichtung iſt, ſo hart wie es auch klingt, ſelbſt für ein Volk von Teufeln (wenn ſie nur Verſtand haben), auflösbar und lautet ſo: „Eine Menge von vernünftigen Weſen, die insgeſammt allgemeine Geſetze für ihre Erhaltung verlangen, deren jedes aber in Geheim ſich davon auszunehmen geneigt iſt, ſo zu ordnen und ihre Verfaſſung einzurichten, daß, obgleich ſie in ihren Privatgeſinnungen einander entgegenſtreben, dieſe einander doch ſo aufhalten, daß in ihrem öffentlichen Verhalten der Erfolg ebenderſelbe iſt, als ob ſie keine ſo böſen Geſinnungen hätten.“ Ein ſolches Problem muß auflöslich ſein. Denn es iſt nicht die moraliſche Beſſerung der Menſchen, ſondern nur der Mechanism der Natur, von dem die Aufgabe zu wiſſen verlangt, wie man ihn an Menſchen benutzen könne, um den Widerſtreit ihrer unfriedlichen Geſinnungen in einem Volke ſo zu richten, daß ſie ſich unter Zwangsgeſetze zu begeben einander ſelbſt nöthigen, und ſo den Friedenszuſtand, in welchem Geſetze Kraft haben, herbeiführen müſſen. Man kann dieſes auch an den wirklich vorhandenen, noch ſehr unvollkommen organiſirten Staaten ſehen, daß ſie ſich doch im äußeren Verhalten dem, was die Rechtsidee vorſchreibt, ſchon ſehr nähern, ob gleich das innere der Moralität davon ſicherlich nicht die Urſache iſt (wie denn auch nicht von dieſer die gute Staatsverfaſſung, ſondern vielmehr umgekehrt, von der letzteren allererſt die gute moraliſche Bildung eines Volkes zu erwarten iſt), mithin der Mechanism der Natur durch ſelbſtſüchtige Neigungen, die natürlicherweiſe einander auch äußerlich entgegen wirken, von der Vernunft zu einem Mittel gebraucht werden kann, dieſer ihrem eigenen Zweck, der rechtlichen Vorſchrift, Raum zu machen, und hiemit auch, ſoviel an dem Staat ſelbſt liegt, den inneren ſowohl als äußeren Frieden zu befördern und zu ſichern. — Hier heißt es alſo: Die Natur will unwiderſtehlich, daß das Recht zuletzt die Obergewalt erhalte. Was man nun hier verabſäumt zu thun, das macht ſich zuletzt ſelbſt, obzwar mit viel Ungemächlichkeit. — „Biegt man das Rohr zu ſtark, ſo brichts; und wer zu viel will, der will nichts.“ Bouterwek.

2. Die Idee des Völkerrechts ſetzt die Abſonderung vieler von einander unabhängiger benachbarter Staaten voraus, und, obgleich ein ſolcher Zuſtand an ſich ſchon ein Zuſtand des Krieges iſt (wenn nicht eine föderative Vereinigung derſelben dem Ausbruch der Feindſeligkeiten vorbeugt), ſo iſt doch ſelbſt dieſer, nach der Vernunftidee, beſſer als die Zuſammenſchmelzung derſelben durch eine die andere überwachſende, und in eine Univerſalmonarchie übergehende Macht; weil die Geſetze mit dem vergrößerten Umfange der Regierung immer mehr an ihrem Nachdrucke einbüßen, und ein ſeelenloſer Despotism, nachdem er die Keime des Guten ausgerottet hat, zuletzt doch in Anarchie verfällt. Indeſſen iſt dieſes doch das Verlangen jedes Staats (oder ſeines Oberhauptes), auf dieſe Art ſich in den dauernden Friedenszuſtand zu verſetzen, daß er, wo möglich, die ganze Welt beherrſcht. Aber die Natur will es anders. — Sie bedient ſich zweier Mittel, um Völker von der Vermiſchung abzuhalten und ſie abzuſondern, der Verſchiedenheit der Sprachen und der Religionen *), die zwar den Hang zum wechſelſeitigen Haſſe, und Vorwand zum Kriege bei ſich führt, aber doch bei anwachſender Kultur und der allmähligen Annäherung der Menſchen, zu größerer Einſtimmung in Principien, zum Einverſtändniſſe in einem Frieden leitet, der nicht, wie jener Despotism (auf dem Kirchhofe der Freiheit), durch Schwächung aller Kräfte, ſondern durch ihr Gleichgewicht, im lebhafteſten Wetteifer derſelben, hervorgebracht und geſichert wird.

3. So wie die Natur weislich die Völker trennt, welche der Wille jedes Staates, und zwar ſelbſt nach Gründen des Völkerrechts, gern unter ſich durch Liſt oder Gewalt vereinigen möchte, ſo vereinigt ſie auch andererſeits Völker, die der Begriff des Weltbürgerrechts gegen Gewaltthätigkeit und Krieg nicht würde geſichert haben, durch den wechſelſeitigen Eigennutz. Es iſt der Handelsgeiſt, der mit dem Kriege nicht zuſammen beſtehen kann, und der früher oder ſpäter ſich jedes Volks bemächtigt. Weil nämlich unter allen, der Staatsmacht untergeordneten, Mächten (Mitteln), die Geldmacht wohl die zuverläſſigſte ſein möchte, ſo ſehen ſich Staaten (freilich wohl nicht eben durch Triebfedern der Moralität) gedrungen, den edlen Frieden zu befördern, und, wo auch immer in der Welt Krieg auszubrechen droht, ihn durch Vermittelungen abzuwehren, gleich als ob ſie deshalb im beſtändigen Bündniſſe ſtänden; denn große Vereinigungen zum Kriege können, der Natur der Sache nach, ſich nur höchſt ſelten zutragen, und noch ſeltener glücken. — — Auf die Art garantirt die Natur durch den Mechanism in den menſchlichen Neigungen ſelbſt, den ewigen Frieden; freilich mit einer Sicherheit, die nicht hinreichend iſt, die Zukunft deſſelben (theoretiſch) zu weiſſagen, aber doch in praktiſcher Abſicht zulangt, und es zur Pflicht macht, zu dieſem (nicht blos chimäriſchen) Zwecke hinzuarbeiten.

Anhang.

I.

Ueber die Mißhelligkeit zwiſchen der Moral und der Politik, in Abſicht auf den ewigen Frieden.

Die Moral iſt ſchon an ſich ſelbſt eine Praxis in objectiver Bedeutung, als Inbegriff von unbedingt gebietenden Geſetzen, nach denen wir handeln ſollen, und es iſt offenbare Ungereimtheit, nachdem man dieſem Pflichtbegriff ſeine Autorität zugeſtanden hat, noch ſagen zu wollen, daß man es doch nicht könne. Denn alsdann fällt dieſer Begriff aus der Moral von ſelbſt weg (ultra posse nemo obligatur); mithin kann es keinen Streit der Politik, als ausübender Rechtslehre, mit der Moral, als einer ſolchen, aber theoretiſchen (mithin keinen Streit der Praxis mit der Theorie) geben: man müßte denn unter der letzteren eine allgemeine Klugheitslehre, d. i. eine Theorie der Maximen verſtehen, zu ſeinen auf Vortheil berechneten Abſichten die tauglichſten Mittel zu wählen, d. i. läugnen, daß es überhaupt eine Moral gebe.

Die Politik ſagt: „Seid klug wie die Schlangen;“ die Moral ſetzt (als einſchränkende Bedingung) hinzu: „und ohne Falſch wie die Tauben.“ Wenn beides nicht in einem Gebote zuſammen beſtehen kann, ſo iſt wirklich ein Streit der Politik mit der Moral; ſoll aber doch durchaus beides vereinigt ſein, ſo iſt der Begriff vom Gegentheil abſurd, und die Frage, wie jener Streit auszugleichen ſei, läßt ſich gar nicht einmal als Aufgabe hinſtellen. Obgleich der Satz: Ehrlichkeit iſt die beſte Politik, eine Theorie enthält, der die Praxis, leider! ſehr häufig widerſpricht, ſo iſt doch der gleichfalls theoretiſche: Ehrlichkeit iſt beſſer denn alle Politik, über allen Einwurf unendlich erhaben, ja die unumgängliche Bedingung der letzteren. Der Grenzgott der Moral weicht nicht dem Jupiter (dem Grenzgott der Gewalt); denn dieſer ſteht noch unter dem Schickſal, d. i. die Vernunft iſt nicht erleuchtet genug, die Reihe der vorherbeſtimmenden Urſachen zu überſehen, die den glücklichen oder ſchlimmen Erfolg aus dem Thun und Laſſen der Menſchen, nach dem Mechanism der Natur, mit Sicherheit vorher verkündigen (obgleich ihn dem Wunſche gemäß hoffen) laſſen. Was man aber zu thun habe, um im Gleiſe der Pflicht (nach Regeln der Weisheit) zu bleiben, dazu und hiermit zum Endzweck leuchtet ſie uns überall hell genug vor.

Nun gründet aber der Praktiker (dem die Moral bloße Theorie iſt) ſeine troſtloſe Abſprechung unſerer gutmüthigen Hoffnung (ſelbſt bei eingeräumten Sollen und Können) eigentlich darauf: daß er aus der Natur des Menſchen vorher zu ſehen vorgiebt, er werde dasjenige nie wollen, was erfordert wird, um jenen zum ewigen Frieden hinführenden Zweck zu Stande zu bringen. — Freilich iſt das Wollen aller einzelnen Menſchen, in einer geſetzlichen Verfaſſung nach Freiheitsprincipien zu leben (die diſtributive Einheit des Willens Aller), zu dieſem Zwecke nicht hinreichend, ſondern daß Alle zuſammen dieſen Zuſtand wollen (die collective Einheit des vereinigten Willens), dieſe Auflöſung einer ſchweren Aufgabe, wird noch dazu erfordert, damit ein Ganzes der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft werde, und, da alſo über dieſe Verſchiedenheit des particularen Wollens Aller, noch eine vereinigende Urſache deſſelben hinzukommen muß, um einen gemeinſchaftlichen Willen herauszubringen, welches Keiner von Allen vermag: ſo iſt in der Ausführung jener Idee (in der Praxis) auf keinen andern Anfang des rechtlichen Zuſtandes zu

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*) Verſchiedenheit der Religionen: ein wunderlicher Ausdruck! gerade als ob man auch von verſchiedenen Moralen ſpräche. Es kann wohl verſchiedene Glaubensarten hiſtoriſcher, nicht in die Religion, ſondern in die Geſchichte der zu ihrer Beförderung gebrauchten, ins Feld der Gelehrſamkeit einſchlagender Mittel und eben ſo verſchiedene Religionsbücher (Zendaveſta, Veda, Koran u. ſ. w.) geben, aber nur eine einzige, für alle Menſchen und in allen Zeiten gültige Religion. Jene alſo können wohl nichts anders als nur das Vehikel der Religion, was zufällig iſt, und nach Verſchiedenheit der Zeiten und Oerter verſchieden ſein kann, enthalten.

rechnen, als den durch Gewalt; auf deren Zwang nachher das öffentliche Recht gegründet wird; welches dann freilich (da man ohnedem des Geſetzgebers moraliſche Geſinnung hierbei wenig in Anſchlag bringen kann, er werde, nach geſchehener Vereinigung der wüſten Menge in ein Volk, dieſem es nur überlaſſen, eine rechtliche Verfaſſung durch ihren gemeinſamen Willen zu Stande zu bringen) große Abweichungen von jener Idee (der Theorie) in der wirklichen Erfahrung ſchon zum voraus erwarten läßt.

Da heißt es dann: wer einmal die Gewalt in Händen hat, wird ſich vom Volk nicht Geſetze vorſchreiben laſſen. Ein Staat, der einmal im Beſitz iſt, unter keinen äußeren Geſetzen zu ſtehen, wird ſich in Anſehung der Art, wie er gegen andere Staaten ſein Recht ſuchen ſoll, nicht von ihrem Richterſtuhl abhängig machen, und ſelbſt ein Welttheil, wenn er ſich einem andern, der ihm übrigens nicht im Wege iſt, überlegen fühlt, wird das Mittel der Verſtärkung ſeiner Macht, durch Beraubung oder gar Beherrſchung deſſelben, nicht unbenutzt laſſen; und ſo zerrinnen nun alle Pläne der Theorie, für das Staats-, Völker- und Weltbürgerrecht, in ſachleere unausführbare Ideale, dagegen eine Praxis, die auf empiriſche Principien der menſchlichen Natur gegründet iſt, welche es nicht für zu niedrig hält, aus der Art, wie es in der Welt zugeht, Belehrung für ihre Maximen zu ziehen, einen ſicheren Grund für ihr Gebäude der Staatsklugheit zu finden allein hoffen könne.

Freilich, wenn es keine Freiheit und darauf gegründetes moraliſches Geſetz giebt, ſondern alles, was geſchieht oder geſchehen kann, bloßer Mechanismus der Natur iſt, ſo iſt Politik (als Kunſt, dieſen zur Regierung der Menſchen zu benutzen) die ganze praktiſche Weisheit, und der Rechtsbegriff ein ſachleerer Gedanke. Findet man dieſen aber doch unumgänglich nöthig, mit der Politik zu verbinden, ja ihn gar zur einſchränkenden Bedingung der letztern zu erheben, ſo muß die Vereinbarkeit beider eingeräumt werden. Ich kann mir nun zwar einen moraliſchen Politiker, d. i. einen, der die Principien der Staatsklugheit ſo nimmt, daß ſie mit der Moral zuſammen beſtehen können, aber nicht einen politiſchen Moraliſten denken, der ſich eine Moral ſo ſchmiedet, wie es der Vortheil des Staatsmanns ſich zuträglich findet.

Der moraliſche Politiker wird es ſich zum Grundſatz machen: wenn einmal Gebrechen in der Staatsverfaſſung oder im Staatenverhältniß angetroffen werden, die man nicht hat verhüten können, ſo ſei es Pflicht, vornehmlich für Staatsoberhäupter, dahin bedacht zu ſein, wie ſie, ſobald wie möglich, gebeſſert, und dem Naturrecht, ſo wie es in der Idee der Vernunft uns zum Muſter vor Augen ſteht, angemeſſen gemacht werden könne; ſollte es auch ihrer Selbſtſucht Aufopferungen koſten. Da nun die Zerreißung eines Bandes der ſtaats- oder weltbürgerlichen Vereinigung, ehe noch eine beſſere Verfaſſung an die Stelle derſelben zu treten in Bereitſchaft iſt, aller, hierin mit der Moral einhelligen, Staatsklugheit zuwider iſt, ſo wäre es zwar ungereimt, zu fordern, jenes Gebrechen müſſe ſofort und mit Ungeſtüm abgeändert werden; aber daß wenigſtens die Maxime der Nothwendigkeit einer ſolchen Abänderung dem Machthabenden innigſt beiwohne, um in beſtändiger Annäherung zu dem Zwecke (der nach Rechtsgeſetzen beſten Verfaſſung) zu bleiben, das kann doch von ihm gefordert werden. Ein Staat kann ſich auch ſchon republikaniſch regieren, wenn er gleich noch, der vorliegenden Conſtitution nach, despotiſche Herrſchermacht beſitzt, bis allmählig das Volk des Einfluſſes der bloßen Idee der Autorität des Geſetzes (gleich als ob es phyſiſche Gewalt beſäße) fähig wird, und ſonach zur eigenen Geſetzgebung (welche urſprünglich auf Recht gegründet iſt) tüchtig befunden wird. Wenn auch durch den Ungeſtüm einer von der ſchlechten Verfaſſung erzeugten Revolution unrechtmäßigerweiſe eine geſetzmäßigere errungen wäre, ſo würde es doch auch alsdann nicht mehr für erlaubt gehalten werden müſſen, das Volk wieder auf die alte zurück zu führen, obgleich während derſelben jeder, der ſich damit gewaltthätig oder argliſtig bemengt, mit Recht den Strafen des Aufrührers unterworfen ſein würde. Was aber das äußere Staatenverhältniß betrifft, ſo kann von einem Staat nicht verlangt werden, daß er ſeine, obgleich despotiſche, Verfaſſung (die aber doch die ſtärkere in Beziehung auf äußere Feinde iſt) ablegen ſolle, ſo lange er Gefahr läuft, von andern Staaten ſo fort verſchlungen zu werden; mithin muß bei jenem Vorſatz doch auch die Verzögerung der Ausführung bis zu beſſerer Zeitgelegenheit erlaubt ſein*).

Es mag alſo immer ſein; daß die despotiſirenden (in der Ausübung fehlenden) Moraliſten wider die Staatsklugheit (durch übereilt genommene oder angeprieſene Maßregeln) mannichfaltig verſtoßen, ſo muß ſie doch die Erfahrung, bei dieſem ihrem Verſtoß wider die Natur, nach und nach in ein beſſeres Gleis bringen; ſtatt deſſen die moraliſirenden Politiker, durch Beſchönigung rechtswidriger Staatsprincipien, unter dem Vorwande einer des Guten, nach der Idee, wie ſie die Vernunft vorſchreibt, nicht fähigen menſchlichen Natur, ſo viel an ihnen iſt, das Beſſerwerden unmöglich machen, und die Rechtsverletzung verewigen.

Statt der Praxis, deren ſich dieſe ſtaatsklugen Männer rühmen, gehen ſie mit Praktiken um, indem ſie blos darauf bedacht ſind, dadurch, daß ſie der jetzt herrſchenden Gewalt zum Munde reden (um ihren Privatvortheil nicht zu verfehlen), das Volk, und, wo möglich, die ganze Welt Preis zu geben; nach der Art ächter Juriſten (vom Handwerke, nicht von der Geſetzgebung), wenn ſie ſich bis zur Politik verſteigen. Denn da dieſer ihr Geſchäfte nicht iſt, über Geſetzgebung ſelbſt zu vernünfteln, ſondern die gegenwärtigen Gebote des Landrechts zu vollziehen, ſo muß ihnen jede, jetzt vorhandene, geſetzliche Verfaſſung, und, wenn dieſe höhern Orts abgeändert wird, die nun folgende, immer die beſte ſein; wo dann alles ſo in ſeiner gehörigen mechaniſchen Ordnung iſt. Wenn aber dieſe Geſchicklichkeit, für alle Sättel gerecht zu ſein, ihnen den Wahn einflößt, auch über Principien einer Staatsverfaſſung überhaupt nach Rechtsbegriffen (mithin a priori, nicht empiriſch) urtheilen zu können; wenn ſie darauf groß thun, Menſchen zu kennen (welches freilich zu erwarten iſt, weil ſie mit vielen zu thun haben), ohne doch den Menſchen, und was aus ihm gemacht werden kann, zu kennen (wozu ein höherer Standpunkt der anthropologiſchen Beobachtung erfordert wird), mit dieſen Begriffen aber verſehen, ans Staats- und Völkerrecht, wie es die Vernunft vorſchreibt, gehen; ſo können ſie dieſen Ueberſchritt nicht anders, als mit dem Geiſt der Chicane thun, indem ſie ihr gewohntes Verfahren (eines Mechanismus nach despotiſch gegebenen Zwangsgeſetzen) auch da befolgen, wo die Begriffe der Vernunft einen nur nach Freiheitsprincipien geſetzmäßigen Zwang begründet wiſſen wollen, durch welchen allererſt eine zu Recht beſtändige Staatsverfaſſung möglich iſt; welche Aufgabe der vorgebliche Praktiker, mit Vorbeigehung jener Idee, empiriſch, aus Erfahrung, wie die bisher noch am beſten beſtandenen, mehrentheils aber rechtswidrigen, Staatsverfaſſungen eingerichtet waren, löſen zu können glaubt. — Die Maximen, deren er ſich hiezu bedient (ob er ſie zwar nicht laut werden läßt), laufen ohngefähr auf folgende ſophiſtiſche Maximen hinaus.

1. Fac et excusa. Ergreife die günſtige Gelegenheit zur eigenmächtigen Beſitznehmung (entweder eines Rechts des Staats über ſein Volk, oder über ein anderes benachbartes); die Rechtfertigung wird ſich weit leichter und zierlicher nach der That vortragen, und die Gewalt beſchönigen laſſen (vornehmlich im erſten Fall, wo die obere Gewalt im Innern ſo fort auch die geſetzgebende Obrigkeit iſt, der man gehorchen muß, ohne darüber zu vernünfteln); als wenn man zuvor auf überzeugende Gründe ſinnen, und die Gegengründe darüber noch erſt abwarten wollte. Dieſe Dreiſtigkeit ſelbſt giebt einen gewiſſen Anſchein von innerer Ueberzeugung der Rechtmäßigkeit der That, und der Gott bonus eventus iſt nachher der beſte Rechtsvertreter.

2. Si fecisti nega. Was du ſelbſt verbrochen haſt, z. B. um dein Volk zur Verzweiflung, und ſo zum Aufruhr zu bringen, das läugne ab, daß es deine Schuld ſei; ſondern behaupte, daß es die der Widerſpenſtigkeit der Unterthanen, oder auch, bei deiner Bemächtigung eines benachbarten Volks, die Schuld der Natur des Menſchen ſei, der, wenn er dem Andern nicht mit Gewalt zuvorkommt, ſicher darauf rechnen kann, daß dieſer ihm zuvorkommen und ſich ſeiner bemächtigen werde.

3. Divide et impera. Das iſt: ſind gewiſſe privilegirte Häupter in deinem Volk, welche dich blos zu ihrem Oberhaupt (primus inter pares) gewählt haben, ſo veruneinige jene unter einander, und entzweie ſie mit dem Volk; ſtehe nun dem letztern, unter Vorſpiegelung größerer Freiheit, bei, ſo wird Alles

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*) Dies ſind Erlaubnißgeſetze der Vernunft, den Stand eines mit Ungerechtigkeit behafteten öffentlichen Rechts noch ſo lange beharren zu laſſen, bis zur völligen Umwälzung alles entweder von ſelbſt gereift, oder durch friedliche Mittel der Reife nahe gebracht worden; weil doch irgend eine rechtliche, obzwar nur in geringem Grade rechtmäßige, Verfaſſung beſſer iſt als gar keine, welches letztere Schickſal (der Anarchie) eine übereilte Reform treffen würde. — Die Staatsweisheit wird ſich alſo in dem Zuſtande, worin die Dinge jetzt ſind, Reformen, dem Ideal des öffentlichen Rechts angemeſſen, zur Pflicht machen; Revolutionen aber, wo ſie die Natur von ſelbſt herbei führt, nicht zur Beſchönigung einer noch größeren Unterdrückung, ſondern als Ruf der Natur benutzen, eine auf Freiheitsprincipien gegründete geſetzliche Verfaſſung, als die einzige dauerhafte, durch gründliche Reform zu Stande zu bringen.

von deinem unbedingten Willen abhängen. Oder ſind es äußere Staaten, ſo iſt Erregung der Mishelligkeit unter ihnen ein ziemlich ſicheres Mittel, unter dem Schein des Beiſtandes des Schwächeren, einen nach dem andern dir zu unterwerfen.

Durch dieſe politiſchen Maximen wird nun zwar niemand hintergangen; denn ſie ſind insgeſammt ſchon allgemein bekannt; auch iſt es mit ihnen nicht der Fall ſich zu ſchämen, als ob die Ungerechtigkeit gar zu offenbar in die Augen leuchtete. Denn, weil ſich große Mächte nie vor dem Urtheil des gemeinen Haufens, ſondern nur eine vor der andern ſchämen, was aber jene Grundſätze betrifft, nicht das Offenbarwerden, ſondern nur das Mißlingen derſelben ſie beſchämt machen kann (denn in Anſehung der Moralität der Maximen kommen ſie alle unter einander überein) ſo bleibt ihnen immer die politiſche Ehre übrig, auf die ſie ſicher rechnen können, nämlich die der Vergrößerung ihrer Macht, auf welchem Wege ſie auch erworben ſein mag *).

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Aus allen dieſen Schlangenwindungen einer unmoraliſchen Klugheitslehre, den Friedenszuſtand unter Menſchen, aus dem kriegeriſchen des Naturzuſtandes herauszubringen, erhellet wenigſtens ſo viel: daß die Menſchen, eben ſo wenig in ihren Privatverhältniſſen als in ihren öffentlichen, dem Rechtsbegriff entgehen können, und ſich nicht getrauen, die Politik öffentlich blos auf Handgriffe der Klugheit zu gründen, mithin dem Begriffe eines öffentlichen Rechts allen Gehorſam aufzukündigen (welches vornehmlich in dem des Völkerrechts auffallend iſt), ſondern ihm an ſich alle gebührende Ehre wiederfahren laſſen, wenn ſie auch hundert Ausflüchte und Bemäntelungen ausſinnen ſollten, um ihm in der Praxis auszuweichen, und der verſchmitzten Gewalt die Autorität anzudichten, der Urſprung und der Verband alles Rechts zu ſein. — Um dieſer Sophiſterei (wenn gleich nicht der durch ſie beſchönigten Ungerechtigkeit) ein Ende zu machen, und die falſchen Vertreter der Mächtigen der Erde zum Geſtändniſſe zu bringen, daß es nicht das Recht, ſondern die Gewalt ſei, der ſie zum Vortheil ſprechen, von welcher ſie, gleich als ob ſie ſelbſt hierbei was zu befehlen hätten, den Ton annehmen, wird es gut ſein, das Blendwerk aufzudecken, womit man ſich und Andere hintergeht, das oberſte Princip, von dem die Abſicht auf den ewigen Frieden ausgeht, ausfindig zu machen und zu zeigen, daß alles das Böſe, was ihm im Wege iſt, davon herrühre: daß der politiſche Moraliſt da anfängt, wo der moraliſche Politiker billigerweiſe endigt, und, indem er ſo die Grundſätze dem Zweck unterordnet (d. i. die Pferde hinter den Wagen ſpannt), ſeine eigene Abſicht vereitelt, die Politik mit der Moral in Einverſtändniß zu bringen.

Um die praktiſche Philoſophie mit ſich ſelbſt einig zu machen, iſt nöthig, zuförderſt die Frage zu entſcheiden: ob in Aufgaben der praktiſchen Vernunft vom materialen Princip derſelben, dem Zweck (als Gegenſtand der Willkühr) der Anfang gemacht werden müſſe, oder vom formalen, d. i. demjenigen (blos auf Freiheit im äußern Verhältniß geſtellten), darnach es heißt: handle ſo, daß du wollen kannſt, deine Maxime ſolle ein allgemeines Geſetz werden (der Zweck mag ſein, welcher er wolle).

Ohne alle Zweifel muß das letztere Princip vorangehen; denn es hat, als Rechtsprincip, unbedingte Nothwendigkeit, ſtatt deſſen das erſtere, nur unter Vorausſetzung empiriſcher Bedingungen des vorgeſetzten Zweckes, nämlich der Ausführung deſſelben, nöthigend iſt, und, wenn dieſer Zweck (z. B. der ewige Friede) auch Pflicht wäre, ſo müßte doch dieſe ſelbſt aus dem formalen Princip der Maximen äußerlich zu handeln abgeleitet worden ſein. — Nun iſt das erſtere Princip, das des politiſchen Moraliſten (das Problem des Staats-, Völker- und Weltbürgerrechts), eine bloße Kunſtaufgabe (problema technicum), das zweite dagegen, als Princip des moraliſchen Politikers, welchem es eine ſittliche Aufgabe (problema morale) iſt, im Verfahren von dem andern himmelweit unterſchieden, um den ewigen Frieden, den man nun nicht blos als phyſiſches Gut, ſondern auch als einen aus Pflichtanerkennung hervorgehenden Zuſtand wünſcht, herbeizuführen.

Zur Auflöſung des erſten, nämlich des Staats-Klugheitsproblems, wird viel Kenntniß der Natur erfordert, um ihren Mechanismus zu dem gedachten Zwecke zu benutzen, und doch iſt alle dieſe ungewiß in Anſehung ihres Reſultats, den ewigen Frieden betreffend; man mag nun die eine oder die andere der drei Abtheilungen des öffentlichen Rechts nehmen. Ob das Volk im Gehorſam und zugleich im Flor beſſer durch Strenge, oder Lockſpeiſe der Eitelkeit, ob durch Obergewalt eines Einzigen, oder durch Vereinigung mehrerer Häupter, vielleicht auch blos durch einen Dienſtadel, oder durch Volksgewalt, im Innern, und zwar auf lange Zeit, gehalten werden könne, iſt ungewiß. Man hat von allen Regierungsarten (die einzige ächtrepublikaniſche, die aber nur einem moraliſchen Politiker in den Sinn kommen kann, ausgenommen) Beiſpiele des Gegentheils in der Geſchichte. — Noch ungewiſſer iſt ein auf Statute nach Miniſterialplanen vorgeblich errichtetes Völkerrecht, welches in der That nur ein Wort ohne Sache iſt, und auf Verträgen beruht, die in demſelben Akt ihrer Beſchließung zugleich den geheimen Vorbehalt ihrer Uebertretung enthalten. — Dagegen dringt ſich die Auflöſung des zweiten, nämlich des Staatsweisheitsproblems, ſo zu ſagen, von ſelbſt auf, iſt jedermann einleuchtend, und macht alle Künſtelei zu Schanden, führet dabei gerade zum Zweck; doch mit der Erinnerung der Klugheit, ihn nicht übereilterweiſe mit Gewalt herbei zu ziehen, ſondern ſich ihm, nach Beſchaffenheit der günſtigen Umſtände, unabläſſig zu nähern.

Da heißt es denn: „trachtet allererſt nach dem Reiche der reinen praktiſchen Vernunft und nach ſeiner Gerechtigkeit, ſo wird euch euer Zweck (die Wohlthat des ewigen Friedens) von ſelbſt zufallen.“ Denn das hat die Moral Eigenthümliches an ſich, und zwar in Anſehung ihrer Grundſätze des öffentlichen Rechts, (mithin in Beziehung auf eine a priori erkennbare Politik), daß, je weniger ſie das Verhalten von dem vorgeſetzten Zweck, dem beabſichtigten, es ſei phyſiſchem oder ſittlichem Vortheil, abhängig macht, deſto mehr ſie dennoch zu dieſem im Allgemeinen zuſammenſtimmt; welches daher kommt, weil es gerade der a priori gegebene allgemeine Wille (in einem Volke, oder im Verhältniß verſchiedener Völker unter einander) iſt, der allein, was unter Menſchen Rechtens iſt, beſtimmt; dieſe Vereinigung des Willens Aller aber, wenn nur in der Ausübung conſequent verfahren wird, auch nach dem Mechanismus der Natur, zugleich die Urſache ſein kann, die abgezweckte Wirkung hervorzubringen, und dem Rechtsbegriffe Effekt zu verſchaffen. — So iſt es z. B. ein Grundſatz der moraliſchen Politik: daß ſich ein Volk zu einem Staat nach den alleinigen Rechtsbegriffen der Freiheit und Gleichheit vereinigen ſolle, und dieſes Princip iſt nicht auf Klugheit, ſondern auf Pflicht gegründet. Nun mögen dagegen politiſche Moraliſten noch ſo viel über den Naturmechanismus einer in Geſellſchaft tretenden Menſchenmenge, welcher jene Grundſätze entkräftete, und ihre Abſicht vereiteln werde, vernünfteln, oder auch durch Beiſpiele ſchlecht organiſirter Verfaſſungen alter und neuer Zeiten (z. B. von Demokratien ohne Repräſentationsſyſtem) ihre Behauptung dagegen zu beweiſen ſuchen, ſo verdienen ſie kein Gehör; vornehmlich, da eine ſolche verderbliche Theorie das Uebel wohl gar ſelbſt bewirkt, was ſie vorherſagt, nach welcher der Menſch mit den übrigen lebenden Maſchinen in eine Claſſe geworfen wird, denen nur noch das Bewußtſein, daß ſie nicht freie Weſen ſind, beiwohnen dürfte, um ſie in ihrem eigenen Urtheil zu den elendeſten unter allen Weltweſen zu machen.

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*) Wenn gleich eine gewiſſe in der menſchlichen Natur gewurzelte Bösartigkeit von Menſchen, die in einem Staat zuſammen leben, noch bezweifelt, und, ſtatt ihrer, der Mangel einer noch nicht weit genug fortgeſchrittenen Kultur (die Rohigkeit) zur Urſache der geſetzwidrigen Erſcheinungen ihrer Denkungsart mit einigem Scheine angeführt werden möchte, ſo fällt ſie doch, im äußern Verhältniß der Staaten gegen einander, ganz unverdeckt und unwiderſprechlich in die Augen. Im Innern jedes Staates iſt ſie durch den Zwang der bürgerlichen Geſetze verſchleiert, weil der Neigung zur wechſelſeitigen Gewaltthätigkeit der Bürger eine größere Gewalt, nämlich die der Regierung, mächtig entgegenwirkt, und ſo nicht allein dem Ganzen einen moraliſchen Anſtrich (causae non causae) giebt, ſondern auch dadurch, daß dem Ausbruch geſetzwidriger Neigungen ein Riegel vorgeſchoben wird, die Entwickelung der moraliſchen Anlage, zur unmittelbaren Achtung fürs Recht, wirklich viel Erleichterung bekommt. — Denn ein jeder glaubt nun von ſich, daß er wohl den Rechtsbegriff heilig halten und treu befolgen würde, wenn er ſich nur von jedem andern eines Gleichen gewärtigen könnte; welches letztere ihm die Regierung zum Theil ſichert; wodurch dann ein großer Schritt zur Moralität (obgleich noch nicht moraliſcher Schritt) gethan wird, dieſem Pflichtbegriff auch um ſein ſelbſt willen, ohne Rückſicht auf Erwiederung anhänglich zu ſein. — Da ein jeder aber, bei ſeiner guten Meinung von ſich ſelber, doch die böſe Geſinnung bei allen andern vorausſetzt, ſo ſprechen ſie einander wechſelſeitig ihr Urtheil: daß ſie alle, was das Factum betrifft, wenig taugen (woher es komme, da es doch der Natur des Menſchen, als eines freien Weſens nicht Schuld gegeben werden kann, mag unerörtert bleiben). Da aber doch auch die Achtung für den Rechtsbegriff, deren der [illegible] ſich ſchlechterdings nicht entſchlagen kann, die Theorie des Vermögens, ihm angemeſſen zu werden, auf das feierlichſte ſanctionirt, ſo ſieht ein jeder, daß er ſeinerſeits jenem gemäß handeln müſſe, Andere mögen es halten, wie ſie wollen.

Der zwar etwas renommiſtiſch klingende, ſprichwörtlich in Umlauf gekommene, aber wahre Satz: fiat justitia, pereat mundus, das heißt zu deutſch: es herrſche Gerechtigkeit, die Schelme in der Welt mögen auch insgeſammt darüber zu Grunde gehen," iſt ein wackerer, alle durch Argliſt oder Gewalt vorgezeichnete krumme Wege abſchneidender Rechtsgrundſatz; nur daß er nicht mißverſtanden, und etwa als Erlaubniß, ſein eigenes Recht mit der größten Strenge zu benutzen (welches der theoretiſchen Pflicht widerſtreiten würde), ſondern als Verbindlichkeit der Machthabenden, niemanden ſein Recht aus Ungunſt oder Mitleiden gegen Andere zu weigern oder zu ſchmälern, verſtanden wird; wozu vorzüglich eine nach reinen Rechtsprincipien eingerichtete innere Verfaſſung des Staats, dann aber auch die der Vereinigung deſſelben mit andern benachbarten oder auch entfernten Staaten zu einer (einem allgemeinen Staat analogiſchen) geſetzlichen Ausgleichung ihrer Streitigkeiten erfordert wird. — Dieſer Satz will nichts anders ſagen, als: die politiſchen Maximen müſſen nicht von der, aus ihrer Befolgung zu erwartenden, Wohlfahrt und Glückſeligkeit eines jeden Staates, alſo nicht vom Zweck, den ſich ein jeder derſelben zum Gegenſtande macht (vom Wollen), als dem oberſten (aber empiriſchen) Princip der Staatsweisheit, ſondern von dem reinen Begriff der Rechtspflicht (vom Sollen, deſſen Begriff a priori durch reine Vernunft gegeben iſt) ausgehen, die phyſiſchen Folgen daraus mögen auch ſein, welche ſie wollen. Die Welt wird keinesweges dadurch untergehen, daß der böſen Menſchen weniger werden. Das moraliſch Böſe hat die von ſeiner Natur unabtrennliche Eigenſchaft, daß es in ſeinen Abſichten (vornehmlich im Verhältniß gegen andere Gleichgeſinnte) ſich ſelbſt zuwider und zerſtörend iſt, und ſo dem (moraliſchen) Princip des Guten, wenn gleich durch langſame Fortſchritte, Platz macht.

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Es giebt alſo *objectiv* (in der Theorie) gar keinen Streit zwiſchen der Moral und der Politik. Dagegen *ſubjectiv* (in dem ſelbſtſüchtigen Hange der Menſchen, der aber, weil er nicht auf Vernunftmaximen gegründet iſt, noch nicht Praxis genannt werden muß), wird und mag er immer bleiben, weil er zum Wetzſtein der Tugend dient, deren wahrer Muth (nach dem Grundſatze: tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito) in gegenwärtigem Falle nicht ſowohl darin beſteht, den Uebeln und Aufopferungen mit feſtem Vorſatz ſich entgegenzuſetzen, welche hiebei übernommen werden müſſen, ſondern dem weit gefährlicheren lügenhaften und verrätheriſchen, aber doch vernünftelnden, die Schwäche der menſchlichen Natur zur Rechtfertigung aller Uebertretung vorſpiegelnden böſen Princip in uns ſelbſt in die Augen zu ſehen und ſeine Argliſt zu beſiegen.

In der That kann der politiſche Moraliſt ſagen: Regent und Volk, oder Volk und Volk thun *einander* nicht Unrecht, wenn ſie einander gewaltthätig oder hinterliſtig befehden, ob ſie zwar überhaupt darin Unrecht thun, daß ſie dem Rechtsbegriffe, der allein den Frieden auf ewig begründen könnte, alle Achtung verſagen. Denn weil der eine ſeine Pflicht gegen den andern übertritt, der gerade eben ſo rechtswidrig gegen jenen geſinnt iſt, ſo *geſchieht* ihnen beiderſeits ganz recht, wenn ſie ſich unter einander aufreiben, doch ſo, daß von dieſer Raçe immer noch genug übrig bleibt, um dieſes Spiel bis zu den entfernteſten Zeiten nicht aufhören zu laſſen, damit eine ſpäte Nachkommenſchaft an ihnen dereinſt ein warnendes Beiſpiel nehme. Die Vorſehung im Laufe der Welt iſt hiebei gerechtfertigt; denn das moraliſche Princip im Menſchen erlöſcht nie, die, pragmatiſch, zur Ausführung der rechtlichen Ideen nach jenem Princip tüchtige Vernunft wächſt noch dazu beſtändig durch immer fortſchreitende Kultur, mit ihr aber auch die Schuld jener Uebertretungen. Die Schöpfung allein: daß nämlich ein ſolcher Schlag von verderbten Weſen überhaupt hat auf Erden ſein ſollen, ſcheint durch keine Theodicee gerechtfertigt werden zu können (wenn wir annehmen, daß es mit dem Menſchengeſchlechte nie beſſer beſtellt ſein werde noch könne); aber dieſer Standpunkt der Beurtheilung iſt für uns viel zu hoch, als daß wir unſere Begriffe (von Weisheit) der oberſten uns unerforſchlichen Macht in theoretiſcher Abſicht unterlegen könnten. — Zu ſolchen verzweifelten Folgerungen werden wir unvermeidlich hingetrieben, wenn wir nicht annehmen, die reinen Rechtsprincipien haben objective Realität, d. i. ſie laſſen ſich ausführen; und darnach müſſe auch von Seiten des Volks im Staate, und weiterhin von Seiten der Staaten gegen einander, gehandelt werden; die empiriſche Politik mag auch dagegen einwenden, was ſie wolle. Die wahre Politik kann alſo keinen Schritt thun, ohne vorher der Moral gehuldigt zu haben, und ob zwar Politik für ſich ſelbſt eine ſchwere Kunſt iſt, ſo iſt doch Vereinigung derſelben mit der Moral gar keine Kunſt; denn dieſe haut den Knoten entzwei, den jene nicht aufzulöſen vermag, ſobald beide einander widerſtreiten. — Das Recht des Menſchen muß heilig gehalten werden, der herrſchenden Gewalt mag es auch noch ſo große Aufopferung koſten. Man kann hier nicht halbiren, und das Mittelding eines pragmatiſch-bedingten Rechts (zwiſchen Recht und Nutzen) ausſinnen, ſondern alle Politik muß ihre Kniee vor dem erſtern beugen, kann aber dafür hoffen, ob zwar langſam, zu der Stufe zu gelangen, wo ſie beharrlich glänzen wird.

II.

Von der Einhelligkeit der Politik mit der Moral nach dem transſcendentalen Begriffe des öffentlichen Rechts.

Wenn ich von aller *Materie* des öffentlichen Rechts (nach den verſchiedenen empiriſch-gegebenen Verhältniſſen der Menſchen im Staat oder auch der Staaten unter einander), ſo wie es ſich die Rechtslehrer gewöhnlich denken, abſtrahire, ſo bleibt mir noch die *Form* der *Publicität* übrig, deren Möglichkeit ein jeder Rechtsanſpruch in ſich enthält, weil ohne jene es keine Gerechtigkeit (die nur als *öffentlich kundbar* gedacht werden kann), mithin auch kein Recht, das nur von ihr ertheilt wird, geben würde.

Dieſe Fähigkeit der Publicität muß jeder Rechtsanſpruch haben, und ſie kann alſo, da es ſich ganz leicht beurtheilen läßt, ob ſie in einem vorkommenden Falle Statt finde, d. i. ob ſie ſich mit den Grundſätzen des Handelnden vereinigen laſſe oder nicht, ein leicht zu brauchendes, a priori in der Vernunft anzutreffendes Kriterium abgeben, im letztern Falle die Falſchheit (Rechtswidrigkeit) des gedachten Anſpruchs (praetensio iuris), gleichſam durch ein Experiment der reinen Vernunft, ſo fort zu erkennen.

Nach einer ſolchen Abſtraction von allem Empiriſchen, was der Begriff des Staats- und Völkerrechts enthält (dergleichen das Bösartige der menſchlichen Natur iſt, welches den Zwang nothwendig macht), kann man folgenden Satz die *transſcendentale Formel* des öffentlichen Rechts nennen:

> „Alle auf das Recht anderer Menſchen bezogene Handlungen, deren Maxime ſich nicht mit der Publicität verträgt, ſind unrecht."

Dieſes Princip iſt nicht blos als *ethiſch* (zur Tugendlehre gehörig) ſondern auch als *juridiſch* (das Recht der Menſchen angehend) zu betrachten. Denn eine Maxime, die ich nicht *darf lautwerden* laſſen, ohne dadurch meine eigene Abſicht zugleich zu vereiteln, die durchaus *verheimlicht* werden muß, wenn ſie gelingen ſoll, und zu der ich mich nicht *öffentlich bekennen* kann, ohne daß dadurch unausbleiblich der Widerſtand Aller gegen meinen Vorſatz gereizt werde, kann dieſe nothwendige und allgemeine, mithin a priori einzuſehende, Gegenbearbeitung Aller gegen mich nirgend wovon anders, als von der Ungerechtigkeit her haben, womit ſie jedermann bedroht. — Es iſt ferner blos *negativ*, d. i. es dient nur, um, vermittelſt deſſelben, was gegen Andere *nicht recht* iſt, zu erkennen. — Es iſt gleich einem Axiom unerweislich-gewiß und überdem leicht anzuwenden, wie aus folgenden Beiſpielen des öffentlichen Rechts zu erſehen iſt.

1. *Was das Staatsrecht* (jus civitatis), nämlich das innere *betrifft*: ſo kommt in ihm die Frage vor, welche Viele für ſchwer zu beantworten halten, und die das transſcendentale Princip der Publicität ganz leicht auflöſet: „iſt Aufruhr ein rechtmäßiges Mittel für ein Volk, die drückende Gewalt eines ſo genannten Tyrannen (non titulo sed exercitio talis) abzuwerfen? Die Rechte des Volks ſind gekränkt, und ihm (dem Tyrannen) geſchieht kein Unrecht durch die Entthronung; daran iſt kein Zweifel. Nichts deſto weniger iſt es doch von den Unterthanen im höchſten Grade unrecht, auf dieſe Art ihr Recht zu ſuchen, und ſie können eben ſo wenig über Ungerechtigkeit klagen, wenn ſie in dieſem Streite unterlägen und nachher deshalb die härteſte Strafe ausſtehen müßten.

Hier kann nun Vieles für und dawider vernünftelt werden, wenn man es durch eine dogmatiſche Deduction der Rechtsgründe ausmachen will; allein das transſcendentale Princip der Publicität des öffentlichen Rechts kann ſich dieſe Weitläuftigkeit erſparen. Nach demſelben frägt ſich vor Errichtung des bürgerlichen Vertrags das Volk ſelbſt, ob es ſich wohl getraue, die Maxime des Vorſatzes einer gelegentlichen Empörung öffentlich bekannt zu machen. Man ſieht leicht ein, daß, wenn man es bei der Stiftung einer Staatsverfaſſung zur Bedingung machen wollte, in gewiſſen vorkommenden Fällen gegen das Oberhaupt Gewalt auszuüben, ſo müßte das Volk ſich einer rechtmäßigen Macht über jenes anmaßen. Alsdann wäre jenes aber nicht das Oberhaupt, oder, wenn beides zur Bedingung der Staatserrichtung gemacht würde, ſo würde gar keine möglich ſein, welches doch die Abſicht des Volkes war. Das Unrecht des Aufruhrs leuchtet alſo dadurch ein, daß die Maxime deſſelben dadurch, daß man ſich **öffentlich dazu bekennte**, ſeine eigene Abſicht unmöglich machen würde. Man müßte ſie alſo nothwendig verheimlichen. — Das letztere wäre aber von Seiten des Staatsoberhaupts eben nicht nothwendig. Er kann frei heraus ſagen, daß er jeden Aufruhr mit dem Tode der Rädelsführer beſtrafen werde, dieſe mögen auch immer glauben, er habe ſeinerſeits das Fundamentalgeſetz zuerſt übertreten; denn wenn er ſich bewußt iſt, die **unwiderſtehliche** Obergewalt zu beſitzen (welches auch in jeder bürgerlichen Verfaſſung ſo angenommen werden muß, weil der, welcher nicht Macht genug hat, einen jeden im Volk gegen den andern zu ſchützen, auch nicht das Recht hat, ihm zu befehlen), ſo darf er nicht ſorgen, durch die Bekanntwerdung ſeiner Maxime ſeine eigene Abſicht zu vereiteln, womit auch ganz wohl zuſammenhängt, daß, wenn der Aufruhr dem Volk gelänge, jenes Oberhaupt in die Stelle des Unterthans zurücktreten, eben ſowohl keinen Wiedererlangungsaufruhr beginnen, aber auch nicht zu befürchten haben müßte, wegen ſeiner vormaligen Staatsführung zur Rechenſchaft gezogen zu werden.

2. **Was das Völkerrecht betrifft.** — Nur unter Vorausſetzung irgend eines rechtlichen Zuſtandes (d. i. derjenigen äußern Bedingung, unter der dem Menſchen ein Recht wirklich zu Theil werden kann), kann von einem Völkerrechte die Rede ſein; weil es, als ein öffentliches Recht, die Publication eines, jedem das Seine beſtimmenden, allgemeinen Willens ſchon in ſeinem Begriffe enthält, und dieſer status juridicus muß aus irgend einem Vertrage hervorgehen, der nicht eben (gleich dem, woraus ein Staat entſpringt,) auf Zwangsgeſetze gegründet ſein darf, ſondern allenfalls auch der einer **fortwährend-freien** Aſſociation ſein kann, wie der oben erwähnte der Föderalität verſchiedener Staaten. Denn ohne irgend einen **rechtlichen Zuſtand**, der die verſchiedenen (phyſiſchen oder moraliſchen) Perſonen thätig verknüpft, mithin im Naturſtande, kann es kein anderes als blos ein Privatrecht geben. — Hier tritt nun auch ein Streit der Politik mit der Moral (dieſe als Rechtslehre betrachtet) ein, wo dann jenes Kriterium der Publicität der Maximen gleichfalls ſeine leichte Anwendung findet, doch nur ſo: daß der Vertrag die Staaten nur in der Abſicht verbindet, unter einander und zuſammen gegen andere Staten ſich im Frieden zu erhalten, keinesweges aber um Erwerbungen zu machen. — Da treten nun folgende Fälle der Antinomie zwiſchen Politik und Moral ein, womit zugleich die Löſung derſelben verbunden wird.

a) „Wenn einer dieſer Staaten dem andern etwas verſprochen hat: es ſei Hülfleiſtung, oder Abtretung gewiſſer Länder, oder Subſidien u. dgl., frägt ſich, ob er ſich in einem Fall, an dem des Staats Heil hängt, vom Worthalten dadurch los machen kann, daß er ſich in einer doppelten Perſon betrachtet wiſſen will, erſtlich als **Souverain**, da er Niemandem in ſeinem Staat verantwortlich iſt; dann aber wiederum blos als oberſter **Staatsbeamte**, der dem Staat Rechenſchaft geben müſſe: da denn der Schluß dahin ausfällt, daß, wozu er ſich in der erſteren Qualität verbindlich gemacht hat, davon werde er in der zweiten losgeſprochen.“ — Wenn nun aber ein Staat (oder deſſen Oberhaupt) dieſe ſeine Maxime laut werden ließe, ſo würde natürlicherweiſe entweder ein jeder Andere ihn fliehen, oder ſich mit Anderen vereinigen, um ſeinen Anmaßungen zu widerſtehen, welches beweiſet, daß Politik mit aller ihrer Schlauigkeit auf dieſen Fuß (der Offenheit) ihren Zweck ſelber vereiteln, mithin jene Maxime unrecht ſein müſſe.

b) „Wenn eine bis zur furchtbaren Größe (potentia tremenda) angewachſene benachbarte Macht Beſorgniß erregt: kann man annehmen, ſie werde, weil ſie **kann**, auch unterdrücken **wollen**, und giebt das den Mindermächtigen ein Recht zum (vereinigten) Angriffe derſelben, auch ohne vorhergegangene Beleidigung?“ — Ein Staat, der ſeine Maxime hier bejahend **verlautbaren** wollte, würde das Uebel nur noch gewiſſer und ſchneller herbeiführen. Denn die größere Macht würde der kleineren zuvorkommen, und, was die Vereinigung der letzteren betrifft, ſo iſt das nur ein ſchwacher Rohrſtab gegen den, der das divide et impera zu benutzen weiß. — Dieſe Maxime der Staatsklugheit, öffentlich erklärt, vereitelt alſo nothwendig ihre eigene Abſicht, und iſt folglich ungerecht.

c) „Wenn ein kleinerer Staat durch ſeine Lage den Zuſammenhang eines größeren trennt, der dieſem doch zu ſeiner Erhaltung nöthig iſt, iſt dieſer nicht berechtigt, jenen ſich zu unterwerfen und mit dem ſeinigen zu vereinigen?“ — Man ſieht leicht, daß der größere eine ſolche Maxime ja nicht vorher müſſe laut werden laſſen; denn, entweder die kleinern Staaten würden ſich frühzeitig vereinigen, oder andere Mächtige würden um dieſe Beute ſtreiten, mithin macht ſie ſich durch ihre Offenheit ſelbſt unthunlich; ein Zeichen, daß ſie ungerecht iſt und es auch in ſehr hohem Grade ſein kann; denn ein klein Object der Ungerechtigkeit hindert nicht, daß die daran bewieſene Ungerechtigkeit ſehr groß ſei.

3. **Was das Weltbürgerrecht betrifft**, ſo übergehe ich es hier mit Stillſchweigen; weil, wegen der Analogie deſſelben mit dem Völkerrecht, die Maximen deſſelben leicht anzugeben und zu würdigen ſind.

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Man hat hier nun zwar an dem Principe der Unverträglichkeit der Maximen des Völkerrechts mit der Publicität, ein gutes Kennzeichen der **Nichtübereinſtimmung** der Politik mit der Moral (als Rechtslehre). Nun bedarf man aber auch belehrt zu werden, welches denn die Bedingung iſt, unter der ihre Maximen mit dem Recht der Völker übereinſtimmen? Denn es läßt ſich nicht umgekehrt ſchließen: daß, welche Maximen die Publicität vertragen, dieſelben darum auch gerecht ſind; weil, wer die entſchiedene Obermacht hat, ſeiner Maximen nicht hehl haben darf. — Die Bedingung der Möglichkeit eines Völkerrechts überhaupt iſt: daß zuvörderſt ein **rechtlicher Zuſtand** exiſtire. Denn ohne dieſen giebt kein öffentliches Recht, ſondern alles Recht, was man ſich außer demſelben denken mag (im Naturzuſtande), iſt blos Privatrecht. Nun haben wir oben geſehen: daß ein föderativer Zuſtand der Staaten, welcher blos die Entfernung des Krieges zur Abſicht hat, der einzige, mit der **Freiheit** derſelben vereinbare, **rechtliche** Zuſtand ſei. Alſo iſt die Zuſammenſtimmung der Politik mit der Moral nur in einem föderativen Verein (der alſo nach Rechtsprincipien a priori gegeben und nothwendig iſt) möglich, und alle Staatsklugheit hat zur rechtlichen Baſis die Stiftung des erſteren, in ihrem größt-möglichen Umfange, ohne welchen Zweck alle ihre Klügelei Unweisheit und verſchleierte Ungerechtigkeit iſt. — Dieſe Afterpolitik hat nun ihre **Caſuiſtik**, trotz der beſten Jeſuiterſchule — die reservatio mentalis: in Abfaſſung öffentlicher Verträge, mit ſolchen Ausdrücken, die man gelegentlich zu ſeinem Vortheil auslegen kann, wie man will (z. B. den Unterſchied des status quo de fait und de droit); — den Probabilismus: böſe Abſichten an anderen zu erklügeln, oder auch Wahrſcheinlichkeiten ihres möglichen Uebergewichts zum Rechtsgrunde der Untergrabung anderer friedlichen Staaten zu machen; — endlich das peccatum philosophicum (peccatillum, baggatelle). Das Verſchlingen eines **kleinen** Staats, wenn dadurch ein viel **größerer**, zum vermeintlich größern Weltbeſten, gewinnt, für eine leicht-verzeihliche Kleinigkeit zu halten*).

Den Vorſchub hierzu giebt die Zweizüngigkeit der Politik in Anſehung der Moral, einen oder den andern Zweig derſelben zu ihrer Abſicht zu benutzen. — Beides, die Menſchenliebe und die Achtung fürs **Recht** der Menſchen, iſt Pflicht; jene aber nur **bedingte**, dieſe dagegen **unbedingte**, ſchlechthin gebietende Pflicht, welche nicht übertreten zu haben derjenige zuerſt völlig verſichert ſein muß, der ſich dem ſüßen Gefühl des Wohlthuns überlaſſen will. Mit der Moral im erſteren Sinne (als Ethik) iſt die Politik leicht einverſtanden, um das Recht der Menſchen ihren Oberen Preis zu geben; Aber mit der in der zweiten Bedeutung (als Rechtslehre) vor der ſie ihre Kniee beugen müßte, findet ſie es rathſam, ſich gar nicht auf Vertrag einzulaſſen, ihr lieber alle Realität abzuſtreiten, und alle Pflichten auf lauter Wohlwollen auszudeuten; welche Hinterliſt einer lichtſcheuen Politik doch von der Philoſophie durch die Publicität jener ihrer Maximen leicht vereitelt werden würde, wenn jene es nur wagen wollte, dem Philoſophen die Publicität der ſeinigen angedeihen zu laſſen.

In dieſer Abſicht ſchlage ich ein anderes transſcendentales und bejahendes Princip des öffentlichen Rechts vor, deſſen Formel dieſe ſein würde:

„Alle Maximen, die der Publicität **bedürfen** (um ihren Zweck nicht zu verfehlen), ſtimmen mit Recht und Politik vereinigt zuſammen.“

Denn, wenn ſie nur durch die Publicität ihren Zweck erreichen können, ſo müſſen ſie dem allgemeinen Zweck des Publicums (der Glückſeligkeit) gemäß ſein, womit zuſammen zu ſtimmen (es mit ſeinem Zuſtande zufrieden zu machen), die eigentliche Aufgabe der Politik iſt. Wenn aber dieſer Zweck nur durch die Publicität, d. i. durch die Entfernung alles Mißtrauens gegen die Maximen derſelben, erreichbar ſein ſoll, ſo müſſen dieſe auch mit dem Rechte des Publikums in Eintracht ſtehen, denn in dieſem allein iſt die Vereinigung der Zwecke Aller möglich. — Die weitere Ausführung und Erörterung dieſes Princips muß ich für eine andere Gelegenheit ausſetzen; nur daß es eine transſcendentale Formel ſei, iſt aus der Entfernung aller empiriſchen Bedingungen (der Glückſeligkeitslehre), als der Materie des Geſetzes und der bloßen Rückſicht auf die Form der allgemeinen Geſetzmäßigkeit zu erſehen.

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*) Die Belege zu ſolchen Maximen kann man in des Herrn Hofr. Garve Abhandlung: „Ueber die Verbindung der Moral mit der Politik“ (1788), antreffen. Dieſer würdige Gelehrte geſteht gleich zu Anfange, eine genugthuende Antwort auf dieſe Frage nicht geben zu können. Aber ſie dennoch gut zu heißen, ob zwar mit dem Geſtändniß, die dagegen ſich regenden Einwürfe nicht völlig heben zu können, ſcheint doch eine größere Nachgiebigkeit gegen die zu ſein, die ſehr geneigt ſind, ſie zu mißbrauchen, als wohl rathſam ſein möchte, einzuräumen.

* * *

Wenn es Pflicht, wenn zugleich gegründete Hoffnung da iſt, den Zuſtand eines öffentlichen Rechts, obgleich nur in einer ins Unendliche fortſchreitenden Annäherung wirklich zu machen, ſo iſt der ewige Friede, der auf die bisher fälſchlich ſo genannten Friedensſchlüſſe (eigentlich Waffenſtillſtände) folgt, keine leere Idee, ſondern eine Aufgabe, die nach und nach aufgelöſt, ihrem Ziele (weil die Zeiten, in denen gleiche Fortſchritte geſchehen, hoffentlich immer kürzer werden,) beſtändig näher kommt.

Der Kanzler, ſ. Minneſinger.

Thomas Kanzow

ward in der letzten Hälfte des 15. Jahrhunderts zu Stralſund geboren und gelangte durch die Gewogenheit des Herzogs von Pommern, ohne eigentlich ſtudirt zu haben, zu der Würde eines fürſtlichen Kanzleiſecretärs zu Wolgaſt. Von dem damals von Wittenberg ausgehendem Lichte angezogen, begab er ſich dahin, um unter Melanchthon zu ſtudiren, ſtarb aber während ſeines Aufenthaltes daſelbſt am 25. September 1542.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Pommer'ſche Chronik 1542 f. Neue Ausg. Stralſund 1820.

Pomerania. 14 Bücher. Herausgegeben von H. G. L. Koſegarten nach dem Manuſkripte. Greifswalde 1816—1817, 2 Bände.

In Hinſicht auf den hiſtoriſchen Werth ſind K's Schriften von nicht geringem Verdienſt und zeichnen ſich durch Präciſion und Deutlichkeit aus, dagegen ſteht der Styl derſelben andern gleichzeitigen Leiſtungen nach.

Anna Luiſe Karſch,

Tochter des Pachters, Brauers und Schenkwirths, Chriſtian Dürbach, ward am 1. December 1722 auf der niederſchleſiſchen Meierei Hammer geboren und wegen der Vielbeſchäftigkeit ihrer Eltern der dort lebenden Großmutter zur Erziehung übergeben. Nach dem Tode ihres Vaters kam ſie, 6 Jahre alt, mit derſelben zum ehemaligen Amtmann Fetke nach Tirſchtigel in Polen, der die Großmutter, ſeine Schweſter, als Haushälterin zu ſich nahm und, nachdem er das ſchlummernde Talent der ſtillen Louiſe durchblickt hatte, ſie ſelbſt mit dem feinern Leben bekannt machte, ja außer den gewöhnlichen Schulkenntniſſen ihr auch noch die lateiniſche Sprache lehrte. Niemand war glücklicher als die Kleine, doch nur kurze Zeit. Ihre indeſſen wiederverheirathete Mutter forderte das 10jährige Mädchen als Kinderwärterin zu ſich und übertrug ihr ſpäter das Hüten ihres Viehes. Dieſe Beſchäftigung in der freien Natur, welche durch die Freundſchaft eines gleichgeſinnten, ſie mit allen möglichen Romanen damaliger Zeit verſorgenden Hirtenknaben ihr verſüßt wurde, hatte den größten Einfluß auf die Entwickelung und Bildung ihres Geiſtes. Einige in ihrem Hauſe aufgefundene Verſe von Johann Franke entzündeten das Feuer der Poeſie in ihr und veranlaßten dichteriſche Verſuche an ihre Geliebten. Dieſe Verſuche ſetzte ſie heimliche auch fort, als das 17jährige Mädchen die Gattin eines habſüchtigen Tuchwebers und Tuchhändlers, Hirſekorn aus Schwiebus, geworden war, denn ſie blieben ihr einziger Troſt in ihrem Ehejoche. Freilich hatte dieſe Beſchäftigung, die durch die Ankunft des Großen Friedrich zu Schwiebus neue Nahrung erhielt, nachtheilig auf ihre Wirthſchaftsführung gewirkt. Ihr ohnedies nur ihr Geld liebender Mann ließ ſich daher von ihr ſcheiden und die nun ganz hülfloſe, durch die Sorge für ein auf ihrer Irrfahrt gebornes Mädchen, welches der geſchiedene Mann aufgab, gequälte Frau war genöthigt, ſich dem Schneider Karſch als Gattin in die Arme zu werfen und mit ihm nach Frauſtadt in Polen zu ziehen. Die Trinkſucht dieſes Mannes verſetzte ſie aber in die größte Dürftigkeit, aus welcher ſie endlich der daſige Frühprediger rettete, deſſen Vorträge ſie oft in Verſen bearbeitet hatte. Er empfahl ſie ſeinen Freunden in Liſſa und Großglogau, wohin ſie mit ihrer Familie gezogen war. Als hier ihr häusliches Elend den höchſten Grad erreicht hatte, wurde ſie durch Vermittlung eines angeſehenen Mannes von dem Trunkenbolde Karſch geſchieden und gelangte nun durch die Protection des auf ſie aufmerkſam gewordenen Baron von Kottwitz zu einer ihrer Neigung angemeſſenen Lebensweiſe. Er nahm ſie mit nach Berlin und machte ſie mit dem öſterreichiſchen Geſandten, Grafen von Gotter, mit Rammler, Sulzer, Mendelsſohn, Stahl, von Spiegel, Gleim und dem Grafen von Stolberg-Wernigerode bekannt. Später wurde ſie auch dem Könige Friedrich II. vorgeſtellt und erhielt von ihm ein Gnadengeſchenk und von den Herzogen Friedrich und Ferdinand von Braunſchweig jährliche Penſionen, vom König Friedrich Wilhelm II. aber ein ihr von Friedrich dem Großen verſprochenes eigenes Haus in Berlin, ſo daß ſie von nun an, wenn auch nicht immer ganz kummerlos, doch geehrt und in ihren Hauptbedürfniſſen geſichert leben konnte. Zur Vermählungsfeier ihrer geliebten Beſchützerin, der Prinzeſſin Friederike, mit dem Herzoge von York, reiſte ſie von ihrem derzeitigen Aufenthaltsorte Frankfurt an der Oder nach Berlin, ſtarb aber bald nach ihrer Ankunft, am 12. October 1791 daſelbſt ſanft und ruhig.

Wir haben von ihr:

Die gedemüthigten Ruſſen. Glogau 1758.
Auf den Sieg bei Torgau. Ebendaſ. 1760.
Geſänge bei Gelegenheit der Feierlichkeiten Berlins. Berlin 1763, 4.
Oden über verſchiedene hohe Gegenſtände. Ebendaſ. 1764, 4.
Auserleſene Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1764, 8., mit ihrem Portrait.
Poetiſche Einfälle. 1te Sammlung. Berlin 1764, 8.
Moraliſche Neujahrswünſche. Ebendaſ. 1764, 8.
Neue Gedichte. Mitau und Leipzig 1772 (1774).
Auf die Huldigung in Neupreußen und auf die Anweſenheit der Königin von Schweden. Berlin 1772, 8.

Verſificirtes Allerlei zum neuen Jahre. Berlin. 1773, 8.
An die preußiſche Armee bei Eröffnung des Feldzuges. Berlin 1773.
Auf Leopold's Opfertod. Ebendaſ. 1785.
An die Sonne. Beim Leichenbegängniſſe Friedrichs des Großen. Ebendaſ. 1786.
Auf Friedrichs II. Tod. Ebendaſ. 1786.
Zuruf an den Wanderer bei dem Marmorſarge Friedrichs des Großen. Ebendaſ. 1788.
Troſtgeſang für Neuruppin. Ebendaſ. 1787.
Gedichte. Nach der Dichterin Tode nebſt ihrem Lebenslauf herausgegeben von C. L. Kl. (enke), ihrer Tochter. Berlin 1792, 8.; neue Aufl. (bloß des Titelblatts), 1797.

Außerdem mehre andere poetiſche Erzeugniſſe in damaligen Zeitſchriften, Taſchenbüchern, Almanachs u. dgl.

Das Talent der Karſch, oder wie ſie nach früherer Sitte allgemein noch genannt wird, der Karſchin iſt von ihren Zeitgenoſſen und namentlich von dem leicht zu entflammenden Gleim, der ihr den pomphaften Namen der deutſchen Sappho gab, unbedingt überſchätzt worden. Gefühl, Phantaſie und poetiſche Zeugungskraft ſind ihr keineswegs abzuſprechen, doch beſaß ſie dieſe Eigenſchaften nur in geringerem Grade, vorwiegend war dagegen bei ihr die gewandte Herrſchaft über die Form und Sprache, welche ſie mit ſolcher Leichtigkeit handhabte, daß ſie nur zu häufig dadurch zur Production verleitet wurde und daher nicht viel Beſſeres als platte Reimereien lieferte, in welchen ſich allerdings hin und wieder ſehr gelungene Stellen finden.

Troſtgeſang für Neu-Ruppin bei den Ruinen

am 31. Auguſt 1787 *).

Blick auf! blick auf von deinem Aſchenhügel,
Hinauf zum Herrn, den keiner fragen darf,
Warum er ſchnell durch ſeines Sturmwinds Flügel
In deinen Kranz den Feuerwirbel warf?

Im vollen Schmuck ſah dich der Mittag ſchimmern,
Und traurig ſah die Abendſonne ſich
Noch einmal um, du lagſt bei deinen Trümmern
Verhüllt in Dampf, und weinteſt bitterlich.

Gott hört die Brut verlaſſ'ner Waldesneſter,
Er hört nach Brod auch deine Kinder ſchrei'n;
Er haucht in deine königliche Schweſter,
In ſein Berlin, den Geiſt des Mitleids ein.

Blick auf! und ſchau dahin nach jener Seite,
Da kam der Sturm, gewaltig wie das Meer,
Und ſtürzte dich zum Staub herab, und heute
Kömmt wie vom Himmel Troſt für dich daher.

Da kommen Wagen die ſo vollgehäufet **),
Wie Wagen, die das Erndtevolk regiert,
Wenn's Weizen, den die Sonnenglut gereifet,
Mit Lobgeſang ins frohe Dörfchen führt.

Die Männer und die Frauen frommer Sitte,
Die theilten ihren Kleiderſchrank mit dir,
Vom Pallaſt an bis zu der kleinſten Hütte
Herrſcht Thätigkeit für deine Hülfsbegier.

Kaum kann der Mai mehr aufzuſchütten haben,
Wenn ihm die Zeit ſein Füllhorn ſchwingen läßt;
Kaum giebt der Herbſt uns mehr Erquickungsgaben,
Als dir Berlin zum ſüßen Labefeſt.

Im Umfang ihrer Mauern wohnet keiner,
Der nicht für dich zum Wohlthun ward gerührt;
Die Nation gedenkt auch thätig deiner,
Die mächtig aus Egypten ward geführt *). —

Nimm was du kannſt, und eile, Dank zu ſagen,
(Im Tempel, den die Flamme nicht berührt,)
Der Vaterhand, die dich ſo hart geſchlagen,
Und die zum Heil die Herzen jetzt regiert.

Sie hat's der Flamme, hat's dem Sturm geboten:
Bis hieher und nicht weiter ſollt ihr geh'n,
Sie heißt im Glanz, wie auferweckte Todten,
Die Häuſer und die Tempel neu entſteh'n.

Du wirſt es ſeh'n, wirſt nicht die Hand verkennen,
Wenn höher dich dein König hebt empor;
Dann werden dich die Schweſtern ſchöner nennen,
Und ſeliger dich preiſen wie zuvor.

Sie ſeufzen alle mit in deine Klagen,
Und ſtellen einen edlen Wettlauf an,
Dir wie auf Windesflügeln zuzutragen
Troſt, der dich wieder freudig machen kann.

An die Sonne

bei dem Leichenbegängniſſe Friedrichs des Größten,

am 9. September 1786.

Geliebte Fürſtin der Natur,
O Sonne! hülle dich in Schleierwölkchen nur,
Und nicht in eine ſchwere finſtre Wolke,
Du ſchöne Himmelsmajeſtät!
Bleib freundlich dieſem Trauervolke.
Sieh, dieſer Zug, der langſam geht,
Der königliche Leichenwagen,
Bedeutet mehr, als je dein Blick geſeh'n,
Wenn Weltbeherrſcher fortgetragen
In Grüfte wurden, wo kein Klagen,
Kein Opferbringen und kein Fleh'n,
Den Hingetrag'nen weckt, wo düſter die Verweſung
Auf ewig kaltem Throne ſitzt,
Wenn Jahr an Jahr zur Neugeneſung
Dein milder Frühlingsſtrahl erhitzt
Die winterkrank geweſ'ne Erde,
Daß Baum und Pflanze wieder blüh'n,
Und Berg und Thal bekleidet werde
Mit wieder friſchem Jugendgrün:
Nur Gras und Blumen kannſt du wecken,
Und Wurm und Schwalben, die ihr Haupt,
Ihr leblos Haupt, im Sumpf verſtecken,
Mehr iſt dir nicht erlaubt. —
  Die Könige, die dir geglichen
An Größe, Mildigkeit und Macht,
Und ſo wie Laub und Gras verblichen,
Die werden nicht hervorgebracht
Aus ihren Gräbern, wenn die Schwalbe
Durch deine Wirkung wieder lebt,
Und bäte dich darum die halbe
Verwaiſte Welt, die mit begräbt
Ihr blühend Glück, und Stolz und Wonne,
Du biſt ohnmächtig ihrem Ruf —
Du ſiehſt nicht mehr als Morgenſonne
Den Früherwachten, der ſchon in Gedanken ſchuf,
Was Millionen Menſchen nützte,
Wenn deinem Glanz die Lerch' entgegen ſang —
Du ſiehſt nicht mehr den Helden, der uns ſchützte,
Der mit viel Feinden für uns rang.
Du wirſt in Seiner Hand nicht mehr Sein Schwert
vergülden,
Er gab es Seinem Folgefürſt,
Den Du dereinſt in Schlachtgefilden
Zu Heldenkampf auch wecken wirſt,
Wenn gegen uns ein Feind ſich hübe,
Vom Waffenlager fürchterlich —
Ihn wird auch Landesvaterliebe
Nicht ruhen laſſen, wenn Du dich
Schon zeigſt im roſenfarb'nen Schleier:
Dieß iſt Sein Vorſatz königlich —

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*) Gedichte von A. L. Karſchin. Berlin 1792.

**) Es iſt bekannt, wie wetteifernd das Mitleid der Berliner ſich gegen die verunglückten Ruppiner verhielt; nicht allein die Großen und Edlen, ſondern auch die armen Dienſtboten trugen zur Unterſtützung bei und wohl niemals ſahe man die angeborne Güte des menſchlichen Herzens ſo allgemein, als bei dieſer traurigen Gelegenheit.

*) Die löbliche Judenſchaft.

Er weint, Sein Vorbild war ſo groß, ſo lieb,
ſo theuer,
Und ach, Du ſelber trübeſt ja
Dein Antlitz bei der Leichenfeier,
Weil's Seine Thränen fließen ſah —
Zeuch Waſſer aus der Spree und aus der Havelwelle,
Und aus der Oſtſee, wenn du willſt;
Noch weilt Er auf der Grabesſchwelle,
Und ſegnet Friedrich's Schlummerſtätte,
Indeß Du Dich in Trauer hüllſt;
Noch tönt bei heiligen Gebeinen
Der Todtenſang zu dir empor —
Laß eher nicht den Himmel weinen,
Bis Saitenſpiel und Sängerchor
Genug geklagt, bis Alles ſchweiget
Und Alles aus dem Tempel wich,
Und nur ein ſtilles Ach noch ſteiget
Weit über dich. —

Abraham Gotthelf Käſtner,

der Sohn des Profeſſors und Doctors der Rechte K. zu Leipzig, ward am 27. September 1719 daſelbſt geboren und genoß bei ſeinen vortrefflichen Geiſtesanlagen und ſeiner außerordentlichen Lernbegierde eine ſo gute Erziehung, daß er, ohne eine öffentliche Schule beſucht zu haben, bereits in ſeinem 10. Jahre den Vorleſungen ſeines Vaters mit Nutzen beiwohnen konnte, und ſchon 1731 als Student der Rechte immatrikulirt wurde. Er beſuchte nun mit außerordentlichem Eifer und Glück die juriſtiſchen, philoſophiſchen, mathematiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Vorträge der übrigen Lehrer dieſer Univerſität, erlernte nebenbei nach Anleitung ſeines für ihn eingenommenen Oheims, des berühmten Rechtsgelehrten Rudolph Pommer, Franzöſiſch, Engliſch, Italieniſch, Spaniſch, Schwediſch und Holländiſch, und übte ſich unter Gottſched's Leitung in der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit. Nachdem er als Magiſter in den gelehrten Geſellſchaften Gottſched's und in damaligen ſchönwiſſenſchaftlichen Journalen rühmliche Beweiſe ſeines Talentes und ſeiner Kenntniſſe abgelegt hatte, wurde er 1733 Notarius, wodurch er Gelegenheit erhielt, ſelbſt für ſeine leiblichen Bedürfniſſe zu ſorgen. Während die philoſophiſche Facultät in Leipzig ihm 1735 das Baccalaureat und 1737 die Magiſterwürde ertheilte, ſetzte er den Beſuch der Vorträge über Anatomie, gerichtliche Arzneikunde, Botanik, Chemie u. ſ. w. fort und begann 1739 ſelbſt über Philoſophie und Mathematik zu leſen. Der Beifall, den ſeine Vorleſungen erhielten, ſowie einige wichtige mathematiſche Entdeckungen erwarben ihm 1746 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Mathematik daſelbſt, die genauere Bekanntſchaft der angeſehenſten Gelehrten des In- und Auslandes und die Mitgliedſchaft der Akademieen zu Berlin, Bologna und Göttingen raſch nach einander. Daher erhielt er 1756 den auszeichnenden Ruf zu einer ordentlichen Profeſſur der Mathematik und Phyſik nach Göttingen und ging, nachdem er zuvor in Leipzig ſich mit ſeinem in ſeinen Elegien rührend betrauerten Hannchen (geborne Baumann) vermählt hatte, dahin ab. Hier wurde er bald Aelteſter der deutſchen Geſellſchaft, Aufſeher der Sternwarte, 1765 großbritanniſcher und braunſchweigiſcher Hofrath und endete ſein raſtloſes thätiges und nützliches Leben bei vollen Geiſteskräften am 20. Junius 1800, nachdem er 1787 die Feier des Jubiläums der Univerſität und ſeiner Magiſterwürde geſehen hatte. — Er war ein einfacher Bürger und Privatmann, ſonderbar hartnäckig an alten Formen klebend, aber originellen Geiſtes und wahrhaft biederen Herzens, kleinen beweglichen Körpers und durch den Bau ſeines Kopfes, beſonders ſeiner ſtark vorwärts gewölbten Stirn, im Aeußern eben ſo ausgezeichnet wie durch ſein Inneres.

Er ſchrieb:

Vermiſchte Schriften. Altenburg 1755—1772, 2 Thle., 8.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1783, 8.; mit ſeinem Portrait von Tiſchbein im 1. Theile.
Anfangsgründe der Mathematik. Göttingen 1758 —1800; 6te Aufl. 1800.
Einige Vorleſungen. Altenburg 1768—1773, zwei Sammlungen, 8.
Lobſchrift auf Leibnitz. Ebendaſ. 1769, 8.
Ueber den Vortrag gelehrter Kenntniſſe in der deutſchen Sprache, bei der 50jährigen Jubelfeier der Univerſität. Göttingen 1788, 8.
Die Erinnerung eines Kindes und ſeiner Mutter gewidmet. Göttingen 1796, 8.
Geſchichte der Mathematik. Göttingen 1796—1800.
Dreißig Briefe und mehrere Sinngedichte. Herausgegeben von Amalie v. Gehren, geb. Baldinger. Darmſtadt 1810, 8.
Sinngedichte und Einfälle. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1800, 2 Sammlungen, 8. Die 1. Sammlung erſchien eigentlich ſchon 1781 durch Fr. Höpfner zu Darmſtadt, aber ohne ſein Wiſſen und ſeine Billigung. Die 2. mit derſelben durch Wilhelm Jaß zu Marburg, 2. Aufl. Marburg 1820.

Lateiniſch:

Elogium C. Christophori Lichtenberg, in consessu Societatis Reg. Scientiar. Gottingae 1799, 4.

Treffend urtheilt über Käſtner's belletriſtiſche Leiſtungen Küttner in ſeinen Charakteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten (S. 275 f.), indem er von ihm ſagt: Helle Vernunft mit ſcharfer beißender Laune, Witz und Tiefe und ein immer heiterer Blick beleben alle die verſchiedenen Aufſätze die K. uns ſchenkte. Gern geht er auf Unterſuchungen aus, die ſonderbar und neu ſcheinen, und beſtreitet Wahrheiten gern, die nicht Jedem ſogleich einleuchten und doch durch die Bündigkeit ſeiner Beweiſe auffallen. Zuweilen auch giebt er ſeinen ſpitzfindigen Gedanken und Spielen der Einbildungskraft ein frappantes Anſehen von Wichtigkeit. Selbſt ſeine kleinen Gelegenheitseinfälle intereſſiren, von ihm geſagt, auch außer der Zeit und dem Orte, der ſie veranlaßte. Das iſt ſelten, daß ein Geiſt wie Käſtner, der die tiefſinnigſten aller menſchlichen Wiſſenſchaften mit ſolcher Stetigkeit umfaßt, die Feinheiten des geſellſchaftlichen Scherzes und der Poeſie des Witzes ſo ganz in ſeiner Gewalt hat, und ſelbſt den abſtracteſten Lehren, die ſein Scharfſinn erfand, alle Reize des angenehmen Ausdrucks mitzutheilen weiß.

Epigramme von Käſtner.

Die Algebra der Stutzer.

Die Stutzer mögen ſich ſtark auf Algebra legen,
Denn weniger als Nichts iſt meiſtens ihr Vermögen.

Auf Kepler.

So hoch war noch kein Sterblicher geſtiegen,
Als Kepler ſtieg, und ſtarb in Hungersnoth: *)

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*) Auf einer Reiſe, die er thun mußte, um allergnädigſte Auszahlung rückſtändiger Beſoldung allerunterthänigſt anzuhalten.

Er wußte nur die Geiſter zu vergnügen,
Drum ließen ihn die Körper ohne Brod.

Die Vortheile der Weisheit.

Contemtae dominus splendidior rei.
Horat.

Pracht, Reichthum, eitle Luſt kann ſie uns nicht gewähren;
Was giebt die Weisheit denn? den Geiſt, dies zu entbehren.

Der Kompilator.

O ſpräche doch der Sammler Fulvius
Nicht ſelbſt nunmehr als Kritikus.
So lang er uns nur Andrer Meinung gab,
Schrieb er doch manchmal noch was Kluges ab.

Der Deutſche.

(Nachahmung einer bekannten Stelle Virgil's.)

Mein Volk, Thuiskon's Volk! geſteht den Rang dir zu?
Der Wälſche ſingt und malt vortrefflicher als du;
Witz, Zärtlichkeit, Geſchmack, ſich putzen, lachen, tanzen,
Und was noch Alles mehr? lernſt du vom muntern Franzen;
Stolz geht des Britten Blick auf alles Land umher,
Wo denkt man tief und ſtark! wo ſpricht man frei, wie er?
Und du, Germanien! iſt was von dir zu melden?
Dankt dir Europa was? Regenten, Weiſe, Helden!

Deutſche Verſe mit lateiniſchen Buchſtaben.

(Auf Bodmer's Hexameter.)

Seht die epiſchen Zeilen, frei vom Maaße der Sylben,
Frei vom Zwange des Reimes, hart, wie Lyriſche Verſe,
Leer, wie Meißniſche Reime. Seht der glückliche Künſtler
Füllt mit Römiſchen Lettern, mit Pythagoriſchen y y *)
Zum Ermüden des Leſers, beſſer zu nutzende Bogen.

Eine mütterliche Warnung.

Victorien hört' ich jüngſt ihren Sohn belehren:
„Fritz, ſieh' die Mädchen an, als ob es Gänſe wären!"
Madam, ſprach ich, Sie kennen Ihr Geſchlecht;
Folgt Ihnen Fritz, ſo denkt er meiſtens Recht.

Als die Tochter Vorſtehendes übel aufnahm.

Was ich von Gänſen hier geſchrieben,
Trifft Sie, Mamſel, gewißlich nicht,
In Gänſe, ſo wie die, von denen Mutter ſpricht,
Kann man ſich ja verlieben.

Auf einen Dichter, der ſeine Gedichte auf blau Papier drucken ließ.

Blau, wenn ſie Nichts uns zeigt, zeigt ſich die Atmoſphäre;
Ihr gleicht dein Buch an Farbe, wie an Leere.

Claus Narr und die Gänschen.

Claus Narr ließ manchen Spruch in ſeiner Einfalt hören
(Der Kluge lacht dabei, und brauchet ihn zu lehren);
Auch den, als er an eines Teiches Rand
Bei muntern, jungen Gänschen ſtand:
„Ihr lieben Dingerchen! jetzt ſeid ihr artig, klein,
„Bald werdet ihr nur große Gänſe ſein."
Claus ſagte laut, was ich oft ſchweigend fühle,
Wenn ich mit kleinen Mädchen ſpiele.

Auf Jemanden, der zu früh todt geſagt ward.

Die Fama, reicher noch an Zungen, als an Ohren,
Bereitet ihm zu früh ſein Grab.
Noch wälzt er ſich, durch's Paradies der Thoren
Den breiten, luſt'gen Weg hinab.

Urſachen, warum die Dichter vom Podagra frei ſind.

Das Schmerzenskind von Bacchus und Cytheren,
Wie kommt's, daß es die Dichter ſeltner plagt,
Die ſo getreu dies Götterpaar verehren?
Mir hat den Grund ein Dichter jüngſt geſagt:
„Wir leben nicht an dieſer Krankheit Jahre,
Uns legt zuvor der Hunger auf die Bahre."

Als ein Buchhändler eines Würzkrämers Tochter heirathete.

Beglückter Schwiegerſohn, dir kann kein Buch vermodern;
Wenn es kein Leſer kauft, wird es dein Vater fodern.

An einen Autor.

Du ſchimpfſt auf mich, weil mein verweg'nes Lachen,
Dich und dein ſchönes Werk entehrt.
Wenn hätt' ich das gethan? Ich hielt ja deine Sachen
Nie meiner Zeit zum Seh'n und Leſen werth.

Der Blinde.

Zween Kenner, die ein Werk von Dürer's Kunſt erhoben,
Hört einſt ein Blinder lachend an.
Wie, ſprach er, könnt Ihr was ſo ungemäßigt loben,
Wo ich nichts Sanftes fühlen kann?
Erklärt mir das Gewäſch von Zeichnung, Farbe, Schatten,
Wo nicht, ſo gebt mir zu, daß es nur Grillen ſind.
Die Antwort, als ſie ihn genug gehöret hatten,
War in drei Worten: du biſt blind!

* * *

Das Glück, die Wahrheit zu erfinden,
Das Glück, das Weiſe nur empfinden,
Hört man die Thoren öfters ſchmäh'n,
Wer kann dafür, daß ſie nicht ſeh'n!

Die Diebin.

Kaum ſieben Jahr konnt' Iris zählen,
So wußte ſie voll Liſt zu ſtehlen;
Die kleine Hand griff, was das Auge reizte;
Nicht, daß ſie's zu beſitzen geizte;
Nur über deſſen Qual, den ſie beraubt, zu ſcherzen,
Entführt ſie Obſt als Kind, und als ein Mädchen Herzen.

Anonymität der Recenſenten.

A.

Verwegen, weil er ſich nicht nennt,
Schmäht meuchleriſch der Recenſent.

B.

Und müßt' er ſich auch nennen,
Wer wird den Narren kennen!

Auf eine Einladung zu Anhörung einer Rede.

Freund, deine Wiſſenſchaft, dein redlich Herz zu ehren,
Erkenn' ich ſtets für meine Pflicht,
Und lachen über dich, will ich gewißlich nicht:
Deswegen mag ich dich nicht hören.

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*) Deutſche Leſer müſſen ſich belehren laſſen, daß der Buchſtabe y bei den Schweizer ü genannt wird.

Katharina II., Kaiſerin von Rußland,

die Tochter des Fürſten Chriſtian Auguſt von Anhalt-Zerbſt, ward am 25. April 1729 zu Stettin geboren und erhielt in der Taufe die Namen Sophia Auguſta, welche ſie aber, nachdem die ruſſiſche Kaiſerin Eliſabeth ſie zur Gemahlin ihres Neffen und Nachfolgers, Peter's III., erkoren hatte, in den obigen umänderte.

Die Größe ihres Geiſtes beurkundet ihre lange ruhmvolle Regierung und die Ausdehnung und Kräftigung des Reiches, deſſen Scepter ſie nach dem Tode ihres Gemahls 1762 mit ſtarker Hand ergriff und bis an ihr Ende, den 9. November 1796, wie bekannt, führte. Daß ſie aber nicht bloß Beſchützerin und Nährerin der Wiſſenſchaften war, ſondern auch Kennerin und ſelbſtthätige Beförderin, dafür zeugen ihre Schriften.

Wir haben von ihr:

Das Märchen vom Zarewitſch Chlor. Berlin 1782, 8. anonym.

Das Märchen vom Zarewitſch Fewei. Ebendaſ. 1784, 8.; mit 1 Titelkupfer von Chodowiecki, anonym.

Erzählungen und Geſpräche, oder Bibliothek der Großfürſten. Berlin 1784 — 1788, 9 Thle., 8.; mit Kupfern von Chodowiecki.

Obidah. Morgenländiſche Erzählung. Petersburg 1786.

Der Betrüger. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1787.

Der ſibiriſche Schaman. Ebendaſ. 1787, 8.; mit 1 Titelkupfer und anonym.

Der Verblendete. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1787.

Drei Luſtſpiele wider Schwärmerei und Aberglauben. Berlin und Stettin 1788. Enthält die 3 vorgenannten Schriften, und kam anonym heraus.

Der Familienzwiſt. Luſtſpiel. Petersburg 1789.

Als Schriftſtellerin iſt die erhabene Frau, welcher um der Vollſtändigkeit willen, die obige kurze Notiz gewidmet wurde, eine um ſo merkwürdigere Erſcheinung, als ſie mehr für einen beſtimmten Zweck, als aus innerem Antriebe zu der Feder griff, und man daher ſelbſt die gewöhnlichſten Forderungen, nicht an das, was ſie in dieſer Hinſicht leiſtete, ſtellen darf. Scharfſinn und Geiſt ſprechen ſich in allen ihren Schriften entſchieden aus, doch ſtehen ihr Form wie Sprache oft hinderlich entgegen, und es iſt intereſſant zu ſehen, wie ſie theils dieſelben mit Kühnheit zu bezwingen weiß, theils von ihnen gehemmt wird und unterliegt. Dem Inhalte nach am bedeutendſten ſind ihre gegen den Gaukler Caglioſtro gerichteten Luſtſpiele.

Heinrich Kaufringer, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Johann Kayſer.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Dichters wiſſen wir bloß, daß er im 6. Jahrzehend des 17. Jahrhunderts in Weſtphalen geboren wurde, als Kircheninſpector und Oberpfarrer zu Kleve lebte und als vom Kaiſer gekrönter Dichter zu Anfang des 18. Jahrhunderts ſtarb.

Er hinterließ die Schrift:

Kleveſcher Muſenberg. Kleve 1698 — 1704 3. Thle.

K. war ſeiner Zeit nicht ohne Talent für die didaktiſche Poeſie, doch leidet er an der Geſchmackloſigkeit und Breite, welche jener Periode eigen war. —

Meiſter Kelga, ſ. Minneſinger.

Georg Victor Keller

ward am 14. Mai 1760 zu Ewattingen im Schwarzwalde von katholiſchen Eltern geboren. Sein Vater, der dortige Hufſchmied, ließ ihn auf der Schule zu Villingen und ſpäter auf dem Gymnaſium zu Freiburg im Breisgau die nöthige Grundlage in den Schulkenntniſſen legen, worauf er nach Wien ging und dort bis 1778 Philoſophie und Theologie ſtudirte. Auf den dringenden Wunſch ſeiner Eltern kehrte er zurück, trat als Novize in das Benedictinerſtift St. Blaſien, erhielt nach Ablegung des Gelübdes 1785 die Prieſterweihe und den Ordensnamen Victor, und übernahm das Lehramt der Kirchengeſchichte und des Kirchenrechtes in ſeinem Kloſter. Nachdem er hierauf Pfarrer zu Schluchſee im Schwarzwalde und ſpäter zu Wiesliken im Aargau geweſen, wurde er in gleicher Eigenſchaft 1806 nach Aarau berufen, dort zuerſt zum Aufſeher des katholiſchen Schulweſens und 1812 zum biſchöflichen Commiſſarius ernannt. Seine wiſſenſchaftliche Tüchtigkeit und ſeine Religioſität, welche von Weſſenberg, ſo wie von gebildeten Proteſtanten unterſtützt ſich vorzüglich in ſeinem literariſchen Wirken zeigte, wurde 1814 durch ſeine Ernennung zum Decan und Pfarrer zu Zurzach ehrend anerkannt, bereitete ihm aber auch vielfachen Kummer. Von ſeinen Widerſachern verfolgt, übernahm er 1816 die Pfarrei zu Grafenhauſen, 1819 gegen ſeinen Willen das Decanat ſeines Sprengels und 1820 das Pfarramt zu Pfaffenweiler bei Freiburg. Hier wurde er 1823 von einem ſein Gedächtniß und ſeine Sprache lähmenden Nervenleiden plötzlich befallen, welches auch am 7. December 1827 ſeine Auflöſung herbeiführte.

Vom ihm kam heraus:

Stunden der Andacht. Aarau 1809 — 1816, 8 Bde., 8.; im Verein mit ſeinen Freunden.

Ideale für alle Stände. Ebendaſ. 1818, 8.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1831.

Katholikon. Aarau 1824; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1827, 2 Thle.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1832.

Nachlaß. Freiburg 1830, 2 Bde.; mit ſeiner Biographie.

Blätter der Erbauung und des Nachdenkens. Freiburg 1832, 2 Bde. Auch unter dem Titel: Fortſetzung der Stunden der Andacht.

K. zeichnete ſich durch eine für ſeine Stellung große Freiſinnigkeit aus, und erwarb ſich namentlich durch ſeine aſketiſchen Schriften, in denen er hohe Begeiſterung mit ſeltener Kraft und Wärme und einer eindringlichen zum Herzen gehenden Sprache zu verbinden wußte, große Verdienſte. Seine Stunden der Andacht fanden vorzüglich die weiteſte Verbreitung und bei den aufgeklärten Bekennern des chriſtlichen Glaubens die lebhafteſte und dankbarſte Anerkennung. —

Henkel von Kemenat, ſ. Minneſinger.

Marſtin von Kempe

ward am 5. Juni 1642 zu Königsberg geboren, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und zu Jena Humaniora und ging, nachdem er daſelbſt Magiſter geworden und zum Dichter gekrönt war, auf Reiſen. Auf dieſen durchwanderte er ſeit 1670 Holland, England, Dänemark und Deutſchland, erhielt die Mitgliedſchaft des pegnitzſchen und des Schwanenordens, der deutſchgeſinnten Genoſſenſchaft und der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft und damit zugleich die Namen: Damon, Kleodor, der Unſterbliche und der Erkorene, und ließ ſich hierauf als brandenburgiſcher Hiſtoriograph in ſeinem Vaterlande nieder. Hier erhielt er 1677 das Adelsdiplom. Er ſtarb am 31. Juli 1683.

Er ſchrieb:

Poesis triumphans. Königsberg 1676, 12.
Das geiſtliche Je länger je lieber. Königsberg. 1679.
Madrigale. Königsberg 1680.
Von der heroiſchen Poeſie der Deutſchen. Königsberg 1681.

K. dichtete im Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit, ohne ſich über das Alltägliche zu erheben.

August Wilhelm Kephalides

ward 1788 zu Nimptſch geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie, wurde Dr. philos. und, nachdem er 1814 und 1815 mit dem Profeſſor K. Förſter Italien und Sicilien bereiſt hatte, am Friedrichsgymnaſium zu Breslau als Profeſſor angeſtellt. Er hielt auch als Privatdocent an der daſigen Univerſität Vorleſungen über philoſophiſche Gegenſtände und ſtarb daſelbſt am 10. März 1820.

Wir haben von ihm:

Reiſe durch Italien und Sicilien. Leipzig 1818, 2 Bde., 8.

Unter den vielen Beſchreibungen von italieniſchen Reiſen, welche unſere Literatur aufzuweiſen hat, nimmt K's Werk einen hohen Rang ein, wegen der in ihm vorherrſchenden Gründlichkeit, Genauigkeit und lebhaften anſchaulichen Darſtellung. —

Heinrich August Kerndörffer

ward am 16. December 1769 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte auf den daſigen gelehrten Anſtalten ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und trat, nachdem er die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde erhalten hatte, als akademiſcher Lehrer der deutſchen Sprache und Declamation an der daſigen Univerſität auf, wo er als Profeſſor derſelben gegenwärtig noch lebt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Familie von Barbenſtein. Leipzig 1793.
Herrmann und Agneſe. Leipzig 1794.
Leben des Sebaſtian Göz. Leipzig 1795, 2 Bde.
Die Familie von Bernheim. Leipzig 1796.
Moraliſche Gemälde aus der Ehe. Leipzig 1797.
Bekenntniſſe eines glücklichen Vaters. Leipzig 1798.
Darſtellungen aus der Menſchenwelt. Leipzig 1798.
Anton. Leipzig 1800.
Adolph und ſein Freund Orion. Leipzig 1801.
Verbildung und Leichtſinn. Leipzig 1801.
Lorenzo. Leipzig 1801 fgde. 4 Bde.
Fabeln. Leipzig 1802.
Handbuch für Freimaurer. Leipzig 1806.
Verſuch über Lebensphiloſophie. Leipzig 1806.
Handbuch der Declamation. Leipzig 1813 — 1815, 3 Bde.
Materialien für den erſten Unterricht in der Declamation. Leipzig 1815; 3. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1828.
Lehr- und Declamirübungen. Leipzig 1819.
Muſterſtücke. Leipzig 1822.
Anleitung zur gründlichen Bildung des declamatoriſchen Vortrages. Leipzig 1823.
Anleitung zur richtigen u. ſ. w. declamatoriſchen Behandlung der preußiſchen Kirchenagende. Leipzig 1831.
Allgemeiner Briefſteller. Leipzig. 1832.
Handbuch für den geregelten mündlichen Vortrag geiſtlicher Reden. Leipzig 1832.
Viele Jugendſchriften, Sammlungen von Gedichten für Declamation u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

K's Romane zeichnen ſich durch Sittlichkeit, gute Darſtellung und trefflichen Styl vortheilhaft aus, gehören jedoch einer veralteten Richtung an. — Seine Lehrbücher haben ſich länger erhalten und erfreuen ſich vortrefflicher Anordnung, großer Deutlichkeit und guter Methode; eben ſo entſprechen ſeine Jugendſchriften vollkommen ihrem Zweck.

Andreas Justinus Kerner,

Sohn des Regierungsrathes und Oberamtmanns K. zu Ludwigsburg in Würtemberg, ward am 18. Februar 1786 daſelbſt geboren und ſollte, nachdem er auf der dortigen lateiniſchen Schule und im Kloſter Maulbronn für die Wiſſenſchaften vorbereitet worden war, nach dem frühen Tode ſeines Vaters ſich gegen ſeine Neigung in einer Tuchfabrik dem Kaufmannsſtande widmen, wurde aber durch den Prediger und Dichter Conz aus dieſem drückenden Verhältniß geriſſen und 1804 auf die Univerſität Tübingen entlaſſen, wo er ſich dem Studium der Medicin mit Erfolg hingab und an dem von gleicher Liebe zur Dichtkunſt beſeelten Uhland einen innigen Freund fand. Nach vollendeten Studien machte er ſeit 1809 verſchiedene Reiſen und wirkte dann an mehreren Orten als praktiſcher Arzt in ſeinem Vaterlande, bis er 1819 als Oberamtsarzt ſich in Weinsberg dauernd niederließ. Hier baute er ſich am Fuße der Weibertreue genannten Burg an und lebte ganz einer glücklichen Häuslichkeit, ſeinen ärztlichen Forſchungen und ſeinen poetiſchen Beſchäftigungen, die in neuerer Zeit eine ſtarke myſtiſche Färbung erhielten. — Noch bekannter wurde ſein Name ſeitdem er ſeine Schriften über die Verhältniſſe der Geiſter zur Menſchenwelt herausgab.

Von ihm erſchien:

Reiſeſchatten vom Schattenſpieler Lux. Heidelberg 1811, 8.
Poetiſcher Almanach. Stuttgart 1812, 8., mit Fouqué, Karl und Aug. Mayer, Guſtav Schwab, Uhland u. A.
Dichterwald. Ebendaſ. 1813.
Romantiſche Dichtungen. Karlsruhe 1817. Dieſelben nebſt andern poetiſchen Erzeugniſſen als:
Gedichte. Stuttgart 1826, gr. 8., und noch vollſtändiger als:
Dichtungen. Stuttgart 1834, 8.
Das Fettgift oder die Fettſäure und ihre Wirkung auf den thieriſchen Organismus. Tübingen 1822.
Beſchreibung des Wildbads. 3. Aufl. Tübingen 1832.
Geſchichte zweier Somnambülen. Karlsruhe 1824.
Seherin von Prevorſt. Stuttgart 1830, 2 Aufl. 1832.
Blätter aus Prevorſt. Mit Eſchenmayer, Karlsruhe 1831 — 1834, 3 Sammlgn.

K. iſt in neuſter Zeit wegen ſeiner Anſichten über den Dämonismus von ſeinen Gegnern heftig angegriffen, und von ſeinen Freunden, bei denen jedoch ſeine perſönliche Liebenswürdigkeit nicht unbedeutend zu wirken ſcheint, eben ſo warm vertheidigt worden. Die Acten über dieſe merkwürdige Erſcheinung ſind noch keineswegs geſchloſſen, jedes entſcheidende Urtheil würde daher ein voreiliges ſein, und wir enthalten uns um ſo mehr deſſelben, als es die Grenzen dieſes Werkes überſchreiten müßte. — Um deſto bereitwilliger zollen wir aber dem eigenthümlichen und ausgezeichneten Manne als Dichter die lebhafteſte Anerkennung. Neben Uhland und Schwab, dem Erſteren in geiſtiger Tiefe nahe verwandt, gehört er zu den Häuptern der ſchwäbiſchen Dichterſchule. Einfache Herzlichkeit, Tiefe, Reichthum der Phantaſie, ſeltener Zauber der Sprache, mitunter keckе Laune charakteriſiren ſeine Leiſtungen, unter denen ſeine lyriſchen Poeſieen die vorzüglichſten ſind. Was er aber auch gedichtet habe, Alles iſt ſeinem innerſten Gemüth, der Tiefe ſeines Herzens entſproſſen und thut daher ſelbſt dem Andersdenkenden wohl, denn aus Allem tritt dem Leſer der heilige Ernſt des wahren Gefühls, die ächteſte Frömmigkeit, die reinſte Menſchenliebe beruhigend und erhebend entgegen.

Gedichte von A. J. Kerner *).

Nach Katharinas Tod.

1.

O ſel'ge Herrin! Stern aus Norden,
Der ſich einſt mild zu uns gewandt,
Du, die zum Liebeſtern geworden
Dem hoffenden, dem armen Land.

Biſt ſchon verſchwunden, kaum gekommen,
Ein Morgen über Thal und Höhn,
Und deine Saat, des Lichts benommen,
Muß nun im Keime trauernd ſtehn.

Wie liegt es bang auf jedem Herzen!
Wie thun es tauſend Thränen kund!
Und wer da ſpricht, der ſpricht von Schmerzen,
Und wie ſein Inn'res tödtlich wund.

Wohl Manchem iſt's, als könnt' er ſcheiden
Fortan mit Luſt von Herd und Haus,
Als löſchten mit Dir alle Freuden,
Jedwedes Licht auf einmal aus.

Ihr Glocken mit geweihtem Schalle!
Ruft durch die trauernd ſtille Luft:
„Ihr Armen! kniet und betet alle!
„Hört's! eure Mutter deckt die Gruft!“

„Ihr Reichen, hört's! nun iſt verſchwunden
„Sie, euer Stolz, Sie, aller Hort!
„Kniet! ſchwöret: das Band, daß Sie gebunden,
„Ein Heiligthum zu binden fort.“

Wie Well' an Well', ſchlag Zähr' an Zähre,
Wehlaut! fahr' über Land und Meer,
Ruf' aus: „Ihr Länder und ihr Meere!
O trauert all'! Sie iſt nicht mehr!“

Wie jubelt's in den Sternenhallen!
Wie flammt in Luſt des Himmels Zelt!
Bei uns, wie iſt es öd, zerfallen!
Wie ohne Heimat jetzt die Welt!

2.

Aufflog Sie nun zur ew'gen Sternenhalle,
Dahin, woher Sie ſegnend einſt gekommen,
Wir aber ſtehn, ertränkt in Thränen alle,
Kein Troſt, kein Heilkraut kann uns Armen frommen.
Doch wie wir ſtehn, ſo jedes Troſt's benommen,
Ertönt's zu uns mit himmliſch ſüßem Schalle:
„Schaut himmelan! ich bin euch ja geblieben!
„Ein Schutzgeiſt ſchweb' ich waltend ob euch Lieben.“
Nun iſt Sie erſt um uns und bei uns allen,
Von keinem mehr getrennt durch Thal und Höhen.
Wo Seufzer ſtöhnen, heiße Thränen fallen,
Verlaßne Arme ſtill zum Himmel flehen,
Da wird man hören oft ein leiſes Wallen,
Wird ungehoffte Hülfe kommend ſehen.
Dann fraget nicht, woher iſt das gekommen?
Es kam von ihr, dem Schutzgeiſt aller Frommen.

3.

Die Glocken haben ausgeklungen,
Die ſchwarzen Kleider zog man aus,
Und Blum' und Blüthe iſt gedrungen
Glanzreich an's Licht aus dunklem Haus.

Mag noch ſo bunt die Au prangen,
Steht paradieſiſch Feld und Hain,
Der Schmerz, daß Sie von uns gegangen,
Der dringt in's Herz durch Blüthen ein.

Doch iſt's, als käm' von Ihr geſendet
Der Blüthenhimmel reich und klar,
Wie Sie der Samen mild geſpendet,
Die Heilige im Leidensjahr.

Doch iſt's, als fließ', was noch von Segen
Des Himmels fühlt dieß arme Land,
Mondlicht und Sonnenſchein und Regen
Herab aus Ihrer milden Hand.

Was Menſchen thun, kann nimmer frommen,
Und reinen Gottes Engel nur;
Nie wird ein Hungerjahr mehr kommen, —
Sie ſchwebt ein Schutzgeiſt ob der Flur.

4.

Als Sie unter euch gewandelt,
Sprache ihr manches ſchiefe Wort,
Ruhig doch hat Sie gehandelt,
Und geſegnet immerfort.

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*) Aus: „Die Dichtungen v. A. Juſt. Kerner“ (Stuttgart 1834).

Nun die Heilige verſchwunden,
Hebt's euch aus dem Schlaf empor,
Und ihr fühlt in tauſend Wunden,
Was die Welt an ihr verlor.

Drum bei ſolchem Loos auf Erden
Zürnt nicht, wann die Muſe ruft:
Muß man, um geliebt zu werden,
Liegen erſt in Sarg und Gruft?

Kaiſer Rudolphs Ritt zum Grabe.

Auf der Burg zu Germersheim,
Stark am Geiſt, am Leibe ſchwach,
Sitzt der greiſe Kaiſer Rudolph,
Spielend das gewohnte Schach.

Und er ſpricht: „Ihr guten Meiſtre!
Aerzte! ſagt mir ohne Zagen:
Wann aus dem zerbrochnen Leib
Wird der Geiſt zu Gott getragen?"

Und die Meiſter ſprachen: „Herr,
Wohl noch heut' erſcheint die Stunde."
Freundlich lächelnd ſpricht der Greis:
„Meiſter! Dank für dieſe Kunde!"

„Auf nach Speier! auf nach Speier!"
Ruft er, als das Spiel geendet;
„Wo ſo mancher deutſche Held
„Liegt begraben, ſei's vollendet!

„Blaſt die Hörner! bringt das Roß,
Das mich oft zur Schlacht getragen!"
Zaudernd ſtehn die Diener all',
Doch er ruft: „Folgt ohne Zagen!"

Und das Schlachtroß wird gebracht.
„Nicht zum Kampf, zum ew'gen Frieden,
Spricht er, „trage, treuer Freund,
„Jetzt den Herrn, den Lebensmüden!"

Weinend ſteht der Diener Schaar,
Als der Greis auf hohem Roſſe,
Rechts und links ein Kapellan,
Zieht, halb Leich', aus ſeinem Schloſſe.

Trauernd neigt des Schloſſes Lind'
Vor ihm ihre Aeſte nieder,
Vögel, die in ihrer Hut,
Singen wehmuthsvolle Lieder.

Mancher eilt des Wegs daher,
Der gehöret die bange Sage,
Sieht des Helden ſterbend Bild
Und bricht aus in laute Klage.

Aber nur von Himmelsluſt
Spricht der Greis mit jenen Zweien,
Lächelnd blickt ſein Angeſicht
Als ritt er zur Luſt im Maien.

Von dem hohen Dom zu Speier
Hört man dumpf die Glocken ſchallen.
Ritter, Bürger, zarte Frau'n,
Weinend ihm entgegen wallen.

In den hohen Kaiſerſaal
Iſt er raſch noch eingetreten;
Sitzend dort auf goldnem Stuhl,
Hört man für das Volk ihn beten.

Reichet mir den heil'gen Leib!
Spricht er dann mit bleichem Munde,
Drauf verjüngt ſich ſein Geſicht,
Um die mitternächt'ge Stunde.

Da auf einmal wird der Saal
Hell von überird'ſchem Lichte,
Und entſchlummert ſitzt der Held,
Himmelsruh' im Angeſichte.

Glocken dürfen's nicht verkünden,
Boten nicht zur Leiche bieten,
Alle Herzen längs des Rheins
Fühlen, daß der Held verſchieden.

Nach dem Dome ſtrömt das Volk
Schwarz unzähligen Gewimmels.
Der empfing des Helden Leib,
Seinen Geiſt der Dom des Himmels.

Der Kranke und die Stimme.

Der Kranke.

In ſchwerer Krankheit lieg' ich Armer,
Und keine Seele leidet mit!
War ſchon, o göttlicher Erbarmer!
Ein Weſen, das die Qualen litt?

Wie lieg' ich doch in Nacht verlaſſen;
Wie mich das harte Lager brennt!
O könnt' ich Eines Hand nur faſſen,
Der einen Troſt für mich noch kennt!

Die Stimme.

Groß iſt dein Schmerz, doch weiß ich Einen,
Der mehr gelitten hat als du;
Da ſchliefen auch um ihn die Seinen,
Ihn aber floh des Schlafes Ruh.

Ein blut'ger Schweiß entquoll der Hülle,
Als er im Garten lag im Flehn:
„Iſt, Vater! es dein heil'ger Wille,
Laß dieſen Kelch vorübergehn!"

Der Kranke.

Ach! mir im Haupte tobt unſäglich
Ein Schmerz durch Nerven und Gebein!
Und iſt er einen Tag erträglich,
Steigt an dem andern nur die Pein.

Die Stimme.

Groß iſt dein Schmerz! ſchmerzreicher ſtachen
Doch Jenem Dornen einſt in's Haupt:
Er trug's, trug es, als ſelbſt mit Lachen
Sie ihn geſchlagen und beraubt.

Der Kranke.

O könnt' ich doch mit Namen nennen
Die Qual, die meine Bruſt durchzückt!
Qualvoll mag ſein der Hölle Brennen,
Qualvoller iſt, was hier mich drückt!

Die Stimme.

Qualvoll mag's ſein; doch tiefer brannte
Ein harter Speer den in die Bruſt,
Und Er, Er war der Gottgeſandte,
Und du biſt Menſch voll ſünd'ger Luſt!

Der Kranke.

Es bohrt ein Schmerz durch meine Glieder,
Es lähmet ſie ein eiſern Band,
Und ach! die ſchreckenvollſte Hyder
Iſt meines Durſtes heißer Brand!

Die Stimme.

Groß iſt dein Schmerz, in Füßen, Armen;
Doch größer wohl war Jenes Pein,
Als ſie ihm Nägel ohn' Erbarmen
Wild ſchlugen in die Glieder ein.

Groß iſt dein Durſt; doch ſtillt die Quelle
Kryſtall'nen Waſſers dir den Brand;
Und Seinem Durſte bot die Hölle
Die Galle mit verruchter Hand.

Der Kranke.

Ha! quälender, denn Dürſten, Brennen,
Denn Gallentrank, der Menſchen Spott,
Das iſt im Innern mein Erkennen,
Daß ich verlaſſen bin von Gott.

Die Stimme.

Auch Jener litt vor ſeinem Ende
Den Geiſtesſchmerz, der dich zerreißt,
Doch ſprach er bald: „In deine Hände
„Befehl' ich, Vater! meinen Geiſt!“

Der Kranke.

Ha! innres Wort! haſt überwunden!
Wie wird auf einmal leicht mein Herz!
Und was ich trag', ſind andre Wunden,
Und was ich fühl', iſt andrer Schmerz!

Abendſchiffahrt.

Wenn von heiliger Kapelle
Abendglocke fromm erſchallet,
Stiller dann das Schiff auch wallet
Durch die himmelblaue Welle;
Dann ſinkt Schiffer betend nieder,
Und wie von dem Himmel helle
Blicken aus den Wogen wieder
Mond und Sterne.
Eines iſt dann Wolk' und Welle,
Und die Engel tragen gerne,
So ein Schiff durch Mond und Sterne.

Rath im Mai.

Die Saaten ſich erheben,
Wie froh die Vögel ſchweben
Mit Singen himmelwärts,
In linden Maientagen,
Kannſt du nicht ruhig ſchlagen,
Du krankes, krankes Herz!

Geh' aus auf grüner Haide,
Wo's Blümlein blüht voll Freude,
In Duft, Geſang und Strahl;
Leg' dich zu ihm darnieder,
Duft, Himmelsglanz und Lieder,
Die heilen deine Qual.

Laß ganz der Menſchen Streben,
Sei wieder frei gegeben
Der alten Einſamkeit!
Wie Vogel ſingt in Lüften,
Ausſtrömt die Blum in Düften,
Strömt aus, o Herz! dein Leid.

Dann lebe ſonder Trauern
In armer Städte Mauern:
Es kehret ohne Weh
Die Blum' in's Erdreich wieder,
Träumt Sonnenſchein und Lieder
Tief unter Eis und Schnee.

Sanct Alban.

Es ſteht dem Land zu Gruße
Ein Kreuz auf Berges Höh',
Leiſ' wallt zu ſeinem Fuße
Ein himmelblauer See.
Viel duft'ge Kräuter blühen
An dieſes Waſſers Rand,
Und fromme Pilger ziehen
Dahin aus fernem Land.

Wohl vor zwölfhundert Jahren,
Da lag dieß Land gar wild,
Der Wald mit Thierſcharen,
Der See mit Gift erfüllt:
Denn an des Kreuzes Stelle
Ein ſchlimmer Felſen war,
Der ſtellt', zur Luſt der Hölle,
Des Satans Bildniß dar.

Kalt, wie des Mondes Strahlen,
Blickt' es in's Land hinein,
Zum Fluch den Höh'n und Thalen;
Statt Blumen wuchſen Stein',
Statt Menſchen wurden Drachen,
Statt Fiſchlein Schlangen im See,
Die Hölle ſah's mit Lachen,
Und pries das Bild der Höh'.

Da kam vom fernen Strande
Sanct Alban, ſtark und kühn,
Zu dieſem wilden Lande,
Zu dieſem Felſen hin.
Ihn faßt' des Landes Jammer,
Er ſprang zum Felſenwall,
Zerſchlug mit ſtarkem Hammer
Das Bild, — es fiel mit Schall.

Dankvoll, daß ihm's gelungen,
Kniet' er dort auf den Höh'n,
Der Fels, der war zerſprungen,
Ein Kreuz daraus blieb ſtehn.
Und wie daſſelbe blickte
Weit in das Land hinein,
Mit Roſ' und Lilie ſchmückte
Im linden Maienſchein.

Da lagen in den Klüften
Erdrückt die Drachen all,
Da ſang in Blumendüften
So manche Nachtigall,
Viel Fiſchlein, ſilberhelle,
Waren im See zu ſchau'n,
Und an Sanct Albans Stelle
Da knieten zarte Frau'n.

Eine Fabel.

Frühling war's im Land geworden
Und der Winter ward verjagt,
Ohne daß den Herrenorden
Gott noch lange drum befragt.

Jenen packt deß Zorn und Trauer,
Und er ruft: „Der Lenz gilt nicht!
„Nimm ihn nicht, du dummer Bauer,
„Er iſt klares Höllenlicht!

„Dieſe Sonne ungeladen
„Dring' zu mir nicht frevelnd ein!“
Ruft's und ſchließt den Fenſterladen,
Hüllt ſich in die Wildſchur ein.

Aber ruhig ſtrahlt die Sonne,
Und es keimt die Saat mit Luſt,
Bürger, Bauer, dankt in Wonne
Gott dafür aus tiefer Bruſt.

Aber hinter'm Ofen ſitzen
Bleibt der Herr und ſchimpft und flucht:
„In der Wildſchur will ich ſchwitzen,
„Ich hab' keinen Lenz geſucht!“

Wüthend mit den Füßen ſtampft er:
„Wer ihn lobt iſt ſchlecht und dumm!“
Und aus ſeiner Pfeife dampft er
Blauen Dunſt um ſich herum.

Doch der Bauer, ſchlicht und wacker,
Ruft: „O Herr! Ihr wißt es nicht!
„Was ſchon längſt gebracht dem Acker,
„Das iſt eben dieſes Licht!

„Will euch dieſes Licht nicht frommen,
„Nun! ſo ſchließt vor ihm das Haus;
„Aber, Herr! wem es willkommen,
„Den laßt ungeſchimpft hinaus!“

Letzter Troſt.

Die kleinen Lieder, die dem Herzen
Entſprungen mit dem Thränenquell,
Sterne der Thränen mild und hell,

Geben noch Linderung meinen Schmerzen,
Schimmern durch meine Nächte hell.

Auch dieſen Born ſeh' ich bald trocken,
Kalt und erſtorben bald den Blick,
So Lied als Thräne bleibt zurück,
Im Herzen, deſſen Pulſe ſtocken,
Und todt iſt auch das letzte Glück.

Grabt dieſes Herz, mißkannt, verlaſſen,
Hin, wo noch eine Blume blüht,
Ein Vogel durch die Lüfte zieht;
Die Blume wird dieß Herz nicht haſſen,
Der Vogel ſingt ihm noch ein Lied.

Sehnſucht.

O könnt' ich einmal los
Von all' dem Menſchentreiben,
Natur in deinem Schooß
Ein herzlich Kind verbleiben!

Mich rief ein Traum ſo ſchwer
Aus deinen Mutterarmen,
Seitdem kann nimmermehr
Das kranke Herz erwarmen.

Der Menſchen Treiben, ach!
Das hält mich nun gefangen,
Das folgt mir ſtörend nach,
Wo Erd' und Himmel prangen.

Doch iſt dieß Treiben mir
So fremd und ſo unherzlich,
Und, Mutter, ach! nach dir
Zieht mich ein Heimweh ſchmerzlich!

O nimm dein reuig Kind
In deine Mutterarme,
Daß dir's am Buſen lind
In neuer Lieb' erwarme!

Wie iſt's ergangen mir,
Daß ich verirrt ſo lange!
Mutter! zu dir, zu dir!
Wie iſt's mir weh und bange!

Bis ich wie Blum' und Quell
Dir darf im Herzen bleiben,
Mutter! o führ' mich ſchnell
Hin, wo kein Menſchentreiben!

Frage.

Wärſt du nicht, heil'ger Abendſchein!
Wärſt du nicht, ſternerhellte Nacht!
Du Blüthenſchmuck! du üpp'ger Hain!
Und du, Gebirg voll ernſter Pracht!
Du, Vogelſang aus Himmeln hoch!
Du, Lied aus voller Menſchenbruſt!
Wärſt du nicht — ach! was füllte noch
In enger Zeit ein Herz mit Luſt? —

Auf die aus den Kirchen weggebrachten altdeutſchen Gemälde.

Wollt bald alle wiederkehren,
Fromme Kinder deutſcher Art!
An den Wänden, ach! den leeren,
Iſt ein Platz euch aufbewahrt.

Weggeſchleppt aus frommen Hallen,
Iſt's euch heimathlos und bang,
Und es kann euch nicht gefallen,
Wo nicht Duft und Orgelklang.

Hört ihr ferner Dome Läuten?
O wie traurend ſeht ihr aus!
Ja! euch iſt's wie kranken Bräuten
Fern vom lieben Mutterhaus.

Ihr in prunkenden Gemächern!
Euer Blick erweckt nur Schmerz,
Und ihr unter morſchen Dächern!
Ihr zerreißt des Pilgers Herz. —

Seht an manchen üpp'gen Stellen,
Hoch auf Bergen, tief im Thal,
Winken freundliche Kapellen,
Doch im innern ſind ſie kahl.

Kommt und füllt verlaſſ'ne Mauern,
Eh' der letzte Stein vergeht,
Und der Winde kalter Schauern
Durch der Heil'gen Aſche weht!

Füllt die Niſchen, die Altäre,
Deckt die weißgetünchte Wand!
Und der Künſtler find' und ehre
Euch allwärts im deutſchen Land.

Winter.

Stets, wann Winter und Sturm unfreundlich tobt auf der Erde,
Glaub' ich, o Liebe! du ſeiſt doppelt entfernet von mir;
Aber, wann Frühling und Luſt, wann Sonn' und Mond mich umſpielen,
Glaub' ich wohl alles, nur nicht, daß du ſo ferne mir biſt.

Kein Geburtstag.

An Sie.

Wann Du geboren, weiß ich nicht,
Will's wiſſen nicht, wenn ich's auch fände.
Sei mir ein Kreis, ein ew'ges Licht,
Wie ohne Anfang, ſo ohn' Ende!

Nähe der Fernen.

Durch Licht und Dunkel,
Durch Weh und Luſt,
Trag' ich Dich ſtille
In meiner Bruſt.

Es trennen Meere
Mich wohl von Dir,
Doch mein' ich, ſchwör' ich,
Du ſeiſt bei mir!

Fühl' Dich ſo innig
In mir, in mir!
Und ach! dieß Herze
Will nicht von hier.

Will ſich nur legen
So mit Dir, ach!
Tief in die Erde,
In's Brautgemach.

Der bange Traum.

An Kreh.

Von wilden Meereswogen
Sah ich uns fortgezogen,
Bei Nacht im Traume bang.
Das Meer hieß: Meer der Mängel,
Zwei Kinder, lieb wie Engel,
Dein Vaterarm umſchlang.

Wie war der Himmel düſtern!
Aus Wolken hört' ich flüſtern:
„Laßt doch die Kindlein los!
Ihr wohl ſchwimmt in der Trübe,

Die aber nimmt in Liebe
Dieß Eiland dort in Schooß."

Ich hört' dich weinen, klagen,
Doch ferne ſah ich tagen
Ein Eiland licht und warm.
Es thürmt' ſich Well' auf Welle,
Und riß die Kinder ſchnelle
Dahin aus deinem Arm.

Ich ſprach: „Laß uns nicht weinen,
Vergönn' den lieben Kleinen
Dieß Eiland voller Pracht."
Da ward das Meer noch trüber,
Und wir — wir rangen, Lieber!
Jahr' lang in ſeiner Nacht.

An Maria Kreß.

Ich habe dich geſehen,
Ein herzliches Kind, ſo treu, ſo gut,
Ein warmes Herz, ein muntres Blut,
Wie's Vöglein in den Höhen.

Ich habe dich geſehen,
Bild der Geduld im Todeskampf,
Das lichte Auge brach im Krampf,
Das Haupt durchzuckten Wehen.

Ich habe dich geſehen,
Todt, lilienweiß und lilienmild,
Ganz eines ſel'gen Engels Bild,
Ich blieb anbetend ſtehen.

O möcht' ich wiederſehen,
Dich Engel, wenn mein Auge bricht,
Herſchwebend aus des Himmels Licht,
Im Tod mir beizuſtehen! —

Luſt ſtürmiſchen Wetters.

„Ha! wie's jetzt ſtürmet und ſchneit!
Das iſt ein Graus!"
Rufet dort einer zum Fenſter heraus.
Kein Graus! nein! nein!
Das iſt mir Sonnenſchein!
Denn nun bleibt Jeder zu Haus,
Und ich allein.

Hohenſtaufen.

An Conz.

Es ſteht in ſtiller Dämmerung
Der alte Fels, öd' und beraubt;
Nachtvogel kreiſt in trägem Schwung,
Wehklagend um ſein moosig Haupt.

Doch wie der Mond aus Wolken bricht,
Mit ihm der Sterne klares Heer,
Umſtrömt den Fels ein ſeltſam Licht,
Draus bilden ſich Geſtalten hehr.

Die alte Burg mit Thurm und Thor
Erbauet ſich aus Wolken klar,
Die alte Linde ſproßt empor,
Und Alles wird, wie's vormals war.

So hallt's wie Trompetenſtoß
Ertönt hinab in's grüne Thal,
Gezogen kommt auf ſchwarzem Roß
Rothbart der Held, gekleid't in Stahl.

Und Philipp und Irene traut,
Sie wall'n zur Linde Hand in Hand:
Ein Vogel ſingt mit ſüßem Laut
Vom ſchönen griech'ſchen Heimathland.

Und Konradin an Tugend reich,
Der ſüße Jüngling arm, beraubt,
Im Garten ſteht er ſtumm und bleich:
Die Lilie neigt ihr trauernd Haupt.

Doch kündet jetzt aus dunklem Thal
Den bleichen Tag der rothe Hahn,
Da ſteht der Fels gar öd' und kahl,
Verſchwunden iſt die Burg fortan.

An ihrer Stätt' ein Dornbuſch ſteht,
Kalt weht der Morgen auf den Höh'n, —
Und wie der Fels ſo kalt und öd'
Scheint rings das deutſche Land zu ſteh'n.

Er und Sie.

Er.

Geh' ich in das ſtille Thal,
Wo im Sonnenſcheine
Blumen prangen ohne Zahl,
Blick ich nur auf Eine.
Ach! es blickt ihr Auge blau
Jetzt auch auf die Auen;
Im Vergißmeinnicht voll Thau
Kann ich es erſchauen.

Sie.

Tret' ich an mein Fenſterlein,
Wenn die Sterne ſcheinen,
Mögen alle ſchöner ſein,
Blick' ich nur auf Einen;
Dort gen Abend blickt er mild
Wohl nach Himmelshöhen,
Denn dort iſt ein liebes Bild
In dem Stern zu ſehen.

Treue.

Die Erde iſt nur fröhlich,
Wann froh der Himmel blickt,
Schnell dann mit bunten Blumen
Sie Haupt und Buſen ſchmückt;
Dann tönt aus ihrem Munde
So mancher Wonnelaut;
Sie fliegt in ſchnellen Tänzen
Wie eine junge Braut.

Doch blickt, voll düſtrer Wolken,
Der Himmel ernſt und kalt,
Reißt ſie von Haupt und Buſen
Die bunten Blumen bald,
Sie zieht den Trauerſchleier
Um's Angeſicht zur Stund';
Es tönt kein Laut der Freude
Aus ihrem bleichen Mund!

An das Herz im Frühling.

Es wollen Vögel wieder ſingen,
Es wollen Blumen wieder blühn,
Mein Herz, kannſt du dich nicht bezwingen,
Nur einmal noch der Luſt erglühn?

Was nimmer Leben durfte hoffen,
O ſieh! das blickt jetzt friſch hinauf,
Hat dich ſo ſehr ein Froſt getroffen,
Daß du dich nimmer richteſt auf?

Es ſchafft, es klopft, es möcht' ſich heben,
Doch kann es nicht, es iſt zu krank!
So ſchafft, ſo klopft, man hört's mit Beben,
Im Sarge der Scheintodte bang.

Dann kommen eilend ſeine Lieben,
Befrei'n ihn aus des Grabes Graus,
Du Herz aus dieſer Bruſt, der trüben,
Kommſt du, ach! nimmermehr heraus!

St. Walderichs Kapelle zu Murrhardt.

In alter Burg auf wolk'ger Höh'
Der fromme Kaiſer Ludwig ſaß,
Er trug im Herzen manches Weh,
Vom Schmerz er nimmermehr genaß.

Wohl ſang durch Waldes Einſamkeit
Mit ſüßem Ton die Nachtigall
Doch nicht verſcheucht des Kaiſers Leid
In ſtiller Nacht der Liebe Schall.

Wohl ſah des Mondes milder Schein
Durch manchen dicht belaubten Baum,
Der Kaiſer ſchlief in Thränen ein,
Doch träumt' er wunderſamen Traum.

Bei einem Kreuz im grünen Thal,
Da ſah er einen Greiſen knien,
Das Haupt bekränt mit heil'gem Strahl,
Zu ſeinen Füßen Lilien blühn.

Vom Himmel eine Stimme ruft:
„Folg' ihm, er wird dein Helfer ſein!"
Da ward ſo glänzend blau die Luft,
Aufblüht' das Thal in Duft und Schein.

Es ſchwand der Traum, ſein Auge war
Noch thränenſchwer am lichten Tag:
Das Kind der Nacht, der Thau, ſo klar
Auf himmelblauer Blume lag.

Er ſchwang auf's treue Roß ſobald
Der Kaiſer ſich und ritt zu Thal,
Die Vögel ſangen hell im Wald,
Grüßend die Sonn' und ihn zumal.

Er ritt hinab vom Wolkenſtein,
Alſo ward ſeine Burg genannt,
Es lag das Thal in lichtem Schein,
Es ſtand ſo ſegenreich das Land.

Jetzt ſah er fern drei Lilien blühn,
Sie warfen milden Schein in's Thal!
Er ſah bei'm Kreuz den Heil'gen knien,
Sein Haupt bekränt mit Himmelsſtrahl.

Da ſprang er von dem treuen Roß,
Eilt fröhlich auf den Greiſen zu,
Goß allen Schmerz in ſeinen Schooß,
Und ſchon erfühlt' er alte Ruh'.

„Trag' ab den Wolkenſtein zur Stund' —
Alſo der heil'ge Walderich ſprach —
Stell' eine Kirch' in Thales Grund,
Und denk' an des Erlöſers Schmach!"

Drauf ſchwand dahin der heil'ge Greis,
Ihn fand nicht mehr des Kaiſers Blick,
Doch blieben die drei Lilien weiß,
Doch blieb das Kreuz im Thal zurück.

Der fromme Ludwig ließ ſobald
Abtragen ſeinen Wolkenſtein,
Er ſetzt' ihn aus dem düſtern Wald
In Thal im Mond- und Sonnenſchein.

Zur Kirche ward er umgebaut.
Beim Kreuze kniet von dieſer Zeit
Duldſam der Kaiſer, bald vertraut
Mit des Erlöſers höher'm Leid.

Troſt in der Natur.

Das Schickſal hat verſchlagen
Mich an ſo manchen Ort,
Wo Andre unter Klagen
Bald wären weiter fort.

Ich doch blieb mit Vergnügen,
Sah ich nur einen Baum,
Sah ich nur Vögel fliegen,
Fühlt' ich mein Leiden kaum.

Und trug ich Schmerz und Wunden
Ich klagte nimmer laut,
Kannt' immer noch geſunden
Im Lenz bei Gras und Kraut.

Ich hab' mich ſtets gehalten
An die Natur ſo warm,
Die Menſchen ließ ich ſchalten,
Gott! — die ſind kalt und arm.

An Johannes Lämmerer *).

Wie einſt Hans Sachs in ſeiner frommen Sitte
Manch Lied auf armer Schuſterbank geſungen,
So iſt auch Dir manch frommes Lied gelungen
Am Weberſtuhl, in armer, ſtiller Hütte.

Leicht hüpfend iſt dein Schifflein da geſprungen
In Melodieen durch der Fäden Mitte.
Gleich Harfenlaut, hat's oft nach Deinem Tritte
Noch Mitternacht in dem Geweb' erklungen.

Zwar außen arm, doch innen reich, geborgen,
Sprichſt du: „Gott weiß, warum er mein Gewebe
Mit Tönen nur, und nicht mit Gold durchwoben.

Bald reißt es ab! dann kommt der goldne Morgen,
Wo ich verklärt aus armer Hülle ſchwebe,
Im reichſten Schmuck, der Sylphe gleich, nach oben."

Lerche und Karl Mayer.

Die Lerche kann nur fliegend ſingen,
Nicht ſitzend feſt in Wald und Au';
Das Lied durchhebet ihre Schwingen
Und trägt ſie in des Himmels Blau.

Iſt meinem Mayer zu vergleichen,
Regt ſich ſein Lied, regt ſich ſein Fuß,
Denn er, als ging's nach fernen Reichen
Still ſingend rüſtig wandern muß.

Und wie, wenn in die Saaten nieder
Die Lerche fällt, ihr Lied löſcht aus,
Erlöſchen auch in ihm die Lieder,
Kehrt er zurück in's enge Haus.

Die Lerche iſt ein Stern, ergießend
In Tönen ſich in's Himmelblau,
Mein Mayer iſt ein Herz, zerfließend
In Liedern licht mit Wald und Au.

Zwei Särge.

Zwei Särge einſam ſtehen
In des alten Domes Hut,
König Ottmar liegt in dem einen,
In dem andern der Sänger ruht.

Der König ſaß einſt mächtig
Hoch auf der Väter Thron,
Ihm liegt das Schwert in der Rechten,
Und auf dem Haupte die Kron'.

Doch neben dem ſtolzen König,
Da liegt der Sänger traut,
Man noch in ſeinen Händen
Die fromme Harfe ſchaut.

Die Burgen rings zerfallen,
Schlachtruf tönt durch das Land,
Das Schwert, das regt ſich nimmer
Da in des Königs Hand.

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*) Johannes Lämmerer iſt ein armer Weber von Gſchwend in Würtemberg. Eine kleine Sammlung ſeiner Lieder beſorgte ich im Jahre 1819 zum Drucke.

Blüthen und milde Lüfte
Wehen das Thal entlang —
Des Sängers Harfe tönet
In ewigem Geſang.

Geſanges Erwachen.

Könnt' ich einmal wieder ſingen,
Wär' ich wiederum geſund,
Aber noch will's Herz zerſpringen,
Und in Trauern ſchweigt der Mund.

Kaum, daß dieſe leiſe Klage
Aus dem vollen Buſen drang,
Wie an einem Wintertage
Oft ſchon bald ein Vogel ſang.

Wie aus Wolken eng verſchloſſen
Bald oft bringt ein Sonnenblick,
Bald von Regen übergoſſen,
Wiederkehrt in ſich zurück.

Alſo hellte mein Gemüthe
Ach nur kurz ein lichter Traum,
Und vom aufgeweckten Liebe
Hallten dieſe Töne kaum.

Im Walde.

Tief durch den Wald Geſang erſchallt,
Die leichten Vöglein ſcherzen,
Der Menſch allein, der trägt die Pein
Recht tief im kranken Herzen.

Leicht hüpft der Bach den Blumen nach,
Ihm iſt ſo kühl und helle,
Durch's Menſchenherz, da ſchleicht mit Schmerz
Des heißen Blutes Welle.

Geſang verhallt, Sturm wiegt den Wald
In dumpfen Melodieen;
Einſam die Bahn muß Wandersmann
Mit düſtrer Weiſe ziehen.

Rinn' nieder, Thau, aus Wolken grau,
Dich ſaugt die Blum' in Liebe!
Thrän'! bleib zurück im Menſchenblick,
Wachſ' Blumen weiß und trübe!

Johann Gottfried Karl Chriſtian Kieſewetter

ward 1766 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Halle Philoſophie und erhielt, nachdem er Dr. philosophiae geworden war, eine Lehrerſtelle am Collegium medico-chirurgicum ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Später wurde ihm auch eine ordentliche Profeſſur an der neuerrichteten Univerſität übertragen, die er aber nicht lange bekleidete. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 10. Juli 1819.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber den erſten Grundſatz der Moralphiloſophie. Berlin 1790 und 1791, 2 Thle.
Grundriß einer reinen allgemeinen Logik. Ebendaſ. 2 Thle.; neue Aufl. 1796. u. öft.
Faßliche Darſtellung der wichtigſten Wahrheiten der neuen Philoſophie für Uneingeweihte. Ebendaſ. 1798, 2 Thle. 1803 u. öft.
Logik für Schulen. Ebendaſ. 1797 u. öft.
Prüfung der Herder'ſchen Metakritik. Ebendaſ. 1799 u. 1800, 2 Thle.
Erfahrungsſeelenlehre. Hamburg 1806 ꝛc.
Lehrbuch der Hodegetik. Berlin 1810.
Reiſe nach Paris. Ebendaſ. 1816, 2 Bde.

Ein Schüler und Nachfolger Kant's, beſchäftigte ſich Kieſewetter vorzüglich mit der weitern Ausbildung der Logik und Pſychologie im Geiſte ſeines Lehrers und erwarb ſich beſondere Verdienſte um die populäre Darſtellung derſelben für Gymnaſien und höhere Schulen.

Johann Friedrich Kind,

Sohn des als erſter Ueberſetzer des Plutarch bekannten Stadtrichters Dr. Johann Chriſtoph K., ward am 4. März 1768 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte auf der daſigen Thomasſchule und Univerſität die philoſophiſchen und Rechtswiſſenſchaften und kam 1789 als Amtsacceſſiſt nach Delitzſch. Von hier wandte er ſich 1793 als Advokat nach Dresden, gab aber 1814 ſeinen Beruf als Rechtsanwalt auf und lebte ſeitdem, ſeit 1818 noch mit dem Titel eines Herzogl. Sächſiſchen Hofraths beehrt, nur literäriſcher Beſchäftigung.

Er ließ theils unter dem Pſeudonym Oskar, theils unter ſeinem wirklichen Namen erſcheinen:

Leonardo's Schwärmereien. Leipzig 1792, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.; 2 Aufl. Gera 1797, 8.
Carlo. Roman. Züllichau 1801, 8., mit Titelkupf. und Vignette.
Dramatiſche Gemälde. Ebendaſ. 1802, 8.
Natalia. Ebendaſ. 1802—1804, 3 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Malvina Atalante und Kaſſandra. Ebendaſ. 1803, mit Lafontaine.
Das Schloß Aklam. Dramat. Gedicht. Leipzig 1803, 8., mit Kupf.
Leben und Liebe Ryno's und ſeiner Schweſter Minona. Züllichau 1804 u. 1805, 2 Bde., 8.
Malven. Ebendaſ. 1805, 2 Bde., 8., mit Titelvign.
Wilhelm der Eroberer; die Schwäne; Wilhelm der Baſtard. Leipzig 1806, 8.
Tulpen. Leipzig 1806—1810, 7 Bde., 8., mit 6 Kupf.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1808, 5 Bde., 12., mit Kupf.
Roswitha. Leipzig 1811—1816, 4 Bde., 8., mit Kupf. (Fortſetzung der Tulpen).
Der gute Geiſt. Zur Geburtstagsfeier Alexander I. von Rußland. Leipzig 1813, gr. 4.
Die Körnerseiche. Phantaſie. Leipzig 1814, 4., mit 1 Kupf.
Die Körnerseiche und die deutſchen Frauen. Zwei Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1814, 8., mit Vignette.
Lindenblüthen. Leipzig 1814—1819, 4 Bde, 12., mit 4 Kupf. (Fortſetzung von Roswitha ꝛc.)
Die Harfe. Leipzig 1815—1819, 8 Bde., 8., mit 8 Kupf.
Becker's Taſchenbuch zum geſelligen Vergnügen. Leipzig 1815—1830.
Van Dyk's Landleben. Leipzig 1816., mit Bruſtb.; 2 Aufl. 1821, gr. 8.
Daſſelbe. Ebendaſ. 1818, gr. 8., mit Bruſtbild und Umriſſen.
Der Weinberg an der Elbe. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1817, gr. 8., mit 1 Portrait und 3 Vaſengemälden, auch Muſik.
Gerhard von Kügelgen. Phantaſie. 2 Aufl. Dresden 1820 4. u. 12.
Maleriſche Schauſpiele. Leipzig 1818.

Erzählungen und kleine Romane. Leipzig 1820—1827, 8.
Die Muſe. Monatsſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1821 u. 1822, 8 Bde. 8., mit Kupfern.
Theaterſchriften. Leipzig 1821—1825, 4 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Der Freiſchütz. Oper. Ebendaſ. 1822; 3 Aufl. 1823, 8.
Liebchen von Waldkron, eine Freundſchaftsgabe für 1824. Ebendaſ. 1824, 16.
Schön Ella. Volkstrauerſpiel. Leipzig 1825, 8.
Sagen, Erzählungen und Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1825 u. 1829, 2 Thle., 8.
Erzählungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Begabt mit reger, anmuthiger Phantaſie, tiefem Gefühl für das Gute und Schöne, und großer Gewandtheit der Darſtellung, erhöht durch treffliche Behandlung der Form und Sprache, wandelte Friedrich Kind, während eines langen, ehrenvollen Lebens, raſtlos ſtrebend auf ſeiner Bahn fort, unbekümmert um das Geſchrei der literäriſchen Partheien um ihn her, der Stimme des eigenen Innern gehorchend und niemals eines Mißbrauches der ihm von der Natur anvertrauten Gaben ſchuldig. Seine Leiſtungen haben manches theilnehmende Gemüth erfreut und erheitert, und legen ein ſchönes Zeugniß von dem Herzen des Dichters ab, der in hohem Alter ſtehend, mit Zufriedenheit auf die zurückgelegte Bahn blicken darf. — Am glücklichſten iſt er als Erzähler, ſowohl in gebundener, wie in freier Rede; denn hier treten jene eben an ihm gerühmten Eigenſchaften lebhaft hervor, und manche ſeiner Arbeiten auf dieſem Gebiete werden, ſowohl ihrer vollendeten Ausführung, wie ihres gut erfundenen Inhaltes wegen, noch lange ſeinen Namen auf die Nachwelt tragen und ihm einen ehrenvollen Rang unter ſeinen vorzüglichen Zeitgenoſſen behaupten. So ſind z. B. ſeine kleine verſificirte Erzählung „der Stiegliz" und ſeine Legende „der große Chriſtoph" durch ihre echte Gemüthlichkeit und Treuherzigkeit wie durch die gleich vortreffliche Erfindung und Durchführung, Meiſterſtücke der Gattung, zu welcher ſie gehören. Minder glücklich iſt Kind als dramatiſcher, namentlich als tragiſcher Dichter, zwar verſteht er ſich vortrefflich auf Erfindung der Fabel, Oekonomie, Verknüpfung der Situationen und Gruppirung der Handelnden, aber es fehlt ihm die tragiſche Kraft, die tiefere Auffaſſung des gigantiſchen Schickſals, welches, wie der große Dichter ſagt:

— den Menſchen erhebt, wenn es den Menſchen zermalmt,

und ſeine Charaktere ſind daher meiſt zu allgemein gehalten um eindringlich wirken zu können. — Am glücklichſten bewegt er ſich dagegen in dramatiſchen Gebilden, welche gleichſam nur ſpielend die Oberfläche des Lebens berühren, und hier liefert er Ausgezeichnetes, wie das namentlich ſein „Van Dyk's Landleben" beweiſt, welches lange der Liebling des Publicums war, und noch immer, wenn es auf der Bühne erſcheint, von dieſem mit Vergnügen geſehen wird. —

Der große Chriſtoph *).

Ave magne Christophore,
Qui portasti Jesum Christum
Per mare rubrum,
Nec tamen franxisti crurum!
Sed hoc non erat mirum,
Quia tu eras magnum virum.

Angeblich auf einer alten Kirchenmauer zu leſen.

Offerus war ein Lanzenknecht,
Ein Held' von Kanaans Geſchlecht;
Hätt' einen Leichnam von zwölf Ellen;
Thät nicht gern gehorchen, lieber befehlen.

Er kümmert' ſich nicht ſehr darum,
Was andre ſchelten grad und krumm,
Dacht' nur an Balgen, Stechen und Raufen,
Wollt' nur dem Größten die Haut verkaufen.

Und als er vernahm, in dieſer Zeit
Sei der Kaiſer das Haupt der Chriſtenheit,
Sprach er: „Herr Kaiſer! wollt Ihr mich haben?
Keinem Kleinern mag ich die Lanze laden!"

Der Kaiſer ſah an die Simſonsgeſtalt,
Die Bären-Bruſt und der Fäuſte Gewalt,
Und ſprach: „Willſt du zu ewigen Zeiten
Mir dienen, Offere, ſo kann ich's leiden."

Alsbald erwiedert der grobe Geſell:
„Mit ewigem Dienen geht's nicht ſo ſchnell;
Doch ſo lange ich bin unter Euern Hatſchieren,
Soll Euch keiner in Oſt und Weſt turbiren!"

Drauf zog er mit dem Kaiſer durch's ganze Land,
Welcher an ihm ein groß Gefallen fand;
Alle Kriegsleut' beim Handgemenge, wie beim Becher,
Gegen Offerus waren nur arme Schächer.

Und der Kaiſer auch einen Harfner hält,
Der ſang von früh Morgens bis zu Bett,
Und war der Kaiſer matt vom Marſchiren,
So mußte der Spielmann die Saiten rühren.

Und einſt ging die Sonne zu Rüſte bald,
Da ſchlug man die Zelte vor einem Wald;
Der Kaiſer thät wacker trinken und ſchlingen,
Einen luſtigen Schwank mußte der Spielmann ſingen.

Und dieweil der Spielmann des Böſen gedacht,
Hat der Kaiſer vor die Stirn ein Kreuzlein gemacht;
Spricht laut Offerus zu ſeinen Genoſſen:
„Ei ſagt, was treibt nun der Herr für Poſſen!"

Da ſpricht der Kaiſer: „Offere, hör' an,
Ich hab's wegen des böſen Feindes gethan;
Der ſoll mit mächtigem Wüthen und Brauſen
In dieſem verzauberten Wald oft hauſen!"

Das bedünket Offere wunderbar;
Spricht zu dem Kaiſer trotzig: „Fürwahr,
Ich hab' ein Gelüſt nach Teufeln und Hirſchen,
Ei, laſſet in dieſem Walde uns pürſchen!"

Der Kaiſer ſpricht ängſtlich: „Offere! nein,
Das Jagen in dieſem Walde laß ſein;
Denn wenn du ſuchteſt für den Wanſt 'n Braten,
Könnte der Feind deiner Seele ſchaden."

Da ziehet Offerus ein ſchiefes Maul,
Und ſpricht: „Herr Kaiſer die Füße ſind faul;
Thut Eure Hoheit vorm Teufel erbeben,
So will ich dem größern Herrn mich ergeben."

Fordert gelaſſen drauf ſeinen Zehrpfennig und Lohn,
Und wandert ohne langes Geleit davon;
Zieht luſtig fort und ohn' alles Säumen
Mitten in den Wald nach den dichten Bäumen.

Im Walde, auf wilder Haide, war
Von ſchwarzen Schlacken ein Teufelsaltar.
Drauf ſchimmerten bleiche Menſchengebeine
Und Pferdegerippe im Mondenſcheine.

Doch läßt Offerus ſich drob nicht grau'n,
Thut gemächlich die Schädel und Knochen beſchau'n,
Ruft dreimal mit lauter Stimme den Argen,
Und ſetzt ſich dann nieder, und fängt an zu ſchnarchen.

Doch als nun erſchienen die Mitternacht,
Bedünkte ihm, als ob die Erde erkracht;
Er ſieht auf einem kohlpechſchwarzen Roſſe
Einen mohriſchen Ritter mit großem Troſſe;

Der gebeut den andern, fürder zu zieh'n,
Und rennt mit großer Gewalt auf ihn.

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*) Aus: F. Kind's „Tulpen" (4r Band, Leipzig [illegible]).

Will ihn durch große Verheißung verbinden;
Doch Offerus ſpricht: „Das wird ſich finden!“

Und ziehet mit ihm durch die Reiche der Welt,
Sich bei ihm beſſer, als beim Kaiſer, gefällt;
Braucht ſelten den Helm und den Harniſch zu polieren,
Kann ſpielen, ſaufen und bankettiren.

Doch als ſie einſt auf dem Heerweg zieh'n,
Steh'n aufgericht drei alte Kreuze vor ihn'n;
Da kriegt der Mohrenprinz plötzlich den Schnupfen
Und ſpricht: „Laß uns durch den Holzweg ſchlupfen.“

„Ich glaube, ihr weichet dem Galgenholz“ —
Spricht Offerus, und nimmt die Armbruſt und Bolz
Geht frech nach dem Kreuze in der Mitten;
Da ruft Satan leiſe: „Welch grobe Sitten!“

„Weißt nicht, der in Armeſündergeſtalt
Iſt Maria's Sohn; übt große Gewalt?“ —
„Wenns ſo iſt . . . ich kam zu euch ungeheißen . . .“
Spricht Offerus . . . „jetzt will ich weiter reiſen!“

Fort eilt er vom Satan mit Lachen, fragt dann
Nach Maria's Sohn jeden Wandersmann;
Doch weil ihn wenig im Herzen tragen,
Weiß auch keiner die Wohnung des Herrn zu ſagen;

Bis Offerus einſt zur Abendſtund'
Einen alten frommen Einſiedler fund;
Der giebt ihm ein Lager in ſeiner Klauſe
Und ſchickt ihn am Morgen nach der Karthauſe.

Dort hört der Herr Prior Offerum an,
Und zeiget ihm klärlich des Glaubens Bahn,
Sagt, daß er faſten und beten müßte,
Wie Johannes Baptiſta einſt in der Wüſte.

Drauf dieſer: „Heuſchrecken und Honig pur,
Alter Herr! ſind gänzlich wider meine Natur;
Kann man nicht anders im Himmel bekleiben,
So will ich am End' lieber außen bleiben!“

Der Prior ſpricht warnend: „Du ruchloſer Mann!
So fang' es auf andere Weiſe an,
Und ſchick' dich zu einem guten Werke . . .“ —
„Hm! das läßt ſich hören, dazu hab' ich Stärke!“ —

„Schau, dort fließt ein gewaltiger Strom,
Verſperrt frommen Pilgern den Weg nach Rom;
Nicht leidet die Flut weder Steg noch Brücken;
Drum leihe den Gläubigen deinen Rücken!“ —

„Wenn alſo dem Heiland gefällig ich bin,
Gern trag' ich die Wandersleut' her und hin!“ —
Drauf baut er ein Hüttlein von Schilfesmatten,
Und lebt bei Bibern und Waſſerratten;

Trägt von Stund an von einem zum andern Strand
Getroſt, wie ein Kameel und Elephant,
Und wollen die Leute ihm Fährgeld geben,
So ſpricht er: „Ich trage für's ew'ge Leben!“

Und als nun nach manchem langen Jahr
Das Alter Offero gebleicht das Haar,
Ruft's einſt bei Sturmnacht kläglich: „Du lieber,
Du guter, großer Offere, hol' über!“

Offerus zwar müd' und ſchläfrig iſt,
Denkt aber treulich an Jeſum Chriſt,
Greift gähnend nach dem Tannenſtamme,
Seinem Stäblein in hohem Waſſer und Schlamme;

Watet durchs Waſſer, kommt dem Ufer nah;
Doch ſieht er keinen Wandrer da,
Denkt: Hab' einmal geträumet wieder!
Legt ſich aufs Ohr, und ſchnarchet wieder.

Und als er kaum entſchlafen iſt,
Rufts abermals nach kurzer Friſt
Gar kläglich, beweglich: „Du guter, lieber,
Du großer, langer Offere, hol' über!“

Offerus ſteht zwiere geduldig auf,
Beginnt aufs neue den Waſſerlauf;
Doch, ſo weit des Fluſſes Ufer gehen,
Iſt weder Mann noch Maus zu ſehen.

Er legt ſich wieder, ſchläft brummend ein;
Da hört ers zum drittenmale ſchrein,
Gar klar und bittend: „Du guter, lieber,
Du großer, langer Offere, hol' über.“

Zum dritten nimmt er den Tannenſtab,
Steigt in den kalten Strom hinab,
Spricht unwirſch: „Nun endlich muß ich's finden,
Mich ſoll der Donner . . . verzeih mir die Sünden!“

Findt auch ein zartes Junkerlein,
Mit goldnem Krauſehaar und lichtem Schein;
Ein Lammesfähnlein in der Linken,
Ein Kügelein in ſeiner Rechten blinken.

Das Knäblein ſchaut gar ſanft herauf;
Er hebt es mit zwei Fingern auf,
Setzt's auf den Kopf, und brummt: „Der Kleine
Könnt' wohl ſpazieren bei Tagesſcheine!“

Doch als er nun kommen in die Flut,
Wird's centnerſchwer auf ſeinem Hut;
Er zieht den Junker herab an den Beinen,
Und denkt: wer ſollt's von dem Büblein meinen?

Und immer ſchwerer ward die Laſt;
Das Waſſer wuchs ihm zu Häupten faſt;
Große Tropfen ihm von der Stirne troffen;
Bald wär' er mit dem Junker erſoffen.

Als er ihn endlich bracht ans Land,
Setzt er ſich keuchend an den Strand,
Spricht: „Herrlein, ich bitte nicht wieder zu kommen;
Denn diesmal hab' ich Schaden genommen.“

Da taufet der holdſelige Knabe ihn,
Spricht: „Wiſſe, dir ſind alle Sünden verzieh'n;
Und ob auch deine Glieder zerſchellten,
Sei fröhlich, du trugeſt den Heiland der Welten!“

„Zum Zeichen pflanz' in die Erd' deinen Stab,
Der, lange verdorrt, keine Blätter mehr gab;
Am Morgen wird er ſich grünend weiſen;
Und du ſollſt nun Chriſtophorus heißen.“

Da faltet Chriſtophorus ſeine Händ',
Spricht betend: „Ich fühl's, es nahet mein End';
Meine Gebeine zittern, die Kräfte ſchwinden,
Und Gott hat vergeben all' meine Sünden.“

Der Junker verſchwand in helles Licht!
Chriſtophorus fiel aufs Angeſicht,
Steckt' dann ſein Stäblein in die Erde,
Und ſchaute, ob es grünen werde.

Und ſieh! am Morgen war es grün,
Fing an, wie Mandeln, roth zu blüh'n;
Drauf haben die Engel nach dreien Tagen
Den Chriſtoph in Abrahams Schooß getragen *).

Willigard **).

1.

Durch Dornen drang ich zu der Waldkapelle;
Geöffnet ſtand des wüſten Kirchleins Thor;
Von bleichen Scheiben fiel des Mondes Helle
Mit blauem Schatten ins vermorſchte Chor.
An des bemooſten Altars lock'rer Schwelle
Schwankt eingeſchleiert eine Jungfrau vor.
Sie ſchwebte hehr am roſtigen Geländer;
In weißem Schimmer blinkten die Gewänder.

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*) Nach andern ſoll dieſer Heilige vor der Taufe nicht Offerus ſondern Adocimus geheißen haben, und zuletzt als Märtyrer enthauptet worden ſein.

**) Aus: J. F. Kinds „Tulpen.“ (1r Band. Leipzig 1806.)

„Ob kühle Lüfte dir entgegen ſchweben" —
So ſprach ſie mit enthülltem Angeſicht —
„Doch ſollſt du, ſtiller Waller, nicht erbeben;
Denn Gott erblickt mein Geiſt in ſeinem Licht.
Ermanne dich, des Grabes Stein zu heben,
Der mürbe unter deinen Händen bricht,
Womit die Läſt'rung meine Gruft umſponnen,
Iſt dann vor deinem Auge bald zerronnen!" — —

Und was ich dort in halb erblich'nen Kunden,
Verwahrt in kaltem, grüngeflecktem Blei,
Von Willgard, der [illegible], gefunden,
Wie bald verblüht die ſüße Roſe ſei,
Das geb' ich Euch, des alten Worts entbunden,
Wie mir's beliebt. Des Dichters Will' iſt frei
Und gern vernimmt das Ohr der Liebe Klage,
Die fromm erklingt aus Gräbern früh'rer Tage.

1.

Hanns Velbeck, genannt der Hinkler, an Georg von Weſthauſen d. j.

Ich danke dir, lieber Georg, deinem edlen Vater und der guten Bürgerſchaft für die ehrenvolle Einladung. Du kennſt mein reizbares Gemüth, und wie ſchwer ich es über mich gewinne, eine Gelegenheit zu verabſäumen, wo es Ehre zu erwerben giebt. Mein Ruf, der erhebende Gedanke, im Munde des Volks und im Herzen der Edelſten zu leben, iſt das Einzige, worauf das Schickſal den früh Verwaiſten bei dieſem gebrechlichen Körper verwieſen hat, und ich denke ſehr ernſtlich darauf, den Ruhm meiner Jugend für mein Greiſenalter aufzuſparen, wie die emſige Biene den Frühlingshonigſeim für den blütenloſen Winter. Still und ruhig, wie ein Feldbach, wenn auch über verborgene Felſen und Untiefen, könnte künftig mein Leben dahinfließen, ſpornte nicht eine ſeltſame Begier mich raſtlos an, den alten Ruhm meines Namens, den ſchon mein Vater aus dem Grabe wieder erweckte, noch mehr zu verbreiten, und keinen der Zeitgenoſſen in meiner Kunſt über mich zu laſſen. Ich habe dir dieſe meine Schwäche nie verhehlt, und, trotz alles innern Widerſtands, iſt ſie ſeit unſrer Trennung nur noch gewachſen. Zeihe mich immer des Neides oder einer kleinlichen Mißgunſt; ich muß mir dieß gefallen laſſen, aber du ſelbſt wenigſtens aus meinem offnen Geſtändniſſe, daß ich den Antrag, bei der Erbhuldigung eures jungen Herzogs zu erſcheinen, nicht aus Eigenſinn von mir ablehne. Ach, wie manchen harten Kampf mit mir ſelbſt habe ich zu beſtehen gehabt; wie viel Ueberwindung wird es mich noch koſten, dieſen Brief an dich abgehen zu laſſen.

Doch es iſt beſchloſſen, und keine Lockung ſoll mich in dieſem Entſchluß wankend machen. Wenigſtens binnen fünf Jahren betrete ich die Thore deiner Vaterſtadt, die mir durch die Großmuth deines Vaters zu meiner eignen geworden iſt, nicht wieder.

Sage dem vielgeehrten Herrn Stadtvoigt und den braven Viertelsmeiſtern, der Herr Markgraf wolle mir keinen Urlaub geſtatten, und die edelmüthigſte Aufnahme habe mich ihm zu tief verbunden, als daß ich wider ſeinen Willen die Reiſe antreten könnte. Dir ſelbſt entdecke ich wohl einmal die wahre Urſache, wenn ich mich ſtark genug dazu fühle.

Berichte mir, wenn die Feierlichkeiten vorüber ſind, Alles genau, und beſonders, welche Meiſterſänger ſich bei der Hofhaltung eingefunden haben, und welchem von ihnen Beifall zu Theil worden ſei?

2.

Weſthauſen d. j. an Velbeck.

Du haſt doch unrecht gethan, trefflicher Johannes, dem Locken des jungen Frühlings zu widerſtreben, und meine Einladung, ſo wie gemeiner Stadt Wünſche, hartnäckig zu verſchmähen.

Zwar der Sieg, den du jedenfalls über alle deine Mitwerber davon getragen hätteſt, würde dir wenig [illegible] haben; denn, unwürdig ihrer trefflichen Vorgänger, wetteiferten ſie unter einander an verächtlicher Schmeichelei und begehrlicher Unverſchämtheit, und ſelbſt der greiſe Winold erniedrigte ſich, den jungen, feurigen, aber noch ruhmloſen Herzog über die alten Helden ſeines Stammes zu erheben, die doch gegen die Türken und ſonſt männliche Kriegsthaten geübt. Doch die biedre, ungeheuchelte Freude eines treuen Völkleins, der Ausdruck der Rührung im Antlitz der huldvollen Fürſtin, ja ſelbſt das bunte Gewühl, und die anſtändige Pracht der Aufzüge, hätten deinen finſtern Sinn erheitern müſſen.

Zuerſt muß ich dir melden, daß der achtzigjährige Caſpar Hellmann, vormals der trauteſte Freund meines Vaters, aber ſeit kurzem wegen eines geringen Zwiſts tödtlich mit ihm verfeindet, ſeine Stadthauptmannsſtelle niedergelegt hat. Der reiche Gewerkherr Conrad Zenner iſt dafür eingerückt, und mich hat die einmüthige Stimme der Zünfte zum Fähndrich bei der erſten Rotte, nämlich bei der Rotte der Armbruſtſchützen erkohren.

Zwar die alten Verfaſſungen, wo der Bürger allein ſeine Wälle und Baſteien mannhaft vertheidigte und nur ſelten Söldlinge in die Ringmauer aufnahm, nähern ſich dem Verfall; zwar ſuchen die Fürſten des Reichs die Kräfte der Städte zu brechen, und ſparen weder Liſt noch Gewalt, eine Freiheit nach der andern ihnen zu entwinden; . . . . . ach! wir ſind nur Schatten unſrer Väter und Urväter; was werden unſre Söhne und Enkel ſein? . . . . . aber immer noch lebt im Herzen der ältern Rottmeiſter, leuchtet aus der Einrichtung des Ganzen ein kräftiger Geiſt hervor, und als ich beim Einzuge des fürſtlichen Paares zum erſtenmal mein Amt verwaltete, da ergriff mich eine wunderbare Rührung, eine ſowohl erhebende, als niederdrückende Wehmuth . . . . ich vermag es nicht mit Worten zu ſagen! Dieſe alte Fahne, die nur bei beſondern Feierlichkeiten gebraucht wird, und ſeit Jahren in einem Winkel des Rüſthauſes unter Staub und Spinnengeweb verborgen gelegen hatte, dieſe unſcheinbare, zerfetzte, halbvermoderte Fahne hatte einſt auf dem alten Werke, der Trotzen genannt, den Mittelpunkt einer wüthenden Vertheidigung gegen ſtürmende Belagerer abgegeben; dieſe Fahne wurde einſt bei einem nächtlichen Ausfalle von dem Fahnenträger, einem trefflichen Jüngling aus dem alten Bürgergeſchlechte der Preißler, und dem Bräutigam der züchtigſten Jungfrau, da ihm durch ein Steingeſchütz die Rechte zerſchmettert worden, mit der Linken in die Stadt zurück gebracht, und er ſank, ſie noch empor haltend, todt zur Erde; der röthliche Roſt an dieſem Fahnenſponton hatte ſich vielleicht zuerſt von ſeinem Blute, von den Thränen der unglücklichen Braut angeſetzt . . . . . ach, Johannes, ich ſtampfte die Spitze feſt in den Boden und ſprach zu mir ſelbſt: Warum ward ich ſo ſpät geboren?

Wir poſtirten uns am Margarethenthor, das ganze erſte Fähnlein in Panzern und Stahlhauben mit ſchwarz und rothen Helmfedern; das zweite, der Büchſenſchützen, in ſchwarz und grün geſchlitzten Wämſern, mit ſpaniſchem Kragen und Hut, hielt uns gegen über. Nach einer Stunde verkündeten ein Heerpaucker und ſechs Trompeter in prächtiger fürſtlicher Livree die baldige Ankunft des erwarteten hohen Paares. Jetzt wallte unter dem Geläut aller Glocken, wobei auch von der Bruſtwehr die zwölf Monate *) und die kleinern Böller ſich wacker hören ließen, ein Zug Jungfrauen durch unſre Mitte, die Frau Herzogin mit Blüthenkronen und mit Geſchenken von ſeinen Gewändern einzuholen; Mathildis von Harteiſen, die jüngere Tochter des erſten Bürgermeiſters, meine längſt beſtimmte Braut, an ihrer Spitze. Du kennſt ſie ja wohl, dieſe Mathilde. Herrlich in goldgeblümtem Sammet, den vollen Buſen, wie die Hoffräuleins, reich entblößt und mit dem köſtlichſten Schmucke beladen, glich ſie ſelbſt einer Prinzeſſin, und ihr ſchwarzes, loderndes Auge winkte mir einen freundlichen Gruß. Mein Blick erwiederte ihn, wie ich denn wohl mußte . . . .

An die fünfzig Jungfrauen mit Rautenkränzlein, Rosmarinzweigen und frühen [illegible] geziert, zogen ſtill und ſittig an uns vorüber, nur die jüngſten, reizendſten, unbeſcholtenſten unſrer Stadt. Einfacher, als alle, ſchwanenweiß und ſchier züchtiger, als eine Kloſter-Nonne, gekleidet, ſchloß ein Mägdlein den Zug, das ich vorher noch niemals geſehen hatte. Auch die wunderholde Dirne ſchaute von ohngefähr aus dem breiten Spitzenſchirm ihrer Haube, der faſt das ganze zarte Geſicht mir verbarg, mit unbeſchreiblichem, himmliſchem Blicke mich an. Johannes! hätteſt du ſie geſehen . . . . . ich kann dir nicht ſagen, wie mir zu Muth ward! Meine Hand bebte an der Fahne; ich zuckte, ſie vor der Herrlichen zu ſenken, und Gott weiß, was geſchehen wäre, hätte ſie nicht, ſchnell erſchreckend, ihr Auge zur Erde gewandt.

Nächſtens ein Mehreres.

4.

Weſthauſen d. j. an Velbeck.

Es würde dir wenig Vergnügen gewähren, mein geliebter Freund! könnte und wollte ich dir auch die Pracht des Einzugs, die Schönheit der Wagen und Roſſe, die Menge und köſtlichen Kleider der herzoglichen Diener, die Ceremonie der Huldigung aufs genauſte beſchreiben. Du haſt, wie dein Aeneas und Ulyſſes, viel Städte und Länder geſehen, und lebſt jetzt an einem der glänzendſten Höfe; was einem Jüngling, der nur aus einer Handelsſtadt in die andere reiſ'te, neu und merkwürdig

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*) Namen der groben Geſchütze.

ſcheint, kann unmöglich deine Aufmerkſamkeit reizen. Eher wird es dir nicht ganz gleichgültig ſein, wenn ich dir melde, daß der junge Regent ein gar ſchöner, lebhafter und leutſeliger Herr iſt, von hoher, ſtattlicher Statur, doch dabei zart und wohlgenährt. Auf ſeiner Stirn thront das Freie, Ungebeugte, Stolze eines zur Regierung Gebornen; um ſeinen Mund ſchwebt der Zug des Wohllebens und einer faſt weichen Gutmüthigkeit. Die Frau Herzogin aber iſt nur von kleiner Geſtalt und blaſſer Geſichtsfarbe, doch ein wahrhaftiges Engelsbild. Man ſchmeichelt ſich mit der Hoffnung, ſie werde ihren Herrn bald mit einem Erben beſchenken. Als ſie bei uns vorbeifuhr, und mit den großen freundlichen Kornblum-Augen immer winkte, und mit den runden, weißen Händen auf beide Seiten dankte, ja zuletzt gar anhalten ließ und ein reich geſticktes Band an unſre Fahne verehrte, da ſchmunzelten ſelbſt die älteſten Graubärte aus ihren Pickelhauben hervor, und hinter uns flogen alle Mützen und Hüte in die Luft.

Schon gegen vier Uhr begab ſich die gnädige Herrſchaft aufs Rathhaus, wo ein gar ſtattliches Banket mit Muſik und Tanz für ſie angerichtet war. Mir fiel es in etwas auf, daß unter den Edeldamen und Rathsherrenfrauen auch einige Bürgerweiber und Mägdlein ſich befanden, unter dieſen auch die Eine, die ich aus dem ganzen Zuge allein noch im Gedächtniß hatte. Aber bald erfuhr ich, die Frau Herzogin habe ſich bei der Bewillkommung vorzüglich mit dieſer, die ihr eine ſilberne Spindel voll des zarteſten Geſpinnſts überreicht, unterhalten, wie denn auch der Herzog dieſen Abend nur mit ſeiner Gemahlin, mit Mathilden von Harteiſen und mit dieſer Einen getanzt hat. Die Bürger hielten dieß für eine beſondere Gunſt und Herablaſſung gegen den Bürgerſtand; aber guter Johannes, mir kam es ganz anders vor. Ich hatte zu ſehr auf die Augen des Herzogs geſehen .....

Könnte ich dir dagegen ihr Erröthen und Erblaſſen, jede ihrer Bewegungen, jeden ihrer ſittſamen Schritte ſchildern; könnte ich dir beſchreiben, wie ſie, in ſich ſelbſt geſchmiegt, nur dann das Auge aufſchlug, wenn das Gegentheil unanſtändig geweſen wär, wie ſie nur mit der äußerſten Spitze der zierlichen Finger die Hand des Herzogs berührte .... könnte ich dieß, und hätteſt du je ſie geſehen, du würdeſt ausrufen: Das war Willigard!

Den Tag nach dem Banket überbrachte die Bürgerſchaft dem hohen Fürſtenpaare das gewöhnliche Geſchenk. Mein Vater und einige Vorſtände reichten dem Herzoge den Ehrenwein; für die Herzogin war beim alten Preißler .. er iſt Willigards Vater ... ein prächtiges Lavoir gearbeitet worden. Du erinnerſt dich vielleicht ſeiner noch; er iſt der geſchickteſte Goldſchmied der Stadt, und hat ehedem ſelbſt in Welſchland und Frankreich große Ehre gewonnen. Man ſagt, bei dem vorigen Herzoge, der koſtbares Geſchirr hoch ſchätzte, habe er nicht wenig gegolten.

Zwei Hundert Mark ſchwer war das Gefäß, und der alte, wunderlich ſtolze Mann hatte für ſeine Arbeit von der Bürgerſchaft durchaus keine weitere Vergeltung annehmen wollen, als nur die Vergünſtigung, das Lavoir der Frau Herzogin ſelbſt zu überreichen. Dieß geſchah denn auch. Das Lavoir übertraf alles, was in dieſer Art je geſehen worden; die ſtark vergoldete Unterſchale war mit Najaden, Tritonen und Delphinen reichlich verziert, und die ſchlanken Handhaben der Kanne wurden von Schwänen und Sirenen künſtlich gebildet. Am meiſten verwunderte man ſich über das Bild des Perſeus, das dem Herzoge glich, und eine an den Felſen gefeſſelte Andromeda. Es ſtand auch eine räthſelhafte Inſchrift dabei; aber der Preißler wollte die Deutung nicht ſagen.

Die Herzogin dankte ihm mit den freundlichſten Worten, und kaum hatte der Herzog den Namen des Künſtlers vernommen, als er mit ſchneller Neugier laut ausrief: Ha, wohl gar der Vater meiner ſchönen Tanzjungfer? ... Er reichte dem Alten huldvoll die Hand, ohne Zweifel zum Kuſſe; aber der treuherzige, geſchmeichelte Künſtler, der dieſe Abſicht nicht errieth oder errathen wollte, ſchüttelte und drückte ſie ihm ſo derb, daß das junge Herzoglein ſie heftig zurückzog. Doch ſchien er nachher über dieſe Verwegenheit nicht erzürnt, ſondern ſtellte ſich immerfort wunderfreundlich gegen den Preißler.

Ich muß jetzt ſchließen, lieber Johannes, weil ein großes Schießen mit Kugelbüchſen zu Ehren des Herzogs veranſtaltet iſt, wobei ich nicht fehlen darf. Ich denke auch, du haſt für heute genug! So bald ich mich den jetzigen rauſchenden Unruhen auf einige Augenblicke entreißen kann, ſchreibe ich dir wieder.

5.

Velbeck an Weißhauſen d. j.

Ihr hättet euch die Mühe erſparen können, Junker! über meine ſchon errath'ne Schwachheit ſolch Geſpött zu treiben. Ich habe mir ſchon tauſendmal bittre Vorwürfe gemacht, daß mein Herz noch an Redlichkeit, Freundſchaft und Liebe glauben kann. Aber bin ich auch ein Thor, ſo hab' ichs doch nicht um euch verdient, daß ihr mich höhnt. Geht denn hin, macht mich zum Gelächter der Stadt und der Gegend; bringt es dahin, daß man meine Lieder, die ich mit frommem Gemüth auf die Herrlichſte dichtete, vor den Herbergen abſingt .... ich werde auch dieſe Schmach zu erdulden wiſſen, werde es überleben, daß ich einem Jüngling mein Heiligſtes aufſchloß, der im Uebermuth auf Schönheit der Geſtalt, Anſehen und Reichthum, einen Mann zu verſpotten im Stande war, der für ihn ſein Leben geopfert hätte. Lebt wohl, wenn ihr könnt!

6.

Weißhauſen d. j. an Velbeck.

Velbeck! ewig geliebter Velbeck! ich beſchwöre dich bei allen Heiligen, welch' ein böſer Geiſt iſt wieder einmal über dich gekommen? Bei allen Anſprüchen auf Erdenglück und ewige Seligkeit! ich kann es nicht errathen, wodurch ich dich erzürnt habe, und nie kehrt Ruhe wieder in mein jetzt von allen Seiten beſtürmtes Herz, bis du mir die Urſache deines, ſo ganz grundloſen Argwohns zu wiſſen thuſt. Nicht als Freund den Freund ... denn deine Freundſchaft haſt du mir aufgekündigt ... als Menſch den Menſchen, fordre ich dich auf, mir jenes unſelige Mißverſtändniß baldigſt zu entziffern, das mich völlig zu Boden ſchmettern würde, wüßte ich mich nicht gänzlich ſchuldlos.

Ich wiederhole es, daß die Ruhe mich fliehen wird, bis ich Antwort von dir habe. Velbeck! wirſt du mich lange vergeblich darauf harren laſſen?

7.

Velbeck an Weißhauſen d. j.

Ja, ich ſehe es ein ... Du mußt mich haſſen, theurer Georg! mußt mich verabſcheuen; ich bin deiner Freundſchaft, was ſag' ich? ich bin meiner eignen Achtung, bin dieſes armen, traurigen Daſeins nicht werth. Verwaiſt von meiner früheſten Jugend, gebrechlich von den erſten Knabenjahren an, mißtrauiſch gegen die Vorſicht, getrennt nun auf ewig von meinem Heiligſten, verzweifelnd an mir ſelbſt, konnt ich auch dich in einer Stunde ſchwarzen Trübſinns verkennen und beleidigen, dich, den einzigen, an dem meine Seele hängt, den vom erſten Augenblick an mein Herz feurig wählte ....

Ich habe deine beiden letzten Briefe noch einmal durchleſen, und ich bekenne es: völlig betäubt muß ich in der Stunde geweſen ſein, als ich durchgehends Spott und Hohn in deinen Worten fand. Etwas andres freilich, etwas, das mich unter andern Umſtänden von Sinnen bringen würde, ſpricht aus jeder Zeile; aber darf und kann ich deshalb mit dir zürnen? Nein, nein, du guter, lieber, trefflicher Georg! du biſt unſchuldig; du ſollſt und mußt glücklich werden; du haſt nichts verbrochen; ich allein bin der Verbrecher an der heiligſten Freundſchaft.

Gern, gern möchte ich mir jede Erklärung erſparen, die mich aufs neue tief verwunden wird. Aber nein, ich will büßen, was ich verbrach: nur durch dieſe freiwillige Buße kann ich mich deiner Freundſchaft wieder würdig machen. Hör' es alſo, lieber Georg ... Deine lobpreiſende Schilderung einer Alles, ſelbſt das Herz des Landesherrn, bezaubernden Schönheit, als Antwort auf meinen Entſchuldigungsbrief; dein: „Ich denke auch, du haſt für heute genug!“ meine Hoffnungsloſigkeit, meine nur gewaltſam beſiegte thörichte Neigung ....

Was ich auch mit mir ſelbſt kämpfe, es iſt mir unmöglich, dir es deutlicher zu entdecken; o gewiß, du haſt mich auch ſchon verſtanden!

Erinnerſt du dich noch, liebſter Freund! jenes Herbſtabends, des letzten, ehe ich von dir ſchied? Wir ſaßen Hand in Hand bis faſt um Mitternacht in deiner Laube; du warfſt dich an meinen Hals und beſchworſt mich, länger bei dir zu verweilen; denn du wußteſt ja nicht, was mich zwang, deine Vaterſtadt zu verlaſſen, du wähnteſt, nur Mißmuth, nur angewöhnter Hang zum Herumſchweifen, nur eitle Ruhmſucht treibe mich wieder hinaus. Wir wurden immer ſtiller und ſtiller, der Mond zitterte immer bleicher durch die Blätter, ich ſah Thränen in deinen Augen ... Da ergriff ich die Harfe und ſang dir meine Trauer; ich feierte eine Lebendige, die für mich todt war. Für mich todt .... ſo hatt' ich mir ſelbſt geſchworen!

Georg! längſt haſt du jene Töne vergeſſen; jene Worte hallten flüchtig und unverſtanden vor dir vorüber; das Echo davon klang noch nicht in deinem Herzen. Hier haſt du den Klagegeſang, ſo weit ich ihn im Gedächtniß habe. Er wird dir alles erklären! Nur in deiner Hand will ich ihn wiſſen; in jeder fremden würde er zum Dolche, an dem mein Herz ſich verbluten müßte.

Nicht wahr, du wirſt mir vergeben?

8.

Was lockſt du, junge Roſe!
Mich zu dem Quellenmooſe?
Ach, flüſternd ruft die Luft
Aus kalter Todtengruft:
Ihr Jünglinge, wir haben
Die Schönheit hier begraben! ...
Seit Willigard verſchied,
Lebt Schönes nur im Lied.

Ihr ſüßen Nachtigallen!
Zu euch darf ich nicht wallen;
Denn Euer Silberton
Spricht meiner Klage Hohn.
Ich könnt' in jenen Buchen
Ja noch die Schönſte ſuchen ....
Seit Willigard verſchied,
Lebt Schönes noch im Lied.

Was winkt aus hoher Ferne
Ihr, ſanfte Liebesſterne?
Ihr täuſcht mit euerm Licht
Dieß matte Auge nicht.
Ich find' in euerm Schimmer
Ja meine Holde nimmer; ....
Seit Willigard verſchied,
Lebt Schönes nur im Lied.

Ob Lenz und Winter ſchwinden,
Du wirſt ſie nirgends finden!
Horch! flüſternd ruft die Luft
Aus kalter Todtengruft:
Ihr Jünglinge, wir haben
Die Schönheit hier begraben! ....
Seit Willigard verſchied,
Lebt Schönes nur im Lied.

9.

Willigard an Eliſabeth.

Ich habe meinem Vater nie wärmer im Stillen dafür gedankt, daß er mich Schreiben lehrte, als ſeit der Zeit, da er mich mit nach Unſerer lieben Frauen nahm, und ich euch, meine theure, hochverehrte Eliſabeth, kennen lernte. Euer letzter Brief zeigt mir genugſam, daß ihr von dem, was ſeit einigen Wochen in unſerer Stadt vorgegangen, die genaueſten Nachrichten erhalten habt, und nur das iſt mir räthſelhaft, daß auch ihr, wie mein guter Vater, die zweideutige Huld des Herzogs, die mich ſo tief gekränkt und in unbeſchreibliche Angſt verſetzt hat, für ehrenvoll anſeht und mir gewiſſermaßen dazu Glück wünſcht. Nein, meine edle, fromme Eliſabeth! das kann unmöglich eure ernſtliche Meinung ſein; gewiß wollt ihr dadurch eure Willigard nur prüfen, nur erforſchen, ob ſie eurer Gunſt und Zärtlichkeit werth ſei.

Aber ſeid unbeſorgt, liebe Eliſabeth! Eitelkeit und Stolz werden mich nie vom rechten Wege verlocken, dafür bürgt mir mein inneres Gefühl und .... ach! ich muß es euch endlich entdecken; ſchon ſeit Monden liegt es mir wie eine Centnerlaſt auf dem Herzen ... und eine geheime, aber unausſprechliche Neigung. —

Ihr wißt es, daß ich keinen Tag verſäume, der heiligen Meſſe oder Predigt in unſerm Münſter beizuwohnen.

Am Tage aller Heiligen, als ich lang und inbrünſtig für das Heil meiner früh verſtorbenen Mutter gebetet hatte, ſtand ich freudigen Herzens auf, und meine Blicke fielen auf die Capelle in der Nähe des hohen Altars. In demſelben Augenblick hob ſich dort hinter dem Schnitzwerk auch ein Jüngling von den Knieen, wie ich noch nimmer einen erblickt. Ich wage es nicht, euch ſeine Züge zu ſchildern; aber von dieſer Minute ſtand ſein Bild ſo lebendig in meiner Seele, daß ich nicht einmal wünſchte, ihn je wieder zu ſehen, ſondern ihn bald nur für ein Gebild meiner feurigen Andacht hielt, und ... warum ſollte ichs euch verbergen, verhielt es ſich anders? .... in dieſem Wahn mich ſogar glücklich fühlte.

Man hat euch gemeldet, daß ſie, um meinem Vater eine Freude zu machen, mich mit zu dem Zuge erwählt haben, der unſre Frau Herzogin bewillkommen ſollte. Ich ging ſtill durch die Reihen der Bürgerwache, und nur die Hauptfahne, bei deren Vertheidigung einſt ein edler Jüngling meiner Familie das Leben eingebüßt hatte, reizte meine Neugier. Denkt euch meine Freude, mein Entſetzen, meinen faſt tödtlichen Schreck, als ich aufblickte, und dieſe, mir ſo denkwürdige Fahne in der Hand des nämlichen Jünglings gewahrte, den ich zwar ſchon mondenlang wachend und träumend um mich erblickt hatte, aber noch immer für eine bloße Erſcheinung hielt. Meine Knie bebten; ich war nahe daran, zuſammen zu ſinken; nur Scham und die Furcht, mich zu verrathen, hielt mich aufrecht.

Ich habe den Guten ſeitdem öfter geſehen; als Sohn des Vornehmſten unſrer Stadt, iſt er gewöhnlich im Gefolge des Fürſtenpaars, und, wunderbar! ... auch er ſcheint auf eine mir unerklärliche Weiſe an mich gefeſſelt. Seine Blicke ſuchen immer die meinigen; wie ein Schutzgeiſt ſchwebt er mir unaufhörlich zur Seite; oft ſchien er um mich beſorgt, blickte oft trotzig und kühn auf den Herzog; oft richtete er ſeine Augen flehend, rathend, zurückweiſend auf mich, und, irre ich nicht ganz, ſo war er ſchon mehrmals im Begriff, mich anzureden, und ſcheute nur die Zeugen.

Schreibt mir, theure Eliſabeth! was ihr davon denkt. Sollte das Liebe ſein? und iſt es wohl unrecht, daß ich ſo immer an ihn denke?

10.

Velbeck an Weſthauſen d. j.

Faſt ein Monat iſt verfloſſen, und ich habe keine Zeile von dir erhalten. Könnteſt du noch mit mir zürnen? oder ... ich zittre, es zu denken ... wär' mein letzter Brief in fremde Hände gerathen? Ich beſchwöre dich, mein Georg! reiß mich aus dieſer Unruhe, und ... wenn du mich noch liebſt, wenn du ganz mir verziehen haſt, ſo melde mir alles was dich ... und was Willigard betrifft. Alle Freuden ſind längſt von mir gewichen; nur eine Hoffnung iſt in meinem Buſen jetzt aufgelebt, die mich wunderbar aufrichtet: Keiner wird Willigard beſitzen, als mein Georg!

Da ich dieſen Brief durch einen ganz zuverläſſigen Boten ſende, ſo lege ich auch endlich die verſprochene Abſchrift von dem Liebes- und Heldenbuche meines Vaters bei. Der alte Preißler hat die Urſchrift mir beim Abſchiede geſchenkt; weiß Gott, wie dieſer dazu gekommen iſt. Dieß Buch hat mich zuweilen mit unſäglicher Wehmuth erfüllt; ich möchte weinen, wie Alexander bei Philippi Siegen, und habe noch viel zu lernen, ehe ich meinem Vater gleich komme. Die Zwiſchengeſchichte von der mauriſchen Königstochter Elfarda iſt doch unbeſchreiblich ſchön, und wird dich gewiß höchlich vergnügen. Lebe wohl!

11.

Weſthauſen d. j. an Velbeck.

Ich habe alle deine Briefe, auch dein angenehmes Geſchenk, richtig erhalten, und bin ruhig und glücklich jetzt. Könnte ich doch an deine Bruſt ſinken und dir alles ſagen, was ich empfinde. Mancher Sturm iſt, ſeitdem ich das letztemal an dich ſchrieb, durch meine Seele gezogen, und an dem nämlichen Tage, als ich deinen vorletzten Brief erſt bei Nachtzeit erbrechen konnte, hatte Willigard .... ja, ich kann dir den Schmerz nicht erſparen, und du ſelbſt nennſt ihn ja deine einzige, dich aufrichtende Hoffnung ... an meinem Herzen die Thräne des erſten Geſtändniſſes geweint. Ja ſie iſt mein, Velbeck! die Treffliche mein, und, wäre es möglich, nun doppelt mir heilig, da auch du ſie liebteſt und im Glück meiner Liebe dich ſelbſt beglückt fühlſt. Alle Angſt und Qual iſt nun vorüber, und durch die Abreiſe des Hofs fühle ich mich erleichtert, wie ein Verbrecher, dem auf dem Richtplatze das Leben geſchenkt wird.

Doch noch weißt du bei weitem nicht alles, und hätteſt du auch nicht ſelbſt mich dazu aufgefordert, ſo würde mir mein Herz doch keine Ruhe laſſen, bis ich dir vertraut, was ſeit kurzem mich bald zum Abgrunde der Verzweiflung geſchleudert, bald in den Himmel erhoben hat.

Beſinne ich mich recht, ſo gab ich dir zuletzt von einer zweiten, zu Ehren des fürſtlichen Paares veranſtalteten Luſtbarkeit vorläufige Nachricht. Der Herzog war dabei noch weit prächtiger und huldvoller, als zuvor, und ließ es nicht dabei bewenden, gemeiner Stadt zu dieſem Tage auf ewige Zeiten ſechs Fuder Weins aus der Hof-Kellnerei und zwei Hirſche zu verehren, ſondern hatte auch am Abend einen Glückstopf anrichten laſſen, wo lauter Treffer waren.

Ich kann dir mit Recht ſagen, lieber Johannes, der junge Herzog iſt ein trefflicher Schütz. Er traf dreimal ſchwarz ganz nahe am Centrum, und ich und der alte Hellmann waren ihm zunächſt. Aber die ſtattlichen Hofherren und Rüſtmeiſter wunderten ſich nicht wenig, daß ſie vor den gemeinen Schützen ſo gar keinen Vortheil erlangten, ſondern einmal über das andere von ihnen ausgeſtochen wurden. Der

Herzog bezeigte ſich ungemein erfreut, daß er faſt bis zuletzt immer der Beſte blieb; endlich ſchoß der Rothgießer Lorenz Scheufler ohne Scheu vor des Herzogs Verdruſſe auf den Nagel, daß die Kugel breit wie ein Zweiguldenſtück herunterpatſchte. Da ſtampfte das Herzoglein mit dem Fuße, ward aber bald wieder fröhlich und ſchenkte dem Hollmann und mir, vielleicht blos um den Scheufler zu kränken, jedem einen Jagdſtutz, ſchön mit Helfenbein und Silber ausgelegt.

Die ordentliche Vertheilung der Preiſe und Vortheile wartete der Herzog nicht ab, ſondern führte ſeine Gemahlin faſt ungeduldig aus dem Gezelt nach dem Tanzſaal. Ich läugne es nicht, daß ſeine Eile mir auffiel, und ich vermuthete auch die Urſache. Leider hatte ich mich nicht betrogen. Er überſah mit flüchtigen Blicken die verſammelten Frauen, und als er Willigard gewahr ward, die ſich ganz in die Ecke zurückgezogen hatte, ſchienen ſeine Augen wie feſt gezaubert. Er ſagte mehrern von den Jungfrauen, die ihm eben nicht auswichen, einige gnädige Worte; aber ſeine ganze Abſicht war darauf gerichtet, auch an Willigard zu kommen. Doch dieſe wußte das Zuſammentreffen ſehr geſchickt zu vermeiden, und zog ſich in die Nähe der Herzogin, die ſie wieder zu ſich rief und ſehr freundlich mit ihr ſprach. So ging es denn bis zur Abendtafel, wo wacker gezecht wurde und der Herzog ſelbſt ſich nicht wenig gütlich that.

Nach dem Mahle wurde ein Vorhang vor einem Schaugerüſt aufgezogen, und der Glückstopf nahm ſeinen Anfang. Es war aber dazu von einem luſtigen Rathe des Herrn ein Schimpfſpiel angegeben, und von einem der Meiſter in zierliche Reime verfaßt, das einige der Hoffräulein und Junker gar ſchön darſtellten, nämlich das Urtheil des trojaniſchen Prinzen Paris. Die drei heidniſchen Göttinnen, prächtig in Brokat und Silberſtuck gekleidet, ſtritten ſich um einen goldnen, kunſtreich gearbeiteten Biſamapfel, als den Preis der Schönheit und den Hauptgewinnſt. Aber Paris wollte ſich zu keiner Entſcheidung verſtehen, ſondern warf den Apfel in den Glückstopf, und Cupido mit verbundenen Augen mußte die Looſe ziehn. Da hätteſt du ſehen ſollen, wie alle die Hof- und Edelfrauen vor Erwartung auf die Zehen traten; meine Braut hatte ſich ganz vor ans Theatrum gedrängt, aber Willigard ſtand am äußerſten Fenſter. Nun merkte ich und auch andere zwar wohl, daß es mit der Verlooſung nicht ganz redlich zuging, ſondern daß der Marſchall bald hie bald da, was ins Ohr flüſterte; aber wir ließen uns das nicht irren und freuten uns Alle, daß ohne Zweifel der lieben Frau Herzogin der Apfel zu Theil werden ſolle. Denke dir aber das allgemeine Erſtaunen, als der Liebesgott faſt zuletzt bei Willigards Nummer den goldnen Apfel hervorzog, und ihn dem Herzoge zuſtellte, um ihn der Gewinnerin eigenhändig zu überreichen. Alle die Hof- und Rathsherrenfrauen glühten im Geſicht wie Zinnober; Willigard aber mußte ſich an einem Schenktiſch feſthalten, daß ſie nicht umſank. Boshaftigliche Blicke, faſt in aller Augen, weideten ſich an ihrer Verlegenheit; doch ſie faßte ſich ſchnell, nahm den Apfel mit einer tiefen Verbeugung an, legte ihn auf einen ſilbernen Credenzteller, und überreichte ihn mit einem Fußfall der ſelbſt außer Faſſung gebrachten Frau Herzogin. Dieſe ſchien ſonderbar überraſcht, küßte Willigard ... ach, ſie lag vor ihr in dem engen braunen Gewand, wie eine betende Heilige ... auf die Lilienſtirn, heftete ſchnell das Oehr des Biſamapfels an eine ihrer eigenen Perlenſchnuren und hing ſie um Willigards weißen Nacken, mit den nachdenklichen Worten: „Tragt dieß zur ſteten Erinnerung an eure Herzogin, ſchöne beſcheidne Willigard!"

Gott befohlen für heute, lieber Johannes!

12.

Weſthauſen d. j. an Belbeck.

Ich ſollte dir wohl einen Theil des übrigen verſchweigen, mein wackrer Belbeck! denn es dient nicht zum Ruhm meines Herrn, dem ich doch gehuldigt habe. Aber unſre Seelen ſind ja eins, und was ich weiß, kannſt du auch wiſſen.

Alſo der Herzog machte bei dem Fußfalle gegen ſeine Gemahlin eine recht ſauerſüße Miene, und dieſe ſaß nun den ganzen Abend über wie in wehmüthigen Träumen. Ihr Herr ſchien ſich wenig darum zu kümmern, ſondern gab Befehl, daß noch eine Stunde getanzt werden ſolle. Ich will wohl glauben, daß er vom Weine ein wenig erhitzt und betäubt war; genug, als die Geiger und Pfeifer aufſpielten, kehrte er ſeiner Gemahlin bald den Rücken und ſprach etwas ſpitzig: Euer Liebden! Erlaubt mir den Vortanz mit der ſchönen, beſcheidnen Willigard!

Hierauf ergriff er ohne weiteres die Hand des zitternden Mägdleins, das wie eine verſchüchterte Taube ſich nicht zu rathen wußte, umſchlang die ſittig Verhüllte während des Reigens einigemal ſo brünſtig, ſchwenkte die vor Scham Erglühende ſo wild und ungeſtüm, daß zuletzt ihre langen, zierlich geflochtenen Zöpfe vor eigner Schwere ſich losnestelten und den ganzen Rücken herabfielen. Alle Augen waren auf ſie gerichtet, und ſie ſchützte endlich, faſt einer Leiche ähnlich, einen Schwindel vor, um vom Reihen abtreten zu dürfen. Ich rufte ihren Vater herbei, und dieſer verließ bald mit ihr den Saal.

Du haſt Willigard gekannt und geliebt; du weißt es alſo gewiß, was ich mit ihr und um ſie bei dieſen Auftritten litt; was ich empfand bei den Gerüchten, daß man auf mancherlei Weiſe an den Preißler zu kommen ſuche; was ich empfand, da man bald die Ehre der ſittigſten, züchtigſten Jungfrau ſchändlich verunglimpfte und ich mit dieſem Herzen voll der heißeſten, aber noch unerwiederten Liebe, mich nicht einmal öffentlich zu ihrem Vertheidiger aufwerfen durfte. Höllenqualen überſtand ich mehrere Tage, da ich ſie nicht ſah, und, ſo ſorgſam ich mich auch insgeheim erkundigte, nichts Gewiſſes über ihr Befinden erfahren konnte. Doch meine Angſt ward mir reichlich vergolten; Willigards Verfolger führten ſie ſelbſt in meine Arme.

Ungefähr den ſechſten Tag darauf hatte der Herzog ſich früh mit der Jagd erluſtiget. Ich war daheim geblieben, und mein Vater, dem meine Unruhe und Schwermuth nicht ganz entging, befahl mir, ſelbſt in den Garten herauszugehen, um frühreife Kirſchen ſeltner Art, die er im Glashauſe gezogen hatte, und noch vor der Abreiſe der Frau Herzogin verehren wollte, ſorglich abnehmen zu laſſen. Er brauchte das nur zum Vorwand; aber da er mich ſo beſorgt anſah, ging mirs durchs Herz, und ich gehorchte willig.

Es war ein warmer Märzabend; die Bäume, vom Sonnenſtrahl nach einem milden Regen erquickt, hatten ihre vollen roſigen Blüthen geöffnet, und der ſchwarze Grund der Blumenbeete war mit hellgrünen Blättern und aufbrechenden Knospen, fleiſchfarb und azurblau, weiß und goldgelb und violett, wie ein köſtlicher Teppich durchwirkt. Schon fing es an zu dämmern. Ich hatte an der überſchickten Abſchrift des Heldenbuchs mich nicht wenig vergnügt, und wandelte nachdenkend zwiſchen den hohen nur erſt knospenden Buchenwänden, als plötzlich das Pförtlein aufging und ein weibliches Weſen, mit einem Regentuche verhüllt, haſtig und furchtſam eintrat. Sie öffnete ein wenig das Tuch, ſchaute um ſich wie ein geſcheuchtes Reh, erkannte mich .... es war Willigard! Sie rief ängſtlich: Verbergt mich, Junker Georg!

Ueberraſcht führt' ich ſie hinter eine Taxushecke, als auch ſchon der Herzog, in einen Mantel gewickelt, mit einigen Kämmerlingen auf dem Fuß folgte. Ich ging ihm, ſchnell mich faſſend, demüthig entgegen; er ſchien, verwundert, mich, und mich allein, zu finden, warf die Augen ſpähend überall umher, meinte dann, er habe von des Stadtvoigts Kunſtgarten manches Rühmens gehört, und ſei jetzt eben in der Nähe geweſen. Mit demüthigem Danke zeigte ich ihm die Waſſerorgel, den Bilderſaal, das Grottenwerk und was ſonſt noch zu den Herrlichkeiten gehört. Da pries er denn alles weidlich, wunderte ſich beiläufig über die Wohlhabenheit ſeiner getreuen Unterthanen, hatte ſich aber bald ſattgeſehen und machte ſich auf und davon.

Nun ſuchte ich auch meine Verſchüchterte wieder auf und fand ſie faſt erſtarrt im äußerſten Winkel des Irrgartens. „Sind ſie fort? Sind ſie gewiß fort?" ... liſpelte ſie mit ängſtlichem Blick, klagte mir mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen, daß man ſogar auf offner Straße ihrer Ehre zu nahe trete, und bat dann faſt weinend: Ach, Junker Georg! es ziemt ſich wohl nicht, aber ich bitt' euch, daß ihr mich nach Hauſe begleitet.

Ich verſprach ihr mit Entzücken ſicheres Geleit, und ſuchte ſie zu beruhigen; ich faßte ehrerbietig ihre Hand und ſie überließ ſie mir einige Augenblicke. Die holde Unſchuldige ſchien bald freier zu athmen, und die im Winde wogende Tulpenflor lockte ihr ein gefälliges Lächeln ab. Du weißt es, Johannes, daß mein Vater keine Koſten ſchont, immer recht hübſche Sorten von dieſen Zwiebeln ſich zu verſchaffen; Willigard ergötzte ſich ſehr an den buntfarbigen, hin und her nickenden Glocken, dergleichen ſie noch nie in der Nähe geſehen *).

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*) Die Tulpen kamen aus Aſien, wo ſie ohne Pflege auf Bergen und Wieſen wachſen, erſt um das Jahr 1559 in die Abendländer. Der Geſandte des Kaiſers Ferdinand an Soliman bemerkte noch im Jahre 1554 die Tulipan, wovon ihm bei Conſtantinopel Sträuße überreicht wurden, als eine Seltenheit (ſ. Busbequii Epist. Turcic. ep. 1. pag. 47. ed. Elzevir.), und Conrad Geßner, der 1559 in Augsburg die erſte ſah, ſchildert ſie in ſeinem Buche „De hortis Germaniae" ausführlich, unter Beifügung eines Holz-

„Sie ſind ſchön! ſie ſind ſchön!“ ... ſagte ſie, freundlich ihnen zunickend ... „nur habe ich immer gehört, daß ſie auch ſehr hoch im Preiſe ſtehn.“ Ich zeigte ihr welche von den ſeltenſten, wo jede fünf und zwanzig Florenen gekoſtet hatte. Eine dunkelbraun und roth geflammte zog ſie allen übrigen vor, und kaum hatte ſie das geäußert, als die Tulpe auch ſchon abgeſchnitten in ihrer Hand lag.

„Was habt ihr gemacht, Junker!“ ... rief ſie erſchrocken .... „und was wird euer, was mein Vater, dazu ſagen?“

„Es iſt nur eine Tulpe, theure Willigard!“ ... erwiederte ich .... „ach! hätt' ich eine Wunderblume für euch, wie ſie in keines Königs Garten blühte! Die Tulpe iſt eurer nicht werth“ ... Ich zerpflückte die Tulpe ſchnell.

Sie ſenkte das Haupt, bewegte die Lippen, aber unterdrückte die Rede, und gab mir, das feuchte Auge himmliſch erhebend, die Hand. Ich war außer mir vor Entzücken; es war ein Moment, wie jene, die du immer die Silberblicke der Liebe und Poeſie nannteſt .... ſchnell vorübergehend, doch unſäglich ſchön!

„Laßt mir ſie, laßt mir dieſe Hand, Willigard!“ ... rief ich aus ... „Ich hab' es um Euch verdient, ob ihr mich ſchon kaum kennt; ich habe Todesqualen in dieſen wenigen Tagen um euch erlitten ... Willigard! könnt ihr meine Liebe erwiedern?“

„Gott vergebe es mir, wenn ich unrecht daran thue“ ... antwortete ſie mit Thränen ... „Schon ſeit aller [illegible] liebe ich euch.“

Ich legte meine Hand auf ihr Tüchel; ſie reichte mir ihre Wange. Ach, Johannes, haſt du's gehört? ſeit allen Seligen ſchon zählt' ich ſelbſt unter die Seligen!

13.

Weſthauſen d. j. an Velbeck.

Deine Glückwünſche kommen zu früh, lieber Johannes. Ruhiger bin ich zwar ſchon ſeit dem Abgange des Hofs; aber an Glück und Freude darf ich nicht denken. Mein Vater, ob er ſchon von der Sache nicht gerne ſpricht, will doch ſein dem Harteiſen gegebenes Wort nicht zurück nehmen; meiner Mutter iſt Willigard zu gering. Die ehrwürdige Matrone wehrt mir's gern, nur an Willigard zu denken, und doch liebt ſie mich ſo mütterlich. Ich ſehe die Herrliche nur ſelten, und habe meinem Vater das Wort geben müſſen, einſtweilen nicht mit ihr zu ſprechen. Das halte ich auch, und ſollt' ich darüber eingehen; aber es treibt mich nun von dannen, fort in die weite Welt. Vorerſt ſoll ich nicht weiter, als Antwerpen; aber ich gehe von da nach Venedig, das habe ich feſt beſchloſſen. In einigen Wochen reiſe ich ab und umarme dich vielleicht vorher noch einmal auf ſpätes Wiederſehen.

14.

Bürgermeiſter Heinrich von Harteiſen an den Stadtvoigt Georg von Weſthauſen d. ä.

Hochachtbarer Herr und Freund!

Die wechſelſeitig freundlichen Geſinnungen unſerer Familien werden hoffentlich keinen Abfall leiden, wenn ich deutlich über gewiſſe Dinge ſpreche, die ſchon längſt niemandem ein Geheimniß mehr ſind. Die Verlobung unſerer Kinder, eh' ſie noch mannbar waren, ſchien uns damals auf lange Zeiten ein feſtes Band der Eintracht zu knüpfen und zu beiderſeitiger Zufriedenheit zu führen; aber die Neigungen unſrer Kinder ſtimmen mit unſern damaligen Abſichten nicht überein. Es iſt allgemein bekannt, daß euer Junker Georg nur für die ſchöne Preißlerin Augen habe, welche denn freilich auch durch die Gewogenheit unſers gnädigen Herzogs ſolcher Ehre doppelt würdig iſt, und ſicherlich ein reichliches Ehegeld empfahen wird. Da aber meine Tochter gleichwohl eine Nebengeliebte der Art nicht ertragen mag: ſo will ich hiemit zu erkennen geben, daß ich die alten Verbindungen für völlig abgebrochen anſehe und die Hand meiner Tochter heutigen Vormittag dem Herrn Marſchall unſers gnädigen Herrn, Leonhard von Schroffeneck, feierlichſt zugeſagt habe. Ich bin der gegenſeitigen frohen Theilnahme an dieſem für gemeiner Stadt Beſtes ſo erfreulichen Ereigniſſe im gewiſſem überzeugt, und verbleibe u. ſ. w.

15.

Stadthauptmann Caspar Hollmann an Georg von Weſthauſen d. ä.

Hochachtbarer, geſtrenger Herr Stadtvoigt!

Ich wollte euch nie wieder ſehn und auch nicht an euch ſchreiben; ich habe darum meine Stelle niedergelegt, daß ich an euch auch nicht mehr denken wollte; aber meine zitternde Hand und meine alten Augen müſſen noch einmal dran. Ich habe euern Junker, den George, aus der Taufe gehoben, und es bleibt dabei, daß er mein Erbe iſt, ob ich ſchon von euch nichts weiter wiſſen mag. Es war Unrecht von euch, daß ihr das Heu von der Zwingerwieſe zum Hoſpitale St. Lazari ſchlugt; denn es hat über Menſchengedenken der Kirche gehört; es iſt aber eben ſo Unrecht, daß ihr aus eitlem Stolze den Junker ins Elend dahingehen laßt. Ich habe ihn geſtern geſehen, als er wie verwildert in den Forſt ging; er ſah mich nicht einmal; ſein Geſicht war recht aſchenbleich und ſein Leib faſt dürr, wie ſeine Windhunde, daß es mich jammerte. Seid ihr ein rechtſchaffner Vater an euerm einzigen Sohne? und iſt der Preißler nicht ein ehrenwerther Mann? und iſt ſein Geſchlecht nicht hochverdient um unſre Stadt? und iſt die Willigard nicht ein Dirnlein, keuſch und ſchmuck, wie ein Muttergottesbild? Wahrlich auf das Mägdlein laſſ' ich nichts kommen, und ſie iſt eine Frau für euern Georg, das ſag' ich! Ich kenne ſie noch, wie ſie erſt mit dem Vater daher kam und noch ſo eine Wieſel war. Meine Gertraud, Gott geb' ihr einen guten Tag im Himmel, die war nun ſo ein Kindernarr, weil ſie ſelbſt keine kriegte; mehr als hundertmal hat ſie die Willigard hineingelockt und ſie abgeherzt, und ihr ein Würzäpflein um das andere gegeben, und das kleine weiß und rothe Ding nur ihr Schneeröslein genannt. Nein, das iſt nicht Recht von euch, daß ihr's nicht zugeben wollt, und ich muß euch's ſagen, weil alle andere ſich vor euch fürchten, als nur der alte Hollmann nicht. Aber der fürchtet ſich vor niemand, und wird's nun bald gewohnt ſein, nicht mehr des Abends zu euch zu kommen. ...

Ja, was wollt' ich ſagen ... ich habe euch über die Sache nicht ſchreiben wollen, weil ihr wegen des Georgs dem Harteiſen das Wort gegeben hattet, und freilich, das hättet ihr halten müſſen; aber nunmehr iſt das vorbei, und die Heirath mit dem Hofſchranzen freut mich gar nicht.

Alſo ſage ich's noch einmal: Richtet mir den Georg und die Willigard nicht zu Grunde, oder ihr habt's einſt bei Gott zu verantworten. Nun wißt ihr doch meine Meinung.

Gehabt euch wohl!

16.

Weſthauſen d. ä. an Hollmann.

Biſt du endlich wieder gut, Caspar Hollmann? Nun, laß deinen Zorn vollends weichen. Sieh, wir ſind beide alte Knaben; wie lange wird's ſein, daß wir noch leben; ſollen die Leidtragenden hinter unſerm Sarg ſagen: Sie ſind in Groll und Unfrieden dahin gefahren? Sieh, die Wieſe kann ich der Kirche nicht wieder geben, das iſt vorbei; aber ich will ihr ein eben ſo großes Stück von meinem Vorwerk zuſchreiben laſſen. Darum komm heute Abend herüber; ich habe deine alte ſilberne Kanne wieder blank ſcheuern laſſen, da wollen wir's bereden, wie ſich's am geſcheuteſten machen läßt, daß du recht behältſt, und ich, als Stadtvoigt, doch auch. Und hernach Morgen wollt' ich dich um einen Liebesdienſt bitten. Du biſt nun einmal der Pathe des Georgs, und gut mit unſerm Hauſe meinſt du's auch, haſt auch zugerathen, und biſt angeſehen bei der ganzen Stadt .... darum wollte ich dich fragen, ob du nicht morgen früh zum alten Preißler gehen wollteſt, und um die Willigard anhalten für meinen Georg. Der Junge iſt einmal toll und thörigt auf das Schneeröslein, und ich bin dir zu Gefallen heut vom Rathhauſe bei des Preißlers Fenſtern vorbei gegangen und habe hineingeſchaut, und du haſt Recht, es iſt meinem Jungen nicht zu verargen.

Alſo heut Abend zu rechter früher Zeit, alter Geſelle!

17.

Hollmann an Weſthauſen d. ä.

Läg' doch der alte Hollmann ſeit Jahr und Tag drei Klaftern unter der Erde und wäre längſt verfault; ich möchte

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ſchnitts. Ein augsburger Kaufmann, Namens Heerwardt, hatte den erſten Tulpenſaamen aus Conſtantinopel erhalten. — Nach einer Tradition ward 1638 in Amſterdam eine Zwiebel, der Semper Augustus, mit 1000 Gulden bezahlt, und der Verkäufer bereute noch den Handel gar ſehr, als ſich bei der Ausbebung zwei Ableger fanden. Dieſe Tulpomanie ſoll endlich zu einer ſolchen Höhe geſtiegen ſein, daß Jemand um das Jahr 1637 für die 10 raren Stück 12,000 Gulden geboten, und ſie nicht einmal erhalten habe.

meine Büchſe laden und mich ſelber vor'n Kopf ſchießen. Ich traue mich zeitlebens nicht wieder über deine Schwelle, Weſthauſen; und geſtern war das eine Freude, und heute iſt's ſo ganz anders. Kurz und gut, ſiehe zu, wie du es mit dem Georg machſt, daß er ſich nur kein Leids thue! Bei dem Preißler bin ich geweſen und er iſt ein Ehrenmann, wie ſich's gehört, und iſt offen mit der Sprache herausgegangen. Anfänglich zwar hielt er hinterm Berge, und ſchlug mein ehrſames Geſuch rund ab, daß ich ihn vor Zorn ſchier an der Bruſt faßte. Aber nachher ſprach er vernünftiger, daß aus der Sache nichts werden könne. Die Willigard nämlich ... ach! was iſt aus dem Schneeröslein für eine holde Roſe geworden, und was hat ſie mit den Augen mich freundlich angeblinkert und mir ſelbſt den ſchweren Stuhl an den Ofen geſchoben .... aber das arme Ding iſt nicht ehelicher Geburt; mehr will der Vater nicht ſagen. Da haſt du das Unglück!

18.

Leonhard von Schroffeneck an Gerhard Preißler.

Mein gnädiger Herr haben geruht mir anzubefehlen, euch zu melden, wie Höchſtdieſelbſt ein gar prächtiges und künſtliches Tiſchgeräth fertigen zu laſſen gemeinet. Da Höchſtdenenſelben nun ihr vor allen Meiſtern in Silber und Gold gerühmt worden, wie denn auch das Tafelgeſchirr, ſo ihr für deſſen in Gott ruhenden Herrn Vater vormals getrieben, und das Lavoir der Frau Herzogin, als welches von allen Fremden höchlich bewundert worden, für eure ſonderliche Geſchicklichkeit bürget; als habt ihr euch ehemöglichſt anhero zu verfügen, und weitern Befehls zu gewarten.

P. S.

Da auch der Frau Herzogin Gnaden an eurer Tochter Willigardis gnädiges Wohlgefallen bezeigt, ſo haben Höchſtſelbſt mir zu erkennen gegeben, wie ſolche bei dieſer Gelegenheit gar wohl mit anhero kommen könne, welches ich euch aus guter Freundſchaft zu eurer Nachachtung nicht verhalten wollen.

19.

Willigard an Georg von Weſthauſen d. j.

Ich habe es erfahren, Junker Georg, daß weder Arm eurer Aeltern, noch ſelbſt der Flecken meiner Geburt, den endlich mein Vater, durch meine Thränen erweicht, als Urſache unſers Unglücks mir entdeckt hat, euer Herz von mir abgewandt. Darum wage ich es auch jetzt, wider die Regel der Sitte, an euch zu ſchreiben, und euch zu melden, daß die Angſt meines Herzens groß iſt. Ach, Georg, außer Gott und euch habe ich in dieſer meiner Noth keine Hoffnung, als nur den Tod, und auch auf dieſen bin ich bereitet. Der Herzog hat meinen Vater nach der Hofſtadt einladen laſſen, und dieſer iſt geblendet von der Ehre, ſo ihm widerfährt, und will auf meine Thränen und Seufzer nicht achten. Ich mag ihm vorſtellen, was ich will, wie ſie ſchon hier mich verfolgt haben, und wie ich Tag und Nacht von bangen Ahnungen gemartert werde, ſo hält er das doch für gering, und meint, es werde wohl beſſer gehen, als ich denke. Wollt auch ihr mich verlaſſen, wie mich Alles verläßt? Morgen mit Tagesanbruch reiſen wir ab.

Lieber Junker! ich wollte euch doch bitten, daß ihr dieß, ſo es möglich, der Stiftsfrau Eliſabeth zu wiſſen thätet, denn die Zeit iſt zu kurz. Ich ſchreibe dieß auf meinem Kämmerlein, und die Lampe wird bald verlöſchen. Dieſe Eliſabeth hat vordem meine Mutter gar gut gekannt, und iſt auch mir mit beſonderer Gnade zugethan. Den Brief habe ihr abgeben zu laſſen im Stift unſrer lieben Frauen zu W., mehr weiß ich ſelbſt nicht; aber dann wird er richtig beſorgt.

Lebt wohl, Junker Georg! Werd' ich euch jemals wiederſehen? Meine Hoffnung und Troſt iſt einzig eure treue Liebe.

20.

Eliſabeth an Selbeck.

Eine Nachricht, die ich kürzlich von fremder Hand erhielt, und die mich einigermaßen beunruhigt, erregt von neuem den ſchon lang gehegten Wunſch, an deſſen Erfüllung ich aber in früherer Zeit nicht denken durfte, den berühmten Meiſterſänger Hanns Selbeck bei mir zu ſehen. Ich erſuche euch daher auf's dringendſte, mit Ueberbringern dieſes, meinem ſichern Boten, euch ſogleich aufzumachen. Der Erfolg wird für euer Herz ſicher belohnend ſein.

Eliſabeth Gräfin von Werdenſtein.

21.

Rudolph von Schroffeneck an Leonhard von Schroffeneck.

Herr Bruder.

Hab' ich dir's nicht tauſendmal vorher geſagt, die Verbindung mit dem Krämer-Adel tauge nichts? Einen Sack Goldes und Silbers ſchleppt einem der Schwiegervater wohl ins baufällige Schloß, aber, was iſt das? Schimpf und Schande hinkt hinten nach. Die gnädige Frau Schwägerin macht, während du auf dem Anſtande lauerſt, verzweifelte Streiche, und die Frau Herzogin hat ihr ſogar nun den Hof unterſagt. Die liebe gnädige Dame iſt auch gar zu eiferſüchtig.

Das möchte noch hingehen, wenn dein Ehegeſpons nur nicht ſo unſinnig ſpielte, und ſonſt auf den guten Ruf beſſer bedacht wäre ... Ich mag es aus Achtung für unſer ganzes hohes Haus gar nicht herſchreiben ....

Mit der bewußten Sache ſteht es auch ſchlecht. Der alte Preißler will ſich nicht weiter kirren laſſen; weiß der Teufel, was dem alten Fuchſe im Kopf ſteckt! Wenn man nur ſo von weitem anpocht, lacht der Kerl einem höhniſch ins Geſicht, und letzthin hob er wahrlich den Hammer gegen mich, und es fehlte nicht viel, er hätte mich köpflings die Treppe heruntergeſtürzt. Wahrhaftig, ich traue ihm das zu; ſo gar ungeſchlachtet iſt er dir. Er ſcheint jetzt ganz andre Dinge im Kopf zu haben, als mit dem Schneeröslein, der Jungfer Tochter auf den Markt zu ziehen; der Geier werde aus ihm klug! Dazu, das Mädchen iſt wie eine wilde Katze; ich ſage dir, du wirſt noch lange auf dem Jagdhauſe lauern müſſen, wenn wir ſie in Gutem dahinaus ſchwatzen ſollen. Da iſt alles vergebens! Sie hat wie durch Hexerei das Herz der Frau Herzogin gewonnen, und gilt mehr bei ihr, als alle Fräuleins. Auch der alte Vater hat einmal ganz allein mit der Herzogin geſprochen. Was ſie da nur mögen ausgeſponnen haben!

Aber das Schlimmſte von allem kommt noch. Kannſt du's denken, da hat doch der Himmel den Stabsfähndrich Weſthauſen, mir nichts, dir nichts, an unſern Hof geſchneit. Aber ich habe es weg. Ohne Zweifel iſt die Willigard ſchon zu Hauſe ſeine Concubine geweſen; denn er hat ſeine Augen überall, wo ſie nur zu blicken iſt, und hat ſich durch ſeine Narren beim Herzoge dergeſtalt beliebt gemacht, daß man ihn bei Hofe duldet. Ja ich kann dir ſagen, er hat ſich ordentlich raſend in Reſpekt geſetzt, und faſt wagt es keiner von den Hofjunkern, ihn noch ſchief anzuſehen. Das ging ſo zu. Du wirſt wohl ſchon gehört haben, daß unſer gnädiger Herr bei der Bärenhatz in Todesgefahr gekommen; mich ging das nichts an, denn ich gehöre nicht zu dem Jagdweſen, aber wer Geier wollte auch mit der raſenden Beſtie es aufnehmen? Weiß Gott, der Weſthauſen, der mit zuſah, unterfing ſich's, und ſtach den Bär durch den Wanſt, daß er nur noch zuckte. Der Herzog ſchäumte, da er ſich ein wenig erholt hatte, auf die Rüdmeiſter und Jagdjunker, wie ich noch kaum geſehen. Er zerſchlug an dem Zunächſtſtehenden den Schaft des abgebrochenen Bärenſpießes, und wollte den Weſthauſen auf der Stelle zum Hofjunker machen. Kannſt du dir's denken, daß der Bürgerfähndrich es rund ausſchlug und nur, und wie zum Spott, um die Bärenhaut bat?

Nun, ſiehſt du, Herr Bruder! es iſt jetzt hier ein verdammtes Leben, und der Herzog iſt immerfort ungnädig und wild, weil es dießmal mit der verwünſchten Goldſchmiedstochter nicht glücken will. Wahrlich an uns liegt es nicht.

Ich habe mich heute aus Verdruß krank melden laſſen, um dir nur alles zu melden. Aber ich habe nun auch von frühen Morgen bis in die ſinkende Nacht geſchrieben, und kann wohl ſagen: in meinem Leben habe ich noch an keinem Tage ſo viel gearbeitet. Ich glaube, wenn ich nicht ſchlafe, ſo falle ich vor Müdigkeit um.

Meinen Gruß an Clärchen .... du weißt ſchon! ... und ſie ſoll ſich mit dem bewußten Geſuch nur gedulden, bis unſer Herr wieder gnädig iſt!

22.

Selbeck an Weſthauſen d. j.

Freue dich! Herzensgeorg! freue dich mit mir! Dein und Willigards Schickſal wird die glücklichſte Wendung nehmen. Uebergieb dieſe Briefſchaften augenblicklich an den Herzog; nach allen Nachrichten könnte Verzug ſchaden; ich hoffe in wenig Tagen ſelbſt zu erſcheinen, um jede Dunkelheit vollends aufzuhellen.

Zu deiner eigenen einſtweiligen Beruhigung lediglich ſo viel! Willigard iſt des Herzogs Schweſtertochter, und meine, meine Schweſter! Alles, was du in dem Buche meines Vaters von dem Minneſänger Freidold und der ſchönen mauriſchen Prinzeſſin Liſarda geleſen haſt, iſt ein Theil ſeiner eigenen Geſchichte. Er kam nach dem frühen Tode meiner Mutter als der blühendſte und ſchönſte unter den

Männern an den herzoglichen Hof, und gewann die Neigung der älteſten, damals ſiebenzehnjährigen, Prinzeſſin. Lange blieb dieſe Liebe ein Geheimniß, aber endlich ward ſie verrathen, und mein Vater in den Kerker geworfen. Dort habe ich bei ihm die erſten Jahre meines Lebens zugebracht, bis er endlich den verzweifelten Entſchluß faßte, ſich mit mir vom Thurme herabzulaſſen. Das Seil war nicht lang genug; der Sturz koſtete ihm das Leben; mir aber war durch den Fall nur die Hüfte zerſchmettert worden. Die unglückliche Prinzeſſin **Eliſabeth** wurde unter dem Namen einer **Gräfin von Bardenſtein** auf der Bergfeſtung Hohenfels bei W.. gefangen gehalten. Jetzt, nach des alten Herzogs Tode, iſt ihr Befreiung zugeſichert, und ſie lebt der Hoffnung, dich mit ihrer geliebten Wiligard zu verbinden.

Bald umarme ich dich als den glücklichſten Bräutigam, und dann zurück mit dir in dein väterliches Haus, um mit dir und Wiligard zu leben und zu ſterben!

23.

Gerhard Preißler an Belleck. (Mit demſelben Boten zurück geſandt.)

Zu ſpät, zu ſpät, treuer, unglücklicher Belleck! O du bedauernswerthe Eliſabeth! o meine Wiligard! meine Wiligard! o mein edler Weſthauſen! Zur Größe wollte ich euch führen, meine Kinder, und habe euch zur Schlachtbank geliefert. Arme Wiligard! Ach du allein kannteſt die Größe deiner Gefahr; warum glaubte ich dir nicht? ....

Wiligard iſt gewaltſam geraubt, und auf ein tief im Walde liegendes Jagdhaus geführt worden. Sie hat, um ihre Entehrung nicht zu erleben, heimlich Gift genommen, das ſie wahrſcheinlich vor der Abreiſe aus meiner Werkſtatt entwendet. Mit eurem Briefe faſt zugleich traf die Todespoſt ein. Die Herzogin, die von mir auf die Entdeckung ſchon vorbereitet war, und Wiligard auf das innigſte liebte, fällt aus einer Ohnmacht in die andre; der Herzog raſ't gegen ſeine Laſterknechte; Weſthauſen liegt ſtarr auf dem Boden, hält mich für euch, und flüſtert nur manchmal, wie im Wahnſinn: Nicht wahr, Johannes! Seit Wiligard verſchied ... ſo heißt unſer Brautlied!

24.

Und man begrub ſie in der Waldkapelle
Beim Schein der Fackeln unter dem Altar.
Dort lag ihr Jüngling auf der Marmorſchwelle
Mit hohlem Blick und aufgelöſtem Haar,
Bis er gefunden ſeine Schlummerſtelle,
Eh' noch die Nachtigall entflohen war.
Was lebend nicht Vereinigung gefunden,
Iſt durch ein Grab zu ſanfter Ruh' verbunden.

Johann Friedrich Auguſt Kinderling

ward 1743 zu Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte Philologie zu Halle und wurde Mag. A. A. L. L. und 1768 Lehrer an der Schule zu Kloſterbergen, deren Rectorat er 1770 erhielt. Aber ſchon 1771 kam er als Pfarrer nach Schwartz bei Kalbe, und wurde 1774 als Diakonus nach Kalbe verſetzt, wo er am 25. Auguſt 1807 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Kritiſche Briefe. Halle 1765.
Der Weiſe. Eine Wochenſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1766 und 1767, 2 Thle.
Grundſätze der Beredſamkeit. Magdeburg 1771 2 Thle.
Die Aufklärung der Hölle. Leipzig 1789.
Ueber die Reinigkeit der deutſchen Sprache. Berlin 1795.
Geſchichte der niederſächſiſchen Sprache. Magdeburg 1800.
Außerdem mehrere kleinere Schriften und Aufſätze in damaligen Zeitſchriften, Magazinen, Almanachs :c.

Ein mit geſundem Blick und kritiſchem Scharfſinn ausgerüſteter Schriftſteller, der ſich beſonders durch ſeine Forſchungen auf dem Gebiete deutſcher Sprache und Literatur zu ſeiner Zeit einen geachteten Namen erwarb.

Balthaſar Kindermann

ward am 10. April 1636 zu Zittau geboren, ſtudirte zu Wittenberg Theologie und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften, erhielt die Magiſterwürde und wurde als Dichter gekrönt. In dem Schwanenorden, von welchem er Mitglied war, hieß er Kurander. Nach beendigten Studien kam er 1659 als Conrector an die Saldriſche Schule nach Brandenburg und bekleidete ſpäter auch das Rectorat daſelbſt, bis er 1667 als Diakonus nach Magdeburg berufen ward, wo er als Senior, Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor, Scholarch und Paſtor zu St. Ulrich am 12. Februar 1706 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Unglückliche Riſette. Berlin 1659.
Das Buch des Redlichen. Berlin 1659.
Sechs neue Geſichte. Berlin 1660.
Der Schoriſtenteufel. Berlin 1660.
Die böſe Sieben. Berlin 1661.
Deutſcher Wohlredner. Frankfurt 1661.
Der deutſche Poet. Ebendaſ. 1664.

Ein ſcurriler Satyriker des ſiebenzehnten Jahrhunderts, deſſen Bemühungen, die Thorheiten und Gebrechen ſeiner Zeit zu geißeln, ganz ehrenwerth waren, welcher aber zu oft Derbheit mit Witz verwechſelte. Es fehlte ihm übrigens nicht an geſunden Anſichten und Scharfblick; dieſe beurkunden ſich namentlich in ſeinem „deutſchen Wohlredner" und dem „deutſchen Poet," in denen er ſehr richtige, aber für jene Periode ganz unerhörte Grundſätze aufſtellte.

Karl Victor Kindervater

ward am 1. Januar 1758 zu Neuenheiligen geboren, ſtudirte wahrſcheinlich in Leipzig Theologie und Philoſophie, und wurde nach vollendeten Studien 1790 als Paſtor nach Popelwitz berufen. Von hier kam er 1804 als Dr. philosophiae, Conſiſtorialrath und Generalſuperintendent nach Eiſenach, wo er aber ſchon am 9. Mai 1805 ſtarb.

Er gab Folgendes heraus:

Grünwald, oder Geſchichte eines ſtarken Geiſtes. Leipzig 1785.
Stolz und Rachſucht. Halle 1787.
Skeptiſche Dialogen. Leipzig 1788.
Predigten für Leſer aus geſitteten Ständen. Leipzig 1792.
Geiſt des reinen Chriſtenthums. Ebendaſ. 1795, 2 Thle.
Beiträge zur Beförderung der chriſtlichen Erkenntniß und Tugend, in Predigten. Weißenfels 1801, 2 Thle.
Ueber die nützliche Verwaltung des Predigtamtes. Leipzig 1802—1805, 2 Thle.

Natur- und Erndtepredigten. Chemnitz 1803; 3. Ausg. 1820.

Ein tüchtiger und geiſtreicher Kanzelredner, der in ſeinen öffentlichen Vorträgen Kraft und Wärme mit Klarheit und guter Diction zu verbinden wußte. — Seine Romane ſind dagegen unbedeutend und leiden an Breite. —

Matthias Quadius von Kinkelbach.

Ueber das Leben dieſes Schriftſtellers ſind wir ſehr unvollſtändig unterrichtet; denn wir wiſſen bloß, daß er 1557 zu Köln am Rhein geboren wurde, den größten Theil ſeines Lebens in ſeiner Vaterſtadt zubrachte und 1609 daſelbſt ſtarb.

Sein literariſcher Nachlaß iſt:

Deutſcher Nation Herrlichkeit. Köln am Rhein 1609, 4.

Eine Beſchreibung Deutſchlands, welche zu den beſten Arbeiten dieſer Art aus jener Periode zu rechnen iſt.

Wachsmuth von Kintzingen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Ernſt de Kirchberg, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Graf Konrad von Kirchberg (od. Kilchberg), ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Gottfried Klähr

ward am 12. Mai 1777 zu Dresden geboren, und widmete ſich den ſchönen Künſten, ohne jedoch die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften dabei zu vernachläſſigen. Er erhielt in Meißen, wo er als Privatgelehrter lebte, zugleich eine Anſtellung bei der daſigen königlichen Porzellanfabrik.

Unter dem Namen K. Fero, ſowie unter ſeinem wirklichen ſchrieb er:

Die Friedensfeier. Schauſpiel. Meißen 1809, 8.; neue Ausg. 1818.
Dramatiſche Ephemeren. Ebendaſ. 1809, 8.
Die geliebten Freunde. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1811, 8.
Die Lotterieliſten. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1811, 8.
Die Rettung. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1811, 8.
Der Patriot. Luſtſpiel. Meißen 1814, 8.
Neue Luſtſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1814, 8.
Blüthen der Natur. Ebendaſ. 1815, 8.
Theaterſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1816, 8.
Neue Theaterſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1817, 8.
Bühnenſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1819, 8.
Zwei neue Luſtſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1834, 8.

Ein glückliches Talent für das kleinere Luſtſpiel und die Poſſe beſitzend lieferte K. mehrere Bühnenſtücke, die ſich durch gute Charakterzeichnung und lebhaften, gewandten Dialog auszeichnen.

Heinrich Julius von Klaproth,

berühmter aſiatiſcher Sprachforſcher, ward am 11. October 1783 zu Berlin geboren und ſtudirte früh mit Vorliebe zu Berlin, Halle, Dresden und Weimar die aſiatiſchen Sprachen, beſonders das Chineſiſche. Nachdem er durch das „aſiatiſche Magazin“ ſeine Kenntniſſe hierin öffentlich dargelegt hatte, kam er in Folge eines Rufs als Adjunct der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften für dieſen Zweig des Wiſſens nach St. Petersburg und machte die Reiſe des ruſſiſchen Geſandten, Grafen Golowkin, nach Peking mit. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr wurde er 1807 durch Graf Johann Potocki von der Akademie als ordentliches Mitglied und Hofrath nach dem Kaukaſus und Georgien geſandt, nahm aber 1812 ſeine Entlaſſung und bereiſte 1814 Italien, worauf er 1815 ſich bleibend in Paris niederließ. Hier erhielt er 1816 vom König von Preußen die ehrenvolle Ernennung zum Profeſſor der aſiatiſchen Sprachen, und von den aſiatiſchen Geſellſchaften zu Paris und London die Wahlbeſtätigung zum Mitgliede derſelben. Er ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1835.

Seine Werke ſind:

Aſiatiſches Magazin. Weimar 1802 ꝛc.
Archiv für aſiatiſche Literatur. Petersburg 1810, 4.
Inſchrift des Yü. Berlin 1811, 4.
Leichenſtein auf dem Grabe der chineſiſchen Gelehrſamkeit des Herrn Dr. J. Hager. Petersburg 1811.
Reiſe nach dem Kaukaſus und Georgien, in den Jahren 1807 und 1808. Halle und Berlin 1812 und 1814, 2 Bde. — Daſſelbe franzöſiſch mit Zuſätzen, Paris 1823.
Rußlands Vergrößerung unter Alexander I. Berlin 1814.
Dr. J. A. Güldenſtädts Reiſen nach Georgien, umgearbeitet. Berlin 1815.
Verzeichniß der chineſiſchen und mandſchuiſchen Bücher und Manuſcripte der königlichen Bibliothek zu Berlin. Paris 1822.
Sprachatlas. Fol., gehört zu: Asia polyglotta.

In fremden Sprachen:

Asia polyglotta. Paris 1823, 4.
Tableaux historiques de l' Asie depuis la monarchie de Cyrus jusqu' à nos jours. Paris 1823, 4 Bände, 4., mit Atlas.
A geogr. statist. and historical description of China. London 1825, 2 Bde., 4.
Chrestomathie Mandschu. Paris 1828.
Collections d' antiquités égypt. Paris 1829.
Examen critique des travaux de feu M. Champollion sur les hieroglyphes. Paris 1832.

San Kokf Tsou Ran To Sets etc. traduit de l'original japonais — chinois. Paris 1833.
Memoires relatifs à l'Asie. Paris 1834.

K's Verdienſte um die Erforſchung aſiatiſcher Sprachen und Zuſtände gehörig und befriedigend zu würdigen iſt hier nicht der Ort. Es genüge daher auf ſeine treffliche Reiſebeſchreibung aufmerkſam zu machen, welche eine eben ſo belehrende als unterhaltende Lectüre darbietet und noch immer zu den vorzüglichſten Darſtellungen auf dieſem Gebiete gehört.

Klaus Narr, oder Klaus von Ranſtet, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Bernhard Kiefecker,

ward am 12. Januar 1760 zu Hamburg geboren und erhielt vermöge der Wohlhabenheit ſeiner Eltern eine ſehr ſorgſame und vortheilhafte häusliche und gelehrte Erziehung, worauf er 1799 zu Leipzig Theologie ſtudirte. Obwohl er nach ſeiner Rückkehr und Anſtellung als Katechet am vaterſtädtiſchen Spinnhauſe (1785) ernſtlich nach einem höhern Wirkungskreiſe ſtrebte, erhielt er doch erſt 1791 die dritte Predigerſtelle an der Katharinenkirche zu Osnabrück, von wo er 1795 als zweiter Diakonus nach Hamburg zurückkehrte. 1802 übertrug man ihm endlich das Hauptpaſtorat an der daſigen Jacobikirche und in der Folge auch das Scholarchat, mit welcher Würde bekleidet er am 10. Juni 1825 auf einer Reiſe nach Karlsbad zu Leipzig ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Religionsvorträge über wichtige Lehren und Grundſätze des Chriſtenthumes. Hamburg 1794.
Für Confirmanden. Ebendaſ. 1794.
Gethſemane. Ebendaſ. 1797; 2. Ausg. Altona 1818.
Auszüge aus den in der Jacobikirche gehaltenen Vormittagspredigten. Hamburg 1802 — 1813.
Predigten zur Beförderung der Werthſchätzung des Chriſtenthumes. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Homiletiſches Ideenmagazin. Ebendaſ. 1808 — 1819, 8 Thle.
Predigten mit Rückſicht auf Zeit und Ort. Ebendaſ. 1809.
Praktiſche Vorleſungen über das neue Teſtament. Ebendaſ. 1811 — 1812, 3 Thle.
Predigten bei beſondern Veranlaſſungen. Altona 1815.
Ausführliche Predigtentwürfe. Hamburg 1815 — 1825, 11 Sammlungen.

Ein tüchtiger, verſtändiger Kanzelredner, der mit Klarheit und Beſonnenheit die Lehren der Religion verkündete, und nicht allein durch das Wort, ſondern auch durch die That, in ſeinem amtlichen Beruf ſehr viel Gutes wirkte.

Anton von Klein

ward 1748 zu Molsheim geboren und trat, nachdem er die nöthigen Grade durchlaufen in den Jeſuitenorden. Nach deſſen Aufhebung widmete er ſich dem Staatsdienſte, wurde Profeſſor der Dichtkunſt und Philoſophie zu Mannheim und königlich baieriſcher Geheimer Rath, als welcher er mit dem Ritterkreuz des baieriſchen Civilverdienſtordens beehrt wurde. Er ſtarb zu Mannheim am 5. Februar 1810.

Er verfaßte:

Der jüngſte unter den 7 makkabäiſchen Helden. Trauerſpiel. Mannheim 1769.
Das triumphirende Chriſtenthum. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1770, 8.
Günther von Schwarzburg. Singſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1776, 8.
Dramaturgiſche Schriften. (Frankfurt) 1781 — 1787, 8.
Pfälziſches Muſeum. Mannheim 1783 — 1787, 18 Hfte.
Leben und Bildniſſe der großen Deutſchen. Ebendaſ. 1785 — 1805, 5 Bde.
Rudolph von Habsburg. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1787, 8.; 2. Ausg. 1789, gr. 8.
Wahrheiten im Ernſt und Scherz. Wien 1787.
Deutſches Provinzialwörterbuch. Mannheim 1792, 2 Thle.
Gedichte. Mannheim 1793, 8., mit Muſik.
Der Sieg der Tugend und der Liebe. Schauſpiel. Nürnberg 1794, 8.
Athenor. Ebendaſ. 1807.
Sammlung moraliſch ſchöner Handlungen. Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Bde.
Neueſte Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1815, gr. 8.

A. v. K. wirkte zu ſeiner Zeit mehr durch raſtloſe Thätigkeit und literariſche Verbindungen als durch ſeine eigenen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Leiſtungen, da ſein Talent nur ein ſehr geringes war und ſeine Arbeiten ſich nicht über das Mittelmäßige erheben.

Georg Michael Klein

ward am 9. April 1776 zu Alitzheim geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie zu Würzburg und erhielt nach vollendeten Studien und Erlangung der philoſophiſchen Doctorwürde das Rectorat zu Münnerſtadt im Würzburgiſchen. Hierauf kam er als Rector und Profeſſor nach Regensburg und übernahm dann das Rectorat des Gymnaſiums zu Würzburg, von wo er 1808 als Profeſſor des Lyceums nach Bamberg und als akademiſcher Profeſſor extraord. in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurückging. Hier ſtarb er am 19. März 1820.

Seine literariſche Hinterlaſſenſchaft ſind:

Beiträge zum Studium der Philoſophie, als Wiſſenſchaft des Alls. Würzburg 1806; neue Aufl. 1811.
Die Verſtandeslehre. Bamberg 1810; neue Aufl. unter dem Titel: Anſchauungs- und Denklehre. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Verſuch, die Ethik als Wiſſenſchaft zu begründen. Rudolſtadt 1811.
Darſtellung der philoſophiſchen Religions- und Sittenlehre. Bamberg 1819.

Einer der beſten Schüler Schelling's verſtand es K. das philoſophiſche Syſtem dieſes großen Denkers faßlich, ſcharf und klar zu bearbeiten und zu deſſen weiterer Verbreitung nicht Geringes beizutragen.

Ewald Chriſtian von Kleiſt,

Sprößling eines alten Heldengeſchlechts, wurde am 3. (nach Andern am 5. oder 7.) März 1715 auf dem väterlichen Stammgute Zeblin in Pommern geboren und für den Civilſtaatsdienſt beſtimmt. Er kam daher, ohngeachtet ſeines Widerwillens für dieſe Studien und ſeiner Vorliebe für ritterliche Uebungen und den Soldatenſtand, nach einiger Vorbereitung durch Hauslehrer zuerſt auf die Jeſuitenſchule zu Cron in Polen und 1729 auf das Gymnaſium zu Danzig und ging von da 1731 mit mehr Liebe zur Wiſſenſchaft nach Königsberg, um dort die Rechte zu ſtudiren. Mit Eifer hatte er ſich ſeinem Brotſtudium, der Mathematik, Phyſik und Philoſophie gewidmet, aber kalt trat ihm das Leben und die Nothwendigkeit des Broterwerbs entgegen, weswegen ihn ſeine Eltern zu einem angeſehenen Verwandten nach Dänemark ſandten. Nothgedrungen ergriff er daher den Vorſchlag ſeiner daſigen Vettern, der Generale von Staffelt und von Folkerſahm, und wurde 1736 däniſcher Officier. Dieß war eine Stellung, welche ihm durch den Umgang mit gebildeten Collegen und durch ſeine beſtändigen Begleiter, Virgil und Horaz, zwar weniger hart vorkam, aber ihn nicht hinderte, als er 1738 für Dänemark in Danzig auf Werbung war, einen vergeblichen Verſuch mit ſächſiſchen Civildienſten zu machen. 1740 wurde er, der ein geborner preußiſcher Unterthan war, als Lieutenant bei dem Regiment Prinz Heinrich angeſtellt, machte ſich aber hier durch ein etwas lockeres Leben und häufige Raufereien bekannt und gefürchtet. Eine ſolche legte auch den Grund ſeiner nachherigen zärtlichen Freundſchaft mit Gleim, die ſein wirkſamſter Troſt war, als er aus dem böhmiſchen Feldzuge 1744 und 1745 zwar geehrt und geachtet, aber krank zurückkehrte und zu Hirſchberg bleiben mußte. 1749 wurde er Stabscapitän, erhielt 1751 eine Compagnie und machte 1752 als preußiſcher Werbeofficier in der Schweiz die Bekanntſchaft von Bodmer, Breitinger, Wieland und Hirzel, wozu noch, als er 1756 als Major im von Hauſen'ſchen Regimente nach Leipzig beordert war, der vertraute Umgang mit Leſſing und Weiße kam. Schon früher hatte aber eine Annäherung an Ramler ſtattgefunden und war von ihm, ſowie überhaupt ſeine Verbindung mit allen übrigen ihm bekannten Gelehrten, fortgeſetzt worden, während er 1758 in der Armee des Prinzen Heinrich gegen die Oeſtreicher ſich auszeichnete und 1759 in Franken focht. In demſelben Jahre wurde er unter General Fink gegen die Ruſſen geſandt und leitete mit zerſchmettertem Fuße und andern Wunden als Obriſtwachtmeiſter in der Schlacht bei Kunersdorf den Angriff auf die letzte ruſſiſche Batterie, bis er mit dem Ausrufe: „Kinder verlaßt euren König nicht" vom Pferde ſank und in Ohnmacht fiel. Von den rohen Koſaken nackend in einen Sumpf geworfen, ward er erſt am folgenden Tag abends nach Frankfurt a. d. Oder gebracht, und endete dort an Verblutung unter gelehrten Geſprächen und mit der Standhaftigkeit eines tugendhaften Kriegers und Mannes ſein Leben am 24. Auguſt 1759. — Groß und wohlgewachſen von Perſon, von edlem, kräftigen Anſehn und ausgeſtattet mit einem ernſten aber freundlichen milden Geſicht und großen feurigen Augen, machte ſeine Tapferkeit und ſein unerſchrockner Muth, ſeine Gelehrſamkeit und ſein Geſchmack, vereint mit den ſchönſten Eigenſchaften eines edlen Herzens ihn zum Vater ſeiner Untergebenen und zum Liebling ſeiner Freunde und Bekannten. Dieſe Eigenſchaften waren es auch, welche ſeinen Vorgeſetzten wie ſeinen Feinden eine gleich hohe Achtung vor ihm abnöthigten.

Wir haben von ihm:

Gedichte. Von dem Verfaſſer des Frühlings. Berlin 1756, 8.

Neue Gedichte. Von dem Verfaſſer des Frühlings. Ebendaſ. 1758 (1759 eigentlich), 8.

Sämmtliche Werke. Berlin 1760, 2 Thle., gr. 8., mit Kupf. und Vignett., wurde von Ramler beſorgt; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1778, gr. 8.

Sämmtliche Werke. Berlin 1760, 2 Thle., 8., mit Titelkupf. und Vignett., von Ramler und Leſſing in latein. Lettern beſorgt; 2. Aufl. 1761; 3. Aufl. 1771; 4. Aufl. 1782. Außerdem noch eine Menge Nachdrücke hiervon.

Sämmtliche Werke, nebſt des Dichters Leben aus ſeinen Briefen an Gleim. Herausgegeben von W. Körte. Berlin 1803, 2 Bde., gr. 8., mit Portrait.

— neue Originalausgabe. Ebendaſ. 1830, 2 Bde., 16., mit 2 Titelkupf.

Einzeln:

Der Frühling. Berlin 1749, 8. (nur wenige Exemplare für ſeine Freunde); neue ſplendide Ausg., Zürich 1750, gr. 4., mit latein. Lett.; von Hirzel, Ebendaſ. 1751 und 1752, kl. 4., mit Anhang von Gedichten; ferner mit deutſchen Lettern, Frankfurt an der Oder 1752, 8.; 1754; 1756 (verbeſſert); 1761; 1764.

— kritiſch bearbeitet von Graf Karl von Finkenſtein. Berlin 1804, 8., mit lat. Lett.

Ueberſetzt wurde derſelbe:

a. ins **Italieniſche** von de Tagliazucchi. Potsdam 1755, kl. 8.

b. ins **Engliſche.** Berlin 1755 (in den Briefen über den jetzigen Zuſtand der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften).

c. ins **Franzöſiſche** von Huber (Journal étranger 1760, Apr.) und von Beguelin (Wegelin). Berlin 1781, 8.

d. ins **Holländiſche.** Utrecht, 1772, 8.

f. ins **Lateiniſche,** von Spalding, mit Vorrede von Sack. Berlin 1783, gr. 8.; verb. Ausgab. Ebendaſ. 1804, 8., mit deutſchem Originaltext. Ferner in Reider's lateiniſcher Anthologie; von Mürling, Hamburg 1766, 4.; von Dietrich, Leipzig 1787, 8.

Ciſſides und Paches, vom Verfaſſer des Frühlings. Berlin 1759, 8., mit 2 damals noch ungedruckten Gedichten und Titelkupfer.

Zu ſeiner Zeit als einer der erſten deutſchen Dichter gefeiert, wurde Kleiſt von ſpäteren Kritikern mit deſto größerer Härte behandelt und ihm der Vorwurf gemacht, eigentlich nichts weiter als ein talentvoller Nachahmer zu ſein, der es jedoch nicht vermöge, ſich zu eigener, ſelbſtſtändiger Originalität aufzuſchwingen. Die Wahrheit liegt wie immer in der Mitte, dieſe Wahrheit aber hat Bouterwek, der Kleiſt's Verdienſten volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren läßt, ohne blind gegen deſſen Schwächen und Mängel zu ſein, am triftigſten ausgeſprochen, indem er von ihm ſagt (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Th. XI, S. 264): Ohne von ſeinem Zeitalter fortgezogen zu ſein, würde auch Kleiſt die deutſche Poeſie nicht weiter gebracht haben; aber er bleibt darum doch einer der vorzüglichſten unter den Dichtern, die von dem neuen Geiſte ergriffen wurden, der damals die deutſche Literatur ſo ſchnell emporhob. Für die **lyriſche** Poeſie war er geboren. In lyriſchen Formen drückten ſich die ſchönen Gefühle, von denen ſein Herz voll war, ohne hervorſtehende Originalität aber auch ohne auffallende Nachahmung einer fremden Manier, eben ſo zart als kräftig aus. Auch ſein **Frühling**, der zu den beſchreibenden Gedichten gezählt wird, iſt im Grunde ein lyriſches Werk, und in ſeinem Zuge eine Nachahmung des Frühlings unter den Jahreszeiten des engliſchen Dichters Thomſon. — — Begeiſtert von dem heiterſten Frühlingsgefühle, ließ er ſeine Phantaſie, wie es dem lyriſchen Dichter ziemt, von einem Theile des Gegenſtandes ſeine Beſchreibungen zu dem andern hinſchweben, wie ein Gedanke den andern weckte. Die Einheit ſeines Frühlingsgemäldes liegt, wie in jedem wahrhaft lyriſchen Gedichte, in der Harmonie der Gedanken und Bilder, durch die das herrſchende Gefühl ſich ausſpricht. Daher auch die Gegenſätze in dieſem Gemälde zwiſchen dem Land- und dem Stadtleben, den ruhigen Freuden des Landmannes und den Schrecken des Krieges. Die Beſchreibungen ſind eben ſo maleriſch und die kleinen Züge eben ſo genau der Natur abgeſehn, wie in Thomſon's Jahreszeiten, aber Thomſon beſchreibt wie ein philoſophiſcher und naturforſchender Dichter, der auch Kleinigkeiten in den Kreis der allgemeinen Betrachtung zu ſich herüberzieht; Kleiſt giebt in ſeinem Gemälde den Eindruck, den die Natur auf ihn machte, mit der ganzen Wärme ſeines Gefühls zurück und kennt keine allgemeinen Betrachtungen, außer den moraliſchen von derjenigen Art, wie ſie jedermann ohne Philoſophie und Naturforſchung anſtellen kann. — Mit dem heitern und lyriſchen Charakter dieſes beſchreibenden Gedichts, harmonirt auch die Versart, die man ſo oft als einen verunſtalteten Hexameter getadelt hat. — — Unter den übrigen Gedichten von Kleiſt zeichnen ſich ſeine Oden weniger durch hohen Schwung der Phantaſie, als durch Wärme und Würde des Gefühls, kräftige Gedanken an einigen Stellen und durch eine maleriſche Sprache vortheilhaft aus. — Seine Lieder, Epigramme, Fabeln und kleinen Erzählungen wiederholen den Ton der deutſchen Modepoeſie des Zeitalters. —

Der Frühling*).

Empfangt mich heilige Schatten, ihr Wohnungen ſüßer Entzückung,
Ihr hohen Gewölbe voll Laub und dunkler, ſchlafender Lüfte,
Die ihr oft einſamen Dichtern der Zukunft Vorhang zerriſſen,
Oft ihnen des heitern Olymps azurne Thore geöffnet,
Und Helden und Götter gezeigt! Empfangt mich, füllet die Seele
Mit holder Wehmuth und Ruh'! — O daß mein Lebensbach endlich
Von Klippen, da er entſprang, in euren Gründen verflöſſe! —
Führet mich durch Gänge voll Nacht zum glänzenden Throne der Tugend,
Der um ſich die Schatten erhellt! Lehrt mich den Wiederhall reizen
Zum Ruhm der verjüngten Natur. Und ihr, ihr lachenden Wieſen,
Ihr holden Thäler voll Roſen, ihr Labyrinthe der Bäche,
Ich will die Wolluſt in mich mit eurem Balſamhauch ziehen,
Und wenn Aurora euch weckt, mit ihrem Purpur ſie trinken! —
Geſtreckt im Schatten will ich in goldne Saiten die Freude,
Die in euch wohnet, beſingen! — Neigt und begeiſtert die Sinnen,
Daß meine Töne die Gegend, wie Zephyr's Liſpeln erfüllen,
Der jetzt durch's Veilchenthal fleucht, und wie die rieſelnden Bäche!

Auf roſenfarbenem Gewölke, bekränzt mit Tulpen und Lilien,
Sank jüngſt der Frühling vom Himmel. Aus ſeinem Buſen ergoß ſich
Die Milch der Erde in Strömen. Schnell glitt von weinenden Klippen
Der Schnee in Bächen herab; des Winters Gräber, die Flüſſe
In welchen Felſen von Eis mit hohlem Getöſe ſich ſtießen
Empfingen ihn, blähten ſich auf, voll ungeduldger Hoffnung,
Durchriſſen nagend die Dämme, verſchlangen gierig das Ufer;
Wald, Feld und Wieſe war Meer! — Kaum ſahen die Wipfel der Weiden
Im Thale wankend heraus. — Gefleckte Taucher und Enten
Verſchwanden, ſchoſſen herauf, und irrten zwiſchen den Zweigen,
Wo ſonſt vor Schmerzen der Liebe im Laub' die Nachtigall ſeufzte. —
Der Hirſch, von Wellen verfolgt, ſtreift' auf unwirthbaren Felſen,
Die traurig die Fluth überſahn. Ergriffene Bären durchſtürzten
Das anfangs ſeichte Gewäſſer, ſie ſchüttelten brummend
Die um ſich triefenden Zotten; bald ſank der treuloſe Boden,
Sie ſchnoben, ſchwammen zum Wald', umſchlangen Tannen und Eichen
Und huben ſich träufelnd empor. Hier hingen ſie ängſtlich im Wipfel,
Von reißenden Winden, vom Heulen der flüſſeſpeienden Klippen
Und ſchwarzen Tiefe geſchreckt. — Der Bäche verſammelte Sänger
Betrachteten traurig und ſtumm von dürren Armen der Linden,
Das vormals glückliche Thal, wo ſie den flehenden Jungen
Im Dornſtrauch Speiſe vertheilt. — Die frühe Lerche, vor Jammer
Sich aufwärts ſchwingend, beſchaute die Waſſerwüſte von oben
Und ſuchte verlaßne Gefilde. — Es floſſen Scheuren und Wände
Und Dächer und Hütten umher. — Auf Giebeln und gleitenden Kähnen
Verſah der troſtloſe Hirt ſich einer Sündfluth, die vormals
Die Welt umrollte, daß Gemſen in ſchlagenden Wogen verſanken!

Der Boden trank endlich die Fluth. Von eilenden Düften und Wolken
Flohn junge Schatten umher. Den blauen Umfang des Himmels
Durchbrach ein blitzendes Gold! — Zwar ſtreute der weichende Winter
Noch oft, bei nächtlicher Umkehr, von den geſchüttelten Schwingen,
Reif, Eis und Schauer von Schnee; noch ließen wüthende Stürme
Die rauhe, brauſende Stimm' aus Islands Gegend ertönen,
Durchſtreiften klagende Klüfte, verheerten taumelnde Wälder,
Und blieſen Schrecken umher, und Ueberſchwemmung von Kälte; —
Bald aber ſiegte der vor noch ungeſicherte Frühling!
Die Luft ward ſanfter; es deckt' ein bunter Teppich die Felder,
Die Schatten wurden belaubt, ein ſanftes Tönen erwachte
Und floh und wirbelt' umher im Hain voll grünlicher Dämmerung.
Die Bäche färbten ſich ſilbern, im Luftraume floſſen Gerüchte,
Und Echo hört' im Grunde die frühe Flöte des Hirten. —

Ihr, deren zweifelhaft Leben, gleich trüben Tagen des Winters,
Ohn' Licht und Freude verfließt, die ihr in Höhlen des Elends
Die finſtern Stunden verſeufzt, betrachtet die Jugend des Jahres;
Werft jetzt die Augen umher, laßt tauſend farbige Scenen,
Die ſchwarzen Bilder verfärben! Es mag die niedrige Ruhmſucht,
Die ſchwache Rachgier, der Geiz und lechzender Blutdurſt ſich härmen;
Ihr ſeid zur Freude geſchaffen, der Schmerz haßt Tugend und Unſchuld!
Saugt Luſt und Anmuth in euch! Schaut her, ſie gleitet im Luftkreiſ'
Und grünt und rieſelt im Thal! — Und ihr, ihr Bilder des Frühlings,
Ihr blühenden Schönen, o fliehet den athemraubenden Rauch
Den goldnen Kerkern der Städte! Kommt, kommt in winkende Felder!
O kommt, und gebt dem Zephyr zum Spiele die Wellen der Locken;
Seht euch in Seen und Bächen, und gleicht den Blumen des Ufers;
Pflückt Morgentulpen voll Thau, und ſchmückt den wallenden Buſen!

Hier, wo zur Linken der Fels, bekleidet mit Sträuchen und Tannen,
Zur Hälfte den bläulichen Strom, ſich drüber neigend, beſchattet,

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*) Aus E. C. v. Kleiſt's Werken. Berlin 1830.

Will ich in's Grüne mich ſetzen an ſeinen ſteinigen Höhen,
Und Thal und Ebne beſchauen.

O welch ein frohes Gewühle
Belebt das fleißige Land! Wie lieblich lächelt die Anmuth
Aus Wald und Büſchen hervor! Ein Kranz von blühenden Dornen
Umſchließt und röthet rings um die ſich verlierende Weite,
Vom niedrigen Himmel gedrückt. — Von bunten Mohnblumen laufen
Mit grünem Weizen verſetzt, ſich ſchmälernde Beet' in die Ferne,
Durchkreuzt vom blühenden Flachs! Feldroſen-Hecken und Schleeſtrauch,
In Blüthen freundlich gehüllt, umgrenzen die Spiegel der Teiche
Und ſehn ſich drinnen. Zur Seite blitzt aus dem grünlichen Meere
Ein Meer voll goldener Strahlen, durch Phöbus glänzenden Anblick;
Es ſchimmert ſein gelbes Geſtade von Muſcheln und farbigen Steinen,
Und Lieb' und Freude durchtaumeln in kleiner Fiſche Geſchwadern
Und in den Rieſen des Meeres, die unabſehbare Fläche!
Auf fernen Wieſen am See ſtehn majeſtätiſche Roſſe,
Sie werfen den Nacken empor und fliehen und wiehern aus Wolluſt,
Daß Hain und Felſen erſchallt. Gefleckte Kühe durchwaten,
Geführt vom ernſten Stier, des Meyerhofs buſchige Sümpfe,
Der finſtre Linden durchſieht, ein Gang von Espen und Ulmen
Führt zu ihm; durch dieſe blinket ein Bach, in Binſen ſich windend,
Von Reihern und Schwänen bewohnt. Gebirge, die Brüſte der Flüſſe,
Stehn fröhlich um ihn herum; ſie ragen über den Buchwald,
Des Hügels Krone, davon ein Theil im Sonnenſchein lächelt
Und glänzt, der andere trauert im Flor vom Schatten der Wolken.

Die Lerche ſteigt in die Luft, ſieht unter ſich Klippen und Thäler,
Entzückung tönet aus ihr. — Der Klang des wirbelnden Liedes
Ergötzt den ackernden Landmann. — Er horcht ein Weilchen, dann lehnt er
Sich auf den gleitenden Pflug, zieht braune Wellen in's Erdreich,
Verfolgt von Krähen und Elſtern. — Der Sämann ſchreitet gemeſſen
Und wirft den Samen ihm nach; die zackige Egge bewälzt ſie
Mit einer ebenen Decke. — O daß der mühſame Landwirth
Für ſich den Samen nur ſtreute! daß ihn die Weinſtöcke tränkten,
In ſeinem Munde die Zweige mit ſaftigen Früchten ſich beugten,
Und in den Wieſen für ihn nur bunte Wogen ſich wälzten! —
Allein der fräßige Krieg, von zähneblöckendem Hunger
Und wilden Schaaren begleitet, verheert oft Arbeit und Hoffnung;
Gleich Hagelgüſſen und Sturm zerbricht er die nährenden Halmen,
Reißt Stab und Rebe zu Boden, entzündet Dörfer und Wälder
Für ſich zum ſchrecklichen Luſtſpiel! — Dann fliegt ein mörderiſch Getöne
Und Tod und Jammer umher. Die Thäler blitzen von Waffen,
Es wälzen ſich Wolken von Feuer aus tiefen Schlünden der Stücke,
Und füllen die Gegend mit Donner, mit Blut und Haufen von Leichen! —
Das Feld voll blutiger Furchen gleicht einem wogenden Blutmeer;
Ein Heer der furchtbarſten Thiere durch laufende Flammen geängſtigt,
Stürzt ſich mit dumpfem Gebrüll' in uferfliehende Ströme.
Der Widerhall ſelber erſchrickt und klagt; es zittern vor Grauen
Die wilden Felſen und heulen. Des Himmels leuchtendes Auge
Schließt ſich, die Grauſamkeit ſcheuend; mit blauer Finſterniß füllen
Sich aufwärts drehende Dämpfe, gleich dickem Nebel, den Luftkreis,
Der oft vom Widerſchein blitzt! — Wie wenn der Rachen des Aetna
Mit ängſtlich wildem Geſchrei, daß Meer und Klippen es hören,
Umliegne Dörfer und Städte, vom untern Donner zerrüttet,
Mit Schrecken und Tod überſpeit, und einer flammenden Sündfluth. —

Ihr, denen zwanglos Völker das Steuer der Herrſchaft vertrauen,
Führt ihr durch Flammen und Blut ſie zur Glückſeligkeit Hafen? —
Was wünſcht ihr Väter der Menſchen noch mehrere Kinder! Iſt's wenig,
Viel Millionen beglücken? Erfordert's wenige Sorgen? —
O mehrt derjenigen Heil, die eure Fittige ſuchen,
Deckt ſie gleich brütenden Adlern; verwandelt die Schwerdter in Sicheln;
Belohnt mit Ehren und Gunſt die, deren nächtliche Lampe
Den ganzen Erdball erleuchtet; ſetzt Gärtner zur Baumſchul' der Menſchen,
Laßt goldne Wogen im Meer, für's Land, durch Schifffahrt ſich thürmen,
Erhebt die Weisheit im Kittel, und trocknet die Zähren der Tugend!

Wohin verführt mich der Schmerz! Weicht, all ihr traurigen Bilder! —
Komm, Muſe, laß uns die Wohnung und häusliche Wirthſchaft des Landmanns
Und Viehzucht und Gärten betrachten! Hier ſteigt kein Marmor aus Bergen
Und zeigt Kämpfer; kein Taxus ſpitzt ſich vor Schlöſſern; kein Waſſer
Steigt hier dem Zwang der Kunſt. Ein Baum, worunter ſein Ahnherr
Drei Alter durchlebte, beſchattet ein Haus, von Reben umkrochen,
Durch Dorn und Hecken beſchützt. — Ein Teich glänzt mitten im Hofe,
Mit grünem Floßkraut beſtreut, wodurch aus ſcheinbarer Tiefe
Des Himmels Ebenbild blinkt. — Er wimmelt von zahmen Bewohnern;
Die Henne jammert um's Ufer, und ruft die gleitenden Entchen,
Die ſie gebrütet; ſie fliehn der Stiefmutter Stimme, durchplätſchern
Die Fluth und nagen am Schilf. — Mit vorgebogenen Hälſen
Und ziſchend, treiben die Gänſe fern von der Luſtbahn der Jungen
Den zottigen Hofhund; dann ſpielen die haarigen Kinder, ſie tauchen
Den Kopf in's Waſſer, und hängen mit rudernden Füßen
Im Gleichgewichte. — Dort läuft ein kleines geſchäftiges Mädchen
Sein buntes Körbchen am Arm, verfolgt von weitſchreitenden Hühnern.
Nun ſteht es, und täuſcht ſie leichtfertig mit eitlem Wurfe; beſtreut ſie
Nun plötzlich mit goldenem Korn, und ſieht ſie ſich zanken und picken. —
Dort lauſcht das weiße Kaninchen in dunkler Höhle und drehet
Die rothen Augen umher; ſpringt endlich furchtſam zum Zaune
Und reißt an ſtaudigen Pappeln. — Aus ſeinem Gezelte geht lachend
Das gelbe Täubchen, und tritt mit röthlichen Füßen den Nacken
Und fliegt zum Liebling auf's Dach. Es zürnt ob deſſen Verweilen
Und dreht ſich um ſich und ſchilt; bald rührt ihn das Schmeicheln der Schönen,
Viel Küſſe werden verwendet, bis ſie mit ſchnellem Gefieder
Die Luft durchziſchen, und aufwärts ſich zu Geſpielen geſellen,
Die blitzend im Sonnenglanz ſchwimmen. —

Von blühenden Fruchtbäumen ſchimmert
Der Garten, die kreuzende Gänge mit rother Dunkelheit füllen;
Und Zephyr gaukelt umher, treibt Wellen von Blüthen zur Höhe,
Die ſich ergießen und regnen. — Zwar hat hier Wolluſt und Hochmuth

Nicht Nahrung von Mohren entlehnt und ſie gepflanzet, nicht Myrten,
Nicht Aloen blicken durch Fenſter. — Das nützliche Schöne vergnüget
Den Landmann und etwa ein Kranz. — Durch lange Gewölbe von Nußſtrauch,
Zeigt ſich voll laufender Wolken der Himmel, und ferne Gefilde
Voll Seen, und buſchige Thäler, umringt mit blauen Gebirgen. —
Die Fürſtin der Blumen, die Lilie, erhebt die Krone zur Seite
Hoch über ſtreifige Tulpen. — O Tulipane, wer hat dir
Mit allen Farben der Sonne den offnen Buſen gefüllet?
Ich grüßte dich, Fürſtin der Blumen, wenn nicht die göttliche Roſe
Die tauſendblättrige ſchöne Geſtalt, die Farbe der Liebe,
Den hohen bedornten Thron, und den ewigen Wohlgeruch hätte! —
Die holde Maiblume drängt die Silberglöckchen durch Blätter;
Hier reicht mir die blaue Jacinthe den Kelch voll kühler Gerüche:
Es ſteigt unſichtbarer Regen von lieblichen Düften zur Höhe,
Und füllt die Lüfte mit Balſam. Die Nachtviole läßt immer
Die ſtolzeren Blumen den Duft verhauchen; ſie ſchließt bedächtig
Ihn ein, im Vorſatz, den Abend noch über den Tag zu verſchönern! —
Ein wahres Bildniß des Weiſen, den nicht, gleich prahlenden Kämpfern,
Der Kreis von Zuſchauern reizt, der tugendhaft wegen der Tugend,
In der Verborgenheit Schatten Gerüche der Wohlthaten ausſtreut! —
Seht hin, wie brüſtet der Pfau ſich dort am farbigen Beete,
Voll Eiferſucht über die Kleidung der fröhlichen Blumen ſtolziert er,
Kreiſt rauſchend den grünlichen Schweif voll Regenbögen und wendet
Den farbentragenden Hals. — Die Schmetterlinge ſich jagend,
Umwälzen ſich über den Bäumen mit bunten Flügeln; voll Liebe,
Und unentſchloſſen im Wählen, beſchauen ſie Knoſpen und Blüthen. —
Indeſſen impfet der Herr des Gartens Zweige von Kirſchen
Durchſägten Schlehſtämmen ein, die künftig über die Kinder
Die ſie geſäuget, erſtaunen. — Das Bild der Anmuth, die Hausfrau,
Sitzt in der Laube von Reben, pflanzt Stauden und Blumen auf Leinwand;
Die Freude lächelt aus ihr. Ein Kind, der Grazien Liebling,
Mit zarten Armen am Hals' ihr hangend, hindert ſie ſchmeichelnd,
Ein andres tändelt im Klee, ſinnt nach, und ſtammelt Gedanken. —

O dreimal ſeliges Volk, dem einſam in Gründen die Tage
Wie ſanfte Weſte verfliegen! Laß Andre dem Pöbel, der Dächer
Und Bäum' erſteiget, zur Schau in Siegeswagen ſich brüſten,
Von Elephanten gezogen; laß ſie der Wellen Gebirge
Mit Wolken von Segeln bedecken, und Japan in Weſten verſetzen!
Der iſt ein Liebling des Himmels, den, fern von Thorheit und Laſtern,
Die Ruh' an Quellen umſchlingt! Auf ihn blickt immer die Sonne
Von oben lieblich herab; ihm brauſt kein Unglück in Wogen,
Ihm folgt die Reue nicht nach, nicht durch die wallenden Saaten,
Nicht unter die Heerden im Thal, nicht an ſein Traubengeländer.
Er ſeufzt nicht eitele Wünſche, ihn macht die Höhe nicht ſchwindelnd,
Die Arbeit würzt ihm die Koſt, ſein Blut iſt leicht wie der Aether,
Sein Schlaf entfliegt mit der Dämmerung, ein Morgenlüftchen verweht ihn. —

Ach, wär' auch mir es vergönnt, in euch, ihr holden Gefilde,
Geſtreckt in wankende Schatten am Ufer geſchwätziger Bäche,
Hinfort mir ſelber zu leben, und Leid und weltliche Sorgen
Vorüberrauſchender Luft einſt zuzuſtreuen! Ach möchte
Doch Doris die Thränen in euch von dieſen Wangen verwiſchen,
Und bald Geſpräche mit Freunden in euch mein Leben verſüßen;
Bald redende Todte mich lehren, bald tiefe Bäche der Weisheit
Des Geiſtes Wiſſensdurſt ſtillen! Dann gönnt' ich Berge von Demant,
Und goldne Klüfte dem Mogul; dann möchten kriegeriſche Zwerge
Felshohe Bilder ſich hauen, die ſteinerne Ströme vergöſſen,
Ich würde ſie nimmer beneiden! —

Du Meer der Liebe, o Himmel,
Du ew'ger Brunnen des Heils! Soll nie dein Ausfluß mich tränken? —
Soll meine Blume des Lebens, erſtickt vom Unkraut, verblühen?
Nein, du beſtätigſt dein Werk. Es liſpelt ruhige Hoffnung
Mir Troſt und Labſal zum Herzen; die Dämmerung flieht vor Auroren,
Die finſt're Decke der Zukunft wird aufgezogen: ich ſehe
Ganz andre Scenen der Dinge, und unbekannte Gefilde,
Ich ſehe dich himmliſche Doris! Du kömmſt aus Roſengebüſchen
In meine Schatten voll Glanz und majeſtätiſchem Liebreiz;
So tritt die Tugend einher, ſo iſt die Anmuth geſtaltet.
Du ſingſt zur Zither: und Phöbus tritt ſchnell durch dicke Gewölke,
Die Stürme ſchweigen, Olymp merkt auf: Die Stimme der Lieder
Tönt ſanft in fernen Gebirgen, und Zephyr weht ſie herüber. —
Und du, mein redlicher Gleim, du ſteigſt vom Gipfel des Hämos
Und rührſt die Tejiſchen Saiten voll Luſt; die Thore des Himmels
Gehn auf, es laſſen ſich Cypris und Huldgöttinnen und Amor
Voll Glanz auf funkelnden Wolken in blauen Lüften hernieder,
Und ſingen lieblich darein. Der Sterne weites Gewölbe
Erſchallt vom frohen Concert. — Komm bald in meine Reviere,
Komm! bringe die Freude zu mir, beblüme mir Triften und Anger,
O Paar, du Troſt meines Lebens, du milde Gabe der Gottheit! —
Doch wie, erwach' ich vom Schlaf? Wo ſind die himmliſchen Bilder?
Welch ein anmuthiger Traum betrog die wachenden Sinnen?
Er flieht von dannen, ich ſeufze. — Zu viel, zu viel vom Verhängniß
Im Durchgang des Lebens gefordert! Solch Heil gewährt nur die Hoffnung;
Sein Schatten beglückt mich ſchon, ſelbſt wird mich's nimmer erfreuen! —

Allein was quält mich die Zukunft? — Weg, ihr vergeblichen Sorgen!
Laßt mich der Wolluſt genießen, die jetzt der Himmel mir gönnet;
Laßt mich das fröhliche Landvolk in dicke Haine verfolgen,
Und mit der Nachtigall ſingen, und mich beim ſeufzenden Gießbach
An Zephyr's Tönen ergötzen. — Ihr dichten Lauben, von Händen
Der Mutter der Dinge geflochten! ihr dunkeln einſamen Gänge,
Die ihr das Denken erhellt, Irrgärten voller Entzückung
Und Freude, ſeid mir gegrüßt! — O welch ein anmuthig Leiden
Und Ruh und ſanftes Gefühl durchdringet in euch mir die Seele! —

Durch's hohe Laubdach der Schatten, das ſtreichende Lüfte bewegen,
Worunter die ſichtbare Kühl' in grünen Wogen ſich wälzet,
Blickt hin und wieder die Sonne, und übergüldet die Blätter:
Die holde Dämm'rung durchgirrten Gerüche von blühenden Hecken,
Die Flügel der Weſtwinde duften. — In überirdiſcher Hütte,
Von krauſen Büſchen gezeugt, ſitzt zwiſchen Blumen der Geißhirt,
Bläſt auf der hellen Schalmey, hält ein und höret die Lieder
Hier laut in Buchen ertönen, dort ſchwach und endlich verloren,
Bläſt, und hält wiederum ein. — Tief unter ihm klettern die Ziegen
Am jähen Abſturz der Kluft, und reißen an bittern Geſtäuden. —

Mit leichtem Laufe ſtreicht jetzt ein Heer gefleckter Hindinnen
Und Hirſche, mit Aeſten gekrönt, durch grüne, rauſchende Büſche.

Setzt über Klüfte, Gewäſſer und Rohr. Moräſte vermiſſen
Die Spur der fliegenden Laſt. — Gereizt vom Frühling zur Liebe
Durchſtreichen muthige Roſſe den Wald mit flatternden Mähnen;
Der Boden zittert und tönt, es ſtrotzen die Zweige der Adern,
Ihr Schweif empört ſich verwildert, ſie ſchnauben Wolluſt und Hitze,
Und brechen, vom Ufer ſich ſtürzend, die Fluth der Ströme zur Kühlung;
Dann fliehen ſie über das Thal auf hohe Felſen, und ſchauen
Fern über den niedrigen Hain auf's Feld, durch ſegelnde Dünſte,
Und wiehern aus Wolken herab. — Jetzt eilen Stiere vorüber,
Aus ihren Naſen raucht Brunſt, ſie ſpalten mit Hörnern das Erdreich
Und toben im Nebel von Staub. Verſchiedene taumeln in Höhlen,
Und brüllen dumpfig heraus; verſchiedene ſtürzen von Klippen. —

Aus hohler Klippe gedrängt, fällt dort mit wildem Getümmel
Ein Fluß in's buſchige Thal, reißt mit ſich Stücke von Felſen,
Durchrauſcht entblößete Wurzeln der untergrabenen Bäume,
Die über fließende Hügel von Schaum ſich bücken und wanken;
Die grünen Grotten des Waldes ertönen und klagen darüber,
Es ſtutzt ob ſolchem Getöſe das Wild und eilet von dannen;
Sich nahende Vögel verlaſſen, im Singen gehindert, die Gegend,
Und ſuchen ruhige Stellen, wo ſie den Gatten Gefühle
Verliebter Schmerzen entdecken in pyramidnem Geſträuche,
Und ſtreiten gegen einander mit Liedern, von Zweigen der Buchen. —
Dort will ich lauſchen, und ſie ſich freun und liebkoſen hören! —
Fließ ſanft, unruhiges Flüßchen! ſtill; ächzende Zephyr' im Laube,
Schwächt nicht ihr buhleriſches Flüſtern; ſchlagt laut, Bewohner der Wipfel,
Schlagt, lehrt mich euren Geſang! — Sie ſchlagen: ſymphoniſche Töne
Durchfliehn von Eichen und Dorn des weiten Schattenſaals Kammern;
Die ganze Gegend wird Schall. Der Fink, der röthliche Hänfling,
Pfeift hell aus Wipfeln der Buchen. Die bunten Stieglitze hüpfen
So fröhlich auf Strauch und Gebüſch, beſchauen die blühende Diſtel,
Ihr Lied hüpft fröhlich wie ſie. — Der Zeiſig klaget der Schönen
Sein Leiden aus Zellen von Laub. Vom Ulmbaum flötet die Amſel
In hohlen Tönen den Baß. — Nur die geflügelte Stimme,
Die kleine Nachtigall, weicht aus Ruhmſucht in einſame Gründe,
Durch dicke Wipfel umwölbt, der Wehmuth ewige Wohnung,
Worin aus Feld und aus Luft der Nacht verbreitete Schatten
Sich ſcheinen verdichtet zu haben, als ſie Auroren entwichen,
Und macht die traurige Wüſte zum Luſtgefilde des Waldes.
Ein finſterer Teich tränkt dort rings um ſich Weidengebüſche;
Auf Aeſten wiegt ſie ſich da, lockt laut und ſchmettert und wirbelt,
Daß Grund und Einöde klingt. — So rufen Chöre von Saiten! —
Jetzt girrt ſie ſanfter und läuft durch tauſend zärtliche Töne;
Jetzt ſchlägt ſie wieder mit Macht. Oft wenn die Gattin durch Vorwitz
Sich im belaubten Gebauer des grauſamen Voglers gefangen,
Der fern im Lindenbuſch lau'rt; dann ruhen die Lieder der Freude.
Dann fliegt ſie ängſtlich umher, ruft ihrer Wonne des Lebens,
Durch Klüfte, Felſen und Wald, ſeufzt unaufhörlich und jammert,
Bis ſie vor Wehmuth zuletzt halbtodt in die Hecken hinabfällt!
Da klaget um ſie der Schatten der todten Gattin, da dünkt ihr
Sie wund und blutig zu ſehn; bald tönt ihr Jammerlied wieder,
Sie ſetzt es Nächte lang fort, und ſcheint bei jeglichem Seufzer
Ihr Leben aus ſich zu ſeufzen. — Die nahen buſchigen Hügel,
Hierdurch zum Mitleid bewogen, erheben ein zärtlich Gewinſel. —

Allein was kollert und girrt wie hier zur Seite vom Eichſtamm,
Der halb vermodert und zweiglos von keinem Geflügel bewohnt wird?
Täuſcht mich der Einbildung Spiel? — Sieh, plötzlich flattert ein Täubchen
Aus einem Aſtloch' empor mit wandelbarem Gefieder;
Dieß zeugte den dumpfigen Schall im Bauch der Eichen; es gleitet
Mit ausgeſpreiteten Flügeln in's Thal, ſucht niſtend im Schatten,
Und ſchaut ſich vorſichtig um mit dürren Reiſern im Munde. —
Wer lehrt die Bürger der Zweige, voll Kunſt ſich Neſter zu weben,
Und ſie vor liſtigem Raub', voll ſüßen Kummers, zu ſichern?
Welch ein verborgener Hauch füllt ihre Herzen mit Liebe? —
Durch Dich iſt alles, was gut iſt, unendlich wunderbar Weſen,
Beherrſcher und Vater der Welt! Du biſt ſo herrlich im Vogel,
Der niedrig in Dornſtauden hüpft, als in der Veſte des Himmels,
In einer kriechenden Raupe, wie in dem flammenden Cherub! —
See, ſonder Ufer und Grund, aus dir quillt Alles; du ſelber
Haſt keinen Zufluß in dich! — Die Feuermeere der Sterne
Sind Wiederſcheine von Tropfen des Lichts, in welchem du leuchteſt!
Du dräuſt den Stürmen, ſie ſchweigen; berührſt die Berge, ſie rauchen!
Das Heulen aufrühriſcher Meere, die zwiſchen wäſſernen Felſen
Den Sand des Grundes entblößen, iſt deiner Herrlichkeit Loblied!
Der Donner, mit Flammen beflügelt, verkündigt mit brüllender Stimme
Die hohen Thaten von dir. Vor Ehrfurcht zittern die Haine
Und wiederhallen dein Lob! — Heerſchaaren funkelnder Wächter
Der blauen Lüfte, verbreiten in tauſend harmoniſchen Tönen
Die Größe deiner Gewalt und Huld, von Pole zu Pole.
Doch wer berechnet die Menge von deinen Wundern! wer ſchwingt ſich
Durch deine Tiefe, o Schöpfer! — Vertraut euch Flügeln der Winde;
Ruht auf den Pfeilen des Blitzes; durchſtreicht den glänzenden Abgrund
Der Gottheit, ihr endlichen Geiſter, durch tauſend Alter des Weltbau's;
Ihr werdet dennoch zuletzt kein Pünktchen näher dem Grunde,
Als bei dem Ausfluge ſein! — Verſtummt denn, bebende Saiten,
So preiſt ihr würd'ger den Herrn!

Ein Fluß von lieblichem Duft, den Zephyr mit ſäuſelnden Schwingen
Von nahgelegener Wieſe herbeiweht, nöthigt mich zu ihr;
Da will ich am ſchwirrenden Rohr', in ihrem Blumenſchooß ruhend,
Mit ſtarken Zügen ihn einziehn. — Kommt zu mir, Freunde der Weisheit,
Mein Spalding und Hirzel! durch die jüngſthin der Winter mir grünte,
Von deren Lippen die Freude zu meinem Buſen mir ſtrömet;
Kommt, legt Euch zu mir, und macht die Gegend zur himmliſchen Wohnung!
Laßt uns der Kinder der Flora Geſtalt und Liebe bewundern,
Und ſpotten, mit ihnen geſchmückt, des trägen Pöbels im Purpur! —
Laß deiner Saiten Geſang, und deines Mundes Geſpräche,
Mir ſüßer denn Roſenduft ſein! Hier iſt der Grazien Freude,
Hier irrt am Spiegel des Himmels die Ruh, es rieſelt Entzückung
Mit hellen Bächen herum: Den grünen Kleeboden ſchmücken
Zerſtreute Wälder von Blumen. Ein Meer von holden Gerüchen
Wallt unſichtbar über die Flur, in großen taumelnden Wogen
Von lauen Winden durchwühlt. —

Es iſt durch tauſend Bewohner
Die bunte Gegend belebt. Hochbeinig watet im Waſſer
Dort zwiſchen Kräutern der Storch, und blickt begierig nach Nahrung.
Dort gaukelt der Kibitz, und ſchreit um's Haupt des müßigen Knaben,
Der ſeinem Neſt ſich naht. Jetzt trabt er vor ihm zum Ufer,
Als hätt' er das Fliegen vergeſſen, reizt ihn durch Hinken zur Folge,
Und lockt ihn endlich in's Feld. — Unzählbare ſchimmernde Würmchen
Umflattern freudig den Klee, und irren im niedern Graſe

Durch Labyrinthe von Blumen in rothen und goldenen Schatten.
Und glauben in Hainen zu irren. Zerſtreute Heere von Bienen
Durchſäuſeln die Lüfte; ſie fallen auf Klee und blühende Stauden,
Und hangen glänzend daran, wie Thau vom Mondſchein vergoldet:
Dann eilen ſie wieder zur Stadt, die ihnen im Winkel des Angers
Der Landmann aus Körben erbaut. Ein Bildniß edler Gemüther,
Die ſich der Heimath entziehn, der Menſchheit Gefilde durchſuchen,
Und dann heimkehren zur Zelle, mit ſüßer Beute beladen,
Und liefern uns Honig der Weisheit! —

Ein See voll flüchtender Wellen
Rauſcht in der Mitte der Au; draus ſteigt ein Eiland zu Tage
Mit Bäumen und Hecken gekrönt, das, wie vom Boden entriſſen,
Scheint gegen die Fluthen zu ſchwimmen. — In einer holden Verwirrung
Drängt ſich Hambuttengeſträuch voll feuriger Sternchen mit Quitzbaum,
Hollunder, rauchem Wachholder und ſich umarmenden Palmen.
Das Geißblatt ſchmiegt ſich an Zweige der wilden Roſengebüſche,
Aus Wolluſt küſſen die jungen Blüthen einander, und hauchen
Mit ſüßem Athem ſich an. Um bunte Kränze des Erdreichs
Schleicht Brombeer langſam im Klee, zieht grüne Netze dazwiſchen,
Mit ſich durchſchlingenden Ranken. Der blühende Hagdorn am Ufer
Bückt ſich hinüber aus Stolz, und ſieht verwundernd im Waſſer
Den weißen und röthlichen Schmuck. —

Wohl dem, dem täglich der Himmel
Solch Sinnen-Labſal erlaubt, dem Lenz und Flora die Freude
In's Innerſte malen! Jedoch der Landmann empfindet
Nur ſelten alle die Luſt. — Dort irrt er am Umfang der Wieſe,
Gebeugt von Sorgen-Gewühlen, im Felde mit kümmernder Seele,
Vielleicht weil wegen der Hitze ſchon etliche Halme ſich neigen. —
So trinkt faſt immer der Menſch die Luſt in Strömen und — dürſtet!
Es ſtirbt der glücklichſte wünſchend; ein Tropfen Kummers verbittert
Ihm ganze Meere von Freude. Die Einbildung ſpornet die Triebe;
Wie Roſſe reißen ſie aus, die Zwang und Zügel verachten,
Und ziehen ihn mit ſich zum Abgrund. Sein Stolz zielt immer gen Himmel.
Bald ſchilt er die Vorſicht, die ihn im Purpur und Reichthum verabſäumt;
Bald dünkt er ſich ſelber zu ſchwach und tadelt die Weisheit der Schöpfung!
Das Feuer haucht Plagen für ihn; ihm blüht auf Auen das Unglück,
Und eilt mit Fluthen heran; die Wind' umwehn ihn mit Schmerzen. —
Wohin, verwegnes Geſchöpf? Denkſt du, mit Rieſen der Fabel,
Auf Felſen Felſen zu häufen, und durch den Unſinn bewaffnet,
Den Sitz der Gottheit zu ſtürmen? Will ein Gefäße von Leimen
Sich wider den Töpfer empören? — Durchfleuch erſt die blauen Gefilde
Mit Sonnen und Erden beſä't, den milchfarbnen Gürtel des Himmels
Die Sphäre jeglichen Sterns; betrachte des Ganzen Verbindung,
Sammt allen Federn der Räder, und andrer Planeten Naturen,
Die Arten ihrer Bewohner, ihr Thun, und Stufengefolge;
Ergründe mit kühnem Gefieder des dunkeln Geiſterreichs Tiefe,
Sieh Weſen ohne Geſtalten, merk' ihre Abhäng' und Kräfte;
Steig' auf der Leiter der Dinge ſelbſt bis zum Throne der Gottheit:
Dann ſtrafe, wofern du kannſt, die Vorſicht und Ordnung der Erde! —
Jetzt kennſt du nicht beſſer die Wege, worauf der Himmel dich führet,
Als ein noch ſtammelndes Kind im Schiff, auf dem Schooße der Mutter,
Die Bahn des Steuermanns im Meer. — Willſt du die Urſach erforſchen,
Warum du kein Seraphim wurdeſt? — Entdeck' erſt, Stolzer! weswegen
Er nicht zur Made dich ſchuf! — Soll deiner Thorheit zu Gunſten
Die große Weltkette brechen, und tauſend Planeten und Sonnen
Aus ihren Gleiſen gerückt, in einen Klumpen zerfallen?
Soll bis zum Throne des Höchſten des Himmels Vorhang zerreißen,
Und endlich die ganze Natur erſchüttert im Innerſten ſeufzen?
Dieß wünſcheſt du, wenn du verlangſt, was mit der Weltordnung ſtreitet! —
Sei deiner Neigungen Herr, ſo wirſt du das Unglück beherrſchen;
Der Schöpfer iſt Huld und Liebe, nur jene ſind deine Tyrannen! —
Was bauet ihr Häuſer auf Wellen, ihr Diebe der Indiſchen Berge?
Verdammt euch, Jahre lang nichts, als naſſe Gräber zu ſehen,
Und in den Wolken den Tod? Du, Unterſucher der Gründe,
Was blickſt du hohnlächelnd herab, gebläht vom Dünkel des Wiſſens,
Im Wahn, vom hohen Olymp auf Raupen der Erde zu ſchauen,
Dem dennoch Nebel und Dunſt das Licht der Seele verdunkelt? —
Und ihr, ihr Helden! was eilt ihr in's Ungewitter des Treffens,
Wo Blitze kämpfen mit Blitzen, und wilde Stürme mit Stürmen?
Um des Gerüchtes Poſaune mit euren Thaten zu füllen?
Es lachen eurer die Weſen, die um euch unſichtbar ſchweben! —

Du, Wahrheitsforſcher, dünkſt ihnen das, was dir plaudernde Dohlen;
Du, Held und Geizhals, was euch um Spreu ſich jagende Würmer. —
Des Lebens Augenblick iſt nicht werth der Anſchläg' Dauer,
So vieler Sorgen und Pein! Der, welchem knieende Länder
Heut Schlöſſer und Feſtungen öffnen, wohnt morgen in Höhlen des Todes,
Die Hoffnung iſt mit ihm verſcharrt, verſtopft der Zugang des Nachruhms.

Mich deucht, es öffnen ſich mir der Unterwelt ſchattige Thäler:
Ich ſeh den griechiſchen Held, vor deſſen Klange der Waffen
Der ganze Erdball erſchrack, der Strom mit Menſchenblut färbte
Und bis zum Ganges den Oſt in eine Wüſte verkehrte; —
Wie ausgeriſſene Meere, Feld, Wald und Städte verſchlingen; —
Ich ſeh' ihn in blaſſen Cypreſſen verlaſſen und tiefſinnig irren,
Er ringt die Hände, und füllt mit dieſen Klagen die Lüfte;
„Sonſt meines Unſinns Vergnügen, jetzt mir erſchreckliche Bilder,
Ihr Leichen voll Wunden und Blut, weicht, weicht aus dieſen Revieren!
Kehrt eure Blicke von mir, ihr halbgeöffneten Augen!
Vergeßt das Stöhnen, ihr Gründe! Weh mir, daß jemals der Herrſchſucht
Sirenenſtimme mich täuſchte! Du tolles Labſal der Seelen,
Zu kurz für ewige Reu, o Lob des ſinnloſen Pöbels.
Warum verachtet' ich dich, groß in mir ſelber, nicht eher!
Entflohene Zeit, komm wieder! — Verlaſſet mich ſchreckliche Leichen!
Kehrt eure Blicke von mir, ihr halbgeöffneten Augen!" —

Noch wären die Schätze der Welt ſammt aller Hoheit und Wolluſt
Für unſere Seelen zu klein, und wenn wir Aeonen durchlebten;
Der Himmel ſättigt ſie nur, von deſſen Flamme ſie lodern.
Nur du, o göttliche Tugend! durch dich nur können wir freudig
Das Meer des Lebens durchſchiffen! Laß dieſen Pharus uns leuchten,
So ſehn wir den Hafen des Glücks, trotz Ungewittern des Zufalls,
Trotz aller Leidenſchaft Sturm, der nur den Einlauf befördert;
Dann wird der Himmel uns weiſe, der Himmel uns gnädig bedünken! —

Ja, er iſt gnädig, der Himmel, auch dir, kleinmüthiges Landvolk,
Das ſchon den Jammer der Kinder in künftiger Theurung beſeufzet,

Erhebt die ſchlummernden Augen! Er kommt, er kommt ſchon, der Segen,
Er taumelt in Wolken daher, und wird ſich in Strömen ergießen.
Schon fliegt der Weſtwind voran und ſchwärmt in den Blättern der Bäume,
Und wirbelt die Saaten wie Strudel; — Die Sonn' eilt hinter den Vorhang
Vom baumwollähnlichem Dunſt; es ſtirbt der Schimmer des Himmels,
Und eine Decke von Schatten läuft über Thäler und Hügel.
Gekrauſt durch ſilberne Cirkel, die ſich vergröß'rnd verſchwinden,
Verräth die Fläche des Waſſers den noch nicht ſichtbaren Regen. —
Jetzt fällt er häufiger nieder, ſich wie Gewebe durchkreuzend,
Kaum ſchützt des Erlenbaums Zelt mich vor den rauſchenden Güſſen.
Der Wind umwälzt ſich in ihm und treibt ihn vor ſich wie Segel,
Er macht die Lüfte voll Tropfen, zur See voll wallender Fluthen. —
Das Volk, das kürzlich aus Wolken die Gegend mit Liedern erfüllte,
Schweigt und verbirgt ſich in Büſche. — Im Lindenthal drängt ſich in Kreiſen,
Vom Dach der Zweige bedeckt, die Wollenheerde um Stämme;
Feld, Luft und Höhen ſind öde; nur Schwalben fliegen im Regen,
Und gaukeln die Teiche beſchauend. — Die Augenlieder, die jetzo
Das Auge des Weltkreiſes deckten, die Dünſt', erheben ſich plötzlich;
Nun funkelt die Bühne des Himmels, nun ſieht man hangende Meere
In helle Tropfen zerrinnen, und aus den Lüften verſchwinden!
Es lachen die Gründe voll Blumen, und alles freut ſich, als flöße
Der Himmel ſelber zur Erden! — Jedoch ſchon ſchiffen von neuem
Belad'ne Wolken vom Abend, und breiten wieder das Dunkel;
Sie ſchütten Seen herab, und ſäugen die Felder wie Brüſte! —
Auch die vergießen ſich endlich. Der Auen Trauerkleid fliehet
Schnell über's Gebirge zurück; ein goldner Regen von Strahlen
Füllt jetzo wieder die Luft; der grüne Hauptſchmuck der Felſen,
Voll von den Glaſten der Wolken, ſpielt blendend gegen die Sonne.
Ein Regenbogen umgürtet den Himmel, und ſieht ſich im Meere;
Verjüngt, voll Schimmer und lächelnd, voll lichter Streifen und Kränze
Sehn die Gefilde mich an. — Tauch' in die Farben Aurorens,
Mal mir die Landſchaft, o du, aus deſſen ewigen Liedern
Der Aare Ufer mir duften, und vor den Augen mir prangen,
Der ſich die Pfeiler des Himmels, die Alpen, die er beſungen,
Zu Ehrenſäulen gemacht! — Wie blitzt die blumige Wieſe
Von demantähnlichen Tropfen! wie lieblich regnen ſie ſeitwärts
Von farbigen Blumengebüſchen, und blühenden Kronen der Sträuche! —
Die Kräuter ſind wieder erfriſcht, und hauchen ſtärkre Gerüche,
Der ganze Himmel iſt Duft. — Ein Chor von Sängern der Wipfel,
In Kränzen von Büſchen verſteckt, hüpft zwiſchen den Blättern zur Höhe,
Spritzt vom Gefieder die Näſſ', und treibt ſein ſüßes Geſchäfte;
Schon wacht im Felde der Baum, und Echo höret Geſänge!

O grünet, ihr holden Gefilde! Ihr Wieſen und Schlöſſer vom Lande!
Grünt, ſeid die Freude des Volks! Dient meiner Unſchuld auf immer
Zum Schirm, wenn Bosheit und Stolz aus Schlöſſern und Städten mich treiben.
Wie wehe Zephyr aus euch, durch Blumen und Hecken noch linder
Ruh' und Erquickung in's Herz! Laßt mich in euren Revieren
Den Herrn und Vater der Welt, der Segen über euch breitet
Im Strahlenkreiſe der Sonnen, im Thau und in träufelnden Wolken,
Noch fern auf Flügeln der Winde, in eurer Schönheit verehren,
Und meiden voll heiliger Regung ſein Lob antwortenden Sternen!
Und wenn nach ſeinem Geheiß, mein Ziel des Lebens herannaht,
Dann ſei mir endlich in Euch die letzte Ruhe verſtattet!

Amynt.

Sie fliehet fort! es iſt um mich geſchehen!
Ein fernes Land trennt Lalagen von mir;
Dort floh ſie hin! Komm Luft, mich anzuwehen,
Du kommſt vielleicht von ihr!

Wo blieb die Zeit, da Alles wiederhallte
Von ihrem Ruhm, von Jugendluſt und Scherz!
Als Heiterkeit aus ihren Augen wallte,
Und wallte mir in's Herz! —

Ach ſie entwich! Sagt Lalagen, ihr Flüſſe,
Daß ohne ſie der Wieſe Schmuck verdirbt!
Ihr eilt zu ihr; ſagt: daß der Wald ſie miſſe,
Und daß ihr Schäfer ſtirbt.

Welch Thal blüht jetzt, von ihr geſehen beſſer?
Wo tanzt ſie nun ein Labyrinth? Wo füllt
Ihr Lied den Hain? Welch glückliches Gewäſſer
Wird ſchöner durch ihr Bild?

Nur Einen Druck der Hand, nur holde Blicke,
Nur einen Kuß, wie ſie mir vormals gab,
Vergönne mir von ihr; dann ſtürz, Geſchicke,
Mich, wenn du willſt, in's Grab!

So klagt' Amynt, die Augen voll von Thränen,
Blaß und gebückt den Gegenden ſein Weh:
Sie ſchienen ſich mit ihm nach ihr zu ſehnen,
Und ſeufzten: „Lalage!“

An die preußiſche Armee.

Unüberwundnes Heer! mit dem Tod und Verderben
In Legionen Feinde dringt;
Um das der frohe Sieg die gold'nen Flügel ſchwingt,
O Heer, bereit zum Siegen oder Sterben!

Sieh! Feinde, deren Laſt die Hügel faſt verſinken,
Den Erdkreis beben macht,
Ziehn gegen dich, und drohn mit Qual und ew'ger Nacht;
Das Waſſer fehlt, wo ihre Roſſe trinken!

Der dürre, ſcheele Neid treibt feile Völker-Schaaren
Aus West und Süd heraus,
Und Nordens Höhlen ſpein, ſo wie des Oſt's, Barbaren
Und Ungeheuer, dich zu verſchlingen, aus!

So tobt ein Flammen-Meer, das aus Veſuvens Munde
Sich donnernd in das Feld ergießt,
Mit dem Furcht und der Tod in Städt' und Dörfer fließt;
Das Waſſer flieht das Land, und kocht auf heißem Grunde!

Verdopple deinen Muth, o Heer! der Feinde Fluthen
Hemmt Friedrich, und dein ſtarker Arm;
Und die Gerechtigkeit verjagt den tollen Schwarm:
Sie blitzt durch dich auf ihn, und ſeine Rücken bluten.

Die Luft wird deinen Ruhm zur ſpäten Nachwelt wehen;
Di: klugen Enkel ehren dich,
Ziehn dich den Römern vor, dem Cäſar Friederich,
Und Böhmens Felſen ſind dir ewige Trophäen!

Nur ſchone, wie bisher, im Lauf von großen Thaten,
Den Landmann, der dein Feind nicht iſt!
Hilf ſeiner Noth, wenn du von Noth entfernet biſt;
Das Rauben überlaß den Feigen und Croaten!

Ich ſeh, ich ſehe ſchon (freut euch, o Preußens Freunde!)
Die Tage ſeines Ruhms ſich nah'n.
In Ungewittern ziehn die Wilden ſtolz heran,
Doch Friedrich winket dir; wo ſind ſie nun, die Feinde?

Du eileſt ihnen nach, und drückſt mit ſchwerem Eiſen
Den Tod tief ihren Schädeln ein,
Und kehreſt voll Ruhm zurück, die Deinen zu erfreun,
Die jauchzend dich empfahn, und ihre Retter preiſen.

Auch ich, ich werde noch, vergönn' es mir, o Himmel!
Einher vor wenig Helden ziehn;
Ich ſeh dich, ſtolzer Feind, den kleinen Haufen fliehn,
Und find' Ehr' oder Tod im raſenden Getümmel!

Irin.

An einem ſchönen Abend fuhr
Irin mit ſeinem Sohn im Kahn
Aufs Meer, um Reuſen in das Schilf
Zu legen, welches ringsumher
Der nahen Inſeln Strand umgab.
Die Sonne tauchte ſich bereits
Ins Meer, und Fluth und Himmel ſchien
Im Feu'r zu glühen.
O wie ſchön
Iſt jetzt die Gegend! ſagt' entzückt
Der Knabe, den Irin gelehrt,
Auf jede Schönheit der Natur
Zu merken. Sieh, ſagt' er, der Schwan,
Umringt von ſeiner frohen Brut,
Sich in den frohen Widerſchein
Des Himmels tauchen! Sieh, er ſchifft,
Zieht rothe Furchen in die Fluth,
Und ſpannt des Fittigs Segel auf, —
Wie lieblich flüſtert dort im Hain
Der ſchlanken Eſpen furchtſam Laub
Am Ufer, und wie reizend fließt
Die Saat in grünen Wellen fort,
Und rauſcht vom Winde ſanft bewegt. —
O! was für Anmuth haucht anjetzt
Geſtad' und Meer und Himmel aus!
Wie ſchön iſt alles! und wie froh
Und glücklich macht uns die Natur.

Ja, ſagt' Irin, ſie macht uns froh
Und glücklich, und du wirſt durch ſie
Glückſelig ſein, dein Lebelang,
Wenn du dabei rechtſchaffen biſt;
Wenn wilde Leidenſchaften nicht
Von ſanfter Schönheit das Gefühl
Verhindern. O Geliebteſter!
Ich werde nun in Kurzem dich
Verlaſſen und die ſchöne Welt,
Und in noch ſchönern Gegenden
Den Lohn der Redlichkeit empfahn.
O! bleib der Tugend immer treu,
Und weine mit den Weinenden,
Und gieb von deinem Vorrath gern
Den Armen. Hilf, ſoviel du kannſt,
Zum Wohl der Welt. Sei arbeitſam.
Erheb' zum Herren der Natur,
Dem Wind und Meer gehorſam iſt,
Der alles lenkt zum Wohl der Welt,
Den Geiſt. Wähl' lieber Schand und Tod,
Eh du in Bosheit willigeſt.
Ehr', Ueberfluß und Pracht iſt Tand;
Ein ruhig Herz iſt unſer Theil.
Durch dieſe Denkungsart mein Sohn,
Iſt unter lauter Freuden mir
Das Haar verbleichet. Und wiewohl
Ich achtzigmal bereits den Wald
Um unſre Hütte grünen ſah,
So iſt mein langes Leben doch,
Gleich einem heitern Frühlingstag,
Vergangen unter Freud' und Luſt. —
Zwar hab ich auch manch Ungemach
Erlitten. Als dein Bruder ſtarb,
Da floſſen Thränen mir vom Aug'
Und Sonn' und Himmel ſchien mir ſchwarz.
Oft auch ergriff mich auf dem Meer
Im leichten Kahn der Sturm, und warf
Mich mit den Wellen in die Luft;
Am Gipfel eines Waſſerbergs
Hing oft mein Kahn hoch in der Luft;
Und donnernd fiel die Fluth herab,
Und ich mit ihr. Das Volk des Meers
Erſchrack, wenn über ſeinem Haupt
Der Wellen Donner tobt', und fuhr
Tief in den Abgrund: und mich däucht,
Daß zwiſchen jeder Welle mir
Ein feuchtes Grab ſich öffnete.
Der Sturmwind tauchte dann ins Meer
Die Flügel, ſchüttelte davon
Noch eine See auf mich herab.
Allein bald legte ſich der Zorn
Des Windes, und die Luft ward hell,
Und ich erblickt' in ſtiller Fluth
Des Himmels Bild. Der blaue Stör
Mit rothen Augen ſahe bald
Aus einer Höhl' im Kraut der See,
Durch ſeines Hauſes gläſern Dach;
Und vieles Volk des weiten Meers
Tanzt auf der Fluth im Sonnenſchein;
Und Ruh und Freude kam zurück
In meine Bruſt. — Jetzt wartet ſchon
Das Grab auf mich. Ich fürcht es nicht.
Der Abend meines Lebens wird
So ſchön, als Tag und Morgen ſein. — —
O Sohn! ſei fromm und tugendhaft;
So wirſt du glücklich ſein, wie ich,
So bleibt dir die Natur ſtets ſchön.

Der Knabe ſchmiegt ſich an den Arm
Irin's, und ſprach: Nein, Vater! nein,
Du ſtirbſt noch nicht; der Himmel wird
Dich noch erhalten, mir zum Troſt!
Und viele Thränen floſſen ihm
Vom Aug'. — — Indeſſen hatten ſie
Die Reuſen eingelegt. Die Nacht
Stieg aus dem See, ſie ruderten
Gemach der Heimath wieder zu. — —

Irin ſtarb bald. Sein frommer Sohn
Beweint' ihn lang' und niemals kam
Ihm dieſer Abend aus dem Sinn.
Ein heil'ger Schauer überfiel
Ihn, wann ihm ſeines Vaters Bild
Vor's Antlitz trat. Er folgete
Stets deſſen Lehren. Segen kam
Auf ihn. Sein langes Leben däucht'
Auch ihm Ein Frühlingstag zu ſein.

Die Freundſchaft.

Leander und Selin, zwei Freunde, die
Verſtand und Edelmuth und gleicher Trieb
Zur Tugend feſt verband, vertrauten ſich
Einſt in Geſchäften dem treuloſen Meer.
Die Winde wehten erſt der Gegend zu,
Die ſchon die Reiſenden im Geiſte ſahn,
Das Ufer floh, und bald erblickten ſie
Ringsum nur Luft und See. Das Firmament
War heiter und voll Glanz. Sie ſegelten
In ſeinem Widerſchein geruhig fort,
Und nahten ſich bereits der Reiſe Ziel:
Als ſchnell die Wellen ſich empörten.
Ein reißender Orkan erwacht', und ſchlug
Das Schiff von ſeiner Bahn. Es ſcheiterte
Am Felſen. Jeder ſucht den Tod zu fliehn!
Das kleinſte Stück vom Schiff wird jetzt ſein Schiff. —
Den beiden Freunden ward ein Bret zu Theil;
Allein es war zu leicht für ſeine Laſt.
Wir ſinken; ſprach Selin: das Bret erträgt
Uns beide nicht! o Freund, leb' ewig wohl
Du mußt erhalten ſein, an dir verliert
Das Wohl der Welt zu viel, und ohne dich
Wär mir das Leben doch nur Qual.
Nein, ſprach Leander, nein, ich ſterb', o Freund! —
Allein Selin verließ zu ſchnell das Bret,
Und übergab getroſt dem naſſen Grab'
Der Waſſerwogen ſich. Die Vorſehung,
Die über alles wacht, ſah ſeine Treu
Und ſeine Großmuth an, und ließ das Meer
Ihm nicht zum Grabe ſein. Mitleidig trugs
Auf ſeinen Wellen ihn zum Ufer hin.
Er fand Leander ſchon daſelbſt. — O! wer
Beſchreibt die Regungen der Freude, die
Sie beide fühlten! ſie umarmten ſich
Mit Zähren in dem Aug'. Leander ſprach:

O allzutreuer Freund, in was für Qual
Hat deine Freundſchaft mich geführt! ich hab'
Um dich zehnfache Todesangſt gefühlt.
Was du thatſt, wollt' ich thun; denn ohne dich
Wünſcht' ich das Leben nicht. — Geliebteſter,
Was wär' ich ohne dich? verſetzte Selin.
Der Himmel ſei gelobt, der dich mir ſchenkt!
Komm, laß uns ihn, der uns vom Tod befreit,
Verehren, und ihm ganz das Leben weihn.

Sie knieten weinend an das Ufer hin,
Und dankten dem, der ſie errettete;
Und ihre Regung drang die Wolken durch. —
Leander theilte mit Selin, der arm
An Gütern, und nur reich an Tugend war,
All ſeine Schätze, die Selin nur nahm,
Weil ſich ſein Freund dadurch glückſelig wird.
Und Segen kam auf ſie und auf ihr Haus;
Und lange waren ſie das Wohl der Welt.

Franz Alexander von Kleiſt

wurde am 24. December 1769 zu Potsdam geboren und trat nach Vollendung der vorbereitenden wiſſenſchaftlichen Studien als Lieutenant in das preußiſche Heer, ſtudirte ſpäter zu Göttingen die Rechte, ward dann Legationsrath, nahm aber bald ſeine Entlaſſung und lebte abwechſelnd zu Berlin, Frankenhagen bei Frankfurt a. d. Oder und zu Ringenwalde in der Neumark. Im letztern Orte ſtarb er, zu früh für die Dichtkunſt, am 8. Auguſt 1797.

Er hinterließ:

- **Hohe Ausſichten der Liebe.** In Stanzen. Berlin 1789 und 1790, 4.; 2 Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1791, gr. 8.
- **Graf Peter der Däne.** Hiſtoriſches Gemälde. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8.
- **Phantaſien auf einer Reiſe nach Prag.** Dresden 1792, 8.
- **Sappho.** Dramatiſches Gedicht. Berlin 1793, 8, mit 5 Kupf.
- **Zamori,** oder die Philoſophie der Liebe. In 10 Geſängen. Ebendaſ. 1793, gr. 8., mit 1 Kupf.
- **Das Glück der Liebe.** Ebendaſ. 1793, gr. 8.
- **Das Glück der Ehe.** Ebendaſ. 1796, gr. 8.
- **Vermiſchte Schriften.** Berlin 1797, 1r Thl., 8., mit Vignette.
- **Liebe und Ehe.** In 3 Geſängen. Ebendaſ. 1799, 8., mit 4 Kupf.

F. A. von Kleiſt's poetiſche Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich ſehr vortheilhaft durch Eleganz, Vollendung der Formen, und Wohllaut der Sprache aus, entbehren aber der Tiefe, Kraft und Phantaſie, und konnten daher den Ruf des Verfaſſers nicht lange erhalten, ſondern geriethen bald mit ihm bei der Nation in Vergeſſenheit. —

Heinrich von Kleiſt

ward am 10. October 1776 zu Frankfurt a. d. Oder geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er bereits als Fahnenjunker und Lieutenant den Feldzug an dem Rhein mitgemacht hatte, 1799 und 1800 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt die Rechte, worauf er unter Struenſee im Miniſterium des Auswärtigen zu Berlin eine Anſtellung erhielt. Bald hernach reiſte er mit Urlaub nach Paris, blieb daſelbſt ein Jahr, verweilte dann längere Zeit in der Schweiz, und kehrte nach einem kurzen Aufenthalte in Dresden und einem nochmaligen Ausfluge nach Frankreich nach Berlin zurück. Hier arbeitete er, obwohl dem Geſchäftsweſen innerlich entfremdet, von der Mitte des Jahres 1806 bis nach der unglücklichen Schlacht bei Jena im Finanzminiſterium, flüchtete mit dieſem nach Königsberg und nahm darauf ſeine Entlaſſung. Die Muſen waren nun ſeine Tröſterinnen in dieſer Zeit der Unterdrückung ſeines über Alles geliebten Vaterlandes, nährten aber auch die in ihm aufkeimende Schwermuth, die durch ſeine Deportation nach Joux und Chalons noch mehr Stärke erhielt. Sie begleitete ihn auch von Dresden, wo er nach ſeiner Freilaſſung von 1807 bis 1810 gewohnt hatte, nach Berlin, als er ſich dorthin wandte, und war wohl ein Hauptbeweggrund, daß er ſich dort am 21. November 1811 im Hölzchen bei Potsdam mit ſeiner Freundin, Adolfine Sophie Henriette Vogel, geborne Keber, der Gattin eines Kaufmanns, welche an einem unheilbaren Uebel litt und ihm das Verſprechen abgenommen hatte, ihr, wenn ſie es verlange, den Tod zu geben, zugleich erſchoß.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

- **Hinterlaſſene Schriften.** Herausgeg. von Ludwig Tieck. Berlin 1821, 2 Bde., gr. 8., mit einer Vorrede über K's Leben und Schriften.
- **Geſammelte Schriften.** Herausgeg. von L. Tieck. Ebendaſ. 1826, 3 Bde., gr. 8.

Einzeln:

- **Die Familie Schroffenſtein.** Schauſpiel. Zürich und Bern 1803, 8. (anonym.)
- **Amphitryon.** Luſtſpiel. Dresden 1808, 8.; neue Ausg. von A. H. Müller. Ebendaſ. 1818.
- **Penthesilea.** Trauerſpiel. Stuttgart 1808, gr. 8.
- **Phöbus.** Journal für Kunſt. Dresden 1808, 4., mit 7 Kupf., in Gemeinſchaft mit A. H. Müller.
- **Das Käthchen von Heilbronn.** Ritterſchauſpiel. Berlin 1810 gr. 8.
- **Erzählungen.** Berlin 1810 und 1811, 2 Thle. 8.
- **Der zerbrochene Krug.** Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1811.

Unter glücklicheren Verhältniſſen, die ihn auf eine andere Bahn geleitet hätten, wäre Heinrich von Kleiſt einer der bedeutendſten Tragiker unſerer Nation geworden, denn er beſaß alle dazu erforderlichen Gaben der Natur in hohem Maße. Eine reiche und kühne Phantaſie, Kraft und Tiefe, geben ſeinen dramatiſchen Werken großen bleibenden Werth und ſein ſchönes Streben, die Schwäche im Menſchen verſöhnend in Einklang mit deſſen Stärke und dem Adel der Seele zu bringen und beide ohne Tadel neben einander beſtehen zu laſſen, indem er beide im wahren Lichte zeigt, iſt nicht dankbar genug anzuerkennen. Doch ging er auf der andern Seite zu weit und beſchwor übernatürliche Mächte herauf, um hier ſeinen Zweck zu erreichen, wodurch er die reine Wahrheit der Poeſie zerſtörte und in eine krankhafte Vermiſchung mittelalterlicher Anſchauungen und moderner Raffinements gerieth, welche allerdings bei der zarten und ſchönen Behandlung, die er ihnen angedeihen ließ, magiſch auf den Leſer und Zuſchauer wirkten, aber auf die Dauer weder erheben noch begeiſtern konnten, da ſich ihnen etwas unabwendbar Unheimliches zugeſellt, das Grauen erregen mußte, und es ihnen durchaus an jener Geſundheit fehlte, ohne welche ein dichteriſches Kunſtwerk nie eine bleibende, große Wirkung erlangen kann. Sein Luſtſpiel „der zerbrochene Krug," aber iſt ein Meiſterſtück im Feinkomiſchen und ſteht, namentlich was die Charakterzeichnung betrifft, bis jetzt unerreicht da. — Kleiſt's proſaiſche Erzählungen kränkeln dagegen mehr oder minder an jenem oben gerügten Fehler, doch tritt dieſer im Ganzen hier nicht ſo grell hervor. —

Aus: Käthchen von Heilbronn *).

Erſter Act.

(Scene: Eine unterirdiſche Höhle mit den Inſignien des Vehmgerichts, von einer Lampe erleuchtet.)

Erſter Auftritt.

Graf Otto von der Flühe (als Vorſitzer), Wenzel von Nachtheim, Hans von Bärenklau (als Beiſaſſen), mehrere Grafen, Ritter und Herren (ſämmtlich vermummt), Häſcher mit Fackeln u. ſ. w. — Theobald Friedeborn, Bürger aus Heilbronn (als Kläger), Graf Wetter vom Strahl (als Beklagter) ſtehen vor den Schranken.

Graf Otto (ſteht auf). Wir Richter des hohen heimlichen Gerichts, die wir, die irdiſchen Schergen Gottes, Vorläufer der geflügelten Heere, die er in ſeinen Wolken muſtert, den Frevel aufſuchen, da wo er, in der Höhle der Bruſt gleich einem Molche verkrochen, vom Arm weltlicher Gerechtigkeit nicht aufgefunden werden kann: wir rufen dich, Theobald Friedeborn, ehrſamer und vielbekannter Waffenſchmidt aus Heilbronn auf, deine Klage anzubringen gegen Friedrich Graf Wetter vom Strahl; denn dort, auf den erſten Ruf der heiligen Vehme von des Vehmherolds Hand dreimal mit dem Griff des Gerichtsſchwerts an die Thore ſeiner Burg, deinem Geſuch gemäß, iſt er erſchienen und fragt, was du willſt?

(er ſetzt ſich)

Theobald Friedeborn. Ihr hohen, heiligen und geheimnißvollen Herren! Hätte er, auf den ich klage, ſich bei mir ausrüſten laſſen — ſetzet in Silber, von Kopf bis zu Fuß, oder in ſchwarzen Stahl, Schienen, Schnallen und Ringe von Gold — und hätte nachher, wenn ich geſprochen: Herr, bezahlt mich! geantwortet: Theobald! Was willſt du? Ich bin dir nichts ſchuldig; oder wäre er vor die Schranken meiner Obrigkeit getreten, und hätte meine Ehre, mit der Zunge der Schlangen — oder wäre er aus dem Dunkel mitternächtlicher Wälder herausgebrochen und hätte mein Leben mit Schwert und Dolch angegriffen: ſo wahr mir Gott helfe! ich glaube, ich hätte nicht vor euch geklagt. Ich erlitt in drei und funfzig Jahren, da ich lebe, ſo viel Unrecht, daß meiner Seele Gefühl nun gegen ſeinen Stachel wie gepanzert iſt; und während ich Waffen ſchmiede für Andere, die die Mücken ſtechen, ſag' ich ſelbſt zum Skorpion: fort mit dir! und laß ihn fahren. Friedrich Graf Wetter vom Strahl hat mir mein Kind verführt, meine Katharine. Nehmt ihn, ihr irdiſchen Schergen Gottes, und überliefert ihn allen geharniſchten Schaaren, die an den Pforten der Hölle ſtehen und ihre glutrothen Spieße ſchwenken: ich klage ihn ſchändlicher Zauberei, aller Künſte der ſchwarzen Nacht und der Verbrüderung mit dem Satan an!

Graf Otto. Meiſter Theobald von Heilbronn! Erwäge wohl, was du ſagſt. Du bringſt vor, der Graf vom Strahl, uns vielfältig und von guter Hand bekannt, habe dir dein Kind verführt. Du klagſt ihn, hoff' ich, der Zauberei nicht an, weil er deines Kindes Herz von dir abwendig gemacht? Weil er ein Mädchen voll raſcher Einbildungen mit einer Frage, wer ſie ſei, oder wohl gar mit dem bloßen Schein ſeiner rothen Wangen, unter dem Helmſturz hervorglühend, oder mit irgend einer andern Kunſt des hellen Mittags, ausgeübt auf jedem Jahrmarkt, für ſich gewonnen hat?

Theobald. Es iſt wahr, ihr Herren, ich ſah ihn nicht zur Nachtzeit, an Mooren und ſchilfreichen Geſtaden, oder wo ſonſt des Menſchen Fuß ſelten erſcheint, umherwandeln und mit den Irrlichtern Verkehr treiben. Ich fand ihn nicht auf den Spitzen der Gebirge, den Zauberſtab in der Hand, das unſichtbare Reich der Luft abmeſſen, oder in unterirdiſchen Höhlen, die kein Strahl erhellt, Beſchwörungsformeln aus dem Staub heraufmurmeln. Ich ſah den Satan und die Schaaren, deren Verbrüderten ich ihn nannte, mit Hörnern, Schwänzen und Klauen, wie zu Heilbronn über dem Altar abgebildet ſind, an ſeiner Seite nicht. Wenn ihr mich gleichwohl reden laſſen wollt, ſo denke ich es durch eine ſchlichte Erzählung deſſen, was ſich zugetragen, dahin zu bringen, daß ihr aufbrecht und ruft: unſer ſind dreizehn und der vierzehnte iſt der Teufel! zu den Thüren rennt und den Wald, der dieſe Höhle umgiebt, auf dreihundert Schritte im Umkreis mit euren Taftmänteln und Federhüten beſäet.

Gr. Otto. Nun, du alter, wilder Kläger! ſo rede!

Theobald. Zuvörderſt müßt ihr wiſſen, ihr Herren, daß mein Käthchen Oſtern, die nun verfloſſen, funfzehn Jahr alt war; geſund an Leib und Seele, wie die erſten Menſchen, die geboren worden ſein mögen; ein Kind recht nach der Luſt Gottes, das heraufging aus der Wüſten, am ſtillen Feierabend meines Lebens, wie ein gerader Rauch von Myrrhen und Wachholdern! Ein Weſen von zarterer, frommerer und lieberer Art müßt ihr euch nicht denken, und kämt ihr, auf Flügeln der Einbildung, zu den lieben kleinen Engeln, die mit hellen Augen aus den Wolken unter Gottes Händen und Füßen hervorgucken. Ging ſie in ihrem bürgerlichen Schmuck über die Straße, den Strohhut auf, von gelbem Lack erglänzend, das ſchwarzſammtene Leibchen, das ihre Bruſt umſchloß, mit feinen Silberkettlein behängt: ſo lief es flüſternd von allen Fenſtern herab: das iſt das Käthchen von Heilbronn, das Käthchen von Heilbronn, ihr Herren, als ob der Himmel von Schwaben ſie erzeugt, und von ſeinem Kuß geſchwängert, die Stadt, die unter ihm liegt, ſie geboren hätte. Vettern und Baſen, mit welchen die Verwandtſchaft ſeit drei Menſchengeſchlechtern vergeſſen worden war, nannten ſie auf Kindtaufen und Hochzeiten ihr liebes Mühmchen, ihr liebes Bäschen; der ganze Markt, auf dem wir wohnten, erſchien an ihrem Namenstage, und bedrängte ſich und wetteiferte, ſie zu beſchenken; wer ſie nur einmal geſehen und einen Gruß im Vorübergehen von ihr empfangen hatte, ſchloß ſie acht folgende Tage lang, als ob ſie ihn gebeſſert hätte, in ſein Gebet ein. Eigenthümerin eines Landguts, das ihr der Großvater, mit Ausſchluß meiner, als einem Goldkinde, dem er ſich liebreich bezeigen wollte, vermacht hatte, war ſie ſchon unabhängig von mir, eine der wohlhabendſten Bürgerinnen der Stadt. Fünf Söhne wackerer Bürger, bis in den Tod von ihrem Werthe gerührt, hatten nun ſchon um ſie angehalten; die Ritter, die durch die Stadt zogen, weinten, daß ſie kein Fräulein war; ach, und wäre ſie Eins geweſen, das Morgenland wäre aufgebrochen, und hätte Perlen und Edelgeſteine, von Mohren getragen, zu ihren Füßen gelegt. Aber ſowohl ihre als meine Seele bewahrte der Himmel vor Stolz; und weil Gottfried Friedeborn, der junge Landmann, deſſen Güter das ihrige umgrenzen, ſie zum Weibe begehrte, und ſie auf meine Frage: Katharine, willſt du ihn? antwortete: Vater! Dein Wille ſei meiner; ſo ſagte ich: der Herr ſegne euch! und weinte und jauchzte, und beſchloß, Oſtern, die kommen, ſie nun zur Kirche zu bringen. — So war ſie, ihr Herren, bevor ſie mir dieſer entführte.

Gr. Otto. Nun? Und wodurch entführte er ſie dir? Durch welche Mittel hat er ſie dir und dem Pfade, auf welchen du ſie geführt hatteſt, wieder entriſſen?

Theobald. Durch welche Mittel? — Ihr Herren wenn ich das ſagen könnte, ſo begriffen es dieſe fünf Sinne, und ſo ſtänd' ich nicht vor euch und klagte auf alle, mir unbegreifliche Frevel der Hölle. Was ſoll ich vorbringen, wenn ihr mich fragt, durch welche Mittel? Hat er ſie am Brunnen getroffen, wenn ſie Waſſer ſchöpfte, und geſagt: Lieb Mädel, wer biſt du? hat er ſich an den Pfeiler geſtellt, wenn ſie aus der Mette kam, und gefragt: Lieb Mädel, wo wohnſt du? hat er ſich, bei nächtlicher Weile, an ihr Fenſter geſchlichen, und indem er ihr einen Halsſchmuck umgehängt, geſagt: Lieb Mädel, wo ruhſt du? Ihr hochheiligen Herren, damit war ſie nicht zu gewinnen! Den Judaskuß errieth unſer Heiland nicht raſcher, als ſie ſolche Künſte. Nicht mit Augen, ſeit ſie geboren ward, hat ſie ihn geſehen; ihren Rücken, und das Mal darauf, das ſie von ihrer ſeligen Mutter erbte, kannte ſie beſſer, als ihn (er weint).

Gr. Otto (nach einer Pauſe). Und gleichwohl, wenn er ſie verführt hat, du wunderlicher Alter, ſo muß es wann und irgendwo geſchehen ſein.

Theobald. Heiligen Abend vor Pfingſten, da er auf fünf Minuten in meine Werkſtatt kam, um ſich, wie er ſagte, eine Eiſenſchiene, die ihm zwiſchen Schulter und Bruſt losgegangen war, wieder zuſammenheften zu laſſen —

Wenzel. Was!

Hans. Am hellen Mittag?

Wenzel. Da er auf fünf Minuten in deine Werkſtatt kam, um ſich eine Bruſtſchiene anheften zu laſſen!

(Pauſe).

Gr. Otto. Faſſe dich, Alter, und erzähle den Hergang.

Theobald (indem er ſich die Augen trocknet). Es mogte ohngefähr eilf Uhr Morgens ſein, als er mit einem Troß Reiſiger vor mein Haus ſprengte, raſſelnd, der Erzgepanzerte, vom Pferd ſtieg, und in meine Werkſtatt trat: das Haupt tief herab neigt' er, um mit den Reiherbüſchen, die ihm vom Helm niederwankten, durch die Thür zu kommen. Meiſter, ſchau

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*) H. von Kleiſt's geſammelte Schriften. Th. 2. S. 101 fg.

der, ſpricht er: dem Pfalzgrafen, der eure Wälle niederreißen will, zieh ich entgegen; die Luſt ihn zu treffen ſprengt mir die Schienen; nimm Eiſen und Draht, ohne daß ich mich zu entkleiden brauche, und heft' ſie mir wieder zuſammen. Herr! ſag ich: wenn euch die Bruſt ſo die Rüſtung zerſchmeißt, ſo läßt der Pfalzgraf unſere Wälle ganz; nöthige ihn auf einen Seſſel in des Zimmers Mitte nieder, und: Wein! ruf ich in die Thür, und vom friſchgeräucherten Schinken zum Imbiß! und ſetz' einen Schemel, mit Werkzeugen verſehen, vor ihn, um ihm die Schiene wieder herzuſtellen. Und während draußen noch der Streithengſt wiehert, und mit den Pferden der Knechte den Grund zerſtampft, daß der Staub, als wär' ein Cherub vom Himmel niedergefahren, emporquoll: öffnet langſam, ein großes, flaches Silbergeſchirr auf dem Kopf tragend, auf welchem Flaſchen, Gläſer und der Imbiß geſtellt waren, das Mädchen die Thüre und tritt ein. Nun ſeht, wenn mir Gott der Herr aus Wolken erſchiene, ſo würd' ich mich ohngefähr ſo faſſen, wie ſie. Geſchirr und Becher und Imbiß, da ſie den Ritter erblickt, läßt ſie fallen, und leichenbleich, mit Händen, wie zur Anbetung verſchränkt, den Boden mit Bruſt und Scheiteln küſſend, ſtürzt ſie vor ihm nieder, als ob ſie ein Blitz niedergeſchmettert hätte! Und da ich ſage: Herr meines Lebens! Was fehlt dem Kind? und ſie aufhebe, ſchlingt ſie, wie ein Taſchenmeſſer zuſammenfallend, den Arm um mich, das Antlitz flammend auf ihn gerichtet, als ob ſie eine Erſcheinung hätte. Der Graf vom Strahl, indem er ihre Hand nimmt, fragt: weß iſt das Kind? Geſellen und Mägde ſtrömen herbei und jammern: hilf Himmel! Was iſt dem Jüngferlein widerfahren; doch da ſie ſich, mit einigen ſchüchternen Blicken auf ſein Antlitz, erholt, ſo denk' ich, der Anfall iſt wohl auch vorüber, und gehe mit Pfriemen und Nadeln an mein Geſchäft. Drauf ſag' ich: Wohlauf, Herr Ritter! Nun mögt ihr den Pfalzgrafen treffen; die Schiene iſt eingerenkt, das Herz wird ſie euch nicht mehr zerſprengen. Der Graf ſteht auf; er ſchaut das Mädchen, das ihm bis an die Bruſthöhle ragt, vom Wirbel zur Sohle gedankenvoll an, und beugt ſich, und küßt ihr die Stirn und ſpricht: der Herr ſegne dich, und behüte dich, und ſchenke dir ſeinen Frieden, Amen! Und da wir an das Fenſter treten: ſchmeißt ſich das Mädchen, in dem Augenblicke, da er den Streithengſt beſteigt, dreißig Fuß hoch, mit aufgehobenen Händen, auf das Pflaſter der Straße nieder: gleich einer Verlornen, die ihrer fünf Sinne beraubt iſt, und bricht ſich beide Lenden, ihr heiligen Herren, beide zarten Lendchen, dicht über des Knies elfenbeinernem Bau; und ich alter, bejammernswürdiger Narr, der mein verſinkendes Leben auf ſie ſtützen wollte, muß ſie auf meinen Schultern wie zu Grabe tragen; indeſſen er dort, den Gott verdamme! zu Pferd, unter dem Volke, das herbeiſtrömt, herüberruft von hinten, was vorgefallen ſei! — Hier liegt ſie nun auf dem Todbett, in der Gluth des hitzigen Fiebers, ſechs endloſe Wochen, ohne ſich zu regen. Keinen Laut bringt ſie hervor; auch nicht der Wahnſinn, dieſer Dietrich aller Herzen, eröffnet das ihrige, kein Menſch vermag das Geheimniß, das in ihr waltet, ihr zu entlocken. Und prüft, da ſie ſich ein wenig erholt hat, den Schritt, und ſchnürt ihr Bündel, und tritt beim Strahl der Morgenſonne in die Thür: wohin? fragt ſie die Magd; „zum Grafen Wetter vom Strahl“ antwortet ſie und verſchwindet.

Wenzel. Es iſt nicht möglich!

Hans. Verſchwindet?

Wenzel. Und läßt Alles hinter ſich zurück?

Hans. Eigenthum, Heimath und den Bräutigam, dem ſie verlobt war?

Wenzel. Und begehrt auch deines Segens nicht einmal?

Theobald. Verſchwindet, ihr Herren — verläßt mich und Alles, woran Pflicht, Gewohnheit und Natur ſie knüpften — küßt mir die Augen, die ſchlummernden, und verſchwindet: ich wollte, ſie hätte ſie mir zugedrückt

Wenzel. Beim Himmel! ein ſeltſamer Vorfall —

Theobald. Seit jenem Tage folgt ſie ihm nun, gleich einer Metze, in blinder Ergebung von Ort zu Ort; geführt am Strahl ſeines Angeſichts, fünfdräthig, wie einem Tau, um ihre Seele gelegt; auf nackten, jedem Kieſel ausgeſetzten, Füßen, das kurze Röckchen, das ihre Hüfte deckt, im Winde flatternd, nichts als den Strohhut auf, ſie gegen der Sonne Stich oder den Grimm empörter Witterung zu ſchützen. Wohin ſein Fuß im Lauf ſeiner Abenteuer ſich wendet: durch den Dampf der Klüfte, durch die Wüſte, die der Mittag verſengt, durch die Nacht verwachſener Wälder; wie ein Hund, der von ſeines Herrn Schweiß gekoſtet, ſchreitet ſie hinter ihm her; und die gewohnt war auf weichen Kiſſen zu ruhen, und das Knötlein ſpürte in des Bettuchs Faden, das ihre Hand unachtſam darin eingeſponnen hatte: die liegt jetzt einer Magd gleich, in ſeinen Ställen, und ſinkt, wenn die Nacht kömmt, ermüdet auf die Streu nieder, die ſeinen ſtolzen Roſſen untergeworfen wird.

Gr. Otto. Graf Wetter vom Strahl! Iſt dies gegründet?

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Wahr iſts, ihr heiligen Herren; ſie geht auf der Spur, die hinter mir zurückbleibt. Wenn ich mich umſehe, erblick' ich zwei Dinge: meinen Schatten und ſie.

Gr. Otto. Und wie erklärt ihr euch dieſen ſonderbaren Umſtand?

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ihr unbekannten Herren der Vehme! Wenn der Teufel ſein Spiel mit ihr treibt, ſo braucht er mich dabei, wie der Affe die Pfoten der Katze; ein Schelm will ich ſein, holt er den Nußkern für mich. Wollt ihr meinem Wort ſchlechthin, wie's die heilige Schrift vorſchreibt, glauben: ja, ja, nein, nein; gut! Wo nicht, ſo will ich nach Worms, und den Kaiſer bitten, daß er den Theobald ordinire. Hier werf ich ihm vorläufig meinen Handſchuh hin!

Gr. Otto. Ihr ſollt hier Rede ſtehn auf unſre Frage! Womit rechtfertigt ihr, daß ſie unter eurem Dache ſchläft? Sie, die in das Haus hingehört, wo ſie geboren und erzogen ward?

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ich war, es mögen ohngefähr zwölf Wochen ſein, auf einer Reiſe, die mich nach Straßburg führte, ermüdet in der Mittagshitze an einer Felswand eingeſchlafen — nicht im Traum gedacht' ich des Mädchens mehr, das in Heilbronn aus dem Fenſter geſtürzt war — da liegt ſie mir, wie ich erwache, gleich einer Roſe, entſchlummert zu Füßen; als ob ſie vom Himmel herabgeſchneit wäre! Und da ich zu den Knechten, die im Graſe herumliegen, ſage: Ei, was der Teufel! Das iſt ja das Käthchen von Heilbronn! ſchlägt ſie die Augen auf, und bindet ſich das Hütlein zuſammen, das ihr ſchlafend vom Haupt herabgerutſcht war. Katharine! ruf ich: Mädel! Wo kömmſt auch her? Auf funfzehn Meilen von Heilbronn, fernab am Geſtade des Rheins? „Hab' ein Geſchäft, geſtrenger Herr,“ antwortet ſie, „das mich gen Straßburg führt; ſchauert mich im Wald ſo einſam zu wandern, und ſchlug mich zu euch.“ Drauf laß ich ihr zur Erfriſchung reichen, was mir Gottſchalk, der Knecht, mit ſich führt, und erkundige mich: wie der Sturz abgelaufen? auch, was der Vater macht? und was ſie in Straßburg zu erſchaffen denke? Doch da ſie nicht freiherzig mit der Sprache herausrückt; was auch gehts dich an, denk' ich; ding' ihr einen Boten, der ſie durch den Wald führe, ſchwing mich auf den Rappen, und reite ab. Abends in der Herberg, auf der Straßburger Straß, will ich mich eben zur Ruh niederlegen: da kommt Gottſchalk, der Knecht, und ſpricht: das Mädchen ſei unten und begehre in meinen Ställen zu übernachten. Bei den Pferden? frag' ich. Ich ſage: wenn's ihr weich genug iſt, mich wird's nicht drücken. Und füge noch, indem ich mich im Bett wende, hinzu: magſt ihr wohl eine Streu unterlegen, Gottſchalk, und ſorgen, daß ihr nichts widerfahre. Drauf wandert ſie kommenden Tages früher aufgebrochen, als ich, wieder auf der Heerſtraße, und lagert ſich wieder in meinen Ställen, und lagert ſich Nacht für Nacht, ſo wie mir der Streifzug fortſchreitet, darin, als ob ſie zu meinem Troß gehörte. Nun litt ich das, ihr Herren, um jenes grauen, unwirſchen Alten willen, der mich jetzt darum ſtraft; denn der Gottſchalk, in ſeiner Wunderlichkeit, hatte das Mädchen lieb gewonnen, und pflegte ihrer in der That als ſeiner Tochter; führt dich die Reiſe einſt, dacht' ich, durch Heilbronn, ſo wird der Alte dirs danken. Doch da ſie ſich auch in Straßburg, in der erzbiſchöflichen Burg, wieder bei mir einfindet, und ich gleichwohl ſpüre, daß ſie nichts im Orte geſchafft: denn mir hatte ſie ſich ganz und gar geweiht, und wuſch und flickte, als ob es ſonſt am Rhein nicht zu haben wäre: ſo trete ich eines Tages, da ich ſie auf der Stallſchwelle finde, zu ihr und frage: was für ein Geſchäft ſie in Straßburg betreibe? „Ei,“ ſpricht ſie „geſtrenger Herr,“ und eine Röthe, daß ich denke, ihre Schürze wird angehen, flammt über ihr Antlitz empor: „was fragt ihr doch? ihr wißts ja!“ — Holla! denk ich, ſteht es ſo mit dir? und ſende einen Boten flugs nach Heilbronn dem Vater zu, mit folgender Meldung: das Käthchen ſei bei mir; ich hütete ſeiner; in kurzem könnte er es vom Schloſſe zu Strahl, wohin ich es zurückbringen würde, abholen.

Gr. Otto. Nun und hierauf?

Wenzel. Der Alte holte die Jungfrau nicht ab?

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Drauf da er am zwanzigſten Tage, um ſie abzuholen, bei mir erſcheint, und ich ihn in meiner Väter Saal führe: erſchau ich mit Befremden, daß er, beim Eintritt in die Thür, die Hand in den Weihkeſſel ſteckt, und mich mit dem Waſſer, das darin befindlich iſt, beſprengt. Ich, arglos wie ich von Natur bin, nöth'ge ihn auf einen Stuhl nieder, erzähle ihm mit Offenherzigkeit Alles, was vorgefallen, eröffne ihm auch in meiner Theilnahme die Mittel, wie er die Sache ſeinen Wünſchen gemäß, wieder ins Geleis rücken könne, und tröſte ihn und führ' ihn, um ihm das Mädchen zu übergeben, in den Stall hinunter, wo ſie ſteht, und wie eine Waffe von Roſt ſäubert. So wie er in die Thür tritt, und die Arme mit thränenvollen Augen öffnet, ſie zu empfangen, ſtürzt mir das Mädchen leichenbleich zu Füßen, alle Heiligen anrufend, daß ich ſie vor ihm ſchütze. Gleich einer Salzſäule ſteht er bei dieſem Anblick da; und ehe ich mich noch gefaßt habe, ſpricht er ſchon, das entſetzenvolle Antlitz auf mich gerichtet: das iſt der leibhaftigte Satan! und ſchmeißt mir den Hut, den er in der Hand hält, in's Geſicht, als wollt' er ein Greuelbild verſchwinden machen, und läuft, als ſetzte die ganze Hölle ihm nach, nach Heilbronn zurück.

Gr. Otto. Du wunderlicher Alter! Was haſt du für Einbildungen?

Wenzel. Was war in dem Verfahren des Ritters, das Tadel verdient? Kann er dafür, wenn ſich das Herz deines thörichten Mädchens ihm zuwendet?

Hans. Was iſt in dieſem ganzen Vorfall, das ihn anklagt?

Theobald. Was ihn anklagt? O du — Menſch, entſetzlicher, als Worte faſſen und der Gedanke ermißt: ſtehſt du nicht rein da, als hätten die Cherubim ſich entkleidet, und ihren Glanz dir, funkelnd wie Mailicht, um die Seele gelegt! — Mußt' ich vor dem Menſchen nicht erbeben, der die Natur in dem reinſten Herzen, das je geſchaffen ward, dergeſtalt umgekehrt hat, daß ſie vor dem Vater, zu ihr gekommen, ſeiner Liebe Bruſt ihren Lippen zu reichen, kreideweißen Antlitzes entweicht, wie vor dem Wolfe, der ſie zerreißen will? Nun denn, ſo walte, Hekate, Fürſtin des Zaubers, moorduftige Königin der Nacht! Sproßt, ihr dämoniſchen Kräfte, die die menſchliche Satzung ſonſt auszujäten bemüht war, blüht auf unter dem Athem der Hexen, und ſchoßt zu Wäldern empor, daß die Wipfel ſich zerſchlagen, und die Pflanze des Himmels, die am Boden keimt, verweſe; rinnt, ihr Säfte der Hölle, tropfend aus Stämmen und Stielen gezogen, fallt wie ein Katarakt ins Land, daß der erſtickende Peſtqualm zu den Wolken empordampft; fließt und ergießt euch durch alle Röhren des Lebens, und ſchwemmt, in allgemeiner Sündfluth, Unſchuld und Tugend hinweg!

Gr. Otto. Hat er ihr Gift eingeflößt?

Wenzel. Meinſt du, daß er ihr verzauberte Tränke gereicht?

Hans. Opiate, die des Menſchen Herz, der ſie genießt, mit geheimnißvoller Gewalt umſtricken?

Theobald. Gift? Opiate? Ihr hohen Herren, was fragt ihr mich? Ich habe die Flaſchen nicht geſtopft, von welchen er ihr an der Wand des Felſens zur Erfriſchung reichte; ich ſtand nicht dabei, als ſie in der Herberge, Nacht für Nacht, in ſeinen Ställen ſchlief. Wie ſoll ich wiſſen, ob er ihr Gift eingeflößt? Habt neun Monate Geduld; alsdann ſollt ihr ſehen, wie's ihrem jungen Leibe bekommen iſt.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Der alte Eſel, der! Dem entgegn' ich nichts, als meinen Namen! Ruft ſie herein; und wenn ſie ein Wort ſagt, auch nur von fern duftend, wie dieſe Gedanken, ſo nennt mich den Grafen von der ſtinkenden Pfütze, oder wie es ſonſt eurem gerechten Unwillen beliebt.

Zweiter Auftritt.

Käthchen (mit verbundenen Augen, geführt von) zwei Häſchern. — **Die Häſcher** (nehmen ihr das Tuch ab, und gehen wieder fort). — **Die Vorigen.**

Käthchen (ſieht ſich in der Verſammlung um, und beugt, da ſie den Grafen erblickt, ein Knie vor ihm).
Mein hoher Herr!
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Was willſt du?
Käthchen Vor meinen Richter hat man mich gerufen.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Dein Richter bin nicht ich. Steh' auf, dort ſitzt er;
Hier ſteh' ich, ein Verklagter, ſo wie du.
Käthchen. Mein hoher Herr! Du ſpotteſt.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nein! Du hörſt!
Was neigſt du mir dein Angeſicht in Staub?
Ein Zaubrer bin ich, und geſtand es ſchon,
Und laß, aus jedem Band, das ich dir wirkte,
Jetzt deine junge Seele los.
(er erhebt ſie)
Gr. Otto. Hier, Jungfrau, wenns beliebt; hier iſt die Schranke!
Hans. Hier ſitzen deine Richter!
Käthchen (ſieht ſich um). Ihr verſucht mich.
Wenzel. Hier tritt heran! Hier ſollſt du Rede ſtehn.
Käthchen (ſtellt ſich neben den Grafen vom Strahl und ſieht die Richter an).
Gr. Otto. Nun?
Wenzel. Wirds?
Hans. Wirſt du gefällig dich bemühn?
Gr. Otto. Wirſt dem Gebot dich deiner Richter fügen?
Käthchen (für ſich). Sie rufen mich.
Wenzel. Nun, ja!
Hans. Was ſagt ſie?
Gr. Otto (befremdet). Ihr Herrn, was fehlt dem ſonderbaren Weſen?
(ſie ſehen ſich an)
Käthchen (für ſich) Vermummt von Kopf zu Füßen ſitzen ſie
Wie das Gericht am jüngſten Tage da!
Der Gr. v. Strahl (ſie aufweckend). Du wunderliche Maid! Was träumſt, was treibſt du?
Du ſtehſt hier vor dem heimlichen Gericht!
Auf jene böſe Kunſt bin ich verklagt,
Weil der ich mir, du weißt, dein Herz gewann,
Geh hin, und melde jetzo, was geſchehn!
Käthchen (ſieht ihn an und legt ihre Hände auf die Bruſt).
— Du quälſt mich grauſam, daß ich weinen möchte!
Belehre deine Magd, mein edler Herr,
Wie ſoll ich mich in dieſem Falle faſſen?
Gr. Otto (ungeduldig). Belehren — was!
Hans. Bei Gott! Iſt es erhört?
Der Gr. v. Strahl (mit noch milder Strenge). Du ſollſt ſogleich vor jene Schranke treten,
Und Rede ſtehn, auf was man fragen wird!
Käthchen. Nein, ſprich! Du biſt verklagt?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Du hörſt.
Käthchen. Und jene Männer dort ſind deine Richter?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. So iſt's.
Käthchen (zur Schranke tretend). Ihr würd'gen Herrn, wer ihr auch ſein mögt dort,
Steht gleich vom Richtſtuhl auf und räumt ihn dieſem!
Denn, beim lebend'gen Gott, ich ſag' es euch,
Rein, wie ſein Harniſch, iſt ſein Herz, und eures
Verglichen ihm, und meins, wie eure Mäntel.
Wenn hier geſündigt ward, iſt er der Richter,
Und ihr ſollt zitternd vor der Schranke ſtehn!
Gr. Otto. Du Närrin, jüngſt der Nabelſchnur entlaufen:
Woher kommt die prophet'ſche Kunde dir?
Welch ein Apoſtel hat dir das vertraut?
Theobald. Seht die Unſelige!
Käthchen (da ſie den Vater erblickt, auf ihn zugehend). Mein theurer Vater!
(ſie will ſeine Hand ergreifen)
Theobald (ſtreng). Dort iſt der Ort jetzt, wo du hingehörſt!
Käthchen. Weiſ' mich nicht von dir.
(ſie faßt ſeine Hand und küßt ſie)
Theobald. — Kennſt du das Haar noch wieder,
Das deine Flucht mir jüngſthin grau gefärbt!
Käthchen. Kein Tag verging, daß ich nicht einmal dachte,
Wie ſeine Locken fallen. Sei geduldig,
Und gieb dich nicht unmäß'gem Grame Preis:
Wenn Freude Locken wieder dunkeln kann,
So ſollſt du wieder wie ein Jüngling blühn.
Gr. Otto. Ihr Häſcher dort! ergreift ſie! bringt ſie her!
Theobald. Geh' hin, wo man dich ruft.
Käthchen (zu den Richtern, da ſich ihr die Häſcher nähern). Was wollt ihr mir?
Wenzel. Saht ihr ein Kind, ſo ſtörrig je, als dies?
Gr. Otto (da ſie vor der Schranke ſteht). Du ſollſt hier Antwort geben, kurz und bündig,
Auf unſre Fragen! Denn wir, von unſerm
Gewiſſen eingeſetzt, ſind deine Richter,
Und an der Strafe, wenn du frevelteſt,
Wird's deine übermüth'ge Seele fühlen.
Käthchen. Sprecht, ihr verehrten Herrn, was wollt ihr wiſſen?
Gr. Otto. Warum, als Friedrich Graf vom Strahl erſchien
In deines Vaters Haus, biſt du zu Füßen,
Wie man vor Gott thut, nieder ihm geſtürzt?
Warum warfſt du, als er von dannen ritt,
Dich aus dem Fenſter ſinnlos auf die Straße,
Und folgteſt ihm, da kaum dein Bein vernarbt,
Von Ort zu Ort, durch Nacht und Graus und Nebel,
Wohin ſein Roß den Fußtritt wendete?
Käthchen (hochroth zum Grafen). Was ſoll ich hier vor dieſen Männern ſagen?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Die Närrin, die verwünſchte, ſinnverwirrte,

Was fragt ſie mich? Iſt's nicht an jener Männer
Gebot, die Sache darzuthun, genug?
Käthchen (im Staub niederfallend). Nimm mir, o Herr, das Leben, wenn ich fehlte!
Was in des Buſens ſtillem Reich geſchehn,
Und Gott nicht ſtraft, das braucht kein Menſch zu wiſſen;
Den nenn' ich grauſam, der mich darum fragt!
Wenn du es wiſſen willſt, wohlan, ſo rede,
Denn dir liegt meine Seele offen da!
Hans. Ward, ſeit die Welt ſteht, ſo etwas erlebt?
Wenzel. Im Staub liegt ſie vor ihm —
Hans. Geſtürzt auf Knieen —
Wenzel. Wie wir vor dem Erlöſer hingeſtreckt!
Der Gr. v. Strahl (zu den Richtern). Ihr würd'gen Herrn, ihr rechnet hoff' ich, mir
Nicht dieſes Mädchens Thorheit an! Daß ſie
Ein Wahn bethört, iſt klar, wenn euer Sinn
Auch gleich, wie meiner, noch nicht einſieht, welcher?
Erlaubt ihr mir, ſo frag ich ſie darum:
Ihr mögt aus meinen Wendungen entnehmen,
Ob meine Seele ſchuldig iſt, ob nicht!
Gr. Otto (ihn forſchend anſehend). Es ſei! Verſucht's einmal, Herr Graf, und fragt ſie.
Der Gr. v. Strahl (wendet ſich zu Käthchen, die noch immer auf Knieen liegt). Willſt den geheimſten der Gedanken mir,
Kathrina, der dir irgend, faſſ' mich wohl,
Im Winkel wo des Herzens ſchlummert, geben?
Käthchen. Das ganze Herz, o Herr, dir, willſt du es,
So biſt du ſicher deß, was darin wohnt.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Was iſt's, mit einem Wort, wie rund geſagt,
Das dich aus deines Vaters Hauſe trieb?
Was feſſelt dich an meine Schritte an?
Käthchen. Mein hoher Herr! Da fragſt du mich zuviel.
Und läg' ich ſo, wie ich vor dir jetzt liege,
Vor meinem eigenen Bewußtſein da:
Auf einem goldnen Richtſtuhl laß es thronen,
Und alle Schrecken des Gewiſſens ihm,
In Flammenrüſtungen, zur Seite ſtehn;
So ſpräche jeglicher Gedanke noch
Auf das, was du gefragt: ich weiß es nicht.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Du lügſt mir, Jungfrau? Willſt mein Wiſſen täuſchen?
Mir, der doch das Gefühl dir ganz umſtrickt?
Mir, deſſen Blick du da liegſt, wie die Roſe,
Die ihren jungen Kelch dem Licht erſchloß? —
Was hab ich dir einmal, du weißt, gethan?
Was iſt an Leib und Seel' dir wiederfahren?
Käthchen. Wo?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Da oder dort.
Käthchen. Wann?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Jüngſt oder früherhin.
Käthchen. Hilf mir, mein hoher Herr!
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ja, ich dir helfen,
Du wunderliches Ding —
(er hält inne)
Beſinnſt du dich auf nichts?
Käthchen (ſieht vor ſich nieder).
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Was für ein Ort, wo du mich je geſehen,
Iſt dir im Geiſt, vor andern, gegenwärtig?
Käthchen. Der Rhein iſt mir vor allen gegenwärtig.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ganz recht. Da eben war's. Das wollt ich wiſſen.
Der Felſen am Geſtad' des Rheins, wo wir
Zuſammen ruhten in der Mittagshitze.
— Und du gedenkſt nicht, was dir da geſchehn?
Käthchen. Nein, mein verehrter Herr.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nicht? Nicht?
— Was reicht' ich deiner Lippe zur Erfriſchung?
Käthchen. Du ſandteſt, weil ich deines Weins verſchmähte,
Den Gottſchalk, deinen treuen Knecht, und ließeſt
Ihn einen Trunk mir aus der Grotte ſchöpfen.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ich aber nahm dich bei der Hand, und reichte
Sonſt deiner Lippe — nicht? — Was ſtockſt du da?
Käthchen. Wann?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Eben damals.
Käthchen. Nein, mein hoher Herr.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Jedoch nachher.
Käthchen. In Straßburg?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Oder früher.
Käthchen. Du haſt mich niemals bei der Hand genommen.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Kathrina!
Käthchen (erröthend). Ach vergieb mir; in Heilbronn!
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Wann?
Käthchen. Als der Vater dir am Harniſch wirkte.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Und ſonſt nicht?
Käthchen. Nein, mein hoher Herr.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Kathrina!
Käthchen. Mich bei der Hand?
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ja, oder ſonſt, was weiß ich.
Käthchen (beſinnt ſich). In Straßburg einſt, erinn' ich mich, beim Kinn.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Wann?
Käthchen. Als ich auf der Schwelle ſaß und weinte,
Und dir auf was du ſprachſt, nicht Rede ſtand.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Warum nicht ſtandſt du Red'?
Käthchen. Ich ſchämte mich.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Du ſchämteſt dich? Ganz recht. Auf meinen Antrag.
Du wardſt glutheroth bis an den Hals hinab.
Welch einen Antrag macht' ich dir?
Käthchen. Der Vater,
Der würd', ſprachſt du, daheim im Schwabenland'
Um mich ſich härmen, und befragteſt mich,
Ob ich mit Pferden, die du ſenden wollteſt,
Nicht nach Heilbronn zu ihm zurück begehrte?
Der Gr. v. Strahl (kalt). Davon iſt nicht die Rede! — Nun, wo auch,
Wo hab' ich ſonſt im Leben dich getroffen?
— Ich hab' im Stall zuweilen dich beſucht.
Käthchen. Nein, mein verehrter Herr.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nicht? Katharina!
Käthchen. Du haſt mich niemals in dem Stall beſucht,
Und noch viel wen'ger rührteſt du mich an.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Was! Niemals?
Käthchen. Nein, mein hoher Herr.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Kathrina!
Käthchen (mit Affekt). Niemals, mein hochverehrter Herr, niemals.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nun ſeht, bei meiner Treu, die Lügnerin!
Käthchen. Ich will nicht ſelig ſein, ich will verderben,
Wenn du mich je —!
Der Gr. v. Strahl (mit dem Schein der Heftigkeit). Da ſchwört ſie und verflucht
Sich, die leichtfert'ge Dirne, noch und meint,
Gott werd' es ihrem jungen Blut vergeben!
— Was iſt geſchehn, fünf Tag' von hier am Abend,
In meinem Stall als es ſchon dunkelte,
Und ich den Gottſchalk hieß, ſich zu entfernen?
Käthchen. O! Jeſus! Ich bedacht' es nicht! —
Im Stall zu Strahl, da haſt du mich beſucht.
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nun denn! Da iſt's heraus! Da hat ſie nun
Der Seelen Seligkeit ſich weggeſchworen!
Im Stall zu Strahl, da hab' ich ſie beſucht!
Käthchen (weint).
(Pauſe).
Gr. Otto. Ihr quält das Kind zu ſehr.
Theobald (nähert ſich ihr gerührt). Komm, meine Tochter.
(er will ſie an ſeine Bruſt heben).
Käthchen. Laß, laß!
Wenzel. Das nenn' ich menſchlich nicht verfahren.
Gr. Otto. Zuletzt iſt nichts im Stall zu Strahl geſchehen.
Der Gr. v. Strahl (ſieht ſie an). Bei Gott! ihr Herrn, wenn ihr des Glaubens ſeid:
Ich bin's! Befehlt ſo gehn wir auseinander.
Gr. Otto. Ihr ſollt das Kind befragen, iſt die Meinung,
Nicht mit barbariſchem Triumph verhöhnen.
Sei's, daß Natur euch ſolche Macht verliehen:
Geübt wie ihrs thut, iſt ſie haſſenswürdiger,
Als ſelbſt die Höllenkunſt, der man euch zeiht.
Der Gr. v. Strahl (erhebt das Käthchen vom Boden).
Ihr Herrn, was ich gethan, das that ich nur,
Sie mit Triumph hier vor euch zu erheben!
Statt meiner —
(auf den Boden zeigend)
ſteht mein Handſchuh vor Gericht!
Glaubt ihr von Schuld ſie rein, wie ſie es iſt,
Wohl, ſo erlaubt denn, daß ſie ſich entferne.
Wenzel. Es ſcheint, ihr habt viel Gründe, das zu wünſchen!
Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ich? Gründ'? Entſcheidende! Ihr wollt ſie, hoff' ich,

Nicht mit barbariſchem Uebermuth verhöhnen?

Wenzel (mit Bedeutung). Wir wünſchen doch, erlaubt ihrs, noch zu hören,
Was in dem Stall damals zu Strahl geſchehn.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Das wollt ihr Herrn noch? —

Wenzel. Allerdings!

Der Gr. v. Strahl (glutroth, indem er ſich zum Käthchen wendet). Knie' nieder!

Käthchen (läßt ſich auf Knieen vor ihm nieder).

Gr. Otto. Ihr ſeid ſehr dreiſt, Herr Friedrich Graf vom Strahl!

Der Gr. v. Strahl (zum Käthchen). So! Recht! Mir giebſt du Antwort und ſonſt keinem.

Hans. Erlaubt! Wir werden ſie —

Der Gr. v. Strahl (eben ſo). Du rührſt dich nicht!
Hier ſoll dich keiner richten, als nur der,
Dem deine Seele frei ſich unterwirft.

Wenzel. Herr Graf, man wird hier Mittel —

Der Gr. v. Strahl (mit unterdrückter Heftigkeit). Ich ſage, nein!
Der Teufel ſoll mich holen, zwingt ihr ſie! —
Was wollt ihr wiſſen, ihr verehrten Herrn?

Hans (auffahrend). Beim Himmel!

Wenzel. Solch ein Trotz ſoll —!

Hans. He! Die Häſcher!

Gr. Otto (halblaut). Laßt, Freunde, laßt! Vergeßt nicht, wer er iſt.

Erſter Richter. Er hat nicht eben, drückt Verſchuldung ihn,
Mit Liſt ſie überhört.

Zweiter Richter. Das ſag' ich auch!
Man kann ihm das Geſchäft wohl überlaſſen.

Gr. Otto (zum Grafen vom Strahl). Befragt ſie, was geſchehn, fünf Tag' von hier,
Im Stall zu Strahl, als es ſchon dunkelte,
Und ihr den Gottſchalk hießt, ſich zu entfernen?

Der Gr. v. Strahl (zum Käthchen). Was iſt geſchehn, fünf Tag' von hier, am Abend,
Im Stall zu Strahl, als es ſchon dunkelte,
Und ich den Gottſchalk hieß, ſich zu entfernen?

Käthchen. Mein hoher Herr! Vergieb mir, wenn ich fehlte;
Jetzt leg' ich Alles, Punkt für Punkt, dir dar.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Gut. — — Da berührt' ich dich und zwar — nicht? Freilich!
Das ſchon geſtand'ſt du?

Käthchen. Ja, mein verehrter Herr.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nun!

Käthchen. Mein verehrter Herr?

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Was will ich wiſſen?

Käthchen. Was du willſt wiſſen?

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Heraus damit! Was ſtockſt du?
Ich nahm, und herzte dich, und küßte dich,
Und ſchlug den Arm dir —?

Käthchen. Nein, mein hoher Herr.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Was ſonſt?

Käthchen. Du ſtießeſt mich mit Füßen von dir.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Mit Füßen? Nein! Das thu' ich keinem Hund.
Warum? Weshalb? Was hatt'ſt du mir gethan?

Käthchen. Weil ich dem Vater, der voll Huld und Güte
Gekommen war mit Pferden, mich zu holen,
Den Rücken, voller Schrecken, wendete,
Und mit der Bitte, mich vor ihm zu ſchützen,
Im Staub vor dir bewußtlos nieder ſank.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Da hätt' ich dich mit Füßen weggeſtoßen?

Käthchen. Ja, mein verehrter Herr.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ei, Poſſen, was!
Das war nur Schelmerei, des Vaters wegen.
Du bliebſt doch nach wie vor im Schloß zu Strahl.

Käthchen. Nein, mein verehrter Herr.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nicht? Wo auch ſonſt?

Käthchen. Als du die Peitſche, flammenden Geſichts,
Herab vom Riegel nahmſt, ging ich hinaus,
Vor das bemooſ'te Thor, und lagerte
Mich draußen, am zerfallnen Mauerring
Wo in ſüßduftenden Hollunderbüſchen
Ein Zeiſig zwitſchernd ſich das Neſt gebaut.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Hier aber jagt' ich dich mit Hunden weg?

Käthchen. Nein, mein verehrter Herr.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Und als du wichſt,
Verfolgt vom Hundgeklaff, von meiner Grenze,
Rief ich den Nachbar auf, dich zu verfolgen?

Käthchen. Nein, mein verehrter Herr! Was ſprichſt du da?

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Nicht? Nicht? — Das werden dieſe Herren tadeln.

Käthchen. Du kümmerſt dich um dieſe Herren nicht.
Du ſandteſt Gottſchalk mir am dritten Tage,
Daß er mir ſag': dein liebes Käthchen wär' ich;
Vernünftig aber mögt' ich ſein, und gehn.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Und was entgegneteſt du dem?

Käthchen. Ich ſagte,
Den Zeiſig litteſt du, den zwitſchernden,
In den ſüßduftenden Hollunderbüſchen:
Mögſt denn das Käthchen von Heilbronn auch leiden.

Der Gr. v. Strahl (erhebt das Käthchen). Nun denn, ſo nehmt ſie hin, ihr Herrn der Vehme,
Und macht mit ihr und mir jetzt, was ihr wollt.

(Pauſe).

Gr. Otto (unwillig). Der aberwitz'ge Träumer, unbekannt
Mit dem gemeinen Zauber der Natur! —
Wenn euer Urtheil reif, wie meins, ihr Herrn,
Geh' ich zum Schluß, und laß die Stimmen ſammeln.

Wenzel. Zum Schluß!

Hans. Die Stimmen!

Alle. Sammelt ſie!

Ein Richter. Der Narr, der!
Der Fall iſt klar. Es iſt hier nichts zu richten.

Gr. Otto. Vehm-Herold, nimm den Helm und ſammle ſie.

Vehm-Herold (ſammelt die Kugeln und bringt den Helm, worin ſie liegen, dem Grafen.)

Gr. Otto (ſteht auf). Herr Friedrich Wetter Graf vom Strahl, du biſt
Einſtimmig von der Vehme losgeſprochen,
Und dir dort, Theobald: dir geb' ich auf,
Nicht fürder mit der Klage zu erſcheinen,
Bis du kannſt beſſere Beweiſe bringen.
(zu den Richtern)
Steht auf, ihr Herrn! die Sitzung iſt geſchloſſen.

Die Richter (erheben ſich).

Theobald. Ihr hochverehrten Herrn, ihr ſprecht ihn ſchuldlos?
Gott, ſagt ihr, hat die Welt aus nichts gemacht;
Und er, der ſie durch nichts und wiedernichts
Vernichtet, in das erſte Chaos ſtürzt,
Der ſollte nicht der leid'ge Satan ſein?

Gr. Otto. Schweig, alter, grauer Thor! Wir ſind nicht da,
Dir die verrückten Sinnen einzurenken.
Vehm-Häſcher, an dein Amt! Blend' ihm die Augen,
Und führ' ihn wieder auf das Feld hinaus.

Theobald. Was! Auf das Feld? Mich hülflos greiſen Alten?
Und dies mein einzig liebes Kind —?

Gr. Otto. Herr Graf,
Das überläßt die Vehme euch! Ihr zeigtet
Von der Gewalt, die ihr hier übt, ſo manche
Beſondre Probe uns; laßt uns noch eine,
Die größeſte, bevor wir ſcheiden, ſehn,
Und gebt ſie ihrem alten Vater wieder.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Ihr Herren, was ich thun kann, ſoll geſchehn. —
Jungfrau!

Käthchen. Mein hoher Herr!

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Du liebſt mich?

Käthchen. Herzlich!

Der Gr. v. Strahl. So thu mir was zu Lieb'.

Käthchen. Was willſt du? Sprich.

Der Gr. v. Strahl. Verfolg' mich nicht. Geh nach Heilbronn zurück.
— Willſt du das thun?

Käthchen. Ich hab es dir verſprochen.

(ſie fällt in Ohnmacht).

Theobald (empfängt ſie). Mein Kind! Mein Einziges! Hilf, Gott im Himmel!

Der Gr. v. Strahl (wendet ſich). Dein Tuch her, Häſcher!
(er verbindet ſich die Augen).

Theobald. O verflucht ſei,
Mordſchnaubender Baſiliskengeiſt! Mußt' ich
Auch dieſe Probe deiner Kunſt noch ſehn?

Gr. Otto (vom Richtſtuhl herabſteigend). Was iſt geſchehn, ihr Herrn?

Wenzel. Sie ſank zu Boden.

(Sie betrachten ſie).

Gr. v. Strahl (zu den Köhlern). Führt mich hinweg!
Theobald. Der Hölle zu, du Satan!
Laß ihre ſchlangenhaar'gen Pförtner dich
In ihrem Eingang, Zauberer, ergreifen,
Und dich zehntauſend Klafter tiefer noch,
Als ihre wildſten Flammen lodern, ſchleudern!
Gr. Otto. Schweig, Alter, ſchweig!
Theobald (weint). Mein Kind! Mein Käthchen!
Käthchen. Ach!
Wenzel (freudig). Sie ſchlägt die Augen auf!
Hans. Sie wird ſich faſſen.
Gr. Otto. Bringt in des Pförtners Wohnung ſie! Hinweg!
(Alle ab).

Karoline Luiſe von Klenke,

die Tochter der Dichterin Karſch, ward am 21. Juni 1754 zu Frauſtadt in Polen geboren und theilte eine Zeit lang die Schickſale ihrer Mutter, bis ſie ſich mit ihrem Stiefoheim Hempel verheirathete. Nach Scheidung dieſer Ehe vermählte ſie ſich 1782 mit dem Baron Karl Fr. von Klenke aus Bremen, mit dem ſie eine Zeit lang ſehr glücklich lebte. In der Folge trennte ſie ſich auch von ihm und hielt ſich nun fortwährend bei ihrer Mutter zu Berlin auf. Sie ſtarb daſelbſt am 21. September 1802.

Von ihr erſchien:

Der ehrliche Schweizer. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1776.
Die Grazien. Vorſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1777.
Cäcilie, oder Beitrag zum Modeton. Ebendaſ. 1780.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1788.
Leben und romantiſche Dichtungen. Herausgegeben von Helmina von Chezy. Frankfurt 1805, 8.

Frau von Klenke erfreute ſich gleich ihrer Mutter eines gefälligen poetiſchen Talentes und großer Leichtigkeit und Anmuth in Behandlung der Form, ſie wandte jedoch zu wenig Sorgfalt und Fleiß auf die Ausbildung der ihr von der Natur verliehenen Gaben und hat daher wenig Bedeutendes geleiſtet. —

Ernſt Auguſt Friedrich Klingemann

ward am 31. Auguſt 1777 zu Braunſchweig geboren, auf dem daſigen Carolinum philoſophiſch gebildet und ſtudirte dann zu Jena die Rechte, wobei er zugleich Fichte's, Schelling's und A. W. Schlegel's Vorleſungen fleißig beſuchte. Nach vollendeten Studien wurde er in ſeiner Vaterſtadt beim Collegio medico als Regiſtrator angeſtellt, aber ſeine, durch die Leiſtungen des während ſeines Aufenthalts zu Jena von Schiller und Goethe trefflich geleiteten weimariſchen Theaters angeregte, Vorliebe für die Bühne bewog ihn, ſich dieſer ausſchließlich zu widmen. Er übernahm daher 1813 mit der Schauſpielerin Sophie Walther die Direction des braunſchweigſchen Theaters und erwarb ihm einen ſolchen Ruf, daß ſich daſſelbe durch Begünſtigung des Miniſters, Graf von Schulenburg-Wolfsburg und des Hofes 1818 zur Nationalbühne erhob, deren Leitung er mit Ruhm bis zum Jahre 1819 beibehielt. Dann wurde er als Dr. philosophiae und Profeſſor am daſigen Carolinum angeſtellt und 1830 noch mit dem Generaldirectorium der Hofbühne beehrt. Er ſtarb zu Braunſchweig am 25. Januar 1831.

Er gab heraus:

Wildgraf Eckard von der Wölpe. Sage aus dem 14. Jahrhundert. Braunſchweig 1795, 8. (anonym); 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1836.
Die Aſſeburg. Hiſtor. romantiſches Gemälde. Ebendaſ. 1796 — 1797, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. Nordhauſen 1819, 8., mit Kupfern.
Die Maske. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1797, 8.
Die Ruinen im Schwarzwalde. Arabeske. Ebendaſ. 1798 — 1799, 2 Thle., 8., (anonym); 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1836, mit 2 Kupf.
Memnon. Zeitſchrift. Leipzig 1800, 1. Bd., 1. St., 8.
Selbſtgefühl. Tragödie. Ebendaſ. 1800, 8.
Romano. Ebendaſ. 1800, 2 Thle., 8., mit 1 Kupf.
Was für Grundſätze müſſen eine Theaterdirection bei der Aufnahme der aufzuführenden Stücke leiten? Leipzig 1802, 8.
Ueber Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Leipzig 1802.
Die Einſamen im Thale. Familiengeſchichte. Lübben 1802, 8.
Der Schweizerbund. Leipzig 1804, 2 Thle., 8.
Heinrich von Wolfenſchießen. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1806, gr. 8.
Theater. Braunſchweig 1808 — 1820, 3 Bde., gr. 8. Die 2 erſten Bde. erſchienen ſchon: Tübingen 1808 — 1812.
Moſes. Dramatiſches Gedicht. Helmſtädt 1812, 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Schill. Poſſe. Ebendaſ. 1812, 8.
Der Lazarone. Schauſpiel. Hamburg 1814, 8.
Fauſt. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1815, 8.
Don Quixote und Sancho Panſa. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1815, 8.
Hamlet nach Goethe und Schlegel. Helmſtädt 1815, 8.
Deutſche Treue. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1816, gr. 8.
Ueber das braunſchweiger Theater. Braunſchweig 1817, 8.
Die Grube zur Dorothea. Schauſpiel. Helmſtädt 1817, gr. 8
Dramatiſche Werke. Braunſchweig 1817 — 1818, 2 Bde., 8.
Vorleſungen für Schauſpieler. Helmſtädt 1818.
Kunſt und Natur. Braunſchweig 1819 — 1827, 3 Bde., gr. 8., mit 3 Kupf. und P. A. Wolff's Portrait. Auch unter dem Titel: „Erinnerungsblätter."
Beiträge zur deutſchen Schaubühne. Braunſchweig 1824, 8., mit 2 Bildniſſen. Auch als: Allgemeiner deutſcher Theateralmanach auf das Jahr 1822.
Ahasver. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1827, gr. 8., mit 1 Lithographie.
Melpomene. Braunſchweig 1830, gr. 8. Enthält das Schauſpiel: „Die Braut von Kynaſt" und das Trauerſpiel: „Bianca di Sepolcro," mit 1 lithographirten Abbildung.

Klingemann verſtand es, in ſeinen Dichtungen die Menge durch Berechnung des Effects, Pracht und Glanz der Diction zu blenden, und ſich daher ephemeren Beifalls von Seiten des Theaterpublicums zu erfreuen; ſeine Leiſtungen ſind aber bereits ſchon ſämmtlich wieder vergeſſen, da es ihnen an Tiefe, Gehalt und innerer Wahrheit fehlt und ſie als ſehr oberflächliche Nachbildungen Schiller'ſcher Weiſe keiner bleibenden Wirkung ſich erfreuen konnten. Die Sprache verſtand er übrigens mit Talent zu behandeln. — In ſeinen dramatiſchen Schriften findet ſich manche wahre, gut vorgetragene Anſicht, die er jedoch mehr langer Erfahrung und praktiſcher Kenntniß des Bühnenweſens, als tieferem Forſchen verdankte. —

Herr Walther von Klingen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Maximilian von Klinger.

Dieſer Miturheber der Sturm- und Drangperiode in unſrer Literatur ward am 19. Februar 1753 zu Frankfurt am Main geboren, beſuchte das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte die Rechte und ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu Gießen, worauf er Secretär der Seyler'ſchen Theatertruppe und 1778 öſtreichiſcher Lieutenant im baierſchen Erbfolgekriege wurde. Bei der Auflöſung ſeines Freicorps erhielt er ſeinen Abſchied, lebte den Muſen bei ſeinen Freunden und auf Reiſen, und ging 1780 als ruſſiſcher Officier in den Flottenbataillons und Vorleſer des Großfürſten Paul nach Petersburg ab. Im Gefolge dieſes Fürſten bereiſte er 1782 Polen, Oeſtreich, Italien, Frankreich, die Schweiz, die Niederlande und Deutſchland, und wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr von der Kaiſerin Katharina zum Officier im Kadettencorps und zum Obriſt ernannt. 1796 erhielt er die Würde eines Generalmajors und 1799 die eines Directors des Cadettencorps, in welchen Aemtern er ſich auch unter mißlichen Verhältniſſen durch kühnen Muth und feſte Männlichkeit rühmlich behauptete. Kaiſer Alexander ernannte ihn daher kurz nach einander zum Curator der Univerſität Dorpat, Oberaufſeher des Fräuleinſtifts und des St. Katharinenordenſtifts, ſowie 1811 zum Generallieutenant, wobei er zugleich ein Krongut in Kurland als Rente erhielt. Aber die Schlacht bei Borodino, welche ihm ſeinen einzigen Sohn raubte und dadurch Folge des traurigen Geſchicks ſeiner geliebten Gattin wurde, entfremdete ihn der Welt und vermochte ihn, um ſeine Entlaſſung nachzuſuchen. Dieſe erhielt er 1820 mit Beibehaltung ſeines Gehaltes, worauf er bis an ſeinen, am 25. Februar 1831 erfolgten Tod in ernſter tiefer Einſamkeit dem Andenken ſeiner Lieben lebte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Sämmtliche Werke. Königsberg 1809 — 1816, 12 Bde., 8. Neue wohlfeile Ausgabe Leipzig 1832 — 1833, 12 Bde., gr. 8., mit Portrait.

Einzeln:

Der Günſtling und Simſone Griſaldo. Berlin 1776, 8.

Die falſchen Spieler; Der Schwur; Die neue Arria. Ebendaſ. 1776, 8.

Prinz Formoſo's Fidelbogen und der Prinzeſſin Sanaclara Geige. Genf (Baſel) 1780, 2 Thle., 8.

Sturm und Drang. Baſel 1780, 8.

Medea; Der Derwiſch. Ebendaſ. 1780, 8.

Theater. Leipzig 1786 — 1787, 4 Thle., 8.

Oriantes. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig (Altona) 1790, 8.

Stilpo. Baſel 1790, 8.

Neues Theater. Leipzig (Altona) 1790, 2 Thle., 8.

Bambino. Correcte umgearbeitete und vollſtändige Ausgabe. Leipzig 1791, 4 Thle., 8.

Medea in Korinth und M. auf dem Kaukaſus. 2 Trauerſpiele. Leipzig 1791, 8.

Geſchichte Raphaels de Aquilas. Altona 1793, 8. Neue verbeſſ. Aufl. Leipzig 1798, 8., mit 7 Kupfern.

Auswahl aus ſeinen dramatiſchen Werken. Leipzig 1794, 2 Thle., gr. 8.

Reiſen vor der Sündfluth. Riga (Leipzig) 1795, 8.

Konradin; Die Zwillinge. Hannover 1795, 8.

Der Schwur gegen die Ehe. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1797, gr. 8.

Sahir, Eva's Erſtgeborner im Paradieſe. Leipzig 1798, 8., mit 1 Kupf.

Geſchichte eines Deutſchen der neueſten Zeit. Leipzig 1798, 8.

Geſchichte Giafar's des Barmeciden. In 5 Büchern. Altona 1798, 8. Neue verb. Ausg. Leipzig 1798, 8.

Der Weltmann und der Dichter. Leipzig 1798, 8.

Fauſt der Morgenländer. Bagdad (Leipzig) 1798, 8.

Fauſt's Leben, Thaten und Höllenfahrt. Neue verbeſſ. Aufl. Leipzig 1799, 8., mit 8 Kupfern.

Daſſelbe, franzöſiſch. Derſ. O. u. J.

Betrachtungen und Gedanken über verſchiedene Gegenſtände der Welt und der Literatur. Leipzig 1802 — 1805, 3 Thle., 8.

Außerdem auch noch von Chr. Fr. Michaelis geſammelte Natur- und Seelengemälde, in der Blumenleſe: Geiſt der deutſchen Claſſiker.

Als tragiſcher Dichter gewann Klinger, noch im Jünglingsalter, den Preis, welchen die deutſche Geſellſchaft zu Mannheim für das beſte Trauerſpiel ausgeſetzt hatte, durch ſeine Dichtung „die Brüder.“ Eine Reihe von kräftigen und energiſchen Dramen folgte dieſem glücklichen Beginnen. Doch ſind ſeine ſpätern Arbeiten dieſer Gattung von der früheren ſehr verſchieden. Während in jenen zuviel Feuer und Leidenſchaft (oft künſtlich herbeigeführt) vorwaltet, leiden dieſe im Gegentheil an zu ſtrenger Beſonnenheit und Correctheit, doch zeichnen ſich alle dramatiſchen Arbeiten Klinger's durch ein wahrhaft tragiſches Intereſſe, einen ſtarken und leidenſchaftlichen, aber natürlichen Dialog und ſcharfe Charakteriſtik aus. — Dieſelben Fehler, wie dieſelben Vorzüge bieten ſeine Romane dar, welche einen Reichthum von edeln Gefühlen und großen Gedanken, oft jedoch mit vieler Schroffheit ausgedrückt, enthalten; ſeine ſatyriſchen Leiſtungen auf dieſem Gebiete ſind indeſſen den andern vorzuziehen. — In ſeinen ſpäteren Jahren legte Klinger ſeine Anſichten über Leben und Literatur in einem beſonderen Werke (Betrachtungen und Gedanken u. ſ. w. S. oben) nieder, ließ aber trotz den geiſtigen Schätzen, welche er dieſem Buche mitgab, ſeine üble Laune in demſelben ſo vorwalten, und zeigte ſich ſo unzufrieden mit dem Edelſten und Beſten, deſſen ſich die Menſchheit erfreut, von der chriſtlichen Religion an bis auf Goethe herab, daß er ſich nur geringe Theilnahme dadurch gewann. — Er gehört zu den Schriftſtellern deren Namen zwar mit großer Achtung von der Nation genannt, deren Werke aber von den Wenigſten geleſen werden. Den Beweis dafür liefert die kalte Aufnahme, welche die Geſammtausgabe ſeiner Schriften vor Kurzem bei der Menge fand. —

Aus F. M. Klingers „Betrachtungen und Gedanken über verſchiedene Gegenſtände rc. *).

Der Fürſt.

Sie ſind alſo der Mann, dem ich nichts recht machen kann? —

Der Philoſoph.

Mir, Euer — mir macht man alles recht.

Der Fürſt.

Der gleichwohl alles tadelt, über alles klagt.

Der Philoſoph.

Das einzige, was uns übrig bleibt. Nur die Todten ſchweigen; die Lebenden, wenn ſie fürchten müſſen, für das Reden, jenen vor der natürlichen Zeit, Geſellſchaft zu leiſten.

Der Fürſt.

Der alles beſſer weiß. —

Der Philoſoph.

Der vieles beſſer wünſcht, als er ſieht.

Der Fürſt.

Der ſich einen Philoſophen nennt und nennen läßt.

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*) Werke. Leipzig 1832. 11. Band, S. 265 fg.

Der Philoſoph.

Wenn das den Philoſophen macht, über das zu denken, was um uns vorgeht, über die zu denken, die es bewirken und veranlaſſen, ſo bin ich freilich einer.

Der Fürſt.

Und gar ein ſpekulativer. —

Der Philoſoph.

Leider nur ein beobachtender. Denn wär' ich, was Eure — zu ſagen belieben, ſo ſtände ich gewiß nicht vor Ihnen.

Der Fürſt.

Warum nicht?

Der Philoſoph.

Weil der Herr des Weltalls von den älteſten Zeiten her den Philoſophen den tollſten Unſinn, die wildeſten Träume, ja ſelbſt die kühnſten Läſterungen hingehen ließ, die ſie über ſeine Schöpfung und Regierung zuſammengetragen haben. Ganz anders betragen ſich die Fürſten, welche ſich als Herren der Erde von ihm uns vorgeſetzt glauben, — gern überlaſſen ſie uns Raum, Zeit, Unendlichkeit, — alle Höhen und Tiefen des menſchlichen Forſchens — ja Gott ſelbſt, nur wage es keiner, das zu berühren, was auf ſie Bezug hat, was ſie regieren nennen.

Der Fürſt.

Und davon will vermuthlich der Philoſoph den Grund nicht einſehen, weil er gar zu natürlich iſt? Was ſind vor Gott der Unſinn und die Läſterungen der Philoſophen der alten und neuen Zeit? Konnten ſie den feſt beſtimmten, unerſchütterlichen Gang ſeiner allmächtigen Herrſchaft ſtören? Ganz anders iſt es mit unſerer künſtlich zuſammengeſetzten, abhängigen Herrſchaft. Hier ſchadet die Vermeſſenheit — hier kann jeder kühne Angriff, jede ſcheinbare Vernünftelei, aufs Möglichbeſſere gegründet, die heilſame Eintracht ſtören. Und geſetzt auch, die Worte eines ſolchen Waghalſes zerſchellten an der feſt gegründeten Macht, ſo kann ſich doch leicht der Waghals das Haupt daran verwunden. Und darum können wir, denen aufgetragen iſt, für Alle zu wachen und zu ſorgen, ſelbſt den Philoſophen nicht aus der Acht laſſen. Zwiefach iſt er verbunden, ſich nach dem Bedürfniß der Geſellſchaft einzurichten, damit wir ihn ruhig darin können leben laſſen. Und darum thut er ganz wohl daran, wenn er mit den Theologen glaubt, wir ſeien von Gott zu Herrſchern auf Erden eingeſetzt. So löſt er mit einem Streich der verworrenen Knoten viele auf.

Der Philoſoph.

Es iſt nicht das einzige, vielleicht beiden Theilen ſchädliche Vorurtheil, welches die Theologen erſonnen haben, weil ſie mehr Prieſter als Theologen waren. Man weiß warum ſie es thaten.

Der Fürſt.

Vorurtheil!

Der Philoſoph.

Wär' es etwa keines?

Der Fürſt.

Ein den Menſchen nützliches Vorurtheil entſchuldigt ſich durch die Vortheile, die es gewährt.

Der Philoſoph.

Die es den Herren der Erde zu gewähren ſcheint, aber gewährt, ſo lange man daran glaubt, daß ſich dann wie jedes Vorurtheil dieſer Art rächt, wenn es nicht mehr wirkt, ganz gewiß. Zu weit ausgeſponnen, könnte oft gar als Läſterung erſcheinen. Und wie — der Gedanke? Was ſoll der Menſch von der Vorſehung denken, die ſolche Herrſcher beſtellt, wie ſie uns die Geſchichte überliefert, wie wir ſie noch heute zu Zeiten ſehen — und was von den Herrſchern der Erde ſelbſt, die von einem ſo hohen Ruf überzeugt, gleichwohl ſeit Menſchengedenken ſo handeln, als käme ihr Ruf von einem ganz andern, viel niederern Orte her.

Der Fürſt.

Sollte der Philoſoph wohl gar da die Quelle des Uebels ſuchen?

Der Philoſoph.

Es löſt der verworrenen Knoten viele — Sie verwieſen auch mich an einen ſolchen Hauptſchlag. Doch glaubte ich in der That nicht, daß mich Eure — um einer ſogar wichtigen Sache willen, hätten auffordern laſſen.

Der Fürſt.

Eure — in dem Munde eines Philoſophen!

Der Philoſoph.

Warum nicht? Ein Wort für's andre. Es ſpricht ſich bald wie das gewöhnlichſte aus, wenn man es auch dem beilegt, der ihm ſo wenig entſpricht, daß es wie Satyre auf ihn klingt.

Der Fürſt.

Wäre dieß ſo auch mein Fall?

Der Philoſoph.

O wahrlich nicht. Eben die — iſt es, die ſie uns recht fühlen laſſen, und wenn ja einer daran zweifeln ſollte, daß Sie nicht die ganze Kraft des Worts auffaſſen und durch Thaten ausdrücken, der komme — ſehe — höre! Ich begreife es wohl, daß ſich der Oberrichter des Landes in Schrecken hüllen muß, wenn er mehr gebieten, als richten will.

Der Fürſt.

Gut! nur zu! Man hat mir nicht zu viel von Ihnen geſagt — aber eins hat man doch vergeſſen.

Der Philoſoph.

Darf ich wagen?

Der Fürſt.

Und dazu das Allerbeſte.

Der Philoſoph.

Das iſt ſo der Fall der Hofleute — der Ankläger überhaupt wollt' ich ſagen. Um ſo dringender wagt ich zu bitten.

Der Fürſt.

Sie vergaßen mir zu ſagen, daß Sie, trotz Ihrer kühnen Aeußerungen, eine ſehr gute Meinung von mir haben müſſen, daß Sie es durch dieſe Vermeſſenheit aufs kräftigſte beweiſen. Würden Sie dieſes wagen, wenn Sie mir nicht zutrauten, was Ihr Philoſophen uns Fürſten ſo ſelten zutraut — Großmuth und Geduld?

Der Philoſoph.

Es kann ſein, und vermuthlich bin ich darum ſo rauh und ungeſtüm vor Sie gefordert worden, um mich in dieſer Meinung zu beſtärken.

Der Fürſt.

So rauh? Wie das?

Der Philoſoph.

So rauh, daß ich auch nicht die geringſte Spur von den Tugenden entdeckte, die ich ſo eben nennen hörte. Hätt' ich eine Verſchwörung angezettelt — die Art wäre, nach dem Erweis, zweckmäßig genug geweſen.

Der Fürſt.

Die Dolche der Zunge, Philoſoph, verwunden oft tiefer, als der geſchliffene Stahl. Indeſſen iſt es mir leid, mein Wille war es nicht.

Der Philoſoph.

Das denke ich, und weiß ja wohl, daß dieß der Balſam iſt, womit die Fürſten die Wunden zu heilen pflegen, die uns ihre Diener ſchlagen. Bin ich doch nicht der erſte, der dieß hier erfährt!

Der Fürſt.

Gleichwohl iſt es etwas, und ein Etwas, das man nicht jedem darreicht, nicht jedem darreichen darf. Sehen Sie, ſo rauh erſcheinen wir unſern Dienern — ſolche Folgen hat ein Wort von uns —

Der Philoſoph.

Um ſo behutſamer müßte Der das Wort ausſprechen, der ſeine Folgen kennt.

Der Fürſt.

Unſer Liſpeln wird zum Donner, wenn man es wiederholt — unſer mißmuthiger Blick zum Blitz. —

Der Philoſoph.

Träfe der Donner nur einmal den, der das Liſpeln dazu macht — ich wette, der Ueberbringer Athem würde ſanfter werden.

Der Fürſt.

Giftig genug! Nur was wir ſelber thun und ſprechen, davon ſind wir des Maßes und des Tons gewiß. Und doch iſt dieſes nur eine der kleinſten Schwierigkeiten, die uns drücken, darum ſollte der Philoſoph behutſamer ſein: denn wenn er auch den Herrn nicht fürchtet, ſo ſollte er doch die Diener fürchten, die ihre Macht auf die Macht des Herrn gründen, in denen dieſe ſogar furchtbarer erſcheinen muß, als in ihm ſelbſt, und das aus guten Gründen.

Der Philoſoph.

Ich begreife Sie — wenn ich aber nun nichts fürchtete —

Der Fürſt.

Freilich der Philoſoph hat nicht viel zu verlieren — doch iſt die Freiheit Etwas.

Der Philoſoph.

Ja, wenn man frei iſt.

Der Fürſt.

Beſonders muß ſie für den, der ſie ſo braucht, wie Sie gethan haben, vielen Reiz haben. Hätte ich dem Wink gewiſſer Leute gefolgt, ſchon längſt würde wenigſtens der Philoſoph das Vergnügen des Mittheilens ſeiner Lehren und Meinungen verloren haben. Und darin liegt ja der Werth der Sache, wie man ſagt.

Der Philoſoph.

Freilich iſt eine mitgetheilte Wahrheit nützlicher, als eine, die ich mir allein vorbehalte. Und wenn nun dieſes geſchehen wäre, was mir die guten Leute zudachten, — ein kleines Gefängniß für ein großes. — Warum nicht? So wäre ja die Wahrheit recht bekräftiget! recht erwieſen!

Der Fürſt.

Eben dieſes weiß ich nicht. Von Ihnen ſelbſt wollt' ich Ihre Vertheidigung hören. —

Der Philoſoph.

Ich habe keine und bedarf keiner. So lange Sie nicht durch ein Manifeſt bekannt machen, daß Wahrheit ein Verbrechen iſt, bin ich von allen Verbrechen rein.

Der Fürſt.

Wahrheit, abermals Wahrheit! Erinnern Sie Sich, daß ſogar Philoſophen ſagten, es ſei nicht gut, den Menſchen jede Wahrheit zu ſagen — daß ſogar einer äußerte, wenn er alle Wahrheit in ſeiner Hand verſchloſſen hielte, ſo wollte er ſie nicht öffnen.

Der Philoſoph.

Ich wette beinah', dieſes ſagte der Staatsminiſter aus guten Gründen — und die Philoſophen, die etwas Aehnliches ſagten, beurtheilen die Menſchen in dieſem, nicht in meinem Sinn; vielleicht hatten ſie auch ſonſtige Urſachen. Muß der Philoſoph Wahrheiten verſchweigen, ſo ſind es gewiß nicht diejenigen, um deren Bekanntmachung ich das hohe Glück habe, hier vor Ihnen zu ſtehen. — Da nun gewiß nie ein ſolches Manifeſt erſcheinen wird, ſo bin ich mir für immer meiner Unſchuld und Sicherheit gewiß.

Der Fürſt.

Warum ſollte es nicht erſcheinen können? —

Der Philoſoph.

Natürlich; es ſind wohl noch ſonderbarere erſchienen, beinah ſo ſonderbare, als dieſes da; aber dieſes erſcheint gewiß nicht, denn eine ſolche Staatsmaxime befolgt man nur im Stillen. Zu vertheidigen, zu entſchuldigen wüßt' ich nun nichts; aber gern will ich mich eines Fehlers anklagen. Ich glaube, daß ich nicht um meinetwillen allein, in der Welt, in dem Staate, ſelbſt in Ihrer beſchränkteren Reſidenz da bin.

Der Fürſt.

Dieſen Fehler theilen wir. — Wozu die Verbeugung? — Das zweifelnde Lächeln um den ſo ernſten Mund?

Der Philoſoph.

Ich bemerke einen ganz kleinen Unterſchied.

Der Fürſt.

Gerade zu!

Der Philoſoph.

Gern! So wenig ich glaube, ich ſei um meinetwillen allein da, eben ſo wenig glaube ich, alle Andere ſeien um meinetwillen da — dieſes Letzte aber ſoll von Alters her der Fürſten Glaube ſein. —

Der Fürſt.

Und mit Recht; da der Fürſt in ſich den Staat denkt, da ſich in ihm deſſen ganze Kraft und Macht ſammeln.

Der Philoſoph.

Ja wenn er ſich als Fürſt in dieſen eiskalten Kreis gebannt dächte, und nicht als Menſch voller Lebenswärme. Der ſoll wenigſtens noch geboren werden, der ſich ſo weit von ſich ſelbſt entfernen könnte, daß er als ein politiſches, metaphyſiſches Weſen in des Staates Mitte da ſäße, die Fäden der Regierung ohne Rückſicht auf ſich in den Händen hielte, und ſich nur an der Ordnung ergötzte, die von ihm ausgeht. Und wer kann dieß fordern? Welcher Menſch an den Menſchen?

Der Fürſt.

Der Philoſoph, — der, welcher durch ſeine Aeußerungen, tagtäglich beweiſet, daß er der Fürſten Handwerk für das leichteſte auf Erden hält.

Der Philoſoph.

Soll dieſes mich treffen, ſo hat man mich gewiß verläumdet. Ich halte es im Gegentheil für ſo ſchwer, und undankbar, daß ich gar nicht begreife, wie Ew. — ſich damit belaſten mögen. Weil es aber doch geſchieht, und immer geſchah, und immer geſchehen wird, ſo glaube ich, daß der Menſch mehr, als der Fürſt den Staat in ſich denkt, daß ihm dieſe Vereinigung ſo wohl gefällt, daß er ſich gar nicht von ſich ſelbſt trennen mag, ſo nöthig es auch zu Zeiten wäre.

Der Fürſt.

Ich nehme das Beſte für die Angeklagten aus Ihren Worten, denn wider Willen macht hier der Philoſoph den Fürſten eine Apologie. Freilich, da, wie Sie ſelbſt ſagen, der Menſch ſich nicht von ſich trennen kann, und keiner es an den andern fordern mag — fordern darf, ſetze ich hinzu — ſo iſt es gerade, was es ſein muß — Menſchenwerk durch Menſchengeiſt und Kraft getrieben — auf anderer Menſchen Kraft und Geiſt berechnet — aus Noth und Bedürfniß, nach Noth und Bedürfniß berechnet. —

Der Philoſoph.

O wär' es das — wer würde klagen? Ja dann, dann wären die Philoſophen der Fürſten Lobredner, und ich der erſte.

Der Fürſt.

Was wär' es denn, wenn es dieſes nicht iſt?

Der Philoſoph.

Gewöhnlich ein Spiel, ein abgekartetes, auswendig gelerntes, mechaniſches Spiel.

Der Fürſt.

Und wenn es nicht anders ſein könnte?

Der Philoſoph.

Ein Spiel, wobei Leidenſchaft und Gewinnſucht die Karten miſchen, manche unterſchlagen, die den Spieler hindern, und gar die Farben zu Trumpf machen, womit der Zufall den Spieler vorzüglich verſehen hat. Um bei dem einfältigen Gleichniß zu bleiben, ſo ſollten doch die Spieler ſo billig ſein, und den Zuſchauern — oder denen, die den Einſatz dazu liefern, erlauben, ein Wörtchen über das Spiel zu reden. Erlaubt es doch der Gewinner dem troſtloſen Verlierer, verweiſt ihn auf künftiges beſſeres Glück, zieht den Gewinn mit aller Schonung, oft mit Bedauern ein. Und ließen uns die großen Spieler nur dieſes ſehen! Wir ſind ſo gute Geſchöpfe, daß wir noch gar ihre Kunſt bewunderten — obgleich unſer ganzes Glück bei dem Spiele auf der Wage ſteht. Aber ernſthaft — weil Ihr jetzt ſtrengerer Blick mir Ernſt gebietet — wenn es nun etwas Anders als ein Spiel ſein könnte! Wenn es gar zu gewiſſen ſeltnen Zeiten etwas Anders geweſen wäre, hin und wieder noch heute wäre.

Der Fürſt.

Das glaube ich kaum — geſpielt ward immer, wenn auch nicht von dem Herrn, doch von den Dienern. Und ich könnte am Ende gar erweiſen, daß, wenn es nur ein Spiel iſt, wir wahrlich nicht die Urſache davon ſind, ob wir gleich das Spiel zu leiten ſcheinen. Daß, um bei Ihrem Gleichniß zu bleiben, nicht wir die Karten miſchen — daß wir meiſtens nur das falſche Spiel erwiedern müſſen, das gegen uns geſpielt wird.

Der Philoſoph.

Daß könnten Sie!

Der Fürſt.

Könnte erweiſen, daß ich, den Sie ſo ſehr verläſtern, hier ins Angeſicht verläſtern, nun gerade nicht anders ſein und wirken kann, als ich thue.

Der Philoſoph.

Auch das?

Der Fürſt.

Daß die Menſchen, durch die ich wirke, auf die ich wirke, gerade eines ſolchen Spiels bedürfen, ja keines beſſern werth ſind.

Der Philoſoph.

In der That!

Der Fürſt.

Kurz, daß aller Tadel, den Ihren nicht ausgenommen, nicht auf uns, ſondern auf die Menſchen und ihr Zuſammenſein überhaupt, zurückfällt. Daß unſer Wirken oder Spielen, — warum nicht auch unſer Daſein ſelbſt? — die Satyre auf die Menſchen machen, die Sie ſo gern auf uns anwenden möchten. Daß Leute Ihrer Art, dieſe Satyre nur recht bitter, nur recht dem Geiſt der andern faßlich machen.

Der Philoſoph.

Das könnten Sie!

Der Fürſt.

Das könnte ich —

Der Philoſoph.

Daß Fürſten viel vermögen, das weiß ich, das erfuhr ich — daß ſie aber die Menſchheit an ſich ſelbſt zur — Verbrecherin — warum ſoll ich das Wort nicht ſagen? — machen konnten — dieß iſt mir wenigſtens neu. Schade nur, daß ich zu klein, zu ohnmächtig bin, Sie zu den Beweiſen aufzufordern. Wären Sie ein unbedeutendes Ding von einem Philoſophen, ich forderte Sie dazu auf.

Der Fürſt.

Und ſollten die Beweiſe ſo ſtreng erhalten, als führte ſie ein Philoſoph. Zwar nicht nach der Form, doch nach der Kraft. —

Der Philoſoph.

Wie ſie immer lauten möchten.

Der Fürſt.

Möchten Sie ſie hören — die Satyre. —

Der Philoſoph.

Auf das ganze, — ganze Menſchengeſchlecht — den abgethanen, entſchiedenen Proceß — über die, die unter Fürſten gelitten haben — und noch leiden — künftig leiden werden — über das, was Staub geworden iſt — noch werden ſoll — der Gedanke, an der Stelle, wo ich ſtehe — vor dem Manne

— vor dem ich ſtehe — ausgedacht — iſt ſo ſchauderhaft, daß er ſchmerzlich meinen Kopf füllt.

Der Fürſt.

So ergehts dem Philoſophen, der das Spiel nach der Theorie beurtheilt — aber dem gar zu ernſten Manne möcht' ich den Beweis nicht führen. Laſſen wir nur das ganze Menſchengeſchlecht — ſammt den Todten immer ruhen — wir ſchränken uns in die Grenzen unſrer Herrſchaft ein.

Der Philoſoph.

Der Umfang iſt beträchtlich genug — es ließe ſich ſchon weiter ſchließen.

Der Fürſt.

Wie kömmt es zum Beiſpiel, daß ich gegen einen Tadler Ihrer Art, hundert Lobredner, gedruckt und ungedruckt aufweiſen kann? Meine Handbibliothek enthält eine merkwürdige Sammlung dieſer Art. —

Der Philoſoph.

Alſo ſo etwas ſammeln Fürſten auf?

Der Fürſt.

Fürſten, die wie ich denken, — warum nicht? Unſer einer findet darin Stoff zu mancherlei Betrachtungen — und bei mir — in meiner Bibliothek ſchließen ſich die Satyren an die Lobſchriften — Ihre Werke — wenn Sie je welche ſchreiben, ſollen auch da ihre Stelle finden.

Der Philoſoph.

Ich ſchreibe keine Bücher. — Iſt die Anzahl der Satyren ſtark?

Der Fürſt.

Nicht ſehr ſtark — doch hinreichend, den Werth beider, ſammt ihrer Urheber zu beſtimmen. Und gewiß dachten ihre Urheber nicht an die Wirkung, die ſie auf einen Fürſten meiner Art machten.

Der Philoſoph.

Iſt dieſes auch einer Ihrer Beweiſe?

Der Fürſt.

Auch der kleinſte iſt von Gewicht, wenn es bei einem verwickelten Proceß aufs Urtheil ankömmt.

Der Philoſoph.

Ich glaube es wohl — Ihre Verachtung gegen die Nichtlobredner, — und Ihre Großmuth gegen die Lobredner — und befinden ſich die Lobredner nicht gut dabei? Geht nicht für ſie alles herrlich! Was kümmert ſie das übrige? Kenn' ich doch einen deutſchen Poeten, der die Vorzüge der ärgſten Sclaverei auf Erden beſang, — einer Sclaverei, wovon wir wenigſtens in unſerm lieben Vaterlande nichts wiſſen.

Der Fürſt.

Sie verſtärken meinen kleinen Beweis.

Der Philoſoph.

Nur weil er Sie trifft, nur weil die Fürſten ſolche Lobredner belohnen. — Wenn die übrigen nicht feſter halten —

Der Fürſt.

So wird die Satyre nur um ſo bitterer — das wollen Sie doch ſagen — Sie ſtehen betroffen. —

Der Philoſoph.

Nein, dieſer giftige Gedanke ſoll nicht zu meinem Herzen dringen — denn wahrlich die Wirkung der Gedanken, die ſich an ihn ketten, würde keines Ihrer Geſetze — ſelbſt Ihre unbegrenzte Macht nicht feſſeln. — Erlauben Sie mir zu den Lobrednern zurück zu kehren. — Wen trifft der Vorwurf, wenn ſelbſt das Edelſte, das Beſte des Menſchen — die Wiſſenſchaften, dem Geiſt nicht entfliehen können, der von dem Thron ausgeht?

Der Fürſt.

Und beweiſt dieß nicht für die, die auf den Thronen ſitzen, daß die Menſchen das Edelſte und Beſte, wie Sie nennen, zum Gift, zum Spiel des Eigennutzes gemacht haben?

Der Philoſoph.

Und warum den Beweis für Sie von den Elenden her nehmen, die es zum Spiel gemacht haben?

Der Fürſt.

Wie ſehen uns die andern an?

Der Philoſoph.

Befehlen Sie?

Der Fürſt.

Sie fürchten ja nichts.

Der Philoſoph.

Als die Quelle aller politiſchen, moraliſchen Uebel, die uns drücken; als die Hinderniſſe der Erfüllung der ſchönen Träume, die wir zum Beſten der Menſchheit — ſchwärmen. — Und da ſie wenigſtens den Fürſten der Erde darin gleichen, daß ſie die ſie hindernden Individuen um des Ganzen willen aufzuopfern fähig wären, ſo möchten ſie die Urheber aller dieſer Uebel gern entbehren können.

Der Fürſt.

Meine Kälte beweiſt Ihnen, daß Sie mir nichts neues ſagen — und wie ſehr ich dergleichen Feinde fürchte, vermuthen Sie doch wohl? Die Mittel übrigens? — Und ſind auch Sie dergleichen Philoſophen einer?

Der Philoſoph.

Die Schwärmer, die Thoren, die Vermeſſenen werfen wir zur Seite. — Auch ich kenne die Menſchen, und wollte nur durch dieſen rauhen Ausfall Ihre Großmuth auf die Probe ſtellen; Sie haben ſie beſtanden.

Der Fürſt.

Es hielt nicht ſchwer, und ich rühme mich keines ſolchen Sieges.

Der Philoſoph.

Es ſei! Doch um Männer Ihrer Art iſt es uns zu thun. Um deren willen tadeln, reden und ſchreiben wir — von ihnen wünſchen wir gehört zu werden. Freilich wenn auch Sie ſolche Beweiſe führen können und führen wollen, ſo möchte der Ausfall doch noch mehr wahr als rauh ſein. Aber Sie können dieſe Beweiſe nicht führen wollen. —

Der Fürſt.

Zweifeln Sie nicht daran.

Der Philoſoph.

Und gegen mich!

Der Fürſt.

Und will Ihrer ganzen Schule, allen meinen Tadlern in Ihnen, Rede ſtehen. Ich bin es müde, die ſchalen, grundloſen Läſterungen müßiger Träumer anzuhören. Machen Sie Sich gefaßt.

Der Philoſoph.

Bis zu mir wollten Sie Sich herablaſſen — hätten dazu Zeit?

Der Fürſt.

Zum Philoſophen erhebt man ſich — nur er ſteigt herab, wenn er mit einem Ungeweihten ſich einläßt, und wir thun ja des Thörichten, Unnützen gar zu viel, wie Sie uns täglich vorwerfen. Gut für Euch, wenn wir nichts Schlimmers thun; ſagen Sie nicht ſo? — Ich möchte doch einmal hören, was ein Philoſoph am Ende ſagte, wenn ihm ein Fürſt, der es weder an gutem Willen, noch an Thätigkeit fehlen läßt, ſeine Bruſt ſo öffnete, daß er klärer darin läſe, als in den Werken ſeiner Brüder.

Der Philoſoph.

Die Lockung iſt ſüß — und die Schlinge glänzend.

Der Fürſt.

Dieſes muß es wenigſtens ſein, denn wie könnte auch ein Fürſt aufrichtig und gerade verfahren. — Der Philoſoph iſt mir gleichwohl nicht wichtig genug, daß ich mich gegen ihn verſtellen ſollte.

Der Philoſoph.

Sie nehmen meine Worte in einem ganz andern Sinne, als ich ſie dachte. —

Der Fürſt.

So geht es Ihnen oft bei unſern Thaten.

Der Philoſoph.

Dieß ſoll ich ja erfahren. Ich wollte jetzt nicht mehr ſagen, als daß für unſer einen, der den Großen der Erde naht, das unſchuldigſt Scheinende in einem gewiſſen Sinne zur Schlinge wird. Und muß mir Ihr Vorſatz nicht ſo neu als ſonderbar vorkommen?

Der Fürſt.

Ich glaubte in Ihnen einen rauhen, ſteifen Pedanten zu finden, und den gedacht' ich abzuführen; als ich aber den feſten, ſtattlichen Mann erblickte — und reden hörte, da liſpelte mir meine Eitelkeit zu, meinen Lobredner aus ihm zu machen.

Der Philoſoph.

Ein Fürſt vermag viel, und ich wünſchte, Sie vermöchten dieß — doch hängt es nicht von Ihnen ab?

Der Fürſt.

Von mir? Von mir allein? dann wären Sie es ſchon längſt; machen Sie mich indeſſen ein wenig mit Ihren Verhältniſſen bekannt — mit Ihrer Denkungsart bin ich es ſo ziemlich; aber ich möchte von Ihnen hören, wie ſie entſprungen iſt.

Der Philoſoph.

Das wollten Sie hören? Was hätte der Unabhängige — der Unbedeutende — von ſich zu ſagen?

Der Fürſt.

Bedeutend haben Sie Sich genug gemacht — Vergeſſen Sie nur nicht, daß Sie, ſo unabhängig Sie auch ſeien, vor mir als Ihrem Richter ſtehen — daß Leute draußen ungeduldig auf den Ausgang des Verhörs warten.

Der Philoſoph.

Eben dieſe Leute beweiſen mir, daß Ihnen meine Verhältniſſe bekannt genug ſind. Sollten Sie nicht Alles erforſcht haben?

Der Fürſt.

Vielleicht nur bloß nicht, was ich eigentlich wiſſen wollte — was mich reizen konnte, ſo mit Ihnen zu verfahren, wie ich gethan habe, und ferner thun will. Zum Beiſpiel: jene Leute ſagten mir kein Wort davon, daß Sie ein Virtuos wären, und zwar einer der Virtuoſen, um die wir uns gar nicht kümmern, für die wir gar nicht regieren, die gar keiner Regierung bedürfen. Beim erſten Blick, beim erſten Laut erkannt' ich dieſe Virtuoſität in Ihnen, ob ich ſie gleich ſeit meinem zehnten Jahre nicht mehr geſehen und bemerkt habe.

Der Philoſoph.

Ich kenne an mir keine Virtuoſität. —

Der Fürſt.

Warum ſo ernſt? — Iſt die Tugend etwas anders?

Der Philoſoph.

Die Tugend? Von der Tugend reden Sie —?

Der Fürſt.

Ich ein Fürſt — zu einem Philoſophen, der doch das Ding am beſten kennen muß, weil er am meiſten davon redet.

Der Philoſoph.

Ja ſo — ſo reden Sie davon?

Der Fürſt.

Nein nicht ſo — ſondern ſo ernſthaft, als Plato ſelbſt am Hofe des Dionys davon reden konnte. — Sie lächeln? — Natürlich —

Der Philoſoph.

Ich bin kein Plato — Sie wiſſen doch, wie es dem Philoſophen da erging.

Der Fürſt.

Ich bin kein Dionys — bin mit meinem Philoſophen hier überhaupt aufs Lernen gar nicht geſteuert.

Der Philoſoph.

Das denk' ich wohl — die Welt iſt ſeitdem ſo umgekehrt, daß nicht mehr die Fürſten zu den Philoſophen in die Schule gehen. —

Der Fürſt.

Sondern daß die Philoſophen zu den Fürſten in die Schule gehen ſollten. Vielleicht wäre dieſes ſchon damals heilſamer geweſen — vielleicht thäten wir recht gut, das Ding nun einmal am andern Ende anzufaſſen.

Der Philoſoph.

Das beſte Mittel ſicherlich allem Philoſophiren dieſer Art ein Ende zu machen.

Der Fürſt.

So würde wenigſtens Ruhe in der Geiſterwelt —

Der Philoſoph.

Und die Ruhe in der Geiſterwelt ſicherte die Ruhe in der Körperwelt. — Aber um wieder auf die Tugend zu kommen, die Sie beliebten eine Virtuoſität zu nennen.

Der Fürſt.

Und zwar die Ihrige —

Der Philoſoph.

An die Sie dennoch glaubten?

Der Fürſt.

Gerade wie an die Poeſie.

Der Philoſoph.

Wie an die Poeſie? Wie ſoll ich das verſtehen?

Der Fürſt.

Iſt die Tugend etwa in unſerm Alltäglichen etwas anders? Hat ſie nicht alle Eigenſchaften der hohen Poeſie? Idealiſchen Sinn? Erhabenheit und Stärke der Seele? Schwebt ſie nicht hoch über der Erde und ihren niedrigen Verhältniſſen? Beruht nicht ſie, wie jene, auf der innern ſelbſtſtändigen Kraft des Menſchen? Iſt ſie nicht eine Trennung von allem Gemeinen — Proſaiſchen —

Der Philoſoph.

Dennoch theilen Sie die Menſchen in Dichter und Proſaiſten ein —

Der Fürſt.

So meine ich, nur daß der erſten und guten Urſachen wenige ſind und ſein müſſen, daß wir uns um dieſe gar nicht zu bekümmern haben, ſie wegen ihrer Virtuoſität weder glücklich noch unglücklich machen können. Was wären ſie ohne uns? Sind wir es nicht, die ihre Virtuoſität recht ſichtbar machen, und ihren leichtgläubigen Bewunderern zur Schau ausſtellen?

Der Philoſoph.

[illegible]!

Der Fürſt.

Etwa, daß die Kraft, die dieſe Virtuoſität in ihrer Spannung erhält, auf dem ſtolzen Bewußtſein eignen Werths beruht, und vielleicht an Stärke ſelbſt das Gefühl der Herrſchaft übertrifft, auf das ſich unſer Daſein gründet? Stolz iſt eine feſte Grundlage, und ich baue viel darauf. Eben darum nahen uns dieſe Virtuoſen ſo ſelten, eben darum können wir ſie ſo wenig in unſerm Kreiſe vertragen — Sie wiſſen wohl, wie ſich Leute benehmen, die ſich einer Virtuoſität bewußt ſind — wie ſie ſich auszeichnen — durch Blick, Geberde und Worte — wie ſie uns und jedem Hohern (nach irdiſchem Verhältniß) zu verſtehen geben, unſre und aller Herrſchaft ſchwinde an der ihrigen, ſei gar nichts gegen die ihrige.

Der Philoſoph.

Nur darum erſcheinen ſolche Virtuoſen nicht in den Fürſten Kreiſe?

Der Fürſt.

Der Stolze bei dem Stolzen?! Der Mann, der auf ſeiner eignen Stärke und Kraft ruht, — bei dem, der keine Kraft ertragen kann, die er nicht leiten, zu ſeinen Abſichten verwenden kann?! — Wär' ich kein Fürſt, ich würde dieſe Rolle ſpielen. Alexander wußte, was er ſagte.

Der Philoſoph.

Rolle! Rolle! — Allerdings mit dieſer Unterlage — mit dieſer Folie — die Sie der Tugend — Ihrer Virtuoſität da geben — was wäre es anders? Soll ich auch darauf antworten?

Der Fürſt.

Warum nicht? Wenn Sie können.

Der Philoſoph.

Wenn Sie es nur hören wollen. So ſage ich denn: Ich ſehe wohl, daß ein Fürſt von Ihrem Verſtande, einen ſchönen, feinen und reichhaltigen Gedanken faſſen kann; aber damit der ſchöne Gedanke die wahren Früchte trage, ſo müßte der, welcher ihn gedacht hat, wenigſtens für einige Augenblicke, aufhören können, ein Fürſt zu ſein. Nun erlauben Sie gnädigſt, daß ich mich entferne, denn jetzt möchte meine Virtuoſität bald in Pedanterei ausarten.

Der Fürſt.

Ehe ich Sie näher kenne?

Der Philoſoph.

Ich kann Ihnen wohl nicht bekannter werden, Sie können wohl ſchwerlich bei der nächſten Bekanntſchaft etwas gewinnen.

Der Fürſt.

Aber Sie doch durch die meinige.

Der Philoſoph.

Sie erlauben den Zweifel. Ich ſpiele keine Rolle — das, was ich bin, bin ich ſo ernſthaft, daß Sie mein Ernſt empören würde. Auch iſt der Unglaube, den Sie mir zeigten, und ſo bilderreich aufſtellten, eben das, was ich an den Großen der Erde am meiſten haſſe, weil es die Quelle alles deſſen iſt, was wir Kleinen zu leiden haben und zu tadeln finden.

Der Fürſt.

Wie: wenn ich nun mehr Grund zu meinem Unglauben hätte, als Sie zu Ihrem Glauben? Wie: wenn die Erfahrung mir ſtreng bewieſe — täglich aufdränge — daß Ihr Glaube zwar ſchöner klingt, aber weniger Stich hält?

Der Philoſoph.

Ich beneide Sie nicht darum, und kann nur die bedauern, die dadurch leiden. Meine Erfahrung geht von mir aus — ich traue ihr — weil nichts Aeußeres den Menſchen in mir verhüllt.

Der Fürſt.

Iſt dem Fürſten die ſeinige weniger werth? Sie ſollen ſie hören, und wenn der Philoſoph nicht am Ende eingeſteht, er würde an meiner Stelle eben ſo denken, und handeln, ſo ſoll der Philoſoph mit allem Rechte ſagen dürfen, was er bisher aus bloßer Menſchenliebe meinen Unterthanen vorgetragen hat. Gefällt der Vertrag? iſt er nicht neu?

Der Philoſoph.

So daß er mir ein Spiel zu ſein ſcheint, welches der Mächtige zur Abwechſelung, zum Zeitvertreib, mit dem Philoſophen zu ſpielen denkt. Wir haben in dieſer Art noch ſonderbarere Dinge —

Der Fürſt.

Iſt das Leben etwas anders als ein Spiel, und ſei es auch das Leben eines Philoſophen? Spielt der Fürſt mit Ihnen, was hindert Sie mit dem Fürſten zu ſpielen? Gar viele ſpielen mit uns, mit denen wir zu ſpielen glauben. Sie kennen doch Montaigne's Katze? Wir ſind gar oft die Katze dieſes launigen Philoſophen, der der Wahrheit meiſtens näher kömmt, als unſere heutigen Philoſophen. Ich werde Sie rufen laſſen. Bringen Sie alle Ihre Vorwürfe wohlgeordnet mit. Ich will ſie auf einmal hören und keinem ausweichen. Dafür fordere ich biedere Offenheit. Der Richter und Geſetzgeber des Geiſterreichs ſoll als Richter des ſtolzen Herrſchers eines irdiſchen bürgerlichen Volks da ſitzen, alle Majeſtät verſchwinden, und bloß der Menſch, in dieſer Lage erſcheinen. Jetzt gehe ich, meine Rolle im geheimen Rath zu ſpielen. Dort warten meiner ganz andere Schauſpieler — Und wie ſind Sie jetzt mit mir zufrieden?

Der Philoſoph.

Noch weniger als ſonſt. Vorher glaubt' ich, Ihre Thaten entſprängen nur aus denen, dem Menſchen gewöhnlichen Leidenſchaften — jetzt ſeh ich eine noch trübere, giftigere Quelle! Ein Syſtem, das die Vernunft aus den ſchwärzeſten Farben aufgetragen hat, in das weder Glaube an Tugend, noch Menſchenliebe einen Lichtſtrahl werfen.

Der Fürſt.

Lieber kommt jeder Fürſt, der denkt, endlich dahin.

Der Philoſoph.

Der nur als Fürſt denkt, wie geſagt. Ich kam glücklicher als ich gehe —

Der Fürſt.

Dies iſt nur der Rache Anfang. Kann man ſich an den Philoſophen ärger rächen, als wenn man ihm beweiſt, ſein Lieblingsgedanke ſei ein Hirngeſpinnſt —?

Der Philoſoph.

Nur das — wenn ich wiederkehren ſoll — wie heißt der Lieblingsgedanke?

Der Fürſt.

Wir könnten oft anders, beſſer ſein, als wir ſind — und daß es geſchehe, hängt nur von den Menſchen ab; ſie müßten anfangen anders und beſſer zu ſein — aber wenn Sie ſie kennten, wie ich ſie kenne!

Der Philoſoph.

Ich hoffe, Sie ſprechen nur von denen, die um Sie ſind —

Der Fürſt.

Und warum? Wirken wir nicht durch ſie — mit ihnen? Kann es anders ſein? Können wir ſie anders, beſſer machen? Das iſt ja der Philoſophen, nicht der Fürſten Werk. Und hören Sie! noch ein Vertrag — und ein recht feierlicher dazu! Sie aber die Philoſophen ſind mit den meiſten Fürſten unzufrieden, die meiſten Fürſten ſind es mit den Menſchen. Die Fürſten nun gerade abzuſetzen, wäre ein Wageſtück, wobei wahrſcheinlich die Menſchen mehr gefährdet würden, als ihre Fürſten. Zum Beleg verweiſe ich Sie auf die Geſchichte der Empörungen alter und neuer Zeit. Wie wenn die Philoſophen nun einmal ſich recht verſtänden, und mit der Beſſerung des Menſchenthiers anfingen, aus ihnen lauter ſolche weiſe, unintereſſirte, leidenſchaftloſe, kurz tugendhafte Geſchöpfe machten, wie ſie ſelbſt zu ſein vorgeben? Fangen Sie und die übrigen Philoſophen meines Landes dieſes große, erhabene Werk an, und gelingt es Ihnen mit meinen Unterthanen, ſo ſteig ich von meinem Fürſtenſitz herab, und ſetze die Tugend darauf ein. Bis dahin aber bedürfen ſie wahrlich meiner mehr, als ich ihrer bedarf.

Bernhard Klingler, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Nicolaus Klingſor, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopſtock.

Das Leben dieſes großen deutſchen Dichters, wie das von Goethe und Herder, iſt durch theils gleichzeitige, theils ſpätere Schilderungen ſeiner perſönlichen oder literariſchen Freunde und Biographen zu bekannt, als, daß es eine Ausnahme von den uns in der gegenwärtigen Aufgabe geſtellten Regeln machen könnte. Wir geben demnach, wie bisher, nur die bekannten Data mit derjenigen chronologiſch-pſychologiſchen Entwickelung ſeines Bildungsganges, welche der uns vergönnte Raum geſtattet..

Friedrich Gottlieb K., das älteſte der 10 Kinder des durch Originalität, Biederkeit und Muth gleich ausgezeichneten fürſtlich quedlinburgiſchen Kommiſſionsrathes K., ward am 2. Julius 1724 zu Quedlinburg geboren und verlebte ſeine Kindheit zu Friedeburg, einem von ſeinem Vater gepachteten preußiſch-mansfeldiſchen Oekonomieamte, im Schooße der Natur und unter der beſondern Aufſicht eines Hauslehrers, wodurch ſein Geiſt und Körper gleichmäßig erſtarkte. Doch erhielt die Kräftigung des letztern bei ihm den Vorzug während der in Folge des Rückzugs ſeines Vaters auf dem Gymnaſium zu Quedlinburg verlebten Jahre, und nur die beabſichtigte Verſetzung des 15jährigen Jünglings nach Schulpforte vermochte ihn zuletzt die alten Sprachen ernſtlicher zu ſtudiren. Dieſer Ernſt, der ſich aus bloßem Ehrgeize zur innigen Liebe an denſelben nach und nach in ihm verklärte blieb ihm auch während ſeiner hier verlebten Schuljahre von 1739 — 1745. Dazu ſtudirte er hier auch die neuern Erzeugniſſe der Literatur mit Fleiß, ja ſeine Begierde nach ihren Blüthen ging ſo weit, daß er oft auf einem Baume, durch Stricke um den Leib gegen das Herabfallen im Schlafe geſchützt, dieſe nur wenig zugelaſſene Lectüre genoß. Die Früchte dieſes Ernſtes und dieſer Ausdauer zeigten ſich bald an ſeinen dichteriſchen Verſuchen, in welchen er alle ſeine Commilitonen übertraf, ſowie an dem kühnen Entwurfe des „Meſſias“, wozu ihn nach langer Wahl Milton's „verlornes Paradies“ begeiſterte, und an der Rede, mit welcher er 1745 von Pforte Abſchied nahm, um in Jena Theologie zu ſtudiren. Obwohl er ſich hier mit ſeiner Fachwiſſenſchaft und dem herrſchenden Geiſte nicht befreunden konnte und daher mehr für ſich ſtudirte, ſo gediehen doch hierdurch und durch ſeine häufigen Luſtwandlungen in den Gefilden der Saale die 3 erſten Geſänge ſeiner großartigen Schöpfung, die er dann in Leipzig aus Proſa in griechiſche Hexameter umgoß, als er 1746 mit ſeinem Verwandten und Freunde, dem nachmaligen weimariſchen Geheimerath und Kanzlar Achatius Karl Ludwig Schmidt dahin abgegangen war. Hier verlebte er in dieſes Mannes und der ihm verwandten Geiſter, eines Cramer, Rabener, Schlegel und Zachariä Geſellſchaft herrliche Tage, nachdem Cramer die Aufnahme ſeines erſten großen Geiſtesproductes in die „Bremiſchen Beiträge“ bewirkt, die Welt dadurch auf den jungen Dichter aufmerkſam gemacht und deſſen Aufnahme in den leipziger Dichterverein erreicht hatte. Der Abgang ſeiner Vertrauten verleidete aber 1748 ihm den Aufenthalt zu Leipzig; deshalb zog er nun als Hauslehrer zu einem Verwandten, Weiß, in Langenſalza, wo ihn Schmidt's Schweſter, die gefeierte Fanny, zu Oden und Elegien voll inniger Zärtlichkeit und reiner Seelenliebe begeiſterte. Zwar verſenkte ihn die Kälte ſeiner Angebeteten und ſeine raſtloſe Thätigkeit eine Zeitlang in düſtere Schwermuth, doch erlöſte ihn eine freundliche Einladung von Bodmer zu einem Beſuche bei ihm aus dieſem drückenden Verhältniß. Er reiſte 1750 mit dem Philoſophen Sulzer in die Schweiz und fand in dem freundſchaftlichen Umgang ſeiner biedern ſchweizeriſchen Freunde und an den lachenden Ufern des züricher Sees ſeine Ruhe und Heiterkeit wieder. Gern hätte er immer hier geweilt, wenn nicht die Erinnerung an ſeine Vermögensloſigkeit ihn zur Rückkehr und zur Bewerbung um eine Stelle am braunſchweigiſchen Karolinum getrieben, zu welcher ihm der Abt Jeruſalem verhelfen wollte. Inzwiſchen war ſein Meſſias dem däniſchen Miniſter Graf Bernſtorff bekannt worden und dieſer hatte den

Dichter dem Könige Friedrich V. empfohlen, welcher Klopſtock mit einem Jahrgehalt von 400 Reichsthalern zu Vollendung ſeines Meſſias nach Kopenhagen einlud. K. reiſte demnach 1751 über Quedlinburg und Hamburg dahin ab, ward von Bernſtorff herzlich empfangen, und lebte nun abwechſelnd hier und zu Hamburg, wo er ſeine Meta Moller kennen und lieben gelernt hatte. Er verband ſich 1754 ehelich mit dieſer ſeiner geliebten „Cidli", ward aber ſchon 1758 durch ihren Tod von ihr getrennt. Im Jahr 1773 erhielt er den Titel eines däniſchen Legationsrathes mit Penſion und 1775 in Folge eines Beſuchs und eines einjährigen Aufenthaltes bei dem trefflichen Markgraf Friedrich von Baden zu Karlsruhe den badiſchen Hofrathscharakter gleichfalls mit Penſion. Nach d. J. 1791 ſchloß er mit ſeiner vieljährigen Freundin, Johanne von Winthem, gebornen Dümpfel, ein neues Ehebündniß. Begeiſtert feierte er zu derſelben Zeit die jugendliche franzöſiſche Freiheit, wodurch er ſich das franzöſiſche Bürgerrecht und die Mitgliedſchaft des franzöſiſchen Nationalinſtitutes erwarb. Als aber Ludwig XVI. gemordet war, wandte er ſich mit Abſcheu von Frankreich ab. Er beſchäftigte ſich nun mit einer neuen Ausgabe ſeiner Werke, bei deren Beſorgung ihn am 14. Mai 1803 der Tod überraſchte. Seine Begräbnißfeier war die glänzendſte, welche je einem deutſchen Gelehrten zu Theil wurde. Unter dem feierlichen Zuſammenklange aller Glocken Hamburgs und begleitet von allen anweſenden Geſandten und Geſchäftsträgern deutſcher und fremder Staaten, den angeſehenſten Bürgern, dem Senate, der Geiſtlichkeit, den Lehrern und Zöglingen der öffentlichen Schulen, einer Ehrenwache von 100 Mann zu Roß und Fuß, 76 Kutſchen und einer unabſehbaren Zuſchauermenge fuhr ſein mit 4 Pferden beſpannter Trauerwagen von Hamburg ab nach Altona. Hier empfing ihn von däniſcher Seite ein ähnliches glänzendes Geleite, und beide brachten ihn nun vereint auf den Gottesacker von Ottenſen, wo man den Sarg des Dichters mit der Meſſiade und Lorbeerkränzen geſchmückt, unter gedämpfter Trauermuſik, herzergreifendem Geſang ſeines „Vaterunſers" und ſeines „Heilig" neben ſeine geliebte Meta einſenkte, nachdem eine Vorleſung aus dem 12. Geſange der Meſſiade und der erhebende Geſang ſeines „Auferſtehn, ja Auferſtehn" die allgemeine feierliche Klage in höhere Beruhigung umgeſtimmt hatte. Jünglinge und Jungfrauen ſtreuten zuletzt unter allgemeiner tiefer Stille die Erſtlinge des Frühlingsflores auf die Hülle, welche ſeine ſterblichen Reſte barg.

Klopſtock war ein jederzeit munterer und gutmüthig witziger Geſellſchafter, ein eifriger und edler Freiheitsfreund und Patriot, ein anſpruchsloſer Bürger, ein großer Kinderfreund und liebenswürdiger Gatte, ein warmer Liebhaber der Muſik, Malerei und des Schlittſchuhlaufens und ſeinen Freunden eine „Eiche, die dem Orkane ſteht", wie ſein Freund Weindorf bezeugt.

Seine Schriften ſind chronologiſch geordnet folgende:

Zwei Oden. Zürich 1794, 4.

Ode an Gott. Roſtock 1751, 8. Neue Aufl. Hamburg 1751, 4. (beide Male ohne Wiſſen des Verfaſſers und fehlerhaft); neue richtige und rechtmäß. Ausg. Hamburg 1752, 4.

Der Meſſias. Neue verb. u. vermehrte Ausg. Halle 1751—73, 4 Bde., gr. 8. (war ebendaſ. aus den Bremiſchen Beiträgen ſchon 1749 nachgedruckt worden, was ſpäter durch Vergleich mit dem Verleger ausgeglichen wurde, weswegen der Verf. 1751 die Reviſion des nachgedruckten 1. Bdes und die der folgenden Bde. mit übernahm; beſondere neue Aufl. erhielten indeſſen die 2 erſten Bde. noch 1756 und 1760) mit Kupfern und ohne ſolche. Dieſe Ausg. enthält zugleich die Zueignungsode an König Friedrich V.; den Inhalt vor jedem einzelnen Geſange und am Ende: „Ode an den Erlöſer." Neue verb. Aufl. Kopenhagen 1755—68, 3 Bde., gr. 4, mit Titelkupfer (wurde auf königl. däniſche Koſten von K. ſelbſt beſorgt, blieb aber unvollſtändig); rechtmäßige Ausg. letzter Hand (von K. ſelbſt) Altona 1780, 2 Bde., kl. 4. und gr. 8. Außerdem exiſtiren verſtümmelte und verfälſchte Nachdrücke von Trattner zu Wien und von Schmieder zu Karlsruhe u. ſ. w.

Auch giebt es viele Ueberſetzungen davon, nämlich:

a. **Franzöſiſche:** von Antelmy, Junker und einem Ungenannten, Paris 1769—1772, IV Vol., 12. (frei); von Petit Pierre, Neufchatel 1795, 8. (ſehr frei); von Madam von Kurzrock, Paris 1801, 8.

b. **Engliſche:** von Joh. Collyer, London 1763—71, 4 Vol., 8. (freie Proſa); neue Ausg. von Egestorff. Hamburg 1821—1822. IV Vol. gr. 8.; n. A. Ebendaſ. 1826, gr. 8.

c. **Italieniſche:** von Giac. Zigno, Vicenza 1776, 2 Vol., 8. (elegant und treu).

d. **Holländiſche:** von C. Groeneveld, Amſterdam 1784—85, 2 Bde., 4. (in Hexametern); neue ſehr ſaubere Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1791, 4.; von Meerman, Amſterdam 1791 ꝛc. (Proſa).

e. **Schwediſche:** von Oloffen Humble. Stockholm 1790—1792, 4 Bde., 8. (Proſa).

f. **Lateiniſche:** von Gotthold Ephr. und Joh. Gottlieb Leſſing, in des Erſtern vermiſcht. Schriften (nur 108 Verſe aber ſehr gut); vom Pater Ludwig Neumann: Tod des Meſſias, Wien 1770, gr. 8. (ſchlecht); von Alxinger: in ſämmtlichen Gedichten (in Hexametern und ziemlich gut); von einem franzöſiſchen Emigranten zu Jena, o. O. 1801 (treu und gut).

g. **Griechiſche:** von J. Fr. Lewezow, Stettin 1786, 4. (1r Geſang).

Ode an den König. Hamburg 1752, 4. (als Zueignung des Meſſias).

Ode an die Königin Luiſe. Kopenhagen 1752, 4.; neue verb. Ausg. Hamburg 1752, 4.; 3 Aufl. Berlin 1810, gr. 4. (war zuerſt überſchrieben: „O. a. d. König").

Drei Gebete, eines Freigeiſtes, eines Chriſten und eines guten Königs. Hamburg 1753, 4; neue Ausg. von Theod. Heinſius, Berlin 1813, gr. 8.

Der Tod Adams. Kopenhagen und Leipzig 1757, 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1758, 8.; 3. Ausg. Berlin 1766, 8. (verſificirt von Gleim); 4. Aufl. Leipzig 1774, 8.; 5. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1804, gr. 8.

Ueberſetzt wurde derſelbe ins:

a. **Franzöſiſche:** von Poinſinet, Paris 1762, 8. (in Verſen); von Romani, Ebendaſ. 1762, 8. (in Proſa), und früher von einem Ungenannten, Danzig 1758, 8.; nachgebildet, o. O. u. Verf. 1770, 8.

b. **Engliſche:** London 1763, 8.

c. **Italieniſche:** von Graf Carlo Gozzi, Venedig 1761, 8.

d. **Däniſche:** von Lodde, o. O. 1758, 8.

Geiſtliche Lieder. Kopenhagen und Zürich 1758—69, 2 Thle., 8.; neue Aufl. 1786, 8.; in Muſik geſetzt, Berlin 1758, fol.

Salomo. Trauerſpiel. Magdeburg 1764, 8. (in Jamben); mit neuem Titel. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.

Rothſchild's Gräber. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1766, 8.; auf den Tod des Königs Friedrich V. von Dänemark.

Herrmanns Schlacht. Ein Bardiet für die Schaubühne. Hamburg und Bremen 1769, kl. 4.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1784, 8.; ferner Leipzig 1804, gr. 8.; wurde nachgedruckt, Karlsruhe 1776, 8.; nach G. Dieck's Bühnenbearbeitung aufgelegt, Leipzig 1784, 8.

Ueberſetzt ins:

Franzöſiſche: von Bauvin, Neufchatel 1773, 8.; von Karl Fr. Cramer, Paris 1799, gr. 8.

Oden und Elegien. Darmſtadt 1771, 8. Auf Veranlaſſung der Landgräfin Karoline von Heſſen-Darmſtadt geſammelt nach den erſten Lesarten und mit Unächtem gemiſcht. Es wurden nur 34 Exemplare abgezogen.

Kleine poetiſche und proſaiſche Werke. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1771, 8. Ohne Wiſſen des Verf. von dem ſchwäbiſchen Dichter und Tonkünſtler Schubert herausgegeben, enthält 41 Gedichte und 42 proſaiſche Aufſätze.

Oden. Starkverbeſſ. Ausg. Hamburg 1771, kl. 4.; enthält 73 Oden und 3 Elegien, welche vorher einzeln in Zeitſchriften zerſtreut waren und jetzt vom Dichter ſelbſt geſammelt wurden. Neue Aufl. Leipzig 1787, 8.

David. Trauerſpiel. Hamburg 1772, kl. 4.
Die deutſche Gelehrtenrepublik. Ebendaſ. 1774, 1r Thl., 8.
Ueber die deutſche Rechtſchreibung. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
Ueber die Sprache und Dichtkunſt. Fragmente. Ebendaſ. 1779, kl. 8.; ebendaſ. 1779 u. 1780 die 1. u. 2. Fortſetzung.
Einige Oden. Geſammelt vom heſſiſchen Regierungsrath von Jangen. Wezlar 1779, 8. (Nachleſe zu der hamburger Originalausgabe).
Ihr Tod (der Kaiſerin Maria Thereſia). Altona 1780, 4.
Herrmann und die Fürſten. Hamburg 1784, gr. 8.
Herrmann's Tod. Bardiet für die Schaubühne. Hamburg 1787, 8. Nachbildung des berühmten Stabat mater, und von Haydn und Hiller in Muſik geſetzt.
Grammatiſche Geſpräche. Altona 1794, kl. 8.
Von der heiligen Poeſie. Halle ... gr. 8.
Epigramme. Geſammelt und erläutert von Vetterlein. Leipzig 1830, gr. 8.
Oden. Mit erläuternden Anmerkungen und einer Biographie des Dichters von J. G. Gruber. Leipzig 1831, 2 Bde., gr. 8.

Ueberdieß finden ſich in damaligen Journalen, Zeitſchriften, Almanachs, Muſen u. ſ. w. noch viele poetiſche und proſaiſche Arbeiten zerſtreut, die hier nicht mit inbegriffen ſind. Auch wurden viele ſeiner Oden ins Franzöſiſche überſetzt, von verſchiedenen Verfaſſern muſikaliſch behandelt herausgegeben und in Blumenleſen, humaniſtiſche Erörterungen u. ſ. w eingereiht.

Geſammelt finden ſich alle ſeine Schriften in:

Werke. Leipzig 1798 — 1804, 7 Bde., gr. 4. Prachtausgabe auf geglättetem Velin., mit vielen Kupfern von John und Böhm. Wurde nicht fortgeſetzt.
Sämmtliche Werke. Leipzig 1798 — 1821, 12 Bde. gr. 8. Auf Velin- und auf Schreibpapier, mit dem Kupferabdruck der Quartausgabe.

Die einzelnen Bände derſelben enthalten:

1. u. 2. Bd. Oden.
3. bis 6. Bd. den Meſſias.
7. Bd. Oden.
8. Bd. den Tod Adams; Herrmanns Schlacht.
9. Bd. Salomo; Herrmann und die Fürſten.
10. Bd. David; Herrmanns Tod.
11. Bd. hinterlaſſene Schriften von Margarete Klopſtock.
12. Bd. die deutſche Gelehrtenrepublik.

Sämmtliche Werke. Leipzig 1823 — 26, 12 Bde., 16. (Druckpapier).
Dieſelben. Erſter Supplementband. Weimar 1825, 16, mit K's Portrait und Facſimile. Auch unter dem Titel: **Klopſtocks Leben**, von Heinrich Döring.
Sämmtliche Werke 13.—18. Bd. Leipzig 1830, 6 Bde., 16. Auch unter dem Titel: K's ſämmtliche ſprachwiſſenſchaftliche und äſthetiſche Schriften, nebſt den übrigen bis jetzt noch ungeſammelten Abhandlungen, Gedichten, Briefen ꝛc., herausgegeben von A. L. Back und A. R. C. Spindler.

Eine Kupferſtichſammlung zu dieſer Ausgabe ſämmtlicher Werke kam heraus: Leipzig 1824, 12 in 12.

Was die deutſche Literatur und vor Allem die deutſche Dichtkunſt Klopſtock verdankt, kann nie lebhaft und dankbar genug anerkannt, nie entſchieden genug ausgeſprochen werden, wie groß auch immer die Fortſchritte ſein mögen, welche unſere Nation in dem Gebiete, deſſen Grenzen er mit eben ſo kühner als feſter Hand erweiterte, ſeitdem gemacht hat. Es genügt hier nicht, aufzuſtellen, daß er der eigentliche Schöpfer unſerer neuen Poeſie, oder wie es gewöhnlich in unſeren Compendien heißt, der Urheber der erſten Regeneration derſelben geweſen ſei; es muß vor Allem geſagt werden, daß er einer der genialſten und größten Dichter war, deren ſich je ein Volk erfreute, und daß der Menſch in ihm auf gleicher Höhe mit dem Dichter ſtand. Wäre ſein Charakter nicht ſo edel, ſeine Geſinnung nicht ſo rein, der Adel ſeiner Seele nicht ſo groß, ſeine Liebe für das Heilige und Schöne nicht ſo echt geweſen, er würde nimmer ſo haben wirken, nimmer als Dichter das erreichen können, was er wirklich erreicht hat. Mit jenen hohen Eigenſchaften des Geiſtes und Herzens verband er reiche Phantaſie, energiſches Denken, ſeltene Feinheit des Geſchmacks und eine Gründlichkeit im Produciren, wie man ſie vor ihm noch gar nicht gekannt hatte. In ihm liegen alle Keime, aus denen ſich ſpäter unſere Dichtkunſt zu ihrer herrlichen Blüthe entwickelte, und wenn ſie ſich nicht ſo vollſtändig entfalteten, wie das unter anderen Verhältniſſen durchaus geſchehen wäre, ſo iſt dieß allein den Feſſeln beizulegen, in welchen ſeine Zeit ihn hielt und von denen ſich ganz zu befreien unmöglich war, trotz dem männlichen Ernſte, dem heiligen Willen und der ſeltenen Kraft, die er auf ihre Bekämpfung verwendete. Es iſt eine geiſtige Stärke neben einer innigen Zartheit in ihm, wie ſie nur bei den Wenigſten gefunden wird; wie auch immer die Zeiten wechſeln mögen, den wahren Freunden wahrer Poeſie wird er ſtets als ein begeiſterter, von ſeinem heiligen Berufe auf das tiefſte durchdrungener Hoheprieſter erſcheinen, der ſein beſtes Eigenthum auf das ſorgfältigſte dem wahren, von ihm mit vollſter Seele geliebten Gott dankbar zum Opfer bringt, und dem die Pflichten ſeines erwählten Berufes die höchſten ſind, die es auf Erden giebt. Solche Männer wie er, bringt die Natur nur ſelten hervor, noch ſeltener bleiben ſie ſich ſo treu, wie er es that; ſie ſind ein Glück für die Zeit, der ſie angehören, eine Gabe des Himmels für die Nachwelt, die ſie zu erkennen und zu würdigen weiß. —

Selten iſt wohl ein epiſches Gedicht mit ſo ungeſchwächter Begeiſterung begonnen, fortgeführt und beendet worden, wie Klopſtock's Meſſias. Die darin entwickelte reiche Phantaſie iſt eben ſo ſehr zu bewundern als die Zartheit des Gefühls und die männliche Beſonnenheit, die in demſelben vorherrſchen. — Groß gedacht iſt Alles, würdig des Gegenſtandes den es verherrlicht; daß es nicht ſo durchgeführt wurde, lag nicht, an dem Dichter, ſondern an äußeren, wie inneren Hinderniſſen, welche ihrer Natur nach ſich nicht aus dem Wege räumen ließen. Eines Theils hatte er noch zu ſehr mit der Form, die er gewiſſermaßen erſt neu ſchaffen mußte, zu kämpfen, anderen Theils, und dieß bleibt immer die größte Hemmung bei einem ſolchen Werke, war die nothwendige Verſinnlichung des Ueberſinnlichen, das Verkörpern der abſtracteſten und tiefſten Ideen des Glaubens, wie ſie dieß Epos ſeiner Natur nach durchaus verlangte, eine Klippe, an der ein ſo ſtreng ſich von allem Myſticismus und allem myſtiſchen Allegoriſiren fern haltender Dichter nothwendig und unabwendbar ſcheitern mußte; denn gerade dadurch, daß ſich in dem Erlöſer als Individuum alle jene Mächte vereinen, welche die Hölle mit allen ihren Erſcheinungen überwinden, entſteht eine Einförmigkeit und unerläßliche Wiederholung der Handlung, durch welche die Wirkung des Epos gerade da, wo ſie ſich ſteigern ſollte, nach dem Schluſſe zu, faſt gänzlich paralyſirt wird. Es iſt nicht Mangel an Charakterzeichnung oder an Erfindung der Situationen dem Dichter des Meſſias zur Laſt zu legen, im Gegentheil in dieſen offenbart ſich Klopſtock's Genius am ſchönſten: es iſt eben, wie bereits ausgeſprochen wurde, die Unmöglichkeit, das Ueberſinnliche zu verſinnlichen und es doch auf einer höheren Stufe als das höchſte Sinnliche darzuſtellen. Der Dichter mußte den Himmel auf die Erde tragen, er hatte keine anderen als irdiſche Farben und Geſtalten, um ihn zu ſchildern; der Gegenſatz zum wirklich Irdiſchen war daher nicht zu ſchaffen, und das zerſtörte die harmoniſche Vollendung des Gedichtes, das unendlich reich an einzelnen hohen Schönheiten iſt, aber ſtreng genommen als Ganzes doch immer ein verfehltes Kunſtwerk bleibt, da ſeine Ausführung die Grenze menſchlicher Kräfte überſtieg.

Klopſtock's gelungenſte und herrlichſte Dichtungen finden ſich in ſeinen **Oden**. Hier iſt er am größten, denn er beherrſcht, mit den ſeltenſten Eigenſchaften ausgerüſtet, ſeinen Stoff vollkommen und auf die glänzendſte Weiſe. Wenn er auch ſich innerhalb der antiken Formen bewegt, ſo iſt er doch ſo neu, ſo echt deutſch, ſo wahr und tief in denſelben wie kein anderer Dichter neben ihm. Hier vereint er ſeltene Kühnheit und Kraft der Gedanken, mit dem reinſten Gefühl und den reichſten Bildern; hier beherrſcht er Sprache und Geſtaltung, wie ſie vor ihm noch nie beherrſcht worden; hier iſt er Dichter im ſchönſten Sinne des Wortes, ja ſelbſt in einigen ſeiner ſpäteren, mißlungenen Gedichte dieſer Gattung treten dennoch alle dieſe Eigenſchaften deutlich vor die Blicke des denkenden Leſers, der dem großen Manne gern die Irrungen verzeiht, in die der Kampf einer höchſt bewegten Zeit ihn hineinriß. — Das lyriſche Element war überhaupt dasjenige, in welchem er ſich am freieſten bewegte, zu dem ſein überſtrömendes Gefühl ihn am meiſten hinzog und woſelbſt die ſtrengſte, ihm ſogar widerſtrebende Form ſeine Gluth und Begeiſterung nicht zu ertödten vermochte; dieß hat er deutlich in ſeinen geiſtlichen Liedern, in welchen er irrig glaubte zu den beſchränkteren Fähigkeiten des Volkes hinunterſteigen zu müſſen, gezeigt.

Dieſelben allgemeinen Schönheiten, welche ihm überhaupt als Dichter eigen waren, offenbaren ſich auch in ſeinen dramatiſchen Dichtungen, die jedoch ſeine ſchwächſten Productionen ſind, da er ſich theils eine irrige Anſicht vom Weſen des Drama gebildet hatte und daſſelbe nur für ein dialogiſirtes Epos hielt, mit eingewebten lyriſch-ſubjectiven Partieen, theils ſelbſt keine Anlage zum dramatiſchen Dichter beſaß, und ſein Talent verkennend, es auf falſche Bahnen führte. Armuth der Handlung, Geſchraubtheit und Steifheit des Dialogs ſind die hauptſächlichſten Fehler ſeiner Dramen.

Eben ſo leiden ſeine proſaiſchen Schriften an zu großer Künſtlichkeit, der Dichter trat ihm hier ſtets hemmend in den Weg, gerade dann am meiſten, wenn er ſich von ihm frei machen wollte, und er verfiel häufig in unerquickliche Spielereien. — Ihre Wirkung iſt daher eine ſehr raſch vorübergehende geweſen, am wenigſten aber erfreute ſich ſeine Gelehrtenrepublik, von der man Großes erwartet hatte, einer ſolchen.

Vgl. Briefwechſel Klopſtock's und ſeiner Freunde. — Herausgegeben von Klamer Schmidt. Halberſtadt 1810, 2 Bde., 8.

Klopſtock in Fragmenten aus Briefen von Tellow an Eliſa. — (von Cramer). Hamburg 1777.

Morgenſtern: Klopſtock als vaterländiſcher Dichter. — Leipzig und Dorpat 1814.

Aus Klopſtock's Meſſias.

Zweiter Geſang.

Jetzt ſtieg über den Cedernwald der Morgen herunter
Jeſus erhub ſich, ihn ſahn in der Sonne die Seelen der Väter,
Als ſie ihn ſahn, da ſangen zwo Seelen gegen einander,
Adams Seele, mit ihr die Seele der göttlichen Eva.
Schönſter der Tage, du ſollſt vor allen künftigen Tagen
Feſtlich und heilig uns ſein, dich ſoll vor deinen Gefährten,
Kehreſt du wieder zurück, des Menſchen Seele, der Seraph
Und der Cherub, beim Aufgang und Untergange, begrüßen.
Steigſt du zur Erd' herab, verbreiten dich Orione
Durch die Himmel und gehſt du am Thron der Herrlichkeit Gottes
Strahlend hervor: ſo wollen wir dir in feierndem Aufzug,
Jauchzend mit Hallelujageſängen entgegenſegnen!
Dir, unſterblicher Tag, der du unſerm getröſteten Auge
Gott, den Meſſias, auf Erden in ſeiner Erniedrigung zeigeſt.
O von Adam der ſchönſte! Meſſias in menſchlicher Bildung!
Wie enthüllt ſich in deinem erhabenen Antlitz die Gottheit!
Selig biſt du und heilig, die du den Meſſias gebareſt,
Seliger du, als Eva, der Menſchen Mutter. Unzählbar
Sind die Söhne von ihr, und ſind unzählbare Sünder.
Aber du haſt Einen, nur Einen göttlichen Menſchen,
Einen gerechten, ach Einen unſchuldigen theuren Meſſias,
Einen ewigen Sohn, (ihn ſchuf kein Schöpfer!) geboren!
Zärtlich ſeh', und mit irrendem Blick ich hinab zu der Erde;
Dich, Paradies, dich ſeh' ich nicht mehr. Du biſt in den Waſſern
Niedergeſtürzt, im Gericht der allgegenwärtigen Sündfluth!
Deiner erhabnen umſchattenden Cedern, die Gott ſelbſt pflanzte,
Deiner friedſamen Laube, der jungen Tugenden Wohnung,
Hat kein Sturm, kein Donner, kein Todesengel geſchonet!
Bethlehem, wo ihn Maria gebar, und ihn brünſtig umarmte,
Sei du mir mein Eden; du Brunnen Davids, die Quelle,
Wo ich göttlich erſchaffen zuerſt mich ſahe; du Hütte,
Wo er weinete, ſei mir die Laube der erſten Unſchuld!
Hätt' ich dich in Eden geboren, du Göttlicher, hätt' ich
Gleich nach jener entſetzlichen That, o Sohn, dich geboren:
Siehe, ſo wäre ich mit dir zu meinem Richter gegangen;
Da, wo er ſtand, wo unter ihm Eden zum Grabe ſich aufthat,
Wo der Erkenntniſſe Baum wie fürchterlich rauſchte, die Stimme
Seiner Donner den Richterſpruch des Fluches mir ausſprach,
Wo ich in bangem Erbeben verſank, zu ſterben verſank, da
Wär' ich zu ihm gegangen; dich hätt' ich weinend umarmt, Sohn!
An mein Herz dich gedrückt, und gerufen: Zürne nicht Vater!
Zürne nicht mehr, ich habe den Mann Jehovah geboren!
Heilig biſt du, anbetungswürdig, und ewig, o Erſter!
Der du deinen göttlichen Sohn von Ewigkeit zeugteſt,
Ihn, nach deinem Bilde gezeugt, zum Erlöſer der Menſchen,
Meines von mir beweinten Geſchlechts, erbarmend erwählteſt.
Gott hat meine Thränen geſehn; ihr habt ſie geſehen,
Seraphim, und ſie gezählt; auch ihr, ihr Seelen der Todten,
Seelen meines entſchlafnen Geſchlechts, ihr alle gezählet.
Wäreſt du nicht, o Meſſias, geweſen; die ewige Ruhe
Hätte ſelbſt mir traurig, und ungenießbar geſchienen.
Aber von deiner göttlichen Huld, von deiner Erbarmung,
Stifter des ewigen Bundes, von ihr umſchattet, da lernt' ich
Selbſt in der Wehmuth Schmerz mehr Seligkeiten empfinden.
Und nun trägſt du ſein Bild, das Bild des ſterblichen Menſchen,
Gottmenſch, Mittler, dich beten wir an! Vollende dein Opfer,
Das du für uns, Weltrichter, für uns zu vollenden herabſtiegſt.
Mache die Erde bald neu, die du zu erneuen beſchloſſeſt,
Dein und unſer Geburtsland! Komm zurück in den Himmel!
Komm, ſei gegrüßt in deinen Erbarmungen, Gottmenſch, Mittler!
Alſo ertönte mit mächtigem Klang die Stimme der Seelen,
Durch des ſtrahlenden Tempels Gewölbe. Jeſus vernahm ſie
Fern in der Tiefe. Wie mitten in heiligen Einſiedeleien,
In der Zukunft Folge vertieft, prophetiſche Weiſe
Dich, in der Fern herwandelnde Stimme des Ewigen, hören.
Jeſus ſtieg an dem Oelberg nieder. An ſeiner Mitte
Standen Palmen vor allen auf niedrigen Hügeln erhaben,
Von leichtſchimmernden Wolken des Morgennebels umfloſſen.
Unter den Palmen vernahm der Meſſias den Engel Johannes,
Raphael iſt ſein Name, der ihn hier betend verehrte.
Liebliche Winde zerfloſſen von ihm, und trugen die Stimme,
Die ſonſt keine Geſchöpfe nicht hörten, hinab zu dem Mittler.
Raphael komm, rief ihm der Meſſias mit freundlichem Anblick,
Wandle mir hier ungeſehn zu der Seite. Wie haſt du die Nacht durch
Unſers lieben Johannes unſchuldige Seele bewachet?
Welche Gedanken, die deinen Gedanken, Raphael gleichen,
Hatt' er? Wo iſt er jetzt? Ich bewacht' ihn, ſagte der Seraph,
Wie wir die Erſtlinge deiner Erwählten, o Mittler, bewachen,
Seinen geöffneten Geiſt umſchatteten heilige Träume,
Träume von dir. O hätteſt du ihn da ſchlummern geſehen,
Als er dich, Göttlicher, ſah! Ein heiliges Frühlingslächeln
Füllte ſein Antlitz. Dein Seraph hat auch in Edens Gefilden
Adam geſehn, da er ſchlief und das Bild der werdenden Eva
Und des bauenden Schöpfers vor ſeine Gedanken herabkam.
Aber ſo ſchön war er kaum, wie dein göttlicher Jünger Johannes.
Doch jetzt iſt er dort unten in traurigen nächtlichen Gräbern,
Klaget einen beſeſſenen Mann, der im Staube der Todten
Fürchterlich bleich, wie bebend Gebein, herübergeſtreckt liegt.
Mittler, du ſollteſt ihn ſehn, du ſollteſt den zärtlichen Jünger

Neben ihm voll mitleidiges Kummers und Wehmuth erblicken,
Wie vor Menſchenliebe das Herz ihm erbarmend zerfließet,
Wie er betet. Mir ſelbſt drang eine Thräne der Wehmuth
Zitternd ins Auge. Da wandt' ich mich weg. Das Leiden der Geiſter,
Die du zur Ewigkeit ſchufſt, iſt mir ſtets durch die Seele gedrungen.

Raphael ſchwieg. Der Göttliche ſah mit Zorne gen Himmel.
Vater, erhöre mich! Es werde der Haſſer der Menſchen
Deinem Gericht' ein ewiges Opfer, das jauchzend der Himmel,
Das mit Beſtürzung und Schand und Schmach die Hölle betrachte!

Alſo ſagt' er, und näherte ſich den Gräbern der Todten.
Unten am mitternächtlichen Berge waren die Gräber
In zuſammengebirgte zerrüttete Felſen gehauen.
Dicke, finſterverwachſene Wälder verwahrten den Eingang
Vor des fliehenden Wanderers Blick. Ein trauriger Morgen
Stieg, wenn der Mittag ſchon ſich über Jeruſalem ſenkte,
Dämmernd noch in die Gräber mit kühlem Schauer hinunter.
Samma, ſo hieß der beſeſſene Mann, lag neben dem Grabe
Seines jüngſten geliebteſten Sohnes in kläglicher Ohnmacht.
Satan ließ ihm die Ruh, ihn deſto ergrimmter zu quälen.
Samma lag bei des Knaben Gebein in modernder Aſche;
Neben ihm ſtand ſein anderer Sohn, und weinte zu Gott auf.
Jenen todten, den der Vater beweint' und Bruder,
Brachte die zärtliche Mutter einſt, erweicht durch ſein Flehen,
Mit in die Gräber zum Vater hinab, zu dem Vater im Elend,
Den jetzt Satan in grimmiger Wuth bei den Todten herumtrieb.

Ach mein Vater! ſo rief der kleine geliebte Benoni,
Und entflohe der Mutter Arm, die ängſtlich ihm nachlief;
Ach mein Vater! umarme mich doch! und krümmt' um die Hand ſich,
Drückte ſie an ſein Herz. Der Vater umfaſſet ihn, bebet!
Da mit kindlicher Inbrunſt nun der Knab' ihn umarmte,
Da er mit ſanft liebkoſendem Lächeln ihn jugendlich anſah,
Warf ihn der Vater an einen entgegenſtehenden Felſen,
Daß ſein zartes Gehirn an blutigen Steinen herabrann,
Und mit leiſem Röcheln entfloh die Seele voll Unſchuld.
Jetzo klagt er ihn troſtlos, und faßt das kalte Behältniß
Seiner Gebeine mit ſterbendem Arm. Mein Sohn, Benoni!
Ach Benoni, mein Sohn! ſo ſagt er, und jammernde Thränen
Stürzen vom Auge, das bricht, und langſamſtarrend dahinſtirbt.
Alſo lag er beklommen von Angſt, da der Mittler hinabkam.
Joel, der andere Sohn, verwandte ſein thränendes Antlitz
Von dem Vater, und ſah den Meſſias die Gräber herabgehn!
Ach mein Vater, erhub er froh vor Verwundrung die Stimme,
Jeſus, der große Prophet, kommt in die Gräber hernieder.

Satan hört' es, und ſah beſtürzt durch die Oeffnung des Grabmahls.
So ſehn Gottesleugner, der Pöbel, aus dunkeln Gewölben,
Wenn am donnernden Himmel das hohe Gewitter heraufzieht,
Und in den Wolken der Rache gefürchtete Wagen ſich wälzen.
Satan hatte bisher aus der Ferne nur Samma gepeinigt
Aus dem tiefſten entlegenſten Ende des nächtlichen Grabmals
Sandt' er langſame Plagen hervor. Jetzt erhub er ſich wieder,
Rüſtete ſich mit des Todes Schrecken, und ſtürzt' auf Samma.
Samma ſprang auf, dann fiel ohnmächtig von neuem er nieder.
Sein erſchütterter Geiſt (er rang noch kaum mit dem Tode!)
Riß ihn, von dem mörderiſchen Feind' empört zum Unſinn,
Felſenan. Hier wollt' ihn, vor deinen göttlichen Augen,
Richter der Welt, am hangenden Felſen Satan zerſchmettern.
Aber du wareſt ſchon da, ſchon trug voreilend die Gnade
Dein verlaſſnes Geſchöpf auf treuen allmächtigen Flügeln,
Daß er nicht ſank. Da ergrimmte der Geiſt des Menſchenverderbers,
Und erbebte. Ihn ſchreckte von fern die kommende Gottheit.
Jetzt richtete Jeſus ſein helfendes Antlitz auf Samma;
Und belebende göttliche Kraft, mit dem Blicke vereinet,
Ging von ihm aus. Da erkannte der bange verlaſſene Samma
Seinen Retter. Ins bleiche Geſicht voll Todesgeſtalten
Kam die Menſchheit zurück, er ſchrie, und weinte gen Himmel:
Wollte reden, allein kaum konnt' er, von Freuden erſchüttert,
Bebend ſtammeln. Doch breitet' er ſich mit ſehnlichen Armen
Nach dem Göttlichen aus, und ſah mit getröſtetem Auge,
Voll Entzückung, nach ihm von ſeinem Felſen herunter.
Wie die Seele des trüberen Weiſen, die, in ſich gekehret,
Und an der Ewigkeit der künftigen Dauer verzweifelnd,
Innerlich bebt; die unſterbliche ſchauert vor der Vernichtung:
Aber itzt nahet ſich ihr der weiſeren Freundinnen eine;
Ihrer Unſterblichkeit ſicher, und ſtolz auf Gottes Verheißung,
Kommt ſie zu ihr mit tröſtendem Blick. Die trübe Verlaſſne
Heitert ſich auf, und windet mit Macht vom jammernden Kummer
Ungeſtümfreudig ſich los; die ewige jauchzt nun, und ſegnet
Sich in Triumph, und iſt von neuem unſterblich geworden:
Alſo empfand der beſeſſene Mann die Beruhigung Gottes.
Jetzo ſprach der Meſſias mit mächtiger Stimme zu Satan:
Geiſt des Verderbens, wer biſt du, der du vor meinem Antlitz
Dieß zur Erlöſung erwählte Geſchlecht, die Menſchen, ſo quälſt?

Ich bin Satan, antwortet ein zorniges tiefes Gebrüll, bin
König der Welt, die oberſte Gottheit unſterblicher Geiſter,
Die mein Anſehn etwas erhabeneres, als den Geſchäften
Himmliſcher Sänger beſtimmt. Dein Ruf, o ſterblicher Seher,
Denn Maria wird wohl Unſterbliche niemals gebähren!
Dieſer dein Ruf drang, wer du auch biſt, zu der unterſten Hölle.
Selber Ich verließ ſie, ſei ſtolz ob meiner Herabkunft!
Dich von himmliſchen Sklaven verkündigten Retter zu ſehen.
Doch du wurdeſt ein Menſch, ein götterträumender Seher,
Wie die, welche mein mächtiger Tod hinab in die Erde
Grub! Drum gab ich nicht Acht, was die neuen Unſterblichen thaten.
Aber nicht müſſig zu ſein, ſo plagt' ich, das haſt du geſehen,
Deine Geliebten, die Menſchen. Da ſehn die Todesgeſtalten,
Meine Geſchöpf', auf dieſem Geſicht! Jetzt eil' ich zur Hölle.
Unter mir ſoll mein allmächtiger Fuß das Meer und die Erde,
Mir zu bahnen gangbaren Weg, gewaltſam verwüſten.
Dann ſoll ſchauen die Höll' in Triumph mein königlich Antlitz.
Willſt du was thun, ſo thu es alsdann. Denn ich kehre wieder,
Hier auf der Welt mein erobertes Reich als König zu ſchützen.
Bleib indeß noch, Verlaßner, vor mir! Er ſprachs, und er ſtürzte
Stürmend auf Samma. Allein des ruhigſchweigenden Mittlers
Stille verborgene Gewalt kam, gleich des Vaters Allmacht,
Wenn er Untergang unerforſcht auf Welten herabwinkt,
Satan im Zorne zuvor! Er floh, und vergaß im Entfliehen
Unter allmächtigem Fuß zu verwüſten das Meer und die Erde.
Samma ſtieg indeß von ſeinem Felſen hernieder.
Alſo entfloh von dem hohen Euphrates Nebukadnezar,
Da ihm der Rath der heiligen Wächter die Bildung des Menſchen
Wiedergab, und, von neuem den Himmel zu ſchauen, ihn erhöhte.
Gottes Schreckniſſe gingen nicht mehr, mit dem Rauſchen Euphrates,
Ihm in Wettern vorüber, als wären's des Sinai Wetter,
Nebukadnezar erhub ſich auf Babylons hangende Höhen:
Jetzo kein Gott mehr, lag er gen Himmel ausgebreitet,
Dankbar im Staube gebeugt, den Ewigen anzubeten.
So kam Samma zu Jeſus herab, und fiel vor ihm nieder.

Darf ich dir folgen, du heiliger Mann? Ach laß mich mein Leben,
Das du von neuem mir gabſt, bei dir, Mann Gottes, vollenden!
Alſo ſagt' er, und ſchlang ſich mit brünſtigen zitternden Armen
Um den Erlöſer, der ihm mit menſchenfreundlichen Blicken
Dies erwiederte: Folge mir nicht, doch verweile dich künftig
Oft an der Höh der Schädelſtätte; da wirſt du die Hoffnung
Abrahams und der Propheten mit deinen Augen erblicken.

Als der Mittler zu Samma ſo ſprach, da wandte ſich Joel
Zu Johannes, und ſagte zu ihm mit ſchüchterner Unſchuld:
Lieber! ach führe du mich zu Gottes großem Propheten,
Daß er mich höre, du kenneſt ihn ja. Der zärtliche Jünger
Nahm ihn, und führt' ihn zu Jeſus, da ſagt' er in ſeiner Unſchuld:

Gottes Prophet, ſo kann denn mein Vater und ich dir nicht folgen?
Aber, o darf ich es ſagen, warum verweileſt du jetzo,
Wo mein jugendlich Blut erſtarrt vor der Todten Gebeinen?
Komm, Mann Gottes, ins Haus, wohin mein Vater zurückkehrt;
Dort ſoll meine verlaſſene Mutter mit Demuth dir dienen.
Milch und Honig, die lieblichſte Frucht von unſeren Bäumen
Sollſt du genießen; die Wolle der jüngſten Lämmer der Aue
Soll dich decken. Ich ſelber will dich, o Gottes Prophet, dann,
Kommt der Sommer, unter der Bäume Schatten begleiten.
Die mein Vater im Garten mir gab. Mein lieber Benoni!
Ach Benoni, mein Bruder! dich laß' ich zurück in dem Grabe!
Ach nun wirſt du mit mir die Blumen künftig nicht tränken!
Wirſt am kühlenden Abend mich niemals brüderlich wecken!
Ach Benoni! ach Gottes Prophet, da liegt er im Staube!

Jeſus ſah mit Erbarmen ihn an, und ſprach zu Johannes:
Trockne dem Knaben die Zähren vom Aug'; ich hab' ihn viel edler
Und rechtſchaffener, als viele von ſeinen Vätern erfunden.
Alſo ſagt er, und blieb mit Johannes allein in den Gräbern.

Satan ging indeß, mit Dampf und mit Wolken umhüllet,
Hin durch Joſaphats Thal, und über das Meer des Todes,
Stieg von da auf den waldichten Karmel, vom Karmel gen Himmel.
Hier durchirrt' er mit grimmigem Blick den göttlichen Weltbau,
Daß er, nach ſo vielen Jahrhunderten ſeit der Erſchaffung,
In der Herrlichkeit ſtrahle, die ihm der Donnerer anſchuf!
Gleichwohl ahmt' er ihn nach, und änderte ſeine Geſtalten
Durch ätheriſchen Glanz, daß die Morgenſterne, wie dunkel
Und verworfen er ſei, in ſtillem Triumphe nicht ſähen.
Doch dies helle Gewand war ihm bald unerträglich; er eilte,
Aus der ſchrankenden Schöpfung Bezirk zu der Hölle zu kommen.
Itzo hatt' er ſich ſchon bei den äußerſten Weltgebäuden
Stürmiſch heruntergeſenkt. Unermeßliche dämmernde Räume
Thaten vor ihm wie unendlich ſich auf. Die nennt er den Anfang
Weiterer Reiche, die Satan durchherrſchte! Hier ſah er von ferne
Flüchtigen Schimmer, ſo weit die letzten Sterne der Schöpfung
Noch das unendliche Leere mit ſterbendem Strahle durchirrten.
Doch hier ſah er die Hölle noch nicht. Die hatte die Gottheit
Ferne von ſich, und ihren Geſchöpfen, den ſeligen Geiſtern,
Weiter hinunter in ewige Dunkelheit eingeſchloſſen.
Denn in unſerer Welt, dem Schauplatz ihrer Erbarmung,
War kein Raum für Orte der Qual. Der Ewige ſchuf ſie
Furchtbar, zu dem Verderben, zu ſeinem ſtrafenden Endzweck
Weit hinreichend, vollkommen. In drei erſchrecklichen Nächten
Schuf er ſie, und verwandte von ihr ſein Antlitz auf ewig.
Zween der heldenmüthigſten Engel bewachten die Hölle.
Dies war Gottes Befehl, da er ſie mit mächtiger Rüſtung
Segnend umgab. Sie ſollten den Ort der dunkeln Verdammniß
Ewig in ſeinem Kreis' erhalten, damit der Empörer
Kühn mit ſeiner verführten Laſt nicht die Schöpfung beſtürmte
Und das Antlitz der ſchönen Natur durch Verwüſtung entſtellte.
Wo an der Pforte der Hölle mit herrſchendem Auge ſie ruhen,
Dort her ſenkt ſich ein ſtrahlender Weg, wie von Zwillingsquellen,
Hell die Wogen, ein Strom, den noch die Wendung nicht krümmte,
Gegen den Himmel gekehrt, nach Gottes Welten hinüber,
Daß in der Einöd' hier es ihnen an heiliger Freude,
Ueber die mannigfaltige Schöne der Schöpfung nicht fehle.

Neben dieſem leuchtenden Weg' eilt Satan zur Hölle,
Reißet ergrimmt durch die Pforte ſich, ſteigt in dampfendem Nebel
Auf den hohen gefürchteten Thron. Ihn ſahe kein Auge
Unter den Augen, die Rache und Verzweiflung trübe verſtellten.
Soviel nur, ein Herold der Höll', entdeckte den Nebel,
Welcher hinauf ſich zog die erhebenden Stufen, und ſagte
Einem, der neben ihm ſtand: Kommt Satans oberſte Gottheit
Etwa zur Hölle zurück? Verkündigt der dampfende Nebel
Jene Rückkehr, welcher die Götter ſo lange ſchon harrten?

Als der Herold noch ſprach, floß ſchnell die umhüllende Dämmrung
Rings von Satan; er ſaß auf Einmal mit zornigem Antlitz
Fürchterlich da. Gleich eilte der flüchtige ſklaviſche Herold
Gegen das Feuergebirg, das ſonſt mit Strömen und Flammen
Satans Ankunft weit, auf den überhangenden Felſen,
In den gebrochnen, verſinkenden Thälern umher, ankündet.
Zeophiel flog auf Flügeln des Sturms durch die Höhlen des Berges
Gegen die dampfende Mündung empor. Ein feuriges Wetter
Machte darauf den ganzen Bezirk der Finſterniß ſichtbar.
Jeder erblickt' in ſchimmernder Form den ſchrecklichen König.
Alle Bewohner des Abgrunds kamen. Die Mächtigſten eilten,
Neben ihm auf den Stufen des Throns ſich niederzuſetzen.

Die du mit Ruh voll Feuer und Ernſt zu der Höll' hinabſteigſt,
Weil du zugleich im Angeſicht Gottes Klarheit erblickeſt,
Und Zufriedenheit über ſich ſelbſt, wenn er Sünder beſtrafet,
Zeige ſie mir, Sionitin, und laß die mächtige Stimme
Rauſchend, gleich Sturmwinden, wie Wetter Gottes, ertönen.

Adramelech kam erſt, ein Geiſt verruchter als Satan,
Und verdeckter. Noch brannte ſein Herz von grimmigem Zorne
Wider Satan, daß dieſer zuerſt zur Empörung ſich aufſchwang!
Denn er hatte ſchon lange bei ſich Empörung beſchloſſen.
Wenn er was that, er thats nicht, Satans Reiche zu ſchützen:
Seinetwegen verübt' er es. Seit undenkbaren Jahren
Hatt' er darauf ſchon gedacht, wie er ſich zu der Herrſchaft erhübe,
Wie er Satan entflammte, mit Gott von neuem zu kriegen;
Oder ihn in den unendlichen Raum auf ewig entfernte;
Oder zuletzt, wär' alles umſonſt, durch Waffen bezwänge.
Da ſchon, als die gefallenen Engel den Ewigen flohen,
Sann er darauf. Da ſie alle ſchon der Abgrund einſchloß,
Kam er zuletzt, und trug vor ſeinen kriegeriſchen Harniſch
Eine leuchtende goldene Tafel, und rief durch die Hölle:
Warum fliehen die Könige ſo? In hohem Triumphe
Solltet ihr, o Krieger für unſre behauptete Freiheit,
In die neue Wohnung der Pracht und Unſterblichkeit einziehn!
Da der Meſſias und Gott den neuen Donner erfanden,
Und in ihr Kriegsgeſchäft vertieft euch zornig verfolgten,
Stieg ich ins Allerheiligſte Gottes, da fand ich die Tafel
Voll vom Schickſal, das unſre künftige Größe verkündigt.
Sammelt euch, ſeht die himmliſche Schrift! So redet das Schickſal:

Einer von denen, die jetzt Jehovah, als Sklaven beherrſchet,
Wird, daß er Gott ſei! erkennen; wird den Himmel verlaſſen,
Und mit ſeinen vergötterten Freunden im einſamen Raume
Wohnungen finden. Die wird er zwar erſt mit Zeichen bewohnen,
Wie der, der ihn vertrieb, eh' ich ihm die Welten erbaute,
Lange, dies war mein herrſchender Wille! das Chaos bewohnte.
Aber er ſoll nur die Reiche der Hölle muthig betreten:
Denn aus ihr entſtehen ihm einſt gleichherrliche Welten
Die wird Satan erſchaffen, doch ſoll er den göttlichen Grundriß
Selber von mir vor meinem erhabenen Throne empfangen.
Alſo ſaget der Götter Gott, ich, der ich allein mir
Alle Bezirke des Raums, mit ihren Göttern und Welten,
Rings, mit meiner vollkommenſten Welt, unendlich umgrenze!

Aber ihm glaubte die Hölle nicht, zwang ſich umſonſt, es zu wähnen.
Gott vernahm die Stimme des läſternden, ſprach zu ſich ſelber:
Auch der erſchütterte Sünder iſt meiner Herrlichkeit Zeuge!

Und mit Eile ging das Gericht vom Angeſicht Gottes.
Tief in der innerſten Höll' erhebt ſich ein leuchtender Klumpen
Aus dem flammenden Meer, geht unter ins Meer des Todes.
Der erhub aus der Laufbahn ſich in donnernden Kreiſen.
Faßt' Adramelech, und ſtürzt' in das Meer des Todes ihn. Da wurden
Sieben Nächte, ſtatt einer. Die Nächte lag er im Abgrund.
Lange darauf erbaut' er der oberſten Gottheit den Tempel,
Wo er, als ihr Prieſter, die goldene Tafel des Schickſals
Ueber den hohen Altar geſtellt hat. Die alternde Lüge
Glaubt zwar keiner; doch kommen, die Adramelech verehren,
Sklaviſche Heuchler, dahin, und beten ſein luſtiges Unding,
Wenn er da iſt, gebückt, und wenn er weg iſt, mit Hohn an.

Von dem Tempel kam Adramelech, und ſetzt' auf dem Throne
Mit verborgenem Grimm an Satans Seite ſich nieder.

Darauf eilt Moloch, ein kriegriſcher Geiſt, von ſeinen Gebirgen,
Die er, käme der donnernde Krieger, ſo nennt er Jehovah,
In die Gefilde der Hölle, ſie einzunehmen, herunter,
Sich zu vertheidigen, ſtolz mit neuen Bergen umthürmt hat.
Oft wenn der traurige Tag an des flammenden Oceans Ufern
Dampfend hervorſteigt, ſehen ihn ſchon die Bewohner der Hölle,
Wie er unter der Laſt, von Gebirg' umthürmt, und von Krachen,
Mühſam geht, und ſich dem hohen Gipfel des Berges
Endlich naht. Und wenn er alsdann die neuen Gebirge
Auf die Höh, der Hölle Gewölben entgegengethürmt hat,
Steht er in Wolken, und wähnt, indem ein zertrümmerter Berg noch
Hallet, er donnr' aus den Wolken! Ihn ſehn die Gebirgezwinger
Unten erſtaunend an. Er rauſchte von den Gebirgen
Durch ſie gewaltig einher. Sie wichen, geflügelt von Ehrfurcht,
Vor dem Krieger. Er ging, von ſeiner tönenden Rüſtung
Dunkel, wie der Donner von ſchwarzen Wolken, umgeben.
Vor ihm bebte der Berg, und hinter ihm ſanken die Felſen
Zitternd herab. So ging er, und kam zu dem Thron des Empörers.

Belial erſchien nach ihm. Er kam verſtummend
Aus den Wäldern und Aun, aus denen Bäche des Todes
Dunkel von nebelndem Duft nach Satans Throne ſich wälzen.
Dort bewohnt's Belial. Umſonſt iſt alle ſein Wühlen,
Ewig umſonſt, das Fluchesgefild wie die Welten des Schöpfers
Umzuſchaffen. Ihn ſiehſt du mit hohem erhabenen Lächeln,
Ewiger, wenn er jetzt den furchtbarbrauſenden Sturmwind
Sehnſuchtsvoll, hinſinkendes Arms, gleich fühlenden Weſten,
Vor ſich über zu führen am traurigen Bach' arbeitet.
Denn der brauſt unaufhaltſam dahin, und Schreckniſſe Gottes
Rauſchen ihm auf den verderbenden Flügeln; und öde Verwüſtung
Bleibt ungeſtalt im erſchütterten Abgrund hinter ihm liegen.
Grimmig denkt Belial an jenen unſterblichen Frühling,
Der die himmliſche Flur, wie ein junger Seraph, umlächelt.
Ach ihn bildet' er gern in der Hölle zu nächtlichem Thal nach!
Doch er ergrimmt, und ſeufzet vor Wuth; denn die traurigen Auen
Liegen vor ihm in entſetzlicher Nacht unbildſam und öde,
Ewig unbildſam, unendliche, lange Gefilde voll Jammer.
Trauernd kam Belial zu Satan. Noch brannt' er von Rachſucht
Wider den, der von himmliſchen Aun zu der Höll' ihn hinabſtieß,
Und, ſo dacht' er, mit jedem Jahrhundert ſie ſchrecklicher machte.

Satans Rückkehr ſaheſt auch du in deinen Waſſern,
Magog, des todten Meers Bewohner. Aus brauſenden Strudeln
Kam er hervor. Das Meer zerfloß in lange Gebirge,
Da ſein kommender Fuß die ſchwarzen Fluten zertheilte.
Magog fluchet dem Herrn; der wilden Läſterung Hall brüllt
Unaufhörlich aus ihm. Seit ſeiner Verwerfung vom Himmel
Flucht er dem Ewigen. Voll der Rachſucht will er die Hölle,
Daur' es auch laſtende Ewigkeiten, doch endlich vernichten.
Jetzo, da er das Trockne betrat, da warf er verwüſtend
Noch mit ſeinen Gebirgen ein ganzes Geſtad' in den Abgrund.

Alſo verſammelten ſich der Hölle Fürſten zu Satan.
Wie Eilande des Meers aus ihren Sitzen geriſſen,
Rauſchten ſie hoch, unaufhaltſam einher. Der Pöbel der Geiſter
Floß mit ihnen unzählbar, wie Wogen des kommenden Weltmeers
Gegen den Fuß gebirgter Geſtade, zum Thron des Empörers.
Tauſendmal Tauſend Geiſter erſchienen. Sie gingen, und ſangen
Eigene Thaten, zur Schmach und unſterblichen Schande verurtheilt.
Unterm Getös geſpaltner (ſie hatte Donner geſpalten!),
Dumpfer, entheiligter Harfen, verſtimmt zu den Tönen des Todes,
Sangen ſie's her. So rauſchen in mitternächtlicher Stunde
Grimmige Schlachten von tödtenden, und von ſterbenden Streitern
Furchtbar umher, wenn brauſend auf ehernem Wagen der Nordwind
Gegen ſie fährt, und gebrüllt von dem Wiederhall ihr Gebrüll wird.
Satan ſah, und hörte ſie kommen. Vor wilder Entzückung
Stand er mit Ungeſtüm auf, und überſah ſie alle.
Fern bei dem unterſten Pöbel, erblickt' er in ſpottender Stellung
Gottesleugner, ein niedriges Volk. Sein ſchrecklicher Führer,
Gog, war darunter, erhabner als all' an Geſtalt, und an Unſinn.
Daß das alles ein Traum, ein Spiel ſei leerer Gedanken,
Was es im Himmel geſehen, Gott, erſt Vater, dann Richter
Das zu wähnen, lügt' es ſich, träumt' es ſich, wand es ſich wühlend.
Satan ſah ſie mit Hohn. Denn mitten in ſeiner Verachtung
Fühlt er doch noch, daß der Ewige ſei. Noch ſtand er voll Tiefſinn,
Sah bald langſam ringsumher, und ſetzte ſich wieder.
Wie auf hohen unwirthlichen Bergen brütende Wetter
Langſam und verweilend ſich lagern, ſaß er, und dachte.
Ungeſtüm that ſein Mund ſich itzt auf, und tauſend Donner
Sprachen aus ihm, da er ſprach. Wenn ihrs, o furchtbare Schaaren,
Wenn ihrs noch ſeid, die mit mir die drei erſchrecklichen Tage
Auf der himmliſchen Ebn' aushielten: ſo hört im Triumphe,
Was ich euch jetzt eröffne von meiner Zögrung auf Erden.
Aber nicht dieſes allein, ihr ſollt auch den mächtigen Rathſchluß
Hören, Jehovah zur Schmach zu verherrlichen unſere Gottheit.
Eh ſoll die Hölle vergehn, und eh der ſeine Geſchöpfe,
Der vor dieſem einmal im nächtlichen Chaos gebaut hat,
Um ſich vernichten, und wieder allein in der Einſamkeit wohnen,
Eh er die Herrſchaft über die ſterblichen Menſchen uns abzwingt.
Götter, ſtets unbeſiegt, unſterblich wollen wir bleiben,
Wenn er auch gegen uns ſeine Verſöhner zu Tauſenden ſchickte,
Wenn er auch ſelbſt, ein Meſſias zu werden, die Erde beträte.
Doch wem zürn' ich? Wer iſt der neue, geborne Jehovah,
Der die Gottheit, ſogar im ſterblichen Leib', umherträgt,
Daß darüber die Götter ſo ſinnen, als ob ſie von neuem
Hohe Gedanken ihrer Vergötterung, und Schlachten erſännen?
Sollte der Ewigen Einer, um uns den Sieg zu erleichtern,
Aus den Schößen ſterblicher Mütter, die bald die Verweſung
Auch zertrümmert, auf uns, die er kennt, zu kämpfen hervorgehn?
Das wär möglich? Er handelte ſo, der Satan bekriegt hat?
Zwar ſtehn einige hier, die vor ihm mit Zagen entflohen,
Und aus morſchen Gerippen gequälter Sterblicher wichen;
Furchtſame, tritt aus dieſer Verſammlung, hüllt euch das Antlitz
In verfinſternde Scham! die Götter hörens, ihr flohet!
Warum flohet ihr ſo, Elende? Was nanntet ihr Jeſus,
Euer und meiner unwürdig, den Sohn des ewigen Gottes?
Doch daß ihr wißt, wer er ſei, der unter den Iſraeliten
Auch gern Gott wär; ſo höret von mir die Geſchichte des Stolzen.
Hör du es auch in hohem Triumphe, Verſammlung der Götter.
Unter dem Volk des Jordans iſt ſeit undenkbaren Zeiten
Eine prophetiſche Sage geweſen; denn unter der Sonne
Hat vor allen Völkern dieß Volk am meiſten geträumet!
Nach der Prophezeihung entſpringt von ihnen ein Heiland,
Welcher ſie von den umliegenden Feinden auf ewig erlöſet,
Und vor allen Landen ihr Reich zu dem herrlichſten Reich macht.
Und ihr wißt, daß vor wenigen Jahren von unſrer Verſammlung
Einige kamen, verkündeten, daß ſie auf Tabors Gebirgen
Heere feiernder Engel geſehn, die hätten den Namen
Jeſus unaufhörlich genannt mit Entzückung und Ehrfurcht,
Daß die Cedern davon bis in die Wolken erbebten,
Daß die Palmenhaine der Hall der Jubelgeſänge
Ganz durchrauſchte, und Jeſus, Jeſus! Tabor erfüllte.
Drauf ging übermüthig vor Stolz, und wie im Triumphe,
Gabriel nieder den Berg zu der Iſraelitinnen einer,
Grüßte ſie, wie man Unſterbliche grüßt, und ſagt' ihr voll Ehrfurcht,
Siehe, von ihr ſollt' ein König entſtehn, ſo die Herrſchaften Davids
Mächtig ſtützen, und Iſraels Erbe verherrlichen würde.

Er hieß Jeſus. So ſollte ſie nennen den Sohn der Götter!
Ewig ſollte die Macht des großen Königes dauern!
Dieſes vernahmt ihr. Warum erſtaunten die Götter der Hölle,
Da ſie es hörten? Ich ſelbſt ich habe viel mehr noch geſehen:
Doch nichts ſchreckt mich! Ich will euch Alles muthig entdecken,
Nichts will ich euch verſchweigen, damit ihr ſeht, wie feurig
Sich mein Muth in Gefahren erhebt; ſind es anders Gefahren,
Wenn ſich ein ſterblicher Träumer auf unſerer Erde vergöttert.

Jetzo ſah er an ſich des Donners Narben, und zagte!
Doch arbeitet' er ſehr von neuem empor zu ſchwellen,
Und er begann: Dort wartet' ich auf des göttlichen Knaben
Hohe Geburt! Bald wird aus deinem Schooße, Maria,
Dacht' ich, der Göttliche kommen. Geſchwinder, als fliegende Blicke,
Schneller noch, wie Gedanken der Götter vom Zorne beflügelt,
Wird er gen Himmel erwachſen. Er deckt in ſeiner Erhöhung
Jetzt mit dem einen Fuße das Meer, mit dem andern den Erdkreis!
Wägt in der ſchreckenden Rechte dann den Mond und die Sonne,
In der Linken die Morgenſterne! Da kommt er, und tödtet!
Mitten in Stürmen, die er aus allen Welten herbetrief,
Rauſcht er zum Sieg unaufhaltſam daher. Ich fliehe nun, Satan!
Fliehe, damit er dich nicht mit ſeinem allmächtigen Donner
Ungeſtüm faſſe, bis du, durch tauſend Erden geworfen,
Sinnlos, bezwungen, ja todt, in dem Unermeßlichen liegeſt.
Seht, ſo dacht' ich, ihr Götter; allein ihm gefiel es noch jetzo,
Daß er ein Menſch, ein weinendes Kind, wie die Söhne des Staubs blieb,
Welche ſchon bei ihrer Geburt die Sterblichkeit weinen.
Zwar ſang ſeine Geburt ein Chor der himmliſchen Geiſter.
Denn ſie kommen bisweilen herab, die Erde zu ſehen,
Wo wir herrſchen; da Grüfte zu ſehn, und Hügel der Todten,
Wo vordem Paradieſe nur ſtanden; dann kehren ſie thränend,
Und, ſich zu tröſten, mit feiernden Liedern zurück in den Himmel.
Alſo war es auch jetzt. Sie eilten, ließen den Knaben,
Oder hört ihrs ſo lieber, den Herrn der Himmel, im Staube.
Drauf entfloh er vor mir, ich ließ ihn immer entfliehen;
Einen ſo furchtſamen Feind zu verfolgen, war meiner nicht würdig.
Unterdeß ließ ich, nicht müßig zu ſein, durch meinen Erwählten,
Meinen König und Opferprieſter, Herodes zu Bethlehem
Säuglinge würgen. Das rinnende Blut, der Sterbenden Winſeln,
Und der untröſtbaren Mütter Verzweiflung, der Leichname Ausfluß,
Der, mit Seelen vermiſcht, mir wallend entgegendampfte,
Waren mir, dem Vater des Elends, ein liebliches Opfer.
Wandelt nicht dort der Schatten Herodes? Verworfene Seele,
War es nicht ich, der in dir den Gedanken, die Bethlehemiten
Wegzuwürgen, erſchuf? Kann etwa des Himmels Beherrſcher
Seiner Bildungen mühſames Werk, die unſterblichen Seelen,
Vor mir ſchützen, daß ich ſie mit meiner verborgenen Begeiſtrung
Nicht umſchatte; und über ſie nicht zum Verderben mich breite?
Ja, Verlaßner, dein klagendes Winſeln, dein banges Verzweifeln,
Und der Seelen Geſchrei, die du ſonſt unſchuldig erwürgteſt,
Daß ſie ſündigend ſtarben, und dir und dem Schaffenden fluchten,
Iſt nun deinem befriedigten Herrſcher ein liebliches Opfer.
Als er ſtarb, verſammelte Götter, da kehrte der Knabe
Aus Aegyptens Gefilde zurück. Die Jahre der Jugend
Lebt' er im Schooß der zärtlichen Mutter, in welcher Umarmung
Unbekannt. Kein jugendlich Feuer, kein edles Erkühnen
Trieb ihn zu Unternehmungen an, ſich furchtbar zu machen.
Doch, ihr Götter, im einſamen Wald' an dem öden Geſtade,
Wo er oft war, da hat er vielleicht auf Dinge geſonnen,
Die, aus ſchreckender Ferne, den Untergang der Hölle
Drohn, und von uns verneuerten Muth und Wachſamkeit fordern?
Seht, dies glaubt ich vielleicht, hätt' er ſich mit tiefen Gedanken
Mehr beſchäftigt, als mit der Betrachtung der Blumen und Felder,
Und der Kinder um ihn, und mit dem ſklaviſchen Lobe
Deſſen, der ihn mit den Würmern aus niedrigem Staube gemacht hat.
Ja, ich wäre vor Ruh und langer Muße vergangen,
Hätte mir nicht der Menſchen Geſchlecht ſtets Seelen geopfert
Die ich, dem Himmel vorüber! hierher zur Bevölkerung ſandte.
Endlich ſchien es, als ſollt' er nun auch merkwürdiger werden.
Gottes Herrlichkeit kam, als er einſt am Jordan herumging,
Strahlend vom Himmel. Sie hab' ich mit dieſen unſterblichen Augen
Selbſt am Jordan geſeh'n! Kein Bild, kein himmliſches Blendwerk
Hat mich getäuſcht! Sie wars, wie ſie von dem Throne des Himmels
Durch die langen betenden Reih'n der Seraphim wandelt.
Aber warum, und ob ſie, dem Erdenkinde zu Ehren,
Oder, um unſre Wachſamkeit auszuforſchen, herabſtieg,
Dieſes entſcheid' ich nicht. Zwar hört' ich gewaltige Donner,
Donner mit dieſer Stimme vereint: Das iſt mein Geliebter.
Siehe, der Sohn nach meinem Herzen! Der war wohl Eloa.
Oder einer vom Thron, der, mich zu verwirren, es ausrief;
Gottes Stimme wars nicht! Denn, bei der unterſten Hölle!
Und bei ihrer nächtlichen Nacht! ſie tönte mir anders,
Als er uns Göttern einſt den Sohn der Ewigkeit ausſprach.
Auch weiſſagt' ihm ein finſt'rer Prophet, der dort in der Wüſte
Menſchenfeindlich die Felſen durchirrt, er rief ihm entgegen:
Siehe Gottes Lamm, das der Erde Sünde verſöhnet!
Der du von Ewigkeit biſt, du, der ſchon lange vor mir war,
Sei mir gegrüßt! Aus dir, o du der Erbarmungen Fülle!
Nehmen wir Gnad' um Gnade. Durch Moſes ward das Geſetz kund;
Aber durch den Geſalbten des Herrn kommt Wahrheit und Gnade.
Iſt das nicht hoch und prophetiſch genug? So iſt es, wenn Träumer
Träumer beſingen, da bauen ſie ſich ein heiliges Dunkel;
Und dann ſind wir unſterblichen Götter viel zu geringe,
Bis in das innre Gebäu der Geheimniſſe durchzuſchauen.
Will er uns nicht den erhab'nen Meſſias, den König des Himmels,
Jenen Donnerer Gottes, der in der gewaltigen Rüſtung
Wider uns ſtritt, bis wir die neuen Welten errichten,
Unſern würdigen Feind, und erhabnern Widerſacher,
Will er ihn nicht in jene Geſtalt, die wir tödten, verkleiden!
Zwar er ſelbſt, das Erdegeſchöpf, von dem der Prophet träumet,
Dünkt ſich nicht wenig zu ſein. Oft hält er Kranke, die ſchlummern,
Sie für Todte, geht hin, und rufet ſie wieder ins Leben!
Aber das iſt nur Beginn. Einſt folgen größere Thaten!
Denn er will das ganze Geſchlecht der ſterblichen Menſchen
Von der Sünd' und dem Tode befrei'n, der Sünde, die allen
Eingepflanzt, und immer empörend und ungeſtüm immer,
Wider Gott in ihren unſterblichen Seelen ſich auflehnt,
Unbezwingbar der ſklaviſchen Pflicht; von dem Tode, der alle,
Der das ganze Geſchlecht, ſo oft wir ihm winken, durchwürget,
Will er ſie alle befrei'n: euch alſo auch, ihr Seelen
Die ich ſeit der Schöpfung zu mir, wie Wogen des Weltmeers,
Sammle, wie Sterne, wie Gott anbetende ſklaviſche Sänger,
Ja euch auch, die quälet die ewige Nacht des Abgrunds.
Und in der Nacht des Strafenden Feuer, im Feuer Verzweiflung,
In der Verzweiflung Ich! euch will von dem Tod' er befreien!
Wir, wir werden alsdann, der Gottheit Vergeſſer und Sklaven,
Liegen vor ihm, vor ihm, dem unvergötterten Menſchen.
Was der mit dem allmächtigen Donner von uns nicht erzwinget,
Wird der aus des Todes Gebiet unbewaffnet vollenden.
Auf, Verwegner! befreie dich erſt, dann wecke die Todten.
Er ſoll ſterben, ja ſterben! er, der Satans Beſiegte
Eigenmächtig vom Tode befreit. Dich leg' in den Staub ich,
Bleich und entſtellt, in der Todten Staub, Dann will ich den Augen,
Die nicht ſeh'n, die Dunkel und Nacht nun ewig umnebeln,
Sagen: Ach ſeht, da erwachen die Todten! will ich den Ohren,
Die nicht hören, die ewig nun ſind dem Tone geſchloſſen,
Sagen: Ach hört, es rauſchet das Feld, die Todten erwachen!
Und der Seele, wenn ſie nun aus dem Leibe geflohn iſt,
Und zu der Hölle vielleicht, dort auch zu ſiegen, ſich wendet,
Ruf' ich nach in furchtbarem Sturm, mit donnernder Stimme
Eile, du ſiegteſt auf Erden! ja eile, du feſſelteſt Götter!
Dich erwartet Triumpheinzug! die Pforten der Hölle
Thun vor dir einladend ſich auf! dir jauchzet der Abgrund!
Gegen dich wallen in feiernden Chören Seelen und Götter!
Gott muß entweder jetzt, da ich hier bin, eilend die Erde,

Und mit der flüchtenden ihn, und die Menſchen gen Himmel erheben!
Oder ich führ' es hinaus, was meine Weisheit mir eingab!
Oder ich thu, was ich mächtig beſchloß, und ich end' und vollbring' es!
Er ſoll ſterben! So wahr ich des Todes Erhalter und Schöpfer
Unbezwingbar durchlebe die kommenden Ewigkeiten:
Er ſoll ſterben! Bald will ich von ihm den Staub der Verweſung
Auf dem Wege zur Hölle, vor'm Antlitz des Ewigen ausſtreu'n.
Sehe den Entwurf von meinem Entſchluß. So rächet ſich Satan!

Satan ſprach es. Indem ging von dem Verſöhner Entſetzen
Gegen ihn aus. Noch war in den einſamen Gräbern der Gottmenſch.
Mit dem Laute, womit der Läſterer endigte, rauſchte
Vor den Fuß des Meſſias ein wehendes Blatt. An dem Blatte
Hing ein ſterbendes Würmchen. Der Gottmenſch gab ihm das Leben.
Aber mit eben dem Blicke ſandt' er dir, Satan, Entſetzen!
Hinter dem Schritt des geſandten Gerichtes verſank die Hölle.
Und vor ihm ward Satan zur Nacht! So ſchreckt' ihn der Gottmenſch
Und di Satane ſahen ihn; wurden zu Felſengeſtalten.

Unten am Throne ſaß einſiedleriſch finſter und traurig
Seraph Abdiel Abbadona. Er dachte die Zukunft,
Und den Vergang von Seelenangſt. Vor ſeinem Geſichte,
Das in trauerndes Dunkel, in ſchreckliche Schwermuth hüllte
Sah er Qualen gehäuft auf Qualen zur Ewigkeit eingeh'n.
Jetzo erblickt' er die vorige Zeit; da war er voll Unſchuld
Jenes erhabneren Abdiels Freund, ſo den Tag der Empörung
Eine ſtrahlende That, vor Gottes Auge, vollführte.
Denn er verließ die Empörer allein und unüberwindlich;
Kam zu Gott. Mit ihm, dem edelmüthigen Seraph,
War ſchon Abbadona dem Blick der Feinde Jehovah's
Faſt entgangen: doch Satans beflammter rollender Wagen;
Der, zu Triumphen zurück ſie zu führen, ſchnell um ſie herkam,
Und der Drommetenden Kriegszuruf, der ſie ungeſtüm einlud,
Und die Heerſchaar, jeder von ſeiner Götterſchaft taumelnd,
Uebermannten ſein Herz, und riſſen ihn hin zu der Rückkehr.
Hier noch wollt' ihn ſein Freund mit Blicken drohender Liebe
Fortzueilen bewegen; allein, von künftiger Gottheit
Trunken, erkannt' Abbadona die vormals mächtigen Blicke
Seines Freundes nicht mehr. Er kam in dem Taumel Satan,
Jammernd denkt er, und in ſich verhüllt, an dieſe Geſchichte
Seiner heiligen Jugend, und an den lieblichen Morgen
Seiner Schöpfung zurück. Der Ewige ſchuf ſie auf Einmal.
Damals beſprachen ſie ſich mit angeſchaffner Entzückung
Unter einander: Ach Seraph, was ſind wir! Woher, mein Geliebter?
Sahſt du zuerſt mich? Wie lange biſt du? Ach ſind wir auch wirklich?
Komm, umarme mich, göttlicher Freund, erzähle, was denkſt du?
Und da kam aus ſtrahlender Fern die Herrlichkeit Gottes
Segnend einher. Sie ſahen um ſich unzählbare Schaaren
Neuer Unſterblicher wandeln; und wallendes Silbergewölk hob
Sie zu dem Ewigen auf. Sie ſahn ihn, und nannten ihn Schöpfer!
Dieſe Gedanken marterten Abbadona. Sein Auge
Floß von der jammernden Thräne. So floß von Bethlehems Bergen
Rinnendes Blut, da die Säuglinge ſtarben. Er hatte mit Schauer
Satan gehört; doch duldet er's nicht, und erhub ſich zu reden.
Dreimal ſeufzet' er, eh er ſprach. Wie in blutigen Schlachten
Brüder, die ſich erwürgten, und, da ſie ſtarben, ſich kennten,
Neben einander aus röchelnder Bruſt ohnmächtig ſeufzen.
Drauf begann er, und ſprach: Ob mir gleich dieſe Verſammlung
Ewig entgegen wird ſein; ich will's nicht achten, und reden!
Reden will ich, damit des Ewigen ſchweres Gericht nicht
Ueber mich auch komme, wie, Satan! es über dich kam.
Ja, ich haſſe dich, Satan! dich haß' ich, du Schrecklicher! Mich, mich!
Dieſen unſterblichen Geiſt, den du dem Schöpfer entriſſeſt,
Fordr' er, dein Richter, ewig von dir! Unendliches Wehe
Schrei' ich der Abgrundskluft, in der Nacht, der Unſterblichen Heerſchaar,
Satan! und laut mit dem Donnerſturme, ſie alle, die, Satan!
Du verführet haſt! laut mit des Todes Worte ſie alle

Ueber dich! Ich habe kein Theil an dem ewigen Sünder!
Gottesläugner! kein Theil an deiner finſteren Entſchließung,
Gott den Meſſias zu tödten. Ha wider wen, du Empörer!
Haſt du geredt! Iſt es wider den nicht, der, du bekennſt es
Selber, wie ſehr du beim Schrecken auch übertäubeſt, die furchtbar,
Mächtiger iſt, als du? O ſendet den ſterblichen Menſchen
Gott Befreiung vom Elend und Tode; du hältſt ihr nicht Obſtand!
Und du willſt des Meſſias Leib, den willſt du erwürgen?
Kennſt du ihn, Satan, nicht mehr? Hat dich des Allmächtigen Donner
Nicht genug an dieſer erhob'nen Stirne gebrandmahlt?
Oder kann Gott ſich nicht vor uns Ohnmächtigen ſchützen?
Wir, die zum Tode die Menſchen verführten: wehe mir, wehe!
Ich that's auch! Wir wollen uns wider ihren Erlöſer
Wüthend erheben? den Sohn, den Donnerer wollen wir tödten?
In den Pfad zu einer vielleicht zukünftigen Rettung.
Oder doch zu der Lind'rung der Qual, den wollen wir ewig
Uns ſo vielen vordem vollkommnen Geiſtern, verwüſten?
Satan! ſo wahr wir alle die Qual gewaltiger fühlen,
Wenn du dieſe Wohnung der Nacht und der dunkeln Verdammniß
Königlich nennſt, ſo wahr kehrſt du mit Schande belaſtet,
Statt des Triumphs, zurück von Gott und ſeinem Meſſias!

Grimmiger blickt', und geduldlos, und droh'nd der furchtbare Satan;
Wollte jetzt von den Höhen des Throns der thürmenden Felſen
Einen gegen ihn ſchleudern: allein die ſchreckliche Rechte
Sank ihm zitternd in Zorne dahin, er ſtampft', und erbebte.
Dreimal bebt' er vor Wuth, ſah dreimal Abbadona
Ungeſtüm an, und ſchwieg. Vor Grimm ward dunkel ſein Auge,
Ihn zu verachten, ohnmächtig. Mit muthigem Ernſte, nicht zornig,
Blieb Abbadona vor ihm, und mit trauerndem Angeſicht ſtehen.

Aber Gottes, der Menſchen, und Satans Feind, Adramelech,
Sprach: Aus finſtern Wettern will Ich mit dir reden, Verzagter,
Ha! zudonnern ſollen dir Ungewitter die Antwort!
Darfſt du die Götter ſchmäh'n! Darf einer der niedrigſten Geiſter
Wider Satan, und mich, aus ſeiner Tiefe ſich rüſten?
Wirſt du gequält; ſo wirſt du von deinen niedern Gedanken,
Sklav, gequält! Entfleuch, Kleinmüthiger, aus den Bezirken
Unſerer Herrſchaft, wo Könige ſind! entfleuch in die Leere!
Laß dir da vom Allmächtigen Reiche des Jammers erſchaffen!
Bringe da die Unſterblichkeit zu! Doch du ſtürbeſt wohl lieber!
Stirb denn, vergeh, anbetend, du Sklav, gen Himmel gebücket!
Der du mitten im Himmel für einen Gott dich erkannteſt,
Und dem großen Allmächtigen kühn mit flammendem Grimme
Widerſtandeſt, künftiger Schöpfer unzählbarer Welten,
Komm, komm, Satan! wir wollen den kleinen niedrigen Geiſtern
Unſeren furchtbaren [illegible] durch Unternehmungen zeigen,
Die, wie ein Wetter, auf Einmal ſie blenden, und niederſchlagen!
Komm! Labyrinthe verborg'nerer Liſt, verwirrt zum Verderben,
Zeigen ſich mir! Der Tod iſt darin. Kein öffnender Ausgang,
Und kein Führer ſoll ihn den Labyrinthen entreißen.
Aber entflöh er auch unſerer Liſt, gäbſt, du auf dem Throne,
Und zu entrinnen, ihm Götterverſtand: ſo ſollen in Grimme
Feurige Wetter ihn ſchnell vor unſeren Augen vernichten!
Wie die Wetter, womit wir einſt den geliebteren Gottes,
Seinen glücklichen Job, vor dem Antlitz des Himmels beſtritten.
Fleuch, fleuch, Erde, wir kommen mit Tod' und Hölle bewaffnet!
Wehe dem, der auf unſerer Welt ſich wider uns auflehnt!

Alſo ſprach Adramelech. Nun fiel die ganze Verſammlung
Satan auf Einmal mit Ungeſtüm bei. Gleich ſtürzenden Felſen
Stampft' ihr gewaltiger Fuß, daß die Tiefe darunter erbebte.
Jauchzend erhuben um ſich ſie, und ſtolz auf nahe Triumphe,
Fürchterliches Stimmengetös. Das rufte vom Aufgang
Bis zu dem Niedergange. Der Satane ganze Verſammlung
Willigt ein, den Meſſias zu tödten! Seitdem Gott ſchuf, ſah
Eine That, wie dieſe, die Ewigkeit nicht. Ihr Erfinder,
Satan, und Adramelech, voll Ruhe und grimmigen Tiefſinns,

Stiegen vom Thron. Aus den Stufen kracht's, wie erſchüttert der Fels kracht.
Da ſie wandelten. Brüllender Zuruf wälzt ſich, empöret
Mehr die Empörer, begleitet ſie dumpf zu der Pforte des Abgrunds.

Abbadona (nur er war unbeweglich geblieben),
Folgte von fern: entweder ſie noch vor der That zu erretten;
Oder ihr Ende, das ungeheure, mit anzuſehn.
Jetzo nähert' er ſich mit ſäumendem Schritte den Engeln,
Welche die Pforten bewachten. Wie war dir, Abbadona,
Da du Abdiel hier, den unüberwindlichen, ſaheſt?
Seufzend ſchlug er ſein Angeſicht nieder. Jetzt wollt' er zurückgeh'n,
Wollte jetzo ſich nah'n, dann wollt' er einſam und trauernd
In's Unermeßliche flieh'n; allein noch ſtand er mit Zittern
Wehmuthsvoll. Nun faßt' er ſich ganz auf Einmal zuſammen,
Ging auf ihn zu. Ihm ſchlug ſein Herz mit mächtigen Schlägen;
Stille, den Engeln nur weinbare Thränen bedeckten ſein Antlitz;
Seufzer aus allen Tiefen des Herzens, langſame Schauer,
Sterbenden ſelbſt unempfindbar, erſchütterten Abbadona,
Als er ging. Doch Abdiels frühſehendes Auge
Schaut' unverwandt in die Welt des Schöpfers, dem er getreu blieb;
Aber auf ihn nicht. Der Sonn' in der Jugend, den Frühlingstagen
Gleich, die hinab zu der kaum erſchaffenen Erde ſich ſenkten,
Glänzte der Seraph, doch nicht dem trauernden Abbadona.
Der ging fort, und ſeufzte bei ſich verlaſſen und einſam:

Abdiel, mein Bruder, du willſt dich mir ewig entreißen!
Ewig willſt du mich ferne von dir in der Einſamkeit laſſen!
Weinet um mich, ihr Kinder des Lichts! Er liebt mich nicht wieder,
Ewig nicht wieder, ach weinet um mich! Verblühet ihr Lauben,
Wo wir mit Innigkeit ſprachen von Gott und unſerer Freundſchaft!
Himmliſche Bäche, verſiegt, wo wir in ſüßer Umarmung
Gottes des Ewigen Lob mit reiner Stimme beſangen!
Abdiel mein Bruder iſt mir auf ewig geſtorben!
Hölle! mein finſterer Aufenthalt, und du Mutter der Qualen,
Ewige Nacht, beklag' ihn mit mir! Ein nächtliches Jammern
Steige, wenn Gott mich ſchreckt, von deinen Bergen herunter.
Abdiel mein Bruder iſt mir auf ewig geſtorben!

Alſo jammert er ſeitwärts gekehrt. Drauf ſtand er am Eingang
In die Welten. Ihn ſchreckte der Glanz und die fliehenden Donner
Gegen ihn wandelnder Orione. Er ſahe die Welten,
Weil er ſich ſtets, in ſein Elend vertieft, in Einſamkeit einſchloß,
Seit Jahrhunderten nicht. Er ſtand betrachtend, und ſagte:

Seliger Eingang, dürft' ich durch dich in die Welten des Schöpfers
Wiederkehren! Und nie das Reich der dunkeln Verdammniß
Wieder betreten! Ihr Sonnen, unzählbare Kinder der Schöpfung,
War ich nicht ſchön, da der Ewige rief, da ihr glänzend hervorgingt,
Heller als ihr, da ihr jetzt aus der Hand des Schöpfers herabkamt?
Und nun ſteh' ich da verfinſtert, verworfen, ein Abſcheu
Dieſer herrlichen Welt! Und du, o Himmel! Da jetzo
Seh' ich erſt, da ich dich erblicke! Dort ward ich ein Sünder!
Stand dort wider den Ewigen auf. Du unſterbliche Ruhe,
Meine Geſpielin im Thal des Friedens, wo biſt du geblieben?
Ach, kaum läßt, für dich, mein Richter trauriges Staunen
Ueber ſeine Welten mir zu! O dürft' ich es wagen,
Schöpfer ihn niederſinkend zu nennen, wie gerne wollt' ich
Dann entbehren den liebenden Vaternamen, mit dem ihn
Seine Getreuen, die hohen Engel, kindlicher nennen!
O du Richter der Welt! dir darf ich Verlorner nicht flehen,
Daß du mit Einem Blicke mich nur hier im Abgrund anſiehſt.
Finſt'rer Gedanke, Gedanke voll Qual! und du wilde Verzweiflung!
Würge, Tyrannin, du würge nur fort! Wie bin ich ſo elend!
Wär' ich nur nicht! Ich fluche dir, Tag, da der Schaffende ſagte
Werde! da er von Oſten mit ſeiner Herrlichkeit ausging!
Ja dir fluch' ich, o Tag, da die neuen Unſterblichen riefen:
Unſer Bruder iſt auch! Du Mutter unſterblicher Qualen,
Warum gebareſt du, Ewigkeit, ihn? Und mußt' er ja werden,
Warum ward er nicht finſter und traurig, der ewigen Nacht gleich,
Welche mit Ungewitter und Tod vor dem Donnerer herzieht,
Leer von Geſchöpfen, belaſtet vom Zorn und dem Fluche der Gottheit?
Wider wen empörſt du dich hier vor dem Auge der Schöpfung,
Läſterer! Sonnen, fallt auf mich her! bedeckt mich, ihr Sterne,
Vor dem grimmigen Zorn deß, der vom Throne der Rache
Ewig als Feind und Richter mich ſchreckt! Du in deinen Gerichten
Unerbittlicher! iſt denn in deiner Ewigkeit künftig
Nichts von Hoffnungen übrig! Ach wird denn, göttlicher Richter,
Schöpfer, Vater, Erbarmer! Ach nun verzweifl' ich von neuem,
Denn geläſtert hab' ich Jehovah! ich nannt' ihn mit Namen,
Heiligen Namen, die nennen kein Sünder darf ohne Verſöhner!
Ha, ich entfliehe! Schon rauſchet von ihm ein allmächtiger Donner
Durch das Unendliche furchtbar einher! Doch wohin? Ich entſtürze!

Ruft' es, und eilet, und ſchaute betäubt in des leeren Abgrund.
Schafft da Feuer, tödtende Glut, die Geiſter verzehre,
Gott! Verderber! zu furchtbarer Gott in deinen Gerichten!
Doch er flehte vergebens. Es ward kein tödtendes Feuer.
Darum wendet' er ſich, und floh zurück in die Welten.
Endlich ſtand er ermüdet auf einer erhabenen Sonne,
Schaute von da in die Tiefen hinab. Dort drängten Geſtirne
Andre Geſtirne, wie glänzende Seen. Ein irrender Erdkreis
Näherte ſich, ſchon dampft' er, und ſchon war ihm ſein Gericht nah.
Auf den ſtürzte ſich Abbadona, mit ihm zu vergehen:
Doch er verging nicht, und ſank, betäubt vom ewigen Kummer,
Wie ein Gebirge voll von Gebein, wo Menſchen ſich würgten,
Im Erdbeben verſenkt, zu der Erde ſich langſam nieder.

Unterdeß war Satan mit Adramelech der Erde
Auch ſchon näher gekommen. Sie gingen neben einander,
Jeder allein, und in ſich gekehrt. Jetzt ſahe den Erdkreis
Adramelech vor ſich in ferner Dunkelheit liegen.

Sie, ſie iſt es, ſo ſagt' er bei ſich, ſo drängten Gedanken
Andre Gedanken, wie Wogen des Meers, wie der Ocean drängte,
Als er von drei Welten ſich, fernes Amerika, losriß,
Ja, ſie iſt es, die ich, ſo bald ich Satan entfernet,
Oder, beſiegend den Gott, mich vor Allen habe verherrlicht,
Die ich dann, als Schöpfer des Böſen, allein beherrſche!
Aber warum nur ſie? Warum nicht auch jene Geſtirne,
Die, zu lange ſchon ſelig, um mich durch die Himmel daherzeh'n?
Ja auch dort ſoll der Tod, von einem Geſtirn zu dem andern,
Bis an die Grenze des Himmels, es ſchau' der Ewige: tödten!
Dann würg' Ich die Erſchaffenen Gottes, wie Satan, nicht einzeln;
Nein, zu ganzen Geſchlechten! Die legen vor mir in dem Staub ſich
Nieder, krümmen vor mir ſich entſtaltet, winden ſich, ſterben!
Dann will ich hier, oder dort, oder da, triumphirend und einſam
Stehen! mich hoch umſeh'n! Die du nun deinen Geſchöpfen
Wurdeſt durch mich zum Grabe, Natur, auf deine Verweſten,
Will, in dem tiefen unendlichen Grab, ich lachend hinabſeh'n!
Und gefällt es dem Ewigen dann in dem Grabe der Welten
Neue Geſchöpfe zu bau'n, daß ich ſie von neuem verderbe:
Auch die will ich mit eben der Liſt, mit eben der Kühnheit,
Wieder, von einem Geſtirn zu dem andern, verführen, und tödten!
Adramelech, das biſt du! Gelang' es dir endlich doch, endlich,
Daß du auch erfändeſt der Geiſter Sterben, daß Satan
Ha! verginge durch dich, durch dich zernicht' in ein Unding!
Unter ihm, vollbring du kein Werk, das deiner nur werth iſt!
Mächtiger Geiſt, der du Adramelech beſeeleſt, erſchaffe!
Tödte die Geiſter, ich flehe dir, tödte ſie! oder vergehe!
Ja vergeh', ſei lieber nicht mehr, eh du leidſt, und nicht herrſcheſt!
Ja, ich will geh'n, geh'n will ich, und alle meine Gedanken,
Sie, wie Götter, verſammeln, erfinden ſollen ſie! tödten!
Jetzt iſt die Zeit, worauf ich ſeit Ewigkeiten ſchon dachte,
Das zu vollenden! ja, jetzt, da Gott von neuem erwacht iſt,

Und, wenn ſich Satan nicht täuſchte, und einen Menſchenerlöſer,
Unſer erobertes Reich ſich zu unterwerfen, herabſchickt,
Aber er täuſche ſich nicht! Der Menſch ſei der größte Prophete
Von den Propheten allen ſeit Adam, er ſei ein Meſſias;
Seine Beſiegung ſoll doch, vor der ganzen Geiſterverſammlung,
Mich, zu beſteigen der Hölle Thron, zu dem würdigſten machen!
Oder, was ich vielmehr von meiner Gottheit erwarte,
Was du vielmehr, unſterblicher Adramelech, vollendeſt,
Wenn ich Satan vor ihm verderbe; der mächtigen That dann
Meiner Knechtſchaft Ende verdanke: ſei jener der Erſtling
Meiner Beſiegten, durch den, als der Götter Obermonarch, Ich
Schimmre! Satan, wie ſchwer wird es dir, den Leib des Meſſias
Nur zu erwürgen! Erwürg' ihn denn! Ja, die kleinen Geſchäfte
Laſſ' ich dir, eh' du vergehſt; ich aber tödte die Seele!
Die vernicht' ich; des Sterblichen Staub zerſtreue du mühſam!

Alſo verlor ſich ſein Geiſt, empört vom wünſchenden Herzen,
In den ſchwarzen Entwurf! Gott, der das Kommende ſchaute,
Hört' ihn, und ſchwieg. Voll ermüdendes Tiefſinns blieb Adramelech
Unvermerkt auf einem Gewölk, das unter ihm Nacht ward,
Starr, mit glühender Stirne, die der Grimm durchfaltete, ſtehen.
Doch das Getös der wandelnden Erde, die itzt mit der Nacht kam,
Weckte den wilden Empörer aus ſeinen ſchwarzen Gedanken,
Und er wandte ſich wieder zu Satan. Sie gingen und ſtürmten
Gegen den Oelberg, dort den Verſöhner mit den Vertrauten
Aufzuſuchen. So ſtürzen ſich rollende tödtende Wogen
Nieder ins Thal, dem ruhigen Führer des Feindes entgegen.
Jetzo ſendeten ſie, von himmelnahen Gebirgen,
Eherne Krieger, ſie rauſchen mit eiſernem dumpfem Getöſe
Ueber den Fels, und es kracht, und es donnert, und tödtet von ferne.
Alſo kam Adramelech herab, und Satan zum Oelberg.

II.

Aus Klopſtock's Oden.

An Giſeke.

Geh'! ich reiße mich los, obgleich die männliche Tugend
Nicht die Thräne verbeut,
Geh! ich weine nicht, Freund. Ich müßte mein Leben durchweinen,
Weint' ich dir, Giſeke, nach!
Denn ſo werden ſie alle dahin geh'n, jeder den andern
Trauernd verlaſſen, und flieh'n:
Alſo trennet der Tod gewählte Gatten! Der Mann kam
Seufzend im Ocean um,
Sie am Geſtad, wo von Todtengerippe, und Scheiter, und Meerſand
Stürme das Grab ihr erhöh'n.
So liegt Miltons Gebein von Homers Gebeine geſondert,
Und der Cypreſſe verweht
Ihre Klag' an dem Grabe des Einen, und kommt nicht hinüber
Nach des Anderen Gruft.
So ſchrieb unſer aller Verhängniß auf eherne Tafeln
Der im Himmel, und ſchwieg.
Was der Hocherhabene ſchrieb, verehr' ich im Staube
Weine gen Himmel nicht auf.
Geh, mein Theurer! Es leben vielleicht ſich unſere Freunde
Auch ohne Thränen mit dir;
Wenn nicht Thränen die Seele vergießt, unweinbar dem Fremdling
Sanftes edles Gefühls.
Eile zu Hagedorn hin, und haſt du genug ihn umarmet,
Iſt die erſte Begier,
Euch zu ſehen, geſtillt, ſind alle Thränen der Freude
Weggelächelt entfloh'n,
Giſeke, ſag' ihm alsdann, nach drei genoſſenen Tagen,
Daß ich ihn liebe, wie du!

Die künftige Geliebte.

Dir nur, liebendes Herz, euch, meine vertraulichſten Thränen,
Sing' ich traurig allein dies wehmüthige Lied.
Nur mein Auge ſoll's mit ſchmachtendem Feuer durchirren,
Und, an Klagen verwöhnt, hör' es mein leiſeres Ohr!
Ach warum, o Natur, warum, unzärtliche Mutter,
Gabeſt du zum Gefühl mir ein zu biegſames Herz?
Und in das biegſame Herz die unbezwingliche Liebe,
Daurend Verlangen, und ach keine Geliebte dazu?
Die du künftig mich liebſt, (wenn anders zu meinen Thränen
Einſt das Schickſal erweicht eine Geliebte mir giebt!)
Die du künftig mich liebſt, o du aus Allen erkoren,
Sag', wo dein fliehender Fuß ohne mich einſam jetzt irrt!
Nur mit Einem verrathenden Laut, mit Einem der Töne,
Die der Frohen entflieh'n, ſag' es, einſt Glückliche, mir!
Fühlſt du, wie ich, der Liebe Gewalt, verlangſt du nach mir hin,
Ohne daß du mich kennſt; o ſo verheel' es mir nicht!
Sag' es mit einem durchdringenden Ach, das meinem Ach gleicht,
Das aus innerſter Bruſt Klage ſeufzet, und ſtirbt.
Oft um Mitternacht wehklagt die bebende Lippe,
Daß, die ich liebe, du mir immer unſichtbar noch biſt!
Oft um Mitternacht ſtreckt ſich mein zitternder Arm aus,
Und umfaſſet ein Bild, ach das deine vielleicht!
Wo, wo ſuch' ich dich auf? ſo werd' ich endlich dich finden?
Du, die meine Begier ſtark und unſterblich verlangt!
Jener Ort, der dich hält, wo iſt er? wo fließet der Himmel,
Welcher dein Aug' umwölbt, heiter und lächelnd vorbei?
Werd' ich mein Auge zu dir einſt, ſegnender Himmel, erheben,
Und umarmet ſie ſeh'n, die aufblühen du ſahſt?
Aber ich kenne dich nicht! es ging die fernere Sonne
Meinen Thränen daſelbſt niemals unter und auf.
Soll ich jene Gefilde nicht ſeh'n? Führt nie dort im Frühling
Meine zitternde Hand ſie in ein blühendes Thal?
Sinkt ſie, von ſüßer Gewalt der mächtigen Liebe bezwungen,
Nie mit der Dämmerung Stern mir an die bebende Bruſt!
Ach, wie ſchlägt mir mein Herz! wie zittern mir durch die Gebeine
Freud' und Hoffnung, dem Schmerz unüberwindlich dahin!
Unbeſingbare Luſt, ein ſüßer begeiſternder Schauer,
Eine Thräne, die mir ſtill den Wangen entfiel;
Und, ich ſehe ſie! mitweinende, weibliche Zähren;
Ein wie liſpelnder Hauch, und ein erſchütterndes Ach!
Ein zuſegnender Laut, der mir rief, wie ein Schatten dem Schatten
Liebend ruft, weiſſagt', dich, die mich hörte, mir.
O du, die du ſie mir und meiner Liebe gebareſt,
Hätteſt du ſie, Mutter, umarmt; dreimal geſegnet ſei mir!
Dreimal geſegnet ſei dein gleich empfindendes Herz mir,
Das der Tochter zuerſt weibliche Zärtlichkeit gab!
Aber laß ſie jetzt frei! Sie eilt zu den Blumen, und will da
Nicht von Zeugen behorcht, will geſehen nicht ſein.
Eile nicht ſo! doch mit welchem Namen ſoll ich dich nennen,
Du, die unausſprechlich meinem Verlangen gefällt?
Heißeſt du Laura? Laura beſang Petrarcha in Liedern,
Zwar dem Bewunderer ſchön, aber dem Liebenden nicht!
Wirſt du Fanny genannt? Iſt Sidli dein fei'rlicher Name?
Singer, die Joſeph und den, welchen ſie liebte, beſang?
Singer! Fanny! ach Sidli, ja Sidli nennet mein Lied dich,
Wenn im Liede mein Herz bald geſagt dir gefällt!
Eile nicht ſo, damit nicht vom Dorn der verpflanzeten Roſe
Blute, wenn du ſo eilſt, dein zu flüchtiger Fuß:
Du mit zu ſtarken Zügen den Duft des Lenzes nicht trinkeſt,
Und um den blühenden Mund ſanfter die Lüfte nur weh'n.
Aber du geheſt denkend und langſam, das Auge voll Zähren,
Und jungfräulicher Ernſt deckt das verſchönte Geſicht.
Täuſchte dich Jemand? und weineſt du, weil der Geſpielinnen eine
Nicht, wie von ihr du geglaubt, redlich und tugendhaft war?
Oder liebſt du, wie ich? erwacht mit unſterblicher Sehnſucht,
Wie ſie das Herz mir empört, dir die ſtarke Natur?
Was ſagt dieſer ſeufzende Mund? Was ſagt mir dies Auge,
Das mit verlangendem Blick ſich zu dem Himmel erhebt?
Was entdeckt mir dies tiefere Denken, als fühlſt du ihn vor dir?
Ach, als ſänkſt du ans Herz dieſes Glücklichen hin!
Ach du liebeſt! So wahr die Natur kein edleres Herz nicht
Ohne den heiligſten Trieb derer, die ewig ſind, ſchuf!
Ja, du liebeſt, du liebeſt! Ach wenn du den doch auch kennteſt,

Deſſen liebendes Herz unbemerkt dir ſchlägt;
Deſſen Wehmuth dich ewig verlangt, dich bang vom Geſchicke
Fodert von dem Geſchick, das unbeweglich ſie hört.
Wehten doch ſanftrauſchende Winde ſein innig Verlangen,
Seiner Seufzer Laut, ſeine Geſänge dir zu!
Winde, wie die in der goldenen Zeit, die vom Ohre des Schäfers
Hoch zu der Götter Ohr, floß'n mit der Schäferin Ach.
Eilet, Winde, mit meinem Verlangen zu ihr in die Laube,
Schauert hin durch den Wald, rauſcht, und verkündet mich ihr:
Ich bin redlich! Mir gab die Natur Empfindung zur Tugend;
Aber mächtiger war, die ſie zur Liebe mir gab
In der Liebe, der ſchönſten der Tugenden, wie ſie den Menſchen
In der Jugend der Welt ſtärker und edler ſie gab.
Alles empfind' ich von dir; kein halb bewegendes Lächeln;
Kein unvollendetes Wort, welches im Seufzer verflog;
Keine ſtille mich fliehende Thräne, kein leiſes Verlangen,
Kein Gedanke, der ſich mir in der Ferne nur zeigt;
Kein halb ſtammelnder Blick voll unausſprechlicher Reden,
Wenn er den ewigen Bund ſüßer Umarmungen ſchwört;
Auch der Tugenden keine, die du mir ſittſam verbirgeſt,
Eilet mir unerforſcht und unempfunden vorbei!
Ach, wie will ich, Cidli, dich lieben! Das ſagt uns kein Dichter,
Und ſelbſt wie im Geſchwätz trunk'ner Beredſamkeit nicht.
Kaum, daß noch die Unſterbliche ſelbſt, die fühlende Seele
Ganz die volle Gewalt dieſer Empfindungen faßt!

An Ebert.

Ebert, mich ſcheucht ein trüber Gedanke vom blinkenden Weine
Tief in die Melancholei!
Ach, du redeſt umſonſt, vordem gewaltiges Kelchglas,
Heit're Gedanken mir zu!
Weggeh'n muß ich, und weinen! vielleicht daß die lindernde Thräne
Meinen Gram mit verweint.
Lindernde Thränen, euch gab die Natur dem menſchlichen Elend
Weiſ' als Geſellinnen zu.
Wäret ihr nicht, und könnte der Menſch ſein Leiden nicht weinen,
Ach! wie ertrüg' er es da!
Weggeh'n muß ich, und weinen! Mein ſchwermuthsvoller Gedanke
Wird noch gewaltig in mir.
Ebert! ſind ſie nun alle dahin! deckt unſere
Alle die heilige Gruft;
Und ſind wir, zween Einſame, — dann von Allen noch übrig!
Ebert! verſtummeſt du nicht hier?
Sieht dein Auge nicht trüb um ſich her, nicht ſtarr ohne Seele?
So erſtarb auch mein Blick!
So erbebt' ich, als mich von allen Gedanken der bängſte
Donnernd das erſtemal traf!
Wie du einen Wanderer, der, zwiſchen der Gattin,
Und dem geliebtern Sohn,
Und der blühenden Tochter, nach ihrer Umarmung ſchon hinweint,
Du den, Donner, ereilſt,
Tödtend ihn faſſeſt, und ihm das Gebein zu fallendem Staube
Machſt, triumphirend alsdann
Wieder die hohe Wolke durchwanderſt, ſo traf der Gedanke
Meinen erſchütterten Geiſt.
Daß mein Auge ſich dunkel verlor, und das bebende Knie mir
Kraftlos zittert', und ſank.
Ach, in ſchweigender Nacht erblickt' ich die offenen Gräber,
Und der unſterblichen Schaar!
Wenn mir nicht mehr das Auge des zärtlichen Gieſeke lächelt!
Wenn, von der Radikin fern,
Unſer redlicher Cramer verweſt; wenn Gärtner, wenn Rabner
Nicht Sokratiſch mehr ſpricht!
Wenn in des edelmüthigen Gellert harmoniſchem Leben
Jede Saite verſtummt!
Wenn, nun über der Gruft, der frohe geſellige Rothe
Freudegenoſſen ſich wählt!
Wenn der erfindende Schlegel aus einer längern Verbannung
Keinem Freunde mehr ſchreibt!
Wenn in meines geliebteſten Schmidts Umarmung mein Auge
Nicht mehr Zärtlichkeit weint!
Wenn ſich unſer Vater zur Ruh, ſich Hagedorn hinlegt;
Ebert, was ſind wir alsdann,
Wir Geweihten des Schmerzes, die hier ein trüberes Schickſal
Länger, als Alle ſie ließ?
Stirbt dann auch einer von uns (mich reißt mein banger Gedanke
Immer täglich fort!),
Stirbt dann auch Einer von uns, und bleibt nur Einer noch übrig;
Bin der Eine dann ich;
Hat mich dann auch die ſchon geliebt, die künftig mich liebet,
Ruht auch ſie in der Gruft;
Bin dann ich der Einſame, bin allein auf der Erde,
Wirſt du, ewiger Geiſt,
Seele zur Freundſchaft erſchaffen, du dann die leeren Tage,
Seh'n, und fühlend noch ſein?
Oder wirſt du betäubt zu Nächten ſie wähnen und ſchlummern,
Und gedankenlos ruh'n?
Aber du könnteſt ja auch erwachen, dein Elend zu fühlen,
Leidender, ewiger Geiſt.
Rufe, wenn du erwachſt, das Bild von dem Grabe der Freunde,
Das nur rufe zurück!
O ihr Gräber der Todten! ihr Gräber meiner Entſchlaf'nen!
Warum liegt ihr zerſtreut?
Warum lieget ihr nicht in blühenden Thalen beiſammen?
Oder in Hainen vereint?
Leitet den ſterbenden Greis! Ich will mit wankendem Fuße
Gehn, auf jeglichem Grab
Eine Zypreſſe pflanzen, die noch nicht ſchattenden Bäume
Für die Enkel erziehn,
Oft in der Nacht auf biegſamen Wipfel die himmliſche Bildung
Meiner Unſterblichen ſehn,
Zitternd gen Himmel erheben mein Haupt, und weinen, und ſterben!
Senket den Todten dann ein
Bei dem Grabe, bei dem er ſtarb! nimm dann, o Verweſung!
Meine Thränen, und mich!
Finſtrer Gedanke! laß ab! laß ab in die Seele zu donnern!
Wie die Ewigkeit ernſt,
Furchtbar, wie das Gericht, laß ab! die verſtummende Seele,
Faßt dich, Gedanke, nicht mehr!

An Fanny.

Wenn einſt ich todt bin, wenn mein Gebein zu Staub'
Iſt eingeſunken; wenn du, mein Auge, nun
Lang' über meines Lebens Schickſal,
Brechend im Tode, nun ausgeweint haſt.

Und ſtillanbetend da, wo die Zukunft iſt,
Nicht mehr hinauf blickſt, wenn mein erſungner Ruhm,
Die Frucht von meiner Jünglingsthräne,
Und von der Liebe zu dir, Meſſias!

Nun auch verweht iſt, oder von wenigen
In jene Welt hinüber gerettet ward!
Wenn du alsdann auch, meine Fanny,
Lange ſchon todt biſt, und deines Auges

Stillheiteres Lächeln, und ſein beſeelter Blick
Auch iſt verloſchen, wenn du, vom Volke nicht
Bemerket, deines ganzen Lebens
Edlere Thaten nunmehr gethan haſt,

Des Nachruhms werther, als ein unſterblich Lied,
Ach wenn du dann auch einen beglückteren
Als mich geliebt haſt, laß den Stolz mir,
Einen beglückteren, doch nicht edlern!

Dann wird ein Tag ſein, den werd' ich auferſtehn!
Dann wird ein Tag ſein, den wirſt du auferſtehn!
Dann trennt kein Schickſal mehr die Seelen,
Die du einander, Natur, beſtimmteſt.

Dann wägt, wie Wagſchal' in der gehobnen Hand,
Gott Glück und Tugend gegen einander gleich;
Was in der Dinge Lauf jetzt mißklingt,
Tönet in ewigen Harmonieen!

Wenn dann du daſtehſt jugendlich auferweckt,
Dann eil' ich zu dir! ſäume nicht, bis mich erſt
Ein Seraph bei der Rechten faſſe,
Und mich, Unſterbliche, zu dir führe.

Dann ſoll dein Bruder, innig von mir umarmt,
Zu dir auch eilen! dann will ich thränenvoll,
Voll froher Thränen jenes Lebens
Neben dir ſtehn, dich mit Namen nennen,

Und dich umarmen! Dann, o Unſterblichkeit,
Gehörſt du ganz uns! Kommt, die das Lied nicht ſingt,
Kommt, unausſprechlich ſüße Freuden!
So unausſprechlich, als jetzt mein Schmerz iſt.

Rinn' unterdeß, o Leben! Sie kommt gewiß
Die Stunde, die uns nach der Zypreſſe ruft!
Ihr andern, ſeid der ſchwermuthsvollen
Liebe geweiht! und umwölkt und dunkel!

Der Abſchied.

Wenn du entſchlafend über dir ſehen wirſt
Den ſtillen Eingang zu den Unſterblichen,
Und aufgethan die erdeferne
Pforte des Himmels, enthüllt den Schauplatz

Der Ewigkeit: dann nahe dir hören wirſt
Die Donnerrede des, der Entſcheidung dir
Kund thut; ſo feierlich ſpricht die Gottheit,
Wenn ſie das Urtheil der Tugend ausſpricht;

Wenn du dann lächelnd näher dir hören wirſt
Die Stimme Salems, welcher dein Engel war,
Und, mit des Seraphs ſanftem Laute,
Deines entſchlafenen Freundes Stimme:

Dann werd' ich vor dir lange geſtorben ſein.
Den letzten Abend ſprach ich, und lehnte mich
An deines Bruders Bruſt, und weinend
Senkt' ich die Hand ihm in ſeine Hand hin:

„Mein Schmidt, ich ſterbe, ſehe nun bald um mich
Die großen Seelen, Popen und Addiſon,
Den Sänger Adams neben Adam,
Neben ihm Eva mit Palmenkränzen,

Der Schläfe Miltons heilig; die himmliſche,
Die fromme Singer, bei ihr die Radikin,
Und durch den Tod mit Staunen traf, daß
Traurigkeit auch, und nicht Freud' allein ſei.

Auf Erden! meinen Bruder, der blühte, ſchnell
Abfiel! Bald tret' ich in die Verſammlungen,
Hin in's Getön! in's Halleluja,
In die Geſänge der hohen Engel.

Heil mir! mein Herz glüht, feurig und ungeſtüm
Bebt mir die Freude durch mein Gebein dahin!
Heil mir! die ewig junge Seele
Fließet von Göttergedanken über.

Schon halb geſtorben, hebet von neuem mir
Der müde Leib auf; ſo werd' ich auferſtehn,
Der ſüße Schauer wird mich faſſen,
Wenn ich mit dir von dem Tod' erwache.

Wie mir es ſanft ſchlägt! leg' an mein Herz dich Freund!
Ich lebt', und daß ich lebte, bereu' ich nicht,
Ich lebte dir, und unſern Freunden,
Aber auch ihm, der nun bald mich richtet!

Ich hör', ich höre fern ſchon der Wage Klang,
Und ihr der Gottheit Stimme, die Richterin!
O wäre ſie, der beſſern Thaten
Schale, ſo ſchwer, daß ſie überwöge!

Ich ſang den Menſchen menſchlich den Ewigen,
Den Mittler Gottes. Unten am Throne liegt
Mein großer Lohn mir, eine goldne,
Heilige Schale voll Chriſtenthränen.

Ach, ſchöne Stunden! traurige ſchöne Zeit,
Mir immer heilig, die ich mit dir gelebt!
Die erſte floß uns fort und lächelnd
Jugendlich hin, doch die letzte wein' ich!

Mehr, als mein Blick ſagt, hat dich mein Herz geliebt,
Mehr, als es ſeufzet, hat dich mein Herz geliebt;
Laß ab vom Weinen; ſonſt vergeh' ich:
Auf, ſei ein Mann! geh' und liebe Rothen!

Mein Leben ſollte hier noch nicht himmliſch ſein,
Drum liebte die mich, die ich ſo liebte, nicht.
Geh, Zeuge meines Trauerlebens,
Geh, wenn ich todt bin, zu deiner Schweſter.

Erzähl', nicht jene mir unvergeßlichen
Durchweinten Stunden, nicht, wie ein trüber Tag,
Wie Wetter, die ſich langſam fortziehn,
Mein nun vollendetes kurzes Leben.

Nicht jene Schwermuth, die ich an deiner Bruſt
Verſtummend weinte: Heil dir, mein theurer Freund!
Weil du mit allen meinen Thränen
Mitleid gehabt, und mit mir geweint haſt!

Vielleicht ein Mädchen, welches auch edel iſt,
Wird, meiner Lieder Hörerin, um ſich her
Die Edlen ihrer Zeit betrachten,
Und mit der Stimme der Wehmuth ſagen:

O lebte der noch, welchen ſo tief das Herz
Der Liebe Macht traf! Die wird dich ſegnen, Freund!
Weil du mit meinen vielen Thränen
Mitleid gehabt, und mit mir geweint haſt!

Geh, wenn ich todt bin, lächelnd, ſo wie ich ſtarb,
Zu deiner Schweſter; ſchweige vom Traurenden;
Sag ihr, daß ſterbend ich von ihr noch
Alſo geſprochen, mit heiterm Blicke.

Des Herzens Sprache, wenn ſie mein todter Blick
Noch reden kann, ach ſag' ihr: Wie liebt' ich dich!
Wie iſt mein unbemerktes Leben,
Dir nur geheiligt, dahingegangen!

Des beſten Bruders Schweſter! Nimm, Glückliche,
Den Abſchiedsſegen, welchen dein Freund dir giebt;
Geliebt hat keiner, der dich alſo
Segnete, keiner wird ſo dich ſegnen.

Womit der lohnet, welcher die Unſchuld kennt,
Von aller hohen himmliſchen Seligkeit,
Von jener Ruh der frommen Tugend,
Fließe dein göttliches Herz dir über!

Du müſſeſt weinen Thränen der Menſchlichkeit,
Viel theure Thränen, wenn du die Dulder ſiehſt,
Die vor dir leiden, durch dich müſſe
Deinen Geſpielinnen ſichtbar werden,

Die heil'ge Tugend, Gottes erhabenſte,
Hier nicht erkannte Schöpfung, und ſeligt,
Von ihrem Jubel volle Freuden
Müſſen dein jugendlich Haupt umſchweben,

Dir ſchon bereitet, da du aus Gottes Hand*
Mit deinem Lächeln heiter gebildet kamſt;
Schon da gab dir, den du nicht kannteſt,
Heitere Freuden, mir aber Thränen!

O ſchöne Seele, die ich mit dieſem Ernſt
So innig liebte! Aber in Thränen auch
Verehr' ich dich, das ſchönſte Weſen,
Schöner als Engel zu denken können.

Wenn hingeworfen vor den Unendlichen
Und tief anbetend ich an des Thrones Fuß
Die Arme weit ausbreite, für dich
Hier unempfundene Gebete ſtammle:

Dann müſſ' ein Schauer von dem Unendlichen,
Ein ſanftes Beben derer, die Gott nun ſehn,
Ein ſüßer Schauer jenes Lebens
Ueber dich kommen und dir die Seele

Ganz überſtrömen. Ueber dich müſſeſt du
Erſtaunend ſtehn, und lächelnd gen Himmel ſchaun!
Ach, dann komm bald im weißen Kleide,
Wallend im lieblichen Strahl der Heitre!

Ich ſprach's: und ſah noch einmal ihr Bildniß an,
Und ſtarb. Er ſah das Auge des Sterbenden,

Und klagt' ihr nicht, weil er ſie liebet,
Daß ihm zu früh ſein Geliebter hinſtarb.

Wenn ich vor dir ſo werde geſtorben ſein,
O meine Fanny, und du auch ſterben willſt;
Wie wirſt du deines todten Freundes
Dich in der ernſteren Stund' erinnern?

Wie wirſt von ihm du denken, der edel war,
So ganz dich liebte? wie von den traurigen,
Troſtlos durchweinten Mitternächten?
Von der Erſchütterung ſeiner Seele?

Von jener Wehmuth, wenn nun der Jüngling oft,
Dir kaum bemerket, zitternd dein Auge bat,
Und ſchweigend, nicht zu ſtolz, dir vorhielt:
Daß die Natur ihn für dich geſchaffen?

Ach dann! wie wirſt du denken, wenn ſchnell dein Blick
Und ernſt ins Leben hinter dem Rücken ſchaut?
Das ſchwör' ich dir, dir ward ein großes,
Göttliches Herz, und das mehr verlangte.

Stirb ſanft! o, die ich mit unausſprechlicher
Empfindung liebte! Schlummr' in die Ewigkeit
Mit Ruh hinüber, wo dich Gott ſchuf,
Als er dich machte voll ſchöner Unſchuld.

An Gott.

A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates.
MILTON.

Ein ſtiller Schauer deiner Allgegenwart
Erſchüttert, Gott! mich. Sanfter erbebt mein Herz,
Und mein Gebein. Ich fühl', ich fühl' es,
Daß du auch hier, wo ich weine, Gott! biſt.

Von deinem Antlitz wandelt, Unendlicher,
Dein Blick der Seher, durch mein eröffnet Herz.
Sei vor ihm heilig, Herz, ſei heilig,
Seele, vom ewigen Hauch entſprungen!

Betrügt mich Täuſchung? oder iſt wirklich wahr,
Was ein Gedanke leiſe dem andern ſagt?
Empfindung, biſt du wahr, als dürf' ich
Frei mit dem Schöpfer der Seele reden?

Gedanken Gottes, welche der Ewige,
Der Weiſ' izt denket! wenn ihr den menſchlichen
Gedanken zürnet: o wo ſollen
Sie vor euch, Gottes Gedanken! hinfliehn?

Flöhn ſie zum Abgrund: ſiehe, ſo ſeid ihr da!
Und wenn ſie bebend in das Unendliche
Hineilten: auch im Unbegrenzten,
Wärt ihr, allwiſſende! ſie zu ſchauen!

Und wenn ſie Flügel nähmen der Seraphim,
Und aufwärts flögen, in die Verſammlungen,
Hoch ins Getön, ins Halleluja,
In die Geſänge der Harfenſpieler:

Auch da vernähmt ihr, göttliche Hörer! ſie.
Flieht denn nicht länger, ſeid ihr auch menſchlicher,
Flieht nicht! der ewig iſt, der weiß es,
Daß er in engen Bezirk euch einſchloß.

Des frohen Zutrauns, ach der Beruhigung,
Daß meine Seele, Gott, mit dir reden darf!
Daß ſich mein Mund vor dir darf öffnen,
Töne des Menſchen herabzuſtammeln!

Ich wag's, und rede! Aber du weißt es ja,
Schon lange weißt du, was mein Gebein verzehrt,
Was, in mein Herz tief hingegoſſen,
Meinen Gedanken ein ewig Bild iſt!

Nicht heut erſt ſahſt du meine mir lange Zeit,
Die Augenblicke, weinend vorübergehn!
Du biſt es, der du warſt; Jehovah
Heiſſeſt du; aber ich Staub vom Staube!

Staub, und auch ewig! denn die Unſterbliche,
Die du mir, Gott! gabſt, gabſt du zur Ewigkeit!
Ihr hauchteſt du, dein Bild zu ſchaffen,
Hohe Begierden nach Ruh und Glück ein!

Ein drängend Heer! Doch eine ward herrlicher
Vor allen andern! Eine ward Königin
Der andern alle, deines Bildes
Letzter und göttlichſter Zug, die Liebe!

Die fühlſt du ſelber, doch als der Ewige;
Es fühlen jauchzend, welche du himmliſch ſchufſt,
Die hohen Engel deines Bildes
Letzten und göttlichſten Zug, die Liebe!

Die grubſt du Adam tief in ſein Herz hinein!
Nach ſeinem Denken und der Vollkommenheit,
Ganz ausgeſchaffen, ihm geſchaffen,
Brachteſt du, Gott! ihm der Menſchen Mutter!

Die grubſt du mir auch tief in mein Herz hinein!
Nach meinem Denken von der Vollkommenheit,
Ganz ausgeſchaffen, mir geſchaffen,
Führſt du ſie weg, die mein ganzes Herz liebt!

Der meine Seele ganz ſich entgegen gießt!
Mit allen Thränen, welche ſie weinen kann,
Die volle Seele ganz zuſtrömet —
Führſt du ſie mir, die ich liebe, Gott, weg!

Weg, durch dein Schickſal, welches, unſichtbar ſich
Dem Auge fortwebt, immer ins Dunklere webt!
Fern weg den ausgeſtreckten Armen,
Aber nicht weg aus dem bangen Herzen!

Und dennoch weißt du, welch ein Gedank' es war,
Als du ihn dachteſt, und zu der Wirklichkeit
Erſchaffend riefſt — der, daß du Seelen
Fühlender und für einander ſchufeſt!

Das weißt du, Schöpfer! Aber dein Schickſal trennt
Die Seelen, du ſo für einander ſchufſt,
Dein hohes, unerforſchtes Schickſal,
Dunkel für uns, doch anbetungswürdig!

Das Leben gleichet, gegen die Ewigkeit,
Dem ſchnellen Hauche, welcher dem Sterbenden
Entfließt; mit ihm entfloß die Seele
Die der Unendlichkeit ewig nachſtrömt!

Einſt löſt des Schickſals Vater in Klarheit auf,
Was Labyrinth war; Schickſal iſt dann nicht mehr!
Ach dann, bei trunknem Wiederſehen,
Giebſt du die Seelen einander wieder!

Gedanke, werth der Seel' und der Ewigkeit!
Werth, auch den bängſten Schmerz zu beſänftigen!
Dich denkt mein Geiſt in deiner Größe;
Aber ich fühle zu ſehr das Leben.

Das hier ich lebe! Gleich der Unſterblichkeit
Dehnt, was ein Hauch war, fürchterlich mir ſich aus!
Ich ſeh', ich ſehe meine Schmerzen,
Grenzenlos dunkel, vor mir verbreitet!

Laß, Gott, dieß Leben, leicht wie den Hauch entfliehn!
Nein, das nicht! gieb mir, die du mir gleich erſchufſt!
Ach, gieb ſie mir, dir leicht zu geben!
Gieb ſie dem bebenden bangen Herzen!

Dem ſüßen Schauer, der ihr entgegen wallt!
Dem ſtillen Stammeln der, die unſterblich iſt,
Und ſprachlos ihr Gefühl zu ſagen,
Nur, wenn ſie weinet, nicht ganz verſtummet.

Gieb ſie den Armen, die ich voll Unſchuld oft,
In meiner Kindheit, dir zu dem Himmel hub,
Wenn ich, mit heißer Stirn voll Andacht,
Dir um die ewige Ruhe flehte.

Mit einem Winke giebſt du, und nimmſt du ja
Dem Wurm, dem Stunden ſind wie Jahrhunderte,
Sein kurzes Glück; dem Wurm, der Menſch heißt.
Zeitiget, blühet, verblüht und abfällt.

Von ihr geliebet, will ich die Tugend ſchön
Und ſelig nennen! will ich ihr himmliſch Bild
Mit unverwandten Augen anſchaun,
Ruhe nur das, und nur Glück das nennen

Was ſie mir zuwinkt! Aber o frömmere,
Dich auch, o die du ferner und höher wohnſt,
Als unſre Tugend, will ich reiner,
Unbekannt, Gott nur bemerket, ehren.

Von ihr geliebet, will ich dir feuriger
Entgegenjauchzen! will ich mein voller Herz,
In beſſern Hallelujaliedern,
Ewiger Vater, vor dir ergießen!

Dann, wenn ſie mit mir deinen erhabnen Ruhm
Gen Himmel weinet, betend, mit ſchwimmendem
Entzückten Auge; will ich mit ihr
Hier ſchon das höhere Leben fühlen!

Das Lied vom Mittler, trunken in ihrem Arm
Von reiner Wolluſt, ſing' ich erhabner dann
Den Guten, welche gleich uns lieben,
Chriſten mit mir ſind, wie wir empfinden.

Dem Erlöſer.

Der Seraph ſtammelt, und die Unendlichkeit
Bebt durch den Umkreis ihrer Gefilde nach
Dein hohes Lob, o Sohn! Wer bin ich,
Daß ich mich auch in die Jubel dränge?

Vom Staube Staub! Doch wohnt ein Unſterblicher
Von hoher Abkunft in den Verweſungen!
Und denkt Gedanken, daß Entzückung
Durch die erſchütterte Nerve ſchauert!

Auch du wirſt einmal mehr wie Verweſung ſein,
Der Seele Schatten, Hütte, von Erd' erbaut,
Und andrer Schauer Trunkenheiten
Werden dich dort, wo du ſchlummerſt, wecken.

Der Leben Schauplatz, Feld, wo wir ſchlummerten,
Wo Adams Enkel wird, was ſein Vater war,
Als er ſich jetzt der Schöpfung Armen
Jauchzend entriß, und ein Leben daſtand!

O Feld vom Aufang bis, wo ſie untergeht,
Der Sonne letzte, heiliger Todter voll,
Wann ſeh ich dich? wann weinet mein Auge
Unter den tauſendmal Tauſend Thränen?

Des Schlafes Stunden, oder Jahrhunderte,
Fließt ſchnell vorüber, fließt, daß ich auferſteh!
Allein ſie ſäumen, und ich bin noch
Dießſeit am Grabe! O helle Stunde,

Der Ruh Geſpielin, Stunde des Todes, komm!
O du Gefilde, wo der Unſterbliche
Dieß Leben reift, noch nie beſuchter
Acker für ewige Saat, wo biſt du?

Laß mich dort hingehn, daß ich die Stätte ſeh!
Mit hingeſenktem trunkenen Blick ſie ſeh!
Der Erde Blumen drüber ſtreue,
Unter die Blumen mich leg', und ſterbe!

Wunſch großer Ausſicht, aber nur Glücklichen,
Wenn du die ſüße Stunde der Seligkeit,
Da wir dich wünſchen, kämſt: wer gliche
Dem, der alsdann mit dem Tode ränge?

Dann miſcht' ich kühner unter dem Throngeſang
Des Menſchen Stimme, ſänge dann heiliger
Den meine Seele liebt! den Beſten
Aller Gebornen, den Sohn des Vaters!

Doch laß mich leben, daß am erreichten Ziel
Ich ſterbe! Daß erſt, wenn geſungen iſt
Das Lied von dir, ich triumphirend
Ueber das Grab den erhabnen Weg geh!

O du mein Meiſter, der du gewaltigere
Die Gottheit lehrteſt! zeige die Wege mir,
Die du da gingſt! worauf die Seher,
Deine Verkündiger, Wonne ſangen.

Dort iſt es himmliſch! Ach, aus der Ferne Nacht,
Folg' ich der Spur noch, welche du wandelteſt:
Doch fällt von deiner Strahlenhöhe
Schimmer herab, und mein Auge ſieht ihn.

Dann hebt mein Geiſt ſich, dürſtet nach Ewigkeit,
Nicht jener kurzen, die auf der Erde bleibt;
Nach Palmen ringt er, die im Himmel,
Für der Unſterblichen Rechte ſproſſen.

Zeig' mir die Laufbahn, wo an dem fernen Ziel
Die Palme wehet! Meinen erhabenſten
Gedanken, lehr' ihn Hoheit! führe ihm
Wahrheiten zu, die es ewig bleiben!

Daß ich den Nachhall derer, die's ewig ſind,
Den Menſchen ſinge! daß mein geweihter Arm
Vom Altar Gottes Flammen nehme!
Flammen ins Herz der Erlöſten ſtröme!

Die beiden Muſen.

Ich ſah — o ſagt mir: ſah ich, was jetzt geſchieht?
Erblickt' ich Zukunft? mit der britanniſchen
Sah ich den Streitlauf Deutſchlands Muſe
Heiß zu den krönenden Zielen fliegen.

Zwei Ziele grenzten, wo ſich der Blick verlor,
Dort an die Laufbahn: Eichen beſchatteten
Des Hains das eine; nah dem andern
Wehten Palmen im Abendſchimmer.

Gewohnt des Streitlaufs, trat die von Albion
Stolz in die Schranken; ſo wie ſie kam, da ſie
Einſt mit der Mäonid', und jener
Am Kapitol in den heißen Sand trat.

Sie ſah die junge bebende Streiterin;
Doch dieſe bebte männlich, und glühende
Siegswerthe Röthen überſtrömten
Flammend die Wang', und ihr goldnes Haar flog.

Schon hielt ſie mühſam in der empörten Bruſt
Den engen Athem; hing ſchon hervorgebeugt
Dem Ziele zu; ſchon hub der Herold
Ihr die Drommet' — und ihr trunkner Blick ſchwamm.

Stolz auf die Kühne, ſtolzer auf ſich, bemaß
Die hohe Brittin, aber mit edlem Blick,
Dich, Thuiskone: Ja bei Barden
Wuchs ich mit dir in dem Eichenhain auf.

Allein die Sage kam mir, du ſeiſt nicht mehr!
Verzeih, o Muſe, wenn du unſterblich biſt,
Verzeih, daß ich's erſt jetzo lerne;
Doch an dem Ziele nur will ich's lernen!

Dort ſteht es! Aber ſiehſt du das weitere,
Und ſeine Kron' auch? Dieſen gehaltnen Muth,
Dieß ſtolze Schweigen, dieſen Blick, der
Feurig zur Erde ſich ſenkt, die kenn' ich!

Doch wäg's noch Einmal, eh' zu gefahrvoll dir
Der Herold tönet. War es nicht ich, die ſchon
Mit der am Thermopyl die Bahn maß?
Und mit der hohen der ſieben Hügel?

Sie ſprach's. Der ernſte, richtende Augenblick
Kam mit dem Herold näher. Ich liebe dich!
Sprach ſchnell mit Flammenblick Teutona,
Brittin, ich liebe dich mit Bewund'rung!

Doch dich nicht heißer, als die Unſterblichkeit,
Und jene Palmen! Rühre, dein Genius
Gebeut' er's, ſie vor mir; doch faſſ' ich,
Wenn du ſie faſſeſt, dann gleich die Kron' auch.

Und, o wie beb' ich! o ihr Unſterblichen!
Vielleicht erreich' ich früher das hohe Ziel!
Dann mag, o dann an meine leichte
Fliegende Locke dein Athem hauchen!

Der Herold klang! Sie flohen mit Adlereil.
Die weite Laufbahn ſtäubte, wie Wolken, auf.
Ich ſah: vorbei der Eiche wehte
Dunkler der Staub, und mein Blick verlor ſie.

Ihr Schlummer.

Sie ſchläft. O gieß ihr, Schlummer, geflügeltes
Balſamiſch Leben über ihr ſanftes Herz!
Aus Edens ungetrübter Quelle
Schöpfe den lichten, kryſtallnen Tropfen!

Und laß ihn, wo der Wange die Röth' entfloh,
Dort duftig hinthaun! Und du, o beſſere,
Der Tugend und der Liebe Ruhe,
Grazie deines Olymps, bedecke

Mit deinem Fittig Cidli. Wie ſchlummert ſie,
Wie ſtille! Schweig', o leiſere Saite ſelbſt:
Es welket dir dein Lorbeerſprößling,
Wenn aus dem Schlummer du Cidli liſpelſt!

Der Rheinwein.

O du, der Traube Sohn, der im Golde blinkt,
Den Freund, ſonſt Niemand, lad' in die Kühlung ein.
Wir drei ſind unſer werth, und jener
Deutſcheren Zeit: da du, edler Alter,

Noch ungekeltert, aber ſchon feuriger
Dem Rheine zuhingſt, der dich mit auferzog,
Und deiner heißen Berge Füße
Sorgſam mit grünlicher Welle kühlte.

Jezt, da dein Rücken bald ein Jahrhundert trägt,
Verdienſt du es, daß man den hohen Geiſt
In dir verſtehen lern', und Cato's
Ernſtere Tugend von dir entglühe.

Der Schule Lehrer kennet des Thiers um ihn,
Kennt aller Pflanzen Seele. Der Dichter weiß
So viel nicht; aber ſeiner Roſe
Weibliche Seele, des Weines ſtärkre,

Den jene kränzt, der flötenden Nachtigall
Erfindungsvolle Seele, die ſeinen Wein
Mit ihm beſingt — die kennt er beſſer,
Als den Erweis, der von Folgen triefet.

Rheinwein, von ihnen haſt du die edelſte,
Und biſt es würdig, daß du des Deutſchen Geiſt
Nachahmſt! biſt glühend, nicht aufflammend,
Taumellos, ſtark, und von leichtem Schaum leer.

Du dufteſt Balſam, wie mit der Abendluft
Der Würze Blume von dem Geſtade dampft;
Daß ſelbſt der Krämer die Gerüche
Athmender trinkt, und nur gleitend fortſchifft.

Freund, laß die Hall' uns ſchließen: der Lebensduft
Verſtrömet ſonſt, und etwa ein kluger Mann
Möcht' uns beſuchen, breit ſich ſetzen,
Und von der Weisheit wohl gar mit ſprechen.

Nun ſind wir ſicher. Engere Wiſſenſchaft,
Den hellen Einfall, lehr' uns des Alten Geiſt!
Die Sorgen ſoll er nicht vertreiben!
Haſt du geweinte, geliebte Sorgen.

Laß mich mit dir ſie ſorgen. Ich weine mit,
Wenn dir ein Freund ſtarb. Nenn' ihn; ſo ſtarb er mir!
Das ſprach er noch! nun kam das lezte,
Lezte Verſtummen! nun lag er todt da!

Von allem Kummer, welcher des Sterblichen
Kurzſichtig Leben nervenlos niederwirft,
Wärſt du, des Freundes Tod! der trübſte:
Wär' ſie nicht auch, die Geliebte, ſterblich!

Doch wenn dich, Jüngling, andere Sorg' entflammt,
Und dir's zu heiß wird, daß zu der Barden Gang
Im Haine noch nicht gingſt, dein Name
Noch unerhöht mit der großen Fluth fleußt:

So geh'! In Weisheit wandelt ſich Ehrbegier,
Wählt jene. Thorheit iſt es, ein kleines Ziel
Des würdigen, zum Ziel zu machen,
Nach der unſterblichen Seele laufen!

Noch viel Verdienſt iſt übrig. Auf! hab' es nur;
Die Welt wird's kennen. Aber das edelſte
Iſt Tugend! Meiſterwerke werden
Sicher unſterblich; die Tugend ſelten!

Allein ſie ſoll auch Lohn der Unſterblichkeit
Entbehren können. Athme nun auf, und trink.
Wir reden viel noch, eh des Aufgangs
Kühlungen wehen, von großen Männern.

Die Geneſung.

Geneſung, Tochter der Schöpfung auch,
Aber auch du der Unſterblichkeit nicht geboren,
Dich hat mir der Herr des Lebens und des Todes
Von dem Himmel geſandt!

Hätt' ich deinen ſanften Gang nicht vernommen,
Nicht deiner Liſpel Stimme gehört:
So hätt' auf des Liegenden kalter Stirn
Geſtanden mit dem eiſernen Fuße der Tod!

Zwar wär' ich auch dahin gewallet,
Wo Erden wandeln um Sonnen,
Hätte die Bahn betreten, auf der der beſchweifte Komet
Sich ſelbſt dem doppelten Auge verliert!

Hätt mit dem erſten entzückenden Gruße
Die Bewohner gegrüßt der Erden und der Sonnen,
Begrüßt des hohen Kometen
Zahlloſe Bevölkerung;

Kühne Jünglingsfragen gefragt,
Antworten volles Maßes bekommen,
Mehr in Stunden gelernt, als der Jahrhunderte
Lange Reihen hier enträthſeln.

Aber ich hätt' auch hier das nicht vollendet,
Was ſchon in den Blüthenjahren des Lebens
Mit lauter ſüßer Stimme
Mein Beruf zu beginnen mir rief.

Geneſung, Tochter der Schöpfung auch,
Aber auch du der Unſterblichkeit nicht geboren,
Dich hat mir der Herr des Lebens und des Todes
Von dem Himmel geſandt!

Dem Allgegenwärtigen.

Da du mit dem Tode gerungen, mit dem Tode
Heftiger du gebetet hatteſt,
Da dein Schweiß und dein Blut
Auf die Erde geronnen war,

In dieſer ernſten Stunde
Thateſt du jene große Wahrheit kund,
Die Wahrheit ſein wird
So lang' die Hülle der ewigen Seele Staub iſt.

Du ſtandeſt und ſprachſt
Zu den Schlafenden:
Willig iſt eure Seele,
Aber das Fleiſch iſt ſchwach!

Dieſer Endlichkeit Loos, die Schwere der Erde
Fühlet auch meine Seele,
Wenn ſie zu Gott, zu dem Unendlichen
Sich erheben will.

Anbetend, Vater, ſink' ich in den Staub, und fleh' —
Vernimm mein Flehn, die Stimme des Endlichen:
Gieb meiner Seel' ihr wahres Leben,
Daß ſie zu dir ſich, zu dir erhebe!

Allgegenwärtig, Vater,
Schließeſt du mich ein!
Steh' hier, Betrachtung, ſtill, und forſche
Dieſem Gedanken der Wonne nach.

Was wird das Anſchaun ſein, wenn der Gedank' an dich,
Allgegenwärtiger, ſchon Kräfte jener Welt hat!
Was wird es ſein dein Anſchaun,
Unendlicher, o du Unendlicher!

Das ſah kein Auge, das hörte kein Ohr,
Das kam in Keines Herz, wie ſehr es auch rang,
Wie es auch nach Gott, nach Gott,
Nach dem Unendlichen dürſtete.

Kam es doch in keines Menſchen Herz —
Nicht in das Herz des, welcher Sünder
Und Erd', und bald ein Todter iſt:
Was denen Gott, die ihn lieben, bereitet hat.

Wenige nur, ach wenige ſind,
Deren Aug' in der Schöpfung
Den Schöpfer ſieht! wenige, deren Ohr
Ihn in dem mächtigen Rauſchen des Sturmwinds hört,

Im Donner, der rollt, oder im liſpelnden Bache,
Unerſchaffner, dich vernimmt;
Weniger Herzen erfüllt, mit Ehrfurcht und Schauer,
Gottes Allgegenwart!

Laß mich im Heiligthume
Dich, Allgegenwärtiger,
Stets ſuchen, und finden! und iſt
Er mir entflohn, dieſer Gedanke der Ewigkeit:

Laß mich ihn tiefanbetend
Von den Chören der Seraphim,
Ihn mit lauten Thränen der Freude
Herunter rufen!

Damit ich, dich zu ſchaun,
Mich bereite, mich weihe,
Dich zu ſchaun
In dem Allerheiligſten.

Ich hebe mein Aug' auf, und ſeh;
Und ſiehe, der Herr iſt überall!
Erd', aus deren Staube
Der erſte der Menſchen geſchaffen ward.

Auf der ich mein erſtes Leben lebe,
In der ich verweſen werde,
Und Auferſtehen aus der!
Gott würdigt auch dich, dir gegenwärtig zu ſein.

Mit heiligem Schauer,
Brech' ich die Blum' ab;
Gott machte ſie,
Gott iſt, wo die Blum' iſt.

Mit heiligem Schauer, fühl' ich der Lüfte Wehn,
Hör' ich ihr Rauſchen! es hieß ſie wehn und rauſchen
Der Ewige! Der Ewige
Iſt, wo ſie ſäuſeln, und wo der Donnerſturm die Ceder ſtürzt.

Freue dich deines Todes, o Leib!
Wo du verweſen wirſt,
Wird Er ſein,
Der Ewige!

Freue dich deines Todes, o Leib! in den Tiefen der Schöpfung,
In den Höhn der Schöpfung, wird deine Trümmer verwehn!
Auch dort, verweſter, verſtäubter, wird Er ſein,
Der Ewige!

Die Höhen werden ſich bücken,
Die Tiefen ſich bücken,
Wenn der Allgegenwärtige nun
Wieder aus Staub' Unſterbliche ſchafft.

Werfet die Palmen, Vollendete! nieder, und die Kronen!
Halleluja dem Schaffenden,
Dem Tödtenden Halleluja!
Halleluja dem Schaffenden!

Ich hebe mein Aug' auf, und ſeh,
Und ſiehe der Herr iſt überall!

Sonnen, euch, und o Erden, euch Monden der Erden,
Erfüllet, rings um mich, des Unendlichen Gegenwart!

Nacht der Welten, wie wir in dem dunkeln Worte ſchaun
Den, der ewig iſt!
So ſchaun wir in dir, geheimnißvolle Nacht,
Den, der ewig iſt!

Hier ſteh' ich Erde! was iſt mein Leib
Gegen dieſe ſelbſt den Engeln unzählbare Welten,
Was ſind dieſe ſelbſt den Engeln unzählbare Welten
Gegen meine Seele!

Ihr, der unſterblichen, ihr, der erlöſten
Biſt du näher, als den Welten!
Denn ſie denken, ſie fühlen
Deine Gegenwart nicht.

Mit ſtillem Ernſte dank' ich dir,
Wenn ich ſie denke!
Mit Freudenthränen, mit namloſer Wonne,
Dank' ich, o Vater! dir, wenn ich ſie fühle!

Augenblicke deiner Erbarmungen,
O Vater, ſind's, wenn du das himmelvolle Gefühl
Deiner Allgegenwart
Mir in die Seele ſtrömſt.

Ein ſolcher Anblick
Allgegenwärtiger,
Iſt ein Jahrhundert
Voll Seligkeit!

Meine Seele dürſtet!
Wie nach der Auferſtehung verdorrtes Gebein,
So dürſtet meine Seele
Nach dieſen Augenblicken deiner Erbarmungen!

Ich liege vor dir auf meinem Angeſichte;
O läg' ich, Vater, noch tiefer vor dir,
Gebückt in dem Staube
Der unterſten der Welten.

Du denkſt, du empfindeſt —
O du, die ſein wird,
Die höher denken,
Die ſeliger wird empfinden!

O die du anſchaun wirſt!
Durch wen, o meine Seele?
Durch den, Unſterbliche,
Der war! und der iſt! und der ſein wird!

Du, den Worte nicht nennen —
Deine noch ungeſchaute Gegenwart
Erleucht', und erhebe jeden meiner Gedanken!
Leit' ihn, Unerſchaffner, zu dir!

Deiner Gottheit Gegenwart
Entflamm' und beflügle
Jede meiner Empfindungen!
Leite ſie, Unerſchaffner, zu dir!

Wer bin ich, o Erſter!
Und wer biſt du!
Stärke, kräftige, gründe mich,
Daß ich auf ewig dein ſei!

Ohn' ihn, der mich geliebet, ſich geopfert hat
Für mich, könnt' ich nicht dein ſein!
Ohn' ihn wär' der Gedanke deiner Gegenwart
Grauen mir vor dem allmächtigen Unbekannten!

Erd' und Himmel vergehn;
Deine Verheißungen, Göttlicher, nicht!
Von dem erſten Gefallenen an
Bis zu dem letzten Erlöſten.

Den die Poſaune der Auferſtehung
Wandeln wird,
Biſt bei den Deinen du geweſen!
Wirſt du bei den Deinen ſein!

In die Wunden deiner Hände legt' ich meine Finger nicht;
In die Wunde deiner Seite
Legt' ich meine Hand nicht:
Aber du biſt mein Herr und mein Gott!

Die Frühlingsfeier.

Nicht in den Ocean der Welten alle
Will ich mich ſtürzen! ſchweben nicht,
Wo die erſten Erſchaffnen, die Jubelchöre der Söhne des Lichts,
Anbeten, tief anbeten, und in Entzückung vergehn!

Nur um den Tropfen am Eimer,
Um die Erde nur, will ich ſchweben, und anbeten!
Halleluja! Halleluja! Der Tropfen am Eimer
Rann aus der Hand des Allmächtigen auch!

Da an der Hand des Allmächtigen
Die größeren Erden entquollen!
Die Ströme des Lichts rauſchten, und Siebengeſtirne wurden:
Da entranneſt du, Tropfen der Hand des Allmächtigen!

Da ein Strom des Lichts rauſcht', und unſre Sonne wurde;
Ein Wogenſturz ſich ſtürzte wie vom Felſen
Der Wolk' herab, und den Orion gürtete:
Da entranneſt du, Tropfen, der Hand des Allmächtigen!

Wer ſind die tauſendmal Tauſend, wer die Myriaden alle,
Welche den Tropfen bewohnen, und bewohnten? und wer bin ich?
Halleluja dem Schaffenden! mehr wie die Erden, die quollen!
Mehr, wie Siebengeſtirne, die aus Strahlen zuſammenſtrömten!

Aber du Frühlingswürmchen,
Das grünlichgolden neben mir ſpielt,
Du lebſt, und biſt vielleicht
Ach nicht unſterblich!

Ich bin herausgegangen anzubeten,
Und ich weine? Vergib, vergib
Auch dieſe Thräne dem Endlichen,
O du, der ſein wird!

Du wirſt die Zweifel alle mir enthüllen,
O du, der mich durch das dunkle Thal
Des Todes führen wird! Ich lerne dann,
Ob eine Seele das goldene Würmchen hatte.

Biſt du nur gebildeter Staub,
Sohn des Mai's: ſo werde denn
Wieder verfliegender Staub,
Oder was ſonſt der Ewige will!

Ergeuß von neuem du, mein Auge,
Freudenthränen!
Du, meine Harfe,
Preiſe den Herrn!

Umwunden wieder, mit Palmen
Iſt meine Harf' umwunden! ich ſinge dem Herrn!
Hier ſteh' ich. Rund um mich
Iſt Alles Allmacht! und Wunder Alles!

Mit tiefer Ehrfurcht ſchau ich die Schöpfung an,
Denn du,
Namenloſer, du!
Schufeſt ſie.

Lüfte, die um mich wehn, und ſanfte Kühlung
Auf mein glühendes Angeſicht hauchen —
Euch, wunderbare Lüfte,
Sandte der Herr, der Unendliche!

Aber jetzt werden ſie ſtill, kaum athmen ſie.
Die Morgenſonne wird ſchwül!
Wolken ſtrömen herauf!
Sichtbar iſt, der kommt, der Ewige!

Nun ſchweben ſie, rauſchen ſie, wirbeln die Winde!
Wie beugt ſich der Wald! wie hebt ſich der Strom!
Sichtbar, wie du es Sterblichen ſein kannſt,
Ja, das biſt du, ſichtbar, Unendlicher!

Der Wald neigt ſich, der Strom fliehet, und ich
Falle nicht auf mein Angeſicht?
Herr! Herr! Gott! barmherzig und gnädig!
Du Naher! erbarme dich meiner!

Zürneſt du, Herr,
Weil Nacht dein Gewand iſt?
Dieſe Nacht iſt Segen der Erde;
Vater, du zürneſt nicht!

Sie kommt, Erfriſchung auszuſchütten,
Ueber den ſtärkenden Halm,
Ueber die herzerfreuende Traube;
Vater, du zürneſt nicht!

Alles iſt ſtill vor dir, du Naher!
Rings umher iſt Alles ſtill!
Auch das Würmchen mit Golde bedeckt, merkt auf!
Iſt es vielleicht ſeelenlos? iſt es unſterblich?

Ach, vermöcht' ich dich, Herr, wie ich dürſte, zu preiſen!
Immer herrlicher offenbareſt du dich!
Immer dunkler wird die Nacht um dich,
Und voller von Segen!

Seht ihr den Zeugen des Nahen, den zückenden Strahl?
Hört ihr Jehova's Donner?
Hört ihr ihn? hört ihr ihn,
Den erſchütternden Donner des Herrn?

Herr! Herr! Gott!
Barmherzig und gnädig!
Angebetet, geprieſen
Sei dein herrlicher Name!

Und die Gewitterwinde? Sie tragen den Donner!
Wie ſie rauſchen! wie ſie mit lauter Woge den Wald durchſtrömen!
Und nun ſchweigen ſie. Langſam wandelt
Die ſchwarze Wolke.

Seht ihr den neuen Zeugen des Nahen, den fliegenden Strahl
Hört ihr hoch in der Wolke den Donner des Herrn?
Er ruft: Jehova! Jehova!
Und der geſchmetterte Wald dampft!

Aber nicht unſre Hütte!
Unſer Vater gebot
Seinem Verderber,
Vor unſrer Hütte vorüberzugehn!

Ach, ſchon rauſcht, ſchon rauſcht
Himmel und Erde vom gnädigen Regen!
Nun iſt, wie dürſtet ſie! die Erd' erquickt,
Und der Himmel der Segensfüll' entlaſtet!

Siehe, nun kommt Jehova nicht mehr im Wetter,
In ſtillem, ſanftem Säuſeln
Kommt Jehova,
Und unter ihm neigt ſich der Bogen des Friedens!

Die Welten.

Groß iſt der Herr und jede ſeiner Thaten,
Die wir kennen, iſt groß!
Ocean der Welten, Sterne ſind Tropfen des Oceans!
Wir kennen dich nicht!

Wo beginn ich, und ach! wo end' ich
Des Ewigen Preis?
Welcher Donner gibt mir Stimme?
Gedanken welcher Engel?

Wer leitet hinauf
Zu den ewigen Hügeln?
Ich verſink', ich verſinke, geh unter
In deiner Welten Ocean!

Wie ſchön, und wie hehr war dieſe Sternennacht,
Eh ich des großen Gedankens Flug,
Eh ich es wagte, mich zu fragen:
Welche Thaten thäte dort oben der Herrliche?

Mich, den Thoren! den Staub!
Ich fürchtet', als ich zu fragen begann,
Daß kommen würde, was gekommen iſt.
Ich unterliege dem großen Gedanken!

Weniger kühn, haſt, o Pilot,
Du gleiches Schickſal.

Trüb' an dem fernen Olymp
Sammeln ſich Sturmwolken.

Jetzo ruht noch das Meer fürchterlich ſtill.
Doch der Pilot weiß,
Welcher Sturm dort herdroht!
Und die eherne Bruſt bebt ihm.

Er ſtürzt an dem Maſte
Bleich die Segel herab,
Ach! nun kräuſelt ſich
Das Meer, und der Sturm iſt da!

Donnernder rauſcht der Ocean als du, ſchwarzer Olymp!
Krachend ſtürzet der Maſt!
Lautheulend zuckt der Sturm!
Singt Todtengeſang!

Der Pilot kennet ihn. Immer ſteigender hebſt, Woge, du dich!
Ach die letzte, letzte biſt du! Das Schiff geht unter!
Und der Todtengeſang heult dumpf fort,
Auf dem großen, immer offnen Grabe der Sturm!

Dem Unendlichen.

Wie erhebt ſich das Herz, wenn es dich,
Unendlicher, denkt, wie ſinkt es,
Wenn's auf ſich herunterſchaut!
Elend ſchaut's wehklagend dann, und Nacht und Tod!

Allein du rufſt mich aus meiner Nacht, der im Elend, der im Tod hilfſt!
Dann denk' ich es ganz, daß du ewig mich ſchufſt,
Herrlicher! den kein Preis, unten am Grab', oben am Thron,
Herr, Herr Gott! den, dankend entflammt, kein Jubel genug beſingt.

Weht, Bäume des Lebens, ins Harfengethön!
Rauſche mit ihnen ins Harfengethön, kryſtallner Strom!
Ihr liſpelt, und rauſcht, und, Harfen, ihr thönt
Nie es ganz! Gott iſt es, den ihr preiſt!

Donnert, Welten, in feierlichem Gang, in der Poſaunen Chor!
Du Orion, Wage, du auch!
Tönt all' ihr Sonnen auf der Straße voll Glanz,
In der Poſaunen Chor!

Ihr Welten, donnert,
Und du, der Poſaunen Chor, halleſt
Nie es ganz, Gott; nie es ganz, Gott,
Gott, Gott iſt es, den ihr preiſt!

Kaiſer Heinrich.

Laß unſre Fürſten ſchlummern in weichem Stuhl,
Vom Höfling rings umräuchert, und unberühmt,
So jetzo und im Marmorſarge
Einſt noch vergeßner, und unberühmter!

Frag' nicht des Tempels Halle! ſie nennte dir
Mit goldnem Munde Namen, die keiner kennt:
Bei dieſen unbekränzten Gräbern
Mag der Herolde, ſich wundernd, weilen!

Laß denn, und jetzt ſie ſchlummern! Es ſchlummert ja
Mit ihnen der ſelbſt, welcher die blutigen
Singwerthen Schlachten ſchlug, zufrieden,
Daß er um Galliens Pindus irrte.

Zur Wolke ſteigen, rauſchen, ihm ungehört,
Der deutſchen Dichter Haine, Begeiſterer,
Wehn nah am Himmel ſie. Doch ihr auch
Fremdling, erſtieg er des Pindus Höh' nicht.

Schnell Fluß, und Strom ſchnell, ſtürzen am Eichenſtamm,
In deinem Schatten, Palme, zwo Quellen fort.
Ihr ſeht die reinen, tiefen Quellen,
Saht der Dichtenden Grundanlagen.

Weich, Ungeweihter! deinem zu trüben Blick
Iſt überſchleiert Schönheit im Anbeginn;
Bald rieſelt ſie nicht mehr als Quelle,
Gießt in Gefilde ſich, reißt das Herz fort;

Wer ſind die Seelen, die in der Haine Nacht
Herſchweben? Liebt ihr, Helden, der Todten Thal?
Und kamt ihr, eurer ſpäten Enkel
Ruhegeſang an uns ſelbſt zu hören?

Denn ach wir ſäumten! Jetzo erſchreckt uns
Der Adler keiner über der Wolkenbahn.
Des Griechen Flug nur iſt uns furchtbar,
Aber die Religion erhöhet

Uns über Hämus, über des Hufes Quell!
Poſaun' und Harfe tönen, wenn ſie beſeelt;
Und tragiſcher, wenn ſie ihn leitet,
Hebet, o Sophokles, dein Kothurn ſich.

Und wer iſt Pindar gegen dich, Bethlems Sohn,
Des Dagoniten Sieger, und Hirtenknab',
O Iſaide, Sänger Gottes,
Der den Unendlichen ſingen konnte!

Hört uns, o Schatten! Himmelan ſteigen wir
Mit Kühnheit. Urtheil blickte ſie und kennt den Flug.
Das Maß in ſichrer Hand, beſtimmen
Wir den Gedanken, und ſeine Bilder.

Biſt du, der Erſte, nicht der Eroberer
Am leichenvollen Strom? und der Dichter Freund?
Ja, du biſt Karl! Verſchwind', o Schatten,
Welcher uns mordend zu Chriſten machte!

Tritt, Barbaroſſa, höher als er empor;
Dein iſt der Vorzeit edler Geſang! Denn Karl
Ließ, ach umſonſt, der Barden Kriegshorn
Tönen dem Auge. Sie liegt verkennet

In Nachtgewölben unter der Erde, wo
Der Kloſterboden, klaget nach uns herauf
Die farbenhelle Schrift, geſchrieben,
Wie es erfand, der zuerſt dem Schall gab

In Hermanns Vaterlande Geſtalt, und gab
Altdeutſchen Thaten Rettung vom Untergang!
Bei Trümmern liegt die Schrift, des ſtolzen
Franken Erfindung, und bald in Trümmern.

Und ruft, und ſchüttelt (hörſt du es Geßner, nicht?)
Die goldnen Buckeln, ſchlägt an des Bundes Schild
Mit Zorn! Den, der ſie höret, nenn' ich
Dankend dem froheren Wiederhalle!

Du ſangeſt ſelbſt, o Heinrich! Wir ſind das Reich
Und unterthan die Lande; doch mißt' ich eh'
Die Kron', als Sie! erwählte beides
Acht mir und Bann, eh' ich Sie verlöre!

Wenn jetzt du lebteſt, Theilner deines Volks,
Und Kaiſer! würdeſt du, bei der Deutſchen Streit
Mit Hämus Dichtern, und mit jenen
Am Kapitol, unerwecklich ſchlummern?

Du ſangeſt ſelber, Heinrich: Wie dient, wer bläſt
Mit Pflugſchaar, oder Lanze; doch mißt' ich eh'
Die Kron', als Muſe, dich! und euch ihr
Chören, die länger als Kronen ſchmücken!

Der Jüngling.

Schweigend ſah der Mai die bekränzte
Leichtwehende Lock' im Silberbach;
Röthlich war ſein Kranz, wie des Aufgangs,
Er ſah ſich und lächelte ſanft.

Wüthend kam ein Orkan am Gebirg' her!
Die Eſche, die Tann' und Eiche brach,
Und mit Felſen ſtürzte der Ahorn
Vom bebenden Haupt des Gebirgs.

Ruhig ſchlummert am Bache der Mai ein,
Ließ raſen den lauten Donnerſturm!

Lauſcht', und ſchlief, beweht von der Blüthe,
Und wachte mit Heſperus auf.

Jetzo fühlſt du noch nichts von dem Elend,
Wie Grazien lacht das Leben dir.
Auf, und waffne dich mit der Weisheit!
Denn Jüngling, die Blume verblüht!

Das große Halleluja.

Ehre ſei dem Hocherhabnen, dem Erſten, dem Vater der Schöpfung!
Dem unſre Pſalme ſtammeln,
Obgleich der wunderbare Er
Unausſprechlich, und undenkbar iſt.

Eine Flamme von dem Altar an dem Thron
Iſt in unſere Seele geſtrömt!
Wir freuen uns Himmelsfreuden,
Daß wir ſind, und über Ihn erſtaunen können.

Ehre ſei ihm auch von uns an den Gräbern hier,
Obwohl an ſeines Thrones letzten Stufen
Des Erzengels niedergeworfne Krone
Und ſeines Preisgeſangs Wonne tönt.

Ehre ſei, und Dank, und Preis dem Hocherhabnen, dem Erſten,
Der nicht begann', und nicht aufhören wird!
Der ſogar des Staubes Bewohnern gab,
Nicht aufzuhören.

Ehre dem Wunderbaren,
Der unzählbare Welten in den Ocean der Unendlichkeit ausſäte!
Und ſie füllte mit Heerſchaaren Unſterblicher,
Daß Ihn ſie liebten, und ſelig wären durch Ihn!

Ehre dir! Ehre dir! Ehre dir!
Hocherhabner! Erſter!
Vater der Schöpfung!
Unausſprechlicher! Undenkbarer!

Unſre Sprache.

An der Höhe, wo der Quell der Barden in das Thal
Sein fliegendes Getöne, mit Silber bewölkt,
Stürzet, da erblickt' ich, zeug' es, Hain!
Die Göttin! ſie kam zu dem Sterblichen herab!

Und mit Hoheit in der Miene ſtand ſie! und ich ſah
Die Geiſter um ſie her, die den Liedern entlockt
Täuſchen, ihr Gebild. Die Wurdi's Dolch
Unſchuldige traf, die begleiteten ſie fern.

Wie in Dämmerung; und die Skulda's mächtigerer Stab
Errettete, die ſchwebten umher im Triumph,
Schimmernd, um die Göttin, hatten ſtolz
Mit Laube der Eiche die Schläfe ſich bekränzt!

Den Gedanken, die Empfindung, treffend, und mit Kraft,
Mit Wendungen der Kühnheit, zu ſagen! das iſt,
Sprache des Thuiskon, Göttin, dir,
Wie unſeren Helden Eroberung, ein Spiel!

O Begeiſterung! Sie erhebt ſich! Feurigeres Blicks
Ergießet ſich ihr Auge, die Seel' in der Glut!
Ströme! denn du ſchoneſt deß umſonſt,
Der, leer des Gefühls, den Gedanken nicht erreicht!

Wie ſie herſchwebet an des Quells Fall! Mächtiges Getön,
Wie Rauſchen im Beginne des Walds iſt ihr Schwung!
Draußen um die Felſen brauſt der Sturm!
Gern hört der Wandrer das Rauſchen in dem Wald!

Wie ſie ſchwebt an der Quelle! Sanfteres Getön,
Wie Wehen in dem tieferen Wald' iſt ihr Schwung,
Draußen um die Felſen brauſt der Sturm!
Gern hört im Walde der Wanderer das Wehn.

Die der Fremdling nicht entweiht (Teutonien erlag
Nur Siegen, unerobert), o Freiere, dich
Wagte der geſchreckten Feſſel nicht
Zu feſſeln! Die Adler entflogen, und du bliebſt,

Die du wareſt! An dem Rhodan klirret ſie noch laut
Die Kette des Eroberers! laut am Iber!
Alſo, o Britanne, ſchallt dir noch
Der Angel und Sachſe mit herrſchendem Geklirr!

So bezwang nicht an des Rheins Strom Romulus Geſchlecht!
Entſcheidungen, Vergeltungen ſprachen wir aus,
Rache, mit des Deutſchen Schwert und Wort!
Die Kette verſtummte mit Varus in dem Blut!

Die dich damals mit erhielten, Sprache, da im Forſt
Der Weſer die Erobererkette verſank,
Schweigend in der Legionen Blut
Verſank, ſie umhüllt die Vergeſſenheit mit Nacht!

Ah, die Geiſter der Barbiete, welche ſie zur Schlacht
Ertöneten dem zürnenden Vaterlandsheer,
Folgen mit der Todeswunde dir!
Ha Norne, dein Dolch! Wirſt auch dieſen, ſo ſie klagt.

Die vertilgen, du vertilgen? Bilder des Geſangs
Ihr Geiſter! ich beſchwör' euch, ihr Genien! lehrt,
Führt mich den ſteilen kühnen Gang
Des Haines, die Bahn der Unſterblichkeit hinauf!

Die Vergeſſenheit umhüllt', o Oſſian, auch dich!
Dich huben ſie hervor, und du ſteheſt nun da!
Gleicheſt dich dem Griechen! trotzeſt ihm!
Und fragſt, ob wie du er entflamme den Geſang?

Voll Gedanken auf der Stirne höret, ihn Apoll,
Und ſprach nicht! und gelehnt auf die Harfe Walhalls
Stellt ſich vor Apollo Brager hin,
Und lächelt, und ſchweiget, und zürnet nicht auf ihn!

Mein Vaterland.

So ſchweigt der Jüngling lang,
Dem wenige Lenze verwelkten,
Und der am ſilberhaarig thatenumgebenen Greiſe,
Wie ſehr er ihn liebe! das Flammenwort hinſtrömen will.

Ungeſtüm fährt er auf um Mitternacht,
Glühend iſt ſeine Seele!
Die Flügel der Morgenröthe wehen, er eilt
Zu dem Greiſ', und ſaget es nicht.

So ſchwieg auch ich. Mit ihrem eiſernen Arm
Winkte mir ſtets die treue Beſcheidenheit!
Die Flügel wehten, die Laute ſchimmerte,
Und begann von ſelber zu tönen, allein mir bebte die Hand.

Ich halt' es länger nicht aus! Ich muß die Laute nehmen,
Fliegen den kühnen Flug!
Reden, kann es nicht mehr verſchweigen,
Was in der Seele mir glüht.

O ſchone mein! dir iſt dein Haupt umkränzt
Mit tauſendjährigem Ruhm! du hebſt den Tritt der Unſterblichen.
Und geheſt hoch vor vielen Landen her;
O ſchone mein! Ich liebe dich, mein Vaterland!

Ach, ſie ſinkt mir, ich hab' es gewagt!
Es bebt mir die Hand die Saiten herunter;
Schone, ſchone! Wie weht dein heiliger Kranz,
Wie gehſt du den Gang der Unſterblichen daher.

Ich ſeh ein ſanftes Lächeln,
Das ſchnell das Herz mir entlaſtet;
Ich ſing' es mit dankendem Freudenruf dem Wiederhall.
Das dieſes Lächeln mir ward!

Früh hab' ich dir mich geweiht! Schon da mein Herz
Den erſten Schlag der Ehrbegierde ſchlug,
Erkor ich, unter den Lanzen und Harniſchen
Heinrich, deinen Befreier, zu ſingen.

Allein ich ſah die höhere Bahn,
Und, entflammt von mehr, denn nur Ehrbegier.

Zog ich weit ſie vor. Sie führet hinauf
Zu dem Vaterlande des Menſchengeſchlechts!

Noch geh ich ſie, und wenn ich auf ihr
Des Sterblichen Bürden erliege;
So wend' ich mich ſeitwärts, und nehme des Barden Telyn,
Und ſing', o Vaterland, ich dir!

Du pflanzeteſt den, der denket, und ihn, der handelt!
Weit ſchattet, und kühlt dein Hain,
Steht und ſpottet des Sturmes der Zeit,
Spottet der Büſch' um ſich her!

Wen ſcharfer Blick, und die tanzende glückliche Stunde führt,
Der bricht in deinem Schatten, kein Mährchen ſie,
Die Zauberruthe, die, nach dem helleren Golde,
Dem neuen Gedanken, zuckt.

Oft nahm deiner jungen Bäume das Reich an der Rhone,
Oft das Land an der Thems' in die dünneren Wälder.
Warum ſollten ſie nicht? Es ſchieſſen ja bald
Andere Stämme dir auf!

Und denn ſo gehörten ſie ja dir an. Du ſandteſt
Deiner Krieger hin. Da klangen die Waffen! Da ertönte
Schnell ihr Ausſpruch: Die Gallier heiſſen Franken!
Engelländer die Britten!

Lauter noch lieſſeſt du die Waffen klingen. Die hohe Rom
Ward zum kriegeriſchen Stolz ſchon von der Wölfin geſäugt;
Lange war ſie Welttyrannin! Du ſtürzteſt,
Mein Vaterland, die hohe Rom in ihr Blut!

Nie war, gegen das Ausland,
Ein anderes Land gerecht, wie du!
Sei nicht allzu gerecht. Sie denken nicht edel genug,
Zu ſehen, wie ſchön dein Fehler iſt!

Einfältiger Sitte biſt du, und weiſe.
Biſt ernſtes und tieferes Geiſtes. Kraft iſt dein Wort,
Entſcheidung dein Schwert. Doch wandelſt du gern es in die
Sichel, und triefſt,
Wohl dir! von dem Blute nicht der andern Welten!

Mir winket ihr eiſerner Arm! Ich ſchweige,
Bis etwa ſie wieder ſchlummert;
Und ſinn' dem edlen ſchreckenden Gedanken nach
Deiner werth zu ſein, mein Vaterland.

Beruhigung.

Laut erſcholl's ſeit grauer Zeit gebot Folgerung,
In den Klüften allen, und allen den Labyrinthen
Der Weisheit, die Urzuſtand grübelt:
Nichts iſt ohne Urſach.

Nichts? Iſt es denn nicht Gott?
Da ſchrieen ſie, ungeführt von dem Faden
Des Labyrinths! Gott hat ſeine Urſach in ſelbſt!-
Mir widert zu nennen, was ſie ſchrein.

Er (wie ſtammeln wir Ihn), der Unausſprechliche,
Er, das Weſen der Weſen, iſt ohn' Urſach.
Aber ſchau auf, ſchau nieder, umher: da halten, durch Ihn,
Urſachen, Wirkungen unabſehlichen Reihntanz.

Der Geſchaffnen, denen Seele ward,
Verborgenſte Kraft, des Willens Freiheit
Iſt das Höchſte von allem, was Gott ſchuf,
Iſt es, die unſchuldig vor Ihm, oder ſchuldig macht:

Vor Ihm!
Wir endlichen Geiſter
Halten über uns ſelbſt
Blindes Gericht.

Verſchieden iſt die Denkungskraft der Unſterblichen!
Auf Stufen ſtehen ſie, höheren, tieferen:
So der Unſterblichen Freiheitskraft; ſie haben auch hier Genie,
Oder ſie ſtehen auf dieſer Stufe nicht.

Urſach wird die Freiheit von Handlungen,
Die der Allwiſſende ſelbſt nicht vorher mit Gewißheit ſieht:
Aber Er, der Immerwirkende, leitet ſie
Zu der Schöpfung letzten Zweck, der Seligkeit Aller!

Anbetung Ihm, der nicht ruhend anſchaut,
Der, auch durch ewiges Wirken, ſelig iſt!
Anbetung, daß aus dem tiefen Urquell, wie er es läßt,
Der ſittlichen Handlungen Ocean herüberſtrömt.

Grenzloſer Ocean, wie brauſeſt,
Donnerſt du in allen Welten! Wie wandelt auf dir,
Der die himmelſteigende Wogen gebeut
Und ebne Stille.

Anbetung dem Vater der Unſterblichen,
Auch für meine Freiheit
Aber ſelber ſie, was wäre ſie mir!
Könnt' ich nicht auch Gott denken, ſo gar Gott lieben!

Die Ankläger.

Ueber alles Zornentflammende raget es hoch empor,
Welches ich ſah, und nach deß Anblick
Ich kaum entronnen bin,
Zu werden ein Menſchenfeind.

Verderber iſt er, der Menſchenhaß
Dem, welcher durch ihn vergramt;
Und dem, den er trifft,
Fürchterlich, fürchterlich!

Er iſt es, der immer Gräuel
Meiner ganzen Seele war;
Und dennoch bin ich kaum
Dem Ungeheuer entflohn.

Denn ihr wüthet einher, klagt an,
Vor euch ſelbſt, Deß Verſehung
Fällt Endurtheile über Den,
Welcher die Orione,

Des Leun Herz, die hohe Wagſchaal',
Den Adler, die Urne, den Achtalter,
Die Roſ' in dem Kranz', auch unſre Roſe
Gemacht hat, bevölkert hat!

Denn ihr andern kriechet einher, vertheidigt,
Vor jenem Gericht, Deß Verſehung,
Den, der gemacht hat
Die Sterne des leuchtenden Pfades, bevölkert hat!

Vertheidigt? ha, ihr entſchuldigt!
Mit ſchwachen Gründen, oder mit thörichten,
Mit Dingen, die ihr in der Wirklichkeiten Reih'
Hineinlügt, entſchuldigt ihr.

Auch vor Euch mag ich Seinen Namen nicht nennen!
Des tiefen Unterſuchers Geiſt, der Ihn
Niemals anders, als mit feierlichem Ernſt
In ſich verſenkt,

Als nach frommem Schweigen,
Als mit entblößtem Haupt' ausſprach,
Der große Todte möchte mir erſcheinen,
Und der Nennung mich zeihn.

Einer Meinung glühendes Bild
Schwebt mir, (o wäre ſie Wahn!) vor der Stirn;
Und nur wenige Zweifel
Widerſprechen ihr laut.

Sollten Seelen,
Die (wendet euch, hört mich nicht!) Gott
Anklagen, richten, entſchuldigen,
Dieſe Seelen unſterblich ſein?

Die Trennung.

Du wurdeſt ja ſo ernſt, da ſie die Leiche
Vorübertrugen;
Fürchteſt du den Tod? „Ihn nicht!"
Was fürchteſt du denn? „Das Sterben?"

Ich ſelbſt dieſes nicht. „Du fürchteſt alſo nichts?“
Weh mir, ich fürcht', ich fürchte ... „Beim Himmel! was?“
Den Abſchied von den Freunden!
Und meinen nicht nur, ihren Abſchied auch!

Das wär's, daß ich noch ernſter als du,
Und tiefer in der Seel' es wurde,
Da ſie die Leiche
Vorübertrugen.

Der Grenzſtein.

Wirke! Das iſt das große Geſetz, in des Tempels
Tafeln gehaun, daß es kund ſei, und vom Griffel
In den pariſchen Stein geſenket,
Wie auf die Lilie wallt

Goldener Staub. Noch faſſeſt du nicht des Geſetzes
Ganzen Verſtand. Denn es ſteht zwar in der Halle
Nicht geſchrieben, allein es fordert's
Alſo der heilige Sinn,

Alſo durchdenk's arbeitend, durchdenk's, wenn du ausruhſt:
Gut ſei, und ſtark, und es daure, was du wirkeſt.
Daure?“ Daure! da liegt's! weit wallſt du,
Irre; verlierſt du dich da,

Wende! Da ſchied's durch Getrge ſich ab; und der Grenzſtein
Hub ſich empor in die Wolken, unerſteiglich
Dem, der emſig allein für's Leben,
Heißen Geſchäften ſich weiht,

Einfluß der That, wenn jetzt ſie geſchieht! und nur wenig
Wirkung bleibt noch, nur ein Schatten, ſo verſchwindet.
„Wenig!“ zürnſt du. So währt's was länger,
Bis ſie geſunken verglimmt.

Die du bewegſt, thun Eignes hinzu, und zuletzt wird
Deſſen ſo viel, daß der Tropfen in dem Meere
Nun zerfließet, vergeht. „Verginge?“
In die Atome ſich löſt.

Nicht, daß dein Thun, verkenne mich nicht, mir nicht heilig
Wäre, vollführt's, was auch Andre ſich erfreuen:
Nicht verächtlich, wofern es dir nur
Frommet, verkenne mich nicht!

Könige ſind weitwirkend, auch bleibt's, wie ein Abend-
Schatten; und doch muß auch dieſer ſich verlieren!
Ach die Handlung ſinkt hin, und klimmt nicht
Ueber der Sonderung Stein

Geiſt des Geſangs, was rufſt du mir, und gebieteſt
Anderen Ton? O du kenneſt noch nicht ganz dich!
Bei Amphion! auch dieſe Saite
Stimmte der Grieche für's Herz.

Könige ſind weitwirkend, auch bleibt's, wie ein Abend-
Schatten; und doch muß auch dieſer ſich verlieren!
Ach die Handlung ſinkt hin, und klimmt nicht
Ueber der Sonderung Stein.

Aber wenn, wem die Sterblichkeit ruft, noch, was wirket,
Hinter ſich läßt, noch ein Denken in des Geiſtes
Werken, welches von Kraft, von Gutem
Voll, wo es waltet, uns hält:

Jenſeit iſt das der Höhe, die grenzt. Was es wirkte,
Wirket es ſtets, wie im Anfang, ſo von neuem:
Jahre fliehn; und es ſtrömt ſein Einfluß,
Wie der Beginn ſich ergoß.

Da iſt das Werk! und thnet nicht bloß, wie vollbrachte
Handlungen, nach. Wenn von dieſen bis zum fernſten
Hall ſich jede verlor, zum letzten
Liſpel ſich; redet es laut!

Ruhet, doch nicht, wie einſt das Geſchäft, nur an Einer
Stärke, zugleich an ſo vielen, als getrennte
Sich's, nach Mühe, nach Luſt, zu ihrer
Muſe Gefährten erſehn.

Rührt es, und wird die Rührung zu That, ſo durchwallt die
Aehnlichen Pfad' mit der andern, die dem eignen
Quell entfloß. Und gelingt nicht dieſe
Rührung dem bleibenden oft?

Wirke! das iſt das große Geſetz, in der Halle
Marmor gehaun, daß es kund ſei; und die Dauer
Lieſt der Weiſere mit, als ſtänd' es
Goldenes Guſſes mir da.

Frei iſt der Flug der Ode, ſie lieſet, wonach ſie
Lüſtet, und ſingt's. Was verdeut ihr, daß ſie leiſe
Schwebe, wenn ſie der Schwung, der hoch jetzt
Steiget, jetzt höher, nicht freut.

Morgengeſang.

Am Schöpfungsfeſte.

Zwei Stimmen.

Noch kommt ſie nicht die Sonne, Gottes geſendete,
Noch weilt ſie die Lebensgeberin:
Von Dufte ſchauert es ringsumher
Auf der wartenden Erde.

Heiliger! Hocherhabner! Erſter!
Du haſt auch unſern Sirius gemacht!
Wie wird er ſtrahlen, wie ſtrahlen
Der hellere Sirius der Erde!

Schon wehen ſie, ſäuſeln ſie, kühlen
Die melodiſchen Lüfte der Frühe!
Schon wallt ſie einher, die Morgenröthe, verkündigt
Die Auferſtehung der todten Sonne.

Herr! Herr! Gott! barmherzig, und gnädig!
Wir, deine Kinder, wie mehr als Sonnen,
Müſſen dereinſt auch untergehen,
Und werden auch aufgehn!

Alle.

Herr! Herr! Gott! barmherzig und gnädig!
Wir deine Kinder, wie mehr als Sonnen,
Müſſen dereinſt auch untergehen,
Und werden auch aufgehn!

Zwei Stimmen.

Halleluja, ſeht ihr die ſtrahlende, göttliche kommen?
Wie ſie an dem Himmel emporſteigt!
Halleluja, wie ſie da, auch ein Gotteskind,
Aufersteht!

O der Sonne Gottes! Und ſolche Sonnen,
Wie dieſe, die jetzo gegen uns ſtrahlt,
Hieß er, gleich dem Schaum auf den Wogen, tauſendmal Tauſend
Werden in der Welten Oceane.

Und du ſollteſt nicht auferwecken? der auf dem ganzen
Schauplatz der unüberdenkbaren Schöpfung,
Immer, und alles wandelt,
Und herrlicher macht durch die Wandlung!

Alle.

Halleluja, ſeht ihr die ſtrahlende, göttliche kommen?
Wie ſie da an dem Himmel emporſteigt!
Halleluja, wie ſie da, auch ein Gotteskind,
Auferſteht!

Pſalm.

Um Erden wandeln Monde
Erden und Sonnen,
Aller Sonnen Heere wandeln
Um eine große Sonne:
„Vater unſer der du biſt im Himmel!“

Auf allen dieſen Welten, leuchtenden, und erleuchteten,
Wohnen Geiſter an Kräften ungleich, und an Leibern;
Aber alle denken Gott, und freuen ſich Gottes.
„Geheiliget werde dein Name.“

Er, der Hocherhabene,
Der allein ganz ſich denken,

Seiner ganz ſich freuen kann,
Machte den tiefern Entwurf
Zur Seligkeit aller ſeiner Weltbewohner.
„Zu uns komme dein Reich."

Wohl ihnen, daß nicht ſie, daß er
Ihr Jetziges, und ihr Zukünftiges ordnete.
Wohl ihnen, wohl!
Und wohl auch uns!
„Dein Wille geſcheh,
Wie im Himmel, alſo auch auf Erden."

Er hebt mit dem Halme die Aehr' empor;
Reifet den goldnen Apfel, die Purpurtraube;
Weidet am Hügel das Lamm, das Reh im Walde;
Aber ſein Donner rollet auch her,
Und die Schloße zerſchmettert es
Am Halme, am Zweig', an dem Hügel, und im Walde!
„Unſer tägliches Brod gieb uns heute."

Ob wohl hoch über des Donners Bahn
Sünder auch, und Sterbliche ſind?
Dort auch der Freund zum Feinde wird?
Der Freund im Tode ſich trennen muß?
„Vergieb uns unſrer Schuld,
Wie wir vergeben unſeren Schuldigern."

Geſonderte Pfade gehen zum hohen Ziel,
Zu der Glückſeligkeit!
Einige krümmen ſich durch Einöden,
Doch ſelbſt an dieſen ſproßt es von Freuden auf,
Und labet den Durſtenden.
„Führ' uns nicht in Verſuchung,
Sondern erlöſ' uns vom Uebel."

Anbetung dir, der die große Ferne
Mit Sonnen, und Erden, und Monden umgab;
Der Geiſter erſchuf;
Ihre Seligkeit ordnete;
Die Aehre hebt;
Der dem Tode ruft;
Zum Ziele durch Einöden führt, und den Wanderer labt,
Anbetung dir!
„Denn dein iſt das Reich, und die Macht,
Und die Herrlichkeit. Amen.

Das Bündniß.

„Selmar, dein Wort: Du erſcheinſt, ſtirbſt du vor mir,
Deiner Selma! O gieß den Balſam
In die Wunde der Verlaßnen,
Selmar, dein heiliges Wort!"

Selma, dein Wort: Du erſcheinſt, ſtirbſt du vor mir,
Deinem Selmar! O gieß den Balſam
In die Wunde des Verlaßnen,
Selma, dein heiliges Wort!

Aber kann es, wer ſchied, kann er ſein Bild
Schaffen dem wartenden Blick des Freundes,
Der verſtummend ihm zurückblieb
An der trennenden Gruft?

Zeigen kann ich vielleicht, daß ich dir nah,
Daß ich dein Selmar noch bin! durch Zeichen,
Die gewiß dir, wie Erſcheinung,
Und nicht ſchrecklich dir ſind.

„Wenn einſt, Selmar, im Lenz unter dem Baum
Junge Blüthe dich labt; dann gieß' ich,
Wie den Regen, der nicht träufelt,
Zeigend, auf dich ſie herab."

Weilſt du der Nachtigall einſt, Selma, im Lenz;
Send' ich zu dir ſie herab; ſie fliegt dir
Auf die Schulter, und ſie ſingt da
Neuer als jemals, und ſtirbt.

„Nein, nicht Zerſtörung! Vom Baum lieſ' ich die Frucht
Mit der Blüthe nicht ab; den Liebling,
Der noch wach iſt, mir zu flöten,
Selmar, den tödteſt du nicht!

Wenn kaum regt das Laub, leiſe der Bach
Einſt dir rauſchen; du hörſt dann lautre
Melodien, die du kenneſt,
Töne, wie Selma's Geſang.

Wenn nach Wettern mein Blick zu des Olymps
Hohem Bogen ſich hebt: dann ſeh' ich,
An dem Rande des Gemähldes,
Flämmchen erwachen und wehn."

Selma, mein Wort: Du erblickſt, ſterb' ich vor dir,
Wehende Flämmchen! „Mein Wort: Du hörſt,
Mit den Blättern und dem Bache,
Töne, wie Selma's Geſang!"

Margaretha Klopſtock,

die Tochter des angeſehnen Kaufmanns Moller zu Hamburg und unter dem Namen „Cidli" gefeierte Gattin des Vorigen, ward am 16. März 1728 daſelbſt geboren und von ihren Eltern vortrefflich erzogen. Auf ihrer erſten Reiſe nach Kopenhagen lernte ſie den längſt von ihr verehrten und allgemein gefeierten Dichter kennen und vermählte ſich 1754 mit ihm, nachdem er däniſcher Legationsrath geworden war. Sie ſtarb aber ſchon an den Folgen der erſten Entbindung, am 28. November 1758, und wurde im Dorfe Ottenſen bei Altona unter einer Linde des dortigen Kirchhofes begraben.

Wir haben von ihr:

Hinterlaſſene Schriften. Herausgegeben von ihrem Gatten. Hamburg 1759, gr. 8. Neue Ausg. Leipzig 1816, gr. 8. Sie bilden auch den 11 Bd. von Fr. G. K's ſämmtlichen Werken.

Zartheit, warmes Gefühl, geiſtige Feinheit und Anmuth ſind den hinterlaſſenen Fragmenten und Gedichten dieſer liebenswürdigen Frau eigenthümlich, doch blieb ſie nicht frei von jener empfindſamen Ueberſpannung, welche zu ihrer Zeit bereits anfing in Deutſchland herrſchend zu werden, die aber ihrem jugendlichen leicht erregbaren Gemüthe ſehr zu verzeihen iſt. —

Zwei geiſtliche Geſänge *).

Das vergangene Jahr.

Der letzte Tag des Jahrs
Er iſt gekommen!
Jahr, wie biſt du entflohn!
So eilen Stunden!
So eilt der ſtürzende Strom!

Und ſo eilt dein Leben!
Stunden werden einſt ſcheinen
Die Jahre, die du gelebt haſt.

O letzter Tag des Jahres!
Du Bild des letzten des Lebens!
Lehr', o lehre mich,
Daß nicht mein Leben einſt ſei
Geflohn und verſchwunden,
Wie das verſchwundene Jahr!

Du, der die Tage mir zählt,
Der das Leben mir abwägt,

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*) Aus „Klopſtocks ſämmtliche Werke." 11r Band. Leipzig 1823.

Du nur weißt es:
Ob ein Jahrhundert,
Oder ob Stunden auf deiner Wage mir ſchweben?

Gieb mir Stunden!
Hab' ich ſie dir gelebt,
Sind ſie mir ein Jahrhundert!
Und früher, früher fängt
Das beßre Leben
Meiner Seligkeit an!

Die Liebe Gottes.

Gott iſt die Liebe
Freu dich deines Daſeins, o Seele!
Der dich ſchuf, iſt die Liebe!

Du darfſt beten!
Darfſt zum großen Schöpfer, Selige, beten

Wie das Stammeln ſeiner Gebornen
Ein Vater hört,
Hört er dein Stammeln!
Sieht mit Gnade, Lieb' und Erbarmung
Auf die Seele,
Die zu ihm betet, herunter.

O du, zu dem ich flehen darf,
Höre mein Flehn!
Laß, wie meine Seele nur kann,
Sie vom Leibe ſich reißen!
Sie die Welt nicht mehr fühlen!
Und nur dich, nur dich,
Du Unerſchaffner, empfinden!

Die Liebe warſt du,
Eh du die Welten erſchufſt,
Eh du höhere Geiſter,
Als ſie der Menſch zu denken vermag,
Eh du ſie ſchufſt.

Die Liebe warſt du,
Da du unſerer Welt:
Werde! gebotſt.

Gott iſt die Liebe!
Er iſts! ſagt jedes Geſtirn,
Jede Sonne der andern.

Er iſts, ſagt der Wurm, der kriecht,
Den unſer Fuß zertritt,
Ohne daß das Aug' ihn ſieht.

Harmoniſch ſingen im Walde die Vögel:
Gott iſt die Liebe!
Ihnen hallet der Wald nach:
Gott! Gott! Gott iſt die Liebe!
Die Berge bringens zurück:
Gott! Gott! Gott iſt die Liebe!

Alles, was Odem hat, ſagt,
Alles, was wächſt und grünt,
Alles, was lebt und ſich regt,
Alles, was deine Hand,
Du großer Schöpfer, geſchaffen hat,
Sagt: der uns ſchuf, iſt die Liebe!

Oben am Throne,
An deinem Throne, Jehova!
Singts mit feiernder Stimme der Seraph,
Und der Menſch
Stammelts nach;
Er ſtammelt: Gott iſt die Liebe!

Wie ſehr iſt ers uns,
Wie ſehr den Menſchen Liebe!

So iſt ers nicht den Engeln.
Engeln vergiebt er nicht Sünde!

Liebe wars, die dich, Adam,
Nach dem Bilde des Ewigen ſchuf!
Liebe der Hauch,
Wodurch die unſterbliche Seele
Deinen Leib belebte!
Mehr noch, die dich nicht verwarf,
Da du fielſt.

Ach, mit ihm ſind wir alle gefallen,
Sind mit verworfen!
Vom ewigen Richter verworfen?

Wie furchtbar iſt der, der richtet!
Wie furchtbar Gerechtigkeit und Allmacht!
Tod und Verderben wie furchtbar!

O ſchauernde Seele,
Du vermagſt nicht zu denken!
Aber fall' nieder, fall' nieder!
Bete, ſtaun' und ſtammle Dank!
Faſſen kannſt du es nicht,
Aber o fühl es:
Unſer Richter iſt unſer Erlöſer!

Unſer Richter iſt unſer Erlöſer!
Jehova will ſich erbarmen!
Liebt uns noch!
Will ſelbſt ſich verſöhnen!
Will ſelbſt das Opfer ſein!
O du ewige Liebe! —

Nein, faſſen kann ichs nicht;
Nur in Staunen und Thränen verſunken,
Und mit dem ſtärkſten Gefühl
Der unſterblichen Seel' es fühlen!

Ihr oben am Thron, ihr Seraphim,
Faſſen könnt auch ihr es nicht,
Aber ihr könnt danken!
Ach dankt für eure Brüder!
Denn ihr wiſſen, ihr fühlen wirds:
Wir ſind eure Brüder!
Werdens in einer Seligkeit ſein,
Wir Erlöſte!
Ohne Sünde, wie ihr,
Werden wir ihn ſchauen,
Ihn, der uns ſchuf!
Ihn, der uns erlöſte!

Ohne Sünde, wie ihr!
Ach er hat unſre Sünde getragen!
Hat ſie vergeben!
Hat uns mit dem verſöhnt,
Der Gericht hält!

Ach, er iſt geſtorben!
Jeſus Chriſtus, der Gott iſt, ward Menſch,
Und ſtarb für die Menſchen.

O du Lamm Gottes,
Das die Sünde der Welt trägt,
Erbarme dich unſer!

Du biſt geſtorben?
Für uns Sünder geſtorben?
Und wir ſind Gerechte!

Komm nie aus meiner Seele, Gedanke,
Komm nie aus einer Chriſten Seele:
Für uns Sünder iſt Jeſus Chriſtus geſtorben!

Anbetung, Ehr, und Dank und Preis
Dem Lamme, das erwürgt ward!
Dem Vater, der uns nicht verwarf!
Dem Sohne, der uns erlöſte!

Freu dich deines Daſeins, o Seele!
Der dich ſchuf, iſt die Liebe!
Der dich erlöſt', iſt die Liebe!

Ein Brief über die Moden *).

(Zuerſt gedruckt in dem Nordiſchen Aufſeher 1. Band. 45. Stück.)

Mein Herr Aufſeher!

Endlich habe ich, nach vielem Bitten, durch einen meiner kopenhagener Freunde, ein Exemplar vom Nordiſchen Aufſeher erhalten. Wie geht es doch zu, daß man ihn außer Kopenhagen nicht hat? Sind Sie zu beſcheiden oder zu ſtolz? Glauben Sie, daß der Geſchmack ſich jetzt ganz nach Norden zieht, und daß Ihre Nachbarn ihn gar drüber verlieren? Oder iſt Ihr Verleger ſchuld? Macht er's etwa wie viele Fabrikanten, die aus bloßer Bequemlichkeit ihre Waaren ſo theuer verarbeiten, daß ſie nicht aus dem Lande geſchickt werden können? Die Urſache mag ſein, welche es will, ſo rathe ich Ihnen, daß Sie dieſen Fehler verbeſſern. Wird Ihr Vergnügen nicht größer, je mehr Sie nützen? Wollen Sie weniger ausgebreitet als Ihr Vater ſein?

Doch ich habe Sie jetzt geleſen. Mit vielem Vergnügen, das verſteht ſich. Aber auch mit vieler Verwunderung, daß Sie bisher faſt nichts vom Frauenzimmer geſagt haben. Sie können unmöglich zu den Männern gehören, die dieſe liebenswürdige Hälfte des menſchlichen Geſchlechts nur allein in die Schönheit eingrenzen. Sie ſind gewiß nicht verheirathet, und haben auch wenig Umgang mit ſchätzbaren Frauenzimmern, ſonſt könnten Sie ſo nicht ſchweigen. Oder ſind ihre Däninnen nicht eben ſo liebenswürdig, oder weniger fehlerhaft als unſre Deutſchen ſind? Denn Fehler, Fehler haben ſie bei ihren Vorzügen! und dieſe wollte ich eben, daß Sie beſſern ſollten. Vielleicht kann ich Ihnen mit einigen Anmerkungen dienen. Denn meine Liebe zu dieſem ſchönen Geſchlecht macht, daß ich ſehr viel Umgang mit ihm habe. Auf daß Sie mich aber nicht etwa für einen jungen übertriebnen Bewunderer der Schönen halten, ſo muß ich Ihnen ſagen, daß ich beinahe ein Greis bin; und durch eine vortreffliche Frau, die mir ſeit einigen Jahren geſtorben, in den Umgang der Frauenzimmer aufgenommen bin. Dieſe meine ſelige Clariſſa hat mich mit dem ganzen Werthe ihres Geſchlechts bekannt gemacht. Ihre gebildete Seele hat mir gezeigt, daß unter der Seele eines Frauenzimmers und der Seele einer Mannsperſon ſchlechterdings kein Unterſchied iſt. Viele von uns räumen den Empfindungen der Frauenzimmer mehr Feinheit ein, als den unſern. Vielleicht iſt dieſer Unterſchied nicht wirklich. Vielleicht gewöhnen wir uns nur ſelbſt zu einer gewiſſen Härte, ſo wie die Frauenzimmer ſich nur zu einer gewiſſen Leichtſinnigkeit gewöhnen. Wenigſtens kann die Feinheit der Empfindung und die Stärke des Geiſtes ſehr gut zuſammen ſtehn, das habe ich alles an meiner vortrefflichen Clariſſa geſehn. Sie werden ſagen: es iſt ſehr ſelten eine Clariſſa zu finden. Sie haben recht. Aber es iſt eben ſo ſelten, eine Mannsperſon, wie meine Clariſſa zu finden! Und, wie die Männer noch immer ſehr ſchätzbar ſind, an denen man nur einzelne Züge von ihr findet, ſo ſind es die Frauenzimmer mit dieſen einzelnen Zügen gleichfalls. — Ach, mein Herr Aufſeher, ich ſchäme mich's zu ſagen, daß wir faſt an allen Fehlern der Frauenzimmer ſelbſt ſchuld ſind? Wir haben einmal das Regiment in der Republik. (Vielleicht hat die Einrichtung unſrer Körper eben ſoviel Theil hieran, als die Einrichtung unſrer Seele, denn dieſer Unterſchied iſt weſentlicher.) Warum richten wir die Erziehung der Töchter nicht beſſer ein? Die meiſten Väter überlaſſen eben ſo leichtſinnig (Leichtſinn wollen wir uns doch nicht gerne vorwerfen laſſen!) die Erziehung der Töchter ihren Müttern, oder wohl gar den noch ſchlechtern Franzöſinnen, als ſie ſonſt die Mütter gewählt haben. Die Mutter handelt nach Humeur (denn Humeur iſt faſt der ganze Charakter der Frauenzimmer), die Tochter lernt gleichfalls darnach handeln, welches ſie nicht thun würde, wenn der Vater es für wichtig genug hielte, ſeine Tochter ſelbſt zu bilden, und ſeinen künftigen Schwiegerſohn, und alle ſeine Nachkommen dadurch glücklich zu machen. Ich will davon ſchweigen, daß wir ſelbſt die Frauenzimmer, mit allen ihren Fehlern, ſo ſehr bewundern, daß ſie entweder glauben, es ſind keine Fehler, oder, ſie dürfen ſie nur dreiſt behalten, weil ſie uns dennoch ſehr gefallen.

Wenn die Frauenzimmer lernten, einen beſtimmten Charakter haben, wie glückſelig wären dann ſie und wir! (Es iſt traurig, daß faſt nur die Spielerinnen ihn haben! Möchten die weniger beſtimmt ſein!) Aber ſie beſchäftigen ſich nur gar zu ſehr mit dem, was ſie ſcheinen wollen, ohne darauf zu denken, was ſie ſind!

Ich kann mit Recht dem Frauenzimmer keine Liebe zur Gemächlichkeit Schuld geben, wie Einige thun. Ihre Moden ſelbſt beweiſen das Gegentheil. Und was iſt den Meiſten wichtiger als die Moden? Wenn ſie wirklich etwas lieben, ſo ſind es die Moden, und zur Mode machen ſie Alles. Aber ich bin manchmal ſehr zweifelhaft, ob ſie etwas lieben.

Cidaliſe opfert ihren Mann, ihre Kinder, ihre Bequemlichkeit, alles ihrem Schooßhunde auf. Ich habe keine zärtlichere Miene geſehn, als die, womit ſie Bellinen anſieht. Unterdeß getraue ich mir nicht zu behaupten, daß Cidaliſe Bellinen liebe. Sie liebt nur die Mode der Schooßhunde. Wenn es doch auch einmal Mode würde, die Männer zu lieben! Wie vielen Männern würde ihr Leben erträglich dadurch werden! Alle Moden ſind möglich. Unſere Damen lachen über die Pantins ihrer verſtorbnen Tanten; unſre Töchter ſehn den Potpourri ihrer Mütter ſchon mit Verachtung an. Die Schooßhunde ſcheinen ſich zwar durch alle Jahrhunderte behaupten zu wollen, doch iſt es möglich, daß ſie einmal von den Männern vertrieben werden, ſo wie die Locken den Pudel, der Chignon die Locken, und die Flechten den Chignon vertrieben haben. Das Frauenzimmer iſt ſehr zur Nachahmung geneigt. Hätte meine Clariſſa nur länger gelebt! Sie würde ſehr nachgeahmt, und hatte mich ſehr lieb. — —

Ich ſagte erſt: das Frauenzimmer macht Alles zur Mode. Sie machen leider die Tugenden auch dazu! Und wenn eine Sache erſt eine Mode iſt, wie ſehr wird ſie dann nicht übertrieben! In der Stadt, wo ich lebe, iſt jetzt das Mitleiden die Hauptmodeempfindung. Wie ſchön, wie ſehr dem Herzen eines Frauenzimmers angemeſſen, iſt das Mitleiden! Aber wenn es eine Mode wird! — — Wenn es ſich nur allein auf die Inſecten einſchränkt! — — In unſrer Stadt wird keine Spinne, keine Mücke mehr getödtet, obgleich der Haß zu den Spinnen ſich wie die Liebe zu den Schooßhunden behauptet. Ich wäre neulich bald für einen Atheiſten gehalten, und aus allem meinem Umgange verſtoßen worden, wie ich, ohne es zu ſehn, eine Schnecke zertrat. Ich glaubte geſtern, mich ſehr gefällig zu erzeigen, wie ich an Araminthens Wand eine ungeheure Spinne tödten wollte. „Um des Himmelswillen, was machen Sie! ſchrie ſie, tödten Sie mir die arme Spinne nicht! ſie ſitzt ſchon acht Tage da.“ Ich machte große Augen. „Seit wann haben Sie denn den Abſcheu der Spinnen verloren? ... „Nichts weniger als das! ich fürchte mich noch eben ſo ſehr, und wenn ſie anfängt zu kriechen, ſo lauf ich zum Zimmer hinaus“ ... „Soll ich ſie denn nicht tödten?“ ... „Ein Geſchöpf tödten! Gott! lieber wollte ich ein andres Zimmer bewohnen.“ Ich wünſchte erſt den Männern etwas von der Liebe zu den Schooßhunden; jetzt möchte ich dem armen Geſinde etwas von dem Mitleiden mit den Inſecten wünſchen. Denn dieſe Tugend iſt noch nicht Mode geworden. Dieſes Mitleiden wohnt in den zarten Herzen der Schönen noch nicht! Ich ſahe neulich dieſelbe Dame ihrem Kammermädchen, wegen eines leichten Verſehns, eine Maulſchelle geben, die eine Stunde vorher die Mücke nicht hatte tödten wollen, die ihre ſchöne Hand zerſtach.

Man kann ſich jetzt nicht mehr beklagen, daß unſer Frauenzimmer ſich nur um Handarbeit und Wirthſchaft bekümmert. Dieſe Mode fängt an zu veralten. Ganz neulich ſagte noch eine junge Dame zu mir: Es wäre nicht verantwortlich, daß ein vernünftiges Geſchöpf ſich um die Wirthſchaft bekümmern ſollte. Das Leben würde ihr unerträglich dadurch. Sie würde es künftig auch nicht mehr thun. Hingegen legt man ſich auf Sentiments und Wiſſenſchaften. Meine Clariſſa hatte einige Sprachen gelernt, weil ſie das Vergnügen und den Nutzen davon fühlte: jetzt lernt die ganze Stadt Engliſch, ohne daß Ein Buch in dieſer nützlichen [illegible] geleſen wird. Es möchte denn ſein, daß ein Frauenzimmer, zur Zeit wenn die Paſſage am ſtärkſten iſt, ſich mit einem engliſchen Buche in die Gartenthür ſetzte.

Wenn man die Bedeckung unſrer jetzigen Frauenzimmer mit der Entblößung vor zehn Jahren vergleicht, ſo ſollte man denken, die Keuſchheit wäre auch eine Modetugend geworden. Doch, ich muß es geſtehn, ſie legen aus denſelben Urſachen einen Fichu um ihre Bruſt, als ſie eine hohe Feder an ihre Stirne ſtecken: beides iſt Mode. Celine hat es ſogar gelernt, ſich zu bedecken, die zärtliche Celine! die nur ihr Haar im Sommer pudert, und im Winter nicht. Denn Celine iſt viel zu delicat, als daß ſie im Winter ein Fenſter öffnen könnte, und zugleich viel zu delicat, als daß ihr der Puderſtaub, ohne Schaden, auf die Bruſt fallen ſollte. Celine verhüllt ſich jetzt in die Saloppe, wenn ſie von einer Stube in die andre geht, dieſelbe Celine, die vor einigen Jahren den ſtärkſten Herbſtabenden, in freier Luft, mit ihrer bloßen Bruſt trotzte. War ſie damals ſtärker, als jetzt? Ach nein, ſie klagte eben ſo ſehr. Warum bedeckte ſie ſich denn damals nicht? Die Saloppen waren noch nicht Mode.

Es iſt ſehr traurig, daß auch die Religion unter den Modeſentiments leidet! Dieſe Sache iſt zu ernſthaft, als daß ich viel davon ſagen ſollte. Unterdeß iſt es gewiß, daß ich

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*) Aus „Klopſtock's ſämmtliche Werke.“ 11r Bd. Leipz. 1823.

Frauenzimmer kenne, die ſich vornehmen, eine Chriſtin, eine Zweiflerin und eine Freigeiſtin zu ſein, auf dieſelbe Art, wie ſie ſich vornehmen, eine Mode mit zu machen.

Ein ganz wenig fängt die eheliche Zärtlichkeit an, ſich zu einem Modeſentiment bilden zu wollen. Aber ich fürchte ſehr, daß ſie ſich nicht recht entwickeln wird. Urtheilen Sie ſelbſt, mein Herr Aufſeher, ob dies Zärtlichkeit iſt: Man wünſcht, der Mann möchte verreiſen, um die Freude zu haben, ihn wieder zu ſehen. Man liebt ſeinen Mann über Alles in der Welt; aber man iſt ſo verſchämt, daß man aus Pflicht ſeinen Kuß erträgt. Man herrſcht ſchlechterdings nicht: aber bei jeder Sache fragt man: Und du wollteſt mir das nicht zu Gefallen thun! ohne daß der arme Mann ein einziges Mal Gelegenheit bekommt, das wieder zu ſagen. Mit der Zärtlichkeit zu den Kindern will es noch nicht ſo recht fort. Es ſei denn, daß Sie das Zärtlichkeit nennen, wenn man ein Kind für das andere wählt, weil es der Frau Mutter ſo ähnlich iſt, weil man ſieht, daß man ſeine Hümeurs, ſein Zieren und Parademachen, ſo leicht in der Tochter Charakter eindrücken kann. Dieſe liebt man faſt mit einer Inſectendelicateſſe. Man glaubt, ſie hat ein Fieber, wenn ſie blaß iſt, und ſchwatzt ihr ſo viel davon vor, daß ſie bald die Mode, krank zu ſein, lernt. Man erhebt Alles an ihr, ſogar die Fehler. Will ſie ſich nicht um die Wirthſchaft bekümmern, ſo iſt ihre Seele zu erhaben dazu. Fürchtet ſie ſich vor Allem, ſo iſt es Weiblichkeit. Erzürnt ſie ſich, ſo iſt ſie lebhaft. Wird ſie nicht aus Krankheit blaß, ſo iſt es doch aus Empfindung; ihre Seele fühlt, leidet ſo ſtark (dies ſind auch Modeausdrücke)! Wir machen ſie zu einer Phantaſtin, wie wir ſelbſt ſind. Doch verzweifle ich an nichts. Vielleicht, daß ſogar die ſeit dem Paradieſe veraltete Mode, die Kinder ſelbſt zu ſtillen, noch einmal wieder aufkommt. Denn die Unbequemlichkeit ſcheut man nicht, wenn es auf eine Mode ankommt. Sogar aus Freundſchaft, denn die Freundſchaft war auch einmal Mode, ob ſie gleich jetzt ſchon anfängt, das Alter des Chignons zu erreichen, aus Freundſchaft lief Cynthia des Nachts zu ihrer Freundin, denn ihr hatte geträumt, ihrer Freundin Haus brenne. Den andern Tag kam ihre Schweſter wieder. Es war ihrem zärtlichem Herzen nicht möglich, dabei zu bleiben; ſie lief davon, und ließ ihre Schweſter ohne Hülfe.

Hundert Moden übergehe ich, weil ſie nicht ſo neu mehr ſind. Und wer wollte von einer alten Mode ſprechen. Die Mode krank zu ſein, haben Sie ſelbſt ſchon bemerkt. Sie will noch nicht veralten. O daß die Mode, geſund zu ſein, einmal wieder aufkäme! Vielleicht ſtellt ſie ſich mit dem Selbſtſtillen zugleich ein. Sie ſehen, wie voller Hoffnung ich bin.

Eine Mode muß ich noch anführen. Mit der Mode, witzig und gelehrt zu ſein, hat ſich eine gewiſſe Zuverſichtlichkeit eingeſchlichen, ich hätte bald Frechheit geſagt, von allen Dingen zu ſprechen, ohne etwas davon zu verſtehen. Sie können ganz ſicher ſein, daß hier in . . . . . kein Frauenzimmer eine Sylbe mehr weiß, als ſie Ihnen in der erſten Viſite erzählt. Sie entſcheiden Alles, wie eine Univerſität. Mit der Mode zu erröthen, hat ſich überhaupt die ganze Mode der Beſcheidenheit verloren. Man ſpricht von Monaden, von vorherbeſtimmter Harmonie, ſo wie von einer italieniſchen Arie, oder einem franzöſiſchen Chanſon. Man verſteht von der Arie ſo viel, als von der Harmonie, oder man ſpricht von beiden. Zeit, Ort, Nation, Helden und Dichter, Alles wird verwechſelt, aber man ſchweigt doch nicht. Man handelt in einem Beſuche von der Arznei und der Anatomie, von der Jurisprudenz und der Optik. Neulich verwechſelte ein Frauenzimmer Alexander Magnus und Eduard Young. Man lächelte, aber ſie erzählte und dennoch den andern Tag von dem dreißigjährigen puniſchen Religionskriege. Sollten Ihre Frauenzimmer dieſe Modezuverſichtlichkeit auch haben, ſo bitte ich Sie, es dahin zu bringen, daß es Mode wird, daß ſie folgende Verſe auswendig lernen, oder wenigſtens in ihre Schreibtafel ſchreiben. Sie werden es deſto eher thun, weil ſie in der Modeſprache, zwar nicht von Alexander Magnus, aber doch von Eduard Young geſchrieben ſind.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty.
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

H*** den 6. Sept. 1758.

W.

Chriſtian Adolf Klotz

ward am 3. November 1738 zu Biſchofswerda in der Lauſitz geboren und zuerſt von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Superintendenten K., und ſpäter auf den Schulen zu Görlitz und Meißen beſonders im lateiniſchen Styl ſo gut vorgebildet, daß dies viel zu ſeinem nachherigen Rufe beitrug. Er ſtudirte, ohne gerade die öffentlichen Vorleſungen oft zu beſuchen, zu Leipzig und Jena fleißig Philoſophie, wurde dann Magiſter derſelben und 1762 außerordentlicher, 1764 aber ordentlicher Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft zu Göttingen, von wo er 1765 auf Quintus Icilius Empfehlung als Hofrath und Profeſſor ordin. der Beredſamkeit nach Halle kam. Hier gewann er beſonders dadurch, daß er einen Ruf nach Warſchau mit 1200 Thlr. Gehalt ausſchlug, ſo ſehr Friedrichs des Gr. Gunſt, daß er gleich darauf eine Gehaltszulage erhielt und zum Geheimrath ernannt wurde. Er ſtarb, vielfach angefeindet und bekämpft, in Folge ſeines regelloſen Lebens daſelbſt am 31. December 1771.

Von ihm erſchien:

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Neue Halliſche gelehrte Zeitungen. Ebendaſ. 1767—71.
Deutſche Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1767—72, 6 Bde., gr. 8.
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Satyren. Ueberſetzt von Weingart. Leipzig 1776.

In lateiniſcher Sprache:

Mores eruditorum. Altenburg 1760.
Acta literaria. Ebendaſ. 1764—76, 7 Bde.
Carmina Omnia. Ebendaſ. 1766.

Klotz war zu ſeiner Zeit berühmt als lateiniſcher Dichter, als welcher er namentlich Horaz mit Glück nachahmte. Eine große Niederlage erlitt er dagegen als Kritiker durch Leſſing, der ihn für ſeine Eitelkeit, Oberflächlichkeit und Plumpheit dermaßen geißelte, daß er dem öffentlichen Gelächter preisgegeben wurde und allgemein verſpottet, trotz ſeiner günſtigen Stellung, nie wieder zu einigem wirklichen Anſehen in der literäriſchen Welt gelangte, wie überhaupt ſeine ganze Erſcheinung und Wirkſamkeit nur eine ephemere war.

Karl Ludwig von Knebel,

der Abkömmling eines uralten nach Franken ausgewanderten niederländiſchen Geſchlechtes, ward am 30. November 1744 zu Wallerſtein geboren und erhielt zu Anſpach, wohin ſein Vater als fürſtlicher Geheimrath verſetzt worden war, durch den daſigen General-Superintendenten Junkheim eine eben ſo treffliche moraliſche und religiöſe, wie durch den Juſtizſecretär und Dichter Uz eine humaniſtiſche und claſſiſche Bildung. Vollkommen vorbereitet bezog er dann im 19. Jahre die Univerſität Halle, ging aber, weil er ſich nicht mit dem Studium der Rechte befreunden konnte, auf die Einladung ſeines Bruders, eines Leibpagen Friedrichs des Großen, nach Berlin und ward kurz darauf Officier im kronprinzlichen Regimente. Die ihm in dieſer Stellung dargebotene Gelegenheit für humaniſtiſche Bildung benutzte er ſo gut, daß er bald mit Ramler, Gleim, Moſes Mendelſohn, Nikolai und andern dort lebenden berühmten Literatoren in engere Verbindung kam. Aber ſeine Geſundheit forderte dringend einen andern Beruf, weswegen er nach erhaltenem Abſchiede ſich alsbald auf die Rückreiſe nach Anſpach begab. Auf dieſer beſuchte er Weimar, und wurde durch Wieland von der Herzogin Amalie und ihrem Hofe ſo wohlwollend aufgenommen, daß er mit Freuden in den Antrag des Miniſters Fritſch, die Hofmeiſterſtelle bei dem Prinzen Conſtantin zu übernehmen, einging. Als ſolcher bereiſte er mit ihm und mit dem Erbprinzen Süddeutſchland und Frankreich und erhielt nach ſeiner Rückkehr und dem frühen Tode ſeines Zöglings den Majorsrang mit einer lebenslänglichen Penſion. Philoſophiſche und poetiſche Beſtrebungen hielten ihn nun bis gegen 1800 in Weimar feſt, worauf er mit ſeiner eben erſt ihm vermählten Gattin zuerſt in das romantiſche Bergſtädtchen Ilmenau zog und dort mit Vorliebe mineralogiſche und oryktognoſtiſche Studien betrieb. Dann aber wandte er ſich aus Rückſicht auf ſeine Kinder nach Jena, wo er am 23. Februar 1834 ſtarb.

Es erſchien von ihm theils ohne, theils mit ſeinem Namen:

Propertius' Elegieen. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1798.
Sammlung kleiner Gedichte. Leipzig 1815. 4.
Lucretius Carus: Von der Natur der Dinge. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1821, 2 Bde.; 2 Aufl. 1831.
Jahresblüthen von und für K. Weimar 1826, gr. 4. Als Manuſcript für Freunde und Freundinnen gedruckt zur Feier des 30. Nov. 1825.
Diſtichen. Jena 1827.
Saul. Trauerſpiel nach Alfieri. Ueberſetzt. Ilmenau 1819.
Literariſcher Nachlaß und Briefwechſel. Herausgegeben von Varnhagen von Enſe und Theodor Mundt. Leipzig 1835, 3 Bde., gr. 8. Mit K's Portrait und Facſimile.

Knebel iſt vorzüglich wegen der innigen Verbindung, in welcher er mit den weimariſchen Heroen ſtand, als Dichter eigentlich überſchätzt worden, da er hier im Ganzen, wenn auch Geſundes und Verſtändiges, doch nur wenig Bedeutendes geleiſtet hat, und ſein Talent mehr ein angebildetes als angebornes war, das beſſer in ſich aufnahm und mit Tüchtigkeit verarbeitete, als ſelbſtſtändig producirte. Dies befähigte ihn, bei reichen Kenntniſſen und feinem Geſchmack, beſonders zur Uebertragung fremder Kunſtwerke, bei welchen er alle jene gerühmten Eigenſchaften auf das wirkſamſte entfaltete; namentlich ſind ſeine Ueberſetzungen des Properz und Lucrez vortrefflich und werden ein ſchönes Denkmal ſeines Fleißes und Geiſtes ſich lange erhalten, da ſie trotz den Fortſchritten, welcher dieſe Literatur ſich in neueſter Zeit erfreute, noch nicht übertroffen worden ſind.

Knebel's literariſcher Nachlaß und Briefwechſel endlich legt ein rühmliches Zeugniß ab, von der feſten, reinen Geſinnung des wackern Mannes, dem es in ſeinen Verhältniſſen gegeben war, äußerſt vortheilhaft auf die ihm befreundeten Geiſter einzuwirken, und welches er während einer langen Reihe von Jahren eben ſo glücklich als gewiſſenhaft that. —

Adolf Franz Friedrich Ludwig Freiherr von Knigge.

Dieſer als praktiſcher Philoſoph zu ſeiner Zeit ſehr gefeierte Schriftſteller ward am 16. October 1752 zu Bredenbeck, dem väterlichen Stammgute bei Hannover, geboren und bis in ſein 14. Jahr ſehr ſorgfältig daſelbſt erzogen, worauf er nach einigen mit ſeinem Vater unternommenen Reiſen und nach deſſen Tode ſich durch Privatunterricht vorbereitete und 1769 die Univerſität Göttingen als studiosus juris bezog. 1772 nahm er die Stelle eines Hofjunkers und Aſſeſſors bei der Kriegs- und Domänenkammer an, ſah ſich aber durch die von ſeinem Vater herſtammende Zerrüttung ſeiner Güter genöthigt, ſich auf dieſelben zurückzubegeben. Doch trat er 1777 als Kammerherr in weimariſche Dienſte, machte mehrere Geſchäftsreiſen und lebte dann mit ſeiner Familie als Privatmann zuerſt zu Hanau, ſeit 1780 aber zu Frankfurt am Main, wo er als Mitglied des Illuminatenordens für dieſen ſehr thätig war, aber auch manche Unannehmlichkeit ſich bereitete. Endlich zog er 1783 nach Heidelberg und 1790 nach Bremen; hier wurde er als hannöverſcher Oberhauptmann und Scholarch der Domſchule angeſtellt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. Mai 1796.

Literariſch bekannt iſt er durch:

Theaterſtücke. Hanau 1779 u. 1780, 2 Thle.
Der Roman meines Lebens. Riga 1781 — 1783, 4 Thle., 8.; neue Aufl. Frankfurt 1805, m. Kupf.
Geſchichte Peter Clauſens. Ebendaſ. 1783 — 85, 3 Thle., 8.; neue verb. Aufl. 1794.
Predigten. Frankfurt 1783 — 88, 3 Sammlungen.
Sammlung ausländiſcher Schauſpiele. Heidelberg 1784 u. 85. 2 Thle.
Kleinere Schriften. Frankfurt 1784 — 88, 2 Thle., 8.
Die Verirrungen des Philoſophen. Ebendaſ. 1787 2 Thle., 8 m. Kupf.
Ueber den Umgang mit Menſchen. Hannover 1788, 8.; 10te mit der Biographie des Verf. verm. Aufl. v. Wilmſen. Ebendaſ. 1822, 3 Thle., 8., mit 1 Kupf.
Geſchichte des Herrn von Mildenberg. Hannover 1789 — 93, 3 Thle.; neue Aufl. 1797.
Dramaturgiſche Blätter. Hannover 1789, 3 Quartale, 8.
Das Zauberſchloß. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8.; neue Aufl., 1804., m. Kupf.
Benjamin Noldmann: Geſchichte der Aufklärung von Abyſſinien. Göttingen 1791, 2 Thle., 8., m. Kupf.
Schaafkopfs hinterlaſſene Papiere. Hannover 1792.
Die Reiſe nach Braunſchweig. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.; 3 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1802, 8., mit 1 Kupf. Fortgeſetzt von G. F. Müller: Reiſe zur Gevatterſchaft. Wolfenbüttel 1795 — 1800, 4 Thle.
Ueber Schriftſteller und Schriftſtellerei. Hannover 1792. 8.
Geſchichte des Amtsraths Gutmann. Hannover 1794, 8; 3. Aufl. 1803, 8., mit 1 Kupfer.
Briefe, auf einer Reiſe von Lothringen nach Niederſachſen geſchrieben. Hannover 1806. 8.

Geſammelt ſind dieſelben zum Theil in A. von Knigge's Schriften. Hannover 1804 — 1806, 12 Bände in 8., mit Kupfern. Die einzelnen Bände enthalten.

1 — 3. Band, Ueber den Umgang mit Menſchen.
4. „ Geſchichte des Amtsraths Gutmann.
5. „ Das Zauberſchloß.
6 — 8. „ Geſchichte des Herrn von Mildenberg.
9. „ Ueber Schriftſteller ꝛc.
10. „ Schaafskopfs hinterlaſſene Papiere: Zuſtand des Lebens in den Niederlanden.
11. „ Reiſe nach Braunſchweig.
12. „ Briefe auf einer Reiſe von Lothringen ꝛc.

Knigge beſaß Weltkenntniß, Witz, Auffaſſungsgabe und Talent der Darſtellung in nicht geringem Grade; er hätte daher als Verfaſſer komiſcher Romane ſehr bedeutend werden können, wenn er ſich größere Feinheit des Geſchmacks zu eigen gemacht und vom Einfluß ſeiner perſönlichen Verhältniſſe frei zu erhalten verſtanden hätte. Seine beſte Leiſtung auf dieſem Gebiete iſt „Die Reiſe nach Braunſchweig", welche zu ihrer Zeit häufig und gern geleſen wurde und um mehrerer gelungenen Partieen willen, keineswegs die Vergeſſenheit und Nichtbeachtung verdient, in welche ſie allmählig zu gerathen ſcheint. Die größte Theilnahme fand jedoch v. K's Werk „Ueber den Umgang mit Menſchen", das allerdings manche gute Einzelnheit enthält, im Allgemeinen aber keineswegs zu billigen iſt, da es einen geſellſchaftlichen Machiavellismus lehrt, welcher den Egoismus, wie Menzel (Deutſche Literatur Th. III, S. 251) ſehr treffend bemerkt, in gefällige und elegante Formen hüllt, und, ſetzen wir hinzu, uns verleitet, nicht mehr auf die Stimme des Herzens zu horchen und ſo unſer beſſeres Selbſt darüber um kleinlicher und erbärmlicher Zwecke willen, zu verlieren. Viel kommt allerdings auf Rechnung der Zeit, in welcher Knigge jenes Buch verfaßte; damals waren die Formen der Geſellſchaft Alles, und von tieferen Verhältniſſen und Rechten des Gemüths hatte man im Alltagsleben keinen Begriff oder unterdrückte ihn als hinderlich und dem eigenen Vortheil ſchädlich. —

Ueber den Umgang unter Freunden *).

1.

Da bei dem Betragen gegen unſre Freunde alles auf die Wahl derſelben ankömmt, ſo muß ich zuerſt einige Bemerkungen über dieſen Gegenſtand vorausſchicken. Keine freundſchaftliche Verbindung pflegt dauerhafter zu ſein, als die, welche in der frühen Jugend geſchloſſen wird. Man iſt da noch weniger mißtrauiſch, weniger ſchwierig in Kleinigkeiten; das Herz iſt offener, geneigter ſich mitzutheilen, ſich anzuſchließen; die Charaktere fügen ſich leichter zuſammen; man giebt von allen Seiten nach, und ſetzt ſich in gleiche Stimmung; man macht gemeinſchaftliche Erfahrungen, hat gemeinſchaftliche Freuden und Genüſſe, giebt ſich mit unbeſchränktem Vertrauen hin, und wird ſpäterhin durch die ſüße Erneuerung der Jugendzeit immer wieder zu einander hingezogen. Dazu kommen dann Gewohnheit und Bedürfniß: wird Einer aus dem vertrauten Kreiſe durch den Tod hinweggeriſſen, ſo kettet das die übrigbleibenden Gefährten deſto feſter an einander. — Ganz anders iſt die Gemüthsſtimmung in ſpätern Jahren. Von Menſchen und Schickſalen vielfältig getäuſcht, werden wir verſchloßner, trauen nicht ſo leicht; das Herz ſteht unter der Vormundſchaft der Vernunft, die genauer abwägt und ſich ſelbſt Rath zu ſchaffen ſucht, bevor ſie ſich Andern anvertraut. Man fordert mehr, iſt ſchwieriger in der Wahl, nicht mehr ſo lüſtern nach neuen Bekanntſchaften, wird nicht ſo lebhaft betroffen von glänzenden Außenſeiten; man hat edlere Begriffe von ſittlicher Vollkommenheit, von dauerhaften Bündniſſen, von den Bedingungen einer gänzlichen Hingebung; der Charakter iſt feſter; die Grundſätze ſind geläutert und befeſtigt; die Anſicht des Lebens iſt eine höhere geworden. Darum wird es ſchwerer, eine dauerhafte Harmonie zu Stande zu bringen; und endlich ſind wir in ſo manche Verbindungen verflochten, daß wir kaum Muße, und wenigſtens ſelten Drang haben, neue zu ſchließen. Darum ſollten Jugendfreunde nicht vernachläſſigt, und Jugendfreundſchaften immer wieder erneuert und belebt werden; es geht Unerſetzliches verloren, wenn man einen Jugendfreund verliert; ſein Umgang iſt die Würze des Lebens.

2.

Es iſt ein ziemlich angenommener Grundſatz, daß zu vollkommner Freundſchaft Gleichheit des Standes und der Jahre erfordert werde. „Die Liebe" ſagt man, „ſei blind; ſie feſſele, durch unerklärbaren Inſtinct, Herzen an einander, die dem kalten Beobachter gar nicht für einander geſchaffen zu ſein ſchienen; und da ſie durch Gefühle, nicht durch Vernunft geleitet werde, ſo fielen bei ihr alle Rückſichten des Abſtandes, den äußere Umſtände erzeugen, weg. Die Freundſchaft hingegen beruhe auf Harmonie in Grundſätzen und Neigungen; nun aber habe jedes Alter, ſo wie jeder Stand, ſeine ihm eigne Stimmung, nach der Verſchiedenheit der Erziehung und Erfahrungen, und desfalls finde unter Perſonen von ungleichen Jahren und ungleichen bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen keine ſo vollkommene Harmonie ſtatt, wie zur Knüpfung des Freundſchafts-Bandes erfordert werde."

Dieſe Bemerkungen enthalten viel Wahres, doch habe ich ſchon zärtliche und dauerhafte Freundſchaften unter Leuten wahrgenommen, die weder dem Alter, noch dem Stande nach, ſich ähnlich waren, und wenn man ſich an dasjenige erinnert, was ich im Vorhergehenden geſagt habe: ſo wird man dies leicht erklären können. Es giebt junge Greiſe und alte Jünglinge. Feine Erziehung, Mäßigkeit in Wünſchen, Freiheit in der Denkungsart und Unabhängigkeit der Lage erheben den Bettler zu einem Manne von hohem Stande, ſo wie verachtungswürdige Sitten, unedle Begierden und niedrige Geſinnungen ſelbſt einen Fürſten zu dem Pöbel herabwürdigen können. Das iſt aber zuverläſſig gewiß, daß zu einer dauerhaften innigen Freundſchaft Gleichheit in Grundſätzen und Empfindungen erfordert wird, und daß eine zu große Verſchiedenheit in Fähigkeiten und Kenntniſſen der Freundſchaft nachtheilig iſt. Darf denn in dieſer Verbindung gerade das fehlen, was ſie zur Quelle des edelſten Lebensgenuſſes und der reinſten Glückſeligkeit macht? die Mittheilung der Gefühle, die ſanfte durch Theilnahme verſüßte Warnung und Zurechtweiſung? Und kann ich den mit Zuſtimmung meines Herzens meinen Freund nennen, dem meine Empfindungen völlig fremd ſind, der kalt und gleichgültig bleibt, wo meine Seele ganz Gefühl und Empfindung iſt? Es giebt Menſchen von erhabenen und ſeltenen Eigenſchaften des Geiſtes, die man nur bewundern darf, an welche man immer hinaufſchauen muß, und dieſe Menſchen verehrt man, — aber — man liebt ſie nicht, oder man verzweifelt wenigſtens daran, von ihnen wieder geliebt zu werden. In der Freundſchaft müſſen beide Theile gleichviel geben und empfangen können. Jedes zu große Uebergewicht von einer Seite, alles, was die Gleichheit aufhebt, ſtört zugleich die Freundſchaft.

3.

Warum haben ſehr vornehme und ſehr reiche Leute ſo wenig wahren Sinn für Freundſchaft? Sie fühlen nicht dies edelſte Seelen-Bedürfniß, weil ihre ganze Erziehung und Lebensweiſe die theilnehmenden Gefühle getödtet und ſie zu Sclaven der Selbſtſucht macht. Ihre Leidenſchaften zu befriedigen; rauſchenden, betäubenden Freuden nachzurennen; immer zu genießen; geſchmeichelt, gelobt, geehrt zu werden: darum iſt es ihnen Allen mehr oder weniger zu thun. Von Perſonen ihres Gleichen werden ſie durch Eiferſucht, Neid und andre Leidenſchaften getrennt; die Vornehmern ſuchen ſie nur auf, wenn ſie ihrer, zu Begünſtigung eigennütziger oder ehrgeiziger Abſichten, bedürfen; die Geringern und Aermern aber halten ſie in einer ſo großen Entfernung von ſich, daß ſie von ihnen weder die Wahrheit annehmen, noch den Gedanken ertragen können, ſich ihnen gleichzuſtellen. Auch bei den Beſten unter ihnen erwacht früh oder ſpät die Vorſtellung, daß ſie von beſſerm Stoffe ſeien, und das erkaltet oder tödtet dann die Freundſchaft.

4.

Allein ſelbſt unter denen Menſchen, die Dir an Stand, Vermögen, Alter und Fähigkeiten gleich ſind, rechne nur auf die dauernde Freundſchaft Derer, die nicht von unedlen, heftigen oder thörichten Leidenſchaften beherrſcht, noch von Launen und Grillen hin- und hergetrieben werden! Wer raſtlos rauſchenden Freuden und Zerſtreuungen ſich ergiebt; wer wilden Begierden, der Wolluſt, dem Trunke, oder dem unglückſeligen Spiele Alles aufopfern kann; weſſen Abgott falſche Ehre, Gold oder ſein eignes Ich iſt; wer, wankelmüthig in Grundſätzen und Meinungen, einen Charakter hat, der ſich, wie Wachs, von Jedem in jede Form drücken läßt: der mag vielleicht ein guter Geſellſchafter, aber nie wird er ein beſtändiger, treuer Freund ſein. Wo es auf Verleugnung, Aufopferung, auf Beharrlichkeit und Feſtigkeit ankommt, wird ein Solcher Dich im Stiche laſſen; Du wirſt allein da ſtehen, und Dich hintergangen glauben, da doch Du allein Dich betrogſt, indem Du unvorſichtig wählteſt. Ueberhaupt malt unſere Phantaſie uns die Menſchen, wie wir gern möchten, daß ſie ausſähen, und wenn wir nun inne werden, daß die wirklichen Menſchen unſern phantaſirten ganz unähnlich ſind, ſo grollen wir mit dem Leben.

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*) Aus Knigge: „Ueber den Umgang mit Menſchen."

5.

Man pflegt zu ſagen: das ſicherſte Mittel Freunde zu haben, ſei — keiner Freunde zu *bedürfen*; aber der Gefühlvolle kennt dieſe falſche Selbſtſtändigkeit nicht, er *bedarf* der Freunde, und ſchämt ſich dieſes Bedürfniſſes nicht. — Und ſollte es denn wirklich ſo ſchwer ſein, in dieſer Welt treue Freunde zu finden? Ich meine, nicht halb ſo ſchwer, als man gewöhnlich glaubt. Unſere empfindelnden jungen Herren machen ſich nur zu überſpannte Begriffe von der Freundſchaft. Freilich, wenn wir gänzliche Hingebung, unbedingte Aufopferung, Verleugnung alles eignen Intereſſes, in kritiſchen Augenblicken blinde Ergreifung unſerer Partei gegen eine beſſere Ueberzeugung, ſogar Bewunderung unſerer Fehler, Billigung unſerer Thorheiten, Mitwirkung bei unſern leidenſchaftlichen Verirrungen, mit einem Worte: wenn wir mehr von unſern Freunden fordern, als Billigkeit und Gerechtigkeit von Menſchen verlangen darf, die Fleiſch und Bein ſind, und freien Willen haben: ſo werden wir nicht leicht unter tauſend Weſen Eins finden, das ſich ſo gänzlich in unſere Arme würfe. Suchen wir aber verſtändige Menſchen, deren Hauptgrundſätze und Gefühle mit den unſrigen übereinſtimmen, kleine unmerkliche Verſchiedenheiten abgerechnet; Menſchen, die Freude finden an dem, was uns erfreuet; die uns lieben, ohne von uns bezaubert, das Gute in uns ſchätzen, ohne blind gegen unſere Schwächen zu ſein, die uns im Unglück nicht verlaſſen, uns in guten und redlichen Beſtrebungen treu und ſtandhaft beiſtehen, uns mit ungeheuchelter und herzlicher Theilnahme tröſten, aufrichten, tragen helfen, für uns Alles aufopfern, *was man ohne Verletzung ſeiner Ehre und der Gerechtigkeit gegen ſich ſelbſt und die Seinigen aufopfern darf*, uns die Wahrheit nicht verhehlen, und mit Liebe aufmerkſam auf unſere Mängel machen: ſuchen wir ernſtlich Solche, ſo finden wir ſie gewiß. — Viele? nein! Vielleicht nur Einen, und das iſt genug!

6.

Haſt Du einen ſolchen treuen Freund gefunden, ſo bewahre ihn auch! Halte ihn in Ehren, auch dann, wenn das Glück Dich plötzlich über ihn erhebt, auch da, wo Dein Freund nicht glänzt, wo Deine Verbindung mit ihm durch die öffentliche Stimme nicht gerechtfertigt zu werden ſcheint! Schäme Dich nie Deines ärmern, weniger hochgeſchätzten Freundes; beneide nicht den Dir vorgezogenen Freund! Hange feſt an ihm, ohne ihm läſtig zu werden! Fordre nicht mehr von ihm, als Du ſelbſt leiſten würdeſt; ja fordre nicht einmal ſo viel, wenn Dein Freund nicht in allen Stücken mit Dir einerlei Temperament, einerlei Fähigkeiten, einerlei Grad von Gefühl hat! Ergreife warm und eifrig die Partei Deines Freundes, aber nicht auf Koſten der Gerechtigkeit und Redlichkeit! Du ſollſt nicht ſeinetwegen blind gegen die Tugenden Anderer ſein, nicht, wenn du die Macht in den Händen haſt, eines würdigen, geſchickten Mannes Glück zu bauen, dieſen dem weniger fähigen Freunde nachſetzen. Du ſollſt nicht ſeine Uebereilungen vertheidigen, ſeine Leidenſchaften parteiiſch als Tugenden erheben, in kleinen Zwiſtigkeiten mit Andern, wenn er Unrecht hat, gefliſſentlich die Partei des Beleidigers verſtärken; nicht Dich mit in ſein Verderben ſtürzen, wenn ihm dadurch nicht geholfen wird, oder vielleicht gar durch unkluge Vertheidigung ſeine Feinde mehr erbittern, und Dir und den Deinigen den Untergang bereiten. Aber retten ſollſt du ſeinen Ruf, wenn er unſchuldig verläumdet wird, auch dann, wenn Jedermann ihn verläßt und verkennt, ſobald du hoffen darfſt, daß dieß ihm irgend Vortheil bringen kann. Oeffentlich ehren ſollſt Du den Edlen, und Dich nie deiner Verbindung mit ihm ſchämen, wenn Schickſale oder böſe Menſchen ihn unverdient zu Boden gedrückt haben. Nicht mitlächeln ſollſt Du, wenn loſe Buben hinter ſeinem Rücken über ihn höhnen. Mit Vorſicht und Klugheit ſollſt Du ihm Nachricht geben von den Gefahren, die ihm und ſeiner bürgerlichen Ehre drohen; aber nur, in ſo fern dieß dazu dienen kann, dem Uebel auszuweichen, oder Unvorſichtigkeiten wieder gut zu machen, nicht aber, wenn er dadurch bloß beunruhigt und aufgeregt wird.

7.

Freunde, die uns in der Noth nicht verlaſſen, ſind äußerſt ſelten. — Sei Du Einer dieſer ſeltnen Freunde! Hilf, rette, wenn Du es vermagſt; opfre Dich auf — nur vergiß nicht, was Klugheit und Gerechtigkeit gegen Dich und Andre von Dir fordern! Aber tobe nicht, klage nicht, wenn Andre nicht ein Gleiches für Dich thun! Nicht immer herrſcht böſer Wille bei ihnen. Schwache, und durch Leidenſchaft beherrſchte Menſchen ſind unſichre Freunde; doch wie Wenige giebt es, die ganz feſt und unerſchütterlich in ihrem Charakter, ganz frei von kleinen Leidenſchaften und Nebenabſichten ſind, die nicht bei ihrer Anhänglichkeit an Dich von klugen Rückſichten auf Deinen Ruf, Deine Verhältniſſe, beſtimmt werden, oder wenigſtens nicht gern Schande vor der Welt wegen ihrer Zuneigung zu Dir auf ſich laden wollen; wie Wenige, die nicht, wo es auf Verläugnung ankömmt, den Schwächern gegen den Mächtigern aufopfern! Wenn dieſe nun, ſobald ein Ungewitter ſich über Deinem Haupte zuſammenzieht, einen kleinen Schritt zurücktreten, oder wenigſtens ihre Liebe und Verehrung in eine Art von Protection und Rathgeberrolle verwandeln — nun, ſo ſei billig! Schiebe die Schuld auf das ängſtliche Temperament, auf ihre Abhängigkeit von äußern Umſtänden, auf die Nothwendigkeit, heut zu Tage *durch Gunſt* ſein Glück zu machen, um in ſchweren Zeiten fortzukommen! Wie wenig Menſchen würden übrig bleiben, mit denen Du Hand in Hand auf dieſer Erde durch Glück und Unglück wandeln könnteſt, wenn Du es ſo genau nehmen, oder ſo große Forderungen an deine Freunde machen wollteſt! Zuweilen tritt auch der Fall ein, daß wirklich unſre Freunde ſich ſelbſt die Rechtfertigung ſchuldig ſind, öffentlich zu zeigen, daß ſie nicht in unſre Thorheiten verwickelt waren. Oft werden ſie durch unſre ſelbſt verſchuldete widrige Lage zur freimüthigen und nachdrücklichen Rüge unſerer Thorheiten geſtimmt, und leiſten uns nun einen beſſern Freundſchaftsdienſt als damals, da ſie ihren Tadel aus weichlicher Furcht oder feigherziger Beſorgniß zurückhielten, um uns nicht wehe zu thun, und wahrlich ein redlicher Freund thut uns oft gerade dann wohl, wenn er ſich entſchließt, uns wehe zu thun. Ich habe in einigen blendenden Situationen meines Lebens einen Haufen von Leuten ſich mir aufdringen ſehen, die mir ohne Unterlaß Weihrauch ſtreuten, jeden meiner witzigen Einfälle mit lauter Bewunderung aufnahmen, ſchmeichelhafte Verſe auf mich machten, meine Worte als Orakelſprüche ausſchrieen, und meinen Ruf im Poſaunenton erhoben. Ich kannte das Menſchengeſchlecht genug, um das nicht alles für baare Münze anzunehmen, vielmehr überzeugt zu ſein, daß ſie mich vernachläſſigen, wohl gar auf mich herabſehen würden, wenn ich einſt in eine weniger glückliche Lage kommen ſollte, und ſie meiner nicht mehr bedürften. Ich irrte nicht, aber deswegen waren dieſe doch nicht insgeſammt Schurken und Heuchler. Viele von ihnen, es iſt wahr, lernte ich als ſolche kennen; ſie erlaubten ſich die ärgſten Niederträchtigkeiten gegen mich; es befremdete mich nicht; ich verachtete ſie: aber Manche waren vorher nur von dem Strome mit fortgeriſſen worden. Die Stimme meiner Feinde erweckte ſie nun; ſie ſtutzten, betrachteten mich mit forſchendem Auge und ſahen meine Fehler, ſie hielten mir dieſe Fehler durch Worte oder einige Kälte in ihrem Betragen, vielleicht ein wenig zu unſanft vor, gaben mir dadurch Gelegenheit, ſelbſt aufmerkſam auf dieſelben zu werden, an mir zu arbeiten; und wahrlich, dieſe ſind mir nützlichere, ächtere Freunde geweſen, als manche Andre, die mich in meiner Eitelkeit und Selbſtgenügſamkeit zu beſtärken ſuchten.

8.

Kein Grundſatz ſcheint mir ſo unvereinbar mit edelmüthigen Geſinnungen, und eines gefühlvollen Herzens ſo unwürdig, als der: „daß es ein Troſt ſei, Unglücksgefährten zu haben.“ Iſt es nicht genug, ſelbſt leiden, und dabei überzeugt ſein zu müſſen, daß in der Welt noch viele eben ſo gute Menſchen, nicht weniger Elend zu tragen haben? Sollen wir noch die Summe dieſer Unglücklichen muthwilligerweiſe dadurch vermehren, daß wir Andre zwingen, auch unſre Laſt mitzutragen, die dadurch um nichts leichter wird? Denn man ſage doch nicht, daß es Erleichterung ſei, ſich von ſeinem Schmerze zu unterhalten! Nur für altersſchwache Weiber, nicht aber für einen verſtändigen Mann, kann Geſchwätzigkeit *von der Art* Bedürfniß werden. Im Umgange mit Freunden ſollte ein zartes, wohlwollendes Gefühl uns abhalten, den treuen Freund durch Mittheilung unſers Schmerzes zu beunruhigen und zu betrüben. Zwar können Fälle eintreten, in welchen die Bedürfniſſe des gepreßten Herzens, ſich mitzutheilen, zu groß, oder die liebreichen Aufforderungen des Freundes, der den Kummer auf unſerer Stirne lieſt, zu dringend werden, wo länger zu ſchweigen, Folter für uns, oder Beleidigung für den Vertrauten werden würde, und wo nur ſein Rath oder ſein Beiſtand retten kann. In allen übrigen Fällen laſſet uns der Ruhe unſers Freundes, wie unſerer eignen, ſchonen!

9.

Klagt Dir ein bewährter Freund ſeine Noth, ſeine Schmerzen, wie könnteſt Du ihn ohne innige Theilnahme anhören! Oder wie dürfteſt Du ſeinen Klagen moraliſche Gemeinſprüche entgegenſehen, ihm wehethun durch Vorwürfe über ſein Betragen, durch die Bemerkung, daß er ſeine Noth hätte verhüten können! Nein, biſt Du ein treuer, gefühlvoller Freund, ſo wirſt Du Alles aufbieten, Deinem Freunde Linderung oder Beiſtand zu gewähren. Aber verzärtle ihn nicht an Leib und Seele durch weibliſche Klagen! Erwecke vielmehr ſeinen männlichen Muth, daß er ſich über die nichtigen Leiden dieſer Welt erhebe! Schmeichle ihm nicht mit falſchen Hoffnungen, mit Erwartungen eines blinden Ungefährs; ſondern hilf ihm Wege einſchlagen, die eines Mannes würdig ſind, und zum Zweck führen.

10.

Man ſieht zuweilen Menſchen eben ſo eiferſüchtig in der Freundſchaft, wie in der Liebe. Das zeugt mehr von einer ſelbſtſüchtigen, als von einer zärtlichen Gemüthsart. Freuen ſoll es Dich, wenn auch andere Menſchen den Werth deſſen zu ſchätzen wiſſen, der Dir theuer iſt; freuen ſoll es Dich, wenn Dein Liebling noch außer Dir gute Seelen findet, denen er ſich mittheilen, in deren Gemeinſchaft er ſich glücklich fühlen und die Freuden der Theilnahme genießen kann. Er wird darum nicht blind gegen Deine Vorzüge, nicht undankbar gegen dich werden. Würdeſt Du denn dadurch mehr Werth in ſeinen Augen bekommen, daß Du ihn von liebenswürdigen Menſchen zu entfernen, oder ihn gegen ſie einzunehmen ſuchteſt, nur um ihn für Dich allein zu behalten?

11.

Alles, was Deinem Freunde angehört, ſein Vermögen, ſein bürgerliches Glück, ſeine Geſundheit, ſein Ruf, die Ehre ſeines Weibes, die Unſchuld und Bildung ſeiner Kinder — das alles ſei Dir heilig, ſei ein Gegenſtand Deiner Sorgfalt, Deiner Theilnahme und Deiner Schonung! Auch Deine heftigſte Leidenſchaft, Deine unmäßigſte Begierde müſſe dieſe Unverletzlichkeit ehren!

12.

Gaben, Anlagen, und die Art, ſeine Empfindungen an den Tag zu legen, ſind bei den Menſchen verſchieden. Nicht immer iſt Derjenige der Gefühlvollſte, welcher am geläufigſten von innern Regungen und Empfindungen ſchwatzt; nicht immer Derjenige der treueſte und beharrlichſte Freund, der mit dem heftigſten Feuer uns an ſeine Bruſt drückt, der mit der größten Hitze hinter unſerm Rücken ſich unſerer annimmt. Alles Ueberſpannte taugt nicht. Ruhige, ſtille Hochachtung iſt mehr werth als Anbetung, Verehrung und Entzückung. Man verlange daher nicht von Jedem denſelben Grad von äußern Freundſchafts-Bezeigungen, ſondern beurtheile ſeine Freunde nach der fortgeſetzten, immer gleichen Zuneigung und treuen Ergebenheit, welche ſie uns in der That ohne Uebertreibung und ohne Schmeichelei beweiſen! Leider aber ordnet unſere Eitelkeit mehrentheils den Werth der Menſchen nach dem Grade der Huldigung, welche ſie uns leiſten, und die mehreſten Leute ſuchen ſolche Freunde um ſich her zu verſammeln, an deren Seite ſie in doppelt vortheilhaftem Lichte erſcheinen, und deren Worte Orakelſprüche ſind.

13.

Werde nicht ängſtlich um Freunde. Mache nicht Jagd auf jeden ausgezeichneten Menſchen, und lege es nicht gefliſſentlich darauf an, daß er Dir beſonders zugethan werden ſoll! Jede Art von Andringlichkeit, wäre ſie auch noch ſo gut gemeint, pflegt Verdacht oder Geringſchätzung zu erwecken, und wer in der Stille auf dem Pfade fortwandelt, den Redlichkeit und Klugheit bezeichnen, und dabei ein wohlwollendes, zur Mittheilung geſtimmtes Herz in ſeinem Buſen trägt, der bleibt nicht unbemerkt, nicht unaufgeſucht; er findet, ohne ſich anzudrängen, ein Paar Edle, die ihm die Hand zum brüderlichen Bunde reichen.

14.

Es giebt aber Menſchen, die gar keinen vertrauten Freund, ſondern nur Bekannte haben; entweder weil ihnen der Sinn für dieß Seelen-Bedürfniß fehlt, oder weil ſie keinem lebendigen Weſen trauen, oder weil ihre Gemüthsart kalt, unverträglich, verſchloſſen, eitel oder zänkiſch iſt. Andere ſind aller Welt Freunde; ſie werfen ihr Herz Jedermann vor die Füße, und deswegen bückt ſich Keiner, greift Niemand danach, es aufzunehmen. Es iſt eine Ehre und ein Glück, zu keiner von dieſen beiden Menſchenklaſſen zu gehören.

15.

Auch unter den vertrauteſten Freunden können Irrungen entſtehen, Mißverſtändniſſe eintreten. Wenn man darüber Zeit verſtreichen läßt, oder zugibt, daß ſich dienſtfertige Leute hineinmiſchen, ſo erwächſt daraus nicht ſelten eine dauerhafte Feindſchaft, die um ſo heftiger wird, je zärtlicher, je vertrauter die Verbindung war, und je ärger man ſich alſo hintergangen glaubt. Es iſt wahrlich ein trauriger Anblick, auf dieſe Weiſe zuweilen die edelſten Seelen gegen einander empört zu ſehen. Dringend rathe ich daher, bei dem erſten Schatten von Unzufriedenheit über das Betragen des Freundes, nicht zu ſäumen, ohne Zuthun eines Dritten, auf Erläuterung zu dringen. Da pflegt Alles ſehr bald verglichen zu werden; vorausgeſetzt, daß kein böſer Wille obwaltet, wie man es denn bei gutgeſinnten, wohlwollenden Freunden vorausſehen muß.

16.

Wie aber, wenn uns Freunde täuſchen, wenn wir nach einiger Zeit wahrnehmen, daß unſer gutes Herz uns irre geleitet, und an Menſchen gekettet hat, die unſerer nicht werth ſind? — Meine Leſer! ich kann es nicht oft genug wiederholen, daß wir mehrentheils ſelbſt daran Schuld ſind, wenn wir bei näherem Umgange die Menſchen anders finden, als wie ſie uns anfangs gedacht haben. Parteiiſche Gefühle, Sympathie, Aehnlichkeit des Geſchmacks; der Neigung; feine Schmeichelei; Seelendrang, in Augenblicken, wo Jeder uns ein Wohlthäter ſcheint, der nur einige Theilnahme an unſerem Schickſale zeigt — dieſe und andere dergleichen Eindrücke beſtechen uns gar zu leicht, und bereiten uns bittere Täuſchungen. Wir denken uns Menſchen als engelreine und erhabene Seelen, die nichts weiter, als eine gewiſſe natürliche Gutmüthigkeit und Offenheit haben, und ſind nachher, wenn wir ihre Schwächen entdecken, viel unduldſamer gegen dieſe unſre Lieblinge, als gegen fremde Leute, weil es unſerem Stolz wehe thut, daß wir ſo falſch geſehen hatten, oder ſo kurzſichtig waren. Darum ſpannet doch eure Erwartung, eure Meinung von euren Freunden nicht zu hoch, ſo wird euch ein menſchlicher Fehltritt, den ſie in Augenblicken der Verſuchung begehen, nicht befremden, nicht ärgern! Habet Nachſicht! Ihr bedürft deren vielleicht ſelbſt bei andern Gelegenheiten. Richtet nicht, damit auch Ihr nicht gerichtet werdet! — Und was für Recht haſt Du denn auch über die Moralität Deines Freundes? Was iſt er Dir anders ſchuldig, als Treue, Liebe und Dienſtfertigkeit? Wer hat Dich zum Sittenrichter über ihn beſtellt? — Suche einen ganz vollkommenen Mann auf dieſer Erde! — Du kannſt hundert Jahre alt werden und wirſt ihn nicht finden.

17.

Wenn denn nun aber wirklich unſer Freund ſich ſo ſehr moraliſch verſchlimmert, oder wenn unſer leichtgläubiges Herz ſich in einem ſolchen Grade in ſeinem Zutrauen zu ihm betrogen ſieht, daß er unſere Vertraulichkeit gemißbraucht, und mit Undank belohnt hätte — nun! ſo hört er auf, unſer Freund zu ſein; ich meine aber, er behält doch nicht mehr und nicht weniger Recht auf unſere Duldung, als jeder andere und fremde Menſch. Ich halte es für eine falſche Zärtelei, an welcher mehrentheils die Eitelkeit, untrüglich ſein zu wollen, ihren Theil hat, wenn man glaubt, man müſſe nun von einem ſolchen Verräther immer mit großer Schonung reden, weil er einſt unſer Freund geweſen. Das Einzige, was uns bewegen kann, ſeiner zu ſchonen, iſt der Gedanke: daß überhaupt das menſchliche Herz ein ſchwaches Ding iſt, und daß man leicht zu weit in ſeinem Widerwillen geht, wenn eine Art von Rache ſich in unſer Urtheil miſcht. Von der andern Seite aber macht der Umſtand, daß der Mann uns betrogen hat, ſein Verbrechen auch nicht um ein Haar breit großer, berechtigt uns nicht, ärger gegen ihn zu Felde zu ziehen, als gegen jeden andern Schelm, der andere Menſchen und überhaupt die Tugend betrügt.

Chriſtian Anton Philipp Knorr von Roſenroth

ward am 15. Juli 1636 zu Altrauden in Schleſien geboren, wo ſein Vater, der daſige Prediger, ihm die erſten wiſſenſchaftlichen Kenntniſſe beibrachte. Er ſtudirte zu Leipzig und Wittenberg ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften, wurde Mag. A. A. L. L. und durchreiſte dann Holland, Frankreich und England, worauf er ſich 1665 zu Sulzbach in

Baiern niederließ und daſelbſt vom Pfalzgrafen zum Geheimrath und Kanzler ernannt wurde, nachdem er auf deſſen Verwendung wegen ſeiner glänzenden chemiſchen und ſprachlichen Kenntniſſe vom Kaiſer Leopold mit ſeiner Nachkommenſchaft in den Freiherrenſtand erhoben worden war. Hier ſtarb er am 4. Mai 1689.

Von ihm erſchien in deutſcher Sprache:

Neuer Helikon mit ſeinen 9 Muſen, d. i. geiſtliche Sittenlieder. Nürnberg 1784, 12.

Nicht ohne Talent für die lyriſche Poeſie, ließ ſich K. jedoch zu ſehr von ſeinen myſtiſchen Anſichten hinreißen, und ward dadurch übertrieben, phantaſtiſch und dunkel. — Folgendes möge als Probe dienen.

Betrachtung der Wohlthaten Chriſti *).

Ach Jeſu, meiner Seelen Freude,
Mein Reichthum, wenn ich Mangel leide,
Mein Heil in meiner Sündenlaſt,
Mein Anker, wenn mein Schiff will wanken,
Mein Licht, wie kann ich dir verdanken,
Daß du mich ſo geliebet haſt.

Ich armer Knecht, ich war verloren;
Und du, mein Herr, du wirſt geboren,
Und giebſt für mich dich in Gefahr.
Ich war dein Feind; du kommſt gelaufen,
Mein Leben durch dein Blut zu kaufen,
Das anders nicht zu retten war.

O Treu, die nicht iſt auszuſinnen!
Was ſoll ich Armer doch beginnen,
Der dies nicht wohl begreifen kann?
Doch wohl! ich habe feſten Glauben;
Den ſoll mir auch der Feind nicht rauben
Und lief er noch ſo heftig an.

Ich weiß, daß Gott mich hat erkohren,
Daß mich ſein Geiſt hat neugeboren,
Daß mir ſein Sohn geſtorben iſt.
Ich weiß, Herr, daß du biſt mein Leben,
Daß du auch biſt für mich gegeben,
Ja, daß du noch mein Helfer biſt.

Schlägt Moſes ſeine Donnerflammen
Um mein verdammtes Haupt zuſammen:
In dir, o Jeſu, find' ich Ruh.
Muß ich mit Sünd' und Hölle ſtreiten:
So lauf' ich, Herr, auf deine Seiten,
Als meine ſtärkſte Veſtung zu.

Und kommt auch gleich der Tod geſprungen:
Hat Jeſus doch für mich gerungen,
Und durch den Tod den Tod verjagt;
Was darf mir vor dem Tode grauen,
Wenn ich durch ihn ſoll wirklich ſchauen,
Was mir mein Jeſus zugeſagt?

Nur Jeſu, laß mich an dir kleben;
So bleibet dir mein ganzes Leben,
Mit ſtets verbund'ner Treu verpflicht't.
Denn wer ſich hier mit dir verbindet,
Der lebt, obgleich ſein Leben ſchwindet,
Und ſtirbet auch im Tode nicht.

Sophie von Knorring,

eine Schweſter Ludwig Tieck's, ward 1775 zu Berlin geboren und humaniſtiſch gebildet erzogen. Sie vermählte ſich zuerſt mit dem Conſiſtorialrath und Director Dr. A. F. Bernhardi zu Berlin, trennte ſich aber 1805 von ihm und ging mit ihren Brüdern und Kindern nach Rom, worauf ſie ſich aufs neue 1810 mit dem Herrn von Knorring ehelich verband. Sie folgte nun ihrem Gatten nach Liefland, blieb bis 1819 daſelbſt und ließ ſich dann in Heidelberg nieder, bis zu ihrem 1830 erfolgten Tode.

Sie gab heraus:

Bambocciaden. Berlin 1797—1800, 3 Thle., 8., mit A. F. Bernhardi.
Julie St. Albani. Leipzig 1801, 2 Bde., 8.
Wunderbilder und Träume. Königsberg 1802, 8.; 2te wohlf. Ausg. 1823, 8.
Dramatiſche Phantaſieen. Berlin 1804, 8.
Schiller's Todtenfeier. Berlin 1805, gr. 8. (mit Prologen).
Flore und Blanchefleur. Epiſches Gedicht, mit Vorrede von A. W. v. Schlegel. Berlin 1822, 8.
Evremont. Berlin 1837, 3 Bde., 8., herausgegeben von L. Tieck.

Ein reiches Talent, vereint mit lebhafter Phantaſie und tiefem Gefühl weiſen dieſer ausgezeichneten Frau eine ehrenvolle Stellung unter den Dichtern der ſogenannten romantiſchen Schule an. — Ihr letztes erſt nach ihrem Tode erſchienenes Werk: „Evremont," das eine merkwürdige Epoche unſerer Zeit höchſt anmuthig, obwohl hin und wieder nicht frei von breiter Darſtellung und Längen in der Entwickelung, ſchildert, enthält eine Reihe von Charakteren und eine Fülle von Lebensanſichten, welche ihm hohen Werth verleihen.

Benjamin Friedrich Köhler,

ward am 22. Juni 1730 zu Döbeln in Kurſachſen geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte zu Leipzig und wurde hier mit Gellert ſehr vertraut. Auf deſſen Empfehlung kam er 1767 als Hofmeiſter des Prinzen Albrecht nach Deſſau, wurde ſpäter dort 1774 erſter Secretär der Landesregierung und Archivar, und ſtarb daſelbſt als Regierungsrath den 4. Mai 1796.

Sein literäriſcher Nachlaß iſt:

Geiſtliche moraliſche und ſcherzhafte Oden und Lieder, in 4 Büchern. Leipzig 1763.

Ein Schüler Gellert's, der ſeinem Meiſter nicht ohne Talent und Geſchick nachſtrebte und namentlich manches gute und verſtändige Kirchenlied dichtete.

Friedrich Kohlrauſch,

ward am 15. November 1780 zu Landolfshauſen bei Göttingen geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen Philoſophie und Pädagogik und kam nach vollendetem Studium als Dr. philosophiae und Vorſteher eines Erziehungsinſtituts nach Barmen, von wo er ſpäter als Gymnaſialprofeſſor nach Düſſeldorf und 1817 als Conſiſtorial- und Schulrath

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*) Aus: Neuer Helikon u. ſ. w. S. 104.

nach Münſter kam. 1830 nahm er einen Ruf als Oberſchulrath nach Hannover an, und wurde daſelbſt ſpäter zum Generalinſpector der ſämmtlichen gelehrten Schulen des Königreichs ernannt.

Er gab heraus:

Die Geſchichten und Lehren der heiligen Schrift. Halle und Berlin 1811.
Handbuch für Volkslehrer zum richtigen Gebrauch derſelben. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Handbuch für Lehrer höherer Stände und Schulen zu denſelben. Ebend. 1811.
Deutſchland's Zukunft. Elberfeld 1814.
Chronologiſcher Abriß der Weltgeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Die deutſche Geſchichte für Schulen. Ebendaſ. 1816—18, 3 Thle.; 9. Ausg. Ebend. 1830.

Ein ausgezeichneter Pädagog, der es vor Allem verſtand, in ſeinen Schriften für die Jugend den einzig richtigen und angemeſſenen Ton zu treffen, und deſſen bibliſche Geſchichte, ſowie ſeine deutſche Geſchichte für Schulen ſich des allgemeinſten Beifalls, und namentlich die letztere einer faſt unglaublichen Verbreitung erfreuen.

Karl Wilhelm Kolbe,

ein bekannter Künſtler und Schriftſteller, ward 1766 zu Berlin geboren und auf dem daſigen franzöſiſchen Gymnaſium claſſiſch gebildet, worauf er als Lehrer des Philanthropin's nach Deſſau kam. Dann lebte er eine Zeit lang als Secretär und Bibliothekar des Miniſters von Schulenburg-Kehnert zu Berlin und ging ſpäter in ſeine alten Verhältniſſe nach Deſſau zurück, wo er bis zur Auflöſung dieſes Inſtituts 1793 verblieb und mit Wolke, Matthiſſon, Spazier und Olivier in freundſchaftlicher Verbindung lebte. Zu Sicherung ſeines Unterhaltes nahm er nun die ſchon früher verſuchte Radirnadel wieder vor, wurde Zögling und bald darauf auch ordentliches Mitglied der berliner Malerakademie und kehrte als anhaltiſcher Hofkupferſtecher und Lehrer der Zeichenkunſt an der Hauptſchule nach Deſſau zurück, wo er am 10. Januar 1835 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Vermiſchte Gedichte. Halberſtadt 1792.
Vermiſchte Abhandlungen. Quedlinburg 1794 u. 1796. 2 Theile.
Ueber den Wortreichthum der deutſchen und franzöſiſchen Sprache. Berlin 1804—1806, 2 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1818—20, 3 Bde.
Verbeſſerungen. Ebendaſ. 1807.
Ueber Wortmengerei. Ebend. 1809; 3. Aufl. 1823.
Abgeriſſene Bemerkungen über Sprache. Ebendaſ. 1813.
Noch ein Wort über Sprachreinheit. Ebend. 1815.
Beleuchtung einiger öffentlich ausgeſprochenen Urtheile über und gegen Sprachreinheit. Deſſau 1818.

Seine „Briefe über die franzöſiſche Revolution" exiſtiren, von der berliner Cenſurbehörde zurückgewieſen, noch als Manuſcript.

Ein eigenthümlicher, höchſt geiſtreicher und ſcharfſinniger Denker, voll feinen Geſchmacks, und tiefen Gefühls für das Wahre, Gute und Schöne erwarb ſich K. durch ſeine Arbeiten auf dem Gebiete der Linguiſtik einen hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Sprachforſchern. Seine Gedichte athmen Wärme und Innigkeit, zeichnen ſich aber übrigens nicht vor der Menge ähnlicher Poeſieen aus. —

Johann David Köler

ward am 18. Januar 1664 zu Kolditz bei Meißen geboren, ſtudirte zu Annaberg, Meißen und Wittenberg Humaniora und die Rechte, worauf er ſeit 1707 als Mag. A. A. L. L. zu Altorf Vorleſungen hielt. 1708 folgte er dem ſchwediſchen Geſandten von Strahlenheim als Secretär nach Zweibrücken, ging aber 1711 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Logik und Politik nach Altorf zurück, und ward hier 1714 Profeſſor ordin. der Geſchichte. 1735 kam er als Dr. juris und erſter Profeſſor ordin. der Geſchichte an die neuerrichtete Univerſität Göttingen, wo er am 10. März 1755 ſtarb.

Er verfaßte:

Kurzgefaßte und gründliche deutſche Reichshiſtorie. Nürnberg 1736; neue Ausgabe 1767, 4.
Hiſtoriſche Münzbeluſtigung. Ebendaſ. 1729—50, 22 Theile.
Kurze und gründliche Anleitung zur alten und mittlern Geographie. Ebend. 1745; neue Ausgabe 1772 (der 2. und 3. Thl. von G. M. Raidel und G. A. Will.)

Ein fleißiger, gründlicher Hiſtoriker blieb K. in ſeinen Werken doch nicht frei von den Mängeln und der irrigen Auffaſſungsweiſe der Zeit, in welcher er lebte, und die für die richtige Behandlung der Geſchichte noch nicht reif war; doch gehören ſeine Werke zu den beſſern Leiſtungen jener Tage.

Klos Kolze, ſ. Minneſinger.

Michael Kongehl

ward am 19. Auguſt 1646 zu Kreuzburg geboren und nach beendigten juriſtiſchen Studien 1676 Kanzleiverwandter, 1681 Notar und 1682 Secretär des daſigen Conſiſtoriums. Als Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft des Pegnitzordens, welches er nun geworden war, hieß er Prutenio, wurde als Poet gekrönt, erhielt 1696 den Titel eines Rathsverwandten und 1710 das Bürgermeiſteramt im Kneiphof zu Königsberg. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 1. November 1710.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Surboſia oder geſchichtmäßiges Heldengedicht. Nürnberg 1676, 12.
Der verkehrte und wieder bekehrte Prinz Tugendhold. Ebend. 1676.
Die vom Tod erweckte Phönicia. Tragikomödie. Königsberg 1680.
Wiederlebender und triumphirender Todestod. Ebend. 1676, 4.
Immergrünender Cypreſſenhain. Danzig 1694, 8.
Beluſtigung bei der Unluſt. Stettin 1683, 8.

K. war ein fleißiger und eifriger Schüler und Nachahmer ſeines Landsmannes Dach (ſ. d.), doch ohne eigentliches Talent, namentlich für die dramatiſche und epiſche Poeſie. — Am glücklichſten war er im religiöſen Liede, doch ſchwang er ſich auch hier nicht weit über die Mittelmäßigkeit hinaus.

Johann Ulrich von König

ward am 8. October 1688 zu Eßlingen geboren, ſtudirte nach einiger Vorbereitung Theologie und Jura nacheinander, nahm dann bei den Holländern Kriegsdienſte und ließ ſich ſpäter 10 Jahre in Hamburg nieder, wo er einen Kampf mit Meuchelmördern glücklich beſtand. Als er nach Dresden gekommen war, erhielt er das ihm übertragene Pritſchmeiſteramt unter dem Titel eines Hofpoeten und Geheimſecretärs, anſtatt deſſen er nach von Beſſer's Tode (um 1730) das Ceremonienmeiſteramt mit dem Hofrathscharakter erhielt. Er wurde in der Folge auch noch geadelt und zum Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin ernannt, und ſtarb daſelbſt am 14. März 1744.

Wir haben von ihm:

Theatraliſche Gedichte. Hamburg und Leipzig 1713.

Auguſt im Lager. Heldengedicht. Dresden 1731 Fol.

Gedichte. Aus ſeinen Manuſcripten geſammelt und herausgegeben (von J. L. Roſt). Ebend. 1745.

Es fehlte K. nicht an Talent der Darſtellung und Correctheit der Form, wohl aber an Phantaſie, Tiefe und Kraft; ſeine Poeſien erheben ſich daher nicht über die alltäglichen Reimereien jener Periode, und haben höchſtens nur für den Hiſtoriker einiges Intereſſe.

Friedrich von Köpken.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Mannes wiſſen wir nur, daß er am 9. December 1737 zu Magdeburg von bürgerlichen Eltern geboren, nach vollendeten Rechtsſtudien daſelbſt als Unterbeamter angeſtellt und endlich zum königlich preußiſchen Hofrath und Curator des Johannisſtiftes ſeiner Vaterſtadt, 1787 aber zum Baron erhoben wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 4. October 1811.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Hymnus auf Gott. Nebſt andern vermiſchten Gedichten. Magdeburg 1792; neue Ausg. 1804, 8.

Skolien. Ebend. 1794; neue Aufl. 1805, 8.

Skolien für den literariſchen Klub. Ebend. 1798.

Epiſteln. Zum Anhang vermiſchte Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1801, 8.

Ein leichtes, gefälliges und anmuthiges Talent, das keinen Anſpruch auf Dichterruhm machte und durch ſeine Gaben nur vertraute Freunde erheitern wollte, weshalb es um ſo größere Anerkennung verdient.

Johann Benjamin Koppe

ward am 19. Auguſt 1750 zu Danzig geboren, ſtudirte, nachdem er auf dem vaterſtädtiſchen Gymnaſium hinreichende Vorbildung empfangen hatte, zu Leipzig und Göttingen Theologie, und trat dann 1773 zu Göttingen als Repetent auf. Aber ſchon 1774 ging er als Profeſſor nach Mitau, kehrte jedoch 1775 als Profeſſor ordinar. der Theologie nach Göttingen zurück und wurde hier Univerſitätsprediger und Director des Predigerſeminars. 1784 kam er als Oberconſiſtorialrath und Generalſuperintendent nach Gotha, von wo ihn die hannöver'ſche Regierung 1788 als Conſiſtorialrath und erſten Hofprediger nach Hannover rief. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 12. Februar 1791.

Sein literariſcher Nachlaß beſteht in:

Chriſtliches Geſangbuch. Göttingen 1789.

Predigten, herausgegeben von L. T. Spittler. Ebendaſ. 1792 u. 1793, 2 Thle.

Ein trefflicher Kanzelredner, der tiefes Gefühl, Wärme und Klarheit mit Correctheit und Eleganz verband und bei längerem Leben gewiß noch Bedeutendes geleiſtet haben würde.

Friedrich Köppen

ward am 21. April 1775 zu Lübeck geboren und zuerſt von ſeinem Vater, einem daſigen Prediger, dann auf der Katharinenſchule ſeiner Vaterſtadt claſſiſch vorgebildet, ſo daß er 1793 mit Nutzen die philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Vorleſungen zu Jena beſuchen konnte. Beſonders zog ihn hier Reinhold und Fichte an, deren Philoſophie er auch noch, als er die Univerſität Göttingen beſuchte, mit Eifer ſtudirte. Nachdem er 1797 die Schweiz bereiſt hatte und dann in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Candidat des Predigtamtes geworden war, erhielt er 1804 eine Anſtellung als lutheriſcher Prediger der St. Ansgariigemeinde zu Bremen, folgte aber 1807 einem Rufe als Dr. und Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Landshut und wurde bei Aufhebung dieſer Univerſität in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Erlangen verſetzt. Hier erhielt er noch kurz darauf den Titel eines königlich baieriſchen Hofrathes.

Er ſchrieb:

Ueber Offenbarung. Lübeck 1797; 2. Aufl. Göttingen 1802.
Epiſteln und vermiſchte Gedichte. Magdeburg 1801.
Lebenskunſt. Hamburg 1801.
Reden über die chriſtliche Religion. Lübeck 1802.
Schelling's Lehre. Hamburg [illegible]
Vermiſchte Schriften. Ebend. 1806.
Ueber den Zweck der Philoſophie. Landshut 1807.
Naturrecht. Ebend. 1809.
Logik und Metaphyſik. Ebend. 1809.
Darſtellung des Weſens der Philoſophie. Nürnberg 1810.
Philoſophie des Chriſtenthums. Leipzig 1813 u. 1815, 2 Bde.
Leben meines Vaters J. G. K. Lübeck 1814.
Politik, nach Platoniſchen Grundſätzen. Leipzig 1818.
Rechtslehre. Ebend. 1819.
Offene Rede über Univerſitäten. Landshut [illegible]
Vertraute Briefe über Bücher und Welt. Leipzig 1820—23, 2 Bde., 8.

Ein geiſtverwandter Schüler und Freund Jacobi's ging K. auf dem von ſeinem Lehrer eingeſchlagenen Pfade weiter und zeichnete ſich hier durch Gedankenreichthum, lebendige Darſtellung, Freimüthigkeit und Wahrheitsliebe höchſt vortheilhaft aus. — Seine „Vertraute Briefe über Bücher und Welt," ſowie ſeine „Epiſteln und vermiſchte Gedichte," beide für ein größeres Publikum beſtimmt, enthalten ſehr viel Glückliches und Bedeutendes, und haben — namentlich das letztere Werk — überall die Anerkennung gefunden, die ſie in hohem Grade verdienen.

Johann Ferdinand Koreff

ward am 1. Februar 1783 zu Breslau geboren, ging 1807 als praktiſcher Arzt nach Paris und bereiſte 1811 Italien und die Schweiz. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr erhielt er 1816 zu Berlin eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Medicin, und wurde 1818 mit dem Charakter eines geheimen Oberregierungsrathes in der Staatskanzlei angeſtellt und zum Ritter des eiſernen Kreuzes ernannt. Nach dem Tode ſeines Chefs zog er ſich zurück und ging nach Paris, wo er ſeitdem als Dr. der Medicin und praktiſcher Arzt lebt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Des Plautus prahleriſcher Krieger. Metriſch überſetzt. Berlin 1806.
Die Werke des Tibull und der Sulpicia. Elegien. Metriſch überſetzt. Paris 1810.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Ebend. 1815.
Don Zalagno. Oper. Berlin 1819.
Aukaſſin und Nikolette. Oper. Ebend. 1820.

Feinheit des Geſchmacks, Eleganz und Gewandtheit ſind nicht geringe Eigenſchaften der ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten dieſes geiſtreichen Arztes, der als ſolcher ſich einen ſehr gefeierten Namen erwarb. —

König Konrad der Junge, ſ. Minneſinger.

Konrad der Pfaff, ſ. Minneſinger.

Julius Körner

ward im Jahre 1793 zu Beier-Naundorf in Sachſen geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Theologie und erhielt nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn das Amt eines Diakonus zu Schneeberg, welches er gegenwärtig noch bekleidet.

Von ihm erſchien:

Agnes Bernauer. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1821, 8.
Niobe. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1821, 8.
Lord Byron's Poeſieen. Zwickau 1821.
Liebe und Prüfung. Leipzig 1822.
Gedichte. Zwickau 1822.
Die beiden Bräute. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1823.
Kaiſer Julian der Abtrünnige. Schneeberg 1830.
Grundlinien zu einer Philoſophie des Rationalismus. Ebend. 1832.
Ueber Chriſtenthum und die Anforderungen der Gegenwart. Leipzig 1836.
Shakſpeare's ſämmtliche Werke. Ueberſetzt im Verein mit Mehreren. Schneeberg 1836.
Einzelne Flugſchriften, Abhandlungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w.

Phantaſie, Wärme des Gefühls, und Kraft und Eleganz in Behandlung der Sprache ſind den dichteriſchen Leiſtungen J. Körner's eigen und haben ihm einen geachteten Namen in der ſchriftſtelleriſchen Welt erworben.

Karl Theodor Körner,

Sohn des Oberappellationsgerichtsrathes und Oberconſiſtorialrathes Christian Gottfried K., ward am 23. September 1791 zu Dresden geboren und genoß durch gute Lehrer und unter der Fürſorge ſeines Vaters eine treffliche humaniſtiſche und moraliſche Erziehung, wobei die Verehrung ſeiner Familie für Schiller auch auf ihn überging und ihn ſchon als Knaben zu poetiſchen Verſuchen ermuthigte. Nachdem er ſo vorbereitet 2 Jahre lang dem Studium der Mineralogie auf der Bergakademie zu Freiberg obgelegen hatte, bezog er 1810 die Univerſität Leipzig, ſah ſich aber genöthigt nach Berlin zu gehen, von wo ihn 1812 die Ernennung zum kaiſerlichen Theaterdichter nach Wien rief. Doch ſein beſtes Feld und ſeine beſte Zeit war das Feld und die Zeit der Thaten. Kaum war daher das Morgenroth der Freiheit über Deutſchland angebrochen, als der begeiſterte Dichter 1813 zu Lützow's Schaar nach Breslau zog. Als Adjutant dieſes Helden kämpfte er nun im Rücken des Feindes bei Lützen mit, und ſpäter, nachdem er hier mit Mühe der Gefangenſchaft entgangen war, gegen Davouſt an der Unterelbe. Da traf am 26. Auguſt 1813 im Gefechte bei Gadebuſch ihn eine Kugel tödtend in die Bruſt, nachdem er noch kurz vorher das eben beendigte Schwertlied ſeinen Freunden vorgeleſen hatte. Sein entſeelter Körper wurde mit dem eines gleich ihm gefallenen Kameraden von allen Officieren ſeines Corps unter eine alte Eiche bei dem Dorfe Wöbbelin feierlich beſtattet und von ſeinem Vater ſeine Ruheſtätte, um welche herum der Großherzog von Meklenburg-Schwerin ihm 45 □ Ruthen Land geſchenkt hatte, mit einem gußeiſernen Denkmale geziert.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Knospen. Leipzig 1810, 8.
Zriny. Trauerſpiel. Wien 1812.
Dramatiſche Beiträge. Wien 1813, 2 Bde., gr. 8.; neue Aufl. 1821, gr. 8.
Zwölf freie deutſche Lieder. Nebſt einem Anhange. Leipzig 1813, 8.; 2. verbeſſ. Aufl. Ebend. 1814, 8.
Leyer und Schwert. Berlin 1814; 7te rechtmäß. Aufl. Ebend. 1834, 16. (aus andern Dichtern vermehrt).
Poetiſcher Nachlaß. Aus dem Portefeuille des Gebliebenen von Formann herausgegeben. Leipzig 1814, 8.

Poetiſcher Nachlaß. Ebend. 1815, 2 Bde., gr. 8., mit K's Portrait und 1 Titelkupfer; 7. Aufl. Ebend. 1829, gr. 8.
Gedichte vor und in dem heiligen Kriege geſungen. Frankfurt 1815, 8.
Knoſpen. Gedichte 1808 u. 1809. Potsdam 1831, 8.

Geſammelt finden ſich die einzelnen Stücke in:

Sämmtliche Werke. Im Auftrage der Mutter des Dichters herausgegeben und mit einem Vorworte begleitet von Karl Streckfuß in Einem Bande Berlin 1834, gr. 4.; 2te rechtmäß. Geſammtausgabe. Ebend. 1835, gr. 4., mit dem Portrait K's und einer Zugabe.

Mit wenigen Worten aber treffend und wahr ſchildert Menzel (Deutſche Litteratur Nr. 179) Körner's Leiſtungen, indem er von ihm ſagt: „Theodor Körner ſtimmte zuerſt und am lauteſten den feierlichen Kriegsgeſang an, indem er ſich ſelbſt, von heiliger Begeiſterung entflammt, den feindlichen Kugeln entgegenſtürzte und den ſchönen Tod fand für das Vaterland. In dieſem Dichterjüngling ſah das Volk das Vorbild ſeiner Jugend, eine reiche Verheißung. Dann pries man ihn glücklich, daß er nicht älter geworden war, daß die Hoffnung in voller Jugendſchöne mit ihm ſtarb, bevor ſie bleich und runzlicht wurde. Außer ſeinen herrlichen Kriegsliedern hat er auch Trauerſpiele gedichtet, die nicht minder von patriotiſcher Gluth und vom reinſten Seelenadel zeugen, in der Form aber vielleicht allzu ſklaviſch die Manier Schiller's feſthalten."

Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß überall aus Körner's Werken nicht allein jene Gluth hoher Begeiſterung und jener reine Adel der Seele uns entgegentritt, ſondern daß ſie auch Zeugniß ablegen von der feinen Bildung ſeines Geiſtes und ſeinem ernſten Streben, immer mehr die harmoniſche Vollendung ſeiner Kunſtwerke zu erreichen. Außer jenen bereits erwähnten Arbeiten hat er auch noch mehrere kleine Luſtſpiele hinterlaſſen, die ſich durch gute Erfindung, Humor, Bühnenkenntniß und conſequente Charakterzeichnung von der Menge derartiger Leiſtungen ſcheiden und ſich bis jetzt mit Beifall auf dem Theater erhalten haben.

Soliman's Tod.

(Aus Zriny.)

Vierter Aufzug.

(Soliman's Zelt.)

Erſter Auftritt.

Soliman (ſehr abgeſpannt auf einem Stuhle). **Levi** (hinter ihm). **Mehmed** (kommt durch den Haupteingang).

Mehmed. Wie geht's dem Kaiſer?
Levi. Schlecht, ſehr ſchlecht! Mir ahnet nichts Gutes, Herr!
Mehmed. Seit wann iſt er ſo krank?
Levi. Seit Eurer Wiederkehr aus Sigeth. Was Ihr
In jener Stunde mocht' verkündet haben,
Das mag kein Freudenwort geweſen ſein.
Er ließ mich rufen; in empörter Wallung
Fand ich das alte Heldenblut, ich ſah's
An ſeinem fieberhaft durchglühten Auge,
Ein fürchterlicher Kampf durchriß die Bruſt.
Als drauf der zweite Sturm mißlang, der dritte,
Der vierte und der fünfte auch, die alte Stadt
Zuletzt zwar überging, von der Gewalt
Der Pulverminen fürchterlich zerborſten,
Doch Zriny kämpfend ſich in's Schloß zurückzog,
Da riß der innre Grimm der Heldenbruſt
Verwegen an den Feſten ſeines Lebens.
Die Todten ließ er zählen, nur fünf Hunderte
Tollkühner Ungarn lagen auf der Wahlſtatt,
Und hatten ſo viel Tauſende von uns
Zur Todesbrautnacht neben ſich gebettet.
Das packt' ihn wie mit Fieberſchauer an,
Und ſchmetterte die letzte Kraft zuſammen.
Nun liegt er bleich da, als ein Sterbender,
Der nächſte Morgen findet ihn dort drüben.
Mehmed. Zieht Euch zurück. — Mein kaiſerlicher Herr!
Ich bring' ein frohes Wort von Petow Paſcha
Gyula iſt unſer, Kerettſchin hat ſich
An ſeinen Schwager Bebek übergeben.
Soliman. Was kümmert's mich? Sag' mir, Sigeth iſt mein,
Und nimm Egypten Dir zum Königreiche.
Mehmed. König Johann verlangte von dem Paſcha
Die Burg für ſich, er hat ſie ihm verweigert,
Wenn er nicht viermalhundert tauſend Gulden
Erlege, was der Ungarkrieg Dir koſte.
Der Siebenbürge will das Geld nicht zahlen,
Und ſendet ſeinen Kanzler —
Soliman. Er ſoll zahlen,
Sonſt bleibt die Feſte mein! Er hat mich ſo
Zu dieſem Kriege ohne Noth verleitet! —
Sagt mir: der Kaiſer Max ſei jetzt zu ſchwach,
Und tief im Streite mit den deutſchen Fürſten,
Er könne mir unmöglich widerſteh'n,
Verſpricht mir überdieß noch tauſend Reiter,
Und von den Ungarn alle Lieb' und Vorſchub,
Und wie ich komme, hat der Kaiſer ſchnell
Ein ungeheures Chriſtenheer verſammelt,
Die Ungarn ſind mir feindlicher als je,
Und auch die tauſend Siebenbürgen fehlen.
Sag' ihm, das Lügen will ich ihm vertreiben,
Er freue ſich auf meinen Kaiſerzorn!
Mehmed. Ein ähnlich Wort hat er ſchon hören müſſen.
Der Kanzler meinte, daß die Ungarn ihm
Freilich den größten Vorſchub zugeſchworen;
Weil aber Deine Völker gleich geſengt,
So hätten ſie ihr Wort zurückgenommen.
Was Maximilian betraf', ſo wär' der König
Durch falſche Kundſchaft ſelbſt betrogen.
Soliman. Aber
Die Reiter! ſprich, was meint er da?
Mehmed. Es ſei die Brücke
Zu ſpät geſchlagen worden, ſagt' der König.
Das hab' ſein Volk verhindert, an der Drau,
Wie der Vertrag gewollt, zu uns zu ſtoßen.
Soliman. Verdammt! Wer ſchlug die Brücke?
Mehmed. Hamſa Beg.
Soliman. Laß ihn enthaupten! Geh! ich litt es nie,
Daß meine Sklaven ihres Fehlers Schuld
Von einer Achſel zu der andern wälzten.
Drum hör' ihn nicht, wenn er ſich ſchuldlos nennt.
Er ſoll es büßen, daß der Siebenbürge
Mit ſeinem Fehler ſich rechtfert'gen kann.
Mehmed (geht ab).

Zweiter Auftritt.

Soliman. Levi.

Soliman. Da ſteh' ich nun am Ende meiner Thaten.
In ihren Angeln hat die Welt gebebt,
Wenn ſich mein Zorn durch Felſen Bahn gebrochen,
Und jetzt lieg' ich in eitler Ohnmacht hier,
Und breche meine Kraft an dieſer Feſte —
Mit mir iſt's aus — der alte Löwe ſtirbt.
Levi. Er ſtirbt.
Soliman. Verdammter Jud'! rufſt Du's nach?
Levi. Mein großer Herr, verzeiht's dem alten Manne,
Der ſeinem Schmerz nicht mehr gebieten kann.
Wer ſoll nicht weinen, ſoll nicht jammern, wenn
Ein ſolcher Stern am Himmel untergeht,
Der ſein Jahrhundert ſonnenhell erleuchtet?
Auch ich hab' ihm vertraut, dem Strahlenbild,
Mein Hoffen und mein Freuen geht mit unter!
Soliman. So muß ich ſterben? muß ich?
Levi. Ach, umſonſt
Möcht' ich der Hoffnung Stimme noch erwecken.
Das tröſte Dich. Du lebſt für alle Zeit:
Groß in der Kunſt, im Leben und im Kampfe,
Haſt Du den ew'gen Tempel Dir gebaut,
Wo Deines Namens Flammenzüge lodern.
Soliman. Levi, ich muß?
Levi. Wenn Gott kein Wunder thut,
Weint morgen wohl die Welt an Deiner Leiche.
Soliman. Was iſt heut' für ein Tag?
Levi. Der Jahrestag
Von Deinem Sieg bei Mohacz über Ludwig,
Von Ofens Fall und Buda's Eintragung.

Ein günſt'ger Tag für Dein Geſchlecht, mein Kaiſer!
Dein großer Vater Selim rühmte ſich
Am gleichen Tage manches hohen Siegs.
Soliman. Zriny! Zriny! das iſt auch Deine Stunde!

Dritter Auftritt.

Vorige. Mehmed. Der Beglerbeg. Muſtafa. Ali Portuk.

Mehmed. Vollbracht, mein großer Kaiſer, iſt Dein Wille,
Vor Deinem Zelt fiel des Verräthers Kopf.
Soliman. Stürmt! ſtürmt! heut iſt das Siegesfeſt von Mohacz,
Rhodus und Buda fiel an dieſem Tag.
Stürmt, Sklaven, ſtürmt! Heut' muß auch Sigeth fallen!
Mein ganzes Heer jagt an das Felſenneſt!
Sigeth muß fallen! fallen muß es! Stürmt!
(Die drei Fürſten eilen ab.)

Vierter Auftritt.

Soliman. Mehmed. Levi.

(Man hört Sturm blaſen.)

Soliman. Halte mich, Levi, halte mich, ich ſinke!
Allah! laß mich nicht eher ſterben, bis
Der Roßſchweif ſiegend von der Zinne weht,
Nicht eher laß mich ſterben!
Mehmed. Herr und Kaiſer,
Gebiete Deinem Leben, Deiner Kraft,
Gewohnt iſt die Natur, Dir zu gehorchen.
Soliman. Der Tod verhöhnt mich, wie der Zriny. Ha!
Hört Ihr's wild jauchzen? hört Ihr's wirbeln? Mehmed,
Das war mein Lieblingslied, mein Feſttagslied,
Aus tauſend Schlachten hat mir's zugedonnert,
Hat mir den blut'gen Sieg in's Ohr gebrüllt.
Noch einmal vor dem Grabe muß ich's hören.
Nur dießmal, Glück, gehorche Deinem Herrn.
Mehmed. Liegt Dir wohl ſonſt noch etwas auf dem Herzen?
Vertrau' es Deinem treuen Sklaven an,
Vermache mir das Erbtheil Deiner Sorgen.
Soliman. Wär' ich ein Held, hätt' ich mich je geſorgt?
Ich hab' gekämpft, genoſſen und bezwungen,
Den Augenblick hab' ich mit Blut erkauft,
Und ſeine ganze Wolluſt ausgekoſtet.
Mein Thatenruf hat längſt die Welt durchbebt,
Der Mitwelt Furcht und Zittern aufgedrungen,
Der Nachwelt ihre Stimme abgetrotzt,
Und ſich die Bahn zur Ewigkeit gebrochen!
Daß ich auf Trümmern und auf Leichen ging,
Daß ich Millionen in den Tod geſchmettert,
Wenn's mein Geſchäft galt, das mag der Wurm,
Der unter mir im Staube ſich gewunden,
Der Welt erzählen, ſein Gekrächz verſtummt,
Das Große nur bleibt ewig, unvergeſſen,
Und hat kein Ende in dem Grab der Welt!
Baut Euch nur Eures Namens Tempel hoch,
Sei es auf Leichen, ſei's auf Opfergaben,
Auf Haß, auf Liebe, — baut nur hoch, nur hoch;
Das Zeitmeer überfluthet Euer Leben,
Der Berg, auf den Ihr bauet, wird bedeckt,
Und nur der Tempel bleibt ruhmprangend ſtehn.
In gold'nen Zügen flammt da Euer Name
Und Eure Nachwelt preiſt Euch und vergißt
Den Grund, auf den ſich Eure Säulen pflanzten.
Levi. Schont Euch, mein kaiſerlicher Herr, ſchont Euch.
Das Reden wird Euch ſchwer, Euch könnte Ruhe,
Wenn Gott ein Wunder will, gar friedlich ſtärken.
Schont Euch.
Soliman. Das Wort verzeih' ich Deiner Treue.
Thor, der Du glaubſt, wer ſo, wie ich gelebt,
Der möchte gern den letzten Hauch des Lebens
Im Traum des Friedens durch die Lippen zieh'n.
Lebendig nenn' ich nur die That, die rüſtig
Aus ihrem Schlaf die müden Kräfte weckt;
Die Ruhe tödtet, nur wer handelt, lebt,
Und ich will leben, will vorm Tod nicht ſterben!

Fünfter Auftritt.

Vorige. Muſtafa.

Muſtafa. Herr, laß zum Rückzug blaſen. Nur vergebens
Jagſt Du die tapfern Schaaren in den Tod.
Der Zriny raſ't, wie ein gereizter Löwe,
Verderben um ſich ſchmetternd, unter ſie.
Ein jeder Einzelne ſteht für ein Heer,
Es müſſen Teufel ſein, die wir bekämpfen,
Denn ſolcher Kraft rühmt ſich kein Sterblicher. —
Die Janitſcharen weigern ſich zu ſtürmen.
Soliman. Laßt ſie mit Hunden hetzen, jagt ſie
Mit Peitſchenhieben an den Wall hinauf.
Pflanzt Feuerſchlünde hinter ihre Reihen,
Und ſchießt ſie nieder, weigern ſie den Sturm.
Sigeth muß fallen, und ſollt' ich die Gräben
Mit Janitſcharen-Köpfen füllen, ſollt' ich
Auf Leichenwällen meines halben Heers
Die andre Hälfte in die Hölle ſchmettern!
Sigeth muß fallen, muß jetzt fallen! Stürmt!
Ich habe wenig Augenblicke noch,
Und mit dem Siegesdonner will ich ſcheiden!
Muſtafa (eilt ab).
Soliman. Ha, kommſt Du, Tod! ich fühle Deinen Gruß.
(Sturm und Trompetenlärm.)
Mehmed (für ſich). Zur rechten Stunde ſandt' ich meine Boten,
Der Kaiſer ſtirbt, noch eh' der Abend kommt.
Levi. Blickt nicht ſo düſter, theurer Herr und Kaiſer!
Schreckt denn der Tod auch eine Heldenbruſt?
Soliman. Was iſt der Tod, daß er mich ſchrecken ſollte?
Gibt's etwas, das den Helden ſchrecken kann?
Willkommen wär' er mir im Rauſch der Thaten,
Willkommen nach geſchlag'ner Siegesſchlacht!
Ich wollt' ihn freudig in die Arme drücken,
Und hauchte jubelnd meine Seele aus;
Doch, ſo zu ſterben! — ſo! — der Menſch muß einmal
Im Leben der Beſiegte ſein; der Tod
Hat auch den großen Mahomed bezwungen,
Und Bajazet und Selim, ſieggekrönt
Aus dieſer Erde Nebelkampf gegangen,
Sie mußten folgen, als ſein Wort ſie rief;
Doch, ſo beſiegt zu ſterben, wenn man ſiegend
Den Frühling ſechs und ſiebzigmal begrüßt!
Das mag auch eine Heldenbruſt zerreißen!
Mehmed. Noch lebſt Du ja, kannſt noch den halben Mond
Auf den erſtürmten Zinnen Sigeths blicken,
Und Zriny's Haupt zu Deinen Füßen ſeh'n.

Sechster Auftritt.

Vorige. Der Beglerbeg.

Der Beglerbeg. Du biſt geſchlagen, Deine Schaaren flieh'n!
Der Paſcha von Egypten ward erſchoſſen,
Es wühlt der Tod ſich in Dein flüchtig Heer,
Sie halten nicht mehr Stand, die Ungarn jubeln
Und ſchmettern uns den Siegesdonner nach!
Soliman. Den Tod in Deinen Hals, verdammter Sklave!
Sigeth muß fallen! ſtürmt! ich will's!
Der Beglerbeg. Es iſt unmöglich.
Soliman (rafft ſich auf und wirft den Dolch nach dem Beglerbeg).
Geh' in die Hölle, Bube!
(Er ſtürzt zuſammen.)
Stürmt! — Stürmt!
(Er ſtirbt.)
Levi. Gott,
Mein Herr und Kaiſer! (kniet bei ihm nieder.)
Mehmed. Still, der Löwe ſtirbt,
Um ſeinen Helden trauert das Jahrhundert.

Siebenter Auftritt.

Vorige. Ali Portuk.

Mehmed. Tritt ſchweigend ein, es iſt ein Kaiſergrab,
Und eine Rieſenſeele iſt geſchieden.
Ali. So iſt es wahr? Das Heer iſt in Empörung,
Es ahnet ſeines Kaiſers Tod. — Weſſir,
Wir alle ſind verloren, wenn wir nicht
Durch Liſt die Völker täuſchen.
Mehmed. Still! jetzt wiſſen
Wir drei allein um unſers Großherrn Tod.
Die Kämmerlinge ſind von mir erkauft,
Mehr ſollen's nicht erfahren. Dort den Juden
Bringt dieſer Dolch zum Schweigen:

(Zu den Kämmerlingen.)
Freunde tragt
Den Kaiſer in das innerſte Gemach,
Dort wartet mein.
(Der Kaiſer wird fortgetragen.)

Mehmed (zu den Fürſten). Auch ſandt' ich meine Boten
An dieſes Thrones Erben ſchon, an Selim,
Denn wir, weiß ich, ſind längſt darüber eins,
Wer jetzt als Kaiſer herrſchen ſoll in Stambul.
Bis Selim ſitzen wir auf ihrem Thron,
Die Dämmerung wird unſ're Liſt begünſt'gen,
Das Heer ſoll glauben, daß er lebe, dann
Zum neuen Sturme, bis uns Sigeth fällt,
Und nach dem Sieg nach Stambul in den Divan!

Der Begler Beg. Was, dieſes Zuges ungeheure Rüſtung
Umſonſt? Wir hätten weiter nichts erzweckt,
Als dieſe Inſelfeſtung zu zerſtören?
Geht's nicht nach Wien, nicht auf des Kaiſers Heer?

Mehmed. Freund, mäß'ge Deine Kampfluſt! Tollkühn wär's,
In deutſche Kämpfe jetzt ſich zu verwickeln.
Ständ' dieſes Sigeth nicht wie Felſen feſt,
Und feſter noch die Treue ſeiner Mannen,
Längſt jauchzten wir auf Wiens erſtürmtem Wall.
Und Deutſchland läg' vor unſerm Gott im Staube;
Jetzt aber müſſen wir zurück. Das Heer
Iſt ſchwierig, Perſien hat ſich empört,
Selim war ſtets dem Ungarkrieg entgegen.

Ali. Ich ehre Deine Klugheit, Großweſſir,
Und ſtimm' Dir bei! Hier haſt Du meine Hand.

Der Begler Beg. Mehmed Sokolowitſch kennt ſeine Freunde.
Ich folge Dir, wie's auch den Feldherrn ſchmerzt,
Daß unſers Helden letzte Rieſenpläne
An dieſem Zriny ſich zerſchmetterten.

Mehmed. Nun eilt hinaus, ſagt, daß der Kaiſer lebe,
Er ſei geneigt, dem Volke ſich zu zeigen,
Ich unterdeß bereite unſ're Liſt.

Der Begler Beg und Ali. Auf Wiederſehn!

Mehmed. Lebt wohl! — Du, Levi, folgſt mir!
(Alle zu verſchiedenen Seiten ab.)

Gedichte aus Karl Theodor Körner's „Leyer und Schwert."

Auf dem Schlachtfelde von Aspern.

Schlachtfeld! wo der Todesengel würgte,
Wo der Deutſche ſeine Kraft verbürgte,
Heil'ger Boden! dich grüßt mein Geſang!
Frankreichs Adler ſahſt du zittern,
Sahſt des Wüthrichs Eiſenkraft zerſplittern,
Die ſich frech die halbe Welt bezwang. —
Euch! ihr Manen der gefall'nen Helden,
Deren Blick im Siegesdonner brach,
Ruf' ich in den Frühling eurer Welten
Meines Herzens ganzen Jubel nach.

Daß ich damals nicht bei euch geſtanden! —
Daß, wo Brüder Sieg und Freiheit fanden,
Ich, trotz Kraft und Jugend, doch gefehlt!
Glückliche, die ihr den Tag erfochten:
Ew'ge Lorbeern habt ihr euch geflochten,
Zum Triumph des Vaterlands erwählt. —
Schwarz und traurig wie auf Grabestrümmern
Wälzt auf Deutſchland ſich des Schickſals Nacht;
Doch begeiſternd wie mit Sternesſchimmern
Bricht der Eine Tag durch unſre Nacht.

Sonnenblick in düſtern Nebeljahren!
Deine Strahlen laß uns treu bewahren,
Als Vermächtniß einer ſtolzen Zeit.
Ueberall im großen Vaterlande
Von der Oſtſee bis zum Donauſtrande,
Macht dein Name alle Herzen weit.
Aspern klingt's, und Karl klingt's ſiegestrunken,
Wo nur Deutſch die Lippe lallen kann.
Nein! Germanien iſt nicht geſunken,
Hat noch einen Tag und einen Mann.

Und ſo lange deutſche Ströme ſauſen,
Und ſo lange deutſche Lieder brauſen,
Gellen dieſe Namen ihren Klang.
Was die Tage auch zerſchmettert haben,
Karl und Aspern iſt in's Herz gegraben,
Karl und Aspern donnert im Geſang.
Mag der Staub gefall'ner Helden modern,
Die dem großen Tode ſich geweiht:
Ihres Namens Flammenzüge lodern
In dem Tempel der Unſterblichkeit.

Aber nicht, wie ſie die Nachwelt richte,
Nicht die ew'ge Stimme der Geſchichte
Reißt der Mitwelt Schuld entzwei.
Ihre Todesweihe lebt im Liede;
Doch umſonſt ſuch' ich die Pyramide,
Die der Denkſtein ihrer Größe ſei.
Auf dem Wahlplatz heiligten die Ahnen
Ihrer Eichen ſtolze Rieſenpracht,
Und die Irmenſäule der Germanen
Sprach von der geſchlag'nen Römerſchlacht.

In dem blut'gen Thal der Thermopylen,
Wo der Griechen freie Schaaren fielen,
Grub in Marmor ihrer Brüder Dank:
„Wandrer! ſag's den kinderloſen Zeiten,
„Daß für's Vaterland auf dieſen Feldern
„Sparta's kühne Heldenjugend ſank!" —
Und Jahrtauſende ſind Staub geworden,
Jenes Marmor's heil'ge Säule brach;
Doch in triumphirenden Accorden
Riefen's die Jahrhunderte ſich nach.

Und erzählten, trotz dem Sturmgetöſe
Ihrer Zeit, von der Heroen-Größe
Der Gefall'nen und von Sparta's Dank. —
Groß war Griechenland durch ſeine Helden,
Aber größer noch durch ſein Vergelten,
Wenn der Bürger für die Freiheit ſank.
Jenſeit lohnt ein Gott mit ew'gen Strahlen,
Doch das Leben will auch ſeinen Glanz;
Nur mit Ird'ſchem kann die Erde zahlen,
Und der Oelzweig windet ſich zum Kranz.

Drum ſoll es die Nachwelt laut erfahren,
Wie auch deutſche Bürger dankbar waren,
Wie wir der Gefall'nen That erkannt.
Daß ihr Tod uns Lebende ermuthet,
Daß ſie für Unwürd'ge nicht geblutet:
Das beweiſe, deutſches Vaterland! —
Deine Sänger laß in Liedern lärmen,
Und zum Steine füge kühn den Stein,
Und die Pyramide laß ſich thürmen,
Der gefall'nen Brüder werth zu ſein.

Nur glaub' nie, du ſchmückeſt ihre Krone,
Wenn du deine goldnen Pantheone
Ueber ihre Grabeshügel wölbſt!
Stolzes Volk! denkſt du mit Marmorhaufen
Deines Dankes Schuldbrief abzukaufen? —
Deine Kuppeln ehren nur dich ſelbſt.
Nur das Ew'ge kann das Ew'ge ſchmücken,
Erdenglanz welkt zur Vergeſſenheit.
Was die Zeiten bauen und erdrücken,
Iſt gemein für die Unſterblichkeit.

Aber, Deutſchland, um dich ſelbſt zu ehren,
Nicht den eignen Tempel zu zerſtören,
Den die angeerbte Kraft gebaut:
Zeig' dich werth der großen Todesweihe,
Dich, Germania, in alter Treue,
Männerſtolze, kühne Heldenbraut!
Freudig, Volk, reiß dich aus den kalten Schranken,
Warm und frei, wie dich die Vorwelt kennt.
Auf den Feldern, wo die Edlen ſanken,
Thürme deines Ruhmes Monument.

Sieh' umher bei fremden Nationen,
Wie ſie dort ein würdig Werk belohnen,
Wie der Marmor in den Tempeln glänzt.
Jeder Sieg aus dunkler Wiſſensſphäre
Drängt ſich in das Pantheon der Ehre,
Und der kühne Künſtler ſteht bekränzt. —
Aber giebt es einen Preis im Leben,
Wo hinan nicht dieſer Kampf gereicht?

Gut und Blut für Volk und Freiheit geben:
Nenn' die That, die ſich der That vergleicht! –

Drum, mein Volk, magſt du den Aufruf hören.
Oeſtreich! deine Todten ſollſt du ehren:
Wer zum deutſchen Stamme ſich bekennt,
Reiche ſtolz und freudig ſeine Gabe,
Und ſo baue ſich auf ihrem Grabe
Ihrer Heldengröße Monument:
Daß es die Jahrhunderte ſich ſagen,
Wenn die Mitwelt in den Strudel ſank:
Dieſe Schlacht hat deutſches Volk geſchlagen,
Dieſer Stein iſt deutſchen Volkes Dank.

Troſt.

Ein Rundgeſang.

Wie wir ſo treu beiſammen ſtehn
Mit unverfälſchtem Blut!
Der Feierſtunde heilig Wehn
Schwellt meinen jungen Muth.
Es treibt mich raſch zum Liede fort,
Zum Harfenſturm hinaus.
Im Herzen lebt ein kühnes Wort, –
Was gilt's, ich ſprech' es aus.

Die Zeit iſt ſchlimm, die Welt iſt karg,
Die Beſten weggerafft;
Die Erde wird ein großer Sarg
Der Freiheit und der Kraft.
Doch, Muth! – Wenn auch die Tyrannei
Die deutſche Flur zertrat:
In vielen Herzen, ſtill und treu,
Keimt noch des Guten Saat.

Verſchüchtert durch den blut'gen Ruhm
Und durch der Schlachten Glück,
Ziehn zu der Seele Heiligthum
Die Künſte ſcheu zurück.
Sind auch die Thäler jetzt verwaiſ't,
Wo ſonſt ihr Tempel war:
Es bleibt doch jeder reine Geiſt
Ihr ewiger Altar.

Und Freundestreu' und Wahrheit gilt
Noch eine heil'ge Pflicht.
Sieh, wie der Gießbach brauſend ſchwillt! –
Du rufſt; mich ſchreckt er nicht.
Und läg' es vor mir wolkenweit
Und ſternhoch über mir:
Bei'm Gott! ich halte meinen Eid.
Schlag' ein! ich folge dir!

Und Frauenunſchuld, Frauenlieb',
Steht noch als höchſtes Gut,
Wo deutſcher Ahnen Sitte blieb
Und deutſcher Jünglingsmuth.
Noch trifft den Frevler heil'ger Bann,
Der dieſen Zauber ſtört:
Wer für ſein Lieb nicht ſterben kann,
Iſt keines Kuſſes werth.

Auch du biſt noch nicht ausgeflammt,
Du heil'ge Religion!
Was von der ew'gen Liebe ſtammt,
Iſt zeitlich nicht entflohn.
Das Blut wuſch die Altäre rein,
Die wir entheiligt ſehn.
Die Kreuze ſchlägt man frevelnd ein:
Doch bleibt der Glaube ſtehn.

Und noch regt ſich mit Adlers Schwung
Der vaterländ'ſche Geiſt,
Und noch lebt die Begeiſterung,
Die alle Ketten reißt.
Und wie wir hier zuſammenſtehn
In Luſt und Lied getaucht,
So wollen wir uns wiederſehn,
Wenn's von den Bergen raucht.

Dann friſch, Geſellen! Kraft und Muth!
Der Tag der Rache kömmt!
Bis wir ſie mit dem eignen Blut
Vom Boden weggeſchwemmt. –
Und du im freien Morgenroth,
Zu dem die Hymne ſtieg,
Du führ' uns, Gott, wär's auch zum Tod!
Führ' nur das Volk zum Sieg!

Aufruf.

Friſch auf, mein Volk! Die Flammenzeichen rauchen,
Hell aus dem Norden bricht der Freiheit Licht.
Du ſollſt den Stahl in Feindes Herzen tauchen;
Friſch auf, mein Volk! – Die Flammenzeichen rauchen,
Die Saat iſt reif; ihr Schnitter, zaudert nicht!
Das höchſte Heil, das letzte, liegt im Schwerte!
Drück' dir den Speer in's treue Herz hinein:
Der Freiheit eine Gaſſe! – Waſch' die Erde,
Dein deutſches Land, mit deinem Blute rein!

Es iſt kein Krieg, von dem die Kronen wiſſen;
Es iſt ein Kreuzzug, 's iſt ein heil'ger Krieg!
Recht, Sitte, Tugend, Glauben und Gewiſſen
Hat der Tyrann aus deiner Bruſt geriſſen;
Errette ſie mit deiner Freiheit Sieg!
Das Winſeln deiner Greiſe ruft: „Erwache!“
Der Hütte Schutt verflucht die Räuberbrut,
Die Schande deiner Töchter ſchreit um Rache,
Der Meuchelmord der Söhne ſchreit nach Blut.

Zerbrich die Pflugſchaar, laß den Meißel fallen,
Die Leyer ſtill, den Webſtuhl ruhig ſtehn!
Verlaſſe deine Höfe, deine Hallen: –
Vor deſſen Antlitz deine Fahnen wallen,
Er will ſein Volk in Waffenrüſtung ſehn.
Denn einen großen Altar ſollſt du bauen
In ſeiner Freiheit ew'gem Morgenroth;
Mit deinem Schwert ſollſt du die Steine hauen,
Der Tempel gründe ſich auf Heldentod. –

Was weint ihr, Mädchen, warum klagt ihr, Weiber,
Für die der Herr die Schwerter nicht geſtählt,
Wenn wir entzückt die jugendlichen Leiber
Hinwerfen in die Schaaren eurer Räuber,
Daß euch des Kampfes kühne Wolluſt fehlt? –
Ihr könnt ja froh zu Gottes Altar treten!
Für Wunden gab er zarte Sorgſamkeit,
Gab euch in euren herzlichen Gebeten
Den ſchönen reinen Sieg der Frömmigkeit.

So betet, daß die alte Kraft erwache,
Daß wir daſtehn, das alte Volk des Siegs!
Die Märtyrer der heil'gen deutſchen Sache,
O ruft ſie an als Genien der Rache,
Als gute Engel des gerechten Kriegs!
Louiſe, ſchwebe ſegnend um den Gatten;
Geiſt unſers Ferdinand, voran dem Zug!
Und all' ihr deutſchen freien Heldenſchatten,
Mit uns, mit uns, und unſrer Fahnen Flug!

Der Himmel hilft, die Hölle muß uns weichen!
Drauf, wackres Volk! Drauf! ruft die Freiheit, drauf
Hoch ſchlägt dein Herz, hoch wachſen deine Eichen.
Was kümmern dich die Hügel deiner Leichen?
Hoch pflanze da die Freiheitsfahne auf! –
Doch ſtehſt du dann, mein Volk, bekränzt vom Glücke,
In deiner Vorzeit heil'gem Siegerglanz:
Vergiß die treuen Todten nicht, und ſchmücke
Auch unſre Urne mit dem Eichenkranz!

Bundeslied vor der Schlacht.

Am Morgen des Gefechts bei Danneberg.

Ahnungsgrauend, todesmuthig,
Bricht der große Morgen an:
Und die Sonne kalt und blutig
Leuchtet unſrer blut'gen Bahn.
In der nächſten Stunden Schooße
Liegt das Schickſal einer Welt,
Und es zittern ſchon die Looſe
Und der eh'rne Würfel fällt.
Brüder! euch mahne die dämmernde Stunde,

Mahne euch ernſt zu dem heiligſten Bunde:
Treu, ſo zum Tod, als zum Leben, geſellt!

Hinter uns, im Graun der Nächte,
Liegt die Schande, liegt die Schmach,
Liegt der Frevel fremder Knechte,
Der die deutſche Eiche brach.
Unſre Sprache ward geſchändet,
Unſre Tempel ſtürzten ein;
Unſre Ehre iſt verpfändet:
Deutſche Brüder, löſ't ſie ein!
Brüder, die Rache flammt! Reicht euch die Hände
Daß ſich der Fluch der Himmliſchen wende!
Löſ't das verlorne Palladium ein!

Vor uns liegt ein glücklich Hoffen,
Liegt der Zukunft goldne Zeit,
Steht ein ganzer Himmel offen,
Blüht der Freiheit Seligkeit.
Deutſche Kunſt und deutſche Lieder,
Frauenhuld und Liebesglück,
Alles Große kommt uns wieder,
Alles Schöne kehrt zurück.
Aber noch gilt es ein gräßliches Wagen,
Leben und Blut in die Schanze zu ſchlagen;
Nur in dem Opfertod reift uns das Glück.

Nun, mit Gott! wir wollen's wagen,
Feſt vereint dem Schickſal ſtehn,
Unſer Herz zum Altar tragen,
Und dem Tod' entgegen gehn.
Vaterland! dir woll'n wir ſterben,
Wie dein großes Wort gebeut!
Unſre Lieben mögen's erben,
Was wir mit dem Blut befreit.
Wachſe, du Freiheit der deutſchen Eichen,
Wachſe empor über unſere Leichen! —
Vaterland, höre den heiligen Eid! —

Und nun wendet eure Blicke
Noch einmal der Liebe nach;
Scheidet von dem Blüthenglücke,
Das der gift'ge Süden brach.
Wird euch auch das Auge trüber —
Keine Thräne bringt euch Spott.
Werft den letzten Kuß hinüber,
Dann befehlt ſie eurem Gott;
Alle die Lippen, die für uns beten,
Alle die Herzen, die wir zertreten,
Tröſte und ſchütze ſie, ewiger Gott!

Und nun friſch zur Schlacht gewendet,
Aug' und Herz zum Licht hinauf!
Alles Ird'ſche iſt vollendet,
Und das Himmliſche geht auf.
Faßt euch an, ihr deutſchen Brüder!
Jeder Nerve ſei ein Held!
Treue Herzen ſehn ſich wieder;
Lebewohl für dieſe Welt!
Hört ihr's? ſchon jauchzt es uns donnernd entgegen!
Brüder! hinein in den blitzenden Regen!
Wiederſehn in der beſſeren Welt!

Gebet während der Schlacht.

Vater, ich rufe dich!
Brüllend umwölkt mich der Dampf der Geſchütze,
Sprühend umzucken mich raſſelnde Blitze.
Lenker der Schlachten, ich rufe dich!
Vater du, führe mich!

Vater du, führe mich!
Führ' mich zum Siege, führ' mich zum Tode:
Herr, ich erkenne deine Gebote;
Herr, wie du willſt, ſo führe mich.
Gott, ich erkenne dich!

Gott, ich erkenne dich!
So im herbſtlichen Rauſchen der Blätter,
Als im Schlachtendonnerwetter,
Urquell der Gnade, erkenn' ich dich.
Vater du, ſegne mich!

Vater du, ſegne mich!
In deine Hand befehl' ich mein Leben,
Du kannſt es nehmen, du haſt es gegeben;
Zum Leben, zum Sterben ſegne mich!
Vater, ich preiſe dich!

Vater, ich preiſe dich!
's iſt ja kein Kampf für die Güter der Erde;
Das Heiligſte ſchützen wir mit dem Schwerte:
Drum, fallend, und ſiegend preiſ' ich dich.
Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!

Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüßen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet fließen:
Dir, mein Gott, dir ergeb' ich mich!
Vater, ich rufe dich!

Mißmuth.

Als ich bei Sandau lange Zeit die Ufer der Elbe bewachen mußte.

Vaterland, du riefſt den Sänger,
Schweigend in der Tage Glück.
Muthig haſſend deine Dränger,
Hielt nicht Lied und Liebe länger
Seiner Seele Sturm zurück.
Und er brach mit wundem Herzen
Aus der Freunde ſchönen Reih'n,
Tauchte in der Trennung Schmerzen, —
Und war dein.

Thränend hat er oft die Blicke
Zur Vergangenheit geſandt;
Auf des Lied's melod'ſcher Brücke
Stieg der Geiſt zum alten Glücke
In der Liebe goldnes Land.
Ach! er ſchwärmte nur vergebens;
Denn der Stunden rohe Haſt
Warf ihn in den Lärm des Lebens,
Sturmgefaßt.

Doch was ſoll er im Gedränge
Ohne Schlachten-Morgenroth? —
Gieb die friedlichen Geſänge,
Oder gieb des Krieges Strenge;
Gieb mir Lieder, oder Tod!
Laß mir der Begeiſtrung Thränen,
Laß mir meine Liebes-Nacht,
Oder wirf mein freudig Sehnen
In die Schlacht!

Um mich donnern die Kanonen,
Ferne Cymbeln ſchmettern drein.
Deutſchland wirft um ſeine Kronen;
Und hier ſoll ich ruhig wohnen,
Und des Stromes Wächter ſein?
Soll ich in der Proſa ſterben? —
Poeſie, du Flammenquell,
Brich nur los mit leuchtendem Verderben,
Aber ſchnell!

Abſchied vom Leben.

Als ich ſchwer verwundet und hülflos in einem Holze lag und zu ſterben meinte.

Die Wunde brennt; — die bleichen Lippen beben. —
Ich fühl's an meines Herzens matterm Schlage,
Hier ſteh ich an den Marken meiner Tage —
Gott, wie du willſt! dir hab' ich mich ergeben. —
Viel goldne Bilder ſah ich um mich ſchweben;
Das ſchöne Traumbild wird zur Todtenklage. —
Muth! Muth! — Was ich ſo treu im Herzen trage,
Das muß ja doch dort ewig mit mir leben! —
Und was ich hier als Heiligthum erkannte,
Wofür ich raſch und jugendlich entbrannte,
Ob ich's nun Freiheit, ob ich's Liebe nannte:
Als lichten Seraph ſeh' ich's vor mir ſtehen; —
Und wie die Sinne langſam mir vergehen,
Trägt mich ein Hauch zu morgenrothen Höhen.

Lützow's wilde Jagd.

Was glänzt dort vom Walde im Sonnenſchein?
  Hör' 's näher und näher brauſen.
Es zieht ſich herunter in düſteren Reih'n,
Und gellende Hörner ſchallen darein,
  Und erfüllen die Seele mit Grauſen.
Und wenn ihr die ſchwarzen Geſellen fragt,
Das iſt Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd.

Was zieht dort raſch durch den finſtern Wald,
  Und ſtreift von Bergen zu Bergen?
Es legt ſich im nächtlichen Hinterhalt;
Das Hurrah jauchzt, und die Büchſe knallt,
  Es fallen die fränkiſchen Schergen.
Und wenn ihr die ſchwarzen Jäger fragt,
Das iſt Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd.

Wo die Reben dort glühen, dort brauſ't der Rhein,
  Der Wüthrich geborgen ſich meinte;
Da naht es ſchnell mit Gewitterſchein,
Und wirft ſich mit rüſt'gen Armen hinein,
  Und ſpringt an's Ufer der Feinde.
Und wenn ihr die ſchwarzen Schwimmer fragt,
Das iſt Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd.

Was brauſt dort im Thale die laute Schlacht,
  Was ſchlagen die Schwerter zuſammen?
Wildherzige Reiter ſchlagen die Schlacht,
Und der Funke der Freiheit iſt glühend erwacht,
  Und lodert in blutigen Flammen.
Und wenn ihr die ſchwarzen Reiter fragt,
Das iſt Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd.

Wer ſcheidet dort röchelnd vom Sonnenlicht,
  Unter winſelnde Feinde gebettet?
Es zuckt der Tod auf dem Angeſicht,
Doch die wackern Herzen erzittern nicht;
  Das Vaterland iſt ja gerettet!
Und wenn ihr die ſchwarzen Gefall'nen fragt,
Das war Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd.

Die wilde Jagd, und die deutſche Jagd
  Auf Henkersblut und Tyrannen!
Drum, die ihr uns liebt, nicht geweint und geklagt;
Das Land iſt ja frei, und der Morgen tagt,
  Wenn wir's auch ſterbend gewonnen!
Und von Enkeln zu Enkeln ſei's nachgeſagt:
Das war Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd.

Gebet.

Nach der Weiſe: O sanctissima.

  Hör' uns, Allmächtiger!
  Hör' uns, Allgütiger!
Himmliſcher Führer der Schlachten!
  Vater, dich preiſen wir!
  Vater, wir danken Dir,
Daß wir zur Freiheit erwachten.

  Wie auch die Hölle brauſ't,
  Gott, Deine ſtarke Fauſt
Stürzt das Gebäude der Lüge.
  Führ' uns, Herr Zebaoth,
  Führ' uns, dreiein'ger Gott,
Führ' uns zur Schlacht, und zum Siege!

  Führ' uns! — Fall' unſer Loos
  Auch tief in Grabesſchooß:
Lob doch, und Preis Deinem Namen!
  Reich, Kraft und Herrlichkeit!
  Sind Dein in Ewigkeit!
Führ' uns, Allmächtiger! — Amen.

Unſere Zuverſicht.

Nach der Weiſe: Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.

Wir rufen Dich mit freud'gen Blicken,
  Und halten feſt an Deinem Wort!
Die Hölle ſoll uns nicht berücken
Durch Aberwitz und Meuchelmord;
Und was auch rings in Trümmern geht,
Wir wiſſen's, daß Dein Wort beſteht.

Nicht leichten Kampfes ſiegt der Glaube,
  Solch Gut will ſchwer errungen ſein.
Freiwillig tränkt uns keine Traube,
  Die Kelter nur erpreßt den Wein;
Und will ein Engel himmelwärts,
Erſt bricht im Tod' ein Menſchenherz.

Drum mag auch noch im falſchen Leben
  Die Lüge ihre Tempel bau'n,
Und mögen goldne Schurken beben,
  Und ſich vor Kraft und Tugend grau'n,
Und mit der Feigheit Schwindelbrut
Vor dem erwachten Volke ſtehn;

Und mögen ſich noch Brüder trennen
  Und ſich in blut'gem Haß entzwei'n,
Und deutſche Fürſten es verkennen,
  Daß ihre Kronen Schweſtern ſei'n,
Und daß, wenn Deutſchland einig blieb,
Es einer Welt Geſetze ſchrieb:

Wir wollen nicht an Dir verzagen,
  Und treu und feſten Muthes ſein.
Du wirſt den Wüthrich doch erſchlagen,
  Und wirſt Dein deutſches Land befrei'n.
Liegt auch der Tag noch Jahrenweit:
Wer weiß, als Du, die rechte Zeit?

Die rechte Zeit zur guten Sache,
  Zur Freiheit, zum Tyrannentod!
Von Deinem Schwerte ſinkt der Drache,
  Und färbt die deutſchen Ströme roth
Mit Sklaven-Blut und freiem Blut! —
Du treuer Gott, verwalt' es gut!

Was uns bleibt.

Was uns bleibt, wenn Deutſchlands Säulen brechen,
  Wenn der Götter Stimme trügt,
Wenn der Menſchheit Wunden ſich nicht rächen,
  Wenn das heiligſte Vertrauen lügt;
Wenn umſonſt die aufgeblühte Jugend
  Um des Vaterlandes Retter ſtürmt,
Und des Volkes Spartergleiche Tugend
  Fruchtlos Leichen über Leichen thürmt?
Was uns bleibt, wenn wir trotz unſerm Rechte
  Knirſchend vor dem falſchen Glücke ſtehn,
Und des Wüthrichs feile Henkersknechte
  Mordend durch der Freiheit Tempel gehn? —
Was uns bleibt, wenn unſer Blut vergebens
  Auf des Vaterlandes Grab verraucht,
Und der Freiheit Stern, der Stern des deutſchen Lebens
  In dem deutſchen Himmel niedertaucht? —
Was uns bleibt? Rühm't nicht des Wiſſens Bronnen,
  Nicht der Künſte friedenreichen Strand!
Für die Knechte giebt es keine Sonnen,
  Und die Kunſt verlangt ein Vaterland.
Aller Götter Stimmen ſind verklungen
  Vor dem Jammerton der Sklaverei;
Und Homer, er hätte nie geſungen:
  Doch ſein Griechenland war frei! —
Was uns bleibt? — Ein chriſtliches Ertragen,
  Wo des Dulders feige Thräne thaut? —
Soll ich ſelbſt den Altar mir zerſchlagen,
  Den ich mir im Herzen aufgebaut?
Soll ich das für Gottes Finger halten,
  Wo der Menſchheit Engel Rache ſchrei'n? —
Wo die Teufel teufliſch walten,
  Das kann nur ein Sieg der Hölle ſein! —
Bleibt uns nichts? — Fliehn alle gute Engel
  Mit verwandtem Angeſicht?
Brechen aller Hoffnung Blüthenſtengel,
  Weil des Sieges Palme bricht?
Kann der Arm kein rettend Kreuz umklammern?
  Giebt es keine Freiheit, als den Tod? — —
Doch! wir ſehn's im Aufſchwung unſrer Jugend,
  In des ganzen Volkes Heldengeiſt:
Ja! es giebt noch eine deutſche Tugend,
  Die allmächtig einſt die Ketten reißt.
Wenn auch jetzt in den bezwung'nen Hallen

Tyrannei der Tempel Freiheit bricht: —
Deutſches Volk, du konnteſt fallen,
Aber ſinken kannſt du nicht!
Und noch lebt der Hoffnung Himmelsfunken.
Muthig vorwärts durch das falſche Glück!
's war ein Stern! Jetzt iſt er zwar verſunken,
Doch der Morgen bringt ihn uns zurück.
's war ein Stern! — Die Sterne bleiben.
's war der Freiheit goldner Stern!
Laß die blut'gen Wolken treiben;
Der iſt in der Huth des Herrn!
Mag die Hölle drohn und ſchnauben;
Der Tyrann reicht nicht hinauf,
Kann dem Himmel keine Sterne rauben;
Unſer Stern geht auf!
Ob die Nacht die freud'ge Jugend tödte,
Für den Willen giebt es keinen Tod;
Und des Blutes deutſche Heldenröthe
Jubelt von der Freiheit Morgenroth!

Männer und Buben.

Nach der Weiſe: Brüder, mir iſt alles gleich.

Das Volk ſteht auf, der Sturm bricht los;
Wer legt noch die Hände feig in den Schooß?
Pfui über dich Buben, hinter dem Ofen,
Unter den Schranzen und unter den Zofen!
Biſt du ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht;
Ein deutſches Mädchen küßt dich nicht,
Ein deutſches Lied erfreut dich nicht,
Und deutſcher Wein erquickt dich nicht. —
Stoßt mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamberg ſchwingen kann!

Wenn wir die Schauer der Regennacht
Unter Sturmesgepfeifen wachend vollbracht:
Kannſt du freilich auf üppigen Pfühlen
Wollüſtig träumend die Glieder fühlen.
Biſt doch ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht;
Ein deutſches Mädchen küßt dich nicht,
Ein deutſches Lied erfreut dich nicht,
Und deutſcher Wein erquickt dich nicht.
Stoßt mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamberg ſchwingen kann!

Wenn uns der Trompeten rauher Klang,
Wie Donner Gottes, zum Herzen drang:
Magſt du im Theater die Naſe wetzen,
Und dich an Trillern und Läufern ergötzen.
Biſt doch ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht;
Ein deutſches Mädchen küßt dich nicht,
Ein deutſches Lied erfreut dich nicht,
Und deutſcher Wein erquickt dich nicht.
Stoßt mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamberg ſchwingen kann!

Wenn die Gluth des Tags verſengend drückt,
Und uns kaum ein Tropfen Waſſer erquickt:
Kannſt du Champagner ſpringen laſſen,
Kannſt du bei brechenden Tafeln praſſen.
Biſt doch ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht;
Ein deutſches Mädchen küßt dich nicht,
Ein deutſches Lied erfreut dich nicht,
Und deutſcher Wein erquickt dich nicht.
Stoßt mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamberg ſchwingen kann!

Wenn wir vor'm Drange der würgenden Schlacht
Zum Abſchied an's ferne Treuliebchen gedacht:
Magſt du zu deinen Mätreſſen laufen,
Und dir mit Golde die Luſt erkaufen.
Biſt doch ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht;
Ein deutſches Mädchen küßt dich nicht,
Ein deutſches Lied erfreut dich nicht,
Und deutſcher Wein erquickt dich nicht.
Stoßt mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamberg ſchwingen kann!

Wenn die Kugel pfeift, wenn die Lanze ſauſ't,
Wenn der Tod uns in tauſend Geſtalten umbrauſ't:
Kannſt du am Spieltiſch dein Septleva brechen,
Und mit der Spadille die Könige ſtechen.
Biſt doch ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht;
Ein deutſches Mädchen küßt dich nicht,
Ein deutſches Lied erfreut dich nicht,
Und deutſcher Wein erquickt dich nicht.
Stoßt mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamberg ſchwingen kann!

Und ſchlägt unſer Stündlein im Schlachtenroth,
Willkommen dann, ſel'ger Soldatentod! —
Du verkriechſt dich in ſeidene Decken,
Winſelnd vor der Vernichtung Schrecken;
Stirbſt als ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht;
Ein deutſches Mädchen beweint dich nicht,
Ein deutſches Lied beſingt dich nicht,
Und deutſche Becher klingen dir nicht. —
Stoßt mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamberg ſchwingen kann!

Trinklied vor der Schlacht.

Nach der Weiſe: Feinde ringsum.

Schlacht, du brichſt an!
Grüß't ſie in freudigem Kreiſe,
Laut nach germaniſcher Weiſe.
Brüder, heran!

Noch perlt der Wein;
Eh' die Poſaunen erdröhnen,
Laßt uns das Leben verſöhnen.
Brüder, ſchenkt ein!

Gott Vater hört,
Was an des Grabes Thoren
Vaterlands Söhne geſchworen.
Brüder, ihr ſchwört!

Vaterlands Hort,
Woll'n wir's aus glühenden Ketten
Todt oder ſiegend erretten. —
Handſchlag und Wort!

Hört ihr ſie nahn?
Liebe und Freuden und Leiden!
Tod! du kannſt uns nicht ſcheiden.
Brüder, ſtoßt an!

Schlacht ruft! hinaus!
Horch, die Trompeten werben.
Vorwärts, auf Leben und Sterben!
Brüder, trinkt aus!

Schwertlied.

Wenig Stunden vor dem Tode des Verfaſſers gedichtet.

Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was ſoll dein heitres Blinken!
Schauſt mich ſo freundlich an,
Hab' meine Freude dran.
Hurrah! *)

„Mich trägt ein wackrer Reiter,
„Drum blink' ich auch ſo heiter,
„Bin freien Mannes Wehr;
„Das freut dem Schwerte ſehr."
Hurrah!

Ja, gutes Schwert, frei bin ich,
Und liebe dich herzinnig,
Als wärſt du mir getraut,
Als eine liebe Braut.
Hurrah!

---

*) Bei dem Hurrah wird mit den Schwertern geklirrt.

„Dir hab' ich's ja ergeben,
„Mein liebes Eiſenleben.
„Ach wären wir getraut!
„Wann holſt du deine Braut?“
Hurrah!

Zur Brautnachts-Morgenröthe
Ruft feſtlich die Trompete;
Wenn die Kanonen ſchrei'n,
Hol' ich das Liebchen ein.
Hurrah!

„O ſeliges Umfangen!
„Ich harre mit Verlangen.
„Du Bräut'gam hole mich,
„Mein Kränzchen bleibt für dich.“
Hurrah!

Was klirrſt du in der Scheide,
Du helle Eiſenfreude,
So wild, ſo ſchlachtenfroh?
Mein Schwert, was klirrſt du ſo?
Hurrah!

„Wohl klirr' ich in der Scheide;
„Ich ſehne mich zum Streite,
„Recht wild und ſchlachtenfroh.
„Drum, Reiter, klirr' ich ſo.“
Hurrah!

Bleib' doch im engen Stübchen.
Was willſt du hier, mein Liebchen?
Bleib' ſtill im Kämmerlein,
Bleib', bald hol' ich dich ein.
Hurrah!

„Laß mich nicht lange warten!
„O ſchöner Liebesgarten,
„Voll Röslein blutigroth,
„Und aufgeblühtem Tod.“
Hurrah!

So komm denn aus der Scheide,
Du Reiters Augenweide.
Heraus, mein Schwert, heraus!
Führ' dich in's Vaterhaus.
Hurrah!

„Ach, herrlich iſt's im Freien!
„Im rüſt'gen Hochzeitreihen.
„Wie glänzt im Sonnenſtrahl
„So bräutlich hell der Stahl!“
Hurrah!

Wohlauf, ihr kecken Streiter.
Wohlauf, ihr deutſchen Reiter!
Wird euch das Herz nicht warm,
Nehmt's Liebchen in den Arm.
Hurrah!

Erſt that es an der Linken
Nur ganz verſtohlen blinken;
Doch an die Rechte traut
Gott ſichtbarlich die Braut.
Hurrah!

Drum drückt den liebeheißen
Bräutlichen Mund von Eiſen
An eure Lippen feſt.
Fluch! wer die Braut verläßt!
Hurrah!

Nun laßt das Liebchen ſingen,
Daß helle Funken ſpringen!
Der Hochzeitmorgen graut. —
Hurrah, du Eiſenbraut!
Hurrah!

Friedrich Kortüm

ward 1793 im Mecklenburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und ſchloß ſich 1813 den Helden des deutſchen Freiheitskampfes an, mit welchen er auch den Feldzug von 1814 mitmachte. Nach Beendigung deſſelben erhielt er 1817 zuerſt eine Anſtellung als Profeſſor an der Kantonſchule zu Aarau und kam 1821 von hier als Dr. der Philoſophie und Profeſſor der Geſchichte an die Univerſität Baſel, welche Stelle er jedoch 1829 wieder aufgab, doch hat er die Schweiz ſeitdem nicht verlaſſen.

Er verfaßte:

Kaiſer Friedrich I. mit ſeinen Freunden und Feinden. Aarau 1818.
Zur Geſchichte helleniſcher Staatsverfaſſungen. Heidelb. 1821.
Königthum, Dienſtmannſchaft u. ſ. w. Baſel 1822.
Entſtehungsgeſchichte der freiſtädtiſchen Bünde im Mittelalter. Zürich 1828 ff., 2 Thle.

Ein trefflicher Hiſtoriker, ausgezeichnet durch ſeltenen Scharfblick, gründliches Wiſſen, gewandte Charakterzeichnung und Entwickelung und einen glänzenden, durch Wärme und Adel der Geſinnung belebten Vortrag.

Karl Arnold Kortüm.

Abkömmling eines alten deutſchen Adelsgeſchlechtes, welches durch natürliche Unglücksfälle im 16. Jahrhundert zur Auswanderung aus Friesland gezwungen worden war, und ſeitdem bürgerliche Geſchäfte trieb, ward am 5. Juli 1745 zu Mühlheim an der Ruhr im Bergiſchen geboren und ſtudirte zu Duisburg Arzneikunde. Nachdem er 1767 hier Dr. der Medicin geworden war und einige Jahre als praktiſcher Arzt in ſeiner Vaterſtadt gewirkt hatte, ließ er ſich in gleicher Eigenſchaft 1771 zu Bochum in der Grafſchaft Mark nieder, wo er am 15. Auguſt 1824 als königlich preußiſcher Hofrath und Bergarzt ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Der Märtyrer der Mode. Weſel 1778.
Leben, Meinungen und Thaten von Hieronymus Jobs dem Candidaten, oder Jobſiade. Münſter 1784, 4. Aufl. Hamm 1823, 3 Thle., 8., mit Holzſchnitten.
Die magiſche Laterne. Weſel 1784—86, 4 Hfte., 8. (In Knittelverſen.)
Adams Hochzeitfeier. Weſel 1788, 8. (Anhang zum Vorigen).
Eliſabe Schnuz. Anhängſel zur Jobſiade. Hamm 1819, 8.

Außerdem mehrere praktiſch-ökonomiſche und mediciniſche Schriften, wie: „Bienenkalender.“ Weſel 1776; „Grundſätze der Bienenzucht.“ Ebend. 1776; „Anna.“ 1809; 2. Aufl. 1819; und über antiquariſche Gegenſtände.

Ein unbedeutendes, niedrig komiſches Talent, deſſen Jobſiade das Glück hatte, der Menge zu gefallen und namentlich bei ungebildeten Dorfpredigern u. ſ. w. Anklang zu finden, das aber einige gute, obwohl keineswegs feine Späße abgerechnet, ſich nirgends über die Mittelmäßigkeit erhebt.

Ludwig Theobul Koſegarten

ward am 1. Februar 1758 zu Grevesmühlen im Mecklenburgiſchen geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er hier claſſiſch vorgebildet worden war, zu Greifswalde Theologie, worauf er in mehreren pommerſchen und rügenſchen Adelsfamilien als Erzieher wirkte. Dann lebte er eine Zeit lang als Rector der Schule zu Wolgaſt, kam 1792 als Prediger zu Altenkirchen wieder nach Rügen, und erfreute ſich hier im Vollgenuſſe der Naturſchönheiten dieſer patriarchaliſchen Inſel recht innig der Poeſie, der Wiſſenſchaften, ſeines Amtes und ſeiner Familie. Mit königlicher Erlaubniß behielt er auch 1808 ſeine, nun durch einen Diakonus verwaltete Propſtei bei, während er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und griechiſchen Literatur nach Greifswalde ging, wo er ſpäter auch eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Theologie erhielt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 26. October 1818 als Dr. der Philoſophie und Theologie, wie auch Rector der Univerſität.

Theils anonym, theils pſeudonym unter dem Namen Tellow ſchrieb er:

Darmund und Albin. Schauſpiel. Frankfurt 1778, 8.
Wunna. Schauſpiel. Stralſund 1780, 8.
Pſyche. Ein Mährchen des Alterthums. 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1789, 8.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1788, 2 Bde., 8.; 5. Aufl. Greifswalde 1824, 3 Bde., 8.
Der Freudenzögling. Aus dem Engliſchen des (S.) Pratt. Leipzig 1790, 2 Thle., 8.
Ewald's Roſenmonde. Berlin 1790, 8.
Rhapſodien. Roſtock 1790—94, 3 Bände, gr. 8.; 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1800—1801, 1. u. 2. Bd.
Haining's Briefe an Emma. Leipzig 1791, 2 Thl., 8.
Poeſieen. Leipzig 1798; 3. Aufl. Ebend. 1802, 3 Bde. gr. 8.
Memnon's Bildſäule. Berlin 1799, 8.
Ida von Pleſſen. Roman. Dresden 1800, 2 Thle.
Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben und den Schriften der neueſten brittiſchen Dichter. Berlin 1800, 2 Thle., gr. 8.
Ebba von Medem. Tragödie. Hamburg 1800, gr. 8.
Romantiſche Dichtungen. Dresden 1800—1806, 6 Bde., 8.; 4. Ausg. Greifswalde 1812—15, 3 Bde., 8.
Bianka del Giglio. Dresden 1801, 2 Thle.
Blumen. Berlin 1801, 8.
Legenden. Ebend. 1804, 2 Bde., 8.; neue Aufl. Ebend. 1816, 2 Bde., 8.
Die Inſelfahrt. Ebend. 1804, 8., mit Kupf.
Kameron. Dresden 1806, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. wohlf. Aufl. Leipzig 1813, 2 Bde., 8.
Jukunde. Nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin 1803, 2. verm. Aufl. Leipzig 1808, 8., mit Kupf.; 4. Aufl. Berlin 1831, br. 8.
Die Jungfrau von Nikodemia. Sage. Berlin 1808, 16.
Geſchichte meines 50ſten Lebensjahres. Leipzig 1816, gr. 8.
Die Ströme. Stralſund 1817; neue Aufl. Ebend. 1824, gr. 8., mit 1 Kupf.

Außer den hier ſchon erwähnten Sammlungen gab ſein Sohn, J. Gottfr. Ludw. K., eine Geſammtausgabe ſeiner Dichtungen heraus, als:

Sämmtliche Werke. Greifswalde 1824—1827, 12 Bde. 8., welche enthält:
- 1. Bd.: Engliſche und ſchottiſche Lieder.
- 2. „ Jukunde.
- 3. „ Die Inſelfahrt.
- 4. „ Legenden.
- 5. „ Sagen der Vorwelt.
- 6—11. „ Lyriſche Gedichte in 2 Sammlungen.
- 12. „ K's Leben.

Ferner:

Reden und kleine proſaiſche Schriften; herausgegeben von Mohnike. Stralſund 1832, 3 Bde., 8.

Es fehlte K. keineswegs an den Eigenſchaften, welche vor Allem erforderlich zur Bildung eines Dichters ſind, Phantaſie und Gemüth, aber bei ſeinem Beſtreben, den Erſten ſeiner Zeit gleich zu ſtehen, verfiel er nur zu oft in Künſtelei, Sentimentalität und Schwatzhaftigkeit, und zerſtörte unwiſſentlich ſelbſt den günſtigen Eindruck, den er auf den Leſer zu machen ſuchte. — Seine beſten Leiſtungen ſind der Roman: „Ida von Pleſſen,“ das ländliche Epos „Jukunde,“ und mehrere ſeiner Legenden, ſo wie ſeine gelungenen Uebertragungen engliſcher Poeſieen.

Gedichte von Koſegarten.

Schön Hedchen.

Schön Hedchen, ein Fräulein aus edlem Geblüt,
Noch edler durch Schönheit und hohes Gemüth,
Schön Hedchen, das lieblichſte Blümchen der Au,
War züchtig und duftig wie Röschen im Thau.

Auch blühte im Lande zur ſelbigen Zeit
Ein herrlicher Jüngling ein Ritter im Streit.
Wie flog um die Schultern ſein bräunliches Haar!
Wie rollte der Augen ſchwarzfunkelndes Paar!

Wild ſchwärmte der Jüngling manch feuriges Jahr;
Da ſah er Schön Hedchen mit goldigem Haar.
Wie wurde dem Schwärmer im Herzen ſo warm!
Doch nimmer noch ward ihm das Mädchen im Arm.

Beim Blicken und Drücken der Holden im Arm
Vergaß er der Brüder lautlärmenden Schwarm,
Es ſchmolz vor den Blicken ſein eiſerner Sinn,
Wie Wachs am Strahle der Sonne dahin.

Wie, wenn an den Buſen Schön Hedchen ihn nahm,
Wie wurde der Wildfang ſo ſittig, ſo zahm!
Schön Hedchen, ſo ſchüchtern, ſo zaghaft vorhin,
Wie ward ſie am Buſen des Jünglings ſo kühn!

Bald ſchworen die Beiden den ewigen Bund;
Doch ward es nicht Menſchen, ward Engeln nur kund.
Da ſtürmten Gewitter und Wolken herein,
Und hüllten den Himmel der Liebenden ein.

Es rief den Geliebten ſein König ins Heer.
Es entzog ihn der Trauten ein donnerndes Meer.
Hier thürmten ihm Felſen; dort glänzt ihm ein Thron.
Der Treue bot Thronen und Fürſten nur Hohn.

Es buhlt' um Schön Hedchen manch' gleißender Gaſt.
Sie gönnten der Holden nicht Ruhe noch Raſt,
Sie weinte die bläulichen Augen wohl wund,
Und wahrte der Treue beſchworenen Bund.

Drei Jahre verrollten durchgrämt und durchſtöhnt.
Nun ſchien das Verhängniß den Treuen verſöhnt.
Denn Treue beſieget des Schickſals Gebot;
Beſieget die Gottheit, beſieget den Tod.

Der Jüngling kam wieder erhöht und gerühmt,
Mit herrlichen Narben die Stirne beblümt.
Auf Flügeln der Liebe, auf Flügeln der Luſt,
Flog Eins an des Andern hochklopfende Bruſt.

Still Wogen und Winde! Die Sonne ging auf,
Ging golden und lieblich den Liebenden auf.
Die Freude verwehte den wolkigen Gram,
Je höher, je heller und wärmer ſie kam.

Viel Thränen hat Liebe, doch Freuden noch mehr.
Sie ſtreiten und herzen ſich, ein brüderlich Heer;
Sie ſtreiten, und fallen ſich freundlich in Arm;
Dann weinet die Freude, dann lächelt der Harm.

Bald flicht man die bräutliche Myrthe zum Kranz.
Schon üben ſich Jüngling und Mädchen zum Tanz.

Bald graute der Abend der kommenden Nacht,
Der letzten vom ahnenden Mädchen durchwacht.

Der Abend war lieblich und kühlich und friſch,
Die Nachtigall flötet' im Myrtengebüſch;
Es wallten die Zween den Garten entlang,
Und horchten der Nachtigall Klagegeſang.

„Wie iſt dir, lieb Hedchen, wie fühlt ſich dein Herz?
„Ach, ſchwimmt es noch immer in Wehmuth und Schmerz?
„Das Thränchen, das blinkend die Wange dir näßt,
„Ach, ſprich, ob der Schmerz dir das Thränchen entpreßt?"

„Die Thräne, die über die Wange mir rollt;
„Wird von dem Entzücken der Liebe gezollt.
„Es klingt mir im Herzen ſo himmliſchen Klang
„Es umtönt mir die Seele, wie Harfengeſang.

„Der Becher der Liebe hält köſtlichen Wein;
„Ich weinte viel bittere Thränen hinein.
„Nun trink' ich des Weines mit Thränen vermengt.
„Das macht, daß die Wonne mir Thränen entdrängt.

„Ich ruf' der Vergangenheit Tage zurück,
„Mir bebet die Seele, mir ſchwindelt der Blick;
„Da war mir ſo nächtlich der ſonnigſte Tag.
„Wie, daß ich dem laſtenden Gram nicht erlag!

„Ich wende den Blick aus den Nächten voll Graus,
„Und ſchau' in die ſelige Zukunft hinaus.
„Da ſeh' ich der mächtigen Freuden ſo viel.
„Wie faſſ' ich, wie trag' ich dich, Wonnegefühl!

„Der Stärke zu ſteh'n in den Stürmen mir gab,
„Der ſtütze mich ferner mit freundlichem Stab.
„Doch führe mich, — Beſter, es wehet ſo friſch —
„Komm, führe mich heim aus dem Myrtengebüſch."

Jetzt trat aus der Wolke der Vollmond hervor;
Dem Abend entwallte der hüllende Flor.
Wie glänzten der Garten, der Buſch und der Quell
Im flimmernden Monde ſo ſilbern, ſo hell!

Still blickte der Jüngling im zweifelnden Licht
Des Mondes Schön Hedchen ins Roſengeſicht.
Sie lächelte Weh, ſie lächelte Ruh
Aus thränenumdämmernden Augen ihm zu.

Er ſandt' ihr noch einmal den ſorgenden Blick
Ins Antlitz, und bebte — o Schrecken — zurück.
Ihr roſiges Antlitz — die Roſe verſchwand —
War bleich wie ein linnenes Todtengewand.

Es rann ihm, wie Regen, den Rücken entlang,
Die Nachtigall flötet' ihm Leichengeſang.
Es hauchten die Blüthen ihm Moder und Graus,
Und grauenvoll führt er Schön Hedchen nach Haus.

Und bald als Schön Hedchen im Lager ſich barg,
Da rollt ihr die Krankheit durch Adern und Mark.
Wie neigte die Blume ihr trauerndes Haupt,
Des lebenden Glanzes und Duftes beraubt!

Die Mitternacht kam. Es verſchwand ihr die Kraft,
Sie lag auf dem Lager erſchöpft und erſchlafft.
Her wehte der Morgen, von Roſen umglüht;
Da war ihr die Roſe im Antlitz verblüht.

„Wie ſchmückſt du dich, Morgen, in bräutlicher Pracht!
„Mir winkt, mich umhüllt ſchon die ängſtliche Tracht.
„Wie ſchön dir die Roſen im Angeſicht glüh'n!
„O weh, daß die meinen ſo frühe verblüh'n!

„O Jammer, ſo wird mir mein bräutlicher Kranz
„Zur Krone des Sarges, der feſtliche Tanz
„Wird Leichengepränge, und Prieſter und Gaſt
„Geleiten mich heim zur düſteren Raſt.

„Mein hochzeitlich Bette, wie enge! wie kalt!
„Mein Bräutigam — Wehe! weg Schreckengeſtalt!
„Weg Scheuſal! die Knochen durchheult dir der Wind.
„Vor Entſetzen das Blut mir in Adern gerinnt." —

So ſtöhnt, wie die Hindin vom Jäger gejagt,
So jammert die Arme. Faſt wär' ſie verzagt.

Da wiegt ſie ihr Engel in heilende Ruh;
Und liſpelt im Schlummer ihr Tröſtungen zu.

„Was trauerſt du, Schweſter? was klagſt du ſo bang?
„Es währet ja hienieden nur Augenblick' lang.
„Hoch oben iſt Wonne, hoch oben iſt Licht;
„Das dämmert und dunkelt in Ewigkeit nicht.

„Die bräutliche Seide, der heilige Kranz,
„Der goldene Trauring, der feſtliche Tanz,
„Am Buſen des Trauten die ſelige Ruh',
„Das lächelt auch alles hoch oben dir zu.

„Es lächelt hoch oben dir ſchöner, als hier.
„Komm trauliche Schweſter, komm freudig mit mir!
„Was ſchauſt du rückwärts? — Er folget dir nach;
„Komm, folge mir freudig. Ich bring' ihn dir nach." —

So liſpelt, ſo ſingt es der Engel ihr zu,
Und wiegt ihr die zagende Seele in Ruh,
Wie lächelt im Schlummer ihr blaſſes Geſicht!
Wie umſtrahlt die Erwachende himmliſches Licht!

„O Lieber, was trauerſt, was zagſt du ſo ſehr?
„Der Lauben der Liebe blüh'n oben noch mehr!
„Es durchbebet mir die Seele dein ſchneidendes Ach!
„Ach ſieh nicht ſo ſtarrend! Du folgeſt mir nach.

„Aus Tauſenden hab' ich dich einzig erwählt.
„Du biſt mir vor Himmeln und Engeln vermählt.
„Es trennen die Himmel die Liebenden nicht;
„Sie finden ſich wieder im himmliſchen Licht.

„Ach ſieh nicht ſo ſtarr, ſo düſter mich an!
„Du folgeſt, mein Trauter; ich gehe voran.
„Erzürne den Himmel mit Hadern nur nicht,
„So ſeh'n wir uns wieder im himmliſchen Licht.

„Ich ſehe dich wieder. — Wie wird mir! — wie wohl!
„Wie weh' und wie bange! wie dämmernd! — Leb' wohl!
„Leb' wohl, mein Vertrauter — wir finden uns — ach!" —
Es ſtand ihr Herz, und ihr Auge brach.

Die Seele, umfloſſen von Blüthenduft
Und ſchwebend auf ſtrahlender Morgenluft,
Entwallte der Erden, und ſchwebete rein
Zur Pforte des Gartens der Seligen ein.

Da blühen der duftenden Blumen ſo viel!
Da wehen die Lüfte ſo linde, ſo kühl!
Da rauſcht es, da glänzt es ſo ſtrömend, ſo hell
Von thauenden Myrthen am gurgelnden Quell!

Ihr Engel umſchwebt ſie in ſonnigem Schein,
Und führt ſie die ſtilleſte Laube hinein,
Die Lüftlein, die Bächlein in leiſerem Gang,
Vereinen die Töne zum Schlummergeſang.

„Kind Gottes, ſo lächelt der Engel ihr zu,
„Kind Gottes, verweil hier drei Stündlein in Ruh.
„Bald jauchzet unendliche Freude dich wach —
„Ich gehe und bringe den Liebling dir nach."

Er fand den verlaſſenen Liebling am Sarg,
Der ſorgſam Schön Hedchens Ruinen verbarg.
Er wiegte den Dulder in ſtillende Ruh'
Und weht ihm ambroſiſche Kühlungen zu.

Und als er vom tröſtenden Schlummer erwacht,
Da war es ſchon Abend. Es thaute die Nacht.
Schön Hedchen lag lächelnd von Kerzen umglänzt,
Die ringelnden Haare mit Myrthen bekränzt.

Nun tönen die Glocken. Nun wallen beim Schein
Von wehenden Fackeln die düſtern Reih'n
Der Trauerbegleiter die Gaſſen hinab,
Und tragen ſanftklagend Schön Hedchen ins Grab.

Sie ſenken ſanftweinend Schön Hedchen hinein.
Bald hüllet die kühlige Erde ſie ein;
Bald grünet der Raſen den Hügel empor;
Bald ſproſſen Violen und Maaßlieb hervor.

Mit jeder aufgrauenden Dämmerung ging
Der arme Verlaſſ'ne zum Hügel, und hing

Sich rings um den blühenden Hügel herum.
Bald laut, wie die Winde, bald ſchweigend und ſtumm.

„Was ſäumſt du, Schön Hedchen, was ſäumſt du ſo lang?
„Und machſt mich ſo ängſtig, und machſt mich ſo bang?
„Du wandelſt wohl oben im ſonnigen Licht,
„Du denkſt des verlaſſenen Trauernden nicht?

„Wer war es, Schön Hedchen, wer war es, wer ſprach:
„Sei ruhig, Geliebter, du folgſt mir bald nach!
„Wo bleibt dein Geloben? Wie ſäumſt du ſo lang,
„Und machſt mir's im zagenden Buſen ſo bang?

„Ich trag es nicht länger, ich halt es nicht aus.
„Mir ekelt das Leben, wie Moder und Graus.
„Schön Hedchen, du logſt mir! Wer wehrt es mir? — Ha!
„Ich komme ſchon ſelber — du täuſcheſt mich ja!"

Er riß aus der Scheide ſein funkelndes Schwert —
Da erbebte der Hügel. Da ſtand es verklärt
Und ſonnenhell vor ihm, und lächelt und ſprach:
„Acht Tage, mein Trauter, ſo folgſt du mir nach."

Es verſchwand in goldenem Wolkengeſäum,
Da ging der getröſtete Trauernde heim.
Der Morgen brach an, da kam ein Gebot:
Sein König entbot ihn zu Schlachten und Tod.

Das klang dem Müden wie Lächeln der Braut.
Ihm jauchzte die Seele ſo freudig, ſo laut!
Er flog zu den Streitern. Die ſiebente Nacht
Verwehte, da kam es zur donnernden Schlacht.

Wie ſchnoben die Roſſe in ſchweflichter Duft!
Wie rollten die ſauſenden Tod' in der Luft!
Sie ſauſten, ſie rollten dem Helden vorbei.
Nach Tauſenden traf ihn ein freundliches Blei.

„Willkommen! Willkommen!" ſo rief er und ſank —
„Willkommen! Willkommen!" und ſtreckte ſich lang
Auf thürmende Leichen im Felde voll Graus,
Und hauchte die Seele, die ringende, aus.

Sie eilte dem Garten der Seligen zu.
Schön Hedchen ward wach und entjauchzte der Ruh.
Sie jauchzt' ihm entgegen — „Mein Trauter, ſo bald?"
Ihr waren die Monden wie Stündlein verwallt.

Sie führt' ihn die duftige Laube hinein,
Und tränkt ihn vom kühlenden Quell aus dem Hain.
Da ſchwand aus dem Herzen ihm jeglicher Harm;
Da ſank er ihr ſelig, ſo ſelig in Arm!

Nun ſchwebten die himmliſchen Schaaren herbei
Und freuten ſich herzlich der glücklichen Zwei.
Sie ſtimmten die Harfen zu freudigem Klang
Und ſangen den himmliſchen Treuegeſang.

„Heil, Heil den Getreuen! Wie grünet ihr Kranz!
„Heil, Heil den Verklärten! Wie ſchimmert ihr Glanz!
„Die Treue beſieget des Schickſals Gebot,
„Beſieget den eiſernen grimmigen Tod.

„Triumph! dahinten ſind Unglück und Noth.
„Dahinten der eiſerne grimmige Tod!
„Heil, Heil den Getreuen! Nie welket ihr Kranz,
„Und nimmer verlöſchet ihr ſonniger Glanz."

Apologie.

„Liebe girret dein Lied? Schon wieder Liebe? Nur Liebe
„Girrt es und hat es gegirrt. Weiß es das Eine denn nur?"
Ja, ich bekenn' es, das Eine nur weiß es, und mag nur das Eine.
Ja, ich geſteh' es: nur Sie hat mir genommen das Herz.
Untergegangen in Sie, verſunken in Sie und verloren,
Athmet nur Liebe der Geiſt, hauchet nur Liebe das Lied.
Höheres. Heiligeres hat nie dem Geiſte geſchwanet!
Süß'res, Entzückenderes ſäuſelte nie den Geſang!....
Liebe, Liebe, begeiſternder Drang nach dem Höchſten und Schönſten,
Nimmer ermattender Zug, Trefflichſtes, dir ſich zu nah'n,
Nimmer verſiegende Kraft, Unendliches, dich zu umfangen,
Flamme, die nimmer erliſcht, Schwinge, die nimmer erſchlafft,
Sehne des Geiſtes, und Seele des Liedes, und Mark der Heroen . . .
Dich nur weiß ich, nur dich mag ich, und ſinge nur dich!

Frühling duftet. Der Buſch iſt grün. Es blühen die Schlehen,
Durch die ambroſiſche Nacht ſchallet der Nachtigall Lied.
Horch, wie es ſchallt, wie die Sängerin lockt, wie ſie flötet und ſchmettert!
Leiſer und leiſer, nunmehr ſterben die Töne dahin.
Wiederum lockt ſie, und flötet von neuem, und ſchmettert noch einmal;
Wiederum ſtirbet dahin leiſer und leiſer der Ton.
Immer das Eine nur weiß ſie, und ſingt nur das Eine. Nur Liebe
Wirbelt ihr ſchmetterndſter Schlag, ſchmachtet ihr leiſeſter Laut.
Nimmer müde gleichwohl dem ewigen Einen zu lauſchen,
Wallt im melodiſchen Buſch Pſyche, die Edlere, hin.
Dämmerndes Ahnen, unſterbliches Sehnen, erhabene Wehmuth
Reget das ewige Eins ihr in der liebenden Bruſt.

Edlere Pſyche, nur dir erſchwillt die Kehle Leudi's.
Schönere Pſyche, nur dir huldigt der Schwan des Geſangs.
Dir an die duftende Bruſt ſich ſchmiegend, entweicht ihm im Liede
Jeglicher lechzende Schmerz, jegliche irdiſche Angſt.
Ja, er geſteht es, er hat es nicht hehl. Dich Eine nur meint er,
Dich nur weiß er, nur dich mag er, und ſingt nur von dir.

Der Traum.

Einen ſüßen Traum hab ich geträumet.
Roſig war ſein Gürtel; goldbeſäumet
War der Fittig, der den Gaukler trug.
Spottend iſt der Flatt'rer nun entflogen,
Tückiſch hat der Täuſcher mich betrogen;
Dennoch dankt mein Herz ihm den Betrug.

Abend war es, und im Abendſchimmer
Stand ich auf Arkonens heil'ger Trümmer,
Schaute ſtaunend in die weite See.
Schimmernd in des Spätroths Wiederſcheine,
Stand bei mir die namenloſe Eine,
Die ich wachend träumend einzig ſeh'.

Schön bekränzt von Schlüſſelblumenglocken,
Floß ihr Haar in ſchweren blonden Locken,
Von des Zephyrs Odem aufgehaucht.
Weiß und ſchwellend, wie des Schwans Gefieder;
Wallt' ihr Schneegewand die Hüften nieder,
In der Abendſonne Gold getaucht.

Röther brannten jetzt des Spätroths Gluthen,
Düſtrer donnerten die düſtern Fluthen,
Groß und fei'rlich ſank die Sonn' hinab.
Rings umrauſchte ſie des Meeres Fülle;
Aber plötzlich ward es ſtille, ſtille,
Wie um eines guten Menſchen Grab.

Staunend ſchauten wir vom ſchroffen Hügel
Nieder in des Meeres Laſurſpiegel,
Staunender zum Abendroth empor.
Schon erblaßten ſeine Purpurnelken.
Schau! da dämmert aus den Duftgewölken
Bleich und lieb der Abendſtern hervor.

Und mir ward, als hört' ich Angſtgeſtöhne,
Grabgewimmer, dumpfe Jammertöne
Von dem blaſſen Stern herüber weh'n.
„Stern der Liebe," rief ich mit Erſtarren,
„Siehſt du auch, du Blaſſer, Gräber ſcharren,
„Herzen brechen, Leben untergehn?"

Schwärmend rief ich's, und die Edle blickte
Schweigend mir ins Auge. Schweigend drückte
Sie die Hand mir. Und von ſüßem Schmerz
Ueberwältigt, ſank die Tadelloſe,
Eine blaſſe, ſturmgebeugte Roſe,
Angeſichts des Weltalls mir ans Herz.

Horch, da wandelte das Angſtgeſtöhn:
Plötzlich ſich in Hymenäentöne.
Brautgeſänge ſchallten Chor um Chor;
Töne wie ſie Dulon nie entquollen,
Wie ſie Franklins Glocken nie entſchwollen,
Schlichen ſchmelzend in mein trunk'nes Ohr.

Von der Sonne Schimmerlicht umfloſſen,
Von der Locken Goldgewölk umgoſſen,
Lag die Edle athmend mir im Arm.
Weggeſchwemmt war aus dem ſel'gen Herzen,
Das an ihrem ſchlug, die Fluth der Schmerzen,
Weggewaſchen jeder alte Harm.

Eine große ſelige Minute
Hielt ich ſo das Schöne und das Gute
Angeſchmiegt an die getreue Bruſt.
Aber ach, der beerenreichen Trauben
Keine dem gewünſchten Baum zu rauben,
War zu lockend die verbot'ne Luſt.

Nur den leiſeſten der Küſſe drückte
Ich auf ihre Lippen. Plötzlich zückte
Wie es räuberiſch durch Mark und Bein.
Aufgeſchüttelt aus dem ſüßen Traume
Fand ich mich im weiten öden Raume,
Fand ich, ach! im Weltall mich allein.

Alſo hat mich Phantaſus berücket:
Täuſchend hat der Gaukler mich entzücket,
In der Fabel luſt'ges Paradies.
Tückiſch hat der Falſche mich verlaſſen.
Dennoch kann ich nicht den Täuſcher haſſen:
Traum und Wahn ſind Liebenden ſo ſüß.

Deine Blumen.

Tauſend der Blumen blüh'n in meinem Garten.
Schon durch des Jännerſchnees kryſtall'ne Rinde
Drängten ſich frühlingahnend des Galanthus
Silberne Glöckchen.

Tief im Geſträuche ſchwillt die Anemone
Rings auf den Beeten glänzt der güldne Krokos,
Heimlich erröthend ſtrömt das blöde Veilchen
Köſtliche Düfte.

Lockt dich der Schmelz der vielgefärbten Primel?
Freut dich der Silberſtaub der Sammtaurikel?
Liebſt du vielleicht der [illegible] Eſche
Blühenden Sämling?

Tauſend der Blumen funkeln in dem Kranze,
Welcher des Sommers glüh'nde Schläfe kühlet,
Lilie du, und Nelk' und du, o Roſe,
Zypriens Brautſchmuck.

Tauſend der Blumen blüh'n in meinem Garten,
Oftmal pflückt' ich die duftigſten, die ſchönſten,
Barg ſie zunächſt ans Herz mir, wahrte ſorgſam
Tief ſie im Buſen.

Dir ſie zu geben, wenn der Abend wehte,
Dir ſie zu reichen, wenn der Abſchied ſchallte,
Daß ſie ein leiſes „Gedenke mein" dir hauchten,
Schmachtet' und harrt' ich.

Aber mich hielt die Angſt, die arme Gabe
Ach, verſchmäht zu ſeh'n von der Hochverehrten.
Traurig entwandt' ich dir mich, meine Blumen
Welkten traurig.

Klein und gering iſt die Gabe treuer Liebe.
Aber verſchmäht zu ſeh'n die arme Gabe,
Knickt des Lebens Blume, ſtößt den Mordſtahl
Tief in den Herzſchlag.

Die Ausſöhnung.

Ellwina.

Wie ſo düſter, mein Freund? Rings um dich lächelt die Freude,
Aber ihr lächelnder Gruß rühret den Düſteren nicht.
Welche Trauer umwölkt den ewigſeligen Dichter?
Scheuche die Wolken hinweg. Freue dich Ernſter mit uns.

Erwin.

Meine Geliebte, mir klingt ſo melancholiſch die Freude.
Sinkt der Jauchzenden nicht weinend die Schwermuth in Arm?
Siehe die blutige Bruſt der Federnelke. Wie dieſe
Trägſt du in blutigem Schooß, Freude, den Saamen des Grams.

Ellwina.

Nicht die Freude, mein Erwin. Dein Geiſt nur gleicht dem Gewitter,
Welches aus düſterem Schooß Schloßen und Leuchtungen ſprüht.
Aber die Wetter verzieh'n, und freundlicher ſchimmert der Abend.
Würziger duftet die Flur. Freue dich, Erwin, mit uns!

Erwin.

Würd' ich lieben, Geliebte, wenn ich ſo ſtürmiſch mich freute?
Wahrlich der taumelnden Luſt ahnt' es von Liebe noch nie!
Hoffende Liebe, du biſt zur wilden Freude zu ſelig.
Hoffnungsloſe, zu tief riß dein vergifteter Pfeil.

Ellwina.

Hoffe immer, o Freund! Dem Lebenden lächelt die Hoffnung,
Selbſt auf der Schütte von Stroh, ſelbſt auf geſcheitertem Brett.
Schau, es kreiſet der Kelch; es jauchzen die fröhlichen Zecher;
Himmelan ſchwillt der Geſang. Freue dich Erwin, mit uns!

Erwin.

Freue dich, Holde. Es ziemt der Jugend und Schönheit die Freude,
Mir nur geziemet ſie nicht. Laß mir, Geliebte, den Gram.
Meine Hoffnung erloſch; auch die letzte beſte verloſch mir,
Jene ſüßſchmeichelnde, dir, Theuerſte, theuer zu ſein!

Ellwina.

Wie, mein Erwin, ich wähnte, dich trübte die himmliſche Schwermuth,
Die, der Begeiſterung hold, gerne den Dichter beſucht?
Hüte dich, Erwin! Es iſt der Unmuth launiſcher Dämon,
Welcher dich peinigt und mich. Scheuche den Tückiſchen fort!

Erwin.

Ja, ich freute mich jüngſt, als ich im tobenden Zirkel,
Im verborgenen Eck, Liebliche, neben dir ſaß,
Manches vertrauliche Wort in deine Seele dir hauchte —
Aber nicht Stimme noch Blick tröſten den Einſamen heut.

Ellwina.

Schilt den Zufall, o Freund, und ſtrafe den eiſernen Anſtand,
Deſſen herriſcher Spruch deine Ellwina dir nahm.
Aber es feſſelt nicht Öde noch Ferne den leiſen Gedanken:
Spottend der Zeit und des Raums ſchmiegt er ſich liebend um dich.

Erwin.

Weh mir! es rauſchen die Saiten; es wirbeln die Reigen; verwegen
Schmiegen die Taumelnden ſich dir um die ſchwellende Bruſt.
Und ich ſchmachte, den Saum nur deines wallenden Kleides
Zu berühren, umſonſt! Halte, Tyrannin, halt ein!

Ellwina.

Undankbarer! hielt nicht dein Arm mich öfter umſchlungen?
Lagſt du der Liebenden nicht oft an der ſchlagenden Bruſt?
Laß den taumelnden Tänzer das fröhliche Mädchen umſchlingen.
Klopfet doch ihm nicht das Herz, das er verwegen umſchlingt!

Erwin.

Wähneſt du, meine Ellwina, wie ich ſo ſchmerzlich dich liebe,
Wie mir dein flüchtigſter Blick zucket durch Nerven und Mark,
Wie dein Lauſchen mich ſchmerzt, wie mich dein Lächeln begeiſtert:
Wahrlich du zürnteſt nicht; wahrlich, dich jammerte mein!

Ellwina.

Erwin, ich zürne dir nicht! Wie ſollt' ich zürnen dem Kranken,
Welchem der Krankheit Gewalt Freudigkeit raubet und Kraft.
Erwin, mich jammert dein Schmerz. Komm, melancholiſcher Erwin,
Laß mich bannen den Geiſt, welcher dich feindlich beſitzt...

Erwin.

O Ellwina ... o meine Ellwina ... o Schmerzlichgeliebte....
Halte, Geliebte, halt ein! Dieſer erbarmenden Huld,
Dieſer Seligkeit Laſt, dem qualenreichen Entzücken
Träget der Endliche nicht. Halte, Geliebte, halt ein!

Ellwina.

Theurer Erwin, du wähnſt, die ſtürmende taumelnde Liebe
Wäre Lieb' allein! Anders gemahnet es mir.
Opfer um Opfer, o Freund, geziemen der Zarten. Ich opf're
Dir den flatternden Sinn: opf're den ſtörrigen mir!

Arkona.

Die Sonne neigte ſich. Zu athmen, nach der Schwüle
Und nach der Laſt des Tags, des Abends friſche Kühle,
Entriß ich lechzend mich der Mauern dumpfem Brand,
Und wandelte hinab zum ſchöngebog'nen Strand.
Kein Lüftchen kräuſelte des Meeres Spiegelglätte;
Der Seehund ſonnte ſich auf dem granit'nen Bette.
Die Taucher plätſcherten, es ſcherzten Möv' und Schwan
Im lauen Ocean.

Und tiefer ſank die Sonn'. Getaucht in Roſengluthen,
Beſpült den rauhen Fuß mit bläſſergrünen Fluthen,
Lagſt du, der Väter Stolz, der alten Rugia
Geprieſ'nes Kapitol, Arkona, thürmend da.
Ich nahte mich, erklomm der Burgrings ſchroffe Zacken,
Beſchritt mit dreiſtem Fuß des heil'gen Hügels Nacken,
Und ſchaute ſchrankenlos fern über Land und See
Ins Unermeßliche.

Wie ſchwoll die Bruſt, wie ſchlug in immer raſchern Schlägen
Dem ungemeſſnen Raum das rege Herz entgegen!
Den lautern Aetherſtrom ſo labend, friſch und rein,
Wie tiefern ſchlürften ihn der Lunge Röhren ein!
Der eingepreßten Bruſt entwälzten Felſenblöcke,
Dem zugeſchnürten Aug' entriſſen Bind' und Decke,
Des Geiſtes Binde brach, der Schwere Feſſel ſprang;
Der trübe Nebel ſank.

Und tiefer ſank die Sonn'. Schon küßten ihr die Wange
Der Woge Wellungen, doch ſchauernd noch und bange.
Noch warf die Liebende des Abſchieds milden Blick,
Den Blick des Lebewohls auf ihre Welt zurück.
Noch glühten, angeblitzt von ihrem letzten Strahle,
Der Dünen Silberſchnee, die grauen Heidenmahle.
Jetzt tauchte ſie — ſo taucht ein Menſchenfreund in's Grab —
Die blaue Fluth hinab.

„Fahr wohl, du mildes Licht!" erſeufzt' ich, ſchaute ſehnend
Der Heimgegang'nen nach; und ſinnend, träumend, wähnend,
Verlor ich mich, bis mir die Wirklichkeit verſchwand.
Und rings vor meinem Blick ein ſelig Eden ſtand.
Ein magiſch Licht umſchwamm die ſchimmernde Muſive
Der Landſchaft; ſanft verſchmolz in blaue Perſpective
Die Ferne; rings umfloß ein heilig Dunkelklar
Arkonens Hochaltar.

Noch ſtand ich aufgelöſt in ahnungtrunk'nem Staunen;
Da hört' ich mir ins Ohr, wie Geiſterflüſter, raunen:
„Knie nieder und bet' an!" Ich kniet' ins falbe Moos,
Und alſo rang es ſich aus meinem Innern los:
„O du, wie nenn' ich dich, dem alle Seelen wallen,
„Und alle Herzen glüh'n und alle Zungen lallen —
„Zeus, Tien, Manitu, Allvater, Brama, Foh,
„Eloah, Allah, O!"

„Sei, wer du ſeiſt, du biſt! Ja, Weiſer aller Weiſen,
„Ich glaube, daß du biſt! Ich glaub' und bin geneſen!
„Anbetend lehnt an dir der grübelnmüde Geiſt,
„Den raſtlos der Begriff in ew'gem Wirbel reißt.
„Mag gleich dein Wie und Wo kein Ideologen' erklügeln,
„Kein Seherblick erſpäh'n, kein Weiſer uns entſiegeln,
„Mag faſeln der Spötter und ſpötteln der Sophiſt —
„Ich glaube, daß du biſt!"

„Es zeuget, daß du ſeiſt, die Harmonie der Sphären.
„Der Himmel ruft's der Erd'; die Erde ruft's den Meeren,
„Das Meer den Inſeln zu, die ſeine Fluth beſpült;
„Es zeugt's der Donnerſturm, das Lüftchen, das uns kühlt;
„Die Katarakte zeugt's, die wild der Alp' entſtrudelt;
„Der Vulkan, deſſen Schlund geſchmolz'ne Felſen ſprudelt;
„Der Eichwald und das Moos, der Lotos und der Tang,
„Das Sandkorn und Montblanc.

„Es zeuget, daß du ſeiſt, der göttliche Gedanke,
„Der jeden Zwang verſchmäht und ſpottet jeder Schranke,
„Den Himmel jetzt erfliegt, zur Hölle dann ſich ſenkt,
„Das All, ſein eignes Ich, und dich, Erhabner, denkt.
„Die ernſte Stimme zeugt's, die nimmer ſchweigt noch heuchelt,
„Die nie dem Triebe fröhnt' und nie den Lüſten ſchmeichelt,
„Die, wenn der Sinn ſich ſträubt, und wenn die Neigung ſchmollt,
„Gebietend ſpricht: Du ſollt!

„Ich ſoll! ich kann! ich will! Die Feſſel iſt zerbrochen!
„Erhab'nes Pflichtgeſetz, du haſt mich freigeſprochen!
„Nothwendigkeit, dein Sklav' ſtreift deine Feſſeln ab.
„Und ſchaut ein Geiſt, ein Held, ein Gott auf dich herab!
„Verſchmäh' es, Trefflicher, dem Eiteln nachzuſchmachten!
„Dir ziemt durch Heiligkeit nach Seligkeit zu trachten!
„O du, der heilig iſt, o du, der ſelig iſt,
„Ich glaube, daß du biſt!"

So rufend ſchaut' ich auf — und ſich des Spätroths Gluthen
Erblaſſen. Schwer und tief hing auf die ſchwarzen Fluthen
Und auf der Dünen Schnee ein Trauerflor hinab.
Noch war erhaben ſtill die Schöpfung, wie ein Grab.
Schon rauſcht es fern; der Sturm erwacht; die Wogen grollen;
Es blitzt in Süd und Weſt; in Süd und Weſten rollen
Die Donner. Dumpf erklingt die hohle Uferwand,
Dumpf Jasmunds Rieſenſtrand.

Und reiſend, wie ein Pfeil, geſchnellt vom ehrnen Bogen,
Kam, wie ein Weltgericht, das Wetter hergeflogen.
In wildem Aufruhr gohr die Luft, das Meer, das Land;
Die Brandung geißelte den ſchaumbeſprützten Strand;
Dem Wolkenſchwall entſchoß ein Knäuel weißer Flammen,
Ein friedlich Dörflein ſank in Schutt und Graus zuſammen;
Der Hagel ſchlug die Saat, und ein entmaſtet Schiff
Zerſchellt' am Felſenriff.

Und durch den lauten Sturm und durch der Donner Dröhnen
Erſcholl der Schrei der Angſt, des Jammers dumpfes Stöhnen.
Mich wehten Schauder an. Mich faßte blitzgeſchwind
Und ſchüttelt' rieſenſtark der Zweifel Wirbelwind.
Verſtummt auf meinen Knieen ſchaut' ich mit bitterm Hohne
Und frevlem Trotz empor zum blitzumſchloſſ'nen Throne
Des Donnerſchleuderers, und rief mit frechem Spott:
„Thor, wo iſt nun dein Gott?"

„Wo iſt der Ew'ge nun, der Heil'ge, der Gerechte?
„Orkane weckt ſein Hauch, ſein Schnauben Wetternächte.
„Hier raucht des Armen Saat; dort dampft ſein Halmendach.
„Dort ſtöhnt ein Scheiternder, gequetſcht vom Wellenſchlag.
„Triumph! den Ew'gen ehrt die Todesangſt der Seinen.
„Victoria! ihn preiſt der Unſchuld lautes Weinen.
„Ihm iſt der Wuth Geheul, des Wahnſinns Phreneſie
„Erhab'ne Pſalmodie."

So wie dem Sturm die Spreu, ſo ward' ich hin zum Raube,
Manie, Zweifelſucht! Geknickt war mein Glaube.
Gehaltlos graute mich die Schöpfung, ein Tyrann
Der Schöpfer, kalt und ſtarr ein ehern Fatum an.
Von ſeinem Drachenſchweif umſchlungen und zerquetſchet,
Von Larven angegrinſt, von Furien angefletſchet,
Mit [illegible] Kraft und ausgelöſchtem Sinn
Sank ich auf's Antlitz hin.

Als hätte rächend mich der Strahl berührt von oben,
Vom Orkan umheult, vom Hagelſturm umſtoben,
Lag ich gedankenlos, und mancher ſchwere Schlag
Erſchütterte den Grund, auf dem der Zweifler lag.
Noch immer läuteten des Donners Aufruhrsglocken.
Die Flammen leckten mir an den durchnäßten Locken.

Jetzt peitſcht' ein Schloſſenſchwall, und jetzt ein Wolkenbruch
Den Gipfel, der mich trug.

Zwei ſchwarze Stunden floh'n. Jetzt war der Blitze Köcher,
Der Schloſſen Schatz erſchöpft. Es grollte ferner, ſchwächer.
Ein lindes Säuſeln kam durch die erfriſchte Luft,
Und der erquickten Flur entwallte Opferduft.
Ich taumelt' auf. Und ſieh! zerriſſen war der Schleier
Der untern Welt. Es ſteht an Tagen großer Feier
Ein Allerheiligſtes. So ſtand in hehrer Pracht
Die vollgeſternte Nacht.

Wie ſtrahlte, wie wogt' aus undenkbaren Fernen
Der Oceanſtrom von Sonnen, Monden, Sternen!
Wie äugelten ſo mild aus dem ſaphirnen Guß
Die weiße Azimech, der rothe Regulus!
Es rollte Welt an Welt, es brauſte Sonn' in Sonne —
Ein ſeliges Gewühl von Leben, Füll' und Wonne.
Es lag das große All ſäuglinggleich, liebewarm
In ſeines Vaters Arm.

Und weich ward mir mein Herz; es ſchmolz in ſüßes Sehnen.
Das Auge legte ſich in wolluſtreichen Thränen;
In hoher Freudigkeit erwuchs das ſtille Staun'n,
Der ſcheue Sklavenſinn zu kindlichem Vertrau'n.
„O Vater," rief ich aus, „o du, in deſſen Armen
„Der Engel und der Wurm, und Menſch und Mück' erwarmen,
„Dir ſinkt dein ewig Kind mit gramgemiſchter Luſt
„An die verſöhnte Bruſt!

„Ich ſeh, ich ſehe ſchon des Daſeins Nacht gelichtet,
„Verſöhnet jede Fehd' und jeden Zank geſchlichtet.
„Entlarvt ſeh ich den Trug; ich ſeh den Wahn zerſtreut,
„Mit Elend Schuld gepaart, mit Tugend Seligkeit;
„O Vater, bis ſich dort des Dieſſeits Räthſel löſen,
„Bewahre mich vor Schuld, behüte mich vor Böſem;
„Gewünſcht ſei mir die Pflicht! Geſegnet dein Gebot!
„Willkommen einſt der Tod!"

Gekräftigt ſtieg ich nun herab vom Prüfungshügel.
In Oſten wehten ſchon des Morgens Saffranflügel.
Im hochzeitlichen Schmuck ſtand prangend die Natur,
Das Meer ein Amethyſt, und ein Smaragd die Flur.
Am trümmervollen Strand, im Schutt verbrannter Hütten,
Trat ich ein Retter auf in der Verarmten Mitten.
Ich träuft' in ihren Kelch des Mitleids Honigſeim,
Und ging getröſtet heim!

Michael Kosmeli

ward im Jahre 1773 zu Pleß in Schleſien geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten Studien den Grad eines Doctors der Philoſophie und lebte nun, ſeiner Neigung folgend, ohne bleibenden Aufenthalt abwechſelnd in verſchiedenen Städten.

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Biographie einer Aeffin. Altona 1800.
Reiſe ins Paulinerkloſter. Hamburg 1801.
Joſ. Reynold's Reden über die Malerei. Hamburg 1801.
Mirabeau's erſtes Abentheuer. Frankfurt 1801.
Rhapſodiſche Briefe auf einer Reiſe in die Krimm und Türkei. Halle 1813.
Reimereien einer Köchin. Halle 1816.
Harmloſe Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe über Petersburg, Moskau, Kiew und Jaſſy. Berlin 1822.
Erzählungen. Halberſtadt 1826.

Witz, Laune, Geiſt, Scharfſinn, ein glücklicher Blick, und eine treffliche Darſtellungsgabe verleihen K's Schriften keinen geringen Werth, und gereichen ihnen zu um ſo größerer Empfehlung, als ſie durch eigene Verhältniſſe nicht ſo allgemein bekannt und verbreitet wurden, wie ſie es vollkommen verdienen, da jede für ſich den vorzüglicheren Erzeugniſſen ihrer Gattung gleich zu ſtellen iſt. —

Auguſt Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue.

Dieſer oft übermäßig gelobte, oft zu ſehr getadelte Schriftſteller, Sohn des weimariſchen Legationsrathes K., ward am 3. Mai 1761 zu Weimar geboren und zeichnete ſich ſchon als Kind durch Lebhaftigkeit des Geiſtes, hellen Verſtand und ſtets rege, lebendige Einbildungskraft aus, mit denen er zugleich einen unbegrenzten Ehrgeiz und eine gewiſſe dreiſte Unabhängigkeitsliebe verband. Durch Hauslehrer vorbereitet beſuchte er das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo der Profeſſor Muſäus einen großen Einfluß auf ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche und moraliſche Bildung gewann. Mit ſeinem 16. Jahre kam er dann als Student der Rechte nach Jena und ſpäter nach Duisburg und widmete, hier wie dort, neben ernſtern Studien ſeine Zeit den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und beſonders der Schauſpielkunſt, wofür Eckhof ihn ſchon als Knaben in Weimar begeiſtert hatte. Durch Graf Görz, einen Freund ſeines Vaters und damaligen preußiſchen Geſandten am ruſſiſchen Hofe, kam er kurz nach ſeiner Anſtellung als Advokat in Weimar zum Generallieutenant v. Bawr nach Petersburg, den er als Secretär und bei der Direction des daſigen Hoftheaters ſo für ſich einnahm, daß dieſer ihn bei ſeinem Tode der Kaiſerin ſehr empfahl. In Folge deſſen wurde K. 1783 zum Titularrath und Aſſeſſor des Oberappellationstribunals zu Reval, 1785 aber zum Präſidenten des Gouvernementsmagiſtrates von Eſthland mit dem Range eines Obriſtlieutenants und dem Adelstitel ernannt. Nachdem er 10 Jahre darauf wegen Kränklichkeit mehrmals Pyrmont, und nach dem Tode ſeiner Gattin, der Tochter des Generallieutenants von Eſſen, auch Paris beſucht hatte, bat er auf der Rückreiſe nach Rußland um Dienſtentlaſſung, die ihm auch, mit Erhöhung ſeines Ranges ertheilt wurde. Er zog ſich nun 1795 auf das Land zurück, bauete den Landſitz Friedenthal bei Narva und lebte ſeiner Familie und den Muſen, bis er 1797 die Stelle eines Hoftheaterdichters zu Wien annahm und dahin abreiſte. Verſchiedene Umſtände verbitterten ihm aber den Aufenthalt daſelbſt und ließen ihn ſeinen Abſchied nachſuchen, den er mit Beibehaltung ſeines Titels und einer lebenslänglichen Penſion von 1000 Gulden erhielt, worauf er 1799 aus Liebe zu ſeiner Mutter eine Zeitlang in Weimar ſich häuslich niederließ, jedoch auf Antrieb ſeiner zweiten Gattin und aus Sehnſucht nach ſeinen in Petersburg erzogenen Söhnen 1800 wieder nach Rußland zurückging. Bei Kaiſer Paul unterdeß verdächtig geworden, ward er in Mitau arretirt und nach Tobolsk in Sibirien gebracht, von wo er vier Monate darauf frei nach Petersburg zurückkam, weil der Kaiſer unterdeſſen durch ein ihm bekannt gewordenes zu ſeinem Ruhme früher gedichtetes Drama K's für dieſen günſtiger geſtimmt worden war. Mit dem ſchönen Krongut Worroküll in Liefland beſchenkt und zum Hofrath und Director der deutſchen

Bühne mit bedeutenden Emolumenten ernannt, verweilte er nun bis zu Paul's Tode in Petersburg und nahm dann als ruſſiſcher Collegienrath mit Beibehaltung ſeines vorigen Gehaltes ſeinen Abſchied. Er lebte dann als Privatmann 1801 in Weimar und Jena, ging 1802 in Folge von Mißhelligkeiten zwiſchen Göthe und ſeinen Freunden nach Berlin und gab dadurch Veranlaſſung zur Verlegung der vom Hofrath Schütz redigirten Jenaiſchen Literaturzeitung nach Halle und Begründung einer neuen in Jena. Die Siege der Franzoſen trieben ihn von Berlin nach Königsberg und von da auf ſein Gut Schwarze in Eſthland, wo er mit Gewandtheit und Erbitterung dieſes Volk fortwährend literäriſch bekämpfte und in Folge deſſen die Gunſt des Kaiſers Alexander und der gegen Frankreich verbündeten Großmächte ſich in ſo hohem Grade erwarb, daß er 1813 zum ruſſiſchen Staatsrath erhoben und 1814 als Ritter des St. Annen-Ordens und ruſſiſch. Generalconſul für Preußen nach Königsberg geſandt wurde. Aus eben dem Grunde wurde er 1816 zum Staatsrath im ruſſiſchen Miniſterium des Auswärtigen ernannt und 1817 mit einem Jahrgehalte von 15000 Rubel beauftragt, in Deutſchland über deſſen Literatur und öffentliche Meinung unmittelbar an den Kaiſer zu berichten. Durch ſeinen frechen Spott über das Verlangen der deutſchen Völkerſchaften nach Vertretung ihrer Sache auf Landtagen und ſeine Verketzerung politiſcher Anſichten deutſcher Schriftſteller lud er die verdiente Verachtung der Edelſten auf ſich und reizte einen ſchwärmeriſchen Jüngling, Sand, zu der fanatiſchen That, daß er ihn am 23. März 1819 zu Mannheim, ſeinem damaligen Aufenthaltsorte, mit mehreren Dolchſtichen tödtete.

In chronologiſcher Reihenfolge gab er heraus:

1) **Ich.** Eine Geſchichte in Fragmenten für die mannbare Jugend. Eiſenach 1781. 8.
2) **Er und Sie.** 4 romantiſche Gedichte. Eiſenach 1781, 8.; 2 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1784, 8.
3) **Erzählungen.** Nebſt einigen lyriſchen Gedichten. Leipzig 1781, 8.
4) **Bibliothek der Journale.** Petersburg 1783, 2 Bde., 8.; wurde von einer Geſellſchaft Gelehrten fortgeſetzt.
5) **Der Eremit auf Formentera.** Schauſpiel. Reval 1784, 8.; neue Aufl. Leipzig 1788, 8.; 3 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.
6) **Die Leiden der Ortenbergiſchen Familie.** Petersburg (1. Bd.) und Leipzig 1785. 1787, 1788, 2 Thle. 8.; neue Aufl. Leipzig 1792, 2 Bde., 8.
7) **Für Geiſt und Herz.** Monatsſchrift für die nordiſchen Gegenden. Reval 1786, 12 St. 8.
8) **Zaide.** Hiſtoriſche Novelle. Leipzig 1786, 8.
9) **Fliegend Blatt.** Beilage zu: Die [illegible] in Eſthland. o. O. 1787, 8.
10) **Kleine geſammelte Schriften.** Reval und Leipzig 1787—91, 4 Bde., 8., m. Kupf.; 2. Aufl., Leipzig 1792—94, 4 Bde., 8. Der 1. und 2. Bd. war bereits Ebend. 1791 zum 2. mal gedruckt. Ein Nachdruck zu Karlsruhe.
11) **Ildegerte.** Hiſtoriſche Novelle. Reval und Leipzig 1788, 8. m. Kupf.; 2 Aufl. Leipzig 1792, 8.
12) **Die Geſchichte meines Vaters.** Roman. Reval und Leipzig 1788, 8.
13) **Adelheid von Wulfingen.** Trauerſpiel. Reval und Leipzig 1789, 8.; 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1791, 8.; 3 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1798, 8., mit 1 Titelk.
14) **Die väterliche Erwartung.** Schauſpiel. Reval 1788, 8.
15) **Menſchenhaß und Reue.** Schauſpiel. Berlin 1789, 8.; 2 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8., mit ſchlechten Vign.; 3. Aufl. Leipzig 1791, 8.; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1797, 8., mit Kupf. von Chodowiecki. Daſſelbe: Spaniſch, Franzöſiſch und Neugriechiſch. Wien 1801, 8.
16) **Die gefährliche Wette.** Roman. Leipzig 1790, 8.
17) **Die Indianer in England.** Luſtſpiel. Frankfurt und Leipzig (Mannheim) 1790, 8.; 2. ächte und vollſt. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.
18) **Doctor Bahrdt mit der eiſernen Stirn.** Schauſpiel. o. O. 1790, 8.; mehrere Nachdrücke, anfangs pſeudonym: „Knigge" ꝛc.
19) **Der weibliche Jacobinerklubb.** Politiſches Luſtſpiel. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1791, 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.
20) **Bruder Moritz der Sonderling.** Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1791, 8., mit Titelvign.
21) **Die Sonnenjungfrau.** Leipzig 1791, 8., mit Titelvign.
22) **Das Kind der Liebe.** Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1791, 8. ächte Ausg., mit Titelvign.
23) **Philoſophiſches Gemälde der Regierung Ludwig XIV.** Nach dem Franz. Straßburg 1791, 8.
24) **Meine Flucht nach Paris im Winter 1790.** Leipzig 1791, 8.
25) **Feliziens Bild.** Aus dem Ruſſiſchen des Herrn von Derſchawin. Reval 1792, 4.
26) **Vom Adel.** Bruchſtück. Leipzig 1792, gr. 8., in Druck- und Schreibpap., mit Didot'ſchen Lettern.
27) **Die edle Lüge.** Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1792, 8. (Fortſetzung von „Menſchenhaß und Reue").
28) **Der Papagay.** Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1792, 8.
29) **Gedichte des Staatsraths von Derſchawin.** Aus dem Ruſſiſchen. Leipzig 1793, 8.
30) **Die jüngſten Kinder meiner Laune.** Leipzig 1793—97, 6 Bdchen., 8., m. Titelvignetten.
31) **Unpartheiiſche Unterſuchung über die Folgen der franzöſiſchen Revolution für das übrige Europa.** Thorn 1794, 8.
32) **Sultan Wampum.** Schauſpiel. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1794, 8.
33) **An das Publikum.** o. O. 1794, 8.
34) **Graf Benjowsky.** Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1795, 8.
35) **Der Mann von 40 Jahren.** Luſtſpiel nach dem Franzöſ. Leipzig 1795, 8.
36) **Armuth und Edelſinn.** Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1795, 8., mit Titelvign.
37) **Die Wittwe und das Reitpferd.** Dramatiſche Kleinigkeit. Leipzig 1796, 8.
38) **Wahre Geſchichte des Grafen Benjowsky.** 3 Aufl. Hamburg 1796, 8.
39) **Die Spanier in Peru, oder Rolla's Tod.** Romantiſches Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1796, 8., mit Titelvign. Nachgedruckt, Brünn: Sammlung deutſcher Schauſpiele. Engliſch v. Sheridan, London 1799, 8.; davon eine ſchlechte deutſche Ueberſetzung, Leipzig 1800, gr. 8.; und nochmals in demſ. J. u. O.
40) **Die Negerſklaven.** Hiſtoriſch-dramatiſches Gemälde. Leipzig 1796, 8., mit Titelvign.; nachgedruckt Brünn: Sammlung deutſcher Schauſpiele.
41) **Der Verleumder.** Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1796, 8., m. Titelvign.
42) **Fragmente über Recenſentenunfug.** Eine Beilage zur Jena Literaturzeitung. Leipzig 1797, gr. 8.
43) **Schauſpiele.** Leipzig 1797 ff. 5 Bde., 8., m. Titelkupf. und Vign.
44) **Das Dorf im Gebirge.** Schauſpiel m. Geſang. Wien 1798, 8.
45) **Neue Schauſpiele.** Leipzig 1798—1819, 23 Bde., 8. Jeder Band enthält ein Titelkupf., und der 1. Bd. das Portrait K's von Bolt. Auch wurden die hierin enthaltenen Stücke im Jahr der Ausgabe eines jeden Bandes einzeln abgedruckt, worunter „Der Opfertod" und „Die Korſen" zu Wien 1801, 8., neugriechiſch, und „Das neue Jahrhundert" zu Halberſtadt 1801, 8., franzöſiſch.
46) **Ueber meinen Aufenthalt in Wien und meine erbetene Dienſtentlaſſung.** Leipzig 1799, gr. 8.
47) **Der Taubſtumme.** Hiſtoriſches Drama, aus dem Franzöſ. des Bouilly. Leipzig 1800, 8.
48) **Das merkwürdigſte Jahr meines Lebens.** Berlin 1801, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1802, 8. m. 3 Kupf.; 3 verkürzte und verbeſſ. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8., m. 3 Kupf. Dazu franzöſ. und deutſch m. 4 Kupf. v. Geisler. Leipzig 1803, gr. Querfol. Daſſelbe franz. Leipzig 1802, 2 Vol. 12.; däniſch: Kopenhagen 1802, 8.
49) **Kurze und gelaſſene Antwort auf eine lange und heftige Schmähſchrift des Herrn von Maſſon.** Berlin 1802, 8.
50) **Erſte und letzte Beilage zum Buche:** Das merkwürdigſte Jahr meines Lebens. Berlin 1802, 8.
51) **Kotzebue in Sibirien.** Schauſpiel. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1802, 8.

52) Herodes vor Bethlehem, oder der triumphirende Viertelsmeiſter. Schau-, Trauer- und Thränenſpiel. o. O. 1803; 3. Aufl. Köln (Leipzig) 1807, 8.
53) Almanach der Chroniken für das Jahr 1804. Leipzig 1803, 12, mit 15 Kupf. und 14 Vign.
54) Almanach dramatiſcher Spiele zur geſelligen Unterhaltung auf dem Lande. Berlin und Leipzig 1803 — 1820, 18 Jahrg., mit illum. Kupf. in 16.; wurde von Mehreren bis 1834 fortgeſetzt.
55) Der Freimüthige. Zeitſchrift. Berlin 1803, gr. 4., m. Kupf. und Muſikalien. Fortgeſetzt als:
56) Der Freimüthige, oder Scherz und Ernſt. Ebendaſ. 1804 — 1807, 4 Jahrg., gr. 4, mit Kupf. und Muſikalien; gemeinſchaftlich m. Garlieb, Merkel.
57) Erinnerungen aus Paris im Jahr 1804. Berlin 1804, 2 Bde., 8., m. Holzſchnitt; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1805, 8.
58) Erinnerungen von einer Reiſe aus Liefland nach Rom und Neapel. Berlin 1805, 3 Thle., 8.; däniſch: Kopenhagen 1806.
59) Kleine Romane, Erzählungen, Anekdoten und Miscellen. Leipzig 1805 — 1809, 6 Bdchen., 8, m. 6 Titelkupf.
60) Taſchenbuch aufs Jahr 1807. Tübingen 1806, kl. 8., mit Huber.
61) Die Geſchichte meines Vaters. Leipzig 1806, 8.
62) Preußens ältere Geſchichte. Riga 1808—1809, 4 Bde.
63) Leontine. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Bde., 8., mit 2 Kupf.
64) Neue kleine Schriften. Königsberg 1808 — 1810, 7 Bde., 8.
65) Die Biene. Quartalſchrift für 1808 — 1810. o. O. (Königsberg) 1808 — 10, 19 Hefte, 8., nämlich 4 Hefte von 1808, 12 von 1809 und 3 von 1810. Später auch unter dem Titel: Die Biene oder neue kleine Schriften.
66) Geiſt aller Journale. Juli — December 1809. Riga 1809, 6 Hefte, 4.
67) Philibert oder die Verhältniſſe. Roman. Königsberg 1809, 8.
68) Clio's Blumenkörbchen. Darmſtadt 1810, 8.; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1814, 3 Bde., 8.
69) Die Grille. In zwangloſen Heften. Königsberg 1811 — 1812, 2 Bde., 8.; Fortſetzung der Biene.
70) Der Flußgott Niemen und noch Jemand. Dresden 1812, 8, in Knittelverſen.
71) Geſchichten für meine Söhne. Stuttgart 1812, 1. Bdchen., 8.
72) Noch Jemands Reiſeabentheuer. Heroiſche Tragikomödie. Königsberg 1814, 8.
73) Geſchichte des deutſchen Reiches. Leipzig 1814 — 1815, 2 Bde. Die übrigen 2 Bde. von Rüder fortgeſetzt.
74) Opernalmanach auf das Jahr 1814 und 1817. Leipzig 1814. u. 1817, 16.
75) Politiſche Flugblätter. Königsberg 1814 — 16, 2 Bde., 8.
76) Die Ameiſe. Leipzig 1814 — 1815. Fortſetzung der Grille.
77) Gedichte. Wien 1818, 2 Bdchen., 8.
78) Hinterlaſſene Papiere. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Johann von Knorring. Leipzig 1821, 8.
79) Literaturbrief aus der Unterwelt. Herausgegeben von Müllner. Braunſchweig 1826, 8.

Außerdem gab er: Muſäus' nachgelaſſene Schriften heraus und lieferte eine Menge einzelner Schriften und Aufſätze in Journale, Monats- und Zeitſchriften, Almanachs u. ſ. w.

Eine Geſammtausgabe aller ſeiner Werke giebt es zwar nicht, dagegen außer den unter Nr. 3. 10. 30. 43. 44. 59. 64. 77 — 79 genannten Sammelſchriften noch eine Ausgabe aller ſeiner Dramen:

Sämmtliche dramatiſche Werke. Nebſt alphabet. Regiſter über alle Theile. Leipzig 1828. u. 1829, 4 Thle. 16., m. 44 Kupf.

Ein ſtrenges aber keineswegs ungerechtes Urtheil über Kotzebue, fällt Menzel in ſeiner Deutſchen Literatur Th. IV. S. 91. Wir laſſen es um ſo lieber die Stelle unſerer eigenen Anſicht einnehmen, als wir nicht allein in den Hauptſachen vollkommen damit übereinſtimmen, ſondern auch der Meinung ſind: Wahrheiten dieſer Art, könnten nicht oft, und nicht eindringlich genug wiederholt werden, denn K. hat durch ſeine laxe Moral, ſeine gefällige Frivolität unendlich geſchadet, und das in ſolcher Weiſe gemißbrauchte Talent kann nie ſtreng genug gerichtet werden. Menzel's Worte lauten: Es iſt wunderbar genug, daß Kotzebue ſich bei ſeinem außerordentlichen Talente nicht zu einer freieren Stellung erhob. Wenn er nur wenigſtens Alles verſpottet hätte, aber das charakteriſirt ihn als den echten Sohn ſeiner Zeit, daß er nur nach einer Seite hin, freien Geiſtes urtheilte, nach der andern aber ſentimentaler Schwäche ſich hingab. Nur gemacht, ſeine Zeit zu karrikiren, ſie ganz von der komiſchen Seite aufzufaſſen, pikirte ſich Kotzebue darauf, ſie zugleich von einer edlen, ernſten, rührenden Seite aufzufaſſen, ſie zu idealiſiren. Aber er that dies Letztere nur, um ſich dadurch wieder Freunde zu machen, nachdem er ſich durch ſeinen Spott Feinde gemacht. Seine Weinerlichkeiten ſind alle nur darauf berechnet, ihn unter dem zu ſeiner Zeit zahlreichen ſentimentalen Publikum beliebt zu machen, und die vielen Sünden ſeines Privatlebens mit dem Mantel der Liebe zuzudecken. Daher nun der Widerſpruch in ſeinen Darſtellungen. Während er uns heute den deutſchen Philiſter mit liebenswürdigem Talent ſo malt, daß uns die Treue und Feinheit der Züge überraſcht und auch den ſtrengſten Cato zum Lachen zwingt, ſtellt er uns dagegen wieder das Ideal eines deutſchen Mannes auf, den er mit allem ſentimentalen Aufwand zu etwas überaus Vortrefflichem machen möchte, und der doch noch weit mehr Philiſter iſt, als jener war, den er geſtern verſpottet hat. So wie die „Kleinſtädter“ ſein beſtes Stück in jener Gattung, ſo iſt ſein ſchlechteſtes, obgleich berühmteſtes in dieſer Gattung ſein „Menſchenhaß und Reue,“ denn hier wird die deutſche Gutmüthigkeit von der Frivolität auf eine Weiſe mißbraucht, die kein Volk von irgend einem ſeiner Dichter dulden darf. In Frankreich haben die Königin Margarethe und Lafontaine ganze Sammlungen von ſehr ergötzlichen Ehebruchsgeſchichten veranſtaltet. Dieſe Sammlungen ſind unmoraliſch, aber es ſind darin größtentheils wahre Geſchichten enthalten, ganz natürliche und witzige Züge dem gemeinen Leben entlehnt, und der Liebhaber erſcheint als ein ſchlauer Böſewicht, die Frau als treulos, der Mann als ein Dummkopf, der nichts merkt, oder als ein Othello, der ſich grauſam rächt. Das iſt alles natürlich, und da iſt nichts bemäntelt. Aber Kotzebue ſtellt uns in ſeinem Menſchenhaſſer einen Hahnreih dar, welcher weder komiſch noch tragiſch iſt, weder als alter Pantalon oder Pierrot den luſtigen Streichen des Harlekins ausgeſetzt wird, noch auch als Othello in höchſter Furie den Dolch braucht, ſondern der ſeine liebe Ehehälfte nachdem ſie mit einem liederlichen Officier von ihm, einem noch jungen, ſehr braven, ſehr anſtändigen Manne und ſogar von den Kindern weggelaufen iſt, unter Thränen der Rührung wieder zu ſich nimmt. Dieſer Mann wird als der vortrefflichſte aller Männer, als ein Ideal dargeſtellt; dieſe Verzeihung in einem Falle, wo das Heiligſte, nicht nur die Treue der Gattin, ſondern auch die Pflicht der Mutter verletzt iſt, wird als die höchſte der Tugenden bezeichnet. Und doch bezweckte Kotzebue damit nichts anderes, als die leichtſinnige Entweihung der Ehe, die damals als franzöſiſche Mode herrſchte, zu beſchönigen, franzöſiſche Herzloſigkeit durch den ſchändlichſten Mißbrauch deutſcher Gemüthlichkeit, franzöſiſches Laſter durch die Vorſpiegelung einer deutſchen Tugend poetiſch zu rechtfertigen. Das iſt eine unglaubliche Beleidigung aller Männer, in deren Sprache ein ſo niederträchtiges Stück geſchrieben werden konnte, und doch war die Entſittlichung ſchon ſo weit gediehen, daß man den Verfaſſer darum bewunderte und liebte.

Wie in Leſſing's Tendenz überall die männliche Ehre durchleuchtet, ſo bei Kotzebue überall und immer die Ehrloſigkeit. Wie achtet er die Würde des Alters in dem

„Pagenſtreichen?“ die Würde des Menſchen überhaupt im „Rehbock?“ Man könnte leicht aus ſeinen zahlreichen Stücken ein völliges Syſtem einer umgekehrten Moral zuſammenſetzen, und Beiſpiele für alle möglichen Fälle von Charakterſchwäche oder ausgeſprochener Schlechtigkeit finden. Die ganze Geſellſchaft, die er uns auf der Bühne vorüberführt, beſteht aus edlen Lügnern, edlen Dieben, edlen Betrügern, edlen Hahnreihs, edlen Huren, edlen Kupplern ꝛc. Sein „Barth mit der eiſernen Stirn“, worin er ſich buchſtäblich im Kothe wälzt, iſt noch bei weitem nicht ſein ehrloſeſtes Buch, denn hier vergoldet er wenigſtens den Koth nicht, giebt die tiefſte Herzensniedertracht nicht für Tugend aus.

Die Würde der Frauen konnte ihm natürlich ſo wenig gelten, als die der Männer. Daher wird er gerade da, wo er die Unſchuld malen will, am frechſten. Seine Gurli in den „Indianern in England“ und ſeine „Sonnenjungfrau,“ von denen die eine aus heller lichter Unſchuld jeden Mann heirathen will, der zur Thüre hereintritt, und die andere aus heller lichter Unſchuld nicht weiß, daß ſie guter Hoffnung iſt, waren einſt auf allen deutſchen Theatern beliebte Figuren. Derſelbe Kotzebue ließ öffentlich drucken, er habe ſeiner guten Frau eigenhändig ein Klyſtier geſetzt, und wer über eine ſo rührende häusliche Handlung, ſtatt ſentimentale Thränen zu vergießen, lachen könnte, der müßte jenſeits der Menſchheit zu Hauſe ſein. Und wieder derſelbe Kotzebue ließ öffentlich drucken, wie er ſeine ſterbende Frau hülflos verlaſſen habe, nach Frankreich gereiſt ſei, und ſchon unterwegs liederliche Häuſer beſucht habe. Seine frechen Lügen bei Ableugnung des „Barth mit der eiſernen Stirn“ und der „Bulletins“ gehören ebenfalls in dieſes Capitel der Schamloſigkeit. Sein Leben, von Körte beſchrieben, iſt ein höchſt intereſſanter Beitrag zur deutſchen Sittengeſchichte. Was er dem Publikum bot, beweiſt übrigens nur, wieviel er ihm bieten durfte. Er war nicht ſchlechter, als das Publikum, das ihn duldete und ſogar anbetete. Dieſe Duldung und Anbetung bezeichnet einen Grad von öffentlicher Demoraliſation, der uns tief erröthen machen müßte, wäre ſeine Zeit nicht glücklicherweiſe längſt vorüber. Ein blutiger Mord machte ſeinem elenden Daſein und zugleich der Bezauberung ein Ende, mit der er das deutſche Volk befangen hatte. Criminaliſch unterſcheidet ſich dieſer Mord von keinem andern. Politiſch hat er Beſorgniſſe erregt, die ſich nicht bewährten. Er hat durchaus nur eine moraliſche Bedeutung, wie Görres gleich anfangs ſagte. Deutſchland würde auch ohne dieſen Mord ſich von Kotzebue abgewendet haben, aber der poetiſche Geiſt, der durch die Weltgeſchichte geht, liebt Effecte, die ſtarke Sprache der Thatſachen, unvertilgbare Zeichen und Symbole, den Jahrhunderten eingeſchrieben, „wie der Blitz auf Felſen ſchreibt.“ Und ein ſolches Zeichen war das ſchreckliche Ende des Luſtigmachers.

Die Roſen des Herrn von Malesherbes *).

Ein ländliches Gemälde in einem Akt.

(Den Stoff hat eine wahre, von Bouilly in ſeinen Contes à ma fille erzählte Anekdote geliefert.)

Perſonen.

Lamoignon von Malesherbes.
Suſette.
Peter.

(Der Schauplatz iſt eine Gegend von hohen Bäumen umringt. Unter dieſen Bäumen erblickt man in einem Halbzirkel eine blühende Roſenhecke; im Vorgrunde rechter Hand einen Ruheſitz, den jene Hecke verbirgt, und der auswärts gegen die Bühne geſtellt iſt; linker Hand ein Brunnen.)

Erſte Scene.

Herr von Malesherbes allein.

Gottlob! der Winter ging zu Ende
Am geſelligen Kamin,
Und ich darf die dicken Wände
Der kühlen Häuſer endlich fliehn.
Zu meinen Blumen, zu meinen Früchten
Winkte der Sommer. — Da bin ich nun. —
Es iſt ſo ſüß, nach erfüllten Pflichten
In ländlicher Stille auszuruhn! —
Wie gern verließ ich das Getümmel,
Wo ewig die Thorheit ſich ſelbſt begafft;
Hier iſt mein Tuſculum, mein Himmel,
Hier ſchöpf' ich neue Lebenskraft;
Wenn mir nach ſauren Wintertagen
Zum erſtenmal hier Alles grünt,
So darf ich ohne Stolz mich fragen:
Hab' ich das Stündchen nicht verdient? —

Verdient! das iſt die Würze des Lebens.
Der Praſſer in ſeinem Ueberfluß
Haſcht nach der Freude oft vergebens,
Nur das Verdiente gewährt Genuß.
Ha! mögen ſie doch ſich drängen und ſtoßen,
Und buhlen um einen gnädigen Blick.
Ich habe meine blühenden Roſen,
Ich trage nicht auf der Bruſt mein Glück.

Doch hüte dich! Fortunens Zofen
Quälen den Höfling nicht allein,
Auch in das Herz der Philoſophen
Schleicht ſich behende der Hochmuth ein,
Und ich — nun ja, zu einem König
Verlockt mich zwar kein eitler Sinn,
Doch muß ich bekennen, daß ich ein wenig
Auf meine Roſen eitel bin.
Ein wenig nur? Freund, im Vertrauen,
Die Hecke, die ſo ſchön gedeiht,
Du kannſt ſie Stunden lang beſchauen
Mit einem Kitzel der Eitelkeit.
Ich will mich deſſen nicht erwehren,
Daß mich die Roſen kindiſch freun,
Der Himmel ſelbſt ſcheint mich zu ehren
Durch dieſes üppige Gedeihn.
In einem halben Zirkelbogen
In eine Wildniß pflanzt' ich ſie,
Von hohen Fichten rings umzogen,
Beſchnitt ſie nie, begoß ſie nie,
Und doch iſt keine ausgeblieben!
Kein dürrer Strauch, kein todtes Reis;
Da muß ja wohl der Himmel mich lieben,
Er ließ ſie wachſen, nicht mein Fleiß.
Muthwille durfte ſie nie berauben,
Sie wird gleichſam von Engeln bewacht.
Die Freunde belächeln meinen Glauben —
Ei, wenn er mich nur glücklich macht. — —
Die Sonne neigt zum Untergange,
Dies herrliche Schauſpiel für Aug' und Geiſt
Entbehrt' ich in der Stadt ſchon lange,
Von hohen Mauern eingekreiſt;
Doch heute will ich es genießen,
Mein Lieblingsplätzchen ladet mich ein:
Hier will ich die Abendſonne begrüßen
Und mich der Neige des Lebens freun.
(Er ſetzt ſich auf den Ruheſitz und ſchaut in die Ferne).

Zweite Scene.

Suſette (mit einem großen Milchtopf).

Uf! mir iſt warm. Ich bin gelaufen,
Als ob ein Wehrwolf hinter mir wär'.
Ich hatte Milch, viel Milch zu verkaufen —
Nun Gott ſei Dank! der Topf iſt leer.
Das liebe Geld in meiner Taſche,
Da klingelt's — nicht ein einz'ger Sous,
Den ich vertändle oder vernaſche,
Ich zähle ſie alle der Mutter zu.
Sie läßt auf den Lohn mich auch nicht warten,
Sie ſchenkt mir immer was überſchießt,

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*) Aus A. v. Kotzebue's „Almanach dramatiſcher Spiele.“ 11r Jahrgang (Leipzig 1813).

Das leg' ich denn zu meinem Erſparten,
Und bitte die Mutter, daß ſie es verſchließt.
Nur Sonntags, wenn wir aus der Kirche kommen,
Dann zählen wir, bald ſie, bald ich,
Und hat der Schatz wieder zugenommen,
O Jemine! dann freu ich mich! —

Aber was hat denn das zu bedeuten?
Warum iſt Peter noch nicht hier?
Wollt' er mich doch heim begleiten
Bis vor unſre Gartenthür!
Nun bin ich gelaufen mit glühender Wange,
Als ich mein Dörfchen von weitem ſah,
Und ſteh' nun hier ſchon ewig lange,
Und Muſje Peter iſt noch nicht da! —
Der böſe Menſch! noch dieſen Morgen
Hat er geklagt, ihm ſei ſo weh,
Und mach' ihm jedesmal ſchwere Sorgen,
Wenn ich in die Stadt zu Markte geh',
Und hat gebeten: vor jungen Geſellen,
Die überall dort naſeweis
Uns armen Dirnen Netze ſtellen,
Soll ich mich hüten mit großem Fleiß.
Ich hab' es verſprochen, und Wort gehalten,
Und weder links noch rechts geſchaut,
Und habe mich kaum den häßlichen alten
Thorſchreiber anzuſehn getraut.
Was hab' ich nun davon? — er zaudert —
Und hat wohl gar — ich armes Kind! —
Die Zeit mit andern Dirnen verplaudert —
Erfahr' ich das, ſo wein' ich mich blind!

Malesherbes (für ſich).
Sieh da, ſchon wieder eine Augenweide,
Um die auf meiner ſtillen Flur
Des Städters Armuth mich beneide:
Ein ſchönes, liebliches Kind der Natur!

Suſette.
Er kömmt. Ich wanke.

Dritte Scene.

Peter. Die Vorigen.

Peter.
Da bin ich, Suſette!

Suſette.
Ei wirklich? biſt Du endlich da?

Peter.
O! wenn mein Wunſch gegolten hätte,
Ich wäre ſchon längſt bei Dir.

Suſette.
Nun,
Du hatteſt gewaltig viel zu ſchaffen;
Verſprachſt mir freilich heute früh,
Du wollteſt keine Minute vergaffen,
Dich mit der Arbeit tummeln, wie?

Peter.
Und hab' ich mich denn nicht geſputet?
Weiß Gott, ich ſehnte mich ſo nach Dir.

Suſette.
Ei — ſieh — das hätt' ich kaum vermuthet.

Peter.
Ich glaube gar, Du ſchmollſt mit mir?

Suſette.
Nicht doch, das war ja ſehr verzeihlich,
Des Nachbars Liſe ſtand am Zaun,
Sie winkte Dir, pſt! pſt! — nun freilich,
Sie hatte Dir etwas zu vertraun,
Das mußteſt Du hören, und ſo verfloſſen
Ein Paar Minuten, und wieder ein Paar —
Ich konnte ja warten —

Peter.
Fehl geſchoſſen!
Von alle dem iſt kein Wörtchen wahr.
Im Hohlweg bei dem tiefen Gleiſe,
Da lag ein großes Fuder Heu,
Gehörte Mathurin dem Greiſe,
Der ſtand gar ſehr betrübt dabei,
Und kratzte ſich in den grauen Haaren,
Und wußte nicht zu helfen, nun
Da durfte ich ſchon die Zeit nicht ſparen,
Ich mußte wohl ein Uebriges thun.
Es hat mich freilich aufgehalten,
Nun brummſt Du noch für meine Müh;
Aber ich konnte doch den Alten
Nicht ohne Hülfe laſſen, wie?

Suſette.
Wenn das iſt, will ich Dir verzeihen.

Peter.
Und Du! wie ging's Dir in der Stadt?

Suſette.
Bald werd' ich mein Geld auf Zinſen leihen,
Weil es mir Geld geregnet hat.

Peter.
Bezahlte man die Milch ſo theuer?

Suſette.
Ei, ſie war friſch und ungetauft.
Hör' nur! ich rief nach alter Weiſe:
Milch! friſche Milch! wer kauft! wer kauft!
Da kam ich auch in eine Straße,
Da ſtand ein alter Herr vor der Thür
Mit einer Brille auf der Naſe,
Der war ſehr freundlich und winkte mir.
Ich kam, er kniff mich in die Backen —

Peter.
Er kniff Dich?

Suſette.
Sah' mir ins Geſicht
Und klopfte mich ſchelmiſch auf den Nacken.

Peter.
Das litteſt Du?

Suſette.
Warum denn nicht?
Er ſagte, ich wäre hübſch.

Peter.
Sei ſtille!
Denn ich gerathe ſchon in Wuth!

Suſette.
Du Narr, er trug ja eine Brille.

Peter.
Brille hin, Brille her, mir kocht das Blut.

Suſette.
Sei ruhig, er that mir nichts zu Leide,
Und alle meine Milch kauft er mir ab,
Wofür, zu meiner großen Freude,
Er mir die Zahlung doppelt gab.

Peter.
Ein Sündengeld! Du haſt es genommen?

Suſette.
Ei, er verlangte ja blos von mir,
Ich ſollte fein oft wiederkommen.

Peter.
Hör'! gehſt Du noch einmal vor ſeine Thür,
So iſt es aus mit uns, ich laſſe
Dich ſitzen. Du — Du ſchlechte Perſon!
Und gehſt Du auch nur durch ſeine Straße,
So häng' ich mich auf und laufe davon.

Suſette.
So? hängen willſt Du Dich? und laufen
Ei, wofür ſamml' und ſpar' ich ſo gern?
Ich hatte wohl Luſt, mir ein Band zu kaufen
Für das Geld von dem freundlichen Herrn;
Ich that es aber nicht, Du Hochgeſtrenger!
Ich dachte: hab' ich das Geld verthan,
So dauert es wieder um ſo viel länger
Eh' ich meinen Peter heirathen kann.
Oder wer weiß, warum Gott mir's beſcherte?
Hatt' ich doch einmal faſt ſo viel,
Daß ich eine Kuh ſchon blöken hörte;
Da ſtanden wir wohl recht nah' am Ziel.
Aber meine arme Mutter erkrankte,
Es ging mit uns eine Weile hart,
Da gab ich Alles her, und dankte
Dem lieben Gott, daß ich's erſpart.
Auch Du, Du hatteſt ſchon hübſch zu leben,
Da wurde plötzlich Dein Bruder blind,
Da haſt Du ihm Alles hingegeben,
Weil doch die Blinden die Aermſten ſind.
Nun waren wir Beide kahl wie die Mäuſe,
Das hat uns aber nicht weh gethan,
Wir meinten, daß Gott uns Lohn verheiße,
Und fingen von vorne wieder an,
Ja, wir verdoppelten unſer Beſtreben,
Und nun, da mir ein alter Patron
In allen Ehren das Geld gegeben,
So ſchiltſt Du mich eine ſchlechte Perſon (weint).

Peter.
Nun, nun, Suſette, Du mußt nicht weinen,
Du weißt, dann bin ich gleich kaput.
Ich konnt' es ja nicht böſe meinen,
Ich bat Dich nur: ſei auf der Hut!

Denn die pariſer Brillenträger,
Glaub' mir, denen iſt nicht zu traun,
Es ſind verdammte Glücksjäger.
Troz ihrer Brillen, nach hübſchen Fraun;
Und lieber wollt' ich noch Jahre lang warten,
Bis mir das graue Haar ſchon käm',
Ehe ich nur einen ſo erſparten
Thaler in meine Hände nähm'.
Nun! biſt Du noch böſe?
Suſette (ihn verſtohlen anblickend).
Die ſchelmiſchen Augen.
Peter.
Sei nicht mehr böſe, ſieh mich an.
Suſette.
Nun ja —
Peter.
Laß Deinen Zorn verrauchen,
Schlag' ein.
Suſette (ihm die Hand reichend).
Diesmal ſei's abgethan.
Peter.
Pfui daß wir die ſchöne Zeit verlieren
Durch ſolchen unverſtänd'gen Zwiſt!
Komm, laß uns lieber ein wenig ſummiren,
Was noch zur Wirthſchaft uns nöthig iſt.
Suſette.
I nu, ich habe der Thaler ſchon viele —
Warte, wie viele? zwei — drei — und ein halb.
Peter.
Geld hab' ich nicht, doch in der Mühle
Verdient' ich mir ein jähriges Kalb.
Suſette.
Nun werd' ich mir zwei Schaafe kaufen —
Peter.
Mein Kalb wird nächſtens eine Kuh —
Suſette.
Die geben mir Wolle, einen großen Haufen —
Peter.
Und dann kommt noch ein Kälbchen dazu —
Suſette.
Und fette Milch und Lämmer die Menge —
Peter.
Da werden bald zwei Kühe draus —
Suſette.
Das blökt — der Stall wird ſchon zu enge —
Peter.
Und endlich treib' ich eine Heerde hinaus!
Suſette.
Die ſchönſten Käſe macht meine Mutter —
Peter.
Die bringſt Du täglich nach der Stadt —
Suſette.
Und Deine Kühe geben die Butter —
Peter.
Die legen wir zwiſchen ein Rebenblatt.
Suſette.
Da bring' ich denn immer viel Geld nach Hauſe —
Peter.
Im eiſernen Kaſten wird's verwahrt —
Suſette.
Wir leben nicht in Saus und Brauſe —
Peter.
Für unſere Kinder wird's geſpart —
Suſette.
Und täglich wird der Haufe größer —
Peter.
Und täglich mehrt die Heerde ſich —
Suſette.
Die Käſe werden immer beſſer —
Peter.
Und um die Butter reißt man ſich.
Suſette.
Ach Peter, hör' auf! mir wird ganz bange!
Wir haben ſchon viel zu viel erſpart.
Peter.
Was thut's?
Suſette.
Man ſagte mir ſchon lange,
Der Reichthum mache die Menſchen hart.
Drum thäten ſie allerlei Poſſen treiben,
Und ſtrozten von häßlichem Uebermuth.
Nein, lieber laß recht arm uns bleiben,
Arm, lieber Peter, aber gut.
Peter.
Ei wie Du willſt, ich bin's zufrieden,.
Arm oder reich, Du wirſt meine Frau.
Soll auch kein Huhn im Topfe ſieden,
I nu, wir nehmen's nicht ſo genau.
Suſette.
Eine Schale voll Milch von eignen Kühen,
Und ſchwarzes Brod hinein gebrockt —
Peter.
Das iſt die köſtlichſte der Brühen,
Wenn nur das Herz dabei frohlockt! —
Was meinſt Du, Suschen? unter den Linden
Wird gleich nach Sonnen-Untergang
Sich Alt und Jung zuſammen finden,
Dann ziehen wir mit Sang und Klang
Zum frohen Tanz auf dieſem Plaze —
Malesherbes (bei Seite).
O weh, meine Roſen!
Peter.
Was meinſt Du nun,
Wenn ich dann aus der Schule ſchwaze,
Mein Glück den Leuten kund zu thun?
Suſette.
Wir wollens doch noch überlegen.
Geh nur, Du weißt, ich habe hier
Noch ein Geſchäft, das bringt uns Segen.
Peter.
Ich weiß ſchon, komm, ich helfe Dir.
Suſette.
Nein, nein, das muß ich allein vollbringen,
Sonſt wär' es doch nur halb gethan.
Peter.
Hörſt Du von ferne Schallmeien klingen?
Suſette.
Ich ſpute mich, geh nur voran.
Peter.
Juchhe! wir ſchwingen uns heut' im Tanze!
Wir jubeln bis der Morgen graut!
Juchhe! im friſchen Myrthen-Kranze
Seh' ich Dich ſchon als meine Braut! (ab).

Vierte Scene.

Suſette. Malesherbes.

Suſette (fromm die Hände faltend).
Hat mir der liebe Gott beſchieden,
Des wackern Peters Frau zu ſein,
I nu, ſo bin ich es wohl zufrieden. —
Jezt flink! thu' deine Pflicht auch fein.
(Sie geht zum Brunnen und ſchöpft Waſſer in ihren Topf).
Malesherbes (leiſe).
Ein Pärchen, wie aus Schäfergedichten,
Ich war ganz Auge, war ganz Ohr. —
Was hat ſie hier noch zu verrichten?
Sie ſchöpft am Brunnen? was hat ſie vor?
Suſette (kommt und begießt die Roſen.)
Willſt du eine Freude recht genießen,
So thu' zuvor, was dir gebühret.
(Sie ſchöpft noch einmal Waſſer).
Malesherbes.
Sie kommt meine Roſen zu begießen?
Suſette (begießt).
Wenn er einmal hierher ſpaziert,
Der edle Greis, den wir verehren,
So wird er ſich der Roſen freu'n.
Malesherbes.
Wie ſoll ich das Räthſel mir erklären?
Suſette.
Bald wird's genug für heute ſein.
Malesherbes.
Die Neugier muß hervor mich locken.
(Er tritt ihr plözlich unter die Augen).
Mein ſchönes Kind, was machſt Du da?
Suſette.
Ach, gnäd'ger Herr! — ich bin erſchrocken —
Mein Gott! Sie hier? — Sie ſelbſt? —
Malesherbes.
Nun ja,
Erſchrick nur nicht. Ich wünſche zu wiſſen,
Warum, auf weſſen Wunſch und Begehr
Du kommſt, meine Roſen zu begießen?
Suſette.
Ach! ſein Sie nicht böſe, gnäd'ger Herr!
Malesherbes.
Nein, ganz und gar nicht, doch erzähle.
Suſette.
Wir haben's gewißlich gut gemeint —

Malesherbes.
Das glaub' ich gern, darum verhehle
Mir nichts, ich bin ja Euer Freund.
Suſette.
Es iſt mir wohl verboten zu ſagen,
Doch meines Wortes bin ich quitt,
Denn weil der gnäd'ge Herr mich fragen,
So muß ich wohl heraus damit.
Malesherbes.
Verboten? Das klingt ja recht gefährlich!
Suſette.
Es war heute die Reihe an mir.
Malesherbes.
Die Reihe? das iſt mir unerklärlich.
Suſette.
Ja, geſtern war Perette hier,
Vorgeſtern Nanette und morgen kommt Liſe.
Malesherbes.
Sprich deutlicher, ſoll ich Dich verſtehen.
Suſette.
So hören Sie. Dort auf jener Wieſe
Haben wir Alle von ferne geſehn,
Daß Sie die jungen Roſenſtöcke
Hierher gepflanzt mit eigner Hand,
Obgleich für eine Roſenhecke
Hier wohl zu dürr der magre Sand.
Da haben unter ſich die Alten geſprochen:
Man muß ihm doch zeigen, dem edeln Greis,
Der faſt an jedem Tag in der Wochen
Uns wohl thut, wo er kann und weiß,
Man muß ihm doch zeigen, daß wir ihn lieben,
Und daß wir dankbare Menſchen ſind.
Und weil ſo hoch bei ihm angeſchrieben
Die Roſen ſtehn, ei Kinder geſchwind!
So müſſen wir in der Stille fein ſorgen,
Daß ſie auch wachſen, daß ſie auch blühn;
An jedem Abend, an jedem Morgen
Wollen wir ſie pflegen und erziehn.
Die Dirnen von funfzehn Jahren und drüber,
Die ſollen, wenn ſie zu Markte gehn,
Fein nach der Reihe hier vorüber
Und treulich nach der Pflanzung ſehn,
Und emſig in ihren leeren [illegible],
So viel eine Jede nur vermag,
Waſſer aus jenem Brunnen ſchöpfen,
Die Roſen begießen Tag für Tag.
Er muß es aber nicht erfahren,
Nein, Kinder, ſagen dürft ihr's ihm nicht. —
O gnäd'ger Herr! ſchon ſeit vier Jahren
Erfüll' ich dieſe liebe Pflicht.
So lieb iſt Keinem ſein eigner Garten,
Als dieſe Roſen uns allen ſind;
Die Dirnen können es kaum erwarten,
Bis ſie funfzehn Jahr alt ſind;
Sie möchten um die Ehre ſich raufen.
Malesherbes (bei Seite).
Ha! welcher König iſt reich genug,
Mir dieſen Augenblick abzukaufen!
Suſette.
Und den bedroht ein harter Fluch,
Der hier eine Roſe wagt zu brechen,
Die ganze Gemeinde ſtößt ihn aus.
Malesherbes (bei Seite).
Vor Wehmuth kann ich faſt nicht ſprechen.
Suſette.
Zu keinem Tanz noch Ehrenſchmaus
Wird er geladen.
Malesherbes.
Ihr guten Kinder
Sorgt täglich für mich alten Mann,
Wohlan, ſo will ich auch nicht minder
Euch täglich helfen, wo ich kann.
Geh! allen Freunden meiner Roſen
Mach' es bekannt: wo ich auch ſei,
Iſt Einem ein Unglück zugeſtoßen,
Der komme zu mir und rede frei.
Will irgendwo ein Zwiſt einſchleichen,
So hadert nicht, kommt lieber zu mir,
Ich werde beſänftigen, ſchlichten, vergleichen,
Ein ewiger Friede herrſche hier.
Und wo etwa der Armuth Bürde
Ein junges, liebendes Pärchen trennt,
Da komm' es zu mir, den keine Würde
Mehr freut, als wenn man ihn Vater nennt.
Suſette.
Da wird der gnäd'ge Herr nicht ſelten
Zu thun bekommen. Unter uns geſagt,
Ich könnt' ihm auch wohl ein Wörtchen vermelden,
Doch heute ſei es noch nicht gewagt.
Ich laufe heim. Von Hütte zu Hütte
Will ich verkünden die Freude, das Glück —
Der gnäd'ge Herr in unſrer Mitte! (will fort).
Malesherbes.
Warte noch einen Augenblick:
Denn nicht unbelohnt entferne
Sich die Gärtnerin von mir.
Suſette.
Nein, gnäd'ger Herr, wir thun es gerne,
Wir nehmen wahrhaftig nichts dafür.
Malesherbes (bricht eine Roſe).
Doch eine Roſe?
Suſette.
Ei ja, mit Freuden!
Malesherbes.
Ich ſelber ſtecke ſie Dir in's Haar.
Suſette.
Wie werden ſie Alle mich beneiden,
Daß heute an mir die Reihe war. (ab).

Fünfte Scene.

Malesherbes (allein).
So iſt das Wunder nun enthüllt;
Darum gediehen die Roſen ſo ſchön;
Und ſo wird mir der Wunſch erfüllt,
Hier nie ein Blatt geknickt zu ſehen. —
Es wurde ſchon ſeit manchen Jahren
Wohl manche Ehre mir zu Theil,
Doch was mir heute widerfahren,
Das wär' um keinen Ruhm mir feil.
Was iſt Schmeichelei der Weiber,
Der Großen kalte Höflichkeit,
Poſaunenlob der Zeitungsſchreiber,
Gegen dieſe Herzlichkeit?
Gegen dieſen frommen Willen,
Dies naive Dankgefühl?
So lohnt das Gute ſich im Stillen,
Verloren geht's im Weltgewühl.
Was gab ich denn? was konnt' ich geben?
Ein Wenig von meinem Ueberfluß:
Dies Wenige verſüßt mein Leben,
Gewährt mir einen hohen Genuß! —
O Menſch! es wird dir nicht gelingen,
Des Guten auf Erden viel zu thun.
Doch möchteſt du Weniges nur vollbringen,
Sanft wirſt du am Abend ruh'n. —

Allein was ſeh' ich? die hübſche Suſette
Kommt ſchon zurück! und ganz erhitzt! —
Ich meinte, vor allem Unheil hätte
Ich ſie durch meine Roſe geſchützt.
Auch Peter gewahr' ich hinter den Hecken —
Er eilt ihr nach — er holt ſie ein —
Ich muß mich noch ein wenig verſtecken,
Der Unſchuld lauſchender Zeuge zu ſein.
(Er ſchleicht wieder in den [illegible].)

Sechste Scene.

Suſette. Gleich darauf Peter.

Suſette (außer Athem).
Ach gnäd'ger Herr! wo iſt er geblieben? —
Weh' mir, den Schimpf überleb' ich nicht!
Sie haben mich verſpottet, vertrieben,
Sie lachen mir in's Angeſicht —
Und ich habe doch nichts verbrochen — (ſie ſchluchzt).
Peter.
Suſette, bekenne, was haſt Du gethan!
Suſette.
Nichts.
Peter.
Eine Roſe haſt Du gebrochen,
Wie kam Dich ſolch ein Frevel an!
Suſette.
Auch Du! das muß mich doppelt kränken!
Peter.
Du läugneſt noch! geſteh' nur ein.
Suſette.
Auch Du kannſt Böſes von mir denken —
Pfui, ſchäme Dich in Dein Herz hinein!

Ja, wenn man Dich einmal verklagte,
Und ſchien' es mir auch noch ſo klar,
Und wenn die ganze Welt es ſagte,
Ich ſpräche doch, es iſt nicht wahr!
Du aber — ach! Du warſt ja gerade
Der Erſte, der mein Urtheil ſprach!

Peter.

Du weißt, für den iſt keine Gnade,
Der freventlich hier eine Roſe brach.
Wir halten ihn gleich dem Kirchendiebe,
So ehren wir den guten Herrn.
Und höre, Suschen, ſo ſehr ich Dich liebe —
Biſt Du's geweſen — beim Holofern!
's iſt aus mit uns.

Suſette.

In Gottes Namen!
Wer mich für eine Diebin hält,
Und ſäß' er in einem gold'nen Rahmen,
Mit dem hab' ich nichts zu thun auf der Welt!
Und ſollt' ich mich auch zu Tode grämen —
Die arme Suſette — was kümmert Dich die?
Du wirſt Nachbars Lieſe nehmen.
Du haſt ſchon lange ein Auge auf ſie.

Peter.

Das iſt nicht wahr! muß ich Dir entſagen,
So iſt das Leben mir vergällt,
Und wenn ſie mich auf den Händen tragen,
Für mich iſt Keine mehr auf der Welt!
Ich werde in Deine Seele mich ſchämen,
Und blinzeln vor jedem Roſenſtrauch —
Und grämen? — mich zu Tode grämen?
O ſapperment! das kann ich auch.

Suſette.

Du willſt mir alſo durchaus nicht glauben!

Peter.

Du lieber Gott! ich wollt' es gern.
Aber ſie werden mich necken und ſchrauben,
Ich laſſe mich nicht an der Naſe zerr'n.
Du haſt's gehört, es war ſo peinlich!
Wie ſprachen ſie Alle einſtimmig davon?
Es wäre doch gar zu unwahrſcheinlich,
Daß ſo ein Herr in eig'ner Perſon
Dein Haar geſchmückt mit ſeinen Roſen;
Das habe die Angſt Dir ausgepreßt,
Die Furcht, man werde Dich verſtoßen
Von unſerm heut'gen Abendfeſt.
Und käm' ich nun doch mit Dir angezogen,
Mit Fingern deutend ſpräche man,
Ich ſei ein Gimpel, den Du betrogen;
Nun ſiehſt Du wohl, das geht nicht an.
Sie würden Dir den Tanz verſagen,
Und ehe Du ſolchen Schimpf erfährſt,
So müßt' ich mit Fäuſten dazwiſchen ſchlagen,
Wenn Du auch zehnmal ſchuldig wärſt.

Suſette.

Schon gut. Geh nur. Du kannſt Dich trollen.
Ich wäre nur der Herr nicht fort!
Gleichviel! Du hätteſt mir glauben ſollen,
Auch ohn' ihn, auf mein bloßes Wort.
Von Andern kann es mich nicht kränken,
Wer kennt mich denn, mich arme Magd!
Du aber mußteſt ohne Bedenken
Drauf ſchwören, daß ich die Wahrheit geſagt,
Denn nimmer hab' ich Dich betrogen.
Geh Böſewicht! Liebe haſt Du mir
Doch nur geheuchelt und gelogen;
Ich habe nichts mehr zu ſchaffen mit Dir.

Peter.

Ich habe gelogen? nun ſchwillt mir die Galle!
's iſt aus mit uns! — Das thut ja weh! —
Dir kommt der Hochmuth vor dem Falle.
Leb' wohl.

Suſette.

Leb' wohl.

Peter.

Ich gehe —

Suſette.

Geh.

Peter.

Ich komme nicht wieder —

Suſette.

Laß' es bleiben.

Peter.

Ich ſpring' in's Waſſer —

Suſette.

Immerhin.

Peter.

Ich laſſe mich unter die Soldaten ſchreiben —

Suſette.

Was kümmert's mich?

Peter.

Du Lügnerin! (will fort.)

Siebente Scene.

Herr von Malesherbes. Die Vorigen.

Malesherbes (vertritt ihm den Weg).

Halt junger Freund! wohin ſo behende?

Suſette.

Der gnädige Herr! ach Gott ſei Dank!

Peter.

Was ſeh' ich —

Malesherbes.

Glaub, es kommt am Ende
Doch nichts heraus bei Eurem Zank;
Du mußt ſie doch um Vergebung bitten,
Und froh ſein, wenn ſie Dir vergiebt;
Denn ſieh, unſchuldig hat ſie gelitten,
Unſchuldig haſt Du ſie betrübt.
Die Roſe hab' ich ſelbſt gebrochen,
Hab' ich ihr ſelbſt ins Haar geſteckt.

Suſette.

Da hörſt Du es nun.

Peter.

Die Adern pochen
Mir alle vor lauter tiefem Reſpect.

Malesherbes.

Den tiefen Reſpect kannſt Du erſparen,
Mach' nur Suſetten wieder gut.

Suſette.

Wieder gut! Da ſoll mich der Himmel bewahren!

Peter (bittend).

Ich bin ja doch ein ehrliches Blut.

Suſette (ihm nachſpottend).

Mit uns iſt's aus — Dir ſchwillt die Galle —

Peter.

Na, nimm es nur nicht gar zu krumm.

Suſette.

Dir kam der Hochmuth vor dem Falle —

Peter.

Na ſieh nur Suschen, das war dumm.

Suſette.

Du wollteſt Dich zum Soldaten verdingen —

Peter.

Das iſt mir ſo herausgejagt.

Suſette.

Oder wohl gar in's Waſſer ſpringen —

Peter.

Das hab' ich in den Wind geſchwatzt.

Suſette.

Nein nein, ich werde mich wohl hüten,
Solch' einen Mann — bewahre mich Gott!

Peter.

Ach helfen Sie, gnädiger Herr! verbieten
Sie ihr das loſe Maul, den Spott.

Malesherbes.

Sie hat wohl Recht, Dich zu verhöhnen.

Peter.

Nun ja, ſie hat Recht, das geb' ich zu —

Malesherbes.

Ich kann ſie nicht zwingen, ſich zu verſöhnen.

Peter.

Sie muß, ich laſſ' ihr keine Ruh.

Malesherbes.

Nicht doch, Du darfſt ſie auch nicht quälen.
Und ſieh, an einem Bräutigam
Wird es ihr darum doch nicht fehlen;
So gut, ſo flink, ſo arbeitſam —
Noch überdieß hab' ich zum Brautgeſchenke
Ein Bauergütchen ihr zugedacht.

Suſette.

Ach gnädiger Herr —

Malesherbes.

Und wenn ichs bedenke —
Ja — ſo wird Alles gut gemacht.
Ich hab' einen Jäger, einen braven Jungen,
Auch hübſch und munter, den geb' ich ihr.

Peter.

Ach wär' ich doch gleich ins Waſſer geſprungen!

Suſette (ſehr erſchrocken).
Wie, gnädiger Herr? den geben Sie mir?
Malesherbes.
Zu Einem mußt Du Dich bequemen,
Zum Jäger oder zu dieſem da.
Suſette (ſtockend).
So will ich doch lieber dieſen nehmen.
Peter.
Juchhe!
Malesherbes.
Iſt das Dein Ernſt?
Suſette.
Ach ja!
Malesherbes.
Wie werd' ich es aber mit dem Gütchen halten?
Ich fürchte — bei ſeinem Ungeſtüm —
Suſette.
So mag der Herr es lieber behalten,
Ich kann denn doch nicht laſſen von ihm.
Peter.
Suſette, das will ich Dir nimmer vergeſſen!
Nun bin ich Dein eigen bis in den Tod!
Und ſollten wir trockenes Brod nur eſſen —
Suſette.
Die Liebe ſoll würzen —
Peter.
Ja weiß Gott!
Malesherbes.
So recht. Sie ſoll die Deinige werden,
Und halte Wort, mein junger Freund.
Es iſt das höchſte Glück auf Erden,
Daß Mann und Weib in Liebe vereint!
Die Jahre fliehen, das Leben eilet,
Doch immer ein Tag dem andern gleich:
Wo Liebe Noth und Sorgen theilet,
Da tragen Noth und Sorgen ſich leicht.
Suſette.
Wir wollen ſie tragen —
Peter.
Fröhlich tragen
Malesherbes.
Und ich will helfen, es bleibt dabei,
Ich will der Sorgen Euch entſchlagen,
Das Gütchen iſt Euer frank und frei.
Beide.
O gnädiger Herr!
Malesherbes.
Jetzt hin zum Tanz!
Für Deine Unſchuld zeug' ich laut,
Und mit dem ſchönſten Roſenkranze
Von meinen Roſen ſchmück' ich die Braut.
Und künftig werde zum Angedenken,
So oft die Liebe ein Paar beglückt,
Von meinen und der Natur Geſchenken
Ein Kranz für jede Braut gepflückt:
Und wenn ſchon längſt mein Grab beſchnei'te,
So bleib' Euch dieſe Erinnerung —
Jetzt Deine Hand — ich mache heute
Mit Dir noch einen Ehrenſprung.

Otto von Kotzebue,

der Sohn des Vorigen, ward am 19. December 1787 zu Reval geboren und nach einiger Vorbildung in ſeiner Vaterſtadt in der petersburger Cadettenſchule erzogen. Hierauf umſegelte er als Seecadet mit dem Capitän Kruſenſtern die Erde und wurde 1814 als Befehlshaber des vom Graf Rumjanzow für Entdeckungen ausgerüſteten Schiffs Rurik angeſtellt, mit welchem er in Begleitung guter Seeofficiere und mehrerer anderer wiſſenſchaftlich gebildeter Männer am 30. Juli 1815 nach der Südſee abfuhr. Nachdem er hier mehrere Inſeln und 1816 den nach ihm benannten Kotzebue-Sund entdeckt hatte, nöthigte ihn ein Bruſtleiden, wieder nach Petersburg zurückzukehren. Er kam im Auguſt 1818 hier an, gab dann das hierauf bezügliche Werk heraus und trat als Capitänlieutenant der ruſſiſchen Gardemarine 1823 auf Befehl des Kaiſers Alexander ſeine dritte Reiſe um die Welt an. In Geſellſchaft der Lieutenants Bellingshauſen und Kordulow und der Naturforſcher und Aerzte Eſchholz, Lenz, Hoffmann, Preuß und Siewald ſchiffte er ſich demnach auf dem kaiſerlichen Schiffe „die Unternehmung“ wieder nach der Südſee ein und kehrte 1826 mit einer reichen wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausbeute und dem wohlverdienten Rufe eines kühnen und umſichtigen Seefahrers und Hydrographen zurück.

Er ſchrieb:

Entdeckungsreiſe in die Südſee in den Jahren 1815 — 1818. Weimar 1821, 3 Bde., gr. 4, mit Kupfern und Karten.
Neue Reiſe um die Welt in den Jahren 1823 — 1826. Weimar 1830, 2 Bde., gr. 4, mit Kupfern und Karten.

Die Genauigkeit, Gründlichkeit und vortreffliche Darſtellung, welche in dieſen Reiſebeſchreibungen vorherrſchen, trugen nicht wenig dazu bei, den Ruhm, den ſich O. v. K. bereits als Weltumſegler erworben, zu vermehren und zu verbreiten. —

Friedrich Wilhelm Krampitz.

Dieſer unglückliche Dichter ward 1789 zu Danzig geboren und litt ſchon in früher Jugend an einer Augenſchwäche, die im 11. Jahre in wirkliche Blindheit überging. Deſſen ungeachtet bildete er ſich durch Hülfe ſeines Gedächtniſſes wiſſenſchaftlich aus, indem er geiſtreiche Geſpräche und Vorleſungen ſeiner Umgebung auffaßte und in ſich verarbeitete. Er lebt in ſeiner Vaterſtadt erblindet den Muſen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Danzig 1815, gr. 8.
Poetiſche Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8.
Vier der jüngſten Verſuche. Ebendaſ. 1821.
Dichtungen. Ebendaſ. 1822, 8.
Kriegsgeſänge. Danzig. — 2. verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8., mit Sendſchreiben über Homer's Iliade und Fragment der Biographie K's.
Die Chariten. Danzig 1827, 8.
Religion, Liebe und Treue. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.
Entſtehung der Blumen. Idylle. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
Gnomen und Epigramme. Ebendaſ. 1832, 8.

Innigkeit, frommer Glaube, Kraft und Scharfſinn gereichen den Gedichten dieſes armen Leidenden zu nicht geringer Zierde und würden demſelben auch ohne das Mitleid, welches das Schickſal des Verfaſſers in dem Leſer erweckt, freundliche und gerechte Anerkennung erworben haben.

Franz Kratter

ward 1758 zu Oberndorf am Lech geboren, erhielt nach vollendeter Schul- und Univerſitäts-Bildung ein Secretariat zu Wien und kam von hier als Theatercaſſiere nach Lemberg, wo er ſpäter das Directoriat des daſigen Theaters empfing und als Dr. der Philoſophie den Muſen und ſeinem Amte lebte.

Er verfaßte theils anonym:

Der Augarten. Wien 1782.
Der junge Maler am Hofe. Wien 1785, 3 Thle., 8. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Briefe über Gallizien. Ebendaſ. 1786, 2 Thle.
Philoſophiſche Beobachtungen. Leipzig 1787 — 1791, 2 Thle.
Die Kriegscameraden. Wien 1791.
Das Schleifermädchen aus Schwaben. Frankfurt 1790, 2 Thle., 8. Neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Menzikoff und Natalie. Wien 1794, 8., mit Kupf. u. Vign.
Das Mädchen von Marienburg. Ebendaſ. 1795, 8.; 2. Aufl. 1798, mit Kupf. u. Vign.
Die Verſchwörung wider Peter den Großen. Frankfurt 1795, 8., mit Kupf. u. Vign.
Der Vicekanzler. Schauſpiel. Frankfurt 1796, 8.
Die Macht der Leidenſchaften. Wien 1797, 8.
Der Miſanthrop. Ebendaſ. 1797.
Der Friede am Pruth. Wien 1799, 8., mit Kupf. u. Vign.
Eginhard und Emma. Frankfurt 1801, 8., mit Kupf. u. Vign.
Die Sclavin in Surinam. Frankfurt 1804, 8., mit Kupf. u. Vign.

Geſammelt ſind einige der vorſtehenden Schriften in:

Schauſpiele. Frankfurt 1795 — 1804, 1r Bd., 8.

Kratter's dramatiſche Rührſtücke in ausländiſchem, meiſt in ruſſiſchem Gewande, ohne Kraft und wahres Leben, erfreuten ſich eine Zeitlang des Beifalls der Menge, ſind aber eben ſo ſchnell der Vergeſſenheit verfallen und werden höchſtens von herumziehenden Schauſpielergeſellſchaften in Landſtädten wieder ephemer in das Daſein gerufen, um einem Auditorium von ehrſamen Pfahlbürgern Thränen zu entlocken und die Caſſe zu füllen. —

Chriſtian Jakob Kraus

ward 1753 zu Oſterode in Oſtpreußen geboren und bezog 1770 die Univerſität Königsberg, um daſelbſt Theologie zu ſtudiren. Er wandte ſich jedoch bald den humaniſtiſchen, mathematiſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien zu, bei welchen Kant, Hamann und Hippel viel Einfluß auf ſeine Bildung ausübten. Als Hauslehrer bei dem ruſſiſchen Geheimen Staatsrath, Graf von Keyſerling, fand er Gelegenheit die Welt und das Leben zu ſtudiren und, nachdem er 1778 in Berlin auf Empfehlung des Miniſters Zedlitz, Führer eines reichen Jünglings nach Göttingen geworden war, die ihm erwünſchte Vergünſtigung, dort unter Heyne und Schlözer ſich der Literatur und Geſchichte zu widmen. Zu Halle erhielt er hierauf die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde und kam 1781 als Profeſſor ordinarius der praktiſchen Philoſophie und der Kameralwiſſenſchaften nach Königsberg zurück, wo er am 25. Auguſt 1807 ſtarb. Er war ein ächter Polyhiſtor, ausgezeichnet durch Scharfſinn, Einbildungskraft und vorzügliche Lehrgabe und überſtrahlte an Gelehrſamkeit und umfaſſender Sprachkenntniß alle ſeine Collegen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der geiſtliche Abentheurer. Königsberg 1784.
Staatswirthſchaft. Ebendaſ. 1808 — 11, 5 Bde.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1808 — 19, 8 Bde.
Encyclopädiſche Anſichten einiger Zweige der Gelehrſamkeit. Ebendaſ. 1809, 2 Thle.

K's Schriften zeugen ſämmtlich von jenen oben an ihm gerühmten trefflichen Eigenſchaften, obwohl er zu ſeiner Zeit durch ſeine mündlichen Vorträge noch weit erfolgreicher gewirkt haben ſoll.

Johann Chriſtoph Krauſe

ward am 14. December 1749 zu Artern im Mannsfeldiſchen geboren und ſtudirte zu Halle ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften, worauf er ſich als Dr. philosophiae daſelbſt habilitirte und eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie erhielt. Später erhielt er auch noch das Ephorat des daſigen magdeburgiſchen Provinzialfreitiſches und ſtarb daſelbſt am 30. September 1799.

Er gab heraus:

Geſchichte des Hauſes Anhalt. Halle 1780 — 1782, 2 Bde.
Lehrbuch der Geſchichte des 30jährigen deutſchen Kriegs. Ebendaſ. 1782.
Einleitung in die Geſchichte des deutſchen Reichs. Ebendaſ. 1782; 2. Aufl. 1794.
Romantiſche Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1781.
Grundriß der Geſchichte der Staaten. Ebendaſ. 1788.
Geſchichte der wichtigſten Begebenheiten des heutigen Europa. Ebendaſ. 1789 — 98, 5 Thle., 6r Thl. von Remer.

K. verband in ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Arbeiten Gründlichkeit und Genauigkeit, mit dem ernſten Streben nach geſchmackvoller, anſchaulicher Darſtellung.

Johann Friedrich Krauſe

ward am 26. October 1770 zu Reichenbach im Voigtlande geboren und erhielt bis zu ſeinem 14. Jahre von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Diakonus einige Schulbildung, worauf ſeine nun verwittwete arme Mutter, durch ſeine Bitten erweicht, ihm eine Freiſtelle in Meißen verſchaffte. Nach erlangter Vorbildung ſtudirte er zu Wittenberg ſeine Lieblingswiſſenſchaft, die Theologie, und habilitirte ſich daſelbſt als Privatdocent. 1793 nahm er den Ruf als Diakonus in ſeiner Vaterſtadt an und ging von hier 1801 als Domprediger und Schulinſpector nach

Naumburg, wo er in Schule und Kirche mit gutem Erfolge wirkte. Er wurde daher 1810 als Conſiſtorialrath, Profeſſor der Theologie und Pfarrer an der Löbenichtſchen Kirche nach Königsberg berufen, aber ſeine leidende Geſundheit bewog ihn 1819 die ihm angetragene Oberhofpredigerſtelle und Generalſuperintendentur zu Weimar anzunehmen. Kurz nach ſeinem daſigen Amtsantritte entwickelten ſich jedoch die Folgen früherer zu großer wiſſenſchaftlicher Anſtrengung immer mehr und er ſtarb daſelbſt als Dr. philosophiae und theologiae ſchon am 31. März 1820 an Bruſtwaſſerſucht.

In deutſcher Sprache ſchrieb er:

Predigten über einige Landesgeſetze. Leipzig 1797.
Gelegenheitspredigten. Jena 1801.
Predigten über die gewöhnlichen Sonn- und Feſttagsevangelien. Leipzig 1803, 3 Bde.; Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Bde 2r Jahrgang.

Ueberdieß gab er den 3. Band von Joh. With. Schmidt's „Theologiſcher Moral" und mehrere andere eigene kleine Schriften heraus.

Ein durch Klarheit, Tiefe, warmes Gefühl und gründliches Wiſſen höchſt ausgezeichneter Kanzelredner, deſſen ſegensreichem Wirken der Tod leider zu früh ein Ende machte.

Johann Karl Chriſtian Friedrich Krauſe

ward am 14. Mai 1781 zu Eiſenberg im Altenburgiſchen geboren und ließ ſich, nachdem er unter Fichte und Schelling zu Jena Philoſophie ſtudirt hatte, daſelbſt 1802 als Privatdocent nieder, worauf er, um ſich ſeinen umfaſſenden wiſſenſchaftlichen Plänen beſſer widmen zu können, 1804 ſich nach Rudolſtadt und dann nach Dresden und Berlin begab und dort als Privatgelehrter lebte. Nachdem er zu Berlin einige Vorleſungen gehalten und die daſige Geſellſchaft für deutſche Sprache geſtiftet hatte, ging er nach Dresden zurück und bereiſte dann mit einem Freunde Deutſchland, Italien und Frankreich. 1824 ließ er ſich als Privatdocent in Göttingen nieder, ging aber 1831 nach München, wo er am 27. September 1832 ſtarb.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Grundriß der hiſtoriſchen Logik. Jena 1803.
Grundlage des Naturrechts. Ebendaſ. 1803.
Anleitung zur Naturphiloſophie. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Verſuch einer wiſſenſchaftlichen Begründung der Sittenlehre. Leipzig 1810, 1r Bd.
Vergeiſtigung der Grundſymbole der Freimaurerei. Freiberg 1810.
Anmerkungen zu Burkhardts Geſchichte der Freimaurerei. Freiberg 1810.
Das Urbild der Menſchheit. Dresden 1811; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Die 3 älteſten Kunſturkunden der Freimaurerbrüderſchaft. Ebendaſ. 1813; 2. Aufl. 1820—21, 2 Bde.
Von der Würde der deutſchen Sprache. Dresden 1817.
Tageblatt des Menſchenlebens. Dresden 1819.
Darſtellungen aus der Geſchichte der Muſik. Göttingen 1827, 8.
Abriß des Syſtems der Philoſophie des Rechts. Ebendaſ. 1828.
Vorleſungen über das Syſtem der Philoſophie. Ebendaſ. 1828.
Abriß des Syſtems der Logik. Ebendaſ. 2. Ausg. 1828.
Vorleſungen über die Grundwahrheiten der Wiſſenſchaft. Göttingen 1829.

Sein handſchriftlicher Nachlaß wird von ſeinen Freunden und Schülern, namentlich von H. K. von Leonhardi, herausgegeben, iſt jedoch noch nicht ganz erſchienen.

Ein tiefer Denker, reich an Scharfſinn, Gelehrſamkeit und Geiſt, iſt K. zwar den Schülern Schelling's beizuzählen, wich aber in mehreren Hauptpunkten von dem Gründer des Syſtems der Naturphiloſophie ab und ſchlug ſelbſtſtändig eine eigene Bahn ein. Leider fand er während ſeines Lebens nicht die Anerkennung, auf die ſein raſtloſes Streben für das Wahre und Gute mit Recht Anſpruch machen konnte, aber die dankbare Liebe ſeiner vorzüglichſten Schüler war und iſt eifrig bemüht, ſein Andenken im ſchönſten Lichte der Nachwelt zu überliefern.

Charlotte Luiſe Krauſe,

Tochter des 1820 verſtorbenen Gelehrten von Flak zu Gimmel bei Wohlau, ward 1785 zu Klein Neundorf bei Löwenberg geboren, erhielt eine ihrem Stande angemeſſene Erziehung und vermählte ſich mit dem Schullehrer K. zu Groß-Mochbern bei Breslau, mit welchem ſie, als derſelbe Kreisſecretär zu Breslau geworden war, dorthin zog.

Von ihr haben wir:

Poetiſche Verſuche. Breslau 1811, 8.
Poeſieen. Ebendaſ. 1813—21, 3 Bdchen, 8.
Frühlingsblüthchen. Sammlung kleiner Erzählungen und Gedichte. Liegnitz 1823, gr. 12.
Flora. Liegnitz 1826, gr. 12.
Geſchöpfe heiterer Phantaſie. Breslau 1829, 8., mit 1 Kpfr.
Erzählungen, Polterabendſcherze u. ſ. w. Breslau 1830, 8.

Ein hübſches, gefälliges Talent beſitzend lieferte C. L. K. manches gelungene Gedicht, das wegen des gutbehandelten Inhaltes, der trefflichen Einkleidung und der correcten Sprache ſelbſt den Beifall ſtrenger Kritiker verdient.

Johann Chriſtoph Krauſeneck

ward am 16. Juli 1738 zu Zell bei Baireuth geboren, ſtudirte anfangs zu Erlangen Theologie, ſpäter aber Jurisprudenz, und wurde hierauf zuerſt Hofmeiſter, dann Forſtſecretär bei dem Oberjägermeiſter von Schirnding in Baireuth. Nachdem er 1779 dieſe Stelle aufgegeben und einige Zeit zu Gesterndorf als Privatmann gelebt hatte, erhielt er eine Regiſtratorſtelle bei der Kammer in Baireuth und ſtarb als Kammerſecretär am 7. Juni 1799 daſelbſt.

Er gab heraus:

Die Saloppe. Komiſches Heldengedicht. Baireuth 1767.
Fatime. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1770.

Zama. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1770.
Der Goldmacher. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1772.
Die Werbung für England. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1776.
Gedichte. Baireuth 1776 — 1785, 2 Thle., 8.
Die Fürſtenreiſe. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1777.
Albrecht Achilles, Markgraf zu Brandenburg. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1790.
Die ländliche Feier des Fürſtentages. Ein Dorfgemälde. Ebendaſ. 1791.

Glückliche Erfindungsgabe, gute Charakterzeichnung und lebhafter Dialog erwarben C's dramatiſchen Arbeiten zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens die Gunſt des Publikums, doch waren ſie nicht bedeutend genug, um ſich dauernd in derſelben zu erhalten. Seine andern poetiſchen Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch Correctheit und gute Verſification vortheilhaft aus, ſanken jedoch, da ihnen die höhere Weihe fehlt, ebenfalls bald in Vergeſſenheit.

Karl Friedrich Kretſchmann,

Sohn des Oberamtsadvocaten K. zu Zittau in der Oberlauſitz, ward am 4. December 1738 daſelbſt geboren, wurde auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt wiſſenſchaftlich vorgebildet und ſtudirte dann 1757 zu Wittenberg die Rechte. Nachdem er hier den Verluſt ſeines Vaters und ſeines Vermögens durch das Bombardement von Zittau erfahren, auch ſelbſt die Noth der Belagerung von Wittenberg mit erduldet hatte, disputirte er hier und ging dann in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück. Hier wurde er 1764 als Oberamtsadvocat, 1774 als Gerichtsactuar angeſtellt, 1797 aber mit Penſion in den Ruheſtand verſetzt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 16. Januar 1809.

Seine Schriften, welche zum Theil mit dem Pſeudonym: Ringulph der Barde, erſchienen, ſind:

Sämmtliche Werke. Leipzig 1784 — 1805, 7 Bde., 8., mit in jedem Bande ſich befindenden Titelkupf. und Vign.

Einzeln:

Fünf ausgeſuchte Luſtſpiele. Aus dem Théâtre italien. Berlin 1762, 8.
Sammlung komiſcher, lyriſcher und epigrammatiſcher Gedichte. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1764, 8.
Bibliothek der Damen. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Zittau 1766, 8.
Willebrand's Inbegriff der Polizei. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig und Zittau 1766, 8.
Die Familie des Antiquitätenkrämers. Luſtſpiel. Zittau 1767, 8.
Der Geſang Ringulphs des Barden, als Varus geſchlagen war. Leipzig 1768, 8.
Ehrengedächtniß Gellert's. Leipzig 1770, 8.
Der Barde am Grabe des Majors Ewald von Kleiſt. Ebendaſ. 1770, 8.
Die Klage Ringulphs des Barden. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.
Scherzhafte Geſänge. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.
Die Jägerin. Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.
Briefwechſel der Frau von J. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.
Todtengeſpräche. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.
Hymnen. 1774, 8.
Kleine Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1775, 8.
Von den Sitten der alten Deutſchen. Aus dem Lateiniſchen des Tacitus. Leipzig 1779, gr. 8., mit Titelkupf. u. Vign.
Friedenslied. Geſungen im Mai 1779. Ebendaſ. 1779, 8.
Epigramme. Leipzig 1779, 8.
Die ſeidnen Schuhe. Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1781, 8.
Lucius Annäus Florus. Leipzig 1785, 8.
Launen, Erzählungen und vermiſchte Aufſätze. Ebendaſ. 1789, 8.
Themis und Komus. Ebendaſ. 1789, 8.; neue Aufl. mit etwas verändertem Text. Ebendaſ. 1794, 8.
Kleine Natur- und Sittengemälde. Zittau 1790 — 1791, 8.
Litterariſcher Briefwechſel an eine Freundin. Leipzig 1797, 1r Thl., 8. Auch unter dem Titel: „Claudian.“ Ebendaſ. 1797, 8., mit Titelvign.; neue Aufl. 1811, mit 1 Kupf.
Reiſe nach Karlsbad, Eger und Töplitz im Jahr 1797. Leipzig 1798, 8.
Fabeln, Allegorien und neueſte Gedichte. Leipzig 1799, 8.
Kleine Romane und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1799 — 1800, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
Letzte Sinngedichte. Zittau und Leipzig 1805, 8.

Ueberdieß mehrere in verſchiedenen Journalen, Monatsſchriften und Almanachs enthaltene Gedichte, Aufſätze u. dergl.

Ueber Kretſchmann urtheilt einer der competenteſten Richter, Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit XI. S. 422), ſehr treffend: Gern ſahen die Dichter, die zu dem göttingiſchen Bunde gehörten, den geſchätzten Kretſchmann als einen der Ihrigen an, weil er mit ihnen die Verehrung der Klopſtockiſchen Bardenpoeſie theilte und dieſe Art der Poeſie im Charakter der Ode weiter auszubilden ſtrebte. Aber auch nur ſo lange als der Enthuſiasmus für dieſe Art von vaterländiſchen Dichtungen dauerte, genoß K. in der Gunſt des Publikums die Auszeichnung, die er als lyriſcher Dichter verdiente. An den Geſchmack der ſächſiſchen Schule gewöhnt, hat er durch den Reim, auf den er in ſeinen lyriſchen Bardengeſängen nicht Verzicht thun wollte, dieſer Poeſie in der metriſchen Form ein nationaleres Gepräge gegeben. Wenn auch der Worte in dieſen Bardengeſängen und in den religiöſen Hymnen von Kretſchmann zu viele ſind, bleiben doch gewöhnlich die Gedanken und die kräftig ausgeſprochenen Gefühle nicht hinter der feierlichen, maleriſchen und ſonoren Sprache zurück. Die Lieder, in denen dieſer Dichter ſcherzte, in dem Geſchmacke, wie es um die Mitte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts am deutſchen Parnaſſe üblich war, wurden ſchon damals, als ſie noch Beifall fanden, durch ähnliche von andern Verfaſſern verdunkelt. Gegen ſeine Luſtſpiele, Fabeln und Allegorieen iſt man zu gleichgültig geworden, ſeitdem die deutſche Poeſie andere Wege eingeſchlagen hat.

Gedichte von Kretſchmann *).

Die Geſchichte der Leier.

Wenn ich durch die Fluren ſchlich,
Wo ihr ſangt, ihr Brüder,
Wißt ihr noch? da ſchämt' ich mich:
Denn ich hatte keine Lieder.
Eure ſüße Melodie
Weckte meine Klagen:
„Muſen, ihnen gabt ihr ſie;
„Und mir wollt ihr ſie verſagen?“ —

Freude, dich ſucht' ich im Hain:
Aber ach vergebens!
Dir, Begeiſtrung, bot ich Wein:
Aber ach vergebens!
O da fühlt' ich vom Geſicht
Heiße Thränen quellen! —

Plötzlich ſah ich goldnes Licht
Ringsumher den Hain erhellen;
Spatze ſchwärmten her und hin,
Turteltauben girrten;
Und Carmilens Geiſt erſchien
Aus den Roſen und den Myrthen.

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*) Aus K. F. Kretſchmann's „Kleinen Gedichten“ (Leipzig 1775).

Glänzend, wie der Zephyr geht,
Wie der Flug der Taube,
Kam der Grazien Poet
Wie zum Schmaus in Evans Laube:
Herrlich duftet ſein Gewand,
Wie der Wein von weitem;
Und in ſeiner weichen Hand
Blinkten Veroneſer Saiten.
Da umſchwebten die Geſtalt
Tauſend Melodieen;
Und, wohin er trat, alsbald
Sah ich alle Pfade blühen.

Alſo wandt' er ſich zu mir.
Götter, welch ein Feuer!
„Lieber, ſieh da bring ich dir,
„(Meinſt du?) meine Freudenleier.
„Nimm ſie hin, und ſpiele, Sohn;
„Singe Kuß und Reben;
„Schalkhaft loſe ſei dein Ton:
„Aber keuſch und fromm dein Leben!“
Und er legte ſeine Hand
Sanft auf meinen Buſen,
Und mein klopfend Herz empfand
Alle Gegenwart der Muſen!

An einen Weinmiſcher.

Freund, alles war aufs beſte;
Der Schmaus, der Wirth, der Scherz,
Die Laube, wie die Gäſte:
Nur eins kränkt mir das Herz.

Den Geiſt der rheiniſchen Trauben,
Schwächſt du mit Bozer Wein.
Wer kann dir das erlauben?
Denn Bacchus ſchuf ihn rein!

Er ſchickt ihn uns zum Segen
Zum Zeugen ſeiner Huld:
Den willſt du, Freund, erwägen?
Freund, fürchte dich der Schuld!

Und ſollten auch die Gäſte
Des Todes würdig ſein;
So ſchone nur, das beſte,
Das edle Faß vom Rhein!

An die Droſſel.

Du Droſſel hüpfeſt durch die Trauben;
Die beſten Beeren wegzurauben:
Nimm dich in Acht, du kleines Thier,
Damit es dir nicht geht, wie mir!
Ich koſtete Korinnens Küſſe,
Zuerſt aus bloßem Scherz;
Und, o wie waren ſie ſo ſüße:
Allein, weg war mein Herz!

An einen Arzt.

Nicht Hygieens böſe Hand,
Die hat Cythere' durchs kleinſte Fieber
Die ſchönſte Kranke zugewandt:
Und, Feiger, du erbebſt darüber?

Ich ſchwöre dir beim güldnen Bart
Des Schlangenmanns, ich will ſie heilen!
Ich kenne dieſer Fieber Art,
Und lernte ſie zu Paphos heilen.

Furchtſamer Arzt laß mir die Kur!
Ich will dein Amt getreu verwalten,
Die Luſt davon verlang' ich nur:
Den Ruhm davon ſollſt du behalten.

An einen ſpröden Jüngling.

Du, der die Liebe nie empfand,
Und kühn biſt, ſie zu überwinden;
Du, junger Feind von ihrem Tand,
Und honigſüßen Stunden!
Ich beug' in Ehrfurcht dir mein Haupt;
Und, wenn es deine Größ' erlaubt,
So wünſcht' ich ſchon, ich kleiner Geiſt, zwei Fragen
An dich, erhab'ner Geiſt, zu wagen.
Zuerſt: Biſt du im Traum auch deiner Macht gewiß?
Und dann: Kennſt du auch Dorilis?

Amors Flügel.

Seht wie liſtig iſt Cupid!
Seht, er borgt vom Glück
Seine Flügel, und entflieht,
Und wird unſer Glück.

Unbefiedert war der Gott,
Wie Gott Hymen iſt:
Dieſer Gleichheit ſeinen Spott
Wandte ſeine Liſt.

Wie der Spatz Cytherens fliegt,
Fliegt auch Amor nun;
Kömmt, entrinnt, betrügt, vergnügt,
Ruht nie, läßt nie ruhn;

Bringt der Freuden tauſend ſatt,
Läßt mehr Gram zurück:
Kurz, ſeitdem er Flügel hat,
Iſt er unſer Glück.

Das Gefühl des Wohlthuns.

Ihr Götter, wie bin ich zufrieden!
Ich habe Luſt, wie ihr ſie habt,
Daß ich den Armen und den Müden
Mit meinem Wein gelabt!

O gebet, daß Dorinde wiſſe,
Wie groß der Reiz des Wohlthun iſt:
Sie hat viel Millionen Küſſe,
Und ich — bin ungeküßt!

An J. J. Rouſſeau.

Hanns Jakob, ſagt mir doch (allein,
Die Antwort muß nicht griechiſch ſein!),
Warum ihr uns dieß Sparta preiſt,
Wo man die wahre Luſt, wie einen Dieb, verweiſt?

Wo man den ſüßen Moſt nicht faßt,
Die angenehmen Muſen haßt,
Cytheren panzert und bewehrt,
Und alle Grazien in Furien verkehrt?

Glaubt mir, verlaßt den ſeltnen Wahn:
Er kam Euch doch im Durſt nur an.
Ihr traft ſonſt beſſer Euer Ziel:
Und, bei der Venus! Ihr gefallt mir im Emil.

Wäre nicht mein Knabenalter hin;
Ihr Chiron müßtet mich erziehn!
Ein junger Held nach Eurem Fuß
Iſt ein Achill, — beim Wein, und Herkules — beim Kuß.

Wider Akmen.

Amor.

Herr Vater, macht mir doch einmal
Von ſtärkern Pfeilen eine Zahl:
Denn Akme, denkt mir nur den Poſſen,
Flieht unverwundet noch, und alles iſt verſchoſſen!

Vulkan.

Du blinder Bube wirſt nie ruhn
Umſonſt die Pfeile zu verthun.
Nach Akmen braucht es nicht viel Schießens:
Sie liebt. Das weißt du nicht? Doch die Cyklopen wiſſen's!

Sappho an Phaon.

Wollüſtig lockt die Nachtigall;
Der Sproſſer hört den ſüßen Schall,
Sein kleiner Fittich trägt ihn über Thal und Höhen
Und Sumpf und Büſche fort, die Lockende zu ſehn.

Und wenn er ſie gefunden hat
Im Roſen- oder Myrthenblatt,
Dann ſinkt er, ſiehe doch! vor Freude zitternd nieder:
Die Größe ſeines Glücks verrathen ſeine Lieder.

Nur du in der Natur allein,
Willſt männlich und doch ſpröde ſein?
O Phaon, du nur willſt den ſanften Hang zerſtören?
Nie meine Blicke ſehn! Nie meine Seufzer hören!

Nachdenkend geh, das bitt' ich nur,
Ein einzigmal durch unſre Flur:
Und, ſpröder Jüngling, ſieh auf Wieſen und an Flüſſen,
Erröthe! das Geſchlecht der [illegible] [illegible].

Der Betrunkene.

Ich ſinn' und ſinn', und die Gedanken,
Gleich einem Traum verirren ſich.
Hier ſteht mein Glas; es ſcheint zu wanken:
Ich nehm' es, — und beſchütte mich.

Mein Glas, was wankſt du, wenn ich trinke?
Mein Geiſt, wie ſchwankſt du in dem Traum?
O Evan, Evan! — ich ſinke:
Dein Thyrſus — ach, er hält mich kaum!

O Vater! möchten deine Feinde
An mir ein lehrend Beyſpiel ſehn:
Denn fallen vor dir deine Freunde;
Wie wird es deinen Haſſern gehn?

An einen Antiquar.

Du ſuchſt mit emſigen Bemühen
Bejahrte Gemmen und Statuen:
Drum lob' ich dich;
Die Medicäerin, mein Freund, entzückt auch mich.
Du ſuchſt, was vom Zahn der Zeiten
Geſchont, Alcubierr dem Herkulan entgräbt,
Und was zu Rom von der Tyrannen Zeiten
In Marmor und in Bronze lebt.
Drum lob' ich dich! Allein
Gieb mir ein Faß Falerner Wein,
Gefüllt zu jenen Zeiten;
Und nimm dir Herkulan, Rom, und den Papſt noch drein.

Opferlied.

Holdſel'ge Cypria, dieß Thier,
Die weiße heil'ge Taube,
Zog Doritis mein Mädchen dir:
Denn thätig iſt ihr Glaube.

Auf dieſem Thiere war ihr Sinn;
Es ſchlief an ihrer Seite:
Drum weinte ſie ſechs Perlen hin,
Als ichs zum Opfer weihte.

Um dieſes Opfers Reinigkeit,
Um dieſer Thränen willen,
Wollſt du mit deiner Zärtlichkeit
Uns, Göttin, überfüllen;

Wollſt du durch deinen frohen Sohn
Mein Mädchen ſtets beleben,
Und mir die Jugend des Adon,
Den Muth des Mavors geben!

Es flieh vor Amors güldnem Pfeil
Der Ekel und die Reue;
Die Zärtlichkeit ſei Doris Theil,
Und meiner ſei die Treue!

An die Freuden.

Du Wein, und du Muſik,
Und du, geliebte Freundin Liebe,
Ihr theilet meine Triebe
In ſtürmiſchem Tumult, und hemmt mein volles Glück!

Beſcheiden nehmet mich;
Es folg' Entzücken auf Entzücken;
Mich völlig zu beglücken,
Ihr lieben Drey, theilt, o theilt euch brüderlich!

Gieb mir Begierden, Wein;
Dann ſättige mich, meine Schöne;
Dann ſtimme deine Töne,
Muſik, und wiege ſanft den Aufruhr wieder ein!

Der Fluch der Neſſel.

Amor, den der Lenz entzückte,
Sucht' an Roſen ſich das Herz;
Doch, als er die volleſte pflückte,
(Göttin Venus, welch ein Schmerz!)
Ward ihm ſeine zarte Hand
Durch ein Neſſelblatt verbrannt.

Jammernd ſchrie der kleine Sieger:
„Unkraut, wie kömmſt du hieher?
„Raſender als Evans Tiger! —
„Schmerzlicher als mein Gewehr! —
„Meiner Freundin Eiferſucht
„Gleichſt du: ſei mit ihr verflucht!“

Wider Almen.

Wie! Alme mit den heißen Wammen,
Für einen Kuß willſt du die Flaſche Wein?
O ihr Verwandten, kommt zuſammen,
Und ſperret Almen ein!
Sie hat die Sinne nicht beiſammen:
Für einen eklen Kuß verlangt ſie meinen Wein!

An die Taube.

Thier ohne Falſch, wie viel
Empfingſt du vom Geſchicke!
Du lebſt im Lieb und Spiel;
Die Freiheit, die du haſt, fehlt oft zu unſerm Glücke;
Und mangelt dir Verſtand, ſo haſt du doch Gefühl.

Wie ſchlau weißt du, wie fein
Dem Tauber zu entfliegen:
So flieht, doch nur zum Schein,
Die loſe Laura mich, und reizet mich zu ſiegen,
Und williget, wie du, bald ſüßern Küſſen ein.

Drum ſpannte Cypris Sohn
Dich vor der Mutter Wagen,
Bis daß Anakreon
Im Wettgeſang den Preis vor ihm davon getragen:
Da gab die Gütige dem Sieger dich zum Lohn.

Doch als Anakreon-
Zu Paphos Prieſterthume
Geweihet ward (ein Lohn
Von Götterfreuden voll, und auch von Götterruhme),
Dann, Täubchen, erbte dich ſein Gleim, ſein liebſter Sohn.

Da pflog dich Doris Hand,
Die hundert Tändeleien
Für ihren Gleim erfand.
Sie gab dir ſüße Koſt, und mehr noch, Schmeicheleien;
Dich wiegt' ihr Buſen ein, dich ſchmückt' ihr ſchönſtes Band.

Doch Gleim iſt ſatt vom Lob
Das ſolche Tauben bringen.
Er, welcher Doris lob
Beim Wein den Nymphen ſang, wie ſie es itzt noch ſingen,
Schifft nun von Cypern fort, und folgt bald dem Lobe,

Bald lockt Trommeten Klang
Ihn hin, wo Helden ringen.
Er merkt ſich ihren Zank,
Und Bacchus hört erſtaunt den neuen Barden ſingen,
Der, wie die Barden ſonſt, in ſeiner Laube trank.

Du aber irrſt umher;
Beſchwert von Hiz' und Näſſe,
Verfolgt von Weih' und Geyer;
Da ſiz'ſt du und girrſt. O komm von der Cypreſſe:
Vielleicht ſpannt izo ſchon der Jäger ſein Gewehr'.

Es läßt dein Girrn dich los:
O niedlichſte der Tauben,
Verlaß der Wälder Moos;
Komm, trinke meinen Moſt, und iß von meinen Trauben,
Und flattr' auf meinem Spiel, und ruh in Laurens Schooß.

Ich wünſchte längſt mit Neid:
O wären meine Lieder
So rein als wie dein Kleid;
O daß ſie ſäuſelten ſo ſanft wie dein Gefieder,
Und daß ſie girrten, wie du voll Zärtlichkeit!

An Klimenen.

Jüngſt ſprach Cupid, der Schalk, zu mir:
„Freund, noch ein Lied wie ſonſt, von deinen Saitenchören!
„Horch, einen Kuß geb' ich von meiner Pſyche dir,
„Und einen von Cytheren."

Ach meinen Wunſch kennt Amor ſchon:
Er weiß ja wohl, wohin ſich meine Lippen ſehnen.
Zwei ſäng' ich oder drei; verſprich mir nur zum Lohn
Zwei Küſſe von Klimenen.

Da gab er meinem Wunſche nach,
Und raſch griff meine Hand die Saiten, daß ſie wall'ten.
Nun wirſt du Mädchen doch, was Amor ſelbſt verſprach,
Mir ohne Zweifel halten?

Das Unglück.

Ihr Wälder, die die Nacht bedeckt,
Laßt euer Echo meinen Jammer ſagen!
Ihr Eulen, durch mein Lied aus eurer Ruh geweckt,
O helft dem Echo klagen;
Und alle, die ihr's hört, erſchreckt!
Hier war's; hier hab' ich mir — den Krug — voll Weins — zerſchlagen!

An Galatheen,

bei Ueberſendung der erſten Frühlingsblumen.

Der Frühling iſt verwichne Nacht
Auf meinem Gartenbeet, o Galathee, erwacht:
Er weiht die Laube ſchon zu künftigem Entzücken,
Und ſchuf in Eil den Strauß, um deine Bruſt zu ſchmücken.

Verſchmäh dieß kleine Veilchen nicht,
Nicht dieſen Krokus, der die grüne Knoſpe bricht,
Nicht dieſe Leberblum' und dieſe Myrthenblätter.
Sei ſtolz vielmehr! Man pflückt die Erſtlinge für Götter.

Der Trinker.

Diener, ſchenk' den ält'ſten Wein
In den weit'ſten Becher ein.
Laß mein Haar von Salben glänzen;
Schmück' es rings mit Roſenkränzen:
Eile! denn die Zeit eilt fort.
Siehſt du nicht die Gräber dort,
Die mir die treue Warnung geben,
Daß Götter ſelbſt nicht ewig leben?

Meines Freudenweines voll,
Leb' ich, wie man leben ſoll:
Denn dort auf der ſchwarzen Bahre
Salbt kein Erbe meine Haare;
Keiner kömmt und kränzet mich.
Erbe, wie belach' ich dich!
Was dir ſoll bleiben, iſt nichts beſſer
Als welke Kränze, leere Fäſſer.

Hirtengeſpräch.

Damon.

Was machſt du hier allein, geliebte Schäferin?
Haſt du noch keinen Troſt zur Linderung meines Schmerzens?
Du weißt ja, wie entbrannt, du weißt, wie treu ich bin:
Ach gute Schäferin, erbarm' dich meines Herzens!

Phillis.

Mißtrauiger! warum ſtrafſt du die Schäferin?
Was that ich nicht (umſonſt!) mein Herz dir ſehn zu laſſen!
Von mir verlaſſen irrt' oft meine Heerde hin,
Indeß ich nach dir ſchlich. That ich's um dich zu haſſen?

An Laura,

bei einer Quelle.

Wie fließt der kleine Quell,
Im Blumenthal ſo hell,
So ſanft, wie ſich mein Herz ergießt,
Wenn es in Zärtlichkeit zerfließt.

Doch wenn du mich geküßt;
Dann Laura, dann zerfließt
Mein Herz wie Waſſer, ſanft und rein,
Doch froh und ſtark auch wie der Wein.

An eine ſchöne Märkerin.

Du Nymphe von der Spree, was willſt du mir zur Qual
Unüberwindlich kriegen?
Verlaß die Landesart, und laß, verſuch' einmal
Von einem Sachſen dich beſiegen.

Was ſuchſt du, Kriegriſche, der Männer alten Zwiſt
Auf dein Geſchlecht zu bringen?
Komm, endige den Kampf; der Friede ſei beküßt;
Und Amor ſoll Triumphe ſingen.

Die Liebe, die den Stolz Bellonens ſelbſt verlacht,
Ruft dich in meinem Liede:
Denn ſie iſt unſer Fürſt, und Diener dieſer Macht
Sind Eines Volks, und haben Friede.

An die Roſen.

Wie lieb' ich euch, ihr Blumen holder Liebe,
Die hier der junge Tag in voller Pracht erzieht!
Euch labt der Thau, wie mich die Triebe
Nach Doris, deren Mund gleich eurem Purpur glüht.

O wie beneid' ich euch! In eurem Glanze
Pflückt Doris euch hinweg, verpflanzt euch in ihr Haar:
Cupide ſchmeicheln dieſem Kranze,
Und hauchen völlig auf, was noch halb Knoſpe war.

Allein, ihr ſollt ein flüchtig Glück genießen:
Die Schöne legt euch weg, am Abend, welk und bleich:
Mich aber wird ſie immer küſſen.
O wie beglückt bin ich, o wie beklag' ich euch!

Lied einer jungen Hirtin.

Ihr meine Schäfchen wißt ihr nicht,
Wer Amor wohl mag ſein?
So wie der alte Lykas ſpricht,
Wird er nun bald der Gott in meinen Buſen ſeyn.
Der Schäfer, der ſo freundlich lacht,
Der mir die beſte Weide zeiget,

Und, wenn der Abendſtern erwacht,
Still über unſre Zäune ſteiget,
Und mir den Abend kürzer macht,
Und gar nicht ſatt wird mich zu küſſen;
Ihr Schäfchen, ſollte der mirs nicht zu ſagen wiſſen!

Einladung in den Garten,

an Dorimenen.

O wie ſchön iſt alles hier!
Dorimene, komm zu mir,
Wo die Schatten kühlen;
Wo die Fliederranken blühn;
Wo im duftenden Jasmin
Zephyr ſpielen.

Warum in geſchnittnen Reihn,
Zäunt die Hyacinthen ein
Neben den Narciſſen,
Die (gar oft ward ichs gewahr),
Sich, ſo ſpröd' ihr Aeußres war,
Heimlich küſſen.

Ueber der Aurikelflor
Schwärmt der Schmetterlinge Chor,
Stutzer in den Gärten;
Flatterhaft, verbuhlt, geſchmückt,
Bunter, als man ſie erblickt
In den Städten.

O wie ſchön iſt alles hier!
Dorimene, komm zu mir,
In den Frühlingsgarten,
Hier, wo ſüßrer Balſamduft,
Schönre Farben, friſchre Luft
Auf dich warten;

Wo, im Pommeranzenhain,
Neuen bitterſüßen Wein
Uns Lyäus reichet,
Bis die mohnumkränzte Nacht,
Noch indem die Freude lacht,
Uns beſchleichet.

Dann, von Wein und Liebe warm,
Schlaf, o ſchlaf in meinem Arm,
Bis in Roſenhecken,
Philomele, wenn es tagt,
Zarte Liebeslieder klagt,
Uns zu wecken.

Warnung,

an Doris.

Ich kann es leiden, wenn man ſieht,
Wie meiner Doris Roſenwange blühe;
Ich kann es leiden, daß ſie lacht
Und ſcherzend tauſend Sclaven macht,
Daß jeder, wenn ihr Blick nur mir von Liebe ſagt,
Mein Glück mit lautem Neid verklagt.
Nur Küſſe, Küſſe, du mein Licht,
Nur Küſſe dürfen ſie nicht wagen:
Bewunderer will ich vertragen,
Jedoch an deinen Lippen nicht.

Danklied.

Ihr Götter, eure Gütigkeit,
Womit ihr uns beſchenkt, zeigt, daß ihr Götter ſeid.
Scherz, Liebe, Dichtkunſt, Wein und Freuden,
Sind Güter, wahrlich! zum Beneiden.

Mit Recht iſt auch der Mann verhaßt,
Der euern Freudenwein mit Phrynen wild verpraßt:
Doch eure Gaben nicht empfinden,
Auch das gehört zu ſchweren Sünden.

Ich, Götter, dank' euch durch Genuß;
Ich Jüngling ſcherz' und ſing', und liebe Wein und Kuß:
Das ſoll mir ſelbſt die Zeit nicht wehren,
Und kein Genuß ſoll euch entehren!

Die Seufzer der Doris.

Aus Doris Herzen ſteiget ihr,
Ihr Seufzer, o bekennet mir:
Warum? Wohin? Aus welchem Triebe?
Geſtehet, ob ihr nicht nach einem andern fleht? —
Ach, eh' ſie ſeufzt nach eines andern Liebe,
Eh' ſeufze ſie um meinen Tod!

Die Berechnung der Küſſe.

Warum willſt du wiſſen,
Schäferin, wie oft
Verlangen zu küſſen
Ihr Amyntas hofft?

Zähle, wie viel Aehren
Auf den Feldern ſtehn;
Zähle mir die Beeren
Traubenreicher Höhn;

Zähle Florens Kinder
Wie in jedem Thal:
Mehr iſt und nicht minder
Unſrer Küſſe Zahl.

An einen Anwald.

Du willſt Ulpians Gefahr,
Müh und Ruhm, erzwingen;
Und zu Themis [illegible]
Dich als Prieſter bringen!

Du willſt unter Streit und Zank
Ganz den Lenz verleben,
Daß Klienten reichen Dank,
Kargen Lohn dir geben!

Fort, entſchleiche dem Gericht:
Muthig und geſchwinde!
Deine Blinde ſieht dich nicht,
Unter ihrer Binde.

Komm zu mir, in Libers Hain,
Wo die Freiheit wachet,
Wo der Scherz, der Tanz, der Wein,
Amorn muthig machet.

Komm! auch Amor liebt Gefecht;
Auch hat Evan Schätze;
Süßer Scherz iſt auch ein Recht,
Freiheit ein Geſetze!

Septimus und Akme,

nach dem Catull.

Als Septimus in ſeinem Schooß
Akmen die Schöne hatte,
Von Lieb' und Sehnſucht überfloß,
Da ſchrie der treue Gatte;
Denn ſeine Glut war groß:

O Akme, wird die Liebesglut
Für dich nicht ewig dauern;
So möge, durſtig heiß nach Blut,
Ein Löwe mich erlauern
Zum Futter ſeiner Brut!

Und Amorn, der ihm linkwärts ſtand,
Sah man urplötzlich weichen;
Er ging, und nieſte rechter Hand:
Ein glückweiſſagend Zeichen
Für dieſen hohen Brand!

Da bog ſich Akme hold zurück,
Und küſſete zur Stunde
Des Jünglings liebetrunknen Blick
Mit jenem Purpurmunde,
Und ſeufzte ihm zurück:

Mein Leben, ſüßer Septimus,
Laß dieſe Flammen lodern:
Und küß ich dich mit Ueberdruß,
So mag mich Minos fodern
Zum ſchwarzen Höllenfluß!

Und Amorn, der ihr linkwärts ſtand,
Sah man urplötzlich weichen;
Er ging und nieſte rechter Hand:
Ein glückverheißend Zeichen
Für dieſen ſchönen Bund.

Mit guten Vögeln eilen ſie
Nunmehr den Weg der Liebe;
Auf ihre Treue ſtürbe ſie,
Auch er für ſeine Triebe.
Seitdem nieſt Amor zwar: jedoch ſo deutlich nie!

Abſchied
von Venus und Bacchus.

Göttin, ſieh das Ende meiner zarten Lieder.
Süßer Gott, ich lege deinen Thyrſus nieder.
Künftig wird mein Lied nicht in dem Myrthenhain,
Noch auf Rebenhügeln ſein.

Fria, nicht die Gottheit dieſer leichten Tänze,
Dieſer goldnen Becher, nahm mir eure Kränze
Von den Balſamlocken, und hat rings mein Haupt
Mit dem Eichenkranz umlaubt;

Hat der Dichtkunſt Funken angefacht zum Feuer,
Gab mir eine Harfe ſtatt der kleinen Leier,
Führte mich an Herthas und an Teuts Altar
In der deutſchen Bardenſchaar.

Nun gehört die Harfe meinem Vaterlande:
An der Eiche Hermanns, dort am Weſerſtrande,
Schwur ichs, wo zur Rechten Fingals Barde ſtand,
Thorlaug zu der linken Hand.

Nun, ihr frohen Götter, muß ich euch verlaſſen;
Euern Altar fliehen, aber euch nicht haſſen:
Meid' ich eure Hügel, euern Myrthenhain;
Meid' ich doch nicht Kuß und Wein.

Auch in unſern Wäldern pflanzte Hertha Roſen:
Gönne mir, o Göttin, deinen Sohn, den Loſen.
Irmgard heißt mein Mädchen; Teutoberg der Hain:
Evan! Gönne deinen Wein.

Da ſoll Irmgard Amorn beide Flügel binden;
Ihn, den kleinen Racker, in mein Luchsfell winden:
Kränzen meinen Becher: und den trinken wir,
Paphia, und Evan, dir!

Das Lied der Weihe.

Entſchwinge dich einmal den Myrthen,
Mein Geiſt! Was preiſeſt du der Hirten
Und Schäferinnen Fröhlichkeit?
Was jagſt du bei den Eichenbäumen
Nach Phantaſieen und nach Träumen
Betrüglicher Erhabenheit?
Hier iſt nicht wahre Größ' und Wonne!
Fleuch auf, mein Geiſt, fleuch auf zur Sonne;
Dann jeden Stern vorbei; von dar
Zu Gottes Thron, der aller Hoheit Quelle
Auf ewig iſt und war.

Ward dieſe Harfe mir gegeben,
Daß ſie den Reihentanz ergötzt?
Soll mein Geſang zuerſt der Erde Tand erheben,
Und Gott den Herrn zuletzt?
Wie ward mir, als im Myrtenhain der Lieder
Das Bild der Ewigkeit mir vor die Seele trat? —
Ach, ich erſchrack vor mir, und riß die Saiten nieder,
Die Thorheit oft entweihet hat.
Mit aufgeſpannten reinern Saiten
Schwur' ich, Dein Lob, Gott, zu verbreiten.
O daß mein neues Saitenſpiel
Dem Herrn der Harmonie gefiel!

Allmächtig biſt Du, Herr der Ehre!
Ohn' Anfang, ewig iſt Dein Lob!
Es ſtrömt Dein Ruhm von Sphär' in Sphäre;
Dich preiſen tauſend Geiſterchöre:
Doch Du biſt größer als ihr Lob.
Die Werke Deiner Macht zu zählen,
Wird ſelbſt des Engels Weisheit fehlen;
Und Deiner Herrlichkeiten Glanz
Erträgt, mit vorgeſchlagnen Flügeln,
Dein Cherub ſelbſt nicht ganz.

Darf ich? — O ſagt mir's, ihr Engel! —
Darf ich dem Herrn die Harfe weihn?
Ich, Erde, Niedrigkeit, und Mängel,
Ich, Seiner Allmacht Barde ſein!
Wird nicht umher die Erde beben,
Wenn ich den Heiligſten erheben,
Den Allerhöchſten preiſen will?
Wird nicht in dieſe [illegible]
Herunter ſchnell ein Donner rollen;
Ein Blitz durch dieſe Saiten glühn;
Und, im Triumph, von des Verwegnen Aſche zurücke fliehn!

Heil mir! Das wird Er nicht! Der Demuth Lieder
Verſchmäht der Güt'ge nie.
Er ruft ſie freundlich auf; ſie wagt's: und ſinkt ſie nieder,
Dann hält, dann hebt Er ſie!
Die junge Lerche ſteigt der Sonne früh entgegen,
Verläßt des Thales Nacht;
Genießt das frohe Licht und ſeiner Wärme Segen
Wenn noch kein Adler wacht;
Sie jubiliert dankbare Lieder,
Und Gott der Schöpfer horcht hernieder
Wenn Ihn ſein kleiner Vogel preiſt: — —
Wohlan, unſterblicher Geiſt!

Du, Vater unſer, der das Leben
Durch alle Himmel ausgebreitet hat;
Der dieſe Welt voll Heil zur Wohnung uns gegeben,
Noch eine beßre Welt verſprochen hat;
Du, deſſen Allmacht allein nur
Deiner Barmherzigkeit gleicht;
Du, deſſen Gerechtigkeit Deiner Gnade
Allein nur weicht;
Laß Dir mein ſchwaches Lied gefallen!
Hier, ſoll es ſtets von Dir erſchallen,
Und, würdigſt Du mich Deiner Seligkeit,
Dort ſtärker in der Ewigkeit.

Du, Sohn des Vaters, der das Leben
Uns Schongerichteten erbat;
Der zwiſchen uns und Gottes Zorne
Ins Mittel trat;
Den Arm der Allmacht und der Rache
Für uns ſich hin zum Opfer gab,
Und wegen unſerer Todesſache
Zu uns herab kam, bis ins Grab;
O Freund! — in allen Ewigkeiten
Iſt nirgends ſolch ein Freund wie Du!
Dir jubiliren meine Saiten,
Dir jauchzt die Seele, Du Befreier,
Auf ewig Dank und Ehre zu.

Du Geiſt der Heiligung, der von des Sohnes Wonne
Und von des Vaters Majeſtät,
Wie von dem Mond und aus der Sonne
Des Lichtes frohes Leben, geht;
Der Du mit Freuden uns umſchwebeſt,
Uns Troſt, Vertraun, und Hoffnung giebſt;
Uns zu der Liebe Gottes hebeſt,
Und uns Folgſame wieder liebſt;
O wall' in meine Seele nieder,
Und heilige die kleinen Lieder,
Die Dir Dank und Entzücken weiht,
Mit Deiner Salbung Göttlichkeit!

Die wahre Stärke.

Auf des Libanons Höh, ſchwingt ſich vom Cedernneſt
Früh der Adler empor, ſchwebet im Thaugewölk,
Durch die ſtrömende Luft, über den Donnerſturm,
Zu den [illegible] der Sonne hin:

Und ſein luftiges Neſt, Libanons höchſte, bäumt
In die Wolken hinan all' ihrer Zweige Wald;
Zu den Stämmen im Thal dringt ihre Wurzel hin;
  Sturm und Erdbeben ſtürzt ſie nicht.

Wenn ihr Schatten ſich ſtreckt, ſchlummert der Löwe hier
Seinen ſchnaubenden Schlaf; von dem Gebiß ſcheuen
Flieht der Fuchs und der Hirſch vor dem Gewaltig,
  Der den Pardel und Tiger würgt.

Doch der Herr, — unſer Gott, freundlich in Ewigkeit,
Der die Blumen erzieht, welcher die Tauben nährt, —
Doch der Herr hat nicht Luſt über der Ceder Trotz,
  Noch an Adler- und Löwenmacht.

Auf der wolkigten Bahn haben den Fittig oft
Seine Donner ereilet! Einer von ihnen fuhr
An der Ceder herab; ſtürzte, zermalmete ſie,
  Daß der Wind ihre Splitter weht.

Wohlgefallen und Luſt aber hat unſer Gott
An dem Manne, der Ihn fürchtet mit Edelmuth;
An dem Manne, der Ihm, Ihm nur allein vertraut,
  Ihm allein nur die Ehre giebt.

Der wird, mächtig bedeckt hinter der Allmacht Schild,
Um ihn her eine Schaar wachſamer Cherubim,
Jedem Feinde beſtehn, keine Gefahren fliehn:
  Denn er weiß, weſſen Schutz er hat.

Früh erwachte ſein Muth: ſchon in der Knabenzeit,
Als er hütend den Zug weidender Schafe trieb,
Würgt' er herzhaft den Bär, ſchlug er den Löwen todt,
  Der ihm eines der Lämmer nahm.

Jung und tapfer; wie ſchön! — Dringe noch höher auf:
Jung und fromm; o wie groß! — Stark im Vertraun auf Gott
Kam er fröhlich ins Heer, wo, ſchwerer Sorge voll,
  Saul ſein zitternder König ſaß.

Tauſend Feinde des Herrn, Iſraels Haſſer auch,
Dehnten furchtbar vor ihm ihre Geſchwader aus:
Ihr Gebieter (ein Wolf, hinter ihm ſeine Beut,)
  Trat in mächtiger Rieſenkraft

Jeden Morgen hervor. „Komm! rief er donnernd aus:
Komm du zitternder Fürſt; kämpfe mit mir den Kampf.
Laß mich ſehn, ob dein Gott größer als Dagon ſei,
  Der den König der Rieſen ſchützt."

Alle Wachten entflohn, wenn er am Morgen kam;
Wie das Hühnervolk flieht, wenn ſich der Falke ſchwingt:
Da war keiner der nun Gottes Vertraun empfand;
  Da war keiner zum Kampfe kühn.

David, lieblich und jung, fühlte ſich ſtark durch Gott.
Mit der Schleuder bewehrt ging er zum Trotzer hin,
Der in Eiſen und Erz über dem Hügel ſtand
  Und verachtend den Jüngling ſah.

„Knabe! rief er im Spott: biſt du der Zucht entflohn?
Mit dem Stabe bewehrt, niedlicher Schleuderer,
Laß mich ſehn, ob dein Gott größer als Dagon ſei,
  Der den König der Rieſen ſchützt!"

Brauſend ſchwang er den Speer, welchen kein andrer hob;
David, lieblich und jung, lächelt ihm ruhig zu:
„Sehen ſollſt du's!" — Sogleich ſchwirrte der Schleuderſtein,
  Und der König der Rieſen fiel.

Nun, ſo wahr Du der Gott aller Erhabenheit,
Aller Sieg', aller Macht, aller Triumphe biſt;
Alſo wird nur der Mann, welcher Dich fürchtet, Herr,
  Ueber alle Gewalt'ge ſein!

Gott dem Schöpfer.

Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe!
  Gieb Ihm Ehre, mein Lied!
Was Er will, das geſchehe;
    Ja, das geſchehe.
Iſt nicht Allmacht und Weisheit
  Sein ewig Eigenthum?

Hub Er nicht an mit Gnade?
  Führt Er's nicht aus mit Ruhm?
Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe,
  Und ewig Preis und Ruhm!

Finſterniß und Oede
Schloſſen Ihn grenzenlos ein;
  Er war allein das Leben,
  Und Sich das Licht allein.
Einſambebrütend ſchliefen
  Alle ſeine Tiefen,
Und die Höhen prieſen nicht
    Seine Gegenwart.
  Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe!
Denn Er ſprach: Es werde Licht:
    Und es ward.

Freundlich, auf goldnem Gefieder,
Flog der erſte Tag hernieder;
  Vor ihm ſchmolz die alte Nacht,
Und die trägen Meere wieder-
    Glänzten ſeine Pracht.
Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe!
Er goß die Waſſer in Ströme,
Er gab dem Boden feſte Raſt;
Er dämpfte des Lichtes Flammen;
    Er wölbt' als einen Palaſt
  Oben den Himmel zuſammen.

Mitten in der Veſte
Entzündet Er der Sonne Pracht.
  Er ſchuf den Mond und warf ihn
    In die finſtre Nacht.
  Er zählt allein die Sterne
Mit welchen Er die dunkle Ferne
    Beſäet hat:
Hell iſt ſein Ruhm in ihrem Glanze;
Er aber, Er nur kennt das ganze
  Geheime Wunder ſeiner Stadt.

Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe!
  Es ward: denn Er befahl:
Bebüſchet ward des Berges Höhe;
    Blumigt ward das Thal.
Ein Wort von ſeiner Allmacht weckte
  Der kalten Erde Leben auf;
Ein kräutervoller Teppich deckte
Das Feld bis über die Hügel hinauf;
Unten im Thal enthüllte die Roſe
  Den balſamvollen Schooß:
Oben am Libanon prangte die Ceder:
    Er iſt in beiden groß!

Sein Wort ging aus; da lebten
  Die Luft und das Meer:
Der glatte Fiſch, der leichte Vogel ſchwebten
    Unbegreiflich daher.
  Mächtig brauſet Leviathan
    Durch die Wellen dahin;
  Fährt hinab zur Tiefe,
    Und verkündiget Ihn:
  Indeß am Ufer die Wachteln ſchlagen,
  Die Lerche zwitſchert, die Taube lacht,
Und tauſend Kehlen ihren Schöpfer preiſen
  Vom Morgenroth bis in Nacht.

Er bevölkerte mannichfalt
    Feld und Wald,
Der Unerſchöpfliche! — Geſchaffen
    Hat Er was lebend iſt!
Er ſchuf dem Tieger die Waffen,
  Dem feigen Fuchſe die Liſt;
Er hat, mit gleicher Gnade, das Leben
Dem Löwen wie der Milbe gegeben;
  Er ſtreuet aus den Ueberfluß:
Es ſchwelgt der Wurm von Seinen Gaben;
Die undankbaren Ottern haben
  Sogar an Seiner Huld Genuß.

Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe!
  Die Engel waren ſchon erſchaffen,
  Den großen Vater ſang ihr Chor;
Da trat, ſchön wie Gedanken Seiner Gnade,
  Das letzte Seiner Meiſterſtücke,
    Der edle Menſch hervor.

Ihn bildet' Er mit voller Liebe,
Ihn weiht' Er mit jedem Segen ein;
Ihn ſchuf Er, um im Reihentanz der Weſen
Das beſte Mittelwerk zu ſein:
Der Inbegriff von ſeiner Würde:
So nennen ſelbſt die Engel ihn;
Denn ihn nur, ſchuf Er Sich zum Bilde,
Zum Bilde Gottes ſchuf Er ihn.

Allmächtig, allgewaltig
Iſt dieſes Gottes Kraft,
Wunderbar und mannichfaltig
Das was Er ſchafft!
Er aber ruht nun auf dem Throne
Von der Arbeit Seiner Allmacht aus;
Er ſieht von dort, mit Wohlgefallen,
Auf Seine Schöpfungen hinaus,
Die nur ein Gott vollbringen mochte,
Die nur ein Gott erhalten kann.
Fürwahr, der Herr iſt Gott! wir beten
In Ihm den Einzigen an!

In Seinem Wohlgefallen erheben
Die frühen Lerchen ihren Geſang:
Doch iſt ihr Lied im Morgenſchimmer
Ein ſüß Gefühl nur, und kein Dank.
In ſeinem Wohlgefallen hauchen
Die Blumen ihren Balſamduft:
Sie trinken ohne Dank vom Regen,
Und bitten nicht um Thau noch Luft.
In Seinem Wohlgefallen weidet
Das frohe Lamm am Hügel [illegible];
Es kennt die Süßigkeit der Blumen:
Es kennet Den nicht, der ſie gab.

Aber ein Hauch der Allmacht,
Menſchenſeele, biſt du!
Willig eilt dein Weſen
Seinem Urquelle zu:
Dir offenbart die Gottheit
In ihren Werken ſich;
Du kenneſt ihre Größe,
Du weißt, ſie ſchuf für dich!
Dann ſtrömet deiner Bewunderung Fülle
In einen Lobgeſang.
Du biſt's, von dir erwartet
Dein Schöpfer Preis und Dank!

Des Knechtes Schmuck, iſt Ehrfurcht;
Des Sohnes, Dankbarkeit.
Preis und Dank, meine Harfe,
Dem Herrn der Herrlichkeit!
Dank ihm, und Ruhm in der Höhe
Der, bis herab in die Tiefe
Erſchuf und erhält!
Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe!
Wohlgefallen, und Friede,
Und Gnade Seiner Welt!

Erneſtine von Kroſigk,

die Tochter des Geheimen Oberreviſionsrathes Krüger zu Berlin, ward am 21. October 1767 daſelbſt geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung und verheirathete ſich 1790 mit dem preußiſchen Lieutenant von K. Dieſe Ehe wurde jedoch bald wieder getrennt, worauf ſie 1803 ein Seminar für Erzieherinnen errichtete, 1814 aber auch von dieſem ſich zurückzog und ſeitdem nur ihren literariſchen Arbeiten lebte.

Sie verfaßte:

Gedichte. Berlin 1790, 8.
Novellen. Leipzig 1806, 8.
Das Dörfchen Laurey oder Edelmuth und Liebe. Ebend. 1806, 8.
Ländliche Stunden. Ebend. 1806, 8.; 2. verb. Aufl. 1822, 8.
Ueber den Umgang mit Leidenden. Berlin 1806.

Außerdem lieferte ſie mehrere Gedichte und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, Almanachs u. ſ. w.

Tiefes Gefühl, Lebenskenntniß, correcte Diction und Anmuth der Darſtellung verleihen den Schriften dieſer trefflichen Frau, die ſich um die zeitgemäße, tüchtige Bildung von Erzieherinnen außerdem große Verdienſte erwarb, einen bleibenden Werth.

Juſtine Wilhelmine, Freiin von Kruft.

Dieſe Dichterin iſt die Tochter des 1793 verſtorbenen kaiſerlich königlichen Hofrathes, Adolf Freiherrn von K., der bei der Hof- und Staatskanzlei zu Wien angeſtellt war. Sie ward 1773 daſelbſt geboren, erhielt eine ihrem Stande angemeſſene weibliche und wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung und lebte unvermählt den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften in ihrer Vaterſtadt.

Ihre Dichtungen ſind nicht beſonders geſammelt, ſondern finden ſich im 17. Bande der Anthologie von Matthiſſon, ſo wie im 6. Bande der Blumenleſe von Haug und Weiſſer und in andern derartigen Sammlungen zerſtreut, und zeichnen ſich durch Geiſt, Gefühl und Anmuth günſtig aus. —

Wilhelm Traugott Krug

ward am 22. Juni 1770 zu Radis bei Wittenberg geboren, und zuerſt durch Hauslehrer und auf der Stadtſchule zu Gräfenhainichen in den Elementen der Wiſſenſchaften unterrichtet, worauf ihn ſein Vater, der Pachter des Rittergutes zu Radis, 1782 nach Schulpforte abgeben ließ. 1788 kam er als Student der Philoſophie nach Wittenberg, beſuchte dann 1792 Jena und 1794 Göttingen, worauf er ſich zu Wittenberg als Privatdocent und Adjunct der philoſophiſchen Facultät niederließ. Nach manchen vergeblichen Verſuchen hier eine Profeſſur und Gehalt zu bekommen, folgte er 1801 einem Rufe als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und Gehülfe des Conſiſtorialrathes Steinbart nach Frankfurt a. d. O., von wo er 1805 an Kant's Stelle als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Logik und Metaphyſik nach Königsberg abging. Hier erhielt er nach Kraus' Tode auch die ordentliche Profeſſur der praktiſchen Philoſophie und ſpäter die Function eines Obercenſors bei dem Tugendbunde. 1809 kam er als Profeſſor ordinarius der Philoſophie nach Leipzig und ſchloß ſich 1813 in Begeiſterung für Deutſchlands Freiheit den Fahnen der reitenden Jäger des ſächſiſchen Banners an. Nachdem er als Rittmeiſter à la ſuite ſeinen Abſchied erhalten hatte, kehrte er nach Leipzig zu ſeinem Amte zurück und verfolgte mit klarem Blick alle Bewegungen der Zeit. 1830 ertheilte ihm die daſige theologiſche Facultät die Doctorwürde und 1833 ſandte ihn das Vertrauen der geſammten Univerſität zum erſten conſtitutionellen Landtage als ihren Abgeordneten. 1834 wurde er nach ſeinem wiederholten Wunſche ſeiner ordentlichen philoſophiſchen Lehrerſtelle entbunden und mit einer Penſion und Belaſſung ſeiner Stimme im Senate und in der Facultät zum Ehrenprofeſſor ernannt, als welcher er ſeitdem noch philoſophiſche Vorleſungen hält und ſeinen Privatſtudien lebt.

Er gab heraus, theils anonym, theils pſeudonym:

Briefe über die Perfectibilität der geoffenbarten Religion. Jena und Leipzig 1795.
Verſuch einer ſyſtematiſchen Encyclopädie der Wiſſenſchaften. Wittenberg 1796—97, 2 Bde.; Leipzig 1804, 3. Th.
Ueber das Verhältniß der kritiſchen Philoſophie zur moraliſchen, politiſchen und religiöſen Cultur des Menſchen. Jena 1798.
Aphorismen zur Philoſophie des Rechts. Ebend. 1800.
Philoſophie der Ehe. Leipzig 1800.
Briefe über die Wiſſenſchaftslehre. Jena 1800.
Bruchſtück aus meiner Lebensphiloſophie. Leipzig 1800—1801.
Briefe über den neueſten Idealismus. Ebendaſ. 1801.
Entwurf eines neuen Organon der Philoſophie. Meißen und Lübben 1801.
Verſuch einer ſyſtematiſchen Encyclopädie der Künſte. Leipzig 1802.
Fundamentalphiloſophie. Züllichau u. Freiſtadt 1803; 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1819; 3. Aufl. Ebend. 1827.
Kalliope und ihre Schweſtern. Züllichau 1805, 8.
Syſtem der theoretiſchen Philoſophie. Königsberg 1806—1810, 3 Bde.; 2. Aufl. Ebend. 1819—23; 4. Aufl. des 1. Bds. 1833.
Naturrechtliche Abhandlungen. Leipzig 1817. Auch als 2. Bd. der Aphorismen.
Encyclopädiſcher Abriß der Kriegswiſſenſchaften. Leipzig 1815.
Geſchichte der Philoſophie alter Zeit. Leipzig 1815; 2. Aufl. 1826.
Syſtem der praktiſchen Philoſophie. Königsberg 1817—19, 3 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1830—38.
Apollo der [illegible]. Leipzig 1820.
Handbuch der Philoſophie und philoſophiſchen Literatur. Leipzig 1820—21, 2 Bde.; 3. Aufl. 1829.
Geſchichte der Darſtellung des Liberalismus alter und neuer Zeit. Ebend. 1823.
Verſuch einer neuen Theorie der Gefühle. Königsberg 1823.
Dikäopolitik, oder neueſte Reſtauration der Staats, mittelſt des Rechtsgeſetzes. Leipzig 1824.
Momus und Komus. Leipzig 1824, 8.
Piſteologie, oder Glaube, Aberglaube und Unglaube. Ebend. 1825.
Meine Lebensreiſe in 6 Stationen, von Urceus. Ebend. 1825, Selbſtbiographie K's.
Allgemeines Handwörterbuch der philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Ebend. 1827—28, 4 Bde., 5. Bd. 1829—34; 2. Aufl. 1832—34.
Geſammelte Schriften. Braunſchweig 1830—34, 2 Bde.
Univerſalphiloſophiſche Vorleſungen für Gebildete beiderlei Geſchlechts. Jena 1831.
Leipziger Freuden und Leiden im Jahre 1830, oder das merkwürdigſte Jahr meines Lebens. Leipzig 1831.

Außerdem mehrere kleine auf die Bewegungen der Zeit bezügliche Flugſchriften und Aufſätze, theils beſonders, theils in größere Werke eingeflochten.

Eifrig bemüht, die Lehren der Philoſophie durch populäre Verſtändlichkeit zu allgemeinerer Verbreitung zu bringen, und zu gleicher Zeit ein rüſtiger, unermüdlicher Kämpfer für das von ihm nach ruhiger Prüfung als gut und wahr Erkannte, wurde Krug von Andersdenkenden oft auf das Heftigſte angegriffen und der Oberflächlichkeit, Gehäſſigkeit und Parteilichkeit beſchuldigt; er wandelte jedoch ungeſtört, ein ſtrebſamer Schüler und Nachfolger Kant's, auf der von ihm eingeſchlagenen Bahn fort, und fand während eines langen thätigen Lebens, in dem er auch durch die That bewies, mit welchem heiligen Ernſt er den erwählten Beruf erfüllte, manche dankbare Anerkennung, durch welche die Verunglimpfung ſeiner Feinde vollkommen aufgewogen wurde.

Friedrich Albrecht Franz Krug von Nidda.

Dieſer ſchönwiſſenſchaftliche Schriftſteller ward am 14. Mai 1776 auf dem Gute ſeines Vaters zu Gatterſtädt bei Querfurt geboren, und ſtudirte, nachdem er die nöthige Schulbildung empfangen hatte, die Rechtswiſſenſchaft, worauf er zu Arnsberg als Regierungsdirector angeſtellt wurde. In den bewegten Zeiten der franzöſiſchen Invaſion nahm er als Hauptmann königlich ſächſiſche Dienſte, trat dann aber ins Privatleben zurück und widmete ſich auf dem Gute Gatterſtädt den Muſen.

Von ihm haben wir:

Florian's Gonſalvo von Cordova. Leipzig 1817, 8.; neue Aufl. 1820.
Heinrich der Finkler, oder die Ungarſchlacht. Hiſtoriſches Drama. Ebend. 1818, 8.
Gedichte. Ebend. 1820, 8.
Romanzen. Ebend. 1821, 8.
Erzählungen und Romanzen. Ebend. 1821—1822, 2 Bde., 8.; 2. Bd. auch unter dem Titel: „Darſtellungen."
Skanderbeg. Heroiſches Gedicht. Ebend. 1823—1824, 2 Bde., 8.
Localumriſſe kleiner Reiſen. Halle 1825—1826, 2 Bde., 8.
Schwertlilien. Ebendaſ. 1827—1829, 2 Bde. 8.
Gedenkbüchlein. Leipzig 1830, 8.
Bilderſkizzen einer Rheinwanderung. Quedlinburg 1833, 8., mit Titelvign.
Der Schmidt von Jüterbog. Chronikſage in Romanzen. Leipzig 1834, 8.

Ein talentvoller Dichter mit Phantaſie, Kraft und Wohllaut hat ſich K. von Nidda beſonders im Gebiete der erzählenden Poeſie mit Glück verſucht, und namentlich mehrere ſehr gelungene Romanzen und Balladen geliefert. —

Johann Chriſtian Krüger

ward 1722 zu Berlin in den ärmlichſten Umſtänden geboren, entwickelte aber frühzeitig ſeine guten natürlichen Talente auf dem Gymnaſium des grauen Kloſters daſelbſt, wohin ihn die Wohlthätigkeit guter Menſchen gebracht hatte. Um Theologie zu ſtudiren, ging er nach vollendeter Schulbildung nach Frankfurt a. d. O., konnte aber aus Mangel an den nöthigſten Mitteln ſeine Studien nicht beendigen und wegen ſeiner Blödigkeit und wegen Mangels an Talent, ſich beliebt zu machen, auch keine Hauslehrerſtelle erhalten. Er kämpfte daher als

Gelegenheitsdichter fortwährend mit der bitterſten Armuth, bis der Director der in Berlin anweſenden Schönemann'ſchen Schauſpielergeſellſchaft ihn 1742 unter ſeine Truppe aufnahm. K. betrat nun im 20. Jahre die Bühne und erwarb ſich durch ſeine edle und rechtſchaffene Denkungsart kurz nach einander die Freundſchaft Gellert's, Rabener's, Schlegel's, Gieſeke's, Gärtner's, Ebert's und Zachariä's, als er mit ſeiner Geſellſchaft nach Leipzig und Braunſchweig kam. Aber ſeine überhäuften, beſonders nächtlichen Arbeiten, die er zur Verbeſſerung ſeines Gehaltes unternahm, ſchwächten ſeinen Körper dergeſtalt, daß er ſchon am 23. Auguſt 1750 zu Hamburg an der Auszehrung ſtarb.

Sein literariſcher Nachlaß beſteht in:

Die Geiſtlichen auf dem Lande. Luſtſpiel. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1743, 8.; neue Aufl. Ebend. 1744, 8.

Sammlung einiger Luſtſpiele. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Marivaux. Hannover 1747 u. 1749, 2 Thle. 8.

Schauſpiele, welche auf der Schönemann'ſchen Schaubühne aufgeführet worden ſind. Frankfurt 1749, 6 Thle., 8.

Poetiſche und theatraliſche Schriften. Herausgegeben von J. Fr. Löwen. Leipzig 1763, 8.

Krüger beſaß großes Talent für die komiſche dramatiſche Poeſie, und die deutſche Bühne verlor nach Leſſing's Ausſpruch Viel an ihm durch ſeinen frühen Tod, es fehlte ihm jedoch an wahrer Bildung und Feinheit des Geſchmacks, und ſo vortrefflich er auch komiſche Wirkungen hervorzubringen wußte, ſo gerieth er doch zu leicht in Plattheiten, die ihn für unſere Zeit ungenießbar machen.

Johann Gottlob Krüger,

der einzige Sohn eines Uhrmachers und Mechanicus zu Halle, ward am 15. Juni 1715 daſelbſt geboren und erhielt auf dem Pädagogium des Waiſenhauſes daſelbſt ſeine gelehrte Bildung. 15 Jahre alt ging er zum Studium der Medicin auf der Univerſität über, benutzte dabei noch die Vorleſungen über Philoſophie, Naturkunde und Mathematik, wurde, nachdem er ſchon früher disputirt und philoſophiſche Vorleſungen gehalten hatte, 1737 Magiſter, 1742 Doctor der Medicin und kurz darauf außerordentlicher und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Naturlehre an der Univerſität. Auch nahmen ihn die Akademie der Naturforſcher zu Wien und die Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin, ferner die deutſchen Geſellſchaften zu Helmſtädt und zu Göttingen zu ihrem Mitgliede auf, nachdem er 1751 als Profeſſor der Philoſophie und der Medicin nach Helmſtädt abgegangen war. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. October 1759.

Er ſchrieb:

Naturlehre. Halle 1740 folg., 4 Thle. 8.; 2. Aufl. 1744—1755, 8.; 3. Aufl. 1750—1765, 8. (betrifft nur die 3 erſten Thle.); 4. Aufl. des 1. Thls. 1770, 8., mit Kupfern, vollſtändigen Regiſtern und Vorrede von J. Hoffmann.

Phyſikotheologiſche Betrachtungen. Halle 1741, 8.; 2. Aufl. 1748, 8.

Diät oder Lebensordnung. Halle 1751, 8.; 2. Aufl. 1763, 8.

Gedanken von Erziehung der Kinder. Halle 1752, 8.

Träume. Halle 1754, 8.; 2. Aufl. 1756, 8.; 3. Aufl. 1764, 8.; 4. verb. Aufl. 1785, 8., mit Vorrede von Joh. Aug. Eberhard.

Verſuch einer Experimentalſeelenlehre. Halle und Helmſtädt 1756, 8.

Die erſten Gründe der Naturlehre. Zum Gebrauch der Jugend. Ebend. 1759, 8.; 2. Aufl. Halle 1763, 8.

K. kann hier nur inſofern in Betracht gezogen werden, als er es verſuchte, Satyren in Rabener's Manier zu ſchreiben, welche unter dem Titel: „Träume" erſchienen und vier Auflagen erlebt haben; ſie ſtehen jedoch ihrem Vorbilde bedeutend nach und leiden zu ſehr an Breite und Weitſchweifigkeit.

Friedrich Adolf Krummacher

ward am 13. Juli 1768 zu Tecklenburg in Weſtphalen geboren, widmete ſich nach erlangter Schulbildung dem Studium der Theologie auf der Univerſität zu Duisburg, erhielt dann eine Profeſſur dieſer Wiſſenſchaft daſelbſt, nahm aber 1807 eine Predigerſtelle bei der reformirten Gemeinde zu Krefeld und bald darauf zu Kettwich an. Hier erhielt er einen Ruf als Conſiſtorialrath, Superintendent und Oberprediger nach Bernburg, welches Amt er 1824 mit der Predigerſtelle der Ansgariigemeinde zu Bremen vertauſchte.

Er gab heraus:

Die Liebe. Hymnus. Duisburg 1801; 2. Aufl. Ebend. 1809, 2 Thle.; neue Aufl. Eſſen 1819, gr. 8.

Parabeln. Ebend. 1805; neue Aufl. Ebend. 1819—20, 2 Bde.; 6. Aufl. 1830, 3 Bdchn., gr. 12. Franzöſiſch von Mormier, Paris und Straßburg 1833, 12.

Die Kinderwelt. Duisburg 1806; neue Aufl. Eſſen 1813, 8.

Feſtbüchlein. Ebend. 1808; neue Aufl. 1819—21, 3 Bde., dann: 1821—33, 3 Bde., 8.

Der Sonntag. Eſſen 1808; 5. Aufl. 1823.

Apologen und Paramythien. Duisburg 1809.

Das Chriſtfeſt. Eſſen 1810; 3. Aufl. 1821.

Das Wörtlein Und. Geburtstagsfeier. Duisburg 1811, 8.

Die Eroberer. Eine Verwandlung. Ebend. 1814; neue Aufl. 1818.

Johannes. Drama. Leipzig 1815, gr. 8., mit Kupf.

Ueber den Geiſt und die Form der evangeliſchen Geſchichte in hiſtoriſcher und äſthetiſcher Hinſicht. Leipzig 1815.

Leiden, Sterben und Auferſtehung unſers Herrn, 12 Bilder. Berlin 1817.

Paragraphen zur heiligen Geſchichte. Berlin 1818.

Das Neujahrsfeſt. Eſſen 1819; 2. Aufl. 1833.

Bilder und Bildchen. Eſſen 1823, 8.; 10. Aufl. unter dem Titel: „Bilderkatechismus," Ebend. 1832.

Das Leben des heiligen Johannes. Eſſen 1833. gr. 12.

Bibelkatechismus. Duisburg; 5. Aufl. 1819.

Das Täubchen. Eſſen; 2. Aufl. 1827, 8., mit 5 Bildniſſen von Kügelgen.

Außerdem Predigten ꝛc.

Als Dichter erwarb ſich Krummacher großen Beifall durch ſeine für die Jugend beſtimmten Schriften, namentlich durch ſeine ſchönen und trefflichen Parabeln, in welchen er ſeinem großen Vorbilde Herder nachſtrebt und allgemeine Anerkennung fand. Reich an Gemüth, Wärme und Phantaſie, an Frömmigkeit, Anmuth und

Zartheit, fehlt es ihm jedoch faſt ganz an Kraft, die man um ſo lebhafter vermißt, als ſie allein ſeinen übrigens ſehr ausgezeichneten Leiſtungen, die wahre poetiſche Weihe geben würde, zumal da Kr. ſich der Herrſchaft des Gefühls in Sachen des Glaubens vorzugsweiſe hingiebt. Daher iſt er denn auch am glücklichſten in zarten idylliſchen und elegiſchen Schilderungen, und liefert, ſobald er ſich nicht höher zu ſchwingen und in die Gebiete des Kampfes zu treten verſucht, wahrhaft meiſterliche Gebilde.

Parabeln von Krummacher *).

1.

Nathan.

Nathan, ein Prophet und weiſer Lehrer zu Salem, ſaß unter ſeinen Jüngern und die Worte der Weisheit floſſen wie Honig von ſeinen Lippen.

Da ſprach einer ſeiner Jünger, Gamaliel: Meiſter, wie kommt es, daß wir ſo gerne deine Lehren empfangen, und alle horchen der Rede deines Mundes?

Da lächelte der beſcheidene Lehrer, und ſprach: Heißet mein Name nicht *Geben* **)! der Menſch nimmt ja gerne, wenn man nur zu geben weiß!

Wie giebſt du denn? fragte Hillel, ein anderer von denen, die zu ſeinen Füßen ſaßen.

Und Nathan antwortete: Ich reiche euch den goldenen Apfel in ſilberner Schaale. Die Schaale *empfanget ihr*, — aber ihr *findet* den Apfel.

Ein andermal fragte Gamaliel den weiſen Nathan und ſprach: Meiſter, warum lehreſt du uns in Gleichniſſen?

Nathan antwortete und ſprach: Siehe, mein Sohn, als ich ein Mann ward, vernahm ich das Wort des Herrn in meinem Herzen, daß ich ein Lehrer des Volkes würde, und der Wahrheit Zeugniß gäbe, und der Geiſt Gottes kam über mich. Da ließ ich meinen Bart wachſen, und kleidete mich in grobhären Tuch, und ging hinaus unter das Volk und ſtrafte es mit harten Worten. — Aber die Menſchen flohen vor mir und nahmen meine Worte nicht zu Herzen, oder ſie deuteten ſie auf Arges.

Da ergrimmete ich in meinem Geiſt, und floh hinaus in die Nacht auf das Gebirge Hermon, und ſprach in meinem Herzen: Wollen ſie das Licht nicht, ſo mögen ſie in Nacht und Dunkel wandeln, und in der Finſterniß verderben! — So rief ich und wandelte zürnend in der finſtern Nacht.

Siehe! da kam die Dämmerung und die Morgenröthe ſtieg am Himmel empor, und der Thau des Morgens troff hernieder auf das Gebirge Hermon. Da entwich die Nacht, und Hermon duftete. Denn der Schimmer des Morgenroths war ſanft und lieblich, und die Nebelwolken ſchwebten um die Gipfel der Berge und feuchteten das Erdreich. Die Menſchen aber wandelten fröhlich und ſchauten zur Morgenröthe empor. Da ſtieg der Tag vom Himmel hernieder, und die Sonne kam aus den Armen des Morgenroths und beſtrahlte die bethaueten Pflanzen.

Und ich ſtand und ſchauete, und es ward mir ſonderlich im Herzen. Da erhob ſich ſäuſelnd der Morgenwind, und ich vernahm im Geſäuſel die Stimme des Herrn, die redete zu mir und ſprach: Siehe, Nathan, ſo ſendet der Himmel dem Sohn der Erde ſeine köſtlichſte und zarteſte Gabe, das ſüße Tageslicht! —

Als ich nun vom Gebirge herniederſtieg — fuhr der Prophet fort — da führte mich der Geiſt des Herrn unter einen Granatbaum. Der Baum aber war ſchön und ſchattig, und er trug zu gleicher Zeit Blüthen und Früchte.

Und ich ſtand in ſeinem Schatten und ſchauete ſeine Blüthe an und ſprach: O wie iſt ſie ſo ſchön und röthlich, gleich dem zarten Hauch der Unſchuld auf den blühenden Wangen der Töchter Iſraels! —

Und als ich mich näher hinzu neigete, fand ich auch die herrliche Frucht, verborgen in dem Schatten der Blätter.

Da geſchah zu mir das Wort des Herrn aus dem Granatbaum und ſprach: Siehe, Nathan, ſo verbirget die Natur in der einfachen Blüthe die köſtliche Frucht und reichet ſie, ihre Hand verbergend, im Schatten des Laubes!

Und nun — fuhr der weiſe Nathan fort — kehrt' ich frohes Muthes nach Salem zurück; ich that mein rauhes Gewand von mir, ſalbete mein Haupt und lehrete die Wahrheit in fröhlicher Weiſe und in Gleichniſſen.

Denn die Wahrheit iſt ernſt und hat wenig Freunde. Darum erſcheinet ſie gern in einfach-fröhlichem Gewande, menſchlich unter den Menſchen, ob ſie möchte Freunde und Jünger gewinnen.

2.

Sokrates und Kritias.

Sokrates, der Sohn des Sophroniskos, einer von den Weiſen Griechenlands, die in der Nacht des Götzenthums nach dem Lichte ſich ſehnten, redete eines Tages im Kreiſe ſeiner Schüler von der allwaltenden Vorſicht der Gottheit, wie ſie alles ſehe und alles höre, und überall zugegen ſei, und für alles ſorge, und wie man dieſes immer mehr empfinde und erkenne, je mehr man ſie verehre. *)

Dabei bediente ſich der weiſe Lehrer in der Rührung ſeines Herzens eines Bildes aus den Geſängen des unvergleichlichen Homeros, und verglich die göttliche Vorſicht mit einer Mutter, die von einem Knäblein, das im ſüßen Schlummer ruht, leiſe und ungeſehen die Fliegen abwehrt. —

Unter ſeinen Schülern aber war auch Kritias, der Verräther, der ihn zum Tode verdammte.

Dieſer lachte des Gleichniſſes; denn es däucht' ihm unedel und gemein. Darum lachte er und ſpottete in ſeinem Herzen.

Sokrates aber merkte es und durchſchauete ihn. Deshalb wandte er ſich zu ihm und ſprach: Ahneſt du denn nicht, mein lieber Kritias, wie nahe das Menſchliche in ſeiner einfachen Geſtalt dem Göttlichen verwandt iſt, und wie jenes zu dieſem erheben ſoll?

So ſprach er. Da entfernte ſich Kritias mit zürnendem Herzen. Sokrates aber fuhr fort, die andern zu unterweiſen.

Als Sokrates nachher durch Kritias Bosheit zum Tode verdammt worden war, und den Giftbecher trinken ſollte, da gedachte der Tyrann von neuem der Worte und des Gleichniſſes des weiſen Mannes.

Und er trat zu ihm und ſagte höhnend: Nun, Sokrates, werden auch jetzt die Götter dir die Fliegen abwehren?

Sokrates aber lächelte und ſprach: Die Gottheit, Kritias, führet mich jetzt nach vollbrachtem Tagewerk zum Schlummer. Wie könnte ich noch der Fliegen gedenken!

Der Mann auf Carmel.

In einem Dörflein am Berge Carmel lebte ein weiſer Mann, dem hatte der Geiſt Gottes die Gabe des Troſtes und der Heilung verliehen. Er ging in jegliche Wohnung, wo ein Kranker darniederlag, und heilete ihn von ſeinem Uebel; oder er tröſtete und erquickte den Sterbenden mit holdſeliger Rede, und milderte die Klagen der Weinenden. — Denn er kannte die verborgenen Kräfte heilſamer Kräuter, und die Herzen der Menſchen, obwohl er erſt ein Mann war näher dem Jüngling. Deshalb liebten ihn alle Menſchen und baten ihn, einzukehren in ihre Wohnungen, und man nannte ſeinen Namen weit umher.

Aber ſiehe! es kam aus dem Lande Mizraim eine Seuche in das Dörflein am Berge Carmel und in die Gegend umher, und die Menſchen erkrankten und viele ſtarben. Denn die Seuche war böſe. Und wo ein Kranker darniederlag, ſendete man zu ihm, daß er heilen möchte und tröſten, bei Tag und Nacht.

Da ermattete ſein Leib, und ſeine Seele ward betrübt, daß die Gewalt der Seuche oft ſtärker war, als die Kraft ſeiner Kunſt und der heilſamen Kräuter, und er begann zu fürchten für ſein eigenes blühendes Leben.

Denn ihm fehlte die Krone der Weisheit, die Demuth, da er ſich ſelbſt und ſeiner Kunſt, nicht aber dem Herrn vertraute.

Da führte ihn ſein Geiſt hinaus auf das Gebirge Carmel, und er zweifelte in ſich ſelber, ob er auf dem Gebirge verweilen und nicht wiederkehren, oder heilſame Kräuter und Pflanzen ſuchen ſollte, den Siechen zum Troſt und zur Labung.

So ging er hinaus und ſprach in ſeinem Herzen: Die Natur war von Jugend auf meine Lehrerin. Sie ſoll auch jetzt mich unterweiſen! —

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*) 1. Bändchen. Wien 1823.

**) Dies bezeichnet nämlich das Wort *Nathan*.

*) Eigene Worte des weiſen Griechen nach Xenoph. Denkwürdigk. I, 4, 18.

Er ſtand vor einer Blume, die ſchöner in ihrer Blüthe ſich erhob, denn Salomo in ſeiner Herrlichkeit. Da ſprach er: Sie blühet in ihrer Schönheit und jugendlichen Kraft nur ſich ſelber, und öffnet ihren Kelch dem Strahl der Sonne und dem ſanften Winde, der von Abend her über das Meer kommt. Was mag der Menſch mehr thun, als, unbekümmert um Andere, ſich in ſich ſelber vollenden? —

Ich will auf Carmel bleiben und unter den Blumen blühen, bis ich am Ziele, unmerkbar und ſanft, wie die Blume verwelke. —

Jetzt flatterte ein Schmetterling um die Blume. — Er aber ſchaute ihn an und ſprach: Nein, du lehreſt mich ein anderes. Ich will zu den Menſchen zurückkehren in die glänzenden Städte, und zu den Palläſten will ich eilen, um da von meiner Weisheit die ſüße Frucht der Luſt und Freude zu ärndten! So wie über dem herrlichen Blumenkelch der Schmetterling, ſo ſoll über meiner Kunſt mein Leben ſich ausbreiten!

So ſprach er und blickte in den Blumenkelch. Siehe, da lag eine todte Biene auf dem Boden des Kelches. Zu ſchwer beladen mit dem zarten Blüthenſtaub, hatte ſie mitten in der Arbeit ihre kleine Seele ausgehaucht. —

Er ſah es und betrachtete ſchweigend die lebloſe Hülle des Thierchens — und der Purpur der Schamröthe erfüllte ſeine Wangen. O ich erkenne dich, rief er, Geiſt des Herrn in der Natur: verzeihe meinem Unmuth und meiner Thorheit! Ich folge von nun an deinen Winken, und kehre, als treuer Jüngling, zu dir und meinem Berufe zurück!

Darauf ſammelte er die edelſten Pflanzen des Gebirges, und wandelte nun demüthig und mit heiterem Angeſicht in das Dörflein und zu den Hütten der Leidenden.

4.

Die Schäfchen.

Es war ein ſtiller heiterer Sommerabend. Die Mutter ſaß im Schlafkämmerlein neben der Wiege des holden Säuglings und ſang ihn in den Schlummer.

Da kam die kleine Adelheide mit ſtrahlenden Augen aus dem Garten in die Kammer. O liebe Mutter, rief ſie, komm, draußen iſt viel Schönes zu ſehen!

Nun, was iſt es denn? fragte die Mutter.

O, etwas ſehr Schönes! erwiederte die Kleine, aber du mußt kommen und ſehen! —

Das möchte ich wohl gerne, antwortete freundlich die Mutter, aber ſiehe! das Brüderchen muß ſchlafen. — Da verſetzte das Mägdlein bittend: Liebe Mutter, nimm du das Brüderchen mit hinaus, daß es auch ſehe und ſich freue.

Da gedachte die Mutter in ihrem Herzen der kindlichen Einfalt, die des Guten nicht allein ſich freuen mag, ſondern jede Freude zu theilen begehrt. O, ſagte ſie heimlich, noch iſt deine Seele dem Himmelreich nahe; wie könnte ich länger mich weigern!

Die Mutter ſtand auf und blickte in die Wiege. Das Knäblein ſchlummerte ruhig und feſt. Darauf nahm ſie die Hand des hüpfenden Mädchens und ſprach: Nun ſoll es mich wundern, was du mir denn Schönes zeigen wirſt.

Als ſie nun hinaus in den Garten kamen, da hob die Kleine ihre Händchen gen Himmel und rief: Nun ſieh einmal, Mütterchen, die Schäfchen am Himmel! Eine ganze Heerde! nicht wahr! wie ſchön und wie lieb!

Es waren aber zarte Wolkenflöckchen, geſtaltet wie Lämmer, die auf grünem Anger gehen, weiß und kräuſlich gebildet, und ſie glänzten im Strahl des ſchönen vollen Mondes.

Und die Mutter des Kindes erhob ihr Antlitz und betrachtete die Wölkchen mit wehmüthiger Freude. Denn ſie gedachte der kindlichen Unſchuld, die das Irdiſche mit himmliſcher Schönheit bekleidet und die Kluft nicht ahnet, welche den Himmel von der Erde trennt. So ſah Adelheide in den Wölkchen des Himmels die Lämmer der Erde.

O, wohl dir! dachte die Mutter und drückte das Mägdlein an ihre Bruſt.

5.

Der blühende Weinſtock.

Samuel, der Richter und Hohenprieſter in Iſrael, beſuchte eines Tages die Schule der Propheten zu Gibea, die er ſelbſt geſtiftet hatte, und es erfreuten ihn die Fortſchritte der Prophetenſchüler in mannichfaltiger Weisheit und in der Kunſt des Saitenſpiels und Geſanges.

Auch war unter ihnen ein Jüngling Namens Abeniah, der Sohn Micha. Und Samuel hatte Wohlgefallen an dem Knaben. Denn er war bräunlich und ſchön von Angeſicht, dazu der Klang ſeiner Stimme voll Kraft und lieblich. Aber ſeine Seele war voll Trotz und eitlen Wahnes, weil er es den andern zuvorthat in Wiſſenſchaft und künſtlichem Nachſinnen. Darum dünkt' er ſich verſtändiger denn ſieben Weiſe, und geberdete ſich hochmüthig gegen ſeine Lehrer, und ſeine Lippen waren voll hoher Worte und Einbildung.

Da jammerte den Richter in Iſrael des Knaben Abeniah, denn er liebte ihn vor andern, weil er voll Geiſtes war und von ſchöner Geſtalt. Deshalb ſagte Samuel: Der Geiſt des Herrn hat den Knaben zu einem Propheten in Iſrael erſehen, aber er widerſtrebet und verdirbet es ſelber.

Und er führte den Jüngling hinaus in das Gebirge, in einen Weinberg, der da lieget gen Ramah. Und ſiehe, es war die Zeit, da der Weinſtock blühet.

Da erhob Samuel ſeine Stimme und ſprach: Abeniah, was ſieheſt du? Und Abeniah ſprach: Ich ſehe einen Weinberg und es umwehet mich ein lieblicher Geruch der Blüthe des Weinſtocks von ferne.

Da ſprach Samuel: Tritt herzu und beſchaue die Blüthe des Weinſtocks.

Und der Jüngling trat hinzu und beſchauete und ſprach: Es iſt ein zartes Blümlein, unanſehnlich von Farbe und demüthig von Geſtalt. —

Da antwortete Samuel und ſprach: Und dennoch bringet es hervor eine Frucht Gottes, zu erfreuen des Menſchen Herz, und ſeine Geſtalt zu erneuen, daß ſie ſchön werde. Abeniah, ſo iſt das edelſte Gewächs des Weinſtocks zur Zeit ſeiner Blüthe, ehe es die köſtliche Frucht bringt! — Gedenke auch du des Weinſtocks in deiner blühenden Jugend! —

Und Abeniah, der Sohn Micha, nahm alle dieſe Worte Samuels zu Herzen, und ging von nun an daher mit ſtillem, ſanftem Geiſte.

Da liebten die Menſchen Abeniah und ſprachen: Der Geiſt Gottes iſt über den Jüngling kommen!

Abeniah aber nahm zu an Weisheit und Anmuth, und ward ein Mann wie der Hirt von Thekoa und wie Jeſaiah, der Sohn Amoz, und ſein Name ward geprieſen in ganz Iſrael.

6.

Die Moosroſe.

Der Engel, der die Blumen verpflegt und in ſtiller Nacht den Thau darauf träufelt, ſchlummerte an einem Frühlingstage im Schatten eines Roſenſtrauchs.

Und als er erwachte, da ſprach er mit freundlichem Antlitz: Lieblichſtes meiner Kinder, ich danke dir für deinen erquickenden Wohlgeruch und für deinen kühlenden Schatten. Könnteſt du dir noch etwas erbitten, wie gern würd' ich es dir gewähren!

So ſchmücke mich mit einem neuen Reize — flehete darauf der Geiſt des Roſenſtrauchs. — Und der Blumenengel ſchmückte die Königin der Blumen mit einfachem Mooſe.

Lieblich ſtand ſie da in beſcheidenem Schmuck, die Moosroſe, die ſchönſte ihres Geſchlechts.

* * *

Holde Lina, laß den Flitterputz und das ſchimmernde Geſtein, und folge dem Winke der mütterlichen Natur.

7.

Der Rhein.

Als im Beginn der Zeit die Natur die Berge gegründet und das Becken des Meeres ausgehöhlt hatte, trat ſie aus ihrem Wolkenzelt zum Gotthard und ſprach: Es geziemt ſich, daß ſich zu dem Großen das Gute, und zu dem Starken der ferne Wirkungskreis geſelle. Du ſteheſt feſt, aber ich will dir einen Sohn geben, der deine Kraft und deinen Segen, die du aus der Höhe empfängſt, in die Ferne trage!

Sie ſprach es, da quoll aus dem Berge der Rhein.

Fröhlich und frei voll Kraft und Muth, wallte der junge Strom das Gebirge hinab. Spielend ſtürzte er ſich in den Bodenſee; aber der See feſſelte ihn nicht. Die Wellen des See's thaten ſich von einander; ungeſchwächt und unverändert kam der jugendliche Strom wieder empor und ſetzte ſeine Bahn fort. Denn er war ein Sohn der Natur und auf dem Gebirge aus den Wolken geboren.

Nun zum Jüngling erſtarkt, erkor er ſich ſeine Bahn. Die edle Natur irret nicht in ihrer Wahl. Sie erkieſet das Große und Gute. — Er grub ſich ſelbſt ſeinen Weg durch Felſen und Gebirge. Sie übten und mäßigten die Fülle ſeiner Jugendkraft. Dafür bekränzten auch Rebengebirge den Pfad des Jünglings.

Herrlich war ſeine Laufbahn. Hundert Ströme und zahlloſe Bäche begleiteten ihn, und vermiſchten ihre lieblichen Wellen mit ſeinen kraftvollen Fluthen. Denn das Göttliche zeuget an ſich das Edle, und das Hohe ſtrebt ſich zu vereinen mit dem Höchſten.

Männlich und ruhiger ward jetzt ſein Gang. Stiller floß er dahin, aber nicht ſchwächer. Die Strenge des Winters wollte mit ewigen Feſſeln ihn binden. Er zerriß ſie, wie man Fäden zerreißt. — Er hatte die Kraft ſeiner Jugend geübt, und Felſen zerriſſen. —

Sein Strom glich einem geglätteten Spiegel. Nicht die fröhliche Rebe, die Frucht der Gebirge, aber ſegenreiche Kornfelder umgaben ihn; ſein Rücken trug Schiffe und Flöße. — So gebiert die ſtillere Kraft auch das Nützliche zum Schönen.

Er nahete ſich nun dem Ziele ſeiner Laufbahn. Da theilten Menſchenkunſt und des Bodens Fläche den gewaltigen Strom in vielfache Gewäſſer, die man mit andern Namen benennt.

Vater Rhein heißet er, wo man ſeiner Kraft und Segnungen gedenket.

8.

Der Bach.

Ein Landmann ſaß eines Tages an einem Bach, der neben ſeiner Wieſe dahinfloß, und betrachtete ſeine weidenden Rinder und Kälber. Aber es war ihm nicht fröhlich dabei zu Muthe. Denn er ſah, daß das Gras kärglich wuchs, und nicht hinreichte, ſein weidendes Vieh den halben Sommer zu ernähren.

Da trat ſein Nachbar zu ihm und ward ſein finſteres Ausſehen gewahr, und forſchte nach der Urſache ſeines heimlichen Grämens. Und nun begann jener von ſeinen Beſorgniſſen und dem geringen Ertrag der Wieſe zu reden.

Aber der Nachbar erwiederte: Mache es, wie ich mit meiner Wieſe gethan habe. Sie liegt an dem nämlichen Bach, und war ehemals karg und unfruchtbar. Da leitete ich den Bach hinein, und das Gras wuchs fett und hoch bis an die Bäuche der Rinder. —

Der Landmann freute ſich des klugen Raths, und ging hinaus und begab ſich an die Arbeit, und nahm Geſellen, und ſie durchſtachen den Bach.

Aber ſiehe! der Bach erfüllte die Wieſe alſo, daß ſie gleich einem See ward, und überſchwemmte ſie mit Sand und Kies. Da raufte der unglückliche Landmann ſein Haar, und lief zu ſeinem Nachbar und zürnte ſehr über ſeinen Rath.

Aber dieſer ſagte: Lieber, warum zürneſt du mit mir über den Rath, den ich aus wohlwollendem Herzen dir ertheilt habe? Hadere vielmehr mit dir ſelber und mit deinem eigenen ungeduldigen Herzen. In kleinen Kanälen hätteſt du den fetten Bach durch deine Wieſe leiten, nicht aber mit der Gewalt ſeines Waſſers ſie überſtrömen ſollen. Denn alsdann führet er ſeine Fettigkeit und des Wieſengrundes Erdreich mit ſich fort, und läſſet nur ſeinen Kies und Sand zurück. —

9.

Salome.

Salome, die Mutter des liebevollen Johannes, ſtand eines Abends am See Genezareth in ſtiller Betrachtung. Die Sonne war untergegangen, und der Purpur der Abendröthe ſtrahlte an der Veſte des Himmels, und ein bläulicher Duft ruhete auf den Gebirgen. Salome aber blickte vor ſich nieder auf die Fläche des Meeres.

Da trat Zibdai, der Vater, hinaus und ſah Salome, ſein Weib, und ſprach: Warum ſteheſt du ſo einſam und ſinnend, Salome, und Thränen erfüllen deine Augen?

Da antwortete Salome: Ich beſchaue den Glanz des Abendroths in dem ſtillen Gewäſſer!

Warum blickeſt du denn nicht lieber zu dem ſtrahlenden Himmel empor? fragte Zibdai.

Darauf antwortete Salome und ſprach: So habe ich vorher das herrliche Licht des Himmels betrachtet. Jetzt aber erſcheint es mir ſchöner in der ſtillen Fluth des hellen See's. Siehe! wie fleußt er ſo ruhig dahin, und weiß nicht, daß des Himmels Glanz und Herrlichkeit in ihm ſich ſpiegelt. Dabei gedacht' ich unſers geliebten Sohnes mit mütterlichem Herzen.

Iſt nicht Johannes unſer zärtliches Kind, ſtill und demüthig, wie zuvor, und zugleich der Vertraute des göttlichen Mannes von Nazareth?

10.

Das Kornfeld.

Der Sommermond hatte die Saaten des Feldes gereift. Die vollen Aehren rauſchten im Winde, und der Landmann war ſchon hinausgegangen zu ſehen, ob er die Schnitter ſenden müſſe. Er bedachte den Platz ſeiner Scheuer und berechnete in ſich den Gewinn, den ihm der Reichthum ſeines Feldes bringen ſolle. Denn er war reich; aber ſein Herz war ungenügſam und karg und voll irdiſcher Sorgen.

Da nahte ſich ihm der weiſe Lehrer der Gemeine, und ſagte: Die Erde bringet auch dieſes Jahr reichlich das Brod hervor. Die Aehren ſind ſchwer und bald werden die Schnitter reiche Garben binden!

Wohl wahr! erwiederte der Landmann, man hätte kaum ein geſegneteres Jahr erwarten mögen. Das Land wird die Ausſaat vielfältig wiedergeben.

Da antwortete der edle Pfarrherr und ſprach: Möchte denn auch der vernünftige Herr der Erde die todte Scholle, die er bauet, nachahmen. Sie empfängt nur des Saamens ein wenig, und erſtattet ihn vielfältig. Der Menſch empfing ſo viel, und bringet oft ſo wenig. —

Dieſe Rede traf das Herz des kargen Ackermannes, und er fühlte ſich beſchämt. Denn er war karg und voll Sorgen für die kommenden Tage und nur darauf bedacht, ſich Schätze zu ſammeln.

Aber er verhehlte die innere Scham und ſprach zu dem Pfarrherrn: Wohl ſollte jedermann thätig ſein, ſein Hausweſen fein zu beſorgen, damit auch er einſt Andere erfreuen möge. Deshalb ſoll der Menſch im Schweiß ſeines Angeſichtes arbeiten, daß er ſich ſelber das Nützliche reichlich hervorbringe, ſo wie die wohlbeackerten Felder die Ausſaat vervielfältigen. Darum verſammelt auch die Natur Aehre an Aehre auf den Gefilden, und das ganze Saatfeld ſcheinet nur Ein Halm zu ſein.

Aber der Pfarrherr ſagte darauf: Wohl iſt die Geſtalt des Kornfeldes einfach, und es reihet ſich die Aehre an die Aehre, auf daß viele verſorgt werden. Aber die Zeit der Ausſaat iſt kurz, und das Korn wächſet ohne menſchliches Zuthun von ſelber und bringet den Halm und die Aehre, und die Tage der Aernte währen auch nur kurze Zeit. So mag denn der Menſch mit Muße ſein Gefild beſchauen, und die blaue Cyane und den rothglühenden Mohn und die Purpurblume betrachten, die zwiſchen den Halmen blühen, und die Lerche hören, die aus den Furchen zum Himmel emporſchwebt. Denn nicht umſonſt blühen jene und ſchwebet dieſe zwiſchen und über den einförmigen Halmen empor. Sie ſollen den Herrn des Feldes erinnern, daß es noch etwas anderes gibt als den Staub der Furche, und die Aehre, die aus ihm emporwächſt, damit er in dem Streben nach dem Nützlichen auch des Schönen und Guten gedenke, und von dem niedern Boden zu dem Höhern ſich erhebe. —

Alſo redete der edle Pfarrherr. Aber den kargen Ackermann verdroß die Rede und er ging mit finſterer Stirn von dannen.

Denn die gute Lehre des weiſen Mannes dünket dem böſen Herzen ein herber Spott, und iſt ihm eine bittere Wurzel.

11.

Das Krokodil.

In der grauen Urzeit wandelte eine Schaar Menſchen aus ihren alten Wohnſitzen und zog hernieder in das Land, welches der Nil durchſtrömt. Sie freuten ſich des herrlichen Stromes und ſeines lieblichen Gewäſſers und bauten Wohnungen an ſeinen Geſtaden. Aber bald ſtieg aus ſeinen Fluthen das gewaltige Unthier, Krokodil genannt, und zermalmte Menſchen und Thiere mit furchtbarem Gebiß. Da flehten die Menſchen mit lauter Stimme zu ihrem Gott Oſiris, und baten ihn, ſie von dem Ungeheuer zu befreien. Aber Oſiris antwortete durch den Mund der weiſen Prieſter und ſprach: Iſt es nicht genug, daß die Gottheit euch Kraft und Verſtand verlieh? Wer ſie um Hülfe anruft, ohne die eigene Kraft anzuwenden, flehet vergebens!

Nun ergriffen ſie Schwerter und Stangen, und beſtürmten das Ungeheuer in ſeiner Schlupfwohnung; ſie errichteten Schutzwehren und Dämme, und vollendeten in wenig Tagen Werke, die ſie vorher ſich nicht zugetraut hatten. Und ſo wurden ſie der innern verborgenen Kraft ſich bewußt, welche in ſpäteren Zeiten die gewaltigen Pyramiden und Spitzſäulen gründete, und ſie erfanden manche Kunſt und manches Geräthe, die ſie noch nicht gekannt hatten.

Denn der *Kampf* mit dem Feindſeligen weckt und ſtärket die ſchlummernden Kräfte des Menſchen.

Aber noch fehlt' es den Menſchen an Werkzeugen, um das gepanzerte Ungeheuer in ſeinen Fluthen völlig zu beſiegen. Sie konnten es nur auf kurze Zeit zurückdrängen, und damit begnügten ſie ſich. —

Allmählig aber verließ ſie der Eifer des Widerſtandes. Das Unthier wuchs und vermehrte ſich, auch wurde ſeine Wuth je länger je furchtbarer. Da beſchloß das thörichte und erſchlaffende Volk, das Krokodil als Gottheit zu verehren. Man brachte freiwillig ihm fette Opfer, und das Ungeheuer ward mächtiger als je, aber das Volk verſank in Stumpfſinn und Feigheit.

Endlich bricht der überſpannte Bogen, und den Jammer erreicht die Noth. Oſiris nahm ſich der Verlaſſenen an, und ermuthigte ſie durch den Mund des weiſen Prieſters zu neuem Kampfe. Bald erſcholl das Geſtade von dem Rufe der Streiter, und der Strom ward roth von dem Blute der Erſchlagenen. Schon begannen die Kämpfer zu ermüden, da flehten der Prieſter und das bedrängte Volk Oſiris um Hülfe an, und die Gottheit erhörte ihr Flehen. — Ein kleines Thier, Tezerdab*) genannt, erſchien an dem Ufer des Nilſtroms. Seht, rief der Prieſter, hier ſendet Oſiris euch Hülfe. — Wie! ſpotteſt du unſer? rief ihm die Schaar des Volkes entgegen.

Da antwortete der Prieſter und ſprach: Harret des Ausgangs und vertraut der höheren Macht. In ihrer Hand vermag das kleinſte Mittel die größte Noth zu enden! —

Die Zahl der ſchrecklichen Nilungeheuer nahm bald ſichtbarlich ab. Das Volk ſah mit Verwunderung dem kleinen Thiere zu, während es in ſtiller Emſigkeit den Eiern und der Brut des Krokodils nachſpürte. Alſo zerſtörte es in kurzer Zeit die Keime von hundert furchtbaren Niltyrannen und befreite das Land von ſeiner Plage, was ſo viele Köpfe und Hände nicht vermocht hatten.

Seht! ſagte darauf der weiſe Prieſter, wollet ihr ein Uebel vernichten, ſo greift es im Keim und in der Wurzel an. Dann wird ein kleines Mittel leicht bewirken, was ſpäterhin ein Heer nicht vermag.

12.

Das erſte und letzte Lächeln.

Eva, die Mutter der Lebenden, gebar mit Schmerzen ihren zweiten Sohn. Aehnlich den ſtummen Thieren des Feldes und ohne Zeichen menſchlicher Empfindung lag der Neugeborne an ihrer Bruſt, und die Stimme des Weinens und ſeine ſaugenden Lippen waren die einzigen Merkmale ſeines ſchwachen Lebens.

Ach! ſagte ſeufzend die Mutter zu dem Vater des Knaben, wohl muß ich nicht blos mit Schmerzen Kinder gebären, auch mit Schmerzen muß ich ſie ſäugen und auferziehen. Wird mir doch in den dunkeln Nächten, die ich für ihn durchwache, kein Strahl der Freude! Cain's Blick iſt düſter und trübe, und er wandelt vor uns wie die Geſtalt der Sünde, die wir gethan haben. Und auch aus dieſem tönet nur die Stimme des Jammers, oder er ruhet ohne menſchliche Weiſe, und ſeine Seele iſt wie ein unentfaltetes Blatt, das im Keime verwelket. Wie glücklich ſind die Thiere des Feldes und die Vögel des Himmels vor dem Menſchen! Hüpfet nicht das Lamm um ſeine Mutter, und das junge Küchlein birgt ſich unter die Flügel der Henne? Ach, die Thiere des Feldes zeihen uns unſerer Sünden, wenn wir ſie anſchauen!

So ſprach ſie und nannte den Knaben Abel, das heißet der Trauernde; und ſie weinete über ihm einen Monden lang. — Adam aber ſprach: Weine nicht, Mutter. Der Herr wird es wohl machen und unſer ſich erbarmen!

Da erbarmte ſich Jehovah der weinenden Mutter, und der Engel des Paradieſes nahete unſichtbar, und berührte die Lippen des Kindes auf dem Schooß der trauernden Mutter.

Siehe! da eröffnete das Knäblein die zarten Lippen, und es ward ein Grübchen in ſeiner Wange, und der Glanz des erſten Lächelns ſchwebte auf ſeinem Angeſicht, und ſeine Augen ſchaueten die Mutter an.

Da erhob ſich die Mutter mit Freudenthränen, und rief den Vater des Knaben und reichte ihm das Kind, und das Kindlein lächelte auch zu dem Vater hin, das zweitemal. —

Der Vater aber erhub ſeine Stimme und ſprach: Der Herr ſei gelobet! Er hat unſer Trauern in Freude verwandelt! Er hat unſer Kindlein erhöht über die Thiere des Feldes, die das Haupt zur Erde neigen, und ihr Angeſicht iſt ohne Geſtalt und Wandel! Aber das Antlitz des Kindes iſt worden wie der Blick des Boten des Herrn, und wie Eva's Antlitz, wenn Freude und Dank ihr Herz erfüllt. Wohl uns, unſere Augen haben das Zeichen des Herrn geſehen, und Abel iſt eine lebendige Seele. Schwebet es nicht über dem Antlitz des Kindes, wie wenn im Lenz ſein Odem die Geſtalt der Erde erneuet. Heilig ſei uns der Tag, wo der Herr unſer Kind angeſehen hat, und ſein Name ſei ewig geprieſen! Alſo ſagte Adam und herzte das Kindlein.

Aber Eva pflegte des Kindes und ſprach: Ich habe das Zeichen Gottes an ihm geſehen, darum will ich ſein pflegen mit Sorgfalt.

Und der Knabe nahm zu an Weisheit und Anmuth, und Adam gab ihm eine Heerde, daß er ſie weidete, und die Heerde ward ſchön und groß, und die Lämmer liebten den Jüngling; denn Abel war freundlich und gottesfürchtig.

Cain aber zürnte in ſeinem Herzen und es erhub ſich in ihm der Neid und die Bosheit, daß Jehovah mit Abel war. Denn Cain's Herz war böſe von Jugend auf, und der Herr war nicht mit ihm. —

Und am Tage ſeiner Geburt brachte Abel dem Herrn ein Opfer und weihete ihm von den Erſtlingen ſeiner Heerde, und ſein Herz war voll Freude und Dankes. Aber Cain ergrimmete über ſeinen Bruder, und ſeine Geberde verſtellte ſich und er ſchlug ſeinen Bruder Abel auf das Haupt, daß er zur Erde ſank. Und Cain hohnlachte über dem Gefallenen und verließ ihn in ſeinem Blute.

Da kamen der Vater und die Mutter des Jünglings und fanden den Erſchlagenen, und Eva neigte ſich über ihn und weinete ſehr.

Abel aber erhob ſein blutendes Haupt und wandte ſeine Augen empor zu den weinenden Eltern, und ein holdſeliges Lächeln umſchwebte ſeine Lippen und ſein Antlitz. Nun neigte er wiederum ſein Haupt und gab ſeinen Geiſt auf, und die Geſtalt des Todten war freundlich. —

Da antwortete Eva und ſprach: Ach, ſo war die Geſtalt ſeines Antlitzes, als auf meinem Schooße zum erſten Mal ſein Herz ſich mir entfaltete! Heißet das Sterben, Adam, o dann iſt der Tod des Gerechten nur die zweite Entfaltung zur ſchöneren Blüthe eines neuen Lebens! —

Alſo ſprach die Mutter der Lebenden, und beide weineten ſehr und legten Abels Leichnam in den Schooß der Erde, und die Lämmer trauerten um ihren Hirten. Aber auf ſeinem Grabe blüheten die Blumen des Feldes. —

13.

Die Katze.

Zween weiſe Männer, welche die Natur erforſcht hatten ihr Leben lang, und täglich alle Geſchöpfe unterſuchten, und von jeglichem zu reden wußten, ſaßen eines Tages bei einander und redeten vom Vieh, vom Gewürm, und von den Fiſchen und Vögeln, auch von allerlei Bäumen, von der Ceder auf dem Libanon bis an den Yſop, der aus der Wand wächſet. Und ſie waren beide eines Sinnes und prieſen einer den andern.

Endlich kamen ſie auch zu reden auf die Natur und das Weſen der Katzen; da entzweiten ſie ſich und haderten ſehr.

Denn der eine ſagte, ſie ſei das allerſchändlichſte und ſchädlichſte Unthier, heimtückiſch und bösartig; von Gemüthsart ein Tiger, ſo auch an Geſtalt, obwohl nicht an Größe und Kraft, als welche man dem Himmel nicht genug danken und preiſen könne. —

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*) Gewöhnlich Ichneumon, oder Pharaonsmaus.

Aber der andere ſagte, ſie ſei dem Löwen an Großmuth und edler Gemüthsart auch an Geſtalt zu vergleichen; reinlich und anſchmiegend, und eben darum eine Feindin des ſchmutzigen und zudringlichen Hundes, und das allerbrauchbarſte Hausthier, welches die Menſchen dem Himmel nicht genug preiſen könnten.

Darob entrüſtete jener ſich ſehr, denn er war der Freund der Hunde, und berief ſich auf das Hündlein Tobias', und des Odyſſeus und des großen Königs.

Jener aber ſetzte ihm die Katzen des Weltweiſen entgegen, der die beſte Welt in das Licht geſtellet, und andern an Weisheit es zuvorgethan. *)

Und ſo gingen ſie, ohne eines Sinnes zu werden, mit feindſeligem Gemüth auseinander; der eine zu ſeinen lebendigen Vögeln, deren ihm die Katzen einige geraubt hatten, der andere zu den ausgeſtopften, die ihm zum größten Verdruß die Mäuſe zernagten.

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Alſo verhält es ſich mit den Urtheilen der Leidenſchaft und des Eigennutzes.

14.

Die Roſen der Erde.

Eva, die Mutter der Sterblichen, wandelte eines Tages einſam und trauernd auf dem entweihten Acker der ſündigen Erde. Plötzlich erblickte ſie von ferne einen Roſenſtrauch voll aufgeblüheter Roſen, die morgenröthlich ihren Schimmer über die grünenden Blätter ergoſſen. —

O, rief ſie voll Entzücken, täuſche ich mich, oder ſehe ich auch hier Edens liebliche Blume! Schon athme ich ihre paradieſiſchen Düfte von ferne. Sei mir gegrüßt du holdes Sinnbild der Unſchuld und Freude! Nicht wahr, du verkündeſt mir, daß auch zwiſchen den Dornen der Erde und Freuden Edens blühen werden. Schon entzückt mich dein Anblick und der reine Hauch der Blüthe.

Indem ſie alſo redete und auf die Fülle der Roſen freudig hinſchauete, erhob ſich ein leiſer Wind und bewegte den Strauch und die Zweige. Und ſiehe, es löſten ſich die Blätter der aufgeblüheten Roſen und ſanken zur Erde. Da ſeufzte Eva und ſprach: Ach, ſeid auch ihr Kinder des Todes! — Ich verſtehe euch, ihr Bilder irdiſcher Freuden...

Ihr Blick ruhete auf den verwelkten Roſenblättern mit wehmüthigem Schweigen. — Bald erhob ſie ſich wieder und ſprach: So ſeid mir denn, ſo lange die Knoſpe euch umſchleiert, freundliche Bilder der Unſchuld!

Mit dieſen Worten neigte ſie ſich zu ihnen. Da ward ſie der Stacheln gewahr und erſchrack. O, rief ſie, bedürfet auch ihr der Schutzwehr! Traget auch ihr in euch neben der Luſt das Gewiſſen — und ſind dieſe Dornen — eure Zeichen? ... Seid mir dennoch gegrüßt, ihr ſchönen Kinder des Lenzes, als ein Bild des himmliſchen Morgenroths über der dornigten Erde!

15.

Der Holunderſtab.

Ein Jäger wandelte mit ſeinem Knaben auf dem Felde, und es floß ein tiefer Bach zwiſchen beiden. Da wollte der Knabe zu ſeinem Vater hinüber, aber er vermocht' es nicht. Denn der Bach war ſehr breit. Sogleich ſchnitt er ſich einen Aſt aus dem Gebüſche, ſetzte den Stab in das Bächlein, lehnte ſich feſt darauf und gab ſich einen gewaltigen Schwung. Aber ſiehe! es war der Aſt eines Fliederbaums, und indem der Knabe über dem Bach ſchwebte, brach der Stab mitten entzwei, und der Knabe that einen tiefen Fall in das Waſſer, und die Wellen brauſeten und ſchlugen über ihn zuſammen.

Dieſes ſah ein Hirt von ferne und lief hinzu, und erhob ein Geſchrei. Aber der Knabe blies das Waſſer von ſich, und ſchwamm lachend an das Ufer. —

Da ſprach der Hirt zu dem Jäger: Ihr ſcheint euern Sohn manches wohl gelehrt zu haben, aber eins habt ihr vergeſſen. Warum habt ihr ihn nicht auch gewöhnt, das Innere zu erforſchen, bevor er dem Zutraun ſein Herz öffnet? Hätt' er das weiche Mark inwendig geprüft, er würde der täuſchenden Rinde nicht getraut haben! —

Freund, erwiederte der Jäger, ich habe ſein Auge geſchärft und ſeine Kraft geübt — und ſo kann ich ihn der Erfahrung vertrauen. Das Mißtrauen mag die Zeit ihm lehren. Aber er wird auch in der Verſuchung aufrecht beharren, denn ſein Aug' iſt hell und ſeine Kraft iſt geübt.

16.

Das bittere-Blümchen.

Eine Mutter ging an einem Frühlingstage mit ihrem Töchterlein hinaus in das Gebirge. Als ſie nun draußen waren, freuete ſich das Mägdlein der ſchönen Blumen und Pflanzen, die am Wege ſtanden und blühten.

Aber vor andern hatte ſie Wohlgefallen an einem Blümchen, das war klein und zart, und ſeine Farbe war röthlich und ſchön. Mina, — denn alſo hieß das Mädchen — brach das Blümchen, und betrachtete es mit Freude und küßte es und roch daran und konnte nicht aufhören es zu preiſen.

Aber bald wurde ſie alles deſſen überdrüſſig und ſatt. Sie verlangte noch größere Freude an dem Blümchen zu haben, und ſteckte es in den Mund, es zu eſſen.

Aber was folgte nun? Mina kam in vollem Lauf zur Mutter, und weinte und rief: O, liebe Mutter, das Blümchen war ſo ſchön von Geſtalt und Farbe, und da aß ich es, aber nun iſt es ſo bitter, daß es mir inwendig den Mund ganz wund ziehet. O, pfui der böſen häßlichen Blumen! —

So ſagte das Mägdlein. Aber die Mutter antwortete und ſprach: Mein liebes Kind, warum ſchmäheſt du die Blümchen? Sind ſie doch ſo ſchön von Geſtalt und Farbe wie zuvor, und geben einen lieblichen Geruch; iſt das nicht viel und genug? Man ißt ja auch die Blümchen nicht. —

17.

Samuel und Eli,

oder das erſte Erröthen.

Samuel der Knabe diente dem Herrn zu Silo vor dem Prieſter Eli, und war angenehm bei Gott und den Menſchen. Denn er diente dem Herrn mit reinem Herzen, und war gehorſam und nahm zu an Weisheit.

Aber die Söhne Eli, Hophni und Pinehas, waren böſe Buben, die fragten nicht nach dem Herrn, und ihre Schuld war ſehr groß. Und ſie ſtanden eines Tages vor dem Hauſe ihres Vaters Eli unter einem Baum, und Samuel der Knabe ſtand unter ihnen, umgürtet mit leinenem Leibrock.

Aber Hophni und Pinehas redeten böſe unzüchtige Worte unter einander vor den Ohren des Knaben.

Da erröthete Samuel ſehr, daß ſein Angeſicht glühete, wie der Glanz des Abends, wenn der Tag ſich geneigt hat. Alſo erröthete der Knabe zum erſtenmal. Denn er hatte noch nie ein böſes Wort vernommen aus eines Menſchen Munde von Jugend auf.

Aber die böſen Buben verlachten den Knaben und höhnten ſein, weil er roth ward ob ihren Reden. Und Samuel wandte ſein Antlitz und weinete.

Da trat Eli, der alles dieſes vernommen hatte, zu dem Knaben und ſprach! Mein Sohn, was weineſt du? —

Da antwortete Samuel: Deine Söhne Hophni und Pinehas führten böſe Reden vor mir, da bewegte ſich mein Herz, und es trat mir eine feurige Gluth, ich weiß nicht wie, in das Antlitz. Und ſie höhneten meiner.

Da umarmte Eli den Knaben Samuel und herzte ihn und erhub ſeine Stimme und ſprach: Ach mein Sohn! weine nur nicht und laß dich ihr Höhnen nicht zu Herzen gehen. Du biſt der Auserwählte des Herrn; aber was mich an dir erfreut, das erfüllet meine Seele mit Jammer über meine eigenen Kinder. Denn ſie haben ihre Blüthe in ſich ſelbſt verderbet, wie vermöchten ſie jemals gute Früchte zu tragen.

Und Eli weinete über ſeine Söhne, daß ſeine Augen dunkel wurden, und ſie thaten ihm nichts denn lauter Herzeleid. Aber Samuel erfreuete das Herz des Prieſters Eli und wandelte aufrichtig vor dem Herrn.

18.

Der Blinde.

Ein blinder Mann ſtand mit aufgerichtetem Haupt in den Strahlen der milden Frühlingsſonne. Ihre Wärme durchſtrömte ſeine Glieder und ihr Glanz ſenkte ſich auf die

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*) Leibnitz, der die Katzen ſehr liebte.

verſiegten Lichtquellen ſeines Angeſichtes, das er unverwandt ihr darbot.

O du unbegreifliches Lichtmeer! rief er aus, du Wunder der allmächtigen Hand, die dich erſchuf und auf deiner herrlichen Bahn dich leitet! Aus dir ſtrömet ewige Fülle, Leben und Wärme, und nie verſiegt deine Kraft! Wie groß muß der ſein, der dich gebildet hat!

So ſprach der blinde Mann. Seine Rede vernahm ein Anderer, der neben ihm ſtand, und es befremdeten ihn die Worte des Blinden; deshalb begann er und fragte: Wie kannſt du das Geſtirn des Tages bewundern, und ſieheſt es nicht?

Da antwortete der Blinde und ſprach: Eben darum, mein Freund. Seit das Licht meiner Augen verdunkelt und der Glanz der Sonne mir verſchloſſen ward, wohnet ſie in meiner Seele. Jedes Gefühl ihrer Nähe läſſet ſie in mir ſelbſt aufgehen und ihren Glanz in meinem Innern leuchten. Ihr aber ſchauet ſie nur, wie alles, was ihr täglich ſehet, mit leiblichem Auge! —

19.

Die Roſe.

Schade, ſagte ein Knabe zu ſeinem Vater, daß die Roſe, wenn ſie ausgeblühet hat, nicht auch eine Frucht bringet, und ſo der Natur im Sommer ihren Dank abſtattet für die ſchöne Zeit ihrer Blüthe im Frühling. Du nannteſt ſie die Blume der Unſchuld und Freude — dann wäre ſie auch das Bild der Dankbarkeit.

Da erwiederte der Vater: Bringet ſie denn nicht zur Verſchönerung des Lenzes ihre ganze Geſtalt dar? Und für den Thau und Lichtſtrahl, der von oben auf ſie niederfällt, opfert ſie der Luft ihren zarten Wohlgeruch und für den Frühling geſchaffen, ſtirbt ſie mit ihm. — Liebes Kind, der zarte unſichtbare Dank iſt der ſchönſte, und wie vermöchte die Unſchuld undankbar zu ſein!

20.

Die Freundſchaft.

Zwei Jünglinge, Freunde wie einſt Damon und Pythias, wandelten an einem Frühlingstage Arm in Arm in einem Walde. Laß uns hier, ſprach einer zu dem andern, ein Bild unſerer Freundſchaft ſuchen! Findet doch der Menſch ſo gern ſein inneres Leben in irgend einem Bilde der Natur!

Siehe dort, ſagte Damon, den Epheu, der ſich um die junge Eiche rankt! Herrlich und in jugendlicher Kraft erhebt ſich der Baum, wie eine Tempelſäule, von fröhlichen Jünglingen und Jungfrauen mit dem erſten Laube des Frühlings umwunden. Der zarte Epheu umſchlingt ihn, als ob er Eins mit ihm zu werden ſtrebte. Ohne die Eiche läg' er im Staube! — Die Jünglinge ſahen ſich an und ſprachen: Schön iſt das Bild, und lieblich ſchmückt das friſche Grün den ernſten Eichenſtamm. So trägt und erhebt das Starke, ſich ſelbſt durch Liebe veredelnd, das Zarte und Schwache. So trug auf nervigtem Arm der edle Herakles die kindliche Unſchuld. Schöner freundlicher Bund! — Aber das Bild der Freundſchaft iſt es nicht!

Siehe dort am Hügel bindet der Winzer die Rebe an den Ulmbaum! Ein kluger Verein! Das Feſte trägt das Geſchmeidige und Nützliche, um dem Menſchen die edelſte Frucht zu bereiten. So füllet ihr uns den Becher mit Freuden! Seid uns denn dankbar geſegnet im nützlichen Streben! — Aber iſt es nicht ein Bund von Menſchenhand geſtiftet? ſagten die Jünglinge. Sein Ziel iſt Gewinn. Kann nicht auch leicht der Weinſtock, mit Trauben beladen, die Zweige des ſtützenden Baumes zerreißen? und ſein breites Laub die Blätter der Ulme erſticken? — Schön iſt das Bild — es iſt das Bild des Vereins menſchlicher Kräfte zur bürgerlichen Gemeinſchaft, daß Nützliches daraus entſprieße. Aber das Bild der Freundſchaft iſt es nicht!

Der Freundſchaft Seelenbund hat nichts im Himmel und auf Erden, das ihm gleiche! riefen die Jünglinge. — Sie ſtanden in dem Schatten zweier jungen Eichen. Sie ſahen die ſchlanken und kräftigen Bäume an. Welch ein herrliches Gewächs! ſprachen ſie. Ihre Wurzeln ſchlingen ſich feſt in einander, ihre Häupter ragen in gleicher Höhe zu den Wolken hinauf. Beide zum Himmel emporſtrebend, widerſtehn ſie gemeinſam dem Sturm; und überwältigt er ſie, — ſie können nur gemeinſam fallen. Iſt hier das Bild unſerer Freundſchaft? fragten die Jünglinge. — Sie ſahen ſich an, ihre Augen glänzten, und ſie umarmten ſich im Schatten der männlichen Eichen.

Chriſtian (Karſten) Kruſe

ward am 9. Auguſt 1753 zu Hiddigwarden im Oldenburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte mittelſt Unterſtützung des Grafen von Stollberg-Wernigerode, Niemeyer, Knapp und der Familie Schiff auf dem Pädagogium und der Univerſität zu Halle Theologie und wurde dann als Lehrer am Gymnaſium und Vorſteher einer von ihm errichteten Schule für junge Mädchen zu Oldenburg angeſtellt. Die Liebe und Achtung, welche er ſich hierbei erwarb und (1781) ſeine glückliche Verheirathung mit einer wohlhabenden Frau unterſtützten ihn ſehr in ſeinen literariſchen Unternehmungen und verſchafften ihm dadurch eine Lehrerſtelle bei den Prinzen Auguſt und Georg von Oldenburg, welche er 1813 mit dem Titel eines Conſiſtorialrathes nach Leipzig begleitete. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr wurde er Scholarch der ältern Unterrichtsanſtalten und des 1807 von ihm eingerichteten Schullehrerſeminars, wandte ſich aber 1811 wegen der Beſetzung Oldenburgs durch die Franzoſen nach Leipzig und trat hier 1812 als Profeſſor ordin. der hiſtoriſchen Hülfswiſſenſchaften auf, worauf ihm 1813 auch die Mitaufſicht der von ihm dirigirten Wendler'ſchen Freiſchule übertragen wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 4. Januar 1827.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Vom Zweck des Sokrates und ſeiner Jünger. Leipzig 1785.
Praktiſche Anweiſung zur Orthographie. Bremen 1787; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1812.
Atlas zur Ueberſicht der Geſchichte aller europäiſchen Staaten und Länder. Leipzig 1802 — 1808, 4 Lief., Fol.; 2. Aufl. 1822; 4. Aufl. von ſeinem Sohne Fr. Karl Herrm. veranſtaltet. Ebendaſ. 1828.
Praktiſche Anweiſung zur deutſchen Sprachlehre. Oldenburg 1807; 3. Aufl. 1825.

Ein geiſtreicher und gründlicher Sprachforſcher und Hiſtoriker, der ſich namentlich durch ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Atlas ſehr verdient machte.

Lauritz Kruſe

ward am 6. April 1778 zu Kopenhagen geboren, ſtudirte 1797 daſelbſt ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und erhielt 1812 den Profeſſortitel. Nachdem er hierauf bis 1817 verſchiedene öftere Reiſen durch Deutſchland, die Schweiz, Frankreich und Italien unternommen hatte, ließ er ſich in dem genannten Jahre als Privatgelehrter zu Hamburg nieder und lebte dort ſeinen ſchönwiſſenſchaftlichen Beſchäftigungen. Später vertauſchte er dieſen Aufenthalt mit Paris.

Er verfaßte:

Coeur-Dame. Familiengemälde nach dem Däniſchen. Kopenhagen 1817, 12.

Eid und Gewiſſen. Die Felſenbraut. Hamburg 1817; neue Aufl. 1826, mit 1 Kupf. u. 1 Sign.
Ezzelino, Tyrann von Padova. Trauerſpiel. Stuttgart 1821, 8.
Die Bekehrung in den Bädern von Lucca. Hamburg 1822, 8., mit 1 Schwank von G. Lotz.
Erzählungen. Aarau 1822, 8.
Deodat's Geburt. Leipzig 1823.
Der kryſtallne Dolch und die Roſe. Hamburg 1823, 8.
Frühlingsblüthen. Liegnitz 1824, gr. 8.
Sieben Jahre. Leipzig 1824, 4 Thle., 8.
Das geheimnißvolle Haus. Hamburg 1825, 2 Thle., 8.
Jugendgeſchichte des Herrn von Morbière. Leipzig 1825, 3 Thle., 8.
Das Araberroß. Hamburg 1826, 8.
Lebewohl. Ebendaſ. 1826, 3 Thle., 8.
Kleinſtädtereien einer großen Stadt. Leipzig 1826, 4 Thle., 8.
Kriminalgeſchichten. Hamburg 1826, 6 Bde., 8.
Der Kardinal. Ebendaſ. 1827, 8.
Das Verhängniß und der glückliche Tag. Ebendaſ. 1827, 8.
Die Todtenbraut. Leipzig 1827, 3 Thle., 8., mit 1 Kupf. (Eigentl. nur eine 2. Ausg. von Deodat's Geburt).
Die Strafe nach dem Tode. Hamburg 1828, 8.
Nord und Süd. Novellen. Leipzig 1829, 8.
Die zweifache Treue. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.
Die Rache. Erzählung. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.
Die erſte Jugend Erik Merwed's. Ebendaſ. 1829, 4 Thle.
Denkwürdigkeiten eines jungen Adjutanten Napoleons. Hamburg 1829, 2 Thle.
Zwölf Erzählungen. Berlin 1829, 8.
Das Wiederſehen. Hamburg 1829, 8.
Der Verſchollene. Leipzig 1830, 8.
Die Kloſterruine. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
Der Maurer. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
Donna Concha. Novelle. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.
Le Dragon rouge. Novelle rc. Nach dem Däniſchen. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.
Die Hand der Jungfrau. Erzählung. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.
Der Solitär rc. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.
Die Urgroßmutter. Ebendaſ. 1832, 8.
Mesmeriſche Liebe. Novelle. Ebendaſ. 1832, 8.
Der Sansculotte. Ueberſetzt aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Mortonvall. Ebendaſ. 1832, 4 Bde., 8.
Herr und Diener. Erzählung aus den Papieren eines Freundes. Stuttgart 1832, 2 Bde., 8.
Die alten Freunde. Palmyra. Leipzig 1832, 8.
Das ſchwarze Herz. Ebendaſ. 1833, 8.
Die Jungen und die Alten. Erzählung. Hamburg 1834, 8.
Der Mönch und die Dame. Nach dem Franzöſiſchen des Mortonvall. Leipzig 1834, 3 Thle., 8.
Don Pedro's Rache. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Mortonvall. Ebendaſ. 1834, 8.
Erzählungen aus der kopenhagener fliegenden Poſt. Ebendaſ. 1834 — 36, 6 Bde.
Verirrung aus Selbſtſucht u. ſ. w. Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1835, 8.
Mein Freund Norbert. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Mortonvall. Ebendaſ. 1836, 2 Thle., 8.
Schweres Mitwiſſen. Ebendaſ. 1836, 8.
Der Geiſterbanner. Erzählung. Ebendaſ. 1836, 8.
Ausländiſche Romane und Erzählungen. 2. Ausg. Hamburg 1833, 8.

Erzählungen und Novellen in Zeitſchriften und Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Einer der fruchtbarſten lebenden Romanſchriftſteller gefällt ſich K. beſonders in der Darſtellung verwickelter Criminalfälle und ergreifender Begebenheiten, welche er mit reicher Phantaſie zu erfinden oder ihnen mit großer Gewandtheit eine poetiſche Seite abzugewinnen verſteht. Obwohl ſein Styl nicht immer K's ausländiſche Herkunft verläugnen kann, ſo iſt es doch merkwürdig zu ſehen, welche Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form er ſich zu eigen gemacht hat und wie meiſterhaft er dieſelbe handhabt. Seine geſchätzteſte Arbeit iſt der vielgeleſene Roman „Sieben Jahre", der ſich durch vortreffliche Charakterſchilderung noch beſonders auszeichnet.

Schweres Mitwiſſen *).

Ein ſchöner Herbſttag neigte ſich zu Ende. Der weſtliche Himmel brannte in rothem Feuer, und am öſtlichen wurde tief unten am Horizont der Rand des gelben Mondes ſichtbar. Es war eine der Stunden, in welcher fröhlich geſtimmte Gemüther ſich harmlos dem Augenblicke hingeben, aber wo auch eine leiſe Ahnung unbeſchreiblicher Trauer ein ſchwermüthiges Herz durchzieht. Beides fand vor und auf dem Perron eines geſchmackvollen zierlichen Gartenhauſes ſtatt, das auf dem Rücken einer mit einem Walde von Bäumen bepflanzten ſanft aufſteigenden Anhöhe ſtand, an deren Fuß ein breiter von mannigfaltigen Fahrzeugen belebter Fluß vorüberſtrömte. Vor der entgegengeſetzten Façade des Hauſes, die auf die unfern vorüberführende Landſtraße ſah, hielt ein kleiner netter Stuhlwagen. Mehrere einfach gekleidete Herren waren im Begriff ſich von dem Eigenthümer, einem in einem großen mit weichem Polſter verſehenen Großvaterſtuhl behaglich lächelnden alten Herrn, und ſeiner Tochter, einem reizenden Mädchen, um deſſen anmuthiges Lächeln ein leiſer Zug von Schwermuth oder Langeweile ſpielte, zu beurlauben.

„Nicht wahr" — ſagte der Hausherr, halb aufſtehend, die eine Hand auf den Tiſch geſtützt, und mit der andern den Kopf entblößend, — „ich ſehe Sie ja Alle morgen wieder. Es gilt ein Glas ächten Sillery auf die glückliche Abfahrt meiner Fortuna zu leeren! Nicht wahr, Herr Capitän?"

„Kommt auf den Wind an, Herr Patron!" — erwiederte ein ältlicher Mann mit etwas rauher Stimme, indem er den Finger an dem Munde leicht befeuchtete und in die Höhe hielt — „Es iſt noch ſtill, geht aber der Wind öſtlich, was ich faſt behaupten möchte, ſehen wir uns ſchwerlich mehr, daher ſage ich Ihnen auch zugleich mein Lebewohl. Der Seemann darf keinen günſtigen Augenblick entſchlüpfen laſſen, beſonders in dieſer ſpäten Jahreszeit."

„Nun meinetwegen" — fuhr der Hausherr fort, — „wir wollen die Vorſehung walten laſſen; lieb wäre es mir indeſſen geweſen, hätten Sie ſchon heute Ihren braven Steuermann mitgebracht. Ich hätte dem guten Jungen doch auch gern die Hand zum Abſchied gedrückt."

„So nahe vor der Abfahrt giebt's tauſend Geſchäfte, Herr Altwerd. Er iſt noch in der Stadt und ich muß vielleicht am Strande, wo ich ihn um dieſe Stunde hinbeſtellt habe, ſogar auf ihn warten."

„Ach! bald hätte ich es vergeſſen" — fiel ihm der Rheder ins Wort, — „Sie, meine Herren, haben wohl die Güte, einen kleinen Umweg zu machen und meinen wackern Capitän bei ſeinem Boot abzuſetzen, das eine Viertelſtunde weiter unten, dem Schiffe gegenüber am Ufer liegt. Sie können dann den Strandweg zurückfahren."

„Mit Vergnügen" — wurde geantwortet, — „aber," — fügte der jüngſte von den Fremden, ein junger Mann mit recht anmuthigen, wiewohl etwas ſcharfen Zügen und durchſpähenden Blicken, ſich flüchtig umſehend, hinzu, — „ich ſehe die Couſine nicht; ſie wollte ja auch mit nach der Stadt."

Das junge Mädchen ſah ſich ein wenig betroffen flüchtig um — „Sie denkt vielleicht wohl nicht daran, weil es noch früh iſt," — erwiederte ſie ein wenig beklommen, — „vielleicht hat ſie ſich ſogar bedacht, und bleibt Morgen hier, weil es Feſttag iſt. — Gott weiß, wo ſie herumläuft; allein" — fügte ſie ein wenig dringend hinzu: — „es iſt die höchſte Zeit, wenn Sie den Umweg machen wollen."

Der junge Mann küßte ihr ein wenig vertraulich, jedoch ehrerbietig die Hand, und ſtieg zuletzt auf den Wagen, wo die ſich ſchon beurlaubten Herrn bereits Platz genommen hatten.

„Ein hübſches Mädchen, Doctor," — ſagte im Fortrollen des Wagens, der, ſtatt dem Wege nach der Stadt zu folgen, die entgegengeſetzte Richtung einſchlug, — ſein Nebenmann auf demſelben Sitze. — „Nun es dauert wohl nicht lange, bevor ich eine hübſche Braut ſagen darf, um ſo mehr da Sie die Ernennung zum Fiskal ja ſo gut wie in der Taſche tragen." —

„Hm!" — erwiederte der junge Mann ſeufzend; — „es giebt mehrere tüchtige Bewerber um dieß Amt, und es will kein Fall eintreffen, wodurch ich meinen Eifer und meine

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*) Erzählung von Lauritz Kruſe.

Fähigkeit recht darlegen kann. Ja! freilich iſt das Mädchen hübſch, und dabei ſo ſanft, ganz eine Frau für mich, nachgiebig und ſich den Anſichten eines verſtändigen Mannes fügend; wenn ich nur die Geduld, die Milde betrachte, womit ſie dem podagraiſchen Vater jeden Wunſch an den Augen abſieht. Ich wette, ſie iſt ſchon ſelbſt damit beſchäftigt ihn in ſeinem ſchweren Stuhle hinein zu rollen."

Sie warfen Beide ſchnell einen Blick zurück; aber Auguſte war ſchon verſchwunden, und der alte Diener ſchob ſo eben den Greis langſam hinein.

Denn kaum war der Wagen fortgerollt, als das Mädchen ſchnell den Strohhut ergriff, und während ſie die Bänder locker unter dem Kinne zuſammen knüpfte, ſagte ſie flüchtig: Brenner wird Dich hineinrollen, Vater! Die Zeitungen liegen alle bereit auf dem kleinen Tiſche, und ich habe ihn an das hellſte Fenſter hingetragen."

„Ei!" — ſagte der Alte etwas verwundert, — „warum denn heute ſo eilig?"

„Ich will die Couſine aufſuchen. — Gott weiß, was das Mädchen dießmal ſo viel herum zu ſtreifen hat;" — erwiederte ſie, und noch ehe die Worte verklungen waren, war ſie hinter den vergilbenden Geſträuchen des Gartens verſchwunden. —

Doch ſchon nach wenigen Schritten hielt ſie in ihrer Eile inne: — „Liegt es mir denn wirklich am Herzen, die Cathinka aufzuſuchen," — ſagte ſie zu ſich ſelbſt — „oder zieht mich das zufällig entfallene Wort des Capitäns? Am Strande werden ſie zuſammentreffen. Iſt er noch nicht vorüber, muß er alſo kommen! Ach! Warum fühle ich mich gezogen, den ſo gern zu ſehen, der keine Worte, kaum ein Auge für mich hat! Er ſoll heiter, unterhaltend ſein, ach! warum iſt er denn allein mir gegenüber ſtumm? Ja! freilich ruhen Sprache, Stimme, Heiterkeit, Gluth, eine volle Seele in ſeinem Blicke, — allein dieſer lächelt nur, wenn die muthwillige Cathinka ihn neckt. Mein Gott!" — fuhr ſie plötzlich ſtillſtehend fort, — „die Gartenthür nach dem Strande ſteht ja angelehnt. — ſollte Cathinka!? — Nein! ſie war ſchon fort, glaube ich, bevor der Capitän von ihr ſprach. Ich will auf die Terraſſe gehen, dort kann man ja das ganze Ufer überſehen. Pfui! wie kann ich auf ein Wohlgefallen eiferſüchtig ſein, das auch ich theile, aber," — fügte ſie ſeufzend hinzu, — von keinem milden erwiedernden Blick genährt wird, dagegen ruht der des Doctors ſo glühend auf mir! Ach! wüßte der gute Menſch wie peinlich ein ſolcher Blick, von dem man nicht angezogen wird, berührt!"

Sie hatte indeſſen die Terraſſe beſtiegen. Es war als wehete ihr dort eine kühlere Luft entgegen, die ſie nur noch beklommener machte. Sie warf ſchnell einen Blick den Strom hinab. In mäßiger Ferne ruhte der wohlbekannte Dreimaſter ruhig und ſchlank, alle Segel feſt an den Raaen gebunden in der leiſe ſtrömenden Fluth. Wie beruhigt wandte ſie den Blick aufwärts; der ſchmale Fahrweg längſt des Strandes war völlig leer. Ihr Auge heftete ſich ſcharf auf ein kleines, neuangeſtrichenes Wirthshaus, nicht ſehr weit von dem Garten, um welches die nach der Stadt führende Straße ſich bog — von daher mußte er kommen, wenn er nur nicht ſchon vorüber war. Da erſchien plötzlich, mitten im Wege, — ſie hatte nicht bemerkt, ob von dieſem her oder aus der Thür des Hauſes, oder gerade vor dieſem — eine jugendliche, ſchlanke Geſtalt, bei deren Anblick ihr das Herz ſtärker klopfte, und die ſie gleich erkannte, obgleich der junge Mann die Kleider ſeines Berufs trug, in welchen ſie ihn in dem Hauſe des Vaters nie geſehen hatte, eine kurze dunkle Jacke, und um den Hals ein helles ſeidenes locker gebundenes Tuch, deſſen beide Zipfel über die Bruſt hinabflatterten. —

Es ſchien, daß er das Auge gegen die Hausthür gekehrt, jemand erwartete. In demſelben Augenblick zeigten ſich zwei recht ſauber angezogene Mädchen, die, nachdem ſie einen flüchtigen Blick die Straße entlang geworfen und keinen Begegnenden bemerkt hatten, ſich traulich an ihn ſchmiegten, indem jede ſich an einen ſeiner Arme hing, und ſo Alle vorwärts ſchreitend ſich immer mehr dem Garten näherten. In der Einen erkannte Auguſte hochglühend Cathinka, das andre Mädchen konnte wohl nur die Wirthstochter ſein. Nachdem ſie ungefähr einhundert Schritte gethan, blieben alle Drei ſtehen, und ſprachen emſig unter ſich; das fremde Mädchen reichte ihm die Hand, er umſchlang und küßte ſie ſchnell, ſie aber riß ſich los und lief eilig nach dem Hauſe zurück; ohne ihr einmal nachzuſehen, ſetzte er den Weg mit Cathinka fort. Sie ſprachen gelegentlich miteinander, nur Cathinka lachte zuweilen. Im Gange wurde ihre Stellung immer vertraulicher. Seine linke Hand hielt die ihrige umfaßt, während ſein rechter Arm ihren Nacken leicht umſchlang. Sein ſanfter Blick ſah ihr immer brennender ins Auge hinein, und endlich drückte er unvermuthet einen feurigen Kuß auf ihre Lippen, welches ſie jedoch weder zu überraſchen noch ihr unangenehm zu ſein ſchien.

Zu gleicher Zeit vernahm Auguſte, dicht unter ihren Füßen, während es in den Gebüſchen außerhalb des Gartens raſſelte, ein halblautes heiſeres Gelächter. Als hätte dieß ſie verrathen können, zog ſie ſich erſchrocken ſchnell zurück. Sie hatte ja auch genug geſehen; auch gewahrte ſie Beide nicht mehr, allein ſie vernahm das Flüſtern ihrer leiſen Stimmen, als ſie kurz darauf unter der Terraſſe vorübergingen. Mit einem unbeſchreiblich bittern Gefühl, das, — ſie wußte ſelbſt nicht ob dem Leichtſinn der Couſine oder der Flatterhaftigkeit des jungen Mannes galt, die ihm doch Cathinka nicht hoch anzurechnen ſchien, ging ſie, vielleicht weil die Krümmung des Weges dieſen eine kleine Strecke der Ueberſicht von der Terraſſe entzog, langſam, längs der Gebüſche, die den Garten von dem tiefer unten laufenden Fahrwege trennten, ja ſo langſam hinab, als geſtattete ihr die bittere Erregung ihrer Bruſt, dem Scheidenden keinen Abſchiedsblick zu gönnen; da öffnete ſich plötzlich eine neue Ausſicht das Ufer entlang, aber als ſollte die unheimliche Ahnung, die der herbſtliche immer tiefer ſinkende Abend ihr ſchon eingeflößt hatte, in Erfüllung gehen, mußte ein neuer ihr Gemüth noch mehr erregender Anblick ſich ihren beſtürzten Blicken zeigen. —

Cathinka war nicht mehr zu ſehen, aber in mäßiger Ferne unweit der Gartenthüre, erblickte ſie die deutlichen Umriſſe zweier mit einander kämpfenden oder vielmehr ringenden Männer, von welchen ſie den Einen nur zu gut erkannte; ſie ſah in den erſten recht leuchtenden Strahlen des Vollmondes einen Stahl blinken, ſah den Einen von Beiden am Ufer niederſtürzen. — Es wurde ihr dunkel vor den Augen, ſie ſtand beſinnungslos hinſtarrend ohne doch zu ſehen, Gott weiß, wie lange noch immer da, als plötzlich ein altes Lied von einer fröhlichen jugendlichen Stimme zu ihr hinaufſchallte:

Freut euch des Lebens!
Weil noch das Lämpchen glüht;
Pflückt die Roſe —

Aufgeſchreckt warf ſie einen ängſtlichen Blick ſeitwärts durch die Gebüſche hinab, und erblickte nur noch den, mit einem Felleiſen bepackten Rücken eines munteren Geſellen, der ein Brod und ein Stückchen Käſe in der einen Hand, ſich mit dem Meſſer, das er in der andern hielt, kleine Biſſen von demſelben abſchnitt. Sie ſah nicht mehr; wie ein verſchüchtertes Reh eilte ſie nach dem Hauſe. Nicht weit davon, auf der unter einer alten Linde ſtehenden Bank, ruhte Cathinka ganz erſchöpft. Auguſten, das weiße Gewand ſchon von weitem erkennend, gelang es bei ihrem Anblick, ſich etwas zu faſſen. Es war, als gäbe ihr ein unbewußt ſchnell aufſteigender Zorn plötzlich das Gleichgewicht wieder.

„Wo kommſt Du her?" — fragte ſie hinzutretend, — „Ich habe Dich lange geſucht, und ſo ganz außer Athem?"

„Ich bin gelaufen" — gab ſie keuchend zur Antwort, — „ich dachte daß der Wagen noch nicht fort wäre. Ich muß denn heute Nacht hier bleiben."

„Warum biſt Du ſo weit gegangen, und zwar den einſamen Strandweg? wenn Dir nun ein Unfall begegnet wäre?"

„Du haſt geſehen?" — rief ſie betroffen, hielt aber plötzlich inne.

„Ja!"

„Nun denn," — fuhr Cathinka etwas unſicher fort, — „als Eduard heute gar nicht erſchien, eilte ich zu der Wirthstochter da unten, — wir kennen ja die Leute als Nachbarn, denn auf der Landſtraße mochte ich nicht allein gehen; ich dachte wohl, daß er vorüber kommen würde, und ich mußte ihm ja doch das Stammbuch-Blatt geben. Es hat ihn recht gefreut."

Auguſte erröthete mit einem Seufzer; — „Was liegt mir daran, was ihm freut." — ſagte ſie ſchnell und bitter. — „Mich wunderts, Cathinka! daß Dir die ſüßen Worte eines jungen Wildfangs, der jeder Schürze nachläuft, ſchmeicheln können. An Deiner Stelle würde ich mich nicht ſo vertraut an ſeine Seite geſchmiegt haben."

„An meiner Stelle wärſt Du vielleicht gar fortgelaufen, wenn Du gehört hätteſt, was er ſprach; aber gewiß! würdeſt Du es nachher bereut haben."

„Schwerlich! eben ſo wenig, wie auf offener Straße mich von Lippen küſſen laſſen, die ſo kurz vorher ihre Uebung darin gezeigt."

„Ei nun! wie biſt Du auf einmal ſo ſtreng geworden! — Einen Kuß in Ehren darf Niemand verwehren, und nun vollends einen Abſchiedskuß. Alle mögen ihn ja ſo gern! und was mich betrifft — Ruhig Guſte! Du biſt ein undankbares Mädchen!"

„Ich?"

„Er küßte mich ja nur ſo innig, weil ich von Dir ſprach" — fuhr ſie verdrießlich fort „Ich habe freilich ohne etwas gerade aus zu ſagen, nicht ganz reinen Mund gehalten und" —

„Ich will nicht hoffen" fiel ihr Auguſte ernſt mit hochklopfendem Herzen in die Rede.

„Nun! was iſt's denn weiter! Höre Guſte! Du biſt ein ſtolzes gefühlloſes Mädchen. Nun will ich Dir Alles ſagen, weil er doch fort iſt; immer wenn wir leiſe mit einander geſprochen haben, wenn Du wähnteſt, daß er mir den Hof machte, war die Rede nur von Dir. Was machte das, daß er heiter und unbefangen mit uns ſpaßt? Du biſt ihm doch allein ans Herz gewachſen."

„Willſt Du mich zum Beſten haben? Er hat von ſelbſt noch keine zehn Worte mit mir geſprochen, und faſt nie die Augen zu mir aufgeſchlagen."

„Darüber beklagt er ſich ja eben. Er möchte gegen ſich ſelbſt wüthen, daß ihm in Deiner Gegenwart die Worte nie über die Lippen wollen. Bei mir" ſagte er, „kann er reden, ſcherzen, Küſſe ſtehlen, und bei Dir, da er doch uns alle zuſammen um einen Kuß von Dir hingeben würde, kann er nicht einmal ein Wort hervorbringen. Es iſt auch beſſer ſo, meinte er, es wäre doch eine Thorheit, im Ernſt an ein ſo reiches und gebildetes Mädchen zu denken, das ihn in Allem ſo weit überragt, und kaum hat er das gemeint, ſo iſt das nächſte Wort doch wieder von Dir. Recht hat er freilich, und da Du doch daſſelbe denkſt, wenigſtens eben ſo artig kalt Dich gegen ihn benimmſt, ſo — ſiehſt Du — darum kann ich Dir es auch ſagen, denn Du wirſt mir ihn nicht mißgönnen — für ihn bin ich ja weder zu reich noch zu gebildet, ich, die Tochter eines armen Landpfarrers, und da ich nur aus der Leſebibliothek weiß, daß man ſich nicht beſſer in ein Herz einniſtet, als wenn man deſſen Wünſchen liebkoſet, ſo ſpreche ich auch immer mit ihm von Dir; nun nimm es nicht übel! Nichts ſage ich, was Dir zum Nachtheil gereichen wird; ich kann ja mit Wahrheit erwähnen, wie gut und klug Du biſt, und daß Du ihm recht gut ſeiſt; doch vergeſſe ich nicht hinzuzufügen, daß Du halbwegs die Braut des Doctors biſt." —

„Nein!" — ſagte Auguſte raſch, — „wie haſt Du Dir das in den Kopf geſetzt? Weil er beſſer plaudern kann, als der gute Eduard? Nein! das hätteſt Du ihm nicht ſagen ſollen, denn daraus wird nichts. Ach! Gott! mein Gott! ich vergeſſe — Nun" — fügte ſie ſpähend hinzu — „er hat Dir denn auch Lebewohl geſagt."

„Ach! Nein! ein Betrunkener, glaube ich, drängte ſich ſtörend zwiſchen uns! er winkte mir zu gehen! ich ſchlüpfte durch die Thüre die ich hinter mir zuſchlug, und eilte hierher. Er iſt wohl ſchon längſt am Borde.

„Ich hoff' es" — verſetzte Auguſte dumpf — „Ach! ich fühle mich gar nicht wohl. Die Abendluft weht mich eiſig an. Ich will ſehen, was der Vater macht, dann geh' ich zur Ruhe. Fülle Du meine Stelle bei Tiſch aus: gute Nacht!"

Sie ſchlüpfte fort, ohne auf Cathinka's Nachruf zu achten, und nach wenigen Worten mit dem argloſen Vater eilte ſie auf ihr Zimmer zu dem Fenſter hin, das ſie ſchnell aufſtieß. Der herrlichſte Mondſchein, die tiefſte Stille ruhte über der Umgegend. Kein Laut war hörbar; ihr Blick ſuchte ſpähend die dunkle noch ſtill liegende Maſſe, — die — „Gott gebe es" ſeufzte ſie, den Gegenſtand aller ihrer Gedanken, ihres erſten ſeelendrückenden Kummers trug. Eben ſo ſehr wie ſie ſich gedrungen gefühlt, den noch einmal zu ſehen, in deſſen beredetem Blicke ohne Worte ihr weiblicher Takt eine Sprache geleſen, die ſie ſich recht zu deuten zitterte, und dann ſich mit Unmuth und Zorn von ſeiner unerwarteten Tändelei mit zwei leichtſinnigen Mädchen, deren ganzes Weſen ihrem ſtillen Gefühl Hohn ſprach, tief verletzt abgewendet, und kurz nachher Entſetzen und Abſcheu, mit dem darauf folgenden, noch mehr unerwarteten Anblick empfunden hatte, eben ſo ſehr fühlte ſie ſich nun von dem tiefſten Mitleid, von der furchtbarſten Angſt ergriffen.

Sie begriff freilich das Geſchehene nicht, aber zweifeln konnte ſie nicht daran; ihn hatte ſie nur zu deutlich erkannt, einen Stahl blinken, Einen ſtürzen geſehen, aber — wen von Beiden? war er der Gefallene, oder iſt er noch ſchlimmer ein Mörder, und zwar in derſelben Stunde geworden, wo alles, was ihre geheime Neigung ihm vorwarf, vergeſſen war, wo durch die unbefangenen Worte einer Dritten, ihre geheime Ahnung beſtärkt geworden, und er ihr theurer als je zuvor werden mußte; denn eine innere Stimme ſagte ihr, daß Cathinka wahr geſprochen, eben weil ſie nicht geargwöhnt hatte, wie wichtig der Couſine dieſe Wahrheit war. Jahre von ihrem Leben hätte ſie für die augenblickliche Löſung eines Räthſels hingegeben, das ihr vielleicht ewig eins bleiben ſollte, indeſſen wünſchte ſie ſich zu der Faſſung Glück, womit es ihr gelungen war, ihr Entſetzen, ihr Mitwiſſen zu verbergen, und erkannte, wie leiſe ſie auftreten müſſe, um jenes nicht zu verrathen. Denn verrathen konnte ſie ihn ja nicht! —

Endlich bewog ſie der Gedanke von der Nothwendigkeit, den nächſten Morgen unbefangen zu erſcheinen, ſich auf das Lager zu werfen, doch wurde bald ihr ſpäter unruhiger Schlummer von den Strahlen der Morgenſonne geſtört. Sie ſprang auf und eilte an das Fenſter. Das Schiff war fort; aber nur einen Augenblick durchdrang eine lebhafte Freude ihre Bruſt; Sie wurde ſchon in dem nächſten von dem Schauder vor Allem, was dennoch vorgefallen ſein konnte und ſie nicht wußte, verdrängt; ihre Füße waren wie gelähmt; ſie wagte nicht hinabzugehen, um nicht etwas zu erfahren, das die Angſt ihres Herzens rechtfertigte; da belehrte ſie endlich ein entferntes Klingeln, daß der Vater aufgeſtanden ſei. Nun durfte ſie nicht länger zögern. Das Flüſtern des Geſindes, ihre — wenigſtens kam es ihr ſo vor — ſcheuen Blicke beſtätigten nur zu ſehr ihre Beſorgniſſe. — Kaum fähig ſich aufrecht zu halten, trat ſie in das Zimmer des Vaters.

„Haſt Du ſchon gehört" — rief dieſer ihr entgegen. — „Ein Mord iſt geſtern Abend am Strande verübt; man iſt ſogar dem Thäter auf der Spur; die ganze Gegend iſt auf den Beinen, um ihn aufzuſuchen."

„Wer iſt der Ermordete? fragte ſie ſchnell mit bebenden Lippen.

„Nun, erſchrecke nicht" — war die Antwort. — „Irgend ein Matroſe, oder Fiſcher — was geht das uns an; habe ich doch eine andere uns betreffende Nachricht erhalten, die mich zu gleicher Zeit ärgert und erfreut. Die Fortuna iſt dieſen Morgen abgeſegelt. Der Capitän hat mir einen Boten geſchickt, mit der Hinzufügung daß Alles am Borde wohl ſei."

Dieſe wenigen Worte erleichterten bedeutend Auguſta's Herz. Alles wohl am Borde! Eduard war alſo nicht todt, ſondern ſogar in Sicherheit. Ihre Faſſung, wenn auch nicht ihre innere Ruhe kehrte zurück, ſie hatte ſogar Muth zum Fragen erhalten, und erfuhr, daß ſie dieſen Mittag einen wahren und genauen Bericht von dem Vorfall hören würde, weil eben die heute wiederkehrenden Gäſte geſtern auf dem Rückwege vom Strande die Mordthat entdeckt hätten. Kurz darauf erſchien Cathinka, noch ſchlaftrunken und unbefangen wie immer. Die Erzählung des Vorfalls ſchien ſie in kein größeres Schrecken, als eine gewöhnliche der Art zu verſetzen. Erſt als ſie den ganzen Morgen im Garten allein herum gelaufen war, während Auguſte im Hauſe beſchäftigt geweſen, erklärte ſie, mit dem Wagen, der die Gäſte abholen ſollte, gern nach der Stadt zurückfahren zu wollen, ihre Mutter wäre gar ſo allein, und ſie wüßte im Voraus, daß die heutige Geſellſchaft ihr Langeweile machen würde; Auguſte, die deutlich bemerkte, daß ihr Aufenthalt auf dem Lande mit Eduards Abreiſe allen Reiz für ſie verloren, ließ ſie gewähren.

Mit dem Doctor Sturm erſchienen um die Mittagszeit, außer dem Polizeichef, der geſtern auf dem Wagen neben ihm geſeſſen hatte, noch ein Paar alte Freunde des Hausherrn, Kaufleute aus der Stadt. Der Doctor war ſtrahlend. Auguſte erinnerte ſich nicht, ihn je ſo aufgeräumt geſehen zu haben. Sie zwang ſich, als kaum die Suppe ſervirt war, ihm eine Artigkeit deshalb zu ſagen.

„Muß ich denn nicht froh ſein! — gab er zur Antwort. — „Ich hatte kaum geſtern Abend meinem werthen Gönner, dem Herrn Polizeichef hier, meinen herzlichſten Wunſch geäußert, Anlaß zu finden, meine Tüchtigkeit zu dem Amte, um das ich mich bewerbe, an den Tag zu legen, als dieſer mir gerade in die Hände läuft. Er hat auch die Güte gehabt, dafür zu ſorgen, daß mir die Sache gegen den verruchten Mörder, den wir ſicher noch heute erhaſchen, übertragen werde; und gelingt es mir, wie ich hoffe, dieſe zur Zufriedenheit der Behörde zu Ende zu bringen, wird die erledigte Stelle eines königlichen Fiskals dieſer guten Stadt mir ſchwerlich entgehen, und dann wird es mir wohl geſtattet werden, Wünſchen, die meinem Herzen noch näher liegen, Worte geben zu dürfen."

Der ſchmachtende Blick auf Auguſte, der dieſe Rede begleitete, wurde von dem Vater abgezogen durch die Frage: „wie denn eigentlich die Sache zuſammenhinge?"

„In wenigen Worten" — verſetzte Sturm — „werde ich, mit Erlaubniß des Herrn Polizeichefs, Ihnen, mein verehrter Herr, darüber Auskunft geben, und Sie werden ſehen, daß ich keinen Augenblick dabei meinen fiskaliſchen Scharfblick verleugnet habe. Wir hatten kurz vorher ihren ehrlichen Capitän bei dem ſeiner harrenden Boote abgeſetzt, und verweilten noch einige Augenblicke dort bis zur Ankunft ſeines wackeren Steuermannes, meines Freundes Eduard Blank, den wir ſchon in der Ferne in großer Eile herankommen ſahen."

„Ihres Freundes?" — fragte Auguſte ſchnell.

„Nun ſo genau eben nicht, mein Fräulein! wir haben uns mehrmals in der Stadt in guter Geſellſchaft getroffen, und Gefallen an einander gefunden. Kurz wir fuhren den Strandweg zurück. Nicht fern von Ihrem Landhauſe bemerkte ich, von einem dumpfen Geräuſch aufmerkſam gemacht, unten am Ufer etwas, das ſich dort herum bewegte. — Von einem dunklen Inſtinkte geleitet, der in allem Gebückten, Schleichenden, kurz in allem Verſteckten mich etwas Geſetzwidriges ahnen läßt, ließ ich, freilich nicht ganz mit dem Conſens des Herrn Polizeichefs, der über meinen Dienſteifer lächelte, ſogleich anhalten, ſprang hinab, und grade auf das Schleichende los. Es war ein junger Geſell mit einem Felleiſen auf dem Rücken, der, wie es mir ſogleich ahnte, ſo gebückt hinſchlich, um nicht geſehen zu werden. — „Was giebt's?“ — donnerte ich hervor; er fuhr erſchrocken zuſammen. — „Ach Gott! ein Unglück!“ — ſtammelte er — „ein todter Mann liegt da im Waſſer.“ — „Und warum ſchleichſt Du hier ſo gebückt herum?“ — „Ich ſuche nur mein Meſſer.“ — ſagte er ziemlich unbefangen; dieß Wort war aber für mich ein trait de lumière, und da ich die Wirkung eines dreiſt ausgeſprochenen Gedankens kenne, faßte ich ihn an der Bruſt und ſagte barſch: „Gieb nur! das Meſſer ſteckt in der Bruſt des Todten!“ — „Herr Gott! Nein!“ — ſtotterte er zitternd hervor — „es iſt mir ſammt dem Käſe vor Schrecken entfallen!“ — „Wie iſt es zugegangen?“ — fragte ich weiter — „läugne nicht!“ — „Ach, Herr! wie kann ich's wiſſen!“ — verſetzte er — „es kam mir vor, ſo wie ich mein Abendbrot verzehrend vorüberging, als hörte ich ein Plätſchern und Stöhnen neben mir; ganz erſchrocken lief ich hinzu, und erblickte einen menſchlichen Körper, der faſt ganz im Waſſer lag; ich zog ihn völlig auf den breiten Stein herauf, aber während dem war auch die letzte Spur vom Leben verſchwunden, und da ich nicht mehr helfen konnte, wollte ich ſo eben Leute herbeirufen, als ich mein Meſſer vermißte.“ — Unterdeſſen hatten die Uebrigen den todten Körper erblickt; alle, ſelbſt der würdige Herr Polizeichef, legten Hand an, um denſelben weiter vom Waſſer zu entfernen, da ſchrie der Kutſcher, eine breite Wunde in der Bruſt deſſelben gewahrend, laut auf: „Er iſt ermordet!“ — Ich ließ — weiß ich doch wirklich nicht, ob vor Entſetzen, oder vor Freude über meinen ſchon bewährten Scharfſinn — den beſtürzten Geſellen, und eilte zu dem Todten hin, freilich nur auf einen Augenblick, aber der beſonnene Mörder benutzte dieſen zur Flucht. Ich ſtürzte ihm freilich ſogleich nach, war aber ſo unglücklich über einen Stein zu ſtraucheln, und die Andern, die weder meinen Verdacht, noch den Gegenſtand recht wahr genommen, hielten ſich, in der Meinung, daß mein Geſchrei nur aus Angſt oder Schmerz herrühre, gar zu lange bei mir auf. Er war ſchon hinter den Geſträuchen entkommen. Doch riefen wir bald die Einwohner der nächſten Häuſer zuſammen; reitende Boten wurden ausgeſchickt; entkommen wird er nicht; den Hut hat er verloren; den haben wir, ſo auch das Meſſer, das in dem von der Ebbe entblößten Sande, an der Stelle, wo der Leichnam heraufgezogen war, gefunden wurde. Es paßt in die Wunde, die freilich etwas weiter iſt, doch kann er es tüchtig darin umgewühlt haben. — Nun wir werden den Burſchen wohl zum Geſtändniß bringen, hat er ſich doch durch ſeine Flucht noch verdächtiger gemacht.“

„Ei nun!“ — ſagte Auguſte, zum erſtenmal ſeit Anfang des Berichtes ſcheu aufblickend, mit einem unbeſchreiblichen Blick auf den Doctor: ſolche Ausdrücke könnten wohl auch den unſchuldigſten ſo erſchrecken und verwirren, daß er nicht überlegte, was er in dem Augenblick that!“

„Das ſollten ſie ja eben,“ — verſetzte Sturm ſchnell, — „ihn verwirren und die Beſinnung zur Lüge rauben.“

Auguſte ſchwieg einen Augenblick. — „Sonderbar!“ — verſetzte ſie endlich — „Sie werden ſich täglich unähnlicher! Früher habe ich Sie immer als einen eifrigen Anwald nothleidender und unterdrückter Perſonen gekannt. Seitdem Sie ſich in den Kopf geſetzt haben, Fiscal zu werden, wittern Sie in jeder Bewegung ein Verbrechen.“

„Das iſt eine Pflicht, die der Poſten mit ſich führt“ — fuhr er heiter fort „und iſt es nicht ein heiliges Amt, über die Sicherheit ſeiner Mitbürger und die Aufrechthaltung der Geſetze zu wachen?“

„Allerdings!“ — entgegnete ſie etwas bitter — „nur muß die Sicherheit Aller nicht auf die Unſicherheit jedes Einzelnen gebaut ſein! Wie iſt es möglich daß der Ernſt eines Amtes dem Inhaber deſſelben die liebenswürdige Milde ſeines Herzens rauben kann?“

„Wie würden denn Sie in einem ſolchen Amte verfahren, ſchönſte Auguſte?“ fragte Sturm, mit einem Lächeln, das jedoch ſeine Empfindlichkeit nicht ganz verbarg.

„Ich wollte“ — erwiederte ſie raſch — „ein ſolches gar nicht haben; wenigſtens“ — fügte ſie verbeſſernd hinzu, — „dürfte es keinen Einfluß auf mein Inneres erhalten, mich nie bewegen, was ich für gut und billig erkannt hätte, zu verläugnen. Ein zufälliger Umſtand dürfte mich nicht dahin bringen, ſelbſt einen wahrſcheinlichen Verdacht auszuſprechen, ehe ich bei mir ſelbſt entſchieden hätte, ob ſeine Wahrſcheinlichkeit nicht zum größten Theil in einem übereilten Eifer bei mir, die Wahrheit zu entdecken, läge, und ob ich nicht ſelbſt dadurch ein Verbrechen gegen einen armen Menſchen beginge, deſſen Unſchuld ich, dem juriſtiſchen Herkommen entgegengeſetzt, mir zur Pflicht machen würde, vorauszuſetzen; ja ſogar in zweifelhaften Fällen, die für ihn günſtige Erklärung, ſobald jedes Für und Wider gleich wäre, zu ergreifen!

„Ei mein Fräulein!“ bemerkte Sturm — „Sie ſprechen ja mit einer Wärme, einem Eifer“ —

„Als wenn ich ſelbſt“ — unterbrach ſie ihn heftiger, als ſonſt in ihrem Weſen lag, — „die Mitſchuldige Ihres Schuldigen wäre! Nun ich erwarte ruhig die durchdringenden Fragen Ihres Scharfſinnes.“

„Nun!“ — verſetzte Sturm, während die Geſellſchaft gutmüthig über ihren Streit lachte — „ich möchte nur ſagen, als ein Frauenzimmer, das ſie ſind, deren Klugheit, wie umſichtig ſie auch ſei, ſich doch immer von dem Mitleid beſtechen läßt, ahnen Sie nicht, wie wichtig conſequenter Scharfſinn auf meinem Poſten iſt, und wie allmächtig er wirkt; mag er auch zuweilen irren, ſelbſt ſein Irrthum bringt doch zuletzt die Wahrheit an den Tag — ich weiß viele Beiſpiele, wo“ —

„Ach Gott, ſitzen wir denn hier zuſammen im Gericht“ — unterbrach Auguſte ungeduldig, — „wir ſind vielmehr zuſammen, um alle Gerichte in der Welt zu vergeſſen, die ausgenommen, welche vor uns auf dem Tiſche ſtehen; damit ich aber nochmals als ein wahres Frauenzimmer erſcheinen möge, warne ich Sie nur, nicht durch Ihr neues Amt Ihren alten liebenswürdigen Eifer für jeden Bedrängten einzubüßen, denn mit ihm geht Ihnen die Gunſt aller Weiber verloren.“

„Das Geſpräch nahm allmählig eine andere Richtung, doch Auguſten zu beruhigen, die um ſo tiefer unter dem Gewicht ihres Geheimniſſes ſeufzte, als ſie mit Schrecken einen Unglücklichen bedroht ſah, von deſſen Unſchuld ſie überzeugt war; ja ſie bemerkte ſogar, wie ſie nach aufgehobenem Tiſche zuvorkommender als gewöhnlich zu dem Doctor hintrat, daß dieſer, als wollte er in dem gereizten Gefühl ſeines Dienſteifers ſie ſeine verletzte Würde fühlen laſſen, ſie kalt und zerſtreut anhörte; zum erſtenmale in ſeinem Leben ſchien er Cathinka zu vermiſſen, mit der er ſonſt ſich nie abgab; er fragte um die Urſache ihrer Abweſenheit, und nach ihrer Wohnung in der Stadt. Wirklich hatte Auguſtens Verſuch, ihn zur Milde zu bewegen, der außerdem durch ihre befangene Stimmung eine verkehrte Richtung nahm, durchaus die beabſichtigte Wirkung verfehlt. Er fühlte ſich eben dadurch zum größeren Eifer im Hervorſuchen aller Nebendinge, die ſeinen ſchon gezeigten Scharfſinn bewähren konnten, noch mehr geſtimmt.

Den folgenden Tag wurde richtig der Entflohene eingebracht, der bei dem vorläufigen Verhöre mehr Aengſtlichkeit als Zuverſicht verrieth, und die Unbefangenheit des erſten Abends ganz verloren zu haben ſchien. Zwar war ſein Bericht ganz derſelbe, allein ſeine Flucht, die er nur in ängſtlicher Verwirrung über die unerwartete Beſchuldigung, welche er durch die unſchuldige Erwähnung eines in ſolchem Augenblick immer Verdacht erregenden Meſſers ſelbſt zu beſtätigen ſchien, vorgenommen haben wollte, machte jenen nur verdächtiger, um ſo mehr, da er keine genügende Auskunft geben konnte, warum er eben den Weg am Strande gewählt hatte, da doch zu der einige Meilen entfernten Stadt, worauf ſein Paß lautete, die obere Straße, wenn auch nicht kürzer, ſo doch bequemer führte. Er war übrigens ein Seilergeſell aus der Stadt, der ſeine erſte Wanderung antreten wollte, und behauptete, den nach allen Kennzeichen vorſätzlich Ermordeten, nie gekannt noch geſehen zu haben.

Es hatte ſich bald gefunden, daß dieſer ein ungefähr dreißigjähriger Fiſcher, von einem wenige Meilen entfernten unten am Fluſſe liegenden Dorfe ſei. Er war früher Matroſe geweſen; da es ihm aber durch den übeln Ruf, worin er wegen ſeines ſtreitſüchtigen boshaften Charakters, und ſeiner immerwährenden Faulheit ſtand, immer ſchwieriger geworden war, auf den Schiffen Anſtellung zu finden, hatte er dies Gewerbe ganz aufgegeben und ſeitdem, ohne für ſeine Familie zu ſorgen, bei ſeltener Arbeit und täglicher Trunkenheit die Zeit verbracht. Freilich ließ es ſich nicht auffinden, in wie fern beide, dieſer und der Seilergeſell in irgend einem Verhältniſſe zu einander geſtanden; als es aber bald auskam, daß der Seiler in demſelben Dorfe nahe Verwandte hatte, die er mitunter beſuchte, ließ ſich auf eine in Kneipen, ſowohl dort wie in der Stadt gemachten Bekanntſchaft ſchilderten. Ungeachtet nun alle über den Seiler eingezogenen Berichte und Zeugniſſe lobend waren, ſchienen doch die übrigen Umſtände ſich zu einem ſo ſchweren Verdacht zu vereinen, daß das Gericht, vorzüglich aber der Fiscal, keinen Zweifel an ſeiner Schuld hegten. Er wurde alſo in das ähnlichen Verbrechern beſtimmte Gefängniß gebracht.

Während dieß Alles vorging, ſah Auguſte den Doctor, der in ſeiner triumphirenden Freude ob der ſchon erfolgten und noch zu hoffenden Beſtätigung ſeines Scharfſinnes nie unterließ, ſie von dieſer Sache, welche zu beſprechen auch ſie einen geheimen Trieb fühlte, zu unterhalten — aber widerte ſie dieſe Freude auch an, ſo ängſtigten und betrübten ſie noch mehr ſeine unläugbar ſcharfſinnigen Folgerungen aus den zuſammentreffenden Umſtänden um ſo mehr, da ſie erkannte, wie geeignet ſie waren, jeden nicht beſſer Wiſſenden in ſeiner guten Meinung von dem Angeſchuldigten irre zu machen. Ihr ganzes Weſen forderte ſie auf, ihn zu entſchuldigen, zu retten. Allein das erſte wagte ſie nur von ferne und zwar mit genau erwogenen Worten, nicht mit der Begeiſterung und Wärme, die allein hätten wirkſam ſein können, denen aber eine bange Beſorgniß wegen des in ihrem Herzen begrabenen Geheimniſſes Zügel anlegte. — Und ihn retten, wie vermochte ſie das? Denn es ſchien ihr eine heilige Pflicht — und auch ihr Herz gebot ihr, nie das anvertraute Geheimniß eines Andern zu verrathen und dieß Gefühl regte ſich noch ſtärker in ihrer Bruſt, wenn es ein Geheimniß galt, das ihr nur durch einen Zufall zu Theil geworden, und alſo ganz der Obhut ihrer weiblichen Würde hingegeben war. — Und hier galt es ein Geheimniß, deſſen Aufdeckung zwar einen Schuldloſen einem ſchwer drohenden Kerker entziehen, aber auch einem Leben den Tod bringen konnte, und weſſen! einem jungen Manne, dem ſie ohne daß er, faſt ohne daß ſie es ſelbſt ahnete, lange geneigt geweſen, bei dem ſie aber erſt in dem Augenblicke, wo ein gräßliches Unglück, ein Verbrechen vielleicht, ſie auf immer trennte, empfunden hatte, daß er ſie liebe, und daß ſie das Gefühl ganz mit ihm theile. Und was wußte ſie denn mehr, als was ihr Auge undeutlich geſehen? Dürfte ſie dem Gerichte, wenn es auch eine ihr ganz unbekannte Perſon beträfe, eine That verrathen, die ihr ein Räthſel war, welches die unſanfte Gewalt des Tribunals mit eben ſo furchtbarem Scharfſinne, als der, dem der unglückliche Seiler zum Opfer anheimgefallen war, ſtatt zu löſen, nur blutig zerhauen würde; und eine tiefere innere Ueberzeugung ſagte ihr, daß er zwar eines Vergehens aber keines Verbrechens ſchuldig ſein könne. War der Gedanke ihr doch erträglicher, einen Unſchuldigen, den ſein eigenes Bewußtſein aufrecht erhalten würde, in Bedrängniß zu wiſſen, als den wirklich Schuldigen, nicht bloß dem bevorſtehenden Tode, ſondern, was noch mehr iſt, dem hoffnungsloſen Gefühl ſeiner Strafſchuldigkeit zu übergeben; dennoch fand ein ſchmerzlicher Zwieſpalt in Auguſtens Bruſt immerwährend ſtatt. Sie ſann unaufhörlich darauf, wie ſie den Seiler retten könnte, ohne ihr Geheimniß zu verrathen.

Da erhielt ſie eines Tages einen Beſuch von Cathinka, welche ſie ſeit jenem Sonntags-Morgen nicht geſehen, und die nun ihre dreiwöchentliche Abweſenheit mit triftigen Gründen entſchuldigte; — „aber unterdeſſen" — ſchloß ſie — „habe ich eine rechte Angſt ausgeſtanden, ja ſchon hier, jenen Morgen, ich wollte es Dir nicht merken laſſen; denn ich hatte wohl gehört, daß Eduard einen heftigen Streit mit einem Halbbetrunkenen hatte, und ich wollte beinahe wetten, daß dieſer der Gefundene ſei — daher machte ich, daß ich fortkam."

„Du haſt dieß doch wohl gegen Niemanden geäußert?" — fragte Auguſte ängſtlich.

„Ach Nein! der Mörder würde ja gleich darauf entdeckt."

„Und wenn auch nicht" — verſetzte Auguſte, — „wie wäre Eduard eines Mordes fähig? Die bloße Aeußerung, daß er mit Jemandem Händel gehabt, möchte ihm doch Unannehmlichkeiten zuziehen, und Dich ſogar vor's Gericht führen."

„Gott behüte!" — fiel Cathinka ängſtlich ein, — „ich habe es keiner Maus verrathen, auch iſt mir nur in der Angſt die Möglichkeit eingefallen, allein hätteſt Du den armen Anton geſehen; Guſte! würdeſt Du es ihm eben ſo wenig zugetraut haben. Er hat ein ſo ſanftes heiteres Geſicht, und iſt ein frommes Kind; hat die arme Mutter ſo treu ernährt."

„Du kennſt ihn?" — fragte Auguſte verwundert.

„Das glaube ich; die ganze Nachbarſchaft hat Mitleid mit ihr; allein das hilft ihr, bei ſo theuren Zeiten, nur wenig."

Auguſte war ſchnell zu ihrem Sekretair geeilt, ein Röllchen Geld lag ſchon in ihrer Hand, allein der plötzliche Gedanke, daß ſo viel Geld in den Händen einer armen Frau, ſie leicht zu Unvorſichtigkeit verleiten, und gerichtliche Unterſuchung herbeiführen könnte, machte ſie bedenklich; — „Darf die Mutter ihn ſehen?" — fragte ſie.

„Ach, nein! Kein Menſch, bevor er eingeſtanden hat; allein geſunderes Eſſen gelingt es ihr wohl ihm zuſtecken zu laſſen. Der Gefangenwärter hat ſelbſt Mitleid mit ihm."

„Wenn Du ſchweigen, und mir verſprechen willſt, nie meinen Namen dabei zu nennen, kannſt Du Dir ein kleines Verdienſt um die Leute erwerben. Die Mutter darf nicht Mangel leiden, ſtecke ihr nach und nach etwas zu, aber nicht zu viel auf einmal; wenn Du damit zu Ende biſt, ſollſt Du immer mehr erhalten."

Cathinka war dieſes Verkehrs ſehr zufrieden. Es ſchmeichelte ihr, als Wohlthäterin auftreten zu können, und ſie verließ ſeelenfroh Auguſte, der jedes ihrer Worte ein Dolchſtoß ins Herz war; denn ſie ſei es ja, ſagte ſie ſich, die über dem armen Anton das Schwert gezogen hielt, inſofern ſie es nicht hinwegzog; aber dennoch meinte ſie, leichter Athem holend, bliebe es noch immer eine Frage, ob ihre Worte, vermöchte ſie auch das ihrem Herzen ſo heilige Geſtändniß zu verrathen, Kraft genug haben würden ſeine Bande zu löſen. Sie hatte ja auch keine Beweiſe ihrer Ausſage. Indeſſen empfand ihr ganzes Weſen ein immer größeres Bedürfniß ihn zu retten; nur das Wie vermochte ihre Phantaſie nicht aufzufinden; zitterten doch alle untergeordneten Beamten vor der ſtarren Strenge des Polizeichefs, dem auch die Aufſicht über die Gefängniſſe anvertraut war, und deſſen Eifer, ſich in den Augen ſeiner Obern immer verdienſtlicher zu machen, dieß ſeinem Charakter entſprechende Mittel ergriffen hatte, wodurch er indeſſen die erſte Pflicht eines neuen Beamten verletzte, die, durch eine gerechte Milde die Regierung, in deren Namen er wirkte, beliebt und geehrt zu machen."

Monate waren indeſſen vergangen, in welchen der Fiscal, der Auguſtens väterliches Haus immer häufiger beſuchte, von dem Fortgang der Sache nichts anderes mitzutheilen hatte, als die Hoffnung, durch ein fortgeſetztes ſtrenges Verfahren, den Verhafteten bald, ſeinem Ausdrucke nach, mürbe zu machen, und ihn zum Geſtändniß zu bringen — „dann" — fügte einmal bei einer ſolchen Aeußerung gegen Auguſte hinzu, — „bin ich des guten Erfolgs meiner Bemühungen gewiß, und mein erſtes Geſchäft wird dann ſein: Sie um Erlaubniß zu bitten, Ihrem verehrten Vater den innigſten Wunſch meines Herzens vorzutragen."

Auguſte ſah ihn betroffen, unſicher an. Nicht daß dieſe halbe Erklärung, der noch deutlichere Aeußerungen ſeiner Liebe vorangegangen waren, ſie überraſchte, ſondern eine Reihe von Vorſtellungen durchzog plötzlich ihre Seele. Keine Hoffnung einer Verbindung mit Eduard war je in ihrem Innern aufgeſtiegen, denn in demſelben Momente, wo die Schwatzhaftigkeit der Couſine ihr ſeine Zuneigung als einen lieblichen Traum vormalte, der ihr Herz durchzitterte, hatte ja eine grauenhafte Wirklichkeit ihn gewaltſam zerſtört; dieſe Ueberzeugung mit der Vorſtellung vereint, daß ſie vielleicht, indem ſie ſich zum Opfer darböte, dadurch die wegen ihres Schweigens leidende Unſchuld retten, und ſich ſelbſt über den Zweifel, ob nicht dennoch eine eigenſüchtige Vorliebe Antheil an dieſem Schweigen hätte, beruhigen könnte, ſtellte ſich in dieſem Augenblick klar vor ihren Blick; war ja doch Sturm ein anerkannt rechtlicher, ſogar ſanfter Mann, deſſen Liebenswürdigkeit, die ſie früher doch freundlich angezogen, nur durch die übertriebene Strenge ſeines Eifers verſchwunden war, eine Strenge, welche ihr Einfluß wohl wieder zu mildern vermochte; und die Hoffnung auf dieſen Erfolg gewann eine ſolche Kraft, ja deſſen Wahrſcheinlichkeit ſchwebte ihr jetzt ſo deutlich vor der Seele, daß ſie, obgleich leicht erblaſſend, mit zitternder Stimme zur Antwort gab: „Es ſei, doch unter einer Bedingung."

„Und die iſt?" — fragte er ſeelenfroh, denn er war bis dieſen Augenblick, obgleich er ſich ſelbſt die Gewißheit vorträumte, ſeiner Sache keineswegs ſicher geweſen.

„Daß Sie ſich bemühen, Ihr Unrecht wieder gut zu machen, und den armen Seiler aus einer Lage zu erlöſen, worein, ich fühle es, nur äußere Zufälligkeiten, und Ihre ſcharfſinnige Deutung derſelben mehr als eine böſe That ihn gebracht?"

„Und das behaupten Sie mit ſolcher Gewißheit?" — erwiederte er beſtürzt.

„Fragen Sie die ganze — Stadt? Iſt der Burſche nicht immer als ſanft und gut bekannt geweſen, und der Ermordete dagegen als ein verworfener Menſch. Ihre nähere Bekanntſchaft iſt ja nicht einmal erwieſen."

„Doch! doch!"

„Nun denn, und wenn auch wirklich die Verruchtheit des Erſchlagenen, den Unglücklichen in einem ſolchen Grad gereizt hätte, daß er ſich einen Augenblick vergaß, was der andere mit glücklicherem Erfolg Jahrelang alle Tage gethan, muß er denn eine augenblickliche Wallung des jungen Blutes, das vielleicht, eben weil es rein war, ſo ungeſtüm aufbrauſte, mit dem Leben, oder noch weit ſchlimmer, mit dem Elend eines ganzen Lebens büßen?"

„Das, liebe Auguſte! iſt die Sache des Geſetzes."

„Aber Ihre Sache iſt's, lieber Sturm! menſchlich, nicht ſtrenger als das ruhige Geſetz zu ſein, nicht Umſtänden, die doch allerdings zufällig ſein können und die Sie, wären Sie ſein Anwald, ſich bemühen würden, zu beſeitigen, eine gefährliche verbrecheriſche Auslegung zu geben?"

„Möge ſein Anwald es thun! als Menſch muß ich das ja wünſchen! allein es wird ihm nicht gelingen."

„Ich ehre die Wahrheit" — verſetzte Auguſte warm, — „allein den Schein, der im einſeitigen Suchen derſelben, ſich ihren Namen anmaßen will, haſſe ich. Soll ich Ihnen tauſend Beiſpiele — Calas, Labarre, Le Surques, die ich kürzlich mit Grauen geleſen habe, alle aus der franzöſiſchen Geſchichte, — denn die gewiß auch vorhandenen deutſchen Juſtizmorde vermodern noch, von dem Heiligenſchein der Gerechtigkeit umgeben, in ihren Archiven, — ſoll ich Ihnen die vorhalten, welche alle die Unhinlänglichkeit wahrſcheinlicher Umſtände beweiſen. Wollen auch Sie einen Mord auf Ihr Gewiſſen wälzen? Glauben Sie mir, der Thäter, wer es auch ſei, entgeht der innern Strafe nicht."

„Aber, liebe Auguſte! es iſt eben die äußere Strafe eines Verbrechens, worauf mein Amt hinweiſt, und die es mir gebietet."

„Aber doch nicht aus äußeren Zufälligkeiten ein Verbrechen zuſammen zu koppeln?"

„Das habe ich mir nicht vorzuwerfen," — entgegnete er verletzt. — „Allein ich begreife nicht, warum Sie ſich eben dieſes Menſchen ſo warm annehmen?" fügte er mit einem ſpähenden Blick hinzu.

„Eben weil er ein Menſch iſt" — verſetzte ſie verlegen — „blutjung, und eine alte kranke Mutter hat." —

„Hm! der Erſchlagene hat auch Familie. Nun wohl! zurückgeben kann und will ich nicht, weil dem Pflicht und Ehre widerſtreiten, allein ich verſpreche Ihnen, jeden fernern eintreffenden Umſtand, ſein Benehmen ſelbſt, mit der Vorausſetzung möglicher Schuldloſigkeit zu beurtheilen. Bei Gott, das iſt mehr, als ich thun ſollte — ich darf alſo"

Auguſte, froh doch etwas erreicht zu haben, und die eben darin die Möglichkeit einer noch größeren Möglichkeit erblickte, ließ ihn gewähren. Er küßte mit Wärme ihre Hand, doch nicht mit dem Entzücken, womit er ohne die ihm abgedrungene halbe Bedingung es gethan haben würde, und verließ ſie in tiefem Sinnen an einen günſtigen Umſtand, um in derſelben Stunde, woran Auguſte freilich nicht gedacht hatte, dem Vater ſeinen Antrag zu eröffnen. Der Alte, dem dieſer auch nicht unerwartet kam, verwies ihn auf die Tochter zurück, und da Sturm ſich ſchon auf ihre Beiſtimmung berufen zu dürfen glaubte, lächelte der Vater beifällig und äußerte nur den Wunſch, daß keine öffentliche Verlobung ſtattfände, bevor der Bewerber mit dem verhofften Amte bekleidet ſei.

Sei es nun dieſe Bedingung, oder vielleicht eine geheime Spannung, welche die Meinungsverſchiedenheit der Neuverlobten hervorgebracht hatte, und die nur allmälig, im Verlauf der Beiden drückenden Sache, ſich wieder ausgleichen würde, keine größere Annäherung als früher fand in ihren Unterredungen ſtatt; es war als ſcheuten ſich Beide vor einer Hingebung, die bei der Einen nicht aus liebender Zärtlichkeit hervorgehen konnte, und bei dem Andern mit der Furcht, ihr zu viel Gewalt einzuräumen, verbunden war.

Kaum eine Woche nachher reichte der Polizeichef dem Doctor Sturm eines Morgens, als dieſer zu ihm ins Zimmer trat, ein offenes Billet mit den Worten hin: „Sehen Sie da, was mir die Fußpoſt ſo eben gebracht hat."

Sturm nahm ihm das Blatt aus der Hand und betrachtete ſeiner Gewohnheit nach, das Aeußere deſſelben genau. Er ſah das feinſte Velin, die drei Seiten deſſelben mit goldenem Schnitt und eine höchſt zierliche, jedoch ſteife und anſcheinend verſtellte Handſchrift, dann las er:

„Nehmen Sie ſich die Warnung eines Unbekannten zu
„Herzen, dem die Verhältniſſe verwehren, öffentlich darthun
„zu dürfen, was er vor Gottes Auge auf ſeine Seligkeit
„hierdurch betheuert, daß der inhaftirte junge Mann, Anton
„Burg, wie ſehr auch der Schein gegen ihn zeugt, an dem
„angeſchuldigten Verbrechen durchaus nicht ſchuldig und ein
„ganz anderer der Thäter iſt."

„Nun, was ſagen Sie dazu?" — fragte der Polizeichef. — „Firlefanz, nicht wahr, der keine Beachtung verdient; dennoch wundert mich nicht eben die Zierlichkeit des Blattes, das nur vielleicht imponiren ſollte, ſondern die durchaus zierliche Hand."

„Sonderbar!" — ſagte Sturm nachſinnend — „höchſt ſonderbar! O! da fällt mir was ein. Gewiß! ich habe es! Jetzt wird mir Vieles erklärbar! O, über die Schlauheit der Weiber!"

„Was fällt Ihnen ein?"

„Nun, es iſt ein bloßer Einfall! — Ich ſollte freilich noch nichts ſagen, doch Ihnen verehrter Gönner, will ich keinen Zug meines Scharfſinnes, oder vielmehr meines ſcharfen Gedächtniſſes, das da, wo es die Amtspflicht gilt, immer rege iſt, verhehlen. Warten Sie nur einen Augenblick. — Er zog ſein Taſchenbuch hervor, ſuchte darin, fand ein etwas vergelbtes zuſammengelegtes Velinblatt, das er raſch entfaltete, und mit dem Schreiben zuſammenhielt. — „Hm!" — murmelte er für ſich ſelbſt. — „Männer — Mann! Warnung, Schein, nicht! — Ja, ja! es iſt dieſelbe Hand, ich kann nicht zweifeln."

„Wie! Tauſendkünſtler!" — rief der Polizeichef erfreut — „Sie kennen den Schreiber! ſchnell" —

„Belieben Sie nur dieß Stammbuchblatt zu leſen und beide zuſammenzuhalten:"

„Die Männer ſuchen nur zu gern in jedem dreiſt begeg-
„nenden Blicke den Wiederſchein von dem Verlangen ihres
„Herzens und ahnen nicht, daß dieſer in dem Auge, das
„ſich zu Boden ſenkt, am ſchönſten ruht. — Vergeſſen
„Sie, wohin der Wind, die Meere und das Leben Sie auch
„treiben mögen, nicht dieſe Warnung

Ihre Freundin C."

„C —" — wiederholte der Polizeichef — „ich weiß Nichts."

„Cathinka!" verſetzte Sturm lächelnd. — „Sehen Sie, verehrter Herr und Freund! Es war mir längſt auffallend, warum meine Braut — ich darf ſie jetzt wohl ſo nennen — ſich eben dieſes Burſchen, den ſie doch gewiß nicht kennt und der weit unter ihr ſteht, ſo annimmt. Jetzt geht mir ein Licht auf. Sonderbar, wie doch ein ſcharfer Blick eine leiſe, faſt nicht zu beachtende Fügung der Vorſehung durchſchauen kann! Sie erinnern ſich gewiß des Abends, als wir jene Mordthat entdeckten. Als wir vom Tiſche unſers alten Freundes aufgeſtanden und vor das Haus getreten waren, bemerkte ich, daß die Couſine Cathinka im Hinabhüpfen von der Terraſſe an der andern Seite des Hauſes ein Papier verlor; ich rief ihr nach, da ſie mich aber nicht hörte, und immer weiter fortlief, ſteckte ich es zu mir, um ihr es nachher zu geben; allein ſie erſchien nicht mehr; den Tag darauf, — wiewohl weit wichtigere Dinge mir im Kopfe herumgingen, aber die ſchöne Hand hatte meine Theilnahme erregt, fragte ich meine Braut um ihre Wohnung, in der Abſicht, ihr das Verlorne ſelbſt zu bringen, denn ich mochte ſie nicht gern in den Augen der ernſten Couſine, die ſchwerlich um ihre leichten Herzensgeheimniſſe wußte, compromittiren. Allein Geſchäfte hielten mich ab, und ich vergaß es ganz bis heute, da dieſelbe Handſchrift mir vor die Augen kam. Und jetzt — das Haus, welches ſie bewohnt, — ſehen Sie, hier habe ich die Nummer bemerkt, befindet ſich in derſelben kurzen Straße, gewiß ſogar in der nächſten Nachbarſchaft, wo die Mutter des Seilergeſellen wohnt. Er war und iſt ſogar noch trotz des Einfluſſes der Kerkerluft ein hübſcher Burſche, — gewiß hat ſie ihn früher oft geſehen, und nun ſein Unglück — Sie wiſſen, wie mitleidig junge Mädchen ſind, beſonders wenn Jugend und Schönheit mit in's Spiel kommen! ohne Zweifel rührt die Theilnahme meiner Braut von den Wehklagen der Couſine her, und dieſer ſieht ein ſolcher Verſuch, die Ueberzeugung der Richter zu verwirren, ganz ähnlich. Ei! ſehe man wohl „bei ihrer Seligkeit!" Nun ja, ihre irdiſche Seligkeit mag wohl dabei implicirt ſein!" — fuhr er, ſich immer mehr ereifernd, fort. — „Nein! daß die Weiber ſich nicht fürchten, ſogar in criminellen Sachen zu intriguiren, das iſt zu toll! — Ich will ſelbſt zu ihr hingehen, ſo ganz in der Stille, — denn von der Seite verliert die Sache alle Wichtigkeit, aber geängſtigt muß ſie werden."

„Nun!" — ſagte der Polizeichef lächelnd — „Sie wiſſen, daß ich gegen Damen immer galant bin, wo ich es ſein darf; behalten Sie das Blatt, ich will das Ganze ignoriren, laſſen Sie mich aber indeſſen den Erfolg wiſſen."

Sturm eilte ohne Verzug nach Cathinka's Wohnung. Die Länge des Weges kühlte ſein Blut ab, und gab ihm Zeit, zu erwägen, wie er die Wahrheit am beſten ausfinden könnte, ja ganz eingedenk ſeines Verſprechens an Auguſte, ſann er nach, ob nicht ſelbſt dieſer Vorfall den Verdacht gegen den Unglücklichen beſtärken möchte. Indeſſen trat er mit einem durchaus freundlichen Lächeln in das kleine Beſuchzimmer.

Cathinka ſtarrte ihn neugierig und verwundert an. Er begann mit Entſchuldigungen, daß ſowohl Geſchäfte als Vergelegenheit ihn abgehalten hätten, ihr ein vor Monaten verlornes, aber von ihm gefundenes und behutſam aufgehobenes Papier früher als jetzt zurückzuſtellen, und hielt ihr darauf das Stammbuchblatt hin.

Sie erwiederte keine Sylbe, wurde aber blutroth. — „In der That,“ — fuhr er fort — „es thut mir leid, und ſelbſt deshalb mag ich es wohl im Anfang aufgeſchoben haben, mich von einer ſo ſchönen Handſchrift zu trennen. Es iſt ja doch die Ihrige.“

„Freilich habe ich es verloren,“ — ſagte ſie entſchloſſen — „und der Anfangsbuchſtabe meines Namens wird darunter ſtehen, aber geſchrieben, — nein! Nun wollte ich Ihnen um die ganze Welt nicht meine Wäſchzettel zeigen; zu rechter Zeit bald große und bald kleine Buchſtaben hinzuſchreiben, habe ich nie im Kopfe behalten können.“

„Nicht ſelbſt geſchrieben!“ — fiel er überraſcht ein — „wer hat es denn?“

„Ja das kann ich nicht ſagen, das iſt ein Geheimniß.“ Dieſer Umſtand verwirrte ein wenig den Doctor und ſpannte ſogleich ſeinen Scharfſinn; aber bald gefaßt, konnte es ihm nicht ſchwer fallen, durch Scherze, Schmeicheleien und ſchlaue Wendungen das argloſe Mädchen treuherzig zu machen.

„Nun denn,“ — platzte ſie endlich heraus — „wenn Sie mich nicht verrathen wollen, denn ich habe verſprechen müſſen, es allen Menſchen zu verſchweigen, wie unſchuldig es auch iſt, und ich weiß, daß eine ſo übertriebene Bedenklichkeit recht nach Ihrem Geſchmack iſt. Ihre künftige Braut hat es geſchrieben.“

„Wie? Auguſte? unmöglich! Das iſt nicht ihre Hand.“

„Natürlich: denn ſie hat ſie mit großer Mühe verſtellt.“

„Um Gotteswillen, warum? erzählen Sie doch Alles, Alles! Sie haben mich da in eine Unruhe verſetzt.“

„Ei mein Gott! die Sache iſt ja ganz einfach, und da ich doch A geſagt habe, muß ich doch wohl, um Sie zu beruhigen, auch B ſagen! — Auguſte verdient gar keinen Tadel deshalb, und ich ſehe auch nicht ein, daß ich ein Vergehen dadurch begangen, denn ich kann ja doch nicht dafür, daß Eduard, Herr Blank, wollte ich ſagen, ſich weit mehr an mich, als an die Couſine hielt, die ihm zu vornehm iſt und der Sie es gewiß übel genommen hätten, wenn ſie ihn freundlich angeſehen. Nun auf uns gab Niemand acht, und wir plauderten auch recht gern zuſammen; und da mußte ich einmal — Sie wiſſen ja, wie keck die Seeleute ſind, da mußte ich, ob ich wollte oder nicht, ihm verſprechen, mich in ſein Stammbuch zu ſchreiben. Nun! ich hätte mich nicht ſo lange nöthigen laſſen, wenn ich nicht gar zu ſchlecht ſchriebe, allein da ich nun doch hatte Ja ſagen müſſen, ſo bat ich die Couſine, in meinem Namen etwas hineinzuſchreiben, und das that ſie denn auch, jedoch mit verſtellter Hand und nachdem ſie das heilige Verſprechen mir abgenommen, weder ihm, noch Jemand es zu ſagen. Und nun haben Sie häßlicher Menſch mich doch dazu verführt. Her mit dem Blatte, ich will es zerreißen.“

„Nein!“ — ſagte Sturm beklommen — „wenn es ſich ſo verhält, gehört es mir. Schweigen Sie nur immer, ich werde gewiß nicht Fräulein Auguſte compromittiren. Aber warum hat er es denn nicht erhalten?“

„Ach! das wiſſen Sie ja eben ſo gut, wie ich — weil ich es verloren, und erſt unten an der Gartenthür am Strande vermißte, wo ich es ihm geben wollte, wenn er vorüberkäme.“

„Unten an der Gartenthüre?“ — fragte er ſchnell. — „Sahen Sie ihn allein? Haben Sie keine andern Leute da bemerkt?“

„Keinen Menſchen,“ — gab ſie unbefangen, doch leicht erröthend zur Antwort. —

„Ich eilte auch ſpornſtreichs zurück und er zum Schiffe.“

Er verließ ſie mit ſchwerem Herzen. Was, von Cathinka unternommen, er für einen leichtſinnigen, nicht beachtenswerthen Weiberſtreich gehalten, erhielt von Auguſtens Hand ein ganz anderes Anſehen. Er kannte die ſittliche Beſonnenheit, die ſtrenge Wahrheitsliebe ſeiner Braut, und eine ahnungsſchwangere Unruhe beſchlich ſein Herz. Nun erwog er erſt jedes Wort dieſes verhängnißvollen Billets. Alles erſchien ihm nun von ſchwerer Bedeutung. — Freilich hatte ſie etwas Ähnliches geäußert, aber nicht mit einer ſo zuverſichtlichen Betheurung, nicht mit einer ſo beunruhigenden Beſtimmtheit eines andern Thäters erwähnt.

In der That erſchrak ſie beinahe vor ſeiner düſtern Miene, als er, gerade nach ihrer Wohnung eilend, ſie zum Glück allein in dem Salon traf. Ihre ſchwermüthige ſinnende Haltung fiel ihm nun erſt auf.

„Ich komme ſehr betrübt zu Ihnen;“ — begann er — „habe ich doch verſprochen, Ihnen nichts in dieſer verwünſchten Mordſache zu verheimlichen; ſehen Sie nun ſelbſt, was und zugekommen iſt.“ — Er zeigt ihr den Zettel, ſie von der Seite ſcharf anblickend.

„Nun!“ ſagte ſie ruhig, das ſchnell durchflogene Blatt zurückgebend — „glauben Sie nicht, daß dieſe Warnung, die mir hätte nöthig werden ſollen, Beachtung verdient?“

„Allerdings! Leider! leider! ahnen Sie nicht, woher ſie kommen mag?“

„Der Unbekannte!“ — erwiederte ſie unbefangen — „hat wohl dafür geſorgt, daß ihn keine Ahnung entwittern kann.“

„Doch! Doch!“ verſetzte er düſter — „ich beſitze noch ein Exemplar derſelben Handſchrift.“ — Er legte ſchnell das Stammbuchblatt vor ſie hin.

Sie fuhr ſichtbar zuſammen. — „Wie kommen Sie zu dieſem Blatte?“ fragte ſie heftig.

„Verzeihen Sie, Auguſte!“ — fuhr er erſchüttert fort, — „Es iſt jetzt in jedem Betracht an mir zu fragen. Sie haben das Letztere geſchrieben, das weiß ich — auch das Erſtere, das ſagt mir ihr Erſchrecken.“

„Dann täuſchen Sie ſich — ich erſchrack dieſes Blatt in Ihrer Hand zu ſehen. Ich vermuthete“ — —

„Gewiß nicht, daß es Sie verrathen würde. Geſtehen Sie nur“ —

„Was ſoll ich geſtehen, wo ich nichts läugne. — Wollen Sie aber auch nur ein Wort mehr von mir hören, ſo ſagen Sie mir zuerſt, woher haben Sie dieß Blatt?“

Er erzählte ihr den Hergang, nicht ohne Andeutung auf die ſonderbare Fügung, und auf ſeinen Alles durchdringenden Scharfſinn, dem es auch nicht entging, daß ihr Erſchrecken, ihre Unruhe mit jedem ſeiner Worte aufhörte, wogegen eine leiſe Schwermuth ſich wie ein farbloſer Trauerflor über ihre Züge legte; hätte er den Grund deſſelben errathen können, würde vielleicht ſein Triumph zum Schmerz geworden ſein.

Cathinka hatte ihr alſo vorgelogen. Eduard hatte das Blatt, worauf und worüber er ſich ſo gefreut haben ſollte, nicht einmal erhalten, ſo war gewiß auch Alles, was die Couſine ihr — von Eduards geheimer Zuneigung, ſeine Freude, von ihr reden zu können, nur freche Vorſpiegelungen geweſen, um dahinter einen geheimen Liebeshandel mit einem Leichtſinnigen zu verbergen. Ihre liebende Angſt, ihre quälende Beſorgniß wegen eines Lebens, das ſie ſich geweiht wähnte, waren alſo nur die Frucht einer dreiſten Lüge, die in dieſem Augenblick, unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen, wie eine bittere Schmach, ihr Herz zerriſſen, und ſie, die gutmüthige Bethörte eines ränkevollen Mädchens, vielleicht ſogar eines ſittenloſen Wildfangs, eines leichtſinnigen Mörders, der ſeine That verſchmerzt, ſo wie er ihrer albernen Verblendung gelacht hatte, befand ſich nun in der demüthigſten peinlichſten Verlegenheit, wegen der Schonung, die ihr gar zu ſchwaches Herz einem Unwürdigen noch immer angedeihen ließ.

Solche oder wenigſtens ähnliche Vorſtellungen verwirrten ihre Seele, als Sturm endlich ſeinen Bericht mit den Worten ſchloß: „Sie wiſſen nun Alles, und zugleich wie theuer Sie mir ſind. — Vertrauen Sie mir ganz.“ —

„Gewiß doch nicht ſo theuer, als was Sie für ihre Pflicht halten,“ erwiederte ſie, ſich faſſend. „Es ſoll kein Vorwurf ſein, lieber Sturm! denn Gott weiß, nichts iſt, nichts ſoll mir theurer werden, als dem nachzukommen, was mein Gewiſſen mir zur Pflicht macht. — Ich habe jenes Billet geſchrieben — ja — aber auch nichts mehr zu ſagen, denn Sie ſehen ja ſelbſt, daß es Bitte und Antwort auf alle Fragen zu gleicher Zeit enthält.“

„Sie dürfen alſo des Seilergeſellen Antons Unſchuld beſchwören?“ —

„In dieſer Sache, ja.“

„Und das haben Sie ſo lange verſchwiegen?“

„Würde man meinen Eid zugeben und ihm trauen, ohne mir eine genauere Erklärung abzufordern? — die ich weder geben kann noch will.“

„Ich habe Sie nie vorher ſo feſt entſchloſſen geſehen, aber mir denken können!“

„Weil Sie mich nie früher in dem Falle geſehen, es ſein zu müſſen, ich bin ohne es zu ahnen, aus Eifer, einen Unſchuldigen vor dem übrigen zu retten, unglücklicher Weiſe auf dieſen Punkt gekommen.“

„Hm!“ — ſagte er, von dieſem Starrſinne verletzt, ohne zu wiſſen, woran ſein Scharfſinn faſſen ſollte. — „Der Anton iſt ein hübſcher Burſche.“

„Ich habe ihn nie geſehen,“ — antwortete ſie ruhig.

„Und dürfen doch ſeine Unſchuld beſchwören?“

„Doch, doch! ich habe jenen Abend von der Garten-Terraſſe ſeinen Nachen geſehen, das Fähnlein, das Boot, das Waſſer, ich habe ihn mit heiterer Stimme ein fröhliches Lied ſingen gehört. In ſolcher Stimmung begeht man keinen Mord.“

„Allein wenn Anton dennoch ein Anderer wäre, als der, welchen Sie durch die Beſchreibung eines ähnlichen Aeußern und Benehmens, für ihn halten, was dann? Zwei Handwerksburſchen auf der Wanderung können Beide jeder für ſich ſingen und ihr Abendbrot verzehren; auch iſt die Mordſtelle ſo ziemlich von der Garten-Terraſſe entfernt.“ —

„So dürfte ich doch ſchwören, daß der Verhaftete unſchuldig iſt.“ —

„So? alſo kennen Sie den Thäter?“ —

„Nun! — ich habe ihn geſehen!“ —

„Und haben geſchwiegen?“ — rief der Fiscal beide Hände zuſammenſchlagend.

„Ich bin kein Angeber — unter keinem Umſtande werde ich einen Schuldigen verrathen, deſſen Vergehen mit dem Tode beſtraft werden dürfte — ich würde mir ſelbſt wie ein Mörder vorkommen.“ —

„Mein Gott! aber die Geſetze.“

„Ihnen unterwerfe ich mich willig, aber ich gehorche ihnen nicht, wenn ſie mir etwas gebieten, dem mein Gewiſſen widerſtrebt.“

„Und vollends, wenn es darauf ankommt einen Unſchuldigen zu retten.“

„Sie ſehen ja, daß ich mit der ängſtlichſten Beſorgniß, alles, was in meinen Kräften ſteht, für ihn thue.“

„Sie brauchen ja nur zu ſagen, was Ihre Augen geſehen.“

„Und dadurch einen verrathen, deſſen Schuld mir dennoch ein Räthſel iſt, denn“ — fügte ſie beſonnener hinzu — „meine Augen ſahen ja nur die äußere That. — Soll ich jemanden dem richterlichen Schwert überliefern, das immer bereit hängt, deſſen Blut zu vergießen, der Blut vergoſſen hat, da ich doch hoffen muß, daß die Geſetze nicht irgend einem bloßen Anſcheine zu Folge das Todesurtheil ſprechen, und thun ſie es dennoch — über den falſchen Scharfſinn der Richter komme das Blut!“

„Sonderbar! ich kann nicht bezweifeln, daß ſie den Thäter kennen und ſogar genau“ —

Sie gab keine Antwort.

„Ich glaube ihr Zartgefühl zu verſtehen“ — fuhr er ſchmeichelnd fort. — „Nun wohl, ich gebe es zu; es würde Ihnen und Ihrer Familie unangenehm ſein, Sie in eine ſo verruchte Sache gemiſcht zu ſehen, allein das kann verhütet werden: Vertrauen Sie nur mir. Sie brauchen ja nicht jemanden zu nennen. Geben Sie mir nur einen Wink, einige Fingerzeige. — Ich werde wohl die Spuren dabei zu verfolgen wiſſen. Sie haben alſo doch das Aeußere des Mörders bemerkt, können ſeinen Anzug beſchreiben? —

Sie ſah ihn ſtarr, erſtaunt, empört an. — „O ja“ — fiel ſie ein — „er iſt von Ihrer Größe und Geſtalt, mit einem grünen Frack, dunklen Beinkleidern, ſchmal von Geſicht, braunen Auges, ſcharfſinnigen Blickes, und trägt eine Brille.“

„Mein Gott!“ — rief Sturm beinahe erſchrocken, — „Sie beſchreiben ja meine Perſon vom Kopf bis zum Fuße?“

„Allerdings! denn wäre es Ihnen gelungen, mein Vertrauen ſich zu erſchleichen, ſtänden Sie dann nicht als ein Mörder, der meiner Ruhe, meines Gewiſſens, vor mir? Warum konnte Jener nicht auch Ihnen ähnlich ſehen, ich mich geirrt haben und durch meine Ausſage nur ein neues Unheil herbeibringen. Meinen Schwur zur Rechtfertigung eines Unſchuldigen wollen Sie nicht annehmen, dürfen Sie den Eid, der jemanden zum Verbrecher ſtempelt für heiliger halten? Und ich habe ja keine andern Beweiſe als meinen Eid.“

„Ihre Ausſage, Auguſte! — ſoll ja nur umſichtige Unterſuchungen herbeileiten — nur was Ihre Augen geſehen zu haben glauben.“

„Sie haben mich gelehrt vor Ihren Unterſuchungen zu ſchaudern,“ — fiel ſie ihm ins Wort. — „Sie meinen ja beſſer, was Ihre Augen doch nicht geſehen, gewiß zu ſein, ich zweifle ſogar an der Wahrhaftigkeit der meinigen. Nein! Meine Augen haben nur in dem Thäter mit voller Ueberzeugung den Angeſchuldigten nicht geſehen; das bin nun bereit zu beſchwören, da ich einmal verrathen bin.

„Sie ſetzen mich in die peinlichſte Verlegenheit! Fühlen Sie denn nicht, daß ich, bei der Wendung, die unſere Unterredung genommen, ſelbſt zur Rettung des, wie ſie behaupten, Unſchuldigen, dieſe meinen Vorgeſetzten nicht verſchweigen darf?“

„Sonderbar! und da es darauf ankam, mich zum Vertrauen zu verleiten, verſprachen Sie dieß nicht zu mißbrauchen.“

„Sie verkennen mich. Ich wollte die mir gegebene Auskunft klug benutzen, dafür ſorgen, daß Sie außer der Sache blieben.“

„Und jetzt nicht.“

„Wir ſtehen beide unter dem Geſetze! Jetzt habe ich nur die traurige Pflicht zu erfüllen, die Behörde um Schonung mit uns Beiden anzurufen. O, Auguſte! wenn Sie die kleinſte Liebe zu mir, nur Mitleid mit mir fühlten, Sie würden mich nicht ſo entlaſſen, und ſo viel von beidem, könnte ich faſt ſagen, für einen Unbekannten — ach Gott! was weiß ich's — vielleicht zu gut Bekannten.“ — —

„Nein, nein!“ — unterbrach ſie ihn heftig in Thränen ausbrechend — „weder Mitleid noch Liebe, ich haſſe ihn ſogar, denn“ — fuhr ſie mit größerer Faſſung fort, — „ſeine That hat mich armes Mädchen in eine Verworrenheit hineingebracht, worin nur die Stimme des Gewiſſens, der Religion ſelbſt deutlich zu mir ſpricht. — Nein! mit dieſer Empfindung von Haß, kann ich ihn noch weniger als früher verrathen; es würde in dieſem Augenblick eine unwürdige Rache ſo vieler qualvollen Stunden ſein. Thun Sie, was Sie wollen, verrathen Sie nur nach Ihrer Pflicht die, welche Sie Braut genannt, die vergebens gehofft, Sie zu milderer Gerechtigkeit, zu gerechtem Mitleid zu bewegen. Aber hoffen Sie nicht, daß ich meine Ausſage über den Inhalt jenes Schwures hinaus erweitere, daß ich ein Wort mehr ſprechen werde, als die Unſchuld des Verhafteten zu beſchwören! Es komme über mich von nun an, was es auch ſei. — Ich habe meinen Entſchluß genommen, mein Gewiſſen iſt ruhig, ſo bin ich es auch.“

„Braut genannt, nur genannt,“ — wiederholte er beſtürzt.

„Können Sie denn im Ernſt noch an ein Mädchen denken, es lieben, deſſen Anſichten von den Ihrigen ſo verſchieden, das etwas Heiligeres, als Ihre Geſetze, die Ihnen das Höchſte ſind, in ſich fühlt; kann ich zu einem Manne halten, ihm vertrauen, ihm gut ſein, der nicht ahnungslos, wie jener Unſelige, bei deſſen Vergehen ich Zeuge geweſen, ſondern gefliſſentlich mich einem verletzenden Verhängniſſe preisgiebt. Was auch geſchehen mag, nicht ich trage die Schuld, ſondern ihr unzeitiger Scharfſinn, Ihr mit Verletzung aller zarteren Gefühle übertriebener Dienſteifer, der einem unbefangenen ſchon bei ſolchem Anblick erregten Gemüthe einen ſolchen Schrecken einjagte, daß er über den Inſtinct der Selbſtbewahrung die Beſonnenheit, die vielmehr dem Verbrecher zu Gebote ſteht, vergaß, und dem faſt grundloſen Verdachte Gewicht gab, der gar nicht aufgekommen wäre, wenn Sie mehr an das allgemeine menſchliche Gefühl, als an das Böſe des Einzelnen geglaubt hätten; und nun — thun Sie, was Sie nicht unterlaſſen dürfen.“

Die Gemüthsſtimmung, in welcher Sturm von ihr ging, iſt ſchwer zu beſchreiben. Sie hatte vor ihm eine Energie entfaltet, die er ihr bei ihrem ſonſtigen ſanften Weſen nicht zugetraut hatte, um ſo mehr empfand er, daß ihr Entſchluß unerſchütterlich ſei, und ſah dabei mit ſchwerer Beklommenheit zum erſtenmal ein, daß Auguſte rückſichtlich ſeiner wohl mit Recht ihm vorgeworfen hatte, daß der Fiscal-Eifer ihn zu weit geführt, und nun, da die unbezweifelte Wahrheit, die aus ihrem ganzen Benehmen ſprach, ihm ſeinen Irrthum und die Unſchuld des Angeklagten klar vor die Seele ſtellte, wurde es ihm die höchſte Pflicht, dieſen aus den eigenen Klauen zu retten, und ein Bedürfniß ſeines Herzens, ſie zu verſöhnen. Allein das Erſte konnte er nicht erreichen, ohne durch ein Verfahren, das ihm jedoch ſeine Amtsſtellung gebot, ſich das Letztere noch ſchwerer zu machen. — Die Einwirkung des Vaters in Anſpruch zu nehmen, war ja nur dem alten kränklichen Manne, der dem jeder Schritt nach äußerer Sitte und den geſelligen Verhältniſſen abgemeſſen war, und der jedes Aufſehen ſcheute, eine tiefe Kränkung, der Tochter eine noch ſchwerere Stunde herbeizuführen, ohne hoffen zu dürfen, ihren Entſchluß zu verändern. Es blieb ihm nichts anders übrig, als ehe er den entſcheidenden Schritt unternahm, ſich dem Polizeichef anzuvertrauen, in deſſen Händen die Unterſuchungs-Acte, nur eines noch bis dahin immer gehofften Geſtändniſſes harrend, ruhten, um dann noch den höheren Behörden eingeſandt zu werden; allein dieß war ja ſchon entſcheidend. Die unerbittliche Strenge und Pünktlichkeit dieſes Mannes ließ ihn zweifeln, daß er Zartgefühl genug beſäße, die Großmuth ſeiner Braut, die ihm klar war, nicht als einen weiblichen Trotz, der Demüthigung verdiente, anzuſehen; da tröſtete ihn wieder die Rechtlichkeit ſeiner Geſinnung, die Niemand übel und ihm perſönlich wohl wollte. Die kleine Beſchämung, eben dieſem Manne eingeſtehen zu müſſen, daß ſein Scharfſinn ihn getäuſcht hätte, durfte nicht in Anſchlag kommen.

Der Polizeichef kam ihm, als er den folgenden Morgen in deſſen Zimmer trat, lachend entgegen, erſchrack aber vor ſeiner Bläſſe und der tiefen Niedergeſchlagenheit, die über ſeinem ganzen Weſen verbreitet lag. Seine Beſtürzung und die beſorgte Eile, womit er fragte, was ihm begegnet ſei, nahm Sturm für ein gutes Zeichen an. Mit ſo vieler Schonung und Milderung, als ihm, ohne der Wahrheit zu nahe zu treten, möglich war, theilte er ihm den ganzen Vorfall mit. Dieſer unterbrach ihn nicht, allein das größte Erſtaunen ſtand auf ſeinem Antlitz gemalt. Das war ihm während ſeiner vielen Amtsjahre noch nicht begegnet, daß ein junges Mädchen, und obendrein von einem gebildeten Stande ſich mit ſolcher Entſchloſſenheit gegen die Geſetze und ſogar gegen ſeine Autorität aufgelehnt hatte; die ſichtbare Qual ſeines jungen Freundes vermehrte noch ſeinen Zorn gegen ſie. Er ſchien nicht ſo ſehr wie dieſer von der Unſchuld des Verhafteten überzeugt, und hörte nicht ohne Mißbilligung die Selbſtanklage des jungen Rechtsgelehrten, der auf augenblickliche Milderung gegen jenen drang; auch gab er in dieſer Rückſicht mehr aus Mitleid mit der aufgeregten Stimmung des Fiscals, als aus Mahnung der Billigkeit nach; aber was Auguſte betraf, beſtand er darauf, nicht nach eigenem Gutdünken handeln zu dürfen, ſondern, zugleich auch um jede gehäſſige Zurechnung von ſich zu entfernen, das ganze Verhältniß der höhern Behörde vorlegen und von ihr Verhaltungsbefehle erbitten zu wollen. Von dieſem Entſchluß ließ er ſich nicht abbringen, und übernahm ſelbſt perſönlich den Bericht abzufaſſen. Allein trotz ſeiner unerbittlichen Strenge war er doch nicht von den Rückſichten frei geblieben, welche ſelbſt den unpartheiiſchen Richter, ob auch gegen ſeinen Willen, hinſichtlich Leuten von gleichem Stande, mit denen er zu leben gewohnt iſt, und deren geſelliger Charakter Theilnahme und Schonung einflößt, unwillkührlich in Anſpruch nehmen. Nicht bloß ſeine vieljährige Freundſchaft mit Auguſtens Vater, der einer der angeſehenſten Kaufleute der Stadt war, ſondern deſſen Alter und Kränklichkeit, auf welche der Vorfall an ſich, der ihm ja nicht verborgen bleiben konnte, höchſt erſchütternd wirken würde, bewog ihn oft, die Feder langſamer, als gewöhnlich, ihr Amt verrichten zu laſſen, und als der Bericht fertig war, dieſen raſch entſchloſſen in die Taſche zu ſtecken, und von einer augenblicklichen Idee ergriffen, den alten Freund, bevor er jenen fortſchickte, zu ſprechen.

Der alte Mann hatte von dem Vorgefallenen nicht die kleinſte Ahnung gehabt. Zwar war es ihm trotz ſeines mit zunehmendem Alter immer mehr indolenten Umblicks nicht entgangen, daß bei dem vermutheten Liebesglück der Tochter, doch eine geheime Unruhe ihr Herz drückte, allein eben geſtern und heute erſchien ſie ruhiger und noch ſanfter als ſonſt. Auguſte hatte nach der Unterredung mit Sturm ſich wirklich wunderbar gefaßt, was ſie ſo lange gequält, die Schuldloſigkeit des Angeklagten war nun heraus; die Folgen für ſie ängſtigten ſie nicht. Ach! der weit bittere Kummer, daß nicht blos Cathinka ein leichtſinniges Spiel mit ihrem Herzen getrieben, denn das war ihr ziemlich gleichgültig, aber daß derjenige, für deſſen Sicherheit ſie ſo viel gelitten, ſich vielleicht ſogar der Verleumdung der Welt preisgegeben, ihrer mit Gleichgültigkeit gedachte, ja ſogar im Bunde mit der Couſine ſie vielleicht durchſchaut hatte und ihren eiteln Wahn belachte, dieſer Kummer, mit deſſen Gewalt ſie immer rang, hielt ſie ganz von der ernſtlichen Erwägung ab, ob ſie dem Vater das Vorgefallene anvertrauen ſolle, oder nicht. Sie kannte ſeine ſcheue Furcht vor der Nachrede der Welt, die ſie in ſtolzem Selbſtbewußtſein verachtete, und hegte noch immer die ſtille Hoffnung, daß der Mann, dem ſie ſich ſelbſt zum Opfer geweiht, ſie vor öffentlicher Verfolgung ſicher ſtellen möchte; dennoch flößten die ahnungsloſen ruhigen Züge des Vaters ihr eine Wehmuth ein, die ſie noch ſanfter gegen ihn ſtimmte.

Ungeachtet der bei ihm ſelten leiſen und behutſamen Einleitung ſeiner Mittheilung machte doch dieſe einen ſo heftigen Eindruck auf den Alten, daß der Polizeichef nicht bloß beſtürzt, ſondern ſelbſt dadurch gerührt wurde. Bei ſeinem abgemeſſenen Lebenswandel nie in den Fall gekommen, in Berührung mit der Polizei ſelbſt zu gerathen, eine unbegrenzte Ehrfurcht für die Geſetze hegend, und noch mehr als eine Verletzung gegen ſie, die Nachrede der ſchadenfrohen Welt ſcheuend, gerieth der Greis in einen ſolchen Zorn gegen die Tochter, durch die er ſich, ſein Haus, ſeinen Namen beſchimpft dachte, als hätte ſie ſelbſt an dem Morde Antheil genommen. Es gelang nur mit Mühe dem Polizeichef, der freilich dieſe Stimmung von guter Wirkung auf den Starrſinn der Tochter wähnte, ihn zu beruhigen. Sie wurde gerufen.

Der zu dieſer Stunde ungewöhnliche Beſuch des doch gefürchteten Mannes und ein Blick auf den Vater, belehrte ſie, daß er Alles wußte. — Aber weder die ſtrenge Anrede des Erſteren, noch der aufbrauſende Zorn des Letztern, ſeine Drohung mit Einſperrung, mit Enterbung, ja ſelbſt mit ſeinem Fluch, vermochten etwas anders als nur ihre Wangen bläſſer zu machen. Sie ſetzte dem Sturm ein geduldiges Schweigen entgegen. — Der Zorn des alten Mannes hatte indeſſen bald ausgetobt. Sein Aufbrauſen verlor ſich in Thränen des Kummers und des Aergers. Er flehte die Tochter an, ſeine grauen Haare ohne Schmach ins Grab tragen zu laſſen.

Dann erſt erhielt ſie ihre Sprache wieder. — „Vater!“ ſagte ſie feſt, doch mit bewegter Stimme, „gegen Zorn und Drohungen, gegen die Verbannung, die Nachrede der ganzen Welt habe ich Waffen, gegen Deine Thränen keine! Habe Mitleid mit Deiner Tochter! verſuche nicht, das einzige, was ſie in der ganzen Welt beſitzt, wenn ſie auf Deine Liebe Verzicht leiſten muß, die Ruhe ihrer Seele, die Achtung für ſich ſelbſt ihr zu rauben. Wo iſt denn die Schmach? Willſt Du lieber, daß die Welt ſagen ſoll: die Tochter des wackern Allwood iſt durch eine von dem ehrwürdigen Greiſe erzwungene Ausſage die Angeberin eines dadurch dem Tode Verfallenen geworden, als daß Wenige ſagen mögen: das muthige Mädchen hat lieber Alles, was die Menſchen ſonſt ſcheuen, über ſich her gehen laſſen, als die Stimme ihres Gewiſſens zu überhören. Gedenke, daß meine verewigte Mutter in Deiner Gegenwart mir eingeſchärft hat, in allen zweifelhaften Fällen, wo ich zwiſchen meiner Ueberzeugung und der Meinung Anderer ſchwankte, die erſte entſcheiden zu laſſen. Ich kann nicht anders, Vater! Vielleicht bin ich im Irrthum. Laß mich denn den Irrthum büßen, und der Strafe verfallen ſein, welche die Geſetze über den Ungehorſam verhängen. Sie vermögen nicht über meinen Willen zu ſchalten, laß ihnen denn das traurige Recht, es mit ihrem Opfer zu thun.

Sie waren Beide, noch ehe ſie es bemerkten, allein geblieben. — Der Polizeichef, ſei es nun aus Ueberzeugung nichts anders ausgerichtet zu haben, als die Herbeiführung eines herzzerreißenden Auftritts, oder ſei es aus Rührung und Reue darüber, hatte ſich in der Stille fortgeſchlichen.

Der Vater fühlte ſich gegen ſeinen Willen erweicht, und das Verſchwinden ſeines ihm ſo gut beiſtehenden Gehülfen hatte ihn wehrlos gemacht. — Er zog die Tochter mit beiden Händen zu ſich, auf ſeinen Schooß hin, und ſagte wie für ſich ſelbſt immer lauter. — „Ja! das hat freilich die Mutter geſagt — das Gewiſſen — Hm! ja aber auch ſeine Stimme kann verwirren; eigne Begriffe, eigner Wahn können ſie unſicher machen; glücklich das Kind, das erfahrene Eltern beſitzt — überlaſſe denn, meine Tochter! die Ruhe und Beruhigung Deines Gewiſſens Deinem älteſten und treueſten Freund; eröffne ihm ganz Dein Herz, damit er es rathe und leite, vergiß nicht, daß Du demjenigen, unter deſſen Vormundſchaft Du noch immer ſtehſt, eben ſo gut wie Gott Rechenſchaft über Dein Benehmen ſchuldig biſt; nenne wenigſtens ihm jenen Unglückſeligen und gönne ihm die Beruhigung, daß kein tadelnswerther Grund Deinen Entſchluß hervorgebracht habe. Kannſt Du dafür bürgen, daß nicht die böſe Welt ſchon jetzt, und vielleicht noch mehr, wenn einſt die Wahrheit ans Tageslicht kommen möchte, in Deinem Schweigen eine geheime Liebſchaft wittern möchte.“

„Habe ich mich nicht“ — erwiederte ſie ruhig — „noch vor kurzer Zeit mit Deinem Willen einem wackern Manne verlobt? Würde ich es gethan, ihn getäuſcht haben, wenn eine unerlaubte Neigung mich zu dieſem Verſchweigen beſtimmt hätte?“

„Nun ſo nenne mir den Thäter! Lieber will ich Dir im Voraus verſprechen, jeder Anmahnung zu widerſtehen, als das peinliche Gefühl nähren, daß meine Tochter mir nicht vertrauen darf, oder ſich ſcheut, es zu thun!“

„Vater!“ — rief ſie zögernd, — „es wäre ſchrecklich, wenn Du — Nein!“ — unterbrach ſie ſich beſtimmt, — „dürfte ich auch bei ſo verſchiedenen Anſichten mich auf Dein Verſprechen verlaſſen, würde ich doch dadurch Deine alten Tage, Dein noch geſundes Gemüth dem ungeheuren Kampf zwiſchen Deinem gewiſſenhaften Worte und den Anſprüchen der Geſetze preisgeben; das darf ich nicht, laß mich allein den Zufall büßen. Es würde die letzte Ruhe in meiner Seele in eine ſtete Angſt verwandeln, die ich nicht aushalten könnte. Siehe! ich kenne Deine Rechtlichkeit und Deine Liebe zu mir, guter Vater! Du wirſt mir es ſelbſt nachher danken, nicht ein Verſprechen angenommen zu haben, daß Du vielleicht nicht Stärke genug haben würdeſt, zu halten, und deſſen Verletzung mir und Dir eine ewige Reue koſten würde.“

Der Vater winkte ihr düſter und ſchweigend ihn zu verlaſſen.

Wir wollen eine lange qualvolle Zeit nur kurz berühren. Der Polizeichef ſandte ſeinen Bericht, nachdem er ihm den Fiscal mitgetheilt, und dieſer ihn zu ſeinem Erſtaunen noch glimpflicher, als er ſich ſelbſt zugetraut ihn abfaſſen zu können, gefunden hatte, zur Regierung ein, doch noch immer, wie er ſich ausdrückte, über das überſpannte Mädchen höchſt erzürnt. Sturm faßte in ſeiner bangen Beſorgniß dieſen Ausdruck ſchlau und klug auf. — Er ſah nur zu gut ein, daß die öffentliche Meinung der neuern Zeit eine Richtung genommen hatte, die weniger als früher die Behörde ſtimmen möchte, bei einem Falle, der dem öffentlichen Aufſehen doch nicht völlig entzogen werden könne, das geſetzwidrige Verfahren eines Mitgliedes der höhern Klaſſen, wäre es auch wie hier aus einer vielleicht zu einſeitigen Großmuth hervorgegangen, ungerügt zu laſſen, und in der peinlichen Ungewißheit wegen der möglichen Folgen mußte er auf jedes Mittel bedacht ſein, das eine günſtigere Wendung verſprach.

„Ja! wohl überſpannt — eine völlige Ueberſpannung, wenn nicht Zerrüttung des Geiſtes," — erwiederte er — „erſt in dieſem Augenblick fällt mir durch Ihre Anſicht ein Umſtand auf, der bei ſo vielen andern Bedenklichkeiten mir entfallen war, und wenigſtens auf eine fixe Idee deutet, ja wer weiß, ob nicht ſogar ihr Wiſſen um den Mörder nur eine fixe Idee iſt, die das Schrecken über einen in ihrer Nähe, vielleicht vor ihren dunkelnden Augen begangenen Mord leicht hat erzeugen können. Ich drang in ſie, mir Auskunft über den Thäter zu geben; lange wollte ſie es nicht, vielleicht weil ſie es nicht konnte, zuletzt beſchrieb ſie mir — mich ſelbſt im vollen Ernſte. — Mein Gott, jetzt ſeh ich ihr Betragen in einem ganz andern Lichte."

„Reden Sie auch wahr?" — fragte der Polizeichef betroffen.

Sturm betheuerte die Wahrheit dieſes Umſtandes, wie er auch konnte. — „Sie wiſſen, wie lieb ich das Mädchen gehabt und noch habe," — fuhr er fort. — „Geſtatten Sie mir im Verein mit ihrem Vater Maßregeln zu nehmen, wodurch ſowohl für ihre Geſundheit, als Entfernung von unbequemen Zeugen geſorgt, und vielleicht die, von den Behörden in Erwartung ſtehende Entſcheidung beſtimmt werden könnte."

Der Polizeichef ging vorläufig auf dieſe Anſicht ein, und nachdem Sturm, durch ſein thätiges Treiben es erreicht hatte, daß die Lage des Seilergeſellen in dem Grade erleichtert wurde, daß er ſich ſogar auf eine bevorſtehende Losſprechung freuen durfte, eilte er ohne Verzug zu Auguſtens Vater, deſſen Zorn gegen die Tochter, die durch ihre fortdauernde Entſchloſſenheit der ihr gelegten Falle glücklich entgangen war, bei ſeinem Anblick aufs neue aufbrauſte. Auch hier gelang es dem jüngern Freunde, deſſen vorhergehende Amtsſtrenge ſeiner angebornen Gutmüthigkeit plötzlich wieder gewichen war, den alten Mann, der ſo ganz das gewohnte Gleichgewicht ſeines ruhigen Gemüths verloren hatte, und es für ſeine Pflicht als Vater und Staatsbürger hielt, die verletzten Rechte des Geſetzes an der Widerſpänſtigen zu beſtrafen, ſeinen Anſichten zugänglich und ihm einleuchtend zu machen, daß der Anſchein einer Gemüthskrankheit, deren Symptome in dem Starrſinn ſeiner Tochter geſucht werden dürften, die neugierige Welt über ein ihren Ruf leicht verletzendes Motiv, am beſten täuſchen könnte. Der Alte ergriff um ſo lieber dies Mittel, weil die ſeiner Gewiſſenhaftigkeit zufolge nothwendige Beraubung ihrer Freiheit, die er trotz aller Gegenvorſtellungen mit ſtrengem Ernſt vollzogen wiſſen wollte, von ſelbſten daraus hervorging. Doch erlaubte er dem Bräutigam in Perſon — und mit Verſicherung von der Rückkehr ſeiner väterlichen Liebe, ſobald ſie nachgeben würde — ihr zu verkünden, daß ſie nicht mehr ihr Zimmer verlaſſen dürfte.

Auguſte vernahm dieſen Befehl mit größerer Ruhe, als Sturm ihn auszuſprechen vermochte, und nahm ihn ſogar dankbar auf. Sie ſchlug es aber, obgleich der Vater es geſtattet hatte, beſtimmt aus, ihren Verlobten mehr zu ſehen, bis eine entſcheidende Veränderung in ihrem Verhängniſſe eingetreten wäre, und nahm nur die von Sturm ausgewirkte Begünſtigung, daß dem alten Brenner, der ſeit mehr als dreißig Jahren im Dienſte des Hauſes geſtanden, und das Vertrauen ſeines Herrn völlig beſaß, geſtattet werden dürfte, ſie zu einer beliebigen Stunde, Abends oder Morgens, während welcher ihr Zimmer ausgelüftet wurde, auf einem einſamen Gange in dem Garten zu begleiten, dankbar an. Der Vater blieb ſeinem peinlichen Entſchluſſe treu, ſie nicht mehr ſehen zu wollen. Sturm hatte ihm indeſſen, mit völliger Verläugnung des frühern Stolzes auf ſeinen Scharfſinn, ſeinen Antheil an dem Geſchick des Angeklagten und deſſen mehr als wahrſcheinliche Unſchuld gebeichtet, und ſo überredete er leicht dieſen wackern Mann, dem die Verpflichtung, die Verſchuldung der Tochter gegen jenen und die Geſetze zu vergüten, ſchwer am Herzen lag, mit Beiſtimmung des Polizeichefs, der auch dadurch eine öffentliche Vorbereitung auf Antons völlige Befreiung ausgeſprochen ſah, folgende Aufforderung in die Zeitungen einrücken zu laſſen:

„Da die vorhandenen Anzeigen zu Verdacht, gegen den, als der an weiland Seefahrer Martin Rogg verübtem Mordthat beſchuldigten Anton Burg, von der Natur ſind, daß ſie eben ſo wenig eine volle Ueberzeugung von dieſem Verbrechen darlegen, als ſeine Losſprechung geſtatten können, hat ein vermögender Mann, der indeſſen nicht wünſcht genannt zu werden, von der Lage dieſes unglücklichen jungen Mannes bewogen, die Summe von 5000 Thaler bei dem Gericht niedergelegt, welche demjenigen ausbezahlt wird, der entweder den wirklichen vielleicht noch unbekannten Thäter ausfindig machen, oder auch nur Spuren angeben kann, die zu einer völligen Aufklärung jenes betrübenden Vorfalls führen möchten."

Nicht die leiſeſte Kunde von dieſer Anzeige drang zu Auguſtens Ohren, eben ſo wenig wie die unheimlichen Gerüchte, die mit aller Uebertreibung boshafter Verleumdung, zum größten Schmerz ihres Bräutigams, ſich auf ihre Koſten erſt in der Nachbarſchaft, ſpäter in der Stadt verbreiteten; und ſo wurde der ſtrenge Befehl des Vaters, ihr von allen Vorgängen ſowohl außer- als innerhalb des Hauſes nichts mitzutheilen, eine große Wohlthat für ſie, obgleich ſeine Abſicht war, durch Langeweile und Beängſtigung, — ſo wie es der Polizeichef in ſeinem Bezirk durch andere Mittel verſuchte — ſie mürbe zu machen. — Bücher und Schreibzeug waren ihr nicht verweigert; allein die Stunde ausgenommen, wo ſie, wie auch die Witterung war, in Begleitung des alten Dieners, den öden Garten durchſtrich, ſah ſie keinen Menſchen. Sie ſchien gefaßt, ergeben, ſogar heiter zu ſein; doch nagte bei der völligen Unbekanntſchaft mit allem, was außerhalb ihrer vier Wände vorging, eine ſchwere Beſorgniß an ihrem Herzen. — Viele, viele bange Monate waren ſeit jener unglücklichen Stunde und Eduards Abreiſe vergangen; die Zeit, wo er zurückerwartet werden konnte, rückte allmälig näher, doch auch lange vor dieſer ängſtigte ſie der Gedanke, welche Gerüchte, ſie betreffend, ſeiner harrten, wie er die Gefangenſchaft eines Schuldloſen, den ſie doch ſchon im Grunde für gerettet annehmen durfte, ertragen würde. Trotz des Leichtſinns, des Jähzorns, deren ſie ſich berechtigt glaubte, ihn anklagen zu müſſen, fühlte ſie ſich doch überzeugt, daß im Grunde ſeines Gemüths etwas Beſſeres und Edleres wohnte, ſein ſeelenvolles Auge konnte unmöglich ſo ſehr täuſchen. Wozu konnte nicht ſein Gewiſſen, ſo bedrohende Verhältniſſe, ihn führen. Wie gern hätte ſie ihn vor jeder Unbeſonnenheit warnen mögen; allein was konnte ſie thun, ohne ein Geheimniß, das alle ihr gern entriſſen hätten, preiszugeben. Zwar durfte ſie auf die Anhänglichkeit des alten Brenner bauen; allein dieſer hatte, des Befehls ſeines Herrn eingedenk, ihr nicht das kleinſte Anzeichen, von dem was um ſie her vorging, gegeben, ſelbſt nicht einmal ihre einzige Frage nach der Geſundheit des Vaters geradezu beantwortet. Wenn er nun auch hätte verſprechen müſſen, zu verrathen, was ſie ihm anvertrauen möchte! — Doch nein! dazu kannte ſie ihn zu gut; doch mußte ſie ganz davon überzeugt ſein. Zum erſtenmal gab ſie ihm Anlaß zu erklären, daß es ihm verboten ſei, auch ihre kleinſte Neugierde zu befriedigen.

„Aber wenn ich Dir nun etwas anvertraute, würdeſt Du, könnteſt Du mich verrathen?" —

„Nein!" erwiederte er. „Ich würde ſogar jeden Ihrer Aufträge erfüllen, der nicht gegen meine Pflicht iſt. Mir iſt nur das tiefſte Schweigen über Alles, was außerhalb Ihres Zimmers vorgeht, empfohlen."

„Gut! Ich habe Dir etwas zu vertrauen, aber ich ſage Dir zugleich, der kleinſte Verrath würde mich tödten."

„Nur Schweigen iſt mir geboten, und Sie wiſſen, daß ich ſchweigen kann."

„Es war mir Jemand ſehr theuer! ich werde ihn nie mehr ſehen. Meine Verlobung mit dem Doctor Sturm gebietet mir es; allein ich bin ihm und mir eine Rechtfertigung ſchuldig. Willſt Du ihm ein Blatt von vier Zeilen übergeben? Du kennſt mich, und hältſt mich gewiß eines, meiner unwürdigen Schrittes nicht fähig."

„Ich werde es thun, aber Antwort, ſei es ſchriftlich oder mündlich, werde ich Ihnen nicht zurückbringen, das habe ich geſchworen; können Sie damit zufrieden ſein?"

„Ja! Selbſt Du ſollſt außer allem Verdacht bleiben, ich gebe Dir ein verſiegeltes Blatt ohne Aufſchrift und ſcheinbar ohne Inhalt; darfſt Du bei Deiner Seligkeit mir ſchwören, einem, den ich Dir nennen werde, den aber Du nie nennen darfſt, es mit der Zumuthung zu übergeben, daß er es über ein Kohlenfeuer halte, dann wird die Schrift ſichtbar? — Ich ſchwöre Dir eben ſo heilig, daß es nur die Bitte um ewige Verſchwiegenheit unſeres früheren Verhältniſſes enthält."

„Ja, Fräulein! ich darf und will es," — gab er zur Antwort; „Ich kenne Sie ja ſo gut, und fühle, daß Sie unverdient, Gott weiß um was, leiden. So wahr ich hoffe einſt ſelig zu werden, Sie dürfen mir trauen!"

Den folgenden Tag reichte ſie ihm ein, dem Anſchein nach ganz weißes Blatt, das ſie in ſeiner Gegenwart verſiegelt hatte, mit den Worten hin: „Es gilt mein Leben, Alter! — ſelbſt meine ewige Ruhe iſt hin, wenn Du mich täuſcheſt! Du mußt Dich durch mein Zutrauen geehrt fühlen. Soll ich Dir nun den Namen nennen, darfſt Du ihn hören."

„Ja, Fräulein!"

„So übergieb es Eduard Blank," — flüſterte ſie trotz der öden Einſamkeit dieſes Theils des Gebäudes, — „ſobald er angekommen iſt, aber ohne Zeugen, und bedeute ihn, wie er damit verfahren ſoll. Und nun nichts mehr davon." —

Auch erwähnte ſie dieſes Gegenſtandes nicht mehr. Nur einmal, nach Verlauf eines ganzen Monats, fragte ſie ihn mit ſpähenden Blicken, kurz und ſcharf: „Iſt Eduard zurück?"

Schweigend zog er ein kleines Taſchenbuch hervor und zeigte ihr das verſiegelte Blatt.

„Gottes Segen über Dich, Alter!“ — ſagte ſie raſch. — „Du haſt mich verſtanden; nun bin ich ruhig.“

So gingen wieder Monate hin. Der Polizeichef hatte von der höheren Behörde längſt Antwort erhalten, die zwar auf Gefängnißſtrafe, bis das verlangte Geſtändniß erzwungen wäre, erkannte, indeſſen, von einem ſpätern Wink aufmerkſam gemacht, hinzufügte, daß ſie, weil der Geſundheitszuſtand eines wahrſcheinlich kranken Gemüths Rückſicht erfordere, es ganz ſeinem Gutdünken überließe, die Pflege der Gerechtigkeit mit der Familien-Ehre und Menſchlichkeit in Einklang zu bringen. Und da nun überhaupt das ſtrenge und gewiſſenhafte Verfahren des Vaters ganz nach dem Sinne dieſes Beamten war, der außerdem bei der kleinſten Wahrſcheinlichkeit ſich in ſeinem Herzen geneigt fühlte, einen ſo fortdauernden Starrſinn einer fixen Idee zuzuſchreiben, begnügte ſich dieſer, jenen ein namhaftes Capital als Bürge für die Anweſenheit der Tochter ſtellen zu laſſen.

Schon lange vorher hatte Sturm[illegible] Furcht, daß Cathinka's Unbeſonnenheit bei ihren Verhältniſſen zu der Altwordiſchen Familie ihr Anlaß geben möchte, die zu befürchtenden Gerüchte nur verworrener zu machen, ſich vorgenommen, einen nochmaligen Beſuch bei ihr abzulegen, um ſolchem vorzubeugen! Sie hatte ihn aber mit Thränen und bittern Vorwürfen über ſeinen Verrath empfangen, dem ſie einen ſchriftlichen, alle Verbindung aufhebenden Verweis von der Couſine zu verdanken gehabt, der in ſo bittern und auch dunkeln Ausdrücken, die auf eine Geiſtesverwirrung ſchließen ließen, abgefaßt war; zeigen wollte ſie ihm dieſen indeſſen nicht, er verließ ſie daher beruhigt; erſt ſpäter erfuhr er, daß ſie ſelbſt aus ihren kleinen Mitteln dem Verhafteten Unterſtützungen, und zwar auf eine Weiſe zukommen ließ, die er ſo wie früher einer gar zu rückſichtsloſen Neigung zuſchrieb.

Indeſſen führten günſtige Winde das Schiff, das Eduard trug, im raſchen Fluge der Heimath zu; — aber nicht blos günſtige Winde ließen ihn in weit kürzerer Zeit, als bei einer Fahrt nach Indien gewöhnlich iſt, dieſe zurücklegen, ſondern das Glück hatte ihn auch ſonſt begünſtigt: eine kurze Krankheit hatte gleich nach der Ueberfahrt den Chef des Schiffes in's Grab gelegt: er kehrte als Capitain zurück, und durfte von dem Wohlwollen ſeines Rheders hoffen, dieſe Stelle zu behalten. Leiſe Sehnſucht, freudige Ahnung bewegten ſich in ſeinem Herzen, in ſeiner Bruſt wohnte keine Reue; wir ſcheuen uns nicht, dies zu geſtehen, ſelbſt auf die Gefahr hin, daß der Leſer den Mangel daran tadelhaft finden möchte; allein um ihn deshalb, wenn auch nicht zu rechtfertigen, ſo doch zu entſchuldigen, wollen wir nicht länger verſchieben, jenes Ereigniß und den Eindruck, den es auf ihn hervorgebracht hatte, vorzutragen.

Cathinka hatte der Couſine nichts vorgelogen, den Umſtand ausgenommen, daß ſie des verlornen Stammbuchblatts als abgegeben erwähnte. Die vertrauliche Stellung, bei welcher Eduards Arm ſie umſchlungen gehalten, war wirklich nur durch die Eröffnung hervorgebracht, daß es ihr ohne Mühe gelungen wäre, Auguſten zu überreden, in ihrem Namen einige Zeilen für ſein Stammbuch zu ſchreiben, und der Kuß war ein Ausdruck ſeiner Freude, daß ſie es mitgebracht hatte. Hätte Auguſte nur etwas länger hingeblickt, würde ſie gewiß Cathinka's Verlegenheit und ſeinen beinahe ſtürmiſchen Verdruß wegen des nun plötzlich vermißten Blattes bemerkt haben.“ Unter bittern Vorwürfen von ſeinen, und gutmüthiger Abbitte, die doch einer Neckerei nur gar zu ähnlich ſah, von Cathinka's Lippen, waren ſie bis an die nur angelehnte Gartenthüre gekommen, als ein halbbetrunkener zerlumpter Kerl, laut lachend, nahe an Cathinka vorüberſchlich, und ihr unter das Kinn griff. Sie fuhr laut ſchreiend zurück. Eduard trat zwiſchen Beide, ſah ihn ſcharf an, und erkannte ihn beim erſten Blick. Es war ein Matroſe, der mehrmals unter ihm, als er noch zweiter Steuermann geweſen, gedient hatte, und wegen ſeines boshaften Charakters, der trocknen Neckerei, wodurch er ſeinen Obern zu reizen, dieſer jedoch im nüchternen Zuſtande in dem Augenblick, wo ihr Zorn losbrach eine ſolche Wendung zu geben wußte, daß ſie ihm nichts anhaben konnten, verrufen war; beſonders bediente er ſich dieſer Eigenſchaft gegen diejenigen, die zufolge ihres Amtes ſich befugt ſahen, auf eine handgreifliche Weiſe ſeine Faulheit und Völlerei zu beſtrafen; dies war nicht allein der Fall mit Eduard geweſen, ſondern dieſer hatte, da er von ſeiner Unverbeſſerlichkeit überzeugt war, ſich, trotz ſeiner dringendſten Bitten, ſeiner Anſtellung auf dem Schiffe, auf dem er diente, widerſetzt, und ſogar Andre vor ihm gewarnt. Der Matroſe hatte ihm gerade zu ganz trocken blutige Rache geſchworen, und Eduard, ſich ſelbſt vertrauend, nur dazu gelacht. Jetzt ſah er ihn ſeit mehr als einem Jahre zum erſtenmal wieder; — „Du wünſcheſt wohl“ ſagte er ruhig — „daß ich Dir das Gewicht meines Arms noch einmal fühlen laſſe.“ —

„Ei Steuermann, ſo böſe meint er es nicht“ — entgegnete er hämiſch — „Ob er ſich auch beſſer dünkt in der feinen Jacke, will er doch wohl deshalb nicht, daß ich Reſpekt vor einer Dame haben ſoll, weil ſie ein ſeidnes Fähnchen trägt.“ —

Das heiße Blut in der ſchon aufgeregten Bruſt des jungen Mannes, ſchoß ihm nach dem Kopfe. — Er zeigte Cathinka mit der linken Hand die Gartenthüre, indem er mit der Rechten dem Unverſchämten eine Maulſchelle gab, daß er zurücktaumelte. Mehr hatte das Mädchen nicht geſehen. Sie flog durch die Thüre, warf ſie hinter ſich ins Schloß, und lief immer fort, in dieſem Augenblick nicht an Eduard, nur an den Schimpf denkend, der ſie betroffen hatte, und ihr noch bevorſtand, wenn irgend Jemand unbemerkt Zeuge dieſes Auftritts geweſen.

„Ei, ſchlägſt Du,“ — rief indeſſen der Matroſe wüthend, „dann will ich Dir zeigen, daß ich noch beſſer zu treffen weiß.“ — So ſchnell, daß erſt das Blinken des Stahls dem Gegner ſein Meſſer gewahren ließ, drang er auf dieſen ein. Allein Eduards ſtärkerer Arm verfehlte mit einem ſichern Griff nicht den ſeinigen und bog dieſen ſo gewaltſam zurück, daß er ihm leicht mit der andern Hand das Meſſer entreißen konnte.

„Du verdienteſt“ — rief er „daß ich Dich auf der Stelle niederſtieße.“ „Thue es“ ſagte der Matroſe kalt ſich vor ihn hinſtellend. „Hier ſtehe ich! thue es, ſo habe ich doch das Plaiſir Deinen Kopf auf den Block zu ſpediren. Was liegt mir an dem Leben. Du haſt mich ja um Alles gebracht. Du darfſt nicht? dacht ich's doch. — Ha! ja! gehe nur, ich werde doch den Fauſtſchlag bezahlt bekommen. Das ſoll mir nicht ſchwer halten. Du denkſt wohl, daß ich nicht weiß, wem dieſer Garten gehört, und weſſen Tochter die Dirne iſt, die da hineinſchlüpfte. — Nun, wenn es ihr größeres Vergnügen macht, ſich von den Leuten ihres Vaters verſtohlen küſſen zu laſſen, als mit ſeinen Gäſten zu verkehren, ſo mag ſie auch deſſen Schweigen bezahlen, der ſie ertappt.“

„Schurke! Du wagſt!“ — rief Eduard außer ſich.

„Nun! ſtoße nur zu! warum thut Er es nicht, Steuermann! Er kennt mich ja, vom Grund aus, meint er, taug ich ja gar nichts. — Ich will auch nichts taugen. — Die Gartenhecke — Doch — da bin ich leicht hinüber; — und wetten wir, ſie wird doch ins Freie herabkommen, um nach ſeinem Schiffe zu ſehen. Gehe er getroſt an Bord. Ich werde ihr ſeinen Gruß bringen; dafür giebt ſie gern einen goldnen Fuchs. — Entgehen ſoll ſie mir nicht — ich dringe bis zu ihrem Zimmer hinauf. — Sie ſoll mir bezahlen, was er mir ſchuldig geblieben.“

Eduard vermochte nicht länger an ſich zu halten. „Niederträchtiger!“ — rief er außer ſich, ihn derb ſchüttelnd. „Wenn doch Jemand käme, damit ich Dich der Wache übergeben könnte.“ —

„Es iſt niemand da,“ — lachte der Matroſe, „und Er mich verhaften, warum denn Freundchen? Will er den Leuten vielleicht ſagen, daß ich das große Verbrechen begangen, ihn mit einer vornehmen Liebſten zu überraſchen. — Das kann ich ſelbſt ſagen — aber was willſt Du mir geben, wenn ich es nicht ſage. Gieb mir zehn Ducaten, ſo verſpreche ich Dir — Deine — genug geſagt — nicht [illegible] anzurühren, und ich halte es, ſo lange die zehn Ducaten halten. —

Eduard, der wohl wußte, daß der Burſche zu Allem fähig, und an das Entſetzen, die Ehre, die Beſchimpfung Auguſtens, deren mit Cathinka's nur zu ähnliche Geſtalt ihm jetzt auffiel, denkend, vor der Schande zitterte, die ſein Name aus dieſem Munde über ihn ſelbſt und über ſie verhängen würde, ſchwankte einen Augenblick. „Gut!“ fiel er ihm unbeſonnen ins Wort, „wenn ich Dir trauen könnte — doch nein!“ ſagte er ſchnell hinzu, als ihm die letzten Worte deutlich wurden.

„Iſt auch nicht nöthig,“ — war die Antwort. „Nun bin ich meiner Sache gewiß! wenn Du mir noch hundert Ducaten geben würdeſt, ſollen doch die Küſſe, die Du bekommen, mir eben ſo viel einbringen.“

„Nein!“ — rief Eduard, dem das Blut durch alle Pulſe flog, „das ſollen ſie nicht: gegen wüthende Hunde giebt es nur ein Mittel und Du biſt giftiger als ſie.“ Mit den letzten Worten, noch ehe er ſich der That ſeiner Hand völlig bewußt war, hatte das Meſſer darin die Bruſt des Eigenthümers getroffen, und ein raſcher Stoß ihn ſelbſt von dem eben nicht hohen Uferrand, wohin ſie unter dem Streit gerathen waren, rücklings hinabgeworfen. Er wußte, daß er gut getroffen hatte, warf ihm das Meſſer nach, ſo weit hinaus, als es ſeine Kraft vermochte, und ſetzte, das Blut noch in allen Adern kochend, eilends ſeinen Weg fort. Sobald er indeſſen in der Ferne den am Thore ſtillhaltenden Wagen erblickte, ſuchte er ſich zu faſſen und ſeinen Anzug wieder in Ordnung zu bringen. Er fürchtete Nichts für ſich. Er fühlte ſeine That ſo natürlich und gerecht, daß er gern der ganzen Welt den Vorfall hätte erzählen mögen, allein er fürchtete, daß entweder das Schiff durch ſeinen Bericht aufgehalten, oder er ſelbſt verhindert werden möchte, mit demſelben abgegeben, und außerdem — und dies Bedenken hielt ihn am meiſten zurück, wie konnte er vermeiden, die ſeinetwegen unbeſonnene Cathinka preiszugeben, und Auguſtens Namen in einem Vorfall zu erwähnen, der zu ſeiner Rechtfertigung treu dargeſtellt werden mußte. Selbſt das ungeduldige Drängen des Capitains ließ ihn kaum zu Worte kommen, und bevor er noch mit ſich ſelbſt einig werden konnte, ſtieß das Boot ab. Wie ſehr es ihm an Ruhe und einſame Erwägung Noth that, er kam doch nicht dazu. Es war bei der Abfahrt Vieles zu ordnen, und kaum war er damit fertig, als der Lootſe an Bord kam; der Wind war günſtig geworden, und die Anker wurden in der mondhellen Nacht gelichtet. Aber auch jetzt, da ihm Muße zum Nachdenken wurde, füllte keine Reue ſeine Bruſt, und Gefühle bewegten ſich darin, als hätte er durch dieſe That nicht blos die Ehre und Ruhe des ihm theuerſten Weſens gerettet, ſondern auch die Erde von einem ſchädlichen Unthier befreit. — Es ſtieg — möge man ihn auch verdammen, wir werden nicht die Wahrheit verſchleiern — es ſtieg, wenn er an dieſes Ereigniß zurückdachte, nur die Beſorgniß in ihm auf, daß er doch nicht gut getroffen hätte, und Auguſte noch vor ſeiner Zurückkunft dennoch einer widrigen ihren Ruf beſleckenden Verfolgung bloßgeſtellt werden könnte; an die Gefahr, die durch das Leben eines ſo boshaften Feindes für ihn ſelbſt entſtehen möchte, dachte er gar nicht; er glaubte ſich, wenigſtens damals, ſeines innerſten Rechtes zu ſehr bewußt zu ſein.

Mit dieſem Gedanken verließ er Europa's Küſten, mit demſelben Gefühl kehrte er zurück. Es war als ſtände ihm Auguſte ſeit dieſer That viel näher; er fühlte ſeine Liebe durch ſie gereift und gekräftigt; auf die übrige vertröſtete ihn kaum die Hoffnung, wiewohl ſie, das hatte Cathinka wenigſtens betheuert, auf die leiſeſte Hindeutung von dieſer, ſich ſelbſt angeboten hatte, an ihrer Statt auf jenes Blatt zu ſchreiben. Was hätte er nicht gegeben, um dieſe Zeilen geleſen zu haben. Cathinka wollte ſie ſo vielſagend finden, und doch hatte das leichtſinnige Mädchen ſie vergeſſen. Durfte er indeſſen auch noch nicht auf ihre Zuneigung bauen, ſo empfand er doch jetzt größeren Muth in ſich, ſich darum zu bewerben, beſonders jetzt, da das Verhängniß ihn auf einen Poſten erhoben, der ihn allerdings ihr näher brachte und es auch nicht ohne alle Mittel war, ſich eine noch größere Unabhängigkeit zu ſichern.

Mit jeder Meile, die er zurücklegte, nahm ſeine Sehnſucht zu. Da erhob ſich plötzlich, ſo wie er in den Kanal eingelaufen war, ein orkanähnlicher Sturm. Sein Schiff ſtieß mit einem andern, trotz der größten Anſtrengungen einander auszuweichen, zuſammen, und beide wurden ſo beſchädigt, daß ſie in den nächſten Hafen einlaufen mußten. — Das andere Schiff kam von dem Orte her, wohin Eduards Beſtimmung führte, und der auslegende Capitän theilte dem Heimkehrenden ein mitgenommenes Paket Zeitungen mit, die vielleicht doch einige Neuigkeiten enthielten, die den ſo lange Abweſenden, wenn auch nicht befriedigen, ſo doch unterhalten konnten, da er ſelbſt daran arm war.

So wie Eduard in der erſten einſamen Stunde in dieſen blätterte, fiel ihm, dem ganz ab[illegible], plötzlich und zermalmend möchten wir ſagen, in einigen durch größere Buchſtaben ausgezeichneten Zeilen, der Name ſeines einzigen Feindes auf. Es war die früher erwähnte Anzeige. Auf einmal war es mit ſeiner ſtolzen Freude, ſeinen frohen Hoffnungen, ſeiner Zuverſicht aus. Er hatte zuviel an die mögliche Rettung des Niedergeſtoßenen mit Unruhe gedacht; dieſe Anzeige beruhigte ihn zwar darüber, aber erregte zugleich in ſeinem Herzen eine Empfindung, deren quälende Bitterkeit ſeine Bruſt nie gekannt hatte. Daß ein Preis auf die Entdeckung des Mörders geſetzt ſei, kümmerte ihn nur wenig, aber daß ein Schwert drohend und entblößt ſeinetwegen über dem Haupte eines Unſchuldigen noch immer ſchwebte — der Gedanke war ihm nie eingefallen und ſchmetterte ihn zu Boden. Wird es nicht den ſtrengen Leſer ein wenig mit unſerm Freund verſöhnen, wenn wir verſichern dürfen, daß alle ſeine Empfindungen, ſein größtes Bedürfniß, ja ſelbſt ſeine ungeduldige Sehnſucht von nun an nur auf den Augenblick gerichtet war, wo er jenen Unglücklichen rechtfertigen könnte. Er konnte bei ſeinem heftigen Charakter den Unmuth, der in ſeinem Herzen wurzelte, nicht verbergen, aber unbekannt mit Allem, was einer Kleinmüthigkeit ähnlich ſah, verſuchte er Herr ſeiner ſelbſt zu werden und entſchuldigte die ſichtbare Veränderung, die mit ſeinem ganzen Weſen vorgegangen war, und deſſen früheren Frohſinn er weder äußerlich noch innerlich hervorrufen konnte, mit einem körperlichen Uebelbefinden, das um ſo glaubwürdiger ſchien, da es Augenblicke gab, wo er mitten unter einem wichtigen Geſchäft auf einmal zerſtreut und abweſend erſchien.

Endlich erreichte er die Mündung des erſehnten Stromes; der Lootſe kam an Bord. Hatte er auch jede Anregung einer ſeinem Herzen nicht mehr ſchmeichelnden Liebe zurückgedrängt, ſo fühlte er ſich doch gedrungen, ſelbſt ſeiner Stelle wegen, nach ſeinem Rheder zu fragen. Es kennen ja die Lootſen alle großen Kaufleute wenigſtens dem Namen nach.

„Herr Altwerk?" — wiederholte dieſer — „Ei nun! Er kränkelt mehr als früher, heißt es; ſeit der Geiſteszerrüttheit ſeiner Tochter bekommt unſereiner ihn gar nicht mehr zu ſehen."

„Seiner Tochter! — wie ſo?"

„Hm! wer weiß ob auch etwas Wahres daran iſt. Es wird ſo Vieles erzählt. Hat er ſie ja doch in ſeiner Wohnung bei ſich, und nicht im Irrenhauſe. Viele wollen meinen, wenn ſie nicht unter die Vornehmen gehörte, und der Vater ſo reich, würde ſie an keinem von beiden Oertern ſein, ſondern vielmehr in dem Stadtgefängniſſe, in dem nun ein ſchuldloſer Lump an ihrer Statt ſich den Todesſchweiß abtrocknet."

„Um Gotteswillen! was erzählſt Du da für Räthſel!"

„Ich ſage noch einmal, man weiß nicht, was man glauben ſoll. Ueberhaupt wird ja nur im Stillen von der Sache gemunkelt. Sie ſoll einen Mord angeſtiftet haben, und nun da ein Unſchuldiger deswegen ſitzt, iſt ihr Gemüth erweicht, und ſie darüber verrückt worden. Ich habe freilich einmal gelegentlich zwei feine Herren von der Sache flüſtern gehört. — Die meinten, daß Alles, was ſie von der Mordgeſchichte wiſſen möchte, nur eitler Wahn und leere Einbildung wäre. Nun! die eine Krähe hackt nie der andern das Auge aus."

Eduards Zunge war wie gelähmt; — er ſtarrte den Lootſen beinahe faſſungslos an. Welch ein ſonderbarer unbegreiflicher Zuſammenhang mit dem, was jetzt gräßlicher als je ſein Herz quälte! Zum Glück wurde er in dieſem Augenblick abgerufen. Er rang faſt vergebens, Ordnung und Zuſammenhang in ſeine Vorſtellungen zu bringen. Er ſuchte ſich freilich durch den Gedanken zu beruhigen, daß Alles, das Meiſte wenigſtens, nur Pöbelgeſchwätz ſei; allein es gebe jedoch keinen Rauch ohne Feuer, ſei dies auch noch ſo klein; und dies ſonderbare Zuſammentreffen mit ſeiner Lage verwirrte ihn völlig. — Es war in der ſchönſten Jahreszeit; ſein Principal mußte ſich in ſeinem Landhauſe befinden, wußte er ja doch, daß er dies in milden Wintern gar nicht verließ, und ſo ging Eduard, die gewöhnlichen Gebräuche nicht beachtend, noch während der Anſegelung von ſeinem Schiffe ab, und ließ ſich unten am Strande unweit des Gartenhauſes ans Land ſetzen. — Er warf den Blick auf Auguſtens Fenſter hinauf. Das Zimmer ſchien unbewohnt zu ſein; die Rouleaux waren hinabgelaſſen. Er ahnte nicht, daß auch dieſes eine der erbetenen, [illegible] machen ſollenden Maßregeln des Polizeichefs ſei. Er ſtürzte beinahe in das Haus. Der alte Brenner kam ihm bedächtig und lachend entgegen.

„Alles wohl!" — hauchte er hervor, bei dem Anblick der Ruhe des Alten leichter aufathmend.

„Nach den Umſtänden! Gottlob!"

„Doch? — Führen Sie mich ſogleich zu Ihrem Herrn; ich möchte ihn gern durch meine Erſcheinung überraſchen."

„Nein! Nein!" — erwiederte der Greis kopfſchüttelnd — „wir haben der Ueberraſchungen genug. Ach! Herr Blank! Sie werden ihn in dem letzten Jahre ſehr gealtert finden. Ich werde Sie ſogleich melden. Kommen Sie nur näher — bleiben Sie aber im vordern Zimmer bis ich wieder herauskomme."

Sie traten ein, und Brenner machte die Thüre zum Vorſaale vorſichtig hinter ihnen zu; dann blieb er dicht bei dieſer ſtehen und hielt Eduard am Rockſchooße zurück. „Still" — flüſterte er, „ſtecken Sie dies Billet von Fräulein Auguſte zu ſich, und wenn Sie ganz allein ſind, und es leſen wollen, ſo entfalten Sie das Blatt, und halten es vorſichtig über glühende Kohlen. Geſchwind in die Taſche damit, — ſo —."

Kaum hatte ſich Eduard von dieſer neuen Ueberraſchung erholt, als ihm die Cabinetsthüre geöffnet wurde. Das kränkliche blaſſe Geſicht ſeines alten Rheders war halb ernſt halb lächelnd auf ihn hingewandt. Dieſer wußte ſchon aus Briefen den Tod des Capitäns und begrüßte Eduard in einem ihm ſo ſchmeichelnden Tone mit dieſem Namen, daß es ihn zu jeder anderen Zeit in die größte Freude verſetzt haben würde. Ein Wort gab indeſſen bald das andere. Der alte Mann hatte keinen Grund, ſeinem jungen Freund, wie er ihn ſchon früher genannt hatte, das zu verhehlen, was er jedem Zudringlichen mittheilte; allein bei ſeinem Anblick ging ihm das Herz über.

„Ach!" — ſeufzte er, — „wer hätte das gedacht, als wir uns das letztemal geſehen. Mit meiner Fortuna zogen mein Glück und die Ruhe meines Alters auch fort; noch denſelben Abend als Ihr in der Nacht abgeſegelt, geſchah in unſrer Nähe ein Mord. Auguſte war im Garten. Gott weiß, was ſie ſich eingebildet geſehen zu haben; allein immer hat ſie darüber gegrübelt, bis ſie ganz verrückt geworden iſt." —

„Verrückt, alſo doch" — wiederholte der junge Mann erblaſſend — „wirklich ſinnverwirrt?"

„Wir wollen noch das Beſte hoffen," — verſetzte der Alte dumpf, die Hände faltend. — „Beten auch Sie mit mir, daß der elende Mörder entdeckt werde; nur ſo kann Heil und

Rettung kommen, denn aus ihr iſt nichts herauszubringen. — Gern wollte ich die Summe verdoppeln, was liegt mir jetzt am Gelde."

„Alſo von Ihnen jene Anzeige?" — rief Eduard immer mehr beſtürzt. Er war ſchon im Begriff zu den Füßen des alten Mannes zu ſtürzen, um ihm Alles zu geſtehen, als ihm plötzlich Auguſtens Zettel in den Sinn kam, und ihm Kraft zur Verſtellung und Beſinnung verlieh. — Er zog nur die Hand ihres Vaters, der darin nur ein kindliches Mitgefühl erblickte, an ſeine Lippen, und eilte dann ſein Schiff zu erreichen. In der erſten einſamen Stunde öffnete er das Billet, und ſah kein Wort darin. — Erſt nach einer kurzen Ueberlegung fielen ihm die Worte des alten Brenner ein, die er beinahe überhört hatte; dieſe ungewöhnliche Vorſicht verdoppelte ſeine Ungeduld, doch bald, ſich jener unterwerfend, ſah er die Schrift immer deutlicher in gelben Zügen hervortreten. — Er las:

„Zufällig bin ich eines Geheimniſſes theilhaft geworden, daß nur Sie ganz durchſchauen können; indeſſen wird alles, was vorgefallen iſt, und was Sie davon hören mögen, Sie überzeugen, daß es ſicher in meinem Herzen ruht. Ich bin ruhig, glücklich bei dem Gedanken, daß es mir gelungen iſt, um einen Preis, der meine Kräfte nicht überſteigt, ein Menſchenleben gerettet zu wiſſen. Vernichten Sie dies Gefühl nicht durch Hinopferung eines andern Lebens, das würde das Bewußtſein meines Innern, das alle ſcheinbaren Leiden aufwiegt, in eine Troſtloſigkeit wandeln, der Sie, weniger als alle Andere mich weihen dürfen."

„Nein!" — rief er beinahe laut aus, — „das hat keine Sinnverwirrte geſchrieben. Es iſt alſo kein leerer Wahn; ſie weiß um meine That. Sie hat geſchwiegen. Glück, Ruhe, die liebende Anhänglichkeit ihrer Umgebung, die Verehrung der Welt meinetwegen geopfert; das konnte das bloße Mitleid nicht — ſie liebt mich! — O, ich Glücklicher! ich glücklicher Unglückſeliger! Denn es iſt ja doch Alles aus! Es wartet meiner vielleicht Schmach; ihre reine Hand muß vor meiner blutigen zurückzittern; denn mag auch der arme Verhaftete, wie ich merke, ſo gut wie gerettet ſein, ſoll ſie doch auch rein vor ihrem Vater, vor den Augen der ganzen Welt ſtehen, während ich — o, Gott! und ſie gebietet mir zu ſchweigen — ſchweigen jetzt? — Es war ja kein Mord — und doch — wenn ich an ihre Angſt denke, an ihre liebevolle Angſt — Gott! mein Geſtändniß könnte ſie ja ermorden. —"

Durch ſein tiefes Sinnen verwirrte er ſich ſelbſt noch mehr. Er fühlte die eigene Unfähigkeit, den klügſten Weg einzuſchlagen; er fühlte die Nothwendigkeit, bei ſeiner Unwiſſenheit mit allen Gerichtsformen ſich mit einem Rechtsgelehrten zu berathen; denn war es ihm nun auch Bedürfniß geworden, die Wahrheit laut zu verkünden, ſo fügte ſich nun doch das Verlangen hinzu, nicht blos in Auguſtens, ſondern auch in den Augen der Welt, ſo rein wie möglich zu ſtehen, denn es galt ja nun darzulegen, daß ihre ſchweigende Schonung keinem ganz Unwürdigen gewidmet geweſen. Er mußte ſie ſehen — ſprechen! Aber wie? Befand ſie ſich wirklich noch in dem väterlichen Hauſe und wo ſollte er Auskunft finden! Ein tiefgefühlter Takt in ſeinem Innern gebot ihm ſich nicht an Cathinka zu wenden, ja ſie nicht einmal zu beſuchen. — Der alte Brenner? — allein dieſer hatte ſich ſchon ſo beſorgt bei der ſchnellen Uebergabe des Billets gezeigt, als fürchtete er ſich von Spähern umgeben; auch konnte ja die Entdeckung eines Verſtändniſſes mit ihm, Auguſtens ſchon verletzten Ruf noch mehr gefährden; — und keinen einzigen Freund beſaß er, doch — ja den Doctor Sturm; dieſer war ihm bei ein paar Gelegenheiten ſo zutraulich und offen entgegen gekommen, war ja außerdem ein Hausfreund der durch ihn leidenden Familie, mußte alle näheren Umſtände genauer als jeder Andere kennen, und würde dieſe dem Vertrauenden ſchwerlich vorenthalten.

Ohne die wichtige Rolle zu ahnen, die dieſem in dieſer traurigen Rechtsſache übertragen war, und vielleicht ſelbſt, wenn er es auch gewußt hätte, um ſo unbedenklicher, eilte er ſogleich nach ſeiner Wohnung.

Sturm, der, wie ſchon erwähnt, dem jungen Manne zugethan war, ihn, als mit dem Altwood'ſchen Hauſe in genauer Verbindung, ſich ſchon dadurch näher betrachtete, und zugleich einſah, daß die ſichtbare Spannung, in welcher Eduard ihn begrüßte, aus warmer Theilnahme herrühren möchte, nahm ihn freundlich auf. Ihre Blicke verſtanden ſich ſo ſchnell, daß kein langer Eingang nöthig war.

„Sagen Sie mir um Gotteswillen!" — war die erſte Frage, ſobald der Name Altwood über ſeine Lippen gekommen war: — „Was macht Fräulein Auguſte? — iſt ſie wirklich geiſteskrank? Nein, nein!" — fuhr er, als der Doctor ihm durchdringend in die Augen ſah, fort: — „Es iſt nicht möglich! Ich habe Vertrauen in Sie, ich muß es haben. Sie werden mich nicht täuſchen. Sein Sie mein Rathgeber, mein Anwalt. Sie ſind ja ein wackrer Mann und Freund der Familie; das iſt mir wichtiger, als daß Sie der meine ſind. Leſen Sie, und ſagen Sie mir — nicht was ich thun muß, ſondern wie ich es zu thun habe."

Er übergab dem erſtaunten Fiscal Auguſtens Zettel. Mit dem erſten Blick erkannte dieſer ihre Hand, aber auch die geheimnißvolle Weiſe worauf jenes geſchrieben war. Der Inhalt vermehrte noch mehr ſein Erſtaunen. „Wie!" fragte er beinahe faſſungslos. „Sie theilen ihr Geheimniß, Sie?"

„Allerdings. Iſt es Ihnen denn nicht ſchon klar — ich bin ja der Thäter. Ach! hätte ich nicht ſogleich an Bord gemußt, es wäre nicht ſo ſchrecklich gekommen."

„Sie! großer Gott!" — rief der Fiscal außer ſich, — „und das vertrauen Sie mir, Ihrem ärgſten Gegner. Wiſſen Sie denn nicht, daß eben mir die Unterſuchung dieſer verruchten Sache vom Gericht übergeben iſt? —"

„Gleichviel! Gegner oder nicht; Redlichkeit iſt alles, was ich brauche. Ich werde auch keinen Umſtand verhehlen. Mein Gewiſſen wirft mir Nichts vor! Freilich gab ich mich dem Zorn hin, — ja dem Zorn! dennoch weiß ich nicht, ob ich mit kälterem Blute anders gehandelt, anders hätte handeln können?"

Er berichtete nun dem Fiscal, was ſchon, wir können ſagen, mit ſeinen eigenen Worten vorgetragen iſt, denn eben nach dieſem iſt der vorhergehende Bericht niedergeſchrieben; auch können wir nicht umhin, darauf zurück zu weiſen; denn als er ſeiner durch das verlorne Blatt erregten bittern Stimmung und tiefen Schmerzes erwähnte, unterbrach ihn Sturm in ſeine alte Selbſtzuverſicht zurückfallend: „Oho, das habe ich!"

„Sie?" — rief Eduard freudig. — „O, zeigen Sie es mir!" Es war bald gefunden. „Ja!" fuhr er, es mit den Augen verſchlingend, fort: — „Die Couſine hat Recht! Ach! Sie ahnte nicht, daß es tiefe Rührung, Gefühl des eigenen Unrechts ihr gegenüber, innige Liebe war, was mich vor ihrem gekränkten Blick verſtummen ließ."

„Liebe!" — hauchte der Advocat geſpannt, kaum hörbar aus. —

„Ja, ich liebe ſie!" — verſetzte Eduard mit Feuer, — „aber wie durfte ich die leiſeſte Hoffnung hegen? O, mein Gott! jetzt fühle ich es mit tiefen Schmerzen, mit Reue faſt, und dennoch konnte ich nicht anders! — Ja! wir lieben uns."

„Wir, uns!" — wiederholte Sturm kleinlaut.

„Gewiß, gewiß! hätte ſie ſonſt ſo ſchweigen, ſo ſchonen, und mir noch Schweigen gebieten können?"

„Nein, Herr! Sie irren ſich!" — rief Sturm ſcharf — „Sie verſtehen nicht die großmüthige Güte des Mädchens. Auguſte iſt wahr — ſie haßt Sie aber, ſie hat es ſelbſt mir geäußert; ſie haßt den, von deſſen That ſie Zeuge war."

„Mußte ſie es denn nicht, da ſie nur die That ſah? — ſah ſie mit ihrem liebenden gekränkten Herzen mich doch wohl auch der Couſine den unglücklichen Kuß geben — aber dieſen Haß, womit ein ſchönes Herz ſich der Liebe hingiebt, ich begreife ihn. Ja! ſie hat geglaubt mich haſſen zu müſſen, um mir ihre Liebe, ihr Leben weihen zu dürfen — ſie wollte mich haſſen, — ich fühle damit warum, — aber leſen Sie noch einmal dies Billet, erwägen Sie jedes Wort deſſelben, und daß ſie dennoch nicht ahnen konnte, daß jener Kuß, der Stoß, der den Elenden niederſchleuderte, nur aus Liebe zu ihr hervorging."

„Wie ſo? — fahren Sie fort" — rief Sturm immer beklommener.

„Der Elende!" — begann Eduard den Bericht wieder — „hatte auch den Kuß geſehen;" dann kam er auf die beſchimpfende Beleidigung dieſes Nichtswürdigen und Cathinka's Flucht. „Sie haben alſo einen Zeugen?" — unterbrach ihn Sturm raſch — „und die Couſine hat — O!" — fuhr er mit einem Rückblick auf ſeinen doch gerühmten Scharfſinn fort — „wie nahe bin ich an der Entdeckung der Wahrheit vorübergeſtreift, — aber das Mädchen läugnete ſo unbefangen, Jemand geſehen zu haben; hätte ſie nur des kleinſten Händel erwähnt, ich wäre gewiß in's Reine gekommen! Fahren Sie fort," fügte er, über den eignen Mangel an Scharfſinn, wo dieſer ihm am dienlichſten geweſen ſein würde, etwas unmuthig, hinzu, vielleicht auch durch die geheime Neigung, auf die ihn Eduard aufmerkſam gemacht und von der er nie geträumt hatte, ein wenig verletzt.

Als aber nun dieſer mit der ganzen Lebhaftigkeit ſeines bei dem Vortrage des vor ſeiner Seele ſich wieder ſtellenden Auftritts auflodernden Gefühls ihm einleuchtend machte, wie er ſo bis zur Wuth von dem Elenden gereizt, keine andere Rettung für Auguſtens Ehre und Ruhe gewahren können, als jenen nothgedrungen zum ewigen Schweigen zu bringen, — fühlte der Advocat, den die Phantaſie augenblicklich an ſeine Stelle verſetzt, bei dem Gedanken, daß er wahrſcheinlich auf gleiche Art für ſeine Braut verfahren haben würde, wie jener bereits gethan, ſich ſo aufgeregt, daß er mit Wärme rief: „Nein, das war kein Mord, höchſtens ein Todtſchlag, mehr zu entſchuldigen, als die überlegte That eines Duellanten, wobei, wenn auch nicht die Geſetze, doch die Handhaber derſelben noch immer durch die Finger ſehen; galt es auch nicht hier die Ehre, den unbeſcholtenen Ruf eines achtungswürdigen Weibes, welche der böſe Zufall in die Hände eines Böſewichts gelegt, der ſich nicht geſcheut haben würde, ſelbſt wenn er ſeinen Irrthum eingeſehen, dennoch denſelben zu benutzen. — Wer weiß, ob nicht ſogar die That als Nothwehr betrachtet werden kann. — Einen Zeugen haben wir ja von dem Angriff des Beleidigers. Getroſt! es ſoll, es darf Ihnen kein Haar gekrümmt werden. — Ich will Ihr Anwalt ſein."

„Mein Gott!" — ſagte Eduard betroffen — „Sie ſind ja mein Gegner."

„Ich ſage mich von der Sache los; bin ich doch ſelbſt ins Geheim Partei geworden. Kann ich gegen einen Mann auftreten, der, wenn er auch zu weit gegangen iſt, es doch nur um die Ehre, den Ruf meiner Braut gethan?"

„Ihrer Braut?" — wiederholte Eduard erblaſſend und entſetzt. — „Um Gotteswillen! ſeit wann — verzeihen Sie, ein Mörder darf ja doch keine Hoffnung mehr haben." —

„Darf denn kein Stellvertreter es mehr," — erwiederte Sturm mit einem etwas bittern Lächeln. — „Nun," — fuhr er ruhig, ſich ſelbſt bezwingend, fort — „ſeit dem, daß Auguſte Sie zu haſſen wähnt. — Ach! Sie haben nur zu ſehr recht. Sein Sie unbeſorgt! — Ich bin ein ehrlicher Mann, und habe Vieles wieder gut zu machen. Ich fürchte indeſſen, ich muß Sie verhaften laſſen."

„Meinetwegen! Nur eine Beſorgniß quälte mich. Denken Sie an Auguſtens Billet; wenn ſie erführe —"

„Sie wird nichts erfahren, ſelbſt Ihre Zukunft nicht. Was beſtimmt war, ſie zur Verzweiflung zu bringen, wird ihr nur zum Troſt, zur Ruhe gereichen. — Ich brauche nur vorläufig, der Form wegen, Ihr Ehrenwort, daß Sie ſich ſtellen werden; laſſen Sie mich jetzt überlegen und handeln."

Das Erſte, was Sturm unternahm, war, dem Polizeichef einen treuen Bericht von dem ganzen Hergang des Ereigniſſes abzuſtatten, und ſeine moraliſche Unfähigkeit, länger in dieſer Sache Fiscal zu ſein. Mochte es auch nicht ganz mit der ſtrengen Form des Juſtizganges übereinſtimmen, ja ſelbſt nicht mit der ſonſtigen, rückſichtsloſen Strenge des ſtarrſinnigen Mannes, er geſtattete ihm doch, in ſeiner Freude endlich einen glimpflichen Ausgang einer Sache, die ihm ſo viel Aergerniß und Kummer gemacht hatte, vor ſich zu ſehen, ſein Amt niederzulegen. — Von dieſem Augenblick an ſchien ein neuer Geiſt, oder vielmehr der ſeiner früheren Jahre über den Doctor gekommen. So wie er kurz vorher ganz ſeinen Scharfblick gebraucht, um in jedem zufälligen Umſtande den Beleg zu einem Verbrechen heraus zu finden, ſo bemühete er ſich, nun in Eduards Verfahren jedes entſchuldigende Motiv heraus zu heben. Es gelang ſeinem warmen Eifer und ſeiner Beweisführung, wobei Cathinka's Ausſage, die, nachdem Eduard als Thäter aufgetreten war, ihre frühere Schüchternheit ganz abgelegt hatte, und ſogar mehr Aufklärung, als ihre vorhergehenden Aeußerungen vermuthen ließen, darbot, den Vorfall ſo ergreifend an den Tag zu legen, daß er hoffen durfte, die Ahndung des Gerichts auf eine nicht lange Verhaftung in einer Feſtung beſchränkt zu ſehen. Allein unter dieſem Geſchäfte unterließ Sturm auch nicht, den alten Altwerd, der höchſt überraſcht und erſchrocken war, in einem jungen Mann, dem er immer mit einer Art Vorliebe entgegen gekommen, den Vollbringer eines Vergehens zu erkennen, das ihn ſo ſchmerzlich berührt hatte, und in deſſen Unterſuchung der Name ſeiner Tochter auf eine ſeiner Denkungsart nicht ſchmeichelnde Weiſe vorkam, eben durch Vorhalten der Veranlaſſung zu jener That zu Eduards Gunſten zu ſtimmen; und ſogar durch die Vorſtellung, daß eine völlige Ungewißheit für Auguſte heilſamer wäre, als eine neue quälende Beſorgniß wegen des noch unentſchiedenen Geſchicks des Mannes, für den ſie ſchon ſo viel gelitten, ihn davon abzuhalten, ihrem jetzt wohlthätigen Verhaft ein Ende zu machen.

Hatte Auguſte indeſſen keine Ahnung von Allem, was vorging, ſo war doch Eduards Rückkehr ihr nicht verborgen geblieben. In der Zeit, der er zum Glück vorangeeilt war, wo die Ankunft eines zu einer ſo langen Fahrt beſtimmten Schiffs gewöhnlich eintraf, kehrte die früher bezwungene Furcht mit peinlicher Ungeduld in ihre Bruſt zurück, und an einem Abend, da ſie ſich auf ihrer einſamen Wanderung mit Brenner immer mehr beklommen fühlte, ſagte ſie plötzlich leiſe zu ihm: „Zeige mir das Briefchen."

Er ſchüttelte aber den Kopf; da erkannte ſie, daß Eduard zurückgekehrt war, und eine noch heftigere Unruhe, die Beſorgniß, Liebe, Sehnſucht, ſelbſt Unwillen gegen ihn in ſich ſchloß, beſtürmte auf's Neue ihre jugendliche Bruſt. Glücklicherweiſe dauerte dieſer quälende Zuſtand nicht lange. Wenige Tage darauf trat der Vater plötzlich und zum erſten Mal ſeit ihrer gezwungenen Eingezogenheit in ihr Zimmer.

Erſchrocken und doch außer ſich vor Freude, warf ſie, in ſeinen beiden Blicken ſpähend, ſich an ſeine Bruſt. Er umarmte ſie mit Thränen, dann ſagte er trocken: „Die Aerzte haben mir meiner Geſundheit wegen gerathen, eine Reiſe vorzunehmen. Es wird auch der Deinen gedeihlich ſein aus dieſer Luft und von dieſem Flecken Erde, der Deine Freiheit — ſowohl des Geiſtes als des Körpers beſchränkt, fortzukommen. — Mein Schiff, die Fortuna, liegt wieder ſegelfertig. Der Wind iſt günſtig. Laß Brenner dir einpacken helfen. Noch dieſe Nacht gehen wir an Bord. — Wir ziehen nach Frankreich, oder wohin Ihr wollt, denn Dein Bräutigam begleitet uns."

Sie erröthete und erblaßte wechſelsweiſe. Ihre Blicke, alle ihre Bewegungen fragten, ihr Mund blieb ſtumm.

„Du haſt Dich ſo lange geduldet" — fuhr der Vater mit ſeiner verſteckten Rührung kämpfend fort, — „gedulde Dich noch eine kurze Zeit; bleibe ſtandhaft, Dir ſelbſt getreu bis zum letzten Augenblick — vollende Dein Werk, ſo wie Du es angefangen haſt, und glaube mir, indem ich Dich einer drückenden Gegenwart entführe, darfſt Du Alles von der Zukunft hoffen; Gott ſegne Dich, mein Kind!"

Das Wort Bräutigam hatte ſie tief erſchreckt! Ihre Lage hatte ſie an die Hoffnung gewöhnt, daß Sturm den Gedanken an ſie aufgegeben hätte, und dies Wort allein ſchien ihr ganz zu erkennen zu geben, wie weit der Vater davon entfernt ſei, das Einzige zu ahnen, was ihr die Zukunft erträglich, tröſtend machen könnte; doch mußte etwas, das den alten Mann beruhigte, vorgefallen ſein! — hatte Eduard dennoch trotz ihres Flehens? — ſie wagte kaum den Gedanken auszudenken — ſie würde den wenigen Stunden bis zur Abreiſe unterlegen ſein, hätte die ſchnelle Thätigkeit, wozu ſie berufen war, nicht ihren wohlthuenden Einfluß geübt; und doch wurde ſie viel zu ſchnell damit fertig. — Ach! wie gern hätte ſie in dem erſten müßigen Augenblick alles wieder ausgepackt, wie gern aus Furcht vor einer ungewiſſen, allein in jeder Rückſicht drohenden Zukunft ſich an die traurige Gegenwart feſtgeklammert und dennoch lächelte ihr gegen ihren Willen ſelbſt, eine Hoffnung entgegen. Wußte ſie doch, daß Eduard als Capitain der Fortuna zurückgekehrt war, — ſollte ſie ihn wieder dort ſehen? Ach, alle Pulſe ihres Lebens ſchienen ihr jetzt heftiger als je zuzuflüſtern, daß er von ihrer Fortuna nicht zu trennen ſei: dennoch fürchtete ſie, ſie entſetzte ſich vor der Freiheit, die ſonſt alle Herzen erfreut; ſie zitterte vor dem Wiedereintritt in eine Welt, welche die Träume, die ſich vor ihren Vorſtellungen bewegt hatten, wie mit einem Zauberſchlag vernichtete; ja! es war als freute ſie ſich der zunehmenden Dunkelheit, die ſie umgab, als könnte dieſe ſie vor der Zukunft verbergen.

Da erhellte ſich auf einmal die Luft vor ihrem Fenſter, der Mond trat, nicht wie an jenem verhängnißvollen Abend gelb und unnatürlich groß, ſich in einem blutigen Abendroth ſpiegelnd, ſondern hell, ſilberſtrahlend vor ihren Blick. Zu gleicher Zeit trat Brenner, einen leichten Mantel über den Arm geworfen, winkend wieder herein. Sie folgte ihm ſchweigend, ſo wie immer begegnete ihr im Hauſe und im Garten kein Menſch. — Zum erſtenmal trat ſie, ſeit mehr als einem Jahre, aus der zum Strande führenden Gartenthür. Unfern derſelben am Ende einiger hingelegten Bretter und Balken lag ein Boot. — Der Vater und Sturm, den ſie auch erſt hier nach langer Zeit wiederſah, machten ihr zwiſchen ſich Platz. Der Letztere drückte mit Wärme ihre Hand, doch ohne ſie, wie ſonſt immer nach ihrer Verlobung, an ſeine Lippen zu führen. Still, ohne von irgend einem Geräuſch, ſelbſt dem von Worten nicht, begleitet zu werden, führten gleichmäßige Ruderſchläge ſie über die ſilberhelle Fläche hin. Mit welchem Gefühl beſtieg ſie die unfern liegende, beim erſten Anblick erkannte Fortuna. Es war darin ein Anflug von Freude, vor der ſie erſchrack. — Doch kaum an Bord gelangt, hatte das Schiff alles Intereſſe für ſie wieder verloren. Ein unbekannter Mann, in dem ſie einen neuen Capitain des Schiffes vermuthen mußte, trat allen grüßend entgegen. — Eduard war alſo fort — und wohin? wie war ſein Schickſal geworden? — Eine freundliche Helle leuchtete ihnen von der Cajüte entgegen; allein Niemand dachte daran hinab zu gehen. Es kam Auguſten ſogar vor, als ſuchte man ihrem Drange, ſich ſo vielen fremden Blicken durchs Hinabſteigen zu entziehen, immer etwas entgegen zu ſetzen. Die Nacht war mild. Die hier noch ſchönen Küſten des Stromes lagen lächelnd in heller Mondbeleuchtung da. Der Vater und beſonders Sturm ließen ſich's angelegen ſein, ſie mit dieſem ruhigen Schauſpiel zu beſchäftigen, allein es brachte keine Ruhe in ihr Herz, und mit immer längerer Beklommenheit gewahrte ſie, wie die Segel ihre ſchwellenden Flügel entfalteten, und von der Ebbe begünſtigt mit zunehmender Schnelle das Schiff forttrieb.

Dann erſt faßte der Vater lächelnd ihre Hand, und führte ſie, von Sturm gefolgt in die Cajüte hinab. — „Wir entfernen uns nun immer mehr von dem Orte, wo Deine Zunge gebunden war," — ſagte er am Ende der Treppe, ſie zurückhaltend. „Darfſt Du dem Vater noch nicht vertrauen, ihm den ſo lange bewahrten Namen offenbaren?“ — Sie ſeufzte, gab aber keine Antwort. Dann öffnete er die Thüre; allein kaum war ſie hineingetreten, kaum hatte ſie in dem hellen Raum eine undeutliche Geſtalt erblickt, als ſie ihre Hand ergriffen, heiße Küſſe darauf gedrückt fühlte, und jene ohne Worte zu ihren Füßen ſank.

„Eduard!“ ſchrie ſie freudig auf.

„Ja!“ — ſagte der Vater, — „und nun haſt Du doch ſelbſt den Thäter laut genannt. Nicht wahr? Wir wiſſen es Alle, und mehr noch als Du weißt, denn ein Mörder war er nicht, und hat auch ſein Arm zu ſchnell ſeinem Zorn gehorcht, ſo geſchah es nur, weil der Gedanke an Dich ihn für jede andere Rückſicht blind machte, und er kein anderes Mittel ſah, Deinen bedrohten Ruf ſicher zu ſtellen, und ſo haſt Du, ohne zu ahnen, daß Du der Gegenſtand ſeines Strebens warſt, deſſen Leben, der Deinetwegen es unbedenklich preisgab, eben ſo großmüthig wie er, zu ſchonen geſucht. — Nicht in Worten, ſagte Freund Sturm, welche die von äußern Verhältniſſen verſchüchterte Neigung weder ausſprechen durfte, noch finden konnte, aber in Thaten habt Ihr eine alle Verhältniſſe überwindende Liebe ausgeſprochen, und ſie in Beſiegung jedes eigenſüchtigen Gefühls bewährt. Er darf nicht, und ich vermag nicht zu trennen, was ſich ſo feſt und innig angehört.“

„Iſt es möglich? — Iſt es wahr?“ — riefen Beide auf einmal; — „und dies Glück?“

„Verdiene ich es auch? kann ich es je verdienen?“ — fügte Eduard aufſpringend hinzu.

Ohne Wort ſank Auguſte an ſein Herz.

Aber die Worte kamen bald wieder, und mit jeder Entwicklung der Umſtände, die durch ſo viele kummervolle Stunden die ſchönſte Befriedigung der geheimen Wünſche, die ſie einſt geträumt hatten, ſich ſelbſt zu geſtehen, herbeigeführt hatten, bewährte ſich das Glück zwar weniger ſtürmiſch, aber noch reiner und tiefer empfunden, als in der erſten beſeligenden Umarmung des Wiederſehens.

Der Ausſpruch des Gerichts hatte dieſe entſcheidende Wendung ihres Geſchicks ſchneller als zu vermuthen ſtand, herbeigeführt. Eduard war nämlich von Geburt ein Ausländer, und ſo glaubte man dieſen Umſtand benutzen zu dürfen, um die bedrohende Verhaftung in eine Meidung des Landes zu verwandeln. Beide in Auguſtens Vaterſtadt wahrſcheinlich noch immer den lächerlichſten Verleumdungen preisgegeben, von dem Makel getroffen, der in der öffentlichen Meinung faſt immer eine gerichtliche Unterſuchung begleitet, ja ſelbſt in den Augen des Geſetzes nicht ganz ohne Schuld, flüchteten ſie, den freien Strom hinabſegelnd, nicht den kleinſten Druck der Vergangenheit mehr, keine Reue in ihrem Herzen. Der Doctor Sturm zu der bittern Erkenntniß gekommen, daß er, ob auch Auguſtens Wohlwollen, doch nie ihr Herz beſeſſen, und daß nur ſein Amt, das ſie doch verabſcheute, ſie vermocht hatte, ihm eine hoffnungsloſe Zukunft zu weihen, hatte ſelbſt dem Vater eindringend gemacht, daß die frühere Zuneigung der jungen Leute, welche, die Verhältniſſe ehrend, ſich ſelbſt ſittliche Bande angelegt, bis die Macht eines dunkeln Verhältniſſes dieſe geſprengt, doch ohne Gewalt zu beſitzen, den Damm, der ihre Gefühle zurückhielt, einzureißen, wohl dieſen Lohn langer Leiden und ſchwerer Herzensqual verdiente. — Während er die Rechtsſache betrieb, deren Ausfall ihm nicht zweifelhaft war, hatte er auch die Angelegenheiten ſeines alten Freundes wahrgenommen. Bordeaux wurde vorläufig zu Eduard's Exil beſtimmt, und dort beſchloß der Alte, ſeinen Namen mit dem ſeinigen zu vereinen und ein neues Handelshaus zu begründen; mit hinreichenden Mitteln in den Händen läßt ſich jeder feſte Entſchluß bald ausführen.

An der Mündung des Stromes angelangt, kehrte Sturm mit dem Lootſen zurück. Seine Trennung machte ihn trauriger, als ſeine Verlobung, trunken von der Seligkeit und der Trauer der Entſagung. Nie hatte Auguſtens Kuß ſo heiß ſeine Lippen berührt. Er hatte jedem Anſpruch auf das Fiscalamt entſagt, allein dem Unglück iſt er noch immer bereit, ein thätiger Anwald zu ſein. — Immer mehr beglückten ihn die häufig ihm zugekommenen Nachrichten von der glücklichen Ehe Auguſtens, von der Liebe und Thätigkeit Eduards und von dem zufriedenen immer geſünderem Alters ihres Vaters. Auch in ſeiner Nähe hatte er ſich Cathinka's ruhigen Wohlſeins zu erfreuen; das leichtſinnige Mädchen iſt eine rüſtige reſolute Frau geworden, die nur in ihrer Umgebung zu wenig Nachſicht mit kleinen Thorheiten ausübt, woran ſie doch früher ſelbſt gern Antheil nahm. Der Scharfſinn Sturms hatte ſich freilich nicht darin getäuſcht, daß ihr Mitleid mit dem Verhafteten ein noch zärtlicheres Gefühl umſchloß, allein er hatte ſich durchaus geirrt, als er dies einem bloßen Eigennutz zuſchrieb. — Cathinka hatte, wie ſchon geäußert, mehr von jenem Streit, ohne doch deſſen Ausgang zu ſehen, gehört, als ſie Jemandem mittheilen mochte; ja ſie hielt in ihrer Angſt wirklich Eduard für den Thäter, bis Antons Verhaftung ſie dieſe Auskunft mit Freuden erfaſſen ließ — allein ſein guter Ruf, Auguſtens wirklich reiche Spenden, ihre anſcheinende Gemüthskrankheit und endlich die öffentliche Anzeige zur Entdeckung des Thäters öffnete ihr auch wohl die Augen, ſie ſchwieg aber wie vorher, und hätte auch nur einen, vielleicht das Uebel noch ſchlimmer machenden Verdacht ausſprechen können; zum Erſatz dieſes Schweigens aber wandte ſie ganz dem armen Anton ihre Unterſtützung, ihr Mitleid zu, das, noch bevor ſie es ahnte, zu herzlicher Neigung überging. Anton war weder blind noch undankbar, aber beſcheiden und anſpruchslos wie ſein Gewerbe; doch endlich als ſeine Befreiung ausgeſprochen, und die in der Anzeige verheißene Summe, durch Eduards und Altwerths gern vergütendes Pflichtgefühl ihm doppelt ausbezahlt wurde, erhielt er mit dem Gelde Muth und Worte; der Abſtand zwiſchen ihm und Cathinka war durch jenes völlig ausgeglichen, und auch ſie konnte ſich, ihm einen Erſatz zuzugeſtehen, den ſie ihm insgeheim ſchuldig zu ſein glaubte.

So vermag, wenn auch ſelten, vergoſſenem Blute Segen zu entſprießen, und der, deſſen Leben ein Fluch ſeiner Umgebung war, durch die Fügung einer höheren Gewalt, nur einem Scharfſinnigen, obgleich nicht richterlichen Blick ſichtbar, im Tode die Welt mit ſich verſöhnen.

Adam Johann von Kruſenſtern,

ein kühner Erdumſegler, ward 1769 geboren und ging aus dem ruſſiſchen Seedienſte, in welchen er frühzeitig getreten war, 1793 in den engliſchen über, in welchem er Oſtindien und China beſuchte und hier den Plan entwarf, den Rauchwerkhandel der ruſſiſch-amerikaniſchen Beſitzungen in Flor zu bringen. Nachdem ihm nun Kaiſer Alexander zu dieſem Behufe und zur Unterſuchung der Nordweſtküſte Amerika's 2 Schiffe und die Wahl des Beſatzungsperſonals überlaſſen hatte, ſegelte er mit dieſen und den Naturforſchern Horner, Tileſius, Langsdorff und dem Arzte Laband im October 1803 von Europa ab und kehrte am 16. Aug. 1806 mit vielen Entdeckungen in geographiſcher, mathematiſcher, merkantiliſcher und nautiſcher Hinſicht bereichert nach Kronſtadt zurück. Zwar waren ihm die Verſuche der Einleitung einer unmittelbaren Handelsverbindung mit Japan fehlgeſchlagen, doch brachte er ſeine ſämmtliche Mannſchaft unverſehrt zurück, und die oben erwähnten Vortheile, die Ausbildung kühner Seefahrer und ſeine dadurch erhaltene Belehrung über eine nützliche Behauptung des öſtlichen Aſiens und des nordweſtlichen Amerika's wogen jenen Nachtheil mehr als zu reichlich für Rußland auf. Als Commandeur einer neuen Expedition ſegelte er 1815 zu Erforſchung der Beringsſtraße und eines nordweſtlichen Durchwegs nach Archangel wiederum dahin ab und wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr zum kaiſerlichen Contreadmiral, zweiten Director des Seecadettencorps und Curator der Univerſität Dorpat ernannt. Im Genuſſe dieſer Würden und mit den Ritterkreuzen mehrerer ruſſiſcher Orden geſchmückt, lebte er ſeitdem meiſtens in Petersburg.

Seine Werke ſind:

Reiſe um die Welt in den Jahren 1803 — 1806, auf den Schiffen Nadeshda und Newa. St. Petersburg 1810 — 1812, 3 Bde., 4.; 2. Aufl. Berlin 1811 — 1812, nebſt einem Atlas, 3 Thlr., 12.

Wörterſammlung aus den Sprachen einiger Völker des öſtlichen Aſiens und der Nordweſtküſte von Amerika. St. Petersburg und Halle, gr. 4. Auch franzöſiſch: Petersburg 1813, 4.

Beiträge zur Hydrographie des größern Oceans. Leipzig 1819, 4.

Außerdem Franzöſiſch:

Recueil de mémoires hydrographiques pour servir d'explication à l'atlas de l'Océan pacifique. Petersburg 1824, 4., mit 1 Atlas in Fol.

Gefeiert als Weltumſegler legte v. K. in ſeinen ausgezeichneten Schriften, die mannichfaltigſten Beweiſe nieder, wie ſehr er den hohen und weit verbreiteten Ruhm verdiene, den ſeine kühnen Unternehmungen ihm erwarben.

Chriſtoph Kuffner

ward im Jahre 1778 zu Wien geboren und erhielt, nachdem er einige gelehrte Vorbildung genoſſen hatte, bei dem hieſigen Hofkriegsrathe die Stelle eines Concipiſten, von welcher er ſpäter zu dem Amte eines kaiſerlich-königlichen Cenſors und Staatsrathsofficials befördert wurde.

Von ihm haben wir:

Perikles der Olympier. 2 Bde. Wien 1809.
Gedichte. Peſth 1816, 8., mit Kupf.
Hesperidenhain der Romantik. Wien 1818—1819, 5 Bde., gr. 12.
Cervantes in Algier. Schauſpiel. Brünn 1820, 8.
Erzählungen mit Zwiſchenſpielen. Ebendaſ. 1820, 2 Bde., 8.
Schilderſchau. Ebendaſ. 1821, 2 Thle., 8.
Artemidor im Reiche der Römer. 4 Bde. Brünn 1822—27.
Lebensbilder. Wien 1824, gr. 12.
Sämmtliche Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1825—28, 4 Bde., gr. 12.

Ueberdieß Dramen, Aufſätze und Gedichte in: „Lempert's Taſchenbuch," den „Wiener Jahrbüchern" (Bd. 57, 64, 65) und in den mit v. Wildenfels herausgegebenen Feierſtunden. Auch giebt er allein ſeit 1827 das Taſchenbuch für Frohſinn und Liebe heraus.

Ein leichtes gefälliges und heiteres Talent, das ſich im Gebiet der Erzählung und in der didaktiſchen Epiſtel mit Erfolg und Beifall verſucht hat; als lyriſcher Dichter iſt K. dagegen wenig bedeutend.

Ephraim Moſes Kuh

ward 1731 zu Breslau von jüdiſchen Eltern geboren und zeigte ſchon in früher Jugend große Stärke des Gedächtniſſes und Lebhaftigkeit des Geiſtes mit einer unermüdlichen Wißbegierde vereint. Er wurde daher von ſeinem Vater, einem begüterten Kaufmann zum jüdiſchen Gelehrten beſtimmt und nach Berlin gebracht, wo er zwar keine geringen Fortſchritte in ſeinen Studien machte, aber vermöge ſeines natürlich guten Verſtandes mit Ekel gegen deren Auswüchſe erfüllt wurde und deswegen mit Genehmigung ſeiner Eltern zum Kaufmannsſtande überging. Er trat demnach in ſeines Vaters Comptoir und erwarb ſich bald die nöthigen Kenntniſſe, beſonders aber eine ſehr ſchöne Handſchrift und Kenntniß der neuern Sprachen, ſowie er nun auch im Lateiniſchen große Fortſchritte machte. Dadurch wurde er jedoch immer mehr zu den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften hingezogen und nahm daher, um ſeiner Neigung beſſer genügen zu können, nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters das Anerbieten des berliner Münzlieferanten, Veitel Ephraim, gegen einen jährlichen Gehalt von 1000 Thalern die Führung ſeiner Caſſe zu übernehmen, gern an. Er zog demnach mit dieſem ſeinem Oheim nach Berlin und erwarb ſich hier durch Gewiſſenhaftigkeit und Pünktlichkeit die Zuneigung ſeines Principals in einem hohen Grade, wie durch ſeine Talente und ſeinen Edelſinn die nähere Bekanntſchaft und Freundſchaft Mendelſohn's, Ramler's, Leſſing's und anderer Gelehrten Berlins. Durch ſie wurde er auch in die Proſodie und den Versbau der deutſchen Sprache eingeweiht, machte hier aber auch für ſein ganzes künftiges Leben entſcheidende ſchlimme Erfahrungen. Nachdem man ſeine Gutherzigkeit vielfach gemißbraucht und einer ſeiner Collegen im Comptoir ihn um ſein durch koſtbare Bücherkäufe noch mehr geſchmolzenes Vermögen bis auf Weniges betrogen hatte, wollte er mit dem ihm Verbliebenen durch Reiſen in Deutſchland, Holland, Frankreich, Italien und in der Schweiz ſeinen Kummer verſcheuchen, mußte aber in den erſten Tagen ſeiner Wanderſchaft wieder umkehren. Der noch beſtehende jüdiſche Leibzoll hatte ſeine Baarſchaft mit ſammt ſeinen Koſtbarkeiten aufgezehrt und ihm kaum Reiſegeld bis zurück nach Liſſa in Schleſien übrig gelaſſen. Durch Unterſtützung ſeiner Verwandten wurden zwar ſeine fernern Bedürfniſſe ſicher geſtellt, aber ſeine trüben Erfahrungen hatten eine Schwermuth in ſeiner Seele zurückgelaſſen, die bald in völligen Wahnſinn ausartete. Von dieſem durch einen geſchickten Arzt ziemlich geheilt, lebte er ſeinen wiſſenſchaftlichen Beſchäftigungen und Unterhaltungen mit gelehrten chriſtlichen und jüdiſchen Männern und Geiſtlichen, bis ein Schlagfluß ihm 1785 die rechte Seite lähmte und zugleich die Sprache raubte. Nachdem er lange nach ſeiner Auflöſung geſeufzt hatte, entſchlief er am 3. April 1790 ſanft und ruhig. — Er war edelmüthig und mildthätig ohne Unterſchied des Glaubens, ein wahrhaft frommer Mann, kenntnißreicher Gelehrter und angenehmer Geſellſchafter, ohne jedoch eine kleine Eitelkeit rückſichtlich ſeines Dichtertalentes ganz verbannen zu können, doch that dieß ſeiner Liebenswürdigkeit keinen Eintrag.

Seine literariſchen Erzeugniſſe ſind:

Hinterlaſſene Gedichte. Eine von Ramler und [illegible] verbeſſerte und herausgegebene Sammlung. Zürich 1792, 2. Bdchen, 12., mit einer Biographie K's von Moſes Hirſchel.

Außerdem mehrere von den Herausgebern nicht mit aufgenommene Gedichte in ſeinen Manuſcripten.

Seine Epigramme ſind das Beſte, was Kuh hinterlaſſen hat, da ſie leicht, gewandt und gefällig gearbeitet und mit reichem und ſchlagenden Witz ausgeſtattet ſind; auch in kleinen Liedern verſuchte er ſich mit Erfolg, ohne jedoch die Kräfte zu höherem Aufflug zu beſitzen.

Quirinus Kuhlmann

ward am 10. Juli 1652 zu Breslau geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena Theologie und ergab ſich nach Leſung der Schriften Jakob Böhme's einer ausſchweifenden Schwärmerei. Als Geiſterſeher und Prophet durchzog er Holland, England, Frankreich, die Türkei, Preußen und Liefland, und wurde endlich am 4. October 1689 zu Moskau öffentlich verbrannt.

Er verfaßte:

Kühlpſalter. Amſterdam 1684 — 86, 3 Thle., 12.

Ferner viele andere lateiniſche und deutſche Schriften der oben angedeuteten Art.

Seine Lieder ſind, obgleich voll myſtiſcher Schwärmerei, doch nicht ohne Phantaſie und Begeiſterung, und ein merkwürdiges Zeichen jener Zeit.

Auguſt Kuhn

ward am 30. December 1784 zu Eckartsberga geboren, widmete ſich vorzüglich dem Studium der Philoſophie und ließ ſich, nachdem er die Doctorwürde in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft erlangt hatte, als Privatgelehrter in Berlin nieder, wo er ſich mit der Redaction des Freimüthigen beſchäftigte und eine Buchhandlung etablirte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. Auguſt 1829.

Er gab heraus:

Eudora. Leipzig 1803, 1. Bdchen, 8. Mit Luiſe Brachmann, [illegible] u. A.
Gedichte. Berlin 1806, 8.
Juliane oder Wahnſinn aus Kokettrie. Ebendaſ. 1808, 8.
Muſenalmanach auf das Jahr 1808. Wien 1808, 12., mit Kupf., im Verein mit G. F. Treitſchke.
Kleine Romane und Erzählungen. Berlin 1809, 1. Bd., 8.
Der Anekdotenſammler. Ebendaſ. 1809 — 1810, 2 Bde., 8.
Hortenſia. Taſchenbuch für Damen auf die Jahre 1811 und 1812. Ebendaſ. 1810, 16., mit 6 Kupf.
Der Humoriſt. Ebendaſ. 1810, 1. Thl., 16.
Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8. (anonym).
Neue Romane und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1812, 1. Bd., 8.
Reiſen. Berlin 1811. Neue verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1820, 2 Thle., 8.
Mimoſen. Ebendaſ. 1822 u. 1824, 2 Bdchen, 8.
Sammlung ſchottiſcher Legenden. Ebendaſ. 1826, 8.
Hortenſia. Ebendaſ. 1827, gr. 16., mit Kupf. und Muſikbeilage.
Zinnien. Ebendaſ. 1827, 8.

Auch beſorgte er, wie oben bemerkt wurde, anfangs mit Kotzebue, ſpäter allein von 1806 — 1829 die Redaction des Freimüthigen.

Mit guten Gaben ausgerüſtet und nicht ohne hübſche wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, verflachte ſich K. doch zu ſehr durch Vielſchreiberei, ſo daß von allen ſeinen Schriften ihn faſt keine überlebt hat, obwohl er in der Erzählung ſich mit Glück verſuchte und angenehm zu unterhalten wußte. Seine Poeſien ſind correct und gefällig, allein ohne tieferen Gehalt. — Als Redacteur des Freimüthigen gehörte er zu den eifrigſten Gegnern der romantiſchen Schule, und gefiel ſich überhaupt darin, bedeutende Perſönlichkeiten anzugreifen, wodurch er ſich dann freilich weder Ehre noch Ruhm erwarb.

Friedrich Adolf Kuhn

ward am 2. September 1774 zu Dresden geboren und empfing auf dem Gymnaſium zu Freiberg ſeine claſſiſche Bildung, wobei er zugleich mit Eifer Franzöſiſch, Engliſch, Italieniſch und Spaniſch, nebſt den provenzaliſchen und nordiſchen Sprachen ſtudirte. Hierauf widmete er ſich zu Wittenberg dem Studium der Rechtswiſſenſchaften, ohne jedoch ſeine Lieblingsſprachen und die Dichtkunſt zu vernachläſſigen, und beſuchte dann in Jena die Vorleſungen über Geſchichte, Diplomatik, Phyſiologie und Anatomie, wobei ihn Fichte ganz beſonders anzog. Nachdem er 1797 die Studien des Baron von Doiſt aus Petersburg in Dresden mit Fleiß geleitet hatte, trat er 1803 als Sachwalter auf und gab ſich in Stunden der Muße ſpäter auch ſeinen dichteriſchen Verſuchen, der Literatur, Sprachenkunde und der Naturwiſſenſchaft mit ausdauernder Liebe hin, während ſeine glückliche äußere Lage ihm eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland, Holland, Belgien, Frankreich, Italien und die Schweiz möglich machte.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Camoen's Luſiade. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1807; mit Th. Hell.
Die Mutter und ihre Söhne. Gedicht. Dresden 1816, gr. 8., mit 1 Vign.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1820, 8.

Wärme, Innigkeit, Zartheit, ſtrenge Correctheit und Eleganz haben F. A. Kuhn einen geachteten Namen als lyriſchen Dichter erworben.

Gottlob Jakob Kuhn

wurde im November 1775 zu Bern geboren und ſtudirte daſelbſt Theologie und Philoſophie, worauf er zuerſt als Pfarrer zu Sigriswyl angeſtellt wurde. 1806 erhielt er eine Lehrerſtelle in der Elementar- und 1808 an der Claſſenſchule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, von wo er 1812 als Pfarrer nach Rüderswyl verſetzt wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1825.

Er gab heraus:

Schweizeriſche Volkslieder und Gedichte. Bern, 1806; 2. vermehrte Aufl. Ebend. 1819, 8., mit 1 Titelkupf. u. Titelvign., nebſt 9 Muſikbeilagen.
Alpenroſen. Ein ſchweizeriſcher Almanach. Ebend. 1811—27, 16., mit Kupf. Gemeinſchaftlich mit Meisner, Wyß und Andern.
Sammlung von ſchweizer Kuhreigen. Ebendaſ. 1812 (2. Ausgabe der Sigm. von Wagner'ſchen Sammlung).

G. J. K. erwarb ſich großes Verdienſt durch ſeine Sammlung ſchweizeriſcher Volkslieder, deren Ton er ſich ſo angeeignet hatte, daß er ihn auch in ſeinen eigenen Verſuchen dieſer Gattung ſehr glücklich zu treffen wußte, indem er Einfachheit, Herzlichkeit und Biederkeit mit genauer Kenntniß der Sitten und des Idioms verband.

Ferdinand Guſtav Kühne

wurde am 27. December 1806 in Magdeburg geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten akademiſchen Studien den Grad eines Doctors der Philoſophie, privatiſirte eine Zeit lang in Berlin und ging dann nach Leipzig, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt und die Redaction der Zeitung für die elegante Welt beſorgt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Novellen. Berlin 1831.
Die beiden Magdalenen, oder die Rückkehr aus Rußland. Leipzig 1833.
Die Quarantaine im Irrenhauſe. Leipzig 1835.
Kloſternovellen. I. Raoul. I Thl. Leipzig 1838.
Weibliche und männliche Charaktere. Leipzig 1838.
Aufſätze und Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein denkender philoſophiſch gebildeter Kopf aus der Hegel'ſchen Schule hervorgegangen, aber ſchon früh in Oppoſition zu derſelben tretend, ſuchte K. vorzüglich in ſeinen Schriften Rechenſchaft abzulegen von dem Zwieſpalt, in welchem die geiſtige Forſchung, wie ſie ſich jetzt geſtaltet hat, zu den Erſcheinungen unſers Lebens getreten iſt. Er hat ſich daher hauptſächlich mit den Fragen, die ſich aus den neueſten Verhältniſſen entwickelten, beſchäftigt. Dieſe Richtung brachte ihn in nähere Verbindung mit dem ſogenannten jungen Deutſchland, zu dem er ſelbſt eine Zeit lang gezählt wurde, obwohl er von jeher beſonnener und gemäßigter auftrat. Mehr ein Denker als ein Dichter hat er jedoch ſich bemüht, den Aufgaben, deren Löſung ihn feſſelte, ein poetiſches Gewand umzuhängen, um ſie dadurch leichterer Verbreitung und Anerkennung zu befähigen. Seine Darſtellungsweiſe iſt vortrefflich, namentlich überall da, wo ihn der Gegenſtand ganz erfüllt und mit ſich fortreißt, und er ſich nicht zu einer Tages-Polemik verleiten läßt, wie ſie leider in der letzten Zeit zu ſehr Mode wurde, durch die aber eigentlich wenig erreicht wird. Gute Erfindung, beſonnene Charakterzeichnung und anſchauliche Schilderung ſind ſeinen Werken eigen, nur vermißt man zu oft jene Gluth, welche den wahren Dichter charakteriſirt und gewaltſam, aber unwiderſtehlich die Herzen erobert. — Jedes ſeiner Werke zeugt indeſſen von dem Ernſte ſeines Strebens und ſeinem Fortſchreiten auf der eingeſchlagenen Bahn, namentlich iſt ſeine letzte Arbeit, Raoul, reich an zarten und edeln Gedanken, an glücklichen Situationen und trefflicher Charakteriſtik, und es läßt ſich um ſo Bedeutenderes für die Zukunft von ihm hoffen, je mehr er ſich von dem kleinlichen Streite der Parteien, in den mannichfache Verhältniſſe ihn zogen, abwenden und die Höhe gewinnen wird, auf die ſich jeder Schriftſteller ſchwingen muß, um über ſeiner Zeit zu ſtehen, wenn er derſelben wahrhaft leben und nützen will.

Heinrich's des Vierten von Frankreich letzte Lebensſtunden.

(Aus dem zweiten Bande der Kloſternovellen.)

Es war ſechs Uhr Morgens; der Tag hatte kaum das Zwielicht verdrängt, da läuteten die Urſulinerinnen mit allen Glocken. In der Straße Sainte Avoye, in welcher das neue Kloſter der frommen Schweſtern lag, drängte ſich ein Gewühl von Tauſenden, Jung und Alt, Bettler und Reiche, tobend und lachend, als ging es zu den Freuden des Schauſpiels, zu einer Luſtbarkeit ſeltner Art. Das leichtgeſchürzte Volk der Gaſſen, ewig müſſig und aus Müſſiggang frohen Muthes, und aus frohem Muthe zu allen Dingen, auch zu dem Ernſt befähigt, der luſtige Pöbel und die hungernde Armuth bildete den Vortrab und ſtand an den Mauern des Kloſters entlang und vor dem Hauptportal der Kirche zu einem dichten Knäuel gedrängt. Eine glänzende Reihe von Equipagen mit der Auswahl der Hauptſtadt wogte, langſam nach und ſuchte vergebens nach einer Bahn durch das Gewirr der Fußgänger. Die Kutſcher riefen die Querlaufenden an, die Lakeien ſprangen auf und ab und über dem tauſendfach zertheilten Lärm wie über einem Tumult der Unterwelt hallten die Kirchenglocken durch die helle Morgenluft.

Endlich öffneten ſich die Flügelthüren und die Menge ſtrömte hinein.

Das ganze Schiff der Kirche war mit reichen Teppichen und mit rothem Damaſt behangen. Binſenmatten bedeckten den Marmor des Fußbodens, kein Tritt eines ſterblichen Fußes ſollte hörbar ſein. Schwarze Immortellen, die Blumen des Grabes, und weiße Roſen, die Blumen der Vermählung, waren zu Kränzen gewunden und zierten einträchtig die Gefäße auf dem Altare. Ein Begräbniß und eine Hochzeit ſollten zu gleicher Zeit gefeiert werden, die Einkleidung einer Nonne, ihr Abſterben von den Freuden der Welt und ihre Vermählung mit dem Himmel.

Das Chor der Nonnen über dem Portal, dem Hochaltare gegenüber, war noch verhüllt. Die Novizen erſchienen und öffneten die Läden und Fenſter, und zogen die Vorhänge hinter den Gittern zurück, während die Logen der Vornehmen ſich füllten und das Volk in gedrängten Schaaren den weiten Raum unten beſetzte und in den Seitenhallen hinwogte. Plötzlich ſchwiegen die Glocken und man hörte nur das Gewirr der allgeſchäftigen Menge. Die Aebtiſſin trat ein, in dem ganzen Schmuck ihrer Würde, in dem grauen Unterkleide, dem ſchwarzen Rocke mit dem ledernen Gürtel und eiſerner Schnalle, den ſchwarzen Kirchenmantel ohne Aermel übergeworfen, mit dem Vortuche und der Kopfbinde, die alles Haar verdeckte, und dem ſchwarzen mit weißer Seide gefütterten Weihel. Der düſtere Schleier der bräutlichen Wittwen des Herrn lag über ihr Haupt gebreitet, um die Stirn wand ſich das Stirnbändchen, an ihrem Halſe hing das Medaillon, die heilige Jungfrau mit dem Sohne im Arm.

Nahe am Gitter ließ ſich die Aebtiſſin nieder und rief die Nonnen ihrer Gemeinde jede einzeln beim Namen auf. Alle erſchienen nach einander in Zwiſchenräumen, denn eine jede ſchleppte den Mantel weit nach, als hätte das ſchwarze Gewebe viel Irdiſches zu verhüllen. Der Anzug der Nonnen war dem der Aebtiſſin gleich, nur waren die Novizen weiß verſchleiert.

Ganz zuletzt erſchien eine hohe, wo nicht ſtolze Geſtalt an der Thür des Chors, in der Tracht der Urſulinerinnen, um das Haupt noch den weißen Schleier, den ſie jetzt, als des Himmels Braut und Wittwe zu gleicher Zeit, mit der Farbe des Todes vertauſchen ſollte. Der Beichtvater des Königs, Pater Cotton, führte ſie. Er hatte dem Volke dies Schauſpiel bereiten wollen, eine vornehme Weltdame dem Schooße des klöſterlichen Stilllebens zu überliefern. Es ſchien nicht, als ſolle ſie förmlich in den Orden treten, und ſich den Obſervanzen der Kloſterzucht unterwerfen, ſie wollte nur die Weihe einer Urſulinerin empfangen und zu der Zahl der weitverbreiteten Religioſinnen gehören, die außerhalb der geheiligten Mauern lebten und mitten in der Welt den Einfluß der kirchlichen Macht bis in Kreiſe ausdehnten, in welche der geiſtliche Arm bisher nicht reichte. Man zählte ſchon damals in Paris einige Tauſend Urſulinerinnen, die weder die Behauſung noch das Habit, am wenigſten die Gelübde der congregirten Kloſterfrauen theilten, vielmehr dem Familienleben und menſchlicher Geſellſchaft angehörig, nur im Stillen die Welt dem Geiſte unterordneten. Die Geſellſchaft Jeſu bedurfte ſolcher ſtillen Mitglieder, um, wie ſie ſagten, die Weltlichkeit in ihr ſelbſt zu reformiren; es waren die geheimen Arme, womit die Jeſuiten alle Gebiete des menſchlichen Lebens umſpannen wollten. Oft geſchah die Einweihung einer ſolchen Religioſin ganz verſchwiegen, nicht ſelten aber mit Schaugepränge, und hinter der glatten, frommſeligen Miene des königlichen Beichtigers lag der Triumph des heutigen Tages nur mühſam verſteckt.

So wie die Dame an ſeiner Hand erſchien, begann ein neues Wogen in der dichtgedrängten Menge. Man wollte die fromme Schönheit ſehen, die ſich der Kirche verlobte. Man wußte noch ſehr gut, wie ſie mit allem Schimmer der lachenden Herrlichkeit in glänzender Caroſſe durch die Straßen von Paris fuhr, wie die Cavaliere an öffentlichen Feſten ihr gehuldigt, man erinnerte ſich der Zeit, wo ſie die gefeierte Schönheit des Hofes war. Viele tauſend Federn und Hüte bogen ſich jetzt über den Rand der Logen hinaus, als die neue Braut vor der Aebtiſſin ſtand und auf das ſeidene Kiſſen hinkniete, um die Formen ihres Ehegelöbniſſes zu vollziehen. Der gebräuchliche Frag- und Antwortwechſel begann. Die Kloſtermutter ſprach von der göttlichen Wohlthat, dem Leben und ſeinen Eitelkeiten abzuſterben, und auf ihre Anrede erfolgte das leiſe Ja der Befragten. Endlich erhob ſich die Superiorin. Die fromme Katharina — ſo war die Neugewonnene angeredet — beugte das Antlitz bis auf den Teppich und hüllte ſich in den großen ſchwarzen Mantel, den die Aebtiſſin über ſie breitete. „Nun biſt Du geſtorben, meine Tochter, nun biſt Du todt!" ſagte dieſe nicht ohne Rührung. Zugleich wurden die Läden der Fenſter geſchloſſen und das ganze Chor der Nonnen war in dichte Finſterniß gehüllt und Alles bis an die Schranken, wo das Volk ſtand, verſank in Grabesnacht. Nun begann die Orgel mit ihrer Wehklage. Ein Prälat mit den Diakonen ſtand am Altare und ſtimmte das De profundis an. Das Leichenbegängniß war vollendet, man betete für die Geſtorbene.

Als man die Augen wieder zum Chor wandte, trat die Aebtiſſin mit der Schweſter Katharina hervor, jede eine brennende Kerze in der Hand. Sie ſanken dicht am Gitter hin in traulicher Gemeinſchaft, ihre bleichen Angeſichter leuchteten wunderbar im Heiligenſchein der weißen Flammen.

Die Meſſe hatte begonnen und ging dem Brauche nach bis zum Evangelium. Dann ſetzten ſich die Prieſter rechts an den Altar, ein Mitglied der Geſellſchaft Jeſu betrat die Kanzel und hielt die bezügliche Predigt vom Abſterben aus eitel Welt und Sündlichkeit.

So wie die Meſſe nach der Predigt ſchloß, verließen die Kloſterfrauen das Chor; die Prieſter traten an das Communicatorium und das Gewühl der frommen Schauluſt wogte nach dieſem Theile der Kirche. Das Communicatorium, in der Größe einer Tabernakelthür, iſt eine kleine Oeffnung in der Mauer, welche von der Kirche zum Kloſter führt. Sie iſt nur zugänglich, wenn die frommen Schweſtern die Hoſtie empfangen oder eine neue Devote eingeſegnet wird. So wie jetzt der Flügel aufſprang, ſah man in die kleine Kapelle, wo die Vermählung der weltlich Begrabenen mit dem himmliſchen Bräutigam begann. Rings herum in dem kleinen Raume die geſammte Gemeinde der Nonnen, in dem Mittelpunkte des Kreiſes kniet Katharina mit gebeugtem Haupte vor dem Sakriſtan, der vom Altare das Jeſuskind nimmt, den ſilbergeſtickten Bräutigam, den er in die Arme der Verlobten legen ſoll. An ihrer Rechten kniet die Superiorin, die den ſchwarzen Schleier hält, der mit dem weißen vertauſcht wird, und den Ring des himmliſchen Ehebundes und das Brautdiadem mit den tauſendfarbigen Blumen und den Lilienkronen, in deren Höhlung kleine Engel mit ſilbernen Fähnchen niſten. Der Prälat ſpricht das Gebet zur Einweihung der göttlichen Verbindung, dann richtet er noch einmal an die Knieende die Frage: „Und Du biſt Dir bewußt, Katharine, daß in Deinem Herzen keine weltliche Liebe mehr wohnt?" —

Draußen, dicht vor dem Fenſter, das auf die Straße ging, war ſcharfes Pferdegeſtampfe laut geworden. In der Kapelle führte oben eine Galerie an den bemalten Scheiben vorbei, die zwiſchen den Säulen ihren Eingang hatte. Ein ſelten betretener Gang leitete hinauf; man überblickte von dort die ganze kleine Halle. Auch durch dieſe Oeffnung konnte das Geräuſch ſo vernehmbar von Außen durchgedrungen ſein. Vor der Thür auf der Straße hielt ein Reitertrupp. König Heinrich war mit Gefolg die rue Sainte Avoye hinauf geritten und hielt am Portale. Er hatte die Nacht wieder außerhalb Paris zugebracht, mit dem frühen Morgen wollte er im Louvre ſein. Der Weg führte ihn bei den Urſulinerinnen vorbei, das ganze Stadtviertel ſcheint ihm wie ausgeſtorben, kein Kopf läßt ſich blicken, niemand tritt ans Fenſter, wie ſonſt, wenn er dieſes Weges kam. Auf ſeine Frage, woher die Stille, ward ihm ſchnell die Antwort. Eine dunkle Wolke des Trübſinns zog über ſeine helle Stirn, als er vor dem Kloſter wie gebannt hielt. „Saint-Michel, laßt uns hinein ſchauen!" ſagte er zum Adjutanten, ſeinem treuen Begleiter, indem er ſich aus dem Sattel ſchwang; das übrige Gefolge hielt. Im Hauptportal war der Knäul der ſchauluſtigen Menge ſo feſt, daß es unmöglich ſchien durchzudringen. So gingen ſie durch die Nebenpforte, die zur Seitenkapelle führte. Niemand kannte den König in dem ſchlichten Reiterkleide. Der Pförtner winkte Behutſamkeit, aber ein Wort des Adjutanten genügte, den Alten willig zu machen. Die untern Gänge waren auch hier dicht beſetzt, und der Kirchendiener öffnete die geheime Treppe, die auf die Gallerie der kleinen Kapelle führte. Saint-Michel, der um das Geheimniß wußte, das den König hinzog, blieb hinter der Säule ſtehen, als Heinrich mit leiſem Schritte bis an die Brüſtung trat und auf die verſammelte Schar der Nonnen herabblickte, um noch dem letzten Acte der heiligen Ceremonie beizuwohnen.

Die Braut des Himmels lag knieend in der Mitte, das Haupt tief gebückt, die Aebtiſſin ſtand neben ihr, den Ring, den ſchwarzen Schleier und das Diadem in Händen. Noch einmal that der Sakriſtan die ſüßliche Frage: „Und Du biſt Dir bewußt, Katharine, daß in Deinem Herzen keine weltliche Liebe mehr wohnt!" Sie erhob ihr Angeſicht, ein Blick gen Himmel ſollte ihr die Antwort ſuchen; da blieb ihr Auge ſtarr gefeſſelt, ſie ſtand auf, auch die Arme hoben ſich wie magnetiſch ergriffen, während eine dunkle Gluth die ganze Faſſung ihrer bleichen Züge vernichtete. Als ſich mehrere Blicke nach der Gallerie wandten, war der König raſch zurückgetreten, und mit ſeinem Verſchwinden endete auch für Katharine der Moment der plötzlichen Entzückung, mit einem lauten Schmerzensruf ſank ſie ohnmächtig zuſammen. Die Aebtiſſin bemächtigte ſich der Armen, die Nonnen erhoben wehklagend die Hände, den Novizen klopfte vor ſympathetiſcher Bangigkeit das Herz; über der Volksmenge, die ſtaunend auf die Scene blickte, lag eine Todtenſtille.

Ganz betäubt ſtieg der König an Saint-Michels Seite die Treppe hinunter. Auf der letzten Stufe, unten in der Vorhalle, trat ein wilder Menſch mit ſchwarzem, ſtruppigem Haar und rothem Bart, die Hände in den Mantel gewickelt, dicht auf ihn ein; der Adjutant drängte ihn zur Seite, und der König gewann den Ausgang. Bewußtlos, oder wie in Träume verſenkt, ſtieg er in den Bügel, das müde Roß ſchritt mit gebeugtem Kopfe und er ließ die Zügel hängen. Am Ende der Gaſſe wandte er noch einmal den Blick; Kirche und Kloſter und die ganze Häuſerreihe alles ſtand noch immer wie in heiliges Schweigen gebannt. Dann ſpornte er das Pferd und flog im Galop die Straßen hinunter; das Gefolge keuchte hinter ihm her.

Im Louvre fand der König eine Menge Depeſchen vor, die ſeine ganze Willenskraft in Spannung ſetzten, auch einen Brief von Sully, den eine Unpäßlichkeit zwang, das Zimmer zu hüten. Der Miniſter klagte über eine leichte Halsentzündung; er mußte des Morgens lauwarme Bäder nehmen. „So werde ich ihn heute Abend beſuchen," ſagte Heinrich, „wir haben noch manches Nöthige zu beſprechen, bevor ich Paris verlaſſe!" Des Königs Abreiſe war auf den nächſten Montag angeſetzt. Er ſandte einen Boten an Sully mit dem ſcherzhaften Befehle, der Herzog ſolle ihn in der Nachtmütze und im Schlafrock empfangen, man würde ſich betrüben, ihn anders coſtümirt zu finden.

Mittags ſpeiſte der König mit dem Duc d'Epernon und mehreren Officieren ſeiner nächſten Umgebung; der nahe Aufbruch nach dem Rheine gab dringende Wichtigkeit zu lebhafter Unterhaltung. Nach dem Diner warf ſich Heinrich auf's Bett, um zu ſchlummern; er hatte eine unruhige Nacht gehabt und war früh aufgebrochen, um bei Zeiten in Paris zu ſein. Allein er fand keinen Schlaf, ſtand auf und ging im Zimmer unruhig um. Wie er am Fenſter ſtehen blieb, haftete ſein Blick an einer ſeltſamen Geſtalt, die unten vor dem Schloſſe ihr Weſen trieb. Er konnte das Auge nicht abwenden und verfolgte die Figur wie innerlich mit ihr beſchäftigt, während in ſolchen Momenten ganz müßiger Zerſtreutheit der Gedanke gar nirgends Fuß faßt, am wenigſten da, wo das Auge gebannt iſt. Und doch war es ihm, als hätte er dies eingemummelte Weſen bereits geſehen. Der Mann mit den ſchweren Stiefeln und dem tölpiſchen Gange ſchlenderte müßig auf dem Trottoir hin und wieder, bald ſtand er an dem Pfeiler und las den Anſchlag der Gerichtshöfe, bald ſaß er auf den Steinen, wo die Dienerſchaft auf ihre Herren zu warten pflegt; er ſchien ſehr gleichgültig und doch wie Jemand, der ſeines Geſchäftes ganz ſicher iſt. Als die breite, große Geſtalt des Fremden um die Ecke ſchwand, trat der König in den Hintergrund des Zimmers zurück, ſeine Gedanken waren in ſeiner Weiſe auf den Mann gerichtet, der ſchon ſeit lange nichts anderes dachte, fühlte, wollte, als den König. Er rief nach der Wache im Nebenzimmer und fragte, welche Zeit es ſei. „Vier Uhr, Sire," ſagte Saint-Michel, der auf des Königs Ruf erſchien. „Ew. Majeſtät ſehen blaß, ſcheinen angegriffen — ſollte nicht eine Promenade in friſcher Luft —"

„Gut erinnert," fiel Heinrich ein, „ich bedarf der freien Bewegung, ich fühle mich beengt, laßt meine Wagen vorfahren. Auch muß ich ins Arſenal zum Grandmaître, er iſt krank, muß Bäder nehmen. — Und was die Scene von heut betrifft, Saint-Michel, — habt Ihr Euch nach der Marquiſe erkundigen laſſen?"

„Die Marquiſe von Verneuil befindet ſich leidlich, doch war die feierliche Handlung in der Kirche unbemerkt geblieben."

„Schwärmerin, Schwärmerin!" ſagte der König ſtill für ſich. Wie er ſchwieg, entfernte ſich der Officier.

Heinrich ſtand in Gedanken. „Ich that ihr Unrecht! Aber einem Weibe, das man nicht mehr liebt, iſt nicht zu helfen. Es hilft ihr nichts, wenn man ihr ſchwört, man achte ſie; ſie nimmt alles für Hohn. Sie wollte Treuloſigkeit mit Treuloſigkeit ſtrafen und ſich mit dem Himmel vertrauen — guter Gott! —

Sully leidet gewiß wieder an den alten Wunden, ſie ſind ihm wieder aufgebrochen bei der Frühlingsluft. Wunden, die er für mich erhielt. Auch ihm wehe gethan! Warum muß man gerade denen, die man liebt, am meiſten wehe thun? — Dieſer Rosny-Sully und ſeine unergründliche dauerhafte Treue! Wie oft nannte ich ihn zäh, geizig, rechthaberiſch — weil er gegen meine kleinen Lebensfreuden eine runzelvolle Stirn zeigte. Nun, da ich alt bin, ſehe ich nun, wie ſeine felſenhafte Stetigkeit die Wechſel meiner Launen glücklich überdauert. Er war mein Verſtand, mein kluger Anwalt. Die Liebe zog mich hin und her; was hat ſie mir geboten gegen die treue Ruhe ſeiner Freundſchaft. Hinweggetäuſcht habe ich die Minuten mit der Liebe und dann die Freundſchaft, die hinderliche, geſchmäht, wenn ſie mich warnte, daß der Menſch in mir den König überbot und überragte. Einen kargen Säckelmeiſter, einen zähen Gewiſſensrath ſchalt ich ihn, und nun, ein ausgebrannter Vulkan meiner Wünſche, matt hinfällig, dem Zufall Preis gegeben, weil mich kein fertiger Wunſch mehr ins Leben treibt, — nun könnte ich dieſen Rosny, den ich zum Herzog, zum Herrn meiner Feſtungen, zum Gebieter über meine Schätze machte, grenzenlos beneiden. Ich that viel für mich, Er nichts für ſich, alles für Frankreich. Bei Gott, er hat auch mich nur um Frankreichs willen geliebt. Und das war es eigentlich, warum ich ihm immer nicht ganz traute, das heißt, warum mein volles Vertrauen immer eine leiſe Ader des Bedenkens zwiſchenlief. Ja, ja, ſein Herz war nicht kalt, nein, zu groß, um nur einen Menſchen, und wär' ein König, zu lieben; er liebte Größeres, er liebte Frankreich. Er wird noch nach mir in Glorie daſtehn. Er wird Frankreich halten und durch Frankreich Europa. — Oder wird es nicht ſo ſein? Werden die Feinde des Lichtes, wird die Kirche und die ſpaniſche Kabale über meine dereinſtige Leiche triumphirend dahinſchreiten?"

Der Adjutant erſchien und meldete, der Wagen ſtehe bereit. „Wollt Ihr mit, Saint-Michel?" fragte Heinrich mit ungewohnter Weichheit. „Ew. Majeſtät zu Befehl!" ſagte der Officier unterthänig.

Könige haben nie Freunde, nie rückſichtsloſe. Gerade in den Momenten der harmloſen Hingebung des Monarchen fallen ſie in die Bedientenrolle, oder ſie bemächtigen ſich des Fürſten nur als eines Mittels zu großen Zwecken; für ſeine Perſon findet der Monarch nie einen Freund. Dies dachte Heinrich, als Saint-Michel auf ſeine Frage mit „zu Befehl" antwortete. „Bittet auch den Herzog von Epernon mit mir zu fahren," ſagte er und der Officier eilte.

Heinrich hatte den Mantel umgeworfen und drückte den Federhut in die Stirn. So ſtand er vor dem Spiegel und blickte noch einmal wie ſuchend oder wie Abſchied nehmend, im Zimmer umher. „Nur die Weiber ſind zur Freundſchaft, zur Liebe befähigt," ſagte er, ganz zerſtreut, „und nur weil wir es nicht ganz würdigen, hält die Beſeligung nicht aus für das ganze Leben. — Großer Gott! wie bleich ſah Katharine aus!"

Er trat an den Wandſchrank und ſchob verſchiedene Fächer auf. Endlich fand er, was er ſuchte, ein altes Medaillon mit ihrem Bildniſſe aus der Blüthe des ſchönſten Lebens. Er blickte lange hin, in ſeinem Auge ſchwamm eine alte Seligkeit. Hier lag noch ſo Manches beiſammen, was einſt ſeinen ganzen Menſchen gebändigt, beherrſcht, erfüllt und durchleuchtet, — eine verblaßte Schleife, dürre Blumen, die er einſt als blühende von Katharinens Buſen pflückte. Seine Gedanken verloren ſich unter dieſe Trümmerreien verſchwundener Liebesfreuden. — Es iſt die Aſche aus der ſich die Seele Phönix immerdar wieder erhebt! So dachte, ſo wollte er. Und doch war es ſeltſam, daß in dieſen Augenblicken und ſchon mehrere Tage hindurch kein einziger ſeiner Gedanken der Montmorency galt, die er die letzte Dame ſeines Herzens nannte. Hatte ſie nicht die Macht, ältere Bilder zu verdrängen, die aus dem Grunde der Seele immer wieder aufſteigen wollten? Oder war die Kraft ſeiner Gefühle nicht mehr ſo gewaltig? Oder trat ſie ſeit der Verlobung mit dem Prinzen Condé, wodurch ſie der königlichen Familie angehörig wurde, in die Reihe der gebornen und aufgedrungenen Erſcheinungen, die für Heinrichs Gemüth keinen dauernden Reiz, keine Gültigkeit hatten? Wer kennt die geheimnißvolle Willkühr der menſchlichen Seele! Soviel ſchien gewiß, daß jetzt, wo die Marquiſe aus den Schleiern der Vergangenheit wieder aufſtand, kein anderes Antlitz in ſein Inneres blickte. Dieſe Momente waren ſeine letzten glücklichen.

Die Officiere traten ein und Heinrich, der ſeine [illegible] mit den Reliquien zuſammenwarf, war ganz der heitere König, der der Welt die Kraft des immerdar ſiegreichen Willens zeigte.

Zwiſchen den beiden Thoren des Louvre ſtand die Equipage. Als man im lebhaften Geſpräche die Treppe hinunterſtieg, ſchlüpfte eine dunkle Geſtalt im Mantel, den Hut tief eingedrückt, an den Säulen vorüber und hinter den Wagen zurück. Der König hatte etwas geſagt, ein Bonmot, einen Scherz und man war ganz Ohr, ganz Auge für ihn. Die Lakaien hielten den Schlag. Mit einem Fuße ſchon im Wagentritt bog ſich Heinrich noch einmal zurück. „Schreiben wir nicht heute den Funfzehnten, die Iden des Mai?" fragte er den Herzog von Epernon, mit einer Art Fröhlichkeit, die gern triumphiren wollte.

„Den Vierzehnten Sire," erwiederte dieſer.

Ein langgedehntes „So?" war die Entgegnung des Königs. Man ſchrieb in der That Freitag den vierzehnten Mai; am Montag, als am ſiebenzehnten, gedachte der König Paris zu verlaſſen. Auf die Frage: wohin? rief Heinrich: Nur fort! Meinetwegen nach dem Kirchhofe des heiligen Innocenz, dann ins Arſenal."

Der König ſaß auf ſeinem Platze, neben ihm Epernon, gegenüber der Ordonanzofficier Saint-Michel. Den Wagen hatte man zurückgeſchlagen, es war ſchön Wetter. Einige Cavaliere und Diener folgten zu Pferde.

Auf der Straße St. Honoré bog der Kutſcher in die enge Eiſengewölbgaſſe die allerdings an dem Gottesacker des heiligen Innocenz vorbeiführte. An die Mauern des Friedhofes lehnten einige Buden und erſchwerten die Paſſage, und als ein heubeladener Wagen langſam durch die Querſtraße fuhr, mußte die Caroſſe des Königs halten. Die Diener, die gefolgt waren, eilten voraus, um die Fahrt zu beſchleunigen. Nur ein Einziger blieb zurück, der die Gelegenheit wahrnahm, am Sattelgurt die Schnalle zu befeſtigen. Da drängte ſich die Geſtalt im weiten Mantel, die ſchon viele Tage hindurch, in der Kirche, vor dem Louvre den König wie ſein Geier umflatterte, zwiſchen den Buden heran, trat mit dem einen Fuße in die Speichen des Wagenrades und ſchlug den Mantel über den linken Arm zurück. Eben flüſterte der Monarch dem Herzog etwas ins Ohr, nach der Seite ihm zugeneigt, da traf ihn das zweiſchneidige Meſſer Ravaillac's tief zwiſchen den Rippen, wo das Herz ſitzt. Die Begleiter blickten vorwärts nach der Paſſage, als der König ſich aufbäumte, und mit dem Schrei: „ich bin verwundet!" zurückſank. Im Nu traf ihn der zweite Stoß, noch ſchneller, ſicherer, mitten ins ſchöne lebendige Herz. Den dritten Stoß fing der Herzog mit ſeinem Mantel auf. Mit dem tiefen Seufzer: „Es iſt nichts!" fuhr Heinrich noch einmal auf und ſank ſtill zurück. Hätte Ravaillac fliehen wollen und das Meſſer im Wagen zurück gelaſſen, die Buden und die Winkel der Gaſſe hätten ihn ſchnell verſteckt, man wäre des Entwichenen nicht einmal anſichtig geworden, hätte nicht gewußt, wo die Hand des Mörders, ob nicht gar dicht neben dem Könige, zu ſuchen geweſen. Aber der Verbrecher blieb ſtehen, das blutige Meſſer in der Hand; die funkelnden Augen und die wilde Schwärmerei der thieriſchen Geberden frohlockten wie im Triumphe und forderten frech den Glorienſchein des Märtyrerthums.

Die Begleiter waren aus dem Wagen geſprungen, als gälte es ihr eigenes Leben; der König blieb ruhig in der Ecke ſitzen, die Hände mit dem Mantel über das Herz gepreßt, das nicht mehr ſchlug, nur noch blutete. „Es iſt nichts!" hatte er geſagt und regte ſich nicht. „Sire!" rief Epernon. „Heiliger Gott, er iſt todt!" ſchrie Saint-Michel. Ein Haufen Menſchen ſtürzte aus den Häuſern, an die Fenſter. Der Kutſcher bebte zurück, die Zügel entfielen ſeiner Hand, die Pferde bäumten ſich wild auf und drängten den Wagen an die Buden. Die dunkle Gewitterwolke des Schreckens entlud ſich plötzlich in helle Jammertöne, eine kreiſchende Angſt zitterte aus hundert Kehlen durch die Luft: „Dort, dort!" ſchrie Einer vom Gefolge und wies auf Ravaillac. Die ſcheußliche Geſtalt des Menſchen mit dem rothen Bart und dem ſtruppigen Haar lehnte in furchtbarer Ruhe an der nahen Breterwand. Der Mantel war von ſeinen Schultern geſunken, das Meſſer, das die Hölle geweiht, ſteckte in der rieſigen Fauſt. Ein Schauder erſtarrte die Gaſſe ſecunden, dann ſtürzten zwanzig Hände über ihn her, entriſſen ihm den Dolch, griffen nach ſeiner Kehle und knebelten ihn an allen Gliedern. Er lag am Boden unter den Fußtritten des Volkes.

Von dieſer Nebenſcene wandte ſich das Auge bald wieder auf den Mittelpunkt der Schauderthat. Man hatte die Pferde gebändigt, den Wagen zurückgeſchlagen, den Leichnam der gemordeten Majeſtät den Blicken der Menge entzogen, die in immer größern Maſſen herauwogte und von der Leidenſchaft ergriffen war, den Herrſcher, den Vater Frankreichs zu ſehen, ſei's lebendig oder todt. Der Herzog von Epernon ſprang auf das Wagenrad und herrſchte dem Volke zu: „Der König iſt nur verwundet, eine Ohnmacht hat ihn ergriffen!" Dann gab er dem Kutſcher Befehl zum Aufbruch. Es ging nur langſam, denn Schritt für Schritt, vor den Hufen der Pferde, neben, faſt unter den Rädern der Caroſſe und hinten im dichten Gewühl drängte ſich die Schar der Ungläubigen, der Beſtürzten, der Verwirrten, und bald mit gellendem Aufſchrei, bald dumpf im Gemurmel der ungewiſſen Wuth, wälzte ſich die Volksmenge wie eine Lawine, die ſich um den Wagen des Königs zuſammenballte, die Gaſſe hinunter, um den nächſten Boulevard, zu gewinnen. Bei jeder Querſtraße drang ein neuer Menſchenſtrom vor und hemmte den Zug; oft wurden die Pferde wieder ſcheu und bogen zurück, dann griffen hundert Arme in die Zügel, in die Wagenſpeichen, in dieſelben, die ein verruchter Fuß noch kurz zuvor beſtiegen. Endlich ſpannte man die unbändigen Thiere aus, tauſend Nacken boten ſich für das Zugſeil dar, weinend umarmte man ſich und im Zorne der Liebe drängte Einer den Andern fort, um den geheiligten Leib des königlichen Herrn zu geleiten. Viele krochen unter die Axen des Wagens und ſchoben ihn auf ihren Schultern fort; über Manchen ging das Rad und er achtete der Wunden nicht, er pries ſich glücklich und ſtieß nur Verwünſchungen aus gegen den Räuber der Ehre Frankreichs. So hob, ſo trug man die Caroſſe langſam fort, unter dunklem Geheul und tauſendſtimmiger Klage, die aus allen Häuſern, von allen Dächern herab, niederſchoß, und von dem Gewühl in der Straße wieder aufſtieg zum heitern ſonnenhellen Himmel, der um die Greuel der Menſchheit nicht zu wiſſen ſchien, weil er lächelte und immer lächelte.

So langte man um fünf Uhr Abends im Louvre an. Die Königin ſtürzte mit ihrem Gefolge der Leiche entgegen, die königlichen Kinder waren eingeſchloſſen; die Flügelthore des Schloſſes fuhren knarrend zu und trennten den Herrſcher von ſeinem Volke.

Im Louvre konnte es vor niemand mehr ein Geheimniß ſein, daß der König todt war; unter der Bevölkerung aber das Gerücht bloßer Verwundung feſtzuhalten, ſchien heilſam und vielleicht noch möglich. Der Herzog von Guiſe und der Herzog Epernon warfen ſich zu Pferde und ſprengten durch die Haupttheile der Stadt, um den Willen des verwundeten Königs, ſich ruhig zu verhalten, mit lauter Stimme kund zu thun.

Ganz Paris war in Aufſtand! Die Qual der Ungewißheit wiegelte noch mehr auf, aber der Volkswuth war das beſtimmte Ziel zu augenblicklicher Aeußerung genommen. Vielleicht hätte man den Louvre geſtürmt, die Köpfe der Jeſuiten gefordert, in dunklem Rachetriebe die nächſten Klöſter in Brand geſteckt, um der Leiche des geliebten Königs eine furchtbare Fackel anzuzünden; vielleicht hätte die Königin und die ganze Partei des Clerus und der Italiener flüchten müſſen. Dies Alles unterblieb! in dem Wahne, der verwundete, der ſterbende König herrſche noch, fühlte ſich die Furie in ihren erſten ſchrecklichſten Athemzügen gehemmt. Während deſſen geſchah Alles, um das Unglück zu organiſiren, und das Volk daran zu gewöhnen, der Tod eines Königs ſei geringer zu achten, als der Umſturz aller Ordnung, die Auflöſung aller Bande. Die Thore der Stadt waren geſchloſſen. Die Regimenter traten ins Gewehr, die Garden in den Faubourgs erhielten Befehl, ſich auf dem Pont-neuf, in der Straße Dauphine und in der Umgebung der Auguſtiner zu verſammeln. Gleich in den nächſten Tagen ſollten die Parlamente zuſammentreten und erſucht oder gezwungen werden die Regentſchaft der Königin zu proclamiren. Die Herzöge von Guiſe und Epernon hatten hier die Vorhand im Spiele; alles aber geſchah von Behörden, die unter Sully ſtanden, ohne Anordnung, ohne Befehl des Miniſters, von dem man wußte, er ſei nach dem Könige der erſte Mann des Volks. War man doch ſchneller zu Verhaltungsmaßregeln befähigt, raſcher gefaßt, als Sully, ja faſt ſchien man vorbereitet auf ein Unglück ſolcher Art, wie es jählings den Staat und den Thron getroffen. Die Hand des Verruchten war vielleicht nicht gedungen, ſie war die That des iſolirten frechen Wahnſinns; aber ließen die vielen Prophezeihungen, die im Lande umliefen und von denen man jetzt erſt in Paris allgemein hörte, ließen die botſchaftlichen Anfragen von Flandern, von Italien, von Madrid her, ob der König noch lebe, ließ das alles mit dem tagſcheuen Eulengekrächze der [illegible], unheildrohenden und vom Himmel Rache fordernden Prieſter nicht darauf deuten, man ſei vorbereitet auf die gewaltſame That irgend eines bis zur Verworfenheit frommen Schwärmers? —

Sully hatte ſich den Tag über ganz unwohl gefühlt. Vom Bade ermattet, ſaß er in ſeinem Lehnſtuhle, den Hals in Tücher gehüllt; die alten Wunden ſchmerzten, ſobald der Frühling mit ſeinen warmen Schauern herannahte. Er entließ den Schreiber, dem er einige Gedanken in ſein Memoirenheft dictirte. Die Uhr im Arſenale ſchlug Fünf; der König wollte ſchon bei ihm ſein. Da hörte er unten in der Vorhalle, wo die Wache ſtand, ſchallenden Lärm, der ſich alsbald näherte. Die Diener liefen durcheinander; zwei von ihnen traten mit verhaltenem Athem ein, und meldeten den Straßentumult, der König ſei verwundet. Sully wird bleich. Unangekleidet eilt er hinaus in den Saal, da ſtürzt Saint-Michel der Ordonnanzofficier, faſt ſinnlos die Stufen hinauf, ohne Hut, ohne Schärpe, das blutige Meſſer mit dem Hirſchhorngriff in der Hand. „Ich muß es dem Herzog bringen, er glaubt es ſonſt nicht, daß man den König ermordet hat!" Athemlos ſinkt er in ſeine Knie, und hält den Dolch zitternd in die Höhe. Sully ſteht wie gerichtet. „Heiliger Gott!" ſtöhnt er, „ſo iſt Frankreich verloren, wir Alle gehn zu Grunde. Halte Deinen Zorn zurück, Herr des Himmels, nur Gerechtigkeit fordre ich, nicht Gnade!"

Saint-Michel berichtete in ſtockender Haſt den Vorfall am Kirchhofe des heiligen Innocenz, ſoweit er ſelbſt davon Zeugniß zu geben vermochte, denn Alles war im Nu geſchehen, von dem Fluge weniger Minuten ereilt und hinweggeriſſen.

Der Herzog ließ die Pferde ſatteln und warf ſich in die Kleider. Seine Gattin kam weinend und bat ihn um Schonung ſeiner ſelbſt. Er wies ſie hart zurück und eilte die Treppe hinunter. Vor dem Arſenal fand er einen Trupp Reiter, der ſich zu ſeiner Dienerſchaft geſellte, und während der Zug den Boulevard hinunterflog, ſchaarten ſich rechts und links neue Haufen an und Sully ritt mit einem Gefolge von hundert Grafen und Herren dem Louvre zu. An der nächſten Brücke machte er Halt. Durch das Gewühl der Fußwanderer, die zu beiden Seiten neben dem Zuge der Reiter hinwogten, drängte ſich ein eilfertiger Bote. „Dem Herzog Sully!" ſchrie er mit gellender Stimme und fiel den Pferden in die Zügel. Er überreichte dem Miniſter ein verſiegeltes Schreiben, Sully erbrach es und las von unbekannter Hand: „Rettet, erhaltet Euch! Man mordet alle Freunde des Königs!" Der Bote war raſch im Haufen verſchwunden. Sully ſchüttelte den Kopf und gab dem Pferde die Sporen. Aber er war nicht viel weiter gekommen, ſo erneuerte ſich die Scene. Eine abermalige ſchriftliche Warnung: Geht nicht in den Louvre! hieß den Herzog mit ſeinen Begleitern Rath pflegen. „Nachdem man den Vater des Königreichs ermordet hat," ſagte er mit der ſtillen Kälte, die ihn ſelbſt im Pulverdampf der Schlachten nie verlaſſen hatte, „dürfte es eine Kleinigkeit ſein, auch mich zu beſeitigen. Da Heinrich todt iſt, muß ich für Frankreichs Wohl mich erhalten."

Während er noch in der Straße St. Antoine hielt, rückten die Garden aus der nächſten Kaſerne hervor, um nach dem Louvre zu marſchiren. „Ohne meinen Befehl?" ſagte Sully und war zur Rückkehr entſchloſſen. Er fertigte einen Officier mit dem Geheiß ab, der Königin ſeinen Reſpect zu melden, und ſie um ihre Befehle zu bitten. Kaum wandte ſich der Zug um nach dem Arſenale zurückzukehren, als ein Bote von der Königin heranſprengte. Die Königin laſſe den Herzog erſuchen, ſchnell im Louvre zu erſcheinen, ohne viele Begleiter, ſie habe ihm Sachen von der größten Wichtigkeit mitzutheilen. Dies beſtimmte ihn noch mehr, den erregten Bedenklichkeiten Gehör zu geben; er ſandte den Edelmann mit der Erwiederung zurück, daß er im Arſenale und in der Baſtille die weitern Befehle der Majeſtät erwarte.

Als er die Stufen ſeiner Behauſung erreichte, brach ſeine mühſam behauptete Kraft zuſammen, er glitt wie betäubt vom Pferde herab, und ſchleppte ſich mit dem Aufwande der letzten Beſinnung in ſein Gemach. Dort ſank er den Dienern ohnmächtig in die Arme. Man brachte ihn zu Bette, aber es war ihm nur kurze Zeit zur Ruhe geſtattet. Es erſchienen Boten über Boten vom Louvre, um ſein Kommen zu beſchleunigen; er hörte jeden an, und ſandte ihn mit der wiederholten Verſicherung zurück, das Arſenal und die Baſtille ſeien in den treueſten Händen. Als ſeine Gattin vor ihm ſtand, entfernte er alle andre Umgebung und hieß ſie das Zimmer verſchließen, und endlich, da er ſich unbelauſcht fühlte von den Augen der Welt, ſtürzte der verhaltene Strom von bittern Thränen über das zuckende Antlitz des feſten Mannes.

Am andern Morgen erſchienen der Connetable und der Herzog von Epernon im Arſenal, um ihre Dienſte anzubieten und ihn im Namen der Königin zu bitten, ſeinen Beſuch im Louvre zu beeilen. Er glaubte nicht länger zögern zu dürfen und huldigte perſönlich, ſobald ſein Zuſtand es ihm erlaubte. Aber man hatte die Hauptſachen ſchon ohne ſeinen Rath geordnet. Das Parlament war im Saale der Auguſtiner zuſammengetreten, der Herzog von Guiſe und der Pater Cotton waren zugegen, und die Königin wurde proclamirt.

Es war noch am Sonnabend, am funfzehnten Mai, am Tage nach der Ermordung, als man den Körper des Königs ſecirte. Die ſchöne Geſtalt, das herrliche Leben des Helden hätte nach dem gewöhnlichen Lauf der Natur noch eine Reihe von dreißig Jahren beſtehen können. Die Eingeweide des königlichen Leichnams wurden ohne Ceremonie nach Saint-Denis gebracht. Eine Deputation der Geſellſchaft Jeſu erſchien vor der Regentin und bat ſich das Herz des Entſeelten aus, um es in ihrer Kirche zu la Flèche, die der König ihnen bauen ließ, beizuſetzen. Der einbalſamirte Körper lag im Louvre auf goldgewirktem Teppich. Zwei Altäre ſtanden zu beiden Seiten, Schaaren von Prieſtern hielten Wache und laſen achtzehn Tage lang Meſſe für die Seele des Ermordeten, die nun ſchon vor Gott ſtand, und der armſeligen Sorge der Sterblichen nicht mehr anheim fiel.

Margarethe Suſanne von Kuntſch

ward am 7. September 1651 zu Altſtädt geboren und ihrem Range gemäß auch in ſchönwiſſenſchaftlicher Hinſicht gut erzogen. Wie früher lebte ſie auch ſeit ihrer Verheirathung mit dem ſachſen-gothaiſchen Rathe Chriſtoph von K. auf ihrem Stammſchloſſe ihrer Familie und ihren literariſchen Beſchäftigungen. Sie ſtarb daſelbſt am 27. Mai 1717.

Von ihr haben wir:

Geiſtliche und weltliche Gedichte. Herausgegeben von C. G. Stockmann. Halle 1720.

Ein leichtes, gefälliges Talent das ſich in jener Zeit durch feineren Geſchmack und große Beſcheidenheit vor vielen andern Dichtern auszeichnete.

Heinrich Stephan Kunze

ward am 20. October 1772 zu Schwanebeck im Halberſtädtiſchen geboren, ſtudirte nach abſolvirter Schulzeit zu Halle Theologie und Philoſophie und wurde dann Rector zu Dardesheim. Später nahm er die Predigerſtelle zu Hui-Steinſtedt an, kam von hier in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Schlanſtedt und 1819 als Dr. philosophiae und Pfarrer nach Wulferſtedt im Halberſtädtiſchen.

Er machte ſich bekannt durch:

Opfer der Andacht, bei Errichtung der Gedächtnißtafeln unſerer deutſchen Helden. Halberſtadt 1816.

Heinrich der Löwe. Epiſches Gedicht. Quedlinburg 1817; neue Ausg. 1822, 2 Thle., 8.

Der Landpfarrer von Schönberg. Ebendaſ. 1819, 2 Thle.

Ernſtes Streben, Correctheit und gute Diction ſchmücken die poetiſchen Arbeiten dieſes geiſtreichen Mannes, der ſich nach Wieland bildete und als einer der beſſeren und glücklicheren Nachahmer dieſes großen Dichters zu betrachten iſt.

Der von Kurenberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Franz Auguſt von Kurländer.

Von dieſem dramatiſchen Schriftſteller wiſſen wir nur, daß er während der letzten Decennien des vorigen Jahrhunderts im Oeſtreichiſchen geboren wurde, auf den vaterländiſchen Bildungsanſtalten ſtudirte und dann als Privatgelehrter in Wien ſich dauernd niederließ, wo er im Jahre 1835 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Luſtſpiele, oder dramatiſcher Almanach. Wien und Leipzig 1811 — 1835, 25 Jahrgänge, 12., mit illum. Kupfern.

Der verwundete Liebhaber. (Im erſten Bde des Originaltheaters von Schießler.) Prag 1835.

K. bearbeitete nicht ohne Gewandtheit und Kenntniß franzöſiſche Luſtſpiele für die deutſche Bühne, eigene Arbeiten von Belang hat er indeſſen nicht geliefert.

Friedrich von Kurowsky-Eichen

ward am 16. December 1780 auf dem Stammſchloſſe Eichen in Oſtpreußen geboren und trat nach der gewöhnlichen gelehrten Vorbildung als Officier in kaiſerlich ruſſiſche Dienſte, die er aber ſpäter wieder verließ und als Commiſſar der Gewehrfabrik nach Kloſter Saarn bei Mühlheim an der Ruhr ſich begab, wo er bis vor Kurzem noch lebte.

Er verfaßte:

Die Zerſtörung von Tantalis. Mythologiſch-romantiſche Dichtung. Erfurt 1815, gr. 8.

Die Sonnentempel des alten europäiſchen Nordens und deren Colonien. Berlin 1827, 1s Heft, 8.

Sämmtliche Werke. Gotha und Erfurt 1830 — 31, 4 Bde., 8.

Das Streben, eine geheime Lehre und geheime Sprache in den Schriften, vorzüglich aber in den Poeſien und Kunſtwerken des Alterthums zu entdecken, führte v. K. E. oft zuweit, obwohl ihm auf der anderen Seite Scharfſinn und Forſchungsgeiſt nicht abzuſprechen ſind. — In ſeinen eigenen poetiſchen Leiſtungen offenbaren ſich dichteriſcher Schwung, Phantaſie, Kraft und Reichthum der Gedanken. —

Franz Seraphin Kurz

ward am 2. Juli 1771 zu Kefermarkt bei Freyſtadt geboren und widmete ſich dem geiſtlichen Stande. Nachdem er die Weihen erhalten hatte, wurde er zum regulirten Chorherrn und Cooperator zu St. Florian im Lande ob der Ens erwählt und 1811 zum Pfarrer an der dortigen Stifts- und Pfarrkirche ernannt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Beiträge zur Geſchichte des Landes Oeſtreich ob der Ens. Linz 1805 — 1809, 4 Thle.

Geſchichte der Landwehr in Oeſtreich ob der Ens. Ebendaſ. 1811, 2 Thle.

Oeſtreich unter Kaiſer Friedrich IV. Wien 1812, 2 Thle.

Oeſtreich unter den Königen Ottokar und Albrecht. Linz 1816, 2 Thle.
Oeſtreich unter Friedrich dem Schönen. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Oeſtreich unter Albrecht dem Lahmen. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Oeſtreich unter Herzog Albrecht IV. Ebendaſ. 1830, 2 Thle.

K. machte ſich ſehr verdient um die Geſchichte ſeines Vaterlandes durch eine ſtrengwiſſenſchaftliche, gründliche und geſchmackvolle Behandlung und Erforſchung derſelben, und verdient daher mit Recht zu den beſten öſtreichiſchen Hiſtorikern gezählt zu werden.

Karl Auguſt Küttner

ward am 29. November 1748 zu Görlitz geboren, ſtudirte auf dem daſigen Gymnaſium und zu Leipzig Philologie und Philoſophie und kam 1775 als Profeſſor der griechiſchen Literatur an das akademiſche Gymnaſium nach Mitau. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 12. Januar 1810.

Wir haben von ihm:

Vierzehn Oden. Mitau 1780, 4.
Charaktere deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten. Berlin 1780, 2 Thle.
Mitauiſche Monatsſchrift. Mitau 1784 — 1785, 12 St.
Karonia. Dichtungen und Mährchen aus der nordiſchen Vorzeit. Mitau 1791 — 93, 2 Thle. Auch Leipzig 1798, 2 Thle.

Als Dichter iſt K. nicht eben ſehr ausgezeichnet, obwohl ihm Geſchmack und Correctheit keineswegs abzuſprechen ſind; deſto größere Verdienſte erwarb er ſich durch ſeine Charakteriſtiken deutſcher Schriftſteller, in welchen er gründliche Kenntniß mit Unpartheilichkeit und Wohlwollen vereinigte, die jedoch noch weit nachhaltiger gewirkt haben würden, wenn er die Umriſſe ſchärfer gezeichnet hätte und nicht hin und wieder in eine zu breite Darſtellung gerathen wäre.

Karl Gottlob Küttner

ward 1755 zu Wiedemar bei Delitzſch geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und ging dann als Hofmeiſter nach Baſel. Von hier kam er in gleicher Eigenſchaft zu einem irländiſchen Lord nach England und ließ ſich dann 1794 als Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter in Leipzig nieder, wo er am 14. Februar 1806 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Briefe über Irland. Leipzig 1785.
Briefe eines Sachſen aus der Schweiz. Ebendaſ. 1785 — 1786, 3 Thle.
Beiträge zur Kenntniß des Innern von England. Ebendaſ. 1791 — 96, 16 St.
Beiträge zur Kenntniß des gegenwärtigen Zuſtandes von Frankreich und Holland. Ebendaſ. 1792.
Wanderungen durch die Niederlande, Deutſchland, Schweiz und Italien. Ebendaſ. 1796, 2 Thle.; neue Aufl. 1807.
Reiſen durch Deutſchland, Dänemark, Schweden, Norwegen und einige Theile von Italien. Ebendaſ. 1801, 4 Thle.; neue Aufl. 1804.

K. war ein guter Beobachter und wußte das auf Reiſen Geſehene und Erlebte mit Geſchmack und Eleganz darzuſtellen; ſeine ethnographiſchen und ſtatiſtiſchen Arbeiten, namentlich über England und Irland wurden daher ſehr geſchätzt, bis ihnen ſpäter das bekannte Werk von Göde den Preis abgewann.

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Encyclopädie

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MONAC.

L.

Hadamar von Laber, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Lachmann

ward am 4. März 1793 zu Braunſchweig geboren und ſtudirte auf dem daſigen Carolinum, ſowie auf der Univerſität Göttingen Philologie und Philoſophie, worauf er zum Doctor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft promovirte und als Oberlehrer am Friedrichsgymnaſium und außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Königsberg ging. Von hier kam er 1825 als ordentlicher Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft nach Berlin, wo er noch gegenwärtig ſich befindet.

Er ſchrieb:

Sagabibliothek des ſkandinaviſchen Alterthums, von Pet. Erasm. Müller überſetzt. Berlin 1816. 1. Bd. in gr. 8.
Ueber die urſprüngliche Geſtalt des Gedichts von der Nibelungen Noth. Ebendaſ. 1816, in gr. 8.
Auswahl aus den Dichtern des 13. Jahrhunderts. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8.
Shakeſpeare's Sonette. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1820, 12.
Der Nibelungen Noth mit der Klage. Ebendaſ. 1826, 4.
Iwein von Hartmann von der Aue. Ebendaſ. 1827, 8. Mit G. F. Benecke.
Walter von der Vogelweide Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1827, in gr. 8.
Shakeſpeare's Makbeth. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.
Wolfram von Eſchenbach Lieder ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1833, in Lex. 8.

In fremder Sprache:

Specimina linguae Francicae in usum auditorum edita. Berolini, 1825, 8maj.

L. erwarb ſich große und bleibende Verdienſte um die genauere Kenntniß der deutſchen Literatur des Mittelalters, durch ſeine ſcharfſinnigen und gründlichen Forſchungen und die trefflichen Ausgaben, welche er von einzelnen poetiſchen Denkmälern aus jener Zeit veranſtaltete.

Auguſt Heinrich Julius Lafontaine

ward im October 1758 zu Braunſchweig geboren. Sein Vater, ein geſchickter Maler, ließ ihn die daſigen gelehrten Unterrichtsanſtalten beſuchen und ihn dann nach Helmſtädt auf die Univerſität abgehen, um dort Theologie zu ſtudiren. Nach vollendeten Studien kam er zu dem preußiſchen General von Thadden nach Halle und wurde ſpäter 1789 auf deſſen Empfehlung bei dem von Thaddenſchen Regimente als Feldprediger angeſtellt, in welcher Stellung er die Feldzüge dieſes Regimentes an den Rhein und in die Champagne mitmachte. Nach dem baſeler Frieden legte er aber ſein Amt 1801 nieder und lebte als Privatmann auf ſeinem Garten bei Halle. Die daſige philoſophiſche Facultät beehrte ihn mit dem Doctordiplom und der König von Preußen zeichnete ihn durch Ertheilung eines Canonicates aus. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 20. April 1831.

Seine theils unter den Pſeudonymen „Miltenberg“ oder „Guſt. Freier“ erſchienenen Schriften ſind:

1) **Scenen.** Leipzig, 1788 und 1789, 2 Thle. Nach u. d. T.: Befreiung Roms in Dialogen.
2) **Die Gewalt der Liebe.** Berlin 1791—94, 4 Thle. 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1797.
3) **Der Naturmenſch.** Halle 1792; 3. Aufl. 1801.
4) **Der Sonderling.** Ebend. 1793, 3 Bde.; 3. Aufl. 1801.
5) **Die Tochter der Natur.** Familiengemälde. Halle 1793, 8.; neue Aufl. Ebend. 1806, 8.
6) **Clara du Pleſſis und Clairant.** Berlin 1794; 3. verb. Aufl. Ebend. 1801, 8., mit Kpf.
7) **Moraliſche Erzählungen.** Berlin 1794—1801, 6 Bde. in 8., mit Titelkupf. und Vign.
8) **Antonie.** Trauerſpiel. Halle 1795, 8.
9) **Kleine Erzählungen und Aufſätze.** Ebendaſ. 1796, 8.
10) **Quinctius Heymeran von Flamming.** Berlin 1795—96, 4 Bde. 8.; neue Aufl. 1798, 4 Bde. 8., mit Kupf.
11) **Die Verirrungen des menſchlichen Herzens.** Halle 1796, 2 Bde., 8.
12) **Sagen aus dem Alterthume.** Berlin 1797; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1801—1803, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
13) **Familiengeſchichten.** Berlin 1797—1805, 12 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
14) **Die Stärke des Vorurtheils.** Züllichau 1798, 8.
15) **Kleine Romane und moraliſche Erzählungen.** Berlin 1799; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1804, 9 Thle., 16., mit Kupf.
16) **Theodor, oder Kultur und Humanität.** Berlin 1800; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1802, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
17) **Engelmanns Tagebuch.** Berlin 1801, mit Kupf.
18) **Hermann Lange.** 3. Aufl. Berlin 1801, 2 Bde., 8.
19) **Mährchen und Erzählungen.** Berlin 1801, 2 Thle., 16., mit Kupf.
20) **Fedor und Marie.** Ebendaſ. 1802; neue verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1805, 8., mit Kupf.
21) **Henriette Bellmann.** Berlin 1802, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
22) **Rudolph und Julie.** Halle 1802, 2 Bde., 8., m. Kupf.
23) **Leben eines armen Landpredigers.** Neue Aufl. 1802, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
24) **Die Familie Halden.** Berlin 1803, 2 Bde., 8.

25) Der Baron von Bergedorf. Berlin 1803.
26) Eduard und Margarethe. Berlin 1803, 2 Thle.
27) Makaria, Atalante und Kaſſandra. 3 Erzählungen. Züllichau 1803, 8. (mit Fr. Kind).
28) So geht es in der Welt. Berlin 1803—1804, 3 Bde., 8.
29) St. Julien. Halle 1803.
30) Sittenſpiegel für das weibliche Geſchlecht. Görlitz 1804—11, 6 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
31) Vermiſchte kleinere Erzählungen. Berlin 1804, 2 Thle.
32) Barneck und Saldorf. Berlin 1804—1805, 2 Thle., mit Kupf.
33) Erzählungen aus dem häuslichen Leben. Berlin 1805, 2 Thle., mit Kupf.
34) Das Haus Bärburg. Berlin 1805, 8.
35) Dramatiſche Werke. Halle 1805; neue Aufl. Ebend. 1823, 8., mit 1 Kupf. und 1 Sign.
36) Familienpapiere. Berlin 1806, 2 Thle., 8.
37) Gemäldeſammlung. Ebendaſ. 1806, 2 Thle., 8.
38) Die Prüfung der Treue. Schauſpiel. Görlitz 1806, 8.
39) Der Familienehrgeiz. Halle 1807.
40) Arkadien. Halle 1807, 3 Bde., mit 3 Kupf.
41) Gemälde des menſchlichen Herzens. Halle 1807—1810, 15 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
42) Die beiden Bräute. Berlin 1808, 3 Thle., 8.
43) Aline von Rieſenſtein. Halle 1808, 3 Bde., mit 1 Kupf.
44) Eduard, oder der Maskenball. Halle 1809, 3 Bde.
45) Das Teſtament. Halle 1809, 3 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
46) Raphael. Halle 1809, 8.
47) Emma. Berlin 1809, 2 Thle., 8.
48) Wenzel Falk und ſeine Familie. Ebendaſ. 1810, 3 Thle., 8.
49) Der Hausvater. Halle 1810, 3 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
50) Amalie Horſt. Ebendaſ. 1810, 2 Bde., 8.
51) Kleine Romane und moraliſche Erzählungen. 10.—12. Theil. Berlin 1810, 3 Thle., 16. Auch unter dem Tit.: „Geſammelte kleine Romane" ꝛc.
52) Die Gefahren der großen Welt, oder Bertha von Walbeck. Halle 1810, 2 Bde.
53) Natur und Kunſt. Halle 1811.
54) Linchen, oder die Männerprobe. Halle 1811, 2 Bde.
55) Das Bekenntniß am Grabe. Halle 1811, 3 Bde., 8.
56) Schilderungen aus dem menſchlichen Leben in Erzählungen. Halle 1812—19, 10 Thle., 8.
57) Bürgerſinn und Familienliebe, oder Tobias Hoppe. Ebendaſ. 1812, 3 Bde., 8.
58) Die Moralſyſteme, oder Ludwig von Eiſach. Halle 1812, 2 Bde.
59) Walther, oder das Kind vom Schlachtfelde. Halle 1813, 3 Thle., 8.
60) Eugenie, der Sieg über die Liebe. Ebendaſ. 1814, 3 Thle., 8.
61) Der Kampf mit den Verhältniſſen. Ebendaſ. 1815, 3 Thle., 8.
62) Ida von Kyburg. Berlin 1816, 8.
63) Die Pfarre an der See. Halle 1816, 3 Thle., 8.
64) Iſidore, oder die Waldhütte. Halle 1817, 2 Bde.
65) Das heimliche Gericht des Schickſals. Halle 1817, 3 Thle., 8.
66) Agathe, oder das Grabgewölbe. Leipzig 1817, 3 Bde. 8., mit Kupf.
67) Reinhold. Halle 1818, 3 Thle., 8.
68) Die beiden Freunde. Halle 1819, 2 Bde.
69) Rudolph von Werdenberg. 3. Aufl. Berlin 1819, 8., mit Kupf.
70) Die Geſchwiſter, oder die Reue. Halle 1819, 2 Thle., 8.
71) Die Wege des Schickſals. Halle 1820, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
72) Die Stiefgeſchwiſter. Ebendaſ. 1822, 2 Thle., 8.

Von den vorſtehenden mit den Sammelwerken zugleich aufgeführten Einzelſchriften ſind enthalten in Nro. 15: die Nummern 12, 13, 19, 22, 24, 29 und 32; in Nro. 23: die Nrn. 25, 26; in Nro. 30: die Nrn. 31, 33, 53; in Nro. 35: die Nrn. 5, 38; in Nro. 40: die Nrn. 3, 4, 23, 40, 43, 44; und in Nro. 56: die Nrn. 52, 54, 55, 64, 68. Außerdem finden ſich einzelne Arbeiten von ihm, wie „die Rache" und „Suschen" in den Taſchenbüchern von 1799 und von 1803. Auch verfaßte er: „Agamemnon und Aeſchylus' Choephoren." Halle 1821 flg., 2 Bde.

Es iſt jetzt Mode geworden bei der Menge, ebenſo vornehm und verächtlich auf Lafontaine's Romane herabzuſehen, als ſie früher begierig danach griff, und dieſelben mit Eifer verſchlang. Das Richtige liegt, wie immer, in der Mitte; die Zeit, in welcher jene ſentimentalen Familiengemälde ein Bedürfniß der Leſewelt waren, iſt allerdings ganz vorüber, aber das Gute, das L's Leiſtungen theils ſelbſt enthielten, theils zu befördern ſtrebten, verdient ſtets ehrende Anerkennung, wenn ihr Verfaſſer ſich auch in den Mitteln vergriff, und zu Uebertreibungen, Unwahrſcheinlichkeiten oder falſchen Effecten ſeine Zuflucht nahm. Kenntniß des Herzens, Phantaſie, obgleich nur in beſchränktem Kreiſe wirkend, und ein leichtes angenehmes Talent der Darſtellung beſitzt er jedenfalls, lauter Eigenſchaften, welche ihn in ſeiner Zeit befähigten, ſich ein größeres Publikum zu gewinnen und zu erhalten, zumal er die vorherrſchende allgemeine Geſchmacksrichtung in Deutſchland meiſterhaft zu treffen, und von ihr begünſtigt, indem er ſie begünſtigte, ſich Ruf und Beifall auf der einmal von ihm betretenen Bahn zu erwerben wußte. Von höherem Standpunkte aus betrachtet, erheben ſich ſeine ſämmtlichen Leiſtungen nicht über eine gefällige Mittelmäßigkeit, da ihnen alle tiefere, auf dem wirklichen Leben und der geiſtigen Auffaſſung deſſelben ruhende Begründung durchaus abgeht. —

Die Wirkungen der ſelbſtſüchtigen Grundſätze *).

Rouelle d'Agaſſau, ein ſehr reicher junger Edelmann, war durch den Tod ſeiner Eltern ſehr früh unabhängig geworden. Seine Erziehung fiel in die Hände eines elenden, verächtlichen Menſchen, der die Politur der Sitten und Weltklugheit für die einzigen Tugenden der Großen und Reichen hielt. Dieſer führte ihn zu Paris, wo er mit ſeinem Zögling lebte, früh in die Welt. Der Anblick der Verbrechen aller Art, der Leichtſinn der Großen gegen die Sittlichkeit, die Schmeicheleien, die man dem liebenswürdigen und kultivirten Knaben machte, verdarben das Herz des jungen Rouelle. Seine Bekanntſchaften, die er als Jüngling machte, vollendeten ſein Verderben. Er nahm ſehr früh das Syſtem der Pariſer Welt an: „nur für ſich und ſein Vergnügen zu leben," und ſein feiner Kopf ſuchte ſich dies als das einzig wahre Syſtem des menſchlichen Lebens zu erweiſen. Rouelle war ein Philoſoph auf ſeine Weiſe. Das Vergnügen iſt meine Beſtimmung, ſagte er; Mäßigkeit verlängert den Genuß, Klugheit ſichert ihn. Das war ſein Syſtem, und er lebte darnach. Die Moral ſchien ihm eine Grille, die für den Pöbel und für den Dummkopf gemacht war. Der Schein der Tugend war ihm Alles, und man hielt ihn zu Paris für einen der tugendhafteſten Jünglinge.

Auf einer Reiſe nach Poitou, wo ſeine Güter lagen, mußte er in einem Dorfe bleiben, weil die Ergießung des Fluſſes die Brücke weggeriſſen hatte. Er ging, weil das Wirthshaus ſehr elend war, auf das wohlgebaute Haus eines Pächters im Dorfe, um dort die Nacht zuzubringen. Der Pächter, ein alter, ehrwürdiger Mann, nahm ihn mit der gutherzigſten Freundlichkeit auf, und räumte ihm das ſchönſte Zimmer des Hauſes ein. Rouelle kam am Abend herab, um mit dem Pächter zu eſſen. Er erſtaunte, da er neben dem Vater das reizendſte Mädchen, das er je geſehen hatte, ſitzen ſahe. Ihr geiſtvoller Blick, ihr Geſpräch am Tiſche, überzeugten ihn ſehr bald, daß das Mädchen keine gewöhnliche Erziehung gehabt hatte. Ihr Vater hatte lange in der Welt gelebt, und war, der Unruhe der Welt müde, mit dem Reſte ſeines Vermögens hieher geflohen, um hier der Ruhe und der Erziehung ſeiner Tochter zu leben.

Der Anblick des Mädchens hatte Rouellens Sinnlichkeit empört. Nicht gewohnt, bei Wünſchen ſtehen zu bleiben, ſuchte er einen Vorwand, ein Paar Tage in dem Hauſe zu bleiben, den ihm die Gaſtfreundſchaft ſeines ehrwürdigen Wirthes bald gab. Er gebrauchte die Zeit, ſich mit Suſannens Schwächen bekannt zu machen, und er mußte ſich geſtehen, daß ſeine gewöhnlichen Netze zu ſchwach waren, das Herz des Mädchens feſt zu halten. Er mußte abreiſen, ohne einen Schritt weiter zu ſein, als bei dem erſten Augenblicke, da er ſie ſah. Das

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*) Aus A. Lafontaine's „Neue moraliſche Erzählungen." Berlin 1799. (3. Bändchen).

Mädchen redete von Tugend, und redete mit ſo vielem Ernſt davon, daß er gezwungen war, dieſe Tugend für mehr als eine Grimaſſe zu halten. Er hütete ſich, ſeine Grundſätze zu zeigen. Er kam auf ſeiner Rückreiſe wieder. Seine Beſcheidenheit gewann ihm das Vertrauen des Alten, und ſeine Liebenswürdigkeit Suſannens Wohlwollen. Er fand bei dem Mädchen ſo viele Feſtigkeit, daß er jeden Schritt vorwärts mit der feinſten Behutſamkeit machte. Alle ſeine Pariſer Künſte reichten bei dieſem Herzen nicht aus. Er hielt alle Weiber für eitel und ſinnlich, und hier ſah er ein Herz, das weder Eitelkeit noch Wolluſt kannte. Eine Ahnung, daß ſolche Grundſätze möglich wären, wie er ſie hatte, brachte das Mädchen zum Schaudern. Er gebrauchte alle Mittel, des Mädchens Sinnlichkeit, ihre Eitelkeit in Bewegung zu ſetzen. Vergebens. Die ſchönſten Stunden gingen verloren, die ſo [illegible] angelegten Scenen des Alleinſeins, des Vertrauens, brachten ihn nicht weiter, und mit der Mühe, die er ſich gab, war ſeine Neigung gegen das Mädchen gewachſen. Er fühlte ſich unzertrennlich feſt an ſie gebannt; ja, er fühlte Achtung für ihre Tugend. „Noch zwei ſolche Menſchen," rief er ſogar, von ſich ſelbſt überraſcht, „und mein Syſtem iſt dahin!" Das geſchah nun nicht; allein ſeine Sinnlichkeit wurde in der That etwas Beſſeres, ſie wurde Liebe. Er fühlte, er würde nicht unglücklich, in dem Glauben an Suſannens Tugend, mit ihr, ſogar hier auf dem Lande leben, und da überraſchte ihn der Gedanke, den er für unmöglich gehalten hatte, der Gedanke an eine Heirath mit dem Mädchen.

Pfui! rief er ſich ſelbſt zu bei dem Gedanken. Allein er kam deſto öfter wieder, jemehr die Hoffnung ſank, Suſannen zu verführen. Er fühlte, daß er die Liebe des Mädchens hatte, und er verzweifelte darüber faſt, daß ihre Liebe kein Mittel war, ihre Phantaſie zu beſtricken und zu entflammen. Er that alles Mögliche, zu ſeinem Zwecke zu gelangen, und ein Paarmal ſchon hatte er Suſannens Mißtrauen erregt; und das gab zu ſo ernſten, kraftvollen Scenen Anlaß, in denen des Mädchens Charakter, ihr Abſcheu gegen die Sinnlichkeit ſich ſo mächtig, ſo wahr zeigte, daß er nicht mehr wußte, was er von den Menſchen, unter denen eine Suſanne lebte, denken ſollte. Sein Herz fing an, ſich dem Syſteme, das ſein Kopf noch immer feſt hielt, zu widerſetzen. Seine Liebe, dieſe allmächtige Leidenſchaft, riß ihn unaufhaltſam fort. Es war kein anderes Mittel glücklich zu werden, als Suſannen ſeine Hand zu bieten. Er wußte ſelbſt nicht, wie ihm eigentlich geſchah. Er fühlte jetzt ſogar einen geheimen Widerwillen, auf Koſten von Suſannens Ruhe ſelbſt glücklich zu werden. Da war doch ein Menſch, deſſen Glück er achtete. Er bot in einer Empfindung, deren Ruhe er noch nie empfunden hatte, Suſannen ſeine Hand, und da Suſanne mit den Thränen des Entzückens, mit hochklopfender Bruſt in ſeine Arme ſank, da fühlte er den Lohn der beſſern Menſchlichkeit, er fühlte Achtung für ſich ſelbſt, und er ſagte, wie er allein war: „nein, bei Gott! die Tugend iſt doch nicht ganz Grille!"

Suſanne wurde Nouellens Weib. Auf ihre Bitten ging er mit ihr auf ſeine Güter. Das Glück der Ruhe, des Vertrauens, der zärtlichen Liebe, deſſen er nun genoß, der Anblick der Tugenden ſeiner Frau, ihre Keuſchheit, ihre Wohlthätigkeit, ihre Güte, ihre Demuth, riſſen mächtig an ſeinem Syſteme. Mächtige Zweifel dagegen ſtiegen in ſeiner Seele empor. Er wurde Vater eines Sohnes. Er nahm mit zitternder Freude das Kind an ſeine Bruſt und rief: „nein, bei Gott! bei dem Gefühle meines Weſens, die Tugend iſt keine Grille!" — Suſanne gab ihm einen zweiten Sohn. Seine Freude war gemäßigter. Er war einige Monate in Paris geweſen. Eine reizende Operntänzerin hatte ſeine Sinnlichkeit in Bewegung gebracht. Er kehrte nur mit halbem Herzen auf ſeine Güter zurück. Er reiſte wieder nach Paris. Mit einer Unruhe, die er nie ſonſt gefühlt hatte, ſuchte er die Bekanntſchaft der ſchönen Tänzerin. Ohne es zu wollen, wurde er ſeiner Frau untreu, und er ſuchte ſein Syſtem wieder hervor, weil es ſeine Unruhe linderte. Er blieb länger in Paris. Er liebte ſeine Frau nicht mehr, allein er fühlte dennoch eine unbegrenzte Achtung gegen ſie; und dieſe Achtung wurde ihm eine bittere Laſt, denn ſie machte ihm in dem Genuſſe ſeiner Freuden geheime und beunruhigende Vorwürfe. Pah! rief er endlich: die Menſchen ſind ſich alle gleich, auch ſie, auch meine Frau! Sie wollte Frau von Nouelle werden, und darum mußte ſie die Rolle ſpielen, die ſie ſpielte. Ihr Wunſch war Rang, Titel, Reichthum; meiner iſt Vergnügen! — Sein Syſtem kam in die alten Rechte wieder, und er zwang ſich, die Achtung gegen ſeine Frau fallen zu laſſen, und blieb in Paris. Seine Frau ſchrieb ihm; er antwortete mit Kälte. Sie kam nach Paris, und er ſagte ihr kalt: ich habe nichts dagegen, daß Sie hier leben wollen. Sie ſah ſeine Ausſchweifungen. Sie bot alle ihre Kräfte auf, das Glück der erſten Jahre wieder herzuſtellen. Vergebens. Die Achtung, die er ihren Tugenden nicht verſagen konnte, machte ihn nur kälter und bitterer gegen ſie. Um ſie dafür zu beſtrafen, zeigte er ihr Grundſätze, die er nicht einmal ſo böſe hatte.

Suſanne war unglücklich, und das war ihr größtes Leiden, daß ihr Mann es ihr täglich merken ließ, wie ſehr er bereue, daß er ihr ſeine Hand gegeben habe; wie ſehr ſie ſeinem Vergnügen im Wege war. Einen Abend kam er zu Hauſe. Man gab ihm einen Brief von ſeiner Frau. Er las ihn. „Ich verlaſſe Sie, mein Herr, ſchrieb ſie ihm, und auf ewig. Sie werden in der Beilage alle die Beweiſe finden, die ſie gebrauchen können, um unſere Ehe, die Sie ſo unglücklich machte, auch geſetzlich zu trennen. Meinen älteſten Sohn habe ich mitgenommen, den jüngſten habe ich Ihnen laſſen müſſen. Sollte er von ſeiner Krankheit wieder hergeſtellt werden; ſo beſchwöre ich Sie bei Ihrem Vaterherzen, den Knaben vor Ihren Grundſätzen zu bewahren. Es giebt eine Tugend, mein Herr, und einen Rächer aller Verbrechen. Eine Summe Geldes, die ich mitgenommen habe und die Sie zu klein finden werden, weil vielleicht nicht einmal Eine Ihrer Freuden damit erkauft werden könnte, ſoll dazu dienen, Ihren Sohn in die Lage zu ſetzen, worin ſein Großvater, und ich Unglückliche, ſo glücklich waren. Dieſes Kind ſoll nie erfahren, zu welchen Verbrechen es ſeine Geburt und Ihr Vermögen berechtigten. Ich habe die Gefahren des Ranges und des Reichthums kennen gelernt; er ſoll ſie nie kennen lernen. O, mein Herr! Sie ſpotten der Tugend; aber, könnten Sie mich hier an dem Bette meines jüngſten Sohnes auf den Knieen liegen ſehen, hören, wie ich Sie beſchwöre, des Herzens dieſes Kindes zu ſchonen, o Sie würden wenigſtens des Mutterherzens und meiner Angſt nicht ſpotten! Leben Sie wohl!"

Nouelle las. Sein Auge verfinſterte ſich doch. Sein Wunſch war erfüllt, aber zugleich war ſeine Bruſt voll Unruhe. Er liebte ſeinen Sohn, er ſchätzte Suſannen doch ſo ſehr, daß ſie keine Noth leiden ſollte. Er leitete ſeine Unruhe von ſeinem Edelmuthe ab, und ſie war nichts, als der Vorwurf ſeines Gewiſſens. Er lachte, wie er hörte, daß zugleich mit ſeiner Frau ein junger Mann Paris verlaſſen habe, ein Mann, der Suſannen geſchätzt hatte. Er fand eine Beruhigung darin, ſeine Frau eines Verbrechens beſchuldigen zu können. Da haben wir's! rief er: die Heuchlerin! Er forſchte nach dem Aufenthalte des vermeinten Entführers ſeiner Frau, und dieſe Nachforſchungen bewieſen ihm, daß er ſeiner Frau Unrecht gethan hatte. Nun forſchte er dem Aufenthalte ſeiner Frau nach; allein vergebens. Sie blieb verſchwunden, und nach einem Jahre von ewigen Zerſtreuungen war Suſanne und ſein Sohn vergeſſen.

Jetzt nun, frei von der läſtigen Kette des Eheſtandes, machte er einen feſten Plan ſeines Lebens. Er machte ſein Haus zu dem Aufenthalte aller Freuden der groben und der feinern Sinnlichkeit. Er fühlte die Nothwendigkeit des Reichthums, um ſich ſein Glück zu ſichern, und die größte Ordnung herrſchte in ſeinem Hauſe. Er ſtürzte ſich nicht in den verzehrenden Strudel der ſinnloſeſten Ausſchweifungen. Er genoß mit Mäßigung, ſogar mit Anſtand. Er verhüllte den Plan ſeines Lebens, wie die Ausführung deſſelben. Er wurde das Muſter der jungen Männer, die Geſellſchaften liebten ihn. Er war immer heiter, immer fröhlich. Er war im allerhöchſten Grade diskret. Kein Wort, keine Anſpielung, kein zweideutiges Lächeln verrieth irgend einen Triumph, den er erhalten hatte. Er war der feinſte Verführer der Weiber und Mädchen, deren Schönheit ſeine Sinnlichkeit reizte; aber nie durften dieſe fürchten, daß ihr Name dabei leiden konnte, und Nouelle hatte den Triumph, daß man ihn überall einen edeln, tugendhaften Mann hieß, ob er gleich nie einen Wunſch, nie eine Begierde fühlte, die er nicht befriedigte, es mochte koſten, was es wollte.

Er war höflich, hülfreich, großmüthig, er unterſtützte das Verdienſt, er nahm die Miene an, als ob er nur für andere Menſchen lebte; und, er lebte nur allein für ſich und ſeinen Genuß. Dieſe Kunſt, dieſe Feinheit, mit der er lebte, beſchäftigte zugleich ſeinen Verſtand. Er beging zweideutige Handlungen, um Proben mit ſich und den Menſchen anzuſtellen; er beſtärkte ſich in ſeinem Syſteme der Selbſtſucht, des höchſten Egoismus immer mehr. Sein Geſchmack bewahrte ihn ſchon vor groben Niederträchtigkeiten, ſeine liſtige Feinheit erſparte ihm die Verbrechen, die ein grober, roher Wollüſtling an ſeiner Stelle begangen haben würde. Um Verbrechen zu begehen, ſagte er, muß man ein niederträchtiger, ehrloſer Menſch ſein, und um tugendhaft zu ſein, ohne ſeinen Vortheil im Spiel zu ſehen, muß man ein grillenfängeriſcher Dummkopf ſein! Ich bin Beides nicht. Gut, ich lebe für mein Vergnügen; das iſt nur das, was ein geſcheuter Menſch wollen kann. Nebenher befördere ich auch das Glück anderer Geſchöpfe, freilich ohne meine Abſicht. Will man das Tugend nennen; gut! es iſt nichts, als eine kluge Einrichtung der Natur, die den Menſchen in den Grenzen der Mäßigung gegen Andere hält, daß er das Glück und das Wohlſein Anderer beiläufig mit befördert, wenn er für ſein eigenes Wohlſein arbeitet. Das waren ſeine Grundſätze.

Und in dieſen Grundſätzen erzog er ſeinen Sohn von der früheſten Jugend an. Er lehrte ihn alle Tugenden, welche die Geſellſchaft fordert, er bildete ſeinen Verſtand, ja, er lehrte ihn ſogar entbehren; denn er ſelbſt hatte doch einigemale die Erfahrung machen müſſen, daß nicht alle ſeine Wünſche zu befriedigen waren. Du mußt entbehren können, mein Sohn, ſagte er; die Befriedigung unſerer Wünſche iſt zwar Glück: allein die Befriedigung mancher Wünſche iſt ſo gefährlich in ihren Folgen, daß der Menſch, den die Natur ſo beſchränkt hat, auch entbehren lernen muß, um glücklich zu ſein. Die Erziehung gelang. Der junge Rouelle wurde der Stolz ſeines Vaters, und er hing mit großer Liebe an ihm.

Zwanzig Jahre waren nun ſeit der Trennung von Suſannen verfloſſen. Rouelle war noch immer ein ſehr liebenswürdiger Mann. Selbſt ſein Alter hatte ihn noch liebenswürdiger gemacht. Es hatte einen heitern Ernſt, eine ſchöne Mäßigung über ſein Weſen verbreitet. Wenige Sorgen hatten ſein Leben getrübt, eine berechnete Mäßigkeit hatte ſeine Geſundheit erhalten und geſtärkt. Er war ein ſchöner Mann von acht und vierzig Jahren. Er fand ſich höchſt glücklich. Eine allgemeine Achtung aller Menſchen, die ihn kannten, erheiterte ſein Leben. Sein Sohn fing, nach einigen jugendlichen Unbeſonnenheiten, die ſein Vater zu einem Schatze von ſeiner Lebensweisheit für ihn machte, an, dem Wege ſeines Vaters zum Glück zu folgen. Der Vater lebte mit ihm, wie ſein älterer Freund, der nur durch ſeine größere Erfahrung das Anſehen über ihn erhalten hat. Der Vater drängte ſich nicht in des Sohnes Vertrauen, ſo wenig wie er ſein Vertrauen ganz vollkommen ſeinem Sohne ſchenkte. Sie lebten wie zwei Freunde, die ein langer Umgang mit einander verbunden hat. Der Sohn ehrte den Vater wie das Ideal der feinſten Klugheit, und der Vater liebte den Sohn.

Eines Tages ging der alte Rouelle durch eine kleine Gaſſe in Paris. Eine Thür' öffnet ſich. Ein Frauenzimmer, ſchön wie der aufgehende Morgen, tritt aus einem kleinen Hauſe hervor, um in die Kirche zu gehen. Die friſche Geſichtsfarbe, die Unſchuld in dem ſchönen Auge, die hohe, volle Geſtalt, macht den feinen Epikuräer aufmerkſam. Er läßt ſeinen Stock fallen, um ſich zu verweilen. Er folgt ihr nun in die Kirche, von dort in den größern Lärm, bis wieder zu ihrem Hauſe. Er giebt ſeinem Bedienten den Auftrag, ſich nach dem Namen des Frauenzimmers zu erkundigen, und geht, voll von den Reizen ihrer Schönheit, nach Hauſe.

Der Bediente, der alte Vertraute ſeines Herrn, brachte die ausführlichſte Nachricht. Das junge, ſchöne Frauenzimmer war die Frau eines Malers. Die Umſtände dieſer Familie ſchienen nicht die beſten zu ſein; ſie lebten höchſt ſparſam und einfach. Mann und Frau waren beide nicht aus Paris, ſein Name war Marton. Er ſetzte noch Einiges von der Liebe der jungen Eheleute hinzu, von ihrer Einigkeit, was ſein Herr mit dem Worte „Dummkopf!“ beantwortete. Die einzige Bekanntſchaft der jungen Frau war eine Modehändlerin in ihrer Nachbarſchaft, die dem jungen Maler ſeine erſte Arbeit verſchafft hatte, und für welche die junge Frau Stickereien verfertigte.

Die Bekanntſchaft mit der Modehändlerin war bald gemacht: allein Madame Marton kam ſehr ſelten hieher. Rouelle ſah ſie dennoch einmal hier, und ſeine Begierde wurde noch ſtärker. Was er von der Modehändlerin über die Familie hörte, zeigte ihm die Schwierigkeit ſeiner Unternehmung. Ohne die Modehändlerin in ſeinen Plan ſehen zu laſſen, bediente er ſich ihrer, dem Maler Arbeit bei einem ſeiner Freunde zu verſchaffen. Hier machte er die Bekanntſchaft mit dem jungen Künſtler ſelbſt, unter einem fremden Namen. Die Arbeit war langwierig; der Maler hatte einen Saal auszumalen. Rouelle kam alle Tage dahin. Die Kunſt war ihr Geſpräch, und Rouelle erhielt bald das ganze Vertrauen des jungen Künſtlers. Rouelle verſchaffte ihm mehrere Arbeit. Seine Geſpräche über Kunſtgeſchmack, über den Geſchmack der Pariſer, waren ſo belehrend, daß Marton ſich freute, die Bekanntſchaft mit ſeinem Freunde gemacht zu haben. Der Maler bat ihn, ihn zu beſuchen. Rouelle that es. Und nun erſtaunte er, nicht mehr über die Schönheit des jungen Weibes, ſondern über die hohe Zärtlichkeit, über die erhabene Unſchuld der beiden Eheleute. Der junge Mann war eine Feuerſeele, der ſeine Kunſt mit Enthuſiasmus, ſeine Frau mit flammendem Entzücken, und die Tugend mit einer erhabenen, unbeſchreiblichen Innigkeit liebte. Die unſchuldige Frau fühlte nichts als eine dankbare Liebe gegen ihren Mann.

Rouelle ſaß nun zwar an der Seite des reizenden Weibes; ſie ſah ihn ſogar gern, ſie bezeigte ihm ihr Wohlwollen; allein er wußte hier zum erſtenmale nicht, wie er es angreifen ſollte, ſeinen Wunſch zu befriedigen. Er durfte es auch nicht von fern wagen, des Künſtlers hohen Sinn für die reine Tugend mildern zu wollen. Marton begriff nicht einmal, wie es möglich ſei, anders zu fühlen und zu denken, als er fühlte und dachte. Es fehlte ihnen allen Beiden an aller Welt- und Menſchenkenntniß, das ſah Rouelle wohl, allein des Mannes Tugend und des Weibes Liebe erſetzten ihnen dieſen Mangel hinlänglich. Sie waren nirgends feſt zu halten. Rouelle erfuhr von Marton die Begebenheit, die ihm ſeine Frau gegeben hatte.

Sehen Sie, mein Lieber, ſagte er, und umſchlang ſeine Frau mit froher Zärtlichkeit, ich war ein junger Menſch, ohne Freunde, ohne Vermögen, mein Vater war früh geſtorben, meine Mutter, eine vortreffliche Frau — hier hob er entzückt beide Hände empor — o! ihr habe ich mein hohes Glück, alles, was mich ruhig macht, zu danken. Sie lehrte mich, was alle Menſchen lernen ſollten, nichts als gerecht ſein und unabhängig. Dazu lehrte ſie mich entbehren und arbeiten. Meine Kunſt trieb ich, wie die Muſik, zwar als Nebenſache; allein ſie machen mich, bei den wenigen Bedürfniſſen, die ich habe, unabhängig. Das war die Abſicht meiner Mutter. Ich ging nach Lyon, um dort meine Kunſt zu vervollkommnen. Ich ſollte dort nur lernen, nicht arbeiten. Eine ganz kleine Summe Geldes, die mir meine Mutter gab, war hinreichend, mich einige Monate da zu erhalten. Einen Abend gehe ich vor die Stadt am Fluſſe hin, um eine reizende Gegend zu zeichnen. Ich werfe mich nieder. Ich zeichne. Zum Vordergrunde wählte ich eine Gruppe Bäume, in deren Schatten ein alter Mann ſaß. — Hier faßte die Frau, mit Thränen in den Augen, ihres Mannes Hand, und der Mann fuhr, nach einem zärtlichen Blicke, fort:

Der alte Mann ſchien mich nicht zu bemerken. Ich zeichne ihn, wie er die Hand an die Stirn legt, und in der kummervollſten Stellung da ſitzt. Ich ſehe die kummervolle Geſtalt auf meinem Papiere an, und frage mich ſelbſt: aber was mag ihm fehlen? Iſt es möglich, rief eine Stimme in mir, kannſt du einen Unglücklichen zeichnen, ſtatt ihm zu helfen? Ich ſpringe auf, ich eile zu ihm, ich frage: guter, alter Vater, Ihr ſcheint nicht glücklich. Er ſchlug das naſſe Auge auf mich, und ſchüttelte ſeufzend den Kopf. Ich faßte mitleidig ſeine Hand, und bat ihn, mir zu ſagen, was ihm ſei. Ich habe eine Frau und Tochter, ſagte er mit brechender Stimme, und heute, hier (er zeigte auf die ſtolze Stadt) keinen Biſſen Brod. Guter Gott, rufe ich, und gab ihm eine Kleinigkeit, die er mit ſchamhaftem Erröthen annahm, und ſogleich aufſtand, um nach Hauſe zu eilen. Er war matt, ich führte ihn. Könnt Ihr nicht arbeiten? fragte ich im Gehen. Er lächelte ſchmerzhaft. Ich bin alt, der Arbeit ungewohnt, mein armes Weib iſt ſeit einem Jahre krank, meine Tochter arbeitet, um — uns deſto langſamer verhungern zu laſſen. Ach, lieber Herr, ſetzte er ſtillſtehend, und mich anſehend, hinzu: Heute nun wohl; aber morgen? über einen Monat? Er trocknete die gewaltig hervorquellenden Thränen. Ich faßte in die Taſche, ich gab dem Alten die Hälfte von dem, was ich hatte. Er nahm es mit inniger Dankbarkeit. Es iſt ſo wenig, Vater, ſagte ich, im Mitleid zerſchmolzen, aber ich ſelbſt bin arm. Er ſah mich an, und wollte mir einen Theil des Geldes zurückgeben. Ich ſchlug es ab. Ich brachte ihn vor die Hütte, in der er wohnte. Hier nahm er meine Hand, und ſagte: daß ich jetzt mit frohzitterndem Herzen hier hinein trete, nicht mit der Verzweiflung des Todes, iſt Ihr Werk. Er zog meine Hand an ſeine Bruſt, ſeine Thränen ſtürzten, und ich riß mich los, und flog die Gaſſe hinab; denn ich fühlte, ich würde ihm alles gegeben haben, was ich hatte. Ach, ſo engherzig konnte ich ſein! Engherzig? wiederholte Rouelle lächelnd.

Ich kam zu Hauſe. Ich konnte das Bild des alten Mannes nicht los werden, ob ich gleich nichts mehr für ihn thun konnte. Nichts? nichts? rief ich auf einmal: kannſt du nicht für ihn arbeiten? und wenigſtens für ihn entbehren? Ich lief noch den Abend zu einer Modehändlerin, der ich einige Muſter zu Stickereien gezeichnet hatte. Ich ſetzte ihr die Idee, die ich durch die Malerei eines Fächers für meine Wirthin erhalten hatte, wie man Fächer ausmalen ſollte, auseinander. Sie nahm meinen Vorſchlag an. Ich fing noch den Abend an, Fächer zu malen. Ich wählte dazu Ideen aus den damals berühmteſten Romanen. Es war etwas Neues; der Abſatz war groß. Ich betrachtete das Geld, das ich erhielt, wie das Eigenthum des Alten. Nach ein Paar Tagen ging ich zu ihm. Ich traf ihn an dem Strohlager ſeiner kranken Frau. O Gott! rief er, das iſt er! Die Kranke wendete das matte Auge mit einem Strahle von Dankbarkeit auf mich. Nein, Vater, rief ich, ich war nicht arm; denn ich konnte arbeiten. Verzeiht mir! und nun gab ich ihm das Geld, das ich verdient hatte. Hier entſtand ein Streit unter uns über das Geld. Keiner wollte es. Ich ſetzte dem Alten meinen Plan auseinander. Laßt mich, lieber Vater, ſagte ich voll Bewunderung ſeiner Großmuth; ich betrachte mich von jetzt an als Euren Sohn. Und, ſagen Sie ſelbſt, ſo wendete ſich der Maler an Rouelle: ſollte nicht jeder Jüngling ſich für den Sohn jedes unglücklichen Greiſes halten? Ich hatte Mühe, dieſe armen, guten Menſchen davon zu überzeugen. Es gelang mir endlich.

Ich war ſehr fleißig; ich verdiente ſo viel, daß ich der Kranken und dem Alten mehr Bequemlichkeit verſchaffen konnte. Einen Monat war ich ſchon mit ihnen bekannt, da ſah ich endlich auch zum erſtenmale ihre Tochter, hier meine theure Frau. Er nahm ſie zärtlich an ſeine Bruſt, und ſie küßte ihm die Hand, als ſähe ſie ihn als den Wohlthäter ihrer Eltern jetzt zum erſtenmale.

Es war ein Mädchen von fünfzehn Jahren, ſehr wohl gebildet (die Frau erröthete) und — wollte er fortfahren. Sie unterbrach ihn: und was mein Mann verſchwiegen hat, und was wir erſt hinterher erfuhren, er entzog ſich jeder Freude, um uns wohlzuthun. Er darbte, damit wir Ueberfluß haben ſollten. Laut weinend vor Dankbarkeit warf ſich jetzt die Frau an ihres Mannes Bruſt.

Sehen Sie, fuhr Marton lächelnd fort, da ſah ich meine Luiſe zum erſtenmale. Ich liebte ſie von dem erſten Augenblicke an. Ach, mein Herr, [illegible] war ſo reizend und ſo gut, daß ich nicht einen Augenblick [illegible], ſie müſſe eine beſſere Parthie thun können, als mi[illegible]. Ich ſchwieg. Die Mutter ſtarb, dann ihr Vater. Ich drückte ihnen die Augen zu, und nun nahm ich Luiſen zu mir, und behandelte ſie wie meine Schweſter. Ich liebte ſie unendlich; aber ich ſchwieg. Was konnte ich ihr bieten, als mein Herz? Aber meine Leidenſchaft hatte ſich doch verrathen. Sie gab mir ihr Herz, dieſes unſchätzbare Herz, und ihre Hand, und ich war vollkommen glücklich. Ja, fuhr er feurig fort, ich habe nichts, als dieſe Liebe, das Herz meiner Frau; denn alles Andere gehört auch jedem Unglücklichen. Aber, dieſe Liebe iſt auch mein Glück.

Rouelle ſtand hier auf. Seine Stirn war finſter. Er drückte dem Maler die Hand, und ging, bewegt, früher, als er zu gehen gewohnt war, und in dreien Tagen ließ er ſich nicht ſehen. Dieſe Erzählung war tief in Rouellens Herz gedrungen. Die Liebe, die keuſche Liebe der Frau war das einzige Gut des edlen Malers; und, er wollte ihm dieſes Glück rauben. Er wagte es kaum, jetzt dieſen Gedanken zu denken. Er blieb ſogar, aus einem Inſtinkte des Unrechts, die drei Tage weg, er gab ſich Mühe, das ſchöne Weib zu vergeſſen.

Aber, rief er, da der Eindruck der Erzählung ſich verwiſcht hatte, will ich ihn denn unglücklich machen? Kann denn nicht Er ſo gut glücklich bleiben, wie ich es werden kann? Wie? wenn nun die kleine, ſchöne Frau Sinn genug hätte, das Vorurtheil der Treue fahren zu laſſen, und dafür mit mir meinen Reichthum zu theilen? Wir gewönnen doch wahrhaftig alle Drei. Ich ſchone des Mannes Aberglauben; was könnte man mehr verlangen?

Die Liebe Rouellens zu der reizenden Frau war durch den Umgang mit ihr die allerheftigſte Leidenſchaft geworden. Ohne einen Entſchluß des Verbrechens zu faſſen, womit der Menſch faſt immer ſeine Verbrechen zu entſchuldigen ſucht, ſetzte er den Umgang mit der glücklichen Familie fort. Er ließ ſich von ſeiner Leidenſchaft, von den Zufällen treiben, und triumphirte über ſeine Tugend, weil er ſich hütete, einen Plan zu machen, ſie zu verderben. Und doch war er gar nicht unthätig. Er ſuchte die Eitelkeit, die Putzſucht der jungen Frau rege zu machen. Er ſchenkte ihr auf eine ſehr natürliche Weiſe Kleinigkeiten, wodurch andere Kleinigkeiten nöthig wurden. Er ſuchte ihr einen Hang zu Vergnügungen beizubringen, er machte Spazierfahrten mit der Familie, er führte ſie in die Schauſpiele. Die junge Frau fand ein großes Behagen an dieſen ihr ganz neuen Vergnügungen, und Marton liebte ſeine Frau zu ſehr, um ihr nicht die Vergnügungen zu verſchaffen, die ſie ſo ſehr liebte. So fleißig Marton auch war, ſo reichte ſein Verdienſt doch nicht hin, alles das anzuſchaffen, was ſeine Frau gebrauchte. Auf eine für den Mann unmerkliche Weiſe ſchaffte Rouelle das Fehlende an; und ſo erwarb er ſich um die junge Frau das erſte Verdienſt, die es ſehr wohl merkte, wie großmüthig Rouelle war.

Jemehr die junge Frau die Vergnügungen von Paris genoß, deſto fleißiger arbeitete Marton. Er konnte alſo ſehr häufig die Vergnügungen mit Luiſen nicht theilen. Ohne Mißtrauen ließ er alſo ſeinen Freund, den heitern Favart, den Namen hatte ſich Rouelle gegeben, ſeine Frau begleiten. Rouelle war alſo jetzt oft ganze halbe Tage mit Madame Marton allein, und nun fing er an, dem unſchuldigen Weibe ſeine Grundſätze in ſehr milden Farben mitzutheilen, die ihr Herz nicht verdarben, die ſie aber doch leichtſinnig machten. Er hatte zwar ihr höchſtes Vertrauen, ihre Freundſchaft; allein ihr Herz beſaß ihr Mann, und keine Bemühung des feinen Rouelle brachte ihr ſchönes, treues Herz in eine leichte Unruhe.

Mit der größten Behutſamkeit ging der Verführer vorwärts. Er erlaubte ſich nach und nach Scherze und Einfälle, und ſtieg ſo unmerklich damit, daß Luiſe glaubte, er wäre immer ſo geweſen. Er machte ſie immer bekannter mit den Verbrechen der Welt, aber er ließ ſie dieſelben nie in den abſchreckenden Geſtalten ſehen. Er ſelbſt nahm ſich erſt kleine, dann größere Vertraulichkeiten mit Luiſen heraus, die ſie erlaubte, weil ſie zu unſchuldig war, und weil ſie fühlte, wie ſehr ſie ihren Mann liebte, weil ſie keine Ahnung des Verbrechens hatte, das ſie begehen ſollte. Die Arme ging mit unſchuldiger Fröhlichkeit dem Abgrunde immer näher, der ſie verſchlingen ſollte.

Die ſchwarze Stunde ſchlug. Rouelle war mit Luiſen an einem ſchönen Morgen, da ihr Mann auf einem benachbarten Landſitze malte, in ein Luſtgehölz bei Paris, in einer Geſellſchaft von jungen, heitern Perſonen, gefahren. Man lachte, man ſchwärmte den ganzen Tag. Ein Vergnügen jagte das andere. Gegen Abend fing man an zu tanzen. Luiſe war vor Vergnügen außer ſich. Gänzlich zerſtreut durch die vielen Genüſſe, durch die tauſend Bilder der Freude, die durch ihre Seele flatterten, durch eine leichtſinnige Luſtigkeit, die ſie ergriffen hatte, bemerkte ſie es kaum, wie muthwillig Rouelle heute war. Sie tanzte mit ihm; in dem vergeſſenden Rauſche der Freude trank ſie einige Gläſer Champagner. Ihr Blut war erhitzt, ihr Kopf zerſtreuet, ihre Phantaſie entbrannt, das verrätheriſche Getränk brachte ſie außer ſich. Ein lautes Gelächter nach dem andern kam aus ihren Lippen. Trunken von Freude, von Tanz und von Wein, wurde ſie die leichte Beute von Rouellens kühner, unverſchämter Wolluſt. Luiſe wußte kaum, wo ſie war, noch weniger, welch ein Verbrechen ſie beging. Die ſchrecklichen Minuten des Verbrechens flogen wie Blitze durch ihr Leben, und jetzt, da das Verbrechen vollendet war, verſank ſie in eine dumpfe Sinnloſigkeit, aus der ſie weder die Liebkoſungen ihres Verführers, noch die feurige Qual ihres Innern erwecken konnten. Ihr Gewiſſen rang noch mit dem Rauſche ihrer Sinnlichkeit. Ein Sturm in ihrem Innern ließ ſie noch nicht zum Nachdenken kommen. Das Einzige, was ſie ſagte, war, ſie wollte nach Hauſe. Sie ſtürzte ängſtlich in den Wagen; ſie ſah es kaum, daß Rouelle nachkam. Sie hing wie gefühllos in ſeinen Armen, gefühllos ging ſie an ſeiner Hand in ihr Zimmer. Sie flog in ihr Schlafzimmer, ſie warf ſich heftig auf ihr Bett, und verhüllte ihr Geſicht in die Decke.

Rouelle wollte ſie tröſten. Sie ſah ihn ſtarr an, und, als ob ſie ihn erſt jetzt erkannte, ſchauderte ſie zuſammen. Sie rief die Magd laut. Dieſe kam. Ich bin krank, ſagte ſie mit einem tiefen Seufzer. Die Magd ſah Rouellen an. Ein Schrecken, ſagte Rouelle der Magd; die Pferde wurden flüchtig vor dem Wagen. Es hat nichts zu bedeuten. Luiſe ſagte nichts dazu, und Rouelle verließ ſie, unter der frohen Hoffnung, daß Luiſe nun das gewiſſe Opfer ſeiner Begierde bleiben würde. Am andern Morgen ging er zu Luiſen in dem vollen Gefühle, daß er ſie ganz in ſeiner Gewalt hätte, und mit dem Entſchluſſe, die Reſte eines Aberglaubens von der Schändlichkeit ihrer Handlung aus ihrer Seele wegzuſchaffen, oder, ſie durch die Furcht vor ihrem Manne doch an dem Verbrechen feſt zu halten. Er fand Luiſen bleich, höchſt entſtellt, in einer furchtbaren Unruhe. Sie hörte ihn nicht an; ſie verhüllte ſich in ihre Decke, ſo oft er anfing zu reden. Alle ſeine Vorſtellungen waren unnütz, und da er einmal ihre Hand ergriff, fing Luiſe ſo laut an zu ſchreien, daß die Magd kam. Rouelle verlor indeß den Muth nicht, auf Luiſen zu wirken, und dieſer Muth ſtützte ſich auf eine Nachricht der Magd. Luiſe hatte nämlich dieſer erzählt, daß der Wagen umgeſchlagen ſei. Rouelle ſah daraus, und aus der Höflichkeit, womit ihn Luiſe, in Gegenwart der Magd, behandelte, daß ſie nicht willens ſei, ihr Verbrechen zu entdecken. Das war Luiſe wirklich nicht; ſie war entſchloſſen, zu ſchweigen. Aber, zu gleicher Zeit war in ihrem Innern ein furchtbarer, zerſtörender Haß gegen Rouellen entſtanden. Sie durchlief, die Nacht hindurch, die ganze Zeit ihrer Bekanntſchaft mit ihm, ſein Benehmen gegen ſie und gegen ihren Mann, und ſie fand, daß ihre Verführung der Plan des Böſewichts geweſen war. Sie liebte ihren Mann unausſprechlich; ſie hielt eine Untreue gegen ihn für das entſetzlichſte Verbrechen, das ſie begehen konnte; ſie wußte, daß ihr Mann eben ſo darüber dachte, und nun hatte ſie den Mann, den Wohlthäter ihrer Eltern, ihren Retter, dieſen edeln, treuen Mann, der ſich für ihr Vergnügen jede Freude verſagte, den hatte ſie verrathen! Dieſe unſäglich ſchreckliche Vorſtellung fiel mit aller Schärfe auf ihr Herz, und füllte ihr Weſen mit einem ſchwarzen, unendlichen, zerſtörenden Gram, der ihr jede Hoffnung der Ausſöhnung mit ihrem Manne nahm und ſie als Beute einer ſtillen, verſchloſſenen Verzweiflung hingab. Haß und Liebe, Gram und Verzweiflung, Reue und Hoffnungsloſigkeit, Furcht und Erinnerung des Verbrechens nagten mit unaufhörlicher Thätigkeit, mit unbeſchreiblicher Gewalt an ihrem Leben. Sie fühlte ſich ihres Mannes unwerth, und doch wollte ſie ihm ihre Schande verſchweigen, und ſo konnte nur der Tod ſie retten.

Sie nahm die Arznei des Arztes, den man geholt hatte, nicht; ſie that vielmehr vorſätzlich das Gegentheil von dem, was er befohlen hatte. Rouelle ging ab und zu. Sein Anblick erregte allemal ihren ganzen fürchterlichen Abſcheu. Wenn ſie ihn anſah, ſo geſchah es mit lodernden, haßerfüllten Blicken. Die Gegenwart der Wärterin hinderte ihn, ihr Vorſtellungen zu machen, und da er dennoch einmal mit ihr allein war, ihre Hand ergriff, und anfing zu reden, ſo wurde ihr Zorn ſo heftig, daß ſie ein Meſſer ergriff, und nach ihm ſtach. Er ſprang erſchrocken zurück; zum erſtenmale ſtieg nun der Zweifel bei ihm auf, daß ihm hier die Früchte ſeines Sieges entgehen könnten. Was ſoll ich thun, Luiſe, Sie zu beruhigen? fragte er verlegen. „Paris verlaſſen“ antwortete ſie heftig. Dann faltete ſie die Hände, und wiederholte noch einmal flehentlich: „Paris verlaſſen.“ Er ſtand finſter und unentſchloſſen da. Die Wärterin kam wieder. Er nahm ſeinen Hut, und kündigte Luiſen an, daß Geſchäfte ihn zwängen, eine Reiſe zu machen. Er bat ſie, ihn ihrem Manne zu empfehlen.

Ihr Auge blitzte bei dem theuren Namen, den er nannte, voll Grimm auf ihn; indeß ſie ſchwieg. Er ging, und noch verließ ihn die Hoffnung nicht, daß Luiſens Unruhe vorüber gehen würde. Er war ſicher, ſie würde ihrem Manne Alles verſchweigen, und dann, wenn ſie wieder ruhig wäre, wäre ſie auch in ſeiner Gewalt. Er gab einem Bedienten den Auftrag, ſich von Zeit zu Zeit heimlich nach dem Zuſtande der Familie zu erkundigen.

Einige Tage darauf kam Marton zurück. Vor dieſem ſchrecklichen Augenblicke hatte Luiſe gezittert; auf ihn hatte ſie ſich mit einer Anſtrengung vorbereitet, als ob dieſer Augenblick über ihr Leben entſcheiden würde. Wie Marton ins Zimmer trat, ſein Weib ſah, und mit dem lauteſten Schreckensgeſchrei auf ihr Bette ſank, ſie in ſeine Arme nahm, ſie mit Thränen benetzte, ihr die zärtlichſten Beweiſe ſeiner unendlichen Liebe gab; ſo war doch dieſer Auftritt zu ſtark für ſie: ſie ſank mit einem Zettergeſchrei in ſeinen Armen in Ohnmacht. Der Arzt wurde geholt, Luiſe kam wieder zu ſich, und der Mann erfuhr aus dem Munde der Wärterin nur, daß ſeine Frau umgeworfen ſei, und daß daher ihre Krankheit rühre. Luiſe beſtätigte dieſe Erzählung nur durch Blicke und Geberden. Der Arzt gab Hoffnung, er hielt Luiſens Krankheit für eine durch den Schrecken zerrüttete Phantaſie. Marton wurde ruhiger, weil auch Luiſe ſelbſt behauptete, daß ſie ſich beſſere. Nach einigen Stunden, die er am Krankenbette zubrachte, wo er Luiſens Hände küßte, wo er ihr auf das Allerzärtlichſte liebkoſte, und die Luiſen beinahe vor Schmerz und Reue tödteten, fragte er auch nach Favart. Luiſe wurde bleich. Die Wärterin ſagte, er habe vorgeſtern Abſchied genommen, um eine Reiſe zu machen. Das bedauerte Marton, und fragte, ob er Luiſen viel beſucht habe; jedes Wort, das er zu ſeinem Lobe ſagte, drang ſchmerzhaft in Luiſens Herz.

Luiſe erklärte nun den Arzt für unnöthig. Der Arzt ſelbſt geſtand, daß Ruhe allein die Kranke herſtellen könnte. Marton wurde auf die Verſicherungen Luiſens, daß ſie ſich beſſer fühle, von Tage zu Tage ruhiger. Er ſah nicht, weil er immer gegenwärtig war, wie Luiſe immer bleicher, immer hagerer wurde. Je ſchwächer ſie ſich fühlte, deſto heiterer wurde ſie. Die Zärtlichkeit ihres Mannes, ſeine Liebkoſungen, waren ihr das drückendſte Elend, das ſie zu tragen hatte. Seine Liebe vermehrte den geheimen Gram und ihre Verzweiflung. Die Gewalt, die ſie ſich mit jeder Minute — denn ihr Mann verließ ſie höchſt ſelten — anthun mußte, heiter zu ſcheinen, zerſtörte noch jeden Keim des Lebens. Sie ſank unmerklich dem Tode näher.

Martons Mutter kam auf die Bitte ihres Sohnes nach Paris. Marton fühlte die Nothwendigkeit, ſeine Frau zuweilen zu verlaſſen, um zu arbeiten, immer mehr, und ſo bedurfte er der Geſellſchaft ſeiner Mutter für Luiſen. Die Mutter merkte Luiſens Gefahr; allein, ſie verſchwieg ſie ihrem Sohn, auf das allerinnigſte Bitten Luiſens; und Marton hatte noch immer die Hoffnung, bald ſeine geliebte Luiſe wieder hergeſtellt zu ſehen. In dieſer Zeit begegnete er eines Tages Rouellen auf der Gaſſe. Lieber Favart, rief er, und flog in des beſtürzten Rouellens Arme, ſind Sie endlich wieder zurück? Rouelle ſah an der Aufrichtigkeit, an der Natürlichkeit ſeiner Freundſchaftsbezeugungen, daß er nichts von ſeinem Verbrechen wußte. Er erkundigte ſich nach Luiſen, und Marton antwortete ihm: ſie kränkelt noch immer ein wenig, allein jetzt giebt ſich doch etwas. Ich hoffe, ſie bald wieder ganz hergeſtellt zu ſehen. O ſie wird ſich freuen, Sie wieder zu ſehen. Rouelle hatte ebenfalls die Nachricht, daß Luiſe ſich beſſerte. Die Mutter und die Kranke ſelbſt verbreiteten geflißentlich die Nachricht im Hauſe, wo ſie wohnten. Noch immer fühlte Rouelle die heftigſte Leidenſchaft gegen das reizende Weib. Sie wird ſich freuen, Sie wieder zu ſehen, hatte Marton geſagt. Er mußte das glauben, und er verſprach, Marton den dritten Tag zu beſuchen. Er wollte Luiſen Zeit laſſen, ſich mit der Vorſtellung zu befreunden, ihn wieder zu ſehen. Er war ſeiner Sache höchſt gewiß: Luiſe hatte ihrem Manne die Untreue verſchwiegen, ihre Unruhe darüber war vorbei. Wenn er wieder in ihre Geſellſchaft kam, ſo mußte ſie ja einſehen, daß ihr theures Geheimniß in ſeiner Gewalt ſtand. Sie mußte ſich ergeben, und wie leicht war es ihm dann nicht, Luiſen zu überzeugen, daß ſie eine kleine Thörin geweſen wäre, ſich über die Untreue zu beunruhigen.

Das dachte Rouelle triumphirend, und ſein Genius führte ihn ſeiner Strafe entgegen. Marton kam zu Hauſe; er ging fröhlich an Luiſens Bett, fröhlich ſagte er ihr: Uebermorgen beſucht dich dein lieber Favart! Dieſe ſchreckliche Nachricht traf Luiſen zu ſchnell. Sie ſank auffahrend hinten über auf ihr Kiſſen. Uebermorgen! rief ſie ſchrecklich. Alle ihre Pulſe flogen, ihre Farbe wechſelte. Sie war außer ſich. Marton hielt dieß für einen neuen Anfall ihrer Krankheit. Er ſuchte ſie zu beruhigen, und ſie ſchien ruhig zu werden. Innerlich aber arbeitete jede Leidenſchaft fort. Nein, ſie wollte durchaus den Böſewicht nicht ſehen. Sie ſuchte vergebens nach einem Mittel, dieſem verhaßten ſchrecklichen Beſuche auszuweichen. Sie legte ſich nieder, als ob ſie ſchlafen wollte; allein ſie wollte nichts, als darüber nachdenken, ſich von Favart zu befreien.

Sie fand kein Mittel, ſo ſehr ſie ſich auch anſtrengte. Ihre Angſt nahm zu. Der Gedanke, ihren betrogenen Mann in den Armen ſeines bitterſten Feindes ſehen zu ſollen, marterte ſie, ſtürzte ſie noch einmal in einen wilden Schmerz, der bei der Annäherung ihres Todes milder geworden war. Nein, das Einzige konnte ſie nicht. Dieſe verſchiedenen Vorſtellungen, denen ſie mit aller Wärme ihrer Phantaſie nachhing, ließen ſie ihre Schwäche nicht fühlen. Ihr Mann hatte ſich gegen den Kamin geſetzt, um ſie nicht zu ſtören. Sie ſah ihn an, ſie bemerkte, daß er die Augen trocknete, ſie ſah die heftige Bewegung von Schmerz, worein der neue Anfall ihrer Krankheit ihn verſetzt hatte. Marton ſtand auf, ſie ſtellte ſich feſtſchlafend, und doch lauſchte ſie unmerklich nach ihm hin. Er näherte ſich ihrem Bette, er betrachtete ſie mit troſtloſer Zärtlichkeit. Auf einmal kniete er an dem Bette nieder; ſie hörte, wie er leiſe für das Leben ſeiner treuen, ſeiner tugendhaften Luiſe betete. Das war zu viel. Sie fühlte zum erſten Male, daß ſie ihrem Manne ihr Verbrechen hätte entdecken müſſen. Dieſe neue Vorſtellung ergriff ſie mit einer großen Gewalt. Marton hatte ſich wieder an den Kamin geſetzt. Nein, ſie wollte ihren Mann nicht länger betrügen. Sie wollte aufſtehen, und ſich ihm zu Füßen werfen. Die große Bewegung ihres Gemüths verbarg ihr ihre Schwäche. Sie hob ſich empor, ſie ſtieg leiſe aus dem Bette, ſie wollte ſich ihm nähern. Sie war zu ſchwach, ſich zu halten. Sie fiel nieder und mit der Bruſt auf die Ecke eines Stuhls. Marton hob ſie mit Angſt auf, und trug ſie wieder auf ihr Bett. Sie warf viel Blut aus. Sie war zu ſchwach zum Reden. Der Arzt kam. Er kündigte dem unglücklichen Manne ihren nahen Tod an. Das Geſchrei, das Marton bei dieſer Nachricht erhob, verkündigte auch Luiſen ihr Todesurtheil. Sie empfing es mit Lächeln. Sie ſammelte alle ihre Kräfte, ſie hieß alle Menſchen, außer ihren Mann, hinausgehen.

Mit matter Stimme entdeckte ſie nun dieſem Rouellens Verbrechen und ihre Schwäche. Marton bebte. Er nahm ſeine ſterbende Frau in ſeine Arme, und verſicherte ihr ihre Unſchuld; er vergab ihr, und klagte ſich ſelbſt an, daß er ihre argloſe Unſchuld in die Hände dieſes Böſewichts gelegt hatte. Er war jetzt zärtlicher als je, und dieſe Verſöhnung mit ihrem Manne goß noch eine langentbehrte Ruhe und Heiterkeit auf die letzten Minuten von Luiſens Leben. Noch einen Tag lebte ſie in den Armen ihres verſöhnten Mannes; einen Tag noch war ſie glücklich.

Am Morgen des dritten Tages ſtarb ſie heiter und ruhig. Marton verſank in Schmerz. Er ſaß neben dem Leichname, ohne Farbe, ohne Bewegung, ohne Thränen. Er hatte Alles vergeſſen, ſelbſt den Mörder ſeiner Luiſe. Er hörte nicht, was ſeine Mutter ihm ſagte. Er hielt nur den ſtarren Blick auf Luiſens bleichem Geſichte feſt. Die Mutter mußte ihn allein laſſen, um Anſtalten zum Begräbniß zu treffen.

Da öffnete ſich die Thüre; Rouelle trat herein. Marton ſah ihn, erkannte ihn, ſprang auf, faßte ihn an der Bruſt, ſchrie fürchterlich: Mörder, verdammter Mörder! und riß den blaſſen, zitternden Verführer näher zu dem Leichname Luiſens. Rouelle ſchrie vor Entſetzen bei dem Anblicke des Leichnams auf, und Martons Mutter ſtürzte bei dieſem Lärmen in das Zimmer. Sie warf einen Blick auf Rouellen. Unglücklicher, rief ſie ihrem Sohne zu, und umfaßte ſeine Hände, die Rouellen feſt hielten, Unglücklicher, er iſt dein Vater! Rouelle erkannte ſeine verſtoßene Frau, ſah ſeinen unglücklichen Sohn, ſeine ermordete Tochter; er bebte, er ſchwankte, und wimmernd ſank er zu Boden.

Bleich und ſtarr mit emporſträubenden Haaren, ſtand der Sohn. Das Wort „Vater“ kam langſam aus den bleichen Lippen hervor. Er ſah ſeine Mutter ſtarr und bittend an. Die unglückliche Mutter, die weder wußte, daß ihr Sohn ihren Mann ſchon lange kannte, noch daß Rouelle der Mörder Luiſens war, ſtand erſtaunt und unentſchloſſen da. Sie umfaßte ihren Sohn, und wiederholte noch einmal: ja, das iſt dein Vater! Mein Vater? fragte mit dumpfer Stimme und zuſammenſchaudernd der Sohn. Der da? fragte er wieder und zeigte auf Rouellen, der das bleiche Geſicht verbarg. Ja, es iſt dein Vater! Aber ſo ſag mir — fragte die Mutter … Mein Vater, wiederholte Marton zitternd. Heiliger Gott! ſagte er leiſe, mit dem Tone der tiefſten Wehmuth, und nun ſchwankte er aus dem Zimmer.

Nun wurde der Mutter ängſtlich. Sie fühlte, daß hier etwas Schreckliches vorgefallen war. Sie wendete ſich ängſtlich an Rouellen, mit dem bittenden Tone der Furcht vor einem noch größern Unglück: „ich beſchwöre Sie, ſagen Sie mir, mein Herr.“ — Sie faßte ſeine Hand. Rouelle ſah auf, zeigte mit bebender Hand auf den Leichnam, und ſagte zitternd: „ich bin der Mörder!“ Hier hörte die Mutter ihren Sohn aufſchreien. Sie flog hinaus, und Rouelle blieb mit dem Leichnam allein. Ein unnennbares Entſetzen ergriff ihn. Ihm war, als richtete ſich der todte Körper auf, als bräche das Gewölbe des Zimmers über ihm, als ſtürzte die Erde unter ihm in Trümmer. Er ſprang auf, er ſchwankte durch die Finſterniß, die ſeine Augen bedeckte, durch das Gedonner, das ihn betäubte. „Erbarmt euch!“ rief er, und ſo ſtürzte er die Treppe herunter in das Haus. Hier ſank er nieder. Man trug ihn in den Miethswagen, der ihn gebracht hatte. Der Wagen brachte ihn nach Hauſe. Sein Diener, der ihm gefolgt war, ſchleppte ihn in ſein Zimmer. Er war durchaus ohne Bewußtſein der äußern Gegenſtände.

Einen Monat lang hielt ihn ein heftiges Fieber auf ſeinem Lager. Er erhielt ſeine Geſundheit, nicht aber ſeine Heiterkeit wieder. Sein erſter Gang war nach dem Hauſe, wo ſein unglücklicher Sohn lebte. Er wollte nur ſeine Frau ſprechen, um ihr einen Theil ſeines Vermögens für ſeinen Sohn anzubieten. Seinen unglücklichen Sohn wollte er nicht ſehen. Er fühlte zu ſehr, daß ihn der Name „Vater“ nicht gegen die Rache, die der beleidigte Menſch nehmen konnte, ſchützen würde. Er fand Niemanden mehr. Mutter und Sohn hatten, den Tag nach Luiſens Begräbniß, Paris verlaſſen, und Niemand wußte, wohin ſie gegangen waren. Er forſchte mit großer Anſtrengung nach ihrem Aufenthalte; allein, ſie blieben verſchwunden.

Die erſten Monate ging Rouelle wie in einem ſchrecklichen Traume umher. Er war für jeden Genuß wie todt. Der Gedanke, daß ſeine Wolluſt ſeinen Sohn unglücklich gemacht, und ſeine Tochter ermordet hatte, wurde bei jedem Vergnügen, das er genießen wollte, erſt recht lebendig. Er trug die Rache für ſein Verbrechen mit ſich in ſeinem eigenen Herzen umher. Indeß war es doch bei ihm zu keiner Gewißheit gekommen, ob er wirklich allein an Luiſens Tode Schuld ſei. Daß der Gram über ihre unfreiwillige Untreue ſie getödtet habe, ſchien ihm doch ſo höchſt unwahrſcheinlich. Er verfolgte dieſe Vorſtellung mit allem Eifer, ſein Verſtand fand darin Entſchuldigungsgründe; allein ſein unruhiges Herz nicht. Eine unerklärbare Unruhe hatte ſich ſeiner ſo ganz bemeiſtert, daß er auf keine Weiſe Herr darüber werden konnte. Er nahm tauſendmal zu ſeinem Syſtem ſeine Zuflucht, um die Ruhe wieder zu finden, die er entbehrte. Hm! iſt denn nicht der Eigennutz die Triebfeder der menſchlichen Handlungen? Ich wollte nichts, als mein Vergnügen; iſt es meine Schuld, daß das ſeltſame Vorurtheil einer fleckenloſen Treue die Frau tödtete? Ja, wußte ich denn, daß er mein Sohn war, und ſelbſt, wenn ichs auch gewußt hätte — dieſen Gedanken konnte er nicht fortdenken. Es war, als ob ſich in ſeinem Innern etwas widerſetzte.

So philoſophirte er tauſendmal; allein, er konnte dieſe Unruhe nicht aus ſeinem Gemüthe wegphiloſophiren. Er fand keinen Troſt in ſeinem Syſtem; es vermehrte vielmehr ſeine Unruhe noch. Sogar wenn er ſich dieſer Unruhe hingab, wenn er ſie als eine Beſſerung ſeiner Handlung betrachtete, ja, wenn er ſeine Handlung zuweilen als ein Verbrechen anſah, ſo beruhigte ihn das alles mehr, als die Entſchuldigung ſeiner Handlung durch ſein Syſtem. Hier hoben ſich die erſten Zweifel gegen ſeine eigenen Grundſätze. Er ſuchte ſein Syſtem mit allem Eifer zu vertheidigen, er gab ſich alle Mühe, es feſt zu halten, aber ſein Herz, ſein Gefühl widerſprach ihm. Eine innere Stimme nannte ſeine Handlung, die er nur unglücklich nannte, unrechtmäßig, ſchlecht.

So kämpfte Rouelle Jahre lang gegen ſich ſelbſt bald, und bald gegen ſein Syſtem. Seine Heiterkeit aber war dahin, das Bild ſeines unglücklichen Sohnes ſtand immerwährend vor ſeiner Seele. Er fühlte in der Achtung, die er dem Andenken an ſeine Tugenden nicht verſagen konnte, in dem Wunſche, ihn nicht ſo ſchmerzlich beleidigt zu haben, um ſich ſeines edlen Sohnes freuen zu können, daß die Tugend etwas iſt. Er fühlte bei dem Anblicke des Lebens ſeines zweiten Sohnes, daß er ſelbſt von Andern Tugenden verlange, und, in dem Gefühle ſeiner Unruhe über ſeine Begebenheit mit Luiſen, ahnete er, daß der Menſch auch von ſich Tugenden fordern müſſe.

Rouellens zweiter Sohn lebte vollkommen nach ſeines Vaters Syſtem; er lebte ſeinem Vergnügen. Er beſaß die Achtung der Welt, er lebte mäßig, er genoß mit Anſtand, er lebte mit ſeinem Vater auf dem freundſchaftlichſten Fuße, ohne gerade Vertrauen gegen ihn zu haben. Der Sohn war gern in des Vaters Geſellſchaft, weil deſſen Unterredungen immer fröhlich, und ſogar unterrichtend waren. Seit der unglücklichen Begebenheit mit Luiſen aber war Rouelle ernſt geworden. In dem Kampfe mit ſeinem Syſteme machte er zuweilen ſehr ernſthafte Bemerkungen über ſeines Sohnes Leben. Der Umgang, den der junge Menſch hatte, machte den Vater ängſtlich. Er liebte ihn. Er fing zuweilen an, was er nie gethan hatte, den Hofmeiſter und den Tadler zu ſpielen, er forſchte des jungen Menſchen Gängen nach. Er war nicht mehr ſo mit Allem zufrieden, wie ſonſt, er war ſogar nicht mehr ſo freigebig gegen ihn. Er fühlte, daß ſein Vermögen zur Hälfte ſeinem ältern Sohne gehörte.

Der Jüngling, der ſeinen Vater ſo verändert ſah, fing an, weniger ſeine Geſellſchaft zu ſuchen. Je ernſter der Vater wurde, deſto kälter wurde der Sohn, deſto ſeltener ſahen ſie ſich. Es gab von Seiten des Vaters Vorwürfe, und von Seiten des Sohns Entſchuldigungen. Es kam zu unangenehmen Scenen, die Anfangs in den Grenzen des Anſtandes blieben. Der Sohn verbarg ſeine Gänge, verſteckte ſeine Plane; der aufmerkſamere und beſorgtere Vater entdeckte ſie. Es kam zu bedeutenderen Zwiſtigkeiten. Der Vater forderte im Zorn Rechenſchaft von ſeinem Sohne, und der Sohn gab ſie dem Vater auf eine Weiſe, die ihn zum Zittern brachte.

„Ich lebe für mein Vergnügen“ ſagte der Sohn kalt, „und ich weiß nicht, wie Sie dazu kommen, mein Vater, daß Sie mir das jetzt zum Verbrechen machen, was Sie mich ſelbſt lehrten. Daß Sie jetzt ernſter, mürriſcher werden, iſt doch wahrhaftig nicht meine Schuld. Ich geſtehe es zu, daß ich ſeit einiger Zeit Ihre Geſellſchaft nicht mehr ſuche; die Urſache kann Ihnen, der Sie ſo ſcharf zu ſehen und ſo billig zu urtheilen gewohnt ſind, nicht entgangen ſein. Ich verlange nicht von Ihnen, daß Sie meinetwegen Ihren Ton ändern ſollen, der Ihnen jetzt natürlich und angenehm iſt; allein, ich wüßte nicht, warum ich meinen Ton, der für mich paßt, ändern ſollte? Wie oft ſagten Sie, mein Vater, daß die Menſchen ſich darum das Leben ſo ſauer machen, weil ſie nicht verſtehen, mit Anſtand eine Verbindung aufzugeben, die nicht mehr natürlich iſt. Mich dünkt, wir Beide ſind in dieſem Falle.

„Wie? Dieſe Kälte, dieſe erſtarrende Kälte! Daß du mein Sohn biſt, das fällt dir alſo nicht ein?“

„Ich mußte einen Vater haben,“ antwortete lächelnd der Sohn, „wenn ich ſein ſollte. Das iſt Alles! Wie oft haben Sie das ſelbſt geſagt, daß dieſe zufälligen Verbindungen der Menſchen kein Recht geben, Forderungen zu machen; daß unſer Vergnügen unſere Beſtimmung iſt. —“

Der Vater ſeufzte. Er brach die Unterredung ab. Er gab ſich Mühe, den vorigen Ton gegen ſeinen Sohn wieder zu finden; aber es wollte nicht ganz wieder die vorige Lage werden. Der Sohn ſonderte ſich immer mehr von dem Vater ab. Der Vater, der jetzt der Liebe ſeines Sohns bei dem Gedanken, daß er ſeinen älteſten ſo unglücklich gemacht hatte, ſo ſehr bedurfte, ſah ſich, durch ſein Syſtem, der Liebe ſeines Sohns beraubt. Er ließ ihn machen, was er wollte, und, um ihn ebenfalls den Druck dieſes ſelbſtſüchtigen Syſtems fühlen zu laſſen, ſchränkte er ihn nur in Abſicht des Geldes ein, und er erhielt dadurch nichts, als den Widerwillen des Sohns, der endlich zwiſchen Beiden, in Zorn vom Vater, und Kälte und Abneigung beim Sohn, ausartete.

Ach, die Tugend der Dankbarkeit, der Liebe, der Treue, die ſeinem Sohn fehlten, fingen an, dem verlaſſenen Vater jetzt ſehr viel zu werden. Ach, rief er jetzt oft, hätte ich meinen beſſern, edlern Sohn nicht beleidigt, und fände ich ihn wieder, wie glücklich würden mich ſeine Tugenden machen! Da ſah er ein, daß Eltern und Kindern wenigſtens die Tugend nicht fehlen dürfe.

Dieſe Begebenheiten waren in das erſte Jahr der Revolution Frankreichs gefallen. Rouelle und ſein Sohn waren, wie natürlich, die eifrigſten Anhänger des Hofes. Der Vater wurde ſogar in Geſchäften, wozu ſein feiner Kopf, und ſeine Beſonnenheit ſehr paßten, gebraucht. Der Sohn lebte unbekümmert, welche Parthei ſiegen würde, ſeinem Vergnügen; er nahm nur mit guten Wörtchen an dem Wohl der Royaliſten Antheil. Er verließ ſie, bei ihrer völligen Niederlage, mit der größten Gleichgültigkeit, und nahm nun eine ſo natürliche Larve des Republikaners vor, daß Niemand an dem Bürgerſinn des jungen Rouelle zweifelte, ſo ſehr man auch ſeinen Vater, wegen ſeiner ehemaligen Geſchäfte für den Hof, im Verdacht des Royalismus hielt.

Unter der Schreckensregierung wurde ein Geſchäftsträger Rouellens verhaftet. Er hatte im Verhör gegen Rouellen ausgeſagt, und ſeine Ausſage durch ſchriftliche Befehle Rouellens beſtätigt. Dieſer erhielt noch frühzeitig Nachricht davon. Er verbarg ſich bei einem Bekannten. Er ließ am Abend ſeinen

Sohn holen. Ich bin verrathen, ſagte er ihm zitternd, man ſucht mich überall. Was du an Gelde und Koſtbarkeiten zuſammen bringen kannſt, das bringe zuſammen. Wir müſſen Frankreich verlaſſen.

Der junge Rouelle betrachtete ſeinen Vater verlegen. Ich bedaure Ihr Unglück, mein Vater, hob er ſtockend an; allein die Maßregel, die Sie dagegen ergreifen, ſcheint mir nicht gehörig überlegt. Sie ſind im Verdacht, nicht ich. Außer Sie; wenn ich bleibe, ſo kann ich Ihnen vielleicht nützlicher ſeyn, als wenn ich Ihr Unglück mit Ihnen theile. Ueberlegen Sie —

Meinſt Du, man wird Deiner ſchonen, wenn man den Vater verfolgt?

Die Böſewichter! rief der Sohn. Doch auch das iſt zu machen. Ich habe einen Freund im Wohlfahrtsausſchuſſe. Wenn ich Sie ſelbſt anklage, wer kann dann meinen Patriotismus in Zweifel ziehen?

Du mich anklagen, mein Sohn, Du?

Und warum nicht? Unſer Vermögen wird gerettet. Stoßen Sie ſich nicht an dieſe Kleinigkeit, an dieſes Vorurtheil.

Vorurtheil? Der Sohn den Vater anklagen? — Der Vater ſchüttelte den Kopf. Indeß es war nicht anders. Der junge Rouelle hielt es ſo für das Beſte. Der Vater mußte ſich ergeben. Sie nahmen Abſchied, und der Sohn eilte in den Wohlfahrtsausſchuß.

Nach einigen Tagen (der Aufenthalt Rouellens bei ſeinem Freunde wurde dieſem gefährlich, und das Entkommen aus Paris war noch gefahrvoller) ging Rouelle am Abend zu ſeinem Hauſe. Er war wie ein Bauer gekleidet. Er traf ſeinen Sohn allein. „Hier bin ich,“ ſagte er, „mein Freund konnte mich nicht länger in ſeinem Hauſe behalten. Ich habe keinen Ort mehr, wo ich mich verbergen kann. Hier will ich bleiben, und mein Geſchick erwarten.“

Finſter runzelte der Sohn die Stirn zuſammen. Hier! hier? Sie bedenken nicht, mein Vater —

Ich bedenke ſehr wohl, daß es hier gefährlich iſt; allein, nenne mir einen andern Ort, wo ich ſicherer bin, und ich will dahin gehen.

Man wußte keinen. Aber hier hob der Sohn wieder an; wiſſen Sie, daß man dem den Tod gedrohet hat, der Sie verbirgt? Wiſſen Sie das, mein Vater?

Eben deshalb kann mich Niemand, wird mich Niemand aufnehmen.

Aber, verlangen Sie denn, ſagte der Sohn empfindlich, daß ich mein Leben in dieſe Gefahr geben ſoll? Warum ich? In der That, mein Vater, Sie verlangen ſehr viel, und wenn ich Sie retten könnte; — allein die Hausſuchungen dauern jetzt beſtändig fort. Nein, bei Gott, hier ſind Sie am wenigſten ſicher.

Ja, bei Gott! rief der Alte auf einmal, von dieſer Kälte des Sohns überwältigt, das ſeh' ich, Böſewicht! Hier bin ich am wenigſten ſicher. Hätte der Tyrann einen Preis auf mein Leben geſetzt, du würdeſt — O Gott, ſagte er jetzt milder, was ſag' ich? Mußte er nicht ſo denken? Lehrte ich es ihn nicht? Er rang die Hände.

In dem Augenblicke wurde an der Thür geſchellt. Ein Bedienter gab die Nachricht, daß ein Nationalgarde an der Thüre wäre, und nach dem Bürger Rouelle fragte. Vater und Sohn bebten. O fort! fort! rief der Sohn, ſchnell! um Gottes willen! Sie werden mich verderben. Fort! Zögern Sie nicht einen Augenblick! Leben Sie wohl.

Der Vater ſah den Sohn ſtarr und gräßlich an. Ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, verließ er das Zimmer, ſtürzte die Treppe hinab, um ſich der Nationalgarde zu überliefern. Die kalte Selbſtſucht hatte des Vaters Herz zerſchmettert. Der Nationalgarde warf einen forſchenden Blick auf den alten Rouelle, ſagte bewegt: O das iſt er! Kommen Sie, mein Herr! Ihr Leben iſt in Gefahr. Sie ſind hier nicht ſicher. Ich will Sie retten! Rouelle hörte nicht, was der Garde ſagte. Er wiederholte von Zeit zu Zeit mit der tiefſten Betrübniß: Das war mein Sohn! — Ich war ſein Vater! —

In einer Vorſtadt öffnete der Garde die Thür einer kleinen Hütte: Hier hinein, unglücklicher Mann! ſagte er, mit einer bewegten Stimme. Jetzt erſt merkte Rouelle auf die äußern Gegenſtände umher. Wohin führſt du mich, mein Freund? fragte er, wer biſt du? Ohne zu antworten zog ihn der Menſch in die Hütte, führte ihn eine kleine Treppe hinauf, in einen heimlichen Verſchlag, deſſen Eingang mit Stroh verdeckt war. Durch eine Oeffnung im Dache fiel ſo viel Licht, daß Rouelle ein Lager ſehen konnte, was für ihn beſtimmt war. Wollen Sie ſich niederlegen? ſagte der Garde leiſe: Wir haben keine Zeit zu verlieren. Morgen, mein Herr! Hier ſind Sie ſicher. Er legte Rouellen auf das Lager. Er verließ den Verſchlag. Er bedeckte die Thür mit Stroh, und ſtieg hinunter.

Rouelle warf ſich auf ſein Lager, und überließ ſich den ſchrecklichſten Betrachtungen über die Undankbarkeit ſeines Sohnes. Ach, er konnte es ſich nicht läugnen, er ſelbſt war durch ſeine Erziehung Schuld an dieſem unkindlichen Betragen. Das Pochen am Hauſe, eine Menge Stimmen, die ſich hören ließen, unterbrachen ſeine Betrachtungen. Man durchſuchte das Haus nach Verdächtigen. Man kam auch auf den Boden. Rouelle zitterte. Wie ich euch ſage, hob eine Stimme an, hier iſt Alles unverdächtig; wollte Gott, daß alle Pariſer ſo gute Republikaner wären, als der Bürger Marton.

Rouelle hatte ſich aufgerichtet, um zu horchen. Das Wort Marton ſchmetterte ihn, wie ein verzehrender Blitz nieder. O richtender Gott! ſeufzte er, und bedeckte mit beiden Händen ſein Geſicht. Nun wurde Alles ſtill im Hauſe, auf der Gaſſe, nur in Rouellens Herzen nicht. Der grauſamſte Racheengel hielt dieſe Nacht ſein Schwerdt über Rouellens Herzen mit zückenden Flammen hin. Sein Leben war nichts als eine gräßliche Lage. Die beleidigte Tugend ſtand in der Geſtalt bald der ermordeten Louiſe, bald in der Geſtalt ſeiner verſtoßenen Frau vor ihm da. Sein Sohn, den er unglücklich gemacht hatte, war ſein Retter. Unglücklicher Vater! und, vor dem Angeſichte des beleidigten Sohnes ſollte er morgen erſcheinen. Er bebte vor dieſer Vorſtellung. Sie war ihm fürchterlicher als der Tod, der ihn verfolgte. Er ſprang auf, um Luft bei dieſer entſetzlichen Angſt zu ſchöpfen. Nein, rief er, ich kann ihn nicht ſehen.

Mit dem erſten Strahle des Morgens fing er an, ſeine Thür zu öffnen. Es gelang ihm. Leiſe ſtieg er die Treppe hinunter. Er wollte das Haus verlaſſen, wo ihm der furchtbare Anblick ſeines Sohnes drohete. Er konnte die Hausthür nicht ſogleich öffnen. Seine Bemühungen machten Geräuſch. Er hörte Jemanden gehen. Entſetzlich! Er riß die Thür auf, und ſprang auf die Gaſſe. In dem Augenblick ſprang Jemand hinter ihm her. Es war ſein Sohn. Er umfaßte den ſchwankenden Vater. Wohin wollen Sie, Unglücklicher? fragte Marton. Der Vater erkannte ſeine Stimme. Ohnmächtig ſank er in ſeines Sohnes Arme. Nach einer Stunde kam er wieder zu ſich. Er lag auf einem Bette. Sein Sohn hatte eine Hand, ſeine Frau die andere gefaßt.

O mein Vater! das war das erſte Wort, was er hörte, was er aus den Lippen ſeines beleidigten Sohnes hörte. Er hob furchtſam das Auge auf ihn. Er ſah Thränen in den Augen des Sohns. Die Thränen brachen ſein Herz, und zugleich den Schmerz der Verzweiflung. Er ſchluchzte laut. O mein Vater! wiederholte der Sohn, und drückte ſeine Lippen auf ſeine Hand.

Noch konnte der Unglückliche nichts ſagen. Er ſuchte ſein Geſicht zu verbergen. Ich bitte dich, mein Sohn, geh, ſagte die weinende Mutter, du biſt zu bewegt. Er ging. Herr von Rouelle, hob die Mutter an. Ich Unglücklicher! unterbrach Rouelle ſie, hat er mir vergeben? Darf ich ihn Sohn nennen? Es gelang ſeiner Frau, ihn zu beruhigen. Marton kam; und wie nun der Vater dem Sohne die Arme entgegen breitete, wie der Sohn an die väterliche Bruſt ſank, da drang die ſanftere Reue und die Tugend gewaltig in das Herz des Vaters. Er wünſchte ſterben zu können für ſeinen Sohn. Ihre Thränen miſchten ſich, und das Andere [illegible] waren vergeſſen.

Welche rührenden Augenblicke, da ſeine Frau ihm erzählte, wie unglücklich ihr Sohn durch den Tod ſeiner Luiſe geworden ſei, wie er geſchmerzt habe, ſeinen Vater nicht zu haſſen, wie er mitten in dem Schmerzen geſchworen habe, ihn zu entſchuldigen! Es war dein Sohn, Rouelle; wie konnte er dich haſſen? Wir lebten nun hier in Paris von dem Reſte meines Vermögens und von unſerer Hände Arbeit, ärmlich, beſcheiden. — Ach, rief der Vater: die Grauſamen! Warum wendetet Ihr Euch nicht an mich? Zweifeltet ihr, daß ich — ach, ich Unglücklicher, mußtet Ihr nicht an mir verzweifeln!

Nein, wir zweifelten an Deiner Hülfe nicht; wir wußten, daß die ſchreckliche Begebenheit Dich und Deine Grundſätze erſchüttert hatte; aber dein Sohn, er wollte Dir den Anblick des Menſchen erſparen, den du ſo unglücklich gemacht hatteſt. Endlich erfuhren wir durch die öffentlichen Blätter Deine Gefahr, den Haß, mit dem die Tyrannen dich verfolgten. Dein Sohn zitterte für dich. Er entſchloß ſich, dich zu retten. Er glaubte, Du würdeſt in Deinem Hauſe, bei Deinem Sohne verborgen leben. Rouelle ſeufzte. Die Mutter fuhr fort. Er hielt dieſen Aufenthalt nicht für ſicher genug. Er überwand ſeine Bedenklichkeiten, ſich vor Dir ſehen zu laſſen. Er ging einen Abend, um Dich abzuholen, und Gott ſei Dank! er hatte das Glück, Dich zu retten.

Rouelle lebte ein Jahr lang in der Hütte ſeines Sohnes. Die Arbeit deſſelben ernährte ihn. Hier erſt lernte Rouelle empfinden, welch ein Glück es iſt, zu lieben und geliebt zu werden, daß es die höchſte Wonne des Menſchen iſt, für Andere zu denken, zu wirken, zu entbehren, aufzuopfern! Wie glücklich fühlte er ſich, wenn er einen Genuß aufopfern konnte, um ſeinem Sohne und ſeiner Frau eine Stunde Arbeit zu erſparen!

Hier erſt lernte er, daß die Tugend das Glück, die Beſtimmung des Menſchen ſei, nicht der Genuß.

Endlich fiel das Ungeheuer, das Frankreich mit Blut und Leichen bedeckte, unter dem Schwerdte der Rache. Rouelle kam, auf die Verſicherungen einiger bedeutender Männer, daß er ſicher ſein würde, wieder zum Vorſchein. Sein Proceß fiel glücklich aus. Er bewies, daß er immer in Paris geweſen war, und ſo ſollte er ſein Vermögen wieder in Beſitz nehmen. Sein zweiter Sohn allein war damit nicht zufrieden. Er klagte ſeinen Vater an, daß er wirklich emigrirt geweſen ſei. O Gott, rief der unglückliche Vater, wie er die Anklage las, das ſind die Folgen meiner Grundſätze. Der Sohn, dem ich wohlthat, verfolgt mich! und — der, den ich unglücklich machte, rettet mich. Er ſank an den Buſen ſeines edlen Sohns. Der Proceß war bald entſchieden. Rouelle erhielt ſein Vermögen. Er ſah ſeinen zweiten Sohn. Er gab ihm die Hälfte ſeines Vermögens. O Unglücklicher, ſagte er, ihn an ſeine Bruſt drückend, könnte ich dir die abſcheulichen Grundſätze nehmen, die ich dir beigebracht habe, mit Freuden wollte ich arm ſein!

Johann Aloys Martyni-Laguna

ward am 20. Januar 1735 zu Zwickau geboren, ſtudirte, nachdem er daſelbſt die gewöhnliche Vorbildung erhalten hatte, ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften zu Leipzig, und wurde hier Profeſſor derſelben. Später zog er ſich vom Staatsdienſte zurück und lebte als Privatmann theils in Zwickau ſelbſt, theils auf ſeinem nahe dabei gelegenen Gute an der Bölau, wo er am 19. April 1824 ſtarb.

Er verfaßte:

Falk's Reiſe in Rußland. Berlin 1794.
Epiſtel an Mignet. Dresden 1800.
Die Erziehung des Achilles. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Auffahrt und Rettung von Minna Reichardt. Ebendaſ. 1812.
Wingolf. Ebendaſ. 1811, gr. 4.
Vier Briefe über Böttiger's literariſche Zeichnung Reinhard's. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Hinc illae lacrimae, oder Schuld und Unſchuld. Zwickau, 1818, 8.
Geiſtliche Lieder und Oden. Leipzig 1825, gr. 12.

Ein eigenthümlicher Charakter erwarb ſich Martyni-Laguna Ruf als Theolog, Philolog und Dichter, zeichnete ſich jedoch in ſeinen Schriften keineswegs ſo vortheilhaft aus, als er es hätte thun können, wenn er ernſtlich gewollt hätte, und lieferte nur wirklich Bedeutendes in ſeinen geiſtlichen Liedern.

Johann Heinrich Lambert,

der Sohn eines armen Schneiders zu Mühlhauſen im Sundgau, ward daſelbſt am 29. Auguſt 1728 geboren, und erwarb ſich unter den kümmerlichſten Verhältniſſen einige gelehrte Bildung. In Folge deren und durch Empfehlung Iſelin's es ihm glückte, Hofmeiſter bei dem Präſidenten von Salis zu werden. Durch die Benutzung der Bibliothek deſſen füllte er die Lücken ſeines wiſſenſchaftlichen Strebens aus, entwickelte beſonders ſein mathematiſches Genie, und begleitete 1756 ſeine Zöglinge auf die Univerſität nach Göttingen, 1757 nach Utrecht, und im folgenden Jahre nach Frankreich und Italien, von wo er als Correſpondent der göttinger Societät der Wiſſenſchaften über Turin nach Chur zurückkehrte. Nach kurzem Aufenthalte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ſo wie zu Augsburg, München, Erlangen und Leipzig, kam er 1764 nach Berlin, wo er zum Oberbaurath und Mitgliede der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften ernannt wurde. Hier ſtarb er am 25. September 1777. Er hinterließ den Ruf eines ausnehmend fleißigen und tüchtigen Mathematikers und Denkers, ſo wie eines höchſt wohlthätigen und friedlichen Bürgers.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Kosmologiſche Briefe. Augsburg 1761.
Neues Organon. Berlin 1764, 2 Bde.
Anlage zur Architektonik. Riga 1771, 2 Bde.
Logiſche und philoſophiſche Abhandlungen. Herausgegeben von J. Bernoulli. Deſſau 1782, 1. Bd.

Abgeſehen von ſeinen vortrefflichen wiſſenſchaftlichen Leiſtungen, verdient dieſer ausgezeichnete Denker noch beſonderes Lob dafür, daß er einer der Erſten war, welche einen beſſeren, wenn auch noch keineswegs vollendeten didaktiſchen Styl in die deutſche Literatur einführten.

Jakob Friedrich Lamprecht

ward 1707 zu Hamburg geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Leipzig die Philoſophie und die Rechte, und lebte dann als Redacteur einer Wochenſchrift in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, bis er 1740 nach Berlin zog. Hier wurde er 1742 zum geheimen Secretär im Departement des Auswärtigen, und 1744 zum Mitglied der daſigen Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 8. December 1744.

Er gab heraus:

Der Menſchenfreund. Hamburg 1738.
Der Weltbürger. Berlin 1740 f.
Lebensbeſchreibung des Baron Leibnitz. Ebendaſ. 1740.
Die Tänzerinnen. Scherzhaftes Gedicht. Berlin 1741.
Die Nachtigall. Scherzhaftes Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1744.

Ein gebildeter und geſchmackvoller Mann, zeigte L. ein für ſeine Zeit nicht gewöhnliches Talent zu komiſcher Poeſie.

Herr Konrad Schenk von Landeck, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Heinrich von Lang,

der Sohn eines Landpredigers, ward am 7. Juli 1764 zu Balgheim im Fürſtenthume Oettingen-Wallerſtein geboren und ſtudirte früh mit Vorliebe Geſchichte und Diplomatie, was er auch während ſeines Aufenthaltes auf dem Univerſtäten Altorf und Göttingen fortſetzte. Er wurde dann Hofſecretär zu Wallerſtein, und erhielt ſpäter unter dem Titel eines hardenbergiſchen Archivars den Auftrag, das Familienarchiv dieſes Fürſten zu ordnen, nach deſſen Vollendung er 1795 als geheimer Archivar nach Baireuth kam. Während des raſtadter Congreſſes wurde er Legationsſecretär bei der daſigen preußiſchen Geſandtſchaft, 1799 Kriegs- und Domänenrath zu Ansbach, und 1806 baierſcher Kanzlei- und Kreisdirector daſelbſt. Nachdem er 1810 das Directorium des Reichsarchivs zu München erhalten hatte, und als Miniſterialreferent in Archivſachen und Vorſtand des Reichsheroldsamtes manche Unannehmlichkeit eine Zeitlang ertragen hatte, ging er aus Verdruß hierüber 1815 als Kreisdirector nach Ansbach zurück, und trat 1817 gänzlich aus dem Staatsdienſte. Seitdem lebte er als penſionirter Reichsarchivar und Ritter des Civilverdienſtordens auf ſeinem Gute bei Ansbach ſeinen literariſchen Beſchäftigungen. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 26. März 1835, nachdem er vorher noch mit dem Titel eines geheimen Rathes war beehrt worden.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

1) Prüfung des vermeintlichen Alters der deutſchen Landſtände. Göttingen 1796.
2) Neuere Geſchichte des Fürſtenthums Baireuth. Göttingen 1798 — 1811, 3 Thle.
3) Annalen des Fürſtenthums Ansbach von 1792 bis 1806. Frankfurt 1806.
4) Hiſtoriſche und ſtatiſtiſche Beſchreibung des Rezatkreiſes. Nürnberg 1809, 1810, 2 Hefte, 4.
5) Bemerkungen zu Zſchokke's bairiſchen Geſchichten. 1813, 4.
6) Der Miniſter von Montgelas. 1814.
7) Adelsbuch des Königreichs Baiern. München 1816; 2. Aufl. 1820.
8) Bairiſche Jahrbücher von 1179 — 1294. Augsburg 1816; 2. Aufl. 1824.
9) Merkwürdige Reiſe über Erlangen, Dresden, Kaſſel und Fulda nach Hamelburg. München, Ansbach und Nürnberg 1818 — 1833, 1. bis 11. Fahrt, 8.
10) Hamelburger Reiſe. 3. Fahrt. 2. Aufl. München 1818.
11) Hamelburger Converſationslexikon. 2. Aufl. Hamelburg 1819, 8.
12) Geſchichte der Jeſuiten in Baiern. Nürnberg 1819.
13) Neueſte Nachrichten aus den Landen Großgeſcheid und Kleingeſcheid. Ansbach 1821.
14) Meine harten Schickſale im Kongenland 3. verb. Aufl. München 1822.
15) Meine Verwaltung in Neugeſcheid. Ansbach 1822.
16) Mein Aufenthalt am Hofe des Freiſchützenfürſten Ottokar. Ebendaſ. 1822.
17) Meine Schickſale als Karthäuſer im Kloſter Grünau. Ebendaſ. 1824.
18) Meine Begebenheiten am Hofe des Fürſten Ypſilanti in Griechenland. Ebendaſ. 1825.
19) Skizzen aus dem Leben des Herrn Elias Springer Jun. ꝛc. Nürnberg 1828.
20) Meine Gefangenſchaft und Sklaverei in Algier. Ebendaſ. 1830.
21) Baierns Gauen nach den 3 Volksſtämmen der Alemannen, Franken und Bojaren. Ebendaſ. 1830.
22) Baierns alte Grafſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1831, 4.
23) Meine Abentheuer in der Luft. Ebendaſ. 1833.

Von dieſen bilden die Nummern 10. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 23. jede ein beſonderes Heft von Nro. 9. unter dem Titel: Fortgeſetzte Reiſe nach H.

In Latein:

Res gestae Bavaricae. München 1822, 4.

Als Hiſtoriker erwarb ſich v. Lang einen ſehr geachteten Namen durch ſeine Forſchungen auf dieſem Gebiet, vorzüglich aber durch ſeine Geſchichte des Fürſtenthumes Baireuth, eine der geiſtreichſten Arbeiten dieſer Gattung, welche die deutſche Literatur aufzuweiſen hat. Seine humoriſtiſchen Schilderungen, in welchen er eben ſo freiſinnig, wie treffend und witzig die Thorheiten und Verirrungen unſerer Zeit verſpottete, und anſtatt in Zorn darüber auszubrechen, ſie verlachte und mit ſcharfer ſarkaſtiſcher Lauge begoß, erhielten zu ihrer Zeit großen und gerechten Beifall, und werden, obwohl manche Anſpielung in denſelben ſich bereits überlebt hat, noch immer gern geleſen.

Friedrich Karl Lang

ward am 27. October 1766 zu Heilbronn geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten juriſtiſchen Studien in ſeiner Vaterſtadt die Aemter eines Kanzleiadvocaten und Archivalacceſſiſten des Kraichgaues, 1795 eines Secretärs, 1796 Stadtgerichtsaſſeſſors und 1797 die eines Senators. Durch einen unglücklichen Bankerott wurde er aber 1798 zur Flucht nach Altona genöthigt, ging 1808 von hier nach Dresden, 1810 nach Tharand, und gründete als Dr. philosophiae im Jahre 1816 in der Nähe von Dresden die Erziehungsanſtalt Wackerbartsruhe, wo er am 17. Mai 1822 ſtarb.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Ulrich von Hutten, in 3 Geſängen. Erlangen 1787.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1787.
Erholungen. Frankfurt 1791, 2 Bde.
Hiſtoriſcher Almanach. Ebendaſ. 1792 — 94.
Kleine Bibliothek für junge Deutſche. Ebendaſ. 1793 — 97, 8 Thle.
Menſchenwerth und Menſchenglück. Altona 1799.
Die Kolonie an der Donau. Ebendaſ. 1799.
Tempel der Natur und Kunſt. Leipzig 1802, 2 Bde.
Marienthals Rebenlaube. Ebendaſ. 1803, 2 Bde.
Sommerblumen. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Die Haushaltung der Menſchen unter allen Himmelsſtrichen. Ebendaſ. 1805, 3 Thle.
Titania. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Kindertreue u. ſ. w. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Die Nationen der Vorzeit. Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Thle.
Wanderungen in die Tempelhallen der Natur. Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Bde.
Muhme Freundlich. Ebendaſ. 1809.
Welt- und Wundermagazin. Ebendaſ. 1809 — 11, 3 Bde.
Raritätenbüreau. Chemnitz 1810, 1811, 16 Bde.
Gallerie kleiner Fabeln und Erzählungen. Dresden 1812.
Neue Bildergallerie. Berlin 1812, 15 Bde.

L's Romane und Poeſieen erheben ſich nicht über die Mittelmäßigkeit, obwohl ſie in gefälliger Weiſe vorgetragen ſind; deſto größeren Werth haben dagegen ſeine Schriften für die Jugend, da er in denſelben nicht allein das Nützliche mit dem Angenehmen zu verbinden, ſondern auch den allein angemeſſenen Ton meiſterhaft zu treffen wußte, ſo daß ſie von erfahrenen Pädagogen noch immer vorzugsweiſe dem kleinern Publikum, für das ſie beſtimmt ſind, empfohlen werden.

Emil Chriſtian Gottlob Langbecker.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Schriftſtellers iſt nur bekannt, daß er gegen Anfang des jetzigen Jahrhunderts im Königreich Preußen geboren wurde, und nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen Studien als Dr. der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter ſich in Berlin niederließ.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Gedichte. Berlin 1824, 8.
Gedichte. 2. Sammlung. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.
Das deutſche evangeliſche Kirchenlied. Ebendaſ. 1830, gr. 8.

Als geiſtlicher Liederdichter zeichnet ſich L. ganz vorzüglich durch innige Frömmigkeit, Wärme, Klarheit und Gedankenreichthum in ſehr gefälliger Form aus, und ſeine religiöſen Geſänge gehören zu den beſten Erzeugniſſen neuerer Zeit.

Auguſt Friedrich Ernſt Langbein,

Sohn des ſächſiſchen Juſtizamtmanns L. zu Radeberg bei Dresden, ward daſelbſt am 6. September 1757 geboren und ſeit 1772 auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen wiſſenſchaftlich gebildet. Um die Rechte zu ſtudiren, bezog er 1777 die Univerſität Leipzig und wurde 1781 zuerſt als Actuarius bei dem Juſtizamte Großenhain angeſtellt, ging aber von hier 1785 als Sachwalter nach Dresden und wurde 1786 daſelbſt geheimer Archivkanzelliſt. Aus Verdruß über ſeinen vergeblichen Wunſch nach Beförderung, ließ er jedoch 1800 als Privatgelehrter ſich in Berlin nieder, wo er 1820 das Amt eines Cenſors ſchönwiſſenſchaftlicher Schriften erhielt, welches er auch bis zu ſeinem am 2. Januar 1835 erfolgten Tode ebenſo gewiſſenhaft wie mild verwaltete.

Seine Werke ſind:

Sämmtliche Schriften. Vollſtändige, vom Verfaſſer ſelbſt beſorgte, verbeſſerte und vermehrte Originalausgabe letzter Hand. Stuttgart 1835—1836, 30 Bde., 16., mit 31 Stahlſtichen.

Einzeln:

Gedichte. Leipzig 1788; 3. Aufl. 1820, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
Zwei Luſtſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1788, 8.
Schwänke. Dresden 1791—92, 2 Bde.; 3. verb. Aufl. Berlin 1816, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Miſcellen. Ebendaſ. 1793.
Feierabende. Ebendaſ. 1793—95, 3 Bde., 8.
Neue Schwänke. Ebendaſ. 1799.
Talisman gegen die Langeweile. Berlin 1801—1802, 3 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Romantiſche Copien. Leipzig 1802.
Der graue König. Romantiſcher Roman. Berlin 1803, 8., mit 1 Kupf.
Novellen. Nach Ségur's: La femme. Ebendaſ. 1804; neue Ausg. 1812, 8., mit Kupf.
Neue Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1804. 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Die Schule der Eleganz. Poſſe. Ebendaſ. 1805, 8., mit Kupf.
Der Ritter der Wahrheit. Ebendaſ. 1805, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Thomas Kellerwurm. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8., mit Kupf.
Zeitſchwingen. Ebendaſ. 1807, 8., mit Kupf.
Franz und Roſalie. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1808, 8., mit Kupf.
Der Sonderling und ſeine Söhne. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1809, 8., mit Kupf.
Der Bräutigam ohne Braut. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8., mit Kupf.
Neuere Gedichte. Tübingen 1812—13, 2 Thle., gr. 8.
Kleine Romane und Erzählungen. Berlin 1812—14, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Jocus. Ebendaſ. 1813, 12., mit Titelkupf.
Die Kleinſtädter und der Fremdling. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1814, 8., auch unter dem Titel: Kleine Romane, 2. Bd., mit Kupf.
Unterhaltung für müſſige Stunden. Ebendaſ. 1815, 8., mit Kupf.
Liederkranz. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8., mit 19 Sign.; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
Magiſter Zimbels Brautfahrt. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8., mit Kupf.
Mährchen und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1821, 8., mit Kupf.
Ganymeda. Ebendaſ. 1823, 2 Bde.; neue Aufl. 1830.
Jocus und Phantaſus. Ebendaſ. 1824, 8., mit Kupf.
Vacuna. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Herbſtroſen. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.

Langbein's Talent bewegt ſich eigentlich nur in einer ſehr beſchränkten Sphäre und begnügt ſich damit, das Leben von ſeiner komiſchen Seite zu allgemeiner Ergötzlichkeit aufzufaſſen und darzuſtellen, wobei es jedoch zu oberflächlich und einſeitig verfährt, und ſelbſt die Lehren einer ſehr laxen Moral oder gar laſcive Schilderungen nicht verſchmäht, um ſich das Wohlgefallen des Leſers zu erwerben. Gering iſt es jedoch keineswegs zu nennen und würde bei tieferem Eindringen und ernſterem Streben Bleibendes geleiſtet haben, da es die Gegenſtände mit Geſchick und Gewandtheit zu behandeln und ſeinen Darſtellungen den Charakter wirklicher Naivetät und behaglicher Gutmüthigkeit zu verleihen weiß. — Ein Zug des echteſten Wohlwollens geht durch ſämmtliche Schriften Langbein's hindurch und zwingt den Leſer, den Menſchen in ihm lieb zu gewinnen, wenn er ſich gleich veranlaßt ſieht, den Schriftſteller ſtreng zu tadeln. — Am glücklichſten iſt dieſer Dichter in der komiſchen Ballade und kleineren poetiſchen wie proſaiſchen Erzählung; will er ſich jedoch darüber hinausbewegen, ſo wird ſein Witz ſtumpf, ſeine Charakterſchilderung flach und ſeine Darſtellungsweiſe ärmlich und alltäglich. —

Gedichte von A. F. E. Langbein.

Richard Löwenherz und Blondel.

Held Richard, Löwenherz genannt,
Saß auf der Britten Throne.
Nie trug ein Fürſt in Engelland
Mit höherm Ruhm die Krone.
Bei ſeinem Namen ſtieg das Haar
Vor Schrecken dem, deß Feind er war.

Doch nur gezwungen, nicht mit Luſt,
Ging er zum Kampfgewühle;
Denn es bewohnten ſeine Bruſt
Die zarteſten Gefühle,
Wenn er oft zu Harfenklang
Der Liebe Schmerz und Wonne ſang.

Und allen Harfnern war er hold,
Die ihre Kunſt verſtanden;
Drum viele Ruhm und Ehrenſold
An ſeinem Hofe fanden.
Ich nenne nicht ihr ganzes Chor;
Nur Blondeln ruft mein Lied hervor.

Der war des braven Königs Freund,
Und ſelbſt ein braver Degen,
Der Heuchelei und Ränke Feind,
Die gern am Thron ſich regen,
Stand er ſo treu, wie Felſen ſtehn.
So werdet ihr ihn handeln ſehn!

Stets um den König, den ſo ſehr
Die Noth der Chriſten rührte,
Daß er, zu ihrem Schutz, ein Heer
Nach Paläſtina führte,
Begleitet' er des Helden Gang
Mit Staunen und mit Lobgeſang.

Der Sieg hielt Richards Fahnen werth.
Die Räuberſchaar der Türken
Verſcheuchte bald ſein Flammenſchwert
Aus heiligen Bezirken.
Er kämpfte, ſtark durch Liebesgluth,
Mit Löwenkraft und Löwenmuth.

Denn ihm ſchuf hier ein Paradies
Die Gräfin Margarithe
Von Hennegau. Ein Weib, ſo ſüß
Und ſchön, wie Roſenblüthe.
Sie herrſchte ganz in ſeinem Sinn,
War ſeines Liedes Königin.

Nur zu geſchwind floh ihm ſein Glück!
Bald ſcholl vom Themſeſtrande
Der Angſtruf: „König, ſchnell zurück!
Empörung tobt im Lande,
Und Philipps raſches Kriegesheer
Umſtürmt dein Erbreich, wie ein Meer!"

Die Botſchaft ſetzt ihm Flügel an.
Gerüſtet in drei Tagen,
Durchſchnitt ſein Schiff den Ocean,
Nach England ihn zu tragen.
Mild war die Luft und freundlich blies
Der Wind, als er vom Lande ſtieß.

Urplötzlich ſchwärzt Gewitternacht
Den blauen Himmelsbogen,
Rings flammt der Blitz, der Donner kracht
Ins Wuthgeheul der Wogen;
Und das Geſchwader auf der See
Zerſtreut der Sturm, wie Flocken Schnee.

Hier kam ein Schiff in ſichern Port;
An ſchroffen Felſenklippen
Zerſtieß ein anderes ſich dort
Die ungeheuern Rippen.
O Blondel! Blondel! Ach, wohin,
Erzürntes Schickſal, warfſt du ihn?

Der Sturm verſchlug ſein Fahrzeug fern
An Welſchlands breite Küſte;
Doch er, getrennt von ſeinem Herrn,
Sah hier nur eine Wüſte.
Er rief: „O Richard, o mein Held,
Ich ſuche dich am Ziel der Welt!"

Und ſtracks und emſig zog er fort,
Mit ſeinem Harfenſpiele.
Er zog ein Jahr von Ort zu Ort,
Bei Regen, Froſt und Schwüle.
Ihm winkte manches Hoffnungslicht;
Doch den Geſuchten fand er nicht.

Einſt macht' ein Thurm in Oeſterreich
Des Pilgers Kummer rege.
Ihm ward ſo weh, ihm ward ſo weich,
Sein Herz that laute Schläge.
Schon tauchte ſich der Tag ins Meer,
Und keine Hütte lag umher.

Doch eine unſichtbare Macht
Ließ ihn vom Thurm nicht wanken.
Er harrte bis um Mitternacht
In quälenden Gedanken.
Jetzt kam ein Wandrer: „Sagt mir, Freund!"
Rief Blondel, „wer hier lebt und weint."

Der Wandrer ſprach: „Seit Jahresfriſt
Sitzt Einer da gefangen;
Doch wahre Kundſchaft, wer es iſt,
Konnt' ich noch nicht erlangen.
Man ſagt, es ſei ein großer Mann,
Der unſerm Herzog Unheil ſpann."

Ha! dachte Blondel: Leopold
Hat im gelobten Lande
Mit meinem König hart gegrollt! —
Hat er vielleicht, der Schande
Nicht achtend, wie ein feiger Knecht,
Im Waffenfrieden ſich gerächt? —

Und ſchnell entworfen war ſein Plan:
Er ſtimmte ſanft die Weiſe
Von einem Liebesliedchen an,
Das, zu der Gräfin Preiſe,
Einſt Richard dichtete, und ſang
Dann ſelbſt das Lied bei Harfenklang:

„Es tobt' in mir des Fiebers Brand,
Sprengt' alle Lebensbande.
Schon reichte mir der Tod die Hand
Vom düſtern Schattenlande:
Da kam mein Lieb mit holdem Blick,
Und Tod und Fieber wich zurück.

Ich kämpft' im Mordgewühl der Schlacht;
Schier ſank mein Arm, als Stangen
Und Schwerter auf mich ein mit Macht,
Wie Gottes Hagel drangen:
Doch meine Holde rief ich an,
Und Sieger blieb ich auf dem Plan." —

Tief ſchweigend horcht' er nun empor,
Und hört aus fernen Hallen
Des ſchauervollen Thurms hervor
Bald eine Stimme ſchallen,
Die mit gepreßtem, dumpfen Klang
Das Liebeslied zu Ende ſang:

„Laßt meiner Feinde Hohngeſchrei
Wie Donner mich umbrüllen!
Laßt mir des Schickſals Hand aufs neu
Den Leidensbecher füllen!
Wenn Erd' und Himmel um mich bricht,
Im Arm der Liebe zag' ich nicht."

Wie ward dem Lauſcher wohl dabei!
Er zweifelte nun wenig,
Der arme Thurmgefangne ſei
Kein Andrer, als ſein König.
Nur, weil ſich Irrthum denken ließ,
Sang er noch aus dem Stegreif dieß:

„Die feige Rachgier lag im Hain
Dem Löwen aufzulauern;
Sie fing ihn liſtig, ſchloß ihn ein
In finſtre Kerkermauern:
Doch Treue leitet Blondels Lauf.
Bald, Löwe, ſpringt dein Kerker auf!"

Hoch auf den Zehn lauſcht' er empor,
Und lauſchte nicht vergebens.
Es wallte lieblich durch ſein Ohr
Ein neuer Strom des Lebens,
Als wiederum die Stimm' erklang,
Und muthiger als vorher ſang:

„O wäre Margot nur bei mir,
Die Rachgier möchte wüthen!
In Gottes Himmel wohnt' ich hier,
Wo Molch' und Schlangen brüten:
Denn dieſes holde, ſüße Weib
Erquickt und ſtärkte Seel' und Leib."

Kaum hörte noch den letzten Ton
Der Harfner ſanft verklingen,
Da ſprach er allen Leiden Hohn,
Die ihn bisher umfingen.
Er ſchied vom Thurm mit naſſem Blick,
Und eilt' ins Vaterland zurück.

In London, welch ein Jubelſchall,
Als er die Kund' erzählte,
Die Aller Herzen auf einmal
Mit neuem Muthe ſtählte!
Der Kern der Ritter flog ſogleich
Mit Blondeln hin nach Oeſterreich.

Hart, wie ein Fels, blieb Leopold,
Obſchon ſie Fehde drohten,
Nicht eher, bis ſie Gold auf Gold

[illegible] [illegible] kam.
Genug iſt, daß ſein Starrſinn brach,
Und er das Wort der Freiheit ſprach.

Die Britten eilen jetzt zum Thurm,
Wo Richards Seufzer hallen.
Sie laufen ſchier vor Sehnſucht Sturm,
Bis Schloß und Riegel fallen.
Der König tritt entſtellt heraus,
Blickt um ſich her und ruft dann aus:

„Heil mir, daß ich in friſcher Luft
Euch, Freunde, wieder ſehe,
Und aus der dumpfen Kerkergruft,
Neu lebend, auferſtehe!
Habt Alle Dank, die aus der Nacht
Mich an das Sonnenlicht gebracht!

Von [illegible] und [illegible]
War ich dieß Jahr umſponnen.
Ich hatte kaum dem Fluthentod
Mein Leben abgewonnen,
Da legt' ich Schwert und Harniſch ab,
Nahm Pilgerkleid und Wanderſtab.

So wähnt' ich von Gefahr mich frei,
Bald aber, bald entdeckte
Luchsäugige Verrätherei,
Wer in der Kutte ſteckte.
Hoch freute drob der Herzog ſich,
Und ſeine Söldner fingen mich.

Einſt weckt' ich ſeinen Tigerſinn
Durch eine [illegible] Rede.
Wie taub und ſtumm, nahm er ſie hin,
Zu feig zur Ritterfehde.
Er floh' aus Scham der Chriſten Heer,
Und rächte nun ſich ſpät, doch ſchwer.

In dieß Verließ, drei Schritte lang,
Wohin kein Sonnenſtrahl irrte,
Und nie ein Laut des Lebens drang,
Als wenn die Eule ſchwirrte,
In dieſe Werkſtatt für den Tod
Verdammte mich ſein Zorngebot.

Schon flohen Muth und Hoffnung mich
Auf der Verzweiflung Schwingen;
Da hört' ich, guter Blondel, dich
Zu deiner Harfe ſingen.
Ich glaubt' im erſten Freudenſturm,
Dein Geiſt umwalle meinen Thurm.

Wohl mir, du lebſt! Komm an mein Herz,
Du Treuer ohne Gleichen!
So feſt vereint in Freud' und Schmerz,
Laß uns dereinſt erbleichen! —
Doch hier brennt unter mir der Sand.
Fort ins geliebte Vaterland!"

Eginhard und Emma.

[illegible] erhabner Seelen
Iſt des Sängers höchſte Luſt,
Sie entflammt auch meine Bruſt.
Eine brave That zu wählen,
Und ſie jetzt euch zu erzählen,
[illegible] die ihr [illegible]
[illegible] oft nur [illegible] macht?

Eginhard, geheimer Schreiber
Karls des Großen, galt durchs Land
Für des Kaiſers rechte Hand.
Aber auch, im Kreis der Weiber,
Als ein [illegible] Herzensräuber.
Selbſt die Tochter ſeines Herrn
Sah den ſchönen Jüngling gern.

[illegible] ihre Neigung, blickte
Eginhard mit trunknem Sinn
Nach der zarten Emma hin,
Deren Liebreiz ihn entzückte;
Seine Flammen unterdrückte
Nur die Furcht vor Mißgeſchick
Durch des Kaiſers [illegible].

Aber unbezwinglich [illegible]
Sie in einer Winternacht
Hoch empor mit Rieſenmacht;
Und, gleichwie vom Sturm und Wogen
Ohne Rettung fortgezogen,
Eilt' er hin, wo Emma ſchlief,
Klopfte ſchüchtern an und rief:

„Habt die Huld, mir aufzuſchließen,
Euer [illegible] [illegible] mich!" —
Sie that auf; da warf er ſich,
Bleich und bebend, ihr zu Füßen:
„Laßt durch Qual und Tod mich büßen;
Nur verzeiht, daß Liebesdrang
Mich zu einer Lüge zwang!"

Zürnend ſprach ſie: „Heißt das lieben?" —
Doch des Herzens Ungeſtüm
Stürzte zwiſchen ſie und ihm
Alle Scheidewände nieder.
Emma lächelte nun wieder,
Und ſie ſchwelgten, Kuß auf Kuß,
In der Liebe Vollgenuß.

Jetzt verkündigten die Glocken
Und der erſte Hahnenſchrei,
Daß der Tag nicht fern mehr ſei.
Heim zu gehn wollt' auf leiſen Socken
Der Beglückte; doch, erſchrocken,
Stand er, wie verſteinert, da,
Als er Schnee gefallen ſah.

„Weh mir!" rief er aus: „Es ſtreitet
Gegen mich des Schickſals Fluch!
Sieh, er hat ein Flockentuch
Ueber meinen Weg gebreitet,
Das, wenn es mein Fuß beſchneitet,
Meinen Gang in dieſer Nacht
Jedem Auge ſichtbar macht!" —

Emma hatte Muth, zu ſagen:
„Was du Schickung nennſt, iſt nur
Eine Laune der Natur.
Fürchte nichts! Ich will es wagen,
Durch den Schneehof dich zu tragen,
Daß man nicht im weichen Schnee
Eines Mannes Fußtritt ſeh'!" —

Dennoch, gleich erloſchnen Kerzen,
Blieben in des Jünglings Sinn
Muth und Hoffnung todt und hin.
Nur aus Emma's Heldenherzen
Sprühten ſie in muntern Scherzen;
Und, ſo wie ſie gab ihr Wort,
Trug ſie den Geliebten fort.

Aber ach, der Kaiſer wachte! —
Und er ſah mit ſtarrem Blick
Vom Altan [illegible] Mißgeſchick,
Das ihn ſchier zum Wahnſinn brachte.
Jeder Schritt der Tochter fachte
Höher ſeines Zornes Gluth,
Und entflammt ihn bis zur Wuth.

Einen Dolch in ſeinen Händen,
Wollt' er, wie zum Raub der Aar
Niederſtürmt, das junge Paar
Raſch ins Land der Schatten ſenden.
Doch, mit Blut ſollt' es nicht enden.
Vaterliebe rang und wand
Ihm den Mordſtahl aus der Hand.

Und er ging, mit matten Schritten,
In ſein [illegible] Gemach,
Sich, zu Ahndung dieſer Schmach,
Himmelsleitung zu erbitten;
Denn in ſeinem Buſen ſtritten
[illegible] und [illegible]
Einen [illegible] Streit. —

Heilvoll hatte ſich erhoben
Sein Gemüth zum großen Geiſt,
Der die Welten ſchwingen heißt
Und der Leidenſchaften Toben:
[illegible] [illegible] ihm [illegible] oben.

Wie durch Engelſtimmen, Rath
Zu der ſchönſten Edelthat. —

Kämpfend mit des Grames Hyder,
Die in ſeinem Buſen lag,
Ging er bis zum hellen Tag
Still und einſam auf und nieder;
Dann berief er alle Glieder
Seines Rathes vor den Thron,
Und begann mit ernſtem Ton:

„Richtet über ein Verbrechen!
Wie ſoll ich, nach eurem Rath,
Fürſt- und väterlich die That
Eines ſchlimmen Dieners rächen,
Der, verführt von Herzensſchwächen,
Treulos und im Dunkel ſich
Meiner Tochter Gunſt erſchlich?“

Eine tiefe Todtenſtille
Herrſchte durch den weiten Saal.
Nur ein leiſes Seufzen ſtahl
Sich hindurch: wie eine Grille,
Wenn die Nacht mit brauner Hülle
Alles deckt, noch einmal zirpt,
Und mit dieſem Seufzer ſtirbt. —

Als der Kaiſer nochmals fragte,
Sprach der Räthe ſtrenge Pflicht:
„Hin mit ihm zum Hochgericht!“
Nur ein edler Graukopf wagte
Kein Entſcheidungswort; er ſagte:
„Unſers Kaiſers Herz allein
Kann und darf hier Richter ſein.“ —

Drauf der Fürſt: „Wohlan! Wir ſchufen
Lieb' und Untreu bittres Leid;
Dennoch walte Menſchlichkeit!“
Eginhard, herbei gerufen,
Nahet ſich des Thrones Stufen;
Schritt und Auge beichten Schuld,
Doch der Kaiſer ſpricht mit Huld:

„Fähigkeit und gute Sitten
Schmückten deinen Lebenslauf;
Darum ford'r' ich jetzt dich auf,
Eine Gnade zu erbitten.
Ich will ſelbſt mit halben Schritten
Deinem Wunſch entgegen gehn:
Kann ein Weib dein Glück erhöhn? —

Ha, du ahneſt, was ich meine!
Dein ſonſt feſter, offner Blick
Bebet ſcheu vor mir zurück,
Und dir zittern die Gebeine! —
Kühner Menſch, zum Rabenſteine
Schickte ſtracks dich ein Tyrann.
Aber mir — ſei Tochtermann!“

Alle ſtanden, wie verſchlagen
In ein unbekanntes Land.
Was des Jünglings Herz empfand,
Euch zu ſingen und zu ſagen,
Mögen andre Sänger wagen.
Jedes Wort davon verbeut
Wie die Unausſprechlichkeit. —

Raſch, mein Lied, zum frohen Ende:
Wie ein Röschen ohne Stab
Sah die Braut zur Erd hinab,
Als der Kaiſer Händ' in Hände
Fügt' und ſprach: „Der Rang der Stände
Iſt nur Menſchenwerk und Brauch;
Doch die Lieb' iſt Gottes Hauch.“

Lob des Schweigens.

Laſt, ach Laſt, daß ich nicht unterliege!
Denn, der Schwätzer, ſchwatzt mich matt und krank,
Bald vom lieben Wetter, bald vom Kriege,
Bald von Moden- und Gelehrten-Zank.

Schweigen, du des Chaos Zwillingsſchweſter,
Komm, und hemme ſeiner Zunge Lauf!
Ha! du winkſt, und mit: Ade, mein Beſter!
Hebt er meines Ohrs Belag'rung auf.

Dankbar will ich dich dafür erheben,
Will beſingen, was man oft vergißt,
Wie du Tag für Tag im Erdenleben
Vieler Menſchen treuer Schutzgeiſt biſt.

Träge Dummheit, die den Mund verſiegelt,
Weil ihm bunter Unſinn ſonſt entfährt,
Wird, von dir beſchirmet und umflügelt,
Weit und breit als Denkerin verehrt.

Mancher Schelm, vor dem ſich Tauſend bücken,
Ob ihm gleich Betrug die Taſchen füllt,
Würde längſt den lichten Galgen ſchmücken,
Hätte nicht dein Mantel ihn umhüllt.

Deiner freundſchaftlichen Huth empfehlen
Loſe Dirnen ihren Jungfernkranz,
Und dann ſteht er, wenn auch Blätter fehlen,
Vor der Welt im ſchönſten Blüthenglanz.

Dich gebraucht der Stutzer, der da prahlet,
Und einher mit Stolz des Pfauen tritt,
Oft als baare Münze, und bezahlet
Manchen alten Freundſchaftsdienſt damit. —

Doch genug auf heut von deiner Ehre!
Ich bin ſchon des Ruhmpoſaunens ſatt.
Hat dieß Liedchen dir behagt, ſo höre,
Was dein Sänger noch zu bitten hat!

Willſt du dir die Welt noch mehr verbinden,
O ſo hilf uns, wenn der Seelenhirt,
Welcher liebreich ſeiner Heerde Sünden
Stunden ſoll, zum tollen Eifrer wird!

Hilf, wenn umſtändlich, wie der Sachſenſpiegel
Der Juriſt beim frohen Gaſtmahl ſpricht,
Und der Wüſtling ſeiner Lippen Siegel,
Uns mit Aberwitz zu quälen, bricht!

Hilf uns, wenn der finſtre Stubenſchwitzer
Ueber Geiſteswerke dummdreiſt lacht,
Und, daß er der glückliche Beſitzer
Eines Schafkopfs iſt, zum Stolz ſich macht!

Kurz, wer hinter des Verſtandes Rücken
Seine Zunge braucht, und macht's zu bunt,
Dem, Patronin, gieb von feinen Stricken
Flugs ein Netzband auf den Mund!

Und mir ſelbſt auch, wenn ich ſchneller ſchwatze,
Als die Ueberlegung folgen kann,
Oder ſtumpf und matt die Leier kratze,
Wie ein ſchwacher Alltags-Leiermann.

Doch ſoll deine Warnung Früchte tragen,
Komm mir ja, als Kritiker, nicht vermummt!
Denn was braucht man viel darnach zu fragen,
Ob ein Solcher lächelt oder brummt!

Die neue Eva.

Lieber Gott, man muß ſich plagen,
Wie ein Laſtthier, auf der Welt,
Klötze ſägen, Stöcke hacken,
Daß der Schweiß zur Erde fällt!
Wir und alle frommen Chriſten
Lebten doch im Paradies,
Wenn ſich Eva nicht gelüſten
Den verbotnen Apfel ließ.

Lieb' ich, wie die Weiber alle,
Wohl auch Obſt und Näſcherein,
Würd' ich doch im gleichen Falle
Nicht ſo ſchwach, wie Eva, ſein.“ —
Dieſe ſprach, voll Mißbehagen,
Dieß zu Walthern, ihrem Mann;
Doch ein Nachbar hört' ſie klagen,
Und er redet ſchnell ſie an:

„Mutter, prüft euch, eh' ihr ſchmälet!
Ach, verblendet, hättet ihr
Wohl den Irrpfad ſelbſt erwählet!
Mutter, das befürcht' ich ſehr:
Glaubt ihr, ſolch ein Abenteuer
Ritterlicher zu beſtehn,
So werft Säg' und Axt ins Feuer,
Und dann kommt, wir wollen ſehn!"

Sie verſprach, ſich gut zu halten,
Und ſo froh, wie Fiſch' im Bach,
Trippelten die beiden Alten
Nun dem reichen Manne nach.
Dieſer gab das ſchönſte Zimmer
Seines Hauſes ihnen ein.
„Leutchen, ſeht, hier ſoll euch nimmer
Evens Fehltritt merklich ſein.

Täglich ſollt ihr aufgetragen
Sieben Schüſſeln vor euch ſehn.
Sechs genießet mit Behagen,
Aber laßt die letzte ſtehn!
Man wird ſie verdeckt euch bringen;
Zähmt und feſſelt Hand und Blick!
Denn euch flieht auf ſchnellen Schwingen,
Wenn ihr ſie berührt, das Glück!"

In dem neuen Paradieſe
War den Leutchen trefflich wohl;
Doch am achten Tag ſprach Dieſe:
„Faſt werd' ich vor Neugier toll!
Väterchen, gewaltig zucken
Mir die Finger, das Gericht
Unterm Deckel zu begucken;
Väterchen, he! meinſt du nicht?" —

„Haſt du, ſchmält' er, ſchon vergeſſen,
Daß du all' dein Glück verlierſt,
Wenn du, Thörin, dieſes Eſſen
Mit dem Finger nur berührſt?
Willſt du dich denn wieder plagen,
Wie ein Laſtthier, auf der Welt,
Klötze ſägen, Brocke hacken,
Daß dein Schweiß zur Erde fällt?"

Aber ſeine gute Lehre
Fand der Gattin Ohren taub;
Denn ſie war ſchon der Megäre,
Neugier, rettungsloſer Raub.
Neugier ſpielte hier die Schlange;
Dieſe hob die Deck' empor,
Und ein Mäuschen, das ſchon lange
Darauf harrte, ſprang hervor.

Welch Geſchrei, welch Händeringen!
Doch dies konnte nicht zurück
Das entflohne Thierchen bringen,
Und das mit entflohne Glück.
Bald bekam der Hausherr Kunde
Von der Flucht der Prüfungsmaus,
Und er trieb in dieſer Stunde
Seine Gäſte ſpottend aus.

Ach! ſie ſchlichen jetzt, voll Reue,
Durch des Paradieſes Thor,
Um mit Thränen nun aufs Neue
Holz zu ſpalten, wie zuvor.
Mutter rieb ſich hinter'n Ohren,
Und ſchalt Dieſen ins Geſicht:
„Tadeln können zwar die Thoren,
Aber klüger handeln nicht!"

An die Redlichkeit.

Die alten Deutſchen waren
Nicht ſchmeidig, wie der Aal;
Doch Löwen in Gefahren,
Und Lämmer beim Pokal.
In ihren Eichenhainen,
Von Argliſt unentweiht,
Schlug doch ihr Herz an deinen
Altären, Redlichkeit!

Willſt du nun von uns weichen,
Du holdes Himmelskind,
Weil hin die ſtolzen Eichen
Und wir entartet ſind?
In üppigen Gebüſchen
Von Roſen wandeln wir;
Doch ach, das [redacted]
Der Falſchheit ſchreckt uns hier!

O, komm in unſre Lauben,
Wo ſie, gar ſchlau verſteckt,
Verſprechen, Treu und Glauben
Mit ihrem Gift befleckt.
Komm, ſetz' in ihre Würde
Die Freundſchaft wieder ein,
Daß wir, des Freundes Bürde
Zu theilen, nimmer ſcheun!

Die Göttin Liebe flehet:
Komm, ſei mein Schirm und Schutz,
Denn Wort' und Eide drehet,
Wie Wachs, der Eigennutz!
Winkt Gold zum Traualtare,
Dann ſchreckt den Jüngling nicht
Des armen Mädchens Bahre,
Dem er die Treue bricht. —

Was iſt der Menſch, deß Seele
Dich, Göttliche, nicht ehrt?
Ein Raubthier, wie die Höhle
Der rauhen Wüſte nährt.
Wer trauet ſeinem Schmeicheln?
Wer ſeinem ſüßen Gruß?
Sein Händedruck iſt Heucheln,
Sein Kuß ein Judaskuß.

Wohl, drei Mal wohl dem Lande,
Wo du dein Reich verjüngſt,
Und roſenweiche Bande
Um Lieb' und Freundſchaft ſchlingſt!
Da lacht der Himmel heiter,
Da ſcherzet Fröhlichkeit;
Denn ſtets iſt dein Begleiter
Der Geiſt der goldnen Zeit.

Hier wallt ein dir Getreuer
Schon im Elyſium,
Und ſchnauben Ungeheuer
Auch rings um ihn herum.
Mit ruhigem Gewiſſen
Verſchlummert er die Nacht,
Die unter Natterbiſſen
Ein Böſewicht durchwacht.

Heiß brennt, wie Gluth der Hölle,
Des Buben Sterbepfühl,
Wie liegt auf dieſer Stelle
Der Redliche ſo kühl!
Dort ſteht, wie man ihn malet,
Der Tod, ein Schreckenbild,
Doch hier von Glanz umſtrahlet,
Ein Engel, hold und mild. —

O Redlichkeit, ich liebe,
So lang' ich athme, dich!
Auf Erden nichts betrübe
So tief, als Falſchheit, mich.
Dir ſei, bis an die Schranken
Der dunkeln Ewigkeit,
In Thaten und Gedanken
Mein Leben ganz geweiht.

Der Bräutigamsſpiegel.

Zur Frühlingszeit beſuchten ſich
Zwei Mädchen auf dem Lande
Und ſprachen fein und züchtiglich
Vom heil'gen Eheſtande.

„Zu dir geſagt! fing Dorchen an:
Das kalte Jungfernleben
Wollt' ich mit Luſt für einen Span
Vom warmen Brautbett geben.

Der Dorfſchulmeiſter Haſelſtock
Hat ſich mir angetragen.
Nur will mir nicht ſein ſchwarzer Rock
Und runder Stutz behagen.

Und noch ließ ſich an meiner Thür
Kein andrer Freier blicken.
Der liebe Himmel weiß, ob mir
Es einſt wird beſſer glücken."

Drauf Gretchen ſprach: „Das will ich dir,
Du gutes Kind, dir ſagen.
Wir dürfen nur im Tannenwald
Die Wunderquelle fragen.

Soll eine Jungfer nächſtens frei'n,
So kann ſie feſt drauf bauen,
Des künft'gen Gatten Bild, beim Schein
Des Vollmonds, drin zu ſchauen.

Doch, liebes Herz, man darf dabei
Nicht ſprechen und nicht lachen.
Nun, in der Nacht vom erſten Mai
Laß uns die Probe machen!" —

Dieß hörte Haſelſtock, der heiß
Verliebt war, und nicht ſchmollte,
Ob ſeiner Doris Herz von Eis
Gleich gar nicht ſchmelzen wollte.

In Arbeit ward ſein Kopf geſetzt,
Ein Plänchen zu erſinnen.
Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath. Wir folgen jetzt
Den Mondſchein-Pilgerinnen.

Hell war's, wie Tag; das Pärchen da,
Wo ſchon auf einem Aſte
Des Baums, der in die Quelle ſah,
Der ſchwarze Schäfer paßte.

In fünfzig Locken, groß und klein,
War heut ſein Stutz gebogen,
Wo Liebesgötter aus und ein,
Wie Bienenſchwärme, flogen.

So zärtlich ſollt' ihn Dorchens Blick
Im Waſſerſpiegel ſchauen,
Und ſie, im Wahn, es ſei Geſchick,
Ihm Hand und Herz vertrauen.

Die Mädchen guckten; er begann
Sich brüſtend vorzubeugen,
Und als ein reizender Galan
Dem Liebchen ſich zu zeigen.

Knacks! brach der Aſt, und ſieh, da ſchwamm
Im naſſen Elemente
Das Schulmonarchlein wunderſam,
Gleich einer ſchwarzen Ente.

Das Mädchenpaar erſchrack und lief,
Weil's an Geſpenſter dachte;
Doch, als der Schwarzrock Hülfe rief,
Blieb's muthig ſtehn und lachte.

Und er entwiſchte glücklich zwar
Dem Reich der Froſch' und Unken.
Allein der Stutz voll Amors war
Verloren und verſunken.

Seitdem erhielt die Quell' im Hain
Nicht mehr Beſuch von Schönen,
So ſehr ſich auch, bald Braut zu ſein,
Noch alle Mädchen ſehnen.

Das Abenteuer des Pfarrers Schmolke und Schulmeiſters Bakel.

„Ja, ja wir gehen fehl! Das Ei
War klüger als die Henne.
Ich warnt' ihn, doch er blieb dabei,
Daß er die Straße kenne.
O weh, die Nacht iſt ſchauerlich!
Nun, Bakel, rath' er mir und ſich!"

„Hic haeret aqua, mein Herr Pfarr:
Ich weiß nicht mehr zu helfen;
Doch zittr' ich gar nicht, wie ein Narr,
Vor Räubern und vor Wölfen.
Horaz ſagt: Purus sceleris
Non eget Mauri jaculis." —

„O wär' doch er und ſein Latein
Beim Styx und ich — im Bette!
Er treibt wohl gar noch obendrein
Mit meiner Angſt Geſpötte? —
Doch halt! In jenes Thales Schooß
Winkt uns ein Licht! Gehn wir drauf los?" —

„Cur non, mi Domine? Es muß
Ja wohl ein Wirth dort wohnen.
Der Fürſt mit Schwanz und Pferdefuß
Wird da gewiß nicht thronen.
Hin, alſo hin! Schon wittr' ich ſchier
Ein Gläschen gutes Magenbier." —

Dem Dorfſchulmeiſter folgte dreiſt
Sein Pfarr zum Lichtgefunkel.
Doch welcher ſchadenfrohe Geiſt
Hetzt ſie durch Koth und Dunkel? —
Sie machten mit dem Rebgeiſt, Wein,
Bei einem Schmaus ſich zu gemein.

Erreicht war bald die Hütt' im Thal.
Ein Mann in brauner Weſte
Empfing ein wenig kalt und kahl
Die ſpäten, ſchwarzen Gäſte.
„Den Herren fehlt ein Nachtquartier?
Das findet allenfalls ſich hier.

An Federbetten nur gebricht's.
Was helfen ſaure Mienen?
Ja oder Nein! Ich kann mit nichts,
Als Stroh, die Herrn bedienen.
Das ſoll im obern Kämmerlein
Sogleich für ſie bereitet ſein." —

Der Pfarr ſah ſtill auf ſeinen Bauch,
Als wollt' er ihn befragen:
Wird dir, du fettes Schneckchen, auch
Das harte Stroh behagen?
Doch Bakel ſprach: „Perfectum est
Sub sole nil! Mach' er das Neſt!"

Er ſagte ſo und es geſchah.
Nun hängte Paſtor Schmolke,
Der nirgend einen Stutzbock ſah,
Ans Fenſter ſeine Wolke,
Warf ſich auf die verhaßte Streu,
Und ſein Gefährte nebenbei.

Nur eine dünne Bretwand ſchied
Die Pilger von dem Wirthe,
Der jetzt ein langes frommes Lied,
Nebſt ſeinem Weibe, ſchwirrte,
Den Abendſegen las, und dann
Noch dieſes Bettgeſpräch begann:

„Ja, Frau, ſobald der Morgen graut,
Will ich die Schwarzen ſchlachten.
Sie ſind, wenn man ſie recht beſchaut,
Viel fetter, als wir dachten.
Der eine Burſch iſt kugelrund;
Mir wäſſert ſchon nach ihm der Mund." —

Der Wirth, ein roher Fleiſcher, ſprach,
Mit Ehren zu vermelden,
Von ſeinen Schweinen; aber ach!
Wie zagten unſre Helden!
Sie ſchwebten in dem tollen Wahn,
Die Rede geh' ihr Leben an.

„Hoh, Bakel, ſchläft er? Hört er nicht,
Wie in der Nebenſtube
Der Menſchenfreſſer von uns ſpricht? —
Ach! eine Mördergrube
Iſt dieß vermaledeite Haus.
Wär' ich lebendig nur heraus!" —

Proh dolor! Doch wir ſehen ſie
Noch nicht in Charons Nachen:

Noch können wir convivia
Ihr Bündlein munter machen:
[illegible]! Sehn Sie nicht hier
Ein Fenſter? Durch das ſpringen wir." —

„Ja, ſo ein leichter Federwiſch,
Wie er, kann das wohl wagen,
Und dennoch ſeinen Leichnam friſch
Und heil nach Hauſe tragen:
Ich aber ſtürzte, Gott erbarm!
Stracks in des Todes offnen Arm." —

Die [illegible] Beredſamkeit
Gab ſich noch nicht gefangen,
Und bombardirte lange Zeit
Mit Gründen auf den bangen
Verzagten Seelenhirten los,
Bis er zum Sprunge ſich entſchloß.

Nun war nur noch die Frage, wer
Den Vortanz wagen ſollte?
Sie ſtritten hin, ſie ſtritten her,
Weil lange keiner wollte,
Bis endlich raſch der Pädagog
Voran hinab ins Höfchen flog.

Er ſtürzte, salva venia,
Auf einen Berg voll Dünger.
Es lag ſich gar nicht unſanft da,
Auch ſchmerzt' ihn nicht ein Finger;
Doch fiel jetzt, wie ein Felſenſtück,
Sein ſchwerer Freund ihm auf's Genick.

Nach Felſenart wich er auch
Kein Haar, troz Beider Fluchen.
Der mußte durch des Hügels Bauch
Sich einen Ausweg ſuchen.
Zum Sterben [illegible] kaum
Ein aufgeſunkner Hebebaum.

Stockfinſter war's, in Strömen ſchoß
Der Regen von dem Dache,
Und vor der Hofthür lag ein Schloß!
Traun, eine ſchlimme Sache!
Denn fruchtlos war nun ihr Bemühn,
Dem Kannibalen zu entfliehn.

Sie machten ſich ſchon ganz bereit,
Der Welt Valet zu ſingen,
Und wünſchten nur, ihr Reſtchen Zeit
Im Trocknen hin zu bringen.
Wer mäßig wünſcht, der wird erhört,
Wie täglich die Erfahrung lehrt.

Drum konnten auch die Herren bald
Sich eines Obdachs freuen.
Es war des Thieres Aufenthalt,
Das Moſis Kinder ſcheuen.
Nun weiß wohl Jeder auf ein Haar,
Daß es das Haus der Schweine war.

Hurr! floh das wilde Rüſſelvieh
Durchs aufgemachte Pförtchen.
An ſeiner Statt bezogen ſie
Sein warmes Lagerörtchen,
Umarmten ſich, wie Brüder, fein,
Und ſprachen Muth und Troſt ſich ein.

„Bedenk' er, Freund, was iſt das Grab? —
Ein Thor zu beſſern Zonen.
Wo ruhen wird der Bettlerſtab
Vertraut bei Kaiſerkronen.
Dann bleibt er nicht mehr Famulus,
Der die Agende tragen muß." —

„Ja, ſchön ſagt der Lateiner ſo:
Si hora mortis ruit,
Tunc is fit Irus subito,
Qui modo Croesus fuit." —
So ſprachen ſie die Nacht entlang,
Bis Morgenroth ins Höfchen drang.

Jetzt knarrte plötzlich eine Thür.
Der grauſe Menſchenfreſſer
Erſchien mit raſcher Mordbegier,
Und wetzte ſeine Meſſer.
„Heraus, ihr Schwarzen, friſch heraus,
Mit euerm Leben iſt es aus!" —

Er griff hinein mit feſter Hand,
Um eine Sau zu holen;
Doch ſchnell, als hätt' er ſich verbrannt
An [illegible] Sohlen,
Fuhr er zurück, wie toll im Sinn,
Und ſchrie: „Der Teufel ſteckt darin!"

Den Leidensbrüdern ward nun ſo
Des Irrthums Staar geſtochen.
Ihr Hauswirth ward nicht minder froh,
Als ſie dem Stall' entkrochen.
Das Abenteuer dieſer Nacht
Ward jetzt aus Herzensgrund belacht.

Beim Abſchied ſchwur das Kleeblatt zwar,
Den Spaß nicht zu verrathen;
Doch bat ich jüngſt den letztern Pfarr
Auf einen Haſenbraten:
Drob freute ſo ſich ſein Gemüth,
Daß er die Schnurre mir verrieth.

Die Ruinen am See.

Eine wahre Begebenheit.

Rieſenſchatten wüſter Mauern fallen
Von der Stirn des Berges in den See;
Gemſen ſpringen durch die öden Hallen,
Und im Vorhof weidet kühn das Reh.
Dort erloſch, wie alte Sagen melden,
Jammervoll ein Hauptgeſchlecht der Schweiz.
Seine Söhne ſtrahlten einſt als Helden,
Seine Töchter ſchmückte Zauberreiz.

Dieſes Stammes letzte Sproſſen waren
Zwei Geſchwiſter, ihrer Ahnen werth.
Ottokar, ein Stern der Jünglingsſchaaren,
Weihte früh dem Vaterland ſein Schwert;
Agnes, ſeine Schweſter, war zur Blume
Aller Schweizermädchen aufgeblüht:
Ihre Schönheit, weit genannt vom Ruhme,
Hob und krönt' ihr Geiſt und ihr Gemüth.

Angebetet von der Ritterjugend
Wählte ſie des braven Rudolphs Hand,
Der mit hoher, unbeſcholtner Tugend
Klugen Sinn und Heldenmuth verband.
Roſamunde, ſeine zarte Schweſter,
Schloß mit Ottokar der Herzen Bund,
Und wie ſelten inniger und feſter
Sich zwei Seelen auf dem Erdenrund.

Hochgefeiert ward an Einem Tage
Dieſes edlen Doppelpaars Verein,
Und es zogen zu dem Brautgelage
Hundert Gäſte dort ins Burgthor ein.
Goldgeflügelt ſchwebte zu der Feier
Himmelab der Freude Götterchor,
Und die Sonne ſchmückte, ſonder Schleier,
Mild zum Feſt des Frühlings Blumenflor.

Doch beim Kreisgang der gefüllten Becher,
Bei der ſchmetternden Trompeten Klang,
Und beim [illegible] berauſchter Zecher,
Ward die Zeit den Neuvermählten lang.
Und ſie ſtahlen nach dem Ehrenmahle
Sich mit leiſen Flügelſchritten fort,
Eilten aus dem jubelvollen Saale
An des See's einſamen Wieſenbord.

„O!" ſprach Ottokar „hier möcht' ich bleiben!
Hier, wo uns kein Weltgewühl umſchwärmt!
Mich empört der Menſchen wildes Treiben,
Seit der Liebe Hauch mein Herz erwärmt.
Stiege doch aus dieſer Fluthen Mitte
Eines Eilands Paradies empor!
Dort mit euch, ihr Lieben, eine Hütte
Zög' ich allen Königsburgen vor." —

Eben lenkte müßig auf den Wogen
Ein bejahrter Schiffer ſeinen Kahn,
Und die Weiblein, die ans Ufer flogen,
Winkten ihm zum Ankerplatz heran.
„Kommt, wir machen eine Luſtfahrt!“ riefen
Sie den Rittern: „Gebt uns das Geleit!
Seht, der See iſt fromm, und nimmer ſchliefen
Ungeſtüme Winde ſo, wie heut!“

Und die vier Vermählten trug der Nachen
Von dem Strand hinaus ins ſtille Meer.
Aus des Schloſſes Fenſtern ſchallte Lachen
Und der Wunſch beglückter Wiederkehr.
Hermans jüngſte Kinder warfen bebend
Abſchiedsküſſe nach der Burg hinauf,
Und, wie eine ſanfte Wiege ſchwankend,
Nahm das Schifflein fürder ſeinen Lauf.

Ihren Augen ſchwand die grüne Küſte,
Und ſie ſahn das ferne Schloß nicht mehr:
Horch! da ſchnaubte durch die Waſſerwüſte
Ungewarnt ein Orkan daher!
Donnerſchwangre Wolkenberge thürmten
Hoch ſich vor der Sonne goldnes Thor,
Und aus allen Wetterhöhlen ſtürmten
Wirbelwinde mit Geheul hervor.

Feindlich kam die Nacht auf Rabenſchwingen
Ins Gebiet des heitern Tages an.
Um die Herrſchaft ſah man beide ringen,
Und der Dämmrung Zwiſchenreich begann.
Ach! wie blich der Frauen Roſenwange!
Selbſt dem grauen Schiffer, der, als Kind,
Schon den See befuhr, ward ſeltſam bange,
Und die Heimath ihm ein Labyrinth.

In der Irre zwiſchen Wechſelwinden,
In dem Aufruhr ihres Wuthgefechts,
Steuert' er, den Weg ans Land zu finden,
Wie ein Blinder taſtet, links und rechts.
Nur auf friedlichem Gewäſſer wiegte
Sich ſein Fahrzeug ſonſt mit Muth und Glück,
Doch, da Welle gegen Welle kriegte,
Schaudert' es vor dem Tumult zurück.

Liebreich tröſtend die verzagten Frauen,
Ruderten die jungen Männer kühn.
Welcher Jubel, als der Uferauen
Schmaler Gürtel ihrem Blick erſchien!
Aber dieſen Hoffnungsſchimmer dämpfte
Bald der Schrecken, daß der matte Tag,
Der bis jetzt der Nacht entgegen kämpfte,
Plötzlich ſeiner Feindin unterlag.

Ihrer Wolken ſchwarze Heere ſchloſſen
Sich in lange, grauenvolle Reih'n,
Und der Himmel, den ſie rings umfloſſen,
Schien ein großes Leichentuch zu ſein.
Blitz auf Blitz zerriß die grauſe Hülle,
Fluthen rauſchen nieder, wie ein Meer,
Und mit erderſchütterndem Gebrülle
Wälzte ſich von fern der Donner her.

Mit des Wetters ſteigendem Getümmel
Stieg die Angſt der Liebenden im Boot.
Ach, nach ihnen griff herab vom Himmel,
Griff empor aus Wellenſchaum der Tod!
Hoffnungslos, dem Sterben zu entrinnen,
Schloß ſich, feurig bebend, Weib an Mann
Um vereint den Hafen zu gewinnen,
Wo kein Erdſturm ſich erheben kann.

Und als jetzt die Fluth noch wilder ſchäumte,
Und ſich, wie ein ungezähmtes Roß,
Mit der leichten Laſt des Kahnes bäumte,
Schoß ein rother Schlangenblick aufs Schloß.
Gräßlich hallte dort mit Donnerkrachen
Noch des Thurmes Einſturz durch die Luft,
Da verſchlang der Seeſchlund hier den Nachen,
Und ein doppelt Brautbett ward die Gruft.

Die Sage vom Biſchof Hatto.

Den Segen des Halmes im Mainzer Lande
Schlang Hatto's Speicher begierig ein.
Es däuchte der geiſtlichen Macht keine Schande,
Der eiſernſten Wucherer Haupt zu ſein:
Und flehten verkümmerte Schatten um Brot,
Ward ihnen mit Kerker und Geißel gedroht.

Des Hungers Schwert, das Tauſende mähte,
Zerhieb die Bande der Tyrannei.
Ein Aufruhr durchſtürmte die Hauptſtadt, es krähte
Der rothe Hahn auf dem Vorrathsgebäu,
Er ſchwang die feurigen Flügel ums Dach,
Die Mauern ſtürzten mit Donnergekrach.

Zur Brandſtätte flog, mit dem Trupp ſeiner Reiter,
Der Biſchof ſchnaubend: „Ergreift die Brut!“
Die rohen Kriegsknechte warfen die Meuter,
Auf ſein Gebot, in das Meer der Gluth.
Hohnlachend hört' er die Sterbenden ſchrei'n;
„Ha!“ rief er, „wie pfeifen die Kornmäuſe fein!“ —

Hoch ſah von den Sternen hernieder ein Rächer,
Und ſprach das Urtheil der Blutſchuld aus.
Heim trabte der Wüthrich zum ſchäumenden Becher.
Doch ſieh, was ſchwimmt auf dem Wein! — Eine Maus!
Bleich hebt der Pfaff, und mit Grauſen trat
Vor ſein Gewiſſen die ruchloſe That.

Urplötzlich zerborſt an unzähligen Orten
Der glänzende Marmorſpiegel der Wand,
Und aus den weit aufgähnenden Pforten
Kam eine Heerde von Mäuſen gerannt.
Sie pfiffen und heulten ein gräßliches Chor,
Und ſprangen am ſtarrenden Biſchof empor.

Er floh, mit aufwärts ſich ſträubenden Haaren,
Er keuchte die Hallen der Burg entlang:
Umſonſt! ihn verfolgten die pfeifenden Schaaren,
Und eine furchtbare Stimm' erklang:
„Und hätteſt du Flügel, ſie frommten dir nicht,
Denn tauſendmal ſchneller iſt Gottes Gericht!“ —

Darnieder geſchmettert von Todesſchrecken,
Indeß um ihn her das Geziefer zerſtob,
Verbarg er ſich unter des Ruhebetts Decken,
Bleich wie ein Geſpenſt, das der Gruft ſich enthob.
Die Furcht hielt lang' ihm zu Häupten Wacht,
Doch ſchloß ſein Auge die Mitternacht.

Jetzt ſah er, in ſchrecklicher Larven Gedränge,
Zerbrechen ſeinen biſchöflichen Stab,
Und ſich, gedrückt in des Sarges Enge,
Lebendig verſenken in Nacht und Grab;
Und als er ſich losriß vom peinlichen Traum,
Durchſchlüpften die Mäuſe des Bettes Raum.

„O Jammerleben voll Ekel und Grauen!
Ihr Traumgeſpenſter verkörpert euch,
Erwürgt mich, zerfleiſcht mich mit Drachenklauen,
Und ſchleppt mich hinunter ins Todtenreich!“
So rief er, indem er vom Lager ſprang,
Und voll Verzweiflung die Hände rang.

Er wandelte ſeufzend, mit zagendem Schritte,
Wie ein Geächteter, durch den Palaſt,
Geſchreckt von dem Hall ſeiner eigenen Tritte,
Und neidend des ſchlafenden Hofgeſindes Raſt.
Es regte ſich rings keine Lebensſpur,
Das Flämmchen der Ampeln bewegte ſich nur.

Die leuchtenden Augen des Morgens ſahen
Ihn noch in der grauenvollen Stunde wach.
Er hörte geſchäftige Diener ſich nahen,
Entſchlich vor Scham zum verlaſſnen Gemach,
Betrat die Schwelle mit ſpähender Scheu,
Vermißte kein Schreckbild, und lebte wie neu.

Doch als er am Mittag, ſammt Chorherr'n und Rittern,
In Freude genoß des Nektars vom Rhein,
Sah man ihn jählings erblaſſen und zittern,
Denn ach! die [illegible] ſtellten ſich ein.
Sie wimmelten zahllos aus ſeinem Gewand,
Und raſften ihm gierig das Brot aus der Hand.

Er blickte mit Grimm der Verzweiflung gen Himmel,
Und warf in der Eilflucht den Seſſel um.
Ihm nach, wie ein Schwarm, zog das graue Gewimmel.
Die Gäſte ſaßen wie Bildſäulen ſtumm,
Und ſchweigend, nach kaum erſt begonnenem Mahl,
Verließen ſie ſchaudernd den Tiſch und den Saal.

So ſpukte die läſtige Wundererſcheinung
In Hatto's Pallaſte drei Monate fort.
Bald einzeln geneckt, bald in Schaarenvereinung,
Blieb nirgend dem Biſchof ein ruhiger Ort.
Die Unholden ſtörten zuletzt ihn ſogar
Im Sange der Hochmeſſe vor dem Altar.

Er bot für ein Mittel, ſie aufzureiben,
Durch Herolde manchen anlockenden Preis;
Er ließ hochberühmte Beſchwörer verſchreiben,
Sie zogen ums Schloß einen magiſchen Kreis:
Doch ſchlug ihr Bannſpruch und Talisman
So wenig als künſtliche Giftmiſchung an.

„O wär' ich unglücklicher Mann nicht geboren!"
Rief Hatto mit himmelwärts flammendem Blick.
„Hindrängen will mich zu des Grabes Thoren
Dein eherner Arm, verhülltes Geſchick:
Ich trotze dir aber und all deiner Wuth:
Dir obſiegt der Menſch durch beharrlichen Muth!"

Er ließ, daß er ſich vor den Peinigern rette,
Sofort einen Thurm, ein ſteinernes Rund,
Auf einer Inſel, im Wogenbette
Des Rheinſtroms, erbauen auf Felſengrund.
Dort hofft' er, umarmt von dem mächtigen Rhein,
Vor fluthſcheuen Feinden geſichert zu ſein.

Die Waſſerburg ſtieg mit thätiger Schnelle
Hoch aus dem Schooße des Felſen empor;
Vom härteſten Marmor gewölbt war die Zelle,
Die Hatto ſich drinnen zur Wohnung erkor.
Und brennende Sehnſucht nach Ruhegewinn
Spannt' ihm die Segel zur Reiſe dahin.

Sein Schiff umrauſchten des Rheines Wogen,
Doch waren ſie ihm keine ſchützende Wehr:
Es ſchwammen bebend, wie im Waſſer erzogen,
Die ſchrecklichen Plagedämonen umher,
Verfolgten gedrängt der Gondel Bahn,
Und klommen in Schaaren den Bord hinan.

Und eine Stimme vernahm er mit Beben,
Die, wie aus den Wolken herunter, ſprach:
„Durch Blutſchuld haſt du verwirkt dein Leben,
Dein Schickſal eilt, wie dein Schatten, dir nach!
Es ſtieg mit dir in das flüchtende Boot,
Und morgen in Fluthen ergreift dich der Tod!"

Drauf fand man einſt Morgens im Thurmgemache
Ihn ſtarr am Fußboden hingeſtreckt.
Und, gleich einem Schwarme von Mücken am Bache,
Mit nagender Mäuſe Gewühl ihn bedeckt.
Wie Blitze verſchwand das gräuliche Heer,
Doch zuckte der blutende Leichnam nicht mehr.

Man nennt den Thurm, wo ſich dieß, nach der Sage,
Vor achthundert Jahren bei Bingen begab,
Den Mäuſethurm bis zum heutigen Tage,
Und grauenweckend ſieht er den Rhein noch hinab.
Kornwucherer, blickt auf dieß Hochgericht hin,
Und Schauder durchbeb' euch den eiſernen Sinn!

Die Fiederwiſche.

Roſicht blühten Urſels Wangen,
Urſels Wuchs war ſchlank und hehr!
Leider daß mit ſtolzem Prangen
Nur das Näschen ſich zu ſehr!
Ein berühmter Wechſelhändler
War ihr werther Herr Papa,
Und fürwahr! kein Zeitvertändler,
Wo er Vortheil keimen ſah.

Ihr Geſicht und ſeine Münzen
Lockten bald der Freier viel:
Doch nur Grafen, wo nicht Prinzen,
Waren Urſels Ehrziel.
Freilich kamen nicht durchlauchte
Und nicht hochgeborne Herr'n:
Ein Baron, der Münzen brauchte,
War der Freier größter Stern.

Ach, mit welchem Honigreden
Hofirt' er ihr als Sponſier!
Doch ein kaltes Nein der Spröden
Wies auf ewig ihm die Thür.
Er ging ſtumm, gleich einem Fiſche,
Und ſie fegte — welche Schmach! —
Ihm mit einem Fiederwiſche
Hinter ſeinen Ferſen nach.

Aufgehängt, als Warnungsſpiegel,
An des Zimmers ſeidne Wand
Wurde dann der Gänſeflügel,
Und ein Blatt, auf welchem ſtand:
„Den Reichsfreiherrn Karl von Lüttich,
„Der mit Freien mich beſchwert,
„Hab' ich jüngſt mit dieſem Fittich
„Aus dem Hauſe weggekehrt."

Dieſem Pranger recht zum Hohne,
Warb um ſie ein Herr von Specht.
Er war traun! der Jäger Krone,
Und ſein Adel alt und ächt.
Doch ein friſcher Federbeſen
Rauſcht' ihm nach mit Spottgeziſch,
Und ſein Name war zu leſen
An dem aufgehangnen Wiſch.

Nummer drei von Urſels Freiern
War ein hochgelehrter Rath.
Er ging immer wie auf Eiern,
Und im größten Gallaſtaat.
Doch er hatte ganz verloren
Seinen Prunk zur Schau gelegt,
Denn auch Ihro Wohlgeboren
Wurden ſchimpflich ausgefegt.

Kaum war es ſo abgelaufen
Mit des Kleeblatts Freierei,
Sieh, da zog ein neuer Haufen
Von Sponſierern ſchon herbei;
Und er kam mit raſchem Drange,
Wie, wenn nicht die Sage trügt,
In den Mund der Klapperſchlange
Der betäubte Vogel fliegt.

Heut erſchien ein Bürgermeiſter,
Morgen gar ein Präſident,
Und ein Nachſchwarm andrer Geiſter,
Die mein Lied nicht alle nennt.
Auch Prälatenſterne blitzten
Urſeln reizend ins Geſicht,
Aber Rang und Würden ſchützten
Gegen ihren Kehraus nicht.

Fünfzig Fiederwiſche hingen,
Blendend wie des Schwanes Kleid,
Ehe Jahr und Tag vergingen,
Siegesfahnen gleich, gereih't;
Und ſie kaufte täglich neue,
Um das Hundert voll zu ſehn.
Doch das Glück, das ungetreue,
Gönnt' ihr nicht ſo viel Trophä'n.

Lange hatt' es ſchon gerüttelt
An des Vaters Wechſelbank,
Und zuletzt ſo ſtark geſchüttelt,
Daß ſie plötzlich brach und ſank.
Geſtern ſah er zwiſchen Bergen
Von Ducaten noch heraus;
Heute jagten ihn die Schergen
Der Juſtiz von Hof und Haus.

In die Flucht trieb alle Freier
Des gebrochnen Bänkchens Fall,
Wie die Krähen an der Scheuer
Eines Feuerrohres Knall.
Er, der oft vergebens zielte,
Er ſtand ſelbſt, der [illegible],

Denn mit ihren Reizen ſpielte
Fräulein nun auch Bankrott.

Von der ſchönen Welt verlaſſen,
Grämelte ſie manches Jahr
In der engſten Schlucht der Gaſſen,
Und ſchon graute faſt ihr Haar:
Sieh, da kam ein Dorfſchulmeiſter,
Etwas häßlich von Perſon,
Und bewarb ſich um ſie dreiſter,
Als vor Zeiten der Baron.

Der Wunſch des ſchwarzen Gecken,
Seine Hand nach Fürſtengut
So vertraulich auszuſtrecken,
Brachte Urſelchen in Wuth.
Schmähend zog ſie der Amazonen
Federgeißel raſch hervor,
Und kuranzte den Pedanten,
Daß er Hut und Stock verlor.

Nachher ſprach in ihrer Kammer
Kein Bewerber weiter ein,
Und des Mangels eh'rner Hammer
Malmte ihren Hochmuth klein.
Ach! ſie hätte dieſe Schläge
Gern durch Thätigkeit entfernt,
Doch die weiland Stolz' und Träge
Hatte leider nichts gelernt.

Einſt gebrach auf ihrem Tiſche
Auch ſogar das trockne Brot.
Ihre hundert Federwiſche
Halfen dießmal aus der Noth.
Dieſen Reſt von ihren Schätzen
Zu verſilbern, und damit
Sich auf offnen Markt zu ſetzen,
War ein ſchwerer Dornenſchritt.

Doch des Hungers ſtarker Hebel
Drängte ſie gewaltſam hin.
Ha! wie jubelte der Pöbel
Ob der ſeltnen Krämerin!
Und für jede vormals Spröde
Wetzte nun der Spott den Pfeil
Dieſer ſprüchwörtlichen Rede:
„Sie hat Federwiſche feil.“

Die Roßdecke.

Der Weihnachtstag begann zu lichten;
Ein Nordſturm heulte durch den Forſt,
Und ſtürzte ſchneebeladne Fichten;
Der Adler floh in ſeinen Horſt.
Da ſchauderte, gebeugt von Jammer,
Ein Greis in ſeiner öden Kammer.
Die Wände flimmerten ſilberweiß,
Gleich ſeinem Bart, von Reif und Eis.

Ihn trieb der Froſt in eins der Zimmer
Des ſtolzen Ritters Balduin,
Hier funkelte des Goldes Schimmer
Am Prachtgeräth und am Kamin.
Rings ſtrahlten im Kryſtall der Spiegel
Des Feuers hochgeſchwungne Flügel,
Und ſüßer Wohlgerüche Duft
Durchſchwamm die mild erwärmte Luft.

Der Alte ſchob ſich einen Seſſel
Dicht an des Marmorherdes Rand,
Um von des Froſtes harter Feſſel
Zu löſen die erſtarrte Hand.
Doch, kaum berührt vom Hauch der Flammen,
Fuhr er vor Schrecken hoch zuſammen,
Denn Balduin, ſein Sohn, trat jach
Mit Donnerworten ins Gemach.

„Hinweg! Was giebt's noch hier zu warten?
Vergeßt Ihr, daß ich Burgherr bin?
Mir blüht voll Reiz des Lebens Garten,
Nur Ihr ſeid mir ein Dorn darin!
Macht, wie ich geſtern Euch befohlen,
Euch ſchnell zum Thor auf die Sohlen;
Sonſt treib' ich Euch, ein Wort, ein Mann!
Gewaltſam aus des Schloſſes Bann!“

„O Gott! wohin ſoll ich mich wenden?
Sei nicht ſo grauſam, Balduin!
Soll ich denn nackt, mit leeren Händen,
Das Stammhaus meiner Väter fliehn?
Ich ſetzte dich zum Schloßgebieter,
Ich ſchenkte dir all' meine Güter;
Nun gönne doch mir armen Mann
Ein Räumlein, wo ich ſterben kann!“ —

„Fahrt hin! — nur nicht in dieſen Mauern! —
Vorwürfe härten mich zum Stein.
Ihr könntet, ohne mein Bedauern,
Schon längſt der Würmer Speiſe ſein.
Wer ſchöne volle ſiebzig Jahre
Der Welt genoß, iſt reif zur Bahre!
Denn wäre dieß kein altes Muß,
Wann käm' ein Erbe zum Genuß?“

„Ach, Sohn, erinnre dich, daß heute
Der Heiland uns geboren ward!
Sei ihm, der ſich des Wohlthuns freute,
Sei ihm zu Ehren nicht ſo hart!
O, dein Gedächtniß wird dir ſagen,
Wie oft ich einſt in dieſen Tagen
Dir freundliche Geſchenke bot,
Und du entziehſt mir Dach und Brot!“

Doch nur verſtockter ward der Ritter,
Je mehr der Greis an's Herz ihm ſprach.
Er tobte wie das Ungewitter,
Das um die Burg der Bäume brach.
Mit Löwengrimm legt' er am Ende
An ſeinen Vater gar die Hände,
Und zog, der ſchändliche Barbar,
Ihn hin zur Thür am greiſen Haar.

„Ach, ſchone mein! Ich will dir weichen,
Will ewig meiden deine Thür.
Doch, Balduin, ein kleines Zeichen
Von Menſchlichkeit erbitt' ich mir.
Du hörſt die Winterſtürme toſen,
Siehſt meines Rocks verſchliſſne Faſen.
Drum ſchenke mir ein Reiſekleid,
Das gegen Froſt mir Schutz verleiht!“

„Die Wohlthat ſoll Euch widerfahren;“
Sprach Balduin, und wandte ſich
Zu ſeinem Söhnlein von zehn Jahren,
Das, horchend, jetzt durch's Zimmer ſchlich:
„Georg! im Stall, in einer Ecke,
Hängt eine wollne Pferdedecke,
Noch neu und rein, die bringe du,
Und wirf ſie dieſem Alten zu!“ —

Der Knabe ging und kam. „Wie lange!“
Rief Balduin, „haſt du verweilt!
Und ha! was ſeh' ich, loſer Range!
Wer hat die Decke halb getheilt?“ —
„Ich!“ ſprach der Knabe ſonder Schrecken:
„Sie reicht ſo hin, ihn zu bedecken.
Die andre Hälfte, dieſer gleich,
Bewahr' ich, Väterchen, für Euch!“

Mit Thränen ſah der Greis gen Himmel,
Wies ſtumm die Hälfte von ſich ab,
Und ſetzte dann ins Sturmgetümmel
Getroſt hinein den Wanderſtab.
Der Ritter ſchloß vergnügt die Pforte,
Belächelte des Knaben Worte;
Doch dreißig Jahre drauf hieß ihn
Georg auch fort ins Elend ziehn.

Der Bergknappe.

„Glück auf!“ Die Bergleute fahren
Hinab in den Silberſchacht,
Und ihre Lampen erhellen
Die unterirdiſche Nacht.

Dicht war mit Dornen umwachſen
Des Bergs verſchloſſner Mund;
Seit funfzig Jahren berührte
Kein Fuß den verödeten Schlund.

Denn weiland hielt, nach der Sage,
Ein Gnomengeſchlecht darin Haus,
Und trieb mit feurigem Hauche
Die Grubenarbeiter hinaus.

Doch alle dieſe befahren
Seitdem das friedliche Grab;
Jetzt fliegen die Söhne, die Enkel,
Zur Wiege des Eiſens hinab.

Und als ein verfallener Stollen
Sich nun aus den Trümmern erhub,
Erſchien ein verunglückter Jüngling,
Den dort das Schickſal begrub.

Er lag (den Findern ein Wunder)
Wie noch von Leben durchglüht:
Ihm waren die Roſen der Jugend
Nicht auf der Wange verblüht.

Von einer Bergwand gefangen,
In Eiſenwaſſer verſenkt,
Ward ihm durch die Kraft des Metalles
Der Schimmer des Lebens geſchenkt.

Die Knappen trugen den Leichnam
Ans Licht des Tages empor,
Und ſchnell durcheilte die Kunde
Der Bergſtadt niedriges Thor.

Da zogen Jugend und Alter
Heran in gedrängten Reihn,
Und männiglich ſah mit Erſtaunen
Dort Leben und Tod im Verein.

Doch das Gewimmel des Volkes,
Das rings den Entſeelten umſtand,
Durchſchlichen vergebens die Fragen:
„Wer iſt er? wer hat ihn gekannt?"

Und ſiehe, da kam aus dem Hüttchen,
Gekrümmet von des Alters Laſt,
Noch eine Greiſin, am Stabe,
Mit kraftlos zitternder Haſt.

Und als ſie den Leichnam erblickte,
Erbebte ſie wunderſam,
Und ſtürzte dahin, mit dem Rufe:
„O Gott! mein Bräutigam!"

Sie hub mit gewaltigem Streben
Sich unter der Ohnmacht Gewicht;
Sie beugte, mit Augen der Liebe,
Sich über des Todten Geſicht.

Sie küßte, mit ſtrömenden Zähren,
Des Mundes entfärbtes Roth,
Und die ſo lange Getrennten
Vereinte plötzlich der Tod. —

Erſchüttert ſtanden die Zeugen;
Nur Seufzer durchhauchten die Luft.
Die Liebenden ruhen nun beide
In einer gemeinſamen Gruft.

Samuel Gotthold Lange

ward 1711 zu Halle geboren, und erhielt unter der Leitung ſeines Vaters, des bekannten halliſchen Theologen Joachim L. von Privatlehrern den erſten Unterricht, welcher auf der Kloſterſchule zu Magdeburg und auf dem Pädagogium zu Halle dann vervollſtändigt wurde. Mit dem 16. Jahre nahm er als Student der Theologie an den daſigen akademiſchen Vorleſungen fleißigen Antheil, und beſuchte nebenbei auch noch phyſikaliſche, mathematiſche und mediciniſche Collegia, während er in Erholungsſtunden Belletriſtik mit Ernſt trieb. Hang zur Hypochondrie nöthigte ihn aber, ſich 1734 von ſeinen Studien loszureißen und ſich zur Erholung nach Erfurt zu begeben, von wo er 1736 nach Berlin ging, und dort den bildenden Umgang großer Gelehrten und Künſtler genoß. 1737 kam er als Prediger nach Laublingen bei Halle, erhielt 1740 die Magiſterwürde und gleich darauf die Mitgliedſchaft der kaiſerlichen Akademie der Naturforſcher zu Wien. Auch ertheilte ihm der König von Preußen 1755 die 3. Inſpection des Saalkreiſes, und ſo lebte und wirkte er in ſeiner ländlichen Einſamkeit angenehm und fruchtbringend, und von ſeinen Freunden und Bekannten, Pyra zu Berlin, Meier zu Halle, Gleim, von Hagedorn, von Kleiſt, von Stille, Bodmer, Breitinger, Hirzel, Sulzer geliebt, bis er kurz nach ſeiner zweiten Vermählung am 25. Junius 1781 daſelbſt ſtarb.

Er verfaßte:

Thyrſis und Damons freundſchaftliche Lieder. Zürich 1745, 1749, 8.; 2. Aufl. Halle o. J., 8.
Freundſchaftliche Briefe. Berlin 1746, 8.; n. A. Ebend. 1760, 8.
Horaziſche Oden. Halle 1747, gr. 8.
Eine wunderſchöne Hiſtoria von dem gehörnten Siegfried dem Zweiten ꝛc. Braunſchweig und Leipzig (Halle) 1747, 8.
Horatius Oden 5 Bücher und von der Dichtkunſt 1 Buch, poetiſch überſetzt. Halle 1752, 8.
Poetiſche Betrachtung über die 7 Worte des ſterbenden Erlöſers. Ebendaſ. 1757, gr. 8.
Die beſiegten Heere. Halle 1758.
Oden David's. Halle 1760, 4 Thle., 8.
Der glorreiche Friede im Jahr 1763. Ebendaſ. 1763.
Denkmal ehelicher und väterlicher Liebe. Halle 1765, gr. 8.
An Kios aus Klaudians Eingange zum zweiten Buch vom Raube der Proſerpina. Halle 1769, 8.
Der Komet. Lehrgedicht. Ebendaſ. 1769, 8.
Sammlung gelehrter und freundſchaftlicher Briefe. Ebendaſ. 1769, 1770, 2 Thle., 8.
Leben G. Friedrich Meier's. Halle 1778, gr. 8.

Außerdem gab er noch heraus die Zeitſchrift: „Poetiſche, moraliſche ꝛc. Beſchäftigungen einer Geſellſchaft auf dem Lande" (Halle 1777, 1778, 3 St., gr. 8.), eine der älteſten Kleiſtiſchen Handſchriften des Frühlings, mit Profeſſor Meier die Wochenſchriften: „Der Geſellige; Der Menſch; Das Reich der Natur und Sitten; Der Glückſelige" und lieferte mehrere kleinere Arbeiten in damalige Zeitſchriften und Almanache.

Lange iſt nie zu den bedeutenderen Dichtern gezählt worden, obwohl ſeine Freundſchaft mit Pyra und ſein durch dieſelbe vorzüglich veranlaßtes Streben ihm früher ehrenvollen Ruf verſchafften. Seine Gedichte verdienten Lob wegen der in denſelben gezeigten Wärme und Wahrheit des Gefühls, es fehlte ihrem Verfaſſer aber an Geſchmack und Reife des Urtheils. Dies zeigte ſich am deutlichſten in ſeiner Ueberſetzung der Horaziſchen Oden, von der man weit mehr erwartet hatte, und welche ſich Leſſing's entſchiedenen Tadel zuzog.

Georg Heinrich, Freiherr von Langsdorff

wurde 1774 zu Laiſt in Schwaben geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen Medicin und ward, nachdem er die Doctorwürde in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft ſich erworben hatte, 1797 Leibarzt und Begleiter des Prinzen Chriſtian von Waldeck nach Liſſabon, wo er zuerſt die Kuhpockenimpfung einführte, und von wo er dann über England und Frankreich zurückkehrte. Da durch das Gerücht von Kruſenſtern's beabſichtigter Unternehmung ſein Wunſch nach einer größeren naturhiſtoriſchen Reiſe ſich nun ſehr lebhaft regte, reiſte er, obſchon Tileſius bereits zum Naturforſcher bei dieſer Unternehmung beſtimmt war, dennoch 1803 von Göttingen nach Kopenhagen ab, traf hier mit Kruſenſtern zuſammen, und erhielt vom Geſandten Reſanoff die Erlaubniß zur Mitreiſe. Nachdem er 1805 in Kamtſchatka ſeine Reiſegeſellſchafter verlaſſen, und den Reſt ſeiner Reiſe durch Sibirien zu Fuß zurückgelegt hatte, kam er nach Petersburg zurück, ging 1822 als ruſſiſcher Generalconſul mit einer Geſellſchaft Auswanderer nach Braſilien, bereiſte 1823 den Ural und darauf Braſilien, und trat 1825 ſeine große naturhiſtoriſche Reiſe in das Innere von Südamerika an, von welcher er 1831 nach Europa zurückkehrte. Er lebte ſeitdem als Dr. medicinae, kaiſerlich ruſſiſcher Staatsrath und Ritter mehrerer Orden zu Freiburg im Breisgau.

Er gab heraus:

Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe um die Welt in den Jahren 1803 — 7. Frankfurt 1812, 2 Bde., 4.

Und Franzöſiſch:

Plantes, recueillies pendant le voyage des Russes autour du monde. Tübingen 1810.
Mémoire sur le Bresil pour servir de guide à ceux qui désirent s'y établir. Paris 1820, 4.

Die von L. herausgegebene Reiſe um die Welt wird ſtets einen ehrenvollen Rang unter den Werken dieſer Gattung einnehmen, da ſie ſich eben ſo ſehr durch gründliche Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit, wie durch geſchmackvolle Behandlung und geiſtreiche Darſtellung auszeichnet.

Karl Lappe

ward am 24. April 1773 zu Wuſterhauſen bei Greifswald geboren, ſtudirte zu Wolgaſt und Greifswald unter Koſegarten, wurde dann Hauslehrer bei einer mecklenburgiſchen Familie, und ſpäter zu Altenkirchen in Koſegarten's Hauſe, worauf er 1801 als Gymnaſiallehrer nach Stralſund ging. Wegen Kränklichkeit wurde er 1817 penſionirt und zog ſich nach Steinhagen, dann nach Pütte bei Stralſund zurück, wo er ſich auf eigenem Hofe mit ländlichen und literariſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigte.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Gedichte. Düſſeldorf 1801, gr. 8.
Kellgren's proſaiſche Schriften. Aus dem Schwediſchen. Neuſtrelitz 1801.
Miranda. Hiſtoriſches Gedicht. Stralſund 1802.
Poetiſches Magazin. Ebendaſ. 1809, 5 Thle.; 2. Ausgabe 1816 f.
Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, Treue. Leipzig 1810, 8.
Gedichte. Zweite Auswahl. Stralſund 1811, 8.
Kampfgedichte. Ebendaſ. 1814, 8.
Froſchmäuſeler im Auszuge. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Mitgabe nach Rügen. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Pommerbuch. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Altes verjüngt. Nürnberg 1823.
Blätter. Stralſund 1824 und 1829, 1. Heft.
Inſel Felſenburg. Robinſonade. Nürnberg 1828.
Blätter. 2. und 3. Heft. Berlin 1833. Auch unter dem Titel: Vermiſchte Schriften. 2 Bdchn., 8.
Friedhofskränze. Auswahl. Stralſund 1831, 8.

Innige und wahre Herzlichkeit, Wärme des Gefühls und lebendige Auffaſſung bei einfacher, ungekünſtelter Darſtellung, verleihen L's Schriften, namentlich ſeinen lyriſchen Poeſieen, einen bleibenden Werth.

Der kleine Derik*).

„Derik!“ — ruft der Pflanzer tiefbekümmert, —
„Wo biſt du?“ — „„O Derik, Derik!““ wimmert
Halb entſeelt die Gattin durch den Wald.
Keine Ruhe ſoll die Mutter laben,
Bis ſie findet ihren trauten Knaben.
„„Derik! Derik!““ — Keine Antwort ſchallt.

„„O mein Derik, ſoll ich ſo dich miſſen?
Wilde Katzen haben dich zerriſſen.
O mein armes, mein verlornes Kind!
Oder lebſt du? Hörſt du noch mein Jammern?
Eilet, rettet, eh' ſie ihn umklammern,
Deren Krallen ſchon gehoben ſind!““

Ach, ſie eilen, alle Hausgenoſſen,
Mitleidsvoll, in Thränenflut zerfloſſen,
Fliegen, ſuchen, rufen durch den Hain.
„„Alles iſt verloren und vergeben;
Ach, mein Derik iſt nicht mehr am Leben!““
Ruft ſie wild, gepreßt von Todespein.

In der Ohnmacht tief hinab geſchlagen,
Sieht ſie ſtarr; die ſtummen Männer tragen
Die gebeugte Mutter in das Haus.
Schon verronnen ſind des Tages Stunden,
Alle Hoffnung iſt zugleich entſchwunden,
Und der Vater rauft das Haar ſich aus.

Lautes Klagen jammert durch die Hütte
Sieh', da nahet ſich mit müdem Schritte
Noch ein Wilder und ſein treuer Hund.
Tawenißa iſt's, der auf der Reiſe
Als Bekannter einkehrt nach der Weiſe,
Mit dem Pflanzer hält er Freundesbund.

Und er ſieht den Gaſtfreund bleich in Zähren,
Und er forſcht, und vernimmt, ſchnell zu hören,
Was dem Hauſe dieſe Wunde ſchlug.
„„Laßt den Kummer, meine weißen Brüder
Lebend oder todt, ich bring' ihn wieder,
Gebt mir Kleider, die der Knabe trug.“

Und man bringt ſie; Tawenißa reibet
Seines Hundes Nüſtern, und beſchreibet
Einen weiten Zirkel mit dem Stab,
Wendet ſich bedeutend zu dem Hunde,
Gibt durch Winke ſeines Willens Kunde,
Und hinweg rennt ſchnaubend Oniab.

Dicht den Boden mit der Schnauze rührend,
Kreiſet Oniab; die Fährte ſpürend,
Schlägt er bald mit lautem Bellen an.
Emſig ſuchend ſtürzt er in's Gebüſche,
Alles folgt in wimmelndem Gemiſche,
Doch zuvor rennt weit der braune Mann

Man verliert die Schnellen hinter Bäumen;
Aber ſieh'! nach einem kurzen Säumen
Rauſcht der Wald; der Wilde kehrt zurück,
Einen Knaben trägt er auf dem Arme;
„„Bruder Weißer, laß vom bittren Harme!
Hier iſt Derik, deines Lebens Glück!

„„Tief verſteckt im Laub des Dickichts trafen
Wir das Kind, ermattet eingeſchlafen,
Unverletzt, doch halb verſchmachtet ſchon.““
Und der Vater hört es mit Entzücken,
Und die Mutter hört es, und ſie drücken
An den Buſen den geliebten Sohn.

Laute Wonne folgt auf tiefe Schmerzen:
Freudetaumelnd küſſen ſie und herzen
Bald den Knaben, bald den wilden Mann,
Bald den Hund, den redlichen, getreuen,
Der verſtändig ſcheint ſich mit zu freuen;
Unter Jubel bricht die Nacht heran.

Als durch's Laub der Sonne Stralen brannten,
Schickt Lefevre rings zu den Bekannten,
Alle Pflanzer ladet er zum Schmaus.

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*) Gedicht von K. Lappe (aus A. Diezmann's „Braga“ 2. Bdchn.).

Und ſie kommen willig zu dem Feſte;
Treue Nachbarn, viel willkomm'ne Gäſte
    Strömen ſie theilnehmend in das Haus.

Biederherzig, ſonder Falſch und Tücke,
Freut ſich Jeder in des Hauſes Glücke,
    Traulich um den Vater ſteht mein Schwarm;
Um die Mutter, die den Spätgebornen,
Ach, den Todtbeweinten, den Verlor'nen,
    Stets noch hält in liebevollem Arm.

Doch, gepreßt vom rauſchenden Gedränge,
Flüchtet Teweniſſa aus der Menge,
    Sitzt beſcheiden in dem Schoppen hin;
Denn er dünkt ſich bei dem frohen Feſte
Den Geringſten der gelad'nen Gäſte,
    Unverſtellt, mit anſpruchloſem Sinn.

Ihn vermißt Lefevre aus dem Kreiſe;
Kundig längſt des Mannes ſtiller Weiſe,
    Sucht er ſchnell den zu beſcheid'nen Freund.
Aus dem Schoppen führt er, tief gerühret,
Seinen Gaſt, der mehr, denn ſich gebühret,
    Von dem Wirthe ſich gefeiert meint.

Und Lefevre kann der Flut von Zähren
Heißen Danks nicht länger ſich erwehren,
    Er umarmt den guten braunen Mann.
„Wähle dir von allen meinen Schätzen,
Was am meiſten deinen Sinn ergötzen,
    Was am beſten dich belohnen kann.“

„„Biete nicht dem Wilden deine Güter!
Keines Silbers, keines Goldes Hüter
    Mag dein Freund aus Anoquaga ſein.
Arm und fröhlich ſind die Nationen,
Die am Strome Suſquehannah wohnen,
    Unſre Schätze birgt der Wald allein.““

Heißer drängt des Freundes ſanfte Bitte,
Doch er weigert mit beſcheid'ner Sitte,
    Da kein Reichthum ſeinen Sinn beſticht.
Endlich läßt er ſich zum Angedenken
Dieſes Tages eine Flinte ſchenken;
    Aller andern Schätz' bedarf er nicht.

Drauf mit ſeinem Knaben auf dem Arme,
Still umringt von aller Gäſte Schwarme,
    Faßt der Pflanzer Teweniſſa's Hand.

Mit dem Ausdruck, der das Herz gewinnet,
Naht er ſich dem Fremden, und beginnet,
    Mit der Wilden Rede wohl bekannt:

„Teweniſſa, merke, was ich ſage,
Jedes Wort, das ich im Buſen trage!
    Mit dem Wampumgürtel rühr' ich dich.
Sieh', ich war von Angſt und Qual umgeben,
Wie erſtarrte Schlange, ohne Leben,
    Teweniſſa, du erwärmteſt mich.

„Teweniſſa, nimm mein Wort zu Ohren!
Meines Alters Stab hatt' ich verloren,
    Und du fandeſt wieder dieſen Stab.
Ach, den ſüßen Troſt des müden Alten,
Meinen Derik haſt du mir erhalten,
    Du und dein getreuer Oniab!

„Teweniſſa! Meines Knaben Retter!
Lohnen mögen mein' und deine Götter
    Dieſe That, die du an mir gethan!
Sieh', mein Volk und deines, ſie ſind Feinde,
Doch nicht wir, ſeit lange ſind wir Freunde;
    Heute nehm' ich dich zum Bruder an.

„Wirſt du alt, nicht fürder mehr zu jagen,
Wollen deine Füße dich nicht tragen:
    Teweniſſa, Bruder, komm' zu mir!
Deines Alters Schwäche will ich pflegen
Deine müden Knochen weich zu legen,
    Breit' ich eine Bärendecke dir.

„Wird auch einſt dein rüſtiger Begleiter,
Er, dein Jagdgefährt' und Nebenſtreiter,
    Dein getreuer Hund des Alters Raub:
Bring' ihn mir! Auch ſein will ich gedenken,
Will ihm Koſt und Pfleg' und Ruhe ſchenken,
    Und mit Thränen ehren ſeinen Staub.

„Nun, mein Bruder, faſſe meine Rede!
Merke meine Worte all' und jede!
    Dieſen Wampumgürtel nimm von mir;
Daß dein Geiſt nicht flüchtig abwärts ſchweife:
Nimm auch hin und rauche meine Pfeife;
    Dies ſei Zeugniß zwiſchen mir und dir!“

Johann Laſſenius

ward am 26. April 1636 zu Walden in Pommern geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und Philoſophie zu Roſtock, und bereiſte dann als Hofmeiſter in einer hochgeſtellten Familie mit ſeinem Zöglinge Holland, Frankreich, England, Italien, Spanien und Portugal. Er fiel dabei mehrmals den Jeſuiten in die Hände, die ihn einige Zeit gefangen hielten. 1666 wurde er Rector zu Itzehoe, dann 1669 Prediger zu Brennſtädt, und kam von hier 1675 nach Kopenhagen, wo er am 29. Auguſt 1692 als Dr. und Profeſſor der Theologie, Hofprediger und Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor ſtarb.

Von ihm haben wir:

Geiſtliche Lieder. 1702.
Perlenſchatz. Leipzig 1712.
Davids Harffe. Verliebte Sulamithin. Leipzig 1713 u. folgende.
Lobſingende Andacht; Adelige Tiſchreden; Bürgerliche Weiſen und Tiſchreden; Sionitiſche Erquickſtunden. 1714, 2 Thle.

Seine geiſtlichen Lieder ſind nicht ohne Werth, auch ſeine Reden verdienen für jene Zeit geziemendes Lob; nur verleitete ihn der Eifer für rhetoriſche Kürze und Präciſion oft zu Uebertreibungen und Geſchmackloſigkeiten.

Heinrich Laube

ward im Jahre 1806 zu Sprottau in Schleſien geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Glogau, und ſtudirte dann in Halle und Breslau Theologie. Später lebte er als belletriſtiſcher Schriftſteller zu Leipzig, wo er die Redaction der Zeitung für die elegante Welt leitete, dann abwechſelnd in Berlin, Naumburg, und zuletzt in Muskau. Er iſt Doctor der Philoſophie.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Das neue Jahrhundert Fürth und Leipzig 1833, 2 Bde.
Das junge Europa. Leipzig und Mannheim 1833 — 37, 5 Bde., in drei Abtheilungen: die Poeten, die Krieger, die Bürger.
Reiſenovellen. Leipzig und Mannheim 1834—37, 6 Bde.
Liebesbriefe. Leipzig 1835.
Die Schauſpielerin. Mannheim [illegible]
Moderne Charakteriſtiken. Mannheim 1835. 2 Bde.
Das Glück. Mannheim 1837.
Görres und Athanaſius. (Anonym) Leipzig 1838.

Einzelne Aufſätze belletriſtiſchen und kritiſchen Inhaltes in Journalen u. ſ. w.

Laube, zu dem ſogenannten jungen Deutſchland gehörend, und in alle Schickſale, welche dieſe Schule trafen, eng verflochten, hat zwei verſchiedene Richtungen in ſeinen Schriften eingeſchlagen, von denen die letztere der erſteren faſt entgegengeſetzt iſt. Während dieſer legte er ſeine Lebensanſichten vorzüglich in der erſten Abtheilung ſeines modernen Zeitromans: das junge Europa (die Poeten) nieder. Er betrachtete (es ſei uns vergönnt, hier ſchon früher über ihn Ausgeſprochenes mit wenigen Abänderungen zu wiederholen) die Inſtitutionen des Staates und der Kirche als veraltet und durch die Zeit verderbt, und wollte ſie, wenn auch nicht ausgerottet, doch umgeſtaltet wiſſen. Wie dieſe Umgeſtaltung geſchehen ſolle, darüber war er, mit Millionen neben ihm, noch nicht im Reinen, und begnügte ſich daher, den Conflict Gleichdenkender mit ihrer Zeit und ihren Verhältniſſen zu ſchildern, und im romantiſchen Gewande ſeine zerſtreuten Lehren, denn zu einem eigentlichen durchgearbeiteten Syſtem hat er es ſelbſt nie gebracht, als Grundlinien eines ſolchen Syſtems zu verbreiten. Beſonders hervorzuheben an ſeinen damaligen Leiſtungen war, daß, ſo kühn und frei er ſich auch in ſeinem weiten Kreiſe bewegte, und ſo eigenthümliche Seiten des Lebens er auch behandelte, doch ſein Gefühl für Schönheit immer vorherrſchend blieb, und er ſich nie zu geſchmackloſen Widerlichkeiten hinreißen ließ. Börne und Heine übten während dieſer Periode bedeutenden Einfluß auf ihn aus, und es gelang ihm nicht, ſich zu ſelbſtſtändiger Freiheit von aller Manier zu erheben. — In ſeiner zweiten Richtung iſt er noch nicht ſo entſchieden aufgetreten, daß man ein genügendes Urtheil über ihn fällen könnte; doch ſcheint er, nach dem, was er bis jetzt geleiſtet, zu urtheilen, hier weit mehr Gefahr zu laufen, in einer feſten Manier allmälig zu erſchlaffen. Er hat ſich Goethe zum Vorbild genommen, oder ſucht vielmehr, wie er es ſelbſt nennt, Goethe'ſche Weltanſchauung zu erſtreben; da er aber nicht dichteriſch dabei zu Werke geht, ſondern mit einer gewiſſen Vornehmheit, nur kritiſch, ſelbſt in Darſtellungen des Lebens, und das, was er poetiſch bringt, nur das äußere Gewand iſt, ſo hat er in neuerer Zeit bedeutend an ſeiner urſprünglichen Kraft verloren und nicht wirklich Eigenthümliches und Neues gebracht. — Große Anmuth des Styls, geiſtige Gewandtheit und lebendige Phantaſie ſind ihm eigen, und wenn es ihm gelänge, ſich von ſtörender Subjectivität zu befreien, ſo würde er beſtimmt noch ſehr Gelungenes bringen.

Die Novelle *).

In Altenburg waren zwei Damen eingeſtiegen, und erſt vor der Stadt hatten ſie ſich in die Geſichter geſehen und ſich erkannt. Es ſchienen herzliche Freundinnen zu ſein, die weit entfernt von einander geweſen waren, aber der Ausdruck ihrer Freude kam mir ſo dumpf gemäßigt vor, wie man die Trommeln ſchlägt, wenn ein Soldat begraben wird. Sie küßten ſich und drückten ſich die Hände; genauer ſchaute ich nicht hin, ich war zu ſehr beſchäftigt, ihre Geſichter hatte ich auch nicht geſehen. Ich ſaß neben ihnen auf dem hinterſten Sitz, und als es ganz finſter war, und ſie mich gewiß feſt eingeſchlafen glaubten, erzählte die eine mit leiſe flüſternder Stimme folgende Geſchichte. Vorher hatte ich auf ihr Geſpräch nicht Acht gehabt, der epiſche Ton aber, welcher plötzlich anhub, weckte mich alsbald. Die erzählende Dame hatte eine ſchöne Altſtimme, welche zuweilen über das Flüſtern heraustrat. Sonſt ſprach ſie Alles ohne Modulation, eintönig, und das erhöhte mir den Eindruck außerordentlich. Die Nacht und der Wagen war übrigens finſter und ſtill, ununterbrochen, aber in gleichmäßigem Tempo, regnete es draußen. Ich hörte halb wachend, halb träumend zu, doch werd' ich kaum etwas Weſentliches geändert haben, wie ich die Erzählung aus meinem Gedächtniß objectivirt hier niederbringe.

1.

Draußen am Rhein in einem mäßigen Städtchen ſaß eine bürgerliche Familie beim Frühſtück. Es war noch ſehr früh, die Morgennacht ſah grau zu den Fenſtern herein, das Kaminfeuer brannte, und auf dem Tiſche ſtanden zwei brennende Lichter. Um den Tiſch herum ſaßen der Vater in einem warmen Schlafpelze, die Mutter mit der weißen Nachthaube, und der Sohn, ein ſtattlicher Burſch, zur Reiſe gerüſtet. Ferdinand wollte in der Frühe fort, er ſollte bis nach Rußland reiſen. Am Kamin ſtand die Schweſter, einen friſchen Topf Warmbier kochend, denn es war kalte Frühjahrsluft draußen. Das Mädchen war hoch und ſchlank gewachſen, ſie hatte ein großes Tuch umgeſchlagen und auf dem Rücken die Zipfel zuſammengebunden. Unverwandt ſah ſie in's Feuer hinein, und langſam glitten die Thränen ihr über die Wangen.

„Aber Mathilde" — rief der Vater, „die Kanne iſt leer, und Ferdinand hat erſt zwei Taſſen getrunken."

Da fuhr ſie erſchrocken zuſammen, und die weißen ſchönen Arme kamen aus dem Tuche heraus, und legten friſches Holz an, die Thränen fielen in's Feuer, und ſie nahm ſich kaum die Zeit, die Wange mit dem Tuche abzutrocknen. Das Warmbier kochte, ſie brachte es auf den Tiſch, ſchenkte dem Bruder die Taſſe voll, und fuhr ihm dann mit beiden Händen über Kopf und Geſicht, und leiſe weinend drückte ſie ihr Geſicht an ſeine Augen. „Und du gehſt nun auch fort, Ferdinand." — —

Mehr konnte ſie nicht ſagen. Der Bruder ſchlug den Arm um ſie, der Vater ſtellte die Pfeife weg, und ward unruhig, die Mutter weinte ſehr, und trat hinzu und nahm den Sohn bei der Hand. Endlich that der Vater, als ſei er verdrießlich, und ſchalt, daß man den Jungen nicht wenigſtens in Ruhe frühſtücken ließe.

Da knallte es laut im Hausflur, und Alle riefen: „der Kutſcher."

Ferdinand ſprang auf, küßte den Vater. Des Alten Geſicht war in ſtürmiſcher Bewegung. Er küßte die lautweinende Mutter; unter lautem Weinen band ſie ihm einen Fuchsſchwanz um den Hals, und wollte ihn nicht mehr loslaſſen. Sie ſteckte ihm noch das Taſchentuch, was er auf dem Stuhle hatte liegen laſſen, in die Bruſt hinein. Nun wollte er von der Schweſter ſcheiden. Sie legte den Arm um ſeine Schultern, und bat innig: „Noch nicht!" — Die Eltern durften nicht mit vor die Thür, es ſei zu kalt für ſie draußen. Und draußen am Wagen, da drückte ſie dem lieben Bruder noch einmal die zitternden, warmen Hände in's Geſicht, und bat ihn von Herzen, er möge ja recht glücklich leben. „Und wenn du ihn in Riga triffſt, ſo bitte ihn, daß er treu iſt."

Der Wagen rollte fort. Mathilde ſah ihm mit ſchmerzlichem Geſicht nach, und flüchtete ihre ſchönen Arme unter das Tuch. Es war kalt, die Straße ſah noch todt und wie eine graue Stube, deren Decke abgetragen iſt. Der Nachtwächter auf der Bank gegenüber war aufgewacht, half ſich langſam am Spieß in die Höhe, lüftete ſeinen breiten Hut und pfiff fünf Uhr. Langſam, ſchauernd vor Froſt und Trauer ging Mathilde in's Haus zurück. Das Kaminfeuer war ausgegangen, die Eltern ſaßen im Dunkeln. Sie ſetzte ſich ſtill in einen Winkel am Ofen, wo ſie oft mit dem Bruder und dem geſeſſen hatte, den ſie in Riga grüßen ließ. —

2.

Eines Abends kam Ferdinand in Riga an. Er hatte in Heidelberg ſeine Studien vollendet, und ſollte jetzt eines reichen Banquiers Kinder erziehen. Deshalb war er hier, und ſchritt über die Schwelle des hell erleuchteten Hauſes. Es war Abendgeſellſchaft da, man nahm ihn vornehm freundlich auf, der Banquier machte ihn mit ſeiner Familie bekannt. Die Frau vom Hauſe hatte ein eitles aufgeblaſenes Geſicht, es war viel Schönheit in den Formen, aber eine gewiſſe Unordnung in den Zügen, ſie behandelte Ferdinand mit jenem Gemiſch von Kaufmannsdünkel, Selbſtolz und halbgebildeter Artigkeit. Ihr Anzug war reich, aber ohne Geſchmack, die Toilette üppig und frei. Hinter ihr, zum Theil auf ihre Schulter gelehnt, ſtand die älteſte Tochter Emilie, und ſah den Ankömmling neugierig mit ihren brennenden Augen an. Das Mädchen trat eben in's Alter der Jungfrau, wie junger Reif lag ein friſches Verlangen auf den feſten jugendlichen Formen, auf dem hellen Roth der Geſundheit. Sie hatte rabenſchwarzes Haar und ſchwarze Augen, und war ſchon ſo groß wie ihre Mutter. Ferdinand ſollte ſie franzöſiſch und Muſik lehren. Sie fiel wie Feuer in ſeine Augen, und er ſah ſie mit leuchtenden Blicken an. Die Mutter begegnete ſeinen Blicken und lächelte. Man fragte ihn, ob er vorleſen könne, und gab ihm Goethe's Stella.

Ferdinand las, Emilie ſaß neben ihm, er fühlte ihren Athem, ihre Augen auf den Buchſtaben und las heiß und leidenſchaftlich. Das Mädchen hörte mit großer Theilnahme zu, und nach den Akten war ſie erhitzt und holte tief Athem und lächelte dem Leſer dankbar in die Augen. Die Mutter applaudirte, der Papa ging langſam im Nebenzimmer auf und ab, und ſprach leiſe mit einem Fremden über Geſchäfte. Nur zuweilen blieb er in der Thür ſtehen, und ſah die Gruppe an, aber man konnte leicht unterſcheiden, daß er auf Stella nicht hörte. Zwei jüngere Brüder Emiliens waren bei Beginn der Lektüre von der Mutter entfernt worden, weil das Buch nicht paſſend für ſie ſei.

Als das Buch zu Ende war, glühte Ferdinand, und war ſehr glücklich. Die Mutter trat nahe an ihn heran, lächelte zutraulich, und meinte, es ſei charmant, daß er ſo hübſch und mit ſo viel Ge-

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*) Aus H. Laube's „Reiſenovellen." Leipzig 1834 (Bd. 1. S. 284. flg.).

fühl lebt. „Ach ja!“ ſetzte Emilie ſchnell dazu, und ſtand mit niederblickenden Augen ſinnend neben ihm.

3.

Am folgenden Tage traf Ferdinand auf der Straße ſeinen Univerſitätsfreund Richard, und die Freude war groß, ſie hatten mit einander ſtudirt, und Richard war einſt in den ſchönen Pfingſtfeiertagen mit Ferdinand nach Haus gereiſ't, hinaus an den Rhein in jenes kleine Städtchen, wo es ſtill und hübſch iſt, und wo Mathilde vor der Thür ſaß, und einen bunten Studentenbeutel ſtickte. Im Frühlinge, da kamen die Blumen all, und auch die Liebe, und Richard hatte Mathilden geküßt, eh' die luſtigen Freunde wieder von dannen zogen, es war große Freude draußen am Rhein geweſen. Später war er wieder gekommen, und war Arm in Arm mit dem Mädchen ſpazieren gegangen, und die Leute hatten geſagt: das iſt ein ſchönes Paar, Vater und Mutter aber hatten ſie geſegnet. —

Jetzt richtete Ferdinand Mathildens Gruß und Sorge aus, und Richard fragte zurück, wie es ihr ginge. Drauf ließ er ſich von Ferdinand in das Haus des Banquiers einführen. Er ſpielte beſſer Klavier als jener, und übernahm zum Scherz und aus Freundſchaft die Muſikſtunden für Emilien. Die Mutter war es zufrieden, denn Richard war ein ſehr artiger Mann, und ein geliebter Geſellſchafter in Riga; er hatte ſo viel Verbindungen, und war auf dem beſten Wege, eine glänzende juriſtiſche Karriere zu machen. Der Banquier machte ihm ſehr freundliche Verbeugungen und Ferdinand ſtieg im Preiſe, daß er ſo reſpektable Konnexionen beſäße.

In den Morgenſtunden unterrichtete Ferdinand Emilien und ihre Brüder, die Mutter ſchlief da noch, oder machte Morgentoilette, der Vater hatte Geſchäfte und ließ ſich auch niemals ſehn.

Ferdinand lehrte Alles ſo innig und eindringlich, daß Emilie die Stunden immer lieber gewann. Wenn nach Tiſch die Eltern ausfuhren, blieb ſie jetzt immer zu Hauſe, um bei den Stunden ihrer Brüder zuzuhören, und ſelbſt noch Manches mitzulernen. Wenn die Sonne ſchien, ließ Ferdinand die Knaben in den Hof ſpringen, und der Winter begann zu ſcheiden, die Sonne ſchien oft.

Da ſprachen ſie ſtille, herzliche Dinge mit einander, Ferdinand und Emilie. An einem ſolchen ſonnigen Nachmittage war's, als er ſich ein Herz faßte und ſie bei der Hand nahm, und die friſche, pulſirende Hand heiß und lebhaft küßte. Sie legte in Freude und Schreck zuſammenſchauernd die andere Hand auf die ſeine, und ſie ſahen ſich endlich in die Augen, und fielen ſich in die Arme. Es begann ein Küſſen und Drücken, ſie wußten nicht, wie ihnen vor Seligkeit geſchah.

Da ſtieß ein Frühlingswind das Fenſter auf, das nach dem Hofe ging, einer der Brüder unten rief: „Kuckuck,“ und ſie ſprangen erſchreckt tiefer in die Stube.

Ferdinand ſagte im Taumel ſeines Glückes zu Emilien, er wolle den Vater, ſobald er nach Hauſe komme, bitten, ihm ſeine ſchöne Tochter zur Frau zu geben. Geſtern habe er Briefe vom Rheine bekommen, und die Pfarrſtelle in ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſei ihm angetragen. Emilie küßte ihn dafür, der Wagen fuhr vor, ſie ſprang in den Hof, um den Bruder von ſeinem Geſchwätz abzuhalten. Ferdinand ging hinter dem Banquier her, und bat um eine Unterredung.

4.

Richard war im Hofe und ſpielte mit den Buben. Der älteſte erzählte ihm, was er heut gelernt, und wie lange er jetzt ſchon geſpielt habe. Als Richard nach Emilien fragte, antwortete er ihm leiſe, ſie küßte ſich eben mit Herrn Ferdinand.

Darauf ging Richard eiligſt zur gnädigen Frau vom Hauſe, und Ferdinand war kaum beim Banquier eingetreten, ſo erſchien auch jene mit zornflammendem Geſicht, und unterbrach den Vortrag Ferdinands, welcher eben begonnen hatte. Halb zu ihm, halb zu ihrem Manne gewendet, ſagte ſie mit ſchneidenden Worten, daß der Herr Hauslehrer ſich Vertraulichkeiten mit ſeiner Schülerin erlaube, welche ſich durchaus nicht ſchickten.

Mühſam ſchob Ferdinand dazwiſchen, daß er eben den Vater aufgeſucht habe, um Emiliens Hand zu erbitten. Da ſchrie die Mutter laut auf, höhniſch und ſchneidend, der Vater aber, welcher bis dahin nur mit halbem Auge aufgeſehen hatte, ſah ihn plötzlich groß an, runzelte die Stirn, und ſprach mit feſter Stimme: „Mein Herr, davon kann nicht die Rede ſein.“ — —

Auf dem Korridor fand der zurückkehrende, zerſchmetterte Ferdinand Emilien, die in Freude, Liebe und Angſt bebend ſeiner harrte. Er reichte ihr die Hand, und ſagte ihr mit weicher, von heftigem Schmerz bewegter Stimme, daß Alles verloren ſei. Sie fiel ihm um den Hals, überſchüttete ihn mit heißen Thränen und Küſſen.

„Laß uns nach Deutſchland fliehn!“ bat ſie.

„„Du willſt?““

„Ich will Alles, was mich mit Dir vereinigt, ich liebe Dich ſehr.“

Und nun beſprachen ſie, wie das zu beginnen ſei, denn es war nicht wahrſcheinlich, daß man Ferdinand noch länger im Hauſe dulden werde. Thüren wurden geöffnet, ſie waren nicht ſicher an dem Orte, und verabredeten ein Rendezvous. Emilie wollte ſich den Schlüſſel zum Gartenhauſe verſchaffen, dort würden ſie, wenn Alles im Hauſe ſchliefe, das Nöthige beſprechen.

Sie ſchieden unter Küſſen, ermuthigt durch ihre Pläne.

Denſelben Abend war Thé dansant im Hauſe. Emilie erſchien geſchmückt, und war ausgelaſſen und ſchön und lachte und ſcherzte und tanzte wild und luſtig, vorzüglich mit Richard. Ferdinand ſtand in einem Fenſterwinkel, und ſah ihr mit Entzücken zu; ſeine Seele war mit der Liebe für das ſchöne, friſche Mädchen und mit Beſorgniß wegen der Flucht erfüllt. Er tanzte nicht. Als ſich die Geſellſchaft trennte, flüſterte ſie ihm zwei Worte in's Ohr, und eilte auf ihr Zimmer.

5.

Es war eine mondhelle Nacht. Die Gartenthür knarrte, und eine verhüllte weibliche Geſtalt huſchte unter dem Schatten der Bäume hin. Es war Emilie. Ferdinand ſchlich drüben an der Gartenmauer entlang. Sie mußten vorſichtig ſein, denn der Mond ſchien verrätheriſch klar, und in des Vaters Schlafzimmer, was auf den Hof hinausging, war noch Licht. Plötzlich ſchrie Emilie laut auf — rückſichtslos ſprang Ferdinand über die Beete herbei. Sie zitterte am ganzen Körper, und deutete auf eine dunkle Stelle des Gartens, von dort habe ſie ihren Namen nennen hören. Rückſichtslos ging Ferdinand auf die Stelle los — er fand nichts. Sie gingen in's Gartenhaus, und küßten ſich, und kamen in Folgendem überein: Ferdinand ſollte aus dem Pavillon, der in's Freie führte, ſogleich nach dem Hafen eilen, zwei Plätze auf einem Schiff beſtellen, und dann an denſelben Ort zurückkehren. Emilie werde ihre Habſeligkeiten und Koſtbarkeiten zu einem Bündel ſchnüren, und ihn reiſefertig erwarten.

Ferdinand geleitete ſie erſt zurück in's Haus, nahm ſeinen Mantel um, ſteckte ein neues Teſtament in die Taſche, und ging. Am Hafen war's ſtill, ein Schiffer ſchlief auf dem Damme. Er weckte ihn, und begann ſeine Unterhandlung. Der Schiffer blieb liegen, ſtemmte ſeine Arme unter, ließ ihn ausreden, ſtand dann auf und ruderte, ohne ein Wort geſprochen zu haben, Ferdinand hinüber an's Schiff. Der Kapitain ward gerufen, das Geſchäft war bald abgemacht, um 6 Uhr wollte das Schiff in See gehn. —

Ferdinand eilte zurück, fand Emilien harrend, und trat den Weg zum Hafen mit ihr an. Sie wollte immer bemerken, daß ihnen in weiter Entfernung eine Figur gleichmäßig folge, aber Ferdinand nannte es Träumerei. Erſt am Hafen ſchien es auch ihm, als folge ihnen Jemand, das Boot, was ſie überſetzen ſollte, zögerte, er ward unruhig. Drüben von den Häuſern her näherte ſich eine Figur. —

Aber das Boot war da — ſie ſegelten hinüber, und beſtiegen das Schiff. Beide holten tief Athem und fühlten ſich in Sicherheit.

6.

Es war noch nicht Tag, da begann eine große Verwirrung im Hauſe des Banquiers. Ein Mann, in einen langen Mantel gehüllt, hatte heftig an der Hausthür geſchellt, und darauf beſtanden, den Herrn vom Hauſe augenblicklich ſprechen zu müſſen. Der Wagen des Banquiers rollte nach dem Polizeihauſe, die Polizei eilte bald darauf nach der Richtung des Hafens hin.

Der Dreimaſter hob eben die Anker, in Riga ſchlug es ſechs, als der Polizeihauptmann auf einem Boote am Schiffe ankam, und im Namen des Kaiſers den Kapitain zu ſprechen verlangte. Die Matroſen ſchrieen, die Anker würden gelichtet, es ſei zu ſpät. „Im Namen des Kaiſers“ klang es verhängnißvoll in das Gewirr. Der Kapitain kam.

Bald darauf ſah man Emilien und Ferdinand die kleine Schiffstreppe herab klettern in's Boot. Richard, der in ſeinen langen Mantel gehüllt, auf dem Steindamme ſtand, führte Emilien an des Vaters Wagen, hob ſie hinein, küßte ihr die Hand, und rief dem Kutſcher zu, nach Haus zu fahren.

Ferdinand ward in's Gefängniß gebracht, und es begann ein Kriminalprozeß.

In den erſten Tagen hatte Emilie oft geweint; Richard war aber redlich bemüht, ſie zu tröſten.

Nach einiger Zeit ſagte man ihr, Ferdinand ſei nach Deutſchland entlaſſen und die Sache ſei aus.

7.

Draußen am Rhein in dem kleinen Städtchen blieben nun auch die Briefe von Ferdinand aus, denn Briefe von Richard erwartete man ſchon nicht mehr. Mathilde war ſehr blaß geworden und noch ernſthafter als früher. Eines Tages ſagte ſie dem Vater, ſie wolle mit der Poſt nach Riga reiſen, Ferdinand ſei gewiß krank und habe in der Fremde keine Pflege. Der Vater ſagte nichts, und machte ihr das Reiſegeld zurecht.

— In Riga hörte ſie auf der Polizei, Ferdinand ſei nach Sibirien transportirt worden. Sie weinte nicht, ſondern traf Anſtalten, nach Petersburg zu reiſen, um dem Kaiſer einen Fußfall zu thun. Als ſie nach dem Hafen ging, um einen Platz auf dem Schiff zu beſtellen, ging ein eleganter Mann vor ihr her, der ein deutſches Lied ſang, was man bei ihr zu Hauſe am Rheine oft zu ſingen pflegte. Sie ging etwas ſchneller; vielleicht hatte der Mann Ferdinand gekannt. Er wendete ſich um. Mathilde ſtand ſtill wie eine Bildſäule, ſie kannte den Mann; er hieß Richard. Er kannte aber ſie nicht, und ging weiter, und trällerte ſein rheiniſches Lied.

5.

Mit vieler Mühe war ſie in Petersburg zur Audienz gekommen, mit vieler Mühe hatte ſie ihres Bruders Begnadigung erhalten. Jetzt fuhr ſie über die weite Eisfläche Sibiriens hin, ſie hatte ſchon viele hundert Werſte zurückgelegt, das Städtchen lag vor ihr mit ſeinen Hütten, wo ſie Ferdinand finden, ihm ſeine Befreiung ankündigen würde.

Man trug eine Leiche an ihrem Schlitten vorüber, und als ſie in den Ort kam, erfuhr ſie, daß es Ferdinands Leiche geweſen war. —

— Mathilde weinte nicht. Sie wollte zurück nach dem Rheine, um ihre alten Eltern zu pflegen. —

— In der Nähe von Riga begegnete ihr eine ſchöne Equipage. Der Kutſcher des ſchönen Wagens fuhr heftig gegen einen Stein, es krachte ein Rad, die Darinſitzenden ſtiegen aus, der Poſtillon, welcher Mathilden fuhr, hielt ſtill, um dem Kutſcher behilflich zu ſein.

Der Herr und die Dame, eine junge, ſchöne Dame, baten Mathilden, ſie mitzunehmen nach der nahen Stadt. Mathilde erkannte den Herrn, und ließ ihren Schleier über das Geſicht fallen, es war Richard. Er ſaß ihr gegenüber und ſcherzte mit ihrer Nachbarin. Die Nachbarin war aber keine junge Frau, und als ſie nach Riga kamen, ſagte ihr der Poſtillon, die junge Frau wäre die Tochter eines reichen Banquiers, welche einmal mit einem jungen Deutſchen hätte fortfahren wollen.

Mathilde ſagte nichts, und fuhr weiter nach Deutſchland hinein.

In dieſem Augenblicke hielt der Wagen vor dem Poſthauſe in Zwickau. Man leuchtete mit einer Laterne hinein, und ein Lichtſtrahl fiel über die Erzählerin. Ich erbebte wie zum Tod erſchrocken: Das waren die verſtorbenen großen Augen Mathildens, auf dieſen blaſſen edlen Zügen lag die ganze Leidensgeſchichte des unglücklichen Mädchens aus jenem Städtchen draußen am Rhein. Ach, es ſchien mir ein erſchreckliches Unglück auf dieſen todtgeweinten Mienen ſtill und ſtolz zu ruhen, lange, lange ſchon mochten es keine Thränen mehr befeuchtet und geſchmeidigt haben. Ein ſtrenger Weiberſchmerz ſah heraus, trotzdem war das Auge eines Mädchens nach ſolch trauriger Geſchichte. Meine Nachbarin, an welche die Erzählung gerichtet worden war, bedeckte das Geſicht mit dem Taſchentuche und ſchluchzte innig, und die erſchütterte Seele drängte ſich in den bebenden Körper heraus.

Bei Erzählung ſolchen Unglücks konnte nur ruhig und thränenlos ſein, wer das Unglück ſelbſt erlebt hatte.

Keinen Augenblick zweifelte ich mehr, daß es Mathilde ſelbſt ſei. Ich hob ſie aus dem Wagen, ihre Hand, ihr Arm war kalt, ſogar ihr Athem, der mich berührte, ſchien keine Lebenswärme mehr zu haben. Es war eine hohe Geſtalt. Sie vergaß mir zu danken, und reichte ſtumm der nach ihr kommenden weinenden Freundin die Hand. Als dieſe beim Herunterſteigen beide Hände bedurfte, und einen Augenblick das Tuch vom Geſichte nahm, ſah ich auch ihr Geſicht — ich war verſteinert von den verſchiedenartigſten Eindrücken. Es war der ſchöne Mädchenkopf aus Altenburg, es waren die verweinten Augen, die ſchmerzlich verzogenen Züge meiner kleinen Heldin aus Sprottau.

Umſonſt hatte ich ſie geſucht, ohne es zu ahnen, hatte ich eine Poſtſtation neben ihr ſelbſt geſeſſen und mit ihrem Bilde geſchwelgt, und jetzt weinte ſie und war ſchmerzerfüllt; ich konnte ſie nicht anreden, wenn es mein Leben gerettet hätte, ſie gehörte dem Schmerz um Mathilden.

Mein Weg führte über Schneeberg, der Poſtwagen ging aber gerade fort über Plauen nach Baiern hinein. Eh' ich meine verwirrten Affekte geordnet hatte, waren die [illegible] geſchieden, die Mädchen fuhren von dannen, ich hatte nicht den Muth gehabt, ein Wort an ſie zu richten, hinaus in die Nacht fuhr das Mädchen mit dem ſüßen Geſicht meiner Jugendliebe.

Ich ſtand ſchmerzlich bewegt, voll Trauer und Sehnſucht im Thorwege, und ſah der Laterne des Wagens ſo lange nach, bis ſie verſchwand.

All' die ſüßen Liebesſchauer aus der Sakriſtei, all' das Liebesſehnen der friſchen Jugend ging durch mein Herz — ich hatte ein altes Gedicht geleſen, und hätte wie damals als Knabe bitterlich weinen mögen, daß es zu Ende war.

Eine Tyroler Geſchichte.

In dieſem Lande müſſen recht traurige Geſchichten paſſiren können, dacht' ich in meinem ſtillen nächtlichen Sinn, und ſah nach den ſchwarzen Felsmaſſen in die Höhe, die bei der Finſterniß kein Ende nehmen, und nach dem ebenfalls unendlich ſchmerzhaften Geſichte des Mädchens. Das arme Kind riß ſich das Buſentuch heraus, als ich ſo in die Höhe blickte, und trocknete ſich damit die Augen, obwohl die Augen gar nicht weinten. Eine alte Erinnerung mochte ihr wohl ſagen, daß ſie eigentlich weinen ſollte, und ſie wollte die harte Natur ergänzen. Ihr weißer Buſen ſah kalt und unempfindlich in die Nacht, und es bedünkte mich, als gleich er einem Marmordenkmale, was auf dem Grabe heiliger Todten ruht.

Es war gar zu auffallend, denn die Tyrolerinnen ſind keuſch und ſchamhaft, es mußte nicht recht richtig mit dem Mädchen ſein.

Ach, es war auch nicht recht richtig. In dieſem Lande paſſiren wirklich recht traurige Geſchichten, denn die Bildung hat noch keine Leidenſchaft in Baumwolle gewickelt, ſie äußern ſich in baarer, wilder Naturkraft, und frei ſind die Tyroler auch nicht, wenn ſie ſich auch ſo ſtellen.

Das Mädchen war einmal recht glücklich geweſen, ſie hatte geliebt. War ſie nicht eigentlich zu beneiden? Wißt Ihr es wohl, ihr ſtumpf glücklichen Menſchen, die Ihr gedankenlos in der Fülle Eures Behagens hinlebt, wißt Ihr es wohl, daß dieſe lachende goldne Sonne Menſchen beſcheint, welche niemals, ach das Herz bricht mir bei dem Worte — niemals glücklich geweſen ſind, niemals nur den Mantelſaum des fliegenden Glücks geſehen haben.

Manchmal macht es mich irre an der Liebe Gottes, die durch Alles rauſcht, was da iſt, daß es wirklich Menſchen giebt, welche nie die Liebe empfunden haben, wie die Liebe empfunden — — Herr des Himmels, es giebt ſolche Menſchen! [illegible] da ſie über Nacht klug, ſie liefen auf die Thürme, und ſtürzten ſich herab, um die troſtloſe Bruſt zu zerſchmettern. Und es ſind das nicht immer blos alte Kaufleute, die nur ihr Geld, alte Edelmänner, die nur ſich lieben, alte Jungfern, die ein Herz von Goldleder gehabt haben; es ſind mitunter ganz anſtändige Leute.

Wie ein Platzregen würde es auf ſie herabſtürzen, wenn ſie plötzlich ihr Unglück erführen. Es iſt eine traurige, entſetzliche Poeſie um einen Menſchen, der da ſieht, wie Alles überwältigend die Liebe bei allen Menſchen iſt, und der niemals ſelbſt etwas davon erfahren hat.

Ich meine, er ſei der unglücklichſte Menſch unter der Sonne, unglücklicher als der gehetzte Verbrecher.

Eiſi, dein Unglück war eine Kleinigkeit dagegen, obwohl es gar nicht klein war.

Eiſi hatte in einem artigen Häuschen bei ihrem Vater und ihrer Mutter gewohnt; beim Hauſe war ein Gärtchen, im Stalle ſtand eine Kuh, der Altan, welcher bei den meiſten Tyroler Häuſern angebracht iſt, war erſt vor ſechs Jahren blank und feſt ausgebeſſert worden. Im Sommer zog der Vater mit Fußteppichen und Handſchuhen nach Teutſchland, im Herbſte kam er wieder, und den Winter über hatten ſie Holz genug, ſaßen fein warm, das Dach war gut erhalten, es drang kein Schnee durch, und das Erſparte reichte auch hin, in der Woche zweimal Fleiſch zu eſſen.

Es ging der Eiſi wirklich recht ſauber, beſonders als der Seppert immer regelmäßig des Abends vorbeikam, im Frühjahr, wenn ſie eben auf dem Altan hinter den beiden Blumentöpfen ſaß, die ihr der Seppert geſchenkt hatte, und wenn der Seppert immer freundlicher ſagte: Eiſi, guten Abend. Denn der Seppert war ein bildhübſcher Bube, er ſchoß die meiſten Gemſen von allen Schützen im Dorfe, und hatte den ſchwärzeſten ſchönſten Knebelbart. Als der Vater ſchon einen Monat fort war, hinaus in's Reich, da trat der Seppert einmal wirklich ein in's Haus, und ſchüttelte Eiſi's Mutter die Hand und der Eiſi auch und ſetzte ſich.

Eiſi's Mutter war unten aus Welſch-Tyrol, und hatte ſtechende ſchwarze Augen, und Seppert gefiel ihr, und wenn ſie die Tochter hinausſchickte, ſo ſtreichelte ſie ihm die Backen und den Knebelbart. Das gefiel dem Seppert, und da Eiſi's Mutter noch eine rüſtige, hübſche Frau war — Eiſi war erſt 15 Jahr — ſo ſtreichelte er ſie wieder, er war jung, ſie war aus Welſch-Tyrol, ſie wurden warm mit einander.

Die arme Eiſi merkte nichts, denn Seppert gab ihr immer die Hand, wenn er kam und wenn er ging, und Sonntags tanzte er mit ihr wie die andern Burſchen mit ihren verlobten Dirnen. Es that ihr nur leid, daß die Mutter immer des Abends ſo viel zu ſchicken hatte, wenn der Seppert kam.

So verging die Zeit, wo der Wind ſchon wieder rauh von Baiern her über die Berge herunterfiel, und das Laub von den Bäumen blies. Da kam eines Abends Eiſi's Vater aus dem Reich zurück, und er wunderte ſich, daß es noch dunkel in ſeinem Hauſe war, machte leiſe die Stubenthür auf und blieb ſtehen. Hinten vom blauen Himmelbett her vernahm er Geräuſch, als wenn zwei Leute ſchön mit einander thäten, und ſich küßten. Er ſchüttelte unwillig den Kopf, daß Elſi ſolchergeſtalt die Sitte hintanſetze, kehrte flugs um, und ging zum Pfarrer, für ſeine Tochter die Hochzeit zu beſtellen; denn er hatte es ſchon im Frühjahr geſehen, daß Seppert ein Auge auf ſein Mädel hatte. Unweit des Pfarrhauſes aber begegnete ihm Elſi. Sie grüßte ihn ſchön und gab ihm die Hand; er fragte ſie aber blos, wer denn eigentlich daheim in der Stube ſei, und als Elſi antwortete: „die Mutter und der Seppert," da ſagte er: Elſi, geh' zum Herrn Pfarr, und warte auf mich, ich werde auch gleich hinkommen.

Sie ging, er kehrte um, und trat ſtumm in ſeine Stube. Das Weib ſaß mit entblößter Bruſt auf dem Bett, Seppert ſprang haſtig auf die Seite. Elſi's Vater trat an ſein Weib heran, und fragte, ob ſie ihn kenne. Der Mond kam eben hinter den Bergen hervor, und fiel mit ſeinem blaſſen Schein über Beider Geſicht. Das Weib war todtenſtill; er griff nach ſeinem Meſſer an der Seite und ſtach es ihr tief in die offne Bruſt. Seppert ſchlich langſam aus der Stube; er ſah's aber noch, wie das Blut emporſprang und das Weib auf's Bett zurückſtürzte.

Es hatte Niemand ein Wort geſprochen, aber Seppert mußte wohl ſpäter geſchwatzt haben, denn am andern Tage war die Geſchichte ruchbar. Elſi hatte bis ſpät in den Abend im Pfarrhauſe auf ihren Vater gewartet. Als er gar nicht kommen wollte, ging ſie heim, und da unten Alles finſter und ſtill war, dachte ſie, die Eltern ſchliefen ſchon, und ging hinauf in ihre Kammer, und ſchlief bis an den frühen Morgen. Im Hauſe ſelbſt ſchlief aber Niemand mit ihr als die todte Mutter.

Als Elſi früh in die Stube trat, begann ihr Unglück: die Mutter todt, der Vater fort, das Meſſer mit ſeinem Namen bei der Leiche, und Seppert — — die Nachbarn erzählten ihr ſchonungslos, was ſie wußten und was ſie nicht wußten.

Elſi war alt genug, ihr Unglück zu überſehen: Vater und Mutter verloren, und was mehr ſagen will: den Geliebten, und was noch mehr iſt: die Liebe, und Alles in einer Nacht — es war Unglück genug, um den Verſtand zu verlieren. Elſi verlor ihn auch. — Aber wer nie geliebt hat in ſeinem Leben, iſt doch noch ſchlimmer dran.

Von Elſi's Vater hatte man nie wieder etwas gehört, aber Seppert hatte Soldat werden müſſen. Elſi ſaß ſtill in ihrem Häuschen, legte den Tag über die Hände in den Schooß, und ſang die alten glücklichen Lieder; ſie putzte ſich ſorgfältig, weil ſie glaubte, der Mangel an Schönheit ſei Schuld geweſen, daß ſie Sepperts Liebe nicht gewonnen. Die Nachbarn brachten ihr Eſſen, und ſie aß mit großem Appetite, war ſtill und ſanft, und that Niemand etwas zu Leide.

Eines Abends ſaß ſie wieder im Dunkeln allein, unweit des blauen Himmelbetts, in welchem jetzt Niemand ſchlief; denn ſie ging immer noch hinauf in ihre Kammer, obgleich der Schnee jetzt durch das vernachläſſigte Dach hereindrang. Sie ſummte leiſe ein altes Lied, da ging die Thür auf, und Elſi ſprang in die Höhe und rief jauchzend: „Seppert." Sie hatte ihn am Tritt erkannt. Es war Seppert, der von Wien deſertirt war; ſie ſchien ganz vernünftig zu ſein, ſo lange ſie mit ihm redete. Er ſtellte ihr vor, wie man ihn verfolge, und daß kein anderer Ausweg übrig ſei, als auf's Gebirg zu fliehen, denn wenn man ſeiner habhaft würde, erſchöſſe man ihn. In dieſem Augenblicke ſei er halbtodt gehetzt, und bedürfe einer ſtärkenden Ruhe, im Gebirge ſei's noch kalt und rauh, Elſi ſolle ihn vier und zwanzig Stunden beherbergen.

Elſi nickte mit dem Kopfe, er verſchlang hungrig ein Stück Brot, was auf dem Fenſterbrett lag, dann fiel er todtmüde auf jenes Bett, wo das Unglück geſchehen war; er hatte keine Zeit und keine Kraft zum Schauder; der Schlaf ſank bleiern auf ſeine Augen. Elſi ging, und riegelte die Thür zu, dann legte ſie ſich angekleidet neben ihn auf's Bett, und ſchlief nicht, ſondern ſah den Schläfer an mit offnen Augen, obwohl ſie wenig an ihm ſah, denn die Nacht war dunkel.

Als der Tag graute, erwachte Seppert, ſah das Mädchen neben ſich halb aufgerichtet ſitzen, ſah ſeine Lagerſtätte, und fuhr entſetzt in die Höhe. Er wollte fort. Elſi umklammerte ſeine Knie, er möge bleiben. Seppert wußte nichts von Elſi's Wahnſinn; er wollte noch einen Tag bleiben, um ſich einzurichten für ſeinen Aufenthalt auf den Bergen.

Als es Morgen ward, kam die Nachbarin, und brachte Elſi das Frühſtück, Seppert kroch hinter den Ofen, und Elſi ſchob den kleinen Schieber am Fenſter auf, und nahm den Topf der Nachbarin ab.

„Der Seppert iſt wieder da," ſagte ſie.

Seppert erſchrak des Todes in ſeinem Verſteck.

Die Nachbarin aber, gewohnt, ſie von Seppert ſprechen zu hören, achtete nicht darauf, ſondern ging, ſich bekreuzigend wieder von dannen. Jetzt kam dem Seppert zum erſten Male der Gedanke von ihrem Irrſinn, aber wenn ſie ſich zu ihm wendete, ſprach ſie unverwirrt.

Es war ihm doch unheimlich in der ſchlimmen Stube zu Muthe; er machte ſich indeß zu thun, ſuchte den Stutzen und Pulver und Blei von Elſi's Vater zuſammen, putzte das Gewehr, und machte ſich reiſefertig. Der Elſi verbot er, wenn die Nachbarin wiederkäme, ſeinen Namen zu nennen; als ſie aber kam, ſagte Elſi wiederum: Der Seppert iſt da, ich darf's aber nicht ſagen.

Nun blieb ihm kein Zweifel mehr über ihre ſchreckliche Lage; er ſah auch, daß ſie nichts that, und ſich wie eine Kranke von außen her ernähren ließ. Ihn verlangte angſtvoll nach dem Abende, er ſchmachtete nach den Bergen. Schuld und Unglück laſtete wie Verdammniß mit der niedrigen Stube auf ſeiner Bruſt.

Elſi war unterdeß lieb und zärtlich gegen ihn, und ſprach kein [illegible] Wort.

Es ward Abend, und er machte ſich reiſefertig. Elſi that's auch. Er fragte. Sie wollte ihn bis an's Ende der Welt begleiten, und wenn's weiter ginge, weiter. Als er's ihr abſchlagen wollte, weinte ſie bitterlich.

Seppert ſuchte ſie zu beruhigen, und ſtreichelte ihr zum erſten Mal die Wangen, und küßte ſie flüchtig auf den Mund. Da fuhr's wie ein Feuerſtrahl durch ihr Antlitz und ihre Glieder, die Augen leuchteten, und ſie preßte ihn küſſend und wieder küſſend ſo heftig an ſich, daß es ihn ſchmerzte.

Er ſteckte ſo viel Brot, als im Hauſe zu finden war, in die Jagdtaſche, und ſie gingen; was er mit ihr beginnen ſollte, wußte er ſelbſt noch nicht.

Es war Abend. Sie ſchlüpften zwiſchen Häuſern und Zäunen hin. Plötzlich hörte Seppert Fußtritte, und kauerte ſich hinter einen Zaun. Als Elſi dies bemerkte, waren die Männer, deren Fußtritte Seppert gehört, ſchon da, und fragten ſie, wohin ſie bei ſo ſpäter Zeit noch gehe.

„Ich geh mit dem Seppert auf die Berge, ſie wollen ihn todtſchießen."

Eiskalt überlief es den Seppert, denn er hörte Waffen klirren; es waren öſterreichiſche Militairs, die ihn verfolgten. Er duckte ſich ſo leiſe als möglich auf der Erde hin, und fiel in eine Grube, duckte ſich zuſammen und regte ſich nicht.

„Sie iſt nicht klug," ſagte ein Tyroler, welcher dabei war, aber Elſi ſetzte hinzu: Hier hinter dem Zaune ſitzt er.

Man trat hinzu. Ein Soldat näherte ſich der Grube. Seppert ſpannte ſeinen Stutz, der Hahn knackte, der Soldat trat näher und rief: „Antwort oder ich gebe Feuer!"

Es fällt ein Schuß, es fliegt ein Mann über den Zaun, Schüſſe knallen hintendrein, man ſetzt ihm nach, nur der Tyroler und Elſi bleiben bei dem blutenden Soldaten. Elſi ruft ängſtlich nach Seppert.

Aber Seppert war ein gewandter Burſche und kannte alle Wege und Stege — erſt ein Paar Jahre nach dieſem Vorfalle iſt ihm oben auf dem höchſten Gebirge ein Gemsjäger begegnet. Seppert hat ſehr mager und alt ausgeſehen, ſein Haar iſt grau geweſen, und auch ein langer Bart, der ihm unterdeß gewachſen. Er lebt nur von Gemſenfleiſch, und es ſollen noch mehrere ſolche Unglückliche da oben im Gebirg herumirren, welche der Conſcription entflohen ſind. Sie wagen ſich auch nach vielen Jahren nicht herunter, denn das Gouvernement iſt unerbittlich. Man erzählt, daß einer von ihnen altersſchwach mit ſechzig Jahren herabgekrochen ſei, verhoffend, man habe ſein vergeſſen. Aber man vergißt nichts, hat ihn eingefangen und an Leib und Leben geſtraft. Wie bei den Türken und Perſern exiſtirt auch das Heimfallsrecht bei ſolchen Perſonen: jener Mann hat 90,000 Gulden beſeſſen, welche dem Gouvernement verfallen ſind. —

— Der Tyroler, welcher mir die Geſchichte mit Elſi und Seppert erzählte, als er mich ſo betrübt und verwundert über ihren Anblick ſah, ſetzte hinzu, man wiſſe nicht, ob ſie mit dem Seppert zuſammenkomme. Sie werde oft des Nachts hoch oben auf den Felſen geſehen, und heiſche begierig nach Zunder, Pulver und Blei, womit ſie wahrſcheinlich den Geliebten verſorge. Sie ſpreche übrigens kein Wort mehr, trockne ſich aber immer die trockenen Augen, wenn ſie hinauf nach den Bergen ſehe.

Der Tyroler erzählte mir Alles in ihrer Gegenwart, ſie hörte aber nichts, ſondern leuchtete und ſchweigſam wie ein Marmorbild über die ſchmalen Balken, welche man in die brauſenden Bergwaſſer geworfen hatte, um die Kommunikation herzuſtellen. Als ihre Fackel zu Ende ging, verſchwand ſie plötzlich auf der Seite, wo die Felſen in die Höhe laufen, um ihren Seppert zu ſuchen.

Johann Dietrich Chriſtian Laurenſtein

ward am 12. März 1776 zu Katlenburg im Fürſtenthum Göttingen geboren, ſtudirte zu Rinteln und Göttingen Theologie und Philoſophie und kam 1800 zuerſt als Prediger nach Lübeck, dann 1815 nach Stade und Bad Rehburg. Von hier wurde er 1821 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Holtorf verſetzt und 1825 zum Superintendent der daſelbſt neu errichteten Inſpection ernannt.

Er wurde literariſch bekannt durch:

Gedichte. Hannover 1801, 8., mit Kupf.; neue Aufl., Hamburg 1823.

Correctheit und Gedankenreichthum treten in L's Gedichten am ſtärkſten hervor, weniger Phantaſie und Darſtellungskraft; deshalb hat er ſich auch auf dem Gebiete der didaktiſchen und reflectirenden Poeſie am glücklichſten und erfolgreichſten bewegt.

Johann Wilhelm Lauremberg

wurde 1591 zu Roſtock im Meklenburgiſchen geboren und im Hauſe ſeines Vaters, des daſigen Profeſſors der Medicin Wilhelm L. erzogen, ſtudirte dann daſelbſt ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und erhielt, nachdem er zum Magiſter A. A. L. L. promovirt war, die Stelle eines Profeſſors der Dichtkunſt und der Mathematik an dieſer Univerſität, welche er 1623 mit einer gleichen Anſtellung an der Ritterakademie zu Soroe in Dänemark vertauſchte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1659.

Von ihm erſchien:

Zwo Comödien. Kopenhagen 1635, 4.
De veer olde berömede Scherz-Gedichte. Gedrücket in düſſem ißigen Jahr (wahrſcheinlich Hamburg 1654). Kaſſel 1650 und öfter.
Dieſelben Hochdeutſch: Vier Schertzgedichte zu luſtiger Zeitvertreibung, gehochdeutſchet von der Dichtkunſt Liebhaber (C. Chr. Dedekind). Hamburg 1753, 8.

Lateiniſch:

Satyra, qua rerum bonarum abusus et vitia quaedam saeculi perstringuntur, cum querimonia Daphnerini. Kiloniae 1684, 4. Herausgegeben von Morhof.

Derber, geſunder Witz, treffende Einfälle, Scharfblick und Wahrheit der Auffaſſung bei geſunder Anſicht des Lebens und vortrefflicher Darſtellung und Behandlung der Sprache weiſen Lauremberg, trotz dem daß er ſich des Plattdeutſchen bediente, einen hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Satyrikern an. Seine vier echt nationalen Scherzgedichte erhalten außerdem noch großen Werth dadurch, daß ſie einen nicht geringen Beitrag für die genauere Kenntniß der Sitten ſeiner Zeit darbieten.

Dat drüdde Scherz-Gedichte, van Allemodiſcher Sprake un Titeln*).

Van wecken Doen der Minſchen ik nu leren,
Wat vöel Waen un Dorheit werd bedreven,
Doch des bin ick verſekert und gewiß,
Dat van den allen keene Dorheit gröter is,
Als dat eener van Dorheit wil ſpreken,
Un eenen andern ſyne Dorheit wil verteken,
Da he doch ſülveſt is der gröſte Geck,
Un heſſt, mehr als andere, Dorheit und Gebreck.
Nich grote Wyßheit is by dem, kan ick erachten,
De ſick ärgert an den veelen nyen Trachten,
Un ſegt, dat van Kledern alltydt wat nyes kümpt,
Un alle Jahr man eene andre Mode vernimpt,
De Mening is nich goet, my dünckt he ſülcken reden,
Den is Verſtand un Sinn gantz uth dem Koppe gleden.
Den alles wat men nu vör eine Mode holt,
Dat is geweſen all vör veelen Jahren old.
Wil gy wat wyß anſehn der olden Greken Bilder,
De noch gemahlet heſſt Zeuxis de beſte Schilder,
So werd gy lichtlyck ſehn, dat de verwende Dracht
Vam Dod is upgeſtahn, un tho dem Levend bracht.
Als men in Bökern ſindt Steverium gemahlet,
Als Pamphilius mit ſynen wyden Ermeln praiet,
Als uthſtafferet wören Alquif un Urganda,
Een ſülcke Art Habit gebrückt men nu im Lande.
Van Kledern de Façon der Lewen in ginck,
Do de Diane ſach er ſpatter nackt Dinck,
Deſülve Kleder-Art is wedder nu gebahren,
Ahn dat de Hörner ſynd darvan vam Kop verlahren.
De Börgers tho Marlow, de olde Antiquitäten,
Erinnern ſick gar offt un können noch wol weten,
Dat do ſe wören junck van Jahren un noch kleen,
Deſülve Kleder-dracht ſe hebben de geſehn,
Ydt is glyck als de Sünn, de gett des Avends nedder,
Des andern Dages fröh ſo kümt ſe balde wedder.
So hett de Kleder-form: wenn ſe etwas gewahret,
So moet ſe undergahn: den kümpt een ander Art,
De wahret den ock nich lang, wen is ſe ock bald möde,
So brickt de old' herwedr glyck als de Morgenröde,
Söe de wedderwere moet de düſtre ſchwarte Nacht:
De afgeleente Form werd wedder upgebracht.
De Kleder ſynd gelyck eenem Cabinet un Kamer,
Darin men is loſeret vam Schnider un vam Kramer,
Een'm yder ſteith is frye, in wat Maneer un Maten
He wil ſyn Cabinet ſtafferen un putzen laten:
Off em de [illegible] beter afmahlen ſchal
Een Frantzöſiſchen Sot, edder eenen Däniſchen Gal,
Edd'r een Düdiſchen Geck, edd'r een Welſchen Man,
Edd'r een Spaniſchen Loe, edd'r een Holländiſchen Dwas.
Ydt is doch all gelyck wat dar loſeret in
In eenem ſindt dar mehr, in andern ſindt dar min.
In een Frantzöſiſch Klied kan men loſeren ſtuern
Een engen Düdiſchen Kerl, ſo is dar nich mehr Rum,
Men in een düdiſch Klied in einen Wams un Hoſen,
Find men oft inquarteert mehr als 5 Schock Franzoſen.
So gaht ydt in der Werlt: dat ſynd all ſülcke Dinge,
De ihrer Stüchtlichkeit ſynd ſchlechte un ſehr geringe.
De olde Nyeheit, dat nye Olderdohm
Verjunget jahrlick ſick, als Blöder up dem Bohm.
Dat rechte Fundament leth ſchwerlick ſick verrücken,
Dat olde Principal ſteit faſt in allen Stücken,
Als ydt geweſen is ſo blifft ydt na als vör,
Wen men wil gahn in't Huus, ſo gait man dörch de Dör,
Dat is de olde Schick: ydt were groot Ungemack
Wen men uth Nyeheit wold ſtiegen dörch dat Dack.
In andern Dingen ock is noch beth her gar even
De Wyſe, dat dar was vör duſend Jahr, gebleven.
Als Roland ſyn Bajard, als Holgers Däniſches Heſt,
So ſynd de Peerde nu un ſyn alltyd geweſt.
Ock höld men den Gebruck noch hüden, wen man ritt,
Dat ober Rider buten up den Peerde ſitt.
Do eens de Cavaliers binnen im Peerde ſeten,
Da ward Troja verſtört mit grotem Bloetvergeten.
Man worüm ſcholde men nich de Kleder-drachten halen
Uth Franckryck, edder ock van Spaniers edder Walen?
Materie un Form dat ſynd de beeden Deel
Van eenem yden Ding, gelyck als Lyff un Seel:
Dewyl wy de Materie van Fremden kriegen her,
Worüm ſcholde den ymand bringen Beſchwer,
Dat wy de Forme ock van den Fremden bekamen?
Een Land kan nich fortbringen alles thoſamen.
Italien maket uns dat Sammit und Satyn,
Uth Holland kriegen wy Kamerdock klar un fyn.
Engeland ſchaffet uns de beſten ſchönſten Laken,
Uth Franckryck, uth Düdſchland hale wy andre Saken,
De een yeder tho Kledern bruken moet,
Etlyke thom Zirade, etlyke tho der Noth.
Doch is een Dinck, dat nich veel drövde tho bedüden,
Wen nich grötere Dorheit were manck den Lüden.

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*) Aus J. W. Lauremberg's „De veer olde berömde Scherzgedichte.“

Dat gröteſte Gebreck un ärgerlickſte Sake
Js de vermengde Red' un allemodiſche Sprake,
Dat Frantzöſiſch Düdſch dat vör gar wenig Jahren
Erſt upgekahmen is, un glick als nye gebahren.
Dat men Verandring deit van Kleder un Habit,
Dat gifft noch mennigen goot Vordeel un Profit.
Men heft noch Luſt daran, men kan de Ogen weiden,
Een jder de dat ſüht kann lichtlick underſcheiden,
Js een junck Pögelari, een ſätlichter Buer-Compan,
Wen he ſüht eene Frau im Commitzen Schnörliff gan,
So weet he alſobald dat ſo een Fruwen-Wammes,
Un nich de ruge Steert eens Oſſen edder Lammes:
Wen he ſüht dat een Mann in bruwen Böckſen gait,
Se ſyn wyd edder eng, alsbald he doch verſteit,
Dat ſülckes Kled gewiß ſy eenes Mannes Broke,
Un nich een Beſſemſtehl, een Plock edd'r Overroke:
Wen averſt eener de vermengde Sprake hört,
So werd he in ſynem Verſtande gantz verſtört.
He ſtat un gapet dar, un weet nich im geringſten,
Offt men van Paſchen ſpreckt, edd'r offt men ſpreckt van Pingſten.
De eene heft villicht van Junkern ſynen Schnack,
De andre meent he rede van eenem Hoppenſack.
Twar dat geſchüht gar offt, wenn jemand ſyck begeven
Van Huß in frembde Land, un kan noch nich gar even
Des Landes rechte Spraeck, de Noth em dartho brengt,
Dat he des Ordes Spraeck na ſyner Landsart mengt.
Als wenn een Düdſcher erſt in Frankryck is gekamen,
Spreckt he Frantzöſiſch als he dat heft ingenamen.
A ſu Monsör mon frere, a ſoure ponne gras,
Dat kümpt im Cabaret dem Werde wol tho paß.
Monsör ſuson de böske, allon schavveer la pome,
Dat werd gerekent uns tho Ehrn un grotem Rohme:
Men kan dat doch verſtahn: dwyſt em dartho de Noth,
Dat he des Landes Spraeck mit Lüden reden moet.
So ſpreckt he als he kan: wen he nich mehr kan ſpreken,
So moet he mit Geberde entdecken ſyn Gebrecken,
Men weet dat ſülckes nich mit Willen kan geſchehn,
Ock nich uth Uppigheit, üm ſyck tho laten ſehn,
Man wyl ſe können nich, un dat nich beter weten,
Darüm ock ere Feil ock nemand leth verdreten.
De averſt uth Hofart geworden is ſo ſtolt,
Dat he ſück närriſch Dinck vör grote Wyßheit holt,
Un haelt all hervör, wat he man kann erhaſchen
Van der Frantzöſchen Spraeck, als uth der Gokel-Taſchen,
Deſſülve in ſynem Sinn geſtegen is ſo hoch,
Dat he ſyck bildet in, wat andern is goot genoch,
Dat ſy em tho gering: he kan ſyck nögen nicht,
Mit ſyner Moderſpraeck, de is em althe ſchlicht.
Dat is wol ander Volck dat ere Spraeck verſtümpert,
Als wen man Koſſter-Beer mit Denſchem Ol verplümpert.
Jck heb wol eer gehört dat mit gemengden Schnack,
Een Düdſch Denſcher Mann tho ſynem Jungen ſprack:
Kum hit du Drenge Jung, in deſem Kaar Spon
Gör myne beſte Peerd dart my wat Water Gan,
Un ſtraeks ſnart beſtaien kum wedder tho my ſan,
Sünſt ſchaltu dichte Hud paa dynem Rüggen fan.
Dat is dat ſchlichte Volck, dat ſo tho reden plecht,
De meenen dat men ſlaks verſtah nich wat men ſecht.
Se wolden ſpreken gern als men dar ſpreckt im Lande,
Man ſe ſynt noch nich gantz gekamen thom Verſtande.
  Mit anderr Völcker Spraeck wil ick my nich beladen,
Man myne Moderſpraeck ick billig moet beklagen.
Dat goode olde Düdſch ſo tegen dat nu gait,
Dat de eine Düdſche den andern nich verſteit.
Wen een Landsman tho my Düdſch tho ſpreken beghünt,
So moet ick fragen: wat ſegge gy goede Fründ?
Jck kan juwe Mening nich ermeten,
Gy reden als wen juw de Tunge wehr beſchmeten.
Men kant wol mercken uth juwen Worden,
Dat gy lang geweſt ſynd an frembden Orden,
Jm Lande Parys, dar ſo werd geroemt,
Un der andern Völckern Beneficiſche genömt.
Köne gy noch ſo veel, ſo ſydt gebeden,
Dat gy wollen als een Chriſten-Minſche reden.
Juwe Möme de werd ſyck trefflick gremen,
Wen ſe mit Sorgen werd vernemen,
Dat gy hebt juwe rechte Sprake verlahren,
Darby gy ſydt upgetagen un gebahren.
Men werd vör juw bitten in alle Kercken,
Dat juw Godt juwe Tunge wolle wedder ſtercken.
Sedt ſück Schipbrock hefft de Düdſche Spraeck geleden,
De Frantzöſche hefft er de Naſe afgeſchneden,
Un heft eene frembde Naſe wedder angeflicket,
De ſyck by de Düdſche Ohren nicht wol ſchicket.
De olden Nedderſaxen plegen nich ſo tho maken,
Se ſpreken als ere Vörolders hebben geſpraken.
Dat rechte was glyck, dat krumme ſcheef men heet,
De Ermel weren Mowen, de Hellbard was een Speet.
Een Courtiſane, Hore: de Preeſters weren Papen,
De Meerkatten ahne Schwantz de nömede ſe Apen.
Dar weren Dener noch, men dat was nich een Pagie,
Se geven eren Knechten Lohn, un gantz keene Gagie.
Se vörderen up Wagen un nich up Kutzen;
Een Schelmſtück werd genömt, wat men nu heet Putzen.
De dar plegden tho roven un ſtelen,
De heten ſe Deve, un henghden ſe up by der Kelen.
Nu hört men, Godt loff! van keenen Deven ſchnacken,
Roven un ſtelen dat het künſtlick anpacken.
De Flucht nehmen, un den Rüggen kehren,
Dat heet im Kriege, ſyck retereren,
Wol de een Schlüngel was, dat is nu een Cojon,
Wat domals was fort, fort, is nu allon, allohn,
Jm Mars begrepen ſyn, was een unfledig Wort,
Nu is dat, wen Soldaten in Ordnung rücken fort.
Beſöcht men ſynen Fründ, gohr höfflick ſchal men ſeggen:
Jck moet nu myn Devoir un Schüldicheit afflegen.
Als ick erſt ſülckes hörd, meende ick wolde ſchnacken,
Jck kon nich lenger holden, recht nu moth ick eens lacken,
Domals im gantzen Land was nich een Servitör,
Nich een Signor, nich een Dame, nich een Monsör,
Were domals eener tho den Junfern gekahmen,
Und hed tho en geſecht, Godt gröt juw ſchöne Damen,
Se hedden em gar bald den Rüggen thogekehrt,
En nich geachtet eenes Pottbrekings werth.
Eene van en hedde wol geſecht, wat bildeſtu dy in?
Wat menſtu grawe Eſel, wat menſtu dy in den Sinn?
Weeſtu Bernhüter nich mehr wo ick hete!
Myn Nahme is Annemeken edder Grete:
Jck bin keene Dame, du ſchelmerdige Hund,
Dyne Moder de Hoer was ſülck een Dinck.
Jck bin een ehrlick Mäken gebahren,
Laet my mit ſülcke Dekelnahm ungeſchoren.
Se meenden, Damen weren Tögen edder Teven,
Edder eene de Hurerye hedde bedreven.
Averſt Godt betert, ſe weten nu altoſamen,
Wat dat vör Dinger ſynd, de ſchönen Damen,
Se hebben nu geleert ſo veel Tucht un Tzierde,
Wen men tho en ſecht Dame, ſo ſeggen ſe Merſie.
Averſt doch de Nahme Monſiör is nu gar tho gemeen,
Vörnehmen Lüden is he tho gering un tho kleen.
Dat ſynt nu alle Monſörs, Monſürs,
De Fohrlüde am Strande, de Jungens up der Bört.
Stallknechte, Schorſchlüper, Kockebrengen,
De laten ſyck nu all mit Monſörs behängen.
Jm Stalle kan men Complementen hören,
Myn hochgeehrter Cammerade, Monſör Gören,
Went em nich tho wedderen wer, als ick hope,
Wolde he den Perden den Ers ſtryken mit der Schrape.
Dat ſo doch des Herrn ſyn Wollgevalle,
Dat he de Perdeſtal fege uth dem Stalle,
Jn der Köken Monſör Jens, Groet Lille,
Wen dat were des Hern ſyn Wille,
Wolle he den ſolten Dorſch howen in Stücken,
Un den Stockfiſch mit den Negeln plücken,
Mynen grotgünſtigen leewen Herrn,
Wil ick wedder deenen hertlick geern.
Wem ſcholde dat nummer nich verdreten,
Wen men eenen wolde Monſör heten?
Jck wolde my vör allen Lüden ſchemen,
Dat ick ſcholde Monſör in den Mund nehmen,
Denn Monſör up Frantzöſiſch is mit eenem Word,
Even ſo veel als up Engelſch een Lord.
Wen de Engelſchen eenen willen ehren, thor Stund,
Nemen ſe eenen groten Lord in den Mund.
Lord Gentelmen, Lord Biſkop, Lord Prelat,
Lord Borgermeeſter, Lord Doctor, Lord Advocat,
Lord hyr, Lord dar, Monsör, Monsör,
My deit de Buck weh, wen ick dat hör:
Laet de Frantzoſen in ere Frantzöſiſche Reden;
Beholden er Monsör, un ſyn darmit thofreden:
Een Engelsman mag Lord in ſyner Sprake bruken,
Un eenen groten dicken Däniſchen Lord upſchlucken.
My wundert ock, dat men mit ſülcken ſchlimmen Nahmen,
De ehrlicken Junfern dorfft heten Damen.
Dame is een van den böſen Deeren,
Darvan de Jungens in der Grammatica leeren.
Dar ſteit: Eene Schlang, eene Schnuffuerd, een Hund,
Eene Dama, een Luchs, eene Adderbunt.
De worden vör generis dubii geholden,
Wo men nich weet offt ſe ſynd als ſe ſcholden.

Un ſynd van dem twyfelhaftigen Geſchlecht,
Als de Regel in der Grammatica ſecht.
Den Damen up Latin ſynd wilde Zegen,
Die gerne na de Büſche tho lopen plegen.
Darüm, Junfern, bewyſet juwen Torn,
Wen yuw eener Dame het, ſchlaet en an de Ohrn.
  Vorgevet my, dat ick ſo veel hebb willn praten,
Van de vermengde Sprake: ick kan ydt noch nich laten.
Ydt ys ſo myn Gebreck, my geit dörch Marck un Been,
Dat Sammelſurium, wen ick moet hören und ſehn.
Ick wil twar hervan nich bringen mehr Gleichniſſen,
Sünſt mochte Her Mag Pump ſick wedderüm bepiſſen?
Man ick will yuw hervan vertellen een Hiſtori,
So veel ick kan in yl grypen uth der Memori.
Een düchtiger junger Kerl gebahren in Weſtfalen,
Sick vörgenamen had, he wolde Wyßheit halen:
He hadde wol gehört, dat men in fernem Land
Als in Franckryck allein fünd Wyßheit un Verſtand,
Vernunfft de lege dar, als Dreck ligt up der Straten,
Een yder könd darvan een groten Sack vull vaten:
Da konde men Discours un Complementen lehren,
Dörch welcke men na kümt in Anſehn, un tho Ehren.
Als he was tho Parys geweſen achtein Weken,
Konde he ſo wol Frantzöſch als een Frantzoſe ſpreken,
He wüſte Ceremoni, he kunt Caroſſe dryven,
Damit quam he tho Hoff, willkamen van Mann un Wyven,
Un wat he alltydt hat de Hocheit nagejaget,
Ward he dörch Gades Gnad up einem Huſe Vaget.
Vaget up eenem Huſe, un Schryver up dem Schatte,
Sehr hoge Ampter ſynd, van groot Profit und Batt.
De Buer ſe fürchten moet, un hangen na ere Pipen,
Ydt drüppet all van Gold, wor ſe man henne grypen.
Se bilden ſick veel in, un willen grötter ſyn,
Als am Frantzöſchen Hof Cardinal Mazarin.
In ſo gedanem Reſpect was he, darvan ick rede.
Eenmals repp he den Kock, un alſo tho em ſede:
Escoute Cuisinier, van mynen Cameraden,
Hab ich zwey oder drey zum desjeuner geladen,
Mach mir ein gut Potage, mit alle appartenence,
Wie man es à la Cour dressiren pflegt en France,
A la nouvelle Mode, du ſolt in continent
Für dieſes dein travail haben ein gut Present.
Ich wil à la pareille dein Freund ſeyn en effait,
Mach mir die Supp nur ſo wie ich habe geredt.
De Kock ſprack, ja Herr Vagt, als gy hebben geſpraken,
So will ick yuw de Supp up goden Gloven maken.
He lachde by ſick ſülveſt, un renede na der Kaken,
Begunde uth allen Winckeln de Pötte uth tho ſoken,
Kool, Erfften, Grütt, Wormbeer, dede he thoſamen ſchrapen,
Un goet ydt allthe hoep in einem groten Grapen,
Darthe dede he, dat ydt ſcholde ſchmecken deſto ſchmucker,
Een Hand vull ſöten Peper, un anderhalff Lot Zucker.
Dat muſte koken dyck, als [illegible] Brie,
Nümmer heb ick geſehn een ſülcke Companie.
Als ydt nu was bereit, un ferdig althohemale,
Goſſ ydt de Meiſter up in eene ſülverne Schale,
He brochte ydt tho den Heern, de alle darna toſſden.
Man do de gooden Lüd de Koſterage proffden,
De Ogen worden en groot, vull Runtzel ſtan de Stern,
Een yder hedd de Supp wedder uthgeſpeet geern.
De een ſed, ô diable, par mon foy, dat ſchmeckt bediſſig,
De Kock de dat gehört, he woert ſyn dumm un bölig,
Em word ſo angſt und bang, dat een vermenget Koeck
Uth ſynem Achterſteven quam, un ſette em in de Broeck.
Ydt hörde wol nemand, averſt doch in de Reien
Men merckden ſeud wat ydt een Kock ydt was geweſen.
De ander ſprack ſi, ſi, hö, hö, potz velten Wunden,
Men ſcholde mit ſülcker Supp vergeven Katt'n un Hunden.
Een Inventarium recht ick nu maken moet,
Van allem wat my wort im Lyffe böß un goet.
Hermit ſo toch he los: een Wort twee Ellen lanck,
Bald twiſchen ſyne Tene herflöet under de Banck,
Se müſten, de dar weren, ſünt Olrick all anropen.
Mit eenem Spaniſchen Reet de Vaget quam gelopen,
Coquin, ſed he Cojon, vida, ea, loſer Tropff,
Jetzunder wil ich dir eens langen auf den Kopff,
Cuisinier de Houdan: was iſt das für ein Freſſen:
Haſtu noch nicht gelernt Potage recht zu dreſſen?
Was Panie maule iſt das? was ſinds für tolle Sachen?
Darmit du uns infamyt darffſt ſolchen Eckel machen?
Ich wold dich ſetzen laſſ aufs neue höltzen Pferd,
Wenn ich dich, Masqueran, achtet meines Zornes werth.
O Herr Vagt, ſed de Kock, wat gy my ſo bethalen!
De Supp ys thogericht, als gy my hebt befahlen,
Gy ſeden my, ick ſcholde yuw eene Suppe kaken,
Even up ſülck Maneer, als gy hebben geſpraken.
Ydt was yo althomal verplümpert, wat gy ſpreken,
Ydt was thoſamen ſchrapt uth Düdſchland, Franckryck, Grecken,
So ys de Suppe ock, ſe ys van veelen Stücken.
Een yder vör ſick ſülveſt hed ſick wol konen ſchicken,
Man nu ys ſe vermengd, nu ys ſe nich veel werth,
Schmeckt nich na Fiſch noch Fleſch, heft weder Kop noch Stert.
Alſo wen gy Frantzöſch un Düdſch thoſamen röret,
De kant keen Düdſch verſtahn, ſcholde he ydt ſchon anhören,
Wen weet nich wat ydt ys, un moet ſe wat narahmen,
Ehr ment vernehmen kan, un up de Mening kamen.
Darüm gnedig Heer Vagt, wen gy wilt Suppe eten,
So ſpreckt Düdſch mit Frantzöſchen nich beſchmeten.
Noch eenen korten Schnack will ick hervan vertellen,
Wen gy ydt hören wilt, van eenem ruſen Geſellen.
In eener groten Stadt, ydt ys nich lang verleden,
Was eenes Börgers Söhn, dorvan de Lüde ſeden,
Dat Rockdom un Vernunfft ſick nich konden verdragen,
Beyde by em tho ſyn: Se hebben ſick geſchlagen,
In eenen harden Kamp, darin ſe lange ſtunden,
Endlick na ſchwerem Stryde Vernunfft word averwunden,
De Wyßheit un Verſtand dem Gecke muſten wyken,
Und dörften effentlick ſick nich mehr laten kyken.
Düſſe gude Geſell ſick hadde laten maken
Een Mantel na Maneer van ſynen ſchwarten Laken,
Een Krage ſat darup, van Sammit Carmeſyn,
De Upſchlach gantz herdört van violet Satyn,
Umher veer Finger breed dar was een ſülverne Rand,
Van ſyden Paſſement, van Farve blomerand.
Mit düſſen Mantel gink de Geck hoferdig praten,
In Köſten, Kindelbeer, un Koſtel'n [illegible].
De Geſte althomal de helden en tho gode,
Un meenden under ſick, ydt wer nu ſo de Mode.
Wen eener under en uth Franckryck erſt gekahmen,
De de Frantzöſche Sprak hed dapper ingenahmen,
Un wold ſick laten ſehn, dat he wyſlick un recht,
Had ſyne beſten Mork an Spraken angelegt,
De trat hervör, un ſed: Monsieur van Compoemarre,
Wo heben gy yuw Habit chamarrert ſo bizarre,
Van eller Sort Valeurs! Als Flora de Deeſſe,
In een plaiſant parterre chargeret ere Treſſe.
De Damen mit Signore all in Extase ſyn,
Wen ſe conſideren yuw genereus maintien.
De Geck lachde ſo hart dat em een Wind entfohr,
Gott, ſeet ſprack he, wat ys van uns de grötſte Door?
An yuwer Düdſchen Red ſynd tein Frantzöſche Lappen,
Un ſynd nich mehr als veer Golde an myner Kappen.
Uthwendig bin ick Geck, gy ſyd een Geck van binnen,
My ſit de Narr im Kleed, yuw ſit he in den Sinnen.
Dat was een wyſes Wort, uth eenem ſchlichten Mund.
Dem eenen was de Mantel, dem andern de Rede bunt.
  Ick erkenne my twar, wat tho geringe,
Dat ick ſcholde reden van ſülcken hogen Dinge,
Ja late ſülveſt wohl under tyden
Een Frantzöſch Wort under dat Düdſche glyden,
Dat gifft der Rede ſülcke Zierlichheit,
Als een Demant im güldnen Ringe ſteit.
Averſt dennoch, ock andre Spraken mehr,
Dat ock dat Düdſche wert mißbrucket ſehr,
Dat maket Glyßnerye, un Ehrgytz er Geſelle,
De bringen nu de Sprake uth ere rechten Stelle.
Wormit könde men ſick laten ſehn und hören,
Dat eener ſyne Rede wert [illegible] tho ſtören
Als eene Amme de de Kinder upvöget,
Edder een Buerkaule, de den Acker plöget,
Wen men nich mit fremder Salſe by hogen Lüden
Wolde ſyne Discours beſtrowen un bekruden:
De mit uthlendiſche Word moet ſyn thoſamen ſtickt,
Un mit erſchrecklicken hogen Titeln dörch geſpickt:
De edle Hüchelye kan bringen groot Profit,
Un de Rohmgierichheit geſchreden ys ſo wyt,
Dat keener ys mit der Ehr de em gebört, thofreden,
Na grotem Titel kümt he lopen un gereden.
De Stand un Ampt ys eens, de Titel moeten ſtegen,
Men weet nich, wor men ſchal gnoch hoge Titel kregen:
Gades rechtferdige Straf, de nemand kan hemmen,
Hefft gantz Europa willen averſchwemmen,
Un groten Schaden gedahn veel duſend Lüden,
In Oſten, Weſten, Norden un Süden.
Mit twen Plagen ys dat gantze Land avergaten,
Mit Water un mit Titel aver de maten.
Water un Titel ſynd allthe hoch geſtegen,
Darvan een yder hefft ſyn Deel gekregen,
De Armen ſynd im Water ſchier verſuncken:
De groten Heren in Titeln bald verdruncken.

Als ehrmals een Grave wörd getituleert,
Darmit werd nu een Edelmann geehrt.
Sülke Gewohnheit is gekamen in den Orden,
Dat een Geſette daruth is geworden.
Wol ſick will uth der Höde een Gnade ſchöppen,
De moet de Fedder temlick deep inſtippen,
Un ſetten den Titel höger een paar Grad,
Als mitbringt deſülven Perſon un Stat.
Darmit kriegt men Gunſt, un koſtet keen Geld,
Dewil idt en alſo wolgefelt,
Un ſe daran finden ſo goden Schmack.
Veel Titel kan men ſchriven vor enen Schilling Black.
Men ſüth nu wo Geborte un Leven,
Ere Hofarts Schörvet mit Titels heven.
Praeceptor is Hoffmeiſter, Ammann is de Vaget,
De Schriever Secretarius, Junfer is de Maget,
Een Caplan lett ſick nömen Paſtor,
Een Quackſalver will heten Doctor,
Een Timmerknecht werd Buwmeiſter genand,
Een Kroegdiener is Muſicant.
Een Rottenfenger is Kamer-Jeger,
Renovirer het ſick de Hückendreger,
Klipkramers de nömet men Koopherren,
Mit hölternen Kannen handeln, is juweleren.
Een Scholapper will Schoſter ſyn,
Een Bader un Scherer Chirurgus.
Dyt doen nich allene van weltlicken Stande,
Men ock de Geiſtlicken in Steden un up dem Lande,
De ere Tohörers ſo trefflicken lehren,
Van Hofart un Ehrgeitz affkehren,
Deſülve ſünd na Ehren-Titel ringen,
All ſcholde ock ſick Punt Koren hendringen,
Ere Fruwens konen nich mehr kamen tho rechte,
Dat ſe enen Herr Mann hebben tho echte,
Het moet nu ſyn Meſter Mann,
De dem Ehebedde weiniger vorſtahn kan.
Een Meſter, ſeggen ſe, kan beter die Schrifft utbreiden,
Und Gades Wort reiner uth dem Kave breiden.
Herr Niels, Herr Laurs, ſünd van den geringen,
Meſter Niels, Meſter Laurs kan beter klingen.
Meſter Hans ſit baven an, Herr Hans ſit unden,
Wen wy in unſem Kaland werden gefunden.
Meſter Peter kriegt tho Offer een Marck,
Herr Peters Offer is veer Schilling in de Karck.
Is idt een Meeſter, moet men ehn ehren,
So moet he am erſten ſynen Pegel uth leeren,
He moet erſt hebben de Hand int Vat,
Wen uppgedragen werd gammel Met.
Drüm hefft uns nemand mehr wundert
Dat der Meſter ſünd mehr als hundert,*
Ja mehr als tho Hamburg Licentiaten,
Mehr als Müſe in einem olden Katen.
Dat heft de Hofart by dem, dem na Ehr,
Un baven anſitten, ſöket dat Hinder-Quarteer.
Dyt is nu een van den ungerymdeſten Dingen,
De een Minſch in ſynen Sinn kan bringen.
Wenn de olden Wyſen darvan ick hed geſecht,
Dyt ſcholden ſehn, un idt bedencken recht,
So würde de, de allzyd lachde, wenen,
Dat em de Tranen lepen beth an de Tenen:
De allzyd weende, de würde ſo gröllick lachen,
Dat em Lever un Lunge mochten krachen.
Scholde men dem de curieren, de dar ſünd ſo dull,
Schakdonne wer nich genog twe duſend Schepe vull.
Ick würd gewißlick ock een groot Deel darvan kriegen,
Wy grouwt all darvör: Drum will ick ehder ſwygen.

Johann Kaſpar Lavater.

Dieſer zu ſeiner Zeit und auch noch ſpäter bald faſt angebetete, bald verdächtigte Mann war der Sohn des ſchweizeriſchen Arztes und Mitgliedes der züricher Regierung, Heinrich L., und wurde am 15. November 1741 zu Zürich geboren. Mit ſeines Vaters trefflichen Eigenſchaften ausgerüſtet, hatte er zugleich ſeiner Mutter Verſtand, erſtaunliche Einbildungskraft, Wißbegierde und tiefes Gemüth geerbt, ohne daß dies jedoch anfangs an ihm ſtark hervorgetreten wäre. Er war blöde unter ſeinen Geſpielen, ungelehrig in der Schule, und fand ſich nur bei ſeinen Träumereien behaglich. Doch war ungemeine Phantaſie, ein lebhafter Bildungstrieb und große Vorliebe für Uebungen der Andacht ſchon früh an ihm bemerklich, weswegen er ſchon im 10. Jahre auf die in der dortigen Stadtſchule an ihn gerichtete Frage nach ſeinem künftigen Berufe ohne Zaudern ſich für das Studium der Theologie entſchied. Damit vereinigte er auffallend ſtarken Abſcheu vor jedem Unrecht, und unerſchrockene Thatkraft, wovon ſeine, mit ſeinem Freunde Heinrich Füßli unternommene unerſchrockene Anklage und Veranlaſſung der Beſtrafung eines ungerechten, aber angeſehenen züricher Landvoigtes einen leuchtenden Beweis lieferte. Nachdem er ſeit 1759 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Collegia über Philoſophie und Theologie fleißig beſucht, und mit ſeltener Ausdauer ſtudirt hatte, wurde er 1762 im Miniſterium aufgenommen, bereiſte dann mit Felix Heß und Füßli Deutſchland, und lernte auf dieſer Reiſe zu Leipzig und Berlin die geachtetſten Dichter, Prediger und Gelehrten perſönlich kennen. Hierauf vollendete er bei Spalding zu Barth in Schwediſch-Pommern ſeine praktiſch theologiſche Bildung, und machte ſich 1764 nach ſeiner Rückkehr in ſeine Vaterſtadt zuerſt als geiſtlicher Liederdichter und aſcetiſcher Schriftſteller bekannt. Während er nun hier mit ſeinen literariſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt war, heirathete er 1766 Anne Schinz, die Tochter eines angeſehenen züricher Kaufmanns, die ſich durch ſtille, demüthige Frömmigkeit auszeichnete, und wurde 1769 Diakonus und 1775 Pfarrer an der Waiſenhauskirche zu Zürich. Ein weiterer praktiſcher Wirkungskreis ſeines pfarramtlichen Lebens eröffnete ſich dem literariſch fortwährend unermüdet thätigen Manne 1778 durch ſeine Wahl zum Diakonus an der dortigen Peterskirche, worauf er 1786 einen ehrenvollen Ruf als Prediger an der Ansgariikirche in Bremen ausſchlug, und dafür noch in demſelben Jahre zum erſten Pfarrer an der Peterskirche zu Zürich erhoben wurde. Seine inzwiſchen unternommenen Reiſen durch Deutſchland und nach Dänemark glichen Triumphzügen eines Propheten, die aber ſeine Eitelkeit aufregten und ihm mancherlei Demüthigungen bereiteten. Ein gleiches Loos traf ihn, als er kühn und offen die Gräuel der Revolution, welche er anfangs mit republikaniſcher Freude begrüßt hatte, rügte, und beſonders dem helvetiſchen Directorium ſeine Gewaltthätigkeit und ſein Unrecht vorwarf. Er wurde mit 10 der angeſehenſten und wackerſten züricher Bürgern 1796 deportirt, jedoch nach einigen Monaten auf ſeine bündige und derbe Vertheidigung wieder entlaſſen. Als 1799 die Franzoſen in Zürich eindrangen, erhielt er, während er einem Unglücklichen auf der Straße Beiſtand leiſtete, durch einen franzöſiſchen Grenadier einen Schuß in die Seite, der zwar nicht lebensgefährlich war, aber durch ſeine inzwiſchen fortgeſetzten Berufsarbeiten tödtlich für ihn wurde. Nach langen Qualen, jedoch mit Geduld, Ergebung und Heiterkeit des Geiſtes, endete er am 2. Januar 1801 ſein Leben.

Seine Schriften ſind:

1) Zween Briefe an M. Bahrdt. Breslau 1768. 8.
2) Auserleſene Pſalmen Davids, in Reime gebracht. Zürich 1765, 1768, 2 Thle., 8.
3) Schweizerlieder. Bern 1767, 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebend. 1767, 8.; 3. Aufl. mit abgekürztem Titel, 1768, kl. 8., mit Vign.; 4. verm. und verb. Aufl. Zürich und Bern 1775, 8., mit Kupf.; neueſte Aufl. Zürich 1789, 8., mit Kupf.
4) Chriſtliches Handbüchlein. Bern 1767, 12.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1770, 12.; verm. Aufl. Homburg vor der Höhe 1775, 12.; neue verb. Aufl. mit verändertem Titel (Chriſtliches Jahrbüchlein), Frankfurt a. M. 1775, 24.
5) Das allgemeine Gebet des Herrn Benjamin Hoadly, in Reime gebracht. Zürich 1768. 8.

6) Ausſichten in die Ewigkeit, in Briefen an J. Georg Zimmermann. Zürich 1768 — 78, 4 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. des 1. und 2. Thls. Ebendaſ. 1773, 8.; 3. verm. Aufl. in 3 Thln. Ebendaſ. 1777, 8.; 4. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1782, 2 Bde., 8., und viele Nachdrücke.
7) Bonnet's philoſophiſche Palingeneſie. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Zürich 1769 und 1770, 2 Thle. 8.; 2. Theil auch unter dem Titel: B's philoſophiſche Unterſuchung der Beweiſe für das Chriſtenthum.
8) Vermiſchte Predigten. Frankfurt a. M. 1770, 8.
9) Einige Briefe über das Baſedow'ſche Elementarwerk. Zürich 1771, 8.
10) Ode an Gott. Zürich 1771, 8.
11) Hiſtoriſche Lobrede auf J. Jak. Breitinger. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.
12) Funfzig chriſtliche Lieder. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.
13) Geheimes Tagebuch eines Beobachters ſeiner ſelbſt. Leipzig 1771 — 73, 2 Thle., gr. 8., mit Vign.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1772 — 73, 8. (der 2. Theil auch unter dem Titel: Unveränderte Fragmente aus dem Tagebuche ꝛc.). Davon auch einige Nachdrücke.
14) Lieder zum Gebrauch des Waiſenhauſes in Zürich. Zürich 1772, 8.
15) Von der Phyſiognomik. Leipzig 1772, 2 Thle., gr. 8., mit vielen Kupfern.
16) Predigten über das Buch Jonas. Winterthur 1773, 1. Hälfte, 8.; 2. Ausg. Sammt einer Predigt vom [illegible]. Ebendaſ. 1782, 2 Hälften, 8.
17) Feſtpredigten, nebſt einigen Gelegenheitspredigten. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1774, 8.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1784, 8.
18) Vermiſchte Schriften. Winterthur 1774 und 1781, 2 Bdchn., 8.
19) Chriſtliche Lieder, der vaterländiſchen Jugend gewidmet. Zürich 1775, 8.
20) Vermiſchte Gedanken. Herausgegeben von einem unbekannten Freunde. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1775, 12.
21) Eigentliche Meinung von den Gaben des heiligen Geiſtes ꝛc. Bremen 1775 — 77, 3 Thle., 8.
22) Phyſiognomiſche Fragmente. Winterthur 1775 — 78, 4 Bde., gr. 4., mit Kupf. und Vign.
23) Hundert chriſtliche Lieder. Zürich 1776, 8.
24) Zweites Funfzig chriſtlicher Lieder. Ebendaſ. 1776, 8.
25) Nachdenken über mich ſelbſt. Offenbach 1776, 8. (Fortſetzung des Tagebuchs.)
26) Abraham und Iſaak. Religiöſes Drama. Winterthur 1776, gr. 8.
27) Zwo Predigten, bei Anlaß der Vergiftung des Nachtmahlweins. Nebſt einigen hiſtoriſchen und poetiſchen Beilagen. Leipzig 1777, gr. 8. (die 2. Predigt, die Vergiftung ꝛc. betreff. Frankfurt a. M. 1777, 8.). Viele Nachdrücke.
28) Anmerkungen zu einer Abhandlung über Phyſiognomik. Leipzig 1778, 8.
29) Sammlung einiger Gebete für die wichtigſten Angelegenheiten des Menſchenlebens. Leipzig 1778, 8.
30) Predigten über die Exiſtenz des Teufels und ſeine Wirkungen. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1778 und 1781, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1785, 8.
31) Chriſtliche Lieder. Zweites Hundert. Zürich 1780, 8.
32) Sechzig Lieder nach dem Zürcheriſchen Katechismus. Ebendaſ. 1780, 8.
33) Die Liebe in 4 Predigten und einigen Liedern. Leipzig 1780, gr. 8.
34) Jeſus Meſſias, oder die Zukunft des Herrn. O. O. und J. (Zürich 1780), gr. 8.
35) Poeſien. Leipzig 1781, 2 Bde., gr. 8., mit Vign.
36) Ausſichten in die Ewigkeit. Gemeinnütziger Auszug. Zürich 1781, 8.
37) Neue Sammlung geiſtlicher Lieder und Reime. Ebendaſ. 1782, gr. 8.
38) Reime zu den bibliſchen Geſchichten des alten und neuen Teſtaments. Ebendaſ. 1782, 8.
39) Pontius Pilatus, oder ein Univerſal-Ecce homo. (Zürich) 1782 — 85, 4 Bde., 12.
40) Predigt bei Anlaß der großen Erderſchütterungen in Sicilien und Kalabrien. Ebendaſ. 1783, gr. 8.
41) Der chriſtliche Dichter. Ein Wochenblatt. Ebendaſ. 1783, 8.
42) Jeſus Meſſias, oder Evangelien und Apoſtelgeſchichte in Geſängen. (Winterthur) 1783 — 86, 4 Bde., gr. 8., mit und ohne Kupfer.
43) Phyſiognomiſche Fragmente. Verkürzt herausgegeben von J. M. Armbruſter. Winterthur 1783 — 86, 4 Bde., 8., mit vielen Kupf.
44) Herzenserleichterung. St. Gallen 1784, 12.
45) Sämmtliche kleinere Schriften. Winterthur 1784 — 85, 3 Bde., 8.
46) Salomo, oder die Lehre der Weisheit. Ebendaſ. 1785, 8.
47) Predigten über den Brief Paulus an Philemon. St. Gallen 1785 — 86, 2 Thle., gr. 8.
48) Vermiſchte gereimte Gedichte. Winterthur 1785, 8.
49) Nathanael. Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.
50) Rechenſchaft an ſeine Freunde. Ebendaſ. 1786, 2 Bdchn., 12.
51) Zu Bremen gehaltene Predigten. Bremen 1786, 8.
52) Geiſt der ſämmtlichen Schriften. Herausgegeben von J. M. Armbruſter. 1786, 1. Bdchn., 8.
53) Lavater's Geiſt aus ſeinen Schriften gezogen. Berlin und Stettin 1786, 8.
54) Vermiſchte unphyſiognomiſche Regeln zur Selbſt- und Menſchenkenntniß. Zürich 1787, 12.
55) Drei Lobgedichte auf den katholiſchen Gottesdienſt, mit den Anmerkungen zweier Proteſtanten.
56) Lieder für Leidende. Tübingen (Winterthur) 1787, gr. 8.
57) Protokoll über den spiritus familiaris Gablidone. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1787, 8., mit Beilagen und Kupfern.
58) Handbibel für Leidende. Winterthur 1788, 8.
59) Chriſtlicher Religionsunterricht für denkende Jünglinge. (Winterthur) 1788, 1. Heft, 8.
60) Zween Volkslehrer. Ein Geſpräch. Ebendaſ. 1789, 8.
61) Betrachtungen über die wichtigſten Stellen der Evangeliſten. Ebendaſ. 1789, 90, 2 Bde., gr. 8.
62) Handbibliothek für Freunde. Zürich 1790, 12.
63) Auserleſene chriſtliche Lieder. Baſel 1794, 8.; neue Aufl. 1808, 8.
64) Letztes Wort über ein Wort. 1793, 12.
65) Joſeph von Arimathia. Gedicht. Hamburg 1794, gr. 8.
66) Vermächtniß an ſeine Freunde. Zürich 1796, 8.
67) Freimüthige Briefe über das Deportationsweſen. Winterthur 1800, 1801, 2 Bdchn., 8., mit Urkunden, Beilagen und Anmerkungen.
68) Privatbriefe von Paulus und Saulus. Ebendaſ. 1801, 8.
69) Nachgelaſſene Schriften. Herausgegeben von Georg Geßner. Zürich 1801 und 1802, 5 Bde., gr. 8., mit Kupf.; 5. Band auch unter dem Titel: Phyſiognomiſcher Nachlaß.
70) Ausgewählte Kanzelreden. Herausgegeben von G. Geßner. Ebendaſ. 1802, 8.
71) Vermiſchte phyſiognomiſche Regeln. Manuſcript für Freunde. Leipzig 1802, 8.
72) Zweihundert chriſtliche Lieder. Zürich 1806, 8.; neue durchgeſ. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1833, 2 Thle., 8.
73) Sprüche. Tübingen 1815; 3. Aufl. Ebend. 1822, 16.
74) Hundert Sentenzen. Baſel 1827, qu. 32.
75) Phyſiognomik, zur Beförderung der Menſchenkenntniß und Menſchenliebe. Vervollſtändigte Aufl. der phyſiognomiſchen Fragmente. Wien 1829, 1830; 2. Abdruck. Ebend. 1834, Lexik. 8., mit Kupfertaf.

Andere hier nicht aufgezählte Einzelſchriften finden ſich in Zeitſchriften, Journalen, Almanachs ꝛc. damaliger Zeit.

Außer den unter Nro. 18. 37. 45. 52. 53. 64. 69. 70. und 73. aufgezählten Einzelſammlungen ſeiner Werke, erſcheinen dieſelben auch noch in einer Geſammtausgabe, welche noch nicht beendigt iſt, als:

Sämmtliche Werke. Augsburg und Lindau 1834 — 36, 3 Lieferungen, gr. 8.

Das treffendſte und gerechteſte Urtheil über dieſen jedenfalls ausgezeichneten Mann ſpricht Bouterweck in ſeiner oft angeführten Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Th. 11 S. 503 aus, wo er von ihm ſagt: Keiner dieſer ſchwärmeriſchen Didaktiker darf auf irgend eine Auszeichnung in der Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur Anſpruch machen, außer Johann Kaſpar Lavater — einer der berühmteſten Männer ſeiner Zeit, verehrt, geliebt, verſpottet, und immer ſich gleich im redlichen Streben nach Wahrheit und feſter Anhänglichkeit an den chriſtlichen Offenbarungs- und

Wunderglauben, der ihm theurer war, als alle irdiſche Weisheit. Welche Anlagen Lavater hatte, einer der vorzüglichſten didaktiſchen Schriftſteller zu werden, kann man ſchon aus ſeinen „Ausſichten in die Ewigkeit“ ſehen, die vor dem Jahre 1770 herauskamen, und öfter wieder gedruckt wurden. Mehreres in dieſem Werke und einigen andern der früheren Schriften Lavater's verdiente, wie man auch über den Inhalt denken mag, in einer Chreſtomathie aufbewahrt zu werden. Aber um das Jahr 1770, als er an den „Phyſiognomiſchen Fragmenten“ zu arbeiten anfing, die er im Jahre 1775, mit einer Menge von Kupferſtichen begleitet, dem Publikum vorlegte, wurde ſein Styl ſo ſeltſam und ſchwärmeriſch, wie die phyſiognomiſchen Deutungen, in die er ſich vertiefte. Doch ſind auch in dieſem Buche, das noch mehr Aufſehen erregte, als die religiöſen Schriften ſeines Verfaſſers, und in mehreren ſeiner ſpätern Abhandlungen über religiöſe und andere Gegenſtände, nicht wenige eben ſo trefflich geſchriebene, als tiefgedachte und geiſtvolle Stellen. Wie viel Dichteriſches in Lavater's Natur lag, beweiſen ſeine Schweizerlieder und andere poetiſche Werke, unter denen ſogar eine Art von Seitenſtück zur Meſſiade vorkommt.

Die vier erſten Geſänge des „Jeſus Meſſias.“

Erſter Geſang.

Höre, wer Ohr hat, Offenbarungen Jeſus Meſſias,
Ihm gegeben vom Vater, was in der Schnelle geſchehen ſoll,
Seinen Dienern zu zeigen.
Ein Bote Jeſus Meſſias
Kam, geſendet von Ihm, zu ſeinem Knechte Johannes.
Was der Seher geſehn, vernommen der Hörer der Wahrheit,
All' das zeugt er. Alles iſt Zeugniß von Jeſus Meſſias.

Selig, wer ſie lieſet die Schrift, entquollen der Wahrheit;
Eines Ohres verſchlingt, umfaßt mit Einer Betrachtung
Alle Worte des Buchs der Geſichte, gezeuget von Gott mir!
Nahe, nahe vor mir, erblickt' ich die eilende Zukunft.
Sieben Chriſtusgemeinen in Aſia ſendet's Johannes.
Gnade mit Euch, und Fried', und ewigerfreuendes Heil Euch,
Von dem Weſen der Weſen, dem Namen die Sprache nicht findet!
Von den Sieben um Den, der war, und der iſt, und der ſein wird!
(Geiſtige Kräft' um den Thron; von Gott vollkommene Sieben.)
Gnade von Jeſus Meſſias, dem treuſten der Zeugen! Dem Erſten
Aller Erſtandenen vom Tode zum unauflöslichen Leben!

Ihm, der Könige Fürſten, dem Herrſcher der Erdebeherrſcher,
Ihm — wie hat Er geliebt! Dem Ewigliebenden Liebe!
Ewige Lieb' Ihm und Ehr'! Er rann am Pfahle des Opfers
Allverſöhnendes Blut! Entſündigung floß mit dem Blute!
Aller Sterblichen Leben entquoll des Geopferten Tode!
Ewige Lieb' Ihm und Ehr'! Er erhub zu Fürſten des Himmels,
Sammelt' um Sich herum die Todtenſöhne des Staubes!
Weiht' zu Prieſtern uns dar vor Seinem Gott und dem Unſern!
Seinem Vater und Unſerm! — Sein iſt die Herrlichkeit aller
Herrlichen! Sein iſt der Mächtigen Macht! Die Höhe der Hohen!
Erd' und Himmel iſt Sein, des Erſtgebornen des Vaters!
Ehre von Ewigkeit Ihm, und Ehr' in die Ewigkeit! Amen!
Sieh! Er kömmt! — Auf blendenden Wolken! Ihn ſiehet das Auge
Aller Kinder von Adam, die ſterben werden, und ſtarben,
Athmeten Odem der Erd' — O Dich wird, Herrlicher Gottes!
Sehn der Kreuziger Aug, und der durchbohrte das Herz Dir!
Amen! Amen! Er kömmt! Ihm heulen der Erde Geſchlechter
Welcher Schrecken des Todes erbebt die gefallenen Sünde —
Und der Gebeine Mark verdorrt dem Kommenden! Amen.
Ich bin Alpha! Ich bin Omega! Der Anfang, das Ende!
Spricht Jehovah, der iſt, Jehovah, der war, und der ſein wird,
Er, Deß ewiges Sein ein ewiges Kommen Sein Selbſt iſt!
Spricht, der Himmel gewölbt, und Nichts! den Himmeln einſt zuruft!
Ich Johannes ſein Zeug', (Ihr Brüder kennet den Bruder!)
Mitgenoß Eurer Trübſal, und Eurer Geduld für den Dulder,
Und des Reiches Genoß, des Harrens mit Jeſus Meſſias,
War um der Wahrheit willen gebannt auf die einſame Pathmos;
Denn ich zeugte von Ihm, von dem nicht ſchweigen mein Mund kann;
Daß am Tage des Herrn verloren in frommer Betrachtung,
Brennender Sehnſucht voll nach Ihm und ſeiner Erſcheinung,
Thränen entfloſſen dem Blick', und Gebete der ſchmachtenden Lippe,
Und die Hand des Herrn kam über mich, und mein Geiſt war
Hingerückt in Geſichten. — Ich hörte hinter mir plötzlich
Eine Stimme des Donners, ſie ſchmetterte laut wie Drommeten:

Alpha bin Ich! Omega bin Ich! Der Erſte, der Letzte!
Schreib', was du ſiehſt, in ein Buch, und ſend' es den ſieben Gemeinden
Aſiens: Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamen, Thyatira,
Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea. — So donnert's.

Und ich wandte mich um, zu ſchau'n den donnernden Sprecher;
Und erblickte vor mir erſt ſieben goldene Leuchter;
Mitten im ſchönen Kreiſe der ſieben goldenen Leuchter
Eine Strahlengeſtalt, gleich einem Sohne des Menſchen.
Prächtig wallte herab bis zum Fuß ein weißer Talar Ihm.
Seine Bruſt umgürtet' ein goldener Gürtel. Sein Haupt war
Weiß wie die weißeſte Wolle; ſein Haupthaar blendendem Schnee gleich;
Flammenquellen die Augen; der Blicke Blick des Blitzes!
Seine Füße glänzendes Erz, wie Erz in der Sonnenglut.
Seine Stimme war Donner, war Sturm, war Toſen der Meere.
Sieben Stern' umſchwebten die hingebreitete Rechte.
Und des Herrlichen Mund' entfuhr ein treffendes Blitzſchwert,
Scharf und ſchneidend ins innerſte Mark! — Wie die Sonne ſein Antlitz,
Wie die flammende Sonn' an der Grenze brennendem Mittag.

Nieder ſank ich, als ich Ihn ſah', vor des Strahlenden Fuß hin,
Wie zerſchmettert vom Blitze, vom Schlage des Donners, ein Leichnam.

Und Er legt' auf mein Haupt die ſanfter leuchtende Rechte.
Und der leiſen Berührung entſtand allmählige Erholung;
Kraft, wie mir noch nie ward, und Freude wie ewiges Leben.
Fürchte dich nicht vor Mir! ſprach unausſprechlich der Milde:
Siehe! Der Erſte bin Ich! Ich bin der Letzte! Der todt war,
Nun von Ewigkeit lebt, durch jede Ewigkeit. Amen.
Mein ſind, Mein die Schlüſſel der Grüfte; dem Tode bin Tod Ich!
Dem Verderben Verderben, und den Verweſungen Leben!
Leiſer ſprach Er zu mir, da ich Ihm ſchaut' in ſein Antlitz:
Schreib', was du ſahſt, und was iſt, und was nach dieſem geſchehn ſoll!
Meiner ſieben Stern' und der goldenen Leuchter Geheimniß.
Sieben Boten Gottes, die Hirten von ſieben Gemeinen
Sind die Sterne, die du in meiner Rechten geſehn haſt;
Und die ſieben Leuchter bedeuten ſieben Gemeinen.

Zweiter Geſang.

Sendſchreiben des Meſſias an den Biſchof der Gemeine zu Ephesus.

Und der Herrliche rief:
Schreib' erſt an Ephesus Hirten:
„Alſo ſpricht, der die ſieben Sterne hält in der Rechten,
„Leutſelig wandelt im Kreiſe der ſieben goldenen Leuchter:
„Deine Werke, wer weiß ſie, wie Ich, die Geduld und die Arbeit
„Deiner Seele? — Du ſtrafſt mit Eifer Gottes die Böſen;
„Prüfſt und erkennſt die Lehrer, die Gottes Boten ſich lügen;
„Viel erträgſt du ſtill für meines Namens Bekenntniß;
„Wirſt nicht müd in der Mühe! — Nur Eines wider dich hab' Ich:
„Ach du fremdeſt dich Mir! Die Erſte Liebe — wo iſt ſie?
„Denk an die Wonnetage der zärtlichen Wärme, Geliebter!
„Wende dich wieder zu Mir mit allen Flammen der Sehnſucht!
„Thue die erſten Thaten! Genieße wieder die erſten
„Freuden der reinſten Ergießung, des vollen Genuſſes, daß Ich nicht
„Dem erkalteten Herzen der Wahrheit Leuchter entferne.
„Höre des Warnenden Warnung! Ich kenne dein Gutes — Du haſſeſt
„Greuel der Nikolaiten, der Wollüſtlinge; ſie haſſ' Ich!
„Höre, wer Ohr hat, höre, was allen Gemeinen der Geiſt ſagt:
„Wer vom Irrthum entflieht, ſich wendet vom Reize des Laſters,
„Speiſe der Ueberwinder genießt vom Baume des Lebens,
„Mitten im Paradieſe Gottes! — unſterblich iſt er!

II.

An den Biſchof der Gemeine zu Smyrna.

Und der Herrliche rief mir:
Schreibe dem Engel in Smyrna:
„Alſo der Erſte, der Letzte, der todt war und ewiglich lebt:
„Ich weiß deine Werk' und deine Trübſal und Armuth.
„O du reicher! — Ich höre die Läſterungen der Lügner.
„Iſraelitinn lüget ſie ſich die Gemeine des Satans —
„Fürchte vor Leiden dich nicht. Ich weiß und wäge dein Leiden!
„Schließe der Satan in Ketten von deinen Schaafen, zur Prüfung —
„Schnell enteilen ſie dir die zehen Tage der Trübſal.
„Sei getreu bis zum Tod', und Ich gebe die Krone des Heils dir!
„Höre, wer Ohr hat, höre, was allen Gemeinen der Geiſt ſagt:
„Wer dem Irrthum entflieht, vom Reize des Laſters ſich wendet,
„Siehe, den Ueberwinder berühret der Tod nicht — der zweite!

III.

An den Biſchof zu Pergamen.

Und der Strahlende rief mir:
Schreib' an Pergamons Biſchof:
„Alſo der, aus deß Mund ein allzerſchneidendes Schwert blitzt!
„Deine Werk', Ich weiß ſie, und kenne den Ort, wo du wohneſt;
„Da, wo Satan thronet. Ich weiß: Mein Nam' iſt dir heilig;
„Treu iſt dein Glaub' an Mich, und unerſchütterlich feſt ſtandſt
„Du gewurzelt in Mir, den Tag, da Antipas den treuen
„Zeugen von Mir, der Satan, da, wo ſein Thron iſt, erwürgte.
„Wenig nur wider dich hab' ich:
Du duldeſt noch einige, ſtrafſt nicht
„Nikolaiten, Verführer zum Götzenopfer, zur Unzucht —
„Bileams Schüler, Männer des Geizes, Freunde des Irrthums.
„Beſſerung! Oder Ich komme, ſie ſchnell mit dem Schwerte zu ſtrafen,
„Das in den richtenden Mund für Sünder und Heuchler mir Gott gab —
„Höre, wer Ohr hat, höre, was allen Gemeinen der Geiſt ſagt:
„Wer dem Irrthum entflieht, ſich wendet vom Reize des Laſters,
„Siehe, dem Ueberwinder beſcheer' Ich himmliſches Manna,
„Aus dem Heiligthum Gottes, und ſüß, wie das ewige Leben;
„Geb' ihm Zeichen des Sieges und Ehren des hohen Triumphes;
„Einen edeln Stein ihm, und auf dem Steine den neuen
„Göttlichen Namen gegraben, der ſeine Würd' ihm verſiegelt.
„Niemand verſteht den Namen — als wer ihn giebt und empfängt ihn.

IV.

An den Biſchof zu Thyatira.

Wiederum rief der Herr mir:
Schreibe dem Thyatirer:
„Alſo Jehovahs Sohn, der Mann mit flammenden Augen,
„Blick des Blitzes ſein Blick, die Füße wie Erz in der Schmelzgluth —
„Deine Werke, wer weiß ſie, wie Ich? Den Dienſt und die Liebe,
„Deine Treu' und den Glauben und deinen duldenden Eifer,
„Alles zu wagen für Mich; zu thun das Beſte! — Der letzten
„Deiner Thaten ſind mehr, als der erſten! Ich zähle ſie alle.
„Wenig nur wider dich hab' Ich: Du duldeſt die falſche Prophetin!
„Jeſabel gleich; die Lügnerin zaubert zum Tempel der Wolluſt
„Meine Geweihten hin. Sie eſſen Opfer der Heiden.
„Warnte die Falſche! Gab Ich Ihr Friſt nicht? Trieb nicht zur Beſſerung?
„Aber der Lüſte nicht ſatt, verſchlingt Sie immer noch Seelen.
„Sieh, Ich werf' auf ihr Bett ſie, das Ehebrüche beſudeln!
„Ihrer Verwunderer Schaar, Ich ſchmettre ſie weg von dem Ziele
„Ihrer flammenden Luſt und führ' in Jammer und Qual ſie!
„Flieh'n ſie die Züchtigung nicht; Ich tödte die Kinder des Ehbruchs!
„Treffen wird ſie mein Schwert; mein Blick ſie zermalmen, daß bebend
„Jede Gemein' erkenn': Ich prüfe Herzen und Nieren!
„Ich, der Richter der Thaten, Vergelter jedes Gedankens —
„Euch, den übrigen ſag' Ich, die Thyatira in ſich ſchließt,
„Feinde der Lügen — unangeweiht in Geheimniſſen Satans:
„Neue Leiden werf' Ich auf Euch nicht. Haltet nur ſtandhaft,
„Was ihr habt, bis Ich komme, mit Mir Vergeltung und Heil kommt.
„Wer dem Irrthum entflieht, ſich wendet vom Reize des Laſters,
„Siehe dem Kämpfer und Sieger, der bis zum Ende Mir treu bleibt,
„Geb' Ich über die Völker Gewalt. Sein eiſerner Stab wird
„Mengen der Feinde Jehovahs, wie Töpfergefäße, zerſchmettern.
„Was Ich empfing vom Vater, empfängt der Treue von Mir einſt.
„Sieh'! Ich geb' ihm den Morgenſtern und Freuden des Lichtes!
„Höre, wer Ohr hat, höre, was allen Gemeinen der Geiſt ſagt!"

V.

An den Biſchof zu Sardis.

Und der Herrliche rief mit Donnerſtimme mir weiter:
„Schreib' dem Engel zu Sardis"
„So ſpricht der Geſalbte Jehovahs:
„Alle ſieben Kräfte der Gottheit — Mein ſind ſie alle!
„Mein die ſieben Stern' und Mein die ſieben Gemeinen!
„Deine Thaten ſind offen vor meinem Blicke! — Der Ruf zwar
„Nennet dich lebend; Du aber biſt todt! Erwach'! und erwecke
„Jedes ſterbende Leben, das deiner Sorge vertraut iſt!
„Gottes Prüfung entſchwinden unreine Thaten! So fliehen
„Deiner Thaten, wie viele! Sein Licht, dem keine doch flieh'n kann …
„Was du lerneſt von Gott — ſei unvergeßlich, wie Gott, dir!
„Beſſerung! Oder Ich komme, wie unerwartet der Dieb kommt!
„Wache! — Du weißeſt nicht, zu welcher Stunde dein Herr kommt!
„Hirt von meiner Heerde! — Wie haſt du ſo wenige Namen,
„Deren Kleider beſudelt nicht ſind; entweiht nicht ihr Körper —
„Reine Wohnungen Gottes. Die wenigen Reinen ſie werden
„Wandeln lichtbekleidet mit Mir, in Gefilden des Lichts.
„Würdig ſind ſie der Ehre, der Prieſterwürde des Himmels!
„Wer dem Irrthum entflieht, vom Reize des Laſters ſich wendet,
„Kleiden will Ich den Treuen mit Lichtgewand und mit Ehre!
„Helle leuchtet ewig ſein Nam' in der Rolle des Lebens!
„Himmelerfreuend erſchallt vor meinem Vater ſein Name;
„Vor den Engeln des Vaters! So lohn' Ich Treuer dem Treuen!
„Höre, wer Ohr hat, höre, was allen Gemeinen der Geiſt ſagt!

VI.

An den Biſchof zu Philadelphia.

Und der Herrliche ſprach mit einer Stimme des Donners:
„Schreib' dem Hirten der Heerde zu Philadelphia: — Alſo
„Spricht der Heilige Gottes! Die Wahrheit! Alſo die Allmacht;
„Die durch Davids Sohn Verſchloſſenheiten eröffnet,
„Daß ſie niemand ſchließt, und zuſchließt offene Thüren,
„Daß ſie niemand eröffnet. Ich kenne dein Herz und dein Thun. Ich!
„Sieh'! Ich öffne vor dir auf die Pforte der Kraft und des Lebens —
„Wer iſt, der ſie ſchließe? Ich weiß, wie wenig dir Kraft ward;
„Dennoch hielteſt du mein Wort und heilig war dir mein Name!
„Nichts vermochte zu ſchwächen den Heldenmuth, ihn zu nennen.
„Heil dir, Guter und Treuer! Ich bringe die Schaaren der Heuchler,
„Die ſich Abrahamiden lügen und Diener ſind Satans;
„Bringen will Ich ſie dir, zu deinen Füßen ſie werfen;
„Daß gebogenen Knie's ſie an dich ſtaunen! — Sie drückte
„Laſt der Gottesverwerfung! Sie fühlen, wie Ich dich liebe!
„Weil du umfaſſeſt das Wort, das die Geduld in dein Herz ſprach;
„So erfaßt dich mein Arm, dich zu entreißen der Trübſal,
„Die, zur Läuterung der Erde, die Erde beſchwemmen mit Angſt wird!
„Wirf nicht weg, was du haſt! Wer hat, nur dem wird gegeben —
„Sieh'! Ich komme ſchnell! Daß nichts die Krone dir raube!
„Wer vom Irrthum flieht, von des Laſters Reize ſich wendet;
„Siehe — der Kämpfer und Sieger, wird ſein ein Pfeiler im Tempel
„Meines Gottes und bleibt's — ſo lange Tempel und Gott iſt.
„Seiner Stirn entſtrahlt des Gottes Namen und Ehre;
„Und Jeruſalems Licht, der Stadt, von Gott nur erleuchtet,
„Die aus Höhen des Himmels von meinem Gotte herabſtrahlt;
„Und mein Name, der Neue! Des Königes Ehre! Sein Lichtglanz
„Soll beſchämen die Stirn des treuen Siegers, den Gott krönt.
„Höre, wer Ohr hat, höre, was allen Gemeinen der Geiſt ſagt!

VII.

An den Biſchof zu Laodizea.

Und der Herrliche rief:
„Schreib' an den Hirten der Heerde
„Laodizea: — So ſagt der Amen, der Zeuge der Wahrheit!
„Nie war Liſt in der Bruſt, auf ſeinen Lippen Betrug nie.
„Alſo der Früheſte der Gottesgebornen; der Schöpfungen Anfang:
„Ich weiß deine Werk', und daß du nicht kalt und nicht warm biſt;
„Freund nicht biſt und nicht Feind — Ach! Daß du kalt oder warm wärſt!
„Aber, Ich mag nicht das Lauen. Den Doppelherzigen ſpei' Ich
„Gleich aus meinem Munde! Mein ärgſter Feind iſt der Laue,

„Iſt der Gatte von Sich — der ſpricht: Ich bin reich und bedarf nichts!
„Ach! Du Elender, weißt, wie blind du und jämmerlich biſt, nicht,
„Fühlſt du deine Blöße; dich deckte Bläſſe des Todes!
„Höre, Verarmter und Nackter! Dir räth die Wärme der Liebe:
„Kein geläutertes Gold, das nicht verrauchte in der Schmelzglut.
„Kaufe den Reichthum von Mir. Ich geb' ihn der glaubenden Demuth.
„Reine Kleider von Mir! Entferne mir redliche Unſchuld!
„Decke die bloße Schaam nicht mit dem Gewande von Worten,
„Frömmern Lippen entborgt! Empfindung Gottes und Wahrheit,
„Einfalt ſei dein Schmuck! Dein Kleid ſei Tugend und Liebe!
„Salbe dein Aug', zu ſeh'n die dir begegnende Wahrheit!
„Wen Ich liebe, den warn' Ich — Ich ſtrafe meine Vertrauten.
„Höre die Warnung! Erwach'! und glühend werde dein Eifer!
„Sieh'! Ich ſteh' an der Thür und klopfe an! Wer mein Klopfen
„Froh vernimmet und Mir aufthut! Wohl ihm! Ich ſchließ in den Arm ihn!
„Lagre mich neben ihn hin und eſſe mit ihm; und mit Mir Er!
„Und beim nächtlichen Mahle vertrau' Ich ihm jedes Geheimniß.
„Wer dem Irrthum entflieht, vom Reize des Laſters ſich wendet;
„Sieh'! Ich gebe dem Ueberwinder den Thron, den mir Gott gab!
„Alſo lohnte der Vater mir meinen Kampf bis zum Siege —
„Dulder herrſchen mit mir und Himmelskönige werden,
„Die die Erde durchwallen in duldender Ruh' und in Demuth.
„Höre, wer Ohr hat, höre, was allen Gemeinen der Geiſt ſagt!"

Dritter Geſang.

Und ich ſah' und ſiehe! — Des Himmels Pforte war offen!
Und die donnernde Stimme, die gleich Poſaunen vorher mir
Hatte gerufen, ſie rief:
„Erhebe vom Staube dich aufwärts!
„Zeigen will ich dir nun, was am Ende der Tage geſchehen ſoll—"

Alsbald war ich verzückt. — Verſchwunden war die Natur mir.
Himmel war um den ſchauenden Geiſt; ein Thron in dem Himmel —
Auf dem blendenden Thron ein Herrlicher! — Wie Ihn beſchreiben?
Jaſpisgrün und glutroth, Sardis, dem Edelgeſtein gleich,
Saß auf dem Throne, wie ernſt! der Unbeſchreibliche! — Um Ihn
Strahlt' ein Bogen des Friedens, gewölbt aus ſmaragdener Lichtfarb'.

Um den erhabenen Thron erblickt' ich fürſtliche Thronen
Zwanzig und vier. — Auf den goldenen Thronen zwanzig und Viere,
Aelteſte — Erſtling' aller Erſtling', und aller Erwählten
Auserwählteſte; Häupter des Menſchengeſchlechtes; bekleidet
Mit Talaren wallender Weiße, prieſterlich. — Goldne
Kronen krönten ihr Haupt. Sie ſaßen, gefaltet die Hände,
Und gehoben den Blick auf den Thron, und der Thronenden Weſen.
Lebende Blitze Gottes und rollende Donner und Stimmen,
Mächtige Stimmen des Preiſes entquollen dem Geiſte des Urthrons —
Wo der Lebende lebt, trinkt alles um Ihn ſein Leben.

Und vorm Throne der Thronen erblickt' ich flammende Fackeln
Sieben, die ſieben Geiſter; der Offenbarungen Gottes,
Seiner Geheimniſſe, ſieben; — von jenen Gemeinen das Urbild;
Und der ſieben Tage der Schöpfung verſchiedene Kräfte.

Und wie ein Fels in Fluthen, ſo ſtand der Thron im Kryſtallmeer;
Licht und Leben ohn' End', und Quellen der Herrlichkeit ſchienen
Die kryſtallenen Fluthen an diamantenen Stufen
Des erhabenen Throns, des unerſchütterten, preiſend —
Auf den leuchtenden Fluthen — (von allen Waſſern das Urbild)
Rings um den Thron erblickt' ich wunderherrliche Weſen,
Viere; voll des lebendigſten Lebens. — Die Kräfte der Gottheit
Ruhten und regten ſich ſchnell im Urbild' aller Naturen,
Denen Odem der Herr und ein ſchlagendes Herz in die Bruſt gab;
In der Könige Leben, dem alle Leben der Thierheit
Waren entquollen. — So ſahn [illegible] die Erd' und der Himmel.
Augen ohne Zahl, die wie Blitze blitzten, erfüllten
Ringsum die hohen Naturen. — Von allen Seiten erblickten
Sie die Höhen der Schöpfung, der Schöpfungen Tiefen. — Vor Ihnen
War verſchloſſen nicht Eins von allen Weſen, die Gott ſchuf;
Keine der Kräfte von allen, die allen Schöpfungen Gott gab.
Eine der lebenden Wundernaturen, die Erſte der Viere,
Hatte Löwengeſtalt — das Urbild herrſchender Leben
Und der Duldenden Bild. — Die Zweite war wie ein Rindkalb.
Und die Dritte der Lebensgeſtalten, ein Urbild der Weisheit,
Hatt' ein Menſchengeſicht, des mildeſten heiterſten Sinn's voll.
Fliegender Adlersgeſtalt war des Vierten lebenden Weſens
Hohes Gebild; vom geflügelten Streben ein königlich Urbild;
Deß, das die Lüfte durchſchwimmt, der befloßten Leben der Waſſer.

Siehe, der Urthier' jegliches ſchwang ſechs wehende Flügel,
Mit der ſchnelleſten Schnelle den Willen der Gottesgedanken
Zu vollbringen. Wenn ſie die prächtigen Fittige ſchwangen,
Sah' ich auf ihnen ein Heer gedrängter leuchtender Augen;
Um und um trinkender Blick der Wonneſtrahlen der Gottheit —
Heiligbilder, das Licht aus dem erſten Quelle zu ſchöpfen.

Stillſtehn war nicht und Ruh in den lebenden Wundergeſtalten.
Wie vom Felſen herab ſich Ströme ſtürzen auf Ströme —
So entſtrömten dem offenen Munde, dem ſchlagenden Herzen
Wonneſtröme des Preiſes, ergoſſen ſich durch die Schöpfung.

Heiliger! Herrlicher! Reiner!
Heiliger! Einziger! Erſter!
Heiliger! Ewiger! Beſter!
Jehovah! Jehovah!
Himmelgebieter!
Vater der Geiſter!
Weſen der Weſen!
Du ſprichſt, und ſie ſind!
Sind nicht mehr, Du ſprachſt!
Sonnen entſtrahlen,
Sonnen verliſchen
Deinem ſchweigenden Blick!
Urquell der Quellen!
Ewig von Dir voll!
Ewig Dir ſelbſt gleich!
Du vor den Früheſten!
Du nach den Späteſten!
Ewig nur Dir gleich!
Jeder der Schöpfungen ewig!
Jeden Augenblick neu!
Leben unſterblicher Leben!
Was war und was iſt und was ſein wird,
Iſt nur Schatten von Dir,
Der war und der iſt, und der ſein wird!
Bei dem vollſten Erguſſe der Wonneobpreiſungen Gottes,
Ausgegoſſen am Fuße des Thrones der Thronen, da lauter
Schallen nicht konnte der Endlichkeit Lob, und tiefer nicht ſinken
Ihrer Demuth ſinkende Laſt in die Tiefe der Tiefen —
Vor dem Ewigerhabnen; nicht höher vermochte zu fliegen
Ihres Jubels Flug, und der Aufſchwung ihrer Entzückung:
Ehre dem Erſten der Erſten!
Ehre dem Herrſcher der Herrſcher!
Dem Ewigthronenden Ehre!
Alle Herrlichkeit Sein!
Jedes ſchlagende Herz Sein!
Jeder ſchallende Ruhm Sein!
Jeder bebende Laut iſt,
Jeder Odem des Preiſes
Keines, keines, wie Sein!
Er iſt's, Er nur! Nur Er!
Er Leben der Leben!
Er Alles in Allen!
Sanken die goldenen Thronen der vier und zwanzig Verklärten;
Schnell entſanken den Thronen die himmliſchen Könige. Vor Ihm
Wurden ſie Jubelgeſang. — Die hingeworfenen Kronen
Ach! Sie vermochten es nicht, den heißen Durſt nach Anbetung
Auszudrücken — die Ehrfurcht vor dem Unendlichen! Nichts ward
Vor des Ewigen Ewigkeit alles Erſchaff'ne! — Nur Blicke
Wurden Jahrtauſende da! Vor Seiner Herrlichkeit wurde
Jede fürſtliche Würde der erſten Herrſcher des Himmels
Fliehende Aſche. — Die früheſten aller Naturen verſchwanden
Vor ſich ſelber ins Nichts vor dem Weſen der Weſen! Dem Einen,
Der von Ewigkeit war und Ewigkeiten durch Sich iſt —
Und dem vollen Strome des Wonnegeſanges entfielen
Meinem Ohre herab nur wenige Tropfen — Ich hörte:
Jehovah! Jehovah!
Einziger! Einziger! Einziger!
Ehre nur Dir! Ehre nur Dir!
Aller Athmenden Odem!
Aller Sehenden Licht!
Dein Wille! Dein Wille geſchehe!
Ewigkeiten Dein Wille!
Du wollteſt lebende Weſen!

Da riefen die werdenden Weſen:
Hier ſind wir! Hier ſind wir!
Der Weſen aller, die niemal
Keine Sprache wird nennen,
Kein Blick überſchau'n —
Von allen Schaaren ohn' Ende
Nicht Eins, Nicht Eins iſt von allen
Ohne Dich worden!
Nicht Eines! Nicht Eines von allen
Könnte Winke nur ſeyn,
Wenn Du nicht wollteſt!
Du willſt!
Anbetung! Du willſt! Und wir ſind!
Du wollteſt! Wir wurden!
Du willſt! Und wir werden!
Jeden Augenblick neu!
Ehre! Ehre nur Dir!
Dir! Einziger Wille!
Vollendung und Anfang!

Vierter Geſang.

Und die Hallelujah verſtummten . . . Und vom Geſtade
Des Kryſtallmeers huben ſich auf die Zwanzig und Viere;
Deckten mit den Linken das Antlitz, ſtreckten die Rechten
Aus nach den hingeworfenen goldenen Kronen und ſetzten
Wieder ſie auf ihr Haupt, und beſtiegen die lodernden Thronen;
Auf dem Schooße gefaltet die Gott anbetenden Hände.
Stiller nur ſcholl noch und ſchnell, wie Blitze folgen auf Blitze,
„Heilig! Heilig! Heilig! Der iſt und der war, und der ſeyn wird!"
Jede Regung der Vier und jeder Blick und ein jeder
Hauch des Mundes war Lob, war ſanft erſchallender Preisruf.
Sonſt war Still' in dem Himmel. Es ſanken des hohen Kryſtallmeers
Silberne Wogen zur ſpiegelhellen Fläche. Den Odem
Schienen an ſich zu halten die Heere des Himmels. Vom Throne
Blitzten ſtillere Blitze, Verkündiger neuer Geſichte.

Und in der mächtigen Rechten des Thronenkönigs ſah' ich
Eine Rolle, bemalt mit deutungsvollen Geſtalten
Um und um mit Geheimniß bezeichnet; verſiegelt mit ſieben
Scharf verſchließenden Siegeln, die niederhängten . . . Die Augen
Aller Himmel geheftet (ich ſahe ſie) hin nach der Rolle.

Und ein gewaltiger Bote des Herrn trat hin an die Linke
Des erhabenen Thrones, und ſtand am Geſtade des Kryſtallmeers —
Legte die Link' auf die ſtrahlende Bruſt und ſtreckte die Rechte
Gegen die ſchauenden Heer' und erhob die donnernde Stimme.
Aller Himmel war Ohr und hielt an die Lippe den Finger; —
Als der Erhabne begann, den Mund zu öffnen; als laut nun
Seinen Lippen entſcholl, wie Donner den Blitzen — der Ausruf.

„Wer der Geſchaffenen? Wer in allen Gebieten der Schöpfung?
„Wer in allen Himmeln — iſt würdig zu öffnen die Rolle
„Der Geheimniſſe Gottes? — Er nahe dem Throne der Gottheit!
„Seine Hand erbreche die ſieben verſchließenden Siegel" —

Sprach's und ſtand und ſchwieg, und ſchaute nach jeglicher Gegend
Der Unendlichkeit hin und faltete wieder die Hände —
Stand wie ein Fels in Wolken . . Es ſchwieg der hörende Himmel
Und die Schöpfung verſtummt', und jedes Auge war Hinblick
Nach des andern Aug', und alle Naturen empfanden
Ohnmacht. Stillere Stille verbreitet' mit jedem Momente
Ueber den Himmel ſich aus und alle Gebiete der Schöpfung.
Niemand regte die Lippe! Kein Fuß hob lüſtend zum Throne
Leiſe ſich auf! Kein Aug' war, welches zur Rolle ſich vordrang,
Näher ſie zu beſeh'n, der Oeffnung Möglichkeit forſchend.
Wie nach dem großen Geheimniß die Himmel dürſteten; — dennoch
War verſchloſſen der Quell des großen Geheimniſſes. Niemand
In den Höhen des Himmels und in den Tiefen der Schöpfung
Niemand fühlte ſich würdig, und würdig keiner den andern,
Aufzuſchließen die göttliche Rolle — nur nahe zu ſchau'n ſie.
Und ich weinete ſehr: „Ach! niemand würdig erfunden,
„Aufzuſchließen die göttliche Rolle — nur nahe zu ſchau'n ſie!"
Aber mir rief mit der Stimme des Troſtes der Aelteſten einer,
Der der Nächſte mir war und meine Thränen bemerkte:
„Weine, Sterblicher, nicht! Der Löw' aus Juda wird ſiegen!
„Davids Herrſcher und Sohn! Denn Sein iſt Gottes Geheimniß. —"

Und im Auge des Himmels war allgemeines Erwarten.
Horchender konnte nicht horchen das Ohr der verſtummenden Schöpfung,
Nach dem Throne. — So lechzt ein Reh nach dem Quell' im Gefilde.

Einsmals ſah' ich und ſieh! Im Kreiſe der Zwanzig und Viere,
In dem tiefern Kreiſe der lebenden Wundergeſtalten,
Sah' ich ein reines Lamm, bezeichnet mit Zeichen der Schlachtung;
Sieben Hörner am Haupt, von den Fürſtenthümern der Schöpfung
(Sieben ſind ihr; die Sieben ſind Eins: das lebende Sinnbild.
Sieben Augen ſtrahlten am Haupte des Lamms der Verſöhnung.
Auf des Geſalbten Stirn ruhn ſieben Kräfte der Gottheit.
Strahlen ſtrömen von da in alle Gebiete der Schöpfung. —
Und der Geſchlachtete ging, der Dulder auf Golgatha, ſchweigend
Einige leiſe Schritte näher zum Throne Jehovahs.
Strahlen unnennbarer Huld entfloſſen dem Blicke der Gottheit
Auf den Kommenden nieder — der aus der haltenden Rechten
Des Gebieters der Welten, hoch auf dem ſchimmernden Throne,
Nahm die Geheimniſſe Rolle mit ſieben Siegeln verſiegelt . . .

Staunen war erſt der Himmel; gehaltner Odem und ſtarrer
Blick die ſtaunende Schöpfung! — Dann lebende Freude! — Dann Jubel!
Niederwarfen ſich ſchnell die Urgeſtalten der Thierheit —
Niederwarfen ſich ſchnell die vier und zwanzig Fürſten;
Hoben, geſenkten Blickes, empor die goldenen Harfen —
Ihren Thronen entnommen, an denen jede gelehnt ſtand;
Hoben Schaalen voll ſüßen Geruchs, der Heiligen Seufzer,
Ihrer Zweie die Harfen, und Zweie die rauchenden Schaalen,
Gegen Jehovah empor, die erſten Prieſter der Menſchheit —
Diener, Schatten von Dir — Du Hoherprieſter der Schöpfung!
Und ich hörte das Lied von den Lippen der Knieenden ſchallen,
Unter dem Harfengetön und unter den Wolken des Rauchwerks:

Du nur! Du nur! Wer ſonſt?
Jeſus Meſſias! Nur Du biſt
Würdig, zu nahen dem Throne!
Zu nehmen die Rolle nur Du!
Nur Du zu entſiegeln
Das Buch der Gottesgeheimniſſe!
Preis, Geſchlachteter, Dir!
Preis! Du Erdbüßer am Kreuze!
Preis Dir! Reiniger Aller!
Entſündiger aller Befleckten!
Aller, die ſtarben,
Auferſtehung und ewiges Leben!
Dein göttliches Blut floß
In der Tiefe der Tiefen!
Floß für uns Sünder! Uns Alle,
Aus allen Zungen geſammelt,
Aus allen Winden der Erde!
Freiheit, und Kraft floß,
Freuden Gottes entfloſſen,
Auf die ſchmachtende Menſchheit
Vom Antlitz des Dulders!
Preis Dir! Erhöher vom Staube
Preis Dir! Könige ſind wir!
Gottes Prieſter durch Dich!
Einziger! Allvollender!
Erbarmer! Entſündiger aller!
Mit Dir, o mit Dir ſoll
O Du, der Könige König!
Jeder deiner Erwählten
Ueber die Erde herrſchen!
An deinem Throne ſein Thron ſtehn!
Riefen's und ſtanden auf, und ſtellten die goldenen Harfen,
Legten die goldenen Schaalen mit ſchneller Eil' an die Thronen;
Setzten ſich wieder hin, auf dem Schooße gefaltet die Hände,
Niederſchauenden Blicks voll trunkener Gottesempfindung.

Kaum verſtummten die Harfen — und ſchnell ergoß ſich ein Preismeer
Aus den ſtrahlenden Reihen der zehentauſend mal tauſend
Boten des Herrn, der lebenden Gottesgedanken, der Engel
Außer dem Kreiſe des Throns, der Thier' und der Zwanzig und Viere —
Alle tauſendmal Tauſend — ſie riefen alle, wie Einer.

Das von Beginne der Welten
Vor Gott geſchlachtete Lamm,
Der Dulder auf Golgatha, Der nur,
Er nur iſt würdig! Nur Er!
Nicht Einer von allen, die Gott ſchuf!
Aller Ehren und Würden!

Aller Kräfte der Gottheit!
Aller Weisheit und Gnade,
Die des Unendlichen ist!
Sein sei, was Gott hat!
Was Gott ist, sei Er!

Und in den Jubelgesang der zehntausendmal Tausend
Fiel der Wonnegesang von allen Geschöpfen Gottes.
Alle Leben der Himmel, der Erde Leben, der Meere,
Alle des Abgrunds riefen, die Milliarden, wie Einer:

Ehre dem Thronenden Ersten!
Ehre dem Lamm der Versöhnung!
Alle Herrlichkeit Sein!
Alle Kraft Sein und Liebe!
Wer ist ihr würdig, als Jesus Messias?
Durch jede Ewigkeit — Er nur! —

Und mit lauterer noch, mit überschallender Stimme
Riefen die Wundergestalten, die nächsten Vier an dem Throne:
Amen! Riefen sie aus — im Namen aller, die Gott schuf.

Und den Thronen entsinken von neuem die Priester der Menschheit,
Hingegossen vor dem, der lebt von Aeon zu Aeon.

Leander, s. Nähe.

Leander aus Schlesien, s. Stolle.

Karl Lebrun

ward 1791 zu Halberstadt geboren, widmete sich der Bühne und wurde Theaterdirector in Hamburg, trat jedoch später wieder von diesem Posten ab und privatisirte seitdem daselbst. —

Er gab heraus:

Kleine Lustspiele und Possen. Mainz 1816, 8.
Neue kleine Lustspiele und Possen. Ebendas. 1818, 8.
Neueste kleine Lustspiele und Possen. Ebendas. 1820, 8.
Erzählungen und Verseleien. Leipzig 1820, 8.
Lustspiele. Original und Bearbeitung. Mainz 1822, 2 Thle., 8.
Bühnenspiele. Ebendas. 1825, 8.
Neue Bühnenspiele. Ebendas. 1825 und 1830, 2 Bde., 8.
Piccard's Lustspiele. Ebendas. 1826.
Lustspiele und Erzählungen. Ebendas. 1827, 8.
Vor- und Nachspiele für die Bühne. Ebendas. 1833 — 1834, 2 Bde., 8.
Der Mann mit der eisernen Maske. Ein Nachtstück. Hamburg 1836.

Außer den hierin enthaltenen Stücken, welche größtentheils auch einzeln sich vorfinden, lieferte er mehrere Dramen in Kotzebue's Almanach dramatischer Spiele (im 19. 21. 22. 23. 24. 31. 32. Jahrgang) und in das Jahrbuch deutscher Bühnenspiele (2. 4. 5. Jahrgang) und ließ auch noch einzelne Sammlungen seiner theatralischen Arbeiten im Druck erscheinen.

Große Bühnenkenntniß, ein rascher, witziger Dialog und eine gewandte Behandlung der, meist ausländischen Originalen nachgebildeten, Charaktere und Situationen, haben Lebrun's dramatischen Arbeiten überall eine freundliche und ehrenvolle Aufnahme verschafft. Auch als Erzähler ist er nicht ohne Talent.

Christoph Lehmann.

Seine Lebensumstände sind nur so weit bekannt, daß wir wissen, er wurde 1568 zu Speier geboren, diente als Stadtschreiber seiner Vaterstadt und starb 1638 daselbst.

Von ihm erschien:

Speiersche Chronik. Frankfurt 1612 und 1662, 4.; neue Aufl. von J. M. Fuchs. Ebendas. 1698 und 1711, Fol.
Politischer Blumengarten. Lübeck 1630.

Seine Chronik, so wie sein Blumengarten, eine Sammlung von Sprüchwörtern, gehören zu den bessern Arbeiten dieser Gattung aus jener Periode.

Johann Gottlieb Lehmann

ward am 25. März 1782 zu Sonnewalde in der Niederlausitz geboren, bekam nach vollendeten philologischen Studien 1819 die dritte Lehrerstelle an der Thomasschule zu Leipzig, wurde Dr. der Philosophie und Conrector des Gymnasiums zu Luckau und erhielt später das Directoriat an dieser Schule.

Er schrieb:

Das Glück im Glauben. Preisepistel in der Urania. Leipzig 1822.
Schulreden. Ebendas. 1828 und 1830, 2 Thle.

Ein tüchtiger, geistvoller Schulmann, dessen Preisepistel vollkommen die Anerkennung verdient, welche ihr bei ihrem Erscheinen zu Theil ward.

Georg Christian Lehms

ward 1684 zu Liegnitz geboren, studirte in Leipzig und wurde später, nachdem er auf obiger Universität die Magisterwürde erhalten, in Darmstadt als Rath und Bibliothekar angestellt, wo er am 15. Mai 1717 starb. Er schrieb meist unter dem Namen Pallidor.

Seine Schriften sind:

Der unglückseelige Michael. Hannover 1707.
Absalons und Thamars Staats-, Lebens- und Heldengeschichte. Nürnberg 1710.
Der weise König Salomo. Hamburg 1712.

Der ſchönen Eſther Lebensgeſchichte. Leipzig 1713.
Deutſchlands galante Poetinnen. Frankfurt a. M. 1715.

Ein geſchmackloſer Romanſchreiber, deſſen übrige Schriften nur für den Literarhiſtoriker von einigem Intereſſe ſind und weiter keinen ſonderlichen Werth haben.

Adam Theodor Albert Franz Lehmus

ward am 2. December 1777 zu Soeſt in der Grafſchaft Mark geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten Studien 1801 die Stelle eines Diaconus zu Dünkelsbühl, wurde 1807 Diaconus und Stadtcaplan zu Ansbach und kam 1814 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie und Univerſitätsprediger nach Erlangen. In demſelben Jahre brachte ihn jedoch ein Ruf als Decan und Stadtpfarrer an der Johanniskirche nach Ansbach zurück, von wo er 1829 als Dr. der Philoſophie und Theologie und Conſiſtorialrath nach Baireuth abging.

Er verfaßte:

Predigten. Nördlingen 1806.
Ueber die Taufe. Heidelberg 1807.
Predigten am Säcularfeſte der Reformation. Nürnberg 1817; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Der Proteſtantismus. Drei Geſpräche. Augsburg 1817.
Evangeliſche Kanzelvorträge. Berlin 1822.
Caſualpredigten und Reden. Ebendaſ. 1823.

Wärme, Klarheit und Geiſt zeichnen die Arbeiten dieſes höchſt talentvollen Kanzelredners ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Julius Leichtlen

ward am 4. März 1791 zu Emmendingen geboren und wurde wegen ſeiner guten Kenntniſſe nach treuem Verdienen in niederen Bedienſtungen zum großherzogl. badenſchen Archivrath und Vorſtand des oberrheiniſchen Provincialarchivs zu Freiburg ernannt, als welcher er am 2. April 1830 daſelbſt ſtarb.

Größtentheils unter dem Namen Julius Lompadius verfaßte er:

Gottsauer Chronik. Karlsruhe 1810.
Beiträge zur Vaterlandsgeſchichte. Heidelberg 1811.
Badens Kriegsverfaſſung im 17. Jahrhundert. Karlsruhe 1815.
Forſchungen im Gebiete der Geſchichte, Alterthums- und Schriftenkunde Deutſchlands. Freiburg 1818 — 1823. 4 Hefte.

L's hiſtoriſche Arbeiten erwarben ihm wegen der in denſelben enthaltenen gründlichen, fleißigen und ſorgfältigen Forſchungen einen ſehr geachteten Namen. —

Meiſter Elias von der Leine, ſ. Minneſinger.

Graf Friedrich von Leiningen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Anton Leiſewitz

ward am 9. Mai 1752 zu Hannover geboren, ſtudirte nach gehöriger Vorbildung zu Göttingen die Rechte und lebte dort als Mitglied des Dichterbundes mit Boie, Bürger, Hölty, den Stollbergen und Voß in freundſchaftlichem Umgange. Nach vollendeten Studien kam er 1777 als Landſchaftsſecretair nach Braunſchweig, wurde dort 1790 Hofrath bei der geheimen Kanzlei, 1791 Canonicus am St. Blaſiusſtift und 1801 wirklicher geheimer Juſtizrath und Referent im Geheimenconſeil. Auf dieſem Poſten und als Präſident des Oberſanitätscollegiums, was er 1805 geworden war, wirkte er einerſeits durch Bildung der beiden Prinzen von Naſſau-Oranien und ihrer Schweſter, ſowie durch die Erziehung des braunſchweigiſchen Erbprinzen, andererſeits durch adminiſtrative Arbeiten, namentlich durch den ſcharfſinnigen Entwurf und die Ausführung eines neu organiſirten Armenweſens der Stadt Braunſchweig mit ſolchem Nutzen und Glück, daß er das unbedingte Vertrauen des Volkes und der Regierung ſich erwarb und daſſelbe bis zu ſeinem am 10. September 1806 erfolgten Tode behielt. Seine Mitbürger jedes Standes und Alters begleiteten freiwillig und trauernd die Leiche des trefflichen Mannes zu ihrer Ruheſtätte, der durch wahrhaft große und ſeltene Eigenſchaften des Geiſtes und Herzens ausgezeichnet, wegen ſeiner liebenswürdigen Beſcheidenheit allgemein beliebt und ſeinen vertrauten Freunden theuer und unvergeßlich war.

Von ihm haben wir:

Schriften. Wien 1816. 12. und vollſtändigſte neue Ausgabe: Braunſchweig 1838. —

Einzeln:

Julius von Tarent. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1776. 8.; verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1805. 8.
Rede an eine Geſellſchaft Gelehrter. (Im deutſchen Muſeum 1776).

Außerdem noch 2 Dialoge im Göttinger Muſenalmanach auf's Jahr 1775.

L. erwarb ſich durch ſein Trauerſpiel Julius von Tarent, das er in ſeinem vier und zwanzigſten Jahre ſchrieb und welches von der deutſchen Geſellſchaft zu Mannheim ehrenvoll ausgezeichnet wurde, einen ſehr geachteten Namen. Es blieb jedoch leider das einzige Werk ſeiner Muſe und ein Paar Kleinigkeiten ausgenommen, erſchien weiter Nichts von ihm. Leichtigkeit des Dialogs, ſeine Erfindung, Wärme und Kraft, verleihen dem Trauerſpiel „Julius von Tarent“ einen nicht geringen, bleibenden Werth, der jedoch noch viel bedeutender ſein würde, wenn es nicht zu gleicher Zeit an Raffinement und Unnatürlichkeit litte. Seine hier mitgetheilte Rede eines Gelehrten, iſt dagegen ein Meiſterſtück ſeiner Satyre.

Rede eines Gelehrten an eine Geſellſchaft Gelehrter *).

Glücklich iſt der, meine Herren, der Paſteten ißt, und utramque compatibilem gehen läßt, wie ſie geht! dem ſein Bauchſtück, der bei ſeiner Geburt den ganzen Zweck ſeines Daſeins überſah, nichts wünſchte — als eine geſegnete Mahlzeit! Der Kitzel alles zu wiſſen, verjagt ihm den ſchmauſenden Morgentraum nicht; ein Loch im Strumpf ängſtigt ihn mehr, als alle Zweifel über ſeine Beſtimmung, und er verlangt von dem göttlichen Lorbeer nur wenige Blätter — um ſein Rindfleiſch zu würzen. Nichts erinnert ihn an ſeine Sterblichkeit, als wenn zu viel Knochen im Frikaſſee ſind, und nie geräth er in tiefes Nachdenken, als wenn er mit Erſtaunen ausruft: was für Geheimniſſe ſtecken in einem Ragout **)!

Und was haben wir denn davon, daß uns alle Morgen der Fleiß ſein Erwache! in's Ohr donnert, daß wir der Natur, Freundſchaft, Liebe und uns ſelber entſagen, daß uns das männliche Alter als Greiſe findet, kurz, was bezahlt uns das Unglück, gelehrt und berühmt zu heißen? Etwa, daß wir uns mit offenem Hemde vor einem Duodezband, oder, in einer geſtickten Weſte, und neben uns unſer Wappen, vor einem Quartanten ſehen? Daß ein reiſender Uffenbach unſere krummen oder geraden Beine bemerkt? Oder daß ein Stück Silber mit unſerem Bruſtbilde von Liebhabern zu Juden, und von Juden zu Liebhabern wandert? Oder daß wir in einer ſchwärmeriſchen Minute die Ewigkeit bei allen vier Zipfeln zu halten glauben?

Es iſt noch nicht ausgemacht, meine Herren, ob Salomo ſein „Alles iſt eitel!" zu ſeinem Miniſter, ſeinem Koch, ſeiner Mätreſſe, oder vielmehr zu ſeinem Bibliothekar ſagte. Doch er mag geſagt haben, was er will; auch das gelehrte Leben iſt eitel, von der Zeit des Eintragens in den Schulen an, bis wir in die lange Nacht kommen, wo der Schriftſteller und ſein Verleger, der Schauſpieler und ſein Commentator ruhig neben einander ſchlafen.

Freilich wird alles, was unſer iſt, unter die Sterne verſetzt. Aber haltet Ihr es einem rechtſchaffenen Manne für anſtändig, die Sterne in ihren wohlhergebrachten Rechten zu beunruhigen, daß bald der Krebs ſeine Scheeren ***), bald die Jungfer ihren Anſtand einziehen muß, um unſerem vielſilbigen Namen Platz zu machen? Die Sterne ſind billiger als wir. Wann hat der Waſſermann Verſe gemacht, oder der Scorpion Recenſionen?

Aber im Ernſte, iſt die Ewigkeit denn der Name Eurer Prinzeſſin? — Denkt Ihr denn wirklich durch Eure Strohhälmchen den Strom aufzuhalten der Roms Staatsverfaſſung untergrub, in deſſen trüben Strudeln Königreiche, philoſophiſche Secten und Alexandriniſche Bibliotheken wie Spreu ſchwammen? — Aber möchte ſchwimmen, was ſchwimmen könnte, wenn nur nicht zuletzt die Geſchichte hinten nach ſchwämme — oder ohne Figur zu reden, das iſt eben der Henker, wenn die Welt verbrennt, ſo verbrennt die Univerſalhiſtorie mit.

Glaubt Ihr denn, daß Ihr das erſte Menſchengeſchlecht ſeid, das dieſe Erde bewohnt? Andere Leibnitze haben ſie erleuchtet, und andere Alexander verwüſtet, bis ſie Feuer, oder Waſſer, oder ein ausgeſtorbenes Element umſchuf. Nichts geſchieht, was nicht geſchehen iſt; und nichts gedichtet, was nicht gedichtet wird. Neue Heinriche werden regieren, und neue Ravaillacs ſie ermorden, die Fackel der Philoſophie wird verlöſchen, und noch unerſchaffene Barbaren de universali a parte rei disputiren. — Das große All iſt ein umlaufendes Rad; jede Epoche kommt zu ihrer Zeit oben. — Alles wird Staub, und ein berühmter Name in der Geſchichte kömmt mir vor, wie ein Thierchen in Spiritus — eine kurze Friſt zwiſchen Tod und Verweſung!

Ein altes Sprichwort ſagt: Großes Glück fordert harte Schultern. Und ſollte Witz und Gelehrſamkeit keinen Schultern zu ſchwer ſein, da jenes zu den Dingen gehört, die außer uns ſind, dieſe aber in das innerſte Weſen der Seele eindringen? Und doch prüft Niemand, wie viel ſein Herz und ſein Verſtand tragen können. Allein beide gehen auch oft unter der Laſt ihrer Kenntniſſe zu Grunde; ſie gleichen dem alten Schlauch mit gährendem Moſte. Der Schlauch zerreißt, und der Moſt wird verſchüttet. — Auch fordert das Beſte der Menſchheit nicht ungeheure Arbeiten von uns — der natürliche Menſch ruft, unter unſern Wiſſenſchaften, wie Socrates auf einem Jahrmarkte, aus: Gott ſei Dank, wie viel iſt hier, was ich nicht brauche!

Sie ſehen, meine Herren, ich ſcherze. Allein es ſoll nicht gut ſein, wenn man immer ſcherzt. — Laſſen Sie uns von etwas andern — aber ernſthaft reden; und was iſt ernſthafter, als Ihre Charaktere und ihre Geſchichte? Wir wollen ſehen, wie mir mein Ehrentempel oder Bilderſaal geräth *).

Melamp hat Witz; aber was gilt ihm die Tugend eines Weibes, die Ruhe eines Mannes, wenn er einen Einfall hat? Seine weichen ſchlüpfrigen Lieder ſind Lockſpeiſen in die Netze des Laſters; ſeine Muſe gleicht der Miſſionaria eines Bordells, und beide flüſtern einerlei in die Ohren des erröthenden Jünglings. Sein gränzenloſer Genius nährt ſich von der Ehre des Nächſten, und ſeine Werke gleichen einem Galgenfelde, wo Pasquille, wie eine Schar von Raben, an dem Aas guter Namen nagen. Ich will ihn gerichtlich belangen; denn auf mich hat er keine Schmähſchrift gemacht, und auch ich bin ein ehrlicher Mann. Was iſt ihm heilig? Er würde ſeinen Vater ermorden, wenn er eine ſatyriſche Grabſchrift auf ihn wüßte; und ſelbſt der Religion ſpottet er — ſo lang es hell iſt. Sein Unglauben geht mit der Sonne auf und unter; denn um Mitternacht ſieht er Geſpenſter und den Teufel, zählt unter der Bettdecke die Krallen an ſeinen Klauen, und hört gar deutlich das Pfeifen der Luft, wenn er mit dem Schwanze wedelt. Iſt Melamp glücklich? das Kaffeehaus wiehert, und die Aſſemblée kichert; er hat einen Einfall! Ich geſtehe es, meine Herren, das iſt eine herrliche Belohnung; aber — verzeihen Sie — ein guter Mann zu ſein, iſt auch nicht übel. Allein muß man denn ein Melamp ſein, wenn man ein witziger Kopf iſt? — So gebt mir einen Karſt und einen Pflug, und verbrennet mein Herz!

Weit aufgeſchaut! Markulf kömmt! Markulf, der keinen für ein Genie hält, der nicht zweierlei Strümpfe an hat, und der den Wohlſtand nicht mit Scorpionen züchtigt, der Spinnen eſſen würde, wenn Virgil Spinnen gegeſſen hätte, und das alles, damit die Markulfiana ein unterhaltendes Buch werden. Wie ſeltſam wählen die Menſchen oft ihre Mittel! Markulf iſt ſonderbar, um ein Genie zu ſein, und doch iſt nichts gewöhnlicher, als ein gewöhnlicher Kopf, der ſonderbar ſein will.

Er iſt vorbei — und nun ſchleicht Lupil in ſtiller Demuth, Lupil, der das moraliſche Wunderelixir erfand. Es heilet alle Krankheiten der Seele, Waſſerſucht, Brüche, Gicht, die hektiſche Schwindſucht, und die ſogenannten galanten Krankheiten — reinigt auch die Leberflecken des Charakters; ſollte jemand ſogar geſtorben ſein — zwei Tropfen auf Zucker — aber Diät gehalten! Probatum est.

Aber laſſen Sie uns den Staub dieſer Pedanten mit einem glänzenden Auftritte vertauſchen. Der ſchöne Sabinus liebäugelt mit jedem Pförtner, iſt in jedem Vorzimmer zu Hauſe, und canoniſirt jeden Reichen, für Braten und Bewunderung, zum Mäcen. Der Satrap ſieht ihn gern, aber nicht weil Sabin ein Mann von Talenten iſt. — Wir wiſſen es alle aus der Gelehrtengeſchichte, wie es Leute gibt, die witzige Dinge ſagen, um zu eſſen, ſo gibt es auch einige, die zu eſſen geben, um witzige Dinge zu ſagen. Seine Herrlichkeit haben einen Einfall auf große Naſen — er iſt ihnen lieb, denn er iſt der einzige Stammhalter ihrer Einfälle — und kein Menſch in der Stadt hat eine größere Naſe, als Sabin.

Meine ganze Seele ergrimmt, wenn Talente vor Reichthümern kriechen, und wenn ich die Stimme des Mäcen höre: Gebt dem Herrn einen Stuhl, ein Glas Wein und einen Schnitt Biscuit!

Drängt euch nicht zu den Königen, ihr Genien! bis ihr über Königreiche und Jahrhunderte herrſcht, und keinen Unterthanen habt, der es nicht ſein will!

Kein Fürſt erſchafft Talente. Die deutſche Literatur ſei Zeuge! — Da waren keine Mediceer, die die Blüthen ihres Ruhms mit caſtaliſchem Waſſer anfeuchteten; kein edler Ludwig, der aufblühende Dichter ergriff, um ſich mit ihnen in den Tempel der Unſterblichkeit einzudrängen. Aber bei uns war der Funken des Himmels.

Die deutſche Literatur wand ſich mit eig'ner Kraft aus ihrem Chaos hervor, und ward durch ſich, was ſie iſt. Ohne Unterſtützung ſchwimmt ſie durch ihre weite Sphäre, wie ein Erdball — geflügelt durch ſich ſelbſt, gehalten durch ihre Schwere.

Es giebt ein Geſchlecht von Menſchen, das nur eine Wiſſenſchaft kennt, und dieſe Wiſſenſchaft in Alles miſcht. Sie glauben, das, was ſie wiſſen, ſei Salat zu jeden Braten, und wuchern in fremden Ländern, wo ihre Münze Zahlpfennig iſt. Ich kenne Logiker, die Verſe in alle Figuren bringen, und Aerzte, die die Geſetze mit Wachs ausſpritzen. Gurbus iſt ein Geograph, aber redet mit ihm eine Stunde, ſo iſt ſein Gedankenſyſtem eine Provinz des eurigen. O hören Sie auf, guter Gurbus! Ich weiß Alles. Um Mitternacht will ich ohne

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*) Aus „Schriften von J. A. Leiſewitz" (Wien 1816).

**) Marcel, la main appuyée sur le front, l'oeil fixe, le corps immobile, et dans l'attitude d'une méditation profonde, s'écria tout à coup en voyant danser une écolière: que de choses dans un Menuet! Helvetius, de l'Esprit. Disc. II. ch. 1.

***) — ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et coeli justa plus parte reliquit.
Virg. Georg. I. 36.

*) Zwei Bücher des vortrefflichen Brucker.

Laterne den Weg von Athen nach Megara finden, und von Leipzig nach [illegible] — [illegible] in den Mund.

Oder ſind wir weniger glücklich, wenn Genie und Eingeweide in ewigem Kriege liegen. Wenn der Hypochonder über uns herrſcht, und Schein, Form und Farben der Dinge ärger vermiſcht, als der Philoſoph Pontius! Wenn unſer Schädel dem Gewölbe eines Tollhauſes gleicht, wo jeder Gedanke ein Narr iſt? Wenn der Strudel der Phantaſie alle Wirklichkeit in den Abgrund ſtürzt, und die unterſte Möglichkeit oben ſchwimmet? — Was für Tollheiten gehen nicht täglich durch die gelehrte Seele des Pedrill! Oft hält er einen Bücherkaſten für einen Polyhiſtor, und einen Geldbeutel für eine Hure, die ein Schwert und eine Wage in den Händen hält, bemerkt Gänſe mit Ordensbändern und einem Stern auf dem Kropfe, ſieht Raben in Toga, und Haſen in Sago, hält ſeinen Papagei für einen Magiſtrum legentem, und wenn er: wacker Päpchen! ruft, ſo glaubt er, daß er Wolfen widerlegt.

Entblößen Sie ihre Häupter, meine Herren! der große Paphnucius kommt! Ein Mann, der das ganze Gebiet der Wiſſenſchaften von Dan bis gen Berſeba, von der Algeber bis zu den Formulären durchreiſt iſt! In der Geſchichte hat er ſich umgeſehen, iſt mit der Chymie bekannt, in der Rechtsgelahrtheit kein Fremdling, und ſpielt auch mit Sätzen unter den vier logikaliſchen Taſchenſpieler-Bechern — auch aus der Hippokrene hat er getrunken, aber nur im Vorbeilaufen wie ein ägyptiſcher Hund aus dem Nil. — Wunderbar! aber noch wunderbarer, Paphnucius iſt ein Ignorant! Ein Mann, der alle Kenntniſſe halb hat, auch die, die er ganz haben ſollte, gleicht er einem Stutzer, der um alle Mädchen buhlt, und den ſein eigenes Weib zum Hahnrei macht.

Aber Criſpus iſt doch wirklich, was Paphnucius ſein will — ein Buch mit Händen und Füßen. Man kann ſein Gehirn nicht mit einer Nadelſpitze berühren, ohne eine Idee zu ſpießen. Aber ſeine Seele iſt wie eine Schöpfung ohne leeren Raum, nach den Begriffen gewiſſer Philoſophen; alles iſt todt; mehr Leeres — Leben und Bewegung würd' erwachen.

Soll ich einige Stufen tiefer herunterſteigen, und Ihnen Gemälde im Geſchmack des Teniers und Oſtade liefern?

Sehen Sie die trunkenen Magiſter bei einem Promotionsſchmauſe? Sie zerſchmeißen mit ihren Beweiſen Syſteme, und mit ihren langen Aufſchlägen Gläſer. Vor ihren Augen tanzen Tiſche und Stühle, die Monaden und die Allgemeine Bibliothek im wunderbaren Gemiſch. Wenn ſie nicht trinken, verbrennen ſie Ketzer; denn freilich iſt es bequemer, den Autor zu verbrennen, als das Buch zu widerlegen. — „Ihr Herren Confratres, der Morgenſtern winkt, unſere Weiber warten, der Wein ſagt — noch ein Mal ſtoßen Sie an, auf's Wohl der beſten Welt!“

Oder ſoll ich Ihnen, meine Herren, das verzerrte Geſicht eines Kunſtrichters malen, der ein Buch lieſt, an dem er nichts zu tadeln findet? — Armer für ihn! denn das fehlerhafteſte iſt ihm das liebſte. So zieht ein hochfürſtlicher Kammerjäger eine Hütte mit Ratzen einem Palaſt ohne Mäuſe vor.

Ein Franzos — Sie wiſſen meine Herren, wenn ein Franzos nieſt, wünſcht ganz Europa: Proſit! — ein Franzos ſagt an einem Orte, die politiſche Geſchichte iſt die Geſchichte des menſchlichen Elends, die gelehrte der menſchlichen Größe.

Ich weiß nicht, und denke vielmehr, alle menſchlichen Dinge unter eine philoſophiſche Capelle gebracht, geben immer daſſelbe Reſultat — den Menſchen.

Ueberdem hat man die gelehrte Verfaſſung ziemlich richtig mit einer Republik verglichen; und da ſie nun, mit aller logiſchen Genauigkeit zu gehen, einer wohleingerichteten Anarchie gleicht, ſo ſehe ich den Grund der Verſchiedenheit beider Geſchichten nicht ein.

Sie haben ihre Haller, Sextus, Klotz, Scioppius, wie unſere Cäſar, Attila, Greifenfeld und Nero; bei ihnen iſt noch keine Verfaſſung ewig geweſen, bei uns noch kein Grundſatz: in ihrer Geſchichte drängt ein Staat den andern, bei uns eine Meinung die andere; dort machen die Zerſtörer die größten Rollen — und thun unſere größten Köpfe anders, als zerſtören? Etwas in der Gelehrten-Republik bauen iſt ein Verdienſt, nicht weil etwas gebaut wird, ſondern daß Andere etwas einzureißen haben.

Dort gründet ein großer Geiſt ein Reich, und eine Reihe namenloſer Könige folgt; hier erſchafft ein Genie ein Syſtem, und dann eine Reihe babyloniſcher Schriftſteller, bis muthige Köpfe jene mit ihren Spinnrocken, und dieſe mit ihren Compendien vertilgen. Neue Dynaſtien nehmen ihren Anfang, und die verdrießliche Geſchichte muß denſelben Weg zwei Mal gehen.

An großen Begebenheiten aus kleinen Urſachen ſind wir eben ſo reich als ſie; die kranken Augen einer Prinzeſſin ſtürzen [illegible], die Naſe des Newton, auf die ein Apfel fiel, die Monarchie des Carteſius. Unſerer Gelehrten darf ſich kein Gewiſſensrath ſchämen, und oft würde ihnen das ſonſt ganz gewöhnlich eingerichtete Gewiſſen eines Hofmanns zu eng werden. Nur haben wir bei allem dieſen den Vorzug des Lächerlichen, und das [illegible] dem Gedanken des obgedachten Franzoſen [illegible] gegeben haben.

Unſere Kriege ſind eben ſo weitläufig und in eben ſo ſonderbare Glücksfälle verwebt. Hat nicht oft eine leichte Inſtanz den am beſten bewaffneten Syllogismus von ſeinem Streitroß gehoben, daß er die geharniſchten Beine gen Himmel kehrte? Hat nicht oft ein witziger Einfall, der vor den Fürſten einer Hypotheſe ſpielen ſollte, den Pfoſten derſelben ergriffen und umgeriſſen, daß alles darin umkam, Männer, Weiber und Kinder, an die dreitauſend Seelen?

Auch den ſchnellen Wechſel der menſchlichen Dinge, auf den Tacitus oft ſo rührend hinweiſt, finden wir unter den Gelehrten. Sagt, war Gottſched, als er blühte, nicht ſo reich an Lobſprüchen, als Kröſus an Golde? Seine literariſche Schatzkammer hatte alles, was einen Solon in Erſtaunen ſetzen kann. Da hing die Bewunderung von Deutſchland, das Lächeln vornehmer Gönner, und das Nicken einſichtsvoller Damen, die Rauchfäſſer der Journaliſten, das Jauchzen der ſtudierenden Jugend, und ſelbſt ſchon der Tadel der Narren. — Jetzt alles im Monde! Mit dieſen meinen Ohren habe ich es gehört, als Gottſched auf dem Scheiterhaufen ſtand, und die kritiſche Flamme ſchon loderte, rief er aus: Allerſeits werthgeſchätzte Anweſende, vor ſeinem Ende iſt Niemand berühmt!

So ſprach der Philoſoph Attinus *), und ſchrieb auf, was er geſagt; und nun, lieben Leute, wer rathen kann, der rathe, warum er gegen den Witz geredet!

Poetiſche Geſpräche **).

I.

Die Pfändung.

Ein Bauer und ſeine Frau.

Abends in ihrer Schlafkammer.

Der Mann.

Frau, liegſt du? ſo thu' ich das Licht aus. Dehne dich zu guter Letzt noch ein Mal recht in deinem Bette. Morgen wird's gepfändet. Der Fürſt hat's verpraßt.

Die Frau.

Lieber Gott!

Der Mann (indem er ſich niederlegt).

Bedenk' einmal das Wenige, was wir ihm zu geben haben, gegen das Geld, was er durchbringt; ſo reicht es kaum zu einem Trunke ſeines köſtlichen Weins zu.

Die Frau.

Das iſt erſchrecklich, wegen eines Trunkes zwei Leute unglücklich zu machen! Und das thut Einer, der nicht einmal durſtig iſt! Die Fürſten können ja nie recht durſtig ſein.

Der Mann.

Aber wahrhaftig! wenn auch in dem Kirchengebet das kommt: „Unſern durchlauchtigen Landesherrn und ſein hohes Haus,“ ſo kann ich nicht mit beten. Das hieße Gott ſpotten, und er läßt ſich nicht ſpotten.

Die Frau.

Freilich nicht! Ach! ich bin in dieſem Bette geboren, und, Wilhelm, Wilhelm! es iſt unſer Brautbett.

Der Mann (ſpringt auf).

Bedächte ich nicht meine arme Seele, ſo nähm' ich mein Strumpfband, betete ein gläubig Vaterunſer, und hinge mich an dieſen Bettpfoſten.

Die Frau (ſchlägt ein Kreuz).

Gott ſei mit uns! — Da hätteſt du dich ſchön gerächt!

Der Mann.

Meinſt du nicht? — wenn ich ſo ſtürbe, ſo würdeſt du doch wenigſtens ein Mal ſeufzen!

Die Frau.

Ach, Mann!

Der Mann.

Und unſer Junge würde ſchreien! Nicht?

Die Frau.

Gewiß!

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*) Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis.
— — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —
Haec ubi locutus foenerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quaerit Calendis ponere.
Hor. Epod. II.

**) Aus „Schriften von J. A. Leiſewitz“ (Wien 1838).

Der Mann.

Gut! An jenem Tage ich, dieſes Seufzen und Schreien auf einer Seite — der Fürſt auf der andern! Ich dächte, ich wäre gerächt.

Die Frau.

Wenn du an jenen Tag denkſt, wie kannſt du ſo reden? Da ſeid ihr, der Fürſt und du, ja einander gleich.

Der Mann.

Das wolle Gott nicht! Siehe, ich gehe aus der Welt, wie ich über Feld gehe, allein, als ein armer Mann. Aber der Fürſt geht heraus, wie er reiſt, in einem großen Gefolge. Denn alle Flüche, Gewinſel und Seufzer, die er auf ſich lud, folgen ihm nach.

Die Frau.

Deſto beſſer; — ſo ſieh doch dieß Leben als einen heißen Erntetag an! — Darauf ſchmeckt die Ruhe ſo ſüß; und dort iſt die Ruhe von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Der Mann (legt ſich wieder nieder).

Amen! Du haſt Recht, Frau, laß ſie das Bette nehmen, die Unſterblichkeit können ſie mir doch nicht nehmen! Schlaf' wohl.

Die Frau.

Und der Fürſt und der Vogt ſind ja auch unſterblich. — Gute Nacht! Ach, morgen Abend ſagen wir uns die auf der Erde!

II.

Der Beſuch um Mitternacht.

Der Fürſt und der Kammerherr am Schachbrett.

Der Fürſt (nach einigen Zügen).

Schachmatt! ... Wahrhaftig, es iſt Mitternacht; und die Gorgone iſt noch nicht da! Weiß ſie denn nicht, daß ich morgen mit dem Früheſten muſtere? ... Eh' ich's vergeſſe, Herr Kammerherr, ziehen Sie mir morgen die Halsbinde etwas feſt. Man ſieht bei dergleichen Gelegenheiten gern ein Bischen braun — ein Bischen martialiſch aus. Die Gorgone hält doch nie Wort.

Der Kammerherr.

Eure Durchlauchten belieben ſich zu erinnern, daß Ihre Gemahlin noch auf iſt, und daß ſie dorten vorbei muß.

Der Fürſt.

Sie haben Recht. Und ich muß jetzt mit meiner Frau ſo behutſam umgehen, wie mit einem überlaufenden Gefäße.

Der Kammerherr.

Aber in der That, ich begreife nicht, was die gute Dame will. Sie haben ja einmal einen Erbprinzen von Ihr; und wenn Sie den auf andere Weiſe hätten bekommen können, ſo hätten Sie keine Gemahlin genommen.

Der Fürſt.

Ich weiß nicht. Eine Gemahlin iſt doch immer eine Mätreſſe mehr. Freilich von einer andern Seite ... (Es erſcheint ein Geiſt. Der Fürſt fällt in Ohnmacht. Wie er ſich nach einer langen Pauſe erholt, zum Kammerherrn.) Gott! wer iſt das?

Der Geiſt.

Hermann, der Cherusker! Siehe, hier klebt das Blut des Varus, und hier das Meinige; beides nicht vergeſſen, daß du der Tyrann von Sclaven, und der Sclave einer Hure ſeiſt!

Der Kammerherr (ganz leiſe).

Ein reſpectwidriger Ausdruck!

Der Geiſt (zum Fürſten).

Edelknabe, haſt du je die geweihte Laſt gefühlt, die auf deinen Schultern ruhen ſollte? Glaubſt du, daß ſüßer eſſen und trinken, wie Andere, ſein Leben unter Weibern, verſchnittenen und unverſchnittenen Halbmännern vertändeln — daß das heiße ein Fürſt ſein? Und dieſe Ueppigkeit in einem Lande, wo man in keinem Hauſe lacht, als in deinem! Und doch däucht mir das Jauchzen deines Hofes in deinem verwüſteten Gebiete wie der Schall einer Trompete in einem Lazareth, daß man das Winſeln der Sterbenden und Verſtümmelten nicht höre!

Der Fürſt.

Geiſt, warum kamſt du zu mir?

Der Geiſt.

Um zu reden! — Hier hat noch Niemand geredet! Alles, was du je gehört haſt, war Wiederhall deiner Begierden. Dieß verdient es, daß ein Geiſt ſichtbaren Stoff anziehe, und die Sonne noch ein Mal ſehe. — Sie iſt das Einzige in Deutſchland, was ich noch kenne! Aber, Jüngling, höre was ich rede! So gewiß jetzt dein Knie vor einem Geiſt und der Wahrheit zittert, ſo gewiß kommt eine Zeit, in der es Hermannen nicht getheuer wird, daß er für Deutſchland ſtarb! Verſtehſt du mich? — Nicht? — Despotismus iſt der Vater der Freiheit! — Verſtehſt du mich jetzt? (Er verſchwindet).

Der Fürſt.

Ungariſch Waſſer, Herr Kammerherr!

Der Kammerherr.

Ich — ich — habe nichts bei mir.

Der Fürſt.

Sie ſind ein Freigeiſt; und haben in der Geiſterſtunde kein ungariſch Waſſer!

Johann Wilhelm Lembert

ward gegen Anfang des jetzigen Jahrhunderts geboren und widmete ſich mit Vorliebe dem Theater. Er trat [illegible] Jahrzehend des 19. Jahrhunderts mit Glück [illegible] pieler auf den Bühnen zu Stuttgart und [illegible] und wurde ſpäter als kaiſerlich-königlicher [illegible] n das Hoftheater nach Wien berufen.

[illegible] eraus:

[illegible] isiland. Luſtſpiel nach Duval. Frankfurt [illegible] 1812, 8.

Arc[illegible] eren. Schauſpiel nach dem Franzöſiſchen. [illegible]

Der [illegible] der Schauſpieler. Luſtſpiel nach Dup[illegible] daſ. 1813, 8.

Der Papa und ſein Söhnchen. Luſtſpiel. Riga 1813, 8.

Ränke und Schwänke. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1813, 8.

Der Trauring. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1813, 8.

Schauſpiele. Riga (Leipzig) 1813, 1ter Bd., 8.

Dramatiſche Spiele. Leipzig 1816, 12.

Taſchenbuch für Schauſpieler und Schauſpielfreunde. Stuttgart und München 1816 u. 1817. Dann Wien 1821—23, 5 Jahrgänge, 12.; 5ter Jahrg. mit 3 Portraits (mit Carl).

Die Brautwahl. Luſtſpiel nach Picard. Wien 1821, 8.

Federproben. Erzählungen und Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1821, 8.

Das öffentliche Geheimniß. Nach dem Spaniſchen des Calderon. Ebendaſ. 1826, gr. 12.

Der Ehemann auf Schleichwegen. Luſtſpiel nach Caſ. Bonjour. Wien 1826, gr. 12.

Dramatiſche Neujahrsgabe. Wien 1827, gr. 12.

Hiſtoriſche Skizze der k. k. Hoftheater in Wien, mit beſonderer Berückſichtigung des deutſchen Schauſpiels. Ebendaſ. 1833, gr. 8.

Almanach dramatiſcher Spiele für das Jahr 1835 und 1836. Ebendaſ. 1835 und 1836. 2 Jahrgänge, 12.

Bühnenkenntniß, Leichtigkeit der Behandlung und gefälliger Dialog, verſchafften ſeinen, meiſt nach ausländiſchen Vorbildern gearbeiteten, dramatiſchen Leiſtungen eine freundliche Aufnahme.

N. Lenau, ſ. Niemtſch von Strehlenau.

Jakob Michael Reinhold Lenz,

Sohn des General-Superintendenten L. zu Riga, zeichnete ſich lebenslang durch mancherlei Sonderbarkeiten aus. Er ward am 12. Januar 1750 zu Seßwegen in Liefland geboren, ſtudirte eine Zeitlang in Straßburg, wohin er einige junge Adelige begleitet hatte, und lebte dort im vertrauten Umgang mit Goethe und andern aus zeichneten Männern. Enthuſiaſtiſche Vorliebe für das Theater hinderte aber ſchon damals ſeine Studien und hielt ihn auch ſpäter ab, ſich mit Ernſt einem beſtimmten nützlichen Berufe zu widmen. Er ſank in Armuth und ſtarb in Wahnſinn zu Moskau am 24. Mai 1792.

Seine literariſche Hinterlaſſenſchaft beſteht in:

Sämmtliche Schriften. Herausgegeben von Tieck. Berlin 1827 u. 1828, 3 Bde., 8.

Einzeln:

Die ſieben Landplagen. Gedicht. Königsberg 1770, 8.
Luſtſpiele nach Plautus, für's deutſche Theater. Leipzig 1774, 8., (mit Göthe).
Der Hofmeiſter. Komödie. Ebendaſ. 1774 8.
Der neue Mendoza. Ebendaſ. 1774, 8.
Das leidende Weib. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1775, 8.
Menalk und Mopſus. 1775.
Die Freunde machen den Philoſophen. Komödie Lemgo. 1776, 8.
Die Soldaten. Komödie. Leipzig 1776, 8.
Petrarch. Ein Gedicht aus ſeinen Liedern gezogen. Zürich. 1776, 8., mit Vign.
Flüchtige Aufſätze. Herausgegeben von Kayſer. Ebendaſ. 1776, 8.
Zerbin oder die neuere Philoſophie. Eine Erzählung. 1776.
Der Engländer. Dramatiſche Phantaſie. Leipzig 1777, 8.
Der Landprediger. Eine Erzählung. 1777.
Pandaemonium germanicum. Aus ſeinem handſchriftlichen Nachlaſſe herausgegeben von G. F. Dumpf. Nürnberg 1819, 8.

Mit Witz, Phantaſie und lebhaftem Gefühl reich ausgeſtattet, ſuchte Lenz in ſeinen Dramen allem Beſtehenden zu trotzen, und, ſämmtliche Gattungen kühn durcheinander miſchend, dadurch zu gleicher Zeit auf den Verſtand, wie auf das Gemüth zu wirken. Seine Leiſtungen, in welchen ſich allerdings ein außergewöhnliches Talent offenbarte, das eine neue Bahn einzuſchlagen ſchien, zogen die Aufmerkſamkeit der Menge auf ſich, wußten jedoch eben durch das Excentriſche in ihnen, dieſelbe nicht lange zu feſſeln, und fielen ſchnell wieder der Vergeſſenheit anheim, der ſie in neuerer Zeit zwar durch Tieck wieder entriſſen wurden, ohne jedoch bleibend wirken zu können.

Ludwig Friedrich Lenz

ward im Jahre 1717 zu Altenburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena die Rechte und wurde nach vollendeten Studien bei den Juſtizbehörden ſeines Vaterlandes angeſtellt. Er ſtarb als ſachſen-gothaiſcher Hofrath und Amtmann zu Altenburg am 3. Juli 1780.

Von ihm haben wir:

Ueber die Liebe. 2 Geſänge. Altenburg 1743, 4.
Freimaurerlieder. Ebendaſ. 1746 u. 1750.
Mahomed der Andere. Trauerſpiel. Gotha 1751
Gedichte. Altenburg 1781.

Ein für ſeine Zeit leichtes und gefälliges, mit ernſtem Streben ausgerüſtetes Talent, hat L. F. Lenz Manches hinterlaſſen, das freundliche Beachtung verdient.

Heinrich Leo

ward am 19. März 1799 zu Rudolſtadt im Schwarzburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und zu Jena Philologie und Philoſophie, wurde Dr. der Philoſophie und ging in Folge eines Rufs als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Berlin, von wo er als ordentlicher Profeſſor derſelben Wiſſenſchaft nach Halle kam.

Er ſchrieb:

Ueber Odins Verehrung in Deutſchland. Erlangen 1822.
Entwickelung der Verfaſſung der lombardiſchen Städte. Hamburg 1824.
Machiavellis Briefe an ſeine Freunde. Berlin 1826.
Von der Entſtehung und Bedeutung der deutſchen Herzogsämter nach Karl dem Großen. Ebendaſ. 1827.
Vorleſungen über die Geſchichte des jüdiſchen Staates. Ebendaſ. 1828, 2 Thle.
Machiavellis hiſtoriſche Fragmente. Hannover 1828.
Lehrbuch der Geſchichte des Mittelalters. Halle 1830, 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der italieniſchen Staaten. Hamburg 1829—32, 5 Bde.
Zwölf Bücher niederländiſcher Geſchichten. Halle 1832 fgde.
Studien und Skizzen zu einer Naturlehre des Staates. Halle 1833 fgde.
Lehrbuch der Univerſalgeſchichte. Halle 1835 fgde. 3 Bde.
Leitfaden für den Unterricht in der Univerſalgeſchichte. Halle 1838, 2 Thle.
Altſächſiſche und Angelſächſiſche Sprachproben. Halle 1838.

Viele hiſtoriſche und polemiſche Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

Leo hat ſich durch gründliche Quellenforſchung, Scharfſinn und eine kunſtvolle Darſtellung, aus deren anſcheinender Kälte und Abrundung oft große Wärme und Kraft hervorblickt, einen ſehr geachteten Namen als Hiſtoriker erworben, obwohl ſeine politiſchen, religiöſen und philoſophiſchen Anſichten heftige Gegner fanden, und er unabläſſig in literäriſche Kämpfe, die zur Vermehrung ſeines Ruhmes eben nicht ſonderlich beitragen, verwickelt iſt.

Gottlieb von Leon

ward am 16. April 1757 zu Wien geboren und erhielt zuerſt eine Anſtellung als Scriptor an der daſigen kaiſerlichen Hofbibliothek, 1816 aber das Amt eines zweiten Cuſtos an derſelben.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. Wien 1788 8.
Wiener Muſenalmanach. Wien 1796 u. 96, 12. (mit Ratſchky und Kreil).
Apollonion. Taſchenbuch zum Vergnügen und Unterricht. Wien 1807 u. 1808, 2 Jahrgänge.
Rabbiniſche Legenden. Ebendaſ. 1821, 8.

Gute Diction, Wärme und Anmuth zeichnen ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen, namentlich auf dem Gebiete der Elegie und der Idylle, lobenswerth aus.

Karl Cäſar von Leonhard

ward am 12. September 1779 zu Rumpenheim bei Hanau geboren und ſtudirte auf verſchiedenen gelehrten Anſtalten Philologie, Philoſophie, Staats- und Naturwiſſenſchaften und wurde Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu München, als er ſich dort aufhielt. Nachdem er zum königlich baierſchen Geheimrath und Ritter des Civilverdienſtordens ernannt worden, ging er von hier in Folge eines Rufs als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Mineralogie nach Heidelberg.

Er ſchrieb:

Taſchenbuch für die geſammte Mineralogie. Frankfurt 1807 ff.
Handbuch der allgemeinen topographiſchen Mineralogie. Ebendaſ. 1805 u. 1809, 2 Thle.
Mineralogiſche Studien. Nürnberg 1811.
Die Formenverhältniſſe und Gruppirungen der Gebirge (mit Jaſſoy).
Bedeutung und Stand der Mineralogie. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Propädeutik der Mineralogie. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Zu Werner's Andenken. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Zur Naturgeſchichte der Vulkane. Heidelberg 1818.
Taſchenbuch zur Naturgeſchichte der Erde. Frankfurt 1819.
Handbuch der Oryktognoſie. 2. Ausg. Heidelberg 1826.
Zeitſchrift für Mineralogie. Ebendaſ. 1825 fg.

Berühmt als Mineralog und Geognoſt erwarb ſich v. L. außerdem noch vorzügliches Verdienſt durch den vortrefflichen didaktiſchen Styl in ſeinen Werken.

Leſch, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Joachim Leſeberg.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Dichters wiſſen wir nur, daß er in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts geboren wurde, Theologie ſtudirte, an der Stiftskirche zu Wunſtorf im hannöverſchen Fürſtenthum Kalenberg als Prediger und Canonicus angeſtellt war und zu Anfange des 17. Jahrhunderts daſelbſt ſtarb.

Er verfaßte:

Suſanna. Lemgo 1609.
Jesus duodecimus in deutſchen Reimen. Helmſtädt 1610; ferner 1615.

Seine Arbeiten haben weiter keinen Werth, als daß ſie von Intereſſe für den Sprachforſcher ſind, da er den mecklenburgiſchen Dialekt in denſelben vorwalten ließ.

Gottfried Leß

ward am 31. Januar 1736 zu Koniz in Weſtpreußen geboren, ſtudirte zu Königsberg und Halle Theologie und Philoſophie und wurde nach vollendeten Studien Profeſſor der Theologie am Gymnaſium zu Danzig. Nachdem er von einer gelehrten Reiſe nach England zurückgekehrt war, erhielt er 1763 eine theologiſche Profeſſur zu Göttingen, wo er bis 1791 mit großem Beifall lehrte und dann als Dr. der Theologie, General-Superintendent des Fürſtenthums Kalenberg, Conſiſtorialrath, erſter Hofprediger und Director der Töchter- und Hofſchule nach Hannover abging. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 28. Auguſt 1797.

Er gab heraus:

Die chriſtliche Lehre vom Gebete. In 10 Predigten; 2. Ausg. Göttingen 1783.
Die chriſtliche Lehre von der Mäßigkeit und Keuſchheit. In 12 Predigten; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1780.
Die chriſtliche Lehre vom innern Gottesdienſt. In 10 Predigten; 2 Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1781.
Die chriſtliche Lehre von den geſellſchaftlichen Tugenden. In Predigten; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1785.
Paſſionspredigten. Ebendaſ. 1776; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1780, 2 Thle.
Chriſtliche Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1780.

L. erwarb ſich den verdienten Ruhm, einer der bedeutendſten und gelehrteſten proteſtantiſchen Geiſtlichen ſeiner Zeit und ein höchſt ausgezeichneter Kanzelredner zu ſein; ſeine Predigten würden ſich jedoch dauernder erhalten haben, wenn er nicht oft zu prolix in denſelben geweſen wäre.

Johann Gotthold Ephraim Leſſing.

Dieſer große Dichter und noch größere Kritiker ward am 22. Januar 1729 zu Kamenz in der Oberlauſitz geboren, wo ſein auch als Gelehrter und Schriftſteller nicht unbekannter Vater, Johann Gottfried L., als Oberpfarrer wirkte. Durch früh entwickelte Vorliebe für Bücher, welche ſchon den 5jährigen Knaben zu dem beharrlichen Entſchluß führte, nur mit einem großen Haufen derſelben gemalt ſein zu wollen und durch das Beiſpiel ſeines fleißigen Vaters zu den Wiſſenſchaften hingezogen, beſtimmte er ſeine Eltern zu dem Entſchluſſe, ihn ſtudiren zu laſſen. Er wurde daher, nachdem er durch den Unterricht ſeines Vaters, einiger Privatlehrer und der lateiniſchen Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt einigermaßen vorbereitet worden, 1741 auf die Schule zu Meißen gebracht, wo er mit außerordentlichem Fleiße und dem beſten Erfolge alte Sprachen, Philoſophie und Mathematik, Franzöſiſch, Italieniſch und Muſik ſtudirte und auch in der ſchon früher von ihm getriebenen Zeichenkunſt gute Fortſchritte machte. Als er 1746 die Univerſität Leipzig bezogen hatte, um dort nach dem Willen ſeiner Eltern Theologie zu ſtudiren, erwachte die ſchon zu Meißen von ihm im Stillen gehegte und gepflegte Liebe zur Dichtkunſt und zum Theater von Neuem in ihm mit ſolcher Stärke, daß er in keinem der Collegien ſeines oder anderer Berufsſtudien lange ausdauerte und mit Ausnahme der Vorleſungen Erneſti's, welche er regelmäßig und anhaltend beſuchte, immer von einem in das andere lief. Dagegen ſtudirte er deſto eifriger die Wolf'ſche Philoſophie, übte ſich fleißig unter Käſtner im Disputiren und in den den Körper bildenden Künſten, trieb mit Glück in Geſellſchaft ſeines Freundes Weiße, der beiden Schlegel und Zachariä's unter Mylius, der aus ſeinem Lehrer bald ſein innigſter Freund wurde, die Dicht-

Kunſt und die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, und wurde aus einem Schüler derſelben, bald Lehrer der damals dort ſpielenden berühmten Neuber'ſchen Schauſpielergeſellſchaft. Auch trat er hier zuerſt mit ſeinem Freunde Weiße und ſpäter ſelbſtſtändig und vorzüglich für dieſe Bühne als Schriftſteller und Dichter auf. Als dieſe jedoch ihre berühmteſten Mitglieder verloren hatte und Mylius nach Berlin abgegangen war, wandte er ſich 1750 dahin und lebte dort ſeinen poetiſchen und theatraliſchen Beſchäftigungen und dem Studium der ſpaniſchen Sprache. Um jedoch ſeine mit dieſer Lebensweiſe unzufriedenen Eltern zu begütigen, ging er noch in demſelben Jahre auf die Univerſität Wittenberg, wo ſein jüngerer Bruder, der nachherige Conrector Johann Gottlieb L. zu Chemnitz, damals ſtudirte. Er wurde hier nach dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters Magiſter und gab mit ſeinem Bruder mehrere ſchönwiſſenſchaftliche und theologiſche Schriften heraus, wodurch er einen geachteten Namen und die Mitgliedſchaft der Geſellſchaft von Freunden der Humaniora zu Halle erwarb, ſich aber auch die Feindſchaft vieler orthodoxen Theologen, beſonders des Paſtor Lange zu Laublingen zuzog. Ueberdrüſſig des Aufenthaltes zu Wittenberg kehrte er 1751 nach Berlin zurück, wo eine größere literariſche Wirkſamkeit und ſeine alten Freunde ſeiner warteten. Moſes Mendelsſohn und Nicolai waren ihm am liebſten, doch ſchätzte er auch Ramler, Sulzer, König, Süßmilch und Kernberger hoch und befand ſich in ihrer Geſellſchaft ſehr wohl. Nach kurzem Aufenthalte zu Potsdam und längerem zu Berlin ging er indeß 1755 wieder nach Leipzig und unternahm von da aus als Geſellſchafter eines unterwegs mit ihm bekannt gewordenen jungen und reichen Kaufmanns eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland nach Amſterdam, deren Ausdehnung nach England der eben ausgebrochene ſiebenjährige Krieg hinderte. Nachdem er deswegen ſich wieder nach Leipzig zurückbegeben hatte, lernte er hier den ſchon von Berlin aus ihm nicht unbekannten Officier der preußiſchen Beſatzung und Dichter von Kleiſt, ſo wie den zu früh verſtorbenen Tragödiendichter von Brawe kennen, mit welchen er in literariſcher Wirkſamkeit faſt 3 ſchöne Jahre verlebte, bis der Tod oder die Entfernung ſeiner Freunde ihn 1759 nach Berlin zurücktrieb, wo er 1760 Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften wurde und dann als Secretär bei dem General von Tauenzien nach Breslau abging. Aus der literariſchen Erſchlaffung, in welche er hier verſunken war, weckte ihn eine anregende Dedication, welche Moſes Mendelsſohn vor die 2. Auflage ſeiner philoſophiſchen Schriften geſetzt und ihm zugeſandt hatte. Mit einer Laſt von indeß gekauften Büchern bereichert verließ er 1765 Breslau, um wieder unabhängig leben zu können, ging nach Berlin und von da in Folge einer von dortigen Theaterfreunden an ihn ergangenen Einladung 1766 nach Hamburg. Allein die Händel, welche hier die Schauſpieler ihm machten, das Aufhören einer von ihm mit Bode dort eingerichteten Druckerei und unaufhörliche literariſche Fehden verſetzten ihn in eine ſo trübe Stimmung, daß er im Begriff war, ſeine Habſeligkeiten ſämmtlich zu verkaufen und nach Italien zu wandern, als Profeſſor Ebert zu Braunſchweig ihn dorthin rief und ihn dem daſigen Erbprinzen zum Reiſegeſellſchafter und Bibliothekar zu Wolfenbüttel empfahl. Nachdem er noch Herder's Bekanntſchaft gemacht und mit einer ſehr gebildeten Frau, der Wittwe des Kaufmanns König zu Hamburg ſich verlobt hatte, trat er 1770 ſein neues Amt zu Wolfenbüttel mit dem Titel eines braunſchweigiſchen Hofrathes an, begleitete 1775 den Erbprinzen nach Italien und vergrößerte durch die Ausbeutung der ihm untergebenen Bibliothek und Herausgabe ſeiner wichtigſten Schriften ſeinen Ruf und die Kenntniß der Wiſſenſchaften. Er verwickelte ſich indeſſen dadurch mit dem Paſtor Göze und Anderen in neue heftige Streitigkeiten, deren Folgen, verbunden mit ſeinen geiſtigen Anſtrengungen ihm die Elaſticität ſeines Geiſtes und ſeinen jovialiſchen Gleichmuth raubten und ſein Leben untergruben. Er ſtarb zu Wolfenbüttel am 15. Februar 1781 an Engbrüſtigkeit. Seine Vaterſtadt ehrte ſein Andenken durch ein 1823 errichtetes ſchönes Denkmal. — Er war höchſt theilnehmenden Herzens gegen Freunde und Verwandte und faſt bis zum Uebermaße großmüthig gegen Unglückliche und Arme, und lebte bei aller Kenntniß der feinſten Genüſſe im Allgemeinen höchſt frugal. Die Größe ſeines Geiſtes und die Liebenswürdigkeit ſeines Charakters beſtätigen Mendelsſohn's Wort über ihn: Er iſt mehr als ein Menſchenalter ſeinem Jahrhundert vorausgeeilt.

Seine Schriften ſind in chronologiſcher Reihenfolge folgende:

1) Giangir. Verſuch eines Trauerſpiels. 1748.
2) Samuel Henzi. Trauerſpiel. 1749.
3) Ueber Klopſtock's Meſſiade. Halle 1749, 8.
4) Beiträge zur Hiſtorie und Aufnahme des Theaters. Stuttgart 1750, 4 St., 8. (mit Chriſtlob Mylius).
5) Gedanken über die Herrnhuter. 1750.
6) Kleinigkeiten. Stuttgart 1751, 8.; dann neu aufgelegt 1756, 1769, 1779, 8. ([illegible]).
7) Huart's Prüfung der Köpfe zu den Wiſſenſchaften. Aus dem Spaniſchen überſetzt. Zerbſt 1752, 8.; 2. verm. Aufl. von Ebert, Wittenberg und Zerbſt 1785, 8.
8) Marigny, Geſchichte der Araber unter den Kalifen. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin 1753—54, 3 Thle., 8. (nur der 1. Thl. von Leſſing).
9) Kleine Schriften. Berlin 1753—55, 6 Thle., 12.
10) Vade mecum für Herrn Lange, Paſtor in Laublingen. Berlin 1754, 12.
11) Theatraliſche Bibliothek. Ebendaſ. 1754—58, 4 St., 8., mit 2 Portraits.
12) Miß Sara Sampſon. Ebendaſ. 1755, 12.; ferner Ebendaſ. 1757, 12.; 1772, 8. Nachgedruckt in Frankfurt 1764, 8. Franzöſiſch: Paris 1774. Däniſch: Kopenhagen 1770, 8.
13) Hutcheſon's Sittenlehre der Vernunft. Aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1756, 2 Thle., 8.
14) Law's ernſthafte Ermunterungen. Aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1756, 8. (mit Weiße).
15) Fabeln. 3 Bücher. Nebſt Abhandlungen mit dieſer Dichtungsart verwandten Inhalts. Berlin 1759, 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1777, 8.; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1819, 8. Franzöſiſch von d'Antelmy, Paris 1764, 12.; u. A. mit deutſchem Text, Ebendaſ. 1781, 8.; Straßburg 1800, 8. In franz. Verſen von Derat, Paris 1776. Lateiniſch von Nemarius, Braunſchweig 1771, 8. Außerdem mehrere Nachahmungen.
16) Philotas. Trauerſpiel (in Proſa). Berlin 1759, 8.; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1766, 8.
17) Fatime. Trauerſpiel. 1759.
18) Das Theater des Herrn Diderot. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin 1760, 2 Thle., 8.; verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1781, 8.
19) Leben des Sophokles. Berlin 1760 (7 Bogen); 2. verm. Ausg. von Eſchenburg, Ebendaſ. 1790, kl. 8.
20) Richardſon's Sittenlehre für die Jugend. Aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1761, 8.; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.; 3. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1773, 8.; 4. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1783, 8., mit Kupf.
21) Laokoon, oder über die Grenzen der Malerei und Poeſie. Berlin 1766, 1ter Thl., gr. 8.; neue verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1788, gr. 8.; mit den Fragmenten von Karl Gotthelf L. herausgegebene 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1805, gr. 8.; neue durchgeſehene Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1834, 8. Engliſch 1767, 8.
22) Luſtſpiele. Berlin 1767, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.; 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Thle. 8.
23) Minna von Barnhelm. Ein Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1767, 8.; ferner Ebendaſ. 1770, 8.; 1774, 8.; 1786, 8.; 1826, 8. Franzöſiſch von Großmann, Berlin 1772, 8. Engliſch: London 1799, 8. Schwediſch: Stockholm 1792, 8.
24) Hamburgiſche Dramaturgie. Hamburg 1768, 2 Bde., gr. 8.; neue Aufl. Bremen und Leipzig 1786, gr. 8. Nachgedruckt 1769, 2 Bde., kl. 8. Franzöſiſch: Paris 1785, gr. 8.; neue Aufl. 1805, 2 Thle., 8.

25) Briefe antiquariſchen Inhalts. Berlin 1768, 2 Thle., 8.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1808, 2 Thle., 8.
26) Wie die Alten den Tod gebildet. Eine Unterſuchung. Berlin 1769, kl. 4., mit 2 Sign. u. 5 Kupf.; neue unveränderte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1800, 8. Franzöſiſch: Paris 1796, 8.
27) Briefe über die Tanzkunſt von Noverre. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Hamburg und Bremen 1769, 8. (mit Bode).
28) Berengarius Turonenſis. Braunſchweig 1770, 4.
29) Sinngedichte. Berlin 1771, 8.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1807, 8. (von Ramler herausgegeben).
30) Vermiſchte Schriften. Berlin 1771—92, 7 Thle., 8.; neue unveränderte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1796, 8.
31) Trauerſpiele. Berlin 1772, 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1788, 8.; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1818, 8.
32) Emilia Galotti. Ein Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1772, 8.; neue Aufl. 1788, 8.; Prachtausg. Leipzig 1803, gr. 4., m. Kpfrn.; 5te Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8. Engliſch: von Berrington. London 1794. Ruſſiſch: 1794. Däniſch: Celle 1778, 8.
33) Zur Geſchichte und Literatur, aus den Schätzen der Bibliothek zu Wolfenbüttel. Braunſchweig 1773—81, 6 Beiträge, gr. 8.; neue Aufl. der 4 erſten Beiträge. Ebendaſ. 1793, gr. 8. (die beiden letzten mit Eſchenburg und mit Chriſtian Leiſte).
34) Vom Alter der Oelmalerei, aus dem Theophilus Presbyter. Braunſchweig 1774, 8. Engliſch mit Veränderungen von Raspe. London 1781, 4.
35) Pope, ein Metaphyſiker. Danzig (Berlin) 1775, 8. (Eine Preisſchrift mit Moſes Mendelsſohn).
36) Ueber den Beweis des Geiſtes und der Kraft. Braunſchweig 1777, gr. 8.
37) Das Teſtament Johannis. Ein Geſpräch. Braunſchweig 1777, gr. 8.
38) Eine Duplik ([illegible]). Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
39) Eine Parabel. Nebſt Bitte und Abſagungsſchreiben an Herrn Paſtor Göze in Hamburg. Braunſchweig 1778, 8.
40) Nöthige Antwort auf eine ſehr unnöthige Frage des Herrn Paſtor Göze zu Hamburg. Bremen 1778, 8.
41) Der nöthigen Antwort auf eine u. ſ. w. 1ſte Folge. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
42) Axiomata. Wider Herrn Paſtor Göze in Hamburg. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
43) Antigöze, d. i. Nothgedrungene Beiträge u. ſ. w. Ebendaſ. 1778, 2 Thle., 8.
44) Von dem Zwecke Jeſu und ſeiner Jünger. Noch ein Fragment des Wolfenbüttelſchen Ungenannten. Braunſchweig 1778, 8.
45) Ernſt und Falk. Geſpräche für Freimaurer. Göttingen (Wolfenbüttel) 1778, 8.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1787, 8.
46) Neue Hypotheſe über die Evangeliſten als blos menſchliche Geſchichtſchreiber. Wolfenbüttel 1778, 8.
47) Nathan der Weiſe. Ein dramatiſches Gedicht. Berlin 1779, 8.; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 178*, 8.; 3. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8.; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.; 7. aufs neue durchgeſ. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1826, 8. Franzöſiſch von Friedel. Engliſch von Raspe 1780. Holländiſch von einem Ungenannten 1781.
48) Berichtigung des Mährchens von 1000 Dukaten, oder Judas Iſcharioth der Zweite. 1779.
49) Die Erziehung des Menſchengeſchlechts. Berlin 1780, kl. 8.; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1785, kl. 8.
50) Theologiſcher Nachlaß. Herausgegeben von Karl Gotthelf L. Berlin 1784, gr. 8.
51) Theatraliſcher Nachlaß. Berlin 1784—86, 2 Thle., 8.
52) Fragmente des Wolfenbüttler Ungenannten. Ein Anhang zu dem Zwecke Jeſu ꝛc. Berlin 1784, 8. (blos Nachdruck der von L. in den Wolfenbüttler Beiträgen ſchon bekannt Gemachten); 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1835, 8.
53) Analekten für die Literatur. Bern und Leipzig 1785—86, 4 Bde., gr. 8., mit Titelvign. (von J. G. Heinzmann).
54) Der Schlaftrunk. Luſtſpiel. Ein Torſo, ergänzt von Dr. Eckſtein. (Altdorf und) Leipzig 1785, 8. und Regensburg 1785, 8.
55) Anhang zu den Analekten, oder Pope's Metaphyſik. Bern 1787, 8., (von Heinzmann).
56) Uebrige noch ungedruckte Werke des Wolfenbüttler Fragmentiſten. Ein Nachlaß von L., herausgegeben von C. A. E. Schmidt. Berlin 1788, 8.
57) Poetiſche Schriften. Neue verm. u. verb. Aufl. Reutlingen 1788, 8.
58) Sämmtliche Fragmente des Ungenannten. Berlin 1788, 2 Thle., 8.
59) Gelehrter Briefwechſel mit Reiske u. Mendelsſohn. Berlin 1789, 2 Thle., 8.
60) Freundſchaftlicher Briefwechſel mit ſeiner Frau. Herausgegeben von Karl Gotth. L. Berlin 1789, 2 Thle., 8.
61) Collectaneen zur Literatur. Herausgegeben und weiter ausgeführt von Eſchenburg. Berlin 1790, 2 Bde., 8.; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1823 u. 1824, 2 Bde., 8.
62) Die Matrone von Epheſus. Luſtſpiel. Ergänzt von [illegible]. Mannheim 1790, 8.
63) Kleine Schriften, welche durch die Fragmente des Wolfenbüttler Ungenannten veranlaßt ſind. Berlin 1791, 2 Thle., 8.
64) Theologiſcher Nachlaß. Berlin 1793, 8.
65) Leben, nebſt ſeinem noch übrigen literariſchen Nachlaß. Herausgegeben von K. G. Leſſing und G. G. Fülleborn. Berlin 1793—95, 3 Thle., 8.
66) Briefwechſel mit Ramler, Eſchenburg und Nicolai. Nebſt Anmerkungen von Moſ. Mendelsſohn. Stettin und Berlin 1794, 8.
67) Observationes criticae in varios scriptores graecos atque latinos etc. — ed. J. F. Jac. Reichenbach. Berolini 1794, 8.
68) Briefwechſel mit ſeinem Bruder. Herausgegeben von K. G. Leſſing. Berlin 1794, 8.; neue Ausg. 1817, 8.
69) Gedanken und Meinungen. Aus deſſen Schriften zuſammengeſtellt und erläutert von Friedr. Schlegel. Leipzig 1804, 3 Thle., kl. 8.
70) Schönwiſſenſchaftliche Schriften. Berlin 1827, 7 Bde., 12.

Auch gab er heraus: Mylius' vermiſchte Schriften (Berlin 1754, 8.); Logau's Sinngedichte (Leipzig 1759, kl. 8.); Brawe's Trauerſpiele (Berlin 1768, 8.); Scultetus' Gedichte (Braunſchweig 1771, 8.); K. W. Jeruſalem's philoſophiſche Aufſätze (Braunſchweig 1776, 8.) und lieferte eine Menge in den oben angegebenen oder in der Geſammtausgabe größtentheils geſammelter Schriften in damaligen Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Geſammelt erſchienen die Geiſtesproducte L's als:

Sämmtliche Schriften. Berlin 1771—94 und 1825, 31 Thle., 8., mit Leſſings Portrait. Von dieſen haben noch die beſondern Titel:
1—7. Thl. Vermiſchte Schriften; und außerdem:
5—7. Thl. Theologiſche und philoſophiſche Schriften.
8—16. Thl. Philologiſche, literariſche, antiquariſche und artiſtiſche Schriften.
17—31. Thl. Die unter Nr. 60, 15, 31, 22, 51, 11, 26 (59, 60, 66, 68) und 65 angegebenen Ueberſchriften.
Neue Aufl. des 1. Thls. 1796; 5.—10. Thls. 1817—21; 15., 16. und 18. Thls. 1824; des 30. Thls. 1817 herausgegeben von K. G. Leſſing, J. Joachim Eſchenburg und Friedrich Nicolai; der 31. Thl. von Friedrich Schink.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Herausgegeben von J. Friedr. Schink. Berlin 1825—28, 32 Bde., 12., nach den einzelnen Fächern geordnet in:
1r Bd. Leben und Charakteriſtik.
2r — 6r Bd. Zur Philoſophie und Kunſt.
[illegible] — 7r Bd. Zur Theologie.
8r — 16r Bd. Zur Geſchichte, Sprache, Literatur und Kritik.
17r — 31r Bd. Zur ſchönen Literatur.
32r — 33r Bd. Anhänge ꝛc.

Die neueſte, vollſtändigſte und genaueſte Ausgabe ſeiner Werke wird gegenwärtig zu Berlin unter Lachmann's Leitung veranſtaltet.

Das ausführlichſte, treffendſte und genaueſte Urtheil über Leſſing's Schriften und ſeinen großen Einfluß auf die deutſche Literatur hat Bouterwek in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit (Th. 11. S. 138 flgde.) abgegeben; es wäre thöricht, neben ihm Aehnliches verſuchen zu wollen, da man doch nur höchſtens daſſelbe mit anderen Worten und keineswegs ſo genügend und erſchöpfend ſagen könnte; wir laſſen es daher hier wörtlich folgen, überzeugt, daß die wahren Freunde deutſcher Literatur uns dafür mehr danken werden, als wenn wir es verſucht hätten unſere eigene Anſicht, welche vollkommen damit übereinſtimmt, hier auszuſprechen. Es lautet: In Leſſing hatte die Natur auf eine ſeltene Art die Anlagen zum Dichter, Philoſophen und Gelehrten vereinigt. Er ſelbſt ſprach ſich das Dichtergenie ab, weil er ſich ſehr gut bewußt war, wie ſeine Phantaſie immer nur den Weg einſchlug, den ſein heller Verſtand ihr vorzeichnete, wenn er über die Regeln der Kunſt nachdachte. Aber die Geſchichte der Literatur hat hinlänglich bewieſen, daß die Kritik nur da Fortſchritte macht, wo das Genie ihr vorarbeitet. Leſſing wußte ſich von den Gründen, warum er ſo und nicht anders dichtete, eine Rechenſchaft zu geben, die allerdings ſehr verſchieden iſt von der Begeiſterung, in welcher das Gefühl die Stelle der Grundſätze vertritt; aber mit allem ſeinem Verſtande wäre er nicht fähig geweſen, ſeine Emilia Galotti und ſeinen Nathan zu ſchreiben, wenn er keine ſchaffende Phantaſie und kein höheres Dichtertalent gehabt hätte, als das untergeordnete, das nach angenommenen Regeln einer gebahnten Straße folgt. Sich ſelbſt im vollen Gefühle der Geiſtesfreiheit, aber auch weit entfernt von aller Originalſucht, einen Weg zu bahnen, der ihm der rechte zu ſein ſchien, war das Bedürfniß, von dem ſeine meiſten Geiſtesbeſchäftigungen ausgingen. Keine Regel ließ er gelten, die ihm nicht die ganze Autorität der Natur und der Vernunft für ſich zu haben ſchien; und indem er dieſe Regeln durch Selbſtdenken zu entdecken ſuchte, gehorchte ihnen ſeine Phantaſie von ſelbſt. Daraus erklärt ſich, warum er ſagen konnte, ein dramatiſches Gedicht, an dem er arbeitete, ſei fertig, wenn er den Plan, Scene für Scene, vollſtändig entworfen hatte; denn er konnte auf eine Phantaſie rechnen, die einen ſolchen Plan auf eine Art auszuführen bereit war, mit der er ſelbſt nicht zufrieden geweſen ſein würde, wenn nicht wahres Dichtergenie aus ihr geſprochen hätte. Wäre Leſſing's Phantaſie feuriger und von dem richtenden Verſtande unabhängiger geweſen, würde ſie nicht in demſelben Grade reicher und kräftiger geworden ſein, wie der Geſchmack dieſes kritiſchen Dichters ſich läuterte, und ſeine Begriffe ſich erweiterten. Aber mit jedem Fortſchritte, den er in der Kritik machte, gewannen ſeine dramatiſchen Dichtungen an Kraft und Leben. Das ſpätere ſeiner Theaterſtücke übertrifft immer das frühere. Nur auf dieſe Art wurde möglich, daß das vorzüglichſte unter allen entſtehen konnte, als der Dichter beinahe funfzig Jahr alt war und durch die theologiſche Polemik, die zu ſeinen übrigen gelehrten Studien noch hinzukam, der Poeſie ganz entriſſen zu ſein ſchien. Aber ebendeswegen mußte auch allen ſeinen Dichtungen das Gepräge der hinreißenden Begeiſterung fehlen, die unmittelbar aus dem Gefühle hervorgeht. Leſſing intereſſirte ſich für das Schöne immer nur in ſo fern, als es ihm mit dem Natürlichen und Vernünftigen einerlei zu ſein ſchien. Dieſes vorherrſchende Intereſſe für das Natürliche und Vernünftige machte ihm jede Verirrung zu einem phantaſtiſchen Geſchmacke unmöglich; es ließ keine Art von Schwärmerei in ſeinem Gemüthe aufkommen; es machte ihn kühn, alle conventionellen Regeln wie ein Joch abzuſchütteln; aber es betrog ihn auch um eine richtige Anſicht des Idealen in der Kunſt. Sein äſthetiſcher Naturalismus befreundete ſich mit dem des Franzoſen Diderot auf eine ſolche Art, daß er um des Natürlichen willen die Poeſie überhaupt in das Gebiet der geiſtreichen und rührenden Proſe herabzuziehen nicht abgeneigt war. Wäre er nicht einer der geiſtreichſten Köpfe geweſen, ſo hätte ſein Geſchmack auch wohl am Gemeinen hängen bleiben können, das friſch aus der Natur geſchöpft iſt. Aber glücklicherweiſe war ihm das Triviale, auch wo es noch ſo natürlich und vernünftig in ſeiner Art iſt, nicht weniger zuwider, als das Phantaſtiſche, Verzerrte und Affectirte. Sein Witz, mit dieſer Kraft des geſunden Verſtandes und dieſem Wahrheitsſinne verbunden, würde ihn zu einem der vorzüglichſten Schriftſteller gemacht haben, auch wenn er kein Dichter geworden wäre.

Nur in der dramatiſchen Poeſie und in der Kritik hat Leſſing für ſeine Nation eine neue Bahn gebrochen. Da er von der Natur zur dramatiſchen Poeſie vorzugsweiſe berufen war, und ſich ihr deswegen auch von ſeinen erſten Jünglingsjahren bis an ſeinen Tod nicht zu entziehen vermochte, würde er in ihr noch weit mehr geleiſtet haben, wenn er ſich nicht zugleich mit ſo vielen andern Dingen beſchäftigt hätte, und wenn er nicht von Diderot's falſchem Naturalismus angeſteckt worden wäre. Unter ſeinen ſechs Luſtſpielen iſt nur das letzte, die Minna von Barnhelm, ein Werk von ausgezeichnetem Werthe. In den fünf erſten, die er binnen wenigen Jahren in ſeiner Jugend aufeinander folgen ließ, erkennt man den Anfänger in der Kunſt, beſonders an der ermüdenden Dehnung der Scenen, an der Flachheit der Charakterzeichnung, an der Nachahmung der alltäglichen Converſation ohne inneres Intereſſe, und an dem Mangel des kräftigen Styls, der die ſpätern dramatiſchen Werke Leſſing's ſo vortheilhaft auszeichnet. Luſtſpiele ſind dieſe Theaterſtücke in dem Sinne, der damals vorzüglich geltend gemacht werden zu müſſen ſchien, um die Moraliſten in Deutſchland für die Aufnahme des Theaters zu gewinnen. Das dramatiſche Intereſſe iſt dem didaktiſchen untergeordnet, damit ja in keiner Scene die Wirkung verfehlt werde, die das Theater zu einer Sittenſchule machen ſoll. Die Charaktere ſind mit vieler Wahrheit aus dem wirklichen Leben hervorgehoben; die Situationen gut angelegt; der Dialog natürlich. Aber an komiſcher Kraft fehlt es dieſen Luſtſpielen ſo ſehr, daß man kaum begreift, wie ſie von demſelben Manne haben geſchrieben werden können, vor deſſen witzigen Einfällen ſeine Gegner faſt noch mehr, als vor der Bündigkeit ſeiner Schlüſſe, ſich fürchteten. Wie weit es Leſſing im Komiſchen hätte bringen können, beweiſet, außer einigen Scenen in dieſen Luſtſpielen, das Fragment ſeiner dramatiſchen Bearbeitung des luſtigen Geſchichtchens von der Matrone zu Epheſus. Aber ſein Witz wurde niedergedrückt durch eine einſeitige und zum Theil falſche Theorie, die man aus ſeiner theatraliſchen Bibliothek, vom Jahre 1754 bis 1758, kennen lernt. Indem er ſich für das rührende oder weinerliche Luſtſpiel, das Destouches und La Chauſſee auf das franzöſiſche Theater eingeführt hatten, ſehr intereſſirte, weil er es für eine glücklich erfundene neue Gattung hielt, glaubte er auch da, wo dem Luſtſpiele das Rührende fehlt, wenigſtens den ernſten Zweck der moraliſchen Belehrung vorherrſchen laſſen zu müſſen. Zehn Jahre ſpäter, als er ſeine hamburgiſche Dramaturgie ſchrieb, hatte er andere Begriffe vom nächſten Zwecke der komiſchen Darſtellungen. Da zeigte er vortrefflich, wie ſolche Darſtellungen, wenn ſie gelingen, ihren Zweck in ſich ſelbſt tragen; und zur Verwunderung des Publikums vertheidigte er ſogar den Harlekin. Aber als ſeine Theorie in dieſer Hinſicht den rechten Weg gefunden hatte, war ſeine Neigung, für das komiſche Theater zu arbeiten, nicht mehr die vorige. Unter den Luſtſpielen aus der Minderjährigkeit ſeines Geiſtes hat ſich „Der Schatz,“ zum Theil nach dem Plautus, noch am längſten in einem gewiſſen Anſehn erhalten. Die übrigen ſind längſt vom Theater verſchwunden. Das Stück „Die Juden“ verdankte ſeine vorübergehende Celebrität nur der Neuheit des Gedankens, die Urtheile des Publikums über die jüdiſche Nation durch ein Luſtſpiel berichtigen zu wollen. Dafür zeigt ſich Leſſing's dramatiſches Dichtertalent auf einer weit höheren Stufe in ſeiner „Minna von Barnhelm“. Ein ſo geiſtvolles, kräftiges und zugleich ſo national aus der damaligen Zeit geſchöpftes Schauſpiel war eine ganz neue Erſcheinung auf dem deutſchen Theater. Aber zur Gattung der eigentlichen Luſtſpiele gehört auch dieſes treffliche Stück nicht. Das Rührende in ihm überwiegt das Komiſche. Daß es indeſſen nur noch ſelten aufgeführt wird, hat ſeinen Grund mehr in dem wandelbaren Geſchmacke des deutſchen Publikums, als in dem durch die Zeit verminderten Intereſſe des Inhalts.

Vom *Trauerſpiele* hatte Leſſing anfangs im Ganzen die damals in Deutſchland gewöhnlichen Begriffe nach den Grundſätzen der franzöſiſchen Dramaturgie; aber allen Regeln des franzöſiſchen Trauerſpiels zu huldigen, erlaubte ihm ſein ſelbſtſtändiger Geiſt ſchon in ſeinem drei und zwanzigſten Lebensjahre nicht, als er die Hinrichtung des *Samuel Henzi* zu Bern, eines Mannes, den ſein Patriotismus zu weit geführt hatte, zum Stoffe eines heroiſchen Trauerſpiels machte, das ein Fragment geblieben iſt. Das Geſetz der ſogenannten Ariſtoteliſchen Einheiten hielt Leſſing damals noch für unverletzlich, vermuthlich aus vernünftiger Ehrerbietung vor dem Ariſtoteles ſelbſt, deſſen Poetik er damals noch nicht richtiger auszulegen gelernt hatte. Aber unnöthig ſchien ihm, die Helden des heroiſchen Trauerſpiels aus längſt vergangenen Zeiten und vorzugsweiſe aus der alten griechiſchen und römiſchen Geſchichte zu wählen. Doch glaubte er zur Sprache des Trauerſpiels den Alexandrinervers beibehalten zu müſſen. Wenige Jahre darauf war ſeine Vorliebe zum *bürgerlichen* Trauerſpiele ſchon entſchieden. Der Vorwurf, den man dieſer Gattung mit Recht macht, daß ſie den Schmerz der Theilnahme nicht durch den Reiz des Erhabenen vergütet und keinen wahrhaft poetiſchen Eindruck zurückläßt, trifft Leſſing's „*Miß Sara Sampſon*" um ſo mehr, da die Handlung, die gar keine äußere Größe hat, auch durch keine Größe der Geſinnung über die gewöhnlichen Beſchränkungen des bürgerlichen Lebens hinaufgerückt wird. Nicht ein einziger Charakter, der ſich mit dem Schickſale meſſen, oder es beherrſchen will, erſcheint in dieſem Trauerſpiele. Das Bubenſtück der Buhlerin Marwood, die in der Wuth der Leidenſchaft zur Giftmiſcherin wird, um ſich an einem untreuen Geliebten zu rächen, behält bei aller Kühnheit etwas Gemeines. Auch die Kraft des Styls wird gehemmt durch die Dehnung der Scenen, in denen bis zum Uebermaße geſprochen wird, während die Handlung wenig vorrückt. Mehrere Auswüchſe und ein gewiſſer Mangel an Feinheit in der Charakterzeichnung an verſchiedenen Stellen kommen noch hinzu. Und doch iſt dieſes Stück mit allen ſeinen Mängeln und Fehlern das erſte deutſche Trauerſpiel, das nicht die Feſſeln der conventionellen Geſetzgebung trägt, die nach den Grundſätzen der franzöſiſchen Dramaturgie unter der Autorität Gottſched's für unbezweifelbare Regeln des guten Geſchmacks galten. Auch war auf dem deutſchen Theater noch kein tragiſches Stück erſchienen, das durch Wahrheit und Stärke der Charakterzeichnung ſich ſo vortheilhaft ausgezeichnet hätte. Das zweite in der Reihe dieſer Trauerſpiele, der „*Philotas*", iſt in ſeiner Art heroiſch genug; und ein anderer Dichter, als Leſſing, würde auch ſchwerlich gewagt haben, einen ſchwärmeriſchen Knaben, der im Kampfe mit einem feindlichen Schickſale ſich ſelbſt tödtet, um zu zeigen, wie ein tapferer Mann geſinnt ſein ſoll, zum Helden eines Trauerſpiels zu machen. Aber auch nur das Kühne und der hergebrachten Dramaturgie Trotzende in der Erfindung dieſes Trauerſpiels von einem einzigen Acte konnte einen Leſſing hinreißen, die Grenzen der Natürlichkeit zu überſpringen, um dem Charakter eines ſolchen Helden das dramatiſche Intereſſe zu geben, dem die innere Wahrſcheinlichkeit fehlt. Deſto mehr Bewunderung verdient das letzte Trauerſpiel von Leſſing, die „*Emilia Galotti*". Es übertrifft nicht nur die Miß Sara Sampſon in jeder Hinſicht weit; auch unter den übrigen bürgerlichen Trauerſpielen in der deutſchen Literatur ſowohl, als in der engliſchen und franzöſiſchen, iſt keines, das die Emilia Galotti erreicht. Zu den Vorzügen dieſes Stücks gehört, was beim erſten Anblicke ein Mangel zu ſein ſcheint, daß es bis gegen die Annäherung der Kataſtrophe weniger rührt und erſchüttert, als man es gewöhnlich von einer tragiſchen Dichtung verlangt; denn dadurch vermeidet es die drückende und peinliche Art von Rührung, die in den gewöhnlichen bürgerlichen Trauerſpielen das poetiſche Intereſſe niederſchlägt. Der heroiſchen Gattung nähert es ſich, indem es uns, ungeachtet des häuslichen Styls, in die weiteren Sphären des Lebens verſetzt, wo die Handlungen der Großen einen Erfolg haben, der nicht auf häusliche Verhältniſſe beſchränkt iſt. Alles in dieſem Trauerſpiele erſcheint als Natürlichkeit; und doch iſt nichts alltäglich. Keine Scene iſt unintereſſant, oder müſſig; kein nichts bedeutender Dialog hält den raſchen Gang der Handlung auf. Alle Charaktere ſind, bis auf einige Nebenzüge, meiſterhaft gezeichnet. Das Intereſſe der Handlung ſteigt mit jedem Acte; die Kataſtrophe iſt erſchütternd, und doch nicht niederſchlagend, weil das Große, das in ihr liegt, den Schmerz der Theilnahme reichlich vergütet. Feierlicher und heroiſcher hätte das Stück werden können, wenn Leſſing ſeinen früheren Plan ausgeführt hätte, den Tod der Virginia aus der römiſchen Geſchichte auf eine ähnliche Art zu dramatiſiren; aber ohne die Verwandlung der Virginia in eine Emilia Galotti hätten wir kein bürgerliches Trauerſpiel erhalten, das beweiſet, welcher Vervollkommnung dieſe zweideutige Gattung fähig iſt. Das Vollkommenſte, was Leſſing in der dramatiſchen Literatur hervorgebracht hat, bleibt gleichwohl ſein didaktiſches Schauſpiel „*Nathan der Weiſe*". Ohne Vorbild, weder in der alten, noch in der neueren Literatur, ſteht es als Muſter einer ganz neuen, von Leſſing erfundenen Art von dramatiſchen Gedichten da. Nicht leicht möchte einem andern Dichter ein ähnliches Werk gelingen, da das Stück weder tragiſch, noch komiſch, ohne Größe der Handlung, und im Ganzen nichts weiter iſt, als eine dramatiſirte Novelle mit einer didaktiſchen Tendenz. Aber ſchon die orientaliſchen Scenen aus den Zeiten der Kreuzzüge geben dem Intereſſe der Handlung eine poetiſche Richtung. Der didaktiſche Zweck, das ausgeartete Chriſtenthum dem Judenthume und dem Mahomedanismus, den chriſtlichen Theologen zum Aergerniß, gegenüber zu ſtellen, um alle poſitive Religion verdächtig zu machen, iſt ſo kunſtreich in die dramatiſche Compoſition verwebt, daß ſelbſt die eingeſchaltete, von Boccaz entlehnte Erzählung von den drei Ringen, in der ſich jener didaktiſche Zweck ganz ausſpricht, die dramatiſche Wirkung nicht ſchwächt. In der Charakterzeichnung und dem Dialog erkennt man Leſſing's dramatiſches Genie auf der höchſten Stufe ſeiner Bildung. Auch über den Werth des Verſes in der dramatiſchen Poeſie hatte er indeſſen anders urtheilen gelernt, als in den frühern Perioden ſeines Geſchmacks. Die reimloſen jambiſchen Verſe in die dramatiſche Literatur der Deutſchen einzuführen, hatte ſchon Chriſtian Felix Weiſſe verſucht; aber erſt nachdem Leſſing ſeinen Nathan in dieſer Versart geſchrieben hatte, ſind ſie auf dem deutſchen Theater einheimiſch geworden.

Noch einen Beweis, wie Leſſing in der dramatiſchen Literatur neue Bahnen zu brechen ſich berufen fühlte, giebt ſein „*Fauſt*", von dem er aber nur ein Paar Scenen ausgearbeitet hat.

Die *übrigen* in das Fach der Poeſie gehörenden Werke Leſſing's haben auf die Regeneration der deutſchen Literatur wenigen Einfluß gehabt; aber ſie verdienen, nie in Vergeſſenheit zu gerathen, weil auch unter ihnen Mehreres ſich findet, das in ſeiner Art ſchätzbar iſt, oder uns wenigſtens Leſſing's Geiſt und Geſchmack von einer neuen Seite zeigt. Die meiſten fallen in die Jugendperiode des

Dichters. Dahin gehören erſtens ſeine *Lieder*, *Oden* und mehrere *Epigramme*. In den vermiſchten Schriften, die Leſſing vom Jahre 1753 bis 1756 herausgab, legte er ſie dem Publikum zum erſten Male vor; und nur die Veranſtaltung, die ein Nachdrucker getroffen hatte, ſie wieder aufzulegen, konnte ihn ſelbſt zu einer neuen Ausgabe bewegen. Die Lieder gehören alle zu der ſcherzenden und epigrammatiſchen Gattung, die damals nach den Muſtern, die Hagedorn gegeben hatte, zu einer Modepoeſie bei den Deutſchen geworden war. Einige ſind matt; andere deſto geiſtreicher. An der Sprache und dem Style hat die Feile Ramler's, mit Leſſing's Genehmigung, in der zweiten Ausgabe nachgeholfen. Die Oden von Leſſing ſind nur als jugendliche Verſuche merkwürdig. Unter ſeinen älteren Epigrammen ſind auch mehrere lateiniſche im Geſchmacke des Martial. Einige der vorzüglicheren ſeiner ſpäteren Epigramme wurden erſt nach ſeinem Tode öffentlich bekannt. Mehrere vortreffliche Stellen finden ſich in den *Fragmenten von Lehrgedichten*, aus Leſſing's Jugendperiode, beſonders in den Gedanken *über die Glückſeligkeit* und *über die Regeln der Wiſſenſchaften zum Vergnügen*. Zu einem Lehrgedichte *über die Religion*, wovon nur der erſte Geſang vollendet iſt, hatte er einen großen Plan entworfen. Daß Haller und Hagedorn ſeine Muſter in dieſer Dichtungsart waren, erkennt man bald. Ein beſonderes Intereſſe hatte für Leſſing die Cultur der *Aeſopiſchen Fabel*. Dem Geſchmacke des Zeitalters folgend, dichtete er ſchon in ſeiner Jugend Fabeln, die er, wie es damals üblich war, mit muntern und komiſchen *Erzählungen* abwechſeln ließ, die, wie die eigentlichen Fabeln, eine didaktiſche Beſtimmung haben. Für jene Zeit ſind ſie ganz artig erfunden. Der Styl iſt der gewöhnliche im Geſchmacke des Phädrus und ſeiner Nachahmer, weit entfernt von der Vollkommenheit, zu der ihr Verfaſſer nicht lange nachher in andern Arten des Ausdrucks ſeiner Gedanken es brachte. Freier, aber auch muthwilliger, ſind ein Paar komiſche Erzählungen, die ſich unter den nachgelaſſenen Papieren Leſſing's gefunden haben. Auf eine neue Theorie der Aeſopiſchen Fabel gerieth er gegen das Jahr 1759. Damals ſchrieb er die geiſtreiche Abhandlung, durch die er zu beweiſen ſuchte, daß eine Fabel ganz einfach in Proſe und ohne allen poetiſchen Schmuck erzählt werden müſſe, weil ſie ihrer Natur nach kein eigentliches Gedicht ſei. Dieſer Theorie gemäß ſuchte er nun durch Fabeln, die er ſelbſt erfand, während andere Fabuliſten gewöhnlich nur längſt bekannte Fabeln auf eine neue Art poetiſch auszuſchmücken ſich bemühten, dieſe uralte Art von kleinen Geiſteswerken in der neueren Literatur zu ihrer urſprünglichen Lauterkeit zurückzuführen. Es giebt keine ſinnreicher erfundenen und kräftiger erzählten Fabeln, als eben dieſe von Leſſing. Aber ſie würden durch eine Behandlung, die der Einbildungskraft mehr Rechte an der erdichteten Erzählung zuläßt, nicht nur an innerem Werthe nichts verloren haben; ſie verleugnen auch in ihrer epigrammatiſchen Zuſpitzung den kindlichen Ton, der der Fabel vorzüglich eigen ſein ſoll, weil ſie aus dem kindlichen Bedürfniſſe des menſchlichen Geiſtes entſtanden iſt, die allgemeine Wahrheit, die dem ungebildeten Verſtande zu abſtract vorkommt, in der Form eines einzelnen Falles gleichſam mit Augen zu erblicken.

Das Wichtigſte, was Leſſing für die deutſche Literatur geleiſtet hat, die ſpäteren ſeiner Schauſpiele ausgenommen, findet ſich in ſeinen *proſaiſchen* Schriften. Auch da, wo ihr Inhalt nur wenige Leſer intereſſiren kann, zeichnen ſie ſich durch einen Styl aus, den Leſſing ſich ſelbſt nach den Bedürfniſſen ſeines eignen Geiſtes gebildet hat. Hätte er ſich ein beſtimmtes Muſter zur Nachahmung gewählt, ſo würde er nicht mit dieſer hinreißenden Leichtigkeit jeden Stoff zu bearbeiten gelernt haben. Die natürliche Sprache des wirklichen Lebens iſt die Grundlage des Leſſingiſchen Styls. Was irgend Affectation, oder Pedantismus genannt werden kann, iſt ihm völlig fremd. Aber kein Styl kann auch weiter entfernt ſein von matter Schöngeiſterei und oberflächlicher Geſchwätzigkeit. Tief, aber nicht nach angenommenen Schulbegriffen, in den Gegenſtand einer Unterſuchung einzudringen; jeden Begriff ſo klar und beſtimmt als möglich dem geſunden Verſtande zu vergegenwärtigen; mit ſtrenger Conſequenz ein geprüftes Urtheil an ein anderes anzuknüpfen; aber auch dem Witze die Freiheit zu gönnen, einen Gedanken, während er immer klarer und überzeugender hervortritt, faſt muthwillig wie einen Fangball hin und her zu werfen, und den Leſer, der Belehrung ſucht, ſo zu unterhalten, daß er wie im Spiele zu dem Reſultate hingelenkt wird; das war das Ziel, nach welchem Leſſing, wenn er eine Abhandlung ſchrieb, nicht ſowohl gefliſſentlich, als aus unwillkürlicher Neigung ſtrebte, weil es der Natur ſeines Geiſtes gemäß war, ſo und nicht anders ſeine eignen Gedanken ſich ſelbſt zu verdeutlichen. Leſſing's Proſe iſt *claſſiſch*, wenn gleich nur in ihrer Art. Auf jede wiſſenſchaftliche Unterſuchung angewandt, würde ſie eine familiäre Umſtändlichkeit nöthig machen, deren der Verſtand nicht immer bedarf. Auch möchte wohl Jeder, wer ſich den Leſſingiſchen Styl, die intereſſante Klarheit, Beſtimmtheit und Leichtigkeit abgerechnet, zum Muſter nehmen wollte, in eine Affectation verfallen, die gerade das Gegentheil eines weſentlichen Zuges eben dieſes Styls iſt. Aber in dem Unnachahmlichen der Leſſingiſchen Proſe, die nie prunkt, zuweilen die kühnſten Sprünge macht, und doch nie ihr Ziel verliert, offenbart ſich die Kraft des Genies, das uns mit ſich fortreißt, während es nur ſich ſelbſt Genüge thun will.

Faſt Alles, was Leſſing in Proſe geſchrieben hat, gehört in das *didaktiſche* Fach; denn das Räſonniren war ihm noch mehr Bedürfniß, als das Dichten. Zum Erzählungsſtyl ſcheint er kein vorzügliches Talent gehabt zu haben. Aber wie weit er es in der *oratoriſchen* Proſe hätte bringen können, zeigen die polemiſchen Blätter, die er in ſeinen letzten Lebensjahren unter dem Titel *Anti-Goeze* herausgegeben hat, um ſeine Bekanntmachung der wolfenbüttelſchen Fragmente eines Ungenannten gegen den hamburgiſchen Hauptpaſtor Goeze zu vertheidigen. Wie ein reißender Strom, deſſen Wellen doch immer klar bleiben, ergießt ſich die Beredſamkeit in dieſem Anti-Goeze. Ein Theoretiker könnte aus dieſen kleinen Streitſchriften eine treffliche Beiſpielſammlung von allen oratoriſchen Figuren zuſammentragen, die rührenden ausgenommen. Unter den eigentlichen Abhandlungen Leſſing's zeichnet ſich durch Cultur des Styls der *Laokoon oder über die Grenzen der Malerei und Poeſie*, und nächſt dieſer die Abhandlung *über das Weſen und den Styl der Aeſopiſchen Fabel* vorzüglich aus. Aber einen *polemiſchen* Charakter hat faſt Alles, was Leſſing im didaktiſchen Fache geſchrieben hat. Die Neigung, Vorurtheile zu widerlegen, und Irrthümer aufzudecken, die ſich einen Schein von Wahrheit zu geben gewußt hatten, war bei Leſſing ſo vorherrſchend, daß ſie faſt unvermeidlich zuweilen in Streitluſt und, wenn der Angriff übereilt war, in Rechthaberei ausarten mußte. Leſſing's Meinung, daß ein kritiſcher Schriftſteller das Wahre von ſelbſt finde, wenn er nur erſt Jemanden habe, mit dem er ſtreite, war einer der gewagten Einfälle, die er gern verfocht, als ob ſie Wahrheiten wären, weil es ihm leichter war, einen ſolchen Einfall zu vertheidigen, als Andern, ihn zu widerlegen. Dieſe polemiſche Tendenz würde auch dem didaktiſchen Style Leſſing's eine zurückſtoßende Härte geben, wenn nicht der heitere Witz und der Eifer für Wahrheit und geſunden Verſtand faſt immer wieder gut machten, was die Streitluſt in ſeinen Schriften verdirbt.

Wäre Leſſing weniger ſtreitluſtig geweſen, würde auch ſeine *Kritik* nicht die durchgreifende Wirkung gethan haben, die nicht leicht ausblieb, wohin er ſeine Waffen wandte. Was Bodmer leiſten wollte, aber mit ſeinem beſchränkten Verſtande nicht vermochte, der Kritik, die in der Gottſchediſchen Schule zu einer froſtigen Schulmeiſterei geworden war, einen neuen Geiſt einzuhauchen, der belebend und erfriſchend in die Literatur eindränge, leiſtete Leſſing im vollen Maße. Er iſt es, der in Deutſchland die Altäre geſtürzt hat, an denen man die franzöſiſchen Dichter als vollendete Geſchmacksmuſter verehrte. Seine hamburgiſche Dramaturgie hatte vorzüglich den Zweck, dem Publikum über die Anmaßungen der franzöſiſchen Dramaturgie die Augen zu öffnen. Niemand hat vor Leſſing gezeigt, daß die Meinung, das franzöſiſche Trauerſpiel folge denſelben Grundſätzen, wie das griechiſche, auf Mißverſtändniſſen und einer Verwechſelung von Nebenſachen mit dem Weſen einer tragiſchen Dichtung beruhet, und daß ſelbſt nach der Poetik des Ariſtoteles, auf deren Autorität die franzöſiſchen Dramaturgen ſich unabläſſig berufen, die bewunderten Stücke von Corneille und Racine zu einer willkürlich geregelten Gattung gehören. Leſſing ergriff jede Gelegenheit, die Deutſchen aufmerkſam auf Shakeſpeare zu machen, und Wieland's Ueberſetzung dieſes größten aller dramatiſchen Dichter der neueren Zeit als eine der vorzüglichſten Bereicherungen der deutſchen Literatur zu empfehlen. Auch die ſpaniſchen Schauſpiele, über die man in Deutſchland, ohne ſie zu kennen, ganz wie die Franzoſen zu urtheilen pflegte, zeigte er in einem andern und günſtigern Lichte. Das franzöſiſche Theater ohne Schonung der herrſchenden Vorurtheile zu kritiſiren, wurde Leſſing beſonders durch die zufällige Form veranlaßt, die er ſeinen dramaturgiſchen Grundſätzen geben mußte, als er ſie in die Recenſionen der Theaterſtücke verwebte, die in Hamburg aufgeführt wurden; denn die Armuth der dramatiſchen Literatur der Deutſchen nöthigte damals die Directoren deutſcher Theater, die große Lücke mit Ueberſetzungen franzöſiſcher Stücke auszufüllen. Gegen die Luſtſpiele der Franzoſen hatte Leſſing wenig zu erinnern. Das Lob, das er ihnen ertheilt, beweiſt hinlänglich, daß er im Mindeſten nicht gegen die franzöſiſche Literatur überhaupt eingenommen war. Seine ſtrenge Kritik des franzöſiſchen Trauerſpiels mußte um ſo mehr Eindruck machen, da ſie von einem Manne kam, der weit entfernt von der Vertheidigung der Regelloſigkeit war, und die Werke der alten Tragiker und die Poetik des Ariſtoteles ſo fleißig ſtudirt hatte, wie irgend ein Gelehrter ſeiner Zeit. Aber vieles ließ auch Leſſing's Dramaturgie zu wünſchen übrig. Seine Vorliebe zur Poetik des Ariſtoteles, die er für ein eben ſo unfehlbares Werk, als die Elemente Euklid's erklärte, war ſo groß, daß er, um dieſem von ihm gefeierten Alten in keinem Punkte Unrecht haben zu laſſen, ſich in philologiſche Subtilitäten verwickelte, deren Reſultate doch problematiſch blieben und ihrem Vertheidiger das Anſehen eines Sophiſten gaben. Auch darf man wohl dazu lächeln, daß Leſſing zum Beſchluſſe ſeiner Dramaturgie, wo er ſich ſelbſt das Genie abſpricht, ernſtlich verſichert, das ganze Verdienſt ſeiner dramatiſchen Dichtungen gründe ſich auf ſein Beſtreben, in jeder Hinſicht den Vorſchriften des Ariſtoteles Genüge zu leiſten. Aber noch mangelhafter mußte Leſſing's Kritik durch die Art werden, wie ſie ſich ſelbſt nach und nach aus polemiſchen Bruchſtücken entwickelte, die ſich zwar immer enger an einander anſchloſſen, aber zu keinem Ganzen wurden. Ein allgemeines, alle ſchönen Künſte umfaſſendes Princip ſcheint er nicht einmal geſucht zu haben, weil er das Geſetz der Nachahmung der Natur, nach der Lehre ſeines Ariſtoteles, nie bezweifelte. Voll feſten Glaubens an die Zulänglichkeit dieſes Geſetzes warf er nicht nur auf das Ideale in der Kunſt kaum einen Seitenblick; er ließ ſich auch hinreißen von dem Naturalismus Diderot's, nach welchem Schönheit in der Kunſt nichts weiter als intereſſante Natürlichkeit iſt. Deswegen war auch Leſſing's Anſicht der heroiſchen Tragödie der Franzoſen, und ſelbſt der Griechen, nur einſeitig. Ueber das Ideale in den plaſtiſchen Künſten ging ihm erſt ein Licht auf, als er ſeinen Laokoon ſchrieb. Deſſen ungeachtet fängt erſt mit Leſſing in der deutſchen Literatur diejenige Kritik an, die keine Vorurtheile duldet, nicht eigenſinnig an gewiſſen Muſtern hängt, das Weſentliche von dem Zufälligen und Conventionellen unterſcheidet, dem Genie auf die Spur zu kommen ſucht, aber es nicht mit unnützen Feſſeln belaſtet, und nicht durch froſtige Bemerkungen, beſonders über Regelmäßigkeit und Unregelmäßigkeit, das Gefühl des Schönen ſelbſt abtödtet. Ueber den wahren Zweck des Luſtſpiels, daß man, um es moraliſcher zu machen, beinahe um alle Heiterkeit gebracht hätte, hat Leſſing zuerſt richtige Begriffe aufgeſtellt. Der wahre Unterſchied zwiſchen poetiſcher und maleriſcher Schönheit iſt durch ſeinen Laokoon zum erſten Male aufgeklärt. Auf mehrere bis dahin wenig beachtete Geſichtspunkte der Kritik hat er in ſeinen Beiträgen zu den *Literaturbriefen* hingewieſen. Ermüdend wird ſein Tadel nur da, wo er ſich unaufhörlich auf Kleinigkeiten einläßt, zum Beiſpiel bei ſeiner Beurtheilung der längſt vergeſſenen Ueberſetzung des Horaz von Lange, und bei ſeinen antiquariſchen Streitigkeiten mit dem Philologen Klotz. Der einzige große Dichter, gegen den er nicht ganz gerecht war, iſt Klopſtock, von dem er öfter mit Bewunderung ſpricht, aber, aus Abneigung gegen alle religiöſe Schwärmerei, auf eine ſo zweideutige Art, daß ſelbſt das Lob zuweilen bitterer Spott zu ſein ſcheint.

Eine beſondere Erwähnung der Verdienſte, die Leſſing um mehrere Zweige der eigentlichen *Gelehrſamkeit* ſich erworben hat, gehört nicht zur Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur. Aber zu ſeinen proſaiſchen Meiſterwerken, was die Form betrifft, muß noch ſein *Ernſt und Falk* oder *Geſpräche für Freimaurer* gezählt werden. Von einer ſolchen, blos Natur ſcheinenden Kunſt des didaktiſchen Dialogs, ohne alle poetiſche Ausſchmückung, weder dem Plato, noch irgend einem andern Muſter nachgeahmt, findet ſich in der deutſchen Literatur weiter kein Beiſpiel.

Lieder von J. G. E. Leſſing.

An die Leier.

Töne, frohe Leier,
Töne Luſt und Wein!
Töne, ſanfte Leier,
Töne Liebe drein!

Wilde Krieger ſingen,
Haß und Rach' und Blut
In die Laute ſingen,
Iſt nicht Luſt, iſt Wuth.

Zwar der Heldenſänger
Sammelt Lorbeern ein;
Ihn verehrt man länger;
Lebt er länger? Nein!

Er vergräbt im Leben
Sich in Tiefſinn ein:
Um erſt dann zu leben,
Wann er Staub wird ſein.

Lobt ſein göttlich Feuer,
Zeit und Alterszeit!
Und an meiner Leier
Lobt die Fröhlichkeit.

Die Namen.

Ich fragte meine Schöne:
Wie ſoll mein Lied dich nennen?
Soll dich als Dorimene,
Als Galathee, als Chloris,
Als Lesbia, als Doris,
Die Welt der Enkel kennen?
Ach! Namen ſind nur Töne:
Sprach meine holde Schöne.
Wähl' ſelbſt. Du kannſt mich Doris,
Und Galathee und Chloris,
Und — wie du willſt mich nennen;
Nur nenne mich die Deine.

Die Küſſe.

Ein Küßchen, das ein Kind mir ſchenket,
Das mit dem Küſſen nur noch ſpielt,
Und bei dem Küſſen noch nichts denket,
Das iſt ein Kuß, den man nicht fühlt.

Ein Kuß, den mir ein Freund verehret,
Das iſt ein Gruß, der eigentlich
Zum wahren Küſſen nicht gehöret:
Aus kalter Mode küßt er mich.

Ein Kuß, den mir mein Vater giebet,
Ein wohlgemeinter Segenskuß,
Wenn er ſein Söhnchen lobt und liebet,
Iſt etwas, das ich ehren muß.

Ein Kuß von meiner Schweſter Liebe
Steht mir als Kuß nur ſo weit an,
Als ich dabei mit heißerm Triebe
An andre Mädchen denken kann.

Ein Kuß, den Lesbia mir reichet,
Den kein Verräther ſehen muß,
Und der dem Kuß der Tauben gleichet,
Ja, ſo ein Kuß, das iſt ein Kuß.

Die Gewißheit.

Ob ich morgen leben werde,
Weiß ich freilich nicht:
Aber, wenn ich morgen lebe,
Daß ich morgen trinken werde,
Weiß ich ganz gewiß.

Die Betrübniß.

Der Dichter und ſein Freund.
Der Freund.
Freund, welches Unglück, welche Reue
Macht dir ſo bittern Schmerz?
Der Dichter.
Ach, Freund! ſie flieht, die Ungetreue!
Und ſie beſaß mein Herz.
Der Freund.
Um eine Falſche dich betrüben?
Du biſt ja klug genung.
Der Dichter.
O ſchweig! das heißt nicht lieben,
Läßt uns die Liebe klug.

Antwort eines trunkenen Dichters.

Ein trunk'ner Dichter leerte
Sein Glas auf jeden Zug;
Ihn warnte ſein Gefährte:
Hör' auf! du haſt genug.
Bereit, vom Stuhl zu ſinken,
Sprach der: Du biſt nicht klug;
Zu viel kann man wohl trinken,
Doch nie trinkt man genug.

Das aufgehobene Gebot.

Eliſe.
Siehſt du Wein im Glaſe blinken,
Lerne von mir deine Pflicht:
Trinken kannſt du, du kannſt trinken;
Doch betrinke dich nur nicht.
Lyſias.
Wallt dein Blut von Jugendtrieben,
Lerne von mir deine Pflicht:
Lieben kannſt du, du kannſt lieben;
Doch verliebe dich nur nicht.
Eliſe.
Bruder! ich mich nicht verlieben?
Lyſias.
Schweſter! ich mich nicht betrinken?
Eliſe.
Wie verlangſt du das von mir?
Lyſias.
Wie verlangſt du das von mir?
Eliſe.
Lieber mag ich gar nicht lieben.
Lyſias.
Lieber mag ich gar nicht trinken.
Beide.
Geh' nur, ich erlaub' es dir.

Die Beredſamkeit.

Freunde, Waſſer machet ſtumm:
Lernet dieſes an den Fiſchen.
Doch beim Weine kehrt ſich's um:
Dieſes lernt an unſern Tiſchen.
Was für Redner ſind wir nicht,
Wenn der Rheinwein aus uns ſpricht!
Wir ermahnen, ſtreiten, lehren;
Keiner will den andern hören.

Die Haushaltung.

Zankſt du ſchon wieder? ſprach Hans Lau
Zu ſeiner lieben Ehefrau.
„Verſoff'ner, unverſchämter Mann — — —
Geduld, mein Kind, ich zieh' mich an — —
„Wo nun ſchon wieder hin?“ Zu Weine.
Zank' du alleine.

„Du gehſt? — — Verdammtes Kaffeehaus!
„Ja! blieb' er nur die Nacht nicht aus.
„Gott! ich ſoll ſo verlaſſen ſein? —
„Wer pocht? — — Herr Nachbar? — — nur herein!
„Mein böſer Teufel iſt zu Weine:
„Wir ſind alleine.

Der Regen.

Der Regen hält noch immer an!
So klagt der arme Bauersmann;
Doch eher ſtimm' ich nicht mit ein,
Es regne denn in meinen Wein.

Die Stärke des Weins.

Wein iſt ſtärker als das Waſſer:
Dies geſtehn auch ſeine Haſſer.
Waſſer reißt wohl Eichen um,
Und hat Häuſer umgeriſſen:
Und ihr wundert euch darum,
Daß der Wein mich umgeriſſen?

Der Sonderling.

Sobald der Menſch ſich kennt
Sieht er, er ſei ein Narr;
Und gleichwohl zürnt der Narr,
Wenn man ihn alſo nennt.

Sobald der Menſch ſich kennt,
Sieht er, er ſei nicht klug;
Doch iſt's ihm lieb genug,
Wenn man ihn weiſe nennt.

Ein jeder, der mich kennt,
Spricht: welcher Sonderling!
Nur dieſem iſt's Ein Ding,
Wie ihn die Welt auch nennt.

Der alte und der junge Wein.

Ihr Alten trinkt, euch jung und froh zu trinken;
Drum mag der junge Wein
Für euch, ihr Alten, ſein.

Der Jüngling trinkt, ſich alt und klug zu trinken:
Drum muß der alte Wein
Für mich, den Jüngling, ſein.

Die Türken.

Die Türken haben ſchöne Töchter,
Und dieſe ſcharfe Keuſchheitswächter;
Wer will, kann mehr als eine frei'n:
Ich möchte ſchon ein Türke ſein.

Wie wollt' ich mich der Lieb' ergeben!
Wie wollt' ich liebend ruhig leben,
Und — — doch ſie trinken keinen Wein;
Nein, nein, ich mag kein Türke ſein.

Alexander.

Der Weiſe ſprach zu Alexandern:
„Dort, wo die lichten Welten wandern,
„Iſt manches Volk, iſt manche Stadt.
Was thut der Mann von tauſend Siegen?
Die Memme weint, daß dort zu kriegen,
Der Himmel keine Brücken hat.

Iſt's wahr, was ihn der Weiſe lehret,
Und finden, was zur Welt gehöret,
Daſelbſt auch Wein und Mädchen ſtatt:
So laſſet, Brüder, Thränen fließen,
Daß dort zu trinken und zu küſſen,
Der Himmel keine Brücken hat.

Die Schöne von hinten.

Sieh, Freund! ſieh da! was geht doch immer
Dort für ein reizend Frauenzimmer?
Der neuen Tracht Vollkommenheit,
Der engen Schritte Nettigkeit,
Die bei der kleinſten Hind'rung ſtocken,
Der weiße Hals voll ſchwarzer Locken,
Der wohlgewachſ'ne ſchlanke Leib
Verräth ein junges art'ges Weib.
Komm, Freund, komm, laß uns ſchneller gehen,
Damit wir ſie von vorne ſehen.
Es muß, trügt nicht der hint're Schein,
Die Venus oder Phyllis ſein.
Komm, eile doch! — O welches Glücke!
Jetzt ſieht ſie ungefähr zurücke.
Was war's, das mich entzückt gemacht? —
Ein altes Weib in junger Tracht.

An eine kleine Schöne.

Kleine Schöne, küſſe mich,
Kleine Schöne, ſchämſt du dich?
Küſſe geben, Küſſe nehmen,
Darf dich jetzo nicht beſchämen.
Küſſe mich noch hundertmal!
Küſſ' und merk' der Küſſe Zahl.
Ich will dir, bei meinem Leben!
Alle zehnfach wiedergeben,
Wenn der Kuß kein Scherz mehr iſt,
Und du zehn Jahr älter biſt.

Nach der zehnten Ode Anakreon's.

Was frag' ich nach dem Großſultan
Und Mahomeds Geſetzen?
Was geht der Perſer Schach mich an
Mit allen ſeinen Schätzen?

Was ſorg' ich ihrer Kriegesart
Und ihrer Treffen halben?
Kann ich nur meinen lieben Bart
Mit Specereien ſalben.

Kann ich nur mein geliebtes Haupt
Mit Roſen ſtolz umſchließen,
Und wenn mir ſie ein Mädchen raubt,
Das Mädchen ſtrafend küſſen.

Ein Thor ſorgt für die künft'ge Zeit.
Für heute will ich ſorgen.
Wer kennt, mit weiſer Gründlichkeit,
Den ungewiſſen Morgen?

Was ſoll ich hier, ſo lang' ich bin,
Mich um die Zukunft kränken?
Ich will mit kummerloſem Sinn
Auf Wein und Liebe denken.

Denn plötzlich ſteht er da, und ſpricht,
Der grimme Tod: „Von dannen!
„Du trinkſt, du küſſeſt länger nicht!
„Trink' aus! küſſ' aus! Von dannen!

Das Paradies.

Sein Glück für einen Apfel geben,
O Adam, welche Lüſternheit!
Statt deiner hätt' ich ſollen leben,
So wär' das Paradies noch jetzt. —

„Wie aber, wenn alsdann die Traube
„Die Probefrucht geweſen wär'?
„Wie da, mein Freund?“ — Ei nun, ich glaube —
Das Paradies wär' auch nicht mehr.

Die Geſpenſter.

Der Alte.
O Jüngling! ſei ſo ruchlos nicht,
Und leugne die Geſpenſter.
Ich ſelbſt ſah eins beim Mondenlicht
Aus meinem Kammerfenſter.
Das ſaß auf einem Leichenſtein:
Drum müſſen wohl Geſpenſter ſein.
Der Jüngling.
Ich wende nichts dawider ein;
Es müſſen wohl Geſpenſter ſein.
Der Alte.
Als meiner Schweſter Sohn verſchied,
(Das ſind nunmehr zehn Jahre!)
Sah ſeine Magd, die trefflich ſieht,
Des Abends eine Bahre,
Und oben drauf ein Todtenbein:
Drum müſſen wohl Geſpenſter ſein.
Der Jüngling.
Ich wende nichts dawider ein;
Es müſſen wohl Geſpenſter ſein.
Der Alte.
Und als mein Freund im Treffen blieb,
Das Frankreich jüngſt verloren,
Hört' ſeine Frau, wie ſie mir ſchrieb,
Mit ihren eignen Ohren
Zu Mitternacht drei Eulen ſchrei'n:
Drum müſſen wohl Geſpenſter ſein.
Der Jüngling.
Ich wende nichts dawider ein;
Es müſſen wohl Geſpenſter ſein.
Der Alte.
In meinem Keller ſelbſt geht's um,
Ich hör' oft ein Geſauſe;
Doch werden die Geſpenſter ſtumm,
Iſt nur mein Sohn zu Hauſe.
Denk' nur, ſie ſaufen meinen Wein:
Das müſſen wohl Geſpenſter ſein.

Der Jüngling.
Ich wende nichts dawider ein;
Doch wünſcht' ich eins davon zu ſein.
Der Alte.
Auch weiß ich nicht, was manche Nacht
In meiner Tochter Kammer
Ein Weſen hat, bald ſeufzt, bald lacht;
Oft bringt mir's Angſt und Jammer.
Ich weiß, das Mädchen ſchläft allein:
Drum müſſen es Geſpenſter ſein.
Der Jüngling.
Ich wende nichts dawider ein;
Doch wünſcht' ich ihr Geſpenſt zu ſein.

Der trunkene Dichter lobt den Wein.

Mit Ehren, Wein, von dir bemeiſtert,
Und deinem flüſſ'gen Feu'r begeiſtert,
Stimm' ich zum Danke, wenn ich kann,
Ein dir geheiligt Loblied an.

Doch wie? in was für kühnen Weiſen
Werd' ich, o Göttertrank, dich preiſen?
Dein Ruhm, hör' ihn ſummariſch an,
Iſt, daß ich ihn nicht ſingen kann.

Lob der Faulheit.

Faulheit, jetzo will ich dir
Auch ein kleines Loblied bringen. —
O ‥ wie ‥ ſau ‥ er ‥ wird es mir, ‥
Dich ‥ nach ‥ Würden ‥ zu beſingen!
Doch, ich will mein Beſtes thun,
Nach der Arbeit iſt gut ruhn.

Höchſtes Gut! wer dich nur hat,
Deſſen ungeſtörtes Leben — —
Ach! ‥ ich ‥ gähn' ‥ ich ‥ werde matt ‥
Nun ‥ ſo ‥ magſt du ‥ mir's vergeben,
Daß ich dich nicht ſingen kann;
Du verhinderſt mich ja dran.

Die Faulheit.

Fleiß und Arbeit lob' ich nicht.
Fleiß und Arbeit lob' ein Bauer.
Ja, der Bauer ſelber ſpricht,
Fleiß und Arbeit wird ihm ſauer.
Faul zu ſein, ſei meine Pflicht;
Dieſe Pflicht ermüdet nicht.

Bruder, laß das Buch voll Staub!
Willſt du länger mit ihm wachen?
Morgen biſt du ſelber Staub.
Laß uns faul in allen Sachen,
Nur nicht faul zu Lieb' und Wein,
Nur nicht faul zur Faulheit ſein.

Die Planetenbewohner.

Mit ſüßen Grillen ſich ergötzen,
Einwohner in Planeten ſetzen,
Eh man aus ſichern Gründen ſchließt,
Daß Wein in den Planeten iſt:
Das heißt zu früh bevölkern.

Freund, bringe nur zuerſt aufs Reine,
Das in den neuen Welten Weine,
Wie in der, die wir kennen, ſind:
Und glaube mir, dann kann ein Kind
Auf ſeine Trinker ſchließen.

Der Geſchmack der Alten.

Ob wir, wir Neuern, vor den Alten
Den Vorzug des Geſchmacks erhalten,
Was leſ't ihr darum vieles nach,
Was der und jener Franze ſprach?
Die Franzen ſind die Leute nicht,
Aus welchen ein Orakel ſpricht.
Ich will ein neues Urtheil wagen.
Geſchmack und Witz, es frei zu ſagen,
War bei den Alten allgemein.
Warum? ſie tranken Alle Wein.
Doch ihr Geſchmack war noch nicht fein;
Warum? ſie miſchten Waſſer drein.

Die lügenhafte Phyllis.

Mein Damon ſpricht:
Kind, lüge nicht!
Sonſt werd' ich ſtrafen müſſen,
Und dich zur Strafe küſſen.
Er droht mir, ſieht verdrießlich aus,
Und ſtrafet mich ſchon im voraus.
Sonſt log ich nicht.
Nur ſeit er ſpricht:
Du ſollſt mir ſein mit Küſſen
Die loſen Lügen büßen,
Red' ich kein wahres Wörtchen mehr.
Nun, Schweſtern, ſagt, wo kommt das her?

Die 47ſte Ode Anakreon's.

Alter tanze! Wenn du tanzeſt,
Alter, ſo gefällſt du mir!
Jüngling, tanze! Wenn du tanzeſt,
Jüngling, ſo gefällſt du mir.

Alter, tanze, trotz den Jahren!
Welche Freude, wenn es heißt:
Alter, du biſt alt an Haaren,
Blühend aber iſt dein Geiſt!

Nachahmung dieſer Ode.

Jüngling, lebſt du nicht in Freuden,
Jüngling, o ſo haſſ' ich dich!
Alter, lebſt du nicht in Freuden,
Alter, o ſo haſſ' ich dich!

Jüngling, trauerſt du in Jahren,
Wo die Pflicht ſich freuen heißt? —
Schäme dich! ſo friſch an Haaren,
Jüngling, und ſo ſchwach an Geiſt!

Der Wunſch.

Wenn ich, Augenluſt zu finden,
Unter ſchatticht kühlen Linden
Spielend auf und nieder gehe,
Und ein häßlich Mädchen ſehe,
Wünſch' ich, plötzlich blind zu ſein.

Wenn ich, Augenluſt zu finden,
Unter ſchatticht kühlen Linden
Spielend auf und nieder gehe,
Und ein ſchönes Mädchen ſehe,
Möcht' ich lauter Auge ſein.

Der größte Mann.

Laßt uns den Prieſter Orgon fragen:
Wer iſt der größte Mann?
Mit ſtolzen Mienen wird er ſagen:
Wer ſich zum kleinſten machen kann.

Laßt uns den Dichter Kriton hören:
Wer iſt der größte Mann?
Er wird es uns in Verſen ſchwören:
Wer ohne Mühe reimen kann.

Laßt uns den Hofmann Damis fragen:
Wer iſt der größte Mann?
Er bückt ſich lächelnd; das will ſagen:
Wer lächeln und ſich bücken kann.

Wollt ihr vom Philoſophen wiſſen,
Wer iſt der größte Mann?
Aus dunkeln Reden müßt ihr ſchließen:
Wer ihn verſtehn und grübeln kann.

Was darf ich jeden Thoren fragen,
Wer iſt der größte Mann?
Ihr ſeht, die Thoren alle ſagen:
Wer mir am nächſten kommen kann.

Wollt ihr den klügſten Thoren fragen;
Wer iſt der größte Mann?
So fraget mich: ich will euch ſagen:
Wer trunken ſie verlachen kann.

Der Irrthum.

Den Hund im Arm, mit bloßen Brüſten,
Sah Lotte frech herab.
Wie mancher ließ ſichs nicht gelüſten,
Daß er ihr Blicke gab.

Ich kam gedankenvoll gegangen
Und ſahe ſteif hinan,
Ha! denkt ſie, der iſt auch gefangen,
Und lacht mich ſchalkhaft an.

Allein, geſagt zur guten Stunde,
Die Jungfer irrt ſich hier.
Ich ſah nach ihrem bunten Hunde:
Es iſt ein artig Thier.

An den Wein.

Wein, wenn ich dich jetzo trinke,
Wenn ich dich als Jüngling trinke,
Sollſt du mich in allen Sachen
Dreiſt und klug, beherzt und weiſe,
Mir zum Nutz, und dir zum Preiſe,
Kurz, zu einem Alten machen.

Wein, werd' ich dich künftig trinken,
Werd' ich dich als Alter trinken,
Sollſt du mich geneigt zum Lachen,
Unbeſorgt für Tod und Lügen,
Dir zum Ruhm, mir zum Vergnügen,
Kurz, zu einem Jüngling machen.

Phyllis an Damon.

Lehre mich, o Damon, ſingen,
Singen, wie du trunken ſingſt.
Laß auch mich dir Lieder bringen,
Wie du mir begeiſtert bringſt.
Wie du mich willſt ewig ſingen,
Möcht' auch ich dich ewig ſingen.

Durch des Weines Feuerkräfte,
Nur durch ſie ſingſt du ſo ſchön.
Aber dieſe Götterſäfte
Darf ich ſchmachtend nur beſehn.
Dir rieth Venus, Wein zu trinken,
Mir rieth ſie, ihn nicht zu trinken.

Was wird nun mein Lied beleben,
Kann es dieſer Trank nicht ſein? —
Wie? Du willſt mir Küſſe geben,
Küſſe, feuriger, als Wein? —
Damon, ach! nach deinen Küſſen
Werd' ich wohl verſtummen müſſen.

Für wen ich ſinge.

Ich ſinge nicht für kleine Knaben,
Die voller Stolz zur Schule gehn,
Und den Ovid in Händen haben,
Den ihre Lehrer nicht verſtehn.

Ich ſinge nicht für euch, ihr Richter,
Die ihr voll ſpitz'ger Gründlichkeit
Ein unerträglich Joch dem Dichter,
Und euch die Muſter ſelber ſeid.

Ich ſinge nicht den kühnen Geiſtern,
Die nur Homer und Milton reizt;
Weil man den unerſchöpften Meiſtern
Die Lorbeern nur umſonſt begeizt.

Ich ſinge nicht, durch Stolz gedrungen,
Für dich, mein deutſches Vaterland.
Ich fürchte jene Läſterzungen,
Die dich bis an den Pol verbannt.

Ich ſinge nicht für fremde Reiche.
Wie käm' mir ſolch ein Ehrgeiz ein?
Das ſind verweg'ne Autorſtreiche.
Ich mag nicht überſetzet ſein.

Ich ſinge nicht für fromme Schweſtern,
Die nie der Liebe Reiz gewinnt,
Die, wenn wir munter ſingen, läſtern,
Daß wir nicht alle Schmolken ſind.

Ich ſinge nur für euch, ihr Brüder,
Die ihr den Wein erhebt, wie ich.
Für euch, für euch ſind meine Lieder.
Singt ihr ſie nach: o Glück für mich!

Ich ſinge nur für meine Schöne,
O muntre Phyllis, nur für dich.
Für dich, für dich ſind meine Töne.
Stehn ſie dir an, ſo küſſe mich.

Die ſchlafende Laura.

Nachläſſig hingeſtreckt,
Die Bruſt mit Flor bedeckt,
Der jedem Lüftchen wich,
Das ſäuſelnd ihn durchſtrich,
Ließ unter jenen Linden
Mein Glück mich Lauren finden.
Sie ſchlief, und weit und breit
Schlug jede Blum' ihr Haupt zur Erden,
Aus mißvergnügter Traurigkeit,
Von Lauren nicht geſehn zu werden.
Sie ſchlief, und weit und breit
Erſchallten keine Nachtigallen,
Aus weiſer Furchtſamkeit,
Ihr minder zu gefallen,
Als ihr der Schlaf gefiel,
Als ihr der Traum gefiel,
Den ſie vielleicht jetzt träumte,
Von dem, ich hoff' es, träumte,
Der ſtaunend bei ihr ſtand,
Und viel zu viel empfand,
Um deutlich zu empfinden,
Um noch es zu empfinden,
Wie viel er da empfand.
Ich ließ mich ſanfte nieder,
Ich ſegnete, ich küßte ſie,
Ich ſegnete, und küßte wieder.
Und ſchnell erwachte ſie.
Schnell thaten ſich die Augen auf.
Die Augen? — nein, der Himmel that ſich auf.

Der Donner.

Es donnert! — Freunde, laßt uns trinken!
Der Frevler und der Heuchler Heer
Mag knechtiſch auf die Kniee ſinken.
Es donnert! — Macht die Gläſer leer!
Laßt Nüchterne, laßt Weiber zagen!
Zeus iſt gerecht, er ſtraft das Meer:
Sollt' er in ſeinen Nektar ſchlagen?

Der mäßige Pöbel.

Um einen Arzt und ſeine Bühne
Stand mit erſtaunungsvoller Miene
Die leicht betrog'ne Menge
In lobendem Gedränge.
Ein weiſer Trinker ging vorbei,
Und ſchrie: welche Polizei!
So mäßig hier zu ſtehen?
Kann nicht das Volk zu Weine gehen?

Die Muſik.

Ein Orpheus ſpielte; rings um ihn,
Mit lauſchendem Gedränge,
Stand die erſtaunte Menge,
Durchs Ohr die Wolluſt einzuziehn.

Ein Trinker kam von ungefähr,
Und taumelte den Weg daher.
Sogleich faßt' er ſich, blieb horchend ſtehn,
Und ward entzückt, und ſchrie: ſchön!
So ſchön, als wenn bei meinem wackern Wirth:
Das helle Paßglas klirrte!

An den Horaz.

Horaz, wenn ich mein Mädchen küſſe,
Entflammt von unſerm Gott, dem Wein,
Dann ſeh' ich, ohne krit'ſche Schlüſſe,
Dich tiefer als zehn Bentley ein.

Dann fühl' ich ſie, die ſüßen Küſſe,
Die ein barbar'ſcher Biß verletzt,
Sie, welche Venus, nebſt dem Biſſe,
Mit ihres Nektars Fünftheil netzt*).

Dann fühl' ich, mehr als ich kann ſagen,
Die Göttin, durch die Laura küßt,
Wie ſie ſich Amathunts entſchlagen,
Und ganz in mich geſtürzet iſt**).

Sie herrſcht im Herzen, ſie gebietet;
Und Laura löſcht die Phyllis aus.
Sie herrſcht im Herzen? nein, ſie wüthet:
Denn Laura hält mich ab vom Schmaus.

Niklas.

Mein Eſel ſicherlich
Muß klüger ſein, als ich.
Ja, klüger muß er ſein!
Er fand ſich ſelbſt in Stall hinein,
Und kam doch von der Tränke.
Man denke!

Die Küſſe.

Der Neid, o Kind,
Zählt unſre Küſſe:
Drum küß' geſchwind
Ein Tauſend Küſſe;
Geſchwind du mich,
Geſchwind ich dich!
Geſchwind, geſchwind,
O Laura küſſe
Manch Tauſend Küſſe:
Damit er ſich
Verzählen müſſe.

Der ſchwörende Liebhaber.

Ich ſchwör' es dir, o Laura, dich zu haſſen;
Gerechten Haß ſchwör' ich dir zu.
Ich ſchwör' es allen Schönen, ſie zu haſſen;
Weil alle treulos ſind, wie du.
Ich ſchwör' es dir, vor Amors Ohren,
Daß ich — — ach! daß ich falſch geſchworen.

Trinklied.

Voll, voll, voll,
Freunde, macht euch voll!
Wein, Wein, Wein,
Freunde, ſchenkt ihn ein
Küßt, küßt, küßt!
Die euch wieder küßt!
Voll von Wein,
Voll von Liebe,
Voll von Wein und Liebe,
Freunde, voll zu ſein,
Küßt und ſchenket ein!

Der Verluſt.

Alles ging für mich verloren,
Als ich Sylvien verlor.
Du nur gingſt nicht mit verloren,
Liebe, da ich ſie verlor!

Der Genuß.

So bringſt du mich um meine Liebe,
Unſeliger Genuß? Betrübter Tag für mich!
Sie zu verlieren, — meine Liebe, —
Sie zu verlieren, wünſcht' ich dich?
Nimm ſie, den Wunſch ſo mancher Lieben,
Nimm ſie zurück, die kurze Luſt!
Nimm ſie, und gieb der öden Bruſt,
Der ewig öden Bruſt die beſſ're Liebe wieder!

Das Leben.

Sechs Tage kannt' ich ſie,
Und liebte ſie ſechs Tage.
Am ſiebenten erblaßte ſie,
Dem erſten meiner ew'gen Klage.
Noch leb' ich, zauberndes Geſchick!
Ein pflanzengleiches Leben.
O Himmel! iſt für den kein Glück,
Dem du Gefühl und Herz gegeben!
O! nimm dem Körper Wärm' und Blut,
Dem du die Seele ſchon genommen!
Hier, wo ich wein', und wo ſie ruht,
Hier laß den Tod auf mich herab gebeten kommen!
Was hilft es, daß er meine Jahre
Bis zu des Neſtors Alter ſpare?
Ich habe, trotz der grauen Haare,
Womit ich dann zur Grube fahre,
Sechs Tage nur geliebt,
Sechs Tage nur gelebt.

Die Biene.

Als Amor in den gold'nen Zeiten,
Verliebt in Schäferluſtbarkeiten,
Auf bunten Blumenfeldern lief,
Da ſtach den kleinſten von den Göttern
Ein Bienchen, das in Roſenblättern,
Wo es ſonſt Honig holte, ſchlief.

Durch dieſen Stich ward Amor klüger.
Der unerſchöpfliche Betrüger
Sann einer neuen Kriegsliſt nach:
Er lauſcht in Roſen und Violen;
Und kam ein Mädchen, ſie zu holen,
Flog' er als Bien' heraus, und ſtach.

Die Liebe.

Ohne Liebe
Lebe, wer da kann.
Wenn er auch ein Menſch ſchon bliebe,
Bleibt er doch kein Mann.

Süße Liebe,
Mach' mein Leben ſüß!
Stille nie die regen Triebe
Sonder Hinderniß.

Schmachten laſſen
Sei der Schönen Pflicht!
Nur uns ewig ſchmachten laſſen,
Dieſes ſei ſie nicht.

Der Tod.

Geſtern, Brüder, könnt ihr's glauben?
Geſtern bei dem Saft der Trauben,
(Bildet euch mein Schrecken ein!)
Kam der Tod zu mir herein.

Drohend ſchwang er ſeine Hippe,
Drohend ſprach das Furchtgerippe:
Fort, du theurer Bacchusknecht!
Fort, du haſt genug gezecht!

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*) — — — dulcia barbare
Laedentem oscula, quae Venus
Quinta parte sui Nectaris imbuit.

**) — — — in me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit.

Lieber Tod, ſprach ich mit Thränen,
Sollteſt du nach mir dich ſehnen?
Sieh, da ſtehet Wein für dich!
Lieber Tod verſchone mich!

Lächelnd greift er nach dem Glaſe;
Lächelnd macht er's auf der Baaſe,
Auf der Peſt, Geſundheit leer;
Lächelnd ſetzt er's wieder her.

Fröhlich glaub' ich mich befreiet,
Als er ſchnell ſein Droh'n erneuet.
Narre, für dein Gläschen Wein,
Denkſt du, ſpricht er, los zu ſein?

Tod, bat ich, ich möcht' auf Erden
Gern ein Mediciner werden.
Laß mich: ich verſpreche dir
Meine Kranken halb dafür.

Gut, wenn das iſt, magſt du leben:
Ruft er. Nur ſei mir ergeben.
Lebe, bis du ſatt geküßt,
Und des Trinkens müde biſt.

O! wie ſchön klingt dies den Ohren!
Tod, du haſt mich neu geboren.
Dieſes Glas voll Rebenſaft,
Tod, auf gute Brüderſchaft!

Ewig muß ich alſo leben.
Ewig! denn, beim Gott der Reben!
Ewig ſoll mich Lieb' und Wein,
Ewig Wein und Lieb' erfreun!

Der Faule.

Rennt dem ſcheuen Glücke nach!
Freunde! rennt euch alt und ſchwach!
Ich nehm' Theil an eurer Müh:
Die Natur gebietet ſie.
Ich, damit ich auch was thu, —
Seh' euch in dem Lehnſtuhl zu.

Fabeln und Erzählungen v. J. G. E. Leſſing.

Der Sperling und die Feldmaus.

Zur Feldmaus ſprach ein Spatz: Sieh dort den Adler ſitzen!
Sieh, weil du ihn noch ſiehſt! er wiegt den Körper ſchon;
Bereit zum kühnen Flug, bekannt mit Sonn' und Blitzen,
Zieht er nach Jovis Thron.
Doch wette, ſeh' ich ſchon nicht adlermäßig aus —
Ich flieg' ihm gleich. — Fleug, Prahler, rief die Maus.
Indeß flog jener auf, kühn auf geprüfte Schwingen;
Und dieſer wagt's, ihm nachzuſchwingen.
Doch kaum, daß ihr ungleicher Flug
Sie beide bis zur Höh' gemeiner Bäume trug,
Als beide ſich dem Blick der blöden Maus entzogen,
Und beide, wie ſie ſchloß, gleich unermeßlich flogen.

* * *

Ein unbiegſamer F* will kühn wie Milton ſingen.
Nach dem er Richter wählt, nach dem wird's ihm gelingen.

Der Adler und die Eule.

Der Adler Jupiter's und Pallas Eule ſtritten.
„Abſcheulich Nachtgeſpenſt!" — „Beſcheid'ner, darf ich bitten.

„Der Himmel heget mich und dich;
„Was biſt du alſo mehr, als ich?
Der Adler ſprach: Wahr iſt's, im Himmel ſind wir beide;
Doch mit dem Unterſcheide:
Ich kam durch eignen Flug,
Wohin dich deine Göttin trug.

Der Tanzbär.

Ein Tanzbär war der Kett' entriſſen,
Kam wieder in den Wald zurück,
Und tanzte ſeiner Schaar ein Meiſterſtück
Auf den gewohnten Hinterfüßen.
„Seht, ſchrie er, das iſt Kunſt; das lernt man in der Welt.
„Thut mir es nach, wenn's euch gefällt,
„Und wenn ihr könnt!" Geh, brummt ein alter Bär,
Dergleichen Kunſt, ſie ſei ſo ſchwer,
Sie ſei ſo rar ſie ſei,
Zeigt deinen niedern Geiſt und deine Sklaverei.

* * *

Ein großer Hofmann ſein,
Ein Mann, dem Schmeichelei und Liſt
Statt Witz und Tugend iſt;
Der durch Kabalen ſteigt, des Fürſten Gunſt erſtiehlt,
Mit Wort und Schwur als Complimenten ſpielt:
Ein ſolcher Mann, ein großer Hofmann ſein,
Schließt das Lob oder Tadel ein?

Der Hirſch und der Fuchs.

„Hirſch, wahrlich, das begreif' ich nicht,
Hört' ich den Fuchs zum Hirſche ſagen,
„Wie dir der Muth ſo ſehr gebricht?
„Der kleinſte Windhund kann dich jagen.
„Beſieh' dich doch, wie groß du biſt!
„Und ſollt' es dir an Stärke fehlen?
„Den größten Hund, ſo ſtark er iſt,
„Kann dein Geweih mit Einem Stoß' entſeelen.
„Uns Füchſen muß man wohl die Schwachheit überſehn;
„Wir ſind zu ſchwach zum widerſtehn.
„Doch daß ein Hirſch nicht weichen muß,
„Iſt ſonnenklar. Hör' einen Schluß.
„Iſt jemand ſtärker, als ſein Feind,
„Der braucht ſich nicht vor ihm zurückzuziehen;
„Du biſt den Hunden nun weit überlegen, Freund:
„Und folglich darfſt du niemals fliehen.

Gewiß, ich hab' es nie ſo reiflich überlegt.
Von nun an, ſprach der Hirſch, ſieht man mich unbewegt,
Wenn Hund' und Jäger auf mich fallen;
Nun widerſteh' ich allen.

Zum Unglück, daß Dianens Schaar
So nah mit ihren Hunden war.
Sie bellen, und ſobald der Wald
Von ihrem Bellen wiederſchallt,
Fliehn ſchnell der ſchwache Fuchs und ſtarke Hirſch davon.

* * *

Natur thut allzeit mehr, als Demonſtration.

Die Sonne.

Der Stern, durch den es bei uns tagt —
„Ach! Dichter, lern', wie unſer einer ſprechen!
„Muß man, wenn du erzählſt,
„Und uns mit albern Fabeln quälſt,
„Sich denkend noch den Kopf zerbrechen?
Nun gut! die Sonne ward gefragt:
Ob ſie es nicht verdröſſe,
Daß ihre unermeßne Größe
Die durch den Schein betrog'ne Welt
Im Durchſchnitt' größer kaum, als eine Spanne hält.

Mich, ſpricht ſie, ſollte dieſes kränken?
Wer iſt die Welt? wer ſind ſie, die ſo denken?
Ein blind Gewürm! Genug, wenn jene Geiſter nur,
Die auf der Wahrheit dunkeln Spur
Das Weſen von dem Scheine trennen,
Wenn dieſe mich nur beſſer kennen!

* * *

Ihr Dichter, welche Feu'r und Geiſt
Des Pöbels blödem Blick entreißt,
Lernt, will euch mißgeſchätzt des Leſers Kaltſinn kränken,
Zufrieden mit euch ſelbſt, ſtolz wie die Sonne denken!

Das Muſter der Ehen.

Ein rares Beiſpiel will ich ſingen,
Wobei die Welt erſtaunen wird.
Daß alle Ehen Zwietracht bringen,
Glaubt jeder, aber jeder irrt.

Ich ſah das Muſter aller Ehen,
Still, wie die ſtillſte Sommernacht.
O! daß ſie keiner möge ſehen,
Der mich zum frechen Lügner macht!

Und gleichwohl war die Frau kein Engel,
Und der Gemahl kein Heiliger;
Es hatte jedes ſeine Mängel,
Denn niemand iſt von allen leer.

Doch ſollte mich ein Spötter fragen,
Wie dieſe Wunder möglich ſind,
Der laſſe ſich zur Antwort ſagen:
Der Mann war taub, die Frau war blind.

Fauſtin.

Fauſtin, der ganze funfzehn Jahr
Entfernt von Haus und Hof und Weib und Kindern war,
Ward, von dem Wucher reich gemacht,
Auf ſeinem Schiffe heimgebracht.
„Gott, ſeufzt der redliche Fauſtin,
Als ihm die Vaterſtadt in dunkler Fern' erſchien,
„Gott, ſtrafe mich nicht meiner Sünden,
„Und gieb mir nicht verdienten Lohn!
„Laß, weil du gnädig biſt, mich Tochter, Weib und Sohn
„Geſund und fröhlich wieder finden.
So ſeufzt Fauſtin, und Gott erhört den Sünder.
Er kam, und fand ſein Haus in Ueberfluß und Ruh.
Er fand ſein Weib und ſeine beiden Kinder,
Und — Segen Gottes! — zwei dazu.

Die eheliche Liebe.

Klorinde ſtarb; ſechs Wochen drauf
Gab auch ihr Mann das Leben auf,
Und ſeine Seele nahm aus dieſem Weltgetümmel
Den pfeilgeraden Weg zum Himmel.
„Herr Petrus, rief er, aufgemacht!"
„Wer da?" — „Ein wackrer Chriſt." —
„Was für ein wackrer Chriſt?" —
„Der manche Nacht,
„Seitdem die Schwindſucht ihn auf's Krankenbette brachte,
„In Furcht, Gebet und Zittern wachte.
„Macht bald!" — — Das Thor wird aufgethan.
„Ha! ha! Klorindens Mann!
„Mein Freund," ſpricht Petrus, nur herein;
„Noch wird bei eurer Frau ein Plätzchen ledig ſein."

„Was? meine Frau im Himmel? wie?
„Klorinden habt ihr eingenommen?
„Lebe wohl! habt Dank für eure Müh'!
„Ich will ſchon ſonſt wo unterkommen.

Die Bäre.

Den Bären glückt' es, nun ſchon ſeit geraumer Zeit,
Mit Brummen, plumpem Ernſt und ſtolzer Frömmigkeit,
Das Sittenrichteramt, bei allen ſchwächern Thieren,
Aus angemaßter Macht, gleich Wütrichen, zu führen.
Ein jedes fürchte ſich, und keines war ſo kühn,
Sich um die ſaure Pflicht nebſt ihnen zu bemühn;
Bis endlich noch im Fuchs der Patriot erwachte,
Und hier und da ein Fuchs auf Sittenſprüche dachte.
Nun ſah man beide ſtets auf gleiche Zwecke ſehn;
Und beide ſah man doch verſchied'ne Wege gehn.
Die Bäre wollen nur durch Strenge heilig machen;
Die Füchſe ſtrafen auch, doch ſtrafen ſie mit Lachen.
Dort brauchet man nur Fluch: hier brauchet man nur Scherz;
Dort beſſert man den Schein: hier beſſert man das Herz.
Dort ſieht man Düſternheit: hier ſieht man Licht und Leben;
Dort nach der Heuchelei: hier nach der Tugend ſtreben.
Du, der du weiter denkſt, fragſt du mich nicht geſchwind:
Ob beide Theile wohl auch gute Freunde ſind?
O wären ſie's! Welch Glück für Tugend, Witz und Sitten!
Doch nein, der arme Fuchs wird von dem Bär beſtritten,
Und, trotz des guten Zwecks, von ihm in Bann gethan.
Warum? der Fuchs greift ſelbſt die Bäre tadelnd an.

* * *

Ich kann mich diesmal nicht bei der Moral verweilen;
Die fünfte Stunde ſchlägt; ich muß zum Schauplatz eilen.
Freund, leg' die Predigt weg! Willſt du nicht mit mir gehn?
Was ſpielt man? Den Tartüff. Dies Schandſtück ſollt' ich ſehn?

Der Löwe und die Mücke.

Ein junger Held vom muntern Heere,
Das nur der Sonnenſchein belebt,
Und das mit ſaugendem Gewehre
Nach Ruhm geſtoch'ner Beulen ſtrebt,
Doch die man noch zum großen Glücke
Durch zwei Paar Strümpfe hindern kann,
Der junge Held war eine Mücke.
Hört meines Helden Thaten an!

Auf ihren Kreuz- und Ritterzügen
Fand ſie, entfernt von ihrer Schaar,
Im Schlummer einen Löwen liegen,
Der von der Jagd entkräftet war.
Seht, Schweſtern, dort den Löwen ſchlafen,
Schrie ſie die Schweſtern ſauſend an.
Jetzt will ich hin, und will ihn ſtrafen.
Er ſoll mir bluten, der Tyrann!

Sie eilt, und mit verweg'nem Sprunge
Setzt ſie ſich auf des Königs Schwanz.
Sie ſticht, und ſticht mit ſchnellem Schwunge,
Stolz auf den ſauern Lorbeerkranz.
Der Löwe will ſich nicht bewegen!
Wie? iſt er todt? Das heiß' ich Muth!
Zu mörd'riſch war der Mücke Degen;
Doch ſagt, ob er nicht Wunder thut?

„Ich bin es, die den Wald befreiet,
„Wo ſeine Mordſucht ſonſt getobt.
„Seht, Schweſtern, den der Tiger ſcheuet,
„Der ſtirbt! Mein Stachel ſei gelobt!
Die Schweſtern jauchzen, voll Vergnügen,
Um ihre laute Siegerin.
Wie? Löwen, Löwen zu beſiegen!
Wie, Schweſter, kam dir das in Sinn?

„Ja, Schweſtern, wagen muß man! wagen!
„Ich hätt' es ſelber nicht gedacht.
„Auf! laſſet uns mehr Feinde ſchlagen!
„Der Anfang iſt zu ſchön gemacht.
Doch unter dieſen Siegesliedern,
Da jede von Triumphen ſprach,
Erwacht der matte Löwe wieder,
Und eilt erquickt dem Raube nach.

Das Krucifix.

Hans, ſpricht der Pater, du mußt laufen,
Und in der nächſten Stadt ein Krucifix zu kaufen.
Nimm Mazen mit; hier haſt du Geld.
Du wirſt wohl ſehn, wie theuer man es hält.

Hans kommt mit Mazen nach der Stadt.
Der erſte Künſtler war der beſte.
„Herr, wenn Er Krucifixe hat,
„So laſſ' Er uns doch eins zum heil'gen Oſterfeſte.

Der Künſtler war ein ſchalk'ſcher Mann,
Der gern der Einfalt lachte,
Und Dumme gern noch dümmer machte,
Und fing im Scherz zu fragen an:
„Was wollt ihr denn für eines?"

„Je nun, ſpricht Maz, ein wackre feines.
„Wir werden ſehn, was ihr uns gebt."

„Das glaub' ich wohl; allein das frag' ich nicht.
„Ein todtes, oder eins, das lebt?

Hans guckte Mazen und Maz Hanſen ins Geſicht.
Sie öffneten das Maul, allein es redete nicht.
„Nun, gebt mir doch Bericht.
„Habt ihr den Pater nicht gefragt?"
„Mein Blut!" ſpricht endlich Hans, der aus dem Traum erwachte,
„Mein Blut, er hat uns nichts geſagt.
„Weißt du[illegible], Maz?" — „Ich dachte:
„Wenn du's nicht weißt, wie ſoll ich's wiſſen?"
„So werdet ihr den Weg noch einmal gehen müſſen."

„Das wollen wir wohl bleiben laſſen.
„Ja, wenn es nicht zur Frohne wär'.

Sie denken lange hin und her,
Und wiſſen keinen Rath zu faſſen.
Doch endlich fällt es Matzen ein:
„Je! Hans, ſollt's nicht am beſten ſein,
„Wir kauften eins, das lebt? — Denn ſieh,
„Iſt's ihm nicht recht, ſo macht's ja wenig Müh,
„Wär's auch ein Ochs, es todt zu ſchlagen.“
„Nun ja,“ ſpricht Hans, „das wollt' ich eben ſagen:
„So haben wir nicht viel zu wagen.
* * *
Das war ein Argument, ihr Herren Theologen,
Das Hans und Matz ex tuto zogen.

Der Eremit.

Im Walde, nah bei einer Stadt,
Die man mir nicht genennet hat,
Ließ einſt ein ſeltenes Gefieder,
Ein junger Eremit, ſich nieder.

„In einer Stadt,“ denkt Xypilkant,
„Die man ihm nicht genannt?
„Was muß er wohl für eine meinen?
„Beinahe ſollte mir es ſcheinen,
„Daß die, — nein die — gemeinet wär'.
Kurz, Xypilkant denkt hin und her,
Und ſchließt, noch eh' er mich geleſen,
Es ſei gewiß Berlin geweſen.

„Berlin? Ja, ja, das ſieht man bald;
„Denn bei Berlin iſt ja ein Wald.

Der Schluß iſt ſtark, bei meiner Ehre;
Ich dachte nicht, daß es ſo deutlich wäre.
Der Wald paßt herrlich auf Berlin,
Ohn' ihn beim Haar' herbei zu ziehn.
Und ob das Uebrige wird paſſen,
Will ich dem Leſer überlaſſen.
Auf Griechiſch weiß ich, wie ſie hieß;
Doch wer verſteht's? Kerapolis.
Hier, nahe bei Kerapolis,
War's, wo ein junger Eremite,
In einer kleinen leeren Hütte,
Im dickſten Wald ſich niederließ.
Was je ein Eremit gethan,
Fing er mit größtem Eifer an.
Er betete, er ſang, er ſchrie
Des Tags, des Nachts, und ſpät und früh.
Er aß kein Fleiſch, er trank nicht Wein,
Ließ Wurzeln ſeine Nahrung ſein,
Und ſeinen Trank das helle Waſſer;
Bei altem Appetit kein Praſſer.
Er geißelte ſich bis auf's Blut,
Und wußte, wie das Wachen thut.
Er faſtete wohl ganze Tage,
Und blieb auf Einem Fuße ſtehn;
Und machte ſich rechtſchaff'ne Plage,
In Himmel mühſam einzugehn.
Was Wunder alſo, daß gar bald
Vom jungen Heiligen im Wald
Der Ruf bis in die Stadt erſchallt?

Die erſte, die aus dieſer Stadt
Zu ihm die heil'ge Wallfahrt that,
War ein betagtes Weib.
Auf Krücken, zitternd, kam ſie an,
Und fand den wilden Gottesmann,
Der ſie von weitem kommen ſahe,
Dem hölzern Kreuze knieend nahe.
Je näher ſie ihm kommt, je mehr
Schlägt er die Bruſt, und weint, und winſelt er,
Und, wie es ſich für einen Heil'gen ſchicket,
Erblickt ſie nicht, ob er ſie gleich erblicket.
Bis er zuletzt, vom Knieen matt,
Und heiliger Verſtellung ſatt,
Vom Faſten, Kreuz'gen, Kloſterleben,
Marienbildern, Opfergeben,
Von Beichte, Salbung, Seelenmeſſen,
Ohn' das Vermächtniß zu vergeſſen,
Von Roſenkränzen mit ihr redte,
Und das ſo oratoriſch ſagt,
Daß ſie erbärmlich weint und klagt,
Als ob er ſie geprügelt hätte.

Zum Schluß bricht ſie von ſeiner Hütte,
Wozu der ſaure Eremite
Mit Noth ihr die Erlaubniß gab,
Sich einen heil'gen Splitter ab,
Den ſie beküſſet und beleckt,
Und in den welken Buſen ſteckt.
Mit dieſem Schatz von Heiligkeit
Kehrt ſie zurück begnadigt und erfreut,
Und läßt daheim die frömmſten Frauen
Ihn küſſen, andre nur beſchauen.
Sie ging zugleich von Haus zu Haus,
Und rief auf allen Gaſſen aus:
„Der iſt verloren und verflucht,
„Der unſern Eremiten nicht beſucht!
Und brachte hundert Gründe bei,
Warum es ſonderlich den Weibern nützlich ſei.
Ein altes Weib kann Eindruck machen;
Zum Weinen bei der Frau, und bei dem Mann zum Lachen.
Zwar iſt der Satz nicht allgemein;
Auch Männer können Weiber ſein.
Doch diesmal waren ſie es nicht.
Die Weiber ſchienen nur erpicht,
Den theuern Waldſeraph zu ſehen.
Die Männer aber? — wehrten's nicht,
Und ließen ihre Weiber gehen.
Die Häßlichen und Schönen,
Die älteſten und jüngſten Frauen,
Das arme wie das reiche Weib, —
Kurz, jede ging, ſich zu erbauen,
Und jede fand erwünſchten Zeitvertreib.

„Was? Zeitvertreib, wo man erbauen will?
„Was ſoll der Widerſpruch bedeuten?
Ein Widerſpruch? Das wäre viel!
„Er ſprach ja ſonſt von lauter Seligkeiten: —
O! davon ſprach er noch, nur mit dem Unterſchiede:
Mit Alten ſprach er ſtets von Tod und Eitelkeit,
Mit Armen von der Himmelsfreude,
Mit Häßlichen von Ehrbarkeit,
Nur mit den Schönen allezeit
Vom erſten jeder Chriſtentriebe.
„Was iſt das?“ Wer mich fragt, kann der ein Chriſt wohl ſein?
Denn jeder Chriſt kommt damit überein,
Es ſei die liebe Liebe.
Der Eremit war jung; das hab' ich ſchon geſagt.
Doch ſchön? Wer nach der Schönheit fragt,
Der mag ihn hier beſehn.
Genug, den Weibern war er ſchön.
Ein ſtarker, friſcher, junger Kerl,
Nicht dicke wie ein Faß, nicht hager wie ein Quirl —
„Nun, nun, aus ſeiner Koſt iſt jenes leicht zu ſchließen.
Doch ſollte man auch wiſſen,
Daß Gott dem, den er liebt,
Zu Steinen wohl Gedeihen giebt;
Und das iſt doch kein fett Gerichte!
Ein bräunlich männliches Geſichte,
Nicht allzu klein, nicht allzu groß,
Das ſich im dicken Barte ſchloß;
Die Blicke wild, doch ſonder Anmuth nicht;
Die Naſe lang, wie man die Kaiſernaſen dicht't.
Das ungebund'ne Haar floß ſtraubicht um das Haupt;
Und weſentlich're Schönheitsſtücke
Hat der zerriſſ'ne Rock dem Blicke
Nicht ganz entdeckt, nicht ganz geraubt.
Der Waden nur noch zu gedenken:
Sie waren groß, und hart wie Stein.
Das ſollen, wie man ſagt, nicht ſchlimme Zeichen ſein;
Allein den Grund wird man mir ſchenken.

Nun wahrlich, ſo ein Kerl kann Weiber lüſtern machen.
Ich ſag' es nicht für mich; es ſind geſcheh'ne Sachen.
„Geſcheh'ne Sachen? was?
„So iſt man gar zur That gekommen?
Mein lieber Simpler, fragt ſich das?
Weswegen hätt' er denn die Predigt unternommen?
Die ſüße Lehre ſüßer Triebe?
Die Liebe herrſcht Gegenliebe,
Und wer ihr Prieſter iſt, verdienet keinen Haß.

O Andacht, mußt du noch ſo manche Sünde decken!
Zwar die Moral iſt hier zu ſcharf,
Weil mancher Menſch ſich nicht beſpiegeln darf,
Aus Furcht, er möchte vor ſich ſelbſt erſchrecken.
Drum will ich nur mit meinen Leſern
Ganz ſtill nach Hauſe wieder kehren.

Kommt mir einmal der Einfall ein,
Und ein Verleger will für mich ſo gnädig ſein,
Mich in groß Quart in Druck zu nehmen,
So könnt' ich mich vielleicht bequemen,
Mit hundert engliſchen Moralen,
Die ich im Laden ſeh, zu prahlen,
Exempelſchätze, Sittenrichter,
Die alten und die neuen Dichter
Mit witz'gen Fingern nachzuſchlagen,
Und was die ſagen, und nicht ſagen,
In einer Note abzuſchreiben.
Bringt, ſag' ich noch einmal, man mich gedruckt an Tag;
Denn in der Handſchrift laß' ich's bleiben,
Weil ich mich nicht belügen mag.
Ich fahr' in der Erzählung fort —
Doch möcht' ich in der That geſtehn,
Ich hätte manchmal mögen ſehn,
Was die und die, die an den Wallfahrtsort
Mit heiligen Gedanken kam,
Für fremde Mienen an ſich nahm,
Wenn der verweg'ne Eremit,
Fein liſtig, Schritt vor Schritt,
Vom Geiſt auf's Fleiſch zu reden kam.
Ich zweifle nicht, daß die verjagte Scham
Den Zorn nicht ins Geſicht getrieben,
Daß Mund und Hand nicht in Bewegung kam,
Weil beide die Bewegung lieben;
Allein, daß die Verſöhnung ausgeblieben,
Glaub' ich, und wer die Weiber kennt,
Nicht eher, als kein Stroh mehr brennt.
Denn wird doch wohl ein Löwe zahm.
Und eine Frau iſt ohnedies ein Lamm.
„Ein Lamm? du magſt die Weiber kennen.
Je nun, man kann ſie doch in ſo weit Lämmer nennen,
Als ſie von ſelbſt ins Feuer rennen.

„Fährſt du in der Erzählung fort?
„Und bleibſt mit deinem Kritiſiren
„Doch ewig an demſelben Ort?
So kann das Nützliche den Dichter auch verführen.
Nun gut, ich fahre fort,
Und ſag', um wirklich fortzufahren,
Daß nach fünf Vierteljahren
Die Schelmereien ruchbar waren.
„Erſt nach fünf Vierteljahren? Nu;
„Der Eremit hat wacker ausgehalten.
„So viel trau' ich mir doch nicht zu;
„Ich möchte nicht ſein Amt ein Vierteljahr verwalten.
„Allein, wie ward es ewig kund?
„Hat es ein ſchlauer Mann erfahren?
„Verrieth es einer Frau waſchhafter Mund?
„Wie? oder daß den Hochverrath
„Ein alt neugierig Weib, aus Neid, begangen hat?
O nein; hier muß man beſſer rathen.
Zwei muntre Mädchen hatten Schuld,
Die voller frommer Ungeduld
Das thaten, was die Mütter thaten;
Und dennoch wollten ſich die Mütter nicht bequemen,
Die guten Kinder mitzunehmen. —
„Sie merkten alſo wohl den Braten? —
Und haben ihn gar dem Papa verrathen.
„Die Töchter ſagten's dem Papa?
„Wo blieb die Liebe zur Mama?
O! die kann nichts darunter leiden:
Denn wenn ein Mädchen auch die Mutter liebt,
Daß es der Mutter in der Noth
Den letzten Biſſen Brot
Aus ſeinem Munde giebt;
So kann das Mädchen doch die Mutter hier beneiden,
Hier, wo ſo Lieb' als Klugheit ſpricht:
Ihr Schönen, trotz der Kinderpflicht,
Vergeßt euch ſelber nicht.
Kurz, durch die Mädchen kam's ans Licht,
Daß er, der Eremit, beinah die ganze Stadt
Zu Schwägern oder Kindern hat.

O! der verfluchte Schelm! Wer hätte das gedacht!
Die ganze Stadt ward aufgebracht,
Und jeder Ehmann ſchwur, daß in der erſten Nacht,
Er und ſein Mitgenoß, der Hain,
Des Feuers Beute müſſe ſein.
Schon rotteten ſich ganze Scharen,
Die zu der Rache fertig waren.
Doch ein hochweiſer Magiſtrat
Beſetzt das Thor, und ſperrt die Stadt,
Der Eigenrache vorzukommen,
Und ſchickte alſobald
Die Schergen in den Wald,
Die ihn vom Kreuze weg, und in Verhaft genommen.
Man redte ſchon von Galgen und von Rad,
So ſehr ſchien ſein Verbrechen häßlich;
Und keine Strafe war ſo gräßlich,
Die, wie man ſagt, er nicht verdienet hat.
Und nur ein Hageſtolz, ein ſchlauer Advokat,
Sprach: o! dem komme man nicht ans Leben,
Der es Unzähligen zu geben,
So rühmlich ſich befliſſen hat.
Der Eremite, der die Nacht
Im Kerker ungewiß und ſorgend durchgewacht,
Ward morgens ins Verhör gebracht.
Der Richter war ein ſchalk'ſcher Mann,
Der jeden mit Vergnügen ſchraubte,
Und doch — (wie man ſich irren kann!)
Von ſeiner Frau das Beſte glaubte.
„Sie iſt ein Ausbund aller Frommen,
„Und nur einmal in Wald gekommen,
„Den Pater Eremit zu ſehn.
„Einmal! Was kann da viel geſchehn?
So denkt der gütige Herr Richter.
Denk' immer ſo, zu deiner Ruh,
Lacht gleich die Wahrheit und der Dichter.
Und deine fromme Frau dazu.

Nun tritt der Eremit vor ihn.
„Mein Freund, wollt ihr von ſelbſt die nennen,
„Die — die ihr kennt, und die euch kennen:
„So könnt ihr der Tortur entfliehn.
„Doch" — „Darum laſſ' ich mich nicht plagen.
„Ich will ſie alle ſagen.
„Herr Richter, ſchreib' Er nur!" Und wie?
Der Eremit entdecket ſie?
Ein Eremite kann nicht ſchweigen?
Sonſt iſt das Plaudern nur den Stutzern eigen.
Der Richter ſchrieb. „Die erſte war
„Kamilla" — Wer? Kamilla? „Ja fürwahr!
„Die andern ſind: Sophia, Laura, Doris,
„Angelike, Korinna, Chloris" —
„Der Henker mag ſie alle faſſen,
„Gemach! und eine nach der andern fein!
„Denn eine nur vorbei zu laſſen" —
Wird wohl kein großer Schade ſein,
Fiel jeder Rathsherr ihm ins Wort.
Hört, ſchrieen ſie, erzählt nur fort!
Weil jeder Rathsherr in Gefahr,
Sein eigen Weib zu hören war.
„Ihr Herren, ſchrie der Richter, nein!
„Die Wahrheit muß am Tage ſein;
„Was können wir ſonſt für ein Urtheil faſſen?
Ihn, ſchrieen alle, gehn zu laſſen.
„Nein, die Gerechtigkeit" — und kurz, der Delinquent
Hat jede noch einmal genennt,
Und jeder hing der Richter dann
Ein loſes Wort für ihren Hahnrei an.
Das Hundert war ſchon mehr als voll;
Der Eremit, der mehr geſtehen ſoll,
Stockt, weigert ſich, ſcheut ſich, zu ſprechen —
„Nu, nu, nur fort! was zwingt euch wohl,
„So unvermuthet abzubrechen?"
„Das ſind ſie alle!" „Seid ihr toll?
„Ein Held wie ihr! Geſtehet nur, geſteht!
„Die letzten waren, wie ihr ſeht:
„Kara, Pulcheria, Suſanna,
„Charlotte, Mariane, Hanne.
„Denkt nach! ich laſſ' euch Zeit dazu!"
„Das ſind ſie wirklich alle!" „Nu —
„Macht, eh' wir ſchärfer in euch dringen!"
„Nein, keine mehr; ich weiß genau" —
„Ha! ha! ich ſeh', man ſoll euch zwingen" — —
„Nun gut, Herr Richter, — Seine Frau. —

* * *

Daß man von der Erzählung nicht
Als einem Weibermärchen ſpricht,
So mach' ich ſie zum Lehrgedicht
Durch beigefügten Unterricht:
Wer ſeines Nächſten Schande ſucht,
Wird ſelber ſeine Schande finden!
Nicht wahr, ſo lieſt man mich mit Frucht,
Und ich erzähle ſonder Sünden?

Die Brille.

Dem alten Freiherrn von Chryſant,
Wagt' es Amor, einen Streich zu ſpielen.
Für einen Hageſtolz bekannt,
Fing, um die Sechzig, er ſich wieder an zu fühlen.

Es flatterte, von Alt und Jung begafft,
Mit Reizen ganz beſond'rer Kraft,
Ein Bürgermädchen in der Nachbarſchaft.
Dies Bürgermädchen hieß Finette.
Finette ward des Freiherrn Siegerin.
Ihr Bild ſtand mit ihm auf, und ging mit ihm zu Bette.
Da dacht' in ſeinem Sinn
Der Freiherr: „Und warum denn nur ihr Bild?
„Ihr Bild, das zwar den Kopf, doch nicht die Arme füllt?
„Sie ſelbſt ſteh' mit mir auf, und geh' mit mir zu Bette.
„Sie werde meine Frau! Es ſchelte, wer da ſchilt;
„Genäd'ge Tant' und Nicht' und Schwägerin!
„Finett' iſt meine Frau, und — ihre Dienerin.

Schon ſo gewiß? Man wird es hören.
Der Freiherr kommt, ſich zu erklären;
Er greift das Mädchen bei der Hand,
Thut, wie ein Freiherr, ganz bekannt,
Und ſpricht. „Ich, Freiherr von Chryſant,
„Ich habe Sie, mein Kind, zu meiner Frau erſehen.
„Sie wird ſich hoffentlich nicht ſelbſt im Lichte ſtehen.
„Ich habe Guts die Häll' und Fülle.
Und hierauf las er ihr, durch eine große Brille,
Von einem großen Zettel ab,
Wie viel ihm Gott an Gütern gab;
Wie reich er ſie beſchenken wolle;
Welch großen Wittwenſchatz ſie einmal haben ſolle.
Dies alles las der reiche Mann
Ihr von dem Zettel ab, und guckte durch die Brille
Bei jedem Punkte ſie begierig an.
„Nun, Kind, was iſt ihr Wille?"
Mit dieſen Worten ſchwieg der Freiherr ſtille,
Und nahm mit dieſen Worten ſeine Brille —
(Denn, dacht' er, wird das Mädchen nun,
So wie ein kluges Mädchen thun;
Wird mich und ſie ihr ſchnelles Ja beglücken;
Werd' ich den erſten Kuß auf ihre Lippen drücken:
So könnt' ich, im Entzücken,
Die theure Brille leicht zerknicken!) —
Die theure Brille wohlbedächtig ab.

Finette, der dies Zeit, ſich zu bedenken, gab,
Bedachte ſich, und ſprach nach reiflichem Bedenken:
„Sie ſprechen, gnäd'ger Herr, von Freien und von Schenken:
„Ach! gnäd'ger Herr! das alles wär' ſehr ſchön!
„Ich würd' in Sammt und Seide geh'n —
„Was gehn? Ich würde nicht mehr gehn;
„Ich würde ſtolz mit Sechſen fahren.
„Mir würden ganze Schaaren
„Von Dienern zu Gebote ſtehn.
„Ach! wie geſagt, das alles wär' ſehr ſchön.
„Wenn ich — wenn ich" — —
„Ein Wenn? Ich will doch ſehn,
(Hier ſahe man den alten Herren ſich blähn)
„Was für ein Wenn mir kann im Wege ſtehn!"

„Wenn ich nur nicht verſchworen hätte" — —
„Verſchworen? was? Finette,
„Verſchworen, nicht zu frei'n? —
„O Brille, rief der Freiherr, Brille!
Und griff nach ſeiner Brille,
Und nahm das Mädchen durch die Brille
Nochmals in Augenſchein,
Und rief beſtändig: „Brille! Brille!
„Verſchworen, nicht zu frei'n!"

„Behüte!" ſprach Finette,
„Verſchworen nur, mir keinen Mann zu frei'n,
„Der ſo, wie Ihro Gnaden pflegt,
„Die Augen in der Taſche trägt!

Nix Bodenſtrom.

Nix Bodenſtrom, ein Schiffer, nahm —
War es in Hamburg oder Amſterdam,
Daran iſt wenig oder nichts gelegen —
Ein junges Weib.
„Das iſt auch ſehr verwegen,
„Freund!" ſprach ein Kaufherr, den zum Hochzeitſchmauſe
Der Schiffer bat. „Du biſt ſo lang' und oft von Hauſe;
„Dein Weibchen bleibt indeß allein:
„Und dennoch — willſt du mit Gewalt denn Hahnrei ſein?
„Indeß, daß du zur See dein Leben wagſt;
„Indeß, daß du in Surinam, am Amazonenfluſſe,
„Dich bei den Hottentotten, Kannibalen plagſt:
„Indeß wird ſie" — —
„Mit Eurem ſchönen Schluſſe!"
Verſetzte Nix. „Indeß, indeß! Ei nun!
„Das Nämliche kann Euer Weibchen thun —
„Denn, Herr, was braucht's dazu für Zeit? —
„Indeß ihr auf der Börſe ſeid.

Das Geheimniß.

Hans war zum Pater hingetreten,
Ihm ſeine Sünden vorzubeten.
Hans war noch jung, doch, ohne Ruhm,
So jung er war, von Herzen dumm.

Der Pater hört ihn an. Hans beichtete nicht viel.
Was ſollte Hans auch beichten?
Von Sünden wußt' er nichts, und deſto mehr vom Spiel.
Spiel iſt ein Mittelding, das braucht er nicht zu beichten.
„Nun, ſoll das alles ſein?
„Fällt, ſprach der Pater, dir ſonſt nichts zu beichten ein?"
„Ehrwürd'ger Herr, ſonſt nichts" . .
„Sonſt weißt du gar nichts mehr?"
„Gar nichts, bei meiner Ehr'!"
„Sonſt weißt du nichts? Das wäre ſchnöde!
„So wenig Sünden? Hans, beſinn' dich recht."
„Ach, Herr, mit ſeinen ſcharfen Fragen . .
„Ich wüßte wohl noch was."
„Nu? Nur heraus!" . . „Ja das,
„Herr Pater, kann ich ihm bei meiner Treu nicht ſagen."
„So? weißt du etwa ſchon, worüber junge Dirnen,
„Wenn man es ihnen thut, und ihnen nicht thut, zürnen?"
„Herr, ich verſteh' euch nicht" . . „Und deſto beſſer, gut.
„Du weißt doch nichts von Dieberei, von Blut?
„Dein Vater hurt doch nicht?" . . „O, meine Mutter ſpricht's;
„Doch das iſt alles nichts."
„Nichts? Nu? was weißt du denn? Geſteh! Du mußt es ſagen;
„Und ich verſprech' es dir,
„Was du geſtehſt, bleibt bei mir."
„Auf ſein Verſprechen, Herr, mag es ein And'rer wagen;
„Daß ich kein Narre bin!
„Er darf's, Ehrwürd'ger Herr, nur einem Jungen ſagen,
„So iſt mein Glücke hin."
„Verſtockter Böſewicht, fuhr ihn der Pater an,
„Weißt du, vor wem du ſtehſt? . . Daß ich dich zwingen kann?
„Geh! dein Gewiſſen ſoll dich brennen!
„Kein Heiliger dich kennen!
„Dich kenn' Maria nicht, auch nicht Mariens Sohn!
Hier wär' dem armen Bauerjungen
Vor Angſt beinah' das Herz zerſprungen.
Er weint, und ſprach voll Reu: „Ich weiß" . . „Das weiß ich ſchon.
„Daß du was weißt; doch was?" . . „Was ſich nicht ſagen läßt" . .
„Noch zauderſt du?" . . „Ich weiß" . . „Was denn?" „Ein Vogelneſt.
„Doch wo es iſt, fragt nicht; ich fürchte drum zu kommen.
„Vorm Jahre hat mir Matz wohl zehne weggenommen."
„Geh', Narr, ein Vogelneſt war nicht der Mühe werth,
„Daß du es mir geſagt, und ich's von dir begehrt.

* * *

Ich kenn' ein drollig Volk, mit mir kennt es die Welt,
Das ſchon ſeit manchen Jahren
Die Neugier auf der Folter hält,
Und dennoch kann ſie nichts erfahren;
Hör' auf, leichtgläub'ge Schar, ſie forſchend zu umſchlingen!
Hör' auf, mit Ernſt in ſie zu dringen!
Wer kein Geheimniß hat, kann leicht den Mund verſchließen.
Das Gift der Plauderei iſt, nichts zu plaudern wiſſen

Und wiſſen ſie auch was, ſo kann mein Mährchen lehren,
Daß oft Geheimniſſe uns nichts Geheimes lehren,
Und man zuletzt wohl ſpricht: war das der Mühe werth,
Daß ihr es mir geſagt, und ich's von euch begehrt?

Morydan.

Das Schiff, worinnen Morydan,
Ein armer und doch feiger Mann,
Mit ſeinem Weib' und Kindern war,
Kam plötzlich auf der See in Sturm und in Gefahr.
„Ach, Götter, laßt euch doch bewegen!
„Ach laßt, ſchrie Morydan, laßt Well und Wind ſich legen!
„Nur diesmal laßt mich noch der naſſen Gruft entfliehn.
„Nie, nie, gelob' ich euch, mehr über's Meer zu ziehn.
„Neptun, Neptun erhöre mich!
„Sechs ſchwarze Rinder ſchenk' ich dir
„Zum Opfer dann mit Luſt dafür!"
„Sechs ſchwarze Rinder?" ſprach Manbar,
Sein Nachbar, der zugegen war.
„Sechs ſchwarze Rinder? biſt du toll?
„Mir iſt es ja bekannt,
„Daß ſolchen Reichthum nie das Glück dir zugewandt.
„Und du glaubſt, daß es Gott Neptun nicht wiſſen ſoll!

* * *

Wie oft, o Sterblicher, wie oft traueſt du
Der Gottheit weniger, als deinem Nachbar zu!

Nathan der Weiſe*).

Saladin. Nathan.

Saladin.
(So iſt das Feld hier rein!) — Ich komm' dir doch
Nicht zu geſchwind zurück? Du biſt zu Rande
Mit deiner Ueberlegung? — Nun, ſo rede!
Es hört uns keine Seele.
Nathan.
Möcht' auch doch
Die ganze Welt uns hören.
Saladin.
So gewiß
Iſt Nathan ſeiner Sache? Ha! das nenn'
Ich einen Weiſen! Nie die Wahrheit zu
Verhehlen! für ſie alles auf das Spiel
Zu ſetzen, Leib und Leben! Gut und Blut!
Nathan.
Ja! ja! wenn's nöthig iſt und nutzt.
Saladin.
Von nun
An darf ich hoffen, einen meiner Titel:
Verbeſſerer der Welt und des Geſetzes,
Mit Recht zu führen.
Nathan.
Traun, ein ſchöner Titel!
Doch, Sultan, eh' ich mich dir ganz vertraue,
Erlaubſt du wohl, dir ein Geſchichtchen zu
Erzählen?
Saladin.
Warum das nicht? Ich bin ſtets
Ein Freund geweſen von Geſchichtchen, gut
Erzählt.
Nathan.
Ja, gut erzählen, das iſt nun
Wohl eben meine Sache nicht.
Saladin.
Schon wieder
So ſtolz beſcheiden? — Mach'! erzähl', erzähle!
Nathan.
Vor grauen Jahren lebt' ein Mann in Oſten,
Der einen Ring von unſchätzbarem Werth'
Aus lieber Hand beſaß. Der Stein war ein
Opal, der hundert ſchöne Farben ſpielte,
Und hatte die geheime Kraft, vor Gott
Und Menſchen angenehm zu machen, wer
In dieſer Zuverſicht ihn trug. Was Wunder,
Daß ihn der Mann in Oſten darum nie
Vom Finger ließ, und die Verfügung traf,
Auf ewig ihn bei ſeinem Hauſe zu
Erhalten? Nämlich ſo. Er ließ den Ring
Von ſeinen Söhnen dem geliebteſten;
Und ſetzte feſt, daß dieſer wiederum
Den Ring von ſeinen Söhnen dem vermache,
Der ihm der liebſte ſei; und ſtets der Liebſte,
Ohn' Anſehn der Geburt, in Kraft allein
Des Rings, das Haupt, der Fürſt des Hauſes werde. —
Verſteh mich, Sultan.
Saladin.
Ich verſteh dich. Weiter!
Nathan.
So kam nun dieſer Ring, von Sohn zu Sohn,
Auf einen Vater endlich von drei Söhnen;
Die alle drei ihm gleich gehorſam waren,
Die alle drei er folglich gleich zu lieben
Sich nicht entbrechen konnte. Nur von Zeit
Zu Zeit ſchien ihm bald der, bald dieſer, bald
Der dritte — ſo wie jeder ſich mit ihm
Allein befand, und ſein ergießend Herz
Die andern zwei nicht theilten, — würdiger
Des Ringes; den er denn auch einem jeden
Die fromme Schwachheit hatte, zu verſprechen.
Das ging nun ſo, ſo lang' es ging. — Allein
Es kam zum Sterben, und der gute Vater
Kommt in Verlegenheit. Es ſchmerzt ihn, zwei
Von ſeinen Söhnen, die ſich auf ſein Wort
Verlaſſen, ſo zu kränken. — Was zu thun? —
Er ſendet in Geheim zu einem Künſtler,
Bei dem er, nach dem Muſter ſeines Ringes,
Zwei andere beſtellt, und weder Koſten
Noch Mühe ſparen heißt, ſie jenem gleich,
Vollkommen gleich zu machen. Das gelingt
Dem Künſtler. Da er ihm die Ringe bringt,
Kann ſelbſt der Vater ſeinen Muſterring
Nicht unterſcheiden. Froh und freudig ruft
Er ſeine Söhne, jeden ins beſondere;
Giebt jedem ins beſondre ſeinen Segen —
Und ſeinen Ring, — und ſtirbt. — Du hörſt doch, Sultan?
Saladin (der ſich betroffen von ihm gewandt).
Ich hör', ich höre! — Komm mit deinem Mährchen
Nur bald zu Ende. — Wird's?
Nathan.
Ich bin zu Ende.
Denn was noch folgt, verſteht ſich ja von ſelbſt. —
Kaum war der Vater todt, ſo kommt ein jeder
Mit ſeinem Ring', und jeder will der Fürſt
Des Hauſes ſein. Man unterſucht, man zankt,
Man klagt. Umſonſt; der rechte Ring war nicht
Erweislich; —
(nach einer Pauſe, in welcher er des Sultans Antwort erwartet)
faſt ſo unerweislich, als
Uns jetzt — der rechte Glaube.
Saladin.
Wie? das ſoll
Die Antwort ſein auf meine Frage? . . .
Nathan.
[illegible]
Mich bloß entſchuldigen, wenn ich die Ringe
Mir nicht getrau' zu unterſcheiden, die
Der Vater in der Abſicht machen ließ,
Damit ſie nicht zu unterſcheiden wären.
Saladin.
Die Ringe! — Spiele nicht mit mir! — Ich dächte,
Daß die Religionen, die ich dir
Genannt, doch wohl zu unterſcheiden wären.
Bis auf die Kleidung; bis auf Speiſ' und Trank!
Nathan.
Und nur von Seiten ihrer Gründe nicht. —
Denn gründen alle ſich nicht auf Geſchichte?
Geſchrieben oder überliefert! — Und
Geſchichte muß doch wohl allein auf Treu
Und Glauben angenommen werden? — Nicht? —
Nun, weſſen Treu und Glauben zieht man denn
Am wenigſten in Zweifel? Doch der Seinen?
Doch, deren Blut wir ſind? doch deren, die
Von Kindheit an uns Proben ihrer Liebe
Gegeben? die uns nie getäuſcht, als wo
Getäuſcht zu werden, uns heilſamer war?
Wie kann ich meinen Vätern weniger,
Als du den deinen glauben? Oder umgekehrt.
Kann ich von dir verlangen, daß du deine
Vorfahren Lügen ſtrafſt, um meinen nicht
Zu widerſprechen? Oder umgekehrt.
Das Nämliche gilt von den Chriſten. Nicht? —
Saladin.
(Bei dem Lebendigen! Der Mann hat Recht.
Ich muß verſtummen.)

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*) Dramatiſches Gedicht von J. G. E. Leſſing (3. Aufzug, 7. Auftritt).

Nathan.

Laß auf unſ're Ring'
Uns wieder kommen. Wie geſagt: die Söhne
Verklagten ſich; und jeder ſchwur dem Richter,
Unmittelbar aus ſeines Vaters Hand
Den Ring zu haben — wie auch wahr! — nachdem
Er von ihm lange das Verſprechen ſchon
Gehabt, des Ringes Vorrecht einmal zu
Genießen — wie nicht minder wahr! — Der Vater,
Betheu'rte jeder, könne gegen ihn
Nicht falſch geweſen ſein; und eh' er dieſes
Von ihm, von einem ſolchen lieben Vater,
Argwohnen laſſ': eh' müſſ' er ſeine Brüder,
So gern er ſonſt von ihnen nur das Beſte
Bereit zu glauben ſei, des falſchen Spiels
Bezeihen; und er wolle die Verräther
Schon auszufinden wiſſen, ſich ſchon rächen.

Saladin.

Und nun, der Richter? — Mich verlangt zu hören,
Was du den Richter ſagen läſſeſt. Sprich!

Nathan.

Der Richter ſprach: Wenn ihr mir nun den Vater
Nicht bald zur Stelle ſchafft, ſo weiſ' ich euch
Von meinem Stuhle. Denkt ihr, daß ich Räthſel
Zu löſen da bin? Oder harret ihr,
Bis daß der rechte Ring den Mund eröffne? —
Doch halt! Ich höre ja, der rechte Ring
Beſitzt die Wunderkraft, beliebt zu machen,
Vor Gott und Menſchen angenehm. Das muß
Entſcheiden! Denn die falſchen Ringe werden
Doch das nicht können: — Nun; wen lieben zwei
Von euch am meiſten? — Macht, ſagt an! — Ihr ſchweigt?
Die Ringe wirken nur zurück? und nicht
Nach außen? Jeder liebt ſich ſelber nur
Am meiſten? — O, ſo ſeid ihr alle drei
Betrogene Betrüger! Eure Ringe
Sind alle drei nicht echt. Der echte Ring
Vermuthlich ging verloren. Den Verluſt
Zu bergen, zu erſetzen, ließ der Vater
Die drei für einen machen.

Saladin.

Herrlich! Herrlich!

Nathan.

Und alſo, fuhr der Richter fort, wenn ihr
Nicht meinen Rath, ſtatt meines Spruches, wollt:
Geht nur! — Mein Rath iſt aber der: Ihr nehmt
Die Sache völlig, wie ſie liegt. Hat von
Euch jeder ſeinen Ring von ſeinem Vater:
So glaube jeder ſicher ſeinen Ring
Den echten. — Möglich, daß der Vater nun
Die Tyrannei des Einen Rings nicht länger
In ſeinem Hauſe dulden wollen! — Und gewiß,
Daß er euch alle drei geliebt, und gleich
Geliebt: indem er zwei nicht drücken mögen,
Um einen zu begünſtigen. — Wohlan!
Es eif're jeder ſeiner unbeſtoch'nen,
Von Vorurtheilen freien Liebe nach!
Es ſtrebe von euch jeder um die Wette,
Die Kraft des Steins in ſeinem Ring' an Tag
Zu legen! komme dieſer Kraft mit Sanftmuth,
Mit herzlicher Verträglichkeit, mit Wohlthun,
Mit innigſter Ergebenheit in Gott,
Zu Hülf'! Und wenn ſich dann der Steine Kräfte
Bei euern Kindes-Kindeskindern äußern:
So lad' ich über tauſend tauſend Jahre
Sie wiederum vor dieſen Stuhl. Da wird
Ein weiſ'rer Mann auf dieſem Stuhle ſitzen,
Als ich, und ſprechen. Geht! — So ſagte der
Beſcheid'ne Richter.

Saladin.

Gott! Gott!

Nathan.

Saladin,
Wenn du dich fühleſt, dieſer weiſere
Verſproch'ne Mann zu ſein . . .

Saladin

(der auf ihn zuſtürzt, und ſeine Hand ergreift, die er bis zu Ende nicht wieder fahren läßt).

Ich Staub? Ich Nichts?
O Gott!

Nathan.

Was iſt dir, Sultan?

Saladin.

Nathan, lieber Nathan! —
Die tauſend tauſend Jahre deines Richters
Sind noch nicht um. — Sein Richterſtuhl iſt nicht
Der meine. — Geh! — Geh! — Aber ſei mein Freund.

Nathan.

Und weiter hätte Saladin mir nichts
Zu ſagen?

Saladin.

Nichts.

Nathan.

Nichts?

Saladin.

Gar nichts. — Und warum?

Nathan.

Ich hätte noch Gelegenheit gewünſcht,
Dir eine Bitte vorzutragen.

Saladin.

Braucht's
Gelegenheit zu einer Bitte? — Rede!

Nathan.

Ich komm' von einer weiten Reiſ', auf welcher
Ich Schulden eingetrieben. — Faſt hab' ich
Des baaren Geld's zu viel. — Die Zeit beginnt
Bedenklich wiederum zu werden; — und
Ich weiß nicht recht, wo ſicher damit hin. —
Da dacht' ich, ob nicht du vielleicht — weil doch
Ein naher Krieg des Geldes immer mehr
Erfordert — etwas brauchen könnteſt.

Saladin (ihm ſteif in die Augen ſehend).

Nathan! —
Ich will nicht fragen, ob Al-Hafi ſchon
Bei dir geweſen; — will nicht unterſuchen,
Ob dich nicht ſonſt ein Argwohn treibt, mir dieſes
Erbieten freier Dinge zu thun . . .

Nathan.

Ein Argwohn?

Saladin.

Ich bin ihn werth. — Verzeih mir! — Denn was hilft's?
Ich muß dir nur geſtehen, — daß ich im
Begriffe war . . .

Nathan.

Doch nicht, das Nämliche
An mich zu ſuchen?

Saladin.

Allerdings.

Nathan.

So wär'
Uns beiden ja geholfen! — Daß ich aber
Dir alle meine Baarſchaft nicht kann ſchicken,
Das macht der junge Tempelherr. Du kennſt
Ihn ja. — Ihm hab' ich eine große Poſt
Vorher noch zu bezahlen.

Saladin.

Tempelherr?
Du wirſt doch meine ſchlimmſten Feinde nicht
Mit deinem Geld noch unterſtützen wollen?

Nathan.

Ich ſpreche von dem Einen nur, dem du
Das Leben ſparteſt . . .

Saladin.

Ah! woran erinnerſt
Du mich! — Hab' ich doch dieſen Jüngling ganz
Vergeſſen! — Kennſt du ihn? — Wo iſt er?

Nathan.

Wie?
So weißt du nicht, wie viel von deiner Gnade
Für ihn, durch ihn, auf mich gefloſſen? — Er,
Er mit Gefahr des neu erhalt'nen Lebens,
Hat meine Tochter aus dem Feu'r gerettet.

Saladin.

Er? Hat er das? — Ha! darnach ſah er aus.
Das hätte traun mein Bruder auch gethan,
Dem er ſo ähnelt! — Iſt er denn noch hier?
So bring ihn her! — Ich habe meiner Schweſter
Von dieſem ihren Bruder, den ſie nicht
Gekannt, ſo viel erzählet, daß ich ſie
Sein Ebenbild doch auch muß ſehen laſſen! —
Geh, hol' ihn! — Wie aus Einer guten That,
Gebar ſie auch ſchon bloße Leidenſchaft,
Doch ſo viel and're gute Thaten fließen! —
Geh, hol' ihn!

Nathan (indem er Saladins Hand fahren läßt).

Augenblicks! Und bei dem andern
Bleibt es doch auch?

(ab.)

Saladin.
Ah! daß ich meine Schweſter
Nicht vorhero laſſen! — Zu ihr! zu ihr! — Denn
Wie ſoll ich alles das ihr nun erzählen?
(ab von der andern Seite.)

Ernſt und Falk*).

Geſpräche für Freimaurer.

Erſtes Geſpräch.

Ernſt. Woran denkſt du, Freund?

Falk. An nichts.

Ernſt. Aber du biſt ſo ſtill.

Falk. Eben darum. Wer denkt, wenn er genießt? Und ich genieße des erquickenden Morgens.

Ernſt. Du haſt Recht; und du hätteſt mir meine Frage nur zurückgeben dürfen.

Falk. Wenn ich an etwas dächte, würde ich darüber ſprechen. Nichts geht über das laut Denken mit einem Freunde.

Ernſt. Gewiß.

Falk. Haſt du des ſchönen Morgens ſchon genug genoſſen; fällt dir etwas ein: ſo ſprich du. Mir fällt nichts ein.

Ernſt. Gut das! — Mir fällt ein, daß ich dich ſchon längſt um etwas fragen wollte.

Falk. So frage doch.

Ernſt. Iſt es wahr, Freund, daß du ein Freimaurer biſt?

Falk. Die Frage iſt Eines, der keiner iſt.

Ernſt. Freilich! — Aber antworte mir geradezu. — Biſt du ein Freimaurer?

Falk. Ich glaube, es zu ſein.

Ernſt. Die Antwort iſt Eines, der ſeiner Sache eben nicht gewiß iſt.

Falk. O doch! — Ich bin meiner Sache ſo ziemlich gewiß.

Ernſt. Denn du wirſt ja wohl wiſſen, ob und wann und wo und von wem du aufgenommen worden.

Falk. Das weiß ich allerdings; aber das würde ſo viel nicht ſagen wollen.

Ernſt. Nicht?

Falk. Wer nimmt nicht auf, und wer wird nicht aufgenommen!

Ernſt. Erkläre dich.

Falk. Ich glaube, ein Freimaurer zu ſein, nicht ſowohl, weil ich von ältern Maurern in einer geſetzlichen Loge aufgenommen worden, ſondern weil ich einſehe und erkenne, was und warum die Freimaurerei iſt, wann und wo ſie geweſen, wie und wodurch ſie befördert oder gehindert wird.

Ernſt. Und drückſt dich gleichwohl ſo zweifelhaft aus? — Ich glaube, einer zu ſein!

Falk. Dieſes Ausdrucks bin ich nun ſo gewohnt. Nicht zwar, als ob ich Mangel an eigener Ueberzeugung hätte, ſondern weil ich nicht gern mich Jemandem gerade in den Weg ſtellen mag.

Ernſt. Du antworteſt mir als einem Fremden.

Falk. Fremder oder Freund!

Ernſt. Du biſt aufgenommen, du weißt alles — —

Falk. Andere ſind auch aufgenommen, und glauben zu wiſſen.

Ernſt. Könnteſt du denn aufgenommen ſein, ohne zu wiſſen, was du weißt?

Falk. Leider!

Ernſt. Wie ſo?

Falk. Weil viele, welche aufnehmen, es ſelbſt nicht wiſſen; die wenigen aber, die es wiſſen, es nicht ſagen können.

Ernſt. Und könnteſt du denn wiſſen, was du weißt, ohne aufgenommen zu ſein?

Falk. Warum nicht? — Die Freimaurerei iſt nichts Willkührliches, nichts Entbehrliches; ſondern etwas Nothwendiges, das in dem Weſen des Menſchen und der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft gegründet iſt. Folglich muß man auch durch eigenes Nachdenken eben ſowohl darauf verfallen können, als man durch Anleitung darauf geführt wird.

Ernſt. Die Freimaurerei wäre nichts Willkührliches? — Hat ſie nicht Worte und Zeichen und Gebräuche, welche alle anders ſein könnten, und folglich willkührlich ſind?

Falk. Das hat ſie. Aber dieſe Worte und dieſe Zeichen und dieſe Gebräuche ſind nicht die Freimaurerei.

Ernſt. Die Freimaurerei wäre nichts Entbehrliches? — Wie machten es denn die Menſchen, als die Freimaurerei noch nicht war?

Falk. Die Freimaurerei war immer.

Ernſt. Nun was iſt ſie denn, dieſe nothwendige, dieſe unentbehrliche Freimaurerei?

Falk. Wie ich dir ſchon zu verſtehen gegeben: — Etwas, das ſelbſt die, die es wiſſen, nicht ſagen können.

Ernſt. Alſo ein Unding.

Falk. Uebereile dich nicht.

Ernſt. Wovon ich einen Begriff habe, das kann ich auch mit Worten ausdrücken.

Falk. Nicht immer; und oft wenigſtens nicht ſo, daß andere durch die Worte vollkommen eben denſelben Begriff bekommen, den ich dabei habe.

Ernſt. Wenn nicht vollkommen eben denſelben, doch einen etwanigen.

Falk. Der etwanige Begriff wäre hier unnütz oder gefährlich. Unnütz, wenn er nicht genug, und gefährlich, wenn er das geringſte zu viel enthielte.

Ernſt. Sonderbar! — Da alſo ſelbſt die Freimaurer, welche das Geheimniß ihres Ordens wiſſen, es nicht wörtlich mittheilen können, wie breiten ſie denn gleichwohl ihren Orden aus?

Falk. Durch Thaten. — Sie laſſen gute Männer und Jünglinge, die ſie ihres nähern Umgangs würdigen, ihre Thaten vermuthen, errathen, — ſehen, ſo weit ſie zu ſehen ſind; dieſe finden Geſchmack daran, und thun ähnliche Thaten.

Ernſt. Thaten? Thaten der Freimaurer? — Ich kenne keine andere, als ihre Reden und Lieder, die meiſtentheils ſchöner gedruckt, als gedacht und geſagt ſind.

Falk. Das haben ſie mit mehrern Reden und Liedern gemein.

Ernſt. Oder ſoll ich das für ihre Thaten nehmen, was ſie in dieſen Reden und Liedern von ſich rühmen?

Falk. Wenn ſie es nicht blos von ſich rühmen.

Ernſt. Und was rühmen ſie denn von ſich? — Lauter Dinge, die man von jedem guten Menſchen, von jedem rechtſchaffenen Bürger erwartet. — Sie ſind ſo freundſchaftlich, ſo gutthätig, ſo gehorſam, ſo voller Vaterlandsliebe.

Falk. Iſt denn das nichts?

Ernſt. Nichts! — um ſich dadurch von andern Menſchen abzuſondern. — Wer ſoll das nicht ſein?

Falk. Soll!

Ernſt. Wer hat, dieſes zu ſein, nicht, auch außer der Freimaurerei, Antrieb und Gelegenheit genug?

Falk. Aber doch in ihr, und durch ſie, einen Antrieb mehr.

Ernſt. Sage mir nichts von der Menge der Antriebe. Lieber einem einzigen Antriebe alle mögliche intenſive Kraft gegeben! — Die Menge ſolcher Antriebe iſt wie die Menge der Räder in einer Maſchine. Je mehr Räder: deſto wandelbarer.

Falk. Ich kann dir das nicht widerſprechen.

Ernſt. Und was für einen Antrieb mehr! — Der alle andere Antriebe verkleinert, verdächtig macht! ſich ſelbſt für den ſtärkſten und beſten ausgiebt!

Falk. Freund, ſei billig! — Hyperbel, Quidproquo jener ſchalen Reden und Lieder! Probewerk! Jüngerarbeit!

Ernſt. Das will ſagen: Bruder Redner iſt ein Schwätzer.

Falk. Das will nur ſagen: was Bruder Redner an den Freimaurern preiſt, das ſind nun freilich ihre Thaten eben nicht. Denn Bruder Redner iſt wenigſtens kein Plauderer; und Thaten ſprechen von ſelbſt.

Ernſt. Ja, nun merke ich, worauf du zielſt. Wie konnten ſie mir nicht gleich einfallen dieſe Thaten, dieſe ſprechenden Thaten? Faſt möchte ich ſie ſchreiende nennen. Nicht genug, daß ſich die Freimaurer einer den andern unterſtützen, auf das kräftigſte unterſtützen: denn das wäre nur die nothwendige Eigenſchaft einer jeden Bande. Was thun ſie nicht für das geſammte Publikum eines jeden Staats, deſſen Glieder ſie ſind!

Falk. Zum Exempel? — Damit ich doch höre, ob du auf der rechten Spur biſt.

Ernſt. Z. E. die Freimaurer in Stockholm! — Haben ſie nicht ein großes Findelhaus errichtet?

Falk. Wenn die Freimaurer in Stockholm ſich nur auch bei einer andern Gelegenheit thätig erwieſen haben.

Ernſt. Bei welcher andern?

Falk. Bei ſonſt andern; meine ich.

Ernſt. Und die Freimaurer in Dresden! die arme junge Mädchen mit Arbeit beſchäftigen, ſie klöppeln und ſticken laſſen, — damit das Findelhaus nur kleiner ſein dürfe.

Falk. Ernſt! Du weißt wohl, wenn ich dich deines Namens erinnere.

Ernſt. Ohne alle Gloſſen denn. — Und die Freimaurer in Braunſchweig! die arme fähige Knaben im Zeichnen unterrichten laſſen.

Falk. Warum nicht?

Ernſt. Und die Freimaurer in Berlin! die das Baſedow'ſche Philanthropin unterſtützen.

Falk. Was ſagſt du? — Die Freimaurer? — Das Philanthropin? unterſtützen? — Wer hat dir das aufgebunden?

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*) Aus Philoſophie und Kunſt von J. G. E. Leſſing.

Ernſt. Die Zeitung hat es auspoſaunt.

Falk. Die Zeitung! — Da möchte ich Baſedow's eigenhändige Quittung ſehen. Und möchte gewiß ſein, daß die Quittung nicht an Freimaurer in Berlin, ſondern an *die* Freimaurer gerichtet wäre.

Ernſt. Was iſt das? — Billigſt du denn Baſedow's Inſtitut nicht?

Falk. Ich nicht? Wer kann es mehr billigen?

Ernſt. So wirſt du ihm ja dieſe Unterſtützung nicht mißgönnen?

Falk. Mißgönnen? — Wer kann ihm alles Gute mehr gönnen, als Ich?

Ernſt. Nun denn! — Du wirſt mir unbegreiflich.

Falk. Ich glaube wohl. Dazu habe ich Unrecht. — Denn auch *die* Freimaurer können etwas thun, was ſie nicht *als* Freimaurer thun.

Ernſt. Und ſoll das von allen auch ihren übrigen guten Thaten gelten?

Falk. Vielleicht! — Vielleicht, daß alle die guten Thaten, die du mir da genannt haſt, um mich eines ſcholaſtiſchen Ausdrucks zu bedienen, der Kürze wegen, zu bedienen, nur ihre Thaten ad extra ſind.

Ernſt. Wie meinſt du das?

Falk. Nur ihre Thaten, die dem Volke in die Augen fallen; — nur Thaten, die ſie blos deßwegen thun, damit ſie dem Volke in die Augen fallen ſollen.

Ernſt. Um Achtung und Duldung zu genießen?

Falk. Könnte wohl ſein.

Ernſt. Aber ihre wahren Thaten denn? — Du ſchweigſt?

Falk. Wenn ich dir nicht ſchon geantwortet hätte? — Ihre wahren Thaten ſind ihr Geheimniß.

Ernſt. Ha! ha! Alſo auch nicht erklärbar durch Worte?

Falk. Nicht wohl! — Nur ſo viel kann und darf ich dir ſagen: die wahren Thaten der Freimaurer ſind ſo groß, ſo weit ausſehend, daß ganze Jahrhunderte vergehen können, ehe man ſagen kann: das haben ſie gethan! Gleichwohl haben ſie alles Gute gethan, was noch in der Welt iſt, — merke wohl: in der *Welt!* — Und fahren fort, an alle dem Guten zu arbeiten, was noch in der Welt werden wird, — merke wohl: in der *Welt.*

Ernſt. O geh! Du haſt mich zum Beſten.

Falk. Wahrlich nicht. — Aber ſieh! dort fliegt ein Schmetterling, den ich haben muß. Es iſt der von der Wolfsmilchsraupe. — Geſchwind ſage ich dir nur noch: die wahren Thaten der Freimaurer zielen dahin, um größten Theils alles, was man gemeiniglich gute Thaten zu nennen pflegt, entbehrlich zu machen.

Ernſt. Und ſind doch auch gute Thaten?

Falk. Es kann keine beſſeren geben. — Denke einen Augenblick darüber nach. Ich bin gleich wieder bei dir.

Ernſt. Gute Thaten, welche darauf zielen, gute Thaten entbehrlich zu machen? — Das iſt ein Räthſel. Und über ein Räthſel denke ich nicht nach. — Lieber lege ich mich indeß unter den Baum, und ſehe den Ameiſen zu.

Zweites Geſpräch.

Ernſt. Nun? wo bleibſt du denn? Und haſt den Schmetterling doch nicht?

Falk. Er lockte mich von Strauch zu Strauch, bis an den Bach. Auf einmal war er hinüber.

Ernſt. Ja, ja. Es giebt ſolche Locker!

Falk. Haſt du nachgedacht?

Ernſt. Ueber was? Ueber dein Räthſel? — Ich werde ihn auch nicht fangen, den ſchönen Schmetterling! Darum ſoll er mir aber auch weiter keine Mühe machen. — Einmal von der Freimaurerei mit dir geſprochen, und nie wieder. Denn ich ſehe ja wohl, du biſt, wie ſie alle.

Falk. Wie ſie alle? Das ſagen dieſe alle nicht.

Ernſt. Nicht? So giebt es ja wohl auch Ketzer unter den Freimaurern? Und du wäreſt einer. — Doch alle Ketzer haben mit den Rechtgläubigen immer noch etwas gemein. Und davon ſprach ich.

Falk. Wovon ſprachſt du?

Ernſt. Rechtgläubige oder ketzeriſche Freimaurer — ſie alle ſpielen mit Worten, und laſſen ſich fragen, und antworten, ohne zu antworten.

Falk. Meinſt du? — Nun wohl, ſo laß uns von etwas Anderm reden. Denn einmal haſt du mich aus dem behaglichen Zuſtande des ſtummen Staunens geriſſen. —

Ernſt. Nichts iſt leichter, als dich in dieſen Zuſtand wieder zu verſetzen. — Laß dich nur hier bei mir nieder, und ſieh!

Falk. Was denn?

Ernſt. Das Leben und Weben auf und in und um dieſen Ameiſenhaufen. Welche Geſchäftigkeit, und doch welche Ordnung! Alles trägt und ſchleppt und ſchiebt; und keines iſt dem andern hinderlich. Sieh nur! Sie helfen einander ſogar.

Falk. Die Ameiſen leben in Geſellſchaft, wie die Bienen.

Ernſt. Und in einer noch wunderbarern Geſellſchaft, als die Bienen. Denn ſie haben niemand unter ſich, der ſie zuſammen hält und regiert.

Falk. Ordnung muß alſo doch auch ohne Regierung beſtehen können.

Ernſt. Wenn jedes Einzelne ſich ſelbſt zu regieren weiß: warum nicht?

Falk. Ob es auch wohl einmal mit den Menſchen dahin kommen wird?

Ernſt. Wohl ſchwerlich!

Falk. Schade!

Ernſt. Ja wohl!

Falk. Steh auf, und laß uns gehen. Denn ſie werden dich bekriechen die Ameiſen; und eben fällt auch mir etwas bei, was ich bei dieſer Gelegenheit dich doch fragen muß. — Ich kenne deine Geſinnungen darüber noch gar nicht.

Ernſt. Worüber?

Falk. Ueber die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft des Menſchen überhaupt. — Wofür hältſt du ſie?

Ernſt. Für etwas ſehr Gutes.

Falk. Unſtreitig. — Aber hältſt du ſie für Zweck, oder für Mittel?

Ernſt. Ich verſtehe dich nicht.

Falk. Glaubſt du, daß die Menſchen für die Staaten erſchaffen werden? Oder daß die Staaten für die Menſchen ſind?

Ernſt. Jenes ſcheinen einige behaupten zu wollen. Dieſes mag aber wohl das Wahrere ſein.

Falk. So denke ich auch. — Die Staaten vereinigen die Menſchen, damit durch dieſe und in dieſer Vereinigung jeder einzelne Menſch ſeinen Theil von Glückſeligkeit deſto beſſer und ſichrer genießen könne. — Das Totale der einzelnen Glückſeligkeit aller Glieder iſt die Glückſeligkeit des Staats. Außer dieſer giebt es gar keine. Jede andere Glückſeligkeit des Staats, bei welcher auch noch ſo wenig einzelne Glieder leiden, oder leiden müſſen, iſt Bemäntelung der Tyrannei. Anders nichts!

Ernſt. Ich möchte das nicht ſo laut ſagen.

Falk. Warum nicht?

Ernſt. Eine Wahrheit, die jeder nach ſeiner eigenen Lage beurtheilt, kann leicht gemißbraucht werden.

Falk. Weißt du, Freund, daß du ſchon ein halber Freimaurer biſt?

Ernſt. Ich?

Falk. Du. Denn du erkennſt ja ſchon Wahrheiten, die man beſſer verſchweigt.

Ernſt. Aber doch ſagen *könnte.*

Falk. Der Weiſe *kann* nicht ſagen, was er beſſer verſchweigt.

Ernſt. Nun, wie du willſt! — Laß uns auf die Freimaurer nicht wieder zurückkommen. Ich mag ja von ihnen weiter nichts wiſſen.

Falk. Verzeih! — Du ſiehſt wenigſtens meine Bereitwilligkeit, dir mehr von ihnen zu ſagen.

Ernſt. Du ſpotteſt. — Gut! das bürgerliche Leben des Menſchen, alle Staatsverfaſſungen ſind nichts weiter als Mittel zur menſchlichen Glückſeligkeit. Was weiter?

Falk. Nichts als Mittel! Und Mittel menſchlicher Erfindung; ob ich gleich nicht leugnen will, daß die Natur alles ſo eingerichtet, daß der Menſch ſehr bald auf dieſe Erfindung gerathen müſſen.

Ernſt. Dieſes hat denn auch wohl gemacht, daß einige die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft für Zweck der Natur gehalten. Weil alles, unſere Leidenſchaften und unſere Bedürfniſſe, alles darauf führe, ſei ſie folglich das Letzte, worauf die Natur gehe. So ſchloſſen ſie. Als ob die Natur nicht auch die Mittel zweckmäßig hervorbringen müſſen! Als ob die Natur mehr die Glückſeligkeit eines abgezogenen Begriffs — wie Staat, Vaterland und dergleichen ſind — als die Glückſeligkeit jedes wirklichen einzelnen Weſens zur Abſicht gehabt hätte!

Falk. Sehr gut! Du kommſt mir auf dem rechten Wege entgegen. Denn nun ſage mir: wenn die Staatsverfaſſungen Mittel, Mittel menſchlicher Erfindungen ſind: ſollten ſie allein von dem Schickſale menſchlicher Mittel ausgenommen ſein?

Ernſt. Was nennſt du Schickſale menſchlicher Mittel?

Falk. Das, was unzertrennlich mit menſchlichen Mitteln verbunden iſt; was ſie von göttlichen unfehlbaren Mitteln unterſcheidet.

Ernſt. Was iſt das?

Falk. Daß ſie nicht unfehlbar ſind: daß ſie ihrer Abſicht nicht allein öfters nicht entſprechen, ſondern auch wohl gerade das Gegentheil davon bewirken.

Ernſt. Ein Beiſpiel! wenn dir eins einfällt.

Falk. So ſind Schiffahrt und Schiffe Mittel in entlegene Länder zu kommen, und werden Urſache, daß viele Menſchen nimmermehr dahin gelangen.

Ernſt. Die nämlich Schiffbruch leiden und erſaufen. Nun glaube ich, dich zu verſtehen. — Aber man weiß ja wohl, woher es kommt, wenn ſo viel einzelne Menſchen durch die Staatsverfaſſung an ihrer Glückſeligkeit nichts gewinnen. Der Staatsverfaſſungen ſind viele; eine iſt alſo beſſer als die andere; manche iſt ſehr fehlerhaft, mit ihrer Abſicht offenbar ſtreitend; und die beſte ſoll vielleicht noch erfunden werden.

Falk. Das ungerechnet! Setze die beſte Staatsverfaſſung, die ſich nur denken läßt, ſchon erfunden; ſetze, daß alle Menſchen in der ganzen Welt dieſe beſte Staatsverfaſſung angenommen haben: meinſt du nicht, daß auch dann noch, ſelbſt aus dieſer beſten Staatsverfaſſung, Dinge entſpringen müſſen, welche der menſchlichen Glückſeligkeit höchſt nachtheilig ſind, und wovon der Menſch in dem Stande der Natur ſchlechterdings nichts gewußt hätte.

Ernſt. Ich meine: wenn dergleichen Dinge aus der beſten Staatsverfaſſung entſprängen, daß es ſodann die beſte Staatsverfaſſung nicht wäre.

Falk. Und eine beſſere möglich wäre? — Nun, ſo nehme ich dieſe beſſere als die beſte an, und frage das Nämliche.

Ernſt. Du ſcheinſt mir hier bloß von vorne herein aus dem angenommenen Begriffe zu vernünfteln, daß jedes Mittel menſchlicher Erfindung, wofür du die Staatsverfaſſungen ſammt und ſonders erklärſt, nicht anders als mangelhaft ſein könne.

Falk. Nicht bloß.

Ernſt. Und es würde dir ſchwer werden, eins von jenen nachtheiligen Dingen zu nennen —

Falk. Die auch aus der beſten Staatsverfaſſung nothwendig entſpringen müſſen? — O zehne für eins.

Ernſt. Nur eins erſt.

Falk. Wir nehmen alſo die beſte Staatsverfaſſung für erfunden an; wir nehmen an, daß alle Menſchen in der Welt in dieſer beſten Staatsverfaſſung leben: würden deßwegen alle Menſchen in der Welt nur Einen Staat ausmachen?

Ernſt. Wohl ſchwerlich. Ein ſo ungeheurer Staat würde keiner Verwaltung fähig ſein. Er müßte ſich alſo in mehrere kleine Staaten vertheilen, die alle nach den nämlichen Geſetzen verwaltet würden.

Falk. Das iſt: die Menſchen würden auch dann noch Deutſche und Franzoſen, Holländer und Spanier, Ruſſen und Schweden ſein; oder wie ſie ſonſt heißen würden.

Ernſt. Ganz gewiß!

Falk. Nun da haben wir ja ſchon Eins. Denn nicht wahr, jeder dieſer kleinen Staaten hätte ſein eigenes Intereſſe? und jedes Glied derſelben hätte das Intereſſe ſeines Staats?

Ernſt. Wie anders?

Falk. Dieſe verſchiedenen Intereſſen würden öfters in Colliſion kommen, ſo wie jetzt: und zwei Glieder aus zwei verſchiedenen Staaten würden einander eben ſo wenig mit unbefangenem Gemüthe begegnen können, als jetzt ein Deutſcher einem Franzoſen, ein Franzoſe einem Engländer begegnet.

Ernſt. Sehr wahrſcheinlich.

Falk. Das iſt: wenn jetzt ein Deutſcher einem Franzoſen, ein Franzoſe einem Engländer, oder umgekehrt, begegnet, ſo begegnet nicht mehr ein bloßer Menſch einem bloßen Menſchen, die vermöge ihrer gleichen Natur gegen einander angezogen werden, ſondern ein ſolcher Menſch begegnet einem ſolchen Menſchen, die ihrer verſchiedenen Tendenz ſich bewußt ſind, welches ſie gegen einander kalt, zurückhaltend, mißtrauiſch macht, noch ehe ſie für ihre einzelne Perſon das geringſte mit einander zu ſchaffen und zu theilen haben.

Ernſt. Das iſt leider wahr.

Falk. Nun, ſo iſt es denn auch wahr, daß das Mittel, welches die Menſchen vereinigt, um ſie durch dieſe Vereinigung ihres Glückes zu verſichern, die Menſchen zugleich trennt.

Ernſt. Wenn du es ſo verſtehſt.

Falk. Tritt einen Schritt weiter. Viele von den kleinern Staaten würden ein ganz verſchiedenes Klima, folglich ganz verſchiedene Bedürfniſſe und Befriedigungen, folglich ganz verſchiedene Gewohnheiten und Sitten, folglich ganz verſchiedene Sittenlehren, folglich ganz verſchiedene Religionen haben. Meinſt du nicht?

Ernſt. Das iſt ein gewaltiger Schritt!

Falk. Die Menſchen würden auch dann noch Juden und Chriſten und Türken und dergleichen ſein.

Ernſt. Ich getraue mir nicht, Nein zu ſagen.

Falk. Würden ſie das, ſo würden ſie auch, ſie möchten heißen, wie ſie wollten, ſich unter einander nicht anders verhalten, als ſich unſere Chriſten und Juden und Türken von jeher unter einander verhalten haben. Nicht als bloße Menſchen gegen bloße Menſchen, ſondern als ſolche Menſchen gegen ſolche Menſchen, die ſich einen gewiſſen geiſtigen Vorzug ſtreitig machen, und darauf Rechte gründen, die dem natürlichen Menſchen nimmermehr einfallen könnten.

Ernſt. Das iſt ſehr traurig; aber leider doch ſehr vermuthlich.

Falk. Nur vermuthlich?

Ernſt. Denn allenfalls dächte ich doch, ſo wie du angenommen haſt, daß alle Staaten einerlei Verfaſſung hätten, daß ſie auch wohl alle einerlei Religion haben könnten. Ja, ich begreife nicht, wie einerlei Staatsverfaſſung ohne einerlei Religion auch nur möglich iſt.

Falk. Ich eben ſo wenig. — Auch nahm ich jenes nur an, um deine Ausflucht abzuſchneiden. Eins iſt zuverläſſig eben ſo unmöglich, als das andere. Ein Staat: mehrere Staaten. Mehrere Staaten: mehrere Staatsverfaſſungen. Mehrere Staatsverfaſſungen: mehrere Religionen.

Ernſt. Ja, ja: ſo ſcheint es.

Falk. So iſt es. — Nun ſiehe da das zweite Unheil, welches die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft, ganz ihrer Abſicht entgegen, verurſacht. Sie kann die Menſchen nicht vereinigen, ohne ſie zu trennen; nicht trennen, ohne Klüfte zwiſchen ihnen zu befeſtigen, ohne Scheidemauern durch ſie hin zu ziehen.

Ernſt. Und wie ſchrecklich dieſe Klüfte ſind! wie unüberſteiglich oft dieſe Scheidemauern!

Falk. Laß mich noch das dritte hinzufügen. — Nicht genug, daß die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft die Menſchen in verſchiedene Völker und Religionen theilt und trennt. — Dieſe Trennung in wenige große Theile, deren jeder für ſich ein Ganzes wäre, wäre doch immer noch beſſer, als gar kein Ganzes. — Nein: die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft ſetzt ihre Trennung auch in jedem dieſer Theile gleichſam bis ins Unendliche fort.

Ernſt. Wie ſo?

Falk. Oder meinſt du, daß ein Staat ſich ohne Verſchiedenheit von Ständen denken läßt? Er ſei gut oder ſchlecht, der Vollkommenheit mehr oder weniger nahe: unmöglich können alle Glieder deſſelben unter ſich das nämliche Verhältniß haben. — Wenn ſie auch alle an der Geſetzgebung Antheil haben: ſo können ſie doch nicht gleichen Antheil haben; wenigſtens nicht gleich unmittelbaren Antheil. Es wird alſo vornehmere und geringere Glieder geben. — Wenn Anfangs auch alle Beſitzungen des Staats unter ſie gleich vertheilt worden: ſo kann dieſe gleiche Vertheilung doch keine zwei Menſchenalter beſtehen. Einer wird ſein Eigenthum beſſer zu nutzen wiſſen, als der andere. Einer wird ſein ſchlechter genutztes Eigenthum gleichwohl unter mehrere Nachkommen zu vertheilen haben, als der andere. Es wird alſo reichere und ärmere Glieder geben.

Ernſt. Das verſteht ſich.

Falk. Nun überlege, wie viel Uebel es in der Welt wohl giebt, das in dieſer Verſchiedenheit der Stände ſeinen Grund nicht hat.

Ernſt. Wenn ich dir doch widerſprechen könnte! — Aber was hatte ich für Urſache, dir überhaupt zu widerſprechen? — Nun ja! die Menſchen ſind nur durch Trennung zu vereinigen! nur durch unaufhörliche Trennung in Vereinigung zu erhalten! Das iſt nun einmal ſo. Das kann nun nicht anders ſein.

Falk. Das ſage ich eben!

Ernſt. Alſo, was willſt du damit? Mir das bürgerliche Leben dadurch verleiden? Mich wünſchen machen, daß den Menſchen der Gedanke, ſich in Staaten zu vereinigen, nie möge gekommen ſein?

Falk. Verkennſt du mich ſo weit? — Wenn die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft auch nur das Gute hätte, daß allein in ihr die menſchliche Vernunft angebauet werden kann: ich würde ſie auch bei weit größern Uebeln noch ſegnen.

Ernſt. Wer des Feuers genießen will, ſagt das Sprichwort, muß ſich den Rauch gefallen laſſen.

Falk. Allerdings! — Aber weil der Rauch bei dem Feuer unvermeidlich iſt: durfte man darum keinen Rauchfang erfinden? Und der den Rauchfang erfand, war der darum ein Feind des Feuers? — Sieh, dahin wollte ich.

Ernſt. Wohin? — Ich verſtehe dich nicht.

Falk. Das Gleichniß war doch ſehr paſſend. — Wenn die Menſchen nicht anders in Staaten vereinigt werden konnten, als durch jene Trennungen: werden ſie darum gut, jene Trennungen?

Ernſt. Das wohl nicht.

Falk. Werden ſie darum heilig, jene Trennungen?

Ernſt. Wie heilig?

Falk. Daß es verboten ſein ſollte, Hand an ſie zu legen?

Ernſt. In Abſicht? . . .

Falk. In Abſicht, ſie nicht größer einreißen zu laſſen, als die Nothwendigkeit erfordert. In Abſicht, ihre Folgen ſo unſchädlich zu machen, als möglich.

Ernſt. Wie könnte das verboten ſein?

Falk. Aber geboten kann es doch auch nicht ſein; durch bürgerliche Geſetze nicht geboten! — Denn bürgerliche Geſetze erſtrecken ſich nie über die Grenzen ihres Staats. Und dieſes würde nun gerade außer den Grenzen aller und jeder Staaten liegen. — Folglich kann es nur ein Opus supererogatum ſein: und es wäre bloß zu wünſchen, daß ſich die Weiſeſten und Beſten eines jeden Staates dieſem Operi supererogato freiwillig unterzögen.

Ernſt. Bloß zu wünſchen; aber recht ſehr zu wünſchen.

Falk. Ich dächte! Recht ſehr zu wünſchen, daß es in jedem Staate Männer geben möchte, die über die Vorurtheile der Völkerſchaft hinweg wären, und genau wüßten, wo Patriotismus, Tugend zu ſein aufhört.

Ernſt. Recht ſehr zu wünſchen!

Falk. Recht ſehr zu wünſchen, daß es in jedem Staate Männer geben möchte, die dem Vorurtheile ihrer angebornen Religion nicht unterlägen; nicht glaubten, daß alles nothwendig gut und wahr ſein müſſe, was ſie für gut und wahr erkennen.

Ernſt. Recht ſehr zu wünſchen!

Falk. Recht ſehr zu wünſchen, daß es in jedem Staate Männer geben möchte, welche bürgerliche Hoheit nicht blendet, und bürgerliche Geringfügigkeit nicht ekelt; in deren Geſellſchaft der Hohe ſich gern herabläßt, und der Geringe ſich dreiſt erhebt.

Ernſt. Recht ſehr zu wünſchen!

Falk. Und wenn er erfüllt wäre, dieſer Wunſch?

Ernſt. Erfüllt? — Es wird freilich hier und da, dann und wann, einen ſolchen Mann geben.

Falk. Nicht bloß hier und da; nicht bloß dann und wann.

Ernſt. Zu gewiſſen Zeiten, in gewiſſen Ländern auch mehrere.

Falk. Wie; wenn es dergleichen Männer jetzt überall gäbe? zu allen Zeiten nun ferner geben müßte?

Ernſt. Wollte Gott!

Falk. Und dieſe Männer nicht in einer unwirkſamen Zerſtreuung lebten? nicht immer in einer unſichtbaren Kirche?

Ernſt. Schöner Traum!

Falk. Daß ich es kurz mache. — Und dieſe Männer die Freimaurer wären?

Ernſt. Was ſagſt du?

Falk. Wie, wenn es die Freimaurer wären, die ſich mit zu ihrem Geſchäfte gemacht hätten, jene Trennungen, wodurch die Menſchen einander ſo fremd werden, ſo eng als möglich wieder zuſammen zu ziehen?

Ernſt. Die Freimaurer?

Falk. Ich ſage: mit zu ihrem Geſchäfte.

Ernſt. Die Freimaurer?

Falk. Ach! verzeih! — Ich hatte es ſchon wieder vergeſſen, daß du von den Freimaurern weiter nichts hören willſt. — Dort winkt man uns eben zum Frühſtücke. Komm!

Ernſt. Nicht doch! — Noch einen Augenblick! — Die Freimaurer, ſagſt du —

Falk. Das Geſpräch brachte mich wider Willen auf ſie zurück. Verzeih! — Komm! Dort, in der größern Geſellſchaft, werden wir bald Stoff zu einer tauglichern Unterredung finden. Komm!

Drittes Geſpräch.

Ernſt. Du biſt mir den ganzen Tag im Gedränge der Geſellſchaft ausgewichen. Aber ich verfolge dich in dein Schlafzimmer.

Falk. Haſt du mir ſo etwas Wichtiges zu ſagen? Der bloßen Unterhaltung bin ich auf heute müde.

Ernſt. Du ſpotteſt meiner Neugierde.

Falk. Deiner Neugierde?

Ernſt. Die du dieſen Morgen ſo meiſterhaft zu erregen wußteſt.

Falk. Wovon ſprachen wir dieſen Morgen?

Ernſt. Von den Freimaurern.

Falk. Nun? — Ich habe dir im Rauſche des Pyrmonter doch nicht das Geheimniß verrathen?

Ernſt. Das man, wie du ſagſt, gar nicht verrathen kann.

Falk. Nun freilich; das beruhigt mich wieder.

Ernſt. Aber du haſt mir doch über die Freimaurer etwas geſagt, das mir unerwartet war; das mir auffiel; das mich denken machte.

Falk. Und was war das?

Ernſt. O quäle mich nicht! — Du erinnerſt dich deſſen gewiß.

Falk. Ja; es fällt mir nach und nach wieder ein. — Und das war es, was dich den ganzen langen Tag unter deinen Freunden und Freundinnen ſo abweſend machte?

Ernſt. Das war es! — Und ich kann nicht einſchlafen, wenn du mir wenigſtens nicht noch eine Frage beantworteſt.

Falk. Nach dem die Frage ſein wird.

Ernſt. Woher kannſt du mir aber beweiſen, wenigſtens nur wahrſcheinlich machen, daß die Freimaurer wirklich jene großen und würdigen Abſichten haben?

Falk. Habe ich dir von ihren Abſichten geſprochen? Ich wüßte nicht. — Sondern da du dir gar keinen Begriff von den wahren Thaten der Freimaurer machen konnteſt, habe ich dich bloß auf einen Punkt aufmerkſam machen wollen, wo noch ſo vieles geſchehen kann, wovon ſich unſere ſtaatsklugen Köpfe gar nichts träumen laſſen. — Vielleicht, daß die Freimaurer da herum arbeiten. — Vielleicht! da herum! — Nur um dir dein Vorurtheil zu benehmen, daß alle baubedürftigen Plätze ſchon ausgefunden und beſetzt, alle nöthigen Arbeiten ſchon unter die erforderlichen Hände vertheilt wären.

Ernſt. Wende dich jetzt, wie du willſt. — Genug, ich denke mir nun aus deinen Reden die Freimaurer als Leute, die es freiwillig über ſich genommen haben, den unvermeidlichen Uebeln des Staats entgegen zu arbeiten.

Falk. Dieſer Begriff kann den Freimaurern wenigſtens keine Schande machen. — Bleib dabei! — Nur faſſe ihn recht. Menge nichts hinein, was nicht hinein gehört. — Den unvermeidlichen Uebeln des Staats! — Nicht dieſes und jenes Staats. Nicht den unvermeidlichen Uebeln, welche, eine gewiſſe Staatsverfaſſung einmal angenommen, aus dieſer angenommenen Staatsverfaſſung nun nothwendig folgen. Mit dieſen giebt ſich der Freimaurer niemals ab; wenigſtens nicht als Freimaurer. Die Linderung und Heilung dieſer überläßt er dem Bürger, der ſich nach ſeiner Einſicht, nach ſeinem Muthe, auf ſeine Gefahr damit befaſſen mag. Uebel ganz anderer Art, ganz höherer Art, ſind der Gegenſtand ſeiner Wirkſamkeit.

Ernſt. Ich habe das ſehr wohl begriffen. — Nicht Uebel, welche den mißvergnügten Bürger machen, ſondern Uebel, ohne welche auch der glücklichſte Bürger nicht ſein kann.

Falk. Recht! Dieſen entgegen — wie ſagteſt du? — entgegen zu arbeiten?

Ernſt. Ja!

Falk. Das Wort ſagt ein wenig viel. — Entgegen arbeiten! — Um ſie völlig zu heben? — Das kann nicht ſein. Denn man würde den Staat ſelbſt mit ihnen zugleich vernichten. Sie müſſen nicht einmal denen mit eins merklich gemacht werden, die noch gar keine Empfindung davon haben. Höchſtens dieſe Empfindung in dem Menſchen von weitem veranlaſſen, ihr Aufkeimen begünſtigen, ihre Pflanzen verſetzen, begäten, beblatten — kann hier entgegenarbeiten heißen. — Begreifſt du nun, warum ich ſagte, ob die Freimaurer ſchon immer thätig wären, daß Jahrhunderte dennoch vergehen könnten, ohne daß ſich ſagen laſſe, das haben ſie gethan.

Ernſt. Und verſtehe auch nun den zweiten Zug des Räthſels. — Gute Thaten, welche gute Thaten entbehrlich machen ſollen.

Falk. Wohl! — Nun geh, und ſtudire jene Uebel, und lerne ſie alle kennen, und wäge alle ihre Einflüſſe gegen einander ab, und ſei verſichert, daß dir dieſes Studium Dinge aufſchließen wird, die in Tagen der Schwermuth die niederſchlagendſten, unauflöslichſten Einwürfe wider Vorſehung und Tugend zu ſein ſcheinen. Dieſer Aufſchluß, dieſe Erleuchtung wird dich ruhig und glücklich machen; — auch ohne Freimaurer zu heißen.

Ernſt. Du legſt auf dieſes heißen ſo viel Nachdruck.

Falk. Weil man etwas ſein kann, ohne es zu heißen.

Ernſt. Gut das! ich verſtehe. — Aber auf meine Frage wieder zu kommen, die ich nur ein wenig anders einkleiden muß. Da ich ſie doch nun kenne, die Uebel, gegen welche die Freimaurerei angeht —

Falk. Du kennſt ſie?

Ernſt. Haſt du mir ſie nicht ſelbſt genannt?

Falk. Ich habe dir einige zur Probe namhaft gemacht. Nur einige von denen, die auch dem kurzſichtigſten Auge einleuchten: nur einige von den unſtreitigſten, weit umfaſſendſten. — Aber wie viele ſind nicht noch übrig, die, ob ſie ſchon nicht ſo einleuchten, nicht ſo unſtreitig ſind, nicht ſo viel umfaſſen, dennoch nicht weniger gewiß, nicht weniger nothwendig ſind!

Ernſt. So laß mich meine Frage denn bloß auf diejenigen Stücke einſchränken, die du mir ſelbſt namhaft gemacht haſt. — Wie beweiſeſt du mir auch nur von dieſen Stücken, daß die Freimaurer wirklich ihr Abſehn darauf haben? — Du ſchweigſt? — Du ſinnſt nach?

Falk. Wahrlich nicht dem, was ich auf dieſe Frage zu antworten hätte! — Aber ich weiß nicht, was ich mir für Urſachen denken ſoll, warum du mir dieſe Frage thuſt?

Ernſt. Und du willſt mir meine Frage beantworten, wenn ich dir die Urſachen derſelben ſage?

Falk. Das verſpreche ich dir.

Ernſt. Ich kenne und fürchte deinen Scharfſinn.

Falk. Meinen Scharfſinn?

Ernſt. Ich fürchte, du verkaufſt mir deine Spekulation für Thatſache.

Falk. Sehr verbunden!

Ernſt. Beleidigt dich das?

Falk. Vielmehr muß ich dir danken, daß du Scharfſinn nennſt, was du ganz anders hätteſt benennen können.

Ernſt. Gewiß nicht. Sondern ich weiß, wie leicht der

Scharfſinnige ſich ſelbſt betrügt; wie leicht er andern Leuten Plane und Abſichten leiht und unterlegt, an die ſie nie gedacht haben.

Falk. Aber woraus ſchließt man auf der Leute Plane und Abſichten? Aus ihren einzelnen Handlungen doch wohl?

Ernſt. Woraus ſonſt? — Und hier bin ich wieder bei meiner Frage. — Aus welchen einzelnen, unſtreitigen Handlungen der Freimaurer iſt abzunehmen, daß es auch nur mit ihr Zweck iſt, jene von dir benannte Trennung, welche Staat und Staaten unter den Menſchen nothwendig machen müſſen, durch ſich und in ſich wieder zu vereinigen?

Falk. Und zwar ohne Nachtheil dieſes Staats und dieſer Staaten.

Ernſt. Deſto beſſer! — Es brauchen auch vielleicht nicht Handlungen zu ſein, woraus jenes abzunehmen. Wenn es nur gewiſſe Eigenthümlichkeiten, Beſonderheiten ſind, die dahin leiten, oder daraus entſpringen. — Von dergleichen müßteſt du ſogar in deiner Spekulation ausgegangen ſein; geſetzt, daß dein Syſtem nur Hypotheſe wäre.

Falk. Dein Mißtrauen äußert ſich noch. — Aber ich hoffe, es ſoll ſich verlieren, wenn ich dir ein Grundgeſetz der Freimaurer zu Gemüthe führe.

Ernſt. Und welches?

Falk. Aus welchem ſie nie ein Geheimniß gemacht haben. Nach welchem ſie immer vor den Augen der ganzen Welt gehandelt haben.

Ernſt. Das iſt?

Falk. Das iſt, jeden würdigen Mann von gehöriger Anlage, ohne Unterſchied des Vaterlandes, ohne Unterſchied der Religion, ohne Unterſchied ſeines bürgerlichen Standes, in ihren Orden aufzunehmen.

Ernſt. Wahrhaftig!

Falk. Freilich ſcheint dieſes Grundgeſetz dergleichen Männer, die über jene Trennungen hinweg ſind, vielmehr bereits voraus zu ſetzen, als die Abſicht zu haben, ſie zu bilden. Allein das Nitrum muß ja wohl in der Luft ſein, ehe es ſich als Salpeter an den Wänden anlegt.

Ernſt. O ja!

Falk. Und warum ſollten die Freimaurer ſich nicht hier einer gewöhnlichen Liſt haben bedienen dürfen? — Daß man einen Theil ſeiner geheimen Abſichten ganz offenbar treibt, um den Argwohn irre zu führen, der immer ganz etwas anders vermuthet, als er ſieht.

Ernſt. Warum nicht?

Falk. Warum ſollte der Künſtler, der Silber machen kann, nicht mit altem Bruchſilber handeln, damit man ſo weniger argwohne, daß er es machen kann?

Ernſt. Warum nicht?

Falk. Ernſt! — Hörſt du mich? — Du antworteſt im Traume, glaube ich.

Ernſt. Nein, Freund! — Aber ich habe genug; genug auf dieſe Nacht. Morgen, mit dem frühſten, kehre ich wieder nach der Stadt.

Falk. Schon? Und warum ſo bald?

Ernſt. Du kennſt mich, und fragſt? Wie lange dauert deine Brunnenkur noch?

Falk. Ich habe ſie vorgeſtern erſt angefangen.

Ernſt. So ſehe ich dich vor dem Ende derſelben noch wieder. — Lebe wohl! gute Nacht!

Falk. Gute Nacht! lebe wohl!

Zur Nachricht.

Der Funke hatte gezündet: — Ernſt ging, und ward Freimaurer. Was er fürs erſte da fand, iſt der Stoff eines vierten und fünften Geſprächs, mit welchem — ſich der Weg ſcheidet.

Fortſetzung (1780).

Vorrede eines Dritten.

Der Verfaſſer der erſten drei Geſpräche hatte dieſe Fortſetzung, wie man weiß, im Manuſkripte, zum Drucke fertig liegen, als derſelbe höhern Orts einen bittenden Wink bekam, dieſelbe nicht bekannt zu machen.

Vorher aber hatte er dies vierte und fünfte Geſpräch einigen Freunden mitgetheilt, welche, vermuthlich ohne ſeine Erlaubniß, Abſchriften davon genommen hatten. Eine dieſer Abſchriften war dem jetzigen Herausgeber durch einen ſonderbaren Zufall in die Hände gefallen. Er bedauerte, daß ſo viel herrliche Wahrheiten unterdrückt werden ſollten, und beſchloß, das Manuſkript, ohne Winke zu haben, drucken zu laſſen.

Wenn die Begierde, Licht über ſo wichtige Gegenſtände allgemeiner verbreitet zu ſehen, nicht dieſe Freiheit hinlänglich entſchuldigt; ſo läßt ſich nichts weiter zur Vertheidigung derſelben ſagen, als daß der Herausgeber kein aufgenommener Maurer iſt.

Uebrigens wird man doch finden, daß er, aus Vorſicht und Achtung gegen einen gewiſſen Zweig dieſer Geſellſchaft, einige Namen, welche ganz ausgeſchrieben waren, bei der Herausgabe nicht genannt hat.

Viertes Geſpräch.

Falk. Ernſt! Willkommen! Endlich wieder einmal! Ich habe meine Brunnenkur längſt beſchloſſen.

Ernſt. Und befindeſt dich wohl darauf? Ich freue mich.

Falk. Was iſt das? Man hat nie ein: „ich freue mich“ ärgerlicher ausgeſprochen.

Ernſt. Ich bin es auch, und es fehlt wenig, daß ich es nicht über dich bin.

Falk. Ueber mich?

Ernſt. Du haſt mich zu einem albernen Schritte verleitet. — Sieh her! — Gieb mir deine Hand! — Was ſagſt du? — Du zuckſt die Achſeln? Das hätte mir noch gefehlt.

Falk. Dich verleitet?

Ernſt. Es kann ſein, ohne daß du es gewollt haſt.

Falk. Und ſoll doch Schuld haben?

Ernſt. Der Mann Gottes ſpricht dem Volke von einem Lande, da Milch und Honig innen fließt, und das Volk ſoll ſich nicht darnach ſehnen? Und ſoll über den Mann Gottes nicht murren, wenn er ſie, anſtatt in dieſes gelobte Land, in dürre Wüſten führt?

Falk. Nun, nun! der Schade kann doch ſo groß nicht ſein. — Dazu ſehe ich ja, daß du ſchon bei den Gräbern unſerer Vorfahren gearbeitet haſt.

Ernſt. Aber ſie waren nicht mit Flammen, ſondern mit Rauch umgeben.

Falk. So warte, bis der Rauch ſich verzieht, und die Flamme wird leuchten und wärmen.

Ernſt. Der Rauch wird mich erſticken, ehe mir die Flamme leuchtet, und wärmen, ſehe ich wohl, werden ſich Andere an ihr, die den Rauch beſſer vertragen können.

Falk. Du ſprichſt doch nicht von Leuten, die ſich vom Rauch gern beißen laſſen, wenn es nur der Rauch einer fremden fetten Küche iſt?

Ernſt. Du kennſt ſie alſo doch?

Falk. Ich habe von ihnen gehört.

Ernſt. Um ſo mehr, was konnte dich bewegen, mich auf dies Eis zu führen? Mir dazu Sachen vorzuſpiegeln, deren Ungrund du nur allzu wohl wußteſt?

Falk. Dein Verdruß macht dich ſehr ungerecht. — Ich ſollte mit dir von der Freimaurerei geſprochen haben, ohne es auf mehr als eine Art zu verſtehen zu geben, wie unnütz es ſei, daß jeder ehrliche Mann ein Freimaurer werde — wie unnöthig nur? — ja, wie ſchädlich. —

Ernſt. Das mag wohl ſein.

Falk. Ich ſollte dir nicht geſagt haben, daß man die höchſten Pflichten der Maurerei erfüllen könne, ohne ein Freimaurer zu heißen?

Ernſt. Vielmehr erinnere ich mich deſſen. — Aber du weißt ja wohl, wenn meine Phantaſie einmal den Fittig ausbreitet, einen Schlag damit thut — kann ich ſie halten? — Ich werfe dir nichts vor, als daß du ihr eine ſolche Lockſpeiſe zeigteſt. —

Falk. Die du zu erreichen doch auch ſehr bald müde geworden. — Und warum ſagteſt du mir nicht ein Wort von deinem Vorſatze?

Ernſt. Würdeſt du mir davon abgerathen haben?

Falk. Ganz gewiß! — Wer wollte einem raſchen Knaben, weil er dann und wann noch fällt, den Gängelwagen wieder einſchwatzen? — Ich mache dir kein Compliment; du warſt ſchon zu weit, um von da wieder abzugehen. Gleichwohl konnte man mit dir keine Ausnahme machen. Den Weg müſſen Alle betreten.

Ernſt. Es ſollte mich auch nicht reuen, ihn betreten zu haben, wenn ich mir nur von dem noch übrigen Wege noch mehr zu verſprechen hätte. Aber Vertröſtungen, und wieder Vertröſtungen, und nichts als Vertröſtungen!

Falk. Wenn man dich doch ſchon vertröſtet! Und auf was vertröſtet man dich denn?

Ernſt. Du weißt ja wohl, auf die ſchottiſche Maurerei, auf die ſchottiſchen Ritter.

Falk. Nun ja, ganz recht. — Aber weſſen hat ſich denn der ſchottiſche Ritter zu tröſten?

Ernſt. Wer das wüßte!

Falk. Und deines Gleichen, die andern Neulinge des Ordens, wiſſen denn die auch nichts?

Ernſt. O die! die wiſſen ſo viel! — Der Eine will Gold machen, der Andere will Geiſter beſchwören, der Dritte will die *** wieder herſtellen. — Du lächelſt — Und lächelſt nur? —

Falk. Wie kann ich anders?

Ernſt. Unwillen bezeigen über ſolche Querköpfe.

Falk. Wenn mich nicht Eins mit ihnen wieder verſöhnte.

Ernſt. Und was?

Falk. Daß ich in allen dieſen Träumereien Streben nach Wirklichkeit erkenne, daß ſich aus allen dieſen Irrwegen noch abnehmen läßt, wohin der wahre Weg geht.

Ernſt. Auch aus der Goldmacherei?

Falk. Auch aus der Goldmacherei. Ob ſich wirklich Gold machen läßt, oder nicht machen läßt, gilt mir gleich viel. Aber ich bin ſehr verſichert, daß vernünftige Menſchen nur in Rückſicht auf Freimaurerei es machen zu können wünſchen werden. Auch wird der erſte der beſte, dem der Stein der Weiſen zu Theil wird, in dem nämlichen Augenblicke Freimaurer. — Und es iſt doch ſonderbar, daß dieſes alle Nachrichten beſtätigen, mit welchen ſich die Welt von wahren oder vermeintlichen Goldmachern trägt.

Ernſt. Und die Geiſterbeſchwörer?

Falk. Von ihnen gilt ungefähr das nämliche. — Unmöglich können Geiſter auf die Stimme eines andern Menſchen hören, als eines Freimaurers.

Ernſt. Wie ernſthaft du ſolche Dinge ſagen kannſt! —

Falk. Bei allem, was heilig iſt! nicht ernſthafter, als ſie ſind.

Ernſt. Wenn das wäre! — Aber endlich die neuen ***, wenn Gott will!

Falk. Vollends die!

Ernſt. Siehſt du! Von denen weißt du nichts zu ſagen. Denn *** waren doch einmal, Goldmacher aber und Geiſterbeſchwörer gab es vielleicht nie. Und es läßt ſich freilich beſſer ſagen, wie die Freimaurer ſich zu ſolchen Weſen der Einbildung verhalten, als zu wirklichen.

Falk. Allerdings kann ich mich hier nur in einem Dilemma ausdrücken: Entweder, oder —

Ernſt. Auch gut! Wenn man nur wenigſtens weiß, daß unter zwei Sätzen einer wahr iſt: Nun! Entweder dieſe *** would be —

Falk. Ernſt! Eh du noch eine Spötterei völlig ausſagſt! Auf mein Gewiſſen! — Dieſe — eben dieſe ſind entweder gewiß auf dem rechten Wege, oder ſo weit davon entfernt, daß ihnen auch nicht einmal die Hoffnung mehr übrig iſt, jemals darauf zu gelangen.

Ernſt. Ich muß das ſo mit anhören. Denn dich um eine nähere Erklärung zu bitten —

Falk. Warum nicht? Man hat lange genug aus Heimlichkeiten das Geheimniß gemacht.

Ernſt. Wie verſtehſt du das?

Falk. Das Geheimniß der Freimaurerei, wie ich dir ſchon geſagt habe, iſt das, was der Freimaurer *nicht* über ſeine Lippen bringen *kann*, wenn es auch möglich wäre, daß er es *wollte*. Aber Heimlichkeiten ſind Dinge, die ſich wohl ſagen laſſen, und die man nur zu gewiſſen Zeiten, in gewiſſen Ländern, theils aus Neid verhehlte, theils aus Furcht verbiß, theils aus Klugheit verſchwieg.

Ernſt. Zum Exempel?

Falk. Zum Exempel! Gleich dieſe Verwandtſchaft unter *** und Freimaurern. Es kann wohl ſein, daß es einmal nöthig und gut war, ſich davon nichts merken zu laſſen. — Aber jetzt — jetzt kann es im Gegentheil höchſt verderblich werden, wenn man aus dieſer Verwandtſchaft noch länger ein Geheimniß macht. Man müßte ſie vielmehr laut bekennen, und nur den gehörigen Punkt beſtimmen, in welchem die *** die Freimaurerei ihrer Zeit waren.

Ernſt. Darf ich ihn wiſſen, dieſen Punkt?

Falk. Lies die Geſchichte der *** mit Bedacht! Du mußt ihn errathen. Auch wirſt du ihn gewiß errathen, und eben das war die Urſache, warum du kein Freimaurer hätteſt werden müſſen.

Ernſt. Daß ich nicht den Augenblick unter meinen Büchern ſäße! — Und wenn ich ihn errathe, willſt du mir geſtehen, daß ich ihn errathen habe?

Falk. Du wirſt zugleich finden, daß du dieſes Geſtändniß nicht brauchſt. — Aber auf mein Dilemma wieder zurückzukommen! Eben dieſer Punkt iſt es allein, woraus die Entſcheidung deſſelben zu holen iſt. — Sehen und fühlen alle Freimaurer, welche jetzt mit den *** ſchwanger gehen, dieſen rechten Punkt: Wohl ihnen! Wohl der Welt! Segen zu allem, was ſie thun, Segen zu allem, was ſie unterlaſſen! — Erkennen und fühlen ſie ihn aber nicht, jenen Punkt; hat ſie ein bloßer Gleichlaut verführt; hat ſie bloß der *Freimaurer, der im* ** arbeitet, auf die *** gebracht; haben ſie ſich nur in das ... auf dem ... vergafft; möchten ſie gern einträgliche .... fette Pfründen ſich und ihren Freunden zutheilen können: — nun, ſo ſchenke uns der Himmel recht viel Mitleid, damit wir uns des Lachens enthalten können.

Ernſt. Sieh! du kannſt doch noch warm und bitter werden.

Falk. Leider! — Ich danke dir für deine Bemerkung, und bin nun wieder, wie Eis.

Ernſt. Und was meinſt du wohl, welcher von den beiden Fällen der Fall dieſer Herren iſt?

Falk. Ich fürchte der letztere. Möchte ich mich betrügen! — Denn wenn es der erſte wäre, wie könnten ſie einen ſo ſeltſamen Anſchlag haben? — die *** wieder herzuſtellen! — Jener große Punkt, in welchem die *** Freimaurer waren, hat nicht mehr Statt. Wenigſtens iſt Europa längſt darüber hinaus, und bedarf darin weiter keines außerordentlichen Vorſchubs. — Was wollen ſie alſo? Wollen ſie auch ein Schwamm werden, den die Großen einmal ausdrücken? — Doch, an wen dieſe Frage? Und wider wen? Haſt du mir denn geſagt — haſt du mir ſagen können, daß mit dieſen Grillen von Goldmachern, Geiſterbannern, ***, ſich andere, als die Neulinge des Ordens ſchleppen? — Aber Kinder werden Männer. — Laß ſie nur! — Genug, wie geſagt, daß ich ſchon in dem Spielzeuge die Waffen erblicke, welche einmal die Männer mit ſicherer Hand führen werden.

Ernſt. Im Grunde, mein Freund, ſind es auch nicht dieſe Kindereien, die mich unmuthig machen. Ohne zu vermuthen, daß etwas Ernſthaftes hinter ihnen ſein könnte, ſahe ich über ſie weg — Tonnen, dachte ich, den jungen Wallfiſchen ausgeworfen! — Aber was mich nagt, iſt das: daß ich überall nichts ſehe, überall nichts höre, als dieſe Kindereien, daß von dem, deſſen Erwartung *du* in mir erregteſt, keiner etwas wiſſen will. Ich mag dieſen Ton angeben, ſo oft ich will, gegen wen ich will; niemand will einſtimmen, immer und aller Orten das tiefſte Stillſchweigen.

Falk. Du meinſt —

Ernſt. Jene Gleichheit, die du mir als Grundgeſetz des Ordens angegeben; jene Gleichheit, die meine ganze Seele mit ſo unerwarteter Hoffnung erfüllte, mit der Hoffnung, ſie endlich in Geſellſchaft von Menſchen athmen zu können, die über alle bürgerlichen Modificationen hinweg zu denken verſtehen, ohne ſich an einer zum Nachtheil eines Dritten zu verſündigen —

Falk. Nun?

Ernſt. Sie wäre noch, wenn ſie jemals geweſen! — Laß einen aufgeklärten Juden kommen, und ſich melden! „Ja," heißt es, „ein Jude? Chriſt wenigſtens muß freilich der Freimaurer ſein." *Es iſt nun gleichviel, was für ein Chriſt.* „Ohne Unterſchied der Religion, heißt nur, ohne Unterſchied der drei im heiligen römiſchen Reiche öffentlich geduldeten Religionen." — Meinſt du auch ſo?

Falk. Ich nun wohl nicht.

Ernſt. Laß einen ehrlichen Schuſter, der bei ſeinem Leiſten Muße genug hat, manchen guten Gedanken zu haben (wäre es auch ein Jacob Böhme und Hans Sachſe), laß ihn kommen, und ſich melden! „Ja," heißt es, „ein Schuſter!" freilich ein Schuſter. — Laß einen treulich erfahrnen Dienſtboten kommen und ſich melden. — „Ja," heißt es, „dergleichen Leute freilich, die ſich die Farbe zu ihrem Rocke nicht ſelbſt wählen. — Wir ſind unter uns ſo gute Geſellſchaft —

Falk. Und wie gute Geſellſchaft ſind ſie denn?

Ernſt. Ei nun! Daran habe ich allerdings weiter nichts auszuſetzen, als daß es *nur* gute Geſellſchaft iſt, die man in der Welt ſo müde wird — Prinzen, Grafen, Herren, Officiere, Räthe von allerlei Beſchlag, Kaufleute, Künſtler — alle die ſchwärmen freilich ohne Unterſchied des Standes in der Loge unter einander durch. — Aber in der That ſind doch alle nur von einem Stande, und der iſt leider — — —

Falk. Das war nun wohl zu meiner Zeit nicht ſo — Aber doch! — Ich weiß nicht, ich kann nur rathen — Ich bin zu lange Zeit außer aller Verbindung mit Logen, von welcher Art ſie auch ſein müſſen — In die *Loge vor jetzt*, auf eine Zeit, nicht können zugelaſſen werden, und von der *Freimaurerei ausgeſchloſſen ſein*, ſind doch zwei verſchiedene Dinge.

Ernſt. Wie ſo?

Falk. Weil Loge ſich zur Freimaurerei verhält, wie Kirche zum Glauben. Aus dem äußern Wohlſtande der Kirche iſt für den Glauben der Glieder nichts, gar nichts, zu ſchließen. Vielmehr giebt es einen gewiſſen äußerlichen Wohlſtand derſelben, von dem es ein Wunder wäre, wenn er mit dem wahren Glauben beſtehen könnte. Auch haben ſich beide noch nie vertragen, ſondern eins hat das andere, wie die Geſchichte lehrt, immer zu Grunde gerichtet. Und ſo auch, fürchte ich, fürchte ich —

Ernſt. Was?

Falk. Kurz! Das Logenweſen, ſo wie ich höre, daß es jetzt getrieben wird, will mir gar nicht zu Kopfe. Eine Kaſſe haben; Kapitale machen; dieſe Kapitale belegen; ſie auf den beſten Pfennig zu benutzen ſuchen; ſich ankaufen wollen; von Königen und Fürſten ſich Privilegien geben laſſen; das Anſehen und die Gewalt derſelben zu Unterdrückung der Brüder anwenden, die einer andern Obſervanz ſind, als der, die man ſo gern zum Weſen der Sache machen möchte — Wenn das in die Länge gut geht! — Wie gern will ich falſch prophezeihet haben!

Ernſt. Je nun! Was kann denn werden? Der Staat fährt jetzt nicht mehr ſo zu. Und zudem ſind ja wohl unter den Perſonen, die ſeine Geſetze machen oder handhaben, ſelbſt ſchon zu viel Freimaurer —

Falk. Gut! Wenn ſie alſo auch von dem Staate nichts zu befürchten haben, was denkſt du, wird eine ſolche Verfaſſung für Einfluß auf ſie ſelbſt haben? Gerathen ſie dadurch nicht offenbar wieder dahin, wovon ſie ſich losreißen wollten? Werden ſie nicht aufhören zu ſein, was ſie ſein wollen? — Ich weiß nicht, ob du mich ganz verſtehſt —

Ernſt. Rede nur weiter!

Falk. Zwar! — ja wohl — nichts dauert ewig — Vielleicht ſoll dieſes eben der Weg ſein, den die Vorſicht auserſehen, dem ganzen jetzigen Schema der Freimaurerei ein Ende zu machen —

Ernſt. Schema der Freimaurerei? Was nennſt du ſo? Schema?

Falk. Nun! Schema, Hülle, Einkleidung.

Ernſt. Ich weiß noch nicht —

Falk. Du wirſt doch nicht glauben, daß die Freimaurer Freimaurerei geſpielt?

Ernſt. Was iſt nun das? Die Freimaurer nicht Freimaurerei geſpielt?

Falk. Mit andern Worten! Meinſt du denn, daß das, was die Freimaurerei iſt, immer Freimaurerei geheißen? — Aber ſieh! Schon Mittag vorbei! Da kommen ja bereits meine Gäſte! Du bleibſt doch?

Ernſt. Ich wollte nicht, aber ich muß ja nun wohl, denn mich erwartet eine doppelte Sättigung.

Falk. Nur bei Tiſche, bitte ich, kein Wort.

Fünftes Geſpräch.

Ernſt. Endlich ſind ſie fort! — O die Schwätzer! — Und merkteſt du denn nicht, oder wollteſt du denn nicht merken, daß der eine mit der Warze an dem Kinn — heiße er, wie er will! — ein Freimaurer iſt? Er klopfte ſo oft an.

Falk. Ich hörte ihn wohl. Ich merkte ſogar in ſeinen Reden, was dir wohl nicht ſo aufgefallen — Er iſt von denen, die in Europa für die Amerikaner fechten —

Ernſt. Das wäre nicht das Schlimmſte an ihm.

Falk. Und hat die Grille, daß der Kongreß eine Loge iſt; daß *da* endlich die Freimaurerei ihr Reich mit gewaffneter Hand gründet.

Ernſt. Giebt es auch *ſolche Träumer*?

Falk. Es muß doch wohl.

Ernſt. Und woraus nimmſt du dieſen Wurm ihm ab?

Falk. Aus einem Zuge, der dir auch ſchon einmal kenntlich werden wird.

Ernſt. Bei Gott! wenn ich wüßte, daß ich mich in den Freimaurern gar ſo betrogen hätte! —

Falk. Sei ohne Sorge. Der Freimaurer erwartet ruhig den Aufgang der Sonne, und läßt die Lichter brennen, ſo lange ſie wollen und können. — Die Lichter auslöſchen, und wenn ſie ausgelöſcht ſind, erſt wahrnehmen, daß man die Stümpfe doch wieder anzünden, oder wohl gar andere Lichter wieder aufſtecken muß: das iſt der Freimaurer Sache nicht.

Ernſt. Das denke ich auch. — Was Blut koſtet, iſt gewiß kein Blut werth.

Falk. Vortrefflich! — Nun frage, was du willſt! Ich muß dir antworten.

Ernſt. So wird meines Fragens kein Ende ſein.

Falk. Nur kannſt du den Anfang nicht finden.

Ernſt. Verſtand ich dich, oder verſtand ich dich nicht, als wir unterbrochen wurden? Widerſprichſt du dir, oder widerſprichſt du dir nicht? — Denn allerdings, als du mir einmal ſagteſt: *die Freimaurerei ſei immer geweſen*, verſtand ich es alſo, daß nicht allein ihr Weſen, ſondern auch ihre gegenwärtige Verfaſſung ſich von undenklichen Zeiten herſchreibe.

Falk. Wenn es mit beiden einerlei Bewandtniß hätte! — Ihrem Weſen nach iſt die Freimaurerei eben ſo alt, als die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft. Beide konnten nicht anders als *mit einander* entſtehen. Wenn nicht gar die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft nur ein Sprößling der Freimaurerei iſt; denn die Flamme im Brennpunkte iſt auch Ausfluß der Sonne.

Ernſt. Auch mir ſchimmert das ſo vor. —

Falk. Es ſei aber Mutter und Tochter, oder Schweſter und Schweſter; ihr beiderſeitiges Schickſal hat immer wechſelſeitig in einander gewirkt. Wo ſich die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft befand, befand ſich aller Orten auch die Freimaurerei, und ſo umgekehrt. Es war immer das ſicherſte Kennzeichen einer geſunden, nervöſen Staatsverfaſſung, wenn ſich die Freimaurerei neben ihr blicken ließ; ſo wie es noch jetzt das unfehlbare Merkmal eines ſchwachen, furchtſamen Staats iſt, wenn er das nicht öffentlich dulden will, was er in Geheim doch dulden muß, er mag wollen oder nicht.

Ernſt. Zu verſtehen: die Freimaurerei!

Falk. Sicherlich! — Denn die beruht im Grunde nicht auf *äußerlichen Verbindungen*, die ſo leicht in *bürgerliche Anordnungen* ausarten, ſondern auf dem Gefühl gemeinſchaftlich ſympathiſirender Geiſter.

Ernſt. Und wer unterfängt ſich, denen zu gebieten!

Falk. Indeß hat freilich die Freimaurerei immer und aller Orten ſich nach der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft ſchmiegen und biegen müſſen; denn dieſe war ſtets die ſtärkere. So mancherlei die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft geweſen, ſo mancherlei Formen hat auch die Freimaurerei anzunehmen, ſich nicht entbrechen können; nur hatte jede neue Form, wie natürlich, ihren neuen Namen. Wie kannſt du glauben, daß der Name Freimaurerei älter ſein werde, als diejenige herrſchende Denkungsart der Staaten, nach der ſie genau abgewogen worden?

Ernſt. Und welches iſt dieſe herrſchende Denkungsart?

Falk. Das bleibt deiner eigenen Nachforſchung überlaſſen. — Genug, wenn ich dir ſage, daß der Name Freimaurer, ein Glied unſerer geheimen Verbrüderung anzuzeigen, vor dem Anfange dieſes laufenden Jahrhunderts nie gehört worden. Er kommt zuverläſſig vor dieſer Zeit in keinem gedruckten Buche vor, und den will ich ſehen, der mir ihn auch nur in einer geſchriebenen ältern Urkunde zeigen will.

Ernſt. Das heißt: den deutſchen Namen.

Falk. Nein, nein! auch das urſprüngliche Free-Mason, ſo wie alle darnach gemodelten Ueberſetzungen, in welcher Sprache es auch ſein mag.

Ernſt. Nicht doch! — Beſinne dich. — In keinem gedruckten Buche vor dem Anfange des laufenden Jahrhunderts? In keinem?

Falk. In keinem.

Ernſt. Gleichwohl habe ich ſelbſt —

Falk. So? — Iſt auch dir von dem Staube etwas in die Augen geflogen, den man um ſich zu werfen noch nicht aufhört?

Ernſt. Aber doch die Stelle in —

Falk. In der Londinopolis? Nicht wahr? — Staub!

Ernſt. Und die Parlamentsakte unter Heinrich dem Sechſten?

Falk. Staub!

Ernſt. Und die großen Privilegia, die Karl der Eilfte, König von Schweden, der Loge von Gothenburg ertheilte?

Falk. Staub!

Ernſt. Und Locke?

Falk. Und was für ein Locke?

Ernſt. Der Philoſoph. — Sein Schreiben an den Grafen von Pembroke; ſeine Anmerkungen über ein Verhör, von Heinrich des Sechſten eigener Hand geſchrieben?

Falk. Das muß ja wohl ein ganz neuer Fund ſein; den kenne ich nicht. — Aber wieder Heinrich der Sechſte? — Staub! nun nichts als Staub!

Ernſt. Nimmermehr!

Falk. Weißt du einen gelindern Namen für Wortverdrehungen, für untergeſchobene Urkunden?

Ernſt. Und das hätten ſie ſo lange vor den Augen der Welt ungerügt treiben dürfen?

Falk. Warum nicht? Der Klugen ſind viel zu wenig, als daß ſie allen Geckereien, gleich bei ihrem Entſtehen, widerſprechen könnten. Genug, daß bei ihnen keine Verjährung ſtattfindet. — Freilich wäre es beſſer, wenn man vor dem Publiko ganz und gar keine Geckereien unternähme; denn gerade das Verächtlichſte iſt, daß ſich niemand die Mühe nimmt, ſich ihnen entgegen zu ſtellen, wodurch ſie mit dem Laufe der Zeit das Anſehn einer ſehr ernſthaften, heiligen Sache gewinnen. Da heißt es dann über tauſend Jahre: „Würde man denn ſo in die Welt haben ſchreiben dürfen, wenn es nicht wahr geweſen wäre? Man hat dieſen glaubwürdigen Männern damals nicht widerſprochen, und Ihr wollt Ihnen jetzt widerſprechen?“

Ernſt. O Geſchichte! O Geſchichte! Was biſt du?

Falk. Anderſon's kahle Rhapſodie, in welcher die Hiſtorie der Baukunſt für die Hiſtorie des Ordens untergeſchoben wird, möchte noch hingehen! Für einmal, und für damals mochte das gut ſein. — Dazu war die Gaukelei ſo handgreiflich. — Aber daß man noch jetzt auf dieſem moraſtigen Grunde fortbauet; daß man noch immer *gedruckt* behaupten will, was man *mündlich* gegen einen ernſthaften Mann vorzugeben ſich ſchämt; daß man zu Fortſetzung eines Scherzes, den man längſt hätte ſollen fallen laſſen, ſich eine forgery erlaubt, auf welche, wenn ſie ein nichtswürdiges bürgerliches Intereſſe betrifft, die pillory ſteht —

Ernſt. Wenn es denn nun aber wahr wäre, daß hier mehr als Wortſpiel vorwaltete? Wenn es nun wahr wäre, daß das Geheimniß des Ordens ſich von Alters her unter dem homonymen Handwerke vornämlich erhalten hätte? —

Falk. Wenn es wahr wäre?

Ernſt. Und muß es nicht wahr ſein? — Denn wie käme der Orden ſonſt dazu, die Symbole eben dieſes Handwerks zu entlehnen? Eben dieſes? Und warum keines andern?

Falk. Die Frage iſt allerdings verfänglich.

Ernſt. Ein ſolcher Umſtand muß doch eine Urſache haben?

Falk. Und hat ſie.

Ernſt. Und hat ſie? Und hat eine andere Urſache, als jene vermeinte?

Falk. Eine ganz andere.

Ernſt. Soll ich rathen, oder darf ich fragen?

Falk. Wenn du mir ſchon eher eine ganz andere Frage gethan hätteſt, die ich längſt erwarten mußte, ſo würde dir das Rathen nun nicht ſchwer fallen.

Ernſt. Eine andere Frage, die du längſt hätteſt erwarten müſſen? —

Falk. Denn, wenn ich dir ſagte, daß das, was Freimaurerei iſt, nicht immer Freimaurerei geheißen, was war natürlicher und näher —

Ernſt. Als zu fragen, wie es ſonſt geheißen? — Ja wohl! — So frage ich es denn nun.

Falk. Wie die Freimaurerei geheißen, ehe ſie Freimaurerei hieß, fragſt du? — Maſoney. —

Ernſt. Nun ja freilich! Masonry auf Engliſch. —

Falk. Auf Engliſch nicht Masonry, ſondern Masony. — Nicht von Mason, der Maurer, ſondern von Mase, der Tiſch, die Tafel.

Ernſt. Mase, der Tiſch? in welcher Sprache?

Falk. In der Sprache der Angelſachſen; doch nicht in dieſer allein, ſondern auch in der Sprache der Gothen und Franken, folglich ein urſprünglich deutſches Wort, von welchem noch jetzt ſo mancherlei Abſtammungen üblich ſind, oder doch unlängſt üblich waren, als: Maskopie, Masleidig, Masgenoſſe. Selbſt Maſoney war zu Luthers Zeiten noch häufig im Gebrauche; nur daß es ſeine gute Bedeutung ein wenig verſchlimmert hatte.

Ernſt. Ich weiß weder von ſeiner guten, noch von ſeiner verſchlimmerten Bedeutung.

Falk. Aber die Sitte unſerer Vorfahren weißt du doch, auch die wichtigſten Dinge am Tiſche zu überlegen? — Maſe alſo der Tiſch, und Maſoney eine geſchloſſene Tiſchgeſellſchaft. Und wie aus einer geſchloſſenen, vertrauten Tiſchgeſellſchaft ein Saufgelag werden, in welchem Verſtande Agrikola das Wort Maſoney braucht, kannſt du leicht abnehmen.

Ernſt. Wäre es dem Namen Loge vor einiger Zeit bald beſſer gegangen?

Falk. Vorher aber, ehe die Maſoneyen zum Theil ſo ausarteten, und in der guten Meinung des Publikums ſo herabkamen, ſtanden ſie in deſto größerm Anſehn. Es war kein Hof in Deutſchland, weder klein noch groß, der nicht ſeine Maſoney hatte. Die alten Lieder- und Geſchichtsbücher ſind davon Zeugen. Eigene Gebäude, die mit den Schlöſſern und Palläſten der regierenden Herren verbunden oder benachbart waren, hatten von ihnen ihre Benennung, von der man neuerer Zeit ſo manche ungegründete Auslegung hat. — Und was brauche ich dir zu ihrem Ruhme mehr zu ſagen, als daß die Geſellſchaft der runden Tafel die erſte und älteſte Maſoney war, von der ſie insgeſammt abſtammen?

Ernſt. Der runden Tafel? das ſteigt in ein ſehr fabelhaftes Alterthum hinauf. —

Falk. Die Geſchichte des Königs Arthur ſei ſo fabelhaft als ſie will; die runde Tafel iſt ſo fabelhaft nicht.

Ernſt. Arthur ſoll doch der Stifter derſelben geweſen ſein.

Falk. Mit nichten! Auch nicht einmal der Fabel nach. — Arthur, oder ſein Vater, hatte ſie von den Angelſachſen angenommen, wie ſchon der Name Maſoney vermuthen läßt. Und was verſteht ſich mehr von ſelbſt, als daß die Angelſachſen keine Sitten nach England hinüberbrachten, die ſie in ihrem Vaterlande nicht zurückließen? Auch ſieht man es an mehreren deutſchen Völkern damaliger Zeit, daß der Hang, in und neben der großen bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft, kleinere vertraute Geſellſchaften zu machen, ihnen eigen war.

Ernſt. Hiermit meinſt du? —

Falk. Alles, was ich dir jetzt nur flüchtig und vielleicht nicht mit der gehörigen Präciſion ſage, mache ich mich anheiſchig, das nächſtemal, daß ich mich mit dir in der Stadt unter meinen Büchern befinde, ſchwarz auf weiß zu belegen. — Höre mich jetzt nur, wie man das erſte Gerücht irgend einer großen Begebenheit hört. Es reizt die Neugierde mehr, als daß es ſie befriedigt.

Ernſt. Wo bliebſt du?

Falk. Die Maſoney alſo war eine deutſche Sitte, welche die Sachſen nach England verpflanzten. Die Gelehrten ſind uneinig, wer die Maſe-Thanes unter ihnen waren: allem Anſehn nach die Edlen der Maſoney, welche ſo tiefe Wurzeln in dieſem neuen Boden ſchlug, daß ſie unter allen nachfolgenden Staatsveränderungen dauerte, und ſich von Zeit zu Zeit in der herrlichſten Blüthe zeigte. Beſonders waren die Maſoneyen der *** im zwölften Jahrhundert und im dreizehnten in ſehr großem Ruf. Und ſo eine *** Maſoney war es, die ſich, bis zu Ende des ſiebenzehnten Jahrhunderts, trotz der Aufhebung des Ordens, mitten in London erhalten hatte. — Und hier fängt die Zeit an, wo die Fingerzeige der niedergeſchriebenen Hiſtorie freilich ermangeln. Aber eine ſorgfältig aufbewahrte Tradition, die ſo viele Merkmale der Wahrheit hat, iſt bereit, dieſen Mangel zu erſetzen.

Ernſt. Und was hindert dieſe Tradition, endlich einmal durch ſchriftliche Bezeugungen ſich zur Geſchichte zu erheben?

Falk. Hindert? Nichts hindert! Alles räth vielmehr dazu an. — Wenigſtens fühle ich, ich fühle mich berechtigt, ja verpflichtet, dir und Allen, welche ſich mit dir in dem nämlichen Falle befinden, länger kein Geheimniß daraus zu machen.

Ernſt. Nun denn! — Ich bin in der äußerſten Erwartung.

Falk. Jene *** Maſoney alſo, die noch zu Ausgang des vorigen Jahrhunderts in London beſtand, aber in aller Stille beſtand, hatte ihr Verſammlungshaus unfern der Sanct Paulskirche, die damals neu erbauet ward. Der Baumeiſter dieſer zweiten Kirche der ganzen Welt war —

Ernſt. Chriſtoph Wren —

Falk. Und du haſt den Schöpfer der ganzen heutigen Freimaurerei genannt. —

Ernſt. Ihn?

Falk. Kurz! Wren, der Baumeiſter der Sanct Paulskirche, in deren Nähe ſich eine uralte Maſoney, von undenklichen Jahren her, verſammelte, war ein Mitglied dieſer Maſoney, welche er die dreißig Jahre über, die der Bau dauerte, um ſo öfter beſuchte.

Ernſt. Ich fange an, ein Mißverſtändniß zu wittern.

Falk. Nicht anders! Die wahre Bedeutung des Worts Maſoney war bei dem engliſchen Volke vergeſſen, verloren. — Eine Masony, die in der Nähe eines ſo wichtigen Baues lag, in der ſich der Meiſter dieſes Baues ſo fleißig finden ließ, was kann die anders ſein, als eine Masonry, als eine Geſellſchaft von Bauverſtändigen, mit welchen Wren die vorfallenden Schwierigkeiten überlegt? —

Ernſt. Natürlich genug!

Falk. Die Fortſetzung eines ſolchen Baues einer ſolchen Kirche intereſſirte ganz London. Um Nachrichten davon aus der erſten Hand zu haben, bewarb ſich jeder, der einige Kenntniſſe von Baukunſt zu haben vermeinte, um Zutritt zu der vermeinten Maſoney — und bewarb ſich vergebens. Endlich — du kennſt Chriſtoph Wren, nicht blos dem Namen nach, du weißt, welch ein erfindſamer, thätiger Kopf er war. Er hatte ehedem den Plan zu einer Societät der Wiſſenſchaften entwerfen helfen, welche ſpekulativiſche Wahrheiten gemeinnütziger, und dem bürgerlichen Leben erſprießlicher machen ſollte. Auf einmal fiel ihm das Gegenbild einer Geſellſchaft bei, welche ſich von der Praxis des bürgerlichen Lebens zur Spekulation erhöbe. „Dort,“ dachte er, „würde unterſucht, was unter dem Wahren brauchbar, und hier, was unter dem Brauchbaren wahr wäre. Wie, wenn ich einige Grundſätze der Maſoney exoteriſch machte? Wie, wenn ich das, was ſich nicht exoteriſch machen läßt, unter die Hieroglyphen und Symbole deſſelben Handwerks verſteckte, und was man jetzt unter dem Worte Masonry verſteht, zu einer Free-Masonry erweiterte, an welcher Mehrere Theil nehmen könnten?“ — So dachte Wren, und die Freimaurerei ward — Ernſt! Wie iſt dir?

Ernſt. Wie einem Geblendeten.

Falk. Geht dir nun einiges Licht auf?

Ernſt. Einiges? Zu viel auf einmal.

Falk. Begreifſt du nun —

Ernſt. Ich bitte dich, Freund, nichts mehr! — Aber haſt du nicht bald Verrichtungen in der Stadt?

Falk. Wünſcheſt du mich da?

Ernſt. Wünſche? — nachdem du mir verſprochen —

Falk. So hab ich der Verrichtungen daſelbſt genug. — Noch einmal! ich werde mich über manches aus dem Gedächtniſſe zu ſchwankend, zu unbefriedigend ausgedrückt haben. — Unter meinen Büchern ſollſt du ſehen und greifen — Die Sonne geht unter, du mußt in die Stadt. Lebe wohl! —

Ernſt. Eine andere ging mir auf. Lebe wohl!

Nachricht.

Ein ſechstes Geſpräch, welches unter dieſen Freunden vorfiel, iſt nicht ſo mitzutheilen. Aber das Weſentliche davon iſt zu kritiſchen Anmerkungen über das fünfte Geſpräch beſtimmt, die man zur Zeit noch zurückhält.

Von der Verſchiedenheit der Zeichen, deren ſich die Künſte bedienen[*]).

Von der Verſchiedenheit der Zeichen, deren ſich die ſchönen Künſte bedienen, hangt auch die Möglichkeit und Leichtigkeit ab, mehrere derſelben mit einander zu einer gemeinſchaftlichen Wirkung zu verbinden.

Die Verſchiedenheit zwar, nach welcher ſich ein Theil der ſchönen Künſte willkührlicher, und der andere natürlicher Zeichen bedient, kann bei dieſer Verbindung nicht beſonders in Betracht kommen. Da die willkührlichen Zeichen eben deswegen, weil ſie willkührlich ſind, alle möglichen Dinge in allen ihren möglichen Verbindungen ausdrücken können, ſo iſt von dieſer Seite ihre Verbindung mit den natürlichen Zeichen ohne Ausnahme möglich.

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[*]) Zur Philoſophie und Kunſt von Leſſing (Werke, 3. Band).

Allein, da dieſe willkührlichen Zeichen zugleich auf einander folgende ſind, die natürlichen Zeichen aber nicht alle auf einander folgen, ſondern eine Art derſelben neben einander geordnet werden müſſen: ſo folgt von ſelbſt, daß die willkührlichen Zeichen ſich mit dieſen beiden Arten natürlicher Zeichen nicht gleich leicht und gleich intim werden vereinigen laſſen.

I. Daß willkührliche, auf einander folgende Zeichen mit natürlichen auf einander folgenden Zeichen ſich leichter und intimer werden vereinigen laſſen, als mit natürlichen neben einander geordneten Zeichen, iſt klar. Da aber auf beiden Theilen noch der Unterſchied hinzukommen kann, daß es entweder Zeichen für einerlei oder für verſchiedene Sinne ſind, ſo kann dieſe intime Verbindung wiederum ihre Grade haben.

1) Die Vereinigung willkührlicher auf einander folgender hörbarer Zeichen, mit natürlichen auf einander folgenden hörbaren Zeichen, iſt unſtreitig unter allen möglichen die vollkommenſte, beſonders wenn noch dieſes hinzukommt, daß beiderlei Zeichen nicht allein für einerlei Sinn ſind, ſondern auch von ebendemſelben Organe zu gleicher Zeit gefaßt und hervorgebracht werden können.

Von dieſer Art iſt die Verbindung der Poeſie und Muſik, ſo daß die Natur ſelbſt ſie nicht ſowohl zur Verbindung, als vielmehr zu einer und ebenderſelben Kunſt beſtimmt zu haben ſcheint.

Es hat auch wirklich eine Zeit gegeben, wo ſie beide zuſammen nur Eine Kunſt ausmachten. Ich will indeß nicht leugnen, daß die Trennung nicht natürlich erfolgt ſei, noch weniger will ich die Ausübung der einen ohne die andere tadeln; aber ich darf doch bedauern, daß durch dieſe Trennung man an die Verbindung faſt gar nicht mehr denkt, oder wenn man ja noch daran denkt, man die eine Kunſt nur zu einer Hülfskunſt der andern macht, und von einer gemeinſchaftlichen Wirkung, welche beide zu gleichen Theilen hervorbringen, gar nichts mehr weiß. Hernach iſt noch auch dieſes zu erinnern, daß man nur eine Verbindung ausübt, in welcher die Dichtkunſt die helfende Kunſt iſt, nämlich in der Oper, die Verbindung aber, wo die Muſik die helfende Kunſt wäre, noch unbearbeitet gelaſſen hat *). Oder ſollte ich ſagen, daß man in der Oper auf beide Verbindungen gedacht habe: nämlich, auf die Verbindung, wo die Poeſie die helfende Kunſt iſt, in der Arie; und auf die Verbindung, wo die Muſik die helfende Kunſt iſt, im Recitative? Es ſcheint ſo. Nur dürfte die Frage dabei ſein, ob dieſe vermiſchte Verbindung, wo nur nach der Reihe die eine Kunſt der andern ſubſervirt, in einem und ebendemſelben Ganzen natürlich ſei, und ob die wollüſtigere, welches unſtreitig die iſt, wo die Poeſie der Muſik ſubſervirt, nicht der andern ſchadet, und unſer Ohr zu ſehr vergnügt, als daß es das wenigere Vergnügen bei der andern nicht zu matt und ſchläfrig finden ſollte.

Dieſes Subſerviren unter den beiden Künſten beſteht darin, daß die eine vor der andern zum Hauptwerke gemacht wird, nicht aber darin, daß ſich die eine bloß nach der andern richtet, und wenn ihre verſchiedenen Regeln in Colliſion kommen, daß die eine der andern ſo viel nachgiebt als möglich. Denn dieſes iſt auch in der alten Verbindung geſchehen.

Aber woher dieſe verſchiedenen Regeln, wenn es wahr iſt, daß beider Zeichen einer ſo intimen Verbindung fähig ſind? Daher, daß beider Zeichen zwar in der Folge der Zeit wirken, aber das Maaß der Zeit, welches den Zeichen der einen und den Zeichen der andern widerſpricht, nicht einerlei iſt. Die einzelnen Töne in der Muſik ſind keine Zeichen, ſie bedeuten nichts und drücken nichts aus; ſondern ihre Zeichen ſind die Folgen der Töne, welche Leidenſchaft erregen und bedeuten können. Die willkührlichen Zeichen der Worte hingegen bedeuten für ſich ſelbſt etwas, und ein einziger Laut, als willkührliches Zeichen, kann ſo viel ausdrücken, als die Muſik nicht anders, als in einer langen Folge von Tönen empfindlich machen kann. Hieraus entſpringt die Regel, daß die Poeſie, welche mit Muſik verbunden werden ſoll, nicht von der gedrungenen Art ſein muß; daß es bei ihr keine Schönheit iſt, den beſten Gedanken in ſo wenig als möglich Worte zu bringen, ſondern daß ſie vielmehr jedem Gedanken, durch die längſten geſchmeidigſten Worte, ſo viel Ausdehnung geben muß, als die Muſik braucht, etwas Aehnliches hervorbringen zu können. Man hat den Componiſten vorgeworfen, daß ihnen die ſchlechteſte Poeſie die beſte wäre, und ſie dadurch lächerlich zu machen geglaubt, aber ſie iſt ihnen nicht deswegen die liebſte, weil ſie ſchlecht iſt, ſondern weil die ſchlechte nicht gedrängt und gepreßt iſt. Es iſt aber darum nicht jede Poeſie, welche nicht gedrängt und gepreßt iſt, ſchlecht; ſie kann vielmehr ſehr gut ſein, ob ſie gleich freilich, als bloße Poeſie betrachtet, nachdrücklicher und ſchöner ſein könnte. Allein ſie ſoll auch nicht als bloße Poeſie betrachtet werden.

Daß eine Sprache vor der andern zur Muſik geſchickt ſei, iſt wohl unſtreitig; nur will kein Volk das Wenigere auf ſeine Sprache kommen laſſen. Die Unſchicklichkeit beruht aber nicht bloß in der rauhen und harten Ausſprache, ſondern auch, zufolge der gemachten Anmerkung, in der Kürze der Wörter, und zwar dieſes nicht allein, weil die kurzen Wörter auch meiſtentheils hart ſind und ſich ſchwer unter einander verbinden laſſen, ſondern auch ſchon deswegen, weil ſie kurz ſind, weil ſie zu wenig Zeit brauchen, als daß ihnen die Muſik mit ihren Zeichen gleichen Schrittes folgen könne.

Völlig kann keine Sprache von der Beſchaffenheit ſein, daß ihre Zeichen eben ſo viel Zeit erfordern, als die Zeichen der Muſik, und ich glaube, dieſes iſt der natürliche Anlaß geweſen, ganze Paſſagen auf eine Silbe zu legen.

2) Nach dieſer vollkommenſten Vereinigung der Poeſie und Muſik folgt die Vereinigung willkührlicher auf einander folgender hörbarer Zeichen mit willkührlichen auf einander folgenden ſichtbaren Zeichen, das iſt die Verbindung der Muſik mit der Tanzkunſt, der Poeſie mit der Tanzkunſt, und der vereinigten Muſik und Poeſie mit der Tanzkunſt.

Unter dieſen drei Verbindungen, von welchen allen wir bei den Alten Exempel finden, iſt wiederum die Verbindung der Muſik mit der Tanzkunſt die vollkommnere; denn obſchon hörbare mit ſichtbaren Zeichen verbunden werden, ſo fällt doch dafür hinwiederum der Unterſchied des Zeitraums, den dieſe Zeichen nöthig haben, weg, welcher in der Verbindung der Poeſie mit der Tanzkunſt, oder der vereinigten Poeſie und Muſik mit der Tanzkunſt bleibt.

3) Wie es eine Verbindung willkührlicher auf einander folgender hörbarer Zeichen mit natürlichen auf einander folgenden hörbaren Zeichen giebt: ſollte es nicht auch eine Verbindung willkührlicher auf einander folgender ſichtbarer Zeichen mit natürlichen auf einander folgenden ſichtbaren Zeichen geben? Ich glaube, dieſes war die Pantomime der Alten, wenn wir ſie außer ihrer Verbindung mit der Muſik betrachten. Denn es iſt gewiß, daß die Pantomime nicht aus bloß natürlichen Bewegungen und Stellungen beſtand, ſondern, daß ſie auch willkührliche zu Hülfe nahm, deren Bedeutung von der Convention abhing *).

Dieſes muß man annehmen, um die Vollkommenheit der alten Pantomime wahrſcheinlich zu finden, zu welcher noch ihre Verbindung mit der Poeſie vieles beitrug. Dieſes aber war eine Verbindung von einer beſondern Art, indem nicht Zeichen und Zeichen mit einander verbunden wurden, ſondern bloß die Folge der einen nach der Folge der andern eingerichtet, bei der Ausführung dieſe letztere aber unterdrückt ward.

II. Dieſes waren die vollkommenen Verbindungen; die unvollkommenen ſind diejenigen, da willkührliche auf einander folgende Zeichen mit natürlichen neben einander geordneten Zeichen verbunden werden, deren vornehmſte die Verbindung der Malerei mit der Poeſie ſein würde. Wegen des Unterſchiedes, daß die Zeichen der einen im Raume, und die Zeichen der andern in der Zeit auf einander folgen, kann keine vollkommene Verbindung entſtehen, woraus eine gemeinſchaftliche Wirkung entſpränge, ſondern nur eine Verbindung, bei welcher die eine der andern untergeordnet iſt.

Erſtlich alſo die Verbindung, wo die Malerei der Dichtkunſt untergeordnet iſt. Hieher gehört der Gebrauch der Bänkelſänger, den Inhalt ihrer Lieder malen zu laſſen und darauf zu weiſen.

Die Verbindung, welche Caylus angiebt, iſt mehr von der Art, wo die alte Pantomime mit der Poeſie verbunden war. Dieſe iſt, die Folge der Zeichen der einen durch die Folge der Zeichen der andern zu beſtimmen.

Daß die Malerei ſich natürlicher Zeichen bedient, muß ihr allerdings einen großen Vorzug vor der Poeſie gewähren, welche ſich nur willkührlicher Zeichen bedienen kann.

Indeſſen ſind beide hierin auch nicht ſo weit aus einander, als es dem erſten Anſehn nach ſcheinen ſollte, und die Poeſie hat nicht nur wirklich auch natürliche Zeichen, ſondern auch Mittel, ihre willkührlichen zu der Würde und Kraft der natürlichen zu erhöhen.

Anfangs iſt es gewiß, daß die erſten Sprachen aus der Onomatopöie entſtanden ſind, und daß die erſten erfundenen Wörter gewiſſe Aehnlichkeiten mit den auszudrückenden Sachen gehabt haben. Dergleichen Wörter finden ſich auch jetzt noch in allen Spra-

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*) Vielleicht ließe ſich hieraus ein weſentliches Unterſcheidungszeichen zwiſchen der franzöſiſchen und italieniſchen Oper feſtſetzen.

In der franzöſiſchen Oper iſt die Poeſie weniger die Hülfskunſt; und es iſt natürlich, daß die Muſik derſelben ſonach nicht ſo brillant werden könne.

In der italieniſchen iſt alles der Muſik ſubordonnirt; dieſes ſieht man ſelbſt aus der Einrichtung der Opern des Metaſtaſio; aus der unnöthigen Häufung der Perſonen, z. E. in der Zenobia, welche noch weit verwickelter iſt, als Crebillon's; aus der übeln Gewohnheit, jede Scene, auch die allerpaſſionirteſte, mit einer Arie zu ſchließen. (Der Sänger will beim Abgehen für ſeine Cadence beklatſcht ſein.)

Man müßte in dieſer Abſicht die beſten franzöſiſchen Opern, als Atys und Armide, gegen die beſten des Metaſtaſio unterſuchen.

*) Die einfache Kunſt, welche ſich willkührlicher auf einander folgender ſichtbarer Zeichen bedient, wird die Sprache der Stummen ſein.

chen mehr oder weniger, je nachdem die Sprache ſelbſt mehr oder weniger von ihrem erſten Urſprunge entfernt iſt. Aus dem klugen Gebrauche dieſer Wörter entſteht das, was man den muſikaliſchen Ausdruck in der Poeſie nennt, von welchem öfters und vielfältig Exempel angeführt werden.

So weit indeß die verſchiedenen Sprachen größtentheils in ihren einzelnen Wörtern von einander abgehen, ſo viel Aehnliches haben ſie noch in denjenigen Fällen, in welchen, allem Anſehn nach, die erſten Menſchen die erſten Töne von ſich hören ließen. Ich meine, bei dem Ausdrucke der Leidenſchaften. Die kleinen Wörter, mit welchen wir unſere Verwunderung, unſere Freude, unſern Schmerz ausdrücken, mit einem Worte die Interjektionen, ſind in allen Sprachen ziemlich einerlei, und verdienen daher, als natürliche Zeichen betrachtet zu werden. Ein großer Reichthum an dergleichen Partikeln iſt daher allerdings eine Vollkommenheit einer Sprache, und ob ich ſchon weiß, welchen Mißbrauch elende Köpfe davon machen können, ſo bin ich doch auch gar nicht mit der froſtigen Anſtändigkeit zufrieden, welche ſie beinahe gänzlich verbannen will. Man ſehe, mit welcher Mannigfaltigkeit und Menge von Interjektionen Philoktet bei dem Sophokles ſeinen Schmerz ausdrückt. Ein Ueberſetzer in neuere Sprachen muß ſehr verlegen ſein, was er dafür ſubſtituiren ſoll.

Die Poeſie bedient ſich ferner nicht bloß einzelner Wörter, ſondern dieſer Wörter in einer gewiſſen Folge. Wenn alſo auch ſchon nicht die Wörter natürliche Zeichen ſind, ſo kann doch ihre Folge die Kraft eines natürlichen Zeichens haben. Wenn nämlich alle die Wörter vollkommen ſo auf einander folgen, als die Dinge ſelbſt, welche ſie ausdrücken. Dieſes iſt ein anderer poetiſcher Kunſtgriff, der noch nie gehörig berührt worden und eine eigene Erläuterung durch Exempel verdient.

Das Bisherige erweiſt, daß es der Poeſie nicht ganz und gar an natürlichen Zeichen mangelt. Sie hat aber auch ein Mittel, ihre willkührlichen Zeichen zu dem Werthe der natürlichen zu erheben, nämlich die Metapher. Da nämlich die Kraft der natürlichen Zeichen in ihrer Aehnlichkeit mit den Dingen beſteht, ſo führt ſie, anſtatt dieſer Aehnlichkeit, welche ſie nicht hat, eine andere Aehnlichkeit ein, welche das bezeichnete Ding mit einem andern hat, deſſen Begriff leichter und lebhafter erneuert werden kann.

Zu dieſem Gebrauche der Metaphern gehören auch die Gleichniſſe. Denn das Gleichniß iſt im Grunde nichts, als eine ausgemalte Metapher, oder die Metapher nichts, als ein zuſammengezogenes Gleichniß.

Die Unmöglichkeit, in der ſich die Malerei befindet, ſich dieſes Mittels zu bedienen, giebt der Poeſie einen großen Vorzug, indem ſie ſonach eine Art von Zeichen hat, welche die Kraft der natürlichen haben, nur daß ſie dieſe Zeichen ſelbſt hinwiederum durch willkührliche ausdrücken muß.

Nicht jeder Gebrauch der willkührlichen auf einander folgenden hörbaren Zeichen iſt Poeſie. Warum ſoll jeder Gebrauch natürlicher neben einander ſtehender ſichtbarer Zeichen Malerei ſein, in ſo fern Malerei für die Schweſter der Poeſie angenommen wird?

So gut es von jenen einen Gebrauch giebt, der nicht eigentlich auf die Täuſchung geht, durch den man mehr zu belehren, als zu vergnügen, mehr ſich verſtändlich zu machen, als mit ſich fortzureißen ſucht, das iſt, ſo gut die Sprache ihre Poeſie hat: ſo gut muß auch die Malerei dergleichen haben.

Es giebt alſo poetiſche und proſaiſche Maler.

Proſaiſche Maler ſind diejenigen, welche die Dinge, die ſie nachahmen wollen, nicht dem Weſen ihrer Zeichen anmeſſen.

1) Ihre Zeichen ſind neben einander ſtehend; welche folglich Dinge, die auf einander folgen, damit vorſtellen.
2) Ihre Zeichen ſind natürlich; welche folglich ſie mit willkührlichen vermiſchen, die Allegoriſten.
3) Ihre Zeichen ſind ſichtbar; welche folglich nicht durch das Sichtbare das Sichtbare, ſondern das Hörbare, oder Gegenſtände anderer Sinne vorſtellen wollen. Erläuterung: the enraged Musician von Hogarth.

Die Malerei ſagt man, bedient ſich natürlicher Zeichen. Dieſes iſt, überhaupt zu reden, wahr. Nur muß man ſich nicht vorſtellen, daß ſie ſich gar keiner willkührlichen Zeichen bediene; wovon an einem andern Orte.

Und hiernächſt laſſe man ſich belehren, daß ſelbſt ihre natürlichen Zeichen, unter gewiſſen Umſtänden, es völlig zu ſein aufhören können.

Ich meine nämlich ſo: Unter dieſen natürlichen Zeichen ſind die vornehmſten, Linien, und aus dieſen zuſammengeſetzte Figuren. Nun iſt es aber nicht genug, daß dieſe Linien unter ſich eben das Verhältniß haben, welches ſie in der Natur haben; eine jede derſelben muß auch die nämliche und nicht bloß verjüngte Dimenſion haben, die ſie in der Natur hat, oder in demjenigen Geſichtspunkte haben würde, aus welchem das Gemälde betrachtet werden ſoll.

Derjenige Maler alſo, welcher ſich vollkommner natürlicher Zeichen bedienen will, muß in Lebensgröße oder wenigſtens nicht merklich unter Lebensgröße malen. Derjenige, welcher zu weit unter dieſem Maaße bleibt, der Verfertiger kleiner Cabinetſtücke, der Miniaturmaler, kann zwar im Grunde ebenderſelbe große Künſtler ſein; nur muß er nicht verlangen, daß ſeine Werke eben die Wahrheit haben, eben die Wirkung thun ſollen, welche jene Werke haben und thun.

Eine menſchliche Figur von einer Spanne, von einem Zolle, iſt zwar das Bild eines Menſchen; aber es iſt doch ſchon gewiſſermaßen ein ſymboliſches Bild; ich bin mir der Zeichen dabei bewußter, als der bezeichneten Sache; ich muß die verjüngte Figur in meiner Einbildungskraft erſt wieder zu ihrer wahren Größe erheben, und dieſe Verrichtung meiner Seele, ſie mag noch ſo geſchwind, noch ſo leicht ſein, verhindert doch immer, daß die Intuition des Bezeichneten nicht zugleich mit der Intuition des Zeichens erfolgen kann.

Man dürfte vielleicht einwenden: die Dimenſionen der ſichtbaren Dinge, ſofern ſie geſehen werden, ſind wandelbar; ſie hängen von der Entfernung ab, und es giebt Entfernungen, in welchen eine menſchliche Figur nur eine Spanne, einen Zoll groß zu ſein ſcheint; welchem nach man auch nur anzunehmen brauchte, daß dieſe verjüngte Figur aus dieſer Entfernung genommen ſei, um die Zeichen für vollkommen natürlich gelten zu laſſen.

Allein ich antworte: in der Entfernung, in welcher eine menſchliche Figur nur von der Größe einer Spanne, oder eines Zolles zu ſein ſcheint, erſcheint ſie auch undeutlicher; das iſt aber bei den verjüngten Figuren in dem Vorgrunde kleiner Gemälde nicht, und die Deutlichkeit ihrer Theile widerſpricht der anſcheinlichen Entfernung, und erinnert uns zu lebhaft, daß die Figuren verjüngt und nicht entfernt ſind.

Es iſt hiernächſt bekannt, wie viel die Größe der Dimenſionen zu dem Erhabenen beiträgt, und dieſes Erhabene verliert ſich durch die Verjüngung in der Malerei gänzlich. Ihre größten Thürme, ihre ſchärfſten rauheſten Abſtürze, ihre noch ſo überhangenden Felſen, werden auch nicht einen Schatten von dem Schrecken und dem Schwindel erregen, den ſie in der Natur erregen, und den ſie auch in der Poeſie in einem ziemlichen Grade erregen können.

Welch ein Gemälde beim Shakeſpeare, wo Edgar den Gloſter auf die äußerſte Spitze des Hügels führt, von welcher er ſich herabſtürzen will *)!

> Come on, sir! here's the place; — stand still! — How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
> The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Show scarce so gross as Beetles: half way down,
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks, he seems no bigger, than his head:
> The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
> Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
> Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
> Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle Pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high; — I'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong.

Mit dieſer Stelle des Shakeſpeare iſt zu vergleichen die Stelle beim Milton B. VII. v. 210, wo der Sohn Gottes in das grundloſe Chaos herabſieht. Dieſe Tiefe iſt bei weitem die größere; gleichwohl thut die Beſchreibung derſelben keine Wirkung, weil ſie uns durch nichts anſchauend gemacht wird; welches bei dem Shakeſpeare ſo vortrefflich durch die allmählige Verkleinerung der Gegenſtände geſchieht.

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*) King Lear. Act IV, Sc. 6.

Karl Gotthelf Leſſing,

der Bruder von Ephraim L., ward am 10. Julius 1740 zu Kamenz geboren, erhielt dieſelbe fromme und gelehrte Erziehung und ſtudirte, nachdem er auf der Stadtſchule zu Kamenz und auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen vorbereitet worden war, ebenfalls zu Leipzig die Rechte, ohne jedoch ſein Brotſtudium oder irgend ein Berufscollegium feſt in's Auge zu faſſen. Dagegen zeichnete er ſich bald durch noch freiſinnigere Anſichten als ſein Bruder aus, erhielt deshalb das Prädicat des Atheiſten und das Consilium abeundi und diente nun einige Zeit einem als Advocat ausgezeichneten Vetter als Schreiber, bis ihn ſein Bruder 1765 zu ſich nach Berlin nahm. Um unabhängig zu leben ging er zwar 1767 nach Hamburg, kehrte aber 1770 nach Berlin zurück, wo er durch Moſes Mendelsſohn's Vermittelung eine Aſſiſtentenſtelle mit Gehalt am General-Münzdirectorium erhielt. Obwohl er die dazu nöthigen Kenntniſſe nicht beſaß, ſo erwarb er ſich dieſelben doch unter der Leitung des großen jüdiſchen Rechenkünſtlers Abraham Caſſel und des berühmten Mathematikers Euler in ſo hohem Grade, daß er 1779 als Münzdirector nach Breslau kam, wo er am 17. Februar 1812 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Philoſophiſche Unterſuchungen über die Amerikaner. Berlin 1769, 2 Thle., 8.
Briefe der Miß Fanell. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Herrn Imbert. Berlin 1777, 2 Thle., 8.
Schauſpiele. Berlin 1778 und 80, 2 Thle., 8.

Einzeln:

Der Lotterieſpieler. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1769, 8.
Die Kindermörderin. Von Wagner umgearbeitet. Leipzig 1776, 8.; Berlin 1777, 8.
Der Mann von Gefühl. Aus dem Engliſchen. Danzig 1777, 8.
Die reiche Frau. Luſtſpiel. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1777, 8.

Seine Luſtſpiele fanden zu ihrer Zeit um der guten Diction und der richtigen Charakterzeichnung willen, welche in denſelben vorherrſchten, freundliche Aufnahme, erhielten ſich aber nicht lange auf der Bühne.

Karoline Leſſing,

die Tochter des preußiſchen Stallmeiſters Meitzen zu Breslau, ward am 18. Juni 1780 daſelbſt geboren, erhielt eine ihrem Geſchlechte angemeſſene Erziehung und verheirathete ſich 1799 mit einem Neffen des Vorigen, dem Hofrath und Juſtizkommiſſär L. daſelbſt, mit welchem ſie in ſehr glücklicher Ehe lebte. Sie ſtarb zu Altona am 2. October 1834.

Die literäriſche Welt kennt ſie durch:

Iſabelle de Lüvács, oder die Halbgeſchwiſter. Lübeck 1826.
Gegenſtücke. Berlin 1828.
Die Mexikanerin. Heldengedicht in 6 Geſängen. Zerbſt 1829.
Sigbrit. Hiſtoriſche Novelle. Hamburg 1830.

Ihre Novellen ſind gut erfunden und mit Wahrheit und Wärme geſchrieben; unbedeutender iſt dagegen ihr epiſches Gedicht.

Daniel Leßmann

ward am 18. Januar 1794 zu Soldin in der Neumark geboren, ſtudirte auf dem joachimsthaliſchen Gymnaſium und auf der Univerſität zu Berlin ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und unternahm dann eine Reiſe nach Italien. Nach 6jährigem Aufenthalte zu Rom und Verona kehrte er 1824 nach Berlin zurück und lebte daſelbſt als Privatgelehrter ſeiner literariſchen Beſchäftigung, bis er im September 1831 auf einer Reiſe in der Nähe von Wittenberg, wahrſcheinlich durch freiwilligen Tod, ſein Leben endete.

Er ſchrieb:

Amathuſia. Berlin 1826, 8.
Luiſe von Halling. Berlin 1827, 2 Thle., 8.
Ciſalpiniſche Blätter. Ebendaſ. 1828, 2 Thle., 8.
Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1828—30, 4 Thle., 8.
Maſtino II. della Scala. Ebendaſ. 1829.
Biographiſche Gemälde. Ebendaſ. 1829—30, 2 Thle.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
Das Spottgedicht. Ein Nachtſtück ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8., (mit Blumenhagen).
Meiſter Marcola und die Nothlüge. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8. (mit W. Fiſcher).
Die Schlittenfahrt. Erzählung. Ebendaſ. 1831, gr. 12.
Das Wanderbuch eines Schwermüthigen. Ebendaſ. 1831—1832, 2 Thle., 8. Der 1r Thl. auch unter dem Titel: Südfrankreich; 2r Thl.: Spanien und England.
Die Heidenmühle. Ein Roman. Berlin 1833, 8. (aus ſeinen hinterlaſſenen Papieren herausgegeben).

Leßmann verkannte eigentlich ſein Talent für hiſtoriſche Darſtellung und beſchäftigte ſich vorzugsweiſe mit der Behandlung ſelbſterfundener Stoffe, bei denen ſein feiner Verſtand durch mühſame Combinationen die Stelle der friſchſchaffenden Phantaſie vertreten mußte. Ein finſterer Zug geiſtiger Gedrücktheit geht durch alle ſeine Schriften und läßt ein trübes Geheimniß ahnen, daß an ſeiner Seele zu innerem Streite nagte. — Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit, Fleiß und ein ausgebildeter, aber keineswegs gefälliger und wohlthuender Styl ſind an ſeinen Leiſtungen beſonders hervorzuheben.

Georg Chriſtoph Lichtenberg,

war das 18. und jüngſte Kind aus derſelben Ehe des nachmaligen General-Superintendenten L. zu Darmſtadt, ward am 1. Julius 1742 zu Oberramſtädt bei Darmſtadt geboren und erhielt von ſeinen frommen und gebildeten Eltern eine ebenſo gute ſittliche, wie von Hauslehrern unter Beihilfe und Aufſicht ſeines gelehrten Vaters eine vortreffliche wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung. Als er nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters unter Wenk das darmſtädter Gymnaſium beſuchte, zeigten ſich bereits die Folgen einer frühen Vernachläſſigung ſeines Körpers durch ſeine Wärterin, ohne daß ſie jedoch Einfluß auf die Munterkeit ſeines Geiſtes geäußert hätten. Vielmehr zeichnete er ſich bald in den Wiſſenſchaften, beſonders in der Mathematik und Aſtronomie, welche er vorzugsweiſe liebte, vor allen ſeinen Commilitonen aus und erwarb ſich die Gunſt und Unterſtützung des Landgrafen Ludwig's VIII. 1763 bezog er die Univerſität Göttingen, ſtudirte dort mit immer gleichem Fleiße unter Käſtner, Meiſter, Hollmann, Heyne und Gatterer Mathematik, Aſtronomie, Philoſophie, Naturgeſchichte, Philologie und Geſchichte, und trat 1770 auf Münchhauſen's Antrag und mit Genehmigung ſeines Landesherrn daſelbſt als Profeſſor extraordinarius auf, nachdem er kurz zuvor 2 junge Engländer nach London zurückgeführt und während ſeines dortigen Aufenthaltes ſich die Hochachtung der königlichen Familie und vieler angeſehenen Gelehrten erworben hatte. 1774 unternahm er zur eignen Vervollkommnung in der engliſchen Sprache eine neue Reiſe nach England und erhielt 1775 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie, neben welcher er ſeit 1777 zugleich die Stelle ſeines verſtorbenen Freundes, des Profeſſors der Chemie, Erxleben, verſah. Auch anderwärts blieb ſein Verdienſt nicht ohne Anerkennung. Er wurde 1782 Mitglied der Naturforſchergeſellſchaft zu Halle und Danzig, 1795 Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Petersburg und bekam, nachdem er einen Ruf nach Leiden ausgeſchlagen hatte, 1788 den Rang eines k. großbritanniſchen Hofrathes. Noch einmal ſah der reiſeluſtige L. England, fiel aber nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1789 in eine Krankheit, die in Verbindung mit ſeiner unausgeſetzten raſtloſen Thätigkeit ſein Leben endete. Er ſtarb am 24. Februar 1799 in Göttingen.

Die Welt verlor in ihm einen gründlichen Mathematiker und Phyſiker, einen ausgezeichneten originellen Denker und einen achtungswerthen Menſchen.

Theilweiſe unter dem Pſeudonym Photorin haben wir von ihm:

Vermiſchte Schriften. Aus ſeinen hinterlaſſenen Papieren herausgegeben von Ludw. Chriſtian L. und Fr. Kries. Göttingen 1800 — 1806, 9 Bde., 8., mit L's Portrait vor dem 1. Bde.

Einzeln:

Timorus. Berlin (Göttingen) 1773, kl. 8.

Epiſtel an Tobias Göbhard und Friedr. Eckard. Göttingen 1776, 8.

Ueber Phyſiognomik wider Phyſiognomen. 2. verm. Aufl. Göttingen 1778, kl. 8.

Ailurokriomachie, oder das Gefecht des Widders an der Elbe mit der Katze an der Leine. Leinathen 1782, 8.

Ausführliche Erklärung der Hogarth'ſchen Kupferſtiche, mit verkleinerten aber vollſtändigen Copien derſelben von E. Riepenhauſen. Göttingen 1794 — 1807, 10 Lieferungen, 8. (die letzten 5 mit Zuſätzen engliſcher Erklärer).

Sammlung Hogarth'ſcher Kupferſtiche. Göttingen 1794 — 1817, 10 Lief., Fol. (die letzten 5 von einem Freunde L's). Franzöſiſch von Lamy. Göttingen 1797, 8.

Karikaturalmanach auf 1801. Aus L's Nachlaſſe. Mainz und Hamburg 1800, 12. Auch unter dem Titel: Karikaturblätter, ein Nachtrag zu L's Nachlaſſe 1r Bd.

Auserleſene Schriften. Baireuth 1800, 8., mit 24 Kupf., nach Chodowiecki.

In dem Gebiet der witzigen Proſa und der didaktiſchen Satyre iſt L. noch immer als Vorbild zu betrachten, obwohl ſein Styl hin und wieder nicht ganz correct erſcheint. Die Art und Weiſe, wie er die menſchlichen Schwächen und Fehler betrachtete und durch treffende Darſtellung aufzudecken und zu verſpotten wußte, iſt eine der feinſten und geiſtreichſten, da wirkliche Liebe und genaue Kenntniß der Menſchen überall hindurchleuchten. Er verſtand es, ſelbſt den unangenehmſten Erſcheinungen die heitere Seite abzugewinnen und ſie lächerlich zu machen, ohne jedoch den moraliſchen Widerwillen davor zu verbergen. Engliſche Vorbilder ſind in ſeinen ſatyriſchen und ironiſchen Schriften nicht zu verkennen, aber er verband mit der Nachahmung derſelben, deutſche Gründlichkeit und Originalität. Seine vorzüglichſte Leiſtung auf dieſem Gebiet iſt die Erklärung der Hogarth'ſchen Kupferſtiche, obwohl er ſich hier oft von ſeiner Laune hinreißen läßt und mehr auslegt, als eigentlich, trotz Hogarth's Reichthum, darin iſt. —

Simple, jedoch authentiſche Relation von den curieuſen ſchwimmenden Batterien, wie ſolche Anno 1782 am 13. und 14. September unvermuthet zu ſchwimmen aufgehört, nebſt dem, was ſich auf dem Felſen Calpe, gemeiniglich der Fels von Gibraltar genannt, und um denſelben, ſowohl in der Luft als auf dem Waſſer, zugetragen *).

Durch Emanuelem Candidum,
Candidat en Poësie allemande à Gibraltar.

Vorbericht,

den man vorher leſen muß.

Der Verfaſſer erzählt nicht die ganze Geſchichte der Belagerung, ſondern wirft ſich, wie man ſagt, gleich an das Ende der Begebenheiten, indem er vorausſetzt, daß das Meiſte ſeinen Leſern eben ſo gut bekannt iſt als ihm. Calpe heißt bei ihm immer der Fels, an deſſen Fuß Gibraltar liegt, oder Gibraltar ſelbſt, welches diejenigen wohl merken müſſen, denen unbekannt iſt, daß dieſer Fels wirklich ehemals Calpe geheißen. Dieſer und ein ähnlicher Fels in Afrika, ihm gerade gegenüber, hießen die Säulen des Herkules, und auch dieſe Benennung kommt im Gedicht vor. Den Namen Elliot hat er zuweilen drei-, zuweilen zweiſylbig gebraucht. Dieſe Freiheit wird den Leſer nicht hindern, den Vers fließend wegzuleſen. Erſteres gebietet zwar die Natur der Sache, da das Wort dreiſylbig iſt, letzteres hingegen entſchuldigt wieder die geſchwinde Ausſprache, da man nur zwei Sylben hört. Genaue hiſtoriſche Richtigkeit, zumal im Detail, wird man von einem ſolchen Gedicht nicht verlangen, da man ſie heut zu Tage kaum einmal von einem Geſchichtſchreiber verlangt.

Candidus.

1.

Don Alvarez **) lag jämmerlich,
  Blos der Belag'rung wegen,
So lang vor Calpe, daß er ſich
  Faſt hinten durchgelegen:
Das macht, der Felſen iſt fürwahr
Ein rechter Demant in dem Haar
  Der Jungfer von Europa.

2.

Er grub und zeichnete und ſchoß,
  Und macht' viel Zubereitung.
Doch gab's am Ende nichts als bloß
  Artikel in die Zeitung.
Denn er verſtand's Belagern ſchlecht
Und Elliot 's Cap'tulirn nicht recht:
  So ward nichts aus der Sache.

3.

Nun kam Crillon, der Wundermann,
  Durch's enge Meer gekrochen.
Da ward entſetzlich viel gethan,
  Doch noch viel mehr geſprochen.
Belagert hatte man nun zwar
In einem ſchon drei ganzer Jahr,
  Doch noch nicht angefangen ***).

4.

Nun fing man an mit vollem Lauf;
  Zehn tauſend Zentner Pulver
Und Eiſen gingen täglich drauf,
  Ganz Spanien roch nach Sulpher;
Die Erde bebte vor Crillon,
Man ſagt', er hab' von Liſſabon
  Die Stöße kommen laſſen.

5.

Die Pendeluhr'n zu Malaga †)
  Die wollten nicht mehr gehen.
Und in ganz Andaluſia ††)

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*) Aus Lichtenberg's vermiſchten Schriften.

**) Don Martin Alvarez von Sotomayor führte die Belagerung von Gibraltar drei Jahre, nämlich vom Sommer 1779 bis in den Sommer 1782, da er von dem Herzog von Crillon abgelöſet wurde.

***) In allen Zeitungen ſtand, ſobald der Herzog von Crillon im Lager angekommen würde, ſollte die Belagerung angehen.

†) Am mittelländiſchen Meere, nicht weit von Gibraltar.

††) Namen der Provinz, in welcher Gibraltar liegt.

Wollt' keine Mausfall' ſehen.
Die Schornſtein' ſelbſt ſah'n rund herum
Sich ſchon nach Menſchenköpfen um,
Um ſich darauf zu ſtürzen.

6.

„Elliot du und dein Felſendamm
„Sollt morgen unterliegen,
„Der jüngſt, ſprach er, Minorka nahm,
„Wird hier auch können ſiegen,
„Drauf hol' ich mir Jamaica
„Dann's Königreich Hibernia,
„Und dann — dann geht's — nach London.

7.

Doch ward durch Pulver, und durch Stoß
Kein Quartblatt Land erhalten;
Tagtäglich ändert der Franzoß,
Der Britte ließ's bei'm Alten.
Da fuhr er fort: „So geht es nicht,
„Wir müſſen ihm im Angeſicht
„Uns auch ein Calpe bauen *).

8.

„Und prahlt: über Britten, troz Natur,
„Und eures Rodney's Siege,
„Zerſchmett'r ich euch ſo bald ich nur
Mein Calpe fertig kriege.“
Da ſchaufelte — da ſcharrete —
Da hackte — da karrete —
Ein Cälpchen man zuſammen.

9.

Allein kaum ſah der große Calp',
Das Cälpchen ſich erheben,
Bumm! Bauz! da lag das Cälpchen halb
Sein Reſtchen ſtand darneben.
Wie roch's da nach Lavendel Duft!
Wie ſumſ'ten da in hoher Luft
Franzöſch' und ſpan'ſche Flüche!

10.

Drauf kam, im Projectiren ſtark,
Ein Mann d'Arcon mit Namen:
Stracks ab von Jungfer Jeanne d'Arc **)
Soll die Familie ſtammen.
Nur flickt die Demuth an ein on;
Die Mode ſetzte çon ſtatt con.
So wurde aus d'Arc, d'Arçon.

11.

Der ſteckte ſeine Habichtsnaſ'
Nun in den Handel tiefer;
Er ſah, man ſchoß' ohn' Unterlaß
Und täglich ſchoß man ſchiefer;
Da dacht' er, weil's nun ſo nicht geht,
Wie wär's, wenn man grad umgedreht
Zur See Laufgräben machte?

12.

Auch drehte in ſeinem Kopf ſich um,
Was Batteux ihn gelehret
Er hatte den Virgilium
Franzöſch bei ihm gehöret;
Da dacht' er an's trojan'ſche Pferd,
Es wäre wohl der Mühe werth,
Hier ſo was zu verſuchen.

13.

Ein Kriegsrath war ſo gleich bereit,
Und alle ſagten: O, ja!
Die Sache hat viel Aehnlichkeit
Mit der vor'm lieben Troja.
Wir ſitzen hier ins vierte Jahr,
Und Gott weiß, ob nicht zwölfe gar
Am Ende auch draus werden.

14.

D'Arçon, der nur zu wohl gehört,
Wie's dort die Griechen trieben,
Und daß ſie ſich ein hohles Pferd
Von Nürnberg her verſchrieben,
Bemalt mit Tulpen roth und weiß,
Nur, ſtatt des Pfeifchens in dem Steiß,
Mit einem Bombenmörſer.

15.

Der dacht', mit Pferden möcht's nicht gehn
Zumal auf britt'ſcher Erde;
Denn Britten, wußt' er, die verſtehn
Den Maro und die Pferde.
Jedoch wenn man dem Elliot
'nen Wallfiſch oder Cachelot
Könnt' in den Hafen ſpielen?

16.

Allein der Wallfiſch hat 'nen Schwanz
Verdrießlich zu bewegen,
Der Opermenſch und Göttertanz
Sind Kinderſpiel dagegen.
Für dieß und jen's und das und dieß
Müßt' man die Oper von Paris
Zum wenigſten verſchreiben.

17.

Das geht nicht, nein, der Wallfiſchſchwanz
Käm Karl'n wohl viel zu theuer:
Drum ſuch' ich Sieg und Lorbeerkranz
Nicht in dem Ungeheuer.
Wißt ihr, wie ich es mach'? ich kapp'
Dem Wallfiſch Schwanz und Vorkopf ab,
So hab' ich eine Arche.

18.

Kommt! Crillon's Arbeit führt zum Grab,
Die meinige zum Leben;
Ja! Was dem Noah Rettung gab,
Soll uns Erob'rung geben.
Dann ſteigen wir, nach großer That,
Auf jenes Calpe-Ararat,
Vom Sieg gekrönt, hernieder.

19.

Nun flog's, nun rennt's, nun lief's, nun ging's
Der ſagt's, der jauchzt's, der prahlet's.
Von Archen thut es rechts und links,
Der deutet's ab, der malet's.
Da ſägt's und zimmert's Tag und Nacht,
Der Blasbalg krachte, der Amboß kracht
Für d'Arçon und die Archen.

20.

Battrien und ſchwimmend oben drein,
War'ns nach der Herrn Gedanken.
Ja! ſchwimmend ſo wie Mühlenſtein:
Sie kamen, ſahn und ſanken.
Doch dieß iſt ſchon zu früh geklagt,
Ich will dafür, wie Leſſing ſagt,
Fortfahr'n um fortzufahren.

21.

Zehn Archen kamen nun ſonach,
Gleich Noah's angeſchwommen,
Man hatte aus Herrn Silberſchlag
Die Maaße g'nau genommen:
Doch guckten keine Affen raus,
Kein Pfauenſchwanz, kein Vogel Strauß,
Kein Elephantenrüſſel.

22.

Nein! Nein! mit dieſen war's kein Spaß,
So wie wohl mit den andern.
An jeder Vorderſeite ſaß
Ein Schießloch an dem andern:
In jedem Schießloch noch ein Loch,
Das war fürwahr! faſt größer noch,
Als erſtgedachtes Schießloch.

23.

Die erſten Löcher war'n von Holz,
Von Meſſing war'n die zweiten;
So groß, ein Zwerg, der Teufel hol's,
Konnt' euch in eines reiten.
Ja, eine Dame konnt' ſonach
Hinein an einem Gala-Tag
Den Kopf bequemlich ſtecken.

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*) Hier wird auf ein ſehr hohes Werk angeſpielt, das den Zeitungen nach Crillon errichten ließ, um die Stadt bequemer beſchießen zu können.

**) Sonſt Pucelle d'Orleans genannt.

24.

Mit Ofenplatten war das Dach,
  Mit Kuchenblech die Wände
Gedeckt, damit ein Bombenſchlag
  Das Eiſen nicht verbrennte.
Umher ging eine Doppelwand
Voll Erd', die man vom feſten Land
  Expreß dazu verſchrieben.

25.

Nun pflanzten ſie bei'nander ſich
  In einem ſchönen Bogen,
Den man mit einem Kreidenſtrich
  Erſt auf der See gezogen.
Auch hatte jede Archenſchanz
Die eigentliche Zünd-Diſtanz
  Für Elliot genommen.

26.

Da zeigt ſich (in Parentheſi)
  Ein Echo voller Wunder
An dieſer Archen-Batterie;
  (Gebt Acht, ſie gehet unter!)
Wenn man hinein ſchrie: Elliot, Howe!
So ſchrie die Rumpf' heraus: Au! Au!
  Recht ominös und deutlich.

27.

„Seht, Kinder, welch ein Schauſpiel hier!“
  Sprach Elliot zu den Seinen,
„Der halbe Mond zu Bath *) kann' ſchier
  So glänzend uns nicht ſcheinen.
Auch ſind's Badhäuſer, ſeht nur hin,
„Kommt laßt uns aus den Fremden drin
  „Noch heut Badgäſte machen.“

28.

„An Löchern zwar iſt nichts geſpart,
  „Gezimmert und gegoſſ'nen,
„Doch fehlt's noch an der ſchönſten Art,
  „Und das ſind die geſchoſſ'nen;
„Und damit, Kinder, wollen wir
„Im Ueberfluß den Herren hier
  „Mit Gottes Hülfe dienen.“

29.

Gleich blitzt's und kracht's auf Elliot's Ruf,
  Wie, wenn Zeus kanoniret,
Als wäre Aetna und Veſuv
  Auf Calpe transportiret.
Da flogen Kugeln heiß und kalt;
Da ſchoſſen Helden jung und alt
  Aus Mörſern und Kanonen.

30.

Verwüſtung ſtrömt, und Flammen ſprühn
  Aus Elliot's Gewittern!
Das Meer tobt auf, die Wolken glühn,
  Und Herkul's Säulen zittern.
Doch ruhig, wie ein Kriegesgott,
Standſt du da, großer Elliot,
  Bei deinem Häufchen Helden.

31.

Gott! welch ein Anblick, welch ein Graus!
  Seht, Fels und Weltmeer kreiſen,
Doch hier gebar das Meer die Maus,
  Der Berg den großen Weiſen.
Der Held faßt kühn die Lorbeern ſchon
Wenn Prahler Crillon und d'Arçon
  Umarmen Gewäſſer;

32.

In britt'ſchen Dienſten ſtand ein Mann,
  Zu Manchem zu gebrauchen,
Auch herzlich gut, nur tadelt man
  An ihm das viele Rauchen,
Der war vertraut mit Elliot:
Der Deutſche nennt ihn Feuer-Gott,
  Der Römer den Vulcanum.

33.

Den ſchickt' man nach den Batterien,
  Um dort in Ruh zu Rauchen.
Auch fing er mit Frau Paſtoria *)
  Sein Pfeifchen an zu ſchmauchen.
Drauf ſtreckt der Schelm die Zung heraus,
  Und leckt an jedem Waſſer-Haus
Vom Taubenſchlag zum Keller.

34.

Nun war's gethan! Gott! Feuer! Feu'r!
  Ach! Hülfe! Feuer! Waſſer!
Was Muth hat, der! zum britt'ſchen Feu'r
  Das Bourbon'ſche, das laſſ' er.
Hier brennt's! — Nein dort! — Nein dort und hier!
D'Arçon! Sieh! Feuer! — Unter dir!
  Ach, daß ſich Gott erbarme!

35.

Nun ſtieg die Angſt, nun ſank der Trotz,
  Nun hat der Held geſieget;
Da lief's gleich Würmern auf dem Klotz,
  Der in den Flammen lieget.
Beſchämt, verwirrt, beweint, verlacht,
Rennt ſelbſt im Licht-Quell, als wär's Nacht,
  Der Eine an den Andern.

36.

Statt's Feu'r zu werfen über Bord
  Und's Pulver zu behalten:
So ſchmiſſen ſie das Pulver fort
  Und ließen's Feuer ſchalten;
Die See, die ward ſo ſchwarz davon,
Man hätt' die Cap'tulation
  Damit können unterſchreiben.

37.

Die Archen, die ſonſt unverletzt
  Und ruhig konnten liegen,
Die ſchönen Archen lernten jetzt
  Das Sinken und das Fliegen.
Und eine nach der andern trat
Die Reiſ' nach ihrem Ararat
  Flugs an durch Luft und Waſſer.

38.

Puff! Puff! und einem ganzen Heer
  Von Spaniern und Franzoſen,
Fiel ſtrömend das atlant'ſche Meer
  In Stiefel, Taſch' und Hoſen;
Und jeder faſt verlor etwas,
Der Eine bloß, der Ander baß,
  Und alles ſchwamm voll Ehren.

39.

Ein Theil flog bis an's Wolkenreich,
  Daß ſie die Pyrenäen,
Die Dreckſtadt **) und Madrid zugleich
  Ganz deutlich konnten ſehen.
Der Aetna lag zur rechten Hand,
Und hinterwärts das Mohrenland,
  Zur Linken die Antillen.

40.

Jud', Kind und Weib lief nun zu Hauf
  Das Ufer zu erreichen,
Und alles ſtarrte himmelauf
  Zu ſehn die Vögel ſtreichen.
Da rief ein Feldſcheer: hört' ich euch,
Nie ſah ich draußen in dem Reich
  So ſchöne ſpan'ſche Fliegen.

41.

Da warf Curtis die Netze aus
  Nach Spaniern und Franzoſen,
Und zog drauf ein Gemiſch heraus
  Von Grillen und von Doſen,
St. Ludwigs-Orden, ſchimmlicht Brod,
[illegible], Menſchen mauſetodt,
  Und Fähnriche lebendig.

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*) The Crescent. Eine in einem Zirkelbogen gebaute Reihe von Palläſten, worin zur Badezeit vornehme Gäſte logiren. Sie giebt ein ſchönes Bild.

*) La Paſtora hieß die Batterie, die zuerſt in Brand gerieth, welcher die übrigen bald nachfolgten.

**) Paris (Lutetia).

42.

Bald kam ein Don, bald ein Marquis,
  Bald ließ ein Dieb ſich blicken *),
Und Ordensbänder ſah man die
  Bei Galgen auf dem Rücken;
Dann kam ein geiſtlich Fuderfaß **)
Und gleich dabei nur etwas naß,
  Ein Pürſchchen wie gedrechſelt.

43.

O welch ein Anblick, groß und hehr!
  Wie ſich die Wogen thürmten!
Wie Ocean und Feuer-Meer
  Zum großen Endzweck ſtürmten!
Da fanden Tauſende ihr Grab
Und ſelbſt das Echo brannte ab,
  Bis auf die letzte Sylbe.

44.

Als nun die Sache ſo weit war,
  Verwirrt der Herr der Thronen,
Der Flotte, wie zu Babel gar,
  Die Sprache der Kanonen.
Da ließen ſie Georg's Fels in Ruh,
Und ſchoſſen deſto friſcher zu
  Auf ihres Ludwigs Bruder ***).

45.

Der ſchöne Plan! ach wie verlauf't
  Wie weg! die ſchönen Sachen?
Die Nachwelt ſeh' ich in die Fauſt
  Bei manchem Namen lachen.
Doch dir, erhabner Elliot, brennt
Ihr Weihrauch; Hercul's Säulen nennt
  Sie künftig Elliot's Säulen.

46.

Ihr Chriſten mit Vernunft begabt,
  O merkt's, was ich erzählet.
Verkauft nicht, was ihr ſelbſt nicht habt,
  Verſchenkt nicht, was euch fehlet.
Denkt hier nur an die Bär'nhaut hin,
Die, eh' den Bär'n zu Rath zu ziehn,
  Zwei Jäger theilen wollten.

Amintors Morgenandacht †).

Wie, wenn einmal die Sonne nicht wieder käme, dachte Amintor oft, wenn er in einer dunkeln Nacht erwachte, und freuete ſich, wenn er endlich den Tag wieder anbrechen ſah. Die tiefe Stille des frühen Morgens, die Freundin der Ueberlegung, verbunden mit dem Gefühl geſtärkter Kräfte und wieder erneuerter Geſundheit, erweckte in ihm alsdann ein ſo mächtiges Vertrauen auf die Ordnung der Natur und den Geiſt, der ſie lenkt, daß er ſich in dem Tumult des Lebens ſo ſicher glaubte, als ſtände ſein Verhängniß in ſeiner eigenen Hand. Dieſe Empfindung, dachte er alsdann, die du dir nicht erzwingſt und nicht vorheuchelſt, und die dir dieſes unbeſchreibliche Wohlbehagen gewährt, iſt gewiß das Werk eben jenes Geiſtes, und ſagt dir laut, daß du jetzt wenigſtens richtig denkſt. Auch war dieſes innere Anerkennen von Ordnung nichts anders, als wieder eben dieſe Ordnung ſelbſt, nur auf ihn, der ſie bemerkte, fortgeſetzt, und daher immer für ihn der höchſte Genuß ſeines Geiſtes. O ich weiß, rief er alsdann aus, dieſes mein ſtilles Dankgebet, das Dir alle Creatur darbringt, jedes mit ſeinem Gefühl und in der Sprache, nach ſeiner Art, wie ich in der meinigen, wird gewiß von Dir gehört, der du den Himmel lenkſt: gewiß wird es Dir von allen Creaturen, zu Tauſenden, dargebracht, aber mit doppeltem Genuß, von mir, dem du Kraft verliehen zu erkennen, daß ich durch dieſes Dankgefühl und in dieſem Dankgefühl bin, was ich ſein ſoll. O ſtöre nicht, ſprach er dann zu ſich ſelbſt, dieſen himmliſchen Frieden in dir heute durch Schuld! Wie würde dir der morgende Tag anbrechen, wenn ihn dieſe reine Spiegelhelle deines Weſens nicht mehr in dein Inneres zurück würfe? Es wäre beſſer, er erſchiene nie wieder, oder wenigſtens für dich Unglücklichen nicht mehr. — Dieſe Art in ſeinem Gott zu leben, wie er es nannte, die ihm von Betbrüdern, die lieber glaubten, als dachten, weil ſie es ſo bequemer fanden, für Spinozismus ausgelegt wurde, hatte er ſich ſo ſehr eigen gemacht, daß ſie für ihn unzerſtörbare Beruhigung über die Zukunft, und ein nicht zu überwältigender Troſt in Todesgefahr wurde. Eines Tages, als er ſich nach einer ſeiner Morgenandachten ſelbſt befragte, woher ihm dieſes freudige Ergeben in die Führung der Welt, und dieſes große Sicherheitsgefühl bei jedem Gedanken an die Zukunft komme (denn es war ihm zu feſt, um bloß dichteriſches Aufwallen zu ſein): ſo war es ihm entzückende Freude, zu finden, daß er es allein dem Grad von Erkenntniß der Natur zu danken habe, den er ſich erworben hatte, einem Grade, von dem er behauptete, daß er jedem Menſchen von den gewöhnlichſten Anlagen erreichbar wäre. Nur müſſe, wie er ſagt, das Studium anhaltend, ohne Zank- und Neuerungsſucht und ohne alle Speculationen des Inventarienten getrieben werden. Man wird ihm leicht glauben, daß es eine entzückende Betrachtung ſein muß, ſich ſagen zu können: meine Ruhe iſt das Werk meiner eigenen Vernunft; es hat ſie mir keine Exegeſe gegeben und keine Exegeſe wird ſie mir rauben. O, nichts, nichts wird ſie mir rauben können, als was mir meine Vernunft raubt! Daß die Betrachtung der Natur dieſen Troſt gewähren kann, davon iſt er gewiß, denn er lebt in ihm; ob er für Alle ſei, ließ er wenigſtens unentſchieden, und hierbei hinge, wie er ſagte, vieles von der Art ab, wie die Wiſſenſchaft getrieben und angewandt würde, eine Sache, die, wie vielleicht auch Spinozismus, wenn er unſchädlich ſein ſoll, nicht gelehrt, ſondern ſelbſt gefunden ſein wolle: es ſei nichts weniger als jene phyſico-theologiſche Betrachtung von Sonnen, deren uns deutlich-ſichtbares Heer nach einer Art von Zählung auf 75 Millionen geſchätzt wurde. Er nannte dieſe erhabenen Betrachtungen bloße Muſik der Sphären, die anfangs den Geiſt wie mit einem Sturm von Entzücken faſt zur Betäubung hinreiße, deren er aber endlich gewohnt werde; allein das, was davon immer bliebe, unſtreitig das Beſte, fände ſich überall und vorzüglich in dem mit in die Reihe gehörigen Geiſt, der dieſer Betrachtungen fähig ſei. Es ſei vielmehr eine zu anhaltendem Studio der Natur ſich unvermerkt geſellende Freude über eigenes Daſein, verbunden mit nicht ängſtlicher, ſondern froher Neugierde (wenn dieſes das rechte Wort iſt), die ſo weit über ſogenannte Curioſität erhaben ſei, als hohes Gefühl für Ehre über Bauernſtolz, zu erfahren mit dieſen Sinnen oder mit analogen, oder Verhältniſſen anderer Art, die ſich von jeder Art des Daſein hoffen laſſen, was nun dieſes alles ſei und werden wolle. Er fürchte zwar ſehr, daß ſeine Freunde immer nur die Worte der Lehre und nicht die Lehre hören würden, hoffe aber alles, wenn er dereinſt darüber ſprechen würde, von eigenem Verſuch. Er denke nun ſeit der Zeit, daß das Vergnügen, das die Betrachtung der Natur dem Kinde und dem Wilden, ſo wie dem Manne von aller Art von Bildung gewährt, auch den großen Zweck mit zur Abſicht habe, und in jeder Welt haben müſſe, in welchem Zuſammenhang ſei: völlige Beruhigung in Abſicht der Zukunft und frohes Ergeben in die Leitung der Welt; man gebe nun dieſer einen Namen, welchen man wolle. Er zählte es unter die wichtigſte Begebenheit ſeines Lebens, wenigſtens für ſich gefunden zu haben, daß, ſo wie wir natürlich leiden, wir auch natürliche von aller Tradition unabhängige Mittel haben, dieſe Leiden mit einer Art von Freude zu erdulden. Dieſe Philoſophie hebe freilich den vorübergehenden Unmuth nicht auf, ſo wenig als den Schmerz, weil eine ſolche Philoſophie, wenn ſie möglich wäre, auch alles Vergnügen aufheben würde. Er pflegte dieſes öfters ſeine Verſöhnung mit Gott zu nennen, gegen den die Vernunft, ſelbſt mit Hoffnung auf Vergebung, vielleicht murren könnte, wenn nicht im Ganze der Dinge auch der Faden eingewebt wäre, der zu jener Beruhigung ohne weitere Hülfe leiten könnte. Ueberhaupt kamen bei ſeinem Vortrage viele Ausdrücke vor, deren ſich die Bibel bedient; er ſagte dabei: es ſei nicht wohl möglich, dieſelbe Geſchichte des menſchlichen Geiſtes zu erzählen, ohne zuweilen auf dieſelben Ausdrücke zu gerathen, und glaubte, man werde die Bibel noch beſſer verſtehen, als man ſie verſteht, wenn man ſich ſelbſt mehr ſtudiere; und um mit ihren erhabenen Lehren immer zuſammen zu treffen, ſei der kürzeſte Weg, die Erreichung ihres Zwecks einmal auf einem andern, von ihr unabhängigen zu verſuchen, und Zeit und Umſtände dabei in Rechnung zu bringen; Spinoza ſelbſt, glaube er, habe es nicht ſo übel gemeint, als die vielen Menſchen, die jetzt ſtatt ſeiner meinen. — Es ſei für Millionen Menſchen bequemer und verſtändlicher vom Himmel herab zu hören: Du ſollſt nicht ſtehlen, und kein falſch Zeugniß reden, als im Himmel ſelbſt die Stelle zu finden, wo dieſe Worte wirklich mit Flammenſchrift geſchrieben ſtehen, wo ſie von vielen geleſen worden ſei.

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*) Nach einigen Nachrichten ſoll man die Leute zum Rudern der Batterien aus den Gefängniſſen zu Cadix genommen haben.

**) Auf jener Batterie befanden ſich zwei Patres.

***) Als der Graf von Artois durch die combinirte Flotte fuhr, ſalutirte man deſſen Boot aus Verſehen mit ſcharfen Schüſſen, wodurch einige Leute auf demſelben getödtet wurden, und er ſelbſt in große Gefahr gerieth.

†) Aus Lichtenberg's vermiſchten Schriften.

Verzeichniß einer Sammlung von Geräthſchaften, welche in dem Hauſe des Sir H. S. künftige Woche öffentlich verauctionirt werden ſollen.

(Nach dem Engliſchen).

Vielleicht gewährt nachſtehendes Verzeichniß einigen unſerer Leſer eine kurze Unterhaltung. Ich fand daſſelbe bei meinem Aufenthalt in England in einer Bibliothek auf dem Lande, wo es auf die hintern weißen Blätter eines Bandes von Swift's Werken von einer ſaubern Hand geſchrieben war. Unmittelbar unter obiger Aufſchrift ſtand in einer Parentheſe: in the manner of Dr. Swift (in Dr. Swift's Manier). Der Beſitzer der Bibliothek verſicherte, es ſei aus einem öffentlichen Blatte genommen, und eine ziemlich treffende Satyre auf einen damals verſtorbenen, reichen aber unwiſſenden Naturalien-, Artefacten- und Raritätenſammler, der mit ungeheurem Aufwand eine Menge des unnützeſten Plunders in einem Cabinet aufgehäuft habe. Man habe ihn aus Spott Sir Hans Sloane*) genannt, und darauf zielen die Buchſtaben in der Aufſchrift, der Mann habe, wo er nicht irre, eigentlich Marlow geheißen. Seine Sammlung habe zwar nicht die nachſtehenden Stücke, aber wirklich mehrere eben ſo tolle enthalten, und darunter auch einige, womit er war betrogen worden, und womit, ſollte man denken, kein Kind hätte betrogen werden können, unter andern eine Cocusnuß, welche in Schottland wild gewachſen; eine ſolide Kugel von einem neuen Metall, die nicht mehr wog, als ein gleich großes Stück Kork; die beiden Kugeln hingen wirklich an einer gleicharmigen Wage und balancirten einander. Der edle Beſitzer hatte nie bemerkt, daß der Wagebalken an der Seite des Metalls hohl, hingegen der andere ſolide oder gar mit Blei ausgegoſſen war. Der Schalk, der ihn mit dieſer Rarität betrogen hatte, war vorſichtig genug, den Wagebalken vortrefflich auszuarbeiten, und den Kork ſowohl als das Metall ſo an ihm zu befeſtigen, daß ſie ohne Feile und Zange nicht abgenommen werden konnten, um die Stellen zu wechſeln, oder ſie auf einer andern Wage zu wiegen. Außerdem ſoll die Zahl unnützen und dabei koſtbaren Hausgeräthes über alle Maßen groß geweſen ſein.

Swift's niedrig-komiſche Manier iſt, wie mich dünkt, ziemlich getroffen. Kenner der Producte dieſes ſonderbaren Kopfes werden wiſſen, daß Se. Hochwürden nicht ſelten noch viel niedriger gedichtet, ja ſich ſogar ſehr häufig zu groben Unflätereien herabgelaſſen haben. Auch dieſe waren in dem Verzeichniſſe nachgeahmt, bleiben aber hier natürlich weg. Daß ich nicht blos überſetzt, ſondern Manches auf unſere Sitten und Gebräuche übergetragen habe, wird man mir gern vergeben. Denn was in dieſer Art von Witz ohne hinzugefügte Erläuterung keinen Eindruck macht, macht mit der Erläuterung gewöhnlich auch nur einen ſehr kümmerlichen. Vor allen Dingen muß man aber den Leſer bitten, nicht zu vergeſſen, daß der Aufſatz einige Tage nach dem Tode des unſinnigen Sammlers erſchien, von dem damals in allen Geſellſchaften die Rede war. Das war die eigentliche Blüthezeit des Pflänzchens, das hier nur blos elend aufgetrocknet erſcheint.

1) Ein Meſſer ohne Klinge, an welchem der Stiel fehlt.

2) Ein doppelter Kinderlöffel für Zwillinge.

3) Eine Repetir-Sonnenuhr von Silber.

4) Eine Sonnenuhr an einen Reiſewagen zu ſchrauben.

5) Eine ditto, welche Lieder ſpielt.

6) Eine Schachtel voll kleiner feingearbeiteter Patronen mit Pulver gefüllt, hohle Zähne damit zu ſprengen.

7) Eine Chaise par se (ſoll vermuthlich percee heißen). Wenn man ſich gehörig darauf ſetzt, ſo wird ein Tuſch mit Pauken und Trompeten gehört. Er ſchallt durch das ganze Haus. Ein Möbel für einen großen Herrn. Hat 100 Guineen gekoſtet.

8) Eine große Sammlung von porcellanenen Kammertöpfen, von zum Theil ſehr luſtigen Formen. Die beiden letzten Artikel können eine Stunde vor der Auction hinter einer ſpaniſchen Wand, oder auch in einem Nebenzimmer, probirt werden.

9) Eine Bettſtelle, in Form eines Sarges, ſchwarz gebeizt mit überzinnten Henkeln, nebſt 12 Gueridons für 12 Nachtlichter. Für Methodiſten und Betſchweſtern.

10) Eine ditto Bettſtelle, ſich ſelbſt des Nachts in der Stube herum zu fahren.

11) Ein prächtiges Imperialbett, worin drei Großveziere an der Peſt geſtorben.

12) Eine vortreffliche Sammlung von Inſtrumenten, die Juden zu bekehren. Sie ſind meiſtens von polirtem Stahl, das Riemenwerk von rothem Marocco. Zumal iſt die große Peitſche ein Meiſterſtück der engliſchen Riemerkünſte.

13) Ein vortrefflich gearbeitetes Modell von einem Leichenwagen, zwölf Leichen zugleich darin hinaus zu fahren.

14) Eine Flaſche mit Waſſer aus einem Stück Eis, welches im Jahr 1740 noch um Pfingſten auf der Straße gelegen. Es hat die ſonderbare und von keinem Phyſico noch bemerkte Eigenſchaft, daß es bei jedem kalten Winter, wenn man es hinausſetzt, ſich gleichſam ſeiner Freiheit erinnert, und das Glas zerſprengt. Der Selige hatte der königl. Societät eine Abhandlung darüber überreicht, ſie iſt aber wegen allerlei Cabalen nie gedruckt worden.

15) Ein goldner Trumpfzähler. Etwas Einziges in ſeiner Art. Er wird wie ein Ring an den Finger geſteckt, doch ſo, daß er über ein Gelenk zu ſtehen kommt. Wenn ein Trumpf geſpielt wird, biegt man den Finger ſanft, ſo zeigt er die Zahl der geſpielten Trümpfe ungefähr wie ein Schrittzähler die Schritte.

16) Eine ganz vollſtändige Hauspulvermühle, worin jedermann ſein Schießpulver ſelbſt verfertigen kann, und zwar einen halben Centner auf einmal. Sie iſt ſo bequem eingerichtet, daß ſie unter einem etwas großen Schreibtiſch, oder auch unter einer etwas erhöhten Bettlade in Gang geſetzt werden kann. Der Pudel, der das Rad treibt, wird mit verkauft.

17) Ein aſtronomiſcher Satir-Tubus, wenn ein Freund durchſieht und man dreht eine kleine Schraube, ſo bläſet er demſelben Pfeffer und Schnupftaback in die Augen. Iſt auch auf der Erde zu gebrauchen. Hierüber ſoll der Selige einmal ein paar Ohrfeigen bekommen haben.

18) Ein vortrefflicher Jagd-Tubus mit einem Flintenſchloß, wenn man die Gläſer herausnimmt, welches mit einem einzigen Ruck geſchieht, (eigentlich werden ſie blos an ihre Seitenbehälter geſchoben), ſo kann man kleine Vögel damit ſchießen.

19) Ein Barometer, welcher immer ſchönes Wetter zeigt. Der Thermometer dabei zeigt Jahr aus Jahr ein eine angenehme temperirte Wärme.

20) Ein vollkommener Apparat von allerlei Trauergeräthe für hohe Häuſer, als: a) Ein ſchwarzes Billard mit weißen Schnüren und ſchwarzangelaufenen Nägeln beſchlagen, und rings umher mit Feſtons von weißem Kattun behangen. Die Glöckchen an demſelben ſind von Silber, aber mit ſchwarzem Sammet gedämpft. b) Ein Dutzend Trauerwürfel, ſchwarz mit weißen Punkten. c) Ein Dutzend ditto für halbe Trauer, violet mit ſchwarzen Punkten. d) Ein Vorrath von Lombre- und Tarokkarten mit breitem ſchwarzen Rande, und andern blos ſchwarz auf dem Schnitt, ebenfalls für halbe Trauer. e) Einige Dutzend Liqueurgläschen, in der Form von antiken Thränenfläſchchen, zum Schnapſen bei der Leiche. f) Ein anſehnliches Convolut von Recepten, faſt die meiſten Gerichte, als Suppen, Gemüſe, auch Gebackenes völlig unſchädlich ſchwarz zu färben, worunter auch eines, die Citronen und Zwieback bei der Leiche ſchwarz zu beizen. g) Ein vortreffliches, vollſtändiges Tafelſervice von Porcellan, wovon jedes Stück auf eine ſinnreiche Art auf den Tod anſpielt, welches alles hier zu weitläufig wäre herzuerzählen. Nur eins anzuführen: ſo iſt zum Beiſpiel die Butterbüchſe ein Todtenkopf, ſo natürlich und mit ſolcher Kunſt gearbeitet, daß man glaubte er lebe. Der Deckel oder der obere Theil des Cranii, iſt ſelbſt inwendig ſo oſteologiſch richtig geformt, daß; wenn man den Kopf mit Butter etwas hoch anhäuft und den Deckel gehörig darauf drückt, die Butter völlig die Form des Gehirns annimmt, welches auf der Tafel, zumal wenn man der Butter die gehörige Farbe giebt, ſchauderhaft ſchön ausſieht. Bei einem Verſuche, den der Selige einmal damit machte, fielen, als er die Butter anſchnitt, einige Damen und Chapeaux in Ohnmacht, andere ſprangen vom Tiſche auf, und keiner, den Wirth ausgenommen, konnte von der Butter eſſen. h) Eine bleierne Eßglocke während der Trauer zu läuten. i) Mehrere ſchwarz emaillirte Halsbänder mit weißen Todtenköpfen, für die Jagdhunde. k) Mehrere Masken für Perſonen, die nicht weinen wollen oder können. Sie ſind alle von den größten Meiſtern Englands gearbeitet, und von großer Schönheit, zwar blaß, aber zum Entzücken, zumal die Frauenzimmermasken. Die Thränen an denſelben ſind durchaus durch natürliche Perlen vorgeſtellt, worunter einige an den Masken für die nächſten Verwandten von der Größe einer Erbſe ſind ꝛc.

21) Ein Suite von Kleidungsſtücken für ein Kind mit zwei Köpfen, vier Beinen und vier Armen, von der Wiege an bis in's zwanzigſte Jahr. Ein wahres Meiſterſtück der Schneiderkunſt. Sie können auch zur Probe von zwei einzelnen Menſchen angezogen werden, welches zumal in gemiſchter Geſellſchaft, zu drolligen Scenen Anlaß giebt.

22) Eine Sammlung von vortrefflichen Formen, Drittel- und Zweidrittelſtücke zu gießen, nebſt einem Centner Metall dazu. Dieſer Artikel wird um der Delicateſſe der Käufer zu ſchonen, im Dunkeln verauctionirt und im Dunkeln abgeliefert. Das dafür zu entrichtende Geld wird von dem Auctionator bei einer Diebslaterne in einem Winkel gezählt. Er iſt ein Mann von Ehre.

23) Einige Flaſchen Lappländer Achtundvierziger. Im Engliſchen ſteht: some bottles of Iceland-Madeira (einige Flaſchen von isländiſchem Madeira).

24) Eine ganze Sammlung von theils verbotenen, theils ſehr verrufenen Büchern mit Kupferſtichen von großer, obſcöner Schönheit. Sie ſind ſämmtlich in ſchwarzen Corduan, mit goldenem

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*) Nach dem bekannten großen Namen, deſſen vortreffliche Sammlung die Baſis der jetzigen Naturalienſammlung des brittiſchen Muſeums ausmacht.

Schnitt gebunden, zum Gebrauch der Jugend von Eton und Weſtmünſter, ſich in der Kirche damit zu amüſiren.

25) Ein höchſt merkwürdiges Stück. Eine kleine mit unbeſchreiblicher Kunſt gearbeitete Maſchine das conenbinium (ſoll wohl heißen connubium oder commercium) animae et corporis zu erklären. Die Walze, welche alles in Bewegung ſetzt, hat drei verſchiedene Stellungen für die drei bekannten Syſteme; eine für den phyſiſchen Einfluß, eine für die gelegenheitlichen Urſachen und eine für die vorherbeſtimmte Harmonie. Doch hat die Walze, noch Raum für zwei bis drei andere; nur müſſen ſie einen Leib und eine Seele ſtatuiren, doch könnte im Fall der Noth die Seele auch herausgenommen werden. Der Leib an dieſem koſtbaren Werke iſt von vielmehr als halbdurchſichtigem Horn gearbeitet, und etwa vier bis fünf Zoll lang. Die Seele aber, nicht größer als eine große Ameiſe, iſt ganz, Flügelchen und Alles, von Elfenbein, nur iſt ihr linkes Beinchen etwas ſchadhaft. Die Bewegung wird der Maſchine durch keine Kurbel mitgetheilt (man würde ſie damit zerreißen), ſondern durch ein paar kleine Windmühlenflügel aus der feinſten Goldſchlägerhaut, gegen welche mit einem dazu gehörigen und in einiger Entfernung von der Maſchine befeſtigten ſogenannten doppelten, ſtäts fortblaſenden Blaſebalg (follis infinitus) geblaſen wird, durch dieſe Flügel wird eine Schraube ohne Ende (cochlea infinita) getrieben, welche alles in Bewegung ſetzt.

26) Die peinliche Halsgerichtsordnung (im Engliſchen ſteht die Habeas Corpus-Acte) von dem Seligen ſelbſt in Muſik geſetzt. Es iſt die vollſtändige Partitur von Pauken und Trompeten. Bei einigen Paſſagen enthält das Accompagnement ſogar Kanonenſchüſſe. Sonſt hat hier und da auch die Maultrommel Solo.

27) Einige Formen, Petrefacta zu machen. Das Recept zur Maſſe iſt dabei. Auch ein Vorrath von Pectiniten, Terebratuliten, Ammonshörnern u. ſ. f., auch ganz neu erfundenen Muſcheln, die damit verfertigt worden; ſie laſſen alle völlig antik.

28) Das ſeltenſte Stück, nicht allein in dieſer Sammlung, ſondern vielleicht in der ganzen Welt, nämlich ein Stück echten Granits, worin ein metallenes Aleph ſo feſt ſteckt, daß es durch Menſchenhände unmöglich hineingekommen ſein, ja, ohne das Ganze zu zertrümmern, auch nicht dadurch herausgezogen werden kann. Alle die es ſehen, bekennen einſtimmig, daß es zum Bücherdruck gedient habe. Der Selige hat es von einem vornehmen Herrn, der ſeine Länder auf dem Berge Libanon hat, für eine große Summe gekauft.

29) Eine prächtige Staatscaroſſe mit vieler Vergoldung. Hoch über dem Kutſcherſitze iſt ein prächtiger Spiegel angebracht, der gegen die Ebene, worauf die Kutſche ſteht oder geht, unter einem Winkel von 45 Grad nach der Kutſche zu geneigt iſt. Hinten über der Kutſche correſpondirt ihm ein ähnlich liegender, aber entgegengeſetzter. Durch dieſes prachtvolle Polemoſkop wird der Kutſcher in den Stand geſetzt, auf dem Bocke ſogleich zu ſehen, ob ſich jemand hinten aufgeſetzt hat. Iſt dieſes der Fall, ſo ſtampft er nur mit dem Fuß auf eine Feder, und der Paſſagier bekömmt ſogleich einen derben Stoß gegen das Sitzfleiſch, ſo daß er nicht leicht wieder kömmt.

30) Ein Geſpann Pferde, denen der Verſtorbene das Maculaturfreſſen beigebracht hat. Ein Artikel für Buchhändler und Verleger.

Wir brechen hier ab, damit nicht dieſer gelehrte Artikel, wenn er noch mehr Ausdehnung erhält, am Ende gar den ganzen Taſchenkalender in Pferdefutter verwandelt.

Rede der Ziffer 8 am jüngſten Tage des 1798. Jahres im großen Rathe der Ziffern gehalten.

(Die Nulle, wie gewöhnlich, im Präſidentenſtuhl.)

Inhalt.

Anfang: die Rednerin ſpricht viel von ſich: wird ausgelacht; ereifert ſich; Lobrede auf die Nulle; Decimalſyſtem; Konſtanz Flotte; Berg Sinai; die Nulle wird roth; erſter Tag des XIX. Jahrhunderts; Beſchluß; Ende.

Durchlauchtigſte Nulle,
Großgütigſte Präſidentin und Stellvertreterin unſer Aller, Allerſeits, nach angeſtammter Ungleichheit höchſt zu verehrende Mitſchweſtern,
9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 *).

Morgen wird der Tag ſein, an welchem ich in unſerm geheimen chronologiſchen Ausſchuß die Bank der Einer auf zehn Jahre verlaſſen, und morgen über ein Jahr (tiefer Seufzer) der, an dem ich die der Hunderte wieder beſteigen werde, auf der ich nun ſeit ultimo Decembris 899 nicht geſeſſen habe. Ihr werdet mir alſo verſtatten, theuerſte Mitſchweſtern, daß ich, ehe ich meine Stelle im geheimen Ausſchuß der Schweſter Neune übertrage, ein paar Worte zu euch rede, wozu mir einige Vorfälle während meines Sitzes auf dieſer Bank Veranlaſſung gegeben haben, und worüber es in dem Jahre, das morgen ſeinen Anfang nimmt, vielleicht noch oft zur Sprache kommen möchte.

Ich finde zwar in den Annalen des chronologiſchen Ausſchuſſes kein Beiſpiel, daß je von irgend einer Schweſter bei ähnlichen Gelegenheiten öffentlich im großen Rath wäre geſprochen worden. Ja, ich erinnere mich noch ſehr wohl, ob es gleich 1000 Jahre her ſind, daß ich ſogar am erſten Jänner 800, an dem Tage, da ich die Ehre hatte, zum erſten Mal in centgräflicher Glorie im Ausſchuß zu ſitzen, nicht zu euch geredet habe. Aber, geliebte Mitſchweſtern, tempora mutantur! Die 8, die das neunte Jahrhundert beherrſchte, iſt nicht mehr die, die das neunzehnte beherrſchen wird; in 1000 Jahren läßt ſich wohl was lernen. O, ich habe es hundertmal bereuet, daß ich am letzten December 1789, als ich mich von der Bank der Zehner zurückzog, nicht Manches über den Fall der alten Baſtille und der alten Philoſophie, der ſich unter meinem praesidio ereignete und mir ſchwer auf dem Herzen lag, gleich damals declarirt habe. Gottlob aber, es kann mir, als der ſichern Erbin des Vorſitzes der Hunderte im nächſten Jahrhunderte nicht an Gelegenheit fehlen, nachzuholen was ich verſäumt habe, nämlich zu erweiſen, daß Baſtillen und Philoſophien geboren werden und ſterben, und wieder geboren werden und wieder ſterben, ſo wie mutatis mutandis, ihre Erbauer und ihre Erfinder. (Hier Geräuſch.) O! ich verſtehe euch wohl. Ihr ſcheint es nicht zum beſten zu nehmen, daß ich, als bloße Mitſchweſter, und weder die höchſte noch die geringſte unter euch, es zuerſt wage, Schlüſſe zu machen und von Rechenſchaft zu ſprechen. Schlimm genug für euch. (Gemurmel.) Doch damit ihr ſeht, daß ich meinen Werth kenne, und meinen Stammbaum ſtudirt habe, ſo müßt ihr allerdings wiſſen: ich bin unter euch allen erſtens die vollkommenſte gerade Zahl (große Stille); bin zweitens unter euch allen der einzige wahre Würfel (ſpöttiſches Lächeln von der Präſidentin und der Eins); beſtehe drittens aus zwei gleichen Quadraten (die Präſidentin lächelt fort); bin viertens, was das Sonderbarſte iſt, zugleich der Würfel der Zahl, deren doppeltes Quadrat ich bin; und dieſe Zahl iſt, fünftens, die ewige unverwerfliche Schiedsrichterin über alles Gerade und Ungerade im unermeßlichen Reiche der Zahlen von vorn und von hinten in alle Ewigkeit. (Spöttiſches Amen! von Einigen; tiefe Verbeugung der Schweſter Zwei.) Daher mich auch, ohne Ruhm zu melden (heimliches Kichern), die gütige Natur nach ihrer anbetungswürdigen, ewigen Weisheit im Range der arithmetiſchen Größe, zwiſchen dich, Quadrat aller guten Dinge, hochverehrliche Neune *) und dich hochwürdige apokalyptiſche Sieben, von Ewigkeit her geſtellt hat. Ja, wenn ich alles dieſes zuſammen nehme, ſo fühle ich mich kühn genug, gerade heraus zu ſagen, daß keine unter euch allen in Rückſicht auf Naturgabe, ſich mit mir meſſen kann, als unſere erhabenſte Präſidentin, die Nulle. (Lautes Gelächter. Sehr naiv, riefen Einige; ſehr wahr, Andere; und Eine hatte ſogar die Verwegenheit, ancora zu rufen. Dieſes brachte die Rednerin ſichtbarlich auf, und ſie fuhr mit einer Heftigkeit fort:) Pfui, ſchämt euch! Iſt das eine Aufführung für ganze Zahlen? oder befinde ich mich vielleicht unter einer Rotte nichtswerther Decimalbrüche, womit man unendliche Reihen wegwirft, und am Ende den ganzen mächtigen Verluſt mit einem paar Pünktchen oder einem et caetera erſetzt? (Große Stille, weil man wohl fühlen mochte, daß man mehr die Präſidentin, als die Achte beleidigt hatte.) Und ſagt mir, was iſt denn Lächerliches darin, daß ich mich neben der Nulle wichtig dünke? Kennt ihr wohl die wahrſcheinlichſte Grenze des menſchlichen Lebens? Was für Ziffern hat denn die allgütige Natur auserſehen, dieſe Grenzen zu beſtimmen? Habt ihr wohl von einem Buche gehört, worin es heißt: wenn's hoch kömmt, ſo ſind's achtzig? und wie ſchreibt man dieſe Achtzig? Wie? O! es

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*) Daß nachſtehende Rede, ſogar mit Aeußerungen der Zuhörer verbal. ſchon jetzt (im Juli 1798), alſo faſt ein halbes Jahr vorher, ehe ſie gehalten worden iſt, abgedruckt erſcheint, würde nicht leicht Jemand unter unſern Leſern, der zugleich Zeitungsleſer iſt, wunderbar finden, ſelbſt wenn ſie, als von Menſchen vor Menſchen gehalten, vorausgeſetzt würde. Hier aber ſprechen bloße arithmetiſche Weſen zu arithmetiſchen Weſen, deren Geſchichte einer reinen Behandlung a priori nach wenigen Grenzen unſerer Natur um ſo mehr fähig erachtet werden muß, als man ſogar dieſe Methode nicht ohne Glück in unſern Tagen ſelbſt auf unreine, empiriſche historica und physica anzuwenden verſucht hat.

*) Die Rednerin zielt hier offenbar auf das deutſche Sprichwort an: aller guten Dinge ſind Drei.

ſollte mir ein Leichtes ſein, euch mit drei Worten zu Jacobinern zu machen. Ich thue es aber nicht, und werde blos zeigen, daß euer Mangel an Reſpect gegen unſere Präſidentin ſich allein auf eure Ignoranz gründete. Erlaube mir alſo, erhabene Nulle, Präſidentin unſeres Raths, Kreis, Kugel, Bild und Ewigkeit, Schöpferin und Erbin des Chaos, oder wie du ſonſt genannt ſein willſt, daß ich, ehe ich zum Hauptvortrage meiner Angelegenheiten komme, ein paar Augenblicke, einigen dieſer Stunden zu Liebe bei deinem Verdienſte verweile. Sagt, Spötterinnen, war es nicht die Nulle, die die Jahre zählte, ehe noch Zeit und Zahl waren, und dann wieder zählen wird, wenn dieſe nicht mehr ſein werden? Fand nicht Shakeſpeare, der große Allfühler, ſelbſt das Zeichen der Nulle ſo wichtig und ſo ehrwürdig, daß er ſogar die Welt damit bezeichnete, und die Schaubühne, die ſeine Privatwelt war? Wäre er ein Deutſcher geweſen, ſo würde er ſicherlich jetzt ſein Vaterland dankbar ebenfalls damit bezeichnen. War Sie es nicht, die den großen Gedanken faßte, die 1 zur 10, 100, 1000 ꝛc. zu erheben, und dann, durch eine leichte Schwenkung, wiederum zu 0, 1; 0, 01; 0, 001 ꝛc. zu erniedrigen, wie man eine Hand umwendet? Wahrlich! das Größeſte, was je in der Welt, im Felde ſowohl als auf dem Papier, durch Schwenkung ausgerichtet worden iſt, und überdies ſo ſchwanger an Betrachtungen über Größe und Hinfälligkeit menſchlicher Dinge, deren Werth oft blos von Schwenkungen einiger Nullen abhängt, daß, theuerſte Mitſchweſtern (ſo nenne ich euch ſchweſterlich wieder, da ich Zeichen der Rührung bei euch bemerke), daß, ſage ich, die Zeit meines Aufenthaltes auf dieſer Bank, ja, daß die ganze Zeit, die ich hier geſeſſen habe, zu kurz ſein würde, alles zur Geburt zu bringen. So wurde die Nulle endlich Schöpferin des großen Decimalſyſtems, und der großen Zehnfingrigkeit, die, wenn nicht Admiral Nelſon, der bekanntlich nur fünf Finger hat*), den Lauf der Thaten hemmt, ſich mit ihren zehn Fingern Alles unterwerfen wird. Denn ihr müßt wiſſen, daß die große Nation, die ihre Freiheit mit 581 Schlachten**), wovon 580 auf der Erde, und eine über den Wolken vorgefallen iſt, erkauft hat, die Stürzerin der mächtigſten Thronen, die Durchſtecherin der Landenge von Suez, die Abgleicherin durch Ungleichheit, und die Käuferin des mit Geld Unverkäuflichen — daß, ſage ich, dieſe Nation dieſes Decimalſyſtem mit der ihr eigenen Kraft und Baarſchaft an Thaten unterſtützt, und mit dem Feldgeſchrei: Friede dem Einmal Eins, und Krieg allen Tafeln, Sonnenuhren und Zifferblättern der ganzen Welt, von Weſten nach Oſten zieht. O! wie habe ich während meines Präſidiums auf der Einerbank oft gelächelt, wenn man von Bonaparte's***) geheimen Abſichten ſprach und die hauptſächlichſte darunter vergaß, nämlich: den Berg Sinai zu erobern, eine Druckerei auf demſelben anzulegen, und ſo das Decimalſyſtem über die ganze rechnende Welt zu verbreiten. Der Gedanke hat in der That etwas Großes†). Denn erſtlich iſt das der Berg, auf welchem bekanntlich das erſte Decimalſyſtem auf ſteinernen Tafeln gedruckt worden, das daher Gottlob! auch ſo ziemlich Eingang gefunden hat; zweitens beweiſt es eine gewiſſe Erkenntlichkeit der großen Nation, die allerdings jenem Berge eine Art von Satisfaction ſchuldig war, da bei ihr, zugleich mit der Einführung der neuen Decimalmaaße, manche Hauptartikel jenes alten Syſtems gleichſam abolirt worden waren. Wie ich höre, ſo wird mit den neuen Sinustafeln der Anfang gemacht werden, und in der großen Univerſalorthographie der Berg künftig ſeinen Namen von dieſer Stiftung erhalten, wiewohl man der Schwachen wegen ihn einige Zeit blos mit Mons Sin. bezeichnen wird, das jedes Herz leſen kann, wie es will, Sinai oder Sinuum††). Doch ich fühle, ich verliere mich in der Erzählung deiner Thaten und deines Werthes, große erhabene Nulle, ſinnliches Bild des unabbildlichen Nichts. Wo würde ich ein Ende finden in dir, dem unerſchöpflichen Thema von Tauſenden. Ich ermüde. Doch erlaube mir, nur noch einige Minuten deinen bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen in tiefſter Verehrung zu weihen. Warſt du es nicht, Citoyenne, die ſeit jeher deutſches Verdienſt, wenn Alles fehlte, aus deinem unerſchöpflichen Vorrathe belohnteſt, den hungrigen Dichter bald mit deinem runden Ambroſia-Zwieback labteſt, bald in die leere Taſche des Lottoſpielers und des tief ſpeculirenden Kaufmanns, weiß, klar und rund, tröſtend hinab perlteſt? Warſt du es nicht, die allein den Armen nicht verließ und baar übrig blieb, wenn Alexander, Tamerlan, der Koſack Pugatſcheff und der Zigeuner Gallant, oder ſonſt noch älteres oder neueres Geſindel, Alles, Häuſer, Schiebladen und Börſen à jour gefaßt, zurückließen? (Die Präſidentin verhüllt ſich und glüht ſchamroth durch den Schleier durch, wie der volle Mond bei einer Totalverfinſterung. Die Rednerin bemerkt es, und geht zu einem neuen Gegenſtand mit einer tiefen Verbeugung über.)

Theuerſte Mitſchweſtern, ich komme nun (indem ſie ſich die Augen wiſcht), da ein großer Theil der Zeit, die ich zu reden hatte, verſtrichen iſt, nach Rednerart, geſchwind zur Hauptſache. Ob ich eben ſo geſchwind darüber hingehen werde, hängt von der Zeit ab. Ihr wißt, ich rede in der Geſpenſterſtunde. Schlägt die Glocke zwölf — weg bin ich! Ich habe ſowohl aus dem Reichs- als allgemeinen literariſchen Anzeiger, und noch aus einigen andern Anzeigern, und darunter ſogar einigen engliſchen, mit Verwunderung erſehen, daß man in der Chriſtenwelt über die Grenzlinie des achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhunderts eine Art von Streit führt, der mit dem über die Rheingrenze einige Aehnlichkeit hat; nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß die eine Partei ganz auf dem rechten, die andere ganz auf dem linken Ufer beharrt. An eine Mittellinie iſt noch nicht gedacht worden. Das hätte auch noch gefehlt. Ich will mich erklären. Ihr wißt, morgen über ein Jahr beſteige ich die Bank der Hunderte, und unſere Präſidentin iſt, trotz ſo vieler diplomatiſchen Geſchäfte, die ſie in der Welt jetzt zu dirigiren hat, entſchloſſen, das Präſidium auf der Bank der Zehner, und nebenher der Einer als Filial zu übernehmen, das iſt, wir werden 1800 ſchreiben. Morgen über zwei Jahre tritt ſie die niedrigere Stelle von beiden der Eins, die mit ſo vielem Ruhme die allerhöchſte ſeit 900 Jahren begleitet hat, zum Filial ab, und wir werden 1801 haben. Die Frage iſt nun: wenn und an welchem Tage ſollen Perſonen, die viel auf Geburtstagsſchmäuſe halten, den Geburtstag des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts feiern? An dem Tage, an welchem ich auf die Bank der Hunderte trete, oder (nachdem ich dieſe ein Jahr beſeſſen habe) an dem Tage, da die Eins das Geſchäft der Einer übernimmt? Kürzer: am 1. Jänner 1800 oder 1801? Ihr ſeht deutlich, daß mich dieſer Streit nothwendig ſehr intereſſiren muß. Mein ganzes erſtes Regierungsjahr mit Hunderterrang ſteht auf dem Spiel, und iſt gerade die Strombreite, um welche geſtritten wird. Keine Kleinigkeit für den, der zu Herzen nimmt, daß es hier auf die Frage ankommt: ob jenes, mein erſtes Jahr, den jämmerlichen Nachtrab eines alten Jahrhunderts machen, oder die Anführerin eines neuen ſein ſoll, das mit verjüngter Glorie ſeinen Einzug in die ſtaunende Welt nehmen wird. Bedenkt, Mitſchweſtern, die Anführerin des neunzehnten, alſo des Jahrhunderts, das vermuthlich die Zahl der Planeten verdoppeln, und die der Trabanten und der Metalle vervierfachen wird; des Jahrhunderts, worin vermuthlich die Luftſchlachten der Völker ſich zu den Land- und Seeſchlachten wie 500 zu 1 verhalten werden, ſo daß die Zeitungsſchreiber, von Paris bis Hamburg, ſie mit hundertfüßigen Teleſkopen aus dem Comtoir ſelbſt reviſiren, hypotheſiren und als Augenzeugen beſchreiben können, und worin man die hoch vorüberlaufenden Helden und ihre Sänger wie Raubvögel und Drachen aus der Luft ſchießen wird. O! und des Jahrhunderts, das gewiß die Ehre haben wird, die Früchte einer neuen Wiſſenſchaft, ich meine der mit großem Geld- und Blutaufwand erforſchten, neufränkiſchen Experimentalpolitik, entweder einzuärnten, oder, als hienieden unreifbar, zum Dünger für etwas minder Utopiſches wieder unterzupflügen. Das Herz blutet mir, wenn ich bedenke, daß wahrſcheinlich mein Antrittsjahr 1800 noch an das vergangene wird abgeliefert werden müſſen. Hierüber muß ich mich erklären (ſieht nach der Uhr und fängt an geſchwinder zu reden):

Ihr wißt alle Eines, daß im 6. Jahrhundert zu Rom ein kaum vier Fuß hoher Abt lebte, der, wo ich nicht irre, aus Scythien ſtammte. Er hieß Dionyſius, und wegen ſeines geringfügigen Körpers, der kleine (exiguus). Dieſer kleine Mann hatte zuerſt den großen Einfall, unſere Jahre nach der Geburt Chriſti zu zählen, das iſt, unſere jetzige Zeitrechnung zu ſtiften. So viel ich weiß, iſt ſein Geiſt nie gemeſſen worden, allein das weiß man mit vieler Zuverläſſigkeit, daß er ſich im Jahr der Geburt Chriſti wohl geirrt haben möge, prouter propter um etwa vier Jahre. Doch darauf kommt hier nichts an. Genug, ſeine Zeitrechnung, wahr oder falſch, gleichviel, fand Beifall, und dieſer mächtige Epochenſtamm wuchs auf chriſtlichem Boden ungeſtört fort, trotz der vielen kleinen Schmarotzerepochen, die ſich an denſelben hier und da angeſetzt haben und noch immer anſetzen. Allein Jammerſchade iſt, daß noch ſogar geſtritten wird, wie eigentlich der kleine Dionyſius gerechnet habe, ob er, weil Chriſtus nicht auf den erſten Jänner geboren worden iſt, ſondern vorher, und die eigentliche Incarnation noch weiter in das Jahr der Geburt zurückfiel, das Jahr der Geburt und der Incarnation ſelbſt das erſte Jahr genannt habe, oder das Jahr nach dieſem Geburts- und Incarnationsjahre. Dieſe Schwierigkeit iſt ſo groß (denn Kleinigkeiten auf's Reine zu bringen, hat oft große Schwierigkeiten), daß ein zweiter Dionyſius, der tauſend Jahre nach jenem kam, kein winziger vier Fuß hoher Abbé, ſondern ein derber Sechsfüßer von einem franzöſiſchen Jeſuiten, Namens Dionyſius Petavius, der, ob er gleich im 16. Jahrhundert zu Orleans und Paris ſichtbar herumwandelte, im Geiſt größtentheils in den alten Zeiten ſpukte, ſie ſo groß fand, daß er anfangs nicht recht mit ſich ſelbſt eins darüber werden konnte; ſich einmal ſogar ſelbſt widerſprach, doch aber am Ende bewies, wir zählten, wenn wir Dionyſiſch zählen wollten, jetzt wirklich falſch, und müßten eigentlich bisher ſchon 1799 gezählt haben, da wir 1798 zählten. Doch dieſes nur im Vorbeigehen, und zum Beweis einer Unſicherheit in dieſen Rechnungen, die wenigſtens dazu dienen kann, eine andere zu entſchuldigen.

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*) Er verlor einen Arm bei Teneriffa.

**) Genius der Zeit. Juni 1798. S. 232.

***) So, und nicht Buonaparte muß man ſchreiben. Er ſelbſt ſchreibt, wie ich höre, ſeinen Namen ohne u, auch fehlt das u unter dem ihm ähnlichſten Portrait.
Anm. d. Herausgebers.

†) Man ſagt, ein Citoyen circumcis habe ihn zuerſt gehabt.

††) Ein Gerücht, daß zu Paris eine eigene Commiſſion niedergeſetzt ſei, die verba irregularia abzuſchaffen, um der Welt das Conjugiren zu erleichtern, bleibt bis dato unverbürgt.

Ihr werdet, theuerſte Mitſchweſtern, aller Orts geſehen haben, daß die Zweideutigkeit, von der ich ſo eben geredet habe, den Grenzſtreit der Jahrhunderte gar nichts angeht. Genug, wir zählten Jahre, ob ſcharf Dionyſiſch oder nicht, das iſt nun gleich viel. Es wäre lächerlich, zumal ohne eine Armee von 300,000 Mann, ſich jetzt noch einem ſo alten chriſtlichen Gebrauche durch ſolche Fineſſen zu widerſetzen und die Ordnung der Dinge zu ſtören. Es ließe außerdem ja, als wenn unſere Erfindungskraft ſo erſchöpft wäre, daß wir gar nichts weiter erfinden könnten, als neue Aeren, neue Thermometerſcalen und neue Schmarotzerepochen. (Hier etwas Gemurmel von Mond, Sin. und Uhrzifferblättern. Die Rednerin hört es, fährt aber ruhig fort). Mit einem Wort, wir zählten Jahre nach Tauſenden, nach Hunderten u. ſ. w. Sobald wir aber dieſes thun, ſo müſſen wir auch offenbar, um die Hundert voll zu machen, die Hundert ſelbſt nicht fehlen laſſen. Wo nach Hunderten gezählt wird, macht die Hundert ſelbſt den Beſchluß. So wäre alſo das Jahr, das nun in wenigen Minuten zu Ende gehen wird, das 1798. nach Chriſti Geburt geweſen, folglich fehlen noch zwei, um das Hundert voll zu machen, und der Geburtstagsſchmaus des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts muß gefeiert werden am 1. Jänner 1801. Als das erſte Jahr, worin ich auf der Bank der Hunderte erſcheine, iſt wirklich (man bemerkt ein Zittern in der Stimme) der Nachtrab des vergangenen Jahrhunderts, und ich muß mich damit tröſten, daß ich, in rangmäßiger Verbindung mit der Schweſter Eins, die Ehre habe, das 18. Jahrhundert endlich einmal mit voller Zahl zu beſiegeln, welches bisher immer mit einer 17 und Decimalbrüchen des Säculums geſchehen iſt. Da ich dieſes mir von der Vernunft übergebene Siegel ein ganzes Jahr noch als Bürgerin des 18. Jahrhunderts führen werde: ſo hoffe ich auch, damit ſelbſt die bruta, die bisher nicht begreifen konnten, warum das 18. Jahrhundert mit einer 17 bezeichnet wurde, zu überzeugen, daß wir bisher im 18. Jahrhundert gelebt haben. Der Gerechte erbarmet ſich auch ſeines Rindviehes! Ihr erkennet nunmehr, theuerſte Mitſchweſtern, hieraus meine Unpartheilichkeit. Ja (ſich ermunternd) mit Freuden lege ich die ſchimmernde Krone, die mir bei meiner Erhebung gereicht wurde, in das Grab des hingeſtorbenen Jahrhunderts. — Indeſſen ſollte es mich nichts weniger als betrüben, wenn die Geburtstagsſchmauſer auch den erſten Tag meiner Erſcheinung (1. Jan. 1800), an welchem ſich Millionen Hände zu einem neuen Zuge gewöhnen müſſen, und ſich mit kalligraphiſchem Wonnegefühl gewiß, wiewohl nicht ohne unzählige Schnitzer, endlich gewöhnen werden, auch ein wenig feierten. Denn ſo würden ja (ſie lächelt in ſich ſelbſt hinein), was die Welt immer liebt, der Schmaustage, ſtatt eines, zwei (frohes joviaiſches Lächeln von allen Seiten). Ja, wo ich nicht ſehr irre, ſo iſt gerade jener neue Datumszug wohl hauptſächlich Urſache, warum über die Frage geſtritten wird, und eben deswegen ſchon eines kleinen Präliminarſchmauſes, vor dem großen Definitivſchmauſe, werth.

Indeſſen aber, theuerſte Mitſchweſtern, ſo ſehr ich auch alte, ehrwürdige Gebräuche reſpectire, und überzeugt bin, daß ſich unſer chriſtliches Jahrhundert erſt mit dem 1. Jänner 1801 anfange, ſo kann ich euch doch unmöglich verhehlen, daß es auch Gründe giebt, die entgegengeſetzte Meinung zu vertheidigen, wiewohl ich ſehr gern zugebe, daß dieſe Gründe eben nicht gerade die ſein mögen, womit ſie von ihren gewöhnlichen Anhängern vertheidigt wird.

Es iſt nämlich gewiß, 1) daß unſere gegenwärtige, wahr oder fälſchlich ſogenannte Dionyſiſche Epoche ſich von der Beſchneidung Chriſti und weder von ſeinem Geburtstage, dem 25. December, noch von dem Incarnationstage deſſelben anhebt, einem Tage, der hierbei ſo wichtig gehalten wurde, daß die Engländer bis 1752 ſogar ihr Jahr von demſelben zu zählen anfingen, und noch ſpielt dieſer Tag (der 25. März, bis jetzt Lady-day, Maria Verkündigung) unter ihnen, bei Miethcontracten u. dergl. ſeine Rolle. Alſo fällt weder der Geburts- noch der Incarnationstag an den Anfang unſerer jetzt recipirten Epoche. Sondern beide Tage, auf die doch Alles ankommt, fallen in das Jahr vorher, und folglich zählen wir, im ſtrengſten Verſtande, nicht Jahre nach dem Geburts- und Incarnations-Tage, ſondern nach dem Geburts- und Incarnations-Jahr Chriſti. 2) Iſt wohl ganz außer allem Zweifel, daß wir nicht vergangene, ſondern laufende Jahre zählen. Unſer gewöhnlicher Ausdruck, anno 1, anno 1000, anno 1798 zeigt ſo wie der lateiniſche Ausdruck: anno post Christum natum primo, millesimo etc., daß man, im bürgerlichen Leben, nicht vergangene Jahre zählt, ſondern laufende. Man datirt Briefe nach dem laufenden Jahre, ſowie nach dem laufenden Monatstage. Bezeichnet aber jener Ausdruck blos Jahre nach dem Geburts- und Incarnationsjahre, wie ſoll man denn dieſes Geburts- und Incarnationsjahr ſelbſt bezeichnen? Doch wohl nicht mit dem Namen des erſten Jahres vor der Geburt und Incarnation? Dieſes wäre ja eben ſo widerſinnig, als es das erſte nach derſelben zu nennen. Es bleibt alſo nichts übrig, als, da unſere Jahrrechnung mit einem erſten Jänner anfängt, vor welchem die Geburt und Incarnation Chriſti liegt und liegen muß, das ganze Jahr der Begebenheit ſelbſt mit 0 zu bezeichnen, und deſſen Anfangspunkt um ein ganzes Jahr hinter den der chriſtlich-bürgerlichen Epoche zurück zu ſetzen, aber nicht ein ganzes Jahr hinter das Datum der Begebenheiten ſelbſt, auf die es eigentlich hier ankommt, ſondern nicht einmal ein ganzes Vierteljahr hinter den Tag der Incarnation. Sobald man aber ein Jahr Chriſti 0 hat, das iſt, ein Jahr, das man weder das erſte Jahr vor deſſen Geburt, noch das erſte nach derſelben nennen kann: ſo iſt es wenigſtens Niemand zu verdenken, am allerwenigſten aber Jemandem, der etwa mehr mit dem Abſoluten der Meßkunſt, als mit dem Conventionellen bürgerlicher Beſchlüſſe bekannt wäre, wenn er für recht und billig hielte, unſere Jahre von jenem 0 Punkte an zu zählen, alſo nicht laufende, ſondern verſtrichene Jahre, gerade ſo wie der Aſtronom ohnehin ſchon ſeine Zeichen des Thierkreiſes bei den Längen der Planeten und ſeine Monatstage zählt, und wie wir ſelbſt im gemeinen Leben unſere Stunden zählen. Den III Uhr 50 Min. heißt ja auch nicht 50 Min. der dritten Stunde, ſondern der vierten, ſo wie 100 Rthlr. 6 Ggr. nicht 6 Ggr. des 100. Thalers, aber ſo viel als 99 Rthlr. 6 Ggr. bedeutet. Warum ſoll denn nun 1798 1. Jul. gerade ſo viel ſagen, als 6 Monate des 1798. Jahres, und nicht 1798 Jahr und 6 Monate nach jenem 0, das nicht viel unrichtiger liegt, als jener Anfangspunkt, und wodurch obendrein ſo viele Gleichförmigkeit in die Sprache über Zeitrechnung überhaupt gebracht würde? Denn ſo viel ich ſehe, würde dadurch die Ordnung der Tafeln nicht im mindeſten geſtört werden. Wenn man den Ort der Sonne für 1798 den 1. Jul. 5 Uhr berechnen will, ſo ſchrieb man aus den Tafeln den Ort für die Epoche von 1798, das iſt, für den Anfang dieſes Jahres nach bürgerlicher Rechnung ab, addirt dazu die Veränderung von 6 Monaten und von 5 Stunden. Aber der Anfang des 1798. Jahres, nach der gewöhnlichen Rechnung, iſt ja mit dem Ende des 1798. von jenem 0 an gerechnet einerlei. Allein ſo gerechnet, ſchreiben wir jetzt, da ich rede (ſieht nach der Uhr), von jenem 0 an, 1798 Jahre 11 Monate, 30 Tage, 23 Stunden, 56 Min., und heute über ein Jahr, ginge mit dem 1799. Jahr nach der gewöhnlichen Rechnung das 100. des Jahrhunderts, auf dieſe Weiſe gezählt, zu Ende. Noch merke ich an, daß es ja nicht ſonderbarer wäre, wenn die Aſtronomen ihre Jahrhunderte anders zählten, als daß ſie ihre Tage anders zählen, wie ſie wirklich thun, nämlich nicht laufende, ſondern vergangene und dieſe noch oben drein von einem andern 0 ab, als das im bürgerlichen Leben. Zum Beſchluß erinnere ich noch einmal, daß ich nicht verbeſſern, nicht neuern, ſondern blos entſchuldigen wollte. (Die Neune regt ſich, um von der Bank Beſitz zu nehmen). Ich ſehe, theuerſte Schweſter und Nachfolgerin, du eilſt meine Stelle einzunehmen. Ich weiche. Bedenke, es liegt ein wichtiges Jahr vor dir. Sorge ja für Frieden, und halte dich durchaus, während deiner Regierung, als das Quadrat aller guten Dinge und nicht (etwas in den Bart murmelnd) wie im kalten Winter. (Die Glocke ſchlägt 12, man hört etwas von: Viel Lärm um nichts; die 8 geht ab, und die 9 ſetzt ſich auf die Bank. Gratulationen zum neuen Jahre von allen Seiten).

Johann Lichtenberg, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Martin Heinrich Karl Lichtenſtein,

ein Sohn des General-Superintendenten L. zu Helmſtädt, ward am 10. Januar 1780 zu Hamburg geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er im väterlichen Hauſe die nöthige gelehrte Vorbildung erhalten hatte, zu Jena und Helmſtädt Philoſophie und Medicin. Nach erfolgter Promotion ging er nach Wien und von da mit dem holländiſchen Gouverneur, General Janſen, als Hauslehrer und Arzt nach dem Cap in Africa, wo er 1802 anlangte und zuerſt 1804 als Chirurgien-Major bei einem Bataillon hottentottiſcher Infanterie, dann 1806 als Regierungsbevollmächtigter verſchiedene Reiſen in das Innere unternahm. Seine auf denſelben gemachte wiſſenſchaftliche Ausbeute brachte er 1806 wieder mit nach Deutſchland zurück und begab ſich mit derſelben nach kurzem Aufenthalte in Braunſchweig, Helmſtädt, Göttingen und Jena nach Berlin, wo er 1810 an der daſelbſt neu geſtifteten Univerſität Vorleſungen zu halten begann und 1811 zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Naturgeſchichte ernannt wurde. 1813 erhielt er die Direction des zoologiſchen Muſeums und 1814 die Würde eines ordentlichen Mitgliedes der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften, welchem Inſtitute er durch ſeine Kenntniſſe und auf einer neuen 1809 unternommenen Reiſe durch England, Holland, Frankreich und die Schweiz geſammelte Erfahrungen weſentliche Dienſte leiſtete. Er iſt Ritter des rothen Adlerordens und geheimer Medicinalrath. —

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

Reiſen im ſüdlichen Afrika in den Jahren 1803 bis 1806. Berlin 1810 — 1811, 2 Thle.

Das zoologiſche Muſeum der Univerſität zu Berlin. Berlin 1816, 2 A. 1818.

Darſtellungen neuer und wenig bekannter Säugethiere. Berlin 1827 — 1830, 9 Hefte, Fol.

Erläuterungen der Nachrichten des Fr. Hernandez von den vierfüßigen Thieren Neuſpaniens. Berlin 1830.

Auch gab er mit Rühs **Zimmermann's Taſchenbuch für Reiſende** (Leipzig 1817 — 1819, 2 Bände) und **Beiträge zu den Abhandlungen der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften** heraus.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher und ſcharfblickender Gelehrter als geiſtreicher Naturforſcher, lieferte L. eins der vortrefflichſten Reiſewerke über das ſüdliche Afrika, das wir beſitzen und deſſen Fortſetzung und Vollendung allgemein lebhaft gewünſcht wird, um ſo mehr, als es durch die ausgezeichnete Darſtellung in demſelben nicht blos dem Manne vom Fach, ſondern jedem Gebildeten eine eben ſo anziehende als unterrichtende Lectüre darbietet. — L's ſcientifiſche Verdienſte, namentlich als Zoolog, genügend zu würdigen iſt hier nicht der Ort; es möge hinreichen, auf ſeinen europäiſchen Ruf in dieſer Hinſicht aufmerkſam zu machen.

Herr Ulrich von Lichtenſtein, ſ. Minneſinger.

Magnus Gottfried Lichtwehr

ward am 30. Januar 1719 zu Wurzen in Sachſen geboren und verlor ſchon 1721 ſeinen Vater, den daſigen Appellations- und Stiftsrath L., ohne daß dieſer Unglücksfall jedoch ſeine würdige und allgemein geſchätzte Mutter gehindert hätte, ihm und ſeiner Schweſter eine ſehr gute Erziehung zu geben. Nachdem er bis zum Tode ſeiner Mutter 1737 die lateiniſche Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt beſucht und hier ſchon Proben ſeines poetiſchen Talentes abgelegt hatte, brachte ihn ſein Vormund, der Stiftskanzler Zahn zu Wurzen, auf die Univerſität Leipzig, wo er mit Eifer die Rechtsvorleſungen der berühmteſten Lehrer beſuchte, nebenbei noch die franzöſiſche und italieniſche Sprache erlernte und mit Gottſched und deſſen Schule bekannt wurde. 1741 ging er nach Dresden, bewarb ſich 2 Jahre fruchtlos um ein Amt und ließ ſich 1743 zu Wittenberg nieder, wo er gleichfalls die vorzüglichſten Lehrer hörte, fleißig für ſich ſtudirte und zum Doctor der Rechte und Magiſter der Philoſophie ernannt wurde. Ein auf einer Reiſe nach Quedlinburg erlittenes Augenübel hinderte ihn lange daran ſeine Laufbahn als akademiſcher Lehrer zu beginnen, und als er endlich 1747 philoſophiſche und juriſtiſche Vorleſungen zu Wittenberg eröffnet hatte, nöthigte ihn ein Blutſturz der Akademie gänzlich zu entſagen und ſich blos auf die Dichtkunſt zu beſchränken. Zu dieſem Behufe zog er 1749 nach ſeiner Verheirathung nach Quedlinburg, wo ihm der General von Stille eine Stiftspräbende abtrat und der König ihn zuerſt zum Referendar, 1752 zum wirklichen Regierungsrathe und kurz darauf zum Mitglied der Landesdeputation ernannte, während die deutſche Geſellſchaft zu Königsberg ihn zum Mitglied erwählte. 1763 wurde er weltlicher Conſiſtorialrath und Criminalrath und 1765 Vormundſchaftsrath bei dem Pupillencollegium, welche Aemter er mit der gewiſſenhafteſten Treue insgeſammt verwaltete, bis ein heftiges Hämorrhoidalübel am 7. Julius 1783 ſeinem Leben ein Ende machte. — L. war mittlerer Statur, magern Anſehens und von gutem Wuchſe und Anſtande, ein ſtiller Weiſer für die Welt, unermüdet thätig und gewiſſenhaft als Beamter, ſcharfſinnig und gründlich als Gelehrter.

Von ihm erſchien:

Schriften. Herausgegeben von ſeinem Enkel Ernſt Ludwig Magnus von Pott. Mit einer Vorrede und Biographie L's von Fr. Cramer. Halberſtadt 1828, 16., mit Portrait.

Einzeln:

Vier Bücher Aeſopiſcher Fabeln, in gebundner Schreibart. Leipzig 1748, 8. mit 1 in Kupfer geſtochenen Titelblatt (anonym); 2. Aufl. nebſt Anhang Berlin 1758, gr. 8., mit Titelvign. (mit Namen); 3. rechtmäßige Aufl. Berlin 1762, gr. 8., mit 4 Kpfrn. und Vign.; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1775, 8.; neue unveränderte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1782, 8. Nachgedruckt Greifswalde und Leipzig 1761, gr. 8., mit Titelvign. Ueberſetzt ins Franzöſiſche: Straßburg und Paris 1763, 8. Ruſſiſch: Petersburg 1779. Däniſch: Kopenhagen 1760. Lateiniſch (von Avenarius und Fiſcher) Leipzig 1785, kl. 8.

Das Recht der Vernunft in 5 Büchern. Leipzig 1758, kl. 8., mit Kupfervign. Franzöſiſch (von Madam Fabre): Yverdun 1777, gr. 8.

Minucius Felix' Geſpräch von der Religion, aus dem Lateiniſchen überſetzt. Berlin 1763, 8., mit Kpfervign.

Lichtwehr's hauptſächlichſtes Verdienſt ſind ſeine Fabeln, welche ſich durch eine ſehr geſunde Moral, gute Erfindung, treffliche Darſtellung und fließende, leichte Verſe ein dauerndes Bürgerrecht in der deutſchen Literatur erworben haben. — Mißlungen iſt dagegen im Allgemeinen ſein didaktiſches Gedicht, das allerdings manchen guten Gedanken enthält, aber ſich nur durch ſeine Form von gewöhnlicher Proſa unterſcheidet.

Der kleine Töffel.

In einem großen Dorf, das an die Mulde ſtieß,
Starb Grolms, ein Bauersmann; die Wittwe freite wieder,
Und kam mit einem Knaben nieder,
Den man den kleinen Töffel hieß.
Sechs Sommer ſind vorbei, als es im Dorfe brannte;
Der Knabe war damals gerade ſechszehn Jahr,
Da man, wiewohl er ſchon ein großer Junge war,
Ihn noch den kleinen Töffel nannte.
Nunmehr droſch Töffel auch mit in der Scheune Korn,
Fuhr ſelber in das Holz; da trat er einen Dorn
Sich in den linken Fuß: man hörte von den Bauern
Den kleinen Töffel ſehr bedauern.
Zuletzt verdroß es ihn; und als zur Kirchmeßzeit
Des Schulzens Hadrian, ein Zimmermannsgeſelle,
Ihn „kleiner Töffel" hieß, hatt' er die Dreiſtigkeit,
Und gab ihm eine derbe Schelle.
Die Rache kam ihm zwar ein neues Schock zu ſteh'n,
Denn Schulzens Hadrian ging klagen,
Und durch das ganze Dorf hört man die Rede geh'n,
Der kleine Töffel hat den Hadrian geſchlagen.
O das that Töffeln weh', und er beſchloß bei ſich,
Sich in die Fremde zu begeben.
„Was?" ſprach er, kann ich nicht ein Jahr wo anders leben?
Inmittelſt ändert ſich's, und man verkennet mich."

Gleich ging er hin, und ward ein Reiter;
Das höret Nachbars Hans, die Sage gehet weiter,
Und man erzählt von Haus zu Haus.
Der kleine Töffel geht nach Böhmen mit hinaus.
Der Töffel will vor Wuth erſticken.
Indeſſen kriegt der Sachſen Heer
Befehl, in Böhmen einzurücken.
Nunmehr iſt Töffel fort, man ſpricht von ihm nicht mehr.
Die Sachſen dringen ein, geh'n bis nach Mähren hinter,
Und Töffel gehet mit. Es geht ein ganzer Winter,
Ein halber Sommer hin, man ſenkt den Weinſtock ein,
Als man den Ruf vernimmt: es ſollte Friede ſein.
Da meint nun unſer Held, daß man die Kinderpoſſen,
Die ihn vordem ſo oft verdroſſen,
Vorlängſt ſchon ausgeſchwitzt. Er wirkt ſich Urlaub aus,
Und ſuchet ſeines Vaters Haus.
Er hörte ſchon den Klang der nahen Bauernkühe;
Ein altes Mütterchen, das an den Zäunen kroch,
Erſah ihn ungefähr, und ſchrie:
„„Je, kleiner Töffel, lebt ihr noch?""

Das Vorurtheil der Landesleute
Verändert nicht der Oerter Weite,
Tilgt weder Ehre, Zeit noch Glück.
Reiſt, geht zur See, kommt alt zurück:
Der Eindruck ſiegt, da hilft kein Sträuben:
Ihr müßt der kleine Töffel bleiben.

M. G. Lichtwehr.

Philipp Julius Lieberkühn

ward im Auguſt 1754 zu Wuſterhauſen an der Doſſe geboren, ſtudirte auf der Stadtſchule zu Ruppin und auf der Univerſität zu Halle Philologie und Theologie und erhielt, nachdem er bereits ſeit 1778 als Hauslehrer ſich daſelbſt aufgehalten hatte, 1779 das Rectorat der Schule Neuruppin, welche er in Verbindung mit ſeinem Freund Struve vortheilhaft umgeſtaltete. Ein Ruf als Profeſſor der Theologie und Rector des Eliſabethgymnaſiums brachte ihn 1784 nach Breslau, wo er ſpäter auch das zweite Inſpectorat der evangeliſchen Schulen erhielt und am 1. April 1788 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Kleine Schriften. Nebſt ſeinem Leben herausgegeben von F. Gedike. Züllichau und Freiſtadt 1791.

Ferner:

Verſuch über die anſchauende Erkenntniß. Züllichau 1782.

Ueber die nothwendige Verbindung der öffentlichen und häuslichen Erziehung. Berlin 1784.

Ueber den Werth und die Rechte der öffentlichen Erziehung. Züllichau 1785.

Ueber die Vortheile und Nachtheile der großſtädtiſchen Schulen. Breslau 1786.

Ein ſehr tüchtiger Pädagog wirkte L. ſowohl durch mündliche Lehre wie durch ſeine Schriften viel Gutes während ſeines leider zu kurzen Lebens, und wird noch immer mit großer Achtung genannt.

Ehrenfried Liebich

ward am 13. Juni 1713 zu Probſthain in Schleſien geboren und ſtudirte von 1738 bis 1740 zu Leipzig Theologie, worauf er eine Hauslehrerſtelle in ſeinem Vaterlande annahm. 1742 wurde er evangeliſcher Pfarrer zu Lomnitz und Erdmannsdorf. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 23. December 1780.

Er gab heraus:

Geiſtliche Lieder und Oden. Hirſchberg und Leipzig 1768; dann Liegnitz 1774, 2 Thle., 12.

Ein für ſeine Zeit höchſt ausgezeichneter geiſtlicher Liederdichter, der ſeine religiöſen Poeſien mit Kraft, Wärme und Wohlklang auszuſtatten verſtand.

Traugott Chriſtiane Dorothea Lilien

war die Tochter des 1747 verſtorbenen altenburgiſchen General-Superintendenten Dr. Löber und 1725 zu Ronneburg geboren. Sie verheirathete ſich mit dem Dr. medicinae Lilien zu Erfurt, wurde zur Dichterin gekrönt und Mitglied der deutſchen Geſellſchaften zu Göttingen, Helmſtädt und Jena, nahm nach dem Tode ihres Gatten ihren Aufenthalt bei ihrem Bruder, dem Hofrath und Leibmedikus Dr. Löber zu Dresden und ſtarb daſelbſt am 15. December 1788.

Von ihr haben wir:

Vermiſchte Gedichte. Altenburg 1741, 2 Thle.
Dieſelben. 2. Sammlung. Ebendaſ. 1742.
Dieſelben. 3. Sammlung. Meiningen 1763.
Idyllen und Lieder. Dresden 1784.

Im Geſchmack der ſächſiſchen Schule dichtete ſie jedoch nicht ohne Talent und verſtand es, zarten Empfindungen eine anmuthige und gefällige Form zu geben.

Matthæus Abele von und zu Lilienberg.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Dichters wiſſen wir nur, daß er zu Anfang des 17. Jahrhunderts im Oeſterreichiſchen geboren ward, nach vollendeten Studien zum Dr. der Rechte promovirte und kaiſerlicher Rath, Hofhiſtoricus, Pfalzgraf, Landſteuer-Ober-Secretarius und Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft wurde. Er ſtarb zu Ende des 17. Jahrhunderts.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Seltſame Gerichtshändel. Nürnberg 1668.
Vivat Unordnung. Sulzbach 1669, 12. Auch unter dem Titel:
Künſtliche Unordnung. Nürnberg 1670 u. 1673, 12.

Es fehlt ihm nicht an Laune, Witz und Lebendigkeit der Darſtellung, aber er gefällt ſich zu ſehr in Derbheit und rohem Scherz; einzelne Lieder in ſeiner künſtlichen Unordnung ſind dagegen vortrefflich und im echten Volkston gehalten.

Der Schenk von Limburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Wilhelm Adolph Lindau

ward am 24. Mai 1774 zu Düſſeldorf geboren, lebte nach vollendeten Studien als Privatgelehrter zu Meißen, wurde dann Polizei-Inſpector zu Dresden, gab aber dieſes Amt bald auf und privatiſirte daſelbſt, ſo wie ſpäter in Leipzig, mit literariſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt.

Er ließ erſcheinen großentheils anonym:

Heliodora. Meißen 1799, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1804, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Erminia. Ebendaſ. 1800, 8., mit Kupf.
Die Dankbaren und ihre Wohlthäter. Erzählung Freiberg 1802, 8.
Adelar. Ebendaſ. 1802, 2 Thle., 8.
Erato. Meißen 1802 — 1808, 3 Bde., 8., mit 1 Kupf.; 3r Bd. auch unter dem Titel: Lilienblätter. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8.
Das Vermächtniß eines Einſamen. Leipzig 1803, 8.
Der Tempelherr. Ebendaſ. 1804, 2 Bde., 8.
Mährchen. Görlitz 1805, 8.
Die Reiſe von 24 Stunden. Leipzig 1806, 8.
Wanderungen und Abentheuer. Penig 1806, 8.
Blüthenblätter. Leipzig 1807, 8., mit 1 Kupf.
Scenen auf Iſchia. Görlitz 1807.
Drei Erzählungen. Leipzig 1809, 8.
Edmunds Prüfungen. Görlitz 1810, 2 Thle., 8.
Die Verſöhnerin. Meißen 1811, 8.
Die weiße Frau. Nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1811, 3 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Welcher iſt mein Vetter? Nach Pain's Vaudeville. Görlitz 1811, 8.
Darſtellungen aus der Geſchichte von Spanien. Görlitz 1812.
Die Pilgerinnen. Meißen 1812, 8.
Die Gefangnen. Leipzig 1812, 8., mit Kupf.
Joann de Caſtro. Ebendaſ. 1812, 8.
Herbſtblüthen. Ebendaſ. 1812, 8.
Leonello. Meißen 1813, 8.
Leonore. Leipzig 1813, 8.
Südfrüchte. Dresden 1813, 8.
Der Wundergärtel. Nach dem Spaniſchen. Leipzig 1813, 8.
Egerand de Balca. Nach dem Spaniſchen. Ebendaſ. 1814, 8.
Gemälde aus der Geſchichte der Völker. Leipzig 1814; neue A. 1817.
Der graue Ritter. Leipzig 1814, 4 Bde., 8., mit Kupfer.
Neues Gemälde von Dresden. Dresden 1817; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1820, 2 Thle.
Ich und meine Frau. Dresden 1815, 8., mit Fr. Laun und G. Schilling.
Maiblumen. Görlitz 1817, 8.
Heldengemälde. Leipzig 1817, 8.
Lebensbilder. Dresden 1817, 2 Thle., 8.
Romantiſche Geſchichten. Leipzig 1819, 8.
Die Flüchtlinge. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8., mit Kupf.
Erzählungen, 1r Theil. Brünn 1822, gr. 8. Auch unter dem Titel: Meerroſen.
Erzählungen aus dem Leben in Schottland. Aus dem Engliſchen. Dresden 1824, 8.
Gemälde aus der Geſchichte Spaniens. Dresden 1824, 8.
Erzählungen. Leipzig 1827, 8., mit Titelkupf.
Geſchichte Schottland's. Dresden 1827, 4 Thle.
Geſchichte Irland's. Dresden 1829.

Viele Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen und Franzöſiſchen u. ſ. w.

Gute Erfindungsgabe, ſcharfe Charakterzeichnung, Wärme und Lebendigkeit der Anſchauung, reiche Phantaſie und ein fließender, gefälliger Styl ſind Lindau's Romanen und Erzählungen eigen und verleihen denſelben einen bleibenden Werth, namentlich war ſeine Heliodora lange eine Lieblingslecture des gebildeten Publicums. In neuerer Zeit hat er ſich vorzüglich mit Ueberſetzungen, beſonders engliſcher Originale beſchäftigt und auf dieſem Felde Ausgezeichnetes geliefert. In ſeinen hiſtoriſchen und topographiſchen Arbeiten weiß er populäre Darſtellung mit Gründlichkeit und Genauigkeit zu verbinden. —

Die Schlacht in den Ebenen von Toloſa*).

In der Pfingſtwoche des Jahres 1212 war Toledo angefüllt mit Kriegern aus allen Gegenden von Europa; denn der Papſt hatte durch offene Sendſchreiben Ablaß allen Tapfern verſprochen, die dem bedrängten Könige von Caſtilien, Alfonſo dem Achten, mit Gut und Blut beiſtehen wollten. Mahomed, der Beherrſcher von Mogreb (Marokko) vom Stamme der Mohaden, dem die mauriſchen Fürſten in Spanien als ihrem Oberherrn huldigten, war mit furchtbarer Kriegsmacht nach Andaluſien übergegangen, und drohte die Herrſchaft der Chriſten umzuwerfen. Gegen zweitauſend Ritter, zehntauſend Reiter und funfzigtauſend Mann Fußvolk waren ſeit einigen Monaten, theils über die Pyrenäen, theils aus den nördlichen Gegenden der Halbinſel und aus Portugal herbeigeſtrömt, um den Ablaß der Kreuzfahrer zu verdienen. Es ward bald zu enge in den Mauern der Stadt, und der König räumte den Kriegern ſeinen Luſtgarten am Ufer des Tajo ein, wo unter ſchattigen Bäumen Zelte und kühle Lauben errichtet wurden. Auch war Alfonſo ſorgfältig bedacht geweſen, außer allen Kriegsbedürfniſſen ſo viele Lebensmittel herbei zu ſchaffen, daß dieſe zahlreichen Schaaren nie Mangel litten. Schwieriger war's, unter den rohen Horden, die eben ſo gierig nach Beute, als nach den Schätzen des Ablaſſes trachteten, Zucht und Ordnung zu erhalten. Die fremden Kreuzfahrer verwüſteten einige Weinberge und Baumpflanzungen, um ſich Brennholz zur Bereitung ihrer Speiſen zu verſchaffen, und mißhandelten die Juden in der Stadt, von welchen einige als Opfer der blinden Glaubenswuth umkamen. Dieſe Gewaltthätigkeiten reizten die Bewohner der Stadt zu einem Aufſtande gegen die raubſüchtigen Fremdlinge, und Alfonſo mußte ſeine ganze Klugheit, ſein ganzes Anſehen aufbieten, den Aufruhr zu ſtillen und die Juden zu beruhigen. Der König bewies ſonſt viel Geduld und Nachſicht gegen ſeine unruhigen Gäſte, um die feurige Kampfluſt, die Alle entflammte, zu nähren. Er gab immer gemäßigte Antworten, wenn Jemand aus den wilden Schaaren ſich ungebührliche Reden erlaubte, und die Würde des Herrſchers mit Leutſeligkeit vereinend, den abweichenden Sitten der Fremdlinge geſchmeidig ſich fügend, ſuchte er allen Wünſchen entgegen zu kommen. Freigebig zeigte er ſich gegen die Großen, wie gegen die Geringern; jeder Krieger, von der Reiterei, und von dem Fußvolke erhielt täglich einen verhältnißmäßigen Sold zu ſeinem Unterhalte; Weiber, Kinder und andere zum Kriege untaugliche Menſchen waren nicht ausgeſchloſſen von ſeiner Freigebigkeit, und außer dieſen öffentlichen Austheilungen ſpendete er großmüthig noch viele beſondere Gaben.

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*) Aus Lindau's „Heldengemälde ꝛc." Leipzig 1817.

Während Papſt Innocenz III., beſorgt für den glücklichen Fortgang der chriſtlichen Waffen, den Gläubigen in Rom ein dreitägiges Faſten bei Waſſer und Brot befahl, eine feierliche Betfahrt verordnete, wobei alle Weiber ohne Schmuck und diejenigen, die es vermochten, barfuß erſcheinen ſollten, gab auch der König von Caſtilien Befehle zur Einſchränkung des Aufwandes. Alle Kriegsleute zu Roß und zu Fuß ſollten den überflüſſigen Putz, allen Schmuck von Gold und Silber ablegen, und ſich mit nützlichen Waffen verſehen, damit ſie zum Dienſte Gottes anwendeten, wodurch ſie vorher den Himmel beleidigt hätten.

So bereitete ſich Alles zu dem heiligen Kriege, und überall waren Prieſter bemüht, das Feuer der frommen Begeiſterung nicht durch Ermahnungen allein, ſondern auch durch eignes Beiſpiel zu entzünden und zu nähren. Unter den tapfern Rittern, die aus Frankreich und Italien über das Gränzgebirge kamen, waren die Erzbiſchöfe von Bordeaux und von Narbonne, und der Biſchof von Nantes, um, wie die vornehmſten ſpaniſchen Geiſtlichen, mit dem Kreuzheere ins Feld zu ziehen.

Nur die Könige von Aragon und Navarra nahmen unmittelbaren Antheil an dem Kriegszuge, und der letzte ließ ſich erſt durch die Aufforderungen des Erzbiſchofs von Narbonne bewegen, ſeinen Unmuth gegen den König Alfonſo von Caſtilien, um des gemeinſamen Vortheils der chriſtlichen Reiche willen, zu vergeſſen; aus Leon und Portugal hingegen kamen zwar einzelne Krieger, um die Wohlthaten des Ablaſſes zu gewinnen; die Könige dieſer Länder aber, auch feindlich geſinnt gegen Caſtilien, weigerten ſich der Theilnahme an dem Kriege gegen den Feind, deſſen furchtbare Macht, wenn ſie ſiegreich Alles vor ſich niederwarf, auch ſie erdrücken mußte.

Am Einundzwanzigſten des Brachmonats, als Alfonſo's treuer Freund, Pedro II. von Aragon, mit ſeinen Kriegsvölkern in Toledo feſtlich war empfangen worden, zog das Heer hinauf gegen die Sierra Morena, die mächtige Grenzmauer des Feindes. Der tapfre König von Caſtilien hatte den übergebirgiſchen Kreuzfahrern, die in einem abgeſonderten Heerhaufen vorauszogen, den tapfern Diego Lopez de Haro zum Anführer gegeben. Darauf folgte der König von Aragon mit ſeinen Kriegsvölkern, und Alfonſo ſchloß mit den Seinigen den Zug, ſo daß die drei Heere, obgleich getrennt, in geringer Entfernung ſich folgten.

Nach einigen Tagen erreichten die fremden Kreuzfahrer zuerſt das Schloß Malagon, und eroberten die Veſte, ungeachtet des tapfern Widerſtandes der Mauren, die alle durch das Schwert der Sieger umkamen. Das erſte Siegesglück aber konnte die fremden Krieger nicht ermuntern, die Beſchwerden des rauhen Bodens, und die drückende Sommerhitze zu ertragen; ſchon damals wollten ſie in ihre Heimath zurückkehren, und nur die dringenden Bitten der Könige von Caſtilien und Aragon konnten ſie bewegen, weiter bis nach Calatrava zu ziehen.

Das ganze Heer erſchien vor dieſer Stadt, wo die Mauren, unter einem kriegserfahrnen Anführer, ſich zu tapferer Vertheidigung rüſteten. Sie hatten in alle Furthen des Fluſſes Fußangeln geworfen, welche aus vier Stacheln beſtanden, ſo daß immer eine Spitze, wie ſie auch fielen, oben lag und Menſchen und Pferde verwunden konnte. Nur wenige aber wurden bei dem glücklichen Uebergange verletzt, und das Heer lagerte ſich vor der Stadt. Die Feſtung lag zwar in einer Ebene, aber der Fluß machte die Mauern derſelben von der einen Seite unzugänglich, und auf der andern Seite war ſie durch Gräben, Thürme und Bollwerke ſo gut beſchützt, daß ſie ohne Belagerungswerkzeuge nicht leicht genommen werden konnte. Nach dem erſten tapfern Angriffe aber erboten ſich die Mauren zur Uebergabe, unter der Bedingung freien Abzuges, und der König von Caſtilien, der Anfangs nicht einwilligen wollte, mußte endlich ſeinen Bundesfreunden nachgeben, ſo daß der König von Aragon die Hälfte von Allem, was in der Veſte ſich fand, erhalten, und die andere Hälfte den übergebirgiſchen Kreuzfahrern zufallen ſollte.

Aber weder dieſer Vortheil, noch die Ausſicht, Ruhm und Ehre zu gewinnen, vermochten etwas über die Fremdlinge. Faſt Alle, gegen Vierzigtauſend, nahmen den Rückweg in die Heimath jenſeit der Pyrenäen, erſchöpft von den Beſchwerden, die ſie ſchon erduldet hatten, und furchtſam zitternd vor den Mühſeligkeiten, welche der Krieg in dem rauhen Gebirge drohte, aber auch unwillig über die Bedingungen, welche der Stadt Calatrava waren bewilligt worden, deren Plünderung ſie ſich verſprochen hatten. Selbſt die fremden Geiſtlichen entfernten ſich mit den Kriegern; nur der Erzbiſchof von Narbonne hielt mit den Wenigen aus, welche bis zu Ende des Krieges blieben. Es waren gegen hundert und funfzig Ritter, außer dem Fußvolke, die auf dem erſten Entſchluſſe wacker beharrten. Als die übrigen auf dem unrühmlichen Rückzuge wieder nach Toledo kamen, waren der raubſüchtigen Horde böſe Gerüchte vorgegangen, und die Sage drohte, daß auch dieſe Stadt geplündert werden ſollte. Da ſchloſſen die Bürger ihnen die Thore, begrüßten ſie von den Stadtmauern herab mit Schimpfreden, und beſchuldigten ſie der Feigheit. Aber die Fremdlinge, der Heimath entgegen eilend, entfernten ſich ſchnell, ohne die Beſchimpfung zu rächen, und zogen in einzelnen Haufen voran, um deſto leichter Lebensmittel zu finden.

Mohamed, der König von Mogreb, hatte indeß ſeine Kriegsvölker bei Jaen verſammelt, die Chriſten zu erwarten. Er zeigte keine Luſt zum Angriffskriege, ſo lange die fremden Hülfsvölker die ſpaniſche Kriegsmacht anſchwellten; aber er hatte richtig berechnet, daß dieſes Heer durch Mangel an Lebensmitteln und die Beſchwerden des rauhen Bodens und der Jahreszeit erſchöpft, durch Verluſte in kleinen Gefechten geſchwächt, ſich immer mehr vermindern würde.

Die Entfernung der übergebirgiſchen Kreuzfahrer ſchien eine günſtige Fügung des Himmels zu ſein. Bald nach dem Abzuge derſelben gingen Einige der Zurückgebliebenen heimlich zu dem Feinde über, und verriethen ihm die Lage des chriſtlichen Heeres, die bedrängt genug war, obgleich ſeit jenem Verluſte der König von Navarra mit ſeinen Kriegsvölkern es wieder verſtärkt hatte. Muthig und kühn nach dieſer Botſchaft zog Mohamed nach Baeza, und ſandte Kriegsvölker in die Ebene von Toloſa, um die Zugänge der Sierra Morena, und beſonders einen Paß, wo Felſen den Weg ſperren und ein Fluß ihn einengt, beſetzen zu laſſen. Er hoffte die Chriſten dadurch zu hindern, die Berghöhen zu erſteigen, und meinte, wenn der Engpaß behauptet würde, müßten die Kreuzfahrer, durch Mangel und Hunger gedrängt, bald vom Kampfe ablaſſen.

Diego Lopez de Haro aber, der noch die Vorhut anführte, ſandte ſeinen Sohn und ſeine beiden Neffen ab, damit ſie die Bergwand erſtiegen, was ihnen endlich auch gelang durch den Muth, womit ſie die Gefahr überwanden, welcher ſie, zu ſehr ihrer Tapferkeit vertrauend, ſich ausgeſetzt hatten. Am Zwölften des Heumonats erſchien das Heer am Fuße des Gebirges und am folgenden Tage begannen die Könige daſſelbe zu erſteigen, und ſchlugen ihre Zelte an einem Abhange auf. Die Chriſten litten ſchon auf dieſer Anhöhe viel durch Waſſermangel und Dürre, und die Mauren hatten die verhängnißvollen Päſſe und Schluchten, die durch wenige Kriegsvölker gegen zahlloſe Schaaren vertheidigt werden konnten, ſorgfältig beſetzt, um ihren Feinden aufzulauern.

Die Könige hielten Kriegsrath. Der Durchgang durch den engen Loſa-Paß, der an jähen Abſtürzen hinlief, konnte nicht ohne großen Verluſt erzwungen werden. Mohamed's Heer war in der Nähe. Schon ſah man das Lager der Mauren in der Bergebene, und weithin glänzte des Königs rothes Zelt. Die Stimmen der Anführer waren getheilt. Einige riethen, zurückzukehren, und lieber einen zugänglicheren Weg zu dem Lager der Mauren zu ſuchen, als den gefährlichen Paß zu erſtürmen. Der großherzige König Alfonſo aber gab zur Antwort: Euer Rath ſcheint vorſichtig zu ſein, er iſt dennoch gefahrvoll. Wenn die Ungläubigen in unſerem Heere den Entſchluß zum Rückzuge vernehmen, ſo müſſen ſie glauben, daß wir furchtſam den Kampf meiden; ſie werden es den Uebrigen ſagen, und alle werden unaufhaltſam werden. Wir ſehen die Feinde vor uns, darum müſſen wir auf die Feinde losgehen; es geſchehe, was Gottes Wille iſt.

Des Königs Meinung ſiegte. Da kam in's Lager der Chriſten ein gemeiner Mann, unanſehnlich von Geſtalt, welcher, wie er ſagte, auf dem Gebirge einſt Heerden gehütet und Haſen und Kaninchen gejagt hatte *). Er wollte den Spaniern einen bequemen Weg am Abhange des Gebirges zeigen, wo ſie von den Mauren zwar bemerkt, aber nicht aufgehalten werden, und ſicher zu dem Orte gelangen könnten, der einen günſtigen Kampfplatz darbot. Zur glücklichen Stunde erſchien der Unbekannte, wie ein Bote des Himmels, um aller Verlegenheit ein Ende zu machen; aber da man in einer ſo wichtigen Sache einem ſolchen Manne nicht aufs Wort glauben konnte, ſo wurden Diego Lopez de Haro und ein aragoniſcher Ritter, Garzia Romero, mit einem kleinen Heerhaufen ausgeſandt, um die Ausſage des Unbekannten zu erproben. Der geheimnißvolle Mann führte ſie, wie er verſprochen, auf einem ſichern Wege, und als ſie die Höhe glücklich erreicht hatten, lagerten ſie ſich auf einer weiten Ebene, die ſie hier fanden.

Die Könige erhielten alsbald Nachricht von dem glücklichen Erfolge, und Sonnabends früh, am Vierzehnten des Heumonats, ließen ſie ſich von dem Erzbiſchofe von Toledo ſegnen, und ſtiegen den Pfad hinan, den der Unbekannte gezeigt hatte, und der noch heut zu Tage der Königspaß genannt wird. Die Mauren glaubten, die Chriſten wollten ein Treffen vermeiden, weil ſie den Loſa-Paß nicht hatten bezwingen können, aber deſto größer ward ihre Beſtürzung, als ſie ſahen, daß die Spanier nicht flohen, ſondern kühn voranrückten. Schon waren auf der Höhe mehrere Zelte aufgeſchlagen, und immer erhoben ſich neue; da ſandten ſie einige Reiterhaufen ab, um den Chriſten das Lagern zu wehren, die Spanier konnten auf dem ſchmalen Bergpfade nur in einer einzigen Reihe ziehen und deſto gefährlicher war der Kampf, den ſie glücklich beſtanden. Das Lager ward aufgeſchlagen. Als nun Mohamed ſahe, daß weder die Vertheidigung des engen Paſſes, noch alle Liſt ihm etwas geholfen, rückte er in Schlachtordnung aus, und ſtellte den tapferſten Heerhaufen auf ein ſchwer erſteigliches Berggehege, während er die übrigen Schaaren geſchickt auf beiden Seiten ordnete. Hier erwartete er den Angriff bis zum Abende. Im Kriegsrathe der Chriſten aber ward beſchloſſen, die Schlacht bis zum Montage aufzuſchieben, weil man den erſchöpften Kriegern, den abgematteten Pferden, die kurze Raſt gönnen und indeſſen die Stellung des Feindes erforſchen wollte, um nach der eingezogenen Kundſchaft das Heer ſo zu ordnen, daß man auf den Sieg rechnen könnte.

Mohamed deutete dieſe Vorſicht als Furchtſamkeit, und übermüthig hegte er ſtolze Siegeshoffnungen. Er ſandte Briefe nach Baeza und Jaen, worin er ſagte, er hätte drei chriſtliche Könige eingeſchloſſen, und hoffte ſie in drei Tagen gefangen hinwegzuführen. Einer aber von den Seinigen, klüger als er ſelbſt, ſoll ihm geſagt haben: Herr dieſe Chriſten ſcheinen eher zum Kampfe ſich zu rüſten, als auf ſolche Flucht zu denken. Am folgenden Tage rückte Mohamed wieder aus dem Lager und ſtand bis gegen Mittag in Schlachtordnung. Als die Sonnenhitze ihn drückte, brachte man ein hochrothes, ſchön verziertes Zelt, worin er ſich ſtolz niederſetzte.

Die Mauren zeigten an beiden Tagen ihre ritterliche Geſchicklichkeit gegen einzelne chriſtliche Krieger, wie es bei Turnieren üblich war, aber nicht nach abendländiſcher Sitte, ſondern nach ihrer Weiſe mit Lanzen und Rohrſtöcken. Die Heerführer der Chriſten aber nahmen, ſo wenig als am Sonnabende, Mohameds Herausforderung an, und während die Biſchöfe predigten und Ablaß verkündeten, war das Lager wohl geſchützt, des Feindes Stellung beobachtet, und vorſichtig erwogen, wie der Angriff am folgenden Tage vollführt werden ſollte. Alles war zum Kampfe geordnet und der Schauplatz eines der herrlichſten Siege gewählt.

Der ſchöne Tag erſchien. Um Mitternacht ſchon ertönten Freudenſtimmen in den Zelten. Der Ausrufer verkündete, daß alle zum heiligen Kampfe ſich rüſten und die Ritter ſich bewaffnen ſollten. Darauf bereiteten ſich die Kreuzfahrer durch andächtiges Gebet zu dem großen Werke; der Erzbiſchof von Toledo gab ihnen die allgemeine Losſprechung von ihren Sünden; das Abendmahl ward ausgetheilt, und noch einmal erhoben die Prieſter ihre Stimme, um die Krieger zu muthigem Kampfe für den Glauben, für das Vaterland, für die Ehre, für Spaniens Ruhm zu entflammen.

Es tagte. Trompeten und Trommeln gaben das erſte Zeichen, die Schlacht zu ordnen. Das Hauptheer bildeten die caſtiliſchen Kriegsvölker in vier Abtheilungen, von welchen die erſte auch jetzt der wackere Diego Lopez de Haro anführte; bei der letzten, im Hintertreffen, war der König ſelbſt mit allen Biſchöfen und mehreren tapfern Rittern. Den linken Flügel führte der muthvolle König Sancho von Navarra, bei welchem mehrere freiwillige Fremdlinge waren; den rechten der König von Aragon.

So waren die Heere geordnet. Da erhoben Alle die Hände und Augen zu Gott, und im Herzen den Wunſch den ruhmvollen Märtyrertod zu erleiden, folgten ſie des Glaubens Fahnen in den Kampf. Haro und ſeine tapfern Waffengefährten führten die erſten Streiche. Die Mauren hatten auf einer hohen Bergebene von zahlloſen Pfeilköchern eine Art von Verſchanzung aufgethürmt, wo ihr beſtes Fußvolk aufgeſtellt war. Mitten unter dieſen Tapfern hatte Mohamed ſeinen Platz; er war angethan mit einem reichen ſchwarzen Gewande, das der erſte Beherrſcher aus dem Stamme der Mohaden getragen; in der einen Hand hielt er den Koran, in der andern das Schwert. Außer dieſer Verſchanzung ſtanden noch andere Haufen tapfern Fußvolks, und viele von dieſen Kriegern, ſowohl drinnen als draußen, hatten ſich mit Ketten um die Schenkel an einander gebunden, und rings eingeſchloſſen, um ſich die Flucht unmöglich zu machen. Die mauriſche Reiterei, gut beritten und wohl bewaffnet, umſchwärmte in dichten Schaaren die Haufen des Fußvolks, ordnungslos kämpfend, raſch und ungeſtüm im Angriffe. Das feindliche Heer hatte hunderttauſend Krieger zu Pferde, und zahlloſes Fußvolk; nur fünfundzwanzigtauſend Reiter, und eine verhältnißmäßige Anzahl von Fußvolk, konnten die Chriſten entgegenſtellen.

Unerſchütterlich ſtanden die Mauren dem Angriffe der Spanier. Einige Heerhaufen des Vordertreffens der Chriſten ſtiegen auf einem beſchwerlichen Wege hinan, und trafen auf der Höhe eine leicht bewaffnete mauriſche Schaar, die in raſcher Flucht wich. Die Chriſten eilten ihr nach, als aber die Fliehenden ſich bis zu den Verſchanzungen auf der Höhe zurückgezogen hatten, ſtellten ſie ſich mit neuer Kampfluſt dem verfolgenden Feinde entgegen. Unter lautem Kriegsgeſchrei machten die Mauren nun einen wüthenden Angriff, und es wichen einige Haufen des chriſtlichen Vordertreffens, Reiterei ſowohl als Fußvolk. Faſt das ganze caſtiliſche Heer, bis auf das Hintertreffen, folgte dieſer Bewegung. Als König Alfonſo dieſe unglückliche Wendung des Kampfes bemerkte, ſprach er laut zu dem Erzbiſchofe von Toledo: Erzbiſchof, hier werden wir beide ſterben! Darauf jener! Das wolle Gott verhüten, nein, eure Feinde werdet ihr hier beſiegen. Der König aber rief außer ſich, und mit unerſchrockenem Muthe: Auf, auf! Dem Vortrabe zu Hülfe! er iſt in Gefahr!

Die tapferſten Ritter, die den König umgaben, ſtürmten mit ihm voran. Fernando Garcia aber, ein wackerer Krieger, hielt den ungeſtümen König auf, und bat ihn, ſich zu mäßigen. Hier Erzbiſchof, hob Alfonſo wieder an, hier müſſen wir ſterben, denn in einem ſolchen Augenblicke ziemt uns ein rühmlicher Tod. — Wenn's Gott gefällt, gab der Erzbiſchof zur Antwort: ſo iſt der Sieg euer Loos und nicht der Tod; aber wenn Gott es anders verordnet hat, ſo ſind wir alle bereit, mit Euch und für Euch zu ſterben.

Nie veränderte Alfonſo ſeine Züge in dieſem Augenblicke, wo die Gefahr ſo drohend, der glückliche Erfolg des Kampfes ſo zweifelhaft war; immer ſtandhaft voll Löwenmuthes, zum Tode oder zum Siege entſchloſſen. Als er ſah, daß der Vortrab noch immer mit den Feinden kämpfte, drang er ungeſtüm vor bis zu den Verſchanzungen der Mauren, während auch auf beiden Flügeln die Könige von Navarra und Aragon tapfer einbrachen. Das Kreuz, das dem Erzbiſchof von Toledo vorgetragen ward, ging wunderbar durch die Schaaren Feinde, ohne daß der Träger und ſeine Begleiter verwundet wurden, oder das Kreuz beſchädigt ward, und als nun auch das Banner der Landſchaft Toledo mit dem Bilde der heiligen Jungfrau, der Beſchützerin Spaniens, den Tapfern, die ihm folgten, die Bahn des Sieges zeigte, erlag endlich die Standhaftigkeit der Mauren, und mitten durch ihr Lager nahmen ſie den Weg der Flucht. Vergebens ſuchte die Stimme der Anführer, vergebens Mohameds Gebot die Fliehenden zurück zu halten. Bald drangen die erbitterten Spanier unaufhaltſam voran zu der Verſchanzung, wo die tapferſten Schaaren noch ſtanden. Heftiger entbrannte wieder der Kampf, aber endlich drangen zuerſt Navarra's Kriegsvölker unter ihres Königs Anführung ein, die Ketten ſprengend, womit die Mauren ſich umſchloſſen hatten, und furchtbar wüthete das Schwert der Sieger. Da entrann, als ſein Bruder ihm die drohende Gefahr anzeigte, auch König Mohamed, und kam auf einer ſcheckigen Stute mit vier Reitern nach Baeza. Ich kann mir ſelbſt nicht rathen, viel weniger Euch; der Herr ſei mit Euch! gab er den Bewohnern der Stadt zur Antwort, als ſie ihn fragten, was ſie thun ſollten.

Der Sieg der Chriſten war entſchieden, als nun auch die ca-

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*) Aus dieſem Manne, der nach den gleichzeitigen Erzählungen nichts als ein Hirt und Jäger war, hat man in ſpätern Zeiten einen [illegible] Boten Gottes gemacht. Einige nennen ihn Martin Alhaja und laſſen das ſpaniſche Geſchlecht Cabeza de Vaca (Kuhkopf) von ihm abſtammen, weil er einen Kuhkopf als Zeichen gegeben haben ſoll. Nach Andern war es der heilige Iſidor, oder ein Engel. Ein Standbild mit wunderbaren Zügen ward in der Kirche zu Toledo gezeigt. Der Mönch Alberich giebt ihm in ſeiner Chronik (in Leibnitzens Access. histor. II. 460) die mit dem J. 1241 endigt, ſchon einen auffallenden Anzug, eine ungegerbte Kuhhaut und Schuhe von gleichem Stoffe, und läßt auf dem dürren Gebirge Waſſer in Ueberfluß hervorquellen, als man nach des Hirten Beiſpiel mit dem Stabe ſchon von allen Seiten die Erde öffnet. Die Augenzeugen wiſſen von einem ſolchen Wunder nichts.

ſtiliſchen und aragoniſchen Kriegsvölker eindrangen. Von den Mauren erlagen viele Tauſende, die Widerſtand wagten, oder auf der Flucht erreicht wurden. Die Sieger verfolgten ſie einige Stunden, ehe ſie zu dem Hauptheere zurückkehrten, welches das mauriſche Lager einnahm. Als der Erzbiſchof von Toledo die Spanier ſiegreich vordringen ſah, ſprach er zu dem Könige von Caſtilien: Herr, gedenket der Gnade, die Gott Euch heute erwieſen, wodurch er alle Mängel gehoben, alle bisher erduldete Leiden vergütet hat. Aber erinnert Euch auch der tapfern Ritter, der wackern Krieger, durch deren Hülfe Ihr heute ſo großen Ruhm, ſo große Freude erlangt habt. Darauf begann er ſelbſt den Preisgeſang: Herr Gott, dich loben wir! die andern Biſchöfe ſtimmten ein, und viele weinten Freudenthränen über das Glück der chriſtlichen Waffen *).

Das Schlachtfeld bot einen furchtbaren Anblick dar. Die Leichen der erſchlagenen Mauren waren ſo hoch aufgethürmt, daß man, ſelbſt auf den beſten Pferden, nicht ohne Gefahr hinüber kommen konnte. Von allen Seiten wurden indeß die Fliehenden bis zum Anbruche der Nacht verfolgt. Gegen hunderttauſend Mauren waren theils im Kampfe, theils auf der Flucht erſchlagen worden; von den Chriſten aber ſollen, wenn man der einſtimmigen Ausſage der Augenzeugen glauben will, in der Schlacht nur fünfundzwanzig, im ganzen Feldzuge nur hundert und funfzig gefallen ſein, und man will den Grund dieſes auffallenden Mißverhältniſſes auch darin finden, daß die Mauren ſehr leicht, die Spanier hingegen ſchwer gerüſtet waren.

Vor Sonnenuntergange ſahen die Chriſten, ermüdet, aber durch Siegesfreude erheitert, ſchon in den Zelten der Mauren, und keiner kehrte zurück ins eigene Lager, als diejenigen Diener, welche ihre Habe zu holen hatten. Die Zahl der Sieger war zwar nicht klein, aber dennoch konnte ſie kaum die Hälfte des mauriſchen Lagers füllen. Es wurden ſo viele Pfeile, Lanzen und andere Waffen gefunden, daß zweitauſend Laſtthiere ſie nicht hätten fortſchaffen können. Während der Nacht war die Habſucht der Soldkrieger ſchon geſchäftig genug geweſen, obgleich der Erzbiſchof bei Strafe des Kirchenbannes das Plündern verboten, und die Krieger ermahnt hatte, nur daran zu denken, wie ſie Gott und dem Könige dienen, und wacker nach dem Siege ſtreben möchten. Es blieb noch eine reiche unermeßliche Beute übrig, welche Diego Lopez de Haro Tags nach der Schlacht unter Navarra's und Aragon's Krieger vertheilte; ſeinem Gebieter aber, dem Könige von Caſtilien, ließ er nichts, als den Ruhm des Sieges. Mohameds Fahne, von ſeidenem, mit Golde durchwirkten Stoffe, und ein ſeidenes Zelt, ſandte König Alfonſo an den Papſt, der jene als Denkmal des herrlichen Sieges der chriſtlichen Waffen in der Peterskirche aufhängen ließ.

Zwei Tage ruhten die Chriſten aus in dem eroberten Lager, bei dem Ueberfluſſe erbeuteter Lebensmittel ſich von den Entbehrungen erholend, welche ſie in den rauhen Gebirgen erduldet hatten. In beiden Tagen brauchten die Sieger, ſo unglaublich es lautet, kein anderes Brennholz, als die Köcher und Pfeile, die Schäfte unzähliger Lanzen und Wurfſpieße, welche die Mauren zurückgelaſſen hatten, und dennoch wurde kaum die Hälfte dieſes Holzvorraths verbraucht, ſo verſchwenderiſch ſie auf ihren Herden die Flamme unterhielten.

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*) Der Sieg wird in Spanien am 16. des Julius unter dem Namen Triumfo de la cruz (Sieg des Kreuzes) gefeiert, weil, nach einer ſpätern Sage, in dem Augenblicke, als der König am glücklichen Ausgange verzweifelte, ein Kreuz in der Luft ſich gezeigt haben ſoll. Dieſer Sage liegt jedoch eine Verwechſelung zum Grunde, denn in dem Treffen, das in demſelben Jahre bei Toulouſe (ſpaniſch Tolosa en Languedoc) gegen die Albigenſer geliefert wurde, ſoll jene Erſcheinung den Sieg verkündigt haben. Die eigentliche Veranlaſſung des Namens jenes Feſtes iſt wohl darin zu ſuchen, daß die Krieger in dem Feldzuge gegen die Mauren die Ablaßvortheile der Kreuzfahrer genoſſen.

Heinrich Friedrich Link

ward am 2. Februar 1769 zu Hildesheim geboren, ſtudirte auf dem vaterſtädtiſchen Andreanum und ſeit 1786 zu Göttingen Philoſophie und Medicin, und wurde, nachdem er als Student den Preis gewonnen hatte, 1789 daſelbſt Dr. medicinae, 1792 aber Dr. der Philoſophie und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Naturgeſchichte, Chemie und Botanik zu Roſtock. 1797 bereiſte er als Begleiter des Grafen von Hoffmannsegg Portugal, wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1811 Profeſſor der Chemie und Botanik zu Breslau, und ging 1815 in gleicher Eigenſchaft von hier nach Berlin, wo er als Geheimer Obermedicinalrath und Director des botaniſchen Gartens, mit dem rothen Adlerorden 3. Cl. geſchmückt, noch jetzt wirkt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Anleitung zur geologiſchen Kenntniß der Mineralien. Göttingen 1790.
Annalen der Naturgeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1791.
Beiträge zur Naturgeſchichte. Roſtock und Leipzig 1795 — 1801, 2 Thle.
Beiträge zur Phyſik und Chemie. Ebendaſ. 1795, 1796, 3 Stücke.
Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe durch Frankreich, Spanien und vorzüglich Portugal. Kiel 1801 — 1804, 3 Thle.
Ueber Naturphiloſophie. Leipzig 1806.
Grundlehren der Anatomie und Phyſiologie der Pflanzen. Göttingen 1807.
Natur und Philoſophie. Leipzig 1811.
Notizen aus Dr. Ziegler's Leben. Roſtock 1811.
Ideen zu einer philoſophiſchen Naturkunde. Breslau 1815.
Grundwahrheiten der neuern Chemie. Leipzig 1815.
Die Urwelt und das Alterthum, erläutert durch Naturkunde. Berlin 1821, 2 Thle.
Handbuch zur Erkennung der nutzbarſten Gewächſe. Berlin 1829, 1 Thl.
Handbuch der phyſikaliſchen Erdbeſchreibung. Ebendaſ. 1826, 1830, 2 Thle.

Link's naturhiſtoriſche Schriften gelten ihrer klaren, beredten Darſtellung, und ihrer edeln, correcten und verſtändlichen Schreibart wegen, als Muſter des didaktiſchen Styls auf dieſem Felde der Wiſſenſchaft.

Reinold von der Lippe, ſ. Minneſinger.

Thomas Lirer oder Leirer, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Chriſtian Ludwig Liscov,

der Sohn eines Predigers, ward am 26. (nach Andern am 29.) April 1701 zu Wittenburg geboren, und lebte nach vollendeten Studien um 1730 als Candidat der Rechte zu Lübeck, bis ihn der Domdechant und Geheimerath v. Thienen als Erzieher in ſein Haus nahm. Nachdem er das Mißfallen ſeines Principals auf ſich geladen hatte, ging er 1738 oder 1739 als Privatſecretär zum Geheimrath und Propſt des adeligen Kloſters Preez im Holſteiniſchen, v. Blome, und 1741 nach Dresden. Hier erwarb er ſich die Gönnerſchaft des Geheimen Kammerraths von Heinecken, wurde 1744 unter dem Miniſter, Grafen von Brühl, Secretär in der Staatskanzlei daſelbſt, und bald darauf Kriegsrath, mußte aber ſchon 1747 Dresden wieder verlaſſen, und kam wegen ſeiner ſatiriſchſchen Ausfälle auf den engliſchen Miniſterreſidenten zu Dresden, und ſeiner offenen Sprache gegen den ſächſiſchen Miniſter ſelbſt, auf die Feſte Eilenburg, wo er nach Einigen 1757, nach Andern 1760 am 30. October als Staatsgefangener geſtorben ſein ſoll.

Von ihm haben wir:

Sammlung ſatyriſcher und ernſthafter Schriften. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1739, 8., mit Titelvign.
Schriften. Herausgegeben von Karl Müchler. Berlin 1806, 3 Thle., 8., mit Kupf. Auch unter dem Titel: Satyren der Deutſchen.

Einzeln:

Klägliche Geſchichte von der Zerſtörung der Stadt Jeruſalem. Nach dem Geſchmack des Herrn Sievers von X. Y. Z. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1732.
Vitrea fracta, oder Ritter Clifton's Schreiben an einen Samojeden. Aus dem Engliſchen. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1732, mit Kupf.
Der ſich ſelbſt entdeckende X. Y. Z. ꝛc. Leipzig 1733.
Unpartheiiſche Unterſuchung der Frage: Ob Briontes der Jüngere, oder Lobrede auf Herrn Philippi — eine ſtrafbare Schrift ſei. Ebendaſ. 1733.
Stand- und Antrittsrede des Herrn Philippi. O. O. 1733.
Sottises Champêtres, oder Schäfergedicht des Herrn Philippi. Leipzig 1733.
Eines berühmten Medici Bericht von dem Zuſtand des Herrn Philippi. Merſeburg 1734.
Die Vortrefflichkeit und Nothwendigkeit der elenden Scribenten gründlich erwieſen. O. O. 1734; neue verb. Aufl. 1736. N. A. unter dem Titel: Lob der ſchlechten Schriftſteller. Hannover 1794. 8.
Beſcheidene Beantwortung der Einwürfe wider die Nachricht von Philippi's Tod. Halle 1735.
Anmerkungen in Form eines Briefs über den Abriß eines neuen Rechts der Natur von Profeſſor Menzel zu Roſtock. Kiel 1735.
Ueber die Unnöthigkeit der guten Werke zur Seligkeit. Epiſtel. Herausgegeben aus den hinterlaſſenen Papieren (von Voß). Leipzig 1803. 8.
Auserleſene Satyren. Zwickau 1822, 16., mit Kupf.

Außerdem eine Vorrede zu Heineckens Longin (Dresden 1742) und Aufſätze in damaligen Zeitſchriften.

Liscow's Satyren zeichnen ſich durch kauſtiſche Ironie, treffenden Witz und Leichtigkeit und Kraft der Schreibart, für die Zeit, in welcher ſie geſchrieben wurden, eben ſo vortheilhaft als eigenthümlich aus. Mit ſeltener Ruhe, Kühnheit und Ueberlegenheit griff er die Vorurtheile und Thorheiten ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen an; aber indem er ſich theils zu ſehr um literäriſche Streitigkeiten bekümmerte, welche bald vergeſſen wurden, theils beſtimmte Perſonen von geringem Werthe verfolgte und mit ätzender Lauge übergoß, raubte er der Mehrzahl ſeiner Schriften ein nachhaltiges Intereſſe, ſo daß ein ſpäterer lobenswerther Verſuch, die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit wieder auf ihn hinzulenken, nur in geringem Grade ſich des Gelingens erfreute.

Die Vortrefflichkeit und Nothwendigkeit der elenden Scribenten *).

Die guten Scribenten haben die Gewohnheit, daß ſie allemal eine richtige und vollſtändige Beſchreibung von derjenigen Sache geben, die ſie abhandeln wollen, und aus dieſer Beſchreibung alsdann die Schlüſſe machen, die zu ihrem Zwecke dienlich ſind. Sie wiſſen ſich recht groß mit dieſem Verfahren, weil ſie glauben, daß, auf ſolche Art, alle Zweideutigkeit am beſten vermieden werde, und ihre Schriften denjenigen Grad der Vollkommenheit erlangen, den ſie haben müſſen, wenn man ſie loben ſoll.

Ich will ihnen dieſe angenehme Einbildung gern laſſen: aber ich glaube, ihr eigen Gewiſſen wird ihnen ſagen, daß dieſe Art zu ſchreiben höchſt mühſam ſei, und ſie nicht nur vieler Freiheiten beraube, ſondern ihnen auch manche, zur Zeit der Anfechtung unentbehrliche Ausflucht beſchneide. Meine vortrefflichen Brüder zum wenigſten haben es zu allen Zeiten für eine unerträgliche Laſt und ſchändliche Sclaverei gehalten, daß ein Scribent allemal verbunden ſein ſollte, ſeinen Leſern deutlich zu ſagen, was er haben wolle; und ich hätte alſo, wenn ich arg wollte, völlige Freiheit, nicht zu ſagen, was ich durch einen elenden Scribenten verſtehe: allein weil ich beſorgen muß, daß unſere Widerſacher daher Anlaß nehmen möchten, meine Schrift, ihrer Gründlichkeit und Vortrefflichkeit ungeachtet, bei der Welt als ein verworrenes Gewäſche auszuſchreien; ſo will ich mich dieſesmal meines Rechts begeben, und eine Beſchreibung eines elenden Scribenten zum Grunde meiner Abhandlung legen, mit welcher alle Welt zufrieden ſein wird. Ich bitte aber meine Brüder um Vergebung, daß ich dem löblichen Herkommen, welches bei uns ſo viel gilt, als ein Geſetz, entgegen handele. Sie können glauben, daß ich mich, bloß zu ihrem Beſten, ſo tief herunter laſſe, und ich verſpreche heilig, mich in andern Fällen ſo zu bezeigen, als es einem elenden Scribenten von Rechts und Gewohnheits wegen gebühret. Ich ſchreite hierauf ohne fernere Weitläuftigkeit zur Sache ſelbſt.

Wer unter die guten Scribenten gerechnet ſein will, der muß vernünftig, ordentlich und zierlich ſchreiben. In deſſen Schriften alſo weder Vernunft, noch Ordnung, noch Zierlichkeit anzutreffen iſt, der iſt ein elender Scribent.

Ich glaube nicht, daß jemand an dieſer Beſchreibung was auszuſetzen haben wird; ſie muß nothwendig allen meinen Leſern gefallen, und mich in ihren Augen zu einem Wunder machen, weil ich ſo ehrlich bin, und ungeſcheut bekenne, was meine Brüder bisher ſo mühſam haben zu verbergen geſucht. Zwar ſehe ich vorher, daß unſere Verfolger über meine Aufrichtigkeit lachen, und ſich einbilden werden, es ſei unmöglich, nach einem ſo offenherzigen Bekenntniß, das geringſte zur Vertheidigung der elenden Scribenten vorzubringen: allein ich bin auch verſichert, daß ihnen die Luſt zu lachen wohl vergehen wird, wenn ich ihnen deutlich beweiſen werde, daß eben die Mängel, welche ſie den elenden Scribenten vorwerfen, und welche ich nicht zu leugnen begehre, meine Brüder und mich vortrefflich und unentbehrlich machen. Dieſer Beweis wird ihnen durch die Seele gehen, und ihrem Spotten und Läſtern ein Ende machen. Zu dem Ende nehme ich alles, was ſie uns, auch in der größten Hitze ihres Eifers, vorwerfen können, für wahr und ausgemacht an.

Ich bekenne aufrichtig, daß die elenden Scribenten ohne Vernunft ſchreiben. Dieſes iſt das ſchwere Gebrechen, welches uns in den Augen unſerer Feinde ſo lächerlich und verächtlich macht. Aber eben das Geſchrei, ſo die Verächter elender Schriften darüber erregen, daß die elenden Scribenten ihre Vernunft nicht gebrauchen, beweiſet die Unbilligkeit dieſer Leute. Ich bitte meine Leſer, unpartheiiſch zu urtheilen: ob es billig ſei, uns elende Scribenten um eines Fehlers willen auszuhöhnen, den wir nicht nur mit unſern Feinden, ſondern mit dem ganzen menſchlichen Geſchlechte gemein haben? Laſſen ſich die Menſchen in ihren Handlungen wohl von der Vernunft regieren? Folgen ſie nicht allemal den thörichten Begierden ihres Herzens? Sie wollen glücklich ſein: ſie wollen vergnügt und lange leben: ſie wiſſen es auch gar wohl, wie ſie es anfangen müſſen, wenn ſie dieſen Zweck erlangen wollen. Aber dennoch machen ſie ſich vorſätzlich ſelbſt unglücklich, verkürzen ihr Leben, und ſind ihnen ſelbſt die fruchtbarſte Quelle alles Mißvergnügens, welches ihnen daſſelbe ſauer machet. Man kann alſo, ohne Verletzung der Wahrheit, ſagen, daß die Menſchen ihre Vernunft nicht gebrauchen. Dieſes iſt ein Satz, den die Thorheiten, die Eitelkeiten, die Laſter, und das Mißvergnügen, worin das menſchliche Geſchlecht verfallen iſt, hinlänglich beweiſen. Die Schriften der Geſchichtſchreiber, Poeten und Weltweiſen ſind voll von Klagen über dieſes Verderben: und man hat ſchon lange angemerkt, daß, wer recht vernünftig handeln wolle, gerade das Gegentheil von demjenigen thun müſſe, was der große Haufe vornimmt. Der Vorſchlag iſt gegründet; aber es haben ſich doch zu allen Zeiten wenige gefunden, die Luſt gehabt hätten, demſelben zu folgen. Ich wundere mich darüber eben nicht; denn es wird dazu ein Eigenſinn erfordert, den wenig Leute haben. Man muß ſehr wunderlich ſein, und eine unerträgliche Einbildung von ſich ſelbſt haben, wenn man ſich der ganzen Welt entgegen ſetzen, und ſich bereden will, man ſei allein klug, und der Reſt des menſchlichen Geſchlechts raſe.

Wie kann man es alſo den elenden Scribenten verargen, daß ſie ihre Vernunft nicht gebrauchen? Sie können es nicht thun, ohne die Ehrerbietung zu verletzen, die man dem größten Haufen ſchuldig. Ich wollte nichts ſagen, wenn die Vernunft im menſchlichen Leben unentbehrlich wäre: aber ſo ſehe ich nicht, wozu ſie nütze.

Es iſt gar zu bekannt, daß die Weisheit, wodurch die Welt regieret wird, ſehr geringe iſt. Parva est sapientia, qua re-

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*) Liscow's Schriften von K. Müchler. Berlin 1806 Thl. III. S. 21 ff.

gitur wenden. Es kömmt alles auf die Vorſehung an. Wir ſehen, daß die klügſten Anſchläge oft zurück gehen, unvernünftige hingegen einen guten Fortgang haben, zum deutlichen Beweiſe, daß es wahr ſei, was der Prediger ſagt: „Daß zum Laufen nicht hilft ſchnell ſein, zum Streit hilft nicht ſtark ſein, zur Nahrung hilft nicht geſchickt ſein, zum Reichthum hilft nicht klug ſein. Daß einer angenehm ſei, hilft nicht, daß er ein Ding wohl könne, ſondern alles liegt es an der Zeit und Glück" *). Die tägliche Erfahrung kann auch einen jeden überführen, daß auch die wichtigſten Geſchäfte in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft ohne Vernunft verrichtet werden können. Salomon ſagt **): daß der Unverſtand unter den Gewaltigen ſehr gemein ſei: und von ihren vornehmſten Bedienten ſpricht ein heidniſcher Poet:

> **Rarus . . . ferme sensus communis in illa**
> **Fortuna.** . . . . ***)

Dieſe Regel hat unſtreitig ihre Ausnahme: aber ſo viel iſt doch gewiß, daß nicht allemal die Klügſten am Ruder ſitzen. Wir ſind ſo gut, und glauben es. Ihre Gewalt, die äußerliche Pracht, und die ernſthaften und gravitätiſchen Geberden, wodurch ſie ſich ein Anſehen machen, prägen uns eine beſondere Ehrerbietung ein, und verführen uns, ſie für weiſe zu halten, weil ſie groß ſind; ſollten wir aber dieſe Herren genauer kennen: ſo würden wir inne werden, daß ihre Klugheit an dem glücklichen Ausgange ihrer friedlichen und kriegeriſchen Verrichtungen den geringſten Antheil habe, und derſelbe gutentheils dem Glücke zuzuſchreiben ſei. Es gereichet dieſes den Großen dieſer Welt ſo wenig zur Schande, daß man vielmehr daraus ihr Vertrauen auf Gott abnehmen, und es als den einzigen Beweis ihres Chriſtenthums anſehen kann.

Können nun die Regenten in Kriegs- und Friedenszeiten ihr Amt ohne Vernunft mit Ruhm führen: ſo können es die Gottesgelehrten noch weit füglicher thun; weil ſie berufen ſind, die Welt durch thörichte Predigten ſelig zu machen. Sie haben mit Geheimniſſen zu thun, darein ſich die Vernunft nicht miſchen muß, und predigen einen Glauben, dem dieſelbe, ohne Ausnahme, zu gehorchen verbunden iſt. Die Rechtsgelehrten und Advokaten gründen ſich auf willkührliche Geſetze und einen höchſt unvernünftigen Schlendrian: ſie brauchen alſo der Vernunft ſo wenig, als die Aerzte, die es in ihrer Kunſt gemeiniglich auf eine zweifelhafte Erfahrung, und auf ein ungewiſſes Glück ankommen laſſen, Urin beſehen, Recepte verſchreiben, und zufrieden ſind, wenn ſie ihre Patienten, **canonicamente, e non tutti gli ordini** †), zur Ruhe bringen. Die Weltweiſen ſcheinen der Vernunft mehr benöthigt zu ſein: allein ſie haben ſich, ohne Nachtheil ihrer Ehre, derſelben doch allemal wenig bedienet. Cicero ſagte ſchon zu ſeiner Zeit, es ſei keine Thorheit zu erdenken, die nicht einer von denen Weltweiſen behauptet habe ††); und heutiges Tages, da wir ſo ſchöne **Compendia Philosophiae** haben, müßte einer ein Narr ſein, wenn er ohne Noth ſeine Vernunft abnutzen wollte. Hat er nur ſo viel Gedächtniß, daß er eines dieſer heilſamen Bücher auswendig lernen kann, und Mauls genug, wieder her zu beten, was er gelernet hat, ſo iſt er geborgen.

Da man nun ohne Vernunft ganze Völker regieren, Länder erobern, Schlachten gewinnen, Seelen bekehren, Rechtshändel entſcheiden, Pillen drehen, Recepte verſchreiben, und ein Weltweiſer ſein kann: ſo möchte ich wohl wiſſen, warum es denn nicht erlaubt ſein ſollte, ohne Vernunft ein Buch zu ſchreiben? Es wäre viel, wenn die Vernunft zu einer Sache von ſo weniger Wichtigkeit unentbehrlich ſein ſollte, da man doch ohne dieſelbe die größten Thaten verrichten kann. Ich glaube es nicht, und halte es für eine himmelſchreiende Unbilligkeit, daß man uns elenden Scribenten eine Laſt auflegen will, die niemand mit einem Finger anzurühren Luſt hat.

Wenn unſere Feinde es redlich mit der Vernunft meinten, ſo würden ſie, ohne Unterſchied, wider alle diejenigen eifern, welche ſich durch ihre Thaten als Verächter derſelben bezeigen, und nicht bloß uns arme Leute aus der unzähligen Menge dieſer Verächter auskippen, um an uns ihren Eifer auszulaſſen. Allein ſo hat alle Welt die Freiheit, die Vernunft ſo gering zu achten, als es ihr beliebt; nur uns will man es nicht vergönnen. Unvernünftige Thaten läſſet man ungeahndet hingehen; aber eine unvernünftige Schrift zu machen, iſt eine unvergebliche Miſſethat. Auf eine ſolche Schrift ſind alle Pfeile der guten Scribenten gerichtet, die ſich doch ſonſt, wie die Erfahrung lehret, eben kein Gewiſſen machen, die Vernunft, für deren Ehre ſie eifern, in ihrem Leben und Wandel aufs gröblichſte zu verletzen. Wo dieſes nicht Mücken ſeigen und Kameele verſchlucken iſt, ſo weiß ichs nicht.

Indeſſen haben wir eben nicht Urſache, uns über dieſe Unbilligkeit zu betrüben. Denn eben dieſes widerſinnige Betragen unſerer Feinde muß zu unſerer Rechtfertigung dienen. Sie geben einestheils dadurch zu erkennen, daß es nicht allemal nöthig ſei, ſeine Vernunft zu gebrauchen, und können alſo unmöglich eine gute Urſache anführen, warum ſie es von uns als eine unumgängliche Nothwendigkeit fordern; und anderntheils kann man daraus, daß ſie zu Thorheiten von anderer Gattung, als die unſern, ſtillſchweigen, und bei Gelegenheit dieſelben mitmachen, deutlich abnehmen, daß ihr eigen Gewiſſen ihnen ſage, wie ſchädlich es ſei, der Vernunft in allen Stücken zu folgen.

Einer, der das Unglück hat, ſo weit zu verfallen, beraubet ſich ſelbſt alles Vergnügens, deſſen ein Menſch hier auf Erden genießen kann. Denn die tiefe Einſicht, welche er, durch einen unmäßigen Gebrauch ſeiner Vernunft, in den wahren Werth aller irdiſchen Dinge bekommt, benimmt ihm gewiſſe Vorurtheile, ohne welche man nicht glücklich ſein kann. Montaigne ſagt *): **Un ame garantie de prejugés, a un merveilleux avancement vers la tranquillité.** Und daher ſehen wir auch, daß der Pöbel, der ſich begnüget, alles nur von außen anzuſehen, mit dem gemeinen Laufe der Welt zufrieden iſt, und die Mühſeligkeiten des menſchlichen Lebens, worüber die Vernünftler ſo herzbrechend ſeufzen, kaum empfindet. Zu dieſer glücklichen Zufriedenheit kann ein Menſch, der ſeiner Vernunft Gehör giebt, nicht gelangen. Die Eitelkeiten und Thorheiten der Welt müſſen ihm nothwendig Verdruß und Ekel erwecken. Alle Ehre, aller Vortheil und alles Vergnügen, ſo die Welt geben kann, iſt in ſeinen Augen gar zu verächtlich, als daß er darnach trachten ſollte. Er ſpricht: die Welt vergeht mit ihrer Luſt. Die ganze Ordnung der Natur iſt ihm zuwider. Er tadelt dieſelbe und zweifelt, ob die Natur mütterlich, oder als eine Stiefmutter mit uns gehandelt habe, **parens melior homini, an tristior noverca fuerit** **)? Ja ſeine Schwermuth und Verzweifelung ſteiget bisweilen ſo hoch, daß er behauptet, das beſte ſei, gar nicht geboren werden, oder doch bald wieder ſterben ***).

Alle dieſe traurigen Gedanken rühren aus dem Gebrauche der Vernunft her. Wie kann aber mit dieſen Einfällen die Glückſeligkeit beſtehen, nach welcher alle Menſchen trachten? Mich däucht, diejenigen, die ein glücklicher Mangel von Nachdenken vor ſolchen ſchwermüthigen Grillen ſichert, haben nicht Urſache, Leute zu beneiden, die mit einer ſo verdrießlichen Weisheit begabet ſind.

Ich verlange zum wenigſten nicht an ihrer Stelle zu ſein, was ſie auch von ihrer Glückſeligkeit ſchwatzen. Denn das Mittel, wodurch ſie glücklich werden wollen, iſt im höchſten Grade lächerlich. Sie ſagen, man könne nicht füglicher und eher zur Gemüthsruhe, oder zu einer beſtändigen Zufriedenheit gelangen, als wenn man ſich bemühe, ſeine Begierden einzuſchränken und zu dämpfen. Aber kömmt dieſer Vorſchlag wohl viel klüger heraus, als wenn ich einem, der Kopfſchmerzen hat, rathen wollte, er ſolle ſich den Kopf abhauen laſſen? Und könnte man wohl beſſer von der Schädlichkeit der Vernunft überführet werden, als wenn man ſiehet, was ſie für verzweifelte Lehren giebt?

Ich bitte meine Leſer, ſich mit mir das Elend und die Verwirrung vorzuſtellen, die nothwendig erfolgen würden, wenn die Begierden gedämpfet wären, und die Vernunft freie Hände hätte. Das ganze menſchliche Geſchlecht würde dadurch in eine Art von Schlafſucht verfallen. Ich gebe, es unterbliebe alsdann viel Böſes: allein es würde auch wenig Gutes ausgerichtet werden, weil man gar nichts thun würde. **Si la raison dominoit sur la terre,** ſagt einer von unſern ärgſten Feinden, **il ne s'y passeroit rien. On dit, que les Pilotes craignent au dernier point ces mers pacifiques, où l'on ne peut naviger, et qu'ils veulent du vent, au hazard d'avoir des tempêtes. Les passions sont chez les hommes les vents qui sont necessaires pour mettre tout en mouvement, quoi-qu'ils causent souvent des orages** †).

Der Endzweck aller menſchlichen Handlungen iſt Ehre, Vortheil und Luſt. Wenn der Menſch ohne Ehrgeiz, Geldgeiz und Wolluſt wäre: ſo würde er ſtille ſitzen, und die Hände in den Schooß legen. Ich begreife alſo nicht, wie es möglich ſei, daß kluge Leute ſich ſo große Vortheile von dem Siege der Vernunft über die Affecten verſprechen können, da es doch ſo offenbar iſt, daß ohne die Affecten nicht eine tugendhafte That verrichtet werden kann. Montaigne nennet ſie mit Recht: **des piqueures et sollicitations acheminans l'ame aux actions vertueuses** ††); und ſcheuet ſich nicht, zu behaupten, daß eben die Unordnung, welche die Affecten in unſerm Verſtande anrichten, uns tugendhaft mache. Par la dislocation que les passions apportent à nôtre raison, nous devenons vertueux *).

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*) Pred. Salom. IX. 11.

**) Pred. Salom. X. 5.

***) **Juvenalis Sat. VIII.**

†) **Aristippe de Mr. de Balzac, p. 36.**

††) **Cicero de Divinat. Lib. II: nescio quomodo nihil tam absurde dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo Philosophorum.**

*) **Essais de Montaigne Liv. II. Chap. 12. p. 302.**

) **Plinius Hist. Nat. Lib. VII. in proœm.

***) **Plinius l. c.: multi exstitere, qui non nasci optimum censerent, aut quam ocyssime aboleri.**

†) **Fontenelle, Dialogues des morts, p. 141.**

††) **Montaigne l. c. p. 431.**

Ich möchte wohl wiſſen, ob ſich, wenn die Begierde nach Ehre und Reichthum von der Vernunft unterdrücket und gänzlich aus der Menſchen Herzen ausgerottet wäre, jemand finden würde, der Luſt hätte, für das Beſte des Staats und der Kirche zu wachen? Ob wohl jemand ſo treuherzig ſein würde, daß er ſein Leben für ſein Vaterland wagte? Ja ob wohl, welches zur Beſchämung unſerer Feinde das meiſte thut, die guten Scribenten ſich die Mühe geben würden, die Welt durch ihre herrlichen Schriften zu erbauen. Ich glaube es nicht, und bin, was die guten Scribenten inſonderheit anlanget, feſt verſichert, daß ſie, wenn die Hoffnung des Lobes ſie nicht zum Schreiben reizte, Zahnſtocher aus ihren Federn machen, und wir nimmer das Vergnügen haben würden, eine Zeile von ihnen zu ſehen.

Und dennoch ſchämen dieſe Leute ſich nicht, von uns zu verlangen, daß wir die Vernunft gebrauchen ſollen, die ſie ſelbſt, ſo oft ſie ſchreiben, aus den Augen ſetzen müſſen, die alle Tugend aufhebet, allen tapfern und zum Beſten des Staats und der Kirche nöthigen Unternehmungen entgegen, und gar ſo ſchädlich iſt, daß man, ohne Gefahr zu irren, ſagen kann, ſie würde, wenn ſie einmal über die Affecten die Oberhand bekommen ſollte, die allergefährlichſte Veränderung, ſo jemals in der Welt geſchehen iſt, verurſachen, und das Unterſte zu oberſt kehren. Denn wenn die Menſchen ſich nicht mehr von ihren Affecten regieren ließen, ſondern bloß der Vernunft folgten: ſo wäre es um die Thorheiten geſchehen, denen wir einzig und allein unſere Verfaſſungen und gute Ordnungen zu danken haben. Sobald ein jeder ungezwungen thut, was er zu thun ſchuldig iſt, und freiwillig, wie es die Vernunft erfordert, die Regeln der Gerechtigkeit, der Ehrbarkeit und des Wohlſtandes beobachtet, braucht man weder Strafe, noch Belohnung, noch Ermahnung; folglich weder Regenten noch Lehrer. Ein allgemeiner und immerwährender Gebrauch der Vernunft führet einen beſtändigen Frieden mit ſich, und ſchließet allen Krieg, allen Streit und alle Uneinigkeit aus. Man braucht alſo weder Soldaten, noch Richter, noch Advokaten. Fällt die Begierde nach Reichthum weg, ſo liegt aller Handel und Wandel. Und wie viele Menſchen ſind nicht in der Welt, die ſich bloß von der Wolluſt und dem thörichten Hochmuthe anderer nähren? Alle dieſe ehrlichen Leute würden aber an den Bettelſtab kommen, wenn das menſchliche Geſchlecht klug werden, und der Vernunft zu folgen anfangen ſollte.

Mich dünkt, es erhellet hieraus deutlich, daß keine Republik bei dem Gebrauche der Vernunft beſtehen könne, und daß eine gänzliche Dämpfung der Affecten und Ablegung der Thorheit den Unterſchied zwiſchen Obrigkeit und Unterthanen aufhebe, und alle Stände der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft zu Grunde richte. Was ſoll man alſo von ſolchen Leuten denken, die ſo ſehr auf den Gebrauch der Vernunft dringen? Läßt es doch nicht anders, als wenn ihnen alle Ordnung und alle guten Verfaſſungen zuwider ſind. Wollte man ihnen Gehör geben, und ſie rathen laſſen: ſo würden ſie uns in kurzem zu vollſtändigen Hottentotten machen.

Ich ſage dieſes nicht, um unſere Feinde, die guten Scribenten, in übeln Ruf zu bringen, und ſie als gefährliche und dem gemeinen Weſen ſchädliche Leute vorzuſtellen. Was ſie mir auch für Blöße geben: ſo ſei es doch ferne von mir, daß ich das Unrecht, welches ſie uns elenden Scribenten zufügen, auf eine ſo grauſame Art rächen ſollte. Ich bin gewiß von ihnen verſichert, daß ſie ſo böſe Abſichten nicht haben, und glaube, daß ſie vor den entſetzlichen Folgen ihrer Lehre ſelbſt erſchrecken. Sie würden am allerwenigſten ihre Rechnung dabei finden, wenn wir uns entſchließen ſollten, unſere Thorheiten abzulegen, und Hottentotten zu werden. Denn die Hottentotten ſchreiben nicht, und leſen keine Bücher, ſie mögen auch ſo gut geſchrieben ſein, als ſie wollen. Und man könnte alſo den guten Scribenten keinen ärgern Poſſen thun, als wenn man, wie ſie es haben wollen, die Vernunft aufs höchſte triebe. Ich glaube nicht, daß ſie dieſes Unglück jemals erleben werden. Denn was man auch von dem menſchlichen Geſchlechte ſagt: ſo habe ich doch eine viel zu gute Meinung von demſelben, als daß ich glauben ſollte, es werde ſo einfältig ſein und ſich entſchließen, klug zu werden, und die Thorheiten abzulegen, bei denen es ſich allemal ſo wohl befunden hat. Wenn demnach auch die Abſichten der guten Scribenten noch ſo böſe wären, ſo hätte man doch keine Urſache, dawider zu eifern; weil nicht zu beſorgen iſt, daß die Welt ihrem verführeriſchen Geſchwätze Gehör geben werde.

Meine Widerſacher können alſo glauben, daß alles, was ich bisher wider ſie geſchrieben habe, nicht auf ihre Verunglimpfung ziele. Ich bin zufrieden, wenn meine Leſer nur erkennen, daß die Vernunft ſchädlich ſei. Ich habe dieſes, dünkt mich, klärlich erwieſen, und getraue es mir, gegen unſere Feinde zu behaupten, wenn ich auch gleich zugäbe, daß die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft durch einen unmäßigen Gebrauch der Vernunft nicht aufgehoben werde. Denn es bleibt doch allemal gewiß, daß die Vernunft eine Eigenſchaft iſt, die einen Menſchen ſehr ungeſchickt macht, ein Glied der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft und der wahren Kirche zu ſein.

Ein Bürger muß gehorchen, und ein Chriſt muß glauben. Wer ſeiner Vernunft nachhänget, der taugt zu beiden nicht. Gens qui jugent, ſagt Montaigne *), et contrerollent leurs juges, ne s'y soumettant jamais deuëment. Combien et aux loix de la Religion, et aux loix politiques, se trouvent plus dociles, et aisés à mener, les esprits simples et incurieux, que ces esprits surveillans, et pedagogues des causes divines et humaines? Wie viel Böſes kann alſo die Vernunft in dem Staate und der Kirche nicht ſtiften? Wer über die Befehle der Obrigkeit grübelt, und ſie vor den Richterſtuhl ſeiner Vernunft ſtellet, muß ſie nothwendig ſchlecht beobachten, wenn ſie ihm unvernünftig ſcheinen. Daher entſtehet denn ein Ungehorſam und eine Widerſpenſtigkeit gegen die Obrigkeit, die endlich zu einer offenbaren Rebellion ausſchlagen und einen ganzen Staat umkehren kann. Man kann alſo ſagen, daß die Vernunft die einzige Quelle aller Rebellionen ſei, und noch iſt kein Rebelle geweſen, der nicht ſeinen Aufſtand dadurch zu beſchönigen geſucht hätte, daß die Befehle ſeiner Obern ungerecht und folglich unvernünftig wären.

Wer ſich zu klug dünket, ſeinen geiſtlichen Führern einfältiglich und blindlings zu folgen, der iſt nicht geſchickt zum Reiche Gottes, geräth auf Irrwege, und verfällt endlich in das abſcheuliche Laſter der Ketzerei. Und geſetzt, er verfällt ſo weit nicht, ſo iſt doch auch der geringſte Widerſpruch einem Geiſtlichen verdrießlich; denn da dieſe ehrwürdigen Perſonen von der Wahrheit ihrer Lehren, und der Aufrichtigkeit und Unſchuld ihrer Abſichten überzeugt ſind: ſo muß es ſie nothwendig ſchmerzen, wenn man ſie mit vernünftigen Einwürfen ängſtiget, und alles, was ſie ſagen, meiſtert. Die Vernünftler thun dieſes. Wie übel würden alſo unſere Lehrer nicht dran ſein, wenn alle ihre Zuhörer ihrer Vernunft zu vielen Willen ließen? Sie würden mit Furcht und Zittern die Kanzel betreten, und ihr Amt mit Seufzen thun; welches uns doch nicht gut iſt.

Nicht allein aber die Geiſtlichen würden bei einem allgemeinen Gebrauche der Vernunft übel fahren; ſondern es würden auch andere Profeſſionen ihre Rechnung nicht dabei finden. Man bedenke nur z. E., ob, wenn die Menſchen ihre Vernunft allemal zu Rathe zögen, die Richter und Advokaten wohl das liebe Brod haben würden? Ein jeder würde lieber einen geringen Schaden leiden, und ſich mit ſeinem Widerſacher in der Güte vertragen, als ſich in einen langwierigen Prozeß einlaſſen, der, wie es die Erfahrung lehret, allemal zum Verderben der beiden Parteien gereichet.

Wären die Leute klug, ſo würden die Aerzte ſchmal beißen müſſen.

> Si tout le monde avoit l'esprit de se conduire,
> Remede et Medecin seroit peu de saison. **)

Ein Kranker würde ſeine Natur walten laſſen, und mit Mr. de Freſny ***) ſprechen: Quand un malade laisse tout faire à la nature, il hazarde beaucoup: quand il laisse tout faire aux medecins, il hazarde beaucoup aussi: mais hazard pour hazard, j'aimerois mieux me confier à la nature, car au moins on est sûr, qu'elle agit de bonne foi, comme elle peut, et qu'elle ne trouve pas son compte à faire durer les maladies. Dieſe Gedanken ſind vernünftig; aber würden nicht die Aerzte, wenn alle Leute ſo dächten, ihren Patienten, die ſie vorangeſchickt haben, in kurzer Zeit, vor Hunger, in jene Welt folgen müſſen?

Ich überlaſſe meinen Leſern, vor ſich ſelbſt nachzudenken, was andere Handthierungen, die ich hier, Weitläuftigkeit zu vermeiden, mit Stillſchweigen übergehe, für Vortheil von dem Gebrauche der Vernunft zu hoffen haben? und frage nunmehr unſere Verfolger: ob der Mangel der Vernunft, den ſie in unſern Schriften wahrnehmen, ein ſolcher Hauptmangel ſei, daß wir desfalls verdienten, ausgezischt zu werden? und ob es nicht vielmehr an uns zu loben ſei, daß wir eine Kraft der menſchlichen Seele, die im gemeinen Leben nichts nützet, in dem Staate und in der Kirche ſo vielen Unfug anrichtet, und alle gute Ordnungen und Verfaſſungen aufhebet, ſo viel an uns iſt, zu unterdrücken bemühet ſind? Läßt es ihnen ihre Hartnäckigkeit und eingebildete Weisheit nicht zu, dieſe Frage ſo zu beantworten, als es die Wichtigkeit der Gründe mit welchen ich das Verfahren meiner Brüder gerechtfertiget habe, zu erfordern ſcheint: ſo hoffe ich doch, ſie werden ſich eines beſſern beſinnen, wenn ich ihnen vorſtelle, daß wir elenden Scribenten, wenn man unſere

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*) Montaigne c. l. p. 432.

*) c. l. pag. 313. 314.

**) Je ne sai quoi, pag. 151.

***) Amusement serieux et comique, pag. 69.

Schriften recht anſiehet, nichts mehr thun, als daß wir einfältiglich dem guten Rathe folgen, den einige der guten Scribenten ſchon vor langer Zeit der Welt gegeben haben.

Einer der beſten Scribenten, den ich, zu Beſchämung meiner Widerſacher, ſchon öfters angeführt habe, ſagt ausdrücklich: Die Vernunft ſelbſt erforderte, daß man dem menſchlichen Verſtande ſo enge Grenzen ſetze, als nur immer möglich iſt. On a raison de donner à l'esprit humain les barrieres les plus contraintes qu'on peut *). Er will, daß man dieſes auch in Anſehung der Wiſſenſchaften, und folglich auch der Schriften thun ſoll, in welchen man die Wiſſenſchaften vorträgt. En l'étude, fährt er fort, comme au reste il lui faut compter et regler les marches, il lui faut tailler par art les limites de sa chasse **). Ja er bekennet aufrichtig, daß die Vernunft ein gefährliches Werkzeug in der Hand desjenigen ſei, der ſich derſelben nicht mit Vernunft, das iſt ordentlich und mäßig zu gebrauchen weiß: C'est un outrageux glaive à son possesseur même que l'esprit, à qui ne sçait s'en armer ordonnement et discretement ***), und räth daher, man ſolle ſie, ſo viel als immer möglich iſt, im Zaum halten. Il n'y a, fährt er fort, point de beste, à qui il faille plus justement donner des orbieres pour tenir sa veuë subjette, et contrainte devant ses pas, et la garder d'extravaguer ny çà ny là, hors les bornieres que l'usage et les loix luy tracent †).

So wollen es unſere Feinde ſelbſt haben; ſo machen wir's, und machen es ihnen doch nicht recht. Wir müßten aber ſehr einfältig ſein, wenn wir, da nunmehro ihr Eigenſinn und ihre Unbilligkeit ſo klar am Tage lieget, uns groß bekümmern wollten, ob ihnen unſere Aufführung gefalle oder nicht. Laß ſie ſagen, was ſie wollen. Wir können mit dem Zeugniſſe unſers Gewiſſens zufrieden ſein, welches uns ſaget, daß wir auf dem rechten Wege ſind. Und wie könnte man auch ſicherer gehen, als wenn man denen folget, die ihr Amt verbindet, für die Seelen zu ſorgen, und die alſo am geſchickteſten ſind, von den Kräften der Seele zu urtheilen, und uns Regeln zu geben, wie dieſelben ohne Gefahr gebraucht werden können? Dieſe Seelſorger nun ſehen die Vernunft, eben wie Montaigne, als ein wildes, unbändiges, reißendes und gefährliches Thier an, dem man Zaum und Gebiß ins Maul legen muß, und mit welchem nicht auszukommen iſt, wofern es nicht an eine ſtarke Kette geſchloſſen wird.

Es iſt wahr, ſie ſind über die Länge dieſer Kette ſehr uneinig: allein darin ſtimmen ſie doch alle überein, daß die Vernunft angeſchloſſen ſein müſſe. Nur mit dieſem Unterſchied.

Einige wollen, die Kette müſſe fein lang ſein, damit die Vernunft, bei einer mäßigen Freiheit, ihre Bande deſto geduldiger trage. „Ein Kettenhund, ſprechen ſie, der gar zu kurz angebunden iſt, giebt ſich ſo leicht nicht zufrieden, als einer, dem die Länge der Kette, an welcher er liegt, die Freiheit läſſet, herumzugehen, und ſeine Gefangenſchaft erträglich macht. Er ſtellt ſich ungeberdig, heult, ſchreit, ſpringt, bemühet ſich, die Kette zu zerreißen, und hält übel Haus, wenn er los kömmt. Mit der Vernunft iſt es eben ſo, und hat man Exempel, daß ſie, wenn man ſie gar zu kurz gebunden gehabt, ihre Feſſel zerbrochen, alles, was ihr vorgekommen iſt, niedergeriſſen hat, und ſo unbändig geworden iſt, daß man ſie hernach nimmer wieder hat zähmen können.

Andere hingegen behaupten: „Man müſſe die Vernunft ſo kurz als möglich binden. Denn ſonſt ſei man nimmer vor derſelben ſicher, eben ſo wenig als vor einem Kettenhunde, der gar zu weit herumgehen kann. Es ſei wahr, die Vernunft liebe die Freiheit, und thue ſehr übel, wenn ſie gar zu hart gefeſſelt ſei. Es ſei auch gefährlich umzugehen mit ihr, wenn ſie in der Wuth los käme. Aber es ſei zu allem Rath. Man könne ihr ja im Falle der Noth einen Knebel ins Maul ſtecken, ſo müßte ſie ihr Schreien wohl laſſen; und ſie an allen Vieren ſo feſt binden, daß ſie ſich nicht rühren könnte: ſo wäre es nicht möglich, daß ſie ſich los riſſe. Ja die Vernunft ſei ſo gar ungeduldig nicht, als man vorgäbe. Sie könnten wenigſtens verſichern, daß ſie von der ihrigen, wie kurz ſie auch angebunden ſei, ſo wenig beunruhiget würden, daß ſie kaum merkten, daß ſie noch lebe. Sie berufen ſich desfalls auf ihre Reden und Schriften, die ſo beſchaffen ſind, daß man ſchwören ſollte, ſie hätten keine Vernunft."

Ich bin viel zu wenig, zu entſcheiden, welche Partei Recht hat. Es thut auch zu meinem Zwecke nichts, dieſes auszumachen. Denn die Kette, an welche die Vernunft gelegt werden muß, mag nun lang oder kurz ſein ſollen; ſo gewinnen wir elenden Scribenten allemal dabei: weil doch immer ausgemacht bleibt, daß die Vernunft und deren Gebrauch nicht frei ſein müſſe: woraus ganz ungezwungen folget, daß es uns nicht könne verarget werden, wenn wir eine ſo gefährliche Kraft der Seele ſo viel möglich in ihren Schranken halten.

Wenn es mir indeſſen erlaubt iſt, meine unvorgreifliche Meinung zu ſagen: ſo halte ich dafür, daß man dieſe Schranken ſo enge machen müſſe, als nur immer thunlich iſt, und daß diejenigen der Wahrheit am nächſten kommen, welche glauben, man müſſe die Vernunft fein kurz anſchließen. Ich bin auch verſichert, daß es nicht übel gethan ſein würde, wenn man ſie beſtändig geknebelt, und an allen Vieren gebunden, liegen laſſen wollte. Ja, wenn ich aufrichtig ſagen ſoll, wie mir's um's Herze iſt: ſo halte ich dafür, das ſicherſte ſei, ihr das Genicke zu brechen; denn ſo könnte ſie gar nichts Böſes mehr anrichten, und man wäre aller Mühe und Sorge auf einmal los.

Es hat mir daher ſehr wohl gefallen, daß mein vornehmer Gönner, und in Midas herzlich geliebter Bruder Philippi, den heroiſchen Entſchluß gefaſſet hat, eine Anatomie des menſchlichen Verſtandes anzuſtellen. Das feindſelige Gemüth, welches er bishero gegen die Vernunft von ſich hat blicken laſſen, macht mich hoffen, ſeine Abſicht ſei, dieſelbe vom Leben zum Tode zu bringen. Ich wünſche, daß er bei ſeinem guten Vorhaben bleiben möge *). Denn da eine Anatomie ohne Zerſchneidung nicht geſchehen kann: ſo muß die Vernunft nothwendig drauf gehen, und ihm unter den Händen ſterben. Er wird alſo die Ehre haben, daß er ein Ungeheuer gedämpfet, welches bishero ſo vielen Schaden gethan hat; und dieſes wird ihm weit rühmlicher ſein, als wenn er, ich weiß nicht wie viele Rieſen erlegt hätte. Er kann ſich nicht beſſer um das menſchliche Geſchlecht verdient machen, als wenn er demſelben zu demjenigen Grade der Vollkommenheit verhilft, welchen er durch die Beſiegung und Dämpfung ſeiner Vernunft ſchon lange erreicht hat, und wir elenden Scribenten inſonderheit werden ihm unendlich verbunden ſein. Denn uns geſchicht durch die Tödtung der Vernunft der größte Gefallen, weil wir ihrentwegen ſo viel leiden müſſen. O wie glücklich wären wir und die ganze Welt, wenn dieſes Unthier vertilget würde! Und kann man demnach die Blindheit unſerer Feinde genug beſeufzen, die ſo viel Weſens aus einer Kraft unſerer Seele machen, die nimmer das geringſte Gute, wohl aber unſäglich viel Böſes geſtiftet hat?

Ich geſtehe, die Vernunft iſt eine Gabe Gottes: aber der Ausgang hat gewieſen, daß ſie ein ſchädliches Geſchenk geweſen iſt. Wenigſtens haben ſich Leute gefunden, die geglaubt, es wäre beſſer, wenn uns Gott die Vernunft nicht gegeben hätte. Haud scio, ſagt Cicero **), an melius fuerit, humano generi motum istum celerem cogitationis, acumen, solertiam, quam rationem vocamus, quoniam pestifera sit multis, admodum paucis salutaris, non dari omnino, quam tam munifice, et tam large dari. Er führet dieſes noch weitläuftiger aus, und ich weiß nicht, ob er groß Unrecht hat. Denn die Vernunft hat dem Menſchen nimmer viel Vortheil gebracht. Kaum war der erſte Menſch erſchaffen, ſo verleitete ihn ſeine Vernunft zu derjenigen Sünde, wodurch er ſich und ſeine Nachkommen unglücklich machte. Eva fing an zu grübeln, und da war es um ſie und um alle geſchehen. Sie würde es wohl gelaſſen haben, wenn ſie entweder keine Vernunft gehabt hätte, oder nur ſo geſinnet geweſen wäre, als ich und meine vortrefflichen Brüder. Und dennoch lachet man uns aus.

Nachdem die Vernunft in der Mutter aller Lebendigen den erſten Schnitzer begangen hat, iſt ſie immer weiter verfallen; und unſere Feinde bekennen ſelbſt, daß ſie durch den Fehltritt, wozu ſie unſere Stammmutter verleitet hat, im Grunde verderbet worden iſt. Sie muß alſo, nach ihrem eigenen Geſtändniſſe, nichts nützen. Ich weiß wohl, unſere Feinde ſagen, man müſſe ſich beſtreben, ſie auszubeſſern, und wieder zu der erſten Vollkommenheit zu bringen; aber man hat nunmehro beinahe 6000 Jahre daran curiret, und noch iſt niemand, der das Herz hätte, zu ſagen, daß die Mittel, die man gebraucht hat, angeſchlagen haben, oder daß es ſich zur Beſſerung anlaſſe. Ich gebe alſo einem jeden zu bedenken: Ob es nicht klüger gehandelt ſei, wenn man ſich an eine Eigenſchaft der Seele, die in einem ſo verzweifelten Zuſtande iſt, weiter nicht kehret, als wenn man in alle Ewigkeit ſeine Schande daran curiret, und unmögliche Dinge möglich machen will?

Dieſes thun unſere Feinde; aber ſehen denn dieſe überklugen Herren nicht, daß ſie wider den Strom ſchwimmen? Sie wollen die Vernunft ausbeſſern, und zu ihrer urſprünglichen Vollkommenheit bringen; das iſt, ſie wollen ihr wieder zu derjenigen

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*) Montaigne c. l. p. 413.
**) Ibid. p. 413. 414.
***) Ibid. p. 414.
†) Ibid.

*) Dieſer Wunſch iſt nicht erfüllet worden. Aber was Philippi verſprochen hat, das hat mein lieber Bruder, Johann Ambroſius Hillige, Meiſter der freien Künſte und Pfarrer zu Zſchaitz, in ſeiner Anatomie der Seelen mit ſolchem Nachdrucke ins Werk gerichtet, daß, wer ſein Büchlein lieſet, nothwendig bekennen muß, die Vernunft habe an ihm ihren Mann gefunden, und ſei nimmer ſo gemißhandelt worden.

**) De natura Deorum Lib. III.

Herrſchaft verhelfen, welche ſie ehedeſſen über die Begierden gehabt haben ſoll. Ich will ſo höflich ſein und glauben, daß alles wahr ſei, was man von dieſer Herrſchaft der Vernunft über die Affecten ſagt; ob es gleich unſern Feinden ſehr ſchwer fallen würde, zu beweiſen, daß die Vernunft, ſo lange Menſchen in der Welt geweſen ſind, nur einen einzigen actum possessionis verrichtet habe: aber unſere Feinde geben doch ſelbſt zu, daß die Vernunft durch ihre eigene Schuld dieſe Herrſchaft verloren habe. Sie iſt derſelben entſetzet, weil ſie übel regiert hat, und muß jetzo zur Strafe den Affecten gehorchen. So will es die Natur haben. Was bemühen ſich denn unſere Feinde, die Vernunft, der Natur zum Trotz, wieder auf den Thron zu ſetzen, von welchem ſie ihres übeln Verhaltens wegen geſtoßen worden? Ich verſichere ſie, ihre Bemühung iſt vergebens; und wenn ſie die Vernunft ſelbſt fragen, ſo wird ſie ihnen ſagen, daß ſie ſich nach der verlornen Hoheit nicht ſehne, ſondern mit ihrem jetzigen Zuſtande wohl zufrieden ſei, und das ſüße Joch der Affecten mit Luſt trage. Denn die Vernunft ſiehet wohl, daß ſie zum Regiment nicht tauge. Sie weiß wohl, daß, wie ich ſchon oben erwieſen habe, alles in der Welt umgekehret werden würde, wenn ſie die Oberhand bekommen ſollte. Und wenn ſie denn gleich dieſes nicht erkennete, ſondern die lächerliche Bemühung ihrer unbeſonnenen Verehrer billigte: ſo bleibt es doch allemal wahr, daß es ein ſtrafbarer Frevel ſei, wenn man die Natur meiſtert, die doch eine ſo weiſe und liebreiche Mutter iſt, und beſſer weiß, was zu unſerm Frieden dient, als wir ſelbſt.

Wenn demnach unſere Feinde, die guten Scribenten, nicht die eigenſinnigſten und wunderlichſten Leute von der Welt wären, ſo würden ſie uns nimmer die kindliche Ehrerbietung, welche wir gegen die Natur hegen, zur Sünde deuten, und mit der größten Unbeſcheidenheit von uns verlangen, mit ihnen wider die Natur zu murren. Sind ſie denn juſt ſo geſinnet, als die böſen Geiſter, die ſich ein Vergnügen daraus machen, wenn ſie die Menſchen zur Sünde verleiten, und eben ſo unglücklich machen können, als ſie ſelbſt ſind? Sie haben den natürlichen Brauch der Vernunft in den unnatürlichen verkehret. Man läßet ihnen ihren Willen: aber warum wollen ſie uns denn nicht erlauben, nach unſerm Gewiſſen zu handeln? Warum rechnen ſie es uns als eine große Thorheit an, daß wir, wie es die Pflicht eines jeden vernünftigen Menſchen erfordert, mit der Ordnung der Natur zufrieden ſind?

Denn darin beſtehet eigentlich unſer Verbrechen. Wie gerne wir auch gänzlich von der Vernunft befreiet wären, ſo können wir dieſelbe doch nicht völlig dämpfen; und es ſcheint eben ſo unmöglich, ganz ohne Vernunft, als ganz ohne Sünde zu ſein. So lange wir mit dem Leibe dieſes Todes umgeben ſind, werden wir uns wohl mit dieſer verdrießlichen Eigenſchaft ſchleppen müſſen. Wie es indeſſen die Pflicht eines Chriſten erfordert, daß er die Sünde nicht herrſchen laſſe: ſo muß auch ein jeder Menſch ſich ſorgfältig hüten, daß er der Vernunft nicht gar zu viele Gewalt über ſeine Handlungen einräume. Dieſes thun wir elenden Scribenten, und bilden uns ein, das ſicherſte ſei, der Natur zu folgen. Da nun die Vernunft ihr Fürſtenthum verloren hat, und mit den Ketten der Affecten gebunden iſt: ſo muß man ſie, will man gute Dienſte von ihr haben, von dieſen Banden nicht los machen, ſondern immer in den Schranken halten, welche die Natur derſelben geſetzet hat. Man muß ſie alſo, wenn man ſie ja gebrauchen will, nur als ein Werkzeug zu Ausführung ſeiner Abſichten gebrauchen. Denn da die Vernunft den Begierden unterworfen iſt, unſere Abſichten aber aus unſern Begierden herfließen: ſo folget unwiedertreiblich, daß die Vernunft ſich nach unſern Abſichten richten müſſe, nicht aber wir in unſern Abſichten nach der Vernunft uns zu richten verbunden ſind.

So denken wir elenden Scribenten, ſo denket das ganze menſchliche Geſchlecht mit uns. Nur einige mißvergnügte und eigenſinnige Köpfe wollen klüger ſein, als die ganze Welt, und lachen uns aus, weil wir unſere Vernunft nicht nach ihrer Phantaſie gebrauchen. Aber laß ſie lachen. Wir können uns damit tröſten, daß wir ihnen keine rechtmäßige Urſache dazu geben. Wir ſehen die Vernunft als ein Werkzeug an, und bedienen uns derſelben bisweilen zu Erreichung unſerer Abſichten. Iſt dieſes übel gehandelt, ſo weiß ich nicht, was man von dem Verfahren unſerer Gottesgelehrten ſagen ſoll, die in ihrer Kunſt die Vernunft nicht anders als ein Werkzeug gelten laſſen. Sie brauchen dieſelbe, die Widerſprecher zu ſtrafen, und zum Vortrage ihrer Lehren: aber es ſei ferne von ihnen, daß ſie ihren Eifer wider die Ketzer, und ihre Lehren nach der Vorſchrift der Vernunft einrichten, und dem Urtheile derſelben unterwerfen ſollten. O wie wohl thäten unſere Feinde, wenn ſie mit uns dem Beiſpiele dieſer ehrwürdigen Männer folgten, und daraus lerneten, worin eigentlich der rechte Gebrauch der Vernunft beſtehe! Könnten ſie ſich ſo weit überwinden, ſo würden ſie uns den Mangel der Vernunft, den ſie in unſern Schriften bemerken, nicht mehr ſo hoch aufmutzen, und ſich entſehen, uns ferner Schuld zu geben, wir brauchten die Vernunft gar nicht. Wir brauchen ſie, aber auf unſere Weiſe, mit Maße, in gehöriger Ordnung, bloß zu Erreichung unſers Endzwecks.

Wenn die Begierde, berühmt zu ſein, uns zum Schreiben reizet: ſo ſagt uns unſere Vernunft, daß wir ohne Feder, Dinte und Papier unſern Zweck nicht erreichen können; und noch hat man kein Exempel, daß ein elender Scribent ſich ein Gewiſſen gemacht habe, in dieſem Fall ſeiner Vernunft zu folgen. Wir ſind ſo wunderlich nicht, daß wir ſtatt der Feder die Miſtgabel ergreifen ſollten. Wenn Sievers ſchreibt, ſo ſchreibet er mit Dinte und tunkt ſeine Feder nicht in Waſſer. Selbſt Manzel*) und Kodigaſt, die allerelendeſten Scribenten unſerer Zeit, verrichten ihre gelehrte Nothdurft auf Papier. Ich thue es auch, und Philippi weiß wohl, daß er ſeine herrlichen Werke in die Druckerei und nicht zum Gewürzhändler ſchicken, oder Fidibus davon machen muß, wofern er will, daß die Welt ſich daran beluſtigen ſoll. Wie könnte er dieſes aber wiſſen, wenn er ein Gelübde gethan hätte, der Vernunft in keinem Stücke Gehör zu geben? Und wer ſiehet alſo nicht, daß die Vernunft mehr Theil an unſern Schriften hat, als unſere Feinde glauben? Wären wir ſo gar albern, als unſere Feinde uns ausſchreien, ſo würde die gelehrte Welt keine Zeile von unſern Händen ſehen. Aber ſo verachten wir die Vernunft, ſo lange ſie ſich in ihren Schranken hält, und als eine Dienerin unſerer Begierden aufführet, gar nicht. Wir folgen ihr willig, wenn ſie uns einen Rath giebt, der zur Beförderung unſerer Abſichten dienet. Sobald ſie ſich aber ein mehreres herausnimmt, unſern Begierden widerſpricht, und über unſere Abſichten urtheilen will, ſo legen wir ihr ein ewiges Stillſchweigen auf, und thun ihr allen erſinnlichen Verdruß an.

Wenn die Vernunft zu Philippi ſagt: Schicke deine Schriften nach Hamburg, damit ſie daſelbſt den Verleger finden, den du an den Orten, da man dich kennet, vergebens ſucheſt: ſo ſpricht er: Wahrlich, das iſt ein guter Rath, und thut, was die Vernunft haben will. Sagt ſie aber zu ihm: Schreibe nicht; du taugſt nicht dazu; die Leute lachen dich nur aus: ſo wird er unwillig, hält beide Ohren zu, und denkt, ſeine Vernunft ſei von ſeinen Feinden beſtochen. Sie ſoll ſich, wie man ſagt, neulich die Freiheit genommen haben, ihm dieſes plumpe Compliment zu machen; aber er hat ſie ſo zugerichtet, daß ſie ins künftige ihr Maul wohl halten wird. Du haſt wohl daran gethan, allerliebſter Bruder, denn wie übel würden wir nicht daran ſein, wenn wir unſerer Vernunft, die nur gemacht iſt zu gehorchen, eine Herrſchaft über unſere Begierden einräumen, und ihr geſtatten wollten, von unſern Abſichten und dem Werthe unſerer Schrift zu urtheilen?

Ich habe mich begnüget, bisher zu erweiſen, daß der Vernunft dieſes nicht zukomme, und wir alſo nichts Lächerliches begehen, wenn wir dieſelbe bei Verfertigung unſerer Schriften nicht zu Rathe ziehen. Aber ich will weiter gehen, und getraue mir, zu behaupten, daß eben die Verachtung der Vernunft, woraus unſere Feinde ein ſo großes Verbrechen machen, der Grund unſerer Vortrefflichkeit und derjenigen Vorzüge ſei, die uns ſo weit über unſere Feinde erheben.

Ein ſehr altes ſcythiſches Sprichwort ſagt, daß es eine größere Kunſt ſei, aus einem ledigen, als aus einem vollen Glaſe zu trinken; und mich dünkt, daß alſo, wenn die Vernunft zu Verfertigung einer Schrift ſo unumgänglich nöthig iſt, als die guten Scribenten wollen, einer, der ohne Vernunft ein Buch ſchreiben kann, weit vortrefflicher, und mehr zu bewundern iſt, als einer, der, wenn er etwas zu Papier bringen will, allemal ſeine Vernunft zu Hülfe nehmen muß. Man muß nicht meinen, daß die Bücher, die ohne Vernunft geſchrieben werden, nicht ſo wohl gerathen, als diejenigen, die mit Verſtand gemacht ſind. Denn es giebt Bücher, die unſtreitig ohne Zuthun der Vernunft verfertiget, und doch ſo wohl gerathen ſind, daß ſelbſt unſere Feinde darüber erſtaunen. Iſt es möglich, ſchreien ſie gemeiniglich, daß ein vernünftiger Menſch dergleichen Zeug ſchreiben könne? Ja, ich habe mit meinen Ohren gehöret, daß einer, dem die höchſt unvernünftigen Gedanken eines gewiſſen elenden Scribenten, über den Spruch: Viele ſind berufen ꝛc. zu Geſichte kamen, im Beiſein vieler Leute hoch betheuerte, es ſei ihm, wenn er auch Engelsverſtand hätte, und ſein Leben damit zu retten wüßte, unmöglich, ſo zu ſchreiben. Unſere Feinde geſtehen alſo ſelbſt, daß einem Menſchen, der ſeine Vernunft nicht gebrauchet, vieles möglich ſei, welches ein vernünftiger Menſch nicht thun kann, und daß wir die beſondere Geſchicklichkeit beſitzen, ohne Vernunft Thaten zu thun, wozu ein mehr als engliſcher Verſtand erfordert wird. Sie halten dieſes für etwas Schweres, ja für eine Sache, die ihnen ſchlechterdings unmöglich iſt. Ich verſichere ſie aber, daß es uns nicht nur möglich, ſondern gar etwas Leichtes iſt, ohne Vernunft ganz wunderbare Bücher zu ſchreiben. Sollten unſere Feinde wiſſen, wie geſchwinde wir mit unſeren Schriften fertig werden, und wie wenig Mühe und Nachdenken wir darauf wenden: ſo würden ſie erſt über unſere Geſchicklichkeit erſtaunen; ſie würden, von dem Glanze unſerer Vortrefflichkeit gerühret, vor uns niederfallen, und ohne Zeitverluſt ihre Vernunft ins Meer werfen, da es am tiefſten iſt.

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*) Ein Profeſſor zu Roſtock, mein großer Gönner. Er hat ſich durch viele herrliche Schriften bekannt gemacht, die niemand lieſet. Man kann ſie bei Dietrichen in Roſtock, und ſonſt nirgends, zu halben und ganzen Pfunden um [illegible] Preis haben.

Denn eben dieſe Vernunft iſt es, welche ihnen ihre Arbeit ſo mühſam macht. Wir zähmen ſie, und legen ihr ein Gebiß ins Maul, und eben darum wird uns unſere Arbeit ſo leichte. Unſere Feinde machen ſich ein Gewiſſen, den Regeln der geſunden Vernunft, die doch ſo ſchwer zu beobachten ſind, entgegen zu handeln. Sie können nicht ſchreiben, wenn ſie nicht vorher denken. Sie bilden ſich ein, ſie müßten die Sache, wovon ſie ſchreiben wollen, aus dem Grunde verſtehen, und verderben die edle Zeit mit der unnützen und lächerlichen Ueberlegung, ob ſie auch der Materie, welche ſie abhandeln wollen, gewachſen ſind, bloß darum, weil ein alter Grillenfänger, der aus vorſätzlicher Bosheit den Menſchen das Schreiben ſchwer machen wollen, geſagt hat:

> Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
> Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
> Quid valeant humeri. . . . *)

Von allem dieſen Ungemach ſind wir frei. Wir erkennen die Schädlichkeit der Vernunft, und kehren uns alſo wenig an ihre Regeln. Unſere Abſicht iſt, ein Buch zu ſchreiben. Dieſen Zweck erreichen wir, wenn wir ſo viel Papier, als dazu nöthig iſt, mit Buchſtaben bemalen. Ob der Sinn, der aus dieſen Buchſtaben heraus kömmt, wenn man ſie zuſammenſetzet, vernünftig iſt oder nicht, daran iſt uns wenig gelegen. Wollten wir Alles nach der Vernunft abmeſſen, ſo müßten wir denken; und das Denken greift den Kopf an, nimmt viel Zeit weg, und nützet doch, wenn man die Wahrheit ſagen ſoll, nichts. So oft unſere Feinde unſere Schriften leſen, ſprechen ſie: Der Menſch kann nicht denken; und dennoch können ſie unmöglich leugnen, daß dieſer Menſch, der nicht denken kann, ein Buch geſchrieben habe; weil ſie es in Händen haben. Sie müſſen alſo, ſie mögen wollen oder nicht, geſtehen, daß man ſchreiben könne, ohne vorher zu denken.

Wir thun es, und befinden uns wohl dabei. Es iſt leichter und natürlicher, mit den Fingern zu ſchreiben, als mit dem Kopfe. Wer das letzte thut, iſt einem Gaukler ähnlich, der auf dem Kopfe tanzet. Dieſes mögen wir nicht von uns geſagt wiſſen, und brauchen alſo unſere Finger, wenn wir ſchreiben, und nicht den Kopf. Wenn unſere Feinde die Gemächlichkeiten, welche dieſe Schreibart mit ſich führet, einzuſehen fähig wären, ſo würden ſie uns gewiß beneiden. Nur zweene ſind, ſo viel mir wiſſend, ſo weit gekommen, daß ſie dieſes erkannt haben; und haben daher kein Bedenken getragen, uns glücklich zu preiſen, und den guten Scribenten vorzuziehen. Der Eine iſt ein Engländer, und beweiſet gar gründlich, daß das Denken nichts nütze, und derjenige, der ſich deſſelben ganz und gar enthält, nothwendig am beſten ſchreiben müſſe. Er ſpricht:

> Here some would scratch their Heads, and try
> What they should write, and How, and Why.
> But I conceive, such Folks are quite in
> Mistakes in Theory of Writing.
> If once for Principle 'tis laid
> That Thought is Trouble to the Head,
> I argue thus: The World agrees
> That He writes well, who writes with Ease.
> Then He, by Sequel logical,
> Writes best, who never thinks at all **).

> Der kratzt den Kopf, fängt Zweifels voll,
> Was, wie, warum er ſchreiben ſoll:
> Doch weiß ich ſelbſt aus ſeinem Fleiß,
> Daß er vom Schreiben wenig weiß.
> Denn hält man dieſen Satz bewährt,
> Daß Denken nur den Kopf beſchwert:
> So folgt auch: So geſteht die Welt,
> Der ſchreibt gut, dem's nicht mühſam fällt.
> Draus macht ſelbſt die Vernunft den Schluß,
> Daß der, ſo niemals denkt, am beſten ſchreiben muß.

Mich deucht, dieſer Beweis iſt unumſtößlich. Der andere iſt ein Franzoſe, und O bienheureux Ecrivains, rufet er aus, Mr. de Saumaise en Latin, et Mr. de Scuderi en François! J'admire vôtre facilité, et j'admire vôtre abondance. Vous pouvez écrire plus de Calepins, que moi d'Almanachs. Bienheureux, fährt er fort, les Ecrivains qui se contentent si facilement, qui ne travaillent que de la memoire et des doigts, qui sans choisir écrivent tout ce qu'ils savent ***). Iſt es nicht ewig Schade um die ehrlichen Männer, daß ſie, da ſie ſo viele Erleuchtung hatten, ſich nicht beſtrebet haben, uns gleich zu werden? Sie haben übel bei ſich gehandelt. Ich beklage ſie, als Zeugen der Wahrheit, ungemein hoch. Sollten ſie jetzt noch leben, da meine vortreffliche Schrift zum Vorſchein kommt: ſo würden ſie unſtreitig ganz umgekehret, und neue Menſchen werden.

Ich kehre wieder zu meinem Zweck, und ſage, daß wir, wenn wir ſchreiben wollen, die Prüfung unſerer Kräfte, mit welcher ſich unſere Feinde quälen, für eben ſo unnütz halten, als Vernunft und Nachdenken. Wir brauchen ſo vieler Umſtände nicht. Wir haben die beſondere Gabe von der Natur, daß wir ſchreiben können, was wir nicht gelernt haben, und von Sachen urtheilen können, die wir nicht verſtehen. Wir ſchreiben ganze Bücher von der Möglichkeit einer ewigen Welt, und handeln die ſchwerſten Fragen aus der Weltweisheit auf eine ganz eigene Weiſe ab, ob wir gleich nichts davon begreifen. Philippi kann unbeſehens von den Schriften urtheilen, die für und wider die Wolfiſche Philoſophie herausgekommen ſind. Sievers, der kaum ſeinen Catechismus weiß, iſt doch geſchickt, Andere zu lehren, was der ſeligmachende Glaube ſei, und Rodigaſt kann die ungeheuerſten Werke aus dem Lateiniſchen ins Deutſche überſetzen, ob er gleich weder Latein noch Deutſch verſtehet, und niemand, ja vielleicht er ſelbſt nicht, weiß, was er für eine Sprache redet. Hätte dieſes edle Kleeblatt elender Scribenten ſich lange beſinnen, und ſeine Kräfte unterſuchen wollen, ehe es die Feder anſetzte: ſo will ich wetten, wir würden noch nicht wiſſen, ob es in der Welt ſei. Allein wir elende Scribenten ſind ſo mißtrauiſch gegen uns ſelbſt nicht; weil wir wiſſen, daß uns, auch bei der größten Schwachheit, alles möglich iſt.

Dieſe vortreffliche Eigenſchaft erhebet uns unendlich über unſere Feinde. Ein guter Scribent muß ſeine beſten Jahre mit einem verdrießlichen Lernen verderben, weil er die abergläubige Einbildung hat, man könne ſonſt nicht ſchreiben. Wir hingegen fangen ganz frühe an zu ſchreiben, und warten nicht, bis die böſen Tage kommen und die Jahre herzutreten, da man ſagt: ſie gefallen mir nicht. Wir können gleich, ohne alle Vorbereitung, zum Werke ſchreiten; und ehe ein guter Scribent mit der Einſammlung der Sachen fertig iſt, die er zu ſeinem Zwecke nöthig achtet, haben wir uns zehnmal in Kupfer ſtechen laſſen, und den beſten Platz in den Buchläden eingenommen. Ein guter Scribent mag ſeine Zeit noch ſo wohl angewandt, und ſich zum Schreiben ſo geſchickt gemacht haben, als er immer will: ſo wird er doch allezeit geſtehen, daß einige Materien ihm zu hoch ſind, und ſelbſt von denen, die er verſtehet, nicht ohne vorhergegangene Ueberlegung und mit Furcht und Zittern ſchreiben. Uns iſt keine Materie zu hoch. Wir wiſſen alles, ob wir gleich nichts wiſſen. Wir ſchreiben drauf los und kehren uns an nichts. Und daher hat die Welt von uns die beſten Dienſte. Wir entdecken eine unſägliche Menge der gefährlichſten Irrthümer, die unſere Feinde gemeiniglich überſehen, und das in Schriften, die wir nicht geleſen haben, und die wir, wenn wir ſie leſen, kaum verſtehen. Wir ſind die eifrigſten Vertheidiger der Wahrheit und ein Schrecken der Ketzer. Wir entdecken ſie, wie ſehr ſie ſich auch verbergen; und ob wir gleich nicht wiſſen, was Ketzer und Ketzerei iſt, ſo kann uns doch keiner entwiſchen, weil wir, wie die Hunde, die das Capitolium bewachten, den ſicherſten Weg gehen *), und alles, was uns verdächtig vorkommt, anbellen. Unſere Feinde verdenken es uns, daß wir ſo oft einen unnützen Lärm erregen. Sie wollen, daß man mit Behutſamkeit und Verſtand eifere; aber eben dadurch verrathen ſie ihre Schwäche, und geben uns das Zeugniß, daß wir ohne Nachdenken und Verſtand eine der wichtigſten Pflichten eines Wahrheit und Ordnung liebenden Menſchen beobachten können, welches gewiß nichts geringes iſt.

Alles, was ich bisher geſagt habe, iſt unſtreitig und klar. Aber da mir die Hartnäckigkeit und Bosheit unſerer Feinde bekannt iſt, ſo ſehe ich vorher, daß ſie mit einem höhniſchen Gelächter ſagen werden: „Sie machen uns unſere Vortrefflichkeit nicht ſtreitig. Sie glauben gern, daß wir ohne Vernunft, ohne Nachdenken und ohne vorhergegangene Prüfung unſerer Kräfte ſchreiben könnten. Allein unſere Schriften würden denn auch darnach. Wir hätten wenig Ehre davon. Niemand wollte ſie kaufen, niemand läſe ſie, und wer ſie läſe, lachte darüber und ziſchte uns aus.“ Dieſer Einwurf kann Vielen erſchrecklich vorkommen, mir aber nicht. Denn ein elender Scribent kann auch gründliche Einwürfe mit Nachdruck widerlegen, und ſeinen Feinden zeigen, daß ſie Unrecht haben, wenn er ihnen gleich zugiebt, ſie hätten Recht. Ich ſehe dieſes als eine Kleinigkeit an, und will es eben nicht mit unter unſere Vortrefflichkeiten zählen. Ein billiger Leſer wird für ſich ſchon wiſſen, was er davon denken ſoll. Ich darf mich auch für dieſesmal ſo nicht angreifen; ſondern begnüge mich, unſern Feinden mit aller Beſcheidenheit zu ſagen, daß ihr Einwurf nichts bedeute, und alles, was ſie ſagen, grundfalſch ſei.

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*) Horatius de Arte poëtica.

**) Priors Poems, T. [illegible] p. 12.

***) Balzac Liv. 23. Lett. 12.

*) Cicero Orat. pro Sex. Roscio Amerino. Canes aluntur in Capitolio, ut significent, si fures venerint. At fures internoscere non possunt, significant tamen si qui noctu in Capitolium venerint, et quia id est suspiciosum, tametsi bestiae sunt, tamen in eam partem potius peccant, quae est cautior.

Wir ſind mit der Ehre, welche uns unſere Schriften bringen, wohl zufrieden. Sind wir nicht ſo glücklich, daß wir den Beifall der guten Scribenten erhalten: ſo müſſen wir uns damit tröſten, daß es allezeit noch ſo billige Gemüther giebt, die das verächtliche Urtheil, welches die guten Scribenten von unſern Schriften fällen, für verdächtig halten, weil es von unſern Feinden herrühret, und ſich dadurch nicht abſchrecken laſſen, unſere Schriften zu leſen. Unſere Schriften mögen alſo beſchaffen ſein, wie ſie wollen, ſo finden ſie doch allemal einen Verleger, Käufer und Leſer.

> Ils trouvent pourtant quoiqu'on en puisse dire
> Un Marchand pour les vendre, et des Sots pour les lire *).

Man frage nur die Buchhändler: Ob nicht die Poſtillen, Romane, Briefſteller, poetiſchen Handbücher und Trichter, Reimregiſter, Notariatkünſte, Complimentirbüchlein, der Eulenſpiegel und dergleichen ſchöne und nützliche Werke den beſten Abgang haben? Wie begierig ſind nicht Happel's und Menantes' Schriften gekauft worden? Und Uhſen's wohl-informirter Redner iſt wenigſtens neunmal aufgelegt. Hübner's Oratorie hat eben das Glück gehabt; und ich muß mich alſo wundern, wie unſere Feinde ſo unverſchämt ſein, und ſagen können, daß niemand unſere Schriften kaufen wolle, und das um ſo viel mehr, weil ſie ſelbſt am hitzigſten darauf ſind, und nicht allein unſere Schriften mit Luſt leſen, ſondern auch durch ihre ſinnreichen Spöttereien dieſelben bekannt, und andere, ſie zu ſehen, begierig machen. Wir haben alſo das Vergnügen, daß ſelbſt unſere Feinde unſern Namen herrlich machen müſſen. Sollten ſie ſich entſchließen, uns in Ruhe zu laſſen: ſo würde unſer Ruhm nicht halb ſo weit erſchallen.

Indeſſen würde es uns doch niemals an einer Menge Verehrer und Bewunderer gebrechen. Unſere Schriften ſind ſo beſchaffen, daß ſie dem Pöbel nothwendig gefallen müſſen, weil ſie nach ſeinem Begriffe eingerichtet ſind. Wir entfernen uns nicht um einen Finger breit von den gemeinen Vorurtheilen. Wir verſteigen uns nicht ſo hoch in unſern Betrachtungen, ſondern halten uns herunter zu dem Niedrigen. Dieſes macht unſere Werke dem größern Haufen verſtändlich, und erwirbt uns ſeinen Beifall. Die guten Scribenten ſind ſo glücklich nicht. Ihre Schriften ſind den meiſten zu hoch, weil ſie mit Vernunft gemacht ſind. Sie werden alſo von Wenigen geleſen, und von noch Wenigern gelobt, weil niemand leicht an Sachen, die er nicht verſteht, Geſchmack findet. Tantum quisque laudat quantum se posse sperat imitari **). Die guten Scribenten ſind naſeweiſe und wollen alle Welt meiſtern. Sie tadeln die gemeinen Thorheiten, und haben das Herz, die Wahrheit zu ſagen, die doch ſo bitter iſt. Dieſes ſetzt kein gut Geblüt zwiſchen ihnen und den meiſten ihrer Leſer, und bringt ihnen keinen andern Vortheil, als daß man ſie für eigenſinnige Grillenfänger hält, und auslacht.

> Hoc populus ridet multumque torosa juventus
> Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos ***).

Ja man ſiehet ſie für gefährliche, unruhige Köpfe an, und haſſet ſie. Die guten Scribenten ſind viel zu klug, als daß ſie dieſes nicht merken ſollten. Sie wiſſen es, und ſind ſich, wenn ſie ſich recht beſinnen, ſelbſt deshalb gram. Sie erkennen auch, daß aller Haß, den der größte Haufe gegen ſie, und die Verachtung, welche er gegen ihre Schriften blicken läßt, bloß daher rühret, weil ſie ihre Vernunft, wider die Gewohnheit des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, gar zu ſehr gebrauchen, und es iſt kein Zweifel, daß ſie insgeheim die Vernunft, als eine Quelle ihres Unglücks, oft verfluchen. Cicero wenigſtens hat gegen einen ſeiner beſten Freunde im Vertrauen aufrichtig geſtanden, daß er was darum geben wollte, wenn er der ſeinen mit Ehren los wäre. Fama, ſpricht er †), ingenii mihi est abjicienda; quod si possem, non recusarem. Aber dennoch ſind ſie viel zu halsſtarrig und hochmüthig, als daß ſie ihr Elend öffentlich bekennen ſollten.

Stellt man ihnen vor, wie groß die Menge derjenigen ſei, welche ſich an den Schriften elender Scribenten erquicken, und wie klein hingegen das Häuflein derer, welche die übrigen leſen, ſo ſprechen ſie: „Sie bekümmerten ſich um den Beifall des einfältigen und ungelehrten Pöbels wenig, und wären zufrieden, wenn auch nur ein oder zwei rechtſchaffene gelehrte Männer von ihrer Arbeit ein gutes Urtheil fällten. Wenn von der Güte einer Schrift die Frage ſei, komme es auf die Mehrheit der Stimmen nicht an, und ſei es eben ein gewiſſes Kennzeichen der Stümper, ſich auf den Beifall des gemeinen Volks und der Ungelehrten zu berufen.“

Es iſt ein Glück für die guten Scribenten, daß ſie ſich ſelbſt ſo artig zu tröſten wiſſen; aber ich befürchte, dieſe Troſtgründe werden zur Zeit der Anfechtung den Stich nicht halten, denn ſie ſind von Herzen ſchwach. Ich will nicht ſagen, daß es ziemlich liederlich herauskömmt, wenn die guten Scribenten ſprechen, ſie bekümmerten ſich wenig darum, was die Leute von ihnen urtheilten: ehrliebende Gemüther ſind ganz anders geſinnet, und ſuchen ſo viel möglich auch den geringſten zu gefallen; ſondern ich will nur anmerken, daß es ein unerträglicher Stolz ſei, den Beifall des Pöbels ſo geringe zu achten, und diejenigen für Stümper zu ſchelten, die ſich groß damit wiſſen. Die guten Scribenten ſtehen unſtreitig in dem Wahn, als wenn die ungelehrten ganz und gar ungeſchickt ſind, von ihren herrlichen Schriften zu urtheilen; aber ſie könnten leicht inne werden, wie irrig dieſe Einbildung ſei, wenn ſie nur belieben wollten, zu bedenken, daß insgemein dafür gehalten wird, ein Frauenzimmer könne nicht ſo gut von der Schönheit eines andern Frauenzimmers urtheilen, als eine Mannsperſon. Die Urſache iſt: weil ein jedes ſich für das ſchönſte hält, und andere neben ſich verachtet. Die Gelehrten gleichen in dieſem Fall den Weibern vollkommen, und es iſt kein einziger, wie elend es auch um ihn beſtellet iſt, der ſich nicht in ſeinem Herzen klüger dünken ſollte, als alle ſeine Brüder. Es muß alſo nothwendig Haß und Neid, zwo Leidenſchaften, die vor andern einem unpartheiiſchen Urtheile entgegen ſind, unter den Gelehrten herrſchen. Die Ungelehrten ſind von dieſen Affecten frei, und urtheilen folglich unpartheiiſch von den Schriften, die ihnen vorkommen. Sollte denn ihr Urtheil nicht höher zu ſchätzen ſein, als das Urtheil einiger neidiſchen Gelehrten, die nichts als ihre eigene Arbeit hochhalten, und natürlicher Weiſe alles, was ſie nicht gemacht haben, tadeln müſſen? Mich dünkt, wer ſich dem Ausſpruche ſo unpartheiiſcher Richter nicht unterwerfen will, der läßt ein ſchlechtes Vertrauen zu ſeiner Sache von ſich blicken, und muß kein gut Gewiſſen haben.

Dieſer Verdacht wird alſo nicht gehoben, wenn gleich die guten Scribenten ſprechen wollten: die Ungelehrten verſtänden die Schriften der Gelehrten nicht, und könnten alſo nicht davon urtheilen. Denn dieſe Ausflucht würde ſich auf nichts gründen, als auf den lächerlichen Wahn, daß man allemal die Sache, von der man urtheilet, verſtehen müſſe. Ich bilde mir ein, daß ich dieſe Grille ſchon überflüſſig widerleget habe. Wir elenden Scribenten urtheilen von vielen Sachen, die wir nicht verſtehen: der Pöbel kann die Kunſt auch; und ſind die guten Scribenten ſo geſchickt nicht, ſo iſt es ein Unglück für ſie. Aber ſie werden ſo gut ſein, und von der Fähigkeit Anderer nicht nach ihrer eigenen urtheilen. Ich ſollte nicht meinen, daß die guten Scribenten mir einwerfen werden: ſie wüßten wohl, daß es Leute gäbe, die vermögen genug wären, von Sachen zu urtheilen, die ſie nicht verſtehen; allein es müßte ſo nicht ſein. Denn dieſes wäre ein verzweifelter Satz, wodurch die Gelehrten mit den geringſten und verächtlichſten Handwerksleuten in eine Claſſe würden geſetzet werden. Bei dieſen muß niemand, als die Aelteſten einer Zunft von der Arbeit eines jungen Meiſters urtheilen. Die Gelehrten wiſſen von einer ſolchen Verfaſſung nichts, und es wäre ihnen auch in der That ſchimpflich, wenn ſie ſich Leuten gleich ſtellen wollten, die in ihren Augen ſo verächtlich ſind.

Da nun ein jeder, er mag es verſtehen oder nicht, von den Schriften der Gelehrten zu urtheilen, nicht nur geſchickt, ſondern auch befugt iſt: ſo möchte ich wohl wiſſen, was uns hindern ſollte, auf den Beifall des größten Haufens zu trotzen? und ob es nicht ein lächerlicher Hochmuth ſei, daß unſere Feinde ſich ſo wenig darum bekümmern? Dieſe Leute müſſen ganz beſondere Creaturen ſein. Es iſt keiner außer ſie zu finden, der nicht wünſchen ſollte, von den meiſten gelobt zu werden.

> . . . . An erit, qui velle recuset
> Os populi meruisse? . . . . *)

Dem unvergleichlichen Redner Demoſthenes, den unſere Feinde ſo hoch halten, that es gewiß ganz ſanfte, als eine geringe Frau zu Athen ihrer Freundin, doch ſo, daß er es hörte, ins Ohr ſagte: Das iſt der Demoſthenes **). Und mein Freund Sievers würde längſt vor Kummer, wie ein Schatten, vergangen ſein, wenn nicht das Lob der alten Weiber und das gütige Urtheil der Karrenſchieber, Laſtträger und anderer ehrlichen Männer, Pöbelvolks ihn in ſeinem ſchweren Leiden aufrichtete, und ſeine Gebeine fett machte. Er hat Urſache, ſich groß damit zu wiſſen, und ſich deshalb einzubilden, er ſei ein ſtattlicher Scribent, und die es anders ſagen, boshafte Läſterer: denn wer wollte ſo vielen ehrlichen und unpartheiiſchen Perſonen beiderlei Geſchlechts nicht glauben?

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*) Boileau, Sat. 2.
**) Cicero in Oratore.
***) Persius, Sat. 2.
†) Lib. IX. Epist. ad Atticum Ep. 16.

*) Persius, Sat. 1.
**) Cicero Tuscul. Quaest. Lib. V. Demosthenem . . . . Ille vero delectari se dicebat aquam ferentis mulierculae, ut mos in Graecia est, insusurrantisque alteri: Hic est ille Demosthenes.

. . egregium cum me vicinia dicat
Non credam? . . . . *)

Und muß man alſo nicht über die Frechheit unſerer Feinde erſtaunen, die ſich nicht ſcheuen, der uns bewundernden Menge ins Angeſicht zu widerſprechen, und, ob ſie gleich überſtimmet ſind, dennoch von der übeln Meinung, welche ſie von uns hegen, nichts fallen laſſen wollen?

Daß ſie ſprechen: die Mehrheit der Stimmen gelte in dieſem Falle nicht, kann gewiß ihr Verfahren nicht rechtfertigen. So reden die Ketzer auch, und haben doch Unrecht, weil ſie Ketzer, das iſt, überſtimmet ſind. Unſere Feinde müſſen gewiß auch nicht reiner Lehre ſein; denn wie wäre es ſonſt möglich, daß ſie auf ſo gottloſe Gedanken verfielen? Wenn die Frage von der Güte einer Schrift, oder von der Wahrheit eines Satzes iſt, ſo hat die Mehrheit der Stimmen keine Statt; ſagen ſie: Heißet dieſes aber nicht offenbar der Kirche Chriſti, die es zu allen Zeiten, in weit wichtigern Fällen, auf die Mehrheit der Stimmen hat ankommen laſſen, eine entſetzliche Thorheit und Ungerechtigkeit vorwerfen? Es iſt ein Glück für uns, daß die heiligen Kirchenväter klüger geweſen ſind. Hätten unſere Feinde vor 13 oder 1400 Jahren gelebt, und etwas zu ſagen gehabt, ſo wäre kein einziges Concilium gehalten worden, und die Ketzer würden freie Hände gehabt haben, den Weinberg der chriſtlichen Kirche nach Belieben zu verwüſten.

Ich erſchrecke, wenn ich daran gedenke, und bitte unſere Widerſacher, in ſich zu gehen, und einmal zu erwägen, wohin ihr Haß gegen uns ſie verleite. Sie ſehen wohl, daß ſie, ſo lange ſie vernünftig ſchreiben, den Beifall des größten Haufens nicht erlangen können. Sie machen es alſo wie der Fuchs in der Fabel, und verachten das, was ihnen nicht werden kann. Sie ſtoßen im Unmuth Worte heraus, die erſchrecklich ſind, und machen dadurch ihren Geruch bei den Unpartheiiſchen, welche ſie gar verächtlich den Pöbel nennen, noch ſtinkender. Ich bedaure ſie desfalls, ob ich gleich wohl weiß, daß ſie über mein Mitleiden nur lachen werden; denn ich bin verſichert, es werde ſie einmal gereuen, daß ſie die Ehrerbietung, welche ſie dem größten Haufen ſchuldig ſind, aus den Augen geſetzt haben. Sie werden gewiß die Läſterworte, die ſie wider den Pöbel reden, um ſo viel ſchwerer zu verantworten haben, je beſſer ſie wiſſen, daß die Stimme des Volks ſo viel gelte, als die Stimme Gottes. Vox populi, vox Dei. Und überdem müſſen ſie ſich nicht einbilden, daß die Menge, die uns und unſern Schriften hold iſt, aus lauter elenden, geringen und nichtswürdigen Leuten beſtehe. Sie können glauben, daß ſich viele vornehme und angeſehene Männer aus allen Ständen darunter befinden. Denn Gott giebt denen, welche er in ſeinem Zorn groß machet, nicht allemal mit der Würde ſo viel Verſtand, als man nöthig hat, wenn man an guten Schriften ein Vergnügen finden will, und man hat ſchon lange angemerket, daß diejenigen, welche die wichtigſten Aemter verwalten, und die größten Ehrenſtellen bekleiden, wie viel ſie auch ſonſt auf ſich halten, doch gemeiniglich ſo beſcheiden geweſen ſind, daß ſie ſich in ihren Urtheilen wenig oder gar nicht von dem Pöbel entfernet, ſondern ſich zu allen Zeiten nicht ſo ſehr durch den guten Geſchmack, als durch die Kleidung von demſelben zu unterſcheiden geſuchet haben. Mirari quidem non debes, ſagt Seneca **), corrupta excipi, non tantum a corona sordidiore, sed ab hac turba quoque cultiore: Togis enim inter se isti, non judiciis distant.

Es iſt alſo eine unverantwortliche Grobheit, daß unſere Feinde von dem Pöbel ſo verächtlich reden, unter welchem ſich doch Leute befinden, denen ſie alle Ehrerbietung ſchuldig, und die im Stande ſind, die Verachtung, welche man gegen ihr Urtheil bezeigt, mit Nachdruck zu rächen. Ich wünſche nicht, daß die guten Scribenten dieſes jemals erfahren mögen: aber es ſollte mir eine Freude ſein, wenn dieſe Herren durch meine gegründeten Vorſtellungen endlich einmal begriffen, daß unſere Schriften den meiſten gefallen; daß der Beifall des größten Haufens nicht zu verachten ſei; daß derjenige, der ſich darauf beruft, kein Stümper iſt; daß wir elenden Scribenten mit Recht darauf trotzen, und daß uns dieſer Beifall des Pöbels einen großen Vorzug vor unſern Feinden giebt, und unſere Vortrefflichkeit eben ſo unſtreitig macht, als der Ausſpruch des Orakels die Weisheit des Sokrates.

Ich habe dieſes handgreiflich erwieſen: allein was wird's helfen? So lange unſere Feinde noch ſehen, daß viele elende Scribenten in der äußerſten Verachtung leben, und ihre Schriften entweder gar nicht abgehen, oder nur von Leuten gekauft werden, die darüber lachen und ſpotten, werden ſie immer dabei bleiben, daß eine Schrift, die ohne Vernunft gemacht iſt, ihrem Urheber wenig Ehre bringe. Nun könnte ich zwar dieſes mit eben dem Fug leugnen, als meine Brüder leugnen, daß ſie elende Scribenten ſind: allein ich mache mir ein Gewiſſen, dem Augenſcheine zu widerſprechen. Es iſt leider! mehr als zu wahr, daß viele meiner Brüder von aller Mühe, die ſie auf ihre Schriften wenden, nicht ſo viel haben, daß auch nur ein einziger ihre Arbeit lobe. Es iſt unſtreitig, daß eine gute Anzahl elender Schriften nimmer des Tages Licht ſiehet, und von den Motten verzehret wird. Viele brauchen die Buchhändler zu Maculatur, und einige haben gar das Unglück, daß ſie, wenn ſie kaum aus der Preſſe kommen, nach dem Gewürzladen geſchickt werden.

. . . in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis *).

Aber dieſes widrige Schickſal elender Schriften, an welchem ſich unſere Feinde ärgern, kann unmöglich das, was ich von den Vorzügen und von der Vortrefflichkeit der elenden Scribenten geſchrieben habe, umſtoßen und unwahr machen. Keine Regel iſt ohne Ausnahme; und wenn ich ſage, daß alles, was unvernünftig iſt, dem Pöbel am beſten gefalle: ſo begehre ich nicht zu leugnen, daß nicht bisweilen eine unvernünftige Schrift von dem größten Haufen anders als es billig ſein ſollte, aufgenommen werde. Ich weiß wohl, was ſolchen Schriften öfters zu begegnen pflegt; aber alles, was ihnen begegnet, ſind Unglücksfälle, nach welchen man, ohne Unbilligkeit, von ihrem innerlichen Werthe nicht urtheilen kann, und worüber die guten Scribenten ſich um ſo viel weniger zu kitzeln Urſache haben, je gewiſſer es iſt, daß ihre Schriften denſelben eben ſowohl unterworfen ſind, als die unſern. Es iſt noch eine große Frage: ob mehr ſchlechte als gute Schriften verloren gegangen? Und mißbraucht man unſere Blätter zu Pfefferteuten, ſo hat man wohl eher in die Schriften des Livius Käſe gewickelt.

Geſetzt aber, es widerführe dieſes Unglück unſern Schriften nur allein. Geſetzt, es fiele dadurch alles, was ich von dem Vorzuge, den die elenden Scribenten in Anſehung der Anzahl ihrer Bewunderern vor den guten haben, bishero geſchrieben, gänzlich über'n Haufen: ſo würde doch dadurch der weſentlichen Vortrefflichkeit meiner Brüder nicht das Geringſte abgehen, weil dieſelbe ſich nicht auf die Gedanken, die Andere von uns haben, ſondern auf unſere eigene Empfindung, und auf die gute Meinung, welche wir von uns ſelbſt hegen, gründet. Unſere Feinde betrügen ſich, wenn ſie meinen, daß ich unſere Vortrefflichkeit in dem Beifalle des größten Haufens ſuche.

Was ich davon geſchrieben habe, das hat keinen andern Zweck, als ſie zu überführen, daß der Mangel der Vernunft uns nicht ſo verächtlich mache, als ſie ſich einbilden; ſondern uns vielmehr die Hochachtung des uns gleichgeſinnten Pöbels, und folglich der meiſten Menſchen erwerbe. Aber glauben ſie denn, daß wir ohne dieſe Hochachtung nicht glücklich ſein können? Ich geſtehe, es iſt eine angenehme Sache, von Vielen gelobt zu werden; allein mich dünkt, wir würden doch wohl bleiben, wer wir ſind, wenn wir gleich von aller Welt ausgeziſchet, und unſere Schriften von niemand geleſen, oder von allen, die ſie leſen, getadelt würden. Der Mangel der Vernunft, der uns das Schreiben ſo leicht und unſere Schriften dem Pöbel ſo angenehm macht, würde uns auch in dem Fall Dienſte thun, wenn der Pöbel ſich zu unſern Feinden ſchlüge, und wir würden in unſerm Unglücke größer ſein, als bei glücklichen Tagen.

Unſern Feinden kann dieſes nicht unglaublich vorkommen: denn ſie kennen unſere Großmuth, unſere Geduld, unſere Gelaſſenheit. Wir haben ihnen ſeit der Zeit, daß ſie uns geängſtiget haben, ſo viele ausnehmende Proben davon gegeben, daß ſie darüber erſtaunet ſind. Was würden ſie alſo nicht ſagen, wenn ſie ſehen ſollten, wie wenig wir uns daraus machen würden, wenn gleich alle, die uns ſonſt noch hochgehalten, mit ihnen auf uns losſtürmten? Sie hielten es nicht aus, wenn ihnen dergleichen begegnete, das weiß ich wohl; aber ich kann verſichern, daß wir dieſes Unglück, wie groß es auch ſein mag, nicht einmal empfinden würden.

Wie wenig Verſtand wir auch haben, ſo begreifen wir doch, daß es närriſch ſei, ſeine Glückſeligkeit in Dingen zu ſuchen, die außer uns ſind. Unſer Wahlſpruch iſt:

. . . . ne te quaesiveris extra **).

Und die Natur, die wohl vorhergeſehen hat, daß wir wegen unſerer Schriften viele Anfechtungen haben würden, hat uns dergeſtalt wider die Anläufe unſerer Feinde gewaffnet, daß alle Pfeile der Spötter, wie ſpitzig und ſcharf ſie auch ſind, uns nicht die geringſte ſchmerzhafte Empfindung verurſachen können. Eine innerliche Empfindung unſerer Vollkommenheiten erſetzet den Mangel eines fremden Lobes, mit welchem ſich unſere Feinde ſo groß wiſſen, und tröſtet uns kräftiglich, wenn man unſerer ſpottet.

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*) Persius, Sat. 1.
**) Epist. CXIV.

*) Horatius Lib. II. Ep. 1.
**) Persius Sat. 1.

Ridentur, mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro
Si taceas, laudant, quicquid scripsere, beati *).

Unſere Schriften führen alſo, wie die Tugend, ihre Belohnung mit ſich, und wir haben nicht nöthig, den Lohn unſerer Arbeit von Andern zu erwarten. Ein gewiſſer Lehrer der römiſchen Kirche hat hierüber gar artige Gedanken. Er meint, Gott bezeige ſich eben ſo gnädig und gerecht gegen uns, als gegen die Fröſche. Denn wie er dieſen die Gnade gebe, daß ſie ſich ſelbſt an ihrem eben nicht gar angenehmen Geſang beluſtigten: ſo habe er es in Anſehung unſerer ſo weislich gefüget, daß wir, da niemand unſere Verdienſte erkennen will, eine ungemeine Zufriedenheit mit uns ſelbſt hätten. Selon la justice, ſpricht er, tout travail honnête doit être recompensé de louange ou de satisfaction. Quand les bons Esprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils sont recompensés par les applaudissemens du Public. Quand un pauvre Esprit travaille beaucoup pour faire un mauvais ouvrage, il n'est pas juste ni raisonnable qu'il attende, des louanges publique; car elles ne lui sont pas dûës: Mais à fin que ses traveaux ne demeurent pas sans recompense, Dieu lui donne une satisfaction personelle, que personne ne lui peut envier sans une injustice plus que barbare. Tout ainsi que Dieu qui est juste, donne de la satisfaction aux Grenouilles de leur chant: autrement le blâme public, joint à leur mécontentement, seroit suffisant pour les reduire au desespoire **).

Leute, für die der Himmel ſo ſonderlich geſorget hat, können ſich leicht über die Verachtung, welche die böſe Welt gegen ſie bezeiget, zufrieden geben, und unſere Feinde können daher, wofern es ihnen beliebet, leicht die Urſache ergründen, warum ihre Spöttereien, durch welche ſie uns wehe thun wollen, ſo fruchtlos ſind. Unſere Zufriedenheit mit uns ſelbſt macht ihre boshafte Bemühung vergeblich; und ich werde alſo nicht zu viel ſagen, wenn ich behaupte, daß dieſelbe die größeſte unſerer Vortrefflichkeiten, und der Grund unſerer Glückſeligkeit ſei.

So lange wir mit uns ſelbſt zufrieden ſind, und an unſerer Arbeit ein Vergnügen finden, wird alles, was unſere Feinde gegen uns vornehmen, viel zu wenig ſein, uns unglücklich zu machen, und unſere Gemüthsruhe zu ſtören. Cicero nennet die Anhänger des Epicurus glücklich, und giebt keine andere Urſache davon, als weil ſie ſich es einbildeten. Sunt enim, ſpricht er ***), et boni viri, et, quoniam sibi ita videntur, beati. Da wir nun eben dieſe Einbildung haben, ſo möchte ich den ſehen, der uns den geringſten Verdruß erwecken könnte. Ein elender Scribent iſt weit über die Läſterungen und Spöttereien ſeiner Neider erhaben.

Celsior exsurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitrua calcat †).

Man ſtelle ihm ſeine Einfalt, ſeine Unwiſſenheit, ſeine Thorheit und Ungeſchicklichkeit ſo deutlich und lebhaft vor, als man immer will: er wird doch dabei bleiben, daß die Natur an ihm ihr Meiſterſtück bewieſen habe, und ſich an ſeinen Schriften, die Andere ohne Ekel nicht leſen können, auf ſeine eigene Hand beluſtigen.

Ich ſehe nicht, was wider einen ſolchen Menſchen auszurichten iſt? Er iſt unüberwindlich, und die guten Scribenten thun thöricht, daß ſie ſich bemühen, ihn auf andere Gedanken zu bringen. Die Klagen, welche die guten Scribenten über unſere Hartnäckigkeit führen, zeigen deutlich, daß ſie die Eitelkeit ihres Beginnens ſelbſt erkennen. Sie müſſen alſo auch wider ihren Willen geſtehen, daß Leute, die ſo ſehr von ſich eingenommen ſind, daß man ihnen auf keinerlei Weiſe die ſüße Einbildung von ihrer Vortrefflichkeit, und die daher fließende Zufriedenheit mit ihrem Zuſtande rauben kann, die allerglückſeligſten Creaturen ſind. Iſt es nun nicht, wie der Pater Garaſſe ſagt, barbariſch gehandelt, wenn man ſeinem Nebenchriſten ſein Glück nicht gönnet? Dieſes heißt die Bosheit aufs höchſte treiben; und unſere Feinde ſollten ſich alſo ſchämen, von uns zu verlangen, daß wir die Vernunft gebrauchen ſollen. Es iſt dieſes ein Anſinnen, ſo nicht höflicher und chriſtlicher herauskommt, als wenn ich einen erſuchen wollte, er möchte doch ſo gut ſein und ſich von einem Felſen herabſtürzen; und könnten unſere Feinde uns zu der Thorheit verleiten, ſo wäre es um uns geſchehen, und würden wir hinfort keine fröhliche Stunde haben.

Denn mit dem Gebrauche der Vernunft kann die Zufriedenheit, die uns ſo glücklich macht, und uns vor unſern Feinden einen ſo großen Vorzug giebt, unmöglich beſtehen. Sobald wir der Vernunft zu viel Willen laſſen, nimmt ſie ſich Freiheiten heraus, die unerträglich ſind. Sie hat die böſe Gewohnheit, daß ſie Allen, die ihr zu viel Gehör geben, den vermaledeiten Rath giebt, ſie ſollten ſuchen, ſich ſelbſt kennen zu lernen. Das wäre uns elenden Scribenten eben recht. Der Mangel der Selbſterkenntniß iſt der einzige Grund unſerer Zufriedenheit; und wir müßten alſo weit närriſcher ſein, als unſere Feinde glauben, wenn wir nicht mit aller Macht unſere Vernunft, die ſo verführeriſch iſt, im Zaum hielten.

Wenn meine drei Freunde Sievers, Philippi und Rodigaſt ſich ſelbſt kenneten, ſo wären ſie längſt in Verzweiflung gerathen, und hätten ſich vielleicht ſchon ſelbſt Leid angethan. Aber ſo leben ſie noch, und ſind luſtig und guter Dinge. Ihre Feinde wundern ſich darüber, aus keiner andern Urſache, als weil ſie die Vortrefflichkeiten und Vorzüge der elenden Scribenten nicht gebührend einſehen. Hätten ſie aber die Alten geleſen, ſo würde ihnen die Unempfindlichkeit und Zufriedenheit, welche die erwähnten drei Männer mitten in ihrem Unglücke, eben wie Sadrach, Meſach und Abed Nego in dem feurigen Ofen von ſich blicken laſſen, nicht die geringſte Verwunderung verurſachen.

Plinius *) hat ſchon lange angemerket, daß die Eſel keine Läuſe haben; und wem es gegeben iſt, den heimlichen Sinn dieſer nach dem Buchſtaben ungegründeten Anmerkung zu faſſen, der ſiehet wohl, daß Plinius nichts anders ſagen wolle, als daß ein elender Scribent von ſeinen Mängeln nicht die geringſte Empfindlichkeit habe. Ich halte für unnöthig, die Gründlichkeit meiner myſtiſchen Auslegung weitläuftig zu beweiſen. Es iſt gar zu bekannt, daß es eine alte Gewohnheit iſt, von den elenden Scribenten unter dem Bilde eines Eſels zu reden, und da jedermann weiß, daß die Erkenntniß unſerer Vergehungen mit einem Worte das Gewiſſen genennet wird, das Gewiſſen aber in dem Ruf iſt, daß es beiße: ſo iſt leicht zu begreifen, was zwiſchen demſelben und einer Laus für eine Aehnlichkeit ſei. Ich halte mich dabei nicht auf, ſondern bitte nur meine Leſer, mit mir zu erwägen, was die vortreffliche Eigenſchaft, die wir, wie Plinius zeiget und die Erfahrung lehret, beſitzen, für Vortheile mit ſich führet.

Die Erkenntniß der Fehler gebiert Reue. Die Reue iſt nichts anders, als eine Art von Traurigkeit, und folglich ein verdrießlicher Affect. Sie kann ohne Zerknirſchung und ohne einen Abſcheu vor uns ſelbſt nicht begriffen werden. Sie macht alſo einen Menſchen mißvergnügt mit ſeinem Zuſtande; und wer mit ſeinem Zuſtande nicht zufrieden iſt, kann nimmer glücklich ſein. Unſere Feinde empfinden mit ihrem Schaden, daß das, was ich hier ſchreibe, die Wahrheit iſt. Je mehr Verſtand ſie haben, je tiefer ſehen ſie ihre Fehler ein, und dieſe verdrießliche Einſicht macht ihnen das Leben rechtſchaffen ſauer. Ich darf ihnen nicht vorſtellen, mit wie vielen Schmerzen ſie ihre geiſtigen Kinder empfangen und zur Welt bringen. Sie wiſſen es beſſer, als ich es ihnen ſagen kann; ſie leugnen es auch nicht. Und wenn denn endlich ein guter Scribent von ſeiner gelehrten Bürde nach einer ſchweren Geburt entbunden wird, ſo iſt er nicht einmal ſo glücklich, als die Affen, die ihre Jungen, ihrer Häßlichkeit ungeachtet, zärtlich lieben, ſondern er entdeckt an den Kindern ſeines Verſtandes, wie ſchön ſie auch ſind, ſo viele Gebrechen, daß er ſie kaum vor Augen ſehen mag.

Et toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire
Il plaît à tout le monde, et ne sauroit se plaire **).

Ein elender Scribent hingegen empfängt mit Luſt, gebiert ohne Schmerzen, und erdrückt ſeine Jungen faſt vor Liebe, nicht anders als die Affen. Man lache über dieſe Aufführung, ſo viel man will: ſo wird man doch nicht in Abrede ſein können, daß ein elender Scribent weit glücklicher ſei, als ein guter. Es iſt nicht nöthig, daß ich mir die Mühe gebe, dieſes durch viele Gründe darzuthun. Unſere Feinde ſind ſo billig, daß ſie es ſelbſt erkennen. Boileau beneidet den Pelletier:

J'envie en écrivant le sort de Pelletier ***).

Und Horaz ſagt ausdrücklich, er möchte lieber ein elender Scribent ſein, und ſeine Fehler nicht erkennen, als einer der beſten, und dabei mißvergnügt mit ſich ſelbſt ſein:

Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant:
Quam sapere, et ringi . . . †)

Was brauchen wir weiter Zeugniß? Unſere Feinde ſelbſt machen uns unſere Vortrefflichkeit und Glückſeligkeit nicht ſtreitig. Aber dennoch ſind dieſe mit ſo beſonderer Klugheit begabten Creaturen ſo verblendet und ſo übel berathen, daß ſie die Selbſterkenntniß für nöthig halten. Meine Leſer mögen urtheilen, ob ein ſo widerſinniges Betragen mit der tiefen und abergläubigen Ehrerbietung, welche die guten Scribenten gegen die Vernunft hegen, beſtehen könne?

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*) Horat. Lib. II. Ep. 2.
**) Le P. François Garasse, Somme Theolog. Liv. II p. 419.
***) De Oratore. Lib. III.
†) Claudianus de Mall. Theodor. Consul. v. 206.

*) Hist. Nat. Lib. XI. c. 33
**) Boileau Sat. II.
***) Boileau l. c.
†) Horatius Lib. II. Ep. 2.

Ich weiß wohl, es mangelt den guten Scribenten nimmer an Ausflüchten. Sie werden ſprechen: obgleich die Erkenntniß ihrer Fehler im Anfange verdrießlich wäre, ſo habe ſie doch eine gute Wirkung, und treibe ſie an, die erkannten Fehler auszubeſſern, und nach der Vollkommenheit zu trachten, die ein ſo unausſprechliches Vergnügen mit ſich führe, daß dadurch einem Scribenten die auf die Ausbeſſerung ſeiner Fehler gewandte Mühe mehr als doppelt belohnet würde. Aber alles dieſes heißt nichts geſagt.

Ein Scribent iſt ein Menſch, und muß alſo Fehler haben. Wer ſich darüber nicht zufrieden geben kann, dem weiß ich keinen beſſern Rath, als daß er ſeine Menſchheit ablegt, und ſich entweder um eine Stelle unter den Seraphinen bewerbe, oder gar vergöttern laſſe. In dieſer Sterblichkeit nach einer Vollkommenheit trachten, iſt lächerlich und vergebens. Und wenn es denn ja möglich wäre, dieſe eingebildete Vollkommenheit zu erlangen: ſo weiß ich doch nicht, ob es der Mühe werth ſein würde, desfalls ſeiner Natur Gewalt anzuthun, und ſich mit einer verdrießlichen Ausbeſſerung einiger, der Menſchheit ſo weſentlichen Fehler zu quälen? und ob man nicht auf eine gemächlichere Art derjenigen Vortheile theilhaftig werden könne, welche ſich unſere Feinde von der Vollkommenheit oder gänzlichen Befreiung von allen Mängeln verſprechen?

Wofern ich nicht irre, ſo beſtehet aller Vortheil, den die Vollkommenheit geben kann, in dem unausſprechlichen Vergnügen, deſſen ein Menſch, der ſich keiner Fehler bewußt iſt, nothwendig genießen muß. Wir elenden Scribenten ſind uns nun unſerer Fehler nicht bewußt, weil wir ſie nicht erkennen, und beſitzen alſo wirklich diejenige Glückſeligkeit, nach welcher unſere Feinde mit ſo vieler Mühe ringen. Iſt dieſes nicht gemächlich? und kann man ſich wohl des Lachens enthalten, wenn man ſieht, wie wunderlich ſich die guten Scribenten geberden? Sie kommen mir wahrlich nichts anders vor, als der König Pyrrhus, der ſich einbildete, er könne ſich mit ſeinen Freunden nicht recht luſtig machen, wenn er nicht vorher Italien, Sicilien, Carthago, und ich weiß nicht was für Länder mehr bezwungen hätte. Man ſtellte ihm vor, er dürfe desfalls nicht einen Fuß aus ſeinem Königreiche ſetzen; und wenn unſere Feinde nur einmal bedenken wollten, wie vergnügt wir unſer Leben zubringen, ohne unſere Fehler zu erkennen: ſo würden ſie leicht begreifen, daß die Mühe, welche ſie ſich geben, um zu einem Glücke zu gelangen, das in ihren Händen ſtehet, höchſt unnütz ſei. Ich ſage wenig: denn wenn man ihre Aufführung recht anſieht, ſo iſt ſie im höchſten Grade lächerlich.

Sie ſuchen durch die Erkenntniß ihrer Fehler glücklich zu werden: da doch die Glückſeligkeit darin beſtehet, daß man ſich keiner Fehler bewußt iſt. Kann man wohl wunderlicher zu Werke gehen? Sprechen ſie: ſie blieben bei der Erkenntniß ihrer Fehler nicht ſtehen, ſondern bemüheten ſich, durch die Ablegung derſelben, die Vollkommenheit zu erreichen, die allein einen Scribenten vergnügt machen kann: ſo antworte ich: daß es unmöglich ſei, auf ſolche Art vergnügt und glücklich zu werden. Ich berufe mich desfalls auf die Erfahrung. Wäre es möglich: ſo müßte die Zufriedenheit eines Scribenten, der es in der Ausbeſſerung ſeiner Fehler weit gebracht, und der Vollkommenheit ſehr nahe gekommen iſt, größer ſein, als eines andern, der es nicht ſo hoch gebracht, und weiter von der Vollkommenheit entfernt iſt. Aber ſo ſehen wir täglich das Gegentheil. Montaigne *) ſagt: es gehe den Gelehrten wie den Aehren, die ſo lange aufrecht ſtehen und ſich brüſten, als ſie leer ſind; ſo bald ſie aber von Körnern ſchwer werden, das Haupt ſinken laſſen; und er hat Recht. Ein unvollkommener Scribent iſt bei allen ſeinen Fehlern vergnügt, und mit ſich ſelbſt zufrieden. Je näher hingegen ein Scribent der Vollkommenheit kommt, je mehr Fehler entdeckt er an ſich; je leckerer, je verdrießlicher, je mißvergnügter mit ſich ſelbſt wird er. Die Urſache iſt dieſe: Weil die Vollkommenheit, nach welcher die guten Scribenten ſtreben, eine leere Einbildung, und ein ſüßer Traum hochmüthiger Leute iſt. Die beſcheidenſten unſerer Feinde ſtimmen hierin mit mir überein. Sie bekennen, daß alle ihre Arbeit, ihr Wachen, ihr Leſen, ihr Nachdenken ihnen keinen andern Vortheil gebracht hat, als daß ſie ihre Schwachheit erkennen und begreifen gelernet haben, daß unſer Wiſſen Stückwerk ſei. Wie dieſe verdrießliche Entdeckung geſchickt ſei, einen Menſchen vergnügt zu machen, das begreife ich nicht. Ich halte vielmehr dafür, daß, natürlicher Weiſe, die Verzweifelung ihr auf dem Fuße folgen müſſe, und ein guter Scribent, wann er ſich lange gequälet hat, ſtatt der Zufriedenheit, die er ſuchet, nichts, als einen ewigen Abſcheu für ſich ſelbſt, zur Belohnung ſeiner Mühe, erlangen könne.

Wie eine ſchöne Gelegenheit hätte ich hier nicht, unſere Feinde auszuhöhnen und lächerlich zu machen? Ich könnte über ihre eingebildete Weisheit ſpotten, und ihnen deutlich zeigen, daß ſie nichts weniger, als weiſe, ſind. Denn die vornehmſte Eigenſchaft eines weiſen Mannes iſt die Zufriedenheit mit ſich ſelbſt. Nisi sapienti sua non placent, ſagt Seneca *), omnis stultitia laborat fastidio sui. Dieſe Vorrückung ihrer Thorheit würde ihrem Hochmuth ſehr empfindlich ſein. Allein ich will ihr Unglück nicht größer machen; ſie ſind ohnedem doch genug betrübet. Ich bin zufrieden, wenn nur meine Leſer erkennen, daß unſere Feinde, die guten Scribenten, ſehr unvernünftig handeln, wann ſie uns den Mangel der Vernunft zur Sünde deuten, der doch die Quelle unſerer Vortrefflichkeiten iſt, und in uns eine Zufriedenheit wirket, zu welcher außer uns wenig Menſchen in dieſem Jammerthal zu gelangen das Glück haben.

Ich bilde mir ein, dieſes mit ſtattlichen Gründen überflüſſig erwieſen zu haben, und ſchreite dahero zu dem andern Hauptfehler elender Schriften, der, wie unſere Feinde meinen, in dem Mangel der Ordnung beſtehen ſoll. Da es mir leichter geworden, als ich Anfangs ſelbſt geglaubet habe, den Mangel der Vernunft, den man uns vorwirft, zu rechtfertigen: ſo wird es mir wenig Mühe koſten, unſern Feinden zu zeigen, daß ſie gar keine Urſache haben, unſere Schriften zu verachten, weil ſie eben nicht allemal die ordentlichſten ſind.

Die Ordnung im Schreiben iſt, wie jedermann geſtehet, willkührlich. Es iſt alſo kein Scribent befugt, dem andern vorzuſchreiben, wie er ſein Buch einrichten ſolle; eben ſo wenig als ein Bürger das Recht hat, ſeinen Nachbar über die Einrichtung ſeiner Haushaltung zur Rede zu ſtellen. Da nun dieſes unſtreitig iſt: ſo nehmen ſich unſere Feinde zu viel heraus, wenn ſie ſich unterſtehen, über die Ordnung oder Unordnung unſerer Schriften zu richten. Ihr Urtheil kan in dieſem Fall nicht gelten, ich will nicht ſagen, weil ſie partheiiſch ſind, ſondern auch nur deswegen, weil das, was man Ordnung nennet, etwas ſehr Zweideutiges und Ungewiſſes iſt.

Die Naturforſcher **) ſagen, die Ordnung ſei eine Uebereinſtimmung des Mannigfaltigen. Dieſes Mannigfaltige kann auf vielerlei Art und unzählige mal verſetzet werden, und es bleibt doch allemal eine gewiſſe Uebereinſtimmung in demſelben übrig. Da nun das Mannigfaltige auf unterſchiedliche Art übereinſtimmen kann: ſo ſtehet es bei einem jeden, was er für eine Uebereinſtimmung der andern vorziehen will, und keiner iſt befugt, mich einer Unordnung zu beſchuldigen, wenn ich etwa das Mannigfaltige von einer andern Seite angeſehen habe, als er. Soll dieſes nicht wah[illegible]: ſo müßte in der Muſik nur eine einzige Melodei ſtatt [illegible] Denn die Melodei iſt nichts anders, als eine harmonirende Menge unterſchiedener Töne. Hätte nun in dem Mannigfaltigen nur eine einzige Uebereinſtimmung ſtatt: ſo müßte auch in der Muſik nur eine einzige Harmonie unterſchiedener Töne die rechte ſein, und alle anderen Miſchungen dieſer Töne übel klingen. Dieſes iſt lächerlich. Folglich kann ein jeder das Mannigfaltige, mit dem er zu thun hat, mengen, wie er will, und diejenige Uebereinſtimmung deſſelben wählen, die ihm die beſte ſcheinet.

Es wäre viel, wenn bloß den elenden Scribenten dieſes nicht frei ſtehen, und ein jeder Spötter berechtiget ſein ſollte, ihre Schriften unordentlich zu ſchelten, wenn ſie das Mannigfaltige, woraus ſie beſtehen, nicht nach ſeiner Phantaſie gemiſchet haben. Die elenden Scribenten ſchreiben Bücher. Ein Buch iſt eigentlich nichts, als eine Menge mit Buchſtaben beſchriebener Blätter. Wenn unter dieſen Buchſtaben eine Uebereinſtimmung iſt, ſo iſt das Buch, welches ſie ausmachen, ein ordentliches Buch. Unter den Buchſtaben iſt eine Uebereinſtimmung, wenn ſie nur ſo zuſammen geſetzet ſind, daß verſtändliche Worte herauskommen. Dieſe Worte können nun in allen Sprachen wieder unzähligemal verſetzet werden; ohne Nachtheil der ſo nöthigen Uebereinſtimmung des Mannigfaltigen; und es ſtehet alſo in eines jeden Belieben, wie er die Worte der Sprache, in welcher er ſchreibt, unter einander mengen will. Da dieſes nun in eines jeden Freiheit ſtehet: ſo handelt derjenige unvernünftig und tyranniſch, der ſich die Macht zueignet, einen Scribenten, wegen dieſer willkührlichen Vermengung der Worte, zur Verantwortung zu ziehen: wofern man nicht wider alle Vernunft behaupten will, es könne die nöthige Uebereinſtimmung des Mannigfaltigen nur durch eine einzige Art aller möglichen Wortmiſchungen erhalten werden, und folglich nur ein einziges ordentliches Buch in der Welt ſein.

Ich habe das Vertrauen zu unſern Feinden, daß ſie ſich ſchämen werden, ſo entſetzlich zu ſchwärmen. Aber mit was vor Fug können ſie denn unſere Schriften für unordentlich ausſchreien? Beſtehen dieſe Schriften nicht aus verſtändlichen Worten? Ich ſollte es meinen: denn ſonſt würden ſie doppelt unvernünftig handeln, wenn ſie von der Ordnung ſolcher Schriften urtheilen wollten, in welchen ſie kein Wort verſtehen. Haben wir nicht eben die Macht, die Worte nach unſerm Gutdünken zu miſchen, die ſie haben? Und hätten wir alſo nicht auch das Recht, ihre Schriften für unordentlich zu halten, wenn die Vermiſchung der Worte, die ſie erwählet, uns nicht anſtände? Aber wir ſind ſo unbillig nicht. Wir laſſen einem jeden ſeine Freiheit, und verlangen von unſern Feinden ein Gleiches.

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*) Liv. II. Chap. 12. pag. 302. 303. Il est advenu aux gens veritablement sçavans, ce qui advient aux espics de bled, ils vont s'élevant et haussant la teste droite et fiere, tant qu'ils sont vuides; mais quand ils sont pleins et grossis de grain en leur maturité, ils commencent à s'humilier et baisser les cornes.

*) Epist. IX.

**) Metaphysici. Vid. Amos Comenius in Orbe sensualium picto.

Es iſt ſchwerlich zu vermuthen, daß ſie uns dieſe Gnade wiederfahren laſſen werden; wie gründlich ich auch gezeiget habe, daß unſere Forderung billig iſt. Denn ſie ſind gar zu ungerecht und eigenſinnig. Ich will alſo dieſe Forderung fahren laſſen, und ihnen, jedoch unſern Rechten unverfänglich, zugeben, daß in unſern Schriften die größte Unordnung herrſche. Mich deucht nicht, daß dieſer Fehler ſo groß iſt, als ihn unſere Feinde machen, und ihre eigene Aufführung beſtärket mich in dieſer Meinung. Es iſt bei ihnen gar nichts ſeltenes, daß ſie Schriften mit Luſt leſen, und bis in den Himmel erheben, die doch ganz unordentlich geſchrieben ſind. Wenn dieſe Schriften Leute zu Urhebern haben, denen ſie gewogen ſind: ſo wiſſen ſie den Fehler, den ſie uns als eine greuliche Miſſethat anrechnen, nicht genug zu preiſen. Sie nennen die Unordnung, die ſie in ſolchen Schriften wahrnehmen, eine angenehme Unordnung, und bewundern die Höflichkeit des Verfaſſers, der dem Ekel ſeiner Leſer ſo geſchickt vorbeuget, und für ihre Beluſtigung ſo ſehr ſorget, daß er ſich oft mit ihnen von der ordentlichen Landſtraße entfernet, und ſie in ſo luſtige Gegenden und auf ſo angenehme Auen führet, daß ſie, für Luſt entzückt, und für Freude außer ſich, die Beſchwerlichkeiten der Reiſe nicht merken, und ſich nicht nach der Herberge ſehnen. Wenn wir armen Leute hergegen, aus gutem Herzen, unſern Leſer quer Feld ein führen, und ihm eine Ehre anthun wollen: ſo bekömmt es uns eben ſo übel, als wenn der Eſel, nach dem Exempel des Hündchens, ſeinem Herrn liebkoſen will. Man nennet unſere Höflichkeit eine Ausſchweifung, und uns elende Schwärmer, die nicht wiſſen, wo ſie zu Hauſe ſind. Ob dieſes billig gehandelt ſei, weiß ich nicht: das weiß ich, daß meine Leſer über das ungerechte Verfahren unſerer Feinde erſtaunen werden; aber ſie werden ſich noch mehr wundern, wenn ſie Folgendes zu bedenken belieben wollen.

Die Poeſie, welcher unſtreitig der Rang über ungebundene Beredſamkeit gebühret, hat nichts vortrefflicheres, als die Ode und das Heldengedicht. In beiden muß aber eine gewiſſe Unordnung herrſchen, wofern ſie gut ſein ſollen. Eine Ode, in der man keine Fußtapfen eines entzückten Geiſtes findet, taugt nicht viel. Sie muß voller Ausſchweifungen ſein, und mit einer angenehmen Verwirrung prangen. So bald hängen ihre Strophen nicht, auf eine gemeine Weiſe, ordentlich zuſammen, ſo wird ſie platt und abgeſchmackt. Ein Heldengedicht, in dem eine gemeine hiſtoriſche Ordnung beobachtet worden, wird ſeinem Urheber wenig Ehre bringen. Will er, daß man ihn unter die Dichter zähle: ſo muß er ſchwärmen, und alles unter einander mengen. Er kann anfangen, wo er will, nur bei Leibe nicht von vorne: Sed per ambages, deorumque ministeria, et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum praecipitandus est liber spiritus; ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosae orationis sub testibus fides *).

So reden unſere Feinde, und ſo machen ſie es auch. Sollten ſie ſich denn nicht ſchämen, unſere Schrift wegen einer Unordnung zu verachten, die ſie ſelbſt zu den wichtigſten und größten Werken des menſchlichen Verſtandes ſo nöthig halten? Müſſen ſie nicht ſelbſt geſtehen, daß die Unordnung unſerer Schriften uns von dem gemeinen Haufen derer, die in ungebundener Rede ſchreiben, merklich unterſcheide, und eine Eigenſchaft ſei, wodurch unſere ungereimten Werke der Ode und dem Heldengedichte, welches unſtreitig die vollkommenſten Geburten des menſchlichen Witzes ſind, ungemein ähnlich werden? Ihre Unbilligkeit fällt ſo ſehr in die Sinne, daß ich mich ſchäme, deßfalls ein Wort mehr zu ſagen. Sie mögen ſehen, wie ſie ihr Verfahren gegen Unparteiiſche rechtfertigen.

Es wird ihnen dieſes um ſo viel ſchwerer fallen, je offenbarer es iſt, daß unſere Schriften den übrigen, was die Ordnung anlanget, nichts nachgeben. Man ſehe nur unſere Bücher an, und ſage mir, ob ſie nicht eben ſo ausſehen, als diejenigen, welche unſere Feinde machen. Der Anfang kommt erſt; dann folgt das Mittel, und das Ende ſchließet die Reihe. Ich habe noch nicht erlebet, daß einer meiner Brüder ſein Buch mit einem andächtigen Soli Deo Gloria angefangen, und mit einem gläubigen Quod Deus bene vertat, beſchloſſen; und biete unſern Feinden Trotz, mir einen namhaft zu machen, der ſich ſo weit vergangen habe. Wie ſehr wir uns auch ſonſt von unſern Feinden unterſcheiden: ſo richten wir doch unſere Bücher eben ſo ein, als ſie. Sievers, mein würdiger Bruder, von dem man ſagen kann, daß er der Vernunft und ihren unmäßigen Verehrern zum Poſſen geſchrieben, und Philippi, der Streitbare, eine Zierde und Krone der elenden Schreiber, haben Büchlein ausgehen laſſen, die ſo wohl eingerichtet ſind, daß man, ehe man ſie lieſet, ſchwören ſollte, ſie wären von guten Scribenten gemacht. Wenn man ſie aufmachet: ſo erblicket man zuerſt das liebliche Antlitz des vortrefflichen Verfaſſers, deſſen Vor- und Zunamen, Vaterland, Alter und Würde: oder ein ander wohl oder übel ausgeſonnenes Kupfer: dann kömmt die Vorrede eines berühmten Mannes, die das Lob des Verfaſſers in ſich halten ſoll, ob ſie gleich bisweilen, wie es meinem lieben Bruder Sievers wirklich begegnet iſt, zu ſeiner Schande gereichet; oder eine demüthige Zueignungsſchrift. Hierauf folget die Vorrede des Verfaſſers, und dann das Werklein ſelbſt. Nach dem Werklein kommen die Regiſter, und zuletzt ein Verzeichniß der Schriften des Verfaſſers. Das weiße Blatt, das dann noch folget, rechne ich nicht mit: weil es der Buchbinder nur hinzu gethan hat. Doch kann man auch daraus abnehmen, daß ein elendes Buch einem guten ſo ähnlich ſiehet, als ein Ei dem andern. Iſt nun aber eine beſſere Ordnung zu erdenken, als diejenige, ſo meine beiden Brüder, die ich eben jetzo genennet, in ihren Büchern beobachtet haben? Und ſo machen wirs Alle. Was wollen unſere Feinde mehr?

Ueber die Ordnung der Buchſtaben und Worte in unſern Schriften laſſe ich mich mit ihnen nicht ein: denn ich habe ſchon oben aus der Metaphyſik erwieſen, daß es in eines jeden Belieben ſtehe, wie er die Worte und Buchſtaben, die er zur Verfertigung ſeiner Schrift gebrauchet, miſchen wolle. Doch kann ich wohl ſo viel ſagen, daß wir, ohne Ruhm zu melden, eben ſo gut, als unſere Feinde, wiſſen, wo ein Jeder Buchſtabe hingehöret.

Wann wir Aber ſchreiben, ſo ſetzen wir das A zuerſt, und das R zuletzt; und ſo machen wir es in allen andern Wörtern. Was die Ordnung der Wörter unter ſich anlanget: ſo bilde ich mir ein, wir thun genug, wenn wir ſie ſo ſetzen, daß die meiſte Zeit, ein Verſtand herauskömmt. Können unſere Leſer unſern Sinn manchmal nicht erreichen: ſo müſſen ſie es entweder ihrer Einfalt zuſchreiben; oder denken, daß wir ſelbſt nicht gewußt, was wir haben ſagen wollen: und dann wäre es eine Unbeſcheidenheit, von uns zu verlangen, daß wir ſagen ſollen, was wir nicht gewußt haben.

Aus dieſem allen konnte ich nunmehro den Schluß machen, daß unſere Schriften ſo ordentlich geſchrieben ſind, als es immer ſein kann; wenn ich nicht vorher ſähe, daß unſere halsſtarrigen Feinde ſagen werden, es ſei noch zu frühe. Die Grillenfänger werden ſprechen: es komme in einer Schrift hauptſächlich auf die Gedanken an; wir aber dächten ungemein unordentlich, und unſere Gedanken kämen alle über Kopf zu Papier. Dieſer Einwurf bedeutet nichts, und iſt, mit aller Beſcheidenheit zu ſagen, im höchſten Grade elend. Ich könnte nur darauf antworten, es ſei, ihrem eigenen Geſtändniſſe nach, unmöglich, daß wir unordentlich dächten; weil ſie ſagten, wir könnten gar nicht denken. Denn quicquid non est simpliciter tale, illud non est cum addito tale. Allein ich will ſie ſo ſchimpflich nicht abfertigen. Ich bitte ſie nur, mir zu ſagen, woher ſie denn wiſſen, daß die Gedanken in unſern Schriften nicht in gehöriger Ordnung ſtehen? Sie können ja unſere Gedanken nicht ſehen, weil ſie unſichtbar ſind, und alſo nicht anders, als nach den Zeichen, mit welchen wir ſie andeuten, von denſelben urtheilen. Dieſe Zeichen ſind die Worte, aus welchen unſere Bücher zuſammen geſetzet ſind. Da nun dieſe Worte, wie ich ſchon gezeiget habe, ſo ordentlich von uns geſetzet werden, und überdem kein Scribent dem andern von der Art ſeiner Wortmiſchung Rede und Antwort zu geben verbunden iſt: ſo ſehe ich nicht, wie die Gedanken, welche durch die Worte angedeutet werden, in unſern Schriften unordentlich unter einander gemenget ſein können, und was unſere Feinde vor Recht haben, über die von uns beliebte Ordnung, wenn ſie ihnen nicht anſtehet, zu ſpotten.

Zwar muß ich bekennen, daß wir in der Wahl unſerer Gedanken eben nicht ſonderlich lecker ſind. Wir ſchreiben ſie hin, wie ſie uns einfallen. Aber ich weiß auch, daß dieſes etwas ſehr gemächliches und löbliches, ja ein klarer Beweis unſerer Vortrefflichkeit iſt. Ich verdenke es unſern Feinden nicht, daß ſie, wann ſie ſchreiben wollen, ſich mit einer abergläubigen Wahl der ihnen beifallenden Gedanken quälen, und nicht ſchlüſſig werden können, welchen Einfall ſie zuerſt zu Papier bringen wollen. Denn ihre Gedanken ſind nicht alle gleich gut. Allein ſie werden dann auch ſo gut ſein, und nicht von uns verlangen, daß wir uns eben ſo quälen ſollen. Wir haben dieſes nicht nöthig: weil unſere Gedanken alle gleich gut ſind, und alſo wenig daran gelegen iſt, welcher zuerſt oder zuletzt hingeſchrieben werde. Dieſes giebt uns einen beſondern Vorzug vor

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*) Petronius.

unſern Feinden, und erleichtert uns die Geburt ungemein. In den Köpfen der guten Scribenten gehet es nicht anders her, als in dem Leibe der Rebecca. Die Gedanken ſtoßen ſich darin, wie die Kinder in dem Bauche dieſer Erzmutter. Ja das Gedränge der Gedanken, von denen immer einer eher als der andere heraus will, iſt ſo groß in dem Gehirn dieſer Unſeligen, daß es nicht zu verwundern wäre, wenn viele in der Geburt darauf gingen, wie die Thamar.

Wir haben dergleichen Zufälle nicht zu beſorgen. Unſere Gedanken ſind einander vollkommen gleich. Sie leben in Friede, und ſtreiten ſich nicht um den Rang. Sie drängen ſich nicht, ſondern gehen ohne alle Ceremonie, wie ſie die Reihe trifft, aus Mutterleibe hervor. Soll dieſes eine Unordnung heißen: ſo müſſen unſere Feinde glauben, daß, außer den öffentlichen Proceſſionen, keine Ordnung zu finden, und z. E. in einer Geſellſchaft rechte guter Freunde nichts als Verwirrung und Unordnung anzutreffen ſei. Sie werden ſo wunderlich nicht ſein, daß ſie dieſes ſagen; warum aber bilden ſie ſich denn ein, daß unſere Schriften darum unordentlich ſind, weil wir keine Rangordnung unter unſern Gedanken eingeführet haben? Da unſere Gedanken alle gleich gut ſind, ſo kann es unſern Schriften nicht an Ordnung gebrechen, und wenn wir die Gedanken noch ſo wunderlich durch einander werfen. Ja unſere Schriften werden dadurch um ſo viel künſtlicher. Mann ſehe ſie von vorne, von der Seite, oder von hinten zu an: ſo wird man allezeit eine Ordnung darin finden. Und daher ſagen unſere Feinde ſelbſt, man könne ſie, ohne Gefahr ſich zu verwirren, von hinten zu ſo gut, als von vorne, leſen. Sie haben Recht; aber es ſtehet ihnen ſehr übel, daß ſie dem ungeachtet doch über die Unordnung unſerer Schriften klagen. Wer meine Gründe, mit welchen ich die Ungereimtheit dieſer Klagen dargethan habe, gebührend einſiehet, wird mit Händen greifen, wie unmöglich es ſei, daß ſich die geringſte Unordnung in unſern Schriften einſchleiche. Denn da unſere Gedanken einander vollkommen gleich: ſo kann es nicht fehlen, es muß eine Uebereinſtimmung unter ihnen ſein, ſie mögen auch gemenget ſein, wie ſie wollen. Ja ich bin gut dafür, daß, wenn man die Schriften meiner beiden Freunde, Sievers und Philippi, in Stücke zerhacken, die Stücke in einen Hut ſchütten, und, nachdem ſie vorher wohl umgerüttelt, von einem ſiebenjährigen Knaben blindlings heraus ziehen laſſen wollte, ein Werk zum Vorſchein kommen würde, das, wo nicht beſſer, doch allemal ſo gut ſein würde, als alles, was dieſe beiden Männer jemals geſchrieben haben. Die Urſache iſt aus dem vorigen klar.

Nachdem ich alſo nunmehro auch den ungegründeten Vorwurf einer erdichteten Unordnung von den elenden Scribenten ſo gründlich und vortrefflich abgelehnet habe: ſo gehe ich mit einer, einem elenden Schreiber anſtändigen Zufriedenheit weiter, und beleuchte dasjenige, was die guten Scribenten gegen unſere Schreibart einzuwenden haben. Da die guten Leute in allen Stücken ſo lecker und von ſo verwöhntem Geſchmacke ſind: ſo iſt es nicht zu verwundern, daß ihnen unſere Schreibart nicht zierlich genug iſt. Sie rümpfen die Naſe, wenn ſie unſere Schriften leſen, und drücken ihren Ekel durch die bitterſten Worte aus. Sie klagen, unſere ſcheußliche Schreibart verurſache ihnen ein Bauchgrimmen, und geberden ſich ſo übel, daß man faſt davor erſchrecken ſollte. Allein ich kenne dieſe Herren, und muß ihres Ekels und ihrer Verdrehungen lachen. Ich glaube auch, daß alle diejenigen, die mir die Ehre thun, meine Schrift bis hieher zu leſen, ſchon begreifen werden, daß dieſe Zärtlichkeit unſere Feinde mehr ſchände, als uns der Vorwurf, den ſie uns machen, und wenn er gleich noch ſo gegründet wäre.

Ein weiſer Mann befleißigt ſich in allen Dingen der Mäßigkeit, und ſiehet alſo die gar zu große Bemühung, zierlich zu ſchreiben, für eine Schwachheit an, die ſich vor ihm nicht ſchickt. Unſere Vorfahren, die alten Deutſchen, waren gewiß ganz andere Leute, als wir, und ihre Tugenden ſetzen ſelbſt diejenigen in Verwunderung, die am weiteſten von der Vollkommenheit unſerer Väter abgewichen. Man ſehe aber die Schreibart dieſer vortrefflichen Männer an; wie ungekünſtelt, wie rauh iſt ſie nicht? Und dieſes aus keiner andern Urſache, als weil ihre Sitten von aller Ueppigkeit und Zärtlichkeit entfernet waren: Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita *).

Wenn wir daher ſonſt nicht wüßten, wie ſehr wir aus der Art geſchlagen ſind: ſo könnte man es, zur Noth, aus der mühſamen Künſtelung in der Schreibart abnehmen, die zu unſern Zeiten, leider! ſo ſehr überhand genommen hat. Denn dieſes iſt, nach des Seneca Anmerkung ein ſicheres Kennzeichen eines verdorbenen Staats. Si disciplina, ſpricht er **), civitatis laboravit, et se in delicias dedit, argumentum est luxuriae publicae, orationis lascivia. Er ſetzt eine Urſache hinzu, die gewiß bündig iſt. Non potest, fährt er fort, alius esse ingenio alius animo color. Si ille sanus est, si compositus, gravis, temperans, ingenium quoque siccum ac sobrium est. Das Zeugniß eines Mannes, der ſelbſt ſo zierlich geſchrieben hat, muß nothwendig bei unſern Widerſachern viel gelten, und ich hoffe alſo, ſie werden ſich dadurch bewegen laſſen, inskünftige von unſerer unzierlichen und trockenen Schreibart etwas milder zu urtheilen.

Dieſes um ſo viel eher von ihnen zu erhalten, will ich ihnen nachfolgende Stelle aus ihrem Seneca zur Ueberlegung mittheilen, aus welcher ſie lernen können, wie wenig ein Mann, deſſen Urtheil ſie ſo viel vertrauen, auf die Zierlichkeit, um deren Mangel ihnen unſere Schreibart ſo ſcheußlich vorkommt, gehalten hat. Cujuscumque, ſagt er *), orationem videris sollicitam et politam, scito animum quoque non minus pusillis occupatum. Magnus ille remissius loquitur et securius; quaecumque dicit plus habent fiduciae, quam curae. Nosti complures juvenes, barba et coma nitidos, de capsula totos: nihil ab illis speraveris forte, nihil solidum. Oratio vultus animi est, si circum tonsa est, et fucata, et manufacta, ostendit illum quoque non esse sincerum, et habere aliquid fracti. Non est ornamentum virile, concinnitas. Güldene Worte! Iſt es nicht, als wenn der vortreffliche Seneca den Vorſatz gehabt hätte, uns wider unſere billigen Verfolger zu vertheidigen? Er hat es ſo nachdrücklich gethan, daß ich es nicht beſſer zu machen weiß. Unſere Feinde können von ihm lernen, wie eitel und weibiſch ihre Bemühung, und wie unanſtändig einem rechtſchaffenen Manne eine zierliche Schreibart ſei. Sie werden demnach ſo gütig ſein, und die Unzierlichkeit der unſrigen nicht weiter verachten. Wir haben es ihnen ſo oft geſagt, daß wir männlich ſchreiben, und nun hören ſie von einem Scribenten, den ſie gewiß keiner Parteilichkeit beſchuldigen können, daß eine männliche Schreibart keinen Zierath leide. Wenn ſie dadurch nicht bekehret werden, ſo iſt alle Hoffnung an ihnen verloren.

Sie irren ſich, wofern ſie ſich einbilden, daß unſere Schreibart durch den Mangel der Zierlichkeit alle Annehmlichkeit verliere, und aufhöre, ſchön zu ſein. Sie findet doch ihre Liebhaber, und iſt um ſo viel ſchöner, je natürlicher und ungekünſtelter ſie iſt. Ein geputztes und geſchminktes Geſicht fällt ſehr in die Augen; aber das ſind die rechten Schönheiten, die auch ungeputzt gefallen. Die Schönheit unſerer Schreibart hat dieſe Eigenſchaft. Unſer Stil iſt auch bei ſeiner natürlichen Scheußlichkeit ſchön. Er iſt, wie die Möpſe, speciosus ex horrido **), und wir würden ihn verderben, wenn wir daran künſteln wollten.

Ja wenn wir gleich dieſes thäten: ſo wäre doch noch Gefahr dabei, ob wir es unſern Feinden zu Dank machen würden. Wir ſind mit dieſen eigenſinnigen Leuten übel dran. Schreiben wir natürlich und männlich: ſo iſt es ihnen nicht recht; ſchreiben wir zierlich und künſtlich: ſo lachen ſie uns aus. Diejenigen aus unſerm Mittel, welche man die böſen Poeten nennet, erfahren es täglich. Dieſe zierlichen Herren putzen ſich ungemein heraus, weil ſie ſo oft zur Hochzeit gehen. Ihre Schriften ſind prächtig geſchmücket, und eine jede Zeile derſelben pranget mit Gold, Silber und Erz, dazu auch Edelgeſtein. Sie gleichen dem Wagen des Phöbus.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
Curvatura rotae; radiorum argenteus ordo,
Per juga chrysolithi, positaeque ex ordine gemmae
Clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phoebo ***).

Und wer ſie mit gläubigen Augen anſiehet, der findet darin einen Vorſchmack des neuen Jeruſalems. Aber dem allen ungeachtet kommen ſie unſern Feinden eben ſo lächerlich vor, als die Precieuses ridicules beim Moliere. Und ſo häßlich dieſe wunderlichen Leute denenjenigen meiner Brüder, die, wie ich, in ungebundener Rede ſchreiben, ihre unzierliche Schreibart vorwerfen, ſo übel ſind ſie mit der Zierlichkeit meiner lieben Brüder, der böſen Poeten, zufrieden. Es iſt ein Elend anzuſehen, wie ſie mit dieſen armen Leuten, die gewiß keine Koſten ſparen, ihre Leſer zu vergnügen, haushalten. Sie laſſen ihnen nicht für einen Heller Ehre, und haben dieſe prächtigen Schreiber ſo weit herunter gebracht, daß man kaum glauben ſollte, ſie ſtammeten in gerader Linie von dem König Midas glorwürdigſten Andenkens her, wenn nicht ihre hohe Abkunft dadurch außer allen Streit geſetzt würde, daß alles, was ſie anrühren, Gold wird.

Da ſich nun unſere Feinde ſo offenbar in ihren Urtheilen widerſprechen: ſo verdienen ſie nicht, daß man ſich groß an ſie kehre. Sie wiſſen nicht, was ſie haben wollen. Bald ſchreiben wir ihnen zu zierlich, bald nicht zierlich genug. Es iſt uns alſo nicht zu verdenken, wenn wir ſie immerhin ſchwatzen laſſen, und feſte dabei bleiben, daß es eine Thorheit ſei, zierlich zu ſchreiben, wenn man keine Verſe macht. Denn ich begehre kein Joch auf meiner Brüder, der böſen Poeten, Hälſe zu legen,

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*) Seneca Epist. 114.
**) Ibid.

*) Epist. 115.
**) Seneca Epist. 44.
***) Ovid. Metam. Lib. II.

oder ihrer Verſchwendung Ziel und Maße zu ſetzen. Dieſe Herren können mit den Schätzen, welche ihnen nicht ſauer zu verdienen, haushalten, als ſie wollen. Je reichlicher und freigebiger ſie ihre Koſtbarkeiten ausſpenden, je lieber iſt es mir. Ich ſage nur, daß ich und meines gleichen elende Scribenten beſſer thun, wenn wir uns der gekünſtelten und zierlichen Schreibart, in welcher unſere Feinde ihr Vergnügen ſuchen, gänzlich enthalten.

Denn gewiß die gar zu ängſtliche Sorgfalt, mit welcher die guten Scribenten ihre Worte ausſuchen, und ihre Schriften ſchmücken, ſtehet einem weiſen Mann, der ſich mit Kleinigkeiten nicht aufhält, ganz und gar nicht an: und inſonderheit hat ein elender Scribent nicht nöthig, daß er ſich ſo viel Mühe giebt. Wir können ohnedem glücklich ſein. Sind wir nur großmüthig, und kehren uns an der Leute Reden nicht; ſind wir nur mit uns ſelbſt zufrieden, und dünken uns groß, eben darum, weil wir Eigenſchaften beſitzen, die Andern lächerlich vorkommen; bilden wir uns nur ein, daß wir um ſo viel gelehrter ſind, je weniger Luſt wir haben, etwas zu lernen: ſo iſt unſere Glückſeligkeit feſt genug gegründet. Seneca, der uns ſo ſehr genau gekannt haben muß, ſagt es ausdrücklich. Ad hanc, ſpricht er *), tam solidam felicitatem, quam tempestas nulla concutiat, non perducent te apte verba contexta, et oratio fluens leniter. Eant ut volent, dum animo compositio sua constet, dum sit magnus, et opinionum securus, et ob ipsa, quae aliis displicent, sibi placens; qui profectum suum vita aestimet, et tantum scire se judicet, quantum non cupit, quantum non timet.

Seneca faſſet in dieſen Worten alles, was ich von den Vortrefflichkeiten der elenden Scribenten, und von ihrer Glückſeligkeit geſagt habe, kürzlich zuſammen. Es iſt glaublich, daß der ehrliche Mann das Elend der guten Scribenten erkannt, und, ob es ihm ſelbſt gleich unmöglich geweſen, ſich aus demſelben herauszureißen, doch wenigſtens ſeinen Freund, an den er ſchreibt, für Schaden warnen, und ihm den rechten Weg zur wahren Glückſeligkeit eines Scribenten zeigen wollen.

Dieſes iſt auch meine Abſicht in Anſehung unſerer Widerſacher, und ich bilde mir ein, daß ich dieſelbe wohl ausgeführet habe. Ich habe gründlich gezeiget, daß die Mängel, welche die guten Scribenten in unſern Schriften entdecken, uns nicht ſchimpflich ſind. Ja ich habe eben aus dieſen Mängeln unſere Vortrefflichkeiten ſo ungezwungen hergeleitet, daß, wer mein Büchlein lieſet, darüber erſtaunen muß.

Es wird mir daher etwas gar leichtes ſein, die Nothwendigkeit der elenden Scribenten, meinem Verſprechen gemäß, eben ſo gründlich, als ihre Vortrefflichkeit, zu behaupten. Ich will es mit wenigem thun, und frage unſere Feinde: Ob die Buchhandlung und Druckerei nicht ehrliche, und dem gemeinen Weſen nützliche Hantierungen ſind? Sie können nicht anders als Ja antworten. Sie müſſen alſo auch geſtehen, daß diejenigen, welche eine ſo nützliche Profeſſion treiben, Leute ſind, die verdienen, daß man ihnen alles Gute gönne, und ihre Nahrung befördere. Ich möchte aber gerne wiſſen, was die armen Buchführer und Buchdrucker wohl anfangen wollten, wenn keine elenden Scribenten in der Welt wären? Wir ſind diejenigen, die ihnen am meiſten zu verdienen geben: von uns leben ſie, und müßten alſo betteln gehen, wenn wir aufhören ſollten zu ſchreiben. Von den Werken der guten Scribenten würden ſie das liebe Brot nicht haben. Ich will ſetzen, es ſind in Deutſchland nur 6000 Perſonen, die von der Druckerei und Buchhandlung leben. Nun nehme man die Verzeichniſſe der neuen Bücher, die alle Meſſen herauskommen, nur von 10 Jahren her, und mache den Ueberſchlag, wie viel gute darunter ſind. Ich habe es gethan, und, nach einer genauen Ausrechnung, gefunden, daß, ein Jahr ins andere gerechnet, ohngefähr drei gute Bücher des Jahrs zum Vorſchein kommen. Was iſt das aber unter ſo viele? Und würde alſo nicht eine große Menge ehrlicher Leute Hungers ſterben müſſen, wenn die elenden Scribenten, nach dem Wunſche unſerer Feinde, vom Erdboden vertilget wären?

Den Tag ſollen ſie nimmer erleben: aber man ſiehet doch daraus, was unſere Verfolger vor böſe, ſchädliche Leute, und wie lieblos ſie gegen ihren Nächſten ſind. Doch wie kann man von den guten Scribenten verlangen, daß ſie ihren Nächſten lieben ſollen, da ſie ſich ſelbſt nicht lieben? Sie kennen ihren eigenen Vortheil nicht. Sie wollen uns ausrotten. Allein wie übel würden ſie nicht daran ſein, wenn ſie ihren boshaften Zweck erreichen ſollten! Wir machen ihnen durch unſere Schriften ſo manche fröhliche Stunde; woran wollten ſie ſich dann wohl beluſtigen, wenn wir nicht ſchrieben? Das Vergnügen, welches ſie in dieſer Welt genießen, haben ſie einzig und allein uns zu danken. Ja ſie würden nicht ſein, was ſie ſind, wenn wir nicht wären. Man nennet ſie jetzund gute Scribenten: aber müßten ſie dieſen Ehrentitel nicht fahren laſſen, wenn es keine ſchlechten gäbe? Dieſes wäre ſchon arg genug; aber der Untergang der elenden und lächerlichen Schreiber würde noch weit mehr Böſes nach ſich ziehen.

Unſere Feinde ſind reich an luſtigen und ſinnreichen Einfällen. Sie ſpotten gerne, und wir ſind diejenigen, die ihnen Gelegenheit geben, ihre Einfälle an den Mann zu bringen, und ihre Tadelſucht zu vergnügen. Wie würde es demnach um ihre Geſundheit ſtehen, wenn ſie uns nicht hätten? Wo wollten ſie mit ihren Einfällen hin? Sie dürfen nicht denken, ich ſcherze: denn es iſt kein Kinderſpiel mit einem verhaltenen Spaß. Er verurſachet viele Qual, und ein verhaltener Wind iſt nicht ſo gefährlich. Es iſt mir Zeit meines Lebens nur ein einziges Mal begegnet, daß ich einen Einfall hatte, der für einen Einfall eines böſen Scribenten noch ſo ziemlich ſinnreich war; aber ich mußte ihn bei mir behalten: und da weiß ich, wie mir zu Muthe geweſen. Ich wollte meinem ärgſten Feinde die Schmerzen nicht gönnen. Da nun ein einziger Spaß, den ich nicht zur rechten Zeit los wurde, mir ſo viel Ungemach verurſachen konnte; was würden denn die guten Scribenten, die ſo fruchtbar an artigen Einfällen ſind, nicht für Qual empfinden, wenn wir ihnen nicht Gelegenheit gäben, ſich zu erleichtern. Ihre Einfälle brennen ihnen auf den Herzen, und Ennius ſoll ſchon zu ſeiner Zeit geſagt haben, daß ein weiſer Mann eher Feuer im Maul halten, als einen ſinnreichen Einfall verſchweigen könnte: flammam a sapiente facilius ore in ardente opprimi, quam bona dicta teneat *). Unſere Feinde würde alſo ganz gewiß berſten, wenn wir nicht wären. Warum wünſchen ſie denn unſern Untergang, mit welchem der ihrige ſo genau verknüpfet iſt.

Geſetzt aber, es wäre möglich, daß ſie uns überlebten: ſo würde doch die gelehrte Welt wenig Gutes mehr von ihnen haben. Denn wir ſind eben diejenigen, welche die ſinnreichſten und artigſten Schriften, an welchen ſich die Welt ſo ſehr beluſtiget, von ihnen heraus locken. Wo wollten aber ſo viele ſtattliche Satyren herkommen, wenn unſere Feinde Niemand hätten, über den ſie ſpotten könnten? Und was würde alſo die kluge Welt nicht an uns verlieren? Es iſt wahr, wir können ihr mit guten Schriften nicht aufwarten; aber die Alten haben ſchon angemerket, daß, obgleich der Eſel nicht die beſte Stimme habe, und zur Muſik ganz ungeſchickt ſei, man doch aus ſeinen Knochen die ſchönſten Flöten machen könne **). Und unſere Schriften, wie elend ſie auch ſind, geben doch Anlaß zu vielen gründlichen Widerlegungen und ſinnreichen Spottſchriften, deren die gelehrte Welt nothwendig entbehren müßte, wenn Niemand wäre, der elend und lächerlich ſchriebe.

Dieſes iſt der geringſte Vortheil, den die Welt von uns hat; weil er ſich eigentlich nur auf die Gelehrten erſtrecket. Der Nutzen, den wir dem ganzen menſchlichen Geſchlechte bringen, iſt wichtiger, und beweiſet unſere Nothwendigkeit noch kräftiger. Wir ſind diejenigen, welche die Vernunft, die der Ruhe des Staats und der Kirche ſo nachtheilig iſt, mit Macht unterdrücken. Wir ſind Beſchützer der gemeinen Meinungen, und der Vorurtheile, die zu einem ruhigen, ſtillen und vergnügten Leben ſo unentbehrlich ſind. Wir vertheidigen die väterlichen Weiſen, und ſäubern die Kirche von Ketzern. Es iſt wahr, unſere Feinde thun dieſes letzte auch: aber ſehr ſelten: und wenn ſie es thun, ſo thun ſie es mit Vernunft: und das taugt nicht. Ohne uns würde es alſo wunderlich in der Welt hergehen, und unſere Feinde alles umkehren. Wer hätte ſich wohl den gefährlichen Neuerungen Pufendorfs, Thomaſius, Leibnitzens, und ihrer Anhänger widerſetzen wollen, wenn wir nicht vor den Riß getreten wären? Und dieſes einzige iſt genug zu beweiſen, wie nothwendig wir der Welt ſind. Unſere Verdienſte ſind ſo groß, daß wir die Ehrerbietung des ganzen menſchlichen Geſchlechts verdienen: allein Niemand will ſie erkennen. Man lohnt uns mit Undank, und es iſt, leider! ſchon dahin gekommen, daß über uns und unſere Schriften lachen, für ein ſicher Merkmal eines ſcharfen Verſtandes gehalten wird. Weil indeſſen den Frommen alles zum Beſten dienen muß: ſo hat auch unſer ſchweres Kreuz, welches Niemand, als wir, zu ertragen fähig iſt, ſeine Vortheile; und mich deucht, es iſt ungemein geſchickt, unſere Nothwendigkeit außer Zweifel zu ſetzen.

Ich habe ſchon oft geſagt, daß unſere Feinde, die guten Scribenten, weil ſie ihre Vernunft gebrauchen, mit dem, ſo in der Welt vorgehet, ſchlecht zufrieden ſind. Sie entdecken allenthalben Thorheiten, wenigſtens bilden ſie ſichs ein, und es iſt ihnen unmöglich, daß ſie über das, was ihnen thöricht vorkömmt, nicht lachen und ſpotten ſollten. Wenn ſie demnach keine elenden Scribenten hätten, an welchen ſie ihre Bosheit auslaſſen könnten, ſo würde kein ehrlicher Mann vor ihnen ſicher ſein. Sie würden, weil ſie doch immer etwas zu meiſtern haben müſſen, alles anfallen, was in der Welt groß und ehrwürdig iſt, und durch ihre Satyren den Staat und die Kirche beunruhigen. Wir können uns alſo rühmen, daß wir unſere eigene Wohlfahrt für das gemeine Beſte aufopfern, und ohne Prahlerei ſagen, daß wir einem Staate unentbehrlich ſind.

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*) Epist. 115.

*) Cicero de Oratore. Lib. II.

**) Plutarchus in Convivio ex vers. Xylandri, ut asinus [illegible], animal crassissimum, et a Musica alienissimum, tamen ossa tenuissima et musica canora suppeditare.

Ich wünſche von Herzen, daß alle chriſtlichen Obrigkeiten das, was ich hier ſchreibe, in reifliche Erwägung ziehen mögen, und flehe inſonderheit Ihro Kaiſerliche Majeſtät und alle Churfürſten, Fürſten und Stände des heiligen römiſchen Reichs demüthigſt an, beherzigt zu ermeſſen, wie würdig ſolche Leute ihres Schutzes ſind, die dem Staate und der Kirche ſo lange zu einer Vormauer wider die unruhige Schaar der Naſeweiſen gedienet haben. Es wäre, deucht mich, nachgerade Zeit, daß man auf eine Vergeltung unſerer wichtigen Dienſte gedächte; oder uns nur wenigſtens vor unſern Feinden einigermaßen Ruhe ſchaffte, und dieſen böſen Leuten ein Gebiß ins Maul legte. Womit haben wir es denn verdienet, daß man, da andere ehrliche Leute wider die Läſterer Schutz finden, uns der Willkür unſerer Verfolger überläſſet? Es dienet dieſes zur Sicherheit Anderer. Ich weiß es wohl. Allein warum ſollen wir denn die Sünden unſerer Mitbürger tragen? Ich finde darin keine Billigkeit, und zweifle nicht, daß meine gegründeten Vorſtellungen die Wirkung haben werden, die ich wünſche.

Sollten aber, über Verhoffen, die Großen dieſer Welt, durch das liſtige Geſchwätz unſerer Feinde verführet, in dem Wahn ſtehen, unſer Jammer verdiene nicht, daß ſie ihn zu Herzen nehmen, und das Verbrechen unſerer Feinde ſei eben ſo groß nicht, daß es nöthig, mit dem Schwerte darein zu ſchlagen: ſo wende ich mich zu denen, die das geiſtliche Schwert führen, und erſuche ſie ganz ergebenſt, wider das boshafte Verfahren unſerer Feinde denjenigen Eifer zu bezeugen, den ihr Amt von ihnen fordert. Ich verlange dieſes eben von den klugen Geiſtlichen nicht. Denn dieſe Herren halten es, zu ihrer Schande, öffentlich mit den Spöttern. Sondern ich bin zufrieden, wenn nur die Dummen ihre Stimme, wie eine Poſaune, erheben, und mit ihrer gewöhnlichen Beredſamkeit wenigſtens dem gemeinen Mann einbläuen wollen, daß es eine große Sünde ſei, über lächerliche Dinge zu lachen. Sie dürfen nicht denken, daß es ſchwer, ja gar unmöglich ſei, einen ſo albernen Satz zu behaupten. Sie können glauben, daß der P. Girard in einer Schrift, die man, nach ſeinem Tode, unter ſeinen Papieren gefunden, mit 666 wichtigen Gründen dargethan hat, daß es eine weit größere Sünde ſei, eine Satyre zu ſchreiben, als bei ſeiner Köchin zu ſchlafen. Und ich bin von ihrer Geſchicklichkeit ſo überführet, daß ich feſtiglich glaube, ſie können wohl mehr, als das. Ich hoffe demnach, ſie werden die Güte haben, und wider unſere Feinde, die gewiß auch ihre Freunde nicht ſind, mit dem Munde eben ſo tapfer, als mit der Feder, ſtreiten. Dieſes wird meiner Schrift den rechten Nachdruck geben, und zu ihrer eigenen Sicherheit gereichen.

Beſchluß.

Hiermit beurlaube ich mich von dem geneigten Leſer, und ſchmeichele mir mit der angenehmen Einbildung, es ſo gemacht zu haben, daß er mit mir zufrieden ſein wird.

Von meinen Widerſachern kann ich mir dieſes nicht verſprechen: denn die muß, natürlicher Weiſe, ein ſo unvermutheter und ſcharfer Angriff in die äußerſte Beſtürzung ſetzen. Es kann ihnen unmöglich gefallen, daß ich ſie ſo gewaltig zu Boden geſchlagen habe. Wenn ſie wären wie andere Leute: ſo würde dieſe Niederlage ſie zu Friedensgedanken bringen. Allein da mir ihr harter Sinn und unbezwinglicher Heldenmuth bekannt iſt: ſo kann ich dieſes ohne Thorheit nicht hoffen. Doch glaube ich, den Sieg, den ich in dieſer Schrift über ſie befochten habe, werde wenigſtens ſo viel bei ihnen wirken, daß ſie, nur auf einige Minuten, einen Stillſtand der Waffen mit uns eingehen, und meine Friedensvorſchläge anhören.

In dieſer Zuverſicht hebe ich meine Augen empor, und erſuche ſie aufs freundlichſte, dasjenige, was ich, im Namen meiner Brüder, gegen ſie vorgenommen habe, bloß als eine Nothwehr, und nicht als ein Zeichen eines feindſeligen Gemüths, anzuſehen. Ich verſichere ſie, daß wir nichts, als ihr Beſtes, ſuchen, und unſere Abſicht keine andere ſei, als ſie zur Erkenntniß ihres Elends zu bringen. Es ſchmerzet uns ſehr, daß ſie mit ſo vieler Mühe nach einer Vollkommenheit trachten, die unmöglich zu erhalten iſt, und ſich durch dieſe lächerliche Bemühung immer weiter von der Zufriedenheit entfernen, die uns ſo glücklich macht.

Ich gebe ihnen zu bedenken, ob ſie nach der Vernunft, die ſie ſo hoch achten, ohne Sünde Leute haſſen können, die ſo liebreich gegen ſie geſinnet ſind? und ob es nicht vor ſie ſowohl, als vor uns, beſſer wäre, wenn wir im Frieden mit einander lebten? Wir ſpinnen bei dem unglücklichen Kriege, in welchen wir verwickelt ſind, beiderſeits keine Seide, und haben keinen andern Vortheil davon, als daß die Ungelehrten uns auslachen, und aus den Wahrheiten, die wir uns einander ſagen, den ſchimpflichen Schluß machen, daß alle Gelehrten nicht klug ſind. Da nun dieſes Urtheil des ungelehrten Zuſchauers unſers Kampfs ſie mehr ſchmerzen muß, als uns, die wir aufrichtig unſere Einfalt geſtehen: ſo wäre es, nach meiner Meinung, wohl von ihnen gehandelt, wenn ſie die Feindſeligkeiten einſtellten und Friede machten.

Wir, unſers wenigen Orts, ſind geneigt dazu. Aber da wir uns in einem ſo glückſeligen Zuſtande befinden, daß wir uns für höchſt vollkommen halten, und glauben, wir hätten noch Recht übrig: ſo iſt es unmöglich, daß wir den erſten Schritt thun. Ja wenn es gleich möglich wäre: ſo müßten wir doch beſorgen, ſie möchten es als einen Eingriff in ihre Rechte anſehen, und, wenn wir nachgeben wollten, uns in dem Verdacht haben, wir hielten uns für klüger, als ſie: denn der Klügſte giebt allemal nach. Es ſei ferne von uns, daß wir ihnen, zu dieſen Gedanken Anlaß geben ſollten. Dadurch würde die Verbitterung noch größer werden.

Wir haben, ob ſie gleich unſere Feinde ſind, ſo viele Hochachtung gegen ſie, daß wir ihnen die Ehre des Nachgebens nicht ſtreitig machen. Und käme uns ja die Luſt an, ihnen dieſelbe zu rauben: ſo würde doch unſer natürliches Unvermögen unſere thörichte Bemühung fruchtlos machen. Denn wollten wir nachgeben: ſo müßten wir zu ihnen hinauf ſteigen; und dieſes leidet unſer außerordentlich ſchwerer Kopf nicht. Wir erwarten alſo von unſern Feinden, daß ſie zu uns herunter kommen, und das von Rechtswegen. Denn fallen iſt leichter, als ſteigen.

> . . . . Facilis descensus averni;
> At revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
> Hoc opus, hic labor est . . . . *).

Unſere Feinde brauchen nichts mehr, als daß ſie den Kopf zwiſchen die Beine nehmen, und ſich der natürlichen Schwere ihrer Körper, wie wir, überlaſſen.

Dieſes iſt der einzige Vorſchlag, den ich ihnen thun kann. Nehmen ſie ihn an, ſo iſt ihr Glück gemacht. Der Fall, zu welchem ich ihnen rathe, wird ihnen vortheilhafter ſein, als ihr mühſames Klettern. Dieſes bringt ihnen nichts, als Mißvergnügen: durch den glücklichen Sturz, zu welchem ich ſie aufmuntere, verſinken ſie dagegen in ein unergründliches Meer der ſüßeſten Zufriedenheit, und erreichen, ohne Mühe, den Grad der Vollkommenheit, nach welchem ſie auf eine verkehrte Art, und folglich vergebens trachten.

Verwerfen ſie aber meinen höchſt billigen Vorſchlag: ſo muß zwar alle Hoffnung zum Frieden gänzlich verſchwinden; allein ich hoffe doch, daß der Glimpf, den ich in dieſer Schrift gegen ſie gebrauchet habe, und die liebreiche Art, mit welcher ich ihnen, ob ich gleich über ſie geſieget, den Frieden anbiete, ihren Grimm in etwas mildern, und ſie überzeugen werde, daß ſie unrecht thun, wenn ſie unſchuldige, ehrliche und fromme Leutlein, als wir ſind, ſo heftig verfolgen.

Erlange ich dieſes nur: ſo ſoll mich die Mühe, die ich auf dieſe Schrift gewendet habe, nicht verdrießen; weil ich alsdann verſichert ſein kann, daß meine Brüder nicht ermangeln werden, einem ſo tapfern Vertheidiger, als ſie an mir haben, ihre Erkenntlichkeit zu bezeigen.

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*) Virgilius Aeneid. Lib. VI.

Der Litſchauer, ſ. Minneſinger.

Der Burggraf von Liunz, ſ. Minneſinger.

Otto Heinrich, Graf von Löben,

der Sohn des ſächſiſchen Cabinetsminiſters von L. ward am 18. Auguſt 1786 zu Dresden geboren und zeigte ſchon in früher Jugend große Vorliebe für Poeſie. Nachdem er durch häuslichen Unterricht claſſiſch vorgebildet worden war, bezog er 1804 die Univerſität zu Wittenberg und 1807 die zu Heidelberg, wo er mit geiſtesverwandten Freunden glücklich die eingeſchlagene poetiſche Richtung verfolgte. Er ging hierauf nach Wien und Berlin, lebte einige Zeit bei ſeinem Freunde Fouqué zu Nennhauſen und machte 1813 als Unterlieutenant im Banner der ſächſiſchen Freiwilligen den Feldzug nach Paris mit. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr privatiſirte er fortwährend zu Dresden und ſtarb, da ihn ſchon 1822 ein Schlagfluß getroffen, nach langem Leiden daſelbſt am 3. April 1825.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn unter dem Pſeudonym Iſidorus Orientalis durch:

- Guido. Mannheim 1808; n. A. unter dem Titel: Romantiſche Dichtungen, Ebendaſ. 1820, 8.
- Blätter aus dem Reiſebüchlein eines andächtigen Pilgers. Ebendaſ. 1808, 8.
- Gedichte. Berlin 1810, 8.
- Arkadien. Ebendaſ. 1811—1812; n. A. 1821, 2 Bde., 8.
- Ueber die Anſichten der Frau von Stael über unſere poetiſche Literatur. Heidelberg 1814.
- Die Hesperiden. Leipzig 1816, 1. Bdchen, 8.
- Der Schwan. Ebendaſ. 1816, 8.
- Cephalus und Prokris. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1816, 8.
- Lotosblätter. Fragmente. Bamberg 1817, 2 Bde., 8.
- Roſengarten. Leipzig 1817, 2 Bde., 8.
- Ritterehr und Minnedienſt. Berlin 1819, 8.
- Irrſale Klotar's und der Gräfin Sigismunde. Altenburg 1821; 2. Ausg. Ronneburg 1831, 8.
- Erzählungen. Dresden 1822—24, 2 Bde., 8.
- Der Pilger und die Pfalzgräfin. Ritterlied. Heidelberg 1825, 8.

Erzählungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen.

Dieſer talentvolle, aber unklare, und ſich nur zu gern in ſentimentale Myſtik verlierende Dichter gehört zu den ſpäteren, aber eifrigen Jüngern der romantiſchen Schule. — Phantaſie, Zartheit, Anmuth und Wohllaut bei glücklicher Herrſchaft über die Form ſind ihm allerdings eigen, reichen aber nicht hin, um die großen, eben erwähnten Fehler ſeiner Dichtungen auszugleichen, ſo daß ſelbſt während ſeines Lebens ſeine Schriften ſich nur einen beſchränkten Kreis von Freunden gewannen, und bald nach ſeinem Tode der Vergeſſenheit anheim ſanken, obwohl ſich einige ſeiner Gedichte durch ſeltene Zartheit auszeichnen.

Johann Michael von Loen

ward am 21. December 1694 zu Frankfurt am Main geboren, ſtudirte auf dem vaterſtädtiſchen Gymnaſium ſo wie zu Halle, Marburg und Wetzlar Philoſophie und die Rechte und unternahm dann 1716 bis 1724 mehrere Reiſen. Anfangs ſchlug er vielfache Anerbietungen des preußiſchen Hofes aus, wurde 1752 aber Geheimerath und Präſident der lingen-tecklenburgiſchen Regierung, wobei er zugleich die Obercuratel über das akademiſche Gymnaſium mit verwaltete. 1757 wurde er von den Franzoſen als Geiſel nach Weſel geführt, blieb dort bis 1761 und nahm 1765 ſeinen Abſchied vom Staatsdienſte. Zuletzt faſt ganz erblindet lebte er nun zu Lingen bis an ſeinen am 24. Juli 1776 daſelbſt erfolgten Tod.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

- Moraliſche und politiſche Schriften. Hanau 1728.
- Der redliche Mann am Hofe oder Begebenheiten des Grafen von Rivera. Frankfurt 1740.
- Sammlung der merkwürdigſten Reiſegeſchichten. Frankfurt 1741—1781, 34 Thle. (die 5 erſten Bde. von ihm).
- Geſammelte kleine Schriften. Herausgegeben von J. C. Schneider. Ebendaſ. 1749—1752, 4 Thle.
- Moraliſche Gedichte. Herausgegeben von Naumann. Ebendaſ. 1751.

Viele andere kleine religiöſe und politiſche Schriften u. ſ. w.

Fleiß, geſunde Lebensanſicht, Menſchenkenntniß und ein einfacher lesbarer Styl, machten die Schriften dieſes trefflichen Mannes zu ihrer Zeit ſehr beliebt; auch als didaktiſcher Dichter zeichnete er ſich rühmlich aus.

Joſias Franz Chriſtian Löffler

ward 1752 zu Saalfeld geboren und erhielt nach zu Jena vollendeten theologiſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien eine Predigerſtelle an der heiligen Geiſtkirche zu Berlin; 1778 wurde er preußiſcher Feldprediger und nahm 1782 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Theologie zu Frankfurt an der Oder an. 1787 zum ordentlichen Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft daſelbſt ernannt, verband er zugleich damit die Stelle eines Predigers und geiſtlichen Inſpectors, bis er 1789 einem Rufe nach Gotha als General-Superintendent und Oberhofprediger folgte. Er ſtarb zu Gamſtädt bei Gotha am 4. Februar 1816.

Er ſchrieb:

- Predigten. Züllichau und Freiſtadt 1789—1797, 4 Bde.
- Predigten mit Rückſicht auf den Geiſt des Zeitalters. Gotha 1795; n. A. Ebendaſ. 1806.
- Neue Predigten. Jena 1801—1813, 3 Sammlungen.
- Bonifacius. Gotha 1812.
- Predigten im Jahre 1813 gehalten. Stralſund 1817, 2 Thle.
- Kleine Schriften. Weimar 1817—1819, 3 Bde.

Ein ſehr angeſehener Theolog erwarb ſich L. durch ſeine klaren und geiſtvollen Kanzelvorträge, denen es jedoch hin und wieder an Wärme und hinreißendem Schwung fehlte, einen hochgeſchätzten Namen.

Friedrich, Freiherr von Logau.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Sprößlings eines altadeligen Geſchlechtes in Schleſien wiſſen wir nur, daß er am 20. Februar 1604 in dieſem Lande geboren wurde und nach vollendeten Studien in die Dienſte des Herzogs Ludwig IV. von Liegnitz und Brieg trat, in welchen er bis zum Kanzleirath emporſtieg. Er wurde 1648 unter dem Beinamen des Verkleinernden auch in die fruchtbringende Geſellſchaft aufgenommen und ſtarb geehrt und geliebt wahrſcheinlich am 25. Julius 1655 zu Liegnitz. Einige ſetzen ſeinen Todestag auch auf den 5. Julius, Andere auf den 5. Junius, welche beide Angaben jedoch weniger zuläſſig ſind.

Er verfaßte:

Erſtes (und Andres) Hundert deutſcher Reimſprüche Salomon's von Golaw. Breslau 1638.
Salomon's von Golaw deutſcher Sinngedichte drei Tauſend. Breslau o. J. (wahrſcheinlich 1654), 8.
S. v. G. auferweckte Gedichte. Herausgegeben von einem Ungenannten. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1702.
Friedrich's v. L. Sinngedichte, 12 Bücher mit Anmerkungen, herausgegeben von K. W. Ramler und G. E. Leſſing. Leipzig 1759, kl. 8., mit Titelkupf. und Titelvign.
Dieſelben, aufs Neue überarbeitet von K. W. Ramler, Leipzig 1791, 2 Thle., kl. 8.
Dieſelben, mit Wernike's Gedichten und Gryph's Trauerſpielen. Zwickau 1824, 16., mit 1 Kupf.
Dann: Auserleſene Gedichte in Müller's Bibliothek deutſcher Dichter des 17. Jahrhunderts, 6r Bd. (Leipzig 1824).

Logau iſt noch immer der bedeutendſte deutſche Epigrammendichter und der einzige, welcher ſich — einige kleine epigrammatiſche Lieder ausgenommen — auf keinem andern Gebiete der Poeſie verſuchte. — Originalität, ſchlagender, oft derber Witz, geſunder Verſtand und eine, für die Zeit, in welcher er ſeine Sinngedichte ſchrieb, glückliche und talentvolle Behandlung der Form, verleihen ſeinen Leiſtungen, unter denen wirklich meiſterhafte zu finden ſind, einen bleibenden Werth.

Sinngedichte von v. Logau *).

1.

An etliche Lobſprecher eines verſtorbenen Helden.

Ihr klugen, derer Fauſt die Feder embſig führet
Zu klagen deſſen Tod, der an die Wolcken rühret
Durch Thaten ohne gleich, durch Thaten die der Welt,
Des Himmels kurtze Gunſt, hat einig fürgeſtellt
Zum Eigenthum zwar nicht, zum Wunder aber allen
Soweit der Titan leucht; der Mut mag euch entfallen
Daß diß, wo ewig Ding genug zu ſchaffen hat,
Die Feder enden ſoll und ein papiernes Blat.
Weicht ab von da, wo Fleiß gar ſchwerlich Frucht gewinnet,
Klagt nichts ſo ſehr als diß, daß klagen ihr nicht könnet.

2.

Hochzeit-Wuntſch.

So lebt nun, liebes Paar, lebt zwiſchen Krieg und morden
In dennoch ſüſſer Ruh und in dem ſchönen Orden
Der lieben Einigkeit; lebt daß des Glückes neiden
Muß' euch und euer Thun ſtets fliehen und vermeiden!
So wüntſchen etwas gilt, ſo woll auch diß Gott geben,
Daß ihr, wenn ihr ſeyd tod, noch lange möget leben,
Viel Söhne daß man denn nach euch, dem Vater, nennet,
So viel der Töchter auch, nach euch, der Mutter, kennet.

3.

Ueber die Schäferey Amoena, eines ungenannten Freundes.

Musa, Venus, Charis ſchauet
Wie Amoena [illegible] baut
Auffzuſchlagen einen Thron!
Gebt ihr Raum zur rechten Seite
Sorget daß man ihr bereite
Eine friſche Lorber-Kron.
Phoebus leiht ihr ſeinen Wagen
Ihren Ruhm herumb zu tragen
Durch das blaue Sternen-Feld.
Hermes ſoll die Flügel faſſen
Daß ſie ſey, verkünden laſſen,
Zu dem ewig-ſeyn geſellt.
Billich! denn ſo hohe Sinnen
Müſſen andren Dank gewinnen
Als ein kriechend Erde-Geiſt,
Denn man aus dem eignen nennen
Dennoch nicht mag recht erkennen,
Weil er anders iſt als heißt.
Sinnen, die vom Himmel kommen
Werden billich auffgenommen
In das reine Himmels-klar,
Da der ſchwartzen Erde Schatten
Glantz und Flammen ihrer Thaten
Nimmermehr verdunkeln thar.

4.

Waffen-Anſtand.

Von Anſtand und von Fried und vielen ſchönen Dingen
Will Fama dieſer Zeit ein neues Liedlein ſingen;
Doch weiß ich nicht obs new. Der Anſtand iſt gar alt,
Der Fried iſt auch für längſt gar recht, gar wohl beſtalt.
Was darff ein Anſtand ſeyn, wo nie man noch geſtritten,
Da Waffen und ihr Brauch, nach dieſes Krieges Sitten
Gleich wie in einem Spiel, bloß nur zum Schertz und Schein
Und daß ſie nicht der Roſt zerfreß, in Händen ſeyn?
Was darff ein Anſtand ſeyn, wo nie kein Feind ſich findet
Der zu bekriegen ſteht, und wo man ſich nur gründet
Auff Meinung, unſer Land, nach drauß geſchöpfftem Nutz
Alsdenn dem lieben Gott zu geben in den Schutz?
Was darff ein Anſtand ſeyn, wo man die Krieges-Kinder
Gar glimpff- und gütlich meint, und bloß die feiſten Rinder
Sambt ihrer jungen Art, und etwa Pferd und Schwein
Schaf, Hun, Han, Ente, Gans läßt ſeine Feinde ſeyn?
Der Fried iſt lange ſchon in unſre Gräntzen kommen
Da jene viel zwar uns, wir ihnen nichts, genommen,
In dem wir uns bemüht, O eine feine Kunſt!
Zu brechen ihren Trotz, durch unſre gute Gunſt.
Es iſt ja Fried und Ruh im Lande gantz die völle,
Das Feld hält Sabat-Tag, der Acker lieget ſtille,
Und duldet nicht wie vor, daß ihm viel Wunden ſchlug
Des Bauers frecher Arm und ein tyranniſch Pflug.
Es iſt ja Friede da; man darff ja mehr nicht ſorgen
Wie jeder Haab und Gut für Dieben hält verborgen
In ſicherem Gemach; es bleibt ja Gold und Geld
In feſtem Hauſe ſo, wie durch das offen Feld.
Hierin ſingt Fama falſch von Anſtand und von Friede;
Ihr Sinn ſey dieſer denn, daß weil die Welt iſt müde
Der alten Deutſchen Trew, nur mit Betrieglichkeit
Man habe ſteten Fried und Krieg mit Redligkeit.

5.

Schertz vom Flachs-Nutze.

Gewiß, der liebe Flachs iſt gar ein nützes weſen;
Der, der es wo nicht glaubt, mag dieſe Reime leſen:
Ein Mägdlein ging zu Stuhl und thät, ich weiß nicht was,
Da war das Hembd ihr gut, ſonſt wär ſie auch wohl naß.

6.

Tag, und ein Tages-Wuntſch.

Die Nacht iſt nun dahin, die Sonn iſt wieder kommen,
Der Schlaf des Todes Bild iſt weg von uns genommen,
Herr Gott du reines Liecht, laß ferne von mir ſeyn
Der Sünden finſtre Werck, und gib mir deinen Schein!
Laß mich dein werthes Wort frey öffentlich bekennen,
Laß mich in deiner Lieb und meines Nächſten brennen,
Laß meinen Sinn und Geiſt ſeyn wacker für und für
Zu thun was mir gebührt und wohlgefället dir!
Und ſo mein müder Leib noch länger ſoll beſchauen
Das Unrecht dieſer Welt, und dieſes Elend bauen,
Herr Gott, ſo gib Geduld, verleih Beſtändigkeit,
Laß ſcheinen deinen Troſt und hülff zu rechter Zeit!
Laß mir mein Augen nicht von eitlen Dingen blenden!
Mich irrdiſch Ding der Welt, von dir, mein Hertze wenden,
Hilf daß ich mich nicht theil und bleibe gantz an dir,
Auf daß du höchſtes Gut mögſt bleiben auch in mir!
Wenn endlich dann mein Liecht vom Leben muß verglimmen,
So laß mich dort gantz hell und wie verkläret [illegible],
Da, wo die Sonnenſtral voll von Gerechtigkeit,
[illegible] des erwachten [illegible] die ſelig Ewigkeit!

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*) Breslau o. J. (wahrſcheinlich 1654).

7.

Nacht, vnd ein Nacht-Wuntſch.

Die Mutter vnſrer Ruh, die Artzney vieler Sorgen
Die finſtre Nacht iſt da, die Sonne geht verborgen,
Die halbe Welt iſt ſchwartz, iſt traurig ohne Liecht,
Iſt gleichſam mehr nicht da, lebt zwar, lebt doch auch nicht.
Herr Gott, du heller Glantz, laß vnſer Hertz vnd Sinnen
Im finſtern nimmer ſeyn, gib daß ſie wachen können
Auch mitten in dem Schlaf, auff daß dein Göttlich Schein
Mög vnſrer Seele Liecht vnd helle Fackel ſeyn!
Wenn wir deß Kummers Laſt zu vnſren Häupten legen
So laß ſich deinen Geiſt in vnſrem Geiſt regen,
Und ſchaffe daß die Nacht, wenn vns der Tag erweckt
Der Sünden ſchnöde Bürd in allem hat verdeckt!
Laß deiner Engel Dienſt auch vns zu Dienſte kommen!
Gib daß von vnſrem Haupt ſey Schand vnd Schmach genommen;
Auff daß der ſtarcke Feind der ſchwartze Fürſt der Nacht
Deß Leibes ſüße Ruh vns nicht verbittert macht!
Und ſo es ſo ſoll ſeyn, daß heut ich noch ſoll gehen
Deß Todes finſtren Gang, ſo wollſtu bey mir ſtehen
Und gehen für mir her, ins Leben durch den Tod,
In Himmel auß der Welt, zur Freude von der Noth!

8.

Das Gebete.

Wenn die Welt mit Menſchen kriegt
Muß der Menſch mit Gotte kriegen;
Weil die Noth vns gegen liegt,
Müſſen wir für Gotte liegen,
Vnd durch beten endlich ſiegen.

9.

Verleumbder.

Ich kenn ein häßlich Volk die Brüder der Erinnen,
Ein Volk von ſüßer Zung vnd von vergifften Sinnen,
Das zwiſchen Mund vnd Hertz, das zwiſchen Wort vnd That
Hat einen engen Raum, wie Oſt von Weſten hat.
Es lobt mich im Geſicht, es ſchändet mich im Rücken,
Es wil durch meine Schmach ſein eignes Laſter ſchmücken,
Es hebet ſich empor verachtet alle Welt,
Und hat genung an dem, daß ihm es ſelbſt gefällt.
Was iſt mir denn zu thun? Sonſt wil ich nichts ihm gönnen
Als daß ſein falſches Maul mag einen Stand gewinnen
Wo ſonſt durch holen Grund ein ſtinckend Athem keucht,
Der auff die Ferſen zielt, vnd in die Naſen kreucht.

10.

Wein-Luſt.

Wer mit Bacchus kämpfen wil
Hüte ſich vnd trau nicht viel;
Erſtlich ſchlägt er auff die Beine
Trifft er dich; ſo biſt du ſeine.

11.

Mein vnd dein.

Alles machet mein vnd dein
Daß man nicht kan friedlich ſeyn.

12.

Bücher-leſen.

Wie die Honigmacherinnen
Auß viel Blumen ſaugen können
Ihren ſüßen Nectar-Safft:
So auch vnſre Wiſſenſchafft,
Wächſt durch vnterſchiedlich leſen
In ein gleichſam Göttlich Weſen.

13.

Brautſchrifft.

Iſt ihr Künſtler in der Welt,
Deren ſchönes Auge-ſchauen
Euch ſo weit [illegible] höher bauen
In das blaue Sternen-Feld.
Könnet ihr nicht etwas mir ſagen
Was ſich [illegible] zu [illegible] tragen,
Wenn ſich Mars zur Venus hält
In dem ſchönen Jungfern-Zeichen?
Tycho ſage was er wil.
Fehl ich, fehl ich doch nicht viel:
Kinder werden dannen reichen
Die deß Vaters tapffren Sinn,
Vnd der Mutter ſchönes Kinn
Lieblich werden abegleichen.

14.

Grabſchrifft eines Speiſe- oder Kuchel-meiſters.

Der hier begraben liegt, der hielt ſehr viel vom eſſen
Und kan im Grabe noch deß eſſens nicht vergeſſen;
Denn, weil er ſelbſt nicht mehr die Eſſens-Luſt kan büſſen
Gibt er ſein eigen Fleiſch den Würmern zu genieſſen.

15.

Von der Phyllide.

Eines Morgens ſchaut ich gehen
Phyllis vor den Roſenſtrauch,
Da ſie nach gewohntem Brauch
Seine Zierden ſahe ſtehen.
Damals kont ich nicht vergleichen
Welches vnter ihnen wol,
Weil ſie beyd an Schönheit voll,
Von dem Siege ſolte weichen:
Ob die Phyllis angenommen
Von den Roſen ihre Zier,
Oder ob vielleicht von ihr
Solche ſolchen Schein bekommen,
War gar übel zu beſcheiden.
Denn ich hatt in ihren Glantz
Mich vertieffet alſo gantz,
Muſte nur die Augen weiden.
Endlich hab ich doch erfahren
Als der Sonne güldnes Rad
Traff den letzten Tages-Grad,
Daß die Roſen Diebe waren;
Weil ſie hatten wollen gleichen,
Vnd der Phyllis ſtehlen ab
Ihrer Farbe ſchönſte Gab,
Muſten drob ſie drauff verbleichen.

16.

Hochzeit-Wuntſch.

Lebt, liebes Paar, mit Gott, lebt, liebes Paar, mit Segen,
Lebt, liebes Paar, im Glück, daß Neid euch könn erregen.
Ich ſage noch einmal, lebt hin in ſüßer Ruh
Biß Kindes, Kindes, Kind drückt euer Augen zu!

17.

Ein andrer.

So lebt ihr beyde nun, lebt eines in der Liebe,
Lebt eines in dem Sinn, damit euch nicht betrübe
Deß Glückes runde Macht, denn ſeine Tück vnd Neid
Hat keinen andern Feind als Lieb vnd Einigkeit!
Jedoch weil Einſamkeit zur Einigkeit nicht kommen,
Noch eures Lebens Brauch euch ſoll ſeyn benommen,
Biß daß ſich denn zur Zeit die ſüße Zeit erweiſt,
Die Elter-Vater euch, euch Elter-Mutter heißt!

18.

Ein andrer.

Wie ihr verbunden ſeyd, ſo ſey auch euch verbunden
Der Segen vnd das Heil, ſammt langen Lebe-Stunden!
Gott [illegible] euch zum Brod, vnd Waſſer ſey euch Wein,
Biß ihr das zweyte Glied ſeht in der Wiegen ſchreyn.

19.

Miſt-Juncker.

Ein zartes Mutter-Kind, das nie vom Hauſe entkommen,
Iſt einem Ochſen gleich, der nie vom Stalle kommen.

20.

Paten-Zettel.

Du kommſt, O liebes Kind, ein Gaſt in dieſe Welt.
Da gleich das Gaſthaus jetzt zu Grund und Boden fällt
Durch, in, und mit ſich ſelbſt: Drumb iſt dir nun ſehr gut
Daß dir der Himmel bleibt, erkaufft durch Chriſti Blut.

21.

Grabſchrifft.

Da ich ſolte, kont ich leben,
Da ich ſolte, kont ich ſterben,
Denn das ewig zu erwerben
Kont ich ſterblich leichter geben.

22.

Hoffnung.

Auff was gutes iſt gut warten,
Und der Tag kommt nie zu ſpat
Der was gutes in ſich hat;
Schnelles Glück hat ſchnelle Fahrten.

23.

Brautſchrifft. An den Bräutigam.

Ich weiß nicht was man glaubt? Ich weiß nicht wem man trauet?
Ich hört ein hohes Schloß, Herr Bräutigam gebauet
Auff eurer Worte Grund, als wie auff Fels und Stein,
Geb aber daß die Welt nur will betrogen ſeyn
Und ich mit ſambt der Welt. Ihr ſprecht: Ihr ſeyd ergetzt
Daß euch deß Himmels Gunſt für Augen hat geſetzet
Den ſüſſen Hochzeit-Tag, und meinet doch die Nacht
Die euch zum Vater wendt, die Braut zur Mutter macht.
Weil ſchwartzes ihr nun meint, und weiſſes dennoch nennet,
So ſei euch, mercket drauff, zur Straffe zuerkennet.
Daß, wenn ihr meint es ſoll das erſt ein Söhnlein ſeyn
So wird es E E E wie Mutter Eva ſcheyn.

24.

An die Braut. Auß Verſetzung deß Nahmens: Eilf Knaben.

Jungfer Braut, in eurem Nahmen
Find ich ſo gewiß, als Amen,
Eurer Ehe Kinderlein.
Nun vernimmt man Eilf Knaben,
Wo iſt übrig an Buchſtaben,
Werden lauter Töchter ſeyn.

25.

Hochzeit-Wuntſch.

Werthes Paar, das gantze leben
Sey bey euch ein ſtäter Krieg,
So, daß beyden ſey gegeben
Gleiche Beut und gleicher Sieg
Kämpfft mit Liebe gegen Liebe,
Und mit Trew kämpfft gegen Trew.
Daß euch Zwiſpalt nie betrübe,
Niemals euch der Kauff bereu.
Zwar, es wird wol offt geſchehen
Daß die Braut zu ſeiner Zeit,
Sey ſechs Wochen nicht wird ſehen
Wie die Wirthſchafft ſey bereit:
Doch bedeut es nichts denn Beute,
Wenn das Ziel ſtärker wird ſeyn.
Werden euren Schatz die Leute
Hören aus der Wiege ſchreyen.

26.

Eine Schön-heßliche.

Ich kenn ein Frauen-Bild, das wäre völlig ſchön,
Wan daß der Schönheit Stück in ſolcher Ordnung ſtehn.

27.

Eine Schöne.

Wenn Menſchen Gott ſonſt nicht erſchaffen hätte wollen,
Hätt' unterwegen nun er ſie doch laſſen ſollen.

28.

Hochzeit-Wuntſch.

Liebes Paar, lebt ſo im leben,
Daß euch Wohlfarth ſey gegeben
Wie zu einem Eigenthum!
Lebt, daß eurer Ehe Ruhm
Für, ſo wol, als nach dem Grabe,
Alle Welt zur Folge habe!
Lebt! laſt ſehen daß ihr lebt,
Und nach langem Nahmen ſtrebt,
Daß nach viermal ſieben Wochen
Ihr müſt backen Kindlein-Kuchen!

29.

Das höchſte Gut.

Zum höchſten Gut in dieſer Welt
Wehlt jeder, was ihm ſelbſt gefällt;
Gar im Schoß ligt der dem Glücke
Dem gegeben ſind vier Stücke:
Ein gütig GOTT,
Ein liebes Weib,
Ein friſcher Leib,
Ein ſelig Tod.

30.

Hoheit, hat Gefahr.

Auff ſchlechter ebner Bahn iſt gut und ſicher wallen:
Wer hoch geſtiegen iſt, hat niedrig nicht zu fallen.

31.

Hier, ſind wir: Dort, bleiben wir.

Ich bin, ich bleibe nicht in dieſer ſchnöden Welt.
Und weil das bleiben mehr mir als das ſeyn gefällt,
So lieb ich ſterben mehr als leben, weil ich kan
So hören auff zu ſeyn, zu bleiben fangen an.

32.

Liebes-Flammen.

Hat die Liebe Fewers-Art
Weil ſie hitzt und brennt;
Wie daß ihrer Flammen Fahrt
Sich Thal-ein denn wendt!

33.

Schönheit.

Wenn der Schönheit ſchöne Frucht
Wäre Keuſchheit, Ehr und Zucht,
Wären manche ſchöne Wangen
Nicht ins Hurenhaus gegangen.
Manches krauſes Haar wär nicht
Mit der Streichen [illegible] verpflicht.

34.

Glück wäget die Freunde.

Böſes Glück hat diß Gütte,
Daß die ungewiſſen Sachen
Uns gewiſſe Freunde machen;
Daß man ſich für denen hütte
Die nicht die ſind, die ſie ſcheinen,
Sondern unſer Gut gut meinen.

35.

Zagheit.

Wenn ein Harniſch wäre gut
Für die Zagheit, Furcht und Schrecken;
Wenn ein Bruſt und eiſern Hut
Könnte Mut und Hertz erwecken,
O was hätten ſie für Zeit
Die ein ſolches Waffen ſchmiegen!
Würd ihr Geld doch, gläub ich, weit
Alles Silber überwiegen.

36.

Gerechtigkeit deß Neides.

Keine Straff ist außgesetzet
Auff deß Neides Gifft;
Denn er ist zu aller Zeit
Selbsten voll Gerechtigkeit,
Daß er meistens trifft,
Und sich durch sich selbst verletzet.

37.

Prüfe, denn liebe.

Kenne vor und traw nicht bald;
Traw wol, hat das Pferd verritten:
Kenne nicht, hat frembde Sitten:
Frühe-zeitig wird nicht alt.

38.

An einen vortrefflichen Mann.

Niemand, mein Freund, hasset dich,
Nur der Tod führt viel Beschwerden,
Weil er muß befahren sich
Daß du wirst sein Meister werden.

39.

An einen lieblichen Poeten.

Ist wo wer, der widerspricht,
Daß die Pierinnen nicht
Mit der Frau von Gnidus Sinnen
Ein vernemen haben können!
Was dein Mund, mein Freund, bericht,
Was nur deine Muse dicht,
Schaut man nicht vollauff darinnen
lauter Venus sich entspinnen!

40.

An eben denselbten.

Daß die dreymal drey Göttinnen
Dich so herrlich angenommen,
Da du bist auff Pindus kommen,
Ist geschehen, daß sie können
Jetzund für [illegible] wären,
Ihren Stand durch dich behalten,
Und ein Haus in dir gewinnen.

41.

Grabschrifft.

[redacted] Himmel war ich nur und nicht der Welt geboren
hab ich, starb ich gleich, durch sterben denn verloren?

42.

An einen kriegrischen Held.

Als aus deiner Sinnen Stärcke
Jupiter nam ein gemercke,
Daß du durch so kühnes Streiten,
Würdest biß in Himmel schreiten,
Sprach er: Und die Ehre bleibe!
Dannenher ich einverleibe
Diesen Held, nach Himmels-Rechten,
In der Götter alt Geschlechte;
Denn er möcht aus eignen Thaten
Für sich selbst dahin gerathen.

43.

An einen gelehrten Held.

Weil der Pallas Jungferschafft
Ist der Streitbarn so verhafft,
Daß sie denn nun ihre Pflicht
Jetzt in deiner Liebe bricht?
Kommt es, als du, Logau,
Welcher ihrer würdig war.

44.

An eben denselbten.

Phoebus ist nicht gar dein Freund,
Weil du mehr, er minder scheint,
Außer ihm, der Phoebe Liecht;
Außer dir, Glantz ihm gebricht.

45.

Auf einen glückseligen Schelmen.

Dir sey, sagst du, bald gewehret,
Was du mir nur hast [illegible]:
Schade, daß du nie begehret
Daß du möchst am Galgen hangen!

46.

Hochzeit-Wuntsch.

Wolfahrt müsse, liebes Paar,
Euch wie ihr euch selbsten lieben,
Glücke wöll euch immerdar
Sich in euren Diensten üben.
Segen, Heil und Seligkeit
Müß euch in die Arme schliessen,
So, wie ihr zu seiner Zeit
Werdet Kindes-Kinder küssen.

47.

Ein andrer.

Theures Paar, seyd so beküsset
Mit der Liebe Lieblichkeit,
Daß ihr keinem nichts nicht wisset
Als vom Fried und Freudens-Zeit;
Biß ihr denn nach langen Jahren
Schauet, durch deß Priesters Hand,
Euer Kindes-Kind sich paaren,
In den süssen Liebe-Stand.

48.

Verterbene Kauffmannschafft.

Von dem Bäcker kauffen Korn, bey dem Schmiede kauffen Schienen,
Von dem Schneider kauffen Zwirn, hilfft dem Händler auf die Beinen.

49.

Sparsamkeit.

Wenn die Jugend eigen wüste,
Was das Alter haben müste:
Sparte sie die meisten Lüste.

50.

Das Land in der Stadt.

Wer nach dem Land jetzund wil auff dem Lande fragen,
Der irrt: Mars hat das Land längst in die Stadt getragen.

51.

Zwiespalt der Städte und deß Landes.

Weißtu warumm jetzt die Stadt
Mehr und mehr das Land so hasset?
Weil der Landmann mehr nichts hat
Daß der Bürger an sich fasset.

52.

Die jetzigen Soldaten.

Sind Martis Kinder nicht seine gefangene Leute?
Was Gott, Mensch, Feind, Freund hat, wird ihre eigne Beute.

53.

Eine Einigung zwischen Jove und Marte.

Es hat mich jüngst ein Freund aus Pindus lassen wissen,
Daß Jupiter und Mars wol einen Frieden schliessen:
Ob Mars [illegible] nicht mehr bey allen seinen Tagen
Nach Himmel, und nach dem was himmlisch ist, wil fragen,
Wil Jupiter hieran sich dennoch denn erklären:
Dem Mars auch nach der Welt, die Helle zu gewähren.

54.

Kunſt verſtummet.

Daß jetzund die Pierinnen,
Mars, für dir nicht reden können,
Frew dich nicht; es iſt ihr Wille
Vngehindert in der Stille
Sich mit Rechte zu berathen
Auff ein Vrtheil deiner Thaten.

55.

Untrewer Krieg.

Was ſich reimt das ſchickt ſich auch,
Spricht der friſche Landes-Brauch;
Drumb ſo ſchickt ſich liegen, kriegen,
Auch ſo fein zu vnſerm kriegen.

56.

Zeit-wandeln.

Sich in ſich vnd vns in ihr
Endert Zeit nur für vnd für;
Drumb ſind auß dem Landsknecht-Orden
Lauter Landes-Herren worden.

57.

Die Erde wird bewegt.

Daß der Himmel ſtille ſteht,
Daß die Erde rummer geht
Steht zu glauben: Vnſer Land
Hat ſich hinter ſich gewand,
Daß nunmehr der Jungfer Stat
Dieſe Zeit der Krebs hat.

58.

Unterſcheid zwiſchen Land-Mann vnd Lands-Knecht.

Unterſcheiden muß man recht
Landes-Mann vnd Landes-Knecht;
Jener muß, wenn dieſer wil:
Jener giebt, nimmt dieſer viel:
Jener dient, vnd dieſer ſchafft:
Jenes Angſt, iſt deſſen Krafft:
Dieſer raubt die gute Zeit,
Jenem bleibt die Seligkeit.

59.

Von einem einzelen Freunde meiner Reimen.

Meine Muſa hat kaum einen,
Der ihr Phoebus wil erſcheinen;
Gar genug! Sie hat alleine,
Was für ſich ſonſt in gemeine,
Alle neunmal drey Göttinnen
Dieſer Zeit kaum haben können.

60.

Fleiſch-Marckt.

Wer hier nur iſt bekant
Der weiß, man kaufft jetzund
Das Fleiſch zwar, durch das Pfund,
Die Weiber, nach der Hand.

61.

Mars vnd Venus ſind zugehörige.

Wer Poeten nennet Tichter,
Iſt ein vngereimter Richter;
Heute kan man noch erfahren
Daß ſich Mars vnd Venus paaren,
Denn es iſt ein Theil vom kriegen
Auff der Magd zu Felde liegen.

62.

Nicht zu hoch!

Ich trachte nicht nach hohen Dingen.
Ich geh gern auff der ebnen Bahn.
Fing Clepticus zu ſteigen an,
Da man ihn ſolt an Galgen ſchwingen.

63.

Die freſſige Zeit.

Unſer Zeit vnd ihr Geſinde
Freſſen geitzig vnd geſchwinde
Alles auff biß an den Grund:
Wetten wil ich, daß ihr Schlund
Kürtzlich rauß gibt vngedewet
Was ſie freſſen vngekewet.

64.

Cogere milites, Soldaten werben, zwingen.

Mars verhönt nur das Latein,
Muß doch ſelbſt Lateiniſch ſeyn.
Wil er Völcker an ſich bringen
Muß er vor die Knechte zwingen.

65.

Der Tod iſt der Sünder vnd der Krieger Sold.

Die Sünder haben Sold; Sold haben auch Soldaten:
Der Tod iſt gleicher Lohn auff ihre gleiche Thaten.

66.

Damen vnd Chevalliers.

Die Damen wolln von nichts als Chevalliers jetzt wiſſen;
Das macht ſie ſind zum Krieg auff Reuterey befliſſen.

67.

Unterſcheid der Wörter Dame vnd Dama.

Was Dame ſey, vnd denn was Dama, wird verſpüret,
Daß jene Hörner macht, vnd dieſe Hörner führet.

68.

Roſenobel, der Soldaten Winter-Blumen.

Der Frühling fodert Blut, der Winter gibet Gold,
Drumb iſt dem Winter Mars, vnd nicht dem Frühling hold;
Hier, wachſen rothe; dort, entſprieſſen Gold-Roſen,
Wer wollte denen nicht, für jenen, liebekoſen?

69.

Auff den Tadler.

Dein Momus wil ich nicht ſeyn, Momus, noch vernichten
Dein Urtheil, wenn du ſprichſt: Das Vers- vnd Reime-Tichten
Sey Schulmeiſterey. Wie aber, daß das leſen
Noch gültig bey dir iſt, als Schulmeiſteriſch Weſen?
So lieber lies nicht mehr, ſonſt wirſt du gar zum Kinde,
Und darffſt, daß dir mein Reim noch eine Ruthe binde.

70.

Auff dergleichen.

Zoilus hält nichts vom Tichten,
Pflegt Poeten zu vernichten,
Daß nicht Midas Eſels-Kopff
Ihm wo auff die Achſeln hopff.

71.

Die vnartige Zeit.

Die Alten konten frölich ſingen
Von tapffern teutſchen Heldendingen
Die ihre Väter ausgeübet,
Wo Gott nach vns ja Kinder gibet,
Die werden vnſrer Zeit Beginnen
Beweinen, nicht beſingen können.

72.

Von meinem Buche.

Kündig iſt, daß in der Welt
Sich zum Guten Böſes hält:

Wenn mein Buch nur wär geſtellt,
Daß beym Böſen Gutes ſtünde!

73.

An die Leſer.

Dieſes Buch, ſoll Monde ſeyn;
Leſer aber, ſeine Sonnen,
So, daß durch der Sonnen Schein
Auch der Monde ſey entbrunnen.

74.

Kunſt von GOTT.

Daß der Muſen alter Stamm
Her vom Himmel Anfang nam,
Macht, daß auch ein Edelmann
Sich zu ihnen freunden kan.

75.

Feſte Stadt, wüſte Land.

Seither daß unſer Stadt verſchantzet und bewehret,
Seither iſt unſer Land verwüſtet und verheeret.

76.

Von dem Brauch der Nasamonum und Augilarum.

Manche Braut bleibt nicht zufrieden,
Daß jetzt der Brauch bleibt vermieden,
Das nicht thun am Hochzeitfeſte,
Was der Bräutgam thut, die Gäſte.

77.

Auff Venerillam.

Venerilla heiſſet Schertz
Was ſie meynt, das iſt ihr Hertz.
Wer an ihr was ſuchen wil
Such, und ſäume nicht zu viel.
Der nichts ſagt, und doch viel thut,
Iſt für Venerilla gut.

78.

Auff den bellenden Tadler.

Wenn die Verſe gelten wollten
Mir, wie ſie dem Naso galten,
Hätt ich längſt den Ketten-Hunden
Meinen Momus beygebunden.

79.

Von den Weiber-Brüſten.

Wie kommts, daß Frauen-Volck ſo klare Stimmen führet?
Weil doppelt Blaſebalg hart an ihr Luftrohr rühret.

80.

Von der Weiber Plauderey.

Die Weiber reden laut, ſie reden lang und offt,
Den Athem oben zu, macht unten auff die Lufft.

81.

Von dem Gebrauch der Balearen.

Der Balearen Brauch iſt zwar zu uns nicht kommen,
Daß durch die Gäſte vor, der Braut wird abgenommen
Was ſonſt der Bräutgam nimmt: Doch hört man, mancher mag
Thun vor, was erſt man dort thät auff den Hochzeit-Tag.

82.

Betriegliche Hoffnung.

Der ſeinen Boot hin nach Engeland gewendet,
Iſt manchmal durch den Wind in Holland angeländet:
Und der durchs enge Meer zu lauffen ihm getraut
Hat unverhofft ſein Schiff in offner See geſchaut:
Der manchmahl eine Nuß für gut hat angerühret
Hat drinnen einen Wurm und dann ein Loch verſpüret:
Ob Jungfraw zwar nicht und Jungfraw, doch entſchieden,
Iſt dem doch wol, der nam ſie, die das Ei! vermieden.

83.

Unterſcheid zwiſchen Jungfraw und Jungefraw.

Was Junge-Fraw, und denn was Jungfraw, wird erkant,
Daß dieſes Wort iſt gantz, und jenes iſt getrant.

84.

Der Zeiten Schauſpiel.

Es denckt mich noch ein Spiel bey meinen jungen Jahren,
Drinn ich ein König war, da andre Knechte waren,
Da nun das Spiel war aus, fiel meine Hoheit hin,
Und ich ward wieder der, der ich noch jetzo bin:
Der heutige Gebrauch trägt gleichſam ein ergetzen
Die Bauern dieſer Zeit den Fürſten beyzuſetzen:
Schimpff aber iſt nicht Ernſt; und das Saturnus Feſt
Iſt einmal nur deß Jahrs, zu Rom im Brauch geweſt.

85.

Schwanger ſeyn, ſchadet dem ſchön ſeyn.

Schwanger ſeyn, iſt eine Schande,
Keine Schand in Buhlſchafft ſchweben:
Dannenher in unſerem Lande
Huren mehr, als Mütter leben.

86.

Flüchtige Tugend.

Die Tugend iſt ein Weib, ſo Mahlern iſt zu glauben;
Drumm fleucht ſie, Monsieur Mars möcht ihr die Keuſchheit rauben.

87.

Adels-Feinde.

Biederleute muß man laſſen
Von den Edelleuten haſſen;
Wer nur gut iſt, meint es gut
Auff das rein Ritters-Blut.

88.

Die verkoppelte Freundſchafft.

Der Freundſchafft keuſcher Stand, war weiland voller Ehren:
Jetzt läſt ſie ſich durch Geld, zum Huren-Brauch bethören.

89.

Auff Pudibundam.

Pudibunda, wie ſie ſpricht,
Ehret doch deß Tages Licht,
Wer mit ihres Leibes Gaben
Noch für Nachtes ſich wil laben,
Muß ſich mühen daß er macht,
Wenn es Mittag, Mitternacht;
Kan er ſonſt nicht Rath erfinden
Muß er ihr das Haupt verbinden:
Manchem kommt es, der's gewiß
Daß ſie ſelbſt die Augen ſchleuſt.

90.

Neunerley Fragen, und neunerley Antwort.

1. Wie kömmt es, daß die Welt im argen iſt verbunden?
Sie ließ den rechten Weg und ging nur nach gebunden.
2. Wie kömmt es, daß die Zeit nicht wil gebeſſert werden?
Die Menſchen in der Zeit verböſern die Geberden.
3. Wie kömmt es, daß die Laſt der Noth die Welt ſo drucket?
Sie ißt jetzund auch, was ſie vor eingebrocket.
4. Wie daß uns Wort und That ſo wenig wil erſprieſſen?
Drum daß, wie wir von GOtt, GOtt nichts von uns wil wiſſen.
5. Wie daß ſich die Fortun ſo plötzlich hat gewendet?
Weil der, der ſie bekam, ſie übel hat geſchändet.
6. Wie kömmt es, daß jetzund die Böſen oben ſchweben?
Wer ſchädlich fallen ſoll, den muß man hoch erheben.
7. Wie kömmt es, daß jetzund die Frommen unten liegen?
Sie kämpffen unten erſt, um oben drauff zu ſiegen.

8. Wie daß uns will die Zucht zur Sicherheit gelangen?
Dieweil der letzte Tag die Welt will ſchlafend fangen.
9. Kömmt aber keine Zeit, darinn es beſſer werde?
Neu Himmel iſt nicht weit, nicht weit iſt auch Neu Erde.

91.

Die letzte Brunſt der Welt.

Unſre Welt iſt Schläge-faul
Legt ſich wie ein ſtätig Gaul!
Will ſie Gott zu Stande bringen
Muß er ſie mit Feuer zwingen.
Jene Welt ertranck durch Flut,
Dieſe Welt erſäuft Glut.

92.

Vom Käyſer Probus.

Käyſer Probus wolte ſchaffen
Daß man dörffte keiner Waffen.
O wo iſt bey unſern Tagen
Käyſer Probus zu erfragen?

93.

Huren-Zeit.

Durch Proculus geſchahs daß zehnmal zehn Jungfrauen
Nach dreymal fünffter Nacht man konnte Weiber ſchauen.
Kumm wieder Proculus! Weil in den Frauen-Orden
Faſt jede Jungfer will, iſt Mars gar müde worden.

94.

Rhein-Fluß.

Der dich erſtlich nante Rhein
Wolte, glaub ich, ſprechen Wein:
Der dich erſtlich nante Rhenum,
Wolte, glaub ich, ſprechen Venum:
Was die Venus im Latein
Iſt uns, Rhenus, deutſch dein Wein.

95.

Rhein-Wein.

Reimet ſich gleich Wein und Rhein,
Reimt ſich Waſſer nicht mit Wein.

96.

Wo Herren, da Narren.

Ey man muß dem Hofe-leben
Für den andern Vorzug geben!
Denn bey groſſer Herren Tiſche
Sind ſtets Hal' und Stockfiſche.

97.

Hofe-Leben.

Das Hofe-leben iſt ein rechtes Hoffe-leben;
Denn da verſpricht man Gunſt, und Ungunſt wird gegeben.

98.

Fleiß bringt Schweiß, Schweiß bringt Preis.

Jedermann hat gerne Preiß,
Niemand macht ihm gerne Schweiß:
Wer der Arbeit Marck will eſſen,
Muß ihr Bein zu brechen wiſſen.

99.

Auff eines Helden Verleumder.

Da du lebteſt, werther Held,
Ward dein Ruhm Berg-auff geſtellt;
Nun von uns du biſt entwandt
Wird dein Ruhm kaum noch erkannt!
Nämlich wenn der Löw liegt todt,
Iſt er auch der Haſen Spot.

100.

Der Natur-Weg.

Wer, wie die Menſchheit geht, will wiſſen ihre Spur,
Der wiſſ': Sie geht von, durch, in, auß der Natur.

Daniel Kaſpar von Lohenſtein

ward am 25. Januar 1635 zu Nimptſch im Fürſtenthum Brieg geboren und erhielt durch ſeinen Vater, den daſigen Rathmann und kaiſerlichen Einnehmer eine gute häusliche, ſowie auf der Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſpäter auf dem Maria-Magdalenen-Gymnaſium zu Breslau eine treffliche wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung, welche insbeſondere ſeiner ſchon früh erwachten Vorliebe für Poeſie günſtig war. 16 Jahre alt bezog er 1650 die Univerſität Leipzig und beſuchte hier und ſpäter in Tübingen mit anhaltendem Fleiße die Vorleſungen der großen Rechtsgelehrten B. Carpzov und Lauterbach, worauf er öffentlich disputirte und dann eine große Reiſe durch Deutſchland, die Schweiz und die Niederlande antrat, auf welcher er länger und mit Wohlgefallen zu Leyden und Utrecht verweilte. An einer neuen Reiſe nach Frankreich und Italien, welche er nach ſeiner Rückkehr von jener antreten wollte, hinderte ihn die in Oeſtreich wüthende Peſt, weshalb er nach Breslau zurück ging, ſich 1657 vortheilhaft verheirathete und 1666 die Würde eines fürſtlich würtemberg-ölsiſchen Regierungsrathes annahm. Bald darauf zum kaiſerlichen Rath und erſten Syndicus der Stadt Breslau ernannt, lebte er ſeinen Aemtern und ſeinen literariſchen Beſchäftigungen. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 28. April 1683.

Von ihm haben wir:

Trauer- und Luſtgedichte, mit Inhaltsanzeige und Anmerkungen. Breslau 1680, 8.; ſpäter Ausg. mit dem Titel: Sämmtliche geiſt- und weltliche Gedichte. Leipzig 1733, 8.

Einzeln:

Kleopatra. Trauerſpiel. Breslau 1661, Fol.
Epicharis. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1665, 8.
Agrippina. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1665, 8.
Ibrahim Sultan. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig und Breslau 1673, Fol.
Sophonisbe. Trauerſpiel. Breslau 1680, 8.
Arminius und Thusnelda. Herausgegeben von Neukirch. Leipzig 1689 u. 90, 2 Bde. 4.; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1731, 4 Bde., 4., mit Kupf. (von Joach. Sandrart). Ein Auszug daraus vom Prediger J. Chriſtoph Männling, unter dem Titel: Arminius enucleatus ib. Realia etc. aus L's Arminio. Stargard 1708 (dieſer Roman wurde von L. begonnen, von ſeinem Bruder fortgeſetzt und vom Prediger Wagner zu Leipzig beendigt).
Arminii glorwürdige Heldenthaten. Leipzig 1708. (Umarbeitung des vorigen von Männling).
Lohensteinius sententiosus. Breslau 1710, 8. (eine Chreſtomathie von Sittenſprüchen und Maximen aus L. von Männling).

Es iſt unter den deutſchen Literaten Sitte geworden, Lohenſtein als unnatürlich, übertreibend, affectirt, bombaſtiſch und geſucht zu verſchreien und den Ausdruck „Lohenſteiniſcher Schwulſt" zum Sprichworte zu erheben, ohne dagegen die vielen guten Eigenſchaften dieſes, man ſage was man wolle, höchſt talentvollen Dichters genügend hervorzuheben. Er beſaß tiefes, feuriges Gefühl, eine ſchöpferiſche Phantaſie, glückliche Erfindungsgabe, Gedankenreichthum und Herrſchaft über Form und Sprache, aber es fehlte ihm an Takt, und leider begriffen, wie er es war, ließ er ſich, von der Geſchmackloſigkeit ſeiner Zeit verführt, durch den Ton, welchen Hoffmannswaldau (ſ. d.) angeſtimmt hatte, zu Uebertreibungen, rhetoriſchem Prunk, gewaltſamem Haſchen nach Effect und phantaſtiſchen Bildern und Situationen hinreißen, ſo daß er nicht allein bis an das Ungeheuerliche ſtreift, ſondern auch das Ekelhafte und das Lüſterne bis zur entſchiedenſten Unanſtändigkeit nicht verſchmäht, obwohl dieß Alles nur aus dem dunkeln Gefühl tragiſcher Nothwendigkeit und ohne zu ahnen, wie ſehr er das feinere Gefühl dadurch beleidigt. — Auch in ſeinen übrigen Dichtungen herrſchen dieſe Fehler, wenn gleich nicht in ſo hohem Grade vor. Unter ſeinen Trauerſpielen ſind Cleopatra und Sophonisbe die gelungenſten; ſein beſtes Werk jedoch iſt ſein Roman Arminius und Thusnelda, da es die oben an ihm gerühmten trefflichen Eigenſchaften im hellſten Lichte zeigt.

Marbod und Arioviſt *).

Marbod hingegen wol wiſſende: daß geſchwinder Einfälle gantze Krafft in der erſten Hefftigkeit beſtehe, und daß die Spitzen, welche nicht durchgehen, nur ſtumpff werden; ſchmiedete das Eiſen weil es warm, und ſeiner Feinde Hertz kalt von Furcht war; ruhete Tag und Nacht nicht, ſondern machte ſich in wenigen Wochen zum völligen Meiſter über die Bojen. Er ſelbſt wuſte ſich in die Ubermaaß ſeines Glückes nicht zu finden; deſſen Hefftigkeit nichts minder den Verſtand, als allzugroſſer Glantz die Augen verbländet. Daher er denn in Befeſtigung ſeiner Herrſchafft nicht allenthalben ſeine gewohnte Klugheit fürkehrte; inſonderheit aber denen freymüthigen Bojen allzu ſcharffe Geſetze aufbürdete, und durch Erbauung eines ſtarcken Schloſſes zu Boviaſmum und Caſurgis entweder ſein Mißtrauen zu ihnen, oder ſeine Anſtalt ihnen ein Gebiß anzulegen vermercken ließ. Weil ihm einer ſeiner Kriegs-Oberſten rieth: Es ſei ſicherer einem die Hände binden: daß er nicht ſchaden könne, als ſein Gemüthe gewinnen: daß er uns gewogen werde. Da doch ein Uberwinder neue Völcker durch nichts beſſer, als wenn er alles im alten Stande läſt, im Zaum halten kan; weil ſie ſodenn nicht ſo wol eine neue Herrſchafft empfinden, als des vorigen Fürſten Geiſt in einem andern Leibe ſehen. Weil nun in edlen Gemüthern die großmüthigen Regungen mehr ſchlafen als geſtorben ſeyn, und bey euſſerſter Noth wie die im Winter erſtarrten Schlangen am Frühlinge lebhafft werden; ſtanden in einem Tage die Bojen durch ihr gantzes Land wieder den Marbod auf, überfielen ſeine Beſatzungen, ja ihn ſelbſt umringten ſie unter dem Sudetiſchen Rieſen-Gebürge, dahin er unter dem Scheine den Brunnen der Elbe zu beſchauen, in Warheit aber der benachbarten Marſinger Zuſtand auszuforſchen verreiſet war. Marbod hätte ſich ehe des Himmelsfalls, als eines Feindes verſehen, als Gottwald, ein junger und hertzhaffter Ritter mit tauſend Mann ihn in einem Walde an einem Furth überfiel. Ob er nun wol mehr nicht, als hundert bewehrte Leute bey ſich hatte, munterte er doch durch ſeinen Zuruff und Beyſpiel die Seinigen zu einer hertzhafften Gegenwehr auf. Marbod und Gottwald geriethen ſelbſt an einander. Wie nun jener die gemeinen Schrancken menſchlicher Tugend zu übertreffen ſich bemühte, um den erlangten Ruff: daß er mehr, als ein Menſch wäre, zu behalten, und in einer Stunde nicht zu verlieren, was er durch ſo viel Jahre durch Schweiß und Blut kaum erworben hatte; alſo hatte der kühne Gottwald bey ſich beſchloſſen: daß dieſen Tag ſein Schild entweder ſein Grabe- oder der Freyheit Grund-Stein für die Bojen, ihm aber eine Staffel der Ehren und Glückſeligkeit ſein ſolte. Marbod verletzte Gottwalden zwar mit einem Wurff-Spieſſe in den rechten Schenckel; aber dieſe Wunde nahm ihm nicht ſo viel Kräfften, als der Eyver hierüber ſeiner Tapfferkeit beyſetzte. Dahero traff er den Marbod mit einer Lantze ſo hefftig: daß ſelbte zwiſchen dem Gelencke des Harniſches durch die lincke Achſel gieng. Marboden entgieng zwar hierüber nicht wenig Blut, aber das wenigſte von ſeiner Hertzhafftigkeit. Inzwiſchen aber, weil die Bojen durch das Gehöltze denen Hermunduren und Marckmännern in Rücken kommen waren, litten ſie wegen ihrer Wenigkeit allenthalben Noth; alſo: daß Marbod, der nun ſeinen Untergang für Augen ſahe, noch einmal ſein euſſerſtes wagte; und nach dem er zwey Bojen zu Boden geſchlagen, einen verzweiffelten Streich auf den Ritter Gottwald that, und ihm ſeinen Schild mitten entzwey theilte, ihm auch vollends noch was gefährlichers beygebracht hätte, wenn ein Bojiſcher Edelmann, der hernach hiervon den Namen Rothhafft bekam, ſelbten nicht verſetzt, und alſo fort Gottwalden ſeinen Schild eingehändigt hätte. Hierüber aber verlohr Marbod ſein Pferd; ein Marckmänniſcher Ritter aber, den Marbod hernach von dem Orte dieſes Gefechtes zum ewigen Gedächtnüſſe Tannenberg hieß, verſetzte inzwiſchen alle feindlichen Streiche: daß er wieder auf die Füſſe kam. Marbod, Tannenberg, Lichtenſtein, und etliche andere Marckmänner machten ihnen durch das Gedränge mit dem Degen gleichwol einen Weg zu einer dicken Hecke; wohin es mit den Pferden zu kommen unmöglich war; aber Marbod bekam hierüber noch drey gefährliche Wunden. Endlich kam die finſtere Nacht ihnen zu Hülffe; Tannenberg und Lichtenſtein aber, als inzwiſchen die übrigen Marckmänner biß auff den letzten Bluts-Tropffen zwiſchen den Hecken die Bojen auffhielten, kletterten an einem gähen Berge hinauff, und brachten ihn um Mitternacht zu einer felſichten Höle. Wiewol ſie ſich nun nicht allerdings ſicher ſchätzten, in dem ſie um den Berg etliche hundert brennende Kien-Fackeln wie Irr-Lichter ſchwermen ſahen, alſo muthmaſſten: daß die Bojen den König Marbod oder ſeine Leiche ſuchten, muſten ſie doch daſelbſt verblaſen, weil der halb-todte und ohnmächtige Marbod unmöglich weiter zu bringen war. Daher ſchlepten ſie den König Marbod in die Höle, zogen ihm ſeine Waffen aus, und erquickten ihn mit etlichen Handvoll Waſſer aus einem daher abrinnenden Quelle. Alſo iſt doch niemand, wie viel tauſend ihn gleich fürchten müſſen, nicht immer der Furcht befreyet; und der mächtigſte hat nichts minder von einem ſchwächern Gefahr, als aus einer kleinen Wolcke ein hefftiger Donnerſchlag kommet, und ein verſchloſſener Wind gantze Gebürge umbrechet. Der verächtliche Gottwald brachte es dergeſtalt ſo weit: daß auf dieſem hohen Gebürge der mächtige König Marbod ſo tieff verfallen muſte. Und alſo ereignet ſich mehrmahls: daß dieſelben ſich kaum mit einem Löffel Waſſer laben können, welche kaum vorher der Beſitz etlicher Meere und hundert Flüſſe nicht zu ſättigen vermocht hat. Bey anbrechendem Tage wolte Lichtenſtein aus der Höle kriechen, um den euſſerlichen Zuſtand zu erkundigen, und für ihre, beſonders aber Marbods Wunden einige Kräuter aufzuſuchen. Wie er hiermit zurück in die Höle kam, erblickte er zu hinterſt einen groſſen ſich empor hebenden Bären, worüber er nach dem Degen grieff, und einen hellen Schall anzuruffen fieng, um den nicht ferne davon liegenden Tannenberg zu ermuntern. Dieſer ſprang hierüber auch auf, und wolten ſie beyde ſich an dieſes wilde Thier machen. Es kroch aber ein Eisgrauer mit einer Bären-Haut bekleideter Mann, deſſen Bart ihm biß unter den Gürtel gieng, hinter einem Felſen herfür, und gab ihnen zu verſtehen: daß wo ſie für keinem Menſchen ſich etwas zu befahren hätten, wären ſie für dieſem ſonſt grimmigen Thiere allerdings ſicher. Wie nun aber Lichtenſtein und Tannenberg ihre Degen nicht bald einſteckten, fuhr der Alte fort: Stecket auſſer Sorgen, ihr Frembdlinge, wer ihr auch ſeyd, ich ſtehe für aller Gefahr und Schaden. Denn nach dem die Menſchen gelernet haben grimmiger zu ſein, als wilde Thiere, fangen dieſe an zahmer zu werden als die Menſchen. Die dem Alten aus dem lebhaffteſten Antlitze ſehende Redligkeit, und ſeine andächtige Gebährden verurſachten bey beyden alsbald ein Ehrerbietiges Anſehen; und der Bär ſelbſt ſtreckte ſich auf ſein gegebenes Zeichen demüthigſt zu Lichtenſteins Füſſen. Dieſer hingegen grüſſte den Alten nunmehr mit tieffer Verehrung als einen Halb-GOtt, und bat um die Auslegung ſeiner vorigen Worte. Der Alte verſetzte: Er ſehe ſie theils für ſeinen Füſſen, theils trage er ſie an ſeinem Leibe. Denn ſeine Kleider deuteten eine nicht geringe Verwundung an; ſolche aber hätte ſchwerlich ein reiſſender Bär und Wolff, ſondern ein viel blutbegieriger Thier verurſacht. Dieſes wäre der Menſch, welcher biß zum zehenden Jahre einen Affen, biß zum zwantzigſten einen Pfauen, biß zum dreyſſigſten einen Löwen, im viertzigſten einen Fuchs, im funffzigſten eine Schlange, biß ins Grab einen unerſättlichen und alles Ertzt verdäuenden Strauß abbildete; oder vielmehr iederzeit die Laſter aller Thiere beſäſſe, zehn Bären aber ſich kaum mit der Grauſamkeit eines Menſchen vertheilten. Ja weil kein Thier in ſein eigen Geſchlechte ſo wütete, würde die Welt ſicher friedlicher, die Erde weniger blutiger ſeyn, wenn gleich Löwen, Panther und Tiger-Thiere die Oberherrſchafft der Welt behaupteten. Es iſt wahr, antwortete Lichtenſtein. Denn da wir in dieſer Bären-Höle nicht mehr Erbarmniß finden, wird die Grauſamkeit gewiß noch unſern übrigen Lebens-Athem ihr aufopffern. Erbärmlicher Zuſtand der Menſchen! ruffte dieſer heiligſte Alte, welchem zugleich die milden Zähren über die Backen lieffen, und an ſeinem Barte wie Morgen-Thau hängen blieben. Warlich! wenn die Sonne ſo wol Ohren als Augen hätte; würde ſie mehrmahls in ihrer euſſerſten Verwunderung den Lauff hemmen, und dem auf dem Gipfel dieſer Welt erhabenen Stande der Menſchen Gehöre geben, vielmahl auch auf ihre tyranniſche Bosheit an ſtatt der fruchtbaren Strahlen Hagel und Blitz ausſchütten müſſen. Ihr verdammten Halb-Menſchen, die ihr unter Engliſchen Geſichtern giftige Scorpionen-Schwäntze

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*) Aus Lohenſtein's Arminius und Thusnelda. Th. 1. Buch 1. S. [illegible]

und raſende Panther-Klauen verdecket; die ihr vom Himmel deßwegen die Waffen der Vernunfft überkommen zu haben vermeinet: daß ihr ſie zu anderer Betrug und Blutſtürzung gebrauchen ſollet; gleich als wenn euch die Natur zu Prieſtern des Todes gezeuget hätte! Wiſſet ihr nicht: daß die Welt ein angefüllter Kercker von Miſſethätern ſey, welche das Verhängnüß noch für ihrer Geburt durch ein unwiederrufliches Geſetze zum Tode verdammt hat; in dem ieder alle Augenblicke die Ausübung des Urtheils und die Art ſeiner Hinrichtung zitternde erwarten muß? Iſt euch verborgen: daß die Zeit ſelbſt der Scherge oder der Todten-Gräber iſt, der euch auf dem vom Verhängnüſſe ausgeſteckten Wege über Hals über Kopff zum Grabe fortſchleppet; und daß ſie zwar zum Merckmahl, wie geſchwinde unſer Leben verrauchet, eine Sand-Uhr in der einen, eine Sichel aber in der andern Hand träget, welche uns unfehlbar abmeyet, ehe wir es uns verſehen; weil wir ſchon in der Wiege reiff zum Tode ſind. Aber laſſet mich durch meine Trägheit nicht auch in verdammliche Grauſamkeit verfallen. Hiermit machte der Alte dem noch ſprachloſen Marbod die Kleider auf, beſahe ſeine Wunden, wuſch ſie aus, holete Kräuter, zerquetſchte ſie zwiſchen zwey Steinen, und verband ſie darmit. Nichts anders verfuhr er mit dem Ritter Lichtenſtein und Tannenberg. Um den Mittag brachte er ihnen zur Mahlzeit allerhand Wurtzeln, und in einem ausgehölten Steine ein annehmliches Waſſer, welches er nahe darbey aus einem Sauerbrunnen geſchöpfft hatte; den lechſenden Marbod aber erquickte er mit Himpel- und andern annehmlichen Beeren, welche in Menge und ungewöhnlicher Gröſſe auf dieſem Gebürge wachſen. Seinen Bären ſchickte er auf die Jagt aus, welcher täglich etwas von Wildpret einbrachte, ſo der gute Einſiedler nach der erſten Welt Einfalt zurichtete; übrigens aber ſeine Gäſte dergeſtalt unterhielt: daß ſie ihn für ihren Artzt, ihren Verpfleger, ihren Lehrer, ja für ihren Vater rühmen muſten. Tannenberg und Lichtenſtein geneſeten in dem, Marbod aber zu aller höchſter Verwunderung in acht Tagen von ihren gefährlichſten Wunden. Worauf der Einſiedler allererſt nach ihrem Zuſtande, und wie ſie in diß Unglück verfallen wären, fragte; weil er es anfangs zu thun deßwegen anſtand: daß ein Menſch nach dem Beyſpiele der Sonnen, welche über Wolffs-Milch und Weitzen, ſo wol über die ſie verfluchende Mohren als die ſie anbetenden Perſen ihre Strahlen ausſchüttet, ohne einigen Unterſchied Böſen und Guten wolthun ſolle. Marbod, welcher gleichwol nicht trauen wolte, wer er wäre, zu entdecken, berichtete ihn: Sie wären Marckmänniſche Edelleute, welche in Begleitung ihres Königes von denen Bojen verrätheriſch wären überfallen, und alſo zugerichtet worden. Sehet ihrs nun, ſagte der Einſiedler: daß die Boßheit mit demſelben Meſſer verwundet werde, welches ſie vorher auf andere Hälſe geſchliffen hat. Marbod und ihr habt euch dieſes Uberfalls halber weder zu verwundern noch zu beſchweren. Denn habt ihrs den Bojen nicht vorhin ärger mitgeſpielet? Perill brennet nicht unbillich im glüenden Ochſen, den er vorher andern zur Pein erſonnen hatte. Wer aber ſein Thun nach der Wagſchale der Gerechtigkeit abwieget, hat ſich für ihrem Schwerdte nicht zu fürchten. Unſere ungezähmte Begierden ſtürtzen uns nur von den Steinklüfften ſolcher erſchrecklichen Zufälle. Hätte Marbod, deſſen Leib der Himmel nicht begreiffen würde, wenn er mit ſeinem Ehrſüchtigen Gemüthe gleicher Gröſſe wäre, ſich nicht zum gröſten Räuber der Welt, und einem Rebeller ſeines Herren gemacht; ſo hätte das erreigete Verhängnüß ihm keinen ſo ſauern Blick gegeben. Ein tugendhafftes und vergnügliches Leben iſt der ſicherſte Ancker und der vollkommenſte Glücks-Stern. Wie rieſſinnig aber iſt die Ehrſucht der Menſchen um ihr ſelbſt weh zu thun; wenn ſie alle Kreiſſe der Vergnügung überſteigt, und alle Augenblick ihr in den Gedancken eine ſo hohe Glücks-Staffel fürbildet; die ſie gar nicht, oder nur mit ihrer Einäſcherung erreichen kann! Wie zwinget ſie ihr Verlangen ſo viel höher, als ihre Augen tragen, und ihre Kräfften reichen. Ja wenn ein Herrſchſüchtiger auch ſchon den erſten Tag auf dem Wagen der Sonne zu ſitzen käme, würde er doch Morgen ſchon in dem allerhöchſten Kreiſſe die unbeweglichen Geſtirne mit ſeinen Füſſen zermalmen wollen. Denn ehe man ſich einer Herrſchafft bemächtiget, ſcheinet eine kleine groß, nach ihrer Uberkommung aber auch die gröſte klein zu ſeyn. Dannenher GOtt gar billich der menſchlichen Unerſättligkeit durch ſo viel ohnmächtige Schwächen die Flügel verſchnitten und verhangen hat: daß ein Knecht einem Fürſten offt zum Meiſter werde; und eine Hand mit einem Funcken Feuer in einem Augenblicke verderben könne, was hunderttauſend in hundert Jahren gebaut haben. Ihr blinden Sterblichen! Wenn wird euch die Zeit oder euer Nachdencken die Farbe vom Geſichte ziehen? wenn werdet ihr lehren: daß in der Tugend, nicht in euſſerlichem Gepränge unſere Glückſeligkeit beruhe? daß wir viel leichter in einem kleinen Zirckel unter Augen-Maß den Mittel-Punct zu erſehen wiſſe; als in weitem Stande ihn, als auf denen geſchwindeſten Gipffeln hoher Würden die Ruhe des Gemüthes zu finden ſey! Wenn werdet ihr den Weſen für den Schatten ergreiffen; und euer Gemüthe mit Koſt, nicht mit Winde ſpeiſen? Iſt es nicht Thorheit oder vielmehr Boßheit: daß der Menſch den Glantz der Tugend, welcher die Strahlen der Sonnen verdunckelt, darum verächtlich hält; weil ſelbter eine Beſtändigkeit zum Grunde hat; und ſich mit der Blendung der Laſter vergnüget; weil ſie das Nichts der Eitelkeit zum Fuſſe haben. Die Weißheit hält für das höchſte, wenn ſie was iſt; darmit aber kein Gepränge macht, ſondern ihre Diamanten mit rauen Steinen, ihren köſtlichen Kern mit geringen Schalen verhüllet. Was nichts iſt, und nichts zu ſeyn ſcheinet, wird billich von Tugend und Boßheit verworffen. Aber in der Welt, weil ſelbte voll von eitel leeren Dingen iſt, und eitel Einwohner hat, die nirgends weniger, als in derſelben wohnen, hält man für nichts, was gleich ſcheinet, und wahrhafftig etwas iſt; hingegen für das vollkommenſte Weſen, was nicht iſt, und nur einen Schein hat, als wenn es etwas wäre. Weil der Papegoy zu reden ſcheinet, henckten ihn Könige in güldenen Keſichten in ihre herrlichſten Zimmer, und ſpeiſen ihn mit Zucker; wenn aber Epictet einen Redner abgeben wil, ſchleuſt man ihm die euſſerſten Pforten für der Naſe zu. Der groſſe Alexander fand zwar beym Diogenes die Glückſeligkeit, und ſein Faß warff den Schatten weit über die Egyptiſchen Spitz-Seulen; dieſer groſſe Weltbezwinger aber wuſte ſeinen Glantz dieſem armen Weiſen beyzuſetzen; ſondern er entzog ihm vielmehr die Strahlen der Sonnen, und beeinträchtigte die Vergnügung ſeiner Niedrigkeit. Wenn Marbod in ſeinem erſten Stande blieben wäre, oder mit mir in dieſer Höle gleich ſeine Vergnügung ſehe, würde er doch lieber nach der Lufft eiteler Ehre ſchnappen, und inwendig gerne ein grauſames Ungeheuer vieler Laſter werden; daß er nur in den Augen der Albern ein Wunderwerck der Glücks-Kinder ſeyn möge. Es iſt zu erbarmen: daß Menſchen ſich vernünfftige Thiere zu ſeyn rühmen; da ſie doch ſelten der Richtſchnur der Vernunfft folgen, ſondern ins gemein den Abſätzen ihrer raſenden Begierde nachhängen; unter welchen die Ehrſucht die grauſamſte iſt. Alle andere Laſter haben ihren Stillſtand; die Schwelgerey wird erſättigt, die Wolluſt überdrüßig, die Grauſamkeit ermüdet, der Zorn abgekühlet; die Ehrſucht aber iſt das Feuer, welches von ſeiner Nahrung nur vergröſſert, keinmal aber ſatt wird. Da doch eine weite Herrſchafft die beſchwerlichſte Dienſtbarkeit iſt; und die, welche über viel tauſend gebieten, nicht Herren über ſich ſelbſt ſind; in welchem letztern doch die eigentliche Herrſchafft beſtehet. Der Wollüſtige iſt ein Sclave eines Antlitzes, der Geitzige eines glänzenden Erd-Klumpens, der Ehrſüchtige ein Knecht der Knechte; für welchen ſich dieſelben demüthigen, welche über Herren gebieten wollen. Das gröſte Königreich aber iſt die Freyheit ſeines Hertzens; welches an nichts, als an ſeinem Urſprunge dem Himmel henget; welches keinen Menſchen beleidiget, Gott nicht erzürnet; welches alle andere Stände ihm für unanſtändig hält; darein ihn das Verhängnüß nicht geſetzt hat, und den Begierden alsbald einen Riegel fürſchieubt; wenn ſich ihnen irgendswo ein Abweg zeiget; auf welchem ſie den gläſernen Hals und Kopff brechen; ob er ſchon im Eingange mit Lilgen und Jaſminen beſtreuet iſt; wie euch das Beyſpiel eures Marbods den geſtrigen Tag fürgebildet hat; oder, welches mir glaublicher, der künfftige durch einen viel merckwürdigern Fall aller Welt für Augen ſtellen wird. Sintemahl die durch Laſter an ſich gezogene Gewalt eben ſo wenig, als der Schnee an der Sonnen, und das Wachs im Feuer dauern kan. Marbod färbete und entfärbete ſich unterſchiedene mahl über der nachdrücklichen Gewiſſensrührung dieſes frommen Alten; er ſahe bald den Tannenberg, bald den Lichtenſtein an, ſie gleichſam fragende: ob ſie auch in ihrem Gemüthe die Stiche fühleten, welche ſo empfindlich ſein Hertz träffen. Worüber der Einſiedler alsbald eine Muthmaſſung faſte: daß diß König Marbod wol ſelbſt ſeyn dörffte. Sintemahl eben ſo wenig eine Larve einen Fürſten, als eine Wolcke die Sonne völlig bergen kan. Lichtenſtein aber, um entweder ſeinen Fürſten ſo viel möglich zu rechtfertigen, oder dem Alten mehr Anlaß zu fernerm Unterricht zu geben, fügte ihm entgegen: Es gebe ſo wenig Menſchen ohne Fehler, als Tiger ohne Flecken. Jeder Grundzug der Natur wäre ein Behältnüß wilder Thiere, und ein Aufenthalt menſchlicher Gebrechen. Die Hoffart hätte ihr Leben gleichſam in der Lufft, der Zorn im Feuer, der Geitz in der Erde, die Geilheit im Waſſer; die Ehrſucht aber ſchlüge ihr Gezelt ſchier unter den Sternen auf, und hätte an ſich etwas himmliſches, und darum ſo viel weniger Rauch und Schwärtze. Alle Arten der Thiere hätten unter ſich gifftige, und fürnehmlich die Kriechenden. Keinem Vogel aber wäre einig Gifft an. Daher hielt er die, welche ſich von dem Miſte des Pöfels erhoben, und über andere durch groſſe Thaten empor ſchwingen, für die reineſte Stände, worum ſich Menſchen befleiſſen. Ihm wäre zwar ſolcher Weiſen Meynung nicht unbekandt: daß man aus bloſſer Liebe der Tugend, nicht aus Begierde der Ehren, gutes thun ſolte; und daß die letztere ſonſt die Tugend in Handel verwandelte; ja daß die Tugend ſelbſt ihr höchſter Lohn wäre; wenn ſie nicht nur alles Ruhms entblößt, ſondern gar mit Schmach, Schande und Verachtung verſtellet würde. Er wüßte wol: daß einige den Pythias beſchuldigten, ſeine Freundſchafft gegen den Damon hätte nicht die Liebe, ſondern Eitelkeit zum Grunde gehabt. Scipio hätte ſich der ſchönen Gefangenen nicht aus Liebe, ſondern aus Staatsſucht; Curius der Eitelkeiten aus Eitelkeit enthalten. Allein heißt das nicht helffenbeinerne Bilder mit Kohlen überſtreichen, und die Sonne mit Gewölcke ſchöner machen wollen; und der Tugend ihre Anmuth nehmen, wormit ſie ſo viel weniger Buhler bekomme. Sintemahl die Menſchen durchgehends ſo laut geartet wären: daß der Zunder der Ehre ihre todten Geiſter aufwecken müſſe. Daher nichts gewiſſer, als daß der, welcher Ruhm und Ehre verachtet, der Tugend ſchwerlich hold ſeyn könne. Maſſen denn den Menſchen die Ehre faſt allein von andern Thieren abſonderte, und zu GOtt näherte. Ja ſie wäre ein viel theurer Kleinod als das Leben. Denn diß möchte man wol für jene, niemahls aber jene für dieſes einbüſſen. Zumahl die Ehre das von der Natur in ſo enge Schrancken der Zeit eingeſperrte Leben ſobald, wenn es rühmlich eingebüßt wäre, verewigte; und das Verlangen beym Leben hochgehalten, nach dem Tode bey der Nachwelt berühmt ſeyn, einen ſichern Beweiß abgäbe: daß die Seele unſterblich ſey. Denn wenn ſie mit dem Leibe zu ſeyn aufhörte, was hätte ſie für Genüß vom Nachruhme? Hiernach ließe ſich keine Übermaße leichter entſchuldigen, als wenn das Verlangen nach einem ſo herrlichen Dinge über die Schnure rennte. Der Leib möchte nur fünff und zwantzig Jahr, das Hertz aber funfzig, und das Gemüthe wie der Krocodil ſo lange man lebte; zu einer nicht unklugen Bedeutung: daß die Ergetzligkeiten des Leibes ein zeitliches; tapffere Entſchlüſſungen ein langſames, das Verlangen über andere zu herrſchen gar kein Maß noch Ziel haben ſolle. Der zerbrechliche Menſch würde wilden Thieren in vielem nachgeben, beſonders den Raben; derer Jugend allein hundert Jahr austrüge, und den Thieren, welche biß über die Wolcken flügen, wenn er nicht durch Helden-Thaten ſich bei den Nachkommen verewigen, und mit der Herrſchafft über die leben könte, welche in der Verachtung bey den Lebenden, und in der Vergeſſenheit der noch ungebohrnen vergraben liegen. Britten hätte zwar wie ein kleiner Stern für der aufgehenden Sonne des Fürſten Marbods erbleichen müſſen, aber dieſes Geſetze wäre nicht nur in dem Reiche der Staats-Klugheit, ſondern auch der Natur Herkommens, worinnen eines Dinges Geburt des andern Vernichtigung nach ſich züge. Das geringe Gewürme des Pöbels kriechs nur in dem Staube, die ohnmächtigen Schnecken trügen ſich nur mit ihren engen Hütten; groſſe Gemüther aber zügen mit den Habichten und den Löwen auf den Raub aus. Und wie es dem Golde wol anſtände das Geringe verwahren; alſo Fürſten um fremde Güter kämpffen. Müſſe ſich doch die Fettigkeit der ſtinckenden Moräſte in empor ſteigende Dünſte, und dieſe ſich in Lufft-Sternen zu verwandeln. Und ob ſie zwar endlich wieder verloderten; wäre doch ihre Aſche nicht unedler, als der Urſprung. So viel weniger wäre dem von einem Geſchlechte entſprungenen Marbod zu verargen: daß er nach der Eigenſchafft der beſten Sterblichen ihm die höchſte Pforte der Ehren, ſeinen Nachkommen der Würde, andern Glieder der Nachfolge geöffnet hätte. Weil ſo viel Rieſen-Väter Zwerge; groſſe Könige unedle Knechte zeugten, und ihr Geſchlechte in Abfall brächten; müſten andere hingegen in Aufnehmen kommen. Wie einerley Ding unterſchiedene Farben zu haben ſcheine, nachdem man es gerade oder ſeitenwerts anſiehe; alſo wäre nichts ſeltzames: daß ein Menſch von einem erhoben, vom andern geſcholten würde. Die alten Helden brauchten uns Wunderwercke, die gegenwärtigen nichts zu ſeyn. Wie verkleinerlich man itzt vom Marbod redete; ſo groß würde die Nachwelt von ihm ſprechen. Dahero wenn ſchon ihn der Neid oder das Unglücke unter ſeiner Laſt erdrückte, könte doch ſeine Einäſcherung ihn zu nichts geringerem, als er geweſt wäre, machen; die Welt würde ſodenn auf ihn, wie auf die verfinſterte Sonne, mehr Augen wenden, als da er in vollem Lichte geſtanden. Denen ihr kein Schwerd [illegible], würde ſeine Leiche köſtlicher, als Andere rächen; und wenn ſeine Aſche ſchon nicht in güldene Todten-Töpffe ſolte verwahret werden, würde ſie die Nachwelt doch in ihre unverſtörlichen Hertzen aufheben.

Der Einſiedler hörte den Ritter Lichtenſtein wol aus; fing hierauf an: Es iſt wahr, daß man deßhalben lebe, wormit man nimmermehr ſterbe. Ich gebe nach: daß die nach dem Tode nicht leben können, die, ehe ſie geſtorben, wie Todte gelebt haben. Aber wie es ein groſſer Unterſcheid iſt zwiſchen einem unſterblichen Nachruhme, und einer ewigen Schande; alſo wird Marbod durch ſeine Ehrſucht zwar in dieſe verfallen, jene aber mit keinem Finger erreichen. Ein tugendhafft Leben verbleibet allhier unſern Nachkommen, nach dem Tode die Aſche ein, wormit jenes und [illegible] erwarte, [illegible] unſterblich ſey, ſo gar auch dem Verläumbden nicht ſtincken möge; wie die, welche ſich iederzeit im Blute gebadet, mit Winde geſpeiſet, im Reiche der Laſter gewütet, und wol in die Poſt der Lebenden gerathen, nichts als ein Aas unter den Todten ſeyn können. Marbod, Marbod, laß dir dieſen Zufall eine Warnigung ſeyn, und überrede dich ſelbſt nicht: daß deine Macht ſo vielen Feinden gewachſen ſei; und daß menſchlicher Witz die Streiche des Verhängnüſſes verſetzen könne. Sey nur verſichert: daß kein Orion ſo groß und mächtig ſey, welchen nicht ein kleiner Scorpion entleiben könne. Würdeſt du deiner Mittelmäßigkeit folgen, würdeſt du ſo wenig, als Antäus, ſo lange er mit ſeinen Füſſen die Erde erreichte, überwunden worden ſeyn. So aber hat die Eitelkeit der Erhöhung dazu einen tödtlichen Streich verſetzt. Trachteſt du dich zu verewigen, ſo wiſſe: daß alle nach der Erde riechende Thaten mit ins Grab verſcharrt; die aber alleine verewiget werden, welche der Tugend vermählt, und dem Brunnen der Ewigkeit angenehm ſind. Übermäßige Ruhmſucht iſt eine gröſſere Schwachheit, als jenes Menſchen, der ſich über der Kürtze ſeines Schattens betrübte, über der Länge aber erfreute. Darzu weiſſeſt du nicht: daß dieſer Schatten die Verfolgenden fleucht, denen Fliehenden aber nachfolget. Bilde dir nicht ein: daß die Ehre allezeit der Tugend Schatten ſey. Es giebt offt Schattenwerck ohne Leib, und Ruhmſprüche ohne Verdienſte; welche keinem Dinge ähnlicher ſind, als denen auf leere Gräber geſetzten Grabe-Schrifften. Das Glücke ſetzt mehrmals die Unwürdigſten auf die höchſte Staffel der Ehren und Gewalt, wie die verſchmitzten Baumeiſter die unvollkommenſten Bilder in die oberſten Gaden, und auſſer dem genauern Urtheil naher Augen. Marbod, es iſt kein groſſer Schade, daß die Welt ſo viel von dir weiß. Denn hierdurch haſt du dein eigen Erkäntnüß vergeſſen. Würdeſt du nicht ſo mächtig worden, ſo hätte dich niemals eine ſolche Ohnmacht deines Gemüthes entkräfftet; und du wäreſt der lobwürdigſte Herr in der Welt blieben, wenn du über dich die Gewalt behalten hätteſt, niemanden unrecht zu thun. Als dieſer Ehrwürdige Alte ſolches mit unverwendeten Augen gegen den König Marbod ausredete, kam dieſer in die Gedancken: es müſte eine in ihm ſteckende Göttliche Würckung ihm, wer er wäre, offenbaret haben; fiel hiermit dem Einſiedler mit thränenden Augen um den Hals; und nach dem er ihn eine gute Weile geküſſet, ſagte er: Es iſt wahr, Vater, ich bin Marbod, der durch die Kriegs-Flamme ſo viel Länder angeſteckt hat, dem ſo viel Städte tauſenderley Freuden-Feuer angezündet, kein Menſch aber noch ein ſolch Licht aufgeſteckt hat, als ich durch deine Güte in dieſer tunckeln Höle in meinem Gemüthe aufgehen ſehe. O erbärmlicher Zuſtand der Fürſten! welche zwar durch ihre Vermögligkeit über ihre Unterthanen herrſchen, ihre Diener aber durch Heucheley über ſich müſſen walten laſſen! Derer blinde Eigenliebe das tödtliche Gifft unverdienter Lobſprüche für Treue und Zuneigung annimmt; da es den Fürſten doch nur in ſeinen Laſtern einſchläfft, und auf Vergröſſerung der Heuchler angeſehen iſt. Dieſe öffnen die Ohren ihres Fürſten gegen die Sirenen-Lieder der reitzenden Wolllüſte, verſtopffen ſie aber gegen dem Schalle der heilſamen Warheit. Sie ſind die Spinnen, welche mit ihrem Rathe die Tugend beſudeln, mit ihrem Gewebe den Abgrund des Verterbens überſpinnen, mit ihrem Giffte die Seele des Königs und den Wolſtand der Reiche tödten. Wie viel heilſamer iſt es den Fürſten gehaßt, als geſchmeichelt zu ſeyn. Denn der Haß iſt ein aufrichtiger Spiegel, welcher uns unſere Flecken deutlich für Augen ſtellt, und ſie abzuwiſchen uns erinnert. Die Heucheley aber verdeckt ſie nicht nur, ſondern überfirnſt ſie auch mit dem Kleiſter groſſer Helden-Tugenden; für welche ich Verleiteter auch vielmahl die grauſamſten Tugenden angeſehen habe. Aber, weiſer Vater, würdige den nun auch einer heilſamen Artzney, deſſen Gemüths-Wunden du ihm auch lebendig geſchnitten, und deſſen Gebrechen du ihm entdeckt haſt. Dem Einſiedler gieng dieſes Erkäntnüß ſo wol: daß er Mitleiden mit Marbods Gebrechen hatte, und ihm antwortete: Er wäre bereit auf dem rechten Wege kein Hülffs-Mittel zu finden. Aber Marbod verſetzte: Er würde ſelbtes dennoch verfehlen, wenn er ihn nicht mit der Hand darzu leitete. Denn wie die Natur in den Augen einen nicht geringen Fehler begangen hätte: daß ſie alles andere, ſich alleine ſelbſt nicht ſehen könnten; alſo wüſte der ſich irrende Menſch ihm auch ſelten ſelbſt zu rechte zu helffen, und wie er über andere Fehler Luchs-Augen hätte, alſo wäre er in ſeinen eigenen blinder, als ein Maulwurff. Daß er derogeſtalt die Heßligkeit ſeiner viehiſchen Verſtellung, der Hertzige nicht ſeine verderbte Augen, der Wollüſtige nicht ſeine thörichte Entbehrung, weniger aber ſein Heil erkennen kan. Der Einſiedler fing an: Ich ſpüre dieſe Blindheit mehr denn zu viel an dir. Denn du haſt das Kraut zu deiner Geneſung in Händen, und ſieheſt es gleichwol nicht. Weiß GOtt! antwortete Marbod; es wäre nicht allein ſo nahe bey mir, ſondern auch nicht unſichtbar. Sich ſelbſt kennen, fing der Ehrwürdige Einſiedel an; iſt die Artzney wieder alle Gemüths-Schwachheiten; und ſo allgemein: daß ſie Königen und Ackerknechten anſtändig, die Wurtzel aller Vergnügung, und der Pfeiler unſer Glückſeligkeit iſt. Denn, was hilfft es alle andere Dinge kennen, wenn man ihm ſelbſt unbekannt iſt? Gewiß auch der ſchwerlich was anders kennen kan, der ſich ſelbſt nie betrachtet, oder ſeiner vergeſſen hat. Wie andere Thiere kein nen ſich; und ihr eingebohrner Trieb leitet ſie zu allem, was ihre Erhaltung erfordert. Der ſchädliche Scorpion fleucht das Scorpionen-Kraut, die Schlange den Schatten der Eſchbäume, als ihr töbtliches Gifft. Die verwundete Gemſe kennet ihr Wund-Kraut; und der Hirſch weiß ein Mittel: daß ihm die Natter nicht ſchade, welche er mit ſeinem Athem aus den Steinritzen gezogen hat. Der elende Menſch allein kennet weder ſich, noch ſein Gutes; ſondern erquicket ſich am Giffte, rennet in ſein eigen Verterben, verwundet ſich mit ſeinem eigenen Meſſer; weil er den Funcken der Göttligkeit, nehmlich die Vernunfft nicht zu Rathe nimmt, und das edle Kleinod des freyen Willens ſo ſchändlich mißbraucht; und ſich derdurch dergeſtalt verſtellet: daß Socrates, welchen doch die Göttliche Wahrſagung für den weiſeſten Menſchen erklärt hatte, an ihm ſelbſt nicht ohne Urſache zweifelt: ob er ein rechter Menſch oder ander Thier ſey; und daß der ſo weiſe Lehrmeiſter des Achilles Chiron ſich nur für einen Halb-Menſchen gelten läßt; ſein niedriges Theil aber zum Pferde macht; ja die Weiſen gar artlich die viehiſchen Neigungen des Menſchen dadurch fürgebildet haben: daß Prometheus bey Bildung des erſten Menſchen die Leber vom Wolffe, das Hertze vom Tiger, die Nieren vom Schweine, die Naſe vom Naſen-Horn-Thiere, die Zunge von der Schlange, die Zähne vom Hunde, die Augen vom Baſilisken, das Geſichte vom Affen, die Hände vom Geyer, den Magen vom Strauße geborget habe. Bey welcher Bewandnüß Pythagoras wol Urſache gehabt hat ſeinen Nachfolgern alle Abend die Prüfung ihrer Geſtalt, und die Unterſuchung des verübten Böſen, oder des unterlaſſenen Guten ſo nachdrücklich einzuhalten. Sintemahl ſeine Fehler erkennen ſchon eine halbe Vollkommenheit iſt. Denn wie nur die, welche erwacht ſind, ihre Träume erzehlen können: alſo vermag auch niemand ſeine Gebrechen wahrnehmen, als der ihnen gram wird, und ſich ſchon der Tugend befleißigt. Deßhalben band Plato in ſeinen Geſetzen nach anbefohlner Verehrung Gottes, die Ehrerbietung gegen ſeine eigene Seele ſo ſehr ein, und daß ein ieder ſie für ſeine Zeugin alles ſeines Thuns; ja gegen ſeinen eigenen Leib verſchämt ſeyn ſolte. Denn hierdurch ſtellet man ſich für den Richter-Stul des Gewiſſens, welches niemahls ohne Erleuchtung ſeines Verſtandes, und ohne Beſſerung ſeines Willens abgehet. Dieſe Prüfung unſers Lebens iſt die Mäß-Rute, welche uns benachrichtiget, wie viel Schritte wir uns der Tugend genähert haben, und wie ferne wir noch von dem Angel-Sterne der Glückſeligkeit entfernet ſind, welche in der Ruhe des Gemüthes beſtehet. Sintemahl einen Laſterhafften ſeine Begierden nie ruhen, ſeine Sorgen nie ſchlafen laſſen. Der Verdruß überfället ihn in der Einſamkeit, in Gemeinſchafften iſt er mit niemanden weniger zufrieden, als mit ihm ſelbſt; er erzittert für einem rauſchenden Blate, und ſeine ihm einkommende Boßheiten machen ihm alle Wolcken von Blitze trächtig; ja wenn alle andere ihn für unſchuldig erkennen, verdammet ihn ſein eigen Hertze. Denn ſein Gewiſſen weiß mehr, als kein Zeuge, und hat mehr geſehen, als ſeine ihn Tag und Nacht bewachende Trabanten. Hingegen iſt der, welcher ſich kennen lernt, nicht nur ſelbſt, ſondern auch alle andere mit ihm zufrieden. Denn weil er ſiehet: daß er nicht beſſer, als andere ſey, thut er andern auch nichts anders, als ihm ſelbſt. Er bemühet ſich deßhalben zweymal ſo viel gutes zu ſtifften, weil er unſtraffbar könte böſes thun; ja weil wilde Thiere aus Furcht das verbotene unterlaſſen, ſchätzte er ſich unwürdig ein Menſch zu ſeyn, wenn er ſich deſſen aus einem andern Triebe enthielte, als weil er vernünfftig iſt. Dergeſtalt iſt ein ſich ſelbſt kennender Menſch ihm allezeit gleich; wie unterſchieden gleich ſeine Verrichtungen ſind. Daher ihm Alcibiades niemahls unähnlich wird, ob gleich ſeine Klugheit ihn zu Athen anſehnlich, zu Thebe arbeitſam, zu Sparta ſparſam, in Perſen einen Jäger ſeyn heißt. Und Cato verändert in dem veränderten Rom niemahls ſein Antlitz, weniger ſein Gemüthe; wenn ſchon andere nicht nur, wie die Feldhüner in Paphlagonien, zwey Hertzen haben, ſondern einem ieden ihnen beliebenden Dinge eines zueignen. Da ihr Erkäntnüß ihnen doch ſagen würde: daß ihr einiges nur dem einigen Gotte zu wiedmen ſey. Weßwegen die weiſen Griechen dieſe Artzney der Selbſt-Erkäntnüß billich mit Gold über die Pfoſten des Delphiſchen Tempels geſchrieben, ich aber zu meiner ſteten Erinnerung in dieſen Fels über den Eingang der Höle gegraben habe, womit es ſo wol ich, als ieder Kluger ihm in ſein Hertz präge. Sintemahl diß der Delphiſche Apollo für den Kern menſchlicher Klugheit erkennet hat. Lieber Marbod, weil du dich nun ſelbſt nicht kenneſt, magſtu dich wol unterſtehen, denen Göttlichen Gliedern den Augen, welche nicht ohne Wunderwercke alle Dinge der Seele abbilden, oder ſie gleichſam erſchaffen, hierdurch aber ſelbſt der Natur der Handlangerin Göttlicher Allmacht Mängel auszuſtellen? Allerdinges ſind wol die euſſerlichen Sinnen und Glieder die Abbildungen der Seele, und Anzeiger ihrer Eigenſchafften: daß aber die Augen ſich ſelbſt nicht ſehen, iſt eine kluge Behutſamkeit der Natur, welche hierdurch den Menſchen anweiſen wollen: daß er durch ſtetes Anſehen ſeiner ſelbſt ſich ihm nicht ſelbſt zum Abgotte mache; und wegen ſo geſchäfftiger Eigen-Liebe nichts frembdem ſeine Augen gönne. Ich mag von allen Gliedern des Menſchen dir nicht die Richtſchnuren deiner Selbſt-Erkäntniß zeugen; ſondern weil du ein Haupt ſo vieler Völcker biſt, und dieſe Larve wol nicht ehe, als mit Verwechſelung des Sterbekittels abzulegen denckeſt, dich allein an die Betrachtung deines Hauptes weiſen; welches allerdinges ein Auszug der Welt, ein Ebenbild der himmliſchen Stern-Kreiße, ein Schloß der Seelen, und das Zeug-Haus ihrer Bewegungen iſt; zur Anleitung: daß im Fürſten das gantze Volck gleichſam begriffen; ſeine Verrichtungen der himmliſchen Reinigkeit zugethan; ein Herrſcher der Schutz ſeiner Unterthanen, und die Stärcke ſeines Reiches ſeyn ſolle. Ein Fürſt iſt ſo wol, als das Haupt über alle Glieder empor geſetzt, ſeines Anſehens und Ambtes wegen; welches letztere ihm die ſorgfältige Aufſicht über die Niedrigen; das erſtere aber: daß er ihm niemanden zu Kopffe wachſen laſſe, keinen Diener ſo groß, als er ſelbſt iſt, mache, einbindet. Weßwegen ein Reich mit zweyen Fürſten für eine ſo groſſe Mißgeburt zu halten, als ein Leib mit zweyen Kopffen. Sintemahl die einzele Zahl zum Herrſchen, die Vielheit aber nur zum gehorſamen geſchickt iſt; ja die Bewegung des Himmels ſelbſt aus einem Urſprunge fleußt. Im Haupte haben alle fünff Sinnen ihre Wohnſtatt; der übrige Leib, deſſen Adern doch noch niemand gezehlet, deſſen Gebeine mit den Tagen des Jahres einerley Zahl halten, iſt allein mit dem irrdiſchen Fühlen begabet. Nach deſſen Beyſpiele ein Fürſt ſo vielmahl ſeines gantzen Volckes Gaben übertreffen ſoll. Fürnehmlich aber hat der Verſtand allein im Haupte den Sitz; weil ein Fürſt mit ſeiner Klugheit den Gebrechen eines gantzen Landes, und den Irrthümern vieler Völcker abzuhelffen gewachſen ſeyn ſoll. Das Gedächtnüß ruhet im Hintertheile des Hauptes, wie der Verſtand in dem vörderſten; weil dieſer auf das gegenwärtige und künfftige Aufſicht haben, jenes aber auf das vergangene zurück ſehen, und aus dem Menſchen gleichſam einen zweyfachen Janus machen muß. Ein Fürſt muß nichts minder ſeiner Vorfahren Thun und Zufälle; und du Marbod inſonderheit Brittons Fehler im Geſichte behalten, und aus ſelbten die zukünfftigen urtheilen. Denn das Leben der Menſchen iſt ein bloſſes Schauſpiel; in welchem zwar die Perſonen verändert werden, das Spiel aber einerley iſt, und von vornen wieder ſeinen alten Anfang nimmt. Das Haupt kan nicht ohne Augen, ein Fürſt nicht ohne Räthe ſeyn; weil es nicht rathſam iſt: daß er die ſchwere Kugel der Herrſchafft allein auf ſeine Hörner nehme. Denn ihm allein alles zutrauen iſt mehr eine Vermeſſenheit, als klug gethan. Deßhalben verdienten die obern Staats-Diener bei den Perſen ſchon den Nahmen der Augen; nach dem klugen Rath nichts anders, als ein auf künfftige Begebenheiten gerichtetes Auge iſt. Das Hertz und die Augen ſind an einander ſo genau verknüpffet: daß dieſe ſich ſeiner Freude und Leid alſofort theilhafftig machen. Ein Fürſt muß nichts minder ſeiner Diener empfindlichen Zuneigung verſichert ſeyn; und keine andere erkieſen, als welche wie die Augen keinen Sonnenſtaub des Eigen-Nutzes in ſich vertragen; welche durch die geringſte Betaſtung nicht ihres Fürſten Heimligkeiten erforſchen laſſen; und ob ſie zwar gleichſam durch einen Zaun unterſchieden ſind, dennoch mit einander übereinſtimmen, einerley Augenwerck nehmlich die Ehre ihres Fürſten und den Wolſtand des Volckes für ſich haben. Ja der Fürſt ſelbſt muß ſo wenig, als die Augen in ſeiner Wachſamkeit müde werden, die hefftigen Gemüths-Regungen ihm keinen Nebel, die Argliſt keinen blauen Dunſt für die Augen machen laſſen, noch einerley Ding mit dem einen Auge ſchwartz, mit dem andern weiß anſchauen; wo eben die Augen nicht hernach diß beweinen ſollen, was ſie vorher verkehrt an- oder gar überſehen haben. Weil aber die Warheit vorwerts einem begegnet, der Betrug aber uns auf der Seite beykommen wil, hat die Natur am Haupte das Geſichte vor die Ohren ſeitwerts zu Wächtern beſtellt. Ein Fürſt muß nichts minder auf beyden Seiten wachſam ſeyn; und wie die Ohren, welche nicht wie die Augen mit Augenliedern, noch wie die ungezähmte Zunge mit zweyerley Zäunen verſchloſſen werden können, ſondern Tag und Nacht offen ſtehen, iedermann und allezeit hören. Denn der iſt nicht werth, daß er König iſt, dem das Hören verdrüßlich fällt. Wenn der gantze Leib ſchläfft, halten die Ohren Schildwache, um ſelbten für der ſich nähernden Gefahr zu warnigen. Ein Fürſt aber ſoll deßhalben wachen: daß die Unterthanen ſicher ruhen können. Alle Thiere heben und ſencken ihre Ohren, des Menſchen alleine ſind unbeweglich und ſtets in einem Stande. Ein Fürſt ſoll iederzeit ſolche Anſtalt haben: daß ſelbter niemahls was [illegible] ſey, noch er bei anbräuender Gefahr die Ohren ſpitzen dörffe, und ſeine Feinde ihm niemahls unvermuthet auf den Hals kommen, wenn ſie gleich geſchwinder, als der Blitz loß ſchlagen. Wiewol die Ohren nicht wie die Augen die Sachen ſuchen, ſondern von den Sachen geſucht werden, ſtehen ſie doch, wie der Mund mit zwey Mauern verſchloſſen iſt, mit zweyfachen Pforten offen, um die Dinge deſto beſſer in ſich zu faſſen, weil diß, was man ſiehet, beſtehet; was man aber höret, alsbald verſchwindet. Ein Fürſt muß ſeine Ohrenbläſer hatten, noch nach Vergällung der Unſchuld trachten; aber für nichts, was auch nur das leichte Geſchirr ſeinem Reiche gefährliches andeutet, die Ohren verſtopffen; ja in allem zum minſten zweymal ſo viel hören als reden. Weil aber unſer Gehöre niemand anderm in die Augen und empfindlich fällt; muß ein Fürſt ſich mehrmahls anſtellen, als wenn er nicht hörte, und wegen geringer Beleidigung ſein Reich nicht in Krieg verwickeln, noch allenthalben mit der Stirne, daran die Natur ihm nicht ohne Urſache, wie etlichen grimmigen Thieren kein Horn wachſen laſſen, durchfahren. Inſonderheit aber muß er nach Art der den Zauberer hörenden Schlange, gegen die Heuchler bey Vernehmung unzeitigen Lobes das eine Ohr mit Erde in Erwegung ſeiner irrdiſchen Unvollkommenheit, den wollüſtigen Anreitzungen aber das andere mit dem Schwantze durch Beherzigung des heßlichen Endes zuſtopffen; und wiſſen: daß die Wolluſt zwar ein Engliſches Antlitz, aber einen Drachen-Schwantz habe; und ihr Anfang ein Himmel, ihr Ausgang eine Hölle ſei. Die Natur hat dem Menſchen zwey Ohren, und zwar in Geſtalt eines Irrgartens oder Schnecken-Hauſes mit gekrümmten Eingängen gemacht; wormit diß, was er höret, an unterſchiedenen Orten anſchlage, und dergeſtalt wie das Ertzt aus dem Klange, alſo die Erzehlungen aus dem Schalle erkennet werden; inſonderheit aber ein Fürſt, als das lebendige Geſetze, gegründete Anklagen von Verleumbdungen, redliche Gemüths-Ausſchüttung von betrüglichen Schein-Worten unterſcheiden, und wenn die Falſchheit das eine Ohr beſeſſen, er das andere der meiſt zuletzt kommenden, und das Nachſehen habenden Warheit, als eine unverſehrliche Jungfrau, vorbehalten möge. Dieſemnach denn ein Fürſt auch eine dinnſchälichtere Naſe, als ein ſcharfriechender Geyer haben, und nicht nur alles in ſeinem Reiche, ſondern biß in die Staats-Cammern ſeiner Nachbarn riechen; keines Weges aber nach Art des Geyers ſich mit den Aeſern der ſtinckenden Laſter erquicken, noch wie einige ungezähmte ſchwangere Weiber für Ziberth Eckel, nach Bibergeil Begierde haben, oder nach blutigen Fleiſchbiſſen, ſondern mit dem Zenit nach dem köſtlichen Balſam der Tugend, welche alles Nabateiſche Rauchwerck übertrifft, als der ſüſſeſten Seelen-Speiſe lüſtern ſeyn, und durchgehends [illegible] von ſtinckenden Böcken, Amber-Birnen von Hirnen, Syriſche Balſam-Aepffel von Sodoms Aepffel-Bäumen, Jaſmin von Napel, Roſen von Sammet-Blumen und Aloe von Teuffels-Koth, nehmlich den tugendhafften Adel von dem albern Pöfel, tapffere Helden, welche mit dem Geruche ihrer ruhmwürdigen Thaten die Welt erfüllen, von ungearteten Zärtlingen, deren Leiber nach Biſam riechen, die Gemüther aber nach Unflat ſtincken, treue Diener von Verräthern, Ehre von Schande, und Redligkeit von Boßheit unterſcheiden muß. Denn dieſes Urthel iſt mit einem klugen Fürſten wie der Athem mit dem Leben, der Geruch mit dem Athem unzertrennlich vereinbaret. Ein leichtgläubiger aber, und der ihm Mäuſe-Koth für Pfeffer verkauffen läſt, liegt ſchon in der Ohnmacht ſeines Unterganges, und ſein Reich ſtehet auf der Baare des Verterbens. Ja ſein gantzes Leben muß durch eitel Unſchuld die Lufft einbalſamen; wormit ſein Gewiſſen mit iedem Athemholen nicht allein dieſe anmuthige Erquickung an ſich ziehe, und ſein Ruhm ſich über ſeine Reichsgräntzen ausbreite; ſondern durch dieſe heilſame Krafft in ſeinem Reiche aller Geſtanck der Laſter und böſer Sitten gedämpffet werde. Sintemahl doch, ihm ſelbſt wol bewuſt ſeyn, die Speiſe des Gewiſſens, ein guter Nahme der beſte Geruch der Gemüther iſt, und ein Fürſt durch Geſetze und Straffen nicht ſo ſehr, als durch ſein gutes Beyſpiel ſeine Unterthanen vom Unflate der Untugenden ſaubern kan. Denn wie der allerweiſeſte Schöpffer des Menſchen einerley Glied mit dem Geruche, und der Eigenſchafft nicht nur das Haupt, ſondern ſo gar die Glieder des andern Leibes von unnützen Feuchtigkeiten zu reinigen verſehen; alſo hat er die Häupter der Erden angewieſen: daß ſie nicht nur ſich ſelbſt, ſondern auch ihr Volck, als ihre Glieder, des Rauches aller hefftigen Begierden, des Windes ſchnöder Eitelkeit, aller Feuchtigkeiten ſchläffriger Trägheit entſchütten ſollen. Ja wormit ein Fürſt das denen leiblichen Augen unſichtbare Bild ſeiner Seele ſeinen Unterthanen zum Spiegel ihres Lebens fürſtellen könne, hat die kluge Mutter dieſes allen, durch den Mund eine Pforte geöffnet: daß das Gehöre darein ſchaue; einen Werckzeug ihm beygeleget, welcher die Seele aus ihrem verborgenen Behältnüß herfür bringe, und ihre weiſen Vernunfft-Schlüſſe offenbare. Denn der Mund iſt ein Pinſel des Gemüthes, und eine Schreibefeder der Gedancken; alle andere Thiere haben den Mund nur zum eſſen, der Menſch zum reden, ein König aber nur zur Weißheit. Unangeſehen die Speiſe gantz irrdiſch, die Sprache gantz geiſtig iſt, ſind doch Eſſen und Reden in einem Gliede des Hauptes vereinbaret; nicht weil Zunge und Mund allein um den Leib geſchäfftig ſeyn, ſondern ihre meiſte Bemühung im Dienſte der Seele zubringen ſollen, ein Menſch auch nichts zu reden hat, als was er gleichſam vorher gekäuet, wormit die Rede nicht zu Hülſen leerer Worte, ſondern zum Kern heilſamer Lehren werde. Und nach dem die Zunge nichts [illegible] Gifft des Hauptes iſt; hat wegen des letztern die Natur ihm eine gelencke Beweglichkeit verliehen, wegen des erſtern aber ſie ſo enge eingeſperret. Dieſemnach ſoll ieder Menſch allezeit nicht anders, als in einem letzten Willen, ein Fürſt aber nur wie aus einem wahrſagenden Dreyfuſſe reden. Denn dieſer iſt eine zu alles Volckes Nachricht und Richtſchnur empor gehobene Glocke; ie ſeltner ſelbte läutet, ie mehr erwecket ſie Aufmerckung; wenn ſie aber übel klingt, verräthet ſie entweder die Geringſchätzigkeit des Ertztes; oder daß ſie zerbrochen ſey. Weßwegen Kayſer Auguſt mehr ſchrifft- als mündlich ſeine Meynungen entdeckte. Schmincke und Verhüllung ſind Kennzeichen eines ungeſtalten Antlitzes, übrige oder geſchmierte Worte eines heßlichen Gemüthes; deſſen Antlitz die Rede iſt. Kürtze iſt der Redner Meiſter-Stücke, eines Fürſten Eigenthum. GOtt redet gar nicht, ein kluger Fürſt wenig, ein Thor zu viel; welcher doch keine geſchicktere Larve der Weißheit hat, als das Schweigen. Auch aus ungefährlichen Worten eines Fürſten erzwingen die Zuhörer Geheimnüſſe. Der Donner iſt die Sprache Gottes, und ſein Bild auf Erden. Ein Fürſt ſoll nichts, als Zentner-Worte fürbringen; welche kein Verleumbder verdrehen, kein Spötter übel auslegen, kein Boßhaffter verdrücken kan. Alles, was er in Geſchäfften redet, ſollen Befehle, in Rechts-Sachen Beſcheide, in Verheiſſungen Verbindligkeiten, in Geſprächen Nachdencklichkeiten, im Schertze Räthſel, und alle Bejahungen ſo heilig, als würckliche Eyde ſeyn: Das kleine Glied der Zunge iſt das Steuer-Ruder, wormit Fürſten das groſſe Schiff der Reiche mit geringer Müh lencken und umwenden. Auf dieſem beruhet die Ehre und Verkleinerung des Fürſten; das Heil und Verterben, ja das Leben und der Tod der Unterthanen. Weßwegen der Mund des Menſchen nicht mit vorragenden Wolffs- oder Elefanten-Zähnen ausgerüſtet iſt; wormit Dräu- und Ausübung der Rache entfernet ſey. Ein Fürſt aber ſoll gar nicht dräuen; ſondern, wenn er auch beleidiget wird, ein Lachen darein geben; biß die Gelegenheit ihm nichts minder zu ſicherer und gerechter Rache die Hand biete. Inzwiſchen aber, weil nicht nur das Haupt allenthalben an ſich eine Fühle, ſondern auch an Empfindligkeit des Leibes Theil hat; ſoll er geſchwinder, als die Spinne ſo wol diß, was das Gewebe ſeines Reiches beunruhigen, als den Aug-Apffel ſeiner Hoheit verletzen wil, ihm zu Gemüthe ziehen. Denn der iſt kein Vater des Volckes, der ſeine Wunden nicht in ſeiner Seele empfindet; der aber kein großmüthiger Löwe, der von Haſen ihm läßt die Haare ausrauffen. Dieſes, Marbod, iſt das wenigſte, was ein Fürſt zu ſeiner Selbſt-Erkäntnüß nur aus Betrachtung der euſſerlichen Sinnen zu lernen hat. Denn ein Menſch iſt ihm ſelbſt ein ſo groſſes Buch, daß er ſein Lebtage nicht ausleſen kan; die innerlichen Kräfften der Seele aber ſo hoch: daß kein Weltweiſer ihre völlige Wiſſenſchafft erreichet hat. Aber diß glaube: daß mehr zu einem vollkommenen Menſchen, als zu dem gröſten Welt-Beherrſcher gehöre. Dieſes allein habe ich dich noch zu erinnern: daß ob zwar ein Fürſt das Haupt des Volckes, er dennoch kaum ein Fußſchemmel Gottes ſei; und daß Könige ſich zwar an die Richtſchnur der Vernunfft halten, die Zeit ihnen nütze machen, die Gelegenheit mit beyden Händen erwiſchen, iedoch allezeit für dem Lichte der Göttlichen Verſehung mit einer Ehrerbietigen Furcht die Augen zudrücken müſſen. Denn dieſe iſt in der Reichs-Uhr das Gewichte, unſere Vernunfft nur der Weiſer; und wenn wir gleich alle Segel unſerer Klugheit ausſpannen, alle an denen Rudern unſer Mühſamkeit ſchwitzen; kommen wir doch nirgendshin anders, als wo uns der Compaß der ewigen Verſehung hinleitet; indem ſie uns entweder ſonder Zwang unſers freyen Willen ihr Abſehen erkieſen läßt; oder auch durch Sturm auf ihrem unerforſchlichen Wege dahin verwirfft, wohin wir auch Traums-weiſe nie gedacht hatten. Gleichwol aber kan der nicht ſcheitern, noch eines Hafens fehlen, der auf dieſem Meer der Welt GOtt zu ſeinem Angel-Sterne, ſein Gewiſſen zur Magnet-Nadel hat.

Marbod hörte gleichſam als verzückt dieſen nichts minder klugen, als heiligen Alten aus; und nach einem tieffen Seufzer fieng er an: Weiſer, Vater, dieſe Perlen ſind in der Muſchel dieſer Höle nicht gewachſen! Denn wie mag die Einſamkeit eine Schule des Hofes, und ein Einſiedel ein Staats-Verſtändiger ſeyn? Dannenher wie wir zwar für dieſen heilſamen Unterricht dir ungeheuren Danck ſchuldig ſind, werden ſelben doch in unſern Hertzen ſo viel mehr Nachdruck haben, wenn die Wiſſenſchafft ihres herrlichen Urſprunges ihren Werth noch vergröſſern, und Marbod erfahren wird, wer denn ſein ſo groſſer Lehrer geweſen ſey. Der Alte blieb eine gute Weile voller Nachdenken ſtehen, endlich aber redete er den Marbod alſo an: Wenn das Reichthum meiner Einſamkeit ſo ſichtbar, als der Menſchen Begierde fremdes Gut zu beſitzen gemein, oder auch meiner Vergnügung Abbruch zu thun iemanden möglich wäre; würde ich billich Bedencken tragen euch zu entdecken: daß ihr für euch einen König ſehet, der für Jahren zwar über viel Völcker, nunmehr aber über ſich ſelbſt eine viel herrlichere Herrſchafft führet, der nunmehr allererſt ihm ſelbſt lebt, nach dem er in allen Gemächern geſtorben iſt. Aber weil mein Glücke höher geſtiegen iſt, als daß es der Neid mit ſeinen gifftigen Blicken [illegible] können anhauchen, oder die Ehrſucht mit ihren Pfeilen erzielen; ſo wiſſe Marbod: daß du reden höreſt den weyland unglücklichen, nunmehr aber ſeligen Ariowiſt. König Marbod fiel alſofort mit tiefſter Ehrerbietung zu Boden, umarmte Ariowiſten mit dieſen langſam heraus geſtoſſenen Worten: Darff ich mir wol das Glücke träumen laſſen heute den groſſen Ariowiſt zu ſehen? und läſſet ſich mit Gedancken begreiffen: daß ein ſo groſſer Fürſt für den Glantz ſo vieler Kronen das Finſternüß dieſer Höle, für die fußfällige Bedienung hundert Völcker dieſe langſame Einſamkeit erkieſet habe? Ariowiſt hob ihn auf, und hieß ihn von der ſeinem itzigen Zuſtande gar nicht anſtändigen Verehrung abſtehen, an der Warheit ſeiner Erzehlung aber nicht zweiffeln; und an ſeinem entblöſten Arme das angebohrne Kennzeichen der Allemanniſchen Fürſten, nemlich einen geſcheckten Mohnden, wahrnehmen, wie Seleucus auf der Schulter einen Ancker, Kayſer Auguſt den geſtirnten Bär auf der Bruſt, ſeine Mutter Atia einen Drachen über dem Nabel gehabt haben ſolte. Das Abſtürtzen von König-Stülen, ſagte er, iſt zwar gemeiner, als das freywillige herunter ſteigen; jenes aber rühret meiſt von Laſtern, dieſes von Tugend und Klugheit her. Jenes zeucht den Untergang, dieſes eine Erhöhung der Seele und der Gemüths-Vergnügung nach ſich. Es iſt ja wol an Fürſtlichen Höfen ein unbekandtes Wunderwerck, nicht herrſchen wollen, wenn man kan; aber in der Schule des Weiſen ein noch ſeltzamer, die zur Herrſchafft beſtimmte Vernunfft denen wütenden Begierden unterwerffen, und ſich ſelbſt zum Knechte machen; wormit uns andere gehorſamen. Mein Vater Arbogaſt hatte mir eine ziemliche Anzahl Völcker zu Unterthanen hinterlaſſen: denn der Ehrgeitz hat nun auch der Menſchen Dienſtbarkeit erblich gemacht; aber das Glücke warff noch viel mehr Länder unter meine Botmäßigkeit; wormit es durch den Raub ſeines zugeworffenen Reichthums mit der Zeit einen deſto gröſſern Raub gewinnen möchte. Cäſar hieb mir in das Rad meiner Siege den erſten Span ein; und ich lernte dazumahl allererſt: daß das Glücke ſo wenig Bürgen über ſeine Beſtändigkeit, als Tapfferkeit in der Welt nicht ihres gleichen habe. Mit meinen Gemahlinnen und Töchtern verlohr ich mehr, als die Helffte meiner ſelbſt. Denn ich wuſte nicht: daß alles irrdiſche nur geborgtes Gut, die Ruhe des Gemüthes aber allein unſer ſchätzbares Eigenthum iſt. Die Eintracht kehrte hierauf Deutſchlande, alles Glücke aber ſchier mir den Rücken; zum Merckmahle: daß ſelbtes ein Weib wäre, welches nur mit jungen Leuten zuhielte, und die welche in der Jugend ihre Schoos-Kinder geweſt, mit der Zeit müſten zu ihren Wechſelbälgen werden. Das Verhängnüß flochte mich in den Bürgerlichen Krieg mit ein; um mein Gemüthe nicht allein mit allerhand Zufällen zu beunruhigen, ſondern auch mehr meine Seele, als die Hände mit Blute des Vaterlandes zu beſudeln. Mein Verlangen ſelbtes wieder mit Friede zu ſegnen, erſchöpffte faſt meinen Lebens-Athem; ſonderlich weil ich wol ſahe: daß die Sieges-Fahne nicht allezeit auf der Seite der gerechten Sache wehete. Der frühzeitige Tod aber meines einigen Sohnes ſcharrete mich nahe mit ihm in den Sarch. Zum wenigſten war mit ihm alle Vergnügung erloſchen; und wie etlichen Krancken auch ſo gar der Zucker bitter ſchmeckt, alſo bäuchtete mich alle Ergetzligkeit Wermuth zu ſeyn. Es eckelte mir nichts minder für meinem eigenen Thun, als für derſelben Anſtalt, die es mit mir am beſten meinten. Ich verwandelte meine Reichs-Sorgen in eine verdrüßliche Einſamkeit; alſo: daß die Ehrſüchtigen Diener durch Anmaſſung der Herrſchafft mir zum Theil an das Hefft des Königs-Stabs grieffen, die treueſten meine Verfallung beſeufftzeten, keiner aber mir meine Fehler fürhielt. Denn ob zwar der Fürſten Gebrechen nichts minder, als die Verfinſterung der groſſen Geſtirne ſichtbarer ſind, als der kleinern; ſo wird ſelbte doch nicht der verfinſterte, ſondern nur fremde gewahr. Sintemahl nur anderer Augen der Werckzeug ſind unſere Splitter zu fühlen, und das Schau-Glaß uns ſelbſt kennen zu lernen. Aber dieſes bekommen zwar gemeine Leute, ſelten aber Fürſten zum Gebrauch. Denn entweder die Heucheley, oder die Furcht wollen Königen nichts ins Ohr ſagen, was ſie nicht im Hertzen kützelt. Meine eigene Tochter Sociane erinnerte mich noch zuweilen an ein und anderm; alſo: daß ich bey ſolcher Beſchaffenheit, da meine Schwachheit auch gegen einem Weibe und Kinde zu verſtecken war, mich entſchloß, ihr die Herrſchafft abzutreten. Ich ſchlug mich mit dieſen Gedancken etliche Zeit; biß endlich auf meinem Schloſſe Gollein am Neckar um Mitternacht bey hellem Monden-Scheine ein vermeintes Geſpenſte für mein Bette trat, mich mit dem Arme zoge; und weil ich ohne diß allerdings munter war, auf meine Befragung: wer es wäre, antwortete: Ich bin dein guter Geiſt, und habe Mitleiden an deinem Unvergnügen. Du wirſt aber in kurtzer Zeit nicht nur deine Ruhe, ſondern deine wahre Glückſeligkeit finden. Ich, fuhr Ariowiſt fort, ſahe dieſem Geiſte mit unverwendetem Auge ins Geſichte; und hätte geſchworen: Ich hätte mich ſelbſt für mir ſtehen ſehen. Gab ihm alſo, weil er ſich nach und nach entfernet, zur Antwort: Ich würde die Zeit mit unerſchrockenem Hertzen abwarten. Denn ich machte meine Rechnung und Zuneigung auf nichts anders, als den Tod, welcher auch die in Ruhe verſetzt, die im Leben keine gehabt, und niemanden mehr begnädiget, als die Unglückſeligen. Auf den Morgen beredete mich meine Tochter Sociane einer von ihr angeſtellten Jagt beyzuwohnen. Denn ſie unterließ keine Erfindung: daß ich mich meiner Schwermüthigkeit entſchlagen möchte. Bey Verfolgung eines Hirſchens kam ich zu einem Brunnen, bey welchem ein Stein-alter Greiß auf einem Felſen ſaß; mich aber bey meinem erſten Anblicke mit dem Nahmen nennte, und auffs freundlichſte grüſte. Wie ich nun, ſagte Ariowiſt, nach ſeiner Beſchaffenheit fragte, antwortete mir dieſer Alte: Ich wundere mich nicht, daß ich dir itzt ſo unbekandt bin; nach dem die wenigſten Menſchen ſich ſelbſt kennen. Ich bin aber einer von denen Samothiſchen Weiſen, welche von deinem Uhran-Herr Thuiſcon den Urſprung haben; und zwar derſelbe, welchen dein Vater der tapffere Arbogaſt zu einem Lehrer deiner Kindheit erkieſet hatte; und der kein gröſſer Glücke erleben könte, als wenn er dich nunmehr auch könte ſterben lehren. Ich konte mich nicht enthalten; fuhr Ariowiſt ferner fort, dieſen guten Alten auffs empfindlichſte zu umarmen; als welcher ein weiſer Leiter meiner Jugend geweſt war, und nicht nur die Griechiſche Sprache, ſondern alles diß, was ich iemals tugendhafftes begrieffen, ihm zu dancken hatte. Er hatte nicht nur unter den Celten den Grund ſeiner Weißheit gelegt; ſondern auch bey denen Zamolxiſchen Prieſtern unter den Geten, und in Egypten ſelbte durch viel heilſame Lehren befeſtigt. Wiewol dieſe Samothiſche Weiſen nun von allem Geitz und Ehrſucht entfernet ſind, auch ſich nur mit Haar bedecken, und von Baumfrüchten leben, haben ſie doch die Allemanniſchen Könige iederzeit an ihren Hoff zu Aufferziehung ihrer Fürſten gezogen; wolwiſſende: daß gantze Völcker zwar von einem Fürſten können beherrſcht; ein junger Fürſt kaum von einem gantzen Volcke wol, von niemanden aber beſſer, als einem Weiſen aufferzogen werden; welcher von rechtswegen nicht allein mehr wiſſen, ſondern auch mehr gutes thun ſoll, als alle Gehorchenden. Ich kan mit Warheit ſagen: daß ich dieſem Lehrer mehr als Alexander ſeinem verbunden, iedoch in dieſem mit ihm beſchämt bin: daß keiner ſeiner Ehrſucht ein rechtes Maaß zu ſetzen gelernet hatte. Dieſemnach ich denn unter meinen bethränten Umhalſungen dieſen Weiſen erſuchte mir ſeine vertröſtete Unterrichtung zu der Zeit, da ich für meinen Irrthümern mehr, als in der unvorſichtigen Kindheit und in der verwegenen Jugend Sorge trüge, nicht zu entziehen; welcher denn nach einem tieffen Seufftzer mit vielen Thränen anfieng: Die Kunſt recht zu leben iſt zwar die gröſte der Menſchen, wol zu herrſchen der Fürſten; ſelig zu ſterben hat an ſich etwas Göttliches; denn an dieſer hänget unſere Ewigkeit. Weßwegen unſer Leben von der blinden Kindheit den Anfang, und mit dem weiſen Alter den Abſchied nimmt; wormit man allhier keinen Tritt fehle, ja das Alter erwachet gleichſam alle Tage mit einer neuen Schwachheit; wormit ſelbtes ſo viel vorſichtiger dem beſorglichen Falle zuvor komme. Zwar iſt nicht ohne: daß die Herrſchens-Kunſt in einem klugen Kopffe, nicht in jungen Rieſen den Sitz habe. Mehrmahls haben gantze Heere für zitternden Händen gezittert; und nachdem Zeit und Erfahrung das Hertze von ungezämenden Begierden, das Haupt von Unwiſſenheit erlediget, der Verſtand auch ins gemein zunimmt, wenn die euſſerlichen Sinnen ins Abnehmen kommen, ſiehet ein bejahrter Fürſt offt mit einem Blicke weiter, als die ſcharffſichtigſten Jünglinge mit ihren eingebildeten Adlers-Augen. Ihre Rathſchläge richten mehr aus als der hitzigen Jugend geſchliffene Spieſſe. Gleichwol aber iſt ins gemein das Alter des Fürſten eben ſo wol eine Kranckheit, als beym Pöfel. Der Stab, für welchem gantze Länder gebebt haben, verwandelt ſich in eine Stütze ohnmächtiger Armen. So viel man in der Jugend ſchwitzet, ſo viel muß man im Alter huſten; jenes aber gebieret Zuneigung des Volckes, dieſes Abſcheu; alſo: daß auch die Jugend mit ihren gefährlichen Annehmligkeiten wie eine Sirene die Gemüther an ſich zeucht, das Alter aber mit ſeinen heilſamen Warnungen als ein Geſpenſte die verwegenen ſchüchtern; und nach dem der bejahrten Eigenſchafft iſt alles zu verneinen, wie der Kinder iedes zu verjahen, die Begierigen unwillig macht. Die Kindheit des Menſchen gleichet ſich einem Qvelle, welcher zwiſchen dem unbefleckten Sande faſt unempfindlich herfür rieſelt, und bey ſeiner Einfalt auch ſeine Reinigkeit behält. Die Jugend wird ſchon eine rauſchende Bach, welche über Stock und Stein abſtürtzet, von Gemüths-Regungen ſchäumet, und mit dem Kothe der Wolluſt ſich trübet; die männlichen Jahre gleichen einem vollkommenen Fluſſe, der zwar tieff, aber ſittſam fortſtrömet, das Erdreich wäſſert, Schiffe träget, Städte befeſtigt, und hunderterley Nutzen ſchafft. Das traurige Alter aber iſt ein geſaltzenes Meer, ein Abgrund der Gebrechen; wo alle Süßigkeit der Gebehrden ſich in bittere Verdrüßligkeit, die rühmliche Hurtigkeit ſich in ſchleichende Schwachheiten verwandelt, das Schiff unſers Lebens leck wird, und allgemach in die Tieffe des Grabes zu ſincken anfängt. Dieſemnach wundere dich nicht, mein lieber Ariowiſt, daß du bey dem Alter abliegſt, und das Gold dir itzt ein ander Geſichte macht, als für zwantzig Jahren. Kinder, die viel Mütter haben, [illegible] der unartige Pöfel, [illegible] auch ungeſittigen Kindern die grauen Haare heraus zu treiben. Er [illegible] alle [illegible] nach dem [illegible] des Glückes ab; dieſes aber iſt eine Stieff-Mutter der verlebten, eine Säugerin der Leidenſchafften. [illegible] aber, Ariowiſt, daß ein Fürſt bey ſeinem Alter alle Kräfften in-, alles Glücke neben ſich erhielte. Wie man für den niedlichſten Speiſen einen Eckel bekommt, alſo werden Unterthanen ihrer beſten Fürſten überdrüßig. Je höher ein Berg, ie mehr bedeckt ihn Schnee; ie vollkommener ein Fürſt, ie mehr klebet ihm Verleumdung an. Denn das Maul ſtincket dem lüſternen Volcke immer nach Neuigkeit; und die ſtärckſten Beine ſind zu ſchwach in die Länge gute Tage zu vertragen. Man betet die mehrmahls Regen und Koth nach ſich ziehende Morgenröthe an, und verſchmähet die zu Golde gehende Sonne, ob ſelbte gleich Purpur und Perlen von ſich ſchüttet, und einen erfreulichen Morgen ankündiget. Ja wenn Fürſten auch ſchon Vermögen und Anſehen behalten; haben ſie doch endlich zu beherzigen: daß ſie zwar ein groſſes Theil ihres Lebens dem Vaterlande ſchuldig, aber alles ihnen ſelbſt zu entziehen nicht berechtigt ſind. Bey gemeinen Menſchen ſoll die Liebe bey ſich ſelbſt anfangen, bey Fürſten aber ſich endigen. Ich weiß wol, daß ihrer viel mit weniger Beſtürtzung den Sterbe-Kittel an-, als den Purpur ausziehen; aber ſie verſtehen nicht, daß in Königlicher Hoheit die wahre Vergnügung keines Weges ſtecke; weil die Unſchuld darinnen nicht weniger ſeltſam iſt, als neue Sternen im Himmel. Kronen bezeichnen nur prangende Knechte, und hoffärtige Elenden. Ja alle von der Einbildung nur begreifliche Wolluſt iſt Wind und am Ende Schmertz; ihre erſten Trachten ſind zwar aus eingeamberten Zucker-Teige bereitet, aber inwendig ſtecket Gifft, und das letzte Gerichte ſchmecket nach Fäulnüß; wenn ſelbte was liebliches an ſich kleben, ihre Ergetzligkeit aber nicht zum Grund-Steine die Ewigkeit hat. Denn tauſend Jahre unſers Lebens, wenn ſie vergangen, ſind weniger als ein Schatten; und tauſendmahl tauſend Jahre laſſen ſich doch nur mit einer Ziffer und vielen Nullen ſchreiben, auch im Augenblick zertheilen; in welchen wir meiſt ſo viel Seufftzer eingezogen, als Athem geſchöpfft haben. Und die von der Natur in unſere Lunge geſetzte Hauß-Uhr erinnert uns durch ihre alle Augenblicke ſchlagende Unruh: daß die Stunde unſers Abſchieds ſich nähere, und, ehe wir es uns einbilden, ſchlagen werde. Hiermit zerrinnet alles irrdiſche durch den Tod in nichts, welcher ſchon in unſer Geburt mit uns anfängt zu ringen. Alsdenn läſſet ſich die Todten-Aſche eines Weltbezwingers, der wie ein Blitz hundert Länder eingeäſchert hat, von deſſelbten, der in dem engen Kreiße eines Faſſes ſeine Begierden endigte und völlige Vergnügung ſchöpffte, nicht unterſcheiden. Die Fürſten- und Bettler-Knochen ſind nichts minder als ein Ey dem andern ähnlich. Der Ruhm von unſerm Tode, und die Pracht unſers Begräbnüſſes giebt der Sache auch nichts. Dieſes blendet etlicher Augen, jenes klinget eine Weile in Ohren, beydes aber verſchwindet, ehe man es gedacht hätte; und der Todte ſelbſt hat den geringſten Genüß darvon. Die Marmelnen Gräber, welche Könige ihnen ſetzen, machen nicht ſo wol ihre Thaten, als ihre Eitelkeit berühmt; und ob ſie zwar die Nachwelt bißweilen zu ihren Abgöttern macht; ſo bleiben ſie doch ins gemein länger ein Denckmahl köſtlicher Steine, als derer, welche ſie haben bereiten laſſen. Nach dem aber die Beſchaffenheit der Seele uns klar genung zeiget: daß nicht alles in uns vergänglich ſey, und gleichſam mit den Fingern auf ein Weſen weiſet, welches ewig bleibet; wohin zu gelangen die Ablegung deſſen, was an uns ſterblich iſt, eine Pforte abgiebt; ſo befiehlet uns die Vernunfft, wo nicht alle, doch wenigſtens die letzte Zeit dahin anzuwenden: daß wir anders, als Vieh ſterben; zumahl ohne Verſicherung eines ſeligen Todes kein Leben vergnüget ſeyn kan; und weil der Menſch mehr nicht, als einmahl ſtirbt, alſo ſich der hierbey begangene Fehler nicht mehr verbeſſern läſt, muß hierum die euſſerſte Sorgfalt fürgekehret werden; womit unſere Unachtſamkeit nicht unſer eingebildetes Leben mit einem wahrhafften Tode, unſere gegenwärtige Marter aber nicht vollends mit einer Hölle verwechsele. Daher müſſen wir unſere Eigen-Liebe in eine Selbſt-Erkäntnüß verwandeln, die gläntzenden Schalen aller irrdiſchen Güter, und mit ihnen die Begierde ſie zu erlangen, als auch die Furcht ſie zu verlieren, wegwerffen; womit die ſonſt unaufhörlich zitternde Magnet-Nadel unſers Gemüthes unverhindert GOtt, den einigen Angel-Stern unſerer Seele erblicke, und in der Welt zur Ruhe, nach dem Tode aber zum wahren Leben gelange. Warlich, Arioviſt, dieſes iſt dir keine neue Lehre; ich habe ſie dir mit der erſten Milch eingeflößt. Ich habe dir als ein ander Euclides eingehalten: daß ein Kind nur einen Punct, ein Knabe einen ziemlichen Strich, ein Jüngling die völlige Breite guter Künſte und Wiſſenſchafften begreiffen, ein Mann die Tieffe der Klugheit, ein Greiß aber den Mittel-Punct und den Zweck des gantzen Lebens-Kreißes, nemlich Gott und den Grundſtein ſeiner Seelen-Ruhe ergründen ſolle. Aber ich weiß, daß die ewige Beweglichkeit der Staats-Sorgen, und das Getümmel des unruhigen Hofes deinem Leibe nicht einſt die nöthige Ruh, noch in deinem [illegible] Fürſten-Stande eine Viertelſtunde dieſer Weißheit nach zu dencken erlaubt haben. Dieſemnach iſt es Zeit, daß du dich der mehr von Eitelkeit, als dem Lebens-Geiſte beſeelten [illegible], und alſo dieſer Hindernüſſe entſchütteſt. Es iſt Zeit, daß du alle irrdiſche Anſchläge fahren läſt; wo du nicht die willkührliche Gewalt des Glückes über dich verlängern, und den grauſamſten Zufällen dich ſelbſt zu einem Ziele fürſtellen wilſt. Verlaſſe dieſemnach das vergängliche, ehe es dich ſelbſt verläſt; und kehre dem den Rücken, was dir im Leben noch viel Empfindligkeit verurſachen, nach dem Tode nicht wenig von deinem Ruhme benehmen kan. Die Schönheit muß den Spiegel zerbrechen, ehe ſie veraltert, ein Fürſt den Zepter weglegen, ehe er ihm aus den Händen fällt. Mache dein Ende dir dergeſtalt nütze: daß es mehr einem Siege, als einer Verfallung ähnlich ſey; und das groſſe Auge der Welt, die Sonne, dir zu einem Vorbilde, welche ihren Untergang meiſt mit einer Wolcke verhüllet, um die Welt im Zweiffel zu laſſen, ob die Sonne noch über, oder unter unſerer Erden-Fläche ſey. Es iſt freylich wol kein geringes für das Heil der Völcker, und die Ruhe der Länder ſorgen; aber ein Augenblick dieſer Einſamkeit iſt herrlicher und vergnüglicher. Alles iſt friedſam in der Seele; alle ſonſt widerſpenſtige Gemüths-Regungen gehorſamen der Vernunfft auf einen Winck. Müh und Verdrüßligkeit verſchwinden; Neid und Ungemach tritt man mit Füſſen; wir unterbrechen das Spiel des Glückes; ja wir feſſeln es ſelbſt an, wie ſtarck es ſonſt iſt, und wie krumme Gänge es ſonſt zu gehen weiß. Die Unruh ſelbſt findet hier ihre Ruh; die Nächte ſind aller verdrüßlichen Finſternüß, das Leben der falſchen Welt, und ungelegenen Überlauffs entübrigt. Wir halten allhier täglich Siegs-Gepränge; man ſetzet der Tugend alle Augenblicke friſche Ehren-Kräntze auff; der Himmel und unſer Gewiſſen ruffet unſerer Unſchuld tauſend Lobſprüche zu; und wir verwandeln die Hefen des ſonſt beſchwerlichen Alters in das vollkommenſte Theil unſers Lebens, welches nunmehr weder Jahr noch Monat, weder Ende noch Anfang zu unterſcheiden, für keinem Geräuſche zu erſchrecken, nach keiner Glocke ſich zu richten, und ſo wenig als die Ewigkeit ſelbſt einer Uhr von nöthen, die Geſtirne zu ſeinem Zeitvertreib, die Welt zu ſeinem Garten, ſeine reine Gedancken zu ſeiner Speiſe hat. Mit einem Worte: Unſere Lebens-Art ſtehet reinen Seelen, wie das Waſſer den Fiſchen, die Lufft dem Geflügel an, ſie iſt ein Muſter des Lebens im Himmel, und ein Vorſchmack ſeiner Süßigkeit.

Nach dieſen Worten leitete er mich zum Eingange ſeiner Höle; da er die Lob-Sprüche ſeiner beliebten Einſamkeit mit folgenden Reymen in eine von dem grünen Moſe geſauberte Stein-Klippe mühſam eingegraben hatte:

Der Seele ſüſſe Ruh, der Kern der theuern Zeit,
Des Hertzens ſtumme Luſt, der Unſchuld treuſter Freund,
Der Warheit [illegible], und Eitelkeiten Feind,
Den Liſt und Wolluſt nicht mit [illegible] Körnern ſtreut,
Die auf den Abend nie des Tages Thun bereut,
Die kein ſchlimm Beyſpiel ſieht, kein Unrecht nie beweint,
Der wenn es auswerts blitzt, die Sonn inwendig ſcheint,
Der Friede des Gemüths, diß iſt die Einſamkeit.

Glaubt: daß die Unruh ihr der Welt ein Unding heiſt;
Das Ehrſucht nie den Tag, die Furcht ſo wenig die Nacht
Zu [illegible]; kein Kummer ihr zu lange Stunden macht;
Daß ſie kein Zorn erhitzt, kein' Angſt ihr Hertz umreiſt,
Kein Hochmuth ſie bläh't auf, kein Argwohn ſie zwängt ein;
Daß ſie läſt Einſame nie bang und einſam ſeyn.

Durch dieſe, und mehr bewegliche Zuredung des Samothiſchen Weiſen, ſagte Arioviſt, ward ich dergeſtalt eingenommen, oder, wenn ich zu einer ſo heilſamen Würckung ein ſo gefährliches Wort brauchen dörffte, bezaubert: daß meine Königliche Würde und alles irrdiſche mich anſtanck; die geliebte Einſamkeit aber mein Gemüthe mit einem anmuthigern Geruch, als Balſam und Jaſmin anhauchete; alſo: daß ich von Stund an meinem Pferde den freyen Lauf verſtattete, meinen Degen, Kleider und Jäger-Geräthe wegwarff, mich mit dieſer Haut deckte, und um von den Meinigen nicht ausgeſpüret zu werden, mit meinem Lehrer mich in eine nahe darbey verdeckte Höle verbarg. In welcher wir folgende Nacht und biß in dritten Tag ein unaufhörliches Getöne von Jäger-Hörnern vernahmen; weil dem Vermuthen nach ich von den Meinigen geſucht, und nach vergebener Müh, Zweiffels-frey für todt gehalten ward. Nach dem ich mich aber in dieſer Nähe nicht allerdings genung verborgen zu ſeyn achtete, beredete ich meinen Lehrer: daß er mit mir durch die dickſten Harudiſchen Wälder biß auf den Fichtelberg, und als wir da eine Zeit uns aufgehalten, auf das [illegible] Gebürge, und um ſelbtes herum biß auf gegenwärtigen Berg ſich entfernete. Welchen ich deswegen für den herrlichſten Ort in der Welt halte; weil ich von dem Samothiſchen Weiſen die vollkommene Ruhe des Gemüthes gelernet, mich darauf über alle irrdiſche Sorgen erhoben zu ſeyn befinde; und bey meiner Glückſeligkeit die Thorheiten der Menſchen, davon mir zuweilen ein oder ander Wandersmann zu erzehlen weiß, verlache, und [illegible] lieber [illegible], Erbarmnüß haben, welches aber an keinem eingebildeten Hoheit benehmen kan; ja ich traute mir in meiner Einſamkeit, oder vielmehr in der mir erfreuten Lebens-Höle, keine Reichsthümer zu zeigen, welche wenige Weltbeherrſcher ihr Lebtage zu ſehen, weniger zu beſitzen bekommen; und die Tugend [illegible] wirden betrachten, und wie iczt von mir: daß die Natur, wenn ſich die auffliegende Obſicht widerſetzet, leicht zu ihrem erſten Stande und Kleinigkeit komme; alſo von erwähnter Höle lernen können: daß die Kunſt eine bloſſe Magd oder Affe der Natur, der Menſchen Wunderwercke gegen dieſer Gebäuen weniger, als Ameiß-Hauffen ſind; beyde aber endlich nichts, als dem Feuer eine koſtbare Aſche, dem Winde einen theuren Staub abgeben.

König Marbod mühte ſich mit aller nur erſinnlichen Ehrerbietung dem ſo berühmten Ariovist an die Hand zu gehen; und ob er zwar unterſchiedene Einwürffe that: daß die Einſamkeit eine böſe Rathgeberin, und eine langſame Gefertin wäre; und daher zu unabheilbarer Selbſtgelaſſenheit eine ungemeine Vollkommenheit gehörte; die Gemeinſchafft zwar ein Verlangen nach ſich, die Einſamkeit aber nach andern verurſachte; daß ein angebohrner Trieb die Menſchen zuſammen vereinbarte, und die Freundſchafft dem Leben ſo nöthig, als die Sonne der Welt; der Fürſtliche Stand aber nichts minder dem gemeinen Weſen, als das Steuer-Ruder dem Schiffe unentbehrlich; und wegen ſeiner Sorgen und Gefährligkeit ſo wenig, als die Roſe wegen ihrer Dornen verwerflich; kein ander Stand auch ohne Schwachheiten wäre; ſondern jede Fackel ihren Rauch hätte, und jeden Menſchen ſein Schatten begleitete: ſo eignete ihm Marbod doch ſelbſt ſo blöde Augen, und einen ſo albern Verſtand zu: daß er in das Licht einer ſo hohen Gemüths-Erleuchtung nicht ohne Verblendung ſehen, noch ſein Urtheil über die Meinungen des weiſeſten Ariovists erſtrecken könte. Hingegen lag er ihm mit beweglichſten Bitten ſo lange an, biß er ihm die erwehnte Höle zu zeigen Vertröſtung that. Maſſen ſich denn Ariovist den dritten Tag, als er den König Marbod und ſeine Gefertin die Zeit über mit Gemſen-Fleiſch, Erdbeeren, und Kräutern, mehr aber mit vielen klugen Geſprächen unterhalten hatte, mit ihnen auff den Weg begab; und biß in die finckende Nacht durch etliche finſtere Thäler über viel raue Stein-Klippen führte; alſo: daß dieſe ſich in beſten Jahren befindenden Nachfolger ihm mit genauer Noth gleich kommen, und daher ſich nicht nur über der Hurtigkeit des Stein-alten Ariovists verwundern, ſondern auch ſeiner gegebenen Urſache beypflichten muſten: daß der Ehrgeitz nur nach vielen und ſeltzamen Speiſen lüſtern, der Hunger mit wenigem vergnügt, der ſchlechteſte Unterhalt der Geſundheit und den Leibes-Kräfften am verträglichſten wäre. Gantze Heerde Ochſen wären mit einer engen Weyde, eine ziemliche Menge Elefanten mit einem Walde vergnügt; ein üppiger Menſch aber hätte in ſeinem Zwerg-Leibe einen unerſättlichen Straus-Magen, welcher mit ſeiner Tafel die Lufft erſchöpffte, gantze Meere ausfiſchte, groſſe Wildbahnen verödete, den Erdboden arm machte; und, ob ſchon die Natur um ſeinem Eckel vorzukommen das Jahr über ſo vielmahl ihre Zeit, und damit ihre Früchte veränderte, ihn darmit nicht vergnügte, ſondern eines Menſchen Leben das Jahr über mit etlichen tauſend Leichen unterhalten müſte. Dahero ſo viel weniger wunderns werth wäre: daß ſolche Schwelger ihnen durch ſo viel Tode den Weg zu Kranckheiten bähneten, und die Furth zum Grabe beſchleunigten.

Sie erreichten aber ſelbigen Tag den verlangten Ort nicht; ſondern übernachteten bey einem Brunnen, aus welchem die berühmte Elbe den Urſprung nimmt. Ueber welchen ſich König Marbod mehr als Alexander der Erfindung ſeines Oelbrunnen ergetzte; weil die Elbe einer der Haupt-Ströme ſeines Gebietes war. Dahero er ſich auch bedüncken ließ: daß ihm ſein Lebtage kein Wein ſo gut, als das aus dieſem Brunnen mit den Händen geſchöpffte Waſſer geſchmeckt hätte. Nach genoſſener Ruh auff einem mit hunderterley köſtlichen Kräutern bewachſenen Raſen, machten ſie ſich, als es nur zu tagen anfieng, über eine ziemliche Fläche, von welcher etliche Kryſtallen klare Bäche Nordwerts in der Marſinger Gebiete mit groſſem Geräuſche abſtürtzten, auf den höchſten Gipfel des Sudetiſchen Rieſen-Gebürges, von welchem man nicht nur der Bojen, ſondern der Marſinger und Lygier Landſchafften weit und fern überſehen kan, lenckten aber hernach in ein ziemlich tieffes Thal, und kletterten durch [illegible] Verdrehungen über viel Felſen biß in die finckende Nacht. Den dritten Tag ſchlieffen ſie wegen ihrer Müdigkeit ſo lange, biß die Sonne ſchon mit ihren Strahlen ſelbiges Thal erfreute. Ariovist führte ſie hierauf einen gantz ebenen Weg, da man aber weder von Menſchen noch Thieren einigen Fußſtapffen ſahe, zu einer gleichſam geſpaltenen Stein-Klippe, machte hierauf ein Feuer, wormit ieder zwey Kien-Fackeln in die Hand nahm, und dem vorgehenden Ariovist in den Eingang, welcher eine [illegible] Pforte in einem von Graß und Pflantzen gantz [illegible] Berg abgab, durch den man ſich ſeitwerts durchdringen muſte, folgete. Sie kamen aber bald in einen breiten und dem [illegible] [illegible] gehauenen Gang, in welchem ſie anfangs funffzig Schritte gerade ein, hernach dreyhundert Stuffen hinunter giengen. Zu Ende derſelben kamen ſie in [illegible] [illegible], ein [illegible] ſiebenhalb hundert Schritte haltende, und mit einer [illegible] Höhe verſehene Höle. Ihr erſter Anblick verblendete durch übermäſſigen Schimmer alle Augen. Denn die Wände rings herum waren das vollkommenſte Gold-Ertzt, oder [illegible] gediegenes Gold; und man [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ein wenig [illegible], oder [illegible] Gewächs an dem Orte erſehen hatte. Über diß hatte die Natur in dieſem Gold-Bergwercke auch auf mancherley Arten geſpielet; in dem ſie allerhand Bäume, Berge, Bäche, gantze Landſchafften, allerhand vierfüßichte, inſonderheit kriechende Thiere, Geflügel, Fiſche, Muſcheln, und Gewürme ſo wol, als kaum der künſtlichſte Bildhauer vermocht, gemacht; ja ſelbten ſo gar zuweilen die eigentliche Farbe und den Schatten gegeben hatte. Wie nun Marbod und ſeine Gefärthen etliche Stunden ihre Augen durch rings herum geſchehende Beſchauung dieſer wunderwürdigen Goldmauern geweidet hatten, fieng Ariovist an: Ob ſie wol glaubten, daß ſie noch köſtlichers mit Füſſen treten, als woran ſich ihre Augen ergetzten; bückte ſich auch hiermit zugleich, und hob eine Hand voll allerhand theils grauer, theils ſchwärtzlichter Steine, welche ſie anfangs für Kieſelſteine angeſehen, auf; zeigte dem Könige Marbod auch, wie aus ſelbten hin und wieder die darinnen verborgenen Diamanten derſelbe ſtrahleten, und verſicherte ihn: daß zwar ſelbte nicht alle, iedoch derer viel denen Morgenländiſchen an Härte und Glantz gleiche kämen; gantz Indien aber ſchwerlich ſo viel edle Steine hätte, als derer in dieſem einigen Berge vergraben lägen. Gleichwol aber wüſte er nicht, ob das reiche Deutſchland in ein ſchmähliches Armuth verfallen könte; als wenn dieſe Reichthümer deſſelben Einwohnern entdeckt würden. Weßwegen er ſie alle drey bey ihrer zum Vaterlande tragender Liebe beſchwüre: daß ſie dieſen noch heiligen Schatz, weil ſelbten keine geitzige Hand verſehret und entweihet hätte, keinem Menſchen kund machen; und dardurch nicht ſo wol zu Durchwühlung dieſes Gebürges, als zur Peinigung ihrer Seelen, und zum Verluſt ihrer freyen Gemüther Urſach geben ſolten. Sintemahl, wenn der Menſch einmahl dieſen gläntzenden Koth in ſein Hertze legte, würde dieſer zu einem Abgotte, jenes zum Sclaven; und weil das Gold ſo geitzig wäre, daß ein Knopf einer Kirſche groß ſich von der Elbe biß an Rhein ausbethen lieſſe, umſchlingte es im Augenblicke aller Menſchen Hertzen. Da doch die Natur dem Golde darum den Geruch und Geſchmack, wormit ſie doch das unedlere Kupffer und Eiſen begabte, gleichſam zu dem Ende entzogen hätte: daß die menſchlichen Sinnen ſo viel weniger darzu ſolten gereitzt werden. Daher die Beſchauung dieſes Schatzes mehr Andacht und Mäßigkeit vonnöthen hätte, als die Araber denen, welche Weyrauch ſuchen, und die Atlantiſchen Eyländer denen, welche in den Gold-Bergwercken arbeiten, aufbürden: daß ſie ſich ſo gar vorher ihrer Eheweiber enthalten müſſen. Marbod betrachtete dieſe köſtlichen Steine gegen dem Lichte mit höchſter Verwunderung, Lichtenſtein und Tannenberg rafften inzwiſchen beyde Hände voll, und befanden: daß nicht nur alle Steine Diamanten, ſondern auch etliche darunter gantz rein und auſſer ihrer Schale waren. Gleichwol aber hatte Ariovists Zurredung einen ſolchen Nachdruck, daß ſie auch nicht einen dieſer Edelſteine zum Gedächtnüſſe bey ſich behalten wolten; biß Ariovist die gröſten ihnen einnöthigte, und ihnen einhielt, daß der gute Zweck nichts minder Reichthum, als Gifft zu Nutzen machte, der Mißbrauch aber das herrlichſte Gold in ſchädlichen Hütten-Rauch verwandelte. Marbod fieng an: Er ſehe wohl, daß der gütige Ariovist freygebiger wäre, als die Indiſchen, Scythiſchen und Egyptiſchen Könige; unter denen die erſten ihnen alle über hundert Gran wiegende Diamanten, die andern alle groſſe Türckiſſe, die letzten alle groſſe Topaſe vorbehielten. Hierauf ſteckte Ariovist ſeine zwey Fackeln auf eine bey der Hand liegende ſehr hohe Stange, und ermahnte ſeine Nachfolger nun auch das Gewölbe dieſer Höle zu beobachten; welches ſie wegen der Dunckelheit für einen Regenbogen anſahen. Ariovist aber unterrichtete ſie: daß es eitel von der Kunſthand der Natur zuſammen geſetzte Schmaragden, Topaſier, Beryllen und Granaten wären; ja in der Welt wenig Edelgeſteine gefunden würden, deren dieſes Sudetiſche Gebürge nicht einen groſſen Überfluß hätte. Aber alles diß, ſagte Ariovist, worvon der Geitz ſo viel Weſens macht, würde ich nicht der Müh werth geſchätzt haben, euch einen ſo beſchwerlichen Weg anher zu leiten; wenn ich dir, Marbod, nicht etwas beſſers zu zeigen hätte, welches dir theils die wunderwürdigen Geheimniſſe der Göttlichen Verſehung für Augen ſtellen, theils deinem Thun vielleicht ein nützliches Beyſpiel abgeben könte. Hiermit nahm er den Marbod bey der Hand, leitete ſelbten hinter einen güldenen Pfeiler in einen ziemlich breiten Gang, durch welchen ſie wol eine Stunde zu gehen hatten; deſſen Wände anfangs ebenfalls eitel Gold-Ertzt war, hernach ſich aber [illegible] in Silber, ſo Marbod und ſeine Gefärthen für Schnee [illegible], verwandelte. Nach und nach kam ihnen ein Getöne entgegen, welches ſich hernach in ein mächtiges Brauſen des Waſſers verwandelte; alſo: daß ſie ſelbtem mit genauer Noth ein [illegible] Ohr neben den andern verſtehen konten. Endlich erblickten ſie eine zweymahl gröſſere Höle; worein aber Marbod und die Seinigen zu [illegible] Gedancken trugen; weil ſie in ſelbter groſſe Ströme aufwerts ſchieſſen ſahen. Ariovist aber verſicherte ſie: daß ihnen kein Finger oder Boden naß werden ſolte; leitete ſie alle dreyen, führte ſie an die Seiten-Wände dieſer Höle, um durch derſelben Betaſtung ſie zu verſichern, daß zwiſchen ihnen und dieſem brauſenden Gewäſſer eine zwar gantz durchſichtige, jedoch Marmor-feſte Mauer ſtünde. Marbod vergaß für Verwunderung alle dieſe [illegible] [illegible], und fragte: Ob denn dieſe zarten und helleuchtenden Wände eine Berg-Kryſtallen wären? Ich [illegible] es [illegible] [illegible] andern erkennen, antwortete Arioviſt, weil in dieſem Gebürge hin und wieder auch anderwerts Stücke von Berg-Cryſtallen gefunden werden; und ander zerbrechliches Glaß gegen dem gewaltſamen Triebe dieſer Flüſſe nicht beſtehen würde. Siebenſteins Vorwitz trieb ihn alſofort zu fragen: Ob denn unter denen Gebürgen auch Flüſſe wären? Arioviſt lächelte mit beygefügter Antwort: Es wäre daran nicht zu zweifeln, weil der gantzen Welt unverborgen wäre, wie weit in Hiſpanien der Fluß Anas, in Africa der Niger und Nil unter dem Erdboden hinflüſſe. Die Donau ſelbſt werde zum Theil von der Erde verſchlungen. In Sicilien bey der Stadt Metaurus habe er eine Höle geſehen, durch welche ein ziemlicher Fluß ſtröme; und nach dem er weit unter der Erden ſeinen Lauff gehabt, allererſt hervor komme. Bey dem Emporiſchen Vorbürge in Mauritanien ſolle eine Höle ſeyn, in welcher man ſo gar des Meeres Ebb und Flut wahrnehme. Und in Sarmatien flüſſen nicht ferne von der Weichſel in tieffen Saltz-Klüfften ſtarcke Bäche, woraus man köſtliches Saltz ſodte. Alleine diß Waſſer, welches ihr durch dieſe durchſichtigen Steine hin und wieder brauſen höret, und ſchäumen ſehet, ſind keine ſolche unterirrdiſche Flüſſe; ſintemahl dieſes wieder die gemeine Art des Oberirrdiſchen Waſſers gerade empor ſteiget, welches ſonſt mit ſeiner Schwerde nichts minder, als der ſchwereſte Stein gerade gegen dem Mittel-Puncte der Erden zudrückt. Marbod, Lichtenſtein und Tannenberg, als ſie aus genauer Beobachtung dieſer wahrhafften Emporſteigung des Waſſers diß wahr zu ſeyn befanden, erſuchten den weiſen Arioviſt ihnen dieſes Geheimnüß auszulegen; welcher denn vermeldete: daß diß Waſſer eben die Brunnen der Elbe, der Weſer, und etlicher anderer theils zu den Bojen, theils zu den Marſingern abſchüſſender Bäche; dieſe Cryſtallen aber die wunderwürdigen Röhre und Behältniſſe dieſer aufwallenden Ströme wären, und verhinderten, daß dieſe zwey Hölen nicht von dem Waſſer angefüllet würden. Denn ob zwar einige Berg-Brunnen von dem einfallenden Regen und Schnee-Waſſer herrinneten, wären diß doch keine ewige, ſondern bey groſſer Dürre vertrocknende Brunnen. Die ewigen Brunnen und Flüſſe hätten zwar ins gemein auch einen Zuwachs von Regen und Schnee; wiewol in der Narboneſiſchen und etlichen andern Landſchafften die Brunnen beym Regen groſſen theils verſiegen, die Erde bey naſſem Wetter zu Staube, bey dürrem zu Kothe werd. Der Brunnen ihr eigentlicher Urſprung rühre aber aus dem Mittel der Erd-Kugel her, zu welchem ſich das Waſſer aus denen Meeren, ſeiner eigentlichen Schwerde nach, durch ſeinen ſandichten Boden eindringe. Der begierige Tannenberg fiel alsbald ein und fragte: durch was für eine Waſſer-Kunſt oder Regung aber das einmahl ſchwere Waſſer zu der euſerſten Spitze des Erdbodens und zwar meiſt zu den Gipfeln der höchſten Gebürge empor gezogen würde; und ob alle Quellen in ſolche ſteinerne Röhren eingeſchloſſen wären? Arioviſt ließ ihm dieſe Vorfrage gar wohl belieben, und antwortete: Es hätten zwar einige der Druyden ihn anfänglich beredet, daß die Auffſteigung des Quell-Waſſers von dem die Erde umgebenden Meere herrührete; und in eitel ſolchen Röhren das Waſſer zur oberſten Fläche der Erden nichts anders, als wie von Bergen oder Thürmen in die Waſſer-Künſte getrieben würde; indem es in ſeinen feſten Verfaſſungen nothwendig ſo hoch ſteigen müſte, als es anderwerts abfiele; alleine ſein erſter und letzter Lehrer der Gothiſche Weiſe hätte ihm gewieſen, wie dieſe Meinung allzuweit hergeholet, die angegebenen Waſſer-Röhre auch bloße Träume wären. Sintemahl die oberſte Fläche des Meeres nirgends ſo hoch, als die Gipfel der Alpen, des Caucaſus, der Peruaniſchen Gebürge; ſolche Brunnen auch mitten in dem groſſen Welt-Meere (wordurch entweder dergleichen Waſſer-Röhre unmöglich gehen, oder doch wieder Sturm und Wellen nicht beſtehen könten; oder ſolche Röhren unter der Tieffe des Meeres viel tauſend Meilen weit geführet ſeyn müſten) auf den Bergen der kleinſten Eylande gefunden; ja auf den höchſten Gebürgen in den Brunnen eine Verwandniß in Ebb und Flut mit dem nahe darbey und um viel hundert Schritte niedriger gelegenen Meere verſpüret würde. Hingegen wäre aus dem Leibe des Menſchens, welcher als eine kleine Welt alle Wunderwercke der groſſen in ſich begreifft, die Art der Auffſteigung des Quell-Waſſers unſchwer zu ergründen. Denn wie im Menſchen das in Adern verſchloſſene Geblüte wegen ſeiner lebhafften Geiſtigkeit empor ſteige; außer denen Adern aber, wenn es in die Lufft käme, und ſeine Geiſter verrauchten, eher auch in todten Cörpern wie andere ſchwere Sachen zu Boden ſinke, oder abwerts [illegible] alſo würde auch das in der holen Mitte der Erden aus dem Meere zuſammen ſinckende und von ſeiner Bitterkeit gereinigte Waſſer nicht zwar durch Feuer, welches wegen mangelnder Lufft daſelbſt nicht, wie in denen der Erden-Fläche näherenden Hölen tauern könne, in dem allgemeinen Erd-Schachte ſchon ſo gar kein Licht leben, ſondern durch ſeine flüchtigere Geiſter und lebhaffte Krafft begeiſtert: daß ſelbtes nach Art des aus von der Sonnen in die Lufft gezogenen Waſſers wie kleine Dünſte der kalten Fläche der Erden durch alle vor zu durchdringen mögende Ader ſich näherte, und darauß gleich als in dem Kopffe eines Brenn-Zeuges wieder zu Waſſer würde; weswegen etliche kluge Weltweiſen die Brunnen gar füglich mit den Frauen-Brüſten verglichen haben; weil wie in dieſen aus denen zugezogenen dünnen Feuchtigkeiten die Milch, alſo in jenen aus denen auffſteigenden Dünſten das Waſſer gezeuget würde; alſo denn durch die Lufftlöcher der Erde (welche das Meer nicht hat, und alſo ſolche Aufdampffung nicht zuläßt) ausbräche, ſeine Schwerde wieder bekomme, und anfangs Brunnen, hernach Flüſſe verurſache; alſo: daß das Meer innerhalb der Erde der Urſprung der Brunnen, die Brunnen aber oberhalb der Erde der Urſprung der Meere wären; und wie im Menſchen das Blut, alſo in der Erde das Waſſer niemahls ruhe, ſondern durch unauffhörliche Bewegung einen Kreiß mache. Dieſemnach iſt es denn in der Mitte der Erden und aus der Höhe der Meere keiner verſchloſſenen Waſſerleitungs darff; wie zwar derer hin und wieder, und alſo auch allhier gegenwärtig nicht wenig gefunden werden; auch allerdings der Warheit gar ähnlich iſt, daß durch ſolche Waſſer-Röhre das Caſpiſche und ſchwartze, das rothe und Egyptiſche Meer an einander gehencket ſind. Dieſemnach aber das Meer-Waſſer in der Mitte der Erden von einer beſondern natürlichen Säuerkeit, ſo man füglich den Eßig der Welt nennen kan, geſchwängert wird, welche zwar das gemeine Quell-Waſſer in dem Thone, darinnen es ſich dringen und läutern muß, ableget, viel Waſſer aber geräumere Gänge findet, ja auch noch darzu durch allerhand ſchweflichte, ſaltzichte und anderer Arthen Erde empor dampffet, und von derſelben Eigenſchafft nichts minder etwas, als die hier empor ſchüſſenden Brunnen ein Theil des Goldes und anderen Ertztes, wie auch der Edelſteine mit ſich in die Bäche führen; ſo ereignet ſich: daß es in der Welt, fürnemlich aber in unſerm Deutſchlande ſo viel Sauer- und Saltz-, ja auch Feuer- und andere Wunder-Brunnen giebet; ja mitten in den gröſten Strömen, wie in dem Alemanniſchen Gebiete aus dem Rheine, und in dem Bezirken aus der Töpelbach ſiedend-heiſſe Quellen empor ſpringen; in dem Tauniſchen Gebürge bey denen Mattiacern ein Brunn nach Weine ſchmeckt; ja in den Wäſſern eine Krafft ſich in Saltz und Steine zu verwandeln ſteckt. Welches letztere mich am meiſten bewogen, mein lieber Marbod, dich hieher zu bringen. Hiermit führte ihn Arioviſt zu einem faſt in der Mitte der Höle ſtehenden Bilde, welches einen Berg-Cryſtallenen Rieſen vollkommen abbildete, außer: daß beyde Schenckel nicht von einander zertheilet ſtunden, ſondern dieſer Rieſe unten [illegible] eine runde Seule war. Marbod und ſeine Gefährten ſahen ſelbten Anfangs mit Entſetzen, hernach mit groſſer Verwunderung an. Arioviſt aber reckte ſeine beyde Fackeln empor gegen dem Haupte, und erinnerte ſie dieſes Rieſen-Bild, von welchem dieſes Rieſen-Gebürge den Nahmen führte, nicht überhin, ſondern mehr ſeinen Kern, als die Schale zu betrachten. Worauf der Ritter Lichtenſtein zum erſten gewahr ward, daß in dieſem durchſichtigen Steine ein natürlicher Menſch ſteckte; weswegen er alſofort, ob ihn ſeine Augen betrögen, Arioviſten fragte. Nein, antwortete dieſer. Denn ihr ſehet hier für Augen die unverweſte Leiche des groſſen Rieſen Tuiſco, und auswendig ſeinen Cryſtallenen Sarch. Aller Augen erſtarreten für begieriger Betrachtung dieſes Wunderwercks, aller Zungen erſtummten für Verwunderung; biß Marbod über eine lange Weile in dieſe Worte ausbrach: O glückſeliger Tuiſco, deſſen Tugend zwar unter allen Sterblichen verdienet tödtlicher, als kein ander Menſch begraben zu ſeyn! deſſen Geiſt aber auch ſchwerlich der Nachwelt ein ſo herrliches Begräbnüß verdancken kan; gegen welchem der Egyptiſchen Könige, des Mauſolus und des Porſenna Marmel-Gräber Staub; Cleopatrens Perlen-Grufft Todtenwerck, der Macrobiſchen und derer am Meere wohnenden Mohren gläſerne, und die güldenen Särche, darein Ptolomeus den groſſen Alexander legte, für Aſche und ſchlechte Scherben zu halten ſind; alſo dieſer große Fürſt ſeines Begräbnüſſes halber meinem Bedüncken nach mit niemanden, als mit derſelben Natter zu eiffern hat; welche über der Weichſel an dem Gothoniſchen Meer-Strande ſich in den noch weichen Agſtein verwickelte; und nach dem dieſer ſich verſteinerte, darinnen begraben, von dem Fürſten ſelbigen Landes dem Feldherrn Segimern, von dieſem aber der Kayſerin Livia verehret ward. Warlich, wo iemahls ein Grabmahl in der Welt einer unzähligen Zauberung werth geweſt iſt, verdienet diß eine Ewigkeit; und es iſt zu wünſchen, daß wie ohne diß der Donner deren Grabmahlen keinen Schaden thut, dieſes von keinem Erdbeben verſehret werden möge. Aber durch was für Zauberey iſt die Leiche in dieſen durchſichtigen Stein gebracht, und durch was für kräfftigen Balſam über zwey tauſend Jahr für Fäulnüß und Verweſung verwahret worden? Arioviſt verſetzte: Sie hätten nur acht haben, ſo würden ſie aus dem Gewölbe dieſer Höle unauffhörlich Waſſer abtrieffen, keines aber nirgends flüſſen, ſondern ſich in kurtzer Zeit in ſo durchſichtigen Stein verwandeln ſehen. Daher es nicht nur der Augenſchein gebe, ſondern ihm auch der Gothiſche Weiſe, welcher ihm dieſe Höle, als der Gothiſchen Weiſen gröſſes Heiligthum, zum erſten gezeiget, glaubhafft berichtet hätte: daß man des groſſen Tuiſcons Leiche, welcher vom Iſmene an, biß zum Rheine geherrſchet, und dieſe Höle durch

Anleitung eines Wahrſagers gefunden hätte, aber in dem Marſingiſchen Gebiete geſtorben wäre, ſeines Vaters Leiche in einem verſteinernden Brunnen dieſes Gebürges gelegt, hernach, als ſelbte entweder das todte Fleiſch wie vorhin Holtz und Pflantzen zu Steine gemacht, oder zum mindeſten mit einer ſteinernen Schale überzogen, in dieſe Höle verſetzt hätte; worinn von dem ſtets abrieſſenden Waſſer, welches die Krafft im Augenblicke zu verſteinern hat, ſein Bild von Jahre zu Jahre ſich vergröſſerte. Da es denn nach ſo langer Zeit zu einem ſolchen ungeheuren Rieſen, diß Gebürge aber von den Gothiſchen Weiſen, die ſonſt dieſe Hölen überaus geheim gehalten, das Rieſen-Gebürge genennet worden iſt. König Marbod hatte Arioviſten beyde Ohren, dieſem Bilde aber beyde Augen gewiedmet, und wuſte ſein und ſeiner beyden Ritter Mund nicht genungſame Lob-Sprüche dieſer Säule zuzueignen; gegen der ſie alle Wunderwercke der Welt für Schattenwerck hielten; Tannenberg aber beſonders die vorhin mit Erſtaunen beſichtigte Grabe Spitzen in Egypten nicht genung zu verachten wuſte. Arioviſt fieng hierauff an: Es iſt nicht ohne, daß die Herrligkeit dieſes Begräbnüßes allen andern in der Welt die Wage hält; zumahl ich euch verſichern kan, daß dieſer Criſtallene Kiſte gediegenes Gold zu ſeinem Fuße hat. Wie er denn ihnen ſelbtes mit Wegſtoſſung der obigen gleichſam gläſernen Schale, welche von dem abſpringenden Verſteinerungs-Waſſer über den Boden gemacht war, augenſcheinlich zeigte, und ſodenn ferner fort fuhr: Aber ich halte die Koſtbarkeit und die Dauerhafftigkeit dieſes Grabes an ſich ſelbſt für kein ſo groſſes Weſen. Jene iſt ein vergrabener Schatz, welcher wenig Menſchen in das Auge kommt; und wenn ihr mich nicht zum Ausleger gehabt hättet, würdet ihr ſo wenig errathen haben, daß der groſſe Tuiſco darinnen begraben iſt, als die Egyptier zu ſagen wiſſen, wer in ihren Grabe-Spitzen beerdigt ſey. Die andere iſt ebenfalls der Vergängligkeit unterworffen, als die Leichen ſelbſt, welche, wenn ſie nicht Feuer oder Fäulnüß verzehret, doch Würmer und Ratten freſſen. Sintemal die Eitelkeit nicht nur über, ſondern auch unter der Erden ihre Herrſchafft hat, und durch Erdbeben gantze Gebürge und Flüſſe verſchlucket; durch Schwefel-Brände Ertzt und Felſen einäſchert; durch Gewäſſer die geräumſten Hölen erſäuffet. Maſſen denn auch falſch iſt: daß der Blitz kein Grab verſehre. Sintemahl des Geſetzgebers Lycurgus, und des Tichters Euripides davon zermalmet worden; und iſt die hieraus auf ſelbiger Todten Vergötterung gezogene Auslegung nur für eine abgöttiſche Heucheley zu halten. Es iſt aber die Vergängligkeit in unterirrdiſchen Klüfften ſo viel weniger zu verwundern, weil die Eitelkeit ſich längſt über das Rad der Sonnen ſich geſchwungen, und unterſchiedene Sternen wo nicht vertilget, doch in dem Geſichte der Menſchen ausgeleſchet hat. Ja mein Gothiſcher Weltweiſer hat mir nicht nur unterſchiedene Merckmahle abnehmender Sternen gewieſen, ſondern mich auch verſichert: daß mit der Zeit vier Sternen in dem Zeichen des Schiffes zwiſchen dem Hintertheile und denen Rudern, einer in dem rechten Ohre des Hundes, in dem Schnabel des Rabens, der ſechſte im Krebſe, einer im Ganimedes Knie, der letzte im Schwantze der Schlange, und der helleuchtende im Meduſen-Haupte mit der Zeit gar oder groſſen theils verſchwunden; hingegen einer im [illegible]-Baume, der eilffte im Löwen, der ſiebende im Schwantze des Scorpion ſich vergröſſern, ja auf der Stirne des Hundes, in der Caſſiopea, und im Wallfiſche gar neue Sternen gebohren worden wären. Wenn aber auch ſchon dieſes oder einige andere Gräber mit der Erd-Kugel ſelbſt um die Dauerhafftigkeit ſtreiten könte; ſo ſcheinet es doch eine ewige Thorheit zu ſeyn, nach Ruhm unter den Todten ſtreben, und aus dem Grabe eine Sonne machen; wenn zumahl einer im Leben kaum ein Stern der ſechſten Gattung, oder einer derſelben geweſt iſt, die in der Milch-Straße ſich gar nicht erkieſen laſſen. Sintemahl wie die prächtigen Grab-Maale, welche Evagoras und Miltiades ihren auf den Olympiſchen Schau-Spielen obſiegenden Pferden, Lacydes ſeiner Gans, die Römer einem Raben, andere Hunden aufgerichtet, dieſe Thiere in keine beſſere verwandeln; alſo werden todte Wercke in kalten Steinen nicht lebhaft, und düncken mich die, welche nicht durch ruhmwürdiges Beginnen die Tage ihres Lebens, ſondern durch Gepränge der Grab-Maale die Nacht ihres Todes zu erleuchten vermeinen, nicht beſſer, als die glänzenden Feuer-Würmer zu ſeyn, welche im Finſtern dem Golde, in dem Tage verächtlichem Kothe gleichen. Alles was nicht die Tugend zum Grunde, und die Ewigkeit der Seele zum Abſehen hat, iſt vergänglicher Rauch. Friſt die Zeder nicht der Wurm, das Ertzt nicht der Roſt, ſo verzehret ſie ein ander Zahn der Zeit; ja ein einiger verwahrloſter Funcken. Da nun aber du, Marbod, ſeuffzeſt, daß dein Leib hier auf Erden mit der Zeit wie allhier Tuiſco in Criſtall möge verwahret werden; wie viel mehr haſt du nachzuſinnen: daß die viel edlere Seele im Himmel die Sonne ſelbſt zum Kleide habe. Weil der Menſch ſcheinet gebohren zu ſeyn, daß er ſterbe; muß er ſich bemühen alſo zu ſterben, daß er ewig lebe; und weil das Leben ihn zum Grabe leitet, daß das [illegible] ihm die Staffel ſeyn zu vortrefflicher Ehre. Glaube mir aber, Marbod, du wirſt ein herrlicher Grab, als diß iſt, oder aus einem Diamantenen Felſen dir gehauen werden könte, verdienen; wenn du diß, was die Vorwelt an den güldenen Fuß dieſes Bildes verzeichnet hat, beobachten wirſt; ja dein Gemüthe wird im Leben unverſehrlicher Ruh, deine Seele unvergänglicher Vergnügung genüſſen, wenn du denen Erinnerungen über der Pforte dieſer Höle nachlebeſt. Hiermit bückte ſich Arioviſt, räumete um den güldenen Fuß vollends das verſteinerte Waſſer weg, und zeigte ſeinen Gefärthen, wie daſelbſt mit eitel Edelgeſteinen nachfolgende Worte auffs künſtlichſte ins Gold verſetzt waren.

Der Erde Marck das Gold, und ſo viel edle Steine
Sind's Armuth dieſer Grufft. Tuiſcons edles Grab
Iſt ihr und Deutſchlands Schatz. Weil diß nur ſein Gebeine
Beyſammen hält, wird ihm kein Feind was ringen ab.

Als Marbod dieſe koſtbare Schrifft geleſen, fieng er an: So ſehe ich wol, daß die Leiche des groſſen Tuiſco ein Schutz-Bild, und alſo ein groſſer Schatz Deutſchlandes ſey; an deſſen Bewahrung das Heil, an Verſehrung aber der Untergang des Vaterlandes gelegen ſey. Arioviſt lächelte, ihm antwortende: Ich weiß wol, daß das der gemeinen Sage nach vom Himmel gefallene Trojaniſche Palladium, welches man mir noch zu Rom als ein groſſes Heiligthum gewieſen, nichts anders, als des Königs Pelops Geripe, welches ein Aſiatiſcher Weiſer bey einer gewiſſen Vereinbarung der Sternen aus ſeinen Todten-Beinen zuſammen geſetzt, und dem Könige Tros verehret hat; das Olympiſche Schutz-Bild nichts, als Knochen eines Indianiſchen Thieres; der Spartaner Minerven-Schild die Menſchen-Haut des weiſen Pherecydes; das Syriſche Dagons-Bild mit einer Wallfiſch-Haut umzogen geweſen; und alle dieſen Heiligthümern eine Krafft der Unüberwindligkeit zugeeignet worden ſey. Alleine ich bin der Meinung, daß wie gegenwärtige Schrifft einen andern Verſtand hat, alſo auch jene Bildnüße gar auf was anders gezielet haben. Marbod fragte alſofort: Ob denn dieſe ziemlich klare Reimen anders ausgelegt werden könten, als daß ſo lange Tuiſcons Bild unverſehrt bliebe, Deutſchland würde unüberwindlich ſeyn? In alle Wege, antwortete Arioviſt. Denn, weil ich meine Auslegung dieſes Geheimnüßes wol ſo gefährlich nicht achte, als wenn einer das Palladium zu ſehen bekommen; maſſen Ilus zu Troja, Metellus zu Rom hiervon ſoll verblindet ſein; ſo wil ich meinen gemuthmaßten Verſtand dieſes Rätzels nicht verſchweigen: daß nemlich, ſo lange Deutſchland ſich nicht ſelbſt durch Zwieſpalt trennen werde, kein Feind ſelbtem was anhaben würde. Denn nach dem Schirme des Göttlichen Verhängnüßes kan den Feinden eines Reiches kein beſſerer Riegel, als die Eintracht der Bürger fürgeſchoben werden. Einzele Pfeile können auch Zwerge zerbrechen; viel auf einmal aber nicht Rieſen-Armen. Dieſe, mein lieber Marbod, hüte dich ja vollends zu zertheilen, wo du dein ſtreitbares Vaterland nicht zu einer Magd, dich aber zum Leibeigenen der herrſchſüchtigen Römer machen wilſt. Aber ich muß dich durch die Überſchrifft des Eingangs noch für einer ſchnödern Dienſtbarkeit warnen. Hiermit führte Arioviſt den König Marbod daſelbſt hin, und zeigte ihm die in Berg-Criſtallen tieff eingegrabene Worte:

Der's deutſche Reich in Brand, die Feind' in Staub gelegt
Tuiſco ſteht allhier in dieſer güld'nen Höle.
Lernt, die ihr Koth für Gott oft zu [illegible] pflegt,
Gold ſey ein irrdiſch Grab des Leibes, nicht der Seele.

Aber, ſagte Arioviſt, ich traue dir ſelbſt nicht zu, daß ob wol insgemein der für unvernünfftig gehalten wird, der nicht mehr verlangt, als er darff, dein hoher Geiſt ſich mit dem unflätigen Laſter des Geizes, welches einen reichen Fürſten dürfftiger macht, als ein freygebiger Bettler iſt, mit dieſem Armuthe des Gemüthes beſudeln ſolle; welches nicht eher, als wenn der erblaßte Mund die kalte Erde zu käuen bekommt, erſättigt wird, und das durch eine unſinnige Begierde des Menſchen Hertze alsdenn am ärgſten quälet, wenn es am wenigſten mehr zur Zehrung darff. Wie ich denn auch, da ich dieſe Beyſorge gehabt hätte, keinem unter euch dieſe verborgenen Reichthümer und Anreitzungen zum böſen gezeigt haben würde. Aber meinem unvergreifflichen Urthel nach, werdet ihr in der darneben ſtehenden Criſtallen-Taffel etwas mehr zu bedencken finden; in welche eingegraben war:

Die ihr aus Ehrſucht mehr, als Andacht Tempel bauet,
Nur: daß die Nachwelt euch, wie ihr vergöttert, ſchauet,
Baut dem Tuiſco auf kein gülden Rauch-Altar.
Denn, ſoll' er lebend gleich nicht mehr ſeyn, als er war,
Doch hier nichts weniger, als dieſer Stein werden;
So bleibt er doch, wie ihr, kein GOtt [illegible] auf Erden.

König Marbod, nach dem er dieſe ihm eingeprägten Zeilen etliche mahl nachdrücklich geleſen hatte, fieng er an: Es iſt wahr, wenn wir eingebildete Welt-Götter unſer Abſehen und unſer Weſen gegen einander halten, müſſen wir nachgeben; daß die Gebrechligkeit in unſerem Vermögen einen feſtern Fuß geſetzt habe, als die Allmacht in unſer Einbildung. Daß unſere Gewalt auf nichts anders, als der Unterthanen Demüthigung, und der Nachbarn Schwäche gegründet ſey. Wir ſind unſerer Hoffart nach in alle wege dem Egyptiſchen Memnons-Bilde zu vergleichen, welches nur mit der Sonne Geſpräche hält, an ſich ſelbſt aber nichts, als ein zu Boden ſinckender Stein iſt. Wir ſind das eingebildete Gold in denen angefeuerten Schmeltz-Kolben, das im Glaſe Purpur zur Farbe hat, im Ausmachen aber nur Rauch und Aſche iſt. Ariovist fing an: Warlich, Marbod, wenn du diß von Hertzen redeſt, haſtu aus der Eitelkeit einen fernen Blick in das Ewige gethan. Denn das Erkäntnüs ſeiner eigenen Nichtigkeit, iſt die Helffte ſeiner Verewigung, wie die Einäſcherung irrdiſcher Dinge der Weg zu einer neuen Geburt. Wirſtu nun behertzigen: daß alle Vergnügung der Welt nur Einbildungen, alle Güter, die die Eitelkeit der Ehrſucht und dem Geitze zur Schaue auslegt, verfälſchte und betrügeriſche Waare ſey; daß alles zeitliche vorwerts die Hoffnung, hinterrücks die Furcht zur Begleiterin hat; daß der anmuthigſte Blick des Glückes ein Blitz ſey, welcher mit ſeinem Anlachen einäſchert; ja daß alles in der Welt Blendungen, Träume und Undinge, der vernichtende Tod aber allein etwas wahrhafftes ſind; ſo wirſtu bey Zeite deiner Herrſchſucht einen Gräntz-Stein ſetzen; deine Vernunfft wird dich anverweiſen den allzuweiten Zirckel deiner Gedancken in die Enge zu ziehen; wormit dein Gemüthe den Mittel-Punct der Ruhe finde, deine Seele aber nicht in dem Irrdiſchen eingezäunet bleibe, ſich zum Ewigen auffzuſchwingen.

Dieſen und vielen andern heilſamen Erinnerungen des frommen Ariovistes gab König Marbod, Lichtenſtein und Tannenberg ein auffmerckſames Gehöre; welche hierüber von ihm wieder aus dieſen zweyen Hölen geführet wurden. Sie kamen nach derſelben fleißigſter Betrachtung zu dem Felſenritze wieder heraus, als die Sonne ſchon untergegangen war. Deßwegen ſie daſelbſt übernachten und ſich mit denen Wurtzeln und Beeren, welche Ariovist ausſuchte, wie auch mit deme nahe darbey heraus ſpringenden Qvelle vergnügen muſten; wiewol der Hunger ihnen dieſe ſchlechten Gerichte dergeſtalt würtzte: daß ſie ihnen beſſer, als der Uberfluß an der Königlichen Taffel ſchmeckten. Ob nun gleich Marbod auf den Morgen von Arioviſten Abſchied zu nehmen meinte, in dem er durch der Marſinger und Semnoner Gebiete, keines Weges aber durch das Land der auffſtändigen Bojen zu ſeinen Hermundurern zu kommen getraute; ſo wolte doch Ariovist ihn und ſeine zwey Ritter in dieſem irrſamen Gebürge nicht verlaſſen, ſondern ſie biß unten an deſſelbten Fuß begleiten. Er führte ſie dieſemnach über allerhand Berge, durch viel anmuthige Thäler und Wälder; biß die am Mittage brennende Sonne ſie unter einer überhängenden Stein-Klippe bey einer rauſchenden Bach auszuruhen, ihr Magen ſich aber mit der gewöhnlichen Koſt zu ſättigen nöthigte. Weßwegen Ariovist an der Lehne etliche Kräuter ausrupffte; worüber er aber zur Erde niederſanck; und deßhalben die andern drey hierzu ſprangen ſeinen Unfall zu vernehmen. Sie fanden ihn gantz erblaſt; ſein Mund konte mit genauer Noth kaum dieſe verbrochenen Worte ausdrücken: Ich ſterbe um nunmehr recht zu leben. Wormit er denn verſtummete, und in ſelbigem Augenblicke gleichſam ohne einige Empfindung des Todes die Seele ausblies. Marbod und ſeine Gefärthen empfanden dieſen unvermutheten Todesfall dieſes anmuthigen Fürſten ſo ſehr, daß ſie alle ſeine Leiche mit bitteren Thränen netzeten; inſonderheit aber nicht ohne geringe Gemüths-Veränderung wahrnahmen: wie der den Ariovist ſtets auf dem Fuſſe begleitende Bär, nach dem er ſeinen Herrn eine Weile beleckt, und gleichſam, ob er lebend oder verblichen wäre, erkundiget hatte, ſich nahe darbey von dem Felſen in ein tieffes Thal abſtürtzte. Gleichwol aber muſten alle bekennen: daß wie Arioviſtens Leben ein Beyſpiel allen Lebenden ſeyn; alſo kein Menſch ein ſanffteres Ableben wünſchen könte. Sintemahl jenem das Glücke nichts zu nehmen; dieſem aber der Tod ſeine anklebende Bitterkeit anzuſtreichen nicht vermocht hätte. Sie beriethen ſich hierauff mit einander über ſeine Beerdigung; Marbod aber machte den Schluß: daß dieſer groſſe und weiſe Fürſt verdient hätte, neben Tuiſcons Grab geſetzet zu werden. Weßwegen ihnen Lichtenſtein und Tannenberg nicht beſchwerlich lieſſen fallen, ſich mit Arioviſtens Leiche zu bebürden, und ſolche dem vor- und zurückgehenden Marbod gegen der verlaſſenen Höle nachzutragen. Sie verlohren aber bald die Spur; und ob ſie zwar biß in dritten Tag ſelbte zu finden ſich mit groſſer Beſchwerligkeit bemühten, war doch alles vergebens; alſo, daß König Marbod endlich ſeinen Vorſatz änderte, und anfieng: Ich weiß nicht, ob das Verhängnüs dieſer verlohrnen Wunderhöle durch ein Geſetze, wie die Griechen das Eyland Delos, als ihr allgemeines und hochheiliges Vaterland, und die glückſeligen Araber eine andere Inſel für Beerdigung der Todten verwahret habe. Alleine, nach dem ſelbte gleichwol des Tuiſcons Leiche verträgt, ſehe ich wol: daß das Verhängnüs nicht ſo wol Arioviſten das köſtliche Grab mißgönnet, als unſere Augen verblendet; weil es uns nicht [illegible] zutrauet: daß wir künfftig unſere Hände von dieſen verborgenen Schätzen behalten dörfften; nach dem vielleicht einer oder ander unter uns ſchon ein Theil ſeines Hertzens in der Höle zurück gelaſſen hat; und wir ſelbtes vielleicht gar mit Arioviſtens Leibe darein vergraben dörfften, nach dem uns mit ihm ein ſo heilſamer Lehrmeiſter entfallen iſt. Dieſemnach machte er in einem Kräuter-reichen Thale, unter einem hochgipfflichten Ahorn-Baume durch ſeinen Degen mit Ausgrabung der Erde den Anfang ein Grab zu ſcharren; welches denn noch ſelbigen Tag durch aller dreyer Beyhülffe drittehalb Ellen tieff verfertiget, und alſo Arioviſtens Leiche darein geleget ward. Das Grab erhöheten ſie nach der alten Deutſchen Art mit Raſen; und ſagte Marbod: Ihre Vorfahren hätten Marmelne Gräber für keine Ehre, ſondern eine Beſchwerde der Todten gehalten. Arioviſten wäre rühmlich genung: daß er einen König zum Todten-Gräber, ſeine Jugend nebſt der Tapfferkeit die Klugheit des Alters, ſein Alter die Unſchuld der Kinder gehabt; und als der Tod ihn gantz zu verriegeln vermeint, der Nachruhm und die Seele den Sarch für der Zeit erbrochen, jener ſich in die Welt vertheilet, dieſe in eine herrlichere Wohnſtatt verfügt hätte. Tannenberg ſchnitt in die Rinde des anſehnlichen Ahorn-Baumes folgende Reymen ein:

Hier iſt's Grab Arioviſtens, deſſen mächtig Kriegesheer,
Doch nicht ihn und ſeinen Muth Glück und Cäſar hat beſtritten;
Deſſen Beyſpiel Fürſten lehret: daß Herrſchens-Kunſt ſey ſchwer,
Gleichwol könn' ein Menſch der Welt, nur an GOtt ihm ſelbſt gebieten.

Auf das Albiniſche und Kamperiſche hochzeit-feſt.

Iſt lieben ſeuche, peſt und gifft,
Den nattern ſchaum [illegible], und ſcorpion eingeflöſſet?
Das gelbe molchen übertrifft?
Iſt lieben raſerey, die die vernunfft bemeiſtert?
Ein nagend krebs, der marck und bein friſt aus?
Ein wurm, der aus den ſtauden edler jugend
Nicht nur den kern, die wurtzel reißt der tugend?
Ein feuer, das in aſche, ſtaub und graus
Volkreiche ſtädte leg't, und länder ſtürtzt in grund,
Daß itzo wilde buchen ſtehen,
Und ſegel-volle maſte gehen,
Wo weiland Troja war, und vormals Tyrus ſtund?

So iſts! diß würckt der liebe brunſt,
Durch ſie flog Sodoma geſchmeltzt in die lüffte.
Und Loth, der dort entronnen, fand
Auff ſeiner tochter ſchoß mehr als Gomorrens ſtöffte.
Ja Samſon muß, den Rom doch und Athen
Im Hercules zu einem Gotte machte,
Als Omphale ihn in ihr netze brachte,
Durch Delilen verächtlich untergehn.
Als GOttes hertzens-mann kaum Bathſeben erſeh't,
Und er auch aus der flut entglimmet,
Wird Davids harffe ſo verſtimmet,
Daß ſie für pſalmen ſpielt ein geiles buhler-lied.

Wer macht ihm nun nicht ſelbſt den ſchluß?
Daß wer den keuſchen geiſt GOtt rein und keuſch will ehren,
Der liebe gegen abſchen muß,
Und in der andachts-glut diß göldne kalb zerſtören.
Der weyrauch, der in Venus tempel brennt,
Reucht GOtt nicht wohl, die engel, die uns dienen,
Entfernen ſich, wie für dem rauche bienen.
Die opffer, die auch Paphos heilig nennt,
Sind zu Jeruſalem ein ſtinckend Gottesdienſt.
Ja die mit brunſt ſich unterſtehen
In GOttes heiligthum zu gehen,
Bekommen fluch zu lohn, und ſtraffe zu gewinſt.

Wie iſt denn er, vertrauter freund,
Der GOtte dienen muß und bey'm altare wachen,
Nicht auch der ſüſſen liebe feind?
Schickt ſichs, ein prieſter ſeyn, und gleichwohl hochzeit machen?
Ja ja! gar wohl! was GOttes liebes ſind,
Was die natur den ſeelen eingeflämmet,
Steh't auch für GOtt in tempeln unbeſchämet.
Es ſchickt ſich wohl daß prieſter väter ſind,
Die lieb in keuſcher eh' entweyht kein opffer nicht.
Das heiligthum wird nur befleckt,
Wenn geile brunſt im hertzen ſteckt,
Die GOttes ordnung ſtör't, und eh' und [illegible] bricht.

Der ſchnöde mißbrauch böſer brunſt
Iſt ungerecht, daß er ſoll der liebe nahmen führen
Der lufft-gebohrne keuſcher brunſt

Macht nicht, daß ſtern und ſonn' ihr wahres licht verliehren.
Wenn jene fall'n zeräſchert in den grund,
So glänzen die ins himmels güldnen zimmern.
Denn ſchwefel kan nicht wie die ſternen ſchimmern.
Verkehret doch der ſchlangen geifer-mund
In wermuth-bitteres gifft geſunder kräuter ſafft,
Woraus die bienen honig ſaugen:
So kehrt der liebe tauben-augen
Der boßheit zauber-gunſt in baſilisken-krafft.

Der edlen Roſe perlen-haupt
Wird, ob die röthe ſich ſchon ihrem ſchnee vermählet,
Der reinen zierde nicht beraubt.
Die jungferſchafft hat ſie für ihren kranz erwehlet,
Bepurpert ſie gleich Cythereens blut.
Der keuſchheit bild, die lilje ſelbſt, empfindet
Den ſüſſen trieb, der alle ſeelen bindet,
Den anmuths-reiz, des liebens reine glut.
Und welche blume glänzt, die dieſer geiſt nicht rühr?
Der thau zeigt ihre liebes-thränen,
Und ihr Geruch das ſüſſe ſehnen,
Die röthe bildet gar verliebte flammen für ſie.

So bleibet Abraham doch rein
Und GOttes bunds-genoß auch in der Sara bette.
Die kirche würde ſelbſt nicht ſeyn,
Wenn ſie die liebe nicht zu ihrer mutter hätte
Die pflanzen die aus ihrem garten blühn,
Die müſſen kirch und paradieß erfüllen.
Aus liebe ließ ſich GOtt ins fleiſch verhüllen,
Ja ſie vermählt die gläubigen und ihn.

Wo reine liebe glimmt, zeucht GOttes Geiſt ſelbſt ein.
Des Heylands groſſe wunderwercke
Entwerfen ſelbſt des liebens ſtärcke:
Indem zu Cana quillt aus waſſer-krügen wein.

Heiſt diß nun GOttes weinberg bau'n,
Wenn ein paar ſeelen ſich in reiner ehe lieben,
Aus der ſie ſtauden wachſen ſchau'n,
Die durch den glauben ſchon im himmel ſind beſchrieben,
Wenn ſie gleich noch der mutter ſchooß umfaßt;
So kan auch ihm nicht GOttes ſegen fehlen,
Nun er ihm eine ſeele will erwehlen,
Die tugend liebt, und ſchnöde laſter haſſt.
Wo doppel-andacht mehr als einfach opffer kan,
Muß man von euch verlobten ſchlüſſen:
Eur ſeuffzen wird mehr würcken müſſen,
Nun nebſt der prieſterin der prieſter GOtt rufft an.

Der himmel weiſt ſich ſelbſt geneigt,
Und regnet freud und luſt auff die verknüpfften herzen.
Denn wo ſich GOttes anblick zeig't,
Bekränzet eitel heil die frohen hochzeit-kerzen.
Und ſegen folgt den reiffen jahren nach.
Mich dünckt, ich ſehe ſchon in einer wiegen
Die frucht der eh' und GOttes gabe liegen;
Hingegen fleucht verdrüßlich ungemach.
Und wo hierinnen nicht mein feſtes urtheil fehlt,
Hat, ob wohl eben die auff erden
Vollzogen, dort geſchloſſen werden,
Auch Martha dieſes mahl das beſte theil erwehlt

Johanne Friederike Lohmann.

Dieſe Schriftſtellerin war die Tochter des Hofraths und Profeſſors Richter zu Wittenberg und am 25. März 1749 daſelbſt geboren. Nachdem ſie die gewöhnliche weibliche Erziehung genoſſen hatte, verheirathete ſie ſich mit dem Acciſeinſpector Hübler zu Zwickau, wurde aber von ihm wieder geſchieden und aufs Neue vermählt mit dem Auditeur des preußiſchen Leibcuiraſſier-Regimentes Lohmann zu Schönebeck bei Magdeburg. Nach dem Tode ihres Gatten nahm ſie Magdeburg zu ihrem Aufenthaltsorte, den ſie ſpäter mit Leipzig vertauſchte, wo ſie am 11. December 1811 ſtarb.

Sie gab heraus:

Gedichte und Aufſätze. Deſſau 1793, 8.
Jakobine. Leipzig 1794, 2 Thle.
Klara von Wallburg. Ebendaſ. 1796, 2 Thle.
Die Irrgänge des häuslichen Lebens. Neuruppin 1798.
Weiheſtunden der Muſe. Ebendaſ. 1798, 4 Thle.
Antonie. Leipzig 1799.
Klaudine Lahn. Ebendaſ. 1802, 2 Thle.; neue Ausg. 1815.
Leichtſinn und Wahn. Chemnitz 1806; 2. Aufl. 1813.
Marie. Zerbſt 1806.
Herbſtblumen meines Geiſtes. Magdeburg 1810.
Geſchichte zweier Frauen aus dem Hauſe Blankenau. Ebendaſ. 1810.

Ihre Romane und Erzählungen fanden ſehr freundliche Aufnahme, da ſie mit gewandter Darſtellung glückliche Erfindung und Kenntniß des menſchlichen Herzens verband.

Emilie Friederike Sophie Lohmann,

die Tochter der Vorigen, welche auch unter dem Namen ihrer Mutter ſchrieb, ward 1784 in Schönebeck geboren, blieb unvermählt und ſtarb im Jahre 1830 in Leipzig. —

Sie ließ erſcheinen:

Winterabende. Ruppin 1811, 1r Bd., 8.
Erzählungen. Magdeburg 1820, 2 Bde., 8.; 2r Bd. auch unter dem Titel: Leben und Dichtung, in Erzählungen.
Neue Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1823, 8.
Kleine Romane. Ebendaſ. 1825 und 1827, 2 Bdchen. 8.
Neueſte geſammelte Erzählungen. Leipzig 1828—32, 16 Bde., gr. 12. Der 13.—16. Bd. auch unter dem Titel:
Letzte Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1832, 4 Bde., gr. 12.

Außerdem noch: Die Gräfin Puttilo, Baſe Schlick aus Glogau, Thekla von der Aue, der Trauerritter, welche ſich in der Sammlung Originalromane (Leipzig 1828—29, 8.) im 2., 3. und 6. Thle. finden.

Noch talentvoller als ihre Mutter, wußte F. L. den von derſelben erworbenen Ruf ehrenvoll zu behaupten, da ſich ihre Leiſtungen ebenfalls durch glückliche Erfindung und gewandte Darſtellung, ganz beſonders aber durch Zartheit, Innigkeit und Wärme, bei großer geiſtiger Feinheit, höchſt vortheilhaft auszeichneten.

Johann Andreas Chriſtian Löhr.

Dieſer verdiente Jugendſchriftſteller ward am 18. Mai 1764 zu Halberſtadt von armen Eltern geboren und ſtudirte nach unter drückenden Verhältniſſen vollendeten Schulſtudien gegen ſeine Neigung, die ihn zur Medicin hinzog, zu Leipzig Theologie. Nur unter den unglaublichſten Entſagungen und Entbehrungen ertrug er den harten Winter von 1781—82 und würde demſelben vielleicht unterlegen haben, wenn nicht ein Menſchenfreund ſich ſeiner angenommen und ihm eine Lehrerſtelle am Waiſenhauſe zu Halle verſchafft hätte. Ununterbrochenes Arbeiten und dadurch zugezogene wiederholte Blutſtürze, nöthigten ihn eine Hauslehrerſtelle bei dem Vater des bekannten Krug von Nidda in Gatterſtädt bei Querfurt anzunehmen. Von hier kam er in gleicher Eigenſchaft zum Hofrath und Director des halleſchen Waiſenhauſes Madai, wurde 1787 Pfarrer in Dehlitz am Berge, 1793 in Merſeburg und 1813 Oberpfarrer in Zwenkau bei Leipzig, wo er nach vielfachen körperlichen Leiden am 28. Juni 1823 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien theils anonym, theils mit den Pſeudonymen: J. K. F. Müller, K. Fr. Schmidt, Philadelphus Alethes für ſich und mit Andern:

- Anweiſung zur zweckmäßigen Behandlung des Obſt- und Gemüſe-Gartens. Frankfurt 1796, 2 Bde.
- Der vollſtändige Monatsgärtner. Ebendaſ. 1797.
- Der ehrliche Baum- und Küchen-Gärtner. Leipzig 1798.
- Kleine Geſchichten und Erzählungen für Kinder. Ebendaſ. 1799.
- Kleine Erzählungen. Frankfurt 1800.
- Kleine Plaudereien. Ebendaſ. 1801 — 9, 3 Bde.
- Die Natur und die Menſchen. Leipzig 1803 — 4, 3 Thle.
- Erſte Lehren und Bilder. Ebendaſ. 1803 — 5, 2 Thle.
- Die Länder und Völker der Erde. Halle 1808, 4. Bde.; 3. Ausg. Leipzig 1820, 4 Bde.
- Tändeleien und Scherze. Ebendaſ. 1806 — 8, 2 Thle.
- Ludwig und ſeine Geſpielen. Ebendaſ. 1810.
- Der erſte Lehrmeiſter. Ebendaſ. 1810 — 22, 24 Thle.
- Größere Weltgeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1811, 2 Bde.
- Der Weihnachtsabend. Ebendaſ. 1813.
- Das Fabelbuch der Kindheit und Jugend. Ebendaſ. 1815.
- Gemeinnützige Naturgeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1815 — 17, 5 Bde.
- Das Buch der Mährchen. Ebendaſ. 1818 — 20, 2 Bde.
- Die Familie Oswald. Ebendaſ. 1819, 3 Thle.
- Die Künſte und Gewerbe des Menſchen. Ebendaſ. 1819.
- Das Buch der Bilder, Geſchichten und Lehren. Ebendaſ. 1819 — 20, 3 Bde.
- Mancherlei Begebenheiten. Ebendaſ. 1820.
- Erzählungen und Geſchichten für Herz und Gemüth. Ebendaſ. 1822, 2 Thle.
- Die kirchlichen Dinge. Ebendaſ. 1823.
- Des Dr. Martinus Katz- und Wachtelbüchlein. Ebendaſ. 1821.

Löhr's Jugendſchriften haben vor vielen anderen ihrer Art den großen Vorzug, daß die Erfindung derſelben eine eben ſo glückliche als die Behandlung eine äußerſt gewandte und der Jugend vollkommen angemeſſene iſt. —

Kaspar Friedrich Loſſius

ward am 31. Januar 1753 zu Erfurt geboren und nach in ſeiner Vaterſtadt vollendeten Studien an der daſigen Predigerſchule 1771 als Lehrer angeſtellt. Er erhielt 1781 das Diaconat an der Andreas- und 1785 an der Rathskirche, wurde 1809 Mitglied des jetzigen Oberſchul-Collegiums und 1811 Director der daſigen Töchterſchule. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 26. März 1817.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- Für Katechumenen. Erfurt 1793 — 96, 2 Thle.
- Gumal und Lina. Gotha 1795 ff., 3 Thle., u. öfter.
- Sittengemälde. Ebendaſ. 1796 — 1802, 3 Thle. und öfter.
- Helius Eoban Heſſe und ſeine Zeitgenoſſen. Gotha 1797.
- Moraliſche Bilderbibel. Ebendaſ. 1805 — 12, 5 Thle. und öfter.
- Predigten. Erfurt 1809.
- Wiegenbüchlein. Ein Taſchenbuch für kleine Kinder. 2. Ausg. Leipzig 1811 — 12.
- Hiſtoriſcher Bilderſaal. Gotha 1815 — 16, 2 Thle. (mit C. F. Schulze).
- Moraliſche Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1816.

Loſſius erwarb ſich durch ſeine Jugendſchriften, namentlich durch Gumal und Lina, rühmliche Anerkennung, obwohl dieſelben nicht ganz frei von einem geſuchten, ſüßlichen, mitunter ſogar für die Jugend ſchwer verſtändlichen Tone geſchrieben ſind, doch hat er auf der anderen Seite ſoviel Gutes dadurch gewirkt, daß dieſe kleinen Fehler nicht weiter dürfen in Betrachtung gezogen werden.

Eliſabeth von Lothringen, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Georg Lotz

ward am 6. Januar 1784 zu Hamburg geboren, erhielt eine dem höhern Bürgerſtande angemeſſene Erziehung und widmete ſich dem Handelsfache. Schon früh an den Augen leidend gab er jedoch im reifern Jugendalter die bisher betriebene Kaufmannsbeſchäftigung auf und lebte, nach und nach ganz erblindet, nur ſeiner literariſchen Muße.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

- Wintergrün. Hamburg 1820, 8.
- Poetiſche Verſuche. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8.
- Bilder aus dem Leben. Altona 1820 — 22, 3 Bdchen. 8.
- Die Zeitbarden. Braunſchweig 1822, 3 Thle., 8.
- Zerſtreute Blätter. Ebendaſ. 1822 — 23, 2 Thle., 8.
- Kampf mit dem Geſchick. Ebendaſ. 1824, 2 Bde., 8.
- Malpas. Hiſtoriſcher Roman. Ebendaſ. 1824, 3 Bde., 8.
- Der Empörer. Ebendaſ. 1826, 3 Thle., 8.
- Gabri oder die Brandruine bei Goza. Hamburg 1825, 8.
- Darſtellungen aus der idealen und wirklichen Welt. Nürnberg 1825, 8.
- Erzählungen, Mährchen, Sagen und Schwänke. Leipzig 1825, 12., mit Titelkupf.
- Der Unbekannte. Hamburg 1826, 8.
- Florenzia. Nürnberg 1826, 8., mit 1 Kupf.
- Geſchichte der Fahrten und Abenteuer [illegible]. Braunſchweig 1826, 2 Thle., 8.
- Neueſte Schriften. Hamburg 1826, 8.
- Das Grab des Fremden. Ebendaſ. 1826, 8.
- Der Pflegeſohn. Magdeburg 1827, 2 Thle., 8.
- Die Tochter des Verbannten. Nürnberg 1827, 8., mit 1 Kupf.
- Dämons. Kaſſel 1828, 2 Thle.
- Pedroſa's Abenteuer. Nürnberg 1828, 8.
- Der geheime Verhaftsbefehl. Braunſchweig 1829, 8.
- Das Ideal. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.
- Die Schreckenszeit und die Erbin. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
- Räthſelhafte, geheimnißvolle Erzählungen u. Gedichte. Hamburg 1830, 3 Bändchen, 8.
- Die Jungfrau von Corbeya. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.
- Die Warnerin. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.

Er iſt auch Herausgeber der Originalien (Hamburg 1817 ff.), der Flora (Ebendaſ. 1818 — 19), des Taſchenbuchs Wintergrün (Ebendaſ. 1821 ff.) und (mit [illegible]), des Taſchenbuchs [illegible] (Ebendaſ. 1827 ff.), ſowie Ueberſetzer von Romanen W. Scott's, Ingemann's u. m. A.

Loß iſt durchaus nicht ohne Talent und beſitzt neben glücklicher Erfindungsgabe Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form; höhere Anſprüche an ihn, trotz den ihm verliehenen Naturgaben machen zu wollen, würde ungerecht ſein, da das traurige Schickſal, welches ihn betraf, ihn auch zwang, ſich der ihm verliehenen geiſtigen Mittel zu bedienen, um ſich ſeinen Lebensunterhalt zu erwerben, wobei an eine ruhige, künſtleriſche Ausbildung derſelben durchaus nicht gedacht werden konnte.

Johann Friedrich Löwen,

wurde 1729 zu Klausthal auf dem Harze geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen die Rechtswiſſenſchaften mit der Abſicht, ſich dem akademiſchen Fache zu widmen und ging, da dieß ſeine Vermögensumſtände nicht erlaubten, 1751 zum Herrn von Hagedorn. Hier nahm ſich, als er eben mit einem Empfehlungsſchreiben dieſes Dichters nach London abreiſen wollte, der Legationsrath Zink einſtweilen ſeiner an, bis er 1757 eine Secretärſtelle in Schwerin erhielt und die Tochter des hamburger Schauſpieldirectors Schönemann heirathete. In Folge eines Antrags einiger hamburger Kaufleute zu Umgeſtaltung der daſigen Bühne gab er 1767 ſeine Stelle in Schwerin auf und begann in Hamburg Vorleſungen über die Schauſpielkunſt zu halten. Da ſich aber dieſer Plan zerſchlug, war er genöthigt 1768 wieder eine Regiſtratorſtelle zu Roſtock anzunehmen, wo er unter Nahrungsſorgen und Anfällen von Hypochondrie am 23. December 1771 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Poetiſche Werke. Hamburg 1761, 2 Thle., gr. 8.; neue Aufl. unter dem Titel:
Schriften. Hamburg 1765—66, 4 Thle., gr. 8., mit Titelkupf. und Vign.

Einzeln:

Die Spröde. Schäferſpiel. Helmſtädt, 1748, 4.
Zärtliche Lieder und Anakreontiſche Scherze. Hamburg 1751, 8.
Poetiſche Nebenſtunden. Mit Vorrede von David Michaelis. Ebendaſ. 1752, 8.
Kurzgefaßte Grundſätze von der Beredſamkeit des Leibes. Ebendaſ. 1755, 8.
Ein halbes Hundert Prophezeiungen für das Jahr 1756. Deutſchland (Hamburg) 1755, 8.
Die Walpurgisnacht. Gedicht. Hamburg und Leipzig 1756, 4.
Gedichte, beym Tode des Herzogs (von Meklenburg-Schwerin) gewidmet. Roſtock 1756, gr. 4.
Der Billwerder. Hamburg und Leipzig 1757, gr. 4.
Satyriſche Verſuche. Ebendaſ. 1759, 8.
Götter- und Heldengeſpräche. Ebendaſ. 1760, 8.
Romanzen. Ebendaſ. 1762, 8.; neue Aufl. Leipzig 1771, 8.
Mißtrauen aus Zärtlichkeit. Luſtſpiel. Hamburg 1765, 8.
Schreiben an einen Freund über die Ackermann'ſche Geſellſchaft. Ebendaſ. 1766, 8.
Schreiben des Ackermann'ſchen Lichtputzers an einen Marionettenſpieler. O. O. 1766, 8.
Romanzen, nebſt einigen andern Poeſien. Hamburg und Bremen 1769, 8.; neue verb. Aufl. Leipzig 1771, 8.
Geiſtliche Poeſien. Greifswalde 1770, 8.

Auch gab er Chriſtian Krüger's poetiſche und theatraliſche Schriften (Leipzig 1763, 8.) und von [illegible] Schreiben an ihn (Dresden 1770, 8.) über die leipziger Bühne heraus und lieferte Arbeiten in damalige Zeitſchriften und Almanache.

Löwen war durchaus nicht ohne Talent, namentlich für das Komiſche, was ſich vorzüglich in ſeinen Luſtſpielen und Romanzen offenbart, aber ihn hinderte theils der Umſtand, daß er für das tägliche Brot ſchreiben mußte, theils daß er ſich die Dichter der ſächſiſchen Schule zum Muſter nahm, an der rechten Ausbildung deſſelben, und es gelang ihm nicht, ſich über die Mittelmäßigkeit hinauszuſchwingen, obwohl manche ſeiner Leiſtungen von Geiſt, Scharfſinn und leichter, glücklicher Behandlung zeugen. — Seine Romanzen waren zu ihrer Zeit, ihrer Neuheit wegen ſehr beliebt und erfreuten ſich großer Verbreitung, wurden jedoch bald durch beſſere Arbeiten dieſer Gattung wieder verdrängt, da ſie eigentlich weiter nichts als komiſche und burleske Erzählungen in lyriſcher Form waren.

Charaktere, nach einigen bekannten Grundſätzen entworfen *).

Denenjenigen, die den Witz des Witz des Waffenträgers des Don Quixot in Sprichwörtern bewundern, können die Erklärungen unmöglich unangenehm ſein, die Herr Rabner von verſchiedenen urſprünglich deutſchen Sprichwörtern gegeben hat, deren Bedeutung man vor ihm entweder nicht recht verſtanden, oder um die man ſich wenigſtens aus Gewohnheit nicht eben ſehr viel bekümmert hat. Es iſt mit den Sprichwörtern, wie mit einer mathematiſchen Aufgabe, oder wie mit verſchiedenen philoſophiſchen Sätzen beſchaffen. So bald man den wahren Sinn derſelben entwickelt hat, ſo bald kommt man durch ſie auf Entdeckungen, die ſonſt noch lange fremde geblieben wären. Ich muß es geſtehen, daß ich dem Herrn Rabner faſt unter allen ſeinen Leſern den mehreſten Dank für ſeine Bemühung ſchuldig bin, und manchesmal ſelbſt in die Verſuchung gerathe, mich mit der Erklärung ſolcher Redensarten zu beſchäftigen. Ich habe gefunden, daß mir gewiſſe Bedeutungen von Wörtern oft den ganzen Charakter von gewiſſen Perſonen entdeckt haben. Ich war nemlich bei einem reichen Kaufmann zu Gaſte, wo man ſehr heftig über die Bedeutung der Redensart ſtritt: Geld macht den Mann. Es wurden wohl tauſend Beiſpiele angeführt, dieſen wichtigen Satz in ſein völliges Licht zu ſetzen. Man erzählte, daß Cleant ſchon lange nicht mehr ein braver, ein ehrlicher Mann ſein würde, wenn er nicht aus einer anſehnlichen und reichen Familie wäre. Der Lebenslauf eines jungen Menſchen von 20 Jahren wurde von einer Matrone erzählt, die wenigſtens ihrer ehrwürdigen Runzeln wegen allen hiſtoriſchen Glauben verdiente. Sie bewieß der ganzen Geſellſchaft, daß Leander ein großer Mann ſei: denn er habe ſeit vier Wochen ein Kapital von 10000 Mark geerbet, und einen Handel nach Rußland angefangen. Ein ſolcher Beweis iſt ohne Tadel! Man rechnete eine Menge von Menſchengeſichtern her, die vielleicht ewig den Charakter der Narren würden behauptet haben, wenn ſie nicht ihre Bedienung, oder vielmehr das Geld, wodurch ſie dieſe Bedienung erhalten, zu viel bedeutenden Männern gemacht hätte.

Ich wurde durch dieſe Beiſpiele leichter, als durch alle demonſtrativiſche Gründe, überführet; und ſo bald ich jetzt das Wort Geld gedenke, ſo bald denke ich auch ſchon das Wort Mann dazu. Ein Mann ohne Geld würde alſo in unſern Augen eben ſo klingen, als wenn ich ſagen wollte: Ein chriſtlicher Jude. Wenigſtens können unſere Kaufleute, die täglich die Börſe beſuchen, nicht ohne das Wort Mann genannt werden; ſie müßten denn ihren Kredit verloren haben, der eben ſowohl Männer machen kann, als das Geld.

Ich habe eingeſehen, wie nützlich dergleichen Betrachtungen im gemeinen Leben ſind; und ich will es daher verſuchen, aus der richtigen Beſtimmung der beiden Redensarten: Gut macht Muth, und Schweigen verräth nicht, den Charakter verſchiedener Perſonen zu entwerfen. Ich hoffe, meine Landesleute werden mir es Dank wiſſen, daß ich ſie von einer Sache belehre, die ſie bei einer geringen Aufmerkſamkeit aus der täglichen Erfahrung lernen können. Dieſe beiden Redensarten will ich ſo anſehen, als der Philoſoph ſeine Grundwahrheiten anſiehet. Sie ſollen zugleich die erſten Züge meines Gemäldes ſein, woraus ich verſchiedene vollkommene Schilderungen verfertigen kann.

Der Muth, oder der kühne Vorſatz, etwas zu unternehmen, muß ſchon nach Gründen handeln. Ich rede philoſophiſch; und meine Leſer müſſen mir vergeben, weil ich ſonſt in der Beſtimmung irren könnte, und doch auf dieſe Beſtimmung alles ankommt. Es geſchiehet nichts ohne Urſache, aber ohne zureichenden Grund, wie unſere Philoſophen ſagen. Ein

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*) Aus Löwen's ſatyriſchen Verſuchen. S. 127 [illegible].

Univ.-Bibl. München

Narr iſt nicht umſonſt ein Narr. Er handelt nach gewiſſen Gründen; und ſobald er aufhöret, dieß zu thun, ſo bald verdienet er den Namen eines Wahnwitzigen, und eine Stelle im Tollhauſe.

Der Muth hat folglich ſeine ſtarken Gründe. Niemand iſt ohne Urſache kühn. Die Ritter des Alterthums zerbrachen ſich nicht umſonſt einander die Hälſe, und unſere Fahnenjunker würden gewiß ewig nicht in den Krieg gehen, wenn es nicht in der Abſicht geſchähe, eine Kompagnie zu erhalten, bei der ſie über den Rücken eines jeden Mousquetiers zugleich ein gewiſſes Privilegium erhalten, oder auch nur wenigſtens, um auf den Kaffeehäuſern mit mehrerer Glaubwürdigkeit prahlen zu können.

Doch der Muth, der wahre und eigentliche Muth, hat noch weit glücklichere und geſegnetere Quellen. Man hat in unſerer Sprache ein Wort, welches alle dieſe Quellen mit einmal ausdrückt. Es iſt das Wort: Gut. Daher bedienet man ſich ſo oft der Redensart: Gut macht Muth. Dieſe Redensart, oder beſſer, dieſer Grundſatz enthält den Stoff zu vielen Charakteren, die man in der Welt antrifft. Ein Paar werden zum Beweiſe hinreichend ſein.

Dort donnert Regrill in ſeinem neuen Wagen durch die Gaſſe. Der Pöbel gafft ihn an, bewundert ſein blankes Kleid, und ſieht der Karoſſe voll Ehrfurcht nach. Wodurch hat ſich Regrill zu dieſem Glücke erhoben? Nicht durch Gelehrſamkeit, nicht durch Verdienſte. Er wurde eins nach dem andern. Lakay, Kaſſirer, Unterpächter, und zuletzt Finanzen-Rath. Eine reiche junge Wittwe, die Regrill ſchon vor zehn Jahren als Lakay getröſtet hatte, hat ſich jetzt dieſen Troſt beſtändig erkauft, oder deutlicher, ſie hat ſich dem Unterpächter antrauen laſſen. Denn das war Regrill damals noch. Allein, es verſtrichen keine vier Wochen, ſo beſprach er ſich mit der Chatouille des Fürſten, und für 2000 Thaler wurde er Finanzen-Rath. Er würde vielleicht niemals Muth zu dieſer Bedienung bei ſich geſpüret haben, wenn ihm das Vermögen der Wittwe denſelben nicht eingeflößet hätte. Den Umfang der Wiſſenſchaften, die das Finanzweſen erfordert, kennet zwar der neue Rath nicht. Allein, aus ſeinem ſteifen Geſichte, und aus ſeinem gebieteriſchen Tone, mit dem er befiehlt, kann man ſattſam ſchließen, daß er ohne ſein baares Geld nicht ſo vielen Muth haben würde.

Nun hat Merincourt die reiche Erbſchaft gethan, die ſeinen [illegible], als ihn, kühn machen können. Wie werden es ſein Schneider, ſein Speiſewirth, der Weinhändler und alle ſeine Gläubiger fühlen! Ehe Merincourt erbte, bekamen alle dieſe Leute zwar nichts; aber man wies ſie doch mit Höflichkeit ab, und höchſtens fanden ſie verſchloſſene Thüren. Jetzt ſtehet ihnen das Haus des Merincourt beſtändig offen; aber ſtatt Geld regnet es gröbere Münze, Scheltworte, oder wohl gar Prügel. Würde Merincourt ſeinen Gläubigern ſo verwegen begegnen, wenn er nicht reich wäre? Der Reichthum führt ein gewaltiges Privilegium mit ſich. Sein Schneider, der ihn vor drei Wochen würde haben beim Kopf nehmen laſſen, wenn er ihn einen groben Mahner geſcholten, und die Treppe herunter geſtoßen hätte, [illegible] ſich jetzt für alle Rippenſtöße, womit ihn Merincourt bezahlet. „Sie ſcherzen nur, gnädiger Herr!" Würde der Schneider vor einigen Tagen ſo ſanftmüthig geſprochen, oder würde vielmehr Merincourt ſo tapfer wider den Schneider losgezogen haben, wenn ihm nicht ſeine Erbſchaft das Recht gegeben, ſo muthig zu ſein. Noch [illegible] ſein Weinhändler, ihm nicht eine halbe Bouteille mehr zu verkaufen. Merincourt bat mit niederträchtigen Thränen um Geduld. Heute kommt der Weinhändler, und bietet ihm ſelbſt neuen Kredit an, wenn er nur ſo glücklich iſt, und einige tauſend Mark auf Abſchlag ſeiner alten Forderung erhalten ſollte. Aber was antwortet ihm der noch geſtern ſo weichliche Merincourt: Wein will ich haben, Kerl, und Geld ſollſt du bekommen, wenn es mir beliebt; aber ja beſſern Wein als vorher! Denkſt du, Hund, daß du mich mit deinem Gekrätze vergiften willſt? Geſchwinde packe dich fort, ehe ich mir es einfallen laſſe, dich für deine Betrügereyen gar nicht zu bezahlen. Wie Sie befehlen, Ihro Gnaden! Er bückt ſich, geht weg, und Merincourt ſieht ihm triumphirend nach.

[illegible] iſt der reiche Sohn eines reichen Vaters. Sein ganzer Vorzug beſtehet darin, daß er ſchöne Kleider anziehet, ein [illegible] Herz, nicht ein Quentchen Witz, aber ziemlich viel Geld hat. Er [illegible] unanſtändiger, als der [illegible]. Sein Vater hat ihn dreimal aus einem [illegible] Bankerott retten müſſen. Er kann keiner [illegible] verſtehen; aber eine Frau muß er doch haben, [illegible] noch einmal Bankerott ſpielen können. Denn ich ſchwöre immer, daß ſie ihm zur Laſt werden würde, wenn er ſeine 10000 Thaler in Champagner hat verfliegen ſehen. Doch, [illegible] macht der Reichthum nicht. Weil, [illegible]. Gut macht Muth.

Philet hat, außer ſeinen [illegible] Kleidern und [illegible] Waden, nichts [illegible] an ſich. Sein Geſchmack iſt [illegible], wie ſein Körper; aber er iſt [illegible] und reich. Das ſind ein paar ſtarke Gründe, in den Geſellſchaften die Rolle eines Vielbedeutenden zu ſpielen. Wenige Mägdchen ſind ſo witzig, daß ſie das Unanſtändige der feinen Herren bemerken ſollten. Ein einziger Blick nach ihrem friſirten Kopf, nach ihrer Weſte, oder nach ihren Waden macht ſie in ihren Augen allerliebſt. Wer ſo klug iſt, daß er ſchöne Weſten und feine ſeidene Strümpfe tragen kann, der hat in den Geſellſchaften der Damen gewonnen. Kommt der natürliche Verſtand noch dazu, ſich von reichen Eltern haben zeugen laſſen; ſo wird man in der That der glücklichſte Gigisbee werden. So viel zuverſichtliche Gedanken muntern auf; und Philet, der zwar ſchon einige Dutzend Körbe eingeſammlet hat, wird leicht ein Dutzend vernünftigere Schönen antreffen, die ſeinen Weſten und ſeiner Börſe die Ehre anthun, und ſie lieben werden. Philet iſt tauſendmal glücklicher, als alle unſere Witzlinge. Wenigſtens wiederfährt ihm eine größere Aufmunterung. Sein Vermögen iſt ihm Aufmunterung genug; und die Welt müßte nicht mehr klug heißen, wenn Philet nicht nach ſeinem Gefallen tauſend Herzen rühren, und über eben ſo viel Herzen ſiegen ſollte. Gut macht Muth.

Der Muth, der auch bei der Gelehrſamkeit und in dem geiſtlichen Stande oft unentbehrlich iſt, muß ebenfalls ſeine hinlänglichen Gründe haben. Es gehöret nicht wenig Muth dazu, wenn man ſich der ganzen gelehrten Welt als ein vielbedeutender Autor in einer ſpaniſchen Perücke zeigen will.

Glitander, der alle mögliche Scholiaſten auf den Fingern herzählen, und von dem Raum, von dem Weſen, von der Ewigkeit der Dinge ſo ausnehmend ſchön reden kann, daß ich ihn niemals verſtehe; Glitander würde ewig kein Schriftſteller geworden ſein, wenn er nicht Geld gehabt hätte. Seine Metaphyſik, die drei Octavbände ausmachet, würde noch jetzt eben ſo unbekannt ſein, als vorher, wenn er nicht Autor und Verleger zugleich geweſen wäre. Er hatte an dem Werke keine Koſten geſparet; und ſein Bildniß, das vor demſelben ſtehet, koſtet allein 60 Thaler; denn die Perücke machte dem Kupferſtecher ſehr viel Mühe, und die Treſſen auf dem Kleide wollten auch mit Geſchmack geſtochen ſein. Glitandern iſt erſt vor vier Wochen eine reiche Erbſchaft zugefallen, und er hat nachdem ſchon wieder eine Abhandlung in zwei Alphabeten, de jure haereditandi ex rationibus philosophicis et historicis, verfertiget, die vermuthlich ſehr bald cum imagine Autoris celeberrimi erſcheinen wird. Gut macht Muth.

Ehe ich mit der Erklärung dieſer Redensart abbreche, will ich noch eine Anmerkung machen, die man bei einer genauen Unterſuchung allemal wahr finden wird.

„Mit dem Reichthum iſt nicht ſelten das Vorrecht vereinigt, ein offenbarer Freygeiſt zu ſein."

Ein Mann, der denken kann, oder deutlicher zu reden, ein Mann, der einige Tauſend Thaler im Vermögen hat, würde nicht mehr klug heißen, wenn er die Religion nicht für eine [illegible] halten wollte, die in dem Gehirn hungriger Pfaffen, und in der Politik der großen Herren erzeuget iſt. Für den Pöbel, der gehorchen und arbeiten muß, ſchickt ſie ſich, zu beten. Für Leute, die Geld haben, iſt es eine verdrießliche Sache, andächtige Seufzer gen Himmel zu ſchicken. Es kommt alles darauf an, wie es das Schickſal ordnet. Wer im Staube kriechen muß, der iſt gezwungen, es zu thun; und wer reich ſein ſoll, der iſt reich, und wird es auch bleiben, ohne daß er nöthig hat, alle Morgen und Abend in [illegible] zu [illegible].

Ich kenne einen benachbarten Amtmann, der von nichts lieber, als von [illegible], Pfaffen und Juden redet. Seine liebſten Gäſte ſind diejenigen, die über den ſchwermüthigen Gedanken lachen, ſich einen Gott zu erdenken, der alles regieret, und der Arme und Reiche gemacht hat. Nach ſeiner Meinung ſind die [illegible] Herren der Welt, und der Pöbel iſt nur dazu gemacht, daß er gehorche, und um deſto beſſer zu gehorchen, einen fürchterlichen Gott glauben müſſe. Nach dieſem Plane regieret er ſein ganzes Dorf voll Bauern, und dieſe Armen fühlen es nur gar zu oft, wie gewiſſenhaft ein [illegible] handelt, wenn ſie das [illegible] ſeiner Gerechtigkeit werden. Er hat wöchentlich den Gerichtsverwalter, der ſchon zweimal wegen eines Meineids angeklagt geweſen, einen Officier und einen jungen Menſchen zur Tafel, der ſich wegen ſeiner liederlichen Einfälle bei dem Herrn Amtmann den Ruhm eines witzigen Kopfes erworben hat; und wenn der Spaß vollkommen ſein ſoll, ſo wird der hochehrwürdige Herr Paſtor mit gewürdiget, der ſein Glas Wein beſſer verſtehet, als ſeine Theologie.

Die erſte Geſundheit, die der Herr Amtmann allemal einſchenkt, iſt der Witz des jungen [illegible]. [illegible] ſtoßen an, und der Wirth ruft ihnen mit einer [illegible] Stimme zu:

Der Klang unſrer [illegible]
Soll Teufel, [illegible] und [illegible] verbannen.

Die Gäſte [illegible] ein; nur Ihro Hochehrwürden nicht, die den Kopf ſchütteln, und ein [illegible]. „Nun, Herr Paſtor! [illegible]! Sie ſind ja hier nicht auf Ihrem heiligen [illegible]. Ei zum Henker! ſchreit der Officier. Ein wären wir ein ſchlechter Feldprediger! Der Donner! ich habe einen Kerl beim Regimente! Wenn er vor der Trommel prediget, ſo iſt er ein rechter Pinſel, und der Halunke ſtehet da, als wenn er allen Heiligen die Zehen abgebiſſen hätte. Aber wenns ans Saufen gehet, da kann er mich und meine Collegen in aller —— Namen zu Boden ſaufen."

Ihro Hochwürden lächeln noch immer. „Nehmen Sie mirs nicht übel, Herr Paſtor! ruft endlich der Witzling, daß wir Sie jetzt in ihrer Andacht ſtören! Wir wollen Ihnen Ihren lieben Herrn Gott gar nicht nehmen. Aber uns zu gefallen " [illegible] wohl einmal mehr als einen Gott glauben. Nicht [illegible] Herren, iſt Bacchus nicht ein allerliebſter Gott [illegible] Paſtor angeſtoßen! Legen Sie uns mit dieſem [illegible] gleich Ihr Glaubensbekenntniß ab. Stoßen Sie [illegible]

„Wir ſind in Geheimniſſen Spötter.
Wohlan, es leben die Götter!

Der Witzling lacht zuerſt über ſeinen Einfall. [illegible] und der Officier folgen ihm nach, und bewundern ih[illegible] vernehmlicher. Der Herr Paſtor thut nichts, als [illegible] Kopf etwas ſtärker, wie zuvor, ſchüttelt, zuletzt abe[illegible] anſtoßet, das Glas leeret, wieder einſchenket, und mit [illegible] undeutlichen Seufzer antwortet: „Ja, Sie ſind mir loſe Herren."

Es iſt eine Schande, wenn ein Mann, der die Ehre der Religion ſein ſollte, ſich und die Religion zum Gelächter machet, da er weiter nichts dafür genießet, als wöchentlich einige Mahlzeiten, und ein paar wohlfeil gepachtete Hufen Landes.

Der Amtmann, von dem ich jetzt rede, befand ſich in ſeiner Jugend in ſehr dürftigen Umſtänden, und er war ein guter Chriſt, ſo lange er noch nicht reich war. So bald ſich aber ſeine Umſtände verbeſſerten, ſo bald verbeſſerte ſich auch ſeine Denkungsart, und er ſuchte, nächſt der Ehre reich zu ſein, auch noch eine andere, nämlich an allem, was Religion heißt, zu zweifeln. Er wußte, daß dieß der Geſchmack der großen Welt ſei. Wer die Höfe und die Akademien beſuchet hat; wer die vornehmen Sitten der erfahrenſten Officiers kennet, und wer endlich die Hälfte des reichen Pöbels ſcharf beurtheilet, dem wird es leicht ſein, ſich von dieſen Gedanken zu überführen. Ein reicher Freigeiſt iſt immer noch kühner, als ein Spötter, den ſeine Armuth an der Vorſehung, und folglich auch an der Religion zweifeln läßt. Der Leichtſinn ſchweifet allemal mehr aus, als eine vermeinte Ueberzeugung. Der Arme iſt nur inſofern ein Freigeiſt, weil er glaubet, daß es zu ſeiner Beruhigung dienet. Der Reiche aber iſt es, um aus voller Bruſt zu lachen, und ſich ein abwechſelndes Vergnügen zu verſchaffen. Seine Umſtände machen ihn immer muthiger, einen Haufen Pedanten aufzuziehen, der in einer ſchwarzen Kutte die Leute für Geld mit aller Gewalt in den Himmel ziehen will, und eine Menge von armen Geſchöpfen zu belachen, die ihren Mangel durch nichts anders verſüßen können, als auf das Wort ihres Pfaffen, den Himmel mit ihren Stoßgebetern zu ſtürmen.

Ich habe angemerket, daß unſere jungen Herren, die gerne witzig ſein wollen, ebenfalls an einem oder dem andern Theile der Religion auf Gerathewohl wegzweifeln. Bei dieſen ſind ſehr ſelten ihre glücklichen Umſtände der Antrieb der Spötterei, ſondern nur der Vorſatz, andere zu überreden, daß ſie ſchärfer und feiner denken können, als der Pöbel. Unſere junge Welt, die durch das Wort: Stutzer, nicht mehr geſchimpfet werden kann, indem ſie jetzt eine allzu große Ehre darin ſuchet, unſere junge Welt glaubet, es gehöre mit zu ihren vorzüglichen Verdienſten, in Geſellſchaften, oder wo man nur Gelegenheit hat, ſeinen Witz auszuſchütten, ſich als ein Freigeiſt aufzuführen. Es iſt Schade, daß noch keiner von dieſen feinen Geiſtern ſo witzig geweſen iſt, einen Beweis zu liefern, daß auch der Charakter eines Freigeiſtes mit zu einem Stutzer und Witzling gehöre. Er müßte aber mit Geſchmack geſchrieben ſein; das verſtehet ſich. Mit Erlaubniß dieſer einſichtsvollen Herren, will ich ihnen den Plan hier kürzlich entwerfen. Dieß wäre ungefähr der Titel: „Witzige Gedanken, daß ein Stutzer ein Freigeiſt ſein müſſe." Ich würde wohl zu dem Titel: „Beweis," gerathen haben. Allein, ein ſolches Wort iſt für einen Witzling zu ſchematiſch. Das Werk könnte, ungeachtet der wenigen Kapitel, doch wenigſtens zwei Alphabethe betragen. Man könnte ungefähr zeigen, daß ein Stutzer nicht um ſein ſelbſt willen, ſondern, der Welt zugefallen, ein Stutzer wäre. Eben ſo müßte auch der Beweis von dem Freigeiſte geführet werden. Dieſe beiden Charaktere müßte man mit einander zu vergleichen ſuchen, alsdann auch eine Anweiſung geben, an welchen Theilen der Religion man am füglichſten und liebſten ein Freigeiſt werden könne. Zum Beſchluß dürfte es nicht undienlich ſein, wenn man allerlei witzige Einfälle erdächte, wodurch man bei einer jeden Gelegenheit der Religion ſpotten, und andere zum Lachen bringen wollte. Mich dünkt, dieſes letzte Kapitel würde bei der Ausführung die wenigſte Mühe koſten. Man dürfte nur alle Zweideutigkeiten ſammeln, womit unſere jungen Herren ſich in Geſellſchaften hervorzuthun ſuchen.

Mein Verleger hat mich ſchon verſichert, daß er ein ſolches Werk gern annehmen, und für den Bogen wenigſtens einen Louisd'or geben will. Er glaubet, es werde gehen. Denn er hat ein ſo großes Zutrauen zu ſeinen Leſern, daß er nicht zweifelt, die erſte Auflage, die ſehr groß werden möchte, allein in Hamburg abzuſetzen.

Ich muß mich entſchuldigen, daß ich bei einer ſo bekannten Sache weitläuftig geworden bin. Aber es iſt nun einmal mein [illegible]ler, wenn ich mich als Autor gedenke, daß ich eben ſo viel [illegible] bekomme zum Schreiben, als unſere junge Herren zum [illegible]en.

[illegible]s der andern Redensart: Schweigen verräth nicht, die [illegible] zu erklären habe, kann auf eine eben ſo leichte Art der [illegible]ter vieler Perſonen geſchildert werden.

Ich leugne es nicht, daß es ſehr vielen menſchlichen Na[illegible]nen zuträglich wä[illegible], wenn ſie ewig ſchweigen würden. Ein [illegible]ener Herr, dem eine Antichambre voll unterthänigſter Clien[illegible]en aufwartet, und auf deſſen Wink Diener, Pferde und alles in Bewegung gebracht wird; dieſe Excellenz würde ihren Charakter am beſten behaupten, wenn ſie nicht anders, als durch Mienen, reden wollte. Hier kommen Ihro Gräfliche Gnaden. Sie paſſiren durch eine gedoppelte Reihe demüthiger Clienten, die bereits zwo Stunden auf Audienz gewartet haben, und die ſich eho bis auf die Erde bücken, denen aber Ihro Gnaden durch Mienen zu verſtehen geben, es ſei gegenwärtig nicht Zeit, auf ihre Sachen zu hören. Wohin ſoll der Kutſcher fahren, Ihro Excellenz? Nach Hofe! Der Herr ſteiget aus. Er machet dem König die Morgenviſite, aber er machet ſie heute eben ſo, wie geſtern, und wie er ſie immer gemacht hatte. Dergleichen Komplimente rechne ich alſo mit zum Stillſchweigen, das nicht verräth. Auf den Abend fahren Ihro Gnaden unfehlbar nach der Oper. Der Caſtrate ſingt göttlich! Haben Sie wohl bemerket, mit welchem Guſto Ricciarelli dieſe Arie ſang, Madame! Alles dieſes, mit noch andern Schmeicheleien untermiſchet, die, wie ſich von ſelbſt verſtehet, mit zur Hofſprache gehören, wird der nächſten Dame ein paarmal mit einigen Kavalierflüchen vorgeſaget. Aber alles dieſes, welches die gewöhnlichen Unterhaltungscomplimente ſind, rechne ich mit zum Stillſchweigen. So lange alſo Ihro Excellenz auf eine ſolche Art reden, ſo lange werden Sie Ihren Charakter nicht verrathen; aber wenn ſie von den Angelegenheiten ihres Fürſten reden, oder für einen armen Clienten ſprechen, und die gethane Zuſage erfüllen ſollen, da erfahren Sie nicht ſelten, daß Sie beſſer gethan, wenn Sie in der Sache Ihres Monarchen geſchwiegen, oder auch, wenn Sie dem Clienten gar nichts verſprochen hätten.

Eben auf die Art würden Tauſend in ihrem Anſehen bleiben, wenn ſie die Kunſt verſtänden, nicht zu reden. Manche Stadt würde mit ihren wohl gewachſenen Predigern eine große Ehre einlegen, wenn ſie nichts anders thun dürften, als ſich dem Volke alle Sonntage einmal öffentlich zur Schau zu ſtellen. Aber daß ſie reden müſſen, das iſt gar zu gefährlich.

Ich ſammle mir meine Originale, wo ich ſie finde; und das Kaffeehaus, das ich wöchentlich ein paarmal beſuche, hat mich beſtändig in den Gedanken beſtärket, daß der Satz: „Schweigen verräth nicht," manchen Charakter beſtimmet. Ich rede zwar ſelbſt nicht viel; aber ich ſchweige doch auch, dem Himmel ſei gedankt! nicht deswegen, weil ich nicht verrathen ſein will. Die mich von Perſon kennen, wiſſen, daß ich nicht ſchwatzhaft bin, aber daß ich auch ganze Stunden lang wegplaudern kann, weil ich wünſche, daß ſo viele Narren ewig ſchweigen, und ſich nicht verrathen möchten.

Da die Exempel eine Sache am beſten beweiſen, ſo will ich hier ebenfalls einige anführen, und hernach meine Leſer urtheilen laſſen, in wie ferne mein Grundſatz wahr und anzunehmen ſei.

Ich bin mit einem benachbarten Prediger bekannt, den ich immer für vernünftig gehalten, ſo lange ich ihn noch nicht habe predigen hören. Ich habe ihm wohl tauſendmal einige Stellen der Alten vorgeſaget, und ſie, zur Ehre unſers Zeitalters mit Stellen der Neuern verglichen, und ich habe allemal ein zuverſichtliches Ja von ihm zur Antwort erhalten. Es kann ſein, daß mein Landprediger weder die Schriften des Alterthums noch ihre Nachfolger verſtehet; aber er verräth doch ſeine Unwiſſenheit nicht, indem er mir niemals widerſpricht, und ſein ewiges Ja oder Nein iſt mir der ſicherſte Beweis, daß Schweigen niemals verrathe. Wenn ich ihn aber nur den 25. Sonntag nach Trinitatis nicht über den Greuel der Verwüſtung hätte predigen hören, ſo würde ich doch noch geglaubet haben, daß er mehr als ſeine Poſtill verſtände. Sie iſt gefallen, Babylon, die Große. So pathetiſch fing er ſeine Predigt an, und ich war ſchon froh, daß ich eine vernünftige Predigt hören würde. Aber meine Hoffnung wurde mir bald verdorben. Ich hörte weiter nichts, als das viele unordentliche Sätze in einem noch unordentlichern Tone hergepoltert wurden. Sie iſt gefallen, Babylon, die Große, und ſo wird das heutige Babylon auch fallen. Dieß wiederholte er Unendlichemal. Ich wünſchte, aus Verdruß, daß Ihro Wohlehrwürden, die ſo oft von Fallen redeten, nur ſelbſt zur Kanzeltreppe herunterfallen möchten. Die Gemeine würde wenigſtens in ihm nicht ſo viel verloren haben, als in ihrem Organiſten. Denn der Bauer wird mir doch antworten können, was ſein Kantor für einen Choral geſpielet hat; aber was ſein Prieſter von Babylon und von dem Antichriſt prediget, das wird er nicht einmal ausſprechen, geſchweige denn behalten, und wieder erzählen können.

Bei dem Schluſſe ſeiner ſtrohernen Beredſamkeit gerieth der Herr Paſtor in Eifer. Aber der Eifer hatte keinen Antheil an ſeinem einförmigen Tone. Die Hitze zeigte ſich nur in einer geſchwindern Bewegung der Hände und in einigen Scheltwörtern. Gott weiß, wo er mochte geleſen haben, daß man zu Jeruſalem ſchon Schauſpiele gehabt habe. Wenigſtens erzählte er ſeinen Bauern ganz zuverſichtlich, daß eben dadurch Gott bewogen worden wäre, die arme Stadt Jeruſalem zu zerſtören. Das hatte mir noch zu meiner völligen Ueberzeugung gefehlet. Und nun glaubte ich im ganzen Ernſte, daß Ihro Wohlehrwürden ein Narr wären. Ich ging aus der Kirche mit einem innerlichen Unwillen über die Unwiſſenheit dergleichen Prediger, die in einem gleichlautenden Schulton ihren Zuhörern nichts ſagen, oder höchſtens doch auf eine lächerliche Art über die Sitten der Welt ſpotten, indem ſie die Ehre Gottes zu vertheidigen glauben. Ich habe nachher meinen Prediger immer für das gehalten, was er iſt; welches ich aber nicht würde gethan haben, wenn ich ihn nicht gehöret hätte. Der Grundſatz: Schweigen verräth nicht, entſcheidet alſo den Charakter dieſes ehrwürdigen Mannes vollkommen.

Den Herrn von U*** habe ich nur ein paarmal auf dem Kaffeehauſe geſehen, und aus ſeiner brapbornen Weſte und ſeinem geſchickten Billardſpiele hätte ich faſt ſchließen ſollen, daß er Verſtand habe. Er ſetzte ſich neulich neben mir und dem Herrn Y*** ans Kamin. Er ließ ſich eine Pfeife Taback geben; er ſpuckte aus; er trank ein Glas Mandelmilch, und ſchwieg ſtille. Ich glaube noch immer, daß er Verſtand habe. Sind Sie geſtern in der italieniſchen Komödie geweſen? redete er mich endlich an. Nein, mein lieber Herr, antwortete ich ihm ganz kurz. Er mochte mich entweder für einen Melancholicum oder für einen Tropf halten, der nicht wüßte, was das Wort: Komödie, für ein Ding ſei. Genug, er wandte ſich von mir weg, und frug den Herrn Y*** auf eben die Art. Er fand hier einen beſſern Geſellſchafter; aber er widerſprach ihm auch deſto beſſer. Das hätte ich doch nicht geglaubet, ſagte endlich der junge Herr von U***, daß Ihnen die italieniſchen Komödien ſo ſchlecht gefielen! Gehen Sie künftigen Montag hinein, Sie werden Wunder ſehen. Man hat mir geſagt, daß die Geſellſchaft ihre beſten Stücke bis auf die zukünftige Woche geſparet hätte. Sie muß nun wohl freilich ihre Urſache dazu haben. Wie geſagt, gehen Sie auf den Montag hinein. Ein Stück! mein Herr, das iſt ein Stück! es heißt — zum Henker! wie heißt es denn nun? es heißt — Ei nun, es mag heißen, wie es will; es iſt ein unvergleichliches Stück. Und die Muſik, mein Herr, wird beſonders neu ſein. Wenigſtens kann ich Ihnen zum voraus im Vertrauen ſagen, daß eine ganz neue Arie wird geſungen werden. Er ſprach dieß, was er im Vertrauen reden wollte, ſo vernehmlich, daß man es an der andern Seite der Billardstafel hören konnte. Von wem wird denn dieſe neue Arie ſein? frug ihn Jemand. „Ich habe ſie componiret, mein Herr. Die Compoſition iſt jederzeit mein Hauptwerk und meine liebſte Beſchäftigung geweſen. Ich hatte den berühmten Herrn *** vor einigen Jahren zum Lehrmeiſter.“ Hätte er doch geſchwiegen, dachte ich bei mir ſelbſt, oder hätte er es wenigſtens nicht entdecket, daß er ſeine Compoſition dem Herrn *** zu verdanken habe. Wenn der Lehrer ein Windbeutel iſt, wie viel größer muß denn nicht ſein Schüler ſein! Hier vergaß ich auf einmal die goldene Weſte und das ſchöne Billardſpiel des Herrn von U***. Ich machte die Anmerkung, daß er wohl gethan hätte, wenn er dieſe beiden Stücke allein hätte reden laſſen. Es ſind zwar nur ſtumme Redner; aber ſie nehmen manchesmal mehr ein, als die lauten kleinen Schreier. Ich dachte daher gleich an das Sprichwort: das ſeinen Charakter ſo deutlich machet: „Schweigen verräth nicht.“

Außer dem Barbier iſt in dem Dorfe S*** keiner ſchwatzhafter, als der junge Herr Fähndrich. Er iſt wohl gewachſen; er ſieht gut, und reitet beſſer, als der geſchickteſte Stallmeiſter. Wer ihn nicht weiter kennet, der hält ihn für einen vernünftigen Mann. Aber er iſt ein Officier, und die dürfen nicht ſchweigen. Sie ſcheinen noch dazu ein Privilegium zu haben, mehr zu ſagen, als ſie verantworten können. Seiner Frau Mama und Fräulein Schweſter erzählet er Wunderdinge. Man ſollte glauben, er ſei der einzige hannöveriſche Officier, der die Franzoſen bei Dettingen geſchlagen. Wenn er auch weiter nichts ſagte, als daß er bei dem Treffen geweſen, ſo würde man ihm zur Noth glauben. Aber daß er das Lager abbilden, ein jedes Detaſchement in Schlachtordnung ſtellen, den Angriff beſchreiben, und ſelbſt mit dem Degen in der Fauſt zwanzig Franzoſen auf einmal in den Main will geſtoßen haben, dieſes unvorſichtige Plaudern verräth ihn, und er hätte beſſer gethan, wenn er geſchwiegen hätte.

Wie viele Charaktere könnte man nach dieſen beiden Grundſätzen nicht nach dem Leben zeichnen?

Ehe ich dieſe mir geſammelten Anmerkungen ſchließe, will ich noch erinnern, daß das Schweigen hauptſächlich bei Kaufleuten nicht ſchade. Kaufleute, die ihre rechtmäßigen Schulden leugnen, oder auch ihre Contobücher auf die Seite bringen, können niemals verrathen werden. Sollte man deswegen einen Kaufmann gleich auf den Schuldthurm ſetzen, weil er ſeine Schulden nicht angeben kann? Wie viele große Männer, die jetzt wieder in den prächtigſten Kutſchen fahren, und ſchon zweimal Banquerot gemacht haben, würden alsdann ewig in Verhaft ſitzen müſſen; und wie lange hätte die Obrigkeit ſchon auf dieſe Erweiterung eines ſolchen Behältniſſes denken müſſen? Bei einem Banquerot (es verſteht ſich aber bei einem vernünftigen und rechtmäßigen Banquerot) verlieret ein Kaufmann gerade nichts, und wenn er ſchweigen, oder auch allenfalls muthig ſchwören kann, welches oft eben ſo gute Dienſte thut, als das Stillſchweigen, ſo wird es gewiß ſein Schade nicht ſein. Von den Lehrlingen im Banquerotiren, die ihre ganze Schuld ſogleich geſtehen, und den Augenblick einen guten Accord treffen, rede ich hier nicht. Bei denen hat die traurige Grille des Gewiſſens ſchon die Oberhand gewonnen, und die ſind auf ewig verloren. Denn ein Kaufmann, der ſich den ſchwermüthigen Gedanken einfallen läßt, redlich zu handeln, der wird niemals mit Ehren banquerot werden können.

Die Erfahrung iſt in den angeführten Exempeln auf meiner Seite; und ein jeder von meinen Leſern wird von ſelbſt leicht den Ausſpruch geben können, ob ich in der Erklärung und Beſtimmung dieſer beiden Redensarten, ſo bekannt ſie auch unter uns ſind, einigermaßen glücklich geweſen ſei, und ob es nicht eintreffe, daß man beide Redensarten, als ein Paar Grundſätze anſehen könne, die den Charakter ſo vieler Perſonen entſcheiden und beſtimmen.

Georg Wilhelm von Lüdemann

ward am 15. Mai 1795 zu Küſtrin geboren, ſtudirte zu Berlin die Rechte, und ſetzte ſeine Studien, nachdem er aus dem Freiheitskampfe von 1813 und 1814 zurückgekehrt war, daſelbſt fort. 1816 erhielt er eine Referendarſtelle bei der Regierung und unternahm, weil er Krankheits halber dieſe Beſchäftigung aufgeben mußte, ſeit 1820 verſchiedene Reiſen durch Deutſchland, die Schweiz, Italien, Holland, England und Spanien. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1824 wohnte er eine Zeit lang am Rhein, 1825 zu Breslau, dann 1826 zu Dresden, und ließ ſich endlich als Privatgelehrter zu Cyrus bei Freiſtadt in Schleſien nieder, bis er in neueſter Zeit als Polizeidirector zu Aachen angeſtellt wurde.

Er ließ erſcheinen theils unter eigenem Namen, theils unter dem Juſtus Ironius Kosmopolita:

Züge durch die Hochgebirge und Thäler der Pyrenäen im Jahre 1822. Berlin 1824, 8., mit 2 Charten.
Alfieri's Trauerſpiele. Zwickau 1824 ff., 8 Thle. (mit Andern).
Der Gulistenkrieg. Leipzig 1825.
Scott's ſchottiſche Balladen. Zwickau 1825, 7 Thle.
Dramen von Byron. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Andruzzos. Ebendaſ. 1826, 2 Thle.
Fielding's Tom Jones. Ebendaſ. 1826, 2 Thle.
Neapel, wie es iſt. Dresden 1827.
Konſtantinopel, wie es iſt. Ebendaſ. 1827.

Türkiſch-griechiſche Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1827, 4 Thle.
Novellen und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1827 — 28, 2 Bdchen., 8.
Die Foscari. Leipzig 1826, 2 Thle.
Venedig, wie es war und iſt. Dresden 1828.
Die beiden Grafen. Ebendaſ. 1828, gr. 12.
Spaziergänge in Rom. Ebendaſ. 1828, 2 Thle.
Petersburg, wie es iſt. Ebendaſ. 1829.
Geſchichte der Malerei. Ebendaſ. 1829.
Geſchichte der Architektur. Ebendaſ. 1829.
Geſchichte der Kupferſtecher-, Holzſchneide- und Steindruckerkunſt. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Die Basken. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Töplitz, wie es iſt. Ebendaſ. 1830, gr. 12.
Dresden, wie es iſt. Zwickau 1830.
Vittoria Iturbide. Ebendaſ. 1830, 3 Thle.
Afronius Jatagel, der Freiheitsritter. Glogau 1835, 8.
Frommel's pittoreskes Italien. — Oberitalien. — Leipzig 1836 fgde.

Außerdem: der Myſtiker, oder die Schuld (im Jahrbuch deutſcher Bühnenſpiele, Jahrg. 12) und mehrere andere Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Almanachs ꝛc.

W. v. L. beſitzt eine reiche Bildung, vielſeitiges Wiſſen, Geſchmack, Erfahrung und Menſchen- und Weltkenntniß, verbunden mit anſchaulicher Darſtellungsgabe und gutem Styl; ſeine Phantaſie iſt weniger reich als gewandt im Nachbilden und der Reproduction ſchon vorhandener Gegenſtände; am glücklichſten iſt er daher in Naturſchilderungen und als Sittenmaler. Seine wiſſenſchaftlichen Arbeiten zeugen eben ſo sehr von Fleiß und Beleſenheit, als von Scharfſinn und Geiſt.

Johanne Karoline Amalie Ludecus,

die Tochter des braunſchweigiſchen Majors von Kotzebue, ward am 16. November 1757 zu Wolfenbüttel geboren, und kam mit ihrem Vater im Gefolge der Herzogin Amalie nach Weimar, wo ſie Kammerfräulein derſelben wurde, und ſich 1793 mit dem daſigen Steuerrath Ludecus verheirathete. Sie ſtarb im Jahre 1827.

Unter dem Pſeudonym: Amalie von Berg haben wir von ihr:

Luiſe. Leipzig 1800, 2 Thle.
Johanna Grey. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1806.
Sophie von Normann. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Gräfin Karoline von Thorenberg. Erfurt 1806; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Eleonore. Prag 1812.
Ueber weibliche Erziehung und Bildung. Ebendaſ. 1815.

Feine Charakterzeichnung, genaue Kenntniß des weiblichen Herzens und gute Darſtellung verliehen ihren Arbeiten wirklichen Werth.

Heinrich Luden.

Dieſer berühmte Geſchichtsforſcher ward am 10. April 1780 zu Lockſtedt im Herzogthum Bremen geboren, und ſtudirte, nachdem er ſich auf der Domſchule zu Bremen wiſſenſchaftlich vorgebildet hatte, von 1799 bis 1803 zu Göttingen nach einander Theologie und Philoſophie, und mit beſonderer Vorliebe Geſchichte. Nach einem dreijährigen Aufenthalte zum Theil als Hauslehrer auf dem Lande, in Berlin und zu Göttingen, wo er nach vollendeten Studien ſich auf ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn vorbereitet hatte, erhielt er 1806 den Ruf als außerordentlicher Profeſſor nach Jena, wo er vorzüglich über Geſchichte vielbeſuchte Vorleſungen eröffnete, und 1810 zum Profeſſor ordinarius der Geſchichte daſelbſt ernannt wurde. Sein verdienſtliches akademiſches Wirken auf dieſem Felde und ſein freimüthiges Wort zur Zeit des Druckes fand aber nicht blos unter den daſigen Studirenden freudige Anerkennung, ſondern wurde auch vom Großherzog von Weimar durch Ertheilung des Hofraths- und bald darauf des Geheime-Hofrathstitels und des Ordens vom Falken ehrend hervorgehoben, während die Univerſität ihn zum Abgeordneten auf dem weimariſchen Landtage erwählte; ein Ehrenpoſten, den L. erſt vor wenigen Jahren wieder abgab.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Chriſtian Thomaſius. Berlin 1805.
Hugo Grotius. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Die letzten Briefe des J. Ortis. Göttingen 1807.
Kleine Aufſätze. Ebendaſ. 1807, 2 Thle.
Grundzüge äſthetiſcher Vorleſungen. Ebendaſ. 1808, gr. 8.
Anſichten des Rheinbundes. Ebendaſ. 1808.
Ueber das Studium der vaterländiſchen Geſchichte. Jena 1809.
Handbuch der Staatsweisheit oder der Politik. Jena 1811.
Ueber den Sinn und Inhalt des Handbuchs der Staatsweisheit. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Allgemeine Geſchichte der Völker und Staaten des Alterthums. Ebendaſ. 1814; 3. Ausg. 1824, 2 Thle.
Nemeſis. Zeitſchrift. Weimar 1814 — 18, 12 Bde.
Allgemeines Staatsverfaſſungsarchiv. Ebendaſ. 1816, 2 Bde.
Das Königreich Hannover. Nordheim 1818.
Allgemeine Geſchichte des Mittelalters. Jena 1821 — 22, 2 Bde., 8.; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1824, 8.
Geſchichte des deutſchen Volkes. Gotha 1825 fgde., 11 Bde., 8.
Einzelne Diſſertationen, Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

Außerdem gab er Herder's Ideen zur Geſchichte der Menſchheit (Leipzig 1812; 2. Ausg. 1821) heraus.

Ein ſeltener politiſcher Scharfblick, echte Humanität, Adel der Geſinnungen, ausgebreitetes, gründliches, aus den Quellen geſchöpftes Wiſſen, glänzende Beredſamkeit, und die feinſte Dialektik neben reinſter Geſundheit des Urtheils haben dieſem ausgezeichneten Manne einen ſehr hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Hiſtorikern, und ſeinem Namen europäiſche Berühmtheit erworben. Unter ſeinen Werken ſind vorzüglich ſeine geſchichtlichen Darſtellungen des Alterthums, des Mittelalters und des deutſchen Volkes als claſſiſche Muſter zu betrachten.

Karthago[*]).

Allgemeine Anſicht von dieſer Geſchichte.

Ueber den Verluſt der Geſchichten von des Morgenlandes früheren Reichen tröſteten wir uns leicht, weil ſich der Sinn und Gang derſelben in den ſpätern zu wiederholen ſcheint. Mehr mußten wir bedauern, daß uns nicht vergönnt war, der Entwickelung ägyptiſcher Eigenthümlichkeit zu folgen. Aber durch die beſonderen Verhältniſſe Karthago's, von der Gründung der Stadt, bis zu ihrer Zerſtörung, würde die Geſchichte derſelben eine ganz vorzügliche Wichtigkeit haben; ſie würde höchſt lehrreich ſein für Völker, wie für Staaten. Und auch von Karthago giebt es leider! — keine Geſchichte! Die einheimiſchen Schriftſteller ſind, durch Geſchick, vielleicht durch den Fleiß, gewiß nicht gegen den Wunſch der Beſieger Karthago's, untergegangen. Wir kennen Karthago nur durch Feinde, und wir kennen ſie faſt nur in der feindlichen Berührung mit dieſen Feinden. Wenn die Geſchichten anderer Völker von Griechen und Römern falſch oder verkehrt dargeſtellt ſein mögen, ſo lag der Grund meiſt allein in Unkunde und Beſchränktheit, höchſtens in dem Stolze dieſer Völker. Die Geſchichten Karthago's hingegen haben Griechen und Römer nicht ohne Groll und Haß gedacht. Freilich mögen nicht Alle ſich dieſes Haſſes bewußt geweſen ſein. Aber eine ſo lange Eiferſucht, Kriege, die Jahrhunderte hindurch dauerten, mit einer Feindſeligkeit ohne Namen und Maß geführt, und ganz auf Vernichtung und Verderben gerichtet, mußte den Sinn für das Leben der Gegner ganz zerſtören. Es iſt mit Völkern wie mit Einzelnen. Die menſchliche Natur iſt in ihrem Weſen ſo gut, daß der Menſch zu fortdauernder Ungerechtigkeit nur fähig wird, wenn er dem, an welchem er ſie vollbringt, noch größere Ungerechtigkeit Schuld giebt. Darum nimmt er das Zweideutige für ſchlecht, ſetzt das Unverſtandene in ein gehäſſiges Licht, horcht auf Verläumdungen, und wenn er auch Erdichtungen unterläßt, ſo verſchmäht er doch Verdrehungen nicht. So ſtärkt er ſich zum Vollbringen des Unrechtes, ſo beruhigt er ſich über das Vollbrachte. Und in jener Zeit, wo weder gleiche Sitten noch gleiche Religion das Urtheil milderten, und wo ein langer freundlicher Verkehr den Charakter des Gegners nicht früher kennen gelehrt hatte, war noch leichter möglich, den Volkshaß zu nähren und aufzuſtacheln, als es jetzt ſein würde!

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[*]) Aus Luden's Allgemeiner Geſchichte der Staaten und Völker des Alterthums.

Aber wie viel auch Polybios, Livius, Diodor, Appian und Juſtin, theils wegen ihrer ſpäten Zeit, theils aus Mangel gehöriger Forſchung, oder wegen perſönlicher Verhältniſſe, wegen beſchränkter Zwecke, ohne großen hiſtoriſchen Sinn, und wegen des Intereſſes beredter Darſtellung, entweder nicht wiſſen konnten, oder überſehn, abſichtlich verſchwiegen, entſtellt und verdreht wiedergegeben haben mögen: Karthago wird nie gering geachtet werden, ſo lang' es Menſchen giebt, die ſich über ihre Zeit und Verhältniſſe zu erheben und die Erſcheinungen des Alterthums zu würdigen wiſſen. Denn ein Staat, der von ſo geringem Anfange zu ſolcher Größe empor geſtiegen iſt, der es wagen konnte, mit Rom über die Herrſchaft der Welt zu kämpfen, und der mehrmals einen glücklichen Ausgang des Kampfes hoffen durfte, der Feldherren hervorbrachte, die ſelbſt von Feinden den größten aller Zeiten gleich geachtet wurden, deſſen Bürger zu der größten Aufopferung, deren der Menſch fähig iſt, für das Vaterland begeiſtert werden konnten, der Vertrauen fand bei vielen unverdorbenen Völkern, der ſich auf ſeine Gerechtigkeitsliebe und auf ſeinen politiſchen Charakter berufen durfte, deſſen Verfaſſung von den größten Staatsgelehrten, den Griechenland erzogen hat, zu den vollendetſten gerechnet ward, die je menſchliche Verbindungen gehabt hatten, der ſelbſt bei fremden, bei beſiegten Völkern Schriftſteller fand, die ſeine Einrichtungen, wie ſeine Thaten, voll Bewunderung ihres hohen Sinnes, der Nachwelt, wie wohl (ſo hat das Unglück die Karthager verfolgt!) umſonſt, zu erhalten ſtrebten, der einen Philoſophen erzeugte, den Griechenland achtete, und deſſen Weisheit ſelbſt bei dem ungeheuerſten Unglücke ſeines Vaterlands nicht entging: — ein ſolcher Staat muß von einem eigenen Geiſte der Ordnung, Mäßigung und Anſtrengung durchdrungen und belebt geweſen ſein! Dabei kann der endliche allgemeine Verfall nicht befremden. Karthago theilte das Schickſal aller Staaten. Von Anfang an lag etwas Unnatürliches in ihrer Herrſchaft; in der Folge verſäumte ſie den alten Geiſt, ſie wich ab von dem Grundſatz ihres früheren Lebens, vergaß die Grenzen der Völker und Länder, und überließ ſich den Leidenſchaften. Da ſchlug die letzte Stunde, und nicht unverſchuldet.

Gründung und Vergrößerung des Staates. (Libyer.)

Im Süden von Aegypten wohnten, in glücklicher Unbekanntheit, Aethiopen. An dieſe, weſtlich von Aegypten, ſtieß ein verbranntes Land, das, nach der Vorſtellung der Alten, weder Menſchen noch Thiere nährte. Darauf folgte nördlich eine Wüſte, von den erſten und gewaltigſten Thieren der Schöpfung bewohnt; nur hin und wieder fanden Menſchen einen Platz, der für die Erhaltung des Lebens geſchickt war. Weiter gen Mitternacht, längs der Ufer des Meers, gab es vortrefflichen Boden, wenn gleich die Sandwüſte ſelbſt das Geſtade hin und wieder erreichte. Auf dieſem Boden trieben ſich, wohl ſeit uralter Zeit, eine Menge Völkerſchaften in roher Freiheit nomadiſch umher, verſchieden in Brauch und Sitte, verſchieden durch Stamm und Namen, Alle mit der gemeinſamen Benennung Libyer bezeichnet. Die Fruchtbarkeit dieſer Gegenden aber, das Salz und Gold der Wüſte, die großen und mannigfaltigen Thiere, welche Noth oder Uebermuth, bald lebend bald todt, im Krieg und Frieden zum Bedürfniſſe machten, zogen fremde Völker dahin, ſo wie die Welt mit ſich ſelbſt in Verkehr trat, und die Menſchen ſich über die Fluthen wagten, um ſich Alles zu verſchaffen, was die Natur verbot.

Am früheſten kamen die Phönicier, und bauten ſich auf dem Theile der Küſte an, der ihnen für den Gewinn der Landes-Erzeugniſſe, und für ihre Fahrten nach Tartiſch am bequemſten lag. Da die Eingebornen das Waſſer nicht zu benutzen und deswegen die Ufer nicht zu ſchätzen verſtanden: ſo mag den Fremdlingen die Anheimung daſelbſt nicht theuer zu ſtehen gekommen ſein; der Tand, den ſie in dunkeln Schiffen brachten, reichte vielleicht hin, die Eingebornen zu befriedigen. Unter den Oertern nun, welche die Phönicier gründeten, war Karchedon oder Karthago keineswegs der älteſte; ward aber durch ihre ausgezeichnete Lage, durch den gewandten Gewerbfleiß, durch den alten Geiſt großer Unternehmungen, den Tyrus auf ſie vererbte, endlich durch die Begünſtigung des Glücks, ohne welche der Menſch nichts vermag, bald die erſte unter den phöniciſchen Städten. Die Zeit ihrer Gründung (etwa u. d. J. 880?) iſt ungewiß, und ihre ſpätere Größe hat Veranlaſſung gegeben, daß die Art derſelben in ein mährchenhaftes Dunkel gehüllt iſt.

Nach der Natur menſchlicher Dinge jedoch und für das Verſtändniß der ſpäteren Erſcheinungen, dürfte anzunehmen ſein, daß die phöniciſchen Städte, Karthago, Utike, Tysdrus, Tunis, Adrumetum u. ſ. w. zuerſt mit dem Mutterland in freundſchaftlichen Verhältniſſen geblieben ſeien, ſo daß ſie nicht bloß Handel mit einander trieben, ſondern daß ſie überhaupt ſo eng vereint waren, als die Entfernung, die Verhältniſſe und die menſchliche Natur verſtatteten, und daß dieſe Städte zweitens unter ſich auf dieſelbe Art verbunden geweſen, wie die Städte des Mutterlandes ihnen ein Vorbild gaben. Auf dieſe Weiſe ſcheint es begreiflich, wie bei der Fortentwicklung des Lebens, als die Phönicier in Afrika zu Macht und Reichthum ſich empor hoben, während jene in Aſien durch die Bildung mächtiger Reiche bedrängt wurden, dieſe gegen Karthago keine Schiffe hergeben wollten, wie ſich Karthago noch ſehr ſpät der Tyrier bei Verträgen mit Fremden annahm, und wie überall, wo vormals aſiatiſche Phönicier für Handel oder Herrſchaft Städte gegründet hatten, ſpäter afrikaniſche erſcheinen, dieſelben vertheidigend und nutzend. Aber auf dieſe Weiſe iſt auch begreiflich, was ſonſt ſchwerer zu erklären ſein möchte, wie Karthago zu ſo weit verbreiteten Beſitzungen in Afrika in ſo kurzer Zeit gelangen konnte.

Sobald nämlich die phöniciſchen Städte durch Handel und Gewerb an Reichthum und Bevölkerung gewannen: ſo mögen ſie wetteifernd nach Vergrößerung ihrer Beſitzungen geſtrebt haben. In Aſien durften die Phönicier ſolche Gedanken nicht hegen; die nomadiſchen Libyer aber verſtatteten ihnen, nach Erweiterung der Verbindung und nach Vergrößerung der Kraft zu ſtreben, um ſich zu Nahrung und Gewerben Mittel zu verſchaffen, und ſich vor fremder Macht zu ſichern. Daher mögen von allen phöniciſchen Städten in dem Innern des Landes, nach Glück und Bedürfniß weiter und weiter, Oerter gegründet ſein, um die Libyer in der herumſchweifenden Lebensart zu beſchränken, und ans Gehorchen zu gewöhnen, um den Handel zu erleichtern, zu erweitern, und um Ackerbau zu treiben. Und weil der Geiſt über die Rohheit, und Kenntniſſe über die Unwiſſenheit immer zu ſiegen pflegen: ſo wurden die Libyer, bald durch Lehre und Beiſpiel gewonnen, bald durch Liſt und Schwerdt bezwungen, an Haus und Herd gefeſſelt, und es entſtand nicht ſowohl aus der Vermiſchung der Phönicier mit den Libyern, als vielmehr aus der Aneignung des Lebens der Erſten durch die Letzten ein neues Geſchlecht, welches mit dem Namen Libyphönicier unterſchieden wurde. Die Gränzen aber, welche das Gebiet der phöniciſchen Städte auf dieſe Weiſe umſchloſſen, laſſen ſich nur unſicher angeben; ſie dehnten ſich aber ſehr weit aus, und ſelbſt die Bewohner der Steppen, welche ihnen nicht mehr gehorchten, ſtanden in ſofern unter ihnen, als ſie ihnen miethweiſe für Krieg und Handel Menſchen und Thiere lieferten. Wie wichtig ihnen aber dieſe Steppen-Bewohner geweſen ſeien, das zeigte der Kampf, den ſie über dieſelben führten, und die große That der Philäne, durch welche derſelbe geendigt ſein ſoll.

Als aber im Fortgange der Zeit Karthago über die andern Städte hinauskam, und durch Reichthum, Menſchenzahl und Betrieb die erſte wurde: da mag die urſprünglich freie Verbindung daſſelbe Schickſal gehabt haben, welches der Städte-Bund im Mutterland erfahren hatte. So wie hier Tyrus, ſo kam dort Karthago an die Spitze des Ganzen. Aber je größer Karthago wurde, je reicher und mächtiger, ſelbſt durch die Bedrängniſſe des Mutterlandes, deſto läſtiger mochte die Vormacht einer Stadt den übrigen Städten werden, die ihr Anfangs gleich geweſen waren. Daher wurde die Eiferſucht, die ſich gegen Tyrus erhoben hatte, gegen die ſtolze Karthago dreifach groß, und die neidiſche Art, mit welcher dieſe den Handel der übrigen Städte zu lähmen und an ſich ſelbſt zu bringen ſuchte, mußte den Unwillen noch mehr erhöhen. Nur Utika, durch höheres Alter ehrwürdig, und durch ihre Lage mit Karthago faſt eins und außer dem Handelszwange behielt die Ehre, noch mitgenannt zu werden; den übrigen mußte der allgemeine Name Bundesgenoſſen genügen.

Das Verhältniß Karthago's zu den Bewohnern des phöniciſchen Gebiets war alſo ſehr mannigfaltig. Zuerſt mußten wohl die Städte, die ſie ſelbſt gegründet, und nach welchen ſie arme und unruhige Bürger zu entfernen pflegte, ſchon einen widerſtrebenden Sinn in ſich hegen, und den Bürgern Karthago's gleich zu bleiben trachten; die Libyer hingegen, die auf ſolche Art gefeſſelt oder unterworfen waren, mögen vielfältig ſelbſt die Bildung darum als ein Joch angeſehen haben, weil ſie von Fremden kam und mit Beſchränkungen verknüpft war, die ſie früher nicht gekannt hatten. Dann blieb in jeder urſprünglich phöniciſchen Stadt der natürliche Wunſch, die erſte oder der erſten gleich zu ſein, und dieſer Wunſch führte nothwendig zu deſto größerer Eiferſucht und Erbitterung, je weiter das Ziel des Strebens entfernt wurde. Die Oerter endlich, die von dieſen Städten gegründet waren, mit den Libyern, die zu ihnen gehörten, ſtanden zu dieſen Städten eben ſo, wie Karthago's Gründungen zu ihr; aber grade dieſes mochte den Karthagern für ihre Vormacht heilſam ſein. Sonach hing das phöniciſche Gebiet in Afrika nur ſehr loſe zuſammen; bürgerliche Einheit war unmöglich; ein gemeinſames Vaterland, für welches zu leben und zu ſterben Jedem das Höchſte geſchienen hätte, gab es nicht; zu Einer Macht wurde das Ganze nur durch Karthago's Herrſchaft. Und wie unnatürlich war die Herrſchaft Einer Stadt, mit fremdem Sinn auf fremdem Boden gegründet, über ein ſolches Gebiet, das von Menſchen ſo ganz verſchiedener Art bewohnt wurde! Daher vermochte Karthago zwar viel gegen fremde Mächte, ſobald große Männer den ungelenken Leib mit ihrem Geiſte durchdrangen, und dann die Vormacht geltend machten, um Alles zu ſchrecken, und Menſchen, Geld, Getraide, was immer, zu verlangen und beizutreiben; aber ſie mußte nothwendig kraftlos und auf ſich allein beſchränkt werden, ſobald ſolche Männer fehlten oder die Furcht vor ihrer Vormacht ſonſt verſchwunden war.

Die Verfaſſung.

Wenn man dieſes Verhältniß überdenkt: ſo kann man ſich wohl im Allgemeinen ſagen, daß ohne eine — nach Zeit und Umſtänden — vortreffliche Einrichtung, ohne gute Verwaltung, ohne große Aufmerkſamkeit und Anſtrengung, Karthago unmöglich hätte ſein können, was ſie war; aber wir kennen die Verfaſſung der übrigen phöniciſchen Städte gar nicht, und die von Karthago nur wenig. Das jedoch ſcheint man vorausſetzen zu dürfen, daß die Städte insgeſammt urſprünglich von aſiatiſch-phöniciſchen Begriffen bei ihren Einrichtungen ausgegangen ſeien, und daß ſie dieſe Einrichtungen nach und nach verändert haben, ſo wie ſich das Leben erweiterte, wie der Blick umfaſſender und die Bedürfniſſe dringender wurden. Daher dürfte die alte Vorſtellung, daß Karthago urſprünglich einen König gehabt habe, wohl leicht die richtigſte ſein. Aber eine willkürliche Königsgewalt hatten die Phönicier nie gekannt. Ein Staat, der ſich zumeiſt durch Handel erhalten muß, wird nothwendig zu republikaniſchen Einrichtungen getrieben; will oder muß er aber zugleich, wie Karthago, die Herrſchaft über Unterworfene oder Verbundene behaupten: ſo iſt dieſes nur möglich durch ein ſtrenges Syſtem von gegenſeitiger Aufſicht, Beſchränkung und Mäßigung. Und dieſes hatte Karthago, als ſie zu ihrer Vormacht gelangt war, und wagen durfte, dieſelbe geltend zu machen, obgleich wir der allmäligen Einführung deſſelben nicht folgen können. Ein ſolches Syſtem aber verträgt ſich ſo wenig mit Volksherrſchaft, als es ohne Volksgunſt zu behaupten iſt. Es liegt in der Mitte zwiſchen perſönlicher Gewalt und Volksherrſchaft, ſo daß jene auf Mehreren ruht, jedoch keineswegs ohne Geſetz und Schranke. Wegen des Bedürfniſſes der Volksgunſt aber iſt bei einem ſolchen Syſteme die Gefahr für den Staat nicht gering. Das Syſtem artet leicht in Volksherrſchaft aus, und wie dieſes geſchieht, ſo muß der Staat ſinken, und untergehen. In dieſem Sinne hat Ariſtoteles Recht, wenn er nach ſeiner Sprache in der Verfaſſung Karthago's eine Miſchung von Oligarchie, Ariſtokratie und Demokratie bemerkt, nur dürfte er die Einheit nicht gefunden haben.

Die Staatswürden und Gewalten, zuerſt der Suffeten, die auch Könige genannt wurden, mit den Kriegsfürſten, dann der Alten, und endlich der Hundert, ſcheinen in der Zeit der Kraft und des Gelingens unter ſich ein ſchönes Gleichgewicht gebildet zu haben, bei welchem das Volk gewonnen und doch im Gehorſam gehalten werden konnte. Die Suffeten bekleideten die höchſte Würde, und mußten darum unmittelbar vom Volke gewählt werden, damit dieſes abgefunden ward, und ſich der übrigen Gewalthaber weniger erinnerte. Urſprünglich mögen ſie zumeiſt Anführer der Kriegsmacht geweſen ſein, bis die Erweiterung des gemeinen Weſens noch andere Feldherren nothwendig machte, die gleichſam Stellvertreter der Suffeten und darum mit dieſen auf gleiche Art gewählt wurden; ſeitdem machten ſie den Schluß der Beamteten des Staates. Die Wahlen ſelbſt wurden nach den Tugenden und dem Reichthume der zu Wählenden entſchieden. Der letzte war nöthig, weil der Gewählte aus eigenen Mitteln ein Leben führen mußte, welches der Größe des Staates würdig geachtet wurde. Die Alten — der Senat, die Geruſia — mochten durch eine Verſammlung, zu welcher man beſtimmte vorzügliche Familien zuſammenberief, aus dieſen erwählt und ergänzt werden. Bei ihnen aber und den Suffeten, welche in ihren Zuſammenkünften den Vorſitz führten, war die eigentliche Regierung, und es hing von beiden ab, ob das Volk über die öffentlichen Angelegenheiten gefragt werden ſollte, oder nicht. Uebrigens gab eine Stelle unter den Alten gleichfalls nur Ehre und kein Einkommen.

Dem Rathe der Hundert war, wie es ſcheint, die Erhaltung der Verfaſſung zur Pflicht gemacht: darum ſollte er auf alles achten, was gegen die Sicherheit des gemeinen Weſens und die Freiheit ſeiner Bürger auf irgend eine Weiſe unternommen werden konnte. Und da nun am meiſten zuerſt von den Suffeten, dann von den Feldherren zu fürchten war, beſonders deswegen, weil die Miethtruppen, mit welchen man überhaupt jede kriegeriſche Unternehmung auszuführen pflegte, an der Erhaltung des Staates in ſeinen Grundſätzen keinen Antheil nahmen: ſo mußte die Aufmerkſamkeit der Hundert allerdings zunächſt auf dieſe gerichtet ſein, und es iſt glaublich genug, daß ein übermüthiger Feldherr Veranlaſſung zur Errichtung dieſes Vereins gegeben habe. Aber da er einmal errichtet war, ſo war ſehr natürlich, daß ſein Wirkungskreis erweitert, und daß Alles ſeiner Aufſicht übergeben wurde, was irgend den ſtaatsbürgerlichen Sinn und die Wohlfahrt des gemeinen Weſens hindern oder fördern konnte, um zu ſteuern oder zu begünſtigen. Der Verein der Hundert wurde daher gewiſſer Maßen der Mittelpunkt des Staats. Und daher ſcheint nothwendig, daß die Wahl der Mitglieder ſich in den Händen des Volks befunden habe. Weil aber die jährliche Wahl von hundert Männern ſchwierig geweſen ſein würde, ſo mögen die Abtheilungen der Stadt (ἑταιρεῖαι) je fünf Wahlmännern, die das Vertrauen ihrer Mitbürger beſaßen, die Kür überlaſſen haben. Dieſes Vertrauen, ſo wie überhaupt gleiches Sinnen und Wollen, ſollte wohl auch durch die Sammtmahle (συσσίτια), die gewiß etwas Anderes waren, als das gemeinſame Eſſen der Spartiaten, unterhalten und gefördert werden; vielleicht wurden ſie veranſtaltet auf Koſten der Beamteten.

Wenn man nun dieſes Stückwerk unſeres Wiſſens von Karthago's Verfaſſung — denn von allem Andern, von den Geſetzen, dem Gerichtsweſen (welches jedoch unter der Leitung der Hundert geweſen zu ſein ſcheint), den Steuern, deren Erhebung und Verwaltung u. ſ. w. wiſſen wir faſt nichts — überdenkt: ſo begreift man wohl, daß dieſe Verfaſſung urſprünglich, ſo lange die Menſchen Sinn und Kraft am Gedeihen und Gelingen ſtärken konnten, vortrefflich geweſen ſein mag. Aber man begreift nicht minder, daß dieſe Verfaſſung im Fortgange der Zeit, ſelbſt über dem Gedeihen des gemeinen Weſens, bei dem Verhältniſſe der herrſchenden Stadt zu ihrem Gebiet, in Verfall gerathen konnte und mußte. Der Reichthum galt zu viel bei den öffentlichen Aemtern; niedrige Leidenſchaften der Menſchen behielten zu großen Raum, und was für Erlangung der Gewalt hingegeben wurde, das mußte durch Beſitz derſelben wieder erworben werden. Zwiſchen Senat und Volk war ein wechſelſeitiges Entgegenſtreben faſt unvermeidlich. Dieſes konnte leicht zu einem verderblichen Kampf ausarten, ſobald Einer aus einer großen Familie ſich auf die Seite des Volks ſchlug, daſſelbe gewann, ſo dem Senate gegenübertrat, und die Hundert entweder zwang, mit ihm allmächtig zu werden, oder zu Grunde zu gehen. So lange kein dauerndes Unglück die Verhältniſſe verwirrte, und der Kraft des Einzelnen Gelegenheit gab, ſich geltend zu machen, mochte Alles beſtehen; aber Karthago durfte nicht hoffen, ſolchem Unglücke zu entgehen, da ihr Handelsgeiſt eben ſowohl als der Zuſtand des phöniciſchen Gebiets zu auswärtigen Unternehmungen trieben, die nur mit Hülfe gemietheter Völker ausgeführt werden konnten, und ſie nothwendig in Kriege verwickeln mußten. Wie klug ſie auch bei der Werbung, wie vorſichtig ſie beim Gebrauche der Miethlinge verfuhr: je weiter ſie ſich verbreiteten, deſto mehr wurde der Bau über ſeine Grundlage erhoben und hinaus geſetzt, und deſto gewiſſer mußte er zuſammenſtürzen.

Zu allen dieſen Uebeln, welche theils in dem Verhältniſſe der herrſchenden Stadt zu dem phöniciſchen Gebiete, theils aber in den inneren Verhältniſſen dieſer Stadt ihren Grund hatten, kam nun noch hinzu, daß eine Menge Sklaven dem Ganzen, wie den Einzelnen, möglich machen mußte, zu werden, was ſie waren. Durch dieſe Sklaven wurde Karthago in den Stand geſetzt, ſolche Flotten über das Meer zu ſenden, als geſchah; die reichen Bürger aber vermochten durch ſie, die Wirthſchaft auf ihren Gütern fremder Bewunderung werth zu machen, und ſich die Mittel zu verſchaffen, deren ſie bedurften. Aber für Erhaltung und Mehrung des gemeinen Weſens wurde durch die Sklaven nur gewonnen, ſo lange das Glück beſtand.

Auswärtige Eroberungen. Kriege mit den Griechen in Sicilien.

Indem auf ſolche Weiſe Karthago ihre Herrſchaft in Afrika erweiterte und ihre Verfaſſung ausbildete, verbreitete ſie ſich zugleich fort und fort über das Meer und ſtrebte nach auswärtigen Beſitzungen. Der angeſtammte Geiſt des Handels reizte zu ſolchen Verſuchen, die ererbte Weltkunde ließ am Gelingen nicht zweifeln, der Gedanke, die Verbündeten und Unterworfenen in Afrika im Gehorſam zu befeſtigen, trieb dazu an, und vielleicht forderte auch das bedrängte Mutterland dazu auf. In der Zeit, als die aſſyriſchen und babyloniſchen Könige nach einander Aſien unterwarfen, fingen die Karthager an, ſich mit den phöniciſchen Niederlaſſungen in und an dem weſtlichen Theile des Meeres in Verbindung zu ſetzen, um ſie zu vertheidigen, und den alten Handel in verwandter Hand zu erhalten. Gegen die Phokäer, welche, um dem perſiſchen Joche zu entgehen, vor dem Cyrus ein neues Vaterland ſuchten, vertheidigten ſie ſchon (in Verbindung mit Tyrrhenern?) die Inſel Corſica, und ließen ihnen nur einen Kadmeiſchen Sieg. Von der Zeit an erſcheinen ſie nach und nach überall auf den Inſeln und Küſten, auf welchen vorher vom Mutterland aus phöniciſches Leben und phöniciſcher Betrieb gegründet war.

In dieſen phöniciſchen Gründungen wurden ſie überall friedlich und freundlich aufgenommen. Dieſes geht ſchon daraus hervor, daß ſie bereits um dieſelbe Zeit, als doch in Afrika ſelbſt noch viel zu erſtreben ſein mußte, neue und bedeutende Ausheimungen wagen konnten. Der Suffet Hanno hat uns von einem wichtigen Verſuche, den er ſelbſt etwa ſechsthalbhundert Jahre vor Chriſto, an der Weſt-Küſte Afrika's unternahm, eine merkwürdige Nachricht hinterlaſſen; von den — faſt gleichzeitigen — Gründungen Himilkon's (der mit jenem dem großen Hauſe Mago's angehörte) an der europäiſchen Weſtküſte wiſſen wir freilich nichts, aber die einfache Nachricht davon iſt ſowohl für karthagiſche, als für phöniciſche Geſchichte nicht unwichtig. So gewann Karthago immer mehr Haltpunkte, wohin ſie die aus dem Innern Afrika's, ja aus Aegypten und Indien, durch Karavanen erhaltenen, und mit alt-phöniciſchem Fleiß und Sinne bereiteten oder verſchönerten Erzeugniſſe der Natur und menſchlicher Arbeit abſetzen, und woher ſie andere Erzeugniſſe anderer Gegenden zum Gebrauch oder Umſatz an ſich bringen konnte: ſie gewann immer mehr Gelegenheit, Reichthum zu erwerben, Kraft zu üben und Bildung zu erringen. Aber in dem Benehmen der Karthager gegen dieſe auswärtigen Beſitzungen zeigt ſich ein Streben nach Herrſchaft, von welchem das Mutterland nichts gewußt hatte, und deßwegen eine Umſicht, Mäßigung und Beharrlichkeit, die Bewunderung verdienen. Denn Karthago war in ihrem afrikaniſchen Gebiet an's Herrſchen gewöhnt, und das Weſen ihrer Verfaſſung machte Mäßigung und Ausdauer möglich und nothwendig.

Jedoch nicht dadurch allein veränderte ſich das Loos der phöniciſchen Niederlaſſungen, ſondern bald droheten neue Gefahren. Die Bildung nämlich erweiterte ſich; der Geiſt ſtrebte fort, mehrere Völker fingen an, ſich kräftiger emporzuarbeiten, und verlangten einen Beſitz und Verkehr, mit welchem ſich das karthagiſche Syſtem nicht vertragen konnte. Es war aber natürlich, daß Karthago, ſobald es dieſe Beſtrebungen anderer Völker gewahr ward, eilte, ihr Syſtem zu vollenden, und daß ſie um ſo eifriger nach allgemeiner Herrſchaft über das Meer ſtrebte, je mehr ſie ſich ihrer Schwäche bewußt war und mithin fremde Macht fürchten mußte. Und da es nun gegen die Natur der Völker und Staaten iſt, einen gerechten Anſpruch aufzugeben, den ſie einmal erhoben haben: ſo kam es nothwendig bald zwiſchen Karthago und dieſen aufſtrebenden Völkern zu feindlichen Berührungen. In dieſen Berührungen konnte Karthago wohl eine Zeit lang ſcheinbar im Glücke bleiben, weil die neuaufſtrebenden Völker erſt durch ſie Gelegenheit bekommen mußten, ihre Kraft zu entwickeln, zu fühlen und zu gebrauchen; obſiegen jedoch konnte ſie darum nicht, weil der Sinn des menſchlichen Lebens, freie Ausbildung des Geiſtes, freien Verkehr der Völker verlangt. Die Vormacht eines Staats, ſo verzeihlich ihre Erwerbung geweſen ſein mag, wird zu einer vernichtenden Anmaßung, ſobald andere Völker Anſprüche dagegen erheben, die aus dem Gefühl ihrer Kraft hervorgehen. Karthago aber konnte ſich um ſo weniger in einer ſolchen Anmaßung behaupten, je weniger ſie für die Vertheidigung derſelben eine reine volksthümliche Macht aufzubieten hatte, und je unnatürlicher ihre Herrſchaft überhaupt war.

Zuerſt erregte ſie die Aufmerkſamkeit des Perſer-Königs; aber dieſem war es nur um Unterjochung zu thun, und die ferne Gefahr ging leicht vorüber. Dann erhob, mehr als 500 Jahre v. Chr., Rom ihr Haupt; und der Handels-Vertrag, der (im Jahr 509) zwiſchen Karthago und Rom geſchloſſen wurde, zeigt ſchon die Keime zu den künftigen Kriegen zwiſchen beiden Staaten deutlich genug. Solche Eiferſucht in einem herrſchenden, bei ſolchen Anſprüchen in einem emporſtrebenden Staate, mußte zu entſcheidenden Kämpfen führen, obgleich gegenſeitige Verhältniſſe dieſelben verzögerten! Um das wichtige, an Getreide und Koſtbarkeiten reiche Sardinien mußte geſtritten werden, theils wahrſcheinlich mit italiſchen Städten, theils mit den Bewohnern des Eilands ſelbſt. Corſica wenigſtens wurde von den Etruskern mit Glück ſtreitig gemacht. Aber die Entſcheidungen der großen Frage über die Herrſchaft des Meeres ſchien von dem Beſitze des großen und herrlichen Eilands Sicilien abzuhängen. Daher richteten die Karthager auf dieſes, deſſen Urbewohner, die Sikuler, ſchon von frühen Zeiten her phöniciſche Städte hatten dulden müſſen, mit Recht ihre Aufmerkſamkeit und Anſtrengung.

Aber hier gerade begegneten ihnen, mit entgegengeſetzten Entwürfen, regem Geiſt und ſchöner Bildung, Griechen, denen die Phönicier vorſichtig auszuweichen bemüht geweſen waren. Syrakus, eine griechiſche Stadt doriſchen Stammes, hatte ſich in etwa dritthalbhundert Jahren durch rege Thätigkeit und durch Gunſt des Glückes, zu einer bedeutenden Macht erhoben, ſo daß dem Tyrannen Gelon, der durch Geiſt, Sinn und Einfluß die Syrakuſer leicht über die verlorne Freiheit tröſten konnte, der Gedanke, ganz Sicilien zu unterwerfen, nicht zu groß ſchien. Aber dadurch wurde die Anſtrengung Karthago's nur um ſo mehr aufgeregt. Und die Zeit, als die Perſer ihre Angriffe auf Griechenland unternahmen (127), ſchien günſtig, um mit Syrakus über Sicilien den Kampf zu wagen; und die mannigfachen Beſitzungen in verſchiedenen Ländern, auf verſchiedenen Inſeln machten es leicht, ein bedeutendes Heer von Miethlingen zuſammenzubringen. Aber dieſelben Männer, welche über Griechenlands Bildung wachten, wehrten auch den Karthagern, ſo mächtig zu werden, daß ihr aſiatiſch-afrikaniſches Weſen der Entwickelung europäiſcher Eigenthümlichkeit hätte hinderlich werden können. Der große Tag (128), welcher des Xerxes eiteln Plan bei Salamis ſo ſchmachvoll zerſtörte, gab auch dem Gelon das Glück, den ſtolzen Entwurf Karthago's bei Himera zu vernichten. Hamilkar aber hielt es, erhabener als Xerxes, unter der Würde, einen ſolchen Tag zu überleben, und Gelon bewilligte einen bewunderten Frieden, durch welchen ihnen die weſtliche Küſte des Eilandes verblieb. Da wurde die Ausführung des großen Gedankens verſchoben, und, wie es ſcheint, die Zeit angewandt, in Afrika die Grenzen zu erweitern, die Herrſchaft zu befeſtigen, und auf ſolche Weiſe Kräfte zu ſammeln für Erneuerung des Kampfes.

Denn Karthago konnte ſo wenig den Blick von Sicilien hinwegwenden, als ſie aufhören konnte, die Fortdauer ihrer Herrſchaft und ihres Daſeins zu wollen. Aber die Vorfälle auf Sicilien, die Erhebung der alten Sikuler für Freiheit und Recht, die Streitigkeiten der griechiſchen Städte unter einander, die unklugen Entwürfe Athens während des peloponneſiſchen Krieges, und die große Entſcheidung, welche dieſelben herbeizogen, erlaubten den Karthagern, wenigſtens ſcheinbar, ruhige Zuſchauer zu bleiben. Als durch dieſe Vorfälle Syrakus, welche nach jenem Siege durch Pracht und Dichtkunſt einen großen Glanz gewonnen hatte, von ihrer Höhe herabgeſunken war: da ſchien die Gelegenheit, die ſich den Karthagern zur Erneuerung des Kriegs darbot, nicht unwillkommen zu ſein. Und als er einmal wieder begonnen war dieſer Krieg (im J. 410): ſo konnte er um ſo weniger wieder aufhören, da Dionyſios, nachdem er die Syrakuſer um die Freiheit, die ſie ſo wenig als Herrſchaft ertragen konnten, betrogen hatte, Eroberungs-Gedanken hegte und verbarg, deren Vereitelung den Karthagern jeder Aufopferung werth ſein mußte. Daher iſt nicht zu verwundern, daß der Krieg nur von Zeit zu Zeit unterbrochen ward, um mit ſtets friſcher Kraft geführt werden zu können. Die Vernichtung des einen Theils durch den andern wurde nur dadurch verhindert, daß endlich eine neue Macht mit neuen Anſprüchen, dazwiſchen trat und Karthago's Anſtrengung auf ſich zog.

Der Umſtand aber, daß Karthago, ungeachtet Syrakus durch ſo vielfältige innere Unruhen beſchäftigt und zerrüttet wurde, doch ſo weit vom Ziel ihres Strebens blieb, ſcheint zu beweiſen, daß ihre Macht ſo groß nicht war, als weit verbreitet ihre Herrſchaft. Es fehlte wohl an einem Manne, welcher die ungleichartige Maſſe für Einen Zweck mit Einer Seele hätte durchdringen können. Selbſt der zweite Handelsvertrag mit Rom (im J. 348) ſcheint ein Beſtreben zu zeigen, die Schwäche zu verbergen. Und wie ſchnell offenbarte ſich die Schwäche Karthago's, als Timoleon mit der höchſten republikaniſchen Tugend, welche die Geſchichte kennt, mit hohem Geiſt und Heldemnach, an der Spitze der Syrakuſer erſchien, und die Karthager zwang, nicht länger in ſchlauer Unterhaltung der Verwirrung, ſondern in redlichem Kampfe zu zeigen, was ſie vermochten. Aber neue Stürme in Syrakus und neue Zerrüttungen auf Sicilien riefen ſie noch einmal zum Kriege. Da zeigte ihnen Agathokles, ein ſeltſamer Mann, ein Sohn des Glückes, ein Zögling der Verhältniſſe, aber bei der größten Herrſchluſt voll Einſicht und Kühnheit, ſogar vor den Thoren ihrer Stadt, wie wenig ſie, auch bei dem ſchönſten Glück, in auswärtigen Kriegen für die eigene Sicherheit gewännen, ſobald nur ihr Verhältniß erkannt war. Indeß ging die Gefahr um ſo leichter vorüber, da Agathokles mehr ſich ſelbſt wollte, als ſein Vaterland. Von der Zeit an ſchien Sicilien ihre Beute und damit das große Ziel erreicht zu ſein. Denn die vielverſprechende Hülfe, welche der leidenſchaftliche Krieger, König Pyrrhus von Epirus, mehr aus tollkühner Eitelkeit als mit beſonnener Berechnung ſeiner Mittel nach Plan und Zweck, zu bringen ſchien, war von keiner Dauer, und diente nur dazu, die Karthager und Römer ſo nahe an einander zu bringen, daß ſie nicht mehr friedlich neben einander beſtehen konnten, und daß nur noch ein Zuſammentreffen dazu gehörte, um den längſtgehäuften Stoff in Flammen zu ſetzen. Er ſelbſt ſchwächte ſich dabei dergeſtalt, daß er dieſe Gegenden ihrem Schickſale gänzlich überlaſſen mußte.

Wenn uns nun auch unmöglich iſt, im Einzelnen zu bemerken, welch' eine Wirkung dieſer anderthalbjährige Kampf über Sicilien auf Karthago's Verfaſſung und Geiſt gehabt hat, ſo iſt doch keineswegs zu bezweifeln, daß eine ſo langdauernde Beſtrebung höchſt wichtig auf die innern Verhältniſſe gewirkt haben müſſe. Und wenn man den frühern Zuſtand Karthago's bedenkt und die ſpätern Erſcheinungen, ſo wie die Natur menſchlicher Dinge beachtet, ſo dürfte ſich Folgendes ergeben. Das Werbungsſyſtem wurde erweitert und geſichert, um für den ſtets fortdauernden Kampf ſtets neue Schaaren zu haben: deswegen erhielt das Geld eine neue große Wichtigkeit für den Staat. Um dieſes Geld, oder das, wofür man daſſelbe begehren mußte, zu erhalten, wurde den Verbündeten mehr angeſonnen, den Untergebenen mehr aufgelegt: daher wohl größere Herrſchaft, aber auch größerer Unwille. Die öffentlichen Angelegenheiten mußten mehr einzelnen Männern anvertraut werden: daher wuchs der Einfluß der Hundert nothwendig von ſelbſt; und da nun für die leitenden nur Männer Sicherheit beim Volke war: ſo mußte der Senat mit den Suffeten zurückgedrängt, ſo das Gleichgewicht zerſtört und Parteiung veranlaßt werden. Mit einem Worte: der Verfall war eingeleitet.

Der erſte Krieg mit Rom, vom Jahr 264 — 240.

Nachdem die Römer ganz Unter-Italien in ihre Gewalt gebracht hatten, konnten ſie die Karthager nicht im Beſitze der nahen Eilande dulden, wenn ſie anders ihrer Erwerbung froh und gewiß ſein wollten. Die Karthager hingegen mußten, wie früher die Tyrannen von Syrakus, durch Beſitzung des ſüdlichen Italiens den Beſitz der Inſeln zu ſichern ſuchen. Ueberhaupt ſcheint eine Eroberung nur durch eine neue Eroberung befeſtigt werden zu können. Dieſes mögen Karthager und Römer recht lebendig gefühlt haben, als der ſeltſame Bund zwiſchen ihnen gegen den gemeinſamen Feind ſie vor Tarent, einer griechiſchen Stadt doriſchen Stammes, reich durch Handel und üppig durch Reichthum, zuſammengeführt hatte. Daher iſt nicht zu verwundern, daß die Römer, bei den ſeltſamen Verhältniſſen der Mamertiner in Meſſana, ſich entſchloſſen, dieſe Menſchen gegen Syrakus und Karthago zu vertheidigen, wenn ſie gleich ihre Sache für abſcheulich erklärten; denn nicht dieſe Sache wollten ſie vertheidigen, ſondern ſich ſelbſt. Der Krieg aber, der darüber (im J. 264) ausbrach, mußte nach der Natur der Länder und Völker für Rom entſcheiden, wenn er anders von Rom mit Kraft und Klugheit geführt ward; und die Art, wie Karthago diejenigen, die ihr unterworfen waren, behandelt zu haben ſcheint, und die treuloſe Selbſtſucht, mit welcher ſie den Bundesgenoſſen, Hieron von Syrakus, von ſich entfernte, und zum Uebertritt auf die feindliche Seite reizte, erleichterte für die Römer den Kampf, weil ſie ſogleich einen großen Theil der Inſel in ihre Gewalt brachten.

Dieſer urſprüngliche Fehler konnte durch ſpätere Anſtrengungen nicht wieder gut gemacht werden. Je größer dieſe waren, deſto verderblicher mußten ſie für Karthago ſein; aber indem die Karthager die römiſche Macht dadurch aufreizten, gaben ſie derſelben nur Gelegenheit, ſich zu entwickeln und zu vermehren, während ſie ſelbſt immer ſchwächer wurden. Gar bald war Karthago auf die Hoffnung der Uebermacht zur See beſchränkt, und die alte Bekanntſchaft mit dem Meere ſchien dieſe Hoffnung zu rechtfertigen. Dennoch ſtürzte auch ſie ſchnell zuſammen, als Duilius mit einer neuen Kampfart überraſchte, und friſchen Muth und Geiſt der Weiſe früherer Zeiten gegenüberſtellte. Ja, ſelbſt der Umſtand, daß Karthago ihre Kraft meiſt auf die Seemacht wandte, führte faſt das Verderben unmittelbar herbei. Denn welchen Widerſtand fanden die Römer, als ſie, mit des Agathokles Beiſpiele bekannt, den Krieg auf die afrikaniſche Küſte, in das karthagiſche Gebiet, warfen (J. 256)? Und wenn Regulus, verwegen über das bisherige Glück, minder unvorſichtig, ehrbegierig und hart geweſen wäre: ſo möchte ſchon jetzt Karthago zu Aufopferungen geängſtigt ſein, durch welche ſie von neuen Kriegen abgehalten worden wäre. Aber Rom bedurfte noch eines ſolchen Gegners, und Karthago hatte noch zu viel eigenthümlichen Sinn, um ein ſolches Schickſal zu verdienen. Gewiß ſcheint wenigſtens: Karthago fand durch ein glückliches Geſchick an Xanthippos den Mann, der ihre Kraft zu leiten verſtand, um ſich zu retten und zu rächen (J. 255).

Nach glücklicher Abwendung dieſer Gefahr erhielt Karthago wackere Verbündete an den Winden, wenn anders dieſe nicht römiſche Ungeſchicklichkeit und Niederlagen entſchuldigen mußten. Aber auch der Kampf ward um ſo heftiger, je näher er die Gefahr gebracht hatte. Das Glück wandte ſich bald auf dieſe Seite und bald auf jene, und erhielt dadurch den Muth beider Partieien aufrecht. Aber den Karthagern ſank das Herz nothwendig zuerſt, weil ſie nur herrſchen wollten, um Handel zu treiben und zu gewinnen, und weil ſie darum die Koſtenrechnung der langen Anſtrengung mit Schrecken überdenken mußten; auch war natürlich, daß ihnen immer mehr die Mittel fehlten, den großen Aufwand zu beſtreiten. Deswegen und wegen der Sache ſelbſt war das Glück, bei allem Schwanken, bei allen Sprüngen, im Ganzen auf der Seite Roms. Selbſt Hamilkar Barkas, ein herrlicher Jüngling, zu kühnen Entwürfen und großen Thaten durch Geiſt und Heldenmuth gleich fähig, konnte den Fortgang der Römer wohl aufhalten, aber er vermochte nicht das Gleichgewicht herzuſtellen, und noch weniger Karthago's Macht vorwiegend zu machen. Er ſelbſt war unbeſieglich, aber Karthago war durch ihn nicht ſiegreich.

Vierundzwanzig Jahre war auf dieſe Weiſe gekämpft; Karthago hatte unerhörte Opfer gebracht; die alte Mäßigung war durch die Noth der Umſtände zerſtört. Dem gemeinen Haufen mochte es ſcheinen, alle dieſe Opfer würden allein für den Beſitz von Sicilien gefordert, und dieſe Inſel verſprach vielleicht nicht einen ſolchen Gewinn, der dieſen Aufwand aufgewogen hätte. Da ermüdete derſelbe und verlangte um ſo heftiger Frieden, je öfter der Einzelne eigenen Verluſt durch die römiſche Seemacht erleiden mußte. Der Verfall der Verfaſſung aber, in den Kriegen gegen Syrakus vorbereitet, hatte in dieſem heftigeren Kampfe gegen Rom furchtbar begonnen. Darum entſchied die Stimme der Menge, und die einzelnen Männer, welche wohl wußten, warum es galt, gaben den Umſtänden nach, weil ſie nur zu eigenem Verderben widerſtanden haben würden. Hamilkar Barkas unterzeichnete alſo den Frieden unter Bedingungen, zu welchen Karthago nicht durch den Gang des Kriegs, nicht durch ihre Lage (wenn anders Ein Wille und Ein Entſchluß in der Geſammtheit der Bürger geweſen wäre), gezwungen ward, ſondern zu welchen ſie nur durch eine unwürdige Verzagtheit im Augenblicke des Unfalles und der Verlegenheit geſchreckt wurde. Darum würde der hohe Sinn Hamilkar's wohl nicht den tiefen Schmerz ertragen haben, wenn ihn nicht der Gedanke künftiger Rache aufrecht erhalten hätte (J. 240).

Die Zeit zwiſchen dem erſten und dem zweiten Kriege mit Rom; J. 240 — 219.

Für einen erobernden Staat iſt das Aufgeben einer Unternehmung, die Anſtrengung und Aufopferung gekoſtet hat, allemal gefährlich. Uebt dieſer Staat ſchon Herrſchaft über andere, gehören nicht Alle, die unter ſeinen Geſetzen ſtehen, ihm an mit freiem Bürgerſinne, ſondern werden ſie wie unterworfen behandelt: ſo wird die Gefahr zwiefach groß, denn ſie droht von innen wie von außen. Darum war die Abtretung Siciliens für Karthago ein ungeheurer Verluſt. Rom mußte ſeinen Blick auf Sardinien wenden, auf alle auswärtigen Beſitzungen; und wer bürgte für die Treue der Bundesgenoſſen und für den Gehorſam der Unterworfenen? Nur eine neue große und glückliche Unternehmung, welche den alten Unfall in Vergeſſenheit zu bringen vermochte, ſchien Sicherheit und Anſehen retten zu können. Aber ehe Karthago ſich beſinnen und zu ſolchen Entſchlüſſen kommen konnte, wurde ſie in größere Noth gebracht, als je zuvor. Sie erfuhr, wie unnatürlich Entwürfe zu Herrſchaft und Eroberung ſind, die durch fremde Arme ausgeführt werden ſollen; wie unſicher ein Staat ſteht, der ſich auf Söldlinge verlaſſen muß, welche das Unglück ihrer Herren nicht theilen, ſondern daſſelbe zu eigenem Vortheil übermüthig zu benutzen trachten. Kaum war der unglückliche Krieg geendigt, ſo geriethen dieſe Feinde des Friedens in wilden Aufruhr, und mit ihnen erhoben ſich faſt alle Verbündete und Unterworfene ſchnell zu verderblicher Empörung, weil Karthago ſich ſtets, und im letzten Kriege von neuem, Allen durch Härte und Bedrückung verhaßt gemacht hatte.

In dieſer Noth aber bewieſen die Karthager Vertrauen, Thätigkeit und Würde; darum fanden ſie in ſich ſelbſt und bei Fremden die nöthige Hülfe. Karthago ſiegte; aber der vierthalbjährige ſchwere Krieg mit den Söldlingen, der ſich durch Schändlichkeiten und Grauſamkeiten furchtbar auszeichnete, wurde nicht blos durch die neuen, großen und unerhörten Opfer, die er verſchlang, höchſt wichtig für Karthago, ſondern er ward in vielen andern Rückſichten unendlich folgenſchwer. Einmal mußte in einer ſolchen Zeit des Dranges und der Noth vielfältig der Augenblick entſcheiden; alte Rechte durften nicht beachtet werden; die Leidenſchaften der Menſchen erhielten freien Raum; die Verfaſſung machte in ihrem Verfalle große Fortſchritte. Dann verdankte Karthago ihre Rettung zumeiſt dem kühnen und hochgeſinnten **Hamilkar Barkas**; aber je größer der Vorzug war, den dieſer verdiente und erhielt, deſto ſchwerer fühlte ſich der ſtolze und mächtige, aber harte und des Krieges unkundige **Hanno** gekränkt, deſto bitterer ward ſeine Feindſchaft, deſto beſtimmter die Spaltung Karthago's durch ihn: denn der Keim zum Streite zwiſchen dem Senate nebſt den Suffeten und dem Volke mit den Hundert, welcher in der Verfaſſung gegeben war (160), konnte ſich nun recht furchtbar entwickeln, da beide Partien Häupter erhielten. Ferner hatte Karthago erkannt, wie wenig auf Libyen zu rechnen, und wie nothwendig auswärtiges Glück für die einheimiſche Herrſchaft war. Endlich mußte die Ohnmacht, mit welcher man nicht nur der Beſitznehmung Sardiniens durch die Römer zuſehen, ſondern mit welcher man ſich ſogar, um einen neuen Krieg zu vermeiden, entſchließen mußte, die Koſten zu erſtatten, welche die Erwerbung und Einrichtung etwa verurſachten, in jedem edlen Manne das Gefühl des Schmerzes über das geſunkene Vaterland, der Erbitterung und der Rache gegen Rom furchtbar auffachen.

Keiner dürfte dies klarer erkannt, keiner darüber tiefern Kummer empfunden haben, als **Hamilkar Barkas**, der Unbeſiegte, der Retter Karthago's. Aber während Andere etwa troſtlos klagten, faßte er den kühnen Entwurf einer neuen großen Unternehmung, — nicht blos nothwendig für künftige Rache an der übermüthigen Roma, ſondern auch für gegenwärtige Erhaltung des gemeinen Weſens, zur Verhütung allgemeiner Zerrüttung und Auflöſung. Seine Gedanken fielen auf Spanien. Auf Sicilien, auf Sardinien war ein Verſuch nicht möglich; ja, wenn er auch möglich geweſen, wenn er auch gelungen wäre, er war, wegen des Geldmangels, nicht einmal nützlich. Erwerbungen in Spanien aber ſchienen, von den Orten aus, in deren Beſitze Karthago ſchon war, wegen der Zerriſſenheit der alten Einwohner und wegen deren Verhältniſſe zu den eingewanderten Völkern, nicht ſchwer; ſie konnten gewähren, was man nöthig hatte, Geld und Menſchen, und ihre Behauptung hing nicht von großen Flotten ab. Aber, wie war Karthago für einen ſolchen Gedanken, nach ſolchen Unfällen, bei der Niedergeſchlagenheit, und bei dieſer Feindſchaft **Hanno's** und der ariſtokratiſchen Partei, zu gewinnen! Gewiß, es war wohl nothwendig, ſie zu Entſchluß und That fortzureißen! Indem aber **Hamilkar** dieſer traurigen Nothwendigkeit, um Rettung und Rächung des geliebten Vaterlandes, nachgab, zerriß er zugleich die Grundſätze, durch welche das gemeine Weſen zu Kraft und Größe gekommen war, und ſetzte ſich in die noch traurigere Nothwendigkeit, den Riß mit jedem Tage zu vergrößern. Von dem Augenblick an war Karthago das Spiel wilder Leidenſchaften; das Volk und die Hundert entſchieden; **Hanno** und der Senat durften nur im Stillen entgegenwirken; für **Hamilkar** aber waren große Thaten und große Beute nothwendig, um die Gunſt derer zu erhalten, die ihn allein retten konnten. Er ging nach Spanien (J. 236).

Das Glück begünſtigte ſein Unternehmen. Rom war mit andern Kriegen beſchäftigt. Durch Gewalt und Unterhandlung wurden in Spanien ſchöne und große Beſitzungen erworben. Und da **Hamilkar** bei dieſem glänzenden Erfolge die ſchönen Gaben, die Spanien darbot, mit großer Klugheit zwiſchen dem Staate, den Volksführern und ſeinem Heere vertheilte: wie hätte er nicht die Meinung der Mehrheit in Karthago für ſich gewinnen und Billigung und Lob und Begeiſterung erregen ſollen! Aber ſein früher Tod hinderte die Entwickelung ſeiner erhabenen Seele. Ihm folgte dann zwar (J. 228) ſein Eidam, der ſchöne **Hasdrubal**. Dieſer wußte auch durch Tapferkeit, und noch mehr durch freundliche Sitte die Einwohner Spaniens zu gewinnen, die Herrſchaft Karthago's weit zu verbreiten und durch Anlegung einer neuen ſchönen Stadt derſelben Feſtigkeit, Glanz und reges Leben zu geben. Aber **Hamilkar's** große Geſinnung war wohl nicht in ihm. Er dachte vielleicht mehr an ſich, als an das Vaterland, und auch darin wich er gewiß von **Hamilkar's** Grundſatz ab, daß er die reiche Ausbeute der neuentdeckten Silberlagen anwandte, ſich eine Partei im Senate zu erkaufen, um den alten Gegner ſeines Hauſes zu ſtürzen und auf ſolche Weiſe allmächtig zu werden; aber dadurch gab er die Gunſt des Volkes auf, die nur der hat, welcher nichts ſucht als ſie, und verſchaffte dem **Hanno** Gelegenheit zu offenen Angriffen auf ihn und ſeine Partei, welche dieſer ſchwerlich gewagt haben würde, wenn das Volk in gleicher Geſinnung erhalten worden wäre. Deswegen ſein unzeitiger Tod wohl nicht zu früh. **Hasdrubal** möchte über dem erſten Theil des Hamilkar'ſchen Entwurfes (wie auch ſein kaum begreiflicher Vertrag mit Rom zu beweiſen ſcheint) den zweiten vergeſſen haben. Auch kam ein Würdigerer an ſeine Stelle (J. 221), **Hannibal**, **Hamilkar's** Sohn, ein edler, großgeſinnter Jüngling, der ſeinen Vater in den ſchönſten Tugenden des Feldherrn und Staatsbürgers weit übertraf, der dabei von einem angeerbten, früh beſchworenen und recht durchdachten Haſſe gegen Rom beſeelt war, wurde durch das von ihm bezauberte Heer zum Anführer gewählt. Beim Senat und Volke zu Karthago wurde denn dieſe Wahl gleichfalls durchgeſetzt: indeß ſcheint das von **Hasdrubal** vernachläſſigte Volk nicht für dieſelbe gewonnen zu ſein, ſondern es ſcheint nur geduldet zu haben, was in dem Augenblicke, nach der Entſcheidung des Heeres, nicht zu hindern war. Aber dieſe Umſtände machten die Lage Hannibal's gewiß bedenklich, und wenn ſie ihn von der einen Seite zwangen, den Entwurf des Vaters raſch zu verfolgen, ehe die Ausführung des großen Gedankens ganz unmöglich ſein würde (und dieſes war, bei längerer Verzögerung auch wegen Roms, bisher gut abgelenkter, Aufmerkſamkeit zu fürchten): ſo machten ſie von der andern dieſe Ausführung faſt allein zu ſeiner Sache, und nur durch Glück und Heldenthaten konnte er ſie zu einer Sache Karthago's machen.

Der zweite Krieg gegen Rom; Jahre 219 — 201.

Und glückliche Heldenthaten vollbrachte **Hannibal** ſchon in Spanien, theils gegen die Olkaden und andere Völker, noch mehr aber gegen Sagunt, die unbeſonnene Freundin Roms. Der erhabene Fall dieſer Stadt jedoch, welcher die Unternehmung **Hannibal's** in mehr als einer Rückſicht erſt möglich machte, zeigte dieſem zum voraus, welch' einen Kampf er zu beſtehen haben werde, ſo wie das menſchliche Gefühl in allen Zeiten durch denſelben aufs innigſte ergriffen, und auf die Fortſetzung des Krieges geſpannt werden wird. Darauf die Sicherung Afrika's und Spaniens, die Rüſtung, der kühne Zug, um den Römern den Krieg von einer Seite zu bringen, von welcher ſie ihn nicht erwarteten, der Uebergang über die Pyrenäen, die kluge Behandlung der galliſchen Völker, und das mühſelige Steigen über der Alpen grauſenvolle Höhen, unter beſtändigen Kämpfen mit der ungeheuern Natur, mit der rohen Grauſamkeit der Menſchen, und mit Verzagtheit des eigenen Heeres! So erſchien **Hannibal** zum Erſtaunen der Römer in Italien, zwang ſie, großen, in die Ferne gerichteten, Entwürfen zu entſagen und für Herd und Altar im eigenen Lande zu kämpfen.

Aber wenn die überraſchte Rom, wie die ſpäte Nachwelt, ſchon dieſe Dinge der Bewunderung werth fand: wie groß mußte ihr **Hannibal** erſcheinen, da er mit einem ſolchen kleinen, buntgemiſchten Heere, welches nur durch das gemeinſte Intereſſe zuſammengehalten wurde, römiſchen Legionen zu begegnen wagte, ja da er dieſe römiſchen Legionen ſchlug, wo er ihnen begegnete! Selten iſt wohl glänzender gezeigt, daß im Kriege der Geiſt des Feldherrn entſcheidet; denn an den großen Tagen am Fluſſe Trebia (J. 218), am See Traſimenus (J. 217) und bei Cannä (J. 216), wie in den kleineren Gefechten errang eigentlich allein **Hannibal's** Feldherrngeiſt die ſchönen Siege über die römiſchen Schaaren, denen es wahrlich weder an Kriegskunſt, noch an Tapferkeit oder Bürgerſinn fehlte; und es iſt nicht zu verwundern, daß ſolche Fahrten und Siege nicht ohne Zwiſchenkunft von Göttern oder Heroen möglich gehalten wurden. Manche haben ſogar geglaubt, daß es mehr als einmal in **Hannibal's** Gewalt geſtanden habe, über die verhaßte Stadt den Untergang zu bringen, wenigſtens einen Frieden zu erhalten, wie er ſich zu Einem Verſuche dieſer Art geneigt gefühlt habe. Indeß ſcheint ſein Verfahren erklärlich.

Hannibal nämlich mochte bei ſeinem anfänglichen Glücke vielleicht auf den ungeheuern Gedanken kommen, nicht bloß Rom zu vernichten, ſondern auch Roms Herrſchaft an Karthago zu bringen, und ſo über Italien und über das ganze Meer zu gebieten, wie ſchon über den größten Theil Spaniens geboten wurde. Wenn er ſich nun das Verhältniß Roms zu ihrem Gebiet ungefähr eben ſo dachte, wie das Verhältniß Karthago's zu dem übrigen: und die erſten Erfahrungen im obern Italien mußten ihn in dieſer Vorſtellung beſtärken: ſo durfte er hoffen, unter dem Namen eines Befreiers Italiens vom römiſchen Joch, einen großen Anhang zu finden, er durfte hoffen, einen allgemeinen Aufſtand gegen Rom zu erregen. Aber um die abgefallenen zugleich an die karthagiſche Herrſchaft zu gewöhnen, war nothwendig, Rom zu erhalten, und unter dem Vorwande des gemeinſamen Kriegs das Gehorchen weniger ſchwer zu machen. Aus dieſem Grunde ſcheint ſich Hannibal's Verfahren nach den Gefechten im obern Theil Italiens und ſein Zug nach dem untern Theile zu erklären. Als er dann in der Folge ſich in ſeiner Erwartung getäuſcht ſah: da ſcheinen ihn, der die Schwäche ſeines Heeres gewiß nicht überſah, und für den Sagunt nicht umſonſt gefallen war, die hohe Würde, der große Ernſt und die erhabene Beſonnenheit geſchreckt zu haben, die Rom fort und fort, und immer herrlicher im Unglücke bewieß. Wer auf einmal Alles gewinnen will, der wagt, auf einmal Alles zu verlieren. Und wie hätte er, nach ſolchen Siegen, und bei dieſem Haſſe, der ſtolzen Rom einen Frieden bieten können, den ſie ſelbſt nicht ſuchte! Daher durfte er die Erfüllung ſeiner Hoffnung entweder nur von einer thätigeren Theilnahme Karthago's oder von der Theilnahme fremder Mächte erwarten, denen etwa Roms Geiſt und Sinn früher läſtig oder gefährlich erſchienen war.

Aber eine Unterſtützung Hannibal's in Italien hing von der Uebermacht der karthagiſchen Waffen in Spanien ab, wohin der Krieg vielleicht gegen Hannibal's Hoffnung, mit großer Klugheit ſogleich von den Römern verbreitet war, und wo er mit großer Anſtrengung unterhalten wurde. Denn bei dem Uebergewichte der römiſchen Seemacht und bei dem Verfalle der karthagiſchen (ſeit dem Verluſte Siciliens und der Herrſchaft der Parteiung), war die Ueberſetzung eines Heeres von Karthago nach Italien gewiß ſehr gefährlich, wenn nicht ganz unmöglich, und dann konnte weder Karthago wollen, daß Spanien, dieſes ſchon gehorchende, ſilberreiche, leichter zu behauptende Land, um Italien, wo wenigſtens der Ausgang des Kampfes noch ſehr zweifelhaft war, vernachläſſigt werden ſollte, noch konnte Hannibal den Sitz ſeiner Macht, woher er wahrſcheinlich das Geld zu ſeinen Unternehmungen zog, aufzugeben wünſchen. Aber die Römer durchſchauten dieſe Verhältniſſe vollkommen, und dachten groß genug, nicht wegen der nahen einheimiſchen Gefahr den fernen Krieg zu verſäumen, durch deſſen kräftige Führung dieſer Gefahr allein dauernd abgewendet werden konnte. Wenn nun auch Mago, Hannibal's Bruder, durch die Nachricht von dem Siege bei Cannä, und von den Folgen deſſelben bei den Völkern Italiens, und durch die Menge goldener Ringe, mit welcher das Unglaubliche gleichſam verbürgt ward, eine ſo allgemeine Begeiſterung in Karthago für den Helden von Cannä und wider die verhaßte Rom zu erregen wußte, daß der alte Feind des Hauſes, Hanno, mit ſeiner Friedenspredigt nicht gehört wurde: ſo behielt man doch Beſonnenheit genug, erſt nach der Sicherung von Spanien, welches die ſchönen Gaben lieferte, die Eroberung Italiens zu wollen, woher noch faſt nichts gekommen war, als Sieges-Nachrichten und Forderungen. Aber die Verſtärkung, die man wiederholt dem Hasdrubal, einem andern Bruder Hannibal's, zuſandte, welchem dieſer die Erhaltung Spaniens anvertraut hatte, war nicht einmal hinreichend, den Römern in Spanien zu begegnen, viel weniger, dem Hannibal Hülfe zu bringen. Die Niederlagen Hasdrubal's bei Ibera und Iliturgis und Munda (J. 216, 215, 214) vereitelten dieſen Entwurf; und wenn ſeinem Geiſt und ſeiner Kriegskunde auch nach zwei Jahren gelang (J. 212), ſich an den Römern zu rächen, ſo war damit für Hannibal's Plan wenig, ja nichts gewonnen. Und des jungen Scipio Erſcheinung in Spanien ſchien die Ausführung ganz unmöglich zu machen. Der Geiſt, die Güte, die Freundlichkeit, das Glück — das götterähnliche Weſen, — dieſes Mannes gewannen ihm bald die Herzen der Bewohner Spaniens, auf welchen der Krieg gewiß ſchwer gelaſtet hatte. Da waren die Karthager verloren. Und wie nun auch die Umſtände geweſen ſein mögen, unter welchen Hasdrubal endlich nach der Schlacht bei Bäcula (J. 208) Spanien mit einem bedeutenden Heere verließ: ſo war doch ſein kühner Zug nach Italien eigentlich eine That der Verzweiflung, unternommen in dem Gefühle, daß er Alles aufgeben oder jetzt das Aeußerſte wagen müſſe, ſelbſt den Verluſt Spaniens. Aber ſolche gewaltige Unternehmungen mögen nur gelingen, wenn ſie der ewigen Natur der Staaten und dem Weſen der Volksthümlichkeiten gemäß ſind, oder wenn ſie zur Zerſtörung eines alten Lebens gereichen ſollen. Darum war die Folge für Spanien, daß hier alle Beſitzungen Karthago's nicht nur an die Römer verloren gingen (J. 206), ſondern, daß auch Verbindungen angeknüpft wurden, welche ſich ſehr verhängnißvoll für Karthago entwickeln ſollten.

Unterdeß hatte Hannibal, ſich ſelbſt überlaſſen und von Karthago aus faſt gar nicht unterſtützt, mehr und mehr auf Koſten Derer leben müſſen, bei denen er war. In demſelben Geiſte, mit welchem er die Römer ſchlug, bemühete er ſich, dieſen neue Feinde zu erwecken, um durch deren Hülfe ſeinen Gedanken ausführen zu können; und er bemühete ſich theils bei den italiſchen Völkerſchaften, an deren Freundſchaft ihm am meiſten liegen mußte, theils bei den Sicilianern und bei Makedoniens Könige. Aber auch hier mißlang die unnatürliche Beſtrebung. In Italien wurden wohl Einige zum Abfalle von Rom gelockt, Andere geſchreckt; aber ſo groß auch Hannibal's Siege ſein mochten: ſeine Macht, die Benutzung derſelben, war nicht hinreichend, um durch allgemeine Furcht Alles mit ſich fortzureißen; und wenn er durch geſchickte Unterhandlung, durch kluge Benutzung der Verhältniſſe, hin und wieder erreichte, daß einige Völkerſchaften ſich ihm anſchloſſen: ſo war doch ſein, ſeines Heers und Staats ganzes Weſen den italiſchen Volksſtämmen zu fremd, als daß ſich ihre Seele nicht lieber zu den Römern gehalten haben ſollte, wie verhaßt ihnen auch das Gehorchen zuvor geweſen war. Neben einem Pacuvius Calavius und Vibius Virrius ſtand überall ein Decius Magius und ein Perolla, die wohl von raſchen Thaten fortgeriſſen oder abgehalten werden konnten, deren Sinn aber darum nicht zu vernichten war, weil er ſich edler, größer, volksthümlicher zeigte. Daher nur Verwirrung und Unglück zu Roms Vortheile!

Eine ſchöne Ablenkung und Zertheilung der römiſchen Kraft hingegen ſchienen die Verhältniſſe Siciliens nach dem ſpäten Tode Hieron's von Syrakus zu verſprechen (J. 215), und Hannibal unterließ nicht, Verſtand und Leidenſchaft zugleich aufzuregen, um den Krieg auf Sicilien wieder zu entzünden. Aber was hätte das wunderliche unſtete Getreibe der Syrakuſier gegen den Ernſt und die Beſonnenheit Roms vermocht? und was wurde anders erreicht, als daß zuerſt die Kraft, die Karthago aufwenden wollte, noch mehr zerſplittert ward, und daß alsdann, nachdem ſelbſt Archimedes Syrakus nicht hatte retten können (J. 212), ganz Sicilien in römiſche Gewalt fiel und ſomit für Karthago verloren ging? Das Bündniß endlich, welches mit Philipp von Makedonien (J. 216) zu Stande kam, blieb gleichfalls theils durch das verſtändige Verfahren der Römer, theils durch die Macht der Umſtände für Hannibal faſt ganz ohne Nutzen, und diente nur zur Einleitung künftiger Erweiterung der römiſchen Herrſchaft.

Indem Hannibal auf ſolche Weiſe eine ſeiner Hoffnungen nach der andern zuſammenſtürzen ſah, wurde ſeine Lage immer ſchwieriger. Jeder Unfall war für ihn ein dreifacher Verluſt. In Italien entfremdeten ſich die Gemüther der Gemeinden, weil immer zweifelhafter ward, ob er ſie würde ſchützen können; diejenigen hingegen, welche wankten, ſchloſſen ſich doppelt feſt wieder den Römern an, als ſie das Schickſal der erſten ſahen. In Spanien wurden die Hülfsmittel immer beſchränkter. Bald ſchien auf der Ankunft Hasdrubal's alles zu beruhen; darum wurde ſie von dieſem auf jede Gefahr gewagt, wie ſie von Hannibal auf jede Gefahr gefordert ſein mochte. Aber wie grauſam wurde die Hoffnung getäuſcht, als die Erfüllung ſich mit unerwarteter Raſchheit zu nahen, und Alles glücklich zu entſcheiden ſchien! Wenn Hasdrubal, einer der erſten Heermeiſter der Zeit, durch Unentſchloſſenheit, durch Verzögerung, durch falſche Rechnung, oder auf welche andere Weiſe, etwas verſchuldet hat, ſo hat er dieſe Verſchuldung durch ſeinen Tod wieder gut zu machen geſucht. Er fiel in der großen Schlacht am Metaurus (J. 207), würdig ſeines Vaters Hamilkar, ſeines Bruders Hannibal und ſeines eignen Lebens. Hannibal aber, als er die gefangenen Afrikaner erblickte, als ihm der Kopf ſeines Bruders vor das Lager geworfen wurde, ganz ergriffen von dem Unglücke ſeines Vaterlandes und ſeines Hauſes, — Hannibal erkannte das Schickſal Karthago's. Und von der Zeit an glich ſein Aufenthalt in Italien dem Kampfe des Löwen, der, von Jägern umſtellt, die Beute nicht laſſen will, die er einmal gemacht hat, und der Verſuch ſeines Bruders Mago auf Genua, Ligurien und Gallien, konnte ſeine Lage nicht verändern.

Hingegen ſah Karthago bald ein feindliches Heer im eignen Gebiet, unter einem großen ſiegbekrönten Feldherrn, am ſchönen Vorgebirge zu ſchöner Vorbedeutung ungehindert landen (J. 204). Da zitterte ſie und erkannte, wie thöricht Bürger verfahren, die aus Liebe zu Ruhme und Gewinne ſich und das gemeine Weſen verſäumen, die den Frieden nicht zu bewahren wiſſen, und doch den Krieg nicht mit Anſtrengung aller Kraft führen mögen, die ſich der Leidenſchaft hingeben und geleitet werden durch den Haß der Parteiung. Hätte Karthago den fernen Kampf mit der Hälfte des Aufwandes unterſtützt, zu welchem ſie jetzt durch die nahe Gefahr gezwungen ward, hätte ſie ihre Küſten bewacht, und ſich dem Feind auf offner See wohlgerüſtet entgegengeſtellt: ſie hätte wenigſtens ein beſſeres Loos verdient! Ihre ſchnelle Aufraffung aber bei drängender Noth glich dem Taumel eines Schlaftrunkenen, der plötzlich aus der Ruhe aufgeſchreckt wird. Die meiſten Anordnungen bewieſen, daß ſie den Zuſtand der Dinge nicht kannte. Und wenn es für Karthago ein Glück zu ſein ſchien, daß die Schönheit der edlen Bürgerin Sophoniſbe die Liebe und Macht des alten Feindes der Karthager, Syphax, des Königs der Maſſylier (Weſt-Numidiens) für ſich und ihr Vaterland gewonnen: ſo konnte doch damit einem Staate keine Rettung verſchafft werden, dem es an innerer Tugend und Einheit fehlte. Vielmehr wurde gerade dieſe Verbindung dadurch ſo verhängnißvoll, daß der alte Freund Karthago's, **Maſiniſſa** (Maſſanaſſes), König von Oſt-Numidien, durch Intereſſe und Eiferſucht zugleich beſtimmt, völlig auf römiſche Seite trat.

Bald Unglück auf Unglück! Die Karthager kannten noch ihren Feind nicht: ſie trauten ihm und hofften Frieden, als er Verderben ſann; und wenn die Geſinnung auf beiden Seiten auch gleich feindſelig war, ſo ſtand doch Karthago den Römern nach, wie an Tapferkeit und Einheit, ſo an Gewandtheit und Liſt. Durch Brand und Schwerdt unterlag Karthago's Heer; viele Städte fielen in römiſche Gewalt; **Syphax** wurde gefangen, und **Sophonisbe**, vielleicht mit neuer Hoffnung für's Vaterland eine neue Ehe ſchließend, hatte am Hochzeittage nur den Troſt, durch einen Giftbecher von afrikaniſcher Hand der römiſchen Sclaverei zu entgehen. Da blieb **Hannibal's** Geiſt und Heer Karthago's einzige Hoffnung. Man rief ihn zurück, und er folgte dem Rufe des Vaterlandes. Mit bitterem Schmerze verließ er Italien, ſeit ſechszehn Jahren die Bühne ſeines Ruhms und ſeiner Größe, voll des Gefühles, nicht vom römiſchen Volke beſiegt, ſondern von Karthago verlaſſen zu ſein. Er ſorgte aber dafür, daß ein einfaches Denkmal hinterblieb, künftigen Geſchlechtern zu verkündigen, wie große Dinge er mit wie geringen Mitteln verrichtet! Seine Ankunft gab neues Vertrauen. Man brach Friedens-Unterhandlungen ab, die mit kleinlichen und unzeitigen Beſchuldigungen **Hannibal's** eingeleitet waren. **Hannibal** aber verkannte weder ſeinen Gegner noch ſein Volk und Heer; darum ſuchte er den Frieden, und wünſchte die Schlacht zu vermeiden, deren Ausgang auf einmal entſcheiden mußte. Es war gewiß ein großer Augenblick, als er und **Scipio** mit gleichem Staunen zu einer Unterredung zuſammentraten. Aber wie hätte die Weisheit, welche ihm eine reiche Erfahrung im Glück und Unglück gegeben, bei ſeinem Gegner, dem noch nichts mißlungen war, Eingang finden können? Vor Roms Mauern hätte ſie entſcheiden mögen! Hierauf wurde die Schlacht bei Zama gekämpft (J. 202), und in derſelben **Hannibal's** Erfahrung und Heldengeiſt ſo grauſam getäuſcht, daß er von neuem das Schickſal Karthago's erkennen mußte. Darum trieb er zum Frieden auf jede Bedingung; ohne Heer, ohne Einheit, ohne Bürgerſinn und Muth: was blieb anders übrig? Und **Scipio** gewährte den Frieden (J. 201), mag ihn der Ruhm, den langen harten Krieg zu endigen, beſtimmt haben, oder die große Anſicht, daß Rom durch die Herrſchaft über Afrika nicht gewinnen konnte, und daß es für ſie gut ſein würde, eine Nebenbuhlerin zu haben, die Aufmerkſamkeit und Anſtrengung forderte. Aber hiezu wurden Karthago doch zu ſchwer gedemüthigt. Sie wurde faſt wehr- und waffenlos (ohne auswärtige Beſitzungen, ohne Macht zu See und Land) ihren Feinden, beſonders dem **Maſiniſſa**, dem neuen Könige von ganz Numidien, überliefert. Das war der Ausgang des achtzehnjährigen Kampfes.

Karthago's letzte Zeiten und Untergang.
Jahr 201 — 146.

Als das Geld zuſammen gebracht wurde, welches die Karthager den Römern zu bezahlen übernommen hatten: da weinten Viele, auch angeſehene Männer; **Hannibal** aber lachte mit zerriſſener Seele über die Elendigkeit Solcher, welche erſt dann das Unglück des Vaterlandes beweinen, wenn ihr eigener Beſitz leidet, und welche den Verfall des gemeinen Weſens nur nach der Größe des Verluſtes an eigner Habe berechnen. Dennoch gab er das Vaterland nicht auf; Alles war nicht verloren, weil er ſich ſelbſt noch hatte. Aber wenn ſein Vater geglaubt haben mochte, Karthago durch große Unternehmungen zu Sieg und Glücke fortreißen zu können: ſo war **Hannibal** durch eine furchtbare Erfahrung zu der Einſicht gekommen, daß der Einzelne auch mit dem reinſten Beſtreben, mit dem heiligen Willen, mit dem größten Geiſte für ein gemeines Weſen nichts vermag, welches, ohne Tugend und Kraft, ſich Parteiungen hingiebt und gemeinen Leidenſchaften. Darum hielt er für nöthig, vor allen Dingen den alten Leib ſeines Vaterlandes mit neuer Seele zu erfüllen. Indem er aber dieſes verſuchte, nöthigte ihn die Lage der Dinge, und trieb der Geiſt, mit welchem er Rom bekämpft hatte, ihn an, zur Raſchheit und zum Durchgreifen: Er wollte erleben, was, wenn je, nur nach langer, weiſer Vorbereitung zu erreichen war. Es war nämlich die Verfaſſung Karthago's im Ablaufe des langen Kriegs, unter dem Getreibe der Factionen, und dem Gewühle der Leidenſchaften mehr und mehr entartet. Das Volk hatte den Senat bis zur Unmacht hinabgewürdigt, und war dann von denen, welche die Freiheit bewahren ſollten, den hundert Männern (ordo judicum) unterworfen worden. Das Gleichgewicht der Gewalten war gänzlich vernichtet, die Zerrüttung allgemein. Hannibal, der in Italien den Senat als den Sitz der Verkehrtheit und Nichtswürdigkeit angeſehen zu haben ſcheint, erkannte jetzt, daß das Uebel an der Stelle lag, von welcher die Größe ſeines Hauſes ausgegangen war, und daß, wenn etwas erreicht werden ſollte, das gemeine Weſen wiederum zu dem Grundſatze zurückgeführt werden müſſe, von welchem es durch ſeinen Vater am Weiteſten hinweggeriſſen war.

Und es gelang der Ueberlegenheit ſeines Geiſtes, die Tyrannei der Hundert ſchnell zu ſtürzen (das Anſehen des Senates wieder herzuſtellen) und die Einkünfte des Staates, bisher von den Verwaltern geplündert und verſchleudert, bald in eine ſolche Ordnung zu bringen, daß ſie ſelbſt zu neuen Unternehmungen hinzureichen ſchienen. Solche Unternehmungen aber gegen die übermüthige Rom mochte er bald als nothwendig erkennen; ſie mochten ihm zugleich nicht unzeitig ſcheinen. Denn Maſiniſſa, der durch den Haß Roms gegen Karthago zu jeder Anmaßung wider dieſen unglücklichen Staat gereizt ward, und der in vielſinnigen Ausdrücken des letzten Friedens leicht einen Vorwand für jede Anmaßung finden konnte, zeigte gar bald (J. 199), welch' ein Loos Karthago unter dieſen Verhältniſſen zu erwarten hatte, und die Stellung, welche **Antiochus** der Große von Syrien um dieſe Zeit gegen Rom annahm, ſchien werth, eine Verbindung mit ihm zu ſuchen. Aber bald zeigte ſich, daß verdorbene Bürger entarteter Staaten noch nicht zur Tugend zurück geführt ſind, und zu einigem Gefühle für Vaterland und Freiheit, wenn ſie bei edeln Beſtrebungen ſchweigen, oder der Macht des Geiſtes weichen. Diejenigen, welche durch **Hannibal's** Verbeſſerungs-Verſuche an Einkünften oder an Gewalt verloren hatten, nahmen Maſiniſſa's und Roms Partei, und würden zur Sättigung niedriger Rache ſelbſt den Frevel begangen haben, Hannibal in die Hand der Römer zu geben, wenn er ſich nicht durch die Flucht gerettet hätte (J. 196). Dennoch blieb er ſich gleich; das Vaterland, welches ihn ausgeſtoßen, blieb in ihm: Er hatte fort und fort nur Einen Gedanken. Das vollgültigſte Zeugniß aber für die Größe ſeines Geiſtes war das, daß Rom in der Fülle ihres Glückes, ihrer Triumphe, ihres Ruhmes nicht ſicher zu ſein glaubte, ſo lange er lebte; und daß ſie, alle Mittel verſuchend, nicht eher ruhete, als bis er ſich, um nichts Unwürdiges zu erdulden, durch freiwilligen Tod, zu den Helden der Vorzeit begeben hatte (J. 183).

Aber nicht minder zeigt für Hannibal die jammervolle Mißhandlung, welche Karthago ſich ſogleich nach ſeiner Entfernung ausgeſetzt ſah, und die wohlverdiente Auflöſung, der ſie unaufhaltſam entgegengeſtoßen ward. Es fehlt uns an Nachrichten, um dieſer Auflöſung ganz folgen zu können; aber wir wiſſen genug, um einzuſehen, daß ſie durch die niedrige Geſinnung vornehmer Bürger, durch den Mangel an Sinn für Vaterland und Gemeinwohl bei dieſen bewirkt ward, während bei jedem Einzelnen im Volke noch Kraft und Verſtand genug blieb, ſein beſonderes Wohl trefflich zu berathen. Die ängſtliche Sorgfalt Karthago's, alles zu thun, was der geſtrengen Roma Gunſt erhalten zu können ſchien: dieſes bewegliche, kleinliche, unwürdige Schweigen und Biegen: dieſe demüthigen Bitten und Verſicherungen; dann die wachſende Keckheit, mit welcher Maſiniſſa eine Provinz des karthagiſchen Gebietes nach der andern in Anſpruch nahm, ohne daß Karthago nur wagte (theils gehindert durch den Frieden mit Rom, theils durch die innere Zerrüttung), ſie ihm anders zu verweigern als mit unbeachteten Worten; endlich Roms argliſtige Freude über die zerbrochene Kraft der alten Feindin, die ihr einſt die Gefahr ſo nahe gebracht hatte, und die tückiſche Miene großmüthiger Gerechtigkeit, mit welcher ſie Maſiniſſa's und den eigenen Uebermuth zu bedecken ſtrebte: wahrhaftig, Alles dieſes macht ein ſchaudervolles Ganze, höchſt belehrend für Alle, die es nicht unter ſich achten, von fremder Verkehrtheit, von fremdem Unglücke zu lernen.

Zwei Parteien — deren eine ſich wiederum theilte — bildeten ſich neben einander aus: Maſiniſſa fand mehr und mehr feile Seelen, die ſeine Sache führten, und Rom mehr und mehr Menſchen, die ihren Sold annahmen: dieß war die eine Partei; aber auch das Vaterland fand noch Männer, die ihm im Unglücke getreu geblieben und es aus der Erniedrigung zu erheben ſuchten, in welche es mit jedem Tage tiefer hineinſank. Wenn aber auch die letzte Partei darum die größte war, weil das Volk von dem Adel der Geſinnung in Zeiten leidenſchaftlicher Zerrüttungen gewonnen zu werden pflegt, und nicht leicht einem Beſtreben widerſteht, in welchem ſich der alte Geiſt des Vaterlandes offenbart: ſo konnte ſie doch nicht obſiegen, weil den Guten theils Vertrauen fehlte, theils aber, und noch mehr, weil ſie im edlen Ingrimm über der Gegner Verruchtheit vergaßen, was in ſolchen Zeiten am ſchwerſten, wie am nothwendigſten zu bewahren iſt, — die Beſonnenheit. Diejenigen, die es mit den Feinden hielten, ſcheuten wohl die Mittel nicht, die zum Zwecke dienlich ſchienen: auch lag an einzelnen Mißgriffen weniger, weil ſie durch die Feinde gut gemacht werden konnten.

Für die Edlen hingegen, die niemand hatten als ſich ſelbſt, war jeder falſche Schritt verderblich, wie vortrefflich auch die Geſinnung war, die dazu führte.

Fünfundzwanzig Jahre war Karthago von Maſiniſſa mißhandelt, als der ältere Cato dahin geſandt ward, um neue Anſprüche deſſelben zu unterſuchen. Da mochte ihm die große Stadt, noch immer voll Lebens und Verkehres, es mochte ihm das geſegnete Gebiet allerdings gefährlich dünken, wenn er des Urſprunges von Rom oder Karthago gedachte; aber noch wohl mehr reizte ihn die gekränkte Eitelkeit, das Anſehen ſeiner rauhen Tugend zur Vernichtung Karthago's zu verwenden. Mehr als zwanzig Jahre lang reifte der traurige Plan in der Sonne des römiſchen Glückes. Unterdeß ſtieg die Erbitterung der wohlgeſinnten Bürger zu Karthago, aber der Verräther Uebermuth wuchs nicht minder. Da brach endlich der lang verhaltene Ingrimm plötzlich durch. Vierzig Senatoren wurden aus der Stadt gejagt. Sie flohen zu dem, welchem ſie gedient hatten. Maſiniſſa ergriff die Waffen; Karthago wehrte ſich; Rom ſah zu. Maſiniſſa ſiegte; die Römer aber ſcheinen durch ſein anhaltendes Glück und Leben zur Beſchleunigung des Krieges gebracht zu ſein, weil bei längerem Zaudern der Freund vielleicht die Beute ganz genommen hätte und alsdann ein gefährlicher Feind geworden wäre. Ein Vorwand zum Krieg war leicht gefunden. Karthago, ſchnell wieder eingeſchüchtert, und durch die letzten Unfälle an Roms Macht und Glück erinnert, wandte ſich jammervoll, dem Kriege zu entgehen: ſie erbot ſich zu Allem, ſelbſt zur Auslieferung der Waffen, die von würdigen Bürgern nie aufgegeben werden. Unrühmlich nahm Rom Alles, ehe ſie das Letzte forderte — die Schleifung der Stadt. Da ergriff Verzweiflung Aller Gemüther. Den ſtrafenden Blick der Väter, Hamilkar's und Hanibal's drohende Schatten, das Bewußtſein durch eigene Schuld das Vaterland ſo tief hinabgewürdigt zu haben, ſelbſt das ſchreckliche Gefühl der Wehrloſigkeit — hatten ſie ertragen; aber ein Leben außerhalb der altgewohnten Mauern, ohne Genuß, ohne Gewinn und ohne Hoffnung, ſchien unerträglich. Die Anſtrengung, zu welcher die Verzweiflung trieb, war groß, und eines beſſern Ausgangs werth. Der letzte ungeheure Kampf aber, in welchem Karthago ſich ihrer Abkunft erinnerte, wird menſchlichem Gefühle nur dadurch erträglich, daß er zeigt, wie ſich der Menſch in großen Augenblicken über das Leben zu erheben vermag, und wie Staaten und Menſchen durch den Schluß des Lebens die Schuld des Lebens büßen können. Hundert und achtzehn Jahre nach dem Anfange der Kriege mit Rom, ſiebenzig nach der Schlacht bei Cannä, ſiebenundzwanzig nach Hannibal's Tode vernichtete ein ſiebenzehntägiger Brand die alte, große Stadt, und eine Menge ihrer Bürger, die das Schwert verſchont hatte, verzehrten die Flammen. Scipio aber, des Paulus Aemilius Sohn, dem es beſtimmt war, dieſe Flammen anzuzünden, ahnete bei ihrem Anblicke, daß vielleicht Roms Tugend unter den Trümmern Karthago's begraben würde!

August Ferdinand Lüder

ward im October 1760 zu Bielefeld geboren und erhielt nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen Studien 1786 eine Profeſſur der Geſchichte am Karolinum zu Braunſchweig, wo ihm 1797 der Hofrathstitel zu Theil ward. 1810 folgte er einem Rufe nach Göttingen als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und ging von hier 1814 nach Jena, wo er 1817 eine Honorarprofeſſur der Philoſophie und bald darauf den Charakter als Geheimerath erhielt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 27. Februar 1819.

Seine Werke ſind:

Holländiſche Staatsanzeigen. Göttingen 1784 — 86, 5 Thle.
Geſchichte des holländiſchen Handels. Leipzig 1788.
Einleitung in die Staatskunde. Leipzig 1792.
Geſchichte der vornehmſten Völker der alten Welt. Braunſchweig 1800.
Ueber National-Induſtrie und Staatswirthſchaft, nach A. Smith. Berlin 1800 — 1804, 3 Thle.
Repoſitorium für Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1800 — 1806, 2 Thle.
Ueber die Veredlung der Menſchen, beſonders der Juden. Braunſchweig 1808.
Ueber Kultur und Induſtrie der Portugieſen. Berlin 1808.
Entwickelung der Veränderungen des menſchlichen Geſchlechts. Braunſchweig 1810.
Kritik der Statiſtik und Politik. Göttingen 1812.
Kritiſche Geſchichte der Statiſtik. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Nationalökonomie. Jena 1820.

Lüder zeichnete ſich als Publiciſt höchſt vortheilhaft durch Gründlichkeit, ausgebreitetes Wiſſen, Scharfſinn und Sorgfalt aus, und war einer der bedeutendſten Schüler und Nachfolger Adam Smith's in Deutſchland.

Ludämilie Eliſabethe, Gräfin zu Schwarzburg-Rudolſtadt.

Dieſe fromme fürſtliche Dichterin ward am 7. April 1640 zu Schwarzburg geboren und mit einem ihrer Vettern von Schwarzburg-Sondershauſen verlobt. Sie ſtarb aber während ihres Brautſtandes an einem Tage mit ihrer Schweſter Chriſtiane Magdalene am 12. März 1672.

Ihre literäriſche Hinterlaſſenſchaft iſt:

Die Stimme der Freundin. Rudolſtadt 1672, 12.

Echte Frömmigkeit, die zur Freude und zum Genuß der Gottesgaben auf eine tief empfundene harmloſe Weiſe auffordert, ſpricht ſich in den geiſtlichen Liedern dieſer begabten Fürſtin ſehr vortheilhaft aus. —

Hiob Ludolff

ward am 15. Juni 1624 zu Erfurt geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philoſophie und Staatswiſſenſchaften und trat nach ſiebenjährigen Reiſen in Europa 1652 in gothaiſche Dienſte, worin er bis zum Kammerdirector zu Altenburg emporſtieg. Seit 1677 lebte er mit dem Titel eines Geheimeraths zu Frankfurt, wurde daſelbſt 1681 kurpfälziſcher Kammerdirector, kurſächſiſcher Rath und Miniſterreſident und 1690 Praeses Collegii imperialis historici daſelbſt, wo er auch am 8. April 1704 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Allgemeine Schaubühne der Welt. Frankfurt 1699, 2 Thle. (die Fortſetzung lieferte Chriſtian Juncker).

Vortreffliche ſprachliche und geſchichtliche Kenntniſſe, welche L. in dem oben genannten Werke entwickelte, gaben dieſem letzteren zu ſeiner Zeit ein dauerndes Anſehn; der Styl deſſelben iſt jedoch holperig und ungelenk. —

Chriſtiane Sophie Ludwig,

geborne Fritſche, ward 1764 zu Ragwitz im preußiſchen Herzogthum Sachſen geboren und wurde nach einem dürftigen Leben und mangelhaftem Unterrichte in der Schule ihres Geburtsdorfes im 17. Jahre an den Förſter Ludwig zu Maßlau bei Merſeburg verheirathet, wo ſie unter den außerordentlichſten Anſtrengungen ſich einige wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung erwarb und C. F. Weiße's Bekanntſchaft machte, welcher ſie mit andern Gelehrten in Verbindung brachte und ihr zu ihrer fernern Bildung behülflich war. Nach dem Tode ihres Gatten zog ſie nach Schkeuditz, wo ſie am 28. Februar 1815 ſtarb.

Sie verfaßte:

Aufſätze eines Frauenzimmers vom Lande. Altenburg 1787, 2 Thle.

Gemälde häuslicher Scenen. Leipzig 1788 — 91, 4 Bde., 8.; 2. Aufl. 1801, 8.

Juda, oder der erſchlagene Redliche. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8.; 3. Aufl. 1815, 8.

Die Familie Hohenſtamm. Thorn 1798 f.; neue Aufl. 1817, 4 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.

Die arme Familie. 2. Ausg. Leipzig 1799, 8.

Erzählungen von guten und für gute Seelen. Ebendaſ. 1799 — 1800, 2 Thle., 8.

Moraliſche Erzählungen. Zwickau 1802, 8.

Lohn der Tugend. Leipzig 1806, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.

Henriette, oder das Weib wie es ſein kann. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.; 3. Aufl. 1815, 8., mit Kupf.

Seleniden. 2. Aufl. Zwickau 1800, 8.

Ihre Romane ſind durch die in denſelben vorherrſchende moraliſche Tendenz nicht ohne Verdienſt, leiden aber an Breite und Weitſchweifigkeit. —

Ludwig V.

Kurfürſt von der Pfalz, ward am 4. Juli 1539 zu Heidelberg geboren und in der reformirten Lehre erzogen, ſchaffte dieſelbe aber, nachdem er Regent geworden war, in ſeinem Lande ab und führte den lutheriſchen Cultus ein. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 12. October 1583.

Von ihm haben wir:

Gereimte Genealogie des baierſchen und pfälziſchen Hauſes. In Fiſcher Scriptorum Germanorum P. I. p. 34. (Halae 1781, 4).

Dieſe Arbeit hat weiter keinen Anſpruch auf Beachtung als etwa den, eine literäriſche Kurioſität zu ſein.

Ludwig I. Karl Auguſt,

König von Baiern, ward am 25. Auguſt 1786 zu München geboren, ſtudirte zu Landshut und Göttingen und focht mit Auszeichnung im Kampfe gegen Oeſtreich und Tyrol. Er vermählte ſich dann mit der Prinzeſſin Thereſe von Sachſen-Hildburghauſen, nahm aber an Regierungsgeſchäften nur geringen Antheil und lebte mit vorherrſchender Neigung den Wiſſenſchaften und Künſten zu Salzburg, Insbruck, Würzburg, Aſchaffenburg, für welche er damals ſchon beträchtliche Summen ſammelte und die Glyptothek zu München errichtete. Auf ihren Flor in Baiern richtete er auch ſein vorzüglichſtes Augenmerk, als er am 14. October 1825 ſeinem Vater in der Königswürde gefolgt war, während er durch Vereinfachung des Staatshaushaltes und ſtrenge Oekonomie dem Lande aufzuhelfen ſich angelegen ſein ließ.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. 1. und 2. verbeſſerte Aufl. Stuttgart 1829, 2 Thle., 8. Ueberſetzt ins Franzöſiſche: par Mad. de Montigny. Liège 1830, 8. (in Verſen); ins Lateiniſche, und in beiden Sprachen gleichmetriſch gegen einander geſtellt von Franz M. Schumm. Bamberg 1830, 8. (nur einige); dann in derſelben Sprache von F. Fiedler. Veſaliae 1831, 8. (nur die Lobgedichte auf Italien und Sicilien); ins Griechiſche: von Joh. Franz. Stuttgart 1830, 4.

Von dieſer Sammlung ſagt Menzel (die deutſche Literatur Th. IV. S. 188) ſehr richtig: König Ludwig von Baiern fühlte einſt als Kronprinz den tiefen Schmerz des Vaterlandes mit, und ſprach ihn in Liedern aus, die jedoch erſt nach ſeiner Thronbeſteigung öffentlich im Drucke erſcheinen konnten.

Auf's Höchſte war des Wütherichs Macht geſtiegen
Und gräßlich wie den Laokoon die Schlangen,
So hielt Europa würgend er umfangen
Dem Schwerte ſchien die Welt zu unterliegen.
Verderben drohte denen, die nicht ſchwiegen;
Mit der Verzweiflung alle Völker rangen,
Als plötzlich neues Leben aufgegangen,
Den Menſchheitſchänder Ältere bezwangen.
Die früh den Saamen in die Herzen legten
Zu Thaten, welche Ruhm und Sieg bekränzen
Erfreue Dankbarkeit, die ohne Grenzen,
Die in den Deutſchen deutſchen Sinn erregten,
Die unerſchüttert treu das Gute pflegten,
Verherrlicht werden ſie für ewig glänzen.

Nicht minder ſchön und wahrhaft iſt folgende Strophe von ihm:

Aſperns Feld bedecket ernſtes Schweigen,
Stumme Todesruhe weilet dort.
Nicht ein Denkſtein will auf ihm ſich zeigen
Keiner an dem thatenreichen Ort.
Wohl verſteht das deutſche Volk zu ſiegen,
Doch ſich ſelbſten muß es gleich erliegen
Schlummert in den alten Schlaf zurück,
Nur erwachend ſchneller zu verſinken,
Aus dem Lethe neuerdings zu trinken
Zu verträumen ſein erkämpftes Glück.

Dann das claſſiſche Epigramm:

Trauriges Bild des Reiches der Deutſchen: zweiköpfiger Adler,
Wo zwei Köpfe beſtehn, ach da gebricht es am Kopf.

Der königliche Dichter hat noch viele Lieder der Liebe, und der Freundſchaft geſungen, viele Lieder, worin ſich ſeine Begeiſterung für die Künſte und für Italien, oder worin ſeine Frömmigkeit ſich ausſpricht. —

Luiſe Henriette,

Kurfürſtin von Brandenburg, war die älteſte Tochter des Prinzen Friedrich Heinrich von Oranien und am 17. November 1627 im Haag geboren. 1646 wurde ſie mit dem großen Kurfürſten Friedrich Wilhelm von Brandenburg vermählt und ſtarb zu Köln an der Spree am 8. Juni 1667.

Sie iſt Verfaſſerin von 4 trefflichen geiſtlichen Liedern, welche ſich zuerſt in dem berliner Geſangbuche (Berlin 1653), welches auf ihre Veranlaſſung herausgegeben wurde, vorfinden, und unter denen das bekannte „Jeſus meine Zuverſicht“ als das vorzüglichſte betrachtet werden kann.

Zacharias Lundt

ward am 8. April 1608 zu Rübes geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig, Wittenberg und Königsberg Theologie und unternahm dann als Hauslehrer mit ſeinen Zöglingen verſchiedene Reiſen, von welchen zurückgekehrt er 1645 die Rectorſtelle zu Herlor annahm. Kurz darauf wurde er Bibliothekar des däniſchen Reichsrathes Seefeld und kam durch dieſen als Magiſter philosophiae, königlicher Secretär und Vicarius auf das Schloß Aarhuus, wo er am 8. Januar 1667 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Poemata juvenilia. Hamburgi 1635, 12.
Allerhand artige deutſche Gedichte. Leipzig 1636, 4.

Lunde beſaß ein hübſches lyriſches Talent, das er mit großer Gewandtheit zu behandeln wußte; unter ſeinen Gedichten befinden ſich namentlich mehrere ſcherzhafte und muthwillige Lieder, welche lebhafte Anerkennung verdienen.

Chriſtian von Lupin, ſ. Minneſinger.

Martin Luther.

Das Leben dieſes großen Glaubensreformators nach Verdienſt und in ſeinen Einzelheiten in der Reihe dieſer biographiſchen Skizzen darzuſtellen, iſt bei dem gegebenen Raume und der Größe des Mannes eben ſo unmöglich, als unnöthig, da es in ſtrengwiſſenſchaftlichen ſowohl als populären beſondern Schriften und Reformationsgeſchichten bereits genügender behandelt worden iſt und noch jetzt die Federn ausgezeichneter Männer beſchäftigt. Wir halten uns daher, dem Zweck unſrer Sammlung entſprechend, um ſo eher für berechtigt, um der Vollſtändigkeit willen nur einen kurzen Abriß ſeiner Lebensumſtände zu geben, als wir diejenigen, denen wir durch unſer Werk zu nützen glauben, ſchon für hinlänglich vertraut damit anſehen und annehmen dürfen, daß ihnen einzelne Hauptdata als Erinnerungspunkte nützen können.

Martin Luther, ward am 10. November 1483 zu Eisleben geboren und nach einer frommen, liebevoll ſtrengen Erziehung von ſeinem Vater, einem armen daſigen Bergmanne, zuerſt auf die Domſchule zu Magdeburg und dann nach Eiſenach gebracht, wo er als Currendeſchüler und durch die Milde einer mütterlichen Verwandtin ſich erhielt. Um nach dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters die Rechte zu ſtudiren, bezog er 1501 die Univerſität zu Erfurt, aber eine aufgefundene lateiniſche Bibel und der plötzliche Tod ſeines Freundes Alexius ſteigerten den Widerwillen gegen ſeine Berufsſtudien dermaßen, daß er 1505 daſelbſt in ein Auguſtinerkloſter trat. Ein alter Ordensbruder gab hier dem in ſchwerer Krankheit von myſtiſchen Vorſtellungen gepeinigten L. ſeine Gewiſſensruhe und ſein Ordensvorſtand, Staupitz, ſein Selbſtgefühl und ſeine Liebe zu theologiſchen Studien ihm zurück, indem er ihn zugleich von niedrigen Kloſterdienſten befreite. Durch den Letztern erhielt er auch, nachdem ihm 1507 die Prieſterweihe ertheilt worden war, 1508 den Ruf als Profeſſor der Philoſophie an die neu errichtete Univerſität zu Wittenberg, wo er ein geeignetes Feld für ſeinen Geiſt und ſeine Thatkraft fand. Von dem herrſchenden großen Verderben der Kirche auf einer Reiſe nach Rom (1510) in Ordensangelegenheiten durch eignes Anſchauen belehrt und von der Würde ſeines neuen, ihm kurz darauf zu Theil gewordenen Berufes als Prediger zu Wittenberg und Doctor der Theologie, wozu er 1512 ernannt worden war, durchdrungen, trat er mit 95 am 31. October 1517 an die daſige Schloßkirche angeſchlagenen Sätzen gegen den frechen Ablaßkram des Dominicaners Tetzel und dadurch auch gegen die blinden und entſittlichten Leiter der Kirche auf. Weder des verketzernden Dominicaners Hochſtraten, noch des ungeſtümen Profeſſors Eck und des römiſchen Höflings Prierias Schmähungen und des Papſtes Vorladung nach Rom konnten den Muth des kühnen und gewaltigen Mannes beugen. Standhaft bei den Drohungen des Cardinals Cajetan zu Augsburg, unzugänglich den Schmeicheleien des päpſtlichen Nuntius von Miltitz zu Altenburg und unbeſiegt 1519 in der Disputation zu Leipzig nahm er durch Verbrennung der päpſtlichen Bannbulle und römiſchen kanoniſchen Decretalien am 10. December 1520 frohen Muthes den ihm angebotenen Kampf auf. Deutſchlands edelſte Geiſter jauchzten ihm Beifall zu, als er noch allein und verlaſſen ſtand, und im Triumphzuge des überall herbeieilenden Volkes trat er am 4. April 1521 ſeine Reiſe nach Worms an, um dort vor der glänzenden Reichsverſammlung ſeine Sache zu vertheidigen. Die Begeiſterung, mit welcher er hier am 17. April ſprach, gewann ihm ſelbſt unter den übelgeſinnten Fürſten Freunde und kräftigte den Kurfürſten von Sachſen, ihn auf der Rückreiſe heimlich auf die Wartburg zu bringen und dadurch der Vollſtreckung der gegen ihn erlaſſenen kaiſerlichen Achtserklärung zu entziehen. In dieſem ſeinem Patmos, wie er es nennt, verdeutſchte er das Neue Teſtament und eilte dann von hier raſch und unerſchrocken durch feindliche Staaten gegen die wüthenden Neuerer, welche 1522 Wittenberg in Aufruhr verſetzten. Unter fortwährenden Kämpfen und Anfechtungen vom Papſt und ſeinen Dienern, den Schwärmern, ſo wie von dem weltlich geſinnten König Heinrich VIII. von England und Erasmus von Rotterdam, begann er 1523 die Kirche ſelbſtthätig zu reinigen, legte daher 1524 die Mönchskutte ab und heirathete nach ſchwerem Kampfe mit ſich ſelbſt 1525 eine aus dem Kloſter getretene Nonne, Katharina von Bora. Ruhig, bedachtſam, aber feſt verwies er die aufrühreriſchen Bauern zum Gehorſam, ſchuf unter des Kurfürſten Autorität 1526 — 29 mit Hülfe ſeiner Freunde die neue Kirchenordnung und Lehre des Evangeliums für Sachſen, und wenn er im letztern zuweilen auf unweſentliche Punkte zu viel Gewicht legte, wenn man auf dem Reichstage zu Augsburg 1530 ſeine Unduldſamkeit gegen die glaubensverwandten ſchweizer Reformatoren beklagt, in den 1537 verfaßten ſchmalkalder Artikeln, in ſeiner Antwort an die brandenburgiſchen und anhaltiſchen Geſandten (1541) und bei Gelegenheit des Conciliums von Trident (1545) Troz und Härte, ſowie in ſeinen derben Abfertigungen ſeiner Gegner Rohheit findet, ſo iſt dieß bloß ein Beweis dafür, daß auch ein großer Mann von den Einflüſſen ſeiner Zeit nicht frei bleibt und als Menſch den Zoll an das Menſchliche bezahlen muß. Um ſo erhabner erſcheint das offene Geſtändniß ſeiner Schwächen an ihm und die Größe des umfaſſenden Fleißes durch welchen er in dieſer bewegten Zeit von 1521 — 34 auch noch die vollſtändige Ueberſezung der Bibel zu Stande brachte, wöchentlich mehrere Mal, ja zuweilen täglich predigte, Beichte hielt, einen umfaſſenden Briefwechſel führte, geiſtliche Lieder dichtete und durch Muſik ſich erheiterte, nahen und fernen Freunden und jedem Hülfsbedürftigen leicht zugänglich und genießbar war und freundſchaftliche Aufträge übernahm und ausführte, während bereits ſeit 1531 Steinſchmerzen und Schwindel ſeinen Körper quälten. Ein ſolcher Freundſchaftsdienſt rief ihn auch, als er bereits der Welt ſatt war und nur auf ein gnädiges Sterbeſtündlein wartete, wie er ſelbſt ſpricht, gegen Anfang des Jahres 1545 zu Schlichtung einer Streitigkeit zwiſchen den Grafen von Mannsfeld nach Eisleben, wo er nach kaum vollendeten Auftrage ernſthaft erkrankte und am 18. Februar 1546 ſtarb. Seine Leiche wurde unter dem Geläute aller Glocken der Ortſchaften, durch welche der Zug ging, und unter den Thränen der herbeigeſtrömten Menge nach Wittenberg gebracht und in der daſigen Schloßkirche beigeſezt. Ein am 31. October 1821 von den ſeit 1801 geſammelten Beiträgen errichtetes gußeiſernes Denkmal ziert den Markt der Stadt, von welcher das neue Licht über die chriſtliche Welt ausging.

Seine einzeln herausgekommenen Schriften und die theilweiſen Sammelwerke derſelben ſind in chronologiſcher Ordnung folgende:

Bulla in coena Domini. Wittenberg 1522, 4.
Die Bibel. Ueberſezt ins Deutſche. Ebendaſ. 1523 — 34, von L. nochmals überarbeitet 1541.
Neues Teſtament. Ebendaſ. 1523.
Wider den neuen Abgott und alten Teufel, der zu Meißen ſoll erhoben werden. Ebendaſ. 1524, 4.
Ein neu Fabel Eſopi. Halle 1528, 4.
Des römiſchen Papſtes Urſprung und: Geiſtliche Lieder. Wittenberg 1524; neue Ausg. Leipzig 1545, 8. (von Groll), dann Berlin 1817.
Altes Teſtament. Wittenberg 1534.
Etliche Sprüche wider das Concilium Obstatiense. Ebendaſ. 1535, 4.
Die Lügend von H. Chryſoſthomo. Ebendaſ. 1537, 4.
Ernſte zornige Schrift wider Lemmius Epigrammata. Ebendaſ. 1538, 4.
Wider Hans Worſt. Ebendaſ. 1541, 4.
Ergänzungstheile zu der Werkeſammlung von 1555 von Aurifaber. Eisleben 1565, 2 Thle.
Tiſchreden. Herausgegeben von Aurifaber. Frankfurt 1566.
Fabeln. (In Chyträus Fabeln. Roſtock 1571).
Auszüge aus ſeinen Werken von Fr. W. Lomler. Gotha 1816 — 17, 2 Thle.
Aufſäze. (Im Reformationsalmanach). Erfurt 1818, — 19, — 21.
Predigten, Volksſchriften, Briefe ꝛc. Herausgegeben von de Wette. Berlin 1825 ff., 6 Thle.
Briefe, Sendſchreiben und Bedenken. Herausgegeben von de Wette. Ebendaſ. 1825 — 28, 5 Bde.
Werke, in einer das Bedürfniß der Zeit berückſichtigenden Auswahl. Herausgegeben von Bent. Hamburg 1826 flg., 10 Bde., 12.
Geiſt aus L's Schriften (von Lomler, Lucius, Ruſt, Sackreuter und Zimmermann). Darmſtadt 1827 ff.

Mehr oder weniger vollſtändig erſchienen ſeine Werke:

Werke. Wittenberg 1539 — 59, 19 Thle. (12 Thle. deutſch, 7 lat.)
Dieſelben. Jena 1555 — 58, 12 Thle. (8 deutſch, 4 lat.)
Dieſelben. Altenburg 1661 — 64, 10 Bde.
Dieſelben, von Sagittarius. Leipzig 1729 — 40, 23 Bde. (nur deutſch).
Vollſtändige Werke, von Walch. Halle 1740 — 53, 24 Bde., 4.
Dieſelben. Erlangen 1826 — 34, 24 Bde. (in 50 Thln.)

Wir haben hier nur zu betrachten, was unſere Sprache und Literatur dieſem großen Manne verdanken; ſeine Verdienſte um beide, ſo ſehr bedeutend ſie auch ſind, wurden, wie das nicht anders ſein konnte, häufig überſchäzt, und die Behauptung, daß er zuerſt die deutſche Schriftſprache begründet und den meißniſchen Dialekt zu derſelben erhoben, iſt irrig; aber er ſtellte die bereits eingeführte von Anderen zu beträchtlicher Höhe beförderte Schriftſprache grammatiſch feſt, und ſeine allgemein verbreiteten Werke, in denen er Correctheit und Kraft, mit Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit des Ausdrucks verband, galten durchgängig als Muſter, an denen ſich die beſten Volksſchriftſteller jener Tage eben ſo eifrig heraufbildeten, als ihn die Schwachen am Geiſte verkannten und nachahmend verzerrten; namentlich wurde der oratoriſche Styl durch ihn befördert, weniger der didaktiſche, zu dem ſeine ganze Sinnesart nicht ſo hinneigte. Luther war im vollſten Sinne des Wortes ein Held der Wahrheit, in ſeiner Schreibart ſpricht ſich ſein ganzer Charakter entſchieden aus, er verſchmähte es, für ſeine Gedanken nach glänzenden Ausdrücken zu ſuchen oder ſie ſchmücken zu wollen mit dem Klang tönender Rede, aber das Gewand, das er ihnen umhing, war echt wie ſie ſelbſt und ihnen aus der innerſten Nothwendigkeit ſeiner großen Seele angepaßt. Daher iſt ſein Styl der Herold ſeiner Kraft und geiſtigen Stärke, ſeiner tiefen, frommen Freudigkeit am Leben und ſeines unerſchütterlichen Muthes, und als ſolcher ein ſchönes, bleibendes Vorbild für alle künftigen Geſchlechter. Dieſelbe Energie und Innigkeit ſpricht ſich auch in ſeinen Kirchenliedern aus, deren höchſter poetiſcher Werth in ihrer unerſchrockenen Wahrheit und in der Begeiſterung des Kampfes für Licht und Recht zu ſuchen iſt. — Für das Volk, im edelſten Sinne, kämpfte und wirkte, für das Volk ſchrieb er, und was er hier gewollt und geleiſtet als ein Mann des Volkes, ſteht unerreicht eben ſo in der Geſchichte der deutſchen Literatur, wie in der Geſchichte der deutſchen Kirche da.

Gedichte von Martin Luther.

Beſchreibung des Hoflebens oder Hofverſe.

Intus quis? Tu quis? Aperi. Quid quaeris? Ut intrem.
Fers aliquid? Non. Esto foras. Fero quid. Satis, intra.

Cantio de aulis.

Im Ton: Ein leppiſch Mann. D. M. L.

1. Wer ſich nimt an,
Unds Rädlein kan
Hübſch auf der Ban
Lan umher gan,
Und ſchmeicheln ſchon
Find jederman
Ein Fehl und Wan,
Iſt izt im Korb der beſte Han; od.
Der geht zu Hof izt oben an; od.
Der iſt zu Hof am beſten dran.

2. Denn wer gedächt
Zu leben ſchlecht,
Ganz from und gerecht,
Die Warheit brächt,
Der wird durchächt,
Und gar geſchwächt,
Gehöhnt und geſchmächt,
Und bleibt alzeit der andern Knecht.

3. Beim ſchmeichelſtab,
Gewint mancher Knab,
Gros Gut und Hab,
Geld, Gunſt und Gab,

Preis, Ehr und Lob,
Stoſt andre rab,
Daß er hoch trab,
So geht die Welt itzt auf und ab.

4. Wer ſolchs nicht kan,
Zu Hofe than,
Thu ſich davon,
Ihm wird zu Lohn,
Nur Spot und Hohn,
Denn Heuchelman,
Und Spötter Zahn,
Iſt itzt zu Hof am beſten dran.

Frau Muſica.

Für alle Freuden auf Erden
Kan niemand kein feiner werden,
Denn die ich geb mit meim Singen
Und mit manchem ſüſen Klingen.
Hie kan nicht ſeyn ein böſer Muth,
Wo da ſingen Geſellen gut.
Hie bleibt kein Zorn, Zank, Haß noch Neid,
Weichen mus alles Herzeleid;
Geiz, Sorg, und was ſonſt hart anleit,
Fährt hin mit aller Traurigkeit.
Auch iſt ein jeder des wol frei,
Daß ſolche Freud kein Sünde ſei,
Sondern auch Gott viel baß gefällt,
Denn alle Freud der ganzen Welt.
Dem Teufel ſie ſein Werk zerſtört,
Und verhindert viel böſer Mörd.
Das zeugt David, des Kön'ges, That,
Der dem Saul oft gewehret hat
Mit gutem ſüſen Harfenſpiel,
Daß er in groſen Mord nicht fiel.
Zum göttlichen Wort und Wahrheit
Macht ſie das Herz ſtil und bereit;
Solches hat Eliſeus bekant,
Da er den Geiſt durchs Harfen fand.
Die beſte Zeit im Jahr iſt mein,
Da ſingen alle Vögelein;
Himmel und Erden iſt der vol.
Viel gut Geſang da lautet wol;
Voran die liebe Nachtigal
Macht alles fröhlich überal
Mit ihrem lieblichen Geſang,
Des mus ſie haben immer Dank.
Vielmehr der liebe Herre Gott,
Der ſie alſo geſchaffen hat,
Zu ſeyn die rechte Sängerin,
Der Muſicen ein Meiſterin.
Dem ſingt und ſpringt ſie Tag und Nacht,
Seins Lobes ſie nichts müde macht;
Den ehrt und lobt auch mein Geſang,
Und ſagt ihm ein ewigen Dank.

Eine Predigt uber das Euangelium am erſten Sontage jnn der Faſten, zu Smalkalden gethan, im jar 1537.

Euangelium Matth. 4.

Jheſus ward vom Geiſt jnn die wüſten gefüret, auff das er von dem Teuffel verſucht würde. Vnd da er viertzig tag vnd viertzig nacht gefaſtet hatte, hungert jn. Vnd der Verſucher trat zu jm, vnd ſprach, Biſtu Gottes ſon, ſo ſprich, das dieſe Steine brod werden. Vnd er antwortet vnd ſprach, Es ſtehet geſchrieben, Der menſch lebet nicht vom brod alleine, ſondern von einem jglichen wort, das durch den mund Gottes gehet.

Da füret jn der Teuffel mit ſich, jnn die Heilige ſtad, vnd ſtellet jn auff die zinnen des Tempels, vnd ſprach zu jm, Biſtu Gottes ſon, ſo las dich hinab. Denn es ſtehet geſchrieben, Er wird ſeinen Engeln vber dir befelh thun, vnd ſie werden dich auff den henden tragen, auff das du deinen fus nicht an einen ſtein ſtoſſeſt. Da ſprach Jheſus zu jm, Widerumb ſtehet auch geſchrieben, Du ſolt Gott deinen HERRN nicht verſuchen.

Widerumb füret jn der Teuffel mit ſich, auff einen ſeer hohen berg, vnd zeiget jm alle Reich der welt, vnd jre herrligkeit, vnd ſprach zu jm, Das alles wil ich dir geben, ſo du niderfelleſt, vnd mich anbeteſt. Da ſprach Jheſus zu jm, Heb dich weg von mir Satan, denn es ſtehet geſchrieben, Du ſolt anbeten Gott deinen HERRN, vnd jm allein dienen.

Da verlies jn der Teuffel, Vnd ſihe, da traten die Engel zu jm, vnd dieneten jm.

Dis Euangelium iſt darumb auff den Erſten Sontag jnn der Faſten verordnet zu leſen, weil darin geſchrieben ſtehet, wie Chriſtus viertzig tage gefaſtet habe, Das man aus dieſem Exempel die leute auff dieſe zeit zur faſten vermanen ſolt, wie denn auch daraus die viertzig faſten tage angenomen vnd eingericht ſind, So es doch nicht zu ſolchem Exempel, durch Chriſtum gethan, noch von den Euangeliſten beſchrieben iſt, Auch nicht kan von jmand ſolche faſten gehalten werden, wie Chriſtus viertzig tage vnd nacht, on eſſen vnd trincken gefaſtet hat, Vnd er kein ſolche faſten von ſeinen Jüngern vnd Chriſten gefoddert, noch jnen auffgelegt hat.

Nu ſolten wir alhie auch vom faſten ſagen, Aber ich hab noch nie kein recht faſten geſehen, darumb weis ich auch nichts davon zu predigen, Denn vnſer Papiſten faſten, iſt gar ein ſchlecht, ja ſpöttlich faſten geweſen, wie auch das Lateiniſch ſprichwort zeuget, Italorum deuotio, et Germanorum ieiunia, fabam valent omnia. Der Walhen andacht, vnd Deudſchen faſten, möcht man beide mit einer bonen bezalen. Dazu ob man gleich etwa recht gefaſtet, ſo taug doch ſolch faſten nicht, weil durch des Bapſts lere ein lauter werckheiligkeit daraus gemacht, die ſunde damit zu büſſen, vnd vergebung zu erlangen. Vnd kurtz, der faſten keine, ſo aus eigener wahl vnd andacht wird fürgenomen, oder durch menſchen gebot erzwungen, reimet ſich zu dieſem Exempel Chriſti, Denn da iſt weder Gottes wort noch befelh, weder anfechtung noch not, aus Gottes ſchickung, wie alhie mit Chriſto geſchehen iſt, Sondern alles was mit ſolchem faſten geſchicht, wird mit falſchem vertrawen vnſers wercks, on Chriſtlichen verſtand vnd meinung, fürgenomen.

Chriſtus aber redet viel anders vom rechten Chriſtlichen faſten, Matth. 9. da die jünger Johannis zu jm kamen, vnd fragten, warumb ſie vnd die Phariſeer viel faſteten, vnd ſeine Jünger faſteten gar nicht, Da gibt er jnen eine kurtze Antwort, vnd ſpricht, Es reime ſich nicht, das man einen alten rock mit einem newen lappen flicke, oder moſt jnn alte ſchleuche faſſe, Sondern, newer wein vnd newe faſſe, newer rock vnd newes tuch gehören zuſamen ꝛc. Als wolt er ſagen, Jr rhümet ewer ſelb erwelet faſten ſeer hoch, Aber es iſt ein loſes faſten, das ich wol möchte einem zeriſſen vnd geflickten peltz vergleichen. Meine Jüngern ſollen mir aber nicht alſo faſten, weil ich bey jnen Sie bekomen noch faſtens genug, wenn ſie mich nicht mehr haben.

Da deutet er, was er eine rechte faſten heiſſe, Nemlich nicht die kinder faſten, ja lügen faſten, die nur den namen hat, weil man nicht des abends das tiſchtuch aufflegt, oder nicht fleiſch noch ever iſſet, Vnd doch gleich wol den bauch füllet, mit den beſten fiſchen vnd wein, das manchem ein ſolcher faſten tag lieber were, denn ſein eſſe tag, Vnd nur mit ſolchem faſten, beide Gottes vnd der leute geſpottet wird. Auch nicht die heuchel faſten, ſo die Phariſeer jnen ſelbs erweleten, on alle not vnd gebot, nur darumb, das ſie fur heilige leut, fur andern (die nicht alſo faſten) gehalten wurden. Sondern das heiſſt er, eine rechte Chriſtliche faſten, ſo er da ſelbs nennet, Trawren vnd leide tragen, Das iſt, allerley vngemach vnd vnglück (von Gott auffgelegt) leiden, ſo dem menſchen wehe thut, vnd er viel lieber ſolches vberhaben were. Als wenn einer mus mit weib vnd kinder hunger vnd komer leiden, verjagt oder gefangen ſein, da er offt mit guten zenen vbel eſſen mus, Oder auch auff dem bette kranck ligt, vnd hette wol zu eſſen, vnd doch nicht eſſen kan vnd mag, Welcherley S. Paulus erzelet 2. Cor. 6. Jnn trübſaln, jnn nöten, jnn engſten, jnn ſchlegen, jnn gefengniſſen, jnn auffruren, jnn viel erbeiten, jnn wachen, jnn faſten ꝛc.

Solch faſten wolt ich loben, da man mangel vnd not vmb Gottes willen gedültiglich leidet, Denn alſo hat Chriſtus hie auch gefaſtet, da er nicht aus ſeinem eigen rat oder fürnemen, ſondern durch den heiligen Geiſt jnn die wüſten gefüret ward, da er muſte faſten, weil er nichts zu eſſen hatte. Das ander faſten ſo nichts anders iſt, denn ein lauter heucheley, ja ein lügen vnd ſpot, iſt nicht werd, das man jnn der Chriſtenheit davon ſagen ſol.

Darumb wollen wir jtzt auff das heuptſtück dieſes Euangelij ſehen, nemlich, auff die dreierley anfechtungen, damit der Teuffel Chriſtum jnn der wüſten hat angefochten. Vnd iſt zwar dis Euangelium jnn dem ſtück erſchrecklich gnug, wenn wirs nur recht anſehen wolten, Denn hie iſt der Teuffel gemahlet mit allen ſeinen farben, vnd iſt jnn der perſon Chriſti hie fürgebildet, nicht allein was ein jglicher Chriſt fur ſich ſelbs, ſondern auch was die gantze Chriſtliche Kirche vom Teuffel leiden müſſe.

Jnn der erſten anfechtung von den ſteinen, iſt der ſchwartze

Teuffel gemahlet. Jnn der andern iſt der ſchöne, weiſſe vnd heilige Teuffel gemahlet, der Chriſtum jnn den lüfften, vnd auff den Tempel füret, aber nicht hinein. Jnn der dritten, iſt der höheſt vnd himliſch, vnd gar Göttlich Teuffel gemahlet, der ſich ſtellet, als ſey er Gott ſelb, vnd beutet Chriſto alle Königreich auff erden an, doch mit der bedingung, das er fur jm niderfalle, vnd bette jn an. Dis iſt ſehr ſchrecklich, On das es jnn dem tröſtlich iſt, das der Teuffel an Chriſto gefeilet hat, vnd an vns auch feilen mus, wenn wir durch den glauben an Chriſto hangen. Wo aber dieſe perſon aus den augen iſt, da nemen dieſe drey Teuffel ſo vberhand, das nicht möglich iſt, das ein menſch beſtehen könne.

Nu der erſte Teuffel, wie ich geſagt habe, iſt der ſchwartze Teuffel, den die leute kennen vnd Teuffel heiſſen, der ſichtet an mit hunger, vnd ſpricht, Biſt du Gottes ſon, vnd ſo heilig, ſo wirſtu alles können vnd vermögen, Wolan, ſo las ſehen, ob du dieſe ſtein zu brod könneſt machen ꝛc. Das iſt der Teuffel, der ſchier einen jglichen Chriſten jnn ſonderheit, vnd hernach die gantze heilige Chriſtenheit, mit hunger, durſt vnd allerley vngemach, trübſal, angſt vnd not leiblich angefochten hat. Dis, wie vorgemelt, iſt die rechte Faſten, dauon Chriſtus ſaget Matth. 9. das ſeine Jünger, wenn er nu von jnen genomen iſt, werden mehr faſten müſſen, denn jnen lieb ſein wird. Das iſt, ſie werden hunger vnd kumer, vnd allerley leibliche mangel vnd vngemach, vom Teuffel vnd ſeiner Braut, der welt, leiden müſſen, Wie denn im anfang der Chriſtenheit bald nach der Himelfart Chriſti, ſolche anfechtung angienge, vnd wehret ſchier lenger denn drey hundert jar, da das liebe heufflin der Chriſten, nicht allein, hunger, durſt vnd allerley leibliche mangel leiden muſte, ſondern auch von dem jren vertrieben, beraubt vnd jemmerlich ermordet wurden. Vnd ward endlich des wütens vnd tobens der Tyrannen wider die Chriſten (ſonderlich ſo Prediger vnd Pfarrer waren) ſo viel, das auff einen tag (wie man jnn hiſtorien findet) durchs Römiſch Reich ſiebentzig tauſent Marterer erwürget wurden, Wie man noch zu Rom einen kirchhoff findet, darauff, wie man ſagt 80000. Marterer, vnd 46. Biſchofe begraben ligen. So gieng der ſchwartze Teuffel im anfang hinan, greiff die kirchen mit dem rechten faſten an, das man ſpüren muſte, es were der leibhafftige Teuffel ſelb, der im ſinn hette, die Chriſten allzumal mit ſeiner ſchwartzen farb, vom glauben vnd wort abzuwenden, vnd gar auszurotten.

Vnd ſolcher ſein anſchlag iſt jm auch etlicher maſſen geraten, Denn viel Chriſten, da ſie vmb jrs glaubens willen angefochten wurden, vnd gezwungen, entweder den ſelbigen zu verleugnen, oder den hals her zu halten, wichen zu rück, verleugneten jre Tauff, vnd widerrufften jren glauben. Gleichwol blieben jr viel beſtendig, die alles gewagt, vnd vmbs glaubens willen gelidden haben. Alſo das die ſelbe erſte zeit der Chriſtenheit, wol heiſſet der lieben Marterer zeit, da ſie greulich mit hauffen hin gerichtet ſind. Vnd iſt doch jnn ſolchem würgen vnd Tyranney die Chriſtenheit blieben, vnd dagegen ſind die Tyrannen drüber zu boden gangen. Dauon ſinget fröhlich vnd tröſtlich der 9. Pſalm, Du ſchilteſt die Heiden, vnd bringeſt die Gottloſen vmb, jren namen vertilgeſt du ewiglich. Die ſchwerte des Feindes haben ein ende, Die Stedte haſtu vmbkeret, jr gedechtnis iſt vmbkomen ſampt jnen ꝛc.

Wo mit ſich aber die lieben Marterer wider die Tyrannen gewehret haben, ſagt der text hie, da Chriſtus dem Teuffel antwortet, vnd ſpricht, Der menſch lebt nicht allein vom brod, ſondern von einem jglichen wort, das durch den mund Gottes gehet. Aus dieſer antwort höret man, das der Teuffel mit ſeiner anfechtung auffs erſt Chriſto, vnd hernach der Chriſtlichen Kirchen hat nach dem leben geſtanden, Vnd das ſie nicht darauff haben geſehen, wie ſie dis gegenwertige vergenglich leben behielten, ſondern ſind dem Teuffel vnd ſeinem hauffen vnter augen gangen, ſich wider ſeine tyranney geſetzt vnd geſagt, Es ſey jnen nicht allein zu thun vmb dis zeitlich leben hie auff erden, ſondern viel mehr vmb das liebe werde wort Gottes, das ſie das ſelbige behalten mügen, vnd nicht verleugnen, Weil Moſes ſagt, das der menſch nicht allein dauon lebe, das er brod vom korn hat, ſondern es müſſe ein gröſſer vorrat da ſein, denn brod vom korn, das der menſch auch könne bleiben nach dieſem leben, Welches nirgend anders kan her komen, denn das der menſch, ſo er anders bleiben ſol, bey dem rechten vnd ewigen leben, Gottes wort habe, damit er ſich ſchütze vnd tröſte, wider ſolche leibliche anfechtung, da durch jn der Teuffel bringen wil, das wort zu laſſen.

Das ſind, ſage ich, die wehre, damit ſich die heiligen Marterer gewehret haben, wider die tyrannen, vnd zu jnen mit frölichem mut geſagt, Wenn du mir gleich gelt vnd gut, weib vnd kind, ja auch das leben dazu nimpſt, was haſtu deſte mehr, oder ich deſte weniger? weil ich eine ſpeiſe habe zum ewigen leben, welche du mir nicht nemen kanſt, wenn du mich gleich zu dem faſten bringeſt, dauon der leib verſchmachten vnd ſterben mus, So ſol mir dennoch die ewige ſpeiſe bleiben, das wort Gottes, welchs, wie Petrus ſagt, mündlich geprediget wird, Aber es iſt ein vnuergenglich ſame, vnd das lebendige Wort wort, das da ewiglich bleibet, Darumb wer es gleubet, der hat die ſpeiſe, die jn neeret, bis ins ewig leben, Denn wo das wort bleibet, da wird er auch bleiben, ſintemal es iſt (wie Paulus ſagt) eine krafft Gottes, die da ſelig machet, alle die daran gleuben.

Alſo ſpricht Chriſtus auch, Johan. 4. Wer des waſſers trincken wird, das ich jm gebe, den wird ewiglich nicht dürſten, Sondern das waſſer das ich jm geben werde, das wird jnn jm ein brun des Waſſers werden, das jnn das ewig leben quillet. Da heiſſt er ſein Wort ein lebendige quelle, die aus dieſem leben jnn jhenes quillet.

Wie wol nu der ſchwartze Teuffel bald im fang mit aller macht an die Chriſtenheit ſetzte, ſie jnn die rechte wüſten füret, vnd gar aus zutilgen gedachte, nicht allein mit hunger vnd allerley mangel des leiblichen lebens, ſondern auch mit verjagen, rauben, morden ꝛc. vnd damit auch viel mühe machet, das ſie vom glauben fielen, Doch gleich wol bliebe der mehrer teil feſte ſtehen, wehreten ſich getroſt wider den Teuffel, vnd vberwunden jn auch, allein durch Gottes wort, das ſie durch den glauben gefaſſet hatten, vnd frey daraus ſchloſſen, dem exempel Chriſti nach, Der menſch lebet nicht allein vom brod, ſondern von einem jglichen wort, das durch den mund Gottes gehet, Denn weils ein lebendig vnd ewig wort iſt, kans auch die, ſo daran gleuben, ewiglich erhalten, wenn ſie gleich geſtorben ſind ꝛc.

Es waren zur ſelbigen zeit auch wol Ketzer, die ſich vnterſtunden die Chriſtenheit zutrennen vnd jrre zu machen, Aber ſie kunden ſonderlich nichts ausrichten, Denn die leibliche verfolgung war zu gros, da durch die rechten Chriſten nur geübter vnd gewiſſer im glauben wurden ꝛc.

Darnach vnter dem Keiſer Conſtantino, ward die Kirch befriedet, vnd das Euangelium on verfolgung geprediget, das das würgen auffhören, vnd der ſchwartze Teuffel ſich verkriechen muſte, Denn Conſtantinus hielt ſo feſt vber den Chriſten, das er auch Licinium den ſeinen krieger, der mit jm das keiſerthum regieret, zum Reich ausjaget, allein darumb, das er die Chriſten nicht wolt zu frieden laſſen. Da hat die erſte verfolgung des ſchwartzen Teuffels auffgehöret.

Flugs nach ſolchem hunger, würgen vnd morden, kam der ander Teuffel, dacht, kan ich euch mit meiner ſchwartzen heßlichen farbe nicht abſchrecken, ſo wil ich ein anders verſuchen, Vnd wurde alſo ein liechter Teuffel, der ſich verſtellet, das er gleiſſe, wie ein himliſcher Engel, vnd greiff die Sache gleich auff die ſelbe weiſe an, wie ers mit Chriſto fürgenomen hatte, Da es jm zum erſten mit jm nicht gelingen wolt, Herr (gedacht er) du wilt Gott vertrauen, das, wenn du ſchon kein brod haſt, könne er dich gleich wol erneren, wenn du nur ſein wort haſt, Wilt du daran, ſo wil ich dir dazu helffen, vnd gnug zugleuben ſchaffen ꝛc. Nimpt jn, vnd füret jn nicht weiter jnn die wüſten hinein, ſondern aus der wüſten heraus, das iſt, aus dem hunger vom faſten jnn die heilig ſtad.

Es wird aber Jeruſalem die heilige Stad genennet, darumb, das Gottes wonung vnd Tempel da war, Denn gleich wie man ein haus nennet nach ſeins herrn namen, Alſo hies man den Tempel vnſers Herr Gottes ſtuel vnd wonung, da hatte er fewr vnd ofen gehabt, Eſa. 31. das iſt, er hielt zu Jeruſalem haus. Jnn die ſelbe heilige ſtad, füret jn der Teuffel, als der auch from ſein, vnd Chriſto helffen wolt, ſtellet jn oben auff die zinnen des Tempels. Denn jnn den ſelbigen lendern ſind die heuſer ſo gebawet, das ſie oben vierecktigt vnd gepflaſtert ſind, vnd ſtuffen haben, das man auff vnd ab gehen kan. Als er jn nu hinauff geſtellt hat, ſpricht er, Biſtu Gottes ſon, ſo las dich hinab. Er greifft jn hie weder mit hunger noch ſchwerd an, ſondern füret jn jnn die ſchrifft, vnd leſſt ſich hören, als ein Doctor der ſchrifft, füret den ſchönen text aus dem Pſalm, Gott wird ſeinen Engeln vber dir befelh thun, vnd ſie werden dich auff den henden tragen, das du deinen fus nicht an einen ſtein ſtoſſeſt. Als wolt er ſagen, Wiltu ſo beſtendig an Gottes Wort halten, vnd dir die ſchrifft durch keinerley anfechtung nemen laſſen, Höre, wie haſtu ſchrifft, Gott hat ſeine Engel verordnet, das ſie dir jren eigen henden ein pflaſter machen, vnd dich behüten ſollen, das du gleich wie ein Engel on fahr vnd ſchaden hinab faren magſt.

Dis iſt nu der ander, nemlich der gleiſſend Teuffel, der ſich ſtellet als ein Engel Gottes, vnd greiffet die Chriſtenheit an, nicht mit leiblicher verfolgung, ſondern mit jrem eigen harniſch vnd waffen, das iſt, mit der ſchrifft, damit ſie ſich aller leiblichen anfechtung wider jn erwehret. Die ſelbige kan er ſo wunderlich vnd meiſterlich fürgeben vnd drehen, das er einen bald jrre machet, wenn er nicht vleiſſig darauff achtung hat. Als hie, helt er Chriſto die ſchrifft für, vnd wil jn bereden, er ſol ſich von der zinnen des Tempels hinab laſſen, Denn es künde jm keine fahr drauff, weil geſchrieben ſtehet, Das Gott den

Engeln befolhen hat, das ſie ſeine kinder auff jren henden tragen ſollen ꝛc. Schrifft iſt da, ſihe aber, was die liſtige ſchlange, vnd der vater aller lügen, fur ein meiſterſtück brauchet, Schrifft füret er, das nöchigeſt aber leſſt er auſſen, Denn ſo lautet der ſpruch, den er aus dem 91. Pſalm füret, Gott hat ſeinen Engeln befolhen vber dir, das ſie dich behüten, auff alle deinen wegen ꝛc. Dieſe wort (auff alle deinen wegen) vberhupfft der ſchalck. Denn es war wider jn.

Darumb ſchlegt jn Chriſtus zurück, vnd ſagt zu jm, Man ſol die ſchrifft ſo füren, das man dennoch Gott nicht verſuche, Als wolt er ſprechen, Wo der menſch auff ſeinen wegen gehet, das iſt, wartet ſeines befelhs vnd ampts, da haben die Engel befelh jn zu behüten, vnd fur allem vbel zubewaren, Aber du ſchalck, leſſeſt ſolches auſſen, vnd weiſeſt mir eine thür, da kein weg iſt, Tauben, ſperlingen, vnd andern vögeln, iſts ein rechter weg, das ſie ſich aus der höhe auff die erden laſſen, die haben feddern dazu, vnd können fliegen, Solchs hat Gott dem menſchen nicht gegeben, ſondern hat verordnet treppen, die ſol man auff vnd abgehen, vnd nicht jnn der lufft einen newen weg ſuchen.

War iſt es, Chriſtus hette ſolches gleich ſo wol thun können, als auffm waſſer gehen, Aber weil er da jnn menſchlicher natur war, vnd vns zu gut ſolche anfechtung ausſtehen wolte, lies Gott die menſchliche natur jnn Chriſto mit dem Teuffel fechten, vnd vns zu troſt, jn mit ſeinem eigen ſchwerd ſchlahen, vnd vberwinden, Nemlich alſo, Du ſolt Gott deinen HERRN nicht verſuchen. Als wolt er ſagen, Du ſchalck, du lereſt mich, das ich mich ſol jnn der lufft hinab laſſen, das iſt nicht ein weg fur mich, Denn die Menſchen ſollen ſich nicht jnn der lufft hinab laſſen, ſondern die treppen hinab gehen, Weil ich aber ein menſch bin, wil ich ſolchs mittels brauchen, ſonſt wo ich deinem rat folgete, hieſſe es Gott verſuchen ꝛc.

Dis iſt, ſage ich, die ander anfechtung der Chriſtlichen kirchen, Denn als bald Conſtantinus ein Chriſt ward, da funden ſich die rechten Ketzer, nicht die jungen ſchüler, wie Ebion vnn Cherinthus war, ſondern die haub ketzer, als Ariani, Macedoniani, Eunomiani Manichei ꝛc. Dieſe alle theten mordtlichen groſſen ſchaden, Dazu verfolgeten, veriagten vnd ermordeten ſie die fromen Biſſchoue, die ſolchem ſchaden allein hetten können wehren, Vnd war der Teuffel da viel ſterker, thet auch gröſſern ſchaden denn zuuor, Denn da er die Chriſtenheit mit leiblicher anfechtung des hungers vnd ſchwerts antaſtet, kund man den ſchwartzen Teuffel kennen, vnd ſich fur jm hüten. Da er ſich aber wider die Chriſtenheit ſetzte, mit dem geiſtlichen ſchwerd, das iſt, mit der ſchrifft, das er dadurch ſeine lügen ſchmücken, vnd mit einem ſchein groſſer weisheit vnd heiligkeit jnn die leute bringen möchte, ſtellet er ſich nicht ſo heslich vnd grauſam, wie vor, Alſo das man jn nicht mehr fur einen ſchwartzen Teuffel, ſondern fur einen Engel des liechts anſahe.

Denn wie er Chriſto, da er mit der ſchrifft an jn ſatzte, vnd jn mit vbriger kunſt vbermeiſtern wolt, nicht jnn die wüſten fürete, ſondern aus der wüſten jnn die heilig Stad, vnd jn ſtellete auff den Tempel, Alſo thet er zur ſelbigen zeit auch, höret auff zu rumorn, mit verfolgen vnd morden der Chriſten, gab jn friede vnn gute ruge, lies auch geſchehen, das ſie reichlich verſorget wurden, durch die fromen Chriſtlichen Keiſer. Aber das, machte er auch vberaus die leute, ſonderlich die Pfarherr vnd Prediger, heilig, klug vnd gelert jnn der ſchrifft, das ſie mit der zeit laſs vnd ſicher wurden, nimer vleiſſig Gottes wort trieben, mit leren, vermanen, tröſten, noch ſich mit beten vbeten, Denn ſie hatten euſerlich frid, Daraus denn endlich folgen muſte, das ſie den rechten verſtand der ſchrifft verloren, vnd jnn ſeltzam wunderliche Fragen gerieten, wie dis oder jens war ſein künde ꝛc. Vnd fiengen an die artickel des glaubens nach jrem dünckel zu meiſtern vnd die ſchrifft darauff zu reimen. Mit ſolcher weis, hat ſie der Teuffel aus der wüſten, nicht jnn den Tempel, ſondern auff den Tempel, gefürt, daraus ſie hinab ſtürtzeten, vnd den hals brachen, vnd ſchier die gantzen Chriſtenheit mit ſich jnn greulich jrthum vnd ewiges verderben füreten.

Denn alſo pflegts mit allen ketzern zu gehen, das ſie zum erſten einen dünckel faſſen, der jnen wol gefelt, gut vnd recht deucht, Wenn ſie den gefaſſt haben, gehen ſie jnn die ſchrifft, ſuchen vnd klauben darinn, wie ſie ſolchen dünckel ſchmücken, das iſt denn ein ſeer ferlich ding. Als, das ich des ein Exempel gebe, Da der Ketzer Arius wolte die perſon Chriſti anfechten, war das ſein erſter gedancke, Chriſtus iſt von Maria der jungfrawen geborn, Darum iſt er ein lauter natürlicher menſch. Zum andern, ſo iſts auch natürlich, das nicht mehr denn nur ein Gott ſey, wie die Türcken noch heutiges tages darauff ſtehen, vnd ſagen, Wie nur eine welt, eine Sonne iſt, alſo iſt auch nur ein Gott. Item, ein Regiment, ſol nicht mehr denn ein heubt haben, Da ſtehen ſie auff, vnd kurtzumb, wer anders leret, mus vnrecht haben.

Dis iſt nu ein gedancken, der der vernunfft leichtlich eingehet, vnd ſonderlich denen, ſo im wort nicht wol geübet ſind, Wenn nu ſolcher Gedanck gefaſſet iſt, darnach flugs jnn die ſchrifft geloffen, Da findet Arius, das Moſe ſagt, Iſrael, dein Gott iſt ein einiger Gott, Item, Jeſus Syrach ſpricht cap. 24. Die Weisheit ſey geſchaffen ꝛc. Da iſt Arius gar gefangen, vnd richtet an auff ſolchen dunckel, den greulichen, groſſen jamer, vnd beredet die leute, das Chriſtus nicht warhafftiger, natürlicher Gott ſey. Conſtantinus der Keiſer hette gern gewehret, griff auch Arium an, vnd verwieſe jn aus dem lande, das er nicht mehr ſolt predigen. Aber der Teuffel machte jn balde wider los, vnd halff getroſt dazu, das ſein gifft jhe lenger jhe weiter ausgebreitet ward, das es endlich da hin kam, das zur ſelbigen zeit, nicht mehr im gantzen Orient, denn zween Pfarherr oder Biſſchoue von ſolcher gifft vnbeſchmeiſt blieben, Die andern hiengen jm alle an, Bis auch des Keiſers Conſtantini ſon, Conſtantius genant, zu Ario fiele, Der machet aller erſt einen riſs, das alle Fürſten, reichen, gelerten hinach fielen, vnd des Arij ketzerey verfochten, vnd der Chriſtenheit vberaus groſſen ſchaden theten, den hernach die gantze Kirchen, gegen Orient nie recht vberwunden hat. Denn vber drey hundert jar hernach, kam der Teuffel Mahometh, vnd beſtetiget ſolchen jrthum Arij, vnd leret ander ding daneben, der vernunfft gemes. Das war der weis, vnd ſeer böſe Teuffel, Jhener der ſchwartze füret das ſchwerd, dieſer aber nam den Chriſten jr ſchwerd, die heilige ſchrifft, vnd ſprach, das ſagt ewr Gott. Wer wolt da nicht zufallen? wenn er höret, Da ſtehet Gottes wort, das ſagt Gott ſelb ꝛc.

Dis iſt nu die ander anfechtung der Chriſtenheit, nach der zeit der lieben Marterer, da die Kirch jemerlich zuriſſen, Vnd aus dem ſelbigen einigen jrthum des Arij, iſt die welt voll ketzereien worden, vnd ſind dazumal allein die im rechten Chriſtlichen glauben beſtendig blieben, die ſich ſchlecht vnd einfeltig an das wort gehalten haben, was von Chriſto geredt vnd gegleubt, wie die ſchrifft von jm zeuget, Die iſt jr harniſch geweſt, da mit ſie ſich nicht allein wider den gifftigen buben Arium, vnd ſeinen groſſen anhang geſchützt, ſondern auch getroſt gewehret haben, vnd jn auch endlich dadurch vberwunden.

Denn wie wol alle Ketzer jre lügen vnd jrthum, fein wiſſen mit der ſchrifft zu ſchmücken, vnn da durch den leuten ein ſpiegelfechten machen, das ſie meinen, es ſey lauter warheit, vnd bald mercklichen groſſen ſchaden thun, denn jr wort (ſpricht S. Paul) friſſt vmb ſich wie der krebs, Doch gleichwol kan jr thorheit nicht lang ein beſtand haben, ſie mus mit der zeit an tag komen. Vrſach, ſie laſſen Gottes wort faren, oder deutens nach jrem gefallen, das es jnen heiſſen mus was ſie wollen, Jnn ſumma, ſie nemen etwas ſonderlichs für, erdichten jnen ein eigen glauben on Gottes wort vnd bilden oder formieren jnen einen ſonderlichen Gott, nicht wie jn die ſchrifft malet, ſondern nach jren gedancken, der ſol jm den gefallen laſſen jr lere vnd leben, als allein heilig vnd Göttlich, was andere leute leren vnd thun (wenn ſie noch zehenmal die ſchrifft fur ſich hetten) ſo mus vnrecht vnd ſunde ſein, Das mercken mit der zeit die Chriſten, vnd hüten ſich fur jnen.

Dieſe ſinds, die der Teuffel hoch jnn den lüfften füret, vnd auff die zinnen des Tempels ſetzet, vnd zu jnen ſpricht, Hui, las dich hinab ꝛc. das iſt, Ey du biſt ein hoch erleuchter man, mit groſſen geiſtlichen gaben von Gott begnadet, viel frömer, gelerter vnd heiliger denn die andern algamal, wie du von Gott gedenckeſt, ſo mus gewis ſein, es kan dir nicht feilen, Darumb weil dir Gott ſolchs offenbart hat, muſtus allein bey dir nicht halten, ſondern andern auch mitteilen. Dieſe Teuffliſche hoffart macht ſie denn ſicher vnd vermeſſen, das ſie on Gottes furcht vnd befelh jren eigen geifer aus ſpeien, vnd jnn die leute ſchütten, das iſt, etwas newes leren, on vnd wider Gottes wort, Das heiſſt denn Gott verſuchen, vnd jnn der lufft on feddern wollen fliegen, Da kan nichts anders ernach folgen, denn jns Teuffels namen erab ſtürtzen, vnd den hals brechen.

Darumb thun alle Ketzer, wo ſie ſich auff jre gedancken verlaſſen, oder der ſchrifft ein naſen drehen, das ſie ſich auff jre lügen reimen mus, nicht anders, denn als wenn ich oder ein ander vbern Rein wolt gehen on eine brücke, vnd ſagen, Ey ich wil Gott gleuben vnd vertrawen, ich habe ſein wort, das ſeine Engel mich wol behüten werden, das ich nicht erſauffe, Nein, die haſtu kein befelh zu, ſo gehet der weg, darauff dich die Engel bewaren ſollen, nicht durchs waſſer, ſondern vber die brücken, fellſtu drüber hin ein, vnd erſeuffeſt, ſo geſchicht dir eben recht, denn du haſt Gott verſucht.

Hie gehöret nu kunſt zu, nicht die fleiſch vnd blut kan, ſondern des heiligen Geiſts kunſt, das man Gottes wort recht vnn gewis ſcheiden künne, vnd ſehen obs recht oder felſchlich gefüret werde, denn der Teuffel kan die kunſt auch, vnd beweiſts an dem höchſten Meiſter Chriſto ſelber. Der halben ſoltu dich nicht bald laſſen erſchrecken, wenn die Rottengeiſter vnd Ketzer einher prallen, die ſchrifft, die Gottes wort ꝛc. ſondern da ſetze ſchrifft gegen ſchrifft, wie Chriſtus hie thut. Denn eben die Ketzer ſeins, die dem wort auffs hefftigſt feind ſind vnd es am meiſten verfolgen, ſtellen ſich, als wollen ſie es helffen fürdern vnd handhaben, Denen mus man, wenn ſie ſich mit der ſchrifft behelffen, vnd da mit jre lügen ſchmücken, antworten, Nein, an das kere ich mich nicht allein, das du ſagſt, du habſt Gottes wort fur dich, Denn man mus auch ſehen, das man Gott nicht verſuche, Vnd ob es ſchon Gottes wort were, damit du dich behilffeſt, möchteſt du vieleicht etwas dauon oder dazu gethan haben, Darumb las vor ſehen, ob es die meinung des heiligen Geiſts ſey, vnd ob du es recht füreſt? Denn vnſer Herr Gott, wird darumb nicht zürnen, ob ich ſein wort nicht anneme, wie du es füreſt vnd deuteſt. Denn der Teuffel vnd alle Ketzer, ob ſie ſich ſchon mit Gottes wort ſchmücken, füren ſie es dennoch vnrecht, Darumb hat mich mein Herr Chriſtus, beide mit ſeinem Exempel, vnd ſonſt dafur gewarnet ꝛc.

Aber, wie geſagt, es iſt des heiligen Geiſts kunſt vnd gabe, das man ſich alſo falſcher lere erwehre, wie die heiligen Biſſchoue vnd andere Chriſten durch den heiligen Geiſt, mit Gottes wort ſich des Teuffels vnd ſeiner Apoſtel, der Ketzer erweret haben. War iſts, das viel durch jre heucheley vnd lügen, die ſie fur heiligkeit vnd warheit rhümen, betrogen vnd verfürt werden. Aber dagegen ſind allzeit geweſen, die den gleiſſenden Teuffel erkand haben, vnd ſich nichts bewegen laſſen, ſeiner Apoſtel hohe kunſt vnd weisheit, ſondern gemerckt, das lauter heucheley vnd betrug ſey, wenn ſie ſich gleich noch einſt mit der ſchrifft vnd Gottes namen ſchmückten.

Dis ſey von der andern zeit geſagt, da der weiſſe vnd Engliſche Teuffel die Chriſtenheit, durch Ketzerey hat angefochten, vnd die armen gewiſſen jemerlich zerrüttet vnd jrre gemacht, vnd iſt kein wunder, Denn wie ſol ſich der gemein man, ſo jnn Gottes wort nicht ſonderlich vnterrichtet iſt, wehren? wenn er die groſſen titel höret, Gottes wort, Gottes name, Gottes ehre ꝛc. Darumb mus Gott die ſonderlich helffen, durch fromme vnd trewe prediger oder durch ſonderlich eingeben des heiligen Geiſts die ſeinen erhalten, ſonſt iſt weder hülffe noch rat. Nu hat dennoch die Chriſtenheit ſolche ſchedliche vnd ferliche zeit auch ausgeſtanden vnd überwunden, das ſie blieben iſt, bis auff den heutigen tag, Vnd iſt beide durch Gottes wort vnd fromme Prediger vnſer glaube erhalten, das Jheſus Chriſtus ſey warer Gott vom Vater jnn ewigkeit, Vnd warer menſch jnn der zeit aus Maria der jungfrawen geborn.

Die Ander predigt.

Die dritte zeit der Chriſtenheit, hat man genennet, des Antichriſts zeit, da ſoll die grundſuppe ſein, da der Teuffel dem faſs den boden gar ausſtöſſt, Vnd iſt nicht mehr ein ſchwartzer Teuffel, wie der erſte, auch nicht der ander kluge Teuffel, der aus der ſchrifft diſputiert, ſondern gantz ein Göttlicher maieſtetiſcher Teuffel, der da ſchlecht heraus fert, als ſey er Gott ſelbs, Falle fur mir nider, vnd bete mich an, ſo wil ich dir der gantzen welt Königreich geben. Dis iſt der letzte jamer gewest, jnn der Chriſtenheit, nach dem die lieben veter, ſo den ſchalckhafftigen Teuffel jnn den ketzern geſchlagen, das haubt gelegt haben, vnd die leute des gezencks vnd gekempffs über der ſchrifft ſind müde worden, Vnd ſie darnach gar von der ſchrifft gefallen, haben ſie ligen laſſen, Vnd hat ein iglicher geleret vnd regieret, was jn gut gedaucht hat. Da kompt der Göttlich Teuffel, durch ſeinen Endechriſt, als wolle er der Chriſtenheit raten, vnd jr erſt recht auff die bein helffen, nach dem ſie friede vnd ruge kriegt hat, beide von den Tyrannen vnd Ketzern, Leſſt ſie mit der ſchrifft vnangefochten, vnd ſtellet ein euſſerlich Regiment, aus ſeinem eigen kopff, ordnet mancherley Gottes dienſt, vnd machet einen ſolchen ſchein, als ſey es eitel köſtlich Göttlich ding, Feret darnach zu, heiſſet vnd gebeut, was er nur wil, on wort vnd grund der ſchrifft, Vnd doch alles vnter Gottes namen.

Denn die hat er ſich ſollen auffwerffen vnd vberheben (wie S. Paulus 2. Theſſal. 2. von jm weiſſaget) uber alles das Gott oder Gottesdienſt heiſſet, vnd ſich ſetzen jnn den Tempel Gottes (das iſt, jnn der Chriſtenheit) vnd fürgeben, er ſey Gott. Mit ſolchem trefflichen Göttlichen ſchein, iſt er eingeriſſen, vnd hat an ſich gezwungen, Keiſer, Könige vnd alle welt, Vnd hat es endlich dahin gebracht, das man alles hat müſſen für Göttlich ding halten, vnd anbeten, was er nur gedacht hat, vnd niemand darnach gefragt, ob es auch Gottes wort, oder der ſchrifft gemes were.

Dis iſt die letzte vnd grewlichſte zeit, ſo die Chriſtenheit ſchier hat auffgereumet, dauon Chriſtus ſelb ſpricht. Wenn des menſchen ſon komen wird, meinſtu das er auch glauben auff erden finden werde? Als wolte er ſagen, Die letzte zeit, wird ſo grewlich vnd ferlich ſein, das es ſich anſehen leſſt, es werde beide wort vnd glauben vntergehen vnd verleſchen, das nirgent kein Chriſt zu ſehen ſey, vnd jederman wird leren, gleuben, anbeten, vnd thun wie es jm einfelt vnd gut dunckt, wie es denn bisher ſchier bey neun hundert jaren alſo ergangen iſt, das niemand wider des Bapſts leſterliche grewel vnd Abgöttereien gepredigt noch geſchrieben hat.

Denn iſt das nicht ein grewlicher jrthum vnd vnuerſchempte lügen geweſen, das die frömeſten vnter des Bapſts geſind, die heiligen Mönche, die leute vberredt haben, Wenn man ſie nach jrem tod jnn einer kappen begrübe, ſo hetten ſie vergebung der ſunde, vnd füren von mund auff gen Himel ꝛc. Ja jnn abgrund der hellen. Da wird weder Gottes worts von Chriſtus leiden vnd aufferſtehen vmb vnſer willen, noch des glaubens mit einem wort gedacht, Ja aus Chriſto machten ſie einen Richter vnd Stockmeiſter, vnd weiſeten vns zu der lieben Gottesgeberin Maria, vnd andern Heiligen, als weren ſie vnſer Mitler vnd Fürſprechen, die vns gegen Gott vertreten, vnd gnade erwürben.

So doch ſolch ampt vnd ehr die ſchrifft allein Chriſto zuſchreibet, Als Rom. 8. Chriſtus ſitzet zur rechten Gottes, vnd vertrit vns. Rom. 3. Gott hat Chriſtum vns fürgeſtellet zum Gnadenſtuel. Joh. 3. Alſo hat Gott die Welt geliebt ꝛc. Dieſe vnd der gleichen tröſtliche ſprüche von Chriſto, der die Bibel vol iſt, hat der Antichriſtiſch hauffe, on zweifel aus ſonderlichem zorn Gottes, vmb der ſchendlichen welt vndanckbarkeit willen, nicht ſehen müſſen, viel weniger verſtehen vnd andern fürpredigen, ſondern dafur die armen betrübten gewiſſen plagen, mit jren leſterlichen vnd erdichteten lügen, vom Ablas, Heiligen anruffen, Walfarten, vnd was des vnzelichen drecks vnd vnflats mehr iſt, des ſie nicht leugnen können, Denn noch heutiges tags ſind Gebet, geſenge, vnd jre bücher verhanden, die ſolches bezeugen, darinn ſie leſterlich wider Chriſtum, vnd mit groſſem verderben der elenden gewiſſen geleret haben, Es ſey wol war, das jnn der Tauff die erbſunde ſey geſchenckt, durch das verdienſt vnd leiden Chriſti, Aber was fur ſunde nach der Tauff geſchehen, da helffe das leiden Chriſti nicht zu, ſondern wir müſſen ſelb durch vnſere werck dafur genug thun ꝛc.

Dis haben ſie geleret, vnd zum warzeichen, ſtehen noch fur augen, die groſſen Thumkirchen vnd Klöſter, die alle darauff geſtifftet ſind, ſonſt (halt ich) ſolten es ſie wol leugnen. Ich wil der andern Gottesleſterlichen grewel geſchweigen, vom ausſchreien des Jubel jars, vom Ablas verkauffen, vom Seelen erlöſen aus dem Fegfeur ꝛc.

Darumb ſage ich, das dis der rechte Göttlich Teuffel ſey, der lügen vnd menſchen tand wider die warheit vnd Gottes wort, mit glauben wider den glauben, vnd allerley Abgötterey wider den rechten Gottesdienſt hat angerichtet, durch anruffung der Heiligen, vnd ander Teuffels dreck mehr, on alle maſſen. Iſt doch die welt ſo vol Klöſter vnd Stiffte, das ſchier kein winckel ledig iſt. So ſind jre bücher auch verhanden on alle zal, damit ſie ſolch gifft jnn die gantze welt getrieben haben. So weis man ja wol, wie des Teuffels Apoſtel der Bapſt, den ablaskram allenthalben hat ausgelegt, vnd gerhümet, Er hab das verdienſt aller Heiligen im kaſten, vnd möge das ſelbige austeilen, wie vnd wem er wolle. Das dich Gott ſtraff mit deinem austeilen. So hats der Ertzböſewicht alles verkeret, Aus Chriſto einen Tyrannen gemacht, vnd den Heiligen, ja ſeinen erlogenen, erſtunckenen lügen zugeſchrieben, das allein Chriſto angehöret.

Solche leſterliche lügen, hat man nicht allein mit allem willen vnd groſſer andacht angenomen, ſondern auch vmb gros gelt vnd gut gekaufft, vnd fur eitel heiligthum angebetet, Vnd des vnermeslichen ſchadens, das durch ſolche grewel ſo viel vnzelich ſeelen ſo jemerlich verfürt vnd ermordet ſind, iſt alles ein vrſach der Bapſt, ſampt ſeinem auserweleten volck, den Mönchen, die gar treulich dazu geholffen haben (wie ich vorzeiten leider auch gethan hab) die jre gute werck vnd vbrige verdienſt den leuten verkaufft, vnd ſie dadurch des ewigen lebens verſichert. Wo aber ſolche jre werck vnd verdienſt zu gering weren, hieſſen ſie ſich des erholen an der fürbitt vnd verdienſt der Heiligen im Himel, welches der heilig Vater der Bapſt (wie geſagt) macht hette auszuteilen.

So haben ſie geirret, vnd das es ja jederman erfüre, die welt vol bücher dauon geſchrieben, vnd da durch ſo viel Heiland oder Seligmacher, gemacht, ſo viel Heiligen im himel ſind, Ja auch zu Heilanden auffgeworffen, die vns aller not helffen künden, die vielleicht nie geborn ſind, Denn ich wolte nicht gern darauff ſchweren, das S. Georg vnd S. Chriſtoff jhe auff erden komen weren.

Durch ſolche grewliche Gottesleſterung des Bepſtiſchen geſchmeis vnd vngeziefers, iſt die liebe Chriſtenheit ſo jemerlich verfüret vnd verderbt, das ſie an ſtat der reinen lere vnd glaubens, eitel jrthum vnd lügen hat angenomen, vnd alſo den HErrn Jheſum Chriſtum, gantz vnd gar aus den augen verloren, vnd ſchlechts nicht anders von jm gehalten vnd gedacht, denn er ſey vnſer ankleger fur Gott dem Vater, So er doch der einige Heiland, Tröſter, Mitler vnd Hoherprieſter iſt, zwiſſchen Gott vnd den menſchen. Das heiſſt (meine ich) den Teuffel fur Gott auffgeworffen vnd angebettet ꝛc. Darumb iſt dieſe letzte zeit, wie ſie auch Paulus nennet, die aller ferlichſte, darin der Bapſt Gottes wort vntergedruckt, oder ja ſeines gefallens gedeutet hat, vnd alſo an, ja wider Gottes wort geleret vnd geprediget, was jm nur gut gedaucht hat. Eben wie der Teuffel, ſein Meiſter, mit Chriſto auch thet, hielt jm endlich kein ſchrifft oder Gottes wort für, ſondern ſprach ſchlechts, Falle fur mir nider, vnd bette mich an, ſo wil ich dir alle Königreich der welt geben ꝛc.

Es hat aber der hohe maieſtetiſch Teuffel mit dieſem geſchwinden griff geſucht, das er auch endlich gefunden hat, Denn da er ſahe, das er erſtlich durchs Creutz, das iſt, durch hunger, morden ꝛc. der Chriſtenheit nichts kunde abbrechen, Vnd darnach durch die Ketzer, die die ſchrifft felſchten vnd vnrecht füreten, nichts ſonderlichs wider ſie kund ausrichten, Harr (gedacht er) kan ich euch durch das Creutz vnd wort nicht abgewinnen, ſo wil ichs verſuchen mit ehr, gut vnd gelt, wil euch ſo viel geben, das jr der ſchrifft dabey wol vergeſſen ſolt.

Dieſer anſchlag iſt jm am beſten geraten, Denn er hats dadurch endlich dahin gebracht, das Bapſt, Cardinel vnd Biſſchoue, das weltlich Reich zu ſich geriſſen haben, vnd Chriſtum mit ſeinem wort faren laſſen, Vnd zuletzt ſo gewaltige mechtige herrn worden, das jrem Rattenkönig, dem helliſchen vater, der Keiſer, dem doch beide Chriſtus vnd die Apoſtel, als der höchſten Maieſtet auff erden jederman nach leib vnd gut vnterworfen, die füſſe hat müſſen küſſen.

Was nu der ſchwartze Teuffel mit dem ſchwerd, vnd der Engeliſch mit dem buch oder ſchrifft nicht hat können ausrichten, das hat der Gott dieſer welt endlich zu wegen gebracht, mit dem das er geſagt hat, Felleſtu fur mir nider, vnd betteſt mich an, ſo wil ich dir dis alles geben, denn es iſt mein. Das iſt der Göttliſch Teuffel, der angebettet wil ſein, Denn aber wird er angebettet, wenn man an das Euangelij, glaubens vnd der gebot Gottes ſtat, wie geſagt, lügen, als Mönchen regel, menſchen gebot, Decret vnd Statut, leret vnd prediget, wie der Bapſt mit ſeinen Gottloſen gethan hat, vnd furgibt, alles was er lere vnd gebiete, ſey Gottes wort, vnd geſagt, das die, ſo ſolch ſein lere vnd gebot fur recht vnd Göttlich halten, allein die rechte Kirche, die jm aber widerſprechen, Ketzer vnd verdampte leute, ſeien.

Alſo hat der Bapſt den Teuffel angebetet, vnd dafur der der welt ehr, gut, gold, reichthum vnd gewalt, vber Keiſer, Könige, Fürſten vnd Herrn vberkomen, vnd dazu den namen vnd Titel erhalten, das er der aller heiligſt ſey, die er geſegnet vnd zu Heiligen gemacht hat, die habens (das vnd kein anders) ſein müſſen, Widerumb die er verflucht vnd verdampt hat, die hat man fur ſolche müſſen halten, Vnd was er nur gethan hat, alles recht vnd wolgethan müſſen heiſſen, Wenn er ſchon ſeins gefallens mit den Keiſern, Königen ꝛc. geſpielt hat, ſie abgeſetzt, ermorden laſſen, oder einen durch den andern vertrieben, wider alles recht vnd billigkeit, noch hats niemand ſtraffen thüren, hat er anders von jm nicht verflucht, vnd dem Teuffel zu eigen vbergeben wolt ſein, Ja das wol mehr iſt, trotz einem Fürſten oder Könige, der ſeiner geſchirmten einen, hette dürffen ein leid thun.

Solche gewalt, das er der höheſt vnd heiligſt iſt auff erden, wie er rhümet, hat er allein daher, das er fur dem Satan nidergefallen, vnd jn angebetet hat, Denn heiſſt das nicht den Satan angebetet, wenn man Teuffels lere höher vnd heiliger helt, denn Gottes wort? vnd dargegen Gottes wort verfelſcht, leſtert, leugnet, vnd als die ergſte Ketzerey verfolget, vnd fur Teuffels kinder helt vnd verdampt, die es leren vnd thun ꝛc? Ich meine ja, es heiſſe Gott aus ſeim ſtuel geſtoſſen, vnd den Teuffel an ſeine ſtat geſetzt, vnd fur Gott angebetet.

Dis iſt die grundſuppe vnd der letzte grewel, damit die Chriſtenheit vor dem Jüngſten tage geplaget ſolt werden, dauon ſie niemand erretten kan, denn der einige man Chriſtus. Dem ſchwartzen Teuffel ſteuret der from Gottfürchtige Keiſer Conſtantinus, da er den Chriſten friede vnd ruge für den Tyrannen ſchaffte, vnd die Kirchendiener verſorget. Darnach da der liechte Engeliſche Teuffel, durch ſeine Ketzer die Chriſtenheit lange zeit wol gedanzerfeget vnd gemartert hatte, gab vnſer HErr Gott wider etliche frome Chriſtliche Keiſer, als Theodoſium, Arcadium, Honorium, die ſchützten die Kirchen wider die Arianer. Hie aber wider den letzten vnd ergſten Teuffel, wird keine weltliche gewalt ſchützen noch retten können, denn wie Joh. Apoc. cap. 13. ſagt, hat der Drach ſeine krafft, ſein ſtuel vnd groſſe macht gegeben dem thier, das ſieben heubter vnd zehen hörner hat, Welchs geſchehen iſt, da der Bapſt Carolum Magnum eingenomen hat, vnd durch jn [illegible] Keiſer, die hernach komen ſind, das ſie ſeins gefallens handeln, vnd jn fur jren Oberherrn erkennen müſſen. Darumb wird die kirch nu fort keinen andern Schutzherrn haben, der ſie wider den Teuffel vnd den Antichriſt beſchirme, vnd von jrem letzten zwang erlöſe, denn den rechten Schutzherrn Chriſtum, der die ſpricht, Heb dich von mir Satan, denn du biſt nicht der man, den man anbeten ſol, Der iſts von dem geſchrieben ſtehet, Du ſolt anbeten Gott deinen HERRN, vnd jm allein dienen.

Vnd Chriſtus der rechte Schutzherr, hat bereit hand angelegt, ſpricht durch ſeine Kirche zum Teuffel, Heb dich Satan ꝛc. Denn das Euangelion das jtzt leuchtet, zeucht dem Teuffel die maieſtetiſch laruen vom angeſicht, vnd das Göttlich kleid vber die ohren, vnd ſtellet jn nacket dar, das jn die Chriſten nu recht kennen, vnd nimer fur Gott, ſondern fur den heslichſten vnd ſchedlichſten Teuffel halten. Dazu blöſſet auch das Euangelium die ſcham ſeiner Babyloniſchen huren, das man all jr hurerey, das iſt, des Bapſts grewel vnd Abgötterey, mord, blutvergieſſen ꝛc. jtzt frey öffentlich durchs wort richtet vnd verdampt, die man vor fur heiligkeit anbetten, vnd fur recht billichen hat müſſen. Vnd gehet nu (Gott ſey jnn ewigkeit gelobt) die Prophecey S. Pauli jnn vollem ſchwang, da er 2. Theſſa. 2. vom Endechriſt ſo redet. Es wird der Boshafftige nicht offenbart, es werde denn zuuor hinweg gethan, der ſo es jtzt au[illegible]elt, Als denn wird jn der HERR mit dem Geiſt ſeines mundes vmbringen ꝛc.

Jtzt gehet ſolches, Denn der Endechriſt jnn der gleubigen hertzen wird matt vnd vmbgebracht, nicht durch ſchwerd oder menſchlich gewalt (denn wie auch Daniel ſagt, ſol er on hand zerbrochen werden) ſondern, wie im 8. Pſalm geſchrieben ſtehet, durch den mund der jungen kinder vnd ſeuglingen. Die ſind die Krieger, die dem groſſen Weſpenkönig das gebrandte leid thun vnd ſampt allen ſeinen Hummeln auffſengen werden, wie wol man ſie dafur nicht anſihet, vnd auffs aller ſicherſt veracht, als geringe vnd einfeltige leute, die nicht viere können zelen. Aber man ſol mit der zeit wol erfaren (wie wol es nu ſchon fur augen iſt, wenn mans nur ſehen wolt) das ſie mit jrer ſchwacheit vnd thorheit mehr ausgericht haben, denn die gantze welt mit all jrer weisheit vnd macht vermocht hette, vnd regen doch keine fauſt, viel weniger zucken ſie ein ſchwerd, ſondern thun ſchlechts den mund auff, predigen das Euangelium, das da nicht ſagt von Münchskappen, Walfarten, Heiligen anruffen, Seelmeſſen ꝛc. wie des Endechriſts predigt lautet, ſondern von Chriſto, das er der einige Geſetzwürger, Sündentreger, Todfreſſer vnd Teuffelsmörder ſey. Wer ſich an dem nicht helt, dem werde von dieſen vnüberwindlichen feinden nimmer mehr geholffen, wenn er ſchon aller Gottes heiligen (viel weniger aller Bapſts heiligen) werck, leiden vnd verdienſt fur ſich hette.

So ſpricht nu heutes tages das kleine heufflin, die Chriſtenheit, jrem HErrn vnd Meiſter Chriſto nach, zum Teuffel, Heb dich Satan, denn es ſtehet geſchrieben, Du ſol anbeten Gott deinen HERRN, vnd jm allein dienen, Das iſt, ſie gehet mit Gottes wort vmb, treibets vnd ſcherffts on vnterlas, mit leſen, leren, predigen, ſtraffen vermanen, tröſten ꝛc. vnd richtet dadurch bey den auserweleten ſo viel aus, das ſie ſich nu fort an auff keine ſelb erwelete werck oder Gottes dienſt, ſie heiſſen vnd gleiſſen ſo ſchon ſie jmer mögen, verlaſſen, ſondern bawen allein auff Gottes grundloſe gnad vnd barmhertzigkeit, jnn Chriſto vns verheiſſen vnd erzeigt, vnd wiſſen, das Gott allein, als dem rechten einigen HERRN die ehre gebüre, das man jn anbete, vnd jm allein diene, Was aber Gott anbeten, vnd jm allein dienen ſey, iſt anders wo geſagt, vnd würde jtzt zu lang zuhandeln.

Durch dieſe weis, wird der boshafftige mit dem odem des Herrn mundes vmbracht, das iſt, durch das mündlich wort, das ſeine Diener (dan er mund vnd weisheit dazu gibt, vnd ſeinen mund nennet, Jere. 15.) predigen. Die ſchaffen den weg damit, das die Chriſten weiter nichts mehr halten von des Endechriſts geſetzen vnd geboten, die er nu etlich hundert jar weit vber Gottes wort gerhümet vnd erhaben hat, ſondern er, ſampt allen ſeinen greweln vnd Teuffelsdreck, iſt aus jren hertzen rein ausgefegt, jnen gantz vnd gar tod geſchlagen, zugeſcharret vnd begraben, das er ſich nu nicht regen, viel weniger mit ſeinem grauſamen blitzen vnd donnern mehr ſchrecken kan. Dis ſage ich, gehet jtzt, vnd wird ſeinen fortgang haben, bis einmal komen wird das ſelige ſtündlein vnſer endlicher erlöſung, auff welches wir warten, dauon Paulus an gedachtem ort weiter alſo ſagt, Der HERR wird ſein ein ende machen, durch die erſcheinung ſeiner zukunfft.

Wir hoffen alle, die wir Chriſtus ſinn haben, die ſelbe tröſtliche vnd frölich erſcheinung der herrligkeit des groſſen Gottes, vnd vnſers Heilands Jeſu Chriſti (der jtzt ſchwach, arm vnd veracht iſt, vnd noch jmerdar ihe lenger ihe mehr, jnn den ſeinen verſpottet, verſchmehet, verſpeiet, gegeiſſelt, gecreutziget vnd getödtet wird) werde nahe fur der thür ſein, vnd der vnzelichen grewel des verfluchten Bapſtums ein end machen. Jnn welcher erſcheinung ſich Chriſtus, vnſer leben vnd hoffnung, beweiſen vnd erzeigen wird, wie wir jtzt von jm gleuben vnd predigen, Nemlich, Er wird vns erlöſen von allem jamer vnd elend, das wir beide an leib vnd ſeel, vmb der bekentnis willen ſeines teuren worts vnd heiligen namens, die tragen vnd dulden müſſen, von der böſen argen welt, von jrem vater dem Teuffel, vnd von dem Endechriſt, der nichts denn ſunde anrichtet, vnd eitel verderben ſtifftet.

Dieſe vnſere, ja ſeine eigen feinde, ſampt dem Geſetz, ſunde vnd tod, die vnſer gewiſſen wol zu martern vnd zu plagen, weil wir hie jnn dieſem elend wallen, wird er vnter ſeine füſſe legen, das ſie vns fort an jnn ewigkeit müſſen zu frieden laſſen. Denn wie er das Geſetz, die ſunde vnd tod vnter die füſſe getreten vnd vberwunden hat, fur ſein perſon, das ſie jm nu fort an kein leid thun können. Alſo wird ers aus an jhenem tag mit einander auffreiben vnd zu nicht machen fur ſein gantzes Reich, Wie wol er nu ſolches ſchon hat angefangen durch ſein leiden vnd aufferſtehen, doch gleich wol iſt vnſer erlöſung noch nicht gar, wie ſie ſein ſol, volendet, Denn der Teuffel höret nicht eher auff, durch jrthum vnd tyranney der welt, darnach auch durchs Geſetz, ſünde vnd tod, die Chriſtenheit zu ſchrecken, engſten, martern vnd zu plagen, es kome denn Chriſtus vnd mache ein ende mit dem jüngſten tage. Daher ſpricht S. Paulus Rom. 8. Wir ſind wol ſelig, doch jnn der hoffnung, Darumb wir, die wir des Geiſts erſtling haben, ſehnen vns bey vns ſelbs nach der kindſchafft, vnd warten auff vnſers leibs erlöſung.

Dieſe erlöſung werden wir an jhenem tag volkomlich empfahen, da, wie S. Paul ſaget, das Geſetz ſeine krafft, vnd die ſunde jren ſtachel verlieren, vnd der tod im ſieg vberwunden wird. Da auch vnſer HErr Chriſtus denen, ſo jn nicht erkant haben, vnd dem Euangelio nicht gehorſam geweſen, vnd ſeiner Chriſtenheit mit liſt vnd gewalt leid gethan, wird trübſal vergelten, vnd die rach vber ſie gehen laſſen, das ſie pein leiden müſſen, nemlich die ewige verdamnis, Widerumb vns, die wir hie an jn gegleubet haben, ſeinen namen fur der welt bekennet, vnd darumb allerley trübſal vnd vnglück gelitten, ſampt allen Heiligen vnd gleubigen von anbegin der welt, wird er ruge vnd herrlicheit, vnausſprechliche freude vnd ewiges leben vnd ſeligkeit geben. Darumb ſollen wir vns fur dieſem ſeligen tage, daran wir endlich von allem vnglück erlöſet, vnd alles er wider bracht ſol werden, nicht entſetzen, ſondern ſein mit frölichem hertzen vnd auffgerichtem heubt erwarten, das gebe vns Chriſtus vnſer HErr, der kome ja ſchier vnd bleibe nicht lange auſſen, Amen.

Wie wol vnterm Bapſtum, vor dieſer zeit, da vns der liebe Gott wider mit dem Euangelio begnadet, die Chriſtenheit ein lange zeit kein reine offentliche predigt gehabt hat, aus Gottes wort, vom glauben an Chriſtum, als den einigen Erlöſer, Mitler vnd Tröſter des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, ſondern allein des Bapſts triegerey vnd lügen, von Walfarten, Ablas Seelmeſſen, heiligendienſt ꝛc. jnn allen Kirchen gewaltiglich regiert haben, vnd ſo mit hohem vleis dem volck eingebildet, das zuletzt jederman vom glauben abgefallen, auff ſolche heuchelwerck vnd falſche Gottesdienſt bawete, Hat gleichwol vnſer lieber Gott mitt jnn ſolchem greulichen jrthum vnd finſternis viel menſchen wunderbarlich bey dem rechten glauben erhalten, ja den ſelbigen eins teils am todbet offenbart, Wie man von S. Bernhard lieſet, der durch ſein ſchreiben viel vrſach dazu gegeben hat, das man die werde jungfrawen Maria jnn der Chriſtenheit ſo hoch erhaben hat, vnd jr zugeſchrieben, das allein Chriſto jrem ſon zuſtehet ꝛc. der auch viel vom Kloſterleben gehalten, vnd dazu ſo keuſch, rein, züchtig vnd meſſig gelebt, vnd ſeinen leib mit vbrigen faſten, ſo hefftig abgebrochen, vnd wehe gethan, das, wie man ſchreibet, jm zuletzt der odem ſo vbel gerochen hat, das man nicht wol vmb jn hat können bleiben, Iſt jrgend ein fromer Münch geweſt, ſo iſt er einer geweſen, Doch da er jtzt ſterben ſolt, vergiſſt er nicht allein ſeiner guten werck vnd heiliges lebens, denn er ſahe wol, das er dadurch fur Gott nicht beſtehen künde, ſondern hebt an vnd ſpricht, Ich hab mein leben vbel zubracht, Aber ich tröſte mich deß, das mein HErr Chriſtus das himelreich durch zweierley recht hat, Auffs erſte als ein natürlicher erben vnd ſon Gottes, Alſo begere ichs nicht, Zum andern, hat ers durch ſeinen verdienſt, vnſchuldig leiden vnd ſterben, Dieſem recht nach begere ichs, weil er nicht fur ſich, ſondern fur mich vnd alle ſünder geſtorben iſt.

Ja lieber Bernharde, wenn du jnn deiner kappen, on dieſe zuverſicht zu dem HErrn Chriſto, geſtorben wereſt, ſo wereſtu zum Teuffel gefaren, Aber das heiſſt dich Gott, durch den heiligen Geiſt, eben dieſe ſtunde, reden, das Chriſtus für dich geſtorben, vnd dir durch ſeinen tod, den Himel erworben habe. Auff dieſe weiſe, werden (ob Gott wil) viel geiſtliche (wie ſie es genant haben) perſonen, auch viel leien, an jrem todbette erhalten ſein, die des Bapſts lere, vom Ablas, euſſerlicher heiligkeit ꝛc. wenn die rechten züge hergangen ſind, faren haben laſſen, vnd ſchlechts auff Chriſtus ſterben vnd verdienſt, jr hertz vnd vertrawen geſetzt, Vnd was im Bapſtum erhalten iſt worden, iſt allein heimlich durch den heiligen Geiſt auff dieſe weiſe erhalten, Offentlicher predigt, vnd des Bapſts Regiment halben, iſts wol nachgeblieben ꝛc. Daher die Apoſtel dieſe letzte zeit, des Endechriſts zeit nennen, Denn ſie haben durch den geiſt geſehen, das jnn der Kirchen nichts von Chriſto würde bleiben, denn der ſchlechte name, vnd das der Widerchriſt das Regiment allein würde haben, wie denn bisher geſchehen.

Weil nu nach ſolchem langwirigem jamer Chriſtus durch ſein Euangelion wider erkand wird, ſolten wir dem lieben Gott von hertzen danckbar ſein, fur ſeine vnausſprechliche gnade, vnd vns getroſt wider den Teuffel vnd Endechriſt weren, vnd mit Chriſto ſprechen, Heb dich Satan, denn weil du eigen ding auſſer vnd on heilige Schrifft fürgibſt, vnd wilt es doch höher gehalten haben, denn Gottes wort, wil ich dich jnn keinem wege hören, Denn es ſtehet geſchrieben, Du ſolt Gott deinen HERRN anbeten, vnd jm allein dienen, Darumb wil ich kurtz von keinem andern Gottesdienſt auff erden wiſſen, es heiſſe vnd ſcheine wie heilig er wölle, denn von dem einigen, der da heiſſet, Got den HERRN anbetten, vnd jm allein dienen.

Darumb wenn es ſchon eitel Bepſte, Cardinel vnd Biſſchoue regnete, vnd ſie alle von den gröſten, köſtlichſten Gottesdienſten predigten, vnd dazu mit wunderthaten beſtetigten, weil ſie dis ſtücke nicht hören, viel weniger gleuben vnd predigen können, das Jheſus Chriſtus allein von Gott dem Vater gemacht ſey, vns zur Gerechtigkeit, Weisheit, Heiligung, vnd Erlöſung, ſondern jrthum heiſſen, vnd alle ſo es leren oder bekennen, fur Ketzer verachten vnd verdammen, ſo iſt alle jr lere jnn abgrund eitel lügen vnd triegerey, vnd ſie ſampt jr jnn ewigkeit verflucht vnd verdampt. Darumb hüte ſich ein iglicher fur jre lügen, Vnd wiſſe von keinem andern anbeten oder Gottesdienſt, Denn Gott den HERRN anbeten, vnd jm allein dienen.

Darumb weil ſie das liebe heilig Euangelium vnſers HErrn vnd Heilandes Jheſu Chriſti ſo greulich leſtern, vnd als Teuffels lere verdammen, vnd vns die wirs leren vnd bekennen, frey on alle verhör vnd verantwortung ſchlechts tod wollen haben, vnd jren Teuffelsdreck kurtz vnd gut gar mit einander fur recht vnd heilig erkand vnd behalten, wie vor, vnd nimer mehr, auch jnn dem geringſten, geirret wollen haben, So wollen wir armes heufflin widerumb auch zuſamen ſetzen, mit beten, leren vnd vermanen, vnd ob Gott wil, den Teuffel ſampt ſeinem Endechriſt vnd groſſem anhang, jhe lenger jhe matter machen, Bis ein mal der ſelige Tag der Erſcheinung vnſers HErrn vnd Königs Chriſti kome, daran er vns von des Maieſtetiſchen Teuffels vnd ſeines Endechriſts Regiments endlich erlöſe.

Dis ſind die drey ſtücke oder anfechtungen, die vnſer HErr Chriſtus zum erſten vom Teuffel ſelbs gelitten vnd vberwunden hat, vnd jm nach die heilige Chriſtliche Kirche, Ich hoffe es ſey ſchier am ende, weil Chriſtus die Sonne der Gerechtigkeit widerumb ſcheinet, vnd der Ertzböſewicht nu bereit offenbaret iſt, das man den Helliſchen Satan kennet, vnd nicht alſo, wie bisher, allenthalben anbetet, Vnd nu nicht mehr zu warten iſt, denn das der ſelbige vnſer Herr Chriſtus ſelbs durch ſeine herrliche zukunfft jn vollend zerſtöre, mit alle ſeinem anhang.

Denn wie ich geſagt hab, jnn dieſer letzten zeit, iſt nicht mehr zu hoffen, das dieſer Endechriſts Teuffel geſtürtzt, vnd die Chriſtenheit dauon erlöſet werde, durch das Römiſch Keiſerthum, oder andere groſſe weltliche gewalt, wie zuuor jnn der erſten vnd andern zeit der Chriſtenheit geſchehen iſt, Sondern der Endchriſt mus ſelbs die höheſte gewalt auff erden, dazu die Königreich der welt jm verpflichtet, haben, Vnd ob gleich einer oder mehr Fürſten vnd Herrn, wider den Bapſt am Euangelio halten, das etwa ein heufflin der Chriſtenheit, vnter der ſelben ſchutz vnd ſchirm erhalten wird (wie jtzt Gott vns frome Fürſten vnd Herrn gegeben hat) So bleibet doch auff jhener ſeiten der groſſe hauffe, vnd die groſſte gewalt, ſo dieſen Teuffel anbeten, vnd er jnen alſo lohnet, das er ſie wol zu freund behelt.

Darumb iſt hie kein ander hülffe noch rettung, denn das HErr Chriſtus ſelbs mechtiglich drein greiffe, als der öberſt Keiſer vnd Herr, vnd aus ſeiner Göttlicher krafft vnd macht endlich zu jm ſpreche, Heb dich Satan ꝛc. Denn das iſt ein wort der krafft, Damit er dem Teuffel die Göttliche geſtalt vnd larven der Maieſtet abzeucht, vnd jn auffdeckt, das er erkand wird, wie er der Satan aus der Helle ſey, Aber bald darauff, auch jn wird heiſſen weichen vnd auffhören, das er von dem Stuel der Maieſtet geſtürtzt, nicht mehr die Chriſtenheit anfechten müſſe, Sondern Gott allein angebetet, vnd jm gedienet werde jnn ewigkeit. Das gebe er ſelbs, vnſer lieber HErr Chriſtus, das es nur bald geſchehe, wie wir ſampt allen Chriſten teglich beten vnd warten, Amen.

M.

Johann Gebhard Ehrenreich Maaß

ward am 26. Februar 1766 zu Krottendorf im Halberſtädtiſchen geboren und zuerſt von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Prediger, dann auf der Domſchule zu Halberſtadt wiſſenſchaftlich vorgebildet. Er ſtudirte zu Halle Theologie und Philoſophie und wurde nach erlangter philoſophiſcher Doctorwürde 1787 Privatdocent daſelbſt. Nachdem er bereits 1791 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie geworden war, erhielt er 1798 eine ordentliche Profeſſur und wurde wegen ſeiner Verdienſte um die verwundeten Freiheitskrieger 1816 mit dem Ritterorden des eiſernen Kreuzes beehrt. Er ſtarb am 23. December 1823 in Halle.

Literariſch bekannt iſt er durch:

Briefe über die Autonomie der Vernunft. Halle 1788.
Ideen zu einer philoſophiſchen Anthropologie. Leipzig 1791.
Verſuch über die Einbildungskraft. Halle 1792; 2. Aufl. 1797.
Ueber Rechte und Verbindlichkeiten. Ebendaſ. 1794.
Rhetorik. Ebendaſ. 1798; neue Ausg. 1814.
Ueber die Leidenſchaften. Halle und Leipzig 1805—1807, 2 Bde.
Grundriß des Naturrechts. Leipzig 1808.
Ueber die Gefühle, beſonders die Affecten. Halle und Leipzig 1811.
Familiengemälde. Ebendaſ. 1811—15, 4 Bde., 8.
Eberhard's Synonymik, fortgeſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1818—20, 5 Bde.

M's Schriften fanden wegen der faßlichen und populären Darſtellung philoſophiſcher Forſchungen und Lehren wohlverdienten Beifall, namentlich ſeine Rhetorik und die Fortſetzung der Eberhard'ſchen Synonymik, welche letztere Schrift bisher noch immer nicht übertroffen worden iſt.

Wilhelm Friedrich Auguſt Mackenſen

ward am 4. April 1768 zu Wolfenbüttel geboren und wahrſcheinlich auf dem Carolinum zu Braunſchweig claſſiſch vorgebildet, ſtudirte dann bis 1795 zu Jena und Göttingen Philoſophie und wurde nach erfolgter Promotion zum Dr. philosophiae als Adjunct der philoſophiſchen Facultät nach Kiel gerufen, wo er am 14. Auguſt 1798 ſtarb.

Sein ſchriftlicher Nachlaß beſteht in:

Beiträge zur Kritik der Sprache, beſonders der deutſchen. Wolfenbüttel 1794, 1r Bd.
Pſychologiſche und philoſophiſche Unterſuchung über das Lachen ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1794.
Aufſätze in den Beiträgen zur Beförderung der Ausbildung der deutſchen Sprache. Braunſchweig 1795.

Ein fleißiger und wiſſenſchaftlicher Forſcher beſchäftigte ſich M. vorzüglich mit philoſophiſchen Unterſuchungen über die Sprache und leiſtete hier Verdienſtliches, ward aber leider in ſeinen lobenswerthen Beſchäftigungen zu früh durch den Tod unterbrochen.

Siegfried Auguſt Mahlmann.

Dieſer talentvolle Dichter wurde am 13. März 1771 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Grimma und ſeit 1789 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Philoſophie, worauf er einen jungen Liefländer als Führer nach Göttingen begleitete und mit ihm mehrere Reiſen nach Kurland und Liefland unternahm.

Nach Leipzig (1798) zurückgekehrt, übernahm er dort eine Buchhandlung und, als ſein Schwager Spazier geſtorben war, die Redaction der „Zeitung für die elegante Welt", welche er ſeit 1810 mit Meth. Müller fortſetzte. Zu gleicher Zeit erlangte er die Herausgabe der leipziger politiſchen Zeitung, wodurch er zwar 1813 ſeine einſtweilige Gefangenſchaft zu Erfurt veranlaßte, aber auch bedeutende Beſitzungen um Leipzig erwarb. Auf dieſen beſchäftigte er ſich ſeit 1817 mit den Naturwiſſenſchaften und mit praktiſcher Oekonomie. In Folge dieſer und ſeiner frühern Beſtrebungen ernannte ihn die ökonomiſche Societät zu Leipzig zum Director und die Loge Minerva zu ihrem Vorſteher, während ſeine Verdienſte durch Ertheilung des königlich ſächſiſchen und herzoglich gothaiſchen Hofrathstitel, ſowie des ruſſiſchen Wladimirordens auch auswärts die gebührende Anerkennung fanden. Er ſtarb in Leipzig am 16. December 1826.

Er ſchrieb, theils anonym, theils unter dem Namen: Julius Heiter:

Erzählungen und Mährchen. Leipzig 1802, 2 Bde., 8.; neue Aufl. 1812, mit Kupf.
Narrheit und Vernunft. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen überſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1802, 8.
Albano der Lautenſpieler. Ebendaſ. 1803, 2 [illegible], 8., mit Kupf.
Herodes vor Bethlehem, oder der triumphirende Viertelsmeiſter. Ein Schau-, Trauer- und Thränenſpiel. Köln 1803; 4. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1818, 8., mit Kupf.
Die Maske. Leipzig 1808, 8.
Die Lazaroni. Ebendaſ. 1803, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf.
Marionettentheater. Ebendaſ. 1805, 8.
Der Geburtstag. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8.
Der Hausbau. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8.
Neue Originalluſtſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8.
Gedichte. Halle 1825; 2. Ausg. 1835, gr. 8., mit Portrait; 3. Ausg. Leipzig 1837, zugleich mit Herodes vor Bethlehem.

M. gehört zu jenen Dichtern, welche mehr den Verſtand und das Gemüth als die Phantaſie anregen; er bewegt ſich meiſt nur in den gewöhnlichen Kreiſen des Lebens und hält ſich ſtreng von allem romantiſchen Schwunge fern, aber Herzlichkeit geſunde Moral, Wohlklang und Sprachgewandtheit und namentlich ein glücklicher, behaglicher Witz ſind bei ihm zu finden, und werden manche ſeiner Leiſtungen noch lange in freundlichem Andenken bei der Nation erhalten.

Gedichte von Siegfried Auguſt Mahlmann.

Gebet der Kinder zu ihrem ewigen Vater.

Du haſt deine Säulen dir aufgebaut
Und deine Tempel gegründet!
Wohin mein gläubiges Auge ſchaut,
Dich, Herr und Vater, es findet!
Deine ewig herrliche Gottes-Macht
Verkündet der Morgen-Röthe Pracht,
Erzählen die tauſend Geſtirne der Nacht!
Und alles Leben liegt vor dir,
Und alles Leben ruft zu dir:
Vater Unſer, der du biſt im Himmel!

Und liebevoll dein Auge ſchaut,
Was deiner Allmacht Wink begonnen,
Und milder Segen niederthaut,
Und fröhlich wandeln alle Sonnen!
Herr! Herr! das Herz, das dich erkennt,
Erwacht vom Kummer und vom Grame,
Es jauchzt die Lippe, die Vater dich nennt —
Geheiliget werde dein Name!

Der du die ew'ge Liebe biſt,
Und deſſen Gnade kein Menſch ermißt,
Wie ſelig iſt dein Thron!
Der Frieden ſchwingt die Palmen,
Es ſingt die Freude Pſalmen,
Die Freiheit tönt im Jubel-Ton!
Herr! Herr! in deinem ew'gen Reich
Iſt alles recht, iſt alles gleich —
Zu uns komme dein Reich!

Kommt, Engel, aus den heil'gen Höh'n!
Steigt nieder zu der armen Erde!
Kommt, Himmels-Blumen auszuſä'n,
Daß dieſe Welt ein Garten Gottes werde!
O, ewiger Weisheit unendliche Kraft,
Du biſt's, die Alles wirkt und ſchafft!
Dein Weg iſt Nacht! — geheimnißvoll
Der Pfad, den Jeder wandern ſoll!
Doch in Deine Nähe
Führſt du Alle, daß ſie heilig werden! —
Dein Wille geſchehe,
Wie im Himmel, alſo auch auf Erden!

Laß Aehren reifen im Sonnen-Strahl!
Die Frucht erglänz' im grünen Laube!
Es weide die Heerd' im ſtillen Thal,
Und auf den Bergen röthe ſich die Traube!
Und alles genieße mit Dank und Freude! —
Unſer tägliches Brod gieb uns heute

Der du, von reinen Geiſtern umgeben,
Niederblickſt auf das ſündige Leben —
Erbarme dich unſer!
Schwachheit iſt des Menſchen Loos!
Deine Gnad' iſt grenzenlos!
Dein Erbarmen unermeßlich!
Zeig' uns, Vater, deine Huld
In dem armen Leben!
Und vergieb uns unſre Schuld,
So wie wir vergeben!

Herr! Herr! unſre Zuverſicht!
Starker Held, verlaß uns nicht!
Hebe die Blicke, die freien Gedanken
Ueber der Endlichkeit enge Schranken,
Hoch empor über Grab und Tod!
Wir hoffen, wir warten auf Morgen-Roth,
Wir ſehnen uns alle nach deinem Licht,
Nach deinem hochheiligen Angeſicht!
Führ' uns nicht in Verſuchung,
Sondern erlöſ' uns von dem Uebel!
Denn du biſt Herr,
Und du biſt Gott,
Unſer Vater!
Und dein iſt das Reich
Und die Kraft und die Herrlichkeit
In Ewigkeit!
Amen!

Froher Glaube.

Ein Weſen, ein kräftiges, reines,
Durchſtrömt und belebt die Natur;
Es ſingt im Geſange des Haines,
Es rauſcht in dem Rauſchen der Flur.

Es fliegt mit dem Adler zur Sonne,
Es klopft in der menſchlichen Bruſt;
Sein Daſein iſt Leben und Wonne,
Sein Athem iſt Freiheit und Luſt!

An finſtere Götter nur glauben
Gemüther voll Dunkel und Nacht;
Ich glaub' an den Gott, der die Trauben,
Der Frühling und Liebe gemacht!

Sein herrlicher Name heißt Freude,
Sein Opfer heißt Froh-Sinn und Scherz;
Er ſah' mich im fliegenden Kleide
Und gab mir ein fröhliches Herz!

Da ſchwur ich ihm ewige Treue,
Da lallt' ich ihm kindlichen Dank;
Jetzt ſing' ich ihm Lieder der Weihe
Für Liebe, für Wein, und Geſang!

Lied des Troſtes.

Was grämſt du dich?
Noch wenig trübe Stunden,
Dann heilen deine Wunden;
Dann blickt dein Auge hell und klar!
Dein Geiſt, ſo feſt gekettet,
Fliegt dann empor und rettet
Zum Lande ſeiner Heimath ſich!
Was grämſt du dich?

Der große Geiſt,
Um den die Welten ſchweben,
Sieht unſer kleines Leben
Und unſern Kummer gnädig an.
Er zählt die Thränen-Tropfen,
Er ſtillt des Herzens Klopfen,
Er iſt es, der uns Troſt verheißt,
Der große Geiſt!

Verzage nicht!
Blick auf in jene Ferne,
Da glänzen tauſend Sterne!
Wie groß iſt deines Vaters Haus!
Ach dort, ach dort erwarmen
An ſeiner Bruſt wir Armen!
Drum, wenn dein Herz in Thränen bricht,
Verzage nicht!

Die drei Gaben des Vaters.

Auf das Gewimmel zahlloſes Lebens
Wendet der alte, gütige Vater
Segnend ſein Auge!
Und ſeine glanzſtrahlenden, ewigen Welten
Wandeln vorüber dem göttlichen Blicke,
Heil empfangend und herzerhebende Gaben!
Alſo auch hat er geſegnet,
Mit drei hochherrlichen Gütern,
Tellus armes, irrendes, ſchwaches Geſchlecht!

Hoffnung gab er, die tröſtende Freundin,
Welche die Bilder künftiger Tage,
Roſig gemalt, aufgeſtellt vor weinende Augen,
Mit ſüßer Täuſchung erfreuend die armen,
In Sorge Begrabenen.

Dann auch hat er geſendet
Den Mährchen-Erzähler, den freundlichen Schlaf,
Welcher auf leiſem Fittige wegführt die Hälfte
Quälender Stunden, und Tropfen der Lethe
Milde darreicht den Armen, die weit noch vom Ufer
Des heilbringenden Stromes
Freudenlos wandeln.

Und zum Dritten hat er gegeben
Die köſtlichſte Gabe,
Seinen ſtarken Erretter, den Tod,
Den freudigen Helden,
Welcher zertrümmert jegliche Feſſel der Erde,
Und aufträgt die Schwachen, Mühebeladenen,
Zu der ewigen Freiheit Sonnen-Glanz,
Und zu des unendlichen Vaters
Hochheiligem Angeſicht!

Kann auch fliehen auf immer
Die tröſtende Hoffnung,
Kann auch ſcheuchen den Schlaf
Die ängſtlich quälende Sorge:
Nicht kann rauben des Mächtigſten Hand
Den letzten Segen des ewigen Vaters,
Den rettenden Tod!

Glück im Vertrauen.

Was unabwendbar auch, im raſchen Flug der Zeiten,
Das wechſelnde Verhängniß Jedem bringt,
Ob heitre Tage ſich, ob trübe ſich verbreiten,
Des Lebens Wohlfahrt ſteiget, oder ſinkt —
Ein Glauben iſt's, nach dem der Weiſe handelt,
Und eine Hoffnung, der ſein Herz ſich weiht:
Vertrau'n auf Den, der in Gewittern wandelt
Und mild im Sonnen-Strahl erfreut!

Er winkt! Sein Sturm erwacht und ſeine Blitze fliegen,
Der Donner rollt, es bebt der Hoch-Gebirge Schoos,
Die Eiche ſtürzt — doch die Orkane wiegen
Der Roſe Blüthen-Kelch im ſtillen Thale groß!
So reift im Drang des ſorgenvollen Heute,
Das Herrliche, das morgen uns entzückt!
So wechſeln, unaufhaltſam, Schmerz und Freude,
Und nur Vertrau'n auf Gott beglückt!

Rettung.

Wenn die Welt dich hart bedrängt,
Alle Sterne dir verſchwinden,
Dich dein liebſtes Leben kränkt:
Sprich! wo willſt du Rettung finden?

Greife nicht nach Außen hin!
Leicht wirſt du durch Schein betrogen!
Traue nicht auf Menſchen-Sinn!
Wieder lügt, wer einſt gelogen!

Aber ſteig' hinab in dich!
Kräfte, welche lange ſchliefen,
Hält dein unergründlich Ich
Tief in ſeinen innern Tiefen.

Du biſt Herr in deiner Welt!
Haſt du dich, ſo haſt du Alles!
Lächelſt, wenn dein Glück zerfällt,
Ruhig ſeines wilden Falles.

Bleibſt du ſo dir ſelbſt getreu:
Dann kann dich kein Schickſal ketten;
Gott iſt in dir! athme frei!
Trau' auf ihn, er wird dich retten!

Meine Sterne.

Meine Sterne, kommt ihr wieder?
Hat ein Engel euch geſandt? –
Ach, von tiefer Nacht umgeben,
War das ſchöne Himmels-Leben
Meinem Blicke lang' entwandt!

Gießt euch nieder, holde Strahlen!
Tränke mich, du reicher Quell!
Wölbt euch über mich zuſammen,
Meiner Hoffnung Himmels-Flammen!
Macht mein Leben licht und hell!

Wie auf wildempörtem Meere,
Ungewiß in ihrem Lauf,
Nach dem Leucht-Thurm, ſie zu leiten
Schiffende die Blicke breiten,
Fliegt mein Blick zu euch hinauf!

Wie ein Sohn, der aus der Fremde
Heimkehrt, wo er lang' verweilt,
Nun in lieber Heimath Hütten
Licht ſieht, und mit ſchnellen Schritten
An die Bruſt des Vaters eilt;

So auch ich, den tief befangen
Hält ein nächtlich Labyrinth!
Doch ihr glänzt aus weiter Ferne!
Zieht mich näher, goldne Sterne!
Vater, rufe bald dein Kind!

Hoffnung auf Gott.

Hoffe, Herz, nur mit Geduld!
Endlich wirſt du Blumen brechen!
O, dein Vater iſt voll Huld!
Kindlich darfſt du zu ihm ſprechen.
Auf dein gläubiges Vertraun
Wird er gnädig niederſchaun.

Wolken kommen, Wolken gehn!
Bau' auf deines Gottes Gnade!
Zu der Freude Sonnen-Höhn
Führen ſtürmiſch dunkle Pfade;
Doch ein treues Auge wacht.
Zittre nicht in Sturm und Nacht!

Ankre du auf Felſen-Grund!
Schwinge dich zu Gottes Herzen!
Mach' ihm deine Leiden kund!
Sag' ihm deine tiefſten Schmerzen!
Er iſt gütig und erquickt
Jedes Herz, das Kummer drückt!

Faß im Glauben kühnen Muth!
Kraft wird dir dein Helfer ſenden;
Mit der Hand, die Wunder thut,
Wird er deine Leiden enden.
Er iſt lauter Lieb' und Huld!
Hoffe, Herz, nur mit Geduld!

Der Vater Martin.

Der alte Vater Martin war
Mit ehren ſechs und achtzig Jahr.
Er ſchlich ſo matt, er ſchlich ſo ſchwer
An ſeinem Stab' im Dorf einher;
Sein Haupt, mit weißem Haar' geſchmückt,
War längſt dem Grabe zugebückt.

Im Dorfe liebt' ihn Groß und Klein;
Man lud zu jedem Feſt ihn ein;
Man gab ihm ſtets den ſchönſten Kranz
Beim Hochzeit-Reihn und Ernte-Tanz;
Denn Vater Martin, ſanft und gut,
Verſcheuchte nie den frohen Muth.

Das Pfingſt-Feſt kam; die erſte Nacht
Ward mit Geſang und Tanz vollbracht.
Da ſammelte ſich Groß und Klein,
Und ſang und ſprang im Monden-Schein;
Der alte Martin aber ſchlich
Zu ſeiner Freunde Gräbern ſich.

Die Nacht war ſchön; ein Lüftchen nur
Durchzog des Kirchhofs ſtille Flur,
Und liſpelte mit ſanftem Hauch

Im thaubeglänzten Roſen-Strauch,
Der, friſch gepflanzt von lieber Hand,
An eines Jünglings Grabe ſtand.

Der alte Martin ſeufzte ſchwer;
Er ſah empor zum Sternen-Heer,
Und fiel aufs Grab, wo Anne ſchlief,
Voll heißer Andacht hin, und rief:
„Ach, lieber Gott! ach, führe du
Den alten Martin auch zur Ruh!

All' meine Freund' und Nachbarn hier
Sind längſt, du lieber Gott, bei dir;
Ich bin ſo einſam und allein,
Und möcht' auch gern dort oben ſein!
Du lieber Gott, was ſoll ich doch
So ſpät auf dieſer Erde noch?

Wohl bin ich alt und lebensſatt!
Mein Geiſt iſt ſchwach, mein Herz iſt matt!
Mein zitternd Haupt iſt ſilberweiß!
Was hilft dir, Herr, der matte Greis?
Ach! nimm ihn auf, und decke du
Sein müdes Herz mit Erde zu!"

Und Martins Bitte ſtieg zum Ohr
Des großen Herrn der Welt empor.
Er winkt' Erhörung ſeinem Flehn,
Und hieß den Todes-Engel gehn,
Daß er bereitete ſein Grab,
Und nähm' ihm ab den Pilger-Stab.

Der Engel wehte Troſt und Ruh
Dem frommen Vater Martin zu:
Er trat zu ihm im Licht-Gewand,
Und reicht' ihm ſeine kalte Hand;
Er ſprach zu Martin: „Küſſe mich!"
Da küßt' ihn Martin und erblich.

Sehnſucht.

Ich denk' an euch, ihr himmliſch ſchönen Tage
Der ſeeligen Vergangenheit!
Komm, Götter-Kind, o Phantaſie, und trage
Mein ſehnend Herz zu ſeiner Blüte-Zeit!

Umwehe mich, du ſchöner, goldner Morgen,
Der mich herauf in's Leben trug,
Wo, unbekannt mit Thränen und mit Sorgen,
Mein frohes Herz der Welt entgegen ſchlug!

Umglänze mich, du Unſchuld früher Jahre,
Du mein verlornes Paradies!
Du ſüße Hoffnung, die mir bis zur Bahre
Nur Sonnen-Schein und Blumen-Wege wies!

Seid noch einmal an's treue Herz geſchloſſen,
Ihr Freunde meiner Jugend-Zeit!
Wo ſeid ihr hin, ihr traulichen Genoſſen,
Ihr Lieben, die ſich ſonſt mit mir gefreut?

Ach! viele ſchon hält tiefe Nacht umfangen!
Sie ſchlummern in der Mutter Arm!
Blüht wieder auf, ihr eingeſunknen Wangen!
Ihr kalten Herzen, werdet wieder warm!

Umſonſt! umſonſt! mein Sehnen ruft vergebens
Erſtorbne Freuden wieder wach!
Sie welken ſchnell, die Blumen unſers Lebens,
Und wir — wir welken ihnen langſam nach!

O ſchönes Land, wo Blumen wieder blühen,
Die Zeit und Grab hier abgepflückt!
O ſchönes Land, in das die Herzen ziehen,
Die ſehnſuchtsvoll zu dir empor geblickt!

Uns Allen iſt ein ſchwerer Traum beſchieden;
Wir Alle wachen fröhlich auf!
Wie ſehn' ich mich nach deinem Gottes-Frieden,
Du Ruhe-Land, nach deinem Sabbath auf!

Sternhelle Nacht.

Gottes Pracht am Himmels-Bogen
Iſt in Sternen aufgezogen!
Weich ein heilig ſtilles Chor!
Daß das Herz dir größer werde,
Blicke von der kleinen Erde
Zu dem ew'gen Glanz empor!

Kannſt du noch dein Auge ſenken?
Deines armen Lebens denken,
Und was irdiſch dich betrübt?
Der den Flammen-Kranz gewunden,
Hat dich ſeiner werth gefunden,
Iſt ein Vater, der dich liebt.

Aus der Sterne Millionen,
Aus den glanzerfüllten Zonen,
Hat er ſeinen Thron erbaut.
Seiner Welten lichte Heere,
Seiner Sonnen Flammen-Meere
Wandeln, wo ſein Auge ſchaut!

Seine Liebe ſpricht den Segen,
Daß auf ihren ew'gen Wegen
Nie ſein Auge ſie vergißt.
Allem Daſein, allem Leben
Hat er dieſen Troſt gegeben,
Halleluja, daß du biſt!

Amor und Pſyche.

Allein geht durch ein fremdes, kaltes Land
Die arme Pſyche ihren Trauer-Gang;
Ein dunkles Ahnen, wie Erinnerung
Von längſt verwehten Träumen, zeigt ihr fern
Der freien Geiſter ſchönes Vater-Land!
Ach! ihr verlaßnes, ſchönes Vater-Land!
Und — Pſyche weint! —

Der Weinenden begegnet Amor. — „Sprich,
Was weinſt du, Schweſter?" ruft er ihr entgegen,
Und ſeine Stimme tönt, wie Flöten-Ton,
In Pſyche's Herz. Sie kennt den Bruder wieder!
Da ſinkt ſie hin an ihres Lieblings Bruſt;
Da windet feſt und innig Pſyche's Arm
Um ſeine jugendliche Schönheit ſich;
Da ruht voll ſtummen, bebenden Entzückens,
Auf ewig Eins, in Seeligkeit verſunken,
Ihr warmes Herz an ſeiner warmen Bruſt,
Ihr Feuer-Kuß an ſeinem Feuer-Kuſſe!
Und heller wird ihr die Erinnerung
An ihr verlornes, ſchönes Vaterland!
Und Pſyche — lächelt wieder.

Mein Sehnen.

Auch mir gefiel die Welt!
Ich pflückte dankbar ihre Blumen,
Ich klimmte muthig ihre Berg' empor,
Und breitete, vom hohen, luft'gen Gipfel,
Die Arme freudig liebend aus.
Doch ein unendlich Sehnen zog
Nach einer unbekannten Gegend mich,
Und ich rief weinend aus:
„Wo werd' ich finden, was ich ſuche?"

Ich ſank in Freundes Arm,
Ich nannt' ihn zärtlich: Bruder!
An ſeinem Buſen floſſen meine Thränen,
An ſeinem Herzen ſchwieg mein Gram! —
Der Tod zerriß den Bund vertrauter Seelen!
Das Grab verſchlang mein Leben und mein Glück!
Und ein unendlich Sehnen zog
Nach einer unbekannten Gegend mich,
Und ich rief weinend aus:
„Wann werd' ich finden, was ich ſuche?"

Die Liebe trat zu dem Verlaßnen.
Die Liebe ſprach: „Ich heile dir!"
Und feſt umſchlang, mit zarten Armen,
Ein ewig theures Weſen mich.

Du ſchönes Licht in meiner Nacht!
Mein Engel in der Lebens-Wüſte,
Du ſchwandeſt wie ein Traum-Geſicht!
  Und ein unendlich Sehnen zog
  Nach einer unbekannten Gegend mich,
  Und ich rief weinend aus:
  „Ich finde nimmer, was ich ſuche!“

Der Sturm, der tief das Herz bewegt,
Wann endet er?
Die Sehnſucht, die verlaſſen weint,
Wann findet ſie?

O ſtille Nacht! dein heil'ges Licht
Erleuchtet meine Seele!
Gott ſchrieb des Glaubens Flammen-Schrift,
Der Hoffnung tröſtungsvolle Worte,
An das Gewölbe ſeiner Nacht!
Dort iſt die Gegend, wo hinauf
Mich raſtlos ein unendlich Sehnen zieht!
O Flügel her, daß ich das Ziel erreiche!

Heimath.

„Wo kommſt du her, ſo bleich und bloß,
Du armes liebes Kind?“
  Ich komm' aus meinem Blumenland,
  Aus meiner Mutter Haus.
  Die Liebe hat mein Herz entwandt,
  Ich muß in die Welt hinaus.

„Geh wieder heim ins Blumenland!
Eh noch das Herz dir bricht.
Denn, ach! auf dieſem öden Strand
Wohnt treue Liebe nicht.“
  Der Himmel iſt mein Blumenland,
  Das Grab meiner Mutter Haus,
  Da iſt es ſo ſtill, dort iſt es ſo licht,
  Da welket die Myrthe der Liebe nicht.
  Drum geh ich heim ins Blumenland!
  In meiner Mutter Haus!

Schwermuth.

  Als mein Leben voll Blumen hing,
Als ich im fliegenden Kleide
Lächelnd der Zukunft entgegen ging,
Wie klopfte mein Buſen voll Hoffnung und Freude!
Ach, hin iſt hin! und todt iſt todt!
Euch verſchwundne ſchöne Tage
Weckt kein Morgenroth!
Hin iſt hin! und todt iſt todt!

  Freundſchaft, als mich dein Arm umwand,
Als ich in ſeligen Stunden
Endlich ein Herz, wie das meine, fand,
Da heilten ſie alle, die blutenden Wunden!
Ach, hin iſt hin, und todt iſt todt!
Was der Zeiten Flug zertrennte,
Eint kein Morgenroth!
Hin iſt hin! und todt iſt todt!

  Als mein Buſen voll Liebe ſchlug,
Als mich der Höchſte der Triebe
Ueber die Nebel der Erde trug,
Wie war ich ſo ſelig im Arme der Liebe!
Ach, hin iſt hin! und todt iſt todt!
Um das Grab geſtorbner Liebe
Glänzt kein Morgenroth!
Hin iſt hin! und todt iſt todt!

  Troſtlos ſteh' ich, voll bittern Schmerz,
Einſam im langen Ermatten!
Brich, o du armes, verwaiſtes Herz!
Und ſuche den Frieden im Reiche der Schatten!
Ach, hin iſt hin! und todt iſt todt!
Schimmre bald auf meinem Hügel,
Goldnes Morgenroth!
Hin iſt hin! und todt iſt todt!

Abend-Lied.

An Minna.

Wie hängt die Nacht voll Welten,
  Wie glänzt der Abend-Stern,
Als ſäh' er Menſchen-Freuden,
  Und Menſchen-Ruhe gern!
Ach, Minna, der den Stern gemacht,
Der hat auch mein und dein gedacht,
  Und wird uns nie vergeſſen!

Er blickt mit Vaterliebe
  Aus dieſem Sonnen-Meer,
Im Flimmern goldner Sterne,
  Auf ſeine Kinder her;
Und wo auf ſeiner ſchönen Welt
Des Kummers Thräne niederfällt,
  Da giebt er Troſt und Frieden.

Das Herz, oft ſchwer von Sorgen,
  Wiegt er in ſüße Ruh',
Und drückt mit Abend-Lüftchen
  Des Müden Auge zu;
Sein guter Engel lohnet dann
Den Schweiß, der von der Stirne rann,
  Mit Bildern heitrer Träume.

O, laß uns ihm vertrauen!
  Auf ihn nur laß uns ſehn,
Wenn wir auf Dornen wandeln,
  Wenn wir auf Blumen gehn!
Für Dorn und Blume ſei ihm Dank —
Es dauert eine Stunde lang,
  Dann wiegt er uns in Schlummer.

Den Schmerz der kleinen Erde
  Umſtrahlt der ew'ge Kranz
Von ſeinen tauſend Welten,
  Mit frohem Hoffnungs-Glanz.
Dort hat er Geiſtern edler Art
Den ſtillen Wohn-Platz aufbewahret,
  Wo ihre Sehnſucht endet.

Er trägt in ſeinem Herzen
  Die Kinder ſeiner Welt,
Und heißt ſie froh willkommen
  Im ſchönen Stern-Gezelt;
Dort oben muß ein Stern auch ſein,
Wo ſich verwandte Seelen freun! —
  Du mein, ich dein, auf ewig!

König Violon u. Prinzeſſin Clarinette*).

Ein Trauerſpiel für Marionetten.

Perſonen:

König Violon.
Prinzeſſin Clarinette, ſeine Braut.
Fräulein Kunigunde, Hofdame.
Bramarbas, Leibwächter des Königs.
Prinz Caſimir.
Siegfried, ſein Kammerherr.

Erſter Auftritt.

Saal im königlichen Schloſſe.

Prinz Caſimir, Siegfried.

Siegfried.
Was hör ich, theurer Prinz? Bedenkt doch, welch Verbrechen!
Caſimir.
Schweig ſtill, mein Kammerherr, umſonſt iſt all dein Sprechen!
Siegfried.
Wie? iſt's denn wirklich Ernſt? dahin ſoll's alſo kommen?
Iſt das der Dank, daß man euch gaſtfrei aufgenommen?
Der König Violon, Prinzeſſin Clarinette
Tractirten euch und mich tagtäglich um die Wette,
Und nun, durchlauchtiger Prinz — bedenkt doch nur einmal,
Welch raſendes Vergehn, welch ſchreckliches Skandal —
Ihr wollt — beim Himmel nein! ich will, ich kanns nicht glauben!

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*) Aus Mahlmann's Marionetten-Theater S. 1 flgde.

Ihr wollt dem Könige die ſchöne Prinzeſſin rauben?
Ach geht doch in euch, Prinz! iſt das erlaubt und recht?
Caſimir.
Ich weiß es, lieber Freund, es iſt entſetzlich ſchlecht —
Doch — gib dir keine Müh, du predigſt tauben Ohren.
Nur ihr gehör' ich an, mich ſelbſt hab' ich verloren,
Mein Herze lechzt nach ihr, mein tiefſtes Leben brennt,
Und fragen ſoll ich noch, wie das die Welt benennt?
Siegfried.
Und König Violon?
Caſimir.
Sucht eine andre Braut!
Mit dieſer wird er nie, im Leben nie getraut!
Nein, trauriger Tyrann! bleib einſam auf dem Throne!
Der Liebe Myrthenreis paßt ſchlecht zu deiner Krone!
Clarinette wird nie dein, nie! nie! das ſchwör' ich dir,
Ihr Herz hat mich erwählt, und ich — bin Caſimir!
Siegfried.
Potz tauſend, theurer Prinz! Ihr ſeid mit ihr ſchon einig?
Caſimir.
Du zweifelſt noch daran?
Siegfried.
Wahrhaftig das geht ſchleunig!
Ihr ſtürzt euch in Gefahr, ihr zieht mich mit hinein —
's iſt doch ein ſchwerer Dienſt, ein Kammerherr zu ſein!
Caſimir.
Ich bin ein tapfrer Held, bewährt durch manche That!
Siegfried.
Doch in der Liebe, Prinz, nicht eben delikat!
Caſimir.
Das iſt die Regel ſo, man muß bei nobeln Gaben
Auch eine Portion von nobler Schwachheit haben!
Die Lorbeern ſchützen nicht, wenn Liebesblicke locken,
Der Herkules wird zahm und ſpinnt an Liebchens Rocken!
Siegfried.
Ihr ſtrebt nur viel zu hoch — ein Fremdling ohne Land!
Nein, edler Caſimir, ſie gibt euch nie die Hand!
Caſimir.
Zu hoch? mein Kammerherr, wo denkſt du wieder hin?
Iſt denn Mama von mir nicht eine Königin?
Siegfried.
Ach könnten wir nur auch im Kirchenbuche leſen,
Was alles ſich begab und wer Papa geweſen!
Caſimir.
Das weiß ich freilich nicht, auch kümmert mich das wenig;
Drei Jahre reiſ' ich ſchon, und frage jeden König:
„Haben ſie Mama gekannt? ſie läßt ſie ſchönſtens grüßen,
„Und ſind ſie mein Papa, ſo leg ich mich zu Füßen.“
— Kein Teufel meldet ſich!
Siegfried.
Die Herrn von Gottes Gnaden
Sind gern incognito Vermehrer ihrer Staaten.
Doch überlegt, mein Prinz, wenn Violon entdeckt,
Was ihr im Schilde führt, ſo ſcheitert das Project,
Des Königs Grimm erwacht, er kriegt uns bei den Ohren,
Ein Prinz, ein Kammerherr, ſind glatt und gar verloren!
Caſimir.
Ich kenne keine Furcht, die Liebe winkt und ſpricht,
„Ermanne dich, o Held, ſei ſtark und zage nicht!“
Ich bin des Siegs gewohnt, es zitterten Provinzen
Vor meinem Heldenarm, und Könige und Prinzen!
Siegfried.
Ei ja! das glaub ich wohl — mit einem Heer Soldaten,
Da thut man recht kommod' unglaublich große Thaten! —
Hier aber, tapfrer Held — die eigne Haut thut weh —
Zu Schaden kommt man leicht und ſchwer zu Renommee!
Caſimir.
Die Liebe ſteht uns bei!
Siegfried.
Laßt ab eh ihr begonnen!
Es iſt Verrath! bedenkt!
Caſimir.
Die Liebe hat ihn geſponnen,
Ich traue feſt auf ſie!

Zweiter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen, König Violon, Bramarbas, Wache.

Violon.
Gefreiter! Wache! herein!
Ergreift ſie! feſſelt ſie! und ſperrt ſie ſorgſam ein!
Geſchwind! was zaudert ihr? was ſteht ihr ſo von fern?
Greift zu! den Prinzen erſt, dann ſeinen Kammerherrn!
Caſimir.
Welch ſchrecklicher Befehl! o König, darf ich fragen...?
Violon.
Marſch auf die Feſtung! fort! ich hab euch nichts zu ſagen!
Caſimir (im Abgehen zu Siegfried).
Zum Teufel, Kammerherr! er weiß um unſern Plan!
Siegfried (im Abgehen).
Ich bin ein armes Lamm und habe nichts gethan!

Dritter Auftritt.

Violon, Bramarbas.

Bramarbas.
Erhabner Violon, darf Euer Bramarbas wagen,
Euch, Licht und Glanz der Welt, ſubmiſſeſt zu befragen,
Welch eine Frevelthat der Caſimir vollführt,
Daß ihr ſo zornig ſeid? — ich bin ganz alterirt!
Violon.
Das freut mich recht von dir, Bramarbas, meine Stütze!
Ja Wir ſind fürchterlich in unſrer wilden Hitze!
Du fragſt, was er gethan? Wir wiſſen's ſelber kaum,
Ein Traum iſt ſchuld daran, ein recht fataler Traum!
Feldmarſchall, denke dir, wie vom Burgunder-Rauſche
In ſüßen Schlaf gewiegt im Kabinet ich lauſche,
Da träumt mir, meine Braut, die ſchöne Clarinette,
Lag todt und leichenblaß in ihrem ſeidnen Bette,
Und Caſimir, der Prinz, ſtand wie ein Löwe da,
Und riß den Kopf mir ab, da er die Leiche ſah —
Bramarbas, denke dir, wie ſehr Wir da erſchrocken!
Ich griff an meinen Kopf und fühlte meine Locken,
Da ward mirs leicht ums Herz, ich ſchöpfte wieder Athem,
Doch ſterben ſoll der Prinz, das ſichert mich vor Schaden!
Man weiß nicht — oft trifft ein, was man im Traume ſah,
So lehrte mich höchſtſelbſt, hochſelig die Mama!
Bramarbas.
Ein Traum, o Majeſtät! beſonders nach Burgunder,
Bedeutet ſelten was und iſt kein großes Wunder!
Ich träume hundertmal, doch kümmert mich das wenig!
Violon.
Du träumſt als Unterthan, wir träumen wie ein König!

Vierter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen, Clarinette, Kunigunde.

Clarinette (wild hereinſtürzend).
Welch ein Lärmen! welch Getümmel!
Iſt es möglich! gütiger Himmel!
Herr und König — wie? iſt's wahr?
Caſimir iſt in Gefahr?
Caſimir an unſerm Hofe
Wird geliebt und venerirt,
Still beſeufzt von jeder Zofe,
Caſimir iſt arretirt?
Violon.
Ja ſterben muß er gleich, und zwar aus wicht'gen Gründen,
Und iſt er einmal todt, wird man's auch billig finden.
Clarinette.
Was ſagt ihr? wie? er ſterben?
Violon.
Ja, meine theure Braut — beliebe doch Platz zu nehmen —
's iſt Gottes Wille ſo, man muß ſich ſchon bequemen!
Clarinette.
Nein, das wollen nicht die Götter,
Daß der ſchöne Jüngling ſterbe!
Sorgt, daß nicht wie Sturm und Wetter
Euch ſein Heldenarm verderbe!
Er ſoll ſterben? ihr wollt leben? —
Er wird zum Gericht geführt?
Stärke wird dem Tod gegeben,
Und die Schwachheit triumphirt? —
Gab euch Wahnſinn ſolchen Rath
Zu der ungeheuern That?
Wenn ſie ihn zu Grabe tragen,
Hört auch mein Herz auf zu ſchlagen!
Violon.
Wie kommt mir denn das vor? Ihr nehmt viel Antheil dran!
Bramarbas, höre doch!
Clarinette.
So wiſſt's, ich bet ihn an!
Violon.
Sie betet ihn an! und ich?....

Clarinette.
O meine Sonn' iſt aufgegangen,
Seit ich den ſchönen Jüngling ſah,
Dich lieb ich nicht, mein brünſtiges Verlangen
Iſt nur nach ihm und ſeinem Herzen nah!
Mein Vater gab mich dir,
Nicht ich, nicht freie Wahl,
Ich ſah den Caſimir —
Und du warſt meine Qual!
O laß ihn los und gib mich frei,
Daß treue Liebe glücklich ſei!
Violon.
Nun ſeh einmal ein Menſch! Prinzeſſin, meine Braut,
Jetzt ſchon ſo unverſchämt? und ſeid noch nicht getraut?
Clarinette.
Erröthen müßt ich ja, wollt' ich es nicht bekennen,
Ihn meinen Liebſten nicht vor allen Menſchen nennen!
Ich lieb ihn ewig treu! und ich bekenn' es laut!
Und ihr, o Herr, ſeid froh, daß wir noch nicht getraut!
Violon.
Ei das hilft alles nichts, Bramarbas, du wirſt ſorgen,
Noch heute ſtirbt der Prinz, die Hochzeit feir' ich morgen,
Und Punktum! dabei bleibts! es ſtirbt der Caſimir,
Das Urtheil iſt gefällt, car tel est notre Plaisir!
(Ab mit Bramarbas.)

Fünfter Auftritt.

Clarinette, Kunigunde.

Kunigunde.
O Himmel! Prinzeſſin, was habt ihr gewagt!
Clarinette.
Sei ruhig, liebe Kunigunde,
Ich hab' mein volles Herz recht frei herausgeſagt,
Und ich bereu' es nicht, zu treuem Liebesbunde
Bin ich für ihn allein, iſt er für mich gemacht,
Stirbt er, ich folg' ihm noch in ſeine ſtille Nacht!
Kunigunde.
Prinzeſſin, ſchöner iſt's mit dem Geliebten leben,
Doch muß den Liebeskuß Geheimniß ſtill umſchweben.
Clarinette.
Geliebte zürne nicht, ich wollt' es ja verſchweigen,
Da muß ſich mir der Menſch in ſeinem Grimme zeigen,
Ich haſſ' ihn, o es war mir Luſt ihn recht zu kränken:
Zu quälen, was man haßt, kann man was Süßers denken?
Es komme, was da will, ich bleib ihm ewig treu,
Im Sieg' mit ihm gekrönt, im Tode mit ihm frei!
Kunigunde.
Daß Gott erbarme ſich! das hätt' ich nie gedacht,
Wie ich die Briefchen ſonſt ſchlau hin- und hergebracht:
Es fing ſo ſchön ſich an mit Seufzern und Präſenten,
Und nun muß alles ſich ſo ganz erbärmlich enden!
Der Caſimir iſt ſchön, ich habe euch nie verdacht,
Daß ihr ihm ins Geheim was Süßes zugedacht;
Ich gab euch guten Rath, ich hab in ſolchen Sachen
Unglaublich viel gethan, und weiß es wohl zu machen.
Verſchwiegen muß man ſein, mit ſeiner Liebe zaubern....
Clarinette.
Er liebt mich und iſt ſchön, und — ich ſoll gar nicht plaudern?
Kunigunde.
Der König kommt! o weh! es iſt um uns geſchehn!
Clarinette.
Fort, fort, geſchwinde fort! ich mag ihn nicht mehr ſehn.

Sechſter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen, Violon.

Violon.
Weiß Gott, wir ſind verliebt! wir haben keine Ruh!
Prinzeſſin, hört ihr nicht? wo lauft ihr wieder zu?
Clarinette.
Wo du nicht biſt Tyrann! dich werd' ich ewig fliehen.
Für ihn nur ſoll mein Herz in treuer Liebe glühen!
Im Kerker ſchmachtet er und niemand hört ſein Sehnen,
Doch iſt mein Herz bei ihm und weint in ſeine Thränen!
Gib mir ihn los, Tyrann — wo nicht, ſo ſchwör' ich dir,
Mein Entſchluß iſt gefaßt: Tod oder Caſimir!
(Ab mit Kunigunden).

Siebenter Auftritt.

Violon (allein).

Ei, ei, wie frevelhaft! der Kopf iſt ihr verdreht,
Sie hat nicht mehr Reſpekt vor meiner Majeſtät!
Mit einer Krone will ich ihre Stirne zieren,
Sie will die meinige mit Hörnern regaliren?
O allzu ſchweres Loos der Könige auf Erden,
Betrogen und gehaßt, und nie geliebt zu werden!
Und doch begreif ichs nicht — es gibt curioſe Triebe,
Je toller ſie ſich ſtellt, je mehr wächſt meine Liebe!

Achter Auftritt.

Violon, Bramarbas.

Bramarbas.
Erhabne Majeſtät: der Prinz wünſcht Euch zu ſprechen.
Violon.
Was will er? kundig iſt ſein ſchreckliches Verbrechen.
Und wie? er wagt es noch, der freche Böſewicht!
Er kommt und zittert nicht vor meinem Angeſicht?
Er trete her, doch nie werd' ich ihm Gnad' erzeigen.
Macht das Schaffott bereit, er ſoll es gleich beſteigen!

Neunter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Caſimir und Siegfried
treten von der Wache begleitet herein.

Violon.
Was ſuchſt du wieder hier? was haſt du mir zu ſagen?
Kannſt du die ſchwarze That noch zu vertheid'gen wagen?
Willſt du auf deinen Knieen um Gnade flehn und heulen?
Caſimir.
Ihr irrt, ich bin gewohnt, ſelbſt Gnade zu ertheilen!
Der Tod erſchreckt mich nicht, ich reich ihm froh die Hand,
Mein kühnes Heldenherz iſt längſt mit ihm bekannt!
Violon.
Schweig mit der Prahlerei! das iſt die alte Leier,
Du biſt ein Vagabond und gehſt auf Abentheuer.
Caſimir.
Reſpekt vor meinem Rang!
Violon.
Biſt du denn König?
Caſimir.
Nein,
Ich bin noch etwas mehr, denn ich verdien's zu ſein!
Violon.
Das glaub' ein andrer dir, wir ſind höchſtſelbſt nicht dumm,
Von vorne ſeh ich nichts, ſo dreh dich einmal rum —
Wahrhaftig ich kann auch nichts Königliches finden,
Haſt weder Majeſtät von vorne noch von hinten.
Caſimir.
Mein Herz ſagt mir, daß ich aus Königsblut entſproſſen,
Den Vater kenn ich nicht, das hat mich oft verdroſſen.
Violon.
Der Menſch weiß nicht einmal, wer ſein Papa geweſen,
Und treibt an meinem Hof ſolch arrogantes Weſen!
Caſimir.
Es wälzt der ſtolze Nil die königlichen Wogen
Durch ganz Aegyptenland,
Der Quell, der ihn erzogen,
Iſt dennoch unbekannt.
Violon.
Das iſt ſo in der Art bei wäßrigem Geſchlechte,
Wo viele Quellen ſind, da weiß man nie die rechte.
Caſimir.
Die Abkunft weiß ich wohl von mütterlicher Seite,
Mama iſt Königin und geht im Purpurkleide,
Ich kam hieher, um euch, o König, zu befragen:
Seid ihr wohl mein Papa? die Mutter läßt euch fragen,
Habt ihr ſie einſt gekannt, die ſchöne Meluſine?
Violon.
Was hör ich? Himmel! wie?
Caſimir.
Er ändert ſeine Miene.
Violon.
Bringt mir zu riechen her, es wird mir wunderlich!
Ach, Meluſine! ja! der Name tödtet mich!
Caſimir.
Ihr ſeid ſo überraſcht — darf ich es hoffen? ha!
Erhabner Violon, ihr ſeid es! mein Papa!

Violon.
Beweiſt, was du ſagſt, ſonſt koſtet's dich das Leben.
Caſimir.
Ein wildes Schwein, ſo heißt's, hat mich der Welt gegeben.
Violon.
Mein Sohn! mein liebſter Sohn!
Caſimir.
Papa! Papa! Papa!
([illegible]).
Bramarbas.
Ich ſtehe ganz erſtaunt und ganz verwundert da,
O Licht und Glanz der Welt! mein König, ſagt mir doch,
Ihr wart, ſo viel ich weiß, niemals im Ehejoch,
Und nie ward euer Herz von Liebe überwunden,
Wie habt ihr denn anjetzt ein ſolches Kind gefunden?
Violon.
Verſchieden iſt die Zeit, verſchieden ſind die Launen,
Feldmarſchall, die Natur ſpielt manchmal zum Erſtaunen!
Auch ich war einmal jung, mir ſchien ein heitrer Himmel,
Leicht ſcherzte rund um mich des Lebens bunt Getümmel,
Auf Reiſen ging ich aus mit Frohſinn und mit Geld,
Man nannte mich galant und ich gefiel der Welt!
Einſt in Zirkaſſien, das gleich dem Paradieſe,
In tauſend Reitzen blüht, bin ich auf einer Wieſe;
Und als ich einſam da an einer Quelle ſaß,
Mein Klepper neben mir vom fetten Graſe fraß,
Vernehm' ich aus dem Wald' ein kläglich Hülfeſchrein.
Ich ſchwinge mich aufs Roß und ſpreng' ins Holz hinein —
Da ſtürzt in meinen Arm, Entſetzen in der Miene,
Der Götter Ebenbild, die ſchöne Meluſine;
Es folgt ihr auf den Fuß ein ungeheurer Eber,
Ich ziehe gleich mein Schwert und ſtech ihn durch die Leber.
Sie lallt und ſtammelt Dank, ich fühle ſüßen Schmerz,
Zu Füßen leg ich ihr das Schwein und auch mein Herz,
Und beides nimmt ſie an und beides iſt willkommen;
Viel Küſſe werden nun gegeben und genommen;
Bramarbas, glaube mir, der Liebe zarter Glanz
Erliſcht nur gar zu oft vor Hymens Fackeltanz!
Ein ungeduldig Herz fragt nach dem Paſtor nie,
Und jeder ſtille Platz iſt gut zur Cer'monie!
Caſimir.
O König und Papa! ſo dank ich euch das Leben?
Violon.
Ja, vielgeliebter Sohn, Wir haben dirs gegeben,
Und es iſt gern geſchehn, ſtell nur das Danken ein!
Du biſt mein erſtes Kind, du ſollſt mein Kronprinz ſein!
Doch die Prinzeſſin, Sohn! die trittſt du mir doch ab?
Caſimir.
Was? die Prinzeſſin? Euch? nein, lieber gleich ins Grab!
Violon.
Wie, Kind? du liebſt ſie noch?
Caſimir.
So lang ich lebe! ja!
Violon.
Ich habe keinen Sohn!
Caſimir.
Ich habe keinen Papa!
Bramarbas.
Ach ein Familienzwiſt macht doch betrübte Sorgen!
Prinz, weigert euch nicht mehr, dem Vater zu gehorchen!
Caſimir.
Der mir mein einzig Glück will aus den Armen reißen,
Gehorchen ſoll ich dem, den ſoll ich Vater heißen?
Siegfried.
O große Majeſtät, gebt ihm die Braut, ſeid froh,
In euren Jahren iſt die Liebe Riſiko!
Violon.
Nein, ungerathnes Kind, du ſollſt nicht triumphiren,
Zur Strafe will ich ſie ſogleich zum Altar führen!
Caſimir.
Glaubt ihr, ich fürchte das? die Drohung macht mich lachen!
Eh' ſtürzt der Himmel ein — und alle Welten krachen!
Im Winterfroſt erſtarrt der Buſen der Natur,
Eh Clarinette je vergißt, was ſie beſchwur!
O quäle ſie, Barbar, das Schickſal wird mich rächen,
Nur treue Liebe darf der Liebe Blumen brechen!
O Angſt und Tod und Rache! Ihr Götter gebt mir Licht!
Ich will — ich will — ach was? Ich weiß es ſelber nicht!
(Stürmend ab mit Siegfried).

Zehnter Auftritt.

Violon, Bramarbas.
Bramarbas.
O Glanz und Pracht der Welt! erhabne Majeſtät!
Ich wette, daß er jetzt gleich zur Prinzeſſin geht,
Und trifft er ſie allein, ſo macht er Mariage!
Violon.
Bramarbas, edler Freund, verrenn ihm die Paſſage!
Geh, lauf und ſäume nicht!
Bramarbas.
Herr, ihr könnt ſicher ſein,
So lang Bramarbas lebt, ſo darf er nicht hinein;
Und wäre er ſchon drin, ſo muß er wieder raus,
Er iſt zwar Euer Sohn, doch mach' ich mir nichts draus!
(Ab).

Eilfter Auftritt.

Violon (allein).
Ja wohl er iſt mein Sohn, daran iſt gar kein Zweifel,
Gerade wie einſt mich, ſo plagt ihn jetzt der Teufel!
Iſt man einmal Papa, nimmt man mit Schrecken wahr,
Welch ein gewalt'ger Narr man in der Jugend war!
Und doch, bedenk ichs recht — in meinen jungen Tagen —
Weiß Gott, ſo toll wie er, hab ich mich nicht betragen!
Was iſt nunmehr zu thun? ach eine Majeſtät
Iſt doch in dieſer Welt auch oft in Schwulität!
Heirathen oder nicht? da eben ſitzt der Knoten!
Die Eheſtandsmelodie hat gar verwünſchte Noten —
Doch ach! der Sommer flieht — der Winter kommt — man friert —
Wird man im Alter doch noch gratis kareſſirt!
Da liegts! wer trüge ſonſt ſo lang und unverdroſſen
Die Launen, die Vapeurs und — manchen Mitgenoſſen?
Doch wie? mein eigner Sohn wird jetzo mein Rival?
Und trägt ſein flammend Herz ganz ohne Futteral?
Nein! unerhört bei Gott! die ungerathne Brut!
Ha büßen ſollſt du mir für ſolchen Uebermuth!

Zwölfter Auftritt.

Violon. Siegfried und **Kunigunde** (kommen raſch und athemlos herein, und fallen händeringend dem Könige zu Füßen).
Kunigunde.
Ihr Götter!
Siegfried.
Majeſtät!
Kunigunde.
Mein König!
Siegfried.
Welchen Schrecken!
Kunigunde.
Laßt euch erzählen, Herr!
Siegfried.
Ach laßt es euch entdecken!
Kunigunde (weinend).
Clarinette — huhuhu!
Siegfried (weinend).
Prinz Caſimir — huhu!
Violon.
Sprecht einer auf einmal, ſonſt halt't die Mäuler zu!
Der Henker mag verſtehn, was zwei Verrückte ſagen —
Du, Siegfried, ſprich zuerſt, was haſt du vorzutragen?
Siegfried.
Wie bring ichs euch doch bei, erſchreckt nicht, Majeſtät!
Als eben jetzt der Prinz aus eurem Zimmer geht,
So ruft er toll und wild: Wo bleibſt du, Clarinette!
Und eilt wie raſend fort nach ihrem Kabinette —
Doch der Feldmarſchall kommt, das garſtige grobe Thier,
Verrennt ihm gleich den Weg und ſchreit: Marſch, fort von hier!
Violon.
Die Order gab ich ſelbſt! Verderben dem Verräther!
Siegfried.
O große Majeſtät! der Prinz zog gleich vom Leder —
Und des Feldmarſchalls Kopf ....
Violon.
O weh!
Siegfried.
Wie weggeſchoren
Flog er auf einen Hieb!
Violon.
Er hat den Kopf ...?

Siegfried.
Gerieten,
Ganz glatt weg, Majeſtät!
Violon (empfindſam).
Das iſt mir höchſt fatal!
Siegfried.
Laßt's gut ſein und bemerkt ihn auf ein andermal.
Denn noch viel größre Noth und viel gewaltigere Schrecken
Hab ich, o Licht der Welt, euch jetzo zu entdecken!
Violon.
Du Unglücksvogel ſprich, was noch?
Siegfried.
Prinz Caſimir
Dringt nun ins Kabinet, allein — was ſah er hier! —
Ich kann nicht mehr! der Schreck hemmt jedes Wort im Munde. —
Du ſtehſt auch wie ein Klotz! erzähl' es, Kunigunde!
Kunigunde.
Clarinette hört den Lärm, vor Schrecken wird ſie blau.
Sie ſchreit: Der König kommt und macht mich nun zur Frau!
Und außer ſich vor Wuth greift ſie nach einer Gabel
Und ſtößt ſie ſich ins Herz — ja das war ſie kapabel!
Violon (macht entſetzliche Geberden).
Siegfried.
Da lag das ſchöne Kind und ſchwamm in ihrem Blute!
„Mein Engel, was iſt das? Wie find' ich meine Gute?“
So ſprach der Caſimir.
Kunigunde.
„Mein Schatz wird mir verzeihn.
„Ich glaubte ſchon, es dräng der König hier herein!“
So ſprach die Clarinette.
Siegfried.
„Ei was! ſie hätten ſollen
„Vermuthen, daß ichs war, der ſie befreien wollen!“
So ſprach der Caſimir.
Kunigunde.
„O Unbeſtand des Glücks!
„Als Jungfer fahr ich nun hinüber übern Styx!“
So ſprach die Clarinette.
Siegfried.
Und unter Angſt und Beben
Brach ihr durchlaucht'ges Herz, ſchwand ihr durchlaucht'ges Leben!
Violon.
Mein Traum! mein Traum! mein Traum! da wird ein gräßlich Wunder!
Und ſprach der Elfe nicht, das käm nur vom Burgunder?
Ha da burgundert ſichs! Bramarbas ohne Kopf!
Und Clarinette todt! was mach ich armer Tropf?
O unglückvoller Tag! o wär ich nie geboren!
Mit ſeinem Kopf ging auch der meinige verloren!
Mein Glück hat ausgeblüht! Wohlauf! wohlauf, Courage!
Wer hier kein Weib ſich nahm, macht dort noch Mariage!
(erſticht ſich).
Komm Hochzeitbitter, Tod! du Lebenselixir!
Mir iſt die Welt wie nichts, mein Thron wie Löſchpapier!
(Stirbt).

Dreizehnter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Caſimir (ſtürzt wüthend und außer ſich mit gezogenem Schwerte herein).
Caſimir.
O ſchreckliches Geſchick! barbariſcher Papa!
Siegfried.
Schweigt ſtill, durchlauchtiger Prinz!
Kunigunde.
Ihr wißt nicht, was geſchah.
Siegfried.
Da liegt der ſelige Mann!
Caſimir.
Ha Eiferſucht der Hölle!
Er iſt ihr nachgeeilt, ich folg ihm auf der Stelle:
Auch dort wird ſie nicht dein, Barbar erzittre! ſie,
Ein fliegender Courier eil ich hinab zum Styx.
(Stürzt ſich in ſein Schwert).
O weh! der Liebe Rauſch gab mir das ſüße Leben,
Dem ſüßen Liebesrauſch will ichs nun wiedergeben!
Dort wohnt der Liebe Glück, hier wohnt der Liebe Schmerz,
So ſtirb nun glorios, verliebtes Heldenherz! (Stirbt).
Siegfried.
Was meinen ſie, mein Kind? die Herrſchaft iſt zum Teufel!
Was thut die Dienerſchaft?
Kunigunde.
Sie folgt ihr ohne Zweifel!
Siegfried.
Ei, ei, mein werthes Kind, das wär wohl nicht geſcheidt,
Ich denke, man verſüßt ſich dieſe Zeitlichkeit!
Kunigunde.
Wie ſo, Herr Kammerherr?
Siegfried.
Hofdame, mein Verlangen —
Sie ſah's in meinem Blick, an meinen blaſſen Wangen.
Kunigunde.
Hier, wo der Tod regiert?
Siegfried.
Drum ziehe Leben ein.
Nimm, Engel, meine Hand!
Kunigunde.
Wohlan ich ſchlage ein!
Siegfried.
Die Erben ſind wir nun, gewiß man krönt mich morgen!
Kunigunde.
Sei ſtill, mein Bräutigam, für Krönung will ich ſorgen.
Siegfried.
Die Thoren ſuchten dort ein günſtiges Geſchick —
Beide.
Hofdamen machen hier mit Kammerherrn ihr Glück!
(Der Vorhang fällt).

Friedrich Majer

ward am 24. April 1772 zu Koskau im Reußiſchen geboren, ſtudirte nach vollendeten Schulſtudien 1791 zu Jena die Rechte, worauf er theils hier, theils zu Weimar ſeine Privatſtudien fortſetzte. 1804 begleitete er unter dem Titel eines gräflich reußiſchen Rathes den Erbprinzen von Reuß-Schleiz auf die Univerſitäten Würzburg und Erlangen und lebte nach ſeiner Zurückkunft als reuß-ſchleiziſcher Legationsrath zu Weimar und Gera. Hier erhielt er ſeine Ernennung zum Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu München und ſtarb daſelbſt am 15. Mai 1818.

Er verfaßte:

Geſchichte der Ordalien. Jena 1795.
Briefe über das Ideal der Geſchichte. Lübeck 1796.
Zur Kulturgeſchichte der Völker. Leipzig 1798. 2 Bde.
Geſchichte des Fauſtrechts. Berlin 1799.
Bertrand de Guesclin. Bremen 1801. 2 Thle.
Allgemeines mythologiſches Lexikon. Weimar 1803 u. 1804. 2 Thle.
Mythologiſches Taſchenbuch für 1811 u. 12. Weimar 1811. 8.
Chronik des fürſtlichen Hauſes der Reußen von Plauen. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Mythologiſche Dichtungen und Lieder der Skandinavier. Leipzig 1818.
Brahma, oder die Religion der Indier als Brahmaismus. Ebendaſ. 1818.

Majer's hiſtoriſche Forſchungen, namentlich auf dem Gebiete der indiſchen und nordiſchen Mythengeſchichte, waren um ſo verdienſtvoller, als es ihm zur Zeit ihres Entſtehens noch ſehr an den nothwendigen Hülfsmitteln und Vorarbeiten fehlte, und er zu den Erſten gehörte, welche die Aufmerkſamkeit deutſcher Gelehrten darauf hinlenkten; ganz beſonders iſt zu bedauern, daß ſein wacker gearbeitetes mythologiſches Lexikon aus Mangel an Theilnahme unvollendet bleiben mußte.

Brahm*).

Brahm, Brimha, Parabrahma, d. i. die Selbſtſtändigkeit, das große Eine, die höchſte Weisheit, das allerweiſeſte Weſen. Unter dieſen Namen verehrten von den älteſten Zeiten an die weiſen und aufgeklärten unter den Braminen und Hindus das allerhöchſte, ewige, unermeßliche, unendliche, nothwendige, durch ſich ſelbſt beſtehende Weſen. In den alten Schriften wurden ihm unter andern folgende ſeinen Charakter und ſeine Natur bezeichnende Benennungen beigelegt:

1) Advaja, der ſich Aehnliche, der keinen andern ſeines Gleichen neben ſich hat, nihil simile aut aequale non habens.
2) Abaricédi, der Unbeſchreibliche, indefinibilis.
3) Suabaſal oder Suabaſatta, der durch ſich ſelbſt iſt, das durch ſich exiſtirende Weſen, qui per se est.
4) Anádi, der ohne Anfang iſt, sine principio.
5) Aſhariri, der Körperloſe, incorporeus.
6) Ananda, der Unendliche, infinitus.
7) Sarvaciáutram, die ganze Vollkommenheit, omnis perfectio.
8) Sarvakáranam, die allgemeine Urſache, causa universalis.
9) Sháſtáva, der Rächer, vindex.
10) Sriſhtava, der Schöpfer, creator.
11) Parama, der Wohlthätige, beneficus.
12) Karunnanidhi, der Schatz der Barmherzigkeit, thesaurus misericordiae.
13) Tatva, das Weſen, welches durch ſich ſelbſt beſteht.
14) Paraméſhvara, der Allerhöchſte, von Parama, der Höchſte, und Iſhvara, Herr.
15) Suayambhu, ein Weſen, das von und für ſich ſelbſt exiſtirt, von Suaya, d. i. von ſich ſelbſt, und bhu, beſtehend.
16) Parabara, das allervortrefflichſte, über alles erhabene Weſen.
17) Sanmatya vináſhana, der, dem es nicht möglich iſt, ſeine Reinheit zu verlieren; der Unbefleckte.
18) Karmaſákſhi, der Zeuge aller menſchlichen Handlungen.
19) Gnanaváſhádibina, der, welcher niemals weder ſein Weſen noch ſein Daſein verliert.
20) Nirmala, der Unbefleckte.
21) Nirmádiguelkoru bharmanáoaga, der wohlthätige Herr, oder das Grundprincip alles deſſen, was iſt.

Ueber die Art und Weiſe, wie dieſer ewige Gott das Weltall hervorgebracht habe und regiere, ſind die Meinungen der Indier getheilt. Nach Paullinus laſſen ſie ſich jedoch auf folgende Grundlehren zurückbringen.

1) Einige glauben, Gott habe zuerſt, vor dem Anfang aller Dinge, ein weibliches Weſen, die Göttin Bhavani, hervorgebracht, worunter ſie die alles erzeugende Natur verſtehen, welche ſie unter der Geſtalt eines Weibes perſonificirt haben. Im Samſkrdamiſchen heißt ſie:

Parameſhvari, die höchſte Frau (ſ. Parameſhvari).
Iſhi oder Iſhani, die Frau;
Bhavani, die Erſchafferin, die allen Dingen ihr Daſein giebt;
Kadicumari, die erſte Jungfrau, das erſte Mädchen;
Manaſſa, der Wille des Herrn;
Shakti, die Stärke, die Kraft.

Nach der Verſicherung einiger Miſſionarien verſtehen die Indier darunter den Willen Gottes, der in weiblicher Form von ihm ausgefloſſen iſt, um die Erſchaffung der Welt anzufangen. Dieſe Göttin verwandelt ſich nach der Lehre der Brahminen in tauſenderlei Geſtalten, und erſcheint bald als Mann, bald als Weib. In Tibet wird ſie Lhama-ciupral, in Nepal Mahadevi, in Bengalen Iſchani genannt, und überall verehrt man ſie als die Göttin der Natur. Die Unwiſſenden glauben, ſie ſei die Gattin des höchſten Gottes; andere halten ſie für das Weib des Surava, d. h. der Sonne. Sie gebar drei Söhne, den Brahm, Wiſchnu und Schiva oder Mahadeva, und verwandelte ſich ſodann in drei Mädchen und heirathete ihre Söhne. Dem erſten wurde das Geſchäft übertragen, alles, was die Welt bedürfe, hervorzubringen; dem zweiten, es zu erhalten, und dem dritten, alles, ſo bald es nicht mehr nöthig ſein würde, wieder zu vernichten. Dieſe drei verſchiedenen Kraftäußerungen und Wirkungen heißen auf Samſkrdamiſch Sriſhti, Stidi, Samhára, d. i. Schöpfung, Erhaltung, Vernichtung. Die drei Götter ſind die Symbole der drei Elemente, Erde, Waſſer und Feuer. Die Erde bringt alle irdiſchen Dinge hervor; das Waſſer befördert ihren Wachsthum und erhält ſie; durch das Feuer werden ſie wieder zerſtört. Deswegen ſagen die Malabaren und Tamuler, Brahma habe die Natur des Bhu oder Bhumi, der Erde; Wiſchnu die Natur des Apu oder Selam, des Waſſers, und Schiva die Natur des Agni, des Feuers. Brahma, der vielleicht wegen der vier Welttheile mit vier Geſichtern dargeſtellt wird, reitet auf einem Schwan, weil die Erde auf dem Waſſer ſchwimmt. Wiſchnu liegt auf einem Blatte der Seeblume (Nymphaea), dem Symbol des Waſſers. Schiva hält einen Blitzſtrahl in der Hand, um dadurch anzudeuten, daß er das Feuer vorſtellt. Dieſe Götter verändern und verwandeln ſich in männliche und weibliche Geſtalten, und ſpielen ihre Rolle bald als Gatten, bald als Brüder, bald als Kinder der Göttin Bhagavani. Obgleich von einander verſchieden, machen ſie doch zuſammen die Dreieinigkeit der Indier, Trimurti, aus, die in einen Baumſtamm eingeſchloſſen iſt, und nicht getrennt werden kann (ſ. Trimurti).

2) Andere behaupten: Wiſchnu, der Geiſt Gottes, denn dies bedeutet die Benennung Pranen, die demſelben im Buche Mahabharada ausdrücklich beigelegt wird, habe im Anbeginn alles aus Waſſer erſchaffen, und aus ſeinem Nabel ſei dann Brahma, Schiwa und die ganze Schaar aller Götter hervorgegangen.

3) Noch Andere ſind der Meinung, Parabrahma habe zuerſt die Elemente erſchaffen, verſchloſſen in einem Motta, d. i. in einem Ei; das Ei ſei zerſprungen, und zwar ſo, daß die Bruchſtücke der obern Hälfte ſieben gleiche Theile, und die der untern gleichfalls ſieben gleiche Theile ausgemacht hätten. Hieraus wären dann die ſieben obern u. die ſieben untern Welten entſtanden, denn ſie zählen derſelben vierzehn. Nachdem nun Parabrahma die Elemente und alle dieſe Welten erſchaffen hatte, erſchien er auf dem Goldberge Meru. Daſelbſt ließ er die andern Götter vor ſich kommen, und übertrug dem Brahma das Geſchäft, die Schöpfung fortzuſetzen, dem Wiſchnu, ſie zu erhalten, und dem Schiwen, ſie wieder zu vernichten.

Am beſten werden wir die Vorſtellungen der indiſchen Weiſen von der Gottheit aus einigen Fragmenten ihrer Schriften kennen lernen, deren Natur ſo erhaben und wunderbar iſt, daß Auszüge oder Zergliederungen ihren geiſtigen Zuſammenhang und großen Charakter zerſtören würden.

„Von Gott und ſeinen Eigenſchaften.“

„Gott iſt Ewig und Einer (Ikhummeſcha). Gott iſt Schöpfer alles deſſen, was iſt. Er gleicht einer vollkommenen Kugel, ohne Anfang oder Ende. Er beherrſcht und regiert die ganze Schöpfung durch eine allgemeine Vorſehung, nach voraus beſtimmten, unwandelbaren Geſetzen. Forſche nicht nach über das Weſen und die Natur der Exiſtenz des Ewigen, noch über die Geſetze, nach welchen er regiert. Beides iſt eitel und ſtrafbar. Genug, daß du jeden Tag und jede Nacht ſeine Weisheit, Macht und Güte in ſeinen Werken ſchauſt. Das ſei dir Heil.“

„Schöpfung der Geiſter.“

„Der Ewige und Eine, verſchlungen in dem Anſchauen ſeiner eigenen Exiſtenz, entſchloß ſich in der Fülle der Zeit, ſeine Herrlichkeit und Natur Weſen mitzutheilen, die des Genuſſes und der Theilnahme ſeiner Seligkeit und zum Dienſt ſeiner Herrlichkeit fähig wären. Noch waren dieſe Weſen nicht; aber der Ewig wollte, und ſie waren. Er bildete ſie zum Theil aus ſeiner eigenen Natur, fähig der Vollkommenheit, aber mit Kräften der Unvollkommenheit, beides abhängig von ihrer freien Wahl.

„Der Ewige ſchuf zuerſt den Brahma, Wiſchnu und Schiwen; dann den Moiſaſur und die Schaar der Geiſter. Die höchſte Würde gab er dem Brahma, Wiſchnu und Schiwen. Den Brahma ſetzte er zum Oberhaupte der Geiſterſchaaren, und machte die Geiſter ihm unterthan; auch beſtellte er ihn zu ſeinem Statthalter im Himmel, und gab ihm Wiſchnu und Schiwen zu Gehülfen.“

„Der Ewige theilte die Geiſter in verſchiedene Schaaren und Ordnungen, und ſetzte ein Oberhaupt über jede. Sie beteten an um den Thron des Ewigen nach Ordnung und Würde, und Harmonie war im Himmel. Moiſaſur, das Haupt der erſten engliſchen Schaar, führte den himmliſchen Geſang des Preiſes und der Anbetung vor dem Schöpfer, und den Geſang des Gehorſams gegen Brahma, ſeinen Erſtgeſchaffenen. Und der Ewige freute ſich ſeiner neuen Schöpfung.“

„Von dem Abfall eines Theils der Geiſter.“

„Freude und Harmonie umgab den Thron des Ewigen ſeit der Schöpfung der Geiſterſchaaren. Dies währte eine unendliche Reihe von Jahren, und würde bis ans Ende der Zeiten gewährt haben, hätten nicht Neid und Eiferſucht ſich des Moiſaſur und andrer Häupter der himmliſchen Schaaren bemächtigt. Unter dieſen war Rhābun, der nächſte an Würde nach dem Moiſaſur.“

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*) Aus Majer's mythologiſchem Lexikon. Th. 1 S. 226.

„Uneingedenk des heiligen Geſchenks ihrer Schöpfung und der ihnen auferlegten Pflichten, verwarfen ſie die Kräfte der Vollkommenheit, die der Ewige ihnen gnädig verliehen hatte. Sie äußerten ihre Kräfte der Unvollkommenheit und thaten Böſes vor dem Angeſicht des Ewigen. Sie verſagten ihm ihren Gehorſam, entzogen ſich der Unterwerfung gegen ſeinen Statthalter und deſſen Gehülfen, Wiſchnu und Schiwen, und ſprachen bei ſich ſelbſt: Wir wollen herrſchen! Ohne Furcht vor der Allmacht und dem Zorn ihres Schöpfers verbreiteten ſie ihre böſen Gedanken unter die himmliſchen Schaaren, betrogen ſie, und brachten einen großen Theil derſelben zum Abfall von ihrer Pflicht. Und es war Trennung vor dem Thron des Ewigen. Schmerz und Bekümmerniß bemächtigten ſich der treuen himmliſchen Geiſter, und jetzt zum erſtenmal war Jammer im Himmel.“

„Strafe der gefallenen Geiſter.“

„Der Ewige, deſſen Allwiſſenheit, Vorherwiſſen und Einfluß ſich über alle Dinge erſtreckt, außer über die Handlungen der von ihm freigeſchaffenen Weſen, ſah bekümmert und mit Zorn den Abfall des Moiſaſur, Rhābun und der andern himmliſchen Anführer und Geiſter. Selbſt im Zorn voll Erbarmen, gab er Brahma, Wiſchnu und Schiwen den Auftrag, ihnen die Verbrechen zu verweiſen, und ſie durch Ueberredung zu ihrer Pflicht zurückzubringen. Aber ſie, in der Einbildung ihrer Unabhängigkeit ſtolz frohlockend, beharrten im Ungehorſam.“

„Der Ewige gab hierauf dem Schiwen den Befehl, mit ſeiner Allmacht bewaffnet gegen ſie auszuziehen, ſie aus dem höchſten Himmel zu verjagen und in die Tiefe der Finſterniß hinabzuſtürzen, verdammt zu unaufhörlichem Jammer auf eine unendliche Reihe von Jahren.“

„Milderung der Strafe der gefallenen Geiſter, und ihr Endurtheil.“

„Die ungehorſamen Geiſter ſeufzten unter dem Mißfallen ihres Schöpfers in der Tiefe der Finſterniß eine Ewigkeit lang. Während dieſer Zeit hörten Brahma, Wiſchnu und Schiwen, und die übrigen treugebliebenen Geiſter niemals auf, den Ewigen um Verzeihung und Wiederherſtellung für ſie anzuflehen. Der Ewige ließ ſich endlich durch ihre Fürbitte erweichen. Obgleich er die Wirkung ſeiner Gnade auf das künftige Verhalten der Verbrecher nicht vorausſehen konnte, ſo erklärte er doch in der Hoffnung, daß ſie Buße thun würden, ſeinen Willen folgendermaßen: daß ſie aus der Tiefe der Finſterniß (Onderah) befreit, und in einen ſolchen Zuſtand der Prüfung verſetzt werden ſollten, wo es in ihre Macht gegeben wäre, ihre Rettung und Seligkeit zu bewirken. Der Ewige machte hierauf ſeine gnädigen Abſichten bekannt, übergab die höchſte Gewalt und Regierung des Mahaſurgo dem Brahma, zog ſich in ſich ſelbſt zurück, und wurde allen himmliſchen Schaaren unſichtbar auf fünftauſend Jahre.“

„Nach Verlauf dieſes Zeitraums offenbarte er ſich aufs neue, indem er den Thron des Lichts wieder in Beſitz nahm und in ſeiner Herrlichkeit erſchien. Und die getreuen himmliſchen Schaaren feierten ſeine Wiedererſcheinung in Geſängen der Freude. Als alles ſchwieg, ſprach der Ewige: Es werde das Univerſum (Dunneahoudah) der funfzehn Regionen (Bobuns) der Läuterung und Reinigung zur Wohnung der ungehorſamen Götter. Und es ward.“

„Der Ewige ſprach: Wiſchnu mit meiner Macht bewaffnet, ſteige hinab zu der neuen Schöpfung des Univerſums, und erlöſe die ungehorſamen Geiſter aus der Onderah, und verſetze ſie auf den niedrigſten der funfzehn Bobuns. Wiſchnu trat vor den Thron und ſagte: Ewiger, ich habe gethan, wie du mir befohlen haſt. Und alle getreuen himmliſchen Schaaren ſtanden voll Erſtaunen, und ſchauten die Wunder und den Glanz der neuen Schöpfung des Univerſums.“

„Der Ewige ſprach aufs neue zu Wiſchnu, und ſagte: Ich will Körper bilden für jeden der gefallenen Geiſter, zum Kerker und zur Wohnung, worin ſie eine Zeitlang, je nach der Größe ihres Verbrechens, natürlichen Uebeln unterworfen ſein ſollen. Geh und gebiete ihnen, daß ſie ſich dazu bereiten; und ſie werden dir gehorchen. Wiſchnu trat abermals vor den Thron, neigte ſich und ſagte: Ewiger, deine Befehle ſind vollzogen. Und die getreuen himmliſchen Schaaren ſtanden wieder voll Erſtaunen über die Wunder, die ſie hörten, und ſangen das Lob und die Gnade des Ewigen.“

„Als Alles ſchwieg, ſprach der Ewige abermals zu Wiſchnu: Die Körper, die ich den ungehorſamen Geiſtern zur Wohnung bereiten will, ſollen vermöge des Grundſtoffs, aus dem ich ſie bilden werde, der Veränderung, dem Verfall, dem Tode und der Erneuerung unterworfen ſein. Durch dieſe ſterblichen Körper ſollen die gefallenen Geiſter nach und nach ſieben und achtzig Wechſel oder Wanderungen vollbringen, und den Folgen des natürlichen und moraliſchen Uebels mehr oder weniger unterworfen ſein, im genaueſten Verhältniſſe zu der Größe ihres Verbrechens, und je nachdem ihre Handlungen in dieſen wechſelnden Körpern den eingeſchränkten Kräften, womit ich jeden begaben werde, entſprechen. Dies ſei ihr Stand der Strafe und Läuterung. Haben die ungehorſamen Geiſter die ſieben und achtzig Wanderungen vollendet und durchgangen, dann ſollen ſie nach meiner überſchwenglichen Gnade einen neuen Körper bewohnen, und du Wiſchnu ſollſt denſelben Ghoij d. i. Kuh nennen. Und wenn der ſterbliche Leib der Kuh durch natürlichen Verfall zu leben aufhört, dann ſollen die gefallenen Geiſter nach meiner noch größern Gnade den Körper des Mhurd, d. i. des Menſchen, beleben. In dieſem Körper will ich ihre Verſtandeskräfte erweitern, gleich als da ich ſie zuerſt frei erſchuf. Dies ſei der höchſte Stand ihrer Prüfung und Bewährung.“

„Die Kuh ſoll von den gefallenen Geiſtern für heilig gehalten werden, denn ſie ſoll ihnen eine neue und liebliche Nahrung geben, und ihnen einen Theil der Arbeit erleichtern, die ihnen von mir auferlegt werden wird. Und ſie ſollen nicht eſſen von der Kuh, noch von dem Fleiſch irgend eines der ſterblichen Körper, die ich zu ihrer Wohnung bereiten werde, es kriche auf der Erde (Murto), oder ſchwimme im Waſſer (Jhoale), oder fliege in der Luft (Dukmān). Ihre Nahrung beſtehe in der Milch der Kuh und den Früchten der Erde.“

„Die ſterblichen Körper, in welche ich die gefallenen Geiſter einſchließen werde, ſind das Werk meiner Hand; darum ſoll man ſie nicht zerſtören, ſondern ihrem natürlichen Verfall überlaſſen. Wer von den gefallenen Geiſtern alſo durch vorſetzliche Gewaltthätigkeit ſterbliche, von ſeinen gefallnen Brüdern bewohnte Körper zerſtört, deſſen widerſpenſtige Seele ſollſt du Schiwen in die Onderah hinabſtürzen. Hier ſoll er einige Zeit verweilen, und dann aufs neue die neun und achtzig Wanderungen durchgehen, zu welcher Stufe er auch zu der Zeit, da er ein ſolches Verbrechen begeht, gelangt ſein mag. Wer aber von den gefallenen Geiſtern es wagen wird, ſich ſelbſt durch Gewaltthätigkeit von dem ſterblichen Körper zu befreien, in welchen ich ihn eingeſchloſſen habe, den ſollſt du Schiwen auf ewig in die Tiefe der Finſterniß hinabſtürzen. Die Wohlthat der funfzehn Regionen der Läuterung, Prüfung und Reinigung ſoll ihm nicht wieder zu Theil werden.“

„Ich will die ſterblichen Körper, die ich den gefallenen Geiſtern zur Strafe beſtimmt habe, durch Geſchlechter und Arten unterſcheiden, und will dieſen Körpern verſchiedene Geſtalten, Eigenſchaften und Fähigkeiten geben. Und ſie ſollen ſich vermiſchen und fortpflanzen in ihrer Art nach einem natürlichen Triebe, den ich ihnen einpflanzen werde; und aus dieſer natürlichen Vermiſchung ſoll eine Reihe von Körpern entſtehen, jeder in ſeiner Gattung und Art, damit die Stufenfolge der Wanderungen gefallner Geiſter nie ſtill ſtehe. Wenn aber einer derſelben ſich mit einem Körper außer ſeiner Art vermiſcht, ſo ſollſt du Schiwen den verbrecheriſchen Geiſt auf eine Zeitlang in die Tiefe der Finſterniß hinabſtürzen, und er ſoll verurtheilt ſein, die neun und achtzig Wanderungen aufs neue durchzugehen, zu welcher Stufe er auch gelangt ſein mag, als er das Verbrechen beging. Und wenn einer der gefallenen Geiſter es wagt, dem natürlichen von mir ihren Wohnkörpern eingepflanzten Triebe zuwider, ſich auf eine ſo unnatürliche Weiſe zu vermiſchen, daß die Fortpflanzung ſeiner Gattung und Art dadurch vereitelt wird: ſo ſollſt du Schiwen ihn auf ewig in die Tiefe der Finſterniß hinabſtürzen, und die Wohlthat der funfzehn Regionen der Läuterung, Prüfung und Reinigung ſoll ihm nie wieder zu Theil werden.“

„Doch ſoll es in der Gewalt der gefallenen und unglücklichen Geiſter ſtehen, ihre Schmerzen und Strafen zu mildern und zu verſüßen durch das liebliche Verkehr geſelliger Verbindungen. Und wenn ſie ſich untereinander Liebe und Zärtlichkeit und gegenſeitige Dienſte beweiſen, und einander beiſtehen und aufmuntern in der Reue über das Verbrechen ihres Ungehorſams: ſo will ich ihre guten Vorſätze ſtärken und ſie ſollen Gnade finden vor mir. Verfolgen ſie aber einander, ſo will ich die Verfolgten tröſten, und die Verfolger ſollen nie in die neunte Region, ja die erſte Region der Reinigung, gelangen.“

„Wenn die Geiſter in ihrer neun und achtzigſten Wanderung in dem Körper des Menſchen ſich meine Gnade durch Reue und gute Werke zu Nutze machen: ſo ſollſt du Wiſchnu ſie in deinen Buſen nehmen, und ſie tragen in die zweite Region der Strafe und Läuterung, und ſo ſollſt du thun, bis ſie ſtufenweiſe die acht Regionen der Strafe, Läuterung und Prüfung durchgegangen ſind. Dann ſoll ihre Strafe aufhören und du ſollſt ſie in die neunte, ja in die erſte Region der Reinigung hinüberbringen."

„Wenn aber die widerſpenſtigen Geiſter in der neun und achtzigſten Wanderung in dem Körper des Menſchen, vermöge der Kräfte, mit welchen ich ſie begaben werde, meine Gnade nicht benutzen: ſo ſollſt du Schiwen ſie auf eine Zeitlang in die Onderah hinabſtürzen, und du Wiſchnu ſollſt ſie von da, nach einer Zeit, die ich beſtimmen werde, wieder in die niedrigſte Region der Strafe und Läuterung zu einer zweiten Prüfung verſetzen. Auf ſolche Weiſe ſollen ſie leiden, bis ſie durch ihre Reue und Beharrlichkeit in guten Werken, während ihrer neun und achtzigſten Wanderung in dem Körper des Menſchen, in die neunte Region, ja die erſte der ſieben Regionen der Reinigung gelangen. Denn es iſt mein feſter Schluß, daß die widerſpenſtigen Geiſter nicht in den höchſten Himmel zurückkehren, noch mein Angeſicht ſchauen ſollen, bis ſie die acht Regionen der Strafe und die ſieben Regionen der Reinigung durchgegangen ſind."

„Die treugebliebenen himmliſchen Schaaren, als ſie hörten Alles, was der Ewige geſprochen und beſchloſſen hatte über die widerſpenſtigen Geiſter, ſangen ſie ſein Lob, ſeine Macht und Gerechtigkeit."

„Als Alles ſtill war, ſprach der Ewige zu den himmliſchen Schaaren: Ich will zu meiner Gnade gegen die widerſpenſtigen Geiſter einen gewiſſen Zeitraum feſtſetzen, den ich in vier Weltperioden (Jogues, Joga) eintheilen werde. In der erſten der vier Joga ſoll die Zeit ihrer Prüfung in der neun und achtzigſten Wanderung in dem Körper des Menſchen ſich auf hunderttauſend Jahre erſtrecken; in der zweiten der vier Joga werde ich die Zeit ihrer Prüfung im Menſchen auf zehntauſend Jahre verkürzen; in der dritten auf tauſend Jahre, und in der vierten auf hundert. Und die himmliſchen Schaaren prieſen mit jauchzendem Frolocken das Erbarmen und die duldende Langmuth des Ewigen."

„Als Alles ſtill war, ſprach der Ewige: Fände ſich an dem Tage, wenn der Zeitraum, den ich der Dauer des Univerſums beſtimmt habe, und der Zeitraum, den mein Erbarmen zur Prüfung der gefallenen Geiſter bewilligt hat, durch den Umlauf der vier Joga vollendet ſein wird, einer von ihnen, der beharrend in ſeinem Verbrechen, die acht Region der Strafe und Prüfung nicht durchgegangen, und nicht in die neunte, ja die erſte Region der Reinigung gelangt wäre: ſo ſollſt du Schiwen, mit meiner Macht bewaffnet, ihn hinabſtürzen in die Onderah auf ewig. Und dann ſollſt du vertilgen die acht Regionen der Strafe, Läuterung und Prüfung, und ſie ſollen nicht mehr ſein. Du aber, Wiſchnu, ſollſt noch auf eine Zeitlang die ſieben Regionen der Reinigung erhalten, bis die Geiſter, die ſich meine Gnade und mein Erbarmen zu Nutze gemacht haben, durch dich von ihrer Sünde gereinigt werden. Und an dem Tage, da dieſes vollbracht ſein wird, und ſie in ihren verlornen Zuſtand wieder hergeſtellt und in meine Gegenwart zugelaſſen ſein werden, ſollſt du, Schiwen, vertilgen die ſieben Regionen der Reinigung, und ſie ſollen nicht mehr ſein."

„Und die treuen himmliſchen Schaaren zitterten vor der Macht und den Worten des Ewigen."

„Der Ewige redete ferner und ſprach: Ich entziehe nicht mein Erbarmen dem Moiſaſur, Rhaboun und den andern Häuptern der widerſpenſtigen Geiſter; aber weil ſie dürſteten nach Macht, ſo will ich ihre Kräfte des Böſen erweitern. Es ſoll ihnen frei ſtehen, die acht Regionen der Läuterung und Prüfung zu durchwandern, und die gefallenen Geiſter ſollen denſelben Verſuchungen ausgeſetzt ſein, welche ſie zuerſt zur Empörung reizten. Aber der Gebrauch jener erweiterten Kräfte, die ich den widerſpenſtigen Führern geben werde, ſei für ſie die Quelle deſto größerer Verſchuldung und Strafe; und der Widerſtand der verführten Geiſter gegen ihre Verſuchungen ſei für mich die große Probe der Aufrichtigkeit ihrer Bekümmerniß und Reue.

„Der Ewige ſchwieg. Und die treuen Schaaren ſangen Lieder des Preiſes und der Anbetung, vermiſcht mit Schmerz und Klage über das Schickſal ihrer gefallnen Brüder. Sie hielten Rath unter ſich, und mit einer Stimme, durch den Mund des Wiſchnu, flehten ſie zu dem Ewigen, daß es ihnen vergönnt ſein möchte, gelegentlich herabzuſteigen in die acht Regionen der Strafe und Läuterung, dort die Geſtalt des Menſchen anzunehmen, und durch ihre Gegenwart, ihren Rath und ihr Beiſpiel die unglückſeligen verderbten Geiſter gegen die fernern Verſuchungen des Moiſaſur und der widerſpenſtigen Führer zu ſchützen. Der Ewige gewährte ihre Bitte, und die treuen himmliſchen Schaaren ſangen mit lautem Frolocken Lieder der Freude und des Danks."

„Als Alles ſtill war, redete der Ewige aufs neue und ſprach: Du Brahma, bekleidet mit dem Glanze meiner Herrlichkeit, und bewaffnet mit meiner Macht, ſteige hinab in die tiefſte Region der Strafe und Läuterung, und verkündige den ungehorſamen Geiſtern die Worte, die ich geſagt, und das Urtheil, das ich über ſie geſprochen, und ſiehe ſie einziehen in die Körper, die ich ihnen bereitet habe. Und Brahma trat vor den Thron und ſprach: Ewiger, ich that, wie du befohlen haſt; die gefallenen Geiſter frolocken über dein Erbarmen, bekennen die Gerechtigkeit deiner Rathſchlüſſe, bezeugen ihre Bekümmerniß und Reue und ſind eingezogen in die ſterblichen Körper, die du ihnen bereitet haſt."

Ein heiliger Schauer ergreift die Seele bei dieſer aus alten Zeiten zu uns gekommenen Darſtellung des unendlichen, ewigen, von ſich ſelbſt kommenden, unergründlichen Urweſens und Urhebers aller Dinge, in ſeinem Daſein, Ordnen und Wirken. In kindlichen Zeiten hat die beſcheidene Weisheit des Morgenlandes die alten Erinnerungen des Menſchengeiſtes an ein ewiges Daſein in dieſen erhabenen Dichtungen auszuſprechen verſucht. Dieſe Ideen von dem höchſten Weſen waren keines Bildes fähig. Man hatte keine Abbildungen von dem Ewigen, keine Tempel waren ihm insbeſondere gewidmet, denn er wurde ja in allen Namen der Tauſende ſeiner Hervorbringungen mit genannt, mit vorgeſtellt und zugleich mit verehrt und angebetet. Aber die Schwachheit des großen Haufens der Menſchen verlangte eine ihrer Faſſungskraft angemeſſene und der Sichtbarkeit fähige Vorſtellung von dem unſichtbaren Urheber des Weltalls. Man zergliederte dieſe metaphyſiſchen und ſpeculativen Ideen der ſinnlichen Beobachtung und Erforſchung einer überall ſichtbaren dreifachen Kraftäußerung des höchſten Weſens gemäß. Durch Perſonification dieſer Dreiheit vereinigter Mächte erhielt man drei erſterzeugte Götter, deren Charakter nach ſeinen Eigenſchaften und Wirkungen zuſammengenommen, den unendlichen Gott als erkennbar, im Zuſtand ſeiner Offenbarung und Wirkſamkeit außer ſich, vorſtellen ſollte. Dieſe Offenbarung und Wirkſamkeit zeigt ſich in einer ſchaffenden, erhaltenden und zerſtörenden Kraft, wie es das Weltall in allen ſeinen Theilen vom weiten Raume des Himmels mit ſeinen leuchtenden Körpern bis zum kleinſten Moos am nackten Felſen unſerer Erde lehrt und beſtätigt. Man verehrte ſie in jenen erſterſchaffenen Göttern, in Brahma, dem Schöpfer, in Wiſchnu, dem durchdringenden Erhalter, und in Schiwen, dem Zerſtörer. Möglich iſt es auch, daß die Idee des höchſten Gottes erſt in der Folge von jenen drei großen Kräften der Natur, nachdem man ſie ſchon lange verehrt hatte, abgezogen worden iſt, und daß man ſie vorher in der göttlichen Dreiheit, oder dann in den abgeſonderten drei Geſtalten derſelben beſonders verehrte. Dieſes geſchieht noch jetzt in und durch die Verehrung, welche die verſchiedenen Secten der Anbeter des Wiſchnu und Schiwen jedem dieſer Götter ausſchließend als dem einzigen höchſten Weſen erzeigen. Die Verehrung des Brahma wurde bald verdrängt, vielleicht weil die ſchaffende Kraft in der bloßen äußern Anſchauung der Natur weniger ſichtbar wird, als Erhaltung und Zerſtörung. Die Anhänger des Wiſchnu dagegen, wie die des Schiwen, verehren in jedem derſelben den höchſten Gott und den Umfang der drei großen Kräfte der Natur, da ſie bemerkten, daß die Fortpflanzung aller Naturweſen durch eine Vereinigung aller drei Kräfte entſteht, indem ſie eben dadurch, daß ſie einander in ihrer Wirkſamkeit begegnen und ſich einander aufzuheben ſcheinen, die Erhaltung und Verjüngung der Natur befördern. Oft wird die Erhaltung durch die Zerſtörung bewirkt und neues Leben geht aus ihr hervor. Jede Secte legt dem Gott, den ſie als den Erſten verehrt, die höchſten Eigenſchaften der Natur bei und raubt ſie den andern. Man kehre ſich alſo nicht daran, wenn in den folgenden Fragmenten aus den heiligen Schriften der Indier, über das Weſen der Gottheit und den Urſprung der Welt, bald Brahma, bald Wiſchnu oder Schiwen als der höchſte ewige Gott genannt oder redend eingeführt wird. Ueberall, unter allen Geſtalten, Zeichen und Worten iſt die Rede von dem ewigen, unendlichen, durch ſich ſelbſt beſtehenden Weſen, und der Menſchen arme Sprache hat vielleicht nirgends von dem Höchſten, was ihre Erdenträume ahnen, in ſchönerer Wahrheit und Herrlichkeit geſprochen, als in jenen reizenden Gegenden, die aller Wahrſcheinlichkeit nach die Wiege des Menſchengeſchlechts und die erſte Werkſtatt Gottes auf unſerm Erdball waren

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„Das einzige höchſte Weſen zeigt ſich durch Schöpfung, Erhaltung und Zerſtörung, unter dreierlei Formen; allein es iſt nur Eines. Sich zu einer dieſer Formen wenden, iſt ſo viel, als ſich zu allen wenden, das iſt zum einzigen höchſten Gott. Die Menſchen ſollen wiſſen, daß es unter den Göttern, Wiſchnu, Brahma und Schiwen, keine wirkliche Verſchiedenheit giebt. Was ihnen ſo ſcheinet, iſt nur Täuſchung. Wer dieſes weiß, und ſeine Pflichten gegen ſie erfüllt, deſſen Gebete werden erhört werden."

Zwiſchen Brahma, Wiſchnu und Schiwen iſt kein Unterſchied. Wiſchnu iſt Schöpfer unter dem Namen Brahma, Erhalter und Retter unter dem Namen Wiſchnu, und Zerſtörer unter dem Namen Schiwen. Man ſage nicht, Wiſchnu ſei von den drei Gottheiten oder Attributen, welche man die dreifache Macht nennet, nur eine. Er iſt die Grundquelle von Allem. Er iſt es, der das Ganze durch ſeine ſchöpferiſche Kraft hervorgebracht hat, der es durch ſeine Erhaltungskraft erhält, der es endlich durch ſeine zerſtörende Kraft zerſtört. Er ſchafft als Brahma, und zerſtört als Schiwen. Die ſchaffende Kraft iſt vortrefflicher als die zerſtörende, die erhaltende vortrefflicher als die ſchaffende. So wird mit dem Namen des Wiſchnu der Begriff des Vortrefflichſten verbunden."

„Wiſchnu iſt zuweilen in ſich ſelbſt zurückgezogen und ohne Aeußerung; zuweilen aber wird er ſich in ſeiner ganzen Größe offenbaren und eine Welt ſchaffen. Allenthalben iſt er, dem Feuer gleich, das ſich in Holz, in Steinen, im Waſſer und in der Luft findet. Ungeachtet der ſichtbaren körperlichen Geſtalt aber, die er ſehr oft angenommen hat, iſt er doch ſelbſt über den Wirkungskreis der Sinne erhaben. Ertheilet er Körpern übernatürliche Vorzüge, bringt er Götter, Menſchen und Thiere hervor, ſo geſchieht es einzig nur darum, ſeine Güte fühlbar zu machen. — So oft die Erde von ungerechten Tyrannen befleckt iſt, erſcheint dieſer Gott jedesmal unter einer vorzüglichen Verwandlung, ſie von dieſen Ungeheuern zu befreien. Man hüte ſich aber vor der Einbildung, daß er des Vergnügens und Schmerzes wirklich empfänglich ſei, deren Wirkungen er zu empfinden ſcheinet; denn dieſer Schein iſt bloße Täuſchung. Seiner Natur nach von aller menſchlichen Veränderlichkeit frei, kennet er nur ſich ſelbſt, und jedem andern Weſen iſt er ein unbegreifliches Geheimniß."

„Dieſes unendliche Weſen kann nicht vom All getrennt werden, ſondern es iſt weſentlich eins mit ihm. Wiſchnu iſt in Allem und Alles iſt in Wiſchnu. Obſchon er aber unendlich vielerlei Geſtalten annimmt, und auf unendliche Weiſe wirket, ſo hat doch dieſe körperliche Täuſchung keinen Einfluß auf ihn, gleich dem Träumenden, der ſich zwar verſchiedene Verrichtungen vorſtellt, die jedoch nichts Wirkliches ſind. Wiſchnu iſt die Quelle der fünf Elemente, der Handlungen und Bewegungen, die Leben und Zeit veranlaſſen. Er ſelbſt iſt die allgemeine Quelle, wie der allgemeine Zweck: er iſt Alles. Die Götter ſind aus ſeiner Geſichtsbildung entſtanden. Wahrheit, Weisheit und alle Tugenden liegen in ihm. Er befahl dem Brahma, dieſe Welt zu ſchaffen, ohne alle andere Abſicht, als ſein Wohlgefallen. — Die Handlungen der Seelen, die in grobe Körper verſchloſſen, den Geſetzen der äußern und innern Sinne unterworfen und durch täuſchenden Schein gleichſam bezaubert ſind, ſiehet er als ein bloßer Zuſchauer. Die Subſtanz der Seele und die Kenntniß, die ſie hat, ſind nichts anders, als Wiſchnu ſelbſt. Am Ende ihrer Laufbahn kehret ſie in ihn zurück."

„Wiſchnu, dieſes oberſte Weſen, iſt der Urheber und Schöpfer der Welt. Die Weiſen betrachten ihn in den vierzehn Welten, und zwar die ſieben obern als eine Darſtellung ſeiner Perſon, vom Gürtel bis zum Kopf, und die ſieben untern als eine ſolche, vom Gürtel bis zu den Füßen. Einige betrachten die Erde als ſeinen Fußſchemel, und die ſieben Principien als das Schlagen ſeiner ſieben Pulſe. Man muß daher vollkommen überzeugt ſein, daß die Welt nichts anders iſt, als die Form des Wiſchnu. Was iſt, geweſen iſt, und ſein wird, iſt in ihm. Die Erde wird durch die Sonne erleuchtet und er macht Alles ſichtbar."

„Vor dieſer Schöpfung hat Wiſchnu allein ſein Licht um ſich her verbreitet. Weisheit, Freude, Wahrheit ſind ſeine Glieder, ſeine Subſtanz. Er hat weder die Eigenſchaft einer großen Maſſe, noch die eines kleinen Atoms; doch nimmt er zuweilen ihre Geſtalt an. Es iſt kein anderer Gott als er. Niemand kann von ſich ſelbſt den täuſchenden Schein durchdringen, oder ſich ihm entziehen, welchen er in der Welt verbreitet. Was iſt, wird menſchlichen Augen als nicht exiſtirend vorkommen, und was nicht iſt, als ob es vorhanden wäre. Sie werden einen Strick für eine Schlange, und eine Schlange für einen Strick halten. Durch ſeine Unermeßlichkeit erfüllet er das All. Er iſt der Urſprung aller Dinge und hat ſelbſt keinen Urſprung gehabt."

„Das Vermögen, welches wahrnimmt (Truſcheten), das Werkzeug zum Wahrnehmen (Truku) und der wahrgenommene Gegenſtand (Truſchiam), dieſe drei Ausdrücke, die von einander verſchieden ſind, machen in Gott nur eines aus. Er iſt ſelbſt Truſcheten, Truku und Truſchiam. Gott, endlich kleiner als ein Atom, iſt auch unendlich größer als die ganze Welt. In Beziehung auf dieſe Größen heißt er Teratparuſchen und Mehwaraten, der alle Dinge in ſich enthält. Dieſer, der Unendliche, der ſich offenbart hat, ſchwamm auf dem Waſſer, woher ihm der Name Narajana gekommen iſt. Durch ein Spiel ſeiner Vorſehung ſind die drei Kräfte, Principien oder Qualitäten entſtanden, Tama, Finſterniß, Raſcha, Leidenſchaft, Satera, Wahrheit, und durch ſie verſchiedene für die Götter, Menſchen, Rieſen und Thiere ſchickliche Körper. Der Raum wurde durch ſeine Gedanken erſchaffen; dieſer Raum brachte die Luft hervor, dieſe das Feuer, dieſes das Waſſer, dieſes die Erde. Aus der Vereinigung dieſer Elemente ſind alle ſichtbare und unſichtbare Weſen entſtanden. Dieſes iſt das Geheimniß der Schöpfung überhaupt."

„Ohne Attribut, ohne Wirkungsorte, ohne Qualität, ohne Ort und Zeit unterworfen zu ſein, iſt Gott allein unveränderlich. Es gab keine andern Weſen, da betrachtete er ſich ſelbſt durch ſeine anſchauende Kenntniß. In dieſer Anſchauung erzeugte ſich das Wollen zu ſchaffen. Der Act deſſelben iſt das Verhängniß. Dieſes brachte die zeugende Kraft und die zeugende Kraft den Act der Zeugung hervor. Darauf erſchienen die drei Qualitäten, Principien oder Kräfte. Satera erzeugte die Freiheit oder den freien Willen, welcher die Veränderung veranlaſſet, die wir in der Welt ſehen. Raſcha hat die Sinne hervorgebracht, und Tama die Gegenſtände der Sinne, nämlich den Ton, die Berührung, den ſichtlichen Eindruck, den Geſchmack, den Geruch. Der Ton brachte den Raum hervor und wurde eine Eigenſchaft deſſelben, der Raum, die Luft oder den Wind und die Berührung, die Luft das Feuer und den ſichtlichen Eindruck, das Feuer das Waſſer und den Geſchmack, das Waſſer die Erde und den Geruch. Nachdem alles erſchaffen war, blieben die erzeugende Kraft und die andern Weſen unthätig, indem ſie unfähig waren, ſich ſelbſt zu bewegen. Die zeugende Kraft verlangte, daß alles belebt werde. Darum vereinigte Gott den Act ſeines Willens und den Act ſeiner Macht, und ſie waren einig und harmonirten. Zugleich brachte er in ſich ſelbſt zwei andere Acte hervor, die Theilbarkeit und die Einfachheit oder Einheit. So iſt das All von ihm und in ihm."

„Dieſes einzige und einfache Weſen hat keine reelle Verbindung mit der Materie. Die vom Waſſer zurückgeworfenen Strahlen des Mondes ſcheinen zugleich mit dem bewegten Waſſer in Bewegung zu ſein, ohne daß dieſe Bewegung in Beziehung auf den Mond einige Realität hat. Dies iſt ein Bild der Vereinigung dieſes Weſens mit allem, was man Materie, Attribut, Handlung oder Leiden nennt. Sie hat auch mit den Träumen einige Aehnlichkeit, die machen, daß man täuſchende Gegenſtände gleichſam ſieht und fühlt. Gott, wenn man vom Verhängniß abſtrahirt, iſt in ſich ſelbſt verſchlungen und heißt Norgunen, oder weder Attribut noch Accidens. Betrachtet man ihn als anſchauenden Zeugen des Verhängniſſes, ſo heißt er Sorgunen, und, genau zu reden, iſt dieſes kein weſentliches Attribut Gottes. Er wirket nicht reel in ſich ſelbſt, es iſt bloß ein Schein, den man Wiloſſariam nennet; gleich der Sonne, die einzig, ſich doch ganz in vielen Gefäßen mit Waſſer zeigt, offenbaret ſich Gott in verſchiedenen Weſen. Aus dem Verhängniß ſind die Leidenſchaften und thätigen Kräfte entſtanden. So viel, mehr nicht, kann man von dieſen erhabenen Geheimniſſen ſagen."

Was frei von aller Luſt und Begierde der Sinne iſt, das iſt der Mächtige. Er iſts allein, denn es iſt kein Größerer als er. Brehm iſt verſchlungen in Selbſtbetrachtung. In jedem Theil des Raums iſt er gegenwärtig. Seine Allwiſſenheit iſt von eigner Eingebung, und ſein Begriff umfaßt jeden andern. Unter allen viel begreifenden Fähigkeiten iſt die Allwiſſenheit die größte. Da ſie von eigener Eingebung iſt, ſo iſt ſie keinem Zufalle der Sterblichkeit, der Leidenſchaften und des Laſters unterworfen. Für ſie giebt es keine dreifache Zeit, auch keine dreifache Art des Seins. Sie iſt von der Welt ganz getrennt, von [illegible] unabhängig. Dieſe Allwiſſenheit wird Brehm genannt, und dieſer allwiſſende Geiſt belebt alle Handlungen Gottes; durch ihn bekommen die vier und zwanzig Kräfte der Natur ihr Leben. Wie das Auge durch die Sonne, der Topf durchs Feuer, das Eiſen durch den Magnet, das Feuer durchs Verbrennliche, der Schatten durch den Menſchen, der Staub durch den Wind, der Bogen durch die Schnur, der kühle Schatten vom Baume belebt und hervorgebracht wird: ſo wird auch durch dieſen Geiſt die Welt mit den Kräften des Verſtandes, des Willens und der Handlung begabt.

„Mein Urweſen beſteht (Kriſchna ſpricht, eine Verkörperung des Wiſchnu) aus acht Theilen, Erde, Waſſer, Feuer, Luft und Aether, nebſt Gemüth, Verſtand und der Kenntniß ſeiner ſelbſt. Ueberdieß habe ich ein anderes, von dieſem unterſchiedenes und weit höheres Weſen, deſſen Natur das Leben iſt, und durch welches die Welt erhalten wird. Dieſe beiden Weſen (die Materie und der Geiſt) ſind die Erzeugungsquellen der ganzen Natur. Ich bin der Urheber der Schöpfung und der

Zerſtörung des Weltalls. Es gibt nichts Größeres als mich, und alle Weſen ſind von mir abhängig, wie Perlen von der Schnur, die ſie zuſammenhält. Ich bin die Feuchtigkeit im Waſſer; das Licht in der Sonne und im Monde; die Anrufung in den Vedas; der Schall in der Luft; die menſchliche Natur im Menſchen; der ſüße Duft in der Erde; die Herrlichkeit in der Quelle des Lichts. Ich bin das Leben in allen Weſen, der Eifer in dem Eifrigen, der ewige Saame in der ganzen Natur. Ich bin der Verſtand des Weiſen, der Ruhm des Stolzen, die Kraft des Gewaltigen, frei von Begierde und Zorn. In den Thieren bin ich die durch moraliſche Schicklichkeit geordnete Begierde."

„Das Weltall wird, nachdem es exiſtirt hat, vernichtet, und bei Annäherung des Tags durch die göttliche Nothwendigkeit von neuem erzeugt. Das, was bei der Auflöſung aller Dinge nicht vernichtet wird, iſt erhaben und von anderer Natur als die ſichtbaren Dinge; denn es iſt unſichtbar und ewig."

„Dieſe Welt iſt gebildet worden durch mich in meiner unſichtbaren Form. Alle Weſen ruhen in mir, wie die alles durchdringende Luft ſtets in dem aetheriſchen Raum ruht. Am Ende des großen Zeitalters kehren alle Weſen in meine urſprüngliche Quelle zurück, und bei dem Anfange eines andern ſchaffe ich ſie von neuem. Ich pflanze mich ſelbſt auf meine eigne Natur, und bringe verſchiedenemal dieſe Sammlung von Weſen hervor, das Ganze, durch die Gewalt der Natur, ohne Gewalt. Aber dieſe Werke beſchränken mich nicht, weil ich gleich bin einem Menſchen, der weit entfernt ſteht und keinen Theil daran nimmt. Die Natur bringt unter meiner Aufſicht die beweglichen und unbeweglichen Weſen hervor. Aus dieſer Quelle ſtammt die Veränderung des Weltalls. Ich bin die Gottin; bin der Vater und die Mutter dieſer Welt, der Aeltervater und der Erhalter; ich bin der einzige Heilige, würdig gekannt zu werden. Ich bin der Tröſter, Schöpfer, Zeuge, Unbewegliche, der Zufluchtsort und der Freund. Ich bin die Erzeugung und die Auflöſung, der Ort, wo alle Dinge ruhen, der unerſchöpfliche Saame der ganzen Natur. Ich bin die Klarheit der Sonne, und bin der Regen. Ich ziehe die Weſen aus dem Nichts, und bringe ſie wieder dahin. Ich bin der Tod und die Unſterblichkeit, das Sein und Nichtſein."

„Ich bin die Seele, die in dem Körper jedes Weſens wohnt. Ich bin der Anfang, die Mitte und das Ende aller Dinge. Ich bin der Saame aller Dinge der ganzen Natur, und es gibt ohne mich kein belebtes und lebloſes Weſen. Meine göttlichen Verſchiedenheiten ſind unendlich."

Geſchichte der Schöpfung nach dem Bagavadam.

In der Fülle der Zeit war das Weltall noch im Schooße des Wiſchnu. In betrachtenden Schlummer verſenkt, auf der Schlange Adiſeſchen ruhend, ſchwebte dieſer Gott auf dem Milchmeer. Seine Begleiter waren Macht und Weisheit; denn das Verhängniß und die übrigen Dinge waren noch nicht vorhanden, ſondern in ſeinem Schooße verſchloſſen. Tauſend göttliche Jahre brachte er in dieſem Schlummer zu. Nach Verlauf derſelben faßte er den Entſchluß, die Welt hervorzubringen.

Indem Wiſchnu ſich ſelbſt durch ſeine anſchauende Kenntniß betrachtete, erzeugte er in dieſer Anſchauung das Wollen zu ſchaffen, und der Act dieſes Wollens war das Verhängniß. Das Verhängniß, nachdem es aus ihm hervorgegangen war, wurde die einzige Urſache aller Erſchaffungen, Erhaltungen und Zerſtörungen; denn es ließ durch die Qualität, Sinnlichkeit hervorzubringen (Raſcha), einen Stengel der Tamara- oder Lotos-Pflanze aus dem Nabel des Wiſchnu wachſen. Auf dieſem Stengel erſchien eine Blumenknospe, welche ſich durch die Strahlen der höchſten Sonne, die Wiſchnu ſelbſt iſt, aufſchloß. In dieſer Blume wurde Brahma erſchaffen mit vier Geſichtern, welche ein Bild der vier Vedas ſind.

Voll Begierde, das Geheimniß ſeines Urſprungs zu erforſchen, wanderte Brahma lange in dem hohlen Stengel herum, welcher die Blume trug. Endlich müde, eine vergebliche Unterſuchung fortzuſetzen, ſetzte er ſich wieder auf ihr nieder. Er rief den Namen ſeines Schöpfers an, und hörte eine Stimme, die ſagte: Dabe, Dabe. Obgleich er Niemand ſahe, noch die Worte verſtand, begriff er doch, daß ihm eine Büßung befohlen werde. Und er verrichtete ſie tauſend göttliche Jahre lang. Am Ende derſelbe fühlte er ſich vom himmliſchen Lichte erfüllt. Er betete ſeinen Gott an, deſſen Gegenwart er in ſeinem Herzen bemerkte, und lobte ihn durch Gebete und Geſänge, die in dem Veda enthalten ſind. Da kam er zum Beſitz aller der Kenntniſſe, die zu dem großen, ihm anvertrauten Werk der Schöpfung nöthig waren. Nur die Eitelkeit konnte ihn der Unwahrheit und Ausſchweifung fähig machen und alſo ſein Werk verderben. Wiſchnu, um ihn gnädig vor dieſem Unglück zu bewahren, erſchien ihm und ſagte: „O Brahma, geliebter Sohn, ich ſchenke dir meine Gnade, und gebe dir die Macht, die Welt zu erſchaffen. Dieſe Welt und alle Leben liegen noch in meinem Schooße verborgen; aber ich befehle dir, ſie zu unſerm Vergnügen hervorzuziehen und zu entwickeln; denn ich bin das Leben, und alle Leben ſind in mir."

Brahma, durch dieſe außerordentliche Gnade aufgemuntert, fing ſeine Büßung von neuem an, um ſich zu dem wichtigen Werke, das er ausführen ſollte, vorzubereiten. Hundert göttliche Jahre unter Beſchauung und Gebet verbracht, vermehrten ſeine Weisheit und ſeine Kraft. Er trank die Waſſer des Meeres, in welchen die Welt verſammelt lag, und ſah ſie wie aus dem Waſſer hervorſteigen. Er ſetzte den Abgrund und die Principien der Dinge, und brachte Berge, Bäume und Pflanzen, Götter, Menſchen, Rieſen und Thiere hervor.

Indem er aber mit der Schöpfung beſchäftigt war, empfand er einige Bewegungen einer unordentlichen Leidenſchaft, und ſo ſchuf er einige Weſen, die zur Sünde geneigt waren. Aber ſogleich von Reue ergriffen, nahm er ſeine Zuflucht wieder zu Gott, und hierauf ließ er vier tugendhafte Weſen hervorgehen, Senagen, Senaden, Sanertſchuſſadenen und Sanerkumaren, und befahl ihnen, das menſchliche Geſchlecht hervorzubringen. Allein von ihrer Geburt an einem beſchaulichen Leben ergeben, unterließen ſie es, dieſen Auftrag zu erfüllen.

Brahma, darüber erzürnt, brachte aus ſeiner Stirne den Rutren hervor, und befahl ihm, in der Sonne, dem Mond, dem Winde, dem Feuer, dem Raum, der Erde, dem Waſſer, dem Leben, der Buße, dem Herzen und den Sinnen zu wohnen. Sogleich erſchien Rutren, wie ihm geboten war, unter den eilf Geſtalten, welche mit dem Namen der eilf Rutren belegt werden. Dieſe durch einen Willensact des Rutren hervorgebrachten Geſchöpfe brachten von ſelbſt eine unzählige Menge anderer auf gleiche Weiſe hervor. Dieſe wurden bald laſterhaft und führten ein verkehrtes Leben, bis ſie, von Brahma erinnert, Buße thaten.

Nun entſchloß ſich Brahma, Menſchen zu ſchaffen, welche ſanft, liebenswürdig, weiſe und mit allen Tugenden erfüllt wären. Er zog alſo aus den verſchiedenen Theilen ſeines Körpers neun Perſonen hervor, den Maritſchi, Dakſchen oder Prachetas, Pulagen, Pulaſtia, Bhrigu, Cratu, Alui oder Angiras, Vaſiſchta und den Atri oder Atterien. Sie ſind unter dem Namen der neun Brahmen bekannt. Auf gleiche Weiſe brachte er die Tugend, das Laſter, die Liebe, den Zorn, den Geiz, Saraswati, die Göttin der Wiſſenſchaften, die Götter Nirudi und Samutraien und den Altvater Kartamen hervor. Die Tugend kam aus der rechten Seite ſeiner Bruſt, die Liebe aus dem Herzen, der Zorn aus den Augenbraunen, der Geiz aus den Lippen, Saraswati aus ſeinem Angeſicht und Kartamen aus den Bewegungen deſſelben.

Brahma verliebte ſich in die Saraswati und wohnte ihr bei. Die neun Brahmen verachteten ihn deswegen, und er, durch ihre Vorwürfe gekränkt und von ſeinem Gewiſſen gepeinigt, verließ den Körper, welcher ihn zu dieſer Handlung verleitet hatte. Dieſer verlaſſene Körper veranlaßte Finſterniß und Nebel. Gleich darauf nahm er einen neuen Leib an, mit vier Geſichtern, welche die vier Vedas erzeugt haben. Er verließ aber auch dieſen wieder, und nahm abermals einen andern an. Um durch eine Vereinigung beider Geſchlechter die Fortpflanzung des Menſchengeſchlechts zu befördern, ſchuf er einen Mann und ein Weib, den Suyambu oder Svayambhu und die Sadadrubai. Dieſe zeugten Söhne und Töchter mit einander, und von ihnen, und zwar durch drei Paare, wurde die Erde mit Menſchen bevölkert.

Brahma nahm hernach noch mehrere und immer vollkommnere Körper an, ja endlich einen ſo leichten und feinen, daß er unſichtbar war. In jedem derſelben brachte er eine neue Schöpfung hervor. Einer der von ihm verlaſſenen Leiber gab einem Mädchen von blendender Schönheit das Daſein. Sie hieß Sandiadewi, und die Rieſen bemächtigten ſich ihrer. Er ſelbſt zeugte in dieſen verſchiedenen Schöpfungen zuerſt eine unendliche Menge von Göttern; dann die Sandharwas, Genien beiderlei Geſchlechts; dann die Genien Pitru, welche unſichtbare Körper hatten und ſich von dem Dampf der Opfer nähren ſollten. Mit einem andern Leib ſchuf er die Genien Veliabarer, und abermals mit einem andern die Kinnarer und Kimburuder.

Als er ſahe, daß dieſe Geſchöpfe nicht allen ſeinen Abſichten entſprachen, wurde er unzufrieden, und indem dieſe Regung des Zornes einige ſeiner Haare zittern machte, wurde dadurch die Bewegung der Zeiten und Jahrhunderte hervorgebracht. Dieſe letzte Schöpfung erfüllte ihn mit Freude, und dieſe Freude brachte in ſeinem Herzen die Dramarſchien hervor.

Auf ſolche Weiſe iſt dieſer Gott in verſchiedenen Körpern und unter verſchiedenen Geſtalten erſchienen, um die verſchiedenen Arten von Weſen zu erſchaffen, deren jedem er einen Körper gab, welcher an Geſtalt und Qualität demjenigen ähnlich war, deſſen er ſich zu ſeiner Erzeugung bedient hatte.

Geſchichte der Schöpfung nach dem Geſetzbuch des Menu.

Das Univerſum befand ſich urſprünglich bloß in der erſten göttlichen Vorſtellung, noch unausgedrückt und gleichſam in Dunkel gehüllt, der Vernunft eben ſo wenig bemerkbar als erklärbar, durch Offenbarung noch nicht entdeckt, ſo als wäre es gänzlich in Schlummer verſenkt. Dann erſchien die einige, durch ſich ſelbſt beſtehende Macht in unverringerter Majeſtät, ließ, obwohl ſelbſt unbemerkt, dieſe Welt mit fünf Elementen und andern Principien der Natur bemerkbar werden, und dehnte ihre Vorſtellung aus, indem ſie das Dunkel verſcheuchte. Da ging er, der von Ewigkeit und ſelbſt die Seele aller Weſen iſt, den ſich der Geiſt bloß denken kann, deſſen Weſen, da er keine ſichtbaren Theile hat, für die Werkzeuge der äußern Sinne nicht da und für kein anderes Weſen begreiflich iſt, glänzend hervor in eigener Perſon.

Als er beſchloſſen hatte, verſchiedene Weſen aus ſeiner eigenen göttlichen Subſtanz hervorzubringen, ſchuf er zuerſt mit einem Gedanken die Waſſer und legte einen Keim der Fruchtbarkeit in ſie. Dieſer fruchtbare Saame wurde ein Ei, glänzend wie Gold und in tauſend Strahlen flammend, wie das Licht der Sonne; und in dieſem Ei wurde er, der von Ewigkeit iſt, ſelbſt geboren in der Geſtalt des **Brahma**, des großen Urvaters aller Geiſter. Die Waſſer heißen **Nara**, weil ſie von **Nara**, dem Geiſte Gottes, hervorgebracht wurden, und da ſie ſeine erſte **Ayana** oder Bewegungsart waren, ſo heißt er davon **Narayana**, d. i. der ſich auf dem Waſſer bewegt.

Aus keinem Gegenſtande der Sinne, ſondern aus der erſten Urſache, die überall dem Weſen nach gegenwärtig, für unſere Vernehmung aber abweſend iſt, wurde der in allen Welten unter dem Namen Brahma berühmte göttliche Mann geboren. In dieſem Ei ſaß die große Macht unthätig ein ganzes Götterjahr, nach deſſen Verlauf aber ließ er bloß durch die Kraft ſeiner Gedanken das Ei ſich auseinander thun. Aus den beiden Hälften bildete er oben den Himmel und unten die Erde, und in der Mitte den feinen Aether, die acht Gegenden des Himmels und den bleibenden Waſſerbehälter.

Er ſchuf das große Princip der Seele oder die erſte Ausdehnung der göttlichen Vorſtellung, und alle Lebensgeſtalten, mit den drei Eigenſchaften, Güte, Affect und Dunkelheit, den fünf Sinnen und den fünf Werkzeugen ſinnlicher Vernehmung. Darnach brachte er das Bewußtſein, den innern Ermahner und Regierer, und alsdann die Seele oder Vernunft hervor, welche dem Weſen nach vorhanden, aber nicht ſinnlich bemerkbar, ſondern immateriell iſt. Nachdem er die kleinſten Theilchen jener ſechs unermeßlich wirkſamen Principe des Bewußtſeins und der fünf Sinne auf einmal mit Ausflüſſen des höchſten Geiſtes durchdrungen hatte, bildete er alle Geſchöpfe. Die kleinſten Theilchen der ſichtbaren Natur hängen von dieſen ſechs Ausflüſſen aus Gott ab, die zehn Organe vom Bewußtſein, und die fünf Elemente von eben ſo vielen Vernehmungen. Die großen Grundſtoffe mit beſondern Kräften begabt, entſtehen daraus, auch die Seele mit unendlich feinen Wirkungen, die unvergängliche Urſache aller äußern Formen. Daher iſt dieſes Ganze aus kleinen Theilen der ſieben göttlichen und wirkſamen Principe, nämlich aus der großen Seele oder dem erſten Ausfluſſe, dem Bewußtſein und den fünf Vernehmungen zuſammengeſetzt; ein veränderliches Ganze aus unveränderlichen Vorſtellungen. Jedes dieſer Elemente nimmt die Beſchaffenheit des vorhergehenden an, und man ſchreibt jedem derſelben eben ſo viele Eigenſchaften zu, als es gerade vorgedrungen iſt.

Er gab auch zuerſt allen Geſchöpfen beſondere Namen, wies ihnen beſondere Handlungen und beſondere Beſchäftigungen an, ſo wie ſie in den vorherexiſtirenden **Vedas** geoffenbart waren. Er ſchuf eine Menge Untergottheiten mit reinen Seelen und göttlichen Eigenſchaften und viele ſehr reizbare Genien. Er ſchrieb das Opfer vor, welches von Anfang verordnet war, und melkte gleichſam aus dem Feuer, der Luft und der Sonne die drei urſprünglichen Vedas, welche die Vorſchriften zu gehöriger Verrichtung des Opfers enthalten. Er gab das Daſein der Zeit und den Abtheilungen derſelben, den Fixſternen und Planeten, den Flüſſen, Meeren und Bergen, den ebenen Gefilden und unebenen Thälern. Auch Andacht, Sprache, Freundlichkeit, Verlangen, Zorn entſtanden; denn er wollte das Daſein aller dieſer geſchaffenen Dinge.

Zur Beurtheilung der Handlungen machte er einen gänzlichen Unterſchied zwiſchen Recht und Unrecht, und gewöhnte die empfindenden Geſchöpfe an Vergnügen und Schmerz, Hitze und Kälte und an andere entgegengeſetzte Dinge. Mit ſehr kleinen veränderlichen Theilen (**Matras**) der fünf Elemente wurde dieſe ganze ſichtbare Welt in gehöriger Ordnung zuſammengeſetzt. So oft eine Lebensſeele einen neuen Körper erhält, hält ſie ſich von ſelbſt an die Beſchäftigung, welche ihr der Schöpfer zuerſt angewieſen hat. Wie die ſechs Jahreszeiten ihre Kennzeichen zur gehörigen Stunde von ſelbſt annehmen, ſo ſind jedem bekörperten Geiſte ſeine Handlungen gleichſam von Natur zugeſellt.

Damit das Menſchengeſchlecht vermehrt werde, ließ er den **Brahmin**, den **Tſchatriya**, den **Vaiſya** und den **Sudra**, ſo genannt von Schrift, Schutz, Reichthum und Arbeit, aus ſeinem Munde, ſeinen Armen, ſeinen Hüften und ſeinem Fuße hervorgehen. Die gewaltige Macht theilte ihr eigenes Weſen und wurde halb Mann, halb Weib, oder wirkende und leidende Natur, und aus dieſer weiblichen Hälfte wurde **Viraj** gezeugt. Der, welchen die männliche Macht **Viraj** nach ſtrenger Andachtsübung aus ſich ſelbſt zeugte (alſo die männliche Hälfte von Brahma), war **Menu** (mit dem Beinamen **Swayambhuva**, d. i. entſproſſen von dem Selbſtbeſtehenden), der zweite Urheber dieſer ganzen ſichtbaren Welt. Er war es, welcher aus Verlangen, ein Menſchengeſchlecht hervorzubringen, ſehr ſtrenge religiöſe Pflichten erfüllte, und zuerſt zehn Herren der erſchaffenen Weſen von vorzüglichſter Heiligkeit werden ließ, nämlich **Maritſchi**, **Atri**, **Angiras**, **Pulaſtia**, **Pulaha**, **Cratu**, **Dakſcha**, **Vaſiſchta**, **Bhrigu** und **Narada**.

Dieſe voller Majeſtät brachten ſieben andere Menus hervor, und Gottheiten und Wohnungen der Gottheiten, und andere große Weiſe von unbegrenzter Macht; wohlwollende Genien und wüthende Rieſen, blutdürſtige Barbaren, himmliſche Sänger, Nymphen und Dämonen, große und kleinere Schlangen, Vögel mächtigen Fittigs und beſondere Geſellſchaften von Pitris oder Erzeugern des Menſchengeſchlechts; Blitze und Donnerkeile, Wolken und farbige Bogen des Indra, fallende Meteore, die Erde zerreißende Dünſte, Kometen und Lichtkörper verſchiedener Grade; Sylvane mit Pferdegeſichtern, Affen, Fiſche, zahmes Vieh, Rehe, Menſchen und reißende Thiere mit zwei Reihen Zähnen, kleine und große kriechende Thiere, allerlei Inſekten und unbewegliche Dinge verſchiedener Art.

So wurde dieſe ganze Menge feſter und unbeweglicher Körper von jenen großdenkenden Weſen, durch die Stärke ihrer eignen Andacht und auf Menu's Befehl mit beſondern, einem jeden zugetheilten Verrichtungen geformt. Jedem dieſer Geſchöpfe ſind beſtimmte Beſchäftigungen hienieden angewieſen, und ſie werden in folgender Ordnung nacheinander geboren. Vieh und wilde Thiere mit zwei Reihen Zähnen, Rieſen und blutdürſtige Barbaren und das Menſchengeſchlecht werden aus einer Bärmutter ans Licht gebracht. Vögel, Schlangen, Crocodile, Schaalthiere, Fiſche, Schildkröten, auch andere Thierarten auf der Erde, zum Beiſpiel Chamäleons, werden aus Eiern und im Waſſer gebrütet. Aus erhitzter Feuchtigkeit erzeugen ſich Mücken, gemeine Fliegen und andere Inſekten. Sie und alle andere von der nämlichen Gattung werden durch Hitze hervorgebracht. Alle Gewächſe, welche durch Saamen oder Schößlinge fortgepflanzt werden, wachſen aus Stengeln. Einige Kräuter mit vielen Blumen und Früchten vergehen, wenn ihre Frucht reif iſt. Andere Gewächſe, genannt Herren des Waldes, haben keine Blüthen, tragen aber Früchte, und große Holzpflanzen, die entweder auch Blüthen oder bloß Frucht tragen, werden in beiden Fällen Bäume genannt. Kleine Geſträuche mit vielen Stengeln aus der Wurzel aufſchießend, und Röhre mit einfachen Wurzeln, aber zuſammengewachſenen Stengeln, alle von verſchiedener Gattung, und Grasarten und Weinſtöcke, oder an andern hinanlaufende oder kriechende Gewächſe, wachſen aus einem Saamenkorne, oder aus abgeſchnittenen Sprößlingen.

Alle dieſe Thiere und Pflanzen, umringt mit vielgeſtaltiger Finſterniß, haben wegen voriger Handlungen inneres Bewußtſein und fühlen Vergnügen und Schmerz. Alle Umwandlungen, deren die heiligen Bücher erwähnen, vom Zuſtande des Brahma an bis zu dem der Pflanzen, ereignen ſich beſtändig und fortdauernd in dieſer ſchrecklichen Weſenwelt, einer Welt, die ſich immer dem Untergange nähert.

Nachdem nun Brahma, deſſen Kräfte unbegreiflich ſind, auf dieſe Art den Menu und dieſes Ganze geſchaffen hatte, wurde er wieder in den höchſten Geiſt verſchlungen, und vertauſchte die Zeit der Thätigkeit mit der Zeit der Ruhe. Wenn dieſe Macht erwacht, dann hat dieſe Welt ihre völlige Ausdehnung; aber wenn er mit ruhigem Gemüthe ſchlummert, dann verſchwindet das ganze Syſtem. Denn wenn er, ſo zu ſagen, im ſanften Schlummer ruhet, ſo verlaſſen die bekörperten Geiſter, welche Fähigkeit zu handeln erhalten, ihre angewieſenen Beſchäftigungen und die Seele ſelbſt wird kraftlos. Sind ſie einmal in das erhabene Weſen verſchlungen, dann nimmt die göttliche Seele aller Weſen ihre Kraft zurück und ſchlummert in Ruhe.

Nun bleibt die lebendloſe erſchaffene Körper, mit allen ſinnlichen und Handlungsorganen, lange in der erſten Vorſtellung oder in Dunkelheit verſenkt und verrichtet ihre natürlichen Geſchäfte nicht, denn ſie iſt aus ihrer natürlichen Geſtalt gewandert, bis ſie, aus kleinen Urprincipien zuſammengeſetzt, einmal wieder in Pflanzen- oder Thierkeime eintritt, und eine neue Geſtalt annimmt. So wiederbelebt und zerſtört die unveränderliche Macht, in ewiger Aufeinanderfolge, durch abwechſelndes Wachen und Ruhen, dieſe ganze Menge beweglicher und unbeweglicher Geſchöpfe.

Geſchichte der Schöpfung nach dem Vedang Schaſter.

Brahma, welcher der Schöpfer der Welt ſein ſoll, iſt nur als ein Werkzeug des großen Willens (Iſch-Bur) und als ein Theil ſeines Weſens zu betrachten, den er, das große urſprüngliche Weſen, hervorrief, ſeine ewigen Abſichten zu vollziehen. Da er der ewige Gott ohne Materie iſt, ſo iſt er über alle Vorſtellung; da er unſichtbar iſt, ſo kann er keine Geſtalt haben; aber aus dem, was wir in ſeinen Werken ſehen, können wir ſchließen, daß er ewig, allmächtig, allwiſſend und allgegenwärtig iſt.

Von Ewigkeit her wohnte die Liebe (Majah) bei Gott. Sie war von drei verſchiedenen Arten, die ſchaffende, die erhaltende und die verderbende. Die erſte wird vorgeſtellt durch Brahma, die zweite durch Wiſchnu und die dritte durch Schiwa. Man wird gelehrt, alle drei anzubeten in verſchiedenen Geſtalten und Gleichheiten, als den Schöpfer, den Erhalter und den Verderber. Die Liebe Gottes nun brachte die Macht (Jotna) hervor, und die Macht in gehöriger Verbindung der Zeit (Kaal) und des Schickſals (Adariſto) umarmte die Güte (Pirkirti oder Parkuti), und brachte die Materie (Mohat) hervor. Alsdann wirkten die drei Eigenſchaften auf die Materie, und brachten das Ganze auf folgende Weiſe hervor. Aus den entgegengeſetzten Handlungen der ſchaffenden und verderbenden Eigenſchaft entſtand zuerſt die Selbſtbewegung (Ahankar) in der Materie. Die Selbſtbewegung war von dreierlei Art. Die erſte neigte ſich zur bildenden Kraft (Rajas oder Raſcha); die zweite zur Trennung (Tama); die dritte zur Ruhe (Satig, vielleicht Satwa). Die uneinigen Kräfte brachten alsdann das Akaſch (den Aether) hervor, welches unſichtbare Element die Eigenſchaft beſaß, den Schall zu führen. Das Akaſch brachte hervor die Luft, ein bemerkliches Element, das Feuer, ein ſichtbares Element, das Waſſer, ein flüſſiges Element, und die Erde, ein feſtes Element.

Das Akaſch breitete ſich ſelbſt aus. Die Luft bildete die Atmoſphäre; das Feuer ſammelte ſich ſelbſt, und ſchien hervor in dem Heere des Himmels (Dewta, von welchem Surga, die Sonne, das erſte dem Range nach iſt); das Waſſer entſtand auf der Oberfläche der Erde, indem es von unten heraus durch die Schwere des letztern Elements getrieben wurde. Auf ſolche Weiſe brach das Weltall aus dem Schleier der Dunkelheit hervor, worin es ehemals von Gott zuſammengefaßt war. Die Ordnung wurde über das Ganze. Die ſieben Himmel, Bu, Buda, Surg, Moha, Junnoh, Tapu und Sutteb wurden gebildet, und die ſieben Welten, Ottal, Bittal, Suttal, Joal, Talattal, Riſſatal und Pattal wurden an ihren Orten feſtgeſtellt, um daſelbſt bis zur großen Trennung (Mah-pirli) zu bleiben, wenn alle Dinge in Gott ſollen verſchlungen werden.

Gott, welcher ſah, daß die Erde in voller Blüthe, und die Befruchtung aus ihrem Saamen ſehr ſtark war, rief zum erſtenmale den Verſtand (Mun) hervor, und begabte ihn mit mannigfaltigen Organen und Geſtalten, um daraus eine Verſchiedenheit der Thiere auf der Erde zu bilden. Die Thiere begabte er mit fünf Sinnen, dem Gefühl, Geſicht, Geruch, Geſchmack und Gehör. Dem Menſchen aber gab er noch die Ueberlegung (Manus), um ihn über die Thiere des Feldes zu erheben.

Die Geſchöpfe wurden als männliche (Mir) und weibliche (Madda) geſchaffen, damit ſie ihr Geſchlecht auf Erden fortpflanzen möchten. Ein jedes trug den Saamen von ſeiner Art, damit die Welt mit Grün bekleidet, und alle Thiere mit Futter verſehen würden.

Der Verſtand, der allen Geſchöpfen eingeflößt iſt, um ſie auf eine gewiſſe Art zu beleben, iſt ein Theil von der großen Seele des Ganzen (Purmattima). Nach dem Tode der Geſchöpfe belebet er andere Körper, oder kehret wie ein Tropfen in das unbegrenzte Meer zurück, woraus er zuerſt entſtand. Die Seelen der Menſchen ſind von den Seelen der andern Thiere unterſchieden; denn die erſten ſind mit Vernunft und mit einem Bewußtſein des Rechts und Unrechts begabt. Wenn daher ein Menſch dem Recht anhängen wird, ſo weit als es ſeine Kräfte verſtatten, ſo wird ſeine Seele, wenn ſie durch den Tod von dem Körper getrennt iſt, in dem göttlichen Weſen verſchlungen werden, und niemals mehr das Fleiſch beleben. Die Seelen derer aber, die Böſes thun und dem Unrecht anhängen, werden bei dem Tode nicht von allen Elementen befreiet. Sie werden ſogleich mit einem Körper von Feuer, Luft und Akaſch bekleidet, in welchem ſie auf einige Zeit in der Hölle (Kirik) geſtraft werden. Sobald aber die Zeit ihres Grams vorüber iſt, beleben ſie andere Körper, und bis ſie zum Stande der Reinigkeit gelangen, können ſie niemals in Gott verſchlungen werden. Die Beſchaffenheit dieſes verſchlungenen Zuſtandes, welchen die Seelen der guten Menſchen nach dem Tode genießen, iſt eine Theilnehmung der göttlichen Natur, wo alle Leidenſchaften gänzlich unbekannt ſind, und wo das Bewußtſein in der Glückſeligkeit ganz verloren iſt.

Erklärung der Hervorbringung der Welt nach den Vedas.

Zuerſt war Etwas nicht. Dies Etwas war das Weſen, das Exiſtirende, das Allgemeine, Abſolute. Es wollte, daß es offenbar werde, und es erſchien ein Ei. Das Ei blieb ein Jahr. Nach Verlauf deſſelben wurde es zerſpalten. Die eine Hälfte ſeiner Schaale war Gold und die andere Hälfte Silber.

Die Hälfte, welche Silber war, iſt die Erde, und die Hälfte, welche Gold war, iſt der Himmel. Aus dem, worin das Junge enthalten war, wurden die Berge, aus dem dünnen Häutchen, in welchem das Junge und Feuchtigkeit enthalten war, wurden die Wolken und der Blitz, aus den Adern die Meere, und aus der in der das Junge enthaltenden Hülle befindlichen Feuchtigkeit oder Waſſer wurde der Ocean; das Junge aber, welches hervorkam, iſt die Sonne.

So wie nun dieſe Sonne hervorging und ſichtbar wurde, fiel eine ungeheure Hitze auf die Erde, und die ganze Menge aus trockenen, vegetabiliſchen und animaliſchen Theilen beſtehender Geſchöpfe ging mit allen ihren Wünſchen, Begierden und Neigungen hervor, und wurde gegenwärtig.

Johann Nepomuck Graf von Mailáth,

der Sohn des ungariſchen Staats- und Conferenzminiſters Joſeph Graf v. M., war das 14. Kind unter ſeinen 18 Geſchwiſtern und ward am 5. October 1786 zu Peſth geboren. Als Sprößling eines altadeligen und hochgeſtellten Geſchlechtes erhielt er eine ſehr ſorgfältige Erziehung, ſtudirte in Erlau Philoſophie und in Raab die Rechte und ward dann im Staatsdienſte angeſtellt. Die Gefahr der Erblindung am ſchwarzen Staare nöthigte ihn jedoch bereits nach 10 Jahren dem Staatsdienſte zu entſagen und ſeine 2 Jahre lang dauernde Heilung brachte ihn zu dem Entſchluſſe, den ſchon früher mit Glück betriebenen ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften ausſchließlich ſeine Kräfte zu widmen. Sein außerordentliches Gedächtniß kam ihm hierbei beſonders zu Statten. So lebt er jetzt als kaiſerlich königlicher Kämmerer auf ſeinen Gütern in Ungarn, oder zu Peſth, der Literatur und ſeinem Vaterlande.

Er gab heraus:

Koloczaer Codex altdeutſcher Gedichte. Peſth 1817, 8., mit J. P. Köffinger.
Auserleſene altdeutſche Gedichte, neudeutſch umgearbeitet. Stuttgart und Tübingen 1819, 8.
Ueberſetzung magyariſcher Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1824, gr. 8.
Gedichte. Wien 1825, 16.
Magyariſche Sagen und Mährchen. Brünn 1825, 12.
Geſchichte der Magyaren. Wien 1828—30, 5 Bde.
Himfy's auserleſene Liebeslieder. Ueberſetzt mit dem magyariſchen Texte. Peſth 1829; 2. Aufl. 1830, 16.
Ueber die Krönung der Könige von Ungarn. Wien 1830.

Magyariſche Sprachlehre. Peſth 1830; 2. Aufl. 1833.
Der ungariſche Reichstag im Jahre 1830. Oedenburg 1831.
Geſchichte der Stadt Wien. Wien 1832.
Geſchichte des öſtreichiſchen Kaiſerſtaats. Hamburg 1834, 1r Bd.

Graf Mailáth hat ſich beſondere, höchſt lobenswerthe Verdienſte um die nähere Kenntniß und Verbreitung der ungariſchen National-Literatur in Deutſchland durch ſeine trefflichen Ueberſetzungen erworben. Seine eigenen Dichtungen zeichnen ſich durch Tiefe, Innigkeit, Correctheit und Eleganz, ſo wie ſeine hiſtoriſchen Schriften durch Gründlichkeit, Würde und treffliche Darſtellung höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

I.

Der Willi-Tanz *).

Der ſtolze Freiherr von Löwenſtein ſah vom Söller ſeines Schloſſes finſter nieder auf den Weg, der ſich den Berg hinab das ſchmale Thal entlang hinzog gen Trencſin und dann fort längſt der Waag in die vollwimmelnde Ebene. Als er nun einen ſchönen ſchlanken Jüngling auf leichten Roß aus den Thoren des Schloſſes reiten ſah, ſah wie er in voller Lebensfreude dahin ſprengte, lachte er wild auf, und rief einen Knecht, auf daß Emelka ſeine Tochter kommen möge.

Wie aus düſtern Wolken der Stern der Liebe blitzt, ſo trat ſie in die Kammer des Vaters. Er führte ſie auf den Marmorſöller und ſprach: ſiehſt du jenen Reiter, der dort hinſprengt, und erkennſt du ihn? Aufſteigende Beſorgniß niederkämpfend antwortete ſie: „Ja Vater! es iſt dein Edelknabe Gyula" — „Den ſiehſt du nie mehr" entgegnete er kalt. Da ſchwanden ihr die Sinne, das Aug' umflorte ſich, und bewußtlos wäre ſie hinabgeſtürzt in die Tiefe, hätte ſie des Vaters kräft'ger Arm nicht aufgefaßt. In ihrem Gemach übergab er ſie ihren Frauen. Indeſſen war Gyula fortgetrabt, ohne Ahnung deſſen, was ihm der finſtre Freiherr bereitet hatte; er meinte das Ziel ſeiner Reiſe ſei das templariſche Hoſpitium zu Pöſtény. An den Prior war ihm ein Schreiben mitgegeben worden, und der Auftrag, es geheim zu überreichen. Er ſehnte ſich die Gunſt ſeines Herrn je mehr und mehr zu erwerben, und ſah in dieſem geheimen Auftrag den Anfang ſeines Vertrauens. Wer kennt alle die ſüßen Träume, die ſich hieraus für ihn, den Liebenden entſpannen! denn es ahnet wohl jeder Leſer, daß er Emelka liebe und von ihr wieder geliebt werde.

An der Neige des Tages hielt er im Gehölz, unfern des Konvents die einbrechende Nacht erwartend. Im Dunkel derſelben gedachte er zum Prior zu gehen. — Es war einer der herrlichſten Tage des Mai's; der Abendröthe Purpurſchimmer, des Himmelszeltes wolkenloſes Blau, der Nachtigallen tiefaufathmender Sang, der unzählbaren Blüthen ſüße Düfte, der Zweige liebeflüſternd Rauſchen, alles traf ſein Herz ſo weich, ſo voll; er hätte die Welt an ſeinen Buſen drücken mögen; einzelne Glockentöne, die zu ihm ins Gehölze ſummten, der Sterne immer heller werdend Licht, des regen Lebens Schwinden mahnten ihn zum Aufbruch; es war ihm recht feierlich zu Muth, als er hinritt längs den Weg, der eilend fort ſtrömte wie von unendlichem Liebesſehnen gedrängt.

Mit einem Mal trat ihm das Klostergebäude entgegen, ſo ernſt, ſo kalt, wie oft das Leben der Liebe entgegen tritt. Er gab das Zeichen, das ihm der Freiherr geſagt; der Servient öffnete die Eiſenpforte, die ſich geräuſchlos in ihren Angeln drehte, und fragte mit gedämpfter Stimme: „Vom Orden? — Nein! vom Freiherrn von Löwenſtein an den Prior" — „wohl, folgt." Einen ſchmalen Wölbgang ſchritten ſie tönend entlang, eine ſteile Wendeltreppe auf. An der nächſten Thüre hielt der Servient, pochte dreimal, ſchnell, aber leiſe, eine Stimme antwortete: „ich bin allein", der Servient deutete auf die Thüre, und verſchwand in den finſtern Bogengängen. Gyula öffnete.

In einem alterthümlich geſchnitzten Lehnſtuhl von einer Leuchte matt beſtrahlt ſaß der Prior regungslos, daß er faſt anzuſehen war, wie ein Rittergebilde auf alten Mählern. Als nun der Jüngling näher trat, und der greiſe Prior ſeine Züge im Ampellicht unterſcheiden konnte, fuhr er mit der flachen Hand über die Stirne, wie ein Mann, der ſich auf etwas lang Entſchwundenes beſinnen will. Der Jüngling übergab ihm das Blatt des Freiherrn; der Prior öffnete es ſchweigend und las. — Immer ernſter wurden ſeine Züge, und ſeine Augen ſtarrten wie eingewurzelt in das Blatt. Es war ſo ſtill, daß Gyula das Schlagen ſeines Herzens hören konnte. Endlich begann der Prior: Dein Name? — Gyula Fárhegyi. — „Und deine Aeltern?" Geiſa Fárhegyi und Suſe Lórandi, beide todt. — Der Ring auf deinem Finger? Meiner ſterbenden Mutter letztes Geſchenk. Eine leiſe Röthe überflog des Priors bleiche Wangen. Er winkte ihn auf einen Stuhl, und ſprach: Mein Vorgänger iſt ſo ſchleunig abberufen worden, daß es ſcheint, es habe ihm die Zeit gefehlt, den Freiherrn von ſeiner Entfernung zu verſtändigen; denn dieſer Brief gilt ihm. Er ſchreibt: „zum Tod mit dem Ueberbringer dieſer Zeilen, zum Tod; denn geringer Herkunft, wagt er es, meine Tochter zu lieben; zum Tod, daß ich ihn nimmer ſehe, aber heimlich." Kennt denn die Liebe den Stolz der Ahnen? rief der Jüngling. „Schweig", entgegnete der Prior; ich habe den Auftrag meiner Obern, den Wünſchen des Freiherrn mich zu fügen." Gyula fuhr flammend auf; „aber dir will und kann ich nichts zu Leid thun; doch ſchwöre, daß du ewig verſchweigſt, was du nun erfährſt." Und Gyula ſchwur: Der Jüngling faßte bewegt ſeine Hand, der Alte aber ſprach mit einer Stimme in der des Herzens lang verhüllte Wärme in ihrer zarteſten Regung bebte. „Du mußt noch dieſe Nacht, mußt auf der Stelle fort, hier liegt ein Brief an unſern Meiſter in Kroatien. Er war für einen andern beſtimmt, nun ſei er dein. Hier lies ihn, und merke dir den Namen. Der Meiſter ſtellt dich in unſer Heer, halte dich gut, das Uebrige laß dem Himmel, und wenn dich alles verläßt, bleib ich dir." „Wodurch habe ich ſo viele Theilnahme verdient?" rief der tiefbewegte Jüngling, und der Prior erwiederte: „Du haſt mich in längſt vergangene Zeit zurück geführt, mein Herz iſt weich geworden, und es drängt mich, dir zu ſagen, was in meinem Innerſten wohnt, was nie über meine Lippen gekommen iſt, auf daß du weißt, daß du deiner Mutter zweimal das Leben dankſt. Ich habe ſie geliebt mit aller Gluth des jugendlichen Feuers, ich liebe ſie noch wie einen Leitſtern in trüber Nacht, ich ſah ſie — ein Mädchen noch, — ſehr oft auf ihres Vaters Burg, ach! aber auch dein Vater ſah ſie dort, und liebte ſie wie ich; wer hätte es auch nicht gethan? — Soll ich dir alle Qualen meines Herzens ſchildern? ich vermochte nicht dies Schwanken zu ertragen, mit einem Wurf wollte ich mein Schickſal löſen, hin ritt ich zu ihres Vaters Burg, und gedachte, ihr meine Liebe zu erklären, da begegnete mir ein Knappe, und rief mir zu: ich käme eben recht; alles ſei ſo froh im Schloß, Suſe werde ſo eben verlobt. Da gab ich dem Knappen einen Ring, denſelben, den du jetzt an deinem Finger trägſt, ein Geſchenk für ſie, wandte mein Roß, und ſprengte dahin. Ich ward Templer. Schon war ſie getraut, ich durch Gelübde gebunden, als ein Ritter in unſer Hoſpitium kam. Er ſprach ſehr viel, daß ich nicht achtete, als er auch deiner Mutter gedachte. Mein Herz bebte; er beſchrieb die Feierlichkeit der Trauung, und wie ſie ſo traurig geweſen, und wie die Sage gehe, daß ſie einen andern geliebt, und nur aus Gehorſam ſich mit ihrem Gatten verbunden. Das alles waren eben ſo viel Dolchſtiche für mich! ſeit dem habe ich nichts mehr von ihr gehört, hab' es mir ſogar verſagt, nach ihr zu fragen. Ich wurde nach dem Orient geſendet, ich ſuchte den Tod, und fand ihn nicht. Wenig Wochen ſind es, daß ich zurück, wenig Tage, daß ich hier bin, und ich murre nicht mehr, daß mich kein Sarazen getödtet; denn ich kann dir das Leben retten. Doch ſieh', die Sanduhr iſt abgeronnen, die Sterne ſinken, die Zeit drängt, fahre wohl, und wenn du in Weh' zu vergehen meinſt, ſo denke mein, und daß auch ich gelitten."

In ſprachloſer Rührung ſank der Jüngling in ſeine Arme; der Prior ſchellte; der Servient trat ein, Gyula ſchwankte hinaus und ſaß zu Roß, eh' er wußte, wie ihm geſchehen. Wehmüthig blickte er zurück, hin, wo der Löwenſtein prangte, und ſein Herz ſchwamm im bitterſten Leid, als er ſein Roß vom bekannten geliebten Pfad wegwenden mußte zum fremden, [illegible]!

In der Burg Löwenſtein ging es indeſſen ſtille her; kaum hatte ſich Emelka von ihrer Ohnmacht erholt, als ein Bote vom Pöſtényer Prior anlangte mit der Kunde: der Knappe von Löwenſtein ſei im Heimreuten, von der Waag, durch die er ſetzen wollte, weggeriſſen worden.

Emelka rang mit einer ſchweren Krankheit. Des Hauſes einziges Kind! Des Freiherrn harte Bruſt durchzuckte Angſt. Er berief einen heilkundigen Mönch; der entriß ſie dem Tod, aber den Quell der Krankheit vermochte er nicht zu bannen. Sichtlich welkte ſie dahin. Der Sommer ſchwand, der Herbſt kam und ging, der Winter war in ſeiner ganzen Strenge eingetreten; der Freiherr hauſte im Forſt die Eber der Gebirge jagend, noch öfter auf Temetvény; es ſchien, als habe er Wichtiges mit dem Burgherrn daſelbſt zu berathen. Wenn es nun ſo recht einſam war, der Schnee in dichten Flocken fiel, die Dämmerung ihre ſcheuen Flügel ausbreitete, wenn nur das

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*) Aus „Mailáth's magyariſche Sagen und Mährchen." Brünn 1833.

froſtſteifen Aares Geſchrei, nur der Wachen einzelner Ruf ernſt und ſchauerlich durch die Stille hereinbrach, da rief Emelka ihrer Amme Gunda. Während der Feuerherd kniſterte, das Fräulein aber träumeriſch auf ihre Kiſſen ſank, erzählte dieſe, was ihr an Sagen aus der Vorwelt bekannt war, vom Ritter Argylus und ſeinem Tátos, von der Ungarn erſten Wanderſchaften, von den Wundern der Bekehrer des Landes, von dem Glück, das ausdauernde Liebe krönt; von des Meineides unausweichlicher Strafe, wie ſogar Geiſter kämen aus der Gruft verlaſſene Liebe zu rächen, oder wie ſich im Leben getrennte im Tod endlich liebend vereinen. Vor allem, liebte Emelka das Mährchen von der Willi, was denn die Alte immer ſo begann: „Willi, heißt mein liebes Kind, ein Mädchen, welches als Braut ſtirbt. Die Willis irren ruhelos umher, halten auf Kreuzwegen ihre Tänze; finden ſie dort einen Mann, ſo tanzen ſie ihn todt; er iſt dann der Bräutigam der jüngſten Willi, die durch ihn zur Ruhe kommt; eine ſolche iſt auch meine Schweſter. Ach! ich habe ſie gar oft im Mondenſchein geſehen;" und nun erfolgte die Geſchichte der Liebe, des Leidens und des Todes jenes armen Mädchens. In den Erzählungen aus dem Gebiet des Geiſterreiches ſuchte die unglückliche Emelka die Schwere des Erdenlebens zu vergeſſen.

So war das Frühjahr genaht, als der Freiherr eines Tages von Temetvény zurück kam, und ſeiner Tochter ankündete, daß ſie Braut ſei, Braut des Herrn von Temetvény; Emelka kannte des Vaters felſenfeſten Willen, und ging ſchweigend von dannen. — Zufrieden ſchaute der Freiherr hinaus in das Wagthal. Hier und rechts und links und über jenen Bergen werde ich nun mit meinem Schwiegerſohn herrſchen, ſo dachte er. In der Verzweiflung flehte Emelka auf zum Himmel um Rettung, und der Himmel rettete ſie; ſie ward bleicher und bleicher, das Roth ihrer Lippen ſchwand, der Glanz des blauen Auges erloſch, ihr Rabenhaar floß ringlos über Nacken und Arme, als habe ihr der Tod ſeinen Mantel umgeworfen; ſie ſtarb. „Vater! ich vergebe dir, daß du Gyula von mir geſendet", war ihr letztes Wort, und dem harten Freiherrn bebte das Mark in den Gebeinen, und als der Sarg geſchloſſen war, ließ er ihn hinaustragen in den Wald zu einer Höhle und dort einerden. Er aber zog als Siedler in die Höhle, und hat ſeither nicht mehr geruhet.

Mit ungewohnter Schnelle verbreitete ſich durch Handelsleute die Kunde von der Verödung des Löwenſteins nach Kroatien, und Gyula raffte ſich auf, und pilgerte heimwärts. „Gleicht denn mein Leben nicht einer Blume, die in ihrer vollſten Blüthe zertreten ward? wohl! ſo ſeien die welken Blätter wenigſt dort verſtreut, wo mein Glück ruht. Will mir der Freiherr es nicht gönnen, daß ich mit ihm das Grab hüte, ſo mag er mich nun ſelbſt tödten, aber von ihr laſſen werde ich nicht."

Es war ſpäter Abend, als er nach mühevollem Wandern am Löwenſtein anlangte. Eine unnennbare Bewegung zog ihn hinein zum geheimnißreichen Wald; neben ihm rauſchte es wie windgetriebenes Herbſtlaub, einzelne Klänge drangen zu ihm wie der Sang träumender Nachtigallen; leiſe Schimmer wie ziehende Glühwürmer zuckten aus dem Gebüſche vor; der Mond trat in ſeiner Fülle heraus, die Glocke ſchlug zwölf, er ſtand auf einem Kreuzweg im Kreiſe der Willis. Leiſe, leiſe erhoben ſie die Stimmen, ein trübes Lied voll bangen Sehnens, voll ungeſtillter Liebe entquoll den Geiſterlippen, und ſchneller und ſchneller wirbelte der Tanz, und die Fingerringe und die Myrthenkronen leuchteten, und die Haare wehten wie ziehende Nebel; da trat eine auf ihn zu, und faßte ihn bei den Armen, und wie er aufblickte, ſchrie er laut auf: Emelka! Er ſah ihr in das Auge, und ſein Blick erſtarrte, ſie drückte ihn an das Herz, und das Seine hörte auf zu ſchlagen, und als ſie ihn küßte, war er todt.

Als des andern Morgens der Freiherr hinab ſchritt in das Thal, fand er die Leiche unter einem Roſenſtrauch. Er erkannte ſeinen frühern Edelknaben. „Herr vergib mir meine Sünden" ſagte der himmelan gehobene Blick. Er lud den unglücklichen Jüngling auf ſeine Schultern, und grub ihn unter heißen Thränen ein neben ſeiner Tochter. Von nun erſchien der Edelknabe und die Tochter oft in ſeinen Träumen, leuchtend wie der Morgenſtern, und ſahen ihn verzeihend und tröſtend an.

II.

Die Herrin von Arbó.

1.

Unmuthig lag Meſſer Giovanni unter einer alten Eiche, hinaufſtarrend in den wolkenbewegten Himmel, der ſo düſter war, und wo die Wolken ſo verworren drängten, wie die Gefühle in ſeinem Innern. Manchmal riß er in den Saiten ſeiner Guitarre, als wolle er durch die Macht des Klanges den Sturm ſeiner Bruſt beſchwichtigen, oder den Tönen ſein Weh vertrauen, aber zu beiden war er zu wild bewegt, die Saiten kreiſchten mißtönend unter der heftigen Berührung. In dieſer Stimmung hatte er es nicht beachtet, daß Fußtritte aus dem Thale näher und näher herauf ſchallten, ja, daß ſich zween Männer an ſeine Seite geſtellt und ihn ernſt und nachdenkend betrachteten. Der Eine war ein jugendlicher Mann, Bella pietra genannt, hoch und ſchönen Anſehens und wider die Gewohnheit des Landes, dem er entſproſſen, blondhaarig und blauer Augen. Er war Giovannis Jugendfreund, und beide waren dem König Karl Robert von Neapel nach Ungarn gefolgt, als er kam, ſich um den Thron dieſes Reiches zu ſtreiten: der Andere war ein alter grauer magyariſcher Waffenheld, der die Beiden lieb gewonnen hatte, ob ihrer wechſelſeitigen Anhänglichkeit und wiederholt erprobter Kampffertigkeit.

Als endlich die innere Unruhe Meſſer Giovanni vom Boden auftrieb, und er die Beiden neben ſich gewahrte, ſprach er: wir ſehen einem entſcheidenden Tage entgegen, ob und wer von uns ihn überlebt, weiß keiner; ſo will ich euch denn ſagen, was mich in meinem Innerſten aufregt, auf daß ihr an mir nicht irre werdet. Wie das Volk von mir denkt, gilt mir gleich. Doch laßt uns zuerſt die Pflicht erfüllen, die uns obliegt als Führern, dann treffen wir uns in Arbó an der Linde. Und die Drei ſchritten auseinander, umgingen die äußerſten Poſten, ermahnten die Krieger, die als Vorhut ausgeſtellt waren, zur Wachſamkeit; denn der Abend begann ſchon zu dunkeln, und ſie kannten den Feind tapfer, liſtig und verwegen.

Als die Runde vollendet, war es ſchon tiefe Nacht geworden, Giovanni traf der Letzte bei der Linde ein, Kerntruppen waren dort gelagert. — Auf dem Hügel, wo jetzt das Herrenhaus ſteht, loderte ein hohes Wachfeuer, die Krieger haufenweis umher, für das Mahl ſorgend die Einen, der Roſſe wartend die Andern, manche ihre Waffen und Rüſtung noch einmal durchſchauend für die nächſten Tage der Entſcheidung, die Meiſten aber in Kreiſen gelagert den Erzählern horchend; denn ſie hatten ihrem aſiatiſchen Urſprung treu, viele ſagenkundige, mährchenreiche Männer, die eine ganze Nacht hindurch zu erzählen vermochten, wie es noch jetzt häufig unter den magyariſchen Reitern und Hirten anzutreffen. Als ſich nun die Führer überzeugt, daß ihre Leute munter bleiben würden, und ſie keinen Ueberfall zu befürchten, ſchritten ſie ſeitab zu der Linde. Giovanni lehnte ſich mit dem Rücken an den Stamm, ſo daß er das Schloß Sáros im Auge behielt, und begann: Ihr wißt es meine Freunde, daß der König, unſer Herr, mich vorausgeſendet mit den Söldnern, deren Leitung er mir vertraut, um die Gegend hier zu erkunden, bis er nachkommen würde, die Gewalt des übermüthigen Grafen Mathäus von Trentſin, der allein noch gegen ihn hält, zu brechen. Zu dieſem Ende durchzog ich die Berge und Thäler, bald mit meiner ganzen Schaar, bald mit wenigen oder allein, gerüſtet oder verkleidet, je nachdem es mir zweckdienlich ſchien. Auf einer dieſer einſamen Wanderungen hatte ich mich verirrt; erſchöpft kam ich hieher an dieſe Linde, ein Mädchen ſaß in ihrem Schatten, ich ſprach ſie um eine Labe an, ſie reichte mir eine Schale Milch, ſeit jenen Augenblick nun bin ich verändert. Du Bella pietra kennſt mich, und ihr alter Waffenfreund mögt mir es glauben, daß mich ein Weiberantlitz ſo wenig zu rühren vermochte, als mich je etwas zu erſchüttern im Stand iſt. Ich war ſtolz auf meine Ruhe, und ein Blick, der alle Männer der Erde ſchwindlich gemacht hätte, der Druck einer ſüßen Hand und wie alle die Gunſtbezeugungen heißen mögen, in denen ſich gegenſeitige Liebe gefällt und ausſpricht, waren mir ſo gleichgültig als ein Glas Waſſer, ſo daß ich oft ſcherzend zu ſagen pflegte, daß mich in meinem Innern nichts leidenſchaftlich zu erregen vermöge, es käme denn eine Ueberirdiſche, und reichte mir einen Becher Naphta, von dem die Pilger des Orients erzählen, daß es einmal entzündet nicht verliſcht, bis es ſich und das Gefäß, in dem es flammt, aufzehrt. So war ich bis zu jenem Unglückstage, nein, bis zu jenem ſchönen Tag, der mich hieher geführt. Indeß ich trank, war ein Roß herbeigelaufen, das vor ihr freiwillig ſtehen blieb, was gäbe es auch in der Natur, das ihr nicht gehorchte! ſie ſchwang ſich auf, noch umſchauend nach dem Wanderer, den ſie gelabt, und die Strahlen ihrer Augen drangen mir in das Herz, verzehrend, wie die Sonne ihre Pfeile herab ſendet in den glühendſten Tagen unſerer Heimath. Wer iſt ſie? werdet ihr mich fragen; dort oben im Schloſſe Sáros wohnt ſie, ſie iſt unſere Feindin, die Tochter des Grafen von Trentſin. Haſt du ſie geſehen, alter Mann? wenn nicht, ſo kannſt du mich nicht begreifen, du Bella pietra wirſt mich faſſen? wenn ich dir ſage, daß ſie magiſch iſt, wie in unſerer Heimath des Mondes Strahl in einer Laube dunkler Roſen. Als ſie meinem Aug entſchwunden, forſchte ich nach ihr in den Hütten von Arbó, alle beten ſie an, ſie iſt ſo mild, ſo gut, dabei ſtolz und kriegeriſch und unerſchütterten Herzens. Ihr Vater hat ihr dieſes Dorf geſchenkt, und oft luſtwandelte ſie in den Zeiten des

Friedens vom Schloß herab, und freute ſich der ſchönen Gegend; aber ſeit wir in der Nähe, ließ ſie ſich nicht mehr ſehen. Oft habe ich mich hieher begeben, immer vergebens; oft ſchlich ich umher verkleidet und unerkannt, und brachte den Armen und Bedrängten Hülfe in ihrem Namen, daß ſie geprieſen werde, wenn man auch uns zürnt ob den Gräuel des Krieges.

Die Lieder meiner Heimath ſchrieb ich auf Steine, und warf ſie hinaus auf Weg und Feld, vielleicht, daß ſie einmal einen erblickt. In meinen Liedern lebt nur ſie, meine Gedanken ſind nur ſie, und in meinem Herzen iſt ihr Thron. Als wir endlich hieher rücken mußten, nahm ich meinen Sitz in Arbó, und indeß alles rund um verheert wurde, ſchont' ich dieſes Ortes, und wartete ſein, daß ſie wiederkehrend alles finde, wie ſie es verlaſſen, und nur die Sorge für die Pflege des Ihren ihr verkünde, daß ich hier gelagert. Das iſt's, was mich unſtät macht, und wie der Waag, wenn auch eisbedeckt unter der kalten Decke ſeine reißenden Fluthen fortwälzt, ſein eigenes Bett wie zum Grab immer tiefer und tiefer aufwühlend, ſo mein Inneres. Aber wie an einzelnen Stellen ſeine heißen Quellen aufdampfen durch das Eis, habe ich auch, was mich durchglüht, nicht verhehlen können. Mögt ihr nun denken, was ihr wollt.

Nachdem ſie eine Weile geſchwiegen, begann der alte ernſte Krieger: Es iſt mir aus allem, was du erzähleſt, klar, daß hier ein Zauber obwaltet, und daß die Sage nicht leer iſt, die man ſich von der Herrin von Arbó herum trägt, mir iſt die Sage nur dunkel kund geworden, ſo viel weiß ich aber, daß an die Gabe der Herrin von Arbó eine unglückvolle Empfindung geknüpft iſt, was es aber iſt, habe ich nie erfahren können. Vielleicht iſt es einem der Erzähler in unſern Heerhaufen bekannt, ich will ſie fragen. Als er aufſtand, um ſich zu ihnen zu begeben, tritt ein Krieger vor, und rief Bella pietra und Giovanni auf, ſogleich zum Heer des Königs zu ſtoßen, das ſchon in die nächſten Thäler gerückt war. Der Alte übernahm den Befehl über die Vorhut, die beiden Freunde warfen ſich auf ihre Roſſe und flohen den Weg entlang dem Boten nach.

2.

Im Schloſſe Sáros war alles regſam. Der alte Graf war in der letzten Nacht mit ſeinem ganzen Gefolg und zahlreichen Anhängern in das Schloß eingerückt. Vom Gipfel des Thurms, von den Zinnen der Mauern wehte heraus fordernd ſein Banner; im Hof ſtand es rieſig aufgepflanzt, ein Grab daneben, verkündend, daß er, wenn er auch geſchlagen, wenn auch die Mauern erſtürmt, ſeine Sache bis auf den letzten Mann verfechten würde. Das Fräulein, die man allgemein nur die ſchöne Herrin von Arbó zu nennen gewohnt war, kam eben vom Wall zurück, wo ſie die Vertheidigungs-Anſtalten nochmals überblickt; — denn ſie war des Krieges wohl kundig und bereit, für ihres Vaters Sache ihr Leben zu laſſen, als ein Weib mit vier Kindern durch das Thor der Burg herein ſchritt. Die Herrin erkannte die Pflegerin ihrer Kinderjahre, ſie eilte ihr entgegen, bot ihr freundlich die Hand. Es iſt recht ſchön von dir, ſprach ſie, daß du mich in der Zeit der Gefahr noch einmal ſehen willſt, die Würfel rollen, und Niemand weiß, wie ſie fallen. Ach! Fräulein, entgegnete die Alte, ihr ſeid ſo gut und mild, wohl habe ich gewünſcht, euch noch einmal die Hand zu küſſen, die mir des Guten ſo viel erzeigt, aber nicht hätte ich es gewagt, meinen ſtill umfriedeten Aufenthalt, wo ihr mich verborgen, zu verlaſſen — hättet ihr nicht ſelbſt mir geſtern bedeuten laſſen, daß ich dort nicht mehr ſicher, und mich hieher verfügen ſoll. Ich habe dir keinen Boten geſendet, erwiederte das Fräulein, allein in der Zeit des Krieges iſt nichts unbedeutend, darum erzähle, was ſich zugetragen. Wie? fiel die Alte ein, der Mann, der nun ſchon wiederholt in meiner Hütte geweſen, der mir immer Troſt und Hülfe gebracht, er wäre nicht von euch geweſen? Nein, war des Fräuleins Antwort, er kam nicht von mir. Wer iſt er? was wollte er bei dir? Nun begann die Alte: Eines Abends, es mögen jetzt einige Wochen her ſein, trat ein Mann, ſchlicht gekleidet, in unſere Hütte, er fragte mich, ob ich euch kenne? Wer kennt die Herrin von Arbó nicht! ich aber kenne ſie vor allen, ſprach ich, denn ich habe ſie von ihrer zarteſten Kindheit an gepflegt, und bete täglich für ihr Wohlergehen. „Das iſt ſchön von euch," war ſeine Rede, „doch nicht mehr als billig, denn auch ſie denkt eurer, und ſendet euch zur Hülfe dies," damit legte er einen Haufen Goldes auf den Tiſch, und entfernte ſich. Seither iſt er einigemale gekommen, mit meiner kleinſten Enkelin, die nach eurem Namen geheißen iſt, ward er nie müde zu ſpielen, und ſtundenlang horchte er, wenn ich ihm von euch, eurer Kindheit und jetzigen Herrlichkeit redete, oft ſeufzte er tief, wenn ich von eurem Kriegesmuth ſprach, und wie ihr euch im Sturm der Schlacht am meiſten wohl gefallt. Jedes Mal, beim Kommen und Gehen, ließ er eine Gabe zurück; er ſagte, ſie käme von euch. Als ihn eure kleine Pathe einſt fragte: wer denn er ſei? antwortete er, daß er ein Ausländer und erſt ſeit wenig Tagen euch angehöre, aber nun der Eure ſei auf Tod und Leben. Geſtern im Frühroth kam er zu uns, rief uns eilig auf, fort, ſagte er, das königliche Heer rückt an, ihr ſeid allein, unbeſchützt, und könnt leicht Mißhandlungen erfahren, flüchtet euch nach Sáros, die Herrin wills, von dort ſorgt ſie für euch; hier ſind wir nun. Die Herrin ſchwieg nachdenklich, endlich begann ſie: Von mir kam dieſer Bote nicht, doch wer der Unbekannte immer war, er iſt mein Freund, denn er that Gutes. Ja, ſprach die Alte: er verdient doppelt euer Freund zu ſein, denn er that Gutes und that's um euretwillen. Das Fräulein wendete ſich ab.

Des Tárogató *) ſchneidende Töne kündeten von der Höhe des Thurmes, daß ein feindlicher Heerhaufe nahe. Es waren leichte Reiter, die ſich am Fuß des Berges aufſtellten. Indeß der Eine den Berg hinanſprengte, um Einlaß zu begehren, da ſie Abgeſandte des Königs, ritten die Führer zuſammen und beſprachen ſich traulich. Es war Meſſer Giovanni, ſein Freund und Irſe ein lebensfroher junger Magyare. Der letzte begann: Ich bitte euch beide, hütet euch, von des Grafen Tochter irgend eine Gabe zu fordern. Es geht eine tolle Sage, wie daß jeder, der von ihr eine Gabe begehrt, was es auch immer ſei, und die von ihr erhält, ſie lieben müſſe bis an ſein Ende, und durch dieſe Leidenſchaft unglücklich werde, und das wäre doch ein Jammer, wenn der Abgeſandten einer heute ſein Herz verlöre, da wir deſſen in der morgenden Schlacht wohl ſehr bedürfen. Bella pietra war aufmerkſam geworden und fragte: weißt du nicht, woher dieſe Sage entſtanden? Der lebensfrohe Geſelle erwiederte: das will ich dir gern erzählen, indeß wir den Berg hinan reiten, denn ſieh' unſer Bote kömmt zurück, und die Thore der Feſte ſind uns geöffnet, und ſo war es auch. Während ſie nun den Wanderweg zwiſchen blühenden Gebüſchen langſam hinauf zogen, ihr kleines Gefolge nach, begann er ſeine Erzählung.

3.

In den erſten Zeiten, als das Chriſtenthum in Ungarn Wurzeln faßte, war ein blutiges Ringen zwiſchen den alten Göttern, und der neuen Lehre, Zauberer und Wahrſagerinnen ſtritten gegen das neue Licht, und regten das Volk auf, ſo geſchah es, daß unter Andreas dem Erſten eine heftige Chriſtenverfolgung ausbrach. Kirchen wurden geplündert, die Bekenner des Glaubens mißhandelt und getödtet. Jene ſo dem Schwert entkamen, flüchteten in wirthloſe Gegenden. Hier war damals nichts als Wald, nur in Arbó ſtand eine Hütte, drinnen eine wunderſchöne Wahrſagerin wohnte. So ſchön ſie aber, ſo grimm war ihr Gemüth. Sie war es hauptſächlich, die in dieſer Gegend des Aufruhrs laute Flammen angefacht, und ſie freute ſich ſchon im vorhinein des Unterganges aller Chriſten. Einſt ſtand ſie an der Thüre ihrer Hütte, und ſchaute auf in die Sterne, und horchte dem Flüſtern der Zweige und dem Rauſchen des Baches, als ein Jüngling — Mitó nennt ihn die Sage — aus den Bäumen hervor, und zu ihren Füßen ſtürzte, ſie anflehend, daß ſie ihn verbergen möge den verfolgenden Heiden; denn er wußte nicht, daß ſie die berühmte Zauberin Gana. Ihr war ſeine Erſcheinung eben recht; denn ſie bedurfte gerade des Herzbluts eines Jünglings zu ihren hölliſchen Künſten. Sie barg ihn in ihrer Hütte, und als die Verfolger an die Hütte kamen, öffnete ſie ihnen willig die Thüre, die Mörder aber ſahen den Jüngling nicht, denn Gana hatte ihre Augen gefangen. Als nun die Heiden ſich in das nächſte Thal verloren, brachte ſie dem Jüngling Speiſe und Trank, beides aber war zauberiſch, ſo daß er alſobald in tiefen Schlaf verfiel. Als nun die Stunde gekommen, die ihr nach ihrem böſen Wiſſen die günſtigſte ſchien zu ihrem Vorhaben, trat ſie an das Lager des Jünglings, in einer Hand die zauberiſche Leuchte, in der andern einen Stahl. Schon wollte ſie ſein Herzblut ſtrömen laſſen, als es ihr einfiel, zuvörderſt des Jünglings geheimſte Gedanken zu erforſchen, ob dieſe ihr nicht zu einer andern Unternehmung verhülflich ſein könnten. Einen Froſch, der in der dritten Aprilnacht geſchrieen, eben als der Mond voll ward, legte ſie ihm auf die Stirn, und Mitó rief: Gana. Sie wußte ſeine Gedanken. Sie ſchnitt ihm und ſich eine Locke ab, verbrannte beide zuſammen, und ſtreute die Aſche auf ſein Herz, und auf der Wand an ſeinem Lager erſchien ihr Bild; ſie wußte ſeine Empfindung. So oft ſie des Nachts den Verſuch erneuerte, fand ſie ihn ſtets mit ihr beſchäftigt. Dieſe eben ſo plötzliche als tiefe Liebe wandelte ihr Herz um. Möge meine ganze Zaubermacht vernichtet werden, durch dieſes Jünglings Tod erkauf' ich ſie nicht; ſo dachte ſie.

Als der Jüngling des andern Morgens erwachte, ließ ſie ihn nicht fort. Deine Feinde ſuchen dich, nur bei mir biſt du

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*) Die altmagyariſche Heertrompete.

ſicher, waren ihre Worte, und er blieb gern; hätte er ja doch ihr ſein Herz zurück laſſen müſſen, wenn er ſich auch zur Flucht gewendet. Daß die beiden nun ſchöne, glückliche, ſelige Tage verlebten, denkt wohl jeder ohne Mühe. Die Linde von Arbó ſollen ſie gepflanzt haben am Tage, als ſie ſich ihre Wechſelliebe geſtanden. Gana wurde von Tag zu Tag milder, menſchlicher; gern hätte ſie ſich der Geiſterherrſchaft begeben, aber die Geiſter ließen nicht von ihr. Nach und nach bemerkte Mikó wohl, daß er in unheimlicher Umgebung lebe; aber ein Blick in das Angeſicht ſeiner Gana machte alle Zweifel ſchwinden. Des Weibes Schönheit iſt unſer gefährlichſter Feind.

Einſt als er mehrere Nächte hindurch ängſtigende Träume gehabt von einem Felſenthor und einem Schatz darin, der ihm beſtimmt, den ihm aber Gana wild dräuend verweigere, zog er in den Forſt, er hoffte Ruhe zu erjagen. Er war ſchon eine Weile gewandert, als er erſt bemerkte, daß er in der Haſt ſtatt ſeiner Pfeile den Köcher Ganas ergriffen. Plötzlich ſtand er in einem Felſenthal, und er erkannte die Landſchaft ſeiner Träume. Auf der Felſenwand ihm gegenüber ſaß eine Eule, größer als die gewöhnlichen, es ſchien, als ſei ſie von der Sonne überraſcht zurückgeblieben. Mikó, der dies Gevögel haßte, zog einen Pfeil hervor, der mit beſonderer Sorgfalt geſchnitzt ſchien, und drückte ihn gegen den Vogel ab. Die Eule flog auf wie hohnlachend, und wo ſie geſeſſen, ſteckte der Pfeil in einem Felſenriß. Wie nun Mikó ihn heraus ziehen wollte, ſprang der Fels auseinander wie die Flügel eines Thores, ein Felſenſaal lag vor ſeinen Blicken, er trat hinein.

Die Höhle war hell beleuchtet, das Licht ſtrömte aus von einem Karfunkel, der oben an der Decke befeſtigt, ſo kam es, daß Mikó ſogleich ein Mädchen gewahrte, die in einer Ecke gefeſſelt war, und die ihm zurief: kommſt du ſchon, um mich zu tödten? Nein! du ſchönes Kind; ich will dich retten, antwortete er. Nun ſo berühre mit dem Pfeil, den du in den Händen, meine Feſſeln, und ſie fallen ab. Er that es, und wie ſich das Mädchen frei fühlte, eilte ſie heraus. Aus der Kluft getreten, warf ſie ſich zur Erde, die Hände dankend zum Himmel gefaltet, dann aber flog ſie, der karpatiſchen Gemſe gleich, bergan. Mikó folgte ihr angeſtrengten Laufes. Als er ſie auf des Berges Gipfel eingeholt, redete er ihr zu, ſie möchte mit ihm zu ſeiner und Ganas Hütte kehren, ſie würde dort gepflegt werden. Als ſie Ganas Namen hörte, fing ſie heftig an zu beben und flehte: tödte mich lieber gleich, eh' du mich meiner grauſamſten Feindin überlieferſt. Vier Jahre ſind es nun, daß ſie mich dem väterlichen Herd entriſſen, um mich an meinem ſechzehnten Geburtstag zu tödten; denn ſie bedarf junger unſchuldiger Herzen zu ihren grauſen Opfern. Oft kündigte ſie mir dies ſelbſt an, und jener Zauberpfeil, den du in Händen, ſollte das Werkzeug ſein. Jetzt ſah ich ſie ſchon lange nicht, weil ich aber gerade heute ſechzehn Jahre alt, glaubt' ich, ſie komme ihr Wort zu erfüllen, als du eintraſt. Wenn du wirklich nicht ihr verlockender Abgeſandter — doch nein! du biſt es nicht; denn deine Augen ſehen ſo fromm auf mich — ſo rette mich in jene Burg, dort wohnt mein Vater.

Das Herz des Jünglings war durch dieſe Worte mannichfach erſchüttert, die Gewißheit, daß ſeine Geliebte, Gana, eine verruchte Zauberin, Menſchen opfernd, die Falſchheit, mit der ſie ihm, dem Ahnenden, ihren Umgang mit Geiſtern geläugnet, empörte ſein Innerſtes, und wandte es zum Haß um, wie es früher in Liebe geglüht. Er faßte die ermattete Kleine in ſeine Arme, und trug ſie das Thal hinab in die Burg ihres Vaters hinein.

Indeſſen hatte Gana ſpät erſt wahrgenommen, daß Mikó ihren Zauberpfeil ergriffen. Voll innerer Unruhe ſah ſie in den Zauberſpiegel, und erblickte Mikó, wie er eben die goldlockige Kleine ihrem Vater übergab. Sie raſte wild auf. Zwar hatte ſie, ſeit ſie Mikó liebte, dem Gedanken entſagt, die junge Gefangene zu tödten, aber ſie konnte ſich nicht entſchließen, ſie frei zu laſſen; denn die Geiſter, mit denen ſie im Bunde, raunten es ihr in tauſend Weiſen vor, daß die holde Ilka (dies war des goldlockigen Mädchens Name) zerſtörend in ihr Leben eingreifen werde. Darum hielt ſie ſie feſt, und ſah nun mit Schrecken, daß ſie ſich durch eigne Vorſicht um das Glück ihres Herzens gebracht.

Rachedürſtend verſuchte ſie es, den Frieden der Burg durch ihre Höllenkünſte zu ſtören, aber der Spuk ſcheiterte am Gebet des frommen Burgkaplans. Ihr blieb nichts denn ohnmächtige Wuth. Eines Tages trat ihr eine grauſe ihr wohl bekannte Geſtalt entgegen, und kündete ihr hohnlachend, daß ſo eben Mikó und Ilka getraut würden. Warum haſt du ſie nicht getödtet, wie ich dir geheißen? ſo die Geſtalt, und verſchwand. In allen Raſen der wildeſten Eiferſucht ſchwur ſie nun einen Schwur, zu rächen an allen Männern, was ſie den einen nicht zu ſtrafen vermochte. Alle geheimen Kräfte, deren ſie mächtig, bot ſie auf, um den Zauber gewaltig und unauflösbar zu ſchürzen, und der Spruch war: daß jeder, der von nun an von der Herrin von Arbó, dort wo ſie mit Mikó gewandelt, was immer für eine Gabe bitten und ſie erhalten würde, ſie lieben müſſe bis an ſein Ende, ausſchließlich, unendlich, verzehrend, unglücklich.

Der Thurmwächter in Ilkas Burg ſah um Mitternacht den Waldhügel von Arbó und die verrufene Zauberhütte in Flammen, und Gana ward nicht mehr geſehen. Die Linde aber blieb unverſehrt, und mancher nächtliche Wanderer will klagende Töne aus den Zweigen gehört und eine dämmernde Geſtalt darunter geſehen haben.

4.

Der Graf von Trentſchin, ein ernſter anſehnlicher Mann, hielt inmitten des Hofraumes, an ſeinem Banner, am friſchen Grab, ſeine Getreuen, die Rottenführer, alle um ihn. Bellapietra hatte ſeinen Antrag geendet. Der Graf entgegnete: Was ihr verheißen bewegt mich nicht, was ihr droht, ſchreckt mich nicht. Ihr verheißt mir ruhigen Beſitz meiner Güter, wenn ich zu Karl Robert übertrete. Ich werde ſie gegen euch zu ſchützen wiſſen. Karl will mich in meinen Würden beſtätigen; mein Herr, der Böhmen König Wenzeslaus, hat ſie mir verliehen, anderer Beſtätigung bedarf ich alſo nicht. Ihr droht mir Tod und Untergang; der Schlachten Ausgang iſt wechſelnd, ihr könnt erliegen wie ich; viele haben mich verlaſſen, aber die noch um mich, ſind treu und feſt wie Gold; ſo laßt denn das Schwert walten, ob wir, ob ihr fallet, iſt die Schlacht, iſt der Tod ruhmreich. Niemand aber ſoll ſagen, der Graf von Trentſin habe ſich ſelbſt dem Feind ungaſtlich erwieſen, darum nehmt an, was ich euch freundlich biete.

Nun trat die Herrin von Arbó, die dunkelſonnige Gebieterin vor. Wie Erd' und Himmel in ſich einend, umſchloß ſie blaues Gewand, indeß ein lichtgrüner Schleier von ihrem Haupte niederfloß. Ihre Pflegerin trug ihr drei goldne Becher für die Häuptlinge nach, indeß andere für das Gefolge der Boten ſorgten. Die Pflegerin drängte ſich an die Herrin und flüſterte ihr zu: „Jener, der euch ſo anſtarrt, als gäb' es nichts um euch, nichts außer euch auf der Welt, der iſt es, der in meine Hütte als euer Bote kam. Sie drückte die Aufwallung ihres Herzens nieder, und ſprach ſcheinbar ruhig mit den beiden andern. — Indeß hatte ſich ihre kleine Tochter herzugeſchlichen, und ſagte ihr: willſt du denn jenem Mann, der uns ſo viel Gutes gethan, nicht auch ein freundliches Wort ſagen? da riß ſie das Kind mit ſich fort, ſprach einige Worte heftig mit ihm, und verſchwand. Das Mädchen aber nahte ſich Meſſer Giovanni, bot ihm zuerſt den goldenen Becher zum Trunk, wie die Herrin ihn den beiden andern geboten, und wie er ſich niederbeugte, um den Liebling ſeiner Herrin zu herzen, liſpelte ſie ihm einige Worte zu, und dem frohen magyariſchen Gefährten dünkte es, als ſei aus den kleinen Händchen in die Giovannis etwas geglitten. Dies Eine ſah er, daß ihm das Blut die blaſſen Wangen hell röthete, und ſeine Augen leuchteten wie die Sonne durch zerriſſene Wetterwolken lacht, und als ſie zum Königsheer geſtoßen, und ſich nun zum Abſchied die Hände reichen, glaubte er, an Giovannis Fin[illegible]einen Ring zu ſehen, den er früher nicht bemerkt.

5.

Der Morgen war hell an dem die Heere zur Entſcheidungsſchlacht ſich entgegen rückten. Die Sonne ſchien ſo freundlich, die Lerchen ſangen ſo fröhlich, als wollten ſie die Kämpfer mahnen, abzulaſſen vom blutigen Streit, und ſich des Lebens zu freuen, aber vergebens! Der König hielt ſchon am Hügel, den er ſich zum Standort erwählt, um ihn der Palatin Omode, die Führer des Heeres; unter ihnen Giovanni und Bellapietra. So ſtürmiſch als die heutige Nacht geweſen, wird wohl auch unſer Tag, ſprach Bellapietra; ſchau nur, wie der Regen und die Gebirgswäſſer den Bach geſchwellt, wie wild er ſeine Fluthen wälzt; der iſt verloren, der ihn durchſetzen will. Der König rief: ſeht, wie ſich die Schaaren des Grafen nach und nach entfalten; wahrlich man erkennt den kampferprobten Feldherrn. — „Sprengt dort nicht ein Frauengebild durch die Reihen?“ fragte er in einer Weile. Allerdings, gnädigſter Herr! antwortete Omode, es iſt des Grafen Tochter, die liebreizendſte ihres Geſchlechts, und tapfer wie ein Mann. Nun ſprach der König lächelnd: „wer ſie heute gefangen bringt, dem geb' ich ſie zur Frau und die Herrſchaft Sáros, und dies Schlachtfeld iſt das Brautgeſchenk. Freiwillig kann ſie ſich einem Mann ergeben, dachte Giovanni, gefangen wird die nicht. Aber nicht jeder dachte ſo, und viele verhofften die ſchöne Beute zu erringen. Es gab wohl auch keinen edlern Preis, denn ſie. Wer all' ihren Liebreiz kannte, hätte ſie nicht um ein Königreich getauſcht. Wie die Göttin des Krieges war ſie anzuſchauen, als ſie die vorderſten Heerhaufen zum Kampf führte. Die Nacht ihrer Locken wallte vor unter dem Silberhelm, die Sonne ſpiegelte ſich mit Luſt im glänzenden Schuppenharniſch, der auf und nieder wogte wie die kriegfreudige Bruſt, die dunkeln Blicke wetterleuchteten zürnend und minnig zugleich, ſo daß jeder, der ihr begegnete, ſich verwundert abwandte, wenn ihn gleich ihr Stahl verſchont. Vor! rief ſie, und wer den Klang vernommen, mußte vor, und hätte die Hölle offen gegähnt. Schlank wie ein Pfeil, leicht wie die Feder, ſtark wie der Stahl, ſchön wie ein Stern flog ſie die Reihen auf und nieder, ſo oft die Ihren geworfen wurden, drang ſie wieder vor; die Wunden vergaßen ihrer Schmerzen, die Sterbenden ſanken freudig hin, wenn ſie die Herrin ſahen. Grad an auf des Königs Hügel ſtürmte ſie, als der Palatin Omode die äußerſte Schaar des Grafen umklammerte, das Heer aufrollend. Der Herrin ſchönes Auge überſah das Gewirr und der Schlacht unwendbaren Verluſt, zum Vater ſagte ſie jetzt: wirf dich ins Schloß mit den Schaaren, ich decke den Rückzug. Und an der Brücke hielt ſie mit wenigen, vergleichbar dem Cherub, der flammenden Schwertes den Eingang in das Paradies wehrt. Der Vater war hinüber, die Fliehenden drängten nach, die Brücke brach unter der Laſt, und aus den Wogen ſchallte ihr Wehruf. Noch immer hielt die heldenmüthige Herrin, doch als die Zahl der Dränger ſich immer mehrte, der Ihren immer mehr in den Staub ſanken, wandte ſie ihr Roß und ſprengte in die Fluth. Giovanni hatte ſich eben Bahn gehauen bis zum Ufer, als die ſchäumenden Wogen die kühne Reiterin verſchlangen. Er ſprengte das Ufer entlang, aufrufend zu den Himmeln, daß ſie noch einmal auftauche, und er ſie zu faſſen, zu retten vermöge. Die Hälfte ſeines Wunſches wurde erfüllt; wo die ſtürmiſche Gewalt der Wellen ſich im breiteren Bett milderte, trug das Gewäſſer ſie liebend an das Ufer, aber ſie war todt. Auch noch im Sterben ſchön, wie die alten Bildner den Schlaf vorzuſtellen pflegen.

Giovanni und Bella pietra gruben ſie ein; Bella pietra unter heißen Weinen, Giovannis Augen ſtarrten thränenlos. Den nächſten Morgen war er verſchwunden; wohin er ſich verloren, konnte Niemand erkunden. Als Karl Robert lang nachher König von Polen geworden, und ihm Bella pietra nach Warſchau gefolgt war, ſprachen Kaufleute, mit Pelzwerk aus dem fernen Rußland handelnd, von einem trübſinnigen Fremden, der ſich an der Grenze Aſiens angeſiedelt, und in einem Kampf zum Tod verwundet mit einem Ring, der ihm über alles werth, habe wollen begraben werden. Neapolitaner hingegen ſagten in Ofen aus, es habe ſich in dem Heer des byzantiniſchen Kaiſers ein Krieger aus Ungarn kommend anſtellen laſſen, deſſen Lieder immer nur die dunkelſonnige Herrin geprieſen. Er habe endlich in einer Schlacht gegen die übermächtig drängenden Türken dunklen Tod gefunden.

III.

Die Königstöchter.

Es war einmal ein König, der hat drei Töchter gehabt, die eine hatte goldne Haare, die zweite ſilberne Haare und die dritte eiſerne Haare. Die Prinzeſſin mit den goldnen Haaren hieß Capellidoro, die mit den ſilbernen Haaren hieß Bianchetta, und die mit den eiſernen Nerabella. Und wie ihre Haare und ihre Namen ſo war auch ihre Schönheit: Prinzeſſin Capellidoro leuchtete wie die Morgenröthe, Bianchetta ſtrahlte wie ein Stern, Nerabella war magiſch wie ein Karfunkel. Und wie ihre Haare, ihre Namen und ihre Schönheit, ſo war auch ihr Gemüth; Capellidoro war lockend und freudig, wie eine blumenreiche Wieſe, Bianchetta klar und mild, wie ein kryſtallheller Bach, Nerabella anziehend wie ein Magnet. Der König ſelbſt hieß Paſſus.

Immer wenn in des Königs Land die Roſen zu blühen begannen, zog der König ſich zurück in ſeine Gemächer, und trat nicht heraus durch acht Tage, und Niemand durfte zu ihm hinein, und er weinte viel.

Da geſchah es denn einmal, daß die drei Königstöchter, als ſie im königlichen Garten ſpazierend die erſte Roſe bemerkten, ſofort zu ihrem königlichen Vater traten und ſagten: „Lieber Herr König und Vater! wir ſehen mit großem Schmerz und Betrübniß, daß die Zeit wieder naht, in der ihr euch einſchließen und eurem Schmerz überlaſſen werdet; ſo möget ihr uns gewähren die Bitte, die wir an euch ſtellen, und uns erzählen, was euch ſo viel Schmerz verurſachet; denn wenn uns auch nicht vergönnet iſt, euch zu helfen, ſo wollen wir doch euren Kummer theilen, und mit euch weinen, wie es liebenden Töchtern ziemt.“ Da war der alte König in ſeinem Herzen gerührt; er ſchloß die Prinzeſſinnen in ſeine Arme, und weinte aus Freuden, ſo viel es ſich für einen König ſchickt. Endlich begann er: „Geliebte Prinzeſſinnen und Töchter! ihr werdet euch erinnern, daß ſich das Gerücht verbreitet hat, euer kleiner Bruder Lindoro ſei von einem Freund dem bekannten Zauberer Zoraboro, nach Egypten in die Pyramiden auf die hohe Schule gebracht worden, aber daſelbſt geſtorben an dem zu häufigen Genuß geſpickter Eidechſenzungen, die man ihm gereicht, um ſein Gedächtniß zu ſchärfen. Ich und ihr und der ganze Hofſtaat haben dieſes unglücklichen Ereigniſſes wegen Trauer getragen. Dieſes Gerücht aber iſt nicht wahr. Euer Bruder lebt, ich weiß aber nicht wo, und ich weiß nicht wie. Er iſt mir entführet worden durch meine Feindin, die grimmige Fee Fanferina, die mich haßt, weil ich ſie nicht zu meinem Gemahl wählte. Es geſchah aber ſo: Euer Bruder Lindoro ging eines Abends mit ſeiner Wärterin in unſern königlichen Garten ſpazieren. Als er an den großen Teich kam, der ſich an den Berg anſchließt, ſchwamm ein Lilienblatt daher, welches die allerſchönſten und lieblichſten Lieder ſang, ſo daß den Kleinen die Luſt anwandelte, auf dem Blatt ſpazieren zu fahren. Die Wärterin ſuchte ihn davon abzuhalten, anfangs mit ſanften Ermahnungen, zuletzt wollte ſie ſogar Gewalt brauchen: da wurden ihre Augen geblendet, es tanzten gegen hundert kleine Lindoros vor ihren Blicken umher, und ſie wußte nicht, welche dieſer Geſtalten der eigentliche Lindoro ſei. Die Lieder des Lilienblattes wurden immer lauter und dringender, und plötzlich ſprang mein Lindoro in das Lilienblatt, das mit ihm in Sturmeseile dahin flog. Die Wärterin wollte ihm nach in das Waſſer, die Truggeſtalten aber verwandelten ſich in lauter Neſſeln, und peitſchten unbarmherzig auf die Wärterin los, bis auf ihr Geſchrei meine ſieben Sperber, denen, wie ihr wißt, die Hut des königlichen Gartens vertraut iſt, zum Schutz herbei geflogen kamen. Sie wollten über die Oberfläche des Sees ſtreichen dem Lilienblatte nach, aber eine Lerche flog ihnen entgegen, und bei jedem Ton, den ſie wirbelte, verloren die Sperber Federn, ſo daß ſie kaum in den Garten zurück konnten, und ſeither noch nicht zu fliegen vermögen. Die Wärterin verſank in den Boden, nur der Kopf blieb heraus, und ward zur Erde, auf welcher ihre Haare als Ameiſen herum ſpazieren. Die Neſſeln aber erſtarrten, und wurzelten in den Boden, und ſind bis jetzt noch nicht ausgerottet worden. Die Wurzeln der Neſſeln ſind hart und ſcharf, wie Schwerter. Mein Obergärtner, euer Freund Hamſter und ſein untergeordneter Maulwurf haben ſich an ſelben alle Zähne ausgebiſſen, die ihnen mein Hofdentiſt aus Brillanten verfertigt, hatten keinen beſſern Erfolg. Sobald ich mein Mißgeſchick erfuhr, ſchabte ich ſogleich etwas vom Nagel des Zeigefingers meiner linken Hand, welches zwiſchen mir und meinem Freund Zoraboro das Zeichen der größten Noth iſt, und obſchon er eben beſchäftigt war, dem Berg Hekla ein Brechmittel einzugeben, verließ er dennoch ſeinen Patienten auf der Stelle, und flog hieher auf einem überaus ſchönen und gut abgerichteten Hirſchhornkäfer, der ſeither noch in meinem Stalle ſteht, wie ihr ſelbſt geſehen, weil er ob der Schnelligkeit der Reiſe flügellahm geworden. Als ich ihm mein Unglück geklagt, forſchte er in ſeinen Büchern und in den Geſtirnen, wo mein kleiner Lindoro ſei, es war vergebens; er reiſte ſogar an die Katarakten des Nils, wo ein alter Zauberer als Einſiedler lebt, dem einſt der große Merlin den hundertjährigen Zauberkalender geſchenkt, in welchem alle Zaubereien, die ſich mit königlichen Prinzen zutragen werden, auf hundert Jahre voraus berechnet ſind; auch darin war nichts zu finden. Dies Eine nur wurde dem Zauberer Einſiedler klar, daß Lindoro noch lebt; wo aber, und wie er zu finden? konnten ſie nicht ergründen. Sie fanden wohl eine Randgloſſe von Merlins eigner Hand, ſie war aber nicht leſerlich, denn Merlin ſchrieb, wie die meiſten Gelehrten eine ſchlechte Hand, und nahm aus Geiz gewöhnlich ſchlechte Galläpfel zu ſeiner Dinte; ſie hatte alſo nachgebleicht. Die beiden Zauberer glaubten nur entziffern zu können, daß meinem Reich nicht durch Zauber, ſondern durch Entſagung Heil erblühen werde. Aber wie bezieht ſich dies auf Lindoro? Ich habe daher keine Hoffnung, ihn je wieder zu ſehen. — Dies iſt die Urſache meines Kummers, geliebteſte Prinzeſſinnen und Töchter! und dieweil ich ihn verloren, eben zur Zeit, als die Roſen zu blühen begannen, erwacht mein Schmerz immer mit erneuter Kraft, ſo oft ſich ihre Kelche aufs neue erſchließen. Und nun lebt wohl, und ſtört mich nicht in meinem Schmerz und meiner Einſamkeit.“ Mit dieſen Worten trat er in ſein Kabinet, welches, da ſeine Augen durch vieles Weinen ſchwach geworden waren, zur Erquickung derſelben aus einem einzigen Smaragd gehauen war, zog die Vorhänge nieder, und begann zu weinen.

Die Königstöchter ſahen ſich bedeutungsvoll an, wandten ſich ſchweigend um, und gingen in ihr Gemach, und ſchloſſen ſich ebenfalls auf acht Tage ein.

Am erſten Mai, als an welchem Tag des Königs Trauer vorbei zu ſein pflegte, harrten ſie ſein an der Thüre, jede mit einer Gabe; Prinzeſſin Capellidoro trug einen goldnen Helm, Prinzeſſin Bianchetta einen ſilbernen Schild, Prinzeſſin Nerabella ein eiſernes Schwert. Sofort als der König ſein Gemach öffnete, ſprachen die Prinzeſſinnen: Geliebteſter Vater und König! wir haben dir geſagt, daß wir dir zu helfen geſonnen ſind, wenn uns dieſes möglich, und ſieh, wir haben Mittel dazu gefunden.

Die Gaben, welche wir dir bieten, werden dir deinen Sohn, und den Bruder verſchaffen.“ Indeß der König die Geſchenke verwundert betrachtete, ſprachen die Prinzeſſinnen weiter: „Du weißt, geliebteſter Vater und König, daß unſre Pathe, die milde Fee Liliaſlamma, uns mit unſeren Haaren ein Pathengeſchenk gemacht, und mit ihnen die Gabe verbunden hat, daß wir fünfhundert Jahre hindurch achtzehn Jahre alt und überaus ſchön bleiben, wenn wir unſere Haare nicht abſchneiden; ſo oft wir ſie abſchneiden, verlieren wir hundert Jahre von unſerem Leben, der Zweck aber, zu dem wir ſie abſchneiden, geht in Erfüllung. Du weißt es, daß wir als Kinder zweimal ſchon von dieſer Zaubergabe Gebrauch gemacht: als wir nämlich bei einem Spaziergange ſehr hungrig wurden, ſchnitten wir uns die Haare ab, um einen mürben Kuchen zu bekommen, und weil uns hierauf dürſtete, opferte jede noch eine Locke, um eine Flaſche friſche Milch zu erhalten. Die Fee ſuspendirte aber die Fähigkeit, uns die Haare zu kürzen, bis wir wirklich achtzehn Jahre alt wären. Als wir nun die Urſache deiner Traurigkeit erfahren, haben wir uns in unſer Kämmerlein eingeſchloſſen, und, da wir eben achtzehn Jahr alt geworden, uns die Haare abgeſchnitten, und aus ſelben dieſen Helm, dieſen Schild und dies Schwert für unſern Bruder geformt. Wir bitten dich nun, ein Turnier auszuſchreiben, und dieſen Helm, dieſen Schild und dies Schwert als Preis zu beſtimmen. Wer den Helm aufſetzen, den Schild tragen, und dieſes Schwert zu ſchwingen vermag, der iſt dein Sohn und unſer Bruder.

Der König umarmte und herzte ſeine Töchter, und ließ ſogleich alle Künſtler ſeines Reichs zuſammen rufen, und einen gläſernen Berg blaſen, der hinauf reichte bis auf den Balkon der Prinzeſſinnen, und oben lagen der Helm, der Schild und das Schwert, und immer ſtand eine Prinzeſſin dabei, um den Preis zu vertheilen; hundert Edelknaben ſchwangen ſich auf eben ſo viele Adler, und flogen in eben ſo viele Königreiche, alle Prinzen und Ritter und was nur irgend Luſt hatte zum Turnier aufzurufen.

Auf viele tauſend Meilen wimmelte es nun auf allen Straßen von Menſchen, die zum Turnier zogen, denn jeder hielt ſich für den geſchickteſten, und hoffte für des Königs Sohn erkannt zu werden. So kam es, daß drei Ritter auf einer Straße zuſammentrafen, der Eine, auf einem gelben Roß reitend, war in helles Gold gekleidet, der Zweite hatte ein weißes Roß, und ſein Panzer war lauter Silber, des Dritten Pferd war nachtſchwarz und ſeine Rüſtung Eiſen. Sie erkannten ſich als die Söhne dreier benachbarter und befreundeter Könige, und beſchloſſen, die Reiſe zuſammen zu machen.

Die böſe Fee Fanferina ſah nun wohl, daß ſie die Entdeckung des jungen Prinzen Lindoro nicht zu hindern vermöge; aber wenigſtens wollte ſie die drei fürſtlichen Ritter vom Turnier abhalten, weil ſie in ihren Herzen las und ihre günſtigen Geſinnungen für das königliche Haus Paſſus erkannte. Es war Abend geworden als die Prinzen in einen dichten Wald ritten. Sofort flog die böſe Fee Fanferina auf, und wie ſie ihren Mantel ausbreitete, verſchwanden die Sterne, Wolken lagerten auf Wolken, und Finſterniß ruhte auf Finſterniß. Sie ſtreckte die Zunge heraus, und endlos blitzte das Gewölk; ſie ſpuckte, und wie der Mag rauſchte das Gewäſſer; einen der drei Zähne, die ſie noch übrig, riß ſie ſich aus, und warf ihn in die Lüfte, und Schloßen wie Marmorblöcke fielen nieder. Das Gefolge der Prinzen zerſtäubte in die nächſten Felſenhöhlen. Die Prinzen aber zogen ihre Schwerter, und ſchwangen ſie ſo künſtlich im Kreiſe, daß keine einzige der Schloßen weder ſie noch ihre Roſſe traf, die Blitze fingen ſie mit ihren Schilden auf. Die Roſſe aber waren ſo leicht, daß ſie über die Wogen der wild geſchwollenen Waldbäche trabten, ohne tiefer als bis an den Huf in das Waſſer zu ſinken. Mitten durch das Gebrüll des Donners, das Brauſen der Gewäſſer, das Geheul des Sturmes, das Rauſchen der Eichen, klangen drei wunderſüße Stimmen, die ſie ermahnten, nur muthig fortzureiten. Die Stimmen aber kamen von drei Johanniskäfern, die ſich auf die Häupter ihrer Pferde geſetzt und ihnen die Pfade erleuchteten. Auch ohne dieſen Beiſtand wären die drei königlichen Prinzen furchtlos geweſen, nun aber ritten ſie um ſo muthiger fort, durch die Finſterniß, einem Lichte entgegen, das aus dem Dickicht anfangs ſpärlich, dann aber heller und immer heller ihnen entgegen funkelte. Es war eine Köhlerhütte. Der alte Mann hieß ſie abſteigen, ſie führten ihre Roſſe unter ein Schirmdach, ſie aber traten in das Gemach des Alten. „Ihr müßt es nun ſchon vergeben,“ ſprach der Mann, „wenn wir euch verlaſſen, meine Alte muß nach der Küche ſehen, und ich der Roſſe warten. Wenn mein Bube daheim wäre, könnte er es thun, aber der treibt ſich in Sturm und Wetter am liebſten herum. Wie jetzt das Gewitter losbrach, lief er ſogleich in den Wald. Es iſt drum', als verſtänd' er die Sprache des Donners, und läſe die Schrift der Blitze.“ Indeß ſich nun die beiden Alten entfernt hatten, beſprachen ſich die Prinzen traulich, und der Goldprinz begann: „Was mich betrifft, ich reite nicht zum Turnier, um für des Königs Paſſus Sohn erkannt zu werden; denn mein Vater iſt mir lieber, als alle Väter der Welt, und das Königreich mein Erbe genügt mir, aber mein Herz erglüht in Liebe für die wunderherrliche Prinzeſſin Capellidoro, ob ich ſie gleich noch nie geſehen, und um ihre Liebe zu werben, ziehe ich zum Turnier.“ „Daſſelbe iſt mein Zweck,“ entgegnete der Silberprinz, „Prinzeſſin Bianchetta oder keine beſteigt den Thron mit mir.“ „So bin ich auch für Nerabella geſinnt,“ ſprach der Eiſenprinz, und ſie reichten ſich die Hände zum Freundſchaftsbund und gelobten, ſich wechſelſeitig in ihren Bewerbungen beizuſtehen; und falls es ihnen gelänge, die Gunſt der Prinzeſſinnen zu erwerben, als gute Schwäger friedlich zuſammen zu leben für alle Zeiten.

Guten Abend, edle Fürſten! „Ich will euch beiſtehen,“ ſprach eine Stimme. Sie ſahen ſich um, und erblickten die poſſierlichſte aller Geſtalten. Ein kleines Männlein, nicht höher als ein Tiſch, mit drei Beinen, deren eines ein Menſchenfuß, die andern zwei aber die eines Hirſches; zwei Hörner wuchſen ihm aus dem Rücken, er hatte aber nur einen Arm und ſtatt des andern einen Gänſefittig. „Wer biſt du denn, du kleiner Kerl?“ rief ihn der Eiſenprinz an. Da faßte der Kleine ſeinen Kopf mit der Hand an, und ſetzte ihn zum Erſtaunen der Prinzen auf den Tiſch, der Rumpf ging im Zimmer ſpazieren, indeß der Kopf antwortete: „Ich bin ein penſionirter Geiſt, früher war ich Kammerdiener des Zauberers Zorobaro und ſehr ſchön, die böſe Fee Fanferina aber erboſte mich einſt, und wollte mich zugleich in einen Hirſchen und in eine Gans verwandeln, weil ich mich aber eben magnetiſiren laſſen, der Gichtſchmerzen wegen, die ich in meinem linken Arm empfand, hatte ich mehr Lebenskraft in mir, als ſie berechnet, daher gelang die Verwandlung nicht ganz, und ſo iſt mir meine jetzige wunderbare Geſtalt geworden. Mein Herr aber konnte mich nicht mehr bei ſich behalten, weil ſich die zarten Feen, die ihn zuweilen beſuchen, vor mir entſetzen, er ernannte mich alſo hier zum Forſtinſpector, wo ich gleichſam in Ruheſtand lebe. Nach unſerm Penſionsſyſtem bekomme ich freilich wenig, aber ich bin Philoſoph, und lebe mäßig.“ „Was iſt deine Penſion?“ redete der Goldprinz. Der Kopf antwortete: „Geld bekomme ich gar keines, aber Naturalien: Sieben Donnerwetter, ſechs Metzen Kaſtanien, ich muß ſie aber ſelbſt braten, drei Dutzend geräucherte Geiſen, ein halb gewachſenes Krokodil, zwei Paſſatwinde für den Durſt, fünf Pfund Sonnenſtrahlen, für die Winternächte und im Sommer eine Wolke als Staubmantel, hiervon muß ich aber mein untergeordnetes Perſonal: Würmer, Käfer u. ſ. w. auch erhalten, und dieſe Beſtien brauchen viel. Die drei Glühwürmer, die euch im Sturme vorgeleuchtet, ſind auch unter mir ſtehende Forſtbediente, und ihr könntet ihnen wohl ein kleines Trinkgeld zukommen laſſen, denn es ſind blutarme Kerls, und haben Weib und Kinder.“ „Was kann man denn ihnen geben?“ frug der Silberprinz, wir wiſſen ja nicht, was ſie freuen mag.“ „Geld!“ antwortete der Kopf, „Geld!“ Auch auf Geiſter wirkt der galvaniſche Reiz des Metalles, darum darf es aber nicht von einer Sorte ſein, was ihr gebt, ſondern zweierlei Metalle. Die Taxe für das Herumleuchten iſt gewöhnlich vier Groſchen ſächſiſch, aber Standesperſonen zahlen nach Belieben. Die Prinzen griffen in die Taſchen, und gaben, was ſie hatten.

Der Kopf ſchmunzelte freudig, indeß der Rumpf, Arm und Fittig, wie jubelnd zuſammen ſchlug. Der Kopf ſprach weiter: „Heute warte ich ſchon lang auf euch, denn ich habe eine Botſchaft von der Fee Liliaſlamma an euch, aber ich habe ſie leider vergeſſen. Es war zu heiß, ich durſtig, meine eigenen Donnerwetter habe ich ſchon lang verzehrt, bis zum nächſten Quartal, wo ich wieder welche bekomme, iſt noch lang hin, da kam mir das Donnerwetter der Fee Fanferina eben recht; ich muß aber ein Paar Blitze über den Durſt getrunken haben, oder vielleicht zu haſtig, denn ich bin ganz ſchwindlich, darum hab' ich auch meinen Kopf auf den Tiſch geſetzt, daß er ſich ausruht. Aber auf meine Botſchaft kann ich mich doch nicht recht beſinnen; ſo viel nur dämmert mir, daß ihr zu Vieren ſein müßt, um euer Abentheuer mit Glück zu beſtehen, und daß ihr den Vierten noch heute finden müßt, aber nicht werben dürft; er muß ſich euch freiwillig anbieten, ſonſt mißglückt alles. Die Fee hat mir den Vierten auch genannt, ich hab' ihn aber rein vergeſſen, lebt wohl.“ Die Hand griff auf den Tiſch, ſetzte den Kopf auf den Rumpf, und die ganze Perſon gaukelte hinaus. Die Prinzen ſahen ihm nach, und erblickten nur, wie er draußen die Flammen des hell lodernden Wetters verſchlang, und dann im Waldesdunkel verſchwand.

Der Köhlerbube lief indeſſen durch die ſtürmiſche Waldesnacht, und freute ſich des Wetters, denn er war beherzt wie ein kleiner Löwe. Da hörte er in einer Thalſchlucht menſchliches Ächzen; weil er nun nicht nur ſehr herzhaft, ſondern auch fromm und mild, kletterte er die Felſen hinab, um dem

Seufzenden zu helfen, er ſah jedoch keinen Menſchen, wohl aber ein Pferd. „Haſt du ſo kläglich geſeufzt?“ fragte der Knabe. „Ja wohl, mein liebes Kind,“ entgegnete das Pferd. „Löſe die Schlinge, in die mein Vorderfuß verwickelt iſt, und ich will dir mein ganzes Leben über dienſtwillig ſein.“ Der Knabe bückte ſich, ſah aber keine Schlinge. Da redete das Roß: „Die Schlinge iſt eine Zauberſchlinge, aus mondſcheingebleichtem Spinnengewebe geflochten, und wird menſchlichen Augen nur durch Zauberlicht ſichtbar. Strecke deine linke Hand gegen meine Nüſtern aus, ſchau noch einmal auf meinen Vorderfuß, und löſe die Schlinge, ſo bald du ſie ſiehſt.“ Der Knabe that, wie ihm das Roß geheißen, das Pferd wieherte Feuer, und des Buben fünf Finger an der linken Hand fingen an zu brennen, wie eben ſo viel Kerzen. Der Knabe wunderte ſich hierüber ein wenig, löſete aber dennoch mit der rechten Hand die Schlinge, und ſprach: „Ich hätte dich auch ohne dein Verſprechen befreit, aber wenn du bei mir bleiben willſt, wird es mich freuen, denn du biſt überaus ſchön.“ Kaum fühlte ſich das Roß frei, ſo erloſchen die Finger des Knabens. Das Roß ſprach: „Schwinge dich auf meinen Rücken.“ Indeß ſie nun fortritten, der Köhlerhütte zu, erzählte das Pferd, wie folgt: „Ich bin ein Tátos *) und war eben auf dem Weg, einen guten alten Freund, den Bucephalus Alexanders des Großen zu beſuchen, der nicht geſtorben iſt, wie die Hiſtoriker fälſchlich berichten. Aus Unachtſamkeit fiel ich in dieſe Schlinge, und wäre ohne deine Hülfe wohl nicht los gekommen. Denn dieſe Zauberſchlinge konnte nur der löſen, der ſie gelegt, oder ein unſchuldiges Kind; nun du mich gerettet bin ich dein eigen auf dein ganzes Leben. Ich werde dir zu aller Zeit mit Rath und That nützlich ſein, aber du darfſt durch neun Tage Niemand entdecken, daß ich ein Tátos; Menſchen werden es nicht merken, und unter den Roſſen nur die [illegible].“ Sie ſtanden an der Hütte. Der Knabe führte das Roß unter das Schirmdach, und erſtaunte nicht wenig, als die Prinzenroſſe auf die Vorderfüße niederſanken, den Tátos wie knieend verehrend, der aber ſprach: „Steht auf, ich bin im ſtrengſten Incognito.“ So fort erhoben ſich die drei Roſſe, und thaten, als wäre der Tátos ihres Gleichen. „Iſt dieſer ſchöne Knabe euer Sohn?“ fragte der Silberprinz den alten Köhler, als der Bube in die Stube trat. „Nein,“ erwiederte der Alte: „ich bin auf etwas ſonderbare Weiſe an ihn gerathen.“ Eines Abend war ich eben beſchäftigt, Kohlen auf einen Wagen zu laden, als eine ſchöne, ganz weiß gekleidete Frau an mir vorüber ging, ich rief ihr zu, ſie möchte Acht haben, daß ihr Gewand nicht ſchwarz werde von den Kohlen; ſie lächelte und blieb ſtehen, meine Kohlen aber wurden weiß wie Schnee. Indeß ich nun verwundert bald die Kohlen, bald die Frau anſtarrte, zog ſie eine Lilie, die an ihrem Buſen befeſtigt geweſen, heraus, reichte ſie mir und ſprach: „Stelle dieſe Lilie in friſches Waſſer, morgen erſchließt ſie ihren Kelch; was ihr darin findet pflegt gut, es bringt euch einſt reichen Segen, wenn es glanzvoll von euch abgeholt wird.“ Und mit dieſen Worten verſchwand ſie. Ich that, wie ſie geheißen, und dieſer Burſche lag den nächſten Morgen ſchlafend in der Lilie. Ich und meine Frau haben ihn lieb gewonnen und gepflegt wie einen Sohn, bis jetzt aber hat ſich Niemand um ihn gemeldet, und ich glaube, er wird uns wohl auch auf dem Halſe bleiben. „Wie?“ rief der Kleine, ich bin nicht euer Sohn? ſo hab' ich den heute nicht umſonſt ein Roß gefunden, ich will ſogleich in die Welt, meinen Vater aufſuchen. Ihr ſchönen Herren nehmt mich mit euch, bis ich den Vater finde. Den Prinzen gefiel dieſe Rede, und der Goldprinz ſagte zum Köhler: Ihr ſeht, die Frau ſprach wahr, denn vernehmt, wir ſind drei Prinzen und begehren euren Sohn zu unſerm Begleiter. Auf glänzendere Weiſe kann er ja aus eurer Hütte nicht abgeholt werden.“ Der Bube jubelte vor Freuden. „Ich werd' ihn vor mir auf das Roß nehmen,“ ſprach der Eiſenprinz. „O das iſt nicht nöthig,“ rief der Knabe aus, „ich habe im Walde ein Roß gefunden, das wird mich ſchon tragen.“ Die Alten willigten ein. Die Prinzen ſchenkten ihnen für die Herberge, jeder einen Hufnagel. Als ſich die Alten wunderten, entgegneten ſie: „Wir ſind von unſerm Gefolg getrennt, können euch alſo für eure freundliche Aufnahme nur dieſe Kleinigkeit bieten, aber wenn ihr den Schmutz wegputzt, der den Nägeln noch anklebt vom geſtrigen Ritt, ſo werdet ihr ſehen, daß die Köpfe der Nägel Diamanten ſind, und um jeden könnt ihr ein Dorf kaufen. Die aufgehende Sonne ſah die Prinzen ſchon auf der Straße; der Mittag in der Reſidenzſtadt des Königs Paſſus.

Die Prinzen ſtiegen am Ende der Stadt in einer einſamen Herberge ab, und hielten ſich ſtill und verborgen. Der Köhlerbube aber lief in die Stadt, um alle Herrlichkeiten, die ſie jetzt vorzugsweiſe darbot, anzuſtaunen; denn am nächſten Morgen ſollte der Ritt auf den gläſernen Berg beginnen; und die meiſten Ritter, die ſich hierzu verſammelt, hielten eben einen Prachtzug durch die Stadt und um des Königs Paſſus Pallaſt. Zahlreiche Muſikchöre wirbelten durch die Lüfte, bald in kriegeriſcher Freudigkeit tönend, bald in ſüßen Hauchen hinſchmelzend, immer aber zuverſichtliches Vertrauen auf Kraft oder zartes Hoffen ausſprechend. Die Ritter ſprengten in voller Herrlichkeit einher, ihr Gefolge im jubelnden Gedränge nach. Alles wimmelte von Edelſteinen aller Art, und ſo groß war der überall ausgegoſſene Reichthum, daß ſich Niemand fand, die goldenen Hufeiſen aufzuleſen, die häufig den Hufen der Knappenroſſe entfielen. — Der entzückungtrunkene Blick der Schauenden ſchweifte über dem ordnungvollen Gewirr, und das Auge, dieſer König der Welt war unvermögend, die geſammte Pracht zu beherrſchen. Aber ſo viel Glanz, ſo viele Herrlichkeit, war noch nie geſehen worden, als da die Ritter alle verſammelt; als wären die Sterne am hellen Mittag ſichtbar geworden, als wären Engel vom Himmel herab geſtiegen, und hätten Sonnenſtrahlen zu Gewändern genommen, ſo waren ſie anzuſchauen. Warum wenden ſich aber aller Augen plötzlich weg von dieſem Anblick und ſtaunen in die Höhe? Was ſchweigt die Menge einen Augenblick, und bricht wieder in zehnfach verdoppelten Jubel aus? Der König zeigt ſich in ehrwürdiger Majeſtät und ſeine Töchter um ihn ohne Schmuck. Wer kann den Himmel ſchmücken? Aber in jeden Herzen zückte der Gedanke: Dieſe ſind ſo zauberiſch, daß ein einziger liebender Blick hinreicht, das Leid eines ganzen Lebens in Seligkeit zu verwandeln.

Lang ſchon war der Tag vorüber, und die Nacht hatte ihre Wanderung durch die Welt begonnen, aber noch immer rauſchte das aufgeregte Volk durch die Straßen, als der Morgen anbrach, und die Erwartung eines neuen Feſtes die Menge aus dem gegenwärtigen Taumel riß.

Dreihundert ſilberne Drometen waren auf den Zinnen des Königsſchloſſes aufgeſtellt. Der Morgenhauch belebte ſie, und ihr Klang vermengte ſich dem Getön eben ſo vieler hundert goldner Aeolsharfen, und alles, ſo da lebte, drängte ſich ins Schloß. Der Goldprinz war der erſte, der am Fuß des gläſernen Berges hielt. Sehnſüchtig blickte er hinauf zum Balkon, auf dem die Prinzeſſin Capellidoro erſcheinen ſollte. Tauſend und tauſend Ritter waren ſchon verſammelt, hundert tauſend und hundert tauſend Zuſchauende hatten ſich in dichte Maſſen zuſammen geſchoben, als die Prinzeſſin endlich ſichtbar wurde, und dem Goldprinzen war es bei ihrem Anblick, als beginne jetzt erſt ſein Leben. Auch die Prinzeſſin hatte ihn erblickt, und im Stillen gedacht: „Ach wäre dies mein Bruder!“ Sie beachtete es gar nicht, wie die Ritter ſich bemühten, den gläſernen Berg hinauf zu reiten. Die Roſſe vieler wollten gar nicht dran, manche verſuchten es, hinauf zu traben, glitten aber ſogleich aus. Einige kamen bis zur halben Bergeshöhe, fielen aber wieder herab, wenige kamen nahe zum Balkon, dort aber entſetzten ſich ihre Roſſe, oder ſie ſelber wurden ſchwindlich, denn ein dunkles Spiegelglas lag quer über, viele Klafter breit dünn wie Papier, mit unheimlichen Zeichen beſchrieben, und unter ſelben gähnte eine bodenloſe Tiefe. Rauch qualmte immer auf, und die Flammen, die ſich manchmal verwanden, ließen in ungewiſſem Licht Spieße und Senſen und andere ſcharfe Todeswerkzeuge an den Wänden ſehen. Die Prinzeſſin Capellidoro hoffte immer, nun und nun werde der Goldprinz den Ritt beginnen, aber ſie hoffte vergebens. Als am Abend die ſilbernen Drometen, die goldenen Aeolsharfen für heute den Schluß des Feſtes verkündeten, ging ſie betrübt in ihre Gemächer zurück, der Goldprinz aber in ſeine entlegene Herberge, wo er ſich ſeinen verliebten Gedanken überließ. Als am nächſten Morgen Drometenton wieder die Eröffnung des Rittes verkündete, ſtand der Silberprinz der Erſte am Berge, und viele tauſend Ritter und viele hundert tauſend Zuſeher verſammelten ſich, wie am erſten Tag, und als Prinzeſſin Bianchetta erſchien, erging es ihm wie Tags zuvor dem Goldprinzen, und Bianchetta erſehnte ſich ihn ebenfalls zum Bruder, wie am Tag zuvor Prinzeſſin Capellidoro ſich den Goldprinzen dazu erſehnt hatte. Die Ritter ſtrebten vergebens, den Gipfel des Berges zu erreichen, der Silberprinz aber rührte ſich nicht, ſo ſehr auch Bianchetta hoffte, daß er ſein Roß den Berg hinauf ſpornen werde. Als die ſilbernen Drometen für heute den Schluß des Feſtes verkündeten, ging ſie betrübt in ihre Gemächer zurück, der Silberprinz aber in ſeine entlegene Herberge, wo er ſich ſeinen verliebten Gedanken überließ.

Am Schluß des dritten Tages waren wieder alle Ritter verunglückt, die den Verſuch gewagt, bergan zu reiten. Prinzeſſin Nerabella hatte ſich den Eiſenprinzen zum Bruder erſehnt, wie ihre Schweſtern ſich den Goldprinzen und Silberprinzen zum Bruder erſehnt hatten. Der Eiſenprinz aber war den ganzen Tag über in das Anſchauen der Prinzeſſin Nerabella verſunken geweſen, und kehrte am Abend in ſeine einſame Herberge zurück, wo er ſich ſeinen verliebten Gedanken überließ. Die Prinzeſſinnen hinwiederum beſprachen ſich ſo oft über ihre vermeinten Brüder, bis es ihnen klar wurde, daß jede einen andern

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*) So heißen die Zauberroſſe bei den Magyaren.

meine, daß alſo zwei ſich irren müſſen. Mit wunderbaren Gefühlen traten ſie nun auf den Balkon, und jede ſeufzte: „Gebe der Himmel, daß ich mich irre!“

Neun Tage währte ſchon das Turnier; aller Ritter-Verſuche, den gläſernen Berg hinan zu reiten, waren mißglückt. Am zehnten Tage war kein einziger mehr in den Schranken, den Goldprinzen abgerechnet. Er wartete mehrere Stunden. Als nun Niemand erſchien, den Ritt zu wagen, ſpornte er ſein Roß, und flog wie ein Pfeil den gläſernen Berg hinan. Die Prinzeſſin bebte, daß ſein Roß jetzt ausgleiten, jetzt umkehren, jetzt er nicht den Muth haben werde, über die ſchwarze Spiegeltafel zu ſetzen; aber er ſtand ſchon vor ihr, empfing den goldenen Helm aus ihrer Hand, war eben ſo ſchnell den Berg hinab geritten, und entfloh dem Jubel der Menge und ihren nacheilenden Blicken. Er iſt alſo doch mein Bruder, dachte zwiſchen Luſt und Schmerz Capellidoro. Auf gleiche Weiſe holte am nächſten Morgen der Silberprinz aus Bianchetta's Händen den ſilbernen Schild, auf gleiche Weiſe empfing an ſeinem Tag der Eiſenprinz von Nerabella das Schwert.

Die Prinzen beſprachen ſich nun in ihrer einſamen Herberge, und beſchloſſen, am nächſten Morgen dem König Paſſus und den Prinzeſſinnen ſowohl ihre tiefe endloſe Liebe, wie auch ihren feſten Willen zu erklären, die Welt zu durchziehen, bis ſie jenen gefunden, dem Helm, Schild und Schwert gehörig. Plötzlich ſprang der Köhlerbube in das Gemach, und rief: „Ihr Prinzen auf! das Schwert zur Hand, hin zum königlichen Park, die Prinzeſſinnen ſind in Gefahr, mein Roß hat mir's geſagt,“ und die Prinzen waren ſchon hinaus, und ſtanden ſchon im königlichen Garten. Da fanden ſie dann die Prinzeſſinnen wirklich in höchſter Bedrängniß; jene Lerche, welche einſt die ſieben Sperber beſiegt, war wieder erſchienen, und verfolgte die Prinzeſſin Capellidoro, als ſie aber den Goldprinzen erſah, wandte ſie ſich gegen ihn, und aus jeder ihrer Federn ſchoß ſie glühende Kugeln gegen ihn. Die Neſſeln drängten ſich gegen Prinzeſſin Bianchetta; als ſie aber den Silberprinz gewahrten, wurden ihre Stacheln zu Blitzen, die alle gegen ſein Herz zielten. Prinzeſſin Nerabella war von den Ameiſen ſchon umringt, als der Eiſenprinz ſich ihr nahte; ſo fort ſtanden die Ameiſen als geharniſchte Gnomen gegen ihn, jeder mit ſechs Händen, in jeder Hand ſechs Schwerter. Nun begann ein blutiges Kämpfen. Gerne hätten die Prinzeſſinnen ihre Haare abgeſchnitten, um ihre Retter zu ſichern, ſie hatten aber keine Scheeren bei ſich; zu ihrer großen Freude ſahen ſie jedoch, daß die Prinzen ſiegten. Die Lerche, die Neſſeln und die Ameiſen lagen todt auf den Boden niedergeſtreckt, die Prinzen aber knieten nieder, und erklärten den Prinzeſſinnen ihre Liebe, und daß ſie am nächſten Morgen im feierlichen Zuge bei dem großen König Paſſus erſcheinen und um ihre Hand werben würden. Die Prinzeſſinnen antworteten nicht, ſondern nahmen die Schwerter der Prinzen, ſchnitten ſich damit die Haare ab, flochten ſie zu Ringen, und ſteckten ſie den Prinzen an die Finger, auf daß die Prinzen ſo lange leben möchten, wie die Prinzeſſinnen, und jung und ſchön bleiben, wie ſie.

Die Prinzen kehrten zurück in ihre Herberge, und verwunderten ſich ſchon von ferne über den glänzenden Ritter, der in der Thüre ſtand. Es war aber Niemand anderer, als der Köhlerbube. Er hatte ſich rüſten wollen, um ſeinen Herrn im Kampf beizuſtehen, in der Eile fand er nichts, als Preiſe, welche die Prinzen vom gläſernen Berg geholt, und ſieh! der Goldhelm paßte ſeinem Haupt, der Silberſchild war wie geformt für ſeine Linke, und das Eiſenſchwert blitzte nach allen Richtungen in ſeiner Rechten. Der Táltos neigte ſich eben vor ihm, dem wiedergefundenen Königsſohn huldigend. Die drei Prinzen wollten ihn ſogleich in das königliche Schloß bringen, der Táltos aber geſtattete es nicht. „Er muß den gläſernen Berg hinanreiten,“ ſprach er, „und noch drohet ihm große Gefahr!“ Hierauf nahm der Táltos den Prinzen ſeitab, und ſprach zu ihm: „Mein lieber Königsſohn und Freund! wenn du morgen den Berg hinauf reiteſt zu deinen königlichen Schweſtern, wird uns ein wildes Ungethüm begegnen, welches ſehr ſtark und liſtig iſt; du mußt dich und mich zu einem großen Kampfe rüſten, und es iſt ſehr zweifelhaft, wer den Sieg davon trägt. Nimm alſo ſieben Büffelhäute, und nähe mich in dieſe ein, dann aber nimm eine Maß Bier, und halte ſie die ganze Nacht über dem Mars entgegen, damit das Bier in ſeinen Strahlen deſtillirt werde; dies Bier nimmſt du mit auf den Ritt, und wenn du fühlſt, daß ich im Kampf ermatte, ſo ſchütte es mir in das rechte Ohr. Und wie der Táltos geheißen, ſo that der Prinz. Am nächſten Morgen ritt er zum gläſernen Berg, die drei Prinzen, ſeine Schwäger mit ihm. Als der König und die drei Prinzeſſinnen und das verſammelte Volk den jungen Menſchen ſahen, den Goldhelm auf dem Haupt, den Silberſchild am Arm, das Eiſenſchwert zur Seite, wußten ſie alle, dies ſei der lange todt geglaubte Lindoro, und alles jubelte in lauter Freude, er aber grüßte freundlich rechts und links, und ritt langſam den gläſernen Berg hinan. Er war kaum einige Schritte bergan, als ein Roß, daß Niemand zuvor geſehen, plötzlich neben ihm mit fortzuſchreiten begann. Mit jedem Schritt wuchſen ihm ein Paar neue Augen, bis es ihn endlich mit tauſend Augen anglotzte, und jedes Augenlied war ſcharf und lang, wie eine Senſe, es blinzelte unaufhörlich, und ſo oft ein Augenlied zufiel, hätte es eine Eiche durchſchnitten; und oben ſaß ein Todtengerippe mit ſieben beweglichen Hirſchgeweihen. Es erhob ſich ein furchtbarer Kampf zwiſchen den Roſſen und den Reitern. Prinz Lindoro ſprengte fechtend immer vorwärts, als er aber fühlte, daß die ſieben Büffelhäute durchſchnitten, und ſein Táltos ermattete, goß er ihm das Bier in das Ohr, und mit ungeheurer Kraft ſetzte der Táltos über die ſchwarze Spiegeltafel, das Ungethüm ihm nach, aber mit dem hintern linken Fuß traf es auf die ſchwarze Spiegeltafel, die Spiegeltafel brach, und das Ungethüm und die Fee Fanferina — denn Niemand anders als ſie war das Todtengerippe, — ſtürzte in die bodenloſe Tiefe, indeß Lindoro in den Armen ſeines jubelnden Vaters und ſeiner liebenden Schweſtern lag.

Der große König Paſſus beſchloß, ſowohl die Krönung ſeines Sohnes Lindoro, als die Vermählung ſeiner Töchter aufs glänzendſte zu vollziehen. Nach der Weiſe großer Fürſten begann er die Feierlichkeit mit Belohnungen jener, die ſich um das Haus Paſſus verdient gemacht. Die Wärterin Lindoro's, die wieder lebendig, ſeit die Ameiſen durch den Eiſenprinzen erſchlagen worden, erhielt die Erlaubniß, bei großen Hoffeſten einen künſtlichen Ameiſenberg auf dem Kopf zu tragen, und für ſich und ihre Nachkommen beiderlei Geſchlechtes das Recht, dem jedesmaligen Kronprinzen am Jahrstag ihrer Verwandlung eine Schüſſel gebackner Ameiſen zu präſentiren. Der Táltos aber wurde in den Adel erhoben mit dem Prädikat Edler von Haberfriß, und mit einer ausgedehnten Beſitzung beſchenkt, woſelbſt täglich hundert Bauern für den Anbau aller Gattung Futterkräuter ſorgen mußten.

Während des allgemeinen Freudejauchzens breitete ſich plötzlich eine ſonderbare Helle über das königliche Haus, alle blickten verwundert auf. Ein Stern ſenkte ſich vom Himmel herab, die Fee Liliaflamma und der Zauberer Zoraduro ſaßen darin. Alle beugten ſich vor der wohlthätigen Fee und dem befreundeten Zauberer. Der Zauberer erhob ſeine Stimme und redete alſo: „Daß euer Prinz Lindoro noch lebt, dankt ihr der Fee Liliaflamma. Als die böſe Fanferina den Prinzen Lindoro auf ein Lilienblatt gelockt hatte, wurde dies der Fee Liliaflamma, als der Herrin der Lilien, ſogleich bekannt. Hätte Fanferina ſtatt des Lilienblattes ſich einer Feuernelke bedient, würde ſeine Rettung weit ſchwieriger geweſen ſein, ſo aber trug das Lilienblatt ihn zu der Lilienherrin, die ihn verborgen in den Kelch einer Lilie zu einem Köhler trug. Fanferina hatte ihn in einen gedächtnißraubenden Schlaf verſenkt, ſo kam es, daß ſich Lindoro für des Köhlers Sohn hielt. Das Uebrige wißt ihr.“ Die Fee nahm hierauf das Wort: „Wollt ihr etwas von mir, ſo ſprecht, denn ihr werdet mich lange nicht ſehen. Ich gedenke mich mit meinem Freund dem Zauberer Zoraduro zu verehelichen, und einige Jahrtauſende in häuslicher Glückſeligkeit im Centro der Erde, wo wir einen kleinen Landſitz haben, zu verleben. Der Hochzeitsſchmaus iſt ſchon fertig, der Beſuv unſer Schornſtein raucht; alſo geſchwind.“ Die Prinzeſſinnen traten zu ihr hin und ſprachen: „Du haſt uns eine wundervolle Gabe in unſeren Haaren verliehen, wir haben ſchon einigemal gut und thöricht davon Gebrauch gemacht: zürne nicht, und achte uns nicht leichtſinnig, wenn wir an dieſem uns ſo feierlichen Tag die Wundergabe zum letztenmal benützen. Was hülf' es uns und unſern geliebteſten Prinzen und Gemahlen, wenn wir hundert Jahre jung und ſchön blieben, und unſere Kinder und Enkel gingen zu Grabe, und unſere Urenkel wanderten unter uns, ähnlicher unſern Vätern als unſern Nachkommen? Was hülf' es uns, wenn uns alles Wohlſein umblühte, und unſere Königreiche in Noth und Elend ſein? Nimm deine wundervolle Gabe zurück, gib uns dem Schickſal des gewöhnlichen Lebens Preis, aber gewähre uns, daß wir ſtets das Gute wollen, und daß unſere Völker durch uns glücklich werden.“ Und die Prinzeſſinnen legten ihre zaubervollen Haare der großen Fee Liliaflamma zu Füßen, und die drei Prinzen drückten die großherzigen Prinzeſſinnen an die liebebewegte Bruſt.

Der mächtige Zauberer Zoraduro aber erhob das Wort: „ſo iſt denn die Weiſſagung des hundertjährigen Zauberkalenders in Erfüllung gegangen, daß dieſem Lande durch Entſagung das größte Heil erſcheinen wird. Eure Wünſche ſind erfüllt, und euch ſelbſt werden die Mittel in die Hand gegeben, ſie zu vollziehen. Ein Mädchen, das ſeine Schönheit und Jugend dem Wohl Anderer freiwillig aufzuopfern vermag, iſt eine Fee, ſo ſpricht der Civil-Codex und die Gerichts-Praxis des Geiſterreichs. So nehmet denn eure Haare als eben ſo viel Zauberſtäbe aus meiner Hand zurück. Beglückt eure Länder, und beſchützt das eures Vaters und Bruders.“ Und wie Prinzeſſin

Capellidoro den Goldſtab, Bianchetta den Silberſtab und Nerabella den Eiſenſtab erfaßten, tönte eine unſichtbare Muſik durch die Lüfte, wie ſie noch Niemand ſo ſchön gehört, und drei ſchimmernde Wölkchen ſenkten ſich vom Himmel nieder, und entführten die Prinzeſſinnen mit ihren Gatten den ſie Umſtehenden.

Was ſich weiter alles zugetragen, wie weiſe ſie ihre neue Macht gebraucht, wie glücklich ſie gelebt, wie ſehr ſie ihre Völker beglückt, kann ich euch, Geliebteſte, nicht mehr erzählen, ſo viel iſt nur gewiß, daß der König Paſſus und ſein Sohn Lindoro, Prinzeſſin Capellidoro und der Goldprinz, Bianchetta und der Silberprinz, Nerabella und der Eiſenprinz noch leben, wenn — wie jedes Mädchen ſchließt — ſie noch nicht geſtorben ſind.

Salamon Maimon,

der Sohn eines armen jüdiſchen Rabbinen, ward 1753 zu Neſchwitz in Litthauen geboren und von ſeinem Vater eifrig im Talmud unterrichtet, ohne jedoch bei ſeiner großen Dürftigkeit ſeinen regen Forſchungsgeiſt befriedigen zu können. In den elendeſten Umſtänden kam er nach Berlin und ſtudirte hier von Mendelſohn unterſtützt Philoſophie und die Religionsbücher ſeines Volkes, während er zum eigenen Unterhalt ſeines Lebens zugleich die Apothekerkunſt erlernte. Dann lebte er abwechſelnd zu Hamburg, Amſterdam, Breslau und Berlin, bis er auf dem gräflich Kalkreuth'ſchen Gute zu Siegersdorf in Niederſchleſien eine Ruheſtätte fand, wo er auch am 22. November 1800 ſtarb.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Verſuch über die Transcendentalphiloſophie. Berlin 1790.
Philoſophiſches Wörterbuch. Ebendaſ. 1791, 1 St.
Lebensgeſchichte, von ihm ſelbſt. Herausgegeben von Moritz. Ebendaſ. 1792 — 93, 2 Thle.
Ueber die Progreſſen der Philoſophie. Ebendaſ. 1793.
Streifereien im Gebiete der Philoſophie. Ebendaſ. 1793, 1r Thl.
Die Kategorien des Ariſtoteles. Ebendaſ. 1794.
Verſuch einer Logik. Ebendaſ. 1794.
Kritiſche Unterſuchungen über den menſchlichen Geiſt. Leipzig 1797.
Maimoniana, oder Rhapſodien zur Entwicklung M's. Herausgegeben von Wolf. Berlin 1814.

Ein Schüler und Anhänger Kant's ging M. in ſeinen Schriften auf der von ſeinem Lehrer eingeſchlagenen Bahn fort und verſtand es, das Syſtem der kritiſchen Philoſophie eben ſo ſcharfſinnig zu entwickeln als klar und deutlich darzuſtellen.

Joſua Maler.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Grammatikers wiſſen wir nur, daß er gegen Anfang des 16. Jahrhunderts in der Schweiz geboren wurde und um 1590 als evangeliſcher Prediger zu Elg im Canton Zürich ſtarb.

Von ihm haben wir:

Die teutſch Sprach. Zürich 1561, 4.

Sein Werk iſt eine Art von Lexikon und die beſte Arbeit dieſer Gattung, welche aus jener Zeit aufzuweiſen ſein möchte.

Arnold Andreas Friedrich Mallinkrodt

ward am 27. März 1768 zu Dortmund geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und wahrſcheinlich zu Jena Philologie, Philoſophie und die Rechte und ſtieg, nachdem er ſich den Titel eines Doctors der Rechte erworben hatte, bis zum fürſtlich oranien-naſſauiſchen Regierungsrath. Als 1806 die Verhältniſſe Deutſchlands ſich änderten, ging er in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück und wurde daſelbſt Mitglied des Raths, bis er ſich 1817 nach Jena begab und dort 1819 als Privatdocent Vorleſungen eröffnete. Später zog er ſich nach Dortmund und auf ſein Gut Schwane bei Soeſt zurück, wo er am 12. Juli 1825 ſtarb.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Ueber die Verfaſſung der Reichsſtadt Dortmund. Dortmund 1795, 2 Thle.
Kleine Beiträge für's praktiſche Leben. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Allgemeiner Bauernkalender. Ebendaſ. 1811 — 13, 3 Lief.
Entwurf einer Landesgrundverfaſſung für die Staaten deutſchen Stammes. Leipzig 1814.
Was thun bei Deutſchlands, bei Europas Wiedergeburt? Dortmund 1814.
Vater Jakob, der reich gewordene Bauer. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Bemerkungen, Deutſchlands Literatur und Buchhandel betreffend. Ebendaſ. 1815.
Beredſamkeit, ein Bedürfniß unſerer Zeit. Weimar 1819.
Umriß der Vorleſungen über das praktiſche Geſchäftsleben. Jena 1819.

Als Publiciſt und populärer Schriftſteller erwarb ſich M. zu ſeiner Zeit einen ſehr geachteten Namen durch den Geiſt, die Wahrheit, die Kraft und die unerſchrockene Freimüthigkeit, mit denen er ſeine Arbeiten ausſtattete.

Ernſt Friedrich Georg Otto Freiherr von der Malsburg,

der Sohn eines heſſiſchen Officiers, ward am 23. Juni 1786 zu Hanau geboren und von ſeinem Oheim, dem kurheſſiſchen Miniſter M., zu Kaſſel erzogen. Nachdem er auf dem Gymnaſium zu Kaſſel und ſeit 1802 auf der Univerſität Marburg ſich durch philoſophiſche und Rechtsſtudien zum Staatsdienſt vorbereitet hatte, bildete er ſich auf einer Reiſe nach Paris weiter aus, wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1806 als Aſſeſſor bei der Regierung zu Kaſſel angeſtellt und trat unter der neuen Regierung als Auditor in den Staatsrath. Als Legationsſecretär wurde er 1808 nach München und 1810 nach Wien geſandt, kehrte 1813 von da zurück und nahm nach einer Verordnung des zurückgekehrten Kurfürſten ſeine Aſſeſſorſtelle wieder ein. Doch ſtieg er 1816 zum Juſtizrathe, 1817 zum Regierungsrathe wieder auf und ging in demſelben Jahre als kurheſſiſcher Geſchäftsträger nach Dreſden, wo er im Umgang mit den dortigen Dichterheroen glückliche Jahre verlebte. Mit dem Kammerherrnſchlüſſel und dem Ritterkreuz des goldenen Löwenordens beehrt beendete er 1824 einen neuen wichtigen Auftrag zu Berlin und ſtarb nach ſeiner Rückkehr auf ſeinem Gute Eſchberg am 23. September 1824.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Leipzig 1818; neue Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1821, 2 Thle., gr. 8.
Calderon de la Barca's Schauſpiele. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1818—24, 6 Bde.
Stern, Scepter und Blume nach Lope de Vega. Dresden 1824.
Poetiſcher Nachlaß und Umriſſe aus ſeinem innern Leben. P. C. (Philipp von Calenberg). Kaſſel 1825, gr. 8., mit 1 Steindr. u. 1 Muſikbeilage.

Als Dichter gehörte v. d. M. der romantiſchen Schule an und bildete ſich ganz nach ſpaniſchen und italieniſchen Muſtern; er beſitzt Anmuth, Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, Innigkeit und Gewandtheit, erſcheint aber durch ſeine Vorbilder verleitet oft geſucht und manierirt. Seine Uebertragungen ſpaniſcher Dramen ſind dagegen vortrefflich und reihen ſich dem Beſten, was unſere Literatur in dieſer Hinſicht aufzuweiſen hat, ebenbürtig an. —

Gedichte von E. F. G. O. Freiherr von der Malsburg.

Die Nacht.

Seſtine.

Komm, dunkle Nacht, und ſtreue deine Schatten
Um Fels und Berg, um Wieſe, Wald und Wellen;
Hier ſteh' ich einſam an dem breiten Strome,
Der Bäume Seufzen ſtimmt zu ſeinem Weinen.
Ich horche ihm, und Sehnſucht und Verlangen
Scheint mitzurauſchen in den Ton der Trauer.

Du, Nacht, biſt Tag der Wehmuth und der Trauer
Das Licht der Sehnſucht glänzt in deinen Schatten,
Ein jeder Wunſch, ein jegliches Verlangen
Strahlt hell ſich ab in deiner dunkeln Welle.
Und Hoffnung taucht oft aus dem mächt'gen Weinen,
Ein Mond, mildleuchtend ob der Zukunft Strome.

Da glänzt der Mond ja golden ob dem Strome!
Nein! ſchwarz umhüllt ihn Wolkenduft der Trauer;
Der tiefe Strom erhebt ſehnſücht'ges Weinen,
Weil ihm den Strahl verdeckt der düſtre Schatten.
Mit heiſerm Laute ſchluchzt vor Leid die Welle,
Und zittert, ach! in brünſtigem Verlangen!

O höre auf zu ſehnen, zu verlangen!
Die Wolke ſank, hell ſteht der Mond im Strome,
Und auch ein Stern taucht liebend in die Welle,
Mit ihr der Welt wegſtrahlend Leid und Trauer.
Komm mit, komm mit in einer Hütte Schatten,
Und lern' in Luſt geneſen von dem Weinen.

Ja, lerne da vor ſel'ger Wonne weinen.
Geboren ward Verheißung dem Verlangen,
Der Herr der Welt liegt in der Hütte Schatten,
Und ſieh', vom ſüßen Kind, im goldnen Strome
Geußt ſich das Licht, der Tod der Todestrauer,
Und bannt die Nacht von ſeiner heil'gen Welle.

Da ſitzt die Mutter, trunken von der Welle
Des ſüßen Lichts, ſie möchte lächelnd weinen.
Sie ſchaut verzückt den Heilbronn aller Trauer;
Die Hirten nur, die auch zu ſeh'n verlangen,
Steh'n noch geblendet von dem Glanzesſtrome,
Sie ſchweigt allein im Lichte ſonder Schatten.

Doch ob den Schatten, in die Himmelswelle,
Im Liebesſtrome jubeln Engel: „Weinen
„Ward ſüß Verlangen, Weihnacht, Nacht der Trauer!"

Zur Weihnacht.

Auf himmelblauem Grunde
Da wächſt der Lebensbaum;
Viel goldne Früchte hangen dran.
Sie hangen hoch und ſchaun uns an;
Es ſind die Sternlein lieb und klein
Auf himmelblauem Grunde.

Auf purpurroſ'gem Grunde,
Da wächſt der Liebesbaum;
Und wurzelt Herz im Dunkel noch,
Zwei Liebesäpfel ſeh'n wir doch:
Es ſind die Augen treu und rein
Auf purpurroſ'gem Grunde.

Auf ſchneeigweißem Grunde,
Da wächſt der Weihnachtsbaum;
Der trägt in ſeiner grünen Nacht
All' Augenluſt und Sternenpracht;
Das Kindlein lacht im Kerzenſchein
Auf ſchneeigweißem Grunde.
(1[illegible])

Der Weihnachtsbaum.

Der höchſte Baum, der ſchönſte Baum,
Das iſt der Baum der Weihnacht.
Er ſprießt im Schnee, doch iſt es kaum
So Frühling, wenn der Mai lacht.
Denn er beut die ſchönſte Roſe,
Himmelsroſe, Liebesroſe.

Wer ſich mit voller reiner Bruſt
In ſeinen Wunderraum verſenkt,
Erfährt, wie ſchon von ſeiner Luſt
Der Herr ihm manchen Traum ſchenkt;
Träume von der Purpurroſe,
Himmelsroſe, Liebesroſe.

Weihnachtslied; an H.

Die Welt lag bang und trübe,
Als ob nicht mehr die Liebe
Des Himmels mit ihr wär;
Die Nebel flogen wüſt und kraus,
Die Wolken goſſen wild ſich aus,
Rings war ein todtes Meer.

Das Herz war mir verſchloſſen,
Wo ſonſt ſich Sang ergoſſen,
Da war es ſtumm und ſtill;
Doch ſchlug's und flog mit Angſt im Muth,
Wie ein gefangnes Vöglein thut,
Das gerne ſingen will.

Auf einmal ward' es helle!
Die Sonne funkelt ſchnelle
Und jagt das Dunkel fort.
Vom Käfig fleugt das ſchwere Tuch.
Das Vöglein flattert wie zum Flug,
Das Herz hat nun das Wort.

Das Wort wird dir gegeben,
Das Wort, das ew'ge Leben,
Der Strahl der Weihenacht.
O Freund! wie iſt das Wort ſo ſchön!
Laß uns zu Ihm aus Nächten gehn,
Bis wir zum Tag erwacht!

Rosa coelestis.

Wenn reine bläuliche Farben
In ſtiller tiefer Bruſt,
Dann wird das Herz zur Perle,
Durchglüht von Himmelsluſt.

Dann wird der Schmerz zur Freude,
Das Weh zur Seligkeit,
Das Ew'ge wird uns Alles,
Und nichts mehr iſt die Zeit.

Die wunderbare Roſe
Der Erde, bald zerſtückt,
Iſt dann nicht mehr die Blüthe,
Die uns allein beglückt.

Die Himmelsroſe, golden,
Die keine Zeit entlaubt,
Blüht ſelig in dem Buſen,
Der liebet, hofft und glaubt.
(1821.)

Geiſtliches Lied.

Ich lag an Deinem Kreuze,
O Heiland, Herr des Lichts!
Und alle Erdenreize
Verſchwanden mir zu Nichts.

Da ward ich es erſt innen
Und weinte ſüß dabei,
Daß alles ſüße Minnen
Bei Dir alleinzig ſei.

So mögt ihr niederfließen,
Ihr Thränen, ſüß und hell,
Die ſchönſten Blumen ſprießen
Doch nur am Thränenquell.

Zufall.

Zufall giebt's nicht in der Welt,
Die ein Gott in Händen hält;
Was uns wunderbar erſcheint,
Das hat Gott vorhergemeint.
Nichts iſt ſo verwirrt und kraus,
Gott lenkt's doch zum Beſten aus.

Zwar der Menſchen Leidenſchaft
Hat gar eine dunkle Kraft,
Und ein blindes Ungefähr
Treibt ihr Wahnwitz hin und her;
Aber das iſt nur ein Schein,
Nie kann Licht im Irrlicht ſein.

Jenes Aug', das immer wacht,
Leitet uns durch jede Nacht:
Wie der Menſch ins Labyrinth
Seines Wahnes ſich verſpinnt,
Blickt er auf zu Gott dem Herrn,
Immer ſieht er ſeinen Stern.

Ach, wie oft wird blind gerügt,
Was ſich durch Verwicklung fügt;
Erſt wenn ſich der Vorhang ſenkt,
Strahlt der Geiſt, der Alles lenkt,
Und nun ehren wir ihn ſtill,
Der ſo mild entwickeln will.
(1818.)

Charfreitagslied.

Wölbe deinen hohen Bau,
Münſter, über mich,
Einen Tropfen Himmelsthau,
Darum bitt' ich dich;
Manna für das müde Herz,
Das der Schmerz bedrängt,
Balſam für den wunden Schmerz,
Der das Herz befängt.

Sieh mich hier vor Deinem Bild,
Hier vor dem Altar,
O Erlöſer! der ſo mild,
Der ſo menſchlich war!
Herr! erbarme Dich der Pein,
Die mich ſonſt verzehrt,
Leuchte mir mit Deinem Schein,
Der die Nacht verklärt.

Blick', o Herr! auf meine Schuld,
D'rinn ich untergeh',
Deine himmliſche Geduld
Seh' an meinem Weh;
Ach, die Sünde iſt ſo groß
Und ſo ſtark der Feind,
Nie läßt er die Beute los,
Die ſich krümmt und weint.

Eigne Sünde laſtet ſchwer —
(Geh nicht in's Gericht!)
Doch die fremde drückt noch mehr,
Denn ich zürnt' ihr nicht.
O mein Gott! ſchon kommt der Tod,
Thrän' und Sinn verrinnt,
Und es endet meine Noth —
Wenn ſie nicht beginnt.

Welch ein Licht iſt's, das ſo ſtill
Durch die Kirche fällt,
Und den Blick mir zeigen will
Einer hellern Welt!
Dort vom Grabe kommt der Strahl
Der ins Leben grüßt;
Und zur Luſt ward alle Qual
Durch ein Kreuz verſüßt.

Welch ein Klang erfüllt das Haus
Dem der Tod erliegt?
Meine Seel' ringt ſich heraus!
Eine Taube fliegt
Durch das Schiff, ſie wogt und hebt
Sich in Liebesruh;
Endlich, durch die Kuppel ſchwebt
Sie dem Himmel zu!

Oſterlied.

Ein ſüßer Jüngling wandelt hold
In Himmels-Heiligthumen,
Und pflückt ſich aus dem Abendgold
Die allerſchönſten Blumen.

Die ſtreut er auf ſein Grab herab,
Umhegt von weichen Mooſen;
Die Erde nennet man ſein Grab,
Die Blumen heißen Roſen.

Wer mag denn nun der Jüngling ſein?
„Wie kannſt Du nur noch fragen?"
Iſt es der Frühling wohl? „O nein!"
„Und doch wär' Ja! zu ſagen."

Er iſt der Frühling unſrer Bruſt,
Wenn wir uns ihm ergeben,
Dann fühlen wir in uns die Luſt
Von Blüth' und Sommerleben.

Er iſt der Frühling auf der Welt,
Dem Winter warm entſtiegen;
Er zeigt, wie jedes Blatt, das fällt,
Neugrünend werde ſiegen.

Wenn Du's im Sommer glühend meinſt,
Und hegeſt ihm die Blüthen,
Dann wird er für den Herbſt dereinſt
Die ſchönſten Früchte hüten.

Wohlauf, mein Herz, du weißt und ſingſt:
Der Herr iſt auferſtanden,
Von dem Erlöſung du empfingſt
Aus feſten Winterbanden!

Der Jüngling, Frühling, Heiland hold,
Läßt ſeinen Heiligthumen,
Die Roſen aus dem Abendgold
Nach unſerm Grab entblumen.
(1818.)

Himmelfahrt.

Wir haben es vernommen
Das tiefſte Herz hat Kunde,
Du biſt zum Himmel kommen,
Zum Heil der Todeswunde.

Wer iſt, der das nicht glaubte?
  Er ſagt's, der Maienregen,
Der Baum, der grünbelaubte,
  Der Zweig im Blüthenregen.

Zum Himmel flog Dein Wagen,
  In's Blau die Purpurwolke,
Und ſchwebend ward'ſt getragen
  Von holder Engel Volke.

Doch, biſt Du auch gefahren,
  Herr, zu des Himmels Fluren;
Hier unten noch bewahren
  Wir Deiner lieben Spuren.

Das Weh'n der Lüfte linde,
  Iſt Deines Odems Süße,
Die Stimmen in dem Winde,
  Sind Deines Mundes Grüße.

Die goldnen Sonnenſtrahlen
  Sind Deiner Blicke Koſen;
Der Thau der Liebesqualen,
  Dein Blut, die jungen Roſen.

Und Deine letzten Thränen
  Seh'n noch auf unſre Auen
Wir, ſpiegelnd unſer Sehnen,
  Als erſte Perlen thauen.

Doch in des Herzens Tiefe
  Flammt höh'rer Sehnſucht Walten;
Daß es da unten ſchliefe,
  Um Himmelfahrt zu halten.
(1818.)

Zwei Sonntagslieder.

1.

Die Sonne ſcheint ſo golden
  Auf Wieſe, Berg und Wald,
Und letzet all die holden
  Gewächſe mannigfalt.

Den Blick emporgeſchlagen,
  Dann wieder niederwärts;
Ich weiß es nicht zu ſagen,
  Mir wird ſo warm ums Herz.

Gott! wie iſt Deine Erde
  So herrlich und ſo ſchön,
Daß Leiden, Pein, Beſchwerde
  Vor Luſt muß untergeh'n!

O! wär' es auszudrücken,
  Du milder Vater, Du!
Es läßt ja das Entzücken
  Den Worten keine Ruh'!

Ich ſeh zum Strome nieder,
  Wie's da vom Lichte blinkt;
O Herr, das ſind die Lieder,
  Die Dir mein Herze bringt.

Dann horch' ich auf das Regen
  Der Blätter über mir,
Und mich umfängt's wie Segen,
  Mein Herr und Gott von Dir.

2.

O Gott, wie biſt Du gütig
  Und unausſprechlich mild!
Gieb, daß nicht übermüthig
  Mein Herz vor Wonne ſchwillt.

Da kommt ein hell Geläute
  Von Glocken durch die Fern;
Es iſt ja Sonntag heute,
  Und Alles preiſt den Herrn.

Und hier auf meinen Knieen
  Wird mir ſo ſüß und gut;
Die Ruh' will mich durchziehen,
  Womit der Herr geruht.

D'rum will ich hier auch ſingen
  Und beten ſonder Wank',
Und jedes Lied ſoll bringen
  Lob, Preis, Gebet und Dank.

Nie wird ein Sonntag kommen,
  Wie Gott ihn ſelber hält,
Wenn einſt er ſeinen Frommen,
  Mich liebend zugeſellt.

So gieb, o Herr! mir Stärke,
  Was Du gewollt, zu thun,
Daß froh vom Tagewerke
  In Dir ich möge ruh'n!

Ergebung.

Ich habe viel beſeſſen,
  Herr der Barmherzigkeit,
Und werd' es nie vergeſſen
  Durch alle Lebenszeit.

Das Schönſte, was die Sinnen
  Empfanden, hörten, ſah'n,
War mir zu reinem Minnen
  Auf ewig zugethan.

Du haſt es mir genommen, —
  Doch nein, du nimmſt ja nichts,
Du ließeſt es nur kommen
  Zurück zum Quell des Lichts.

Ich weiß, o Herr der Hulden,
  Daß ich im ſelben Schein —
Will ich's nicht ſelbſt verſchulden,
  Einſt ſelig werde ſein.

Da find' ich Sie dann wieder,
  Die mich mit Schmerz gebar,
Und Sie, die meiner Lieder
  Luſt und Entzücken war.

Vielleicht wär' ich verſunken
  Im Welt und Sündentand;
Nun blick' ich ſehnſuchttrunken
  Nach dem geliebten Land.

Und weil Du's nun verheißen,
  Wenn man mit Fleiß d'rauf acht't,
So laß, o Herr, Dich preiſen,
  Daß Du's ſo leicht gemacht!

Laß, Herr, mein ganzes Leben
  In Dank nur gehen hin,
Daß Du, was Du gegeben
  Mir nahmſt mit Vaterſinn.

Und wenn Du, was ich habe,
  Mir auch noch fordern willſt,
Herr, ſo iſt's Deine Gabe
  Und Du ſtillſt immer mild.

Heil Land.

Was iſt denn dieſes Eiland,
  Das man die Erde nennt,
Wenn ſtets nicht für den Heiland
  Das Herz in Sehnſucht brennt!

Nur daß uns, hierherverſchlagen,
  Umſchließt der Gnade Meer,
Macht die Verbannung tragen,
  Die ſonſt zu herbe wär'.

Das iſt der Troſt im Leiden,
  Weshalb man viel vergißt,
Daß wir dahin verſcheiden,
  Wo unſer Heil Land iſt.

Kreuzesluſt.

Ich weiß von keinem Lichte mehr,
Wenn's nicht vom Kreuz mir leuchtet
Und fühle dann mein Herz nur ſchwer,
Wann nicht mein Aug' ſich feuchtet.

Sich feuchtet, ja vor Luſt und Weh,
Vor Wehmuth und vor Wonne,
Nur in des Lebens Nächten ſeh'
Ich meines Tages Sonne.

Des Tages Sonne ſtrahlt allein
Mir über meinem Grabe,
Drum ruht im ſtillen Kämmerlein
Erſt meine reichſte Habe.

All' meine Hab' iſt hier das Blut,
Das Er für mich vergoſſen,
Sein ſüßer Leib, in heil'ger Gluth
Als Wein und Brod genoſſen.

Genoſſen, wenn ich bei Ihm bin
Werd' ich erſt Beides haben,
Da wird mir Leib und Blut den Sinn
Erſt unauslöſchlich laben.

Doch unauslöſchlich laben ſchon
Mich hier, ſo Luſt als Leiden,
Durch Ihn wird mir ja Luſt zu Lohn,
Mein Leid ſtillt Sein Mitleiden.

Mitleiden, Herr, haſt Du mit mir,
Wann ich in Kämpfen ringe;
Beut' iſt mir Kelch und Kreuz — Panier,
Womit ich zu Dir dringe.

So dring' ich denn auch weiter nicht,
Daß Gott zu Dir mich fordert,
Je länger hier mein Herze bricht,
Je heller es dort lodert.
(October 1818.)

Ich glaube.

Ich glaube an die Seligkeit
In jenen Himmelsauen,
Wohin wir aus der Zeitlichkeit
In Sehnſucht überſchauen.

Ich glaube an das Wiederſeh'n
Der abgeſchiednen Fernen;
Wie würd' auf Erden ich beſteh'n
Vertraut' ich nicht den Sternen.

Ich glaube an ein Auferblüh'n
Des Lied's, das ich gedichtet,
Drum war auch ſtets der Seele Glüh'n
Im Lied' auf Gott gerichtet.

Der Glaub' allein der Heiligkeit
Von Sehnſucht, Liebe, Streben,
Kann in die Eiſenkette Zeit
Drei goldne Ringe weben.

Licht in Nacht.

Der Du im mächt'gen Dunkel
Auf uns herniederblickſt,
Und aus dem Sterngefunkel
Uns Troſt ſo milde ſchickſt:
O Herr der Gnaden, leuchte
Mir Heilung in das Herz,
Daß mir als gut nur däuchte
Was gut iſt allerwärts.

Nicht nur das Ird'ſche hüllet
In trübe Nacht ſich ein,
Was unſern Buſen füllet:
Schmerz, Sehnſucht, Luſt und Pein
Iſt oft ſo ganz umhangen
Von Schatten, ſchwarz und dicht,
Daß wir in Furcht erbangen
Den Weg zu finden nicht.

Ein Weg nur iſt der rechte,
Doch ſind der Wege viel:
Wo iſt denn nun der ächte
Zu dem gerechten Ziel?
Und wie ſoll ich ihn finden?
Wie wird mein Wandel feſt,
Wenn mich in dieſen Gründen,
Herr Deine Hand verläßt?

Doch Deine Hand iſt immer
Dem Pilger ausgeſtreckt,
Wenn er vor ihrem Schimmer
Den Blick nur nicht verdeckt.
So wie die Nacht mit Lichte
Der milde Mond durchzieht,
Iſt mir kein Dunkel dichte,
Wo mich Dein Auge ſieht.

Wohl und Weh.

Das größte Wohl auf Erden
Kann mir zum größten Weh
Einſt ob den Sternen werden,
Wenn ich hier untergeh.

Das größte Weh dagegen
Zum größten Wohl mir wird
Wenn ſich im wahren Segen
Mein Herze nur nicht irrt.
(December 1818.)

Weihnachtslied.

Der Schnee iſt reich gefallen,
Ein weißer Mantel, deckt
Er mild die hohe Wiege
Die uns zum Licht erweckt.

Es iſt doch groß und herrlich
Daß, wo die Unſchuld liegt,
Die reine weiße Hülle
Sich liebend an ſie ſchmiegt.

O! deckt ein ſolcher Teppich
Einſt unſre Särge warm,
Kind, König, Gott, dann nimmſt Du
Uns ſegnend in den Arm.

Zweites Weihnachtslied.

Wenn draußen Blumen trauern,
Geſchieht, daß im Gemüth
Der allerſchönſte Garten
In freud'ger Fülle blüht.

Die Blumen auf der Erde
Seh'n ſchmerzlos wir verwehn.
Es läßt uns ja der Himmel
Viel beſſre Blumen ſeh'n.

Durch unnennbaren Zauber
Iſt uns kein Blatt verdorrt;
Im Paradies des Innern
Blüht Alles ſelig fort.

Es ſonnt ſich, wie in Spiegeln,
Stets fort in unſrer Bruſt
Der Garten unſrer Liebe,
Der Garten unſrer Luſt.

Und aller Blumen Blume
Erhebt das Haupt ſo zart:
Die Lilje; Paſſions-Blume
Und Liebesroſe ward.

Ihr Kelch und ihre Krone
Beleuchtet alle Welt,
Mit einer Strahlenglorie
Vor der ſie niederfällt.

Ihr Stengel wird zum Stabe
Der uns im Wanken ſtützt

Ihr Blut zum Trunk, der heilend
Vor jedem Gifte ſchützt,

Und ſenken wir die Häupter
Gleich andern Blumen hin,
Dann wird uns erſt recht blühend
Und recht beglückt zu Sinn.

Sie deckt mit ihren Blättern
Uns wie mit Liebeshand,
Und läßt uns auferſtehen
Wie ſie einſt auferſtand.

Die drei Fräulein von Boyneburg.

1.

In meinem lieben Heſſenland
Steht eine hohe Bergeswand,
Drob ragt die Boyneburg:
Da flattern die Dohlen vom grauen Geſtein,
Da wachſen die Bäume zum Fenſter hinein
Da ſtürmen die Winde hindurch.

Wie ging's dort ſonſt ſo luſtig her!
Wer glaubte, daß es möglich wär',
Käm's nicht von Mund zu Mund:
Wie wehte vom Thürmlein das bunte Panier,
Und Ringeltanz gab es und Ringelſpiel hier,
Roß, Spindel und Küſſe allſtund.

Doch war vor Allen froh daran
Der alte wackre Rittersmann,
Dem Gott drei Fräulein gab;
O hättet ihr doch die drei Fräulein geſehn
Im duftigen Garten, im Hain ſich ergehn,
Wo's grauſig jetzt modert wie Grab.

Mechthildis hatte goldnes Haar,
Bei Bertha wallt' es braun und klar,
Bei Jutta ſchwarz wie Nacht;
Der Tag lag im Auge Mechthildens ſo blau,
Im Nelkenblick Bertha's glänzt Abend es Thau,
Bei Jutta der Sternelein Pracht.

2.

Gar mancher junge Degen, traun,
Aus Thüringens und Heſſens Gaun,
Freit um die Fräulein mild;
So oft nur das Hörnlein am Burgthor erklingt,
So iſt es ein Jungherr, von Knappen umringt,
Mit Goldhelm und ſilbernem Schild.

Einſt grüßet ſanft das Maienkind,
Herr Frühling, wieder all ſo lind,
Und fröhlich ſteht der Wald;
Die blumigen Sträußer, die wirft er zumal
Herunter vom Felſen, herauf aus dem Thal,
Und Alles ſpringt luſtig und ſchallt.

Da gingen, ſelbſt ein Blumenſtrauß,
Die holden Fräulein munter aus,
Im Hain ſich zu ergehn;
Sie ſah'n in der Bronnen weißblinkenden Fall,
Sie horchten der Nachtigall ſchwebenden Schall,
Und glaubten's ſchon all zu verſtehn.

Und horch wie durch das heil'ge Grün
Des Finken friſche Töne ziehn,
Daß Sehnſucht Wehmuth regt,
So wogt jetzt des Waldhorns tiefwonniger Klang,
Ein ſchwellendes Grüßen, ein Waldengeſang,
Der alles mit himmelauf trägt.

Dann wieder, wie ſo ſtolz und klar:
Zur Sonne fleugt der Königsaar,
Als wäre ſie ſein Thron,
So ſchmettert von drüben geflügelt hinan
Durchs Laubdach die blaue, luftſonnige Bahn,
Drommete mit wirbelndem Ton.

Doch mitten wie durchs laub'ge Dach
Sein ſchmelzend Weh, ſein weiches Ach
Der zarte Sproſſer ruft,
So wandelt tiefſeliges, goldnes Getön
Von leiſem Geſang und Zitherſpiel ſchön
Süß zitternd recht her durch die Luft.

3.

Und auf einmal, an grüner Wand,
Die gen dem Fräulein überſtand,
Drei hohe Ritter ſtehn;
Sie ſehn, wie im klaren, blauwallenden Teich
Sich ſpiegeln die Schildlein, die Büſche zugleich,
Die freudig den Helmen entwehn.

Dem Einen ſtrahlt ſo blank vom Schild
Das Gold- und Silberwappenbild,
Das Goldherz ſonnenrein,
Durchs Silberfeld aber, mit brennender Gluth,
Zog, recht wie auf Erden, Treu', Ehre und Muth,
Drei hellrother Balken Blutſchein.

Der Andre Gluth und Licht nur ſtrahlt,
Nur Roth und Gold ins Waſſer malt .
Des Panzers prächt'ge Zier,
Und über dem Helme zwei Lanzen gereiht,
Die goldne iſt Tugend, die rothe iſt Streit,
Durch Streit nur ſiegt Tugend ja hier!

Gleich Sternen dann am Himmelszelt
Im blauen Feld der dritte hält
Drei Roſen ſilberweiß,
Im rothen Gefilde der güldene Leu
Schaut drüber herunter fromm liebende Treu,
Bewachend den himmliſchen Preis.

Doch bald durch alle Büſche bricht
Die Knappenſchaar in Reihen dicht. —
Drommete, Zither, Horn,
Die wirbeln und klingen und tönen darein,
Da ſtoben zum Schloſſe die drei Jungfräulein,
Faſt glühend vor lieblichem Zorn.

4.

Am Abend ſtrahlt der helle Saal,
Von Mund zu Mund geht der Pokal,
Kredenzt von rothem Mund,
Und weil immer höher der Ritterblick fliegt,
Sich tiefer der Minnigen Sonnenblick ſchmiegt,
Ob roſigern Wangen zum Grund.

Der Gold- und Silberritter ſchaut
Mechtildis an ſo lang und traut,
Mit ſchwarzem Funkelblick:
Dein Auge, ſo dacht' er, iſt mein Paradies,
Was ſich im blauſonnigen Himmel mir wies,
Das nimmt mir kein Erdengeſchick.

Der roth und goldne Ritter taucht
Den Blick zum Blick, der wie umhaucht
Vor duft'gen Nelken glüht,
Und wird ihm beim bräutlichen ſpiegelnden Schein
Als ſäh' er ſich ſelber zum Spiegel hinein,
Der ähnlich entgegen ihm blüht.

Doch des Sangritters Augenlicht
So treu zu Jutta's Auge ſpricht,
Wie blaue Blume am Bach,
Als rief's hier am nächtigen Himmel, der tief
Im dunkelklar funkelnden Waſſerlicht ſchlief,
Weiß roſige Sternelein wach.

5.

Auf einmal heben ſich die Drei
Schnell vom Bankettiſch kühn und frei,
Die Humpen hoch geſchwenkt,
Und reichen die mannhaften Hände ſich hin
Zum lauten Gelübde: Herz, Seele und Sinn
Sei ihren drei Fräulein geſchenkt.

Aufhebet der alte Herr das Mahl,
In Händen auch den Goldpokal,
Zollt er den Rittern Dank,

Die Fräulein indeſſen, die beſten ſo roth
Zum Eſtrich, der wankt, daß zu ſchüttern er droht,
Die ſtarrenden Blick' ohne Wank.

Da ſinken die drei Gäſte, ſieh',
Mit Zittern nieder auf die Knie',
Und flehn einmüthiglich:
Herr, gebt mir Mechthildis, die Lilienbraut!
Herr, gönnet mir Bertha, die Nelke ſo traut!
Herr, Jutta, die Roſe, für mich!

Der Burgherr hebt ſein Haupt empor,
Sein Auge ſchwebt zum Sternenchor,
Wildflammend durch die Nacht.
Dann faßt er die Jünglinge ſanft bei der Hand,
Hin geht's zur Kapell', wo am Kreuz in der Wand
Der Heiland ſtets blutet und wacht.

Der Heldengreis hebt feurig an:
„Des Heiles Thor iſt aufgethan,
Es iſt das Grab des Herrn!
Zum Grabe des Herrn mit dem Kreuzespanier,
Mit dem Oelblatt vom Oelberg kommt wieder zu mir,
Dann geb' ich die Fräulein euch gern."

Die Helme ſtrahl'n im Morgenſchein,
Die Fähnlein fliegen luſtig drein,
Drei Ritter reiten fort;
Drei Fräulein vom Söller die blicken hinaus,
Drei Schärpen noch wehen, doch bald iſt es aus,
Sie blicken, doch nichts mehr iſt dort.

6.

Der Lenz verging, der Sommer kam,
Der Herbſt vom Wald die Blätter nahm,
Der Winter bringt den Schnee,
Der Frühling kommt wieder, der Sommer kommt auch,
Der Herbſt weht ſchon Blätter vom Grabhügelſtrauch,
Dir, Fräulein, geborgen vor Weh.

O Juniusmond, du ſchöner Mond,
Wo Sonn' auf Roſenthronen wohnt,
Die Roſ' als Sonne lacht,
Wie ſangen heut Vöglein viel Tauſend am Tag,
Wie klingt jetzt der Nachtigall einſamer Schlag
Sehnſüchtig durch mondliche Nacht!

„Ei Jutta, ſag', was hebſt denn du
Vom Bett dich und kommſt auf uns zu,
O Schweſterlein, ſag' an!
Haſt etwa deine Ave Marie nicht geſagt,
Hat gar dich die böſe Frau Holla geplagt,
Hat Hämmerling Leid's dir gethan?

Die Jutta ſteht da todtenblaß,
Es fleugt das Haar, das Aug' iſt naß,
Ganz ſacht' erbebt der Mund:
„O Bertha, Mechthildis, was hab' ich geträumt!
O ſagt mir, ſitzt ihr da vom Mondlicht beſäumt?
Ach, lebt ihr noch? thut mir es kund!"

Was haſt du Schweſterlein? „O ſtill,
Weil ich euch was erzählen will,
Was ſchier mein Herz zerreißt!
Wir waren mitſammen, die Luft war ſo blau,
Die Quellchen all blitzten wie Kelche voll Thau,
Doch uns wurde heimlich im Geiſt."

„Dort, wo das Kruzifix bekränzt,
Im Mondſchein auf dem Berge glänzt,
War'n wir, und mußten knie'n,
Dort ſahn wir hinauf und wir beteten laut,
Und Grüße nahm mit ſich jed' Herzgebet traut,
Wo Wünſch' und Goldwolken hinziehn."

„Da durch das lichte blaue Meer
Kam eine mächt'ge Wolke her,
Schien wie ein Schiff zu gehn,
Und drinnen da ſaßen, ihr wißt es ja ſchon —
Nur einer, der trug eine güldene Kron,
Doch welcher, das konnt' ich nicht ſehn."

„Es war zu helle; ſchaut, da fuhr
Ein Blitz her durch die ganze Flur,
Und fuhr auf uns herab;
Und horcht, droben ſingen die Stimmen allſüß:
„Der Blitz hat geſchlagen, komm' in's Paradies!
Gott will es! ich bat, und er gab."

7.

Der Morgen lacht am Himmelblau,
Schenkt in die Blumenkelche Thau,
Und ſpielt im Quellenſtrahl,
Am Kreuz auf dem Berge, im ſonnigen Schein,
Da liegen und beten die drei Jungfräulein,
Gar heimlich im Geiſte zumal.

Sie ſchaun hinauf in ſel'ger Luſt;
Nein, ſonſt hat nichts von Glück gewußt
Die Bruſt, von Liebe nichts;
Jetzt ſchwimmen die Goldpurpurwölkchen erſt ſchön,
Jetzt dürfen die Grüße mit ihnen erſt gehn,
Sie kommen vom Borne des Lichts!

Da wird's auf einmal ſchwarz und trüb,
Als ob ein Wetter ſich erhüb,
Wird Nacht es um Mittag;
Und Donner, horcht, rollen dumpf, dunkel und ſchwer,
Und weiß fallen Feuer vom Himmel umher,
Horch, wehe, da ſchmettert ein Schlag!

„Geht, liebe Schweſtern, geht hinein,
Mechthildis muß alleine ſein,
Ich weiß es wohl, die ſtirbt;
Ich weiß es, die flammigen Blitze ſind nur
Die lichtrothen Balken, die Lockung zur Flur,
Die Ehre, Treu', Muth uns erwirbt.

„Geht hin, und bringt mir aus dem Haus
Stuhl, Spindel und Brevier heraus,
Wie's uns die Mutter gab,
Arbeiten und beten, und wachen und flehn,
Muß bis zu der letzten Stunde geſchehn,
Dann geht ſich's ſo wacker ins Grab."

Mechthildis ſaß den ganzen Tag,
Sie lächelt froh bei jedem Schlag,
Arbeitet, betet, wacht;
Die Schweſtern da drinnen, die weinen und ſchau'n.
Der Tag bringt den Abend, die Nacht bringt das Grau'n,
Mechthildis bleibt ſitzen die Nacht.

Wohl manchmal flammt das goldne Haar
Langwehend hin, ſelbſt blitzesklar
Im Blitz, der um ſie bebt,
Sie lächelt, knie't nieder, ſie betet und weint,
Ob nicht ihr der Strahl der Vereinung erſcheint,
Der letzte Blitz fällt und ſie — lebt.

8.

Der Morgen putzt ſich gelb und blau,
Sein Kleid blitzt all von Demantthau,
Mechthild weint ſtill für ſich.
O ſieh doch, Mechthild, wie die Schweſtern ſich freun,
Sie herzen ſich minnig mit inniger Treu'n,
„Wir ſterben ſo gerne für dich."

Doch wieder hebt der Rabe Wind
Die ſchwarzen Flügel ſo geſchwind,
Gewitterwolkenſchwer,
Da ruft Fräulein Bertha ſo freudig hinein:
„Nein, herzige Schweſtern, nein, ich werd' es ſein,
Die Lanzen, ſie blitzen ſo ſehr!"

Wie ſitzt das Fräulein Bertha ſtill
Auf goldnem Stuhl und dreht die Spill,
Und ſingt und betet drein;
Wie harrſt du am Tage ſo freundlich und klar,
Wie funkelt zu Nächten dein lichtbraunes Haar,
Du Engel im himmliſchen Schein!

Die Schweſtern weinen, ach, und ſchau'n
Hinaus in Nacht, in Sturm und Grau'n,
Die Blitz und Schlag durchbebt,
Und Bertha knie't nieder, ſie lächelt, ſie weint,
Ob nicht ihr der Strahl der Vereinung erſcheint,
Der letzte Blitz fällt und ſie — lebt.

O ſeiner Morgen ſtrahlig blau,
Bringſt du noch einmal Licht und Thau
In der drei Fräulein Bruſt?
Wie liegſt du, o Bertha, ſo ſelig warm,
Umrungen vom ſchweſterlich minnigen Arm,
Wein' nicht, daß du leben noch mußt!

Die Fräulein liegen an dem Kreuz,
Das Leben hat doch einen Reiz,
Gebet und Sonnenſchein;
O werde ſo grau nicht, du hohes Gezelt,
O rolle nicht, Donner, im Zorn ob der Welt,
O züngelndes Ziſchen, halt ein!

9.

Allein in ihrer Kammer ſitzt
Gar ſtill das jüngſte Fräulein itzt,
Der Ewigkeit gedenk:
Von Schauern fühlt lind ſie den Buſen bewegt,
Dann küßt ſie das Kreuz, das am Herzen ſie trägt:
„Dank, Heiland, für's Heilsgeſchenk!“

Drauf thut ſich auf die kleine Thür,
Der fromme Pfarrherr tritt herfür,
Im goldnen Meßgewand,
Die Händ' auf dem Haupte der huldigen Braut:
„Dem Bräut'gam dort werde, ſo ſpricht er „getraut,
Sanft preßt dich die ſegnende Hand.“

Die Knieend' hebt ſich vom Boden mild,
Ein ſüß demüthig Engelbild,
Vom Sehnſuchtsfeu'r umglüht,
Da öffnet der Beicht'ger den heiligen Schrein,
Und ſpendet der Dürſt'gen den purpurnen Wein,
Dem Blut des Erlöſers entblüht,

So trinkt vom Blut, ſo ißt vom Leib,
Das halb ſchon ſtrahlverklärte Weib,
Daß ſeinen Himmel grüßt,
Dann nimmt ſie ein Schriftlein auf Pergamen,
Drauf Worte der Liebe, gleich Engelein ſtehn,
Der Liebe, die alles verſüßt.

„Gebt, Herr, wenn ich geſtorben bin,
Dies Teſtament den Armen hin
Der chriſtlichen Gemeind';
Am Tag da ich wandle die himmliſche Bahn,
Soll'n hier alle Hungrigen Speiſung empfahn,
Damit mir kein Auge mehr weint.“

10.

Um's hohe Bergkreuz fleucht der Blitz,
Da, Jutta, harret dein der Sitz,
Biſt du es, die ich ſeh',
Stillwandelnd, ach, ſtill von des Abſchiedes Leid,
Den Stürmen zum Spiele das flatternde Kleid,
Lichtweiß wie der ſtrahlende Schnee?

Der Sturm wächſt an mit jedem Schritt,
Die Ruh' in ihrem Buſen mit,
Von Ahnung weich umbebt,
Sie lächelt, knie't nieder, ſie betet und weint,
Ob nicht ihr der Strahl der Vereinung erſcheint,
Der erſte Blitz fällt und ſie — lebt!

Sie lebt, wo alles Leben quillt,
Am Born, der alle Sehnſucht ſtillt,
Wo erſt die Liebe wohnt;
O Vater, o Schweſtern, o weinet doch nicht,
Seht doch, wie ſie dort ſich den Myrthenkranz flicht,
Der Lieben und Leiden belohnt.

11.

Das Kirchlein glänzt im Fackelſchein,
Drin ſitzt die weinende Gemein,
Und ſingt gedämpft ein Lied;
Zwei Ritter da draußen die reiten daher,
„O kündet, Herr Burgvogt, die traurige Mähr,
Wer iſt es, ſagt ſchnell es, der ſchied?“

Der Burgvogt führt ſie ſtumm ans Grab
Sie ſteigen in die Gruft hinab,
Die Fräulein Jutta barg:
Drei goldene Saiten, ein blutiges Band,
Das brandgelb drei ſilberne Roſen umwand,
Die legen ſie hin auf den Sarg.

„Du Bruder, den auf ferner See,
Ein Strahl vom Himmel ſonder Weh
In ſeine Wonne nahm,
Du ſeliger Schiffer zum ewigen Land,
Du kameſt zu Hafen am ſonnigen Strand,
Du riefeſt noch „Jutta!“ — ſie kam!“

12.

Es war ein trübes Feſtgelag
An beider Ritter Ehrentag,
Der Burgherr ſaß ſo bleich,
Wie manchmal wurde hinüber geblickt
Zur lieblichen Roſe, im Sommer geknickt,
Die Herzen war'n alle ſo weich.

Sie ſaßen Abends an dem Bach,
Und gaben ſeufzend manch ein Ach!
Den kleinen Wellen mit;
Da ſtands gegenüber auf einmal ſo klar
Wie Silber, im Geiſt Fräulein Jutta es war.
Die leiſ' aus der Waldesnacht ſchritt.

Sie hob zum Haupt die weiße Hand,
Wo ein weitleuchtend Perlenband
Der Locken Schmelz durchwob;
Und ſie, darüber erglühten zum Kranz
Drei himmliſche Roſen im ſilbernen Glanz,
Und horch, welch ein Wort ſich erhob:

„Zwölf volle Monden ſind es ſchon,
Daß euch mein reiner Geiſt entflohn,
So weint nicht mehr um mich;
Laßt ſchlafen die Hülle ſo ſüß und ſo tief,
Sanft ſchläft ſie, wie einſt ſie im Mutterarm ſchlief,
Lebt, liebt, werdet glücklich wie ich.“

Denn meiner Seele Seligkeit,
Die ſagt ſich nicht, weil dieſe Zeit
Kein Maaß noch dafür giebt;
Drum kommt bald, und glaubt mein verſchwebendes Wort
O Lieben! der Himmel des Himmels iſt, dort
Zu finden, was hier wir geliebt.“

Die Boyneburg ſteht lang ſchon leer,
Kein Ritter wohnt da droben mehr,
Doch drunter liegt ihr Hort,
Denn jetzt noch, wenn trauernde Liebe dort weint,
Steht's ſchneeweiß am Schloßthor, die Jungfrau erſcheint,
Zeigt ſtill himmelan, und ſchwebt fort.

Franz Friedrich Freiherr von Maltitz.

Das Leben dieſes Schriftſtellers iſt uns nur ſoweit bekannt, als wir wiſſen, daß er zu Ende des 18. Jahrhunderts in Oſtpreußen geboren wurde, nach vollendeten Studien und beim Umſturz der franzöſiſchen Gewaltherrſchaft mit der ruſſiſchen Regierung in Verbindung kam, zum kaiſerlich ruſſiſchen Staatsrath erhoben und mit den Ritterkreuzen mehrerer Orden ausgezeichnet wurde. Er lebte als Mitglied der ruſſiſchen Geſandtſchaft längere Zeit in Berlin, ſpäter in München.

Von ihm erſchien:

Athalia. Trauerſpiel nach Racine. Karlsruhe 1816, 8.
Alzire. Trauerſpiel nach Voltaire. Ebendaſ. 1817, 8.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1817, 8.
Die Geiſter auf Yburg. Ritterſage. Ebendaſ. 1817. 12.

Demetrius. Trauerſpiel nach Fr. v. Schiller's Entwurf. Ebendaſ. 1817, 12.

Ein feines, durchgebildetes Talent, deſſen Leiſtungen ſich durch Anmuth und Correctheit auszeichnen, was ſich vorzüglich in ſeinen Ueberſetzungen beurkundet. — Sein Trauerſpiel „Demetrius“ erſchien zwar auf einigen Bühnen, würde aber glücklicheren Erfolg gehabt haben, wenn nicht den Zuſchauern ſtets die Vergleichung zwiſchen dem, was Schiller bei ihm vergönnter Vollendung geſchaffen hätte, mit der vorliegenden, nothwendig ſchwächeren Arbeit v. M's vorſchwebte. —

Gedichte von Franz Friedrich Freiherr von Maltitz.

Auf den Sieg bei Leipzig am 19. October 1813.

Endlich biſt du, hoher Tag, erſchienen,
Welchen unſer wärmſter Wunſch erfleht,
Eine neue Hoffnung ſeh ich grünen
In dem Strahle deiner Majeſtät.
Aus der Nacht, die unſern Blick umgeben,
Stiegſt du auf, ein leuchtend Meteor,
Und im Glanze dieſer Hoffnung heben
Alle Herzen freudig ſich empor.

Tief erniedrigt in der Knechtſchaft Banden,
Lag des freien deutſchen Mannes Kraft;
Düſtre Nebel ſeinen Geiſt umwanden,
Feige ſchien ſein Heldenarm erſchlafft,
Laſtend drückten ihn die ſchwerſten Ketten,
Seine heil'ge Freiheit ſchien dahin
Und nichts konnte ihn erretten
Als ein feſter deutſcher Sinn.

Aber als auf ſeiner kühnſten Höhe,
Schon die Erde den Tyrannen ſah,
Fürchtend, daß er nimmer untergehe,
War die Nemeſis ihm rächend nah.
Endlich ſah die Welt die Hoffnung ſchimmern
Zu erringen, was ſie einſt verlor;
Und auf Moscau's heil'gen Trümmern
Dämmerte der Freiheit Strahl empor.

Drohend drangen die gewalt'gen Schaaren,
In Ruthenens nie bezwungnes Land,
Aber bald zerſtreut, beſieget waren,
Sie durch Alexanders ſtarke Hand.
Mit des Heldenmuthes edlem Feuer
Ward der Rettung großes Werk vollbracht,
Siegend ſtürzt der hohe Weltbefreier
In den Staub herab der Feindes Macht.

Schrecklich ward der Schreckliche gerichtet,
Und die Nerve ſeiner Macht zerſtört,
Seines Ruhmes Nymbus ſank vernichtet,
Friedrich Wilhelm griff zu ſeinem Schwerdte,
Und das Gluthgefühl der Rache ſtählet
Seiner Völker Herz zum heil'gen Streit;
Und des großen Friedrichs Geiſt beſeelet
Ihre Bruſt mit hoher Tapferkeit.

Prag, wir ſahn in deiner Mauern Kranze,
Drei erhabner Herrſcher Herrlichkeit,
Deren jeder in der Waffen Glanze,
Seinem Feind die Friedenspalme beut.
Nicht der Ehrſucht ſchreckliche Begierde
Leitet' ſie zum blutigen Gefecht,
Glüh'nder Eifer für der Menſchheit Würde,
Für die hohe Freiheit und das Recht.

Männlich führte Oeſtreichs tapfre Söhne
Franz, des edlen Herrſchers Machtgebot,
Werth, daß ihn der ſchönſte Lorbeer kröne,
In den Streit zum Siege oder Tod.
Und vereiniget zum Kampf der Rache,
Und vereint zur kühnen Gegenwehr
Zog vertrauend auf die heil'ge Sache
Wider ſeinen Feind das muth'ge Heer.

Zittre, ſtolzer Feind, an deine Küſten
Rauſcht die ſtrenge Nemeſis heran.
Deine [illegible] facht in allen Brüſten
Der gerechten Rache Flammen an.
Endlich iſt die Herrſchaft dir entriſſen,
Und gebeugt dein kühner Uebermuth,
Und das ſchrecklich ſtrafende Gewiſſen
Rächt an dir das ſchon vergoßne Blut.

Heil'ger Sieg, den Heldenmuth erſtritten,
Den der Weisheit reifer Plan erzeugt;
Alles, alles, was wir je gelitten
Dieſe hohe Wonne überſteigt.
Wer vergäße nicht des Leidens Nächte,
Und den eiſern ſchweren Druck der Zeit,
Wenn im herrlichen Gefechte
Endlich ſiegte die Gerechtigkeit?

Ha! ſchon flattern deine ſtolzen Fahnen,
Deutſchland, ſiegbekränzt im Hauch der Luft,
Und das Reich der mächtigen Germanen
Wird des fremden Unterdrückers Gruft.
Eng ſchloß ſich dein Volk aufs neu zuſammen,
In dem Sturm, dem es entgegenſtrebt',
Wie der Phönix aus des Grabes Flammen
Neu verjüngt zum Sonnenlichte ſchwebt.

Heil euch! ſiegbekrönten tapfern Heeren,
Auf des Ruhmes lorbeervoller Bahn;
Ewig wird die Nachwelt euch verehren,
Ewig ſtaunt ſie eure Thaten an!
Einer Welt die Freiheit zu erringen
Drangt ihr muthig heldenkühn hervor,
Auf des Sieges goldnen Schwingen
Steigt ihr zur Unſterblichkeit empor.

Jubelt Völker, jauchzt in hoher Wonne,
Jauchzt im millionenfachen Chor;
Denn es ſchwebt der Freiheit hehre Sonne
Am verklärten Horizont empor.
Bald wird euch der holde Friede kränzen,
Doch in ſtrahlenvoller Herrlichkeit
Wird der Name Alexanders glänzen,
Der euch von der Knechtſchaft Joch befreit.

An den Septimius.

(Von Horaz.)

Septimius, der du zu Gades Küſten
Mir folgen würdeſt in der drohendſten Gefahr!
Zu dem Cantabrier, der nie in ſeinen Wüſten
Gehorſam unſerm Joche war,
Bis zu der Syrten unwirthbarem Lande,
Wo ſtets die Welle ſchäumt am Felſenſtrande!

O möchte meines Alters ſichre Wohnung
Doch Tibur ſein, das einſt ein Grieche hat erbaut,
O wäre es mein Ziel, die ſüßeſte Belohnung
Für mich, im Kriegesdienſt zu Land und Meer ergraut.
Gönnt mir der Parzen Zorn auch hier nicht zu verweilen,
So muß ich zu Galeſus Ufern eilen,
An welchen wollenreiche Lämmer weiden,
Wo ſich ausbreitete Phalantus Reich;
Vor allen Ländern lacht mir Tibur's Hain voll Freuden,
Sein Honig kömmt Hymettus Honig gleich,
Vom blüh'nden Weinſtock iſt es weit umgeben,
Wetteifernd prangt es mit Venafro's Reben.
Des Winters Kürze und des Frühlings Länge
Schenkt Jupiter und Aulon grün umkränzt
Von Reben, deren farbenreiche Menge
Mehr als Falernums Traube glänzt.
Und dieſen Ort und dieſe ſtillen Höhen
Sollſt du vereint mit mir, Geliebter, ſehen.
Wann ich im Sturm der Jahre einſt geſunken,
So weine dort auf meinem Grab,
Mit Thränen netze dann der Aſche letzten Funken
Des Dichters, der ſich dir als Freund ergab.

An den Apollo.

(Nach Horaz.)

Was fleht der Dichter von Apollo's Güte?
Was bittet er, wenn er den jungen Wein
Ihm opfernd gießt mit dankendem Gemüthe?
Nicht den von goldner Saat umrauſchten Hain
Sardiniens, und nicht des Reichthums Quelle,
Calabriens, nicht Elfenbein und Gold,
Nicht die Gefilde, wo des Liris Welle
Des ſtillen Fluſſes klare Woge rollt.

Mag der ſich an Calener Trauben laben,
Dem ſich des Schickſals Gnade hat gezeigt;
Aus Golde trink' er den durch reiche Gaben
Erworbnen Wein, den Syrien erzeugt.
Der Glückliche, der ſelbſt den Göttern theuer,
So oft drang durch der Wogen ſchwarzes Grab,
Und durch die ſchauervollen Ungeheuer
Des Meers, dem Atlas ſeinen Namen gab.

Mir lächelt der Olive buntes Prangen,
Der ſüßen Malve ſchimmerndes Gewand.
Apollo, laß mich nur nach dem verlangen,
Was zum Genuß mein Wunſch bereitet fand:
Gieb mir des hellen Geiſtes ſtarke Tugend,
Die ſich mein Herz zum ſchönſten Gut erwählt:
Ein Alter, welchem nie die Kraft der Jugend,
Nie die Begeiſterung der Leyer fehlt!

Ode bei dem Schluſſe des Friedens 1814.

Ha! ſo ſtehſt du, herrlicher vollendet,
Hohes Werk, im lichten Schimmer da,
Wie noch nie von ſolchem Glanz verblendet
Je die graue Weltgeſchichte ſah;
Und die Menſchheit, die in ſchwarzen Nächten
Der Verzweiflung, der Bedrückung lag,
Fühlt ſich neu in ihren heil'gen Rechten,
Grüßet jubelnd ihren ſchönſten Tag.

Herrlich tönt aus den Helden Reihe,
Der Trompeten ſtolzer Feierklang;
Höher grüßet dieſes Tages Weihe
Unſrer Barden jubelnder Geſang.
Ach! des Sieges heil'ge Fahne wehte
Aus des Todes dunkelrother Fluth;
Aber dieſes Tages Morgenröthe
Leuchtet uns in reiner Himmelsgluth.

Was im blut'gen Streite jener Schlachten,
In des Todes leichenvoller Flur,
Unſrer Helden Schwerdter einſt vollbrachten,
War die Ausſaat dieſer Ernte nur.
Heute reift, was muthig ſie errungen,
Heute ſproßt die Blüthe ihrer That.
Herrlich hat zum Lichte ſich geſchwungen
Ihres Blutes theure Opferſaat.

Darum wende heut' bei dieſer Feier
Heil'ger Stunde, deinen frohen Blick
Mit des frommen Dankes reinem Feuer,
Auf der Leiden ſchreckliche zurück;
Nimmer ſei die dunkle Zeit vergeſſen,
Und der Todesnächte banger Kreis,
Reiner glühender wirſt du ermeſſen,
Deiner Rettung hohen Werth und Preis.

Schweigend lag es einſt wie Grabesſtille,
Schrecken brütete die Mitternacht;
Aber bald aus dieſer ſchwarzen Hülle
War der grimmige Orkan erwacht,
Und der Morgen leuchtete durch Flammen,
Aus den Gluthen floh die alte Nacht,
Und im Fall verſöhnet ſank zuſammen
Mit den Hütten der Palläſte Pracht.

Aber da erſchienſt du, hehre Stunde,
Eine Glorie im lichten Schein,
Da zum ewig feſten Bruderbunde
Sich die Völker ſchloſſen im Verein.
Durch der leichenvollen Städte Trümmer
Eilet ihr zu eurer Heldenbahn,
Und des heil'gen Kreuzes heller Schimmer
Leuchtete zum Siegen euch voran.

Und den Oelzweig ſahen wir umwehen
Unſrer Helden ernſten Lorbeerzweig,
Und die Friedensſonne ſich erheben
Aus der Nächte ſchauerlichem Reich.
Die Erhabnen, die mit Heldenſtärke
Zu Europens Rettern ſich geweiht,
Eilten zu dem großen Friedenswerke
In des Friedens ſichrer Einigkeit.

Und in neuer Bundeskraft erkennen
Wir auf's neu die Retter einer Welt;
Nichts vermag den heil'gen Bund zu trennen,
Den die Ewigkeit umſchlungen hält.
Und belohnet ward der Völker Glaube,
Und das große Friedenswerk vollbracht.
Fruchtlos zürnend nur in ſeinem Staube
Lauſchet grimmig das Geſchlecht der Nacht.

Ew'ge Glorie wird euch umwallen
In der ſpätſten Enkel ferner Zeit.
Siegreich tratet aus den Kämpfen allen
Weltbeglücker ihr im Heldenſtreit.
Oeſterreich ſah die Feinde ihr bezwungen,
Und durch Großmuth euern Sieg erneut;
Doch der herrlichſte, den ihr errungen,
Schmückt euch heute mit Unſterblichkeit.

Und ſo ſtehſt du herrlicher vollendet,
Hohes Werk im lichten Schimmer da,
Wie noch nie von ſolchem Glanz verblendet
Staunend je die Weltgeſchichte ſah.
Und in ihrer Hoffnung goldnen Stunden
Grüßt die Menſchheit ihren ſchönſten Tag,
Lichtvoll hat dem Chaos ſich entwunden,
Was im Schooß der Finſterniſſe lag.

Die Feuersbrunſt in der Nacht vom 20. auf den 21. Februar 1815.

Ha! was iſt es, das des Himmels Veſte
Mit des Todes blut'gen Farben malt?
Iſt's der Schimmer ſtürzender Palläſte
Der die graue Wölbung überſtrahlt,
Zeigten eines Feenſchloſſes Hallen
Der Vernichtung ihrer Mauern Pracht,
Deren ſtolze Zinnen nicht gefallen
In des Zeitenſtromes wilder Macht.

Dort, vom dunkelblauen Horizonte,
Den des Abends lichter Scheideſtrahl
Jüngſt mit bunten Farben überſonnte,
Flieht der hellen Silberſterne Zahl.
Wie vernichtet ſanken ſie zuſammen
Alle in des Blutes dunklem Meer,
Und verbleichend in des Todes Flammen
Leuchten ſie zur Hoffnung, ach! nicht mehr.

Hier, von dieſes Hügels ſteiler Höhe,
Der Zerſtörung ſchauerliches Bild,
Schon in fürchterlicher Nähe,
Sich dem bangen Wanderer enthüllt;
Dunkelblutig in der weiten Fläche
Liegt es da, ein drohender Vulkan,
In dem Lichte dieſer Feuerbäche
Spiegelt ſich die hohe Sternenbahn.

Ach, auch hier, wo in des Friedens Mitte
Einfach ſtill Genügſamkeit gewohnt,
Hat des Armen niedre Hütte
Deine Wuth, o Flamme! nicht verſchont,
Und die Frucht von Jahren ſinkt als Beute
In dein offnes todtenhelles Grab;
Horch, der Glocke wimmerndes Geläute
Tönt vom hohen Kirchenthurm herab.

Hülfe ſcheint und Rettung zu erflehen
Ihrer Klageſtimme düſtrer Klang,
Der ſo oft die blauen Höhen
Mit der Feſte Feierton durchdrang.
Drohend wogen ſchon die Feuerwellen
An der alten Kirchhofmauer Rand,
Und die Todtenkreuze ſich erhellen,
Die mit Blumen Liebe jüngſt umwand.

Selig ihr, die ihr im ſtillen Haine
Um der Kirche dunkle Halle ruht;
Fruchtlos röthet eurer Leichenſteine
Bleiche Gipfel der Vernichtung Gluth.
Glückliche, in eurer Friedensſtille
Rührt kein Jammer euer taubes Ohr,
Und aus eurer Wohnung ſichrer Hülle
Schreckt euch das Entſetzen nicht hervor.

Zitternd fliehn dort Kinder, ſchwache Greiſe,
Deren Kraft den Jahren ſchon erlag,
In der Todesflammen düſterm Kreiſe,
Aufgeweckt vom fürchterlichen Tag
Wanken ſie aus ihrer Hütte Räumen
Wie zerſchmettert von des Schickſals Laſt,
Aufgeſchreckt aus ihrer Hoffnung Träumen,
Eben von der Wirklichkeit umfaßt.

Sieh, wie kämpfen ziſchend mit den Gluthen,
Stets in friſcher Wogenkraft erneut,
Für die Rettung ringend dort die Fluthen
Ihres Daſeins fürchterlichen Streit.
Aber zum Verderben eng verbündet
Haucht dem Gegner tobend der Orkan,
Neu zum ſchrecklichen Triumph entzündet
In den Wolken ſiegender hinan.

Doch die Hoffnung trägt auf ſeinen Schwingen
Der, von welchem das Verderben ſtammt,
Rettung muß der Fürchterliche bringen,
Der die ungeheure Gluth entflammt.
Schwarze Wolken thürmt er ihr entgegen
Aber nicht wie ſonſt ein Schreckensbild;
Denn in Strömen ſenden ſie den Regen
Auf das rothe, brennende Gefild.

Ausgeſtorben liegt die öde Stelle,
Im Gewande der Vernichtung da,
Die der Abendſonne lichte Helle
Noch im grünen Friedensſchmucke ſah,
Fand die Mitternacht im blut'gen Schimmer
Ringend in des Todes Flammengrab,
Und der Morgen leuchtet jetzt auf Trümmer
Auf verzweifelnd Irrende herab.

Nur des Tempels ſtille Friedenshalle
Schimmert unverletzt im Morgenglanz,
Unverſehrt ſind die Gräber alle
Und der Todtenkreuze goldner Kranz;
Zu dem Heiligthum der Gnade winken
Sie der Unglückskinder bleiche Schaar,
Und im flehenden Vertrauen ſinken
Nieder ſie am leuchtenden Altar.

Gott der Allmacht, Vater voll Erbarmen,
Der die Nacht der Trübſal uns geſandt,
Trockne mild die Thränen deiner Armen
Durch der Brüder liebevolle Hand!
Heilung ſchenke ihrer Leidenswunde,
Kraft und muthig tragende Geduld;
Nach der Prüfung ſchreckenvoller Stunde
Zeige herrlicher ſich deine Huld!

An Julia Barine.

Nach Horaz. Ode VIII. Lib. II.

Wohl würd' ich trauen dir, wenn nur am Ende
Dein Meineid ſchädlich möchte für dich ſein,
Wenn er verminderte die Schönheit deiner Hände,
Und trübte deiner Zähne Elfenbein;
Doch wenn du mit verbrecheriſchen Schwüren
Dein treulos Haupt dem Orcus haſt geweiht,
Dann eilt Cythere dich mit neuem Reiz zu zieren,
Und höher ſteigt der Männer Zärtlichkeit.
So nützt es dir, der unbeſtraften Schönen,
Der Mutter Aſche in dem Todtenhain,
Des Himmels Sterne ſchwörend zu verhöhnen,
Der Götter ewigen unſterblichen Verein.
Selbſt Venus lächelt dir von ihrem Throne
Mit ihrer Nymphen Schaar in Paphos Hain,
Und mit Cupido, ihrem Sohne,
Der Pfeile ſchärft auf blut'gem Kieſelſtein.
In allen Jünglingen, die Romas Mauern faſſen,
Siehſt du ein Sclavenheer für dich erblühn,
Und ſelbſt die Langgetäuſchten nicht verlaſſen,
Wie oft ſie drohten — die Gebieterin.
Dich ſcheun die Mütter, dich der Greis für ſeine Söhne
Der Neuvermählten unglückſel'ge Schaar,
Für ihren Gatten fürchtet deiner Schöne
Verrätheriſche reizende Gefahr.

An Mäcenas.

Lib. II. Ode XII. Carm.

Verlange nicht Numantia in Trümmer
Geſtürzt, nicht Hannibal im wilden Kriegesdrang,
Nicht der Siculer Meer im blutigrothen Schimmer
Zu ſingen hören von der Lyra Klang.

Nicht jenen Streit, den die Lapithen einſt gerungen,
Nicht Hyläus von Bacchus Wuth belebt,
Der Erde Söhne nicht, die Herkules bezwungen,
Vor denen einſt Saturnus Haus erbebt.

Nein, zeichne mit dem Griffel der Geſchichte
Des großen Cäſars Heldenſchlachten auf,
Die droh'nden Könige, die er im ſtolzen Lichte
Geführt in des Triumphes Siegeslauf.

Mich heißt die Muſe nur Licymnien beſingen,
Nur ihrer Augen hellen Flammenſchein,
Nur unſer Herz, das ewig wird umſchlingen
Der Liebe Band im ſeligen Verein.

Wie reizend miſcht ſie ſich in unſrer Jungfrau'n Chöre,
Wie glänzend ſie beim muntern Spiel erſcheint,
Wenn am Dianens Altare
Der Tag des Feſtes ſie vereint.

Sprich, möchteſt du die Schätze alle
Des Perſerkönigs, und die uns bietet dar
Der Phryger, der Araber reichſte Halle,
Eintauſchen für ihr goldnes Haar.

Wenn ſie zu deinem Kuß ſich willig neiget,
Wenn ſie mit leichter Strenge ihn verſagt,
Den ſie, obgleich ſie ſelbſt ſich unerbittlich zeiget,
Oft ſelber dir zu rauben wagt.

Ariadne an Theſeus.

Nach Ovid.

Dir glich an Grauſamkeit kein Unthier je der Wüſte.
Kein Unmenſch lohnte ſo den, der ſich ihm vertraut!
Dies ruf' ich, Theſeus, hier an dieſer öden Küſte,
Wo treulos du verlaſſen deine Braut,
Wo mich mein Schlaf dem Schrecklichen verrieth,
Der ihn benutzend, meinem Arm entflieht;
Im winterlichen Reif erſchien der Morgen,
Es klagt der Vögel Chor im Laube dicht verborgen.

Noch kaum erwacht, um Theſeus zu umfangen,
Hob träumend meine Arme ich empor;
Sie ſuchten ihn in zärtlichem Verlangen
Und fanden nichts, als daß ich ihn verlor.
Es floh der Schlaf, den Einzigen zu miſſen
Mir jetzt die ſchrecklichſte Gewißheit war;
Jetzt ward die Bruſt im wilden Schmerz zerriſſen,
Und mein von Schlummer noch verwirrtes Haar.

Noch ſchimmerte der Mond, ich blickte nach dem Strande,
Doch ach! nur ihn mein banges Auge fand;
Bald hier-, bald dorthin ich die irren Schritte wandte,
Unwegſam hindert ſie der Wüſte dürrer Sand;
Am Ufer, lauter als die Woge rollte,
Erklang dein Name von dem Felſenſtein
So oft als ich, rief dich der Ort, er wollte
Der Unglückſeligen zur Rettung günſtig ſein.

Es war ein Berg, der jetzt mit kläglichen Geſträuchen,
Als Fels ſich über rauhe Wogen neigt;
Verzweiflung gab mir Kraft den Gipfel zu erreichen
Das unermeßne Meer ſich meinen Blicken zeigt.
Ich ſah den Wind in deine Segel wehen,

Feindſelig war mir auch das Reich der Luft.
Sah ich es, oder glaubt' ich's nur zu ſehen,
Mich faßte ſchon der kalte Hauch der Gruft.

Nicht lange läßt der Schmerz mich ruhig weilen,
Und „Theſeus“ ruft die Stimme meiner Qual,
Was fliehſt du, hemme deines Schiffes Eilen,
Noch mangelt ja ihm keine Zahl,
Und Linderung muß die Thräne mir gewähren,
Erſetzend was das Wort durch ſie verlor,
Auf daß du ſäh'ſt, was du nicht konnteſt hören,
Hob winkend meine Arme ich empor.

Ein weiß Gewand ließ ich in der Verzweiflung Schmerze
Die Luft durchwehn, daß dir's ein Zeichen ſei,
Du ſchwandeſt meinem Blick, der Thränen wildſte Quelle
Benetzt' die matten Augen jetzt auf's neu.
Was ſollten ſie, als mich beweinen,
Nachdem ſie deine Segel nicht mehr ſahn,
Bald irrt' ich wild umher, gleich wie in Bacchus Hainen
Die Prieſterin in ihres Gottes Wahn.

Bald ruht' auf einem Stein ich aus, mit bleichen Wangen
Schien ich ein kalter Felſenſtein wie er;
Zum Lager eilt' ich bald, das beide uns umfangen,
Das beide wir verließen, ach! nicht mehr.
In deiner Schritte Spur trat ich an deiner Stelle,
Wo du geruht, rief ich mit naſſem Blick:
Mit ihm vereint ſah mich des Abends bleiche Welle,
O Morgen, gieb mit ihm zurück! —

Darf ich den Ort nicht, wie ich kam, verlaſſen,
Wo find' ich meines Daſeins beſſern Theil?
Soll in Verzweiflung ich und hülflos hier erblaſſen,
Kein Menſchenantlitz zeigt mir Rettung hier und Heil.
Vom Meer iſt dieſe Küſte rings umgeben,
Kein Schiff naht rettend dieſem öden Strand;
Wohin auch? wenn ein Gott es mir gegeben!
Verſchloſſen iſt für mich das Vaterland.

Ja! flög' ich auch dahin auf Aeols leichten Flügeln,
Durch friedlich ſtille Fluth, ſo bin ich doch verbannt,
Nicht ſeh ich ſich im Meer mit hundert Städten ſpiegeln
Dich, Creta, Jovis theures Land,
Wo mein gerechter Vater herrſcht; verrathen,
Entehrt hat euch, Geliebte, meine That,
Da jenen Sieger einſt mein ſichrer Faden
Geleitet aus des Labyrinthes Pfad.

Du ſchwurſt: auf ewig biſt du jetzt die Meine,
So lang ein Athem unſern Buſen hebt;
Wir leben, und ich bin's nicht mehr, wenn eine
Verlaſſene, Verrathne anders lebt.
Hätt' mit des Bruders Blut mein Blut benetzt die Erde!
Hätt'ſt du mit meinem Tod gelöſet deinen Eid!!
Jetzt ſchreckt mich nicht nur, das, was ich leiden werde,
Nein alles, alles, was Verlaſſnen dräut.

Vernichtung naht ſich mir in tauſend von Geſtalten,
Ach, nicht ſo ſchrecklich iſt der Tod, als ſein Verzug;
Schon ſcheint bald hier bald dort vor meinem Sinn zu walten
Der wilden Wölfe räuberiſcher Zug.
Auch Löwen hegt vielleicht dies Land im dichten Schleier
Der Waldesnacht, vielleicht auch Tiger es ernährt;
Oft wirft das Meer an's Land der Tiefe Ungeheuer,
Und wer beſchützt mich vor der Menſchen Schwerdt?

In Knechtſchaft ſtirbt vielleicht für mich der Freiheit Flamme,
Im Sclavendienſt ermattet meine Hand,
Die ich von Minos und der Tochter Phöbus ſtamme,
Die einſt als Braut mit dir verknüpft ein heil'ges Band!
Meer, Land und Ufer füllen mich mit Schrecken,
Die Erde droht mir wie die Fluth ſo viel;
Doch ſelbſt der Himmel muß Entſetzen mir erwecken,
Verlaſſen bin ich hier, der wilden Raubſucht Ziel!

Und wenn auch Menſchen dieſes Land bewohnen,
Mir iſt die Treue ja der Fremdlinge bekannt;
O möcht' Androgeus doch noch mit dem Vater thronen!
O hätte nicht den Mord gebüßet Cekrops Land!
O konnteſt du doch nie den Kampf vollenden,
In dem du niederwarfſt die grauſe Zwiegeſtalt!
Hätt' ich den Faden nie vertrauet deinen Händen,
Der oft die Hand der Spinnerin durchwallt!

Was ſtaunen wir, daß du den Sieg errungen,
Daß Creta's Boden trank des Minotaurus Blut.
Die ehrne Bruſt ward nicht von ſeiner Wehr durchdrungen,
Sie ſchützte dich vor deines Feindes Wuth.
Hier trugſt du eine diamantne Hülle,
Doch deinem Herzen weicht an Härte dieſer Stein.
Grauſamer Traum, warum umſchloß mich deine Fülle,
Konnt' ich auf einmal nicht ein Kind der Nächte ſein!

Grauſamer Aeolus, zu früh haſt du erwacht,
Dein Heer, zu früh erfüllt, was meine Thräne bat!
Grauſame Hand, von unſerm Blut beflecket,
Die Treue, die du gabſt, verrieth die ſchwarze That.
Den Bund, mich zu verderben, mußten ſchließen
Der Schlaf, mein Glaube, und das Reich der Luft!
Wird keine theure Hand mein Auge ſanft verſchließen,
Wenn keine Mutter mehr an meiner Bruſt!

In fremde Lüfte hauch ich hier mein Leben,
Und keine Freundin ſeufzt, daß die Geliebte ſtarb;
Des Meeres Vögel meinen Leib umſchweben,
Iſt das die Gruft, die Liebe mir erwarb? —
Dich wird Cekropia, das Vaterland, umfangen,
Erzählen wirſt du dann auf hoher Burg dem Freund:
Wie du das Irrgewind des Labyrinths durchgangen,
Wie du bezwungen haſt den fürchterlichen Feind.

O dann vergeſſe nicht, Siegprangender zu ſagen:
Wie du verlaſſen mich am öden Strand;
Nicht Aegeus Gattin hat, nicht Aethra dich getragen,
Erzeugt hat dich das Meer, die rauhe Klippenwand.
Hätt'ſt du auf mich geblickt von deines Schiffes Höhen,
Du hätteſt Thränen meinem Loos gezollt.
Auch jetzt im Geiſte wag' es mich zu ſehen,
Am Felſen hängend, wo die Woge rollt.

Sieh mein verwirrtes Haar die bleiche Stirn umweben,
Von Regen ſchwer, von Thränen mein Gewand,
Es bebt mein Leib, wie ſchwache Halme beben,
Und zitternd regt ſich nur die matte Hand.
Vergeltung will ich nicht von dir empfangen,
Frei ſprech' ich dich von jeder Dankbarkeit;
Doch frägt der Rettung ſehnendes Verlangen:
Warum der Strafe haſt du mich geweiht?

Wenn ich auch nicht dir rettete das Leben,
Mußt du darum der Grund von meinem Tode ſein?
Ich ſtrecke dir, von Schrecken rings umgeben,
Die Arme nach vom rauhen Klippenſtein.
O bei den Thränen, welche meine Wangen
Durch dich benetzen, komm zu meiner Schmerzen Hain!
O komm, und wenn der Tod mich ſchon umfangen,
So ſammle mitleidsvoll der Dulderin Gebein!

Badens Entſtehung.

Ballade.

Verbleichend um die Tannenhügel
Sank ſchon der Sonne goldner Strahl,
Und ſchaute in der Bäche Spiegel
Sein lichtes Bild zum letztenmal.
Und an des Horizontes Bläue
Hob in der finſtern Bergesreihe
Des Mondes Klarheit ſich empor,
Und auf des Schwarzwalds dunkeln Höhen
Aus ihren Grüften leis erſtehen
Die Geiſter ſchon im ſtillen Chor.

Schon war in ſeinem bleichen Lichte
Der Eulen Todenruf erwacht,
Da nahten aus des Waldes Dichte
Drei Wanderer im Flor der Nacht.
Nichts leitet ihre irren Schritte
Aus ſeiner Pfade dunkler Mitte,
Wo nur das Heer der Schatten wallt.
Hoch über ihnen in der Ferne
Des Himmels leuchteten die Sterne,
Und ſchwarz umhüllte ſie der Wald.

Und immer düſtrer wird das Schweigen,
Und immer öder wird das Thal,
Der Tannen Rieſenbilder neigen
Wie Geiſter ſich im Mondenſtrahl;

Doch plötzlich leuchtet Wunderhelle
Und Roſenglanz um eine Quelle,
Erbleichend flieht die Nacht zurück.
Gleich Morgenlicht durch graue Trümmer
Erſcheinen wie im Mondenſchimmer
Gewebt drei Jungfraun ihrem Blick.

Und um die glänzenden Gebilde
Sich ein geheimer Zauber ſchlang,
Schon tönet es in hoher Milde
Von ihrer Stimmen holdem Klang:
Folgt uns, ihr Wandrer, zum Geſtade
Des Wunderſee's auf ſicherm Pfade,
Fern von des Waldes Nachtgefahr.
Bald ſtellte ſich mit klaren Wellen,
Die rauſchend am Geſtade ſchwellen,
Das Bild der Fluthen ihnen dar.

Sie nahn dem trügeriſchen Strande,
Schon winket dort erſehntes Ziel
Im weiten ſchimmernden Gewande;
Allein mit ſchauderndem Gefühl
Sehn ſie in ſchwarzen Wogenſchlünden
Die wilden Fluthen ſie umwinden,
Und in ein unbekanntes Grab,
Hinunter zu des Todes Reichen,
Wo jeder Hoffnung Strahlen weichen,
Riß ſie der Wirbelſturm hinab.

Doch endlich ringet ſich ihr Leben
Aus der Betäubung dunklem Flor,
Und ihre müden Augen heben
Sich zum Entſetzen neu empor;
Denn weit in der kryſtallnen Halle
Erkennen ſie die Geiſter alle,
Die ihre Kindheit einſt erſchreckt;
Und einen Greis im Schmuck der Jahre,
Im ernſten Glanz der Silberhaare,
Auf einem Thron ihr Aug' entdeckt.

Und zu des Thrones hohen Stufen,
Zum drohend harrendem Gericht,
Sind jetzt die Schuldigen berufen,
Entſetzen deckt ihr Angeſicht.
Nichts kann den Richtenden beſtechen,
Die That der Kühnheit nicht zu rächen,
Und jener fürchterliche Tod
Den ſie den Jünglingen bereitet,
Die ſie zum Bergeſtad geleitet,
Bald den Verführerinnen droht.

Doch mit geheimnißvollem Weben,
Von eines Gottes Macht gerührt,
Die bleichen Wandrer ſich erheben,
Die ſie zum Tode hingeführt,
Und flehen um der Armen Leben,
Für deren Schickſal jetzt ſie beben.
Mild blickt der Greis auf ſie herab:
Wohlan, des Richters ernſtem Grimme
Gebiete heut der Gnade Stimme,
Da der Gekränkte ſelbſt vergab.

So nehmet hin ein Angedenken,
Das noch die fernſte Nachwelt kennt;
Unſterblichkeit wird es euch ſchenken,
Die ſpäte Sage noch euch nennt.
Dem tiefen Hain der Nacht entwunden,
Den noch kein Sterblicher gefunden,
Nehmt dieſer Steine theures Pfand.
Verachtet nicht die äußre Hülle,
Mit ihnen liegt des Segens Fülle
Geheimnißvoll in eurer Hand.

Wenn ihr mit dieſen Felſenrinden
Berührt der Mutter Erde Schooß,
Dann windet in verborgnen Gründen
Sich dieſe Wunderfülle los.
Mit Ehrfurcht nahet dieſe Gaben,
Oft hat Verderben den begraben,
Der nicht der Götter Huld erkannt.
Er winkt, die Nachtgeſtalten ſchwinden,
Erſtaunt, betäubt ſie ſich finden
Erwachend an des Ufers Rand.

Und freudig ſie den Morgen grüßen,
Der an den Bergen ſtieg empor;
Die Wälder, die ſie rings umſchließen,
Weckte ein muntres Sängerchor.
Und was in den vergangnen Stunden
Sie kaum gelitten und empfunden,
Dünkt ihnen ſchon ein Traumgebild;
Doch lachend ſcheinen die Gewänder,
Der Anblick ihrer Rettungspfänder
Mit neuem Staunen ſie erfüllt.

Der weiſen Warnung ſchon vergeſſen,
Entbrennt des Einen frecher Muth,
Er ſchleudert trotzend und vermeſſen
Das ſeine in die helle Fluth.
Da ſchwärzet ſich der heitre Himmel,
Es tobt im nächtlichen Gewimmel
Die Schaar der Wogen an den Strand.
Schon ziſcht der Blitze Flammenfeuer,
Und drohend ſchießt ein Ungeheuer
Mit dumpfem Brüllen an das Land.

Entſetzen flügelt ihre Schritte,
Und durch Gefahren ohne Zahl,
Durch dunkler Todesſchlünde Mitte,
Durch Wald und Feld, durch Berg und Thal.
Entfernt von allem, was ſie ſchütze,
Fliehn ſie dahin in jedem Blitze
Sehn ſie des Ungeheuers Blick.
Es bebt der Wald, die Tannen brauſen,
Und ihre Schritte hält das Grauſen,
Das ſie beflügelte, zurück.

Die Rettung endlich ſcheint zu winken,
Des Sturmes Toben zu entfliehn;
An eines Berges Hange ſinken
Entathmet ſterbend ſie dahin.
Ein banger Schauer ſie durchbebet,
Da rollt wie eilend und belebet
Der Zauberſtein aus dem Gewand.
Und donnernd von der Felſen Gipfel
Durchſchmettert er die Tannenwipfel
Und ſtürzet ſauſend auf das Land.

Verſchwindend mit des Blitzes Schnelle,
Durchbohrt ſein Fall der Erde Schooß,
Dumpf brauſet es, wie ferne Welle,
Und ziſchend färbt ſich Gras und Moos,
Und leuchtend hob aus ihren Grüften
Sich eine Wolke zu den Lüften
Im goldnen Regenbogenſchein.
In Phöbus hellen Flammenblicken
Erſchien ſie ſchön wie das Entzücken
Der Hoffnung dem verſtummten Hain.

Und alles lockt die Wunderfülle
Zur kühnen Felſenhöh empor,
Und aus des Haines ernſter Stille
Trat bald Aurelia hervor.
Hier in dem Strom der Bergeswelle
Erfriſchet ſich des Lebens Quelle,
Und ſtrömt in hoher Kraft erneut;
Du eilſt vergnügt von ihrem Strande,
Und fühleſt leichter deine Bande
Im Thale der Vergänglichkeit.

So rauſche, heil'ger Quell, entrungen
Dem Schooß geheimnißvoller Nacht;
Aus Zauberkräften einſt entſprungen,
Bewahrteſt du der Zauber Macht.
Und Tauſende zu deinen Wogen,
Von deiner Hoffnung hingezogen,
Beſeelteſt du mit Kraft und Muth;
Sie ſuchten ſehnend, nicht vergebens
Den Urſprung eines neuen Lebens
In deines Urſprungs reiner Fluth.

Die Rettung.

Ballade. Nach einer Volksſage.

„Könnt' ich mich zu deinen Hügeln ſchwingen,
Grauer Schwarzwald, wo in lichter Pracht,
Noch der Sonne letzte Strahlen ringen
Mit dem Schattenheer der bleichen Nacht!
Könnt' ich da, wo mit des Himmels Bläue

Sich dein dunkles Rieſenhaupt vermählt,
Meine Kraft verjüngen doch auf's neue,
Von der Freiheit Gluthgefühl beſeelt."

Fruchtlos klagt der Jüngling, fruchtlos wendet
Sehnend in die Ferne ſich ſein Blick.
Der, vom rothem Abendglanz verblendet,
In des Kerkers Grauſen ſank zurück;
Und die Nacht mit ihren ſchwarzen Flügeln
Neigte von den Bergen ſich ins Thal,
Auf des Waldgebirges blauen Hügeln
Starb der Sonne letzter Scheideſtrahl.

Und er ſinkt in ſchweigendes Ermatten,
Aber horch, es rauſchet ferner Klang;
Durch der Kerkerhallen öde Schatten
Wandelte ein leiſer Geiſtergang,
Einer Gottheit Nähe ſich verkündet,
Ha, der letzte Riegel klirrt empor!
Und ein milder Roſenſchimmer windet
An den ſchwarzen Mauern ſich hervor.

Flieh! ſo liſpelt es mit ſanftem Munde
Aus der ungewohnten Flammen Schein!
Flieh! es harrt die ernſte Todesſtunde
In der Qualen grauſigem Verein!
Folge mir zur ſichern Rettungsſtelle
Eh der Sonne lichter Schimmer nah'n!
Sieh des Mondes klare Silberhelle
Leitet dich auf deiner dunkeln Bahn.

Und gelöſ't die Eiſenketten fallen,
Der Befreite ſeiner Gruft entwallt.
Durch die ſchwarzen, ſchauerlichen Hallen
Folget er der leitenden Geſtalt.
Düſter flammend leuchteten die Sterne
Durch der Nachtgewölke öden Graus,
Unermeßlich breitet ſich die Ferne,
Wie die dunkle Zukunft vor ihm aus.

Eile, wo die fernen Hügel ſchimmern,
Wo im Silber wallt die goldne Saat,
Zu des Waldes ſteilen Felſentrümmern
Folge deiner Rettung ſicherm Pfad!
Gottes Engel breite ſeine Schwingen
Ueber dich, und neige dir ſein Ohr;
Eh die letzten Worte noch verklingen,
Schwand der Schatten in der Nebel Flor.

Und im weiten Kreis der Welt verlaſſen
Fühlt der Jüngling ſchaudernd ſich allein;
In der Ferne ſieht er noch erblaſſen
Sterbend jener Lampe matten Schein
Sehnend ſchaut er nach dem theuern Lichte,
Bis ſein Strahl wie ſeine Hoffnung ſchwand,
Bis ihn in des Waldes öder Dichte
Bleiche Mondendämmerung umwand.

Nur der Tannen dunkle Rieſenbilder,
Ruhten auf dem Silbergrau der Flur,
Fern durchrauſchte heulend nur ein wilder
Eulenruf die ſchlummernde Natur.
Wo die ſteilen Felſengipfel winken,
Schwingt ſich kühn der Eilende empor,
Und der Veſte graue Zinnen ſinken
In der Nebelferne ſchwarzen Flor.

Aber fruchtlos fliegen ſeine Schritte,
Und die Sonne ſtieg und ſank herab,
Ewig in der Schatten dunkler Mitte
Ihn die Irre trügeriſch umgab.
Plötzlich ſieht er ſich den Wald erhellen,
Glaubt ſich freudig ſchon dem Ziele nah;
Doch es ruht in ihren Felſenwällen
Schrecklicher die Kerkerveſte da.

Und mit nächtlich ſchattendem Gefieder,
Senkte ſich ein heulender Orkan,
Auf des Waldes weite Fläche nieder,
Von des Himmels wolkenvoller Bahn.
Aber kühner trotzend ſeinem Grimme
Dringt er an dem Klippenrand empor;
Horch, da tönte eine theure Stimme
Fernverhallend klagend an ſein Ohr.

Und er ſtürzt ſich in der Felſenſchlünde
Schauerliche Dunkelheit hinab.
Dringet durch der Berge Dorngewinde
Blutend durch der Todesnächte Grab.
Stürmend naht er, wie im Reich der Blitze,
Wie von eines Gottes Macht geführt,
Einem Felſen, deſſen jähe Spitze
Ueber ſteilen Schlünden triumphirt.

Ha! was zeigt ſich blendend ſeinen Blicken?
In des Himmels flammenhellem Licht
Schaut er jetzt mit bebendem Entzücken
Seiner Rettung theures Traumgeſicht.
Flehend, wie zur Gottheit der Erhörung
Er auf's neu der Stimme Klang erkennt.
Die des Sturmes tobender Empörung
Den Geretteten, Entflohnen nennt.

„Brauſend tönt der Wald, in Gluth verſchlungen
Steigt der Blitze Flammenſchaar herab;
Doch, ſchon iſt mein Sterbelied erklungen,
Bebend nimmt mich auf das dunkle Grab.
Und der Abgrund gähnt zu meinen Füßen,
Ewiger! doch preiſ' ich deine Huld;
Denn für ſeine Rettung muß ich büßen,
Und im Tode ſühn' ich meine Schuld."

Sieh, er naht, zu theilen dein Verderben,
Ruft er aus mit wonnigem Gefühl:
Nichts vermag ich, als mit dir zu ſterben,
Doch errungen iſt mein höchſtes Ziel.
Dunkle Welt mit deinen kurzen Freuden,
Deinen langen Schmerzen, lebe wohl!
Nur im Augenblick von dir zu ſcheiden,
Deine Wonne mich beglücken ſoll.

Deinen Segen, großer Vater! ſende,
Führ uns hin zu deiner Kinder Zahl!
Sieh, da kreuzte über ihre Hände
Segnend ſich des Blitzes Doppelſtrahl.
Und ſo ſanken ſie zum höchſten Glücke
Durch die Huld des Ewigen erwählt;
Sterbend ausgeſöhnt mit dem Geſchicke,
In des Himmels Todesſtrahl vermählt.

Pyramus und Thisbe.

Nach Ovid.

Wo Babylon mit ſtolzer Mauerhöhe
Die Herrſcherin Semiramis umwand,
In ihrer nachbarlichen Wohnung Nähe
Einſt Amor Pyramus und Thisbens Herz verband.
Der ſchönſte Jüngling er, und ſie von allen Frauen
Die herrlichſte im weiten Morgenland.
Leicht ward der erſte Schritt zu freundlichem Vertrauen,
Und feſter ſchlang die Zeit der Liebe zartes Band.
Zwar ward die Fackel Hymens zu entzünden
Durch ihrer Väter Haß den Liebenden verwehrt;
Doch konnte dies ſie enger nur verbinden, —
Je mehr man es verbirgt dies Feuer ſich vermehrt.
Nach langen Klagen einſt beſchloſſen ſie im Schweigen
Der Mitternacht der Hut der Wächter zu entfliehn,
Und ferne von der Stadt ſich jedem Zeugen
Im ruhigen Gefilde zu entziehn;
Und bei dem Grabe Ninus ſich zu finden,
Wo friedlich dunkle Schatten ſie umwinden.
Dort ſtand ein Maulbeerbaum in weißer Früchte Fülle,
Und rauſchend unterbrach ein Quell die tiefe Stille.

Es ſank der Sonne Licht im zögernden Verweilen
In's Meer, und aus dem Meere ſtieg die Nacht,
Und Thisbe wußte leicht der Wohnung zu enteilen,
Verſchleiert hat ſie bald die dunkle Bahn vollbracht,
Und harrt in ihrer Hoffnung goldnem Traum
Durch Liebe kühn an dem beſtimmten Baum.
Doch ſieh, es brauſ'te dürſtend zu der Quelle
Dort eine Löwin blutig noch vom Streit.
Als Thisbe ſie erblickt in Luna's Helle,
Sucht ſie der nahen Höhle Sicherheit;
Allein der Fliehenden entſank der Schleier,
Erfriſchet durch die kühle Waſſerfluth,
Fand ihn das mordbefleckte Ungeheuer,
Und netzte ſcheidend ihn mit Blut

Bald nahte Pyramus, mit bleichem Angeſicht,
Erzitternd er die Spur der Löwin fand,
Der blut'ge Schleier zeigt ſich ihm im Mondenlicht,
Und bebend faßt er ihn mit ungewiſſer Hand.
„So ſoll denn eine Nacht zwei Liebende verderben,
Du warſt des Lebens werth, die Schuld iſt mein!
Ich bin's, Unglückliche, durch den du mußteſt ſterben,
Ich ließ dich hier in der Gefahr allein!
O kommt ihr Löwen, die ihr dieſe Felſenſchlünde
Bewohnt, und theilet euch von meinem Blute roth
In mein Gebein, daß ich Vernichtung finde.
Jedoch — ein Feiger wünſchet nur den Tod!“
Er hob den Schleier jetzt empor mit feſtem Muth,
Und trug ihn zu des Baumes Schattenhülle,
Und netzte ihn mit ſeiner Thränenfülle:
Empfange, ſprach er jetzt, auch des Verbrechers Blut;
Tief tauchet er den Stahl in ſeine Eingeweide,
Zieht aus der Wunde ſterbend ihn, und ſchnell
Sinkt er dahin des Todes ſichre Beute.
Hoch ſteigt des Blutes dunkelrother Quell;
So brauſet aus des Blei's geſprungnem Rohr
Mit ziſchendem Getön die Waſſerfluth hervor.
Da überdeckt im ſchauerlichen Lichte
Mit Todtenfarbe ſich des Baumes Stamm,
Im dunkeln Purpur netzen ſich die Früchte
An ihrer Wurzel, die im Blute ſchwamm.
Noch ſchüchtern, Pyramus nicht zu verfehlen,
Sucht Thisbens Blick ihn auf bei ihrer Wiederkehr,
Trotz die Gefahr, die ſie vermied, ihm zu erzählen;
Allein ſie kennt den Ort, ſie kennt den Baum nicht mehr,
Denn ſeine Farbe macht ihr Auge zweifelhaft,
Noch zögert ſie, da regen blut'ge Glieder
Am ſchwarzen Boden ſich mit letzter Kraft,
Entſetzen weht ſie an mit eiſigem Gefieder
Und Todesbläſſe decket ihre Wangen,
Sie ſtarrt und ſchaudert, gleich dem ſtillen Meer,
Wenn leichter Winde Hauch von weiter Fluth umfangen,
Berühret leiſe ſeiner Wellen Heer,
Bald als ſie Pyramus erkannt, durchdringet
Verzweiflung ihre Bruſt, die Hände ringend wild,
Und mit verwirrtem Haar ſie ſeinen Leib umſchlinget,
Mit Thränen ſie die tiefen Wunden füllt,
Und Thränen miſcht ſie in des Theuren Blut,
Sein kaltes Angeſicht deckt ihrer Küſſe Gluth.
Wer, ruft ſie, Pyramus, wer hat dich mir entriſſen?
Sprich, deine Thisbe iſt es, die dich ruft,
Erhöre mich in deinen Finſterniſſen,
Antworte der Geliebten aus der Gruft! —
Bei Thisbens Namen hob ſich ſeiner Augen Hülle
Doch, als er ſie geſehn, ihr bleiches Licht verſchwand,
Den Schleier, das in ſeines Blutes Fülle
Getauchte Schwert hat ſchon ihr Blick erkannt.
Dich führte, rief ſie aus, die Liebe in's Verderben,
Auch mir, auch mir fehlt nicht der Muth zu ſterben.
Zwar muß ich deine Mörderin mich nennen,
Allein Gefährtin will ich jetzt dir ſein,
Du, welchen nur der Tod von mir vermocht zu trennen,
Sollſt auch im Tode nicht von mir geſchieden ſein;
Nur dies vergönnet meiner letzten Bitte,
Ihr Unglückſeligen, die Kinder uns genannt:
Vereinigt die in eines Grabes Mitte,
Die gleiche Liebe, gleicher Tod verband.
Und du, der jetzt mit deinen düſtern Zweigen
Erſt einen, bald zwei Liebende bedeckt,
Nie ſoll die dunkle Farbe von dir weichen,
Daß du der That Gedächtniß ſtets erweckſt!
Sie ſprach's, und ſtürzte ſich in das noch glüh'nde Schwert.
Doch ihre letzte Bitte ward erhört,
Denn ſchwarz des Baumes reife Frucht erſcheint
Und ihre Aſche ward in einer Gruft vereint.

Sonett.

Oft empor vom Staube ſich zu ſchwingen
Strebt die Seele; doch das ird'ſche Band
Feſſelt ſie mit rauher Eiſenhand;
Und zu ihrem hohen Ziel zu dringen,
Will der Tiefgebeugten nicht gelingen. —
Aber iſt dies Streben nicht ein Pfand,
Daß wir in der Erde niederm Tand,
Deren Ketten drückend uns umſchlingen,
In des Glückes falſchem Traumgeſicht,
Und in Freuden, die ſo ſchnell verſchwinden,
Nicht die Heimath unſres Weſens finden? —
Unſrer Augen harrt ein ew'ges Licht,
Und die Sehnſucht, die wir hier empfinden,
Soll die ſchöne Zukunft uns verkünden.

Der Kirchhof.

Nach Karamſin.

Erſte Stimme.

Kalt iſt's im Grabe und ſchaurig und düſter,
Nachtwinde heulen, es zittert der Särge
Raſſelndes bleiches Gebein.
Zweite.
Still iſt's im Grabe und ruhig und friedlich,
Zephyr umſäuſelt der Schlummernden Hügel;
Blumen entſproſſen der Gruft.
Erſte.
Gräßlich umhüllet Verweſung die Todten,
Und zu dem Streite der Kröten und Molche
Ziſchet der Schlangen Getön.
Zweite.
Sanft iſt und friedlich der Schlummer der Todten,
Ferne von Stürmen, es tönt am Grabe
Lieblicher Vögel Geſang.
Erſte.
Nächtliche Raben umflattern die Eiche,
Hungernde Vögel, das blutige Raubthier
Brüllend den Boden durchwühlt.
Zweite.
Friedlich ruht hier am grünenden Hügel
Mit der Gefährtin das kleine Kaninchen,
Schlummernd die Taube im Strauch.
Erſte.
Feuchter Nachthauch, vermiſchet mit Nebel,
Dumpfig durchwallet die drückenden Lüfte,
Blätterlos trauert der Baum.
Zweite.
Wehend im Hauche der glänzenden Lüfte
Duften dort lieblich bei blauen Violen,
Lilien, bleicher Jasmin.
Erſte.
Schauer empfindet im Haine des Todes,
Bebend der Wandrer und Schrecken im Herzen
Eilt er am Kirchhof vorbei.
Zweite.
Dort in der Wohnung des heiligen Friedens
Leget der Müde den Pilgerſtab nieder
Schlummernd in ewiger Ruh.

Grabſchrift.

Hier an friedlich ſichrer Grabesſtelle,
Ruh' ich heimgekehrt in meinem Staub.
Früh verſiegte meiner Hoffnung Quelle,
Meine Blüthe ward der Stürme Raub;
Nacht umhüllte meines Morgens Helle,
Und die Welt war mir ſo kalt ſo taub.
In des Zeitenſtromes trüber Welle
Sank mein Leben wie des Herbſtes Laub.
Endlich, endlich hab' ich überwunden,
Endlich bei den Todten das gefunden,
Was die dunkle Erde mir nicht gab.
Ewig von des Daſeins Schmerz entbunden
Fliehen machtlos über mir die Stunden.
„Eine feſte Burg iſt ja das Grab!“

Der Geiſternachen in der Brigittenaue.

Ballade.

Nach der öſterreichiſchen Volksſage.

Wo die Brigittenaue
Von Zephyrs Hauch begrüßt,
Mit ſeiner Fluth der blaue
Danubius umſchließt,
In grauer Vorzeit Tagen
Im mooſigen Gewand,
Wie uns die Lieder ſagen,
Einſt eine Hütte ſtand.

Sie blickte aus der Hülle
Von ihrem Ulmenflor,
So reizend wie die Stille
Der Einſamkeit hervor,
Geheimnißvoll umſchlungen
Von grüner Schatten Nacht,
Die ſelten nur durchdrungen
Der Sonne Flammenmacht.

Geſchmückt mit Silberhaaren
Bewohnt ein frommer Greis
Seit ſeiner Kindheit Jahren
Der Hütte ſtillen Kreis.
Ihm ſchien die theure Gabe
Der Hoffnung nicht entwandt,
Ihn leitet am Stabe
Der holden Tochter Hand.

In ihr war ihm auf's neue
Ein ſchönes Glück gewährt;
Mit frommer Kindestreue
Den Vater ſie verehrt.
Hier war ihr jede Stelle
Am Ufer hold und werth,
Und heilig ihr die Welle
Des Stromes, der ſie ernährt.

Es leuchtete der Fluthen
Kryſtallnes Perlenreich,
Und in des Morgens Gluthen
Das ſchimmernde Geſträuch.
Als einſt zum fernen Strande
Durch kühler Wogen Bahn,
Mariens Ruder wandte
Den flügelſchnellen Kahn.

Von Sonnenpracht umfangen,
Von Frühlingsſchmuck umlaubt,
Erhob in ſtolzem Prangen
Der Kahlenberg ſein Haupt.
Und weiße Nebel zogen
Am blauen Waldesrand,
Bis flammend in den Wogen
Die rothe Sonne ſtand.

Und durch die Purpurwelle
Zum fernen Ufer hin,
Trug bald mit ſichrer Schnelle
Der Kahn die Schifferin.
Bald auf der Fluthen Rücken
Sie nah dem Ziele war,
Da ſtellt ſich ihren Blicken
Ein junger Ritter dar.

Der ſanften Hoheit Fülle,
Die ſiegende Geſtalt,
Der Locken goldne Hülle,
Die edle Stirn umwallt;
Gleich einem Feuerſtrahle
Warf Helm und Schwerdt zurück
Mit blankem Eiſenſtahle
Der Sonne Flammenblick.

Und gerne ſie die Bitte
Des Harrenden vollführt,
Und durch des Stromes Mitte
Den holden Fremdling führt;
So reizend dünkte beiden
Das Reich der Fluthen nie,
Und am Geſtade ſcheiden
Sie trauernd, nur zu früh.

Doch oftmals kehrt er wieder
Zum grünen Uferrand,
Zum Hain der Frühlingslieder
Wo er die Holde fand.
In ihre Näh gezogen
Mit magiſcher Gewalt,
Er oft die blauen Wogen
Im leichten Kahn durchwallt.

Wann beide Ufer ſchwanden,
Und rauſchend noch allein
Die Wogen ſie umwanden
In Hespers Purpurſchein;
Wann ſterbend in den Fluthen
Der heiße Tag verblich,
Und Luna's matten Gluthen
Am Horizonte wich.

Wenn ſie des Abends Schleier
Geheimnißvoll umſchlang,
Ihr Herz mit reinem Feuer
Das hohe Glück durchdrang;
In ſüßen Augenblicken,
In einer Welt allein,
Und ſelber mit Entzücken
Sich eine Welt zu ſein.

Doch Chronos Pfeile rauſchen
Dahin, das Schöne flieht,
Und Rachegötter lauſchen,
Wo eine Wonne blüht;
Ihn rief die Pflicht der Ehre,
Da ſchon der Krieg erwacht,
Mit Oeſtreichs tapferm Heere
Zur leichenvollen Schlacht.

Zum Kampf, ſprach er, zu eilen
Die heil'ge Pflicht gebeut,
Bei meinem Glück verweilen
Darf ich nur kurze Zeit.
Doch wenn die Schatten ſinken,
Und wenn im Mondenſtrahl
Der Berge Rieſen winken
Sehn wir uns noch einmal.

Wie langſam in der Welle
Verſchwand der goldne Tag,
Bis Luna's Silberhelle
Durch die Gewölke brach!
In banger Leiden Bunde
Vom Hoffnungsſtrahl gekrönt,
Naht endlich ſich die Stunde
Gefürchtet und erſehnt.

Und ach! in bittern Schmerzen
In ihrer Trennung Pein,
Ergoſſen ihre Herzen
Sich trauernd im Verein.
Es ſcheidet bald die Ferne
Auf ewig uns vielleicht,
Eh ſich das Licht der Sterne
Zum hellen Morgen neigt.

Leb wohl! geliebte Küſte,
Begrüntes Uferland,
Wo Liebe mich begrüßte,
Wo ich mein Leben fand,
Wo mir ſo hold begonnen
In zarter Hoffnung Grün,
Umglänzt von tauſend Sonnen
Ein goldner Tag erſchien.

O hätte mir gegeben
Das gütige Geſchick,
Zu endigen mein Leben
Zugleich mit meinem Glück;
In ſeinem Strahl zu glänzen,
Wenn das Verhängniß ruft,
Mit meiner Liebe Kränzen
Zu ſchmücken meine Gruft.

In ihren Schmerz verſunken
Vergeſſen ſie umwand,
Bis Hespers letzter Funken
Vom dunklen Himmel ſchwand;
Bis ſchwarzer Wolken Fülle
Dem Horizont entſtieg,
Und in Gewitterſtille
Die bange Erde ſchwieg.

Und heulend in der Ferne
Ein wilder Sturm erwacht,
Erbleichend flohn die Sterne
Zum Mutterſchooß der Nacht.
Wild ſchoß durch ſchwarze Wogen
Der Nachen leicht dahin,
Die fernen Ufer flogen
Zurück in dunklem Grün.

Und hoch empor gehoben,
Ergriff den ſchwachen Kahn,
Mit ſeiner Wirbel Toben
Der wüthende Orkan;
Und mächtig er zur Seite
Ihn in die Wogen neigt,
Daß brauſend ſeine Beute
Das Wellenheer erſteigt.

Und ach! vergebens ringend
Mariens Arm umwand
Den Theuern, bis verſchlingend
Die Woge ſie verband.
Des Lebens ſchönſte Gabe
Schenkt ihr des Vaters Huld,
Er leitete zum Grabe
Sie frei von Schmerz und Schuld.

Wo trauernd eine Weide
Sich neigt zum Waſſerſchooß,
Da ſchlummern jetzt ſie beide
Im kühlen Ufermoos.

Hier hat an heil'ger Stelle
Des grauen Vaters Hand
Der ſturmbewegten Welle
Die Liebenden entwandt.

Wann bleich des Mondes Strahlen
Im dunkeln Schooß der Fluth,
Die Rieſenbilder mahlen
In matter Geiſterglut;
Dann ſchwebet ſanft und leiſe
Ein Nachen um den Strand,
Und ziehet Silbergleiſe
Weit um des Ufers Rand.

Zwei blendende Geſtalten
Umſchließt der helle Kahn,
Und Geiſterſtimmen wallen
Um die geheime Bahn,
Wo die Brigittenau,
Von Zephyrs Hauch begrüßt,
Mit ſeiner Fluth der blaue
Danubius umſchließt.

Gotthilf Auguſt Freiherr von Maltitz.

Dieſer Dichter wurde am 9. Juli 1794 zu Königsberg in Preußen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und die Rechte und lebte lange als Privatmann in Berlin, bis ihn ein Cabinetsbefehl von dort verwies. Er wandte ſich nun nach Hamburg und ſpäter nach Dresden, wo er ein ſtilles, nur ſeinen Freunden und literariſchen Beſchäftigungen gewidmetes Leben führte und am 7. Juli 1837 nach kurzer Krankheit mit dem Rufe eines Ehrenmannes ſtarb.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

Poetiſche Verſuche. Karlsruhe 1817, 8.
Ränzel und Wanderſtab, oder Reiſe nach Gefühl und Laune. Berlin 1821, 8.
Vier glückliche Jahre auf Reiſen. Ebendaſ. 1823, 8.
Humoriſtiſche Raupen, Plänkerhiebe, Sonnenblicke. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1824, 8.; 3. Aufl. als: **Humoriſtiſch-ſatyriſche Plänkerhiebe.** Ebendaſ. 1830, 8., mit 1 Kupf. und 2 Vign.
Streifzüge durch die Felder der Satyre und Romantik. Ebendaſ. 1824, 8.
Der Kloſterkirchhof. Ebendaſ. 1825, 8., mit 1 Vign.
Gelaſius. Leipzig 1825, 16 Bdchen, mit 2 Kupf., 8.
Schwur u. Rache. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1826, 8., mit 1 Kupf.
Hans Kix Reiſe ins Pomeranzenland. Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1827, gr. 8., mit 1 Vign.
Hans Kohlhas. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1828, 8., mit 1 Kupf.
Der alte Student. Drama. Hamburg 1828, 8.
Der Dichter und der Ueberſetzer. Schauſpiel. Berlin 1829, 8.
Das Pasquill. Schauſpiel. Hamburg 1829, 8., mit Titelkupf.
Der norddeutſche Courier. Ebendaſ. 1829 ff.
Olivier Cromwell. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.
Polonia. Gedicht. Paris 1831, 8.
Pfefferkörner. Hamburg 1831 — 34, 4 Heftlein, 12.
Balladen und Romanzen. Paris 1832, 8.
Sonnenblicke. Neue (4te) verb. Ausg. Zittau 1834, 8.
Jahresfrüchte. Leipzig 1834 — 35, 2 Bdchen, gr. 12.

Außerdem Dramen in Kotzebue's Almanach ꝛc. Jahrg. 26 und 27.

Warmes Gefühl, glühende Liebe für Freiheit und Recht, Kraft der Rede und eine rege Phantaſie ſind Eigenſchaften, welche ihm ſtets einen geachteten und ehrenvollen Rang unter den deutſchen Dichtern anweiſen werden, aber es fehlte ihm an Ruhe und Feinheit des Geſchmacks, ſo daß er theils zu raſch und keck arbeitete, theils ſich von ſeinem Eifer zu weit hinreißen ließ und oft die beſonnene Haltung verlor, die ſeinen Widerſachern gegenüber ihm ſo nothwendig war. Am glücklichſten iſt er jedoch als politiſcher Satyriker, wo ſeine ſarkaſtiſche Derbheit ſich in ihrer eigentlichen Sphäre befindet, und ſo vereinen ſich leicht die Extreme in demſelben Geiſte, auf dem Gebiete didaktiſch-religiöſer Dichtung, da ſeine reine ungeſchminkte aber kräftige Frömmigkeit ihm eine echte friſche Quelle wahrer Begeiſterung wurde.

Gedichte von Gotthilf Auguſt Freiherr von Maltitz *).

Sonntag Morgen.

Der Frühlingsmorgen.

Der Frühling nah't, der Buſen hebt ſich freier,
Und dankbar blickt das Aug' zu Gott empor;
Aus tauſend Stimmen tönen Jubellieder,
Geöffnet iſt der Freude großes Thor;
Von allen Wieſen dampfen Wohlgerüche
Zu ihres Daſeins großem Schöpfer auf.
Der Sänger ſtimmt die goldne Leier wieder,
Die Sonne geht zu neuem Leben auf.
Und Haß und Neid und Zwietracht ſind vergeſſen,
Der Friede Gottes weh't auf Wald und Flur.
Verſöhnung tönt es rings von allen Zweigen;
Nur volle Liebe athmet die Natur.
Anbetungswürdig großer Weltenvater!
Wie ſchön und herrlich iſt doch deine Welt!
Ach lehr' es doch dem Erdenſohne fühlen,
Wie jeder Nebel hier in Nichts zerfällt. — -
Denn wer vermöchte wohl von jenen Auen,
Nicht ſtets des Meiſters Vaterhand zu ſchauen?
An dieſem Tempel knieet Menſchen nieder,
Es iſt der Tempel der Unſterblichkeit.
Mag immerhin der Zweifel noch ſo wüthen,
Hier find't das Herz des Glaubens Seligkeit.
Hier tönt es laut, wie mit Poſaunen-Chören
Die großen Worte: Gott und Ewigkeit!
Auf jeder Blume ſteht's mit Flammenzügen:
Geſchaffen bin ich zur Unſterblichkeit!
An dieſem Anker haltet feſt im Leben,
Bis dermaleinſt das matte Auge bricht,
Bis der erblaßte Mund im Todeskampf
Das letzte große Wort: Erlöſung ſpricht;
Dann flieht der Nebel vor des Morgens Schimmer,
Und Seligkeit umfängt den Geiſt auf immer. —

Sonntag Abend.

Die Frühlingsnacht.

Sanft umſchließt die Nacht mit braunem Fittig
Jedes Erdenwand'rers Tageslauf,
Und in ihren ſtillen Sternenblicken
Nimmt ſie liebreich ihre Müden auf.

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*) Aus deſſen „Sonnenblicken.“

Glücklich, der mit ruhevollem Herzen,
Unter ihres Schutzes Flügel eilt,
Deſſen Schlummer keine Sorge ſtöret,
Der geſtärkt an ihrem Buſen weilt!
O du großes, unerforſchtes Weſen,
Woden, — Allah — oder Jehovah!
Jedem Menſchen ſchenkſt du ſeine Freuden,
Allen giebeſt du ihr täglich Brod,
Jedem Fürſten auf dem Erdenthrone,
Jedem Bettler an dem Pilgerſtab.
Segnend wehrt, in kalt und heißer Zone,
Deine Hand der Menſchen Leiden ab.
Stürzet Völker, ſtürzt in Demuth nieder,
Blicket auf zu jenem Sternenthron!
Friede nur heißt das Geſetz des Lebens;
Friede, Ordnung und Religion.
Laßt euch nicht von jenem Wahn verblenden,
Der die engſten Bande wild zerreißt,
Nicht von jenem rothen Fanatismus,
Den man läſternd Menſchenrechte heißt.
Menſchenrechte kann nur Ordnung geben,
Glück blüht nur, wo die Geſetze blühn.
Völker können dann vereint nur leben,
Wenn ſie all' für Gott und Recht erglühn.
Doch hinweg mit dieſer Erde Sorgen!
Vater, Vater, lehr' mich weiſe ſein!
Mögen Staaten, mögen Berge wanken,
Du Allmächt'ger! bleibeſt ewig mein. —

Montag Morgen.

Der Sonnenaufgang.

Auf, mein Geiſt, die Morgenſonne winket!
Schweigend thut ſich auf das gold'ne Thor.
Sieh', wie Nacht und Nebel vor ihr ſinket,
Steiget ſie zu ihrem Gott empor.
Froh erhebt ſich dann des Menſchen Auge,
Freier, leichter athmet ſeine Bruſt;
Alle Sorgen ſchwinden wie der Nebel,
Und nur Andacht iſt er ſich bewußt.
O du geiſtig unerkanntes Weſen,
Das du über allen Sonnen thronſt!
Nicht genugſam kann der Menſch dir danken,
Daß du ihm mit ſolchen Freuden lohnſt.
Denn was iſt der Erde größte Wonne,
Gegen dieſen Glanz der Morgenſonne!
Laßt euch Menſchen nie den Morgen ſtehlen,
Der dem Herzen ſo viel Freude beut.
Jedes Wirken wird am Tage träger,
Hat der Morgen nicht das Herz erfreut.
Weihet ſtets des Tages erſte Stunden
Dem, der euch den ganzen Tag geſchenkt,
Und bis jetzt die Tage eures Lebens
Mit ſo weiſer Segenshuld gelenkt.
Dank, o Dank, dir, ew'ger Himmelsvater,
Für die Freuden, die mein Herz empfand,
Wenn in jenen ſel'gen Morgenſtunden,
Sich zur Andacht Geiſt und Sinn verband!
Drum ſo nimm auch heute dieſe Thräne,
Großes Weſen, gnädig von mir auf.
Ach, wir Menſchen haben ja nichts Rein'res
Hier in dieſem dunkeln Erdenlauf.
Blicke huldreich, Vater, auf uns nieder,
Auch auf mich, auf dein getreues Kind.
Und laß niemals, Ew'ger! uns vergeſſen,
Daß wir alle ſchwache Menſchen ſind.

Montag Abend.

Die Dämmerung.

Ruhe waltet, Friede ſteigt hernieder,
Auf die ſanft entſchlummernde Natur;
Alles ruht von ſeinem Tagsgeſchäfte,
Und es zeigt ſich mild des Schlafes Spur.
Alle Freuden, die du heut empfunden,
Alles ſchwer ertrag'ne Mißgeſchick,
Alle Sorgen, die ſo ſehr dich drückten,
Führt er ſanft in Lethe's Strom zurück.
Doch eh du in ſeine Arme eileſt,
Frage dich mit ernſtem, feſtem Sinn:
Hab' ich heute auch vor Gott gewandelt,
Fühl' ich, daß ich mehr geworden bin?
Ach, da ſchweigt das arme Herz der Schwäche,
Die ihm leider angeboren bleibt,
Und es trotz ſo manchem harten Kampfe
Wieder hin zu neuen Schwächen treibt.
Doch was wir auf Erden nicht vollbringen,
Wird dereinſt dort oben uns gelingen.
Ringet muthig, Brüder! hier im Leben;
Trauet dem, der Alles weiſe lenkt!
Und wenn auch die Stürme noch ſo brauſen,
Liebreich ſtets an ſeine Kinder denkt.
Haltet feſt an jenem ew'gen Glauben;
An der Wahrheit heiligem Panier,
An der Tugend, die uns Jeſus lehrte,
Und ihr ſeid ſchon überglücklich hier.
Ruhe, wie die holde Nacht ſie athmet,
Solche Ruhe wohne auch in euch;
Mag das Unglück immerhin dann wüthen,
Ihr bleibt ſtets an innerm Werthe reich;
Denn den feſt auf Gott geſtützten Glauben,
Kann euch weder Schmerz noch Trübſal rauben.

Dienſtag Morgen.

Das Gebirge.

Segnend tritt aus ihrem Purpurzelte
Sie, die Königin des Tags, hervor;
Heller wird das ferne Hochgebirge,
Tief und tiefer ſinkt der nächt'ge Flor.
Golden glüh'n der ew'gen Eiswelt Räume,
Lieblich duftet es im ſtillen Thal,
Silberſchimmer malt die Felſenhäupter,
Alles blüht erneut im Morgenſtrahl.
Du, Allmächt'ger, du ſchufſt dieſe Maſſen,
Die gigantiſch in die Wolken droh'n;
Sie — ſie ſtehen, ob vor ihrem Blicke,
Auch Jahrtauſende dahin geflohn'n.
Zitternd blickt der Menſch zu jener Größe
Hin, zu jener unſichtbaren Macht,
Die, vom Kieſel bis zum Rieſengletſcher,
Alles weiſe, Alles ſchön gemacht.
Rinn, o Thräne, gleich dem Morgenthaue,
Fließe im Gefühl des Dankes hin.
Freudig fühl' ich in erneuten Kräften,
Daß ich wieder lebe, daß ich bin. —
Licht, ja Licht erfüllt des Weltalls Räume! —
Löſt des Schlafes tiefverworrne Träume!
Laß, wie dieſes Morgens holde Röthe,
Wie des ſtillen Thales ſanfte Pracht,
So Allgütiger laß auch mein Leben,
Ruhig lächeln bis zu jener Nacht,
Die dem großen Morgen vorgegangen,
Wo der Tag aus jenen Höhen ſteigt,
Die noch keines Menſchen Kraft gemeſſen,
Keines Denkers tiefer Sinn erreicht.
Hin, wo ſich der Buſen leichter dehnt!
Und wornach das Herz ſich ewig ſehnt!

Dienſtag Abend.

Die Erndte.

Milde ſchließt der Klang der Abendglocke
Jede Arbeit. Zur erſehnten Ruh
Winket ſie dem übermüden Landmann,
Und er eilet ſeiner Hütte zu;
Eilet fröhlich in den Kreis der Seinen.
Hart und ſauer war des Tages Laſt;
Heißer Schweiß bedeckte ſeine Stirne,
Denn die Arbeit, ohne ſond're Raſt,
Ließ nicht Zeit der Ruhe viel zu pflegen.
Auf dem Acker ruht des Herren Segen!
Doch Allgütiger du lohneſt Jedem
Seiner Hände mühevollen Fleiß.
War die Arbeit noch ſo hart und bitter,
Brannte auch die Sonne noch ſo heiß,
Seht den Reichthum, den der Herr geſpendet!
Seht der Garbenfülle gold'ne Pracht!
Dankend blickt der Schnitter auf zum Himmel,
Der ſo reichlich dieſes Jahr bedacht;
Was er ſäte, es iſt aufgegangen.
Seht die Frucht in ſtolzen Aehren prangen!

Schönes Bild für dieſes Wechſelleben,
Für des Menſchen kurzen Erdenlauf!
Wohl ihm, wenn er reine Frucht geſäet,
Denn nur dieſe gehet einſtens auf. —
Jeder Tugend noch ſo kleines Körnchen
Giebt einſt tauſendfach die Saat zurück.
Reichlich lohnet ſie des Kampfes Arbeit,
Durch der Erndte überſchwenglich Glück.
Wie's geſäet, ſo wird's auferſtehen, —
Nichts kann hier im Leben untergehen!

Rüdiger von Maneſſe, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Ehregott Mangelsdorf

ward am 16. Mai 1748 zu Dresden geboren und erhielt nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen Studien eine Lehrerſtelle am Philanthropinum zu Deſſau. Nachdem er in Halle Doctor der Philoſophie geworden war und einige Zeit als Privatdocent dort gelehrt hatte, nahm er 1782 einen Ruf nach Königsberg in Preußen an, wo er am 23. Auguſt 1802 als ordentlicher Profeſſor ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Lehrbuch der alten Völkergeſchichte. Halle 1779.
Entwurf der neuen europäiſchen Staatengeſchichte. Leipzig 1780.
Abriß der allgemeinen Weltgeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1782.
Allgemeine Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staaten. Halle 1784—94, 12 Hefte.
Gedächtnißrede auf Friedrich II. Leipzig 1786.
Lobrede auf Friedrich I. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Hausbedarf aus der allgemeinen Geſchichte für Kinder. Halle 1796—97, 5 Thle.

Ein fleißiger Geſchichtsforſcher, deſſen hiſtoriſche Reden namentlich den Beifall verdienen, welchen ſie zu ihrer Zeit fanden.

Konrad Mannert

ward am 17. April 1756 zu Altdorf geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philologie und Philoſophie, wurde Dr. philosophiae und kam als Lehrer an die Sebaldsſchule, ſpäter an das Aegidianum nach Nürnberg, von wo er 1797 als Profeſſor der Philoſophie in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurückging. 1808 folgte er, mit dem Titel eines Hofraths beehrt, in gleicher Eigenſchaft einem Rufe nach Landshut und wurde bei Aufhebung dieſer Univerſität 1827 ebenſo nach München verſetzt.

Er verfaßte:

Geſchichte der Vandalen. Leipzig 1785.
Geſchichte der unmittelbaren Nachfolger Alexander's. Ebendaſ. 1787.
Geographie der Griechen und Römer. Nürnberg 1788, 10 Thle.
Miscellanea. Ebendaſ. 1795.
Compendium der deutſchen Reichsgeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1803; 3. Aufl. 1819.
Compendium der Statiſtik. Bamberg 1805.
Statiſtik des deutſchen Reichs. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Die älteſte Geſchichte Bojariens. Nürnberg 1807.
Kaiſer Ludwig IV. Landshut 1812.
Handbuch der alten Geſchichte. Berlin 1818.
Geſchichte Baierns. Leipzig 1826, 2 Thle.

Ein tüchtiger, gründlicher und genauer Hiſtoriker und Geograph, deſſen Verdienſte nicht lebhaft genug anerkannt werden können, da jedes ſeiner Werke vielfache Beweiſe ſowohl für die genaueſte wiſſenſchaftliche Forſchung, wie für den umſichtigſten Scharfſinn darbietet.

Johann Kaspar Friedrich Manſo

ward am 26. Mai 1759 zu Zella im Gothaiſchen geboren, ſtudirte, nachdem er auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſich dazu vorbereitet hatte, zu Jena Philoſophie, wurde 1784 Lehrer am Gymnaſium zu Gotha und 1789 Profeſſor an demſelben. 1790 folgte er einem Rufe als Prorector an das Magdalenengymnaſium zu Breslau, erhielt 1793 das Rectorat und den Charakter eines 1. Profeſſors und Bibliothekars an dieſer gelehrten Anſtalt. Sein literariſches Verdienſt und ſein Wirken als Schulmann wurde auch außerdem 1803 durch Ertheilung der philoſophiſchen Doctorwürde und 1825 durch das Ritterkreuz des rothen Adlerordens 3. Claſſe ehrend anerkannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 9. Juni 1826.

Von ihm haben wir, theils anonym:

Ueber einige Verſchiedenheiten in dem griechiſchen und deutſchen Trauerſpiele. Breslau 1793, 4.
Verſuche über einige Gegenſtände der Mythologie. Leipzig 1794.
Die Kunſt zu lieben. Berlin 1794, gr. 8., mit 7 Vign.
Wirkung des hiſtoriſchen Gedichts. Breslau 1796, 4.
Die Verläumdung der Wiſſenſchaften. Poetiſche Epiſtel. Leipzig 1796, 4.
Gegengeſchenke an die Sudelköche zu Jena und Weimar. Ebendaſ. 1797.
Sparta. Ebendaſ. 1800—1805, 3 Thle.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1801, 2 Thle, 8.
Ueber die Attalen. Breslau 1815.
Leben Konſtantin's des Großen. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Geſchichte des preußiſchen Staates. Frankfurt 1819—20, 3 Thle.
Vermiſchte Abhandlungen. Breslau 1821, gr. 8.
Geſchichte des oſtgothiſchen Reichs. Ebendaſ. 1824.

Außerdem Schulreden, Programme, Ueberſetzungen von Stücken aus Sophokles, Virgil, Bion und Moſchus beſonders, und Aufſätze und Abhandlungen in Sulzer's Theorie der ſchönen Künſte, Bd. 1, 2, 5, 8.

Ein wackerer, tüchtiger Schulmann, deſſen Verdienſte vielfach geſchmälert wurden, weil es den größten Geiſtern ſeiner Zeit gefiel, ihn wiederholt zur Zielſcheibe ihres Witzes zu machen. — Es iſt keineswegs zu läugnen, daß er ſich in ſeinen eigenen poetiſchen Arbeiten unbeholfen und mitunter geſchmacklos bewegte, ſobald ſie nicht zum Gebiete didaktiſcher Dichtkunſt gehörten, deſto vortrefflicher ſind dagegen ſeine archäologiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen, namentlich ſeine eben ſo würdig gehaltene als gut durchgeführte Geſchichte des preußiſchen Staates.

Ueber die Verläumdung der Wiſſenſchaften*).

An Garve.

Laß, weiſer Freund, die blöde Thorenzunft
Der Wiſſenſchaften Werth und ſanften Geiſt verkennen,
Und Unmuth oder Stolz die ſiegende Vernunft
Verrätherin am Wohl der Welt und Nachwelt nennen!
Laß, wenn ein edles Volk dem Joche ſich entwand,
Das ſchwer auf ſeinen Nacken drückte,
Und, von der Freiheit Wuth entbrannt,
Die Stimme des Gefühls erſtickte,
In ſeine Thore ſelbſt, mit ſchwärmeriſcher Hand,
Verheerung trug, das Schwert zum Bürgermorde zückte,
Und mit Europa ſich in langen Krieg verſtrickte,
Und noch die Ruhe nicht, nach der es ſchmachtet, fand —
Laß alles dieß und die nicht kleinen Schaaren
Von Uebeln, Fehden und Gefahren,
Die unſerm armen Erdball dräun,
Der Wiſſenſchaften Schuld, des Lichtes Folge ſein!
Die Klage iſt nicht neu. Roms Cato ſchon verbannte
Die Weiſen aus der Stadt, die Griechenland ihr ſandte.
Allein was half es ihm, daß ſie ſein Zorn vertrieb?
Die Weiſen zogen aus, die Luſt zur Weisheit blieb. —
Stets wirkſam, herrſcht und ſchafft, erweitert und entzündet
Der Trieb nach Kenntniß ſich. Je ſtärker ihr ihn bindet,
Je kühner ſtrebt er auf, und er erlieget nie.
Stellt Wächter an, ihn zu bewachen:
Ihr Eifer dient zu Nichts, als mehr ihn anzufachen;
Setzt ſeine Grenzen feſt: er überſchreitet ſie.
Was die Natur gebeut, wird ſtets die Menſchheit lieben,
Und, was ſie üben heißt, unwiderruflich üben.

Zwar hör' ich, was der Zweifler ſpricht.
„Ward, fragt er, uns zum Unglück, nicht
So mancher andre Trieb verliehen?
Iſt alles gut, wofür wir glühen,
Und jeder Neigung nicht ein feſtes Ziel geſetzt,
Das, ungeſtraft, der Vorwitz nie verletzt?
Fragt die Erfahrung nur! Sie wird euch gern belehren.
Wie vieles iſt, was wir begehren?
Des leichten Tanzes Spiel, der Liebe ſüße Gluth,
Der Tafel reiche Koſt, der Traube mildes Blut, —
Für alles ſchlägt das Herz uns warm, und doch verkehren
Genuß und Freude ſich ſo leicht in Bitterkeit,
Wenn wir die Grenzen nicht verehren,
Die, warnend die Vernunft, zu ehren uns gebeut.
Wie! ſollten Mißbrauch und Gefahren
Sich nie mit dem Beſitz der Wiſſenſchaften paaren,
Und immer heilſam uns das Licht der Weisheit ſein?
Iſt ihre Herrſchaft zu erweitern
Und Vorurtheile zu zerſtreun,
Hier Zweifel zu beſtehn, dort Kenntniſſe zu läutern,
Und allen Gegenden des Tages vollen Schein
Zu ſchenken, ein Geſchäft, das ſichern Lohn gewähret,
Und ſtets und unbedingt das Wohl der Menſchheit mehret?
Hat ſchale Klügelei nicht oft durch leeren Tand,
Den ſie für Wahrheit gab, geblendet,
Und Manchem, deſſen Bruſt von Unmuth nichts empfand,
Des Lebens beſten Troſt — Zufriedenheit, entwendet?
Nicht, was die Unvernunft erfand,
Um Völker zu entzwein und Fürſten zu erbittern,
Und feſte Throne zu zerſplittern,
Die Schreibewuth, von Land zu Land,
Als neue Weisheit, ausgebreitet,
Und Argliſt es erklärt, entziffert und gedeutet? —
Und Ueppigkeit und der mit ihr verwandte Chor,
Trug, Undank und Verrath und ſchlauverſtellte Sitte, —
Sie alle traten, aus der Mitte
Der Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt, hervor,
Und wo ſie wandelten, verirrt
Die Einfalt ſich ſogar aus ſtrohbedeckter Hütte,
Und flog Gerechtigkeit zum Götterſitz empor.
Blickt auf des alten Roms und auf Athens Ruinen,
Und lernt der Völker Loos, wenn ſie Minerven dienen!"

Erkennſt du, Freund, den Mann, der Rouſſeau's Unterricht
Umfaſſend, wechſelnd uns mit Spott und Ernſt beſtürmet?
Vernimmſt du, wie er kühn auf Zweifel Zweifel thürmet,
Und wider mein Gefühl und dein Vertrauen ficht?
Und doch (geſtehn wir's frei), ganz unrecht hat er nicht.
Der Vorwurf, der ſoviele Güter,
Der Ehre, Macht und Gold, die Freude der Gemüther,
Belaſtet, ruhet auch auf Kenntniß und Verſtand. —
Zum Schwerte werden ſie in eines Frevlers Hand.
So wenig ſcheint es hier den Sterblichen beſchieden,
Vernunft und Herz in ungetheiltem Frieden
Vereiniget zu ſehn, die vor den Schmeichelein
Der lauernden Begier, und dieß vor den Gefahren
Des Selbſtbetruges zu bewahren,
Und nie ſich mit der Pflicht und Neigung zu entzwein.
Wer aber trägt die Schuld, wenn wir in Thorheit irren,
Und, ungeahndet, uns auf eines Labyrinthes
Verſchlungnen Pfaden ſehn? Iſt es die Weisheit, ſind's
Die Wiſſenſchaften, Freund, die unſern Geiſt verwirren?
Verfälſchen ſie das lautere Gefühl,
Das, ungebildet, leicht das Recht vom Unrecht ſcheidet?
Wie? oder hat ein Gott, das Glück, das er uns neidet,
Zu ſtören, ſie geſandt? Was iſt ihr letztes Ziel?
Verdient es auch, daß wir den Blick nach ihm erheben,
Und mit vereinter Kraft es zu erreichen ſtreben?

Ein lachendes Gefild, mit ew'gem Reiz geziert,
Und lebend in den Liedern der Camönen,
Der Sitz der Göttinnen des Wahren, Guten, Schönen,
Erwartet uns am Ziel, wohin die Weisheit führet.
Schön blüht es und erquickt das Herz, doch iſt's nur Weſen
Von höherer Natur verliehn,
Den Duft der Blumen rein und lauter einzuziehn.
Wir Andern, für das Loos der Sterblichkeit erleſen,
Verfolgen, ohne Raſt, die Pfade, wo ſie blühn,
Zufrieden, wenn zuletzt, für eifriges Bemühn,
Die holden Schweſtern uns erlauben,
Ein Blüthchen oder zwei auf ihrer Flur zu rauben.
So haben, ſeit der Lenz der Erde Hügel ſchmückt,
Sich Tauſende bereits, ſo haſt du ſelbſt gepflückt,
Zwar wenig auf einmal: allein mit jeder Blüthe
Gewann bei uns das Reich der Wahrheit und der Güte;
Und, o es wird gewiß gewinnen und gedeihn,
Wenn wir und denen einſt hienieden,
Statt unſrer, aufzublühn, die Himmliſchen beſchieden,
Gleich unverdroſſen ſich den Wiſſenſchaften weih'n! —
Wirf einen Blick auf jene Reihe Tage,
Die zu der Menſchheit Qual und Klage,
Dem Schooß der Zeit entſtieg, wo mit Gewiſſenszwang
Denkfreiheit, mit Gewalt Geſetz und Ordnung rang,
Ein Prieſter, ohne Macht, Monarchen ſchimpflich neckte,
Des Bannes Donnerſtrahl betrogne Völker ſchreckte,
Der Krieger, um den Feind zu würgen, überwand,
Und nirgends Rath und Schutz der arme Pflüger fand.
Wenn dieſe Nacht, vor deren Bilde
Noch der Erinnrung graut, verſchwand,
Wer gab den ſchönen Tag dem traurenden Gefilde? —
Erſchien er nicht, weil, an der Weisheit Hand,
Die Wahrheit aus dem Grab der Finſterniß erſtand,
Und mit der Wahrheit ſich der Schönheit Macht verband,
Und zu der Menſchen Bruſt durch ſie Gefühl und Milde,
Wenn auch nicht offnen Weg, doch leichtern Zugang fand?

Zuerſt erwacht Petrarch und forſcht und wählt, geleitet
Von einem Gott, der ſich und ſeiner Kraft vertraut,
Den Pfad in's Alterthum und ſchreitet
Vor ſeiner Zeit voraus, die ſtaunend nach ihm ſchaut.
Ihn wecket Maro's Geiſt, ihn wärmet Plato's Feuer,
Und Liebe bildet ihm den Mund.
Im ſchmeichelnden Geſang ergießt ſich ſeine Leier
Und thut Italien, was er empfindet, kund.
Sanft wird der Sprache Klang, der Ausdruck voll und rund,
Und Phöbus ſteht und horcht, entzückt den neuen Tönen,
Und ſchwört der Welſchen Lied mit ew'gem Ruhm zu krönen.

Gleich thätig, ſchließt ſich ihm, auf der gewählten Bahn,
Hier ein geliebter Freund und dort ein Zögling an,
Und ſammeln um ſich her Bewundrer und Verehrer,
Und werden, durch Geſpräch und Schriften, Welſchlands Lehrer;
Und willig lohnt dem Fleiß, der bauet und beſtellt,
Mit immer ſchönrer Frucht der Wiſſenſchaften Feld. —
Indeſſen ſinkt Byzanz, die Beute der Barbaren.
Der Griechen beſſrer Theil reißt von den theuern Laren
Sich ſchmerzlich los und lenkt nach Weſten ſeinen Lauf.
Mit offnen Armen nimmt Rom und Florenz die Schaaren
Gelehrter Flüchtlinge in ſeine Mauern auf:
Und ſie, von Dank durchdrungen, bieten
Das Köſtlichſte, das der Gefahr
Des Sturms durch ſie entrann, — der Vorwelt edle Blüthen,
Zum Gaſtgeſchenk, den neuen Freunden dar.
Die Weisheit Gräciens, verbreitet

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*) Poetiſche Epiſtel von J. K. F. Manſo.

Aus reinern Quellen, nährt Empfindung und Verſtand,
Und bringet, durch die Kunſt, die Guttenberg erfand,
In großen Strömen fortgeleitet,
Von Stadt zu Stadt, von Land zu Land.
Vergebens warnt und eifert und erglühet
Der ſtolzen Mönche träge Zunft,
Die, im Erwachen der Vernunft,
Den Untergang der lang geübten Herrſchaft ſiehet.
So mühſam ſich die Wahrheit durch die Nacht
Des alten Vorurtheils, das, raſtlos, ſie beſtreitet
Und durch's Gewölk der Täuſchung durcharbeitet,
Gewinnt und mehrt ſich doch der Umfang ihrer Macht.
Das Blut, das für ſie fließet, facht,
Statt ihrer Freunde Gluth zu kühlen,
Den Eifer ſtärker an. Mit heiterer Stirne lacht
Der Märtyrer der Qual und wünſchet ſie zu fühlen,
Und ſpricht den Flammen Hohn, die, zirkelnd, um ihn ſpielen.

Was aber ſeh' ich dort für einen Schwan hervor,
Aus klöſterlichem Dunkel, ſteigen?
Er ſingt und Deutſchland fährt aus tiefem Schlaf empor,
Und Fürſt und Volk und Ritter neigen
Zum nie gehörten Lied ihr Ohr.
Der Strahl vom Vatican verſucht ihn zu zerſchmettern,
Er aber trotzt den ausgeſandten Wettern,
Und ſinget lauter nur der Wahrheit kühnes Lied.
Das lauſchende Gerücht nimmt es auf ſeine Flügel,
Und ſchwinget ſchneller ſich, als Sturm und Wolke zieht,
Mit ſeinem Raub, hoch über Thal und Hügel,
Durch ganz Europa fort, und von der Kirche Schooß
Reißt bald Europa ſich, unwiederbringlich los.

O wie die Nacht ſeitdem ſich überall zertheilet,
Und, langſam, aber ſchön, der Tag hernieder eilet!
Welch eine neue Lebenskraft
Erhöht der Menſchheit Muth? Welch' ein geheimer Zunder
Entflammt für jede Kunſt und jede Wiſſenſchaft?
Wohin das Auge blickt, erblickt es neue Wunder. —
Die Sprache Latiums, unkenntlich und entſtellt,
Befreiet ſich gemach von fremder Wörter Bürde,
Und läutert ſich hinauf zu jener alten Würde,
In der ſie einſt gefiel und heute noch gefällt.
Erſt iſt's die Redensart, die wohlgewählte Wendung,
Des Ausdrucks Zärtlichkeit, die glückliche Vollendung,
Der Wohlklang, der das Ohr ergötzt,
Was an der alten Schrift der neue Leſer ſchätzt.
Doch lange nicht, ſo rührt der Geiſt, der durch die Werke
Der Vorzeit ſich ergießt, und der Gedanken Stärke
Und der erhabne Sinn mehr, als der Rede Fluß,
Und weckt und ſtimmt das Herz für höheren Genuß.
Nicht mehr zufrieden, nur das Schöne
In fremden Schriften auszuſpähn,
Und zu dem Alterthum, ſelbſt ruhmlos, aufzuſehn,
Verſucht's Nacheiferung und bildet ſeine Töne
Und ſeine Sprache, anfangs ſchwach,
Allein, nach kurzem Fleiß, unübertrefflich nach.

Und ſtolzer hebt zugleich die galliſche Camöne
Ihr lorbeerreiches Haupt empor,
Und blickt, nicht ohne Stolz, auf Heſperiens Söhne
Herab und zeigt ihr Dichterchor.
Um ſie verſammelt ſtehn die Väter ihrer Bühne
Corneille, Moliere, Racine,
Und jener, der das Schön' allein im Wahren fand,
Und, wie Horaz, die Kunſt an ew'ge Regeln band.
Wenn etwas noch den Stolz, der ihre Bruſt entzündet,
Zu zähmen weiß, ſo iſt's, daß, an der Themſe Strand,
Der Name Shakespears ſich der Dunkelheit entwindet
Und Milton ſeinen Ruhm unüberwindlich gründet.

So blühn Sprach' und Geſchmack und Dichtkunſt, in dem Lauf
Von drei Jahrhunderten, bei edeln Völkern auf.
Doch blühn nicht ſie allein. In lieblichen Geſtalten,
Beleben, bilden und entfalten
Die Wiſſenſchaften ſich zugleich,
Und wandeln, ihres Siegs gewiß, von Reich zu Reich.
Zum erſtenmale tritt aus ihren heil'gen Hallen
Die Königin Natur, die vor, verſteckt und karg
Mit ihrer Gunſt, ſich ſelbſt des Lieblings Blick verbarg,
Und wirft die Schleier ab, die, magiſch, ſie umwallen.
So weit die Schöpfung reicht, von der erhabnen Bahn
Der Sonne, bis zum tiefen Bette
Des alten Oceans, reiht, wie an eine Kette,
Ein Aufſchluß ſich dem andern an.
Der forſcht, wie viel uns Nachts vom Himmel Sterne winken;
Der mißt die Schnelligkeit, mit der die Körper ſinken;
Der lehrt, was Welt an Welt, ſeit Ewigkeiten band;
Der läßt der Erde Ball ſich um die Sonne drehen;
Der folgt den Straßen nach, die die Kometen gehen,
Und dem enthüllen ſich im Monde Meer und Land.
Die Pol' und Sterne nicht zu ihrem Ziele wählen,
Erweitern, um ſich her, das Reich der Wiſſenſchaft,
Hier waffnen ſie den Blick und zählen
Der Mooſe zahllos Heer; dort zwingen ſie die Kraft
Der Luft durch einen Druck der Hand; erfinderiſch ſpaltet
Des Lichtes Strahlen der, ein Anderer entfaltet
Der Körper tiefern Stoff, und Jener ſpäht den Lauf
Des Bluts, von Puls zu Puls, durch alle Adern, auf.

Und, mit dem ſichern Blick in die Natur, verſchwinden
Ein Wölkchen hier, ein Nebel dort.
Des Aberglaubens Feſſeln binden
Des Forſchers Geiſt nicht mehr, und Galiläi's flehn
Verzeihung für ein dreiſtes Wort.
Schon iſt der Weisheit Loſung zweifeln;
Schon ſinken Meinungen, bewundert einſt, in's Grab,
Und kühler Spott und herber Tadel träufeln,
Aus Baylens ſcharfem Kiel, auf alten Wahn herab.
Schon muſtert man, bei hellem Kerzenlichte,
Den ungeheuren Wuſt der lügenden Geſchichte,
Und eilt, die lange Nacht der Sagen zu zerſtreun.
Kenntniſſen, die vergeſſen ſchliefen,
Ermuntert Baco hier den Denker, ſich zu weihn,
Und tiefer ſenket dort ein Locke in die Tiefen
Des menſchlichen Verſtandes ſich ein.
Ein reger Trieb, ein kühneres Streben,
Die Wiſſenſchaften zu beleben,
Herrſcht, mächtig, überall und zu der Menſchheit Glück.
Wohin das Auge fällt, ſieht der erſtaunte Blick
Pflanzſtädte für die Weisheit blühen,
Und edle Jünglinge nach ihren Thoren ziehen.

Wie aber grüß' ich dich, für welches mein Geſchick
Zu wirken mich erſah, entfliehendes Jahrhundert,
Von dem geſchmäht, von dem bewundert;
Doch, preiſt man dein Verdienſt, gewiß vor vielen werth,
Daß dich der Weiſe nicht vergöttert, aber ehrt.
An deiner Hand herauf geleitet,
Hat ſich ein ſchönerer Tag, als jemals die Natur
Vom Himmel wallen ſah, vor allen in der Flur
Des alten Mannus, ausgebreitet.
Das Lied, das auf vom Po und von der Seine ſteigt,
Iſt nicht mehr das Entzückendſte der Lieder,
Zu dem allein, gefällig, ſich hernieder
Der ſpröde Gott vom Pindus neigt.
Die Weiſen Albions ſind länger nicht die einen,
Die Tiefſinn mit Geſchmack vereinen,
Und ſelbſt der Gründlichkeit der Anmuth Farbe leihn.
Aus Teuts Geſchlechte ſtehn, an Thaliens Altären,
Der edlen Männer viel, die ſcherzend mich belehren,
Und viele, die mein Herz durch Unterricht erfreun.
Stets eifrig, Muth und Kraft der Wahrheit Dienſt zu weihn,
Und ſich, wo Kenntniß reift, mit ihrem Mark zu nähren,
Umfaßt und nimmt mein Volk — ein Strom der ſeinen Lauf
Durch Bäch' und Flüſſe ſtärkt — der Völker Wiſſen auf,
Und wägt es mit gerechter Treue,
Und mehrt's aus ſeinem Schatz und bildet es auf's neue.
Wer hat, Religion, von leerem Menſchentand,
Und von der Sagen Joch, und von der Satzung Bürde,
Dich glücklicher befreit und deiner Hoheit Würde
Begeiſternder geliebt und lauter anerkannt?
Wer prüfte ſorglicher die Rechte des Verſtandes
Und wies, aus dem Beſitze fremden Landes,
Wie unſre Weiſen, ihn in ſein Gebiet zurück?
Wer wandelt, in des Alterthumes Mitte,
Auf Schutt und auf Ruin, als hätt' er ſtets die Schritte
Durch dieſe Nacht gelenkt? Wer ſchätzt mit feſterm Blick
Und, ohne daß die Macht des Vorurtheils ihn bindet,
Das Schöne, wo es blüht, das Edle, wo er's findet?
Sei ſtolz, mein Vaterland, dein Name welket nicht.
Zum grenzenloſen Tag, der aller Sphären Licht,
Begierig in ſich trinkt und, ſiegreich, weiter ſtrebet,
Miſcht auch (der Genius der Wahrheit ſpricht durch mich)
Ein Flammenſtrahl von deiner Sonne ſich,
Der ewig ſchafft und wirkt und wärmet und belebet.

„Wohl!“ ruft der Zweifler aus, „ich ehre dieſen Tag.
Noch aber iſt vor ihm der Laſter keins verſchwunden,
An denen unſre Welt, ſeit Cynthius die Stunden
In ihr erneut, darniederlag.

Noch ſchlägt Verrath und Neid dem Herzen bittre Wunden;
Noch brüſtet ſich der Stolz und prangt die Ueppigkeit;
Noch wird der Eintracht Glück gewünſcht und nicht empfunden;
Noch grünt der Stolz und blüht die Unempfindlichkeit:
Noch hat die Selbſtſucht ſtets zu wurzeln Raum gefunden,
Und Lieb' und Edelmuth heißt theure Seltenheit.
Was hilft's, ſich ſpät und früh den Wiſſenſchaften weihen,
Wenn herbe Früchte nur durch unſern Fleiß gedeihen?"

Genug des Spotts! Wie alt iſt, Zweifler, dieſe Welt,
Die deinen Frieden ſtört und dir dein Glück vergällt?
Lies in dem Buch der Zeit! Zwar liegt der erſte Morgen,
Der ſie dem Nichts entrief, vor unſerm Blick verborgen:
Allein ſeit wann der Menſch der Thierheit rohen Stand
Verließ und menſchlich ward, iſt uns nicht unbekannt.
Wie viele Jahr' entflohn? „Fünftauſend lange Jahre!"
Fünftauſend nur? Und du [illegible],
Beklagſt der Menſchheit Loos, träumſt von Vollkommenheit,
Und willſt, daß ihre Männlichkeit
Mit jugendlicher Kraft, in ſchönſtem Bund, ſich paare? —
Vielleicht, daß noch das Knabenalter nicht
Für uns ſich endete, und erſt nach tauſend Sorgen
Und manchem ſauern Kampf, des reifern Alters Morgen
Hervor, aus grauer Dämmerung bricht.

Geſetzt indeß, die frohe Hoffnung wäre
Ein ſüßer, aber leerer Traum:
Hat denn, auf unſerm kleinen Raum,
Der Weiſen Warnung, Rath und Lehre
Kein Vorurtheil beſiegt und keinen Wahn zerſtreut?
Hat ſich des Aberglaubens Sphäre
Nicht um uns her verengt? Erneut die Tyrannei
Ihr Antlitz, keck, wie ſonſt? Führt fromme Heuchelei
Noch heute, ungeſtraft, die Welt am Gängelbande?
Gereicht es unſerer Zeit zur Schande
Daß, wenn das Laſter auch nicht ſtirbt, es dennoch ſcheu
Zurück in Nacht und Dunkel fliehet
Und, ſchamlos, länger nicht auf offner Bühne blühet?
Wann fühlte man's ſo tief und rief es laut und frei,
Daß, wer das Schwert ergreift, nicht, um ſein Volk zu ſchützen,
Nein, weil der eitle Stolz, mehr Kronen zu beſitzen,
Ihn für den Krieg entflammt, ein Freund des Unrechts ſei?
Und der Verkauf ins Joch qualvoller Sklaverei,
Durch den Europens Geiz, mit jedem Jahre neu
Sich an der Menſchheit Glück verſchuldet, —
Dies Laſter, ſeit Jahrhunderten geduldet,
Und (o verkehrte Zeit!) für Tugend einſt erklärt! —
Wer ſind die Stimmen denn, die, an der Thronen Stufen,
Vereinigt um Erbarmen rufen
Und zeugen, daß es uns und unſer Herz entehrt,
Und, ſtatt der Länder Schatz zu mehren, ihn vernichtet
Und jede Hoffnung untergräbt,
Von deren frohem Glanz belebt
Europens Schiffer jetzt die Anker muthig lichtet? —
Der Weiſen Stimmen ſind's. Ihr kühner Geiſt erhebt
Sich über niedern Wahn der Erde und verkündet,
Was, von der Wahrheit Kraft beſeelt, ihr Herz empfindet.

Doch wie? verwundet nicht ein neuer Spott mein Ohr?
„Vielſeitig iſt die Brut der Laſter und ein Thor,
(So hör' ich,) den Geſtalt und ſanfte Sitte blendet.
Das eine weicht zurück, das andre geht hervor;
Heut' hat es, trüglich, dir dies Antlitz zugewendet,
Und morgen kehrt's dir jenes zu." — —
Ich fühle die Gewalt, mit der du redeſt, du,
An Stoff zu Tadel und Beſchwerde,
Wie deine Welt an Mängeln, reich.
Doch ſprach das Herz aus dir, dann, Klügling, gilt's dir gleich,
In welchem Alter unſrer Erde
Du ſelbſt und welch Geſchlecht von Menſchen mit dir lebt;
Ob Stambul oder Rom in ſeinem Schooß dich nähret,
Ob Friedrich, ob Tiber den Scepter zu dir kehret,
Zu Wodan oder Zeus dein Auge ſich erhebt.
Was meinſt du, wenn ein Gott die Bühne ſchwinden ließe,
Auf der du heute, nur gezwungen, ſpielſt, und dich
Dem glänzenden Panier des Räubers folgen hieße,
Der einſt die Römerwelt, als Attila, durchſtrich?
Wie? wenn ein Zauber dich in jene Zeit verſetzte,
Wo, vor der Kirche Ruf, ſein Knie der Kaiſer bog,
Und, weil's ein Mönch für Tugend ſchätzte,
Europa wiederholt zum heil'gen Grabe zog?
Gilt das Jahrhundert gleich, in dem du ſpielſt, ſo ſpiele,
Mit dieſem offnen Sinn und zärtlichen Gefühle,
Als Krieger Attila's, des Lebens Rolle fort,
So zeuch hinab zu Stambuls Thürmen,
Und ziehe dort, den Wall Jeruſalems zu ſtürmen,
Mit Peter's Schwärmerheer, an ſeiner Flotte Bord! —
Herein zu meinem Zauberkreis!
Herein und rüſte dich zur Reiſe
In Gottfried's Lagerſtadt und in des Hunnen Zelt!
Was ſtaunſt du? Zauderſt? — Komm, beweiſe,
Daß die entflohne Zeit und ausgeſtorbne Welt
Dir minder nicht, als die, für die du lebſt, gefällt!

Woher denn aber doch (wie ſtaunten wir der Frage,
Mein weiſer Freund, entflohn?) — woher zuletzt die Klage,
Die, ſpüren wir ihr nach, ſchon aus dem Reich der Sage
Zu uns herüberſchallt, daß Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft
Verderben zu dem Thron und zu der Hütte trage,
Und an der Menſchheit Wohl und an der Menſchheit Kraft,
Wie an der Blum' ein Wurm, mit leiſem Zahne nage?
Mich dünket, zwiefach ſei der Wahn,
Der uns in dem Genuß der ſchönſten Güter ſtöret
Und wider das Geſchenk der Himmliſchen empöret.
Zuerſt, was ſinnen wir den Wiſſenſchaften an?
Nicht Laſtern widerſtehn und Tugenden entfalten, —
Die irdiſche Natur des Menſchen umgeſtalten
Soll ihre Wundermacht und ihn zum Gott erhöhn.
Umſonſt! der Menſch wird ſtets das Loos der Menſchheit theilen,
Der Leidenſchaften Sturm in ſeinem Innern wühlen,
Und, wann er zürnt, der Wunſch der Rachſucht [illegible] flehn,
Sein ungeſtümes Blut zu kühlen,
Verdacht und Eiferſucht aus ſeiner Bruſt zu ſpülen,
Und von dem Unmuth ihn, den bald der Eitelkeit
Gekränkter Wunſch und bald Verſagung weckt, zu heilen.
[illegible] öfters ſelbſt der ſtrengen Hand der Zeit:
Denn das Vollkommne ſoll nicht unterm Monde weilen.
Verſchmähen wir indeß den ſanften Unterricht
Der Weisheit und den Dienſt der Wiſſenſchaften nicht!
Wenn ſie der Dinge Lauf nicht wunderthätig hemmen,
Des Laſters Woge nicht verdämmen,
Noch, wo ihr Scepter herrſcht, der Uebel Heer zerſtreun,
Iſt darum ihre Wirkung klein?
So weit ihr Einfluß reicht, entblühen und gedeihn
Und zeitigen Witz und Geſchmack geſchwinder,
Der kranke Geiſt geneſ't durch ihre Arzenein,
Und der geneſ'ne wird, durch ſie geſtärkt, geſünder.
Sagt zu der Sanftmuth Rath der Stolz ſein kaltes Nein,
Zieht edle Weichlichkeit ſich vor des Jammers Bilde
Zurück, — die Weisheit lädt zu ihren Lehren ein,
Und ſänftiget das Herz und giebt den Sitten Milde.
Will Ungeduld uns mit der Welt entzwein,
Sie tritt herzu, den Blick voll Mitleid und Erbarmen,
Und drückt in ihren Schwanenarmen
Uns an ein Mutterherz, das unausſprechlich liebt,
Und zeigt uns, was allein auf dieſem Pilgerpfade
Mit Troſt die Seele füllt, — Elyſiums Geſtade,
Wo jener Himmel glänzt, den keine Wolke trübt.

Nicht weiſer, aber für den Adel
Der Weisheit kränkender, iſt, Freund, ein zweiter Tadel:
Aufklärung ſei der Staaten Grab.
Laß ſehen, ob Erfahrung und Geſchichte
(Sie ſitzen hier, wie billig, zu Gerichte)
Der klügelnden Vernunft den Stab,
Ihn über Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt zu brechen, gab.

Zwei Staaten können hier allein mit Recht entſcheiden,
Athens und Roms Geſchick, und dieſer Urtheil ſpricht
Für uns und unſern Wunſch und ächter Weisheit nicht.
Zwar blühte, mit Geſchmack und Witz zugleich, in beiden
Pandorens ſeuchenſchwangres Thor;
Doch neben ihnen nur, und nicht durch ſie empor.
Als vor des Lichtes Strahl die Nebel, deren Flor
Den Horizont Athens verſchleierte, zerfloſſen,
Und in dem alten Rom die Barbarei verſchwand,
Da hatte dort bereits das Gold aus Xerxes Land,
Und hier ſich, aus Karthag, Korinth und Attals Hand,
Des Ueberfluſſes Strom auf Stadt und Flur ergoſſen;
Da herrſchten ſchon, in voller Kraft,
Die Habſucht und der Drang nach Schimmer und Vergnügen,
Und zwangen Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft,
Sich unter die Gewalt der Ueppigkeit zu ſchmiegen;
Da ſchränkte Baukunſt ſchon des Pfluges Herrſchaft ein,
Und ſchmälerte den Raum des Meeres durch Paläſte;
Da wandelte bereits der Stolz, genannt zu ſein,
Das ſparſam-frohe Mahl zum ſchwelgeriſchen Feſte.
So fiel, nicht, weil Vernunft und Kenntniß Zutritt fand,
Nein, weil der Reichthum ſtets die Herzen mehr beſtrickte
Und auf der Muſen Dienſt verächtlich niederblickte.

Nach einem kurzen Widerſtand,
Das Glück, das beide Völker ſchmückte;
Und, ach, es wäre ſelbſt viel früher noch in Sand
Zerronnen, hätten nicht Sokraten und Platonen
Und Lälien und Scipionen
Den nahen Sturm zurück gewandt.
Ihr reiner Tugendſinn, ihr feſter Muth beſtand
Die Laſter, deren Heer den unbefleckten Laren
Entweihung drohete; und daß er überwand
Und in dem Strudel von Gefahren
Nicht unterging, — wer goß die ſeltne Tapferkeit
Den Edeln in das Herz, und ſtärkte ſie zum Streit? —
Die Muſen, die ſie nur um ihretwillen liebten,
Die Weisheit, die ſie nicht lobprieſen, ſondern übten.

O glichen, Freund, auch wir den Weiſen jener Zeit,
Und huldigten aus wahrer Zärtlichkeit,
Nichts wünſchend, als das Reich des Guten und des Schönen
Mehr auszubreiten, den Camönen!
O ehrten alle doch, die, mit gebeugtem Knie,
An ihrem Thron, um Liebe ſie beſchworen,
Durch ungefärbten Dienſt und reines Opfer ſie,
Und ſtraften ſo den Spott des Läſtrers und des Thoren!
O folgten ſie dem Rath, den jener Weiſe gab!
Du liebſt ihn, wie ich ſelbſt. (Sein Angedenken blühe
In Segen unter uns!) „Den Leſer, ſprach er, ziehe
Zu dir hinauf, er ſelbſt dich nie zu ſich hinab.“
Ach, ſeine Stimme hallt aus wenig Herzen wieder. —
Nicht der Geſchmack, der ſtreng, allein nach Gründen, ſpricht,
Die Fürſtin Mode ſitzt am Pindus zu Gericht,
Und lenket unſern Kiel und regelt unſre Lieder.
Bald ſteigt, auf ihr Geheiß, ein ungeheurer Chor
Von Rittern, aus der Nacht des Alterthums hervor,
Und meldet im Roman, in breiten Dialogen,
Wie ſie zu dieſem Feſt und jenem Stechen zogen,
Und ſchläget Schild und Speer uns auf der Bühn' ums Ohr.
Bald wirbelt eine zarte Kehle
Uns Reime ohne Sinn, und Worte ohne Seele,
In wunderſchönen Trillern vor.
Schwerfällig wandelt die Geſchichte:
So beuget ſie die Laſt von Perlen und Geſtein;
Und ihre Pflegerin, geſandt zum Unterrichte,
Die Weisheit, die vordem mit offnem Angeſichte
Einherging, hüllet ſich in ſieben Schleier ein.
Die Einfalt ſieht mit ſcheuer Miene
Und trüber Stirn' und flieht zum Throne der Kritik,
Und Wahrheit und Natur fühlt, daß ſie auf der Bühne
Des Lebens nicht gefällt, und zieht ſich kalt zurück.
So will's die Gunſt des Volks, nach der wir thöricht ſtreben;
So will's die Luſt der Zeit, — ein Mittagswind, durch den
Die Seneca's gedeihn und leben,
Die Ciceronen untergehn.
Heißt das die Wiſſenſchaft um ihretwillen ehren,
Den Lorbeer, der nicht ziert, kaltblütig überſehn,
Und keinen Lohn, als den, der ihr entquillt, begehren?
Und was erwartet ihr, Betrogene? Kein Flug
Dünkt unſern Zeiten kühn, kein Wagniß groß genug.
An tauſend Launen iſt die wandelbare Menge,
Die Ruhmſucht, die ihr fröhnt, an tauſend Künſten reich.
Schon ſinnt, und nicht umſonſt, ein andrer, wie er euch,
Auf Koſten des Geſchmacks, aus eurer Stelle dränge.

O dieß Verdrängen, Freund! wie traurig, daß es oft
Selbſt jener Seelen ſich bemeiſtert,
Von denen Wiſſenſchaft ein neues Leben hofft!
Zwar ehr' ich, wie du ſelbſt, Nacheif'rung. Sie begeiſtert
Zu Arbeit und zu Fleiß und wärmet kaltes Blut,
Erhält, den Winter durch, im einſam-ſtillen Zimmer,
Um Mitternacht uns wach, und ſchenkt, der Feſte Schimmer
Und Ball, Geſang und Spiel zu überwinden, Muth.
Wohl dem Beglückten, deſſen Buſen
Von ſolchen Flammen glüht! Einſt lohnen ihm die Muſen
Mit einem Lorbeerkranz, der, unverwelklich grünt.
Doch Helden dieſer Art zu ehren,
Wird, fürcht' ich, Klio's Hand den Pindus nicht verheeren;
So ſelten iſt die Gluth, die ihr Geſchenk verdient!
Die Söhne des Parnaſſes ſtreiten
Nicht um's Verdienſt, Geſchmack und Kenntniß zu verbreiten,
Die Sorge, die ſie quält iſt, wer der Größre ſei,
Ob, führt Apoll den Reihn, die Fackel vorzutragen,
Ob, ruft er zum Gericht herbei,
Den erſten Urtheilsſpruch zu wagen,
Dem oder jenem ziemt, — das iſt's, wornach ſie fragen.
Und ſchlimm für deſſen Ruhm, der Aller Werth erkennt,
Den einen neidlos ehrt, den andern, dankbar nennt,
Und wünſcht, daß, in der Muſen Reiche,
Ein jeder, der für ſie und ihre Schönheit brennt,
An Sitten, wie an Geiſt und Feuer, ihnen gleiche.

Die dreimal Glücklichen! Die ſchönſte Harmonie,
Die Seelen je umſchlang, vereint und bindet ſie.
Nie zürnet Erato, wenn ihrer Leier Töne
Die Tuba niederdrückt, die, für des Mavors Söhne
Und hoher Thaten Klang, Kalliope beſeelt;
Nie klagt Melpomene, wenn hier der Fürſt der Spötter,
Dort Jocus, dort das Heer der kleinen Liebesgötter
Ihr untreu wird, und ſich Thaliens Scherze wählt.
Sie wiſſen, ein Geſang, den Grazien geſungen,
Ein Werk, dem Witz, Geſchmack und Einfalt Werth verleiht,
Erwartet ſeinen Lohn nicht von der Hand der Zeit;
Es reift für die Unſterblichkeit,
Und wird, und wenn ihm auch das ſchlimmſte Schickſal droht,
Verkannt vielleicht, doch nie von Lethens Strom verſchlungen.
Oft ziehen, wenn Vergeſſenheit
Schon obzuſiegen wähnt, die ewig jungen Horen,
Die Töchter der Gerechtigkeit,
Es unvermerkt hervor. Und ſiehe! auserkoren,
Der Zeiten Stolz zu ſein, ſteht es und trotzt dem Neid,
Und heißt der ſchöne Sohn der Unvergänglichkeit.

Doch, Freund, hinweg den Blick, hinweg von einem Bilde,
Das Schmerz auf jede Seele häuft.
Die, wie die Muſen, leicht und gern in die Gefilde
Der Hoffnungen hinüberſchweift.
Noch hat der junge Tag, ſeitdem er, neugeboren,
Auf uns herunterſieht, in einen Raum von mehr,
Als vier Jahrhunderten, an Klarheit nichts verloren,
Und ſendet Wärm' und Kraft in ſeinem Strahl umher;
Noch gehen täglich neue Blüthen,
Von ihm geweckt, hervor und bieten
Uns Segen und Erquickung dar.
Getroſt! die Schreckniſſe der drohenden Gefahr,
Die, lauſchend, noch umher am fernen Himmel ziehen,
Sie werden ſich gemach zertheilen und entfliehen,
Und überall, wo ein Athen
Für Muſen blühte, ſie der Freude Feſt begehn,
Und ungeſtört, den lauten Reigen führen,
Und jedes rauhe Mißgetön,
Das unſer Ohr umſchwirrt, in Wohllaut ſich verlieren.

So wälzet, aus dem Schooß der Nacht,
Der Sturm ein furchtbares Gewitter
Den Horizont herauf. Die Eiche bricht in Splitter,
Das Meer erbebt und ſchwillt, des Felſens Wurzel kracht.
Urplötzlich faltet ſich des Windes Flügel wieder,
Die zitternde Natur ſchaut ruhiger ſich um,
Die Wolken thauen Regen nieder,
Und das erquickte Land blüht, wie Elyſium.

Gotthart Oswald Marbach

ward am 13. April 1810 zu Jauer, wo ſein Vater Senior des Miniſteriums war, geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung nach vorhergehendem Privatunterrichte auf der Ritterakademie zu Liegnitz (ſeit 1821) und ſtudirte ſeit 1828 zu Breslau und Halle anfangs Theologie, ſpäter aber Philoſophie und Naturwiſſenſchaften. 1831 ward er Doctor der Philoſophie, bekleidete dann ein Jahr lang ein Lehreramt an dem Gymnaſium zu Liegnitz und habilitirte ſich darauf 1833 als Privatdocent an der Univerſität Leipzig, wo er Mitglied des für Schleſier fundirten Collegii Beatae Mariae Virginis wurde. Er vermählte ſich 1836 mit der talentvollen Schauſpielerin Roſalie Wagner, hatte aber den Schmerz, ſchon im folgenden Jahre ſeine glückliche Ehe durch den Tod ſeiner liebenswürdigen Gattin aufgelöſt zu ſehen.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedächtnißrede auf Spinoza. Halle 1831.
Gnomen. Leipzig 1832.
Univerſitäten und Hochſchulen. Leipzig 1834.
Encyclopädie der Experimentalphyſik. 5 Bde. Ebendaſ. 1834—38.
Schelling, Hegel, Couſin, Krug. Ebendaſ. 1835.
Gedichte. (1. Ausg. unter dem Namen: Sileſius Minor.) Ebendaſ. 1836—38.
Ueber moderne Literatur. 3 Sendungen. Ebendaſ. 1836—38.
Geſchichte der griechiſchen Philoſophie. Ebendaſ. 1838.
Aufruf an das proteſtantiſche Deutſchland u. 1. u. 2. Art. Ebendaſ. 1838.
Deutſche Volksbücher. Bis jetzt 14 Hefte. Ebendaſ. 1838.
Buch der Liebe. Ebendaſ. 1839.
Jahreszeiten. Eine Vierteljahrſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1839.
Angekündigt von ihm iſt: Eine Ueberſetzung der Nibelungen, welche noch in dieſem Jahr erſcheinen wird, ſo wie eine Ueberſetzung von Gottfried's von Straßburg Triſtan und Iſolde.
Viele Aufſätze, Kritiken u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Tüchtiges Wiſſen, gründliches Streben, reiche, vielſeitige Bildung und redlicher Eifer für alles Gute, Wahre und Schöne, treten aus allen Arbeiten dieſes talentvollen und reichbegabten jüngeren Schriftſtellers dem Leſer klar und deutlich entgegen, und weiſen Marbach einen ehrenvollen Platz unter den Zeitgenoſſen an, ſo heftig er auch von mancher Seite angefeindet worden iſt. — Als Philoſoph gehört er zu den Schülern Hegel's, doch weicht er in Manchem, namentlich in den Anſichten über das Verhältniß der Philoſophie zur Kunſt und zur Religion von ſeinem Meiſter ab, und ſucht frei und ſelbſtändig auf der von ihm eingeſchlagenen Bahn zu wandeln. — Dagegen vermißt man in ſeinen kritiſchen Leiſtungen zuweilen die nöthige Ruhe und Milde; von dem Bewußtſein ſeines aus reiner ſubjectiver Ueberzeugung entſprungenen Strebens fortgeriſſen, wird er oft hart und ſchroff, und greift dann fremde Meinungen zu heftig an. — In ſeinen Poeſieen offenbart ſich tiefes Gefühl, Gluth der Phantaſie und lebendige Anſchauung, doch ſuche man auch hier hin und wieder die dem Dichter ſo nothwendige, ſiegreich über dem Ganzen ſchwebende Ruhe vergebens. Alle dieſe Fehler ſind aber nur Fehler raſtlos nach dem Höchſten ſtrebender Jugend; gerade der beſte Moſt brauſt am heftigſten, ehe er ſich zu jenem edeln Weine klärt, von dem dann ſpäter die Kenner meinen, daß er ohne ſolchen Gährungsproceß nie ſo trefflich und köſtlich würde geworden ſein.

Gedichte von Gotthart Oswald Marbach.

Wünſche.

(Nach Anakreon.)

Ich wollte, ich wäre der Zephir,
Der die glühende Wange dir kühlt,
Der mit den bräunlichen Locken
Das zärtlichſte Liebesſpiel ſpielt.

O wär ich die Fluth, die im Bade
Die Glieder, die reizenden wiegt,
Die Woge, die zärtlich und innig
An den wogenden Buſen ſich ſchmiegt.

Das Vögelein, das von den Lippen,
Den roſigen, Zuckerbrot naſcht,
Das goldige Fiſchlein, das neckend
Dein niedliches Händchen erhaſcht!

O wär ich die Schleife des Buſens,
Die ſtraflos den reizenden küßt,
Der Gürtel, der feſt, unauflöslich
Um die ſchwellenden Hüften ſich ſchließt!

Ach, glücklich ſchon würd ich mich preiſen,
Wenn die winzige Sohle ich wär,
Auf der mit den niedlichen Füßchen
Du Liebliche ſchwebeſt einher!

Trinklied auf Roſen zu ſingen.

(Nach Anakreon.)

Schmücket mit Roſen den zierlichen Becher,
Sitzt in die Runde, ihr rüſtigen Zecher,
Sitzet auf Roſen und zechet und ſingt,
Bis euch auf Roſen Gott Bacchus bezwingt.

Schmücket die Schläfe mit Kränzen von Roſen,
Rufet die zierlichen Mägdlein zum Koſen:
Duften die Roſen und perlet der Wein,
Wird ſelbſt die Liebe noch lieblicher ſein.

Wiſſet der Lenz hat die Roſe geboren,
Götter zum Liebling die Roſe erkoren,
Amors Locken ein Roſenkranz ziert,
Wenn er zum Reigen die Grazien führt.

Röslein erblühen auf Buſen und Wangen,
Kündend der Liebe verſtohlnes Verlangen: —
Gebt mir die Leier, gebt mir den Kranz,
Führe mein roſiges Mägdlein zum Tanz!

Deutſchlands Kronen.

Vormals in alten Zeiten, als noch das deutſche Land
In voller Kraft und Fülle des deutſchen Reiches ſtand,
Da zog, wer als der beſte der Fürſten war erwählt,
Der größte aller Herrſcher mit Schaaren ungezählt;

Er zog in ſtolzem Zuge, — der Römerzug es war,
Gen Aachen, das den erſten der Kaiſer einſt gebar,
Wo ſchon die Luft zum Freien den Unterdrückten macht,
Wo Freiheit ſelbſt umfänget, wer in des Reiches Acht.

Dort ſetzt dem Auserwählten des Cölner Biſchofs Hand
Auf's Haupt die ſtolze Krone, die eiſerne genannt,
Es ſoll die Krone erben der größte nur fortan,
Seit ſie der größte Kaiſer mit mächt'ger Fauſt gewann:

Den König ſoll ſie mahnen, daß er ſei ſtark und feſt
Zu fördern Reiches Ehre, daß er ſie Niemand läßt,
Als wer ſie zu ertragen mit Ehren ſei geſchickt,
Un dem nicht wund die Stirne die Eiſenkrone drückt.

Dann von dem alten Aachen geht's gen Mondoncia.
Von Milano der Biſchof, der ſtolze, harret da,
Er will dem König reichen von Silber eine Kron,
Auch dieſe ſoll nicht erben vom Vater auf den Sohn.

Dem Beſten nur gehorchen die Städte unerregt,
Der ihre Silberkrone mit Ehren trägt und hegt,
Es ſoll die Silberkrone ein Zeichen für ihn ſein,
Gerechtigkeit zu pflegen wie Silber klar und fein.

Die dritte Krone endlich gibt in der Römerſtadt
Dem Kaiſer wer die Krone des Chriſtenhimmels hat:
Wie Gold vor Allem leuchtet, vor allem Glanz und Schein,
Soll hell vor allem Glanze der Glanz des Kaiſers ſein!

Durch Edelſinn und Tugend dem puren Golde gleich,
Soll er gewaltig ſchirmen die Kirche und das Reich,
Ein Schirmvogt ſoll er ſtehen für Freiheit und für Recht
In allen Chriſtenlanden, durch keine Macht geſchwächt. —

Wie iſt es anders worden ſeit jener alten Zeit,
Wo ſind ſie hin die Kronen berühmt einſt weit und breit?
Und wo iſt hin das alte, das große deutſche Reich,
Und ſeine ſtolzen Kaiſer, dem puren Golde gleich?

In deutſchen Landen herrſchet wohl noch die Eiſenkron,
Doch erbt ſie ſchon ſeit lange vom Vater auf den Sohn,
Schaut nur in deutſchen Landen, manch Volk ihr wohl erblickt,
Das ohne Gold und Silber die Eiſenkrone drückt!

Die ſilberne auch herrſchet wohl noch im deutſchen Land,
Es wird ein mächt'ger König vom Volke laut genannt,
Der hoch in Ehren träget des Silbers klaren Schein,
Gerechtigkeit noch pfleget, wie Silber klar und fein.

Doch wo die goldne Krone mag hingekommen ſein?
Vergebens möget ihr fragen vom Oderſtrand zum Rhein. —
Es hat ſie mitgenommen in's Grab am Wogenſtrand
Der Held, der jüngſt ein Heros der Freiheit vor euch ſtand!

Wie habt ihr doch vergeſſen, als ihr ihn ſchlugt den Held,
Als ihr ihm wiedernahmet die angemaßte Welt,
Und als ihr alle Kronen gefordert wieder ein,
Wie habt ihr da vergeſſen nur eure Kron allein!

Nun haben ſie begraben, die neidend längſt geſehn,
Wie ſtolz den deutſchen Kaiſern die goldnen Kronen ſtehn,
Die Krone ſammt den Kaiſer ſo fern vom deutſchen Land,
Daß ſie zurücke holt wohl keines Deutſchen Hand! —

Die Liebe des Troubadour.

Süßer als der Nachtigallen
Schwärmeriſche Liebeslieder
In verliebten Herzen, hallen
Weit durch alle Lande wieder
Die ſüßen Lieder an Blancheflour,
Die Lieder der Liebe des Troubadour.

Pilger brachten über Meere
Von der ſchönſten Frau die Kunde,
Ihre Tugend, Reinheit, Ehre
Preiſen ſie mit lautem Munde:
Seitdem ſo heiß für Blancheflour
Entbrannte die Liebe des Troubadour.

Und auf einer Klippe ſtehend
Singt er ſeine Liebesklagen,
Winde land- und ſeewärts wehend
Ueber Land und Meer ſie tragen.
Es lautet die Sage: So tief iſt nur
Das Meer wie die Liebe des Troubadour.

Sind ſie über Meer geſchwommen,
Sangen dort ſie Schiffer wieder?
Blancheflour hat ſie vernommen
Ihres Sängers ſüße Lieder!
Und tief im Herzen ſie ſich ſchwur
Zu lohnen die Liebe des Troubadour.

Dort, wo ſchroff der Felſen raget
An dem Ufer, ſteht der Sänger,
Seine Stimme zärtlich klaget,
Lauter als die Brandung, bänger:
O höre, o höre mich Blancheflour,
Dich rufet die Liebe des Troubadour!

Sieh, ein weißes Segel hebet
Fern ſich aus des Meeres Wogen,
Und es kommt herangeſchwebet
Wie von ſeinem Lied gezogen!
Und lauter noch rufet er: Blancheflour,
Dich beſchwöret die Liebe des Troubadour!

Ja ſie iſt's! — und zitternd breitet
Er die Arme zu ihr über,
An des Felſen Rand er ſchreitet,
Stürzet ſchreiend ſich hinüber:
Viel tiefer als Meer iſt, Blancheflour,
Zu dir die Liebe des Troubadour!

Wild der Brandung Fluthen toben
Und es thürmen ſich die Wellen,
Stürme haben ſich erhoben,
Die am Strand das Schiff zerſchellen. —
Verſchlungen das Meer hat jede Spur —
So endet die Liebe des Troubadour.

Aus G. O. Marbach's:
„Buch der Liebe."

Ha wie ſoll ich all mein Glück verkünden,
Meine holde, liebe, ſüße Braut!
Welche Wonnen ſich mit dieſem Laut,
Dieſem ſchönen einzigen verbinden!

Nimmer fühl ich nun der Zeit Entſchwinden,
Weil die Liebe ew'ge Jugend thaut;
Und mein Auge, das in deines ſchaut,
Muß für alles Irdiſche verblinden!

Drum auch malt mit Flügeln man die Liebe,
Die ſie über alle Himmel tragen;
Malt den Gott der ewig jungen Triebe

Blühend ſtets in ewger Jugend Tagen;
Legt dem Gott ums helle Aug die Binde,
Daß er für die Erdenwelt erblinde.

Wann der Tod ſich wird zum Leben paſſen,
Wann mein ewger Geiſt ſich wird entwohnen,
Frei zu athmen in dem Reich des Schönen
Werd ich dich und meine Liebe laſſen.

Kann, o ſprich, die Luft das Leben haſſen,
Kann die Aeolsharfe wohl ertönen,
Ohne ſich dem Windeshauch zu verſöhnen, —
Kann mein Herz ſich ohne Liebe faſſen?

Kann ich leben und mich ſelbſt verachten?
Und der Geiſt, der in mir lebt und waltet,
Iſt er denn ein anderer als der deine?

Was die Weiſen Weiſeſtes erdachten,
Hat durch dich ſich gotthaft mir geſtaltet:
Ewig lebt die Gottheit, nicht im Scheine!

Wie ſoll den Reiz ich deiner Augen künden,
Drin eine zauberreiche Welt ſich malt?
Seit ſie ins Auge leuchtend mir geſtrahlet,
Muß jeder Glanz der Erdenwelt erblinden.

Was ſchön und reizend, mußte ſich verbinden:
Das dunkle Blau, das Frühlingshimmel malet
Die Gluth, in der Arabiens Sonne ſtrahlet, —
Um Stoff zu dieſer Augen Bau zu finden.

Doch wo iſt ihre Zauberkraft entnommen,
Wo ihre Huld und Anmuth hergekommen? —
Erblindend hat Gott Amor ſie gegeben!

Was Wunder nun, wenn mir das Herz entbronnen,
Seit ich ſie ſah, in Wehen und in Wonnen,
Wie irdſche Luſt und Freude nicht ſie geben!

O könnt ich dich auf Königsthrone heben,
Mit meiner Hand die reichen Millionen,
Um deine treue Liebe zu belohnen! —
So hab ich nur die Leier und mein Leben!

Doch iſt mein Leben deinem Dienſt ergeben,
Und wo nur fühlend Menſchenherzen wohnen,
Soll dein geliebter holder Name thronen:
Dieß ſei des Liedes einzig würdig Streben.

Vor jener Laura, die Petrark geſungen
In Liedern, die nie Gegenlieb errungen,
Und die nur ſeufzen, die nur klagen können,

Soll würdiger man deinen Namen nennen;
Weil deinem Sänger Lieb um Lied du weiheſt
Und ſeinen Liedern kühnern Schwung verleiheſt.

Käm nun ein Gott und wollte mich erhören,
Und eine Krone und ein Reich mir bringen
Und Geld und Gut zu allen irdſchen Dingen; —
Ich ſollte nur nie mehr zu dichten ſchwören:

Nicht würde mich der falſche Schein bethören!
Dürft ich nicht dich und meine Liebe ſingen,
Und wär gelähmt an meines Geiſtes Schwingen:
Wie Gold und Kronen jeden Reiz verlören!

Denn Gold und Kronen beben aus dem Staube
Nur Augenblicks, ſind bald der Zeit zum Raube:
Doch wem Geſang ein Gott ins Herz gegeben,

Der ſchaffet ſich und Andern ewges Leben.
In Staub verſinken ſtolze Königsthrone,
Doch ewig grünt des Sängers Lorbeerkrone.

Noch nicht entflieh, geliebte Seele, bleibe!
Was willſt du ohne mich im Weltenrunde?
Es ſchmerzt im Herzen dich die Trennungswunde,
In welchen Himmel dich die Sehnſucht treibe.

Ich ranke feſt an deinem ſüßen Leibe
Und ruh auf deinem Mund mit meinem Munde: —
So komme ſie, des Lebens letzte Stunde,
So mir als dir, dem heißgeliebten Weibe!

So Bruſt an Bruſt! — ich ruhe ſelig trunken,
Dein Athem zieht in mich, und unbewußt
In meinen Augen deine Augen träumen.

Und ſtill verglimmt des Lebens letzter Funken
In dir und mir — — an Einer Mutter Bruſt
Ruhn ſchlummernd wir in Himmels lichten Räumen.

Wie ich dich liebe, könnt ich dirs doch ſagen!
Könnt ich das Wort in meinem Buſen finden!
Es würde mir der Trennung Schmerzen linden,
Könnt ich mein Herz auf meinen Lippen tragen.

Wie ſich der Himmel wölbt in Blüthentagen,
Vor ſeiner Sonne Erdennebel ſchwinden,
Die irdſchen Augen, die ſie ſehn, erblinden,
Und duftge Blumen blühn, die ſchlummernd lagen:

So iſt mein Buſen blaues Himmelszelt,
Und er umſchließet eine ſelge Welt;
Es glüht mein Herz wie Frühlingsſonne glühet,

Es blüht mein Lied wie Frühlingsblume blühet, —
Der Gott, der dieſe Welt erſchuf, biſt du; —
Dir glüht mein Herz, blühn meine Lieder zu!

Todt! todt! — ich Narr, nicht glaub ich, was ich ſage, —
Mein Licht erloſchen; todt, mein Leben todt!
Erſtarrt der Puls, das Blut, ſo heiß, ſo roth,
In dieſes dieſes Herzens letztem Schlage.

Weh mir, weh mir! — nein ſtill, was ſoll die Klage?
Hier iſt nicht Schmerz, nicht Gram, nicht Leid, nicht Noth,
Hier iſt nichts — nur ein leeres Nichts — der Tod —;
Faſſ es mein Haupt, mein Geiſt — das Nichts ertrage!

Was wollt ihr — warum weint ihr? Fort, fort, fort
Ihr Schatten! — Nichts iſt hier an dieſem Ort, —
Als nur wir zwei und beide nur ein Wort! —

Ein Wort — ein leeres Wort — ein eitler Schein —
Kein Sinn darin. — Was ſoll der leere Schrein? —
Das leere Doppelwort, legt es hinein!

Da ſteh ich, ganz allein mit meinem Jammer!
Noch ſchlägt das kranke Herz mir in der Bruſt,
Ob auch erſtorben meines Lebens Luſt
Mit ihr, die ſchlummert in des Todes Kammer.

Was willſt du ferner in der Welt, Einſamer? —
Dein Aug iſt müd, dein Sinn nur grambewußt,
Die Luft, von der du zehrſt, iſt Grabesduft,
Dein Herz, es ſchwingt zu deinem Sarg den Hammer.

Heut laßt mich weinen, weinen heiße Thränen,
Gönnt mir nur heut ein wildes Todesſehnen,
Als dürft ich ganz in Thränen mich ergießen;

Als hätt ich meines Lebens Ziel gefunden
Und dürfte nun verbluten an den Wunden,
Und von ihr träumend ſtill das Auge ſchließen.

Das Auge, welches gotthaft mich entzückt,
Es iſt erloſchen in des Todes Nacht.
Der Mund, der ſüß geküßt, gekoſt, gelacht,
Des Todes Ernſt iſt ſtarr ihm aufgedrückt.

Das warme Leben, das ſo hold geſchmückt
Den ſüßen Leib, entflohn iſt ſeine Macht;
Tief in des Grabes ſchaurig dunklem Schacht
Ruht Alles Alles, was mich einſt beglückt!

Was ſoll nun ich in dieſes Lebens Tagen?
Troſtlos verzweifeln, härmen, weinen, klagen? —
Nein frei zum Himmel auf das Auge ſchlagen! —

Wer treu geliebt, wie du, muß ewig leben;
Die Liebe wird Unſterblichkeit uns geben,
Tod iſt die Lüge, Wahrheit iſt das Leben!

Nicht hat der Tod dich Theure mir entwunden
Hab ich doch deinen Geiſt in mich geſogen;
Aus deinem Aug in meins iſt er geflogen
Und hat im Herzen liebe Stätte funden.

So iſt auch meine Seel an dich gebunden
Und iſt dir gern und willig nachgezogen;
Du ſchlummerſt ſüß, weil Träume dich umwogen,
Die deiner Liebe ſüßes Glück bekunden.

Du träumſt von Leben und dein Traum iſt Wahrheit;
Ich ſehe wachend Tod, mein Wachen lügt;
Doch träumend ſchau ich dich in Lebensklarheit.

So muß uns beide denn der Traum beglücken,
Bis beim Erwachen, welches nicht mehr trügt,
Lebendig Geiſt den Geiſt ſchaut mit Entzücken.

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Nicht mehr im Kreis der munteren Geſellen
Schmeckt mir des Weines goldner Labetrank;
Nicht will ſein Geiſt mehr Kopf und Bruſt mir hellen,
Nicht weckt er mich zu frohem Feſtgeſang.
Ich trink und trink und dumpfe Seufzer ſchwellen
Die Bruſt mir auf mit namenloſem Drang.
Wenn hell die Becher aneinander ſchellen,
Klingt meiner dumpf, als ob er jüngſt zerſprang;
Wenn laut der Brüder luſtge Kehlen gellen,
Gibt meine Bruſt nur disharmonſchen Klang.
Gelähmt des Geiſtes Flügel, die einſt ſchwellen,
Find ich den Tag, find ich die Nacht zu lang.
Wer führet mich zu neuen Feuerquellen,
Darin mein Herz geſunde, welches krank?
Wer ſagt es mir, wo rauſchen Lebenswellen?
Den Becher füll er mir und habe Dank!

Suleima.

Nicht Edelſtein und Perlen mehr gefallen
Dem Auge, das ihr Schein ſonſt blendete.
Wie von dem Baum die duftgen Blüthen fallen,
So meines Herzens Frühling endete.
Vom Glitzen in den irdſchen Freuden allen
Mein Herz ſich ab zum Höhern wendete.
Und doch, wo iſt es, was des Buſens Wallen
Beruhigend mir Wonne ſpendete?
Leer, unermeßlich ſind des Himmels Hallen,
Wohin das Aug ich hoffend ſendete!
Nur bei dem ſüßen Lied der Nachtigallen
In ſüßes Weh mein Harm verendete:
Wo iſts, was iſts, davon die Lieder ſchallen,
An das ich gern mein Herz verſchwendete?!

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Als die Sonne geſtern niedergangen,
Iſt ein ſchöner Stern mir aufgegangen.
Was mich dumpf beengte, jenes Bangen
Iſt zu ſüßer Luſt mir aufgegangen.
Und der Geiſt, der in mir lag gefangen,
Iſt zu friſchem Leben aufgegangen.

Jenen holden Stern mir zu erlangen,
Wird von mir zum Himmel aufgegangen.
Suleima ſah mich, auf ihren Wangen
Iſt ein helles Glühen aufgegangen,
Aus den Augen lichte Funken ſprangen;
Und ſo iſt mir klärlich aufgegangen:
Aus dem Herzen jene Gluthen drangen,
Wo ein helles Feuer aufgegangen. —
Binden will ich ſie mit goldnen Spangen:
Liebesknoten, nie noch aufgegangen,
Sollen ſchlingen ſich um ſie wie Schlangen —
Lieder, die im Herzen aufgegangen!
Lieder, wie noch nie zur Laute klangen,
Sind ein Saatfeld in mir aufgegangen.

Suleima.

Als der Abendſonne Strahlen ſanken —
Welche Flammen auf mich niederſanken
Aus den Augen jenes hohen ſchlanken
Jünglings! — Tief ins Herz mir niederſanken
Jene Flammen, welche gierig tranken
Meine Augen, bis ſie niederſanken; —
Doch ich glühte und begann zu wanken,
Faſt gelähmt die Glieder niederſanken.
Und nun ſinn ich lange in Gedanken,
Welche Zauber auf mich niederſanken? —
Soll ich klagen, jubeln, ſchmähen, danken? —
Seligkeiten ſinds, die niederſanken
Wie vom Himmel, — kann mein Herz noch ſchwanken? —
Liebesflammen ſinds, die niederſanken!
Ja, die Seele ſehnt ſich feſtzuranken
An dem Jüngling — vor ihm niederſanken
Stolz und Muth — und nur der Sitte Schranken
Wehrten, daß die Glieder niederſanken!

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Leiſe ſchlich ich, mein Gewand es rauſchte,
Doch Suleima hört es nicht, ſie lauſchte —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Als mein Ohr ich an die Laube legte,
Laut im Buſen mir das Herz ſich regte —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Horch, Suleima regt ſich; aus dem Herzen
Windet ſich ein „Ach“ voll Luſt und Schmerzen —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Und die Zweige dräng ich leis zurücke,
„Ja ſie iſts!“ flüſtr ich in meinem Glücke —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Hörte ſies? — ſie horcht — ach ſich erhebend
Flieht ſie ſchnell; ich bleibe, liebebebend
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Eh ich heimwärts meinen Schritt gerichtet,
Hat, Suleima, Rumi dir gedichtet —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.

Suleima.

In den Blättern Zephirs Säuſeln rauſchte
In der ſtillen Laube lag ich, lauſchte:
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Und das Haupt ich an die Blumen legte,
Dein gedenkend laut das Herz ſich regte —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Horch, „Sie iſts!“ ſo klangs zu Ohr und Herzen,
Leiſe hingehaucht in Luſt und Schmerzen —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Und — er iſts! — tönts in der Bruſt zurücke,
Jubelnde Gewißheit meinem Glücke —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Dennoch floh ich, eilend mich erhebend,
Flog ich aufgeſchreckt, doch liebebebend —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.
Ob ich floh — zu dir doch einzig richtet
Sich das Herz; dir, Freund, Suleima dichtet —
Wie die Nachtigall der Roſe Liebe ſingt.

Dſchelal-eddi Rumi.

Faßt ich endlich dich,
Flüchtige Gazelle?
Warum fliehſt du mich,
Flüchtige Gazelle?
Warum pocht dein Herz,
Flüchtige Gazelle,
Wie in Todesſchmerz,
Flüchtige Gazelle?
Warum glüht dein Blut,
Flüchtige Gazelle,
Wie in Lebensgluth,
Flüchtige Gazelle?
Ja verenden ſollſt an meiner Bruſt,
Flüchtige Gazelle!
Auferſtehn zu ewger Liebesluſt,
Flüchtige Gazelle!

Suleima.

Warum folgſt du mir,
Kecker Jägersmann?
Sag, was that ich dir,
Kecker Jägersmann?
Laß mich, laß mich frei,
Kecker Jägersmann;
Wähn nicht, dein ich ſei,
Kecker Jägersmann!
Willſt du Liebesdank,
Kecker Jägersmann;
Sei es frei [illegible] frank,
Kecker Jä[illegible]smann!
Willſt mein Herz als Beute du dir nehmen,
Kecker Jägersmann,
So verſuch durch Milde mich zu zähmen,
Kecker Jägersmann!

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Berühret hab ich deines Mundes Saum,
Und zweifle, wars im Wachen, wars im Traum.
Gekoſtet hab ich deiner Lippen Rand —
Vor meinem Blick das Irdiſche entſchwand!

O laß noch einmal deinen Mund berühren,
Mich wachend meines Glücks zu überführen; —
Laß ſaugen mich an deines Mundes Becher,
Daß ich mich trunken fühl ein Nektarzecher!

Suleima.

Als du berühreteſt meines Mundes Saum,
Da ward ich eingewiegt in holden Traum.
Als du gekoſtet meiner Lippen Rand,
Sich ſelbſt verlierend meine Seele ſchwand!

Nun ſcheint mein vorig Sein in Nichts zerronnen,
Ein neues ſchönes Leben hat begonnen. —
So nimm bewußt, nimm Mund, nimm Seele hin,
Weil ich durch dich aufs neu geboren bin.

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Suleima, Liebe ſchwörſt du mir,
Doch ſchwörſt du mir auch Treue?
Was ich verlange, ſag ich dir,
Auf daß dich nichts gereue.

Die Lieb iſt leicht, die Treue ſchwer;
Die Zeit ein böſer Geſelle;
Sie bringt die grauen Haare her,
Und Liebe ſchwindet wie Welle.

Suleima.

Ei weiſer Mann, was begehrſt du von mir?
Soll ich heut ſchon denken an morgen?
Behagen dieſe Tage dir,
Was verdirbſt du ſie mit Sorgen?

Was Liebestreu! — So lang ich dich lieb,
Sollſt du es einmal wagen
Treulos zu ſein: du haſt genug
An Einer Liebe zu tragen!

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Ich ſeh an dir in Fleiſch und Bein,
Die allertiefſten Gedanken:
In jegliches deiner Glieder ein
Unſterbliche Geiſter ſanken.

Je länger ich dein Antlitz ſchau,
Deſto mehr wächſt meine Erkenntniß:
Es wird für mich dein Gliederbau
Zum weiſeſten Gottesbekenntniß.

Suleima.

Seit ich dich liebe, ſcheint die Welt
Mir ſchön und unvergleichlich —
Was Höchſtes, Tiefſtes ſie enthält,
Iſt meinem Geiſt erreichlich.

Nun iſt das Aug mir aufgethan,
Die Schönheit zu erkennen,
Nichts iſt, wohin die Augen ſahn,
[illegible] zu nennen.

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Kurze Tage, lange Nächte
Sind mein Loos in dieſen Zeiten;
Aber meine nicht, ich dächte
Andres Loos mir zu bereiten.

Alſo licht ſind meine Tage,
Daß ſie gänzlich mich durchleuchten,
Und ich ſelber dann zum Tage
Um mich kann die Nacht erleuchten.

Aus zwei reichen Feuerquellen
Strömt mir klares Licht entgegen;
Meine Tage zu erhellen, —
Ueberreicher Strahlenſegen!

Suleima.

Mir iſt ganz die Zeit entſchwunden
Ewigkeit mir aufgegangen,
Seit ich dich mein Licht gefunden,
Seit der Liebe Quellen ſprangen.

Alſo iſt dem Fiſch zu Muthe,
Wenn er ſich im Waſſer fühlet;
Alſo iſt dem Aar zu Muthe,
Wenn er ſich in Lüften fühlet.

War ja elend ſchier verkommen,
Bis mein Element ich funden:
In dein Herz nun aufgenommen,
Fühl ich gänzlich mich geſunden.

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Feſt an deine lichten Augen
Will ich mich mit meinen Augen,
Reizende Suleima, ſaugen;
Dürſtend ihre Strahlen trinken,
Daß ſie reichlich niederſinken
In die Bruſt und mir durchſonnen
Ganz das Herz, den Liebesbronnen.
Dieſes Herz, das ganz zerſchmolzen
Iſt durch deinen Blick, den ſtolzen,
Gleicht dem Demant doch, der immer
Zeigt im Dunkeln noch den Schimmer
Von dem Lichte, das ihn beſchienen:
Alſo ſoll mein Herz mir dienen,
Um in dunkler Nächte Grauen
Hoffnungsſchimmer noch zu ſchauen —
Lichten Tages Dämmerungsgrauen.

Suleima.

Selig möcht ich in die Tiefen
Deiner Augen mich vertiefen,
Theurer Mann! in dieſen Tiefen
Seh ich eine Welt ſich regen,
Hold in Anmuth ſich bewegen,
Und ſie ſcheinet zwar zu gleichen
Dieſer äußern Welt, doch reichen
Irdiſche Geſtalten nimmer
In der Erdenſonne Schimmer
Hin zu dieſen ſel'gen Bildern,
Die in deinem Aug ſich ſchildern.
Doch zu blendend Licht ergießen
Die Geſtalten, die dort ſprießen,
Und ich muß die Augen ſchließen.

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Komm her, Suleima, ruh an meiner Bruſt —
O fühle, wie ſie pocht in ſel'ger Luſt!
Du biſt der Lebensſtern an meiner Bruſt —
O fühle, wie ſie pocht in ſel'ger Luſt!
Du biſt der Harniſch, der mir ſchirmt die Bruſt —
O fühle, wie ſie pocht in ſel'ger Luſt!
Du biſt die Sonne an der Erde Bruſt —
O fühle, wie ſie pocht in ſel'ger Luſt!
Du biſt die Gottheit an der Schöpfung Bruſt —
O fühle, wie ſie pocht in ſel'ger Luſt!

Suleima.

Ich ſinke willig hin an deine Bruſt —
O ſiehe, wie ich glüh in ſel'ger Luſt!
Ich bin das Kindlein an der Mutter Bruſt —
O ſiehe, wie ich glüh in ſel'ger Luſt!
Ich bin die Roſe an des Sängers Bruſt —
O ſiehe, wie ich glüh in ſel'ger Luſt!
Ich bin das Morgenroth an Tages Bruſt —
O ſiehe, wie ich glüh in ſel'ger Luſt!
Ich bin die Welt an ihres Gottes Bruſt —
O ſiehe, wie ich glüh in ſel'ger Luſt!

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Daß mich Suleima liebt, weiß alle Welt —
Sag an, mein Lieb, ob dir es wohlgefällt?
Sie kennt den Seufzer, der die Bruſt dir ſchwellt —
Sag an, mein Lieb, ob dir es wohlgefällt?
Sie kennt das Licht, das dir das Aug erhellt —
Sag an, mein Lieb, ob dir es wohlgefällt?
Sie weiß, daß dich mein Arm umſchlungen hält —
Sag an, mein Lieb, ob dir es wohlgefällt?
Daß Tag und Nacht du liebend mir geſellt —
Sag an, mein Lieb, ob dir es wohlgefällt?
Ich ſelber bins, ders ihr im Liede meld —
Sag an, mein Lieb, ob dir es wohlgefällt?

Suleima.

Was ſagt die Welt, wer ich, Suleima, bin?
Sie huldigt mir als ihrer Königin!
Ob ſie mich ſchmähet in verwirrtem Sinn —
Sie huldigt mir als ihrer Königin!
Wenn ſie dich nimmt als ihren König hin —
Sie huldigt mir als ihrer Königin!
Es ruht die Welt in deinem Liede drin —
Sie huldigt mir als ihrer Königin!
Verewigt liegt die endliche darin —
Sie huldigt mir als ihrer Königin!
Einſt, wenn ich längſt in Staub zerfallen bin —
Sie huldigt mir als ihrer Königin!

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Mein erſter Himmel iſt dein Sang,
Den in der Ferne ich vernehme;
Von Weitem deiner Stimme Klang —
O daß ſie nah und näher käme!

Mein zweiter Himmel iſt ein Blick,
Aus deinen lieben frommen Augen;
O welch ein namenloſes Glück
An dieſem Quell ſich feſtzuſaugen!

Mein dritter Himmel iſt die Hand,
Die in der meinen ruht und leiſe
Durch einen Druck mir ſagt: Ein Band
Verbinde uns, das nimmer reiße.

Mein vierter Himmel iſt das Wort,
Das ſüße Wort von deinem Munde:
Ich liebe dich! — o immerfort
Tönt in mir dieſe ſüße Kunde.

Mein fünfter Himmel iſt ein Kuß,
Der innig Lipp an Lippe glühet,
Mit welchem — himmliſcher Genuß! —
Ganz deine Seele in mich ziehet.

Mein ſechſter Himmel: Arm in Arm
Verſchlungen Herz am Herzen beben
An deinem Buſen, lebenswarm,
Vergeh ich allem Erdeleben.

Doch aller Himmel Seligkeiten
Umfaßt der Himmel ſiebenter;
Die andern all läßt fern im Weiten
Der Himmel wahrhaft Liebender.

Ich ſinke dir zu Füßen hin,
Drück deine Hand an meine Bruſt;
Verehrung, Andacht füllt den Sinn —;
So rein iſt Gottes Liebesluſt.

Suleima.

Du zählſt der Himmel ſieben, ich nur Einen;
Der biſt du ſelbſt, Geliebter! Aug und Mund
Und Stimm und Hand ſind nur der Engel Bund,
Die dienend um den höchſten Thron erſcheinen,
Rings um dein Herz! Dort thron ich wonneſelig,
Und dieſen bald, bald jenen Engel wähl ich,
Daß er das Lied mir ſingt, das Götter nährt,
Das kurze Lied, das Ewigkeiten währet:
Ich liebe dich!
Ich liebe dich!

Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi.

Silberlocken wenige
Glänzen mir um kahlen Scheitel kräuſend;
Gleichend einem Könige
Zähl ich meiner Schüler mehr als tauſend,
Die von Oſt und Weſten zu mir kamen,
Denn ſie preiſen mich mit dieſem Namen:
Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi den Weiſeſten.

Einſt das ſchwarze, lockige
Haar ſich kräuſelte um Stirn und Nacken,
Und der Bart, der flockige,
Keimte bräunlich mir um Kinn und Backen,
Da im Kreiſe übermüthger Zecher
Saß ich, und ſie nannten mich beim Becher:
Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi den Dürſtenden.

Sonnen zwei entzündeten
Mir das Herz; als ſich darauf zuſammen
Blick und Blick verbündeten,
Setzten Welt und Herzen ſie in Flammen.
Mit der Liebe Eine ich beglückte,
Mit dem Liede Alle ich entzückte —
Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi der Liebende.

Suleima, die reizende,
Hat im Tod ihr flammend Aug geſchloſſen;
Heiße Thränen beizende
Sind, ihn bleichend, in den Bart gefloſſen.
Tag und Nacht des Grames unvergeſſen,
Stumm und bleich, ſo hab ich da geſeſſen —
Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi der Trauernde.

Doch der Geiſt, der mächtige,
Regt unſterblich ſeine kühnen Schwingen;
Die Natur, die prächtige,
Kann er ſelbſt gebären wie verſchlingen:
Und ſo bin ich, mich in ihr erſchauend,
Und aus mir unſterblich ſie erbauend —
Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi der Weiſeſte.

Und der ſilberblühende
Scheitel birgt ein Leben, das nie altet,
Und das Herz, das glühende,
Nicht in Grabes feuchtem Sand erkaltet.
Raum und Zeit ſind Tand und nimmer end ich;
Mach einſt mich, ſie und die Welt lebendig —
Dſchelal-eddin-Rumi der Göttliche.

Der Pietiſt *).

Während meiner Studienzeit in Halle lernte ich einen jungen Mann kennen, welcher durch ſein vortheilhaftes Aeußere und ſein liebenswürdig gewandtes Benehmen Jedermann bei dem erſten Zuſammentreffen für ſich einnahm. Er war der Sohn eines bereits vor einigen Jahren geſtorbenen Advocaten in Hamburg und ſtudirte in Halle, um ſich ſpäter dem einträglichen und ehrenvollen Berufe ſeines Vaters zu widmen. Der Vater, ein Ehemann, hatte ſeinem einzigen Sohne kein eben anſehnliches Vermögen hinterlaſſen; daſſelbe, aus einigen Tauſend Thalern beſtehend, reichte jedoch um ſo mehr vollkommen zur Ausbildung des jungen Mannes für deſſen ſpäteren Beruf aus, als auch die Mutter deſſelben bereits aus dieſem Leben geſchieden war. Mein Freund, Heinrich S., lebte nun wohlgemuth und unbeſorgt hin; er war in jeder Beziehung ein flotter Student. Sein von Jugend auf gebildeter Sinn hielt ihn von allen gemeinen Vergnügungen zurück, und ſein friſcher Lebensmuth machte ihm das kopfhängeriſche Weſen verhaßt, das damals eine Geſellſchaft der Studirenden angenommen hatte, welche die Worte Tugend und Vaterland als Embleme führte. Seine großſtädtiſch noble Geſinnung, ſein ſtets vortrefflich beſtellter Wechſel, mit dem er trotz ſeines leichten Sinnes gar wohl hauszuhalten verſtand, ſeine ſtattliche ſchlanke Geſtalt, ſein entſchiedenes und doch beſcheidenes Weſen, ſein, ich möchte ſagen, ritterlich muthiges und gewandtes Benehmen, die Vollkommenheit, mit welcher er die Waffen zu führen und ſein Pferd zu produciren verſtand — alles dieſes hatte die natürliche Folge, daß ſich ein ziemlich anſehnlicher Kreis der Studirenden an ihn anſchloß und ihm nacheiferte. Es waren größtentheils junge Männer, welche einen oder mehre der Vorzüge meines Freundes theilten und, theils um Zudringliche und in ihre Geſellſchaft nicht Paſſende von ſich abzuhalten, theils um dem Vereine, in welchem ſie ſich glücklich fühlten, in der Studentenwelt eine Bedeutung und Anerkennung zu verſchaffen, welche er verdiente, erklärten ſie denſelben unter dem Namen der Hanſeaten für eine landsmannſchaftliche Verbindung und erkannten Heinrich S. einſtimmig als deren Vorſteher oder Senior an.

Ich ſelbſt, obgleich allen Mitgliedern jener Verbindung und namentlich ihrem Vorſteher innig befreundet, trat doch nicht in dieſelbe ein; denn die kurze Zeit, welche ich noch auf der Univerſität zuzubringen hatte, mußte ich faſt ganz einem emſigen Studium widmen, um mich auf mein Examen vorzubereiten. Unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen wurde mein Umgang mit S. ſeltner; denn was uns früher enger an einander geknüpft hatte, war das gemeinſame Intereſſe an der Philoſophie geweſen. S. hatte ſich namentlich der neuern Philoſophie mit einer Leichtigkeit bemächtigt, welche ich an ihm bewunderte. Während ich kein Ende finden konnte in Verfolgung der Ideen, welche dieſe Philoſophie anregte, wußte S. den Principien derſelben eine praktiſche Seite abzugewinnen, indem er die Theorie fallen ließ. So mußte ihm die philoſophiſche Ueberzeugung jetzt dazu dienen, um ihm unter den Freunden ein durch Entſchiedenheit imponirendes Anſehn zu geben; aber hierin ſchien ſich auch ſein Intereſſe an ihr aufgehoben zu haben. Ich äußerte ihm meine Beſorgniß, daß ihn die Studentenverbindung von ſeinen Studien abziehen würde. „Deſto beſſer,“ war ſeine Antwort, „die Richtung hat mir die Wiſſenſchaft gegeben, das iſt genug; die wahre Ausbildung fürs Leben gibt nur das Leben ſelbſt.“ — „Dann müßte dieſes auch ſtark genug ſein und die Richtung zu

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*) Novelle von G. O. Marbach. („Jahreszeiten. Frühling 1839.“ Leipzig 1839).

geben." — „Ja, wenn uns nicht von Anfang eine ſorgfältige Erziehung zur Lüge gegen uns ſelbſt gemacht hätte. Dieſe Lüge überwindet das Leben nicht, denn es wird durch dieſelbe verpeſtet. Den Fluch, den die Verſtandesbildung über uns gebracht hat, kann nichts heilen als dieſe ſelbſt, ſie in ihrer Vollendung als Philoſophie. In der Philoſophie vernichtet der Verſtand ſich in ſich ſelbſt, und Leben und Thatkraft ſind gerettet, — wenn man nicht in die neue Thorheit verfällt, das Mittel ſelbſt zum Zweck zu machen. Jetzt erkenne ich klar, welch ein in mir ſelbſt in Sentimentalität, lauter verfluchtes Floskelweſen verlogner Menſch ich war, bis mir die Philoſophie das Hirn purgirte — aber ich würde nur in die entgegengeſetzte Krankheit verfallen, wenn ich das wohlthätige Purgirmittel zu meiner täglichen Nahrung machte." — Als ich Halle verließ, begleitete mich S. bis Leipzig, wo wir noch einige frohe Tage mit einander zubrachten und dann nach einer herzlichen Umarmung ſchieden. Wir hatten uns vorgenommen einen lebhaften Briefwechſel zu führen. Gleich nach der Ankunft in meinem Vaterland übernahm ich aber ein Schulamt, und die Geſchäfte, welche mir dieſes brachte, hielten mich ab Wort zu halten, während S., wie ich nachher erfuhr, durch Conflicte, in welche die von ihm repräſentirte Verbindung gerieth, ſeinerſeits zu ſehr in Anſpruch genommen wurde, um ans Briefſchreiben zu kommen.

Verſprechungen, welche in der Folge nicht gehalten wurden, veranlaßten mich zwei Jahre nachher mein Vaterland zu verlaſſen und mich bei der Univerſität zu habilitiren. Ich kam bei dieſer Gelegenheit wieder nach Halle und erkundigte mich ſogleich angelegentlich nach meinem Freunde S. Nichts konnte ich von ihm erfahren, als daß er in Folge einer gegen die Studentenverbindungen eingeleiteten Unterſuchung, als Vorſteher einer dieſer Verbindungen relegirt worden ſei. Ueber die Folgen, welche dieſe Strafe für den talentvollen Jüngling gehabt haben könnte, war ich um ſo ruhiger, als ich aus frühern Mittheilungen wußte, wie wenig man in der freien Stadt Hamburg auf die Strafe der Relegation Werth legte, wenn dieſelbe nicht in Folge eines wirklich unſittlichen Vergehens verhängt worden war.

In Leipzig kam ich wenig aus, weil mich die Vorbereitungen zu meinem neuen Berufe vielfach beſchäftigten. Eines Tages aber gehe ich zur Erholung um die Promenade, nachdenklich vor mich hinſehend, als ich meinen Namen rufen hörte; im nächſten Augenblicke lag S. in meinen Armen. Meine Freude war groß, aber eben ſo groß mein Schreck, als der Freund nun zurücktrat. Aus dem blühenden, lebensfriſchen Jünglinge war in den zwei Jahren ein bleicher abgemagerter Menſch geworden, und ſein Anzug war noch immer ſauber wie ſonſt, aber ärmlich, abgetragen. Als er mein befremdetes und beſorgliches Anſchauen bemerkte, trat eine Thräne in ſein Auge, und mir die Hand reichend, ſagte er im ſchmerzlichen Tone der Stimme und indem ein zuckendes Lächeln der Verzweiflung über ſein Geſicht fuhr: „Es iſt mir ſchlimm ergangen, ſeit wir uns nicht geſehen!"

Auf meinem Zimmer erfuhr ich hierauf von S., daß er nach der Relegation in Halle, den verzweifelten Entſchluß gefaßt hatte, als Soldat ſein Glück zu verſuchen. Außer der Entfernung von der Univerſität hatte ihn hierbei noch ein Liebesverhältniß beſtimmt, welches er mit einem Mädchen von gutem Naturell, aber geringer Geiſtesbildung angeknüpft hatte, und das ihm um ſo läſtiger geworden war, als ihn das Mädchen mit peinlichen Sorgen wegen der Geſtaltung ſeiner künftigen Lebensverhältniſſe ängſtete. Er hatte den Reſt ſeines Vermögens dazu verwendet, um nach Algier zu reiſen, und war hier in die bekannte Fremdenlegion eingetreten. Die grauſamen Strapazen, welche er auszuſtehen hatte, vernichteten ſeine Geſundheit; aber mehr noch wurde ſein Geiſt darniedergedrückt durch die brutale Behandlung, der die Fremden von Seiten der Franzoſen ausgeſetzt waren. Die Franzoſen mißgönnten ihm den Rang eines Unteroffiziers und gingen ſyſtematiſch darauf aus, ihn zu Grunde zu richten, indem ſie ihn mit der ſchmachvollſten Willkür in Duelle verwickelten. Nur ſeine Gewandtheit und ſeine Fertigkeit der Waffen hatten ihn gerettet. Er war endlich glücklich, noch einen kleinen Ueberreſt ſeines Vermögens als Nothpfennig in ſeinem Torniſter verborgen zu haben, der ihm nun in das Vaterland zurück half. Vor einigen Tagen erſt war er bankerot an allen Lebenshoffnungen in Leipzig angekommen.

Ich überzeugte ihn bald, das Einzige, was er unter dieſen Umſtänden thun könne, ſei, den frühern Lebensberuf wieder aufzunehmen; aber er geſtand mir, daß er in Halle wegen der allzuvielen Zerſtreuungen wenig für das juriſtiſche Studium habe thun können, und um aufs Neue eine Univerſität zu beſuchen fehle es ihm an Geldmitteln. Obgleich ich nun ſelbſt nicht in glänzenden Umſtänden war, ſo behielt ich doch den Freund bei mir und es wurde beſchloſſen, daß er, der von Jugend auf mit den neuern Sprachen ſich angelegentlich beſchäftigt hatte, durch Privatſtunden, vielleicht auch durch Ueberſetzungen ſich einigen Verdienſt verſchaffen, dabei aber eifrig ſeinem Studium obliegen ſolle. Das Liebesverhältniß, welches er früher in Halle unterhalten hatte, durfte ihm keine Sorge mehr machen; denn wir erfuhren, daß ſich jenes Mädchen vor Kurzem mit einem Prediger aus der Umgegend von Halle verlobt habe. Mit den Ueberſetzungen ging es beſſer, als wir gedacht hatten; ſie waren correct und gewandt und bald bekam er mehr Aufforderungen von Buchhändlern, als er anzunehmen vermochte. Zugleich gewann er auf dieſe Weiſe ein reichliches Auskommen; aber ich bemerkte mit Mißfallen, daß über den Ueberſetzungen das juriſtiſche Studium gänzlich verſäumt wurde. Ich mußte die Bemerkung machen, daß der ernſt wiſſenſchaftliche Sinn aus meinem Freunde, der übrigens zu ſeiner frühern Lebensfriſche und Liebenswürdigkeit zurückgekehrt, gänzlich gewichen war. Ihn feſſelten nur die Aeußerlichkeiten des Lebens.

In dieſer Zeit unternahmen wir zuſammen eine Vergnügungsreiſe nach Dresden. Wir reiſten mit dem Eilwagen und kamen in eine Beichaiſe zu ſitzen, in welcher ſich bereits eine verſchleierte Dame niedergelaſſen hatte, welche unter ihrem Mantel ein Päckchen zu halten ſchien. Meinem Freunde wurde der Platz neben der Dame, mir der Rückſitz angewieſen. Ich machte jene aufmerkſam, daß, da ich die letzte Nummer habe, noch Platz für ihr Päckchen neben mir auf dem Rückſitze bleibe, erhielt aber nur ein Kopfſchütteln zur Antwort. Das Poſthorn blies und wir fuhren ab. Als wir ins Freie gekommen waren, ſchlug die Dame den Schleier zurück und ließ ihr jugendliches und wunderſchönes Geſicht ſehen, in welchem mir jedoch ein beinah feindlicher Zug um die ſchönen Lippen mißfiel. Ich dachte bei mir, die ſchöne Frau müſſe ſchon ſehr trübe und ihr Gemüth bis zum Lebensüberdruß aufregende Erfahrungen gemacht haben, und die Folge beſtätigte meine Vermuthung. Sie würdigte uns nur eines ſehr kalten, ich möchte faſt ſagen, verächtlichen Blickes, und brachte dann unter ihrem Mantel das hervor, was ich für ein Päckchen gehalten hatte. Es war ein niedliches Hündchen, auf der Eilpoſt bekanntlich ein verbotener Artikel. Die Fremde liebkoſte das artige Thier, welches in der friſchen Luft ganz munter wurde, und ſetzte es endlich neben mich auf den Rückſitz, wo es ſich luſtig umſchaute. Bald machte es auch mit uns Bekanntſchaft, ſprang auf unſern Schooß und wurde nur durch ſeine Gebieterin wieder auf den leeren Platz des Rückſitzes verwieſen.

Mein lebensfroher Freund ſuchte die Gelegenheit, welche das Hündchen bot, zu benutzen, um unſere ſchöne Gefährtin in ein Geſpräch zu ziehen, erhielt jedoch nur kurz abſtoßende und endlich gar keine Antworten. Sie legte ſich zum Wagenfenſter hinaus und kehrte ihm den Rücken. Ich lachte; er aber konnte ſeinen Aerger über die Art, mit der ſeine gefälligen Reden abgewieſen worden waren, kaum verbergen. Nach einer Weile mochte der Dame dieſe Stellung läſtig geworden ſein; ſie zog ihren Schleier wieder vor und lehnte ſich zum Schlummer in die Ecke des Wagens. Auch das Hündchen machte es ſich bequem, indem es ſeine Schnauze auf meinen Schooß legte und ſchlief. Es war ein heiterer Sommermorgen, die Luft ſtrich friſch durch unſeren auf beiden Seiten offenen Wagen, und S., um ſeinen Aerger zu verdampfen, zündete eine Cigarre an. Nicht lange, ſo räuſperte ſich die Dame, ſchlug den Schleier zurück und ſagte, indem eine flüchtige Röthe über ihr Geſicht zog: „Mein Herr, ich habe das Recht mir das Tabakrauchen zu verbitten." S. ſah ſie eine Weile ruhig an, warf dann gelaſſen die Cigarre zum Fenſter hinaus und erwiederte, indem ſich ſein Geſicht dunkelroth färbte: „Und ich habe das Recht, Madame, mir den Hund zu verbitten; Sie werden ihn auf der nächſten Station zurücklaſſen!" Auf dieſe Weiſe war nun der Krieg zwiſchen meinen Reiſegefährten erklärt, und ich als neutrale Macht gab mir Mühe lachenden Muthes eine friedliche Uebereinkunft zu vermitteln. Vergebens! die für mich wenigſtens ſehr unliebenswürdige Dame ſchien auf unſere Galanterie zu rechnen, daß wir ihr das Hündchen nicht rauben würden, wollte aber nichts deſto weniger nicht erlauben, daß abwechſelnd einer von uns nur ſo lange Tabak rauchte, als der Wind den Rauch nicht rückwärts triebe. Die Schöne war während meiner Unterhandlungen ſehr lebhaft geworden, S. ſchwieg ärgerlich in ſich brütend. Endlich fragte ich die Fremde, ob ihr denn der Rauch beſchwerlich falle? „Keineswegs," antwortete ſie, „aber ich will, daß man mir die Artigkeit erweiſe, die man mir ſchuldig iſt." Nun wurde ich ärgerlich und ernſt, während mein Freund plötzlich laut auflachte und lachend wiederholte, daß in Wurzen, ſo hieß die nächſte Station, der Hund aus dem Wagen müſſe. Die Dame widerſprach; S. betheuerte, während er nichts deſto weniger mit dem Hündchen ſpielte und es ſcherzend bedauerte. Endlich ſtimmte die Fremde mildere Saiten: ſie wollte erlauben, daß wir Tabak rauchten, wenn ſie den Hund behalten dürfe; nun aber perſiflirte ſie S. mit ihren eigenen vorher ausgeſprochenen Worten, verſicherte ſehr galant, daß er nicht wagen könne, in Geſellſchaft einer ſo fein gebildeten Dame an die Cigarre zu denken, daß er glücklich ſei, ein Mittel gefunden zu haben, mit ihr in ein lebhaftes Geſpräch zu kommen, und daß er ſchon darum auf Zurücklaſſung des niedlichen Thierchens beſtehen müſſe, um ſie in einer Aufregung zu erhalten, welche ſie ſo bezaubernd liebenswürdig mache. „Sie müßten,“ fuhr er fort, „ein Mann ſein, um zu begreifen, wie überirdiſch erhaben die Schönheit einer ſchönen Frau leuchtet, wenn ihre Wangen von Zorn glühen!“ — „Mein Herr, Sie ſind abſcheulich, Sie ſind grauſam!“ — „Grauſam? ja, aber beim Himmel nicht gleichgültig; — ſo wenig wie Sie!“ — „Ich verachte Sie!“ — „Nein, Sie haſſen mich! — geſtehen Sie, daß ich Ihnen nicht gleichgültig bin.“ — „Nur um eines Hundes willen nicht,“ hohnlachte die Schöne. — „Die Urſache iſt gleichgültig, Madame, und ich ſchwöre“ — Das Poſthorn blies, wir waren in Wurzen. S. ſprang ſogleich aus dem Wagen, indeß die Dame eilig ihr Hündchen haſchte, es in den Mantel wickelte und ſich in den Fond des Wagens zurücklehnte. Ich ſah zum Wagen hinaus und bemerkte, wie mein Freund eifrig mit einem Poſtbedienten unterhandelte; er gab ihm Geld und flüſterte ihm noch zu: „Alſo ich verlaſſe mich darauf — in der Stadt Wien. Hier meine Adreſſe.“ S. ging hierauf in das Poſthaus und jener Poſtbediente trat an den Wagen. Er forderte die Dame höflich aber entſchieden auf, den Hund aus dem Wagen zu thun. Sie zögerte; doch in dem Augenblicke fuhr das Hündchen gegen den Fremden pelfernd unter dem Mantel hervor, als ob es die Abſicht des Mannes erkannt hätte. Dieſer hatte es ſchnell ereilt und nahm es trotz ſeinem Widerſtreben aus dem Wagen. Unſere ſchöne Begleiterin fuhr leidenſchaftlich auf, doch ſich ſchnell beſinnend, fragte ſie ruhig: „Sind Sie hier vom Ort?“ — „Ja, Madame.“ — „Nun ſo tragen Sie für das gute Thier Sorge, in einigen Tagen kehre ich zurück und will Ihnen Ihre Mühe reichlich belohnen. Wie iſt ihr Name?“ — „Haben ſie keine Sorge, Madame, ich ſtehe Ihnen für das Hündchen. Mein Name iſt Bartels; Sie können mich jeden Augenblick in der Poſt erfragen.“ — Gleich darauf ſtieg S. wieder in den Wagen und die Reiſe ging fort. Die junge Frau war wie umgewandelt. Lachend empfing ſie meinen Freund: „Nun Sie haben Wort gehalten; ich danke Ihnen für die Lection. Aber ſie ſollen ſehen, daß ich großmüthiger bin, als Sie. Meine Herren, rauchen Sie, ſo viel Ihnen beliebt!“ Wir thaten es natürlich nicht; aber von nun an hatten wir an der jungen Dame die liebenswürdigſte, freundlichſte Reiſegefährtin. Des Hundes wurde mit keiner Sylbe mehr gedacht.

Unaufgefordert erzählte uns die Dame ihre früheren Lebensverhältniſſe. Sie hatte früh ihre Eltern verloren und war von einer älteren Schweſter ihrer Mutter in Leipzig erzogen worden, welche von einer kleinen Penſion lebte, die ſie als Wittwe eines ehemaligen Staatsdieners bezog. Unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen wurde es als ein großes Glück betrachtet, als ſich ein ſehr wohlhabender, ja reicher Mann um die Hand des eben erſt zur Jungfrau heranblühenden Mädchens bewarb. Daß er nebenbei alt, geizig und ein widerwärtiger Sonderling war, wurde über ſeinen Reichthum von der alten Tante überſehen. Sie ſtellte ihrer Nichte die gänzliche Hülfloſigkeit vor, wenn ſie in ihr, der Pflegemutter, der letzten Stütze durch den Tod beraubt würde, ſie machte ihr bemerklich, daß Männer, die erſt in ſpäteren Jahren ſich vermählten, gewöhnlich die beſten Ehemänner wären, weil ſie durch zärtliche Güte den Reiz der Jugend zu erſetzen ſuchen müßten; genug ſie bewog das junge unerfahrene Kind dem alten Gatten die Hand vor dem Altar zu reichen. Bettina, ſo hieß die junge Frau, kannte in dem Alter von ſiebenzehn Jahren noch keine Leidenſchaft als die Eitelkeit; Herr Karch, ſo hieß der bejahrte Freier, hatte aus Liebe ſeinen Geiz bewältigt und erfreute ſie mit den reichſten Geſchenken, und ſo war ſie ihm herzlich dankbar und hielt dieſe Dankbarkeit für Liebe. Während des kurzen Brautſtandes war Herr Karch ſo klug, ſeine Zärtlichkeit in ſehr ehrbaren Schranken zu halten, und ſo kam das arme Kind erſt nachdem es zu ſpät war, nachdem die Hochzeit mit großem Glanz vollzogen war, zum Gefühl ihres Elends. Ihr Gemahl, früher Wollhändler, jetzt Gutsbeſitzer, zog mit ihr gleich nach der Hochzeit aufs Land, wurde von Tage zu Tage zärtlicher und filziger, erlaubte der jungen Frau niemals, die Grenzen des einſamen Wohngebäudes und des noch einſamern Gartens an demſelben zu übertreten, und machte durch alles dieſes die junge Frau, welche niemand außer ihm und kaum alle Vierteljahre einmal ihre mütterliche Wohlthäterin zu ſehen bekam, grenzenlos unglücklich. Kaum ein Jahr nach ihrer Verheirathung ſtarb die alte Tante, einſam und verlaſſen von jeder liebevoll pflegenden Hand und mit dem folternden Bewußtſein, das einzige Kind ihrer vorangegangenen Schweſter aus Unklugheit unglücklich gemacht zu haben. Bettina's Loos war indeß einigermaßen leichter geworden durch die heftigen Gichtleiden, von denen ihr abſcheulicher Tyrann befallen wurde; ſie ertrug jetzt ſeine Grillen leichter, als vorher ſeine Zärtlichkeit. Der Arzt rieth den Gebrauch eines Bades während des Sommers, aber Eiferſucht und Geiz hielten den Alten zurück, und im verfloſſenen Herbſt war er geſtorben.

Bettina hatte ihn bis an ſein Ende treulich gepflegt; jetzt athmete ſie frei auf. Ihre Tante war ſo klug geweſen, Herrn Karch, ehe ſie ſeiner verliebten Leidenſchaft ihre ſchöne Nichte zum Opfer gebracht hatte, zu vermögen, dieſe durch ein Teſtament zur alleinigen Erbin ſeines großen Vermögens zu ernennen; aber wie erſchrak die jetzt ganz einſam in ihrer Unerfahrenheit daſtehende Frau, als ſich gleich auf die abgelauerte Nachricht von Karch's Tode entfernte Verwandte aus Dresden erſt als Leidtragende zum Begräbniß und bald darauf als Univerſalerben producirten. Sie hatten ſchon einen Advocaten mitgebracht, welcher das Teſtament des Verſtorbenen als ungeſetzlich angriff. Die habgierigen Verwandten hatten die Beamten der Güter, ja ſogar den bisherigen Sachwalter Karch's, an welchen ſich die junge Wittwe in ihrer Bedrängniß gewendet, durch Geld auf ihre Seite gebracht, niſteten ſich ohne weiteres auf dem Gute ein und zwangen durch die härteſte Inſolenz Bettina endlich ihr eigenes Haus gänzlich zu verlaſſen. Selbſt vor Gericht zu treten ſcheute ſich die Unglückliche; ihr Sachwalter zuckte die Achſeln und that nichts, „und“ fuhr Bettina fort, welcher über dieſer Erzählung die Thränen in die Augen getreten waren, „ſo habe ich mich denn mit dem einzigen Weſen, welches mir während dieſer Leidensjahre bis heute treu geblieben iſt, aufgemacht, um in Dresden bei einem redlichen und geſchickten Manne, welcher mir von einer Freundin meiner Tante empfohlen worden iſt, Hülfe zu ſuchen.“

S. wurde bei den letzten Worten ſeiner Nachbarin blutroth, ſtürzte mit ſeinem Geſicht auf die Hand derſelben und küßte ſie. „Ich bin ein ſchändlicher Verräther,“ rief er, „daß ich aus Leichtſinn und Muthwillen Sie um das liebe Thierchen gebracht habe! aber — aber Sie ſollen ſehen, daß ich nicht ſo herzlos und ungezogen bin, als ich Ihnen jetzt vielleicht erſcheine.“ — „Tröſten Sie ſich, mein Herr!“ erwiederte Bettina lächelnd, „ich finde das gute Thier bei meiner Rückkehr wieder; es wäre mir ohnedieß in Dresden wohl nur zur Laſt geweſen. Ich bin Ihnen ſogar Dank für die Lehre ſchuldig, welche Sie mir gegeben, und muß ſie um Verzeihung bitten. Die ſtete Zurückgezogenheit, in welcher ich bisher gelebt, hat mich menſchenſcheu gemacht, und indem mich nun meine hilfloſe Lage plötzlich gezwungen hat, mich in die Welt zu begeben, habe ich den erſten Schritt in ihr recht lächerlich ungeſchickt gethan. Dazu kam noch die gehäſſige Aufregung, in welche ich durch die mich verfolgenden ſchlechten Menſchen gebracht worden bin. Ihr Benehmen hat mich zur Beſinnung gebracht; ich werde nun auch meine Geſchäfte in Dresden ruhiger und beſonnener abmachen.“ Man konnte leicht bemerken, daß die junge Frau, fühlend wie unliebenswürdig ſie ſich uns beiden jungen Männern gegenüber benommen hatte, überdieß durch unſere offenherzige Laune zum Vertrauen angeregt, ihre bisherige Geſchichte uns mitgetheilt, anfangs, um ihr voriges Benehmen zu entſchuldigen, nachher, einmal ins Erzählen gerathen, um ihr von ſo lange zurückgehaltenem Jammer belaſtetes und doch noch ſo junges, daher der Mittheilung bedürftiges Herz zu erleichtern.

Als die beſten Freunde kamen wir in Dresden an, und Bettina nahm auf unſere Empfehlung gleich uns in dem Gaſthauſe zur Stadt Wien ihre Wohnung. Nachdem wir noch in der Gaſtſtube gemeinſchaftlich zu Abend geſpeiſt, trennten wir uns; die Dame auf unſere Zuſprache heiteren Muthes wegen ihrer Zukunft, und S. mit dem unter ſchalkhaftem Lächeln vorgebrachten Verſprechen, daß er ſie morgen auf eine angenehme Weiſe zu überraſchen hoffe. Ich verſtand ihn ſo wenig wie Bettina, und auf mein Befragen unter vier Augen verwies er mich, ſo wie vorher die junge Frau, auf den nächſten Morgen. S. beſtellte noch bei dem Kellner, daß, wenn morgen Jemand nach ihm frage, man denſelben ſogleich auf unſer Zimmer bringen ſolle.

Wir blieben noch lange munter, denn S. konnte nicht aufhören von unſerer Reiſebekanntſchaft zu ſprechen; er bedauerte, noch nicht immatriculirter Advocat zu ſein, um ihr in ihrem Rechtsſtreite mit allen Kräften beiſtehen zu dürfen. — Als wir am nächſten Morgen bei dem Frühſtück ſitzen, geht die Thür auf und herein ſpringt — das Hündchen unſerer Dame. Es erkannte uns ſogleich und ſprang wedelnd und bellend um uns herum. S. hatte es durch einen Boten nachbringen laſſen; jetzt ließ er ſogleich bei Bettina um Zutritt bitten.

Als S. bald darauf ohne mich, das Hündchen im Arm, in das Zimmer der jungen Frau trat, ſprang ihm dieſe mit einem Ausruf der Freude entgegen; ſie zitterte, Thränen liefen über ihre Wangen, ſie reichte S. die Hand, ſie umarmte, ſie küßte ihn, ausrufend: „Nein, ich habe mich nicht getäuſcht. Sie ſind ein guter Menſch!“ S. wußte nicht wie ihm geſchah; noch eh' er ſich zu ſammeln vermochte, trat Bettina, erſchrocken vor ſich ſelbſt, zurück und bat S. Platz zu nehmen. Sie wird ihm einen Stuhl am Fenſter an und ſetzte ſich ſelbſt ihm gegenüber, ſo daß ein kleines in der Fenſterniſche ſtehendes Tiſchchen zwiſchen ſie zu ſtehen kam. Ruhig, als ob nichts vorgefallen wäre, unterhielt ſie ſich nun mit S., welcher auf dieſe Stimmung zwar einging, aber doch zu verwirrt war, um den Faden eines unbefangenen Geſprächs aufzunehmen. Es entſtanden peinliche Pauſen. Bettina fing endlich von dem Zweck ihres Aufenthaltes in Dresden zu ſprechen an. Das war ein ausreichender Stoff; ſie ſprach lange, endlich bewegt durch ihre mißliche, hilfloſe Lage. Ihre Hand lag auf dem Tiſchchen. S. hatte ihr unausgeſetzt in das ſchöne rührend erregte Geſicht geſehen, ohne ſie zu unterbrechen; — jetzt faßte er plötzlich ihre Hand, ſein Geſicht glühte. „Bettina!“ rief er mit unterdrückter Stimme, „Sie bedürfen eines Freundes, nehmen ſie mich als ſolchen an! Ich werde alles gut machen, was die Welt Schlimmes an Ihnen gethan hat; ich werde Ihnen rathend und helfend beiſtehen, ſo lange ich athme; denn, denn — Bettina, ich liebe Dich!“ Mit den letzten Worten neigte er ſich auf ihre Hand und drückte ſie lange an ſeine bebenden Lippen. Sie zog die Hand nicht zurück, aber ſie antwortete ihm auch nicht. Er mußte endlich das Auge in furchtſamer Erwartung zu ihr aufſchlagen. Mit glühendem Angeſichte ſaß ſie da; Thränen rannen aus den niedergeſchlagenen Augen. Endlich ſprach ſie leiſe vor ſich hin: „Mir wird kein Freund helfen können, und was ich jetzt thue, geſchieht nur im Gefühle der Pflicht gegen mich ſelbſt. Hoffnung habe ich wenig oder gar nicht. Sagt mir doch mein eigener Sachwalter, daß das Teſtament ungültig ſei, und wenn ich ihn für beſtochen halte, ſo thue ich ihm vielleicht Unrecht.“ — „Bettina!“ erwiederte S., „in dieſen Worten liegt ein für mich tiefverletzender Verdacht. Ich verſichere bei meiner Ehre und kann es beweiſen, daß ich ein, wenn auch ungewiſſes, doch für mich und ein mich liebendes Weib ausreichendes Einkommen beſitze. Meine Liebe iſt uneigennützig, ſo wahr mir Gott helfe!“ — „Vergib!“ flüſterte Bettina [illegible]; dann erſtickten die Küſſe des Geliebten ihre Stimme.

Alles, was ich hier mitgetheilt, erzählte mir S. erſt nach Verlauf mehrer Wochen in Leipzig. Für den Augenblick meldete er mir nur Freude ſtrahlenden Auges und indem er mich mit leidenſchaftlichem Ungeſtüm umarmte, daß Bettina ſeine Braut ſei, dieß aber noch ein Geheimniß bleiben ſollte, bis ihre Vermögensangelegenheiten entſchieden wären. Wie jedoch auch die Entſcheidung ausfallen möge: ſie werde ſeine Gattin. Wo es zu ſpät iſt zu reden, ſoll man ſchweigen; ſo dachte ich und unterdrückte Alles, was ſich gegen dieſe ſchnell geſchloſſene Verbindung hätte einwenden laſſen.

Wir reiſten einige Tage nachher mit Bettina und dem dresdner Advocaten, welcher voll der beſten Hoffnungen war, nach Leipzig zurück; das Benehmen der beiden Liebenden war ohne Rückhalt das zärtlichſte. Bettina's Angelegenheiten nahmen den ſchnellſten, glücklichſten Gang. Die zudringlichen Verwandten mußten noch in derſelben Woche Haus und Hof räumen; nach Verlauf eines halben Jahres war Bettina im Beſitz des ganzen großen Vermögens ihres verſtorbenen Gemahls und vier Wochen darauf die Gattin meines Freundes.

S. war überglücklich; er ſchien das Element gefunden zu haben, in welchem allein er ſich vollkommen behaglich fühlte. Mit Luſt und Eifer nahm er ſich der Landwirthſchaft an. Auch Bettina war glücklich. Sie wollte weder reiſen noch die Stadt beſuchen, wenn es nicht ihres Mannes ausdrücklicher Wille wäre. Auf ihrem Gute ſahen ſie wenige Freunde, aber dieſe oft. Ich war faſt jeden Sonntag draußen und wurde öfter von dem Prediger Drucker begleitet, welcher mit S. und mir in Halle ſtudirt hatte. Derſelbe war eben ſo gelehrt, als in ſeinem Weſen mild, und es ließ ſich daher mit ihm ſehr gut disputiren, wozu S. ſtets aufgelegt war. Nur wenn S. der Religion zu nahe treten wollte, wies Drucker ihn mit würdevollem Ernſte zurück. Bettina war die liebenswürdigſte Wirthin; jede Spur jenes Zuges, der mir bei unſrer erſten Begegnung ſo unangenehm auffiel, war verſchwunden. Ihr Mann, mit der Literatur aller gebildeten Nationen vertraut, bot ihrem gewandten, leicht und wie mit einer Art von Inſtinkt jedes Gegenſtandes ſich bemächtigenden Geiſte reiche Nahrung, und wenn ſie ihn jemals mit ihrem abgelebten erſten Gatten verglich, ſo konnte dieſes nur ihre Zärtlichkeit für den jugendlich friſchen, zweiten erhöhen. Ich geſtehe, daß mir nie ein ſo glückliches und ſo, wie man ſagt, für einander geſchaffenes Ehepaar vorgekommen iſt wie dieſes, — ja es war, als ob die Geſichtsbildungen beider, faſt regelmäßig ſchön und daher nur in den leiſeren Zügen von einander abweichend, von Woche zu Woche mehr in einander übergingen. Das Einzige, was zu einer Störung ihres ehelichen Glückes hätte Veranlaſſung geben können, war die Lebhaftigkeit und Erregbarkeit, welche beiden angeboren war; aber auch dieſe ſchien vielmehr den Reiz ihres Zuſammenlebens noch zu erhöhen. Die Lebenserfahrungen, welche ſie gemacht, hatten Bettina eine Milde des Charakters gegeben, welche ſogleich jede Woge des aufwallenden Unmuthes in ihr niederſchlug, ſobald ſie bemerkte, daß S. ihr lebhaft entgegentrat. Es war wunderbar, wie ſchnell ſie ſich beſann, wenn ſie eben noch für eine Anſicht oder Meinung aufgelodert war, ſobald ihr S. dieſelbe verneinte, und dieß war offenbar nicht eine Schwäche oder Klugheit, ſondern die reinſte Liebe, welcher gemäß ſie ſich bemühte, ihre ganze Anſchauungs- und Denkweiſe der ihres Gatten conform zu machen. In einem ſolchen Falle ward ſie plötzlich freundlich und mild, beſchwichtigte S. mit einem zärtlichen Worte und grübelte dann ſo lange ſtill für ſich nach, bis ſie voller Freude kam und ausrief: „Sieh, S., jetzt hab ichs, jetzt verſteh ichs!“ — und nun rechtfertigte und explicirte ſie ihm ſeine eigene, der ihren vorher entgegenſtehende Meinung oft beſſer, als er ſelbſt es vielleicht vermocht hätte. War es ein Wunder, wenn S. eine ſolche Gattin faſt vergötterte? —

„Alle Seligkeiten meiner Kindheit ſind mit dieſem Weibe wieder in mir aufgegangen!“ ſagte er oft zu mir, vor dem er gewöhnt war, ſein ganzes Innere zu erſchließen. „Wir leben aber auch wie die Kinder, ſo alt wir ſind!“ ſetzte er lächelnd hinzu. „Kannſt du dir vorſtellen, daß ich ſo läppiſch bin, nicht einſchlafen zu können, ohne ihre Hand in der meinen zu fühlen? Kein irdiſcher Genuß, keine Entzückung der Leidenſchaft geht über den ſeligen Frieden, der über mich kommt, wenn ich in ihr liebevolles Auge mich vertiefe, oder wenn ich ihre Hand haltend im Entſchlummern nichts fühle, als die Nähe dieſes reinen Weſens. Ja ich glaube, ſelbſt die höchſten Freuden des Geiſtes, der Seelenjubel über die Entdeckung einer ewigen Wahrheit, reichen nicht an jenen ſeligen Frieden.“

Der Winter war vorübergegangen, ohne daß die Glücklichen ihn jemals zu lang gefunden hätten. Im Frühlinge fühlte ſich Bettina geſegneten Leibes; S. theilte mir dieſe Nachricht mit freudetrunkenen Blicken mit. An einem ſchönen Frühlingsabende gingen wir drei zuſammen unter den blühenden Kirſchbäumen des Gartens. Bettina ſchien einem ſchwermüthigen Gedanken nachzuſinnen, und als ich ſie theilnehmend nach der Urſache dieſer Stimmung fragte, gab ſie mir erröthend eine ausweichende Antwort. S. aber nahm das Wort: „Bettina, wir brauchen vor unſerm Freunde keines unſerer Gefühle zu verbergen. Du weißt, Freund, welche Freude mir und meinem guten Weibe in dieſem Jahre noch bevorſteht; nun quält ſich und mich Bettina mit dem Gedanken, das Leben ihres Kindes werde ihr ſelbſt den Tod bringen.“ Ich ſprach Bettina und dem Freunde Troſt zu, indem ich bemerkte, daß dieſe Bangigkeit körperliche Folge ihres Zuſtandes ſei; daß ſie nicht dasjenige für eine beſondere Ahnung halten ſolle, was, ſo viel ich wüßte, alle Frauen in dieſen Verhältniſſen empfänden. Bettina hörte mir ſchweigend zu und vermochte nicht die Thränen zurückzuhalten. „Ach,“ ſeufzte ſie, „wäre es mir doch nur noch Ein Jahr vergönnt geweſen mich meines Glückes zu freuen!“ — „Nun,“ ſprach S. lebhaft und beinahe hart, — „und wenn es ſein müßte, was ich nicht glauben mag und will; willſt Du dann Dir und mir noch dieſe letzten Monate unſeres Zuſammenſeins verbittern durch Sorgen? ſo faſſe doch lieber den Entſchluß, keinen Augenblick ungenoſſen vorüberzulaſſen, auf den Du noch rechnen kannſt.“ Bettina ſah ihn groß an, lächelte und drückte ſchnell ſeine Hand an die Lippen, wie ſie öfters that; dann ging ſie von uns hinweg dem Hauſe zu. „Wohin Bettina?“ rief S. „Ich habe noch in der Küche zu thun; kommt nur in einer halben Stunde zum Abendeſſen!“ war ihre Antwort. S. war tiefſinnig ernſt. „Es wäre gräßlich!“ — ſprach er vor ſich hin.

Als wir nachher in den Speiſeſaal traten, hüpfte uns Bettina faſt ausgelaſſen fröhlich entgegen. „Komm, liebes Männchen, laß Dich küſſen!“ ſagte ſie zu dem noch ernſt Geſtimmten. „Sieh, ich hab mir ein Exempel berechnet, ob es beſſer für Dich ſei, wenn ich am Leben bleibe, oder nicht; und da ich nun gefunden, daß Du mich ſehr nöthig haſt, ſo glaube ich an den gerechten Gott, daß er uns noch nicht trennen wird!“ Sie ſank weinend an die Bruſt ihres Gatten, aber an ihrem ſelig lächelnden Geſicht ſah man, es waren Thränen der Freude.

Gegen den Herbſt mußte ich in Familienangelegenheiten eine Reiſe in mein Vaterland unternehmen und ich blieb länger daſelbſt, als ich mir anfangs vorgeſetzt hatte. Ich bewarb mich um die Liebe eines Mädchens, der ich ſchon in früheſter Jugend herzlich befreundet geweſen war, die ich als Kind verlaſſen hatte und nun als blühende Jungfrau wieder fand. Ich bewarb mich um ihre Liebe, erlangte ſie und brachte Beatrix als meine Gattin mit nach Leipzig. Ein Brief meines Freundes, geſchrieben im höchſten Jubel der Seele hatte mir zwei Tage vor meiner Hochzeit die glückliche Entbindung ſeiner Frau von einem Knaben gemeldet. Man kann ſich denken, wie heiter aus doppelter Urſache meine Antwort war. Bei meiner Ankunft in Leipzig war meine erſte Frage die, nach Bettina's und des Kindes Befinden; wie ein Blitz aus heiterem Himmel traf mich die

Antwort: „Das Kind lebt, aber die Mutter iſt vor drei Tagen beerdigt worden."

Noch an demſelben Tage fuhr ich hinaus zu S. Ich hatte mich auf ein erſchütterndes, des Freundes ganze Leidenſchaftlichkeit in Schmerz aufſtürmendes Wiederſehen gefaßt gemacht; ich fand ihn ſtill, wehmüthig, ja träumeriſch. Schweigend umarmten wir uns; dann wünſchte er mir mit einem Lächeln, welches mein Herz durchſchnitt, Glück zu meiner Verbindung, fragte mich nach meiner Frau, nach unſerer früheren Bekanntſchaft, nach unſerer Reiſe, wich aber ängſtlich jeder Erwähnung ſeines Unglückes aus. Ich durfte kein tröſtendes Wort zu ihm reden und — ach ich fühlte auch, daß ich hier doch nur leere Worte ſprechen könnte. Wie aber ſeine Gedanken unausgeſetzt mit Bettina beſchäftigt waren, davon zeugte die Zerſtreutheit ſeiner Rede und ein fortwährendes Hinflattern ſeiner Blicke nach dem Bildniſſe der Theuren, welches an der Wand ihm gegenüber hing. Nach drei Stunden ſchied ich; er begleitete mich nicht wie ſonſt zum Wagen, ſondern blieb wie im Traume verſunken auf ſeinem Lehnſtuhle ſitzen.

Als ich in den Vorſaal trat, traf ich Bettina's Kammermädchen. Sie hatte mich erwartet, trat nun unter heftigem Weinen an mich heran und hieß mich mit leiſen Worten willkommen. „Gott ſei Dank!" ſagte ſie, „daß Sie, Herr Profeſſor, wieder da ſind. Alle Abende bin ich in die Stadt gegangen und habe mich erkundigt, ob Sie noch nicht da wären. Sehen Sie nur das kleine Würmchen einmal an, es verkommt ganz; die Amme hat nicht Nahrung genug, aber das gewiſſenloſe Frauenzimmer gibt es nicht zu, und der Doctor meint auch, es liege am Kinde. Mit dem gnädigen Herrn iſt gar nicht zu ſprechen, es iſt als ob er einen nicht verſtände. Ich bitte Sie um Gotteswillen Rath zu ſchaffen; die gute gnädige Frau hat mir das Kind auf die Seele gebunden; aber ach Gott! ich kann ja jetzt nichts thun, denn Niemand achtet auf mich." — Ich folgte dem Mädchen in das Zimmer, in welchem der Kleine dem Verlöſchen nahe lag. Hier erfuhr ich nun noch Bettina's letzte Schickſale. Sie hatte ſchon einige Tage nach ihrer Entbindung das Bett verlaſſen, S. ſelbſt und der Arzt hatten ſie dazu zum Theil veranlaßt, weil ſie ſcheinbar ganz wohl war. Es mußte wegen des kleinen Ankömmlings mancherlei in der Anordnung der Zimmer verändert werden; Bettina ſelbſt mit einer bei ihrem Zuſtande faſt unnatürlichen Lebhaftigkeit, leitete dieſe Veränderungen, erkrankte plötzlich und wurde noch an demſelben Tage eine Beute des Todes.

Nach Hauſe zurückgekehrt, erzählte ich meiner Frau, was ich gehört und geſehen, und überlegte mit ihr, was zu thun ſei. Das brave Weib war ſogleich entſchloſſen, ſelbſt die Sorge für das Kind meines Freundes zu übernehmen. In der Gewißheit hier eine Pflicht zu erfüllen, weil das Kind weder väterlicher noch mütterlicher Seits Verwandte hatte, hörte ſie auf keine meiner Einreden, die ich, obſchon im Herzen mit ihr einverſtanden, hervorhob, um ihr Alles, was ſie übernähme, in die Vorſtellung zu rufen, damit es unerwartet ihr nicht zu ſchwer falle. Am andern Morgen ſchrieb ich an S. einen eindringlichen, ruhig ernſten Brief. Ich ſtellte ihm vor, welche Pflichten er für Bettina's Kind habe und wie er unter den beſtehenden Verhältniſſen außer Stande ſei, dieſen Pflichten nachzukommen. Er ſolle daher ſammt dem Kinde zu mir nach der Stadt ziehen, wo er die nöthige Zerſtreuung, ſein Kind durch meine Frau die nöthige Pflege erhalten würde. Noch an demſelben Tage kam der Wagen, welcher das Kind, die Amme und jenes Kammermädchen brachte, aber ſtatt S. ein Brief, der nur die Worte enthielt: „Du haſt Recht. Möge Gott Deine Freundſchaft lohnen! Ich brauche — ich will keine Zerſtreuung."

Am nächſten Morgen kam S., um ſich nach ſeinem Kinde zu erkundigen. Als ich ihn zur Wiege deſſelben führte und ihm der Knabe ſchwach entgegenwimmerte, begann er laut ſchluchzend zu weinen und ſtieß einige ſchmerzliche Ausrufe aus, welche anzeigten, daß er jede Hoffnung auf das Leben des Kindes bereits aufgegeben habe. Ohne ſich von mir zurückhalten zu laſſen, eilte S. gleich darauf wieder fort. So kam er nun täglich, umarmte mich jedesmal mit großer Zärtlichkeit und einigen Worten des Dankes, aber ohne daß er je auf meine Reden und Ermahnungen in Bezug auf ihn ſelbſt einging. Er ſah mich dann wohl ſtarr an, ließ mich halbe Stunden lang reden, aber alle meine Worte ſchienen wie leichte Pfeile von dem Panzer abzugleiten, mit welchem der Schmerz ſein Herz überzogen hatte. Für das Kind ſorgte meine Frau als Mutter; eine Amme war angenommen worden, und der kleine Karl wurde mit jedem Tage lebenskräftiger. Dagegen betrübte es mich zu bemerken, wie S. von Tage zu Tage bleicher und magerer, dabei nachläſſiger in ſeinem Anzuge wurde. So ſehr war ſein ganzes Weſen verändert, daß er ſich durch keine heftige Ein- und Gegenrede, die ihn ſonſt leidenſchaftlich entflammt haben würde, aus ſeiner weich milden Stimmung bringen ließ. Eines Tages hoffte ich ihn endlich einmal ergriffen zu haben. Ich hatte alle Vernunftgründe der Philoſophie einer heftigen Expectoration gegen ihn geltend gemacht; ich hatte ihm zum Schluſſe geſagt, daß ich mit Schmerz bemerkt hätte, wie er mit dem Prediger Drucker, jenem ſchon erwähnten Univerſitätsfreunde, einen immer vertrauter werdenden Umgang pflege, während er mich von ſich abſtoße; daß ich ihn warne, der Stimme jenes zwar frommen, aber auch ſeiner Frömmigkeit die Vernunft, das Beſte und Edelſte, was der Menſch beſitze, zum Opfer bringenden Mannes ein zu williges Gehör zu leihen, indem er dadurch verführt würde, ſeinem Schmerze mit weichlicher Tändelei nachzuhängen, ſtatt ſich männlich von dem Schlage emporzuraffen, der ihn danieder geworfen habe. — „Gott behüte Dich!" — ſagte S. aufſtehend. „Doch Du haſt ein heiliges Recht auf Vertrauen, und es ſoll Dir zu Theil werden, ſelbſt auf die Gefahr hin — auch Dich, auch Dich noch zu verlieren." Damit ſchied er.

Zwei Tage ließ ſich S. nicht ſehen, dann erhielt ich folgenden Brief:

„In der ſchneidenden Kälte meines durch Eure Philoſophie gebildeten Verſtandes iſt das lebens- und liebeswarme Herz meiner Bettina erſtarrt. Was iſt dieſe Philoſophie? — das mordende Gift des Egoismus! An ihm iſt Bettina geſtorben. Mit Deinen ſogenannten Vernunftgründen, die ich in ſchändlicher Eitelkeit ſo klar ausſprach, wie Du ſie denkſt, habe ich das Herz des beſten Weibes unnatürlich emporgeſchraubt, bis es ſchwindelnd herabſtürzte und zerbrach. Dieſes ſüße Lamm iſt dem Götzen Philoſophie, geopfert worden, — und was hat nun dieſer Götze für einen Troſt? O ich habe Dir aufmerkſam zugehört, wenn Du mir den Troſt der Philoſophie gepredigt haſt! Es iſt ein erbärmlicher Troſt! Oder kannſt Du mir etwa beweiſen, daß jenes liebe Leben, welches mir wie das Licht meiner Tage erloſchen, dermaleinſt wieder aufflammen wird in Jahrhunderten, in Millionen von Jahren? — ich will ja gerne warten! — und zwar ſo, genau daſſelbe wie es war? Verſtehe mich recht: Kannſt Du mir beweiſen, daß meine Bettina mit dieſen Augen, dieſem Munde, dieſer Naſe, dieſen Locken, mit dieſem ganzen Leibe, ſo einzig geſchaffen ihre geliebte Seele auszudrücken, daß ſie ſo aus dem einſt vom Worte des Geiſtes geöffnetem Grabe lebenblühend hervorgehen wird? — Du kannſt es nicht; — und ſprichſt von Troſt der Philoſophie? Laß ihn doch ſehen! Der Gedanke iſt ewig, ſagſt Du, darum kann ein gedankenvolles Weſen nicht zerſtört werden. Ja doch! das iſt die Unſterblichkeit von 2 × 2 = 4. Freund — die Philoſophie hat mein Weib gemordet! — darum haſſe ich ſie; ſie hat nicht einmal einen Troſt, geſchweige einen Erſatz für den, in ſeinem heiligſten Eigenthume von ihr Verletzten, — darum verachte ich ſie."

„Aber glaube nicht, daß ich mit der Philoſophie mich ſelbſt aufgebe, daß ich der Verzweiflung zum Opfer werde. O nein, da iſt Gott für! In meiner allerbitterſten Stunde iſt in meinem endlich von Gram und Thränen ganz erweichten Herzen eine Blume aufgegangen, die mein ganzes Innere mit himmliſchem Troſte durchduftet. Ein Freund Gottes und meiner Seele hat das Blümchen in mir gepflegt, und meine Thränen haben es begoſſen, daß es fröhlich gedeiht: — es iſt die Blume des Glaubens. Dein Herz iſt noch geſtählt durch die Philoſophie; aber Gott wird es auch noch zu erweichen wiſſen, wenn es ihm Zeit dünkt — in der Gluth des Schmerzes oder der Wonne. Der Freund wünſcht Dir dieſe. Dann biſt Du ſelig wie ich; denn ich weiß, daß Bettina, mein ſüßes Weib, lebt, wie ich lebe, wie Gott in uns beiden lebt; daß ſie jetzt nur ſchlummert und ſüße Träume von unſerer Liebe und von unſerem Kinde träumt; daß ſie einſt mit unſterblichem Jubel, allein groß genug eine Ewigkeit zu füllen, mich umſchlingt, denn ſie findet dann in mir einen, den die Gnade Gottes gerettet hat."

Der Brief des Freundes war weit entfernt, dieſen meinem Herzen zu entfremden; ich freute mich vielmehr über ihn. S. hatte niemals Philoſophie und Religion vermitteln können; ſo lange er jene zu beſitzen glaubte, hatte er dieſe verachtet. Vergebens hatte ich ihn öfters darauf hinzuleiten geſucht, daß die Philoſophie nur in allgemeinen Gedankenſätzen dieſelbe Wahrheit ausſpreche, welche die Religion in individuellen Geſtalten warm an das Herz des Individuums lege; — er hatte mich mit der kränkenden Aeußerung zurückgewieſen: Mir als einem öffentlichen Lehrer der Philoſophie möge es wohl gerathen ſein, für die ſchwachen Seiten meiner Zuhörer eine ſolche Vermittlung zu erfinden; aber ich belüge mich ſelbſt, wenn ich meinte, daß es Ernſt mit derſelben ſei. Aus dieſem Briefe ſchöpfte ich nun die Hoffnung, der Umgang meines Freundes mit der Religion würde ihn ſelbſt, nachdem er erſt Beruhigung ſeines Schmerzes erlangt hätte, zu einer tieferen Auffaſſung der Philoſophie hinführen; er würde dann erkennen, daß er bisher nur einen oberflächlichen Schein der Philoſophie für dieſe ſelbſt gehalten habe und, wenn wir dann gemeinſchaftlich ernſten Studien nachgingen, würde noch einmal die erſte und in Wahrheit die ſchönſte Zeit unſerer Freundſchaft, noch verklärt durch das Andenken an die verſtorbene Freundin, zurückführen. In dieſem Sinne antwortete ich ihm, obwohl für den Augenblick mehr nur andeutend, die Beruhigung ſeines Gemüthes abwartend.

Ich hatte mich in meinen Hoffnungen getäuſcht. Nach jenem Briefe verbat ſich G. ausdrücklich jedes philoſophiſche Geſpräch. Sein Umgang mit Drucker wurde immer inniger, und indem er den Schmerz um die verſtorbene Gattin mit geheimer Wolluſt in ſeinem Innern täglich aufregte, erlangte er nie eine Beruhigung ſeines Herzens, welche ihm der Beſonnenheit wiedergegeben hätte. Von der Verurtheilung der Philoſophie, oder wie er ſagte, indem er die Wiſſenſchaft mit der dünkelhaften Meinung des Weltmenſchen verwechſelte, der Bindung des Verſtandes unter den Glauben, fand er leicht den Uebergang dahin, daß er in alle jemals da geweſene Formen des Glaubens ſeinen Geiſt zu zwängen ſuchte, ohne zu bedenken, daß der fortſchreitende Geiſt jene veralteten Formen längſt durch vollkommner ſeinen ewigen Inhalt ausdrückende Formen erſetzt habe und noch zu erſetzen im Begriff ſei.

Unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen, nachdem mein redlichſtes Beſtreben ihn zur Beſinnung zu bringen geſcheitert war, wunderte mich nicht, daß mir endlich G. ankündigte, er ſei mit den ihm gleichgeſinnten Freunden entſchloſſen, das Vaterland, wo ihr Glaube verläugnet und verachtet würde, zu verlaſſen, um in Amerika eine Gemeinde zu begründen, welche freudig und ungeſtört Gott nach ihrer Weiſe anbeten könne. Ich eilte zu Drucker, den ich bisher aus einer gewiſſen Eiferſucht um des gemeinſamen Freundes willen, gemieden hatte, und wollte ihn mit Vorwürfen über das, was, wie ich meinte, ſein Werk war, überſchütten. Mit Staunen vernahm ich, daß G. ſeit Monden auch von ihm ſich zurückgezogen, ja ihn förmlich als einen ſolchen verbannt habe, der den Geiſt verläugne, der ihn erleuchte. „Der Glaube,“ ſagte Drucker, „den ich als lindernden Balſam rein und lauter in ſein Herz träufelte, iſt ihm zum Gifte geworden; denn ſein durch die Eitelkeit der Verſtandesbildung verführtes Herz läßt ihn ſich nicht dabei begnügen, ein Gläubiger zu ſein, ſondern will ihn ohne Berufung zum Märtyrer oder Propheten machen!“

Ich mußte Drucker vollkommen recht geben und fand ſo auch praktiſch beſtätigt, daß wahre Religioſität und wahre Philoſophie, wenn auch ohne es von einander zu wiſſen, ſtets mit einander übereinſtimmen. Ich überlegte nun mit Drucker, was zu thun ſei. Dieſer ſagte: „Laß ihn und die Gleichgeſinnten, welche die Bildung unſerer Zeit in ſich nicht zu überwinden vermögen, in Gottes Namen in das ferne Land ziehen. Ich bin überzeugt, Gott ſelbſt hat ihnen dieſen Gedanken eingegeben. Sie ſollen den Ernſt des Lebens kennen lernen, der ganz etwas Anderes iſt als die Leidenſchaften, welche in ihren Herzen wühlen, damit ihnen die Demuth zu dem Eifer komme; und den Ernſt des Lebens werden ſie drüben finden, im Kampfe mit einer üppigen, aber roh wilden Natur, entfernt von allen Illuſionen Europas, welche ihre ſchwachen Herzen zur Eitelkeit aufblähen. Gott gebe ihnen Segen, und uns theile er von ihrem Eifer für das Ewige mit, ſo wird es fernerhin auch um uns hier in Europa beſſer ſtehen!“

Jene Verwandten in Dresden, welche ſchon einmal auf Bettina's Erbſchaft Anſprüche gemacht, haben G's Entſchluß, ſein und ſeines Kindes ganzes Vermögen mit in die neue Welt zu nehmen, vereitelt. Im Falle, daß der kleine Karl ſterben ſollte, haben ſie Anſprüche an dieſes Vermögen; und durch dieſe Einrede ſo wie durch Drucker's und meine Ermahnungen haben wir G. dahin gebracht, das Kind bei mir zurückzulaſſen. Wir ſtellten ihm vor, wie er das zarte Leben des Knaben muthwillig in Gefahr brächte, wenn er ihn mitnähme. Drucker hatte gelobt für eine ächt chriſtliche Erziehung des Kindes mit mir Sorge zu tragen; G. verſprach, wenn der Knabe zehn Jahr alt ſein würde, ſelbſt nach Europa zu kommen, um ihn abzuholen. Ich hege im Stillen die Hoffnung, G. werde, zum Frieden mit ſich ſelbſt gelangt, dann ſelbſt bei uns, bei ſeinem Kinde, bei dem Grabe ſeiner theuren Bettina in Europa bleiben.

Konrad von Marburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Nikolaus Mareſchalk, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Johann Gottlieb Marezoll.

Dieſer gefeierte Kanzelredner war der Sohn eines öſtreichiſchen zu Plauen ſich aufhaltenden Werbeofficiers und wurde am 25. December 1761 daſelbſt geboren. Von Liebe zu den Wiſſenſchaften ganz erfüllt, brachte er es bei ſeiner Mutter dahin, daß ſie ihn mittelſt der Unterſtützung einiger Freunde das daſige Gymnaſium beſuchen und von 1779 — 83 zu Leipzig Philoſophie und Theologie ſtudiren ließ, worauf er Hauslehrer bei einem Oberförſter an der böhmiſch-ſächſiſchen Grenze wurde und hier in tiefer Einſamkeit und bei einem ſpärlichen Gehalte ſich zum Kanzelredner ausbildete. Von Zollikofer aufgemuntert, gab er mehrere Schriften heraus und erhielt in Folge der allgemeinen Anerkennung, welche beſonders ſeine Predigten fanden, 1789 den Ruf als Univerſitätsprediger nach Göttingen. Hier erhielt er 1790 auch eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Theologie, welche er jedoch 1794 mit dem Hauptpaſtorat an der deutſchen Petrikirche zu Kopenhagen vertauſchte, als nach Münter's Tode ihn die Wahl getroffen hatte. Eine 1802 ſeiner Geſundheit wegen unternommene Reiſe nach Deutſchland machte ihn perſönlich mit Herder bekannt, auf deſſen Antrag er 1803 als Superintendent und Oberpfarrer nach Jena abging, wo er bald zum Dr. der Theologie, Profeſſor Honorarius und Conſiſtorialrath erhoben wurde und nach ſegensreichem Wirken an der Univerſität und in der Kirche am 15. Januar 1828 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

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Predigten, vorzüglich in Rückſicht auf den Geiſt und die Bedürfniſſe unſers Zeitalters. Göttingen 1790 — 92, 2 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1796.
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Predigten. Lübeck und Leipzig 1798.
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M. war ſeiner Zeit einer der erſten deutſchen Kanzelredner, und ſein Ruf als ſolcher wird noch lange im Andenken der Nation fortleben, da ſeine ſämmtlichen oratoriſchen Leiſtungen durch Wärme, tiefes Gefühl, Klarheit, Faßlichkeit und einen vortrefflichen Styl einen dauernden Werth erhalten. —

Philipp Konrad Märheineke

ward am 1. Mai 1780 zu Hildesheim geboren und ſtudirte nach daſelbſt vollendeter Schulbildung zu Göttingen Philoſophie und Theologie, wurde Dr. der Philoſophie und 1804 zweiter Univerſitätsprediger daſelbſt. 1805 erhielt er eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie zu Erlangen und 1807 eine gleiche der Theologie zu Heidelberg, wo er 1809 in die Zahl der ordentlichen Profeſſoren aufrückte, nachdem er zuvor noch die theologiſche Doctorwürde erlangt hatte. Bei der Stiftung der neuen Univerſität zu Berlin gelangte ein Ruf von hier aus an ihn, welchen er annahm und 1811 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie dahin abging. Er wurde bald darauf zum Univerſitätsprediger und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens 3. Claſſe ernannt und wirkt gegenwärtig noch dort, hochgeehrt und allgemein anerkannt.

Er gab heraus.

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Ottomar. Geſpräche. Ebendaſ. 1820.
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Viele einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

M. hat ſich auf dem Gebiete ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft, ſowohl in theoretiſcher wie in praktiſcher Hinſicht vielfache allgemein anerkannte Verdienſte erworben. — Als Kanzelredner vereinigt er in ſeinen Vorträgen lichtvolle Kraft mit Wärme und tiefer Gemüthlichkeit, wie er dagegen auf dem Felde kirchenhiſtoriſcher Forſchungen ſeine Gründlichkeit mit Scharfſinn und lebendiger Darſtellung zu verbinden weiß. — Obwohl es dem würdigen Manne, wegen ſeiner philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Anſichten nicht an namhaften Gegnern fehlte, ſo haben dieſe doch nur dazu beitragen können, ſeinen Ruhm zu erhöhen, und M. wird mit Recht als einer der bedeutendſten theologiſchen Lehrer auf proteſtantiſchen Univerſitäten betrachtet.

Eine Predigt von P. Marheineke *).

Es iſt die Zeit der Leiden unſers Herrn und Heilandes Jeſu Chriſti, welche wir gewöhnlicherweiſe bezeichnen mit dem Ausdruck der Faſtenzeit, und welche im Verlauf des Kirchenjahres mit dieſer Woche ihren Anfang genommen. Beſtimmt und angeordnet worden iſt ſie von der Kirche, ſowohl das unausſprechlich tiefe Leiden des Erlöſers nach den verſchiedenen Stufen ſeiner Entwicklung bis zu ſeinem Tode zu betrachten, als auch den Zuſammenhang dieſes ſeines Leidens mit unſerer Erlöſung aufzufaſſen, und uns zu inniger lebendiger Theilnahme daran zu bewegen. Hochheilig war von jeher dieſe Zeit in der chriſtlichen Kirche, vielfach verändert das Leben der Menſchen darin, und ausgezeichnet durch Entſagung und Buße, durch ein tiefes Gefühl der Wehmuth und Trauer. Freuden und Luſtbarkeiten ließ man dieſer Zeit unmittelbar vorhergehen, blos zu dem Zweck, um durch den Gegenſatz und Unterſchied dieſe Zeit der Trauer deſto mehr hervorzuheben, und je mehr man noch die wahre Bedeutung jener Freudenzeit und dieſer Leidenzeit erkannte, um ſo unverletzter und ungeläſſiger war es, auch dieſe Zeit des höchſten Ernſtes noch zu unterbrechen und zu entweihen durch das Geräuſch wilder Vergnügungen, und ſich ſelbſt in den Tagen der Leiden unſers Herrn den wilden Freuden der Welt zu überlaſſen.

Je mehr nun wir, die wir uns zur Betrachtung des göttlichen Worts vereinigen, keine andre Abſicht haben können, als mit Ernſt und Andacht unſern Erlöſer auch in ſeinen Leiden zu begleiten und ihm nachzufolgen bis in ſeinen Tod, um ſo mehr laſſet uns auch dabei bleiben und uns dieſes Mal ſtreng und ausſchließlich an dieſen Zweck unſerer Betrachtung halten. Zu dieſem Ende werde ich euch an dieſem und den folgenden Sonntagen, die unſerer gemeinſchaftlichen Erbauung vergönnet ſind, mit Einſchluß des Todestages Jeſu Chriſti, eine zuſammenhängende Reihe von Betrachtungen darbieten, deren Hauptgegenſtand die Leidensgeſchichte des Erlöſers ſein wird und welche dieſen Theil ſeines Erlöſungswerkes zu unſerer Erbauung entwickeln ſoll. In dieſen nächſten drei Betrachtungen werden wir ihn erkennen, wie er verrathen wird von Judas, verläugnet von Petrus, geſtraft von der weltlichen Macht. In allen dieſen Betrachtungen aber wollen wir vorzüglich den lebendigen Zuſammenhang der Leidensgeſchichte Jeſu mit unſerm Leben und Handeln und die erlöſende Beziehung derſelben auf uns hervorzuheben ſuchen. Hiezu ſchenke Gott uns ſeinen gnädigen Beiſtand.

Matth. 26, 14 — 25, 47 — 50. 27, 3 — 5.

Da ging hin der Zwölfen einer, mit Namen Judas Iſcharioth zu den Hohenprieſtern. Und ſprach: was wollt ihr mir geben? ich will ihn euch verrathen. Und ſie boten ihm dreißig Silberlinge. Und von dem an ſuchte er Gelegenheit, daß er ihn verriethe. Aber am erſten Tage der ſüßen Brode traten die Jünger zu Jeſu und ſprachen zu ihm: wo willſt du, daß wir dir bereiten, das Oſterlamm zu eſſen? Er ſprach: gehet hin in die Stadt zu einem und ſprechet zu ihm: der Meiſter läßt dir ſagen: meine Zeit iſt hie, ich will bei dir Oſtern halten mit meinen Jüngern. Und die Jünger thaten, wie ihnen Jeſus befohlen hatte, und bereiteten das Oſterlamm. Und am Abend ſetzte er ſich zu Tiſche mit den Zwölfen. Und da ſie aßen, ſprach er: wahrlich ich ſage euch, einer unter euch wird mich verrathen. Und ſie wurden ſehr betrübt und hoben an, ein jeglicher unter ihnen, und ſagten zu ihm: Herr, bin ichs? Er antwortete und ſprach: der mit der Hand mit mir in die Schüſſel tauchte, der wird mich verrathen. Des Menſchen Sohn gehet zwar dahin, wie von ihm geſchrieben ſteht: doch wehe dem Menſchen, durch welchen des Menſchen Sohn verrathen wird. Es wäre ihm beſſer, daß derſelbige Menſch nie geboren wäre. Da antwortete Judas, der ihn verrieth, und ſprach: bin ich's, Rabbi? Er ſprach zu ihm: du ſagſt's. — Stehet auf, laſſet uns gehen; ſiehe er iſt da, der mich verräth. Und als er noch redete, ſiehe, da kam Judas, der Zwölfen einer, und mit ihm eine große Schaar, mit Schwertern und Stangen, von den Hohenprieſtern und Aelteſten des Volks. Und der Verräther hatte ihnen ein Zeichen gegeben und geſagt: welchen ich küſſen werde, der iſt's, den greifet. Und alſobald trat er zu Jeſu und ſprach: gegrüßet ſeiſt du, Rabbi, und küſſete ihn. — Da aber ſahe Judas, der ihn verrathen hatte, daß er verdammet war zum Tode, gereuete es ihn, und er brachte wieder die dreißig Silberlinge den Hohenprieſtern und den Aelteſten. Und ſprach: ich habe übel gethan, daß ich unſchuldig Blut verrathen habe. Sie ſprachen: was gehet dies uns an? da ſiehe du zu. Und er warf die Silberlinge in den Tempel, hob ſich davon, ging hin und erhenkte ſich ſelbſt.

Neben den beiden Thaten der ſchönſten und heiligſten Liebe, welche in dieſer Geſchichtserzählung beſchrieben werden, ragt zugleich die That der verruchteſten Bosheit hervor, welche jemals begangen worden. Auf der einen Seite erblicken wir des Lazarus Schweſter, Maria, mit dem Opfer der edelſten Liebe und im Begriff, den Herrn zu ſalben, und, wie er es ſelbſt deutet, ihm die letzte Ehre zu erweiſen, und ihn zum Grabe zu beſtatten, wofür der Herr ihr die Ehre erweiſet, zu erklären, daß, wo das Evangelium der Liebe in der Welt verkündiget werde, auch dieſe ſchöne und rührende Handlung werde in Ehren gehalten werden und im Gedächtniß bleiben. Auf der andern Seite ſtiftet der Herr in feierlicher Einſetzung das Mahl der Liebe und der innigen Gemeinſchaft mit ihm für alle ſeine Jünger, um ihnen auch darin noch kurz vor ſeinem Tode ein Denkmal ſeiner ewigen Zuneigung zu hinterlaſſen. Mitten dazwiſchen entwickelt ſich ſchon die grauſenhafte That ſeines Verräthers, und tritt, wie ein blutig Zeichen am Himmel, mitten in dieſen Kreis der heiligen Liebe, und da mit ihr das Todesleiden des Herrn zunächſt begann, ſo laſſet uns jetzt

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*) „Predigten." Erſter Band. Berlin, [illegible].

das Furchtbare in der That des Judas betrachten, und zwar ſo, daß wir zuerſt die *tiefe Schuld* des Judas und hernach die bittere *Strafe* deſſelben erkennen.

I.

Die tiefe *Schuld* des Judas beſtand zunächſt weſentlich *darin, daß er als ein Jünger des Herrn ſolche Unthat begann und ausführte.*

Wenn Einer, dem das Leben und die Lehre Jeſu Chriſti gänzlich fremd geblieben war, und der nie Gelegenheit gehabt hätte, ſich davon näher zu unterrichten, ſich den Hohepriestern angeboten und ſich bereit erklärt hätte, ihn den Händen ſeiner Feinde zu überliefern, was wäre es geweſen? Schwerlich hätten wir das einen Verrath nennen können, denn dieſer ſetzt eine nähere und vertraute Bekanntſchaft, die Ueberzeugung von der Güte und den edlen Eigenſchaften des Andern, ein Verhältniß der Liebe und Zuneigung voraus, wovon wenigſtens irgend etwas muß an den Verräther gekommen ſein, wie wenig auch die ihm erwieſene Liebe ſeinerſeits mag erwiedert worden ſein. Denn ſchwerlich können wir auf der andern Seite ſo weit gehen, zu ſagen, auch ein ſolcher Verräther, obwohl er in das Aeußere eines ſolchen Verhältniſſes eingegangen, ſich als ein Jünger und Freund des Herrn geberdet und den Schein der Zuneigung angenommen, habe irgend jemals etwas von wahrer Liebe und Zuneigung gegen ſeinen göttlichen Freund und Lehrer empfunden, irgend jemals auch nur eine unwillkührliche Regung der Ehrfurcht und Liebe in ſich gehabt, irgend jemals etwas von aller ihm erwieſenen Güte und Wohlthat in ſein Herz aufgenommen und ſich durch ſolche zuvorkommende Liebe zur Gegenliebe erweckt gefühlt. Denn unmöglich wäre dann eine ſolche Gräuelthat, wie die Verrätherei des Judas, geweſen; ſondern ſein Verbrechen, ſeine Schuld beſtand eben darin, daß er von alle dem, was in ſeiner Erkenntniß, in ſeiner Einſicht, in ſeinem Verſtande vorgegangen war, nichts in ſein Herz hatte kommen laſſen, und daß ſelbſt die vertraute Bekanntſchaft, der ihn ſein göttlicher Meiſter gewürdigt hatte, die große Liebe und Auszeichnung, womit er ihn in den engern Kreis ſeiner nächſten Schüler und Freunde aufgenommen, kein Gefühl der Dankbarkeit oder der Zuneigung in ſeiner verhärteten Seele rege gemacht hatte. Dieß ungeheure Mißverhältniß ſeiner Erkenntniß und ſeines Gefühls, ſeines Geiſtes und Herzens, ſeiner Einſicht und ſeines Entſchluſſes, macht eigentlich die tiefe Schuld dieſes Verräthers aus. Nicht gefehlt hatte es ihm an Gelegenheit, die unendliche Güte ſeines Lehrers, die Anmuth und Holdſeligkeit ſeines Weſens, die Unſchuld und Heiligkeit ſeiner Seele und die freundliche Herablaſſung ſelbſt zu ihm, dem Unwürdigſten aller Menſchen, zu ſchauen und zu bewundern; nicht geleugnet hätte er auch wohl auf jedes Befragen dieſe göttlichen Eigenſchaften an Jeſu Chriſto als unleugbare Thatſachen und Wahrheiten, und doch verſperrt er aller ſolchen Erkenntniß allen und jeglichen Einfluß auf ſein Herz und ſeinen Willen, und doch bereitet er mitten in jenem Verhältniß der Liebe den finſtern Anſchlag des Haſſes und der Hölle in ſeiner Seele, doch mißbraucht er eben dieſes heilige Verhältniß zu den unheiligſten Zwecken und verräth ſeinen göttlichen Freund mit dem Zeichen der Liebe ſelbſt, mit einem Kuß.

Seine tiefe Schuld beſtand aber auch weiter noch darin, *daß die unendliche Selbſtſucht auch den Grimm des Haſſes in ſeiner Seele entzündet hatte.*

Denn nicht nur fehlen ließ er es an aller Liebe zu dem Erlöſer, den in ſeiner Herrlichkeit zu ſchauen es ihm nicht an Gelegenheit fehlte, nicht nur gefühllos und unempfindlich zeigte er ſich bei allen ihm erwieſenen Wohlthaten, ſondern, was der Grund ſelbſt davon war, ein entſchiedener Haß des Guten, eine entſchloſſene Bosheit, eine unendliche Selbſtſucht, die auf keine Weiſe mehr aus ſich herauskommen und ſich in die heilige Seele ſeines Freundes verſetzen, und ſich ſo noch zu einiger Ehrfurcht gegen denſelben erheben kann, hat ſein Herz eingenommen, welches die Schrift beſtimmt genug bezeichnet, indem ſie ſagt, der Satan ſei in ihn gefahren. Doch, weil kein Menſch der Satan ſelbſt und ganz außer Stande iſt, es zu deſſen vollkommener, von Gott ewig verdammter Bosheit zu bringen, ſo nimmt ſie im Judas noch mehr als eine Geſtalt an, in der ſie nicht ihm, ſondern er ihr dienen muß; ſo ſucht ſie nach Urſachen, in denen ſie ſich zur Noth noch vor ſich ſelbſt rechtfertigen könnte, ſo kleidet ſie ſich in die verſchiedenſten Formen, um ſich wenigſtens vor ſich ſelbſt zu entſchuldigen. Dieſes, geliebte Freunde, kann man erkennen und zugeben, ohne deswegen ſolche Entſchuldigungen ſelbſt gelten zu laſſen, oder gar, wie Viele aus falſcher Menſchenfreundlichkeit gethan haben, den Judas ſelbſt deshalb zu entſchuldigen und die unendliche Selbſtſucht und Bosheit, von der ſein Herz, als von dem böſen Geiſte, beſeſſen war, zu leugnen. Vielmehr gehörte es ſelbſt ſchon mit dazu und war er eben darin ein Werkzeug des Satans, daß er von Geiz und Eigennutz längſt ſchon ſich beherrſchen laſſen und daß er als Kaſſenführer unter den Jüngern längſt ſich als untreu, als ein Dieb erwieſen, wie Johannes ihn nennt; denn eben darin knüpfte der böſe Geiſt in ihm an, ſo, daß er um einen geringen Preis, um dreißig Silberlinge, ſeinen heiligen Freund an deſſen unheilige Feinde verrathen konnte. Nächſt dieſer Berechnung des eigenen Vortheils ſtellte er ohne Zweifel auch noch andere Berechnungen und Betrachtungen an, um die That, die er im Schilde führte, vor ſich ſelbſt weniger ſchändlich und verabſcheuungswürdig zu machen. Da der Herr ſo beſtimmt ſein nahes Ende vorherverkündigt hatte, ſo dachte er in ſeinem ſchwarzen Gemüth, ſein Herr und Meiſter werde doch ſterben müſſen, nicht abzuwenden ſei mehr ſein Tod, und es käme nur darauf an, davon noch einigen Vortheil zu ziehen. Oder, wenn er in ſeinem bisherigen Umgange mit dem Erlöſer zur Anerkennung der außerordentlichen Macht, die ihm zu Gebote ſtand, gekommen war, dachte er vielleicht, auch verrathen durch ihn an ſeine Feinde, werde er ſich aus den Händen derſelben doch wohl zu befreien wiſſen, und ſo dieſe ſeine That ſogar zu neuer Verherrlichung des Erlöſers dienen. Was aber beweiſet dieß alles, als daß ſein Herz ſchon ganz verfinſtert, verhärtet und nicht mehr zu retten war, daß eine unendliche Selbſtſucht jedes reine und edlere Gefühl in ihm erſtickt und ihn zur Ausführung des furchtbarſten Verbrechens vor allen Andern fähig und geſchickt gemacht hatte.

II.

Nächſt dieſer entſetzlichen Schuld des Judas laſſet uns nun auch die bittere *Strafe* deſſelben betrachten.

Hiezu iſt vor allem zunächſt zu rechnen, *daß er in den geheimen Planen ſeines Herzens nicht unerkannt war.*

Noch vor der That und der Ausführung, da der finſtere Entwurf der Verrätherei noch tief in der Welt des Gedankens, tief im Herzen des Judas verborgen lag, durchſchaute der Herr ihn ganz, denn er wußte wohl, was in dem Menſchen war, wie die Schrift ſagt, wie es auch an einer andern Stelle heißt: da nun der Herr ihre Gedanken ſah. Am Abend aber, da er mit den Zwölfen zu Tiſche ſaß, ſprach er: wahrlich ich ſage euch, Einer unter euch wird mich verrathen. Und da ſie nun alle betrübt anfingen zu fragen: Herr, bin ich's? ſprach der Herr: der die Hand mit mir in die Schüſſel tauchet, der wird mich verrathen. Sei es nun, daß der Herr hiermit den Augenblick der Gegenwart meinte, in welchem Judas ihm nahe ſaß, und gleichzeitig ſich der Speiſe bediente, oder daß er überhaupt und im Allgemeinen mit dieſem Ausdruck den nahen und vertrauteren Umgang, in welchem Judas mit ihm ſtand, bezeichnen wollte, an ihn, an Judas dachte der Herr; wie er ihm auch auf ſeine Frage: bin ich's, Rabbi? ganz offen und unverholen erklärte. Noch jetzt hätte vielleicht in ſolcher zerſchmetternden Rede ſich jedem Andern ein Rückweg, die Möglichkeit der Bekehrung und Sinnesänderung dargeboten, aber verhärtet ſchon iſt des Judas Seele und keine Dämmerung der Liebe oder Beſchämung und Reue zeigt ſich mehr an dieſem finſtern Horizont. Nur als eine vorläufige, noch erträgliche Strafe nimmt er dieſe Erklärung hin, läßt ſich aber ſelbſt durch das Mitwiſſen des Herrn um ſeine verruchte That nicht mehr abſchrecken von ihr. Ja, damit ſie wenigſtens vor ihm ſelbſt in ihrer ganzen Gräßlichkeit erſcheine, dieſe furchtbare That, und ihm keine, keine Entſchuldigung übrig bleibe, kündigt der Herr ihm jetzt noch zugleich den ganzen Fluch und Unſegen derſelben, den furchtbarſten Lohn, die bitterſte Strafe dafür an. Des Menſchen Sohn, ſpricht er, gehet zwar dahin, wie von ihm geſchrieben ſtehet, doch wehe dem Menſchen, durch welchen des Menſchen Sohn verrathen wird; es wäre ihm beſſer, daß derſelbige Menſch nie geboren wäre. Sterben, und ſterben, will der Erlöſer ſagen, iſt ein Unterſchied; ich zwar gehe dahin in den Tod und nehme die Schuld der fremden Sünde auf mein ſchuldloſes Haupt, um ſie zu tilgen an der Welt, die unter ſolcher Laſt endlich vergehen müßte; mein Verräther aber häuft die Laſt der eigenen Sünde auf ſein ſchuldbeladenes Haupt und ſie kann nie von ihm genommen werden und getilgt. Sehet da, geliebte Freunde, den Anfang der ungeheuren Strafe des Judas, ſchon da, als die That des Verraths noch nicht einmal hervorgegangen war aus ſeiner in Selbſtſucht und Grimm gegen das Gute entzündeten und empörten Seele; nicht einmal *der* Troſt wird ihm zu Theil, deſſen gemeine Verbrecher genießen, daß der Gedanke der Greuelthat unerkannt bleibt vom Menſchen verborgen in dem einſamen Herzen.

Nach dieſem Anfang der Strafe endiget er dann ſelbſt *in der völligen Verzweifelung und im Selbſtmord.*

Nach geſchehener Verurtheilung des Herrn zum Tode regt ſich noch einmal, wie in letzter, banger Todeszuckung, ein beſſeres Gefühl in der Seele des Judas; er ſieht ſich gezwungen, dem Verurtheilten das Zeugniß der Unſchuld zu geben und wirft den Preis des Verraths den Feinden deſſelben vor die Füße.

Da er ſahe, daß er verurtheilt war, heißt es, gereuete es ihn und brachte wieder die dreißig Silberlinge den Hohenprieſtern und Aelteſten und ſprach: ich habe übel gethan, daß ich unſchuldig Blut verrathen habe. Sie aber ſprachen: was gehet das uns an! da ſiehe du zu. Und er warf die Silberlinge in den Tempel, hob ſich davon und erhenkte ſich ſelbſt. Aus dieſem Ende des Judas erhellet, daß es mit jenem beſſern Gefühle ſelbſt nur ein leerer Schein geweſen war. Schwerlich konnte der Verräther hoffen, dadurch, daß er ſeinen Herrn und Meiſter jetzt für unſchuldig erklärte, noch irgend etwas in dem Schickſale deſſelben zu ändern; noch weniger läßt ſich dieſe Erklärung als einen Beweis der Ehrfurcht und Liebe gegen ihn anſehen; am wenigſten dachte er daran, ſich für ihn aufzuopfern und durch den Tod eines Schuldigen das Leben eines Unſchuldigen zu erkaufen. Sondern ſich ſelbſt allein und dem quälenden Bewußtſein der Schuld zu genügen, ſah er ſich zu dem allen gezwungen; wie ſchon früher, der beſſern Erkenntniß ungeachtet, ſein Herz gegen jedes Gefühl der Dankbarkeit und Liebe abgeſtumpft und des Verrathes fähig geweſen war, ſo giebt er auch jetzt blos der Wahrheit die Ehre, ohne deswegen der Liebe und Ehrfurcht Raum in ſich zu vergönnen, und nur, damit er ſelbſt ganz und vollſtändig zu der verdienten Strafe komme und die innere Zerriſſenheit ſeiner Seele bis zur Verzweiflung ſteige, und damit er ſelbſt ſich vor Angſt und Weh nicht mehr zu laſſen wiſſe und das Ende ſeiner zeitlichen Qual in der Selbſtvernichtung ſuche und finde, tritt ihm ſelbſt zur äußerſten Verdammniß und als ein furchtbarer Plagegeiſt der Gedanke und die Erklärung der Unſchuld des Verrathenen aus ſeiner blutbefleckten Seele hervor. Und ſo reißt er gegen alles außer ſich und gegen alles in ſich ſelbſt ergrimmt und erboſt, den Lebensfaden ab für dieſe Welt, nicht bedenkend, daß damit allein das Ende ſeines Jammers und ſeiner Qual noch nicht gekommen ſei und ein noch fürchterlicheres Gericht ſeiner warte in einer andern Welt. O! welch ein Ende des Verräthers gegen das des Verrathenen! Iſt es nicht, als ob die heilige Geſchichte abſichtlich Beide einander gegenüber geſtellt habe, um durch die Darſtellung und Scheidung des Lichts von der Finſterniß beide erſt recht bemerklich zu machen und deſto mehr hervorzuheben und uns zugleich einen Blick in die Hölle und in den Himmel zu vergönnen? Ja, wenn wir zitternd ſtehen an dem Abgrunde der einen und in grauſenvoller Wuth gegen ſich ſelbſt den feigen Verräther ſich ſelbſt verfluchen hören, ſo laſſet uns auf der andern Seite an dem Anblicke des unſchuldsvoll Verrathenen und Leidenden unſer beleidigtes Gefühl wiederum beruhigen, mit ihm lieber die Dornenbahn der Leiden wandeln und an ſeinem Kreuze tragen helfen, als auf irgend eine Weiſe ſeinem Verräther ähnlich ſein, ſo laſſet uns um ſo feſter und inniger an Den uns halten und anſchließen, der ſchon in dieſem herben Anfang ſeiner Leiden ſagen konnte: ich habe die Welt überwunden.

Der Marner, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Philipp Friedrich von Martius

ward 1794 zu Erlangen geboren und erhielt von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Hofapotheker, eine ſehr ſorgfältige Erziehung, welche ſeine Neigung und Geſchicklichkeit für naturhiſtoriſche Studien ſchon früh entfaltete. Nachdem er auf dem daſigen Gymnaſium die gewöhnlichen Schulkenntniſſe erworben hatte, ſtudirte er dort Medicin, erwarb ſich die mediciniſche Doctorwürde und ſchloß ſich der von der öſtreichiſchen und baierſchen Regierung 1817—20 nach Braſilien abgeordneten Geſellſchaft an. Mit Kenntniſſen aller Art, beſonders naturhiſtoriſchen bereichert, kehrte er 1820 nach Baiern zurück und wurde Mitglied der Akademie und Profeſſor der Naturwiſſenſchaften zu München.

Er ließ in deutſcher Sprache erſcheinen:

Reiſe nach Braſilien. München 1823—31, 3 Bde., 4. (mit J. B. von Spix).

Phyſiognomie des Pflanzenreichs in Braſilien. Ebendaſ. 1824.

Von dem Rechtszuſtande unter den Ureinwohnern Braſiliens. Ebendaſ. 1832.

M. zeigte in allen ſeinen Arbeiten nicht allein gründlichſte und ausgebreitetſte Kenntniß ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft, ſondern auch eine rege poetiſche Auffaſſung der Natur und offenen Sinn für alle menſchlichen Intereſſen, ſo daß ſeine Werke, namentlich ſeine Reiſebeſchreibung jedem gebildeten Leſer eine eben ſo belehrende als unterhaltende und anziehende Lectüre gewähren.

Johann Jacob Maſcov

ward am 26. November 1689 zu Danzig geboren und ſtudirte zu Leipzig Theologie und die Rechte, worauf er zwei junge Grafen von Watzdorf auf ihren Reiſen begleitete. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr nach Leipzig wurde er 1719 Dr. und außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte daſelbſt und Stadtrath, erhielt dann eine ordentliche Profeſſur des Rechtes und der Geſchichte und ſpäter die Würde eines ſächſiſchen Hofraths, Dechanten des Stiftes Zeitz und Proconſuls der Stadt Leipzig. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 22. Mai 1761.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Abriß einer vollſtändigen Hiſtorie des deutſchen Reichs. Leipzig 1722—30, 4.

Geſchichte der Deutſchen bis zum Anfang der fränkiſchen Monarchie. Ebendaſ. 1726—37, 2 Bde., 4.; neue Aufl. 1750 flg.

Maſcov erwarb ſich zu ſeiner Zeit große Verdienſte um die hiſtoriſchen Studien in Deutſchland, da er zuerſt die Forderungen genügender hiſtoriſcher Darſtellung zu würdigen wußte, und dieſen in ſeinen Werken nachzukommen ſtrebte.

Karl August Ludwig von Maſſenbach

ward 1757 zu Schmalkalden geboren, trat ſchon frühzeitig in Kriegsdienſte und ward bereits in ſeinem 20. Jahre Officier in der würtembergiſchen Garde und Lehrer an der Militärakademie in Stuttgart. Später (1782) in der preußiſchen Armee angeſtellt, avancirte er zum Obriſt und Generalquartiermeiſter bei dem Hohenlohiſchen Corps. Nach dem unglücklichen Feldzuge von 1806 zog er ſich auf ein ihm zugehöriges Landgut zurück und beſchäftigte ſich mit der Herausgabe von Memoiren, in Folge deren er vor ein Kriegsgericht geſtellt und zu vierzehnjähriger Feſtungsſtrafe verurtheilt wurde, doch erhielt er nach ſechsjähriger Haft zu Glatz ſeine Begnadigung. Er ſtarb 1827 auf ſeinem Gute Bialokoſz. —

Seine Schriften ſind:

Erläuterungen einiger Punkte des Bombardier Pruſſien. Halle 1785.

Lobrede auf Ziethen. Berlin 1808.

Ideale. Ebendaſ. 1806.

Lobrede auf Ferdinand Herzog von Braunſchweig. Ebendaſ. 1806.

Bericht über die Operationen der kön. preuß. Armee im Feldzuge 1806. Hamburg und Leipzig 1808.

Betrachtungen und Aufſchlüſſe über die Ereigniſſe der Jahre 1805 — 1806. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1808.

Die Lage der Welt und Preußens ſeit dem Tode Friedrich's des Großen. Amſterdam 1808.

Rückerinnerungen. Ebendaſ. 1808.

Drei Sendſchreiben. Leipzig 1808.

Hiſtoriſche Denkwürdigkeiten zur Geſchichte des Verfalls des preußiſchen Staats. Amſterdam 1809, 2 Bde.

Memoiren. 3. Bde. Ebendaſ. 1809 — 10.

Ueber Fürſtenerziehung in repräſentativen Verfaſſungen. Heidelberg 1817, 1. und 2. Aufl.

An alle deutſche Männer. 2 Hefte. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Rede an die Ständeverſammlung Würtembergs. Jena 1817.

Mehrere Flugſchriften, Aufſätze in Journalen u. ſ. w.

M's ſämmtliche Schriften zeichnen ſich durch gute Kenntniſſe und Scharfblick aus; am wichtigſten ſind indeſſen ſeine Memoiren, welche eine Menge von Aufſchlüſſen über die geſchichtlichen Verhältniſſe ſeiner Zeit geben, doch zu deutlich das Streben durchblicken laſſen, ihren Verfaſſer geltend zu machen als einen der tiefſten Kenner jener Tage, der, wenn man nur auf ihn geachtet, das damals über Preußen hereinbrechende Unglück durch ſeine Rathſchläge zum großen Theil abgewendet haben würde. — Späteren Richtern muß es vorbehalten bleiben, Maſſenbach's Urtheilen und Ausſprüchen die rechte Stellung anzuweiſen und ihn ſelbſt unparteiiſch zu würdigen.

Karl Maſtalier

ward am 16. November 1731 zu Wien geboren, trat, nachdem er die gebräuchliche Vorbildung genoſſen hatte, in den Jeſuitenorden und wurde 1773 bei Aufhebung dieſer Geſellſchaft als Magiſter der Philoſophie und Lehrer der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften an der Univerſität zu Wien angeſtellt. Er wurde auch Mitglied der bildenden Künſte daſelbſt und ſtarb am 6. October 1795.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte nebſt Oden aus dem Horaz. Wien 1774, 8.; 2. verm. u. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1782, 8.

Briefe aus Berlin über Paradoxa unſers Zeitalters. Ebendaſ. 1784.

Lied eines Küraſſiers auf den Erzherzog Leopold. Ebendaſ.

Ode an Deutſchland wegen des Kaiſers. Ebendaſ.

Als Dichter iſt M. ſehr unbedeutend, er beſitzt nur einiges Talent der Form, mit dem er ſeinem Vorbild, Horaz, nacheiferte, ohne ihn im Entfernteſten zu erreichen. Als Docent leiſtete er dagegen mehr, da es ihm nicht an Geſchmack und Kritik fehlte. —

Hans Ferdinand Maßmann

ward am 15. Auguſt 1797 in Berlin geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Friedrichswerderſchen Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte dann auf der dortigen Univerſität Theologie. Nachdem er den Befreiungskrieg als freiwilliger Jäger mitgemacht, ſtudirte er noch zu Berlin und Jena und ging dann als Candidat nach Breslau, wo er im Schulfache beſchäftigt wurde. 1819 als Lehrer an das Gymnaſium in Magdeburg verſetzt, kehrte er jedoch ſchon im folgenden Jahre nach Berlin zurück, wo er ſich mit naturwiſſenſchaftlichen Studien und mechaniſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigte, ging dann als Erzieher nach Nürnberg und machte darauf eine größere ſprachwiſſenſchaftliche Reiſe durch Deutſchland. 1826 ward er in München angeſtellt, leitete dort die Turnanſtalt, die er gegründet, und erhielt drei Jahre ſpäter eine Profeſſur an der dortigen Univerſität, die er fortwährend mit glücklichem Erfolge bekleidet. — Von einer Reiſe nach Italien brachte er bedeutende Ausbeute (1833) namentlich an gothiſchen Sprachdenkmälern heim. — Neben jenen gelehrten Aemtern und Würden iſt er noch thätig wirkendes Mitglied vieler gelehrten Geſellſchaften, und — irren wir nicht — auch in einem Miniſterialdepartement Baierns beſchäftigt.

Er gab heraus:

Erläuterungen zum Weſſobrunner Gebet. Berlin 1824.

Denkmäler deutſcher Sprache und Litteratur. München 1827.

Das vergangene Jahrzehend der deutſchen Litteratur. Ebendaſ. 1827.

Die bunte Welt. Ebendaſ. 1828.

Leibesübungen. 1s Heft. Landshut 1830.

Lieder für Knaben und Mädchen. München 1832.

Baieriſche Sagen, geſchichtlich beleuchtet. Ebendaſ. 1832.

Ferner einzelne Broſchüren, viele ſprachwiſſenſchaftliche, litterär- und kunſtgeſchichtliche, ſo wie pädagogiſche Abhandlungen und Aufſätze in Zeit- und Sammelſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein überaus fleißiger und gründlicher Kenner und Forſcher auf dem Gebiete des deutſchen Mittelalters hat ſich M. namentlich um die Kenntniß gothiſcher Sprache und Litteratur große und bleibende Verdienſte erworben.

Johann Mattheſius

ward am 24. Juni 1504 zu Rochlitz in Sachſen geboren, ſtudirte zu Ingolſtadt Theologie und mußte ſich dann kümmerlich als Hauslehrer nähren, bis Luther ihn in ſein Haus und an ſeinen Tiſch nahm und, nachdem er Magiſter der Philoſophie geworden war, ihm durch ſeine Fürſprache zuerſt eine Rectorſtelle und endlich eine Predigerſtelle zu Joachimsthal verſchaffte, wo er am 8. October 1565 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Etliche geiſtliche Lieder.

Oeconomia, oder Bericht, wie ſich ein Hausvater halten ſoll. Nürnberg 1561, 4.

Sarepta oder Bergpoſtille. Nürnberg 1564, Fol.

Predigten über Dr. Luther's Anfang, Lehre, Leben und Sterben. Herausgegeben von v. Arnim. Berlin 1817, gr. 4., mit Luther's u. Melanchthon's Portrait. Sie kamen zuerſt heraus als: Hiſtorien von Luther's Anfang ꝛc., Nürnberg 1570, 4.; dann herausgegeben von Oehler, Leipzig 1806.

Ein wackerer Mitarbeiter an dem großen Werke Luther's wirkte M. trefflich durch mehrere höchſt gemüthliche geiſtliche Lieder. — Unbedeutender iſt dagegen ſein größeres didaktiſches Gedicht, obwohl es manche nützliche und anerkannte Wahrheit enthält.

Friedrich von Matthiſſon

ward am 23. Januar 1761 zu Hohendodeleben bei Magdeburg geboren, wurde, da ſein Vater, ein preußiſcher Feldprediger, kurz vor ſeiner Geburt geſtorben war, bis ins 14. Jahr bei ſeinem Großvater erzogen und auf der Schule zu Kloſterbergen mit den Grundzügen der Wiſſenſchaft bekannt gemacht. In Halle ſtudirte er anfangs Theologie, bald aber wandte er ſich mit Vorliebe der Philologie, Naturkunde und den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu, wurde dann Lehrer am Erziehungsinſtitute zu Deſſau, machte als Hofmeiſter des jungen liefländiſchen Grafen Sievers ſpäter Reiſen nach Altona, Heidelberg und Mannheim. Nach zweijährigem Aufenthalte bei ſeinem Freund Bonſtetten am Genferſee, kam er 1790 als Erzieher in ein Handlungshaus nach Lyon und, nachdem er bereits heſſen-homburgiſcher Hofrath geworden war, 1794 als Lector zur regierenden Fürſtin von Anhalt-Deſſau, mit welcher er 1795 Italien, die Schweiz und Tyrol bereiſte. 1801 erhielt er den Titel als markgräflich badenſcher Legationsrath, wurde vom König von Würtemberg geadelt und trat 1812 als geheimer Legationsrath, Hoftheateroberintendant und Oberbibliothekar in deſſen Dienſte. Im Gefolge des Herzogs Wilhelm von Würtemberg bereiſte er 1819 nochmals Italien und zog ſich dann nach Wörlitz zurück, wo er am 12. December 1831 ſtarb, noch kurz vorher mit dem würtembergiſchen Civilverdienſt- und dem weimariſchen Falkenorden geſchmückt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Schriften. Ausgabe letzter Hand. Zürich 1827 — 30, 8 Bde., gr. 8., mit Portrait und Vign.

Litterariſcher Nachlaß, nebſt einer Auswahl von Briefen ſeiner Freunde. (Von F. R. Schoch in Wörlitz). Berlin 1832, 4 Bde., gr. 12.

Einzeln:

Lieder. Breslau 1781; 2. Aufl. 1783, 8.

Reliquien eines Freidenkers. Berlin 1781, 8.

Die glückliche Familie. Schauſpiel. Deſſau 1783, 8.

Gedichte. Mannheim 1786, 8. Dann: Zürich 1791, 8., (m. Portrait), 1794, 1797, 1802; Tübingen 1811, 2 Thle., 8.; (12.) Ausg. letzter Hand. Zürich 1831 (1833), 12. Außerdem mehrere Nachdrücke.

Briefe. Zürich 1795 — 96, 2 Thle., gr. 8.; 2. verb. Aufl. 1802, 8.

Basrelief am Sarkophage des Jahrhunderts. Tübingen 1799, gr. 8.; nachgedr. Frankfurt a. M. 1799, 8.

Alins Abentheuer. Tübingen u. Stuttgart 1799, gr. 8.

Lyriſche Anthologie. Zürich 1803 — 1807, 20 Bde., 12., mit Titelvign.

M's und v. Salis' Gedichte. Zürich 1808; neue Aufl. 1822, 1 Bd., 12., mit Titelk. u. Vign.

Erinnerungen. Zürich 1810 — 16, 5 Bde., gr. 8. (mit lateiniſchen Lettern).

Sämmtliche Gedichte. Stuttgart 1811, 2 Thle., gr. 8.

Erinnerungen. Zürich 1811 — 16, 3 Thle., 8. (mit deutſchen Lettern).

Das Dianenfeſt bei Bebenhauſen. Ebendaſ. 1813, gr. 4., mit Kupf.

Briefe von Bonſtetten. Herausgegeben von Füßli. Zürich 1827, 8. (enthält zugleich M's Selbſtbiographie).

Auch gab er v. Bonſtetten's Schriften (Zürich 1793, 8.) und die Gedichte von v. Salis (Ebendaſ. 1793, 8.; 4. verb. Aufl. 1803, 12.), und von Friederike Brun, geb. Münter. (Ebendaſ. 1795, 8.; 4. verb. Aufl. 1806, 8.) heraus und lieferte Einiges in Zeitſchriften ꝛc.

Wenn Reichthum an Bildern, glänzende Darſtellung, maleriſche Schilderungen, ſeltener Wohllaut, eine überaus gebildete Sprache und ſtete Correctheit hinreichten, einem Dichter die Unſterblichkeit zu gewähren, ſo würde Matthiſon's Andenken die erſten Geiſter aller Nationen überdauern, denn er beſaß jene Eigenſchaften in hohem Grade und ſeine Gedichte ſind vollendete Meiſterwerke, ſobald man keine weiteren Anforderungen an dieſelben macht; aber es fehlt ihm die Tiefe und Wahrheit der Empfindung und jene Kraft, welche allein wirkliche Begeiſterung gewährt. Nichts iſt urſprünglich bei ihm, unwillkürlich dem Drange der Gefühle entſprungen, ſondern Alles mit beſonnener Künſtlichkeit berechnet und zuſammengeſtellt, dem weichlichen ſentimentalen Tone ſeiner Zeit zu gefallen, in ſchwärmeriſche Wehmuth getaucht und ſchönredneriſch prunkend. — Er war eine kurze Zeit der Liebling der höheren Stände, vorzüglich der Damen, und wurde zu den claſſiſchen deutſchen Dichtern gerechnet, aber ſein Ruhm behauptete ſich nicht lange auf dieſer Höhe und ward ſchon zur Zeit der erſten romantiſchen Schule mit gewichtigen Waffen angegriffen. Jetzt eilt er immer mehr der Vergeſſenheit zu und nur einzelne Gedichte, wie z. B. die von Beethoven componirte „Adelaide," erhalten ſich durch Umſtände begünſtigt am Leben. — Als Proſaiſt war M. ſo unerträglich manierirt, weitſchweifig und ſüßlich, daß er auf dieſem Gebiete nie einige Geltung erlangte.

Gedichte von Friedrich v. Matthiſſon.

Die Betende.

Laura betet! Engelharfen hallen
Frieden Gottes in ihr krankes Herz,
Und, wie Abels Opferdüfte, wallen
Ihre Seufzer himmelwärts.

Wie ſie kniet, in Andacht hingegoſſen,
Schön, wie Raphael die Unſchuld malt!
Vom Verklärungsglanze ſchon umfloſſen,
Der um Himmelsbewohner ſtrahlt.

O ſie fühlt, im leiſen, linden Wehen,
Froh des Hocherhabnen Gegenwart,
Sieht im Geiſte ſchon die Palmenhöhen,
Wo der Lichtglanz ihrer harrt!

So von Andacht, ſo von Gottvertrauen
Ihre engelreine Bruſt geſchwellt,
Betend dieſe Heilige zu ſchauen,
Iſt ein Blick in jene Welt!

Der Abend.

Purpur malt die Tannenhügel
Nach der Sonne Scheideblick,
Lieblich ſtrahlt des Baches Spiegel
Hesperus Fackelglanz zurück.

Wie in Todtenhallen düſter
Wird's im Pappelweidenhain,
Unter leiſem Blattgeflüſter
Schlummern alle Vögel ein.

Nur dein Abendlied, o Grille!
Tönt noch aus bethautem Grün,
Durch der Dämm'rung Zauberhülle,
Süße Trauermelodien.

Tönſt du einſt im Abendhauche,
Grillchen, auf mein frühes Grab,
Aus der Freundſchaft Roſenſtrauche,
Deinen Klaggeſang herab:

Wird mein Geiſt noch ſtets dir lauſchen,
Horchend, wie er jetzt dir lauſcht,
Durch des Hügels Blumen rauſchen,
Wie dieß Sommerlüftchen rauſcht!

Die Liebe.

Sag' an, o Lied, was an den Staub
Den Erdenpilger kettet,
Daß er auf dürres Winterlaub
Sich wie auf Roſen bettet?
Das biſt du, ſüße Liebe, du!
Du wehſt ihm Frühlingshoffnung zu,
Wenn Laub und Blumen ſterben.

Wenn ihn Verzweiflung wild umfängt,
Mit hundert Rieſenarmen,
Gewaltig ihn zum Abgrund drängt,
Wer wird ſich ſein erbarmen?
Du, Liebe, du erbarmſt dich ſein,
Führſt ihn, durch goldnen Morgenſchein,
Sanft unter deine Myrthen!

Wenn er am Sterbelager kniet,
Wo, Herz von ſeinem Herzen,
Der Jugend Liebling ihm verblüht,
Wer ſänftigt ſeine Schmerzen?
Du, Liebe, du erſcheinſt voll Huld!
Durch Thränen lächelt die Geduld,
Und ſchmiegt ſich an den Kummer.

O Liebe! wenn die Hand des Herrn
Der Welten Bau zertrümmert,
Kein Sonnenball, kein Mond, kein Stern
Am Firmament mehr ſchimmert:
Dann wandelſt du der Erde Leid,
Gefährtin der Unſterblichkeit,
Zu Siegsgeſang am Throne!

Heiliges Lied.

Dich preiſt, Allmächtiger, der Sterne Jubelklang!
Dich preiſt, Allgütiger, der Seraphim Geſang!
Die ganze Schöpfung ſchwebt in ew'gen Harmonien,
So weit ſich Welten drehn und Sonnenheere glühen.

Dein Tempel, die Natur, wie deiner Herrlichkeit,
Wie deiner Milde voll! des Lenzes Blumenkleid,
Des Sommers Aehrenmeer, des Herbſtes Traubenhügel,
Des Winters Silberhöhn, ſind deiner Allmacht Spiegel!

Was bin ich, Herr, vor dir? Seit geſtern athm' ich kaum!
Es trennt vom Todtenkreuz mich nur ein Spannenraum!
Wohl dennoch mir! Wer ſanft entſchläft in Vaterarmen,
Darf dem Erweckungswort vertrau'n! Es heißt: Erbarmen!

Grablied.

Auch des Edeln ſchlummernde Gebeine
Hüllt das Dunkel der Vergeſſenheit:
Moos bedeckt die Schrift am Leichenſteine,
Und ſein Name ſtirbt im Lauf der Zeit.

Wann erwacht die neue Morgenröthe?
O wann keimt des ew'gen Frühlings Laub?
Niedrig iſt der Todten Schlummerſtätte,
Eng und düſter ihr Gemach von Staub.

Noch umkränzen Roſen meine Locken,
Liebe lächelt alles um mich her!
Nach dem letzten Hall der Sterbeglocken
Denkt kein Menſch des guten Jünglings mehr.

Der Grabſtein.

Bemooſter Stein, im heiligen Gefilde
Der Todten Gottes, ſei mir froh gegrüßt!
O du, auf den des Abendhimmels Milde
So freundlich ſich ergießt!

Seit Jahren ſchwiegen dir die Klagetöne
Der Freunde ſchon; auch ihr Gebein iſt Staub;
Dir ſtreut kein Mädchen mehr mit frommer Thräne
Des Lenzes Erſtlingslaub!

Wer nennt mir deinen Schlummrer? Halbverwittert
Blieb dir des düſtern Schickſals Zierde nur:
Die Schrift erloſch, und Mimmgrün umgittert
Des Namens dunkle Spur!

Dir eil' ich zu, des Weltgeräuſches müde,
Wenn durchs Gebüſch die Abendröthe bebt,
Altar der Hoffnung! wo Jehovas Friede
Auf Seraphsflügeln ſchwebt!

Beruhigung.

Wo durch dunkle Buchengänge
Blaſſer Vollmondsſchimmer blickt,
Wo um ſchroffe Felſenhänge
Sich die Epheuranke ſtrickt;
Wo aus halbverfallnem Thurme
Ein verlaßnes Bäumchen ragt,
Und, emporgeſcheucht vom Sturme,
Schauervoll die Eule klagt;

Wo um ſterbende Geſträuche
Sich der graue Nebel dehnt,
Wo im trüben Erlenteiche
Dürres Rohr im Winde tönt;
Wo, in wildverwachſnen Gründen,
Dumpf der Bergſtrom widerhallt,
Und, ein Spiel der Abendwinden,
Welkes Laub auf Gräber wallt;

Wo im bleichen Sternenſcheine,
Um den früh verlornen Freund
Einſam im Zypreſſenhaine
Hoffnungsloſe Sehnſucht weint;
Da, da wandelt von den Spielen
Angeſtaunter Thorheit fern,
Unter ahnenden Gefühlen,
Schwermuth, dein Vertrauter gern!

Da erfüllt ein ſtilles Sehnen
Nach des Grabes Ruh ſein Herz!
Da ergießt in milden Thränen
Sich der Seele banger Schmerz!
Und ſein Blick durchſchaut die trübe
Zukunft ruhig bis ans Grab,
Und es ruft: Gott iſt die Liebe!
Jeder Stern auf ihn herab.

Der Frühlingsabend.

Beglänzt vom rothen Schein des Himmels bebt
Am zarten Halm der Thau!
Der Frühlingslandſchaft zitternd Bildniß ſchwebt
Hell in des Stromes Blau.

Schön iſt der Felſenquell, der Blüthenbaum,
Der Hain mit Gold bemalt;
Schön iſt der Stern des Abends, der am Saum
Der Purpurwolke ſtrahlt!

Schön iſt der Wieſe Grün, des Thals Geſträuch',
Des Hügels Blumenkleid;
Der Erlenbach, der ſchilfumkränzte Teich,
Mit Blüthen überſchneit!

O wie umſchlingt und hält der Weſen Heer
Der engen Liebe Band!
Der Lichtwurm und der Sonne Flammenmeer
Schuf *eine* Vaterhand.

Du winkſt, Allmächtiger, wenn hier dem Baum
Ein Blüthenblatt entweht!
Du winkſt, wenn dort, im ungemeßnen Raum,
Ein Sonnenball vergeht!

Himmelsglaube.

Es mag der Trennung Arm, im Vollgenuß der Freuden
Schöner Gemeinſchaft, den Freund vom Freunde ſcheiden,
Der ſtand uns feſt und treu, am Rande der Gefahr.

Wie auf der Bahn des Glücks, ihm Alles, Alles war:
Wo Himmelsglaube wohnt, Verlaßner! da erhellt
Der Zukunft Mitternacht ein Stern der höhern Welt,
Und aus der Ferne winkt voll Glanz
Die Hoffnung mit dem Siegeskranz!

Es mag, wenn rings umher die Roſen ſich entfärben,
Des Jünglings Scherze fliehn, des Mannes Freuden ſterben,
Der letzte Zauberklang der Liebe ſelbſt verwehn,
Und jedes goldne Bild der Täuſchung untergehn:
Wo Himmelsglaube wohnt, beut ihren Labetrunk
Dem Altergrauen mild noch die Erinnerung,
Wenn ihm des Todes Odem, kalt
Und ſchwer, die Wange ſchon umwallt.

Kein Stundenſchlag ertönt, kein Tropfen Zeit entfluthet,
Daß nicht ein edles Herz um edle Herzen blutet;
Kein Abendſtern erſcheint, kein Morgenroth erglänzt,
Daß fromme Liebe nicht ein frühes Grab umkränzt:
Wo Himmelsglaube wohnt, ſchwingt über Gruft und Zeit
Und Trennung, im Gefühl der Unvergänglichkeit,
Sich zu verwandter Engel Chor
Des Ueberwinders Geiſt empor!

Troſt an Eliſa.

Lehnſt du deine bleichgehärmte Wange
Immer noch an dieſen Aſchenkrug?
Weinend um den Todten, den ſchon lange
Zu der Seraphim Triumphgeſange
Der Vollendung Flügel trug?

Siehſt du Gottes Sternenſchrift dort flimmern,
Die der bangen Schwermuth Troſt verheißt?
Heller wird der Glaube nun dir ſchimmern,
Daß hoch über ſeiner Hülle Trümmern
Walle des Geliebten Geiſt;

Wohl, o wohl dem liebenden Gefährten
Deiner Sehnſucht, er iſt ewig dein!
Wiederſehn, im Lande der Verklärten,
Wirſt du, Dulderin, den langentbehrten,
Und wie er unſterblich ſein!

Elegie

in den Ruinen eines alten Bergſchloſſes geſchrieben.

Schweigend, in der Abenddämmrung Schleier,
Ruht die Flur, das Lied der Haine ſtirbt;
Nur daß hier, im alternden Gemäuer,
Melancholiſch noch ein Heimchen zirpt;
Stille ſinkt aus unbewölkten Lüften,
Langſam ziehn die Heerden von den Triften,
Und der müde Landmann eilt zur Ruh'
Seiner väterlichen Hütte zu.

Hier auf dieſen waldumkränzten Höhen,
Unter Trümmern der Vergangenheit,
Wo der Vorwelt Schauer mich umwehen,
Sei dies Lied, o Wehmuth, dir geweiht!
Trauernd denk' ich, was, vor grauen Jahren,
Dieſe morſchen Ueberreſte waren:
Ein bethürmtes Schloß voll Majeſtät
Auf des Berges Felſenſtirn erhöht!

Dort, wo um des Pfeilers dunkle Trümmer
Traurig flüſternd ſich der Epheu ſchlingt,
Und der Abendröthe trüber Schimmer
Durch den öden Raum der Fenſter blinkt,
Segneten vielleicht des Vaters Thränen
Einſt den edelſten von Deutſchlands Söhnen,
Deſſen Herz der Ehrbegierde voll,
Heiß dem nahen Kampf entgegenſchwoll.

Zeuch in Frieden, ſprach der greiſe Krieger,
Ihn umgürtend mit dem Heldenſchwert;
Kehre nimmer, oder kehr' als Sieger!
Sei des Namens deiner Väter werth!
Und des edeln Jünglings Auge ſprühte
Todesflammen, ſeine Wange glühte
Gleich dem aufgeblühten Roſenhain
In der Morgenröthe Purpurſchein.

Eine Donnerwolke, flog der Ritter
Dann, wie Richard Löwenherz, zur Schlacht,
Gleich dem Tannenwald im Ungewitter
Beugte ſich vor ihm des Feindes Macht!
Mild, wie Bäche durch die Blumen wallen,
Kehrt er zu des Felſenſchloſſes Hallen,
Zu des Vaters Freudenthränenblick,
In des keuſchen Mädchens Arm zurück.

Ach! mit banger Sehnſucht blickt die Holde
Oft vom Söller nach des Thales Pfad;
Schild' und Panzer glühn im Abendgolde,
Roſſe fliegen, der Geliebte naht!
Ihm die treue Rechte ſprachlos reichend
Steht ſie da, erröthend und erbleichend;
Aber was ihr ſanftes Auge ſpricht,
Sängen ſelbſt Petrarch und Sappho nicht!

Fröhlich hallte der Pokale Läuten,
Dort wo wildverſchlungne Ranken ſich
Ueber Uhuneſter ſchwarz verbreiten,
Bis der Sterne Silberglanz erblich:
Die Geſchichten ſchwererkämpfter Siege,
Grauſer Abenteur im heil'gen Kriege,
Weckten in der rauhen Heldenbruſt
Die Erinnrung ſchauerlicher Luſt.

O der Wandlung! Graun und Nacht umdüſtern
Nun den Schauplatz jener Herrlichkeit,
Schwermuthsvolle Abendwinde flüſtern,
Wo die Starken ſich des Mahls gefreut,
Diſteln wanken einſam auf der Stätte,
Wo um Schild und Speer der Knabe flehte,
Wenn der Kriegstrommete Ruf erklang,
Und auf's Kampfroß ſich der Vater ſchwang.

Aſche ſind der Mächtigen Gebeine
Tief im dunkeln Erdenſchooße nun!
Kaum daß halbverſunkne Leichenſteine
Noch die Stätte zeigen, wo ſie ruhn.
Viele wurden längſt ein Spiel der Lüfte,
Ihr Gedächtniß ſank wie ihre Grüfte;
Vor dem Thatenglanz der Heldenzeit
Schwebt die Wolke der Vergeſſenheit.

So vergehn des Lebens Herrlichkeiten,
So entfleucht das Traumbild eitler Macht!
So verſinkt im ſchnellen Lauf der Zeiten,
Was die Erde trägt, in öde Nacht!
Lorbeern, die des Siegers Stirn umkränzen,
Thaten, die in Erz und Marmor glänzen,
Urnen, der Erinnerung geweiht,
Und Geſänge der Unſterblichkeit!

Alles, was mit Sehnſucht und Entzücken
Hier im Staub' ein edles Herz erfüllt,
Schwindet gleich des Herbſtes Sonnenblicken,
Wenn ein Sturm den Horizont umhüllt.
Die am Abend freudig ſie umfaſſen,
Sieht die Morgenröthe ſchon erblaſſen;
Selbſt der Freundſchaft und der Liebe Glück
Läßt auf Erden keine Spur zurück.

Süße Liebe! Deine Roſenauen
Grenzen an bedornte Wüſtenein,
Und ein plötzliches Gewittergrauen
Düſtert oft der Freundſchaft Aetherſchein.
Hoheit, Ehre, Macht und Ruhm ſind eitel!
Eines Weltgebieters ſtolze Scheitel
Und ein zitternd Haupt am Pilgerſtab
Deckt mit einer Dunkelheit das Grab!

Elyſium.

Hain! der von der Götter Frieden,
Wie vom Thau die Roſe, träuft,
Wo die Frucht der Heſperiden
Zwiſchen Silberblüthen reift;
Den ein roſenfarbner Aether

Ewig unbewölkt umfleußt,
Der den Klageton verſchmähter
Zärtlichkeit verſtummen heißt:

Freudig ſchaudernd, in der Fülle
Hoher Götterſeligkeit,
Grüßt, entflohn der Erdenhülle,
Pſyche deine Dunkelheit.
Wonne! wo kein Nebelſchleier
Ihres Urſtoffs Reine trübt,
Wo ſie geiſtiger und freier
Den entbundnen Fittig übt.

Ha! ſchon eilt auf Roſenwegen,
In verklärter Lichtgeſtalt,
Sie dem Schattenthal entgegen,
Wo die heilge Lethe wallt;
Fühlt ſich magiſch hingezogen,
Wie von leiſer Geiſterhand,
Schaut entzückt die Silberwogen
Und des Ufers Blumenrand;

Kniet voll ſüßer Ahnung nieder,
Schöpfet, und ihr zitternd Bild
Leuchtet aus dem Strome wieder,
Der der Menſchheit Jammer ſtillt,
Wie auf ſanfter Meeresfläche
Die entwölkte Luna ſchwimmt,
Oder im Kryſtall der Bäche
Heſperus goldne Fackel glimmt.

Pſyche trinkt, und nicht vergebens!
Plötzlich in der Fluthen Grab
Sinkt das Nachtſtück ihres Lebens
Wie ein Traumgeſicht hinab.
Glänzender auf kühnern Flügeln,
Schwebt ſie auf des Thales Nacht
Zu den goldbeblümten Hügeln,
Wo ein ew'ger Frühling lacht.

Welch ein feierliches Schweigen!
Leiſe, kaum wie Zephyrs Hauch,
Säuſelt's in den Lorbeerzweigen,
Bebt's im Amarantenſtrauch!
So in heilger Stille ruhten
Luft und Wogen, ſo nur ſchwieg
Die Natur, als aus den Fluthen
Anadyomene ſtieg.

Welch ein ungewohnter Schimmer!
Erde! dieſes Zauberlicht
Flammte ſelbſt im Lenze nimmer
Von Aurorens Angeſicht!
Sieh! des glatten Epheus Ranken
Tauchen ſich im Purpurglanz!
Blumen, die den Quell umwanken,
Funkeln wie ein Sternenkranz!

So begann's im Hain zu tagen,
Als die keuſche Cynthia,
Hoch vom ſtolzen Drachenwagen,
Den geliebten Schläfer ſah.
Als die Fluren ſich verſchönten,
Und, mit holdem Zauberton,
Göttermelodieen tönten:
Seliger Endymion!

Der Genferſee.

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet.

Hor.

An deinen Ufern, wo, vom Winzerheerd
Bis zu des Burgpallaſtes Marmorhallen,
Der Ueberfluß ſein goldnes Füllhorn leert!
So weit der Freiheit Jubelhymnen ſchallen;

Wo ſtets die Freude mir, ſokratiſch mild,
Die unbewölkte Stirn mit Epheu kränzte,
Seitdem des weißen Berges Rieſenbild
Zum erſtenmal in deiner Fluth mir glänzte;

Wo einſam auf bemooſter Felſenwand,
Am Bergſtrom, der aus Tannendunkel ſchäumte,
Mein Geiſt, an Xenophon's und Platon's Hand,
Sich des Iliſſus Myrtenhaine träumte;

Wo Agathon den Grazien vertraut,
Der Muſen Stolz, bewundert im Pallaſte,
Des Volkes Luſt bis wo der Jura blaut,
Wie ſeinen Gray, mit Liebe mich umfaßte;

Wo Bonnet, der nicht früher als ſein Ruhm,
Nicht früher als der Erdball ſterben ſollte,
In ſeines Tempels lichtem Heiligthum,
Das große Buch der Wahrheit mir entrollte;

Wo er mir zurief: Ueber Grab und Zeit
Schwingt ſich der Geiſt: ſein dunkler Schleier modert;
Beglückt, wem Glaube der Unſterblichkeit,
Wie Veſtas Gluth, in reinem Herzen lodert;

Wo meine Blicke, der Natur geweiht,
An ihr wie Bienen an der Blüthe hingen:
O See! ſchwebt mein Geſang in jene Zeit,
Als menſchenleere Wüſten dich umſingen.

Da wälzte, wo im Abendlichte dort,
Geneva, deine Zinnen ſich erheben,
Der Rhodan ſeine Wogen trauernd fort,
Von ſchauervoller Haine Nacht umgeben.

Da hörte deine Paradieſesflur,
Du ſtilles Thal, voll blühender Gehäge,
Die großen Harmonien der Wildniß nur,
Orkan und Thiergeheul und Donnerſchläge.

Kein Luſtgeſang der Traubenleſerin,
Kein Erntejubel, keines Hirten Flöte,
Kein ſchmetternd Horn aus reicher Wälder Grün,
Begrüßte da den Stern der Abendröthe.

Kein Rundetanz im ſanften Vollmondſchein!
Kein Freudenmahl vor Tell's geweihtem Bilde!
Kein Gang der Liebenden im Frühlingshain,
An Veilchen reich wie Attikas Gefilde!

Die Oede ſchwieg; wenn auf verwachſnem Pfad,
Wo nur der Bär in Felſenklüften hauſte,
Nicht etwa noch des Sees gewohntem Bad
Ein Ur mit wilder Luſt entgegen brauſte.

Als ſenkte ſich ein zweifelhafter Schein
Auf eines Weltballs ausgebrannte Trümmer,
So goß der Mond auf dieſe Wüſtenein,
Voll trüber Nebeldämmerung, ſeine Schimmer.

Da hieß, aus dieſes Chaos alter Nacht,
Der Herr, ſo weit des Lemans Fluthen wallten,
Voll ſanfter Anmuth, voll erhabner Pracht,
Sich zauberiſch dies Paradies entfalten:

Dies ſtolzumthürmte Land, gleich Tempes Flur,
Mit jedem Reiz der Schöpfung übergoſſen!
Dies Wunderwerk der göttlichen Natur,
Von Schönheit, wie von Glanz die Sonn', umfloſſen;

Wo jener, deſſen heilgen Aſchenkrug
Mit Eichenlaub die Wahrheit ſelbſt umwunden,
Die Bahn zum unerreichten Adlerflug
In Heloiſens Zauberwelt gefunden.

O Clarens! friedlich am Geſtad' erhöht,
Dein Name wird im Buch der Zeiten leben.
O Meillerie! voll rauher Majeſtät,
Dein Ruhm wird zu den Sternen ſich erheben.

Zu deinen Felſen, die den Einſturz dräun,
In deren Schlund, wo nie die Dämmerung tagte,
Um Julien, mit Sappho's wilder Pein,
Mit Orpheus Thränen, der Verbannte klagte;

Zu deinen Gipfeln, wo der Adler ſchwebt,
Und Aus Gewölk erzürnte Ströme fallen,
Wird oft, von ſüßen Schauern tief durchbebt,
An der Geliebten Arm, der Fremdling wallen.

Und wär' ich auch, mit Haller's Wiſſenſchaft,
Vom Grönlands Eis bis zu Tahitis Wogen
Mit Geßner's Blick, mit Anſon's Heldenkraft,
Mit Claude Lorrain's Kunſt die Erd' umflogen:

Doch weiht' ich ewig, im Erinnrungstraum,
Nur dir der Sehnſucht und des Dankes Thränen,
Doch würd' ich mich in jedem Schöpfungsraum,
O See! verbannt aus deinen Himmeln wähnen.

Schön iſt's, von Aetnas Haupt des Meeres Plan
Voll grüner Eiland', und die Fabelauen
Siciliens und Strombolis Vulkan,
Beglänzt von Phöbus' erſtem Strahl, zu ſchauen:

Doch ſchöner, wenn der Sommertag ſich neigt,
Den Zauberſee, hoch von der Dole Rücken,
Wie Lunas Silberhörner ſanft gebeugt,
Umragt von Rieſengipfeln, zu erblicken.

Süß iſt's, am Wogenſturz in Tiburs Hain,
Wo Flaccus oft, entflohn den Schattenchören,
Im Mondlicht wandelt, bei Albanerwein;
Den Genius der Vorwelt zu beſchwören:

Doch ſüßer noch, in Prangins Götterwald,
Wenn ſeine Laubgewölbe ſich erneuern,
Und weit umher der Vögel Mailied ſchallt,
Erhabner Freundſchaft Bundestag zu feiern.

Entzückend iſt's, wenn donnernd himmelan
Des Feuerbergs Wogen ſich erheben,
Auf Napels Golf, bei Nacht, im leichten Kahn,
In magiſcher Beleuchtung hinzuſchweben:

Mit höhrer Luſt ſieht auf des Lemans Fluth,
Wenn Thal und Hügel ſchon in Dämmrung ſinken,
Der hohen Eiswelt reine Purpurgluth
Mein Aug' aus dunkler Wahrheit wiederblinken.

Auf Hellas Höhn erblickt der Wandrer nur,
Von Reſten alter Herrlichkeit umgeben,
Der Tyrannei tief eingedrückte Spur,
So reizend auch ſich Ufer und Land verweben.

Hier ſegn' ich froh Helvetiens Geſchick;
Hier, wo die Flur des Fleißes Lohn verkündet,
Hier theilt mein Herz des freien Volkes Glück,
Auf Menſchenrecht und auf Vernunft gegründet.

Der deutſchen Ströme König biſt du, Rhein!
Wie herrlich Mainz, umkränzt von Nektarhügeln,
Und Bacharach und Bingens Moosgeſtein
In deinem grünlichen Kryſtall ſich ſpiegeln!

Bei Bonnets Tempel nur, auf Genthods Höh'
Muß deine Pracht der Alpenlandſchaft weichen;
Hier ſcheint im engern Bett' Genevas See
Dem mächtigen Orellana ſelbſt zu gleichen.

An dieſem Hain, vom Erlenbach durchtanzt,
Ein Gärtchen nur vor einer kleinen Hütte,
Mit ſchlanken Pappeln maleriſch umpflanzt,
Iſt alles, was ich vom Geſchick erbitte.

Hier würde mir die Weisheit Roſen ſtreun,
Des Himmels Friede meinen Geiſt umfließen,
Und einſt, o goldnes Bild! im Abendſchein
Die Freundſchaft mir die Augen weinend ſchließen.

Hell würde ſich des reinſten Glückes Spur
Mir dann entwölken, fern vom Weltgetümmel;
Wo Liebe, Freundſchaft, Weisheit und Natur
In frommer Eintracht wohnen, iſt der Himmel.

Auf jenem Vorland, von der Wog umrauſcht,
Wo die Betrachtung gern auf grünen Matten
Die leiſen Tritte der Natur belauſcht,
Erhübe ſich mein Grab im Eichenſchatten.

Kein Marmorbild, kein thatenreicher Stein,
Vor dem erröthend ſich die Wahrheit wendet,
Entehrte des Entſchlummerten Gebein,
Den eitler Größe Schimmer nie geblendet.

Die Roſe nur würd' über meinem Staub
Des zarten Mooſes Wohlgeruch verhauchen,
Der Thränenweide niederhangend Laub
Mit leiſem Flüſtern in die Fluth ſich tauchen;

Die Nachtigall, vom Lenzgeſträuch umblüht,
Um ihren Freund dort in der Dämmrung klagen,
Und Daphne mir, von Zärtlichkeit durchglüht,
Das Opfer einer Thräne nicht verſagen.

Auch würd' im Dorfe bald die Sage gehn,
Daß dort, gedämpft, wie ferne Bienenchöre,
Sanft, wie am Blüthenbaum des Frühlings Wehn,
Der Hirt in ſtiller Mondnacht Lieder höre.

Die Kinderjahre.

Die Pappelweide zittert
  Vom Abendſchein durchblinkt,
Wo, von Jaſmin umgittert,
  Die Laube traulich winkt,
Und mit geflochtnem Pförtchen,
  Das auf den Weiher ſieht,
Ein ländlich ſtilles Gärtchen
  Die Halmenhütt' umblüht.

Vom Opfer des Atriden
  Im goldnen Opernſaal
Eil' ich zu deinem Frieden,
  Umbüſchtes Rhonethal;
Nach Einſamkeit nur ſchmachtend
  Wähl' ich die Gartenthür,
Der Landſchaft Reiz betrachtend,
  Zur Opernloge mir.

Dieß Dach mit dunklem Mooſe,
  Dieß friſche Rebengrün,
Dieß Beet, wo Malv' und Roſe
  Und Nachtviolen blühn;
Die unbeſchorne Hecke,
  Der Hopfenranke Wehn;
Der Hof, wo Bienenſtöcke
  Im Fliederſchatten ſtehn;

Der Brunnenröhre Rauſchen,
  Die Scheur' am Haſelzaun,
Wo Täubchen Küſſe tauſchen,
  Und treue Schwalben baun;
Dieß alles zaubert, milder
  Als Abendſonnenblick,
Die roſenfarbnen Bilder
  Der Kindheit mir zurück.

Du, deren goldnem Stabe
  Die Nebelſäule weicht,
Die aus dem dunkeln Grabe
  Geſchiedner Jahre ſteigt:
O Phantaſie! erhelle
  Der erſten Pfade Spur
Und jede Blumenſtelle
  Der väterlichen Flur.

Ich ſeh' des Dorfes Weiden,
  Des Wieſenbaches Rand,
Wo ich die erſten Freuden,
  Den erſten Schmerz empfand;
Den Platz, wo, unter Maien,
  Auf buntbeblümten Plan,
Beim Jubel der Schalmeien,
  Der Mondſcheintanz begann;

Den Rain, wo Nachbars Lotte
  Zur Veilchenleſe kam,
Den Teich, wo meine Flotte
  Von Tannenborke ſchwamm;
Die Au', wo ich, am Bache
  Mir Zweigpalläſte wob,
Wo der papierne Drache
  Sich in die Lüft' erhob;

Die Sträuche, wo die Schlinge
  Den Zeiſig oft betrog,
Wo nach dem Schmetterlinge

Mein leichter Strohhut flog;
Das Rohrdach, deſſen Neſter
Ich ritterlich erfocht;
Die Bank, wo meine Schweſter
Cyanenkränze flocht;

Das Beet, wo, friſch wie Hebe,
Im weißen Lenzgewand,
Sie an bemalte Stäbe
Levkoj' und Nelke band;
Die Schule, dumpf und düſter,
Umrankt von Wintergrün,
Wo uns der ernſte Küſter
Ein Weltgebieter ſchien.

Ich ſeh des Kirchhofs Bäume,
Der Gräber hohes Gras,
Wo ich ſo oft die Reime
Der Leichenſteine las;
Das Flittergold im Kranze
An junger Bräute Gruft,
Im bleichen Vollmondglanze
Ein Spiel der Sommerluft;

Den Steintiſch, wo der Krieger,
Ein Held bei Sorr und Prag,
Von Roßbachs großem Sieger,
Von Kleiſt und Ziethen ſprach;
Die Tenne, wo der Schnitter
Sein braunes Mädel ſchwang,
Wenn froh des Bergmanns Zither
Zum Erntereihn erklang;

Den Bretterſitz am Weiher,
Seit grauer Väterzeit
Dem Spiel der rothen Eier
Am Oſtertag geweiht;
Die Laube von Hollunder,
Wo, auf der Raſenbank,
Ich einſam in die Wunder
Der Feenwelt verſank.

Da glaubt' ich grüne Zwerge
Mit diamantnem Speer,
Und vom Magnetenberge
Die ſchauerliche Mähr;
Die Hütte ward zum Schloſſe,
Der Teich zum Silberſee,
Mein Steckenpferd zum Roſſe,
Die Nachtigall zur Fee.

Da ſpottet' ich der Nebel
Von Grillenfang und Gram,
Selbſt wenn im Kampf den Säbel
Der ſtolze Feind mir nahm!
Wenn ich der Schweſter Freude,
Den Hänfling, ſterbend fand,
Und, ach! das Roth im Kleide
Der Bleiſoldaten ſchwand.

Da war, im Abendſcheine,
Ein ſtilles Veilchenthal
Am Nachtigallenhaine
Mir Ball- und Opernſaal!
Der Seifenblaſe Schimmer
Entzückte königlich,
Wie nie die Demantflimmer
Der Maskentänze, mich.

Da ſchien der Geiſterweihe
Gefürchtetes Revier,
Des Brockens ferne Bläue,
Des Weltalls Grenze mir;
Ich wußte von den Kreiſen
Der Erd' und ihrem Gleis,
Was ich vom Stein der Weiſen
Und von Heraldik weiß.

Da floß mir keine Zähre,
Neapels Götterau'n,
Verklärung, Belvedere
Und Kapitol zu ſchaun:
Es war die Tuffſteinhöhle
Zum Kunſtſaal mir genug,
Und meine Raphaele
Fand ich im Ritterbuch.

Da wurde, von den Flocken
Des Januars umſtürmt,
Mit jubelndem Frohlocken
Der Schneemann aufgethürmt;
Den Kirchenhügel glitten,
Gelenkt vom Eiſenſtab,
Im zephyrleichten Schlitten
Wir pfeilgeſchwind hinab.

Im öden Weltgewühle
Hebt Wehmuth meine Bruſt,
Denk' ich der Knabenſpiele
Und ihrer Götterluſt!
Zu ſchnell verrauſchte Jahre
Der Unbefangenheit,
Was zwiſchen Wieg' und Bahre,
Gleicht eurer Seligkeit?

O väterliche Fluren!
Welch Tempe, welche Schweiz
Trägt eurer Sonnenſpuren
Unſäglich holden Reiz?
Hoch auf beſchneiten Gipfeln
Und auf erzürntem Meer
Weht ſanft aus euren Wipfeln
Erquickung zu mir her!

Wenn mondlos mich die Hülle
Der Mitternacht umwallt,
Und durch die Todtenſtille
Nur meine Klage ſchallt,
Lacht mir von euren Grenzen
Ein Strahl von Seelenruh,
Wie abendliches Glänzen
Nach Ungewittern, zu.

Durchſegle kühn die Meere
Wie Cook und Magellan;
Erfleug das Ziel der Ehre
Auf nie beflogner Bahn;
Erblick', ein Stolz der Muſen,
Dein Bild in Erz und Stein;
Ruh' an Cytherens Buſen
In Amors Myrthenhain;

Gieb Königen Geſetze,
Sei Herr von Perus Gold;
Gebeut im Reich der Schätze,
Die uns Golkonda zollt;
Vereine, was auf Thronen
Der Erdball ſtaunend preiſt,
Und beide Lorbeerkronen
Wie Friederich und Kleiſt:

Umſonſt! der Sorgen Heere
Durchſchwärmen, ohne Raſt,
Den Glanz am Ziel der Ehre,
Den Goldſaal im Pallaſt!
Bei Tobi's Zauberkehle
Bleibſt du in Gram verhüllt,
Du ſtrebſt nach Ruh' der Seele,
Und greifſt ein Schattenbild!

Entflohn dem Kriegsgetümmel,
Trübt Unmuth deinen Blick;
Umglänzt vom Alpenhimmel
Verklagſt du dein Geſchick;
Du ſpähſt auf fernem Boden
Des Friedens dunkle Spur:
Betrogner, ach! ſein Oden
Umweht die Kindheit nur.

Sie ſieht im Frühlingshaine
All' ihre Freuden blühn!
Es wallt im Roſenſcheine
Ihr Blumenleben hin!
Nie hat der Gott der Zeiten,
Der Unſchuld ewig hold,
Das Buch der Möglichkeiten
Vor ihrem Blick entrollt!

Ach! bis zu Charons Kahne
Schwellt unſerer Wünſche Noth;
Der Kindheit leichte Plane
Bekränzt das Abendroth;

Wir ahnen Sturm und Klippen
Bei frühlingsheitrer Fahrt:
Sie hängt mit Bienenlippen
Nur an der Gegenwart!

Die Nonne.

Der unbewölkten Luna Silberſchein
Wallt lieblich durch der Kirchhofbäume Laub,
Und Blüthen, wie zum Todtenopfer, ſtreun,
Cäcilia! die Wind' auf deinen Staub.

Dir lacht kein Mai, dir glänzt vom Sternenraum
In lauer Sommernacht kein Vollmond mehr:
Doch, wohl, Befreite! wohl dir; ach dein Traum
Im Lande der Entſagung war ſo ſchwer!

Der Wahrheit Sonnenſchimmer ſtarben hier,
Wie eine Flamm' in Grüften matt ſich ſenkt;
Auf Heiligenlegenden und Brevier
Wird deiner Kenntniß enger Kreis beſchränkt.

Am Fenſter, welches Rebengrün umzog,
Verlor ſich oft ins weite Meer dein Blick,
Und bebte, wenn ein Schiff vorüberflog,
Bethränter in des Kerkers Grau'n zurück.

Bei Philomelens Abendlied umfloß
Der Schwermuth Wolke dunkler dein Geſicht,
Nur mit dem Hall der Sterbeglocken goß
In deines Daſeins Nacht ſich Morgenlicht.

Ihr Himmelsboten, die ihr unſichtbar
Der Menſchheit hingeſunkne Blumen hebt,
Und um des Aberglaubens Weihaltar
Im Säuſeln hoher Friedensahnung ſchwebt:

Ihr hörtet an des offnen Grabes Rand
Aus ihrer Bruſt den erſten Wonnelaut;
Ihr ſah't, wie auf des Todes kalte Hand
Sie Thränen, freudig ſchaudernd, hingethaut.

Sie ſchlummert in der Eiben Dämmrung dort,
Wo fromm den Wandrer, der betrachtend ſteht,
Ein Kreuz mit Namen, Jahr und Heimathsort,
Um ein Gebet und eine Zähre fleht.

Mondſcheingemälde.

Der Vollmond ſchwebt in Oſten:
Am alten Geiſterthurm
Flimmt bläulich im bemooſten
Geſtein der Feuerwurm.
Der Linde ſchönre Sylphe
Streift ſchon in Lunens Glanz;
Im dunklen Uferſchilfe
Webt leichter Irrwiſchtanz.

Die Kirchenfenſter ſchimmern;
In Silber wallt das Korn;
Bewegte Sternchen flimmern
Auf Teich und Wieſenborn;
Im Lichte wehn die Ranken
Der öden Felſenkluft;
Den Berg, wo Tannen wanken,
Umſchleiert weißer Duft.

Wie ſchön der Mond die Wellen
Des Erlenbachs beſäumt,
Der hier durch Binſenſtellen,
Dort unter Blumen ſchäumt,
Als lodernde Kaskade
Des Dorfes Mühle treibt,
Und wild am lauten Rade
In Silberfunken ſtäubt.

Durch Fichten ſenkt der Schimmer,
So bleich und ſchauerlich,
Auf die bebuſchten Trümmer
Der Waſſerleitung ſich;
Beſtrahlt die düſtern Eiben
Der kleinen Meierei,
Und hell die bunten Scheiben
Der gothiſchen Abtei.

Wie ſanft verſchmilzt der blaſſen
Beleuchtung Zauberſchein
Die ungeheuren Maſſen
Gezackter Felſenreih'n,
Dort wo, in milder Helle,
Von Immergrün umweht,
Die Eremitenzelle
An grauer Klippe ſchwebt.

Der Elfen Heere ſchweifen
Durch Feld und Wieſenplan;
Es deuten Silberſtreifen
Dem Schäfer ihre Bahn;
Er weiß am Purpurkreiſe,
Vom Wollenvieh verſchmäht,
In welchem Blumengleiſe
Ihr Abendreih'n ſich dreht.

Bald bergen, bald entfalten,
In lieblicher Magie,
Sich wechſelnd die Geſtalten
Der regen Phantaſie.
Die zarten Blüthen keimen,
O Mond! an deinem Licht,
Die ſie, in Feenträumen,
Um unſre Schläfe flicht.

Das Kloſter.

Der Weſtgewölke Purpurſaum ergraut,
Aus Eichendunkel ſteigt der Mond empor.
Die Winde ſeufzen bang' im Heidekraut,
Der Elfen Tanz webt leiſ' am Weidenmoor.

Des hohen Pharus trübe Leucht' entglimmt
Am ſchroffen Vorgebirg' im Abendduft;
Des Eilands weiße Klippenreih' verſchwimmt
Gleich einem Nebelſtreif, in Wog' und Luft.

Die Thürme der verödeten Abtei
Entragen ſchauervoll im bleichen Licht
Dem wildernden Geſträuch der Felſenbai,
Wo dumpfig ſich die matte Woge bricht.

Wo Rüſtern dort ein heilig Dunkel ſtreun,
Und um des Doms Portal ſich Epheu dehnt,
Weilt die Melancholei im Vollmondſchein,
An Grabmaltrümmer ſinnend hingelehnt.

Durch Eiben blickt ein Beinhaus halb zerſtört;
Die Diſtel wankt am grauen Tempelthor,
Das längſt nicht mehr dem Flug der Eule wehrt:
Im Bildwerk baut die Schwalb' am hohen Chor.

Kaum deuten in der Bogen Düſterheit
Geſchwärzter Scheiben Reſte, dort und hier
Im Blei der Fenſter ſparſam noch verſtreut,
Der Glasgemälde gothiſchfromme Zier.

Der Hochaltar, von dürrem Gras umrauſcht,
Die Stufen ausgerundet vom Gebet,
Zeugt noch, wie oft, von Seraphim belauſcht,
Der Andacht Flammenſeufzer hier geweht.

Nun flüſtern einſam nur die Wind' im Dom;
Der Beichtſtuhl trauert von der Spinn' umflort;
Die Orgel wälzt nicht mehr der Töne Strom
Durch die Gewölbe majeſtätiſch fort.

Der Hymnen Feierjubel ſind verhallt;
Kein Marmorbild glänzt mehr, vom Opferduft
Der Weihrauchwolke feſtlich überwallt,
Und jene Beter ſanken in die Gruft.

In dieſer Blende flimmte ſchwermuthsvoll
Die heil'ge Lampe, wenn der Chorgeſang
Der Jungfrau'n durch die Mitternacht erſcholl,
Und ſich ihr Herz dem Weltgefühl entrang.

Dann wähnte, ſeiner Nebelhüll' entflohn,
Ihr Geiſt, hoch über Schmerz und Sinnenwahn,
Im unbewölkten Glanz der Gottheit ſchon
Die Krone der Vergeltung zu empfahn.

Der Tempel ſchwieg, wenn dumpf die Glock' erklang,
Gehemmt ſank erdwärts der Gedanken Flug;
Der Hallen weiße Grabſteinwänd' entlang
Verſchwand im Dunkel der Veſtalen Zug.

Noch ſoll der Schiffer, wenn Orkane dräun,
Am alten Dom ſie warnend ſchweben ſehn;
Ein matter Feuerglanz zuckt am Geſtein,
Wo Meteoren gleich die Schleier wehn.

Die Blumenkette der Geſelligkeit
Durchſchlang, o Jungfrau'n, eure Pfade nicht!
Euch ſpendete des Lebens Roſenzeit
Nur welke Kränze, wie der Gram ſie flicht.

Der Muttername, für ein zärtlich Ohr,
Der Stimme der Natur noch unentweiht,
Der höchſte Zauberklang im Schöpfungschor,
Hat nie den Himmel euch ins Herz gethaut.

Vernichtung dräute ſchon, als euer Loos
Euch zum Altar der Opferweihe rief,
Dem Funken, der vielleicht in eurem Schooß
Zu Luthern und Timoleonen ſchlief.

Wie mancher Heloiſe glühend Herz,
Im Kampf mit Pflicht und Leidenſchaft erkrankt,
Hat bis zum letzten Schlag, voll Todesſchmerz,
Hier zwiſchen Abälard und Gott geſchwankt!

Ihr längs dem finſtern Kreuzgang hingereiht,
Bemooſte Zellen! von Geſträuch' umwebt,
In deren Oede der Vergangenheit
Gebild' erſteh'n und Geiſterſäuſeln ſchwebt:

In euren Mauern ſtarb der Jugend Reiz,
Eh' ſeine Fülle noch der Knoſp' entſchwoll,
Und auf der Dulderinnen Todtenkreuz
Goß Liebe nie der Zähre letzten Zoll.

(Die Alpenroſ' auf Bernhard's wilden Höh'n
Glüht einſam oft an ſchwarzer Klüfte Moos,
Und ſinkt der Schönheit Purpur ungeſehn,
Vom Sturm entwurzelt, in der Fluthen Schooß).

Beim Kloſterthurme ſchlummert ihr Gebein,
Wo ſchon des Uhus träger Fittig ſtreift,
Und grauenvoll, ſtatt geweihter Kerzen Schein,
Am hohen Schiff des Irrlichts Flamme ſchweift.

Die Roſe, die der Unſchuld Farbe trägt,
Sah jeder Lenz vor Alters hier entblüh'n,
Und Singrün, von der Freundſchaft Hand gepflegt,
Vermählte ſich mit Myrth' und Roſmarin.

Auch bebt' es oft, wie die Legende lehrt,
Gleich Engeltönen durch die Abendluft;
Die Kirchhofmale glänzten wie verklärt;
Und jedem Grab' entwallt ein goldner Duft.

Alpenreiſe.

An Friederike Brun.

Süß athmen die Blüthchen am klingenden Bach,
Hoch lächelt vom Hügel manch' friedliches Dach,
Umkränzt von grünen Gehegen,
Dem Wand'rer entgegen.

Die Lüfte wehn reiner, die Unterwelt flieht,
Die Pfade ſind ſchattig, der Cytiſus blüht;
Wie mild ergießt ſich die Friſche
Der Balſamgebüſche!

Wie ſchimmert das Grün der arkadiſchen Flur!
Wie glänzen die Thäler von Gold und Azur!
Wie blinkt im wolligen Kleide
Die ſilberne Weide!

Wie funkelt der Bäche mäandriſche Fluth!
Wie dämmern die Hügel, von Heerden umruht!
Wie blühn, in blendender Reihe,
Die Berg' in der Bläue!

Dem Tempe des Friedens, von Heerden bewallt,
Entwinden die ſteinigen Pfade ſich bald,
Der Schlund am Felſen wird enger,
Die Düſterniß bänger.

Nun ſterben die Laute beſeelter Natur;
Dumpftoſend umſchäumen Gewäſſer mich nur,
Die hoch an ſchwarzen Gebirgen
Dem Gletſcher entſchmelzen.

Wo Felſen den wüthenden Stromfall umdräun,
Da wandl' ich im Schauer der Wildniß allein,
Und ſeh' mit traurigem Sinnen
Die Fluthen verrinnen.

Hier wandelte nimmer der Odem des Mai's;
Hier wiegt ſich kein Vogel auf duftendem Reis;
Nur Mooſ' und Flechten entgrünen
Den wilden Ruinen.

Wie Heſper vom Purpur des Abends umwallt,
O Freundin! ſo lächelt mir deine Geſtalt,
Und hellt mit mondlicher Milde
Des Todes Gefilde.

O Freundin! ich denke mit Luſt und mit Weh
Des Hügels, wo wir unter Eichen und See,
Im Geiſt' all' unſern Vertrauten
Ein Hüttchen erbauten.

Noch tönet, wie leiſer Harmonikaklang,
Mir tief in der Seele dein ſüßer Geſang;
Du rührſt im Grazienſchleier
Die lesbiſche Leier.

Hell ſchwebt noch, in abendlich duftigem Flor,
Das Eiland der friedlichen Sonne mir vor,
Wo jüngſt wir unter Syringen
Im Dämmerlicht gingen,

Noch wähn' ich, die Thäler im Blüthengewand,
Noch wähn' ich, die Wälder am Nachtigallſtrand
Des Sees, und Agathons Hallen
Mit dir zu durchwallen.

Das Zaubergemälde der Täuſchung zerrinnt,
Wie Nebelgeſtalten im ſauſenden Wind;
Kalt ſprühn um Wangen und Locken
Mir ſtäubende Flocken.

Jetzt neigt ſich allmählig von eiſigem Plan
An brauner Granitwand hinunter die Bahn.
Wie dräun, halb duftig umfloſſen,
Die Felſenkoloſſen!

Oft reißen hoch aus der Umwölkungen Schooß
Mit Donnergetöſe die Blöcke ſich los,
Daß rings in langen Gewittern
Die Gipfel erzittern.

Tief ſchlummert hier unter dem Trümmergeſtein
Am einſamen Kreuz des Erſchlagnen Gebein;
Der Wand'rer meidet mit Schauer
Die Stätte der Trauer.

Ruht ſanft, o ihr Todten, im Wolkenrevier!
Der Odem des Ewigen wandelt auch hier.
Empfangt ſtatt Lorbeer und Roſe,
Dies Opfer von Mooſe.

Dort ſenkt ſich, ſo ſchaurig und ſtill wie die Gruft,
Ein Pfad über Schiefer aus nächtlicher Kluft,
Wo Todesahnungen walten,
Um gräßliche Spalten.

Ihn wandelt der Jäger der Gemſe, im Graun
Der ſchwindelnden Wolke, mit kühnem Vertraun
Und ſpäht, im treuen Geleite
Der Hunde, nach Beute.

Oft dringt er, im Lauf der herkuliſchen Jagd,
Durch kaltes Geſträuſch und Schlünde voll Nacht,
Hinunter zu der Kryſtalle
Cimmeriſcher Halle.

Ich folge dem Starken! Im Kampf mit Gefahr
Erhebt ſich, wie machtvoll zur Sonne der Aar,
Der Geiſt aus kerkernden Schranken
Zu Göttergedanken.

Bald endet am ſchwankenden Stege die Kluft.
Wie lieblich ſich unten in magiſchem Duft
Die Pyramidengeſtalten
Der Tannen entfalten!

So lächelt, nach Wogengetümmel und Sturm,
Dem nächtlichen Schiffer der leuchtende Thurm
Durch Nebel, welche die Auen
Der Heimath umgrauen.

In Herrlichkeit ragen am Weſthorizont
Die Rieſen der Alpen, ſchon röther beſonnt.
Wie ſanft ſich öſtlich mit Bäumen
Die Triften beſäumen!

Die Schneewelt umſchleiert ein weißliches Grau;
Fern glänzen die Blumengefilde, vom Blau
Der Soldanelle verkündet;
Die Wüſte verſchwindet.

Schon ſenkt ſich der Abend. Im röthlichen Schein
Winkt, unter den Felſen am Lerchenbaumhain,
Die Eremitenkapelle
Mit mooſiger Zelle.

Lied aus der Ferne.

Wenn, in des Abends letztem Scheine,
Dir eine lächelnde Geſtalt,
Am Raſenſitz im Eichenhaine,
Mit Wink und Gruß vorüberwallt,
Das iſt des Freundes treuer Geiſt,
Der Freud' und Frieden dir verheißt.

Wenn in des Mondes Dämmerlichte
Sich deiner Liebe Traum verſchönt,
Durch Cytiſus und Weymuthsfichte
Melodiſches Geſäuſel tönt,
Und Ahnung dir den Buſen hebt:
Das iſt mein Geiſt, der dich umſchwebt.

Fühlſt du, beim ſeligen Verlieren
In des Vergangnen Zauberland,
Ein lindes geiſtiges Berühren,
Wie Zephyrs Kuß, an Lipp' und Hand,
Und wankt der Kerze flatternd Licht:
Das iſt mein Geiſt, o zweifle nicht!

Hörſt du beim Silberglanz der Sterne,
Leiſ' im verſchwiegnen Kämmerlein,
Gleich Aeolsharfen aus der Ferne,
Das Bundeswort: Auf ewig dein!
Dann ſchlummere ſanft; es iſt mein Geiſt,
Der Freud' und Frieden dir verheißt.

Lied der Liebe.

Durch Fichten am Hügel, durch Erlen am Bach,
Folgt immer dein Bildniß, du Traute! mir nach.
Es lächelt bald Wehmuth, es lächelt bald Ruh',
Im freundlichen Schimmer des Mondes, mir zu.

Dem Roſengeſträuche des Gartens entwallt
Im Glanze der Frühe die holde Geſtalt;
Sie ſchwebt aus der Berge bepurpurtem Flor
Gleich einem elyſiſchen Schatten hervor.

Oft hab' ich, im Traume, als die ſchönſte der Feen,
Auf goldenem Throne dich ſtrahlen geſehn;
Oft hab' ich, zum hohen Olympus entrückt,
Als Hebe dich unter den Göttern erblickt.

Mir hallt aus den Tiefen, mir hallt von den Höhn,
Dein himmliſcher Name wie Sphärengetön.
Ich wähne den Hauch, der die Blüthen umweht,
Von deiner melodiſchen Stimme durchbebt.

In heiliger Mitternachtsſtunde durchkreiſt
Des Aethers Gefilde mein ahnender Geiſt.
Geliebte! dort winkt uns ein Land, wo der Freund
Auf ewig der Freundin ſich wieder vereint.

Die Freude, ſie ſchwindet, es dauert kein Leid;
Die Jahre verrauſchen im Strome der Zeit;
Die Sonne wird ſterben, die Erde vergehn:
Doch Liebe muß ewig und ewig beſtehn.

Geiſternähe.

Der Dämmrung Schein
Durchblinkt den Hain;
Hier, beim Geräuſch des Waſſerfalles,
Denk' ich nur dich, o du mein Alles!

Dein Zauberbild
Erſcheint, ſo mild
Wie Hesperus im Abendgolde,
Dem fernen Freund, geliebte Holde!

Er ſehnt wie hier
Sich ſtets nach dir;
Feſt, wie den Stamm die Eppichranke,
Umſchlingt dich liebend ſein Gedanke.

Durchbebt dich auch
Im Abendhauch
Des Brudergeiſtes leiſes Wehen
Mit Vorgefühl vom Wiederſehn?

Er iſt's, der lind
Dir, ſüßes Kind,
Des Schleiers Silbernebel kräuſelt,
Und in der Locken Fülle ſäuſelt.

Oft hörſt du ihn,
Wie Melodien
Der Wehmuth aus gedämpften Saiten,
In ſtiller Nacht vorüber gleiten.

Auch feſſelfrei
Wird er getreu,
Dir ganz und einzig hingegeben,
In allen Welten dich umſchweben.

Die Weihe.

Wer, als ihn die Muſe weihte,
Heilig ihr Veredlung ſchwur,
Selbſtgefühl der Götter leite
Den durch Wüſt' und Blumenflur.

Mild und ſegnend, gleich Auroren,
Wenn der Lenz der Erde naht,
Wallt die freundlichſte der Horen
Treu mit ihm des Daſeins Pfad.

Wo Vernunft und Hochſinn wohnen,
Glüht ſein Herz von Sympathie:
Rein erklingt in allen Zonen
Ihm des Weltalls Harmonie.

Ihn entzückt der Meere Spiegel
Und die Silberperl' am Kraut,
Die Viol' am Todtenhügel
Und die Roſ' im Kranz der Braut.

Ihn erhebt des Kataraktes
Donnerſturz den trunknen Geiſt,
Ihn das Bächlein, ſo vom nackten
Klippenabhang niederfleußt.

Er vernimmt der Hoffnung Wehen
Hoch vom lichten Sternenraum,
Hebt, wo Blumen auferſtehen,
Ihres Schleiers goldnen Saum.

Trinkt auf hoher Alpenweide
Mit dem Adler Himmelsglanz,
Windet auf beſchneiter Heide
Dunkles Immergrün zum Kranz.

Sieht um Platon's Kelch die Roſen
Heitrer Weisheit wieder glühn,
Roms Ruinen ſich entmooſen,
Und Athens Gefilde blühn.

Beſſrer Zukunft Bilder ſchweben,
Wo Gewölk ihn trüb' umzieht,
Und harmoniſch, wie ſein Leben,
Tönt im Volk ſein hehres Lied.

Stät, wie Veſtas Flamme, lodert,
Trotzt der Erdenſtürme Wuth,
Bis die ſchwarze Bark' ihn fodert,
Seines Geiſtes reine Gluth.

Iſaak Maus.

Dieſer Dichter wurde 1748 zu Badenheim bei Kreuznach geboren und verdient beſonders deswegen eine Erwähnung, weil er ſeine poetiſchen Erzeugniſſe als einfacher Bauersmann unter der fortdauernden Beſchäftigung dieſes Standes und ohne eine beſſere, als die in ſeinem Kreiſe gewöhnliche Erziehung genoſſen zu haben, lieferte. Das Jahr ſeines Todes iſt unbekannt.

Von ihm haben wir:

Gedichte und Briefe. Mainz 1786, 8.
Poetiſche Briefe. Ebendaſ. 1819, 8., mit Portrait.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1821, 8.

Nur die Seltenheit der Erſcheinung verlieh M's Leiſtungen einigen Werth, der jedoch keineswegs dauernd war, da ſein Talent im Grunde nur zu den unbedeutenderen gehörte.

Jakob Mauvillon,

Sohn des nachmaligen Profeſſors der franzöſiſchen Sprache M. am Carolinum zu Braunſchweig, ward am 8. März 1743 zu Leipzig geboren und erhielt ſeine Schulbildung auf dem Carolinum, um dann die Rechte zu ſtudiren. Doch zogen ihn die Sprachen, Zeichnen und Mathematik vorzugsweiſe an, und aus überwiegender Neigung zum Militärſtande trat er im 7jährigen Kriege als Ingenieur in hannöverſche Dienſte, obwohl ſein Körper ſchwach und verwachſen war. Nach dem Frieden ging er auf den Wunſch ſeines Vaters nach Leipzig, um die Rechtsſtudien fortzuſetzen, trat aber ſchon 1766 als Collaborator an der Schule zu Ilefeld auf, und wurde dann Weg- und Brückeningenieur und Lehrer der Kriegsbaukunſt in Kaſſel. Nachdem er hier zum Hauptmann im neuerrichteten Cadettencorps emporgeſtiegen war, kam er 1785 mit Majorsrang nach Braunſchweig und wurde ſpäter als Oberſtlieutenant beim Ingenieurcorps und Lehrer am daſigen Carolinum angeſtellt. Durch ſeine Bewunderung Mirabeau's und der franzöſiſchen Revolution und ſeinen Streit mit dem Ritter von Zimmermann ward er gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens in mancherlei Verdrießlichkeiten verwickelt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 11. Januar 1794.

Er verfaßte:

Ueber den Werth der deutſchen Dichter. Frankfurt 1771—72, 2 Thle., 8. (mit Unger).
Arioſt's wüthender Roland. Ueberſetzt. Lemgo 1777—78, 4 Thle.
Phyſiokratiſche Briefe ꝛc. Braunſchweig 1780.
Einleitung in die militäriſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1783.
Dramatiſche Sprichwörter. Leipzig 1785, 2 Thle.; neue Aufl. 1790 unter dem Titel: Geſellſchaftstheater; neu herausgeg. v. J. G. Dyk.
Mann und Weib. Ebendaſ. 1791.
Ueber die preußiſche Monarchie. Ebendaſ. 1793—95, 4 Bde.
Geſchichte des Erbfolgekriegs. Ein hiſtoriſcher Kalender. Leipzig 1794.
Geſchichte des Herzogs Ferdinand von Braunſchweig. Ebendaſ. 1796, 2 Bde.

M. war keineswegs ohne Talent, Geſchmack und Scharfſinn, aber es fehlte ihm an Gründlichkeit und Gediegenheit, ſo daß er nichts Vollendetes lieferte, ſondern oft oberflächlich und flüchtig verfuhr. Seine dem phyſiokratiſchen Syſteme huldigenden ſtaatswiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften, ſind unbeſtritten ſeine beſten Leiſtungen.

Sophie May, ſ. S. F. E. Meyer.

Herzog Johann von Mecklenburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Konrad von Megenberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Ulrich Megerle, ſ. Abraham a Santa Clara.

Johann Wilhelm Friedrich Mehliß

ward am 24. April 1756 zu Goslar geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde 1779 als Pfarramtsgehilfe nach Eſſenrode berufen, von wo er 1793 als Pfarrer nach Rehburg kam. 1799 erhielt er dort die Superintendentur, wurde Dr. der Theologie und 1803 als Superintendent und Prediger nach Oldendorf im Kalenbergiſchen verſetzt.

Er gab heraus:

Predigten am Rehburger Geſundbrunnen gehalten. Hannover 1795—97, 2 Thle.
Predigten für die häusliche Erbauung. 3. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1805, 2 Thle.
Paſſionspredigten. 2. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Kaſualreden. Ebendaſ. 1818.

Handbuch zu populären Religionsvorträgen. Ebendaſ. 1824.

Popularität, Faßlichkeit und Verſtändlichkeit zeichnen M's redneriſche Leiſtungen aus, aber es fehlte ihnen Kraft und Begeiſterung, um den Zuhörer mit ſich fortzureißen und dauernd zu feſſeln.

Georg Friedrich Meier

ward am 29. März 1718 zu Ammendorf bei Halle geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt unter Alex. Gottlieb Baumgarten Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde nach ſeiner Promotion zum Magister A. A. L. L. Profeſſor der Philoſophie. Er ſtarb zu Halle am 21. Juni 1777.

Von ihm haben wir:

Beurtheilung der Gottſchediſchen Dichtkunſt. Halle 1747 — 49, 7 St.
Anfangsgründe der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1748 — 50, 3 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. 1754 — 59, 3 Thle., 8.
Beurtheilung des Meſſias. Ebendaſ. 1749 — 52, 2 St.
Leben A. G. Baumgartens. Ebendaſ. 1763.
Auszug aus den Anfangsgründen ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1757; neue Aufl. 1768, 8.

Als Philoſoph und Aeſthetiker iſt M. nur ſehr unbedeutend, aber er erwarb ſich das Verdienſt, die Poetik und Rhetorik, für die zu ſeiner Zeit noch ſehr wenig geſchah, ſyſtematiſch auszubilden, wobei er freilich nur in die Fußtapfen ſeines Lehrers Baumgarten zu treten und ſich nicht über denſelben zu erheben wußte.

Joachim Meier

ward am 10. Auguſt 1661 zu Perleburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Marburg die Rechte, und die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, und wurde 1686 Lehrer zu Göttingen. 1694 erhielt er den Charakter eines Profeſſors der Muſik daſelbſt, ward 1707 Dr. der Rechte und ſpäter Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Geographie am Gymnaſium zu Göttingen, wo er am 2. April 1732 ſtarb, nachdem er ſchon 1717 in den Ruheſtand geſetzt worden war.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Die durchlauchtige Römerin Lesbia. Leipzig 1690.
Die durchlauchtigſte Römerin Delia; die polniſche Werba; die amazoniſche Smyrna; die Hebräerinnen Ziska, ꝛc. Lüneburg 1697, 3 Thle.
Die ſiegende Großmuth. Singſpiel.
Leben, Thaten und Tod Herzog Heinrichs des Löwen.
Kurfürſt Ernſt Auguſts von Braunſchweig Geſchichtskalender u. ſ. w.

Ein rüſtiger aber geſchmackloſer Romanſchreiber ſeiner Zeit.

Christoph Meiners

ward am 31. Juli 1747 zu Otterndorf geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen Theologie und Philoſophie, wurde daſelbſt Dr. und 1772 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und erhielt 1775 eine ordentliche Profeſſur dieſer Wiſſenſchaft, 1788 wurde er mit dem Titel eines großbritanniſchen und hannöverſchen Hofrathes beehrt, und ſtarb daſelbſt am 1. Mai 1810.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Geſchichte des Luxus der Athenienſer. Kaſſel 1781.
Geſchichte des Urſprungs, Fortgangs und Verfalls der Wiſſenſchaften in Griechenland und Rom. Lemgo 1781 — 82, 2 Thle.
Geſchichte des Verfalls der Sitten und der Staatsverfaſſung der Römer. Leipzig 1782.
Grundriß der Theorie und Geſchichte der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften Lemgo 1787, 8.
Briefe über die Schweiz. Berlin 1788 — 90, 4 Thle.
Geſchichte des weiblichen Geſchlechts. Hannover 1788 — 1800, 4 Thle.
Geſchichte des Verfalls der Sitten, Wiſſenſchaften und Sprache der Römer im 1. Jahrhundert nach Chriſti Geburt. Wien und Leipzig 1791.
Geſchichte der Ungleichheit der Stände. Hannover 1792.
Hiſtoriſche Vergleichung des Mittelalters mit unſerm Jahrhundert. Ebendaſ. 1793, 3 Thle.
Lebensbeſchreibungen. Zürich 1795 — 97, 3 Thle.
Geſchichte der Ethik. Göttingen 1800, 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der hohen Schulen. Ebendaſ. 1802 — 1805, 4 Thle.
Geſchichte der Religionen. Hannover 1806, 2 Thle.
Unterſuchungen über die Verſchiedenheit der Menſchennaturen. Tübingen 1811 — 15, 3 Thle.

Meiner's hauptſächlichſtes Verdienſt als Hiſtoriker beruht auf dem ſeltenen und unermüdlichen Fleiß, mit welchem er die Materialien zu ſeinen Schriften, die indeſſen größtentheils nicht viel mehr ſind, als ſehr tüchtige Materialienſammlungen, eintrug, ſichtete und ordnete. Er hat in dieſer Hinſicht vielen ſpätern Hiſtorikern hülfreich vorgearbeitet und ſeine Werke werden ſtets ſehr brauchbar bleiben. Seine werthvollſte Arbeit iſt die von ihm in ſeiner beſten Zeit gearbeitete Geſchichte der Wiſſenſchaften Griechenlands und Roms, auch ſeine Lebensbeſchreibungen enthalten manches Treffliche.

Johann Nikolaus Meinhard,

eigentlich Gemeinhard, ward am 11. September 1727 zu Erlangen geboren und ſollte nach vollendeten Schulſtudien 1746 in Helmſtädt Theologie ſtudiren, entſagte dieſer Wiſſenſchaft aber aus Liebe zu einem ungebundenen Leben und ging 1748 als Hauslehrer nach Liefland. In dieſer Eigenſchaft bereiſte er 1751 Holland, ſetzte 1752 ſeine Sprachſtudien zu Göttingen fort und promovirte 1759 zu Helmſtädt zum Magiſter der Philoſophie, mit dem Vorſatze, daſelbſt Vorleſungen über die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu eröffnen. Sein unſteter Geiſt zwang ihn jedoch, bald zu Hamburg, bald zu Braunſchweig, bald zu Leipzig zu verweilen, bis ihn ſeine beſorgten Freunde überredeten, durch eine Reiſe mit dem jungen Grafen Moltke ſeine Hypochondrie zu verſcheuchen. Er beſuchte nun mit dieſem 1763 Frankreich, Italien und England, wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1765 zu Berlin mit den dort lebenden Schöngeiſtern bekannt und ging von da nach Braunſchweig und Erfurt, wo er faſt 2 Jahre ein einſiedleriſches Leben führte. Er ſtarb kurz nach ſeiner Rückkehr nach Berlin am 15. Juni 1767.

Von ihm haben wir:

- Verſuche über den Charakter und die Werke der beſten italieniſchen Dichter. Braunſchweig 1763 — 74, 3 Bde., gr. 8.; neue Aufl. mit einer Vorrede von Zachariä, Ebendaſ. 1774, 2 Bde., 8.
- Deſſen 3r Band. Ebendaſ. 1774, gr. 8. (von C. J. Jagemann bearbeitet).
- Gedichte. (In Schmidt's Anthologie und im deutſchen Muſeum).
- Ueberſetzungen von Hume's Grundſätzen der Kritik, Heliodor's Theagenes und Chariklea, Gaillard's Geſchichte Franz I. u. ſ. w.

Küttner urtheilt ſehr treffend von dieſem freiſinnigen und geſchmackvollen, aber leider zu ängſtlichen Schriftſteller in ſeinen Charakteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten, S. 307 — 309: Durch ſeine geſchmackvollen Ueberſetzungen, am meiſten aber durch ſeine trefflichen Verſuche über die italieniſchen Dichter hat ſich Meinhard den Ruhm eines nützlichen Kunſtrichters und Schriftſtellers erworben. Er bringt den Geiſt fremder Sprachen ſo glücklich in die unſrige herüber, er zeigt in der Zergliederung fremder Meiſterwerke ein ſo feines Gefühl, ſo große Beleſenheit und geſunde Kritik, als man von ſeiner furchtſamen Beſcheidenheit, mit der er ſich überall ankündigt, kaum erwarten dürfte. — Im mittleren Styl iſt er am glücklichſten. Sanfte, zärtliche Poeſien mit einiger Malerei, wie die Petrarchiſchen, gelingen ihm noch, aber den hohen Flug des epiſchen Geſanges erreicht er im Nachbilden ſo glücklich nicht.

Wilhelm Meinhold

ward 1796 in Pommern geboren, ſtudirte zu Greifswald Theologie und Philoſophie und wurde nach vollendeten Studien zuerſt zu Koſerow und ſpäter zu Krummin auf der Inſel Uſedom als Prediger angeſtellt.

Von ihm erſchienen:

- Gedichte. Leipzig 1823, 8.
- Vermiſchte Gedichte. Greifswald 1824, gr. 8.
- St. Otto, Biſchof von Bamberg, oder Kreuzfahrt nach Pommern. Epos. Ebendaſ. 1826, gr. 8.
- Miniaturgemälde von Rügen und Uſedom. Ebendaſ. 1830.
- Gedichte. Zweite durchaus verb. u. verm. Aufl. Leipzig 1835, 8.

M. iſt bei Weitem nicht ſo gekannt, wie er es zu ſein verdient. — Tiefe und geſunde Frömmigkeit, Wärme und Wahrheit des Gefühls, Sicherheit, Kraft und Anmuth in Beherrſchung der Sprache und Form, und Reichthum der Phantaſie und der Gedanken ſind ſeinen Poeſieen eigen und weiſen ihm als Dichter einen ehrenvollen Rang unter den Zeitgenoſſen an.

Gedichte von Wilhelm Meinhold [*].

Die treue Hand.

Schottiſche Sage.

„Held Donal, gieb Malvinen, die ſanfte Tochter, mir,
Eh' Coll, mein wilder Bruder, ſie frech ertrotzt von dir,
Mich liebt das ſüße Wunder auf Juras Felſenſtrand,
Das wie die Morgenröthe in jedem Klan bekannt,
Ich will ſie kühn beſchützen,
Ich will ihr ewig weihen hier dieſe treue Hand!“

So ſpricht mit glüh'nden Worten der ſchenkelnackte Held,
Mac Angus von Cantyre, und als er inne hält,
So ſenkt der Alte ſinnend den Nacken am Kamin
Und ſeufzt — und ſeine Tochter tritt ſchüchtern hinter ihn,
Bald wird ſie eine Lilie,
Bald eine rothe Roſe mit wachſendem Karmin.

Doch plötzlich hört man draußen ein lautes Schlachtenſchrei'n,
Und Coll, der wilde, ſtürzet mit ſeinem Klan herein:
„Held Donal, dieſer Heuchler erhält die Dirne nicht!
Gieb mir ſie, oder wiſſe, ich hab' ein ſchwer Gericht,
So wahr der Herr regieret,
Du ſiehſt, daß dir vor Augen mein Klan ihn niederſticht!

Auf, zückt eure Dolche, das Zeichen zu empfah'n!“ —
Da hebt die hundert Arme der grauſenvolle Klan,
Da blitzt es durch die Halle, da harrt auf Wink und Wort
Der rothe Tartanträger zum rothen Brudermord;
Das Mägdlein ſinkt zu Boden,
Jedoch ihr grauer Vater erhebet ſich ſofort:

„O Coll, du tapfrer Krieger, dein Zorn iſt ſchwer und groß,
Doch höre, laß entſcheiden ein heilig Gotteslooß,
Kehrt Beide nach Cantyre, beſteiget euren Kahn,
(Wir weilen hier am Ufer) und wer zuerſt wird nah'n,
Weß Hand zuerſt berühret
Das Kleid der Schmerzenstochter, der ſoll ſie auch empfah'n!“

Coll nimmt mit trotz'gen Mienen die Preisbedingung an,
Urphede ſchwören Beide auf Donal's Schwert; ſodann
Gleich flücht'gen Kriegern ſtürzen ſie ſich zum Meeresſtrand; —
Der Greis jedoch ergreifet das Mägdlein bei der Hand,
Und mit der ſchwanken Lilie
Nimmt auf dem Felſenufer er den erhab'nen Stand.

Bald heben vor Cantyre zwo weiße Segel ſich:
„Was bebſt du, Kind? vertraue, die Heil'gen ſchützen dich!“
„„Nein, Vater, lieber Vater, ach ſchau doch nur empor:
Das Schiff von Coll, dem wilden, kommt ſeinem Bruder vor,
Es naht mit rother Flagge,
Wie wohl in bangen Nächten ein Unglücksmeteor.

Nein, ſchaue, wie mein Angus zugleich das Ruder ſchwingt,
Wie ſchäumt der Kiel ſtets näher — o Himmel, es gelingt! —
Ach, Vater, halt mich Arme, nun bleibt er doch zurück!““ — —
„Getroſt, mein Kind, der Schrecken umdüſtert dir den Blick:
Sie ſtürzen ja ins Waſſer,
Sie ſchwimmen durch die Klippen, — noch lächelt dir das Glück!“

Bald tauchen unter ihnen zwei Köpfe ſchwarz hervor,
Doch wieder thut's dem Bruder der wilde Coll zuvor,
Er hebt ſich auf der Klippe, er tritt ſchon an das Land,
Da haut mit ſcharfem Schwerte ſich Angus ab die Hand
Und faßt ſie bei den Fingern
Und wirft ſie hoch der Dirne an's färbende Gewand!

„Halt, Bruder, halt, beim Himmel, die Braut nicht dir gebührt,
Sieh, meine Hand, die treue, hat ſie zuerſt berührt,
Da wirft ſich zähneknirſchend Coll gleich zurück ins Meer;
Doch die Braut, die rothbeſpritzte, erhebt ſich hoch und hehr,
Und in die off'nen Arme
Sinkt Angus ihr und fühlet nicht Angſt noch Schmerzen mehr.

Die Harfe.

Eine Romanze.

1820.

War eine Grafentochter in alter grauer Zeit,
Die wußte ſüße Weiſen, die minnigliche Maid.
Und welche Sänger kamen, die Maid ſie überwand,
Das macht die Harfe ſchöne in ihrer weißen Hand!

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[*] Gedichte. Zweites Bändchen. Leipzig 1835.

Die klingt ſo wunderbarer, daß jedes Herz ſie bricht,
D'rum alſo ſtolziglichen die edle Dirne ſpricht:
„Ihr Ritter und ihr Grafen laßt euer Minnen ſein,
Könnt ihr mich nicht bezwingen auf dieſer Harfe mein!"

Da gingen voller Schwere die edlen Degen gut,
Bis Heido kam gezogen, ein Sänger wohlgemuth.
Dem ging an ſeiner Rechten ein edles Mägdelein,
So daß in allen Landen kein ſchöneres mochte ſein.

Und doch in ſeiner Linken er eine Harfe trug,
Da weinten Aller Augen, als er die Harfe ſchlug;
Und minniglichen Blickes darauf das Fräulein ſpricht:
„Ach! Heido, lieber Sänger, dir widerſteh' ich nicht.

Komm! gieb mir deine Harfe und nimm das Herze mein,
Du ſollſt von ſieben Burgen ein Herr und Ritter ſein!"
„„Das wolle Gott verhüten,"" zu ihr der Sänger ſagt,
„„Sollt' ich um dich verlaſſen hier dieſe treue Magd!""

„O weh, du ſtolzer Sänger, ſo gieb die Harfe mir,
Willſt du mein Herz nicht haben, ſo nimm mein Gold dafür!"
„„Das wolle Gott verhüten, daß ich um ſchnödes Gold
Das ſchöne Spiel dir ließe, um das die Welt mir hold.""

Und ſprach's und zog von dannen der wundertreue Mann,
Manch lobigliche Fraue umſonſt ihn liebgewann.
An einem Wintertage er ſo zu zieh'n begunnt
Von Baſel an dem Rheine ins ſchöne Land Burgund.

Doch bald auf einem Berge gewann er große Noth,
Denn weh, der Winter harte blies ihm das Mädel todt!
Was ſoll ich nun beginnen, ich armer, armer Mann?
Wohl macht' ich ihr ein Feuer, doch ſeh' ich keinen Tann.

Hilf Gott mir armen Manne, ich nehm' die Harfe mein,
Ach Harfe, liebe Harfe, du mußt zerſchlagen ſein!
Und ob auch manche Zähre ihm aus den Augen fiel,
Doch ſieht man ihn zerſchlagen das theure Saitenſpiel.

Und ſchnell auf einem Steine macht er ein Feuer an,
Daß balde zu geſunden die kranke Maid begann.
Doch wie er frohgemuthet ſie noch umfangen hält,
Da trabt auf ſtolzem Roſſe ein Ritter übers Feld:

„Gott grüß' euch," ſprach der Degen, „ich hab' ein warmes Schloß;
Komm mit, du ſchöne Dirne, und ſetz' dich auf mein Roß.
Hilf Gott, daß ich dich kenne, du Traute, komm doch her!
Kennſt du den frohen Knappen vom Thurgau denn nicht mehr?

Hab' manchen Kranz gewunden dir um dein blondes Haupt,
Hab' manchen Kuß in Ehren dir, ſüße Magd, geraubt.
Komm auf mein Roß! o komme!" — Da hob er ſie empor
Und raunte frevenlichen ſein Sehnen ihr ins Ohr.

O Sänger, lieber Sänger! wie kann es möglich ſein? —
Der Bube überwindet die falſche Dirne dein! —
Sie ſpricht mit böſen Liſten: „O weh, ich armes Weib,
Find' ich nicht hie des Waſſers, verlos' ich meinen Leib!"

Wie ſchnelle von dem Haupte der Bub' den Helm ſich reißt:
„Lauft, Sänger, zu dem Borne, der dort im Thale fleußt."
Wohl läuft er zu dem Borne, der treue Liebeshort;
Doch wie er wiederkehret, ſind Magd und Ritter fort.

Da klagt er alſo ſehre ob ſeines Weibes Lug:
„O weh, ich armer Sänger, daß ich mein Spiel zerſchlug!"
So ſaß er auf dem Boden den langen Wintertag
Und klagte, bis am Abend das treue Herz ihm brach.

Bogislaf der Große (XL),

Herzog von Pommern,

und der Bauer Hans Lange.

Romanze in drei Abtheilungen.

Jahr der Handlung 1474.

Hans Lang' in dieſem Hof hat vormals aufgenommen
Den Herzog Bogislaf, der ſonſt wär' umgekommen,
Und ihn mit Speiſ' und Trank verſorget bis zur Zeit,
Da er gelanget iſt zu Kron' und Herrlichkeit.
Inſchrift über ein Bauernhaus zu Lanzig bei Rügenwalde.

Erſte Abtheilung.

„Sprich, wer iſt der Burſch, der dort ſich mit den Schuſterjungen rauft?
Potz, wie ſetzt er ſich zur Wehre, höre, wie er flucht und ſchnauft!
Durch die Kleider ſieht der Ellenbogen, durch den Schuh der Zeh,
Das iſt wohl ein rechter Bube und ein rechtes Zettermeh!"

Alſo fragt der Bauer Lange auf dem Markt zu Rügenwald
Seinen Wirth, derweil den Sattel er von ſeinem Gaule ſchnallt,
Und der Wirth verſetzet ſeufzend: „„Das iſt Herzog Bogislaf,
Um ihn kümmern weder Eltern, weder Ritter ſich, noch Pfaff,
Alſo läuft mit ſeinem Bruder täglich er die Stadt hindurch,
Balgt ſich, ißt, wo er was findet, und kommt ſelten auf die Burg.""
Und der Bauer ruft erſtaunend: „Gieb mir näheren Beſcheid!
Das iſt Herzog Bugslaf? — Himmel, welch' ein großes Herzeleid; —
An ihn kehrt ſich Niemand, ſagſt du? — rede, Freund, wie kann es ſein."
„„Nun ſo hört!"" ſpricht der And're, „„denn wir ſind ja hier allein:
Seit die Mutter ſich in Wolgaſt mit dem Gatten hat entzweit
Und ſich mit dem tück'ſchen Maſſow hier der ſünd'gen Luſt erfreut,
Sind die Junker ihr ein Stachel, und es ſcheint, als wünſche ſie
Ihren Tod, denn ſchlechter hält ſie Beide als das liebe Vieh;
In den Pferdeſtällen liegen Nachts ſie oft auf Stroh geſtreckt,
Wenn ſie ein mitleid'ger Kutſcher nicht mit ſeinem Rock bedeckt.
Doch die Furcht verſchließet Allen, Vornehm wie Gering, den Mund:
Solch ein Weib iſt dieſe Mutter, und ihr Buhle ſolcher Hund!"" —
Zürnend wirft der Bau'r den Sattel auf die Erd', als dies er hört,
Schreitet heftig auf und nieder, bis ins tiefſte Mark empört,
Steht dann ſtill und hebt die Mütze von dem Haupt und ſchaut empor,
Regt die Lippen zum Gebete und tritt nun entſchloſſen vor:
„Herzog Bugslaf, Herzog Bugslaf, lieber Fürſt, vernimm ein Wort!"
„„Bau'r, was willſt du? — ſchnell! — der Junge läuft mir ungegerbt ſonſt fort!""
„Laß ihn laufen, Herzog Bugslaf, ſprich, gedenkſt du nicht daran,
Daß ein Fürſt du biſt und ein ſchon halberwachſ'ner junger Mann?
Ach, wie gehſt du, Herzog Bugslaf, haſt du keine Mutter mehr?
Blick auf deine Ellenbogen, blick auf deine Füße her!"
„„Alter Schurke, Hund von Bauer, ſage, was geht dich das an?""
Spricht's und ſchlägt ihn in das Antlitz, daß es gleich mit Blut berann,
Läuft darauf dem Schuſterjungen in die nächſte Gaſſe nach,
Doch der edle Bau'r verſchmerzet ſchnell den unverdienten Schlag:
„Wirth, bewahre Pferd und Sattel, muß mal ſehen, wo er bleibt,
Hab' es gut mit ihm im Sinne, wenn er es auch böſe treibt. —
Herzog Bugslaf, Herzog Bugslaf, komm doch einmal noch heran,
Fürchte nichts, denn ſchon vergeſſen iſt, was eben du gethan!"
Darauf ſteht er ſtill und wiſchet mit dem Aermel ſein Geſicht,
Während ſich der Jüngling nahet und mit höhn'ſchen Mienen ſpricht:
„„Narr, was willſt du denn?"" — „Mein Herzog, laß mich deinen Bauer ſein,
Laß mich zum Geſchenk dir machen, ſtattlich kleid' ich dich dann ein;
Sollte glauben, daß du Maſſow zu dem kleinen Dienſt bewegſt —

Kann nicht ſeh'n, daß du, mein Herzog, dich wie Betterbuben trägſt
Und mit Betterbuben balgſt; da kein Menſch ſich dein erbarmt,
Will's der alte Bauer Lange, wenn er d'rüber auch verarmt."

Ganz betroffen ſteht der Jüngling, zitternd, bleich, kein Wort er ſpricht,
Doch ein Strom bewußter Thränen gleich ihm aus den Augen bricht;
Seufzend hebt er blaſſe Augen auf die nahe Fürſtenburg
Und fängt bitt'rer an zu weinen und zu ſchluchzen zwiſchendurch. —
„Weiß ſchon, was du mir willſt ſagen, ſchweig' und trag' es mit Geduld,
Und der große Gott vergebe deinen Henkern ihre Schuld."

Spricht's und eilt mit dem zum Krämer, der ihn eben blutig ſchlug,
Kaufet Parchent ihm zum Wammſe, und zum Rocke lundiſch Tuch,
Kauft ihm Stiefeln, kauft ihm Schuhe, kauft ihm einen Federhut,
Schwert und Sporen und beginnet dann mit edlem Heldenmuth:
„Soll ich's büßen, was ich thue, mög' es immerhin geſcheh'n,
Wollt' ich denken wie ſie Alle, müßteſt du zu Grunde geh'n.
Aber, Herzog Bugslaf, jetzo balg' und raufe dich nicht mehr,
Halte dich als Fürſt und treibe nicht mit Hinz und Kunz Verkehr.
Iß auch nicht bei allen Bürgern; wenn dich hungert, komm zu mir,
Eine Meil' iſt's nur bis Lanzke *), und den Braunen laß ich dir,
Werd' auch mit dem Wirthe ſprechen, daß den Gaul er unterhält,
Und — eh' ich's vergeſſ' — wie iſt's mit deinen Hemden denn beſtellt,
Und mit deinen Strümpfen, Bugslaf? — Warum ſeufzeſt du, mein Sohn? —
Seufze nicht, denn Rath wird ſchaffen meine alte Mutter ſchon.
Und nun Gott befohlen, Junker, ſechszehn Jahre biſt du alt
Und ein Fürſt, bedenk' es, und dann noch Eins: beſuch' mich bald!"

Doch der Jüngling, der bis dahin wie geſchlagen vor ihm ſtand,
Richtet ſich empor und faßt den Alten bei der rauhen Hand:
„„Möge Gott, der Herr, dir lohnen, was ich dir nicht lohnen kann,
Wie ich meine Schuld bereue, ſiehſt du meinen Thränen an;
Doch, Hans Lange, lieber Vater, laß mich thun noch eine Bitt',
Ach, wenn meinen Bruder hungert, darf er auch nicht kommen mit?""
„Immerhin, das mag ich leiden, das heißt brav geſonnen ſein,
Und, bei Gott, wär' ich es übrig, räumt' ich ihm auch Stuben ein.
Will um's Jahr mal ſehn — kommt nur! — Eſſen ſollt ihr finden ſchon,
Mögt ihr anders Brot und Fleiſch und Hausmannskoſt, mein lieber Sohn."
Spricht's und geht davon; der Jüngling aber bleibet ſinnend ſteh'n
Und verfolgt ihn mit den Augen, bis er ihn vermag zu ſehn. —

Zweite Abtheilung.

Dort in ſeinem Hintergarten ſteht der alte Bau'r und gräbt,
Plötzlich wirft er fort die Schaufel, und ſein Aug' wird belebt.
Sieh', ein Junker hoch und ſtattlich reitet in das Dorf hinein.
„Das iſt Bugslaf," ruft er freudig, das muß Herzog Bugslaf ſein!
Welch' ein Junge! Mutter, ſieh mal, wie ein Licht ſitzt er zu Pferd,
Wer hat doch den Wetterjungen dieſen feinen Pfiff gelehrt?
Sieh die rothen Wangen, Mutter, kann ein Apfel ſchöner ſein?
Wie würd' unſer Michel ſitzen, kleid't' ich ihn wie dieſen ein!
Nein, der Fürſt ſteckt doch dem Burſchen ſchon in Gliedern und Geblüt.
Gott erhalt' den lieben Jungen, denn er trägt ein treu Gemüth. —
Herzog Bugslaf ſei willkommen, ſo mag ich dich leiden, Sohn,
Aber ſprich, warum biſt lange du denn nicht gekommen ſchon?
Hab' dich alle Tag' erwartet, 's iſt ja nur ein kurzer Ritt,
Und wo iſt dein Bruder? warum bringſt du ihn denn auch nicht mit?" —

Aber ſchluchzend ſpricht der Jüngling: „„Komm hier näher an den Zaun,
Denn was vorgefallen, Vater, muß ich dir allein vertrau'n!""
Darauf neigt er ſich vom Roſſe und ergreift des Alten Hand:
„„Caſimir iſt heut' ermordet!"" — „Sohn, du biſt nicht bei Verſtand!" —
„„Ach, daß ich es nimmer wäre! Geſtern war er noch geſund,
Und heut liegt er auf der Bahre mit verzerrtem, bleichem Mund.
Maſſow ſagt: ihn habe plötzlich, unverſeh'n's der Schlag gerührt,
Doch der Hofnarr ſagt: man habe ihm die Gurgel zugeſchnürt. —
Und nun ſoll ich auch zu Hofe kommen, durch den Kanzler läßt
Höflich mich die Mutter laden, die ſich nie mit mir befaßt.
Traurig ſei ſie, läßt ſie ſagen, habe jetzt nur mich allein —
Sprich, was thu' ich, alter Vater, geh' ich in die Ladung ein?"" —
„Mußt ihr folgen, Herzog Bugslaf, ob der Narr die Wahrheit ſpricht,
Und ſie ſich vielleicht nicht wirklich auch dir ſehnt, weißt du nicht.
Iſt ihr Mutterherz erweichet, nimmt ſie endlich dein ſich an,
Wirſt du es weit beſſer haben, als ich's je dir geben kann;
Scheineſt auch nicht widerſetzlich, ſondern ein gehorſam Kind,
Das den Aeltern gern vergiebet, wie es Kinder ſchuldig ſind.
Aber gut, daß du mich nahmeſt bei der Seite — (Hans, geſchwind
Sattle mir die Schimmelſtute! —), aber ich geleit' dich, Kind!
Werde vor der Burg mich halten, und wenn dir was widerfährt,
Schreieſt du aus allen Kräften und ziehſt alſofort dein Schwert,
Werde dir dann ſchnell zu Hülfe eilen, und ſo viel ich kann,
Dich durch Wort und That beſchützen, ob ich bin ein alter Mann."
„„Nein, Hans Lange, nimmer duld' ich, daß du in Gefahr dich giebſt!""
„Schweig; ich thu' es doch, du weißt nicht, wie du mir das Herz betrübſt:
Was? die letzte Hoffnung Pommerns ſollt' ich laſſen untergeh'n?
Erſt den Kopf weg und dann möge, was der Herr beſchloß, geſcheh'n.
Freſſen heute mich die Würmer, oder morgen, Bogislaf,
Das iſt gleich, und thun ſie's heute, ſo iſt ſanfter noch mein Schlaf. —
(Hans! die weiße Schimmelſtute, Mutter hol' den Degen her,
Rühret euch eilig, und am Schornſtein in der Ecke lehnt mein Speer!
Will dem Junker jagen helfen, hat da wo ein wildes Schwein,
Das iſt bös' und ganz unbändig, und der Junker iſt allein)."

Eilends ſtürmen ſie von dannen; doch wie ſie erreicht das Thor,
Spricht erſt der bedächt'ge Bauer bei dem alten Wirthe vor:
„Wirth, du ſcheinſt es gut zu meinen mit dem Herzog, hör' und ſchweig,
Beide geh'n aus deinem Hauſe auf die Burg wir alſogleich.
Iſt von uns bis dieſen Abend Niemand noch zurückgekehrt,
Iſt's ein Zeichen (du verſtehſt mich!), daß er nichts mehr ſieht noch hört;
Schick' dann eilig einen Boten ſo nach Wolgaſt als nach Barth,
Und laß unſerm Fürſten ſagen: Bugslaf auch ſei wohlverwahrt!" —
Jetzo laß uns gehen, Junker, ich befürchte keine Liſt,
Und ich hoff' zu Gott im Himmel, daß dein Sorgen eitel iſt,
Zeig' in Mienen und Manieren nicht den mindeſten Verdacht,
Aber gieb auf All' und Jedes, was geſchieht, verſchwiegen Acht.
Willſt ein Held du einſtens werden, mußt du ſchlau wie tapfer ſein,
Mach' denn heut' die Prob' und laß mich ſehen, ob du ſchlägeſt ein!" —

Und jetzt ſchreiten eilends Beide ſie die Mühlenſtraß' hindurch,
Wo, vierſtöckig, hochummauert, ſich erhebt die düſt're Burg,
D'rüber ſteht der Greif und züngelt, ausgehau'n in Marmorſtein,
Grauſig, gleich als ſollt' ein Bild er von dem innern Greifen ſein.
Dohlen krächzen ums Gethürme, und die Doggen ſchlagen an,
Doch der Bau'r läßt Nichts ſich merken, ob das Blut ihm auch gerann.
„Geh nur!" ſpricht er, mit dem Finger deutend auf die Pforte hin,
„Geh nur muthig, lieber Bugslaf, Gott, der Herr, iſt auch darin!"
Und der Jüngling geht — doch hochaufſeufzend ſieht der Bau'r ihm nach,
Setzt ſich d'rauf in eine Niſche, wo der Fürſtin Schooßhund lag,
Schmeichelt ihm, daß er es dulde, lehnt ſich rücklings an die Wand
Und horcht wie ein grauer Uhu, regungslos und unverwandt,
Geht das Burgvolk ihm vorüber, ſtellet er ſich ſchlafend an,
Alſo ſitzt er dort und wachet, bis zu dämmern es begann. —

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*) Alter Name für das gegenwärtige Lanzig.

Immer kehrt noch nicht der Jüngling, auch erſchallt kein Hülfsgeſchrei,
Und ihm bangt das Herz im Buſen, gleich als ob's durchſtochen ſei. —
Endlich öffnet ſich die Pforte, und mit halb verdächt'gem Blick
Tritt der Jüngling vor, doch freundlich ruft ins Zimmer er zurück:
„Ja, ich komme wieder, Mutter, will nur einen Humpen Bier
Von dem Koch mir geben laſſen, denn vor Durſt verſchmacht' ich ſchier!"
Darauf naht er ſich dem Bauern, in der Hand ein Butterbrot,
Doch der Narr, der ihm gefolget, raunt ihm in die Ohren: „Tod!"
„„Tod!"" ruft Bogislaf, doch ziſchend hebt der Narr die Hand empor:
„Iß es nicht, denn es iſt unrein, wirf es gleich dem Hunde vor!" —
(Zitternd wirft's der Jüngling nieder) — „Bogislaf, dein Vater ſtarb,
Darum ſollſt du jetzt verderben, wie dein Bruder ſchon verdarb!"
Alſo ſpricht der Narr und wirft noch einen langen Wehmuthsblick
Auf den Prinzen hin und ſpringt dann trällernd ins Gemach zurück.
Doch der Bau'r, dem ſeine Treue Wächterohren angeſetzt,
Raunt ihm zu: „Jetzt gleich von dannen, durch die Hinterpforte jetzt,
Gleich aufs freie Feld, ich hole uns von dort die Pferde nach!"
Und zeigt auf das Hündlein nieder, das ſchon im Verſcheiden lag.
Und wie Diebe ſchlichen Beide kaum durch einen dunkeln Gang,
Leiſe bis zum Hinterpförtchen die unſel'ge Burg entlang.
Horch! da ſchreit's mit Maſſow's Stimme: „„Bugslaf, Bugslaf!"" ihnen nach,
Doch ſie ducken ſich wie Vögel in dem Rohr am Mühlenbach —
Bald kommt ſelbſt er hergeſprungen, horcht, — und da er nichts vernimmt,
Kehrt er murrend um, als wär' er ärgerlich und mißgeſtimmt.
„Bugslaf, Bugslaf!" ſchreit es wieder in die dumpfe Burg zurück.
„„Komm!"" raunt Lange, „lieber Herzog, ſäume keinen Augenblick.
Aber laufe nicht, verdächtig könnte unſ're Eile ſein.
So wird man uns nicht erkennen, denn die Dämm'rung tritt ſchon ein."
Spricht's, und über eine Brücke ſchreiten ſie ins freie Feld,
Wo ein dichtes Dorngebüſche bald ſie rings umfangen hält.
„Hier verweile, lieber Bugslaf, bis ich uns die Roſſe hol',
Und kehr' ich vielleicht nicht wieder, lieber Sohn, ſo fahre wohl!
Nimm dies Geld und kauf' dir eilends dann im nächſten Dorf ein Pferd.
Daß dein Vater todt und du jetzt Landesfürſt, haſt du gehört.
O der Schlange, o der Schlange! — reite dann ſofort nach Barth,
Wartislaf, dein alter Oheim, iſt ein Fürſt von guter Art;
Reit' auch an die Städte, Klöſter, Burgen, d'ran dein Weg dich führt,
Und laß die Bedeckung geben, wie es deinem Rang gebührt!"

So ermahnt er ihn und ſchleichet ſacht ſich in die Stadt zurück.
Doch der junge Fürſt erhebt zum Himmel den gerührten Blick,
Und noch liegt er brünſtig betend, als, an jeder Hand ein Pferd,
Schon der alte Bauer Lange, gottgeſchützt, zurückkehrt:
„Das iſt brav, du lieber Junge, hab' es auch wie du gemacht,
Doch jetzt fort von hier, dich ſchützet vor Verrath die dunkle Nacht.
In der ganzen Stadt ſind Boten, die dich ſuchen, fort von hier,
Gleich auf meine Schimmelſtute, denn ſie iſt das ſchnell're Thier!"
„„Doch du reitſt mit, mein Vater!"" „Nein, ich bin ſchon ſteif und alt,
Müßteſt dich nach mir verweilen, und dann fing' man dich bald,
Kann dir jetzt auch nichts mehr nützen" — „„Aber, Lange! Maſſow läßt
An dir ſicher ſeine Rache, da du ſo ihm mitgeſpielt!""
„Werd' verſtecken mich ein Paar Tage halten, und von nächſter Stadt
Droh du ihm mit deinem Zorne, läßt er ſonſten mich auf's Rad.
Wird mich dann ſchon laufen laſſen und von ſelbſt ſchon ſehen ein,
Daß die Reihe zu regieren muß an dich gekommen ſein.
Lebe wohl denn, ich empfehle dich in Gottes große Hand,
Lebe wohl, o Sohn, und mache glücklich einſt dein Vaterland!"
Und der Jüngling ſprengt von dannen, doch der Alte bleibt und ſteht,
Aengſtlich horchend, bis der Schall der Hufe in der Nacht verweht.

Dritte Abtheilung.

Rügenwalde, du geſchmückte, welch' ein Feſt begehſt du heut?
Horchet, welche Jubelſtimmen durch das dumpfe Thurmgeläut!
Fahnen flattern aus den Häuſern, Fahnen flattern aus der Burg,
Und geſchmückte Menſchenſcharen zieh'n die ganze Stadt hindurch.
Bürgermeiſter ſteh'n und Schöffen mit den Schlüſſeln vor dem Thor,
D'ran aus grünen Lorbeerkränzen Pommerns Wappen ſchaut hervor.
An die Schöffen ſtoßen Mönche mit dem heil'gen Crucifix,
An die Mönche fromme Nonnen, ſchüchtern und geſenkten Blicks.
Doch an dieſe haben frohe Jungfrau'nchöre ſich gereiht.
Rügenwalde, du geſchmückte, welch' ein Feſt begehſt du heut?
Ha! der ſchönſte Ritterjüngling, wie der Morgen friſch und jung,
Zieht, umſtarrt von tauſend Speeren, in die Stadt zur Huldigung.
Seht, wie ſchlank er auf dem ſtolzen Andaluſierhengſte ſitzt,
Die demantene Agraffe, wie ſie am Barett ihm blitzt,
Wie ihm wallt die Straußenfeder und die Locken hinterdrein,
Wer mag dieſer ſchöne Jüngling mit den Mädchenwangen ſein? —
Purpur fließt um ſeine Glieder, reich verbrämt mit Hermelin,
Und es reitet ihm zur Seiten Ludwig, Biſchof von Cammin,
Hundert Grafen und Barone folgen, Pferd gedrängt an Pferd,
Reichgeſchmückt, wie zum Turniere mit gezücktem Ritterſchwert,
Mit den Schilden an den Armen, mit verſchloſſenem Viſier,
Und ob ihnen [illegible] flattert das erhabne Reichspanier.
Endlich kommt der Lanzenknechte unabſehbar lange Reihe,
Wer mag dieſer ſchöne Jüngling mit den Mädchenwangen ſein? —
Jetzo naht er ſich! — o höret, wie mit ſtürmiſcher Gewalt:
„Vivat Bogislaus, Vivat!" es von Straß' zu Straße ſchallt!
Prieſter grüßet ihn wie Laie, Gottesbraut wie Menſchenbraut,
Und die Reichsſtandarte ſenkt ſich, die Drommeten ſchmettern laut.
An die Schilder ſchlägt der Ritter dumpf ſein breites Schlachtenſchwert
So daß Nichts man als den Jubel: „Vivat Bogislaus!" hört.
Doch des Jünglings Augen fliegen überall im Kreiſ' umher,
Gleich als ſucht' er einen Menſchen, der nicht hier zugegen wär',
Darauf winkt er den Rittern, ſpringt vom Roſſe tiefgerührt,
Sieh, und eine Schimmelſtute wird dem Jüngling vorgeführt —
Unter einem Strom von Thränen ſteigt er auf das fromme Thier,
Und fragt endlich: „Iſt mein Vater, iſt Hans Lange denn nicht hier?" —
Doch ihn ſah kein Auge. — „Nun denn," ruft er, folgt mir auf die Burg!"
Und umrungen und umjubelt reitet er die Stadt hindurch.
Knarrend öffnen ſich die Pforten auf des Reichsherolds Schlag,
Ha, wer ſitzt hier in der Küche, wo der Fürſtin Schooßhund lag? —
'S iſt der alte Bauer Lange, ach, wie weint er bitterlich,
Und wie wiſcht er mit den Händen ſeine naſſen Augen ſich! —
Wie der Jüngling ſein gewahret, faßt die gleiche Wehmuth ihn,
Heftig ſpringt er von dem Roſſe, ſeine feuchten Wangen glüh'n
Röther, und vor Volk und Ritter, vor dem ganzen Menſchenſchwarm
Stürzt der edle Purpurträger in des Kittelträgers Arm. —
Donnernd ſteigt der Freudenjubel plötzlich in die Luft empor,
Und was drängen kann, das dränget zu dem Anblick ſich hervor,
Schreiend, jauchzend und dann wieder ziſchend, als der Jüngling ſpricht:
„Dank dir, alter Vater, ſage nun, woran es dir gebricht.
Sprich, wie ſoll ich dich belohnen? Du biſt jetzt zur Stunde frei,
Darum ford're, dein und mein würdig, was es immer ſei!" —
Doch bedächtig tritt zurück der edle Bauer und verſetzt:
„Bugslaf, welche Rede, willſt du mich denn kränken noch zuletzt?
Keinen rothen Heller nehm' ich, denn was ich für dich gethan,
That ich ja um Gotteswillen, nehm' auch nicht die Freiheit an,
Weder ich noch meine Jungen; Freiheit iſt ein theures Gut,
Das dem Bauern ſelten nützet und nur führt zum Uebermuth:
Wollen ſich die Jungen ſchicken, giebt es keinen beſſern Stand*).

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*) Eigene Worte dieſes außerordentlichen — und warum ſollte der Ausdruck nicht erlaubt ſein? — großen Bauern. S. Kantzow's „Pomerania," II, 167; Micrälius, „Vom alten Pommerlande," II, 306.

Laß die Schwindeleien, Bogislaf! — Aber, hier iſt meine Hand,
Komm' ich mal nach Rügenwalde, und das iſt gar oft der Fall,
Sprech' ich bei dir vor und ziehe meinen Braunen in den Stall;
Kann ich dir mit Rath dann dienen, nach wie vor, ſo thu' ich's gern,
Denn am Hofe lügt man blinde Eier oft den großen Herrn,
Und du biſt noch unerfahren und ein gar unſchuldig Blut. —
Darf ich aber nicht mehr ſprechen: nun! ſo iſt es auch recht gut".
„„Nein!““ ruft Bogislaf, „„du bleibeſt ſtets der weiſe Rather mir,
Und daß ich's der Welt bekunde, frag' ich dich zur Stelle hier:
Meine Mutter iſt mit Maſſow eingefangen auf der Flucht,
Sage: folg' ich meinem Rathen, ſoll ich rächen ihre Zucht?““
„Bogislaf, ſie hat der Schande doch genug, genug der Noth,
Laß ſie laufen, Sohn, und denke an das vierte Gottsgebot!“
Unermeßlich hebt der Jubel abermals ſich laut empor,
Doch der Jüngling winkt — und Alles lauſchet mit geſenktem Ohr:
„„Kanzler, höret ihr das Urtheil, ſaget meiner Mutter an,
Daß, wohin ſie immer wolle, ſie mit Maſſow ziehen kann!““

Spricht's, und von der Jubelmenge faſt erdrückt und umgerannt
Zieht er durch die Palaſtpforte mit dem Bauern Hand in Hand. —

Karl der Zwölfte und der pommerſche Bauer Müſebeck.

Nach einer allgemein verbreiteten Sage.

In ſeinem Zelt vor Bender ſitzt Karl der Zwölfte ſtill,
Kein Schach ihn mehr zerſtreuen, kein Buch ermuntern will,
Von aller Welt verlaſſen, verſagt in ſeiner Noth
Der Türk dem trotz'gen König gemach ſchon Fleiſch und Brot.
Vergebens mahnet Düring: „Gieb deinen Frieden nach!“
Vergebens Roſen: „Fliehe, o Held, dein Ungemach,
Was ſitzeſt Du und ſinneſt, wie ein vergrämter Aar
Im Horſt von Felſenwände, und trotzeſt der Gefahr?
Mach' auf die edlen Schwingen, und aus dem Sonnenbrand
Zieh' heim ins ſturmumwogte, geliebte Vaterland,
Da ſammle wieder eilig die alte Kraft zu Hauf
Und gehe, wie das Nordlicht, in blut'gen Striemen auf!“
Doch trotzig ſpricht der König: „Schweigt, Ihr erlebt es nie,
Daß ich vor Türkenhunden wie eine Memme flieh;
Wohl ſehnt ſich Nordlands Wogen mein Herz, wie Eures, zu
Doch ſterb' ich, eh' ich weiche und Achmed's Willen thu!“
Da naht der Kanzler Müller: „O Herr, dein Häuflein ſchreit
Gedrückt vom bittern Hunger, woher erhalt' ich's heut?“
„„Schießt die Araberroſſe des Sultans Achmed todt,
Da habt ihr Fleiſch, und hier iſt mein eig'nes letztes Brot!““

Der Kanzler geht mit Thränen. Bald krachet Schuß auf Schuß.
Der König hebt das Auge voll Sorge und Verdruß,
Denn ſieh, man führet ſchonend ſein Leibroß ihm zurück,
D'rum greift er zum Piſtole im nächſten Augenblick —
„Halt, halt!“ und ſetzet grauſam dem Lauf ihm hinters Ohr;
Nie brachte je Arabien ein ſchön'res Thier hervor.
„Ach ſchießet nicht!“ ruft Roſen, ruft Düring, doch er ſchoß,
Und ächzend ſtürzt zuſammen ihm ſein erlauchtes Roß.

„Glaubt Ihr, ich ſolle hungern?“ fragt bitterlächelnd er,
Derweilen Alles ſchreiet: „Was macht Ihr, gnäd'ger Herr?“
Doch, gleich als ahnt' ihm düſter ſchon jetzt ſein gleich Geſchick,
Hebt von dem Roß er lange nicht den bewegten Blick,
Setzt bald ſich d'rauf, wie wenn es ihn unſichtbar ergreift,
Indeß das Blut des Thieres ihm in die Stulpen läuft,
Und wühlet mit den Spornen im Sande hin und her
Und blicket nicht vom Boden und ſeufzet oft und ſchwer.

Da kommt auf hagerm Klepper ein Bauer hergetrabt,
Im blauen, woll'nen Wammſe, zerfetzt und abgeſchabt,
Mit rundem Hut und Troddeln um ſein geſtiefelt Bein.
„Glück zu!“ ruft Roſen, „Freunde, das muß ein Pommer ſein!“
„Wo find' ich hier den König?“ der alte Bauer ſpricht,
Und ſitzet ab und wiſchet den Schweiß ſich vom Geſicht.
„Da ſitzt er auf dem Roſſe, geh' muthig nur hinan!
„„Gott grüß' Euch, edler König, Ihr ſeid wohl ſchlecht daran?““

Der König hebt das Auge: „Wer biſt du, und von wo?“
„„O Herr, ich bin ein Bauer vom Dorfe Gonerow
Bei Wolgaſt, Eurer Stadt im fernen Pommerland,
Und heiße Müſebeck und bin an Euch geſandt!““

„Und wer hat Dich geſendet?“ darauf der König ſpricht.
„„Das will ich Euch wohl ſagen, jedoch verübelt's nicht:
Wir wohnen dort zuſammen drei Bauern an der Zahl
Und hörten oft mit Schmerzen, Ihr trüget Hungerqual,
D'rum brachten wir zuſammen, was unſ're Armuth litt,
Und ich ſtieg ſelbſt zu Pferde und that den ſauern Ritt;
Doch Gott hat mich geſchützet, die Reiſ' iſt mir nicht leid,
Wollt Ihr nur nicht verſchmähen, was Euch ein Bauer beut!““
Und ſpricht's und löſt die Troddeln von ſeinen Stiefeln los,
Und holt aus jedem Schachte zwei Düten ſchwer und groß,
Gefüllt mit rothem Golde, und ſenkt ſich auf ſein Knie
Und ſpricht: „Nun, gnäd'ger König, da ſind ſie, nehmet ſie!“ —

Wie das der König höret, da ſpringet er empor,
Und zwiſchen ſeinen Wimpern bricht eine Thrän' hervor:
„O Freunde, ſeht, mein Adel gedenket mein nicht mehr,
Doch einen armen Bauern führet ſeine Liebe her! —
Und ob Dich Gott geſchlagen ſchon ſelbſt zum Edelmann,
Nimm auch von deinem König den Ritterſchlag noch an,
Knie' hin, daß ich Dich ehre, ſowie Du mich geehrt!“
Und ſpricht's, und aus der Scheide reißt er ſein Königsſchwert.

Jedoch der Bau'r verſetzet: „Herr König, haltet an,
Was thät' ich armer Bauer wohl mit dem Edelmann?
Hab' ſchon genug zu ſorgen vom Morgen bis zur Nacht,
Und habe nichts erworben, als was ich Euch gebracht.
D'rum bitt' ich, lieber König, daß Ihr mich nicht beſchämt,
Ich bin ja ſchon zufrieden, wenn ihr mein Schärflein nehmt;
Als Bau'r bin ich geboren, und wenn es Gott gefällt,
So geh' ich auch als Bauer einſt wieder aus der Welt!“

Der König ſenkt den Degen und ſieht ihn düſter an:
„Ich nehme keinen Groſchen, den ich nicht lohnen kann!“ —
Der Alte ſteht und ſinnet: „So laßt uns Bau'rn die Pacht,
Die wir von unſern Höfen bis dahin aufgebracht!“ —
Der König winkt, der Kanzler entwirft das Inſtrument,
Der König nimmt es haſtig: ſein Adlerauge brennt,
Drei Haare reißt der Edle aus ſeinem Bart und legt
Sie auf das Wachs, das rothe, und rufet tiefbewegt:
„Verflucht, wer dieſes Siegel, wer dies Verſprechen bricht,“
Indem er mit der Rechten das Petſchaft niederſtößt
Und mit der Linken drohend an ſeinen Degen ſchlägt,
Daß ihm die Hüfte klirret und ſich der Tiſch bewegt:
„So lange noch ein Sprößling von dieſen Bauern blüht,
So lang' auf Gon'rows Hufen der Pflug noch Furchen zieht,
So lange noch in Pommern ein edler Fürſt regiert
Und den Greif in ſeinem Wappen und Gott im Herzen führt,
Sollt Ihr auf Euern Höfen auch ſitzen frank und frei
Und ſpätern Zeiten künden den Lohn der Bauerntreu!“ —

Schon mehr denn hundert Jahre verſtrichen ſeit der Zeit,
Doch Friedrich Wilhelm ehret dies Fürſtenwort bis heut.
Preis dem gerechten König, der Pommerland regiert,
Und den Greif in ſeinem Wappen und Gott im Herzen führet!
Auf ihren Hufen ſitzen die Enkel frank und frei
Und künden ſpätern Zeiten den Lohn der Bauerntreu'.
O blieben dieſe Enkel der edlen Väter werth
Und ehrten ihre Fürſten, wie dieſe ſie geehrt! —

Karl Meisl.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſes Dichters wiſſen wir nur, daß er gegen Anfang des 19. Jahrhunderts zu Wien geboren und nach einigen niedern Bedienſtungen ſpäter daſelbſt als Marinekriegscommiſſär angeſtellt wurde.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

Theatraliſches Quodlibet. Peſth 1820, 6 Bde., gr. 8.
Daſſelbe. Wien 1824 — 25, 7r — 10r Bd., gr. 8.

Auch unter dem Titel: Neueſtes theatraliſches Quodlibet. ꝛc. ꝛc.

Einzeln:

Die Kroaten in Zara. Schauſpiel. Wien 1814, 8.
Die Heirath durch die Güterlotterie. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1817, 8.
Amor's Triumph. Allegoriſches Gemälde. Ebendaſ. 1817, 8
Der luſtige Fritz. Märchen. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Die Fee aus Frankreich. Zauberſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Humoriſtiſche Gedichte über Wien. Ebendaſ. 1824–25, 6 Hfte. in 8. (mit Franz X. K. Gewey).
Giſela von Baiern. Schauſpiel. 1825, gr. 8.

Ein wiener Poſſendichter, der mit guter Erfindungsgabe, Witz und Gewandtheit ausgerüſtet ſich nicht geringen Beifalls bei ſeinem Publikum zu erfreuen hat.

Markgraf Heinrich von Meißen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Auguſt Gottlieb Meißner.

Der Sohn eines Regimentsquartiermeiſters bei dem Minkwitziſchen Küraſſierregimente ward A. G. Meißner am 4. November 1753 zu Bautzen in der Oberlauſitz geboren, und legte den Grund zu ſeinen Studien auf der Schule zu Löbau, die er von 1764—72 beſuchte. Er ſtudirte 1773—76 zu Leipzig und Wittenberg die Rechte und die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, wurde dann Kanzliſt bei dem geheimen Conſilium und geheimer Archivsregiſtrator zu Dresden und erhielt 1785 durch eine Reiſe in Oeſtreich die Stelle eines Profeſſors der Aeſthetik und claſſiſchen Literatur zu Prag. 1805 folgte er einem Rufe als naſſau-oraniſcher Conſiſtorialrath und Director der hohen Lehranſtalten nach Fulda. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 20. Februar 1807.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Geſammte Werke. Herausgegeben von Kuffner. Wien 1811—12, 56 Bde., gr. 8., mit Kupf.

Einzeln, worunter manche anonym herausgekommene:

Das Grab des Mufti. Oper nach Falbaire. Leipzig 1776, 8. In Muſik von Hiller, Ebd. 1779, 4., und vom Herrn v. Baumgarten, Breslau 1777, 4.
Sophonisbe. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1776, 8.
Operetten. Nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1776—78, 8.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte Deutſchlands. Dresden 1777, 1 St., 8.
Die gegenſeitige Probe. Luſtſpiel nach le Grand. Leipzig 1777, 8.
Geſchichte Englands. Nach Hume. Ebendaſ. 1777—80, 2 Bde. 8.
Das 30jährige Mädchen. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
Der aufbrauſende Liebhaber. Luſtſpiel nach Monvel. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
Arſene. Schauſpiel nach Favart. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8. In Muſik geſetzt von Seydelmann. Ebendaſ. 1779, Fol.
Der Alchymiſt. Operette. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
Die wüſte Inſel. Singſpiel nach Metaſtaſio. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8.
Skizzen. Leipzig 1778—88, 10 Sammlgn., 8.; 2. verb. Aufl. 1783—85; 3. gänzl. umgearb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1796—98, 3 Bde., 8., mit Titelk. und Titelvign.
Geſchichte der Familie Frink. Leipzig 1779, 1r Thl. 8., mit Kupf.
Destouches für Deutſche. Ebendaſ. 1779, 1r Thl., 8., (mit Mylius.)
Molière für Deutſche. Ebendaſ. 1780, 1r Thl. 8., (mit Mylius.)
Johann von Schwaben. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1780, 8. (Nachgedruckt 1781 u. frei bearbeitet von Plümicke, Berlin 1783, 8., mit Titelk.)
Alcibiades. Ebendaſ. 1781—88, 4 Bde., gr. 8., mit lateiniſchen Lettern; 2. Ausg. Leipzig 1785—88, 4 Bde., 8., mit 12 Kupf. und Vign. In's Franzöſiſche überſetzt, Dresden 1787—91, 4 Thle., 8. und Paris 1789, 8. In's Holländiſche, Harlem 1790—92, 8.
Erzählungen und Dialogen. Leipzig 1781—89, 4 Hfte., 8. 4., mit Titelkpf.; neue Ausgabe, Ebendaſ. 1790—91, 3 Bde., 8. Nachgedruckt zu Hamburg und Karlsruhe 1788, 8.
Lope de Vega, Leſſing und Paſtor Richter. Leipzig 1782, 4., mit Titelvign.
Leben Balthaſar Schönberg's von Brankenhof. Ebendaſ. 1782, gr. 8.
Der Schachſpieler. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1782, 8.
Fabeln nach Daniel Holzmann. Ebendaſ. 1782, kl. 4. (auch nachgedruckt), mit Titelvign.
Arnaud's Erzählungen. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen überſetzt. Leipzig 1783—88, 2 Bde., 8., mit Titelv.
Für ältere Literatur und neuere Lectüre. Quartalſchrift. Leipzig 1783—85, 3 Jahrgge., 8. (mit Kanzler).
Maſaniello. Leipzig 1784, 8. Ins Franzöſiſche überſetzt, Paris 1789, gr. 8.
Bianca Capello. Leipzig 1785, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf. und Titelvign.; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1798, 2 Bde., 8; 3. gänzl. umgearb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1798, 8., mit 4 Kupf. Franzöſiſch: Paris 1788—89, 2 Bd. 12; 1790, 3 Bd. 12. Däniſch: Kopenhagen 1789. Holländiſch: Harlem 1790, 8.
Ueber die Pflichten eines Lehrers. Prag 1786, 8.
Florians Novellen. Verdeutſcht. Leipzig 1786, 8., mit Muſik.
Karl Wineck. Kopenhagen (Prag) 1787, 8.
Salluſtius, vom Catilinariſchen Kriege. Ueberſetzt und mit Anmerkungen verſehen. Leipzig 1790, gr. 8.
Aeſopiſche Fabeln für die Jugend. Prag und Leipzig 1791, 8.; 2 Ausg. 1794, 8., mit Holzſchn. (3.) Neue völlig umg. Aufl. Leipzig 1807, 3 Bändchen in 12., und auch in 1 Bde., mit illum. Kupf.; rechtmäß. Aufl. Berlin 1816, 8., mit Titelk. und 100 Holzſchn.
Der unſichtbare Kundſchafter. Nach dem Engliſchen. Berlin 1791—94, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf. u. Vign.; 2. Ausg. des 1. Thls., Ebendaſ. 1811, 8.
Biographie des Spartacus. Berlin 1792, 8., mit Kupf.
Cantate, Sr. Majeſtät Leopold II. gewidmet. Prag 1792, 4.
Apollo. Monatſchrift. Prag 1793—1794 und 1797, 3 Jahrgänge in 8.
Skizzen. 11—14 Sammlung. Leipzig 1796, 2 Bde. 8.
Supplementband der Skizzen. Ebendaſ. 1796, 8. (Für die Beſitzer der 10 Sammlungen.)
Böhmens Dankgefühl. Cantate. Prag 1797, 4.
Louiſe, Gräfin von H..berg. Leipzig 1798, 8.
Hiſtoriſch-maleriſche Darſtellungen aus Böhmen. Prag 1798, 8. mit 14 illum. Kupf. und 2 Vign.
Capuas Abfall und Strafe. Leipzig 1798, 8.
Epaminondas' Biographie. Prag 1798—1801, 2 Bde. 8. mit Charte.
Leben des Julius Cäſar. Leipzig 1799—1802, 2 Bde. 8., mit Kupf. Fortgeſetzt v. Haken, Frankfurt 1811—1812, 2 Bde. 8.
Clara von Alben. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Prag 1800, 8.
Bruchſtücke zur Biographie G. Naumann's. Prag 1803—1804, 2 Bde. 8., mit N's. Portrait u. Kupf.
Lob der Muſik. Cantate. Lauban 1806, 8. In Muſik geſetzt, Leipzig 1784, qu. Fol.

Außerdem lieferte M. Beiträge zu dem Komiſchen Theater der Franzoſen, in den Berliner und Wiener Muſenalmanach (1787) und Vorreden zu: Ueber Frauenzimmer und Ehe, (Leipz. 1783), Schellings: Louiſe Golmar, Boccaz: Decameron (Lpz. 1782—84, 2 Bde. 8.) u. ſ. w.

Meißner war längere Zeit der Liebling des deutſchen Publikums; er iſt jetzt, wenn auch nicht ganz vergeſſen, doch ſehr in den Hintergrund zurückgetreten, ein Beweis für das Fortſchreiten des Geſchmackes der Menge, aber nicht für die Seichtigkeit, welche ihm neuere Kunſtrichter vorgeworfen haben. In der Zeit, in welcher er auftrat, gab es noch wenig Bedeutendes im Gebiete der proſaiſchen Erzählung, kein Wunder alſo, daß ſeine lebhafte Darſtellungsweiſe, ſeine reiche Erfindungsgabe, ſein raſches Spiel des Witzes ſeinen Skizzen viele Freunde gewannen und dieſe Theilnahme auch ſeinen ſpätern Leiſtungen blieb, trotz den mannigfachen Fehlern, die man ihnen keineswegs ungegründet zur Laſt legte, welche er ſich aber immer mehr abzulegen und zu vertilgen bemühte. Leichtigkeit, Anmuth und friſches, reges Leben herrſchen in ſeinen Erzählungen und Romanen vor, und das Verdienſt, zuerſt größere Mannigfaltigkeit in dieſe Gattung gebracht zu haben, kann ihm nicht abgeſprochen werden, wenn auch ſeine etwas ſentimentale Behandlung antiker Stoffe jetzt ſchwerlich noch Jemandem ſonderlich gefallen möchte. Am glücklichſten iſt er in ſeinen Fabeln; auch ſeine Biographie Naumann's iſt eine treffliche Arbeit. — Seine Operetten, in welchen er Weiße zum Muſter nahm, verdienten das Lob, das ſie zu ihrer Zeit fanden, da man auch hier nur wenig Gelungenes hatte; ſie ſind mit Geſchick franzöſiſchen Originalen nachgebildet. —

D. Junker und der Deſerteur*).

Eine wahre Geſchichte, nebſt einer andern zur Vergleichung.

Johann Junker war ein verdienſtvoller Arzt und Lehrer zu Halle. Sein Kopf hatte Gelehrſamkeit, ſein Herz Gefühl; mit Beifall bekleidete er ſchon eine geraume Zeit den Lehrſtuhl der Zergliederungskunſt.

Einſt wurden an ihn die Leichname von zwei Gehenkten abgeliefert. Es waren Soldaten von der dortigen Beſatzung; ſie hatten, wie man ihm erzählte, einen Bund mit Mehrern gemacht, von der Wache aus durchzugehn, waren ertappt und nach den Kriegsgeſetzen beſtraft worden. Junker ließ dieſe Unglücklichen, wahrſcheinlich mit heimlichem Mitleiden, auf den Zergliederungsſaal bringen; dort ſollten ſie des andern Morgens zum augenſcheinlichen Unterricht gebraucht werden.

Dieſer anatomiſche Saal ſtieß an Junkers Studirzimmer. Gegen Mitternacht, als der Profeſſor noch ruhig an ſeinem Schreibtiſche ſaß und arbeitete, vernahm er nebenan ein großes Getöſe. In der Beſorgniß, daß vielleicht Katzen über ſeine Leichname gekommen ſein dürften, ſonſt von jeder andern abergläubiſchen Vermuthung frei, ſtand er auf, um ſelbſt nachzuſehen, was es denn gäbe. Als er mit dem Lichte in den Saal hineintrat, ſtaunt' er ein wenig, als er das Tuch, welches die Leichname bedecken ſollte, ganz zerriſſen fand; ſtaunte noch mehr, als er daſſelbe aufhob, und einen dieſer Körper vermißte. Die Fenſter waren zu, die Thüren verſchloſſen; ein Diebſtahl ſchien weder wahrſcheinlich noch möglich zu ſein. Junker blickte im Saal umher, und ein ſeiner Menſchheit wohl verzeihlicher Schauder überlief ihn, als er in einem Winkel den angeblichen Leichnam ganz geduckt und hineingeſchmiegt erblickte. Unter hundert Perſonen wären jetzt vielleicht neun und neunzig davongelaufen; doch Junker ging näher, und fand ſeine Muthmaßung gegründet. Dieſer Unglückliche war wieder lebendig geworden.

Auf Junkers erſtes Wort fiel er ihm demüthig zu Füßen; mit dem Zittern der Kälte ſowohl als der Todesangſt bat er ihn um Stillſchweigen und Erbarmen; bat, ihn, der einer allzuharten Strafe wunderbar entkommen ſei, nun auch dieſes Leben zu friſten. Natürlich, daß dieſer Anblick, dieſer Ton und dieſe Bitte den menſchenfreundlichen Gelehrten rührten; daß er ſeinen Gefangenen aufhob, und ihn mit Bedauern fragte: wer er denn ſei, und was er eigentlich geſündigt habe? — „Er ſei, war die Antwort, ein Ausländer. Im Rauſche einer unvorſichtigen Minute hab' er ſich anwerben laſſen; habe ſich zweimal vergeblich loszukaufen und endlich in einem noch unglücklichern Augenblick zu flüchten verſucht. Auch dann würd' er wahrſcheinlich mit Spießruthen nur beſtraft worden ſein; wär' er nicht, nebſt noch einem Unglücksgefährten, für die Häupter eines ganzen Komplotts angeſehen worden.

Daß dieſem Armen geholfen werden müſſe — darüber war Junkers Mitleid längſt bei ſich ſelbſt einig; auch ein Ausweg fiel ihm, wiewohl etwas ſpäter, ein; er gab dem Nackenden eines ſeiner eigenen Kleider, und einen Mantel zum Umwerfen; befahl ihm dann eine Laterne in die Hand zu nehmen, und ihm vorzuleuchten. So kamen ſie an ein Stadtthor. Der Vorwand, daß man ihn zu einem tödtlichen Kranken in der Vorſtadt gerufen habe, öffnete Junkern, den man kannte, ohne Anſtand die Pforte. Sein angeblicher Bedienter kam ganz natürlich auch mit. Kaum waren ſie draußen, ſo wollte dieſer Letztere nochmals das Knie ſeines Retters umfaſſen, bekam aber von Junkern nebſt einem kleinen Zehrpfennig die Ermahnung, ſich keinen Augenblick zu verſpäten, und entfloh. Nach einem ziemlich langen Spaziergange — den das Bewußtſein einer guten Handlung kürzte — kam D. Junker wieder ans Thor; daß jetzt ſein voriger Begleiter mangle, fiel als eine Kleinigkeit Niemandem auf; etwas ſchwerer, doch nicht minder glücklich, wußte Junker auch am nächſten Morgen ſeinen Zuhörern den Abgang eines Leichnams zu verhehlen. Keinem Menſchen ſagt' er ein Wort von der ganzen Geſchichte.

Nach zehn oder zwölf Jahren riefen Junkern einige wichtige Geſchäfte nach Holland. In Amſterdam ging er unter andern auch verſchiedenemal auf die Börſe. Hier in dieſem Gewimmel von Menſchen nahte ſich ihm ein Mann von mittlern Jahren; wohlgekleidet, wohlgebildet, und auch, wie Junker gleich drauf von demjenigen, der ihn eingeführt hatte, erfuhr, ſeinem Kredit nach einer der redlichſten und reichſten Kaufleute in ganz Holland. Aeußerſt höflich nannte er ſofort Junkern bei ſeinem Namen, kannte — was an einem Amſterdamer Kaufmann etwas Seltenes war — die Schriften des teutſchen Gelehrten, und lud ihn endlich, ſo verbindlich als möglich war, zu einem Mittagsmahl ein.

Junker wunderte ſich freilich über dieſe Bekanntſchaft und Einladung, nahm aber die letztere an, fand eine vortreffliche Tafel, eine noch junge artige Hausfrau, einige hoffnungsvolle Knaben, und vorzüglich einen überaus freundlichen Wirth. Er befand ſich unter dieſen Menſchen vollkommen wohl. Nach Tiſche ward er im ganzen Hauſe herumgeführt; Wohlſtand, Reinlichkeit und Reichthum zeigten ſich überall. Endlich führt' ihn ſein Wirth auch in ſein Schreibkabinet, und fragte ihn, als ſie ſich hier beide ganz allein befanden: ob er ſich ſeiner denn gar nicht mehr erinnere? Junker, wie ſehr natürlich, verneinte es mit einiger Verwunderung.

„Nun! rief der Kaufmann, ſo werd' ich doch hoffentlich nie den Mann zu kennen verlernen, dem ich Lebensrettung, und alſo auch alles, was ich hier bin und beſitze, zu verdanken habe! Erkennen Sie ſich nicht jenes Deſerteurs, der einſt in Ihrer Behauſung vom Tode wieder erwachte: den Sie ſo menſchenfreundlich retteten; den Sie mit Kleidung und Geld beſchenkten? Der — der bin ich!“

Junker ſtaunte nicht wenig. Dieſer Glückswechſel ſchien ihm zu unglaublich groß. Doch ſein Wirth fuhr fort ihm zu erzählen, wie er ſich mühſelig nach Hamburg, und auch von da — weil immer die Furcht der preußiſchen Gerichte hinter ihm hergegangen — bis nach Amſterdam durchgeholfen habe; wie ihn hier ſein Rechnen und Schreiben, vielleicht auch ſeine günſtige Geſichtsbildung in die Dienſte eines der reichſten Kaufleute gebracht; wie er ſich allmählig das Wohlwollen ſeines Herrn, die Kenntniß des Handels, einen einträglichen Platz in ſeiner Schreibſtube und endlich die Liebe ſeiner jetzigen Gattin, der einzigen Tochter vom Hauſe, zu erwerben gewußt; wie dieſe letztere von vielen Freiwerbern geſucht, alle ausgeſchlagen, und als der Vater ernſtlich in ſie gedrungen, ſich erklärt habe: Dieſen oder gar keinen Mann! Wie Jener zwar ein Weilchen ſich geſträubt, doch endlich eingewilligt, ihn zum Schwiegerſohn angenommen und bald darauf als ſeinen einzigen Erben hinterlaſſen habe, wo er nun ein Leben in Zufriedenheit und Ueberfluß führe, oft ſchon ſeinem Retter dafür danken wollen, und immer von einem kleinen Ueberreſt der Furcht, weil die Hände der Könige ſo weit reichen, zurückgehalten worden ſei.

Nun war allzuviel Wahrſcheinlichkeit, ja ſichtliche Gewißheit da, als daß Junker länger hätte zweifeln ſollen. Innigſt freut' er ſich vielmehr über den guten Ausſchlag jener That. Dankbar bot der neue Holländer alles auf, was ſein Haus vermochte. So lange Junker noch in Amſterdam verzog, mußt' er hier wohnen. Als ihn Amt und Pflicht nach ein paar Tagen wieder heim riefen, drang ihm ſein Wirth noch einige Geſchenke von beträchtlichem Werthe auf.

* * *

Auf — ich glaube ſagen zu können — unbezweifelten Zeugniſſen*) beruht die Wahrheit der vorſtehenden Geſchichte. Junker, der ſie in den letztern Jahren ſeines Lebens mehrern von ſeinen Freunden erzählte, war ein Mann von unbeſcholtenſter Redlichkeit, in ſeinen Worten von allem dem, was einer Erdichtung oder Prahlerei nur nahe kam, weit entfernt. — Um deſto ſonderbarer ſcheint mir die Aehnlichkeit zu ſein, die, in Anſehung der Entwicklung, zwiſchen ihr und einer andern herrſcht, die ſich im vorigen Jahrhundert ſchon in Frankreich zugetragen haben ſoll**) und die ich der Vergleichung wegen hier beifügen will. — Auch ſie trägt den Stempel der Wahrſcheinlichkeit (wenigſtens!) an ſich; und iſt zugleich ein Beiſpiel mehr, wie ſehr ſich die Begebenheiten unter verſchiedenen Himmelsſtrichen, Zeiten und Vorderſätzen gleichen können.

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*) Aus A. G. Meißner's „Skizzen“ (Leipzig 1796.)

*) Auch hat, ſo viel ich weiß, ſeit 1784 — wo ich ſie zuerſt in der Quartalſchrift: Für ältere Litteratur und neuere Lectüre, bekannt machte, — [illegible] von allen benannten Perſonen, die ſie vielleicht berichtigen könnten, [illegible] widerſprochen. Im XI. Stück des [illegible] 1788 iſt ſie ſpäter, blos mit einigen kleinen Veränderungen, erſchienen. — Der dortige Erzähler nimmt ſeine Rückſicht vorzüglich auf den [illegible], und auf die Möglichkeit, wieder lebendig zu werden. In [illegible] iſt freilich zwiſchen ihr und der nachſtehenden keine Aehnlichkeit.

**) Sie ſteht zuerſt in einer franzöſiſchen Sammlung von [illegible]

Pater Raphael, Geiſtlicher zu C., einem kleinen Städtchen in der Normandie, ward eines Tags aufs Land gerufen, um einen Straßenräuber zum Tode zu bereiten. Es war ein Burſche von kaum zwei oder drei und zwanzig Jahren, gar nicht übler Geſichtsbildung, verführt durch böſe Geſellſchaft. Er hatte alles rein herausgeſtanden; die Ketten waren ihm bereits, wie gewöhnlich kurz vor der Hinrichtung geſchieht, abgenommen worden, und da man im Gefängniſſe keinen bequemen Platz hatte, ſo verſchloß man den Geiſtlichen und den armen Sünder in einer kleinen Kapelle, die am Ende des Dorfes, abgeſondert von den übrigen Gebäuden ſtand, und gewölbt nach der gewöhnlichen Art, ihr ganzes Licht durch eine Oeffnung in der Mitten erhielt.

Der Seelenarzt ſchritt hier ſogleich zu einer ernſten Bußermahnung, machte ſolche ſo ſchön und rührend, als immer möglich, und fand doch, daß der arme Sünder verzweifelt wenig — darauf Acht gab. Da er der Geſtalt, dem Alter und dem freimüthigen Geſtändniß nach auf keinen verſtockten Böſewicht geſtoßen zu ſein beſorgte, ſo wunderte er ſich über dieſe Unachtſamkeit, ſchrieb ſie auf Rechnung eines natürlichen Leichtſinns, ſtrafte aber auch dieſen ernſtlich und erinnerte ihn mit der kurzen, noch übrigen Zeit ja ſparſam und gut umzugehn.

„Allerdings, erwiederte der Gefangene, allerdings, Hochwürdiger Vater, möcht' ich das gern thun. Auch ſind Ihre Ermahnungen vortrefflich. Ob aber an meiner Stelle Ew. Hochwürden ſelbſt auch auf die ſchönſten Gebete viel achten würden, — daran zweifl' ich doch. Denn nicht gerechnet, welche verdammt häßliche Empfindung es iſt, zu wiſſen, daß einem in wenigen Stunden bei geſundem Leibe das Genick gebrochen werden ſoll, ſo drängt ſich auch noch ein Gedanke bei mir empor, der mir durchaus den ganzen Kopf einnimmt."

So! und der iſt?

„Daß ich doch noch mit einem blauen Auge davon kommen könnte, wenn Ew. Hochwürden nur Luſt hätten, mir das Leben zu friſten."

Ich? Ich? — Wie meinſt du das?

„Sehn Sie nicht hier die Oeffnung an der Decke?"

Nun ja! aber und weiter?

„Hoch iſt ſie freilich, das giebt der Augenſchein. Doch wenn man grade unter ſolche jenen Altar ſetzte, auf den Altar dieſen Stuhl, — wenn auf den Stuhl Ew. Hochwürden träten, und dann endlich mir auf Ihre Achſel zu ſteigen erlaubten, ſo würd' ich ganz gewiß bis zu ihr hinauf kommen."

Und wenn du dann oben wärſt?

„O dann wär' ich wahrſcheinlich ſo gut ſchon als geborgen! Auf dem Dache kletterte ich bis zum Geſimſe; ein Sprung fünf oder ſechs Ellen herab iſt für einen Menſchen von meiner Lage eine Kleinigkeit. Daß dort draußen jetzt Niemand Acht giebt, hoff' ich. Die Kapelle ſteht einzeln; ein Wald iſt nicht ferne; daß ich dann laufen wollte, ſo weit mich meine Füße tragen, weiß ich."

Der arme Sünder machte hier eine Pauſe. Der Prieſter, indem er ſich dieſe abenteuerliche Leiter und den Plan des Ganzen ſtillſchweigend überdachte, konnte ſich eines unwillkührlichen Lächelns nicht enthalten, zwang ſich aber ſofort wieder, und entgegnete:

Vortrefflich! Und dazu ſollt' ich helfen? Sollte mit meiner eigenen großen Gefahr einen Straßenräuber wieder in Stand ſetzen, Böſes zu thun? Alle Räubereien, die du künftig begiengſt — —

„Nein, Hochwürdiger Herr, ich beginge ſicher keine mehr! Was Sterben nach ſich zieht, weiß ich nun. Zu nahe iſt mir diesmal der Galgen gekommen, als daß ich ihm künftig nicht ausbeugen ſollte, ſo viel ich nur weiß und kann. Arbeiten will ich, — will mich gewiß ehrlich, wenn gleich mühſam nähren. Helfen Sie mir nur dieſes einzigemal davon!

Noch ein paar Augenblicke ließ ſich der Pater bitten; noch ein paar Schwüre ernſtlicher Lebensbeſſerung ließ er den Gefangenen thun, und dann, im Herzen ſchon längſt erweicht, that er, was jener begehrte, half den Altar herbeiſchieben, ſetzte ſelbſt den Stuhl drauf, und diente dann geduldig zur Leiter. Freilich koſtete es dem armen Sünder Mühe genug ſich empor zu heben, aber was ſetzt Todesangſt nicht durch? Als er nun zur Oeffnung hinausgekrochen war, als der horchende Pater erſt den Sprung, dann aber kein Geſchrei oder Geräuſch weiter vernahm, bracht' er gemächlich Altar und Seſſel in die vorige Ordnung, und wartete wohl zwei Stunden lang ganz ruhig ab, wie das Ding weiter gehen werde. Endlich mochte es den Gerichtsperſonen doch dünken, als ob der arme Sünder nun Zeit genug gehabt habe, ſein Herz zu erleichtern. Der Büttel und der Scharfrichter erſchienen, den Verbrecher abzuholen. Der Erſtere klopfte an die Thüre. Der Geiſtliche erwiederte dies durch den Gegenruf: daß er ſich ſchon längſt nach Erlöſung ſehne. Verwunderungsvoll öffnete man die Kapelle; noch verwunderungsvoller ſah man in ihr den Pater ganz allein ſitzen. „Wo der Gefangene ſei?" war, ſehr natürlich, die erſte Frage.

„Dieſer Gefangene, erwiederte der Geiſtliche ganz gelaſſen, war entweder ein Engel oder Teufel; ein Menſch ganz gewiß nicht! Indem ich ihm nach möglichſten Kräften ins Gewiſſen ſprach, hob er ſich plötzlich empor und — fuhr zu jener Oeffnung oben heraus. Starr vor Entſetzen ſah ich ihm nach. Keinen Finger zu rühren, kein lautes Wort hervorzubringen vermocht' ich. Erſt als ihr anpochtet, erhielt ich die Kraft mich zu regen wieder."

Man hätte gern vermuthet, daß des Paters Verſtand gelitten habe; da aber doch zugleich der Verbrecher unwiederbringlich verſchwunden war, ſo wußte man wirklich nicht: ſollte man auf ein Wunder oder auf eine Betrügerei muthmaßen. Mehrere Landleute ſammelten ſich. Alles guckte hinter und unter den Altar. Nirgends ließ ſich eine Spur des Verſchwundenen auffinden. Der Scharfrichter, der am meiſten bei dieſem Vorfall einbüßte, war gleich anfangs nach den Gerichtsperſonen gelaufen. Sie ſtellten ſich ein. Der Geiſtliche wiederholte vor ihnen die obige Erzählung. Er fügte noch hinzu: daß ihm zwar auf keinen Fall obliege, den Hüter eines Gefangenen zu machen, daß er aber feſt überzeugt wäre, dieſer angebliche Verbrecher müſſe ſchuldlos geweſen ſein. Er ſchwur feierlich, daß der Inquiſit zu jener Dachöffnung heraus gefahren wäre. Der Aberglaube der ganzen Menge rieth auf Zauberei. Der Pater gab ſich keine Mühe, ihn zu widerlegen. Acht Tage lang ſprach man in der ganzen Provinz davon. Länger ſprach man damals über nichts in Frankreich.

Nach ungefähr funfzehn Jahren fiel dem Pater eine wichtige Reiſe nach Languedoc und grade zur Winterszeit vor. Die Börſe des geiſtlichen Herrn litt keinen großen Aufwand. Wenn ihn nicht hier und da gutmüthige Menſchen in ihren Wagen nahmen, ſo ging er zu Fuße. Vorzüglich oft traf ihn dieſes Loos in Guienne; und eines Tages, als er allein durch einen dichten Wald ſeinen Pfad fortſetzen wollte, hatt' er das Unglück vom rechten Wege abzugerathen. Faſt den ganzen Nachmittag bracht' er damit zu, daß er aus dem Gebüſche zu kommen ſuchte, und immer — tiefer hinein kam. Endlich ſah er von weitem einen Mann, der einen Baum fällte, ging zu ihm, und fragte nach dem nächſten Wege auf Cahors zu.

„Da ſind Sie, Hochwürdiger Herr," war die Antwort des Bauers, der ihn ein Weilchen aufmerkſam betrachtet hatte, „gewaltig links abgewichen! Auch der nächſte Fußſteig braucht fünf Stunden Zeit, und iſt ohne Wegweiſer kaum zu treffen. An Ihrer Stelle würd' ich für heute auf eine Herberge, und morgen erſt auf eine weitre Reiſe denken."

Ganz gut! Aber wo find' ich wohl heute Herberge in der Nähe?

„Bei mir! Ich bin der Beſitzer eines kleinen Meierhofes, kaum eine Viertelſtunde von hier. Wollen Sie nur noch ein Weilchen verziehen, bis dieſer Baum vollends ſtürzt, ſo nehm' ich Sie mit, und Sie werden bei mir zwar kein prächtiges, doch ziemlich gutes Nachtlager finden, ſollen auch morgen ein Pferd und einen Boten bis Cahors erhalten."

Das war ein trefflicher Vorſchlag, den ſich P. Raphael nicht zweimal thun ließ, denn er fühlte ſich herzlich müde und hungrig; auch behagte ihm der freundliche Ton des Landmanns, welcher mit dem Umhauen des Baums eilte, ſo viel er nur konnte, bald fertig war und ſich dann auf den Weg machte. Sie kamen an einen recht artigen Meierhof; ein junges, hübſches Weib ſchien an der Hofthür ſchon auf ihren Mann zu warten, und ging ihm einige Schritte, mit einem Knaben auf dem Arm, und einem Mädchen, das hinterdrein hüpfte, entgegen. Auch den Geiſtlichen, der ihr als ein Gaſt bis morgen früh angemeldet wurde, empfing ſie freundlich. Nachdem ſie ſich im Zimmer — das für eine Landwohnung recht ſauber war — ein wenig ausgewärmt hatten, rief der Bauer ſein Weib bei Seite, kam nach einigen Minuten wieder, und ſprach mit einer gewiſſen frohen Haſtigkeit: „Mein Margarethe, ich irre mich nicht. Er iſt es! Mit mir zugleich falle nieder und laß uns dankbar die Kniee meines ehemaligen Schutzengels umfaſſen!" — Sie thaten es. Der Pater ſtaunte nicht wenig. Was dieſen beiden guten Leuten einfalle, war ihm unbegreiflich. Er wollte ſie aufheben, wollte fragen: was ſie begehrten, als ſein Wirth ausrief:

„Ehrwürdiger Herr, ſehen Sie mich genauer an! Vielleicht erinnert Sie doch noch irgend ein Zug an jenen Unglücklichen, der ohne Ihren Beiſtand längſt eine Speiſe der Raben wäre, — den Ihre faſt übermenſchliche Güte rettete, und der jetzt — ach, Sie noch wieder zu ſehn, Ihnen noch danken zu können, für ein Glück erkennt, das er ſchon zahllos wünſchte, ohne je hoffen zu dürfen.

Das Erſtaunen des Paters fand eine lange Weile durchaus

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würdigen Blättern, die gleich mit Anfang des Jahrhunderts erſchienen, die ich als Knabe ſchon, geleſen zu haben vermeine, deren Titel ich aber vergaß. — Aus dieſer wahrſcheinlich kam ſie auch in die Hände der Madame Gomez. [illegible] ich dieſer Anekdote in der ältern Ausgabe der [illegible] [illegible] erwähnte, ward ich ſo oft befragt: welche ich gemeint hätte? Das ich glaube, auch hierdurch iſt [illegible] [illegible] keine Worte. Doch ruhte er nicht, bis Mann und Frau wieder aufſtanden, und forſchte dann weiter. Die Erzählung ſeines Wirths war, wenn nicht wörtlich, doch inhaltsweiſe, alſo:

„Ganz unbemerkt ſei er damals, nach gewagtem Sprunge entflohen. Noch dieſen Tag hab' ihn die Todesfurcht, ohne Speiſe und Trank, ſieben Meilen weit fortgetrieben. Mit Almoſen ſuchen hab' er ſich dann immer weiter und weiter durchgebracht. Oft ſei es ihm trübſelig genug gegangen, doch hab' er feſt an dem Entſchluß nie wieder zu ſtehlen gehalten. Ein paar Gelegenheiten hätten ihn gereizt, doch nicht verführt. Stets in Sorgen, doch noch irgendwo entdeckt zu werden, ſei er immer tiefer gegen Mittag zugewandert, und habe einſt in der Abenddämmerung an der Thüre dieſes Meierhofes den Beſitzer ſelbſt um eine Gabe angeſprochen. Bitter hab' es ihm dieſer verwieſen, daß er, als ein ſo junger ſtarker Burſche, nicht lieber das Grabſcheit als den Bettelſtab wähle; und da er aus Scham vorgegeben: daß er wirklich Arbeit ſuche, ihm bei der nahen Ernte den Platz eines Knechtes im Hofe angetragen, wenn er anders Gutes thun wolle. — Dieſes letztere hab' er wirklich gethan; ſei auch nach der Ernte geblieben, und bald ſeines Herrn Günſtling, aber bald darauf auch im Geheim — was freilich Entſchuldigung brauche! — der Günſtling der jüngſten Tochter im Hauſe geworden. Daß der Vater nicht gutwillig ſein Mädchen einem armen, hergelaufenen Knechte geben werde, hätten zwar Beide gemuthmaßt. Doch daß an ſolche Muthmaßungen die Liebe ſich nicht kehre, ſei ja bekannt genug. Als der Vater etwas zu ſpät ihren Umgang entdeckt, hab' er zwar einige Tage heftig gezürnt, der Tochter vom Einſperren, ihm vom Wegjagen Manches vorgeredet, und doch endlich dem Vaterherzen und — der Nothwendigkeit nachgegeben. Kaum vier Wochen nach der Hochzeit ſei ſeine Frau durch den Tod der ältern Schweſter die einzige Erbin ihres Vaters, und ein paar Jahre darauf die wirkliche Beſitzerin dieſes Meierhofs geworden. Daß er dieſer Frau, die freilich ſein Glück gemacht, und ihn noch jetzt von Herzensgrund liebe, dies nach Möglichkeit zu vergelten ſuche, werde ſie ſelbſt bezeugen. Sie wiſſe bereits ſeine Geſchichte; aber auch ſie allein.

Ein Vater kann die Glücks- und Lebensrettung ſeines eigenen Sohnes kaum mit größerer Freude vernehmen, als P. [illegible] dieſe Geſchichte. Er blieb zwei Tage bei dieſem im Glück glücklichen Paare. Als er am dritten Morgen fortwandern mußte, überhäuften ſie ihn nochmals mit Dank und Geſchenken.

Meißner der Aeltere und der Jüngere, ſ. Minneſinger.

Leonhard Meiſter

ward am 12. November 1741 zu Neftenbach bei Zürich geboren und ſtudierte, nachdem ihm bereits ſein Vater, der daſige Pfarrer, die nöthigen Schulkenntniſſe beigebracht hatte, zu Zürich unter Breitinger, Hirzel, Bodmer u. A. claſſiſche Literatur und Theologie, beſonders aber Geſchichte und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften. Sein unruhiger Geiſt brachte ihn in verſchiedene Lagen und Stellungen. Er wurde 1773 Profeſſor an der Kunſtſchule zu Zürich, 1791 Pfarrer zu St. Jakob daſelbſt, 1799 Archivarius bei dem helvetiſchen Vollziehungsdirectorium, 1800 Pfarrer zu Signau und ſchon einige Jahre darauf wieder Privatgelehrter und Director einer Erziehungsanſtalt. Endlich nahm er wieder die Pfarrei zu Kappel im Canton Zürich an, wo er am 18. December 1811 ſein bewegtes Leben endete.

Er ſchrieb, theilweiſe unter dem Namen Rolehard Steimer:

- Romantiſche Briefe. Halberſtadt 1769.
- Launen der Muſe. Bern 1769.
- Vorleſung über die Schwärmerei. Ebendaſelbſt 1775—77, 2 Thle.
- Beiträge zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Sprache und Nationalliteratur. London (Bern) 1777, 2 Thle., 8. (anonym); neue (Titel-) Ausgabe. Heidelberg 1780, 2 Bde. 8.
- Berühmte Züricher. Baſel 1782, 2 Bde.
- Berühmte Männer Helvetiens. Zürich 1782—93, 3 Bde.
- Meine Phantaſien und Rhapſodien. Zürich 1785.
- Charakteriſtik deutſcher Dichter. Ebendaſ. 1785—89, 3 Bde., gr. 8.
- Sittenlehre der Liebe und Ehe für meine Freundin. 2. Ausgabe. Winterthur 1784, 8.
- Erſcheinung und Bekehrung des Don Quixote de la Mancha im letzten Viertel des 18. Jahrhunderts. Weiß (Zürich) 1786, 8.
- Hauptepochen der deutſchen Sprache. Mannheim 1787.
- Schweizeriſche Geſchichten und Erzählungen. Winterthur 1789, 8., mit Vign.
- Briefe an Freundinnen. Wien 1794, 8.
- Bibliſche Erzählungen. Dramatiſirt. Zürich 1794, 12.
- Der Philoſoph am Spiegeltiſche. Leipzig 1796; neue (Titel-) Ausgabe. Frankfurt 1810, 8., mit Kupf.
- Gemälde der Liebe. Baſel 1802, 8., mit Kupf.
- Launige Phantaſien. Winterthur 1806, 8.
- Erzählungen des Greiſen am Kamine. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.
- Meiſteriana. Ebendaſ. 1811, 8.
- Welt und Geſellſchaft auf einſamen Spaziergängen. Ebendaſ. 1816, 8.

Meiſter's große Leichtigkeit der Darſtellung und ſeine Gewandtheit in der Entwicklung verleiteten ihn zum Vielſchreiben und hinderten ihn, ſeinen Arbeiten diejenige Vollkommenheit zu geben, deren ſie bei größerer Ruhe und Ausdauer ihres Verfaſſers durchaus fähig geweſen wären. Sie behalten jedoch, vorzüglich diejenigen, welche ſich auf unſere Sprache und Literatur beziehen, einen bleibenden Werth, denn die in denſelben vorherrſchende gute Beobachtung, der Reichthum an Erfahrung und der geſunde Verſtand, welche ſich in ihnen offenbaren, ſind um ſo mehr anzuerkennen, als M. gerade zu der Zeit, in welcher ſie entſtanden, unter Umgebungen lebte und ſchrieb, bei denen Verbildung und [illegible] an der Tagesordnung waren.

Meiſterſänger. S. die Abhandlung am Schluſſe dieſes Werkes.

Philipp Melanchthon.

Dieſer berühmte Gehilfe Luther's am Werke der Reformation war der Sohn des pfalzgräflich badenſchen Rüſtmeiſters Georg Schwarzerd und wurde am 16. Februar 1497 zu Bretten im jetzigen Großherzogthum Baden geboren. Schon früh durch die ſtrenge Gewiſſenhaftigkeit und Redlichkeit ſeiner Eltern zum ernſten Fleiß angehalten, verband er mit raſtloſer Emſigkeit einen raſch ſich entwickelnden Geiſt, der ihn auf der Schule zu Pforzheim ſchnell mit den alten Sprachen vertraut machte und die ganze Liebe ſeines mütterlichen Verwandten, des großen Sprachkenners Reuchlin, erwarb. Auf ſeinen Rath verwandelte er ſeinen Familiennamen Schwarzerd in den griechiſchen Melanchthon oder Melanthon. Nachdem er bereits ein Jahr nach ſeiner Ankunft 1511 ſeine philologiſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien zu Heidelberg beendet, Baccalaureus der Philoſophie und Führer einiger jungen Graſen geworden war, wandte er ſich 1512 nach Tübingen, wo er Theologie ſtudirte, 1514 die ihm wegen ſeiner Jugend früher verſagte Magiſterwürde erhielt und Vorleſungen über die alten Claſſiker eröffnete, welche ſtark beſucht waren und ſeinen und Tübingens Ruf bald weit verbreiteten. Auf Reuchlin's Empfehlung kam er 1518 als Profeſſor der griechiſchen Sprache und Literatur an die Univerſität zu Wittenberg, welche der fein gebildete, ſcharfſinnige und ungemein gelehrte Mann mit ſeinem Freunde Luther bald zur Hauptſchule der deutſchen Nation erhob. Hier wirkte er ſegensreich als akademiſcher Lehrer, 1527 als Inſtruktor der ſächſiſchen Kirchenviſitatoren, ſo wie 1529 und 1530 als Verfaſſer der bekannten Proteſtation des Speierer Reichstages und der Augsburgiſchen Confeſſion, die er durch ſeine bald darauf erfolgende Apologie gegen die irrthümliche Auffaſſung und abſichtliche Verdrehungen durch die Widerſacher der Reformation beſonnen und ſiegreich vertheidigte. Eine ſolche nimmer müde Thätigkeit mußte natürlich auch die Augen des Auslandes auf ihn ziehen; er erhielt daher 1535 Einladungen nach Frankreich und England, die er aber unbeachtet ließ. Seine Kräfte waren ſeinem Vaterlande gewidmet; dieſem zu Liebe bereiſte er daſſelbe wiederholt in Angelegenheiten ſeines Glaubens und eilte 1540 zu dem beabſichtigten Religionsgeſpräch in Hagenau, auf welcher Reiſe er zu Weimar tödtlich erkrankte, jedoch durch Luther's freundſchaftliche Zuſprache und Pflege wieder genas. Für die ihm ſo heilige Sache des Glaubens führte er 1541 die Vergleichsverhandlungen mit den Katholiken zu Worms und Regensburg und begann 1543 die Reformationsverſuche des Kurfürſten Hermann von Köln zu Bonn einzuleiten. Die Liebe zu Wittenberg, das in ihm nach Luther's Tode ſeine einzige Stütze verehrte, war es, welche ihn bewog, nach langem Umherirren während des ſchmalkaldiſchen Krieges ſich dem neuen, verdächtigen Kurfürſten Moritz zu unterwerfen. Seine Milde und Nachgiebigkeit bei Nebendingen hatte ſchon früher den Haß einiger Eiferer unter den Proteſtanten erregt und ſeine Rechtgläubigkeit verdächtigt, noch mehr aber geſchah dies, als er 1549 nach langem Bedenken und unter Einſchränkungen die Einführung des Augsburger Interims in Sachſen zugegeben hatte. Obwohl nur die Einigkeit der Kirche ſein einziger Wunſch und ſein ſtetes Beſtreben geweſen war, ſo mußte er doch nun ſich vielfach verketzert, in den Flacianiſchen und 1557 in den Oſiandriſchen Streit verwickelt ſehen und häufige bittere Kränkungen erdulden. Zwar wurde ſeine Theilnahme am Concilium zu Trient, dem er 1552 ſchon bis Augsburg entgegengereiſt war, durch den Zug des Kurfürſten Moritz nach Inſpruck verhindert und er 1554 auf dem Religionsgeſpräche zu Naumburg von der Anſchuldigung der Unrechtgläubigkeit freigeſprochen, aber die offenbaren Entgegenwirkungen ſeiner Feinde bei dem Vereinigungsverſuche auf dem Convent zu Worms (1557) mußten nothwendig aufs Neue niederſchlagend auf ihn einwirken und ihm tiefen Kummer bereiten. Mit dem ſehnlichen Wunſche, die Einigkeit in der Lutheriſchen Kirche befeſtigt zu wiſſen, ſtarb er am 19. April 1560 zu Wittenberg, nachdem ſeine geliebteſte Tochter Anna ſchon 1547 und ſeine Gattin 1557 ihm vorangegangen waren. Er war klein und mager, hatte aber eine hochgewölbte freie Stirn und ſchöne helle Augen. Aufrichtige Frömmigkeit, edle Sitteneinfalt, Großmuth und Redlichkeit bei liebenswürdigen geſellſchaftlichen Eigenſchaften waren die charakteriſtiſchen Hauptzüge des Mannes, der durch Schärfe des Geiſtes eben ſo ſehr, als durch ſeine umfaſſende Gelehrſamkeit den Ehrennamen eines Lehrers Deutſchlands verdiente und bei ſeinen Zuhörern und Mitbürgern eben ſo beliebt und geehrt war, wie im Auslande.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Sämmtliche Werke. Herausgegeben von Peucer. Wittenberg 1562—65, 4 Bde. in Fol.; 2. Ausg. 1580—1601, 4 Bde.

Werke in einer auf den allgemeinen Gebrauch berechneten Auswahl. Von F. A. Köthe. Leipzig 1826—29, 6 Bde.

Opera. Baſel 1541, 5 Bde.

Jene oben gerühmten trefflichen Eigenſchaften des Charakters und Geiſtes offenbaren ſich auch in Melanchthon's deutſchen Schriften, welche jedoch, was die Behandlung der Sprache und des Styls betrifft, weit hinter denen Luther's zurückbleiben, da Melanchthon in ſeiner vorwaltenden gelehrten Richtung weder die Wichtigkeit noch die Bedeutung und Kraft der vaterländiſchen Sprache erkannte und derſelben in ſeinen Werken als etwas weniger Weſentlichem keine große Sorgfalt angedeihen ließ. —

Kaspar Meliſſander,

nach ſeinem deutſchen, in das Griechiſche überſetzten Namen **Bienemann**, ſo genannt, ward 1540 zu Nürnberg geboren und ſtudirte zu Jena und Tübingen Theologie und Philoſophie. Nach kurzem Aufenthalte als Dolmetſcher in Griechenland wurde er bei ſeiner Rückkehr Profeſſor in Lauingen, dann Abt zu Lahr und Generalſuperintendent zu Pfalz-Neuburg, mußte aber Verfolgungen halber nach Jena flüchten, von wo er nach Weimar abging. 1578 kam er als Generalſuperintendent und Dr. der Theologie nach Altenburg und ſtarb daſelbſt am 12. September 1591.

Er verfaßte:

Chriſtliche Reimgebete. Erfurt 1580, 12.
Ehebüchlein. Rudolſtadt 1710, 12.

M's geiſtliche Lieder, ſo wie ſeine aſcetiſche Proſa athmen Innigkeit und Wärme, zeichnen ſich jedoch ſonſt nicht bedeutend aus.

Paul Meliſſus,

wie er ſich nach ſeiner Mutter Ottilie Meliſſa, nannte, hieß eigentlich mit ſeinem Familiennamen **Schede** und ward am 20. December 1539 zu Melrichſtadt in Franken geboren. Er vollendete ſeine Schulſtudien zu Zwickau und widmete ſich zu Erfurt und Jena den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, worauf er 1561 zu Wien zum Dichter gekrönt und in den Adelſtand erhoben wurde. Nach kurzem Aufenthalte zu Leipzig und Wittenberg, erhielt er zuerſt zu Wien die Oberaufſicht über 42 Cadetten, ſtand eine Zeitlang in der kaiſerlichen Armee in Ungarn und bereiſte dann Frankreich und Italien. Hier wurde er zu Padua zum Comes palatinus, Eques auratus und Civis romanus ernannt, ging aber 1582 über England nach Heidelberg zurück, wo er wahrſcheinlich zum Proteſtantismus übertrat und am 3. Februar 1602 als Bibliothekar der Univerſität ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

2 Lieder. (In der Sammlung Zürcher Streitſchriften. Bd. 4, St. 9, S. 4—7.

Geiſtliche Gedichte. Straßburg 1578

Und lateiniſch:

Meletemata, 5 Schediasmata poetica. Lutetiae Parisiorum. 1686, 2 Bde.; dann Halis Saxonum 1688, 8.

M. iſt einer der Vorläufer der deutſchen ſogenannten Kunſtpoeſie, welche ſich zuerſt durch die Bemühungen der ſchleſiſchen Schulen feſtſtellte. In ſeinen lateiniſchen Gedichten zeigte er Gefühl und Gewandtheit, aber es fehlt ihm an Phantaſie und Kraft, wogegen ſich in den wenigen deutſchen Liedern, die uns von ihm geblieben ſind, neben jenen gerühmten Eigenſchaften auch ein treffliches Talent der Darſtellung und anmuthige und glückliche Behandlung der Form offenbaren.

Georg Samuel Albert Mellin

ward am 13. Juni 1755 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Theologie und Philoſophie und wurde nach einigen kleinern Bedienſtungen an der reformirten Kirche zu Magdeburg angeſtellt und ſpäter zum Superintendent und Konſiſtorialrath ernannt, während die Univerſität ihn mit der theologiſchen Doctorwürde beehrte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 11. Februar 1825.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Marginalien und Regiſter zu Kant's Kritik des Erkenntnißvermögens. Züllichau 1794—95, 2 Thle.
Grundlegung zur Philoſophie der Rechte. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Encyclopädiſches Wörterbuch der kritiſchen Philoſophie. Ebendaſ. 1797—1804, 6 Thle.
Die Kunſtſprache der kritiſchen Philoſophie. Jena 1798.
Anhang. Ebendaſ. 1800.
Marginalien zu Kant's metaphyſiſchen Anfangsgründen der Rechtslehre. Ebendaſ. 1800.
Allgemeines Wörterbuch der Philoſophie. Magdeburg 1805—1807, 2 Thle.

Ein Schüler Kant's, bemühte ſich M., das Syſtem dieſes großen Denkers, der Menge durch populäre, leicht verſtändliche und erklärende Schriften zugänglich zu machen und ſah ſeine Beſtrebungen mit Erfolg gekrönt.

Gottfried Mencke

ward am 29. Mai 1768 zu Bremen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und wahrſcheinlich zu Göttingen Philologie und Theologie und kam dann als Vicarius der reformirten Gemeinde nach Frankfurt am Main, von wo er 1796 als reformirter Pfarrer nach Wezlar und 1802 in gleicher Eigenſchaft an die Paulskirche nach Bremen berufen wurde. 1811 erhielt er das Hauptpaſtorat an der daſigen St. Martinskirche und 1828 von der theologiſchen Facultät zu Dorpat die Doctorwürde und wurde kurz darauf als Emeritus in den Ruheſtand verſetzt.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Beitrag zur Dämonologie. Frankfurt 1793.
Chriſtliche Homilien. In 16 Predigten. Nürnberg 1798.
Neue Sammlung chriſtlicher Homilien. Frankfurt 1801.
Verſuch einer Anleitung zum eignen Unterricht in den Wahrheiten der heiligen Schrift. Frankfurt 1805.
Das Monarchienbild. Bremen 1809.
Ueber die eherne Schlange. Frankfurt 1812.
Erklärung des 11. Kapitels des Briefs an die Hebräer. 14 Homilien. Bremen 1821.
Homilien über die Geſchichte Elias. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Betrachtungen über das Evangelium Matthäi. Ebendaſ. 1822, 2 Thle.
Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Blicke in das Leben des Apoſtels Paulus. Ebendaſ. 1828.

Ein frommer, begeiſterter Redner und Lehrer des Glaubens, mit großen Fähigkeiten ausgerüſtet, kräftig und kühn, aber zu ſtreng und eifrig ſeinen Anſichten zugethan und daher von ſeinen Gegnern heftig angefeindet.

Moſes Mendelsſohn.

Dieſer ausgezeichnete Denker wurde am 10. September 1729 zu Deſſau geboren und wegen ſeines frühen Durſtes nach Kenntniſſen zuerſt von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen jüdiſchen Schulmeiſter und Zehngebotſchreiber Mendel in der hebräiſchen Sprache und in den übrigen Anfangsgründen der jüdiſchen Gelehrſamkeit, ſpäter von Andern im Talmud und in den heiligen Büchern des alten Teſtaments unterrichtet. Insbeſondere zog ihn der poetiſche Theil deſſelben an und reizte ihn zur Nachahmung, während des berühmten Maimonides Schriften ſeinen Geiſt erleuchteten und bereicherten. Die Armuth ſeines Vaters nöthigte ihn jedoch ſchon 1742 für ſeinen eignen Unterhalt zu ſorgen und nach Berlin zu ziehen, wo ein jüdiſcher Wohlthäter ihm eine Dachkammer zur Wohnung und mehrere Tage in jeder Woche freien Tiſch gab, während er bei ſeinem ehemaligen Lehrer im Talmud, dem Oberlandrabbiner Fränkel als deſſen Amanuenſis die übrigen Mittel ſeines Bedarfs und Nahrung für ſeinen Geiſt fand. Größern Einfluß auf ſeine Bildung hatte ein ebenfalls armer, aber wegen ſeines Scharfſinns und ſeiner Gelehrſamkeit von den Rabbinern eben ſo gehaßter, als von M. geliebter daſiger jüdiſcher Schulmeiſter, Israel Moſes, der ſeine Studien des Maimonides unterſtützte und ihm Gefallen an der Mathematik durch Euklid beibrachte. Auf den Rath des jüdiſchen Arztes Kiſch daſelbſt wandte er die Erſparniſſe einer langen Zeit an den Ankauf einer alten lateiniſchen Grammatik und eines ſchlechten Lexikons und brachte es unter deſſen Leitung und mit unſäglicher Mühe binnen einem halben Jahre bis zum Verſtehen des Werks von Locke: de intellectu humano. Durch den 1748 ihm bekannt gewordenen Dr. medicinae, Salomon Gumperz, wurde er in die franzöſiſche und engliſche Sprache und in die neueſte Literatur eingeführt und mit talentvollen Zöglingen des joachimsthaliſchen Gymnaſiums vertraut. So lebte er in der ärmlichſten Lage der Wiſſenſchaft, bis der reiche Seidenfabricant Bernard ihn als Erzieher ſeiner Kinder in ſein Haus nahm und ihn zuerſt zum Aufſeher, dann zum Factor und Theilnehmer bei ſeiner Fabrik machte. Durch ſeine Geſchicklichkeit im Schachſpiel kam er 1754 endlich mit Leſſing in Verbindung, der ihm die Natur der neuern Sprachen und ihre Vorzüge erklärte, ihn zum Auftreten als Schriftſteller ermuthigte und durch ſeine Verbindung mit Abt und Nicolai ihm den Kreis wahrer, für das ganze Leben dauernder Freundſchaft eröffnete. So wohl ihm das Anerkenntniß des in ſeinen Schriften wehenden hohen Geiſtes vom Aus- und Inlande that und ſo ſehr er ſich durch Lavater's Zuneigung, der ihm auf ſeiner Reiſe nach Berlin perſönlich bekannt wurde, geehrt fühlte, ſo vermochten ſie doch nicht, die ſchwere Krankheit von ihm entfernt zu halten, welche der Schmerz über Lavater's ſpäteres Benehmen gegen ihn herbeiführte, als er deſſen übereilte Anforderungen zum Uebertritte ins Chriſtenthum mit zarter Feinheit abgelehnt hatte. Kaum war er geneſen, als ein neuer ihn noch weit mehr angreifender Verdruß über die Schrift des Philoſophen Fr. H. Jacobi: „Ueber die Lehre des Spinoza“ ihn von Neuem aufs Krankenlager warf. Dieſer hatte nämlich M's verſtorbenen Freund Leſſing des Spinozismus und Atheismus beſchuldigt. So muthwillig konnte aber das warme Herz M's die Aſche ſeines hochverehrten Freundes nicht preisgegeben ſehen, er mußte bei aller ſeiner Schwäche durch die Schrift: „M. M. an die Freunde Leſſing's“ gleich den erſten Eindruck ſchwächen. Indem er aber noch in voller Wallung des Blutes zu Beſorgung der Herausgabe dieſer Schrift ausging, zog er ſich eine Erkältung zu, die am 4. Januar 1786 ſein ſchönes Leben endete. — Er war klein und hager von Perſon, von kränklichem Ausſehen und verwachſen, welches Letztere in Folge einer nachläſſigen Behandlung der erſten Nervenkrankheit entſtand, die er im väterlichen Hauſe durch zu eifriges Studiren ſich zugezogen hatte. Aber auf dem etwas geöffneten Munde ſchwebte ein ſanftes Lächeln, ſeine wohlwollende, beſcheidene Miene nahm gleich anfangs für ihn ein und ſeine hohe Stirn nebſt ſeinen edlen Zügen verkündeten den großen Geiſt und das erhabene Herz. Lektüre und Denken war ſein Genuß, ſinnliche Freuden kannte er faſt nicht, obwohl die Geſellſchaft von Freunden ihm jederzeit Bedürfniß war. Vom früheſten Morgen thätig, arbeitete er in ſeinem geiſtigen Berufe oder im Comptoir und unterhielt ſich Abends mit Fremden und Bekannten über jedes Einzelnen Fach, als wäre es ſein gewöhnliches Studium, oft mit feiner Satyre. Daher kritiſirte er ſtreng, aber ſtets gerecht und wohlwollend, und war zugleich ſtets ſo edelmüthig, beſcheiden, offenherzig und liebreich, daß ſein Begräbnißtag ein Trauertag für ſeine Glaubensgenoſſen wie für Chriſten wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Der moraliſche Prediger. Ein hebräiſches Wochenblatt. Berlin 1750, 4.
Pope ein Metaphyſiker. Danzig 1755, 8. (mit Leſſing.)
Ueber die Empfindungen. In Briefen. Berlin 1755, 8; wurde in's Franzöſiſche und Holländiſche überſetzt.
J. J. Rouſſeau: Von dem Urſprunge der Ungleichheit unter den Menſchen ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1756, gr. 8.
Commentarius über Maimonides' Erklärung logikaliſcher Worte. Frankfurt a. d. Oder 1760, 4.
Philoſophiſche Schriften. Berlin 1761, 8.; verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1771, 2 Thle., 8; neue verbeſſerte Aufl. 1777, 8., mit Titelk. und Vign. Ueberſetzt in's Franzöſiſche, Italieniſche, Holländiſche und Lateiniſche.
Ueber die Evidenz in den metaphyſiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Berlin 1764, 4.; neue Ausg. 1786, 8. (Preisſchrift).
Phädon, oder über die Unſterblichkeit der Seele. Berlin u. Stettin 1767, 8.; verb. u. verm. Aufl. 1768, 8.; 3. verm. Aufl. 1769, 8.; 4. verb. u. verm. Aufl. 1776, 8., mit Titelk.; 6. Aufl. 1821, 8. Ueberſetzt in's Holländiſche (Haag 1769), Italieniſche (Genua 1773, 8.), Franzöſiſche (Paris 1772, 8. und Berlin 1772, 8.), Däniſche (Kopenhagen 1779, 8.), Engliſche (London 1789, 8.), Ruſſiſche und Ungariſche.
Schreiben an Lavater. Berlin und Stettin 1770, 8.; franzöſiſch (Frankf. 1771, 8.); holländiſch (Utrecht 1770, gr. 8.)
Antwort von Lavater nebſt Nacherinnerung. Ebendaſ. 1770, 8.
Biur Kohelet, oder Commentarius über den Prediger Salomonis. Berlin 1772, 8.; Ansbach 1773, 8.
Proben einer jüdiſch-deutſchen Ueberſetzung der 5 Bücher Moſis. Mit Anmerkungen von Chr. G. Meyer. Göttingen 1780, 8.
Die Pſalmen. Ueberſetzt. Berlin 1783, 8., mit Titel- u. Schlußvign.
Jeruſalem, oder über religiöſe Macht und Judenthum. Ebendaſ. 1783, 8.
Morgenſtunden oder Vorleſungen über das Daſein Gottes. Ebendaſ. 1785, 1r Thl., 8.; 2. veränd. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.
Von der Unkörperlichkeit der menſchlichen Seele. Aus dem Lateiniſchen überſetzt. Wien 1785, kl. 8.
An die Freunde Leſſing's. Berlin 1786, 8.
Nach Kantiſcher Manier aufgelöſte Axiomen. Athen 1787, 8.
Ueber die Unſterblichkeit der Seele. Aus dem Hebräiſchen von D. Friedländer. Berlin u. Stettin 1787, 8., mit Kupf.
Leben und Meinungen, nebſt Geiſt ſeiner Schriften. Herausgegeben von Gädy. Hamburg 1787, 8.
Ueber das Commerz zwiſchen Seele und Körper. Aus dem Hebräiſchen von Auſchel. Frankfurt 1788, 8.
Salomons hohes Lied. Für die jüdiſch-deutſche Nation überſetzt. Braunſchweig 1789, 8.
Kleine philoſophiſche Schriften. Mit einer Skizze ſeines Lebens und ſeines Charakters von D. Jeniſch, herausgegeben von G. Müchler. Berlin 1789, kl. 8. Holländiſch (zum Theil), Leiden 1787. Lateiniſch u. in a. Sprachen.
G. D. Kypke Aufſätze über jüdiſche Gebete und Feſtfeyern. Herausgegeben von Borowsky. Königsberg 1791, 8.
Fragment von ihm und über ihn, von Friedländer. Berlin 1819, gr. 8.
Sammlung noch ungedruckter Schriften, von Jer. Heinemann. Leipzig 1831, gr. 8., mit Titelk.

Er verfaßte auch: Ritualgeſetze der Juden ꝛc. Berlin 1778, 8. (4. Aufl. 1799, 8.); Anmerkungen zu Abt's freundſchaftlicher Correſpondenz. Berlin u. Stettin 1782, 8.; und die Vorrede zu: Manaſſeh Ben Israel Rettung der Juden. Aus dem Engliſchen. Berlin 1782, 8.; lieferte Aufſätze in: Fr. Nicolai's Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, in die: Briefe, die neueſte Literatur betreffend, in die: Allgemeine deutſche Bibliothek; ferner in: Berliniſche Monatsſchrift, von Archenholz Literatur- und Völkerkunde, Moritz Magazin der Erfahrungsſeelenkunde, Marpurg's hiſtoriſch kritiſche Beiträge zur Aufnahme der Muſik, und in: Engel's Philoſophie für die Welt. Auch bearbeitete er den Briefwechſel mit Abt und den Briefwechſel mit Leſſing.

Eben ſo trefflich als geiſtreich iſt das Urtheil, welches Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Thl. XI, S. 313) über Mendelsſohn fällt, indem er von ihm ſagt: M. M. war ſo wenig wie Sulzer einer der großen Denker und Schriftſteller, die in den Wiſſenſchaften ungewöhnliche Veränderungen bewirken oder der Literatur eine neue Richtung geben; aber auf ähnliche Art wie Sulzer, nur mit mehr metaphyſiſchem Scharfſinne und zugleich mit mehr Feinheit des Geſchmacks, wußte er das philoſophiſche Intereſſe mit dem äſthetiſchen zu verbinden. Sein Eklekticismus, der ihn vor Einſeitigkeit im Urtheilen ſicherte, hielt auch jede Nachahmung der Manier dieſer oder jener Schule von ihm entfernt. Wo er fremde Gedanken zu den ſeinigen macht, zeigt er ſich doch in der Art, wie er ſie verarbeitet, als ein geiſtvoller Selbſtdenker. Der Wolfiſchen Schule war er am meiſten zugethan, weil er, wie Sulzer, in ihr vorzüglich die gründliche Entwickelung der Begriffe, und die ſyſtematiſche Genauigkeit zu finden glaubte, die er an der franzöſiſchen Modephiloſophie ſeiner Zeit vermißte. Um ſo bewundernswerther iſt die Leichtigkeit, mit der er die Wolfiſche Philoſophie eine Sprache reden ließ, die ihr vorher fremd war, und auf die ihn die jüdiſche Erziehung, die er ſelbſt erhalten hatte, ſo wenig vorbereiten konnte. Philoſophiſche Wahrheit mit einer ſo einfachen und doch anziehenden Eleganz des Styls in Briefe und Geſpräche einzukleiden, verſtand damals kein anderer deutſcher Schriftſteller. Die dialogiſche Form gelang ihm aber doch nur zum Theil, weil ſeine redenden Perſonen keinen beſtimmten Charakter ausdrücken durch die Art, wie ſie ihre

Meinungen äußern. In ſeinen ausführlichen und ſyſtematiſchen Abhandlungen, wohin ſein Jeruſalem oder über religiöſe Macht und Judenthum und die Vorleſungen über das Daſein Gottes gehören, iſt der Styl bei aller Klarheit und Natürlichkeit ein wenig trocken. Wie er die deutſche Sprache kunſtmäßig zu behandeln verſtand, hat er auch durch ſeine Ueberſetzung der Pſalmen bewieſen.

Aus: Phädon,

oder

über die Unſterblichkeit der Seele.

Echekrates, Phädon, Apollodorus, Sokrates, Cebes, Kriton, Simmias.

Erſtes Geſpräch.

Echekrates.

Warſt du ſelbſt, mein Phädon, denſelben Tag beim Sokrates, als er im Kerker das Gift zu ſich nahm; oder hat es dir jemand erzählt?

Phädon.

Ich ſelbſt, Echekrates, war da.

Echekrates.

Was waren denn des Mannes letzte Reden? Wie verſchied er? Ich möchte dieſes ſo gern erzählen hören. Keiner von unſern Phliaſiſchen Bürgern reiſet jetzt ſehr oft nach Athen, und auch von daher hat uns ſchon lange niemand beſucht, der uns dergleichen Nachrichten hätte überbringen können. So viel haben wir vernommen: Sokrates hat Gift getrunken und iſt geſtorben; nicht den geringſten Umſtand mehr.

Phädon.

Nichts von ſeiner Verurtheilung?

Echekrates.

O ja, das hat uns jemand erzählt. Wir verwunderten uns noch, daß man ihn, nachdem er bereits verurtheilt geweſen, noch ſo lange hat leben laſſen. Wie kam dieſes, Phädon?

Phädon.

Ganz von ungefähr, Echekrates! Es traf ſich eben, daß das Schiff, welches die Athenienſer jährlich nach Delos zu ſchicken pflegen, den Tag vor ſeiner Verurtheilung bekränzt wurde.

Echekrates.

Und was iſt das für ein Schiff?

Phädon.

Daſſelbe, wie die Athenienſer ſagen, in welchem einſt Theſeus die ſieben Paar Kinder nach Kreta geführt, die er alsdann, ſowohl als ſich ſelbſt, beim Leben erhalten hat. Die Stadt ſoll, wie es heißt, dem Apollo damals das Gelübde gethan haben, wenn die jungen Leute leben bleiben würden, ihm jährlich in dieſem Schiffe ſtattliche Geſandte nach Delos zu ſchicken; und ſeit der Zeit hat man dem Gotte noch immer Wort gehalten.

Wenn das heilige Schiff abgehen ſoll, ſo bekränzt der Prieſter des Apollo das Hintertheil deſſelben mit Kränzen, und ſofort nimmt die Feier der Theorie ihren Anfang. Dieſes Feſt dauert ſo lange, bis das Schiff zu Delos angelangt und von da wieder zurück gekommen iſt, binnen welcher Zeit die Stadt von allem Blutvergießen rein gehalten wird, und nach dem Geſetze niemand öffentlich hingerichtet werden darf. Wenn das Schiff von widrigen Winden aufgehalten wird, ſo können die Verurtheilten hierdurch lange Friſt gewinnen.

Der Zufall nun fügte es, wie ich ſchon geſagt, daß die Bekränzung des Schiffes einen Tag vorher geſchah, ehe Sokrates verurtheilt worden, und darum verſtrich eine ſo geraume Zeit zwiſchen ſeiner Verurtheilung und ſeinem Tode.

Echekrates.

Aber den letzten Tag, Phädon, wie ging es da? Was hat er geſprochen? was hat er gethan? Welche Freunde waren in der Todesſtunde bei ihm? oder wollten die Archonten niemanden zu ihm laſſen? und verſchied er, ohne einen Freund um ſich zu haben?

Phädon.

Keinesweges! es waren ihrer viele zugegen.

Echekrates.

Entſchließe dich immer, lieber Phädon, uns alles umſtändlich zu erzählen, wenn dich keine Geſchäfte abhalten.

Phädon.

Ich habe Muße, und werde euch ſuchen, Genüge zu leiſten. Mir iſt nichts angenehmer als meines Sokrates mich zu erinnern, von ihm zu reden oder reden zu hören.

Echekrates.

Und deine Zuhörer, Phädon, ſind der nämlichen Geſinnung. Erzähle alſo alles, ſo genau und ſo umſtändlich, als es dir möglich iſt.

Phädon.

Ich war zugegen, Freund, aber mir war wunderbar zu Muthe. Ich fühlte kein Mitleid, kein ſolches Beklemmen, als wir zu empfinden pflegen, wenn ein Freund in unſern Armen erblaßt. Der Mann ſchien mir glückſelig, beneidenswerth, Echekrates! So ſanft, ſo ruhig war ſein Betragen in der Todesſtunde, ſo gelaſſen waren ſeine letzten Worte, ſein Thun dünkte mich, nicht wie eines Menſchen, der vor ſeiner Zeit zu den Schatten des Orkus hinunter wandelt, ſondern wie eines Unſterblichen, der verſichert iſt, da, wo er hinkömmt, ſo glückſelig zu ſein, als je einer geweſen. Wie konnte ich alſo die bangen Empfindungen haben, mit welchen der Anblick eines gemeinen Sterbenden unſer Gemüth zu verwunden pflegt? — Gleichwohl hatten die philoſophiſchen Unterredungen unſers Lehrers damals die reine Wolluſt nicht, die wir von ihnen gewohnt waren. Wir empfanden eine ſeltſame, nie gefühlte Miſchung von Luſt und Bitterkeit: denn das Vergnügen ward beſtändig von der nagenden Empfindung unterbrochen: Bald werden wir ihn auf ewig verlieren!

Wir Anweſenden befanden uns alle in dieſem ſonderbaren Gemüthszuſtande, und die entgegengeſetzten Wirkungen deſſelben zeigten ſich gar bald eben ſo ſonderbar auf unſern Geſichtern. Man ſah uns jetzt lachen, jetzt Thränen vergießen, und öfters zugleich ein Lächeln um die Lippen und heiße Zähren in den Augen. Jedoch übertraf Apollodorus hierin uns alle. Du kennſt ihn, und ſein weichmüthiges Weſen.

Echekrates.

Wie ſollte ich ihn nicht kennen?

Phädon.

Dieſer machte die ſeltſamſten Bewegungen. Er empfand alles weit feuriger, war entzückt, wo wir lächelten, und wo uns die Augen wie bethauet waren, da ſchwamm er in Zähren. Wir wurden durch ihn faſt mehr gerührt, als durch den Anblick unſers ſterbenden Freundes.

Echekrates.

Wer waren denn die Anweſenden alle?

Phädon.

Von den hieſigen Stadtleuten: Apollodorus, Kritobulus und ſein Vater Kriton, Hermogenes, Epigenes, Aeſchines, Antiſthenes, Kteſippus Menexenus, und noch einige andere. Plato, glaube ich, war krank.

Echekrates.

Waren auch Fremde zugegen?

Phädon.

Ja! aus Theben: Simmias, Cebes und Phädondes; und aus Megara: Euklides und Terpſion.

Echekrates.

Wie? waren denn Ariſtippus und Kleombrotus nicht da?

Phädon.

Nein! dieſe ſollen ſich damals zu Aegina aufgehalten haben.

Echekrates.

Sonſt war alſo niemand dabei?

Phädon.

Ich weiß mich auf keinen mehr zu beſinnen.

Echekrates.

Nun, mein Lieber! was für Unterredungen ſind dabei vorgefallen?

Phädon.

Ich werde dir alles vom Anfange bis zum Ende erzählen. Wir waren gewohnt, ſo lange Sokrates im Gefängniſſe ſaß, ihn täglich zu beſuchen. Wir pflegten zu dieſem Ende in der Gerichtsſtube zuſammen zu kommen, in welcher das Urtheil über ihn geſprochen worden (denn dieſe iſt ſehr nahe am Gefängniſſe), und da uns ſo lange mit Geſprächen zu unterhalten, bis die Kerkerthür aufgethan ward, welches denn gewöhnlich nicht ſehr früh geſchah. Sobald dieſe aufging, begaben wir uns zum Sokrates, und brachten mehrentheils den ganzen Tag bei ihm zu. Den letzten Morgen fanden wir uns früher als gewöhnlich ein: denn wir erfuhren Abends vorher, als wir nach Hauſe gingen, daß das Schiff von Delos angekommen ſei, und beſchloſſen, das letztemal uns ſo früh als möglich einzuſtellen.

Als wir zuſammen waren, kam uns der Schließer, der die Kerkerthür zu öffnen pflegte, entgegen, bat uns, zu verziehen, und nicht hinein zu gehen, bis er rufen würde. Denn die Eilf Männer, ſprach er, nehmen jetzt dem Sokrates die Feſſeln ab, und melden ihm, daß er heute ſterben müſſe. Nicht lange hernach kam er, uns zu rufen. Als wir hinein giengen, fanden wir den ſo eben losgebundenen Sokrates auf dem Bette liegen; Xanthippe, du kennſt ſie, ſaß neben ihm in ſtiller Betrübniß, und hielt ihr Kind auf dem Schooße. Als ſie uns erblickte, fing ſie an, nach Weiberart, überlaut zu jammern. Ach! Sokrates! dich ſehen heute deine Freunde, und du ſie zum letztenmale! und ein Strom von Thränen folgte auf dieſe Worte. Sokrates wendete ſich zum Kriton und ſprach: Freund! laß ſie nach Hauſe bringen. — Kritons Bediente führeten ſie hinweg: ſie ging und heulte, und zerſchlug ſich jämmerlich die Bruſt.

Wir ſtanden wie betäubt. Endlich richtete ſich Sokrates im Bette auf, krümmete das Bein, das vorhin gefeſſelt war, und indem er daſſelbe mit der Hand rieb, ſprach er: O meine Freunde, welch' ein ſeltſames Ding ſcheinet das zu ſein, was die Menſchen Angenehm nennen! wie wunderbar! Dem erſten Anblick nach iſt es dem Unangenehmen entgegen geſetzt, indem keine Sache dem Menſchen zu gleicher Zeit angenehm und unangenehm ſein kann: und dennoch kann niemand eine von dieſen Empfindungen durch die Sinne erlangen, ohne unmittelbar darauf die entgegengeſetzte zu fühlen, als wenn ſie an beiden Enden aneinander befeſtigt wären. Hätte Aeſopus dieſes bemerkt, fuhr er fort, ſo hätte er vielleicht folgende Fabel gedichtet. „Die Götter wollten die ſtreitenden Empfindungen mit einander vereinigen; als aber dieſes ſich nicht thun ließ, knüpften ſie dieſelben an beiden Enden zuſammen, und ſeit der Zeit folgen ſie ſich einander beſtändig auf dem Fuße nach." So ergeht es mir auch itzt. Die Feſſeln hatten mir Schmerzen verurſacht, und itzt, da ſie hinweg ſind, folgt die angenehme Empfindung nach.

Beim Jupiter, ergriff Cebes das Wort: Gut, daß du mich erinnerſt, Sokrates! Du ſollſt, wie man ſagt, hier im Gefängniſſe einige Gedichte verfertigt, nämlich Aeſopiſche Fabeln poetiſch aufgeführt, und eine Hymne an den Apollo aufgeſetzt haben. Nun fragen mich viele, hauptſächlich der Dichter Evenus: was dich hier auf die Gedanken gebracht, Gedichte zu verfertigen, da du doch ſolches vorher niemals gethan? Soll ich dem Evenus Beſcheid geben, wenn er mich wieder fragt (und fragen wird er gewiß): ſo ſage mir, was ich ihm antworten ſoll.

Sage ihm, o Cebes: erwiderte Sokrates, nichts als die Wahrheit; daß ich dieſe Gedichte keineswegs in der Abſicht verfertigt, ihm in der Dichtkunſt den Rang abzulaufen; denn ich weiß, wie ſchwer dieſes iſt; ſondern bloß um eines Traums willen, dem ich mir vorgenommen, in allen möglichen Bedeutungen nachzuleben und daher auch in dieſer Art von Muſik, in der Dichtkunſt, meine Kräfte zu verſuchen. Die Sache verhält ſich aber folgendergeſtalt. Ich hatte in vergangenen Zeiten ſehr oft einen Traum, der mir unter vielerlei Geſtalt erſchien, aber immer eben denſelben Befehl gab: Sokrates, befleißige dich der Muſik und übe ſie aus! Bisher hielt ich dieſe Ermahnung blos für eine Aufmunterung und Anfriſchung, wie man ſie den Wettläufern nachzurufen pflegt. Der Traum, dachte ich, will mir nichts neues zu thun befehlen, denn die Weltweisheit iſt ja die vortrefflichſte Muſik, und dieſer habe ich mich ſtets befliſſen; er will alſo blos meinen Eifer, meine Liebe zur Weisheit anfeuern, damit ſie nicht erkalte. Nunmehr aber, nachdem das Urtheil über mich geſprochen worden, und das Feſt des Apollo meinen Tod eine Zeitlang aufgeſchoben, kam mir der Gedanke ein: ob mir nicht vielleicht befohlen würde, der gemeinen Muſik obzuliegen, und ich hatte Muße genug, dieſen Gedanken nicht fruchtlos verſchwinden zu laſſen. Ich machte den Anfang mit einem Lobgeſange auf den Gott, deſſen Feſt damals gefeiert ward. Allein mir fiel nachher bei, daß, wer Poet ſein will, Erdichtungen, und nicht Vernunftſätze behandeln müſſe, daß aber ein Lobgeſang keine Erdichtungen enthalte. Da ich nun ſelbſt keine Gabe zu dichten beſitze, ſo bediente ich mich der Erfindungen Anderer, und brachte einige Fabeln des Aeſopus, die mir zuerſt vor die Hand kamen, in Verſe. — Dieſes kannſt du, mein Cebes, dem Evenus antworten. Entbiete ihm auch meinen Gruß, und wenn er weiſe iſt, ſo mag er mir bald folgen. Ich werde, allem Anſehen nach, auf Befehl der Athenienſer noch heute abreiſen.

Und dieſes wünſcheſt du dem Evenus? fragte Simmias. Ich kenne dieſen Mann ſehr gut, und ſoviel ich von ihm urtheilen kann, dürfte er dir für dieſen Wunſch ſchlechten Dank wiſſen. — Wie? verſetzte jener: iſt denn Evenus kein Weltweiſer? Mich dünkt, ja, ſprach Simmias. Nun ſo wird er mir gewiß gerne folgen, erwiderte Sokrates; er, und jedermann, der dieſen Namen verdient. Er wird zwar nicht ſelbſt Hand an ſich legen; denn dieſes iſt unerlaubt, wie einem jeden bekannt iſt. — Indem er dieſes ſagte, ließ er beide Füße vom Bette auf die Erde herab, um in dieſer Stellung die Unterredung fortzuſetzen. Cebes fragte: Wie iſt dieſes zu verſtehen, Sokrates? Es iſt nicht erlaubt, ſagſt du, ſich ſelbſt zu entleiben; und dennoch ſoll jeder Weltweiſe einem Sterbenden gerne nachfolgen?

Wie? Cebes! ſprach Sokrates: du und Simmias, Ihr habet beide den Weltweiſen Philolaus gehört; hat er denn euch niemals hievon etwas geſagt?

Nichts Ausführliches, mein Sokrates!

Nun gut! Ich habe verſchiedenes von der Sache gehört, und will euch ſolches gerne mittheilen. Mich dünkt, wer reiſen will, habe Urſache, ſich nach der Beſchaffenheit des Landes, wohin er zu kommen gedenkt, wohl zu erkundigen, um ſich einen richtigen Begriff davon zu machen. Dieſe Unterredung iſt alſo meinen jetzigen Umſtänden angemeſſen; und was könnte man auch den heutigen Tag bis Sonnenuntergang Wichtigeres vornehmen?

Wodurch beweiſt man, fragte Cebes, daß der Selbſtmord unerlaubt ſei? Philolaus und andere Lehrer haben mir zwar vielfältig eingeſchärft, daß er verboten ſei, aber mehr hat mir niemand davon beigebracht.

Wohlan! laß uns verſuchen, ob wir nicht ein mehreres davon herausbringen können. Was meinſt du, Cebes? Ich behaupte, daß der Selbſtmord ſchlechterdings in allen möglichen Umſtänden unerlaubt ſei. Wir wiſſen, es giebt Leute, für welche es beſſer wäre, geſtorben zu ſein, als zu leben. Nun dürfte es dich befremden, daß die Heiligkeit der Sitten auch von dieſen Unglücklichen fordern ſollte, ſich nicht ſelbſt wohl zu thun, ſondern eine andere wohlthätige Hand abzuwarten.

Das mag eine Stimme vom Jupiter erklären! antwortete Cebes lächelnd.

Und gleichwohl iſt es ſo ſchwer nicht, dieſe anſcheinende Ungereimtheit durch Gründe zu tilgen. Was man in den Geheimniſſen zu ſagen pflegt, daß wir Menſchen hienieden wie die Schildwachen ausgeſtellt wären, und alſo unſere Poſten nicht verlaſſen dürften, bis wir abgelöſet würden, iſt zwar nicht ohne Grund, dürfte aber ſo leicht nicht begriffen werden. Allein ich habe einige Vernunftgründe, die nicht ſchwer zu faſſen ſind. Ich glaube als ausgemacht vorausſetzen zu können: die Götter (laßt mich jetzt ſagen Gott; denn was habe ich zu ſcheuen?) Gott iſt unſer Eigenthumsherr, wir ſind ſein Eigenthum, und ſeine Vorſehung beſorgt unſer Beſtes. Sind dieſe Sätze nicht deutlich?

Sehr deutlich, ſprach Cebes.

Ein Leibeigener, der unter der Vorſorge eines gütigen Herrn lebet, handelt ſträflich, wenn er ſich den Abſichten deſſelben widerſetzt. Nicht?

Allerdings!

Vielmehr, wenn ein Funke von Rechtſchaffenheit in ſeinem Buſen glimmt, muß es ihm eine wahre Freude ſein, die Wünſche ſeines Gebieters durch ſich erfüllt zu ſehen; und um ſo mehr, wenn er von der Geſinnung ſeines Herrn überzeugt iſt, daß ſein eigenes Beſte an dieſen Wünſchen Theil hat.

Unvergleichlich! mein Sokrates!

Aber wie, Cebes? Als der unerſchaffene Werkmeiſter den künſtlichen Bau des menſchlichen Leibes wirkte, und ein verſtändiges Weſen hinein ſetzte, hatte er da böſe oder gute Abſichten?

Ohne Zweifel gute.

Denn er müßte ſein Weſen, die ſelbſtſtändige Güte verleugnen, wenn er mit ſeinem Thun und Laſſen böſe Abſichten verknüpfen könnte; und was iſt ein Gott, der ſein Weſen verleugnen kann?

Ein Unding, Sokrates; ein fabelhafter Gott, dem das leichtgläubige Volk wandelbare Geſtalten andichtet. Ich erinnere mich der Gründe gar wohl, mit welchen du bei einer andern Gelegenheit dieſen läſterlichen Irrthum beſtritteſt.

Derſelbe Gott, Cebes! der den Leib gebauet, hat ihn auch mit Kräften ausgerüſtet, die ihn ſtärken, erhalten und vor allzufrühem Untergange bewahren. Wollen wir auch dieſen Erhaltungskräften ſolche gütige Abſichten zum Ziele ſetzen?

Wie könnten wir anders?

Als treugeſinnten Leibeigenen alſo muß es uns eine heilige Pflicht ſein, die Abſichten unſers Eigenthumsherrn zu ihrer Reife gedeihen zu laſſen, ſie nicht gewaltſamer Weiſe in ihrem Laufe zu hemmen, ſondern vielmehr alle unſere freiwilligen Handlungen mit denſelben auf das vollkommenſte übereinſtimmen zu laſſen.

Darum habe ich geſagt, mein lieber Cebes, daß die Weltweisheit die trefflichſte Muſik ſei: denn ſie lehrt uns, unſere Gedanken und Handlungen ſo einzurichten, daß ſie, ſo viel uns möglich iſt, mit den Abſichten des allerhöchſten Eigenthumsherrn vollkommen übereinſtimmen. Iſt nun die Muſik eine Wiſſenſchaft, das Schwache mit dem Starken, das Rauhe mit dem Sanften, und das Unangenehme mit dem Angenehmen in eine Harmonie zu bringen: ſo kann gewiß keine Muſik herrlicher und vortrefflicher ſein, als die Weltweisheit, die uns lehret, nicht nur unſere Gedanken und Handlungen unter ſich, ſondern auch die Handlungen des Endlichen mit den Abſichten des Unendlichen, und die Gedanken des Erdbewohners mit den Gedanken des Allwiſſenden in eine große und wundervolle Harmonie zu ſtimmen. — O Cebes! und der verwegene Sterbliche ſollte ſich erdreiſten, dieſe entzückende Harmonie zu zerſtören?

Er würde den Abſcheu der Götter und Menſchen verdienen, mein geliebteſter Sokrates!

Sage mir aber auch dieſes, mein Freund? Sind die Kräfte der Natur nicht Diener der Gottheit, die ihre Befehle vollſtrecken?

Allerdings!

Sie ſind alſo auch Wahrſager, die uns den Willen und die Abſichten der Gottheit weit richtiger verkündigen, als die Eingeweide der Schlachtopfer; denn das iſt unſtreitig ein Rathſchluß des Allerhöchſten, wohin die von ihm erſchaffenen Kräfte abzielen. Nicht?

Wer kann dieſes leugnen?

So lange uns alſo dieſe Wahrſager andeuten, daß die Erhaltung unſers Lebens zu den Abſichten Gottes gehöre, ſind wir verpflichtet, unſere freien Handlungen denſelben gemäß einzurichten, und haben weder Fug noch Recht, den Erhaltungskräften unſerer Natur Gewalt entgegenzuſetzen, und die Diener der oberſten Weisheit in ihrer Verrichtung zu ſtören. Dieſe Schuldigkeit liegt uns ſo lange ob, bis Gott uns durch einen dieſer Wahrſager den ausdrücklichen Befehl zuſchickt, dieſes Leben zu verlaſſen, ſo wie er ihn mir heute zugeſchickt hat.

Ich bin völlig überzeugt, ſprach Cebes. Allein nun begreife ich um viel weniger, mein lieber Sokrates; wie du vorhin haſt ſagen können, ein jeder Weltweiſer müſſe einem Sterbenden gerne folgen wollen. Iſt dieſes wahr, was du itzt behaupteſt, daß wir ein Eigenthum Gottes ſind, und daß derſelbe unſer Beſtes beſorget, ſo ſcheint jener Satz ungereimt. Wie? ſoll ein vernünftiger Mann ſich nicht betrüben, wenn er die Dienſte eines Oberherrn verlaſſen muß, der ſein beſter und gütigſter Verſorger iſt? Und wenn er auch hoffen könnte, durch den Tod frei, und ſein eigener Herr zu werden: wie kann der unverſtändige Mündel ſich ſchmeicheln, unter ſeiner eigenen Aufführung beſſer zu ſtehen, als unter der Aufführung des allerweiſeſten Vormundes? Ich ſollte meinen, es ſei vielmehr ein großer Unverſtand, wenn man ſich durchaus in Freiheit ſehen, und auch den beſten Oberherrn nicht über ſich leiden will. Wer Vernunft beſitzt, wird ſich allezeit mit Vergnügen der Aufſicht eines Andern unterwerfen, dem er beſſere Einſichten zutrauet als ſich ſelbſt. Ich würde alſo gerade das Gegentheil von deiner Meinung herausbringen. Der Weiſe, würde ich ſagen, müſſe ſich betrüben, der Thor aber freuen, wenn er ſterben ſoll.

Sokrates hörte ihm aufmerkſam zu, und ſchien ſich an ſeiner Scharfſinnigkeit zu ergötzen. Sodann kehrte er ſich zu uns, und ſprach: Cebes kann ſchon einem zu ſchaffen machen, der wider ihn etwas behaupten will. Er hat beſtändig Ausflüchte.

Allein dießmal, ſprach Simmias, ſcheinet Cebes nicht Unrecht zu haben, mein lieber Sokrates! In der That, wodurch kann ein Weiſer bewogen werden, ſich ohne Mißvergnügen der gütigen Vorſorge des allerweiſeſten Aufſehers zu entziehen? — Und wo mir recht iſt, Sokrates, ſo zielet Cebes mit ſeinen Einwürfen eigentlich wider deine itzige Aufführung, der du ſo gelaſſen, ſo willig, nicht nur uns alle verläſſeſt, denen dein Tod ſo ſchmerzlich fällt, ſondern dich auch der Aufſicht und Vorſorge eines ſolchen Oberherrn entäußerſt, den du uns als das weiſeſte und gütigſte Weſen zu verehren gelehrt haſt.

So? ſprach Sokrates: man hat mich angeklagt, wie ich höre? Ich werde mich alſo förmlich vertheidigen müſſen?

Allerdings! ſprach Simmias.

Gut! verſetzte Sokrates: ich will mich bemühen, meine jetzige Schutzrede beſſer einzurichten, als die, welche ich vor meinen Richtern gehalten habe.

Höre, Simmias! und du, Cebes! hätte ich nicht Hoffnung, da, wo ich hinkomme, erſtlich immer noch unter demſelben gütigſten Verſorger zu ſtehen, und zweitens die Seelen der Verſtorbenen anzutreffen, deren Umgang aller Freundſchaft hienieden vorzuziehen iſt: ſo wäre es freilich eine Thorheit, den Tod ſo wenig zu achten, und ihm willig in die Arme zu rennen. So aber habe ich die allertröſtlichſten Hoffnungen, daß mir beides nicht entgehen wird. Das letztere aber getraue ich mir nicht mit aller Gewißheit zu behaupten; aber daß die Vorſehung Gottes auch noch über mich walten werde, dieſes, Freunde! behaupte ich ſo zuverſichtlich, ſo gewiß, als ich in meinem Leben etwas behauptet habe. Darum betrübt es mich auch nicht, daß ich verſcheiden ſoll; denn ich weiß, daß mit dem Tode noch nicht alles für uns aus iſt. Es folgt ein anderes Leben, und zwar ein ſolches, das, wie die alte Sage verſichert, für Tugendhafte weit glückſeliger ſein wird als für Laſterhafte.

Wie das? ſprach Simmias, mein lieber Sokrates! willſt du dieſe tröſtliche Verſicherung im Innerſten deiner Seele verſchloſſen mitnehmen? oder auch uns eine Lehre gönnen, die ſo viel Tröſtliches hat? Es iſt billig, ſeinen Freunden ein ſo herrliches Gut mitzutheilen, und wenn du von deiner Meinung überzeugſt, ſo iſt auch deine Schutzrede fertig.

Ich will es verſuchen, verſetzte er. Doch laßt uns erſt den Kriton hören, der ſchon lange etwas ſagen zu wollen ſcheint.

Ich? nichts, mein Lieber! erwiederte Kriton. Nur der Mann hier, der dir das Gift bringen ſoll, läßt mir keine Ruhe; ich ſoll dich bitten, nicht ſo viel zu reden. Man erhitzt ſich ſo ſehr, ſpricht er, und dann wirkt der Trank ſo gut nicht. Er hätte ſchon öfters einen zweiten oder dritten Gifttrank bereiten müſſen, für Leute, die ſich das Reden nicht hätten verwehren laſſen.

Laß ihn, im Namen der Götter! ſprach Sokrates, hingehen und ſein Amt verſehen. Er halte den zweiten Gifttrank bereit, oder den dritten, wenn er meint.

Dieſe Antwort hatte ich vermuthet, ſprach Kriton; allein der Menſch will nicht ablaſſen.

O laß ihn! verſetzte Sokrates. Ich habe hier meinen Richtern Rechenſchaft zu geben, warum ein Menſch, der in der Liebe zur Weisheit grau geworden, in den letzten Stunden fröhlichen Muths ſein müſſe, indem er ſich nach dem Tode die größte Seligkeit zu verſprechen hat. Mit welchem Grunde, Simmias und Cebes, ich dieſes behaupte, will ich zu erklären ſuchen. —

Das, meine Freunde, wiſſen vielleicht die Wenigſten, daß, wer ſich der Liebe zur Weisheit wahrhaftig ergeben, ſeine ganze Lebenszeit dazu anwendet, mit dem Tode vertrauter zu werden, ſterben zu lernen. Iſt aber dieſes: welch eine Ungereimtheit wäre es nicht, in ſeinem ganzen Leben, alle Wünſche, alle Bemühungen nach einem einzigen Ziele zu lenken, und ſich doch zu betrüben, wenn das längſt erwünſchte Ziel endlich erreicht wird.

Simmias lachte. Bei'm Jupiter! ſprach er, Sokrates, ich muß lachen, ſo wenig ich auch dazu aufgelegt bin. Was du hier ſagſt, dürfte das Volk nicht ſo leicht befremden, als du meinſt. Das hieſige insbeſondere könnte dir ſagen, wie ſie gar wohl wüßten, daß die Weltweiſen ſterben lernen wollten, daher ſie ihnen auch das widerfahren ließen, was ſie verdienten und wonach ſie ſich ſehnten.

Ich würde ihnen alles einräumen, Simmias, nur das nicht, daß ſie es einſehen. Sie wiſſen nicht, was der Tod iſt, nach dem die Weltweiſen ſich ſehnen, und in wie weit ſie ihn verdienen. Doch was gehen uns jene an? Ich rede jetzt mit meinen Freunden.

Iſt der Tod nicht etwas, das ſich beſchreiben und erklären läßt?

Freilich, verſetzte Simmias.

Iſt er aber etwas anders als eine Trennung des Leibes und der Seele? Sterben nämlich, heißt dies nicht, wenn die Seele den Leib und der Leib die Seele dergeſtalt verläßt, daß ſie keine Gemeinſchaft untereinander mehr haben, und jedes für ſich bleibt? Oder weißt du deutlicher anzuzeigen, was der Tod ſei?

Nein! mein Lieber!

Ueberlege einmal, Freund! ob es dir auch ſo vorkommt, wie mir. Was meinſt du? Wird der wahre Liebhaber der Weisheit den ſogenannten Wollüſten nachhangen und nach köſtlichen Speiſen und Getränken ſo ſonderlich ſtreben?

Nichts weniger, antwortete Simmias.

Wird er der Liebe ergeben ſein?

Eben ſo wenig!

Und in Anſehung der übrigen Leibesbequemlichkeiten? Wird er z. B. in ſeinen Kleidern auf Pracht und Ueppigkeit ſehen, oder wird er ſich mit dem Nothwendigen begnügen, und das Ueberflüſſige nicht achten?

Was man entbehren kann, ſprach jener, macht dem Weiſen keine Sorgen.

Wollen wir nicht überhaupt ſagen, fuhr Sokrates fort, der Weltweiſe ſucht ſich aller unnöthigen Leibesſorgen zu entſchlagen, um mit mehrerer Lebhaftigkeit der Seele warten zu können.

Warum nicht?

Er unterſcheidet ſich alſo ſchon hierin von den übrigen Menſchen, daß er ſein Gemüth nicht ganz von den Leibesangelegenheiten feſſeln läßt, ſondern ſeine Seele zum Theil der Gemeinſchaft des Leibes zu entziehen ſucht.

Es ſcheint ſo.

Der größte Haufe der Menſchen, o Simmias! wird dir ſagen, daß der nicht zu leben verdiene, wer die Annehmlichkeiten des Lebens nicht genießen will. Das nennen ſie, ſich nach dem Tode ſehnen, wenn man den ſinnlichen Ergötzungen abſagt und ſich aller fleiſchlichen Wolluſt enthält.

Dies iſt die Wahrheit, Sokrates!

Ich gehe weiter. Hindert der Körper nicht öfters den Weisheitſuchenden im Nachdenken, und wird er ſich ſonderlichen Fortgang in der Weisheit verſprechen können, wenn er ſich nicht von den ſinnlichen Gegenſtänden zu erheben gelernt hat? — Ich erkläre mich. — Die Eindrücke des Geſichts und des Gehörs ſind, ſo wie ſie uns von den Gegenſtänden zugeſchickt werden, blos einzelne Empfindungen, noch keine Wahrheiten; denn dieſe müſſen erſt mit dem Verſtande aus ihnen gezogen werden. Nicht?

Allerdings!

Auch als einzelne Empfindungen iſt ihnen nicht völlig zu trauen, und die Dichter ſingen mit Recht: die Sinne täuſchen und begreifen nichts deutlich. Was wir hören und ſehen, iſt voller Verwirrung und Dunkelheit. Können uns aber dieſe beiden Sinne keine deutlichen Einſichten gewähren, ſo wird der übrigen, weit undeutlicheren Sinne gar nicht zu gedenken ſein.

Freilich nicht.

Wie muß es nun die Seele anfangen, wenn ſie zur Wahrheit gelangen will? Wenn ſie ſich auf die Sinne verläßt, ſo iſt ſie betrogen.

Richtig!

Sie muß alſo nachdenken, urtheilen, ſchließen, erfinden; um durch dieſe Mittel, ſo viel möglich, in das wahre Weſen der Dinge einzudringen.

Ja!

Aber wann geht das Nachdenken am beſten von ſtatten? Mich dünkt, wenn wir uns gleichſam nicht fühlen, wenn weder Geſicht noch Gehör, weder angenehme noch unangenehme Empfindungen uns an uns ſelbſt erinnern. Alsdann zieht die Seele ihre Aufmerkſamkeit von dem Körper ab, verläßt, ſo viel ſie kann, ſeine Geſellſchaft, um, in ſich geſammelt, nicht den Sinnenſchein, ſondern das Weſen, nicht die Eindrücke, wie ſie uns zugeführt werden, ſondern das, was ſie Wahres enthalten, zu betrachten.

Abermals eine Gelegenheit, bei welcher die Seele des Weiſen den Leib zu meiden, und ſich, ſo viel ſie kann, von ihm zu entfernen ſuchen muß.

Allem Anſehen nach!

Um die Sache noch deutlicher zu machen: Iſt die allerhöchſte Vollkommenheit ein bloßer Gedanke, ohne äußerlichen Gegenſtand, oder bedeutet es ein wirkliches Weſen, das außer uns vorhanden iſt?

Freilich ein wirkliches, außer uns vorhandenes, ſchrankenloſes Weſen, dem das Daſein vorzugsweiſe zukommen muß, mein Sokrates!

Und die allerhöchſte Güte, und die allerhöchſte Weisheit? Sind dieſe auch etwas Wirkliches?

Bei'm Jupiter, ja! Es ſind unzertrennliche Eigenſchaften des allervollkommenſten Weſens, ohne welches jenes nicht da ſein kann.

Wer hat uns aber dieſes Weſen kennen gelehrt? Mit den Augen des Leibes haben wir es doch nie geſehen?

Gewiß nicht!

Wir haben es auch nicht gehört, nicht gefühlt, kein äußerlicher Sinn hat uns je einen Begriff von Weisheit, von Güte, Vollkommenheit, Schönheit, Denkvermögen, u. ſ. w. zugeführt; und dennoch wiſſen wir, daß dieſe Dinge außer uns wirklich ſind, in dem allerhöchſten Grade wirklich ſind. Kann uns Niemand erklären, wie wir auf dieſe Begriffe gekommen ſind?

Simmias ſprach: die Stimme Jupiters, geliebter Sokrates: Ich werde mich abermals auf dieſelbe berufen.

Wie? meine Freunde! wenn wir in jenem Zimmer eine vortreffliche Flötenſtimme hörten, würden wir nicht hinlaufen, den Flötenſpieler zu kennen, der unſer Ohr ſo ſehr zu entzücken weiß?

Vielleicht jetzo nicht, lächelte Simmias, da wir hier die vortrefflichſte Muſik hören.

Wenn wir ein Gemälde betrachten, fuhr Sokrates fort, ſo wünſchen wir die Meiſterhand zu kennen, die es verfertigt hat. Nun liegt in uns ſelbſt das allervortrefflichſte Bild, das Götteraugen und Menſchenaugen jemals geſehen, das Bild der allerhöchſten Vollkommenheit, Güte, Weisheit Schönheit u. ſ. f.; und wir haben uns noch nie nach dem Maler erkundigt, der dieſe Bilder hineingezeichnet?

Cebes erwiederte: Ich erinnere mich einſt vom Philolaus eine Erklärung gehört zu haben, die der Sache vielleicht Genüge thut.

Will Cebes ſeine Freunde, verſetzte Sokrates, nicht an der Hinterlaſſenſchaft des glückſeligen Philolaus Theil nehmen laſſen?

Wenn dieſe, ſprach Cebes, die Erklärung nicht lieber von einem Sokrates hören möchten. Doch es ſei! — Alle Begriffe von unkörperlichen Dingen, ſprach Philolaus, hat die Seele nicht von den äußern Sinnen, ſondern durch ſich ſelbſt erlangt, indem ſie ihre eigenen Wirkungen beobachtet und dadurch ihr eigenes Weſen und ihre Eigenſchaften kennen lernt. Dieſes deutlicher zu machen, habe ich ihn oft eine Erdichtung hinzuſetzen hören: Laßt uns vom Homer, pflegte er zu ſagen, die beiden Tonnen entlehnen, die in dem Vorſaale Jupiters liegen *), aber zugleich uns die Freiheit ausbitten, ſie nicht mit Glück und Unglück, ſondern die zur Rechten mit wahrem Weſen, und die zur Linken mit Mangel und Unweſen anzufüllen. So oft die Allmacht Jupiters einen Geiſt hervorbringen will, ſo ſchöpft er aus dieſen beiden Tonnen, wirft einen Blick auf das ewige Schickſal, und bereitet, nach deſſen Maßgebung, eine Miſchung von Weſen und Mangel, welche die völlige Grundanlage des künftigen Geiſtes enthält. Daher findet ſich zwiſchen allen Arten von geiſtigen Weſen eine bewundernswürdige Aehnlichkeit; denn ſie ſind alle aus eben den Tonnen geſchöpft, und nur in der Miſchung unterſchieden. Wenn alſo unſere Seele, welche gleichfalls nichts anders iſt, als eine Miſchung von Weſen und Mangel, ſich ſelbſt beobachtet, ſo erlangt ſie einen Begriff von dem Weſen der Geiſter und Unvermögen, Vollkommenheit und Unvollkommenheit, von Verſtand, Weisheit, Kraft, Abſicht, Schönheit, Gerechtigkeit und tauſend andern unkörperlichen Dingen, über welche ſie die äußern Sinne in der tiefſten Unwiſſenheit laſſen würden.

Wie unvergleichlich! verſetzte Sokrates. Siehe, Cebes! du beſitzeſt einen ſolchen Schatz, und wollteſt mich ſterben laſſen, ohne mir denſelben einmal zu zeigen! — Doch laß ſehen, wie wir ihn noch vor dem Tode genießen mögen. Philolaus ſagt alſo: die Seele erkennet ihre Nebengeiſter, indem ſie ſich ſelbſt beobachtet. Nicht?

Ja!

Und ſie erlangt Begriffe von unkörperlichen Dingen, indem ſie ihre eignen Fähigkeiten auseinander ſetzt, und jeder, um ſie deutlicher unterſcheiden zu können, einen beſondern Namen giebt?

Allerdings.

Wenn ſie aber ein höheres Weſen, als ſie ſelbſt iſt, einen Dämon z. B., ſich denken will, wer wird ihr die Begriffe dazu hergeben?

Cebes ſchwieg; und Sokrates fuhr fort: Habe ich die Meinung des Philolaus anders recht begriffen, ſo kann ſich die Seele zwar niemals von einem höhern Weſen als ſie ſelbſt iſt, oder nur von einer höhern Fähigkeit als ſie ſelbſt beſitzt, einen der Sache gemäßen Begriff machen; allein ſie kann gar wohl überhaupt die Möglichkeit eines Dinges begreifen, dem mehr Weſen und weniger Mangel zu Theil geworden als ihr ſelbſt, das heißt, welches vollkommner iſt als ſie; oder haſt du es vielleicht vom Philolaus anders gehört?

Nein!

Und von dem allerhöchſten Weſen, von der allerhöchſten Vollkommenheit hat ſie auch nicht mehr als dieſen Schimmer einer Vorſtellung. Sie kann das Weſen deſſelben nicht in ſeinem ganzen Umfange begreifen **); aber ſie denkt ihr eigenes Weſen, das, was ſie Wahres, Gutes und Vollkommenes hat, trennt es in Gedanken von dem Mangel und Unweſen, mit welchem es in ihr vermiſcht iſt, und geräth dadurch auf den Begriff eines Dinges, das lauter Weſen, lauter Wahrheit, lauter Güte und Vollkommenheit iſt. —

Apollodorus, der bisher alle Worte des Sokrates leiſe nachgeſprochen hatte, gerieth hier in Entzückung, und wiederholte laut: das lauter Weſen, lauter Wahrheit, lauter Güte, lauter Vollkommenheit iſt.

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*) Ilias XXIV. 527.

**) Einige Weltweiſe wollen uns durch die Betrachtung demüthigen, daß wir von Gott nicht wiſſen, was er iſt; ſondern was er nicht iſt; und ſtellen durch eine unmerkliche Verdrehung die Sache ſo vor, als wenn wir von Gott und ſeinen Eigenſchaften gar nichts wüßten. Nun iſt es nicht zu leugnen, daß wir von dem wahren Begriffe einer Sache noch weit entfernt ſein können, wenn wir auch wiſſen, daß ſie dieſes oder jenes nicht ſei. Allein, wie oft iſt nicht ſchon mit Grunde angemerkt worden, daß wir dem vollkommenſten Weſen nur Mängel und Einſchränkungen abſprechen, und dieſe Art von Verneinungen den Werth wahrer Bejahungen habe? Daß wir zuweilen für gut finden, die Eigenſchaften Gottes verneinungsweiſe auszudrücken, iſt eigentlich dem Urſprung unſerer Begriffe von Gott zuzuſchreiben, als welche die Verneinung unſerer eigenen Mängel und Schwachheiten zum Grunde haben. Das Wort unveränderlich z. B. iſt die Verneinung einer Unvollkommenheit, jedoch im Grunde ein poſitiver Begriff, nämlich: immer derſelbe; aber wir drücken dieſen Begriff verneinungsweiſe aus, weil wir durch die Verneinung der uns beiwohnenden Veränderlichkeit darauf gekommen ſind. In dieſem Verſtande iſt alſo der angeführte Satz zuzugeben; denn unſere Begriffe von Gott zeigen nicht an, was Gott nicht iſt, ſondern, was ihm nicht fehlt. Will man aber nur ſo viel ſagen, daß wir von den poſitiven Eigenſchaften Gottes keine Anſchauung keine ſelbſtgefühlte Vorſtellung haben, ſo wird dieſes willig zugegeben, jedoch mit Verzicht auf die Folgen, die mancher aus dieſem an ſich unſchuldigen Satze hat ziehen wollen. Das Wenige, was uns von den göttlichen Eigenſchaften bekannt iſt, verliert dadurch weder ſeine Wahrheit noch Gewißheit, weder Leben noch Ueberzeugung. Können wir gleich die Unendlichkeit der göttlichen Vollkommenheiten nie ſelbſt fühlen, ſo haben wir doch durch die innere Anſchauung unſerer ſelbſt die Grundlage zu dieſen Vollkommenheiten kennen lernen; und dieſe anſchauend erkannte Grundlage, mit der hinzugefügten ſymboliſchen Abſonderung der Mängel und Einſchränkungen, geben einer Menge von Lehrſätzen und Folgen ihre ausgemachte Gewißheit. Saunderſon hatte keine ſelbſtgefühlte Vorſtellung vom Lichte; aber die allgemeine Aehnlichkeit des Geſichts mit den übrigen Sinnen machte es möglich, ihm einige Merkmale der Lichtſtralen durch Worte beizubringen, und die ganze Theorie der Optik, die er ſeinen Zuhörern aus dieſen Grundbegriffen erklärte, war nichts deſto weniger unumſtößlich.

Und Sokrates fuhr fort: Seht ihr, meine Freunde, wie weit ſich der Weisheitliebende von den Sinnen und ihren Gegenſtänden entfernen muß, wenn er das begreifen will, was zu begreifen wahre Glückſeligkeit iſt, das allerhöchſte und allervollkommenſte Weſen? In dieſer Gedankenjagd muß er Augen und Ohren verſchließen, Schmerz und Sinnenluſt ferne von ſeiner Achtſamkeit ſein laſſen, und wenn es möglich wäre, ſeines Leibes völlig vergeſſen, um deſto einſamer ſich ganz auf ſein Seelenvermögen und deren innere Wirkſamkeit einzuſchränken.

Der Leib iſt ſeinem Verſtande bei dieſer Unterſuchung nicht nur ein unnützlicher, ſondern auch ein beſchwerlicher Geſellſchafter; denn jetzt ſucht er weder Farbe noch Größe, weder Töne noch Bewegung, ſondern ein Ding, das alle mögliche Farben, Größen, Töne und Bewegungen, und, was noch weit mehr iſt, alle mögliche Geiſter, ſich auf's deutlichſte vorſtellet, und in allen erſinnlichen Ordnungen hervorbringen kann. Welch ein unbehülflicher Gefährte der Körper auf dieſer Reiſe!

Wie erhaben! rief Simmias, aber auch wie wahr!

Die wahren Weltweiſen, ſprach Sokrates, die dieſe Gründe in Erwägung ziehen, können nicht anders als dieſe Meinung hegen, und einer zum andern ſprechen: Siehe hier iſt ein Irrweg, der uns immer vom Ziele weiter wegführt und alle unſere Hoffnungen vereitelt. Wir ſind verſichert, daß die Erkenntniß der Wahrheit unſer einziger Wunſch ſei. Aber ſo lange wir uns hier auf Erden mit dem Leibe ſchleppen, ſo lange unſere Seele noch mit dieſer irdiſchen Seuche behaftet iſt; können wir uns unmöglich ſchmeicheln, dieſen Wunſch ganz erfüllt zu ſehen. Wir ſollen die Wahrheit ſuchen. Leider! läßt uns der Körper wenig Muße zu dieſer wichtigen Unternehmung. Heute fordert ſein Unterhalt unſere ganze Sorge; morgen fechten ihn Krankheiten an, die uns abermals ſtören; ſodann folgen andere Leibesangelegenheiten, Liebe, Furcht, Begierden, Wünſche, Grillen und Thorheiten, die uns unaufhörlich zerſtreuen, die unſere Sinne von einer Eitelkeit zur andern locken, und uns nach dem wahren Gegenſtande unſerer Wünſche, nach der Weisheit, vergebens ſchmachten laſſen. Wer erregt Krieg, Aufruhr, Streit und Uneinigkeit unter den Menſchen? wer anders als der Körper und ſeine unerſättlichen Begierden? Denn die Habſucht iſt die Mutter aller Unruhen, und unſere Seele würde niemals nach eigenthümlichen Beſitzungen geizen, wenn ſie nicht für die hungrigen Begierden ihres Leibes zu ſorgen hätte. Solchergeſtalt ſind wir die meiſte Zeit beſchäftigt, und haben ſelten Muße zur Weltweisheit. Endlich, erzielt man auch irgend eine müßige Stunde und macht ſich bereit die Wahrheit zu umarmen: ſo ſteht uns abermals dieſer Störer unſerer Glückſeligkeit, der Leib im Wege, und bietet uns ſeine Schatten ſtatt der Wahrheit an. Die Sinne halten uns wider unſern Dank ihre Scheinbilder vor, und erfüllen die Seele mit Verwirrung, Dunkelheit, Trägheit und Aberwitz: und ſie ſoll in dieſem allgemeinen Aufruhr gründlich nachdenken und die Wahrheit erreichen? Unmöglich! Wir müſſen alſo die ſeligen Augenblicke abwarten, in welchen Stille von Außen und Ruhe von Innen uns das Glück verſchafft, den Leib völlig aus der Acht zu ſchlagen und mit den Augen des Geiſtes nach der Wahrheit hinzuſehen. Aber wie ſelten und wie kurz ſind auch dieſe ſeligen Augenblicke!

Wir ſehen ja deutlich daß wir das Ziel unſerer Wünſche die Weisheit, nicht eher erreichen werden, als nach unſerm Tode; bei'm Leben iſt keine Hoffnung dazu. Denn, kann anders die Seele, ſo lange ſie im Leibe wohnt, die Wahrheit nicht deutlich erkennen, ſo müſſen wir eines von beiden ſetzen: entweder, wir werden ſie niemals erkennen; oder, wir werden ſie nach unſerm Tode erkennen, weil die Seele alsdann den Leib verläßt, und vermuthlich in dem Fortgange zur Weisheit weit weniger aufgehalten wird. Wollen wir uns aber in dieſem Leben zu jener künftigen Erkenntniß vorbereiten, ſo müſſen wir unterdeß dem Leibe nicht mehr gewähren, als was die Nothwendigkeit erfordert; wir müſſen uns ſeiner Begierden und Lüſte enthalten, und uns, ſo oft als möglich, im Nachdenken üben, bis es dem Allerhöchſten gefallen wird, uns in Freiheit zu ſetzen. Alsdann können wir hoffen, von den Thorheiten des Leibes befreit, die Quelle der Wahrheit, das allerhöchſte und vollkommenſte Weſen mit lautern und heiligen Sinnen zu beſchauen, indem wir vielleicht Andere neben uns eben dieſelbe Glückſeligkeit genießen ſehen. — Dieſe Sprache, mein lieber Simmias, dürfen die wahren Wißbegierigen unter einander führen, wenn ſie ſich von ihren Angelegenheiten beſprechen, und dieſe Meinung müſſen ſie auch hegen, wie ich glaube; oder dünkt es dich anders?

Nicht anders, mein Sokrates!

Wenn dem ſo iſt, mein Lieber, hat denn ein ſolcher, der mir heute nachfolget, nicht große Hoffnung, da, wo wir hinkommen, beſſer als irgendwo, das zu erlangen, wonach er im gegenwärtigen Leben ſo ſehr gerungen?

Allerdings!

Ich kann alſo heute meine Reiſe mit guter Hoffnung antreten und jeder Wahrheitliebende eben ſo, wenn er bedenkt, daß ihm ohne Reinigung und Vorbereitung kein freier Zutritt zu den Geheimniſſen der Weisheit geſtattet wird.

Dieſes kann nicht geleugnet werden, ſprach Simmias.

Dieſe Reinigung aber iſt nichts anders als die Entfernung der Seele von dem Sinnlichen und anhaltende Uebung über das Weſen und die Eigenſchaften der Seele ſelbſt Betrachtungen anzuſtellen, ohne ſich darin etwas, das nicht die Seele iſt, irren zu laſſen, mit Einem Worte: die Bemühung, ſowohl in dieſem als in dem zukünftigen Leben die Seele von den Feſſeln des Leibes zu befreien, damit ſie ungehindert ſich ſelbſt betrachten, und dadurch zur Erkenntniß der Wahrheit gelangen möge.

Allerdings!

Die Trennung des Leibes von der Seele nennt man den Tod.

Freilich.

Die wahren Liebhaber der Weisheit wenden alſo alle erſinnliche Mühe an, ſich dem Tode, ſo viel ſie können, zu nähern, ſterben zu lernen. Nicht?

Es ſcheint ſo.

Wäre es nun aber nicht höchſt ungereimt, wenn ein Menſch, der in ſeinem ganzen Leben nichts gelernt als die Kunſt zu ſterben, wenn ein ſolcher, ſage ich, zuletzt ſich betrüben wollte, daß er den Tod ſich nahen ſieht; wäre es nicht lächerlich?

Unſtreitig.

Alſo, Simmias, muß den wahren Weltweiſen der Tod niemals ſchrecklich, ſondern allezeit willkommen ſein. Die Geſellſchaft des Leibes iſt ihnen bei allen Gelegenheiten beſchwerlich; denn wofern ſie den wahren Endzweck ihres Daſeins erfüllen wollen, ſo müſſen ſie ſuchen die Seele vom Leibe zu trennen, und gleichſam in ſich ſelbſt zu verſammeln. Der Tod iſt dieſe Trennung, die längſtgewünſchte Befreiung von der Geſellſchaft des Leibes. Welche Ungereimtheit alſo, bei Herannahung deſſelben zu zittern, ſich zu betrüben! Getroſt und fröhlich vielmehr müſſen wir dahin reiſen, wo wir Hoffnung haben, unſere Liebe zu umarmen, ich meine die Weisheit, und des überläſtigen Gefährten los zu werden, der uns ſo vielen Kummer verurſacht hat. Wie? gemeine und unwiſſende Leute, denen der Tod ihre Gebieterinnen, ihre Weiber oder ihre Kinder geraubt, wünſchen in ihrer Betrübniß nichts ſehnlicher, als die Oberwelt verlaſſen und zu dem Gegenſtande ihrer Liebe oder ihrer Begierden hinabſteigen zu können; und diejenigen, welche gewiſſe Hoffnung haben, ihre Liebe nirgend in ſolchem Glanze zu erblicken als in jenem Leben, dieſe ſind voller Angſt? dieſe beben? und treten nicht vielmehr mit Freuden die Reiſe an? O nein! mein Lieber! nichts iſt ungereimter, als ein Weltweiſer, der den Tod fürchtet.

Bei'm Jupiter, ganz vortrefflich! rief Simmias.

Zittern und voller Angſt ſein, wenn der Tod winkt, kann dies nicht für ein untrügliches Kennzeichen genommen werden, daß man nicht die Weisheit, ſondern den Leib, das Vermögen, die Ehre oder alle drei zuſammen liebe?

Ganz untrüglich.

Wem geziemt die Tugend, die wir Mannhaftigkeit nennen, mehr als den Weltweiſen?

Niemanden.

Und die Mäßigkeit, dieſe Tugend, die in der Fertigkeit beſteht, ſeine Begierden zu bezähmen und in ſeinem Thun und Laſſen eingezogen und ſittſam zu ſein: wird ſie nicht vornehmlich bei dem zu ſuchen ſein, der ſeinen Leib nicht achtet und blos in der Weltweisheit lebt und webt.

Nothwendig, ſprach jener.

Aller übrigen Menſchen Mannhaftigkeit und Mäßigkeit wird dir ungereimt ſcheinen, wenn du ſie näher betrachteſt.

Wie ſo? mein Sokrates!

Du weißt, verſetzte er, daß die Meiſten den Tod für ein ſehr großes Uebel halten.

Richtig, ſprach er.

Wenn alſo die ſogenannten tapfern und mannhaften Menſchen unerſchrocken ſterben, ſo geſchieht es blos aus Furcht eines noch größern Uebels.

Nicht anders.

Alſo ſind alle Mannhaften außer den Weltweiſen blos aus Furcht unerſchrocken. Iſt aber eine Unerſchrockenheit aus Furcht nicht höchſt ungereimt?

Dieſes iſt nicht zu leugnen.

Mit der Mäßigkeit hat es dieſelbe Beſchaffenheit. Aus Unmäßigkeit leben ſie mäßig und enthaltſam. Man ſollte dies für unmöglich halten und dennoch trifft es bei dieſer unvernünftigen Mäßigkeit völlig ein. Sie enthalten ſich gewiſſer Wollüſte, um andere, nach welchen ſie gieriger ſind, deſto ungeſtörter genießen zu können. Sie werden Herrn über jene, weil ſie Knechte dieſer ſind. Frage ſie, ſie werden dir freilich ſagen: ſich von ſeinen Begierden beherrſchen zu laſſen, ſei Unmäßigkeit; ſie ſelbſt aber haben die Herrſchaft über gewiſſe Begierden nicht anders erlangt, als durch die Sclaverei gegen andere, die noch ungelaſſener ſind. Heißt nun dies nicht gewiſſermaßen aus Unmäßigkeit enthaltſam ſein?

Allem Anſehen nach.

O mein theurer Simmias! Wolluſt gegen Wolluſt, Schmerz gegen Schmerz und Furcht gegen Furcht vertauſchen, gleichſam wie Münze, für ein großes Stück viele kleine einwechſeln: dies iſt nicht der rechte Weg zur wahren Tugend. Die einzige Münze, die gültig iſt, und für welche man alles andere hingeben muß, iſt die Weisheit. Mit dieſer ſchafft man ſich alle übrige Tugend an: Tapferkeit, Mäßigkeit und Gerechtigkeit. Ueberhaupt bei der Weisheit iſt wahre Tugend, wahre Herrſchaft über die Begierden, über die Verabſcheuungen und über alle Leidenſchaften; ohne Weisheit aber erlangt man nichts als einen Tauſch der Leidenſchaften gegen eine leidige Schattentugend, die dem Laſter Sclavendienſte thun muß, und an ſich ſelbſt nichts Geſundes und Wahres mit ſich führet. Die wahre Tugend iſt eine Heiligung der Sitten, eine Reinigung des Herzens, kein Tauſch der Begierden. Gerechtigkeit, Mäßigkeit, Weisheit ſind kein Tauſch der Laſter gegen einander. Unſere Vorfahren, welche die Teleten oder die vollkommnen Verſöhnungsfeſte geſtiftet, müſſen allem Anſehen nach ſehr weiſe Männer geweſen ſein, denn ſie haben durch dieſe Räthſel zu verſtehen geben wollen, daß wer unverſöhnt und ungeheiligt die Oberwelt verläßt, die härteſte Strafe auszuſtehen habe, der Geläuterte und Verſöhnte aber nach ſeinem Tode unter den Göttern wohnen werde. Die mit dieſen Verſöhnungsgeheimniſſen umgehen, pflegen zu ſagen: Es giebt viele Thyrſusträger, aber wenig Begeiſterte; und meines Erachtens verſtehe man unter den Begeiſterten diejenigen, die ſich der wahren Weisheit gewidmet. Ich habe in meinem Leben nichts geſpart, ſondern unabläſſig geſtrebt einer von dieſen Begeiſterten zu ſein; ob mein Bemühen fruchtlos geweſen, oder in wie weit mir mein Vorhaben gelungen: werde ich da, wo ich hinkomme, am beſten erfahren, und, ſo Gott will, in kurzer Zeit.

Dieſes iſt meine Vertheidigung, Simmias und Cebes, warum ich meine beſten Freunde hienieden ohne Betrübniß verlaſſe und bei Herannahung der Todesſtunde ſo wenig zittere. Ich glaube, allda nicht minder edle Freunde und noch ein ſchöneres Leben zu finden, als ich hier zurücklaſſe, ſo wenig auch dieſes bei'm gemeinen Haufen ſich Glauben erwerben wird.

Hat nun meine jetzige Schutzrede beſſern Eingang gefunden als jene, die ich vor den Richtern der Stadt gehalten, ſo bin ich vollkommen vergnügt. —

Sokrates hatte ausgeredet, und Cebes ergriff das Wort: Es iſt wahr, Sokrates, du haſt dich vollkommen gerechtfertigt. Allein, was Du von der Seele behaupteſt, muß Vielen unglaublich ſcheinen; denn ſie halten insgemein dafür, die Seele ſei nirgend mehr anzutreffen, ſobald ſie den Körper verlaſſen, ſondern werde gleich nach dem Tode des Menſchen aufgelöſt und vernichtet. Sie ſteige wie ein Hauch, wie ein feiner Dampf aus dem Körper in die obere Luft, allwo ſie vergehe und völlig aufhöre zu ſein. Könnte es ausgemacht werden, daß die Seele für ſich beſtehen kann, und nicht nothwendig mit dieſem Leibe verbunden ſein muß, ſo hätten die Hoffnungen, die du dir machteſt, nicht geringe Wahrſcheinlichkeit; denn ſobald es mit uns nach dem Tode beſſer werden kann, ſo hat der Tugendhafte auch gegründete Hoffnungen, daß es mit ihm wirklich beſſer werden wird. Allein die Möglichkeit iſt ſelbſt ſchwer zu begreifen, daß die Seele nach dem Tode noch denken, daß ſie noch Willen und Verſtandeskräfte haben ſoll, dieſes alſo mein Sokrates fordert noch einigen Beweis.

Du haſt Recht, Cebes, verſetzte Sokrates. Allein was iſt zu thun? Wollen wir etwa überlegen, ob wir einen Beweis finden können, oder nicht.

Ich bin ſehr begierig, ſprach Cebes, deine Gedanken hierüber zu vernehmen.

Wenigſtens kann derjenige, erwiederte Sokrates, der unſere Unterredung hört, und wenn es auch ein Komödienſchreiber wäre, mir nicht vorwerfen, ich beſchäftigte mich mit Grillen, die weder nützlich noch erheblich ſind. Die Unterſuchung, die wir jetzt vorhaben, iſt vielmehr ſo wichtig, daß uns jeder Dichter gern erlauben wird, um den Beiſtand einer Gottheit zu flehen, bevor wir zum Werke ſchreiten. — Er ſchwieg, und ſaß eine Weile in Andacht vertieft; ſodann ſprach er: Doch, meine Freunde, mit lauterm Herzen die Wahrheit ſuchen, iſt die würdige Anbetung der einzigen Gottheit, die uns Beiſtand leiſten kann. Zur Sache alſo! Der Tod, o Cebes, iſt eine natürliche Veränderung des menſchlichen Zuſtandes; und wir wollen itzt unterſuchen, was bei dieſer Veränderung ſowohl mit dem Leibe des Menſchen, als mit ſeiner Seele vorgehet. Nicht?

Richtig!

Sollte es nicht rathſam ſein, erſt überhaupt zu erforſchen, was eine natürliche Veränderung nicht nur in Anſehung der Menſchen, ſondern auch der Thiere, Pflanzen und lebenloſen Dinge, hervorzubringen pflegt? Mich dünkt, wir werden auf dieſe Weiſe näher zu unſerm Endzwecke kommen.

Der Einfall ſcheint nicht unglücklich, verſetzte Cebes; wir müſſen alſo für's erſte eine Erklärung ſuchen, was Veränderung ſei.

Mich dünkt, ſprach Sokrates, wir ſagen: ein Ding habe ſich verändert, wenn unter zwei entgegengeſetzten Beſtimmungen, die ihm zukommen können, die eine aufhört, und die andere anfängt wirklich zu ſein. Z. B. ſchön und häßlich, gerecht und ungerecht, gut und böſe, Tag und Nacht, Schlafen und Wachen: ſind dies nicht entgegengeſetzte Beſtimmungen, die bei einer und eben derſelben Sache möglich ſind.

Ja!

Wenn eine Roſe welkt und ihre ſchöne Geſtalt verliert: ſagen wir alsdann nicht, ſie habe ſich verändert?

Allerdings.

Und wenn ein ungerechter Mann ſeine Lebensart verändern will, muß er nicht eine entgegengeſetzte annehmen und gerecht werden?

Wie anders?

Auch umgekehrt: wenn durch eine Veränderung etwas entſtehen ſoll, ſo muß das Widerſpiel davon da geweſen ſein. So wird es Tag, nachdem es vorhin Nacht geweſen; ein Ding wird ſchön, groß, ſchwer, anſehnlich u. ſ. w., nachdem es vorhin häßlich, klein, leicht, unanſehnlich geweſen iſt. Nicht?

Eine Veränderung heißt alſo überhaupt nichts anders, als die Abwechſelung der entgegengeſetzten Beſtimmungen, die an einem Dinge möglich ſind. Wollen wir es bei dieſer Erklärung bewenden laſſen? Cebes ſcheint noch unentſchloſſen. —

Eine Kleinigkeit, mein lieber Sokrates! Das Wort entgegengeſetzte machte mir einiges Bedenken. Ich ſollte nicht glauben, daß ſchnurſtracks entgegengeſetzte Zuſtände unmittelbar auf einander folgen könnten.

Richtig! verſetzte Sokrates. Wir ſehen auch, daß die Natur in allen ihren Veränderungen einen Mittelſtand zu finden weiß, der ihr gleichſam zum Uebergange dient, von einem Zuſtande auf den entgegengeſetzten zu kommen. Die Nacht folgt z. B. auf den Tag, vermittelſt der Abenddämmerung; ſo wie der Tag auf die Nacht, vermittelſt der Morgendämmerung. Nicht?

Freilich!

Das Große wird in der Natur klein, vermittelſt der allmählichen Abnahme, und das Kleine hinwiederum groß, vermittelſt des Zuwachſes.

Richtig.

Wenn wir auch in gewiſſen Fällen dieſem Uebergange keinen beſondern Namen gegeben, ſo iſt doch nicht zu zweifeln, daß er wirklich vorhanden ſein müſſe, wenn ein Zuſtand natürlicher Weiſe mit ſeinem Widerſpiel abwechſeln ſoll; denn muß nicht eine Veränderung, die natürlich ſein ſoll, durch die Kräfte, die in die Natur gelegt ſind, hervorgebracht werden?

Wie könnte ſie ſonſt natürlich heißen?

Dieſe urſprünglichen Kräfte aber ſind ſtets wirkſam, ſtets lebendig; denn wenn ſie nur einen Augenblick entſchliefen, ſo würde ſie nichts als die Allmacht zur Thätigkeit aufwecken können. Was aber nur die Allmacht thun kann, wollen wir dieſes natürlich nennen?

Wie könnten wir das? ſprach Cebes.

Was die natürlichen Kräfte alſo itzt hervorbringen, mein Lieber! daran haben ſie ſchon von jeher gearbeitet; denn ſie waren niemals müſſig, nur daß ihre Wirkung erſt nach und nach ſichtbar geworden. Die Kraft der Natur z. B., die die Tageszeiten verändert, arbeitet ſchon jetzt daran, nach einiger Zeit die Nacht auf den Horizont zu führen; aber ſie nimmt ihren Weg durch Mittag und Abend, welches die Uebergänge ſind von der Geburt des Tages bis auf ſeinen Tod.

Richtig.

Im Schlafe ſelbſt arbeiten die Lebenskräfte ſchon an der künftigen Erwachung, ſo wie ſie im wachenden Zuſtande den künftigen Schlaf vorbereiten.

Dieſes iſt nicht zu leugnen.

Und überhaupt, wenn ein Zuſtand natürlicher Weiſe auf ſein Widerſpiel erfolgen ſoll, wie ſolches bei allen natürlichen Veränderungen geſchieht: ſo müſſen die ſtets wirkſamen Kräfte der Natur ſchon vorher an dieſer Veränderung gearbeitet, und den vorhergehenden Zuſtand gleichſam mit dem zukünftigen geſchwängert haben. Folgt nicht hieraus, daß die Natur alle mittleren Zuſtände mitnehmen muß, wenn ſie einen Zuſtand mit ſeinem Widerſpiel ablöſen will?

Ganz unläugbar.

Ueberlege es wohl, mein Freund! damit hernach kein Zweifel entſtehe, ob nicht Anfangs zuviel nachgegeben worden. Wir erfordern zu jeder natürlichen Veränderung dreierlei: einen vorhergehenden Zuſtand des Dinges, das verändert werden ſoll: einen darauf folgenden, der jenem entgegengeſetzt iſt; und einen Uebergang, oder die zwiſchen beiden liegenden Zuſtände, die der

Natur von einem auf den andern gleichſam den Weg bahnen. Wird dieſes zugegeben?

Ja, ja! rief Cebes. Ich ſehe nicht ab, wie man an dieſer Wahrheit ſollte zweifeln können.

Laß ſehen, erwiederte Sokrates, ob die Folgendes eben ſo unläugbar ſcheinen wird. Mich dünkt, alles Veränderliche könne keinen Augenblick unverändert bleiben; ſondern, indem die Zeit ohne zu ruhen forteilt, und das Künftige beſtändig zu dem Vergangenen zurückſendet, ſo verwandelt ſie auch zugleich alles Veränderliche, und zeigt es jeden Augenblick unter einer neuen Geſtalt. Biſt du nicht auch dieſer Meinung, Cebes?

Sie iſt wenigſtens wahrſcheinlich.

Mir ſcheint ſie unwiderſprechlich. Denn alles Veränderliche, wenn es eine Wirklichkeit, und kein bloßer Begriff iſt, muß eine Kraft haben, etwas zu thun, und ein Geſchick, etwas zu leiden. Nun mag es thun oder leiden, ſo wird etwas an ihm anders, als es vorhin geweſen; und da die Kräfte der Natur niemals in Ruhe ſind: was konnte den Strom der Vergänglichkeit nur einen Augenblick in ſeinem Laufe hemmen?

Itzt bin ich überzeugt.

Das thut der Wahrheit keinen Eintrag, daß uns gewiſſe Dinge oft eine Zeit lang unverändert ſcheinen; denn ſcheint uns doch auch eine Flamme eben dieſelbe und dennoch iſt ſie nichts anders, als ein Feuerſtrom, der aus dem brennenden Körper ohne Unterlaß emporſteigt, und ſichtbar wird. Die Farben kommen unſern Augen öfters wie unverändert vor, und gleichwohl wechſelt beſtändig neues Sonnenlicht mit dem vorigen ab. Wenn wir aber die Wahrheit ſuchen, ſo müſſen wir die Dinge nach der Wirklichkeit, nicht nach dem Sinnenſcheine beurtheilen.

Beim Jupiter! verſetzte Cebes, dieſe Wahrheit öffnet uns eine ſo neue als reizende Ausſicht in die Natur der Dinge. Meine Freunde! fuhr er fort, indem er ſich zu uns wandte: die Anwendung von dieſer Lehre auf die Natur unſerer Seele ſcheint die wichtigſten Folgen zu verſprechen.

Ich habe noch einen einzigen Satz voraus zu ſchicken, verſetzte Sokrates, ehe ich auf dieſe Anwendung komme. Das Veränderliche, haben wir eingeſtanden, kann keinen Augenblick unverändert bleiben; ſondern, ſo wie die vergangene Zeit älter wird, ſo wächſt auch die aneinander hangende Reihe der Abänderungen, die da geweſen ſind. Nun überlege Cebes! folgen die Augenblicke der Zeit in einer getrennten, oder ſtetigen Reihe auf einander?

Ich begreife nicht, ſprach Cebes, was du ſagen willſt.

Beiſpiele werden dir meine Gedanken deutlicher machen. Die Fläche des ſtillen Waſſers ſcheint uns in einem fortzugehen, und jedes Waſſertheilchen mit denen, die umher ſind, gemeinſchaftliche Grenzen zu haben; da hingegen ein Sandhügel aus vielen Körnlein beſteht, deren jedes ſeine eigenen Grenzen hat. Nicht?

Dieſes iſt begreiflich.

Wenn ich das Wort Cebes ausſpreche, folgen hier nicht zwei vernehmliche Sylben auf einander, zwiſchen welchen keine dritte anzutreffen iſt.

Richtig!

Das Wort Cebes alſo geht nicht in einem fort; ſondern die Sylben, aus welchen es beſteht, folgen in einer unſtetigen Verbindung auf einander, und jede hat ihre eigenen Grenzen.

Richtig!

Aber in dem Begriffe, den mein Geiſt mit dieſem Worte verbindet: giebt es auch hier Theile, die ihre eigenen Grenzen haben?

Mich dünkt, nein!

Und mit Recht: denn alle Theile und Merkmale eines zuſammengeſetzten Begriffs fließen ſo in einander, daß ſich keine Grenzen angeben laſſen, wo dieſes aufhört, jenes anfängt. Sie bilden alſo zuſammen ein ſtetiges Ganze; da hingegen jede Sylbe ihre beſtimmten Grenzen hat, und ihrer viele, die zuſammenkommen und ein Wort ausmachen, in einer unſtetigen Reihe auf einander folgen.

Dieſes iſt vollkommen deutlich.

Ich frage alſo von der Zeit: iſt ſie mit dem ausgeſprochenen Wort, oder mit dem Begriffe zu vergleichen? Folgen ihre Augenblicke in einer ſtetigen oder unſtetigen Ordnung aufeinander?

In einer ſtetigen, erwiederte Cebes.

Freilich, verſetzte Simmias; denn durch die Folge unſerer Begriffe erkennen wir ja die Zeit; wie iſt es alſo möglich, daß die Natur der Folge in der Zeit und in den Begriffen nicht einerlei ſein ſollte?

Die Theile der Zeit, fuhr Sokrates fort, gehen alſo in einem fort und haben gemeinſchaftliche Grenzen?

Richtig!

Das kleinſte Zeittheilchen iſt eine ſolche Folge von Augenblicken, läßt ſich in noch kleinere Theile zerlegen, die immer noch alle Eigenſchaften der Zeit behalten. Nicht?

Es ſcheint.

Alſo giebt es auch keine zwei Augenblicke, die ſich einander die nächſten ſind, das heißt, zwiſchen welchen ſich nicht noch ein dritter gedenken ließe?

Dieß folgt aus dem Zugeſtandenen.

Gehen die Bewegungen, und überhaupt alle Veränderungen in der Natur nicht mit der Zeit in gleichen Schritten fort?

Ja!

Sie folgen alſo, wie die Zeit, in einer ſtetigen Verbindung auf einander?

Richtig!

Es wird daher auch nicht zwei Zuſtände geben, die ſich einander die nächſten ſind, das heißt, zwiſchen welchen noch ein dritter anzutreffen ſei?

Es ſcheint alſo.

Unſern Sinnen kommt es freilich ſo vor, als wenn die Veränderungen der Dinge ruckweiſe geſchähen, indem ſie ſolche nicht eher, als nach merklichen Zwiſchenzeiten wahrnehmen; allein die Natur geht nichts deſto weniger ihren Weg, und verändert die Dinge allmälig, und in einer ſtetigen Folge auf einander. Der kleinſte Theil dieſer Folge iſt ſelbſt eine Folge von Veränderungen; und man mag zwei Zuſtände ſo dicht an einander ſetzen, als man will, ſo giebt es immer noch einen Uebergang dazwiſchen, der ſie mit einander verbindet, der der Natur von einem auf den andern gleichſam den Weg zeigt.

Ich begreife dieſes alles ſehr wohl, ſprach Cebes.

Meine Freunde! rief Sokrates, jetzt iſt es Zeit, uns unſerm Vorhaben zu nähern. Wir haben Gründe geſammelt, die für unſere Ewigkeit ſtreiten ſollen, und ich verſpreche mir einen gewiſſen Sieg. Wollen wir aber nicht nach Gewohnheit der Feldherren, ehe wir zum Treffen kommen, unſere Macht noch einmal überſehen, um ihre Stärke und Schwäche deſto genauer kennen zu lernen?

Apollodorus bat ſehr um eine kurze Wiederholung.

Die Sätze, ſprach Sokrates, deren Richtigkeit wir nicht mehr in Zweifel ziehen, ſind dieſe:

1. Zu einer jeden natürlichen Veränderung wird dreierlei erfordert: 1) ein Zuſtand eines veränderlichen Dinges, der aufhören, 2) ein anderer, der ſeine Stelle vertreten ſoll, und 3) die mittlern Zuſtände, oder der Uebergang, damit die Veränderung nicht plötzlich, ſondern allmälig geſchehe.

2. Was veränderlich iſt, bleibt keinen Augenblick, ohne wirklich verändert zu werden.

3. Die Folge der Zeit geht in einem fort, und es giebt nicht zwei Augenblicke, die ſich einander die nächſten ſind.

4. Die Folge der Veränderungen ſtimmt mit der Folge der Zeit überein, und iſt ebenfalls ſo ſtetig, ſo aneinanderhangend, daß man keine Zuſtände angeben kann, die ſich einander die nächſten wären, oder zwiſchen welchen nicht ein Uebergang Statt finden ſollte. — Sind wir nicht über dieſen Punkt einig geworden?

Ja! ſprach Cebes.

Leben und Tod, mein lieber Cebes, verſetzte Sokrates, ſind entgegengeſetzte Zuſtände. Nicht?

Freilich!

Und das Sterben iſt der Uebergang vom Leben zum Tode?

Freilich!

Dieſe große Veränderung trifft vermuthlich die Seele ſowohl als den Leib: denn beide Weſen ſtanden in dieſem Leben in der genaueſten Verbindung.

Allem Anſehen nach.

Was mit dem Leibe nach dieſer wichtigen Begebenheit vorgeht, kann uns die Beobachtung lehren, denn das Ausgedehnte bleibt unſern Sinnen gegenwärtig; aber wie, wo und was die Seele nach dieſem Leben ſein wird, muß bloß durch die Vernunft ausgemacht werden, denn die Seele hat durch den Tod das Mittel verloren, den menſchlichen Sinnen gegenwärtig zu ſein.

Richtig!

Wollen wir nicht, mein Theuerſter, erſt das Sichtbare, durch alle ſeine Veränderungen verfolgen, und hernach wo möglich das Unſichtbare mit dem Sichtbaren vergleichen?

Das ſcheint der beſte Weg, den wir einſchlagen können, erwiederte Cebes.

In jedem thieriſchen Leibe, Cebes, gehen beſtändig Trennungen und Zuſammenſetzungen vor, die zum Theil auf die Erhaltung, zum Theil aber auf den Untergang der thieriſchen Maſchine abzielen. Tod und Leben fangen bei der Geburt des Thieres ſchon gleichſam an mit einander zu ringen.

Dieſes zeigt die tägliche Erfahrung.

Wie nennen wir den Zuſtand, fragte Sokrates, in welchem alle Veränderungen, die in der lebendigen Maſchine vorgehen, mehr auf das Wohlſein als auf den Untergang des Leibes abzielen? Nennen wir ihn nicht die Geſundheit?

Wie anders!

Hingegen werden die thieriſchen Veränderungen, welche die

Auflöſung der großen Maſchine verurſachen, durch *Krankheiten* vermehrt; oder durch das Alter, welches die natürlichſte Krankheit genannt werden kann.

Richtig!

Das Verderben nimmt durch unmerkliche Grade allmälig zu. Endlich zerfällt das Gebäude, und löſt ſich in ſeine kleinſten Theile auf. Aber was geſchieht? Hören dieſe Theile auf, verändert zu werden? Hören ſie auf zu wirken und zu leiden? Gehen ſie ganz verloren?

Es ſcheint nicht, verſetzte Cebes.

Unmöglich, mein Wertheſter, erwiederte Sokrates, wenn das wahr iſt, worüber wir einig geworden; denn es gibt wohl ein Mittel zwiſchen Sein und Nichtſein?

Keinesweges.

Sein und Nichtſein wären alſo zwei Zuſtände, die unmittelbar auf einander folgen, die ſich einander die nächſten ſein müßten; wir haben aber geſehen, daß die Natur keine ſolchen Veränderungen, die plötzlich und ohne Uebergang geſchehen müſſen, hervorbringen kann. Erinnerſt du dich wohl noch dieſes Satzes?

Sehr wohl, ſprach Cebes.

Alſo kann die Natur weder ein Daſein, noch eine Zernichtung zuwege bringen?

Richtig!

Daher geht bei der Auflöſung des thieriſchen Leibes nichts verloren. Die zerfallenen Theile fahren fort zu ſein, zu wirken, zu leiden, zuſammengeſetzt und getrennt zu werden, bis ſie ſich durch unendliche Uebergänge in Theile eines andern Zuſammengeſetzten verwandeln. Manches wird Staub, manches wird zur Feuchtigkeit, dieſes ſteigt in die Luft, jenes geht in eine Pflanze über, wandelt von der Pflanze in ein lebendiges Thier, und verläßt das Thier, um einem Wurme zur Nahrung zu dienen. Iſt dieſes nicht der Erfahrung gemäß?

Vollkommen, mein Sokrates, antworteten Cebes und Simmias zugleich.

Wir ſehen alſo, meine Freunde, daß Tod und Leben, in ſo weit ſie den Leib angehen, in der Natur nicht ſo getrennt ſind, als ſie in unſern Sinnen ſcheinen. Sie ſind Glieder einer ſtetigen Reihe von Veränderungen, die durch ſtufenweiſe Uebergänge mit einander auf das genaueſte verbunden ſind. Es gibt keinen Augenblick, da man nach aller Strenge ſagen könnte: *Jetzt ſtirbt das Thier*; ſo wenig man nach aller Strenge ſagen kann: *Jetzt ward es krank*, oder *jetzt ward es wieder geſund*. Freilich müſſen die Veränderungen unſern Sinnen wie getrennt ſcheinen, da ſie uns nicht eher, als nach einer geraumen Zwiſchenzeit merkbar werden; aber genug, wir wiſſen, daß ſie es in der That nicht ſein können.

Ich beſinne mich jetzt auf ein Beiſpiel, das dieſen Satz erläutern wird. Unſere Augen, die auf einen gewiſſen Erdſtrich eingeſchränkt ſind, unterſcheiden gar deutlich Morgen, Mittag, Abend und Mitternacht, und es iſt uns, als wenn dieſe Zeitpunkte von den übrigen getrennt und abgeſondert wären. Wer aber den ganzen Erdboden betrachtet, erkennt gar deutlich, daß die Umwälzungen von Tag und Nacht ſtetig an einander hangen, und alſo jeder Augenblick der Zeit Morgen und Abend, Mittag und Mitternacht zugleich ſei.

Homer hat nur als Dichter die Freiheit, ſeiner Götter Verrichtungen nach den Tageszeiten einzutheilen; als ob Jemanden, der nicht in einem engen Bezirk auf dem Erdboden eingeſchränkt iſt, die Tageszeiten noch wirklich getrennte Epochen wären, und es nicht vielmehr zu jeder Zeit ſowohl Morgen als Abend wäre. Es iſt den Dichtern erlaubt, den Schein für die Wahrheit zu nehmen; allein der Wahrheit zu Folge müßte Aurora mit ihren Roſenfingern beſtändig die Thore des Himmels offen halten und ihren gelben Mantel unaufhörlich von einem Orte zum andern ſchleppen, ſo wie die Götter, wenn ſie nur des Nachts ſchlafen wollen, gar nicht oder beſtändig ſchlafen müſſen.

So laſſen ſich auch, im Ganzen betrachtet, die Tage der Woche nicht unterſcheiden; denn das Stetige und Aneinanderhangende läßt ſich nur in der Einbildung und nach den Vorſpiegelungen der Sinne in beſtimmte und abgeſonderte Theile zertrennen; der Verſtand aber ſieht gar wohl, daß man da nicht ſtehen bleiben muß, wo keine wirkliche Abtheilung iſt. Iſt dieſes deutlich, meine Freunde?

Gar ſehr, erwiederte Simmias.

Mit dem Leben und Tode der Thiere und Pflanzen verhält es ſich gleichfalls nicht anders. In der Folge von Veränderungen, die daſſelbe Ding erlitten, fängt ſich nach dem Urtheile unſerer Sinne da eine Epoche an, wo uns das Ding merklich als Pflanze oder als Thier in die Sinne fällt, und dieſes nennen wir das Aufkeimen der Pflanze, und die Geburt des Thieres. Den zweiten Zeitpunkt, da wo ſich die thieriſchen oder pflanzigen Bewegungen unſern Sinnen entziehen, nennen wir den Tod; und den dritten, wenn endlich die thieriſchen oder pflanzigen Formen verſchwinden und unſichtbar werden, nennen wir den Untergang, die Verweſung des Thiers oder der Pflanze. In der Natur aber ſind alle dieſe Veränderungen Glieder einer ununterbrochenen Kette allmähliger Entwickelungen und Einwickelungen deſſelben Dinges, das ſich in unzählige Geſtalten einhüllt und einkleidet. Iſt hieran noch irgend ein Zweifel?

Im geringſten nicht, verſetzte Cebes.

Wenn wir ſagen, fuhr Sokrates fort, die Seele ſtirbt, ſo müſſen wir eines von beiden ſagen: entweder alle ihre Kräfte oder Vermögen, ihre Wirkungen und Leiden hören plötzlich auf, ſie verſchwindet gleichſam in einem Nu; oder ſie erleidet, wie der Leib, allmählige Verwandelungen, unzählige Umkleidungen, die in einer ſtetigen Reihe fortgehen: und in dieſer Reihe gibt es eine Epoche, wo ſie keine menſchliche Seele mehr, ſondern etwas anders geworden iſt; ſo wie der Leib nach unzähligen Veränderungen aufhört, ein menſchlicher Leib zu ſein, und in Staub, Luft, Pflanze oder auch in Theile eines andern Thieres verwandelt wird. Gibt es einen dritten Fall, wie die Seele ſterben kann, einen Fall mehr, als *plötzlich oder allmählig*?

Nein, erwiederte Cebes. Dieſe Eintheilung erſchöpft die Möglichkeit ganz.

Gut, ſprach Sokrates. Die alſo noch zweifeln, ob die Seele nicht ſterblich ſein könnte, mögen wählen, ob ſie beſorgen, ſie möchte plötzlich verſchwinden, oder nach und nach aufhören, dasjenige zu ſein, was ſie war. Will Cebes nicht ihre Stelle vertreten, und dieſe Wahl über ſich nehmen?

Die Frage iſt, ob jene die Wahl ihres Sachwalters würden gelten laſſen. Mein Rath wäre, wir überlegten beide Fälle; denn wenn ſie auf meine Wahl verzicht thäten, und ſich anders erklären ſollten, ſo dürfte morgen niemand mehr da ſein, der ſie widerlegen kann.

Mein lieber Cebes, verſetzte Sokrates: Griechenland iſt ein weitläuftiges Reich, und auch unter den Barbaren muß es viele geben, denen die Unterſuchung am Herzen liegt. — Doch es ſei, laß uns beide Fälle unterſuchen! Der erſte war: *Vielleicht vergeht die Seele plötzlich, verſchwindet in einem Nu.* An und für ſich iſt dieſe Todesart möglich. Kann ſie aber von der Natur hervorgebracht werden?

Keinesweges: wenn das wahr iſt, was wir vorhin zugegeben, daß die Natur keine Vernichtung hervorbringen könne.

Und haben wir dieſes nicht mit Recht zugegeben? fragte Sokrates. Zwiſchen *Sein* und *Nichtſein* iſt eine entſetzliche Kluft, die von der allmälig wirkenden Natur der Dinge nicht überſprungen werden kann.

Ganz recht, verſetzte Cebes. Wie aber, wenn ſie von einer übernatürlichen Macht, von einer Gottheit vernichtet würde?

O mein Theuerſter! rief Sokrates aus: wie glücklich, wie wohl verſorgt ſind wir, wenn wir nichts als die *unmittelbare* Hand des einzigen Wunderthäters zu fürchten haben! Was wir beſorgten, war, ob die Natur unſerer Seele nicht an und für ſich ſelbſt ſterblich ſei; und dieſe Beſorgniß ſuchten wir durch Gründe zu vereiteln. Ob aber Gott, der allgütige Schöpfer und Erhalter der Dinge, ſie durch ein Wunderwerk vernichten werde? — nein, Cebes, laß uns lieber befürchten, die Sonne würde uns ins Eis verwandeln, ehe wir von der ſelbſtſtändigen Güte eine grundböſe Handlung, *die Vernichtung durch ein Wunderwerk* befürchten wollen.

Ich bedachte es nicht, ſprach Cebes, daß mein Einwurf beinahe eine Läſterung ſei.

Die eine Todesart, die plötzliche Vernichtung, ſchreckt uns alſo nicht mehr, fuhr Sokrates fort, denn ſie iſt der Natur unmöglich. Doch überlegt auch Folgendes, meine Freunde: Geſetzt, ſie wäre nicht unmöglich, ſo iſt die Frage: wenn? zu welcher Zeit, ſoll unſere Seele verſchwinden? Vermuthlich in der Zeit, da der Körper ihrer nicht mehr bedarf, in dem Augenblicke des Todes?

Allem Anſehen nach.

Nun haben wir aber geſehen, daß es keinen beſtimmten Augenblick gibt, da man ſagen kann, *jetzt* ſtirbt das Thier. Die Auflöſung der thieriſchen Maſchine hat ſchon lange vorher ihren Anfang genommen, ehe noch ihre Wirkungen ſichtbar geworden ſind; denn es fehlt niemals an ſolchen thieriſchen Bewegungen, die der Erhaltung des Ganzen zuwider ſind; nur daß ſie nach und nach zunehmen, bis endlich alle Bewegungen der Theile nicht mehr zu einem einzigen Endzwecke harmoniren, ſondern eine jede ihren beſondern Endzweck angenommen hat: und alsdann iſt die Maſchine aufgelöſt. Dieſes geſchieht ſo allmälig, in einer ſo ſtetigen Ordnung, daß jeder Zuſtand eine gemeinſchaftliche Grenze des vorhergehenden und eine Urſache des nachfolgenden Zuſtandes zu nennen iſt. Haben wir dieſes nicht eingeſtanden?

Richtig!

Wenn alſo der Tod des Körpers auch der Tod der Seele ſein ſoll: ſo muß es auch keinen Augenblick geben, da man ſagen kann, *jetzt* verſchwindet die Seele, ſondern nach und nach, wie die Bewegungen in den Theilen der Maſchine aufhören zu einem einzigen Endzwecke zu harmoniren, muß die Seele auch an Kraft und innerer Wirkſamkeit abnehmen. Scheint es dir nicht alſo, mein Cebes?

Vollkommen!

Aber ſiehe! welche wunderbare Wendung unſere Unterſuchung genommen hat! Sie ſcheint ſich, wie ein Kunſtwerk meines Erzvaters Dädalus, durch ein inneres Triebwerk von ihrer vorigen Stelle weggerückt zu haben.

Wie ſo?

Wir haben angenommen, unſere Gegner beſorgten, die Seele würde plötzlich vernichtet werden, und wollten zuſehen, ob dieſe Furcht gegründet ſei oder nicht. Wir haben darauf unterſucht, in welchem Augenblicke ſie vernichtet werden möchte; und dieſe Unterſuchung ſelbſt brachte uns auf das Widerſpiel der Vorausſetzung, daß ſie nämlich nicht plötzlich vernichtet werde, ſondern allmälig an innerer Kraft und Wirkſamkeit abnehme.

Deſto beſſer, antwortete Cebes. So hat ſich jene angenommene Meinung gleichſam ſelbſt widerlegt.

Wir haben alſo nur noch dieſes zu unterſuchen, ob die innern Kräfte der Seele nicht ſo *allmälig* vergehen können, wie ſich die Theile der Maſchine trennen.

Richtig!

Laſſet uns dieſe neuen Gefährten, Leib und Seele, die auch den Tod mit einander gemein haben ſollen, auf ihrer Reiſe verfolgen, um zu ſehen, wo ſie zuletzt bleiben. So lange die mehreſten Bewegungen der Maſchine auf die Erhaltung und das Wohlſein des Ganzen abzielen, die Werkzeuge der Empfindung noch ihre gehörige Beſchaffenheit haben: ſo beſitzt auch die Seele ihre völlige Kraft, empfindet, denkt, liebt, verabſcheuet, begreift und will. Nicht?

Unſtreitig!

Der Leib wird krank. Es äußert ſich eine ſichtbare Mißhelligkeit zwiſchen den Bewegungen, die in der Maſchine vorgehen, indem ihrer viele nicht mehr zur Erhaltung des Ganzen harmoniren, ſondern ganz beſondere ſtreitende Endzwecke haben. Und die Seele?

Wie die Erfahrung lehrt, wird ſie indeß ſchwächer, empfindet unordentlich, denkt falſch, und handelt öfters wider ihren Dank.

Gut! Ich fahre fort. Der Leib ſtirbt: das heißt, alle Bewegungen ſcheinen nun nicht mehr auf das Leben und die Erhaltung des Ganzen abzuzielen; aber innerlich mögen wohl noch einige ſchwache Lebensbewegungen vorgehen, die der Seele noch einige dunkle Vorſtellungen verſchaffen: auf dieſe muß ſich alſo die Kraft der Seele ſo lange einſchränken. Nicht?

Allerdings!

Die Verweſung folgt. Die Theile, die bisher einen gemeinſchaftlichen Endzweck gehabt, eine einzige Maſchine ausgemacht haben, bekommen jetzt ganz verſchiedene Endzwecke, werden zu mannichfaltigen Theilen ganz verſchiedener Maſchinen. Und die Seele? mein Cebes, wo wollen wir die laſſen? Ihre Maſchine iſt verweſt. Die Theile, die noch von derſelben übrig ſind, ſind nicht mehr *ihre*, und machen auch kein Ganzes aus, das beſeelt werden könnte. Hier ſind keine Gliedmaßen der Sinne, keine Werkzeuge des Gefühls mehr, durch deren Vermittelung ſie irgend zu einer Empfindung gelangen könnte. Soll alſo alles in ihr öde ſein? Sollen alle ihre Empfindungen und Gedanken, ihre Einbildungen, ihre Begierden und Verabſcheuungen, Neigungen und Leidenſchaften verſchwunden ſein, und nicht die geringſte Spur hinterlaſſen haben?

Unmöglich, ſprach Cebes. Was wäre dieſes anders, als eine völlige Vernichtung? Und keine Vernichtung, haben wir geſehen, ſteht in dem Vermögen der Natur.

Was iſt alſo für Rath? meine Freunde! Untergehen kann die Seele in Ewigkeit nicht; denn der letzte Schritt, man mag ihn noch ſo weit hinaus ſchieben, wäre immer noch, vom Daſein zum Nichts, ein Sprung, der weder in dem Weſen eines einzelnen Dinges, noch in dem ganzen Zuſammenhange gegründet ſein kann. Sie wird alſo fortdauern, ewig vorhanden ſein. Soll ſie vorhanden ſein, ſo muß ſie wirken und leiden, ſo muß ſie Begriffe haben; denn Empfinden, Denken und Wollen ſind die einzigen Wirkungen und Leiden, die einem denkenden Weſen zukommen können. Die Begriffe nehmen allezeit ihren Anfang von einer ſinnlichen Empfindung, und wo ſollen wir ſinnliche Empfindungen herbekommen, wenn keine Werkzeuge, keine Gliedmaßen der Sinne vorhanden ſind?

Nichts ſcheint richtiger, ſprach Cebes, als dieſe Folge von Schlüſſen; und gleichwohl leitet ſie zu einem offenbaren Widerſpruch.

Eines von beiden, fuhr Sokrates fort: entweder die Seele muß vernichtet werden, oder ſie muß nach der Verweſung des Leibes noch Begriffe haben. Man iſt ſehr geneigt, dieſe beiden Fälle für unmöglich zu halten, und gleichwohl muß einer davon wirklich ſein. Laß ſehen, ob wir aus dieſem Labyrinthe keinen Ausgang finden können! Von der einen Seite kann unſer Geiſt natürlicher Weiſe nicht vernichtet werden. Worauf gründet ſich dieſe Unmöglichkeit? — Seid unverdroſſen, Freunde! mir durch verwickelte Gänge zu folgen: ſie führen uns in eine der herrlichſten Gegenden, die das Gemüth der Menſchen jemals ergötzt haben. Antwortet mir! Hat uns nicht ein richtiger Begriff von Kraft und natürlicher Veränderung auf die Folge geleitet, daß die Natur keine Vernichtung wirken könne?

Richtig!

Von dieſer Seite iſt alſo ſchlechterdings kein Ausgang zu hoffen, und wir müſſen umkehren. Die Seele kann nicht vergehen, ſie muß nach dem Tode fortdauern, wirken, leiden, Begriffe haben. Hier ſteht uns die Unmöglichkeit im Wege, daß unſer Geiſt ohne ſinnliche Eindrücke noch Begriffe haben ſoll; aber wer leiſtet für dieſe Unmöglichkeit die Gewähr? Iſt es nicht blos die Erfahrung, daß wir hier in dieſem Leben niemals ohne ſinnliche Eindrücke haben denken können?

Nicht anders.

Was für Grund haben wir aber, dieſe Erfahrung über die Grenzen dieſes Lebens auszudehnen, und der Natur ſchlechterdings die Möglichkeit abzuſprechen, die Seele, ohne dieſen gegliederten Leib, denken zu laſſen? Was meinſt du, Simmias? würden wir einen Menſchen nicht lächerlich finden, der die Mauern von Athen niemals verlaſſen hätte, und aus ſeiner eigenen Erfahrung ſchließen wollte, daß in allen Theilen des Erdbodens Tag und Nacht, Sommer und Winter, nicht anders, als bei uns, abwechſelten?

Nichts wäre ungereimter.

Wenn ein Kind im Mutterleibe denken könnte, würde es wohl zu bereden ſein, daß es dereinſt, von ſeiner Wurzel abgelöſt, in freier Luft das erquickende Licht der Sonne genießen werde? Würde es nicht vielmehr aus ſeinen jetzigen Umſtänden die Unmöglichkeit eines ſolchen Zuſtandes beweiſen zu können glauben?

Allem Anſehen nach.

Und wie Blödſinnigen, denken wir eben vernünftiger, wenn wir, in dieſes Leben eingekerkert, durch unſere Erfahrungen ausmachen wollen, was der Natur auch nach dieſem Leben möglich ſei? — Ein einziger Blick in die unerſchöpfliche Mannichfaltigkeit der Natur kann uns von dem Ungrunde ſolcher Schlüſſe überführen. Wie dürftig, wie ſchwach würde ſie ſein, wenn ihr Vermögen nicht weiter reichte, als unſere Erfahrung?

Freilich.

Wir können alſo mit gutem Grunde dieſe Erfahrung verwerfen, indem wir ihr die ausgemachte Unmöglichkeit entgegengeſetzt, daß unſer Geiſt untergehen ſolle. Homer läßt ſeinen Helden mit Recht ausrufen: *Fürwahr! auch in den Häuſern des Orkus weht noch die Seele, wiewohl kein Leichnam dahin kommt* *). Die Begriffe, die uns Homer von dem Orkus macht und von den Schatten, die hinunter wandern, ſcheinen zwar nicht überall mit der Wahrheit übereinzukommen; aber dieſes iſt gewiß, meine Geliebten, unſer Geiſt fliegt über Tod und Verweſung, läßt den Leichnam zurück, um hienieden in tauſend veränderten Geſtalten die Abſichten des Allerhöchſten zu erfüllen: er hingegen erhebt ſich über den Staub, und fährt fort, nach andern *natürlichen, aber überirdiſchen* Geſetzen, die Werke des Schöpfers zu betrachten, und Gedanken von der Kraft des Unendlichen zu hegen. Erwägt jedoch dieſes, meine Freunde! Wenn unſere Seele nach dem Tode ihres Leibes noch lebt und denkt, wird ſie nicht eben alsdann, ſowie in dieſem gegenwärtigen Zuſtande, nach der Glückſeligkeit ſtreben?

Wahrſcheinlich dünkt mich's, ſprach Simmias; allein ich traue meiner Vermuthung nicht mehr, und wünſchte deine Gründe zu hören.

Meine Gründe ſind dieſe, verſetzte Sokrates: Wenn die Seele denkt, ſo müſſen in ihr Begriffe mit Begriffen abwechſeln, ſo muß ſie dieſe Begriffe gerne, jene ungerne haben wollen, das heißt einen Willen haben; hat ſie aber einen Willen, wohin kann dieſer anders zielen, als nach dem höchſten Grade des Wohlſeins, nach der Glückſeligkeit?

Dieſes war allen deutlich. — Aber wie? fuhr Sokrates fort: Das Wohlſein eines Geiſtes, der nicht mehr für die Bedürfniſſe ſeines Leibes zu ſorgen hat, worin beſteht dieſes? Speiſe und Trank, Liebe und Wolluſt kann ihm nicht mehr behagen; was in dieſem Leben Gefühl, Gaumen, Augen und Ohren ergötzt, iſt dort ſeiner Achtung unwürdig: denn daß ihm noch eine ſchwache, vielleicht traurige Erinnerung von den Wollüſten bleibt, die er in Geſellſchaft ſeines Leibes genoſſen. Wird er wohl nach dieſen kindiſchen(?) ſtreben?

So wenig als ein vernünftiger Mann nach den Tändeleien der Kindheit, ſprach Simmias.

Wird etwa ein großes Vermögen das Ziel ſeiner Wünſche ſein?

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*) Plato hat dieſen Vers des Homer anders verſtanden, als einige neuere Ausleger, und tadelt ihn z. B. in ſeiner Republik als ſchädlich an. Man muß mit einer [illegible] [illegible], es habe Glaube der geiſtigen Fortdauer geben zu laſſen.

Wie könnte dies in einem Zuſtande möglich ſein, wo, allem Anſehen nach, kein Eigenthum beſeſſen, kein Vermögen genoſſen werden kann.

Die Ehrbegierde iſt zwar eine Leidenſchaft, die, dem Anſehen nach, dem abgeſchiedenen Geiſte noch bleiben kann: denn ſie ſcheint wenig von den Leibesbedürfniſſen abzuhangen; allein, worein kann der körperloſe Geiſt den Vorzug ſetzen, der ihm Ehre bringen ſoll? Gewiß nicht in Macht, nicht in Reichthum, auch nicht in den Adel der Geburt: denn alle dieſe Thorheiten läßt er mit ſeinem Körper auf der Erde zurück.

Freilich!

Es bleibt ihm alſo nichts als Weisheit, Tugendliebe und Erkenntniß der Wahrheit, was ihm einen Vorzug geben und ihn über ſeine Nebengeſchöpfe erheben könnte. Außer dieſer edlen Ehrbegierde ergötzen ihn noch die geiſtigen angenehmen Empfindungen, die die Seele auch auf Erden ohne ihren Körper genießt: Schönheit, Ordnung, Ebenmaß, Vollkommenheit. Dieſe Empfindungen ſind der Natur eines Geiſtes ſo anerſchaffen, daß ſie ihn niemals verlaſſen können. Wer alſo auf Erden für ſeine Seele Sorge getragen, wer in dieſem Leben ſich in Weisheit, Tugend und Empfindung der wahren Schönheit hat üben laſſen, der hat die größten Hoffnungen, auch noch nach dem Tode in dieſen Uebungen fortzufahren, und von Stufe zu Stufe ſich dem erhabenſten Urweſen zu nähern, welches die Quelle aller Weisheit, der Inbegriff aller Vollkommenheiten und vorzugsweiſe die Schönheit ſelbſt iſt. Erinnert euch, meine Freunde! jener entzückten Augenblicke, die ihr genoſſen, ſo oft eure Seele, von einer geiſtigen Schönheit hingeriſſen, den Leib ſammt ſeinen Bedürfniſſen vergaß, und ſich ganz der himmliſchen Empfindung überließ. Welcher Schauer! welche Begeiſterung! Nichts als die nähere Gegenwart einer Gottheit kann dieſe erhabenen Entzückungen in uns erregen. Auch iſt in der That jeder Begriff einer geiſtigen Schönheit, ein Blick in das Weſen der Gottheit; denn das Schöne, Ordnungsmäßige und Vollkommene, das wir wahrnehmen, iſt ein ſchwacher Abdruck Deſſen, der die ſelbſtſtändige Schönheit, Ordnung und Vollkommenheit iſt.

Ich erinnere mich, dieſe Gedanken ſchon bei einer andern Gelegenheit deutlich genug auseinander geſetzt zu haben, und will gegenwärtig nur die Folge daraus herleiten: Wenn es wahr iſt, daß nach dieſem Leben Weisheit und Tugend unſern Ehrgeiz, und das Beſtreben nach geiſtiger Schönheit, Ordnung und Vollkommenheit unſere Begierden ausmachen: ſo wird unſer fortdauerndes Daſein nichts als ein ununterbrochenes Anſchauen der Gottheit ſein, ein himmliſches Ergötzen, das, ſo wenig wir jetzo davon begreifen, den edlen Schweiß des Tugendhaften mit unendlichem Wucher belohnt. Was ſind alle Mühſeligkeiten dieſes Lebens gegen eine ſolche Ewigkeit! Was iſt Armuth, Verachtung und der ſchmählichſte Tod, wenn wir uns dadurch zu einer ſolchen Glückſeligkeit vorbereiten können! Nein, meine Freunde! wer ſich eines rechtſchaffenen Wandels bewußt iſt, kann ſich unmöglich betrüben, indem er die Reiſe zu dieſer Seligkeit antritt. Nur, wer in ſeinem Leben Götter und Menſchen beleidigt, wer ſich in viehiſcher Wolluſt herumgewälzt, wer der vergötterten Ehre Menſchenopfer geſchlachtet, und an Anderer Elend ſein Ergötzen gefunden: der mag an der Schwelle des Todes zittern, indem er keinen Blick in das Vergangene ohne Reue, keinen in die Zukunft ohne Furcht thun kann. Da ich aber, Dank ſei der Gottheit! mir keine von dieſen Vorwürfen zu machen habe, da ich in meinem ganzen Leben die Wahrheit mit Eifer geſucht, und die Tugend über alles geliebt habe: ſo freue ich mich, die Stimme der Gottheit zu hören, die mich von hinnen ruft, um in jenem Licht zu genießen, wonach ich in dieſer Finſterniß geſtrebt habe. Ihr aber, meine Freunde! überlegt wohl die Gründe meiner Hoffnungen; und wenn ſie euch überzeugen, ſo ſegnet meine Reiſe, und lebet ſo, daß euch der Tod dereinſt abrufe, nicht mit Gewalt von hinnen ſchleppe! Vielleicht führt uns die Gottheit dereinſt, in verklärter Freundſchaft, einander in die Arme. O! mit welchem Entzücken werden wir uns alsdann des heutigen Tages erinnern!

Anton Rafael Mengs.

Dieſer ausgezeichnete Künſtler war der Sohn eines zu Dresden lebenden mittelmäßigen Malers, Iſrael M., und wurde am 12. März 1728 zu Auſſig in Böhmen geboren. Höchſt tyranniſch erzogen und ſchon ſeit ſeinem 6. Jahre in der Kunſt ſeines Vaters unterrichtet, mußte er demſelben 1741 nach Rom folgen und dort bei Waſſer und Brot und unter ſtrenger Aufſicht die Meiſterwerke eines Angelo und Rafael ſtudiren. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr nach Dresden 1744 vom König Auguſt III. zum Hofmaler ernannt, ging er freiwillig mit ſeinem Vater nochmals nach Rom und trat dort 1748 mit größern überall bewunderten Werken auf. Nachdem er hier aus Liebe zu einem ſchönen Bauermädchen, das ihm einſt zum Modell gedient und ſeine Neigung gewonnen hatte, zur katholiſchen Religion übergetreten war und ſich mit ſeiner Geliebten verheirathet hatte, reiſte er mit Hinterlaſſung ſeiner Habe 1749 nach Dresden wieder ab, wurde dort zum erſten Hofmaler ernannt und ging zur Vollendung ſeines Altarblattes für die katholiſche Kirche zu Dresden nochmals nach Rom. Das Ausbleiben ſeines Gehaltes in Folge des ſiebenjährigen Krieges veranlaßte ihn, 1754 die Direction der neuerrichteten Malerakademie auf dem Capitol zu Rom anzunehmen und mehrere größere Arbeiten für die Cöleſtinermönche und den Cardinal Albani auszuführen. 1761 folgte er dem Rufe Karls III. von Spanien nach Madrid und trug durch ſeine dort verfertigten Arbeiten den Sieg über Giaquinto und Tiepolo davon, wurde aber durch die Ränke ſeiner Gegner genöthigt, 1770 Urlaub zu einer neuen Reiſe nach Italien zu nehmen. Nach dreijährigem Aufenthalte zu Florenz und Rom kehrte er nach Madrid zurück, vollendete dort ſein Hauptwerk und begab ſich 1776 aufs Neue nach Rom, um dort ſeine Geſundheit wieder herzuſtellen. Hier verlor er 1778 ſeine innigſt geliebte Gattin und ſtarb in Folge ungeſchickter ärztlicher Behandlung ſelbſt am 29. Juni 1779. — In ſeinem mittelgroßen und hagern Körper wohnte ein lebhafter Geiſt, der ſich beſonders in ſeinem edelgeformten Geſicht deutlich ausſprach. M. vereinigte hohen Wohlthätigkeitsſinn mit Gemüthlichkeit, Hang zum vornehmen Leben mit Unbeholfenheit, ſehr geläuterten Geſchmack in ſeinem Fache mit Mangel an Bildung im Leben.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Schriften. Deutſch herausgegeben von Prange. Halle 1786, 3 Bde., welche auch in italieniſcher (von Azara, Parma 1780, 2 Bde., 4.), ſpaniſcher und franzöſiſcher Sprache gedruckt worden ſind.

Gedanken über die Schönheit und den Geſchmack in der Malerei. Herausgegeben von J. C. Füßli. Zürich 1762; 3. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1771.

Seine kunſttheoretiſchen Leiſtungen enthalten für ſeine Zeit viel Tüchtiges und Gutes und liefern den Beweis, daß er mit großer Liebe über das, was ſeinem Berufe nothwendig war, nachgedacht hatte, und er hat daher nicht Geringes beigetragen zu der Umgeſtaltung, welche die Befreiung des geſunden Geſchmackes von dem Pedantismus der Schule in den ſchönen Künſten herbeiführte.

Johann Burchard Menke

ward am 27. März 1675 zu Leipzig geboren und ſtudirte daſelbſt Philologie und die Rechte. Nachdem er Dr. der Rechte geworden war, erhielt er die Profeſſur der Geſchichte daſelbſt, wurde zum königlich polniſchen Hiſtoriographen und Hofrath, Collegiat des großen Fürſtencollegiums, Decemvir und Senior der Akademie ernannt und von den Akademien der Wiſſenſchaften zu London und Berlin zum Mitgliede ernannt. Auch war er Präſident der von ihm geſtifteten deutſchübenden poetiſchen Geſellſchaft, in welcher er ſich Philander von der Linde nannte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 1. April 1732.

Literariſch bekannt wurde er durch:

Deutſche Gedichte. Leipzig 1710—13, 4 Thle.
Der vernünftige Momus. O. O. 1725.
Orationes duae de Charlataneria Eruditorum. Lipsiae 1715. Deutſch: Jena 1716 u. Leipzig 1727.

Hinſichtlich der Behandlung der Form und der Sprache einer der beſſeren ſpäteren Dichter der zweiten ſchleſiſchen Schule, aber durchaus ohne Pantaſie und Wärme des Gefühls. — Am glücklichſten iſt er in den Satyren; ſeine beſte Leiſtung jedoch bleibt ſeine lateiniſche Schrift über den Charlatanismus der Gelehrten.

Die erſte Satyre *).

Wider die weiblichen Mängel a).

Man ſage was man will, es ſteht ums Weiber nehmen
Jetzt ſo gefährlich aus, daß man ſich möchte ſchämen,
Wenn man zur Trauung geht, weil mancher Freier oft
Der Noth am nächſten iſt, wenn er Vergnügung hofft.
Viel tauſend wünſchen ſich die Roſen einer Frauen,
Die dennoch in der Eh nur Dorn und Diſteln ſchauen;
Es iſt ein bloſſes Glück, wo man ein Weib erkieſt,
Bei der ſich Tugend find't und nichts zu tadeln iſt.
Wiewohl ihr ſtellet euch, als wäret ihr vergnüget,
Wenn die geliebte Braut in euren Armen lieget;
Wenn ſie mein liebſter Schatz und meine Sonne ſpricht.
Da glaub ichs freilich wohl, daß euch der Kützel ſticht.
Es klingt ja gar zu ſchön, ich muß es ſelbſt bekennen,
Wofern die Kinder euch den lieben Vater nennen,
Die doch nicht eure ſein, und wenn euch ſchon nichts fehlt,
Die Liebſte doch um euch ſich halb zu Tode quält b).
Ja, ja, zieht immer hin nach Oſten oder Weſten,
Sucht einen Brautſchmuck aus, und handelt um den beſten,
Laßt eure Hochzeitfeſt recht majeſtätiſch ſein,
Und ſchluckt auf einen Trunk die halbe Mitgift ein;
Schafft was Natur und Kunſt zum Ueberfluß erkohren;
Schlagt Thronen-Betten auf von Sammet und Drap d'oren:
Steckt Schwanen-Federn rein, macht einen Ueberzug
Von Seide, Mouſſelin', und koſtbarn Kammer-Tuch.
Legt eine Venus rein, die durch zwei helle Sonnen
Dem Auge dieſer Welt den Glanz hat abgewonnen,
Von der die Roſe Blut, die Lilge Milch erhält,
Des Himmels Unterpfand, ein Wunderwerk der Welt.
Was aber könnt ihr euch doch von euch ſelbſt verſprechen:
Wer ſchwarze Kirſchen will von ihren Zweigen brechen,
Der klettert hoch darnach, und wo viel Vorrath iſt,
Da find ſich viel Gefahr, Betrug und Hinterliſt.
Geſetzt, Agneſe kann nicht ſchreiben und nicht leſen,
Iſt nie mit einem Mann in Compagnie geweſen,
Liebt nur die Stickerei und ihren bunten Rahm,
Und iſt der Eitelkeit von ganzem Herzen gram.
Macht ein Horatius doch wohl im Augenblick
Die ſimplen Mägdgen klug, giebt plumpen ein Geſchick,
Und ſchafft, daß öfters auch der allerklügſte Mann
Des Hauptes ſchwere Laſt nicht recht erkennen kann c).
Es kommen niemals mehr in den berühmten Orden,
Als wenn die Einfalt iſt zur ſchlauen Weisheit worden,
So daß auch Argus ſelbſt mit hundert Augen blind d),
Und oft die Weiſeſten den Thoren ähnlich ſind.
Denn falſche Liebe gleicht den unbeſtändgen Vögeln,
Und ihre Neigungen vertragen keine Regeln;
Ein Herze voller Gluth wird des Vergnügens ſatt,
Und haſſet dies zuletzt, was es geliebet hat.
Die meiſten Weiber ſind dem Weſen nach von Flandern,
Bald ſind ſie dieſem gut, bald wieder einem andern;
Und Meſſalina hat die angenehmſte Nacht,
So bald ihr Claudius die Augen zugemacht e).
Das pflegt ein freches Weib Galanterie zu nennen,
Allzeit im Feuer ſtehn, und dennoch nicht recht brennen,
Verliebt, doch ohne Zwang, zwar einſam, nie allein,
Zu aller Zeit vergnügt, und nie beſtändig ſein.
Der Wechſel iſt beliebt; man weiß es ſo zu karten,
Daß jedem Spaß-Galan vergonnt iſt aufzuwarten;
Der Mann führt ſelbſt der Frau die Neben-Buhler zu,
Stellt Aſſembléen an, trinkt eins auf du und du,
Bild't ſich dabei ſtets ein, als wenn er glücklich wäre,
Und ſchätzt es ſich voraus zu ungemeiner Ehre,
Daß man ſein Weib verehrt, und daß er in der Stadt
Auf jeder Gaſſe faſt ein Dutzend Schwäger hat.
Er freut ſich innerlich, wofern ſich viel picquiren,
Die angenehme Frau auf ein Ballet zu führen,
Und wird es nicht gewahr, daß ſie bei jedem Tanz
Bringt Ehr und Redlichkeit zugleich aus der Cadenz f).
So ſtellte Gabba ſich mit Fleiß, als wenn er ſchliefe,
Wenn ſich Maecenas ſonſt an ſeiner Frau vergriffe,
Und Macro ſelber gab der Ennia den Rath,
Daß ſie Caligulae den garſtgen Willen that g).
Und wäre ja dem Mann nicht viel daran gelegen,
Daß man ihr Ständchen bringt, und täglich ihrentwegen
Ein Graf duellirt, ſo geht kein Abend hin,
Sie wandert denn einmal zu ihrer Nachbarin.
Da liegen jederzeit die Karten auf dem Tiſche
Wohl hundertmal gemengt, die Marquen und die Fiſche
Sind richtig abgezählt, man zieht drei Blätter raus,
Und theilet gleich darauf die Stillen richtig aus.
Allein wie klagt man, wenn mit vier Matadoren
Und noch drei Königen das Solo geht verloren?
Das heißt ein Unglück, dergleichen wohl gewiß
Nicht einem widerfährt in zwanzig Seculis.
Jedoch die Zeit vergeht, wohlan wir müſſen eilen,
Ein einzig Tutti kann den Schaden wieder heilen;
So gehn die Stunden hin, bis um die Mitternacht
Der Schlummer allgemach die Blätter dunkel macht.
Drauf legt man ſich zur Ruh nach ſo viel Müh und Sorgen,
Läßt die Repoſten ſtehn bis auf den nächſten Morgen,
Und flucht auf die Natur, die ſo viel edle Zeit
Geſcheidten Spielen raubt, und faulem Schlafe weiht h).
Indeſſen hält der Mann des Abends ſeine Faſten,
Und ſchabet mit Geduld der kalten Gans den Kaſten.
Denn klagt er, ſo ſchreit ſie ihm die Ohren voll,
Daß man des Abends ſich nicht überfreſſen ſoll.
Wo ferner auch die Frau das Gras ſchon wachſen höret,
Und ſich zu weiſe dünkt, da wird die Noth vermehret,
Sie bildet auf ſich ſelbſt ſich große Stücken ein,
Und will Abigail bei ihrem Nabal ſein.
Sie hat die Oberhand; ſie will allein regiren,
Und allenthalben ſelbſt die Hand im Spiele führen;
Die ganze Republic beruht auf ihrem Rath:
Den ſie verſteht den Hof, die Polizei, den Staat:
Sie kennt die Linien, Wall, Bollwerk und Redouten,

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*) Aus: Philander's von der Linde „Scherzhaften Gedichten". (Leipzig 1713).

a) Die Laſter der Weiber hatten ſchon bei denen Römern ſo überhand genommen, daß Juvenalis ſich wohl genöthiget zu haben geglaubet, wenn er dieſelbe Lib. II, Sat. VI, [illegible] machen können. Welches er ſo glücklich ausgeführet, daß auch unter denen neuern unterſchiedene ihn zu imitiren geſucht; allermaßen eben dahin abzielet, was unter denen Franzoſen Mons. Boileau in ſeiner zehnten und der Sieur de l'Aume in ſeiner dritten Satyre, unter denen Italiänern Giuseppe Rossi unter dem Titel I donnameschi [illegible], und unter denen Engländern ein Anonymus in a Satyr against Women ſehr artig abgehandelt. Daher ich von dieſen ſonderlich den Juvenalem, Boileau und de l'Aume mir als ein Muſter vorgeſtellt, welches in folgender Satyre zu imitiren geſucht. Darbei auch öffentlich bekenne, daß gleichwie ich die meiſten Traits dieſer Satyre, auch öfters die Expreſſionen, aus obgedachten Poeten genommen, alſo iſt mein Abſehen im geringſten nicht dahin gerichtet, en particulier ein einziges Frauenzimmer zu touchiren.

b) Mons. Boileau ſchreibt:
Quel plaisir etc.
De s'entendre appeller petit Coeur, ou mon Bon;
De voir autour de soi croître dans sa maison
Sous les paisibles loix d'une agréable Mère,
De petits Citoyens, dont on croit être Père;
Quel charme! au moindre mal, qui nous vient menacer
De la voir aussitôt accourir s'empresser etc.

c) Die Namen Agnese und Horace ſind aus des Moliere ingenieuſer Comoedie l'Ecole des Femmes genugſam bekannt.

d) Der Sr. de l'Aume hat die Pensée, daß wenn Argus mit hundert Augen nicht eine Kuh [illegible] können, ſo würde es vergebens ſein, mit zwei Augen ein Frauenzimmer genug in Schranken zu halten.

e) Hieher gehören Juvenalis Worte:
· · · · Claudius audi
Quae tulerit. Dormire virum cum senserat uxor,
Ausa Palatino tegetem praeferre cubili,
Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos
Linquebat etc.

f) Der Sieur de l'Aume hat dieſe Expreſſion:
Et combien de [illegible] la [illegible] femme
Met-elle tous les jours d'honneurs hors de cadence?

g) Siehe Tacit. Annal. l. 6. C. 45. und des D. O. M. ehemahls zu Leyden edirte [illegible] C. 39.

h) Mons. Boileau giebt es folgender Geſtalt:
Alors, pour se coucher les quittant, non sans peine,
Elle plaint le malheur de la Nature humaine
Qui veut qu'en un sommeil, où tout s'ensevelit,
Tant d'heures, sans jouer, se consument au lit.

Der Meilen Unterſchied: wie viel gevierte Ruthen
Ein Acker bei uns hält, das weiß ſie alles ſchon.
Und heißt mit einem Wort ein Zeitungs-Lexicon l).
Bei ihrem Manne will ſie alles beſſer wiſſen,
Und alles ſelber thun, accordiren, Wechſel ſchließen,
Fragt nach dem neuſten Cours, caſſiret eine Schuld,
Die andre mahnet ſie mit großer Ungeduld.
Wie gehet dein Process? was fehlt dem Patienten?
Was giebts im Rathe gut? was machen die Studenten?
Es iſt ein elend Thun, daß Niemand Glauben hält;
Wie viel bekömmſt du noch? und wie viel haſt du Geld?
So ſpricht die weiſe Frau, und weiß bei allen Dingen
Ein kluges Sprüchelchen mit an, die Bahn zu bringen,
Das klinget insgemein ſo artig und ſo ſchön,
Daß ihrem Mann dabei die Augen übergehn.
Kömmt ſie in Compagnie, ſo gehts mit allen Glocken;
Der Zunge ſchnelles Rad kömmt niemals in ein Stocken;
Sie führt allein das Wort; fängt man zu reden an,
So bricht ſie alsbald ein, daß man nicht weiter kann.
Bald muß ein Mährchen her, bald ſonſten eine Frage;
Sie weiß es auf ein Haar, wie bald die alte Katze
Die Wochen halten wird, und wenn des Nachbars Magd
Hat ihrem Courtisan den Handel aufgeſagt.
In Lügen übertrifft ſie ſelber die Poeten:
Wenn ſich ein Stern geſchneuzt, ſo ſiehet ſie Kometen;
Und wenn ſich ohngefähr ein kleiner Sturm erhebt,
So fühlt ſie eigentlich, wie Erd und Himmel bebt:
Wenn eine Schlacht paſſirt, ſo kriegt ſie gleich Staffetten:
Sie weiß das Neueſte, und mancher ſollte wetten,
Weil ihre Zeitungen ſo viel und mancherlei,
Daß ſie die Fama ſelbſt von ganz Europa ſei k).
Bei ihr ſteht Marlborough allein in großen Gnaden,
Hingegen ſtichelt ſie auf Prinz Louis - - - - - l)
Sie weiſt dem dritten Carl die Wege nach Madrid,
Dem Kaiſer nach Paris, zieht in Gedanken mit,
Nimmt Philipp von Anjou und Ludewig gefangen,
Und wo ſie ſich hiermit nicht weit genug vergangen,
So nimmt ſie nach der Hand Conſtantinopel ein,
Und heißt ganz Orient den Chriſten dienſtbar ſein.
Doch bei dem allen läßt ſich noch ein Wunder ſpüren,
Daß, die es nicht gelernt, dennoch franzöſiſch parliren,
Da heißt das andre Wort Gloire, Renommée,
Massacre, Belesprit, Fier, Capricieux.
La pretieuse hat das Deutſche gar verſchworen;
Es klingt zu paisan in ihren zarten Ohren,
Und kömmt nach ihrem Goust canailleux heraus.
Ein Wort Franzöſiſch ziert den ganzen Menſchen aus m).
Erwählt man eine Frau von hohem Stand und Adel,
So find ſich keine nicht, ſie hat doch ihren Tadel,
Daß insgemein der Mann nichts oder wenig gilt,
Dafern er ſie nicht ſtets Hochwohlgeborn ſchilt:
Und wo die reiche Frau den Mann ums Geld muß kaufen,
Da geht es in der Eh auch meiſtens an ein Raufen:
Da ſteht kein Stecken recht, da wirft das Murmelthier
Bei jedem Stücke Brod dem Mann ihr Erbtheil für;
Und iſt das nicht genug, ſo greift ſie nach dem Prügel,
Fällt auf die Haare los, ſchlägt ſeinen linken Flügel,
Und macht, daß Gott erbarm! ein grauſam Feldgeſchrei,
Bis Nachbar Martin kömmt, und macht ihn wieder frei.

Ich denke noch der Zeit, wenn Mopsus in den Klauen
Der Petronilla hängt, und bei der böſen Frauen
Zu einem Märtrer wird, daß er voll Wehmuth ſpricht:
Ach Schätzchen ſchlage zu, nur überſchrei dich nicht.
Da heißts: Du fauler Hund, womit kannſt du dich nähren;
Das Hemde wirſt du mir noch von dem Leibe zehren:
Du haſt mein Geld und Gut beinahe durchgebracht,
Und gleichwohl hab ich dich dadurch zum Mann gemacht.
Bald will ſie ſüßen Wein, bald will ſie gute Kuchen,
Und ſind ſie nicht gleich da, ſo fängt ſie an zu fluchen;
Da wird der Eheſtand dem Himmel gleich gemacht,
Wo alle Wetter ſind zuſammen aufgebracht.
Die Andern pflegt ſie wohl bisweilen anzulachen,
Doch ihrem Liebſten kann ſie kein Caressen machen,
Und wo ein holder Blick noch irgend auf ihn ſchießt,
So glaubt er ganz gewiß, daß er im Himmel iſt.
Wenn es am beſten ſteht, ſo iſt er ſchon zufrieden,
Daß ihm das Praedicat, mein Hanrei, iſt beſchieden.
Und wenn ſie zu dem Sohn du kleiner Baſtart ſpricht,
So bin ich gut davor, er alterirt ſich nicht.
Sie läſtert, wo ſie kann, auf ihres Mannes Freunde;
Denn ſie mit ihm verwandt, ſind alles ihre Feinde.
Und iſt ein Stief-Sohn da, ſo nehm er ſich in acht,
Daß Agrippina nicht ihm ein Gerichte macht n).
Soll nun das arge Weib nicht alle Stunden ſchmählen,
So laßt es ihr ja nicht an einem Stücke fehlen,
Nehmt Kammer-Pagen an, und holt auf ihr Begehr
Selbſt aus Aſturien die beſten Zelter her.
Kauft Kutſch und Chaisen ein; es würde nicht wohl ſtehen,
Wenn ſie drei Schritte nur zu Fuße ſollte gehen;
Sie liebt Commodité, und macht den klugen Schluß:
Das harte Pflaſter iſt vor keinen zarten Fuß.
Im Hauſe giebt es ſtets was Neues anzuſchaffen,
Und fehlet ſonſten nichts, ſo kauft ihr einen Affen,
Atzt ihn mit Marcipan, eßt ſelber ſchimmlicht Brot,
Legt ihm das Beſte für, und ſtirbt für Hungers-Noth
Ziert ihre Zimmer aus mit Spiegeln und Tapeten;
Die curiose Frau hat ihrer doch vonnöthen,
Illuminirt ſie mit Bildern ohne Zahl,
Und trotzet Königin mit einem Rieſen-Saal.
Schafft allen Ueberfluß; es hilft kein widerſprechen;
Vornehmlich laſſet nur der Küche nichts gebrechen:
Kauft alles zehnfach ein, laßt keinen leeren Raum,
Und braucht ihr gleich ein Stück in dreißig Jahren kaum.
Sucht einen guten Trunk, und delicate Speiſe,
Fragt was es koſtbars giebt, ſeht nach der erſten Weiſe,
Macht, daß das edle Weib was ſeltſames genießt,
Und Spargel um Neu-Jahr, um Oſtern Lerchen ißt.
Laßt euch Champagne-Wein und Valteliner bringen;
Ich wette, Bibula wird ſchon ihr Theil bezwingen.
Iſt das nicht Ruhm genug, daß ſie den ſtärkſten Mann
Auf einen guten Zug zu Boden ſaufen kann?
Davor bekömmt der Herr ein Engelchen ins Bette o).
Ach wer doch eine Frau von ſolcher Währung hätte!
So ſeufzet, wer es ſieht, und wünſcht ſichs auch ſo gut,
Wenn ſeine Zipsia nur Zeiſichens-Schlücke thut p).
An Chocolade, Thee, Coffée und andern Waaren,
Die man ſchlecht Waſſer nennt, dürft ihr durchaus nichts ſparen,
Und daß der fahle Trunk nicht gar zu einſam ſchmeckt,
So convoyiret ihn mit Dorten und Confect.
Doch das geht alles hin; wie ſteht es um die Kleider?
Was kriegt der Handelsmann? und was erwirbt der Schneider?
Was wird der Nätherin das Jahr hindurch entricht?
Und was erbettelt auch die theure Putz-Frau nicht?
Ein jeder Moden-Knecht will hier etwas verdienen:
Da ſtrotzt es überall von güldenen Metinen:
Den eingebognen Leib ziert ein galant Corset,
Und das monſtröſe Haupt ein niedliches Cornet.
Ich ſag jetzt eben nicht von allem Weiber-Schmucke;
Manchette, Palatin, Contouche, Chamelouque,
Und ſolche Dinge mehr, ſind ſchon ſo allgemein,
Daß, welche ſie nicht trägt, muß eine Närrin ſein.
So will ich überdies mir nicht die Mühe nehmen,
Die neue Falbala auf jeden Rock zu brehmen;

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l) Das neue Staats- und Zeitungs-Lexicon, welches der Herr Verleger dieſer Gedichte jetzt allbereit zum [illegible] zum Druck befördert, begreift nicht allein hiſtoriſche und geographiſche Sachen, ſondern alles, was zur Kriegsbaukunſt und Oeconomie gehöret. Daher diejenigen, welche dergleichen Terminos wohl verſtehen wollen, gar den Namen eines Zeitungs-Lexici meritiren.

k) Dasjenige Werk, welches unter dem Namen der europäiſchen Fama berühmt iſt, begreift alles, was an denen vornehmſten Höfen ohnlängſt paſſiret iſt, nebſt einigen politiſchen Remarquen, daher man eine ſo curiöſe Frau wohl eine europäiſche Fama nennen könnte, wie etwan le Noble de l'Aune [illegible]:

Pour un Epoux enfin rien n'est plus dominant,
Que d'avoir en sa Femme un Mercure Galant.

l) Ich [illegible] mir hier ſolche ſuperkluge Damen, welche in allen Dingen nach dem äußerlichen Schein judiciren, und auch große Herren über ihre Zungen ſpringen laſſen, ob ſie ſchon dazu keine rechtmäßige Urſache haben.

m) Juvenalis hat bereits den römiſchen Frauenzimmern aufgerückt, daß ſie Griechiſch zu reden affectirten, und ſonſt alles nach der griechiſchen Mode anſtellten:

Hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Graece.

Und der Hr. de l'Aune hat dieſe Passage wohl imitirt, indem er denen franzöſiſchen Weibern die ungemeine Liebe zum [illegible], wie hingegen [illegible] zum Lateiniſchen, vorwirft:

. . . [illegible]
Ces Folles qui toujours [illegible]
Que de [illegible] font toute leur Etude,
Et pour qui le François est un langage rude;
Chez elle crainte, espoir, amour, haine, chagrin,
Tout est [illegible] du [illegible] Latin etc.

n) Agrippina ſoll ihrem Gemahl Kaiſer Claudium mit einem Gerichte vergifteter [illegible] vergeben haben, damit ſie dem aus erſter Ehe gezeugten Neronem zur Regierung helfen möchte, wie ſonderlich beim Suetonio C. 44. in Claudio zu leſen.

o) Das Sprichwort iſt bei uns bekannt: wenn die Frau ſich im [illegible] übernommen hat, ſo bekömmt der Mann ein Engelchen ins Bette.

p) Hiemit werden ſo wohl die Debauchanten, als auch diejenigen Weiber reprimandiret, welche in Compagnie allezeit zieren und kaum zwei Tropfen auf einmal trinken, da ſie doch wohl zu Hauſe täglich eine Bouteille in ihrem Schranke ſtehen haben.

Es ſuche, wer da will, hier ſeinen Zeitvertreib q).
Je mehr es Falbeln giebt, jemehr gilt auch das Weib.
Am allerſchönſten läßt die hohe Staats-Fontange;
Ich wette, ſiehet ſie der Ritter de la Manche r),
So fordert er alsbald das Wunder auf den Stoß,
Und rennt darauf im Zorn mit ſteifer Lanze los.
Da prangt das ſtolze Haupt mit etlichen Geſchoſſen,
Die gleichſam nach und nach, dem Thomas-Thurn zum Poſſen,
Sind höher aufgethürmt, und zeigt trotzig an,
Daß man der Länge wohl bei Ellen meſſen kann.
Was der Fontange fehlt, das muß der Schuh erſetzen,
Daran der Abſatz gar den Stelzen gleich zu ſchätzen,
So daß ein Freiersmann ſich insgemein betrügt,
Weil er die Braut des Nachts nur halb zu Bette kriegt.
Doch wo wir auch hiernächſt ihr Cabinet beſchauen,
So praesentiret ſich ein Zeughaus ſchöner Frauen,
Als Aqua d'Angeli, Pomata Neroli,
Orange, Gelsomin, Sapon' di Napoli s);
Und was Italien an Schmink und Olitäten
Sonſt irgend mehr verkauft, erfüllt hier alle Kästchen.
Die Spiegel ſind dabei ihr größtes Heiligthum,
Vor dieſen dreht ſie ſich wohl neunzigmal herum,
Und muſtert und rangirt (ich ſage kein Gedichte)
Faſt jeden Augenblick die Mouchen im Geſichte,
Flickt an der alten Haut, heißt Roſen und Jasmin
Auch wider die Natur auf ihren Wangen blühn.
Da muß Crispella ſich recht angenehm bezeigen t),
Indem ſie an ihr putzt, ſich öfters tief verneigen,
Und will ſie bei der Frau in hohen Gnaden ſtehn,
So ſpricht ſie dann und wann: Madame, das läßt ſchön.
Inzwiſchen iſt es doch ums Putzen nicht ſo leichte;
Die Frau ſieht ernſthaft aus, als ginge ſie zur Beichte,
Und wo ihr an ihr ſelbſt vielleicht was mißbehagt,
Hilf Himmel! ach wie ſchmähet ſie auf die Jungemagd.
Du dummer Bauer-Knoltzſch, willſt dich zu gar nichts ſchicken,
Da wünſcht ſie ihr im Zorn den Henker auf den Rücken.
Doch unter uns geredt; was kann die Magd dafür?
Denn daß die Frau nicht ſchön, das liegt ja nicht an ihr.
  Hiernächſt ſo kennet ſie auch alle Goldſchmieds-Buden,
Und geht kein Tag nicht hin, da nicht ein Dutzend Juden
Mit einem koſtbarn Schmuck vor ihrer Thüre ſtehn,
Und ſelten, Gott ſei Dank! betrübt zurücke gehn.
Denn weiß ſie in der Eh von keinem Kreuz und Plagen
So will ſie doch ein Kreuz von Diamanten tragen,
Und daß die Renommée nicht Schiffbruch leiden kann,
Hängt ſie der weißen Bruſt auch einen Anker an.
Sieht nun der Mann einmal darzu ein wenig ſauer,
So ſpricht ſie: wirſt du doch faſt täglich noch genauer u)?
Du biſt nicht meiner werth; lebt auch wohl eine Frau
In dieſer ganzen Stadt ſo kläglich und genau,
Als ich, ich armes Weib? wie lange muß ich betteln?
Und doch erhalt ich nichts; du giebſt es eh den Bettlern,
Als deiner treuen Frau, von der du Ehre haſt,
Die barfuß laufen muß, und friſt ſich ſelber faſt
Vor Hunger und vor Gram. Ja daß ich nicht kann lachen;
Du willſt mir, glaub ich, gar den Küchen-Zettel machen:
Ach nein, du lieber Mann, das bilde dir nicht ein,
Ich bin dein Narre nicht: was wirds denn endlich ſein?
Die Kleidung koſtet dir des Jahrs kaum tauſend Thaler.
Wo ſteckt denn nun dein Geld, du abgeſchmackter Prahler,
Das mich verblendet hat? Ich weiß nicht, was du klagſt.
Wenn du mir gleichwohl auch das Nöthigſte verſagſt,
So werd ich endlich gar zur Mutter wieder ziehen.
Es haben andre ſonſt, als du, um mich geſtrichen;
Ach hätt ich das gewußt! lebt auch wohl eine Frau
In dieſer ganzen Stadt, ſo kläglich und genau?
Da denket denn der Mann, es iſt doch alles eitel,
Rennt auf den Mammon zu, holt einen großen Beutel,
Zahlt ſein geduldig aus, und wenn der Beutel leer,
So ſpricht er: lieber Schatz, gebrauchſt du noch was mehr?
Nur liefre, was du haſt, aus den verborgnen Schätzen.
Denn Weiber-Hoffart läßt ſich keine Grenzen ſetzen,
Und herrſcht Tyrannen gleich. Es wäre freilich viel,
Wenn ein Verwegener das Meer vertrocknen will,
Mehr aber, wenn er denkt ein läſtern Weib zu füllen x),
Die, denen Schwinden gleich, unmöglich zu erfüllen,
Und immer mehr verlangt zu Wolluſt, Staat und Pracht,
Bei der wird Cajus karg, und Midas arm gemacht y).
  Doch fromme Weiber ſind die allerſchwerſten Plagen;
Die allezeit den Kopf auf einer Achſel tragen z),
Voll leerer Seufzer mehr, als Aeolus voll Wind,
Und wie der Ocean voll Fluth und Thränen ſind.
Die niemals einen Blick auf andre läſſet ſchießen,
Weiſt aller Heiligen die Zehen von den Füßen,
Hält ſich alleine nur für fromm und tugendhaft,
Kömmt nie in Kompagnie, als wenn die Schweſterſchaft
Ein Conventiculum zuſammen rufen laſſen,
Braucht faſt bei jedem Wort wohl zehnerlei Grimaçen,
Und trägt das Häubchen kaum zwei Nadelköpfen hoch,
Die iſt vor ihren Mann ein unerträglich Joch.
Vornehmlich mußt du dich ihr ganz allein ergeben,
Nie aus dem Hauſe gehn, ihr an dem Halſe kleben,
Und wo es Jungfern giebt, nicht einmal freundlich ſehn,
Sonſt iſt es allerdings um ihre Gunſt geſchehn.
Dein Lachen und dein Scherz ſind bei ihr lauter Sünden;
Du wirſt ſie, gehſt du aus, auf allen Ecken finden;
Haſt du gleich hinter dir zehn Thüren zugethan,
So trifft ſie dich gewiß doch, eh du denkſt, an:
Ja wo du irgend ſonſt vermeinſt hinzugehen
Da wird Tiſiphone dir für den Augen ſtehen,
Von Eiferſucht entbrannt; kurz, ſie iſt, ſonder Ruh,
Auf Schweſtern, Kinder, Magd und auf ſich ſelbſt jaloux.
Daneben wird ſie auch mit Uebermuth beſeſſen,
Ihr hoher Sinn iſt nicht mit Ellen auszumeſſen;
Denn ſie verſteht allein, was andern unbekannt,
Und trägt das Paradies in ihrer rechten Hand.
Sie heißt alleine fromm, ſetzt jedes Wort auf Schrauben,
Und trotzet jederzeit auf ihre Treu und Glauben,
Traut ſelbſten keinem nicht; doch ſpricht die Heuchlerin;
Ein jeder traue mir auf mein Wort ſchlechtweg hin.
Wer weiß, wie gehet es in ihren Conferenzen?
Wer Weiber-Reden traut, hält Aale bei den Schwänzen,
Sät Körner in den Sand, ſchreibt Wörter in die See,
Baut Schlöſſer in die Luft, und Schanzen in den Schnee aa).
Doch wahre Gottesfurcht iſt nicht ſo gar verlegen,
Daß ſie nicht manchesmal auch Weiber ſollten hegen;
Ich kenne, wo mir recht, beinahe zwei bis drei bb),
Die fromm und tugendhaft, doch ohne Heuchelei,
Die falſcher Schminke feind und voller Geiſtesgaben,
Bei Glücke Mäßigung, bei Hoheit Demuth haben,
Gott ganz gewidmet ſind, thun ſeinen Willen gern,
Und machen Gottes Wort zu ihrem Augenſtern.
Doch wie viel giebt es auch, die ein verſtelltes Weſen

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q) Mit der Falbeln hat ſich allemal de l'Ame in ihrem angezogenen [illegible] Satyre p. 20 divertiret.

r) In der artigen ſpaniſchen Romance von dem Don Quixote de la Mancha wird fingiret, daß er ſeine Lanze aus einer ſonderbaren Bravoure öfters gegen lebloſe Dinge, als Windmühlen und dergleichen appliciret.

s) De l'Ame ſetzet faſt eben dergleichen p. 31:
Poudre, Paste, Pommade, et Fard à Vermillon,
Mouches Pompon, Miroirs, Eau de Reine d'Hongrie,
Enfin de la Beauté toute l'Artillerie.

t) Den Namen Crispella braucht der gelehrte Italiener Fredericus Nomius, welcher ehnlängſt lateiniſche Satyren ediret, gar artig von ein Hausmägdchen oder Jungemagd in ſeiner ſiebenden Satyra de [illegible] rum Provinciam, p. 95.

u) Boileau hat hierbei die Gedanken:
D'abord l'argent en main paye et vite et comptant.
Mais non fais mine un peu d'en être mécontent,
Pour la voir aussi tôt sur ses deux piés haussée
Déplorer sa vertu si mal récompensée;
Un Mari ne veut pas fournir à ses besoins,
Jamais Femme après tout a-t-elle coûté moins?
A cinq cens louis-d'or, tout au plus, chaque année
Sa dépense en habits n'est-elle pas bornée? etc.

x) Hierbei iſt mir beigefallen, was der ingenieuse Abbate Mauro in einer venetianiſchen Opera anmerket:
Sarebbe un grand' affare,
Voler seccar il mare
Ed arrestar il Sol;
Per contentar le Donne
Più poco ancor ci vuol.

y) Der größte Depensier, der jemals gelebt, iſt wohl der Kaiſer Cajus Caligula geweſen, welcher nicht allein den von ſeinem Vorfahren hinterlaſſenen Schatz, von wenigſtens 67 Millionen, ſondern noch über dieſes einen unſchätzbaren Reichthum liederlich verpraßt, wie davon beim Suetonio und andern mehr zu leſen. Midas aber kann wohl vor den Reichſten paſſiren, weil ihm zugeſchrieben wird, daß alles, was er angerühret, zu Golde worden.

z) Dieſer ganze Character iſt großentheils aus dem Beſchluß der öfters angezogenen Satyre des Mons. Boileau genommen.

aa) Es gehöret hieher, was Sannazarius in ſeiner Arcadia ſagt:
E nappa in l'Acqua e nell' Arena semina
Chi fonda suoi speranze in Cor di Femmina.
Und der Abbate Mauro ſchreibet gar artig:
Non dà il mar Calma sincera,
Ni la Donna lusinghiera
Non si dà perfetto amor;
Mal accort' è chi gli crede;
Non vi è fede
In quel come [illegible].

bb) Dieſe Exception laſſe ich Mons. Boileau [illegible], welcher bald anfangs in ſeiner Satyre ſpricht:
... Aujourd'hui, sur ces fameux modèles,
On peut trouver encor quelques Femmes fidèles.
Sans doute; et dans Paris, si je sais bien compter,
Il en est jusqu'à trois, que je pourrois citer.
Ton Epouse dans peu sera la quatrième, etc.

Zum Deckel ihrer Luſt und Schalkheit auserleſen,
Die auf den Peters-Berg nicht Betens halber gehn,
Und bei der Probe nicht vor rein Metall beſtehn.
Wiewohl ich zeige nicht die unbekannten Flecken,
Die laſſen ſich viel eh verbergen, als verdecken;
Ich ſchreibe weiter nichts, und weiß ja ohngefähr
Ein Ander etwas mehr, ſo ſetzt er ſich hieher,
Ich will ihm meinen Platz gutwillig überlaſſen,
Was Weibern nit geziemt, in Reimen abzufaſſen,
Ein jeder brauche frei ſein eigen Dintenfaß.
Ich weiß, der tadelt dies, der andre ſonſten was:
Die läßt für jeden Kuß ein Dutzend Thaler zahlen:
Die trägt die freche Bruſt in unbedeckten Schalen:
Die kleidet ſich zu ſtolz: die träget ein Gebiß:
Die riecht nach Küchenrauch und jene nach dem Spieß:
Die will das rothe Haar dem Fuchs zum Poſſen tragen:
Die geht mit Hecheln um: die ſitzt gern in Gelagen:
Die ſchließt die Schenkel ein: die ſchreitet allzuweit:
Der iſt der Weg zu ſchmal und jener gar zu breit:
Bei dieſer hält der Mund die Ohren zu Gevattern:
Die kleiſtert das Geſicht, und jene hat die Blattern:
Der iſt das Kinn zu rauch; die hat nur einen Zahn;
Die ſchielt die Leute nur halb von der Seite an:
Die geht krumm und gebückt: die trägt das Geld im Kropfe:
Der ſteht der Hals zu ſteif: die ſchüttelt mit dem Kopfe:
Die hat das Maul allein, und jene gar verpacht:
Der ſind die Hände plump, die Ermel krumm gemacht.
So wiſſen Andere ſtets Fehler aufzutreiben,
Die der Natur, und nicht den Sitten zuzuſchreiben,
Mit dieſen laß ich mich vor dieſesmal nicht ein;
Wer allzu ekel iſt, der mag es immer ſein.
Die Feder wird mir ſtumpf, die Dinte will nicht fließen:
Das heißt, es iſt nun Zeit mein Lobgedicht zu ſchließen.
Was? ſprecht ihr: Lobgedicht? ja freilich, Lobgedicht;
Ich tadle (das ſei fern!) ja das Geſchlechte nicht,
Und da ich dergeſtalt in einem Scherz-Gedichte,
Was Weibern übel ſteht, der Wahrheit nach berichte,
Und zieh auf Laſter los, auf Zank und Raſerei,
Verſchwendung, geile Brunſt und ſchnöde Heuchelei,
So ſuch ich in der That die andern zu erheben,
Die friedſam, häuslich, keuſch, und ſonder Fürwurf leben.
Drum fürcht ich keinen Zorn, und denk in meinem Sinn,
Will eine böſe ſein, ſo ſei ſies immerhin *).

Die andere Satyre.

Ob ein Gelehrter heirathen ſoll?

Bei der D. und L. Hochzeit, A. 1703, Sept. 16.

Mein Freund, ich fragte ſonſt, wie ſteht es um die Liebe,
  Mich deucht, er geht nun allmählich auf die Schau.
Allein die Antwort hieß: ich weiß von keinem Triebe;
  Denn ein Philosophus gedenkt an keine Frau.
Da nun der Himmel ihm den andern Schatz verliehen,
  So fällt mir der Discurs von neuem wieder ein;
Er iſt ein kluger Mann, er hat zweimal geſchrieben,
  So kann die Frage wohl dabei erörtert ſein:
Ob ein Philosophus deswegen ſei zu ſchelten,
  Wofern nicht Schnee und Eis ihm um das Herze liegt,
Wenn er die Venus läßt ſowohl als Pallas gelten,
  Und theils in Wiſſenſchaft, theils in der Liebe ſiegt?
Es hat zwar Heinsius die Frage ſchon berühret,
  Und Scala hat ſich auch vor dem daran gemacht a);
Franciscus Barbarus hat alles ausgeführet,
  Was Hermolaus drauf in einen Vers gebracht b).
Sie ſuchen aber meiſt mit Nachdruck zu behaupten,
  Daß ein Philosophus nicht ſoll beweibert ſein,
Als ob die Weiber uns die Luſt zu Büchern raubten,
  Und führeten gegentheils Verdruß und Sorgen ein.

Da muß Xantippe ſich auf allen Blättern leiden c),
  Weil ſie Platonem mehr, als Socratem, geküßt;
Allein man ſoll dabei vernünftig unterſcheiden,
  Daß ja die ganze Welt nicht voll Xantippen iſt.
Wofern Euripides in ſeinen Trauer-Spielen
  Das Frauen-Volk verfolgt, ſo bricht ihm die Geduld,
Man kann gar eigentlich an ihm die Hörner fühlen;
  Denn ſeine Weiber ſind an ſolchem Haſſe ſchuld d).
Wer weiß, was etwan auch Libanius empfunden,
  Der Weiber-Reden meiſt vor ein Gewäſche hält e);
Und hätte Bion nur ein frommes Weib gefunden,
  So hätt er auch vielleicht ſein Urtheil nicht gefällt f).
Jedoch wir wollen nicht viel bei den Heiden ſuchen,
  Die Chriſten machen uns ſchon an Exempeln ſatt.
Es muß noch Lipsius ſein ſchönes Weib verfluchen,
  Das ihn dazu beredt, daß er changiret hat g).
Daß Nicolaus hat zum Ketzer werden müſſen,
  Da war der böſe Ruf der Frauen ſchuld daran,
Und daß Novatus ſich auf Neuerung befliſſen,
  Das machte, weil die Frau ihm auch zu viel gethan h).
Das Weh folgt auf die Eh, auf Lieben folgt Betrüben:
  Wie viele haben ſich ihr Leben abgekürzt,
Die unvergnügt gefreit? So macht die böſe Sieben,
  Daß Casper Vilius ſich in die Donau ſtürzt i).
Was King in Engelland mit Schriften erſt erworben,
  Hat ihm die geile Frau geſtohlen und verthan,
Und daß er bald darauf für Harm und Gram geſtorben,
  Zeigt der Gelehrte Wood nebſt Andern deutlich an k).
Der kluge Bautru will nicht ſeinen Sohn erkennen:
  Das macht, die Liebſte war nur allzu complaisant l).
Dempsterus aber iſt ein Stoicus zu nennen,
  Der ſeiner Frauen Raub nicht allzuhoch empfand.
Denn da dieſelbe ſchon ein junger Kerl entführet,
  So ſchien er doch vergnügt, ſo daß er kurz darauf
Den Raub Proserpinae gar artig explicirte,
  Und bot das kluge Werk zu öffentlichem Kauf m).
So ſchrieb Papronius von ehelichen Pflichten,
  Nachdem er ſeiner Frau, die alt und mürriſch war,
Die allerletzte Pflicht ließ höchſt erfreut verrichten,
  Und ſtellete dabei ſein eigen Beiſpiel dar n).
Was that Aloni Frau nicht ihrem Mann zum Poſſen,
  Die ſelbſt der Königin genaue Reden gab?
Denn weil es ihr hernach auf ſolchen Trotz verdroſſen,
  So führete man ihn bald in das Gefängniß ab o).
Brissonius der Kern geſcheuter Rechts-Gelehrten
  Hat eine geile Frau und ein verhurtes Kind;
Je mehr die Purſche nun ſich in dem Hauſe mehrten,
  Je mehr auch Schimpf und Spott dadurch vermehret ſind p).
Barclaji Wittwe ließ ſein Grabmahl demoliren,
  Weil ein Pedante gleich ſein Nachbar ſollte ſein q).
Des weiſen Rohaults Frau lag öfters in der Thüren,

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*) Ich behalte im Uebrigen allen Reſpect gegen das honnête Frauenzimmer, und hoffe, wie Mr. Boileau (in dem Beſchluß der Vorrede über offterwehnte Satyre) daß ſie ſich eben ſo wenig werden meine Predigt in gegenwärtiger Satyre, als die Satyren deren Geiſtlichen, welche faſt in allen Predigten wider die Untugenden deren Weiber eingeſprengt werden, mißfallen laſſen.

a) Bartholomaeus Scala ſoll eine Epiſtel davon geſchrieben haben: An viro sapienti ducenda sit uxor? und gehöret ſonſt hieher eine andere in des [illegible] unter dem Titel: An et quando viro literato sit ducenda uxor? allwo auch am Ende einer Anonymi Diſſertation beygefüget worden de Matrimonio literati, an coelibem esse, an nubere conveniat? b) Franciscus Barbarus hat de Re Uxoria in prosa geſchrieben und ſein Vetter Hermolaus Barbarus in lateiniſchen Verſen, und beweiſt der letzte ſonderlich, ein Gelehrter dürfe nicht heirathen. v. Gesner. Bibl. p. 317. c) Mons. Sorbiere meinet in ſeinem Dialogue s'il faut qu'un jeune homme soit amoureux, die Xantippe wäre deswegen gegen ihren Mann ſo mürriſch geweſen, weil ſie mit ſeinem Diſcipel, dem Platone, der von breiten Schultern und wohl gewachſen geweſen, zugehalten, da hingegen Socrates eine ungeſtaltete Naſe und eine Platte gehabt. v. Oeuvres de Sorbiere p. 163. d) Er hatte deswegen den Zunamen Μισογύνης, und daß ihn ſeines Heirathens gereuet, ſiehe beim A. Gell. L. 15. C. 20. conf. Barnes in Vita ejus. Opp. p. 19. e) Vid. Liban. T. I. Decl. Morosus se deferens. f) Er brauchte das Dilemma: Eine Frau iſt entweder ſchöne oder ungeſtalt, beides bringt Verdruß; iſt ſie ſchöne, ſo macht ſie [illegible], iſt ſie garſtig, ſo hat man ſie zur Strafe. v. Diog. Laert. L. IV. sect. 48. n. 48. g) Voyez Mr. Teissier Addit. aux Eloges T. 2. p. 283. h) Einige Scribenten der Kirchen-Hiſtorie melden, daß Nicolaus, einer von denen ſieben erſten Diaconis, allzu große Urſache gehabt über die Schönheit ſeiner Liebſten jalous zu ſein, habe er ſie endlich in eine große Verſammlung geführet und ihr die Freiheit gegeben, einen aus dem Mittel nach ihrem Belieben zu heirathen, auch hernach gelehret, daß Unzucht und Unreinigkeit ein nothwendiges Mittel ſei, die ewige Glückſeligkeit zu erhalten. Als auch Novatus ſeine Frau, ohne Zweifel weil ſie ihm Urſache darzu gegeben, mit Schlägen einſt dergeſtalt tractiret, daß ſie davon [illegible], und er deswegen verfolget wurde, fiel er auf den Irrthum, daß ein öffentlicher Sünder ohne Buße in die Kirche wieder aufzunehmen ſei, u. ſ. w. v. A. Dict. of all Religions t. Nicholaitans und Novatians. i) Es ſtehen [illegible] Top. L. V. n. 7. und bei dem Schediasm. [illegible] über [illegible], ſo neulich ediret. k) Daniel King hatte viel zuſammengeſcharrt, darum ihn ſeine Frau auf einmal gebracht. v. Wood Athen. Ox. T. II. p. 163. l) Bayle referiret im Dict. T. I. p. 503. e. daß er ſie vor bei den Gerichten angegeben, und einen Diener in Verdacht gezogen, der deswegen auf die Galeeren condemniret worden. Doch ſoll er endlich geſagt haben: [illegible] beſſer dieſe Entführung befördern. v. Bayle l. c. p. 936. Und iſt probable, daß er ſeinen Commentarium über den Claudianum erſt hernach heraus gegeben. n) Es referiret [illegible] in [illegible] Scriptor. Polonorum p. 119. von Barthol. Papronio, daß er in gar jungen Jahren eine alte reiche Frau geheirathet, die ihm aber das Leben ſehr ſauer gemacht, habe er nach ihrem Tode Leges Connubiales geſchrieben. o) Naudaeus ſchreibt davon dans le Mascurat p. 33. La femme de Aloisius Lomanius etoit une de plus superbes et de plus impertinentes Dames de son temps, elle se brouilla assez mal à propos avec la Reyne Constance etc. p) v. [illegible], in [illegible] Miton. q) Sie war ſo ſtolz, daß

Und wer ihr nicht gefiel, kam nicht zu ihm hinein r).
Wenn bei Salmasio gelehrte Gäſte waren,
So ließ ſich allzeit die Frau darunter ſehn:
Die wußte gar genau, was vor zwei tauſend Jahren
Der Scheffel Korn gethan, was da und dort geſchehn,
Sie drang gewaltig ein, griff nach den Folianten,
Bewies ich weiß nicht was, und wer ihr widerſprach,
Den ſchalt ſie ungeſcheut vor einen Ignoranten;
So gab ein jeder gern der tollen Weisheit nach s).
Der Aventinus nahm die Jungemagd zum Weibe,
Und hatte doch darnach ſein liebes Kreuz daran t).
Franciscus Vossius trug auch ſein Joch am Leibe u),
Und Pasquierius war ein geplagter Mann x).
Was Wunder, daß demnach Verinus eher ſtirbet,
Eh er den Xerxem ſagt, und eine Liebſte wählt y):
Und daß auch Chapellain ſich nicht darum bewirbet,
Der Weiber ohne dem vor halbe Menſchen zählt z).
Zwar daß Cartesius iſt ohne Frau geblieben,
Das iſt aus keiner Furcht und keinem Haß geſchehn;
Denn daß er ohne Frau den Eheſtand getrieben,
Das konnte man genug an der Francina ſehn aa).
Doch hat Auratus noch dabei ſtudiren können,
Der als ein achtziger ein junges Mägdchen frieh bb),
So iſt der Einwurf auch nicht allgemein zu nennen,
Und Jugend ſtreitet nicht mit der Philosophie.
Ja wer will anderntheils auch die Gelehrten zählen,
Die ſonder Ueberdruß die Ehe hingebracht!
Allein da heißt es noch: Was ſoll man denn erwählen,
Da beides jung und alt genug zu ſchaffen macht!
Da das Gouvernement des Dauphins zu verwalten,
Und le Vayer dazu für Andern war begabt,
So hätt er allerdings die Charge leicht erhalten,
Wenn er nicht dazumal ein junges Weib gehabt cc).
Hingegen iſt es wohl gar mißlich um die Alten,
Denn Apuleius liebt die Pudentilla nicht dd).
Man kann Lambecio nicht wohl für übel halten,
Daß er ſein altes Weib, wie Monsieur Bayle ſpricht ee),
Das reich, doch geizig war und zänkiſch wie der Teufel,
Nach funfzehn Tagen ſchon aus Ungeduld verließ,
Und fort nach Hamburg ging; wiewohl ihn ohne Zweifel
Der Reichthums-Appetit in dieſes Elend ſtieß.
So iſt es ehemals dem Sarrasin gegangen,
Den Frankreich noch mit Recht die zehnte Muſe nennt:
Er hatte leider! ſich an ein alt Weib gehangen,
Die führte Tag und Nacht ihr ſtrenges Regiment:
Es konnten ihm mithin die Thaler wenig nützen,
Von welchen ihn der Glanz verblendet und beſtrickt,
Drum ging er endlich fort und ließ die Alte ſitzen,
Die ihm den hohen Geiſt zu mancher Zeit verrückt ff).
Trifft man das Mittel nun an Alter und an Glücke,
So weiſt es doch, es fehlt an keiner Hinderung.
So hielt auch Fernels Frau ihn allezeit zurücke,
Daß er ſich eben nicht zum practiciren drung gg).
Die Liebſte muß wohl gar am Hochzeit-Tage ſterben,
Wie es Bongarsius mit Schmerz bezeugen kann hh);
Der allerklügſte Mann hat oft die dümmſten Erben,
Wie Aristoteles es deutlich dargethan ii).
Doch ein Philosophus läßt Sorg und Grillen weichen,
Und ſuchet nach der Müh auch einen Zeitvertreib.
Der edle Kirchmann ſchrieb ſein Werk von denen Leichen,
Und dachte doch dabei an ſein verlobtes Weib kk).
Budaeus ſetzte noch an ſeinem Hochzeit-Tage
Zur Lucubration drei ganze Stunden aus ll):
Und da Morelli Frau in letzten Zügen lage,
So ſchrieb er irgend wo noch einen Locum raus mm).
Jodocus Badius hat gleich ſo viel geſchrieben,
Als die geſchickte Frau an Kindern concipirt nn),
Und Tiroquellus hat es auch ſo hoch getrieben,
Der jedes Jahr ein Kind und auch ein Buch ediret oo).
Doch O - - - - muß dieſes ſelbſt bekennen,
Daß ſich das Lieben wohl zu dem Studiren ſchickt,
Er war in ſeiner Eh recht hochbeglückt zu nennen,
Die Liebſte machte traun ſein ganzes Thun beglückt.
Die Liebſte, deren Sinn mit ſeinem war vereinet,
Die ihm, wie Altings Frau an Herz und Lippen hing,
Und die er eben ſo, wie Alting, hat beweinet,
Als ſie nach kurzer Luſt ſchon wieder von ihm ging pp).
Da nun Gott abermals ihm eine Liebſte ſchenket,
So zeiget er, daß Fleiß bei Liebe wohnen kann,
Und wer bei ſaurer Müh an ſeine Liebſte denket,
Den Pflichten der Natur nicht halb genug gethan.
Die edle Scudery, die Sappho dieſer Zeiten,
Und Daciería, des Fabri Meiſterſtück,
Die mögen immerhin um Kron und Lorbeer ſtreiten;
Ein curieuses Weib iſt nur ein mäßig Stück:
Darum werden auch der Indianer Frauen
Zur Kinderzucht und nicht zur Wiſſenſchaft verpflicht qq):
Ausonius will nicht der Weiber Weisheit trauen rr):
Selbſt Juvenalis liebt gelehrte Weiber nicht ss):
Und Balzac wünſcht ſich eh ein Weib mit rauchem Kinne,
Als eine kluge Frau, die trotz dem Mann ſtudirt tt).
Hingegen hat ein Weib auch nicht einmal fünf Sinne,
So wird nur wenig Luſt bei ſolcher Eh verſpürt.
Wofern wir dergeſtalt die werthe Braut betrachten,
So dünkt mich, fehlt es ihr an Wiſſenſchaften nicht,
Sie weiß der Weisheit Kern, nicht Schalen, hoch zu achten,
Und hat den hohen Sinn auf keinen Tand gericht.
Sie liebt was nützliches zu leſen und zu hören,
Und hat bisher die Zeit mit Vortheil angewandt;
Sie kennt den Inbegriff der ſchönſten Sitten-Lehren,
Die Regeln der Vernunft ſind ihr genau bekannt.
Sie weiß ſchon von ſich ſelbſt, was Andre lernen müſſen;
Wer der Beredſamkeit bekannte Proben hört,
Der meint, ſie habe ſich mit Fleiß darauf befliſſen,
Allein ſelbſt die Natur macht ſie ſchon hochgelehrt.
Wohlan ſo bleib er denn der Lieb und Fleiß verpflichtet,
Und zeige, werther Freund, noch dieſem in der That,
Wie Hugo Grotius von Vossio berichtet uu),
Daß Keiner beſſer ſchreibe, und beſſer Kinder hat.

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wie ſie hörte, der Cardinal Barberini hätte ſeinem Praeceptor [illegible] begraben laſſen, hat ſie das marmorne Epitaphium abgeriſſen, und ſagte, ihr Mann dürfe bei keinem Schulfuchs liegen. Erythr. Pinacoth. 3. p. 61. r) Wenn die Studenten und Collegen wollten, und waren nicht galant genug, [illegible] v. Vigneul, Marville Melanges d'Hist. T. I. p. 20. s) V. Menagiana p. 200. 201. t) Das ſchreibt Aventinus in ſeinem Leben, ſo vor ſeinen Opp. beigefügt. Conf. Menag. p. 218. u) Es iſt aus ſeines Bruders Gerh. Jo. Vossii Briefen zu ſehen. Ep. 308. x) Siehe [illegible] Valesiana p. 6. y) Von Richardo Verino ſchreibt Ang. Politianus unter andern in Epigr.

Solo Verum poterat lento succurrere morbo.
Ne se pollueret, maluit ille mori.

Colomies Bibl. Chois. p. 166. z) Er hielt davor, ſie hätten nur halbe Vernunft. v. Vales. p. 28. aa) Er wollte nicht heirathen und gab vor, er könnte die Wahrheit beſſer unterſuchen, aber er hatte ſchon von einer [illegible], de Rosni, den Rath bekommen, und hat in Holland dieſe Francina außer der Ehe A. 1635 erzeugt, deren Tod er A. 1640 bitterlich beweinet. V. La Vie de Mr. Descartes und conf. Act. Erud. de A. 1692. p. 380. bb) V. Academie des sciences et des Arts, par Bullart L. V. p. 313. Wie man ſich aber darüber wunderte, antwortete er laſt eben, [illegible] er auch im hohen Alter geheirathet, dem P. Matamoros L. II. Mendac. p. 237. [illegible] cc) Naudaeus ſagt im Mascurat p. 235: La Reyne ayant pris Resolution, de ne donner cet employ à aucun homme, qui fut marié, il falust par necessité songer à un autre. dd) Er war lange Zeit Witwer geweſen, da er ſie heirathete. v. Bayle Dict. T. I. p. 319. ee) Dict. Crit. T. II. p. 269. 270. ff) Der berühmte Sarrasin, welcher insgemein dem Voiture an die Seite geſetzt wird, heirathete eine alte und häßliche obwohl reiche Frau; weil ſich aber ſein freies Genie zu dieſer Ehe nicht ſchickte, verließ er ſie, und nahm eine Secretarius Stelle bei dem Prinz Conti an. v. Huet Origines de la Ville de Caen. p. 352. gg) Er war ein Medicus, und weil ihn ſeine Frau nicht wollte die Patienten beſuchen laſſen, hatte er wenig Einkommen, wie Plantius in ejus Vita und Lescout Bayle T. I. p. 1125 berichten. hh) Wie er ſelbſt bekennet in ſeinen Epist. p. 7. a. Ed. Argent. ii) Er unterſuchet in Physicis die Urſache, warum gelehrte Leute nicht allezeit gelehrte Kinder haben. kk) Eben in dem Jahre, da er das gelehrte Buch de funeribus Romanorum heraus gab, heirathete er, wie Stolterfohtus in ſeiner Parentation erwehnt bei Witten in Mem. Philos. etc. p. 325. ll) V. Bayle T. I. p. 693. mm) V. Colomies Recueil des Particularitez p. 199. nn) Swert. Athen. Belg. p. 490. oo) V. Thuan. ad a. 1558. Sammarthan. Teissier und andere. pp) Henricus Altingius, ein berühmter Theologus, wollte ſich nicht trauen laſſen, da ſeine Frau ſtarb, weil er 30 Jahre etwas den allergeringſten Widerwillen mit ihr im Eheſtand gelebet. v. Bayle T. I. p. 220. qq) Die Brachmanen wollten nicht zugeben, daß die Weiber philosophiren ſollten, ſondern meinten, ſie ſollten ſich bloß um das Kinderzeugen und die Kinderzucht bekümmern, wie aus dem Strabone L. 15. zu ſehen. Conf. Bayle l. c. p. 653. rr) Ausonius hat folgende Stelle: [illegible] V. Naudée Mascurat p. 71. ss) Juvenalis ſchreibet Sat. VI.

Non habeat matrona, tibi quae juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curvum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes.

Dahin auch gehöret, was ſowohl Boileau Sat. 10. p. 77, als auch der [illegible] in ſeiner 3. Sat. anmerken, davon dieſer alſo ſchreibet:

Malheur à tout Mari dont la femme compose,
On la fait enrager en vers ainsi qu'en prose

Und Menagius remarquirt aus dem Athenaeo, daß bei den Griechen ſonderlich das verehlichte Frauenzimmer ſich auf beſſes Lesen und Medicamenten applicirt. Vid. Reinhardi The. Prod. Eleg. p. 534. tt) V. Vorberedi Introd. in Not. Lit. Sect. II. c. 11. § 1. uu) Weil Gerh. Joh. Vossius ſo viel gelehrte Kinder hatte, ſo ſagte Grotius von ihm: [illegible] v. Patiniana p. 178. Conf. Act. Erud. de A. 1702. p. 286.

Karl Adolf Menzel

ward am 7. December 1784 zu Grünberg in Schleſien geboren und auf dem Eliſabethanum zu Breslau für das Studium der Theologie vorbereitet. Nach zu Halle großentheils autodidaktiſchen Studien wurde er zuerſt in der niederſchleſiſchen Herrſchaft Wartenberg, dann zu Breslau und Liegnitz Hauslehrer und Privatinſtitutslehrer und kam 1809 als Profeſſor an das Eliſabethengymnaſium in Breslau, wo er 1814 zum Prorector und Aufſeher über die Rhedigerſche Bibliothek ernannt und 1825 mit dem Charakter eines königlich preußiſchen Conſiſtorial- und Schulrathes beehrt wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Topographiſche Chronik von Breslau. Breslau 1805—1807, 2 Bde., 4.
Geſchichte Schleſiens. Ebendaſ. 1808—10, 3 Bde., 4.
Der neue breslauiſche Erzähler. Ebendaſ. 1810—12, 3 Jahrg. (in Gemeinſchaft mit K. Schall).
Geſchichte der Deutſchen. Ebendaſ. 1815—23, 8 Bde., 8.
Kurzgefaßte Reformationsgeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Ueber die Undeutſchheit des neuen Deutſchthums. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Geſchichte der neuern Zeit ſeit dem Tode Friedrich's II. Berlin 1824, 2 Bde. (Bildet auch den 11. und 12. Thl. der Weltgeſchichte von K. F. Becker); 3. Ausg. 1830, 3 Thle.
Neuere Geſchichte der Deutſchen von der Reformation bis zur Bundesacte. Breslau 1826—35, 6 Bde.
Handbuch der neueren franzöſiſchen Sprache und Literatur. Breslau 1827; 2. Ausg. 1830.
Die Jahre 1815—1828. Berlin 1829.

Viele einzelne Flugſchriften, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Gründliches Quellenſtudium, ſcharfſinnige Forſchung, Kraft und Klarheit der Darſtellung haben K. A. Menzel's hiſtoriſchen Werken einen bleibenden hohen Werth verliehen, der durch ſeine echte Vaterlandsliebe, namentlich in ſeiner Geſchichte der Deutſchen, noch vergrößert wird. Seine Gegner haben an ihm getadelt, daß er in ſeiner Geſchichte der neueren Zeit zu viel Rückſicht auf die beſtehenden politiſchen Verhältniſſe nehme und ſich zu ſehr dem Abſolutismus zuneige; die Zeit hat aber bewieſen, daß er, ein Feind aller Uebertreibung, nur entſchieden und ſcharf gegen die Verirrungen auftrat, von denen er fühlte, daß ſie in dem Schooße der Gegenwart lagen und, einmal ſchrankenlos an das Licht getreten, nur zum Verderben führen könnten.

Wolfgang Menzel

ward am 21. Juni 1798 zu Waldenburg in Schleſien geboren und legte ſeit 1814 auf dem Eliſabethanum zu Breslau den Grund ſeiner Studien. 1818 ging er nach Jena und ſpäter nach Bonn, um dort Philoſophie zu ſtudiren, und kam 1820 in die Schweiz, wo er in Aarau als erſter Lehrer an der daſigen Stadtſchule angeſtellt wurde. 1825 aber wandte er ſich nach Heidelberg und Stuttgart und wirkte 1833 als Deputirter des Oberamts Bahlingen in der würtembergiſchen Ständeverſammlung, während er in der literariſchen Welt vorzüglich als Redacteur des Literaturblattes zur Morgenzeitung, welches er ſeit 1825 anfangs anonym herausgab, eine bedeutende Stellung einnahm. Später in heftige Kämpfe gegen die neueſten Richtungen in der Literatur verwickelt, hat er durch ſeine Heftigkeit an ſeinem Anſehen eingebüßt.

Bis jetzt erſchienen von ihm:

Streckverſe. Heidelberg 1823, 8.
Europäiſche Blätter. Zürich 1824—25, 4 Bde., 8. Auch unter dem Titel: „Gallerie der berühmteſten deutſchen Dichter."
Voß und die Symbolik. Stuttgart 1825, 8.
Moos-Roſen. Taſchenbuch. Ebendaſ. 1826, 16., mit 2. Uhland's Portrait u. 1 Vign.
Geſchichte der Deutſchen. Zürich 1827, 3 Bde., 8.; 2. Aufl. in 1. Bd. 1834 f. in 4.
Die deutſche Literatur. Stuttgart 1828, 2 Bde., 8.; 2. verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1836, 4 Thle., gr. 12.
Rübezahl. Dramatiſches Mährchen. Ebendaſ. 1829, 8.
Taſchenbuch der neueſten Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1830—1835, 5 Bde., 12.
Narciſſus. Dramatiſches Mährchen. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
Reiſe nach Oeſtreich. Ebendaſ. 1831.

Aufſätze, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. im Morgenblatt und andern Zeitſchriften.

Das Urtheil über Menzel, der ſich fortwährend in der Mitte des Streites der verſchiedenen Partheien befindet und, da er ſelbſt wie ohne Heftigkeit gegen ſeine Gegner auftritt, wiederholt auch auf das Heftigſte angegriffen worden iſt, läßt ſich, wenn ihm, wie ſich von ſelbſt verſteht, volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren ſoll, nur im Allgemeinen aufſtellen, da über einzelne Partheien ſeines literäriſchen Wirkens die Acten noch keineswegs geſchloſſen ſind. Er beſitzt als Schriftſteller eine gründliche, vielſeitige Durchbildung, großen Scharfſinn, Phantaſie, treffliche Darſtellungsgabe und Herrſchaft über Form und Sprache, bis zur größten Feinheit und Vollendung. Seine beſten Leiſtungen finden ſich auf dem Gebiete der höheren Kritik, namentlich in ſeinem Werke über die deutſche Literatur. Der Muth und die Kraft, ſowie der Reichthum an Geiſt, mit welchem er Lob wie Tadel, ſelbſt der bedeutendſten Erſcheinungen, ſtets entſchieden und nur ſeiner innerſten Ueberzeugung folgend ausſpricht, kann nicht genug anerkannt werden, denn Deutſchland verdankt ihm in dieſer Hinſicht viel. Ließe er ſich nicht zu ſehr von perſönlichen Sympathieen und Antipathieen hinreißen, die ihn oft einſeitig machen und ihn ſogar, wenn auch ſelten, zu Ungerechtigkeiten, wie zu Unzartheiten verführen, ſo wäre er den erſten Meiſtern auf dem Gebiete der Kritik beizugeſellen. Dazu kommt noch, daß ſein Beruf ihn zwingt, ſeine Kräfte zu zerſplittern, indem er ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit mannichfachen und verſchiedenen Dingen zuwenden muß, wodurch er verhindert wird, in das Einzelne genau einzudringen und es mehr als oberflächlich zu behandeln, obwohl er dagegen jedem, auch dem unbedeutendſten Gegenſtand eine intereſſante Seite abzugewinnen weiß, die ihm ſtets zu geiſtreichen Aeußerungen Gelegenheit giebt. In ſeinen Poeſieen, namentlich in ſeinen beiden dramatiſchen Mährchen, bei welchen Tieck ſein Vorbild war, das er jedoch keineswegs ängſtlich, ſondern in reicher geiſtiger Freiheit nachahmte, finden ſich ſehr ſchöne Stellen und es zeigt ſich in ihnen ein gleich glückliches Talent für die humoriſtiſche wie für die rein dichteriſche, beſonders lyriſche Behandlung des Stoffes, ſowie große Anmuth und Gewandtheit in der äußeren Geſtaltung. An ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Arbeiten rühmen competente Richter die gute, praktiſche Darſtellungsweiſe, tadeln aber die oft zu raſche Verarbeitung des Stoffes, die ihn nicht ſelten factiſch unrichtige Angaben überſehen läßt.

Schiller.

Aus W. Menzel's deutſcher Literatur.

Th. IV. S. 107 fgde.

Obgleich Schiller ſich weit über alle dieſe Dichter erhoben hat, ſo vermag ich doch an keiner ſchicklichern Stelle über ihn zu reden. Sein unſterbliches Wirken ging urſprünglich aus demſelben Sturm und Drange, aus derſelben erſten romantiſchen Grobheit hervor, die wir als tiefes und wahres Gefühl bei Schubart, und als Affektation einer Modeſache in Göthes Götz erkennen. Ja ſeine erſten Räuber- und Revolutionsſtücke ſchienen in der Form und Sprache noch der beliebten Manier zu huldigen, bis man merkte, daß hier ein viel größerer Geiſt ſich nur die erſte Bahn gebrochen habe. In der That verhält ſich Schiller zu dem Pöbel der Ritter-, Räuber- und Geſpenſterromanfabrikanten wie Karl Moor zu ſeinen Geſellen, eine Zeitlang ihres Gleichen und doch weit über ſie erhaben.

Schiller wurde in dieſe allerdings gemiſchte Geſellſchaft fortgeriſſen, da bei ihm die Kraft viel früher da war, als die Grazie, die ſie beherrſcht, und da er, unter einer kleinlichen, jede Bewegung vorſchreibenden militäriſchen Zucht aufgewachſen, nothwendig am entgegengeſetzten Extreme, einer ausgelaſſenen Wildheit Vergnügen finden mußte. Aber ſchon bei ſeinem erſten Auftreten beurkundete er die ihm noch unbewußte höhere Sendung.

Er ahnte zuerſt, daß, während die moderne Poeſie von den falſchen Idealen der Gallomanie zur einfachen Natur allerdings zurückgeführt habe, es dagegen wieder die Aufgabe der romantiſchen Poeſie geworden ſei, von der falſchen Natur zu den reinen Idealen zurückzukehren. Die meiſten Stürmer und Dränger und nachherigen Romantiker begnügten ſich, der Modernität die Bilder anderer Zeiten und Sitten, oft ſogar nur andere Koſtume entgegenzuhalten, oder phantaſtiſche Traumzuſtände, in denen jede Liebhaberei und Eitelkeit ſich ihre Befriedigung vorgaukelte. Aber Schiller faßte die Sache tiefer auf und wollte nicht, daß man ein Zeitalter dem andern, ſondern daß man das ewige Ideal der zeitlichen Gemeinheit entgegenſetze, daß man daher auch nicht beim Koſtume und bei den äußern Umſtänden und Zuſtänden ſtehen bleibe, ſondern den Menſchen in großen Charakterbildern darſtelle. Ob antik, ob romantiſch, ob modern, gleichviel, das Menſchliche bleibt ſich in allen Zeiten gleich. Es adelt oder entadelt jede Zeit, und die Dichter tragen, jenachdem ſie es auffaſſen, zur Erhebung oder Entwürdigung der Menſchen bei. Darum, glaubte Schiller, ſei es die höchſte Aufgabe des Dichters, das Menſchliche in der edelſten Idealität aufzufaſſen, wie die griechiſche Kunſt einſt in ihrer höchſten Blüthe, wenn auch nur in der Darſtellung des Körperlichen, daſſelbe gethan, d. h. die göttliche Bildung des Menſchen dargeſtellt hatte. In dieſer höchſten Aufgabe ſchien ihm aller Streit der Schule vernichtet und er ſelbſt vermochte niemals, wenn ihn auch Göthe deßfalls unabläßig verſchonte, das Antike, Romantiſche und Moderne ſtreng zu ſcheiden und gleich dieſem ſeinen vornehmen Freunde eine Maske nach der andern vorzunehmen. Modern in Kabale und Liebe, romantiſch in Wallenſtein und der Jungfrau von Orleans, antik in der Braut von Meſſina iſt doch Schiller überall derſelbe, und die verſchiedene Form verſchwindet vor dem gleichen Geiſte.

Wie man ihm aber ſchon während ſeines Lebens ſein Idealiſiren zu verleiden, ihn zum Gemeinen und zur Spielerei mit Formen herabzuziehen trachtete, ſo iſt er auch nach ſeinem Tode aus demſelben Grunde oft mißverſtanden und angefeindet worden. Bald tadelte man die Philoſophie, bald die Moralität, durch die er die Poeſie verfälſcht habe. Selbſt ſeine im Drama zu lyriſch ſcheinende Wärme des Gefühls warf man ihm vor, nur um beſtändig ſich ſelbſt und das Publikum über Schillers wahre Größe zu täuſchen. Daß dieſe Größe, als eine ſittliche, den frivolen und gemein geſinnten Poeten jederzeit tödtlich verhaßt war, ſeinen falſchen Freunden nicht weniger, wie ſeinen ausgeſprochenen Feinden, iſt höchſt natürlich. Er ſtellte edle große Charaktere dar; aber die Philiſter und Sentimentalen wollten nur das Kleinliche, und die Frivolen nur das Unſittliche, nur die Beſchönigung jedes Laſters und jeder unwürdigen Schwäche. Von der letzten Seite her, durch die romantiſche Ueberweisheit der Schlegelſchen Schule wurde Schiller heftig und mit der Bosheit angegriffen, die der Unreine dem Reinen gegenüber ſo ſelten unterdrücken kann. Von den Philiſtern und Sentimentalen wurde Schiller bewundert, aber ohne daß ſie ihn verſtanden hätten, ohne daß es ihnen eingefallen wäre, Schiller verlange, indem er edle Menſchlichkeit predigte, auch von ihnen, daß ſie ſich kräftigen und veredeln ſollten.

Dennoch wurde Schiller der bei weitem populärſte aller unſerer Dichter, ſeine Werke kamen in jedermanns Hände, ſein Name überſtrahlte in den Augen des Volks jeden andern, ſelbſt den Göthes, der nur bei der Ariſtokratie der Bildung den höhern Rang behauptete. Dieſen unendlichen Ruhm hat keine Koterie, keine Kritik, keine Gunſt erzeugt, ſondern lediglich die einfache Wirkung der Schillerſchen Poeſie auf die Mehrheit des noch unverbildeten Publikums, der noch unverdorbenen Jugend, oder des eigentlich ſich ſelbſt repräſentirenden Volks, das von der Macht der Wahrheit, von der Schönheit eines echten Seelenadels, von der Begeiſterung für alles Heilige und Hohe immer hingeriſſen wird und durch dieſe Empfänglichkeit die Höhergebildeten, die dafür ſchon zu verdorben und abgeſchwächt ſind, nicht nur beſchämt, ſondern auch deren ſchädlichen Einfluß neutraliſirt. Ich liebe Schiller doppelt, weil er nicht nur ſo edel iſt, ſondern weil auch ſein Volk dieß erkannt hat, und weil ſein Name Legionen niedriger Geiſter, die an der Zerſtörung des deutſchen Charakters arbeiten, zurückſchreckt.

Was Schillers Werken eine ſo große Macht über die Geiſter verliehen, iſt zugleich ihre größte Liebenswürdigkeit, nämlich das Jugendliche. Er iſt der Dichter der Jugend, und wird es immer bleiben, denn alle ſeine Gefühle entſprechen dem erſten Aufſchwung des noch unverdorbenen jugendlichen Gemüthes, der noch reinen Liebe, dem noch unerſchütterten Glauben, der noch warmen Hoffnung, der noch ungeſchwächten Kraft junger Seelen. Er iſt aber auch der Liebling Aller, die ſich ihre Jugend bewahrt haben, deren Sinn für das Wahre und Rechte, Große und Schöne nicht auf dem Markte des gemeinen Lebens erſtorben iſt.

Schiller trat in einem verdorbenen, altersſchwachen Zeitalter mit jugendlicher Kraft auf, mit einem wunderbar ſtarken und zugleich jungfräulich reinen Herzen. Er hat die deutſche Poeſie gereinigt, und verjüngt. Kraftvoller und ſiegreicher, als jeder Andere, hat er die unſittliche Richtung des in ſeiner Zeit herrſchenden Geſchmacks bekämpft. Ungeblendet von dem glänzenden Witze ſeiner Zeit hat er es gewagt, ſich wieder an die reinſten und urſprünglichſten Gefühle des Menſchen zu wenden, und den Spöttern einen ſtrengen und heiligen Ernſt entgegen zu ſetzen. Ihm gebührt der Ruhm, den Geiſt der Poeſie erfriſcht, geläutert und veredelt zu haben. Deutſchland erfreut ſich bereits der Früchte dieſer Umgeſtaltung; denn ſeit Schillers Auftreten hat unſre ganze Poeſie einen würdigen Ton angenommen. Und auch unſere Nachbarvölker ſind von dieſem Geiſte ergriffen worden, und Schiller übt auf die große Veränderung, die gegenwärtig in dem Geſchmack und in der Poeſie derſelben vorgeht, einen mächtigen Einfluß, den ſie ſelbſt laut anerkennen.

Wir haben ihm noch mehr zu danken, als die Reinigung des Kunſttempels. Seine Dichtungen haben auch außerhalb des Kunſtgebiets unmittelbar auf das Leben gewirkt. Der mächtige Zauber ſeines Liedes hat nicht blos die Phantaſie der Menſchen, er hat auch die Gewiſſen ergriffen, und der Feuereifer, mit dem er gegen alles Schlechte und Gemeine in den Kampf trat, die heilige Begeiſterung, mit der er die anerkannten Rechte und die beleidigte Würde der Menſchen ſo oft und ſo ſiegreich vertheidigte, wie keiner vor ihm, machen ſeinen Namen nicht blos unter den Dichtern, ſondern auch unter den edelſten Weiſen und Heroen glänzen, die der Menſchheit theuer ſind.

Es giebt keinen Grundſatz, kein Gefühl der Ehre und des Rechts, die nicht mit einer ſchönen Stelle, die nicht mit einer bedeutungsvollen Sentenz aus Schillers Dichtungen bekräftigt werden könnten, und dieſe Ausſprüche leben im Munde des Volkes.

Schiller hat ſeine ganze poetiſche Kraft in die Darſtellung des Menſchen, und zwar des Ideales menſchlicher Seelengröße und Seelenſchönheit, des höchſten und geheimnißvollſten aller Wunder zuſammengedrängt. Die äußere Welt galt ihm überall nur als Folie, als Gegenſatz oder Gleichniß für den Menſchen. Der blinden Naturgewalt ſtellt er die ſittliche Kraft des Menſchen gegenüber, um dieſe in ihrem höhern Adel oder kämpfend in ihrer ſiegenden Stärke zu zeigen, ſo im Taucher, in der Bürgſchaft; oder er legt einen menſchlichen Sinn in die Natur, und giebt ihren blinden Kräften eine ſittliche Bedeutung, ſo in den Göttern Griechenlands, in der Klage der Ceres, in Hero und Leander, den Kranichen des Ibikus, der Glocke ꝛc. Selbſt in ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Schriften iſt es ihm weniger um den epiſchen, der Naturnothwendigkeit entſprechenden Gang des Ganzen zu thun, als um die hervorſtehenden Charaktere, das Element der menſchlichen Freiheit im Gegenſatz gegen jene Nothwendigkeit.

Die Seele aller Schöpfungen Schillers ſind ſeine idealen Menſchen. Er ſchildert überall nur den Menſchen, aber in ſeiner höchſten ſittlichen Schönheit und Erhabenheit. Es fiel ihm ſogar beinahe unmöglich, einer Poeſie, welche den Menſchen nicht idealiſirt, dieſen Ehrennamen zu geben. Wenn uns Schiller aber auch Ideale der Sittlichkeit ſchilderte, ſo würde dies zunächſt nur ſeiner eigenen Sittlichkeit zu Ehre gereichen, jedoch nichts für ſeinen poetiſchen Werth entſcheiden. Im Gegentheil ſind die meiſten frühern und ſpätern Tugenddichter große Sünder gegen die Poeſie geweſen, und es iſt eben ſo ſchwer, eine edle Menſchennatur zu ſchildern, als zu beſitzen, aber nichts leichter, als die Anmaßung von Beiden. Wenn Ideale der Sittlichkeit in einer Perſon dargeſtellt werden ſollen, ſo muß verlangt werden, daß die Natürlichkeit nicht darunter leide. Es iſt eben ſo fehlerhaft, wenn eine unnatürliche und unwahre, daher auch unpoetiſche Darſtellung ſich durch die Moralität des Gegenſtandes zu rechtfertigen ſuchen muß, als wenn die Immoralität des Gegenſtandes ſich hinter der Natürlichkeit und Anmuth der Darſtellung verſteckt. Die meiſten Dichter gleichen indeß wirklich den ſchlechten Heiligenmalern, die auch dem widerlichſten Zerrbilde noch eine Verehrung verſchaffen, wenn es nur einen Heiligen bedeuten ſoll; nur wenige gleichen einem Raphael, deſſen Heilige wirklich Heilige ſind, deſſen Kunſt die Heiligkeit des Gegenſtandes erreicht. Unter dieſen wenigen aber ſteht Schiller oben an. Selbſt in ſeinen erſten Jugendprodukten trägt die innere Naturwahrheit ſchon über die ſo oft darin getadelte Unnatur den Sieg davon, die eben deshalb in ſeinen ſpätern Dichtungen nicht mehr vorkommt. Wir beſitzen große Dichter, die andere Schönheiten, als ſittliche dargeſtellt haben, die im Talent der Darſtellung unſerm Schiller vielleicht überlegen waren, aber keiner hat das Intereſſe der Tugend und der Poeſie dergeſtalt zu vereinigen gewußt, wie Schiller. Wir beſitzen keine Darſtellung der Tugend, die poetiſcher, keinen Dichter, der tugendhafter wäre.

In Schillers Idealen tritt uns kein todtes mechaniſches Geſetz, keine Theorie, kein trocknes Moralſyſtem, ſondern eine lebendige organiſche Natur, ein reges Leben handelnder Menſchen entgegen. Dieſe ideale Natur iſt die Schöpfung des Genius. Schiller ſelbſt ſagt:

Wiederholen kann der Verſtand, was da ſchon geweſen,
Du nur, Genius, mehrſt in der Natur die Natur.

Der Genius entwickelt aus innerer Tiefe die höhere Menſchennatur. In ihr kommt zur vollen glühenden Blüthe, was in andern nur in den Wurzeln unter der irdiſchen Decke ſchlummert. Das iſt das gewaltig überraſchende Wunder in der Geſchichte der Menſchen, daß unter ihnen immer neue Naturen geboren werden, die Niemand voraus berechnet, auf die kein hergebrachter Maaßſtab paßt, mit denen uns vielmehr die Welt ſelbſt in einer neuen Anſchauung wiedergeboren wird, die uns das alte gewohnte Daſein in einem neuen Lichte, die alte Natur in einer höhern Entwicklung zeigen, und in uns ſelbſt das verborgene Geheimniß aufſchließen, den träumenden Keim zum Lichte wecken, Neigungen, Kenntniſſe, Tugenden, Talente in uns entwickeln, uns bereichern, veredeln, erheben, und uns mit einem Worte die ganze innere und äußere Natur im Wiederſchein der ihrigen auf einer höheren Stufe, in einem neuen Zauberſchein enthüllen. Dieſe neue höhere Dichternatur iſt ſeine poetiſche Welt, und der Wunder größtes iſt, daß dieſe poetiſchen Welten ſo mannigfaltig eigenthümlich ſind. Schöner als die Welt ſelbſt ſind die Welten, die in ihr wieder geboren werden. Die eine Natur blüht in tauſend Naturen auf, die immer reicher, wunderbarer, ſchöner, zarter ſich geſtalten. Dieſe Wiedergeburt iſt das Werk des Genius. Jeder große Genius iſt eine ſeltſame Blume, nur in einem Exemplar vorhanden, ganz eigenthümlich an Geſtalt, Duft und Farbe. Die innere Trieb- und Lebenskraft einer ſolchen Geiſtesblume iſt ein Geheimniß, von ſelbſt erzeugt, von niemand zu enträthſeln. Wer hat noch den Blumengeiſt oder den Duft der Blüthen erklärt, der in dieſer ſo, in jener anders iſt? Wer hat den Reiz erklärt, der uns in Raphaels Bildern ſo ganz eigenthümlich anſpricht, und wer den geiſtigen Hauch und Duft, den innern Seelenreiz in Schillers Charakteren? Hier kann keine Definition des Verſtandes etwas ausrichten; nur durch Vergleichung können wir das Gefühl näher beſtimmen.

Raphaels Name hat ſich mir unwillkührlich aufgedrängt, und es iſt unverkennbar, daß über Schillers Dichtungen der Geiſt einer **ſittlichen Schönheit** ſchwebt, wie über den Bildern Raphaels der Geiſt ſinnlicher Schönheit. Das Sittliche tritt im Werden und Leben der Geſchichte hervor, als Handlung. Kampf iſt ſeine Bedingung; das Sinnliche iſt wie die Natur im Großen, in einem ruhigen Daſein befangen.

So müſſen Schillers Ideale ſich im Kampfe äußern, die von Raphael in ſanfter und erhabener Ruhe. Schillers Genius mußte das Amt des kriegeriſchen Engels Michael nicht ſcheuen. Raphaels Genius war nur der ſanfte Engel, der ſeinen Namen trägt. Jener originelle, unerklärbare Reiz aber, der himmliſche Zauber, der Abglanz einer höhern Welt, der in den Angeſichtern Raphaels liegt, liegt in den Charakteren Schillers. Kein Maler hat das menſchliche Antlitz, kein Dichter die menſchliche Seele in dieſer Anmuth und Majeſtät der Schönheit darzuſtellen gewußt. Und wie Raphaels Genius ſich gleich bleibt, und jener lichte, friedenbringende Engel in vielnamigen Erſcheinungen uns immer in derſelben Ruhe und Verklärung entgegenblickt, ſo bleibt auch Schillers Genius ſich gleich, und wir ſehen denſelben kriegeriſchen Engel in Karl Moor, Amalien, Ferdinand, Louiſen, Marquis Poſa, Max Piccolomini, Thekla, Maria Stuart, Mortimer, Johanna von Orleans, Wilhelm Tell. Jener Genius trägt die Palme, dieſer das Schwert. Jener ruht im Bewußtſein eines nie zu ſtörenden Friedens, in ſeiner eigenen Herrlichkeit verſunken; dieſer wendet das ſchöne engelreine Antlitz drohend und wehmüthig gegen die Ungeheuer der Tiefe.

Die Helden Schillers ſind durch einen Adel der Natur ausgezeichnet, der unmittelbar als reine, vollendete Schönheit wirkt, wie jener Adel in den Bildern Raphaels. Es iſt etwas Königliches in denſelben, welches unmittelbar heilige Ehrfurcht erweckt. Dieſer Strahl eines höhern Lichtes muß aber, in die dunkeln Schatten irdiſcher Verderbniß geworfen, nur um ſo heller leuchten; unter den Larven der Hölle wird der Engel ſchöner.

Dieſer Schönheit erſtes Geheimniß iſt die engelreine **Unſchuld**, die ewig in den edelſten Naturen wohnt. Dieſer Adel der Unſchuld kehrt in denſelben himmliſchen Zügen eines reinen jugendlichen Engels in allen großen Dichtungen Schillers wieder. In der lichteſten Verklärung, als reine Kindlichkeit, völlig waffenlos und dennoch unantaſtbar, gleich jenem Königskinde, welches, nach der Sage, unter den wilden Thieren des Waldes unverletzt und lächelnd ſpielte, erſcheint dieſe Unſchuld in dem herrlichen Bilde Fridolins.

Wird ſie des eigenen Glückes ſich bewußt, ſo weckt ſie den Neid der himmliſchen Mächte. In dieſem neuen rührenden Reiz erblicken wir ſie bei Hero und Leander. Mit dem kriegeriſchen Helme geſchmückt, vom Feuer edler Leidenſchaft die blühende Wange geröthet, tritt die jugendliche Unſchuld allen dunkeln Mächten der Hölle gegenüber. So hat Schiller im Taucher und in der Bürgſchaft ſie geſchildert, und in jenen unglücklich Liebenden, Karl Moor und Amalien, Ferdinand und Louiſen, vor Allem in Max Piccolomini und Thekla. Ueber dieſen rührenden Geſtalten ſchwebt ein Zauber der Poeſie, der ſeines Gleichen nicht hat. Es iſt ein Flötenton in wilder, kreiſchender Muſik, ein blauer Himmelsblick im Ungewitter, ein Paradies am Abgrund eines Kraters.

Wenn Shakſpeare's Gebilde in noch feinerem Lilienſchmelz hingezaubert ſcheinen, ſo behaupten doch Schiller's Jungfrauen den Vorzug jener Roſe in der Fülle, des kraftvollen, lebendigen Duftes, und hierin ſtehen ſie den Dichtungen des Sophokles näher. Sie ſind nicht weich, wie die Heiligen des Carlo Dolce oder Correggio, ſie tragen ein heiliges Feuer der Kraft in ſich, wie die Madonnen des Raphael. Sie rühren uns nicht allein, ſie begeiſtern uns.

Die heilige Unſchuld der Jungfrau tritt aber am herrlichſten hervor, wenn ſie zur Streiterin Gottes auserſehen wird. Es iſt das tiefe Geheimniß des Chriſtenthums und der chriſtlichen Poeſie, daß das Heil der Welt von einer reinen Jungfrau ausgeht, die höchſte Kraft von der reinſten Unſchuld. In dieſem Sinne hat Schiller ſeine Jungfrau von Orleans gedichtet, und ſie iſt die vollendetſte Erſcheinung jenes kriegeriſchen Engels, der den Helm trägt und die Fahne des Himmels.

Wieder in anderer Weiſe hat Schiller dieſe Unſchuld mit jeder herrlichen Entfaltung ächter Männlichkeit zu paaren gewußt. Hier ragen vor Allen drei heilige Heldengeſtalten hervor, jener kriegeriſche Jüngling Max Piccolomini, rein, unverdorben unter allen Laſtern des Lagers und des Hofes; Marquis Poſa, deſſen Geiſt mit jeder intellektuellen Bildung ausgerüſtet, ein reiner Tempel der Unſchuld geblieben; endlich jener kräftige, ſchlichte Sohn der Berge, Wilhelm Tell, in ſeiner Art das vollendete Seitenſtück zur Jungfrau von Orleans.

Wenn hier überall die Unſchuld in ihrer reinſten Glorie hervortritt, ſo kannte Schiller doch auch jenen Kampf einer urſprünglichen Unſchuld mit der Befleckung eigner Schuld durch große Leidenſchaften, und er hat ihn mit gleicher Liebe und mit derſelben vollendeten Kunſt uns vor die Seele gezaubert. Wie tief ergreift uns jenes Magdalenenhafte in Maria Stuart! Was kann rührender ſein, als die Selbſtüberwindung Karl Moor's! Wie unübertrefflich geiſtreich, wahr, erſchütternd iſt der Kampf in Fiesko's und Wallenſtein's großen Seelen dargeſtellt!

Wir wenden uns zu einem zweiten Geheimniß der Schönheit in den idealen Naturen Schiller's. Dies iſt das **Adelige**, die Ehrenhaftigkeit. Seine Helden und Heldinnen verläugnen den Stolz und die Würde niemals, die eine höhere Natur beurkunden, und alle ihre Aeußerungen tragen den Stempel der Großmuth und des angebornen Adels. Ihr reiner Gegenſatz iſt das Gemeine, und jene Convenienz, welche der gemeinen Natur zum Zaum und Gängelbande dient. Kräftig, frei, ſelbſtſtändig, originell, nur dem Zuge der edlen Natur folgend, zerreißen Schiller's Helden die Gewebe, darin gemeine Menſchen ihr alltägliches Daſein hinſchleppen. Es iſt höchſt bezeichnend für die Poeſie Schiller's, daß alle ſeine Helden jenes Gepräge des Genies, das imponirende Weſen an ſich tragen, das auch im wirklichen Leben den höchſten Adel der menſchlichen Natur zu begleiten pflegt. Alle ſeine Helden tragen das Siegel des Zeus auf der Stirne. In ſeinen erſten Gedichten mochte man dieſe freie, kühne Geberde wohl etwas ungeſchlacht und eckig finden, und der Dichter ſelbſt ließ ſich im eleganten Weimar verleiten, ſeinen Räuber ein wenig zu civiliſiren. Wer ſollte jedoch nicht durch eine rauhe Hülle in den feſten, reinen Demantkern der edlern Natur hindurchſchauen? Welche Derbheiten man in Karl Moor, auch in Kabale und Liebe und im Fiesko finden mag, ich kann ſie nicht anders betrachten, als die Thorheiten jenes altdeutſchen Parcifal, der als roher Knabe noch im kindiſchen Kleide zur Beſchämung aller Spötter ſein adeliges Heldenherz erprobte; ja die Gewalt ſittlicher Schönheit in einer edlen Natur kann wohl nirgends rührender und ergreifender wirken, als wo ſie ſo unbewußt der einſeitigen Verſpottung bloßgeſtellt iſt.

Das dritte und höchſte Geheimniß der Schönheit in den Naturen Schillers iſt das Feuer edler Leidenſchaften. Von dieſem Feuer iſt jedes große Herz ergriffen; es iſt das Opferfeuer für die himmliſchen Mächte, die veſtaliſche Flamme, von den Geweihten im Tempel Gottes gehütet, der Prometheus-Funke, vom Himmel entwandt, um den Menſchen eine göttliche Seele zu geben, das Pfingſtfeuer der Begeiſterung, in welchem die Seelen getauft werden, das Phönixfeuer, worin unſer Geſchlecht ſich ewig neu verjüngt. Ohne die Gluth edler Leidenſchaften kann nichts Großes gedeihen im Leben und im Gedichte. Jeder Genius trägt dieſes himmliſche Feuer, und alle ſeine Schöpfungen ſind davon durchdrungen. Schiller's Poeſie iſt ein ſtarker und feuriger Wein; alle ſeine Worte ſind Flammen der edelſten Empfindung. Die Ideale, die er uns geſchaffen, ſind ächte Kinder ſeines glühenden Herzens, und gebrochene Strahlen ſeines eigenen Feuers. Vor allen Dichtern behauptet Schiller aber den Vorzug der reinſten und zugleich der ſtärkſten Leidenſchaft. Keiner von ſo reinem Herzen trug dieſes Feuer, Keiner von ſolchem Feuer beſaß dieſe Reinheit. So ſehn wir den reinſten unter den irdiſchen Stoffen, den Diamant, wenn er entzündet wird, auch in einem Glanz und einer innern Gluthkraft brennen, gegen die jedes andere Feuer matt und trüb erſcheint.

Fragen wir uns, ob es eine keuſchere, heiligere Liebe geben mag, als ſie Schiller empfunden, und ſeinen Liebenden in die Seele gehaucht? Und wo finden wir ſie wieder ſo feurig und gewaltig, unüberwindlich gegen eine Welt voll Feinde, die höchſte Seelenſtärke weckend, die ungeheuerſten Opfer freudig duldend? Von ihrem ſanfteſten Reiz, vom erſten Begegnen des Auges, vom erſten leiſen Herzſchlag bis zum erſchütternden Sturm aller Gefühle, bis zur überraſchenden Heldenthat des jungfräulichen Muthes, bis zum erhabenen Opfertod der Liebenden entfaltet die Liebe hier den unermeßlichen Reichthum ihrer Schönheit, wie eine heilige Muſik, vom weichſten Mollton bis zum vollen Sturm der gewaltigſten Klänge.

Die Gluth des begeiſterten Herzens erfaßt bei Schiller jedes Heilige, das der Menſchheit gelten ſoll, und hier waffnet ſich ſein Genius mit dem Flammenſchwert des Himmels; hier wird der Kampf jenes kriegeriſchen Engels mit den Geiſtern der Tiefe begonnen.

Schiller's reine Seele konnte kein Unrecht ertragen, und er tritt geharniſcht in die Schranken für das ewige Recht. Ein begeiſterter Prophet verkündet er die heilige Lehre jenes Segens, der im Rechte wohnt, und jenes Unheils, welches unausbleiblich dem Unrecht folgt. Die Wahrheit ſeines durchdringenden Urtheils aber wird durch die Gluth der Empfindung und durch den blendenden Schmuck der Rede nie getrübt, ſondern immer nur glänzend und ſchlagend hervorgehoben.

Die Freiheit, die vom Recht ungetrennlich iſt, war ſeinem Herzen das theuerſte Kleinod. Doch jene ungezügelte Freiheit, die vom Unrecht ausgeht, und zum Unrecht führt, gehört unter die dämoniſchen Gewalten, die ſein Genius kräftig bekämpft.

Wir beſitzen keinen Dichter, der Recht und Freiheit mit ſo feuriger Begeiſterung, mit ſo ſchönem Schmuck der Poeſie, aber auch keinen, der ſie mit ſo reiner unbeſtochener Geſinnung, mit ſo triumphirender Wahrheit, jedes Extrem vermeidend, dargeſtellt hat.

Sein Genius gehört der Menſchheit an. Die Rechte der Menſchheit, vom höchſten Standpunkt aus betrachtet, vertritt ſein Marquis Poſa. Für die Rechte der Völker tritt die Jungfrau von Orleans in die Schranken; das Recht der Einzelnen behauptet Wilhelm Tell. Aber auch in allen ſeinen übrigen Helden ſehen wir Recht und Freiheit mit Willkür und Gewalt im Kampf, und Schiller offenbart hier denſelben Reichthum des Genies, wie in der Liebe.

Dieſes mag hinreichen, ſo weit es wenige Grundzüge vermögen, den Geiſt in Schiller's Poeſie uns zu vergegenwärtigen. Mehr als was hier geſagt werden kann, ſagt jedem, der Schiller kennt, ſein Gefühl.

Und dieſes Gefühl wird nimmer verloren gehn, und kommende Geſchlechter und ferne Zeiten werden es theilen; und ihnen wird es vielleicht vergönnt ſein, die Größe Schiller's noch reiner und würdiger zu erkennen, denn der Zukunft gehört ſein Streben, einer freieren und edleren Zukunft, die ſeine heilige Sehnſucht und ſein feſter Glaube an die Menſchheit vorausgeſehen, zu welcher er uns vorangeeilt, aus welcher ſein Genius mit glücklicher Verheißung uns winkt. Sind Viele hinabgeſtiegen in die dunkle Vergangenheit, den Geiſt der Menſchheit in die alten Feſſeln zu ſchlagen: Schiller hat, ein lichter Engel, an die Pforte der Zukunft ſich geſtellt, ihren Schleier gelüftet, und dem ſehnenden Auge eine freie, heitere Ausſicht aufgethan.

Die ernſte, feierliche Stimmung, von welcher wir bei Schiller ergriffen werden, die Erhebung, zu der er unſre Seele zwingt, die heiligen Schauer, die ihn umgeben, ſind freilich nicht geeignet, den äſthetiſchen Kleinmeiſtern zu gefallen, den faden, ſuffiſanten, lüſternen Kunſtjüngern, die in der Seele vor ihm erſchrecken, und ihn aus geheimer Rache bekritteln. Schnell iſt man damit fertig, ihn unnatürlich, ſteif, pedantiſch, grob zu nennen, und ihn für einen Dichter der ungezogenen Jugend und des Pöbels zu verſchreien. Freilich, euch iſt alles Große und Herrliche unnatürlich geworden, weil ihr im Grund verdorben ſeid, weil euch die Gemeinheit zur andern Natur geworden iſt. Euch erſcheint die Tugend pedantiſch, weil ihr ſie aus fremdem Munde predigen hören müßt, weil ſie nicht in euren Herzen ſelber ſpricht. Euch erſcheint jede kühne Freiheit grob, weil ſie eure conventionellen Schonungen und Gehege durchbricht, eure feinen Götzen zertrümmert. Nur auf euch fällt die Schande, wenn die unverdorbene Jugend und das Volk, das ihr Pöbel nennt, den großen Dichter beſſer ehrt.

Garlieb Merkel

ward im Jahre 1776 in Liefland geboren und wurde nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen Studien und Erwerbung der philoſophiſchen Doctorwürde zu Frankfurt an der Oder Privatdocent, ging aber bald nach Berlin und übernahm die Redaction des Freimüthigen. Nach der unglücklichen Schlacht bei Jena flüchtete er 1806 nach Liefland und blieb daſelbſt bis 1816, wo er wieder nach Berlin kam. Als es ihm aber nicht gelang, den alten Freimüthigen hier neu zu heben, zog er ſich wieder auf ſein Landgut bei Riga zurück und lebt dort ſeinen ökonomiſchen Beſchäftigungen und einer literariſchen Muße.

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Ueber Deutſchland, wie ich es nach zehnjähriger Entfernung wiederfand. Riga 1818, 2 Thle.
Einzelne Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Durch die heftige Oppoſition, mit welcher Merkel theils in Verbindung mit Kotzebue, theils allein zu Anfang dieſes Jahrhunderts gegen die Koryphäen der romantiſchen Schule auftrat, erwarb er ſich allerdings literäriſchen Ruf und erhielt ſich in der Beachtung des Publikums, mußte aber auch von ſeinen Gegnern vielfach den herbſten Spott und Tadel ertragen, gegen welche ſich zu wehren er nicht den Witz und die Vielſeitigkeit beſaß, die Jenen zu Gebote ſtand, und denen er nur arrogante Keckheit und Suffiſance entgegenzuſtellen wußte, womit er freilich auf die Länge nicht durchdrang. Seine beſſern Leiſtungen ſind diejenigen, welche ſein Vaterland berühren; was er ſonſt noch lieferte, iſt meiſt vergeſſen, weil es entweder nur ein temporäres Intereſſe hatte oder zu geringhaltig und unbedeutend war.

Blaſius Merrem

ward am 4. Februar 1761 zu Bremen geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und Kameralwiſſenſchaften und wurde, nachdem er ſich die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde erworben hatte, Profeſſor derſelben Wiſſenſchaft zu Duisburg. 1804 folgte er einem Rufe als Profeſſor ordinarius der Oekonomie, Botanik und Kameralwiſſenſchaften nach Marburg, wo er ſpäter zum Hofrath ernannt wurde und am 23. Februar 1824 ſtarb.

Er verfaßte:

Vermiſchte Abhandlungen aus der Thiergeſchichte. Göttingen 1781, 4.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte der Vögel. Ebendaſ. 1784 — 1786, 2 Hefte, 4.
Grundriß zur allgemeinen Geſchichte und natürlichen Eintheilung der Vögel. Leipzig 1788, 2 Thle., 4.
Beiträge zur Naturgeſchichte. Duisburg 1790, 2 Hefte, 4.
Handbuch der Pflanzenkunde. Marburg 1809, 2 Thle.
Allgemeine Grundſätze der bürgerlichen Wirthſchaft und Haushaltung. Göttingen 1817.

M's wiſſenſchaftliche Arbeiten erhalten noch einen beſonderen Werth durch die treffliche Darſtellung, mit welcher er ſie vorzutragen verſtand.

Johann Georg Meuſel

Dieſer fleißige Literat ward am 17. März 1743 zu Eyrichshof in Franken geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er auf der Rathsſchule und dem Caſimirianum zu Koburg ſeinen Schulcurſus vollendet hatte, ſeit 1764 zu Göttingen Philologie und Philoſophie. Er wurde hier Mitglied des hiſtoriſchen Inſtituts und des philologiſchen Seminars und trat 1766 zu Halle als Magiſter legens auf, folgte ſodann 1769 einem Rufe als Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Erfurt und ging 1780 von hier in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Erlangen. Hier wurde der durch die Theilnahme an vielen gelehrten Geſellſchaften bereits ausgezeichnete Mann zum geheimen Hofrathe ernannt und ſtarb daſelbſt am 19. Sept. 1820.

Er gab heraus:

1 Betrachtungen über die neueſten hiſtoriſchen Schriften. Altenburg 1769 — 74, 5 Thle. Fortſetzung: Halle 1775 — 78, 4 Thle.
2 Geſchichte von Frankreich. Halle 1771 — 76, 3 Thle., gr. 8.
3 Europäiſche Staatenhiſtorie. Leipzig 1775, 5. Aufl. 1816.
4 Der Geſchichtsforſcher. Halle 1775 — 79, 7 Thle.
5 Neueſte Literatur der Geſchichtskunde. Erfurt 1778 — 80, 6 Thle.
6 Künſtlerlexikon. Lemgo 1778 — 89, 2 Bde.; neue Ausg. 1808 — 1809, 3 Bde.
7 Miscellaneen artiſtiſchen Inhalts. Halle 1779 — 87, 30 Hefte. Wurde unter den sub 9, 11, 12, 16 genannten Titeln fortgeſetzt.
8 Struve's Bibliotheca historica. Leipzig 1782 — 1804.
9 Muſeum für Künſtler und Kunſtliebhaber. Mannheim 1787 — 92, 18 St.
10 Lehrbuch der Statiſtik. Leipzig 1792.
11 Neues Muſeum. Leipzig 1794 — 95, 4 St.
12 Neue Miscellaneen artiſtiſchen Inhalts. Ebendaſ. 1795 — 1803, 14 St.
13 Gelehrtes Deutſchland. Lemgo 1796 — 1834, 23 Bde., davon 18. — 23. Bd. von Erſch und Lindner.
14 Leitfaden zur Geſchichte der Gelehrſamkeit. 1799 ff. 3 Abthgn.
15 Lexikon der von 1750 — 1800 verſtorbenen deutſchen Schriftſteller. Leipzig 1802 — 16, 15 Bde.
16 Archiv für Künſtler und Kunſtliebhaber. Dresden 1803 — 1808, 4 St.
Literatur der Statiſtik. Leipzig, 1806 — 1807, 2 Bde.

Ein überaus fleißiger und gewiſſenhafter Literat und Statiſtiker, deſſen Arbeiten einen bleibenden Werth haben, namentlich diejenigen, die er auf dem Gebiete der Literärgeſchichte lieferte.

Friedrich Johann Lorenz Meyer

ward am 22. Januar 1760 zu Hamburg geboren und ſtudirte zu Göttingen die Rechte und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften, worauf er ſeit 1782 die Schweiz, Italien und Frankreich bereiſte. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr wurde er mit den übrigen Deputirten von Lübeck und Hamburg 1796 an das franzöſiſche Directorium geſandt und 1801 nochmals in Angelegenheiten ſeiner Vaterſtadt an den Oberconſul Bonaparte abgeordnet. Dann lebte er eine Zeitlang als Domherr, doch ohne weitere öffentliche Bedienſtung als der eines Mitglieds und vortragenden Secretärs der hamburgiſchen Geſellſchaft zu Beförderung der Künſte und nützlichen Gewerbe, bis er zum Präſes des dortigen Domcapitels gewählt wurde.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Darſtellungen aus Italien. Hamburg 1792.
Mainz nach der Einnahme durch die Verbündeten. Ebendaſ. 1793.
Fragmente aus Paris. Hamburg 1797, 2 Thle.; 2. Ausg. 1798.
Pius VI. und ſein Pontificat. Hamburg 1800.
Skizzen zu einem Gemälde von Hamburg. Ebendaſ. 1800 — 1804, 6 Hefte.
Briefe aus der Hauptſtadt und dem Innern Frankreichs. Tübingen 1802, 2 Bde.; 3. Ausg. 1803.
Johann Arnold Günther. Ein Lebensgemälde. Hamburg 1810.
Darſtellungen aus Norddeutſchland. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Brieffragmente vom Taunus, Rhein, Neckar und Main. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Darſtellungen aus Rußlands Kaiſerſtadt und ihrer Umgegend. Ebendaſ. 1829.

Gute Beobachtung, Geſchmack, geiſtreiche Auffaſſung und gewandte Darſtellung machen M's, meiſt die Länder- und Völkerkunde betreffende Schriften, zu einer eben ſo unterhaltenden wie belehrenden Lectüre.

Friedrich Ludwig Wilhelm Meyer

ward am 28. Januar 1759 zu Harburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen die Rechte und wurde 1783 zu Stade als Regierungsauditor angeſtellt. 1785 erhielt er eine Profeſſur und die Stelle eines Bibliothekars zu Göttingen, wurde aber durch ſeine Kränklichkeit genöthigt, ſchon 1788 dieſe Aemter aufzugeben und bereiſte nun England, Italien und Frankreich. Hierauf lebte er eine Zeitlang als Privatgelehrter in Berlin und zog ſich dann auf ſein Gut Bramſtädt im Holſteiniſchen zurück.

Von ihm haben wir:

Neue Theaterſtücke. Berlin 1793.
Beiträge zur vaterländiſchen Bühne. Ebendaſ. 1793. 8.
Spiele des Witzes und der Phantaſie. Ebendaſ. 1793. 8., mit 1 Kpfr.
Schauſpiele. Altona 1818. 8.
Friedrich Ludwig Schröder. Hamburg 1819. 2 Thle.

Gedichte und Ueberſetzungen, Erzählungen u. ſ. w., in Zeitſchriften, wie z. B. in den deutſchen Blättern der [illegible].

M's bedeutendſte Leiſtung iſt die Biographie ſeines Freundes, des großen Mimen Schröder, in welcher ſich die innige Neigung zu dem bedeutenden Künſtler mit geſchmackvoller Kritik und reicher Kunſtkenntniß auf das Feinſte verbindet. Seine dramatiſchen Arbeiten, größtentheils gelungene Nachbildungen ausländiſcher Originale, zeichnen ſich durch Witz, lebhaften Dialog und gute Charakterzeichnung aus und werden gern auf der Bühne geſehen.

Johann Heinrich Meyer.

Dieſer als ausübender Künſtler, wie als Kunſtkenner gleich ausgezeichnete Freund Goethe's ward am 16. März 1760 zu Stäfa am Zürcherſee geboren und verweilte zum Behuf ſeiner weitern Ausbildung in der Malerei, der er ſich gewidmet hatte, 1784 — 88 unter den Kunſtſchätzen Italiens, wo er mit der Herzogin Amalia von Weimar, Goethe und Herder zuſammentraf. In Folge dieſer Bekanntſchaft wurde er nach ſeiner Rückkehr in die Schweiz 1792 von Goethe nach Weimar gezogen und hier als Profeſſor an der neu errichteten Zeichnenſchule angeſtellt. Eine 1795 nach Italien unternommene neue Reiſe mußte er in Folge der Kriegsunruhen von 1797 verkürzen und hatte nicht lange darauf auch den Verluſt ſeiner Papiere zu bedauern. Nach Weimar zurückgekehrt wurde er 1807 zum Director der daſigen Zeichnenſchule ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 14. October 1832. Seinen großen anderweitigen Verdienſten um Weimar ſetzte er die Krone auf, durch ein in ſeinem Teſtamente feſtgeſtelltes Legat von 20,000 Thlrn. zu einer Armenſtiftung, welche unter dem Namen „Meyer-Amalienſtiftung" ſeinen und ſeiner geliebten Gattin Namen verewigt.

Literäriſch bekannt iſt er durch:

Winkelmanns Werke. Dresden 1808 — 17. 8 Bde. (mit Fernow und Schulze herausgegeben).
Ueber die Altargemälde von Lukas Cranach in der Stadtkirche zu Weimar. Weimar 1813. Fol.
Geſchichte der bildenden Künſte bei den Griechen. Dresden 1824.

Auch lieferte er Anzeigen und Beurtheilungen in Goethe's Journal: Kunſt und Alterthum u. ſ. w.

Reiner und gediegener Geſchmack, große vielſeitige Kunſtkenntniß, eiſerner Fleiß, Feinheit und Schärfe des Urtheils und Klarheit der Darſtellung, verleihen M's kunſtgeſchichtlichen Arbeiten und Kritiken einen bleibenden Werth.

Nachweiſung noch vorhandener Denkmale aus der Zeit des hohen und ſchönen Styls*).

Ein und zwanzig Jahrhunderte und mehr, ſind nun vorüber gegangen, ſeit der ſchöne, oder beſſer geſagt der ſchönſte Styl, der allerreinſte Geſchmack, vollkommenes unbedingtes Vermögen, die Kunſt verherrlichten; und noch andere hundert oder hundert und zwanzig Jahre früher zeigte ſie ſich, obwohl nicht in ſolcher reizenden Schönheit, doch in ihrem edelſten Ernſt, in der allerhöchſten Würde. Selten ſind freilich die wahrhaftig echten Denkmale von der einen und andern Art, dennoch iſt der Zeiten Gewalt ſowohl, als der rohen Zerſtörungswuth der Menſchen, manches den beiden angegebenen Zeiträumen, wie auch dem dazwiſchen liegenden Zeitraume unſtreitig Zugehöriges, entgangen. Es wird möglich ſein, ja unerläßlich für den Zweck, welchen wir verfolgen, die gekannteſten und bewährteſten aus dieſen jetzt noch vorhandenen Denkmalen anzuzeigen.

Werk des erſten Ranges iſt nach unſerer Ueberzeugung der eine von den beiden Pferdebändigern vor dem päpſtlichen Palaſt auf Monte Cavallo zu Rom. Die am Fußgeſtelle dieſes großen Werks befindliche Inſchrift, giebt daſſelbe für Arbeit des Phidias aus. Da beſagte Inſchrift lateiniſch iſt, folglich von den Römern herrührt, ſo könnte ſie wohl Zweifel erregen, aber die vortreffliche Kunſtbeſchaffenheit des ganzen Werks ſcheint ihre Richtigkeit zu bezeugen, denn wir beſitzen kein Denkmal alter Bildnerei, welches mit erhabenerem Sinn gedacht, mit mächtigerem Geiſt ausgeführt wäre. Der Künſtler wußte dem Marmor gleichſam Leben einzuhauchen und eine hohe Seele; der Gebärde Stolz, die rüſtige Bewegung, der Adel in den Zügen, die Großheit und Mächtigkeit aller Gliederformen ſtellen uns einen der Dioskuren einen Helden und Halbgott auf das herrlichſte vor Augen.

In den Metopen und Frieſe am Tempel des Theſeus zu Athen ſind mehr oder weniger beſchädigte Bildwerke noch übrig**), die, weil Cimon dieſen Tempel erbaute, vor oder ſpäteſtens während der zwei und achtzigſten Olympiade ſein müſſen. Da überdem ihre edeln Formen des hohen Styls vollſtändige Entwicklung zeigen, ſo ſetzt ſolches den Einfluß von Phidias Kunſt und Geſchmack auf dieſelben außer Zweifel.

Alle von den Giebelfeldern des Minerven-Tempels auf der Burg zu Athen herrührenden Statuen, ſammt den Reliefs vom Fries und aus den Metopen deſſelben***), können als im Geiſt des Phidias gearbeitete Werke betrachtet werden. Er ſelbſt dürfte zwar ſchwerlich an irgend eines Hand gelegt haben, weil ihn während des Tempelbaues das koloſſale Bild der Göttin aus Gold und Elfenbein beſchäftigte, allein es läßt ſich durch glaubwürdige hiſtoriſche Zeugniſſe nachweiſen, daß alle dieſe Bildwerke unter ſeinem Einfluß und Aufſicht entſtanden ſind; ſie ſprechen ganz nach ſeinem Geſchmack und Styl vollkommen aus, wie ſich ſolches auch durch mancherlei Aehnlichkeit mit vorerwähnter Koloſſalfigur beſtätigt, und die Aechtheit jener Figur hinwieder durch Kunſtverwandtſchaft mit den Bildwerken vom Parthenon deſto unbeſtreitbarer wird. Im übrigen iſt es wohl nicht zu gewagt, wenn wir als entſchieden annehmen: die berühmten Meiſter, Zeitgenoſſen und zum Theil Schüler des Phidias, deren damalige Anweſenheit in Athen keinem Zweifel unterliegt, hätten an der Ausführung beſagter Werke Theil genommen. Calamis galt für den beſten Künſtler in Pferdefiguren; Equis semper sine aemulo expressis, ſagt Plinius von ihm****); und, wenn nun Alles aufgeboten wurde, den Parthenon zu verherrlichen, wenn dieſer Tempel die Bewunderung der Nachwelt erwerben, derſelben ein [illegible] der Kunſt in den Tagen des Pericles und des Phidias ſein ſollte, ſo iſt es wenigſtens wahrſcheinlicher, daß jene drei jetzt in London befindlichen Pferdeköpfe, vom Giebel des Tempels, Arbeiten des Kalamis ſeien, als daß ſie es nicht ſeien. Und wenn der ſogenannte Iliſſus, der Theſeus und mehrere Stücke weiblicher Figuren, zumal die beiden, wo eine der andern im Schooße liegt, allerdings von hoher außerordentlicher Vortrefflichkeit ſind, ſo kann es keineswegs vermeſſen ſcheinen, auch allenfalls für möglich zu halten, Alkamenes oder Agoracritus habe dieſelben gebildet; ja wir behaupten geradezu, es befinden ſich unter den eigentlichen, jetzt dem brittiſchen Muſeum gehörigen Marmorn aus Athen wahrhaftige Arbeiten der genannten und anderer damals lebenden Meiſter; obgleich nicht zu ſagen iſt, auch wohl immer unbeſtimmbar bleiben wird, welches Stück von dieſem oder jenem herrührt. In Betracht der erhobenen Arbeiten von dem Fries des Tempels und aus deſſen Metopen hegen wir ungefähr eine gleiche Meinung. Wer indeſſen dem Fries beſondere Aufmerkſamkeit widmen mag, wird finden, daß zwar ebenfalls mehrere treffliche Meiſter an der Ausführung Theil deſſelben genommen; doch die nie genug zu preiſende Erfindung des Ganzen, welche wir ohne einiges Bedenken den gehaltvollſten Dichtungen des Alterthums an die Seite ſetzen, von wem anders als vom Obermeiſter und Vorſteher des geſammten Künſtlerchors konnte ſie ausgegangen ſein?

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*) Aus: J. H. Meyer's „Geſchichte der bildenden Künſte bei den Griechen." Dresden 1824. S. 100 flgde.

**) Stuart, the Antiquities of Athens Vol. III. Einige Figuren und Gruppen vom Frieſe, enthält unſere Kupfertafel XVI.

***) The Elgin Marbles from the Temple of Minerva at Athens, etc. Einige vom Giebel, vom Fries und aus den Metopen enthalten unſere Kupfertafeln T. XVIII. u. XIX.

****) Plin. Lib. XXXIV. Cap. 8. §. 19. n. 11.

Die nunmehr auch im brittiſchen Muſeum befindlichen Reliefs vom Fries des Apollotempels auf dem Berge Cotylius bei Phigalia *) gehören ebenfalls zu den Denkmalen aus der Zeit des hohen Styls der griechiſchen Kunſt, wie theils aus den gewaltigen Formen der Figuren, theils aus dem Umſtand hervorgeht, daß Iktinus, Baumeiſter des Parthenon, auch dieſen Tempel aufgeführt **). Im Ganzen iſt die Kunſt in den obengedachten erhobenen Arbeiten im hohen Grade ſchätzbar, wenn ſchon die Behandlung etwas minder Sorgfalt verräth, als man an den Bildwerken des Parthenon wahrnimmt.

Das koloſſale Haupt einer Minerva, uns nur aus einem Gypsabguß in der Dresdner von Mengs herrührenden Sammlung bekannt, iſt in eben dem erhabenen Stile gearbeitet, wie der vorhin genannte Pferdebändiger, doch von noch ſtrengerm Ausdruck, (ſ. Abbild. Kupfert. N. XX.), daher ſich mit einiger Wahrſcheinlichkeit vermuthen läßt, dieſes Haupt möchte noch ein glücklich geretteter Ueberbleibſel jener von uns ſchon mehre Male angeführten Minerva Area ſein, welche Phidias für den bei Platää gelegenen Tempel derſelben arbeitete. In weſſen Beſitz der, vermöge des vielleicht einzigen Abguſſes, noch ziemlich wohlerhaltene Marmor ſich gegenwärtig befindet, hat uns, ungeachtet fleißiger Nachfrage, auszuforſchen noch nicht glücken wollen.

Ferner ſind als dem Styl des Phidias verwandte Werke zu betrachten: die herrliche Statue der Pallas in der Villa Albani ***), desgleichen die noch berühmtere ſogenannte Giuſtinianiſche †), jene hat ernſtern Ausdruck und mehr Bewegung, dieſe einen ruhigern Stand und überhaupt milderes Weſen, beide Werke (Kupfert. N. XXI. enthält die Abbild.) möchten wir hinſichtlich auf ihr Alter ungefähr gleich geachtet und für Arbeit von Meiſtern aus der Schule des Phidias angeſehen wiſſen. Die allgemeine Charakterähnlichkeit beider Statuen, der ſich gleichende Geſchmack im Faltenſchlag und in der Ausführung ihrer Gewänder, berechtigen zu ſolchen Vermuthungen. Geneigt ſind wir ferner uns auf eben dieſe Art und Weiſe den zarten Unterſchied zwiſchen den Werken des Agoracritus und denen des Alcamenes zu denken, wollen jedoch damit weder von dem Albaniſchen noch von dem Giuſtinianiſchen Götterbild andeuten oder gar behaupten, es rühre das eine oder andere von einem der erwähnten Meiſter her, wiewohl ſolches allerdings eine mögliche Sache wäre.

Ein koloſſales, gegenwärtig Sr. königlichen Hoheit dem Kronprinzen von Baiern gehöriges Bruſtbild der Pallas, welches vormals die Villa Albani ſchmückte, und die von Velletri benannte nach Frankreich gekommene Statue dieſer Göttin, welche mit dem Bruſtbild beinahe ähnliche Proportionen haben mag (Abbild. beider Denkm. finden ſich auf der Kupfert. N. XXI.), ſind gleichfalls Denkmale, die zur anſchaulichen Kenntniß des hohen Stils beitragen können. Auffallende Vernachläſſigungen am Kinn und an den Augen der Pallas von Velletri müſſen freilich Zweifel erregen, ob dieſelbe ein Originalwerk ſei, und wenn das Bruſtbild aus der Villa Albani vielleicht urſprünglich beſſer gearbeitet war, ſo iſt es hingegen an mehreren Stellen beſchädigt, wodurch die Harmonie des Ganzen einigermaßen geſtört wird.

Die bisher unſern Leſern vorübergeführten Denkmale gewähren nicht allein ſchätzbaren Unterricht über den hohen Stil im Allgemeinen, ſondern auch die ſelbſt eigene Kunſt des Phidias und der beſten aus deſſen Schule hervorgegangenen Meiſter lernt man aus ihnen kennen. Ferner bringen die mit darunter befindlichen Bilder der Pallas, denen wir noch das herrliche wundervolle Bruchſtück eines Kopfs derſelben vom Giebel des Parthenon hier beifügen wollen (ſ. ungefähr die Geſtalt deſſelben auf Kupfert. N. XXI.), jene durch den Phidias zur Vollendung gediehene Idealgeſtalt uns die Züge dieſer Göttin in verſchiedener Nüancirung vor Augen, ungefähr eben ſo vom Gewaltigen, Herben, zum Gemilderten übergehend, wie er der Schöpfer und Meiſter ſelbſt, früher oder ſpäter ſeine Statuen der Athene gebildet. Den gewaltigſten Charakter, großartig und ſtrenge, hat das gedachte koloſſale Haupt. Weniger herbe, doch immer noch ſehr ernſt in den Zügen, erſcheint die Göttin in der albaniſchen Statue; und das Gleichgewicht von göttlicher Erhabenheit und milderer Schöne findet ſich nach unſerm Dafürhalten in dem erwähnten Fragment vom Giebel des Parthenon. Die Statue aus Velletri, ſo wie jenes vormals in der Villa Albani geweſenes Bruſtbild, nähern bei eben ſo hohem Charakter gemüthlichere Ruhe an. Die Giuſtinianiſche Statue aber iſt noch mehr geſänftiget und bei reiner Schönheit der Züge am angenehmſten.

Dieſer mildere Ernſt war auch ſchon den Werken des Polykletos eigen, wie wir aus der berühmten Amazone deſſelben ſchließen können. Zwar würde es zu gewagt ſein, die Amazone von Marmor, ehemals in der Villa Mattei und gegenwärtig im vatikaniſchen Muſeum *), für das wirkliche Original halten zu wollen, welches dieſer große Künſtler in den Tempel der Diana zu Epheſus verfertigt, weil Plinius deſſelben unter den bronzenen Werken gedenkt **). Wer aber die nur erwähnte Amazone, aus der Villa Mattei, mit dem Koloß des Phidias, den Fragmenten vom Parthenon und andern unſtreitigen Denkmalen vom hohen Styl ſorgfältig vergleicht, wird gar bald die zuverläſſigen Merkmale deſſelben an ihr entdecken und ſich überzeugen: daß wofern ſie auch nicht von Polykletos eigener Hand, ſie wenigſtens doch von einem ſehr guten jener Zeit verwandten Meiſter gearbeitet iſt; wir werden folglich auf jeden Fall uns über die Kunſt des Polyklet und ſogar über die zarten Eigenthümlichkeiten ſeines Geſchmacks aus dieſem köſtlichen Monument belehren können.

Statuen von ähnlicher Geſtalt, Geberde und Kleidung, finden ſich noch in verſchiedenen andern Sammlungen, welche indeſſen, vermöge der Behandlung, als ſpäter entſtandene Copien zu betrachten ſind. Eben ſo begegnet man auch einigen Nachbildungen von derjenigen Amazone, die Cteſilaus wetteifernd mit dem Polykletos verfertigt. Eine nicht weſentlich beſchädigte und trefflich gearbeitete Figur dieſer Art ziert das kapitoliniſche Muſeum ***), und wir erhalten durch dieſelbe ſo ziemlich ausreichende Kenntniß über die allgemeine Kunſtbeſchaffenheit der Werke des Cteſilaus. Wird dieſes kapitoliniſche Denkmal mit dem erwähnten vormals Matteiſchen jetzt Vatikaniſchen verglichen und weiter auf die beiderſeitigen Originale geſchloſſen, ſo war die Amazone des Cteſilaus zwar weniger edel geſtaltet, weder ſo hoch, noch ſo ſchlank in ihrem Gliederbau als die ſeines Mitbewerbers, auch gelang ihm nicht völlig ſo gut den heroiſchen Charakter darzuſtellen; aber das ſchöne paſſende Motiv einer unter der rechten Bruſt empfangenen Wunde, begleitet von einem durch das Ganze gehenden Zug ſchmerzhafter Empfindung und ſtillen Duldens, gab ſeiner obſchon minder vollkommenen Figur doch vielleicht mehr gemüthlich Anſprechendes.

Der immer neue Bewunderung erregenden nie genug zu preiſenden Niobe, nebſt einigen zu der Familie derſelben gehörigen Statuen †), muß ebenfalls hier unter den Kunſtdenkmalen vom hohen Styl Erwähnung geſchehen. Obgleich man ihren Verfertiger nicht zu nennen weiß, ſo iſt doch für wahrſcheinlich, ja für ganz gewiß anzunehmen, es rühre dieſes edle Werk von einem der berühmteſten Meiſter jener Zeit her; denn in keinem andern Monument findet ſich ſolche glückliche Verbindung des Hochedeln mit dem zarten Schönen, in keinem ſo viel Beſtimmtes in der Zeichnung ohne herbe Strenge, in keinem ſo keuſche Pflege in der Ausführung. Von der ganzen Familie gewähren als am wenigſten beſchädigt und wahrhaftige Originalfiguren die Mutter mit ihrer jüngſten Tochter im Schooß; von den einzelnen Statuen die dritte und vierte der Töchter, ſo auch der jüngſte Sohn, am meiſten Belehrung über die Kunſt des Meiſters, den Geſchmack und die Zeit, in welcher er arbeitete.

Das Vermögen des Myron liegt klar vor unſern Augen in dem ſogenannten fallenden Fechter, welchen das kapitoliniſche Muſeum aufbewahrt ††). Der allein antike und falſch reſtaurirte Sturz iſt

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*) S. die Abbildungen v. Wagner. Von den am Vorzüglichſten erhaltenen Gruppen aus dieſem Fries enthält unſere Kupfertafel N. XVII. einige.

**) Paus. Lib. VIII. Cap. 41.

***) S. die Abbildung in dem Werk von Cavaceppi, Raccolta d'antiche Statue.

†) Galleria Giustiniani Tom. I. tav. 3.

*) M. ſ. d. Abbild. Mus. Pio-Clem. tom. II. tav. 38. und in den Kupfertafeln zu Winckelmanns Werken Band VI. Taf. 11. B.

**) Plin. Lib. XXXIV. Cap. 8. §. 19.

***) Mus. Capitol. Tom. III. tav. 46. — Die Kupfertafeln zu Winckelmanns Werken Band VI. Taf. 4 A et B. [illegible] aber auf der Kupfertaf. N. VII. zu dem gegenwärtigen Werk

†) Abbild. bei Fabroni, Dissertazione sulle Statue appartenenti alla Favola di Niobe. Und die als wirkliche Originale genannten Figuren auf unſerer Kupfertafel N. XXII.

††) Mus. Capitol. Tom. III. tav. 69. Eine Abbild. des [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], ganz und wie derſelbe urſprüngl. beſchaffen geweſen, findet ſich in der Kupfertafel zu Winckelmanns Werken Bd. VI. Taf. 3. 4.

Ueberbleibſel einer vortrefflichen Copie des von den Alten zum höchſten geachteten Scheibenwerfers, und nach ſicheren Kennzeichen muß dieſelbe ſchon in frühen Zeiten verfertigt ſein.

Eben ſo derb und ausdrucksvoll in ſeiner Muskulatur, mächtig, rüſtig, kräftig, erſcheint der herrliche Sturz einer bronzenen Athleten-Statue in der florentiniſchen Galerie; ein herrliches, nicht minder geiſtreich als meiſterhaft vollendetes Werk, welches man unbedenklich für Original-Arbeit irgend eines vorzüglichen Meiſters aus der Zeit unmittelbar nach dem Phidias geben und nehmen mag.

Den Monumenten, die den Forſcher annähernd bekannt machen mit kräftig männlicher Wohlgeſtalt, höchſt lebhaft bewegt, wie ſolche dem Myron gelungen und, theilweiſe noch vortrefflicher dem Pythagoras aus Rhegium, geſellen wir billig auch das Meiſterſtück des Agaſias von Epheſus, gewöhnlich der borgheſiſche Fechter genannt (Kupfertafel N. XXIII. enthält deſſen Abbildung). Es iſt daſſelbe überaus belehrend in Hinſicht auf den Charakter des Stils, welcher dem Schönen, dem Weichen, Gerundeten zunächſt vorherging, ſonach ſind alle Theile ſehr kräftig ausgedrückt, Sehnen und Knochen vorwaltend. Obwohl der Künſtler kein ideales Bild eines Heroen zu ſchaffen ſich vorgenommen, ſondern blos getreu und wahrhaft die Geſtalt, den Wuchs, die Stärke und Gewandtheit eines ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen in Marmor zu verewigen befliſſen war, ſo äußert ſich doch im geſammten Ganzen noch der ernſte Geiſt des hohen Stils. Indeſſen kann dieſes Denkmal im Alter nicht völlig bis in die Zeit des Myron hinaufgerückt werden, weil man an den Haaren weder die drahtartige Manier noch die reihenweiſe gelegten Locken wahrnimmt, wie am vorerwähnten Discobolus. Daß es aber noch vor Einführung des eigentlich ſchönen Styls und auch nicht zu allernächſt vor demſelben entſtanden, offenbart ſich aus den ſehr beſtimmten, deutlich angegebenen Muskeln und Knochen und aus mehrerem Beſtreben des Künſtlers nach kräftigem Ausdruck als nach ſchöner Form.

Jünger als der borgheſiſche Fechter iſt der beinahe eben ſo bekannte und geſchätzte ruhigſtehende Discobolus dargeſtellt*); ſeine Glieder erſcheinen daher obwohl rüſtig und kraftvoll, weniger ausgearbeitet, die Muskeln runder, das Spiel derſelben ſanfter, Knochen und Sehnen weniger nachdrücklich angedeutet; überhaupt hat die Geſtalt einen edlern Charakter. War der Discobolus des Naucydes wirklich das Muſterbild zu dieſer und einigen andern Figuren ſolcher Art, ſo hat der Künſtler ohne allen Zweifel ungefähr den Charakter und die Geſtalt des berühmten Doryphorus ſeines großen Lehrers hierauf übertragen. Denn unter allen noch vorhandenen Statuen iſt keine, worauf ſich der Beiname viriliter puer, welche Plinius dem Doryphorus des Polykletus giebt**), ſchicklicher anwenden läßt. Wohl mögen indeſſen die berühmten Statuen des Discuswerfers in Ruhe, ſelbſt die ſchöne und zum beſten erhaltene im vatikaniſchen Muſeum nicht ausgenommen, desgleichen die Fragmente eines noch verdienſtlichern Werkes dieſer Art, in weit ſpäterer als des Naucydes Zeit gearbeitet ſein.

Aber als derſelben wirklich angehörende Monumente ſind zu betrachten: Das koloſſale Junohaupt in der Villa Ludoviſi zu Rom (abgebildet Kupfert. N. XX.), ſo wie der ebenfalls koloſſale Sturz einer weiblichen Figur, bekannt unter dem Namen der farneſiſchen Flora (abgebildet Kupfert. N. XXIII.) nun in Neapel befindlich. Die Juno von wahrhaftig göttlichem Charakter iſt ſehr wahrſcheinlich das Ueberbleibſel einer mächtigen Tempelſtatue und zuverläſſig Arbeit eines vortrefflichen Meiſters. Noch äußert ſich in ihren Zügen der Ernſt, die Majeſtät, jene ſich ſelbſt genügende ſtille Erhabenheit, welche der hohe Styl ſeinen Erzeugniſſen mitzutheilen pflegte, allein die Behandlung iſt freier, milder, die Haare nicht mehr drahtartig, die Linien der Zeichnung fließen ſanfter und begegnen ſich in minder ſcharfen Winkeln.

Großartig edle Formen hat die ſogenannte Flora; es bekleidet ſie ein ſehr feines, zierliche Falten ſchlagendes, mit ungemeiner Sorgfalt ausgeführtes Gewand; und eben dieſe Sorgfalt der Ausführung, welche nicht verſchmähte, gewebte Streifen am Untergewande anzudeuten, nebſt dem würdigen Charakter des Ganzen, rechte Mitte haltend zwiſchen zarter Schönheit und heroiſch kräftiger Wohlgeſtalt, ſind die Gründe, welche uns bewogen haben, die vermuthliche Entſtehung des erwähnten Denkmals ungefähr in dieſe Zeit zu ſetzen.

Ihr möchten ferner noch angehören: der junge ſchlangenwürgende Herkules in der florentiniſchen Galerie (ſ. deſſen Abbild. Kupfertaf. N. XXIII.), ſo wie das edle ſitzende Kind mit der Maske im kapitoliniſchen Muſeum (abgebildet Kupfertafel N. XXIII.). Jener Herkules verdient ſeiner Vortrefflichkeit wegen mehr bekannt und geſchätzt zu werden, als bisher geſchehen iſt; nirgends hat ſich die Kunſt der Alten in idealer Geſtaltung vollkommener und glücklicher ausgeſprochen; Geberde, Gliederformen und Geſichtszüge verkündigen alle den künftigen Helden, den Mächtigen, den Unbezwingbaren. Das kapitoliniſche Kind hat nicht weniger Großes im Stil ſeiner Formen, als der angeführte junge Herkules; doch iſt die Arbeit weicher, das Fleiſch gerundeter und mit mehrerer Leichtigkeit behandelt; wir wiſſen daher auch nicht ganz alle Zweifel zu beſeitigen, ob das Werk, ungeachtet ſeiner Großartigkeit, nicht von einem etwas ſpätern Meiſter herrühre.

Sehr wäre zu wünſchen, die noch vorhandenen Copien vom Ganymedes des Leochares*) möchten vollkommen gut und beſſer, als wirklich der Fall iſt, gearbeitet ſein, damit wir uns eines genügenden Unterrichts über die Kunſt dieſes berühmten Meiſters zu erfreuen hätten. Sie geben indeſſen einige nähere Kunde von ſeiner Denkweiſe, ſeinem Geſchmack und Streben, welches ſchon als ein ſchätzbarer Gewinn mag betrachtet werden.

Gütiger als es hinſichtlich auf den Ganymedes geſchehen, bietet uns das Geſchick in dem ſitzenden Paris, mehr als lebensgroß, ehedem im Pallaſt Altemps, jetzt im Muſeum Pio-Clementinum, welche Statue man für eine Copie nach der geprieſenen Bronze des Euphranor halten will (ſ. d. Kupfertaf. N. XI.). Der Kopf des Geliebten der Helena, des Helden und Schäfers zeigt in dieſem Denkmal ausnehmend ſchöne Züge, doch ohne daß dieſelben ſeinen männlich-kräftigen Charakter ſchwächen, und ſo iſt auch die ganze Geſtalt und alle einzelnen Glieder beſchaffen. Sie erſcheinen unter dem weichgelegten Gewand zwar ſchön, ſelbſt zierlich, aber dabei kräftig. So zart, ſo knabenhaft gebaut und mit dem Ganymedes zu verwechſeln, iſt er freilich nicht, wie ſpätere Werke ihn meiſtens darſtellen. Aber er iſt, wenn nicht gefälliger, doch beſſer gedacht, Charakter und Bedeutung ſind an ihm richtiger als an jenem ausgeſprochen.

Und hier möchten wir auch, jedoch als ein edles Originalwerk vorführen, den bekannten Sturz eines ſitzenden Herkules, gearbeitet vom Apollonius, des Neſtors Sohn aus Athen, das edelſte Kleinod des reichen vatikaniſchen Muſeums (ſ. d. Abbild. Kupfertafel N. XXIV.). Nicht weit entfernt von Winkelmanns Meinung über dieſes Monument**), haben wir daſſelbe ſonſt für ein Erzeugniß der Kunſt nach Alexanders des Großen Zeit angeſehen und glaubten, bei dem nur allmälig geſchehenen Erwerb milderer Behandlung, in dem fließenden Umriß und ſanften Verſchlingen, dem Ein- und Ausbiegen der Muskeln, hinreichende Gründe zu finden, ſolche Meinung zu rechtfertigen. Seitdem wir aber aus Abgüſſen mit den Bildwerken vom Giebel des Parthenon bekannt geworden, ſind wir geneigt, einen raſchern Uebergang der Kunſt vom Erhabenen, Strengen zum Edlen und Würdigen anzunehmen. Die noch ſehr wohl erhaltene Rückſeite am ſogenannten Theſeus vom Parthenon vergleiche man ſorgfältig beobachtend mit dem Rücken des Torſo von Apollonius, und jeder Zweifel darüber wird verſchwinden. Denn aus beiden Werken athmet ein ähnlicher Geiſt, beiden iſt ungefähr gleiche Fülle der Geſtaltung zu Theil geworden, und ſogar von Seite des Geſchmacks läßt ſich keine bedeutende Verſchiedenheit wahrnehmen. Theſeus iſt größer, man könnte ſagen, höher geboren, aber den Torſo durchwaltet eine weiter gebildete Kunſt. Sehr viel auseinander gerückt im Alter, können wir uns darum dieſe zwei Monumente nicht denken, und, aus unſeren Gründen abgeleitet, dem Torſo keine jüngere Entſtehung zuſchreiben als die wir demſelben hier in der Reihe angewieſen haben.

Der Tauſch vom Großen, Strengen um das Schöne hatte nun ſtattgefunden, der gefälligere, nach Anmuth ſtrebende Styl fing an zu herrſchen, doch war das Vollkommenſte in demſelben noch nicht geleiſtet; es fehlte die feine liebliche Grazie, welche ſich in des Scopas Werken und herrlicher noch in denen des Praxiteles jetzt zuerſt offenbarte. Dieſer beiden Meiſter Bemühungen führten die letzte Vollendung der Skulptur herbei; Marmorarbeiten beſonders waren unter ihren ſchaffenden Händen zu einer in Bronze niemals erreichbaren Zartheit gediehen; auch haben, der eine ſo wie der andere, dieſes Vorzugs ſich bewußt, mehr Werke aus Marmor als aus Erz verfertigt. Scopas ertheilte ſeinen Bildern lebhafte Bewegung, dagegen Praxiteles für die ſeinigen ruhige Geberden zu wählen pflegte, da ihm ſtille, ſittliche Anmuth unter allen, die den Meißel führten, am beſten gelang.

Von der Kunſt des Scopas iſt uns zu urtheilen vergönnt aus mehreren erhaben gearbeiteten Nachbildungen ſeiner geprieſenen Bacchantin, unter denen ſich vornehmlich die ſonſt in der Villa Borgheſe, nun in Frankreich befindliche, als ſchön gearbeitet auszeichnet***). Schlank geſtaltet ſchwebt ſie auf den Spitzen der Fußzehen, oder rauſcht ſo zu ſagen vor des Beſchauers Augen vorüber; ihr zurückgeworfenes Haupt, die fliegenden Haare, der ſtarre Blick, geſpannte Sehnen und ſchwellende Adern, alles verräth den wilden bacchiſchen Taumel, deſſen ſie erfüllt iſt.

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*) Mus. Pio-Clement. Tom. III. tav. 26. und unter den Kupfert. zu Wk. Werken Bd. VI. Taf. 4. c.

**) Plin. Lib. XXXIV. Cap. 8. §. 19. n. 2.

*) Abgebildet in den Kupfertafeln zu Winkelmanns Werken Band VI. Taf. 6. A.

**) Winkelmanns Geſchichte der Kunſt des Alterthums Buch. X. Kap. 3. §. 13.

***) Abgebildet in den Kupfertafeln zu Winkelmanns Werken Band VI. Taf. 3. B.

Des Praxiteles eigenthümlicher Stil und Denkweiſe geht hervor aus dem Apollo Sauroctonus und dem ſtehenden ſich anlehnenden Faun, welche beide oft wiederholt vorkommen und wahrſcheinlich genug den berühmten Originalwerken unſers Meiſters nachcopirt ſind *). Die mediceiſche Venus aber nebſt einer Menge anderer ſolcher Bilder der Liebesgöttin ſind ohne allen Zweifel nach dem großen Muſter der knidiſchen Venus gebildet; ſo nämlich, daß die ſpätern Verfertiger mehrerer achtbaren Statuen ſolcher Art, die Geberde, welche Praxiteles ſeinem Meiſterſtücke gegeben, auch die von demſelben ausgedachten Geſichtszüge der Göttin als vollkommen ſachgemäß, ja unübertrefflich beibehalten, die Ausführung jedoch, wie auch die Wahl der Gliederformen verſchiedenartig nach eigenem Gutbefinden eingerichtet haben nach dem reifern oder jugendlichern Alter, in welchem ſie die Venus darſtellen wollten (Kupfertaf. XI. enthält die Abbild. einer ſolchen Venus).

Vielleicht mag der zweite Koloß auf dem Monte Cavallo zu Rom vom Praxiteles ſelbſt eigenhändig gearbeitet ſein (abgebildet Kupfertafel XXIV.), wenigſtens giebt es keine die Unwahrſcheinlichkeit ſolcher Vermuthung beweiſenden Gründe. Doch war eine ſo coloſſale Figur in raſcher angeſtrengter Bewegung, gewaltig und mächtig, nicht was dem Eigenthümlichen, Zarten und Schönen ſeiner Kunſt zuſagte, und wenn ſchon dieſes Denkmal an ſich vortrefflich iſt, der Zeit, dem Bemühen des Praxiteles keineswegs unwürdig, ſo erweitert und vervollſtändigt es darum doch unſere Kenntniſſe von ſeinem Geſchmack nur wenig.

Blicken wir hier noch einmal auf den Gang der Kunſt zurück, ſo liegt klar vor Augen, das vom Leochares, Euphranor und andern der obgenannten Meiſter, zumal vom Skopas Geleiſtete, konnte kaum noch übertroffen werden, allein Praxiteles kam und ſtellte mit noch höherem wunderbarem Vermögen in ſeiner knidiſchen Venus der erſtaunenden Welt das Abgeſchloſſenſte, Zarteſte, Anmuthigſte auf, was je gedacht worden. Schöne Gliederformen zeigten ſich an Figuren in Ruhe noch reizender, und es wußte der Meiſter durch zweckmäßige Beachtung von Licht und Schatten, durch ungeſtörte Maſſen, das Auge dergeſtalt anzuziehn, daß es mit Wonnegefühl an den Bildern verweilte. Wenn aber alles dieſes noch das zarteſte Detail in hochvollendeter Ausführung und im günſtigſten Lichte am milchweißen Marmor ſich offenbarte, ſo iſt das Entzücken, in welches die empfänglichen Alten beim Anſchauen ſolcher edlen Werke geriethen, das Lob, welches ſie denſelben ertheilten, allerdings begreiflich und wohlbegründet.

Unter den Monumenten, die geeignet ſind, uns über den ſchönen Stil während ſeiner höchſten Blüthe Kenntniß zu verſchaffen, iſt keines beſſer bewährt als das choragiſche Denkmal des Lyſikrates zu Athen, gewöhnlich Laterne des Demoſthenes genannt, weil daſſelbe nach Maßgabe der Inſchrift etwa im dritten oder vierten Jahre der 111ten Olympiade errichtet ſein wird. Der mit Bildern gezierte Fries iſt ſonach ein wahrhaftiges Werk aus Alexanders des Großen Zeit, und in den glanzvollſten Tagen der Kunſt entſtanden. Geſagter Fries zeigt in flach erhobenen Figuren den Bacchus ruhend unter ſeinem Gefolge; einige Begleiter des Gottes bedrohen die Tyrrhener, welche halb ſchon in Delphine verwandelt, fliehend in die Wellen ſtürzen. Erfindung und Anordnung, worüber allein wir nach den Kupferſtichen bei Stuart **) urtheilen können, ſind höchſt lobenswerth, die Ausführung wird nicht weniger Verdienſte haben.

Auch den, zuweilen Leucothea, meiſtens Ariadne genannten, aber ohne Zweifel den Bacchus darſtellenden Kopf über Lebensgröße im kapitoliniſchen Muſeum ***), halten wir für ein zuverläſſiges Denkmal aus dieſer Zeit. Behandlung und Geiſt ſind eines großen Meiſters würdig; ausnehmend ſchöne Formen, ein ſehr edler ja hoher Charakter und eine kaum weiter zu treibende Weichheit im gleitenden Umriß, in den ſanft gerundeten Uebergängen, ſind Eigenſchaften, welche einander wechſelſeitig heben und in dieſem herrlichen Werke, eines der köſtlichſten Ueberbleibſel aus dem Alterthum erblicken laſſen.

Die gleichen, entſcheidenden Merkmale vollendeter Kunſt finden wir an dem berühmten Kopfe in der florentiniſchen Sammlung, welcher den ſterbenden Alexander darſtellen ſoll (eine Abbild. wird auf Kupf. XXIX. mitgetheilt), folglich wird er, was immer ſeine Bedeutung ſein mag, doch mit dem Vorigen einerlei Zeit angehören.

Weiter dürften derſelben anvertrauet ſein die ſchöne Statue des Bacchus in der Villa Ludoviſi zu Rom, und ein vielleicht noch höher zu ſchätzender Sturz von einer ſtehenden Figur dieſes Gottes, welcher aus dem Pallaſt Farneſe nach Neapel gekommen. Jene Statue hat bei wunderſchöner Geſtalt den ſüßeſten Fluß der Umriſſe; der Sturz bei eben ſo ausgezeichneter Weichheit noch würdigere Formen.

Vom Geſchmack in den Werken des Lyſippus erhalten wir, obgleich nicht vollſtändig, Kenntniß aus noch vorhandenen wahrſcheinlichen Copien. Der vielmals wiederholte bogenſpannende Amor zeigt ſchlanke zierliche Proportionen, rundliche ſchöne Gliederformen, gefällige Züge und lebhafte Geberde *). Dieſer Ausdruck von Bewegung und Lebhaftigkeit iſt auch der unterſcheidende Zug in der herkulaniſchen Bronze, Alexander den Großen kämpfend und zu Pferde darſtellend, ſo wie in deſſen großem Bildniß im kapitoliniſchen Muſeum. (Beide Denkmale ſind abgebildet Taf. XIII.)

Aus dieſen Denkmalen ergiebt ſich, daß Lyſippus, wenn wir ſeine Kunſt der Kunſt des Praxiteles entgegenſtellen, raſchere Bewegung der Figuren liebte, darum denn auch der Erzguß für dieſelben ſich beſſer als die Arbeit in Marmor eignete. Das Weiche, Fließende, Schmelzende in den Umriſſen und Uebergängen, ſcheinen beide Meiſter ungefähr gleichmäßig beſeſſen zu haben; an reiner idealer Schönheit mochten die Werke des Letztern höher ſtehen; an individueller Naturwahrheit galten hingegen die Arbeiten des Erſtern für vorzüglich. Es läßt ſich hieraus recht gut erklären, warum die Werke des Lyſippus eine größere Zahl Bewunderer gehabt haben, als die des Praxiteles.

Jemehr man dem eigenthümlichen Charakter in der Kunſt des Lyſippus nachforſcht, und die vorerwähnten Copien, nebſt allem, was durch glaubwürdige ſchriftliche Nachrichten über dieſen Meiſter ſich erhalten hat, zu Rathe zieht, jemehr wird man ſich geneigt finden, den bekannten Dornauszieher im Kapitolium zu Rom (ſ. deſſen Abbildung Kupfertafel XXVIII.), zwar nicht für eine wirkliche Arbeit unſeres Meiſters anzuſehen, jedoch für ein Denkmal, welches in Art und Vortrefflichkeit demſelben ſehr nahe kommen mag.

Gleiche Ueberzeugung hegen wir auch in Hinſicht auf die vier bronzenen Pferde zu Venedig **). Im Ernſt wird ſie wohl niemand für Arbeit des Lyſippus angeben wollen, indem wir bis jetzt nicht im Beſitz irgend eines Beweiſes für ſolche Vermuthung ſind; allein es ergiebt ſich aus dem Geſchmack, der Behandlung, der Weiſe, die ihnen eingedrückt iſt, daß ſie ſicherlich nicht früher und wahrſcheinlich wenig ſpäter als um die Zeit des Lyſippus entſtanden ſind.

Endlich iſt hier noch die Gruppe der Ringer zu Florenz anzuführen; iſt dieſelbe wirklich das Symplegma des Cephiſſodorus, was wir aus guten Gründen vermuthen dürfen, oder von einem andern Meiſter gearbeitet, in beiden Fällen bringt ſie uns die auf's Aeußerſte verfeinerte Kunſt, den herrſchenden Geſchmack ungefähr um die Zeit des Lyſippus, des großen Alexanders und unmittelbar nach deſſen Ableben, vor Augen.

Immerfort nach dem Zarten, Gefälligen und Weichen ſtrebend, mußte die Kunſt nun bald zum Verweichlichten und alsdann bis ins Ueppige ſich verirren, mit dem Ernſt mußte auch das wahrhaft Großartige entſchwinden und die Bemühung nach überflüſſig Zartem und Weichem dem reinen Schönen, ſo wie dem Bedeutſamen Abbruch thun. Aber die genannte Gruppe der Ringer an ſich, iſt des größten Lobes werth und ſteht noch auf herrlich leuchtender Höhe. Sie kündet nur den niederſteigenden Weg an, auf dem beides, Vermögen und Geſchmack, ihrem künftigen Verfalle nunmehr entgegengehen.

Unter den kleinen antiken Bronzen finden ſich zuverläſſig noch manche, die an ihrem Ort wohl geeignet wären, den Gang der Kunſt und Uebergang vom hohen zum ſchönen Styl anſchaulich zu machen; ſelbſt uns ſind mehrere Denkmale ſolcher Art aus öffentlichen und Privatſammlungen bekannt. Doch reichen die bereits angeführten größeren Werke nicht nur für den hier beabſichtigten Zweck aus, ſondern es erſcheint auch an ihnen alles Unterſcheidende deutlicher; ſie ſind ferner jedem, der ſich zu belehren wünſcht, am leichteſten zugänglich und alſo glauben wir das Erforderliche ſei geſchehen, wenn wir auf beſagte kleine bronzene Denkmäler (ſelten vorkommende von edlern Metallen, auch elfenbeinerne nicht ausgeſchloſſen) blos im Allgemeinen hindeuten und ſolche forſchenden Freunden der Kunſt und des Alterthums zur ſelbſteigenen Betrachtung und Beurtheilung empfehlen.

Mit erhoben und vertieft geſchnittenen Steinen hat es eine etwas andere Beſchaffenheit als mit Bronzen. Durch Abdrücke ſind dieſelben überall verbreitet, folglich unter den Denkmalen der Kunſt des Alterthums die Bekannteſten. Gleichwohl dürfen wir für den gegenwärtigen Zweck von ihnen keine großen Fortſchritte erwarten oder uns auf ſolche Werke, als bedeutende Beiſpiele, berufen; denn unter einer großen Anzahl geſchnittener

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*) Der Apollo und der Faun ſind ebenfalls abgebildet in den Kupfertafeln zu Winckelmanns Werken Band VI. Taf. 5.

**) The antiquities of Athens. Vol. I. chapter. 4. Pl. 1.—26. wo das ganze Denkmal mit allem architektoniſchen Zierath zu finden iſt. Die Figuren des Frieſes allein ſind Kupfert. XXII. XXVI und XXVII. zu dieſem Werk nachgebildet.

***) Eine Abbild. findet man in den Kupfertafeln zu Winckelmanns Werken Band III. Tafel 4. A.

*) S. d. Abbild. in den Kupfert. zu W's Werken Band VI. Tafel 6. B.

**) Zanetti Statue, Tom. I. tav. 44. 45.

Steine, welche der Verfaſſer dieſer Blätter theils im Original, theils in guten Abdrücken Gelegenheit zu betrachten gehabt, befindet ſich keiner, welcher mit Sicherheit der Zeit des Phidias und Praxiteles könnte beigemeſſen werden. Von Meiſtern aus Alexanders des Großen Zeiten ſind wahrſcheinlich zwar einige der vorzüglichſten unter den vorhandenen Gemmen gearbeitet, allein es iſt allemal mißlich an ſo kleinen Figuren, als geſchnittene Steine gewöhnlich enthalten, die Eigenthümlichkeiten des Styls beſtimmt ausmitteln zu wollen. Um jedoch nicht dieſes ganze Fach in anderm Betracht hochſchätzbarer Monumente zu übergehen, beſchränken wir uns in Hinſicht derſelben auf Folgendes: Ein flach vertieft in Chalcedon geſchnittener Diomedes (abgebildet Kupfertafel XXIX.) von anſehnlicher Größe, worauf der Name ſeines ehemaligen Beſitzers Laur. Med. (Laurentius Medicis) eingegraben ſteht, welcher Stein aber nicht mehr in der florentiniſchen Sammlung zu finden iſt, kann der Uebergangszeit vom großen zum ſchönen Styl angehören. Der wunderſchöne Amethyſt aber mit einem ſchwimmenden Tritonenpaar nebſt ihren Kindern vertieft geſchnitten und noch gegenwärtig eine Zierde der genannten Gemmenſammlung (abgebildet Kupfertafel XXIX.), wäre ebenfalls der blühendſten Epoche der Kunſt zuzuſchreiben; indeſſen vermögen wir auch ſelbſt über dieſe Angaben noch nicht jeden Zweifel zu löſen und allen Bedenklichkeiten, welche dagegen erhoben werden möchten, zu begegnen.

Günſtiger für unſere Abſicht, brauchbarer und der weitern ſicherern Nachweiſungen gewährend, ſind die Münzen. Ihr kleiner Umfang ſetzt zwar in Betreff ganzer Figuren dem urtheilenden Forſcher ungefähr eben ſolche Schwierigkeiten entgegen als die geſchnittenen Steine; hält man ſich aber vorzüglich an die größern einzelnen Köpfe der Avers, ſo werden kunſtgeſchichtliche Unterſuchungen durch die Münzen allerdings weſentlich begünſtigt, indem die Zeit der Entſtehung manches dieſer Denkmale gewiß iſt, welche ſodann wiederum als Richtmaß dienen, nicht allein das Alter anderer Münzen, ſondern auch größerer Werke mit Wahrſcheinlichkeit zu beſtimmen.

An ſehr vielen Geprägen des Alterthums iſt der künſtleriſche Werth der Arbeit entſchieden, und ſie berechtigen und beſtimmen zu der Muthmaßung, die Münzſtempel ſeien gewöhnlich von guten, ja wie der Augenſchein lehrt, oft von vortrefflichen Meiſtern verfertigt worden.

Hoher Styl ſpricht ſich ganz entſchieden aus in mehreren Münzen von der Inſel Thaſos, wo das Haupt des bärtigen indiſchen Bacchus wahrhaftig erhabene Züge mit Großheit der Geſtalt im Ganzen verbindet*); die drahtartige Manier in der Arbeit der Haare, ſo wie das Symmetriſche, welches theils in der Anlage der Locken, theils in den Blättern des Epheukranzes ſich äußert, ſind Merkmale, welche hinſichtlich auf die Zeit, der wir dieſe Monumente zu verdanken haben, keine bedeutenden Zweifel übrig laſſen.

Faſt gleiche Bewandtniß hat es auch mit einigen, zwar minder vortrefflich, doch immer noch ſehr verdienſtlich gearbeiteten Münzen der Stadt Aenus in Thracien. Der Profilkopf des Mercurius auf denſelben verräth einen ſtrengen Charakter und die kurzgeſchnittenen Haare liegen in kleinen einzelnen Locken ſymmetriſch wie Bindfaden neben einander. Dieſe Merkmale, nebſt der vom Petaſus zum Theil bedeckten, das Haupt umgebenden Haarflechte, erinnern den kundigen Beſchauer an jene, von uns im letzten Abſchnitt als Monument des dem hohen zunächſt vorhergehenden Styls angeführte Statue eines jungen Ringers im kapitoliniſchen Muſeum. Mit Grund alſo läßt ſich ſchließen eine geehrte Tempelſtatue aus der Zeit, welche dem hohen Styl vorangegangen, ſei auf dieſen Münzen nachgebildet.

Die Münzen der macedoniſchen Stadt Acanthus bringen, wie ſchon einmal am gelegenen Ort iſt gemeldet worden, den Gang der Kunſt und ihr Beſtreben nach dem Schönen im Tauſch um das Großartige zur deutlichen Anſchauung**). Auf den Reverſen dieſer Münzen erſcheint die Gruppe des vom Löwen angefallenen Stiers noch unangenehm ſtreng, mit monotoner Symmetrie in den einzelnen Theilen ausgeführt, dabei aber geiſtreich, von kräftigen in gewiſſem Sinne großartig zu nennenden Formen, welche Formen ſodann in einem andern etwas ſpätern Gepräge durch mehr Geſchmack und Technik verbeſſert und veredelt erſcheinen. In noch andern wiederum ſpäter entſtandenen, bildet ſich Alles mehr zum Gefälligen, Zierlichen, Feinen aus. Ein gleichmäßiges Steigern von Sorgfalt, Geſchmack und Kunſt gewahrt man auch in der Anordnung der Thiergruppe.

Das Cereshaupt auf einer ſehr großen ſilbernen Münze von Panormus in Sicilien***) hat vor andern viel Würdiges in ſeinen Zügen, und trägt, obgleich die Ausführung keineswegs vollkommen kann genannt werden, doch alle Merkmale des hohen Styls an ſich.

Noch ſind zwei andere kleinere Silbermünzen, welche man ebenfalls für Gepräge der Stadt Panormus halten will, an dieſer Stelle zu berückſichtigen. Beide zeigen einen mit der Löwenhaut bedeckten jugendlichen Herkules-Kopf, welcher zu den edelſten Bildern dieſes Helden gehören mag; die Kehrſeiten enthalten Kopf und Hals eines Pferdes von nicht genug zu preiſender Vortrefflichkeit.

Eine früher auch ſchon erwähnte ſilberne Münze der Stadt Philippi in Macedonien*) mit den beiden ſo eben genannten Panormitaniſchen von ungefähr gleicher Größe, iſt in Betracht der herrlichen Ausführung merkwürdig, wie auch als Denkmal einer mit Sicherheit zu beſtimmenden Zeit. Auch hier enthält der Avers das Haupt des jungen Herkules bedeckt mit der Haut des nemäiſchen Löwen, die Kehrſeite aber einen Dreifuß, Ar[illegible] und Palmenzweig. — Unmöglich kann dieſe Münze früher als unter Philipps Regierung über Macedonien geſchlagen ſein, folglich nicht vor Ol. 105., weil genannte Stadt zuvor einen andern Namen führte. An dem ſchönen, edeln Herkules-Haupt wird nur in den Locken des bedeckenden Löwenbalgs noch eine leiſe Spur alterthümlich ſymmetriſcher Strenge wahrgenommen, was indeſſen mit der angegebenen Entſtehungszeit übereinſtimmt, woferne man die glaubwürdige Vermuthung will gelten laſſen, daß der Stempelſchneider nach einem ältern Vorbild etwa aus der Zeit des Phidias arbeitete. Warum hingegen das geſammte Ganze ſo ungemein beſtimmt ja mit Strenge behandelt iſt, möchte ſchwerlich anders als durch Eigenthümlichkeiten des im übrigen ſo trefflichen Künſtlers zu erklären ſein; denn andere Münzen früherer Herrſcher in Macedonien bis auf den Archelaus, zeigen ſchon eine mildere Behandlung; desgleichen die goldenen und ſilbernen des Philippus, beſonders nimmt ſich unter den letztern ein ſilbernes Gepräge mit dem Haupt eines gütigen ölumbekränzten Jupiters vortheilhaft aus**), welche Darſtellung des höchſten, oberſten Gottes auf Münzen nur allein von der faſt ähnlichen eines oben bereits gelobten, ebenderſelben Zeit angehörigen eliſchen Gepräges***) übertroffen wird, wo der Gott und noch würdiger dargeſtellt und ſelbſt die Ausführung vollkommner zu ſein ſcheint.

Gleich edlen Styl bei nicht minder vortrefflicher Ausführung finden wir an jener ebenfalls ſchon erwähnten, zu Delphi von den Amphiktionen geprägten Münze. Der Cereskopf auf dem Avers derſelben übertrifft noch an Adel und reiner Schönheit jenes gelobte Cereshaupt auf Münzen von Metapontus†), ſogar bleibt es zweifelhaft, ob die Ceres auf Münzen der Stadt Pheneus in Arkadien, welches Bild der Göttin wir außerdem für das bewunderungswürdigſte halten, den Vorzug verdiene.

Zeit- und kunſtverwandt der ſo eben gelobten Münze von Delphi ſcheint auch jene der Stadt Maronea in Thracien mit dem herrlichen Bacchushaupt, eben ſo ſchön als würdig, lieblich gerundet, geiſtreich mit Fleiß und mit Meiſterſchaft ausgeführt.

Unter Alexander dem Großen, oder beſſer geſagt zu deſſen Zeit, wurde wie überhaupt in der Kunſt ſo auch im Fach der Münzen das Vollkommenſte geleiſtet. Die Gepräge, auf welchen der Name dieſes Eroberers ſteht, enthalten: die goldenen, meiſt einen ſchön ausgeführten Pallaskopf auf der Vorderſeite und auf dem Revers die Victoria ſtehend mit einem Kranz in der Hand; die ſilbernen, vorn den Kopf des jungen Herkules, bedeckt mit der Löwenhaut, von herrlicher großer Idee und wie begeiſtert ausſehend, die Kehrſeite aber zeigt einen thronenden Jupiter, in der Linken den langen Zepter haltend, auf der ausgeſtreckten Rechten ſitzt ihm der Adler. Dieſe letztern, größern Gepräge ſind zwar mit ehrenwerther Kunſt und Geiſt behandelt, doch wie wir nach manchen uns bekannten Exemplaren zu urtheilen veranlaßt werden, nicht von den kunſtreichſten Meiſtern der damaligen Zeit verfertigt. Auch ſind manche ſelbſt von den beſſern nicht in eigentlich griechiſchen Münzſtätten, ſondern vermöge der phöniciſchen Inſchriften auf denſelben, in Aſien geſchlagen, während Alexanders Herrſchaft daſelbſt und alſo in ſeinen letzten Lebensjahren. Denn es giebt mehrere nach Merkmalen des Styls um ungefähr eben dieſe Zeit an verſchiedenen Orten in Griechenland, Italien und Sicilien entſtandene Münzen, die, wir wollen, was die Köpfe betrifft, zwar nicht behaupten, mit mehrerem Geiſt, aber doch zierlicher, feiner, mit größerer Kunſtfertigkeit in dieſem Fach behandelt ſind. Wir berufen uns darüber zum geltenden Beweis vor andern auf große Silbermünzen der Stadt Syrakuſä in Sicilien, deren Vorderſeiten das Haupt der Proſerpina oder vielleicht der Arethuſa zeigen, ein wahres Wunder von Schönheit, die Kehrſeiten aber einen vierſpännigen Wagen, deſſen Lenkerin von einer über den Pferden ſchwebenden Victoria gekrönt wird. Auf ſolchen, wo der weibliche Kopf des Averſes mit Schilf bekränzt iſt, erſcheint derſelbe reiner, ſchön, ruhiger und naiver als auf einem andern, welche man für das größte Meiſterſtück in ſeiner Art hält, wo der Kopf keinen Kranz hat, über der Stirn ein Band oder Diadem liegt, und das höchſt zierlich aufgebundene und gekräuſelte Haar im Nacken von einem Netz gefaßt iſt. Zwar ſind die Züge des Geſichts hier eben ſo regelmäßig ſchön als an jenen Köpfen mit dem Kranz, hingegen finden wir das Ganze nicht ſo gemüthlich angelegt. Die Kunſt hat alles aufgeboten, was in ihrem Vermögen war, allein ſie verbirgt ſich nicht, ſondern tritt vor und will vom Beſchauer erkannt ſein. Gleich anfänglich ſchon wurde dieſe Münze als ein hochgeſchätztes Kunſtwerk betrachtet, denn der Stempel zum Avers iſt zweimal geſprungen und man hat nichts deſto weniger mit Prägen fortgefahren. Unten am Hals des Kopfs fehlt ein beträchtliches Stück und höher geht vom Nacken durch das Haarnetz noch ein anderer Bruch; ſonach rührt die Arbeit ſicherlich von einem damals geachteten ſehr vorzüglichen Meiſter her. Noch wollen wir bemerken, daß andere kleinere ſyrakuſaniſche Münzen, andere die für panormitaniſch gelten, und noch andere der agrigentiniſchen Sorte vorkommen, welche ſämmtlich, bei verſchiedenem Revers, auf der Hauptſeite einen, ungefähr dem auf jenen großen Münzen von Syrakus an Kunſt und Arbeit ähnlich bekränzten Kopf zeigen.

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*) Tafel 3. zum IV. Band v. W's. Werken enthält eine Abbild. dieſes Bacchuskopfs.

**) Mionnet n. 430—437.

***) Mionnet [illegible].

*) Mionnet n. 493.

**) Mionnet n. 494.

***) Mionnet. n. [illegible].

†) Winckelmanns Geſch. d. K. d. Alterth. Buch 5. Kap. 2. § 30.

Unſtreitig entſtanden zur Zeit der ſchönſten Kunſtblüthe iſt auch die ſchon oben gelobte Münze der Stadt Teanum in Campanien mit dem behelmten Haupt des Mars und auf der Gegenſeite einem aufgezäumten vortrefflichen Pferdekopf, ſodann Gepräge von Stymphalus in Arkadien, auf denen ſich ein ſehr ſchöner und trefflich gearbeiteter weiblicher Kopf befindet, mit Lorber bekränzt; ferner die Münzen von Chalcis auf Euböa mit einem edlen Haupt des Apollo, und eine von Miletus, worauf das Haupt eben dieſes Gottes noch edler und ſchöner erſcheint; endlich das an gefälliger Schönheit, an Gemüth und an Geiſt vor allen den Vorzug verdienende Haupt des Herkules auf Münzen von Cos.

Erſtrecken ſich die im Vorigen angeſtellten Betrachtungen über Künſtler, Kunſt und Monumente in jedem Fach bis nach Alexanders des Großen Ableben, ſo dürfte es wohlgethan ſein, ſolche auch in Betreff der Münzen noch bis auf die Zeit ſeiner nächſten Nachfolger auszudehnen. Derſelben Lob und Bewunderung ſpendeten wir mit eben ſo großer Wahrſcheinlichkeit als mit gutem Geſchmack in ihrem Style bewunderten Münzen von Syrakus, den ſchönſten, welche Philipps und Alexanders Namen führen, auch anderen aus Griechenland, den Inſeln und Kleinaſien, und achten und man in Folge der wahrzunehmenden Aehnlichkeit des Styls ſich überzeugt: ſie ſeien alle am eigentlichen Mittagspunkte der Kunſt während eines kurzen Zeitraums entſtanden. Bei weiterm Forſchen ergibt ſich überdem, daß bald nachher mechaniſche Verbeſſerungen des Prägens zu Stande gekommen, und auf ſondern glatten Schnitt der Stempel mehrere Sorgfalt als früher verwendet worden.

Hierdurch nun unterſcheiden ſich die Münzen des Agathokles, zwiſchen Ol. 116 und Ol. 123, ingleichen die des Pyrrhus ungefähr um dieſelbe Zeit verfertigt, ferner eine der Stadt Velia in Lucanien; eine der Crotoniaten und mehrere von den wahrſcheinlich panormitaniſchen Geprägen, deren eines vorn den Kopf eines Jünglings mit phrygiſcher Mütze, ungefähr wie Paris, enthält, auf dem Revers aber einen gehenden Löwen. Die ſchönen zarten Formen, das reine Gepräge, Fleiß und Zierlichkeit der Ausführung machen dieſes Stück ganz beſonders anziehend, wiewohl eingeſtanden werden muß, daß es, verglichen mit den vorerwähnten ältern, ihnen an Geiſt und innerm Leben nicht durchaus gleichkommt; freilich ſind die Formen, die Theile an dieſem Pariskopfe ſehr ſchön und gefällig, der Charakter aber neigt ſich zum Unbedeutendern, Allgemeinern. Dieſen genannten Münzen kann man ferner noch beizählen eine der Akarnanier und drei von Rhodus. Auf einer der letztern erſcheint das Haupt des Sonnengottes von vorn gebildet mit Haaren wie Flammen umgeben, darum iſt zu vermuthen, der berühmte rhodiſche Koloß des Chares habe zum Muſter gedient, welcher Vermuthung nach beſagte Münze vierzig bis funfzig Jahre nach Alexanders des Großen Tod entſtanden ſein müßte, folglich gehörte ſie eigentlich nicht mehr unter die Denkmale des gegenwärtigen Abſchnitts, wir wollten aber derſelben aus der Urſache gedenken, weil ſie Licht verbreitet über das Alter anderer Münzen, worauf ebenfalls von vorn dargeſtellte Köpfe ſich befinden; als z. B. eine von der Stadt Gela in Sicilien mit dem ährenbekränzten Kopf der Ceres; eine mit ſchönem weiblichen Haupte, blumenbekränzt von Croton; eine von Katana mit dem Kopf des Apollo; vier mit Mercuriusköpfen, ſpätere Gepräge der Stadt Aenus in Thracien, und zwei von Syrakus mit Köpfen der Arethuſa. Ferner finden wir zwei dergleichen Münzen von Amphipolis in Macedonien, worauf der lorberbekränzte Kopf des Apollo dargeſtellt iſt, und zwei mit behelmten weiblichen Köpfen, Gepräge der Stadt Audoleon in Päonien; eine von Gomphi, zwei von Lariſſa in Theſſalien, und zwei von Clazomenä in Jonien. Alle widerſprechen durch Styl und Arbeit keineswegs unſerer in Hinſicht der rhodiſchen geäußerten Vermuthungen, ſie ſeien erſt nach Alexanders des Großen Zeit entſtanden; vielmehr ſcheinen ſie dieſelbigen zu beſtätigen, und wenn jemand dagegen cariſche Gepräge anführen wollte, mit dem vorn dargeſtellten Geſicht des Sonnengottes und auf der Kehrſeite dem Jupiter thronend nebſt der Beiſchrift: Mauſolus, ſo geben wir zu, dieſelben ſeien zum Andenken dieſes Königs, deſſen Grabmal ſo berühmt war, geſchlagen, ſicherlich aber nicht bei ſeinen Lebzeiten, wie ſich ganz unbezweifelt aus dem Geſchmack der Arbeit ergibt.

Nach dieſer kleinen Abſchweifung, welche nicht überflüſſig ſchien, iſt nun zu melden, daß jene Bemühungen, Bildniſſe zu veredeln, welche zu Alexanders des Großen Zeit hauptſächlich durch den Lyſippus geſchehen ſind, auch im Fach der Münzen bald nachher bemerkbar werden. Wir ſagen nicht ohne Bedacht: bald nachher. Denn ob in dem Herkuleskopf oder auch in dem behelmten einer Minerva ähnlichen auf den Geprägen Alexanders wirkliche Bildnißzüge dieſes Eroberers enthalten ſeien, läßt ſich aus guten Gründen bezweifeln, hingegen ſind die Bildniſſe von Alexanders Nachfolgern in den verſchiedenen Reichen, welche aus der Geſammtheit ſeiner Eroberungen entſtanden waren, mehr oder weniger naturgetreu nachgebildet, auf ihren Münzen wirklich anzutreffen. Lyſimachus erſcheint mit Zügen, an denen die Steigerung nach dem Herrlichen nicht zu verkennen iſt. In gleicher Art ſind auch die Bildniſſe des Ptolemäus Soter und ſeiner Gemahlin Berenice auf ihren Münzen behandelt, nur nicht mit ſo vieler Kunſt wie jene des Lyſimachus. In denen des Ptolemäus Philadelphus und der Arſinoe, des Demetrius Poliorcetes wie auch des Antiochus, Königs in Syrien, wird ein gleiches, aber weniger gelungenes Bemühen der Künſtler wahrgenommen. Von dem Bildniß des Philetärus, Stifters des pergameniſchen Königreichs, mag man glauben, es habe nur wenig ideale Zuthat erhalten, und auf einigen größeren Silbermünzen erſcheint daſſelbe völlig nach der Natur dargeſtellt, übrigens von großen Meiſterhänden [illegible] mit preiswürdiger Kunſt und Fleiß ausgeführt.

Zum Schluß des Ganzen iſt Weniges noch in Beziehung auf die Malerei zu ſagen.

Sichere Denkmale und Werke der eigentlichen Malerkunſt, welche uns die allmählig geſchehene Vervollkommnung dieſes Fachs von der Zeit des Perikles und Cimon bis auf Alexander den Großen, oder vom Polygnotus bis auf den Apelles und Protogenes vor Augen ſtellen, ſind überall nicht vorhanden; einige höchſt ſchimmerliche Reſte oder vielmehr faſt erloſchene Spuren von gemalten Architekturverzierungen, welche noch in den Propyläen und in dem Tempel des Theſeus zu Athen, desgleichen in den Trümmern der Propyläen zu Eleuſis wahrgenommen werden, kommen hier nicht in Betrachtung. Wenn ferner von einigen erhobenen Werken, Statuen und geſchnittenen Steinen zu vermuthen iſt, ſie ſeien theils ſtückweiſe, theils im Ganzen Malereien nachgebildet, ſo ſind erſtlich die Monumente ſolcher Art nicht in beträchtlicher Menge vorhanden; zweitens wiſſen wir blos von der Statue der Venus, welche ſich die Haare abtrocknet (ſ. d. Abbild. einer ſolchen Figur Kupfert. N. XXVIII.), mit entſchiedener Wahrſcheinlichkeit, daß ihre Geberde von der Venus Anadyomene des Apelles entlehnt iſt. Ueber andere Bildwerke haben die Forſcher zwar ſinnreiche, doch nicht von hinlänglichen Gründen unterſtützte Vermuthungen dieſer Art geäußert, wie denn z. B. Visconti in einigen erhobenen [illegible] aus dem vaticaniſchen Muſeum nach Gemälden des Polygnotus gebildete Gruppen wahrnehmen wollte. Beſäßen wir aber auch wirklich mehrere Sculpturen, deren Uebertragung aus Gemälden zu erweiſen wäre, ſo würden dieſelben zwar allerdings in Ehren zu halten ſein, denn ſie könnten uns Licht ertheilen über die Erfindung und Anordnung in jenen, und es würde ſich aus ihnen einiges Wahrſcheinliche vom Eigenthümlichen im Geſchmack der Formen, Anlage der Gewänder u. ſ. w. der nachgebildeten Malereien und ihrer Meiſter ermitteln laſſen. Doch von dem Weſentlichſten, wodurch ſich Gemälde eben als Gemälde auszeichnen, vom Colorit, von der Beleuchtung, Haltung und Farbenharmonie dürften wir unſere Kenntniſſe zu erweitern nicht hoffen.

Denkmale die in gerader Beziehung ſtehen mit der Malerei des Zeitalters, von welcher hier gehandelt wird, ſind keine bekannt und unſer Forſchen iſt dahin beſchränkt, aus der Kunſtbeſchaffenheit der zu Rom und im herkulaniſchen Muſeum noch vorhandenen antiken Gemälde, welche ſämmtlich in ſpäterer Zeit entſtanden ſein mögen, rückwärts zu ſchließen auf die höhere Vortrefflichkeit jener ältern, dem eigentlich großen und ſchönen Styl angehörigen Werke. Glücklich, wenn ſich ereignete, was allenfalls möglich, ja ſogar wahrſcheinlich iſt, daß bei weiterm zu Tage Fördern der jetzt noch verborgen ruhenden Kunſtſchätze von Herkulanum und Pompeji wahrhaftige und erkennbare Copien alter Meiſterwerke der Malerei entdeckt würden. Möchte demnach baldigſt ein angemeſſen lebhafter Betrieb der Ausgrabungen in den beiden gedachten verſchütteten Orten ſtatt finden, möchten aber auch alsdann gelehrte und kunſtſinnige Forſcher ſich das Studium der alten Gemälde, denen bis jetzt eben noch keine ſonderliche Aufmerkſamkeit geſchenkt worden, recht ernſtlich angelegen ſein laſſen.

Ohne Zweifel enthalten die Zeichnungen oder ſogenannten Gemälde auf Gefäßen von gebrannter Erde manches den Werken berühmter Meiſter Nachgebildete. Denn woher anders Urſprung kommt ſo vortrefflich Gedachtes und Angeordnetes, als wir auf Vaſen zuweilen wahrnehmen, ſonſt haben, da die [illegible] der Vaſen, mit Ausnahme weniger einzelner Fälle, nach dem großen Maaßſtabe der alten Kunſt gerechnet, nur mittelmäßige Arbeiter waren? Dieſes gehörig erwogen, werden uns die Bilder auf Vaſen, ſo ſchätzbare Denkmale ſie in anderer Hinſicht auch ſind, gleichwohl in Beziehung auf die Kenntniß der Malerei der Alten keine beſſern Dienſte leiſten, als es die plaſtiſchen Monumente an ihrer Stelle thun; ja bloß verdienen, was Geſtalten und Gruppirung in den nachgebildeten Werken anbelangt, überhaupt größeres Zutrauen, weil ſie mit mehr Aufmerkſamkeit verfertigt zu ſein pflegen.

In den Betrachtungen über den alten Styl gedachten wir [illegible] von einem Gefäßgemälde, den Menelaus darſtellend, wie er die Helena verfolgt, wozu das Vorbild wahrſcheinlich eine der erhobenen Arbeiten am Kaſten des Cypſelus geweſen. Eben ſo glaubt der Verfaſſer dieſer Blätter einiges Wenige und Seltene vom gewaltigen Styl auf bemalten Gefäßen wahrgenommen zu haben. Man erkennt ſolche Denkmale vornehmlich an der Anlage, einer ſtrengen Manier. Denn das Mächtige, Großartige dieſes Styls wußten die Vaſenmaler ihren Gebilden nicht zu ertheilen, und eben darum dürften ſich auch den hohen Styl nachſich ausſprechende Malereien auf Gefäßen kaum finden laſſen. Die Nachbildungen von Werken desſelben ſind, wenn gleich unerkannt, doch gewiß vorhanden.

Als die Kunſt zum ſchönen Styl überging und ihn ſodann ausübte, zog ſie auch die Vaſen mehr in ihren Bereich. Daher ſind einige wenige Malereien auf Gefäßen von ſolcher Vortrefflichkeit, daß wir ſie als wirkliche Zeugniſſe der Kunſt während der beſten Zeit erkennen und ehren müſſen. Auf andern, minder von geringerem, mitunter ſehr mittelmäßiger Ausführung, iſt uns, wenn auch nur flüchtig hingeworfen, doch der ſchön gedachte Inhalt einer Menge hochſchätzbarer Werke noch bewahrt; wie wir denn auf einer eben ſchon berührten Vaſe*) das von [illegible] erwähnte Gemälde des Ariſtides, wo ein alter die Lyra in der Hand haltender Mann einen Knaben zu unterrichten ſcheint, nachgebildet glauben.

So hätten wir nun die griechiſche Kunſt betrachtet wie ſie, hauptſächlich blühend und mächtig, in unzähligen Werken auf die mannigfaltigſte Weiſe ſich ausgeſprochen. Wir folgten ihrem Gange vom urſprünglich erſten Beginnen bis zur herrlichſten Entfaltung. Aber nichts vermag der Zeiten Gewalt zu widerſtehen, nichts iſt bleibend, alles, alles gleitet vorüber.

Siehe es weinen die Götter, es weinen die Göttinnen alle,
Daß das Schöne vergeht, daß das Vollkommene ſtirbt.
(Schiller.)

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*) G. d. Kunſt. [illegible] VIII. [illegible]

Johann Friedrich von Meyer,

der Sohn eines von Joſeph II. geadelten Kaufmanns zu Frankfurt am Main, ward am 12. September 1772 daſelbſt geboren, legte auf dem reichsſtädtiſchen Gymnaſium den Grund zu ſeinen Studien und widmete ſich ſeit 1790 auf der Univerſität zu Göttingen und Leipzig den Rechten, der Philologie und der Geſchichte. Nachdem er 1794 zu Wetzlar den Reichsproceß ſtudirt hatte, wurde er 1795 ſalm-kyrburgiſcher Kammerdirector, wandte ſich aber nach der Beſitznahme Frankfurts durch die Franzoſen wieder dorthin und wurde als gewandter Staatsmann 1807 Rath und Beiſitzer des Stadtgerichts daſelbſt. 1816 wählten ſeine Mitbürger ihn zum Senator und Deputirten im evangeliſch-lutheriſchen Conſiſtorium und übertrugen ihm 1821 eine Stelle auf der Schöffenbank und im Syndicat, worauf er noch zum Appellationsrath und 1824 zum Präſidenten des geſetzgebenden Körpers ernannt wurde.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

Kallias. Leipzig 1794, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. verb. Aufl. 1804, m. Kupf.
Laura. Frankfurt 1801, 8.
Dramatiſche Spiele. Ebendaſ. 1802.
Popiel. Nach Andr. Gryphius. Frankfurt 1803, 8.
Durens Lebensbeſchreibung. Amſterdam 1807, 2 Thle.
Tobias. Epos. Frankfurt 1809; 2. verb. Ausg. 1831, gr. 12., mit 7 Lithographien.
Hades. Ebendaſ. 1810.
Bibeldeutungen. Ebendaſ. 1812.
Blätter für höhere Wahrheit. Ebendaſ. 1818—25, 8 Sammlungen.
Die Bibel in berichtigter Ueberſetzung. Hamburg 1819; 2. Ausg. 1822.
Wahrnehmungen einer Seherin. Frankfurt 1827.
Neue Folge der Blätter für höhere Wahrheit. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Kritiſche Kränze. Berlin 1831, gr. 8.

Ueber die eigenthümlichſte Richtung dieſes bedeutenden und geiſtreichen Mannes, äußert ſich Menzel in ſeinem Werke über die deutſche Literatur Th. I. S. 215 mit folgenden Worten: J. F. von Meyer bekennt ſich nicht nur mit Freimuth, ſondern ſogar mit Stolz zu dem Geiſterglauben und unterſtützt ihn durch eben ſo viel philoſophiſchen Tiefſinn als exegetiſche Gelehrſamkeit. Seine „Bibelerklärungen,“ ſein „Hades“ ſeine „Blätter für höhere Wahrheit“ und die von ihm herausgegebenen „Wahrnehmungen einer Seherin“ nehmen in der myſtiſchen Literatur der neueſten Zeit den erſten Rang ein. Zwar iſt darin ein gewiſſes andächtiges Geſchwätz, das bloß ſubjective Empfindungen ausdrückt, mit den tiefſten und reichſten Gedanken gepaart, inzwiſchen darf man es nur wie Waſſer vom Goldſand ablaufen laſſen. Auch ſein Stolz iſt bisweilen beleidigend für Andersdenkende; allein kann man dieſen Stolz einem Geiſte verdenken, der von den Flachköpfen des Tages mißkannt und gerade um des Edelſten willen, das ihm eigen iſt, für einen aberwitzigen Schwärmer gehalten wird? Und iſt der Stolz nicht beſſer als die erheuchelte Demuth. Die Wahrnehmungen einer Seherin ſind eine Frucht des Magnetismus und wohl in geiſtiger Beziehung die reichſte, die von dieſem neuen Baume der Erkenntniß gepflückt worden. Sie enthalten ein Syſtem, das in der Mitte ſteht zwiſchen dem von Jacob Böhme und Swedenborg, und überhaupt zur Vermittelung aller einander innerlich ſo nahe verwandten, myſtiſchen Syſteme dient, indem es einem von Waſſerwolken vielfach durchbrochenen, aber eben deshalb ſie verbindenden Regenbogen gleicht.

Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß derſelbe Reichthum an Wiſſen und Geiſt, verbunden mit feinem Geſchmack, Anmuth, Würde und Eleganz der Darſtellung auch in M's übrigen Schriften vorherrſcht.

Martin Meyer, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Nicolaus Meyer

ward am 29. December 1775 zu Bremen geboren und nach vollendeten mediciniſchen Studien und Erlangung der Doctorwürde zu Minden als praktiſcher Arzt angeſtellt, wo er als königlich preußiſcher Regierungs- und Medicinalrath noch lebt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Blüthen. Bremen 1804, 2 Thle., 8.
Schillers Todtenfeier zu Bremen. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.
Victor. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8.
Neue Schwänke und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1812.
Barbale. Ebendaſ. 1813, gr. 12.
Gedichte. Bremen 1814, 8., mit Portrait.
Henning der Hahn. Altdeutſches Gedicht. Bremen 1813 (1814) 8., mit Caspar Renner.
Eros. Poetiſches Taſchenbuch für 1821. Lemgo 1821, 12.
Altdeutſche Dichtungen, aus der Handſchrift herausgegeben. Quedlinburg 1823, gr. 8.

Auch gab er ſeit 1817 zu Minden das „Sonntagsblatt" heraus.

Gewandtheit, Leichtigkeit der Behandlung, Witz und Anmuth ſind M's ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten eigen und haben ihnen viele Freunde erworben.

Sophie Friedericke Eliſabethe Meyer,

die Tochter des ehemaligen preußiſchen geheimen Medicinalrathes Dr. M. in Berlin, wurde 1778 daſelbſt geboren und erhielt eine gute Erziehung, die auch auf die Ausbildung ihrer Anlagen zur Malerkunſt berechnet war. Mit dieſer und ihren literariſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt, lebte ſie unverheirathet in Berlin und ſtarb daſelbſt am 15. Juli 1827.

Sie verfaßte unter dem Namen Sophie May:

Die Wanderer im Hochlande. Nach dem Engliſchen des J. Hog. Berlin 1822, 2 Thle., 8.
Das edle Haus der Sture. Berlin 1821, 8.
Thalia. Taſchenbuch. Ebendaſ. 1823, 16.
Die fürſtlichen Frauen der Vorzeit. Leipzig 1824, 1r Thl., 8.
Die Felſenkluft von Stormcliff. Hamburg 1828, 8.
Frauenachtung. Mit Vorwort von Th. Hell. Leipzig 1829, 2 Bde., gr. 8.
Geſammelte Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1829—31, 12 Bde., gr. 12.
Die Ruinen der Burg Uchtenhagen. Ebendaſ. 1833, 2 Bde., 8.

Außerdem „Die weiße Roſe" (im 7. Thl. der Originalromane) und Ueberſetzungen mehrerer Romane von W. Scott ꝛc.

Gute Erfindung, talentvolle Darſtellung, Wärme und Gefühl verleihen den Romanen dieſer Schriftſtellerin einen mehr als gewöhnlichen Werth; noch vorzüglicher ſind indeſſen in ſtyliſtiſcher Hinſicht ihre Ueberſetzungen W. Scott'ſcher Romane.

Johann Matthäus Meyfarth

ward am 9. November 1590 zu Jena geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Theologie und Philoſophie und wurde, nachdem er hier die Magiſterwürde und Adjunctur der philoſophiſchen Facultät erhalten hatte, 1616 Gymnaſialprofeſſor zu Koburg. 1623 erhielt er das Directorium dieſer Anſtalt, ging aber 1632 als Dr. und Profeſſor ordinarius der Theologie, ſowie als Pfarrer an der Predigerkirche nach Erfurt ab, wo er bis zum Rang eines erſten Profeſſors der Theologie und Seniors des lutheriſchen Conſiſtoriums ſtieg und am 26. Januar 1642 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Deutſche Redekunſt. Koburg 1634. Frankfurt 1654, 12.

Eine fleißige und keineswegs geiſtloſe Arbeit, die um ſo verdienſtlicher war, als es zu jener Zeit faſt ganz an Vorarbeiten und feſtgeſtellten Grundſätzen für ein ſolches Unternehmen fehlte.

Johann Heinrich Meynier

ward am 29. Januar 1764 zu Erlangen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philoſophie und neuere Sprachen und promovirte zum Doctor der Philoſophie. Er wurde am daſigen Gymnaſium und an der Univerſität als Lehrer der franzöſiſchen Sprache angeſtellt und ſtarb daſelbſt am 22. Mai 1825.

Unter den Namen: André, Freudenreich, Jerrer, Iſelin, Krone, Renner, Selchow, Sternau, Sternberg u. ſ. w. ſchrieb er:

Kleine Kindergeſchichten. Leipzig 1817.
Naturgeſchichte für die Jugend. Nürnberg 1818.
Weltgeſchichte für die Jugend. Ebendaſ. 1819, 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der Deutſchen. Ebendaſ. 1821, 2 Thle.
Similde. Berlin 1822.
Arno. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Europas Länder und Völker. Ebendaſ. 1823, 3 Thle.
Palamedes. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Alwina. Ebendaſ. 1823.
Reiſen durch Deutſchland. Leipzig 1823, 3 Thle.
Reiſen zur See und zu Lande. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Gemälde aus dem Leben der Menſchen. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Erzählungen von Sitten, Gebräuchen und Meinungen fremder Völker. Würzburg 1825.
Hugo's und Lina's Erholungsſtunden. Berlin 1826.

M's Schriften für die Jugend zeichnen ſich durch glückliche Auffaſſung und angemeſſene Behandlung der Gegenſtände vortheilhaft aus, und würden zu den beſſeren Leiſtungen dieſer Gattung gehören, wenn ihr Verfaſſer nicht zu raſch und daher häufig ungründlich gearbeitet hätte.

Karl Joſeph Michaeler

ward am 6. December 1735 zu Innsbruck geboren, trat nach erhaltenen Weihen in den Jeſuitenorden und wurde bei Aufhebung deſſelben auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt als ordentlicher Profeſſor der allgemeinen Weltgeſchichte angeſtellt. Als 1782 dieſe Univerſität in ein Lyceum verwandelt wurde, kam er 1783 als Scriptor an die kaiſerlich königliche Bibliothek nach Wien, wo er am 22. Januar 1804 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Iwain. Heldengedicht von Hartmann. Wien 1786—87, 2 Bde., 8.

Hiſtoriſch-kritiſcher Verſuch über die älteſten Völkerſtämme. Ebendaſ. 1801—1802, 3 Bde.

Kleophas. Syriſches Hirtengedicht. Ebendaſ. 1801, 8. (lateiniſch und deutſch).

Tabulae parallelae antiquissimarum Teutonicae linguae dialectorum. Wien 1776.

M. erwarb ſich mannichfaches Verdienſt beſonders um die nähere Kenntniß der deutſchen Literatur des Mittelalters durch die Veröffentlichung altdeutſcher Schriftdenkmäler, zu einer Zeit, als noch wenig dafür war gethan worden.

Johann Benjamin Michaelis.

Der Sohn eines durch den Brand ſeines Wohnortes, Zittau, ganz verarmten Tuchmachers, ward M. am 31. Dec. 1746 daſelbſt geboren. Einer ſeiner Lehrer (Schneider) am dortigen Gymnaſium, der ſich ſeiner väterlich annahm, begeiſterte ihn für das Studium der griechiſchen und römiſchen Dichter. Uz's Gedichte, Kleiſt's und Gellert's Werke, die er in die Hände bekam, feuerten ihn zu ähnlichen Verſuchen an, deren einen er 1763 der Kurfürſtin von Sachſen und auf den Rath einer geiſtreichen Dame einen andern Gottſched überreichte, wodurch er freie Wohnung und freien Tiſch für ſeine Univerſitätsjahre erlangte, als er 1764 ohne einen Heller Geld die Univerſität Leipzig bezog. Seiner ohngeachtet ſtrenger Sparſamkeit dennoch bis zu 30 Thlr. aufgelaufenen Schulden wegen wandte er ſich hier nach andern vergeblichen Verſuchen an den Buchhändler Heinſius, der ihm für eine Sammlung von Gedichten und Liedern 2 Louisd'or gab und ihm ähnliche Erwerbsquellen zuwies. So erhielt er ſich mühſam, bis er das große Silberſtein'ſche Stipendium erhielt, das er aber, weil es ihn zum Studium der ihm widerwärtigen Medicin verpflichtete, bald wieder aufgab. Kümmerlich friſtete er nun ſein Leben durch die ihm 1770 von Ebeling zu Hamburg übertragene Redaction des Correſpondenten und ſpäter durch Arbeiten für die Seiler'ſche Bühne, bis endlich Gleim, den er früher mit Gellert und Garve hatte kennen lernen, ſich mit Georg Jacobi ſeiner annahm. Zu dieſen Freunden zog er nun nach Halberſtadt, wo er am 30. September 1772 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus, theils anonym:

Fabeln, Lieder und Satyren. Zürich und Leipzig 1766, 8.

Einzelne Gedichte. Gleim gewidmet. Leipzig 1769, 8.; neue (Titel) Ausg. 1780, 2 Bde., 8. (Auch unter dem Titel: Werke ꝛc.)

Freude der Unterthanen bei Anweſenheit des Kaiſers Joſeph II. Prag 1769.

Die Schatten. Leipzig 1770, 8.

Leben und Thaten des theuern Helden Aeneas. Halberſtadt 1771, 8.

Briefe an Jacobi und Gleim. Ebendaſ. 1771, 8.

Operetten. Leipzig 1772, 1r Thl., 8.

Letzter Zuruf und Abſchied; nebſt Auszug aus ſeinem Leben von Schäfer. Halberſtadt 1777, 8.

Poetiſche Werke. Herausgegeben von Heinrich Schmid. Gießen 1780, 1r Bd., 8. (der 2. Bd. enthält die obengenannte neue Ausg. der „Einzelnen Gedichte"). Dann Wien 1791, 4 Bde., 8.

M. war nicht ohne Talent, beſonders für die didaktiſche Satyre, aber es fehlte ihm an Reife, Beſonnenheit und Durchbildung; dies machte ihn unſicher in der Behandlung ſeiner Stoffe, bei denen er ſich oft von ſeiner Phantaſie und ſeinem Witze zu Kühnheiten hinreißen ließ, die der gute Geſchmack nie billigen kann, oft aber dagegen ſich ängſtlich zu einer Zurückhaltung zwang, die ganz am unrechten Orte war. — Seine Fabeln ſind gelungene Nachahmungen Gellert'ſcher Vorbilder.

Joſeph Milbiller

ward am 5. October 1753 zu München geboren und wurde ſpäter nach erhaltener Prieſterweihe zuerſt Weltgeiſtlicher daſelbſt. 1785 von hier vertrieben, wandte er ſich nach Leipzig und Halle, wo er zum Dr. der Philoſophie promovirte und kam 1786 als Profeſſor nach Paſſau, von wo er 1794 ſeines Dienſtes entlaſſen nach Wien ſich begab. Nachdem er 1798 den Ruf als Profeſſor ordinarius der Geſchichte zu Ingolſtadt angenommen hatte, ward er mit dieſer Univerſität nach Landshut verſetzt, wo er noch zum Dr. der Theologie und geiſtlichen Rath ernannt wurde und am 28. Mai 1816 ſtarb.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Pragmatiſche Geſchichte des Hildebrandismus. Leipzig 1787, 2 Thle.

Riesbeck's Geſchichte der Deutſchen. Fortſetzung und Nachtrag. Zürich 1788—95, 6 Bde.

Legenden. Leipzig 1796, 2 Thle.

Allgemeine Geſchichte der berühmteſten Königreiche und Freiſtaaten. Ebendaſ. 1797—99, 3 Abtheilungen.

Schmid's neuere Geſchichte der Deutſchen. Wien 1797—1808, 7—17r Bd.

Ideal einer Geſchichte der deutſchen Nation. Ingolſtadt 1800.

Kurze Geſchichte von Baiern. München 1806; 2. Ausg. 1808.

Kurze Geſchichte von Deutſchland. München 1809.

Handbuch der Statiſtik der europäiſchen Staaten. Landshut 1811, 2 Thle.

Ein fleißiger und ſorgfältiger, aber keineswegs unbefangener und unpartheiiſcher Hiſtoriker. Seine beſte Arbeit iſt die Fortſetzung von Schmid's Geſchichte der Deutſchen.

Johann Heinrich Millenet

ward am 4. September 1784 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philoſophie und Pädagogik und wurde dann Vorſteher einer Töchterſchule zu Neubrandenburg, welche Stelle er 1826 nachdem er Dr. der Philoſophie geworden war, mit der Profeſſur der franzöſiſchen Sprache am Gymnaſium zu Gotha vertauſchte.

Unter dem Namen: M Tenelli haben wir von ihm:

Die Laren. Unterhaltungsſchrift. Berlin 1818, 2 Bde., 8.

Thalia. Beiträge für deutſche Bühnen. Ebendaſ. 1819, 8.

Die Abentheuer des Grafen von Heyden. Ebendaſ. 1819, 8.

Das Johanniswürmchen. Frankfurt a. d. O. 1819, 8.

Meines Oheims Flauſrock. Leipzig 1824, 8.

Eduard. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Gotha 1826, 2 Thle.
Beaumarchais Schauſpiele. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1827, 2 Thle.

Viele einzelne Nachbildungen franzöſiſcher Dramen und Luſtſpiele u. ſ. w.

Witz, Lebendigkeit, gute Charakterzeichnung und ein gewandter, gefälliger Styl herrſchen in den literäriſchen Arbeiten dieſes talentvollen Mannes vor und haben mehreren ſeiner dramatiſchen Leiſtungen eine günſtige Aufnahme auf der Bühne bereitet.

Johann Martin Miller,

der Sohn des Predigers am Münſter und Profeſſors der orientaliſchen Sprachen am Gymnaſium zu Ulm, ward am 3. December 1750 daſelbſt geboren und ſtudirte, auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt trefflich vorbereitet, ſeit 1770 zu Göttingen Theologie. Hier ſchloß er ſich dem bekannten Dichterbunde als ein eifriges Mitglied an, beſuchte dann noch Leipzig und ward 1775 nach ſeiner Rückkehr zu Ulm zuerſt als Vicar der obern Gymnaſialclaſſe angeſtellt, 1780 aber Pfarrer zu Jungingen bei Ulm und 1781 Profeſſor des Naturrechts und ſpäter der griechiſchen Sprache am Gymnaſium zu Ulm. 1783 erhielt er eine Predigerſtelle am Münſter und 1797 die Profeſſur der katechetiſchen Theologie am Gymnaſium, worauf er 1804 zum Conſiſtorialrath, 1809 zum Stadt- und Diſtrictsdecan wie auch zum erſten Frühprediger an der Dreifaltigkeitskirche ernannt wurde. Nachdem Ulm 1810 mit Würtemberg vereinigt worden, erhielt er die erſte Predigerſtelle am Münſter und das Decanat Ulm mit dem Titel eines geiſtlichen Raths. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 21. Juni 1814.

Von ihm erſchien, theils anonym:

Beitrag zur Geſchichte der Zärtlichkeit. Leipzig 1776, 8.; 2. verm. u. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1780, 8., mit Titelkupf.
Hölty's Charakter. Augsburg 1776, 8.
Siegwart. Eine Kloſtergeſchichte. Leipzig 1776, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. rechtmäßige und verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1777, 3 Thle., 8., mit 6 Kupfrn. und Titelvignette. Wurde häufig nachgedruckt und überſetzt in's: **Polniſche** (Breslau 1779, 8.), **Franzöſiſche** (Baſel 1783, 8. und 1785, 8.), **Ungariſche** (Peſth 1784 oder 1786, 8.), **Däniſche** (Kopenhagen 1788, 8.), **Holländiſche** (Amſterdam 1779, 8.) und **Italieniſche**.
Briefwechſel dreier akademiſcher Freunde. Ulm 1776—77, 2 Sammlungen, 8.; 2. verb. und verm. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1778—79, 8. Ueberſetzt in's **Holländiſche** (Amſterdam 1791, 8.).
Predigten für das Landvolk. Leipzig 1776—84, 3 Bde., gr. 8. (3. Bändchen enthält die Gelegenheitspredigten).
Geſchichte Karls von Burgheim und Emiliens von Roſenau. Ebendaſ. 1778—79, 4 Bde., 8., mit und ohne Kupf. Häufig nachgedruckt und in's **Holländiſche** überſetzt (Utrecht 1785—87, 8.).
Karl und Karoline. Wien 1783, 8., mit Kupf. (ohne Wiſſen des Verfaſſers nachgedruckt).
Gedichte. Ulm 1783, gr. 8.
Briefwechſel zwiſchen einem Vater und ſeinem Sohne auf der Akademie. Ulm 1785, 2 Thle., 8.
Drei Briefe über das ſchreckliche Erdbeben, das noch vor Oſtern dieſes Jahres erfolgen ſoll. Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.
Geſchichte Walthers. Ebendaſ. 1786, 2 Thle., 8.
Lieder. Mit Muſik herausgegeben von F. von Eſchſtruth. Leipzig 1788, 1r Thl., 8.
Predigten über verſchiedene Texte und Evangelien. Ulm 1790, 8.
Sechs Predigten bei beſonderen Veranlaſſungen. Ebendaſ. 1795, 8.
Ueber die Verweiſung des Bürgers Heinzmann aus Ulm. O. O. (Ulm) 1798, 8.
Predigt am Dank- und Freudenfeſte am 10. Mai 1801. Ulm 1801, 8.

Außerdem Gedichte und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, Journalen, Almanachs ꝛc. Er gab auch eine Zeit lang: „Schubert's deutſche Chronik" heraus.

Durch Einfachheit und Herzlichkeit machte ſich Miller zu ſeiner Zeit in ſeinen leichten und gefälligen Liedern bei der Menge beliebt, vermochte aber nicht ſich auf die Länge ſo zu erhalten, da ihm Kraft und Phantaſie fehlten und er ſich vorzugsweiſe jener Empfindſamkeit zuneigte, die damals an der Tagesordnung war und welche namentlich durch ihn in eine weichliche und ſüßliche Empfindelei ausartete. Dies tritt noch deutlicher in ſeinen Romanen und ganz beſonders in ſeinem **Siegwart** hervor, in welchem die Sentimentalität die höchſte Spitze erreichte. Das eben genannte Buch fand einen ſo unglaublichen Beifall, daß es unzählige Mal nachgedruckt und in ſechs Sprachen übertragen wurde. Aber der Applaus nahm auch eben ſo raſch wieder ab; zehn Jahre darauf war die Huld deſſelben ſchon eine ſtehende Figur des Spottes geworden und ein Decennium ſpäter bereits ganz vergeſſen. Miller ſuchte ſeiner Sentimentalität einen Halt dadurch zu geben, daß er die Leidenſchaft vorherrſchen, aber nicht gewaltſam enden ließ, er bemühte ſich, ſie mit dem Himmel zu verſöhnen und ſich fromm dem unvermeidlichen Schickſal nur klagend, aber willenlos hinzugeben, und machte ſie gerade dadurch mark- und ſaftlos. Der überſpannte Ton einer überſinnlichen Liebe ſteckte in jenen Tagen viele ſchwächere Gemüther an, die er der Wirklichkeit ganz entfremdete und leeren Schemen gemachter Empfindungen zuführte, wodurch dann großes und mannichfaches Unheil geſtiftet wurde, denn ſolchem Treiben fehlte alle Geſundheit. Miller's Abſichten waren gewiß rein und gut; er wollte bei der Neigung zum Sentimentalen eine religiöſe Richtung als das beſte Gegengift anwenden, aber er vergriff ſich gänzlich in der Art und Weiſe und tödtete mit der Kraft des Willens zugleich die wahre Poeſie des Lebens. Seine übrigen Romane haben im Allgemeinen dieſelbe Tendenz, doch ſind ſie weniger überſpannt und ſchwächlich.

Martin Millius, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Karl Borromäus Freiherr von Miltitz

ward am 9. November 1780 zu Dresden geboren, trat nach vollendeten Studien in das ſächſiſche Garde du Corpsregiment und ging 1813 in öſtreichiſche Dienſte, in welchen er den Feldzug nach Frankreich als Dragonerofficier mitmachte. Nach geendigtem Kriege kam er nach Sachſen zurück, ward Kammerherr und lebte als ſolcher abwechſelnd auf ſeinem Schloſſe Scharfenberg bei Meißen und zu Dresden, wo er zum geheimen Rath und Oberhofmeiſter des Prinzen Johann erhoben und 1835 zum Ehrenmitgliede der ſchwediſchen Akademie der Muſik ernannt wurde.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Ausſtellungen in vermiſchten Erzählungen. Erfurt 1819 — 20, 2 Bdchen. 8.

Orangenblüthen. Leipzig 1822 — 25, 2 Thle., 8.

Geſammelte Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1825 — 28, 4 Bde., 8.; 3r und 4r Bd. auch unter dem Titel: „Neue geſammelte Erzählungen“.

Einzelne Aufſätze, Recenſionen u. ſ. w., in der Abendzeitung, der muſikaliſchen Zeitung u. ſ. w.

Glühende Phantaſie von Ruhe und Beſonnenheit geleitet, gute Charakterzeichnung, Gedankenreichthum, Innigkeit und warmes Gefühl, ſowie eine treffliche und elegante Darſtellung zeichnen die Erzählungen dieſes feinſinnigen, vielſeitig gebildeten Schriftſtellers ſo vortheilhaft aus, daß ſie zu dem Beſten gerechnet werden müſſen, was wir in dieſer Gattung aufzuweiſen haben. —

Der ſterbende Fechter*).

Wer im Spätherbſt in Neapel war, weiß, wie unbeſchreiblich mild ſich in jenem Klima ein Novemberabend geſtaltet. Es war an einem ſolchen, als ich, dicht am Meere in der reizenden Villa Real luſtwandelte. Die ſchönen breiten Wege dieſer wohlunterhaltenen Anlage ſind um jene Stunde leer von Beſuchern. Auch dann war es ſo ſtill, daß man es hören konnte, wenn von den ſchlanken Akazienſtämmen die vergelbten Blätter herbſtlich zum Boden niederrauſchten. Die See, glatt und ruhig, wälzte nur langſam ihre ewigen langen grünen Waſſerwellen dumpf donnernd an das ſandige Ufer. Am weſtlichen Himmel färbte Wiederſchein der untergegangenen Sonne mit purpurnen Tinten die Punta di Poſilippo, die Felſeninſel Capri und das dazwiſchen liegende Meer. Hoch und finſter ſtand dem amphitheatraliſchen Neapel gegenüber der Veſuv, aus deſſen Spitze von Zeit zu Zeit eine Glutſäule emporſtieg. Im fernen Dämmerlichte wankten, Rieſengerippen vergleichbar, einige Dreimaſter auf der unbegrenzten Meeresfläche. — Mit Mühe riß ich mich von dem zauberiſchen Anblick los und wandte mich in den breiten Hauptweg, der dem Ausgange zuführt. Schon war ich bei der berühmten Gruppe des farneſiſchen Stieres vorüber, als ich links ſeitwärts etwas Weißes, mich dünkte an einer ungewöhnlichen Stelle, ſchimmern ſah. Beim Daraufzugehen erkannte ich bald die Urſache. Ein Akaziengebüſch, vom Herbſt entblättert, ließ jetzt den Lichtſtrahlen freien Einlaß, und ſo ward die Statue des ſterbenden Fechters aus weißem Marmor, ſonſt verdeckt, ſichtbar. Mir war bekannt, daß man nur eine Copie des herrlichen, in Rom befindlichen Kunſtwerkes hier aufgeſtellt habe. Indeß iſt auch dieſe nichts weniger als ſchlecht und machte auf mich, wenigſtens um dieſe Stunde und in dieſer magiſch röthlichen Beleuchtung, einen beſonders tiefen Eindruck, ſo daß ich lange, in ernſte Gedanken verſunken, vor dem gefallenen Kämpfer ſtand. — „Gefällt Ihnen dieſe Statue?“ — ſo fragte eine Stimme voll Jugend und Milde dicht neben mir. Ich blickte um und ſah eine ſchlanke Männergeſtalt, die, wie mir ſchien, einen ausgezeichnet edlen, freien Anſtand mit einer höchſt einnehmenden Geſichtsbildung verband. Die Arme untergeſchlagen, fuhr der Jüngling, als hätte ich ſchon geantwortet, fort — nicht wahr, 's iſt ein herrliches Werk? O ich ſtehe auch alle Abende hier ſie zu betrachten. Sehn Sie nur, da liegt der Held auf ſeinem Schild, den er nicht laſſen wollte! Eine tiefe Wunde öffnet ſich in der Bruſt, aus der ein Blutſtrom hervorquillt. Das ſiegloſe Schwerdt neben ihm. Wacker hat er gekämpft, denn dieſe Muskeln, dieſe Glieder, dieſer Blick, ſelbſt im Tode noch gewaltig, verheißen das. Jetzt iſt er zuſammengebrochen vor dem gewaltigen Stoße, — das Haupt ſinkt vorwärts, Schmerz und Zorn liegen auf dem feſt geſchloſſenen Munde, — aber im angeſchwellten Muskel der Unterlippe, da lauſcht der Todeskrampf! — Gieb dich, guter Freund, es hilft nichts! Bald ſchlägt man die Haken in deine kräftigen Glieder und ſchleppt dich durch die Todespforte hinab zu den übrigen **). Sehn ſie — ſehn ſie — die Tropfen auf der Stirn, die gebrochenen Augen — noch ein Athemzug — o wie ſchwer — — es iſt vorüber! — —

Ich hatte bis jetzt nicht gewagt den Redeſtrom des Begeiſterten zu unterbrechen, noch den Blick von der Statue abzuwenden, die er ſo geiſtreich auslegte. Jetzt wandte ich mich zu ihm, in dem ich einen Landsmann und ausgezeichneten Künſtler bewillkommnen wollte. Da ward ich Thränen gewahr, die, vom Mondlicht beglänzt, ſeine Wangen herabrollten. — „Wie“ — rief ich verwundert — „Sie weinen?“ — „In Ihrem Lande weinen wohl nur Weiber und Kinder?“ — antwortete er mit Bitterkeit. Ich fühlte, daß er mir meine alberne Beſtürzung über den unwillkührlichen Ausbruch eines wahrſcheinlich ſehr tiefen Schmerzes mit Recht vorwerfen wollte. Mein Blick mußte indeſſen vortheilhafter ſprechen als meine Worte, er nahm mich mit Herzlichkeit unter den Arm — „Kommen Sie“ — ſagte er freundlich — „Sie ſind ein Deutſcher, Ihre Nähe wird mir wohl thun. Laſſen ſie uns einen Gang machen!“ —

Wir gingen nach den dunkeln Schatten der immergrünen Eichen am Meer. Mir war unbehaglich zu Muth. Der junge Mann zog mich lebhaft an, er ſchien leidend, und meine Bekanntſchaft ſollte ihm, das ſagte er deutlich, Troſt bringen. Auf der andern Seite hatte ſein Weſen etwas Uebertriebenes, Komödiantenartiges. „Wenn es nun“ — flüſterte mir eine unausſtehliche Weltklugheit zu — „ein angelegter Plan, und der Patron etwa ein Glücksritter wäre, der Dich mit ſeinem Vertrauen und gegen ein Paar abgelockte Piaſter mit der Geſchichte ſeiner Thorheiten beſchenkte?“ Ich fühlte das Gewagte, Liebloſe meiner Vorausſetzung, ohne es loswerden zu können. Indeß mußte doch etwas geſchehn. Er ſchlenderte ſchweigend neben mir her und ſchien meine Anrede zu erwarten. Was ich ſagen wollte, klang nicht ſchicklich, aber es war nun ſchon für mich heut der Tag der Befangenheit. Ich unterbrach das Stillſchweigen mit der unſchicklichen Frage, ob Er vielleicht ein Schauſpieler ſei? — „Oder ein Künſtler?“ — ſetzte ich noch geiſtreicher hinzu. Er blieb ſtehn, ſah mich mit gutmüthigem Lächeln an und ſagte — „nein, ich bin kein Schauſpieler, aber nur ein ſehr ſchlechter. Ein guter hätte meine Rolle luſtig genommen, hätte gelacht, denn in der That, was iſt luſtiger — (ſein Gang ward immer ſchneller, ſeine Rede immer heftiger) — aber ich Thor, nahm ſie tragiſch, weinte, weinte — natürlich da lachten die Andern! — O, nein, ich bin kein Schauſpieler!“ — Wir waren bei dieſen Worten bis zu der Plattforme gekommen, wo man die Ausſicht aufs Meer hat. Hier ſtand er ſtill, drängte ſich in den hellſten Mondenſchein, als ob er ſich darin ſonnen wollte, und mich gänzlich unbeachtet laſſend, ſtarrte er in das Silberlicht hinein. Mein Auge überlief nochmals ſeine Geſtalt. Er war ſchön zu nennen. Jetzt ſah er geiſterbleich, ſein gelbes Lockenhaar flog weit aus der hohen weißen Stirn, die mit Geberdenkraft gen Himmel gerichtet war. Seine Kleidung ſauber, aber vernachläſſigt. Im Knopfloche bemerkte ich das Ehrenkreuz für den letzten Feldzug — die entblößte Bruſt arbeitete heftig unter den Schlägen eines gequälten Herzens. Sein großes dunkles Aug' glänzte von Rührung. Er deutete himmelwärts. „Hörſt Du — begann er mit leiſer Stimme — „hörſt Du den Laut der Engelsharfen? Den mächtigen Choral jenes Waſſerfalles, dort wo über Silberfelſen ein blaues Meer ſternſchimmernd ſich herabwälzt? Das Liebesſäuſeln jener Rieſenpalmen, die die lichtgrünen Kronen voll morgenröthlich ſchimmernder Früchte im Aether wiegen! Dort, Millionen von Jahrhunderten weit über jener Sonne, die vom dunkeln Abend bis zum flammenden Morgen hinab hängt, was auf die Milchſtraße verzeichnet iſt — dort wohnt, von Donnern umrollt, von Blitzen getragen — der Ewige!! — O, mir — mir — (er ſank auf die Knie) mir ein Lächeln deiner unermeßlichen Liebe. Der feuerſchweifige Komet und das ſtille Leuchten des Frühlingswürmchens — Dein Auge begleitet ſie. Nicht blos von dieſer kleinen Erde, nein auch von jenen Sonnen, die vielleicht ſchon wieder erloſchen ſind, wenn wir ihr Licht als einen neuen Stern am Nachthimmel erblicken, auch von dort ſteigen Bitten zu Dir auf. Vernimm die meine, laß mich bald an Deiner Hand durch jene ſternlichten Pflanzſchulen künftiger Welten wandeln. Dort hört dies Herz auf zu bluten, dort erfahr' ich, wie es möglich war, daß Roſalia“ — er ſchwieg. Lang wartete ich, ob er ſein erhabnes Gebet fortſetzen würde, das meine Neugier in Verehrung, mein Mißtrauen in die innigſte Freundſchaft umgewandelt hatte. Vergebens. Die Seeluft ſtrich kühl an uns vorüber. Ich blickte nach ihm. Guter Gott, er ſchien ohne Leben, vom Schlag getroffen! Schnell zog ich ihn empor, — ſtarr hing er in meinen Armen. Welch ein Schreck! Mit den liebreichſten Worten rief ich ihn, verhüllte ihn ſorgſam. Die Angſt macht erfinderiſch. Sanft lehnte ich ihn an die Marmorbrüſtung, indeß ich von den nächſten Orangenbäumen eine Handvoll Blüthen abſtreifte, und ihn ihren Duft einziehen ließ. Das ſtarke Aroma wirkte. Er kam zu ſich. Faſt innig mit ihm durch Theilnahme und Mitgefühl verbunden, war er jetzt mein geworden; auch er ſchien gerührt. „Mein Bruder“ — ſagte er leis — „Du ſollſt von mir hören. Wenn dort auf des ſterbenden Fechters Haupt ein Kranz hängt, dann bin ich glücklich und Dir nah. Doch wie nenne ich Dich?“ — Er ſchien Namen und Wohnung, die ich ihm bezeichnete, nicht behalten zu können. Ich zog deshalb die Schreibtafel hervor, notirte das Verlangte und reicht' es ihm hin — er war verſchwunden. Mit einer Eil, die mir weh that, hatte er — in einem Anfalle menſchenfeindlicher Melancholie das Vertrauen, das er mir bewieſen, wahrſcheinlich beraubt — den Augenblick benutzt, und war, indeß ich die paar Worte niederſchrieb, leis und ſchnell entflohn. Vergebens durchſtrich ich die Villa in allen Richtungen, er war und blieb verſchwunden!

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*) Aus Karl Borromäus von Miltitz „Orangenblüthen.“ Erſte Sammlung. Leipzig 1822.

**) Die in den römiſchen Kampfſpielen getödteten Gladiatoren wurden mit eiſernen Haken durch die Todespforte (Porta Libitinensis) hinausgeſchleppt.

Der kleine Verdruß über meines Unbekannten plötzliche Flucht war bald vergeſſen, je lebendiger ich mir ſeine Individualität vor Augen zu ſtellen, ſeine Schickſale mir muthmaßlich zu erklären ſuchte. Daß er ein ausgezeichneter Menſch, ein Leidender von wahrſcheinlich höchſt zartem Gemüth ſei, den ein eiſernes Loos gewaltſam zerdrückte — darüber hatte ich keinen Zweifel mehr; dagegen vermochte ich nicht zu beſtimmen, ob ſeine Ekſtaſe nur vorübergehend, durch den ſchönen Abend, den Anblick der Statue und der zwiſchen jener Vorſtellung und ſeiner Lage bemerkten Aehnlichkeit, oder ob es dauernde Geiſtesverwirrung ſtillerer Art ſei, von lichten Momenten durchblitzt. Soviel indeſſen fühlte ich tief, er war der wärmſten Theilnahme würdig, bedürftig, und mein Herz hatte ſie ihm vollſtändig geweiht. In der Wärme des Affects hatte ich unterlaſſen ihm Wohnung und Namen abzufragen. Dies betrübte mich ſehr, als ich nach mehreren Tagen weder Nachricht von ihm erhielt, noch ihm auf meinen blos in dieſer Abſicht nach der Villa Reale angeſtellten Spaziergängen wieder begegnete. Mir fiel ein, ob wohl ſeine Krankheit mit dem Mondwechſel in Beziehung ſtehn könne? — und ich beſchloß im nächſten Vollmondſchein jeden Abend die Villa zu beſuchen. Die Periode kam zurück, aber mein Leidender nicht mit ihr; und da öftere Verſuche, ihn aufzufinden, fruchtlos blieben, ſo mußte ich endlich meine Hülfe nutzlos, meine herzliche Theilnahme unerwiedert und mich ſelbſt vergeſſen glauben.

Indeſſen hatten ſich mir Verbindungen in Neapel eröffnet, die zur Erreichung der mir vorgeſteckten künſtleriſchen Zwecke unentbehrlich, mich zugleich mit vielen Perſonen in Verbindung brachten. Die Sängerin C... eben ſo bemerkenswerth durch Reichthum und Talent, als durch Schönheit und Einfluß, nahm mich in ihrem Hauſe mit zuvorkommender Freundlichkeit auf und verſprach mir mit großer Wärme ihren Beiſtand. Ich erſchien ſehr oft bei ihr, da ſie dergleichen Aufmerkſamkeit hoch anſchlug. Einigemal ſchon hatte ich ſie nicht, dagegen eine junge, reizende Dame gefunden, die ſich mit mir auf eine ungezwungene Weiſe unterhielt. Wir ſcherzten oft darüber, daß ſie an meiner Ausſprache, die ſie ſehr gütig beurtheilte, zwar den Fremden erkenne, aber nicht zu unterſcheiden vermöge, welcher Nation ich angehöre, indem ich geſchickt gerade die Eigenthümlichkeiten, woran man den Spanier, Franzoſen, Engländer und Deutſchen unterſcheide, zu vermeiden wiſſe. Ich gab mich bald für dies bald für jenes. „Mögen Sie ſein, wer Sie wollen — ſagte ſie einſt — „aber hoffentlich nur kein Deutſcher!"

„Gerade dies bin ich" — erwiederte ich betroffen — aber was haben Ihnen meine Landsleute gethan? —

„Auf Ihr Ehrenwort" — frug ſie raſch — „Sie ſind ein Deutſcher?"

„Auf mein Ehrenwort, Signora, ich bin es, und ſtolz darauf es zu ſein!"

„So ſind Sie, wie alle Deutſchen, ein phantaſtiſch-poetiſcher Narr, und mir unerträglich!" — Mit dieſen zornig herausgepolterten Worten und einem Geſicht wie eine kleine Furie, ſprang die Dame auf und rannte, gewaltig die Thüren zuſchlagend, aus dem Zimmer.

Ich ſtand verwundert am Fenſter und ſah ihr nach. Daß der Italiener den Deutſchen von jeher und noch heutiges Tages haſſe, war mir weder unbekannt noch unerklärlich. Im Mittelalter waren die Kaiſer, die oft nothgedrungen, oft aus Eroberungsſucht, ihre ſchweren Waffen den Italienern fühlen ließen, die Urſache. In neuern Zeiten iſt es die Eiferſucht, mit welcher der Wälſche in Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft vom Deutſchen ſich ſo unendlich überflogen ſieht. Zu faul, um mit geiſtiger Anſtrengung das Zeitalter ſeiner Dante's und Petrarca's, ſeiner Raphaele, ſeiner Leo's und Durante's zurückzuführen, ergreift er die Waffe niedriger Seelen, er ſchmäht und haßt, was er nicht erreichen kann. Daß aber eine der, durch die neuſten franzöſiſchen Kriege, mehr als zu ſehr, aufgeklärten, koſmopolitiſirten italieniſchen Damen, wegen einem Manne, der ihr vielleicht mißfallen, alle Männer einer Nation haſſen ſollte, das ſah ſchon den Damen im Allgemeinen nicht, einer Italienerin durchaus gar nicht ähnlich, die, wie Wallenſtein — „iſt der Mann nur ſonſten Recht," nicht eben ſehr nach Catechismus und Geburtsland zu fragen pflegen. Mein Vorſatz, Madame C... um die Erklärung dieſes Phänomens zu bitten, ging heut nicht in Erfüllung. Sie ließ ſagen, daß ſie erſt um Mitternacht zurückkommen werde. So lang hat ich weder Luſt noch Zeit zu bleiben. Ich ging. Der ſonnige, warme Nachmittag lockte mich zu einem Spaziergang an's Meer. Schon bog ich in die Hauptſtraße Toledo ein, als mich ein Volksauflauf ſtehen zu bleiben zwang. Es war das tauſendmal geſehne Schauſpiel eines Leichenzugs, welcher die Menge feſſelte. Freilich iſt auch hier mehr dabei zu ſehen, als bei uns im Norden. Eine Menge Lichter und Fackeln nebſt einer beträchtlichen Anzahl Knaben im bunten Chorhabit, eröffneten, ein hohes Crucifix an ihrer Spitze, den Zug. Ihnen folgte eine Schaar Männer (Brüderſchaft), vom Kopf bis zu den Füßen in weite ſchwarze Mäntel und Kapuzen ſo tief verhüllt, daß nur für die Augen ein paar ausgeſchnittene Löcher ſichtbar waren. Sie trugen eine ziemlich hohe, mit Blumen durchflochtene Bahre, über die ein rothſammtner, reich mit goldener Stickerei und Treſſen verbrämter Teppich herabhing. Oben auf ſtand ein länglich viereckiges Behältniß, keineswegs unſern Särgen, ſondern mehr den Sarkophagen der Alten ähnlich, ganz vergoldet, mit Zierrathen von Gold und Silber geſchmückt, ſowie mit Blumenſchnüren reich behangen. Hinterdrein folgte eine zweite Brüderſchaft — die ſogenannten Poveri di S. Gennaro — einige dreißig an der Zahl, alle in hellblauen Mänteln, mit hohen Stangen in den Händen, an deren Knöpfen ſtaubgraue Banner mit darauf gemalten weißen Todtenköpfen weit in die Luft hinausflatterten. Ein Hinderniß, das ſich in der Straße erhob, zwang den Zug anzuhalten, bis die Wagen, die ihn aus der Mitte der Straße verdrängt hatten, vorüber waren. Dieſen augenblicklichen Stillſtand wollte ich benutzen, um hinter der Proceſſion wegzuſchlüpfen; raſch eilte ich auf den Sarg zu. Aber wer malt meinen Schreck, meine Betrübniß, als ich in dem unter Blumen ruhenden, bleichen Jüngling meinen leidenden Freund aus der Villa Reale erkannte *). Seine Flucht, ſein Mißtrauen, ſein gänzliches Verſtummen nach der ihm bewieſenen warmen Theilnahme, Alles war vergeſſen, und nur ſein Schmerz ſtand vor mir. Ich vermochte nicht meine Betrübniß zu unterdrücken und meine Thränen zurückzuhalten. Da drängte ſich einer aus der Schaar der ſtaubgrauen Banner an mich heran. „Eure lauten Klagen" — redete er mich an — „laſſen mich vermuthen, daß der Name auf dieſem Paket" — er zog ein ſolches hervor mit meiner Adreſſe überſchrieben — „der Eurige iſt. Ich habe den fremden Jüngling in ſeiner letzten Krankheit gewartet und ihm ſchwören müſſen, Euch dieſe Papiere einzuhändigen. Nehmet ſie daher in Empfang, und begleitet Euern Freund zu ſeiner Ruheſtätte!" Ich nahm das Paket und folgte innig betrübt dem Zuge. Die Ceremonie dauerte etwa eine halbe Stunde, dann eilte ich nach der Villa Reale; dort auf der Plateforme am Meer, wo der Entſchlafene ſeinen Hymnus zum mondbeleuchteten Himmel gebetet hatte, dort wollte ich ſein Schickſal kennen lernen und ſeinem Andenken wehmüthige Thränen weinen.

Die Papiere enthielten einen Taufſchein, das ehrenvolle Zeugniß einer berühmten deutſchen Malerakademie, und einen von dem Arzt des Hoſpitals, in lichten Momenten des Kranken nach ſeinen eignen Ausſagen zuſammengeſetzten Bericht, nebſt dem Scheine über die Entlaſſung aus Averſa. Beigelegt war noch ein Brief des Verſtorbenen an ſeine Schweſter. Ich erfuhr aus dieſen Belegen, daß mein entſchlafner Freund der Sohn eines Predigers im .....ſchen geweſen und aus Liebe zur Landſchaftsmalerei, der er ſich gewidmet, zu Fuß nach Italien gewandert ſei. Um ſeinen Unterhalt ſich zu verdienen, da Landſchaften in Italien nicht geſucht werden, widmete er ſich der weit einträglichern Decorationsmalerei. Glück und Talent hatten ihm hier treulich beigeſtanden. Durch eine gelungene Arbeit war er mit den Unternehmern der großen Theater in Verbindung geſetzt, und ihm eine ſorgenfreie Exiſtenz verſchafft worden. Sein Unſtern wollte, daß er mit einer der erſten Tänzerinnen bekannt ward. Ihre Schönheit bezauberte ihn; mit aller Gluth eines deutſchen Künſtlergemüthes ſchloß er ſich an das Mädchen und ward nicht ohne Theilnahme angehört. Mit etwas weniger Verblendung, hätte die unerſättliche Habſucht dieſes herzloſen weiblichen Geſchöpfes ihn warnen müſſen. Unter dem Vorwande, ſich der Nähe eines reichen Wüſtlings zu entziehen, der ihr nachſtelle, verließ die Dame ihre bisherige Wohnung und richtete auf Koſten ihres Freundes ſich eine andere ſehr glänzende ein. Was der Jüngling verdiente — und er ward reichlich beſoldet — das ging theils direct, theils indirect in Form von mannigfachen Geſchenken, in die Hände der Geliebten, die dem Jüngling verſprach, nach Ablauf ihrer Contractszeit mit ihm in ſein Vaterland zurückzukehren und dort ſeine Gattin zu werden. Bis dahin müſſe er hoffen und — entbehren! — Wer liebt, verlangt ja nicht mehr als die Geliebte nur täglich zu ſehn, ihre Rede zu hören, ihren Athem einzuſchlürfen: wie gern unterwarf ſich der Jüngling bei ſo herrlichen Ausſichten dieſem Gebot. Nur konnte, durfte er der Geliebten nicht verbergen, daß er ihren bisherigen Aufwand fernerhin zu beſtreiten um ſo weniger im Stande ſei, als er in Italien eine Summe zu erwerben bemüht ſein müſſe, die ihm dereinſt im Vaterlande bis zu erlangter ſicherer Anſtellung Unterhalt verſchaffte. Er bat ſie deshalb ſich mit der Hälfte ſeines Erwerbs zu begnügen. Aber hilf Himmel, wie ward dieſer Vor-

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*) In Neapel werden die Todten mit unverhülltem Geſicht beſtattet.

[illegible] aufgenommen! Die Signora erklärte unumwunden, ſie das Opfer der Zurückgezogenheit, in der ſie ſeinethalben lebe, verlange ſie belohnt zu ſein. Einen Geizhals zu lieben ſei ihr unmöglich; gleichwohl könne ihr Herz nicht unbefriedigt bleiben, er habe es ſich daher ſelbſt zuzuſchreiben, wenn ſie nicht länger unempfindlich gegen die Aufmerkſamkeiten anderer Männer bleibe! — Mit Bitten und Schwören, mit Liebkoſungen und Geſchenken gelang es dem verblendeten Jüngling die unwürdige Geliebte wieder zu beſänftigen und das alte Verhältniß herzuſtellen. Dennoch war ſein warmes Herz, ſein ehrliebendes Gemüth tief von jener Scene erſchüttert. Die Signora mochte etwas davon merken und eilte durch weniger Sprödethun, ihre [illegible] wieder gut zu machen. Sie war jung und ausgezeichnet ſchön, dazu jetzt ungleich nachgebender als ſonſt, — war es wohl ein Wunder, wenn der Arme inniger an ihr hing als vorher? Jedoch bekümmerte ihn ihre Verſchwendung. In düſteres Nachſinnen verloren, ſtreifte er Tage lang umher und kam zu unregelmäßigen Stunden nach Haus. Bei einer ſolchen unerwarteten Heimkehr traf er einſt — die Geliebte in den Armen eines Gardeofficiers. Sein Zorn war grenzenlos, in blinder Wuth riß er ein geladenes Terzerol aus ſeiner Taſche, aber ſeine zitternde Hand fehlte den Nebenbuhler, deſto ſicherer traf ihn deſſen Klinge. Er ſtürzte zu Boden und badete ſich in ſeinem Blute. Das Bewußtſein verging ihm. Als er wieder erwachte, befand er ſich, mit gebundenen Händen, in einem kleinen, aber nicht unfreundlichen Gemach, durch deſſen ſtark vergittertes Fenſter ein weiter Horizont ſichtbar ward. Augenblicklich erkannte er die Gegend, die er, um Studien einzuſammeln, ſo oft durchſtrichen; auch der Charakter des Gebäudes ließ ihm keinen Zweifel übrig — er war im Hoſpital für Geiſteskranke zu Averſa. Die Ahnung, wie er hierher gekommen, brachte ihn zur Verzweiflung. Auf ſein Toben eilte der menſchenfreundliche Oberaufſeher der Anſtalt herbei, der ihn beſchwor, wenn ſeine Wunde nicht tödtlich werden ſolle, ſich zu beruhigen. Aber der Kranke wollte nicht ruhen, bis er wiſſe, auf weſſen Veranſtaltung er hier ſei? So erfuhr er denn, daß ſein Gönner, ein vornehmer reicher Mann und Officier in der Garde, ihn wegen verſuchten Selbſtmordes, bis zur Heilung ſeines Wahnſinnes, auf Bitten der Sängerin Rafaella C....., mit der er in Verbindung ſtehe und die er erſchießen wollen, nach Averſa habe bringen laſſen! — Ein durchdringendes, gellendes Lachen der Verzweiflung war die Antwort des Verwundeten, der von Stund' an das ward, wofür ihn der ſchändlichſte Undank bis jetzt ausgegeben — völlig wahnſinnig. Dies bewies mir ein, der Biographie beigelegtes Fragment von ſeiner Hand, das durchaus keine zuſammenhängende Idee enthielt. Der erſte Brief an ſeine Schweſter berichtete die empörende Kunde, daß, während ſeines Aufenthalts in Averſa, die Signora Rafaella ſich nicht nur ſeiner ganzen Habe bemächtigt, ſondern auch die aufgeſtellten Bilder für ihre Rechnung verkauft habe; „deshalb könne er das verſprochene Andenken nicht ſchicken." — Von ſeiner eigenen Handſchrift fand ich nichts mehr; dagegen belehrte mich das von der Adminiſtration ausgeſtellte Certificat, daß der Maler G... aus Deutſchland, der mit einer ſchweren Wunde in der Bruſt, die er angeblich im Wahnſinn ſich ſelbſt verſetzt, vor zwei Jahren auf Befehl vornehmer Gönner hierher gebracht und unentgeldlich verpflegt worden, nach erfolgter Wiederherſtellung habe entlaſſen werden können, da die fixe Idee, nach welcher er ſich für den **ſterbenden Fechter** halte, niemand ſchädlich zu werden drohe.

Ich ſchlug die Papiere zuſammen und verſank in wehmüthige Betrachtungen über den oft ſo zermalmenden Gang menſchlicher Schickſale. Der Vollmond, eben am Nachthimmel emporſteigend, weckte mich aus meinen Träumen. Eilig ſprang ich empor, die letzte Pflicht gegen den verſtorbenen Freund zu erfüllen, und die ehrwürdige Signora Rafaella zur Wiederherbeiſchaffung der Bilder, oder Entrichtung eines Aequivalents an die Schweſter deſſelben zu zwingen. Schnell durchſtrich ich die Menſchenleeren Gänge, nur vom Geräuſch fallender Blätter umflüſtert. Schon ſah ich die Statue des ſterbenden Fechters durch das Gezweig leuchten, bald war ich gegenüber — da — kaum traute ich meinen Augen — ſpielte der Abendwind mit einem friſchen Kranz von Eichenblättern auf des Fechters Haupt! Hielt der Verſtorbene ſo gewiſſenhaft Wort, und waren es Ahnungen der Geiſternähe, die mich mit ſüßen Schauern überkamen? — Jedoch mir war der Kranz beſtimmt, das hatte mein Freund ausdrücklich geſagt, und ſo ſtreckte ich muthig die Hand darnach aus, nahm ihn zu mir und bewahre ihn noch jetzt zum Andenken jenes liebenswürdigen Unglücklichen! —

Die Wohnung der theuern Donna Rafaella C.... war bald gefunden. Allein ſie ſelbſt war abweſend. Die Hausleute berichteten, die Signora ſei auf mehrere Monate abweſend — weitere Auskunft würde ich leicht bei der Sängerin C... erhalten. Sogleich machte ich mich auf den Weg dahin. „Was bewegt Sie ſo?" — rief mir dieſe beim Eintritt in ihr Zimmer entgegen — „Sie ſind außer Athem!" „Kennen Sie die Sängerin Rafaella C....?" — fragte ich mit Ungeſtüm, ohne auf ihre Fragen zu antworten — „wo iſt ſie hingereiſt? Wie lange bleibt ſie weg? — Wo bekomme ich ihre Adreſſe? — Wer hat die Schlüſſel zu ihrer Wohnung?

„Was wollen Sie denn?" — frug die Dame ganz erſtaunt über meine Haſt — „übrigens kennen Sie ja die niedliche Rafaella ſelbſt —

„Nicht ich!" — fiel ich ihr in's Wort — „ja, ein recht niedliches Ungeheuerchen! Aber Sie irren, ich kenne ſie nicht —

„Beſinnen Sie ſich doch! Hier bei mir haben Sie ſie oft geſehn. Das bildſchöne, ſchwarzäugige, ſchwarzlockige Weibchen" —

„Wie" — rief ich von Ahnung gequält — „das reizende Geſchöpf, das ich in Ihrer Abendgeſellſchaft —

„Ganz recht! Dieſelbe, die Sie wegen Ihrer Ausſprache neckte —

„Die die Deutſchen haßt? Die — —

„Richtig, eben dieſelbe."

„O Himmel" — rief ich tief erſchüttert — „warum Gift in ſo ſchönen Gebilden! — So hören Sie denn, welcher Schändlichkeit dies reizende Geſchöpf fähig war." — Nun ſchilderte ich die ganze Begebenheit mit den lebhafteſten Farben. Signora C... ließ mich ruhig enden. Dann legte ſie vertrauend ihre Hand auf meinen Arm. „Wenn ich Ihnen rathen ſoll, ſo geben Sie die Sache auf. Würden Sie klagen, ſo käme die Reclamation in ein Paar Jahren vor das Obertribunal zu [illegible], das in ſolchen Dingen entſcheidet. Rafaella iſt eine Günſtlingin, und — ſo heißt es — einflußreich genug, um die Ausſichten der Parteien vor ihren Richtern aufs Neue zu [illegible]gen. Aber geſetzt, was unwahrſcheinlich iſt, Sie bekämen [illegible] — geſetzt — was unmöglich iſt — Sie bekämen Recht und Rafaella würde verurtheilt, ſo hätten Sie ſich eine unverſöhnliche Feindin, als ganzen Erfolg der Sache, erregt. Sie kennen Italien und italiäniſches Blut nicht! Ich rathe Ihnen, laſſen Sie Alles ruhn. Ihr Freund iſt todt, die Geiſteskrankheit iſt verſchwunden. Sie ſind edel, uneigennützig, vergeben Sie der Schweſter das verlorne Andenken und ſetzen Sie ſich nicht der Unbequemlichkeit aus, wie Ihr Freund von den Poveri di San Gennaro zur Ruhe gebracht zu werden!" —

Tief von Unmuth und Zorn bewegt, verließ ich die Signora C..., die mir ſehr lau zu empfinden ſchien, wo es Recht und Menſchlichkeit galt, und eilte zu dem Geſchäftsträger meines Souverains, ihn zur Theilnahme aufzufordern. Aber dieſer in Italien ergraute Adliche verſicherte mir, der Rath, den mir die Signora gegeben, ſei der weiſeſte. In ſolchen Fällen bleibe durchaus nichts zu thun als — zu ſchweigen, zu dulden und dankbar zum Himmel aufzublicken, daß es nicht überall ſo ſei. Das that ich denn von ganzer Seele, indem ich mich aus dem ſchönſten Lande, „wo die Citronen blühen," in die vaterländiſchen Eichen- und Tannenwälder zurückwünſchte! —

Minneſinger. S. die Abhandlung am Schluſſe dieſes Werkes.

Johann Jakob Mnioch

ward am 13. October 1765 zu Elbing in Preußen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Jena Philologie und Philoſophie und kam 1790, nachdem er einige Zeit Hauslehrer zu Halle geweſen war, als Rector nach Neufahrwaſſer bei Danzig. Ein von ihm verfertigtes geniales Pasquill vertrieb ihn jedoch von hier, worauf er 1796 in Warſchau als erſter Rath bei der daſigen preußiſchen Lotteriedirection angeſtellt wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 22. Februar 1804.

Literariſch bekannt iſt er durch:

Oden eines Preußen. Jena 1798. 8.

Papillons. Halle 1788—89, 2 Samml., gr. 8., mit G. G. Fülleborn.
Gedichte. Görlitz 1789; n. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1795, 1. Bändchen, 8.
Kleine vermiſchte Gedichte. Danzig 1794—95, 3 Bdchen. 8.
Vermiſchte Erzählungen und Gedichte. Görlitz 1795, gr. 8., mit Kpf. (Bildet auch die 2. Ausg. des 1. Bds. von Papillons.)
Leſebuch für den Mittelſtand. Berlin 1796, 1. Th. 8.
Sämmtliche auserleſene Schriften. Görlitz 1798—1799, 3 Bdchen, 8.
Die Vermählung. Hymnus. Königsberg 1801. Neue Ausg. 1817, 8.
Analekten. Görlitz 1804, 2 Thle. 8.

Ein gefälliges, angenehmes Talent, das ſich mitunter in großartigem Schwunge zu äußern wußte, würde M. unbedingt Bedeutenderes geleiſtet haben, wenn er mehr nach harmoniſcher Vollkommenheit bei ſeinen Arbeiten geſtrebt hätte.

Maria Mnioch,

die Tochter des Schiffsbeſchauers Schmidt zu Neufahrwaſſer, wurde im Jahre 1777 daſelbſt geboren und verheirathete ſich mit dem nachherigen Lotteriedirectionsrathe M. zu Warſchau. Sie erhielt größtentheils durch ihn ihre hohe geiſtige Bildung und ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1799.

Von ihr haben wir:

Zerſtreute Blätter. Görlitz 1809; neue Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1821, 8. Dieſe 2. Ausg. hat auch den Titel: Für Frauen und Jungfrauen eines edlen und weiblichen häuslichen Sinnes.

Zartheit, Wärme und Tiefe der Empfindung ſind den Verſuchen dieſer talentvollen Frau eigen und bereiteten ihnen zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens eine ſehr freundliche Aufnahme in der literariſchen Welt.

Gertrud Möller,

eine geborne Eifler, ward am 13. October 1641 zu Königsberg in Preußen geboren, verheirathete ſich mit dem daſigen Arzte Dr. Peter M. und wurde als Mitglied des Blumenordens zur Dichterin gekrönt. Sie ſtarb daſelbſt in ſehr ärmlichen Umſtänden am 28. Februar 1705.

Von ihr erſchienen:

Geiſt- und weltliche Oden. In Muſik geſetzt von Johann Sebaſtian. (Königsberg) 1675, Folio.

Innigkeit und Zartheit der Empfindungen herrſchen in ihren Gedichten bei gefälliger Behandlung der Form vor, können aber die proſaiſche Nüchternheit nicht verdecken, die in denſelben waltet.

Heinrich Ferdinand Möller

ward 1745 zu Olbersdorf in Schleſien geboren, widmete ſich der Schauſpielkunſt, wurde Director der Geſellſchaft des Markgrafen von Brandenburg-Schwedt und ſtand darauf ſeit 1792 als Regiſſeur bei der Mihuleſchen Geſellſchaft zu Nürnberg. Er ſtarb auf einer Reiſe nach Berlin am 27. Februar 1798 zu Fehrbellin.

Er verfaßte:

Ferdinand und Wilhelmine. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1773.
Luiſe, oder der Sieg der Unſchuld. Schauſpiel. Prag 1775.
Der Graf von Waltron. Schauſpiel. Prag 1776.
Sophie, oder der gerechte Fürſt. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1776.
Ernſt und Gabriele. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1776.
Die Zigeuner. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1777.
Emanuel und Elmire. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1778.
Heinrich und Henriette. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1778.
Wilkinſon und Wandrop. Schauſpiel. Frankfurt 1779.
Wladislaw II. Schauſpiel. Leipzig 1791.

M. ſuchte guten Vorbildern nachzuſtreben und verſtand es, bei genauer Kenntniß der Bühne ſich durch intereſſanten Stoff und kräftigen Dialog den Beifall der Zuſchauer zu gewinnen. Der Graf von Waltron iſt ſeine beſte, jetzt auch ſchon längſt vergeſſene Leiſtung.

Johann Friedrich Möller

ward am 6. December 1750 zu Elſey in der preußiſchen Provinz Weſtphalen geboren, ſtudirte zu Dortmund und Halle Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde nach vollendeten Studien 1774 ſeinem Vater in ſeinem Geburtsorte als Geiſtlicher ſubſtituirt. Nach deſſen Tode erhielt er 1805 dieſe Stelle ganz, wurde darauf 1806 Domherr zu Hervorden und ſtarb hier am 2. Decbr. 1807.

Er ſchrieb:

Der Pfarrer von Elſey. Aus ſeinem Nachlaſſe herausgegeben von A. Mallinckrodt. Dortmund 1810, 2 Thle. — Die 2. Ausgabe unter dem Titel:
Patriotiſche Phantaſien. Hannover 1821, 2 Th.

Kraft, Correctheit und Gedankenreichthum verleihen den patriotiſchen Aufſätzen dieſes wackeren Mannes einen bleibenden Werth.

Gottlieb Christian Friedrich Mohnike

ward am 6. Januar 1781 zu Grimmen bei Stralſund geboren und lebte nach hier und zu Greifswalde vollendeten Studien als Privaterzieher und Lehrer theils auf der Inſel Rügen, theils zu Stralſund. 1810 erhielt er aber das Conrectorat zu Greifswald, wurde daſelbſt Dr. der Philoſophie und Theologie und kam 1813 als Oberprediger nach Stralſund, wo er 1819 zum Paſtor primarius an der daſigen Jacobikirche, Superintendent, Conſiſtorial- und Schulrath erwählt und ſpäter zum Ritter des rothen Adlerordens III. ernannt wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte der Literatur der Griechen und Römer. Greifswald 1813, 1. Thl.
Kleanthes der Stoiker. Ebendaſ. 1814, 1 Thl.

Hutten's Jugendleben. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Hutten's Klagen. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Luther's Lebensende, von Augenzeugen beſchrieben. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Lieder zur Einſegnung. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Urkundliche Geſchichte der professio fidei tridentinae. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Bartholomäi Saſtrowen Leben. Ebendaſelbſt 1823—24, 3 Thle.
Litterarhiſtoriſche Studien. Ebendaſ. 1824.
Tegners Frithjofsſage. Ueberſetzt. Greifswalde 1826; 3. verb. Aufl. Leipzig 1836, gr. 8.
Napoleon, Stimmen aus dem Norden und Süden. Stralſund 1829, gr. 8.
König Enzio. Lyriſches Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1829, gr. 8.
Die Sage von Frithjof. Aus dem Isländiſchen. Ebendaſ. 1830, gr. 8., mit 1. Karte; 3. Aufl. 1839.
Volkslieder der Schweden. Berlin 1830, 1. Bnd. gr. 8.
Hymnologiſche Forſchungen. Mit Muſikbeilage. Stralſund 1830—32, 2 Thle., gr. 8.
Skandinaviſches. Stralſund 1832, 8. Auch unter dem Titel: Reden, Schilderungen und Gedichte ꝛc. ꝛc. Verdeutſcht von M. und Schütt. Mit 1 Muſikbeilage.
Altſchwediſche Balladen, Mährchen und Schwänke. Stuttgart 1836.

Viele Ueberſetzungen aus dem Schwediſchen und Däniſchen, kirchengeſchichtliche und theologiſche Abhandlungen, Predigten, Ausgaben älterer Schriften u. ſ. w.

Ein überaus fleißiger, vielſeitig und gründlich durchgebildeter Gelehrter, dem wir namentlich für die genauere Kenntniß der Literatur des ſkandinaviſchen Nordens ſehr viel verdanken, und deſſen rege Thätigkeit in dieſem Gebiete die lebhafteſte Anerkennung verdient.

Franz Joſeph Mone

ward 1796 zu Mingolsheim in Baden geboren, ſtudirte auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeines Vaterlandes Philoſophie und wurde nach erfolgter Promotion zum Doctor der Philoſophie außerordentlicher Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft und Bibliothekar zu Heidelberg. Von hier folgte er einem Rufe als Profeſſor ordinarius der Philoſophie nach Löwen und kehrte ſpäter als Studienrath zu Karlsruhe nach ſeinem Vaterlande zurück.

Er gab heraus:

Einleitung ins Nibelungenlied. Heidelberg 1818.
Otnit. Berlin 1821, gr. 8.
Geſchichte des Heidenthums im nördlichen Europa. Darmſtadt 1822—23, 2 Thle.
Creuzer's Symbolik und Mythologie. Fortgeſetzt. Leipzig 1823, 2 Bde. (5r u. 6r Bd.).
Badiſches Archiv zur Vaterlandskunde. Karlsruhe 1826, 1r Bd.
Quellen und Forſchungen zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Litteratur und Sprache. Aachen 1830, 1r Bnd., gr. 8., mit Schrifttafel.
Anzeiger für Kunde des deutſchen Mittelalters. Nürnberg 1832—34, 3 Jahrgänge gr. 4., mit Kunſtbeilagen. Mit dem Freiherrn von Aufſeß.
Anzeiger für Kunde der deutſchen Vorzeit. Karlsruhe 1835, 4 Quartalhefte, gr. 4., mit Kunſtbeilagen (bildet den 4. Jahrgg. des Vorigen).
Ueberſicht der niederländiſchen Volkslitteratur. Tübingen 1838.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein ausgezeichneter Schüler Creuzer's erwarb ſich Mone große Verdienſte durch die Fortſetzung von Creuzer's Symbolik, in welcher er eben ſo gründlich und gelehrt, wie beredt und geiſtreich das nordiſche und deutſche Heidenthum darſtellte. Eben ſo bedeutend ſteht er als Kenner des Mittelalters und als Sprachforſcher da, wie die hier mitgetheilte Abhandlung zur Genüge beweiſen wird.

Ueber die Heimat der Nibelungen*).

Die Sage hat ihren Schauplatz, worauf ſie ſpielt, und ihre Menſchen, denen die Handlung angehört. Es giebt ſonach eine Geographie und Heldenbeſchreibung der Sage. Finden wir aber die Namen der Sage auf Orte und Menſchen übertragen, die nicht urſprünglich dazu gehören, ſo iſt das in der Regel ein Zeugniß, daß an dieſen Orten und bei dieſen Menſchen die Sage bekannt war. Dieſe Unterſuchung, wo und wie lang die Sage gelebt hat, iſt für die Geſchichte derſelben von Wichtigkeit. Allein es giebt Menſchennamen in der Sage, die ſo häufig und gewöhnlich ſind, daß man ihr anderweites Vorkommen nicht für ein Zeugniß der Sage anſehen darf. Dagegen hat das Epos auch ſehr ungewöhnliche Namen; kommen dieſe außerhalb der Sage vor, ſo verdienen ſie größere Aufmerkſamkeit, als jene. Der hauptſächlichſte iſt der Name Nibelung, von dem das Epos genannt iſt. Dieſer Namen iſt 1) national, er hat nichts mit dem klaſſiſchen Alterthum, nichts mit der Kirche gemein, es giebt keinen heiligen Nibelung in dieſer Namensform, und die Geſtalt, welche ein ähnlicher Name in der Kirche führt, iſt erweislich viel ſpäter, und ohne allen Einfluß auf die Sage geweſen. 2) Selten iſt die Benennung geblieben, wenn wir ſie mit andern Taufnamen vergleichen. Dieß geht ſo weit, daß es viele Länder gibt, wo er, nach den vorhandenen diplomatiſchen Quellen, nirgends und niemals vorkommt. 3) Er iſt kein landſchaftlicher Namen, d. h. er gehört einem einzelnen Volke nicht ausſchließlich an, darf alſo nicht wie andere heimathliche Taufnamen beurtheilt werden, die, wie z. B. manche frieſiſche, außerhalb ihres Landes völlig unbekannt ſind. Gewiß war er am Anfang ſtreng heimathlich, d. h. er war nur in dem Volke und Lande gebräuchlich, bei welchem die Sage der Nibelungen ihren Urſprung hatte, aber mit der Verbreitung der Sage wurde er mehreren Völkern bekannt. 4) Schwerlich hat ein Namen einen ſo großen ſaglichen Hintergrund wie Nibelung, ſchon dieß, verbunden mit jenen Bemerkungen, berechtigt zu dem Schluſſe, daß ſein Vorkommen in der Regel jedesmal eine Bekanntſchaft mit der Sache vorausſetzt. Dieſe Bekanntſchaft kann zweierlei Art ſein, älter oder jünger als das jetzige Nibelungenlied; in jenem Falle wäre die Bekanntſchaft ein Zeugniß für das Daſein der Sage, in dieſem könnten wir eine Wirkung des jetzigen Liedes erblicken. Doch iſt dieſe Unterſcheidung ganz unnöthig, denn es hat ältere Lieder von den Nibelungen gegeben, die für die Verbreitung der Sage eben ſo gut wirken konnten, als das letzte Lied, das noch vorhanden iſt.

1. Oertlichkeit der Sage.

Ich unterſcheide hier die Geographie der Sage ſelbſt und die Uebertragung auf andere Orte, und da die Sage recht eigentlich eine rheiniſche iſt, ſo muß ich die Nachweiſungen auch nach dem Fluſſe eintheilen.

a. Geographie der Sage.

Am Oberrhein. Ich beginne mit den Harlungen, obgleich ſie nicht zu unſerer Sage gehören. Joh. Thom. Freig nennt Freiburg im Breisgau Friburgum Harelungorum in ſeinem Ciceronianus, Baſel 1579. In ſeinem Paedagogus, ib. 1582, 8., in der Vorrede ſagt er beſtimmter: nam Friburgum illud Harelungorum veterum (in quorum locum Brisgoi, nomen a monte Brisiaco adepti, successerunt,) parenti nostro patriam esse, — dieſe Vorrede iſt von ſeinem Neffen unterzeichnet. Der Mann war alſo ein Eingeborner des Landes, der ſeinen Kindern die Sage mittheilte, und worauf er etwas hielt. Ihm ſind aber die Harlungen nicht mehr die zwei oder drei Söhne des Harling, ſondern ein ganzes Volk. Dieß macht aufmerkſam auf die Grundbedeutung der Hegelingen, Amelungen, Wölfingen und Thüringer ꝛc. Bei dem Pfaffen Kunrat ſind die Karlinge noch das Heergeſinde Karls, im Otnit (v. 1057) iſt Kerlingen Frankreich. So hieß wohl Lothars Reich urſprünglich fränkiſch Hlothar-rike (alth. Hlutharrihhi) mittel-niederländiſch wird es allzeit Lot-ryk genannt; ſeine Vaſallen und ſeine Geſinde hießen Hlothar-inga, dieſer Namen (Lothringen) wurde ſpäter ebenſo auf das Land übertragen, wie Kerlingen auf Frankreich. Hat der Taufnamen Erlung keinen Zuſammenhang mit Harlung? Der Namen des Vaters Harling iſt mir zweifelhaft, er müßte eher Harl geheißen haben und dürfte dann eine Hindeutung auf Jarl und Carl erlaubt ſein? Zu den Sagennamen bei W. Grimm (Heldenſage, S. 38) iſt Harlingen an der Zuyder-See und das Harlinger Land in Oſtfriesland beizufügen. Der Eckartsberg zu Breiſach iſt bekannt.

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*) Aus Mone's Quellen und Forſchungen zur Geſchichte der deutſchen Litteratur und Sprache. Thl. 1., S. 3 u. folg.

Worms und die Umgegend. Der **Roſengarten** heißt noch ſo, und iſt ein Stück Feld, das jetzt am rechten Rheinufer liegt. **Odenheim** an der Selz, zwiſchen Alzei und Ulm, führt Grimm an (p. 154.), ſeine Vermuthung kann aber nicht ſtatt finden, daß es zum Odenwald gehört habe. Es heißt jetzt Udenheim, ſo hieß ehemals auch die Stadt Philippsburg, welche man ſchon auf Ute bezogen hat. Ein anderes Odenheim im Kraichgau, zwiſchen Sinsheim und Bruchſal, hat dieſen Namen immer behalten und zwei Stunden nordwärts heißt das Gebirge ſchon Odenwald. So kann man wohl mit dem Liede ſagen, daß dieß Odenheim **vor** dem Odenwalde liegt, allein es hat keinen bedeutenden Brunnen und keine Sage, obſchon es eine große Abtei und ſpäter ein Reichsſtift war.

Guntheresbium, die Stadt zwiſchen Worms und Oppenheim, **Neriſtein** (Nierſtein) unter Oppenheim, **Mainz**, ſtelle ich zuſammen. Sie ſind alt, mit Ausnahme von Gunthersblum, das daher außer Acht bleibe. Nere, Hildebrands Bruder iſt bekannt, kommt aber ſo ſelten als Namen vor, daß ich glauben möchte, Nierſtein ſei von ihm genannt. Mainz wegen Ortwin des Jungen, der wohl nur uneigentlich von Metz heißt.

Am Niederrhein. Es iſt hier von Iſenlant und Iſenſtein zu reden. Einmal kommt Iſlant vor, Nib. L. v. 1685, v. d. H., wo jedoch Versmaaß und Lesarten zur Verbeſſerung in Iſenlant rathen. Die Erklärung durch Island iſt durch Lautähnlichkeit entſtanden, hat aber keinen Grund. Lage und Entfernung des Landes wird im Liede ſogar mit Zahlen angegeben. Man braucht ſie nicht ſtreng anzunehmen, hat aber auch keinen Grund, ſie ganz als Erdichtung zu verwerfen. Iſenlant lag rheinabwärts gegen die See (N. L. 1530), Sigfrit und ſeine Geſellen, brauchten von dahin eine Schiffahrt von 12 Tagen, und machten im Tage 20 Stunden (1538, 1541). So muß nämlich die Stelle erklärt werden, wo es heißt:

*Si fuoren zweinzech **mile**, ê daz ez wurde naht.* V. d. Hagen erklärt Mile durch Meile, ſchwerlich hat aber der Dichter ſeinen Rheinländern aufbürden wollen, daß ein gewöhnliches Schiff auf dem Rheine 40 Stunden im Tage zurücklegen könne. Achtzehn bis zwanzig Stunden fahren die Jachten im Tag zu Thal, daher auch der Dichter beifügt, die Geſellen hätten 20 Stunden gemacht: *mit eime guoten winde*, der auch dazu nöthig war. Der Laßberger Hſ. ſchien auch das zu viel, ſie hat für zweinzech das nichtsſagende Wort manege. Mile bedeutet demnach hier nur ſo viel als **Leuga**, Wegſtunde. Die ganze Entfernung Iſenlandes von Worms betrug dann in runder Zahl 150 Stunden, denn daß ſie die Nächte durchgefahren ſind, wird weder geſagt, noch iſt es aus der Geſchichte der Rheinſchiffahrt glaublich.

Anders war die Fahrt nach dem Nibelungenlande. Von Iſenlant aus fuhr Sigfrit einen **Tag** und eine **Nacht** wohl 100 langer Raſten und noch drüber (1949—51), ehe er in das Nibelungenland kam. Das iſt alſo eine Seefahrt, denn es geht Nachts fort, was auch die größere Schnelle und Entfernung anzeigt. Zwar wird beigefügt, das Schiff ſei ſo ſchnell gegangen, nicht durch den Wind (1944,47), ſondern durch Sigfrits Kraft, das heißt aber nichts, denn er ſtand als Schiffsmeiſter darin, d. i. als **Steuermann**, der, wie jeder, vom Wind abhängt. Zauberei wird dabei keine erwähnt, als daß er die Tarnkappe an hatte, das geſchah aber nicht, um die Kraft von 12 Ruderknechten zu beſitzen, ſondern um ſich zu verbergen. Nach welcher Richtung die Fahrt ging, wird nicht geſagt, das Land war aber ein viel breiter Werder (1953) und hatte einen Berg mit einer Burg (1956).

Am Niederrhein leitet uns der Flußnamen Yſſel (ſprich Eiſſel) auf die Oertlichkeit von Iſenlant und Iſenſtein. Allein es giebt zwei Yſſeln, eine weſtphäliſche und holländiſche, jene entſpringt etwas nördlich von Weſel, geht bei Yſſelburg und Yſſelhunten vorbei und fließt bei Doesburg in die große Yſſel, und mit dieſer bei Kampen in die Zuider-See. Die weſtphäliſche Yſſel heißen die Niederländer die alte (de oude Yssel), um ſie von dem Rheinarm Yſſel zu unterſcheiden. Dieſer Rheinarm wurde von Yſſeloort bis Doesburg mit der alten Yſſel durch einen Durchſchnitt verbunden, welchen man für ein Werk des Druſus hält. Der alte Flußnamen iſt Isala, d. i. Isal-aha, Yſſel-Fluß, das Lied ſetzt aber isan-aha (Eiſenach) voraus. Doch ſcheint mir dies kein hinreichendes grammatiſches Hinderniß, denn die Verwechslung des l mit n im Auslaut kommt, obgleich ſelten, dennoch vor. Angenommen, Sigfrit ſei aus der Waal in die Yſſel gefahren, und Yſſelburg ſei die Veſte Brunhilds geweſen, ſo konnte er nicht auf der unfahrbaren alten Yſſel nach Yſſelburg kommen. Nach dem Liede aber ſind ſie gleich beim Ausſteigen von Iſenſtein aus geſehen worden. Das geht alſo nicht. Von Iſenſtein kam er auf's Meer nach den Nibelungen, das war auf dieſer Yſſel aber unmöglich, denn die Zuider-See exiſtirt erſt ſeit der Mitte des 13. Jahrh., vorher floß da in einen See der Rheinarm Flevo, den die Frieſen Fli nannten und deſſen Strömung noch jetzt gegen die Mündung der Zuyder-See bemerklich iſt, und zwiſchen den Inſeln Vlieland (die noch den Namen des Fluſſes trägt,) und Ter-Schelling in zwei Armen als Vlie-Strom in das Meer geht. Dort hinaus aber liegt kein Land, wohin Sigfrit nach dem Liede hätte kommen können, ohne längere Zeit auszubleiben, als das Lied ihm zugiebt.

Eine abweichende Anſicht hat L. v. Ledebur*). Ihm iſt Iſlant (das Lied hat Iſenlant) das ſogenannte Eiland, welches einen Theil der niederländiſchen Provinz Ueberyſſel (Over-Yssel) ausmacht. Er baut darauf, daß Brunhilds Heimath **an den sê** verlegt wird, und erklärt dieſen See für den alten lacus Flevo, an deſſen Stelle die jetzige Zuiderſee getreten. Darnach ſucht er Iſenſtein in dem Ort Yſſelmonde (Ysselmuiden), welcher ſchon 796 vorkommt, und um die Gleichheit des Namens feſtzuſtellen, muß er Stein, Fels und Berg für abwechſelnde Formen von Burg erklären. Der erſte Theil der Anſicht iſt mit Kenntniß dargelegt, die Entfernung von Worms trifft zu, richtig iſt der Beweis, daß Brunhilt nicht **über** d. h. **jenſeit** des Meeres gewohnt, die Sage des Fliſia's iſt eine Beſtätigung, und die verſchiedenen Namensformen der Yſſel und ihres Gaues ſtimmen zum Theil mit jenen der Sage zuſammen. Allein wenn man dem Liede folgen will, warum folgt man ihm nicht **ganz**? Warum ſoll es nur gelten, **ſofern** es eine Vermuthung unterſtützt? Es weiß nur, daß ſie auf **dem Rheine** bis in Brunhildenland gefahren ſind; lag dies bei Yſſelmonde, ſo mußten ſie auf der Yſſel dahin kommen. Davon kein Wort im Liede, und die Yſſel hat niemals Rhein geheißen. Zweitens findet ſich eben an dieſer Yſſel nirgends ein Iſenſtein, warum ſoll man Yſſelmonde dafür nehmen? Iſt denn monde (ostium) je für Stein geſetzt worden? Dies ſind Gründe, welche mich beſtimmen, die Heimath der Brunhilt an einem andern Orte zu ſuchen.

Folgt man dem Lauf des Niederrheins (beneden Ryn) von Arnhem bis Vianen, ſo verändert der Fluß bei dieſer Stadt Namen und Richtung auffallend, der Hauptſtrom geht weſtwärts fort, heißt aber nun Lek, Vianen gegenüber fließt ein Rheinarm nach Utrecht, wo er ſich theilt, und als Ryn nach Leyden weſtwärts, als Vecht nordwärts in die Zuyder-See geht. Zwiſchen Vianen und Utrecht theilt ſich der Rhein abermals, und der Arm, den er weſtwärts nach Gouda ſendet, heißt Yſſel, die wir zum Unterſchied die holländiſche Yſſel nennen, die jetzt am Rheinarm zugedämmt iſt. Dieſe Yſſel theilt ſich in Gouda, der Nordarm heißt die Gouwe, die bei Alphen in den Ryn geht, der Südarm geht als Yſſel bei Gouderak vorbei und fällt in die Maas. Ihrer Mündung gegenüber liegt das Dorf und Eiland Yſſelmonde, das noch jetzt ziemlich beträchtlich iſt. Gleich am Anfang dieſer Yſſel, Vianen gegenüber, liegt Yſſelſtein, die Umgegend heißt noch jetzt das Land von Yſſelſtein, welches durch ein Zwiſchenwaſſer, das bei Schoonhoven aus dem Lek nordweſtlich in die Yſſel geht, von dem Krimpener Waard getrennt wird, der zwiſchen Yſſelmonde und dem Land von Yſſelſtein in der Mitte liegt. Zwiſchen Gouda und Vianen liegen noch an der Yſſel die Städte Oudewater (Altwaſſer) und Montfort.

Sind wir hier in Iſenlant und Iſenſtein? Es iſt ſehr wahrſcheinlich. Yſſelſtein muß als Burg ſchon alt ſein, bereits im Jahre 1164 kommen Herren von Yſſelſtein vor, und auf Yſſelmonde hatte der Biſchof von Utrecht ſchon 1071 eine feſte Burg. Nehme man das Land von Yſſelſtein oder Yſſelmonde für das alte Iſenlant, beide Oertlichkeiten treffen mit dem Liede in Namen, Lage und Entfernung zuſammen. Ueber die Gleichheit von Yſſelſtein und Iſenſtein will ich nichts ſagen, beides, Yſſelſtein und Yſſelmonde ſind Inſeln, zu beiden kommt man auf dem Rhein, ja dieſer Flußnamen erhält ſich noch auf den heutigen Tag bis nach Yſſelſtein. Die Entfernung von Worms nach den damaligen Flußkrümmen anzugeben, iſt unmöglich, aber der Landweg von Worms nach Yſſelſtein längs dem Fluſſe beträgt mehr als 120, nach Yſſelmonde 130 Stunden, das Lied aber gibt, wie oben gezeigt, eine Entfernung von etwa 150 Stunden an. Bedenkt man die Abweichung zwiſchen Land- und Flußweg, ſo ſpringt die Gleichheit beider Angaben jedem in die Augen. Nun wird auch begreiflich, wie leicht Sigfrit von Xanthen aus die frühere Bekanntſchaft mit Brunhilt zu Iſenſtein machen, und warum er ſich rühmen konnte, daß ihm die Waſſerſtraßen dahin bekannt ſeien (v. 1527). Das Alter dieſer Yſſel zeigt auch der Stadtnamen Oudewater an, und die Gouwe, die im Mittelalter Gold-a (Goldbach) hieß, konnte wohl auf das Rheingold oder den Hort Beziehung haben, ſo wie Alphen auf Alberich, und mag anzeigen, daß den alten Landeseinwohnern die Sagen davon bekannt waren.

Die Fahrt nach den Nibelungen ſtimmt mit dieſer Oertlichkeit auch überein. Von Yſſelmonde grade hinaus kommt man durch die Maasmündung in die Nordſee, die von der Mündung der Yſſel bei Krimpen kaum 19 Stunden entfernt iſt. Alſo wie das Lied andeutet, von Iſenlant an eine Seefahrt. Hier aber verlor der Dichter Richtung und Entfernung, was einem Binnenländer nicht zu verübeln iſt. Er weiß nur, daß gegenüber ein Land und zwar in nicht großer Entfernung liegt. Das kann kein anders Land ſein, als Britannien, deſſen Küſte von der Yſſelmündung in grader Linie etwa 50 Stunden entfernt iſt. Sigfrit hat aber, wie die Sage glaubt, wohl 100 lange Raſten gemacht, in dieſem wohl liegt ſchon der Zweifel, der noch mehr beſtärkt wird, wenn man den Sigfrit in Tag und Nacht 200 Stunden zur See machen läßt, was für unſere Erfahrung und unſern Glauben etwas viel verlangt iſt. Nimmt man aber mit Ledebur die Raſte für eine halbe Stunde, ſo trifft die Angabe vollkommen mit der Entfernung der engliſchen Küſte überein. Nach dem Liede wäre denn Britannien das Nibelungenland, wo aber Sigfrit angefahren, wo der Nibelungen Burg ſtand, davon enthält das Lied keine Spur. Der viel breite Werder, wo er angelandet, war eine große Flußinſel, denn das iſt die Bedeutung von Werder*). Dann bleibt uns nichts übrig, als die Mündung der Themſe anzunehmen, welche die Flachinſel Taneth bildet, die nachher durch die Beſitznahme der Sachſen berühmt geworden. Indeſſen kann auch eine von den vielen Landzungen zwiſchen der Themſemündung und Ipswich gemeint ſein, ich will es nicht beſtreiten. Auf dem Werder oder in der Nähe war ein Berg mit einer Burg, beide weiß ich vor der Hand nicht aufzufinden, ſicher iſt aber, daß die Angabe des Liedes vielmehr auf England paßt, als auf die niederländiſche Küſte, wo bekanntlich keine Berge, ſondern nur Dünen ſind.

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*) Iſland und Nibelungenland, von L. v. Ledebur in Docen's Denkmälern alter Sprache und Kunſt. Bd. II. S. 19 ff.

Dies iſt auch der Grund, warum ich das Nibelungenland nicht auf der Inſel Walcheren ſuchen kann. Dies Eiland iſt aber in vieler Hinſicht merkwürdig, und ich will nicht behaupten, daß ſeine Wichtigkeit gar nicht auf die Bildung der Heldenſage gewirkt hat. Von allen Inſeln in der Schelde- und Maasmündung trägt Walcheren (alt Walacra) allein einen unteutſchen Namen, deſſen erſte Sylbe ſchwerlich etwas anderes als wälſch, galliſch bedeutet. Sie war daher früher bewohnt, als die andern Inſeln, und zwar von einem galliſchen Volke, wie die gefundenen Altäre der dea Nehalennia und Buronia zur Genüge beweiſen. Lange nach dem Abzug der Römer und Gallier fand noch Willibrord einen Hauptſitz des teutſchen Heidenthums auf Walcheren, was ſich außer Helgoland von keiner andern Inſel der teutſchen Nordſeeküſte nachweiſen läßt. Mich aber leitet Walcheren auf eine nahe Oertlichkeit, die im Liede von der Gudrun ſo wichtig iſt, und anzeigt, daß die Scheldemündungen, wie die des Rheines und der Maas, ein früher Schauplatz der Sage geweſen ſind. Es iſt der Wulpenſand oder Wulpenwert, der, weil er in der Gudrun und im Lamprecht vorkommt, Aufmerkſamkeit erregt hat, ohne daß bis jetzt ſeine Lage nachgewieſen iſt.

Wulpenwert heißt nach obigem „die Flußinſel Wulpe,“ Wulpenſand aber eine ſandige Küſteninſel. Die Lage wird nur einmal angedeutet (Gudrun v. 3354):

ja weiz ich hie vil nahen bî uns in dem lande
wol sibenzich guoter kiele —

Wate ſagte dies, als er in Seeland war, ſie nahmen die Schiffe, und trafen gleich darauf den Ludwig von Normandie auf dem Wulpenſand an. Dieſer muß alſo in der Nähe von Seeland liegen. So iſt es auch. Wulpen (alt Wulpa) war ein Dorf auf der flandriſchen Küſte nordweſtlich von Sluis, es mag früher mit dem Feſtland im Zuſammenhang geweſen ſein, wie Bylandt angiebt**); die Charten des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts zeichnen es aber als eine kleine Inſel, die in geringer Entfernung an der Weſtküſte der jetzigen Inſel oder Halbinſel Cadzand (Caſſandria) lag. Dies Eiland Wulpen wurde vor etwa 300 Jahren vom Meere verſchlungen und ein Theil deſſelben an der Weſtküſte von Cadzand angeſchwemmt. Dies angeſpülte Land wurde eingedeicht, d. h. zu einem Polder gemacht, der auf Cadzand unter dem Namen „aanwas van Wulpen,“ d. i. Anwachs von Wulpen, bekannt iſt, wie man auf genauen Specialcharten ſehen kann***). Nun hatte Wulpen zwei Namen, Wert und Sand, beide paſſen auf dieſe Oertlichkeit; Wert konnte Wulpen heißen, weil es zwiſchen dem Strome Swin und dem Hont (der Weſteſchelde) lag, Sand wegen ſeiner Beſchaffenheit, wie auch die nahen Eilande Cadzand, Koezand, Zuydzand heißen, wovon Koezand ſammt Schooneveld untergegangen ſind wie Wulpen, und Zuydzand jetzt zum Feſtlande eingedeicht iſt. Noch ein Dorf Wulpen liegt bei der Stadt Veurne (Furnes), aber hinter den Dünen, wo nie ein Schiff hinkommen konnte, daher dieſer Namen außer Acht bleibt.

Da ein Theil des Gudrunliedes aus dem Roman de Rou erklärlich wird, ſo muß ich Einiges über deſſen Geographie ſagen, was hieher Bezug hat. Rou (d. i. Hrolf, Rudolf, Rollo) ſetzte ſich nach ſeiner Abweiſung von England und Schottland zu Wacfreiz, was Pluquet für Weſtfriesland und Seeland erklärt*). Wacfreiz heißt auch das Volk (Roman de Rou v. 1067). An einer andern Stelle heißt es, Rou ſei von Waceres nach der Normandie gekommen: v. 1159.

— ki de Waceres veneit,

das kann nichts anders als Walcheren ſein, und Wacfreiz ſind wahrſcheinlich die Frieſen auf Walcheren**). Rou führte den Krieg mit dem Herzog Rembaut von Frieſen und dem Grafen Reynier von Hennegau auf dem Waſſer Almere (v. 1087), lief dann in die Schelde ein (Eſcharo, Eſcharde), und verheerte das Land. Dazu kenne ich nur eine Stelle aus einer Urkunde Kaiſer Heinrichs V. von 1119: quae sita est in burgo, qui dicitur Antwerp, omnem decimam, quae continetur a terminis Santflieten usque Olmeremuthen***). Das heißt dem Wort nach die Mündung der Olmere, und dies kann ſich nur auf die Theilung der Schelde beziehen, die unterhalb Santvliet in die zwei Arme der Oſter- und Weſterſchelde zerfließt. Olmeremuthen muß demnach an dieſem Theilungspunkte auf dem rechten Ufer gelegen ſein, und Almere hieß die Schelde von ihrer Theilung bis gegen Antwerpen herauf, Schelde aber von Antwerpen aufwärts. Sie verlor alſo im Mittelalter ihren Flußnamen von dem Punkte an, wo ſie ſeeartig wurde.

Meiner Erklärung iſt zum Theil das Lied ſelbſt, zum Theil die Meinung anderer Gelehrten entgegen. Denn das Lied ſagt einmal (2971), daß in der Mark Norwegen Nibelungs Burg gelegen ſei, und daß man dahin von Worms in drei Wochen mit müden Pferden auf langen Wegen geritten ſei (2969,78). Die Mark Norwegen kann nur das Land Norwegen ſein, denn im Norden ſind die Marken als Ländernamen häufig (Finnmarken, Lappmark, Tellemark, Dänmark ꝛc.), der Dichter ahnt aber keine Waſſerfahrt und ich bin ſehr geneigt, dieſe ganze Erwähnung für eine neuere Anſchmiegung an die nordiſche Sage zu halten. Die alte Edda und Wilkina-Saga führen teutſche Gewährsmänner für die Sage an, iſt es denn nicht wahrſcheinlich, daß die Teutſchen ebenſo Nachrichten und Erzählungen von den reiſenden Norwegern und Isländern angenommen? Grade dadurch ſcheint mir Iſelant und Norwegen in das Lied gekommen zu ſein, beides mit Hindeutung auf jene nordiſchen Länder, die urſprünglich mit unſerer Sage nichts gemein hatten. Zwar ſucht Ledebur Norwegen bei der Stadt Norvenich zwiſchen Zülpich und Düren, allein abgeſehen von der Verſchiedenheit des Namens, iſt noch nicht einmal bewieſen, ob Norvenich nur ein Gau, geſchweige eine Mark im nordiſchen Sinne war. Eben ſo wenig kann ich ihm beitreten, wenn er Nibelungenland für den Gau Nivenheim an der Erft erklärt zwiſchen Bergheim und Neuß (l. c. p. 96), wenn er ſagt: „wir dürfen wohl unbedenklich Niuelland für Nivelheim annehmen, ohne an ein fernes dunkles Nebelland und an eine mythiſche oder Naturbedeutung von Niflheim für Unterwelt zu denken.“ Das iſt etwas leicht darüber weg gegangen. Von Iſelant mußte Sigfrit hiernach weiter ſtromaufwärts nach Nibelungenland fahren, wie auch Ledebur nachzuweiſen ſucht; davon ſteht im Liede kein Wort, denn das widerſpricht ſeiner ganzen Anlage. Jeder ſieht ja ein, daß es viel vernünftiger war, die 1000 Nibelungen gleich beim Hinabfahren zu Neuß mitzunehmen, ſtatt von Iſenlant zurückzukehren und während dem die drei Geſellen der Gefahr bei Brunhilt auszuſetzen. Hier hat der geographiſche Gleichklang den Verfaſſer verführt; ich will das eddiſche Niflheim dem Gau Nivenheim noch nicht aufopfern, eher umgekehrt. Es bleibt nur die Annahme, daß Sigfrit von Iſenſtein weiter hinab nach den Nibelungen gefahren, entweder durch die Yſſel oder durch den Rheinarm Vecht in die Zuider See, oder durch die Merwede und Maas in die Nordſee; das letzte behält die meiſte Wahrſcheinlichkeit.

b. Uebertragung der Sage auf andere Orte.

Die Sage vom Drachen iſt unter dem Volke am meiſten bekannt geworden und viele Orte ſind nach ihr genannt. Dieſe Namen beweiſen daher wenig, und nur die am Rhein mögen von einiger

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*) Beweiſe zu Hunderten in den Niederlanden, ich erinnere nur an die größten: Stephensweerth bei Ruremonde; an der Maas, Tieler-, Bommeler-, Alblaſſer-, Krimpener Waard an der Waal und Merwede, eine Menge andere an der Yſſel, am Leck u. ſ. w., ſämmtlich große Flußinſeln, die man nicht mit einem Blicke überſchauen kann. Die kleinern Inſeln im Oberrhein heißen dagegen Auen.

**) J. Fred. de Bylandt descriptio comitatus Flandriae, quo tempore Margarethae Ludovici Malani filiae, Philippo duci Burgundiae nupsit. Lovan. 1620. 4. die zweite Charte.

***) S. Topographie de la Zélande. Paris. 1748. carte 25.

*) Le roman de Rou et des ducs de Normandie, par Robert Wace, publ. par Fr. Pluquet. Rouen 1827. 2 vol. 8. Pluquet ſchreibt das ganze Werk dem R. Wace zu, mit Unrecht, der alte Roman in Langzeilen iſt von einem frühern Dichter, deſſen Werk Wace überarbeitet und fortgeſetzt hat. Der alte Rou war in ähnlichen Strophen, wie die Nibelungen, geſchrieben.

**) Vielleicht iſt auch Warfreiz zu leſen und durch Meeranwohner zu erklären, denn ſo heißen die Südholländer und Seeländer.

***) Miraei codex donat. belg. I. p. 83. Warum Weſſel auf der Charte im 1. Band. Goutw. das Harlemer Meer Almari mare nennt, weiß ich nicht, im Texte finde ich nichts darüber. Es ſcheint durch den Namensklang Almer, Haarlem dazu verleitet zu ſein.

Erheblichkeit ſein. Im Wasgau hinter Deidesheim iſt ein Drachenloch, bei Dürkheim an der Hard iſt die Lintburg (Limburg), ein Namen, der in Limburg an der Lahn, in Limburg in Würtemberg, in Limburg zwiſchen Aachen und Lüttich und noch anderswo vorkommt, und nicht von der Linde ſondern von Lint (Band, Ring) wie auch der Lintwurm genannt iſt. Im Heidelberger Stadtwald giebt es einen oberen und untern Lindenhang, eine obere, hintere und vordere Drachenhöhle, da muß alſo die Drachenſage recht lebendig geweſen ſein, weshalb weder der Wolfsbrunnen noch der Berg Königsſtul dort ohne Bezug auf die Sage ſein mögen. Der Drachenfels am Niederrhein gehört auch hierher.

Die Namen, die mit Nib-, nibel- gebildet ſind, kommen ſchon ſeltener vor, und ſind nicht immer auf die Sage zu beziehen. So der Nibel-, Nibil-gau bei Feldkirch am Oberrhein, mit ſeiner villa publica Nibalgavia, die ſchon 767 erwähnt wird*). Ich möchte es geradezu für Nebelgau erklären, wenn nicht in der Nachbarſchaft ein zweites Worms (Bormio) und Wormſer Joch vorkäme, was denn doch dem Namen einen Hinterhalt giebt, obgleich ich nicht einſehe, was die Nibelungen dort Heimathliches haben ſollen. Dagegen iſt der Nabelgau in Thüringen an der Unſtrut ſicherlich in keinem Zuſammenhang mit der Sage. Am Niederrhein erſcheint der Gau Nivenhém, Nivenem an der Erft, zwiſchen Bergheim und Neuß, der mir etwas mehr Beachtung verdient durch die nachbarlichen Orte an der Maas und Schelde. Anderthalb Stunden ober Maſtricht liegt ein Dörflein Nivelle im Wallonenlande, dieſer Namen, ſo nah dem hohen Petersberge bei Maſtricht, verdient Aufmerkſamkeit. Ich habe ſchon früher vermuthet, daß man die Sage vom Hort an den Petersberg geknüpft haben könnte, es wird jetzt wahrſcheinlicher. Denn dies Nivelle ſteht nicht allein. Die Hauptſtadt in Wälſchbrabant heißt auch Nivelles (niederl. Nyfels, alt Nivigella), ſie iſt ſehr alt und berühmt, weil ſie einer der Stammſitze der Carolinger war, die bekanntlich ja auch einen Nibelung in ihrer Verwandſchaft hatten. Der dritte Ort iſt Nevele, ein ſehr großes Dorf bei Deinze, drei Stunden hinter Gent. Ein Nivelet kommt in der Gemeinde Aſſenois in Luxemburg vor, ein Niverlée in Namür, ein Nives in der Gemeinde Baſtogne in Luxemburg, ein Nivraumont (Nibaredsberg?) in der Gemeinde Orgeo in demſelben Lande, ein Niviné bei Spa in Lüttich, ein Novaucourt (Nibelshof) in Namür, ein Nivelsdorf bei Zevenaer am Niederrhein. Die Liſte läßt ſich vermehren, mancher Namen bleibt aber in der Bedeutung ungewiß, wenn auch die Form mit der Wurzel von Nibelung übereinſtimmt. Gerade der Forſchung wegen iſt eine ſolche Sammlung nützlich. Auch in Norwegen erſcheint der Namen in dem Hof Nevlungen in der Vogtei Laurvig, wo auch ein Nevlunghavn ſich findet, die beide wohl ohne Zweifel nach den Niflungen benannt ſind**). Zu behaupten, daß an all dieſen Orten Nibelungen geweſen, könnte mir im Traum nicht einfallen, allein wenn man nachweiſen kann, daß Ortsnamen von den Nibelungen genannt ſind, dann muß zu der Zeit, wo man den Namen gegeben hat, die Sage an ſolchen Orten bekannt geweſen ſein. Die Namen ſind dann ſelten ein chronologiſches, wol aber ein geographiſches Zeugniß.

Offenbare Uebertragung iſt die Benennung Niflant für Liflant, wie dies Land in Hornek's Reimchronik gewöhnlich heißt. Anders verhält es ſich mit Mornung von Nifland oder Niflend in der Gudrun (v. 843. 2256). Iſt hier Uebertragung oder Wahrheit? Ich glaube faſt das letzte, denn es heißt v. 2787.

von Valeis der marke kam Morunc der degen

dazu die andern Stellen v. 2564. 3198.

Herwic der het ein volc an sich genomen,
daz saz vor einem berge ze Galeis in dem lande,
die der marke Morunc ze Waleis an der marke wol erkande. —

Hettel lag ze Waleis bi der marke gegen Seifrit, als ihm Hartmut ſeine Tochter entführte. Da er nun von hier aufbricht, um in der Nähe die Räuber anzuhalten, dieſe aber auf dem Wulpenſande ausſtiegen, ſo möchte man Waleis für Walcheren erklären, und da es immer die Mark genannt wird, ſo wäre es die ſeeländiſche Mark geweſen. Galeis und Waleis könnten auch Wales und Cornwall ſein, ich kann mich noch für keines entſcheiden, ſo viel ſeh' ich aber, daß Niflant und Waleis entweder daſſelbe waren, oder doch nahe beiſammen lagen, und in jedem Falle geht aus der Gudrun hervor, daß Niflant ein wälſches Land war, ſei es nun Britannien, wie ich oben bemerkt, oder ein anderes Celtenland.

2. Ethnographie und Chronologie der Nibelungen.

Ich gebe hier die Nachweiſung, wo und wann der Namen Nibelung außerhalb der Sage bei den Menſchen als Vor- oder Zunamen erſcheint. Dieſe Sammlung iſt ſeit 12 Jahren angelegt, und gelegentlich vermehrt. Ich bin weit entfernt, ſie für vollſtändig auszugeben, doch ſcheint ſie der Bekanntmachung werth, weil ſie ſchon zu einigen Ergebniſſen führt. Leichtlen's Verzeichniß habe ich nicht zur Hand. Zuerſt will ich den Namen richtig ſtellen, und ihn dann in verſchiedenen Völkern und Zeiten nachweiſen.

a. Grammatiſche Betrachtung über Nibelung.

Altnordiſch Niflûngr und Hniflûngr, mittelhochteutſch Nibelunc, das ſind die früheſten Formen, die ich kenne. Nibelunc beſteht aus der Wurzel nib, der Ableitung el und der zweiten Ableitung ung.

Die Wurzel nib. Der Vokal iſt kurz und geht, beſonders in niederteutſchen Mundarten und in ſpäterer Zeit, häufig in ë über. Die Schreibung Y gehört dem Ende des 13. und dem 14. Jahrh. und verändert den urſprünglichen Laut nicht. In teutſchen Schriften iſt mir kein Uebergang des ĭ in a vorgekommen, aber bei den romaniſchen Völkern lautet der Stammvokal bald a bald e, beides jedoch ſelten, und a mehr in Italien. Nur bei den Romanen (einmal auch in Teutſchland) finde ich auch den Wurzellaut ie und ee. Natürlich hat dies auf die Richtigſtellung des Namens keinen Einfluß. Eben ſo wenig Rückſicht verdient der Wurzel-Vokal o, der einmal in Teutſchland, und å, der einmal in Dänemark vorkommt. Den erſten Wurzellaut n aspirirt nur das altn. Hniflungr, doch iſt ſehr zweifelhaft, ob dies der alte Namen, oder nicht vielmehr eine Uebertragung iſt. Der Auslaut geht in den niederen Mundarten meiſt in v und f über, auch bei den Franzoſen, in Italien dagegen in p oder pp. In wie fern dem zu trauen, ſoll der Verfolg lehren.

Die Ableitung el. Sie iſt bei allen Völkern die häufigſte. Teutſche und Franzoſen ſetzen auch il, einmal in Teutſchland und Frankreich finde ich ul, in Italien öfter ol. Das Nordiſche und ſpätere Teutſche wirft den Vokal vor l weg. Von al iſt mir kein Beiſpiel bekannt.

Die Ableitung ung. Sie iſt die gewöhnlichſte im Teutſchen, Altn., und Lateiniſchen. Bereits früh in Teutſchl. ing, ſpäter long und lign, was wohl Schreibfehler. In Frankreich long, in Italien lone. In den romaniſchen Sprachen fiel das g bald weg und gab die Formen lun, lon, lan, lom; wurde es latiniſirt, ſo fiel auch das n weg und blieb nur lo, der Genitiv lonis zeigt dann wieder den alten Urſprung. Dies ſind die gewöhnlichen Formen in Frankr., in Ital. lautet die Ableitung lone, und lateiniſch leo, lio, luo.

Ob der Wurzelconſonant b im Vokal u ruhen könne, weiß ich nicht, das nordiſche Giuki aus dem teutſchen Gibico zeigt unter ganz ähnlichen Verhältniſſen die Möglichkeit.

Zuſammenſetzung. Die Form Nibelung componirt nicht, die Wurzel aber leidet einige Ableitungen und Compoſita. Die Ableitungen, die ich gefunden, ſind dieſe: -i unmittelbar an die Wurzel gefügt, Nebi; — ing, ebenſo, Neding; latiniſirt, ſtark — us, Nebus; ſchwach — o, Nivo. Compoſita ſind folgende:

mit — heri, romaniſch-latiniſirt — ario, ohne Bindungsvokal der Wurzel angefügt.

mit — hart, latiniſirt — ardus, contrahirt im Genitiv — rus; franzöſiſch — ars.

mit — rat; ich weiß nur ein romaniſches Beiſpiel mit — radus.

mit — ulf, durch Schreibfehler zuweilen ultus.

mit — gast, gehört zu den älteſten.

mit — hat? nur in einer und ſehr zweifelhaften Form finde ich — hat, das wohl beurtheilt werden muß, wie Gundo-bad, der ſonſt gewöhnlich Gundobalt heißt, aber im franzöſiſchen Namen la loi Gombette die alte Form deutlich anzeigt. Theodahad gehört auch dahin.

Ich nehme nicht nur den vollkommenen Namen Nibelung, ſondern auch die andern Formen hier auf, um eine Ueberſicht zu haben.

b. Ethnographiſche Aufzählung.

α. Bei den Salfranken.

Darunter begreife ich auch die ſpäteren Franzoſen, d. h. die Nordoſtbewohner Frankreichs.

Nepus? episcopus in einer Urk. von 511. Bouquet Scriptt. rer. Gall. IV. 104. — Nivo, episcopus Remensis, vom Jahr 670. Mabillon acta ss. ord. s. Bened. II. append. p. 407. — Nivario in der Picardie, vom J. 677. Miraei donatt. belg. I. p. 987. ed. Foppens. — Nivardus episc. Remensis. Du Chesne Scriptt. rer. Franc. I, 675. — Nebulfus in einer Urk. von 750. Bouquet IV, 716. — Nivulfus presbyter Turonensis v. 836. Calmet hist. de Lorraine I. app. p. 308. — Nivaltus presbyter Tullensis v. 838. ibid. p. 485, ſonſt kommt bis zum Jahr 1250 kein Nib- und kein Nibelung bei Calmet vor. Die ſpäteren Jahre habe ich nicht verglichen, weil ſie für meinen Zweck weniger Wichtigkeit haten. — Nivelongus fidelis Caroli Calvi v. 843. Bouquet VII. 617. VIII. 435. derſelbe heißt Nivilongus im J. 853. Miraeus I. 340. Bouquet VII. 617. — Nivelongus comes von 864. vielleicht derſelbe, ibid. VIII. 589. er war aus dem carolingiſchen Geſchlechte. — Nuiardus (l. Nivardus) von Poitiers v. 937. Martene et Durand thes. I. 71. — Nefingus decanus Turonensis v. 940. und 943. Bouquet VIII. 317. Martene et D. I. 74. — Nefingus episc. Andegavensis † 974. Bouquet IX. 56. — Nivelun in einer Urk. des Königs Lothar v. 984. ibid. IX. 656. — Nevelo de Bova bei Metz v. 1042. Bouquet XI. 424. — Nivardus miles v. 1043. ibid. XI. 577. — Nivelo auch Nevelun de Freteval (fracta valle) bei Tours v. 1050. ib. X. 239. vgl. über die franzöſiſche Ausſprache Bouquet XI. 336. — Signum Nivilonis zu Tours um 1050 Martene thesaur. I. 176. — Nivelo miles v. 1047. Bouquet XI. 583. — Nivardus de monte forte v. 1060. ib. XI. 433. nota c. — Nivardus zu S. Germain en Laye v. 1072. Martene collect. I. 490. — Signum Nevelonis de Pierefont zu Corbie in Artois v. 1065. Miraeus III. 306. derſelbe kommt als Nevelo de Peirfond im nämlichen Jahr vor. Bouquet XI. 111. — Nevelo canonicus zu Châlons v. 1093. Bouquet XIV. 785. — Nivardus de Septoculo v. 1097. Bouquet XII. 669. — Nivelo de Freteval v. 1112. kommt noch oft vor. Bouquet XIV. 261. — Nivardus puer von 1117 zu Paris. Martene thes. I. 346. — Nevelo, Archidiacon zu Terno v. 1134. ibid. p. 385. — Nivardus abbas de Spina v. 1130. Martene collect. I. 742. — Nivardus de Pissiaco v. 1140. ib. 764. Nivilo de Petra-forte (pierrefort) v. 1160. Bouq. XII. 129. — Der Bruder des heil. Bernhards hieß Nivardus. ib. XV. 609. — In das Jahrh., vielleicht noch früher gehört die Notiz aus dem alten Calendarium zu Auxerre bei Martene collect. VI. 701. Obierunt Nivelon miles, item Hugo... — Nivelo auch Nevelo I. de Cherisy, Biſchof zu Soiſſons 1175. Bouquet XII. 279. Sammarthanorum Gall. christ. III. 1051. alte Ausg. — Nevelon filius Ursonis de Freteval v. 1188. Bouquet XVII. 484. — Nievardus de Camegni bei Cambrai v. 1185. Miraeus I. 713. — Folgende Stelle im Pfaffen Kunrat der ein franzöſiſches Original vor ſich hatte, gehört auch hierher um 1170. Cod. Pal. 112. bl. 107. b.

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*) Chronicon Gottw. II. p. 496. 704. 705.

**) G. Jens Kraft topogr. statist. beskrivelse af kongeriget Norge. Christiania 1822. Tom. II. p. 676.

di von Brittane,
zwainzec tûsent mannen,
Nevelun si beleite.

Nevelo Marſchall von 1214. Wilhelm Armor. bei Bouquet XVII. 102. — Nivelo II. de Basoches, Biſchof zu Soiſſons, 1251. Sammarth. Gall. chr. III. 1052. — Nebert (Nivart?) de Medionne unter Ludwig IX. Du Cange hist. de S. Louis p. 396.

β. Bei den Uferfranken.

Unum videlicet mansum Nevelung et conjugis ejus Hezelae (in villa Marich im Luxemburgiſchen) mater unten: ut idem Nevelungus vel successorem ejus.. dat. Trier 993. Bertholet. hist. de Luxembourg. tom. III. app. p. XII. — Miracula S. Quirini, Ms. in der Univ. Bibl. zu Lüttich, 12. Jahrh. in einer Erzählung von Malmedy, cap. 19... frater quia grandaevo erat aeu consumptus juniorem vocabulo Nevelonem ad sui sustentationem acceperat. — Die Nevelingen von Hardenberg an der Ruhr bei Elberfeld (bei Dorow, S. 59) nachgewieſen. Sie liefern folgende Zeugniſſe, Nivelung, Nevelonch von 1145, 51. Neveling v. 1312. Nevelungus v. 1329. Nevelung v. 1369—85. Neveling v. 1397—1419. Sie ſind ein ſehr ſtarker Beweis für die Bekanntheit der Sage, den ſie führten auch den Drachen im Wappen, und der letzte hatte den Kobold Gotdemer d. i. den Goldzwerg Alberich.

γ. Bei den Rheinfranken.

Es ſind vier große Gaue, welche die meiſte Rückſicht verdienen, der Worms-, Speier-, Oberrhein- und große Kraichgau, in welche der Hauptſchauplatz des Liedes fällt.

Nibelungus zu Bretzenheim bei Mainz v. 774. Cod. tradit. Laureſham. No. 1862. — Nebo zu Mettenheim im Wormsgau v. 782. ib. No. 1817. — Neni zu Gunzingen im Speiergau v. 774 ib. 2102. — Gehört Nawin zu Ibersheim im Wormsgau v. 775 hieher? ib. 1479 — Nibelungus zu Heppenheim s. a. iſt aber ſpäter im Lorſcher Salbuch, ib. 3818. — Nibelungus vicedominus et praepositus S. Pauli Wormatiensis, v. 1152—1160. Gudeni sylloge diplom. p. 15.. Cod. Laureſh. I. p. 271. Hontheim hist. Trevir. I. 585. Nibelungus auch Nybelingus custos ecclesiae majoris Wormatiensis v. 1142. 1158. Guden. p. 5. 7. Hontheim ib. ſonſt hat Hontheim unter ſeinen adelichen und geiſtlichen Perſonen keinen Nibelung mehr. — Nibelungus ante monetam v. 1216. und Nibelungus de Wolveskelen v. 1216. Guden. p. 94. 95. — Nibelungus praepositus majoris ecclesiae Wormatiensis v. 1223, 24, 25. Guden p. 125. 137. 140. 156. — Hic et frater suus Nibilunc dederunt pratum unum in Heppenheim s. a. Necrolog. Laureſh. bei Schannat vindem. p. 34. vielleicht mit dem obigen von Heppenheim einerlei. — Folgende ſind aus dem Salbuch des Kloſters S. Lamprecht bei Neuſtadt an der Hardt, und gehören faſt alle noch dem 13. Jahrh. an. Das Original dieſer Hſ. liegt in der Bibl. zu Heidelberg. Ich will die Leute nach den Ortſchaften aufzählen, ſie waren alle dem Kloſter gültpflichtig, ich laſſe aber die Gülten weg, weil ſie nichts zur Sache thun.

Gönheim (Ginnenheim). Nibelungus miles, fol. 23. — Nibelungus, verſchieden vom vorigen. 24, b. — am hofe prope Nibelungum filium Kise. — 38, b. Dieſer iſt aus dem Anfang des 14. Jahrhunderts. — Nibelungus miles um 1300. 99, a. item miles dictus de Ouerbach, gener der Nybelungen de Musbach, um 1330. 103. —

Zu Neuſtadt an der Hardt. Nibelungus Azzinhusere. 26. a. Dieſe Familie kommt oft vor, aber mit andern Taufnamen. — Nebelungus Symnder, um 1300. 72. — Nebelungus filius filiae Symnder, er beſaß Weinberge zu Nuwelende, ein Gemarkungsnamen, der oft vorkommt. — 72, b. —

Zu Deidesheim. Nybeligaus Atzenhuser, v. 1297. 54 a. Derſelbe kommt vor als Nybelungus 53, b. — relicta (i. e. vidua) Nebelungi de Musbach, nach 1300. 75, a. — domus Nibelungo dicto Simeder, um 1300. 79, b. —

Zu Gräfenhauſen. Nibelungus filius Hermanni. 67, a. Derſelbe kommt vor als Nibelunc, 95, b. um 1250. — Nibelungus auriga. 63, b. —

Zu Hetthauſen. am hottenboume neben Nybelungum cerdonem, um 1290 31, a. —

Zu Lachen. apud Nebelungum de Musbach. um 1300. 93, b. — in eodem gewande vff hoster wee apud Nibelungum ib.

Folgende ſind aus dem Seelmeſſenbuch der Stiftskirche zu Neuſtadt an der Hardt. Das Stift wurde errichtet 1354., das Buch geſchrieben 1382; es ſind aber frühere und ſpätere Schenkungen in dieſen liber animarum eingetragen: wo ich nichts bemerke, muß man das 14 Jahrh. annehmen. Die Hſ. war früher in der Seminarbibliothek zu Heidelberg, jetzt im Seminar zu Freiburg; ſie iſt in fol. auf Pergament.

Zu Neuſtadt. Katherina legavit pro se et marito Nybelungo cerdoni. v. 1382 fol. 6, a. — obiit Nybelungus cerdo. 8, a. 71, b. 144, a. — alteram partem vineae habent filii Nybelungi dicti Swartze, scilicet Henricus et Johannes. 12, a. — obiit Nybelungus dictus Niger, iſt derſelbe. 54, b. — Nybelungus claudus et Mechtilt uxor ejus. 26, b. — infra duas vias apud Nybelungum dictum Moloch. 27, b. — obiit Elizabeth, quae legavit pro se et Wernhero marito suo et Nybelungo filio. 36, a. — Else Lynderin legavit pro se et fratre suo Nybelungo Lynder. 39, b. 47, a. — quondam dicti Niebelung Grosbole. Dies iſt von anderer Hand aus dem 15 Jahrh. 58, a. 102, a. 39, b. etc. — Contz dictus Volkmar legavit pro se et fratribus suis Volkero et Nybelungo 52, a. — Nybelungi dicti Symnder, et Nybelungus filius ejus. 52, b. 65, a. — Nybelungus. 54 b. — juxta Contz Nybel. (alio Nybelungum). 59, a. Else apud carnem legavit pro se et Nybelungo marito suo et sorore sua Katherina et Syfrido marito dictae Katherinae et avo suo Nybelungo. 68, b. — obiit Nybelungus dictus Beheimer. 69, a. — Katherinae filiae quondam Nybelungi Atzenhusers. 70, a. — neben Nybelung Snyder, v. 1390. 4, a. — obiit Lybelungus (Schreibfehler) dictus Rynolt, juxta domum Nybelungi in vico cerdonum 69, a. — oben an dem stege juxta Nybelungen in der zygelgassen. 122, b. — Nebelungus Symneder et Alheit uxor ejus. 138. b.

Zu Winzingen. obiit Nybeungius (Schrbf.) sacerdos filius Gutzmanni de Winczingen. 86, b.

Die Namen ſind manchmal abgekürzt, Ny., daß man Nybelung und nicht Nicolaus leſen müſſe, beweiſt 62, a. Ny. dictus Volkmar, der als Nybelung vorgekommen. Daher kann man zu Neuſtadt beifügen: obiit Ny. dictus Rode. 13, a. — Hedewig filia Ny. Ruſſ. 14. a.

Folgende ſind aus dem Seelmeſſenbuch von S. Lamprecht, in 4°. in der Bibl. zu Heidelberg. Voiso colonus de Hagenbach (Hambach) et uxor ejus Mezze et pater ejus Nibelunc, aus dem Anf. des 14. Jahrh. fol. 6, a. — Conradus, Nybelungus Sifridus, Mehtildis legaverunt — aus dem 15. Jahrh. 22, a. —

In den tradit. S. Stephani Herbipol., in jenen von Steinhartsbrunn und v. S. Peter zu Erfurt, bei Schannat Vindem. kommt kein Nibelung vor.

δ. Bei den Schwaben.

Nebi dux, Anfang des 8. Jahrh. um 720 Theganus de Lud. p. cap. 2. Walafrid Strabus in vita S. Galli II. c. 11. nennt ihn Nebus. IX Kal. Aug. obiit Nibilune. Martyrolog. sec. 12. 4°. in der königl. Priv. Bibl. zu Stuttgart, aus Weingarten. — Frater Nibelungus conversus cum servis in cimiterio nostro decem tilias plantaverunt. Annal. Colmar. ad a. 13[illegible]. — Nibelungus v. 1210. im Unterelſaß, könnte auch ein Franke ſein. Schöpflin Alsat. diplom. I. 321. — Das Nekrolog von S. Alban zu Baſel, wovon die Hſ. auf dortiger Bibl. ſich befindet, enthält keinen Nibelung.

ε. Bei den Sachſen.

Praesentibus … Neuelingo et Conrado fratribus dictis de Vemeren. v. 1386. Nachricht von einigen Häuſern des Geſchlechts von Schlieffen. Caſſel. 1784. 4. Beil. 19. —

ζ. Bei den Normannen.

Die Norweger (Normänner) haben die Sage und den Namen früh gekannt, und brachten dieſen auch nach Italien. Nibelone de Buxono, in einer Urk. zu Monte Caſſino v. 1145. Archiv der Geſellſch. für teutſche Geſch. V. 14. Man ſieht hier ſchon den Einfluß des italieniſchen Dialekts, welcher ſtatt des nordiſchen f und fränkiſchen v die media b in den Namen ſetzte. Dabei blieb dieſe romaniſche Sprache ſchwerlich ſtehen, ſondern hat wohl noch mehr daran verändert, welches Schickſal alle teutſchen Namen im romaniſchen Munde, oft bis zur Unkenntlichkeit, erfahren haben. Im ſpaniſchen Gonsalvo, Diego, Ruy, oder auch im franzöſiſchen Guillaume iſt mit Mühe der teutſche Gotſchalk, Dietrich, Rüdiger und Wilhelm zu erkennen. Im 14. und 15. Jahrh. iſt der Namen Nibelung in Italien ganz verändert; es lohnte ſich der Mühe, aus Urkundenbüchern nachzuweiſen, wie ſich der Namen bis in ſeine letzte Entartung verbildet. Dazu habe ich keine Hülfsmittel, ich gebe, was ich gefunden. Neapolio unter Papſt Gregor X. um 1275. Martene collect. VII. 242. — Napoleo episcopus Perusinus. Ughelli ital. sac. I. 1172. — Napoleo episcopus Sarnensis. v. 1324. Ughelli VII. 577. — Napoleon de Flisco, Nannensis episcopus. 1448. ib. IV. 290. — Neapoleo ein Römer, diaconus S. Adriani v. 1289. Schöpflin Alsat. dipl. II. 42. — Neapoleo protonotarius regis Siciliae v. 1365. Martene I. 1488. Durch Nachahmung iſt die italieniſche Form nach Frankreich zurückgeführt worden. Napuleon (auch Napinus) de la Tour v. 1345. Napuleo (oder Nappon) de la Tour v. 133 … François-Nappon de la Tour v. 1561. Flacchio généalogie de la maison de la Tour. Bruxelles 1709. I. 52. 83. 161. Die Formen Napinus und Nappon ſind keine Bildungen mehr aus der Wurzel, ſondern verdorbene Verkürzungen. Der Kirchenheilige heißt Neapolus und Neapolis und hat mit der Sage nichts zu thun.

η. Letzte und zweifelhafte Spuren.

Nebisgastus, dux Chamavorum, um 358. Eunap. Sard. in excerpt. de legat. ed. Labbe, pag. 17. Nebiogastus (auch Νεβιογάστης, Νεβογάστης) praefectus militum Gallicorum in Britannia, um 407. Zosimus l. VI. 2 ed. Reitem. Naulobatus Herulorum dux um 267. Syncell. p. 382. Ναυλοβάτος τῶν Αἰλούρων ἡγούμενος. In der Marca Hispan. von P. de la Marca p. 1101. erſcheint ein Nifredus in monast. Cuxano von 1070, ſonſt aber kommt nicht eine Spur von Nibelung im ganzen Buche vor, ſo daß der Mann ein Franke geweſen ſcheint.

θ. Geſchlechtsnamen.

haben ſehr wenig Werth. Man kann nicht annehmen, daß die erſten, welche den Namen führten, ſeine Beziehung gekannt haben, da aber der Urſprung beſonders der bürgerlichen Geſchlechter gewöhnlich ganz unbekannt iſt, ſo helfen die Namen wenig, die noch überdieß meiſtens ſehr entſtellt ſind. Damit man jedoch auch hier Vorſicht gebrauche, will ich einige Beiſpiele berühren. Theodoricus Neveke in Holland von 1199. Miraeus III. 362. — Simon Nevekin in Seeland von 1213. ib. II. 843. in Middelburg. Kluit hist. crit. II. 363. Dieſer Geſchlechtsnamen iſt nicht von Nibelung gebildet, ſondern das Deminutiv von neve, Neffe oder Oheim. Im Kluit kommt gar kein Nibelung, im Miraeus keiner aus den Niederlanden vor. Nyppen Nybelsen, sec. 14. Im Seelenbuch von Neuſtadt 109, b. Das iſt wohl aus der Sage entſtanden. — Johannes Nifflini de Pforzheim v. 1394. im erſten Matrikelbuch zu Heidelberg ad h. a. — Nypels noch zu Maſtricht, ſchwerlich hierher gehörend. In Frankreich ſcheint der Namen häufiger im Gebrauch geweſen. Gehört hierher Bernardus de Nublis oder Niblis bei Turpin c. II. 30. ([illegible])? Wilhelm Neblin, Dechant zu Rheims. 1368. Sammarthanus Gall. christ. IX. 175. Steph. de Nobiens bei Châlons, um 1120. ib. IV. 89[illegible]. Wilh. de Navano (Genit. Nevonis), in Carcassonne, wahrſcheinlich ein Burgunder, v. 1240. ib. VI. 949. Jean Nivault zu Paris 1528. ib. VIII. 697.

ι. Gibelinen.

Wer die Welfen waren, wiſſen wir aus der Geſchichte. Ob aber die Italiener und das teutſche Volk, wenn ſie den Namen brauchten, an die Welfen von Altdorf und ihre Geſchichte gedacht haben, das iſt eine andere Frage, die man ſchwerlich bejahen kann. Es iſt dem Volksgeiſt gemäßer und wahrſcheinlicher, daß man die Welfen mit den Wölfingen der Sage verſchmolzen und jene als die Nachwirkung oder Nachkommen dieſer betrachtet hat. Den Wölfingen ſtehen die Burgunden, oder mit dem Königsnamen, die Gibichungen, oder mit entlehnter und übertragener Benennung, die Nibelungen gegenüber. Daß man es auch ſo im Mittelalter verſtanden, dafür habe ich bereits anderswo ein Zeugniß gegeben, das ich hier wiederholen muß. Ein Dichter ſagt in der Pfälzer Hſ. Nr. 348 aus dem 14. Jahrh. Strophe 199.

> Da Gibiche unt der Gelfe
> die mugen bi einander niht gewesen (l. genesen),
> merk edle man', der eine ist mit dem riche,
> der ander mit dem stuole,
> so get es an ein kriegen [illegible].

Dieſe Stelle läßt keinen Zweifel, daß der Gibich mit dem römiſchen Reiche, der Gelfe mit dem römiſchen Stuhle hält, d. h. daß hier von Gibellinen und Welfen die Rede iſt. „Allein das Zeugniß iſt jung und individuelle Anſicht,“ jenes iſt wahr; wenn ich ein älteres finde, werde ich es geben, und iſt denn das 14. Jahrhundert ſo eine halbe Ewigkeit von der letzten Abfaſſung der Nibelungen entfernt? Und wohlgemerkt, die Handſchrift iſt aus dem 14. Jahrhundert. Individuelle Anſicht — kann ſein, auch nicht, wer weiß das? Man dichtet, glaube ich, um verſtanden zu werden, wenn der Dichter Gibich für Gibelin ſetzt, ſo muß er erwarten können, daß ſeine Leſer es verſtehen.

In Gibelin iſt die Wurzel aus Gibich, die Ableitungen, wie der Augenſchein lehrt, aus Nibelung genommen. Gibelin iſt aber auch wie Nibelung ein Taufnamen geworden. Gibelinus Arelatensis archiepiscopus von 1096. Martene collect. I. 558. Als Gibilinus kommt er 1086 vor bei P. de Marca p. 1182. Gibelinus abbas Novienti in Alsatia, aus dem 9. Jahrhundert? Martene thesaur. III. 1136. — In burgundiſchen Urkundenſammlungen wird man ihn noch manchmal antreffen.

κ. Ergebniſſe der Aufzählung.

Die folgenden Reſultate haben nur in Beziehung auf vorſtehende Aufzählung ihre Richtigkeit. Die Sammlung dieſer Zeugniſſe iſt doch ſchon von der Art, daß einige Ergebniſſe wohl als allgemeinere Wahrheiten gelten und beachtet werden dürfen.

1. Die einfache Ableitung und Zuſammenſetzung iſt die älteſte Form, worin der Namen erſcheint *). Vor dem 9. Jahrh. wird im Süden kein Nibelung erwähnt, das Alter der Nibelungen in den [illegible] dürfen wir nicht vor das 8. Jahrh. ſetzen. Dies Stillſchweigen kann doppelten Grund haben. Entweder

a. die einfachen und componirten Namen haben nichts mit Nibelung gemein, gehören einer andern Wurzel und Bedeutung an. Grammatiſch aber läßt ſich dieſe Annahme nicht rechtfertigen. Es kann allein bei den drei alten Namen Nebisgast, Nebiogast und Naulobat Zweifel entſtehen. Den letzten wollen wir ganz aufgeben, bei jenen zeigen die Lesarten, daß dem Griechen beide Namen Nebiogast gelautet haben. Hier macht nur das o Schwierigkeit, es iſt aber dem Griechen der Bindevokal, den er für ſein Ohr wohl einfügen konnte, wenigſtens machen andere Beiſpiele ſo etwas wahrſcheinlich (vgl. Grimm Gramm. II. 412). Oder

b) Die Form Nibelung war noch nicht gebildet, oder noch nicht bekannt. Jenes wäre anzunehmen, wenn die Sage vor dem 9. Jahrhundert noch nicht vorhanden, dieſes, wenn ſie noch unbekannt war. Allein der Norden beweiſt, daß die Nibelungen Sage wenigſtens im 8. Jahrh. exiſtirte, ſie muß alſo noch unbeachtet geweſen ſein, was erklärt hinreichend und wahrſcheinlich die Abweſenheit des Namens.

2) Die Karolinger ſind die erſten, die mit einem Nibelung auftreten. Die Frage liegt ſehr nah, ob dies durch den Einfluß der Liederſammlung Karls d. G. entſtanden? Bereits eine neue Nachricht über dieſe Sammlung aus den Annales Parchen-

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*) Man kann den erſten Namen auch auf [illegible] zurückführen laſſen, ich habe ihn aufgenommen, weil [illegible] Formen auftritt.

ren, die den Eginhart zwar abſchreiben, aber bedeutend interpoliren, wie die geſperrten Worte beweiſen: Karolus rex carmina antiquissima, quibus veterum regum bella et actus canebantur, romana vel francica conscripsit lingua, et memoriae mandare curavit *). Dieſe Notiz iſt im 12. Jahrh. beigeſchrieben. Woher die Nachricht, daß die Sammlung Lieder in romantiſcher und fränkiſcher Sprache umfaßt habe? Mandare curavit, er hat ſie lernen laſſen, wen? doch zunächſt ſeine Kinder, das wird ja buchſtäblich vom Theganus beſtätigt: Ludovicus carmina gentilia, quae in juventute didicerat etc. — Hat der Mönch im Park noch altfranzöſiſche und fränkiſche, d. h. altniederländiſche Heldenlieder gekannt, die man überhaupt, oder die er perſönlich der kaiſerlichen Sammlung zuſchrieb? So viel iſt ſicher, es gab zu ſeiner Zeit Lieder in beiden Sprachen, wahrſcheinlich die des karliſchen Sagenkreiſes, welche der Mönch, da Karl oft darin genannt wird, von jener kaiſerlichen Sammlung herleiten mochte. Dann iſt es ein wehthuender Beweis verlorner altniederländiſcher Dichtung.

3. Völkerſchaftlich betrachtet iſt die Sage ſowohl durch ihren Inhalt als durch äußere Zeugniſſe den Franken nicht abzuſtreiten. Die Franken ſind, wo nicht die urſprünglichen, doch die erſten Eigenthümer dieſer Sage unter den ſüddeutſchen Völkern. Den Gothen fehlte die Nibelungen-Sage gänzlich, Schwaben und Sachſen kannten ſie nur durch Aufnahme und ſie iſt nie recht in ihr Volksleben eingedrungen; die erſten Normänner in Italien kannten ſie wohl aus nordiſcher und franzöſiſcher Erinnerung, die Italiener kannten gar nichts davon, was ſchon ihre große Entſtellung des Namens beweiſt. Am mangelhafteſten iſt meine Aufzählung bei den Uferfranken, bei ihnen hat ſich ja ein Haupttheil der Sage gebildet, und ſie ſollten nicht mehr Zeugniſſe haben? Sicherlich wird man bei ihnen vielmehr Spuren finden, wenn man ſie beſonders aufſuchen will. Das Beiſpiel der Hardenbergs wiegt aber viele andere auf.

4. Der Name Nibelung iſt im franzöſiſchen Adel vom Ende des 10ten bis Mitte des 13. Jahrh. einheimiſch geweſen, und zwar, daß er in manchen Familien z. B. Pierrefont, Freteval über hundert Jahre lang erblich fortgeführt wurde. Dieſe Erſcheinung läßt ſich bei dem ungebräuchlichen Namen doch wohl nicht ohne Kenntniß der Sage erklären. Damals aber verſtanden die franzöſiſchen Ritter nicht mehr die altfränkiſchen Lieder, es muß daher franzöſiſche Gedichte von den Nibelungen gegeben haben, aus deren Einfluß jene Namengebung entſtanden. Dieſe franzöſiſchen Lieder müſſen einen kleinen Umfang gehabt haben, wie die Volkslieder, ſonſt wären ſie wohl nicht ſo ſpurlos verſchwunden. Was ſie enthalten, iſt nicht ſchwer zu ſagen, nämlich nur den erſten Theil der Nibelungen, vielleicht auch daraus nur den Drachenkampf, der auch in Frankreich auf viele andere Ritter ſagenhaft übertragen wurde, z. B. auf den Gilles von Mons **); dieſe Vermuthung ſtimmt wohl mit dem Volksbuch vom Hörnen Siegfried überein, das eine franzöſiſche Quelle angiebt. J. Grimm hält auch etwas auf dieſe Angabe, und Görres (Volksbücher S. 95.) hat ſie zu leicht weggeworfen. Immerhin aber ſieht man, daß Karls und ſeiner Familie Beiſpiel die Sage der Nibelungen unter dem fränkiſchen Volke vielmehr verbreitet hat, als ſie es vorher je war. Ob irgend eine Familienſage die Karolinger mit den Nibelungen verband, weiß ich nicht, nur ſo viel iſt richtig, daß wir ſie auch örtlich mit den Nibelungen zuſammen treffen. Itta, die Gemahlin Pipins von Landen, ſtiftete ſchon 648 das Kloſter zu Nivelles, der Hauptſtadt in Wälſchbrabant, und beſtimmte es zum Begräbnißplatz ihres Geſchlechtes. Ihr Mann Pipin, ihre Tochter Gertrut, Otto, Lambert I. II. Heinrich I. II. III. Herzoge von Brabant und Lotharingen ſind daſelbſt begraben. So war Nivelles für die karolingiſchen und niederländiſchen Fürſten, was Worms und ſpäterhin Speier für die teutſchen Kaiſer war, ihre Grabſtätte. Soll das ſo ganz zufällig und nichts bedeutend ſein, in einem Landſtrich, der ringsum Ortsſpuren der Nibelungen enthält? Stößt man ſich nicht an der wälſchen Form, es iſt ja noch ungewiß, ob der Namen teutſchen Urſprung hat.

5. Bei den Rheinfranken begegnet uns etwas Aehnliches. Im Speier- und Wormsgau war die Sage im 13ten und 14ten Jahrh. recht eigentlich Gemeingut des niederen Volkes. Das iſt gleich vorweg ein Beweis für ihr hohes Alter. Auch hier treffen wir Familien an, die Nibelungen von Musbach werden ausdrücklich genannt, in den Familien Gymnoder, Zeinhuoter, Nußbaum war der Vorname Nibelungen gewiſſermaßen erblich, und auch in Worms ſcheint eine Familie Nibelungen im 12ten und 13ten Jahrh. geweſen zu ſein. Wie bei den Uferfranken und Franzoſen muß man auch hier annehmen, daß ſolche Familien ſich in irgend einem Bezug auf die Sage gedacht haben. Wer alte Kloſterbücher der Rheinfranken durchſuchen kann, wird noch vielmehr Beſtätigung finden. Und iſt es nicht ein großer Beweis für die Heimat der Sage, daß in dieſem kleinen Landſtrich die Nibelungen dutzendweis vorkommen, während man in Urkundenbüchern ganzer Länder nicht einen einzigen antrifft?

6. Daß die Lieder dieſer Sage in Frankreich und Niederland untergegangen oder ausgeſtorben, ſcheint mir aus folgendem Verhältniß erklärlich. Der Adel hat unter den Karolingern aus Nachahmung, Schmeichelei oder Liebe die Sage aufgenommen, er ließ ſie auch mit den Karolingern wieder fallen. Die Entartung und das Ausſterben dieſes nationalen Geſchlechtes, die völlige Verwandlung der Franken in Franzoſen wirkte gewiß nachtheilig auf das Fortleben und die Erhaltung der Sage, und das mag auch der Grund ſein, warum auch keine Volksdichtung übrig geblieben. Bei den Rheinfranken hat der rührigere und fahrende Adel ebenfalls ſein Ohr frühe fremden, neuen Mähren aufgeſchloſſen, was ihn die alte Sage, weil ſie zu gemein geworden, verachten lehrte, aber das langſamere und ſeßhafte Bürgervolk hat ſie glücklicher Weiſe erhalten.

7. Was bewog denn aber Karl und ſein Geſchlecht, ſich der Nibelungen anzunehmen? Wahrſcheinlich die damaligen Volksbegriffe der Legitimität. Wie wir jetzt urtheilen, hatte Karl dieſe Begriffe zur Befeſtigung ſeiner Macht nicht nöthig, da ſein Geſchlecht mit Einſtimmung des Pabſtes und der Geiſtlichkeit auf den Thron erhoben war. Richtig, ſie waren aber doch nur Emporkömmlinge, und der Pipinger Grimoald hatte die zu frühe Erhebung ſeines Sohnes mit ſeinem Selbſtmord im Kerker gebüßt (656). Faſt alle Königshäuſer hatten eine Geſchlechtsſage, wonach ſie genannt waren, man denke an die Balten, Amaler, Hasdinger, Merowinger und an die nordiſchen Königshäuſer. Darin lag in der Meinung des Volkes ihre Legitimität, darin die politiſche Wichtigkeit der Königslieder, die ehemals vorhanden waren. Ein neues Geſchlecht führte ſonach die Herrſchaft einer neuen Sage mit ſich, und es lag in der Politik der Könige, wie im natürlichen Lauf der Dinge, daß die jüngere Sage die ältere verdrängte. Lieder von den Merowingern ſind keine mehr übrig, obgleich dies Geſchlecht ſeine Sage gehabt hat, und die Lieder von den Karolingern ſind mit dem Geſchlecht in Frankreich verklungen. Bei den Merowingern haben mehrere Männer den Namen Merowe geführt, gleichſam um die Erinnerung an die Geſchlechtsſage feſtzuhalten, bei den Karolingern finden wir einen Nibelung, der vielleicht mit derſelben Abſicht ſo genannt war. Karl mag eine politiſche Abſicht mit ſeiner Liederſammlung verknüpft haben, ſein Sohn hatte ſie nicht, wer wird aber von der Erbärmlichkeit Ludwigs des Frommen auf die Politik ſeines großen Vaters zurück ſchließen wollen? Klar iſt der Zuſammenhang der Karolinger mit den Nibelungen nirgends ausgeſprochen, und das Geſchlecht konnte ſich wohl gar die Sage angeeignet haben, dadurch daß es von lang her im Beſitz mancher Nibelungen-Oerter war. Dafür darf man aber die Endſylbe ung nicht als Beweis beiziehen, die Franken ſagen zwar gewöhnlich ing, ihre ältere Sprache hat aber ung auch gehabt, denn Merwung für Merowing kommt vor.

8. Wer ſind endlich die Gibelinen? Burgunden, wie ſchon oben angedeutet, die man mit den Nibelungen oder Franken nicht verwechſeln darf, obgleich das Lied ſie in der That für einander ſetzt. Auch der Taufnamen Gibelinus gehörte, wie es ſcheint, nur den Burgunden an und erſcheint ziemlich frühe. Die Form Gibelin mag anzeigen, daß mit der burgundiſchen Sage die fränkiſche ſchon vereinigt war, als dieſe Vornamen gebraucht wurden. Es iſt bemerkenswerth, daß die reichhaltigſte Quelle rheinfränkiſcher Namen, das Schenkungsbuch von Lorſch, keinen Gibelin aufweiſt. Die Namenvereinigung iſt alſo nur in Burgund vorgegangen, die Vereinigung der Sage hat aber auch das teutſche Lied. Das iſt ſonderbar, ich weiß es nicht zu erklären.

3. Frühere Geſtalt der Sage.

Dieſe Forſchung iſt ſehr weitläufig und ich bin nicht vorbereitet, ſie in ihrem ganzen Umfang zu führen, ſondern wähle nur aus, was mit den Nachweiſungen der Heimath zuſammen hängt, weil ſich Heimath und ältere Geſtalt der Sage gegenſeitig erläutern. Es iſt ein Grundſatz, der keines Beweiſes bedarf, daß Ort, Volk und Zeit die Sage verändern, daß ſie theilweis erweitert, theilweis vergeſſen wird. Die Darſtellung im Einzelnen will ich an einigen Sagen verſuchen. Forſchungen dieſer Art ſind ſchon mehrmals gemacht, ich nehme darum keine Rückſicht auf ſie, um dieſe Abhandlung nicht zu ſehr anzuſchwellen.

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*) Dieſe Annalen gehören in die Abtei Park bei Löwen, und ſind vom [illegible] Abtei von 1148 angefangen. Sie ſind ungedruckt, und die Hſ. wurde vor Kurzem nach England verkauft, ich habe jedoch von [illegible] Theile der Annalen vollſtändige Abſchrift genommen.

**) Dieſer Drachentödter iſt unter dem Volke zu Mons noch wohl bekannt, auch hat man ein Gedicht auf ihn, und der Drachenkopf wird auf der Bibliothek [illegible] bewahrt. [illegible] nach Mons kam, ſo wurde er in den Sagen des Volks ein Drachenkopf und Gilles der Drachentödter.

A. Die Harlungen.

Es iſt kein beſonderes Lied dieſer Sage übrig, ſondern ſie hat ſich in den gothiſchen Heldenliedern verloren. Die Sage iſt aber alt, obgleich nur die ſpäteren Theile des Heldenbuchs der Harlungen gedenken, denn dieſe waren bereit den Angelſachſen bekannt. Die Grundzüge ihrer Sage ſind dieſe: die Harlungen waren zwei oder drei Brüder, unmündige Söhne eines verſtorbenen Vaters, die zu Breiſach unter Obhut des getreuen Eckharts lebten. Ihr Oheim war Kaiſer Ermenrich, der ſie auf den Rath des ungetreuen Sibichs zu Ravenna henken ließ. Ihr Namen iſt Harlunge, Harlinge, Herlinge, Herelingus, Harelungi. Die Sage ſcheint ganz auf geſchichtlichem Boden zu ruhen.

1. Namen und erſte Geſtalt. Die Harlungen ſind das Königshaus der Heruler. Dieſe heißen Heruli, Ἔρουλοι, ohne die Form — ung, weil ſie ein gothiſches Volk waren, welche die Ableitung mit — ung nicht hatten. Wir finden ebenſo bei den Gothen Amali, welche von andern teutſchen Völkern Amelungen genannt wurden. Aus Heruli bildeten nördlichere Mundarten Herulinge. Nach Zeiten und Völkern wechſelten die Vocale im Namen, aus ē wurde a, und ſpäterhin im 15. Jahrh. wieder ē, aus u ward e und dies, wie gewöhnlich vor l, ausgeſtoßen, dadurch entſtand die Form Harl mit der Ableitung — ing oder ung, je nach den Mundarten. Die Grundlage zur erſten Geſtaltung der Sage gibt Jornandes (c. 23): Hermanaricus, nobilissimus Amalorum, — cum tantorum (populorum) servitio carus haberetur, non passus est, nisi et gentem Erulorum, quibus praeerat Alaricus, magna ex parte trucidatam, reliquam suae subigeret ditioni. — Nulla erat tunc gens, quae non levem armaturam in acie sua ex ipsis elegerit. Sed quamvis velocitas eorum ab aliis saepe bellantibus non evacuaretur (evincerentur?), Gothorum tamen stabilitati subjacuit et tarditati, fecitque causa fortunae ut et ipsi inter reliquas gentes Getarum regi Ermanarico servirent. Darauf nennt Jornandes noch einmal das Unglück des Volkes Erulorum caedes. Hauptſätze: Ermenrich hat die Heruler in einem blutigen, langen Kriege unterdrückt, wobei, wie ſich aus dem Schluß ergiebt, ihr königliches Geſchlecht ausgerottet wurde. Die Heruler waren im Kriege das ſchnellſte Volk. Glück und Ausdauer hat die Gothen begünſtigt. Die Zeit um 360.

Die Sage übertrug zuvörderſt den Volksnamen Harlung auf das Königshaus, und mußte das thun, weil das königliche Geſchlecht ſonſt unbekannt und dann auch vertilgt war. Das Volk aber dauerte fort, und war noch lange ein lebender Beweis der Wahrheit. Der Krieg hat lang gewährt, ſo auch in der Sage die Nachſtellung Ermenrichs. Von Verwandtſchaft wird nichts geſagt, ſie waren jedoch nach allen Anzeigen ein gothiſches Volk. Den Vaternamen hat die Sage vergeſſen, daher ſchwankt ſie darin, und die Aehnlichkeit zwiſchen Harelung und Alaric mag zur Verwirrung beigetragen haben. Die Sage, da ſie ihrer epiſchen Natur nach auf Perſönlichkeiten ruhen muß, hat nur den Mord des Königshauſes feſtgehalten und den Untergang des Volkes fallen laſſen. Die Geſchichte kennt keinen getreuen Hüter und keinen ungetreuen Rath, der lange Krieg aber zeigt Vorſicht auf der einen und Schlauheit auf der andern Seite, und ſo mögen ſich beide Charaktere eben ſo wohl in der Geſchichte als in der Sage entwickelt haben. Die Schnelligkeit der Heruler im Kriege iſt vielleicht Grundſtoff zur Sage vom Eckhart, der dem wilden Heere vorangeht. Der Beiſatz causa fortunae iſt allerdings gegen das Daſein eines Sibich: alsdann wären beide Perſonen Eckhart und Sibich die erſten Grundzüge mythiſcher Einwirkung, die erſten Ideen, die ſich in dieſer Sage verkörpert, d. h. in Perſonen dargeſtellt hätten. Doch wird Sibich noch unten hiſtoriſch auftreten, und dieſe Vermuthung bleibt nur am Eckhart haften. Dieſe erſte Sage war ſpäteſtens gegen Ende des 4. Jahrh. gebildet, man kann aber nicht behaupten, daß Eckhart und Sibich ſchon darin aufgenommen waren.

2. Letzte Geſtaltung der Sage. Odoacher war König der Rugen, Sciren und Heruler, nach Jornandes der Turcilinger. In ſeinem Kriege mit Theoderich zeigen ſich die Heruler als ſeine Hauptmacht. Er wurde von Theoderich dreimal, am Sonzo, bei Verona und an der Adda geſchlagen und, trotz ihrem Friedensſchluß, wegen Verdacht einer Verſchwörung, von Theoderich umgebracht. Dabei werden einige Umſtände von Belang erwähnt. Nach der zweiten Schlacht übergab ſich Tufa, der Feldherr Odoachers, mit ſeinem Heere und den vornehmſten des Volkes dem Theoderich. Darauf erzählt der Anonymus Valesii: missus est Tufa magister militum a Theoderico contra Odoacrem Ravennam. Veniens Faventiam Tufa obsedit Odoacrem cum exercitu, cum quo directus fuerat; et exiit Odoachar de Ravenna et venit Faventiam et Tufa tradidit Odoacri comites — Theoderici et missi sunt in ferro et adducti Ravennam. Ennodius (im panegyr. Theoderici) ſagt über ihn: perduelles — quorum caput Tufa fuit, homo in perfugarum infamia notitia veteri pollens. So verrieth Tufa zuerſt den Odoacher, dann den Theoderich, da er von einem zum andern übergieng. Die Kriegsleute, welche Odoacher in Ravenna hatte, werden Heruler genannt, und bei Erwähnung ſeines Todes ſpricht Ennodius von Herulorum agmina sua. Die Zeit 491.

Hauptſätze: Odoacher ward gegen Vertrag umgebracht, mit ihm ein großer Theil der Heruler, die ſeine Hauptſtärke waren. Tufa war der Verräther zwiſchen den Königen, und überlieferte einen Grafen Theoderichs dem Odoacher, der ihn gefeſſelt nach Ravenna bringen ließ. Dieſe Hauptſätze erſcheinen auch in der Sage, aber zum Theil verſtellt. Mit Odoacher ging zum zweitenmal das Königshaus der Heruler unter, dieſe Aehnlichkeit mit dem frühern Unglück war ein Hauptgrund für die Erhaltung der Sage, und darum blieb Ermenrich ſtehen, weil der in der Sage ſelbſt ſo geſtürzte Dieterich nicht an ſeine Stelle treten konnte. Dieſer Umſtand könnte gothiſche Ueberlieferung ſein, er iſt offenbar mildernd für das Andenken Dieterichs, eine Rückſicht, welche die unterdrückten Heruler für ihn wohl nicht gehabt haben. An einer andern Stelle haben vielleicht die Heruler die Sage zu ihrem Vortheil gewendet oder gebildet. Der Verräther Tufa gehörte nicht den Gothen ſondern den Herulern an, die Sage aber geſellt den Sibich zum Ermenrich und wirft ſomit den Verrath auf die Gothen. Dieſer Tufa ſcheint mir nämlich die Grundlage vom Sibich zu ſein, dem Weſen und Namen nach. Die Form Tufa entſpricht dem gothiſchen Dialekt (etwa Tufas), wahrſcheinlich hat er eben ſo in der heruliſchen Sprache gelautet, althochteutſch würde man Zubo erwarten, allein das angelſächſiſche Sifika und mittelh. Sibike beweiſen, daß die gothiſche Ableitung -as im Althochd. ſchon in — ikho erweitert war. Ganz richtig iſt Sibich aus Tufa nicht gebildet, ich verlange das auch nicht bei mündlicher Ueberlieferung, die durch verſchiedene Dialekte gehen mußte. Die Sage hat Tufas Verbrechen vergrößert, nach der Geſchichte hat er einen Grafen Theoderichs dem Odoacher überliefert, nach der Sage aber die Harlungen dem Ermenrich. Dieſe Vergrößerung war dadurch eingeleitet, daß Tufa ſchon bei ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen als ein Erzſchelm gegolten. Klar iſt nun, warum Jornandes den Sibich noch nicht kennt, und warum nur noch Eckhart als mythiſch übrig bleibt.

Dieſe zweite Geſtaltung der Sage führte auch den Todesort der Harlungen ein, Ravenna. Das iſt durch Odoachers Ermordung veranlaßt. Dadurch erklärt ſich, warum die Sage Italien als Schauplatz angibt. Wäre ſie bei der erſten Abfaſſung geblieben, ſo hätte ſie Ravenna nicht einführen können, das aber geſchah, weil ſie ihren Inhalt an das ähnliche Unglück Odoachers anknüpfte, womit dann Ermenrich nach Italien und die Verwirrung in die Sage kam. Noch viel größer wurde der Wirrwarr in der Ravennaſchlacht, die hiſtoriſch ihre Grundlage in den drei Schlachten Odoachers hat, aber den Ermenrich an die Stelle Odoachers ſetzt.

Die Erwähnung Breiſachs gehört auch der erſten Geſtaltung an und mag geſchichtlichen Grund darin haben, daß die letzten Reſte der Verwandtſchaft Odoachers ſich zu den Alemannen am Oberrhein geflüchtet, und Breiſach erhalten haben. Daß die Heruler zerſtreut wurden, ſieht man auch daraus, daß ein Theil ſpäter unter den Thüringern lebte *). Die letzte Geſtalt der Sage hat ſich alſo wahrſcheinlich am Oberrhein zu Anfang des 6. Jahrhunderts gebildet.

B. Die Hasdinger und Wölfingen.

Dieſe Andeutungen will ich beiläufig mit aufnehmen, obgleich ſie nicht eigentlich zu meinem Zweck gehören, denn es iſt ſchwer, ſich auf eine Sage zu beſchränken, weil ihr Zuſammenhang zu vielſeitig iſt.

Erſte Geſtaltung der Sage. Die Hasdinger (Asdinger) waren das Königsgeſchlecht der Vandalen, unter welchen ſich König Hunerich durch ſchreckliche Grauſamkeit gegen die Familie berüchtigt machte. Victor von Vita erzählt (de persecutione Vandalica, bei Ruinart), Hunericus desiderans post obitum suum filiis, quod non contigit, regnum statuere, Theodericum fratrem filiosque ejus, Gentonisque fratris nihilominus filios crudeliter coepit insequi, quorum nullum dimitteret, nisi ei mors desiderii sui voluntatem auferret (ein Charakter wie Chlodowech I.) Primo scilicet uxorem Theoderici fratris astutam (credo, ne forte maritum aut maiorem filium, quia prudens et sapiens videbatur, consiliis sanioribus adversus tyrannum armaret), crimine imposito, gladio eam interfici iubet. Post quam occiditur et ille filius magnus (l. maior), literis institutus, cui secundum constitutionem Geiserici, eo quod maior (d. h. älter) omnibus esset, regnum inter nepotes potissimum debebatur. — Tunc et Gentonis maiorem filium, nomine Godagis, cum uxore, absque solatio

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*) Bei Caſſiodor (Variar. III. 3.) wird [illegible] von Thüringen [illegible]: Erulorum, Guarnorum (i. e. Warnorum) et Thoringorum re- [illegible]

servi aut ancillae, crudeli exilio delegavit, fratrem vero Theodericum, post occisionem uxoris et filii, nudum atque destitutum similiter relegavit. Post cujus mortem filium, qui supererat, infantulum, duasque filias ejus adultas, impositas asinis, longius affligendo projecit.

Das ſind die Grundzüge von Dieterichs Flucht, und dieſer Dieterich war urſprünglich der wandaliſche Theoderich, den die Sage mit dem Gothiſchen zu einer Perſon verſchmolzen. Ihm gegenüber ſtand ſein grauſamer Bruder Hunerich, für welchen die Sage den Ermenrich abermals einführte. Nach der Sage mußte Dieterich in ſeiner Jugend flüchten, hier hat ſie nicht den wandaliſchen Theoderich, ſondern die Erinnerung an ſeinen unmündigen zweiten Sohn vor Augen, eine Verwechſelung, die vielleicht das Mitleid erhöhen ſollte. Im Liede verbannt Ermenrich ſeinen einzigen Sohn Friderich zu den Wilzen, das iſt Verbildung, die nur eine Hindeutung enthält, wie Hunerich ſeine Brüder ins Elend jagte. Ermenrich ſtarb eines traurigen Todes und verlor alles, auch eine Andeutung, daß nach Hunerichs Tode ſeine Familie nicht zur Regierung kam, ſondern ein Sohn ſeines Bruders Genzo. Die Untreue Ermenrichs, welche die Lieder ſo ſehr hervorheben, hat demnach die Bedeutung der Grauſamkeit und des Mordes gegen Blutsverwandte. Hiltebrant kommt in der Geſchichte nicht vor, kann aber recht gut ein getreuer Lehnsmann ſein, der den wandaliſchen Königs-Sohn in Armuth und Elend begleitet hat. Später läßt er ſich deutlicher nachweiſen.

Die Hauptverwirrung hat Ermenrich hervorgebracht, weil er für drei andere Perſonen eintreten mußte, nämlich in den Harlungen für den gothiſchen Theoderich, in der Ravennaſchlacht für den Odoacher, und in der Flucht für den Hunerich. Die hiſtoriſche Grundlage mußte dadurch aus ihren Fugen gehen und es konnte eine ſolche Menge fremdartigen Stoffes auf den Namen gehäuft werden, daß er immer mehr mythiſch wurde. Man ſieht aber auch daraus, wie feſt bereits Ermenrich in der Sage ſtand, und wie er ſchon zum Mythus überging, da er ſo frühe ſchon andere Perſonen vertrat, alſo eine allgemeinere Bedeutung annahm. Daher denn auch der Zuſammenhang der Flucht mit den Harlungen, die in der Wirklichkeit durchaus nicht zuſammenhingen und nur durch den Ermenrich verbunden wurden. Die zwei Harlungen, die er umbringen läßt, ſind deutlich genug die zwei Söhne des wandaliſchen Theoderich, welche Hunerich ermorden ließ. Es iſt denn etwas aus der wandaliſchen Sage in die Heruliſche übergegangen. Die Sage von der Flucht muß ſich aber zu gleicher Zeit mit jener der Harlungen gebildet haben.

2. Zweite Geſtaltung der Sage. Man findet in der erſten Grundlage nichts, was auf die Hünen und Wölfingen Bezug hätte, dieſe Zuthaten mögen daher einer ſpätern Zeit angehören. Ich glaube, ſie ſind langobardiſchen Urſprungs. Sagenreich waren die Langobarden, weniger dichteriſch, ſonſt hätten ſie ihrem Stoffe nach wohl ein eigenes Lied von der Flucht hervorgebracht. Denn in ihrer Geſchichte waren die Grundzüge dazu vorhanden, die ich in folgenden Hauptzügen zuſammen ſtelle. König Aripert I. hatte das Reich unter zwei Söhne getheilt. Bürgerkrieg war die Folge, der Herzog Grimoald von Benevent ward zu Hülfe gerufen, brachte den einen Bruder verrätheriſch um, zwang den andern Bertharith zum Chan der Avaren zu entfliehen, und warf ſich zum König auf, indem er eine Tochter des Aripert zur Frau nahm. Der Chan ward durch Drohungen gezwungen, den Flüchtling herauszugeben. Bertharith ging ſelbſt zu ſeinem Schwager Grimoald zurück, der ihn eine Zeitlang gut behandelte, aber durch Höflinge eingeſchüchtert, ihn umbringen wollte. Bertharith entfloh mit Hülfe ſeiner Getreuen zu den Franken. Grimoald ehrte die Treue ſo, daß er ihm ſeine Diener beſchenkt nachſchickte. Da bald darauf Grimoald mit den Franken Händel bekam, ſo hielt ſich Bertharith in Frankreich nicht ſicher, und floh zu den Sachſen nach Britannien. Nach Grimoalds Tod (671) kam er zurück, ſtieß deſſen unmündigen Sohn vom Throne und nahm ſein väterliches Reich wieder in Beſitz *).

Hier ſind die Grundzüge jenen der früheren Sage ſehr ähnlich. Bertharith verliert ſein väterliches Reich, Dieterich auch, beide kommen nach dem Tode des Feindes wieder in Beſitz. Ermenrich ſteht alſo hier zum viertenmal für eine andere Perſon, für den Grimoald, und die Sage iſt auch hier getreu, da ſie zwiſchen dieſem Ermenrich und Dieterich die Verwandtſchaft feſthält, denn Bertharith und Grimoald waren Schwäger. Nun erklärt ſich die Flucht zu den Hünen, es iſt die Flucht Berthariths zu den Avaren oder nachherigen Ungarn, welche demnach in der Sage mit den Hunnen identificirt wurden. Der Chan der Avaren iſt ſomit der Etzel der Sage. Ebenſo tritt der alte Hiltebrant hier deutlich ein, er iſt der Repräſentant der treuen Diener, die ihrem Herrn Bertharith zu ſeiner zweiten Flucht nach Frankreich behülflich waren, deren Treue ſelbſt Grimoald ehren mußte. Ich konnte ihn bei der wandaliſchen Grundlage nicht nachweiſen, daß er der langobardiſchen angehört, zeigt ſich aus obigem und aus dem Namen ſelbſt, denn er iſt rein langobardiſch, da bei dieſem Volke die Form —brant ſehr gebräuchlich war (Anſprant, Liutprant ꝛc.), nicht aber bei den Gothen und Wandalen. Die dreimalige Flucht Berthariths hat den Begriff der Flucht in die Sage tief eingeprägt, und da er zu Franken und Sachſen kam, ſo iſt es begreiflich, warum auch der Norden von dem fliehenden Dieterich Kunde erhielt. Nun wird mir auch deutlich, warum die Angelſachſen eine verhältnißmäßig ſo vollſtändige Kenntniß vom Ermenrich, den Harlungen, Sibich — überhaupt vom Dieterichiſchen Kreiſe beſaßen; ſie haben ſie nämlich von den flüchtigen Langobarden bekommen, die ihren Herrn mit dem fliehenden Dieterich mit Recht zuſammen ſtellten und deshalb dieſe Sage vorzüglich gekannt und verbreitet haben. Das würde meine obige Angabe beſtärken, daß die Sage von Dieterichs Flucht bereits zu Anfang des 6. Jahrhunderts ſchon gebildet war. Darum konnte Bertharith nicht mehr eintreten und den Dieterich verdrängen, eben ſo wenig als Grimoald den Ermenrich, aber die Geſchichte der jüngeren Fürſten lieferte Zuſätze zu der älteren Sage, wodurch ſie erweitert und weſentlich verändert wurde. Denn nur aus dieſer zweiten Geſtaltung iſt das gute Vernehmen erklärbar, daß eine Zeitlang zwiſchen Ermenrich und Dieterich (Grimoald und Bertharith) geherrſcht hat, die wandaliſche Geſchichte enthält nichts davon. Die Nebenperſonen haben beſtimmtere Umriſſe erhalten; Sibich fand ſeine neue Beſtätigung unter den Höflingen Grimoalds, denen wohl auch Ribſtein, Sibichs Geſell, angehören mochte. Ich vermuthe dies, weil die Sage Gleichſtellung liebt, nämlich zwei Verräther Sibich und Ribſtein, zwei Getreuen Eckhart und Hiltebrant.

In dieſe zweite Geſtaltung der Sage ſcheinen mir auch die Wölfingen aufgenommen, wovon wir früher keine Spur angetroffen. Doch ruht die Nachweiſung, die ich geben kann, auf ſchwachem Boden und ich theile ſie mit, weil ich nichts beſſeres kenne. Möge es ein Anderer beſſer treffen. Die geſchichtliche Grundlage ſcheint nämlich dieſe: dem König Grimoald empörte ſich ſein Herzog Lupus von Friaul; da jener den Bürgerkrieg vermeiden wollte, ſo rief er die Avaren in's Land, die den Lupus unterdrückten, worauf Grimoald deſſen Tochter mit ſeinem Sohne vermählte und die Avaren durch Liſt wieder hinaus brachte. Man ſieht, daß ich auf den Namen Lupus losſteuere, und lächelt im Voraus, nun, das darf auch dabei ſein. Lupus heißt der Wolf, daß aber ein lombardiſcher Herzog einen lateiniſchen Namen im 7. Jahrhundert führt, das klingt verdächtig, und es iſt wahrſcheinlich, daß der lateiniſche Chroniſt dem Namen die Ehre der Ueberſetzung angethan. Die Leute des Herzogs Wolf müſſen Wölfingen heißen, nun, da wären ſie ja ohne große Um- und Abſchweife. Die Sage erklärt aber die Wölfingen für das Geſchlecht Hiltebrands, da brauchen wir den Lupus gar nicht, aber genau betrachtet iſt es nicht ſo. Hiltebrands Geſchlecht gehörte zwar zu den Wölfingen, dieſe waren aber ein zahlreiches Volk, welches zum Theil unter Dieterich, zum Theil unter Ermenrich diente, alſo mit ſich ſelbſt zwieträchtig war. Dieſen Umſtand kann ich erſt im Folgenden aufhellen.

Dritte Geſtaltung der Sage. Außer den Wölfingen behält die Sage noch den eigenthümlichen Punkt, daß Dieterich mit Hülfe der Hünen und Wölfingen ſein väterliches Reich erobert. Aber auch dafür finden ſich die hiſtoriſchen Grundzüge bei den Langobarden und zwar bis in Einzelheiten der Sage hinab. Ich ſtelle ſie wieder zuſammen: Kunibert, Berthariths Sohn, hatte zum Vormünder ſeines Sohnes den Anſprant beſtimmt. Allein Ragumbert, ein Neffe Berthariths und damals Herzog von Turin, ſchlug den Anſprant und riß das Reich an ſich. Er ſtarb ſchon 701, aber ſein Sohn Aripert II. folgte ihm, ſchlug alle Anhänger des verſtorbenen Kuniberts, bekam ſeinen Sohn gefangen und zwang den Anſprant, zuerſt auf eine Inſel, dann nach Baiern zu flüchten. Aripert wüthete gegen ſeine Verwandten mit Mord und Verſtümmelung, und ſuchte durch geheuchelte Armuth auswärtige Freunde zu täuſchen und abzuhalten. Anſprant drang aber mit Hülfe der Baiern in die Lombardei ein, ſchlug den Aripert, der ſich mit ſeinen Schätzen nach Frankreich flüchten wollte, aber weil er über den Teſſino ſchwimmen mußte, von ihrem Gewicht hinabgezogen wurde und ertrank. Anſprant ward König 712, und nach ſeinem baldigen Tode folgte ſein Sohn Liutprant.

Hier iſt Ermenrich die fünfte Perſon, nämlich Aripert II., das iſt der geizige, karge Ermenrich *), der den großen Schatz be-

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*) Paul. Diac. lib. V. passim.

*) W. Grimm d. Heldenſage p. 160 [illegible]; [illegible]

ſitzt, wovon die ältere Sage nichts weiß. Ansprant der Vormund iſt nun beſtimmter Hiltebrant, weil aber das Geſchlecht Kuniberts umgebracht wurde, und Ansprant mit ſeinem Sohne das Reich für ſich eroberte, ſo hat die Sage ihrer Conſequenz wegen die hiſtoriſchen Perſonen aufopfern müſſen, d. h. ſie hat den Dieterich, der im Liede ſchon feſtgewurzelt ſtand, behalten, obgleich er in dieſer dritten Geſtaltung den Liutprant vertrat. In der Sage ſtehen daher Hiltebrant und Dieterich, in der Geſchichte Ansprant und Liutprant. Dietrich kömmt über die Berge nach der Lombardi mit den Wölfingen und Hünen, warum aber ſind die Baiern vergeſſen, warum iſt die Schlacht nach Ravenna verlegt? Die Baiern fehlen, weil die Hünen und Wölfingen ſich bereits in der Sage feſtgeſetzt hatten. Die Ravennaſchlacht blieb, weil auch ſie ſchon lang bei der Bildung der Hartunger Sage im Beſitz der Ueberlieferung war. Vielleicht aber haben die Baiern bei ihren vielfachen Verhältniſſen mit den Langobarden auf die letzte Geſtaltung der Sage, ſo wie auf deren Erhaltung bedeutenden Einfluß gehabt. Denn bis zur Auflöſung des Herzogthums hielt dieſer baieriſch-langobardiſche Zuſammenhang durch die Ehe Taſſilo II. mit der Tochter des letzten Lombardenkönigs Deſiderius.

Die Hülfe der Hünen iſt aus der Geſchichte Bertharits hinzugekommen, weil er bei den Avaren war, die geflüchteten Wölfingen ſind die Langobarden von Friaul, wovon ein Theil mit den Avaren vor Grimoald auszog, ein anderer zurückkehrte oder blieb, und ſo wieder in ſeine Dienſte trat. Dies iſt die natürlichſte Erklärung. Denn daß die vornehmen Lombarden, die ſich mit Lupus empört hatten, die Rache Grimoalds fürchten mußten, iſt klar. Als Grimoald die Avaren wieder hinausjagte, was konnten die friauliſchen Rebellen beſſeres thun, als ſich mit den Avaren zurückziehen? Daß ein Theil dieß gethan habe, gibt die Sage zu verſtehen. Nun aber war Bertharith bei den Avaren, ein Theil der Wölfingen auch, faſt zu gleicher Zeit, d. h. der Fürſt und ein Theil ſeines Volkes waren bei den Avaren im Elend. Was war natürlicher, als daß die Sage die geflüchteten Lombarden zum Haus- und Heergeſinde des geflüchteten Königs machte? Das waren ſie ja auch in der That, und ſo ſcheinen mir wenigſtens die Wölfingen kein Hinderniß gegen die hiſtoriſche Grundlage. Die zweite Geſtaltung hätte ſich dann nach 660 gebildet, die dritte nach 712. Daß die Wölfingen von ihrem Wappen (drei goldenen Wölfen in einem blauen Ring) den Namen haben, wie das Lied vom Wolfdieterich ſagt, ſcheint mir überhaupt eine Zugabe des 14. Jahrh., um den unverſtändlichen Namen verſtändlich zu machen. W. Grimm (Heldenſage p. 233.) erkennt nur den Ring für eine falſche etymologiſche Zuthat.

C. Die Gibelinen.

Namen und Weſen dieſer urſprünglich kaiſerlichen Partei in Italien ſind bekannt, nicht ſo ihr Einfluß auf die Sage, der hier zu unterſuchen iſt. Dieſen Einfluß hätten ſie nicht erhalten, wären ſie nicht eine politiſche Macht geweſen, die auch äußerlich auf die Volksgeſchichte gewirkt hat, denn nur auf wirkliche Thatkraft in der Geſchichte nimmt die Heldenſage Rückſicht.

Gibelinen ſind karolingiſche Burgunden, ſo kann ich ſie am beſten von den Gibichingen, oder reinen Burgunden, unterſcheiden. Das Reich und Königshaus dieſer alten Burgunden wurde durch Chlodowechs Söhne 534 vernichtet. Unter fränkiſchen Königen dauerte aber der Name des Landes, auch als eines beſondern Reiches fort. Das kann viel beigetragen haben, daß ſie der Sage nicht abſtarben. Denn von den Gibichingen rührt ein Grundſtoff der Sage her; er gehörte wie es ſcheint, einem hochdeutſchen Volke an, da, nach den Namensformen und Volksdenkmalen zu ſchließen, die Burgunden eine hochdeutſche Mundart geredet haben *).

Bei der Abnahme der Karolinger erhoben ſich die neuburgundiſchen Reiche, Niederburgund durch Boſo I. im Jahr 879, Hochburgund durch Rudolf im Jahr 888; beide wurden vereint im Jahr 933, und kamen nach Ausſterben der männlichen Linie 1032 durch Erbſchaft der fränkiſchen Kaiſer an das teutſche Reich. Die Könige von Neuburgund waren in weiblicher Linie mit den letzten Karolingern verwandt.

Dieſe Ereigniſſe haben auf die Sage mehrfach gewirkt. Dreihundert und fünfzig Jahre waren die Burgunden durch die fränkiſche Herrſchaft mit dieſem Volke in naher Berührung und in engem Verhältniß, ihre neuen Königshäuſer ſind aus dem fränkiſchen hervorgegangen, Volk und Fürſten haben fränkiſchen Einfluß erfahren. Daß die Sage eine ähnliche Vermiſchung wie die beiden Völker erlitten, iſt faſt eine nothwendige Annahme und wird durch die Form Gibelin, die ſich wahrſcheinlich ſchon im 10. Jahrhundert gebildet hat, beſtätigt. Viel früher wird man ſie auch ſchwerlich antreffen, denn ſie iſt das Reſultat einer Geſammtmiſchung. Dies voraus, um die verſchiedenen Geſtaltungen der Sage zu erklären.

1. **Erſte Bildung der Sage.** Die Gibichingen haben zur Sage geliefert die Grundzüge zur Nibelungen-Noth durch ihre Niederlage, die ſie von Attila (um 450.) erlitten. Dieſe Noth ſteht ſchon im Chronicon Prosperi ganz ſagenhaft vergrößert: Gunthicarium Hunni cum populo suo ac stirpe deleverunt, denn geſchichtlich iſt das eine baare Lüge, weil das Volk ſich erhalten hat. Man ſieht aber wie früh ſich die Sage dieſes Ereigniſſes bemächtigt und warum auch die Gothen eingeführt ſind. Die Gibichingen waren Weſtgothen und zwar Walinger, die Gothen der Nibelungen Noth ſind Weſtgothen, die bei Châlons sur Marne noch viel mörderiſcher gegen Attila fochten als die Burgunden. Die Verwandtſchaft der Häuſer, die Aehnlichkeit des Volksunglücks hat in der Sage Burgunden und Weſtgothen zur Nibelungen Noth vereint. Allein ſie ſtehen ſich hier feindlich gegenüber, Nibelungen gegen Amelungen, wovon nachher.

Wie kommt aber Sigfrit mit den Burgunden zuſammen? d. h. wer iſt Chriemhilt? denn jener bleibt noch außer Acht. In der Edda heißt ſie Gudrun und ihre Mutter Grimhild, bei jener führt aber die Edda zweimal ein Wortſpiel an, was mir auffällt, nämlich: „Sigfrit gab der Gudrun von Fafners Herz zu eſſen, und ſeitdem ward ſie viel grimmiger," ſodann ſagt Brunhilt zu Gudrun: „Du haſt ein grimmiges Herz"*). Entweder hat man damit etwas in den Namen Chriemhilt legen wollen, oder iſt die Anlehnung an eine hiſtoriſche Perſon Schuld, daß in der teutſchen Sage Chriemhilt ſtehen geblieben. Die Grundlage ſcheint mir nämlich folgende: Chilperich II. (in der Edda Hjálprekr) war König von einem Theile Burgunds, ſeine Tochter war Chlotilde (die Chriemhilt der Sage), ſie nahm zur Ehe den Frankenkönig Chlodowech I., er ſtarb jung und hinterließ ſeine Wittwe mit den drei Söhnen Chlodomer, Childebert, Chlotachar (Erp, Hamdir, Sörli). Gundobad von Burgund hatte nach dem Gerüchte ſeinen Bruder Chilperich umbringen, und deſſen Frau mit einem Steine ertränken laſſen. Es war Haß mit Chlotilde. Als aber Sigmunt ſeinen eigenen Sohn Sigerich auf falſchen Verdacht der Herrſchſucht und auf Anſtiften ſeiner zweiten Frau ermordet hatte, reizte Chlotilde ihre Söhne, die Burgunden zu bekriegen. Sigmunt ward gefangen und umgebracht, aber im zweiten Kriege fiel Chlodomer bei Vienne.

Ich bin weit entfernt, hierin die Sage vollkommen wieder zu finden, den Jonakurs Söhne ſind ſchon als Chlothilds Kinder, und die Rache an Sigmunt, ſo wie der Fall Chlodomers, gleichen nur ſchwach dem Ende Jormunreks und Erps. Aber deutlicher ſind Hjalprekr und Chriemhilt aus der Geſchichte in die Sage eingetreten, denn eine gewiſſe Aehnlichkeit dieſer Ereigniſſe mit der Sage läßt ſich nicht verkennen. Darin muß auch der Grund liegen, warum man ſolche und ähnliche Begebenheiten an die Sage angereiht und die hiſtoriſchen Perſonen darin aufgenommen. Weiter finde ich aber in der altburgundiſchen Geſchichte nichts, was auf die Geſtaltung der Sage Einfluß gehabt hätte, und dieſe erſte Bildung enthält ſchon zwei weſentliche Elemente, die Noth und Chriemhilt, wovon dieſe ſogar hiſtoriſch ſpäter nachzuweiſen iſt als die Noth ſelbſt, die ſie doch nach der Sage herbeigeführt hat. Ich zweifle ſtark, ob die Chriemhilt der gothiſchen Sage bekannt war, kein Zeitgenoſſe berichtet beim Tode Attilas etwas von ihr, und was W. Grimm (Heldenſ. 9) über deſſen Tod aus Schriften des 9., 11. und 12. Jahrhunderts anführt, das iſt ja zum Theil ſelbſt aus der Sage entlehnt und vielleicht entſtellt. Daß Jornandes die Swanhild kennt, folgt daraus nothwendig, daß er die Chriemhilt (oder Gudrun) gekannt habe, weil die alte Edda die Mutter der Swanhild anführt? das wäre ein bündiger Schluß. Iſt aber Chriemhilt erſt im 6. Jahrhundert in die Sage aufgenommen, der ſie allein Zuſammenhang und Ende giebt, ſo erſcheint die doppelte Frage, ob dieß der eigentliche Anfang der Sage iſt, oder Chriemhilt eine ältere Perſon erſetzt hat? Da ſie im teutſchen Liede den Kern bildet und ſo ausführlich behandelt iſt, ſo bin ich geneigt, ihr wenigſtens bei den Süddeutſchen einen ſo frühen Urſprung zuzuſchreiben, weil ſie ſonſt doch wohl fragmentariſcher, ſo wie Brunhilt, dargeſtellt wäre.

2. **Zweite Geſtaltung der Sage.** Es iſt bekannt, daß der zweite Theil der Nibelungen eine viel genauere und mehr vollendete Behandlung zeigt als der erſte. Das iſt ein ſicherer Beweis, daß die Sage darin eine ſpätere Bildung hat. Die größere Wärme der Darſtellung rührt von näherer Betrachtung eines ähnlichen Lebens her, d. h. es müſſen den letzten Dichtern lebendige Ereigniſſe ganz nah gelegen ſein, aus welchen ſie die Ausſchmückung des alten Stoffes herbeizogen. Weil aber die alten Namen im Liede ſchon feſt ſtanden, ſo konnten die neuen Vorbilder nur zur Erweiterung und Ausſchmückung der ältern dienen. Die hiſtoriſchen Punkte ſind dieſe:

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*) Die weſtlichen Schweizermundarten, welche zu Burgund gehörten, ſind hochdeutſch. Das [illegible] in der [illegible] Mundart [illegible] unteutſchen Urſprung des Gebiets. Die Nibelungenlieder ſagen Gibeche, nicht Gibico.

*) Die Edda nach Raſk, p. 232. 236.

Seitdem Rudolf von Burgund die Lombardei eroberte (922), wurden die Sibelinen (Neuburgunden) nach Italien gezogen. Mit den Burgunden hingen die Schwaben durch Wechſelheirathen und ſchon als Nachbarn immer zuſammen, und in den italieniſchen Kriegen wurden die Ungarn von den Feinden Rudolfs gebraucht. Rudolf ließ ſich mit Hermengart von Toscana in Liebeleien ein, die beinahe mit ſeinem Tode geendigt hätten. Er verlor Italien, aber Hugo von Niederburgund ward nach ihm Herr, deſſen Sohn Lothar II. die Tochter Rudolfs Adelheit in ihrem 16. Jahre zur Frau bekam (947). Nach drei Jahren ſtarb Lothar nach allgemeiner Sage an Gift, das ihm durch die Anhänger ſeines Feindes Berengar und deſſen böſer Frau Willa beigebracht war (949). Dieſe beiden wünſchten ſehr, daß Adelheit ihren Sohn Adelbert heirathen möchte. Adelheit war durch ihre Schönheit und Tugend berühmt, und wurde es jetzt noch mehr durch ihr Unglück und ihre Standhaftigkeit. Sie ſchlug den Adelbert aus, und erzürnte dadurch den Berengar, noch mehr aber die Willa, ſo, daß man ſie auf der Flucht ergriff, alle ihre Schätze nahm, ſie in ein finſteres Loch einſperrte und mit Fauſtſchlägen und Haarausreißen mißhandelte*). Sie entkam auf das Schloß Canoſſa, wo ſie Albert Azzo in Schutz nahm, bis Otto I., den ſie zu Hülfe gerufen, ſie befreite und ehelichte (951). Bald darauf brachte Otto den Ungarn die große Niederlage bei (955). Nach Otto's Tod ward ſie am Hofe ihres Sohnes verläumdet, weil ſie nicht gut mit deſſen Frau Theophano ſtand, ſie wich den Hofparteien aus und ging zu ihrem Bruder Conrad nach Burgund. Otto II. reute jedoch ſein Benehmen, er ſchickte ihr eine Geſandtſchaft, und lud ſie nach Pavia zur Verſöhnung ein, wohin ſie auch kam. Sie baute viele Klöſter, war ſehr mildthätig, hatte prophetiſche Gaben, indem ſie das Unglück ihres Enkels Otto III. vorherſagte, und ſtarb im Jahr 1000**).

Dieſe Sibelinin Adelheit hat manche Züge zu dem Bilde der Chriemhilt geliefert, wie es die letzte Bearbeitung uns zeigt. Beide Weiber waren volksverwandt, beide hatten ähnliches Schickſal. Sehr jung war Adelheit verheirathet, Gudrun auch; ihr Mann ward ermordet nach kurzer Ehe, Sigfrit auch; Willa ſtand der Adelheit gegenüber, wie Brunhilt der Chriemhilt; man nahm der Adelheit Alles und mißhandelte ſie, ſo ging es der Chriemhilt; Otto wurde der zweite Gemahl der Adelheit, Etzel der Chriemhilt; Otto lieferte die große Ungarnſchlacht, Etzel die Nibelungen Noth; Adelheits Mann Otto, ihr Lehrer Eggemann, ihr Beſchützer Azzo waren alles Anklänge an den Etzel der Sage, und der Fall des Sibelin hatte ſein Gegenſtück im Tode Thancward's, der Ottos Bruder war. Die Streitigkeiten mit Theophano gleichen dem Frauenzank in der Sage. Ottos II. Einladung und Verſöhnung mit ſeiner Mutter konnte auch mit dem Liede verglichen werden, Adelheits Weiſſage iſt Ute's Traum vor dem Abzug der Burgunden. Natürlich iſt die hiſtoriſche Conſolität eine ganz andere, dieſer konnte aber die Sage nicht folgen, ſo lang ſie noch Poeſie bleiben und keine Chronik werden wollte. Sie mußte ſich mit äußern Anhaltspunkten begnügen, um ihre innere Ueberzeugung zu rechtfertigen, daß in Adelheits Geſchichte die alte Mähre gleichſam wiedergeboren ſei.

Für die Darſtellung Chriemhilts iſt Adelheit Muſter geweſen, und jetzt begreift ſich die ſtandhafte Dulderin Chriemhilt, denn das iſt Einfluß des Chriſtenthums, eine halbe Heilige war ja ihr Vorbild. Nun iſt Chriemhilt mildthätig geworden, gibt mit reicher Hand den Armen, läßt Meſſen ſingen, nun ſtiftet ſie die Abtei Lorſch, nun ſträubt ſich Chriemhilt gegen den Etzel wegen dem Heidenthum, lauter Dinge, wovon in der ältern verbliebenen Abfaſſung keine Spur zu finden. Die Weihe und Milde, womit Chriemhilt in den Abentheuern vom Mord und Begräbniß gehalten, die innige Theilnahme, womit ſie im ganzen zweiten Theile behandelt iſt, verräth zu ſehr eine chriſtliche Erneuerung und Ausführung, als daß wir dieſe Parthien des Liedes vor das 11. Jahrh. zurückſetzen können. Noch war aber die Sage ſtärker und lebendiger als der äußere Einfluß, ſie hat von dieſem entlehnt, was zu ihrem Schmucke dienen konnte, ihre eigene Conſiſtenz hat ſie aber dem äußeren Einfluß nicht aufgeopfert.

So ſcheint mir dieſe letzte Ausbildung des Liedes in das Jahrhundert der fränkiſchen Kaiſer zu fallen. Sie vereinten in ſich ſo vieles, was zur Erhaltung, Anknüpfung und Vollendung der Sage beitragen mußte. Sie waren Franken karolingiſcher Abkunft, Herzogen zu Worms, der einzigen Stadt, von welcher damals ein Herzogthum genannt wurde, ſie waren durch Heirath Sibelinen (Conrad II. mit Giſela), — das ſcheinen mir lauter Hauptbedingungen zum Fortleben und zur Ganzheit der Heldenſage. Denn nur die Nibelungen ſind eine Ganzheit, nur ſie haben eine ſtrenge innere Conſequenz, die gothiſchen Sagen ſind Fragmente, weil die ſpätere Volksgeſchichte keine Begebenheit aufzeigte, an welche man die Localität der Sage hätte anknüpfen können.

3. **Ethnographiſche Sonderbarkeit.** Statt aufzuklären ſcheinen die Nachweiſungen noch mehr zu verwirren. Allein man bedenke das bewegte Leben der teutſchen Völker jener Zeit und die ungemeinen Veränderungen, die ſie erlitten, und man wird es natürlich finden, daß die Heldenſage aus einem bunten Gemiſche von Begebenheiten gebildet iſt. Zu dieſem Satze will ich eine eigene Beſtätigung geben, um zu beweiſen, wie ſehr die teutſchen Völker, und zwar gerade auf dem Hauptſchauplatz der Sage, durch einander geworfen wurden. In den vier Gauen um Worms trifft man die Spuren von ſechs teutſchen Völkern an. So nah beiſammen wird man in ganz Teutſchland die Burgunden, Franken, Sachſen, Frieſen, Schwaben und Langobarden nicht finden. Ich will ſie angeben. 1) **Franken.** Ueberhaupt iſt die Totalität der Einwohner im Speier- und Wormsgau fränkiſch, beſondere Zeugniſſe ſind Franko-no-dal, die Stadt Frankenthal zwiſchen Mannheim und Worms, kommt ſchon vor 772.; Frankono-vurt, Frankfurt von gleichem Alter. Beide Oerter ſind nach dem **Volke** genannt, Frankenſtein und dergleichen Namen, die von einzelnen **Perſonen** gebildet ſind, können hier nicht beachtet werden. 2) **Schwaben** Suabo-heim (mansio vel habitatio Suevorum), jetzt Schwabenheimer Hof zwiſchen Heidelberg und Ladenburg am Neckar, kommt vor 779; Suabo-heim, an der Zelz, jetzt Pfaffen-Schwabenheim, um es von Sur-Schwabenheim zu unterſcheiden, 776. 3) **Langobarden.** Langobardonheim, der Flecken Lampertheim, Worms gegenüber, v. 832. 4) **Frieſen.** Frisonoheim, heißt noch ſo; Dorf zwiſchen Mannheim und Oggersheim, 770. Dies kann auch von Friso kommen, aber die volle Endung — ono iſt ſelbſt bei den Franken in — on verkürzt worden, ſo daß von dieſem on nur mit Vorſicht auf ein nom. prop. geſchloſſen werden darf. 5) **Sachſen.** Sachsenhausen bei Frankfurt und die drei Sachson-heim an der Bergſtraße zwiſchen Heidelberg und Weinheim v. 779. 6) **Burgunden.** Der Wald Burgundhart in der Heppenheimer Mark, v. 773. Mit großer Wahrſcheinlichkeit darf man noch **Thüringer** und vielleicht **Heruler** hinzuzählen, die zwei Thorinch-heim (die Stadt Dürkheim an der Hard und das Dorf unterhalb Worms) v. 770. aus Thoringo-heim verkürzt, denn das nom. prop. Durinc, Thorinc kommt in der ganzen Gegend nicht vor. Herlesheim, Hernsheim bei Worms, iſt wegen der Singularform zweifelhaft, obgleich der [illegible] von Harel, Herel, Heril etc. [illegible]. Will man weiter gehen, was heißt Walahastadt, Wallſtatt zwiſchen Ladenburg und Mannheim (768), anders als locus Gallorum? Wahlſtatt gäbe die nächſte Erklärung, wenn nicht die ältere Form entſcheidend Walahastat wäre.

D. Die Nibelungen.

Die Franken oder die Karolinger haben **urſprünglich** dieſen Namen nicht geführt, ich kann die verſchiedenen Bildungen der Sage nur dadurch andeuten, daß ich dieſen allgemeinen Namen nach den Völkern eintheile, die ihn angenommen. Es gab fränkiſche, ſächſiſche und teutſche Nibelungen, wovon dieſe die jüngſten waren. Ich will ſie einzeln betrachten.

1) **Die fränkiſchen Nibelungen.** Die Franken ſcheinen der Sage den Sigfrit und die Brunhilt, wenigſtens dem Namen nach, gegeben zu haben. Die Sache iſt ſchon von Andern erwähnt worden, ich muß ſie aber des Zuſammenhangs wegen auch berühren und etwas anders auffaſſen.

a. **Der erſte Sigfrit.** Um Beiſpiele von Verwandtenmord zu finden, braucht man in der Merowingergeſchichte nicht verlegen zu ſein, doch finden ſich nur zwei, die mit der Sage des Sigfritmordes nähere Beziehung haben. Sigbert, König der Ripuarier, hatte ſein Reich am Niederrhein und wohnte zu Cöln, ſein Sohn Chlorerich ließ den Vater im Buchenwald (Silva Buchonia) ermorden und da er die Rache Chlodowechs fürchten mußte, bot er dieſem die Hälfte des väterlichen Schatzes an.

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*) Vita Adelheidis, bei Canis. lectt. ant. III, 50, l. c. 1. 2. a quibus [illegible] capta, diversis angustiis [illegible], capillis [illegible], frequenter pugnis [illegible] et calcibus. Man ſieht daß [illegible] den Otto v. Cluny [illegible] iſt es von einem Zeitgenoſſen, der die Adelheit perſönlich gekannt hat. Die Abfaſſung iſt einfach.

**) Vita Adelh. l. c. 1. [illegible] (Theophanu) [illegible] Otto III. [illegible]

Chlodowech ließ ihn über der Theilung ermorden und nahm ſein Reich, um 509. Statt [illegible] ſetzt die Geſchichte einen Vatermord, ſtatt dem Odenwald den Buchenwald, ſtatt Santhen Köln, das niederländiſche Reich aber hat die Geſchichte mit der Sage gemein. Der Schatz ſpielt auf den Hort an, die Ermordung Chararichs über der Theilung auf die Erwerbung des Hortes durch Sigfrit. Im letzten Fall ſteht Chlodowech für den Sigfrit, wie wir ſchon oben bei der erſten Chriemhilt geſehen. Von Nibelungen keine Spur, vom Zwergenfürſten auch nicht.

b. Zweiter Sigfrit. Sigbert, König von Auſtraſien, hatte zwei Brüder, Guntchram von Burgund und Chilperich von Neuſtrien, mit denen er lange Zeit in Frieden lebte. Unterdeß aber beſiegte er (zwiſchen 561. und 572.) in ſchweren Kriegen die Sachſen und Dänen, als wegen Ländertheilung ſein Bruder Chilperich mit ihm ſelbſt Händel anfing (573). Während des Krieges ließ Chilperich ſeine Frau Geileſwinth umbringen, und nahm die Beiſchläferin Fredegunt zur Frau. Geileſwinth war eine Schweſter Brunhilts, der Gemahlin Sigberts, daher Todtfeindſchaft zwiſchen Fredegunt und Brunhilt. Da Sigbert überall ſiegte, ſo ließ ihn Fredegunt durch zwei Männer im Lager bei Vitry ermorden, 575. Brunhilt wurde von Chilperich bewacht, ihr Sohn ward aber gerettet, und ſie heirathete gleich darauf den Merowe, einen Sohn Chilperichs von der Audovera um ihn zur Rache an Fredegunt zu gebrauchen. Die Bürgerkriege dauerten fort, Chilperich ward umgebracht, und Brunhilt maßte ſich in Auſtraſien ſo die Herrſchaft an, daß ſie ſelbſt einmal gewaffnet unter den Kriegsleuten erſchien, und dieſe ihr drohen mußten, zurückzugeben, wenn ſie nicht von den Pferden wollte zertreten ſein. Zuletzt aber beſiegte Fredegunts Sohn Chlotacher die Auſtraſier, bekam die Brunhilt gefangen, ließ ihre Enkel umbringen, und ſie ſelbſt nach dreitägiger Marter durch ein wildes Pferd ſchleifen und ihren Leichnam verbrennen. 613.

Hierin iſt Guntram der Anklang an Gunther, dieſer aber wird durch Chilperich vertreten und Guntram iſt der nordiſche Gutorm und der teutſche Gernot. Sodann erſcheint hier der alte Sachſenkrieg, wie er etwa in den Liedern der karliſchen Sammlung vorkam, denn der neue, wie er jetzt im Liede ſteht, hat ſeine Grundlage im Kriege Karls gegen die Sachſen, was ſchon der Namen Lüdeger (Wittukint) verräth. Im Liede freien die zwei Schwäger zuſammen, in der Geſchichte die zwei Brüder. Den Mord der einen Frau hat die Sage fallen laſſen, aber die Kebſerei der andern hat ſie feſtgehalten. Möglich, daß Sigbert dem Chilperich zu ſeiner Brautwerbung behülflich geweſen, wie im Liede. Die Fredegunt der Geſchichte iſt nun die Brunhilt der Sage, und die hiſtoriſche Brunhilt iſt die ſagliche Chriemhilt. Von der hiſtoriſchen Brunhilt iſt das kriegeriſche Weſen der ſaglichen Brunhilt entlehnt und vergrößert. Die Drohung des Pferdzertretens und des Pferdſchleifens ſtimmt rückwärts mit der alten Sage der Swanhilt überein, über deren Alter jedoch ich noch keine Gewißheit habe. Sigberts Mord iſt nicht ſchwer zu vergleichen und damit klären ſich zwei Nachrichten auf. Es gab drei Berichte über Sigfrits Mord, die Teutſchen ſagen, er ſei draußen im Walde umgebracht worden; richtig, das iſt der erſte Sigfrit im Buchwald, und natürlich hat ſich dieſe Sage in Teutſchland erhalten. Andere ſagten, er ſei auf dem Wege nach dem Thing ermordet worden; auch wahr, das iſt der zweite Sigfrit, der im Lager bei Vitry gefallen, als er im Begriff war, mit ſeinem Heere den Chilperich in Tournay zur entſcheidenden Schlacht zu zwingen. Dieſe Ueberlieferung wäre dann fränkiſch, da aber die Nordländer ſie nicht unmittelbar von den Franken erhielten, ſo haben ſie auch deren Urheber nicht gekannt. Die Dritten ſagen, Sigfrit ſei ſchlafend im Bett ermordet. Dieſen dritten Sigfrit kenne ich bei den Franken nicht. Die verſchiedene Todesnachricht, die in der Sage feſtſteht, wird ſchon etwas mit der Annahme zweier Sigfrite verſöhnen.

Brunhilts Ende mit Chriemhilts zu vergleichen iſt auch nicht ſchwer. Chlotacher, der ihre zwei Enkel umbringen läßt, iſt der Hagen im Liede, der den jungen Ortlieb tödtet, Brunhilts Leiche wird verbrannt, was die Sage im brennenden Hauſe aufbewahrt, ihr Geſchlecht geht mit unter wie das der Chriemhilt. Die Sage von Sigfrit und Chriemhilt, wie ſie im erſten Theile des Liedes erſcheint, iſt demnach im Laufe des 6. u. 7. Jahrhunderts gebildet, wozu auch das Ende Chriemhilts kam, denn die alte burgundiſche Nibelungen Noth hatte keinen hiſtoriſchen Anlaß, mit dem Mord eines Weibes zu ſchließen. Nach dem Liede iſt Chriemhilt wenigſtens 56 Jahr alt in der Nibelungen Noth, Brunhilt kann bei ihrem Tode nicht viel weniger als 63 gehabt haben. Der Unterſchied iſt nicht groß, und man ſieht daraus, daß die Sage ihrer Grundlage treu geblieben, und dennoch ſtellt ſie die Chriemhilt bis an ihr Ende als eine jugendliche Schönheit dar. Das kann und darf die Sage, denn ihre Perſonen altern nicht. W. Grimm hat aber aus dieſem groben Verſtoße mehrere Dichter des Liedes gefolgert (a. a. O. 64), es folgt jedoch daraus nichts weiter, als daß man dieſe hiſtoriſche Erinnerung an Brunhilt in die Sage aufgenommen, ohne deßhalb den alten Geſtaltungen des Liedes der chronologiſchen Wahrſcheinlichkeit aufzuopfern. Der männliche Charakter Brunhilts blieb in der Erinnerung ſo lebendig, daß die Volksſage ſie zu einem rieſenſtarken Zauberer Brunehaut umgebildet hat, dem ſie die Brunhiltenſtraßen in den Niederlanden zuſchreibt *).

2. Die ſächſiſchen Nibelungen. Ich nenne mit Unrecht dieſe Nibelungen die ſächſiſchen, aber ich weiß keinen beſſeren Namen. Denn niederteutſch und niederrheiniſch ſind die Franken auch. Nehme man ſächſiſch nicht in der heutigen Bedeutung, ſondern begreife darunter niederrheiniſche Völker außer den Franken, ſo wird man die folgende Nachweiſung beſſer verſtehen.

Es fehlen uns noch für die geſchichtliche Begründung der Sage einige Hauptpunkte, nämlich Santhen, Nibelungen (Namen und Land), die Brunhiltsburg, der Zwergenfürſt Alberich und der Hort. Nähere und fernere Spuren dieſer Gegenſtände ſind bereits vorgekommen, allein über Nibelung, Alberich und Brunhiltsburg noch nichts Sicheres. Aber zu Santhen hat nie ein König geherrſcht, ſo viel wir wiſſen, und hier ſcheint alle Spur auszugehen. Und doch denke ich, wenn wir der Brunhilt und Chriemhilt folgen, können wir aus dieſem Irrſal noch hinaus kommen.

a. Die bruſteriſche Brunhilt. Das iſt mit einem Worte Veleda, doch muß die Nachweiſung von vorn beginnen. Nach den nordiſchen Quellen iſt Sigfrit der größte und berühmteſte Held, den die Erde je getragen, deſſen Ruhm bis ans Ende der Welt dauern wird. Was hat er denn gethan? Den Drachen getödtet und die Nibelungen beſiegt. Das iſt zu wenig für ſo viel Lärm, und das teutſche Lied läßt ſogar beide Großthaten aus und holt ſie in einer Epiſode nach, weil es in der Jugendgeſchichte des Helden keinen Platz dafür findet. Indeß beruht auch das teutſche Lied auf der Anſicht, daß Sigfrit der größte Held iſt. Alle hiſtoriſchen Sigfrite, die wir bis jetzt gefunden, können keinen Anſpruch auf eine ſolche Ehre machen, ſie ſind alſo nicht die Grundlage, ſondern eine ſpätere Anſchmiegung an die Sage. Dieſe Grundlage muß daher älter ſein als die fränkiſche Geſchichte am Niederrhein, d. h. ſie muß vor das 5. Jahrh. zurückgehen. In dieſer ältern Zeit wohnten andere Völker am Niederrhein, die aber ſämmtlich zur niederteutſchen Abkunft gehörten und mit den Franken mehrfach verwandt waren. Die Abkunft verräth ſich an den Namen, vorzüglich an der Aspiration Ch im Anlaut und am t für das hochteutſche z, z. B. Chatti, Batavi (jetzt Betuwe, hochteutſch würden ſie Paſſauer heißen), Ansibarii (d. i. Amsivaras, die Männer der Ems, wie wir noch jetzt nach dem Fluſſe die Ober- und Nieder-Rheiner benennen), die Aspirationen Chauki, Chamavi (d. i. Ermener, Chevenci, Chaibones entſprechen ganz dem altfränkiſchen Dialekt (Grimms Gramm.

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*) Ich will die Sage mittheilen, da ich ſehe, daß noch Niemand darauf Rückſicht genommen. Sie ſteht in Caroli Bovilli liber de differentia vulgarium linguarum et Gallici sermonis varietate. Paris. 1533. 4. pag. 105. De publicis per Galliam viis, quas hodie vulgus vocat Les chemins de Brunehault. Narranda est vel historia vel fabula vulgi, quae huic pago (Bavay) alludit. Fert ejus regionis vulgus, in eo loco quondam post Bavonem regnasse quendam nomine Brunehaldum, vulgo Brunehault, arte quidem instar Juliani apostatae magum, et daemonum amicum; qui cum saepe palustrium viarum difficultatibus offenderetur, impetravit a familiari daemone, ut, quod humano opere vix perfici posse animadvertebat, id [illegible] et repentina daemonis opera adimpleretur: [illegible] ut per omnem Galliam ab ejus regni sede insignes et publicae viae lapidibus sternerentur. Et ne fabulae [illegible] auctoritas desit, in eo vico, quem incolae Bavais vocant, in medio ejus fori exstat hodie columna lapidea et super columnam marmorea tabula, sub qua [illegible] omnium ejusmodi viarum capita referuntur, quae ab eo loco in omnes Galliae partes et sublimi et recto tramite exporriguntur. Visuntur usque hodie plurimis in locis ejusmodi viae stratae lapillis siliceis, quas [illegible] vulgus semitas Brunehaldi, id est les chemins de Brunehault appellat. Hoc id praesertim miraculi habent, quod sublimiores sint vicinis utrinque agris, quod inter insignia Galliae oppida rectissimum iter conficiunt, quod siliceis lapillis, qui etiam vicinis in agris desint, sternuntur, adeo ut vel ab homine [illegible] silicea, vel aethere sublimi ex pluvia quis judicet? vel alia quam humana manu et opera undecunque toto orbe lectos in ejusmodi viarum ruderationem quis admiretur? Narravimus rem [illegible] in ore vulgi erat; si fabula est vel historia, ponderet lector et vel memoriae vel oblivioni demandet.

Die Sage gehört zu den Rieſen- und Zauberſagen, die in Teutſchland häufig vorkommen, und die Ortſage iſt wohl ebenfalls teutſch oder fränkiſch. Bavay liegt auf einer breiten Anhöhe, ein unbedeutender Marktflecken von etwa 1500 Einwohnern. Auf dem Marktplatze vor dem Rathhauſe ſteht noch eine Pyramide mit franzöſiſcher Inſchrift, welche die ſieben Heerſtraßen angibt. Dieſe ſind jetzt zum Theil ſehr unkenntlich geworden, und oft nicht von gemeinen Feldwegen zu unterſcheiden. Uebrigens iſt rund um Bavay keine ſumpfige Gegend, ſondern das Land [illegible], der bei naſſer Witterung faſt unfahrbar iſt. Vielleicht hat Brunhilt die römiſchen Heerſtraßen ausbeſſern laſſen. In der Nähe von Bavay hat man viele unterirdiſche Gänge entdeckt, deren Beſtimmung bis jetzt unerklärt iſt. Sagen von vergrabenen Schätzen ſind mir von daher nicht bekannt. Dieſe alte Hauptſtadt der Nervier verdient durch die ſagliche Anknüpfung an Brunhilt vielleicht einige Aufmerkſamkeit.

l. 184.)*). Unter dieſen Völkern haben nur die Bataver und Cherusker zwei Männer aufzuweiſen, welche den Ruhm der Sage verdienen, nämlich Claudius Civilis und Arminius (Ermen, Irmen und ſpäter mit Hermann verwechſelt).

α) **Armin der erſte Sigfrit.** Was die Ruhmwürdigkeit durch Großthaten betrifft, ſo ſteht Hermann dem Sigfrit völlig gleich. Seine Kriege mit Varus, Germanicus, Cäcina und Marbod erheben ihn über ſeine Zeitgenoſſen und das Urtheil des Tacitus über dieſen Mann (Ann. II. 88.) läßt keinen Zweifel, daß die niederteutſchen Völker ſeinen Werth nach dem Tode anerkannt und ſein Andenken in Sage und Lied gefeiert haben. Caniturque adhuc barbaras apud gentes, das iſt denn nach achtzehn hundert Jahren noch wahr. Ich habe freilich, wie alle anderen Gelehrten, dieſe Lieder für verloren gehalten, weil ich auch glaubte, wenn noch eines übrig wäre, müßte der Name Armin darin vorkommen. Solche Anſicht iſt ſehr beſchränkt, man unterſtellt, die Volkslieder müßten nach Tacitus Annalen gemacht ſein, ohne zu bedenken, daß die Dichtung ihr eigenes Feld hat, worauf ſie Jahrhunderte lang blüht, welkt und wiedererſteht, wenn der hiſtoriſche Zuſammenhang der Erinnerungen ſchon längſt verloren iſt. Den Grundſtoff der Nibelungen haben wir in Hermanns Geſchichte, und die Nachweiſung iſt bei weitem nicht ſo ſchwer, als ſie ſcheint.

Armins Tod hat die Sage feſtgehalten, er war die Hauptſache, denn das Andenken an die römiſchen Kriege mußte untergehen, als keine Römer mehr den Teutſchen entgegen ſtanden. Die Lieder von dieſen Kriegen ſind verloren und die Sage ſetzt nur die ungenannten Heldenthaten Sigfrits voraus, was eben beweiſt, daß dieſe Vorausſetzung eine Lücke anzeigt, die früher ausgefüllt war, deren Inhalt aber für die ſpätere Geſtaltung der Sage ſtörend wurde (weil die vergeſſenen Römer darin ſtanden) und deshalb wegbleiben und untergehen mußte. Damit wurde der Sage ihr politiſcher Charakter entzogen, und ſie bildete ſich mehr in und durch die Familiengeſchichte aus, wodurch ſie an epiſchem Werthe viel mehr gewann. Armin entführte die Thusnelda, die einem andern verſprochen war, aber den Hermann liebte. Ihr Vater Segeſtes war ſchon früher der Feind Armins, von ihrem Bruder Segimunt weiß man in der Hinſicht nichts, Segeſtes aber bekam die Tochter wieder in ſeine Gewalt und übergab ſie mit ſeiner Familie dem Germanicus der ihm zu Xanthen (castra vetera) ſeinen Aufenthalt anwies. Thusnelda war noch kein Jahr mit Hermann verheirathet, ſie war ſchwanger, als ſie gefangen wurde, und gebar einen Sohn Thumelik, der zu Ravenna erzogen wurde, und in ſeinem dritten Jahre mit ſeiner Mutter und ſeinen Verwandten den Triumph des Germanicus zieren mußte. Dabei waren noch Segimunt, Seſithac, Segimers Sohn (Segimer war des Segeſtes Bruder) mit ſeiner Frau Ramis, alles Cherusker, ferner Theuderic, Fürſt der Sigamber, und Libes ein Prieſter der Catten. Thumelico hatte widrige Schickſale (ludibrio fortunae conflictatus est), die Tacitus in den verlorenen Büchern der Annalen beſchrieben hat. Armin ſammelte Alles zur Rache an gegen Segeſtes und die Römer, ſein Oheim Inguiomer trat auf ſeine Seite und es folgte der ſchwere Krieg gegen Cäcina. Armin konnte aber ſeine Frau nicht befreien und ſeine raſtloſe Begierde nach Rache ſcheint ihn zur Herrſchſucht getrieben zu haben, er ward nicht mehr geliebt, beſonders war ihm der Adel entgegen. Der Kattenfürſt Adgandeſtrius erbot ſich den Römern, ihn zu vergiften, Armin gerieth in Streit mit ſeinen Verwandten, die ihn mit Liſt wegräumten, da ſie mit Gewalt nicht konnten. Er war 37 Jahre alt, im zwölften ſeiner Herrſchaft. Im Jahr 19 n. Chr.

Die Hauptzüge der Sage treten hier deutlich hervor, die kurze und unglückliche Ehe, die einem Andern beſtimmte Frau, die mörderiſchen Verwandten, der frühe Tod, der große Ruhm. In den Namen Segeſt, Segimunt, Segimer, Seſithac liegt ſchon der Anlaß zum Stabreim des Liedes Sigemunt, Sigelint, Sigfrit, in Xanthen muß Segeſt wohnen, das Lied macht die Stadt zur Reſidenz des Königs. Thusnelda (d. i. Thurſenhilt) giebt ſchon die Endung für Chriemhilt, und wenn man auf den ſagiſchen Stabreim Rückſicht nehmen will, ſo iſt Thurſenhilt und Chriemhilt nicht himmelweit verſchieden. Doch iſt mir das gleichgültig. Im Cattiſchen Adgan-destrius könnte ſogar im Namen das Vorbild Hagens liegen, den wir bis jetzt nicht gefunden haben. Dolo propinquorum cecidit ſcheint anzudeuten, daß man ihn nicht im offenen Kampf, ſondern wehrlos umgebracht. Das wäre denn die dritte Anzeige von Sigfrits Tod, daß er im Schlafe ermordet ſei, denn wachend im Kampfe konnten ſie ihn nicht überwältigen, wie Tacitus ſelbſt ſagt: petitusque armis, cum varia fortuna certaret.

Die Rache bildet ſchon einen Grundzug der Sage, in der Geſchichte aber ſucht ſie der Mann, im Liede die Frau. Thusnelda's Sohn ſcheint für die Rache an der Familie des Segeſtes beſtimmt geweſen, ludibrio fortunae conflictatus, das läßt Alles zu, auch, daß wir annehmen dürfen, Thumelik habe in der teutſchen Sage eine Rolle geſpielt. Einen Sohn von Sigfrit hat Chriemhilt, eine Tochter von ihm Gudrun, nur dieſe Tochter tritt noch wirkſam auf, die teutſche Sage hat hier die Erinnerung verloren oder ſie in andere Verbindung gebracht.

Wer iſt denn alſo der erſte Etzel? Der Kaiſer in Rom. Die Fürſten, die er im Triumph aufführen läßt, ſind die Vaſallen der Sage, die ſich um den Etzel verſammeln, und bereits hat der erſte Etzel einen Dieterich am Hofe, den Sigamberfürſten Theuderic. Und vom Dieterich war Sigfrit in ſeiner Jugend mit Gewalt zum Etzel gebracht (W. Grimm. a. a. O. 73), das iſt ganz richtig, Tiberius (das iſt dieſer Dieterich) nahm den Arminius mit nach Rom, als er die Cherusker bezwungen hatte. Hermann war alſo wohl zu dieſer Reiſe genöthigt, er nahm Kriegsdienſte und wurde römiſcher Ritter. In der Beſchreibung von Etzels Macht, wie die Lieder ſie geben, blickt auch noch die Erinnerung an den römiſchen Kaiſer durch, denn was ſoll der Rhodan und die Griechen beim Attila? er hat über beide nie geherrſcht, was ſollen die vielen Sprachen in Etzels Reich? Seine Völker redeten ja nur teutſch und hunniſch und etwa noch finniſch. Dieſe Andeutungen paſſen aber vollkommen auf den römiſchen Kaiſer. Das verhängnißvolle Ravenna kommt ſchon in dieſer erſten Grundlage vor, ein Grund mehr, daß die ſpätern Anknüpfungen der Geſchichte den Ort in der Sage feſtgehalten. Zwölfjährige Herrſchaft in der Geſchichte, zehnjährige Ehe im Liede, zufällig oder Erinnerung? Es iſt einerlei, denn es iſt keine Hauptſache. Die Prieſter Segimunt und Libes ſind von einiger Bedeutung.

Die Noth fehlt. Iſt ſie die Niederlage des Varus oder des Marbod? beide ſind keine Rache im Sinne des Liedes. Aber man weiß, daß in den blutigen Bürgerkriegen nach Armins Tod das ganze Fürſtenhaus der Cherusker vertilgt wurde, ſo daß Niemand mehr übrig war, als Italus, der Brudersſohn Armins, der zu Rom erzogen war und als König herbeigerufen wurde. Der Untergang des Fürſtenhauſes hat eine ähnliche Cauſalität wie die Sage, d. h. die Verwandten, die den Armin umgebracht, ſind dafür ſelbſt erſchlagen worden, nur heirathet die Thusnelda den Kaiſer nicht. Die Noth ſcheint aber anfänglich nur ein Familienſtreit geweſen, wie auch die nordiſche Sage anzeigt, die teutſche hat ſie zum Untergang ganzer Völker erweitert und ausgebildet.

β) **Claudius Civilis der zweite Sigfrit.** Der Namen Sivrit iſt von Civilis gebildet, Sigfrit iſt fränkiſche Aneignung. Sivrit ſchreiben die alten Hſſ. des Liedes, es iſt die richtige Form, wie auch die Auflöſung in Seifrit, Seifart beweiſt, die aus Sigifrit nicht entſtehen konnte, weil das i in Sig kurz iſt. Auch zeigt die erſte Sylbe in Sivrit einen fremden Urſprung, ich kenne keinen teutſchen Namen, der mit Siv- anfängt. Man muß alſo wohl leſen Siv-ric, und dies aus — rod, — ric entſtehen laſſen. In Civilis iſt das Wurzel-i auch lang, ob das C früher oder ſpäter als Z und S geſprochen wurde, immerhin muß es ſchon S geweſen ſein, als man die Sigberte für den alten Namen einſchob. Erſt von dieſer Anlehnung an die Frankenkönige kann dem Namen die Endung — ric oder — vrit angefügt worden ſein. Jedenfalls paßte Civilis für den Stabreim Segimunt, Segeſt etc., Armin aber nicht. Die Sage liebt Familien-Stabreime, und dieſe ſind wiederum ein Beweis, daß es ſehr alte Lieder der Sage gegeben, denn nur in alten Liedern waren die Stabreime für den Dichter von techniſchem Werth. Sobald der Endreim eintrat, fielen die Stabreime von ſelbſt und blieben nur in den Namen. So Dieterich, Diether, Dietmar, Gunther, Gernot, Giſelher, Chriemhilt, Gibich, Hiltebrant, Hadebrant, Etzel, Ortlieb, Helche u. ſ. f., ihre Lieder ſind, ſchon nach dieſem äußeren Beweiſe, ſämmtlich vor dem 9. Jahrhundert da geweſen, weil zu dieſer Zeit der Endreim auftritt. Im Karolingiſchen Sagenkreiſe, der nach dem 9. Jahrh. gebildet wurde, erſcheinen die Stabreime der Namen nicht mehr, ſie waren zu jener Zeit ſchon unnöthig und veraltet.

Der bataviſche Krieg des Claudius Civilis hat nicht viel weniger Anſpruch auf Nachruhm als die Kriege Armins. Da jedoch die Sage von Hermann ſchon gebildet und noch zu neu war, ſo ſieht man daraus den Grund, warum nicht ſo viel aus der Geſchichte des Civilis aufgenommen wurde. Die Sage entlehnte von dem neuen Helden nur ſo viel, als ſie zu ihrer Ausbildung und hiſtoriſchen Anknüpfung bedurfte. Civilis eroberte Castra vetera, mit vollem Recht heißt er denn als Sigfrit König von Xanthen. Durch die Anknüpfung an Civilis hat die Sage ihre Oertlichkeit verändert und iſt ganz an den Niederrhein gezogen worden. In dieſer Geſchichte erſcheint denn auch Brunhilt als Veleda. Sie hatte großen Antheil am Kriege, ſie hatte den Teutſchen Sieg prophezeit, ihr Ausſpruch galt alles, ſie wurde wie eine Göttin (nominis loco) gehalten. Man ſchickte ihr einen Theil der Beute, auch den Legaten der Legion, der umgebracht wurde. Sie war ehelos, wohnte im Brukterlande auf einem hohen Thurme, Niemand durfte ihr nahen, ſie hatte einen von ihren Verwandten ausgewählt, der den Diener zwiſchen ihr und dem Volke machte. Nach dem unglücklichen Frieden des Civilis ſcheint Veleda in römiſche Gefangenſchaft gerathen. Sie macht mit Aurinia und Ganna das Kleeblatt der teutſchen Sibyllen aus.

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*) Die Endung — vald, uald bedeutet [illegible] — [illegible] Manner, Chalmwald, Angivald, Chamund etc. [illegible] — [illegible] z. B. [illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible]. Theodowaldo, [illegible].

Da hat man nun mehr als genug, um das ſonderbare Weſen der Brunhilt zu verſtehen. Ihre Burg lag ſüdwärts im Frankenland, ſo ſagen die Nordländer und haben für ſich recht, für uns iſt es unbedeutend, obgleich Civilis nach der Burg etwas ſüdöſtlich gehen mußte. Ein großes Licht, das wie Feuer brannte und zum Himmel glänzte, war bei der Burg. Sigfrit fand die Brunhilt in voller Rüſtung ſchlafend. Er ſchnitt mit dem Schwerte den Panzer auf, ſie erwachte, weiſſagte ihm, und ſie verſprachen ſich endlich die Ehe. Sie war eine Walkyrie, hieß Sigurdrifa und Hildr, „welche Brunhilt genannt wird.“

Die nordiſche Sage iſt hier ſo umſtändlich, daß mehrere Angaben ihr wohl eigenthümlich gehören. Dieſe ganze frühere Bekanntſchaft Sigurds hat die teutſche Sage vergeſſen. Die Zauberburg Brunhilts entſpricht dem Thurme der Veleda, dem man auch nicht nahen durfte, beide ſind prophetiſche Jungfrauen, beide kriegeriſch. Was Walkyrie im Teutſchen bedeuten wolle, ſieht man am Beiſpiel der Veleda. Weiter iſt vor der Hand nichts zu vergleichen, Thatſache iſt, daß Civilis, als er mit den Römern Frieden machen mußte, die Veleda verließ, die in römiſche Gefangenſchaft gerieth. Das iſt wohl der Sage ähnlich, aber es fehlt ein Hauptpunkt, daß Sigfrit die Brunhilt beſiegt und einem andern übergiebt. Hier iſt die Geſchichte verloren.

So auch wiſſen wir nichts vom Ende des Civilis. Er mußte vor Cerialis in ſeine Inſel zurückweichen, auch da nicht ſicher, weil die Betuwe verheert wurde, zog er ſich in den Krimpener Waard und in das Land von Yſſelſtein, und als er merkte, daß man die Veleda und den bataviſchen Adel vom Krieg abzuſchrecken ſuchte, ſchloß er mit den Römern Frieden, der auf der Brücke des Fluſſes Nabalia unterhandelt wurde. Im J. 70 n. Chr. Alle weitere Nachricht fehlt. Der Fluß Nabalia kann nur der Lek ſein, der Namen beſteht wahrſcheinlich aus Nab, li und ah, blieb das erſte Wort aus, ſo konnte aus lia eben ſo gut Lek werden, als Via im teutſchen weg lautet. Vom Fluß Naboli kann aber das Volk Nabalingen geheißen haben, welches dann die Namensväter unſerer Nibelungen wären. Ich ſchließe auf einen Flußnamen, weil in der Nachbarſchaft die Chamavi und weiterhin die Anſibarier gleichfalls von Flüſſen den Namen führen. Der Flußnamen Nab kommt mehrmals vor, die Nab in Baiern und die Nahe (als Nava, beim Volke Noh), die bei Bingen in den Rhein geht. An einen Schreibfehler ſtatt Vahalis iſt nicht zu denken, denn Civilis war von Oſten nach Weſten gewichen längs dem Rheine, er mußte alſo den Lek ſüdlich behalten.

Mit dem Civilis iſt die Sage der Brunhilt von der Yſſel an den Lek verlegt worden, vielleicht auch das Land der Nibelungen. Die Sage behält aber manches, was ſich an jenem Theil des Niederrheines und ſeiner Geſchichte nicht nachweiſen läßt. Das teutſche Lied weiß freilich nichts von der Flammenburg Brunhilts, aber die nordiſchen Lieder kennen die ſchützende Flamme, die Brunhilts Burg umgab, und die proſaiſche Nachricht ſagt: Vafrlogi ſei um die Burg Brunhilts geweſen, die Niemand als Sigfrit auf dem Roß Grani durchreiten konnte. Er that es, als er die Brunhilt dem Gunther erwarb. Iſt das eine Wiederholung und Ausbildung der erſten Sage, als Sigfrit die Brunhilt erweckte? Dort iſt nur von einer Flamme, nicht von einem Ritt durch das Feuer die Rede. Oder iſt die Vafrlogi überhaupt jünger, und erſt nach der Entdeckung Islands durch Beobachtung des feuerſpeienden Hekla hinzugekommen? Das ſcheint nicht; um Brunhilten zu erwerben, mußte etwas Großes geſchehen, das Lied hat Kampfſpiele, der Norden die einzige Vafrlogi, nehmen wir dieſe weg, ſo entſteht eine auffallende Lücke in der Sage. Die Flammenburg iſt weder isländiſch, noch überhaupt nordiſch, noch teutſch, ſie ſcheint fremden Urſprungs.

Auch die Nibelungen ſind ſchwerlich ganz niederrheiniſch. Sie leben zuſammen in einem hohlen Berge, hüten mit Alberich den Schatz, und ihr Land wird von Gernot und Giſelher bezwungen, ſeitdem der Hort weggenommen wurde (v. 4512, a). Das letzte iſt hiſtoriſch wahr, das vorhergehende paßt auf Niderland nicht. Der Schatz enthielt nur Gold und Edelſteine, es iſt faſt als gewiß anzunehmen, daß die Bergkryſtalle (Rheinkieſel) welche der Rheinkies mit ſich führt, und das Gold des Rheinſandes die erſte Idee zum Nibelungenhort gegeben, allein, grad in den Niederlanden kommen beide Gegenſtände nicht mehr im Rheine vor. Und Berge ſind keine in der Nähe, außer den Dünen, bekannt unter dem Namen Amersfoorter Bergen, zwiſchen dem Grebber Ryn und der Zuiderſee.

Wie ſind die Franken zu Hort und Sage gekommen? Durch Erbſchaft und Eroberung. Sie waren mit den niederrheiniſchen Völkern verwandt, ſie beſetzten die bataviſche Inſel und den ganzen Niederrhein und wurden durch beides die natürlichen Bewahrer der Sage. Nach ihrem Abzug nahmen die Friſen einen Theil des Landes, aber durch die Stiftung des Bisthums Utrecht im 8ten, und der Grafſchaft Holland im 9ten Jahrhundert dehnten die Franken ihre Herrſchaft wieder in jene Gegenden aus. Daß der Hort nach Worms kommt, iſt vielleicht auch nur hiſtoriſche Anſpielung, daß nämlich nach Beſiegung der Alemannen ein großer Theil der Franken ſich im Worms- und Speiergau niederließ. In dieſen Gauen fand man Rheingold, die Franken mit ihrer Sage vom Hort kamen vom Niederrhein herauf in das Wormſer Land, die Sage zog aus beiden den Schluß, daß der Schatz bei Worms verſenkt ſein müſſe, weil der Strom noch fortwährend die Spuren zeigte.

b. Die ſächſiſche Chriemhilt. Es iſt Ronwenna, die Tochter des Hengiſt und dieſer iſt Hagen *). Die hiſtoriſchen Thatſachen, die hieher gehören, ſind folgende.

Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau (bei Nennius Guorthigirn, gewöhnlich Vortigern) ſcheint die Hauptzüge zur Sage geliefert zu haben. Der Konſtantin von Britannien ward auf der Jagd ermordet von einem Pikten, die Triaden ſagen auf Vortigern's Anſtiften. Sein Nachfolger war Conſtans, ſein Bruder, ein Mönch, der für das Reich ſein Kloſter verließ. Zum Regieren war Conſtans nicht erzogen, er überließ ſeinem kühnen Vetter Vortigern die Leitung der Geſchäfte. Dieſer ließ durch gedungene Leibwache den Conſtans ermorden. Die Wächter ſchlugen ihm ſchlafend im Bette das Haupt ab, und brachten es dem Vortigern, der mit vorgeſpiegeltem Zorne die Mörder gleichfalls enthaupten ließ. Im Jahr 446.

Vortigern's Lage war mißlich, er hatte Pikten und Skoten und viele Briten gegen ſich. Durch Vergrößerung der Gefahr ſetzte er es auf dem Landtage durch, daß die Sachſen zu Hülfe gerufen wurden. Sie bekamen Tanet (britiſch Ruithina, Nenn. c. 28), es wurde bald zu klein, und Hengiſt wußte den Vortigern einzuſchüchtern, daß noch mehr Sachſen gerufen wurden. Mit dieſer zweiten Fahrt kam Ronwenna, des Hengiſt Tochter **). Um das Mißtrauen der Briten zu unterdrücken, lud Hengiſt den Vortigern zu einem prächtigen Gaſtmal ein und ließ, als Vortigern durch die Getränke warm geworden, die Ronwenna in den Saal kommen, welche dem König die Geſundheit ausbrachte, welche dieſer fröhlich annahm. Dieſe Erſcheinung verfehlte ihren Eindruck nicht, Vortigern wollte die Ronwenna zur Frau haben. Der ſchlaue Hengiſt häufte die Schwierigkeiten, um den Vortigern ganz zu beherrſchen, was auch gelang. Denn dieſer ließ ſich von ſeiner Frau mit ihren drei Kindern ſcheiden, heirathete die Ronwenna und gab dem Hengiſt das Land Kent nebſt Eſſex, Suſſex und Middleſex. Das führte zur Abſetzung Vortigern's, für welchen ſein Sohn erſter Ehe, Vortimer, die Regierung übernahm. Dieſer trieb die Sachſen mit großer Kraft zurück, in der Schlacht bei Aylesford fielen Catigern und Horſa, die Brüder Vortimer's und Hengiſt's im Zweikampf, und Hengiſt ſah ſich zuletzt gezwungen, mit vielen Sachſen nach Teutſchland zu entweichen.

Vortigern aber entkam durch eine Partei aus ſeiner Haft zu Caer Leon (Cheſter), und ſpätere Schriftſteller berichten, daß Ronwenna einen Mörder gedungen, der den Vortimer mit vergifteten Blumen als Gärtner getödtet habe. Vortigern ward wieder König, und ſchickte auf Anrathen ſeiner Frau zum Hengiſt nach Deutſchland, daß er mit kleiner Begleitung nach Britannien zurückkommen ſollte. Allein er landete mit 4000 Mann, die Briten wollten ihn nicht aufnehmen, er aber ſchickte an den Vortigern die heilige Verſicherung, daß er in friedlicher Geſinnung käme, und um dieß zu bethätigen, ſchlug er ein freundſchaftliches Gaſtmahl zwiſchen den Briten und Sachſen vor, wozu beide Theile ohne Waffen kommen und Mann für Mann unter einander ſitzen ſollten. Dieß ward als Friedenszeichen angenommen, und der nächſte Mai dazu beſtimmt. Den Ort nennen die Triaden Caer Caradog, gewöhnlich nimmt man den Stonehenge auf der Ebene von Salisbury für die Mordſtätte. Hengiſt befahl nämlich den Sachſen, ihre Meſſer zu ſich zu ſtecken; auf den Ruf: Nimed ur seax, ſtach jeder Sachſe ſeinen britiſchen Nachbar todt, und das Mahl endigte mit dem Blutbade von mehr als 300 der edelſten Briten. Nur Vortigern wurde verſchont und gefeſſelt, und mußte für ſeine Freiheit Norfolk und Suſſex geben. Im Jahr 472 ***).

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*) Im Allgemeinen vgl. Nennius histor. Britonum, c. 35 — 51, bei Gale tom. I., Warrington's history of Wales. Lond. 1787. p. 29 sqq. und Owen's Cambrian biography p. 188.

**) Die Triaden nennen ſie Alis Rhonwen, das klingt eben ſo wenig teutſch als Ronwenna. Ich bin nicht im Stande, den Namen auf den ſächſiſchen Dialekt zurück zu führen.

***) Das heißt [illegible] [illegible] bei [illegible] „[illegible] [illegible]“ (hist. of Engl. I. 76, ed. de Paris). Dieß Gaſtmal beruht auf der Ähnlichkeit des [illegible]-

Man weiß nicht, was aus Vortigern geworden. Er wurde wahrſcheinlich abgeſetzt, zog ſich in die Wildniſſe von Caernarvonſhire zurück, und die Sage erzählt, er ſei in ſeiner Burg Din-Gurtigirn in einer Nacht durch himmliſches Feuer mit all den Seinigen verbrannt. Andere berichten, die Erde habe ihn verſchlungen, denn man habe von ihm und den Seinigen in der verbrannten Burg keine Spur gefunden (Renn. Cap. 49, 51). Im Jahr 481.

Emrys Wledig (Ambroſius) und Uthyr Pendragon, zwei Brüder des längſt ermordeten Conſtans, hatten ſich vor dem Thronräuber Vortigern nach Llydaw oder Klein-Britannien geflüchtet. Emrys wurde nach Vortigern's Tode König und ſchlug jenſeit des Humbers die Sachſen, wobei Hengiſt gefangen und als Sühnopfer enthauptet ward.

Mir iſt keine Geſchichte bekannt, welche ſo viele und zugleich ſo ähnliche Züge der Sage enthält. Der Mord Conſtantins auf der Jagd, und des Conſtans im Schlafe gleicht jenem Sigfrits in dieſen Punkten, die Ermordung Vortimers gleicht ihm noch mehr durch die heldenhafte Perſon Vortimers und ſeinen Fall durch ein böſes Weib. In dem flüchtigen Emrys ſind die Elemente von Dieterichs Flucht ſo klar wie nirgends ausgeſprochen. Hier iſt Vortigern Ermenrich, dieſer iſt verwandt mit Dieterich, das war Vortigern mit Emrys auch, Dieterich hat einen Bruder, den hatte Emrys auch. Ermenrich hält dem Dieterich ſein väterliches Reich zurück, das that Vortigern dem Emrys auch, nach Ermenrichs Tode kommt Dieterich wieder zum Beſitz des Thrones, Emrys ebenfalls, Dieterich überlebt die Nibelungen Noth, Emrys desgleichen *). Und wo gibt es in der Geſchichte ein Gegenſtück zur Noth, das ähnlicher wäre als Vortigerns Gaſtmahl? Hier ſpielt Rowena die Chriemhilt und Vortigern iſt Etzel. Die Einladung an Hengiſt, mit wenig Gefährten zu kommen, erinnert von ſelbſt an die Einladung der Chriemhilt im Liede, ſie will nur den Hagen, wie dort nur den Hengiſt, obgleich mit verſchiedener Abſicht. Die Schwierigkeit zu landen, weil ſie mit einem Heere kommen, blickt noch in dem Streit der Burgunden mit den Baiern durch, ſo wie in der Fahrt über die Donau, denn dieſe war entweder gar nicht, oder doch nicht in Baiern nöthig. Vom Gaſtmahl brauche ich nicht zu reden, Vortigern wird verſchont wie Etzel, und geſchützt wie Günther, wobei die Perſon zwar verändert iſt, aber ohne Nachtheil der Grundlage. Die Beſiegung des Hengiſt durch Emrys und ſeine Enthauptung gleichen dem Ende Hagens im Liede, mit Ausnahme der weiblichen Einmiſchung. Dieſe gehört vielleicht dem Liede eigenthümlich an, doch liefert auch dazu die Geſchichte Spuren. Die Mörder trugen das Haupt Conſtantins zum Vortigern und wurden dafür getödtet; im Liede thut das Chriemhilt mit Günthers Haupt. Vortigern's und Horſa's Zweikampf konnte ebenſowohl Vorbild für den Tod Rüdiger's und Gernot's oder Wolfhart's und Giſelher's werden. Auch der brennende Saal iſt nicht vergeſſen, es iſt Vortigern's brennende Burg, ſein Verſchwinden hängt zunächſt mit den Sagen von Etzels Tod zuſammen (Grimm a. a. O. 188), wie ich noch unten erläutern werde. Schwerlich dürfte auch die Wichtigkeit Volker's aus teutſchen Begriffen allein zu erklären ſein, auch ſein Vorbild ſcheint ein britiſcher Barde geweſen. Im Liede ſteht er freilich auf Seite der Burgunden, wo ſie aber ſchon Nibelungen heißen, alſo nicht mehr die eigentlichen Burgunden ſind. Darum iſt Volker auch nur im zweiten Theile des Liedes von Bedeutung.

Ich habe erwähnt, daß uns die Geſchichte Vortigern's ſchon ſagenhaft überliefert ſei. Es wäre Unverſtand, daraus zu ſchließen, daß die ganze Geſchichte eine Sage ſei, ſondern es beweiſt dies nur, daß die Geſchichte früh mit den Augen der Sage betrachtet worden. Die Beſtimmtheit, womit die Elemente der Noth ausgebildet ſind, läßt ſich hiſtoriſch ohne Vortigerns Geſchichte nicht genügend nachweiſen.

β) Die britiſchen Nibelungen. Von den Angelſachſen zu den Briten iſt kein Sprung, und warum ſollte die Sage nicht mehr Britiſches aufgenommen haben, als wir eben nachgewieſen? Es fehlt ja noch Alberich und der Drache, für die wir noch keinen teutſchen Urſprung gefunden. Und ſelbſt der Namen Nibelung, iſt er denn teutſch? Die Frage ſieht dumm aus, die Form iſt ja ganz teutſch. Das habe ich nie beſtritten und ſogar den Namen durch Nebelkinder erklärt. Allein das genügt mir nicht, denn die Beziehung auf Nebel hat in der Sage keinen Grund, obgleich die Form anzudeuten ſcheint, daß die Alten dabei an Nebel gedacht haben. Die Herleitung von einem Stammvater Nibel oder Nebel führt auch nicht weiter; erſtens kommt dieſer Namen nicht vor, zweitens iſt der Vater Nibelung ſchon nach der Form ein ſpäterer Zuſatz, um die Lücke über die Abſtammung der Nibelungen auszufüllen. Beides aber verräth, daß der Namen der teutſchen Sage nicht urſprünglich angehört. Iſt er fremd, ſo muß man ihn doch zunächſt bei den Briten ſuchen, da zu ihnen vorzüglich die Geſchichte uns hinweiſt. Die Sprache gibt folgende Auskunft: Nef heißt im Wäliſchen Himmel, nefol himmliſch; neamh (ſprich neev) heißt iriſch Himmel; neamhach himmliſch, und neamh, naomh heilig. Der angelſächſiſchen Sprache war es vollkommen gemäß, aus nefol zu bilden Neveling, das lautete hochteutſch Nibelunc. Was ſoll aber hier der Begriff himmliſch oder heilig? Ich vermuthe, daß die 300 edeln Briten, die über dem Gaſtmahl ermordet wurden, wohl als Schlachtopfer der Treuloſigkeit jenen Namen verdienten, und daß ihr Untergang allerdings die Noth der Nibelungen, der Heiligen heißen konnte, die als die Märtyrer des Himmels würdig waren. Ein ſolcher Namen hat in der Bilderſprache der britiſchen Barden gar nichts Sonderbares. Beweiſe! Ich vermuthe blos, denn ich habe die Welsharchaeology nicht zur Hand, und zeige damit die Quelle an, woraus auch die Kritiker widerlegen können. Ich werde unten darauf zurückkommen.

a) Der Drache. Alberich und der Drache kommen in der britiſchen Sage vor. Nennius (Cap. 38. flg.) erzählt, Vortigern habe, als ſchon die Rowena ſeine Frau war, ſeine eigene Tochter geſchwächt, die ihm einen Sohn geboren. Um dem Abſcheu des Volkes auszuweichen und der Rache der Sachſen, ging Vortigern mit Rath ſeiner Getreuen in die Wildniſſe des Eriri (des Berges Snowdon in Wales) und wollte darauf mit Rath ſeiner Druiden (magi) ein feſtes Schloß bauen. Drei Nächte hinter einander fiel jedesmal das Werk wieder ein. Die Druiden erklärten, er müſſe einen Knaben ſuchen, der keinen Vater habe und mit ſeinem Blute den Bau beſpritzen, dann würde er zuſammenhalten. Die Druiden fanden einen vaterloſen Knaben, der ihnen aber ſolche Fragen vorlegte, die ſie nicht beantworten konnten und deswegen gerettet wurde. Der Knabe zeigte an: 1) daß in dem Grunde der Burg ein Sumpf oder See ſei, das fand ſich richtig ſo; 2) in dem Sumpfe ſeien zwei (zu leſen drei) Gefäße, traf ein; 3) im mittleren derſelben ſei ein zuſammengelegtes Zelt, richtig; 4) mitten im Zelte zwei Würme, ein weißer und ein rother, das fand ſich auch. Nach des Knaben Willen wurde das Zelt entfaltet, die ſchlafenden Würme erwachten und griffen ſich gegenſeitig an, zuerſt hatte der weiße, dann der rothe die Oberhand, der den weißen über den Sumpf jagte, worauf Alles verſchwand. Die Auslegung war dieſe: das Zelt iſt Vortigerns Reich, der Sumpf oder See die Erde, die zwei Würme die zwei Völker, der rothe Drache (draco rufus) die Briten, der weiße die Sachſen, und zuletzt werden die Briten das fremde Volk wieder hinaustreiben.

Vortigern fragte nach des Kindes Namen und Abkunft, es nannte ſich Ambroſius „Embreis gleutic ecce videbatur," und ſein Vater ſei ein römiſcher Conſul geweſen. Vortigern verließ alſo den Ort und baute in der Landſchaft Guenneſſ eine Stadt nach ſeinem Namen (vocatur nomine suo) Cair Guorthigirn, Vortigern's Burg. Nennius bedarf hier Nachhilfe. Sein Embreis gleutic heißt gut wäliſch Emrys Wledig, dies war eben jener Ambroſius, der Nachfolger Vortigerns, der auch von einem römiſchen Geſchlechte wahrſcheinlich abſtammte. Sollte der Zug, daß Emrys keinen Vater habe, nur andeuten, daß er ein Fremder war? Die teutſche Sage läßt auch den Dieterich und Ortnit von einem Elfen erzeugen.

Hier iſt alſo der Drache, den wir im Teutſchen nicht gefunden. Nennius erklärt ſelbſt die Drachen für Bilder der Könige (draco vester est — draco illius gentis). Das ſtimmt ganz mit der bardiſchen Dichtung überein. Den höchſten Gott, den mächtigen Hu nennen die Barden dragon, Drache, Hauptdrache; ſo heißt er auch als Prydain, d. i. als Stammgott der Briten. Dieſes göttliche Attribut ward auf Menſchen übertragen; Drache iſt bei den Barden gleichbedeutend mit Fürſt oder König. Daher hieß der Bruder des Emrys Uthyr Pendragon (Ober Drachenhaupt), und zum Beweiſe füge ich noch eine Stelle aus dem Talieſin bei, der im 6. Jahrhundert gedichtet hat:

Addwyn i ddragon
ddawn y Derwyddon,

d. h. ähnlich iſt die Gabe der Druiden dem Drachen *).

Dieſe Nachweiſung, ſo einfach ſie iſt, ſo vieles klärt ſie im Drachenmythus auf. Der teutſchen Sage iſt der Drache ein verwandelter Menſch, Fafnir im Norden iſt ein Königsſohn, er hat Verſtand und Sprache ſelbſt in der Verwandlung behalten. Die Drachen der Heldenſage und des Märchens ſind zu bewußtloſen Grundgedanken aufgelöſt, überall blickt der Urſprung durch.

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lich. Sie zählen noch lang nicht [illegible], um eine Ebenheit britiſch [illegible] halten. [illegible] Wahrſcheinlichkeit, ja wie man den Schriftſtellern trauen darf.

*) Uebereinſtimmung bis auf die Zeitangabe. Dieterich iſt nach der Sage 30 bis 32 Jahre im Elend. Conſtans ward ermordet 446, Vortigern ſtarb 481, das ſind 35 Jahre, welche Emrys in der Verbannung zubrachte.

*) Davies' mythology p. 118. 120. 276.

daß nämlich der Drache ein König iſt. Dieterich wird ja ſelbſt als Drache vorgeſtellt. Der Drachenkampf iſt alſo urſprünglich nichts anderes als die Erſchlagung eines Königs. Der Grund des Mordes iſt doppelt, Weib und Schatz. Das Siegfriedslied kennt nur den erſten, der Drache hat Chriemhilten in ſeine Wildniß geraubt und will ſie auf Oſtern heirathen, weil er da wieder ein Menſch wird. Das iſt Vortigern, der, entweder mit ſeiner Tochter oder mit Rowen auf den wilden Snowden entweicht. Die Schändung ſeiner Tochter iſt hiſtoriſch mehr als zweifelhaft, dieſe ganze Sage kommt mir wie ein bibliſcher Zuſatz vor, nämlich wie die Geſchichte David's, Berſabe's und Nathan's, die auf den Vortigern, ſeine Tochter und den Biſchof Germanus übertragen iſt, der hiſtoriſch mit dem Vortigern nichts zu thun hat. Dieſer hat zwar viel verſchuldet, die bibelfeſte wälſche Geiſtlichkeit hat ihm aber durch jenen anſpielenden Zuſatz noch mehr aufgebürdet. Indeß war jener Zuſatz zu Nennius Zeit (Ende des 8. Jahrhunderts) ſchon in die Sage aufgenommen, iſt darin geblieben und fortgebildet worden. Freilich hatte der Drache die Chriemhilt noch nicht geſchwächet, als ſie Siegfrit erlöſte. Dieſe Abweichung darf man aber dem geſunden Menſchenverſtande zu gut halten, wenn Chriemhilt vom Drachen bereits ein Kind geboren hätte, wie Vortigerns Tochter, ſo wäre Sigfrit ein Thor geweſen, den Kampf zu beſtehen. Dieſer Theil der Drachenſage iſt vielfach verändert und verbildet worden, bald ſind es Rieſen, welche ſchöne Frauen bewachen, bald heidniſche Könige, die ihre Töchter einſperren, wie im Ortnit, bald Kaiſer mit ihrem Harem, wie im Roſ, bald der griechiſche Kaiſer, wie im Rother und ſo weiter. Bei allen Veränderungen iſt aber der einſtimmige Zug geblieben, daß der Drache (und was für ihn ſteht), in der Fremde, im fernen Ausland geſucht wird; das iſt doch auch ein Zeugniß, daß die Sage aus der Fremde gekommen.

Wer findet den Drachen? Emrys. Auch in der teutſchen Sage iſt es gewöhnlich ein helfender Zwerg, der dem Helden den Weg zum Drachen zeigt. Heiße der Zwerg Elberich, Eugelein, Marolf, Malegis oder anders, das iſt ja für die Sache ganz einerlei. Emrys vertritt hier die Stelle des helfenden Zwerges, er iſt aber eigentlich Dieterich, und bei dieſem ſteht Hiltebrant für den Alberich. Solche Verwechslungen ſind der hiſtoriſchen Anlehnung der Sage zuzuſchreiben, und mußten völkerſchaftlich verſchieden werden. Sein [illegible] wurde [illegible], weil [illegible] in Teutſchland [illegible] war.

Der Hort iſt inſofern teutſch, als der Rhein und [illegible]. Urſprünglich war [illegible] und [illegible] erblich. Das Siegfriedslied folgt ſomit der britiſchen, die Edda der teutſchen Sage.

Zu den Zeiten Vortigern's war die Sigfritsſage ſchon vorhanden, nur nicht unter dieſem Namen, ſie erhielt aus der Geſchichte jenes Königs einige unbedeutende Züge, nämlich den Trank der Vergeſſenheit. Vortigern trank den Becher, den ihm Rowena bot, er ward in ſie verliebt, nahm ſie zur Ehe, und ſchied ſich von ſeiner erſten Frau. Scheidung kann [illegible] zur Vergeſſung werden, beſonders wenn die Sage keine frühere Ehe kennt. Der Liebestrank iſt da und konnte mit Recht ein Zaubertrank heißen, da er die große Wirkung hervorgebracht. Das ſieht der Sigfritsſage ſehr ähnlich. Man merkt aber, daß die ſächſiſche Ueberlieferung ſchon zwiſchen dem Liebestrank und dem Todestrank im Gaſtmahl eine Parallele zog, deren letztes Stück noch in den Nibelungen erkennbar iſt, denn ſie haben den Blutstrank behalten, obgleich ſie, ihrer Anlage nach, den Liebestrank weglaſſen mußten.

b) Alberich der Zwerg.

Er heißt bei den Briten Merddin barddi Emrys Wledig, oder gewöhnlich Merddin Emrys, bei den Franzoſen Merlin, der berühmte Zauberer, deſſen Prophezeiungen lateiniſch und altfranzöſiſch noch übrig ſind und im Mittelalter ein großes Anſehen genoſſen *). Nach dieſem und dem zweiten Merddin, der den Beinamen Wyllt führt, iſt der teutſche Alberich gebildet. Merddin war unter dem König Emrys ſo wichtig, daß die Sage ihn nicht übergehen konnte. Die Druiden und was zu ihnen gehörte, wurden von den Chriſten als Zauberer angeſehen, die Angelſachſen haben ſogar vom Namen Druiden das Wort Dry für Zauberer angenommen. Von dem ſagiſchen Charakter Merddins war alſo Zauberei unzertrennlich, ſo ſteht auch Alberich da als Meiſter der Zauberei. Als Barde war Merddin ein Sänger und Muſikant, das iſt Elberich auch; die Triaden erklären ihn, den Merddin Wyllt und Talieſin für die drei chriſtlichen Hauptbarden, Elberich iſt auch ein Chriſt; die Triaden ſagen vom Merddin, er gehöre mit Gavran und Madog zu den drei Verſchwindungen von Britannien, Elberich verſchwindet auch. Merddin iſt der Sohn eines Geiſtes, Elberich erzeugt den Ortnit, Dieterich iſt ein Elfenkind; Merddin war der wichtigſte und treueſte Diener des Emrys, das iſt Alberich dem Sigfrit, Elberich dem Ortnit; wie Merddin Wyllt heißt Alberich ein wildes Gezwerg. Sind die Briten Nibelungen, ſo iſt klar, warum Alberich bei dieſen iſt, ihr Meiſter iſt und ſeinem Herrn die verlangten Kriegsleute zuführt. Merlin giebt ſich für einen Gott aus, fliegt in die Höhe, ſtürzt aber durch das Gebet des Patricius herab; etwas verändert im Ortnit, wo Elberich ſich für den Propheten der Sarazenen ausgibt und ihre Götter über die Stadtmauer wirft.

So weit läßt ſich die britiſche Grundlage im Alberich ohne Mühe erkennen, teutſch aber iſt ſein Namen, ſeine Zwergsgeſtalt und der neckende Zug ſeiner Elfennatur. Ein Weſen wie Merlin konnte nicht beſſer als durch den Begriff Elfe nationaliſirt werden. Die Sachſen konnten ihn nicht mit dem einfachen Wort Alf nennen, weil er ſonſt von den mythologiſchen Alfen nicht zu unterſcheiden war. Namen und Begriff mußten vermenſchlicht werden durch das angehängte rik, und aus Alfrik wurde hochteutſch regelmäßig Alberic. Mit dem Begriffe Alf kam die Zwergennatur in dieſes Weſen, nämlich die kleine Geſtalt und die Schmiedekunſt; beides fehlt dem britiſchen Vorbild. Die zwergiſche Neckerei und Bosheit iſt am beſten im Wieland dargeſtellt. Alberichs hohes Alter iſt wohl nichts weiter als eine unverſtandene Hindeutung auf das Fortleben einer mythologiſchen Perſon. Zur Ausbildung der Sage vom Hort hat das Schmiedehandwerk Alberichs wohl auch das Seinige beigetragen.

Dagegen hat das Erſcheinen und Verſchwinden des Zwerges teutſchen und britiſchen Urſprung. Im teutſchen Glauben werden die Zwerge verſteinert, wenn ſie die Sonne beſcheint, d. h. es ſind Nachtweſen, unſichtbar für die Tagmenſchen. Die Druiden wohnten in Steinhöhlen und Wäldern zurückgezogen von der alltäglichen Welt, auf ſie paßte auch der Begriff erſcheinen und verſchwinden. Die Tarnhaut iſt kein teutſcher Gedanken, britiſch aber ſind die Zaubermäntel in der Arthuriſchen Heldenſage, ſo wie die zauberiſchen Zelte, worin die Drachen ſchliefen. Sie hießen vielleicht darum Lintwürme von den Bändern, worin ſie eingewickelt waren. Lint für Band iſt kein hochteutſches Wort, ſondern nur niederteutſch, der Lintwurm muß alſo wohl von den Niederländern herkommen, die ihn von den Briten erhalten *). Die Zwölfmann-Stärke, die Sigfrit durch die Tarnhaut bekommt, iſt wohl vom Gott Thor entlehnt, denn die Vergleichung zwiſchen Tarnhaut (Tarngürtel?) und Thors Machtgürtel lag ſehr nah. Dadurch iſt wohl auch Manches aus dem Mythus vom Thor auf den Sigfrit herübergekommen. Uebermenſchliche Stärke ſchreiben auch die Briten ihrem Sigfrit zu, Vortimer riß einen Baum mit der Wurzel aus, und erſchlug damit den Horſa (Renn. 45). Dies ſcheint eine Art Berſerkerwuth, denn Vortimer riß nur Bäume aus, wenn er zornig in der Schlacht war. Vielleicht iſt dieſer Zug von den Angelſachſen zu den Walen gekommen.

c) Die britiſchen Lieder von den Nibelungen.

Es ſind zwei, das Lied des Cuhelyn und die Gododin; beide beziehen ſich nur auf die Noth. Davies hat das Verdienſt, beides Lied und die Gododin zuerſt auf das Blutbad der Briten bei dem ſächſiſchen Gaſtmahl bezogen zu haben. Da ich jenen Mord für eine hiſtoriſche Grundlage der Nibelungen Noth anſehe, ſo vergleiche ich die britiſchen Lieder mit den teutſchen, um zu verſuchen, ob nicht beide zuſammenhängen, und das teutſche Epos etwa vom cambriſchen irgend einen Einfluß erfahren. Es iſt ſchon ſehr viel, wenn man beweiſen kann, daß unabhängig von Nordländern und Teutſchen auch die Briten, ein ſtammverſchiedenes Volk, Lieder von den Nibelungen gehabt. Mit der Anerkennung dieſes Satzes würde ein neues Licht über den Urſprung des teutſchen Epos aufgehen. Aber dazu iſt nöthig, daß wir die britiſchen Texte mit einer genauen Ueberſetzung in einer kritiſchen Ausgabe erhalten, nebſt einem Sachcommentar, der bei der Fremdheit und Sonderbarkeit der bardiſchen Dichtung unentbehrlich iſt. Denn der Text der Gododin in der wäliſchen Archäologie iſt nicht nach einer guten Handſchrift abgedruckt. Davies hatte andere Hſ., eine des 13. Jahrhunderts, vor ſich, die ihm einen beſſern Text lieferten. Dieſen aber hat er nicht bekannt gemacht, ſondern nur ſeine neue Ueberſetzung mit einem Commentar, der ſchätzbare Nachrichten und ſcharfſinnige Bemerkungen enthält. Eine vollſtändige Vergleichung der britiſchen Nibelungen mit den teutſchen wage ich aus Mangel eines Textes nicht vorzunehmen, noch auch hätte ich dafür in dieſem Buche Raum. Ich muß mich vor der Hand auf einzelne Andeutungen beſchränken, um den Wunſch nach den britiſchen Nibelungen anzuregen.

α) Das Lied des Cuhelyn. Eine kurze Elegie von 22 dreizeiligen Strophen, die Cuhelyn, ein Barde des 6. Jahr-

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*) S. meine Geſchichte des nord. Heidenthums II. p. 460—62.

*) Die hochteutſche Form wäre lint, und wirklich kommt dieſe einmal in den St. Galler Gloſſen für [illegible]mantel vor, und in britiſcher Bedeutung [illegible].

ſondern auf einen andern Barden gedichtet, der von Hengiſt über dem Gaſtmahl erſchlagen wurde *). Dies Gedicht iſt uns gleich deßhalb intereſſant, weil es uns die geſchichtliche Grundlage zu einem Zuge des teutſchen Liedes liefert, wo Hagen dem Spielmann Werbelin die Hand abhaut. Im britiſchen Liede heißt Hengiſt ein Wolf, ſo kommt er oft vor, der erſchlagene Sänger war der Hauptbarde des Tempels (maor claer kywid) wie Werbelin der Hofſpielmann Etzels, und nach dem Falle des Barden ſtürzt Hengiſt über die Briten her wie Hagen über die Hünen. Die Beziehung auf das Mordmahl iſt unverkennbar, aber es kommen ſogar Züge vor, die, obgleich in anderem Sinn zu nehmen, doch an das Teutſche mächtig erinnern, z. B.

Ruteur dyrlyt, rothes Gold ſoll verdienen,
rychlut clouryt, der den Berühmten erſchlägt.

vgl. Nib. L. 8110. Mit dem Tode des Barden fangen auch die Gododin an, es ſcheint Owen der Sohn des Marro geweſen, wenigſtens nennt ihn Aneurin ſo, und erwähnt noch den Fall im Liede 16 und 25.

β) Die Gododin. Ich nenne ſie nach einer alten Hſ. im Plural (y gododynion), weil es eine Sammlung von Liedern iſt, die ſich auf das Mordmahl beziehen **). Nach der Sage ſind 360 Briten gefallen, und aus 363 Liedern ſollen die Gododin beſtanden haben. Aber 360 iſt die Tageszahl des Jahres, ich glaube man hat einen mythiſchen Sinn hineingelegt. Dennoch iſt es wahr, daß wir nicht mehr alle Lieder der Gododin haben, 94 ſind übrig und manche ſehr verſtümmelt auf uns gekommen. Davies hat nach dem Inhalt eine neue Anordnung verſucht und das ganze in 31 Geſänge oder Lieder eingetheilt. Mir will die Anordnung nicht ganz gefallen, und ich glaube, daß man ſie beſſer machen kann, wenn man das teutſche Lied zu Hülfe nimmt, das Davies nicht gekannt hat. Es beziehen ſich nämlich nicht alle Lieder zunächſt auf die Noth, ſondern einige behandeln die Geſchichte, die vorausging, ſo daß die Gododin vielleicht auch zwei Theile hatten, wie das teutſche Lied, oder gar drei, nämlich die Klage dazu. Ich will meinen Verſuch der Eintheilung vorlegen, um die Vergleichung zu erleichtern.

Erſter Theil der Gododin. Lied No. 7. (nach Davies Anordnung). Fragment über die Thaten der Sachſen als ſie noch unter Vortigern dienten. Teutſch: wie Siegfrit mit den Sachſen ſtritt. Lied No. 6. Fragment einer Klage über den Tod Vortimers. Teutſch: wie Siegfrit erſchlagen ward. Mehr iſt von dieſem Theile nicht übrig.

Zweiter Theil der Gododin. Die Noth. Lied No. 1 und 16 der Tod des Barden; teutſch: Werbelin's Noth. Lied No. 2, 5 und 9 Hengiſt's und Vortigern's Abende zur Noth. Hier iſt Vortigern vielleicht Gunther, die Abweichung iſt natürlich. Teutſch: wie Hagen die Helden warnt und ermuntert. No. 4 Kampf des Ludwich, dem Vortigern ſein Land genommen. Teutſch: Iring und Irnfrit. No. 3 Eidiol's Benehmen zu Anfang des Kampfes. Eidiol iſt nach Davies ſehr wahrſcheinlich Ambros. Teutſch: wie Dietrich den Etzel aus dem Saal führt. No. 13 Thaten verſchiedener Helden. Teutſch: die einzelnen Kämpfe. No. 15 Beſchreibung des Tempels. Teutſch: wie Kriemhilt den Saal verbrennen ließ. No. 20 Geſpräch zwiſchen dem Weib und einem Briten. Teutſch: wie ſie um die Sühne reden. No. 22, 24, 25 Eidiol vertheidigt den Tempel, der ſeinen Untergang wird prophezeiht, Eidiol ermuntert zur Tapferkeit. Teutſch: Dietrich's Kampf. No. 26 Eidiol's Rede an Vortigern. Teutſch: Dietrich und Gunther. No. 10, 30, 31 Todeslieder auf Vortigern und Hengiſt; teutſch: Gunther's und Hagen's Tod.

Dritter Theil der Gododin. No. 3 Klage auf die gefallenen Helden. Teutſch: die Klage überhaupt. No. 8 Erinnerung an das böſe Gaſtmahl. Teutſch: die Sendung nach Worms zur Brunhilt. No. 11 Eidiol's Benehmen nach der Noth. Teutſch: Dietrich's Klage. No. 14 Erinnerung an einzelne Helden. Iſt im Teutſchen nicht beſonders ausgebildet. No. 18, 19 Aneurin im finſtern Kerker beklagt in ſchlafloſen Nächten die erlebte Noth. Teutſch: [illegible], der die Harfe ſchlägt. No. 21 Betrachtung über das Mordmahl. Im Teutſchen nicht beſonders ausgebildet. No. 23 Folgen der Noth. No. 27 Kriege der Briten nach derſelben. No. 29 Geſchichtliche Rückblicke bis zum Tode Eidiol's. Teutſch: Dietrich's Leben nach der Noth. No. 17 iſt zu fragmentariſch, um nur ſagen zu können, was eigentlich ſein Inhalt iſt ***).

Es zeigen ſich zwei Thatſachen aus dieſer Ueberſicht, die Lieder hängen nicht ſtreng zuſammen, und eine direkte Verwandtſchaft mit den teutſchen iſt nicht offen ausgeſprochen. Was den erſten Punkt betrifft, ſo iſt zu bemerken, a) daß die Lieder fragmentariſch auf uns gekommen; b) daß der Charakter des britiſchen Heldenliedes nicht epiſch, ſondern lyriſch iſt, mehr anſpielt als erzählt, wodurch die Folge der Handlung häufig unterbrochen, oder von der Reflexion ganz aufgehoben wird, c) daß die Gododin mehrere Verfaſſer haben, was Davies zuerſt ausgeſprochen. Gewöhnlich werden ſie dem Barden Aneurin zugeſchrieben und ins Jahr 510 geſetzt. Die Zeitangabe hat Davies durch viele innere Gründe ſehr wahrſcheinlich gemacht. Die Mehrheit der Verfaſſer wird annehmlich durch den Unzuſammenhang und die Wiederholung der einzelnen Lieder, durch die Nachricht, daß es 363 geweſen (das iſt eine Triade, nämlich tri chanu a thringaint a thrichant), durch die Sitte, daß man einzelne Lieder auf die Gododin machte. Für die Einheit des Dichters ſpricht der Name Gododin, der mehrmals im Werke vorkommt und von einem Sammler wohl nicht herrühren könnte. — Beim zweiten Punkte muß man ſogar zugeben, daß ſelbſt die Beziehung auf das ſächſiſche Mordmahl nirgends namentlich ausgedrückt iſt. Dieſen Einwand hat aber Davies nicht nur im Allgemeinen, ſondern auch durch ſeinen Kommentar ſo richtig widerlegt, daß ich darüber weggehen kann und über die teutſche Verwandtſchaft zu ſprechen habe. Mein Schluß iſt dieſer: wenn die Noth im britiſchen Mahle ihre hiſtoriſche Grundlage hat, wenn die Gododin dieſes Mordmahl zum Gegenſtande haben, ſo iſt die Nibelungen Noth mit ihnen innerlich und weſentlich verwandt, wenn es auch nicht geſagt iſt. Und ein ausgeſprochener Zuſammenhang konnte auch nicht ſein, weil Teutſche und Celten ſtammverſchieden ſind und darum ihre Sage ſo unabhängig ausgebildet haben, daß man ſie nicht miteinander vergleichen darf, wie die ſtammverwandten Nordländer und die Teutſchen. Man entferne allen Begriff der Ueberſetzung, es wäre thöricht zu behaupten, die Teutſchen hätten die Sage von den Briten, die Nordländer von den Teutſchen überſetzt. Aneignen konnte man ſich die Sage, das brauchte aber nicht durch Ueberſetzung eines beſtimmten Liedes zu geſchehen, ſondern durch die lebendige Ueberlieferung. Daß dieß ſtattgefunden, kann ich nicht läugnen. In der britiſchen Noth ſind das Weib und Hengiſt; Aneurin ſitzt im Kerker, Vortigern heißt oft Gwawn (das iſt a); ſtellt man damit Criemhilt, Hagen, Gunther, Etzel zuſammen, ſo frage ich, wo man in irgend einer Geſchichte mehr Aehnlichkeit findet? Gododin iſt ein Tempel, der Dichter ſagt, mit friedlichem Herzen ſeien die Briten hineingegangen, es heißt ausdrücklich und wiederholt: they should have gone to churches to do penance, — the inevitable strife of death is piercing them. Wo iſt denn ein treffenderes Gleichniß zum letzten Kirchgang der Nibelungen? Im Mai, zur höchſten Feſtzeit der Briten war das Mahl, in der Sonnenwende des Sommers die Noth. Gewarnt waren die Briten durch das Loos, wie die Nibelungen durch Träume und Frauen. Eidiol ſteht gegen Hengiſt, wie Dietrich gegen Hagen, mit Feuer und Rauch werden die Sachſen umgeben, ohne ſie vertilgen zu können, eben ſo die Nibelungen. Drei Briten entkamen der Noth, ſo Dietrich, Etzel, Hildebrant. Das feindliche Geſpräch Hagens und Chriemhilds hat auch die britiſche Sage; die Fallenden werden im Blut zertreten, wie im Teutſchen; Eidiol ſauft Blut aus den Sachſen, wie Wein aus Gläſern, das Bluttrinken in der Noth; ſchon Morgens entſtand auf dem Kampfplatz vor dem Tempel Streit, der [illegible] Buhurt nach dem Kirchgang; Hengiſt läßt den Ausgang des Tempels verſperren wie Hagen die Thüre; in dieſem Augenblick wird der Friedensbarde Owen erſchlagen und Werbel verwundet.

Sollen alle dieſe Punkte nichtsſagend oder gleichgültig ſein? Ich kann mich zu dieſer Anſicht nicht bekennen, weil ich für die Läugnung des Zuſammenhangs keinen vernünftigen Grund finde. Weiter kann ich die Sache auch hier nicht auseinanderſetzen, ich verweiſe, wen es gelüſtet, an die britiſche Quelle. Beifügen muß ich, daß die Gododin und die Nibelungen vor Arthurs Zeit ſchon vollendet waren, denn von dieſem, der das ſpätere britiſche Epos beherrſcht, finde ich in unſerer Sage keine Spur.

E. Die Hegelingen.

Wie kam die britiſch-ſächſiſche Ausbildung der Nibelungen Noth zu den übrigen Teutſchen? Das muß durch eine Vermittlung geſchehen ſein. Das führt uns [illegible] zu den Niederlanden und den Hegelingen, welche die Mittelglieder der großen Sage ſcheinen. Ich muß die Nachweiſung etwas weit anheben, um die Beweiſe ſicherer zu ſtellen.

1) Zuſammenhang Niederlands und Britanniens.

Niederland war im Mittelalter eine [illegible] [illegible] als jetzt, vom Fuße des Siebengebirges bis an die [illegible] hieß alles Niederland, ſo daß der fränkiſche Niederrhein auch dazu gehörte. Der Namen Niederland kann vor Anfang des 6. Jahrhunderts nicht entſtanden ſein, denn er wurde erſt nöthig, als nach Beſiegung der Alemannen die Franken einen Theil des Oberrheins in Beſitz nahmen. Die Benennung geht auch nur auf die Franken, daher begreiflich, daß man Weſtphalen und Sachſen nicht zum Niederland gezählt hat *).

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*) Text und Ueberſetzung bei Davies Mythol. p. 330—333.

**) Gododin iſt am [illegible], [illegible] bedeutet [illegible], d. h. ein Tempel oder [illegible]. Man nennt alſo die Lieder nach dem Orte, wo das Mord geſchah. Teutſch ausgedrückt ſind die Gododin die Lieder des [illegible], die Todtenlieder.

***) Davies myth. p. 330—384.

Als Niederland noch von Belgiern bewohnt war, beſtand bereits durch die galliſch-teutſche Miſchung des Volkes eine nahe Verwandtſchaft mit den Briten. Dieſe wurde noch enger, als durch Waſſersnoth ein Theil der Belgier auf die Südküſte Britanniens entfloh und dort aufgenommen wurde. Die Anſiedler hießen [illegible], trieben Handel, und hielten die beiden Küſten in beſtändiger Wechſelwirkung **). Die celtiſchen Altäre auf Walcheren ſind Folgen dieſes Zuſammenhangs. Die Römer behielten ihn bei, ihre Garniſonen an den Maas- und Rheinmündungen wurden von Britannien aus verproviantirt ***). Noch unter den Römern, gegen Ende des 4. Jahrh., beſetzten die Sachſen die flandriſche Küſte, welche von den Römern nie ſehr in Anſchlag gebracht wurde. Die Seeräubereien der Sachſen machten aber bald Vorkehrungen nöthig, man ließ ſie an der flandriſchen Küſte wohnen, die von jetzt an litus Saxonicum hieß, ſtellte ſie aber unter militäriſche Aufſicht, und die Gegenküſte Britanniens wurde in Militärdiſtrikte getheilt, die zuſammen limes Saxonicus hießen, um das Land wie durch einen Cordon vor ihren Anfällen zu ſchützen. Als die Sachſen endlich in Britannien ſich eindrängten, mußten ſie ſich durch fortdauernde Einwanderung verſtärken, was auch die Geſchichte erzählt. Iſt es aber wahrſcheinlich, daß Hengiſt alle Sachſen aus dem fernen Holſtein kommen ließ, da er ſie viel näher und ſchneller von der flandriſchen Küſte haben konnte? †) Die Aehnlichkeit des flamändiſchen Dialekts mit dem Engliſchen iſt noch lebender Beweis der Verwandtſchaft. Die britiſche Sage kennt noch den Zuſammenhang im Lohengrin, allein da dieſe Sage wahrſcheinlich viel älter iſt als Arthur und mit dem Andenken dieſes Königs wieder aufgefriſcht wurde, ſo will ich ſie für den ſpätern Zuſammenhang beider Völker gar nicht in Anſchlag bringen, indem ja das Lied von der Gudrun die Verbindung der Angelſachſen und Niederländer offen ausſpricht. Daß auf dieſem Wege, d. h. durch Vermittelung der niederländiſchen Sachſen die britiſche Noth zu den Franken gekommen und auf die Ausbildung der Sage Einfluß gehabt, ſcheint mir nicht mehr zweifelhaft. Die Betrachtung des Gedichtes wird dies im Einzelnen beſtätigen.

2) Erſte Geſtaltung der Gudrun.

Es iſt an einem andern Orte zu beweiſen, daß Gudrun, die Lieder von Salomon und Morolf, Reinolt, Malagis, Ogier urſprünglich niederländiſche Gedichte waren, wovon die fünf letzten der hochteutſchen Literatur durch ziemlich ungeſchickte Ueberſetzungen im 14. und 15. Jahrh. angeeignet wurden. Gudrun ſcheint im 13. Jahrh. ſchon eine hochteutſche Bearbeitung erfahren zu haben, doch ſind auch in ihrer Sprache einzelne Spuren des niederländiſchen Urſprungs ſtehen geblieben. Dieſe Bemerkung iſt nicht ohne Belang für meine Unterſuchung.

Mit der übrigen Heldenſage hat Gudrun folgende Namen gemein, Hagen, Sigfrit, Gudrun, Ortwin, aber die Verhältniſſe dieſer Perſonen ſind ſehr verſchieden. Die Handlung ſelbſt im Liede hat mit der Heldenſage keinen Zuſammenhang. Aus den beiden Gründen erſcheint Gudrun als eine vereinzelte, niederländiſch abgeſonderte Sage. Die hochteutſchen Anſpielungen auf Gudrun ſind wenig und ohne großen Einfluß, das verräth wo nicht einen jungen Urſprung der Sage, doch ihre ſpäte Bekanntwerdung in Teutſchland. Die große Verwirrung im Gang des Liedes, die Ueberhäufung mit Perſonen, die vielfache Veränderung des Schauplatzes und die Ueberladung geographiſcher Angaben paſſen einestheils wohl für die Sage eines Seevolkes, verrathen anderntheils auch den jüngeren Urſprung, wenigſtens der letzten Abfaſſung, die wir vor uns haben. Wir können alſo wohl vorausſetzen, daß die hiſtoriſche Grundlage des Liedes Particular-Ereigniſſe waren, die auf die Geſammtheit der teutſchen Geſchichte keinen Einfluß hatten, daher von der allgemeinen Heldenſage unbeachtet blieben.

Ich muß noch einen andern Satz voranſtellen, von dem in der Unterſuchung viel abhängt. Die Gudrun beſteht aus zwei Theilen, im erſten iſt Hilde, im zweiten Gudrun die Hauptperſon. Nach der jetzigen Geſtalt des Liedes hört der erſte Theil mit der neunten Aventure des Gedichtes auf, in einer früheren Geſtalt ſchloß aber das Lied mit Avent. 17., der Schlacht auf dem Wulpenſande, und es folgte kein zweiter Theil darauf. Dies beſtätigen die äußeren Zeugniſſe. Die Edda, die Skalden, und Saxo kennen beſtimmt nur den erſten Theil der Sage, und von allen andern Zeugniſſen iſt es ſehr zweifelhaft, daß ſie den zweiten gekannt. Den Sänger Horant führen die Nordländer nicht an, ſondern nur das teutſche Lied; müſſen nun die ſüdlichen Anſpielungen auf Horant nothwendig aus dem teutſchen Liede geſchöpft ſein, ſo wäre deſſen Exiſtenz freilich zur Zeit jener Anſpielungen vorauszuſetzen. Allein Horants Geſang ſteht im erſten Theile, ſeine Anführung ſetzt die Kenntniß des zweiten nicht nothwendig voraus, und Lamprecht hat offenbar einen andern Schluß der Schlacht auf dem Wulpenwert gekannt, als ihn das jetzige Lied enthält. Lamprechts Alexander iſt ein lothringiſches, Morolf ein niederländiſches Gedicht, daß beide die Gudrun kennen, iſt ein Mitbeweis ihrer niederländiſchen Heimath. So iſt es wenigſtens ſehr wahrſcheinlich, daß der zweite Theil des Gedichtes viel ſpäter ſei als der erſte, was auch durch die hiſtoriſche Nachweiſung vollkommen beſtätigt wird.

Urſprung und erſte Geſtalt der Sage iſt nordfriſiſch, und durch die Frieſen, die mit den Sachſen nach Britannien zogen, iſt die Kenntniß der Sage in die angelſächſiſche Dichtung gekommen. Dieſer Urſprung enthielt nur drei Hauptperſonen, Hagen, Hethin (Hettel) und Hilde, die Heirath dieſer letzten und der doppelte Kampf (erſt nach der Heirath, dann auf Hedinsey) waren die Hauptſache des Gedichtes. Dieſe wenigen Punkte in der nordiſchen Geſchichte nachzuweiſen bin ich nicht im Stande, weil alles, was darauf Bezug hat, ſchon ſagenhaft berichtet wird. Man ſieht nur ſo viel, daß Holſtein, Stormaren, Ditmarſen die urſprüngliche Heimath der Hegelingen war, und wenn wir auf das Lied Rückſicht nehmen, ſo ergibt ſich durch den Hagen von Irland (d. i. England, denn die Iren hieß man Schotten) eine Hindeutung auf Hengiſt und ein Zuſammenhang mit der ſächſiſchen Wanderung. In dieſe Zeit fällt auch wahrſcheinlich die erſte hiſtoriſche Grundlage. Es iſt merkwürdig, daß die Gudrun keinen Zuſammenhang mit dem Norden anerkennt, daß ſie Dänemark und Fruote nennt, hat dafür nichts zu ſagen. Dagegen zieht Saxo die Sage in den Kreis des Königs Frothi (Fruote) wie eine Zwiſchenhandlung. Wer hat Recht, das Lied oder Saxo? Der alte Wate iſt im Liede eine Perſon des zweiten Ranges. Der Norden kennt ihn nicht, aber wohl der Süden. Hier findet man auch nur ſeine [illegible], Elias im Ortnit, Widolf im Rother und Ilſan im Roſengarten. Wie wenn der alte Wate eine Erinnerung an die Stammväter des Hengiſt, an Wecta oder an Woden wäre? Wie dem auch ſei, zu Saxos Zeit war die Sage bereits in das nordiſche (däniſche) Heldenbuch aufgenommen. In dieſem Epos bildete König Frothi den Mittelpunkt, wie Arthur im britiſchen und Karl im franzöſiſchen.

3) Zweite Geſtaltung der Gudrun.

Dieſe können wir deſto deutlicher in der Geſchichte nachweiſen, und zwar in folgenden Grundzügen. Im Jahr 855 ging der König Aethelwulf von England mit ſeinem Sohne Aelfred nach Rom, und hielt ſich auf dem Wege bei Karl dem Kahlen in Frankreich auf. Bei der Rückreiſe 856 gab Karl dem Aethelwulf ſeine junge Tochter Judith zur Frau und die Hochzeit wurde zu Verberie an der Oiſe bei Senlis gefeiert. Aethelwulf ſtarb ſchon 858, ſein Sohn und Nachfolger Aethelbald nahm ſeine Stiefmutter zur Frau, ſtarb aber auch ſchon 862 und die Wittwe kehrte mit großen Schätzen zurück, um ſich zum drittenmal zu verheirathen. Balduin der Eiſerne, Graf von Flandern, war in ſie verliebt, ſie desgleichen, er zog ihren Bruder Ludwig ins Einverſtändniß, worauf Balduin die verwittwete Judith entführte. Der entrüſtete Karl legte den Fall den Biſchöfen und Großen zur Entſcheidung vor, Balduin ging aber nach Rom zum Pabſt, und auf deſſen Zureden ſöhnte ſich Karl mit ſeiner Tochter aus und ließ ſie 863 zu Auxerre mit Balduin trauen *).

Dies iſt die Grundlage vom zweiten Theile des Liedes, womit aber die Dichtung und die verworrene Zeit ſehr frei geſchaltet haben. Zuerſt ſieht man, warum Hagen König von Irland

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*) Die 30. Predigt Berchtolds iſt wörtliche Vergleichung zwiſchen den Ober- und Niederländern. Er gebraucht den Namen nicht allgemein, [illegible] gibt aber [illegible] den wahren Sinn, wie folgende Stelle beweiſt: einer von Zürich und einer von Swaben, der ſprache iſt gar ungeliche, ein Swap und ein niderlender von Kölne sind gar ungeliche an der ſprache unt an gewande. Im früheren Mittelalter gehörte auch Holland ſchwerlich zum Niederland.

**) Warrington's history of Wales, p. 6. Davies Celt. res. p. 135.

***) Eine wichtige Stelle findet Eunapius Sard. in den excerpt. de legat. bei Labbé Protrept. ad hist. Byzant. p. 15. [illegible] Die Chamaven waren die Anwohner der Rheinmündungen, und von den Niederlanden iſt die Rede.

†) Eine ähnliche Meinung, aber auf andere Gründe geſtützt, hat ſchon [illegible] Geſchichte I. 43. 44.

*) Hincmari Remens. annal. ad an. 856, 857, 862, 863 bei Pertz monum. hist. germ. I.

(England) iſt, die Edda ſagt nichts davon, und Saxo erwähnt ihn als König von Jütland. Dieſe Veränderung hat die Heirath nach England hervorgebracht. Zweitens, der Namen Gudrun iſt durch Anklang an Judith in die Sage gekommen *). Warum Gudrun? das iſt eben ein ſchätzbarer Beweis, daß die Sage von ihr im Niederland bekannt war. Wem glich Judith's Geſchichte mehr als der Gudrunſage? Gudrun war alſo ſchon damals in der Anſicht des Volkes das unheilvolle Weib, eine Idee, auf welche man ähnliche Vorkommniſſe im Leben bezog. Mit ihr hat die Sage Judiths Schickſal identificirt. Stand einmal Gudrun in der neuen Sage feſt, ſo konnte Sigfrit und das Nibelungenland auch hinein kommen. Sigfrit iſt aber vom teutſchen ſchon ganz verſchieden, Niflant hat nur in Beziehung auf das nahe England noch einige Erheblichkeit, ſo daß man annehmen muß, der erſte Theil der Heldenſage (Sigfrit) ſei in Friesland und Flandern zu der Zeit, als die Gudrunſage gebildet wurde, ſchon ſehr im Verfall geweſen. Dies beweiſt auch der Schluß des Liedes. Gudrun brachte die Idee einer Noth mit ſich; dieſer widerſtrebte die hiſtoriſche Grundlage des Liedes, hier ſehen wir aber die Sage mit aller Gewalt durchbrechen, ſie läßt ſich von der Geſchichte nicht ganz feſſeln, ſie läßt mit Kampf die Gudrun erlöſen, wovon die Geſchichte nichts weiß. In dieſen Kampf hat ſie diejenigen Züge der Noth aufgenommen, welche das Gedicht ertragen konnte. Ludwig der König fällt wie Gunther, Hartmut wird gefangen wie Hagen, die böſe Gerlint wird von Wate erſchlagen wie Chriemhilt von Hiltebrant, aber von all dem weiß die Geſchichte kein Wort, die Gerlint kennt ſie gar nicht. Das iſt der Sage einerlei, ſie hatte einmal die Judith zur Gudrun vergeiſtigt, und nun mußte eine Noth folgen, gleichviel, ob die Geſchichte ja oder nein ſagte. Dieſes Beiſpiel von hartnäckigem Leben der Sage iſt aber ſehr wichtig, es beweiſt, daß die Gudrunſage ihren abgeſchloſſenen Sinn, ihre feſte Bedeutung hatte, die ſich nur mit großem Widerſtreben durch Uebertragung auf einen hiſtoriſchen Stoff verderben ließ. Und wirklich wurde hier die Nothſage durch die Geſchichte verdorben, die ihr einen heitern Ausgang gab, der ihr völlig fremd iſt. Da iſt alſo eine Verwechslung noch obendrein vorgegangen, denn der fröhliche Schluß der Gudrun iſt das Ende einer Brautfahrt, die ja auch mit Kampf verbunden ſind. Ich muß noch ein ſtärkeres Beiſpiel von der Lebenskraft der Sage beifügen, denn dieſe Thatſachen ſind Fundamente, worauf man weiter bauen kann. Karls d. G. Unglück in den Pyrenäen iſt bekanntlich der Gegenſtand des Rolandsliedes. Mit Rolands Fall iſt die Hiſtorie aus, das Lied aber nicht. Wie kommt das? Sehr natürlich, Rolands Tod iſt dem Liede nichts weiter als der Mord Siegfrits, alſo der erſte Theil des Trauerſpiels, der zweite, die Noth, muß folgen, ob die Geſchichte etwas davon weiß oder nicht. Die Sage ertrotzt ihren Zuſammenhang und ihre innere Vollendung von der hiſtoriſchen Grundlage. Die Noth iſt nun die völlige Niederlage der Sarazenen durch Karl und die Strafe des Verräthers Genelun, d. i. Hagens. Da tritt nun ein Kämpfer Dietrich (Tirrich, Thierry) auf, wie wenn er aus der Wand geſchlagen wäre. Was thut denn der dabei? Er muß da ſein, weil in der Nibelungen Noth ein Dietrich als ſein Vorbild ſteht. Das iſt alſo der Satz: weil es eine Nib. Noth gab, mußte es eine Sarazenen Noth geben, weil Hagen nach der Noth fällt, mußte auch Genelun fallen, ohne beides hätte das Rolandslied keine Vollendung, die muß es jedoch haben, weil die Sage es nicht anders thut. Wir müſſen den Eigenſinn der Sage, der auf ihrer inneren Kraft beruht, anerkennen und achten.

Die Chronikſchreiber ſind zum Theil dem Schluſſe der Gudrun gefolgt. Karl hat mit Baldewin wegen der Entführung keinen Krieg geführt, und doch ſagt Meyer: relatum est a nonnullis, semel in Atrebatibus ad montem divi Eligii, et iterum in finibus [illegible] fusum ab eo (Baldewino) fugatumque regium (Caroli) exercitum, Francosque [illegible] viriliter a nostris prohibitos finibus **). Das haben die Chronikſchreiber nicht aus der Geſchichte, ſondern aus der Sage geſchöpft. Den Pabſt und die Biſchöfe hat dagegen das Lied ausgelaſſen, es konnte ſie für ſeinen Zuſammenhang nicht brauchen.

Aber die Normannen! Grade ſie geben den ſtärkſten Beweis für die letzte Bildung der Sage im neunten Jahrhundert. Denn zu dieſer Zeit waren ihre Verheerungen in Flandern und Friesland am größten, in dieſer Zeit hatten ihre Fürſten auf jene Länder vielfachen Einfluß. Seit dem frechen Gotfrit (Gautrek) von Dänemark, der 804 die Nordgrenzen Teutſchlands beraubte, bis zu Ende des 9. Jahrhunderts hörten die Züge der Normannen gegen Niederland nicht auf. Ludwig der Fromme gab dem Dänen Herald, der ſich hatte taufen laſſen, die Grafſchaft Rüſtringen in Friesland 826, um die Küſte gegen die Normannen zu ſchützen; dem Normannen Rorich gab er Kennemerland in Weſtfriesland und dem Hemming einen Theil von Seeland. So wurden die Normannen Herren der frieſiſchen Küſte von der Schelde bis zur Ems und das Lied hat dieſen Umſtand feſtgehalten, indem es die unabhängigen Herren des Küſtenſtrichs anführt, wie Herwig von Seeland ſtatt Hemming, Irolt von Friſen ſtatt Harald oder Heriold, wie er gewöhnlich in Teutſchland hieß, Morung von Friesland für Rorich von Kennemerland. Daher die Verwirrung im Liede, daß Irolt und Morung von Frieſen genannt werden (v. 986, 1083, 1983), wenn man aber nach der Geſchichte Oſt- und Weſtfriesland unterſcheidet, ſo iſt es in der Ordnung. Nun heißt auch Irolt von Hortrich, Ortland, Horriche und Ortwin von Ortland (1091, 1943, 2259, 2263, 2537), der Geſchichte nach iſt es Oſterrik, Oſtfriesland. Dagegen wird Morung auch von Waleis genannt (2564, 2787), eine Anſpielung auf Walcheren, wo der dritte Normann, Hemming wohnte. Begreiflich iſt nun der Zuſammenhang zwiſchen dieſen drei normänniſch-frieſiſchen Fürſten und den Nordfriſen und Dänen, und es iſt wahrſcheinlich, daß durch dieſe hiſtoriſchen Urſachen die alte Sage vom Högni und Hethin bei den Frieſen wieder erneuert oder ins Leben gerufen wurde.

Der Raub der Gudrun, ihre ſchlechte Behandlung, die Verheerung des Landes, ſind wohl nur treue Bilder der Wirklichkeit. Die Normänner mögen manche Frau mitgenommen und ſchlecht behandelt haben, und ihr Uebergewicht im Liede erklärt auch den Umſtand, daß Karl der Kahle und ſein Sohn Ludwig ſelber in Normänner verwandelt ſind. Der Namen Ludwig iſt noch im Lied erhalten, nur dem Vater gegeben, die Normandie aber ſchon als ein unabhängiges Land angeführt, was anzeigt, daß die letzte Bildung der Sage in den Schluß des 10. Jahrhunderts fällt. Man merkt auch, daß die Hethinsſage bereits wieder im Leben war, als Baldewin ſeine Aventüre lieferte, die Anknüpfung war leicht durch die Aehnlichkeit der Handlung, und wahrſcheinlich hätte das Volk den Baldewin vergeſſen, wenn es ſeine Geſchichte nicht einer beſtehenden Sage hätte anfügen können. Darum iſt auch Baldewin nicht genannt, ſondern der Normann Herwig hat ſich behauptet. Frieſiſch wird alſo wohl die letzte Geſtaltung der Sage ſein, nicht flämiſch und Baldewins Aufnahme mag dadurch mit veranlaßt ſein, daß er, wie man behauptet, Seeland zum Heirathgut bekam. Denn leer wird er nicht ausgegangen ſein. Selbſt der Umſtand, daß die Sage die Gudrun als Tochter an die Hilde anknüpfte, iſt keine ſo willkührliche Zudichtung wie es ſcheint. Die Aehnlichkeit mit Grimhild, der eddiſchen Mutter Gudruns, führte ſchon dazu, aber vom Charakter Judiths wird ein Zug erwähnt (donec, si se continere non posset, secundum apostolum, scilicet competenter ac legaliter, nuberet. Hincmar l. c. ad a. 862), deſſen Beziehung und Vergleichung mit Hilde nicht ſo ſchwer war (ferunt Hildam tanta mariti cupiditate flagrasse, ut etc. denn was darauf folgt, gehört nicht zu dieſem Vorderſatz. Saxo gram. V. p. 81, ed. Wechel.). Im teutſchen Liede iſt Hildens Natur etwas verändert, ſie iſt mehr eine Ute geworden *).

Ich muß damit die geſchichtlichen Nachweiſungen ſchließen, damit ſie mich von meinem urſprünglichen Ziele nicht noch weiter entfernen. Mit manchen meiner früheren Anſichten ſtehen ſie im Widerſpruch und ich hoffe, dies wird der Wahrheit förderlich ſein. Gebe man der Geſchichte die Grundlage zurück, die ihr angehört, und laſſe man dem Mythus den verbindenden Geiſt und die Bedeutung, die er dem Stoff gegeben, ſo wird man das Weſen beider richtiger erkennen. Wie nun neben der hiſtoriſchen Grundlage noch ein Mythus der Heldenſage beſtehen kann, mögen Manche vielleicht nicht begreifen. Wer jedoch die Bildung der Sage im Norden und einzelne mythiſche Punkte der teutſchen Lieder bedenkt, die ich oben erläutert, wird an dem Daſein eines Mythus weniger zweifeln. Man muß ſich nur nicht vor dem Mythus fürchten, als wenn er weiß Gott in welche endloſen Träumereien und Hexereien verführe, man kann dabei recht gut bei Verſtand bleiben, ohne alle Gefahr ſeines Seelenheils. Eine Ueberſicht und Zuſammenſtellung der hiſtoriſchen Grundlage will ich nicht beifügen, denn ſie hat nur dann Werth, wenn ihr die mythiſche als Gegenſtück zur Seite geſtellt wird.

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*) Judith iſt deutſch Jutta, ihr Namen [illegible]

**) Jac. Meyeri annal. Fland. ad a. 862.

*) Die [illegible] des Liedes [illegible] iſt bei dem [illegible] der Namen [illegible] Seeland und [illegible] Graſſchaft [illegible]

Rudolph von Montfort, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl von Morgenſtern

ward am 28. Auguſt 1770 zu Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle Philoſophie und wurde 1797 daſelbſt als außerordentlicher Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft angeſtellt. Nachdem er ſeit 1798 Profeſſor am Athenäum in Danzig geweſen war, folgte er 1802 einem Rufe als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Beredtſamkeit und der Dichtkunſt nach Dorpat, wurde daſelbſt Oberbibliothekar und Staatsrath und erhielt ſpäter das Ritterkreuz des St. Annen- und Wladimirordens. In neueſter Zeit iſt er quiescirt worden.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Entwurf von Platons Leben. Leipzig 1797.
Johann Winkelmann. Rede. Ebendaſ. 1805.
Ueber einige Gemälde. Dorpat 1805.
Klopſtock. 2 Vorleſungen. Leipzig 1807 — 1814.
Johannes Müller ꝛc. 3 Reden. Dorpat 1808.
Auszüge aus den Tagebüchern und Papieren eines Reiſenden. Leipzig 1811 — 13. 3 Hefte.
Dörpt'ſche Beiträge. Ebendaſ. 1813 — 21, 6 Thle., oder 3 Bde.
Grundriß einer Einleitung zur Aeſthetik. Ebendaſ. 1815.
Töne vom Lebenspfade. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Einzelne Abhandlungen und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Tiefes Gefühl, Innigkeit, Geiſt und gründliche Forſchung bei glänzender Darſtellung haben dieſem vortrefflichen Manne als Redner, wie als Schriftſteller und Kunſtkenner einen bedeutenden, wohlverdienten Ruf erworben.

Klopſtock

als vaterländiſcher Dichter *).

Wollte ich am heutigen Tag einen Gegenſtand der Betrachtung wählen, der gar keine Beziehung auf das hätte, was jetzt jedes Gemüth erfüllt, ſo dürfte ich ſchwerlich auf Ihre Aufmerkſamkeit, geehrte Zuhörer, rechnen. Seit mehreren Jahren verſchlingt das politiſche Intereſſe jedes andere: Krieg iſt die große Loſung, Kampf mit einem mächtigen Feinde, der ſeit der verhängnißvollen franzöſiſchen Revolution für Europa mit der lernäiſchen Hydra der Fabel nur zuviel gemein hat; und zwar Kampf um Sein und Nichtſein. Im vorigen Jahre galt es die Fortdauer der Rieſenmacht Rußlands. Nun dieſe ſich ſo glorreich bewährt hat, gilt es in dieſem Jahre (Dank der großen Seele unſers Kaiſers!) die Rettung, die Befreiung Deutſchlands. Dahin ſind jetzt Aller Augen gerichtet; dahin die Herzen Aller, die in Deutſchland ihr eignes Vaterland, wie ſo Manche von uns hier, — oder doch das Vaterland ihrer Väter und Vorfahren, wie die meiſten der hier Verſammelten, — lieben und verehren. Seit Jahrhunderten wurden die Worte: Deutſchland, deutſche Nation, nicht häufiger, nicht wärmer ausgeſprochen, als in unſern Tagen. Unleugbar iſt indeß auch, daß ſchon vor den Ereigniſſen der letzten Jahre das Vaterlandsgefühl bei den Deutſchen öfter als in der unmittelbar vorhergehenden Periode ſich regte, je näher die gänzliche Auflöſung der längſt ſchon ſo loſe zuſammenhängenden deutſchen Reichsverfaſſung heranrückte, — lebendiger und ſtärker ſich regte, indem das auch in ſeinen Trümmern ehrwürdige Gebäude ſo vieler Jahrhunderte vor unſern Augen wirklich dahinſank, als ſollte die alltägliche Wahrnehmung im kleinern Kreiſe des Lebens auch hier im Großen beſtätigt werden, daß der Werth eines Guts den Sterblichen erſt ganz, ja doppelt fühlbar wird bei dem Verluſte. So erwachte, ungefähr ſeit dem Anfang des gegenwärtigen Jahrhunderts, von neuem die Liebe zu unſern ältern vaterländiſchen Dichtern durch die Beſtrebungen einer neuen Schule im literariſchen Gemeinweſen Deutſchlands, die in dieſer Hinſicht wenigſtens gewiß keinen Tadel verdient, vornehmlich durch Tieck, Aug. Wilhelm und Friedrich Schlegel; ferner durch die zum Theil von jener unabhängigen verdienſtlichen Arbeiten von Docen, von der Hagen, Büſching, Görres, der Brüder Grimm, Glöckle und Anderer, denen Eſchenburg, Gräter, noch früher Bodmer mit ſeinen Schweizerfreunden vorangegangen waren. So ward vor wenigen Jahren, um nur eins zu nennen, das große altdeutſche Heldengedicht, das Lied der Nibelungen, in einer neuen Ausgabe wieder in Umlauf gebracht, und kürzlich eine neue Bearbeitung und Erläuterung deſſelben von A. W. Schlegel angekündigt, welcher verlangt, daß es, nächſt der Bibel, ein Hauptbuch bei der Erziehung deutſcher Jugend werde. „Dahin," ſagte er kürzlich ſelbſt, „muß und wird es kommen, wenn die Deutſchen das Gefühl eines ſelbſtſtändigen, von uralter Zeit unvermiſchten, glorreichen und unzertrennlichen Volkes nicht ganz einbüßen." Ohne mich hier auf Prüfung der vollen Sicherheit jener Hoffnung einzulaſſen, erinnere ich nur noch, mit welchem Intereſſe ſelbſt Leſſing an Gegenſtänden der altdeutſchen Literatur Antheil nahm; Er, der in ſeinen eignen Schriften ſo viel zur Veredlung und Feſtigung der deutſchen Sprache und ſelbſt des deutſchen Nationalcharakters beitrug: was, außer von frühern Dichtern, wie Opitz, dann nach mehr als anderthalb hundert Jahren von Hagedorn und Haller, weiterhin von Dichtern erſten Ranges, wie Goethe, Bürger, Voß, Herder, Schiller, von Proſaikern wie Winkelmann, Joh. Müller, Möſer, Klinger, Jacobi, Fichte, in reichlichem Maße geſchah.

Höchſt ungerecht indeß wären wir, ließen wir in dieſer Reihe vorzüglich vaterländiſch geſinnter deutſcher Männer unter den Schriftſtellern, die auf ihre Nation wirkten, gerade den ungenannt, der unter Allen wohl am tiefſten, innigſten es war; Ihn, der ſeit Luther's Zeiten bis auf dieſen Tag unter Allen am eingreifendſten, kräftigſten über ein halbes Jahrhundert lang auf Poeſie, Sprache und Sinn der Deutſchen als ſolcher wirkte: Klopſtock. Welcher Dichter irgend einer Sprache hat ſo aus tiefer Bruſt herauf wie Er in jener glühenden Ode das Herzenswort geſprochen: „Ich liebe dich, mein Vaterland" —? Früh hatte er ihm ſich geweiht. Schon da ſein Herz den erſten Schlag der Ehrbegierde ſchlug, wollte er in einem Heldengedicht Deutſchlands Befreier, Heinrich den Vogler, ſingen. Allein er ſah die höhere Bahn, die hinaufführt zu dem Vaterlande des Menſchengeſchlechtes, und zog ſie vor. Doch nahm er auch dann oftmals die Leyer des Barden, und ſang (ſo ruft er ſelbſt aus) „o Vaterland, dich dir!" Keiner erkannte wie Er die Urkräfte unſrer Sprache, die, gleich der griechiſchen, „eine urſprüngliche, aus eignem Vermögen ſich" erzeugt, „im Ganzen und im Einzelnen regſam, mit immer erneuertem Anwachs aus ſich ſelbſt" fortſtrömt. Alle wahren Kenner unſrer Poeſie und unſrer Literatur überhaupt ſind auch darüber einig, daß ohne ſeine beſonnen kühne, ſtill ausdauernde, doch gewaltige Energie in Bearbeitung unſrer Sprache die letzte Periode der deutſchen Poeſie, in welcher vorzüglich Goethe und Schiller als entſcheidende Dichtergenien, Voß und Aug. Wilh. Schlegel beſonders als Sprach- und Verskünſtler glänzen, gar nicht möglich geweſen ſein würde. Daß ferner Er vor Allen es war, der ſeine Deutſchen durch Wort und That mahnte, nicht länger ſich ſelbſt zu verkennen, nicht allzu gerecht zu ſein gegen das Ausland, was wie ein anderes Volk war, — nicht nachzuahmen, wo es ureigenthümlich ſein könne, vielmehr zu brauchen die angeſtammte Kraft, und daran ſeine reine Freude zu haben. Doch Jeder weiß das, der außer der ſchon angeführten Ode Mein Vaterland etwa folgende las, die überſchrieben ſind: Fragen, Der Nachahmer, Wir und Sie, Unſre Sprache, Ueberſchätzung des Auslandes, Die deutſche Bibel, Der Hügel und der Hain, Vaterlandslied u. ſ. w. Eben ſo war er es, der, im Vollgefühl deſſen, was Schriftſteller für ihre Nation ſind, die von Vielen mißverſtandene Idee einer Gelehrtenrepublik aufſtellte, wie ſie ſo von allen Ländern in der Welt nur in Deutſchland, in der Hauptſache wenigſtens, ausführbar iſt. In demſelben Werke führt er den ſeiner würdigen Gedanken aus, den ich, ſo wie den folgenden, lieber mit A. W. Schlegel's Worten, als mit den meinigen ausdrücken will, da dieſer geiſtreiche Kunſtrichter anderwärts von unſerm Dichter oft genug ſo geurtheilt hat, daß kein Leſer Ihn im Verdacht zu großer Vorliebe für Klopſtock, noch weniger übertriebener Bewunderung deſſelben, haben wird: „den ſchönen Gedanken, Züge altdeutſcher Treue, Gerechtigkeit, Großmuth, jeder Heldentugend zuſammenzuſtellen" in ſeinen

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*) Eine Vorleſung, gehalten von K. v. Morgenſtern bei Bekanntmachung der Preisaufgaben für die Studirenden der Univerſität zu Dorpat, am 12. Dec. 1813. (Leipzig 1814).

Denkmalen der Deutſchen, die er gerade „aus den Zeiten" wählt, „die am meiſten der Barbarei beſchuldigt werden," aus jenen „der erſten Eroberer." Außerdem „klagte er vielfältig in rührenden Liedern über den Untergang der alten Bardengeſänge. Er ſuchte ihre Spuren bald in den thraciſchen Wäldern bei Orpheus, bald unter den Gladen am Ufer des Nordmeers." Beſonders aber „wollte er in ſeinen Bardieten gleichſam einen Nachhall jener Lieder vernehmen laſſen," wodurch die Germanen die Thaten ihres Hermann's „ſchon kurz nach ſeinem Tode verherrlichten, und erregte" mit jenen, auf eine ihm ganz eigenthümliche Weiſe gedichteten, lyriſch-dramatiſchen Werken, wenigſtens zur Zeit der Erſcheinung des erſten der drei Gedichte „nicht geringe Bewunderung." Obwohl nämlich in unſern Tagen Eifer für altdeutſche Litteratur, zumal in der ſchon angedeuteten Schule, hie und da ſich regt: ſo iſt die Wärme und Verbreitung deſſelben doch nicht zu vergleichen mit jenem Enthuſiasmus, womit in der Zeit, als das Publikum aus der Hand des hochverehrten Sängers des Meſſias und der ſchwungvollen Oden reinmenſchlichen Inhalts, den Bardiet Hermanns Schlacht empfing, eben dies Gedicht aufgenommen wurde. Aeltere Zeitgenoſſen erinnern ſich noch gar wohl der Freunde des Bardengeſangs, die ſich vorzüglich in Göttingen gegen den Anfang der ſiebziger Jahre ſammelten, wo damals Boie, Bürger, Miller, Hölty, Voß, die Stolberg und Andere zu einem Freundesbund und zugleich zu einem Chor jüngerer Muſenprieſter ſich aneinander ſchloſſen, welche ihre Leiern nach der mächtig ertönenden Telyn des Sängers unſers Hermann's, bald mehr, bald weniger glücklich, ſtimmten. Man denke zugleich noch an die mit Klopſtock's Bardengeſängen faſt gleichzeitigen des Barden Rhingulph (des nun auch verſtorbenen Kretſchmann in Zittau) und des Barden Sined (des früher ſchon vorangegangenen M. Denis in Wien), und an Gerſtenberg's nur ein paar Jahre älteres Gedicht eines Skalden; ferner an die Erſcheinung des erſten deutſchen Muſenalmanachs, des Göttinger (im J. 1770), worauf ſechs Jahre ſpäter der Voſſiſche, in gleichem Geiſt und Sinn geſammelte folgte; eben ſo an das ſeit 1776 durch Boie geſtiftete Deutſche Muſeum, das erſte deutſche Nationaljournal in Hinſicht auf ſchöne Litteratur, in welchem bei den Hauptverfaſſern Einſtimmung in Klopſtock's hohe Beſtrebungen für den deutſchen Nationalruhm, und Bewunderung deſſelben, als des erſten Dichters der Deutſchen, vorwaltete. Das damalige Beſtreben, der deutſchen Dichtkunſt einen Nationalcharakter zu geben, wirkte ſo weitgreifend, daß ein Mann unſrer verdienſtvollſten Dichter und Litteratoren, der vorzüglich durch franzöſiſche, italieniſche und altklaſſiſche Litteratur ausgebildete Wieland, als er im J. 1773 ſeinen Teutſchen Merkur herauszugeben anfing, gleich im erſten Jahrgang es nöthig erachtete, in ſeinem Bericht über den Zuſtand des deutſchen Parnaſſes ſich über den Eifer zu ereifern, womit Viele damals der deutſchen Dichtkunſt einen Nationalcharakter zu geben ſich beſtrebten. Er fand die meiſten Verſuche dieſer Art ſo, daß ſie ſeiner Meinung nach unſre Poeſie mehr abentheuerlich als vaterländiſch machten. Eigentlich zwar ging ſeine Rüge auf Mißbrauch und Uebertreibung in Anwendung der Sache. Genien wie Klopſtock, ſagt er, ſeien dazu gemacht, ſich neue Bahnen zu brechen; ihnen ſei kein Weg zum Ruhme verſagt, und ſie verdienten auch auf ihren Abwegen Ehrfurcht. Kretſchmann und Denis, ſeine glücklichſten Nachfolger, ſeien Dichter von unbeſtreitbaren ſeltnen Talenten; doch liefen ſie Gefahr, die beſten Früchte derſelben zu verlieren, wenn ſie fortführen, im Taumel der dichteriſchen Begeiſterung die Deutſchen des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts für Enkel Thuiskon's anzuſehn. Zur Erläuterung ſeiner Anſicht behauptet er noch, die deutſche Nation könne keinen ſo ausgezeichneten Nationalcharakter haben, wie z. B. die franzöſiſche und engliſche, weil die Deutſchen eigentlich keine Nation wären, ſondern vermöge ihrer Verfaſſung ein Aggregat von vielen Nationen. Unſre Verfaſſung, unſre Lebensart, unſre Sitten, unſer ganzer Zuſtand ſei glücklicherweiſe ſo verſchieden von dem, was unſere Väter zu den Zeiten der Barden geweſen, daß die Zurückrufung des alten Geiſtes gar nicht mehr für uns paſſe; er (Wieland) könne ſich nicht überzeugen, daß unſre Dichtkunſt durch Bearbeitung einheimiſcher Gegenſtände, durch Abſchilderung einheimiſcher Sitten, und beſonders durch unmittelbare Beziehungen auf deſſen Nationalintereſſe, und auf große, für das ganze Deutſchland wichtige Begebenheiten ſehr viel gewinnen werde. Seit Thuiskon's, oder, wenn man etwas herabſteigen wolle, ſeit Hermann's Zeiten u. ſ. w., ſei der Unterſchied der Verfaſſung von Europa und Deutſchland ſo unermeßlich groß geworden, daß es unräthlich ſei, die Sprache Hermann's mit uns zu reden, und uns die Geſinnungen der altdeutſchen Völkerſchaften einflößen zu wollen. Den unbändigen Enthuſiasmus für eine Art von Freiheit, die wir zu unſerm Glücke längſt verloren hätten, den kriegeriſchen, blutdürſtigen Geiſt und die patriotiſche Wuth dieſer alten Barbaren durch die Magie der Dichtkunſt verſchönern und zu Tugend und Heldenthum adeln, heiße einen Gebrauch von dieſer edeln Kunſt machen, der bei allem Blendenden nicht weniger gefährlich ſei, als wenn ſie zum Werkzeuge der Lüſternheit und Ueppigkeit gemißbraucht würde. Wir leben, ſagt er, in einer Zeit, wo die Aufklärung der europäiſchen Nationen über ihr wahres Intereſſe täglich zunehme, und ſich immer mehr den Grundgeſetzen nähere, welche die Natur der menſchlichen Gattung vorgeſchrieben; die Muſen ſollten die ungeſtümen Leidenſchaften nicht entflammen, ſondern zu beſänftigen ſuchen; und den Werth der häuslichen Glückſeligkeit und den Reiz der Privattugenden, die uns derſelben fähig machen, in rührenden Gemälden vorſtellen; und den Geiſt des Friedens, der Duldung, der Wohlthätigkeit und allgemeinen Geſelligkeit einflößen u. ſ. w. Das ſei in den Zeiten, worin wir leben, mehr als jemals, die wahre Beſtimmung der Dichtkunſt. Uebrigens ſtehe einem Dichter, der blos die Kräfte ſeines Geiſtes verſuchen und üben wolle, allerdings frei, den Stoff zu ſeinen Gemälden ſowohl aus den Zeiten der alten Germanen zu nehmen, als es einem Maler frei ſtehe, die Schlacht des Theſeus mit den Amazonen oder den Raub der Sabinerinnen zu malen. Nur wünſche er, daß Männer, wie Klopſtock und deſſen Freunde, die Bahn Oſſian's verlaſſen, und für ihre Zeitgenoſſen und eine hoffentlich beſſere Nachwelt dichten möchten, weil ſie dann ihr Talent gemeinnütziger machen würden.

So Wieland im J. 1773. Klopſtock hatte damals von ſeinen drei Bardieten nur Hermann's Schlacht bekannt gemacht, im J. 1769, in welchem auch der Geſang Rhingulph's des Barden, als Varus geſchlagen war, ſich hatte vernehmen laſſen. Wie haben ſich ſeitdem die Zeiten umgewandelt! Wie wenig ahndete Wieland vor vierzig Jahren den gegenwärtigen Zuſtand Europa's; wie wenig die neuere Lage Deutſchlands durch ſeinen weſtlichen Nachbar; wie ſo gar nicht, die für jedes Volk früher oder ſpäter eintretende, für Deutſchland nur zu bald eingetretene, Nothwendigkeit, ſeine Kräfte gegen tyranniſche Unterdrückung der Fremden zuſammendrängend zu einigen; wie ſo gar nicht erkannte er die Wohlthat lebendiger, in ewigen Geſängen forthallender Stimmen, wodurch die Nation in Zeiten der Noth, und noch vor völligem Einbruch derſelben, zu wecken wäre aus dem tödtlichen Schlummer! Wie wenig verräth der Zeitenblick, den der höchſt geiſt- und phantaſiereiche, liebenswürdige, aber nie zu höherer Charakter-Energie erſtarkte Dichter an der Ilm, trotz beiläufigen Ehrenbezeugungen, auf Klopſtock's vermeintlichen Abweg wirft, wie wenig verräth er Erfaſſen vom Zweck und Eindringen in den Geiſt des wahrhaft deutſchen Mannes!

Dieſer ließ ſich freilich durch ſolche und ähnliche Aeußerungen mancher Zeitgenoſſen nicht aufhalten auf der von ſeinem Ingenium ihm vorgezeichneten Bahn. Nicht nur gab er auch ſeitdem, wie ein Blick in ſeine nach der Zeitfolge geordneten Oden jedem Leſer ſeiner Werke zeigen kann, noch manches, der hohen Teutone (ſo nannte er ſeine Göttin des altdeutſchen Geſangs) abgelauſchte unſterbliche Lied; ſondern ließ auch, funfzehn Jahre ſpäter als Hermann's Schlacht erſchien, im J. 1784 ſeinen zweiten Bardiet Hermann und die Fürſten erſcheinen, denen dann drei Jahre nachher (1787) der dritte folgte, Hermann's Tod, womit er ſein großes Denkmal auf unſern Befreier von römiſcher Tyrannei, auf Ihn, der liberator haud dubie Germaniae, wie Tacitus ihn nennt, zu heißen verdiente, nach achtzehn Jahren vollendete, nachdem er ſo lang und ausdauernd, mit jener ihm überall eigenen, unwandelbaren Liebe für die Gegenſtände ſeiner Wahl, auch hier ſich getreu geblieben. Er, der Deutſche, wollte die Deutſchen lehren ſich zu fühlen beim Bilde ihres edeln Ahnherrn; ſich zu erheben zu Nationaltugenden, zu welchen die Uranlage tief im Weſen unverdorbener Deutſchen liegt. Dabei durfte er nicht nur, er mußte, nach dem Geſetze der Kunſt, idealiſiren. Was er wollte, war ſchön; was er geleiſtet hat, und wie er's geleiſtet hat, iſt und bleibt ſchön, werth der Bewunderung, der Nacheiferung und der ſpäteſten Nachkommenſchaft.

Heute vor ſieben Jahren hielt ich an dieſer Stätte eine Rede zur Feier des Andenkens von Klopſtock, worin ich die Hauptzüge zu ſeiner Biographie und zu ſeiner Charakteriſtik, damals meiſt nur aus ſeinem frühern Leben, zuſammenſtellte. Um des Gegenſtandes willen damals ſo aufmerkſam gehört als jemals, nahm ich mir ſchon öfters vor, die auch anderweitig verlangte Fortſetzung des angefangenen biographiſchen Entwurfs zu verſuchen. Doch der Gegenſtand iſt ſo reich und vielumfaſſend, beſonders inſofern er kritiſche Erörterungen zur Begründung der Werke Klopſtock's und ihres nicht allgemein genug anerkannten hohen Werthes mitbegreift, daß, um ihn mit der erforderlichen Ausführlichkeit abzuhandeln, auch mehrere Vorträge nicht hinreichen würden. Für heute ſporne mich der Augenblick, noch von den Bardieten unſers ehrwürdigen Nationaldichters zu reden, um ſo mehr, da man dieſe drei Werke, wenn man unſre kritiſchen Blätter, und ſelbſt die Schriften zur Charakteriſtik deutſcher Dichter, auch die Handbücher der allgemeinen Litteraturgeſchichte aufſchlägt, weder in Hinſicht des Gattungsbegriffs (den wir nur theils aus Winken des Dichters auffaſſen, theils aus den Dichtungen deſſelben ſelbſt abziehen können), noch auch in Betracht der Ausführung im Einzelnen, mit genügender Sorgfalt und Ausführlichkeit gewürdigt findet. Ein größeres Intereſſe, als ſelbſt zur Zeit ihrer Erſcheinung, müſſen dieſe drei Werke jetzt dadurch erhalten, daß in den Tagen, in welchen wir leben, zwar kein Tiberius neue Legionen über die Alpen in Germaniens Wälder und Thäler ſendet: wohl aber ein neuer Imperator, der eine viel größere Geißel des gebildeten Europa iſt, als zu ſeiner Zeit für das römiſche Reich Tiberius war, deſſen Laſter und Schandthaten doch nur ſeiner nähern Umgebung verderblich waren, die den alten Römern nachgeäfften, an Atzung von Leichenfeldern gewöhnten Adler über den Rhein herüber in daſſelbe, durch Liſt und Uebermacht zerſtückelte, nur zu lange größtentheils ſchon verſklavte, durch unerträgliche Tyrannei und immer erneuerten Unterdrückungskrieg ſeit ſo vielen Jahren verödete, gute Deutſchland jagt, zu deſſen Schmach er in der Stadt an der Seine ſchon vor einigen Jahren ſich und ſeiner Deutſchland unterjochenden Armee eine eherne, aus erbeuteten Kanonen ſtückweiß gegoſſene Trajansſäule (dieſe Augen ſahen ſie, und ſind nicht erblindet!) ſiegtrunken emporgethürmt hat.

So lautet die Inſchrift der Napoleonsſäule (ich ſchrieb ſie ab an Ort und Stelle):

NEAPOLIO. IMP. AVG.
MONVMENTVM. BELLI. GERMANICI.
ANNO. MDCCCV.
TRIMESTRI. SPATIO. DVCTV. SVO. PROFLIGATI.
EX. AERE. CAPTO.
GLORIAE. EXERCITVS. MAXIMI. DICAVIT.

Ganz oben ſteht des Kaiſers Coloſſalbildſäule von Erz, eine Viktoria in der Rechten. So höhnt ſchon ſeit einigen Jahren der übermächtige Corſe, altrömiſchen Kaiſerſtolz nachäffend, unſer Deutſchland. Hört es, Deutſche! und zertrümmert ſie bald, die Säule eurer Schmach! Nie wagte im alten Rom unter den Cäſarn eine ſolche, Euch zum Hohn, ſich zu erheben. Duldet ſie im neuen, zu Lutezia, nicht länger, Enkel Hermann's! wenn ihr ſo zu heißen verdient.

Den Namen Bardiet hat Klopſtock aus dem lateiniſchen barditus gemacht, das bei Tacitus und ein paar ſpätern Römern vorkommt. Mit dieſem Worte hat unſer Dichter „eine Art der Gedichte“ bezeichnen wollen, „deren Inhalt,“ wie er ſelbſt ſagt, „aus den Zeiten der Barden ſein, und deren Bildung ſo ſcheinen muß.“ Er merkt weiter an, „daß der Bardiet die Charaktere und die vornehmſten Theile des Plans aus der Geſchichte unſrer Vorfahren nimmt; daß ſeine ſeltneren Erdichtungen ſich ſehr genau auf die Sitten der gewählten Zeit beziehen, und daß er nie ganz ohne Geſang iſt.“ — „Nach Tacitus hatten unſre Vorfahren keine anderen Annalen als ihre Gedichte. Die nordiſchern Barden, die Skalden, gingen vornehmlich deswegen mit in die Schlacht, um die Thaten ſelbſt zu ſehn, die ſie beſingen wollten.“ „Das Kriegsgetön,“ ſagt Ammianus Marcellinus, „hebt oft, gerade in der Hitze des Kampfes, von leiſem Murmeln an, und wächſt nach und nach ſo, daß es Wellen gleich toſet, die an Felſen ſchlagen.“ Tacitus ſelbſt ſagt: „Die Deutſchen ſingen, wenn ſie zur Schlacht herangehen. Sie haben auch Lieder, durch deren Vortrag, den ſie Bardiet nennen, ſie die Gemüther anfeuern, und ſie weiſſagen vom Ausgange der Schlacht nach dem Geſange ſelbſt; denn ſie ſchrecken oder zittern, je nachdem der Heeresgeſang ſchallt. Doch ſcheint er nicht ſowohl der Stimme als des Muthes Einklang“ u. ſ. w. Das Wort Bardiet, das Klopſtock zuerſt in unſre Sprache eingeführt hat, ſucht man bei Adelung vergebens, der mit tadelhafter Einſeitigkeit keine Kenntniß zu nehmen pflegt von Worten und — Begriffen, womit Klopſtock die deutſche Sprache bereichert hat; Campe aber möchte es geradehin durch Bardengeſang überſetzt wiſſen, da doch Klopſtock eine beſondere, von ihm zuerſt verſuchte, kurz zuvor mit ſeinen eigenen Worten erläuterte Art der dramatiſchen Dichtung darunter verſtand.

Daß Lyriſches in dieſer Dichtungsart vorwalten ſollte, ſagt ſchon die von ihm ſelbſt gewählte Bezeichnung. Daß er aber zugleich für die Schaubühne ſein Werk ſelbſt beſtimmte — gleichviel, ob für die wirkliche, gegenwärtig beſtehende, oder für die mögliche, künftige — das ſagt der Zuſatz auf dem Titel. Und ſo finden wir denn, daß in dieſen Gedichten Dramatiſches mit dem Lyriſchen genau verflochten iſt. Ein ſolches mit Lyriſchem verbundenes Drama aber ſoll, nach Klopſtocks eigener, vorher angeführter Erklärung, ein hiſtoriſches Schauſpiel ſein. Er hat nämlich Charaktere und den vornehmſten Theil der Begebenheiten aus der Geſchichte unſrer Vorfahren entlehnt. Dies hat er nach ſorgfältigſtem Studium der wenigen Reſte der ältern Geſchichte unſers Vaterlandes aus Tacitus und Andern gethan, und dabei mit größter Genauigkeit ſich um Beobachtung geſchichtlicher Alterthümlichkeit bemüht, bis zu einem Grade, daß, geſetzt die ältern Nachrichten von unſern Urvätern, ihren Sitten und Gebräuchen gingen verloren, ſie aus ſeinen Arbeiten meiſt wiederhergeſtellt werden könnten; abgerechnet die, beim wahren Dichter mit Fug vorausgeſetzte idealiſirende Darſtellungsweiſe. Modificationen des Hiſtoriſchen erlaubt er ſich in höchſt ſeltenen Fällen, gewöhnlich nur negativ, und nur mit der allergrößten Mäßigung, wo die Foderung der Kunſt an ihr Werk es ihm zu heiſchen ſchien. So erwähnt er nirgends, daß Hermann auch römiſcher Ritter geweſen; nicht, daß Varus ſich ſelbſt entleibt, auch nicht, daß Hermann Segeſt's Tochter entführt hat.

Aus der mit gewiſſenhafter Sorgfalt beobachteten hiſtoriſchen Alterthümlichkeit entſprang natürlich einige antiquariſche Dunkelheit, ſelbſt im Dialog, bei Anſpielung auf eigenthümliche Begriffe und Sitten der alten Zeit; noch mehr aber im lyriſchen Theil durch Anwendung der altnordiſchen Mythologie, worin ſein Freund Gerſtenberg im Gedicht eines Skalden ihm vorangegangen war. Sie drang dieſem ſich von ſelbſt auf, als er den Todten eines alten Grabhügels aus der nordiſchen Heldenzeit redend einführen wollte, wodurch er zufällig eine unerwartete Wirkung hervorbrachte auf das bildende Genie eines der originellſten der deutſchen Dichter. Denn ſeitdem gab Klopſtock einer frühern, ſchon im J. 1747 zum Andenken ſeiner Freunde geſchriebenen Ode im J. 1766 den Titel Wingolf, und brachte ſtatt griechiſcher Mythologie nordiſche darin an, wählte nun auch für viele andere ſeiner lyriſchen Gedichte die Edda-Sprache, und erhob die altnordiſche Mythologie zum Rang einer urſprünglich germaniſchen Fabellehre, die er in ſeinen Bardieten zur wirklichen Ausführung brachte. Er nahm alſo von Gerſtenberg's Skaldengedicht Anlaß, ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf dieſen Gegenſtand zu richten, der durch das, was er hineinzulegen wußte, auf ſeine barditiſche Originalität mitentſcheidend gewirkt hat. Die durch den Gebrauch der altnordiſchen Mythologie im lyriſchen Theil entſtandene, und die übrige aus Anſpielungen auf beſondere Sitten der alten Zeit entſprungene antiquariſche Dunkelheit iſt aber keineswegs ſo groß, als wofür ſie Mancher von weitem hält; und es iſt unverzeihlich leichtſinnige Uebertreibung, wenn ein feiner Kritiker, überhaupt ein Mann von zartem Gefühl, der verſtorbene Huber, der aber viel zu ausſchließend modernen Sinns und Geſchmacks war, um ein im Geiſt idealiſirter alter Vorzeit gebildetes Kunſtwerk nach ſeinem ganzen Werthe zu ſchätzen, — Er, der wohl nie wahren Genuß an der alten griechiſchen Tragödie gefunden haben muß, um, ſo wie er thut, abſprechen zu können — wenn Huber bei dieſer Gelegenheit fragt: „Was würden wir zu dem Maler ſagen, der uns ein Nachtſtück liefern wollte, und ſtatt deſſen mit einer ſchwarzen Farbe die Nacht ſelbſt uns vor Augen brächte?“ — Vielmehr reicht für Klopſtock's Bardiete eine mäßige Anzahl von Scholien, die der Dichter ſelbſt hinter dem Text eines jeden gegeben hat, völlig hin, um für jeden gebildeten Leſer die antiquariſche Dunkelheit gänzlich zu zerſtreuen. Sie würden auch hinreichen für den Zuſchauer, käme man der deutſchen Jugend für das Leſen und Verſtehen der Meiſterwerke der deutſchen Sprache zeitig durch zweckmäßigen Unterricht zu Hülfe. Auch ſelbſt in Griechenland flog Kenntniß des antiquariſchen Details der Mythologie und der alten Geſchichte dem Jüngling ja nicht von ſelbſt an. Frühzeitig las und erklärte man die klaſſiſchen Dichter in den Schulen, zumal Homeros, was die bekannte Anekdote von Alkibiades allein ſchon hinreichend beweiſen würde. Es wäre nun wohl endlich Zeit, auch unſre vaterländiſchen großen Dichter in den Schulen zu leſen und zu erklären. Man thut es freilich ſchon hie und da, bei gewiſſen Dichtern, und wenigſtens bei gewiſſen Werken derſelben. Aber man thut es noch nicht genug. Bei Klopſtock z. B. müßte es ſich erſtrecken nicht nur auf ſeine Oden und wenigſtens auf Eklogen der Meſſiade, wie ſchon hie und da geſchieht: ſondern auch auf ſeine vaterländiſchen Bardiete. Soll A. W. Schlegel, wie er thut, erwarten dürfen, daß ſeine Bearbeitung des Liedes der Nibelungen einſt in den Schulen nächſt der Bibel ſei: und wir ſollten für unſer großes, ganz vaterländiſches Gedicht, unſern Hermann, nichts erwarten dürfen? nichts thun? Und doch, ſollte etwa der Geiſt dieſes Werks nicht fruchtbringend wirken auf die Nation? da der Held uns doch ſo unbeſtreitbar angehört, als den Griechen ihr Achilleus; da wir die Orte der Schlachten ſo gut und genau kennen, als der Grieche die Ebene von Troja; da noch manche Ortsnamen, Namen von Thälern, Flüſſen, Bächen, ſich ſelbſt im Munde des Volks erhalten haben, die auf das Faktiſche, wie Tacitus insbeſondere es erzählt, auf's beſtimmteſte hindeuten.

Indem der Dichter ſein Faktiſches unmittelbar aus der Hand der Geſchichte nahm, Hermann aber durch die teutoburger Schlacht ſich ſein Hauptverdienſt um Deutſchland erwarb, wo

Varus mit ſeinen Legionen geſchlagen wurde: ſo war natürlich im erſten von Klopſtock's Bardieten eben dieſe Schlacht darzuſtellen. Eine Schlacht aber iſt an ſich kein vortheilhafter Gegenſtand für das Drama. Sie iſt's wohl für den Maler, aber nicht für den Bildhauer; wohl für das epiſche Gedicht (und hier wartet auch des künftigen Sängers einer Hermanniade noch ein Eichenkranz, den hundert Schönaich's freilich nicht abreichen konnten), aber keineswegs für das dramatiſche Gedicht, der Dichter fange es an wie er wolle; zumal, wenn er ſich möglichſt ſtrenge hiſtoriſche Wahrheit vorgeſetzt hat, wie Klopſtock. Was that er alſo? Er miſchte Chorgeſang und Erzählung, wie die erſte Griechiſche Tragödie es that. Zum Schauplatz wählte er einen Felſen an dem Thale, in welchem die Schlacht entſchieden wird. Hier läßt er ihren Fortgang (ſie hatte ſchon zwei Tage gedauert) durch ſpähende Barden und Druiden, auch durch Perſonen, die aus der Schlacht heraufkommen, Hermann's ehrwürdigem Vater Siegmar erzählen; läßt, gerade als ſie am blutigſten wird, den feurigen Greis ſelbſt in die Schlacht gehn, um zur Entſcheidung zu helfen; ihn dann tödtlich verwundet zurückkehren und vor unſern Augen ſterben: aber erſt, als ſie ſich zum Sieg geneigt hat; gerade ſo wie Epaminondas bei Mantinea erſt nach vernommenem Siege ſtirbt. So erblicken wir einen der Würdigſten der deutſchen Alten im Leben und im Sterben. Aber auch einen Knaben zeigt uns der Dichter, den Sohn Werdomar's, den, obwohl er noch in zarter Jugend ſteht, heiß verlangt nach Anblick und Antheil der Schlacht; der nach fußfällig von ſeinem Vater, dem Führer des Bardenchors, erflehter Erlaubniß hineilt, mit einer Todeswunde zurückgeführt wird, noch in Fieberphantaſien kühn und rührend ſchwärmt, und ohne Klage hinſtirbt. So ſehn wir alſo auch das Knabenalter deutſchen Stammes ſchön perſonificirt, beſeelt von Vaterlandsgefühl; ſehn's mit Hoffnung für die Zukunft der Deutſchen. Endlich erſcheint auch Hermann, der deutſche Mann, der Held, der Feldherr, der Sieger. Denn, wie der Greis Siegmar ſpricht, „man ſagt nicht, was man thun will: man thut." So iſt Hermann's Auftritt von deſto größerer Wirkung. Ihm gegenüber erblicken wir ſeine Thusnelda, die herrliche Frau, die ſchönſte Blume deutſchen Bodens: edelſtolz und feſt, doch zugleich ſo weiblich, überall ihres Hermann's würdig. Aber auch ſeine Mutter durfte nicht fehlen, Bercennis, das germaniſche Kernweib; eine von jenen deutſchen Matronen, von welchen Tacitus ſagt, daß ſie die Wunden ohne Angſt zählten und ſondirten; ja, daß ſie zuweilen durch ſtandhaftes Anflehn der Männer, und durch Bloßſtellen ihrer eignen Bruſt, in der Schlacht ſchon wankenden Reihen wieder feſten Stand geſchafft hätten. Einem ſolchen Weibe verzeiht man gern jenen Ausbruch des Rachgefühls bei der Leiche ihres in der Schlacht gefallenen würdigſten Mannes. Es iſt eine rechte Heldenmutter, dieſe Bercennis, deren Charakter der neueſte dramatiſche Bearbeiter von Hermann's Geſchichte ſehr richtig gefaßt hat, wenn er von ihr ſeinen Horſt ſagen läßt:

Ihm blieb
Die edle Mutter mit dem hellen Auge.
Ihr glaubt es nicht, welch' [illegible] hohe
[illegible] Bercennis in [illegible]
[illegible]. Sie hat die Seele eines Mannes,
Sie that ein Held, und eine Mutter trug.

Dies fand ich um ſo mehr der Erwähnung werth, weil ein ſonſt warmer Lobredner von Hermanns Schlacht, der in Manchem ſonſt recht verſtändig urtheilt, bei Bercennis von „plumper, ungeſchlachter Natur" zu ſprechen, ſie eine „tobende Furie," und gar „den einzigen Teufel des Stücks" zu nennen ſich erdreiſtet. Wohl begreifen wir, bei einem ſolchen Vater und einer ſolchen Mutter, wie Hermann wurde der er ward; aber auch das Reinmenſchliche, vom Barbaren ſo weit Entfernte, begreifen wir beſſer in ihm durch die Edle, die ſein Herz gewählt hat. Um auch das Jünglingsalter der Deutſchen in einer kräftigen Gruppe zu zeigen, ſind die beiden jungen Hauptleute da, der Marſe und der Cherusker, die um einen den Römern abgenommenen Adler ſtreiten, deren Streit Hermann auf ſo gerechte Weiſe ſchlichtet. Auch fehlen Nebenperſonen nicht, unter welchen der ſehr würdige Oberdruide Brenno, der hohe Opferprieſter und Richter ſeines Volks, hervorragt, der auch allein ſtets auf der Bühne bleibt. Ihm zunächſt ſteht von Deutſchen Horſt, der treue Gefährte des Greiſes Siegmar, zugleich Hermann's tapferer Kriegsgefährt; dann noch der wackere Führer des Bardenchors, Werdomar, der Vater jenes heldenmüthigen Knaben. So bekommen wir durch wenige, vom Dichter vollſtändig bezeichnete Perſonen eine anſchauliche Vorſtellung vom Leben und Treiben der alten Deutſchen. Wir begreifen, wie es möglich wurde, daß an ſolchen Menſchen, die nur Römern noch als Barbaren erſcheinen konnten, die Uebermacht der langen Welteroberer ſich brach, von welchen wir zum Gegenſatz hier nur ein paar gefangene Centurionen, Valerius und Licinius erblicken, denen Hermann am Ende das Leben ſchenkt, um ſie nach Rom als Boten der Schlacht an Auguſtus zu ſenden; die beide zwar als echte Römer jener Zeit erſcheinen, der eine zumal als adelſtolzer, trotziger, herabſehender Römer, der andere als leichtherziger, lebensluſtiger: aber beide an moraliſchem Werth ſo tief unter dem Edelſten der Deutſchen. Noch fehlten, um das Bild des Zuſtandes unſrer Vorfahren, wie Tacitus ſie der hiſtoriſchen Wahrheit gemäß geſchildert hat, zu vollenden, und um uns zugleich einen Blick in Hermann's Zukunft und in die Möglichkeit der Begebenheiten ſpäterer Jahre zu eröffnen, auch unter den Deutſchen drei Perſonen nicht, die keineswegs von jeher mit unverbrüchlicher Treue an ihrem Volke hingen. Sie werden uns vom Dichter in bedeutender Stufenfolge vorgeführt. Der eine iſt Siegmund, Thusnelda's Bruder, der, wie die Geſchichte ſagt, eine Prieſterwürde bei den Römern erhielt. Dieſer kommt, nach Klopſtock's Darſtellung, von der alten Liebe zum Vaterlande, trotz ſeinem böſen Vater Segeſt, ergriffen, zum Druidenaltar herauf; was zu einer meiſterhaft durchgeführten Scene zwiſchen ihm und dem ehrwürdigen Oberdruiden Brenno Anlaß giebt. Von ihm beſchützt, ſcheidet dann der aufrichtig Reuige, um durch Kampf in den Reihen der Deutſchen jeden Verdacht hinwegzutilgen. Der andere iſt Flavius, Hermann's unwürdiger Bruder, der, gefangen, durch Thusnelda's Bitte für den freilich werthloſen Schwäher, dem über ihn ſchon geworfenen Todesloooſe der Druiden entgeht, aber in ſeinem Charakter verbleibt, und uns daher fürs Künftige beſorgt macht. Der dritte, ſchlimmſte iſt Segeſt, die unedelſte Seele des unmännlichen, ſchlauen Egoiſten, und deßhalb verſtockten Römergenoſſen, der vom Oberdruiden Brenno, welcher den Heuchler bald durchſchaut, mit den Worten hinweggeſchickt: „Segeſts Blut iſt auch Blut," und durch dies inhaltſchwere Wort uns einen tiefen Blick in das Verrätherherz thun läßt, das (wir ſehn es leicht voraus) in einem folgenden Theile von Klopſtock's Hermann, wie die Geſchichte gebeut, eine bedeutende Rolle ſpielen muß.

So erhalten wir vermöge des dramatiſchen Gemäldes der Hermannsſchlacht, durch die lebendige, bis in die feinſten Züge ausgemalte Charakteriſtik der, mit ſo beſonnener Überlegung angelegten, mit ſo weiſer Kunſt durchgeführten, wenigen Hauptperſonen, nicht nur einen vollſtändigen Begriff von jener, ſondern auch genügende Erklärung ihrer Möglichkeit durch dieſe, und müſſen unſern, den Pfad der wahren Geſchichte wandelnden Dichter, ſind wir gerecht, durchaus für einen pragmatiſchen Darſteller längſt geſchwundener Vergangenheit erklären.

In das Gebiet der höhern Poeſie gehoben finden wir das Ganze durch die eingewebten Bardengeſänge, die dem Dichter, wie ſchon der von ihm gewählte Gattungsname uns im voraus ankündigte, als einen vorzüglich weſentlichen Beſtandtheil ſeines Kunſtgebildes anſah. Hier war nun Klopſtock ganz in ſeiner Sphäre. Denn hier waltet ſein inniges, tiefes Gefühl im Gebiet des Reinmenſchlichen mit unübertroffener Lauterkeit, Einfalt und Kraft; hier nimmt die von ſeinem regſten Gefühl geleitete Phantaſie einen eignen Flug in ungekannte Regionen; hier eröffnet ſich eine neue Welt, die der altnordiſchen Mythologie, deren unbeſtimmtere Gebilde Klopſtock in wenigen, aber bedeutenden Umriſſen ſo zu beſtimmen und feſtzuhalten wußte, daß in Verbindung mit dem einfachen Leben der deutſchen Heroen unſerm geiſtigen Auge ſowohl Bilder vorübergehn, geſchmückt mit Anmuth und Schönheit, als auch Geſichte von grauenvoller Erhabenheit und ſtillwirkender Majeſtät. In den freiern Sylbenmaßen dieſer Bardengeſänge, in denen Klopſtock ſeiner unſtreitig richtigen Vorausſetzung folgt, daß im höhern Norden das Rhythmiſche auch einheimiſch geweſen, doch noch mit größerer Freiheit, Ungebundenheit und Abwechſelung, als in der helleniſchen Poeſie, die frühzeitig zu zwar reichen und mannigfaltigen, doch ſchon feſtern und beſtimmtern Sylbenmaßen geregelt erſcheint, bewährt unſer Dichter auf's vollkommenſte ſein leiſeſtes, feinſtes, alles Ausdruckloſe verſchmähendes Ohr, und ſeine Allgewalt über unſre, von Keinem vor und nach ihm in höherm Grade zur treffendſten Bezeichnung und zum leiſeſten Mitausdruck der Worte in Bildung und Bewegung, gebrauchten deutſchen Sprache. Hier blühen noch Blumen zum herrlichen Kranze für den Tonkünſtler, der mit verwandtem Geiſt und Gefühl dieſe Bardengeſänge würdig componiren wird. Vor Jahren habe ich wenigſtens einzelne der Bardenlieder aus Hermann's Schlacht muſikaliſch vortragen hören, meiſterhaft componirt von Gluck. Die Bardengeſänge zu Klopſtock's zweitem Bardiete Hermann und die Fürſten ſind bekanntlich von dem trefflichen däniſchen Tonkünſtler Kunzen in Muſik geſetzt.

Die gediegene, abgemeſſene, ſcharf abgeſchnittene, durchaus ſo reine und einfache Sprache des Dialogs hier beſonders zu erwähnen, iſt wohl überflüſſig, da man an dieſe Art des Ausdrucks bei Klopſtock überall gewohnt iſt, ſo daß auch im tragiſchen Theil bei allem Schwunge der Gedanken und Gefühle durch jene hohe Einfalt nur die Sache, nie das Zeichen redet.

Ich habe Ihnen, Geehrte Zuhörer, die Hauptbeſtandtheile und Triebfedern des Kunſtwerks auseinander genommen, um die Zweckgemäßheit des Einzelnen zum Ganzen zu zeigen. Leichter wäre mir's geweſen, Ihnen die einzelnen vierzehn Hauptſcenen, wie eine auf die andere und aus der andern folgt, zuzuzählen: doch dies kann jeder aufmerkſame Leſer ſich ſelbſt thun. Uebrigens würde in der Zergliederung auch noch genauere Ausführlichkeit, als die mir zugemeſſene Zeit erlaubt, bei weitem nicht alles haben erſchöpfen können, weil jedes wahre Kunſtwerk unerſchöpflich iſt, wie jedes bedeutende Werk der Natur.

Es giebt manche achtungswerthe Leſer von Hermann's Schlacht, die in ihr alles wahrhaft Dramatiſche vermiſſen, weil ihr Handlung, die Seele des Drama, Handlung im ſtrengſten Sinne des Worts, gänzlich fehle, indem hier die einzelnen Ereigniſſe weniger in einer nothwendigen, von innen her beſtimmten, als in einer zufälligen, von außenher gegebenen Verknüpfung dargeſtellt werden. Zwar dürfte man wohl nicht geradezu behaupten, was ein hochachtungswürdiger Kunſtrichter ſagte: daß die Deutſchen über die Römer ſiegen, ſehen wir; aber nicht, warum ſie ſiegen mußten, ob wegen ihrer Tugend und Vaterlandsliebe, oder durch den Beiſtand der Götter, oder durch eine Fügung des Schickſals. Denn hier ließe ſich, nach der obigen Darſtellung von den Hauptereigniſſen und von den Charakteren des Stücks, doch wohl erwiedern: der Sieg ſei Folge nicht von einer dieſer Urſachen allein, ſondern von allen drei zuſammen genommen. Wie dem aber auch ſei, ſo geſtehe ich, daß beim erſten Leſen mir ſelbſt es ſo vorkam, als ob der ächtdramatiſchen Handlung im engern Sinne Hermann's Schlacht doch allzu wenig habe; und daß dieſe Wahrnehmung mir anfangs den Genuß nicht wenig verkümmerte; daß ich bei einzelnen, übrigens trefflichen, Unterredungen mich anfangs ungern aufgehalten fühlte, manches als zu weit ausgeſponnen finden zu müſſen glaubte, wo der Dichter viel weniger, als der auf ein Drama gefaßte Leſer es erwartet und wünſcht, den Gang der Ereigniſſe, welche die Hauptbegebenheit herbeiführen ſollen, beſchleunigt, vielmehr nur das ganze Ethos und Pathos jeder Situation erſchöpfen zu wollen ſcheint. Auch ſchien mir wohl hie und da, daß überhaupt des Gefühls etwas viel geſprochen werde, was überhaupt zum Eigenthümlichen Klopſtockiſcher Darſtellung, auch in ſeinen Oden und im Meſſias, gehört: zwar durch die in der That faſt einzige höchſte Reinheit und Tiefe des Gefühls im Dichter ſelbſt, zumal bei ſeiner gewohnten hohen Einfalt des Ausdrucks, im Ganzen eine ſehr willkommene Eigenthümlichkeit des Dichters; wodurch jedoch im Drama, beſonders inſofern es für die Schaubühne beſtimmt ſein ſoll, die dramatiſche Wirkung, nicht weniger als durch den Mangel eigentlich dramatiſcher Handlung, leidet. Als ich indeß wiederholt las, da erinnerte ich mich beſtimmter an das, was Klopſtock, der Natur des gewählten Gegenſtandes zufolge, hier eigentlich habe geben wollen: vor allem nämlich idealiſirte altdeutſche Bardenchöre zur Verherrlichung Hermann's und ſeiner Schlacht; und dieſe unter einander verbunden durch hiſtoriſch wahre und treue, oder, wo vollſtändige Data fehlten, doch durch hiſtoriſch höchſt wahrſcheinliche Erzählung; aber durch dramatiſche Einkleidung der Erzählung, und nur, wo der vielumfaſſende Gegenſtand es zuließ, auch durch eigentlich dramatiſche Darſtellung. Ich erinnerte mich ferner, daß der Zweck des Dichters hier vor allem ein patriotiſcher war, und daß, ſo wie als die Seele ſeines Dichtens und des dadurch geſchaffenen Werks Patriotismus erſcheint, ſo auch derſelbe beim Leſer, oder wenn man will, beim Zuhörer vorausgeſetzt werde; daß dieſer nicht erſt geſchaffen, ſondern nur erweckt, belebt, geſtärkt werden ſolle. Zufällig hatte ich unmittelbar vor dem letzten Leſen des Stücks bei Tacitus alles, was er von Hermann und überhaupt von den germaniſchen Kriegen der Römer ſagt, wieder geleſen; hatte außerdem zufällig gleich darauf den ganzen Jahrgang der politiſchen Zeitung dieſes Jahres wieder durchblättert, um eine klare Ueberſicht der Verkettung der großen für Deutſchlands Rettung herbeigeführten Begebenheiten dieſes Jahres zu gewinnen; hatte auch beim Seitenblick auf den Gallier die Wahrheit von Klopſtock's Wort in einer ſeiner ſpätern Oden:

„Rom's auch eiſernes Joch war leichter."

durchgefühlt. Ich hatte eben mit den Bürgern und Bauern meines Vaterlands mitgelitten, mit ihren Fürſten und Berathern mitgerathſchlagt, mit ihren Abgeordneten mitunterhandelt, mit ihren Linientruppen, ihrer Landwehr, ihrem Landſturm, ihren Freiwilligen, mitgewagt, mitgekämpft, mitgeſiegt. Meine Seele glühte. In dieſer Stimmung nun las ich Hermann's Schlacht zum letzten Male, und wie fand ich da alles ſo verändert! Wie viel heller drangen nun die Bardentöne in das offene Ohr; wie viel tiefer die Naturlaute des innigſten Vaterlands- und Freiheitsgefühls in das wärmere Herz! Ich erwartete, hoffte, bebte, trauerte, jauchzte mit; weinte auch wohl mit, zumal vor Freude; mußte am Ende das Buch aus der Hand legen, weil ichs nicht länger ertrug. Aehnliche Erfahrungen werden, glaube ich, auch andere Leſer machen, die das Werk ganz in ſeinem eigenthümlichen Geiſte zu nehmen bereit ſind. Jetzt urtheile ich auch milder über den Mangel raſch fortſchreitender, wahrhaft dramatiſcher Handlung mit einem Intereſſe, das Erwartung weckt, ſpannt, höher ſpannt und befriedigt. Ich fand nämlich, daß, was hier dem Ganzen wegen ſeines Gegenſtandes, ſowohl weil es ein in der Hauptſache ſchon ganz bekannter hiſtoriſcher, als weil es gerade ein ſolcher hiſtoriſcher wie eine Schlacht iſt, allerdings abgeht, in den einzelnen Scenen wenigſtens, bei ihrer, zwar gehaltenen, doch unleugbar vorhandenen, innern Lebendigkeit, und bei ihrer zweckdienlich und naturgemäß durchgeführten pragmatiſchen Vollſtändigkeit, keinesweges mangle; daß vielmehr auch hier, wie in ſeinen epiſchen und in ſeinen anderweitigen lyriſchen Werken unſer Dichter ſich als Maler der Seele trefflich bewähre. Beſonders aber hielt mich, der ich Kunſtwerke, der Poeſie wie der bildenden Kunſt, antike wie moderne, ſtets in ihrem eigenthümlichen Geiſt aufzufaſſen ſtrebte, vor übereilten Urtheil eine vorher ſchon mit Einem Worte berührte Vergleichung zurück; die nämlich, die ſich mir zwiſchen Klopſtock's erſtem Bardiet und zwiſchen der Beſchaffenheit der früheſten griechiſchen Tragödie von ſelbſt darbot, mit deren Erörterung ich unſre Betrachtung von Hermann's Schlacht beſchließen werde.

In der älteſten griechiſchen Tragödie war, da die ganze Gattung, wie bekannt, von religiöſen Feierlichkeiten am Bacchusfeſt ausging, der Chor urſprünglich der einzige, dann wenigſtens der Hauptbeſtandtheil der Sache, dem weiterhin erſt epiſche Erzählung, dann ſpäter auch Dialog eingeflochten wurde, wodurch allmählig die Tragödie vollſtändig wurde, welche ſich jedoch erſt unter Sophokles' bildender Hand zum vollkommenen dramatiſchen Kunſtwerk mit ſtrenger Einheit der Handlung geſtaltete. In Hinſicht der aus dem Innerſten des Menſchen hervorgehenden Handlung, in Hinſicht des Ineinandergreifens der Thätigkeit der dargeſtellten Individuen, auch in der Kunſt ſchärferer Menſchencharakteriſtik, ſtehn die vorzüglichſten neuern Tragiker allerdings über den alten; beſonders Shakſpeare, und bei uns in der neueſten Zeit Schiller und Göthe. Nun ſcheint mir, daß Klopſtock, der mit aller ſeiner ſchönen Wärme doch ſtets ſo beſonnene Dichter, bei der Idee ſeiner Hermann'sſchlacht gleich anfangs die Unbequemlichkeit des Stoffs zu völlig dramatiſcher Behandlung fühlen mußte, da die Darſtellung einer Schlacht ihrer Natur nach mehr einer epiſchen, als einer dramatiſchen Behandlung fähig iſt. Da er indeß ſich einmal vorgenommen hatte, den Helden der deutſchen Nation in einem großen, möglichſt anſchaulichen Gemälde darzuſtellen — gewiß gleich anfangs in mehr als Einer der bedeutendſten Situationen ſeines Lebens, um auch hier ein abgeſchloſſenes Ganze zu geben, wie das Weſen eines wahren Kunſtwerks es erfordert —: ſo bildete er ſich eine eigene Gattung von Vereinigung des Lyriſchen mit dem Erzählenden und Dramatiſchen, wobei ihn, der von früher zu ernſten Studien verwandter Jugend mit den Griechen ſo vertraut war, nicht blos in Hinſicht des Lyriſchen die Winke vom Bardengeſang der alten Germanen bei Tacitus, ſondern, wie ich vorausſetze, obgleich Klopſtock über dieſen Punkt ſich nirgends erklärt hat, auch in Hinſicht der Verbindung dieſes Lyriſchen mit Epiſchem und Dramatiſchem, ſeine genauere Bekanntſchaft mit der Entſtehung und Beſchaffenheit der griechiſchen Tragödie geleitet hat. Darſtellung, Darſtellung im höhern Sinne, lebendigſte, anſchaulichſte, reinſte, war ihm, wie wir aus ſeinen Schriften durch ihn ſelbſt beſtimmt wiſſen, das höchſte, erſte Geſetz der Kunſt. Ein Denkmal auf Hermann wollte er ſtiften. Ein rein hiſtoriſches ſollte es nicht ſein: theils fehlten, um eine förmliche, vollſtändig pragmatiſche Geſchichte zu liefern, hinreichende Data; theils würde auch die Form eines hiſtoriſchen Werks im engern Sinne bei den unwandelbaren Grenzen der Geſchichte und der Poeſie, durchaus nicht jene lebendigſte, erſchöpfende, in der Form abgeſchloſſene und vollendete Darſtellung erlaubt haben. Alſo, ein eigentliches Geſchichtswerk als Denkmal aufſtellen, das konnte und wollte er nicht. Was denn? Ein Werk gemiſchter Art, wobei er als Dichter volle Freiheit behielte, die dem Hiſtoriker ſtreng beſchränkt iſt, welcher nicht mehr geben darf, als ſeine Data als Materialien verſtatten; wobei er aber doch der hiſtoriſchen Wahrheit ſich anſchmiegte, ſo weit die Data im Einzelnen irgend reichten: nur mit der nähern Beſtimmung, daß, was der [illegible] Abbruch thun konnte, die beim Ganzen als einem Kunſtwerke vorherrſchen ſollte, hinweggelaſſen würde; gerade ſo wie der Künſtler, ſowohl Maler als Bildhauer, wenn er ein Porträt geben will, das zugleich Kunſtwerk in höherm Sinne ſein ſoll, mit Freiheit und mit Auswahl, bei der Darſtellung des gewählten Gegenſtandes verfährt und zu verfahren befugt, ja als Künſtler in höherm Sinne verpflichtet iſt, da dieſer nicht die Natur, auch die ſchöne nicht, geben ſoll, ganz wie ſie iſt, ſondern vielmehr nach einer beſtimmten Idee idealiſiren wird. Er wählte alſo auch hier zu einem Schauſpiel einen würdigen Gegenſtand, und bildete ihn als Dichter ſo, „daß ſeine Beſchaffenheit nicht verſchleiert iſt. Denn er wollte, daß dieſe vorherrſchte; wer auch ſie erfindet,“ ſagt er ſelbſt, „verfährt nach andern Geſetzen. Die wirkliche Beſchaffenheit, und die Dichtkunſt, welche dieſen Namen verdient, ſind ernſte Geſetzgeberinnen. Aber wie ſtreng ſie auch immer ſein mögen, man gehorcht gleichwohl ſogar ihren Winken, wenn man die Wirkungen kennt, welche ſie vereint hervorbringen.“ Nur dieß glaubte er ſelbſt von ſeinen Schauſpielen ſagen zu dürfen, alles Andere, beſonders was ihre dichteriſche Bildung betrifft, dem Ausſpruche der Welt (nun Nachwelt) überlaſſend. Die eben wörtlich angeführte Aeußerung ſagt nichts anders, als daß er zu ſeinen Schauſpielen überhaupt, alſo auch zum Hermann, hiſtoriſche Gegenſtände gewählt, und dieſe nach den Forderungen der Dichtkunſt um- und ausgebildet, zur ſo viel möglich reinſten, beſtimmteſten, vollendetſten Anſchauung, zur Darſtellung, das Wort im höchſten Sinne genommen, gebracht habe. Er gab alſo dramatiſche Dichtung mit echthiſtoriſcher Grundlage, wo, ſeinem Zwecke nach, bald das Hiſtoriſche die Dichtung, bald die Dichtung das Hiſtoriſche beſchränkte und beſtimmte: ſo jedoch, daß der Zweck, dem Deutſchen, Hermann, ein würdiges, künſtleriſch gearbeitetes, Denkmal zu ſetzen, vorwaltete. Sah er ſich nach einem Vorgänger um für ſeine Verbindung des Lyriſchen mit dem Dramatiſchen, für ſeine lyriſch-dramatiſche Behandlung eines urſprünglich hiſtoriſchen Gegenſtandes aus der vaterländiſchen Geſchichte, ſo konnte ſeinem Auge die tragiſche Schaubühne des Aeſchylos nicht entgehn. In dieſer wird der Bezirk der Handlung durch die Länge und Wichtigkeit des lyriſchen Theils ſehr beſchränkt, und der Chor ſpielt noch bei dieſem Tragiker eine weit wichtigere Rolle als bei Sophokles und Euripides. So wenig nun ein Urgenius, wie Klopſtock, nach Vorgängern ſich ängſtlich umzuſehen pflegt, ſo war doch, dünkt mich, Vergleichung der ihm ſelbſt vorſchwebenden Idee mit der älteſten griechiſchen Tragödie ſo natürlich, als bei einem Kenner der Alten, wie Er war, unvermeidlich. Intereſſant möchte um ſo mehr, da eine Theorie des Klopſtockiſchen Bardiets uns fehlt, die Vergleichung der von ihm geſchaffenen Gattung mit der älteſten Tragödie ſein. Da finden wir denn, daß in Klopſtock's Bardieten die Abtheilung in Akte, oder gar in Aufzüge, nirgends vorkommt, ſo wenig als bei der griechiſchen Tragödie. Wir finden ferner die drei Einheiten des Ariſtoteles, die dieſer in ſeiner Theorie der Tragödie ſich von den vollkommenſten griechiſchen Trauerſpielen, keineswegs aber von allen, abſtrahiren konnte, von Klopſtock mit viel größerer Strenge beobachtet, als von den übrigen Tragikern unſrer Nation, Göthe in ſeiner Iphigenie und A. W. Schlegel in ſeinem Ion ausgenommen. Einheit des Orts, der Zeit, der Handlung, iſt in Klopſtock's Bardieten nicht weniger als in der vollkommenſten alter Tragödien der Griechen, im König Oedipus von Sophokles. In Hinſicht des lyriſchen Theils ſcheint unſer Dichter, gerade ſo wie unter den Griechen noch Aeſchylos, vorausgeſetzt zu haben, daß der lyriſche Ausdruck der Empfindungen empfänglichen Gemüthern einen nicht geringern Genuß gewähren müſſe, als die Darſtellung der Handlung, zumal wenn der Chor Antheil an der Handlung der Stücke hat, was ſowohl bei Aeſchylos als bei Klopſtock der Fall iſt. Hier wie dort alſo iſt der lyriſche Theil von beträchtlicher Ausdehnung, und hier wie dort mit vorzüglicher Sorgfalt bearbeitet, worüber man bei einem Dichter wie Klopſtock, deſſen Genius vorzugsweiſe überall zum Lyriſchen ſich neigte, ſich nicht wundern darf. Durch die Bardenchöre demnach wurde in ſeinen Werken Verbindung der Poeſie mit der Muſik, ebenſo wie in der griechiſchen Tragödie bezweckt: zahlreiche und mannigfaltig ausgebildete Chöre ſind in Hermann's Schlacht und in Hermann und die Fürſten; in Hermann's Tod aber (weil da die Fabel des Stücks es nicht wohl erlaubte), außer einem von Barden geſprochenen Schlachtruf, zwar keine Bardenchöre, doch Lieder und Tänze der Jäger, Fiſcher, Hirten, Schiffer, Ackerleute. Die Chöre aber und überhaupt die lyriſchen Poeſien ſind in Klopſtock's Bardieten immer ſehr wohl motivirt, und auf die natürlichſte Weiſe dem Uebrigen eingeflochten, wie dieß in den beſten der auf uns gekommenen griechiſchen Tragödien Statt findet. Es ſind keine ἐμβόλιμα (eingeſetzte, eingeſchaltete Stücke), was zuweilen ſelbſt bei Euripides ſich nicht leugnen läßt. In Klopſtock's Bardenchören iſt eine Verbindung von Sylbenmaßen, je nachdem Zuſchauer und Zuhörer durch eine Reihe verſchiedener Empfindungen hindurch geführt werden ſollten, wie das in den Chören der griechiſchen Tragödie auch iſt. Dabei darf man übrigens, wie überall bei Klopſtock, an keine ängſtliche, unmittelbare Nachahmung denken. Vielmehr hat er gerade in ſeinen Bardenchören ſeine eignen, freiern Sylbenmaße von ungleichen, nach dem Inhalt ſtets wechſelnden Strophen, und zwar gerade ſolche, wie er glaubte, daß ſie dem Geiſte, verſteht ſich, dem kunſtgemäß idealiſirten Geiſte, unſrer alten Vorfahren, und wie ſie dem Genius der deutſchen Sprache angemeſſen wären; über welche letztere in Hinſicht auf Nachbildung antiker Metrik Er, der ruhmwürdige Bahnbrecher, für die deutſche Sprache in manchem Punkt andere Grundſätze hatte und befolgte, als ſein würdiger jüngerer Freund und Schüler Voß, der ruhmwürdige Bahnverfolger. Werfen wir noch einen vergleichenden Blick auf den Stoff dramatiſcher Bearbeitung: ſo iſt's in Klopſtock's Bardieten, wie bei ſeinen dramatiſchen Gedichten überhaupt, kein erdichteter, ſondern ein, wie dort aus der ältern Sagengeſchichte, ſo hier aus den früheſten ſchriftlichen Nachrichten von unſern Urvätern, beſonders aus Tacitus, genommener. In Abſicht der Form bleibt der Hauptunterſchied, daß im Dialog bei Klopſtock ſtatt der Jamben des Dialogs der Griechen, die dieſe übrigens nur ſelten rein zu gebrauchen pflegen, Proſa iſt, aber eine gediegene, von gehaltener Kraft beſeelte, von innen her lebendige Proſa, wodurch größere Mannigfaltigkeit des Ausdrucks, und ſelbſt größere des Sylbenmaßes durch unendlich verſchiedene Bewegung möglich wurde, als im jambiſchen Trimeter, welcher der altdeutſchen Welt ohnehin in jeder Rückſicht zu fremd ſcheinen durfte; was hingegen keineswegs von Klopſtock's Strophen des Bardengeſangs gilt, inſofern ſie, ungeachtet ihrer, ſo reiche Abwechſelung verſtattenden, viel größern Freiheit, als die griechiſchen ſchon abgemeſſenern, techniſch künſtlichern Strophen ſich erlauben, doch an die Chöre des Theaters der Griechen erinnern mögen. In der Sprache der Bardenchöre aber iſt bei Klopſtock durchaus nichts von dem Schwulſt, in den Aeſchylos zuweilen verfällt. Am erſten könnte man ſie, wollte man nur auf würdevolle, ernſte, gleiche Haltung ſehn, mit den Sophokleiſchen vergleichen. Die nordiſche Mythologie abgerechnet, die man freilich wenigſtens aus den Noten der Stücke kennen muß, um alles zu verſtehn, iſt die Sprache auch der Bardenchöre ſehr einfach bei aller einwohnenden Lebendigkeit, und wenigſtens von eben ſo edler Einfalt, als die wir in Sophokles ehren.

Es ſei von Vergleichungspunkten der Klopſtockiſchen Bardiete mit der alten griechiſchen Tragödie, wobei ich etwas verweilte, da eine ſolche Parallele meines Wiſſens noch niemand gezogen hat. Hier geht am Ende überdieß noch das Reſultat hervor: was Klopſtock gab, läßt ſich als eine Trilogie betrachten: gerade wie die Tragödien der Griechen (ohne das ihrer Dichtkunſt eigenthümliche Satyrſpiel mitzuzählen) gewöhnlich Trilogien bildeten, wie z. B. von den uns übrig gebliebenen Tragödien der Griechen die drei des Aeſchylos, ſein Agamemnon, ſeine Choëphoren und ſeine Eumeniden eine Trilogie ausmachen, und wie ohne Zweifel einſt ſein Feuer raubender, ſein gefeſſelter und ſein entfeſſelter Prometheus ausmachten, wovon wir nur den mittlern noch haben. Ich will, auch bei dieſer Bemerkung, gerade nicht auf abſichtliche Nachfolge, geſchweige Nachahmung, hingedeutet haben: aber die Uebereinſtimmung iſt allerdings da; folgt übrigens aus der Natur der Sache, indem jedes Ganze von Begebenheiten Anfang, Mittel und Ende hat, und ſo bei dramatiſcher Darſtellung größerer Begebenheiten, beſonders eines ganzen Menſchenlebens, ſehr natürlich in drei Haupttheile, als kleinere Ganze, zerfällt.

Ich habe bei der Theorie des Bardiets, und vorher insbeſondere bei Hermann's Schlacht ſo lange verweilt, daß ich von ſeinen andern beiden Bardieten, Hermann und die Fürſten und Hermann's Tod, für heute nur kurz ſein kann: obwohl ich mir vorbehalten möchte, ein andermal ausführlicher von beiden zu ſprechen, je weniger bisher noch (was unſrer äſthetiſchen Kritik wahrlich nicht zur Ehre gereicht) von dieſen beiden in ihrer Art noch reifern Früchten, als ſelbſt Hermann's Schlacht iſt, in den kritiſchen Schriften der Deutſchen eine ausführliche Würdigung angetroffen wird. Denn von Hermann und die Fürſten habe ich in unſern geſchätzteſten Jahrbüchern der Litteratur auch nicht eine einzige Recenſion finden können. Von Hermann's Tod dagegen giebt es zwar eine Kritik von Huber in der Allgemeinen Litteraturzeitung, die in ſeinen Vermiſchten Schriften wiederholt iſt. Dieſe iſt aber, ungeachtet ſie die Fortſchritte des Dichters im Ganzen der drei Werke, und manches Treffliche im Einzelnen des dritten, willig anerkennt, doch ſo einſeitig, beim dictatoriſchen Tone in der Hauptſache ſo oberflächlich, und nach meiner innigen Ueberzeugung in ſehr weſentlichen Punkten ſo ganz willkührlich, daß, wenn man das beurtheilte Stück durch eignes Studium genau kennt, man ſich des Unwillens über einen ſo ungerechten Richterſpruch, der aus dem erſten kritiſchen Tribunal der damals einzigen Allg. Litteraturzeitung erſcholl und gewiß Manchen vom Leſen des Werks zurückhielt, ſich unmöglich erwehren kann.

Hier, zur Bezeichnung meiner Anſicht, von dieſen beiden Werken nur ſo viel. Hermann und die Fürſten erfüllt, durch ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Gegenſtand und durch die von Klopſtock gewählte Behandlung, die Foderung an ein Drama in Hinſicht auf eine eigentlich dramatiſche Handlung in viel höherm Grade als Hermann's Schlacht. Hermann bemüht ſich hier vergebens, ſeinen beſſern Rath in der Fürſtenverſammlung geltend zu machen. Stolz, Eiferſucht, Neid der Andern ſtreben entgegen, und gewinnen die Oberhand. Der Erfolg beſtätigt nur zu ſehr, daß Hermann Recht hatte. Die ſogenannte Lagerſchlacht gegen die Römer geht verloren. Die Charakteriſtik der mithandelnden Fürſten iſt vortrefflich; ſo ſcharf als die damals wirklich vorhanden geweſenen Verhältniſſe und die hiſtoriſche Wahrſcheinlichkeit bei den Häuptern eines ſolchen Volks, wie unſre Deutſchen damals waren, es irgend zulieſſen: alſo wahr, beſtimmt, doch ohne Uebertreibung. Arpe's, des Kattenfürſten, Wankelſinn, aufgeregt durch die Hauptleidenſchaft dieſer Fürſten, Eiferſucht auf Hermann, iſt durch das Lied, worin er den ausſchlieſſenden Preis Hermann's, obwohl dieſer nicht genannt iſt, finden will, echt dramatiſch motivirt. Trefflich contraſtirt mit jener unedlen Eiferſucht der Uebrigen der ſchöne Enthuſiasmus des jungen Marſenfürſten Katwald für Hermann; anderer ſehr wohl contraſtirter Charaktere hier nicht zu gedenken. Hermann bleibt auch hier ſich gleich: obwohl voll tiefen Grams um die durch Hinterliſt nach Rom aus dem Hauſe ihres Vaters fortgeführte Gattin, doch vor allem eingedenk der Freiheitsgefahr ſeines Volks, und ſeiner Pflicht, darüber raſtlos zu wachen. Ueberſtimmt von den Andern, kommt er bis dahin, zu den Göttern beten zu müſſen, das Elend von ihm zu wenden, daß er an ſeinem Vaterlande verzweifle. Seine groſſen Plane in Hinſicht auf Rom entfalten ſich hier; er hatte ſtets dem Traume ſich überlaſſen, noch über das Eisgebirge zu gehn, und vor Rom zu ſterben, oder (wovor einſt ſchon Auguſtus bebte) einen deutſchen Siegerkranz im Capitol ſelbſt niederzulegen. Auch tritt hier zum erſten Mal ſein junger Sohn Theude auf, ein feuriger, gleich zart und innig fühlender, kühner Knabe, werth eines ſolchen Vaters und einer ſolchen Mutter. Statt Thusnelda, die hier nicht erſcheinen kann, weil ſie, durch Liſt aus ihres Vaters Hauſe geraubt, nach Rom gebracht, und in Germanicus' Triumph mit aufgeführt iſt, von der wir jedoch genug ihrer ganz Werthes hören, wenn wir ſie gleich nicht ſehn, lernen wir auſſer Iſtäwona, der Fürſtin der Katten, ihre und Fürſt Arpe's Tochter, die ſchöne, liebenswürdige, ſehr edle Herminone kennen. Uebrigens erblicken wir auch hier das groſſe Weib Bercennis, die Mutter unſers Helden, groß im Benehmen gegen ihren zu den Römern ſchon früher übergegangenen Sohn Flavius, und gegen deſſen Sohn, ihren Enkel, den hoffnungsvollen Knaben Italius, und groß als Rathgeberin der Fürſten. Der Schauplatz iſt im ganzen Stück auf einem Hügel an dem Heere der Deutſchen, der nah bei dem Lager der Römer liegt. Die Bardenchöre und Geſänge, durch Kunzen's Compoſitionen, wie ich ſchon oben ſagte, auch den Freunden der höhern Muſik bereits hinreichend bekannt, ſind hier in eben ſo groſſem Reichthum, mit eben ſo groſſer Mannigfaltigkeit des Inhalts und eben ſo herrlicher Durchführung als in Hermann's Schlacht; zugleich verbunden mit einigen höchſt reizenden, von Geſang begleiteten Tänzen, wobei Herminone dem Vaterlandsbefreier Hermann den Kranz bringt. Dieſer zweite Bardiet, Hermann und die Fürſten, erhält in unſern Tagen unter allen drei durch politiſche Beziehung auf die Gegenwart das gröſte Intereſſe. Denn der Krebsſchaden, der an den Wurzeln von Deutſchlands Heil von alten Zeiten her bis in die neueſten fortfraß, ſteter Fürſtenzwiſt und dadurch ſtete Möglichkeit der Zerſtückelung Deutſchlands dann leichte Uebermacht und Liſt der Fremden, iſt nirgends anſchaulicher, lebendiger dargeſtellt, als in dieſem Werke. Wäre es vor kurzem, ehe noch die ſiegreichen verbündeten Heere den Feind aus Deutſchland ſchlugen, in Deutſchlands Mitte aufgeführt: wie manche ſeiner, zu lange undeutſch geſinnten Fürſten hätten erbleichen müſſen bei ſo vielem, wodurch ſie ſich getroffen fühlten; indem von ihnen buchſtäblich galt, was ſchon in Hermann's Schlacht der Oberdruide zu Segeſt ſagt: „Dein ganzes Volk will Freiheit, und du willſt Sclaverei!“

Gehören Hermann's Schlacht und Hermann und die Fürſten in Hinſicht ihres Inhalts zur Gattung des hiſtoriſchen Schauſpiels, ohne daß man ſie Tragödie in engerm Sinne nennen möchte, wiewohl der zweite Bardiet zum Trauerſpiele ſich ſchon mehr hinneigt als der erſte: ſo iſt Hermann's Tod eine wahre Tragödie, und auch als ſolche (ich wenigſtens kann nicht anders urtheilen) von hoher, bei weitem nicht genug anerkannter Vortrefflichkeit. Hier, wo der Schauplatz Hermann's Halle iſt, herrſcht tragiſcher, zuweilen auch elegiſcher, Ton von Anfang an. Bewundernswürdig iſt, wie Klopſtock hier den hiſtoriſchen Stoff, Hermann's Ermordung durch Hinterliſt von Verwandten, den Tacitus darbot (einen Stoff, der ſeiner Natur nach gegen würdige Behandlung ſich zu ſträuben ſcheint, da wir Deutſchlands erſten Helden auf dieſem Wege ſollen untergehen ſehn, ohne ihn darum geringer zu achten), mit tiefſter künſtleriſcher Einſicht dramatiſch behandelt, ſo daß er ſeinen Zweck vollkommen erreicht, unſern Heros auch in ſeinem Untergang als wahrhaft groß zu zeigen, und ſo den Schmerz über ſein Unglück durch reinſte Bewunderung zu veredeln. Durch Hinterliſt greift man ihn an: aber nicht unmittelbar durch Hinterliſt fällt er, ſondern als freieſter Mann im ſelbſtgewählten Kampfe. Wie Klopſtock das eben Angedeutete durchgeführt hat, muß man bei ihm ſelbſt ſehn; beſonders, wie er durch idealiſirende Darſtellung anſchaulich gemacht hat, daß ein ſolcher Mann zwar den Plan feſthalten konnte, mit deutſcher Kraft Italiens Felſenwall zur Demüthigung Roms zu überſteigen, ja durch die Deutſchen ſogar Rom zu befreien, wovon der Dichter den Freiheitshelden ſogar im Traume ſprechen läßt; daß derſelbe aber des Gedankens ganz unfähig war, den ſeine Feinde ihm Schuld gaben, das durch ihn ſelbſt einſt befreite Vaterland zu unterjochen. Ebenſo muß man beim Dichter ſelbſt ſehn, wie des Vaters würdig er Hermann's von früher Schlachtwunde bleichen, doch noch ſo thatkühnen Sohn Theude darzuſtellen wußte; beſonders aber auch des Jünglings Mutter Thusnelda, die, wie ſie hier erſcheint, nach Klopſtock's Erdichtung zurückkehrend aus römiſcher Gefangenſchaft zu ihrem Manne, als Triumph des Dichters in Darſtellung echtdeutſchen weiblichen Tiefgefühls gelten darf.

Ueberhaupt, was waren unſre Vorfahren, wie Klopſtock ſie, freilich künſtleriſch verſchönernd, darſtellt! Halbbarbaren, ja. Aber auch Halbgötter: in Manchem nah dem Edelſten der Menſchheit, das irgendwo und irgend jemals war. Dieſer Katwald z. B. — welch einen edlen Menſchen zeigt der irregeführte, feurige Marſenfürſt, als er zum alten Freunde Hermann umkehrt, wodurch die tragiſche Düſterheit der Umgebung nicht wenig gemildert wird. Selbſt dieſer Gambrio, unter der rohern Hülle der germaniſchen Barbaren, welch ein menſchlicher Barbar! Wer in ihm, wie Huber, nur den altdeutſchen Trinker ſieht, deſſen Geſicht ſcheint mir für dieß Mal wenigſtens nicht zu beneiden. Wie treu iſt der Bructererfürſt ſeinem Wort, ſo daß er am Ende, da er auch nach Hermann's Ausſpruch es nicht brechen kann, und doch durch das übereilt gegebene am Unheil Schuld iſt, die tragiſche Kataſtrophe ſelbſt nicht überleben mag. Ueberhaupt alſo: wenigſtens an Mannſinn, Herzhaftigkeit, Treue in Wort und That, Treue bis zum Tode, ſind echtdeutſche Muſter hier. Es iſt die alte Welt, die uns hier aufgethan wird: anders als die Homeriſche; aber in Manchem auch nicht anders, und anziehend für den Neuern wie jene. Der einzige kalte Böſewicht iſt und bleibt hier Segeſt, zu deſſen Handlungsweiſe die wahre Geſchichte bei Tacitus Züge lieh. Sein „Spätes Blut iſt auch Blut!“, das uns ihn zuerſt verrieth, charakteriſirt ihn bis ans Ende, und wir ſind froh zu erfahren, daß er zuletzt doch, und gerade durch Katwald, umkommt. Von einigen Nebenperſonen ſchweig ich, zumal da Huber ſchon, hierin gerechter, ihr Eigenthümliches erkannt hat. So vom düſtern, grübelnden Bojokal, von dem Krankenwärter-Todtengräber, und von der gutmüthigen Hilda, welche drei allerdings durch einen humoriſtiſchen Anſtrich von Klopſtock's poetiſchem Genie eine neue, den Vertrauten ſeines Privatlebens jedoch keineswegs unbekannte, Seite ins Licht ſetzen.

Ich ſagte zuvor, ſein dritter Bardiet ſei wahrhaft dramatiſch. Dahin gehört vorzüglich, daß man durchaus nicht beſtimmt vorausſieht, wie die am Ende nothwendige Kataſtrophe von Hermann's Tod herbeigeführt werden wird, da manche Möglichkeiten in der Situation ſind. Die Entwickelung geſchieht auf eine unerwartete, doch ſehr würdige Art. Daß Hermann nicht auf dem Theater ſtirbt, finde ich vom Dichter weislich angeordnet. Gerade ihn wollten wir nicht vor unſern Augen fallen ſehn. Die allerletzte Scene des groſſen Ganzen, wo Katwald und Stolberg, die Helden Freunde bis in den Tod, neben einander hinſinken, und der erſte noch ſagt: „Aber Segeſt iſt auch todt“, dann Thusnelda fragt: „Wer iſt todt?“, Katwald ſagt: „Hermann“, und Thusnelda nun das, und weiter nichts mehr, ſagt: „Iſt Hermann todt?“ und ſtirbt, gebrochenen Herzens ſtirbt, und der Vorhang fällt — dieſe Schlußſcene hat in aller ihrer Einfalt für mich etwas unausſprechlich Rührendes. Ueberhaupt ſteht Hermann's Tod, ein Werk, das heut zu Tage von ſehr Wenigen gekannt und geleſen iſt, nach meinem Gefühl neben den Tragödien erſten Ranges aus alter und neuerer Zeit; auch ſehe ich keinen Grund, warum es nicht, zumal unter gewiſſen, oben ſchon berührten Bedingungen zur Beſeitigung der Klage über Dunkelheit, ohne beſondere Schwierigkeit aufgeführt werden könnte. Denn was bei den andern beiden Bardieten die Aufführung vorzüglich erſchwert, die Bardengeſänge — das fällt ja hier hinweg. Auſſer einem, aus ſechs kleinen Liedern beſtehenden, von mehrern Barden, nach dem Willen des Dichters geſprochenen Schlachtruf, ſind hier nur Lieder und Tänze der Jäger, Hirten, Fiſcher, Ackerleute und Schiffer zur Feier von Thusnelda's Wiederkehr, die in ihrer höchſten Einfalt ganz originell, mit wunderſamer Aneignung und Idealiſirung der eigenſten Gefühle, Gedanken, Bilder, Töne, ſolcher Wald- und Flurbewohner der Vorzeit, zum Zarteſten, Anmuthigſten, Schönſten gehören, was unſre Sprache in dieſer Gattung beſitzt. Auch giebt, was auch Huber anerkennt, das höhere Alter, in welchem der Dichter ſchon war, als er Hermann's und Thusnelda's Liebe mit dieſer jugendlichen Friſche und Wärme (reines Herz altert nicht) aus dieſer dunkelhellen Tiefe hervortreten zu laſſen verſtand, dem Geiſte, der in dieſer Darſtellung urlauter und urkräftig lebt, etwas ſo Ehrwürdiges als Rührendes.

„Hermann war der Befreier Deutſchlands," ſagt Tacitus. „Er griff nicht, wie andere Könige und Feldherrn, die beginnende Macht des römiſchen Volkes an, ſondern unſer Reich in ſeiner vollen Größe. Er wurde in Schlachten auch beſiegt, aber nicht durch den Krieg. Er hat ſieben und dreißig Jahre gelebt und zwölf das Heer geführt. Die deutſchen Völker beſingen ihn noch zu unſerer Zeit." So Tacitus. Und Klopſtock, der die Stelle in einer Note anführt, ſagt gleich darauf: „Möchten die deutſchen Denkmale, welche dem großen Manne, wenn je einer war, noch zu dieſer viel ſpätern Zeit geſetzt würden, nicht unwürdig ſein, die Stelle der verlornen bardiſchen einzunehmen!" — Wie beſcheiden lautet Klopſtock's Wunſch! Die Griechen hatten ihren Homeriſchen Achilleus. Er war das Höchſte im Heroenkreiſe ihrer Nation. Wir haben Klopſtock's Hermann, der, unbeſchadet des Helden, als Menſch doch ſo weit, ſo weit über Achilleus ſteht. „Wenn kommt es endlich dahin," möcht' ich mit Klopſtock's bei anderer Gelegenheit gebrauchten Worten ausrufen, „daß der Deutſche, müde Fremdes zu bewundern, wiſſen mag, wer er war, und wer er iſt!"

Soviel hier von Klopſtock's drei Bardieten. Ich hoffe, ſeine Poeſien, vaterländiſch im höhern Sinne, werden in der Zeit, in welcher wir jetzt leben, neues, lebhafteres Intereſſe erwecken; werden jetzt tiefern und fruchtbarern Eindruck machen, als ſelbſt in den Tagen ihrer erſten Erſcheinung. Ja, ſiegt jetzt Deutſchland im großen Kampfe, wovon wir Alle überzeugt ſind, ſo wird auch Klopſtock's Hermann auferſtehn in Verklärungsglanz. Ueberhaupt ſollte der junge Deutſche jetzt Klopſtock leſen, und erglühn am reinſten Funken, der aus der großen Seele deſſen herüberſprüht, „der," wie Hermann beim allgemeinen Schwur, ſeines Vaters Siegmar's Tod zu rächen, von dieſem ſagt, ſo ganz „ein Mann des Vaterlandes war."

Was übrigens unſers Dichters hier charakteriſirtes Werk einſt für Deutſchland werden könnte, ahndete wenigſtens ſchon mit ſeinem Seherſinn der verewigte Herder, wenn er bei Erwähnung von Klopſtock's Tode in der Adraſtea ihn redend einführt und von ſich ſelbſt ſagen läßt: „Eure Barden, Euern Hermann ſucht' ich Euch wieder zu geben; er war Euch zu fern: er wird Euch näher kommen, und Ihr werdet mir auch für dieſe Töne danken." Wir danken ſchon. So ſetze denn, o Mitwelt, auf das Haupt des großen Todten den Kranz ſeines prophetiſchen Eichenlaubes! — Des Todten? Sie fühlte ja ſchon hienieden ihre ewige Fortdauer, die „unſterbliche Seele", welche ſang „der ſündigen Menſchen Erlöſung." Sie ſchaut, glaub' ich, herab in dieſen entſcheidenden Tagen auf Deutſchland's Anſtrengung, und auf den auch ſchon im Erdenleben ihr ſo theuern ruſſiſchen Erwecker Deutſchland's, und kann nun endlich, endlich einmal! ſich ihres Deutſchlands freuen.

Als Gegenſtand der Preisabhandlung war von der theologiſchen Facultät aufgegeben: „An Jesus Essaeorum placitis imbutus fuerit, ex iis, quae Philo et Josephus de Essaeis referunt, cum praeceptis Jesu comparatis docentur." Es war kein Verſuch einer Abhandlung hierüber eingelaufen. Zur Predigt war als Preisaufgabe verlangt ein „homiletiſcher Commentar über die Worte Pauli Röm. XII, 7. „Seid fröhlich in Hoffnung" am Neujahrstage 1813, mit Beziehung auf die, im Laufe des J. 1812 von den ruſſiſchen Heeren gegen den Feind des Vaterlands erfochtenen, glänzenden Siege." Es war nur eine Bearbeitung eingelaufen, mit dem Motto: *Οὐχ ὅτι ἤδη ἔλαβον, ἢ ἤδη τετελείωμαι. διώκω δὲ, εἰ καὶ καταλάβω.* Das ausführlich motivirte Urtheil der Facultät über dieſe Predigt ſpricht ihr das Acceſſit der ſilbernen Medaille zu. Bei Eröffnung des verſchloſſenen Zettels findet ſich der Name: Karl Chriſtian Ulmann aus Livland. Für das J. 1814 wird zur Abhandlung die vorjährige: „An Jesus Essaeorum placitis imbutus fuerit," wiederholt, derſelben aber eine neue beigefügt: „Praemissā doctrinā ecclesiasticā, examini subiiciantur Theologorum recentiorum de Protoplastis sententiae, eo quidem consilio, ut et ad scripturae sacrae et ad sanae rationis normam, totam quaestionem exigere studeat palmam sibi vindicaturus." Zur Predigt: „Es werde auf Veranlaſſung des Textes I. Cor. XIII, v. 1. 2. das Thema: über die Verbindung der wiſſenſchaftlichen und ſittlichen Bildung, ſo ausgeführt, daß der erſte Theil an die Nothwendigkeit erinnert, die ſittliche Bildung mit der wiſſenſchaftlichen in Verbindung zu ſetzen, und dann im zweiten gezeigt wird, wie beide mit einander zu verbinden ſind. Um ſich für den Gegenſtand noch mehr zu begeiſtern, ſoll der künftige Bearbeiter den Fall vorausſetzen, daß der Vortrag beſtimmt ſei, am nächſten Geburtsfeſte Sr. Kaiſerl. Majeſtät, des großmüthigen Beſchützers unſerer und anderer von Allerhöchſtdemſelben errichteten Lehranſtalten des Reichs, in Gegenwart des ganzen Univerſitätsperſonals öffentlich gehalten zu werden."

II. Auf die zum zweiten Mal aufgegebene Preisfrage der juriſtiſchen Facultät: „Quaenam sunt iura et obligationes cuiusque trium in Imperio Russico ordinum, Nobilitatis, Oppidanorum et Agricolarum, et quomodo eorum iura sensim increvere, ab initio regni primi principis e gente Romanow usque ad nostra tempora?" war Eine Abhandlung eingelaufen mit dem Motto aus Claudianus:

> Fallitur egregio, quisquis sub principe credit
> Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior exstat
> Quam sub rege pio.

Dieſe wird, zwar nicht der Prämie, doch des Acceſſit für würdig erkannt; jedoch daſſelbe ihr nicht gleich ertheilt, ſondern der Name des Verfaſſers einſtweilen verſchloſſen bei der Facultät zurück behalten, die Preisaufgabe aber zum dritten Mal aufgegeben, wobei die Facultät hofft, der Verf. der eingereichten Abhandlung werde ſeine Arbeit beſonders durch Quellenſtudium in der Originalſprache, überdieß auch in Hinſicht des Stils, noch verbeſſern, auch den noch fehlenden hiſtoriſchen Theil, da er bis jetzt nur den dogmatiſchen bearbeitet hat, nachliefern.

III. Die Preisaufgabe der mediciniſchen Facultät foderte „Unterſuchungen über die Zerſetzung des Waſſers beim aſſimilativen Lebensprozeſſe." Es iſt kein Verſuch der Auflöſung gewagt. Für das nächſte Jahr giebt ſie folgende Preisaufgabe: „Darſtellung der conſenſuellen, antagoniſtiſchen und vicariirenden Lebensthätigkeiten im thieriſchen Organismus, und Aufſuchung der möglichſt einfachen, ihnen zu Grunde liegenden Geſetze."

Die Preisaufgabe der erſten und dritten Klaſſe der philoſophiſchen Facultät war: „Wo entſprang die Freiheit der Städte, oder eines dritten Standes im neuern Europa? Wie breitete ſie ſich allmählich aus? und welchen Einfluß äußerte ſie auf die Staaten?" Es iſt eine Abhandlung ohne Motto eingereicht. Obwohl ſie nach dem Urtheil der erſten und dritten Klaſſe der philoſoph. Facultät Geiſt und Darſtellungsgabe verräth, ſo fehlt ihr doch Gründlichkeit, beſonders aus Mangel des Quellenſtudiums. Obwohl das Talent des Verfaſſers Aufmunterung verdient, ſo kann ihm doch dies Mal kein Preis ertheilt werden. Die Preisaufgabe der erſten und dritten Klaſſe für 1814 iſt: „Quum ex Historicis potissimum cognoscantur notiones morales, quas apud populos alios aliis temporibus obtinuerint: in Herodoti opere indagentur atque illustrentur notiones morales praecipuae, quas auctor prodit, quaeque ipsius aetati adscribere licebit, easque cum notionibus moralibus, quae apud Homerum occurrunt, passim conferantur, temporumque diversitas notetur ac demonstretur. Rei Exemplum, suadente Reizio Epistola ad Garvium Herodoto a se edito praemissā p. XXX, dedit Garvius in diss.: „Ueber zwei Stellen des Herodot," libro: „Verſuche über verſchiedene Gegenſtände aus der Moral u. ſ. w." Vol. II. p. 3 seq. Alii etiam, ut Casp. Jac. Besenbeck Diss. de invidia et malevolentia τοῦ θείου ad locum Herodoti lib. I. c. 32 (Erlangae 1787, 4.) et T. F. Benedict de mortis beneficio ad Herodoti locum lib. I. c. 31 (Lips. 1787, 4.)"

Die zweite und vierte Klaſſe der philoſophiſchen Facultät hatten die Preisfrage aufgeſtellt: „Giebt es Erfahrungen, welche ſich mit den gewöhnlichen Begriffen von der Entſtehung der organiſchen Körper aus präexiſtirenden Keimen (Eyern, Saamenthierchen, Sproſſen, Knospen) nicht vereinigen laſſen, und uns daher zur Annahme der generatio aequivoca berechtigen? Oder laſſen ſich alle Thatſachen, welche für dieſe letztere Hypotheſe zu ſprechen ſcheinen, auf eine andere Art erklären, und wie?" Es iſt keine Preisabhandlung eingelaufen. Für das nächſte Jahr beſtimmen die zweite und vierte Klaſſe kein Thema, ſondern ſie eröffnen den freien Concurs in allen Fächern der zu dieſen beiden Klaſſen gerechneten Wiſſenſchaften, und ſie werden den Preis der goldenen oder der ſilbernen Medaille der überhaupt ausgezeichnetſten Abhandlung ertheilen, wofern ſie ihrer würdig iſt. Wenn mehrere Abhandlungen in verſchiedenen Fächern einlaufen, welche gerechte Anſprüche auf den einen oder den andern Preis haben, ſo wird, ohne Unterſchied des Fachs, derjenigen, welche zuerſt einlief, der wirkliche Preis, den andern aber ein Patent über die Würdigkeit zur Erhaltung des Preiſes zuerkannt werden.

Als ich von Klopſtock ſprach, wie ſein Geiſt jetzt wohl freudig herabſchaut auf die Anſtrengungen der Deutſchen, da nannte ich Ihn ſchon, deſſen der Welt heilbringenden Geburtstag wir heute feiern, den Auferwecker Deutſchlands, denſelben, dem der Dichter des Meſſias und Hermann's die letzte aller ſeiner Oden über Irdiſches ſang.

Dank der ewigen Vorſehung! daß Alles ſo kam. Wer hätte vor wenigen Jahren dieſen Gang der Weltbegebenheiten geweiſſagt? Aus den Flammen von Moskwa im äußerſten Oſten Europens ſollten die Funken zünden in den Herzen der Deutſchen, daß ſie mit Hülfe der großen Verbündeten neulich die Weltſchlacht bei Leipzig mitſchlagen konnten, von welcher buchſtäblich geſagt werden darf, was Klopſtock in ſeiner würdevollen Zueignung von Hermann's Schlacht an Kaiſer Joſeph ſagt: „ſie, gerecht, überdacht und kühn, wie jemals eine für die Freiheit, und deutſcher als unſre berühmteſten.“

Was wir noch fern glaubten, Deutſchlands Rettung, iſt da; was wir kaum zu hoffen wagten, Europens Rettung, iſt nicht mehr fern. Der bisherige Tyrann eines großen Theils der gebildeten Welt, im vorigen Jahre aus Rußland ſchmachvoll zurückgejagt von der Moskwa bis zur Elbe, iſt's nun im jetzigen von der Elbe bis zum Rhein, dem Strome Deutſchlands, der unnatürlichen Grenze Frankreichs, die wieder aufhören muß, ſoll dauernder Friede werden. Schon ſtehn an unſerm alten Rhein (ſo geht die frohe Sage) zuſammen nah an achtmalhunderttauſend Männer ſchlagfertig da, dem ganzen Deutſchland Ruh, und unſerm Erdtheil Frieden zu erkämpfen. Schon können die Deutſchen auch an Wiederherſtellung und Verbeſſerung ihrer alten Verfaſſungen denken, und verleugnen auch hier ſich nicht in ihrer treuen Anhänglichkeit an das Alte.

Keine Zeit iſt ganz arm an wichtigen Begebenheiten; gewöhnlich wird von jeder Generation ihre Zeit für beſonders wichtig und folgenreich gehalten: doch bleibt dem unbeſtochenen Gefühl auch hier ſein fehlloſer Maßſtab. Daß das Leben des gegenwärtigen Geſchlechts in eine ſehr verhängnißreiche Periode fiel, iſt klar zum Ueberfluß. Der Rückblick nur in die letzten fünf und zwanzig Jahre muß vor Allem weilen bei der franzöſiſchen Staatsumwälzung; ihrer Ausgeburt, dem Tyrannen von Halbeuropa mit ſeinen Horden entarteter Europäer; der durch ſeine unerſättliche Herrſchſucht über alle Grenzen erweiterten Uebermacht ſeines Reichs zur ſchon mehr als zur Hälfte vollendeten völligen Auflöſung des ſeit mehrern Jahrhunderten beſtehenden europäiſchen Gemeinweſens; den ehernen Zeiten, wo wir von ſoviel Hunderttauſenden ſagen mußten mit Klopſtock:

> Saat ſä'n ſie, deren Ernte Verwilderung iſt!
> Des Menſchen Rechte leugnen ſie: leugnen Gott!
> Schweigſt jetzt, nicht leitend, Gott? und kennſt du,
> Furchtbares Schweigen, nur du und beſſern?

Heil uns! Gott ſchweigt nicht mehr — und wir erleben faſt überall ſchon das Erwarmen und Erſtarken der beſſern Kräfte in allen noch nicht völlig entwürdigten, noch nicht ganz verſklavten Nationen. Es ergießt ſich der reinigende, kräftigende Luftſtrom beſonders aus dem Norden her, die neue milde Sonnenwärme vorzüglich aus dem Oſten her über den Continent Europens.

„Danket dem Herrn: denn er iſt freundlich, und ſeine Güte währet ewiglich.

Dank ihm und Preis zumal für unſern Kaiſer Alexander! — Solche Tage froh und ernſt feiern wie der heutige, iſt Wohlthat jedem Menſchen, der zurück und vorwärts ſchaut. Wieviel hat ein einziges Jahr verändert, zum Beſſern umgeſtaltet! Schon heut vor einem Jahre wähnte Mancher unſern Kaiſer auf ſeiner erhabenſten Höhe. Einer der hier Anweſenden ſagte zu mir noch beim Herausgehn aus unſrer feierlichen Verſammlung: ſolch einen Tag, ſolch ein Feſt erleben wir nicht wieder. Und nun? Welchem Weltbürger, zumal welchem Deutſchen, ſchlägt heut das Herz nicht höher! Das erſchütternde Beiſpiel einer ſtarken, großen Nation, unſrer unentnervten Ruſſen, hat die Schlummernden erweckt, die preiswürdigen früher ſchon Wachen neubelebt, Alle beim über Erwarten von Gott geſegneten Erfolg zum einſtimmigen Jubel über den Erſten der herrſchenden Führer, den herrlichen Kaiſer der Ruſſen, geſtimmt und aufgeregt. Ich wagte ſchon im J. 1805 an dieſer Stätte Ihn mit Guſtav Adolph zu vergleichen. Mehr, viel mehr iſt er nun ſchon für Deutſchland geworden. Was muß Er heut nicht fühlen in der reinen, großen Seele, weithin umgeben von dankenden Millionen! Wer an die rührend ſchöne Feier ſeines Thronbeſteigungsfeſtes in Böhmen zurückdenkt, wird würdig genug ſich zu vergegenwärtigen vermögen die Feier des Geburtsfeſtes dieſes Völkerretters am Rhein, oder wo er ſonſt heute tief im Herzen Deutſchlands weilt. Und iſt unſer Kaiſer nicht urſprünglich auch aus deutſchem Fürſtenſtamme? Darf deß nicht der Deutſche froh und darauf ſtolz ſein? Doch, obgleich als Rußlands Zierde geboren — Heil auch deshalb Ihm! Denn Ruſſe iſt jetzt ein hoher Ehrenname, heißt Europens Held! — obgleich alſo aus deutſchem Urſtamm Ruſſe, iſt Er doch vor allem Menſch, darum des Menſchlichen nichts fremd ſich achtend. Und zu welcher Glorie hat, daß Er vor allem Menſch war, das Ihn erhoben! Peter der Große gab dem unermeßlichen Reiche Bürgergeſittung, Künſte, Handel, Kriegsmacht zu Waſſer und zu Lande, und führte den großen Plan hindurch, ſein eigentlich aſiatiſches Reich zu einem europäiſchen herauf zu heben. Katharina die Große machte dies europäiſche Reich immer gebildeter, zugleich geehrter, mächtiger; erweiterte es durch die Krim nach Süden, und durch einen Theil Polens nach Weſten. Aber ihrem Enkel — Seinen Beinamen wird die dankbare Nachwelt, der Mitwelt allgemeine Stimme beſtätigend, heiligend, nennen — ihrem Enkel Alexander war es aufbehalten, in Europa nun dazuſtehn in einer menſchlichen Glorie, wie keiner ſeiner Vorgänger je, und wie überhaupt wohl keiner vor ihm auf irgend einem neuern Kaiſerthron. Iſt Er nicht, nachdem er durch unerſchütterliche Feſtigkeit ſein eignes Reich aus allen Gefahren gerettet hat, nun des großen Bundes Vater? Vater des Bundes für Völkererlöſung? — Das lohne ihm der allmächtige Gott — ihm vor allem im reinſten, ſchönſten Bewußtſein ſeiner ſelbſt, zumal am heutigen Tage! Es iſt ein großer Tag, an welchem gewiß viel Merkwürdiges, näher und entfernter, geſchieht. So öffnen ſich heute die Thore des ſo lange belagert geweſenen, durch Feuer halb zerſtörten, durch Noth und Tod halb verödeten Danzigs. — Aber ein Wort noch aus einem Liede, zu ſingen im höhern Chor. Heut öffnet ſich (heut ging ja Alexander's Sonne auf), heut öffnet ſich das Morgenthor der beſſern Zukunft. Das iſt kein Wunſch mehr, Ueberzeugung, Glaube. Alſo, heut öffnet ſich der beſſern Zukunft Morgenthor. In langſam feierlichem Zuge ziehn ſie ein: an der Hand der Weisheit und der Tapferkeit, der Mäßigung und der Gerechtigkeit, dieſer Huld- und Schutzgöttinnen des Menſchenlebens, die Hoffnung und das Vertrauen, das Völkerglück, der Ueberfluß, der Friede — ja, der überall, auf Land und Meer, lang erſehnte, heiß erflehte Friede. Er reicht Dir ſeine, Deine Palme, Alexander! Nicht dem Großen mit der Thräne des Welteroberers: aber Dir, dem Befreier und Retter der Welt!

Salomo Jakob Morgenſtern

ward am 8. April 1706 zu Pegau in Sachſen geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena und Leipzig Philoſophie und hielt, nachdem er hier die Magiſterwürde erlangt, dann zu Halle öffentliche Vorträge über dieſe Wiſſenſchaft. Als er auf einer Reiſe in Potsdam dem König Friedrich Wilhelm I. von Preußen bekannt geworden und deſſen Gunſt ſich erworben hatte, nahm er die ihm angetragene Stelle als luſtiger Rath und Vorleſer bei jenem Fürſten an und verwaltete dieſelbe mit dem Charakter eines Hofrathes und bei einem Gehalte von 500 Thalern bis zum Tode des Königs, worauf er bis an ſein am 16. November 1785 erfolgtes Ende zu Potsdam als Privatmann lebte.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

Vernünftige Gedanken von der Narrheit und den Narren. Frankfurt a. d. Oder 1737.

Ueber Friedrich Wilhelm I. Aus ſeinem Nachlaſſe. O. O. 1793.

Die niedrige Geſinnung mit der ſich M. zum gelehrten Poſſenreißer hergab, erweckt eben kein günſtiges Vorurtheil für ihn. — Seine Schrift über die Narren, die er obendrein öffentlich auf Befehl des Königs vertheidigen mußte, iſt geſchmacklos; etwas mehr Werth hat ſeine Arbeit über ſeinen königlichen Gönner.

Daniel Georg Morhof,

ein ſeiner Zeit ſehr geachteter Literat, ward am 6. Februar 1639 zu Wismar geboren und eignete ſich auf den Schulen ſeiner Vaterſtadt und zu Stettin die Kenntniſſe an, welche ihn befähigten, 1657 zu Roſtock mit Erfolg die Rechte und Humaniora zu ſtudiren. Nachdem er hier Dr. der Rechte und Magiſter der Philoſophie geworden war, erwarb ihm ein lateiniſches Scherzgedicht auf einen Storch unmittelbar nach ſeiner Rückkunft von einer Reiſe nach Holland und England 1660 die Anſtellung als Profeſſor der Poeſie zu Roſtock. 1666 vertauſchte er aber dieſes Amt mit der Profeſſur der Dichtkunſt und Beredtſamkeit zu Kiel, wo er nach einer zweiten Reiſe nach Holland und England 1673 auch zum Profeſſor der Geſchichte und 1680 zum Univerſitätsbibliothekar ernannt ward. Auf ſeiner Rückreiſe von Pyrmont, wohin er ſich zu Wiederherſtellung ſeiner Geſundheit begeben hatte, ſtarb er zu Lübeck am 30. Juli 1693.

Von ihm haben wir:

Deutſche und lateiniſche Gedichte. Kiel 1682, 2 Thle., 8.; n. A. Lübeck 1700. (Eine Auswahl in Müller's Bibliothek deutſcher Dichter des 17. Jahrh. 8 Bd.)

Unterricht von der deutſchen Sprache und Poeſie. Kiel 1682, 8.; 3. Aufl. Lübeck und Leipzig 1718.

Polyhiſtor. Lübeck 1688; 4. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1747, 2 Bde., 4.

Als Dichter iſt M. nicht eben bedeutend; zwar zeigt er ſich correct, gefühlvoll und nach Kräften elegant, aber es mangelt ihm zu ſehr an Phantaſie und poetiſchem Schwung, um ſich über das Gewöhnliche zu erheben, und ſo finden ſich nur einzelne ſchöne und gelungene Stellen in ſeinen Poeſien. — Deſto verdienſtlicher dagegen iſt ſein Werk über die deutſche Sprache und Dichtkunſt, das einen großen Schatz gelehrter Notizen und guter Bemerkungen enthält, hinter denen freilich — ein Vorwurf, der aber nur ſeine Zeit trifft — der äſthetiſche Theil deſſelben ſehr zurücktritt.

Exempel von unterſchiedlichen Reimgebäuden *).

Ode I. Horat. Carm. Lib. 1.

Darinnen die 17. Genera der Jambiſchen Verſe eingeführet werden.

13. Maecenas, das Geſchlecht von ſolchen ſich vermehret,
Die Rom mit Purpurtracht, mit Kron und Scepter ehret,
2. Mein Schutz,
Mein Trutz,
6. Mein alles, was ich kan,
Nimm dieſe Reime an.
17. Selbſt die Natur, der Götter Preiß, hat ihre Kinder ſo bereitet,
Daß ſie bald den, zu dieſer Luſt, den andern, zu was andern, leitet.
15. Der freut ſich, wenn ein Ritterſpiel bei Elis ausgeſchrieben,
Da er, für andern Helden hat, den Wagen wohl getrieben.
12. Iſt denn ein Kleinod ihm vom Glücke zugekehrt,
So meint er, daß kein Gott ſo ſehr, als er, geehrt.
8. Den treibt der Muth zum Ehrenſtand',
Und herrſchet über Leut' und Land.
10. Wenn Thyrſis nur hat ſeines Vaters Feld,
Das ſo viel Korn, als eins, in Lybien hält,
7. Und wohl zu Hauſe bringet,
So ſinget er und ſpringet.
Er ſinget, daß die Reichen
Nur andre Leut' erreichen.
14. Zu trauen auf ein dünnes Holz, da Regen Sturm und Wind,
Auf ihre Noth und Ungemach als wie verbrüdert ſind,
4. Der Wellen Herr
Greifft auch zur Wehr.
16. Sie ſchnauben, ſchnarchen, toben ſo, als wenn die gröſte Kriegesmacht
Dem Feinde, mit ganz toller Wut nunmehr den Garaus zugedacht.
3. Da ſchüttert,
Und zittert
11. Der Kaufmann, ſprechend: Ach der Himmel liebet,
Dem auſſer Meer das Land die Nahrung giebet.
5. Bald ſpürt man wieder,
Wie er die Glieder
9. Zu ſeinem wüſten Schiff erbauet,
Und wiederumb nach Vortheil ſchauet.
13. Denn läſſet ſich auch wohl ein feuchter Bruder finden,
Der mit dem Alicanth ſich herzlich will verbinden,
2. Und ſpricht,
Mein Licht,
6. Fleucht davon, gleich ein Tag
So ſtimmt ein anderer nach.
17. Dann legt er ſein bewölktes Haupt, beſchirmt von einer grünen Linden,
Und lauſchet, wie die Stringen in dem klaren Bach ſich artlich winden.
15. Der jauchzet, wenn das Spiel geregt, und die Trompeten klingen,
Meint Tethys gleich, ſo muß dennoch Achilles frölich ſingen.
12. Dem wächſt das Herze gleich, wenn je ein Waldgeſchrey
Von Hunden wird erweckt, da macht er ſich hin bey.
8. Was er daheim zu lieben pflegt,
Das bleibt auff andre Zeit verlegt.
10. Die Hindin iſt ſein Weib, ein junges Thier,
Das ziehet er faſt ſeinen Kindern für.
7. Nun dies, und das beginnen,
Bald dies, bald das erſinnen
6. Iſt das, was den beliebt,
Iſt das, was den betrübt.
14. Wenn mir auch nun der Wünſche-Gott zu wehlen was erlaubt,
So wünſch' ich, daß ein Epheu-Kranz mir krönt Haar und Haupt,
4. Bin ich alsdann,
Ein Götter Mann.
16. Wenn ich in meine Laute ſo, als kein gemeiner Dichter, kan,
Mag ſpielen, was die Satyr-Schaar ſingt mit den zarten Nymphen an.
8. In Wäldern,
Und Feldern.
11. Denn auch Euterpe ſelbſt reicht mir die Pfeiffe
Und Clio ſchärfft zugleich Pandorens Schweiffe,
6. So, wie ſie pflegt,
Wenn Sappho ſchlägt.
9. Zehlſt du mich zum Poeten-Orden,
Bin ich der Sterne Nachbar worden.

Ode II.

Trochaico-Mixta.

STROPHE.

8. Sollten gleich die Flocken-Triften,
Die uns ſo viel Unglück ſtifften,
7. Sollte gleich der Hämus Tod
Die betrübte Hagels-Noth,
12. Soll't o Blitzens-Gott, das wüſte wilde Toben
Deiner Donnerkeile nunmehr ſein gehoben,
4. Wär' uns beſſer
Gnug gemeſſen.
16. Möchte doch wohl alles Weſen, was zu deinem Dienſt ſich bücket,
Wenn von Ganimedens Güſſen alles alles wird bedrückt,
2. Zittern
Schüttern,
10. Und befürchten, die betrübten Zeiten
Kämen nunmehr wieder zu den Leuten,
9. Da die Pyrrha ſo erſchrocken ſtund,
Als ſie nirgendwo kein Land mehr fund.
17. Heiſt ihr Götter, ſprach ſie, hilft, ach wenn hat man das wohl ſonſt erſehen,
Was iſt das? daß Proteus ſein Vieh all' auf unſre Berge führet?

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*) Aus Morhof's Unterricht von der deutſchen Sprache ꝛc.

5. Wer hat je geſeh'n
Fiſch' auff Zweigen ſtehn?
11. Zweigen, die den Venus-Vögeln ſonſt bekannt,
In den Gemſen ſelber ſchweigt das feſte Land.
3. Alles ſchwimmt,
Was ſonſt klimmt.
13. Unſre, ſonſt gelinde, Tyber gehet weſtwerts ein,
Daß es mit den ſchönſten Bäumen ſcheinet aus zu ſein.
15. Willſtu Rheens Kinder würgen, o du ungetreues Rom,
Spiel' ichs mit dir wieder ſo, ſpricht der treue Vaterſtrom.
6. Denn, zu Hauſe kriegen,
Macht die Perſer ſiegen.
13. Ich zerſcheitre ihre Mauern, nicht dein eigen Haus,
Sonſten höhnen künfftig dich noch deine Kinder aus.

ANTISTROPHA.

8. Weil es nun dahin gerathen,
Wegen unſrer frechen Thaten,
7. Daß kein Gott es mit uns hält,
Daß ſich Vesta grauſamb ſtellt,
12. Ey, ſo wollſtu, du Apollo unſrer Zeiten,
Deine Gnaden-Wolcken über uns außbreiten,
4. Uns verſöhnen
Dir zu dienen.
16. Oder, Erycina, komm' und zeig' uns lachend deine Wangen,
Wo des kleinen Liebesbuben Luſt und aller Schertz anhangen.
2. Andre,
Mindre.
10. Oder ſuch' uns Vater Mavors wieder,
Uns, dein Fleiſch und Blut, uns, deine Glieder,
9. Laß dir unſer langes übelſtehn
Endlich doch einmal zu Hertzen gehn.
17. Gnug des Balgens, gnug des Spiels, da lauter Tod und Blut zu ſpüren iſt,
Kan bei dir wohl Kurtzweil' heiſſen, wenn das Schwerd bald den, bald jenen friſt.
5. Wenn ein Mohr ergrimmt,
Und vom Zorne glimmt.
11. Oder nimb des leichten Majen-Sohns Geſtalt,
Du, an Jahren jung, und großen Thaten alt,
3. Räche fort
Cäſars Mord.
14. Eile langſam himmelwerts, von dem du biſt entſproſſen,
Eile nicht, bevor dein Volck recht völlig dein genoſſen.
15. Laß dir unſer wüſtes Leben nicht ein Sporn und Antrieb ſein,
Daß du, vor den grauen Jahren, ziehſt bey deinen Sternen ein.
6. Laß der Meder Schaaren,
Erſt noch recht erfahren,
13. Warumb man dich Landes-Vater und Auguſtus nennt,
Wie man deine Lorbeerreiſer hin und wieder kennt.

Od. III.

Exemplum Trochaicorum remanentium.

11. Schiff, o werthes Schiff, bedencke was du führeſt
Schütze deinen Schatz, daß du nicht verlierbeſt.
10. Dies mein ander Ich, den erwünſchten Mann,
Maro, der es ſo, wie mein Föbus kan.
15. Schaff' ihn ſchadlos aus der Noth, der ihm nur ein Bret entziehet,
Bis die Auge Pallasburg ihn das Land betreten ſiehet.
12. Venus Liebe auch wird dir ſelbſt auffgeſtecket ſtehn,
Caſtor und das andre Kind wirſtu gleichfalls ſehn.
13. Alles beut ſich deinem Dienſt', auch der Winde-Meiſter,
Auſſer dem, der dich bedient, hemmet er alle Geiſter.
14. Deſſen Hertz muß ſtählern ſein, und von Marmor zugericht,
Welcher erſt auff ſchlechtes Holtz ſatzte ſeine Zuverſicht
8. Und zwiſchen Nord und ſtoltzen Weſt,
Drauff Neptun gäntzlich ſich verläßt.
9. Wenn er jetzt ſeines Scepters ſtummen
Poltern will zu ſehn vergönnen.
11. Was für Todes Art könnte hier doch ſtreuen,
Der nur lachen will bei den Ungeheuren,
10. Wenn der Winde Gott gantze Felſen räumt,
Und der Donnerberg von den Wellen ſchäumt.
14. Umſonſt muß es gleichſamb ſein, daß des allerklügſten Rath
Land und Acker von dem Belt weislich abgeſondert hat:
12. Nun wir Menſchen wagend drauff, geht es gleich verſpielt,
Seht nur, was der Feuerdieb Japhets Sohn erhielt.
13. Fieber, Peſt, und Glieder-Noth rufen uns mit Schaaren,
Morta kommt noch eins ſo ſchnell', als vorhin, gefahren.
14. Daedalus der wuſte wohl, daß der Menſch kein Flügel-Thier,
Gleichwohl wie man fliegen ſoll, ſtellt er ſeinem Kinde für.
8. Plutons Reich muſt' Alcides ſehn.
Und nichts kan unſrer Bruſt entgehn.
9. Unſer Zwang will es ja nicht gönnen,
Daß die Blitz jemahls feiren können.

Od. IV.

Dactyl. gen.

11. Weichet ihr weißgrau behaarten Felder,
10. Räumet mit Florren die Ueberhand ein,
11. Entſcepterit behände den Aeol, ihr Wälder,
10. Zephyr erbeut ſich, Regente zu ſein.
14. Kan man doch wieder den flieſſenden Strömen vertrauen,
4. Laufft doch das Vieh,
14. Hurtig die weißgrau bethaueten Felder zu ſchauen,
4. Jenſeit und hie.
13. Altern geläſſet nicht länger im Hauſe zu ſeyn.
5. Sehe wie gelinde
Wehen die Winde,
13. Treiben mit Sauſen und Brauſen das Reifwetter ein,
7. Venus tritt ſelbſt jetzt mit auff,
Locket die Nymphen zuhauff.
8. Ehe noch Cynthia blicket,
Gehen ſie tantzend verſtricket.
11. Venus mag lieber mit Charis ſpazieren,
10. Lieber als ihren beräucherten Mann
11. Hören im Aetna den Hammertackt führen.
10. Was gehet Venus ſein Schmiedewerck an?
14. Kinderchen ſpricht ſie, brecht-ab meine ſchönſten Myrten,
4. Kräntzet euch fein.
14. Kommet und opffert, ihr Faunus Geſellen, ihr Hirten,
4. Lamm oder Schwein.
14. Dencket, wie ſchleunig, wie ſchleunig euch Clotho beſtricket,
5. Nichts wird verſchonet,
Ob man gleich wohnet,
14. Da, wo man lauter Rubinen und Purpur erblicket.
7. Iſt dieſes Kurtze denn aus,
Kommt ihr zu Pluto ins Hauß,
8. Da iſt gar übel, zu ſpielen,
Nebel auff Speiſen zielen.

Od. V.

Gen. Anapaest.

12. Ach, junger Geſelle, du zartes Gemüthe,
11. Du Roſengemählde, du wächſernes Bild,
12. Erlerne doch, wie man vor Pyrrha ſich hüte,
11. Bedencke, wie theuer das Lieben dir gilt.
15. O meide den ſchädlichen Balſam, die koſtbaren Salben,
5. Die Saba uns ſchickt.
15. Wenn Pyrrha ſich einfältig zieret und ſchmücket deßhalben,
5. Daß du ſeyſt beſtrickt,
14. So traue nicht ſolcher vergiffteten trüglichen Zier.
6. Du wirſt es beſchmertzen
6. Verfluchen die Kertzen,
14. Da Pyrrha die Gluten und Flammen wirthſchaffet in dir,
8. Recht, wie es dem Schiffenden geht,
8. Der mitten im Ungemach ſteht,
9. Dem etwa der Himmel vor dieſen
9. Sich günſtig und freundlich erwieſen.
12. Hier haſt du den [illegible], dort haſt du auch einen,
11. Der deiner ſo liſtigen Trieglichkeit traut,
12. Denn, nichts als nur Einfalt dein Weſen kan meinen,
11. Der trauet dir, die er doch ſelber nicht ſchaut,
15. Dem ſpielet mit Golde, was blincket und ſcheinet,
5. Und liebet den Klang,
5. Sireenen Geſang.
16. Der alles, was lieblich nur ſchallet, auch nützlich vermeinet.
14. O übel betrogen, und tauſendmahl übler verführet,
6. Den du mit den Pfeilen,
6. Kanſt tückiſch ereilen.
14. Ich ſelber bin vorhand von ſolchem Geſchoſſe gerühret,
8. Nun borg' ich es keinem nicht mehr,
8. (Den Göttern ſei Opfer und Ehr'!)
9. Daß mich dieſes Ungeſtüms Wellen
9. Nicht zum Porten können geſellen.

Od. VI.
Exempel der Heldenart.

Agrippa, der ſein Schwerd noch niemahls hat gezücket,
Daß nicht der Feinde Volck bei Hauffen zugeſchicket
Dem, der zu Pluto führet, laß Varius den Mann
Der, wie Homerus ſelbſt, ſo trefflich ſchreiben kan,
Laß Varium, der, gleich wie Pegaſus, kan fliegen,
Den übermachten Ruhm, das Land- und Waſſer-ſiegen,
Und was ſonſt deine Fauſt, und ſtarcker Arm zerbrach,
Erheben bis zum Mond, und an der Sternen Dach.
Mir iſt ein ſolches Werck ja viel zu hoch gelegen,
Kein ſo beregter Geiſt, kein ſo belebter Regen,
Führt meinen Grieffel an, drumb wag ichs nicht zuweit,
Zu ſchreiben, wie der Held Achilles kam in Streit,
Einſt mit Atreus Sohn, da er wie Aetna brannte,
Und in des Zornes Glut ſich gleichſamb ſelbſt nicht kannte,
Zu ſchreiben, wie Ulyß, dem Hertz und Zunge nicht
Die gleiche Wage hält, die Waſſerwogen bricht
Mit einem leichten Kahn, wie Pelops Hausgenoſſen
Den Mord und Würgegifft auff ihr Geſchlecht gegoſſen.
Ich bin mir wohl bewuſt, was meine Leyer kan.
Drumb ſtimm' ich nicht zu hoch auff ihren Seiten an,
Daß ſie auff Caeſars Lob, und dich, Agrippa, kommen,
So hat die Schreibeſucht mich noch nicht eingenommen.
Ich nehm' es mir nicht vor, zu ſetzen, wie ein Held,
Auff den die gantze Macht der Pfeile niederfällt,
Sich ſchützet in dem Stahl, der jedem eins verſetzet,
Den nie kein Diamant, wie hart er auch, verletzet.
Laß leben wer da kan, wie Merion ſich hielt,
Als jeder auff ihn zu bei Troja tapfer ſpielt',
Und redlich umb ſich ſchlug, und wie Tydides Waffen,
So Pallas ſelbſt geſchmiedt, dem Feind ein ſchlechtes Schlaffen
Und wenig Raſt gegönnt. Hat aber jemand Luſt,
Zu leſen, was man ſchreibt von einer ſchönen Bruſt,
Und was zur Tafel dient, und was ein Spiel ergötzet,
Und wie das Nymphen Volck erzürnt die Nägel wetzet,
Imfall es kriegens gilt etwan umb einen Kuß,
Und wie es ſich alsdenn ſo ungern wehren muß,
Das lehrt mich meine Ruh', und meine ſtillen Tage,
Und meine liebe Luſt, daß iſt, davon ich ſage,
Worvon ich ſingen muß. Iſt lieben mir gemein,
Darff doch nicht alles noch von mir geſtraffet ſein.

Od. VII.
Exempl. Elegiae.

Ein and'rer mag Rhodus und Mitylene loben,
Der ziehet Corinthus und Epheſus vor.
Macht Bachus Theben groß, ſind Delphi hoch erhoben,
Theſſalien führet die Tempe empor.
Iſt jemand drauff bedacht, die keuſchen Pallas-Hütten
Zu leiten bis über der Sterne Gezelt,
Nimmt einen Oelbaum-Krantz an Blättern wohl beſchnitten,
Iſt jemand, der Juno zu Dienſten ſich ſtellt,
Und nennt ihr Argos reich, das lauter Pferde zeuget,
Und ſchätzet Mycenen das Beſte zu ſein,
So nimmt mir Sparta nicht, das wohl den Bogen beuget,
So nimmt mir Lariſſa die Sinnen nicht ein,
Als wie Albunens Wald der allerſchönſten Nymphen,
Da Anio fleußt bei der Tybur hinab,
Da kan des Obſtes Frucht die Tempe ſelbſt beſchimpfen,
Da rauſchen die Bäche mit ſtrengem Trab.
Der Südwind, der ſonſt netzt, heißt hier die Wolcken weichen,
Da lachet des Himmels erfreulicher Blick.
Da muß ein Regen-Guß nicht ſtets das Land durchſtreichen.
Ach Plancus, das zielet auff menſchliches Glück.
Die Klugheit, die bei dir das Steuer-Ruder lencket,
Die ladet dich ſelber zur Luſtigkeit ein,
Wenn man beym Traubenſafft auff nichts als Freude dencket,
Und läſſet die Sorgen bemühet nur ſeyn.
Du magſt denn gleich darauff zum vollen Zelten gehen
Es ſei denn, das Tiburis Schatten dich hält.
So macht es Teucer auch, der rücklings muſte ſehen
Sein väterlich Erbtheil und Salamins Feld.
Er nam den Pappelkrantz, in Regen-Thau genetzet,
Sprach, werthe Geſellen, was trauern wir viel?
Hat uns das leichte Glück aus unſerm Raum verſetzet,
So gebet auch wieder das günſtige Spiel.
Wir treten ihm nur nach, wohin es immer leitet,
Gedencket, wie freudig geht Teucer voran.
Uns hat ein Salamin ſchon wieder zubereitet
Apollo, der lügen und triegen nicht kan.
So ſeyd nur, was ihr ſeyd, ſeyd Männer in dem Hertzen,
Und hat wohl vor dieſem ein Härters gedrückt.
Das ſüſſe Rebenblut das ſteuret allen Schmertzen.
Auff Morgen ſeyd wieder zu ſchiffen geſchickt.

Exemplum der gemeinen Art
ex Od. VIII.

O Lydia, der Jugend Fall und Stricke,
Ich bitte dich, ſag' an, was ſinds für Tücke,
Was iſt für Gifft, das Sybaris ſo liebt,
Und ſich umb dich der eitlen Luſt ergiebt?
Wie kommt es doch, daß er den Platz ſo meidet,
Der manchem ſonſt den Lorbeerkrantz beſcheidet?
Er fliehet, wo die Sonne Staub erweckt,
Wie kommt es, daß er ſich davor verſteckt?
Was hält ihn ab, daß er ſich nicht begiebet
In Mavors Pflicht, den unſre Jugend liebet?
Giebt Franckreich ſonſt im Reiten Unterricht,
Das ſchlägt er hin, das kümmert ihn gantz nicht.
Der ſanfften Flut, die unſre Tibur führet,
Vergöldten Sand den hat er nie berühret,
Er meidet ihn als Phlegetons Geſtad',
Allwo der Tod allein zu laben hat.
Wenn and're ſich mit glattem Oele ſchmieren,
Im Ringen ſich geſchickter auff zu führen,
So meidet er es, als ein ſolches Gifft,
Das Hydra ſelbſt aus ihren Adern trifft.
Man höret ihn auch nicht, wie and're, klagen,
Daß er ſich wund am Küriß hat getragen,
Wo bleibet jetzt die viel berühmbte Krafft,
Die ihm den Sieg zum öfftern hat verſchafft?
Da ſteckt er nun verändert und verlohren,
So wie der Held, von Tethys ſelbſt gebohren,
Der manches Blut vor Troja eingeſenckt,
Der bleibet nun von Damen eingeſchränckt.
Ein Weiberkleid bedeckte ſeine Thaten,
Er möchte ſonſt in Unglück ſein gerathen,
Der Phrygier befand ſich wohl darbey,
Und blieb zugleich vom Tod' und Würgen frey.

Exemplum eines Sonnets
ex Od. IX.

Indem du jetzt das Feld, o Thaliarche, ſieheſt,
Mit weiſſem Reiff umbhüllt, ſo, daß der Wald ſich ſenckt
Und wie der dicke Froſt die ſtarcken Fluten ſchränckt,
So höre meinen Rath, daß du dich nur bemüheſt,
Wie du das Holtz zur Glut und lichten Flamme zieheſt,
Zapf' an ein altes Faß, die Sorg' auff Gott geſenckt.
Das Land wird ja nicht ſtets vom Aeolo gekränckt.
Laß heute heute ſeyn, damit du kläglich flieheſt,
Was morgen ſchaden kan. Nimm deiner Zeit Gewinn,
Und ſchicke traurig ſeyn zum krummen Alter hin,
Treib deine Ritterſpiel' und dein verliebtes Singen,
Dein Schertzen mit der Schaar die gerne ſich verſteckt,
Und mit dem lachen bald ſich wiederumb entdeckt,
Das darumb widerſtrebt, daß man es ſoll bezwingen.

Exemplum ex Od. X.
Der Sechsverſigten, darinnen gleichſamb die Quatrains oder Vierverſe begriffen.

1.
Mercur, du Majen-Sohn, durch deſſen Trieb vor dieſem
Die unbelebte Welt, ſo gleichſamb viehiſch war,
Auf einen beſſern Schlag, und auff ein beſſer Haar,
Nachdem du ihr die Kunſt, beredt zu ſeyn, gewieſen,
Gerathen, und gewandt, als wäre ſie geſtellt
Auff einen Tummelplatz und wo man Schul-Recht hält.

2.
Dich, Donner-Vaters Kind, nehm ich mir vor zu ſingen,
Dich, ſchnelle Götter-Poſt, durch deſſen ſchlaue Hand,
Die Leyer und was klingt den Dichtern iſt bekannt,
Und wie man artig ſoll von ſeiner Stelle bringen,
Was and're hingelegt, daß [illegible]
Du weiſt es meiſterlich, wie man es treiben thut.

3.
Apollo lachte ſelbſt, wie du ſein Vieh geſtohlen
Verſtellet in ein Kind, als er dich ſo erſchreckt.
Durch dich blieb Priamus für Feindes-Liſt verſteckt.

Du kanſt durch deinen Stab die frommen Seelen holen,
  Ins ſchwarze Minos-Reich, du dieneſt beider Macht,
  Drumb nimmt der Himmel dich und Pluto ſelbſt in acht.

Exemplum ex Od. XI.
Der Achtzeiligen.

Leuconoe entſiehe doch zu fragen,
  (Der Himmel ſelbſt entzeuget ſich hiefür)
Wie Clotho dir die Heimfart angeſaget,
  Nun klopfen wird an deine Hertzens Thür.
Du meinſt, die Noth ſei leichter zu ertragen,
  Die man gewuſt. Ach nein! Ach lebe dir,
Weil noch die Zeit das Leben dir will gönnen.
Sie weicht und fleucht eh' wir als mercken können.

Exemplum Echus ex Od. XII.

Clio, du Seele der gelehrten Seelen,
Was ſoll mein Spiel für einen Held erwehlen,
Wem ſoll zu Ehren Echo auch erſchallen,
  Wem ſolls gefallen? E. Allen.

Soll ichs dem Pindus oder Hemus lehren?
Soll es der Schatten in den Wäldern hören?
Da gleichſamb Orpheus die verliebten Rinden
  Pflag zu verbinden. E. In den.

Da Orpheus ſpielte, daß die Ströme ſtunden,
Die Winde ſchlieffen, gleich als wie gebunden,
Der Baume Locken, die zum Himmel reichen,
  Muſten da weichen. E. Eichen.

Soll ich dich Vater aller Götter ſingen,
Und deine Thaten über alle bringen.
Du Vater, kanſt ja auch die Welt verſehren,
  Dein Lob vermehren. E. Ehren.

Du biſt der Gröſte, wirſt es auch wohl bleiben.
Kan deinen Willen einer hintertreiben?
Iſt jemand nächſt dir, iſt, wie ich vermeine,
  Pallas alleine. E. Eine.

Bachus hört gerne von Scharmützeln ſagen,
Diana freut' ſich, wenn ſie nur kan jagen,
Phöbi ſein Bogen mag auch nicht verweilen.
  Seht ihn mit Pfeilen. E. Eilen.

Seht auf Alciden, und der Leden Kinder,
Wie Caſtor reitet, Pollux auch nicht minder.
Läſt ſeinen Feinden, von den tapffern Keulen,
  Schreckliche Beulen. E. Heulen.

Wenn ſie, die Sterne, durch das Blaue blincken,
Den Schiffern freundlich von dem Himmel wincken,
Starren die Winde, und der Fluten prangen
  Bleibet gefangen, E. bangen.

Romulus, ſoll ich auch von dir was ſchreiben?
Tarquin und Numa zu den Sternen treiben?
Wodurch will Cato ſich dem Plato weihen?
  Soll ich es preiſen? E. Eiſen.

Regulus, Scaurus, ihr berühmbten Seelen,
Kan jemand billig euren Ruhm verhelen?
Paulus und Fabier, wie man euch ſoll loben,
  Stehet erhoben. E. oben.

Curius kann zwar nicht von Reichthumb ſagen,
Auch hat Camillus dieſe Laſt getragen,
Jedoch zu fechten waren ſie gerathen,
  Brave Soldaten. E. Aten i. e. noxii
  hostibus ab Ate, Dea noxae.

Marcellus grünet gleich den Palmen-Zweigen,
Ihn kan kein Unfall zu der Erde beugen.
Cäſaris Funcke, wie der Sterne Ballen,
  Muß ja gefallen E. Allen.

Vater der Götter, von Saturn gebohren,
Du biſt vom Himmel ja darzu erkohren,
Daß du dem Cäſar ſeine Gebürte mehreſt,
  Böſes verkehreſt, E. ehreſt.

Hat er die Parther nicht alſo bezwungen,
Wieder die Serer iſts ihm auch gelungen,
Indien wo bleibts mit dem überwunden.
  Wo ſoll mans finden? E. Inden.

Jupiter, gönn' ihm, neben dir zu ſitzen,
Er kan, wie du, auch aus den Wolcken blitzen,
Er weiß den Sündern ihre Luſt zu brechen,
  Straffen die Frechen. E. rächen.

Exempel der vierzeiligen Ringelreime aus der XIII. Od.

1.
O Lydia, mein Licht, ich weiß mich kaum zu halten,
Die Galle ſtöſt mir auff, die Zierde will veralten,
Die Wärme, die mir ſonſt faſt niemals nicht gebricht,
Die weichet gantz von mir, o Lydia, mein Licht.

2.
Ich bin nicht mehr bey mir, ſeh, wie die Thränen flieſſen,
Die, wieder meinen Sinn, ſich durch die Wangen gieſſen,
Mein Lebensfeuer iſt gar nirgends, als bei dir,
Vor Liebe brenne ich, und bin nicht mehr bey mir.

3.
Ach, dieſes drücket mich, daß Telephus muß heiſſen
Dein allerſchönſtes Kind. Dich muß er zu ſich reiſſen.
Sein Mund iſt roſenroht (ſo dünckt Lyda dich)
Die Arme wie der Schnee. Ach dieſes drücket mich.

4.
Fürwahr es läufft wohl aus, es wird nicht immer gelten,
Wenn er, vom Wein erhitzt, dich hebet an zu ſchelten.
So mancher tiefer Kuß, ſo mancher Liebes-Strauß
Und was ſonſt mehr darbey, fürwahr es läufft wohl aus.

5.
Ich lob' und liebe das, was auff Beſtand gegründet,
Wenn ſich ein liebes Paar recht hertzlich ſo verbindet,
Daß nie kein Mißverſtand, daß nie kein Abſchieds-Riß
Im Leben ſie zertrennt, ich lob' und liebe dies.

Exempel der Wiederkehr aus der XIV. Od.

1.
O du ſonſt ſtoltzes Schiff, wie läſt du dich jetzt bringen,
Und durch der Fluten Macht ſo weit vom Ufer bringen,
Ach ſieh auf deine Schantz', ob nicht vor allen Dingen,
Im Hafen einzugehn, dir möge noch gelingen.

2.
Die Ruder können ja dich nunmehr nicht bezwingen,
Indem bald Nord, bald Oſt umb deinen Maſtbaum ſingen,
Ja alle Plancken ſtraks von ihren Stürmen klingen,
Und da die Segel faſt in tauſend Stücke ſpringen.

3.
Ach ja, es iſt alſo, dir Armen beyzuſpringen,
Ja faſt kein Gott daheim', es will ja gar nicht klingen,
Daß du von deiner Macht willſt praalen, rühmen, ſingen,
Wie du o Dannenbaum die Wellen könneſt zwingen.

4.
O Schiff, du merckſt es wohl, es könne nicht gelingen,
Zufall du fechten ſollſt mit außgemahlten Dingen.
Es muß hier Mannſchafft ſeyn, drumb laß dich ja nicht bringen
Auffs hohe Meer, noch auff die ſteilen Klippen dringen.

Exempel der Wiedertritte aus der XV. Od.

1.
Der Waſſer-Gott ſah' einſt den Paris eilen,
Durch ſeine Flut, ſich mit der Braut zu theilen.
Sprach bei ſich ſelbſt, der meinet ſich zu heilen,
Er ſchlägt ſich wund mit ſeinem Raub' und Eilen.

2.
Halt ein du Nord, damit er deutlich höre,
Wie ſehr er ſich mit dieſer Fahrt bethöre,
Was nützt es denn, daß man ſich ſo bethöre,
Und keinen Gott, und keinen Menſchen höre?

3.
Du führeſt zwar die Braut mit dir zu Hauſe,
Doch hüte dich, daß nicht mit groſſem Brauſe
Ihr Menelaus, daß nicht mit groſſem Brauſe
Der Griechen Macht ſie wiederbringt nach Hauſe.

4.
Die werden dir die Hochzeit ſo verſtören,
Daß man nachdem wird Troja brennen hören.
Wie wird es gehn, wenn man den Feind wird hören,
Den Feind, der dich zu Grunde wird verſtören.

5.

Da wird es denn recht an ein Würgen gehen,
Wenn Pallas läßt den Schlangen-Schild nur sehen,
Wenn ſie den Buſch läßt auff dem Helme wehen,
Und ſchon die Hengſt' in vollem Trabe gehen.

6.

Du wirſt wohl auff die Venus dich verlaſſen,
Dich üben nur, die Zöpfe recht zu faſſen.
Ich laſſe nur die Nymphen ſolche faſſen.
Dein Saitenſpiel bleibt denn auch wohl verlaſſen.

7.

Das Brautwerck, bey frembden Weibern ſchlaffen,
Kan dir alsdenn kein ſicher Weſen ſchaffen.
Was Ajax führt, wird dir ein anders ſchaffen,
Er wird gewiß zu deiner Noth nicht ſchlaffen.

8.

Das krauſe Haar wird er dir ſo beſtauben,
Ulyſſens Lügen kanſtu nimmer glauben.
Doch, wirſt und muſt es denn wohl glauben.
Wenn Neſtor wird mit ſeinem Hengſte ſchnauben.

9.

Wenn Stenelaus nicht wird zu Hauſe bleiben,
Der artig weiß den Wagen fort zu treiben.
Der Merion wird dich auff Hoffrecht treiben,
Tydides läßt dich auch nicht ruhig bleiben.

10.

So wirſtu dann, ſo wie die ſcheuen Hinden,
Gar keines Orts dich männlich laſſen finden.
Denn wenn der Wolff ſich blickend läſſet finden,
Wo bleiben denn die faſtverſtarrten Hinden.

11.

Achilles zwar wird was zurücke bleiben,
Da kanſt du denn die Luſt ein Weilgen treiben.
Doch wird die Zeit den Kitzel dir vertreiben,
Wenn Troja raucht, das wird nicht auſſen bleiben.

Exempel einer Pindariſchen Ode aus der XVI. Od.

Satz oder Strophe.

Phyllis die von ſchöner Art,
Schöner, als ſonſt alle Schönen,
Die ſo hoch gehalten ward,
Daß ſie kan die Mutter höhnen,
Die doch ſo wohl geſtalt,
Daß der gantze Wald
Mehr auff ſie, als dir, geſehen,
Die mit Phöbe jagen gehen.
Ich bin ſchwartz bei dir geſchrieben,
Weil ich vormals Schimpf getrieben,
Dich in Verſen auffgezogen,
Und dich ſo zum Zorn bewogen.
Schaffe ſie nur ab,
Laß ſie zu Pulver brennen.
Sencke ſie ins Grab,
Daß wir Helleſpontum nennen.

Mich hat der blinde Zorn zu ſolchem Thun verleitet,
Der machet, daß der Witz aus ſeinen Schrancken ſchreitet.

Kein Gott hat nie ſo entzündet,
Auch die Dindymene nicht,
Ob man ſich zwar blind befindet,
Wenn uns Phöbus ſelbſt zuſpricht,
Ob uns Bachus ſchon bethöret,
Ob man, wenn man trummeln höret
Von der Corybanten Hand,
Wird von allem Witz entwandt,
Kan doch Zorn ein mehres ſtifften,
Und uns durch und durch vergifften.

Gegenſatz, Antiſtrophe.

Zorn der ſchadet mannichmahl.
Mannichmal hat Zorn verletzet.
Kein mit Fleiß geſchliffner Stahl,
Hätt' ihn Mars auch ſelbſt gewetzet,
Bricht uns ſo viel ab,
Stürtzet in das Grab,
Als ein Funcken unſrer Sinnen
Unſerm Thun kan abgewinnen,
Nicht die wutherfüllten Wellen,
Die um Scylla grauſamb bellen,
Nicht die ſchwefelblauen Flammen
Die Vulcanus ſcharrt zuſammen.
Auch der Donner-Gott
Wird mit ſeinen Cyclop-Keilen
Gleichſamb nur zu Spott.
Zorn kan uns viel eh' ereilen.

Prometheus, wie er uns aus Thone hat geſchaffen,
Hat faſt von jeder Art, von Wölffen, Hunden, Affen

Ja auch von dem Leuen-Magen
Unſerm etwas zugeſetzt.
Dürffen alſo gar nicht fragen,
Was uns Menſchen ſo verhetzt.
Auch Thyeſtes ward verblendet,
Indem er den Bruder ſchändet.
Ach, wie manche Stadt und Land
Iſt durch Rachgier umbgewandt,
Wo die hohen Mauren ſtunden,
Hat man Pflug und Miſt gefunden.

Nachſatz, Epodos.

Drumb, Schönſte, ſtille jtzt,
Weil die Jugend mich erhitzt.
Jugend die nicht weiß
Was der Jugend Preiß.
Hab' ich was zu viel geſchrieben,
Und das Spiel zu hoch getrieben,

Ey, ſo bin ich jetzt bereit, meine böſe Sitten
Zu verfluchen, und, mein Licht, auch dir abzubitten.
Sey du nur nicht wieder dem, der die Sünd erkennt,
Seelig bin ich, wenn mein Schatz ihren Freund mich nennt.

Exempel einer Sechſtinne aus der XVII. Od.

1.

Faunus läſſet ſeinen Wald,
Und vergiſſet ſeiner Hirten,
Die ihm doch ſo manchen Tag
Liebes-Lieder vorgebracht.
Läßt ſich meines Hügels Zier
Mehr als jenes koſtbar ſeyn.

2.

Ich will ſelbſt der Hüter ſeyn
Meiner Ziegen, wenn der Wald
Brennet, und die andren Hirten
Wünſchen einen kühlen Tag,
Keines hat er mir verbrandt,
Faunus, meiner Heerde Zier.

3.

Er giebt ſelbſt den Blumen Zier
Und mein Vieh kann ſicher ſeyn,
Böck' und alles geht im Wald'
Ohne Auffſicht, ohne Hirten,
Keine Schlange hat bei Tag',
Auch kein Wolff was umbgebracht.

4.

Das hat mir die Kunſt gebracht,
Und der zarten Seiten Zier
Sollt' ich denn nicht gaſtfrey ſein!
Götter ſchützen meinen Wald.
Kommet, meine lieben Hirten,
Spielt bey mir den gantzen Tag.

5.

Komm' auch, meiner Seele Tag,
Tyndaris, dir ſey gebracht
Jetzt der ſchönſten Trauben Zier.
Und uns ſoll kein Streiten ſeyn,
Stört dem Cyrus gleich den Wald,
Und ſonſt alle Luſt der Hirten.

6.

Nimm die Krohne, Licht der Hirten,
Sei nur frölich dieſen Tag,
Trauren ſei gantz abgebracht.
Cyrus ſoll der Kräntze Zier
Deren traun nicht Meiſter ſeyn,
Reiß' er gleich den halben Wald.

Karl Philipp Moritz.

Dieſer durch das Unſtäte ſeiner Neigungen und durch mancherlei Sonderbarkeiten eben ſo ſehr, als durch ſeine Schriften ausgezeichnete Mann, ward am 15. September 1757 von armen Eltern zu Hameln geboren und von ihnen für das Hutmacher-Handwerk beſtimmt. Allein ſein unruhiger Geiſt trieb ihn aus dieſem Kreiſe bürgerlicher Thätigkeit und drängte ihn nach langem Umherirren nach Wittenberg, wo er durch Unterſtützungen 2 Jahre höchſt unregelmäßig dem Studium der Philoſophie und Theologie ſich ergab. Nach kurzem Verweilen als Lehrer am Pädagogium in Deſſau und mehreren mißglückten Verſuchen, in Berlin eine Pfarre zu erhalten, verſchafften Teller und Büſching dem von Mangel und Verzweiflung Gepeinigten eine Lehrſtelle am grauen Kloſter in Berlin, welche er jedoch durch eine aus einem Spaziergange entſtandene Reiſe nach England 1782 wieder aufgab. Bei ſeiner Rückkehr erhielt er 1784 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften am berliniſch-kölniſchen Gymnaſium und nahm eine Zeitlang an der Redaction der Voſſiſchen Zeitung Theil, bis der ihm unerträgliche Zwang der dabei nöthigen Ordnung ihn nach der Schweiz führte, von wo zurückgekehrt eine ſchwärmeriſche Liebe zu einer verheiratheten Frau ihn dem Wahnſinn nahe brachte. Aus dieſem Zuſtande riß ihn 1786 eine Reiſe nach Italien, während welcher Göthe's Bekanntſchaft ihn mit dem Herzog Karl Auguſt in Verbindung brachte, auf deſſen Verwendung er Mitglied der berliner Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften wurde, und dann, als er wieder in Berlin angekommen war, die Profeſſur der Alterthumskunde und der Theorie der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften an der daſigen Akademie der bildenden Künſte erhielt und mit dem Titel eines Hofraths beehrt ward. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 26. Juni 1793.

Unter dem Namen Anton Reiſer ſchrieb er:

Sechs deutſche Gedichte. Berlin 1780; 2 Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1781, 8.
Blunt, oder der Gaſt. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1781, 8.
Deutſche Sprachlehre. Ebendaſ. 1782; 3. Ausg. 1794.
Magazin für die Erfahrungsſeelenkunde. Ebendaſ. 1783—1793, 10 Thle.
Reiſen eines Deutſchen in England. Ebendaſ. 1783, 8; 2 Aufl. 1785, mit 1 Titelkupfer.
Anton Reiſer. Ebendaſ. 1785—90, 4 Thle., 8.; 5. Thl. von K. F. Kliſchnig 1794. 8.
Andreas Hartknopf. Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.
Verſuch einer Proſodie. Ebendaſ. 1786; 4. Aufl. 1815.
Denkwürdigkeiten. Ebendaſ. 1786—88, 4 St. 8.
Fragmente aus dem Tagebuche eines Geiſterſehers. Berlin 1787, 8.
Mythologie. Ebendaſ. 1791.
Hartknopfs Predigerjahre. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8.
Reiſen eines Deutſchen in Italien. Ebendaſ. 1792—93, 3 Thle., 8. mit Kupf.
Vorleſungen über den Styl. Ebendaſ. 1793—94, 2 Thle.
Vorbegriffe zu einer Theorie der Ornamente. Ebendaſ. 1793, 4., mit Kupf.
Die neue Cäcilie. Ebendaſ. 1794, 8.
Launen und Phantaſien. Herausgegeben von K. F. Kliſchnig. Ebendaſ. 1796, 8.

Ein ſehr richtiges Urtheil über Moritz, der während ſeines Lebens eben ſo oft überſchätzt als ungerecht herabgewürdigt iſt, wurde gleich nach ſeinem Tode in der Neuen Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften Bd. 55, St. 1, S. 21 flgde. über ihn gefällt, das folgendermaßen lautete: — Moritzens früher Tod hat der deutſchen Litteratur manche ſchätzbare Bereicherung entzogen, die ſie bei einem längern Leben von ſeiner raſtloſen Thätigkeit gewiß noch erhalten hätte. Ein ſorgfältig ausgearbeitetes, ganz vollendetes Werk war zwar ſchwerlich je von ihm zu erwarten; hierzu hatte ihm nicht allein die Natur manche durchaus nöthige Eigenſchaft verſagt, auch die Art und Weiſe, wie er ſich größtentheils ſelbſt ausbilden mußte, legte ihm hiebei die größten Hinderniſſe in den Weg. In ſeinem wiſſenſchaftlichen Unterrichte war manches weſentliche Stück verſäumt worden, was er in der Folge nie nachholen mochte. Seine gelehrten Kenntniſſe waren nur dürftig und ſeicht, deſto ſtärker und lebhafter aber ſeine Phantaſie, der er nur allzuoft die Zügel völlig überließ und die ihn nicht ſelten zu ſehr abentheuerlichen und grillenhaften Ideen und Behauptungen verleitete. Bei Allem dem kann ihm doch auch die ſtrengſte Kritik das Lob eines originellen, ſcharfſinnigen und ſelbſtdenkenden Kopfes nicht ohne Ungerechtigkeit ſtreitig machen. Daß er dies wirklich war, davon liefern faſt alle ſeine Schriften ungeachtet der großen Eile und Sorgloſigkeit, mit welcher er ſie auf das Papier warf, die unzweideutigſten Beweiſe. Der Werth derſelben beruht zwar größtentheils nur auf einzelnen, neuen, glücklichen Bemerkungen und hellen Blicken; dieſe ſind aber zahlreich genug, ihrem Urheber unter den vorzüglicheren Köpfen Deutſchlands (wenn gleich nicht unter ſeinen muſterhaften Schriftſtellern) eine ehrenvolle Stelle zu ſichern. —

Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß M's Autobiographie in Romanform, Anton Reiſer, nicht ſowohl wegen der darin dargeſtellten Begebenheiten, als wegen der feinen pſychologiſchen Zeichnung der Charaktere eine der intereſſanteſten Erſcheinungen für den Beobachter innerer Seelenzuſtände iſt. —

Das Parlament*).

Bald hätte ich vergeſſen, Ihnen zu ſagen, daß ich ſchon im Parlament geweſen bin, und doch iſt dieß das Wichtigſte. Und wenn ich in England auch ſonſt nichts als dieß geſehen hätte, ſo würde ich mich für meine Reiſe ſchon hinlänglich belohnt halten.

So wenig ich mich auch ſonſt um die politiſche Welt bekümmert habe, weil es bei uns wirklich nicht der Mühe werth iſt, war ich doch ſehr begierig, einer Parlamentsſitzung mit beizuwohnen, und dieſer Wunſch wurde mir ſehr bald gewährt.

An einem Nachmittage um drei Uhr, wo gemeiniglich die Sitzung anhebt, erkundigte ich mich nach Weſtminſterhall, und wurde von einem Engländer ſehr höflich zurechtgewieſen, wie denn dieß überhaupt geſchieht, man mag fragen, wen man wolle, ſo daß man ſich, wenn man nur einigermaßen der Sprache mächtig iſt, mit leichter Mühe durch ganz London finden kann.

Weſtminſterhall iſt ein ungeheures gothiſches Gebäude, deſſen Gewölbe nicht von Pfeilern unterſtützt wird; ſtatt deren ſind aber an beiden Seiten des Gewölbes große und ungeheure aus Holz geſchnittene Engelsköpfe angebracht, die daſſelbe zu tragen ſcheinen.

Wenn man durch dieſe lange Halle geht, ſo ſteigt man am Ende ein Paar Stufen hinauf, und kömmt zur linken Seite durch einen dunklen Gang ins Haus der Gemeinen, das unten eine große doppelte Thür hat, und auf einer kleinen Treppe kömmt man zu der Gallerie für die Zuſchauer.

Als ich das erſtemal dieſe Treppe hinaufging, und an das Geländer kam, ſah ich hier einen ſehr feinen Mann in einem ſchwarzen Kleide ſtehen, den ich fragte, ob ich auf die Gallerie kommen dürfte? Er antwortete mir, ich müſſe von einem Parlamentsgliede heraufgebracht werden, ſonſt könne es nicht geſchehen. Da ich nun nicht die Ehre hatte, ein Parlamentsglied zu kennen, und alſo mißvergnügt wieder die Treppe hinunterging, hörte ich mir etwas von bottle of wine nachſchallen, das ich mir ſchlechterdings nicht erklären konnte, bis ich zu Hauſe kam, und von meiner Wirthin hörte, ich hätte dem freundlichen Manne eine halbe Krone oder zwei Schillinge zu einer

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*) Aus Moritz' Reiſen eines Deutſchen in England.

Bouteille Wein in die Hand drücken ſollen. Dieß that ich den folgenden Tag, wo mir derſelbe Mann, der mich vorher abgewieſen hatte, nachdem ich ihm nur zwei Schillinge in die Hand gedrückt, ſehr höflich die Thür öffnete, und mir ſelber einen Platz auf der Gallerie anwies.

Und nun ſah ich alſo zum erſtenmale in einem ziemlich unanſehnlichen Gebäude, das einer Kapelle ſehr ähnlich ſieht, die ganze engliſche Nation in ihren Repräſentanten verſammelt; den Sprecher, ein ältlicher Mann, mit einer ungeheuren Allongeperücke, in einem ſchwarzen Mantel, den Hut auf dem Kopfe, mir gerade gegenüber auf einem erhabenen Stuhle, der mit einer kleinen Kanzel viel Aehnlichkeit hat, nur daß vorn das Pulpet daran fehlt; vor dieſem Stuhle ein Tiſch, der wie ein Altar ausſieht, vor welchem wiederum zwei Männer, welche Clerks heißen, ſchwarz gekleidet und in ſchwarzen Mänteln ſitzen, und auf welchem neben den pergamentnen Acten ein großer vergoldeter Scepter liegt, der allemal weggenommen und in ein Behältniß unter den Tiſch gelegt wird, ſobald der Sprecher von ſeinem Stuhle herabſteigt, welches geſchieht, ſo oft ſich das Haus in eine ſogenannte Committee oder bloße Unterſuchung verwandelt, während welcher er ſeine Würde als geſetzgebende Macht gewiſſermaßen ablegt. Sobald dieß vorbei iſt, ſagt Jemand zu dem Sprecher: nun könnt ihr euch wieder hinſetzen! und ſobald der Sprecher ſeinen Stuhl beſteigt, wird auch der Scepter wieder vor ihm auf den Tiſch gelegt.

An den Seiten des Hauſes rund umher unter der Gallerie ſind die Bänke für die Parlamentsglieder, mit grünem Tuch ausgeſchlagen, immer eine höher als die andre, wie unſre Chöre in den Kirchen, damit derjenige, welcher redet, immer über die vor ihm Sitzenden wegſehen kann. Eben ſo ſind auch die Bänke auf der Gallerie. Die Parlamentsglieder behalten ihre Hüte auf, aber die Zuſchauer auf der Gallerie ſind unbedeckt.

Die Parlamentsglieder im Unterhauſe haben nichts Unterſcheidendes in ihrer Kleidung; ſie kommen im Ueberrock und mit Stiefeln und Sporen herein. Es iſt nichts Ungewöhnliches, ein Parlamentsglied auf einer von den Bänken ausgeſtreckt liegen zu ſehen, indeß die andern debattiren. Einige knacken Nüſſe, andre eſſen Apfelſinen, oder was ſonſt die Jahrszeit mit ſich bringt. Das Ein- und Ausgehen dauert faſt beſtändig, und ſo oft Jemand hinausgehen will, ſtellt er ſich erſt vor den Sprecher und macht ihm ſeine Reverenz, gleichſam als ob er ihn, wie ein Schulknabe ſeinen Präceptor, um Erlaubniß bittet.

Das Reden geſchieht ohne alle Feierlichkeit: einer ſteht bloß von ſeinem Sitze auf, nimmt ſeinen Hut ab, wendet ſich gegen den Sprecher, an den alle Reden gerichtet ſind, behält Hut und Stock in einer Hand und mit der andern macht er ſeine Geſten.

Redet einer ſchlecht, oder hat das, was er ſagt, für die meiſten nicht Intereſſe genug, ſo iſt oft ein ſolches Lärmen und Gelächter, daß der Redende kaum ſein eignes Wort hören kann, welches für dieſen eine ſehr ängſtliche Lage ſein muß; und dann hat es ſehr viel Komiſches, wenn der Sprecher auf ſeinem Stuhle, wie ein Präceptor zu wiederholten Malen Ordnung gebietet, indem er ausruft: to Order, to Order! ohne daß eben viel darauf geachtet wird.

Sobald hingegen einer gut und zweckmäßig redet, ſo herrſcht die äußerſte Stille, und Einer nach dem Andern giebt ſeinen Beifall dadurch zu erkennen, daß er hear him! (hört ihn!) ruft, welches denn freilich oft vom ganzen Hauſe auf einmal geſchieht, und auf die Weiſe ein ſolches Geräuſch verurſacht, daß der Redende wiederum durch eben dieſes hear him! oft unterbrochen wird. Demungeachtet iſt dieſer Zuruf immer eine große Aufmunterung, und ich habe oft bemerkt, daß einer, der mit einiger Furchtſamkeit oder Kälte zu reden anfängt, am Ende dadurch in ein ſolches Feuer geſetzt wird, daß er mit einem Strome von Beredtſamkeit ſpricht.

Weil alle Reden an den Sprecher gerichtet ſind, ſo fangen ſie ſich immer mit Sir an, auf welche Anrede der Sprecher ſeinen Hut ein klein wenig abnimmt, ihn aber ſogleich wieder aufſetzt. Dieſes Sir dient denn auch oftmals, die Uebergänge in den Reden zu machen, und iſt ein gutes Hülfsmittel, ſobald Jemanden ſein Gedächtniß verläßt. Denn während daß er Sir ſagt und dabei eine kleine Pauſe macht, beſinnt er ſich auf das Folgende. Doch habe ich auch geſehen, daß einer am Ende eine Art von Concept aus der Taſche ziehen mußte, wie ein Candidat, der in der Predigt ſtecken bleibt; ſonſt werden die Reden nicht abgeleſen. Dieſe Reden haben ebenfalls ihre Gemeinörter, als z. B. worauf in dieſem Hauſe immer vorzüglich Rückſicht genommen werden müſſe, und dergleichen.

Gleich am erſten Tage zeigte mir ein Engländer, der neben mir auf der Gallerie ſaß, die vornehmſten Mitglieder des Parlaments, als Fox, Burke, Rigby u. ſ. w., die ich alle reden hörte. Es wurde debattirt, ob dem Admiral Rodney außer dem Lordtitel noch eine reelle Belohnung ſollte gegeben werden; zugleich wurde Fox von dem jungen Lord Hood vorgeworfen, daß er ſich als Miniſter der Wahl des Admiral Hood zum Parlamentsgliede für Weſtminſter entgegengeſetzt habe.

Fox hatte ſeinen Platz zur rechten Seite des Sprechers, nicht weit von dem Tiſche, worauf der vergoldete Scepter liegt. Nun nahm er ſeine Stellung ſo nahe an dieſem Tiſche, daß er ihn mit der Hand erreichen und manchen herzhaften Schlag darauf thun konnte, nachdem es der Affect ſeiner Rede erforderte. Und wie er ſich nun gegen den Lord Hood vertheidigte, indem er behauptete, daß er ſich nicht als Miniſter, ſondern als Privatmann dieſer Wahl entgegengeſetzt, und ſeine Stimme einem andern, nämlich dem Herrn Cecil Wray, gegeben habe; und daß der König, da er ihn zum Staatsſecretär gemacht, keinen Tauſch mit ihm eingegangen ſei, wodurch er ſeine Stimme als Privatmann verlöre, welchen Tauſch er nicht würde angenommen haben; und mit welchem Feuer und hinreißender Beredtſamkeit er ſprach, und wie der Sprecher auf dem Stuhle aus ſeiner Wolkenperücke ihm unaufhörlich Beifall zunickte, und Alles hear him! hear him! rief, und Speak yet! wenn es ſchien, als wollte er aufhören zu reden; und er auf die Weiſe beinahe zwei Stunden nacheinander ſprach — das kann ich Ihnen nicht beſchreiben. Rigby hielt darauf noch eine kurze, aber ſehr launige Rede, worin er ſagte, wie wenig der bloße Lords- oder Baronettitel ohne Geld zu bedeuten habe, und ſchloß mit der lateiniſchen Sentenz: infelix paupertas, quia ridiculos miseros facit, nachdem er vorher ſehr fein bemerkt hatte, man müſſe erſt zu erfahren ſuchen, ob der Admiral Rodney nicht wiederum einige wichtige Priſen gemacht hätte, weil er alsdann eben keiner Belohnung an Gelde mehr bedürftig ſein würde. Ich bin nachher faſt alle Tage im Parlament geweſen, und ziehe die Unterhaltung, die ich dort finde, den meiſten andern Vergnügungen vor.

Fox iſt immer noch bei dem Volke ſehr beliebt, ob man gleich unzufrieden darüber iſt, daß auf ſeine Veranſtaltung der Admiral Rodney zurückgerufen wird, auf den ich ihn doch ſelbſt die ſtärkſte Lobrede habe halten hören. Charles Fox iſt ſchwärzlich, klein, unterſetzt, gemeiniglich ſchlecht friſirt, hat ein etwas jüdiſches Anſehen, iſt übrigens wohlgebildet, und die Politik ſieht ihm aus den Augen: Mr. Fox is cunning like a Fox habe ich hier oft ſagen hören. Burke iſt ein wohlgewachſener langer gerader Mann, der ſchon etwas ältlich ausſieht. Rigby iſt ſehr korpulent und hat ein rothes ſtarkes Geſicht.

Sehr auffallend waren mir die öffentlichen Beleidigungen und Grobheiten, welche ſich oft die Parlamentsglieder einander ſagen, indem der Eine z. B. aufhörte zu reden und der Andere unmittelbar darauf anfing: it is quite absurd u. ſ. w. Es iſt bloß ungereimt, was der right honourable Gentleman (mit dieſem Titel beehren ſich die Parlamentsglieder vom Unterhauſe) eben jetzt vorgetragen hat. Niemand aber ſagt, der Einrichtung gemäß, Jemand dem Andern in's Geſicht, daß er z. B. einfältig geſprochen habe, ſondern er wendet ſich, wie gewöhnlich, zu dem Sprecher, und ſagt, indem er dieſen anredet, der right honourable Gentleman habe ſehr einfältig geſprochen.

Sehr komiſch ſieht es aus, wenn zuweilen Einer ſpricht und der Andere die Geſtus dazu macht, wie ich dieß einmal bei einem alten ehrlichen Bürger bemerkte, der ſich ſelbſt nicht zu reden getraute, aber indeß ſein Nachbar ſprach, jede nachdrückliche Stelle deſſelben mit einer eben ſo nachdrücklichen Geſticulation, wobei ſein ganzer Körper in Bewegung gerieth, begleitete.

Oft artet ſich der Gang der Debatten in einen Privatwortwechſel und Mißverſtändniſſe untereinander, wenn dieß zu lange dauert und man zu ſehr von der Hauptſache abkömmt, ſo wird man endlich des Dings überdrüſſig, und es entſteht ein allgemeines Rufen: The question! The question! Dieß muß zuweilen öfter wiederholt werden, weil immer Einer gegen den Andern gern das letzte Wort haben will. Endlich aber kommt es denn doch zum Stimmen, und der Sprecher ſagt: wer für die Sache iſt, der ſage ay, und wer dawider iſt, ſage no! Dann hört man ein verwirrtes Geſchrei von ay und no untereinander. Und der Sprecher ſagt entweder: mir däucht, es ſind mehr ay's als no's, oder: es ſind mehr no's als ay's. Dann müſſen aber alle Zuſchauer von der Gallerie gehen und das eigentliche Stimmen nimmt erſt ſeinen Anfang. Die Parlamentsglieder ſchreien alsdann zu der Gallerie hinauf withdraw! withdraw! bis alle Zuſchauer entfernt ſind. Dieſe werden ſo lange in ein Zimmer unten an der Treppe eingeſperrt, und wenn das Stimmen vorbei iſt, wieder hineingelaſſen. Hier habe ich mich über den Muthwillen, ſelbſt der geſitteten Engländer, wundern müſſen, mit welcher Gewalt ſie ſich wieder aus der Stube hinausdrängten, ſobald nur die Thüre geöffnet wurde, um die Erſten zu ſein, die wieder auf der Gallerie ankamen. Auf die Weiſe ſind wir zuweilen zwei bis dreimal von der Gallerie fortgeſchickt und wieder hineingelaſſen worden.

Unter den Zuſchauern giebt es Leute von allerlei Stande, auch ſind beſtändig Damen darunter. Ein Paar Geſchwindſchreiber haben zuweilen nicht weit von mir geſeſſen, die auf eine etwas verſteckte Weiſe die Worte des Redenden nachzuſchreiben ſuchten, welche dann gemeiniglich noch denſelben Abend gedruckt zu leſen ſind. Vermuthlich werden dieſe Leute von den Verlegern der Zeitungen beſoldet. Einige Perſonen giebt es, die beſtändige Zuſchauer im Parlament ſind, und für eine ganze Sitzung eine Guinee an den Thürſteher pränumeriren. Von den Parlamentsgliedern habe ich geſehen, daß Einige ihre Söhne als junge Knaben ſchon mit in dies Haus und auf ihre Sitze nahmen.

Es iſt im Vorſchlage geweſen, daß im Oberhauſe auch eine Gallerie für Zuſchauer errichtet werden ſolle. Dieß iſt aber nicht zu Stande gekommen. Auch geht es im Oberhauſe ſchon ſittſamer und hofmäßiger zu. Wer aber Menſchen beobachten und die abſtechendſten Charaktere in ihren ſtärkſten Aeußerungen betrachten will, der gehe in's Unterhaus!

Vergangenen Dienſtag war Hängetag; es war aber auch zugleich eine Parlamentswahl: eins von Beiden konnte ich nur mit anſehen, ich zog denn, wie natürlich, das Letztere vor, indem ich nur in der Ferne die Todtenglocke jener Opfer der Gerechtigkeit läuten hörte. Jetzt beſchreibe ich Ihnen alſo

eine Parlamentswahl.

Die Städte London und Weſtminſter ſchicken jede zwei Mitglieder ins Parlament. Fox iſt eins von den beiden Mitgliedern für Weſtminſter; die erledigte Stelle des zweiten ſollte beſetzt werden. Und eben der Cäcil Wray, welchen Fox ſtatt des Admiral Hood, dem er entgegen war, vorgeſchlagen hatte, wurde nun öffentlich gewählt. Zuweilen ſoll es bei ſolchen Wahlen, wenn eine Oppoſitionsparthei da iſt, blutige Köpfe ſetzen; hier war aber die Wahl ſchon ſo gut wie geſchehen, weil diejenigen, die ſich für den Admiral Hood beworben hatten, ſchon von freien Stücken zurückgetreten waren, da ſie ſahen, daß ihr Vorhaben nicht durchging.

Die Wahl geſchah in Koventgarden, einem großen Marktplatze, unter freiem Himmel. Es war nämlich vor dem Eingange einer Kirche, die auch die Paulskirche heißt, aber nicht mit der Kathedrale zu verwechſeln iſt, ein Gerüſt für die Wählenden gebauet, die in rothen Mänteln und weißen Stäben auf übereinander errichteten Bänken ſaßen: ganz oben war ein Stuhl für den Präſes: Alles aber war nur von Holz und Brettern zuſammengeſchlagen. Vorn auf dem Gerüſte, wo die Bänke aufhörten, waren Matten gelegt, und hier ſtanden diejenigen, welche zu dem Volke redeten. Auf dem Platze vor dem Gerüſte hatte ſich eine Menge Volks und größtentheils der niedrigſte Pöbel verſammelt. Die Redner bückten ſich tief vor dieſem Haufen und redeten ihn allezeit mit dem Titel Gentlemen (edle Bürger!) an. Herr Cäcil Wray mußte vortreten und dieſen Gentlemen mit Hand und Mund verſprechen, ſeine Pflichten, als ihr Repräſentant im Parlament, auf das Getreueſte zu erfüllen. Auch entſchuldigte er ſich mit ſeiner Reiſe und Kränklichkeit, daß er nicht einem Jeden unter ihnen, wie es ſich gebühre, ſeine Aufwartung gemacht habe. Sobald er anfing zu reden, war die ganze Menge ſo ſtill wie das tobende Meer, wenn der Sturm ſich gelegt hat, und Alles rief, wie im Parlamente, hear him! hear him! und ſobald er aufgehört hatte zu reden, erſchallte ein allgemeines Hurrah aus jedem Munde, und Jeder ſchwenkte ſeinen Hut und der ſchmutzigſte Kohlenträger ſeine Mütze um den Kopf.

Er ward nun von den Deputirten auf der Bühne förmlich gewählt, und dem Volke in ſeiner neuen Würde von einem Manne vorgeſtellt, der in einer wohlgeſetzten Rede ihm und dem Volke Glück wünſchte. Dieſer Mann hatte eine gute Anrede: he speaks very well! ſagte ein Karrenſchieber, der neben mir ſtand.

Kleine Knaben hingen ſich an Geländer und Laternenpfähle, und als ob ſie überzeugt wären, daß auch ſie ſchon mit angeredet würden, hörten ſie aufmerkſam dem Redner zu, und bezeugten am Ende auf gleiche Weiſe durch ein freudiges Hurrah ihren Beifall, indem ſie, wie die Erwachſenen, ihre Hüte um den Kopf ſchwenkten.

Hier wachten alle Bilder von Rom, Coriolan, Julius Cäſar und Antonius in meiner Seele auf. Und mag dieß immer nur ein Gaukelſpiel ſein, ſo kann doch ſelbſt eine ſolche Chimäre das Herz und den Geiſt erheben.

O, lieber Freund, wenn man hier ſiehet, wie der geringſte Karrenſchieber an dem, was vorgeht, ſeine Theilnehmung bezeugt, wie die kleinſten Kinder ſchon in den Geiſt des Volks mit einſtimmen, kurz, wie ein Jeder ſein Gefühl zu erkennen giebt, daß er auch ein Menſch und ein Engländer ſei, ſo gut wie ſein König und ſein Miniſter, dabei wird einem doch ganz anders zu Muthe, als wenn wir bei uns in Berlin die Soldaten exerciren ſehen.

Als Fox, der mit unter den Wählenden war, gleich anfänglich in ſeinem Wagen angefahren kam, ward er mit einem allgemeinen Freudengeſchrei empfangen; zuletzt, nachdem der Actus beinah vorbei war, fiel es dem Volke ein, ihn reden zu hören, und Alles ſchrie: Fox! Fox! Ich rief ſelber mit, und er mußte auftreten und reden, weil wir ihn hören wollten. Er trat denn auf und bekräftigte nochmals vor dem Volke, daß er ſchlechterdings nicht als Staatsminiſter, ſondern nur als Privatmann bei dieſer Wahl Einfluß gehabt habe.

Nachdem nun Alles vorbei war, ſo zeigte ſich der Muthwille des engliſchen Pöbels im höchſten Grade. Binnen wenigen Minuten war das ganze bretterne Gerüſte mit Bänken und Stühlen abgebrochen, und die Matten, womit es bedeckt war, in tauſend lange Streifen zerriſſen, womit der Pöbel einen Cirkel ſchloß, in welchem Vornehme und Geringe gefangen wurden, was nur in den Weg kam, und ſo zog das Volk im Triumph durch die Straßen.

Hier führt doch ein Jeder, bis auf den Geringſten, den Namen Vaterland im Munde, den man bei uns nur von Dichtern nennen hört. For my country I shed every Drop of my Blood! ſagt der kleine Jacky in unſerm Hauſe, ein Knabe, der kaum zwölf Jahr alt iſt. Vaterlandsliebe und kriegeriſche Tapferkeit iſt gemeiniglich der Inhalt der Balladen und Volkslieder, welche auf den Straßen von Weibern abgeſungen und für wenige Pfennige verkauft werden. Noch kürzlich brachte unſer Jacky eins mit zu Hauſe, worin die Geſchichte eines Admirals erzählt wurde, der noch tapfer commandirte, als ihm ſchon beide Beine abgeſchoſſen waren und er ſich mußte emporhalten laſſen. Die Verachtung des Volks gegen den König geht erſtaunlich weit. Our King is a Blockhead! hab' ich wer weiß wie oft ſagen hören, indem man zu gleicher Zeit den König von Preußen mit Lobſprüchen bis an den Himmel erhob. Dieſer habe einen kleinen Kopf, hieß es, aber hundertmal ſo viel Verſtand darin, als der König von England in ſeinem ziemlich dicken Kopfe. Ja bei Einigen ging die Verehrung gegen unſern Monarchen ſo weit, daß ſie ſich ihn im Ernſt zum Könige wünſchten. Nur wunderten ſie ſich über die große Menge Soldaten, die er hält, und daß allein in Berlin eine ſo große Anzahl davon einquartirt ſind, da ſich in London, oder der eigentlichen City, nicht einmal ein Trupp Soldaten von des Königs Garde darf blicken laſſen.

Vor einigen Tagen habe ich auch den Zug des Lordmayors in London, in einem ungeheuer großen, vergoldeten Wagen geſehen, welchem eine erſtaunliche Menge von Kutſchen folgten, in denen die übrigen Magiſtratsperſonen oder ſogenannten Aldermänner von London ſaßen. Doch genug für dieſes Mal!

London, den 17. Juni.

Ich habe nun London alle Tage nach verſchiedenen Richtungen durchſtrichen, und bin jetzt, nach meinem Grundriß zu urtheilen, mit dieſen Wanderungen beinahe fertig. Dann ſoll's weiter in's Land gehn, und das, will's Gott! in ein Paar Tagen, denn ſchon lange bin ich des immerwährenden Kohlendampfes müde, und ſehr begierig, einmal eine reinere Luft wieder einzuathmen.

Es iſt wohl wahr, daß London, im Ganzen genommen, nicht ſo ſchön wie Berlin gebaut iſt, aber es hat mehrere und ſchönere große Plätze, die ſogenannten Squares, deren eine ziemliche Anzahl ſind, und die denn doch unſern Gensd'armesmarkt, Dönhofſchen, und Wilhelmsplatz an Pracht und Regelmäßigkeit zu übertreffen ſcheinen. Dieſe Squares oder viereckigten Plätze enthalten die prächtigſten Gebäude von London, und innerhalb derſelben iſt ein runder grüner Raſenplatz mit einem Geländer eingefaßt, in deſſen Mittelpunkt gemeiniglich eine Statüe errichtet iſt, wovon die, welche ich geſehen habe, zu Pferde und vergoldet waren. In Groſvenorſquare iſt ſtatt dieſes Raſenplatzes ſogar ein kleines Wäldchen in der Ründung angelegt. Einer der längſten aber auch angenehmſten Wege, die ich gemacht habe, iſt von Paddington nach Islington, wo man zur linken Seite eine ſchöne Ausſicht auf die nahegelegenen Hügel und vorzüglich nach dem Dorfe Hampſtead, das an einem dieſer Hügel erbauet iſt, und zur rechten Seite die Straßen der Stadt London in einem abwechſelnd ſchönen Proſpekte hat. Freilich iſt es gefährlich, hier, beſonders in den Mittags- und Abendſtunden allein zu gehen: denn noch vergangene Woche iſt auf eben dieſem Wege ein Menſch beraubt und erſchlagen worden.

Johann von Morßheim, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Heinrich von Morungen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Samuel Friedrich Nathanael Morus

ward am 30. November 1736 zu Lauban in der Oberlauſitz geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und ſeit 1754 zu Leipzig Philoſophie und Theologie, begann 1760 dort Vorleſungen zu halten und bekam 1768 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie an dieſer Univerſität. Nachdem er ſeit 1771 die Profeſſur der griechiſchen und lateiniſchen Sprache und ſeit 1780 das Ephorat der kurfürſtlichen Stipendiaten bekleidet hatte, erhielt er 1782 eine Profeſſur der Theologie und rückte 1785 in die dritte und 1786 in die zweite theologiſche Profeſſorenſtelle ein, nachdem er ſchon früher Dr. theologiae geworden war. Er bekleidete gleichfalls die Aemter eines Domherrn zu Meißen, Decemvirs und Conſiſtorialaſſeſſors und ſtarb am 11. November 1792 zu Leipzig.

Seine deutſch verfaßten Schriften ſind:

Predigten. Leipzig 1786.
Nachgelaſſene Predigten. Herausgegeben von Dr. K. A. G. Keil. Ebendaſ. 1794—97, 3 Thle.
Akademiſche Vorleſungen über die chriſtliche Moral. Herausgegeben von Voigt. Leipzig 1794. 2 Thle.

Außerdem Ueberſetzungen der Briefe an die Römer (Leipzig 1775), die Hebräer (Ebendaſ. 1776; 3. Aufl. 1786), die Korinther (Ebendaſ. 1794) und des Briefs Judä (Ebendaſ. 1794).

M's deutſche Schriften ſtehen im Ganzen ſeinen lateiniſchen nach, doch zeichnen ſich ſeine Predigten durch Klarheit, ſcharfe logiſche Anordnung und leichte Verſtändlichkeit vortheilhaft aus, obwohl auch hier der gelehrte Theolog mehr als der praktiſche hervortritt.

Johann Michael Moſcheroſch,

eigentlich mit ſeinem deutſchen Namen Kalbskopf genannt, ward am 5. März 1600 zu Willſtädt bei Hanau geboren und erhielt von ſeinem Vater, dem dortigen Prediger den erſten gelehrten Unterricht. Nachdem er zu Straßburg ſeine philoſophiſchen und juriſtiſchen Studien geendet und 1624 Magiſter geworden, wurde er 1626 Hofmeiſter der jungen Grafen von Leiningen-Dachsburg, 1628 Amtmann bei dem Grafen von Kriechingen, dann 1636 bei dem Herzog Bogislaus von Croi zu Vinſtingen an der Saar, von wo er ſich mit Verluſt ſeiner Habe nach Straßburg flüchtete. Hier erhielt er den Charakter als ſchwediſcher Kriegsrath, ward Secretair und Fiscal daſelbſt, 1656 Rath des Grafen von Hanau und endlich Kanzlei- und Kammerpräſident zu Hanau. Er ſtarb auf einer Reiſe zu ſeinem Sohne in Worms am 4. April 1669. Er war als Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft unter dem Namen: der Träumende, als Schriftſteller unter dem Namen: Philander von Sittewald bekannt.

Von ihm haben wir:

Centuriae VI Epigrammatum. Argentorati 1643, 12.; 3. Ausg. Frankfurt 1665, 12.
Cura parentum. Chriſtlich Vermächtniß eines treuen Vaters nebſt Teſtament einer Mutter, ihrem noch ungeborenen Kinde vermacht. Straßburg 1643, 12.; 2. Ausg. 1678, 12. Däniſch: von Lorentſen.
Dialogues gallico, italico, germanico. Straßburg 1645, 8.
Anleitung zum adeligen Leben. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen Bernhard's überſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1645, 8.
Wimpflingers Deutſchland. Ebendaſ. 1648, 4.
Wunderliche und wahrhafte Geſichte Philanders von Sittewald, das iſt, Strafſchriften H. M. M. von Willſtädt. Verm. und verb. Straßburg 1650, 2 Thle., 8., mit Kupf. (kamen ſchon 1645—50 zu Straßburg und Frankfurt unter dem 1. Theil des obigen Titels heraus, und in einer jetzt ſeltenen Ausg. zu Leyden 1646—47, 6 Thle., 12., welche aber M. nicht anerkannte). Neue Ausg. von H. Dittmar. Berlin 1830, 8., welche auch unter dem Titel: Bibliothek der wichtigſten deutſchen proſaiſchen Satyriker rc. des 17. Jahrhunderts, 1r Thl. 1r Bd., bekannt iſt.

Ueberdieß noch einige kleine lateiniſche Schriften.

Origineller Humor, köſtliche Laune, derbe, aber treffende Satyre, ein ſcharfer Blick für die menſchlichen Verhältniſſe, männliche Kraft und entſchiedener Haß gegen alles Schlechte und Unſittliche in ſeiner Zeit, das er oft mit ſchreienden Farben ſchildert, weiſen M. einen hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Satyrikern an, trotz dem daß er in ſeinem Hauptwerke die Grundideen dem Spanier Quevedo entlehnte und ſich um Correctheit und Eleganz des Styls wenig kümmerte.

Pflaſter wider das Podagram*).

Erſtes wunderliches Geſicht Philanders von Sittewald.

Auff ein Freytag (Pfreitag von Frew, Frey, ſonſt Venus). Als ich mit Freymund im Gemach deß Morgens frühe am Freytage, von dem Narren Spital, und was wir darinnen vor Närriſche Geſichter geſehen, Red miteinander hatten, kam daher durch den Hoff, ein Mann eines Erbaren reputirlichen Anſehens, aber in der Kleidung etwas lodderläter, als andere Leuth: ſeine Schuhe waren von geſchmeidigem Leder, gleich einem Filtz hie und da zerſchnitten und zerhackt, und gar leiſe zugeſchnüret. Er gienge an einem Stecken, ſo vorſichtig und ſittſam, als ob er der Steine ſchonen wolte: bißweilen zuckete er, und ſchrye Mord: alſo, daß ich nicht wuſte, was ihm gebreſten, und ob ihn jrgend die Steine beiſſen thäten: die Strümpfe waren weit; die Schenckel, gegen den Füſſen zu, dick, oben rahn. Ein Leibzin Bruſtbuch vorm Magen, der Kopff ſahe roth und friſch auß: aber die Finger waren auf ſechſerleyart gekrümmet, und mit vielen Knöcheln, als die aneinanderhangende Erdäpffel gezieret. Wir ſtunden oben, und ſahen ihm zu: wann er aber je zu Zeiten einen ungleichen Tritt thate, entwiſcheten ihm ſolche ungeheure Flüche, daß wir ihn vor einen Juden, oder Türcken, oder Commiſſarium hielten, den die Bawern alſo mit Hebeln, Butter-weich geſchmiſſen hatten.

Derowegen, ſolches zu erfahren, fragten wir, wer er were? und auß was Urſachen er in die Burg käme?

Ihr Herren, ſprach er, Ich bin ein armer Mann, wegen der unleidlichen Kranckheit die mir den Leib und Glieder ſo jämmerlich verirret. Was denn vor eine Kranckheit? ſprach ich. Der Reichen Kranckheit, antwortete er: ſo, daß wir meynten, es were der Geitz, der ihn jrgend beſeſſen hätte. Ach ja, nein, ſprach er, das leide Podagram, das gramt und zi zi zi zi zippert mir die Glieder dermaßen, daß ich mochte von Sinnen kommen. Hoho ſprach Freymund: iſt es nur das? dem wird alhie wohl zu rathen ſeyn, dann wir haben hie einen berühmbten Artzt, den Meiſter, welcher ein vortrefflicher Medicus vnnd Statt-Physicus iſt, ſo vngezehlt vielen von dieſer Kranckheit geholffen. Deßwegen hieß er den Krancken hinauff kommen: vns aber verlangte zu ſehen, was es doch vor einen Außgang gewinnen würde.

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*) Aus Philander v. Sittewald's Satyriſchen Geſichten. IV. Theil.

Weil nun dergleichen Meiſter nicht viel zu finden, damit wir alſo dieſem deſto mehr Glauben zuſtellen möchten, ſo weiſete er vns einen Zeddel von Jhm, den Er, zu Bezeugung ſeiner Kunſt, in die Burg geſchicket, der war alſo:

Allen Podagrammiſchen:

viel hülff vnd gern heil vmbs Gelde feyl.

Es iſt der grooooooooooooooooooſte Meiſter Keiß in der Burgk angekommen; der bringet mitſig Mitdel Brügel vnd Kniebel für alle Podagrammenpiſche Lamentes, schnappentes, hinckenes, Leisentes; beijage pedes hornibus machend duriores.

Viel hülff vnd gern heil vmbs Gelde feil.

Wer arm iſt, der leihe es, wer Reich iſt, der leihe es zweymahl.

So bald der Artzt beſchicket, vnnd den ſchaden beſichtiget: wol, wol ſprach er. Vnd eben zu allem Glücke iſt der Patient jetzt angenommen: dann was in 30000 Jahren ſonſt nit geſchehen kan, das geſchicht heute, nemlich der ſelige Aspectus ♀ in domicilio ♀♃, ſo ♈ ascendens est in ♌ mit einem ♓ in ♍ vnd wolte Gott, daß alle Podagramiſche auff ein Hauff beyſammen weren, ich wolt jhn dieſen Tach, ſprach er, mit einem Streich helffen, ſie ſolten nimmer Ach ruffen. Ob auch ſchon der gewehte lang gehoffte Aspectus nit ober vns, in vnſerm Zenith, oder in laterali aliquo Signo iſt; ſondern rund vnter vns, in Nadir, ſo gar, daß ich auch auff dieſem Ort, da ich ſtehe, mit einer Nadel nicht dagegen ſtechen könte; ſo iſt es doch vmb ſo viel zu vnſerm intent deſto bequemer quia contraria contrariis curantur, wie dorten vnſer berümbter Praeceptor, der Celsus, mein Ehrane ſagt: vnd weil man mit den Füſſen ubi morbi hujus naturalis sedes est, auff dem Boden gehet; alſo muß durch den Boden herauff, perpendiculariter, contraliter et diametraliter, die Artzney vnd Wirckung in die füſſe kommen, wie der ſafft durch die Wurtzel in den Baum: dann ſonſten, wo der Aspect ober vns in Zenith were, derſelbe in dem Hirn operiren würde, vnd zu beſorgen ſeyn, daß Podagram ſich allererſt von den Füſſen durch den Leib aufwerts zu kopf hinauß ziehen möchte. Deſſen der Patient, weil der Artzt ſo verſtändlich von der ſach diſcurriren konte, treflich zufrieden; vnnd war jhm bereits halb geholffen: quam opinionem etiam, quam de Medico bonam habent, aegri curantur: wer guten Glauben vnd Vertrawen zu ſeinem Doctor hat, dem kan auch durch einen Trunck Waſſer geholffen werden, wie ich einsmals den Hoch erfahrenen Doctor Gentzum hab erzehlen hören.

Vielmahl Wohl Ehrer, aller Ehrenwürdiger, vnd Diamantſteinfeſter, hochwohl- vnd durch innen Gelehrter aller Welt erfahrner Herr Doctor; So redete der Arme Patient den Meiſter an, dem ich an der Seiten ſtunde: vnd weil Experius Robertus jhn vnter deß mit andern Fragen auffhielte, ſprach ich zu dem Patienten heimlich in ein Ohr, Mein guter Freund, wie möcht jhr die Wort ſo gar vergeblich gebrauchen, jhr thut, als wolt jhr dieſen Mann mit Tituln vber den Himmel erheben: Ja freylich, antwortete Er, wann ich jhn nur auff meine Seit bringen, vnd meinem bey zum beſten gewinnen kan, ſo ſollen mich ſeine Titul dauren, wißt jhr nit?

Maximus in Morbis Medico promittitur Orbis. Vnd ferner ſprach er: Haec non consuetudo est? In titulis nunquam sum parcus, sive quis Reverendus appellari velit sive formidandus, sive visibilis, sive spectabilis. Domi mihi nascuntur verba. Non ea in nundinis Francofurtensibus emo. Et crede mihi, nulla re facilius impetrare possum quod volo, quam speciosissimis titulis, qui mihi instar sunt nummorum, qui enim vento pasci volunt, indigni sunt alimento alio. Weil er aber etwas hart redete, vnd ich jhn deſſen erinnerte, auff daß der Medicus es nicht jrgend hörete, Ey, ſprach er, wann er ſchon ein Doctor iſt, er verſtehet darumb eben kein Latein. Deſſen ich lachens mich nicht enthalten kunte.

Wann aber, fragte der Meiſter den armen Patienten, iſt Euch das Podagra erſten mahls ankommen, damit ich die Cur deſto beſſer vorzunehmen wiſſe. Das iſt mir, ſprach der Patient, zu ſagen vnmöglich, vnd bin ich meiner Rechnung der zeiten nicht ſo gewiß, wie jene junge Frau geweſt als ſie gefragt worden, wie lang ſie noch ſchwangern Leibs zu gehen hette? ſprach: biß Montag vber vierzehen Tag, zu Nacht, gleich nach den neun Uhren, biß vmb halb zehen.

Der Meiſter, ſo mich, weil ich etwas zu viel geredet, für einen Wälſchen anſahe, vnd ſich bey den vmbſtehenden Herren, wegen ſeiner Wiſſenſchafft gern etwas Namen machen wollen, fragte mich, ſeiner Meinung nach auff Frantzöſiſch: Galerotty? Mongsiour. Herr, ſprach ich bald zu jhm, jhr ſeyd am vnrechten, wie einmahls mein Bruder zu Pfaltzburg geweſen. Dann ſo jhr mich auff Frantzöſiſch fragen wollet, quelle heure est il? ſo verſtehe ich es nicht, darffs auch nicht verſtehen: ſo jhr mich aber auff Teutſch fragen wollet, Gäle Rettig? ſo weiß ich fürwahr in gantzem Teutſchland auch keine gäle Rettig gewachſen.

Es war gegen acht Uhren früh, als dieſes geſchahe, vnd vmb 9 Uhr 6 minut. 2 scrup: tert: ſolte der Aspect ſeyn, alſo auch die Cur in instanti, auff einen ſchnapß, vollzogen werden, welches dann durch ein Aderläſſe geſchehen muſte.

Jn deſſen das Geſchrey zu Hof auſkam, vnnd es noch ein armer Podagramiſcher erfahren, welcher, wiewol er zu Bett lag, vnnd nicht gehen konte, ſich gleichwol dahin ließ tragen, damit er deß ſeligen aspects auch genieſſen möchte.

Der Barbierer, neben ſeinem Geſellen, wurden beſtellet ſich mit jhren Flieten in eil fertig zu halten, welche ſie, damit da nicht Mangel erſcheinen mögen, auff der einen Staffel der Stiegen, dann ſie war aus ſtein gemacht, gewetzet.

Der eine Patient ſtunde da, auff dem Boden, den hielten Experius Robertus vnnd Hanß Thurnmeyer, vor dem buckte der Barbierer auff dem Boden, die Flieten recht auff die Ader haltend, die vnter dem Nagel der groſſen Zehe herfür guckte. Bey dem andern Patienten ſtunden Freymund vnd Jch, beneben dem Barbierer Geſellen, ſo ebenmäſſig fleiſſige Achtung auff Herrn Celsi (dann dieſes war deß Meiſters Name) befehl, damit nichts verſäumet würde. Wie dann der Herr Celsus vnter deſſen am Fenſter ſtund, im Buch laſe, murmelte vnd brummete, vnnd in einer Himmels-Kugel ſahe vnnd außmeſſete, wann der Aspectus jetzt è diametro vnter deß einen Patienten Fuß wäre, daß dann der Barbierer ſein Ampt verrichtete.

Von welchem murmeln vnnd brummeln ich dieſe Wort gehöret, vnd gar wohl verſtanden.

O Nympha, Ingenium adamantinum habens,
Multipotens, animo dea valido,
Audi vota duorum supplicum.
Magna potentia, vis tua magna
O Regina opulenta podagra,
Quam Iovis horret pernix telum,
Quamque profundi fluctus pelagi
Trepidant, quam quoque trepidat, sceptra
Qui gerit infera stygius Pluton,
O gaudens nodis, lectigrada,
Cursivetans, talorum tortrix,
Calcicrematrix, malchumitonga,
Ossitremenda, genufraga, pernox
Articulos cruciandi cupida,
Curvigenuflexa, potens podagra.
Haec vota haec sacra dicta sint:
Totius Mundi gentis totius et omnis,
Humani membri Reginae praedominanti,
Cui nulla est similis, nec vis potentior ulla.
Quaeque omnem sexum, aetatem sortemque statumque
Iure suo subjugit, nec Marte evicta nec arte.
Augustae, Invictae Dominae Terraeque Marisque,
Verborum, herbarum, lapidum valide victrici.
Plumicomae, mirandiloquae, mirandificaeque,
Bacchicolae, altipitae, auripetae, osicremaeque:
Membrifragae atque sedilinenei, crurirapaeque,
Horrilegae, artitremae, thorivertae, torvoculaeque,
Vitirapae, tum pulvinaricubae, tophiatae.
Millibus ô multis cui sunt spolia ampla per orbem,
Gens subjecta triumphanti monumenta perennat.

Auff Teutſch:

O du Diamant-ringmächtiges, göttin-feſtes Göttlein, viel tauſent Ducaten ſchweres, Doctor Ohren- vnnd Gold-Nehrendes liebes Podagram! du Potz-Roſen-Knoten-mächtiges Weſen! Jch bitte dich dieſen, hilff jetzo dieſen Dieben.

O du Königin aller Reichthumbligendbeſitzender Menſchen: O Du Knöchelliebende, Bettebende, Betthütende, Stubenwohnende Fürſtin: O du Hertz-Stock-krümmendes: ferſenpeinendes, fußſohlen-brennendes, zehenzwickzwackendes, leiſtreiſſendes, ſpitzbeinbeſchädigendes, beinmärckmachendes, knieebrechendes, leibdürrmachendes, ſchenckelgemartertes, durch Marckſaugendes, Gebüſt geborenes Fräule. Jch bitte dich dieſen, hilff dieſen zween Dieben.

Was aber dieſe Beſchwerung gewircket, wird der Außgang darthun. Vnderdeſſen der Meiſter den Barbierer die Ohren ſtriche, ſeinen ſtich, mit dem zu ruffen Bald: Bald: Bald: Nun: Nun vnnd zu beſſer: Schlag zu: Schlag zu:

ſprach er: der Barbierer nicht vnbehend, vnnd traff die Ader ſo ſehr, daß jhm das Blut vnter Geſicht ſprang. Das iſt ein gut Zeichen, ſprach Celsus, der wird es wol bekommen.

Expertus Robertus vnnd Hanß Thurnmeyer, hielten jhn ſo lang biß er verbunden vnd auff einen Seſſel geſetzt würde, darnach zum andern.

Celsus ſahe wider am Fenſter, wann der Aspect recht gegen deß andern Patienten Füſſen kommen möchte, mit ebenmäſſiger Vermahnung an den Barbier-Geſellen, Jetzt: Jetzt: Jetzt: Jetzt: Jetzt: Schlag zu: Schlag zu: als dann auch in einem Schnapff geſchehen.

Weil aber bey dieſem Patienten das Podagram etwas härter angeſetzt, als befahl er auch jm deſto mehr Geblüts geben zu laſſen, welches dann ſo lang wehrete, biß der arme Mann gantz erbleichet, vnd erblaſſet vnnd wir dem Herrn Celso zurufften, es würde genug ſeyn.

Laßt es nur lauffen, ſprach Er, es ſchad jhm nichts, Es wird jhme ſonder zweiffel wol bekommen:

In deſſen er aber in ſeinem Buch vnd der Himmels Kugel fortblätterte vnnd trähete vnnd wir jhn erinnerten: der Krancke were ſchwach vnnd würde ſterben. Laßt es nur lauffen, biß es genug iſt, er wird nicht ſterben, es iſt nur eine Schwachheit, ſprach er: Weil aber der Patient die Augen verkehrete, vnnd nach dem letzſten Athem ſchnappete, ſchryen wir jhm zu, Er würde ſterben. Laßt ſehen: ſprach Herr Celsus: vnnd als Er jhn beſichtigt, Fürwahr, ſagt Er, Er iſt ſchon geſtorben: warrlich, er iſt Mauſe todt, tröſte jhn GOTT. Ich hab mein beſtes gethan. Aber gewiß die Vrſach, daß er geſtorben, iſt dieſe, dieweil der Krancke auff dem Bett gelegen, vnnd nicht auff dem Boden geſtanden, wie der ander, alſo, daß der Aspectus ſeine Würckung in die Füſſe nicht effectuiren mögen. Gieng damit zur Thür hinauß, Ein guten tag meine Herren.

Wo ſo bald hinauß, ſprach Expertus Robertus, Herr Doctor? wo habt jhr ewre Kunſt gelernet? ſeyt jhr auch ordentlich zu dieſem Titul gelanget? oder habt jhr euch, als ein Storger, deſſen auß eigen angemaſtem Gewalt alſo vnterfangen?

Freylich, mein Herr, bin ich Doctor worden, wann mich wie der Hocherleuchte Doctor Brand deſſen Zeugnuß geben, in deſſen Schiff ich neben viel andern Gelerten biß nach Padouua gefahren. Auch, ſprach Er, hab ich noch Festimonia bei handen, da mir ein hochſinniger Mann, wegen erlangten Ehren-Tituls Glück gewünſchet, ſo er herfür zoge, vnnd Expertus Robertus laſe, ſich vnvermerckt zu der Thür hinauß machte, als ob er ſich gebrennet hette: Es iſt aber Festimonia oder Glückwünſchung, wie er es nennete, von Wortten dieſes Jnnhalts geweſen:

Dem Ehrn Herrn,
Doctor Kriß Jaun [illegible]
gemacht.

Auff deme Thaie gar artig zujagt.

Das wire man d'roote Wunſch an Hals inne laſſet,
Vnd kaan lauth 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. Tag,
Is lang, bens a Mann fein artig ziehe mag,
Vnd wenn ear ggeaht iſt, en [illegible] finden laſſet.
A plumet, a plumet, a plumpe, bens ead kaan gemme gebe.
Vnd wenn ead butter iſt, ſoe ſchmirbt man ead auffs Broodt,
Dene iſt a gſiſſer ſchnaoſ vaoru bitter Hungers Noath,
Au macht man Taafe braut, vnnd laſt a [illegible] geſtribe.
Hent man brauſ bade lane gent Crebite, Jette, Riehte:
Is an a gaarter gipan laan mit glaib Woaſtar glain,
Ear mouſ edarſt gaan zuerſt a [illegible] Gaun,
Vnd, bens eare groeſ baad iſt, wiſſe das Remme [illegible].
Ear mouſ mit eiar made in d ſchritte inne ſpringe.
Er mouſ edarſt gaan wärie gar fröe auffſtaon,
Daarzuoſſe bend wiſſe'pett wot gar [illegible] laon,
Muoſ nit gaanfange gaan [illegible] vmbheer ſinge:
Ear mouſ ſo eben ſchaon mit dear Gſchrifft kumme moge.
Ear mouſ 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. bene ſibe jahr
[illegible] an deam bing, bens eard gaum [illegible] gar.
Vnd kaan mit ſinar lear [illegible] gſiene moge.
Lobert deir Doctor Kriß, awail ead [illegible] gaun eihre
Iſ gloadie gewiſſe hid, gaate, eihr bean gſiane jaihre.

Als es aber Expertus Robertus zu Ende gebracht, vnd nach Doctor Celsus ſehen wolte, ſo war er nicht mehr zu finden, ſondern ſchon zur Burg hinauß.

Iſt das nicht, ſprach Expertus Robertus Frevel vor allen Menſchen geübet, alſo tödten: alſo ſchinden: alſo durchgehen.

Iſt das nicht, ſprach Hanß Thurnmeyer, ein Vrſach geſucht vom Zaun herab! wer hat ſich ehe außgeredet, als ein Doctor der Artzney? O möchte es manchem Dieb alſo gelingen, wie wenig würden deren gehenckt werden. Was ſoll wol für eine Kranckheit oder Rede ſeyn können, deſſen die Herren Medici nicht alſo bald angeſichts wüſten eine Vrſach herzufinden? denen man alſo hin glauben muß, ob man gleich anderſt ſiehet vnd greiffet: vnd wol recht geſagt iſt:

Holländer die keine Butter eſſen,
Flämming die Eyerſpeiß vergeſſen,
Ein Frieß der grüne Keeß verſchmacht,
Ein Dännmärcker ohne Sommeinat
Ein Beyer der nie gaß die Muß,
Schwaben die nicht liebten die Nuß:
Weſtphäling die vom Speck nichts wiſſen,
Gößker Bawern die jhr Röck nit falten,
Ein Thüring der kein Bildkraut kennt,
Ohn Wurſt vnnd Spitz-Barben ein Wend,
Ein Meißner der kein Krantz gern tregt,
Ein Franck der nit gern Kanten ſegt,
Ein Sachs der nit gern Bier mitſauffet,
Ein Heß der nit gern beuten lauffet,
Ein Böhm ohne Sepſche Karna matie,
Schleſier, der nit tranck Weitzen bier,
Elſaſſer Bawern ohne Zwilch,
Ein Schweitzer, der nicht gern iſt Milch,
Ein Junges Kind ohn Raut vnd Grinden,
Ein Artzt der kein Vrſach kan ſagen,
Schneeweiſſen Rabe vnd ſchwartze Zähn
Auff Erden man nit bald wird ſehn.

Ich förcht warlich, ſprach Expertus Robertus zu dem andern Patienten, es werde dieſe Chur die eben auch nit viel bitten, vnnd iſt ein elend Ding, ſich hoher Sachen berühmen, vnd doch im Werck nit leiſten können, darumb Doctor Brant geſagt:

Wer Artzneyen ſich nimmet an,
Vnd doch den Schad nit heylen kan,
Der iſt kein rechter Biederman.

Sprach Frommund, es ſeye gerathen wie es wolle, ſo hat der Meiſter ſein beſtes gethan, vnd mit dem iſt es genug, dann

Wann man den Artzt, warumb? will fragen,
So muß er ja was thun vnd ſagen,
Damit die Krancken nit verzagen,
Noch ſich ſelber das Hertz abnagen,
Ob man ſie ſchon zum Grab müſt tragen,
So darff es doch dern keiner klagen,
Noch den Artzt zu dem Hauß außjagen,
Viel weniger mit Fäuſten ſchlagen,
Dann man holt jhn mit Roß vnnd Wagen.

Doch, ich will dir ein genanntes Consilium Antipodagricum, ein Bedencken, wie du dich füro die Zeit deines Lebens gegen deß Podagrams Schmertzen weißlich verhalten ſolleſt, mittheilen, ſprach Expertus Robertus widerumb, ſo ich ſelbſt dreymal probieret vnnd juſt befunden, komme du deme nach, wann du zu vnſer auſſer Hauſe biſt, ſo wird dir gelingen.

Mit welchem beſchriebenem Bedencken er den Patienten (welcher ſich jetzo ebeler gehub, als zuvor) ließ heim ziehen. Iſt auch ſeithero vom Bett nit mehr kommen. Wir aber auff mein Anhalten, gab er deſſen ein Abſchrifft, weil ich in ſorgen ſtund, es möchte dieſe ſpitzfindende Kranckheit, wegen in vielen auch zu Hoff vnd anderſtwo außgeſtandener Hitz, Froſt, Kälte, Näſſe, innen vnnd auſſen, dermahlen vielleicht auch an mich gerathen: welches ich vmb mitleidender Liebe willen dem Kranckfröhlichen Leſer zu ſonderem Behülff vnd Troſt hieher zu ſetzen, nit hab vmbgehen ſollen, vnd iſt dieſes

Bedencken

Wider das Podagram.

Es iſt ein faſt elend Ding vnnd ſchwer, daß einen böſen Namen vnnd Ruff hat, vnd ſchwerlich den Menſchen wider außzureden, vnd was ſie einmal in die Ohren, vnd in das Hertz gefaßt haben. Dieweil.

Wer vmb ſein guten Namen ſpringt,
Demſelben ſchwerlich mehr gelingt,
Vnd wer er ſchon der ehrlichſt Mann
So hangt jhm doch die Klett ſtets an.

Sey ein Ehrlich Mann, thue was du vor GOTT ſchuldig biſt: Wann die Leuth ſagen, du ſeyeſt ein Böſewicht? ſo iſt es vmb dich geſchehen: nemblich, bey dem gemeinen vnverſtändigen Mann: bey welchem die Thorheit über die Weißheit, der Frevel über den Verſtand, die Vnvernunfft über die Vernunfft Meiſter werden.

Alſo iſt es biſihero mit dem armen vnſchuldigen Podagram auch hergegangen. Da man nicht nur auff beſtändige vielfältig geläſtert vnd geſcholten: ſondern auch wider alle Billigkeit vorgeben dörffen, ob keine Mittel, daſſelbe zu begütigen oder zu vertreiben, in der Natur zu finden weren.

Aber O vns armen Menſchen, wann es dahin kommet, daß man oberiß von dem reden darff, denn man doch weder recht gehöret noch vberzeuget; ſoll nicht dergeſtalt der allerfrömbſte Mann von dem aller ärgſten Vogel angepfiffen, ja wider recht verurtheilt vnd zum Tode gebracht werden können? darumb, der dem Ampt eines Weiſen verſtändigen Mannes, dieſes billig für das vornembſte ſoll gehalten werden, daß er mit vrtheilen verziehe, biß er beyde Theil gehöret, vnnd die Sach ohne Gunſt oder Mißgunſt reifflich erwogen habe: wer anderſt verheilt, den wird Gott richten. Ein jeder Menſch ſoll die Sach zuforderſt vnnd alſo anſehen, als ob er die Perſon nicht wüßte oder kennete; dann wo Anſehen der Perſon iſt, da ſind affecten, da iſt Mangel Verſtands vnnd der Gerechtigkeit. Ja der verklagte ſoll allzeit vor dem Kläger den Vortheil haben, daß er mit empfindlichen Worten ſein Sache vorbringen, ſich vmb einer vnbilligen Klag willen nicht vntertrucken laſſen, ſondern ſein frey in das Kraut hinein reden darff, damit die warheit herfür komme.

Was hat das arme Podagram nit auch leyden müſſen? Man hat jhm bißhero ſchuld geben deren dinge, die die Menſchen ſelbſt an wiſſen vnnd Willen deß Podagrams angeſtifft haben, ja man hat Leuth gefunden, die bißhero an jhm getadelt vnnd geſcholten haben, was mit höchſter Billigkeit man hette an jhm loben vnd rühmen ſollen. Man hat, mit einem Wort, bißhero nit ehrlich gehandelt mit dem Podagram: man hat es verurtheilt zum todt, vnd gleichwol ſeine Verantwortung niemalen hören wollen.

Darumb, wie ich ſonſt zu reden pflege: höreſtu was geſchiches von einem: Vmb CLXXtes Willen gemach, glaube es nicht alſo bald, biß du jhne ſelbſt, vnnd ſeine Entſchuldigung gehöret: wird Er ſtraffbar erfunden? wohlan, ſo ſoll er alsdann bitten vnd gelten; befindet ſichs aber, daß jhm Gewalt geſchehen, ſo ſtraffe alsdann ſolche böſe Laſter-Vögel auch: Dann ſonſten iſt es vnmüglich, auff Erden vnter den Menſchen Frieden zu halten: Ja die gantze welt müßte alſo in eußerſte Zerrüttung gerathen, vnd zu Grunde gehen.

Es iſt damit nicht außgericht, daß ein loſer Läſter-Vogel böſes rede, von einer Perſon diß vnd das außſage vnd vorgebe. Die Schüler reden auch böſes vom Schulmeiſter: aber darumb, weil der Schulmeiſter in ſeinem Ampt ſtreng vnnd auffrichtig wider die böſen Buben fortfähret. Ein Spott-Vogel vnnd Böſwicht haſſet alle, die zur Gerechtigkeit nicht Luſt haben, vnnd jhm an ſeinen böſen Stücken verhinderlich ſind: Dann nimmermehr wird es ſich finden, daß ein Gottloſer den Frommen liebt, oder den Gerechten lobe; er förchtet ſich zu viel ſeiner böſen Wercke, daß ſie jrgend offenbaret, vnd ſeine leichtfertige Handlungen möchten geſtrafft werden. Der Gottloſe ſehe gern, daß alles drunter vnd drüber gienge, Recht vnd Gerechtigkeit vnten ligen müßte, damit er nur vngehindert in ſeinen loſen Stücken fortfahren, vnnd nach ſeinen Lüſten, wie es jhm beliebet, wider den Gerechten handeln dörffte. Dann ein Vngerechter weiß gar wol, daß wo Gericht vnd Gerechtigkeit im Schwang gehen, vnnd gehandhabet bleiben, er wenig werde erhalten können.

Derowegen eine Perſon, ſo von loſen Leuthen, von einem Spott-Vogel geſcholten wird, nicht gleichwol ſoll gehalten werden: wann aber fromme Leuth, vnd die der Sachen Gewißheit haben, böſes von einem reden, da iſts gefährlich: gleicher Weiß, wie derjenige nicht fromm iſt, der von einem leichtfertigen Vogel gelobet wird; ſondern den gewiſſenhaffte Leute loben, der iſt gelobet, vnd wird jhn kein Spott-Vogel mit ſeinem Koth beſchmeiſſen oder beſchreiſſen können.

Laudari à laudato viro ea demum vera laus est, male vituperari, quam ab illaudatis laudari, probis probari magnum probitatis est argumentum.

Der Gottloſen Spott-Vögel ſind allzeit mehr als der Frommen: weil nun ein jeder gern lobet, was ſeines gleichen iſt, ſo iſt es vnmüglich, daß ein Böſwicht einen Ehrlichen Mann rühmen, oder ein frommer Mann einen Ehrliebenden ſchelten ſollte.

Wann wir alle weren Dieb,
Wir hätten all einander lieb,
Wir weren all in gleichem Stand,
Vnnd wer kein Neyd im gantzen Land,
Weil aber ich nicht bin wie du
So wirfſtu ſtets mit Lügen zu.

Wird alſo den verſtändigen Leuthen eines Böſwichts vnnd Läſter-Vogels Anbringen ſo gar nicht geachtet, daß vielmehr es dem leidenden Theil zu Lob vnnd Statten kommen.

Dahero dann der Weiſe Plato wol geſagt: eben darumb ſolte gewiſen, daß dieſer ein Redlichhafter Ehrlich Mann ſeye, weil du höreſt, daß er von einem loſen Läſter-Vogel wird geſchändet vnd geſchmehet.

Vnd der Mächtigſte Römiſche Keiſer Julius Caesar: Es kan mich mein Feind nicht ſchelten, ſpricht er, daß er mich nicht zugleich loben ſolte: Neque enim hi eos quos vituperare ne inimici quidem poterunt, nisi et simul laudent. Dann darumb haßt mich mein Feind, weil ich ſeine loſe Stücke nicht einwillige, weil ich ſeine loſe Wercke ſtraffe, vnd ab ſeinen loſen Handlungen keine Luſt habe: welches mir billig zu Lob vnnd Ehren dienen ſolle.

Darumb dann auch diejenige (comparatio comparandis) ſo das Podagram bißhero auff vnbillich geſchändet haben, künfftiger Zeit ſich billig deren abhalten, vnnd demſelben ein beſſeres Lob, ſich aber einig vnd allein alle Schuld zuſchreiben; In dem ſie ſonſt ſich ſelbſten nur verkleinern, das Podagram aber in Würde ſetzen werden.

Dann lieber mein, wie leben ſolche Leuth? wie ſitzen ſie biſweilen in ſolcher Geyligkeit vnd Schweigerey, daß ſie das Podagram, auch offt wider ſeinen willen bey jhnen einzukehren, mit den Haaren herbey ziehen: Daß das Podagram ſelbſt vngeladen bey einem einziehen ſolte? Nein, das were wider ſeine Natur: ſo grob vnnd vngezogen iſt es nicht: man muß jhm wol ſchmeichlen, wo man es wil haben: Vnnd doch ſoll es wohl vnter zehen nicht einem die Freundſchafft erweiſen, daß es Herberg bey jhm nemen thäte, Sich bey ſolchen groben Tölpel zu hauſſen vnd ſchleppen, der den gantzen Tag der Arbeit nachgehet, vnd jhm nicht wol eine gute Stunde anthut, das were dem Podagram ſchwer zu vertragen, vnnd ſolte es viel lieber auß der Welt ziehen.

Nam jacet in pluma purpureoque thoro.

Lieber, ſage ich, was ſind es vor Leute, die das Podagram alſo außtragen vnd ſchelten, iſt es nicht alſo, daß ſie ſich jhre vnart vnd Boßheit, damit ſelbſt verrathen? ſind es nit diejenige, die Tag vnnd Nacht im Luder gelegen? die vor müſſig gehen erkranket, die Arbeit geflohen wie das Fewer, die den Wolläſten zu Tiſch vnd Bett nachgehangen, vnd alſo jhre Glieder erſchwächet haben, die die köſtlichſte Speiſen zu Waſſer vnnd Land laſſen herbringen, die im eſſen nit den Hunger, ſondern die Luſt ſuchen, die im trincken nit den Durſt, ſondern den Geſchmack ſuchen? die ſich nit zu frieden geben mit dem gemeinen eingewachſenen Landwein, ſondern mit außländiſchem ſich erfrewen? die auff den weicheſten Betten ligen: ſich nach allen Wolläſten ſtrecken: alles erdencken, was die leckerige Gurgel, das ſüchtige Fleiſch, die vmbſchweiffende Augen, das weiche Hertz mag erdencken, vnnd ſich alſo zärtlich halten, daß dem lieben vnſchuldigen Podagram oft ſelbſt, ſo zart als es ſonſt ſelbſt von Natur iſt, dafür eckelt, vnnd gleichwol wollen ſie hernach vber das arme Podagram ſchreyen vnnd rufen; als wann ſolcher ſchmertzen vrſach ſeyn ſolte. Wer gutes thut vnnd muß ſich drüber leyden, dem weicht das Leyd vnd bleibt das gute: wer aber mit Luſt böſes thut, dem bleibt das böſe, vnd Luſt wird von jhm ſcheiden:

Si quid feceris honestum cum labore, labor honestum manet:
Si quid feceris turpe cum voluptate, voluptas abit, turpitudo manet.

Wer wider Ehrbarkeit auff wolluſt ſich begibt;
Dem geht die wolluſt hin, die ſchmehe aber bleibt:
Hingegen, wer mit müh was Ehrenhafftes treibt;
Dem geht die müh hinweg, vnd bleibet was er liebet.

Iſt es nicht alſo? wer gefahr liebet, wird in gefahr vmbkommen: Springe du in den Rhein, werffe dich in das Fewer; komme hernach vnnd ſchmähere vber das Waſſer, daß es Vrſach ſeye an deinem Vnglück, an deinem vntergang: lieber wie wird ſich das reymen? Aber ſo ſind die Läſterer geärgert, daß, woran ſie ſelbſt ſchuld tragen, ſolches gemeiniglich auff einen anderen legen: damit ſie alſo [illegible] vnnd für fromb gehalten werden mögen.

Lieber, man ſehe die Herren Kläger ſelbſten an: ſind nicht jhre Leiber, Geſicht, Haut, Bein, Farb, jhr Anſehen, Gang, vnd alles was vmb vnd an jhnen iſt, angezogen, daß ſie von dieſem reutlich gepackt, mächtig geſchwollet, ritterlich ſcharmutzirt haben? die gute Herren wolten gern mit freſſen, aber nicht mit kranken, dieſes alles thun, aber nicht leiden, was ſie doch wiſſen, daß ſie deßwegen leiden müſſen. Sie ſind ſchuldig an dieſen dingen, deren ſie dem Podagram ſchuld geben. Hat einer das Podagram, ſo were er es gern quit; hat er es nicht, ſo treibt er es mit beſcheidenheit, mit vmb ſich raſſen, mit wachen, taſchen, naſchen, vnd flaſchen, ſo lange, biß er nicht ruhe, biß er es wider habe: ſuchen alſo in der Kranckheit die Geſundheit; vnnd in der Geſundheit wollen ſie ſich doch vor der Kranckheit im wenigſten nicht hüten: Sie achten jhrer Wolfahrt nicht, vnnd wollen hernach dem Podagram ſolches zuſchreiben: ſie ſelbſt thun ſich leid an, vnd [illegible] ten haben das Podagram ſoll ihnen wol thun. Sie wollen luſtig bey Geſellſchaften ſeyn, vnd hernach dem armen Podagram deßwegen viel wünſchen vnnd fluchen.

Wie ſolte es jhnen dann anderſt gehen? ihr eigen Leben, ihr eigene geſtalt beſchüldiget ſie, jhre böſe Gewohnheit verklaget ſie. Sie dencken nicht daß ſie vmb deß Lebens willen eſſen vnnd trincken ſollen, ſondern ſie leben vmb eſſens vnd trinckens willen. Niemand iſt dem Podagram gehäſſig, als diejenige von denen geſagt wird:

Non quondam eramus inclyti Vino Viri,
Vt Venus enervat vires sic copia Bacchi.
Et tentat gressus debilitatque pedes.

Wann ſie jhre Lüſte im Zaum hielten, vnnd der Wolluſt nicht alſo mißbrauchen, vielleicht würde das Podagram jhnen auch gnädiger ſeyn. Wie will aber der nüchtern ſeyn können der deß Zechens gewohnt, der von nichts als von gutem Wein weiß zu erzehlen. Darumb

Was einer nicht will meiden
Das ſoll er billig leiden.
Nascitur ex Venere et Baccho solventibus artus
Filia, quae solvit membra Podagra virum.

Dann ich dafür halte, daß, wer alſo lebt, daß er nicht kan geſund bleiben, der iſt nicht werth, daß er ſoll geſund werden, ſo lang er lebet.

Wer die Geſundheit in den Weinfäſſen ſuchet, der iſt ein Thor; vnd wer vermeynt er ſeye vngeſund wann er nüchtern iſt, der iſt ein Narr.

So laß euch nun nicht wunder nemmen, wann ihr gute Herren das Podagram mit allerley Lüſten zu euch eingeladen, vnnd es hernach gern wider hinauß treiben wollet, vnd es euch nicht will gehorchen, ſondern ſich nur deſto hefftiger ſperret.

Iſt dem nicht alſo, ſind nicht jhrer viel geweſen, welche jhnen mit Reichthumb Vberfluß vnd Füllerey das Podagram an Hals gezogen, die hernach verarmet, widerumb ſind zur Geſundheit kommen? welches nimmermehr hätte geſchehen können, wo nicht ſie viel mehr ſelbſt, als das Podagram an jhrem Vnfall wären ſchuldig geweſt, es iſt die Regul gar vnfehlbar:

Arbeit, ſey nüchtern, wenig iß,
Das Podagram dich bald verläßt.
Nam quia saepe placent et lauti pocula Bacchi
Quae praestare quidem non queat ulla inops.
Pauperis ergo horret habitacula dura podagra,
Divitis in pedibus sed residere juvat.

Das Podagram iſt ein lebendiges Muſter der Gerechtigkeit: kein anſehen der Perſon iſt da, da iſt weder Freundſchafft noch Feindſchafft, weder Gunſt noch Mißgunſt: Keyſer vnd Könige, Päbſt vnd Cardinäle, Biſchoff vnd Bader, Herr vnd Knecht, Reich vnd Arm, Edle vnd Vnedle werden da, wo es einquartiert, in gleichen Würden, Ehren vnd Stand gehalten. Allein, daß es diejenige, die ſich herrlich vnd köſtlich in Wartung halten, etwas mehr liebt, das iſt eine natürliche Schuldgebühr, welche den Patienten gebühret, die dem Podagram alſo mit Liebkoſen vnd Zärtlung hofiren, vnd es, bey jhnen zu bleiben, reitzen, ja beym Mantel zerren vnnd zupffen.

Daß etliche ſagen wollen, das Podagram komme offt auß dem Geblüt auch zu denjenigen Leuthen, die in groſſer Mäſſigkeit leben, iſt nicht ohn, wiewohl es gar ſelten geſchicht. Aber ſolche Vrſach iſt den lieben Eltern vielmehr zuzuſchreiben, welche jhre Geblüt alſo erhitzet vnd erkältet, daß es auch biß in die Nachkommende nachwütet vnd tobet. Gleich kompt von Gleich. Wo hat jemal ein Kranich eine Geiß geboren? Wie mag aber dem Podagram mit fug auffgebürdet werden, was man von den Eltern erbet? Dann der geſtalt müſte ſonſt der Adel vnnd Reichthumb auch vom Podagram herrühren, welches ja augenſcheinlich falſch iſt. Iſt es dir nun gefällig deiner Voreltern, Gelt vnd Gut, Stand vnd Adel zu haben, ſo laß dir auch gefallen, daß du das Podagram von jhnen habeſt: Es iſt ja billich, cui commodum, eidem et onus incumbat. Wer den nutzen ziehet, der habe auch die Beſchwerden: wer das Gut erbet, der zahle auch die Schulden. Wann ſie jhr Leben in Mäſſigkeit fortſetzen werden, iſt nicht zu zweiffeln, das Podagram werde endlich widerumb auß dem Geſchlecht vnd Stammen weichen: dann ſo Vngerecht iſt das hochweiſe Podagram nit, daß es den ſo hart ſtraffen ſolte, der die ſchulde von den Eltern ererbet, als denjenigen der ſolche auff das Kerbholtz geſchnitten.

Es ſind andere Kranckheiten, Weiſen, fallend Sucht ꝛc. die, wann ſie das Geblüt deß Menſchen eingenommen, nicht mögen gelindert, noch vertrieben werden, ſondern den Menſchen in Noth vnd Tod treiben. Alſo vnbarmhertzig iſt das Podagram nicht: welches ſich durch gute Mittel vnd Mäſſigkeit im leben, auffs wenigſte, wo nicht gar vertreiben, doch läßt begütigen vnd erweichen. Offt bleibet es auff lange zeit, offt wenig tag, je nach dem der Patient ſich in ſeinem Gebrauch gemäßig oder vngebührlich verhaltet.

Es iſt ja das Podagram kein ſo ſchändliche oder abſchewliche Kranckheit als andere. Alle andere Kranckheiten werden geflohen, gemeidet, geſcheuhet, alſo gar, daß offt die beſte Freunde einander verlaſſen müſſen, ja Mann vnd Weib, Eltern vnd Kinder einander nicht ſehen oder anſprechen mögen. Dieſes iſt am Podagram gar nicht, dann ſo man höret, daß es irgend bey einem guten Freund eingezogen, ſo laufft man ſeiner, man beſucht jhn, man ſchertzet vnd ſchimpffet mit jhm, man beſuchet jhn, man liebkoſet jhm, man iſt luſtig mit jhm, man wünſchet jhm Glück vnd Heil, daß es jhm wol bekommen, wol anſchlagen, jhn wol tractiren möge: vnd iſt da nicht anders, als wann man eine zarte Jungfraw zur Ehe vermählet hätte: da die beſten Freunde ſich frewdig vnnd luſtig bey machen: vnd gleich wann ein junge Fraw mit dem erſten Kind ſchwanger gehet, es erhebt vnd widerwillet ihr, ſie krämet vnd klaget ſich, aber die Geſpielinnen vexiren ſie, vnd lachen des Poſſens, der ſo wol abgangen. Alſo gehet es mit dem, der das Podagram hat, gleichwol mit dem vnſchädlichen Vortheil, in dem nicht allererſt über neun Monat, ſondern über etwan 14 tage, 6 Wochen, mehr oder minder, das Leib widerumb in eine newe Geburt der frewden wird verkehrt, vnd widergebohren.

Iſt alſo das Podagram eine rechte Mutter der frewden, eine Gebährerin der geſunden tage, ein Vrſach der Ehre vnd Anſehens bey den Menſchen. Sind demnach alle diejenige billig zu ſchelten, die das Podagrams mit Läſterungen vnd böſen Nachreden nicht ſchonen wollen.

Wie manchem gienge es hund übel, wann jhm das Podagram nicht hülff vnnd mittel gebe. Manchem weichet, Fürſt vnd Herr, Statt vnd Burgermeiſter, auß dem wege, dem man ſonſt wol nicht ein tritt zu gefallen thäte: das thut das liebe Podagram: dann ſo bald man einen ſiehet, der das Podagram hat, da iſt keiner ſo hoch gebohren ſo hohes Standes, der jhm nicht alſobald auß dem wege gienge, jhm Ehre vnd reſpect anthäte. Mancher fähret auff einer Kutſchen, reitet auff einem ſchönen Roß, oder auff dem Eſel, oder wird auff einem Seſſel getragen, als der Americaniſche Ertz König Attabaliba, der wol ſonſt zu fuß wandern müßte: das machet das werthe Podagram. Vor Königen Fürſten vnd Herren muß jedermann mit groſſer Ehrerbietung vnd Demuth, mit entblößtem Haupt ſtehen vnd auffwarten, vnd das iſt der Welt Sitt vnd Schuldigkeit. Iſt aber einer vnter der Geſellſchafft, dem das Podagram wol will, wie bald wird er geheiſſen ſitzen, ſich bedecken, ja Fürſten vnnd Herren ſelbs befehlen ſolches, heiſſen ſolches, bitten ſie ſolches, ja laſſen jhnen durch jhre Diener, Stül vnd Seſſel, Küſſen vnd Pfülgen herbey bringen, vnd zu ſehen, daß der Podagramiſche ja nicht vnſanfft vnnd übel ſitzen oder ligen möge. Ja ſie reden mit ſolchen Leuten, denen ſie ſonſt offt die Ehr nicht anthäten, daß ſie ſie anſehen ſolten.

Solche in Hiſpanien Los grandes, dieſes ſind die vornembſte Stände deß Königs, die haben allein Macht, vorm König den Hut auff dem Haupt zu tragen, ſonſt keiner, kan nicht das Podagram in einer Nacht auß einem elenden Mann einen grand d'Espagne machen, der da Macht habe, ſich zu bedecken, er ſeye wo er wolle: Iſt dann das geringe ding? wer wolt ſich ſolche Ehr vnnd Herrligkeit nicht wünſchen.

Vnd das nicht nur in Verſammlungen, ſondern auch bey Gaſtereyen werden ſolche Leute vor andern angeſehen, dann gemeiniglich werden ſie oben angeſetzt: vnd wie köſtliche niedliche Speiſen ſonſt auffgetragen werden; ſo befleiſſet man ſich doch allzeit, dem, der das Podagram hat, was beſſers, was zartens vnnd lieblichers als andern bey zu ſetzen vnd vorzuſtellen.

Qualia Dis geniti comedunt obsonia Reges.

Vnd wann jederman mit dem eſſen vnd trincken zu frieden iſt vnd zu frieden ſeyn muß, ſo wird es doch nimmermehr für ein vngebühr gehalten, wo der Podagramiſche darwider redet, was beſonders fodert oder heiſchet, ja man zeiget vnnd vermahnet jhn noch darzu, daß er ſich nur nicht ſchämen oder ſchewen ſolle.

Man möchte vnbilliche Leute finden, welche vorgeben möchten, ſolches alles geſchehe nicht vmb deß Anſehens willen, ſondern wegen der Armſeligkeit, mit deren die Podagramiſche behafftet wären: als mit denen man deßwegen mitleidend vnnd erbarmend habe. Aber das ſind albere Menſchen. Was frag ich viel darnach, warumb mir gutes geſchehe, wann ichs nur mag fühlen, ſpühren vnd genieſſen. Wann ich nur ein Vortheil vor andern Leuten gehaben mag, was achte ich viel, woher es komme. Es iſt kein dürfftiger Menſch ſo vnverſtändig nicht, daß er viel fragen ſolte, warumb man jhm gutes thue, daß aber jemand gebe: wann ers nur mag haben, das iſt jhme alle genug.

Was ſag ich aber von Armen? Eben wird heutigs tags nicht an allen Königen vnd Potentaten der Welt, welche ein Reich, eine Landſchafft, eine Statt vnd Ort nach dem andern einnehmen, vnterdeſſen aber nicht einmal fragen, ja nicht gedencken: warumb? ob es recht oder vnrecht ſeye? wann ſie es nur in gewalt haben, vnd jhren willen damit erfüllen mögen. Alſo ich ſehe mich vmb wo ich wolle, ſo könte ich doch auff aller Welt niemand finden, der einem König oder Potentaten ähnlicher were in ſeinem ſinn, als der das Podagram zum gehülffen am Leib hat. O was vor aller Welt ſelige Leute, denen das Glück alſo mit hauffen begegnet.

Ich ſage dieſes, vnnd weiß, daß es wahr iſt, viel armer Leute ſind, welche ſich glückſelig preiſen würden, wann ſie nur das Podagram haben, vnnd in deſſen alſo herrlich gehalten vnd geehret werden möchten. Dann lieber was iſt doch liebers als ein Reicher:

Die gröſte Lieb in dieſer Welt
Iſt, daß man liebt den, der hat Gelt,
Vnd zeucht herfür ein Reichen Mann
Der Ohren hat vnd Schellen dran:
Die Reichen ladt man zu dem Tiſch
Vnd bringt jhm Wildpret, Vögel, Fiſch:
Zum Reichen ſpricht man: Eſſet Herr.
O Pfenning man thut dir die Ehr.

Hingegen

Wärſtu ſo weiß als Salomon,
So ſtarck vnnd männlich als Samſon,
Hättſt aber weder Gut noch Geld
So wärſtu ein Narr vor der Welt.

Was iſt zierlicher als ein Reicher? wer wohnt in ſchönern Palläſten als ein Reicher? wann man in deſſen Wohnung eingehet, ſo iſt es mit Silber vnd Gold alſo bedecket, vnd beſtellet, als ob es eitel Kirchen vnd Altär weren, vnd einer tauſend mal lieber wünſchen ſoll, das Podagram in ſolchen orten zu haben, als mit guten Füſſen, durch Koth vnd Dreck in Hunger vnd Kummer wie die arme Weſtreicher heutiges tages hertraben.

In Summa alles was ſchön vnd herrlich in einer Statt iſt, das muß in deß Podagramiſchen Hauß geſehen vnd gehöret werden, da ſiehet man die ſchönſte Kunſtſtück der Mahler, da iſſet man die neweſte Frücht vnd Speiſen, da erzehlet man die lieblichſte Zeitungen, da höret man die kurtzweiligſte Geſchichte, da werden alle die Händel der Keyſer vnd Könige durchgangen, vnd geurtheilet wer recht oder vnrecht vnter jhnen gethan habe, es ſeye zu Kriegs oder Frieden zeiten. Da weiß man was in China, in Jappon, in Calecuth, in Braſilie, in Mexico, in Florida, in Virginea, in Perſia, in Türckey, in aller Welt geſchiehet; ob man ſchon offt nicht weiß was in dem Hauß, in dem Keller oder in dem Stall mag vorgehen: dann vmb ſo geringe ding bekümmert ſich das Podagram gar nicht.

Wie mancher iſt vor Vnglück ſicher geweſen, der ſonſt ohn das Podagram in euſſerſte gefahr deß Leibes vnnd der Ehre ja der Seelen ſelbſt wer kommen. Dann ſo närriſch iſt kein Podagramiſcher, daß er ſich auff das vngeſtümme Meer begeben thäte, daß er ſich auff der Jagd mit den wilden Thieren herumb beiſſe, Zanck- vnd Raufhändel anfahe, oder Mord vnnd Todſchlag anrichte auff der Gaſſen. Er darff nicht ſorgen, daß jhm ein Ziegel auff den Kopff falle vnd jhn zu todt ſchlage (dann er bleibet oben in der Stuben) oder daß er in einem Schermützel drauff gehe, erſchoſſen oder erſtochen werde: ſondern er ſitzet daheim vnd höret in wol verwarten weichen Betten zu, wie übel es vmb andere ſtehe. Er iſt weder mit Oberkeitlichem Laſt, noch mit Hoffs Vndanck beladen: ſondern ſtehet ſeinem Haußweſen fleiſſig vor, vnd läſſet keinen Menſchen müſſig gehen, dann weil der Müſſiggang alles übels Anfang iſt, alſo treibt vnd vermahnet er das Geſind, vnd läſſet jhnen kein Augenblick ruh, ſo lange ſie vmb ſich ſiehet. Vnd ob ſchon er ſich der Füſſe vnd Hände nicht kan gebrauchen, ſo gebraucht er ſich doch der Zungen: vnd was Hände vnd Füſſe müſſig ſind, das muß die Zungen wider einbringen, mit deren ſie ſitzende vnd ligende offt mehr gewinnen vnd erzwingen können, als andere mit rennen vnd lauffen, welches wol nicht geſchehe, wo ſie hin vnnd wider gehen vnd die Zeit mit andern vnnützlichen dingen vertreiben müſten.

Vnd das alles iſt faſt gering gegen dem was das Gemüth vnd Geiſt betrifft. Dann weil, wie es billig ſein ſoll, die Kunſt vnd Geſchicklichkeit allem Reichthumb vorzuziehen.

Ein jeder mag ſein Handwerck loben.
Doch ſchwimbt die Feder allzeit oben.

So iſt bewuſt, daß das Podagram viel Menſchen zu höchſter wiſſenſchafft der Sprachen vnnd Künſten gebracht habe, die ſonſt nimmermehr dazu gelanget weren. Dann wann ſie ſonſt nichts handeln vnd thun können, ſo laſſen ſie jhnen ein Buch herbringen, mit dem ſie die zeit im leſen vertreiben, vnd alſo je Geſchickter werden. Ja in allen Künſten. Die Muſica oder Singekunſt, die Kunſt

Die weg nimbt Kümmernuß vnd Leid
In Schimpff vnd Schertz bringt groſſe Freud:
Auch ſonſt macht einen wol geſchickt,
In Creutz, Arbeit vnd müh erquickt,

wird von jhnen geliebet vnd hoch gehalten. Ja ſie ſelbſt, die Herren Podagramiſche, was ſchöner ſufen, fugen, auß allen Stimmen wiſſen ſie herzuſingen, in ſo wunder harmoniſcher diſſonantz, vnd diſſonantziſcher Harmony, daß wer jhren diſcantanten, wann die Seiten auff das höchſte kommen, zuhöret, bejahen kan, er habe von einer einigen Perſon, in ſo groſſer Geſchwindigkeit dergleichen mutationes, ex Canti molli in Cantum durum, ex Fa Sol Re in La Mi re Re, nimmermehr mit Ohren geſehen, noch mit Augen gehöret.

Das Podagram lehret wol vnnd zierlich reden: vnd eben diß iſt der mangel, daß ich ſolche ſo nothwendige Erinnerungen nicht mit mehrer Zierligkeit kan dargeben, dieweil das Redgebige Podagram mich ſeiner praeſentz noch nicht gewürdiget, ſondern ſolche hohe Gaben mir noch verborgen haltet.

Dann mein, ſo bald einer das Podagram bekompt, iſt es nicht wahr, daß faſt in einem Augenblick er zu bereden vnd überreden (perſuadere enim eſt finis Rhetorum) geſchickt iſt? alſo, daß dieſer heut ſagt, er habe den Fuß übertrucket; Morgen, er hab einen mißtritt gethan; jener er habe die Notſchön, dieſer es ſey jhm ein böſer Lufft drüber gangen: jener er habe den Fuß vermüdet, dieſer er habe ſich geſtoſſen: jener er ſeye auff den Fuß gefallen, vnd was der liſtigen Spitzfündigen Außreden mehr ſind, daran man ſich billig zu verwundern. Ja nicht nur Rhetorica ſondern auch Dialectica. Gewiß, Warhafftig vnd bei meinen Ehren, wann einer wolt, der es nicht glauben wolte. Da doch deſſen viel andere Vrſachen vorhanden, welche den Schmertzen in Fuß getrieben haben.

Laß aber ſehen, Mein, wo iſt die Himmliſche Kunſt deß Sternſehens vnnd Wahrſagens beſſer zu lernen als beim Podagram?

Es iſt kein heutiger Prophet ſo warhafftig, kein Sternſeher ſo ſcharffſichtig, kein Kalenderſchreiber ſo gewiß, der einem Podagramiſchen gleich rathen, oder wiſſen könnte, was es eigentlichen für Wetter vnnd Gewitter geben werde.

Es iſt ja wol ein recht Göttliche Kunſt: auß dem Geblüt, nicht errathen, ſondern gewiß wiſſen können was künfftig geſchehen ſolle. Weil aber die ſo vnfehlbare Perſpectiven vnd Brillen ein faſt groſſes Gelt koſten, wann man ſie recht will haben: ſolches Gelt zu erſparen vnd doch deß Wahrſagens vnd Propheceyens gewiß ſeyn können, ſo iſt das Edle Podagram eine Meiſterin darauff. Das ſiehet viel ſchärffer als ein Luchs. Es durchſpühret die innerſte Krafft vnnd Heimligkeiten die im Marck mögen verborgen ligen: ja das allergeheimeſte von Gewittern, die der Himmel, oder die Lufft immer mag in ſich halten vnd hecken.

So viel Nerven vnd Sennenadern, ſo viel Bein, ja ſo viel Bluttröpfflein: ſo viel Kalender, ſo viel warhafftige vnfehlbare Wetter-Practicken, welche nimmer liegen, nimmer triegen; vnd deßwegen einen Mann, der das Podagram hat, in viel beſſers Anſehen vnd Würden bringen als die Sterngucker: von welcher vnd auff welche Himmliſche Kunſt heutiges tages mancher grober Eſel auß Vnerfahrenheit, Stoltz vnd Frevel ſich einen Buckel lieget, vnd Current-Lugenhafftig davon ſchreibet.

Sie bereden ſich, daß in der roth vnnd ſchwartzen farb, in den Schlangen vnd Scorpionen Zeichen, zwickeln, ſtrichlen, ringlen, creutzlen ꝛc. alle Schätze der Weißheit verborgen: vnd bilden ſich ein, das wort Kalender habe deßwegen den Nahmen, vnd ſeye ein ſolch gewinnbringende Schrifft, die mit Kolen vnd Ruoß beſchmitzet, vnd beſudlet ſeyn müſſe: vnd wann das geſchehen, alßdann der Sachen jhr recht widerfahren vnd wol abgeholffen ſeye. Dannenhero einer nicht vnbillig mit verſetzung der Buchſtaben alſo von jhnen ſchreiben möchte:

Kalender-der Kolen.

Ihr Meiſterloſes Volck, die jhr auff Gottes Krafft
Auff Gottes Werck vnd Macht, Himmel vnd Sternen lieget,
Den einfältigen Mann mit Roth vnd Schwartz betrieget,
Vnd offt für Sonnenſchein ein kalten Regen ſchafft,
Wann doch, wann wolt jhr doch von ſolcher thorheit laſſen:
Ihr wißt offt leider nicht, wie es im Hauſe geh,
Ob Michel oder Heintz drunden beim Weibe ſteh,
Vnd wolt doch Gottesrath mit ewrer Brillen faſſen:
Laß ab! ach mein, laß ab! ich kan mich nicht enthalten!

Hört auff, ich lach mich kranck oder das ſchwartz vnd roth
Gemahlt verſchränckte buch! hört auff, ich lach mich todt!
Hört auff! bringt Kreiden her, ich mag nicht mehr der Koten.

Aber O der herrlichen Anſchläge ſo ſie nimmermehr gefunden haben, da einer jhrer Nachgückenden Nächtlingen ſchreibt: Solch vnd ſolch Wetter, Schnee oder Regen, Sonnenſchein oder Nebel werde es da vnd da geben, je nach dem ein Land darzu geartet iſt. Welchem wolt nun möglich ſeyn, daß er in der Stern-Kunſt fehlen thäte? Es regne oder ſchneye ſo treffen ſie es doch: Iſt das Wetter nicht nach dem Calender, ſo iſt es deß Lands ſchulde, welches anderſt geartet geweſen. Es fehlet ſich nicht, mein Zeiger iſt juſt, aber die Sonn iſt nicht recht gangen. Alſo iſt vor Jahren Jickel auch ein Sternſeher geweſt. Wann ein Practic-Schreiber ſetzet, umb Drei König tag werden die Muſicanten luſtig ſein. Vmb Faßnacht viel Leut Närriſch werden. Vmb Pfingſten viel werden ins Grüne ſpatzieren gehen. Im Sommer, Es werde groſſe Hitze ſein. Im Winter, Manchem Mann werde die Zeit ſchwer fallen. Wer iſts der jhn deßwegen einer Vnwahrheit ſtraffen könnte, dieweil wir, auch die Kinder, es ja ſelbſt geſehen, geſpürt vnd erfahren haben. Aber zu erbarmen:

Es iſt ja eine Leichtfertigkeit:
Wo man von ſolchen dingen ſeyt,
Als ob man GOtt wolt zwingen mit
Daß es müßt ſeyn, vnd anderſt nit:
In Narrheit iſt all Welt erbaut,
Eim jeden Narren man jetzt glaubt.
Das geht nun alls ohn ſtraff dahin
Die Welt will nur betrogen ſeyn.

Dieſem vnmäßlichen Kalenderſchreiben, dieſen Fewrthafftigen Wettermachen ſoll noch kan niemand wehren, als die Hohe Obrigkeit. Weil aber dieſelbige wegen der Mühſeligen Zeiten ſonſten die hände allenthalben im Haar hat, ſo wehret Gott, indem er ſolche Propheten zu ſchanden macht, vnnd viel ander Wetter ſchaffet, als ſie in jhren Kalendern prophezeyhet haben! als, daß er kalt Wetter kommen laſſet wann ſie einen Sommertag ſetzen: Regen ſchicket, wann ſie wollen ſpatzieren fahren. Vnd ſie alſo jhrer Thorheit in jhren Wercken augenſcheinlich vberzeuget, vnnd aller Welt zu erkennen gibt, wie wenig eines Calenderſchreibers worten zu trawen ſeye.

Darumb dann ein Podagramiſcher in ſeinem Weiſſagen vnd Wahrſagen viel glaubwürdiger iſt. Sein kleiner finger kann jhm ſagen was im gantzen Land geſchehen ſoll: Vnd da beißt kein Mauß kein faden ab.

So ſolten ſich nun ſchämen, ja ſchämen ſolten ſich, diejenige Astrologi vnd Practicſchreiber, welche jhrer Kunſt ſo gar vngewiß ſind, daß auch ein armer bloch-ſtillgraber, durch-die-Fenſter ſehender, offt vnbeleſener Podagramiſcher Martermann es jhnen im prophezeyen weit, weit, bevor thut.

Schämen ſolten ſich auch, ja ſchämen ſolten ſich diejenige Astronomi vnnd Kalenderſchreiber, welche ſolche fantaſtereyen vnd wunder-ſeltzamliche boſſen in jhren Kalendern mit ein-mahlen vnd ſchreiben, daß die Welt davor ſtehet vnd das Maul darüber gleichſam vergiſſet zu zuthun, ja bald gar zum Fantaſten muß werden.

Ich rede aber nicht von allen, Absit non longe, sed homines; nec omnes, sed tantummodo rudes et insanos: die Gelehrten vnd Erfahrnen behüte Gott; Sondern von denen ſage ich, welche, mit hindanſetzung deren dinge die zu dieſer Kunſt eigentlichen gehören, andere ſachen vorhaben, vnd eine newe Theologiam auß jhren Prophezeyungen erzwingen, eine newe Bibel auß jhren Demonstrationibus ſchmiden, vnnd die Offenbahrung St. Johannis durch jhre Brillen reformiren wollen.

Ich rede aber ſchelte auch nicht auf die Edle Kunſt an ſich ſelbſten: Als welche in jhrem Rechten gebrauch eine groſſe vnergründliche Gabe Gottes iſt. Dann die Rechte Astrologia iſt ſo hoch zu halten, als hoch deß Ertzvatter Josephs, deß Propheten Daniels, der drey Weyſen auß Morgenland, Kunſt, je zu halten geweſt. Aber, lieber, wo iſt der jenige der noch ein füncklein von ſolcher alten Chaldaiſchen Kunſt vbrig hätte? Wo iſt der heutige Astrologus (ohne einen) der nicht lüge? der nicht die Welt äffe vnd betriege?

Lieber woher kompt es, daß heutigs tags nicht zween rechtſchaffene Poeten mehr zufinden ſind? wo ſind ſolche Gemüther hien gekommen? jhre Seele ſind, nach Pythagoriſcher weyſe in der Practic-ſchreiber leiber geflogen, darumb ſind dieſe ſo verderbt ſo verlogen. Wann die Poeten, der ſage noch, Ihren Nahmen haben vom Griechiſchen ποιεῖν, das iſt, Machen, Dichten; ſo ſind ja die Practic-ſchreiber die rechte Poeten, dann ſie können ja meiſterlich dichten, daß iſt, liegen, reden was erlogen iſt: vnd darff dieſer Satz nicht viel weiſens, allweil die Bauren es mit den Händen greiffen mögen. Sie können ja meiſterlich machen: das bezeugen jhre Witterungen. Dann ſie machen das Wetter in jhren Kalendern wie ſie wollen; der Himmel aber macht es wie er will: vnd nicht deſto weniger ſo bleibet jhnen der ruhmwürdige Nahme daß ſie rechte Wettermacher ſeyen.

Je höher nun die rechte Astrologia zu ſchätzen iſt, je weniger iſt ein rechter Astrologus zu finden.

Was aber für ein eigentlicher vnterſchied zwiſchen einem Erfahrnen Sternſeher, vnd einem Sterngucker? vnnd warumb dieſer ſo viel in einem Lande, jenner kaum einer in der gantzen Welt zu finden ſeye? halte ich, ſeye auß dem gar leicht zu entſcheiden; Indem ein Löw offt in etlich Jahren nicht wol ein Junges zeuget; Eine Sawe aber das Jahr etlich mal, vnnd auff einmal auch wol offt gar biß in die zwölffe werffet. Dahero es kommet daß die Welt mit ſo vielen Wüſtern vnd Vnflätern vberſchwämmet worden.

Die Astronomia iſt billig auch hoch zu halten, dieweil nach anleitung deß Himmels lauff ſie die vnterſcheide vnd Außtheilung der Zeiten den gemeinen Mann erkennen lehret, vnd alſo die Welt vor Vnordnung Verwirrung vnd Zerrüttung in jhr ſelbſten kann verwahren. Vnd wolte Gott, vnſere heutige Kalenderſchreiber alle blieben hiebey: dann wahrhafftig werden ſie doch ein mehrers als die Zeiten zu vnterſcheiden nicht viel wiſſen; vnd welche ſich ein mehrers einbilden, die haben vnfehlbarlich mangel im Hirn, mangel im Seckel vnd in der Taſchen: Alſo daß ſie Grubel vnnd Stauden darüber zu ſeyen vnd verſtechen müſſen.

Hingegen aber hat ein Podagramiſcher in aller ſtille Gewalt bei ehrlichen Leuten: jedermann ehret vnd reſpectiret jhn; jederman lobet vnd dienet jhm; Er aber dienet Gott, an welchem er, wo das H. Podagram nicht thäte, ſonſt ellements wenig (recht podagramiſch von der ſach zu reden) gedencken würde.

Ein Podagramiſcher iſt wie das Heiligthumb, niemand darff jhn mit Händen berühren: der zu jhm kommet, ſtehet von ferne, vnd mit zimpferlichen Geberden (wie Simeon auff der Gewe) ſchawet jhn an.

Da iſt weder Welt frewde noch kurtzweil, weder ſingen noch ſpringen, vnd ſo es ja beſſer, Chriſtlicher vnd auſſerbawlicher iſt, im Klaghauß als im Schlaghauß, im Beinhauß als im Weinhauß zu ſein, warum gehen wir nit zu den Podagramiſchen? warumb haben wir nicht alle das Podagram ſehr am Leib? damit vns die Andacht deſto baß komme vnd nicht ſo leicht erkalte, oder ſo bald bey vns veralte.

Das Podagram iſt nicht eine ſo grawſame, allgemeine graſſirende grewliche, vnverſtändige, vngerechte Kranckheit, als andere ſeyn möchten: da offt das eine Glied ſündiget vnd bubenſtückelt, das andere, ſo doch vnſchuldig, hingegen muß büſſen vnd bezahlen. Nein: das Podagram hatt beſſer Recht, es kan den rechten Nagel treffen, ja den König ſelbſten, vnnd ſchmeißt offt neune auff einen Streich; gar ſelten wird es ſich anderſtwo hinbegeben als in die Finger vnd Zehen, in Hände vnd Füſſe, nemlich in diejenige Glieder, die es verſchuldet vnd verdienet haben. Welcher iſt der das Podagram je hätte an der Naſen, an einem Zahn, oder am Bart gefühlet? Nein, die Hände die wiſſen davon zu ſagen: die Finger, die in den thörichten Jahren griffen nach gelben Haaren: die Hände, die im ſtecken getaßet, im Buſen gewohnet: die Hände, die ſo manchen ſchönen Becher, ſo manches zierliches Glaß, mit Hamiſchen Wein, mit Hambachiſchen Wein, mit Reichenawer vnd Neckfelder Wein, mit Moſel vnd Reiniſchen Wein, mit Bacheracher vnd Dreckſchäufer, mit Necker vnd Klingenberger Wein angefüllet, mit zehen Fingern gefaſſet, ergriffen, vmbfangen, dem Mund zugebracht, dem Schlund zugeſtellt ꝛc. die müſſen jetzt nach gemachter Irten die Zech bezahlen: vnd ſtehe da nur, ob er nicht noch das Gut oder die Müntz dar vnd hinterlaſſentweiß im Knochel trage. Die Füſſe, die offt hingegangen da andere geiagen, die müſſen jetzt liegen da andere ſtehen: das Sündling wandlen, das Sündling trincken, was ſolte es anders geben, als hincken? wo ſolte es anderſt ſeinen außbruch nehmen als wo es herkommen, vnd ſeinen anfang genommen?

Wie vnverſchämbt geht mancher ſtarcker Flegel daher tretten, als ob der Boden jhm allein gemacht were, vnd er denſelben vntertrucken wolte? Nimmet nicht in acht, auch nicht betracht, daß die die Erde vnſer aller Mutter ſeye, auß deren wir vrſprünglich herkommen, vnd endlich darein wider alle müſſen verſcharret werden. Ein Podagramiſcher hat viel reiffere Gedancken: Siehe, wie leiſe gehet er herein, daß man wol ſagen könte, Er wolte, wie Brut 9, ſeiner Mutter, der Erde, einen Kuß geben, mit den Füſſen. Das ſind gehorſame Kinder, die der Mutter alſo ſchonen, damit jhr nicht wehe geſchehen möge.

Das Podagram (welches inſonderheit hoch tröſtlich iſt allen behafften Perſonen) bleibet auch getrew biß in den Todt, es verläßt den Menſchen in keiner Noth. Andere zufällige Kranckheiten ſind heut da, morgen dort, anderſt begehrt mans auch nicht: dieſe auffrichtige Kranckheit aber verläſſet jhren Mann nicht biß ins Grabe. Ein trewer Freund iſt nicht mit Geld zu bezahlen, in Noth vnd Todt kanſtu dich auff jhn verlaſſen. Was iſt das anders geſagt, als daß man von dem Podagram ſolche Freundſchafften zu gewarten habe?

Das Podagram iſt ein adelich Kranckheit, hoher Dignitäten vnnd Würden. Man ſehe ob ſie je bey einem Kärchelzieher, bey einem Sackträger einkehre? Nein: es were dann, daß deſſen Vatter einer ein Herr vnd ſeine Mutter deſſen Magd geweſen were. Aber bey Fürſten vnnd Herrn, bey Reichen wolhabenden Perſonen, da will das Podagram einziehen vnd wohnen: als welche ſich in der Jugend, mit Thurnieren ritterlich gehalten, ſich vmb daſſelbe wol verdient, alle Winckel durchſtrichen, alle Kammern durchſchlichen, alle Gläſer außgewiſcht, alle Kannten außgeleert: dardurch ſie dann zu billicher Recompens widerumb alſo befreundet werden.

Die Frantzoſen nennen es les Gouttes das tröpfflein, ich will lieber ſagen das ſchöpplein als das tröpfflein: Aber viel Tropffen geben auch einen Schoppen: darumb hüte dich für den Tropffen, ſo wird dich das Podagram nicht mehr zopffen.

Was kan einer, der das Podagram hat, nicht lernen? Alle Künſte, alle Welthändel vnd Geſchichte, ja lernen ohne mühe, ohne Koſt vnd Gefahr. Ziehe hinein in Aſien wen gelüſtet, wird er nit wegen der Türcken vnd Saracenen in gefahr, Leibs vnd der Seelen kommen? Gehe hin in Affrica, wird er nicht in Gefahr Leibs vnd Lebens gerathen? Fahre hinein in America wirſtu nicht widerumb in Gefahr Leibs vnd Lebens gehen? Ja nur in vnſerm Europa, in Spanien, Italien, Franckreich wirſtu nit in Gefahr Leibs vnd der Seelen gerathen, wegen der grauſamen Feinde, hinden vnd fornen, innerlich vnd äuſſerlich, vnten vnd oben, hüben vnd drüben: du wirſt all dein Mittel verzehren vnd doch wenig Gottesforcht haben lernen vnd lehren: Aber hab dir das Podagram, ſo wirſtu nachts in deiner Sicherheit liegen, tags auſſer aller Gefahr ſeyn der Mörder, der wilden Thiere, deß Waſſers, der Inquisition: du wirſt lernen können, was du wilt, vnnd ohne fuß verſtoſſen wiſſen, was die Braminen mit deß Königs Braut in Calechut machen, wann ſie die erſte nacht bey jhr ſchlaffen, damit der König kein hindernuß kriege. Du wirſt ſehen mögen, was der König in Sina zu Quinsay in der Statt mache, wiewol keinem bald dahin zu kommen ſonſt wird verlaubet. Das laß mir ja ein ſcharffes ſchlecht-durchſehendes perſpectiv ſeyn: das laß dir ein geſchickten Doctor ſeyn, der einem zu Speyer die jenige krumme Ding weiſen kan, vmb deren willen er ſonſt nach Venedig vnd Conſtantinopel nach Aſtrachan vnnd Alcair, nach Ormus, Lima vnd Mexico reiſen müſte.

Vnd wann manchmahlen etliche auß Vnverſtand oder Vnwillen wider das Podagram, als oben gemeldet, vngründlich vorgeben wollen, dieſe vnnd dergleichen Sachen weren Anzeigungen, daß das Podagram dem menſchlichen Geſchlecht vielmehr zu Verdruß vnd Vntergang, denn zu gunſt vnd Gutthat entſtanden: als durch welches die Geſtalt verſtellet, das Geblüt erſchöpffet, die lebhaffte Farb verkehret, die Kräfften vertrucknet, der Schlaff verwehret, das geſicht verzehret, Luſt vnd Frewd, Schimpf vnd Schertz verjaget, die Finger, die Gleiche, die Schultern, die Knye, die Schenckel, ja der gantze Leib verkrummet, geſchwächet, gebrochen würde: ſo gibt doch ſolches Vorgeben alles nur zu erkennen, daß ſolche Leuthe (wie der meiſte vnverſtändige Hauff) mehr auff deß jrrdiſchen Leibes Luſt, als auff die Edle Seel vnd das Gemüth achten.

Es gehet dem lieben Podagram wie Ehrlichen Leuthen zu geſchehen pfleget, denen ein Böſewicht zuwider iſt, von dem ſie hinderwerts verkleinert vnd außgetragen werden, die man doch nimmermehr mit Fug ſchelten kan ohn ſonderliches Lob vnd Ehren: denn in dem das Podagram dem ſterblichen Leibe ſchadet, ſo nutzet es ja der vnſterblichen Seelen, in dem es das Fleiſch ſchwächet, ſo ſtärcket es ja den Geiſt: indem es die Welt Luſt außtreibet, ſo bringet es ja den Luſt nach Himmliſchen Dingen:

Es iſt ja kein Menſch ſo vnverſtändig, der nicht wüſte, daß der Leib der Seelen feind ſeye; vnnd die Seele nicht möge erhalten werden, es ſeye dann, daß der Leib leyde. Die Bände vnd die Laſt des Leibes iſt ſo ſchwer, daß der Menſch ſich nicht hinauff zu GOTT begeben mag, er habe denn ſolche Laſt vnnd Bürde zuvor abgeleget. Der Leib iſt gleichſamb ein Nebel, der die Geiſtlichen Augen der Seelen verhindert, daß ſie nicht hinauff zur Sonnen der Gnaden gelangen mögen. Ach was muß die arme Seele nicht leyden vnnd außſtehen umb deß elenden Leibes willen, damit er ſein Vnterhaltung, ſein genügen, ſein luſt vnd frewde an erden haben mag, dann da kommet her Angſt, Sorg, Bekümmernuß deß Gemüts, Gelüſte, Einfälle, Argwohn, Forcht, Einbildung, Betrübnuß, Begierden, Liebe, Haß, Neid, vnd anders mehr: welche der armen Seelen dieſes Leben ſo ſawer machen, daß ſie gleichſamb in einem glüenden Offen ohne Auffhören muß ſitzen vnd wallen. Wo kommet Krieg, Auffruhr, Streit, Zanck, Schmach Todſchlag, Raub, Brand, vnd andere Plagen her, als von der vnerſättlichen Luſtſeuche des Leibes? Denn vmb Leibs Willen thut vnd leydet man alles: Das Geld aber begeret man wegen Erhaltung des liebloſen Leibes: Welchem je mehr wir zu gefallen thun, jemehr wir der armen Seele zu wider ſeyn vnd ſchaden. Die euſſerliche Sinne deß Menſchen ſeynd wie die vnbendige vnd vngezäumbte Pferde, die an einen Wagen angeſpannen, ohne einige Regierung lauffen wohin ſie wollen, eines da, das andere dort hinauß; wo aber die Seele jhre Würckung haben mag, ſo dienet ſie den euſſerlichen Sinnen, als ein trewer Fuhrmann, der ſie in die rechte Bahn leitet vnd führet: vnnd gleich wie ſolche geile Pferde ohne einen Fuhrmann ſich ſelbſt vntereinander zu Boden rennen vnd verderben, alſo der Leib ohne der Seelen Beyſtand ſich in Vntergang muß ſtürtzen vnd fallen.

Darumb die weiſe Leute ſich allezeit der Welt vnd deren Lüſten entſchlagen, damit ſie die Luſt der Seelen genieſſen möchten: Dann wer der Seelen Heyl in obacht nimmet, der achtet nit, was Adel, Reichthumb, Glück vnd Wolluſte der Menſchen für ein blinden Dunſt vor die Augen mag bringen. Ja die freye Seele achtet weder Schmach noch Armuth, noch Elend, noch Tod vnnd begeret mit allem Ernſt dasjenige, was dem Leib zuwider, vnd je mühlich iſt: Was aber allein dem Leib dienet, das muß ohnwiderſprechlich der Seelen zuwider werden. Es leide nun der Leib was er wölle, wann die Seele wol ſtehet, ſo ſtehet alles wol; wann aber die Seel in Gefahr iſt, wehe dem herrlichen Leib, der ſich alſo muß quälen vnnd leyden.

Die Seele iſt das Bilde Gottes: ohne die Seele iſt der Leib mehr einem Stock vnd wilden Thier, als einem Menſchen zu vergleichen. Wie köſtlich nun die Seele auß obertzehlten zu achten vor dem leibe; Alſo herrlich iſt das Podagram zu lieben, weil es die Seele in jhrem Stand vnd Vollkommenheit erhalte? Zu dem ſo iſt das Podagram dem Leib ſelbſt, den die thörichte Menſchen ſo hoch halten, nit allezeit zuwider. Was ſtehet einem Menſchen vbler an, als wann er einen feiſten außgemäſten vngehewren groſſen Leib hat, wie ein Schwein, das zu ſchnauffen vnd blaſen liget, als ob es vom ſchmaltz vnd feiſte erſticken wolte? Was iſt verdrießlicher einem lieben Weib, als wann ſie einen ſo vnbehülfflichen ſchweren Mann vmb vnd an ſich muß leyden? Der, wann er ſoll zu Pferde ſitzen, zehen Mann bedörffte, die jhn darauff heben vnd halten? Wer iſt, der ſolche vnliebliche dicke Leiber in eine beſſere, feinere, geſchmeidigere Form kan bringen, als das Podagram? Das nimbt vnd verzehrt die vberflüſſige Feuchtigkeiten deß Leibes vnnd machet den Mann fein fertig, da er ſonſt wegen ſeiner [illegible] nicht in geringe Gefahr des Lebens gerathen?

Was iſt das der weltliche Menſch mehr ſchewet als den Todt? Was iſt das den Menſchen länger leben machet als das Podagram? Dann in dem daſſelbe alle gefährliche Flüſſe des Leibes in die finger vnd füſſe ziehet, die ſonſt auff die Leber, auß der Leber in das Miltz, in die Nieren, in die Gall, in den Magen, auß dem Magen in das Haupt, vnd darnach auff das Hertz ſich ſetzen würden, vnnd dem Menſchen in einem Augenblick den garauß machen.

Ein wahrhafftiges ding: ſo lang der Menſch das Podagram in Händ vnd Füſſen hat; ſo lang iſt er vorm Tode geſichert vnd kan nit ſterben. Er eſſe vnnd trincke was er immer wolle. Er lebe gleich hin, wie er jmmer wolle. Die Vntugenden vnnd Laſter ſind das abſchewlichſte Dinge, ſo an einem Menſchen zu finden: Da iſt aber kein Weltweiſe, kein Geiſtlicher Mann ſo geſchickt die Laſter zu vertreiben vnd gar außzureuten, als geſchickt das Podagram iſt: Dann es wehret, nit nur daß der Menſch in kein Laſter falle; ſondern ziehet auch diejenige wieder herauß, die ſich albereit vberſehen haben, vnnd im alten Schlamm vor dieſem gelegen: ohne welche trewe rettung oft mancher Menſch mit leib vnd ſeel verderben müſte.

Damnatum dicas, sed res non vera, Podagram,
Abstrahit à pravis, invigilatque bonis.

Das Podagram wehret dem Hauptlaſter der Hoffart vnnd dem Ehrgeitz, vnnd lehret wie ſo gar nicht auff die ſchöne Geſtalt, auff die Stärcke deß Leibes, auff den Adel, auff Ehr vnnd Herrligkeit der Welt zu bawen: vnd ſchaffet alſo, daß die Menſchen ſich ſelbſt erkennen lernen, vnnd wiſſen, daß ſie Menſchen, vnd mehr nicht, als Menſchen ſeyen.

Das Podagram lehret durch ſeine Gegenwart, wie man ſich deß Reiſens, deß Sauffens, deß Herumbſchwermens vnnd Läſterns, deß Vorwitz, vnd anderer vngebührender Dinge mäſſigen ſolle: Denn wie ſolte ein vernünfftiger Mann in frembden Händeln vorwitzig ſeyn mögen? zu frembden verhaßten vnerkannten Händeln ſich gebrauchen laſſen mögen, der in ſeinem eigenen Zuſtand nicht kan Mittel finden?

Das Podagram hat dieſe Krafft,
Daß es ſanfftmütige Menſchen ſchafft.
Wer ſich fürcht vor deß Podagrams wüten,
Mag ſich vor Neid vnd Eiffer hüten.

Das Podagram nimpt hinweg allen böſen Willen deß Menſchens, alſo daß ein ſolcher weder auff Krieg noch Liſt, weder auff Feindſchafft, noch Zwietracht, noch Zanck, noch Streit, noch Krieg gedencket; ſondern allein darnach ſinnet vnd ſorget, wie er ſeinen ſachen wol obwarten möge, denn wer mit ſich ſelbſt zu thun hat, der vergiſſet in deſſen eines andern gar wol, wann er bey Vernunfft iſt.

Drey ding ſind hingegen widerumb, die einem Podagramiſchen den ſchmertzen verurſachen, und mehren, die Gurgelfreund, die Bulerey, und der gähhitzige Zorn: Wenn nun das Podagram einzug bey einem Menſchen hält; ſo dencke aber bilde derſelbe ſich ein, das Podagram ſtehe ſelbſt da zugegen, und frage, was man ſein begehre? und warumb man es beruffen habe? Antwortſtu nun, du begereſt ſein nicht, ſo wird es dir alſo begegnen und ſagen:

Mein lieber Freund, du haſt mich geladen, da bin ich zugegen: Ich hab dir durch viel Exempel ſchon genugſam zu verſtehen geben, daß du deß ſtarcken Getränckes, deß Zechens und Zehrens, deß Naſchens und Taſchens, der Bulerey und Leckerey, deß hitzigen Anlauffens und Zörnens, ſolſt müſſig gehen; haſtu es nun gewuſt, und doch nit gehalten ſo leide nun jetzt die Streiche, die dein ungehorſamb wol verſchuldet, und ſey ein andermal witziger, als du mit deinem unfall bißhero geweſen. Iſt das nit ein groſſe trew, wo man einen alſo vor ſchaden warnet? Wie könte der beſte Freund ein mehrers thun bey einem Menſchen, als wann er jhn vor ſeinem untergang dergeſtalt abmahnet und abhaltet: Iſt das nit groſſe Thorheit, wann man weiß, was ubels auß einem Ding entſtehen werde, unnd man wil ſich dannoch nit dafür hüten. Alſo du eſſeſt oder trinckeſt, du bulest oder weineſt, du zörneſt oder lacheſt, ſo dencke an das Podagram, ſo wirſtu nimmer zu viel thun.

Darumb ſo bleibt es einmal unverwürfflich haben, daß das Podagram ein heiliges Ding ſeye, weil es den Menſchen von den gröſten Laſtern der unmäſſigen Saufferey und Bulerey abhaltet: Ja, mächtiglich vermittelt, daß die Weiber und Jungfrauen deſto ſicherer bey Ehren, und in beſſerer ruhe leben und bleiben können.

Thu da hinwider, wage es darauff ſo keck als du biſt, ſiehe aber zu, und erwarte, wie dir das Podagram auff friſcher That abziehen werde, daß du auch der Weiber unnd Jungfrauen unbild weder ſehen noch umb dich mehr, und weniger, als ein Carthäuſer, wirſt leiden wollen.

Die das Podagram ſchelten, die thun es entweder auß Zorn, auß Haß, oder auß Ungedult. Diß ſind groſſe drey Untugenden, vor denen ſich ein rechter Chriſt billig hüten ſolle.

Impedit Ira animum ne possit cernere verum.

Wann Zorn ein Menſchen uberwindt,
So weiß er minder dann ein Kind,
Der Zorn hindert deß weiſen muth,
Der zornig weiſt nicht was er thut,
Wer ſich ergibt der Ungedult,
Derſelbig fällt in Sünd und ſchuldt.

Wir Menſchen ins geſampt ſind alſo geartet, daß wann es uns immer nach belieben und willen gienge, wir würden uns und unſere untüchtigkeit nimmermehr recht erkennen, noch Gott förchten lernen: Sondern mit ſtetigen Weltgedancken, als das tumme Vich umbgehen, alſo, daß weder Recht noch Billigkeit, weder Geſetz noch Ehre mehr bey uns würde fruchten. Aber das Podagram lehret die Augen auffthun, gen Himmel ſehen, die Welt und jr Weſen verachten, und betrachten, wie ſo gar elende Menſchen wir alle ſind, wie vergebene Hoffnungen wir uns machen: wie all unſer ſorgen, dichten unnd trachten umbſonſt und vergebens ſeye: Es lehret bedencken, was die frommen für gnad, die gottloſen für Straff zu gewarten haben: Es lehret ein mann von hertzen bitten Gott von hertzen anruffen, ehren und loben: Ja erkennen, daß er der Herr ſeye uber geſunde und krancke, uber Himmel und Erden. Was kan nun dem menſchen nutzlichers, ja ſeliges gegeben werden als die Erkantnuß ſeines Schöpffers? und daß derdes zu böſen und guten Tagen, er jhm ſich halten, und jhm für ſeine vätterliche heimſuchung dancken, Jhm, wann er ſie von den Schmertzen erlöſet, loben.

Wann man von Gedult wil reden, Lieber wo iſt ſolche mehr zu finden, als bey einem Podagramiſchen? wer hat jemahl einen Podagramiſchen hören fluchen, in wehrendem ſeinen gröſſeſten Schmertzen? kein Menſch wird bald von jhm hören, daß er [illegible]. O der Heiligen Leute, der edlen Gedult, die ſonſt nit bey jedermann daheim iſt.

Iſt das nit groſſe Gedult, daß einem ein fewriges Zeltlein, ein fewriges Meſſer von einem Glied durch das ander gehe, zwicke und picke, pafs und zwacke, reiſſe unnd beiſſe, ſenge und brenne, und er muß die Ohren ſpitzen, fühlen unnd darzu ſchweigen, als ob man jhm den Rucken kragete.

Iſt aber einer noch röſch, ungehobelt, [illegible], unnd der ſich ſperren deßwegen pochen, poltern unnd widerſtreben wolte, den kan das Podagram in einem Tag ſo gelind und geſchlacht machen, daß er ſich ließ umb einen Finger wickeln. Und wer wolte nicht gern in Hertzbrennender Gedult ſtill halten und büſſen, auff daß er einen ſo heiligen Namen erlangen möchte!

Weiſe mir einen böſen Buben, den das Podagram nit fromm gemacht habe: Einen unachtſamen, den es nicht Vorſichtigen Leuten gleich gemacht habe: Einen ſtoltzen und hochmütigen, den es nicht ſanfft und demütig gemacht habe: Einen unkeuſchen, den es nicht gezüchtiget habe: Einen vollſauffer den es nicht mäſſig gemacht habe: Einen häſſigen den es nicht freundlich gemacht habe: Einen widerſpenſtigen, den es nicht gehorſamb gemacht habe, Einen hartnäckichten, den es nicht unterdienſtbar gemacht habe: Einen mutwilligen, den es nit eingezogen gemacht habe: Einen ſtrengen, den es nicht gütig gemacht habe: Einen Gottloſen, den es nit andächtig gemacht habe: Einen geitzigen, den es nicht barmhertzig gemacht habe.

In Summa Summarum:

Glauben haben: Hoffnung haben: Liebe haben: Gedult haben: Zeitliche ding verachten; nach Himmliſchen Dingen trachten; mit verſtand und vernunfft alles angreiffen; das gute vom böſen unterſcheiden; Gott uber alles lieben: Ehrlich ſeyn gegen jedermann: Niemand ſchaden thun: Wider recht nichts handeln; deß Armen ſich erbarmen; Ubels mit ubel nicht vergelten: weder durch Geſchenk, noch Vortheil, noch Gunſt, noch Hoffnung, gewiſſes von dem rechten abweichen: ſondern in allen dingen die Gerechtigkeit ob augen haben: Das jrdiſche auß den Sinnen ſchlagen: Allein nach Gott und dem ewigen fragen: Das böſe leiden williglich. Das gute befürdern gütiglich: die böſe Lüſte tödten: ſich an ſeinem Gemahl allein laſſen genügen: Anderer Leute aber müſſig gehen; nicht leichtlich jemand haſſen, zörnen, neiden: ja in allen Dingen Maß halten: ſich ſelbſt erkennen lernen: das Ende bedencken, &c. Das alles ſind Wercke unnd Würckungen der edlen Tugend, Herrſcherin deß Podagrams.

Iſt alſo ſchließlich allezeit beſſer der Leib leide als die Seele, unnd iſt der Menſch am geſundeſten zu der Zeit, wann er am Podagram kranck ligt.

Unnd wer wolte dieſe Himmelweiſende Zuchtmeiſterin nicht gern umb ſich haben? Muß man doch von einem Artzt und Doctor offt hölliſche Pein und Marter leiden, mit Fewer, mit Eiſen, mit Waſſer, mit Gifft und Gall, mit Artzneyen, welche ärger und ſchädlicher ſind als der Tod ſelbſten: Und zu dem offt mehrentheils aber nichts helffen, und doch Hab und Gut darbey muß auffgezehrt werden: Da hingegen das Podagram umb nichts, und mit nichts vergebet von ſich ſelbſten, iſt ſein ſelbſt Artzney, wer es nur mag leiden, und demſelben nicht mit ſeinem Schaden, ſondern ſeinem groſſen Gewinn will geholffen.

Die andere Kranckheiten ſind alſo geartet, daß ſie den Menſchen endtlichen in den Todt gar bringen: ja jhm offt Sinn unnd Gedancken alſo nemen, daß er an ſeine Seligkeit nit wol kann gedencken, das Podagram thut ſolche gefährliche ding gar nit; ſondern zu ſeiner Zeit, wie ein trewer Vatter, wann es lang genug geklempert, weiß es widerumb nach zu laſſen. Es züchtiget, aber mit maſſe, und zur Buß und Beſſerung des Lebens.

Und ob ſchon viel tauſend andere herrliche Dinge unnd Tugenden ſind, die auß dem edlen Podagram herrühren, will ich doch derſelben dißmal geſchweigen, unnd nur noch dieſes einige ſagen: Das Podagram ſeye ein rechte Helden Kranckheit, ein Kranckheit in Glück und Unglück, ein Hochgeborne Hoch-Edele Kranckheit: Dann nichts zu ſagen von Keyſern, Königen, Fürſten, Graffen und Herrn, die heutiges Tags leben, und ohne das Podagram nicht leben können oder mögen, wer wolte nicht gern das Podagram, und in die löbliche Geſellſchafft deß alten Königs Priamus, deß Archesilaus: deß Bellerophontis, deß Oedipus, deß Prometheus, deß Lycus gezogen werden? Wer wolte ſich weigern, deſſen ſich die vortrefflichen Helden Protesilaus und Ulysses nit geweigert haben. Man ſage auch von Achilles was man wolle, daß er ein Arbeitſamer geſtrenger Fürſt geweſen, der nimmer ruhe gehabt habe: ſo ſage ich doch, daß das Podagram, ſeiner bißweilen auch ſo gar meiſter worden, daß er nit können vom Läger kommen, unnd wann niemand were, als der einige Erasmus Roterodamus, der ſein trefflichſte Sachen im Podagram geſchrieben, ſolte nit ein weiſer Mann lieber mit ſolchen Helden alles leiden wollen, als mit einem Holländer und ſonſt ſchlechten Geſellen in ungeſchmackter [illegible] Frölichkeit zubringen.

Ob auch ſchon das Podagram ein verhaßter Nam iſt, bey vielen Menſchen, hindert nichts: Ein böſer Nam ſoll einen ehrlichen Mann nichts ſchaden, noch ſeine gerechte Sachen [illegible] machen: Wie hingegen es ein Böſewicht nichts mag nutzen [illegible] unverſtändigen Menſchen, wann er ſchon noch ein ſo [illegible] chen Namen hat.

Wer nun das Podagram am Leibe hat, der behalte es, [illegible] warte ſchwer, als eines vnſterblichen Gaſts deß Leibes wol, vnd laſſe ſich ja durch kein weiſen Meiſter bethören, als ob es durch einigen aspect zu vertreiben ſeyn ſolte. Dann eben der Aspexit iſt deß Podagrams Vatter vnnd der Inspexit iſt ſeine Mutter. Zu viel angucken, zu viel einſchlucken; zu viel die Naß bucken; zu viel die Hände trucken, zu viel die Haut jucken, macht in dem Bette jucken:

Experimentum.

Recipe.

Wann du haſt mit Banketiren,
Frawen Dienſt vnd Uppigkeit,
Zugebracht die junge Zeit.
Was dem Podagra helffen?
So iſt Patientia
Nur das beſte Mittel da.

Si cupis examinem juvenis vitare Podagram
Quicquid agis caveas ne tibi sit nimium.

Dixit Expertus Robertus.

Diß war das herrliche Mittel, ſo der alte dem armen Patienten für das Podagram Schrifftlich zugeſtellet.

Laſſe es nun probieren wer gern wil, vnd wer vermeynt, dz er deſſen nutzen haben möge. Mit welches Recepts abſchrifft ich den gantzen Vormittag biß zum Mittagmahl zugebracht hatte.

Nachmittags vmb 1. Uhren, hörte man ein getümmel vnd geſchrey im Hoff: vnd als der Burgvogt fragen lieſſe: Was vnd wer es wäre? Ward ihm geſagt, daß etliche Seiffenbeſieder an einander gerathen, vnnd mit den Knieriemen einander ein gute Fahrt ſein trucken abgezogen hetten, alſo daß zween zu Boden gefallen. Welches ſobald es dem Haußhoffmeiſter angebracht worden, vnd er ſie vor ſich fordern lieſſe, zu jhnen im Zorn ſprach: Wie? Ihr Halunken, mit einander ſeyd jhr ſo verwegen, daß jhr in meines allergnädigſten Königs vnnd Herrn Burg vnd Zwang ſolche Händel anfahet? Wie ſeyd jhr ſo frevel, daß jhr ſeiner Majeſt: Burg Frieden habt alſo verachten vnd brechen dörffen? Wiſſet jhr nit, was denen darauff ſtehe, die was vnbührliches in ſolcher Herrn Häuſer handeln, vnnd in denſelben den Frieden brechen? Wiſſet jhr auch, daß es euch wird die Hände koſten, wenn jhr ſonſt nichts habt? Meynet jhr es ſeye mit Herren zu ſchertzen, als mit Gwerb gleichen? Meynet jhr daß weil es den Herrſchafften ſelbſt erlaubt iſt, in jhren Veſten vnd Burgen aller Freyheit mit zu baſtoniren, mit peinigen vnd mit Frawenzimmer Visitationen vnd andern Fürſtl. Tugenden in Eſſen vnd Trincken, in Mumſchantzen vnd Gaukereyen ſich zugebrauchen, daß es euch darumb auch erlaubt ſeye, dergleichen anzuſtellen? O weh nein es iſt viel ein anders: Fürſten vnd Herren lehren vns aus jhren Handlungen, daß ſie einen andern Himmel vnd Herr Gott haben als ſo loſe Leute: ſie ſind Herren vnd haben ſolche Geſetze ſelbſt gegeben, mögen ſie halten oder nicht, das hat jhnen niemand zu diſputiren: Aber jhr Böſwichte, wie? Wiſſet jhr nit wie Neptunus vor Jahren deß Aeolus Vnterthanen tractiret hat, als ſie jhm in ſeinem Reſidentz den Burg Frieden brechen wollen.

Quos ego etc. adde Virgil. Laſt mich nur nicht hinder euch kommen, ſonſt wann ich euch dem Thürner vbergeben muß, Ihr ſolt mir ewer Lebtag nicht mehr auß dem Loch kommen. Vnnd wiewol die beyde ſchon bereits die Köpffe voll hatten, welche ſie auff dem Rucken fühlten, deßwegen ſie ſich nit wenig ſchämeten vber ſich zu ſehen; jedoch, in betrachtung, daß der beleidigte theil allzeit ein günſtigen Richter zu gewarten hette, ſo hub nur der eine alſo an zu reden: Gnädiger Herr, Eine Ehre der Herr Burgvogt? oder ſind Euer gnädiger Herr? Aber es gilt gleich jhr ſeyd wol ein gnädiger, vnnd drumb ſo hoffe ich, werd ich auch Gnad erlangen werden, vnnd werden mich gnädig anhören werden. Dann ich hab allezeit gehört daß jhr ein gnädiger Herr ſeyn, vnd dz jhr mich gnädig anhören werdt, vnd drumb ſo will ich eben ſagen wies iſt, vnd bitten E. Gnade vmb Gottes willen, ſie wolle mich anhören, denn es iſt vns mir vnd meim Geſellen hie gewißlich groß vnrecht geſchehen worden: Ew. Gn. können fragen laſſen, wies angangen, ſie werden wol hören, wie es vns gangen iſt. Ew. Gnaden können ſelbſt wol ſehen, wie wir bluten wie die Säw, vnd bitten Ew. Gn. ſie wollen vns anhören, vnnd wollen vns recht widerfahren laſſen, daß die zween Stümper da vns alſo tractiert hann, die zween da. wie denn ja kein einig leibel angerührt, vnd ſehn, wie ſie vns zerſchlagen hann. Ich bitte E Gn. vmb Gottes willen, ſie wollen vns hören, vnd wollen die [illegible] Kragen ein andermal zum Exempel.

Ihr liederliche Seifenſieder, ſprach der Burgvogt, einer mit dem andern, es were wol daß ich wolte euch alle 4. in die Eiſen ſchlagen vnd in den Thurn werffen laſſen, vielleicht habt jr doch die händel ſelbſt angefangen, vnd wolt euch jetzt nun mit den blutigen Naſen weiß brennen? Welcher Sanctitus hat euch ewer Sinne alſo geraubet, ſo frech vnd kühne gemacht, daß jhr da kommet in den Burgfrieden vnd denſelbigen brechet; Wo kommet jr her? Wer ſeyd jhr? Seyd jr Juncker, oder Bürger, oder Bawern, oder wer ſeyd jhr? Darauff einer der Schuhflicker anhube, der meins erachtens ein Studenten Schuſter oder Calefactor geweſen, weil er beſſer beſchwetzt war, als der vorige, vnd je zu zeiten ein Lateiniſch Wort mit dem Leiſten vnterwerffe, an ein tieffen Seuffzen zulaſſen, damit anzuzeigen, wie groſſen gewalt er gelitten, vnd wie ſo gerechte Sache er hätte. Gnädiger Herr, Ihr werdet eben ſowol vnſer gnädiger Herr ſeyn, wenn jr ſchon Burgvogt ſit, als der ander? Ich wil euch antworten auf ewer frag, wir ſeynd keine Juncker, auch nit Bürger, auch nit Kauffleute, auch keine Bawern, ſondern wir ſeynd alſo etwa, ein theil etwas minder, ein theil etwas mehr, wir ſeynd alſo halb vnd halb, wir ſind ſchier eines mittelmäſſigen ſtandes, vnd Schuſter bey der alten löblichen Hohen Schul Löven in Brabant, vnd ich inſonderheit hab den vortrefflichen Mann Lipsius ſeine Schue gemacht, vnd ſeine Leiſten noch im Sack, den ich nicht wol für 1000. Cronen geben, vnnd hoffe, er werde noch dermaleins vor Heiligthumb verehrt werden. Wann Ew. Gn. billigen Zorn hat, ſo will ich doch, ich vnd mein Geſell entſchuldigt ſeyn, daß wir nit ſchuld daran haben wollen, dann wir ſind gantz vnſchuldig vnnd iſt an vns mit gewalt gebraucht worden: Alſo daß ich nit glaub, daß man vns wird ſchuld geben können. Ich bitte E. Gn. ſie wolle ſich nit vber mich vnd meinen geſellen erzörnen, daß wir wollen vnſchuldig ſeyn vnd wollens nit gethan haben. Ich hab vielmehr gehört, wann ich den miraculum doctrinae Lipsium die Schue vbern Leiſte geſtellt hatte, vnd wann ich ſie jm wieder gebracht hatte, daß er offt geſagt, [illegible] oder [illegible], oder wann es Ew. Gn. nit verſtehen können, dann ich kanns wol verſtehen, ſo will ichs wol auff Frantzöſiſch ſagen, qu'il est permis de repousser la force par force, wann einer einem ein maulſchell gibt, ſo mag ich jm ein Tätſch dargegen geben, wann man einen ſchmeißt, ſo ſoll man hinwid ſchlagen, wann mir einer eins gibt, ſo ſoll ichs jm wid geben, ſo ſeye es wett. Alſo haben wir es auch gemacht, die beyde Bernhäuter dort haben vns angeloffen, vnd angeloffen, vnd angegriffen; daß wir vns ſchier haben erwehren können, hoffe ich alſo E. Gn. werden vns nit verdencken, daß wir vns jetz gewert han. Ich möcht den mann ſehen, der vns ſolt vngewonnen geben. Doch wann E. Gn. es nit wolt laſſen gut ſeyn, daß wir an der Burg vns geſchlagen haben mit einander, ſo wollen wir zween probiert haben, daß wir vnſchuldig ſind, vnd daß wirs nit angefangen haben, vnd daß wir nothwendig vnſer Haut haben wehren müſſen: iſt ein abgetrungene nothwehr geweſen, wir haben ehren halben nichts anders gekündt, es iſt vnſerer Reputation ein groſſes daran gelegen bey vnſer Kunſt, was hat ein ehrlich Mann ſonſt mehr als ſeine Reputation, ſie iſt ja der gröſte Schatz, die einer Menſchen haben kann. Reputation verloren alles verloren. Die Perlen, ſo auß Indien kommen ſind nit mit der Reputation zu vergleichen. Ich halt mehr auff die Reputation, als auff alle alamode Hüte, ſo in Franckreich ſind. Man ſag mir nichts von dem Weſtphäliſchen Schuncken, man rede mir nichts von dem Schwertzwälder, vnd Holländiſchen Käſe, noch vom Münſter Keſe, man ſag mir nichts von den welſchen Knack Würſten, man ſage mir nichts von kleinen Spaniſchen Brod, oder alamode Paſtetien, man ſag mir nichts mehr vom Rheiniſchen Wein, die Reputation geht mir weit drüber; Ein ehrlich mann ſoll jm die Reputation lieber angelegen ſeyn laſſen als ſein Kleid, ja als das Leben ſelbſten, ich hab vielmal zu Brüſſel am Hof gehöret, wz die Spanier darzu ſagen: No a vida Como la Honra. Il n'y a point de vie semblable a l'honneur. Ein ziembliche Anzahl Volcks, ſo wegen deß erſten Geſchreys herzu getretten war, ſtunden da vnd höreten dem Herrn Schuhflicker mit groſſem gelächter zu, dz die Reputation mit dem Käß, den Weſtphäliſchen Schuncken, den Knackwürſten, vnd den Rheiniſchen Wein vergleichen thäte, vnd einer der vmbſtehenden (wie den alten brauch nach ein jeder ſeine meynung vnd vrtheil auch wil darzu ſprechen.) Ich glaube, wenn dieſer ſchuſter ſterben ſol, er werde vnter die viros illustres dieſer Zeit geſetzt werden, nimmer glaube ich, daß Cicero den Milonem alſo defendiret, es were jm ſonſt gewiß ein beſſer vrtheil widerfahren. O Cicero si sic dixisses Milo Massiliae non ederet mullos pisces, gewiß muß er von dem Lipsius, von dem er zuvor erzehlt, etliche Case bekommen, Patronen daraus geſchnitten, vnd das Latein vñ ſolche herrliche Spruch darauß erlernet haben: Er weiß auf alles zu begegnen, als ob er dem Demostheni auch die Schuh geflickt hette. Ich halte gäntzlich dafür, er müſſe in ſeiner Jugend bey einem Mawrer, der den Thurn zu Babel bawen helffen, gedienet haben, weil er ſo vielerlei ſprachen zu ſeiner Mutterſprach kan reden. Aber über ſeine gleichnüſſe wer ſich ſo ſehr nit zu verwundern, dann ein jeder redet von dem damit er vmbgeht.

Was? Reputation? Sprach Expertus Robertus, ſo eben bey daſſelbe Geſpräch kame, ſoll je ſchuhflicker auch deß loſen ſtirnworts [illegible] entſchuldigungs reputation gebrauchen ſol ein ſchuſter auch reputations wegen ſich ſpreitzen vnd ſperren? Iſt es nit gnug, daß Fürſten und Herrn, König und Keyſer, dieſer elenden Vanitet auch biß zur Verdamnuß gebrauchen? Iſt es nicht gnug, daß bei den meiſten Ständen deß Reichs alle Verhinderung deß Edlen Friedens einig vnnd allein von einem jeden Privat Interesse vnnd Reputation herrühren, vnnd daß keiner dem andern in ichtwas will weichen vnd nachgeben, auch in loſen titulen vnd wortſtreiten, damit er ja die Reputation davon trage? ſolte dann Gott die loſe Reputation nit gnug ſtraffen. Ja, menſchlich davon zu reden, hetten wir die betrangten Teutſchen lang den frieden widerhaben können, wann die loſe Reputation der Potentaten nit gehindert hett. Meynen dann die Fürſten vnd Herrn, daß jnen Gott beſonders Zehen Gebott gegeben, vnd jnen wegen jhrer ſünden, am jüngſten Gericht, ein beſonders Urtheil ſprechen jre außflüchte der verdamlichen Reputation anhören, annemen vnnd gelten laſſen werde? Nein als war Gott lebt, es wird nit geſchehen: Dann ſo wahr der ein kleines ſündlein eines armen Burgers krafft ſeiner Gerechtigkeit nit vngeſtrafft läßt, ſo wahr wird ſein ſtrenger brennender Zorn die groſſe Berge der ſünden, welche Fürſten vnd Herren Gott zu beſtürmen zuſammen häuffen, vnd durch die Hände der Reputation aufführen, in die Höllen ſtoſſen vnd verbrennen. Iſt es nit gnug, dz Fürſten vnd Herrn, in dem ſie wegen der blutten vnd bloſſen Reputation oft laſſen ein betrangten mit Weib vnd Kind zu ſchanden gehen, ja oft ein groſſen theil jrer zeitlichen Herrligkeiten, Regalien, vnd andere hohe dinge darüber einbüſſen, ſondern ſie wollen auch die ſeele dardurch in gefar vnd ewiges verderben ſetzen. Iſt es nit gnug, daß die Reputation Fürſten vnd Herrn alſo eingenommen, daß ſie es auch für ein Gelächter vnd für ein Geſpött halten, wann ſie dergleichen darwider hören vnd leſen? Sondern es muß auch dahin kommen, daß jhr euch derſelben befleiſſen wollet. Vnd darüber halten als über ewer Seligkeit ſelbſten, Reputation die nicht nur in innerlichem vnd in Worten beſtehet, ſondern noch muß herauß brechen vnd zum ſchlagen kommen. Alſo daß wann ein leichtfertiger Lecker jrgend mit ſeinem Geſellen einen Stüber etliche verſpielet, er es ſeiner Reputation zuwider achte. Wann ein lauffiger Lotterbub den andern liegen heiſſet, ob ſie zuvor die beſte Freunde vnd als Brüder geweſen, hernach doch als Teuffel auff einander zu gehen, biß ſie einander die Rappier in das Hertz geſtoſſen, vnd die Hände mit Blut zu beſudlen zu erhaltung der Reputation wie Cul de blomb, l' la Charmoe vnd andere, ſo newlich alhie in der nähe geweſen, vnnd viel 100. andere mit gethan haben. Reputation hat ein Blutsfreund den andern auch, weil dieſer ein Student, jener aber ein vnerfahrener vom Adel jämmerlichen auff den Todt verfolget. Was den Teuffel laſſen ſie ſolche jhre Reputation nicht ſehen vorn an der Spitzen in einzigem Treffen wider die Feind deß Vatterlandts: Oder wann ſie ehe wegen der Reputation ſich die Gurgel wollen abſchneiden laſſen, warumb thun ſie ſolches nicht auff freyer Straß vnter dem lichten Galgen, damit man den Koſten der Begräbnuß ſparen möge. Meinet jhr Leberlecker daß man ſonſt die nichts zuthun habe, als ewere närriſche Reputations Händel zu ſchlichten vnnd zu richten. Die Reputation ſoll dir wol zu beiſſen geben, weil du ſie ſo hoch halteſt. Es iſt gewiß auch wegen Reputation daß du diß dein Handwerck eine Kunſt nenneſt wie jener Hanffmacher, vnnd Träſcher im Weſtrich. Werden alſo auf Erden bald keine Handwercker mehr ſeyn, ſondern eitel Künſtler, da doch wann jhr elende Leuth wüſtet daß Kunſt nach Brod gehen muß, jhr ſolcher bald vergeſſen, vnnd an ewerm Handwerck euch würdet begnügen laſſen.

Gnädiger Herr ſprach der vorige, ich bitt Ew. Gn. wöllen ſich nit ereyfern, der Zorn möcht jhm ſonſt wehe thun. Ich bitt jhr wolt mich vor außreden laſſen, ſonſt wann jhr meine Sach noch nicht recht verſtehet, möchtet jhr leichtlich mir ein falſch Urtheil geben.

In dem, wie man jhm auch abwehrete, ſo fuhr er in ſeinem Geſchwetz doch fort vnd ſprach. Ich bitte Ew. Gn. wollen mich hören bey ſeinem guten Gewiſſen, dann es iſt Ew. Gn. vnd der Chriſtenheit ſelbſt daran gelegen, ich wils euch vollends erzehlen, es ich bitt verhindert mich nur keiner mehr, ich wills erzehlen wie es hergangen ſey haar klein: Ich bitt drumb, ich wolt lieber ein Schaaff ſein ehe ich alſo wolt ſchweigen.

Wir beide ſind nach dem eſſen auß der Statt zum Heverle gangen, vnd allda beſehen wollen, wie der Hertzog von Arſchott ſein Fürſtliches Hauß, welches der Lipſius ſo hoch lobete wol bawen laſſen, vnd ob wir jhm nicht auß vnſer Kunſt etwan ein guten Rath mittheilen, auch damit wir vns ein wenig erholen möchten, vnd die Schenckel von den ſtätigen ſitzen vnd klopffen wider in dem gang bringen, vnd auch daß wir gern ein halbe Maß Rheiniſchen Wein daſelbſten haben trincken wollen, vnd die Zeit nach vnſer gewohnheit mit der Kegel Kugel oder Mantel ſpringen ein wenig vertreiben, vnd wie wir es vorgehabt, ſo haben wir es auch gethan. Als wir aber im Wirthshauß, auff der Schwelle ſtunden, kamen vns dieſe zween Fraßhanſen von hinden nach, welche ohn weitern bedencken vnd fragten, wo wir hin vnd was wir thun wolten? Eben als wann wir weren ſchuldig geweſt jhnen vnſere Handlungen rechenſchafft zugeben. Aber was wolten wir machen ſo bald wir ſagten daß wir einen Trunck thun wolten, ſobald ſprachen ſie daß ſie vns Geſellſchafft leiſten wolten, ob wir ſie ſchon nicht gebeten hatten, doch waren ſie noch in dem ſo höflich, daß ſie fragten ob wir es leiden möchten? Wir waren es gleichwol zu frieden vnd thäten jhnen alle Ehr an, die wir nimmer hätten von ehrlichen Leuten gegen vns wündſchen mögen.

Billich einander wir die Ehr gönnen,
Die wir Schuhflicker vnd Altmacher ſeyen.

Derhalben ohn fernern Verzug, nachdem wir einander begrüßt hatten, vnd je einer dem andern wegen deß vorgehens vnnd auff der rechten ſeiten gehens die Ehre angebotten vnd erzeiget, ſo giengen wir hinein in Gottes Nahmen. Daß ich hie erzehlen ſoll, was in wärender Abendzech wir für Geſpräch gehalten haben, das were die Zeit, welche ich doch hätte, ohn angezeigt, ich wüßte den Trunck meiner notwendurft beſſer mit Jſrackiſchem Buch vberſtreichen, vnd die Zit meines verſtands beſſer gebraucht haben, wann ich ſolches treiben wolte: Mit einem Wort, im Trunck wie vnn mein brauch vnd Gewonheit iſt, habe ich nicht vnterlaſſen können, etliche kluge Weißheiten vnd Sprüchreden, ſo ich von vnſerm Herrn Lipſius je bißweilen gehöret vnſerem Handwerck (wie Ew. Gn. es heiſſet) zu Ehren zu erzehlen. Aber in dem mich der dort? Nein, Nein, der da, der dorten in Huts hinein liegen bleib, mit vielen Stümpfreden, vnd mich darzu daß liegen. Ich? liegen? Ich wolte mich ehe mit 4. Pferden von einander reiſſen laſſen, ich wolte ehe verdampt ſeyn, ehe ich das leiden wolte, vnd ſagt mir frei ins Geſicht, ich were nicht ein ſo voller Han, als ich die Kreiden hette, ich were doch nichts als ein ſchlechter Schuhflicker, ein Schandfleck der Edlen Schuſterey, eine Grundſuppe deß Menſchlichen weſens: Der Kühſchwantz aller Handwercker: Doch deſſen alles ungeacht dachte ich, was willtu thun, du wirſt ſchlechte Reputation davon haben, wann du dich an dem Eſel reibeſt, er hat nichts ſtudieret, ich wil mich tröſten mit meinem Lipsius de Calumnia, de Constantia, de Patientia, denn dieſe Bücher habe ich alle in meinem Kram, vnnd glaub warlich nicht, daß Job ſo lange Gedult hette haben können, als ich, er mag Gedult gehabt haben, wie er wolle, ſo hat jhm doch keiner ſo geredet an die Reputation als mir. Aber da hatte die Gedult ein Ende als ich ſahe, daß er die Fauſt zuckete vnd mir eine Därren verſetzen wolte, vnd daß er mir ein Teller neben dem Kratzt Bart herwarffe. Da war es auß, da hat S. Velten mehr gedult gehabt, da kam mir das Wörmel auch in die Naſe, daß ich nicht vmbhin jhm eine ſo vngeheuwere Maulſchell geben hab, daß mir die Hand davon auffgeloffen, ich bekenne, ich ſchäme mich nicht. Er hat den anfang gemacht, ich nicht. Vnd ſag frei vnnd wann ich nicht gedacht, daß es meiner Reputation nachtheilig geweſen, wo ich dem Wirth mehr Ungelegenheit im Hauß verurſacht hätte, ich wolte dem weiß nicht was ich ſagen ſoll, die Lenden recht abgeblewet haben, wie er verdienet hätte.

Mich wundert Ew. Herr daß Ew. Gn. dieſe zween trapffen mögen alſo anſehen? Ich wolte ſie ſtracks in den Thurn legen, wann ich Meiſter were, ey, ich könte nicht ſo lange Gedult haben: Wer kennt ſie wol, wer meynt jhr wol, wer ſie ſeyen? Es ſeind elende Schuſter wie wir auch, doch in dem viel geringer als wir, daß ſie nur Schuſter ſind, wir aber Schumacher von rechts wegen. Ich habe von Lipsius, das iſt ein Mann, etliche mal gehöret, daß er mehr von vns halte, inſonderheit von mir, als von allen Schuſtern, die die newe Schuhe machen, nicht nur deßwegen daß die newe Schuh dem Fuß ſehr trucken, vnd wann ſie das erſte mal wider gemacht, wider geboren werden, viel ewiger vnd beſſer ſeyen als zuvor, ſondern auch wegen deß herrlichen Verß den er ſtäts im Munde geführet: Calceos antiquos par amat vnd Antiquorum wie ich hernach erzehlen will. Die Lateiner nennen ſie billich vnd recht Sutores, als Vastores weil ſie gemeiniglich das Leder verderben, daß es kein ſtich halten kan, vnd ſpringt wie der Teuffel, nur daß ſie jmmer Schuh zu verkauffen haben. Aber da ſiehet man daß ſie in Teutſchland nicht ſollen oder können Schuſter genennt werden, denn Sutor heißt ein Schuſter wie ſie ſeynd, Calceus heißt ein Schuh, nun kan Sutor nicht von Calceus herkommen, darumb heiſſen ſie auch unbillich vom Schuh Schuhmacher, ſondern von Sutores ô Suetor ein Schuſter. Cerdo aber, das wir ſind, das heiſſet einen Schumacher, eygentlich davon zu reden. Es haben die alten Römer wol gewuſſet, was die alte Schuh für Krafft geben, darumb haben ſie, in nennung vnſerer, auch nachdencklichen die Etymologey die Wort vnnd herkommen deſſelben wol betrachtet, vnd auß hohem verſtand alſo geſetzet, denn Calceus heiſſet ein Schuh wie auß der Cantzlei zu Rom noch zuerweiſen iſt. Nun ſo werden die drei Buchſtaben a l e hinweg geworffen, ſo kompt herauß Ceus, ſetze nur ein R. vor das V., ſind alsdann nur noch 2. Buchſtaben dar zwiſchen, vnd ein D für das S das giebt Cerd, zu ende darzu ein O kompt herauß Cerdo vnnd wird weder Priscianus noch Donatus dargegen ichtwas finden können vnd muß der gute Geiſt da leiden, vnd ſolt jhm das Hertz derſen, daß der Schuh vnſer vnd wir vom Schuh herkommen, vnnd den Namen haben vnd nicht ſie, denn das C. das C. iſt gleich anfangs auff vnſer ſeiten, vnd billich daß vns die Reputation gebühret, vnd jhr künfftig nicht mehr vor vns in das Wirtshauß gehen vnd vor vns trincken ſolt, ſondern nach vns. Darumb zu Lob dieſes herrlichen Namens vnſere guten gönner nemlich geſchrieben, daß wir ſeyen Cutissimi, Ebibissimi, Reputationissimi, Debitissimi, Opificissimi. Die Frantzoſen nennen ſie Cordoniers aber vnbillich, denn wo kompt das Wort her, iſt nicht Cordon ein Hutſchnur? Wo kommen ſie darzu? ſind nicht Cordons ſeiden vnd ſeile? Wo kommen ſie darzu? Warumb nennen ſie ſich nicht eben ſo wohl Tonneliers vnd Küffer, weil ſie ja ſo wol lederne Eymer machen als jene von Holtz. Aber die Frantzoſen haben keine beſſern Namen als die Italianer, wiewol dieſe lieblicher ſind in ihrer Sprach, doch haben ſie auch ein fehler da, dann den Schuh nennen ſie Scarpa vnd einen Schuſter Calzolaio, welches ſo viel iſt als ein Hoſenmacher von Calzetta welches Hoſen heiſſet, die Spanier ſind ſchlauge Schelmen, ſie kommen mächtig genaw herbey, vnd nennen ſie vnd vns Capateros vnd zum einigen vnterſcheid, nennen ſie vns Capateros de viejo vnnd ſie Capateros de nuevo Schuſter im alten, Schuſter im newen. Es iſt trefflich wol gegeben, denn was iſt vnter der Sonnen was mehr geehret wird vnd ſoll geehret werden, als das Alter, alle Hiſtorienſchreiber, alle Geſchichtſchreiber nehmen jhren anfang vom anfang, vnd ſuchen alle Herrligkeit vnd Würde im Alter. Muß nicht der Adel von Alter her, von Geſchlecht zu Geſchlecht, von grad zu grad zu erweiſen werden? Ein junger von Adel gilt ſein lebtag ſo viel nicht als ein alter (welches gleichwohl vnrecht iſt, denn billich durch Tugend, vnd nicht durch herkommen, der Adel zu achten, wie bei den Frantzoſen, vnd ich in Hoffnung bin, denſelben auch noch ein mahl durch eine redliche That zu erjagen). Iſt nicht das alte Gelt lieber als die newe Müntze? ſind nicht die alten Bücher vnnd die der Lipsius MMSS. nennet höher zu achten, als die heutigs Tags von newen durch vnfleiß der Setzer vnnd Trucker verkehrt werden? Ja ein Weinſchenck wird er nicht den alten Wein allzeit thewerer geben als den newen? ſchmäcket nicht der alte Käß beſſer zum trunck als der newe? Lobet man nicht einen guten alten Schwang? Auß welchem allen ich dieſen Syllogismus mache in Barbara, wie jener Capuziner ein soloecismus in Catharina.

Alles alte iſt beſſer als das newe.

Hierin Sonder es ſtreitens gnug geben, wann ich es nicht ſchon erwieſen.

Alles was wir Schumacher vnter hand haben da iſt alt. Ergo.

So ſind wir beſſer als die Schuſter, welche nur newe Schuh machen.

Da iſt nichts zu wider ſprechen, alle Welt weiß daß wir keine newe Schuh in vnſern Händen noch Häuſern haben.

Vnd welches alles bekräfftiget mein Lipsius mit ſeinen herrlichen viribus antiquis, iſt ſo viel geſagt vilibus antiquis, i. e. Calceis antiquis. Denn Rom iſt nit ſo wol auf alten Steinen geſtanden, als auf alten Schuhen: wie noch heutigs Tags zuſehen, wenn Lipsius ſagt in ſeinen Epiſteln Antiquamus, Nemblich nec ego de bono aut felici eximo opere sive spondeo nisi iterum antiquemus Das iſt: Es wird kein Glück im Land, man trage denn wieder alte Schuh. Dann daß man jetzt wieder newe Schuh auffm Land trägt, das iſt deß armen Mannes verderben, da iſt der Kriegen ſchuldig, weil die Soldaten den Bawern die Schuh immerzu nehmen: Wenn man nun alte Schuh trägt, ſo iſt es ein Zeichen des Friedes.

Genug, genug ſprach der Burgvoigt, wenn dem alſo iſt, wir haben die ſache nun wol verſtanden, verſtändigen iſt gut predigen: à bon entendeur ne faut que demy parolle. Jedoch ſeyd jhr billich zu loben, weil ich ſehe daß ihr noch euch handlen laſſet: Ihr ſeyd rechtſchaffene Leute: Mit einem Batzen kan man es bei euch außrichten: Wo die andern wollen einen Thaler haben: Vnnd in dem er ſich mit Ex Rob. beredet hatte, machte er volgende Ordnung an ſtatt eines Vrtheils.

Damit aber aller Streit vnd Zweiffel den ihr mit den Schuſtern biſshero wegen der praeferentz, gleich andern zu deß Reichs tagen rathenden Ständen gehabt, künfftig auffgehaben werden, vnd ihr als Brüder in mehrer vertrawligkeit künfftig mit einander leben möget, als Leute die eben wol einer als der andere von der löblichen Geſellſchafft des Crispinen ſind, ſo ſetzen, ordnen vnd wollen wir, daß ein jeder bleibe wer vnd wie gut er ſeye (dieweil doch durch ſolche praeferentz Streit an ſeiner Ehren vnd Würden keiner vor GOTT vnd Ehrliebenden Leuten beſſer gemacht wird, ſondern eben wol bleibet wie vnd wer er iſt), doch daß ihr einhelliglichen haben vnd führen möget den Namen Schuſter als wie in Hiſpanien, die Schuſter im newen vnd Schuſter im alten vnd zu mehrer Verſtändlichkeit, jene Schumacher ihr aber Schuflicker genennet werden, vnd damit die Schuhmacher wider eine ſo billiche Verordnung ſich beſchwärt finden wollen vnd halßſtarriger weiſe darwider ſein wolten, als haben wir dieſen öffentlichen Brieff, damit ſich keiner der vnwiſſenheit behelffen möge, an vnſer Burg anhäfftig laſſen vngeachtet einiger opposition, appellation, oder andern behülffs, ſo ſie darwider ohne Noth ſuchen möchten. Mit ebenmäſſiger injunction, damit ihr beiderſeits die Schäncken vnd Knockwürſte deſto daß beiſſen möget, daß ihr die Zähn führo hin ſchonen, vnd nicht wie vor dieſem mit dem Leder ziehen vnd ſtrecken verderben ſollet, welche Handlungen euch bey Ehrliebenden Leuten in verdacht gebracht, ob ihr ſolches beyderſeits auß Geitz vnd eygen Nutzen gethan hättet, darnach ihr euch zu richten, ꝛc.

Vmb 3 Vhr ſahen wir etliche zur Burg auff zulaſſung deß Vogts eingehen, die hatten ein mächtiges nachforſchen, keiner doch von vns wiſſen kondte, was es wäre, aber ich ward deſſen mit meinem Schaden zeitlich weiß, denn ſo bald ſie mich erblickten, giengen ſie auff mich zu vnd mit groſſem Ochſengebrüll, fielen mich an, als ob ich ein Beutelſchneider geweſen were, doch wurden ſie von den Trabanten, die mich nun wol leiden mochten mit ſtöſſen zurück gewieſen, daß denn ein groſſes Geſchrey gab, alſo daß auch König Ehrenveſt durch Celsum fragen lieſſe, was es were.

Die Kerls brachten vor, daß ich Philander hiezugegen vor zweyen Jahren vngefähr ein Geſichten Buch geſchrieben hette, welches ſie zwar wegen etlicher guten Lehren vnd deß Zwecks, dahin es ziehlet, nicht zu ſchelten wüſten, doch aber weil ſie in specie mehr als andere darin hart angezäpfft, vnd ſchier an Ehren zu nahe angegriffen wären, ſo betten ſie, auff daß man ſie nit für die jenige anſehen möchte, die ſie weren zu Rettung ihrer Ehren minder nicht thun könnten, dann weil ſie in erfahrung kommen, daß gedachter Philander allhie anzutreffen were, ſich derſelben Schmähwort wider jhn zu beklagen, weſſen dann nicht minder die löbliche Zunfft der Herren Medicorum, Weinſchencken, Apothecker, Gelehrten, Frawenzimmer, Hoff- vnd Kauffleute, neben vielen andern jhnen ſämptlich vollmacht vnd genugſamen Gewalt ertheilet, in ihrer aller Namen, wo ſie jhn Philander betretten möchten, denſelben anzuhalten, Handveſt zu machen, vnd mit Recht dahin verweiſſen zu laſſen, daß ihnen genugſame Erſetzung jhrer Ehren durch ein öffentlichen Widerruff geſchehen möchte, mit Abtrag, baten alſo Herren Celſum daß er jhro Majeſt. ſolches jhrentwegen vnterthänigſt vortragen wolte: Deren mühewaltung wegen ſie nichts vergeſſen würden.

Celsus war mir ohne das nicht günſtig, deßwegen er zu anbringung dieſes Dinges wie bei feindſeligen Leuten brauch iſt, keinen Fleiß, kein Wort, kein Gebärden, kein Spötteten, keine Verachtung, keinen Auffzug, keine Liſt ſparte: Darumb mir dann nicht wenig bang ward, vnd weil ich wuſte was ich für einen Freund vor mir hatte, thröhete ich mich etwas mit Ex. Rob. beyſeits: Zwar getroſt, es würde die Zeit kommen, in deren ich auch möchte gehöret, vnd mein vnſchuld offenbaret werden.

Vnlang hernach wurden Ex. Rob. vnnd ich beineben Frewnd, für den Ertzkönig gefordert, Der mir alſobald zu ſprach, Celsum abtretten hieß, vnd die beiden fragte: Ob ich verſtanden hätte, was die new ankommende Gäſte für Klag wider mich eingebracht, wegen der genannten Satoriſchen Geſichten darinn ich ſie an jhren Ehren ſolte angegriffen haben? Sie beyde ſahen mich an, ich aber ſprach ja, ich hätte es ſchon verſtanden. Fragte der Ertz-König: Was ich dann darzu ſagen wolte, wenn ſie vor Recht begehren würden? Gn. Herr Ertzkönig: ſprach ich, wann ich jhre formliche Klag hören werde, ſo will ich antworten: Auf vnformliches vngerichtliches Geſchrei, aber, iſt ein Ehrenmann gegen Hirnſchellige Kerls nicht ſchuldig zuſtehen, auch were es ſich einem dergeſtalt zu erwehren vnmüglich, was aber förmlich geſchicht, das hat Hände vnd Füſſe: zu dem thun mir ſprach ich weiters dieſe Geſellen vnrecht: deſſen bin ich in meinem Gewiſſen wol verſichert, alldieweil ich Krafft meiner in allen Geſichten hinden vnnd vornen eingewandten Entſchüldigung dergeſtalt vorgebawet vnd verbedinget, daß darauß klärlich erſcheinet, ich habe keinen Ehrlichen Mann, keinen rechtſchaffenen Juriſten ſondern allein die Auffwickler kein Rechtſchaffenen Artzt ſondern die Kälber Doctores, der einem Krancken mit einem Blick ermorden, keinen Rechtſchaffen Apotecker, ſondern die Betrieger, keinen frommen Schneider, ſondern nur die jenige die zu weit vmb ſich greiffen, keinen frommen Weinſchencken, ſondern nur die jenige die Waſſer vnter den Wein mängen, gemeinet vnd verſtanden. Viel weniger aber wollte ich hoffen, daß dieſe Geſellen von Ehrliebenden Leuten mich zu verklagen einen Gewalt, wie ſie ſich zwar berühmen vorzuweiſen haben werden, ſondern allein von den jenigen, die ich in jhrem Laſterhafften Weſen vnnd gewiſſen wahrhafftig getroffen: Die wahrhafftig ſolche Geſellen ſind, welche ſie doch jetzt nicht ſeyn wollen, vnd ſolle mich GOTT darfür behüten, daß ich einigen Ehren Mann wolte getadelt haben.

Wenn aber, ſprach König Ehrenveſt, ſich die Sachen alſo befinden, wie ich höre daß ſie vorgeben, ſo wirſtu ſchwärlich ohne Abſtraffung entkommen können, denn ſie ſagen wunder ſachen von deiner Lehr vnd von deinem Leben.

Ich bitte ſprach ich Gn. Herr Ertzkönig, daß ich dieſer Geſellen aller Namen hören möchte, ſo will ich als dann ſchon wiſſen, was jhr vorbringen wider mich ſein mag.

Als der König von den Trabanten ein ſolches erforſchet, vnnd mir angeſagt, ſo vernam ich, daß es inſonderheit dero, Nemblich Don Thraso Barbaviso, Don Vaſalo, und Mutius Jungfiſch, als Haupthändler und anhetzer waren, welche drei das Wort gethan, und ſich die Sache mächtig angelegen ſein laſſen: und mit allerhand greifflichen groben auffſchnitten vermeinten ſie es beim Richter dahin zu bringen, daß auff ihr bloſes angeben, ich, alſo ungehört, gleich in Thurn geworffen, und hernach zum Widerruff gezwungen, endlich aber ins Elend verwieſen würde. So bald ich aber hörete daß dieſe drey, Don Thraso Barbaviso, Don Vaſalo, und Mutius Jungfiſch, die Klage führeten, kundte ich mir wohl einbilden daß ſie, mich in Schaden zu bringen, nichts, auch an Lügen, ſparen würden.

Freymund, der dieſe drei Schaden-froh faſt wohl kandte wegen ihrer Handlungen, ſprach: Ew. Herr Ertzkönig, es iſt nit gnug, klagen, ſondern man muß auch beweiſen. Ew. Kön. May. geben dem Kläger gehör, aber mit dem rechten Ohr; nicht dem linken Ohr. Das lincke Ohr gehöret dem Beklagten zu ſeiner Verantwortung: Damit die Klagde nicht ſobald das Hertz einneme, noch der Beklagte ohne gnugſamb-eingenommenen Bericht verwieſen werde. Dieſe drey haben dem Philander alles Unglück und den Tod geſchworen, daß weiß ich von vielen Zeiten her. Sie liegen auff ihn offentlich und heimlich; und ob ſie öffentlich was vorbringen, geſchicht es doch allemal unter der Hand, mit angehengter bitt, man wolle es ihnen doch nicht nachſagen. Eine gewiſſe anzeigung ihres falſches: Ein gewiſſe anzeigung einer Läſterung, wo man auſſer den Gerichtszwang, in gemeinem Geſpräch, ubel von einem redet, unnd niemand läßt zur verantwortung kommen: ſondern unter der Hand bittet, man wolle es nicht nachſagen. Aber Ew. Herr König, es iſt nicht gnug, von einem Mann ubels reden. Von Schalck ſelbſt iſt niemalen ſo ubel geredet worden, als von deme der den Schalck heiſſet: ohne ſchmeicheln zu reden, weil er zugegen ſteht, und ob Philander ſich für keinen der frömbſten außgiebt, ſo iſt er gewiß doch nicht der Mann, für den dieſe drey ihn ſchelten, oder ich müſte in meinen Sinnen gar betrogen ſeyn. Hätten dieſe drey etwas wider ihn vor dieſem finden können, ach GOTT! ſie würden es nicht geſparet haben biß hieher.

E. Maj. wollen ſie hören, wie geſagt, ihnen anbefehlen daß ſie ihre Klage formblich vorbringen: Von Punct zu Puncten in das Gerichtsbuch einſchreiben laſſen: und dann wol erweiſen; ſo, und ſonſt nicht, wird man ſehen, wo der Fehler ſteckt, da wird dann Philander ſeine Entſchuldigung thun können; Thut ers nicht, oder kan ers nicht, ſo weiß ich, er iſt gleich wol ein Mann der ſtehen wird, und Exp. Robertus ſtehet für ihn, das weiß ich auch. Ich kann warlich nimmer Glauben, daß er dieſer Klagden und dieſer Reden ſchuldig ſeyn ſolte. Die Handlung wird es geben. Eines aber erinnere ich hie in Unterthänigkeit: Was nicht mit Zeugen ins Protocoll geſchrieben iſt; Das thut, zuforderſt Don Vaſalo, unnd auff dem Kläger (wann es ihm zum Vortheil dienen kann) auch wider ſein Gewiſſen friſch und ohne einigen ſchew abläugnen.

Ew. Herr König, ſprach Exp. Robert, die Läſterer, inſonderheit dieſe drey, haben im brauch, als ich an ihnen offt erfahren, daß ſie das Gericht und Recht fliehen als der Teufel das Creutz, weil ſie wiſſen, da müſſe ein Ding erwieſen ſeyn, oder erlogen; Aber auſſer Gericht, auff der Gaſſen, beym Trunck, bey verdächtigen Geſellſchafften, in den Kunckel Stuben, oder hinderwerts, wo es Philander weder höret noch erfähret, da ſchnadern ſie daher wie die Endten, klappern wie die Weiber, gagen wie die Hüner, unnd doch keine Eyer haben: und wiſſen ſo viel zu erzählen, daß es wunder ſcheinet: Welchem allen doch Krafft und Safft mangelt, wann es zum Beweiß und deß Richters erkündigung kommet. Unnd der ich umb Philanders thun weiß, mehr als einer, hoffe nicht das von ihme ichtwas dergleichen ſoll erfunden werden in Warheit: dann das iſt offenbar, daß Mutius der eine Kläger, ein rechter anhetzer iſt der andern Geſellſchafft, die ſonſt zu klagen nicht gedacht, noch auch urſach hätten. Und mit Hitz unnd Hirnſchelligkeit, als ein rechter Sudler und Strudelhirn, redet er was ihm in das Maul kompt, wie ein truncknes thörichtes Weib. Don Vaſalo aber iſt ein Böſwicht uber alle, ein Kerl den ich in ſeinen Wercken probiret, unnd auß ſeinen Wercken mit Warheit ſagen mag, daß er dieſe vier Haupt-Tugenden an ihm habe. Erſtlich: Alle loſe ſtücke, die er je verübet, oder noch in ſeinem Hertzen fühlet daß man ſie an ihm mercke, dieſelbe Stücke darff er ungeſchewet, und ohne Forcht deß Gewiſſens, als ein Ertzläſterer, von andern inſonderheit aber von Philander ſagen; und von einem andern vorgeben, was er ſelbſt gethan hat, und welches Philander nimmermehr in Sinn genommen, das weiß ich. Zum andern: Was Don Vaſalo alle weile geredet, das läugnet er auß den Ohren herauß, wann es nicht alſobald eingeſchrieben und verſchrieben iſt: und dannoch iſt es ſchwer, alſo ohne gnugſame Kundſchafft gegen ihn ichtwas zuerhalten. Drittens: Daß Don Vaſalo ſeinen Eyd ſelbſt anbietet zu allen Dingen, auch in ſolchen Orten, da man weiß, daß es die helle Unwahrheit ſey, und wider Gott und Gewiſſen gehe. Viertens: Daß er zu einem gehe, unnd ſpreche: Philander habe dieß und das geſagt, man ſolte es ja nicht von ihm leiden, hernach auch zu Philander gehe und ebenmäßig ſage: Jener habe diß unnd das geſagt, und er ſollte es ja nicht von demſelben leiden. Mit dieſem Griff und Kunſtſtücklin haltet er die Leuth in ewigen mißtrawen und mißhellung wider einander: daß keiner dem andern recht trawet, ſondern je einer den andern heimblich anfindet, denen beyden er doch beſonders gar gute Wort gibt: Von beyden ubel redet, doch beiden ſagt was ſie gern hören: Beyde in ſeinem Gewalt führet, beyden doch nichts guts gönnet: Alſo ein Mann iſt, der, wann möglich were, Himmel unnd Erden an einander hetzen ſolte. Nemblich, alſo, und anderſt nicht, kan er mit ſeinen Straffwürdigen Wercken, durchſchleichen, und ſich ungeſtrafft durchtringen. Und der Fünffte, endlichen, wann man ſeiner Läſterung wegen in Erfahrung kompt, und ihm dieſelbigen unter Augen leget, Er ſie dem, der es mit ſeinen Ohren gehöret, auß dem Mund läugnen darff, und mit Eyd betheuwren und behaupten wollen.

Der muß, ſprach König Ehrnveſt, ein Ertzböſwicht ſeyn, den man warlich in einer ehrlichen Gemein nimmer leiden, ſondern ins Welſchland verweiſen ſolte: nicht wunder were, es, der Ort, da ſolches Gifft wohnet, ſolte zu grunde und untergehen. Iſt denn dieſem nicht zuwehren?

Wol! ſprach Exp. Robertus, wann Oberkeiten die laſter mit ernſt ſtraffen, und auch gewiſſen-loſen Staats-urſachen keinen berüchtigen läſterer hägen, noch feſt darzu machen werden, ſo wird ſolch ubel wol vergehen von ſich ſelbſten.

König Ehrnveſt ſprach darauff; wir wollen gleichwol hören: Befahl demnach, Exp. Robertus ſolte den ankommenen ſagen; weil ſolch unordentlich Geſpräch lediglich nur ein Gewäſch gebe, welches auß vielen Zornzeichen, Hohn unnd vermiſchten Stichworten ſchon zuſpühren, ſolches auch gemeiniglich mit unwahrheit gefüttert were, ſo ſollten die Klägere (ob es ſchon wider alt-Teutſches herkommen ſein möchte, jedoch weil ſie ins gemein ſelbſten von der alt-Teutſchen Auffrichtigkeit und Wahrheit ſchon abgewichen) ihr vorbringen Schrifftlich ubergeben, damit man die Puncten der Klagede deſto beſſer erwegen; Sie, Klägere auch, wie Exp. Robert. ſelbſt erinnert, nicht gelegenheit haben möchten, das jenige, was ſie einmal geredet hernach auß dem Munde wider zu laugnen. Welches dann Exp. Rob. ehrlichs verrichtet, deſſen aber die Geſellen, als welche die Gelben Wider-Zähne ſchon geſpitzt, und die gifftige Zungen gewetzt hatten, ubel zu frieden waren: wol wiſſend, daß ihnen ihr Geſuchs in Schrifften nit abgehen würde, welches ſie ſonſt unter einander hetten herauß plaudern dörffen. Wie der liſtige Römiſche Orator Antonius gepfleget, welcher, als er gefragt; Warumb er die jenige Sachen, ſo er vor Gericht beybrachte, nicht auch in Schrifften verfaſſen lieſſe, als Cicero und andere? Sprach darumb, damit ſo daß jenige was ich einmal geredt habe, mir zu Schaden unnd unvortheil dienen thäte, ich hernach, je nachdem es mir behagen und taugen mag, Es widerumb geſtehen oder auch laugnen könne.

Mutius und D. Vaſalo waren gleichwol nicht faul, und die Feder geſpitzt daß es eine luſt war (dann Mutius trug dieſes alles: eine Feder, Dinten, Papier, ein Liniel, ein Federmeſſerlein, ein Schleiffſtein, ein Zirkel, ein Stuck Biei, Kreide, Rödelſtein, ꝛc. in einem Futter nach, wohin er gienge) unnd ſetzten die Klage auff, das ärgſte ſo ſie möchten, und lieſſen ſie dem Colonen uberreichen.

König Arioviſtus, ſo bald er ſahe, daß es mit Wälſch oder Latein, welches er haßte, wie den Teufel, erfüllet war, (daß dann Mutius zu ſonderer anzeigung ſeiner geſchicklichkeit gethan hatte, und der durch dieſe einige Mittel, wann Läſterung nicht mehr helffen wolte, verhofft hette die Sachen wider Philander zuerhalten) raffte mir hinzu, und gab mir ſie zu leſen: mit dieſen Worten: Siehe da, deutſcher Philander, leſe du ſelbſt was dieſe von dir liegen: ich ſehe es ſchon an dem Welſchen Schreiben daß es erlogen iſt. Deſſen Mutius erſchrack, und da ſtund als ob ihm in das Maul geſchiſſen wäre.

Der Inhalt ihrer Klagde aber, oder vielmehr die Worten waren dieſe:

Großmächtigſter Teutſcher Ertzkönig, ꝛc.

Vor E. Ertz-Kön. M. erſcheinet Mutius Jungfiſch, mit adjunction der Ehrrühmigen Herrn Don Thraso Barbaviso, und Don Vaſalo als legitimirter Anwald der wol-Erfahrnen

Meiſter Märty Naſenhaltens, unnd ſeine Nachbawren Schindelſpalters,
Meiſter Fritz Hippenbachers, unnd ſeins Bruders Puppenmachers,
Meiſter Gängle Suppenſpitzers, und ſeins Eydams Löffelſchnitzers,
Meiſter Utz, Fenſterkappers,
Meiſter Lang, Zundelklopffers,
Meiſter Lutz, Windtrigierers,
Meiſter Laubel, Schneckenſchieſſers
Bäſtel, Würths zum lähren Horn,

Meiſter Kiblein, Bienenſchwarm,
Meiſter Curtle, Zäpffelſchlackers,
Meiſter Jobſtle, Schalenlickers,
Meiſter Die Groſſenburſt, vnnd ſeine Nachbawren Art Bratwurſt.
Meiſter Jäckel, Durch den Wald,
Meiſter Engers Hinderhalt,
Meiſter Wolff, Nuſſenſtickers,
Meiſter Fuchſen, Eichelſtickers, ꝛc.

Vnd bringt denſelben, Krafft Gewalts, in Vnterthänigkeit klagend vor vnd an: Obwohl in den Keyſ. Beſchriebenen Teutſchen Rechten, wie nit weniger in deß H. Reichs Conſtitutionen, fürnemblich aber in dem Hochverpönten Landfrieden, auch dem Reichs Abſchied zu Regenſpurg, de Anno 1541. §. Ferner haben wir, ꝛc. Wie nicht weniger in der Reformation guter Policey, zu Augsburg 1548. tit. von Schmäh-Schrifften, ꝛc., heylſamlich vnnd wol verſehen: daß keiner den andern an ſeinem guten Namen, Glimpff vnd Ehr, quovis modo, per speciem antaſten, traduciren vnnd diffamiren, auch Niemand zu ſeines Neben-Menſchen Schaden vnd Nachtheil, Schmäch Schrifften, Pasquillen vnd dergleichen fingiren, anſtellen, vnd in das Reich divulgiren ſolle ꝛc. daß jedoch, deſſen ungeachtet, der genante Philander von Sittewald ſich nicht geſchewet, neben vielen Ehrlichen Leuten inſonderheit die, Erſtbenanten Anwaldts Hochgeehrte Herrn Principalen, ohn alle gegebene Urſach, sola calumniandi libidine inductus, in ſeinen titulirten Visionibus auff allerhand weiß vnd weg Ehren-verletzlich anzugreiffen, vnnd dieſelbe vor der Erbaren Welt, ſo viel an jhm iſt, zu verkleinern vnd injuriren. Wann aber ſie, die Herrn Principalen, ſich jederzeit eines untadelhafften Lebens befliſſen, vnd die jenige keines wegs ſein wollen, für welche ſie dieſer Philander calumniando außgeſchreyen, vnd gleichſam offentlich außgeblaſen hat: auff Notorietatem ipsam ſich deßwegen beziehende. Als haben ſie ſolche Iniurien billich ſehr tieff zu Hertzen gezogen, vnd ſein dahero verurſacht, vor Ew. Mayeſt. wider dieſer Calumnianten gebührende Vindication vorzunehmen. Geſtalt dann an dieſelbe Anwaldts vnterthänigs Suppliciren gelanget, jhme Philandern auffzulegen, daß Er Klagenden Principalen eine offentliche Palinody oder Widerruff zu thun ſchuldig ſeyn ſolle, vnnd jhme benebens, dieſes ſeines Verbrechens halben, mit Exemplariſcher, vnd angezogenen Constitutionen gemäſſer, Abſtraffung anzuſehen, vnnd ſolches alles mit Beſtehung Koſtens vnd Schadens.

Salvo omni Iuris remedio etc.

Als ich dieſe Schmäh-Schrifft geleſen, muſte ich lachen. Wann nichts mehr da als dieſes, ſprach ich, ſo hats keine Noth. Ein Läſterer ſchämet ſich nicht, auch die Sachen zu erzehlen, zu klagen vnd auffzumutzen, deren ſich doch die Kinder ſchämen würden. Wie muß der Teuffel einen Läſterer ſo gar in ſeinen Banden führen! Freilich, wie ein weiſer frommer Mann vorlängſt geſagt, ſo iſt es wahr, daß bey einer Läſterung drey Teuffel ſitzen. Dann dem Läſterer ſelbſt ſitzt der Teuffel auf der Zungen: Und der die Läſterung mit Luſten anhöret, dem ſitzt der Teuffel in den Ohren: Dem aber, der ſie zu ſchaden deß Nechſten, ohne Erkündigung der Warheit, glaubet, dem ſitzt der Teuffel in dem Hertzen. Es ſolte ja kein Menſch einem Läſterer glauben, er habe denn den armen Beklagten auch gehöret; Man höret's am Reden, man ſihet's an dem Gebärden, was ein Läſterer im Sinn habe. Wie geſchickt kommen ſie da auffgezogen, da doch ein Kläger geſchickt vnd bereit für den Richter kommen: Ja, da doch die Klagte vnd der Beweiß ſo helle, klar vnd wahr, als die helle Sonne ſeyn ſoll.

Weil ich aber mich ſo bald zu Recht erbotten, vnd begehrt, daß dieſe drey, Vorderiſt Bürgſchafft leiſten, für Gefährde ſchweren, vnd Ihren Gewalt vorlegen ſolten: In dem, ſprach ich, auff Jeremunds anmahnen, hätten ſie fug gehabt zu klagen, ſie würden es aber die Zeit nicht haben anſtehen laſſen; Die Klag iſt verſeſſen, ich bin nicht ſchuldig mehr darauff zu antworten; Aber da ſolte man geſehen haben, wie Muzius den Driel gebenckt drey Finger lang.

Letztlichen hieſſe man vns ſämptliche abtretten, vnd wurde, auf Befehl König Ariovists, durch Hanß Thurmeyern der Spruch oder Beſcheid auff dem Umbſchlag der Klag Schrifft geſchrieben vnd alſo verzeichnet:

Gegenwertig-eingegebene, mit Welſchen Worten geſchändete vnteutſche ſchrifft iſt vnwürdig geacht, daß ſie vor dem Heldenrath, oder vns, heute abgeleſen werden ſollen: Derowegen auch Beklagter ſo fern loß erkant werden. Doch vorbehalten den Klägern, für ein vnd alle mahl, ihre Klagde morgenden Sambſtags vnnd Stuck recht in formlicher Teutſcher Sprach einzulegen, ſo ſie wollen; damit ſie dann in der Sache erkant werden möge, was recht iſt. Auch allen vnſeren Teutſchen Reichs angehörigen, vnd wer künfftige Zeit vor vnſerem Hoff- vnnd Heldenrath zu handeln haben möchte, hiemit ernſtlich anbefohlen, nach löblicher Satzung Keyſer Rudolphs deß Erſten, ſich keiner andern Sprach, als deß guten Teutſchen fürohin zugebrauchen, ohne ſonderbare erhebliche, vnd vns gar allein vorbehaltene Urſachen: Wie dann alle die, ſo ſich darwider in ichtwas werden gelüſten laſſen, als Abtrünnige, vnd die auß Teutſcher Art geſchlagen, vnd an jhrem Vatterland vntrew worden, mit allem Ernſt vnnd vnablaͤßlicher Straff ſollen angeſehen werden. In der Burg Gerolts Eck, im Waßgaw. Den vierdten nach Rudolphs Tag, 1641.

Julius Moſen

ward am 8. Juli 1803 in Marieney einem Dorfe im obern Voigtlande, wo ſein Vater als Schullehrer lebte, geboren. Durch häuslichen Unterricht vorgebildet bezog er das Gymnaſium in Plauen und verweilte dort bis zum Abgange nach der Univerſität Jena 1822, wo er Rechtswiſſenſchaft und Geſchichte ſtudirte. Hier traf ihn zwei Jahre ſpäter das Unglück ſeinen Vater zu verlieren. Dadurch nicht allein auf ſich verwieſen, ſondern auch mit der Sorge für die Mutter und vier unerzogene Geſchwiſter belaſtet, half er ſich mit der ihm eigenen Tüchtigkeit durch Fleiß und Sparſamkeit fort und machte ſogar in Geſellſchaft eines Freundes eine Reiſe durch Italien, die von außerordentlichem Gewinn in jeder Hinſicht für ihn ausfiel. Zurückgekehrt ging er 1827 nach Leipzig, wo er ſeine Studien vollendete und im juriſtiſchen Examen die erſte Cenſur erhielt. Dann lebte er eine Zeitlang in ſeiner Heimath, um ſich zur juriſtiſchen Praxis vorzubereiten, verweilte darauf noch ein Jahr in Leipzig und ward dann Actuar bei dem Cruſius'ſchen Patrimonialgerichte in Kohren. Hier lebte er in angenehmen Verhältniſſen und ließ ſich ſpäter, zu Anfang des Jahres 1835, als Advocat in Dresden nieder.

Er gab heraus:

Ritter Wahn. Leipzig 1831.
Georg Venlot. Ebendaſ. 1831.
Heinrich der Finkler. Ebendaſ. 1835.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1836.
Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1837.
Cola Rienzi. Trauerſpiel (im erſten Bande von Willkomm's dramatiſchen Jahrbüchern abgedruckt).
Ahasver. Ein epiſches Gedicht. Leipzig und Dresden 1838.

Ferner: Einzelne Gedichte, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften; zwei noch ungedruckte Tragödien „Wendelin und Helene", und „Kaiſer Otto III." u. ſ. w.

Reiche Phantaſie, Kraft, tiefes edles Gefühl, warme Liebe und ſichere Beherrſchung der Form, bilden Eigenſchaften, welche dieſem ausgezeichneten Dichter, der im Bewußtſein innerer Würde ſich gleich weit vom rhetoriſchen Prunk, wie von falſcher, geſuchter Originalität entfernt hält, einen ſehr hohen Rang unter den Zeitgenoſſen anweiſen. Seine herrlichen Balladen „Andreas Hofer" und „die letzten Zehn vom vierten Regiment" ſind in das Volk gedrungen und ſchnell Eigenthum deſſelben geworden. In ſeinen Trauerſpielen hat er ſich die Aufgabe geſetzt in einfacher Darſtellung das Seelenleben welthiſtoriſcher Menſchen im völkerbewegenden Daſein zu veranſchaulichen und ſich ſo von vorn herein auf die Höhe geſchwungen, von welcher aus allein Großartiges und Bedeutendes in der Tragödie geſchafft werden kann. — Mit wenigen Worten iſt eigentlich ſein Weſen wie ſein Wirken bezeichnet: An Julius Moſen iſt Alles gediegen und ächt.

Cola Rienzi *).

Fünfter Act.

Erſte Scene.

Zimmer Rienzi's auf dem Capitol.
(Der Hintergrund iſt mit einem Vorhange verborgen).
Rienzi. Enrico, ſtehend am Tiſche.

Rienzi.
Wer hat den friſchen Lorbeerkranz dorthin
Gelegt auf meine [illegible]?

Enrico.
Ich, Tribun!
Ein Blumenmädchen hielt mich auf dem Platz
Und drängte mich, bis ich den Kranz genommen.

Rienzi.
Unüberwindlich treu biſt Du, mein Freund!
Sonſt ſind ſie Alle Schufte hier in Rom;
Ich haſſe grimmig, ſchmerzlich dieſe Römer.

Enrico.
Sie haben Dich wie einen alten Helden
Mit Fahnen und mit Zweigen eingeholt!

Rienzi.
Sie helfen fort dem jüngeren Colonna,
Und Baroncelli, wo iſt Baroncelli?

Enrico.
Du weißt, er iſt verſchwunden.

Rienzi.
Wie die Natter,
Die grollend in die Erde ſich verbirgt;
Soll ich nun ewig meine Ferſe hüten?
Ich ſehe ſeine Schleimſpur in dem Sand
Allüberall; er iſt in Rom, in Rom!
Enrico, treue Seele, ſage mir:
Was ſpricht, doch nein, was denkt man hier in Rom?
O, wer doch die Gedanken wiſſen könnte!

Enrico.
Man fürchtet Dich.

Rienzi.
O, lernen Sie es nun,
Daß es gefährlich iſt, mit mir zu ſpielen!
Haſt Du nicht auch geſehen auf den Straßen
Die vielen finſter drohenden Geſichter?

Enrico.
Du kennſt das Volk, es hängt am Augenblick.
Tribun, vulkaniſch iſt Italien,
Und plötzlich aus der Erde zuckt das Feuer!
Bedenk' die arge Hungersnoth in Rom;
Colonna hat die Saaten rings verbrannt,
Und ſeine Schaaren ſchneiden von der Stadt
Die Zufuhr ab!

Rienzi.
Der ſchändliche Verräther,
Der Montreale ſteht mit ſeiner Bande
Entgegen ihm! Sie ſchonen ſich einander.
Verräther, Schufte ſind ſie Alle, Alle!
O, Baroncelli, Montreal', Colonna!
Drei Köpfe braucht' ich nur, ſo wär' ich glücklich.
Enrico, drei Verrätherköpfe nur!

Enrico.
Haſt Du noch nicht genug? An allen Enden,
In allen Straßen ſtecken Köpfe aus;
Die Mordarbeit der Henker hört nicht auf,
Und wieder voll ſind die Gefängniſſe.

Rienzi.
Nur von Verräthern, von Verſchwornen!
Die Gutgeſinnten ſollen ſicher ſein.

Enrico.
Was heißt das: gutgeſinnt? O, dieſes Wort
Iſt wie ein Wolf in einem Lämmerſtall!

Rienzi.
Ich kann nicht ſchlafen; theuerſter Enrico,
Drei Köpfe ſchaffe mir, ich wäge ſie
Mit Gold Dir auf! Schaff mir die Köpfe nur!

Enrico.
O, wer hat Dir Dein gutes Herz geſtohlen!

Rienzi.
Still! Still davon! Ich war ein frommer Narr;
Ich ſuchte die Gerechtigkeit hienieden!
Ich war ein Thor; es gilt nur die Gewalt!
Und mit Gewalt will dieſes Volk ich peitſchen
Aus ſeinem Sumpfe der Verworfenheit;
So lang will ich es ſchütteln in dem Sieb,
Bis nur noch ächte Römer übrig ſind.
Mit Schrecken und Entſetzen zwing ich ſie!
Um jung zu machen ein verdorbnes Volk,
Kennt nur der Arzt zwei Mittel: Stahl und Feuer!
Studier' mir im Geſichte nicht herum!
(Tomaſo kommt).

Rienzi.
Sieh', unſre Späher bei dem Heer! Wie geht's?

Tomaſo.
Spazieren geht's und Zeit hat Montreale!

Rienzi.
Er ſoll nicht zu viel haben, wahrlich nicht!

Tomaſo.
Marſchiren läßt er wohl den ganzen Tag,
Am Abend bringt den Zirkel er zu Ende!
Ein wahrer Spaß iſt in dem Felde los;
Vorpoſten, Freund und Feind gehn Arm in Arm,
Aus einer Flaſche trinken ſie ſich zu;
Ein gar gewalt'ger Feldherr Montreale!

Rienzi.
Er bringt mich hier in Rom noch zur Verzweiflung;
Unruhig iſt das Volk, es leidet Hunger.
Von Tivoli war Zufuhr mir verſprochen.

Tomaſo.
Wer kann für Unglück? Dieſe hat Colonna
Hinweggeſchnappt.

Rienzi.
Und Montreale?

Tomaſo.
Das Gewehr
Im Arm ſah von der Höhe ruhig zu.

Rienzi.
O, Teufel, ſchick' ihn mir lebendig her!

Tomaſo.
Nun aber gibt es Meuterei im Heer.

Rienzi.
Ha, Schlange, noch nicht Gift, nicht Gift genug?

Tomaſo.
Die deutſchen Söldner dienen länger nicht,
Wenn Du nicht den rückſtänd'gen Sold bezahlſt.

Rienzi.
Ha, ſchlagt mich todt und münzt zu Geld mich aus!

Tomaſo.
Das ſage Montreale; denn er kommt!
Ihr werdet, denk' ich, manches Freundliche
Euch im Geheimen zu eröffnen haben.

Rienzi.
Er käm'? Der Montreale käm' hieher?
Ich mein', leibhaftig? Ach, nun iſt mir leicht!

Tomaſo.
Dich läßt auch Daniello vielmals grüßen;
Er will die fremden Söldner heut' bereden,
Wenn Montreale aus dem Lager iſt,
Auf Paleſtrina einen Sturm zu wagen.

Rienzi.
Der brave, eiſenfeſte Herzensjunge!

Tomaſo.
Der Einzige, dem noch zu trauen iſt!
Da iſt noch was für Dich! denn geſtern Abends
Schlug ich vor Paleſtrina todt den Juden,
Den ich vorher bei Montreal' geſehen.
Da die Papiere trug er unterm Hute!

Rienzi (durchlieſt flüchtig die Papiere, welche ihm Tomaſo überreicht).
O, kann denn auch ein Menſch ſich herzlich freuen,
Wenn er verrathen, dreifach iſt verrathen!
Tomaſo ſuch' Dir aus, was Dir gefällt!
Nimm Dir aus dieſem Saale, was Du willſt!

Tomaſo.
Ich diene nicht um Lohn; es freut mich aber
So überall die Hand im Spiel zu haben.
Ich geh' jetzt durch die Straßen ſpioniren;
Denn ſeit drei Tagen fliegen auf und zu
Vom Lager und von Rom geheime Boten.
Gedenk' an mich, es iſt Etwas im Werk! (Ab).

Rienzi.
Enrico, hörſt Du? Montreale kommt!
Beſtelle ſchnell das ganze Tribunal!

Enrico.
Tribun! Bei unſrer Kindheit, Chriſti Wunden,
Beflecke nicht mit Blut die reine Hand!

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*) Trauerſpiel von Julius Moſen.

Rienzi.
Du biſt ein Kind.
Enrico.
O, thu' es nicht, Rienzi!
Rienzi.
Was denn?
Enrico.
Du ſinnſt ein gräßlich blut'ges Werk.
Rienzi.
Gehorche, Prieſter! (Enrico ab).
Rienzi (allein).
Du warſt mein Meiſter! Hüte Dich, daß ich
Nicht heut' an Dir mein Meiſterſtück verſuche!
Verhöhnt haſt Du ſo oft mein Ideal
Von der Gerechtigkeit, mir angeprieſen
Den Eigennutz, die herriſche Gewalt;
Hab' ich Dir Deinen Kunſtgriff abgelernt,
So nimm vor Deinem Schüler Dich in Acht!
Montreale (tritt wild herein).
Mir dieſen Schimpf? Thu' mir genug, Tribun!
Bin ich denn ein Bandit? Thu' mir genug!
Rienzi.
Was raſ'ſt Du?
Montreale.
Mir haben die Lictoren
Im Vorſaal meine Waffen abgenommen;
„Es darf in Waffen Niemand zu Dir ein!"
Ich trag' vor Gott, vor Königen und Kaiſern
Mit Ehren meine ritterlichen Waffen!
Rienzi.
Ich bin kein Gott, kein König und kein Kaiſer!
Montreale.
Meinetwegen Rädelsführer! Meine Waffe!
Ich bin entehrt von Dir! Thu' mir genug!
Rienzi.
Erhitz Dich nicht, es könnt' ſich alſo fügen,
Daß Du noch heute Deinen Witz gebrauchteſt!
Bringſt Du von Paleſtrina mir die Schlüſſel?
Montreale.
Den Teufel auch!
Rienzi.
Noch nicht, noch nicht die Schlüſſel?
So bringſt Du Proviant? wir darben hier.
Montreale.
Wir aber können hungern in dem Feld?
Rienzi.
Ich weiß, dreimal war ſchon in Deine Hand
Colonna mit den Seinen Dir gegeben,
Doch immer offen ließt Du ihm die Flucht;
Gib Antwort? Sprich weshalb? Doch nein!
Ich weiß es ſchon, ich kenn' Dich, Montreale!
Montreale.
Ich kann mit tauſend Reitern Antwort geben.
Rienzi.
Gewiß! Die Anzahl hat ſich nicht verringert;
Dein Feldzug macht Bankrott die Apotheker!
Montreale.
Ich ſage Dir gerade in's Geſicht,
So lang Du nicht die Löhnung haſt bezahlt,
Wird nichts aus Paleſtrina. Geld! ſchaff Geld!
Mit leeren Händen geh' ich nicht von hier.
(Enrico kommt).
Rienzi (zu Enrico heimlich).
Sind ſie verſammelt?
Enrico.
Sind!
Rienzi.
Hier?
Enrico.
Geſchehn!
Rienzi (zu Montreale).
Nimm Paleſtrina, dort iſt Geld und Gut!
Montreale.
Kriegsbeute ſtellen wir auf Rechnung nicht.
Rienzi.
Du biſt unſäglich hart. Du drängſt mich ſehr.
Ich weiß: Du kennſt die Noth von Rom und meine;
Du weißt es auch zu gut, daß Du uns ſelbſt,
Ob mit, ob ohne Schuld, ſo weit gebracht!
Sei redlich, Mann, und ende dieſe Noth!
Du wollteſt einſt dem Heer mit meinem Namen
Reſpect geboten haben, daß ein Gott
Dich an Italiens Küſte tragen mußte;
Gebiete jetzt ſo Deinem eignen Herzen!
Montreale.
Haha! Du glaubſt noch an das Kindermährchen,
Das ich damals Dir vorgelogen habe?
Rienzi.
Wär's möglich, daß ſo ſehr der Lügengeiſt
Nachmachen kann die Wahrheit, o, bei Gott!
Dann iſt Dein Muth, den man ſo ſehr geprieſen,
Und Alles eine prahleriſche Lüge!
So hohl inwendig, wüſt und tödtlich leer,
Haſt Du nicht Furcht, daß in dem Augenblicke,
Wo Du bei Deinem Namen wirſt gerufen,
Du plötzlich wie ein Traumgeſpenſt zerfährſt?
Montreale.
Schaff' Geld, verſtehſt, baares Geld! Schaff' Geld!
Rienzi.
Schnell dreht das Glück des Menſchen Schickſal um;
Erbarme Dich des hartbedrängten Volks!
Noch einmal, — aber auch zum letzten Male:
Ende dieſe Noth und laß uns Freunde ſein!
Montreale.
Sprichſt Du zu einem Stein? Ich höre nichts.
Rienzi.
Wenn Du nun ſelbſt vor mir im Staube lägſt,
Sollt' ich nicht auch des Freundes mich erbarmen?
Montreale.
O, leg' auf Dein Erbarmen einen Heller,
Und ſchenk' es einem Bettler auf der Treppe!
Rienzi (laut).
Ihr unſichtbaren Richter, richtet denn
Hier zwiſchen Montreale und Rienzi!
Montreale.
Ich frag' Dich: ſchaffſt Du das bedungne Geld?
Rienzi.
Und zahl' ich nicht?
Montreale.
So zahlte mir dafür
Colonna noch einmal ſo viel, als Du!
Rienzi.
Das heißt Verrath an Rom, an mir und Dir!
Montreale.
Wie Du es nimmſt.
Rienzi.
Enrico die Papiere!
Lies vor! lies dieſem Mann es deutlich vor!
Enrico (lieſt).

Gott zum Gruß dem Fürſten Giovanni Colonna! Dieſem meinen Unterhändler könnt ihr vertrauen. Nachdem ich mit dem Abentheurer Rückſprache genommen, komme ich mit Entſchluß zum Abſchluß. Montreale.

Rienzi.
Bekennſt Du Dich zu dieſem Briefe hier?
Montreale.
Wie auch der Wiſch in Deine Hände kam;
Ich wiederhole: ſchaffſt Du nicht den Sold,
So werd' ich handeln, wie es mir gefällt.
Rienzi (zieht den Vorhang auf. Man ſieht im Halbdunkel die Richter des Tribunals ſitzen).
Montreale.
Was ſoll die Mummerei?
Rienzi.
Ihr redlichen Richter,
Habt ihr vernommen deutlich und vernehmlich
Die Eingeſtändniſſe des Mannes hier?
Richter.
Gehört!
Rienzi.
So klag' ich Montreale an
Der Räuberei, des Mordes, des Verraths,
Den er an ganz Italien begangen!
Montreale.
Mich willſt Du ſchrecken mit der Narrethei,
Mich, den Italien mit Entſetzen nennt?
Wer hat zu meinem Richter Dich geſetzt?
Wer biſt Du, Creatur von meiner Hand?
Rienzi.
Ihr Richter habt gehört, ſo frage ich:
Iſt ſchuldig des Verrathes, Mordes, Raubes
Der angeklagte Ritter Montreale?
Richter (aufſtehend).
Schuldig! Schuldig! Schuldig!
Montreale.
Zur Hölle mit dem Spaß! Mein Schwert! — Mein Schwert!
Mein gutes Schwert! O Gott im Himmel hilf!
Rienzi.
Raub, Mord, Verrath! Sagt ihm dafür die Strafe!

Richter.
Der Tod! Der Tod! Der Tod!

Montreale.
O, ich elender Thor, ſtürz' in die Grube,
Die ich dem abgefeimten Schuft gegraben!

Rienzi (ein Stäbchen nehmend).
Du ſchuld'ger Menſch, wie dieſer dürre Stab,
So ſei Dein Leib zerbrochen, und gegeben
Dein Haupt dem Beil, und Deine arme Seele
Befohlen in die Hände Deines Gottes!
(Rienzi zerbricht den Stab und wirft die Stücke über ihn).

Richter (die Stühle umwerfend).
Zeter! Zeter! Zeter!
(Der Vorhang wird wieder vor dem Tribunal zugezogen. — Trabanten mit Fackeln und Beilen erſcheinen).

Rienzi.
Und ſo zertret' ich Dich und Deine Lüge!

Montreale.
Unmöglich! Nein, entſetzlich iſt es nur!
Du wollteſt mich verſuchen, ja, ich weiß!
Und ſchlecht hab' ich beſtanden dieſe Probe;
O, auch den Tapferſten kann man erſchrecken!
Du darfſt nicht ſo mit einem Menſchen ſcherzen.
Schweig nicht ſo eiſern! Sprich zu mir ein Wort!
Ich will es eingeſtehen, willſt Du ſo,
Daß ich zu geizig meinen Vortheil ſuchte; —
O, ſchweige nicht ſo leblos, ſtarr und wild!
Gott, alle Heilige und unſre Väter
Sind Zeugen, daß ſchon morgen Paleſtrina,
Colonna auch in Deinen Händen ſind;
Laß mich nur ungefährdet weg aus Rom!
O, ſchweige nicht ſo tödtlich wie das Grab!
Ich will dem Heer die Löhnung ſelbſt bezahlen,
Erlaſſen will ich Dir die ganze Schuld;
O, ſprich ein Wort, ein einzig armes Wort!
Ich ſtelle Dir zu Bürgen meine Brüder
Und meine Kinder, wehe, meine Kinder!
Ich weiß, Du braucheſt Geld, nimm hin! nimm hin!
Ich löſe mich mit dreißig Zentnern Gold;
Du weißt: ich bin der reichſte Mann der Welt!
Du nimmſt es an? O, rede, rede nur!
Ich kann nicht ſterben, jetzt nicht, jetzt nicht ſterben!
O, wache ich? ich träume nur ſo gräßlich;
Ich rede Wahnſinn, glaube nicht daran!

Rienzi.
In Dir gerichtet ſei die ganze Zeit,
Das ganze menſchliche Geſchlecht in Dir,
Der ganzen Welt Verworfenheit und Lug!
Ich hätt' euch vor euch ſelbſt erretten können.
Von euch geſtoßen habt ihr mich mit Hohn,
Geſchmäht, geläſtert, tauſendfach verrathen!
Und da ihr eu're Schlechtigkeit getrieben,
An mir den Frevel bis auf's Aeußerſte,
Und ich die Bosheit bei der Kehle faſſe,
Will heuchleriſch ſie um Erbarmen beten?
Ich hab' euch ſatt, euch Alle herzlich ſatt,
Zum Ekel ſatt, wie ſcheußliches Gewürm!

Montreale.
Verdammter Geiz, der mich ſo weit gebracht
In dieſen aufgeſperrten Löwenrachen!
Ach, in die Hölle wie ein Narr, ein Schuft!

Rienzi.
Man nannte Dich den zweiten Hannibal;
Biſt Du der Menſch, der dreißig Schlachten ſchlug,
Den man den Tapferſten Europa's nannte?
So reiß ich Dir die Maske vom Geſicht,
Und ſieh, dahinter ſteckt die feige Lüge!
(Zu den Trabanten).
Hinweg mit ihm!

Montreale.
Vorbei! Vorüber! Und war das mein Ziel?
Im eignen Netz erwürgt! O, meine Klugheit!
O, die verdammte Dummheit bringt mich um!
Nein! bleib nicht, o, die Hyäne hier,
Die ich für eine fromme Katze nahm,
Sie frißt mich nun zu Tod'! Peſt über Dich!
Ich habe immer herzlich Dich gehaßt!

Rienzi.
Ha, doch ein Funken Wahrheit noch in ihm!
Er hat genug geraſt, führt ihn zum Tode!

Montreale.
Zum Tod'! Zum Tode? Wohl, ich bin gefaßt!
Allmächt'ger Gott! erbarm' dich meiner Seele!
Gedenk' an mich, Rienzi! Goldtreiber!
Kein Heil aus meinem Blute wird Dir ſprießen;
Denn unſre Sterne gehen mit einander,
Jäh ab ſchießt unſre Laufbahn an das Ende!

Rienzi.
Hinweg mit dieſer Eule!

Montreale.
Ich lade Dich vor Gottes Richterſtuhl;
Denn in drei Stunden ſtehſt Du dort mit mir!
(Er wird abgeführt, Enrico folgt).

Rienzi (allein).
Ha, wie ſo tödtlich ruhig wird es hier?
Wie, ausgebrannt ſo ſchnell, Vulkan der Bruſt?
Hat Dich, den nicht das Weltmeer löſchen konnte,
Verlöſcht der Wahnwitz eines Sterbenden?
Ich brenne noch immer Gluth und Feuerſtrom!
(Man hört einen Glockenſchlag).
Horch, pocht der Tod mit ſeinem Finger an?
(Zweiter Glockenſchlag).
Jetzt haben ſie die Augen ihm verbunden,
Der noch vor einer Stunde Rom, Italien,
Mich ſelbſt zu ſeinen Füßen liegen ſah,
Thut jetzt den letzten, letzten Odemzug!
Der Narr fing noch zu prophezeihen an!
(Dritter Glockenſchlag).
Amen! Amen!
(Lange Pauſe. Daniello tritt ein).

Daniello.
Heil und Victoria!

Rienzi.
Ah, Daniello?

Daniello.
Vorbei iſt alle Noth!

Rienzi.
Weißt Du? Weißt Du?

Daniello.
Als Montreale abgegangen war —

Rienzi.
Weißt Du es ſchon? Ich hab' ihn abgefertigt.

Daniello.
Da hatt' ich einen Anhang bei dem Heer;
Nur Montreale war der böſe Geiſt!

Rienzi.
Mein böſer Geiſt! Gewiß! Ich dachte immer,
Der ſchlimme Baroncelli wär' es nur.

Daniello.
Wir folgten Alle. Wahrlich brave Kerle
Sind dieſe Deutſchen! Paleſtrina war
Genommen, und Colonna und die Seinen
Haben capitulirt und ſchwören Treue.
Wie biſt Du ſo verſtimmt? Du freuſt Dich nicht?
(Enrico kommt).

Enrico.
Vom Biſchof, dem Legaten, dieſes Schreiben!

Rienzi.
Lies vor!

Enrico (lieſt).
Geliebter Sohn! Dich ſegnet die heilige Kirche und ernennt Dich hiermit zum Senator und Gouverneur von Rom! Und iſt befohlen, an Montreale die bedungene Summe auszuzahlen, und ſeinen Abzug zu beſchleunigen.

Rienzi (gezwungen lachend).
Hahaha! Zum Wahnwitz iſt der Spaß!

Enrico (weiter leſend).
Ein Kleinod bringen wir Dir mit, das Dich binden ſoll an die Sache der heiligen Kirche, an Dein eignes Wohl und an unſer Herz.
Raymund, Legat.

Rienzi.
Ha, Herzgeld, es ſtinkt nach Blut und Aas!

Daniello.
Was iſt mit ihm geſchehen?

Enrico (leiſe).
Montreale
Hat er enthaupten laſſen.

Daniello.
Montreale?
Das war nicht klug, das war nicht gut gethan!
Sein Argwohn warf erſt neulich in die Stadt
Dreihundert Söldner. Schwierig ſind die Bürger;
Eh' wir es meinen, iſt der Aufruhr fertig.

Rienzi.
Fluch dieſem Dämon, der mich ſo gejagt
Durch Armuth, Ruhm, Verzweiflung, Tod und Glück
Bis mitten in den Wirbel der Verdammniß!
Fluch dem Phantom, das ſich mir vorgegaukelt,
Fluch über mich und Rom und alle Welt!

Enrico.
O, komm zu Dir!

Daniello.
Laß von ihm ab und ſchweige!
O, reiz' ihn nicht; er iſt vom Blut berauſcht;
Aderlaſſen thut ihm gut.

Rienzi.
Seht dort den Brutuskopf, er rollt die Augen;
Ein Marmorſtein und kann die Augen rollen!

Enrico.
Ein ſchrecklich Ding, wacht das Gewiſſen auf!
(Tomaſo tritt ein).

Tomaſo.
Ein Polcinello mit viel hundert kleinen
Verdammten Maccaroni's hinterdrein,
Mit Beſen und Laternen durch die Straßen
Und kehren überall und ſchreien laut:
Die gute Zeit, die alte gute Zeit!

Daniello (zu Tomaſo).
Du ſiehſt, er hört Dich nicht: ſag' mir es an!

Tomaſo.
Und viele tauſend Männer, Frauen, Jungen
Sind ſchon um ſie herum und helfen ſchreien.

Daniello.
Wer iſt der Polcinello?

Tomaſo.
Baroncelli!
Jetzt eben ſprang, wie eine tolle Katze
Die Nachricht durch die Stadt: enthauptet ſei
Der große Montreale.

Daniello.
Meine Furcht!

Tomaſo.
Aus den Quartieren ſtürzten da die Söldner
Mit furchtbar ſchrecklichem Geſchrei um Rache,
Und ſo rollt jetzt die Waſſerhoſe her. —
(Man hört trommeln und ſchreien: Gerechtigkeit und Brod! Gerechtigkeit und Brod!)

Tomaſo.
Mein Werk iſt aus, fangt nun das eure an! (Ab).

Daniello (ſieht zum Balcone hinaus).
Da wächſt der Aufruhr aus dem Boden 'raus,
Zu einem Mann wird jeder Pflaſterſtein.

Volk (von außen).
Heraus! Heraus! Heraus!

Rienzi (emporfahrend).
Was iſt? Wer ruft? Was giebt es?

Daniello.
Aufruhr! Aufruhr!

Volk (von Außen).
Heraus, Tribun! Tyrann! Heraus!

Rienzi (zum Balcone hinaustretend).
Es lebe Rom! Tod über ſeine Feinde!

Volk (von außen).
Nieder mit ihm! Nieder!
(Steine fliegen in die Fenſter und zum Balcon herein; Rienzi taumelt zurück).

Rienzi.
Confect! Confect!
Noch lebe ich! Verderben über ſie!
Schnell, Daniello, nach Traſtevere! —
Ah, die Halunken wollen Aufruhr machen! —
Nicht wahr, da drüben ſeid ihr noch getreu?

Daniello.
Für die Traſteveriner ſteh' ich ein.

Rienzi.
Hinüber Daniello! Führ' ſie her!
Gleich einem Wetterſtrahl brich durch die Menge,
In ihrer eignen Freiheit ſtreck' ſie hin!

Daniello.
Gewinnſt Du ſo viel Zeit, ſo kurze nur,
Bis ich mit meinen Kameraden komme,
So hau' ich Dich heraus!

Rienzi.
Stürz' hin, als jagte
Das ganze Elend heulend hinterdrein.
(Daniello und Enrico ab).
(Diener, mit Gepäcke beladen, fliehen über die Bühne.)

Rienzi.
Ha, kommt der Wurfler mit der Schaufel an?
Es ſtäubt die Spreu hinweg, wo iſt der Waizen?

Enrico (zurückkommend).
All' Deine Diener haben Dich verlaſſen;
Nun hab' das feſte Thor ich zugeſchloſſen.

Rienzi.
Verlaſſen hat mich Alles, und Enrico,
Die ſchüchterne und ſchwache Seele will
Bei mir jetzt bleiben, wo Gewitterſturm
Den Maſt zerſchmettert und das Steuerruder?
Du haſt ein Weib daheim!

Enrico.
Ich hatte eher einen Freund an Dir!

Rienzi.
In dieſer Demuth bärgſt Du ein Herz,
In Lumpen den Karfunkelſtein verborgen!
Du braves Herz!

Enrico.
Ich bleibe ſchon bei Dir.
(Heftiges Trommelwirbeln von Außen mit Hohngeſchrei).

Rienzi.
Was iſt das für ein Rauch? ein Feuerqualm?
(Enrico geht).

Volk (von Außen).
Nieder mit dem Tribun!

Rienzi.
Heran, du Tigerkatze, ſpring heran
Und ſauf dich ſatt, hier haſt du Römerblut!

Enrico (zurückkommend).
O, wehe! wehe! das Geſindel hat
Feuer geworfen in die Canzelei;
Im lichten Feuerbrand ſteht das Archiv!

Rienzi.
Die Raſenden! In dieſen Pergamenten
Bewahrt ſind alle Privilegien,
Die alten Rechte dieſes Pöbelvolks!
Heut ſtirbt zum letztenmal die alte Roma,
Sie morden heute ihre eigne Seele!

Enrico.
Wie grüne Schlangen fährt's an den Tapeten
Herüber durch die Gallerie zu uns!

Rienzi.
Habt Dank, ihr Meuterer, ihr weckt mich auf!

Volk (von Außen).
Holla! Holla! Heraus, heraus, Tribun!

Rienzi.
Reich mir den Helm, den Schild, das große Schwert!
(Während er ſich rüſtet, wobei ihm Enrico hilft).
Fällt Dir nicht auch das alte Lied noch ein:
„Von Seligkeit ſind trunken
Die Armen und die Müden;
Es iſt herabgeſunken
Der Himmel mit dem Frieden!“

Volk (von Außen).
Tod dem Tyrannen! Nieder mit ihm!

Enrico.
O, dieſe Worte, und zu dieſer Zeit!

Rienzi.
Ich freute mich zu ſterben ſo wie Du,
Gewalt'ger Cäſar, Vorbild meines Lebens!
Ich rief Dir zu: reich mir den Lorbeerkranz,
Und wär's am Fuße der Pompejusſäule!
Du haſt mir kaiſerlich Dein Wort gehalten.
Das beſte Ende iſt ein jäher Tod.
Du ſcharfes Schwert, mit dem ich hingeſtreckt
Den Wütherich Colonna: Keine Hand
Soll dich mehr führen! Treuer Schild, fahr wohl!
(Er wirft Schild und Schwert weg).
O, Helm, mit deinem Römeradler haſt du
Bedeckt ein Haupt, in deſſen kleinem Ring
Platz fand der unermeßliche Gedanke
Der Weltherrſchaft, o, mein Cäſarentraum!
Auch du fahr hin!
(Er wirft den Helm weg).

Enrico.
Da ſpringt das Feuer auf.

Rienzi.
So ſchwer wird ihnen noch, mich zu verderben,
Daß ſie auf mich die Elemente hetzen,
Aufbieten mußten das Entſetzlichſte!
Es ſoll ein Schauſpiel für die Götter ſein,
Zu ſehen einen Mann im Heldentod;
Bald ſollen ſie ein ſolches Schauſpiel haben.
Komm, treuer Freund, und ſchmücke mich zum Tode!
Die Götter nahen gern in Feuergluthen;
So ſchreiten durch die Flammen wir hindurch
Zur Wohnung der Unſterblichen hinüber! (Beide ab).

Zweite Scene.

Platz vor dem Capitol, das man theilweis im Feuer ſtehen ſieht. Bewaffnete und unbewaffnete Volksmenge drängt ſich in die Scene. Baroncelli, phantaſtiſch verkleidet. Craſſo. Benedetto. Scipione. Bald darauf Rienzi und Enrico.

Baroncelli.

Her, ihr Jungen mit Reißbündeln! Heizt ihm ein! Da hinan! Da hinan!

Benedetto.

Paßt auf! er kann nicht verbrennen. Er löſcht das Feuer wie ein Eidechs! Er hat einen Bund mit dem Böſen. Eh' wir es denken, wird er auf feurigen Flanken aus dem Dache herausfliegen.

Scipione.

Kriegen wir ihn heut' nicht unter, ſo iſt er feuerfeſt, wie ein Teufel!

Craſſo.

Immer Unruh und nichts als Unruh!

Volk.

Heraus, Tribun! Heraus! Heraus!

(Das Thor geht auf. Rienzi mit dem Lorbeerkranze auf dem Haupte, das eherne Scepter in der Rechten, mit der toga praetexta bekleidet, erſcheint, hinter ihm Enrico. Eine Stimme aus dem Volke: „Wer da? Wer da!" Eine andere Stimme: „Der letzte Volkstribun!")

Volk.

Der letzte Römer!

Benedetto.

Geht hin! Er iſt kein Menſch! Ein Geſpenſt!

Scipione.

Sein Auge brennt!

Craſſo.

Er iſt gefeit!

Scipione.

Ein Cäſar!

Volk.

Cäſar! Cäſar!

Enrico.

Zu Deinen Füßen bete ich Dich an.
O, ſprich ein Wort, ein einzig, einzig Wort!
Jetzt tödtet Dich das Schweigen. Sprich ein Wort!
Ein Wort! Er tödtet ſich! O, Gott im Himmel!

Baroncelli (vortretend zu Rienzi).

Ich beuge meine Kniee, Volkstribun!
Ich beuge meine Kniee, großer Cäſar!
Verdien' ich keinen Blick, o Majeſtät!
[illegible] (Er erſticht ihn).
[illegible] über Dich!

Enrico (wirft ſich auf Rienzi's Leiche).

Ermordet, ach, von einem Pulcinell!
Der letzte Volkstribun von einem Narren!
(Man hört kriegeriſche Muſik ſich nähern).

Volk.

Die päpſtliche Armee!

Einige.

Der Biſchof und Legat!

Scipione.

Seht, hier voraus
Auf weißem Zelter ſprengt Camilla her!

Baroncelli.

Puh, das wird heiß! (Ab.)

Camilla (kommt.)

Ihr Raſenden, was iſt geſchehn?
(Sie erblickt Rienzi's Leiche).
Rienzi!
Rienzi Du? Rienzi, wache auf!
Den Herrlichen ermordet, ihr Verruchten?
O, ſtürz' zuſammen Rom, verſchütt' dich ſelbſt,
Da ſie ermordet deinen letzten Cäſar!
Was ſtarrt ihr ſo auf mich? Was bebet ihr?
Wühlt in die Erde euch! Stürzt in die Hölle,
In die Vernichtung! Ueber euch wälz' ich
Den Fluch der That, das ganze Weltgericht!
Ich lebe noch, da alles Große todt?
Ich mag nicht theilen dieſe Luft mit euch;
Die Römerin ſtirbt mit dem letzten Römer!
(Sie erſticht ſich).

Raymond; ſpäter Daniello mit Baroncelli (kommen).

Raymond.

Umzingelt, bindet dieſe Raſenden!
Wo habt ihr den Tribun?

Camilla.

Zum Tod' vereinigt.

Raymond.

O böſer Tag des Jammers!

Camilla.

Ach! lebt wohl!
(Sie ſtirbt).

Raymond.

Wer hat an dem Tribun die That vollbracht?

Daniello (ſchleppt Baroncelli herbei).

Hervor, Du Bluthund! Mörder! Meuchelmörder!

Raymond.

Bind' ihn und ſchlepp' ihn nach Sanct Angelo!

Daniello.

Kam ich zu ſpät, vor Dir den Freund zu retten,
Ich komme nicht zu ſpät, Dich zu erwürgen!
(Er ſchlägt ihn todt).

Raymond.

Sorgt für die beiden Leichen! Eine Gruft
Umfange beide! Ausgetobet haben
Die böſen Leidenſchaften; — Friede kehrt,
Der Friede eines Kirchhofs, kehrt zurück!
Im Namen unſ'res heil'gen Oberhauptes
Nehm' ſo ich wiederum Beſitz von Rom.
(Der Vorhang fällt).

Friedrich Karl, Freiherr von Moſer,

ward am 18. December 1723 zu Stuttgart geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und ſtaatsrechtlichen Studien eine Anſtellung bei der kurheſſiſchen Regierung zu Caſſel, ſtieg bis zum Geheimrath und Geſandten am kaiſerlichen Hofe und wurde 1767 von Joſeph I. zum Reichshofrath zu Wien ernannt. 1772 trat er als erſter Staatsminiſter, Kanzler und Präſident ſämmtlicher hoher Collegien in heſſen-darmſtädtiſche Dienſte, wurde aber wegen ſeines Freimuthes 1780 plötzlich wieder aus denſelben entlaſſen und mit der Regierung in einen Proceß verwickelt, deſſen Ausgang ihm jedoch die Wiedererſtattung ſeines eingezogenen Vermögens und die Zuſicherung einer lebenslänglichen Penſion von 3000 Gulden erwarb. Er lebte nun als Privatmann zu Ludwigsburg, wo er am 10. November 1798 ſtarb.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

1. Kleine Schriften. Leipzig 1751—65, 12 Bde.
2. Sammlung von Reichshofrathsgutachten. Frankfurt 1752—54, 6 Bde.
3. Sammlung der neueſten und wichtigſten Deductionen ꝛc. ꝛc. Ebersdorf 1752—64. 9 Bde.
4. Lieder und Gedichte. Tübingen 1753
5. Patriotiſche Gedanken. Frankfurt 1755.
6. Der Herr und der Diener. Frankfurt 1759; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1763, 8. mit Zuſätzen.
7. Der Hof in Fabeln. Mannheim 1761.
8. Geiſtliche Gedichte. Frankfurt 1763.
9. Geſammelte Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1763—64, 2 Thle.
10. Von dem deutſchen Nationalgeiſte. Ebendaſ. 1765.
11. Patriotiſche Briefe. Ebendaſ. 1767.
12. Reliquien. Ebend. 1767.
13. Patriotiſches Archiv. Leipzig und Frankfurt 1784—90, 12 Bde.
14. Fabeln. Mannheim 1786, 12. mit Kupf. (eigentlich die 2. Ausgabe von 7).
15. Neue Fabeln. Ebendaſ. 1790, 12.
16. Neues patriotiſches Archiv. Ebendaſ. 1792—94, 2 Bde.
17. Politiſche Wahrheiten. Zürich 1797, 2 Thle.
18. Mannigfaltigkeiten. Ebendaſ. 1796, 2 Thle.
19. Geſchichte der Waldenſer. Ebendaſ. 1798.

Mit kühnem Ernſt und edler Freimüthigkeit griff dieſer großartig geſinnte Mann die Fehler und Gebrechen in den Verhältniſſen der deutſchen Staaten an und deckte ſie mit Entſchiedenheit auf. — Sein Styl iſt keineswegs correct, aber dieſer Mangel wird durch die kraftvolle Leichtigkeit deſſelben und den Reichthum an Gedanken reichlich aufgewogen.

Von den Beſoldungen*).

Der Punkt von den Beſoldungen verdient noch eine beſondere Betrachtung, weil er in das Glück einer Regierung einen weſentlichen Einfluß hat. Der erſte Satz iſt richtig: Was die Diener zuviel bekommen, behält der Herr um ſo weniger; und wenn die Noth einmal an Mann geht, hat einer mit dem andern nichts. Hingegen iſt es eben ſo ſchimpflich und unverantwortlich, wenn ein Herr, der ſonſt an allem genug, ja Ueberfluß hat, an ſeiner Dienerſchaft den Anfang mit Sparen machen will. Denn entweder braucht er ſie, oder er braucht ſie nicht; braucht er ſie nicht, ſo ſchaffe er die unnöthigen ab und beſolde die unentbehrlichen deſto reichlicher und ordentlicher; hat er aber nur ſo viele, als ohnehin nöthig ſind, ſo iſt ſchmählig, wenn ſolche mit ihrer Beſoldung ſich und die ihrigen kaum gegen die Hungersnoth ſchützen können.

Es geht in den Civilbedienungen, wie bei dem Kriegsſtand. Ein wohl beſoldetes und unterhaltenes Corps wird allemal größere Thaten thun, als ein noch ſo zahlreiches Heer, ſo nur defensive gefüttert wird und wie das abnehmende Licht geſtiebet iſt. Ein ehrlicher Mann machte jüngſt gegen mir in vollem patriotiſchen Eifer die Anmerkung: Die Preußen freſſen dreimal ſo viel, ſie fechten aber auch dreimal ſo gut.

Und gewiß hat bei einem Soldaten der Magen oft ſo viel Antheil an ſeiner Tapferkeit, als der Muth, ſo kann man an der trägen und gähnenden Regierung eines Landes den nicht leicht trügenden Schluß machen, daß die Dienerſchaft bei Pferdearbeit mit Eſelsfutter verköſtiget werde.

Man kann zwar von keiner Beſoldung irgend eines Poſtens abſolut ſagen: daß ſie groß oder gering ſei; es kommt auf die Theure oder Wohlfeile des Orts, auf die mehr oder minder koſtbare Lebensart, auf den Aufwand und Etaat, den man davor fordert und mehrere dergleichen Nebenumſtände an. In * * bekommt ein Miniſter 12000 fl., und wenn das Jahr herum iſt, ſo ſind ſie juſt drauf gegangen, die Meiſten ſind nicht einmal damit ſo weit gereicht, daß ſie nicht noch Schulden dazu gemacht hätten. Die koſtbare Haushaltung, Theure des Orts, zahlreiche Livree, prächtige Equipage, öfteres Tractiren, die Gala, die Spiele u. ſ. w. laſſen nicht leicht an einen Sparpfennig denken. In * * hat ein Miniſter vielleicht 4000 Gulden, er geht aber, ſo oft es ihm beliebt, zu Fuß, er giebt niemand das ganze Jahr zu eſſen, als ſich ſelbſt, ein Kleid von Karl VII. Krönung thut noch bei großen Ausrichtungen eben die Dienſte, er ſpielt mit niemand, als mit ſeinen lieben Enkelchen und lebt vergnügter, arbeitet mehr und behält vielleicht mehr oder doch eben ſo wenig übrig, als die Excellenz, ſo mit 6 Pferden fährt.

Ueberhaupt müſſen die Beſoldungen dergeſtalt hinreichend ſein, daß ein ehrlicher und brauchbarer Mann mit einer ſeinem Amt und Verdienſten gemäßen Anſtändigkeit und Gemächlichkeit davon leben und bei einer ordentlichen Haushaltung auch noch einen Theil derſelben zu Verſorgung der Seinigen nach ſeinem Tode zurück legen kann.

Es erfordert dieſes auf Seiten des Herrn die Dankbarkeit. Ein edles Herz macht ſich ſolche ſelbſt zur Pflicht, und ein undankbarer Herr verdient ohnehin nicht, daß ihm anders als tagelöhnermäßig gedient werde.

Ein Herr, welcher unfähig iſt, durch ſolche hohe und reine Triebe geleitet zu werden, ſollte ſich wenigſtens um ſeines eigenen Intereſſe willen dazu bewegen laſſen. Ein altes Sprichwort ſagt: Kupfern Geld, kupferne Seelenmeſſen; das iſt, ich diene, wie man mir lohnt.

Die Erfahrung redet dieſem Satz am ſtärkſten das Wort. Es finden ſich hie und da zwei aneinander gränzende und mit gleicher Proportion an Land, Leuten und Vermögen getheilte Häuſer. Man betrachte ihren beiderſeitigen Zuſtand nach hundert und mehreren Jahren. Das eine zeiget ſich in einer wahren und erworbenen Größe, in Reſpect und Anſehen im Reich und in dem Senat der Völker, erweitert an Reichthum, Landen und Macht, beharrlich und glücklich in ſeinem Syſtem, voll gründlicher Hoffnung einer Dauer, welche die ſchönſten Perſpectiven vor das künftige in ſich ſchließt. Der andere Stamm iſt nie aus ſeiner Mittelmäßigkeit herausgetreten, er hatte große und nahe Hoffnungen, gerechte Anſprüche, Möglichkeiten, ſich geltend und koſtbar zu machen, ſo gut wie jenes, ein ewiger Schlummer erſtickte aber die kräftigſten Erinnerungen, der Sohn träumt ſeine Regierung hin, wie der Vater, die Bewegungen, ſo man ſich giebt, in die Höhe zu kommen, ſind denen gleich, wenn man im Schlaf auffährt, ohne Wirkung und Nachdruck, eine ſchmachtende Politik, ein verdorbenes Regiment, ein verachteter Hof. Geht man auf die Grundurſachen eines ſo merklichen Unterſchieds zurück, ſo hat jenes glückliche Haus ſeit undenklichen Zeiten große Männer an dem Ruder der Geſchäfte gehabt, der Regent iſt mit ihnen als mit ſeinen geheimſten und vertrauteſten Freunden umgegangen, er hat unglückliche aber treue Dienſte nicht unvergolten gelaſſen und glückliche großmüthig belohnt, er hat mit ſchwerem Aufwand und oft vieljährigem Nachforſchen geſchickte Leute aus dem Dienſt eines undankbaren Herrn in den ſeinigen gebracht, er hat fähige Köpfe früh in die Geſchäfte geſetzt und der Sohn fand eine Pflanzſchule tüchtiger Diener, welche ihm der Vater angezogen hatte. Die Häupter der Collegien hatten reichlich und die übrigen Diener wohl zu leben, er verſüßte den Miniſtern die Laſt der Arbeiten durch tauſendfache Proben einer ſorgfältigen Aufmerkſamkeit um ihre Erhaltung und Geſundheit, er ließ ſich in die kleinen Sorgen herunter, daß ihnen an der zur Auffriſchung des Gemüthes nöthigen Abwechſelung des Vergnügens mit der Arbeit nichts entginge, er ſtellte ſie vor künftigem Kummer ſicher, daß er den Unterhalt der ihrigen nach dem Tode des Mannes und Vaters feſtſetzte und Vaterſtelle an den Kindern übernahm. Die Welt iſt Zeuge, mit welchem Eifer, Treue, Unverdroſſenheit und Glück dieſes Haus bedient und berathen worden. Sein Fall wird da anfangen, wenn ein Nachfolger an den Dienern zu ſparen anfangen wird.

Dieſes verarmete Haus aber hat ſeine Diener mit Mangel und Kummer ſtreiten laſſen, es hat zu Zeiten große Männer und glückliche Genies gehabt, die aber mit ihren Untergebenen gerade ſo viel ausrichten können, als ein Feldherr mit einer ausgehungerten Armee. Die Beſoldungen ſind ſo gering, daß nur ein Schelm oder ein Harpax was übrig behalten kann; treue Dienſte werden nicht belohnt, ſchlechte nicht geahndet, Betrügereien nicht geſtraft; fähige Köpfe nicht ermuntert, vielmehr der redlichſte Dienſteifer jalouſirt und unterdrückt, man behilft ſich mit ſchlechten Leuten, weil ſie wohlfeiler im Futter ſtehen, man zieht keine Fremde in Dienſt, oder belohnt ſie nicht, daß ſie Luſt behalten zu bleiben, es iſt dem Herrn einerlei, ob der Miniſter ſich zu Tode arbeitet oder müſſig geht, ob er Gott für ſeinen Fürſten dankt oder ihm den Tod wünſcht. Die Räthe ſind größtentheils nur Packpferde, die ihre Laſt tragen, weil ſie ihnen aufgeladen iſt. Man weiß hier nichts von denen Diſtinctionen, die einem Herrn ſo wenig koſten und ein ehrliebendes Gemüth munter und willig machen. Dem tüchtigſten Mann zerrinnt die Arbeit unter den Händen, weil in ſeinem von täglichem Kummer gebeugten Geiſt Wärme und Feuer erloſchen iſt; vergebens wird ihm die Vertheidigung wichtiger Hausgerechtſame aufgetragen, ſeine Kinder bedürfen das Geld zu Brod, das er zu denen bei einer ſolchen Arbeit nöthigen Büchern beſtimmt hatte. Es wird kurzum bei dieſem Haus in nichts geſpart, als juſt da, wo um eines unendlich größern Gewinns willen die Ausgabe am vortheilhafteſten angelegt wäre.

Will jemand bei dieſer Beſchreibung den Einwurf machen, daß der Grund eines ſo merklichen Unterſchiedes gleichwohl in den Einſichten und Eigenſchaften der Regenten dieſer beiden Häuſer ſelbſt zu ſuchen ſein möchte, ſo habe ich auch nichts dagegen.

Es wäre aber hier noch ein der ernſtlichen Betrachtung würdiger Grund dazu: die Bewahrung, die ſo nöthige Bewahrung vor Verſuchungen. Nach dem Begriff, welchen ich von dem von Natur Grund verdorbenen und durch die Gnade Gottes noch nicht geheiligten menſchlichen Herzen habe, kann ich es nicht anders als ungerecht halten, wenn ein Regent Treue und Ehrlichkeit von Dienern fodern will, welche er nicht zureichend oder nicht richtig beſoldet. Das Abſchleppen und Stehlen des Hofgeſindes nimmt man in einem Fall nicht nur als eine bekannte, ſondern auch entſchuldbare Sache an. Der Schaden in der Untreue bei Miniſterial- und andern Landes-Bedienungen iſt aber ungemein größer. Es kann manches Faß Wein neben her ausgetrunken werden, ohne daß das Haus und Land den Verluſt empfinden. Aber da möchte man Blut weinen, wenn ein ſonſt ehrlicher Miniſter in der ſchweren Stunde der Verſuchung unterliegen bleibt, die Ehre und das Intereſſe ſeines Herrn um einen Sack mit Geld, um ein Lehen, um eine Verſorgung ſeiner Kinder aus Noth zu verhandeln; wenn ein Rath die Hausgeheimniſſe verkauft, um ſeinen zehn Kindern Brodt kaufen zu können, weil ſeine Beſoldung nur für einen Mann ohne Kinder hinreichend iſt; wenn ſich's vom Chef bis zum Canzleidiener in Leben und Wandel zuruft: ſtiehl du auch, betrüg du auch. Man hängt die Miniſter und Räthe nicht, (wenn er nicht etwa ein Jude iſt), ſie fallen nur in Ungnade und ihre Kinder ſind dann gleichwohl verſorgt; wenn es aber gleichwohl zur Unterſuchung käme, ſo würde mir einer der ſchwerſten Fälle ſein, nach Recht und Gewiſſen zu entſcheiden: ob dem Herrn, der den Diener zu ſchlecht beſoldet, oder dieſem, der aus wahrer Noth zum Stehlen verleitet worden, am meiſten zur Laſt zu legen ſei? Denn die Beſchuldigungen, die Beſoldung iſt andern vor ihm gut genug geweſen, warum hat er den Dienſt angenommen? warum können andere auskommen? leiden vor dem Tribunal des Gewiſſens eines Regenten gar ſtarke Widerreden. Es iſt an dem, es muß es einer ſehr arg treiben, bis er galgenmäßig wird, wie will aber ein Herr die unzählbaren kleinen Betrügereien und Unterſchleife beſtrafen, wenn ihm ſelbſt bewußt iſt, daß ſolche einen Theil des Unterhaltes ſeiner Diener ausmachen? wie will er der Beugung der Juſtiz, dem Geſchenke nehmen, den Verräthereien begegnen, wenn ſich der Diener damit ſchützen kann: er habe in ſieben Jahren keine Beſoldung bekommen. Wie leicht ſind die ſchwachen Schranken der bloß natürlichen Ehrlichkeit in ſolchem Fall überſtiegen, ja auch eine männliche Tugend kann in einer anhaltenden Noth und zunehmendem Mangel von der Macht der Verſuchungen überwältiget werden. Werden nicht die Strafen ſolcher Ungerechtigkeiten in dem göttlichen Gericht mit dem Regenten, ſo einen armen Diener ſündigen gemacht, getheilt werden: Ich fürchte allerdings.

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*) Aus F. K. von Moſer's „Herr und Diener“.

Glauben die Fürſten, daß die Seufzer der Diener den Herrn drücken, daß die Thränen eines ſterbenden Gatten, der nach zwanzigjährigem Dienſt ſeinen Kindern kein Vermögen, als Beſoldungsrückſtände verlaſſen kann, eine den göttlichen Segen wegbeizende Kraft haben, glauben ſie, daß der fröhliche Dank, den ein Diener Gott für die Wohlthaten ſeines lieben gnädigſten Herrn abſtattet, ſich als ein fruchtbarer Thau über ſein ganzes Land und Haus verbreite, ſie würden wenigſtens eher an Hunden, Pferden, Gemälden und Häuſern, als an dieſen ihren angebornen Freunden ſparen*).

Manche Regenten, welche von der Wahrheit dieſer Sätze überzeugt ſind, ſuchen ſich damit zu helfen, daß ſie zu wichtigen und der Verſuchung am meiſten ausgeſetzten Bedienungen Leute ſuchen, die ſelbſt Vermögen beſitzen und daher wenigſtens das Vorurtheil, unbeſtechlich zu ſein, vor ſich haben, welche ſich dann um ſo eher mit der alten und geringen Beſoldung begnügen können und würden. So wenig aber zu mißbilligen iſt, daß ein Herr einem wohlhabenden und in gleichem Grad mit Andern brauchbaren Mann den Vorzug gönne, ſo gewiß iſt es, daß manche Dienſte dieſe Vorſicht erheiſchen, ſo möglich es iſt, reich und ehrlich zugleich zu ſein, ſo wenig kann jedoch dieſe Regel als allgemein angeſehen werden.

Ein reicher Miniſter und ſo in ſeiner Maaß jeder andere wohlhabende Mann erleichtert den Herrn und die Kaſſe in manchen weſentlichen Stücken, er trägt zum Glanz des Hofs, zur Ehre des Dienſtes und zum Vortheil der Unterthanen mehreres bei, er iſt wirklich in vielen Stücken brauchbarer, als ein anderer, der wenig oder gar kein eigenes Vermögen hat. Nur folgt nicht allemal, daß, je reicher einer iſt, deſto uneigennütziger er ſei, die Reichſten ſind oft die Unerſättlichſten; wohl aber folgt ſo viel, daß die Geſchenke für den Reichen gedoppelt ſo ſchwer ſein müſſen, daß man ihm deſto weniger beikommen kann, weil er den beſtändigen Vorwand des eigenen Vermögens hat, daß er ſich eher Freunde mit dem ungerechten Mammon machen kann und ein Herr ihn in allen Stücken ſchonender behandeln muß.

Zudem ſind die Verdienſte nicht allemal, ja nur oft am allerwenigſten von Glücksgütern begleitet, ein Mann hätte alle Fähigkeit, den Miniſter eines großen Fürſten abzugeben, ſollte er deswegen ausgeſchloſſen ſein, weil er die Ehre ſeines Poſtens mittelſt eines Beitrags aus eigenem Vermögen nicht verherrlichen kann? Wie leicht kann ein Herr dieſem abhelfen? Er darf ihn nur deſto reichlicher beſolden und ihm einige andere rechtmäßigen Vortheile gönnen, womit ein Herr Männer von Verdienſten favoriſiren kann, ohne daß ihm oder dem Land darunter einige Belaſtigung zuwachſe.

Vielleicht waltet auch bei mehr als einem Herrn der Gedanke ob: die nicht auskommen können, mögen ſehen, wo ſie das Uebrige dazu kriegen, große Beſoldungen ſeien unnöthig, denn das Betrügen unterbleibe deswegen doch nicht, es ſei genug, wenn's nur der Herr nicht geben darf. Die Ausübung dieſer Maxime iſt der praktiſche Commentarius über das alte Sprichwort: Große Herren wollen bedient ſein. Ich mag mich bei dieſem Umſtande nicht aufhalten, weil ich jeden Herrn, der ſo denkt, verabſcheue.

Zur Ehre unſerer deutſchen Höfe muß man bekennen, daß es viele derſelben giebt, an welchen nicht nur ein zureichender, ſondern überflüſſiger Fond zu den Beſoldungen vorhanden iſt, auch die Zahlung ſo ziemlich richtig geleiſtet wird. Man bemerket aber zugleich einen andern wichtigen Fehler. Es ſind der Leute zu viel, die Beſoldungen ſind alſo zu ſehr vertheilt, bei den wichtigſten Aemtern nicht genug proportionirt, bei den mittleren kaum und bei den geringern nicht allemal hinreichend; anſtatt daß bei einer eingeſchränktern Anzahl die anſehnlichſten Bedienungen reichlich und die übrigen wohl verſorgt werden könnten.

Die bekannte Rede: der Fürſt hat nicht ihrer, wohl aber ſie des Fürſten nöthig, iſt ein Wort eines Herrn, das man mit *Verehrung* ſeiner Güte auf die Viertelſtunde, da es geſprochen wird, keineswegs aber als eine Regierungsmaxime gelten laſſen kann. Zum höchſten kann es bei der Hofdienerſchaft ſtattfinden, wo mancher in wahrem Sinn von der Gnade des Fürſten lebt.

Gewiſſe Verfaſſungen und Einrichtungen können zwar ohne eine große Menge dazu gehöriger Leute nicht beſtehen. In Frankreich bei den Verpachtungen, wo auf zwei Augen das dritte Achtung geben muß und in Deutſchland bei der erſtaunlich geſchwinden und pünktlichen Behandlung der Geſchäfte im preußiſchen Dienſt kann es nicht anders ſein. Dieſe Modelle gehen aber über den gemeinen Maaßſtab weit hinaus. Betrachtet man die gewöhnlichen Urſachen einer zu ſtark überſetzten Dienerſchaft, ſo bleiben ſie zwiſchen dem Herrn und Diener getheilt.

Ein Herr iſt gnädig und leutſelig, er will gerne vielen Leuten Gutes thun, der eine iſt ſein Landeskind und macht an den Fürſten die Anſprache ſeiner Verſorgung, der andere iſt ein brauchbarer fremder Mann, den der Miniſter an den Dienſt verbinden möchte, der dritte iſt der Sohn eines alten treuen Dieners, der vierte hat von langer Hand her ſchon das Verſprechen auf einen Dienſt; für dieſe vier Leute iſt aber nur *eine* offene Stelle. Ein Jeder derſelben iſt ihrer nicht nur würdig, ſondern auch tüchtig, ſie allein vollkommen zu verſehen. Weil man aber allen vieren eine Gnade erzeigen will, ſo wird das Amt oder die Beſoldung unter ſie vertheilt. Es iſt wahr, der Herr bekommt dadurch vier Diener, er hat aber keinen ganz. Sie müſſen ſich auf vielfache andere Wege das zu ihrem Unterhalt Nothwendige zu ergänzen ſuchen, das lauft entweder auf Betrügereien oder Niederträchtigkeiten hinaus, oder wenn der Herr ihrer am nöthigſten hat, ſo iſt der Diener nicht zu haben. Wo dieſe Umſtände auch wegfallen, ſo iſt doch dieſes richtig, daß der Chef eines ſolchen Dieners, wenn er bei aller übrigen Strenge nur noch einige menſchenliebende Empfindungen hat, von ihm unmöglich diejenige Pünktlichkeit, Eifer, Neigung und Unverdroſſenheit verlangen kann, welche man an ihn zu fordern berechtiget wäre, wenn er die übrigen drei Theile der Beſoldung zugleich genöſſe. Ein Herr von dieſer Geſinnung hat an einem andern Hof vier accreditirte Perſonen, der eine dient noch zwölf andern Herren, der zweite nähret ſich mit Projekten, der dritte handelt mit Cervelatwürſten und ſeidenen Strümpfen, und der vierte macht im Tagelohn Zeitungen; vielleicht kommt der fünfte noch dazu, und giebt den Kutſcher der vier andern ab. Sie haben alle etwas und dieſes etwas macht ſo viel zuſammen aus, daß dieſer Herr *einen* Miniſter mit aller, ſeinem Rang und Verdienſten gemäßen Anſtändigkeit an dieſem Hof davon unterhalten könnte, anſtatt jene vier in einer beſtändigen Dämmerung zwiſchen Ehre und Verachtung leben.

Ein anderer Herr hat ſeine Freude daran, und mißt ſeine Größe und eingebildete Hoheit nach einer recht zahlreichen Dienerſchaft. Er iſt ſo freigebig mit ſeinen Dienern und Titeln, daß die Eingebornen nicht mehr hinreichen, man muß die Leute aus fremden Landen verſchreiben, um den Reihen recht groß zu machen. Kommt man an einem Galatag an Hof, ſo iſt eine Perſpective von Generals, geheimen Räthen, Kammerherren, General- und Flügel-Adjutanten, die für die größte Oper hinreichend wäre; man ſieht wohl zehnerlei Uniformen an den Officieren, rothe, blaue, gelbe Ordensbänder, es glänzt bis zum Blenden. Das ſoll bei Gäſten und Fremden einen hohen Begriff von dem Reichthum des Herrn, und bei dem Lande eine deſto tiefere Verehrung vor der Majeſtät ihres Regenten erwecken. Allein welch Spectakel zeiget ſich, wenn man dieſen Jupiter mit ſeinen Trabanten mit einem gewaffneten Auge betrachtet. Der größte Theil dieſer gnädigen Herren lebt in Hoffnung beſſerer Zeiten, der halbe Hof iſt concursmäßig, der unbezahlte Flitterſtaat maſquirt eine Bruſt voll Sorgen und Kummer, der kluge Fremde ſpottet der Uebertriebenheit, das Land ſeufzet unter den Verſchwendungen eines eitlen und wollüſtigen Fürſten, welcher erſt die halbe Welt für Narren halten muß, wenn ſie glauben ſoll, ein kleiner armer Mann ſei groß, wenn er von einer Menge noch ärmerer Leute umgeben wird.

Eine große Anzahl von Räthen bei manchen Collegien iſt nicht ſelten ein naher und wahrer Beweis, daß die ganze Haushaltung eines Hofes nichts tauge. Es gilt dieſes insbeſondere von denen Stellen, welche mit Verwalt- und Berechnung der Landeseinkünfte zu thun haben. Es iſt ganz richtig und die Stimme der Erfahrung ſpricht dafür tauſendmal das Wort, daß unſere alten Herren mit ſammt ihren Unterthanen bei etlichen wenigen Kammerräthen und Rentmeiſtern beſſer beſtanden, und

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*) Rien n'est plus honteux à un Prince, que de voir ceux, qui ont vieilli en le servant, chargés d'années, de misère et de pauvreté tout ensemble. Testam. polit. de *Richelieu* T. I. p. 279.

mehr bei Kräften, Geld und Credit geweſen, als bei dem Schwarm von Menſchen, deren oft zehn der Kammer und ferner dem Land rathen ſoll und alle zuſammen in ihrer Wiſſenſchaft kein Bund Heu werth ſind, das ein fleißiger Bauer unter ſeinen Wagen bindet.

Ich erſtaunte in des Herrn Grafen Teſſin Briefen*) zu leſen, daß das Staatscomptoir des Königreichs Schweden, welches über alle Einkünfte und Ausgaben des Reichs die Aufſicht und Acht hat, davon Rede und Rechenſchaft geben muß, mit dem König allezeit, ehe in Geldſachen ein Schluß gefaßt wird, conferirt und wo alle Papiere und Rechnungen des Reichs zuſammen fließen, nur aus einem Präſidenten und zweien Staats-Commiſſarien, nebſt der nöthigen Unterbedienung beſtehet.

Dahingegen iſt es in Wahrheit ein luſtig betrübter Auftritt, an einen deutſchen Hof zu kommen, (und wie viele ſind nicht derſelben von gleichem Schlag), wo man kaum aus einer Gaſſe in die andere treten kann, ohne entweder einem Creditori oder Kammerrath zu begegnen. Ein venerabler Senat von einem hochbetrübten Kammer-Präſidenten, nicht minder bekümmerten Kammer-Director, zwei von Gram und Vorwürfen gebeugten geheimen Kammerräthen, zehn bis zwölf Hofkammerräthen, vier Kammerbeiſitzern, zwei Obereinnehmern, vier Caſſirern, ſechs Kammerſecretarien, vier Regiſtratoren, eben ſo viel Canzelliſten, ohne die Kammerboten, Aufwärter, Kammerhuſaren und dergleichen mit zu rechnen. Die Leute könnten ſich doch noch manchen müßigen Tag machen, wenn ſie auch ein Königreich zu regieren hätten, ſie rechnen aber über einer oder einer halben Million Thaler jährlicher Einkünfte Jahr aus und ein und je länger ſie rechnen, je mehr findet ſich, daß ihr gnädigſter Fürſt und Herr damit unmöglich auskommen könne, ſondern unumgänglich noch 200,000 Thlr. mehr Einkünfte haben, oder für ſo viel jährliche Schulden machen müſſe. Man nimmt noch etliche neue Räthe an, die rathen dem Herrn, was die andern zu ſagen ſich geſchämt hatten, und zuletzt kommt noch wohl ein Menſch, dem es eins iſt, ob er auf dem Bett oder am Galgen ſtirbt, der ſie alle miteinander für Ignoranten erklärt und dem Fürſten den nähern Weg weiß, wie er ohne mühſame und an ſich unmögliche Erhöhung der Einkünfte blos auf Koſten ſeiner Ehre und Credits durch gewiſſe Einrichtungen ſo viel erſparen könne, daß es mit Hülfe eines großen Grads von Ehrloſigkeit und Brutalität auf Seiten des Projectenmachers und mittelmäßigen Vorſatzes von Seiten des Fürſten, ſeinen Vorſtellungen, Klagen, Bitten, Drohen und Gewiſſensbiſſen Raum bei ſich zu geben, wenigſtens ſo lange gut thut, bis einer von ihnen mit Tode abgehe.

Dieſe an manchen Höfen unglückſeelige und an manchen andern bejammernswürdige Sorte Menſchen würde nicht in ſo große und wohlverdiente Schmach geſunken ſein, wenn bei ihrer Wahl weniger auf die Menge, als auf ihre Fähigkeit, Fleiß und Ehrlichkeit geſehen und alle gewählten Männer für den gewiſſenhaften Dienſt rechtſchaffen belohnt würden.

Wo will man aber bei den elenden Beſoldungen derer Kammerräthe an den mehreſten Höfen, Leute von beſondern Verdienſten und bekannter Einſicht in den Kameral-Wiſſenſchaften davor verlangen? Es iſt wahr, man hat wohl weniger Exempel, daß dieſe Leute im Mangel, als daß ſie wohlbehalten aus der Welt geſchieden, und es ſcheint faſt, die großen Herren verlaſſen ſich darauf, daß dieſe Gattung Diener ihre Sache doch ſchon ſo zu machen wiſſe und große Beſoldungen bei denen übel angelegt ſeien, die das Geheimniß der Goldmacherei beſitzen. Es iſt aber eine in der That irrige und ſchädliche Maxime. Der Verſuchung zum Betrug der Herrſchaft und heimlichen Bedrückung der Unterthanen, zum Geſchenknehmen, zu böſen Streichen bei Verpachtungen und Accorden u. ſ. w. wird dadurch Thür und Thor geöffnet, der Trieb bei denen, die Genie zu Finanzſachen, und Luſt zu öconomiſch- und phyſikaliſchen Verſuchen haben, erſtickt, weil es ihnen wenig gedankt und noch weniger belohnt wird.

Auf Seiten der Diener iſt die unzählbare Menge Leute, welche Dienſte ſuchen und einen Herrn und deſſen Miniſter mit ihrem Bitten und Betteln ſo belagern, daß man endlich einem Jeden ein Stück Brod hinwirft, er mag ſehen, wie er davon ſatt wird. Wenn man ſich aber daran kehren wollte, ſo dürfte man ſicher darauf rechnen, daß nach funfzig Jahren die Dienerſchaft in den Collegien noch einmal ſo ſtark ſein müßte. Denn die allermehreſten derer Kanzleiperſonen würden ſich ſehr entehrt halten, ihre Kinder in die Handlung oder auf ein ehrliches Handwerk zu thun, der Wohlſtand erlaubt es nicht anders, ſie müſſen ſtudiren, und dadurch vermeint Vater und Sohn, ſchon ein erworbenes Recht auf eine herrſchaftliche Bedienung vor ſich zu haben. Man muß, heißt es, von unten anfangen, der Vater giebt her, ſo lange er hat, kaum iſt eine noch ſo ſchlechte Bedienung erjagt, ſo iſt der Herr mit Memorialien, die Miniſters mit Sollicitanten überlaufen, und der Candidat, der ein reicher Fabrikant, berühmter Künſtler oder wohlbehaltener Handwerksmann hätte werden können, begnügt ſich zu Ehren ſeines Standes mit einem Titel und Expectanz-Decret auf eine elende Beſoldung, ſobald die Reihe ihn treffen würde, weil ſchon immer ältere vorhanden ſind, die nach langer Hoffnung allmälig in die Beſoldung einrücken. Dies verurſacht die übergroße Menge Diener in den ſubalternen Collegien, das Heer von Secretairen, Regiſtratoren, Canzelliſten u. dgl., unter denen manch glückliches Genie verkümmern und erſticken muß.

Der Schade iſt unläugbar und groß. Er beraubt den Staat einer Menge Leute, die zu vielem andern tüchtig geweſen wären, wenn ſie nicht einem vermeintlichen Beruf, großen Herren dienen zu wollen, gefolgt hätten. Iſt der Menſch ſchlecht an Natur- und Gemüthsgaben, ſo bleibt er es nicht nur ordentlicher Weiſe, ſondern wird noch ſchlechter, weil ihn ſein eingebildeter Rang ſchon über die gemeine Klaſſe von Menſchen hinausſetzt. Hat er ſeine Jugend und akademiſchen Jahre wohl angewandt, hat er Liebe und Fähigkeit zu den Wiſſenſchaften, ſo wird ſolche bei dem mechaniſchen Dienſt der unteren Canzleigeſchäfte matt und erlöſcht endlich gar; der junge Mann, der mit der Zeit der erſten Staatsbedienungen würdig geworden wäre, bleibt im 50. Jahre zu weiter nichts brauchbar, als bis an ſein Ende den Canzleiſtrang am Schreibtiſch zu ziehen, wo er ſich anſchmieden laſſen, und niemals weiter kommen können, damit denen nach der Anciennetät ihm vorgehenden Expectanten in der Beſoldung eines jüngern kein Tort geſchehe.

Die Menge ſolcher theils gar nicht, theils nur kümmerlich beſoldeten Diener verbreitet überdies in die Geſchäfte eine gewiſſe Langſamkeit, Schlummer und Verwirrung, die man an einem aus wenigen aber wohl beſoldeten Dienern beſtehenden Hof nicht finden wird. Weil der Titel von Canzlei-Gäulen doch in verjährtem Gebrauch iſt, ſo darf ich auch wohl ſtatt des Beweiſes noch ſagen, daß zwei raſche wohlgefütterte Pferde eine größere Laſt geſchwinder fortbringen, als zwanzig Eſel, die mit Schlägen und Diſteln belebet werden.

Doch die mögen ewig Diſteln eſſen, die abergläubiſch oder niederträchtig genug denken, ſie einer reichlichern und beſſern Koſt deswegen vorzuziehen, weil ſolche auf Grund und Boden ihres liebwerthen Vaterlandes gewachſen ſind, ich meine die einfältigen Menſchen, welche ihre beſten Jahre und Kräfte zu unbelohntem Dienſt hingeben, um in ihrem Alter den Troſt zu genießen, mit ſtumpfen Zähnen gleichwohl einen magern Biſſen Brod zu kauen, der in der Mühle gemahlen worden, worinnen ihr ſeliger Großvater ſein Mehl auch hat mahlen laſſen. Die Liebe zum Vaterlande, dieſer ſtarke Antrieb zu großen Handlungen in republikaniſchen Verfaſſungen, iſt bei dieſen Leuten eine bloße Wirkung von Muthloſigkeit, ein Vorurtheil, von dem ſie weder den Grund noch Ungrund prüfen, eine ſchädliche Maxime für den Staat, die Tochter des Aberglaubens, die Mutter des Müſſiggangs, ein Satz, den man auf den Kanzeln beſtreiten, und ſchon in den Schulen ausrotten ſollte, weil er einem Lande den Zugang fremder Erfahrungen verſchließt, eine Nation dummſtolz auf ſich ſelbſt und verächtlich gegen andere macht und nur diejenigen als ächte Patrioten unter ſich gelten läßt, welche über dem alten Schlendrian mit einem treuen Köhlerglauben halten und ſich mit Verbeſſerung eines Landes unverworren laſſen. Dieſe ſeltſamen Deutſchen ſind ſo geduldig und thöricht (denn edelmüthig kann ichs doch unmöglich nennen) ihr und ihrer Eltern, Weiber und Kinder Haab und Gut geruhig zu verzehren, um nur nicht, wenn ſie auswärts Dienſte ſuchen, in ihrem Vaterland vergeſſen zu werden, welches ſie für das größte Unglück halten, das einem Menſchen in dieſer Welt begegnen könnte. Doch man muß ſie bei ihrem Dünkel laſſen, denn ſelbſt Salomo und Sirach würden ſich damit abweiſen laſſen müſſen: Es thut ſich nicht anders.

Bei allem bisher Geſagten finde ich nöthig, eine nähere und den Unterſchied der Dienerſchaft ſelbſt begreifende Einſchränkung zu machen. Ich wiederhole nochmals: die Beſoldungen müſſen durchgehends hinreichend ſein, die reichlichen Beſoldungen aber gehören forderiſt für die vornehmſten Miniſter und oberſten Räthe. Der Aufwand, den ihre Würde erfordert, iſt ungleich ſtärker, ihre Bemühungen ſchwerer, ihre Dienſte wichtiger und nach deren Verhältniß auch die Belohnung billig größer. Ein Regent läßt zu regelmäßiger und prächtiger Aufführung eines Schloſſes Baumeiſter und Künſtler aus fernen Landen kommen, und niemand verwundert ſich darüber, wenn ſolche mit hohem Sold und andern Gnadenbezeugungen belohnt werden; ſollten die, ſo den Bau der ganzen Regierung ordnen, aufführen und unterſtützen, geringer zu halten ſein?

Ein anderer Grund waltet auf Seiten einer Gattung Miniſter ſelbſten ob. Fripon hat durch die verächtlichſten Streiche und niederträchtigſten Verräthereien ſeinen Namen ſchon ſelbſt an den Galgen des Publici geſchlagen, er iſt nicht mehr

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*) Im II. Theil S. 304.

Kaufmannsgut, er bietet ſich überall an, man ſieht ihn als einen Ausläufer. Er ſteckt voller Schulden und bietet das letzte, was er hat, ſeine Religion feil, niemand will aber das zerriſſene und beſudelte Gewiſſen erhandeln, endlich wird ihm ein Herr und er dem Herrn hold, der zu ſeinen Abſichten einen Menſchen ſeines Schlags braucht. Fripon weiß zwar, daß er ſich infam macht, er weiß aber nicht, ob es bei dem neuen Herrn länger gut thun möchte, als bei dem vorigen, es träumt ihm auch manchmal vom Galgen und ewiger Gefangenſchaft. Sie handeln: zwanzigtauſend Gulden, gnädigſter Herr! iſt das Jahrs nicht zu viel, um davor ewig verdammt zu werden; wohlfeiler kann ich es nicht thun. Sie werden eins, der Herr übergiebt ihm ſein Land, wie man dem Scharfrichter einen Miſſethäter liefert, und für die dritte Tortur mehr als für die bloßen Daumenſchrauben bezahlt.

Nach den Miniſtern und Häuptern der Collegien verdienen einige der wichtigſten Subalternen eine vorzüglich reichliche Beſoldung. Ich rechne dahin die Kabinetsarbeiter, die Referendarien, Staats- und andere geheime Sekretarien. Die Treue und Verſchwiegenheit dieſer Männer muß durch eine hinlängliche Verſorgung außer der Gefahr der Verführung geſetzt, und ihr Fleiß dadurch belebt und geſchärft werden. Ferner gehören hieher die [illegible], die [illegible] eines Hauſes, die ſubalternen Miniſter, welche zu Hauſe arbeiten, wenn die Excellenzen die Zeit mit Audienz- und Viſitengeben, mit dem Hofdienſt, mit Unterhaltung der großen Sachen, welche jene [illegible] im [illegible] durcharbeiten müſſen, zubringen. Ein Hof, deſſen Miniſter ſchon wohl beſoldet werden, wird allemal ſchlecht bedient bleiben, wenn man an jener Art Männer ſparen will, und doch geht man vor allzuviel darin nach der Wohlfeile und hält dieſe Poſten gut genug für Anfänger, da man doch noch eher einen Reichshofrath auf die gelehrte Bank, als einen [illegible] Staats-Secretarium und Archiv-Mann finden kann.

Einer beſondern Gattung Diener muß ich hierbei noch Erwähnung thun, es ſind die außerordentlichen Leute, welche ſich berühmen: ſie dienen ihrem Herrn umſonſt. Es iſt wahr, die großen Herren haben darin einen Vorzug vor dem gemeinen Mann, ſie wiſſen ſich mit Titeln und Ehrenzeichen abzufinden, wo wir mit baarem Gelde zu zahlen haben. Bei den Hofleuten iſt nichts dagegen zu ſagen, man kann ja den Gecken die Freude wohl laſſen, die ſich und ihre Kinder um einen großen Herrn willen auf eine ſo angenehme Weiſe ruiniren wollen *).

Wenn aber einer von denen [illegible] Leuten, die dem Herrn den Hauptſchlüſſel zu den Kiſten ihrer Unterthanen machen, ein geheimer [illegible] ſich öffentlich berühmet, daß er ſeinem Herrn ohne Beſoldung und blos aus Liebe diene, dann möchte ich ſo blind wie die Juſtiz ſein, um ſeinen leeren Galgen nicht ſehen zu dürfen.

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*) [illegible]
[illegible]

Johann Jakob von Moſer,

der Vater des Vorigen, ward am 18. Januar 1701 zu Stuttgart geboren und ſtudirte, nachdem er auf dem vaterländiſchen Gymnaſium ſich die nöthigen Schulkenntniſſe erworben hatte, ſeit 1717 zu Tübingen Philoſophie und die Rechte. Schon 1720 wurde er hier Licentiat und außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte, ging aber 1721 mit dem Charakter eines würtembergiſchen Regierungsrathes nach Wien, ohne daß die Freundſchaft des kaiſerlichen Vicekanzlers und öftere Reiſen nach Stuttgart ihm zu einem beſtimmten Wirkungskreiſe verhelfen hätten. Nur ſein wirklicher Umzug nach Wien im Jahre 1725 veranlaßte das würtembergiſche Miniſterium, ihn 1726 als wirklichen Regierungsrath in Stuttgart anzuſtellen, von wo er 1727 zwar als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte ſich nach Tübingen begab, wohin er aber auch 1733 wegen mancherlei Anfechtungen in ſeine alten Verhältniſſe zurückkehrte. 1736 ging er als preußiſcher Geheimrath, Director der Univerſität und Ordinarius der Juriſtenfacultät nach Frankfurt an der Oder, legte aber 1739 in Folge einer vom König angeordneten burlesken Disputation dieſe Ämter nieder und lebte bis zur Ausbreitung der Herrnhutergemeinde zu Ebersdorf im Reußiſchen. Nach kurzer Wirkſamkeit als heſſenhomburgiſcher Geheimerath und Kanzleichef, was er 1747 geworden war, und einer ihm angenehmen Beſchäftigung mit der Direction der 1749 von ihm zu Hanau angelegten Staats- und Kanzleiakademie, kehrte er 1751 als Landſchaftsconſulent in ſein Vaterland zurück. Seine Gelehrſamkeit, ſein Scharfſinn, ſeine Geradheit und ſein Freimuth wurde 1759 durch ſeine Ernennung zum königlich däniſchen Etatsrath auch im Auslande ehrend anerkannt, veranlaßte aber auch bei den damaligen Streitigkeiten ſeines Fürſten mit den Ständen dieſen, ihn als vermeintlichen Verfaſſer wider den Herzog gerichteter ſcharfer Schriften 1759 auf die Feſtung Hohentwiel gefangen ſetzen und ohne Verhör und Urtheil dort feſthalten zu laſſen. Ein Befehl des Reichshofrathes gab ihm endlich 1764 ſeine Freiheit, ſein Amt und ſeine Penſion zurück, doch lebte er ſeitdem nur als Privatmann und mit ſeinen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigt zu Stuttgart, wo er am 30. September 1785 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Erdmann's erbauliche Todesſtunden. Tübingen 1730.
Neues und Altes aus dem Reiche Gottes. Stuttgart 1733—36. 12 Thle.
Deutſches Staatsrecht. Nürnberg 1737—54. 50 Thle., 4., mit 2 Fortſetzungen u. 1 Regiſterband.
Zeugniß von dem Frieden Gottes. Ebendaſ. 1740.
Deutſches Staatsarchiv. Hanau und Frankfurt, 1751—57, 13 Thle., 4.
Selige letzte Stunden einiger Miſſethäter. Stuttgart 1753.
Grundriß der heutigen Staatsverfaſſung von Deutſchland. Tübingen 1754.
Neues deutſches Staatsrecht. Stuttgart und Frankfurt 1766—75, 21 Thle. 4.
Geſammelte Lieder. Stuttgart 1766—67, 2 Thle.
Lebensgeſchichte, von ihm ſelbſt. 3. Ausg. Frankfurt 1777—83, 4 Thle.
Moseriana. Frankfurt 1786. 2 Thle.

J. J. v. M. war der bedeutendſte Publiciſt ſeiner Zeit, und zeichnete ſich namentlich durch die Vielſeitigkeit ſeiner Bildung und ſeinen für jene Tage trefflichen Styl höchſt vortheilhaft auch als Schriftſteller aus.

Juſtus Möſer,

ein Sohn des Kanzleidirectors und Conſiſtorialpräſidenten M. zu Osnabrück, ward am 14. December 1720 daſelbſt geboren und zeigte in früher Jugend mehr Neigung für körperliche als geiſtige Beſchäftigung. Doch faßte er das zu Lernende ſchnell, gebrauchte es ſogleich glücklich und erwarb ſich beſonders in der franzöſiſchen Sprache und Literatur nicht geringe Kenntniſſe, als er 1740 die Univerſität Jena bezog, um hier die Rechte zu ſtudiren. Nachdem er zwei Jahre hier und ein Jahr zu Göttingen ſeinem Studium obgelegen und durch die beſten engliſchen, franzöſiſchen und italieniſchen Schriften ſeinen Geſchmack gebildet hatte, trat er als Advocat in ſeinem Vaterlande auf und erwarb ſich durch ſeine Freimüthigkeit und ſeinen Eifer gegen alles Unrecht, wo es ſich zeigte, ſo ſehr das Zutrauen ſeiner Mitbürger und der Landſtände, daß er 1747 zum Advocatus patriae und kurz darauf zum Secretär und Syndicus der

Ritterſchaft ernannt wurde. Sein kluges Benehmen im ſiebenjährigen Kriege erſparte ſeinem Vaterlande viel Aufwand und Unannehmlichkeiten und verſchaffte ihm das Zutrauen des Herzogs Ferdinand von Braunſchweig und der vornehmſten Generale, in Folge deſſen er als Beauftragter rückſichtlich der Subſidienzahlungen nach London geſandt wurde und nach dem Regierungsantritte des Prinzen von England deſſen Bisthum, Osnabrück, ſeit 1761 zwar nicht dem Range und Titel, wohl aber der That nach als erſter Rathgeber verwaltete. Das Schwierige dieſer Stellung als Diener des Fürſtbiſchofs und der Stände zugleich, wurde reichlich aufgewogen durch die Zufriedenheit und das Vertrauen, mit welchem beide Theile auf ihn ſahen. 1762 wurde er Juſtitiarius beim osnabrückſchen Criminalgerichte und nach Niederlegung dieſer Stelle 1768 geheimer Referendar bei der Regierung, welche ihn außerdem 1783 mit dem Charakter eines Geheimen Juſtizrathes beehrte. Nachdem ihn die osnabrückiſche Ritterſchaft 1792 durch ein rührendes Begängniß ſeines 50jährigen Dienſtjubiläums erfreut und der Schmerz über den Verluſt ſeiner trefflichen Gattin und ſeines hoffnungsvollen Sohnes durch die Liebe ſeiner einzigen Tochter Johanne Wilhelmine Juliane, Gattin des großbritanniſchen Raths von Voigt gemildert worden war, verlebte er in ihrem und ſeiner Freunde Umgang noch einige frohe Jahre und ſtarb am 8. Januar 1794 ſanft und ruhig zu Osnabrück. — Er war ein ſtarker, wohlgebauter, hoher Mann mit feſtem Gange und von ernſtem freundlichen Weſen. Auf ſeinem klugen und treuherzigen Geſichte lag ein würdevoller Ernſt, der durch ein ſtetes heiteres Lächeln gemildert wurde. Sein Scharfſinn, ſeine Gelehrſamkeit, ſein Witz, ſeine Menſchenkenntniß, ſein Freimuth und ſeine Herzlichkeit machten ihn allgemein geachtet und geliebt.

Seine Werke ſind:

Patriotiſche Phantaſien. Herausgegeben von ſeiner Tochter J. W. J. v. Voigt. Berlin 1775—76, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. verm. u. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1778—86, 4 Thle., 8., mit Portrait; 3. verm. u. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1804, 4 Thle., gr. 8., mit Portrait; 4. Aufl. (1.—3. Thle.) Ebendaſ. 1819—20, 4 Thle., gr. 8.

Osnabrückiſche Geſchichte. Neue verbeſſerte Aufl. Berlin und Stettin 1780, 2 Thle., gr. 8., mit Kupf.; 3. Aufl. 1819—24, 3 Bde., 8. (3. Bd. herausgeg. aus M's Nachlaß von Herbert von Bar). Die erſte Ausgabe des 1. Thls. erfolgte bogenweiſe ſchon 1764.

Vermiſchte Schriften. Nebſt Leben, herausgegeben v. Fr. Nicolai. Berlin u. Stettin 1797—98, 2 Bde., gr. 8., mit Portrait M's.

Sämmtliche Werke. Berlin 1798, 8 Bde. gr. 8.

Einzeln:

Verſuch einiger Gemälde von den Sitten unſerer Zeit. Wochenſchrift. Hannover 1747. Hieß zuerſt blos: Ein Wochenblatt.

Die deutſche Zuſchauerin. Ein Wochenblatt. Hannover 1749.

Vorrede zu dem Trauerſpiel. Hannover u. Göttingen 1749.

Der Werth wohlgewogener Neigungen und Leidenſchaften. Hannover 1756, gr. 8.; 2. Ausgabe, Bremen 1777, kl. 8.

Unterthänigſte Vorſtellung und Bitte. Mein Joſeph Patridgen ꝛc. (mit lat. Lettern) Hannover 1760, 4.; 2. Ausg. Bremen 1777, kl. 8.

Harlekin, oder Vertheidigung des Grotesk-Komiſchen. Hamburg 1761, 8.; 2. Ausg. Bremen 1777, kl. 8. Wurde in's Engliſche, Däniſche und Franzöſiſche überſetzt.

Schreiben an Herrn Vicar von Savoyen, abzugeben bei J. J. Rouſſeau. 2. Ausg. Bremen 1777, kl. 8.

Sendſchreiben an Voltaire über den Charakter Luthers und über ſeine Reformation. Deutſch vom Candidat G. W. Bollmann. Lübeck 1765, 8. (War urſprünglich franzöſiſch geſchrieben.)

Schreiben an Hrn. Aaron Mendez da-Coſta, Oberrabbiner zu Utrecht. 1. Ausgabe, 1773. (blos als Manuſcript für Freunde); 2. Ausg. Bremen 1777, kl. 8.

Schreiben an P. J. K. in M., den erſten Schritt zur künftigen Vereinigung betreffend. Leipzig und Frankfurt 1780, 8.

Ueber die deutſche Sprache und Literatur. Osnabrück 1781.

Der Cölibat der Geiſtlichkeit, von ſeiner politiſchen Seite betrachtet. Osnabrück und Leipzig 1783, kl. 8.

Leben. Von Fr. Nicolai. Berlin 1797, gr. 8., mit Portrait M's.

Tugend auf der Schaubühne. Nachſpiel. Berlin 1798, gr. 8.

Möſer gehört zu den wenigen deutſchen Staatsmännern früherer Zeit, welche die feinſte, gewandteſte und glücklichſte Darſtellungsweiſe, ſo wie Witz und Phantaſie mit dem Ernſt der Wiſſenſchaft und des Geſchäftslebens zu vereinigen und in ihren Schriften zu verſchmelzen wußten. Er verſtand es, den trockenſten Erſcheinungen der Praxis eine intereſſante, zu gleicher Zeit belehrende, anregende und unterhaltende Seite abzugewinnen. Faſt alle ſeine Schriften entſtanden nur gelegentlich durch Verhältniſſe ſeiner nächſten Umgebungen veranlaßt, und doch verleihen ihnen der in denſelben vorherrſchende feine Spott, der heitere Witz, die gewandteſte Beobachtung und Sittenſchilderung, verbunden mit dem treuherzigen und doch eleganten und leichten Styl, allgemeine bleibende Geltung. Das vorzüglichſte unter ſeinen Werken iſt ſeine Geſchichte Osnabrücks, in welcher er die urſprüngliche Freiheit des deutſchen Volkes auf das Trefflichſte und Gründlichſte darlegte.

Einiges aus Möſers „Patriotiſchen Phantaſien."

Die Spinnſtube.

Eine Osnabrückiſche Geſchichte.

Gelinde, wir wollen ſie nur ſo nennen, ihr Taufname war ſonſt Gertraud, war die älteſte Tochter redlicher Eltern, und von Jugend auf dazu gewöhnt worden, das Nöthige und Nützliche allein ſchön und angenehm zu finden. Man erlaubte ihr jedoch, ſo viel möglich, alles Nothwendige in ſeiner größten Vollkommenheit zu haben. Ihr Vater, ein Mann von vieler Erfahrung, hatte ſich in Anſehung der Bücher auf ähnliche Grundſätze eingeſchränkt. „Die Wiſſenſchaften," ſagte er oft, „gehören zum Ueppigen der Seele; und in Haushaltungen oder Staaten, wo man noch mit dem Nothwendigen genug zu thun hat, muß man die Kräfte der Seele beſſer nützen." Gelinde ſelbſt ſchien von der Natur nach gleichen Regeln gebauet zu ſein, und alles Nothwendige in der größten Vollkommenheit zu beſitzen.

Die ganze Haushaltung war eben ſo. Wo die Mutter von einer beſſern Art Kühe oder Hühner hörte, da ruhete ſie nicht eher, als bis ſie davon bekam.

Man fand das ſchönſte Gartengewächs nur bei Gelinden. Ihre Rüben gingen den Märkiſchen weit vor; und der Biſchof hatte keine andere Butter auf ſeiner Tafel, als die von ihrer Hand gemacht war. Was man von ihrer Kleidung ſehen konnte, war klares und dichtes Linnen, ungeflickt und unbeſetzt; jedoch ſo nett von ihr geſäumt, daß man in jedem Stiche eine Grazie verſteckt zu ſehn glaubte. Das Einzige, was man an ihr Ueberflüſſiges bemerkte, war ein Heideblümchen in den lichtbraunen Locken. Sie pflegte aber dieſen Staat damit zu entſchuldigen, daß es der einzige wäre, welchen ſie jemals zu machen gedächte; und man konnte denſelben um ſo viel eher gelten laſſen, weil ſie die Kunſt verſtand, dieſe Blumen ſo zu trocknen, daß ſie im Winter nichts von ihrer Schönheit verloren.

In ihrem Hauſe war Eingangs zur rechten Hand ein Saal oder eine Stube, — man konnte es ſo genau nicht unterſcheiden. Vermuthlich war es ehedem ein Saal geweſen. Jetzt ward es zur Spinnſtube gebraucht, da Gelinde ein helles, geräumiges und reinliches Zimmer mit zu den erſten Bedürfniſſen ihres Lebens rechnete. Aus derſelben ging ein Fenſter auf den Hühnerplatz; ein anderes auf den Platz vor der Thüre, und ein drittes in die Küche, der Kellerthüre gerade gegenüber. Hier hatte Gelinde manchen Tag ihres Lebens arbeitſam und vergnügt zugebracht, indem ſie auf einem dreibeinigen Stuhle (denn einen ſolchen zog ſie dem vierbeinigen vor, weil ſie ſich auf demſelben, ohne aufzuſtehen und ohne alles Geräuſch, auf das Geſchwindeſte herumdrehen konnte) mit dem einen Fuß das Spinnrad und mit dem andern die Wiege in Bewegung erhalten, mit einer Hand den Faden und mit der andern ihr Buch regiert, und die

Augen bald in der Küche und vor der Kellerthür, bald auf dem Hühnerplatze oder vor der Hausthür gehabt hatte. Oft hatte ſie auch zugleich auf ihre Mutter im Kindbette Acht gehabt, und die ſpielenden Geſchwiſter mit einem freudigen Liede ermuntert. Denn das Kindbette ward zu der Zeit noch in einem Durtich gehalten, wovon die Staatsſeite in die Spinnſtube ging, und mit ſchönem Holzwerk, welches Pannel hieß, nun aber, minder glücklich *), Boiſerie genannt wird, geziert war. Desgleichen hatten die Eltern ihre Kinder noch mit ſich in der Wohnſtube, um ſelbſt ein wachſames Auge auf ſie zu haben. Ueber dem Durtich war der Hauptſchrank, worin die Briefſchaften, die Becher und andre Erbſchaftsſtücke verwahrt waren; und auch dieſen hatte Geſinde zugleich vor Dieben bewahrt.

Wenn die langen Winterabende herankamen, ließ ſie die Hausmägde, welche ſich daher ebenfalls überaus reinlich halten mußten, mit ihren Rädern in die Spinnſtube kommen. Man ſprach ſodann von Allem, was den Tag über im Hauſe geſchehen war, wie es im Stalle und im Felde ſtünde, und was des andern Tages vorgenommen ſein würde. Die Mutter erzählte ihnen auch wohl eine lehrreiche und luſtige Geſchichte, wenn ſie bemerkte. Die kleinen Kinder liefen von einem Schooße zum andern, und der Vater genoß des Vergnügens, welches Ordnung und Arbeit gewähren, mittlerweile er ſeine Hände bei einem Fiſch- oder Vogelgarn beſchäftigte, und ſeine Kinder durch Fragen oder Räthſel unterrichtete. Bisweilen ward auch geſungen, und die Räder vertraten die Stelle des Baſſes. Um Alles mit Wenigem zu ſagen: ſo waren alle nothwendige Verrichtungen in dieſer Haushaltung ſo verknüpft, daß ſie mit dem mindeſten Zeitverluſt, mit der möglichſten Erſparung überflüſſiger Hände und mit der größten Ordnung geſchehen konnten; und die Spinnſtube war in ihrer Anlage ſo vollkommen, daß man durch dieſelbe auf einmal ſo viele Abſichten erreichte, als möglicherweiſe erreicht werden konnten.

Nicht weit von dieſer glücklichen Familie lebte Kriſt, der einzige Sohn ſeiner Eltern, und der frühe Erbe eines ziemlichen Vermögens. Als ein Knabe und hübſcher Junge war er oft zu Geſinden in die Spinnſtube gekommen, und hatte manche ſchöne Birne darin gegeſſen, welche ſie ihm geſchält hatte. Nach ſeiner Eltern Tode aber war er auf Reiſen gegangen, und hatte die große Welt in ihrer ganzen Pracht betrachtet. Er verſtand die Baukunſt, hatte Geſchmack und einen natürlichen Hang zum Ueberflüſſigen, welchen er in ſeiner erſten Jugend nicht verbergen konnte, da er ſchon nicht anders als mit einem Federhute in die Kirche gehen wollte. Man wird daher leicht ſchließen, daß er bei ſeiner Wiederkunft jene altväterliche Wirthſchaft nicht von ihrer beſten Seite betrachtet und die Spinnſtube ſeiner Mutter in einen Vorſaal umgeändert habe. Jedoch war er nichts weniger als verderbt. Er war ein billiger und vernünftiger Mann geworden, und ſein einziger Fehler ſchien zu ſein, daß er die edle Einfalt als etwas Niedriges betrachtete und ſich eines braunen Tuches ſchämte, wenn Andere in goldgeſticktem Scharlach über ihn triumphirten.

Seine Eltern hatten ſeine frühe Neigung zu Geſinden gerne geſehen, und die übrigen wünſchten ebenfalls eine Verbindung, welche allen Theilen eine vollkommene Zufriedenheit verſprach. Seinen Wünſchen ſetzte ſich alſo Nichts entgegen; und ſo viele Schönheiten er auch auswärts geſehen hatte, ſo war ihm doch nichts vorgekommen, welches ihre Reize übertroffen hätte. Er widerſtand daher nicht lange ihrem mächtigen Eindruck, und der Tag der Hochzeit ward von den Eltern mit derjenigen Zufriedenheit angeſetzt, welche eine angemeſſene Ehe unter wohlgerathenen Kindern insgemein zu machen pflegt. Allein ſo oft Kriſt ſeine Braut beſuchte, fand er ſie in der Spinnſtube, und er mußte manchen Abend die Freude, ſeine Geliebte zu ſehen, mit dem Verdruß, zwiſchen Rädern und Kindern zu ſitzen, erkaufen.

Er konnte ſich endlich nicht enthalten, einige ſpöttiſche Züge gegen dieſe altväterliche Gewohnheit auszulaſſen. „Iſt es möglich," ſagte er einſtmals gegen den Vater, „daß Sie unter dieſem Geſumſe, dem Geplauder der Mägde und unter dem Lärm der Kinder ſo manchen ſchönen Abend hinbringen können? In der ganzen übrigen Welt iſt man von der alten deutſchen Gewohnheit, mit ſeinem Geſinde in einem Gemache zu leben, zurückgekommen, und die Kinder können unmöglich edle Geſinnungen bekommen, wenn ſie ſich mit den Mägden herumzerren. Ihre Denkungsart muß nothwendig ſchlecht, und ihre Aufführung nicht beſſer gerathen. Ueberall, wo ich in der Welt geweſen, haben die Bedienten ihre eigne Stube; die Mägde haben die ihrige beſonders; die Kammerjungfer ſitzt allein; die Töchter ſind bei der Franzöſin; die Knaben bei dem Hofmeiſter; der Herr vom Hauſe wohnt in einem, und die Frau im andern Flügel. Blos der Eßſaal, nebſt einigen Vorzimmern, dienen zu gewiſſen Zeiten des Tages, um ſich darin zu ſehen und zu verſammeln. Und wenn ich meine Haushaltung anfange, ſo ſoll die Spinnſtube gewiß nicht im Corps de logis wieder angelegt werden."

„Mein lieber Kriſt," war des Vaters Antwort, „ich habe auch die Welt geſehen, und nach einer langen Erfahrung gefunden, daß Langeweile unſer größter Feind, und eine nützliche Arbeit unſre dauerhafteſte Freundin ſei. Da ich auf das Land zurück kam, überlegte ich lange, wie ich mit meiner Familie meine Zeit für mich ruhig und vergnügt hinbringen wollte. Die Sommertage machten mich nicht verlegen. Allein die Winterabende fielen mir deſto länger. Ich fing an zu leſen, und meine Frau nähte. Im Anfang ging alles gut. Bald aber wollten unſre Augen dieſe Anſtrengung nicht aushalten, und wir kamen oft zu dem Schluſſe, daß das Spinnen die einzige Arbeit ſei, welche ein Menſch bis in's höchſte Alter ohne Nachtheil ſeiner Geſundheit aushalten könnte. Meine Frau entſchloß ſich dazu, und nach und nach kamen wir zu dem Plan, welcher Ihnen ſo ſehr mißfällt. Dies iſt die natürliche Geſchichte unſeres Verfahrens; nun laſſen Sie uns auch Ihre Einwürfe als Philoſophen betrachten."

„In meiner Jugend diente ich unter dem General Montecuculi. Wie oft habe ich dieſen Helden in zugigten Küchen auf den Vorpoſten ſich an ein ſchlechtes Wachtfeuer niederſetzen, aus einer verſauerten Flaſche mit den Soldaten trinken, und ein Stück Commißbrod eſſen ſehen; wie gern unterredete er ſich mit jedem Gemeinen; wie aufmerkſam hörte er oft von ihnen Wahrheiten, welche ihm von ſeinen Adjutanten hinterbracht wurden; und wie groß dünkte er ſich, wenn er in der Bruſt eines jeden Gemeinen Muth, Geduld und Vertrauen erweckt hatte! Was dort der Feldherr that, das thue ich in meiner Haushaltung. Im Kriege ſind einige Augenblicke groß; und in der Haushaltung alle, und es muß keiner verloren werden. Sollte nun aber wohl dasjenige, was den Helden größer macht, den Landbauer beſchimpfen können? Iſt der Ackerbau minder edel, als das Kriegshandwerk? Und ſollte es vornehmer ſein, ſein Leben zu vermiethen, als ſein eigner Herr zu ſein, und dem Staate ohne Sold zu dienen? Warum ſollte ich alſo nicht mit meinem Geſinde wie Montecuculi mit ſeinen Soldaten umgehen?"

„Ein geſunder und vernünftiger Menſch hat von der Natur ein Recht, ein ſtarkes Recht uns zu gefallen. Der Bürgerſtand braucht ihn; die Wolluſt ſucht ihn; und der Geiz verſpricht ſich alles von ſeinen Kräften. Ich habe allezeit geſundes und reinliches Geſinde; und bei der Ordnung, welche wir in allen Stücken halten, fällt es uns nicht ſchwer, es wohl zu ernähren und gut zu kleiden. Das Kleid macht nicht blos den Staatsmann, es macht auch eine gute Hausmagd; und es kann Ihnen, mein lieber Kriſt, nicht unbemerkt geblieben ſein, daß der Zuſchnitt ihrer Mützen und Wämſer ihnen eine vorzügliche Leichtigkeit, Munterkeit und Reinlichkeit gebe. Ich erniedrige mich nicht zu ihnen; ich erhebe ſie zu mir. Durch die Achtung, welche ich ihnen bezeuge, gebe ich ihnen eine Würde, welche ſie auch im Verborgenen zur Rechtſchaffenheit leitet. Und dieſe Würde, dieſes Gefühl der Ehre dienet mir beſſer, als andern die Furcht vor dem Zuchthauſe. Wenn ſie des Abends zu uns in die Stube gelaſſen werden, haben ſie Gelegenheit, manche gute Lehren im Vertrauen zu hören, welche ſie nicht ſo gut in das Herz prägen würden, wenn ich ſie ihnen als Herr im Vorübergehen mit einer ernſthaften Miene ſagte. Durch unſer Betragen gegen ſie ſind ſie verſichert, daß wir es wohl mit ihnen meinen, und ſie müßten ſehr unempfindliche Geſchöpfe ſein, wenn ſie ſich nicht darnach beſſerten. Ich habe zugleich Gelegenheit, ohne von meiner Arbeit aufzuſtehen und meine Zeit zu verlieren, von ihnen Rechenſchaft von ihrer Tagearbeit zu fordern und ihnen Vorſchriften auf den künftigen Morgen zu geben. Meine Kinder hören zugleich, wie der Haushalt geführt und jedes Ding in demſelben angegriffen werden muß. Sie lernen gute Herren und Frauen werden. Sie gewöhnen ſich zu der nothwendigen Aufmerkſamkeit auf Kleinigkeiten, und ihr Herz erwärmt ſich bei Zeiten zu den chriſtlichen Pflichten im niedrigen Leben, wozu ſich Andere ſonſt mehr aus Geiz als aus Religion herablaſſen. Ordentlicherweiſe aber laſſe ich meine Kinder mit dem Geſinde nicht allein. Wenn es aber von ungefähr geſchieht, ſo habe ich weniger zu fürchten, als Andere, deren Kinder mit einem verwahrloſten Geſinde verſtohlene Zuſammenkünfte halten. Ich muß aber dabei bemerken, daß ich meine Kinder hauptſächlich zu der Landwirthſchaft und zu derjenigen Vernunft erziehe, welche die Erfahrung mit ſich bringt. Von gelehrten Hofmeiſtern lernen tauſend die Kunſt, nach einem Modell zu denken und zu handeln. Aufmerkſamkeit und Erfahrung aber bringen nützliche Originale oder doch brauchbare Kopien hervor."

Kriſt ſchien mit einiger Ungeduld das Ende dieſer langen Rede zu erwarten, und vielleicht hätte er Geſindens Vater in manchen Stellen unterbrochen, wenn der Ernſt, womit dieſe ihrem Vater zuhörte, ihn nicht behutſam gemacht hätte. „Es iſt einem Jeden nicht gegeben," fiel er jedoch hier ein, „ſich mit ſeinem Geſinde ſo gemein zu machen; und ich glaube, man ſieht

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*) Pannel oder Schildarbeit, wovon auch das Wort Pfennig, als das erſte Schild eines Schillings, ſeinen Urſprung hat, drückt die Sache unſtreitig beſſer aus als Boiſerie.

allezeit am beſten, wenn man ſie in gehöriger Ehrfurcht und Entfernung hält. Alle Menſchen ſind zwar von Natur einander gleich. Allein unſre Umſtände wollen doch einigen Unterſchied haben; und es iſt nicht übel, ſolchen durch gewiſſe äußerliche Zeichen in der Einbildung der Menſchen zu unterhalten. Mit eben den Gründen, womit ſie mir die Spinnſtube anpreiſen, könnte ich Ihnen die Dorfſchenke rühmen. Und vielleicht bewieſe ich Ihnen aus der Geſchichte des vorigen Jahrhunderts, daß verſchiedene Kaiſer und Könige, wenn ihnen die allezeit in einerlei [illegible] erſcheinenden Hofleute Langeweile verurſacht, ſich oft in einem Bauernhauſe geletzt, und ihren getreueſten Unterthanen unbekannter Weiſe zugetrunken haben."

„Und Sie wollten dieſes verwerfen?" verſetzte Gelindens Vater, mit einem edlen Unmuthe. „Sie wollten eine Handlung lächerlich machen, welche ich für die gnädigſte des Königs halte? Kommen Sie," fuhr er fort, „ich habe hier noch ein Buch, welches ich oft leſe. Dieſes iſt Homer. Hier hören Sie" (und in dem Augenblicke las er die erſte Stelle, ſo ihm in die Hand fiel): Der alte Neſtor zitterte ein wenig, aber Hektor lehnte ſich an nichts. „Welch eine natürliche Schilderung!" rief er aus. „Wie ſanft, wie lieblich, wie fließend iſt dieſe Schattirung in Vergleichung ſolcher Gemälde, worauf der Held in einem einfarbigen Purpur ſteht, den Himmel über ſich einſtürzen ſieht, und den Kopf an einer poetiſchen Stange unerſchrocken in die Höhe hält? Wodurch war aber Homer ein ſolcher Maler geworden? Wahrlich nicht dadurch, daß er alles in einem prächtigen, aber einförmigen Modeton geſtimmt, und ſich in eine einzige Art von Roſen verliebt? Nein, er hatte zu ſeiner Zeit die Natur überall, wo er ſie angetroffen, ſtudirt. Er war auch unterweilen in die Dorfſchenke gegangen, und der ſchönſte Ton ſeines ganzen Werks iſt dieſer, daß er die Mannichfaltigkeit der Natur in ihrer wirklichen und wahren Größe ſchildert, und durch übertriebene Vergrößerungen oder Verſchönerungen ſich nicht in Gefahr ſetzt, ſtatt hundert Helden nur Einen zu behalten. Er ließ der Helena ihre ſtumpfe Naſe, ohne ihr den ſchönen Hügel darauf zu ſetzen; und Penelope ließ er in der Spinnſtube die Aufwartung ihrer Liebhaber empfangen."

Kriſt wollte eben von dem Durch ſprechen, welcher beim Homer wie ein Vogelbauer in die Höhe gezogen wird, damit die darin ſchlafenden Prinzen nicht von den Ratzen, oder andern giftigen Thieren angegriffen würden. Allein der Alte ließ ihn nicht zu Worte kommen, und ſagte nur noch: „Ich weiß wohl, die verzärtelten, verſchönerten, erhabenen und verwöhnten Köpfe unſerer heutigen Welt lachen über dergleichen Gemälde. Allein mein Troſt iſt: Homer wird in England, wo man die wahre Natur liebt und ihr in jedem Stande Gerechtigkeit widerfahren läßt, mehr geleſen und bewundert, als in dem ganzen übrigen Theile von Europa; und es gereicht uns nicht zur Ehre, wenn wir mit dem niedrigſten Stande nicht umgehen können, ohne unſre Würde zu verlieren. Es giebt Herren, welche in einer Dorfſchenke am Feuer mit vernünftigen Landleuten, die das Ihrige nicht aus der Encyklopädie, ſondern aus Erfahrung wiſſen, und aus eigenem Verſtande wie aus offenem Herzen reden, allezeit größer ſeyn werden, als orientaliſche Prinzen, die, um nicht klein zu ſcheinen, ſich einſchließen müſſen. Wenn wir dächten, wie wir denken ſollten, ſo müßte uns der Umgang mit ländlichen unverdorbenen und unverfälſchten Originalen ein weit angenehmeres Schauſpiel geben, als die Bühne, worauf einige abgerichtete Perſonen ein auswendig gelerntes Stück in einem gezogenen Affekte daher ſchwatzen."

Wie Gelinde merkte, daß ihr Vater eine Wahrheit, welche er zu ſtark fühlte, nicht mehr mit der ihm ſonſt eigenen Gelaſſenheit ausdrückte, unterbrach ſie ihn damit, daß ſie ſagte: ſie würde ſich's von Kriſten als die erſte Gefälligkeit ausbitten, daß er ſeiner Mutter Spinnſtube wieder in den vorigen Stand ſetzen ließe. Und ſie begleitete dieſe ihre Bitte mit einem ſo ſanften Blick, daß er auf einmal die Satyre vergaß, und ihr unter einer einzigen Bedingung den vollkommenſten Gehorſam verſprach. Gelinde wollte zwar Anfangs keine Bedingung gelten laſſen; doch ſagte ſie endlich: „Die Bedingungen eines geliebten Freundes können nichts Widriges haben, und ich weiß im voraus, daß ſie zu unſerm gemeinſchaftlichen Vergnügen gereichen werden." Kriſt erklärte ſich alſo, und es ward von allen Seiten gut befunden, daß Gelinde ein Jahr nach ihres Mannes Phantaſie leben, und alsdann dasjenige geſchehen ſollte, was ſie beiderſeits wünſchen würden. Jeder Theil hoffte in dieſer Zeit den andern auf ſeine Seite zu ziehen.

Der Hochzeittag ging fröhlich vorüber, und wenn gleich Kriſt ſich an demſelben in ſeiner ſchönſten Größe zeigte, ſo bemerkte man doch auf der andern Seite nichts, was man Ueberfluß nennen konnte. Gelindens Vater kleidete alle Armen im Dorfe neu; nur ſich ſelbſt nicht, weil ſein Rock noch völlig gut war. Er gab nicht mehr als drei Speiſen und gutes Bier, welches im Hauſe gemacht war. Denn der Wein war damals noch keine allgemeine Mode, und es hatte ſich kein Leibarzt beifallen laſſen, der Braunahrung zum Nachtheil, das Waſſer geſünder zu finden. Die Braut trug ihr Hochzeitskleidchen, und die liebenswürdige Sittſamkeit war das durchſchimmernde Gewand ihrer edlen und mächtigen Reize. Sie war weiß und roth ohne Pracht. Des andern Morgens aber erſchien ſie, nach der Abrede, in unausſprechlichen Kleidungen. Denn die Zeit hat die Modenamen aller Kopfzeuge, Hüllen und Phantaſien, welche zu der Zeit zum Putz eines Frauenzimmers gehörten, längſt in Vergeſſenheit kommen laſſen. Und wenn ſie ſolche auch erhalten hätte: ſo würde man ſie doch eben ſo wenig verſtehen, als dasjenige, was man in der Limburger Chronik *) von gemöderten, geſchäderten, verſchnittenen und verzattelten, von Armſpalt, Lappen, ſockett und [illegible] lieſt.

Gelinde, die alles, was ſie war, jederzeit aus Ueberzeugung war, ſpielte ihre neue Rolle wirklich ſchöner, als wenn ſie ſolche gelernt hätte. Sie ſtand ſpät auf, ſaß bis um 9 Uhr am Kaffeetiſche, putzte ſich bis um zwei, aß bis um vier, ſpielte bis acht, ſetzte ſich wieder zu Tiſche bis zehn, zog ſich aus bis um zwölf, und ſchlief wieder bis acht; und in dieſem einförmigen Zirkel verfloß der erſte Winter in einer benachbarten Stadt, wohin ſie ſich nach der Mode begeben hatten.

Wie der folgende Winter ſich näherte, fing Kriſt allmälig an, Ueberlegungen zu machen. Sein ganzes Hausgeſinde hatte ſich nach ſeinem Muſter gebildet. In der Haushaltung war vieles verloren, vieles nicht gewonnen, und in der Stadt ein Anſehnliches mehr als ſonſt verzehrt. Er mußte ſich alſo entſchließen, auf dem Lande zu bleiben, wofern er ſeine Wirthſchaft in Ordnung halten wollte. Gelinde hatte ihm bis dahin noch nichts geſagt. Denn auch dieſes hatte er ſich bedungen. Allein nunmehr, da das Probejahr zu Ende ging, ſchien ſie allmälig mit einem Blicke zu fragen, wiewohl mit aller Beſcheidenheit und nur ſo, daß man ſchon etwas auf dem Herzen haben mußte, um dieſen Blick zu verſtehen.

Zur Zeit, wie Kriſt in Paris geweſen war, hatte man eben die Spinnräder erfunden, welche die Damen mit ſich in Geſellſchaft trugen, auf den Schooß ſetzten und mit einem ſilbernen Haken an eben der Stelle befeſtigten, wo jetzt die Uhr zu hängen pflegt. Man drehte das Rad mit einem ſchönen kleinen Finger, und tändelte oder ſpann mit einem andern. Von dieſer Art hatte er heimlich eins für Gelinde kommen laſſen, und für ſich ein Geſtell zum Knotten. Denn die Mannsperſonen fingen eben an zu knotten, als zu trenſeln **). Ehe ſich's Gelinde verſah, rückte Kriſt mit dieſen allerliebſten Kleinigkeiten hervor, und gedachte damit eine Wendung gegen ſein feierliches Verſprechen zu machen. Vielleicht wäre es ihm auch eine Zeit lang geglückt, wenn nicht das charmante Mädchen mit einer unendlichen Menge Verliebten wäre gepaart geweſen. Sie wußte zwar die Geſchichte ihres Urſprungs, und zu welchem Ende der Gott der Liebe dieſe kleinen Dingerchen erfunden hatte, nicht. Allein ſie ſah doch ganz wohl ein, daß dieſe überflüſſige Zierrath, ein kleiner Spott über ihre ehemaligen Grundſätze ſeyn ſollte. Indeſſen ſchwieg ſie und ſpann. Kriſt aber machte Knötchen.

Kaum aber war ein Monat und mit dieſem die Neuheit vorüber, ſo fühlte Kriſt ſelbſt die ganze Schwere dieſer langweiligen Tändelei. Längſt hatte er eingeſehen, daß nichts, als nützliche Arbeit, die Zeit verkürzen und ein dauerhaftes Vergnügen erwecken könne. Allein dieſe ſeine Erkenntniß war unter dem Geräuſch jugendlicher Luſtbarkeiten verſchwunden, jetzt verwandelte ſie ſich aber in eine lebhafte Ueberzeugung, da die Reife ſich bei ihm als ein ernſthafter [illegible] einſtellte. Er fing alſo an, Gelinden offenherzig und zärtlich zu geſtehen, wie es wohl ſcheine, daß ſie Recht behalten würde. . . .

Die Scene, welche hierauf erfolgte, iſt zu rührend, um ſie zu beſchreiben. Es iſt genug zu wiſſen, daß Gelinde den Sieg und eine ganz neue Spinnſtube erhielt, worinn ſie wie zuvor, ihre Haushaltung regieren konnte. Nur wollte Kriſt nicht, daß ſie Eingangs zur Linken liegen ſollte, weil er hier ſeinen Saal behalten, und die Damen, ſo ihn beſuchten, wie im Menuet, von der Rechten zur Linken führen wollte. Dieß ward leicht eingeräumt; und Jedermann weiß, daß ſie beide unter Kindern und Kindeskindern ein ſehr hohes und vergnügtes Alter erreicht haben. Man ſagt ſogar, daß die damalige Landesfürſtin ihnen die Ehre erwieſen, ſie in der Spinnſtube zu beſuchen, und daß ſie, zum Andenken derſelben, eine dergleichen auf dem Schloſſe zu Iburg angelegt habe, welche bis auf den heutigen Tag die Spinnſtube genannt wird.

Der erſte Jahreswechſel.

Eine Legende

Gott hatte die Thüre des Paradieſes noch kaum abgeſchloſſen, als Eva von fern einen ſchönen weitglänzenden Apfelbaum erblickte, und zu ihrem lieben Adam ſagte: „Siehſt Du wohl, auch da ſind Aepfel.“ So wie ſie dieſes ſagte, ging ſie auch hinzu, und Adam voll tiefer Wehmuth, wozu ihm noch der Ausdruck mangelte, hinter ihr drein. „Ich wüßte nicht, was den Aepfeln fehlte, daß ſie nicht eben ſo gut, wie im Paradieſe ſein ſollten,“ rief ſie nach dem erſten Biß aus; aber Adam ſchüttelte den Kopf, und ſpuckte das Abgebiſſene auf die Erde. So brachten Sie eine Weile mit dem Koſten verſchiedener Früchte zu, als Nacht und Müdigkeit die beiden Vertriebenen zur Ruhe lockte und Adam zum erſtenmal einſchlief, ohne ſeiner Eva eine gute Nacht zu wünſchen. Sie mußte indeſſen, wie alle Schuldigen, den Schmerz verbeißen, ſo gern ſie auch ihrem Mann noch einmal geſagt hätte, daß er es beſſer verſtehen, und ſich von ſeinem ſchwachen Weibe nicht hätte verführen laſſen ſollen.

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*) Faſti Limburg. S. 31.

**) Das Trenſeln, welches vor dreißig Jahren Mode war, beſtand darin, daß man goldne und ſilberne Borten, auch ſeidne Zeuge in ihre Fäden auflöſte.

Es regnete die Nacht gewaltig, und dabei war es doch ſchon etwas kalt, wie gemeiniglich in den Herbſttagen. Ihre Pelze, welche ihnen Gott beim Abſchiede auf die Reiſe gegeben hatte, waren durch und durch naß geworden und ein naſſer Pelz iſt eine elende Decke. „Wir müſſen es machen wie die Thiere, und uns künftig des Nachts in eine Höhle oder unter dem Laube verbergen,“ ſagte Adam, und noch hatte er ſich nicht dreimal umgeſehen, als er einige abgeſchlagene Zweige entdeckte, ſolche an einen großen Baum ſtützte, und ſich darunter ein beſſeres Lager bereitete. Sein Vergnügen war, ſolches jeden Tag immer mehr und mehr mit Schilfe und großen Blättern gegen das Wetter, welches jede Nacht unfreundlicher wurde, zu verſichern, und in der That hatte ihn die Noth recht ſinnreich gemacht: denn die Hütte war ſo groß und geräumig, daß ſie ſich beide darin niederlegen und noch zur Thür hinaus ſehen konnten.

Wenn ſie hier des Morgens aufwachten, war ihr erſter Blick nach der Sonne, und die erſte aſtronomiſche Bemerkung, die ſie machten, war, daß dieſes große Licht immer mehr und mehr zurückblieb. „O Gott, o Gott!“ ſagte Adam; die armen Leute hatten noch keinen Winter geſehen, und im Paradieſe gleichlange ſchöne Tage gehabt: „ich befürchte, es ſtirbt nun ſo Alles nach einander aus. Man hört weder Froſch noch Vogel, die Früchte fallen überall ab, die Bäume verlieren ihre Blätter, und ſogar das Dach unſerer Hütte fault und fällt zuſammen, — ich fürchte, ich fürchte, Gottes Zorn folgt uns nach, es geht Alles aus, und wer weiß, meine liebe Eva; auch Du ſelbſt wirſt zur Erde werden.“ Hier entfiel ihm die erſte bitterliche Thräne, und Eva ſchluchzte an ſeinem Halſe: „Und Du!“

Alle Morgen, die Gott werden ließ, kam die Sonne ſpäter, und der Abend, da ſie noch weder Feuer und Licht kannten, ſo früh, die Tage wurden allmälig ſo kurz, daß ſie nun ſchon nichts anders als eine lange ewige Nacht erwarteten, und bloß vom Hunger getrieben, noch durch den tiefen Koth herumliefen, um einige abgefallene Früchte zu ſammeln, wobei Eva immer glücklicher war, als Adam, indem ſie noch oft einen Apfel entdeckte, den der Mann überſehen hatte, und ſich dann recht inniglich freute. Aber auch dieſe Luſt hörte bald auf, die Thiere auf dem Felde ſammelten fleißiger wie ſie, und ein ſchöner Kürbis, den Eva einſtmals im Triumph nach Hauſe gebracht, und über alle Aepfel im Paradieſe erhoben, Adam aber, um ihr kein Recht zu laſſen, aus der Hütte geworfen hatte, lag, wie ſie ihn jetzt aufſuchte, verfault da. Nun wühlte Eva mit ihren ſchönen Händen Wurzeln aus der Erde, bis der Froſt kam, und ſich ihren noch nicht abgehärteten Fingern widerſetzte. Endlich bedeckte ein tiefer Schnee den ganzen Erdboden und vergrub das einſame Paar unter ſeiner armſeligen Hütte. Keine Sonne leuchtete mehr, die ganze Natur war todt, kein Vogel ſang, kein Kraut wuchs, und der bloße Schimmer des Schnees entdeckte ihnen nichts als ihr bejammernswürdiges Elend. Sie legten ſich hin, um zu erſtarren, um mit der ganzen Natur einzuſchlafen, um nie wieder zu erwachen; aber der Hunger verſtattete ihnen auch dieſe letzte Ruhe nicht. Sie mußten wider ihren Willen die Rinde von dem Laube ihrer Hütte nagen, Wurzeln unter ſich hervorwühlen, und den Schnee aufeſſen. Eva fühlte dann und wann noch ein Herz unter dem ihrigen ſchlagen. „Sollte dies,“ ſagte ſie zu Adam, „wohl das Kind ſein, was ich mit Schmerzen gebären ſoll? Sollte dieſes wohl noch kommen, um unſer Elend zu vermehren, und mit uns zu verhungern!“

Bei dieſer und andern dergleichen traurigen Bemerkungen glaubte Adam zum erſten Male die Sonne wieder zu ſehen; der Schnee vor der Hütte war dünner geworden, und er verſuchte es, ſich durch denſelben mehr Licht zu verſchaffen. Allein er konnte ſie nicht entdecken. Des andern Tages hoffte er wiederum, und der erſte Strahl fiel in ſeine Hütte; doch war dieſes noch ein ſchwacher Troſt, indem Alles um ihn herum noch immer todt blieb. Nach und nach aber merkte er, daß der Strahl höher herabfiel, und mehr Wärme mit ſich brachte. Er maß ihn einen Tag und alle Tage, und fand alle Morgen mit einer Freude, die ſich nicht ausdrücken läßt, daß er immer etwas höher fiel. Der Schnee fing an zu ſchmelzen, und einige Mücken tanzten vor dem Loche der Hütte. „Siehſt Du,“ ſagte Eva, „das Leben kommt wieder in die Natur, und wir werden nicht ſterben.“ In dem Augenblicke flog auch ein Vogel bei ihrer Hütte vorüber, und jeder Morgen zeigte ihnen nun einen neuen Gegenſtand, der ſie entzückte und begeiſterte. Alle Geſchöpfe ſangen, hüpften und breiteten Leben; alles, was Odem hatte im Walde und auf dem Gefilde, frohlockte, und die lebloſe Natur fühlte den lebendigen Geiſt der Schöpfung. Auch Eva brachte im Maien den Erſtling ihrer Liebe, und ſah nach überſtandenem Schmerze ihren Adam ſtolz an. Und nun, rief Adam aus, indem er ſeinen neugebornen Sohn aus der Hütte an's Licht brachte: „Ach, Herr! wie wohl haſt Du auch den Winter gemacht, da Du den Frühling auf ihn folgen läſſeſt! Wie glücklich wird unſer Leben ſein, wenn auch hierauf ſtets ein anderes folgt!“ — Er bauete aber nun auch ſeine Hütte beſſer, ſorgte im Sommer für den Winter, und in der Zeit für die Ewigkeit.

Wie man zu einem guten Vortrag ſeiner Empfindungen gelange.

Ihre Klage, liebſter Freund! daß Sie ſich in Ausdruck und Vorſtellung ſelten vollkommen genugthun können, wenn Sie eine wichtige und mächtig empfundene Wahrheit Andern vortragen wollen, mag leicht gegründet ſein; aber daß dieſes eben einem Mangel der Sprache zur Urſache habe, davon bin ich noch nicht überzeugt. Freilich ſind alle Worte, beſonders die todten auf dem Papier, welchen es wahrlich ſehr an Phyſiognomie zum Ausdrucke fehlt, nur ſehr unvollkommene Zeichen unſerer Empfindungen und Vorſtellungen, und man fühlt oft bei dem Schweigen eines Mannes mehr, als bei den ſchönſten niedergeſchriebenen Reden. Allein auch jene Zeichen haben ihre Begeiſterungen für den empfindenden und denkenden Leſer, und wer die Muſik verſteht, wird die Noten nicht froſtig vortragen. Auch der Leſer, wenn er anders die gehörige Fähigkeit hat, kann an den ihm vorgeſchriebenen Worten ſich zu dem Verfaſſer hinauf empfinden, und aus deſſen Seele Alles herausholen, was darin zurückblieb.

Eher möchte ich ſagen, daß Sie Ihre Empfindungen und Gedanken ſelbſt nicht genug entwickelt hätten, wenn Sie ſolche vortragen wollen. Die mehrſten unter den Schreibenden begnügen ſich damit, ihren Gegenſtand mit aller Geſchwindigkeit zu überſehen, ſodann eine ſogenannte Dispoſition zu machen und ihren Weg danach auszuführen; oder ſie nützen die Heftigkeit des erſten Anfalls, und geben uns aus ihrer glühenden Einbildungskraft ein friſches Gemälde, was oft bunt und ſtark genug iſt, und doch die Wirkung nicht thut, welche ſie erwarteten. Aber ſo nöthig es auch iſt, daß derjenige, der eine große Wahrheit mächtig vortragen will, dieſelbe vorher wohl überdenke, ſeinen Vortrag ordne, und ſeinen Gegenſtand, nachdem er iſt, mit aller Wärme behandle: ſo iſt dieſes doch noch der eigentliche Weg nicht, worauf man zu einer kräftigen Darſtellung ſeiner Empfindungen gelangt.

Mir mag eine Wahrheit, nachdem ich mich davon aus Büchern und aus eigenem Nachdenken unterrichtet habe, noch ſo ſehr einleuchten, und ich mag mich damit noch ſo bekannt dünken: ſo wage ich es doch nicht, ſogleich meine Dispoſition zu machen und ſie danach zu behandeln; vielmehr denke ich, ich habe noch unzählige Seiten und Stellen, die mir jetzt verborgen ſind, und ich möchte erſt ſuchen, ſolche ſo viel möglich zu gewinnen, ehe ich an irgend einen Vortrag, oder an Dispoſition und Ausführung gebunden bliebe. Demnach werfe ich zuerſt, ſobald ich mich von meinem Gegenſtande begeiſtert und zum Vortrage geſchickt fühle, Alles, was mir darüber einfällt, auf's Papier. Des andern Tages verfahre ich wieder ſo, wenn mich mein Gegenſtand von Neuem zu ſich ruft, und das wiederhole ich ſo lange, als das Feuer und die Begierde zunimmt, immer tiefer in die Sache einzudringen. So wie ich eine Lieferung auf das Papier gebracht und die Seele von ihrer erſten Laſt entledigt habe, ſehnt ſie ſich noch und noch weiter aus und gewinnt neue Ausſichten, die zuerſt noch von andern Bildern bedeckt wurden. Je weiter ſie eindringt und je mehr ſie entdeckt, deſto feuriger und leidenſchaftlicher wird ſie für ihren geliebten Gegenſtand. Sie ſieht immer ſchönere Verhältniſſe, fühlt ſich leichter und freier zum Vergleichen, iſt mit allen Theilen bekannt und vertraut, verweilt und gefällt ſich in deren Betrachtung, und hört nicht eher auf, als bis ſie gleichſam die letzte Gunſt erhalten hat.

Und nun, wenn ich ſo weit bin, womit insgeheim mehrere Tage und Nächte, Morgen- und Abendſtunden zugebracht ſind, indem ich bei dem geringſten Anſchein von Erſchlaffung die Feder niederlege, fange ich in der Stunde des Berufs an, mein

Geschriebenes nachzulesen und zu überdenken, wie ich meinen Vortrag einrichten wolle. Fast immer hat sich während dieser Arbeit die beste Art und Weise, wie die Sache vorgestellt sein will, von selbst entdeckt; aber wo ich hierüber noch nicht mit mir einig werden kann, so lege ich mein Papier bei Seite und erwarte eine glücklichere Stunde, die durchaus von selbst kommen muß, und leicht kommt, nachdem man einmal mit einer Wahrheit so vertraut geworden ist. Ist aber die beste Art der Vorstellung, die immer nur einzig ist, während der Arbeit aus der Sache hervorgegangen, so fange ich allmälig an, Alles, was ich auf diese Art meiner Seele abgewonnen habe, danach zu ordnen; was sich nicht dazu paßt, wegzustreichen, und jedes an seine Stelle zu bringen.

Insgemein fällt Alles, was ich zuerst niedergeschrieben habe, ganz weg, aber es sind zerstreute Einzelnheiten, die ich jetzt nur mit der herausgekommenen Summe zu bemerken nöthig habe. Desto mehr behalte ich von den folgenden Operationen, worin sich Alles schon mehr zur Bestimmtheit geneigt hat, und der letzte Gewinn dient mehrentheils nur zur Deutlichkeit und zur Bereicherung des Vortrags. Die Ordnung oder Stellung der Gründe folgt nach dem Hauptplan von selbst, und das Colorit überlasse ich der Hand, die, was die erregte Einbildung nunmehr mächtig fühlt, auch mächtig und feurig malt, ohne dabei einer besondern Leitung zu bedürfen.

Doch will ich eben nicht sagen, daß Sie sich sogleich hierin selbst trauen sollen. Jeder Grund hat seine einzige Stelle, und er wirkt nicht auf der einen, wie auf der andern. Vielleicht, ich wollte Ihnen beweisen, daß das frühe Disponiren sehr wichtig sei, und finge damit an, daß ich Ihnen sagte: „Garrick bewunderte die Clairon als Frankreichs größte Actrice; aber er fand es doch klein, daß sie jeden Grad der Raserei, worauf sie als Medea steigen wollte, vorher bei kaltem Blute und in ihrem Zimmer bestimmen konnte," so würden Sie freilich die Richtigkeit der Vergleichung leicht finden, aber doch nicht alles dabei fühlen, was ich wollte, das Sie dabei fühlen sollten. Garrick disponirte seine Rolle nie zum Voraus, er arbeitete sich nur in die Situation der Person hinein, welche er vorzustellen hatte, und überließ es dann seiner mächtigen Seele, sich seiner ganzen Kunst nach ihren augenblicklichen Empfindungen zu bedienen. Und das muß ein Jeder thun, der eine mächtige Empfindung mächtig ausdrücken will.

Das Coloriren ist leichter, wenn man es von der Haltung trennt; aber in Verbindung mit derselben schwerer. Hierüber lassen sich nicht wohl Regeln geben; man lernt es blos durch eine aufmerksame Beobachtung der Natur und viele Uebung, was man entfernen oder verrücken, stark oder schwach ausdrücken soll. Das Meiste hängt jedoch hierbei von der Unterordnung in der Gruppirung ab, und wenn Sie hierin glücklich und richtig gewesen sind: so wird die Verschiedenheit des Standorts, woraus die Leser, wofür Sie schreiben, Ihr Gemälde ansehen, nur eine allgemeine Ueberlegung verdienen.

Unter Millionen Menschen ist vielleicht nur ein einziger, der seine Seele so zu greifen weiß, daß sie Alles hergiebt, was sie hergeben kann. Viele, sehr Viele haben eine Menge von Eindrücken, sie mögen nun von der Kunst oder von der Natur herrühren, bei sich verborgen, ohne daß sie es selbst wissen; man muß die Seele in eine Situation versetzen, um sich zu rühren, man muß sie erhitzen, um sich aufzuschließen, und zur Schwärmerei bringen, um Alles aufzuwecken. Horaz empfahl den Wein als eine gelinde Tortur der Seele; Andere halten die Liebe zum Gegenstande für mächtiger, als den Durst zu Entdeckungen; Jeder muß hierin sich selbst prüfen. Rousseau gab nie etwas von den ersten Aufwallungen seiner Seele; wer nur diese und nichts mehr giebt, der trägt nur solche Wahrheiten vor, die den Menschen insgemein auffallen und Jedem bekannt sind. Er hingegen arbeitete oft zehnmal auf die Art, wie ich es Ihnen vorgeschlagen habe, und hörte nicht auf, so lange noch etwas zu gewinnen übrig war. Wenn dieses ein großer Mann thut, so kann man so ziemlich sicher sein, daß er weiter vorgedrungen sei, als irgend ein Anderer vor ihm. So oft Sie sich mächtiger in der Empfindung, als im Ausdruck fühlen, so glauben Sie nur dreist, Ihre Seele sei faul. Sie wolle nicht Alles hervorbringen. Greifen Sie dieselbe an, wenn Sie fühlen, daß es Zeit ist, und lassen Sie sie arbeiten. Alle Ideen, die ihr jemals eingedrückt sind, und die sie selbst aus den eingedrückten unbemerkt gezogen hat, müssen in Bewegung und Glut gebracht werden; sie muß vergleichen, schließen und empfinden, was sie auf andere Art ewig nicht thun wird, sie muß verliebt und erhitzt werden gegen ihren großen Gegenstand. — Aber auch für die Liebe giebt es keine Disposition; kaum weiß man es nachher zu erzählen, wie man von einer Situation zur andern gekommen ist.

Eine Erzählung, wie es viele giebt.

Die Kunst, in Gesellschaften zu erzählen, erfordert eine eigne Geschicklichkeit; und sie sollte billig mehr als andere studirt werden, da sie in der That wichtiger ist und einem Manne als andere freie Künste zu Statten kommt. Gleichwohl wird sie jetzt ganz vernachlässigt, seitdem gewisse Leute sie zum Handwerke herabgewürdigt, und die guten Gesellschaften genöthigt haben, ihr den Abschied zu geben. Nur Wenige denken daran, wie sie zu einer Erzählung die Anlage machen sollen; um die Gründung der Wahrheit, welche dadurch gelehrt werden soll, und deren Wichtigkeit fast ihren ganzen Werth entscheidet, bekümmern sie sich am wenigsten; und die Art der Behandlung ist ihnen fast gleichgültig, da sie nicht einmal vorher überlegen, ob die Wahrheit, so sie vortragen wollen, eine lustige oder ernsthafte Einkleidung erfordere; und doch ist nichts gewisser, als daß die größte Wirkung von der Art der Behandlung abhängt. Oft fordert der Gegenstand nur eine leichte Anspielung auf eine schon bekannte Geschichte; oft blos das Resultat oder die Lehre einer Fabel, oft einen spitzigen und treffenden Witz, oft eine sanfte und versteckte Lehre, die man angenehmer errathen läßt als sagt; allemal aber eine kurze Erwartung und völlige Befriedigung; welche sich beide nicht erreichen lassen, wo man nicht beständig seine ganze Aufmerksamkeit auf den Zweck richtet, Alles, was nicht zu demselben wirkt, wegläßt, dasjenige aber, was dazu dient, wohl ordnet, den Hauptzügen mehr Stärke als den Nebenzügen giebt, und zuletzt die Begierde des Zuhörers mit einer wichtigen Wahrheit, oder, welches einerlei ist, mit einer vernünftigen Freude, so wie von einer solchen kleinen Erzählung zu erwarten ist, sättigt. Der gewöhnliche Lauf unserer Erzählungen ist insgemein wie in der folgenden, welche ich neulich mit eignen Ohren habe anhören müssen.

„Dabei fällt mir ein," fing Jemand an, „was mir einmal unterwegs begegnete, wie ich nach Münster fuhr. Ja, ich glaube, es war nach Münster, denn meine Frau war damals mit ihrem ersten Kinde schwanger, und sie wollte doch gern vor ihrer Niederkunft das dortige neue Schloß besehen. Wir waren auf der ersten Station von hier, ich meine zu Lengerich, das kann ich eben so genau nicht sagen, es liegt auch so viel nicht daran; und die Frühjahrszeit war so angenehm, denn es war in der Woche nach Ostern, und wir hatten Ostern damals etwas spät gehabt, so daß es beinahe zu Ende des Aprils eingefallen war, daß wir beide, ich und meine Frau, welche damals noch nicht daran dachte, daß ihr der Tod das Kind, womit sie zum erstenmal damit gesegnet war, so früh wieder rauben würde, vor der Thür standen, und sahen, wie die Leute im Mondenschein spazieren gingen. Denn, wo ich nicht irre, so war es ein Festtag, und wohl gar der erste Mai, der, wo mir recht ist, noch dazu auf einen Sonntag fiel, so daß man es wohl für einen doppelten Festtag halten konnte. Auf einmal entstand ein Geschrei ganz aus der Ferne (das Haus, worin wir waren, lag nach dem Felde zu, und nicht weit davon stand etwas Holz, so jedoch nur aus einigen alten Föhren und zotticht bewachsenen Eichen bestehet) und zwar aus der Gegend dieses Holzes, so daß alle Spazierenden ihre Ohren und ihre Füße dahin richteten. Ich sagte zu meiner Frau: Wollen wir auch hingehen, wir haben doch nichts Besseres zu thun, weil es noch wohl eine Stunde währen soll, ehe der Postillion, der dem einen Pferde noch ein Eisen unterlegen lassen muß, und seine Futtersäcke noch nicht angefüllt hat, fertig sein wird. Ja, sagte meine liebe Frau, wie du willst, ich bin bereit, und es soll mir recht angenehm sein, mich noch ein Bischen zu vertreten. Denn von dem Fahren sind mir die Füße etwas angelaufen, und da wir die Nacht fahren wollen, so ist's vielleicht in meinen Umständen gesund, daß ich ein Bischen gehe. Wir folgten also den Uebrigen nach, und meine Frau hätte bald den einen Pantoffel verloren, weil sie ihre Schuhe, wegen des erwähnten Umstandes, ausgezogen hatte. Wie wir auf dem Felde waren, hörten wir immer mehr schreien, ich dachte, was Henker mag da zu thun sein, es giebt doch in dem Holze wohl keine Räuber, diese können sich gewiß nicht darin aufhalten, da sich kaum ein Hase darin verbergen kann; und wenn es auch so wäre, so sind unser so viel, daß sie uns nichts thun sollen. Doch war mir angst, meine Frau möchte sich in ihren Umständen erschrecken, und so entschloß ich mich, eben wieder mit ihr zurückzukehren, als ich ein lautes Gelächter hörte. Nun sprach ich zu meiner Frau: hier wird gewiß nichts Schreckhaftes sein, wir wollen in Gottes Namen hingehen. Wirf aber meinen Ueberrock über Dich, damit Du Dich nicht erkältest, denn es war doch etwas frisch geworden, und ich hatte meinen Ueberrock, den ich auf der Reise zu tragen pflege, anbehalten. Wir gingen also getrost fort. Wie wir hinkamen, sahen wir eine Menge Volks unter einem großen Baum versammelt, und indem alle sprachen, hörten wir nicht, was einer sagte. Was ist hier vor, sagte ich zu einem Manne, der bei mir stand, und der, wie es schien, etwas mehr war, als die Andern. O, nichts, war seine Antwort, es ist schon fort; und wie ich mich weiter erkundigte, denn ich konnte anmaßlich glauben, daß man um nicht ein ſolches Geſchenk gebracht haben würde. Sehe da, was meinen Sie wohl, was es war? Ich will es Ihnen nur kurz und gut ſagen, denn wenn [illegible] die große Wohlthätigkeit, es hatte eine große Seite da zerriſſen."

Es wurde der Faden unſrer mehreſten Erzählungen ausgeſponnen, ſo zur Erwartung gemartert, und ſo betrogen. Wahrlich, ein grauſames Verfahren, da nichts unverzeihlicher iſt, als die martirende Begierde, etwas Neues und Wunderbares zu hören, und es in der That eine Sünde iſt, dieſen eitlen und gutherzigen Trieb, da er jetzt die angenehmſte Befriedigung ſeiner Mühe hofft, in einem kalten Schauer zu erſticken. Geſchieht dieſes nun vollends bei einer Mahlzeit, wo man dem Erzählenden zu Ehren, und um ihm mit einem unverwandten Auge ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit zu beweiſen, den Braten kalt und den Wein warm werden läßt: ſo hat man die Urſache der öftern üblen Verdauungen, der daraus erfolgenden Koliken und anderer gefährlichen Zufälle lediglich einem ſolchen Erzähler zuzuſchreiben. Zwar leidet er dafür ſeine Strafe, wenn die ganze Geſellſchaft, deren Ohren er mit der Witterung ſeiner Geſchichte an ſich gezogen hat, auf einmal durch ihr [illegible] Schwingen ihren Ekel zu erkennen giebt. Allein man kommt nicht zuſammen, um ein verdrießliches Strafamt auszuüben, ſondern um ſich zu erheitern, und auch wohl durch eine lehrreiche und ſcherzhafte Erzählung zu erbauen.

Die allerliebſte Braut.

Wir haben zwar in unſerm letzteren verſprochen, die Abbildung der allerliebſten Braut, welche dem Wittwer von allen Menſchen empfohlen worden, von ſeiner Hand zu geben. Allein er iſt ſo unerfahren in der feinen Sprache und der zarten Manier, worin dergleichen Abbildungen gezeichnet werden müſſen; er hat ſo wenig Empfindung und Ausdruck von dem jetzt üblichen Schönen, und die Art, womit er das Ding angreift, iſt ſo unbehülflich, daß wir Bedenken tragen, unſere Leſer mit ſeiner extravaganten Notation zu unterhalten. Die jetzigen Schönheiten ſind überdem ſo fein, ſo zart und ſo geiſtig, ſo verfliegen ſo leicht, und ſind ſo changeant, daß man es faſt nicht wagen kann, mit dem Pinſel oder der Feder daran zu kommen, ohne etwas davon zu zerſtören. Was dem guten Manne am ſeltſamſten vorgekommen iſt, iſt dieſes, daß er keine einzige geſund angetroffen hat. Alle haben ſich über eine Schwäche der Nerven, und einige über Migraine und Wallungen beklagt. Zwei haben ihre Mama vergeblich verſichert gehabt, daß die Eine von dem Schnurren eines Katers, und die Andere von dem Geruch eines kurzen Kohls in Ohnmacht gefallen ſind. Die meiſten haben Franzöſiſch, und immer die Worte tant pis und tant mieux überaus zierlich geſprochen. Was iſt Empfindung an ihnen geweſen, weshalb auch keine das Herz gehabt, ſich zum Eſſen und Pflanzen in die Küchen- und Speiſeſtuben zu wagen. Einfältig iſt ihm eingefallen, mit ihnen von Kartoffeln mit Gunſt zu reden; er hat ſich aber dadurch vergeblich lächerlich gemacht, daß man mit ihm eine geſchlagene Stunde von nichts als dem Beliſaire des Marmontel geſprochen. Die Farbe der Nachtmütze, womit Voltaire zu Ferney bisweilen auf's Theater ſpringt, wenn der Kutſcher den Orosman nicht recht ſpielt, iſt keiner unbekannt geweſen. Allein kaum Eine hat einen Tiſch auch nur dem Namen nach gekannt, oder ihm zu ſagen gewußt, wie lange ein Roggenbrod backen müßte, ehe es gar würde. Die Beſchreibung von ihrem Anzuge iſt vollends eine außerordentliche Karikatur. Die Worte haben ihm hier ſchlechterdings gefehlt, und ſeine Abſicht iſt, ſie, zur Warnung aller Freier, mit Anmerkungen in Kupfer ſtechen zu laſſen. Am Ende ſagt er blos, daß eine Kammerjungfer, mit einem Camaïeu en colère auf dem Kopfe, ihm die Thüre geöffnet habe, nachdem er ſich bei ihr erkundigt, ob ihre Jungfer im vorigen Sommer auch Kohlkopf aufgenommen habe. — Die Vollkommenheit in der franzöſiſchen Sprache muß ihm beſonders auffällig geweſen ſein, denn er thut auf dieſelbe einen recht ernſthaften Anfall. Iſt, ſagt er, wenn es uns erlaubt iſt, ſeine Gründe recht zu verdeutſchen, der allermindeſte Gebrauch in der Haushaltung, in Küchen und Kellern, davon zu machen? Iſt irgend ein Nutzen anzugeben, welcher unſere Kinder für den Zeitverluſt ſchadlos hält, den ſie in ihrem lehrbegierigen Alter darauf verwenden müſſen? Angegeben, daß ſie ihre Erkenntniſſe dadurch erweitern, die Sphäre ihrer Zeitkürzungen dadurch ausdehnen und in allen Geſellſchaften erſcheinen können, ſind darum dieſe Erkenntniſſe nöthig? Haben wir bei einer guten Haushaltung nöthig, unſere Zeitkürzungen aus franzöſiſchen Romanen zu betteln? Und iſt die Kunſt, in Geſellſchaften erſcheinen zu können, nicht die abſcheulichſte Verrätherin ihrer Beſitzer? Wer erſcheint in Geſellſchaften anſtändiger, der redliche, fleißige, beſcheidene Mann, der ſeinen Beruf würdig erfüllt, und ſein Gutes in der Welt mit Freuden thut, oder der [illegible], der nicht einſieht, daß ihm ſeine geläufigſten Vorzüge zum größten Verbrechen angerechnet werden? Der Mann, welcher dem Kaiſer einen guten Tag wünſcht, ſpricht freier und anſtändiger mit ihm, als alle unterthänigſten Bücklinge. Und wie groß ſind denn die Wahrheiten, womit ſie durch Hülfe der franzöſiſchen Sprache ihr Erkenntniß erweitern? Ich habe einſt der gelehrteſten Mädchen, das ich ſonſt wohl leiden mochte, befragt: Wie viel Pfund Mehl aus einem Scheffel Roggen kämen? Wie viel Garn auf ein Stück Linnen von 60 Ellen zu Schwung und Einſchlag gehörte? Und welches die beſte Art ſei, einen Wagen lang das Gelände gut und wohlfeil zu unterhalten? Allein, ſo wahr ich ehrlich bin, ſie hat mir nichts als dreimal comment? geantwortet, und mich ſpottweiſe gefragt, ob ich wohl eine [illegible] zum weißen Schwanenkopf verdiene, und wüßte wie man die Citronen am feinſten dazu ſchälen könnte.

Vermehrung unſers Vergnügens ...... das möchte vielleicht ſein, wenn ſich meine Mädchen nicht mehr in einer Comödie ergötzen ſollten als alle, die ſich davon müde und krank geleſen hätten. Dieſe ſind gewohnt ſie ſehr leicht und wohlfeil und brauchen darum das Magazin der Frau Beaumont nicht zu leſen. Sie genießen ihres Herz beſſer, als diejenigen, die in der Comödie nicht lachen dürfen, als wenn ihnen von dem bel esprit de jour die Erlaubniß dazu ertheilt wird. Die ganze ſogenannte ſchöne Erziehung iſt höchſtens die Feile der geſunden Vernunft, und es iſt eine lächerliche Thorheit, eher an die Feile als an das Linnen zum Hemde zu gedenken. Wenn der Ueberfluß den Ueberfluß zum Grunde hat, ſo iſt er anſtändig, und er kann auch dem Staate nützlich ſein. Allein da, wo er auf Koſten des Nothwendigen geſucht wird, wo die Seele noch Mangel an den nothdürftigſten Wahrheiten leidet, und ſich dennoch mit einem ohnmächtigen Schwunge zur Tafel der höhern Weisheit erheben will, wo unſre Töchter Franzöſiſch und Engliſch plaudern können, ohne die geringſte Theorie oder Praxis von der Haushaltung zu haben, da iſt dieſer Luxus der Seelen nichts, als ein prächtiges Elend, und die Folge davon iſt für die Seele eben ſo ſchrecklich, als die übermäßige Wolluſt für den Körper iſt. Sie verzärtelt, ſchwächt und verwöhnt den Geiſt von den alten ehrlichen Tugenden, womit unſere Mütter wie in einer ſanften Mühe umhergingen; ſie bringt der Empfindung einen Ekel gegen die alltäglichen häuslichen Pflichten bei. Sie verführet die Einbildung gutherziger und leichtgläubiger Kinder zu Hoffnungen, die kaum der Romanſchreiber mit aller ſeiner Zauberei erfüllen kann, und ſo wie der durch den Genuß der Wolluſt geſchwächte Gaumen mit der Zeit Ragouts und übertriebene Speiſe zu ſeiner Kitzelung haben muß, eben ſo muß die Seele zuletzt ſich an allerhand moraliſchen [illegible], an ſchwärmeriſche und bezaubernde Schriften halten, um ſich des Ekels und der [illegible] Langeweile zu erwehren. Und der Himmel ſei demjenigen gnädig, der alsdann nicht ohne Schwindel leſen, und ohne Migraine denken und verdauen kann; ja der Himmel erbarme ſich des Mädchens, das ſich aus Büchern und philoſophiſchen Gründen unterhalten ſoll! Die Philoſophie iſt eine [illegible], und die beſte [illegible] eine [illegible]; gegen die Anfechtung und Trübſale hilft nichts beſſer, als ein Lied für die Schwere und ein: Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten. Die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, ſchreibt unſer Wittwer weiter, verdrehen beim Frauenzimmer jetzt höchſtens die Stelle der Erbauung. Sie können ihnen blos zur Zeitkürzung, und in dieſem Fall ſei es beſſer, das Nützliche dem Unnöthigen vorzuziehen. Eine Franzöſin werde mit Hülfe ihres Rollins und der Frau Beaumont keine Genies aus ihren Untergebenen ziehen. Sie ſei nur eine Putzmacherin für den Geiſt, und alles, was ſie die Mädchen lehrte, ſei ein Miſchen gezierter Gedanken; und höchſtens laufe alles auf einen kleinen Schleichhandel der Eigenliebe hinaus: [illegible], indem die weiblichen Thoren ſo viel lernten, als ſie gebrauchten, um ſich von den männlichen Narren bewundern zu laſſen, und umgekehrt. Beide hätten ſich ganz unbefugt verglichen, alle Tage von einem Dutzend Racine, von Shakſpeare, Young, Voltaire, Leſſing und Andern, zu ſprechen. Man wäre vor 30 Jahren, ehe Talander und Menantes auf den Nachttiſchen erſchien, glücklicher und vergnügter geweſen. Das menſchliche Herz hätte ſich bei allen guten Büchern eher verſchlimmert als verbeſſert, und die Treuherzigkeit, womit ſeine gute, ſelige Frau ihre Knipptaſche den Armen geöffnet, wäre eine ganz andere Tugend geweſen, als das zärtliche Mitleid, womit man jetzt die Noth der Unglückſeligen empfinde. Er ſieht es als einen Reſt der ehemaligen Galanterie des franzöſiſchen Hofes unter Ludwig XIV. an, der ſich aus der Garderobe auf den Trödelmarkt geſchlichen hätte, daß ein Frauenzimmer viele Bücher geleſen haben müßte; gerade, als ob ſie nicht zehnmal ſo viel Vernunft, Geſchicklichkeit, Würde und Anſtand aus eigner Erfahrung und von guten Leuten lernen könnte.

Endlich kommt er in das Haus, wo er ſeine jetzige Braut ſiebet. Die Mutter ſitzt bei ihrer Arbeit, und ſagt ihm, ohne aufzuſtehen, er möge ſich ſetzen, wenn er wolle. Dieſer Empfang reizt ihn gleich, verführt ihn aber auch zu einer abermaligen bittern Ausſchweifung über die Verneigungen und Complimente. Was iſt erſchrecklicher, will er ungefähr ſagen, als die lächerliche Nachahmung des franzöſiſchen Verneigens? Wie edel iſt der Stolz einer Frau, die feſt im Knie, ihren Gaſt mit einem freundlichen Blicke bewillkommt, gegen die beſchämte Verlegenheit einer knickſenden Aeffin? Erſtere iſt in ihrer Art vollkommen, ſie iſt Original? ſie iſt dreiſt mit Anſtand; ſie behauptet ihre Würde gegen eine Fürſtin, und ſagt ihr einen großen Dank, wenn ihr dieſe einen guten Tag bietet. Man ſieht, daß ſie ſich fühlt; und glücklich iſt das Land, wo das Mädchen, das das beſte Garn geſponnen hat, auf ihr Werk ſo ſtolz iſt, als Voltaire auf ſein Mahomet. Es war eine Zeit, wo die Hofdame ſich räuchern ließ, wenn ſie mit einer Handwerksfrau geſprochen hatte; allein dieſe Zeit iſt nicht mehr. Jetzt verachtet man nur, und verachtet mit Recht die Thörinnen, die ihren eigenen Stand verachten, und ehrt die Frau, die ihren Sitten und ihrem Stande getreu, dasjenige rechtſchaffen iſt, was ſie ſein muß. Der Miniſter beſucht den Handwerker, aber nicht den lächerlichen Stutzer; und die ganze Welt erkennt, daß eine unüberlegte Geringſchätzung der niedrigen, aber ehrlichen, arbeitſamen und beſcheidenen Stände uns beinahe in die Gefahr geſetzt habe, anſtatt einer guten, tüchtigen Hausehre hundert Modeprinzeſſinnen zu erhalten. In England verändert die größte Frau nach dem dreißigſten Jahre ihre Moden nicht mehr; ſie geht damit ſtolz dem ganzen Hofe unter die Augen; bei uns hingegen will man auch noch im Sarge kokettiren und die Würmer in einem friſirten Todtenhemde empfangen. Bei uns ſoll jedes Knie, wenn es auch mit Ruhm und Ehre ſteif geworden iſt, einen Knicks machen, und die falſche Schamhaftigkeit bettelt um Verzeihung gegen den ungelenken Rückgrath, da ſie kühn ihre beiden runden Arme in die Seite ſetzen und ungebeugt den Muth ausdrücken könnte, womit Arbeit und Redlichkeit ihre Freunde erfüllt. Hat der Menſch denn keine Würde mehr, als in ſo fern er ein Affe des Hofes iſt? Iſt da Freiheit und Eigenthum, wo das väterliche Erbe der Mode verpfändet, der Geiſt ein ſclaviſcher Nachahmer und unſer edles Selbſt eine entlehnte Rolle iſt?

Jedoch, wir dürfen unſerm Wittwer in ſeiner altdeutſchen Laune nicht zu weit folgen. Zu ſeiner Entſchuldigung muß ich aber noch ſagen, daß er den vornehmen Damen einiges Klapperwerk erlaubt, um einigen vornehmern Kindern die Langeweile zu vertreiben. Er bedauert ſie aber von Herzen und bemerkt nicht unrecht, daß ſehr viele unter ihnen heimlich ſeufzten und arbeiteten, und nichts mit den Affen gemein hätten, und ihre Manieren copirten, ohne ſich an ihre Werke wagen zu dürfen.

Endlich kommt er auf ſeine Braut. Wir wollen ihn hier ſelbſt reden laſſen. Meine gute Katharine, ſagte er, ſaß hinterm Weberſtuhle und webte Drell zu ihrem Brautbette. Der Weberſtuhl war hübſch, und vielleicht eben ſo ſchön, als derjenige, welchen die Fürſtin von Ithaka in ihrem Viſitenzimmer hatte. Ich fragte ſie, ob es nicht vortheilhafter wäre, außer Haus es weben zu laſſen? Ich glaube wohl, war ihre Antwort; allein, wenn wir auch nichts dabei gewinnen, ſo ſind wir doch ſicher, daß unſer gutes Garn vom Leineweber nicht vertauſcht, nicht halb unterſchlagen und verdorben wird. Ich habe, fügte die Mutter hinzu, allen meinen Töchtern das Weben gelernt. Es dient zu ihrer Veränderung; ſie lernen eine gute Arbeit kennen, und wiſſen bis auf einen Faden, was der Leineweber braucht. Vordem war in jedem Hauſe, und unſer Paſtor ſagt, es wäre bei den Hebräern, Griechen und Römern auch ſo geweſen, ein Weberſtuhl; und das Weben iſt leichter gelernt, als das Clavierſpielen. Wenn man es recht kann, ſo iſt es auch wirklich angenehmer, und unſere Nachbarinnen können ſich nicht ſo ſehr an einem Concert ergötzen, als meine Töchter an einem neuen Muſter. Was ihre Augen ſehen, können ihre Hände machen, und der Nutzen davon iſt merklich größer, als der verſchwindende Schall eines ſchönen Concerts. Meiner Meinung nach, iſt es gut, daß die Kinder allerhand Arbeit lernen. Die meinigen ſtrickten alle ihre Strümpfe ſelbſt, ſie machen ihre Kanten, ihre Linnen, und weben ſich bunte Zeuge von Baumwolle und allerhand Garn. Sie zeigte mir ein Bette, wozu der Umhang wie die Schnüre von ihrer Arbeit waren. Ich bewunderte die ſchöne Zeichnung an verſchiedenen Stücken, und hörte mit Vergnügen, daß alle Mädchen auch zeichnen und malen könnten. Die Mutter machte hier wieder eine Anmerkung, die nicht uneben war. Wenn man, ſagte ſie, in meiner Jugend, wie das Frauenzimmer noch keine Bücher las, auf ein fürſtliches, gräfliches oder adeliges Schloß kam, ſo wurden einem in jedem Zimmer Tapeten, Stühle, Bettgeſtelle und andere hübſche Meubles gezeigt, und dabei erzählt, daß dieſes Stück von der Großmutter, jenes von der Großtante, und ein anderes von der Urtante höchſt eigenhändig wäre gemacht worden. Man erſtaunte dann über die ſchöne Stickerei, über den großen Fleiß, über die artigen Erfindungen, und über den Witz, womit jedes Läppchen Zeuges, was hundert Andere weggeworfen hätten, genützt und angebracht war, und ging mit dem heimlichen Wunſche nach Hauſe, daß man doch auch ſo geſchickt ſein möchte. Die lieben Ehemänner, welche nichts als die Jagd verſtanden, waren entzückt über die vorzügliche Geſchicklichkeit ihrer Weiber und Töchter, und blähten ſich von dem Lobe auf, welches dieſe erhielten und verdienten. Dieſe Umſtände bewogen mich, da ich noch klein war, meine Eltern zu bitten, mich doch auch ſo etwas lernen zu laſſen, und in einigen Jahren brachte ich es ſo weit, daß ich mein Brod auf zehnerlei Art hätte verdienen wollen. Und ſo habe ich auch meine Mädchen erzogen. Sollte ihnen Gott ein Unglück zuſchicken, ſo ſind ſie gewiß im Stande, ſich mit ihrer Händearbeit zu ernähren. Wenn ich ihnen das Werkzeug dazu gäbe, ſo ſollten ſie mir Uhren machen. So kunſtmäßig iſt ihr Gefühl durch eine beſtändige Uebung in allerlei Arbeit geworden. Ich bewunderte die alte Frau, die, ob ſie gleich den Kopf nicht gerade und den Leib nicht ſo einwärts hielt, wie es der franzöſiſche Tanzmeiſter den guten Deutſchen ohne Unterſchied befiehlt, meine ganze Hochachtung erhielt, und ich verſprach mir von ihrer Tochter, die während dieſer Rede immer fortwebte, daß ſie eine eben ſo gute Mutter für meine Kinder ſein würde. Die Mutter befahl ihr aufzuſtehen, und mir das letzte Stück Damaſt zu zeigen, was ſie von ihrem eigenen Garn gewirkt hätte. Flugs war ſie bei der Hand, und brachte es ihrer Mutter mit einer Zuverſicht, die meines Beifalls gewiß war. Erſtere zeigte mir gleich die Spitze, die ihre Tochter an der Mütze hatte, mit dem Beifügen, daß Muſter und Arbeit von ihr wären. Allein, fügte ſie hinzu, dergleichen Arbeit erlaube ich ihnen nur zu ihrer Veränderung in den Feierſtunden; durch die Größe der Ordnung, durch ihre Fertigkeit und durch ihre Aufmerkſamkeit, womit ſie jedes kleine Uebel in der Geburt erſticken, gewinnen ſie ſich Zeit genug. Sie dürfen mir kein Wurmloch ins Holz kommen laſſen, oder ich ſchmäle, und erlaube ihnen den ganzen Tag keine Feierſtunde zu ihrer eigenen Arbeit. Ebenſo halte ich es, wenn ſie einen Schlüſſel verlegt haben, oder ich ein Stück von ihnen auf der unrechten Stelle finde. Diejenige, welche des Tages das Hausweſen und die Küche zu beſorgen hat, darf mir in den Zwiſchenzeiten nichts thun als ſpinnen, weil dieſes eine Arbeit iſt, wobei man ab- und zugehen kann und keinen Augenblick verliert. Mit Ordnung und Fleiß kann einer mehr beſchicken, als hundert Andere, und es iſt unglaublich, wie reichlich ſich dies belohnt. Ich erſtaune oft über die künſtlichen Sachen, welche wir aus der Türkei erhalten, und gleichwohl ſoll dort alles von Frauensleuten gemacht werden.

Wir können das Uebrige aus der Erzählung des Wittwers weglaſſen, weil er mit ſeiner Katharine keinen Roman ſpielt, und an ihr eine würdige Tochter ihrer Mutter findet.

Die moraliſchen Vortheile der Landplagen.

„O wenn doch erſt Oſtern, wenn nur erſt der lange Winterabend vorüber ſein möchte!“ ſagte im vorigen Herbſte ein Heuermann zu mir, der für ſich, ſeine Frau und ſieben Kinder nicht ſo viel geerndtet hatte, als er bis Martini gebrauchte; dem ſein geſäeter Lein nicht aufgegangen war, und den die vorjährige Theurung bereits außer Stand geſetzt hatte, ſeinem Wirthe die letztverſchienene Heuer zu bezahlen.

„Nun,“ ſprach ich geſtern zu ihm: „Oſtern iſt da, und der lange Winter vorüber, und ich ſehe; Ihr lebt doch noch mit Eurer Frau und allen Euren Kindern. Ich glaube zwar wohl, Ihr habt Euer Brod ſauer erworben, aber es wird Euch auch nie ſo gut geſchmeckt haben als dieſen Winter, da es das Rarſte war, was Ihr hattet.“

„Ja wohl iſt es mir ſauer geworden,“ antwortete er; „Sie ſehen meine ganze Hütte ledig, meine Frau und Kinder nackend und mich entkräftet; ſo ſauer iſt es uns geworden. Das Flachs, was wir noch hatten, war bald aufgeſponnen; das Pfund Werg galt ein Stück Garn, und unſer waren nur drei, die ſpinnen konnten, und neun, die eſſen wollten. Zur Arbeit außer dem Hauſe war keine Gelegenheit, und wie Weihnachten herankam, war unſer Flachs verſponnen und verzehrt; ach ihr traurigen Weihnachten! — Meine Frau hatte ihre Röcke und Mützen bereits verſetzt, wir konnten nicht zu Gottes Kirche gehen. Sonſt war nichts im Hauſe, woraus wir einiges Geld hätten löſen können, außer einer Kuh; ich wollte ſie wegführen, ſie zu verkaufen. Aber meine Frau und Kinder hielten ſie feſt umarmt, und wir ſchrieen Alle und ſtanden ſo eine lange traurige Weile. Endlich ging ich fort, um den Jammer nicht länger zu erdulden. Ich ging zwei Stunden in der Abſicht, die Meinigen nicht hungers ſterben zu ſehen. Aber es war immer, als wenn mich ſechs Pferde zurückzögen; ich mußte wieder zu den Meinigen; und nun kam ich an einem gefüllten Backofen vorüber, und die Noth, der ſüße Geruch und die Gelegenheit machten mich zum Diebe. So ſauer iſt es mir geworden! Bei dieſem geſtohlenen Brode feierten wir unſer Chriſtfeſt. Aber nun ſtand ich des Morgens vor Tage auf, nahm meine Kuh und brachte ſie dem Manne, welchem ich das Brod geſtohlen hatte. Mit tauſend Thränen bekannte ich ihm meine That, und der Mann, den ich als einen harten und geizigen Mann gekannt hatte, gab ſie mir wieder und einen Scheffel Roggen dabei. Seitdem hat mir mein Wirth, dem ich die vorjährige Heuer noch ſchuldig bin, und den ich vorhin nicht anſprechen mochte, weil er ſelbſt nichts übrig hat, ausgeholfen. Ach, Herr! es gibt doch noch Mitleiden in der Welt, es giebt noch heimliche Tugenden, die man nur zur Zeit der Noth erkennt!"

Die letzte Anmerkung des guten Mannes gefiel mir; „was wollt Ihr aber nun anfangen?" fuhr ich fort. „Ich muß jetzt nach Holland, ſagte er, um ſo viel zu verdienen, daß ich meine Schuld bezahle. Aber ich habe kein Reiſegeld, und da ich von Allen, die ich kenne, ſchon ſo viel Gutes empfangen, ſo mag ich keinen darum anſprechen; ich muß alſo doch meine Kuh ...." Hier konnte er vor Schluchzen nicht weiter reden, und manche Thräne rollte von dem abgehärmten Geſichte. — „Und wer weiß, ob ich aus Holland wieder komme, da ich mich nach einem ſo traurigen Winter ſchwächlich finde, und ich mich ſehr werde anſtrengen müſſen, um nur erſt ſo viel zu gewinnen, als ich für Korn und Heuer ſchuldig bin?"

Ich gab ihm zu ſeiner Reiſe, zu ſeiner Erhaltung für ſeine Kinder — und nun eile ich, der heimlichen Tugend nachzudenken, welche die Noth in manchem Herzen aufſchließt. Wie groß, wie edel, dachte ich, hat ſich bei der gegenwärtigen Theurung nicht manches Herz zeigen können? Was für verborgene Quellen der Tugend hat die Noth nicht eröffnet, und wie vielen Dank ſind wir der Vorſehung nicht für dieſe Prüfung ſchuldig?"

Lange glückliche und wohlfeile Zeiten ſchläfern den Menſchen endlich ein; der Arme wird unaufmerkſam, weil ihm leicht geholfen wird, und die leichte Hülfe macht ihn nachläſſig in ſeiner Arbeit. Der Philoſoph ſpielt mit der beſten Welt, und der Staatsmann mit eitlen Entwürfen. Nur wollüſtige Leidenſchaften erheben ſich aus der Ruhe, und ſinken nach einer leichten Befriedigung wieder dahin. Die Tugenden gehen mit den Complimenten ihren ebnen Weg; nichts zwingt zu Erfindungen und Entſchlüſſen; die öffentliche Vorſorge wird ſchlaff, und alles geht ſo gleichgültig wohl, daß auch ſelbſt das größte Genie nur halb entwickelt wird. Allein wenn die Noth hereinbricht, wenn die Gefahr Helden fodert, und ein allgemeiner Ruf den Geiſt aufbietet, wenn der Staat mit ſeinem Untergange kämpft, wenn die Gefahr deſſelben ſich mit jedem verſäumten Augenblicke verſtärkt, wenn die ſchrecklichſte Entſcheidung nur mit der größten Aufopferung abgewandt werden kann; dann zeigt ſich Alles wirkſam und groß; der Redner wird mächtig; das Genie [illegible] ſeine eigenen Hoffnungen, Muth und Dauer begeiſter[illegible] Herz und Hand öffnen ſich mit gleicher Fertigk[illegible] folgen auf Entwürfe, und die Seele erſtaun[illegible] Kräfte. Sie findet in ſich unbekann[illegible] ſich und findet neue, und entdeckt auf ihrem [illegible] Drängen ihrer Pflichten. Die vorhin [illegible]en Größen verſchwinden unter ihrem Fluge, und [illegible] ſich als ein der Gottheit würdiges Geſchöpf.

Wie manche [illegible] Tugend käme vielleicht nie zum Keimen, und wie [illegible], wenn Noth und Unglück nicht wären. Wie [illegible] der Anblick eines abgezehrten Armen ihr eigenes Herz [illegible] gemacht! Und wie manchen Armen hat nicht der Hunger mit Gefühl, Dankbarkeit und Begierde zur Arbeit beſeelt, wovon er vorhin nur ſchwache Anfälle hatte? Sollten nicht auch viele unſerer Landleute den Werth der Mäßigkeit und Sparſamkeit beſſer als vorhin eingeſehen, und manche eine Menge von Sachen zu entbehren gelernt haben, welche ihnen ſonſt durchaus nothwendig ſchienen? Ich erwähne jetzt nichts von dem politiſchen Nutzen der Landplagen, er wird zu einer andern Betrachtung führen. Wie nützlich, wie lehrreich ſowohl für das Herz als den Verſtand iſt alſo nicht die jetzige Theurung? Die gütige Vorſicht ſcheint es mit Fleiß ſo geordnet zu haben, daß dergleichen wenigſtens eine in jedes Menſchenalter fallen muß. Ohne dieſe Erweckung würden Viele ein ſehr dummes Leben führen. Zwar gibt ſich der feinere Theil der Menſchen Mühe genug, häufigere Strafen des Himmels zu verdienen, und wenn er hieran nicht genug hat, ſich ſelbſt zu quälen. Allein deſſen Gefühl bedarf auch der wenigſten Erweckungen; und der Himmel braucht eben kein Land zu ſtrafen, um einige wenige Thoren zu züchtigen. Zu groß oder zu fühllos, um bei einem allgemeinen Unglück zu leiden, überläßt er ſie ihrer verkehrten Einbildung.

Troſtgründe bei dem zunehmenden Mangel des Geldes.

Geld! Entſetzliche Erfindung! Du biſt das wahre Uebel in der Welt. Ohne deine Zauberei war kein Räuber oder Held vermögend, das Mark zahlreicher Provinzen in eine Hauptſtadt zuſammen zu ziehen, und unzählbare Heere zum Fluch ſeiner Nachbarn zu unterhalten. Du warſt es, wodurch er zuerſt die Heerden ſeiner getreuen Nachbaren, ihre Erndten und ihre Kinder ſich zu eigen machte, und zum Unglück einer künftigen Welt den Schweiß von Millionen armen Unterthanen in tiefen Gewölben bewachen ließ. Ehe du erfunden wurdeſt, waren keine Schatzungen und keine ſtehenden Heere. Der Hirt gab ein Böcklein von ſeiner Heerde, der Weinbauer von ſeinem Stocke einen Eimer Weins, und ein Ackersmann den Zehnten gern von Allem, was er baute; denn er hatte genug für ſich und genoß des Opfers mit, welches er von ſeinem Ueberfluſſe brachte. Der Herr war froh, ſeinen Acker zu verleihen, und ſo viel Korn dafür zu empfangen, als er für ſich und ſeine Freunde gebrauchte. Er würde erſtaunt ſein, wenn ihm ſein Knecht, durch die Zauberkraft des Geldes, die ganze Erndte von fünfzig Jahren zum Antrittsgelde oder zum Weinkaufe hätte opfern wollen. Welch ein grauſames und lächerliches Geſchöpf würde ein Geizhals zu der Zeit geweſen ſein, da man deine Zauberei, die Kunſt, das Vermögen von hundert Mitbürgern in einer papiernen Verſchreibung zu beſitzen, noch nicht kannte. Berge von Korn, unzählbare Heerden hätten ſeinen Schatz ausmachen müſſen. Zwiſchen dieſen Reichthümern hätte er verhungern, hätte er den Armen nichts mitgeben, hätte er die Bedürfniſſe des Staats dem Geringeren zuwälzen ſollen? Auf ſeinem Kornhaufen würde man den Böſewicht verbrannt haben; und wer hätte ſeinen Vorrath vor Würmern, ſeine Heerden vor Seuchen, und ihn ſelbſt wider die Rache ſeiner Nachbarn ſicher ſtellen wollen?

Ehe du kamſt, war die Wohlthätigkeit die gemeinſte Tugend; wenn man es eine Tugend nennen kann, was die natürliche Folge verderblicher Güter war. Komm zu mir, ſprach der Reiche zum Armen, und labe dich an meinem Biere, und iß von meinem Brode. Es verdirbt ja doch, und die Erndte iſt wieder vor der Thür. Soll ich für die Würmer ſparen und dich darben laſſen? So ſprach der Deutſche, wie er noch dem römiſchen Gelde fluchte, und in der Wohlthätigkeit beſaß er alle Tugenden. Ehe du kamſt, war der Unterſchied der Stände und der Begierde, ſich zu erheben, nicht groß unter den Menſchen. Jetzt hat der Himmel oft Mühe, ohne Wunder einen Reichen arm zu machen, da er ſeine Früchte in hartes Metall verwandelt, und bei unzähligen Schuldnern verwahrt. Damals aber lebte er mit ſeiner Heerde und mit ſeinen Scheunen unter der unmittelbaren Furcht vor jedem Wetterſtrahle, und dankbar und gefühlvoll betete er die göttliche Vorſehung bei jeder Landplage gleich dem Geringſten unter ſeinen Flurgenoſſen an.

Ehe du kamſt, war noch Freiheit in der Welt. Keine Macht konnte unbemerkt und ſicher den Schwächern zu Haupte ſteigen, kein Richter konnte heimlich beſtochen werden und brauchte ſich beſtechen zu laſſen, kein Zankſüchtiger konnte eine Rechtsſache weiter bringen als ſeine Fütterung reichte, kein Thor mit einem Fuder Korns nach dem Kammergerichte reiſen, und kein Kluger in die Verſuchung gerathen, mehr Prozeſſe für Andere zu führen, als er zu ſeiner täglichen Nothdurft und Nahrung gebrauchte. Größere Feindſchaften währten nicht länger, als bis der Kriegsvorrath verzehrt war, und der Hunger war ein ſicherer Friedensbote.

Ehe du kamſt, wußte man nichts von fremden Thorheiten und Laſtern. Deutſchland konnte weder in Frankreich verzehrt, noch die Erndten aus Weſtphalen für Wein und Kaffe verſandt werden. Wer ſatt hatte, konnte nichts mehr verlangen, und ſatt hatten alle Länder, denen der Himmel Vieh und Futter gab. Jeder liebte ſeinen eignen Acker und ſein Vaterland, weil er nicht anders reiſen konnte, als ein Bettler, auf die Rechnung der allgemeinen Gaſtfreiheit, und wo er mit einer ſtolzen Begleitung reiſen wollte, als ein Feind zurückgewieſen wurde.

Ehe du kamſt, war der Landbeſitzer allein ein Mitglied der Nation. Man kannte eines jeden Vermögen, und die Anwendung der Strafgeſetze geſchah nach einem ſichtbaren Verhältniß. Die Gerechtigkeit konnte einem jeden das Seinige, mit dem Maßſtabe in der Hand, zumeſſen; die Gleichheit der Menſchen durch eine ſichere Anweiſung der Ackerzahl beſtimmen, und ewig verhindern, daß keiner zwei Erbtheile zuſammenbrachte. Man kannte keine geldreichen Leute, dieſe Verräther der menſchlichen Freiheit; das Mittel, Schulden zu machen, und tauſend Schuldner zu heimlichen Sclaven zu haben, war den Menſchen unverhört. Die Kinder konnten den väterlichen Acker nicht ſchädigen laſſen, und von dem geſetzmäßigen Erben nicht fordern, daß er ihnen den Werth deſſelben zu gleichen Theilen herausgeben ſollte. Er gab ihnen Pferde und Rinder; der Richter oder Gutsherr beurtheilte die Billigkeit in dieſem Stücke leicht, weil ſie auf ſichtbaren Gründen beruhte, und der Staat duldete es nicht, daß der Acker mit jährlichen Abgiften, zum Vortheil der abgehenden Kinder beſchwert wurde.

Ehe du kamſt, entſchieden Klugheit und Stärke, dieſe wahren Vorzüge der Thiere und Menſchen, das Schickſal der Völker. Die Krämer herrſchten nicht mit ihrem Gelde über die Tapferſten, und der Zugang zu den geheimſten Staatsräthen konnte für eine Tonne Pökelfleiſch nicht ſo leicht, als für eine Tonne Goldes in Wechſeln eröffnet werden.

Glückſelige Zeiten! denen wir uns nunmehr nähern können, da die mächtige Zauberin zuſehends verſchwindet. Wie mäßig, wie ruhig, wie ſicher werden wir leben, wenn wir ohne Geld alles mit Korn wieder bezahlen können! wenn der Steuereinnehmer der Gutsherr, der Richter und der Gläubiger nicht mehr nehmen mögen, als ſie mit Gewalt wegziehen und vor Würmern bewahren können! wenn der Bettler mit ſeinem täglichen Brode zufrieden ſein muß, und keine Pfänder mehr verkauft werden können.

Bedauert demnach, edle Mitbürger, den Mangel des Geldes nicht. Bemühet Euch vielmehr, den Reſt dieſes Uebels los zu werden! Werft Eure Reichthümer ins Meer, oder ſchickt ſie den böſen Nationen zur Strafe zu, die Euch mit Wein, Kaffe und neuen Moden verſorgen. Hungert die Einwohner der Städte, die ohne Ackerbau, blos von Eurer Thorheit leben, völlig aus, und zwingt ſie, Euch bei Eurer Mäßigkeit zu laſſen. Ihr braucht alsdann nichts als Mauſefallen, um Euch vor der gefährlichſten Art von Feinden und Dieben ſicher zu ſtellen.

Johann Jakob........

N. S. Ich hoffe, meine geneigten Leſer werden dem Sophiſten zu Gefallen, wenn ſie auch deſſen Gründe nicht beantworten können, keinen Kreuzer wegwerfen. Ich wünſche aber auch, daß ſie die Declamationen der Freigeiſter unſerer Zeiten, gegen die Grundwahrheiten der Religion und Moral, mit einer gleichen Wirkung leſen mögen.

Johann Lorenz von Mosheim.

Dieſer edle Abkömmling eines uralten freiherrlichen Geſchlechtes ward am 9. October 1694 zu Lübeck geboren und von ſeinem katholiſchen Vater, einem engliſchen Officier, in der proteſtantiſchen Religion erzogen. Nach durch Hauslehrer und auf dem vaterſtädtiſchen Gymnaſium vollendetem Schulcurſus bezog der feurige, verſtandeskräftige und unermüdet fleißige Jüngling die Univerſität Kiel, wo er ſich der Theologie, beſonders aber der alten Literatur und Kirchengeſchichte widmete, dann drei Jahre lang für ſeinen kränklichen Lehrer, den Oberprediger Albert zum Felde, das Predigeramt verwaltete, 1718 zum Magiſter und 1719 zum Beiſitzer der daſigen philoſophiſchen Facultät ernannt wurde. Unter vielen Anträgen und Beweiſen der Schätzung ſeines Talentes zog er ſpäter den Ruf als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie nach Helmſtädt vor, ging 1723 dahin ab, wurde 1724 daſelbſt Doctor der Theologie und bald als Kanzelredner und Gelehrter eine Zierde dieſer Univerſität. Deshalb wählte ihn 1732 die deutſche Geſellſchaft zu Leipzig zu ihrem Präſidenten und mehrere deutſche Fürſten ſtrebten, ihn an ſich zu ziehen. Durch die ſchnell auf einander folgenden Ernennungen Mosheim's zum Kirchen- und Conſiſtorialrathe, Abt zu Marienthal und Michaelſtein, Generalinſpector aller wolfenbüttelſchen und blankenburgiſchen Schulen verhinderte dies jedoch die braunſchweigiſche Regierung, bis ihn 1747 ein Ruf als Kanzler und Profeſſor ordinarius der Theologie nach Göttingen brachte, wo er nach ſegensreichem Wirken am 9. September 1755 ſtarb. — In ſeinem ſchwachen Körper wohnte ein mit einem hellen, durchdringenden Verſtande, einer lebhaften Einbildungskraft, einem fruchtbaren Witz, einem treuen Gedächtniß und einem gebildeten Geſchmacke ausgerüſteter Geiſt. Hiermit vereinigte er unermüdeten Fleiß und eine umfaſſende Gelehrſamkeit. Sein Wandel war ein treuer Abdruck ſeiner Lehre und M. deshalb allgemein verehrt.

Er verfaßte:

Zufällige Gedanken von einigen Vorurtheilen in der Poeſie, beſonders der Deutſchen. (Kiel) Lübeck 1716, 4.

Sämmtliche heilige Reden. Hamburg 1725—39, 6 Thle., 8.; n. A. Ebendaſ. 1747, 8.; dann Frankfurt u. Leipzig 1748, 8.; neueſte Ausgabe Hamburg 1765, 3 Bde., gr. 8. Die erſten 3 Theile theils einzeln, theils zuſammen noch: Hamburg 1728, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731 ſämmtlich in 8.; wurden auch überſetzt ins: Franzöſiſche, Engliſche, Spaniſche, Holländiſche und Polniſche.

Verſuch einer gründlichen und unpartheiiſchen Ketzergeſchichte. Leipzig 1746—50, 2 Thle.

Deutſche vermiſchte Abhandlungen, geſammelt von Peter Müller. Hamburg 1750, 8.

Heilige Reden bei außerordentlichen Fällen und Gelegenheiten. Helmſtädt 1751, 8.

Sittenlehre der heiligen Schrift. Helmſtädt und Leipzig 1753—1770, 9 Thle. in 4. mit Porträt; 4. Ausg. verm. und verb. Ebendaſ. 1761—82. Die 4 letzten Thle. von J. P. Miller fortgeſetzt. Die einzelnen Bände wurden auch beſonders aufgelegt.

Kurze Anweiſung, die Gottesgelahrtheit vernünftig zu erlernen. Helmſtädt 1763, 8.

Vollſtändige Kirchengeſchichte. Aus dem Lateiniſchen überſetzt und vermehrt von J. Aug. von Einem. Leipzig 1769—78, 9 Thle., gr. 8. Die letzten 3 Theile auch beſonders unter von Einem's Namen. Leipzig 1777—78, 3 Bde., 8.; verm. und verb. A. Ebendaſ. 1782—83, 2 Bde., 8.

Sittenlehre im Auszuge, von J. Fr. Sommerau. Quedlinburg 1771, 2 Bde., 8.

Anweiſung, erbaulich zu predigen. Erlangen 1771, gr. 8.

Dieſelbe im Auszuge. Bützow 1773, 8.

Vollſtändiger Auszug der Sittenlehre, von J. P. Miller. 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1777, 8.

Geſchichte der Feinde der chriſtlichen Religion. Herausgegeben von Fr. Winkler. Deſſau 1781—83, 2 Bde.

Dieſer treffliche Mann wird mit Recht als derjenige betrachtet, dem Deutſchland die Regeneration ſeiner Kanzelberedſamkeit verdankt. Lichtvolle Klarheit, verbunden mit edler Begeiſterung für das Höchſte des Lebens, Leichtigkeit und Würde des Styls ſind ſeinen oratoriſchen Leiſtungen eigen. — Auch als didaktiſcher Schriftſteller hat er ſehr nachhaltig, beſonders auf die Geſtaltung der Moral gewirkt, von welcher ausgehend er eben ſo entſchieden die ſtarre, orthodoxe Theologie, wie den Unglauben bekämpfte, nur läßt er ſich in ſeinen Lehrbüchern zu oft von ſeinem Gegenſtande fortreißen und wird zu Zeiten weitſchweifig.

Die Ruhe der Seelen

die aus einer reinen Liebe entſtehet,

in dem Bilde des zu ſeinem Leiden gehenden JEſu,

in Einer Predigt über Luc. XVIII, 31—43, vorgeſtellet.

Gehalten von J. L. Mosheim d. 16. Febr. 1738, in der Braunſchweigiſchen Hofkirche vor Ihro Königl. Majeſtät von Preußen, des Kron-Prinzens Königl. Hoheit und dem ganzen königl. Braunſchweig-Lüneburgiſchen Hauſe.

Text. Luc. XVIII, 31—43.

31. Er nahm aber zu ſich die Zwölfe, und ſprach zu ihnen: Sehet, wir gehen hinauf gen Jeruſalem, und es wird alles vollendet werden, das geſchrieben iſt durch die Propheten von des Menſchen Sohn.

32. Denn er wird überantwortet werden den Heiden, und er wird verſpottet, und geſchmähet, und verſpeiet werden.

33. Und ſie werden ihn geißeln und tödten, und am dritten Tage wird er wieder auferſtehen.

34. Sie aber vernahmen der keines, und die Rede war ihnen verborgen, und wußten nicht, was das geſagt war.

35. Es geſchah aber, da er nahe zu Jericho kam, ſaß ein Blinder am Wege, und bettelte.

36. Da er aber hörete das Volk, das durchhin ging, forſchete er, was das wäre?
37. Da verkündigten ſie ihm, JEſus von Nazareth ginge fürüber.
38. Und er rief, und ſprach: JEſu, du Sohn David, erbarme dich mein!
39. Die aber vorne an giengen, bedräueten ihn, er ſolte ſchweigen. Er aber ſchrie vielmehr: du Sohn David, erbarme dich mein!
40. JEſus aber ſtund ſtille, und hieß ihn zu ſich führen. Da ſie ihn aber nahe bey ihn brachten, fragete er ihn,
41. Und ſprach: Was wilt du, daß ich dir thun ſoll? Er ſprach: HErr! daß ich ſehen möge.
42. Und JEſus ſprach zu ihm: Sey ſehend, dein Glaube hat dir geholffen.
43. Und alſobald ward er ſehend, und folgete ihm nach, und preiſete GOtt. Und alles Volck, das ſolches ſahe, lobete GOtt.

Wem von euch, Geliebte in JEſu, iſt unbekant, daß uns GOtt in der Schrifft als das liebreicheſte und gütigſte Weſen vorgeſtellet werde? Johannes vereinigt alle Vollkommenheiten GOttes in der einigen Liebe. GOtt, ſagt er, iſt die Liebe. Wer weiß nicht, daß das Reich, welches der HErr hienieden aufgerichtet, ein Reich der allerreineſten Erbarmung und Liebe ſey? Unſre gantze Hoffnung gründet ſich auf die ewige Liebe GOttes. Und der HErr verlanget nichts dagegen von uns, als Liebe. Die Liebe iſt des Geſetzes Erfüllung. Die Liebe begleitet uns aus dieſer Welt in jene, wenn uns alles übrige verläſſet. Wir laſſen Glaube und Hoffnung unſern Brüdern, die noch wallen, wenn wir von hier gehen, und nehmen allein die Liebe in die Wohnungen der Heiligen mit. Und was noch mehr? Die Liebe iſt das einige Mittel, uns, weil wir die Pilgrim und Frembdlinge ſind, glückſelig zu machen. Keine Zufriedenheit, keine Ruhe, keine Stille der Seelen ohne Liebe. Lernet dieſes aus dem Munde des Jüngers, den JEſus lieb hatte: Furcht, ſaget dieſer heilige Mann, iſt nicht in der Liebe, ſondern die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus. Das heiſt ſo viel: Wo eine rechtſchaffene Liebe iſt, da iſt das, was wir alle ſo eifrig ſuchen, das, wornach ſo viele Weiſen vergebens gerungen haben, eine ruhige, eine gelaſſene, eine unbekümmerte Seele, oder, daß ich eben dieſes mit andern Worten ſage: da iſt die Wohnung der Seligkeit, die ſich ein Sterblicher in dieſer Hütten verſprechen kan.

Kennet ihr euch, ſo werdet ihr wiſſen, daß die Furcht das gröſte Uebel unſers elenden Lebens ſey. Die Dinge, die man fürchtet, die Leiden dieſer Zeit, die Schmertzen, die uns von dem erſten Augenblicke unſers Lebens begleiten, ſind viel leichter zu ertragen, als die Angſt, die wir fühlen, ehe ſie uns betreffen. Die Furcht iſt der gröſte Henker unſerer Hertzen. Und der Tod ſelbſt iſt erträglicher, als eine zaghaffte, bange und mit der Furcht gequälte Seele. Die Menſchen haben daher zu allen Zeiten nichts mehr geſuchet, als ſich von dieſer betrübten und beſchwerlichen Bewegung zu befreyen. Ihr ſelbſt nehmet täglich die allerſaureſten Bemühungen auf euch, um nur die Furcht zu vertreiben und eure Seele zu befriedigen. Was ſuchet der Einſiedler, der ſich von der Welt abſondert und in einer dürren Wüſten mit Waſſer und Wurtzeln den ausgezehrten Leib erhält? Er ſuchet nichts, als ein Mittel gegen ſeine Furcht vor dem, was ewig iſt. Was will der Abergläubiſche, der ſich eine Art des Gottesdienſtes aufbürdet, die eben ſo ungereimt, als mühſelig iſt? Er will ſich von der Furcht retten, die er fühlet, wenn er an die Gerechtigkeit des Höchſten dencket. Was will der Weltweiſe haben, der ſich in ſeine Kammer ſchlieſſet und durch die Heftigkeit ſeiner Betrachtungen dem Leibe Gewalt und Unrecht thut? Er will die Zufriedenheit erlangen und einen ſichern Weg erforſchen, der Furcht zu entgehen. Was wollt ihr, Götter dieſer Erden, Monarchen, Herrſcher, Regenten dieſer Welt, die ihr rathſchlaget, dencket, ſorget, bauet und niederreiſſet, die ihr Krieg und Frieden beſchlieſſet, die ihr das Schickſaal der Welt durch eure Anſtalten und Ordnungen beſtimmen wollet? Wollt ihr nicht Furcht, Sorge, Unruhe von euch und den Häuptern eurer Unterthanen verjagen? Macht euch nicht die Furcht, daß ein unverſehenes Uebel die Welt verwirren möge, ſo wachſam und ſorgfältig? Was wollt ihr, Kauff- und Handels-Leute, die ihr Geſundheit und Leben gegen die ungewiſſe Hoffnung eines nichtigen Gewinnes ausſetzet, und die Nacht zuweilen zum Tage machet? Treibet euch nicht die Furcht des Mangels, die Sorge für das Künfftige zu dieſen mühſeligen Arbeiten? Die Furcht iſt der Trieb, der die gantze Welt in Unruhe und Bewegung ſetzet, und die Tage, die uns hie die Vorſehung gönnet, beſchwerlich machet. Die Hoffnung, dieſe Furcht zu beſiegen, beſchäfftiget und ermüdet uns, bis der Tod das Ende an unſern Sorgen machet. Und was iſt denn bisher gewonnen, bemühete Menſchen? Was habt ihr bisher gegen dieſen gemeinen Feind ausgerichtet? Wie groß iſt die Zahl derer, die von Anfang der Welt an ſich haben rühmen können, daß ſie in einer ſichern Ruhe des Gemüths ihr Leben zugebracht und beſchloſſen? Ach ihr habt ohne Frucht gearbeitet, unruhige Sterbliche! Eure Sorgen haben die Mühe dieſes Lebens nur verdoppelt. JEſus, der die Liebe lehret, hat den einigen Weg gewieſen, die Furcht, die uns hie ſo quälet und ermüdet, zu beſiegen. Die völlige Liebe, ſagt ſein heiliger Zeuge, treibet die Furcht aus. Gute Nacht! Gedancken, Anſchläge, Ueberlegungen, Regeln, Gebote der Weiſen, Erfindungen unſers eigenen Witzes! Eines iſt noth! Das Hertz muß zu rechte gebracht und mit Liebe erfüllet werden, ſo iſt unſer Plage-Geiſt, die Furcht, beſieget.

Was ich von der Natur der Furcht und der Liebe zur Erklärung der Worte Johannis ſagen darff, wird mit wenigem können gemeldet werden. Die Furcht iſt eine unruhige und beſchwerliche Bewegung der Seelen, die den Leib zugleich erſchüttert und in Unordnung bringet. Sie entſtehet aus der Liebe, die wir zu uns und zu den Dingen tragen, die uns angenehm ſind, und aus der Gewißheit, die wir haben, daß unſre Glückſeligkeit könne verlohren werden. Sie wirket unzehlige Arbeiten und Bemühungen, die wir willig über uns nehmen, um das aufgebrachte Hertz zu beſänfftigen. Bald erwecket das ungewiſſe, bald erwecket das gewiſſe dieſe unangenehme Bewegung. Wir fürchten das ungewiſſe. Wie mancherley ſind die Zufälle dieſes Lebens! Wie vergänglich und nichtig die Güter, die unſer Hertz beſchäfftiget! Wie zerbrechlich, wie elend iſt der Leib, den GOtt unſerm Geiſte zur Wohnung gegeben! Wer weiß, wie lange wir das, was wir lieben, beſitzen werden? Dieſe Ungewißheit der irdiſchen Dinge unterhält eine ſtetige Furcht in den Seelen der Menſchen. Wir fürchten das gewiſſe. Es iſt gewiß, daß die Stunde nicht ferne ſeyn kann, in der dieſe Hütte zerfallen wird. Es iſt gewiß, daß wir unrein, Sünder und ſträfflich ſind. Es iſt gewiß, daß wir den Augen eines allwiſſenden Richters werden dargeſtellet werden, der weder durch Verſtellung, noch durch Leugnen, noch durch Entſchuldigungen kan betrogen werden. Wie viele Gründe zur Furcht und Angſt!

Die Liebe iſt eine gewiſſe angenehme Bewegung der Seelen, die ſich beſſer empfinden, als beſchreiben läſſet. Sie entſpringet bey dem Menſchen aus einer Ueberzeugung, daß in dem Beſitz und Genuß gewiſſer Dinge und Perſonen unſre wahre Glückſeligkeit beſtehe. Sie breitet ſich, wie ein Strom, in unzehlige Bemühungen aus, das, was man liebet, zu gewinnen oder zu behalten. Das übrige mögen die Weiſen dieſer Welt ausmachen. Wir brauchen nicht mehr, die Worte des Jüngers JEſu zu verſtehen.

Die Furcht bringet Pein. Wer von euch zweiffelt daran? Aber die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus. Wie ruhig wäre die Welt, wenn dieſes eben ſo bekant wäre? Johannes redet von der Liebe zu GOtt und dem Nechſten. Dieſes iſt aus der gantzen Folge ſeiner Rede unſtreitig klar. Und dieſe Liebe GOttes und des Nechſten iſt das ſicherſte Mittel der Furcht zu begegnen, wenn ſie völlig iſt. Eine völlige Liebe iſt eine Liebe, die nach dem Willen und Geſetze des HErrn, ſo weit es die Schwachheit der Menſchen vergönnet, eingerichtet iſt: Eine Liebe, die aus einem reinen Hertzen, aus einem guten Gewiſſen, aus einem ungefärbten Glauben kommet, wie Paulus redet: Eine Liebe, die nicht getheilet, ſondern dem HErrn gantz gewidmet iſt: Eine Liebe, die beſtändig währet und nicht unterbrochen wird. Eine ſolche Liebe verbannet die Furcht, die unreine, die beſchwerliche, die traurige und knechtiſche Furcht. Es wird Furcht in unſern Hertzen bleiben, weil wir leben. Dieſe Schwachheit iſt ein Stück des Verderbens, welches uns erſt am Ende unſers Lauffs verläſſet. Allein die Liebe vermindert dieſelbe. Je mehr ſie zunimmt, je mehr befriediget ſie das Hertze. So viel Stuffen der Liebe wir erreichen, ſo viel Stuffen gewinnen wir zu der Ruhe und Zufriedenheit der Seelen. Dis will Johannes ſagen. Wäre unſer verderbtes Hertz einer ſolchen Liebe fähig, die im eigentlichen Verſtande völlig heiſſen kan, ſo hätte die Furcht ihre Herrſchafft über uns gantz verlohren, und wir würden von keiner Angſt und Unruhe weiter wiſſen. Darinn iſt die Glückſeligkeit der reinen Geiſter, die in dem Lichte der Ewigkeit wohnen. Dieſe lieben vollkommen, und ſind daher vollkommen ruhig und ſelig. Hie gelangen wir zu einer ſolchen Liebe nicht, weil wir mit einem Hertzen zu ſtreiten haben, deſſen Grund durch die Sünde verdorben iſt. Allein dieſes bleibt ewig wahr: Je mehr Liebe, je weniger Furcht. Die in der Liebe ihrem Heylande am ähnlichſten werden, die werden ihm in der Zufriedenheit am ähnlichſten. Die in der Liebe wachſen, die empfinden täglich etwas mehr von der unendlichen Stille des Geiſtes, von der unbegreiflichen Ruhe und Vergnügung, ſo die Heiligen, die im Himmel wohnen, von den Jüngern JEſu, die ſie noch wollen, unterſcheidet. Die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus.

Wo die Liebe GOttes wohnet, da herrſchet die Verleugnung dieſer Welt und der Dinge, die dazu gehören. Und was fürchtet der, ſo dieſe Welt verleugnet hat, die Zufälle dieſes Lebens und den beſtändigen Wechſel der Dinge? Sein Wandel iſt im Himmel. Er kan nichts verlieren, als was er nicht achtet. Was büſſet der ein, der den HErrn allein liebet, wenn ihm alles entzogen wird? Eine Handvoll Aſche, deren Nichtigkeit er längſt erkennet: Einen Traum, der ihn nicht mehr rühret: Güter, die er zu der wahren Glückſeligkeit nicht brauchet. Wo die Liebe zu GOtt wohnet, da kan die Furcht für dem Tode und die Angſt für dem göttlichen Gerichte nicht aufhalten. Wer kan ſich für der Stunde fürchten, welche die Scheide-Wand niederreiſſen wird, die uns bis nicht erlaubet, das Angeſicht des HErrn zu ſehen, den wir aufrichtig lieben? Wer kan für einem Richter-Stuhl zittern, auf dem JEſus ſitzen wird, den wir die nicht geſehen, und doch geliebet haben? Wo eine wahre Liebe des Nächſten regieret, da müſſen die unordentlichen Begierden, die uns quälen, nachgeben. Und wo bleibt eure Furcht, beſorgte Menſchen, wenn euch dieſe Begierden nicht mehr beſtreiten? Eure Angſt kommt aus eurem unreinen Lüſten her, die gegen die Seele ſtreiten, und ſtets mehr begehren, als ihr brauchet. Dämpfet dieſe Lüſte, ſo habt ihr die Furcht gehoben, die euch ängſtet. Und ſtärket euch in der Liebe gegen die Brüder, ſo habt ihr eure Lüſte geſchwächet. Die Liebe treibt die Furcht aus.

Wir ſagen ſchon mehr, geliebte Freunde in JEſu, als wir in der Vorbereitung zu unſerer Andacht erwehnen dürfen. Wir wollen dieſe Stunde ganz dazu anwenden, dieſe Lehre Johannis in euer Herz zu drücken. Wir würden daher in dem Fortgange unſerer Andacht das, was bereits geſagt, wiederholen müſſen, wenn wir uns jetzt länger in der Erläuterung derſelben aufhalten würden. Wir wollen zu dem Zwecke unſerer Rede treten. In der Geſchichte, die wir euch heute vorſtellen müſſen, finden wir das vollkommenſte Exempel, das wir geben können, Johannis Worte zu befeſtigen. Dis iſt euer Heyland, der euch auf der Reiſe zu ſeinem Leiden dargeſtellet wird. Wer hat reiner, wer hat ſtärker, wer hat völliger geliebet, als euer Erlöſer? Seyd ihr nicht alle, die ihr euch ſeine Erlöſeten nennet, davon überführet? Und wer hat mehr Großmuth der Seelen, mehr Ruhe, mehr Gelaſſenheit, mehr Zufriedenheit in dem empfindlichſten Leiden empfunden und bewieſen? Die Liebe machte ihn ſtark Schrecken, Angſt, Zorn des Höchſten, Pein der Höllen zu beſtreiten und zu beſiegen. Strebet nach der Liebe, die JEſus zum Kennzeichen ſeiner Jünger machet: Tretet in ſeine geheiligte Fußſtapffen: Und wir verſprechen euch im Nahmen des HErrn, daß ihr mitten in der Unruhe dieſer elenden Tage Theil an ſeiner Ruhe und Zufriedenheit nehmen und die Stille empfinden werdet, ſo weit es dieſe Welt verſtattet, die auch der Unglaube in JEſu bewundern muß. Betrachtet mit mir in dem Bilde des zu ſeinem Leiden gehenden JEſu

Die Ruhe der Seelen, die aus der wahren Liebe entſpringet.

Ihr werdet auf Zweyerley euren Gedanken zu richten haben. Ihr werdet

Erſtlich, die vollkommene und reine Liebe eures zu ſeinem Leiden gehenden Heylandes bewundern müſſen.

Ihr werdet:

Vors andere, die ſelige Ruhe und Gelaſſenheit, die daher bey ihm entſtanden, anzuſehen haben.

Und indem wir euch dieſe vorſtellen, werden wir daher Gelegenheit nehmen, euch zu zeugen, daß dieſes eine Seligkeit, die euch allen der Eifer in der Liebe verſpricht.

Das erſte wird euch zeigen, wie euer Herz müſſe beſchaffen ſeyn, wenn ihr den Nahmen der Jünger JEſu mit Rechte führen wollet. Das andere wird euch die Vortreflichkeit der Religion, zu der ihr euch bekennet, weiſen und die Glückſeligkeit offenbahren, welche die Nachfolge Chriſti uns allen anbeut. Das erſte wird euch beſchämen, wenn ihr euch und eure Herzen ohne Betrug prüfen wollet. Das andere wird euch ermuntern, auf den Anfänger und Vollender eures Glaubens mehr, als bisher, zu ſehen. Wir hoffen von euch, daß ihr dieſe Frucht, die ihr aus unſerer Vorſtellung ziehen müſſet, nicht ſelber durch euren Widerſtand und Unachtſamkeit zurücke halten werdet. Wir reden an einem Tage zu euch, an dem ihr ſchuldig ſeyd, eure gewöhnliche Andacht zu verdoppeln. Wir fangen heute die Tage an, die der Glaube der älteſten Chriſten zu einer genauern Betrachtung der Leiden JEſu jährlich ausgeſetzet hat. Dieſe Tage erfordern mehr Stille der Seelen, mehr Erhebung des Geiſtes, mehr Abzug von der Welt und dem Sichtbaren von euch, als die übrigen Tage des Jahres. Wir bitten euch, daß ihr in dieſer Stunde den Anfang zu dieſer Schuldigkeit machen möget. Der Herr gebe mir und euch allen ſeine Gnade dazu. Amen.

Abhandlung.

Das ganze Leben unſers Heylandes iſt nichts, als ein Muſter und Beyſpiel der heiligſten und völligſten Liebe. Dieſes iſt euch allen, Geliebte in JEſu, von der erſten Jugend an beygebracht. Dieſes wird euch täglich von den Knechten des HErrn vorgetragen. Dieſe groſſe Liebe JEſu zeiget ſich auch auf dem letzten Gange nach Jeruſalem, auf der Reiſe zu ſeinem Leiden, davon euch ein Theil in den Worten, die wir euch vorgeleſen, erzehlet wird. Ihr ſehet in denſelben die gewiſſeſten Zeugniſſe einer völligen Liebe zu GOtt, und die deutlichſten Merkmahle einer treuen Liebe zu den Menſchen, die ſich in dem Herzen eures Heylandes aufgehalten. Erinnert euch, indem wir von der Liebe JEſu reden, daß wir von einer Vollkommenheit und Eigenſchaft ſprechen, die ein menſchlicher Verſtand nicht recht beſchreiben kan und mit der die Regung, die man in den Menſchen Liebe heiſſet, nur auf eine gewiſſe Weiſe übereinkommt. Wer wird das recht begreiffen, welche Zunge wird das ausreden, was in GOtt eigentlich Liebe iſt? Die Liebe JEſu iſt die Tieffe, der Abgrund aller Liebe: unſre Liebe, ſie mag ſo groß ſeyn, wie ſie wolle, iſt ein kleiner und unreiner Bach, der weit von der erſten Quelle der Liebe unterſchieden iſt. Indeß iſt eine gewiſſe Gleichheit der Vollkommenheit, die in GOtt Liebe heiſſet, und der Bewegung, die in uns ſo genennet wird. Und deswegen ermuntert uns die Schrift der Liebe GOttes nachzuahmen und ſaget, daß die, ſo in der Liebe bleiben, in GOtt bleiben, und GOtt in ihnen. Wir haben jetzt die Zeit nicht, euch weitläufftiger davon zu unterrichten.

Ihr ſehet in dem Verhalten eures Heylandes ein Exempel einer völligen Liebe zu GOtt. Dieſes findet ihr in ſeinem willigen Gehorſam, in ſeiner Freudigkeit, in ſeiner Begierde den Willen ſeines Vaters zu vollziehen und die Erlöſung des menſchlichen Geſchlechts durch ſeinen Tod zu vollenden. Wir haben kein gewiſſer und untrüglicher Kennzeichen einer reinen und ungefälſchten Liebe, als die Bereitwilligkeit, den Opfer, die Begierde dem Willen des geliebten ſich ſelbſt, ſeine Ruhe, ſein Leben aufzuopfern. JEſus ſiehet die ganze Laſt der Tage, in denen er den ſchwerſten Kampf für uns in Jeruſalem antreten und ausſtehen ſolte. Er kommt der Stadt immer näher, in der ſchon alles zu ſeiner Marter vorbereitet würde. Er erblicket ſchon die erbitterten Geſichter ſeiner Feinde, die mit nichts, als ſeinem Blute, würden befriediget werden. Und was das meiſte, er fühlet ſchon den Nachdruck des Zornes GOttes über die Sünde der Menſchen, die er ſich aufgebürdet, und empfindet das Gewichte einer Gerechtigkeit, die kein endliches Löſe-Geld befriedigen kan. Ach! wie träge gehen diejenigen, die zu ihrem gewiſſen Unglücke eilen? Wie ſchwer werden denen die Füſſe, die ſich in die Hände der gottloſeſten Feinde liefern müſſen? Sehet ihr dergleichen an eurem Heylande? Geht er langſamer, wie ſonſten? Hält er ſich auf dieſer letzten Reiſe auf? Bezeugt er Furcht, Angſt, Ungedult, Schwermuth? Suchet er Umwege, den letzten Schlag etwas aufzuhalten? Iſt er weniger leutſelig, ſanftmüthig, liebreich, gutthätig, dienſtfertig, als ſonſten? Euer JEſus ſagt mit gelaſſenem, mit ſtillem, mit ruhigem Geiſte zu ſeinen Jüngern: Sehet wir gehen hinauf gen Jeruſalem. Es wird alles vollendet werden, das geſchrieben iſt durch die Propheten von des Menſchen Sohn. Denn er wird überantwortet werden den Heyden, und er wird verſpottet, verſchmähet, verſpeyet werden. Und ſie werden ihn geiſſeln und tödten. Wie bewundernswürdig iſt dieſe Rede? Kan jemand mit einer gröſſern Gelaſſenheit von dem allergröſten Leiden ſprechen, das ihm in kurzer Zeit wiederfahren ſoll? JEſus erzehlet bloß die traurigen Begebenheiten, die ihm bald begegnen würden, ohne die geringſte Bewegung des Gemüthes darüber zu bezeugen? Was muß vor Ruhe, was muß vor Stille in einem Herzen ſeyn, das ſeinen Jammer, ſeine Marter, ſeine Quaal, die bald angehen ſoll, ſo unerſchrocken und natürlich beſchreiben und vorſtellen kan? Was muß vor Großmuth in einem Geiſte ſeyn, der an der Schwelle des Marter-Hauſes ſtehet und von den unterſchiedenen Arten der Marter, die er gleich dulden ſoll, nicht anders, als von fremden Dingen, oder von gleichgültigen Zufällen, redet? JEſus eilet, indem er ſo redet, ſeinen Weg fort. Er hält ſich nirgends auf, als wo er Gelegenheit findet, Barmherzigkeit zu üben. Er wandert die Straſſe zu ſeinem Tode mit eben der Munterkeit, womit er vorhin die übrigen Reiſen abgeleget hatte? Iſt dieſes nicht das gröſte Zeugniß einer völligen Liebe zu GOtt? Iſt dieſes nicht ein Beyſpiel der allergröſten Bereitwilligkeit, den göttlichen Willen, ſo ſchwer und traurig er immer, zu vollbringen? Sehet ihr die nicht die Erfüllung desjenigen, was David vordem in dem Nahmen des künftigen Meßias ausgeſprochen: Deinen Willen, mein

GOtt, thue ich gerne und dein Geſetz habe ich in meinem Herzen!

Daran könnet ihr erkennen, ob die Liebe GOttes in euch wohne, geliebte Freunde in JEſu, wenn ihr freudig und bereit ſeyd, ſeinem Willen euch zu unterwerfen, er mag eurer Natur, er mag euren Neigungen, er mag euren Wünſchen auch ſo unangenehm und verdrieslich ſeyn. So lehret Johannes: Das iſt die Liebe zu GOtt, daß wir ſeine Gebote halten. Es kommen in dem Leben der Heiligſten gewiſſe Stunden, in denen ſie die Regungen der Liebe zu GOtt nicht deutlich ſpüren. Es geſchicht oft, daß wir eine Art einer geiſtlichen Dürre empfinden, die uns von dem Herrn zu trennen ſcheinet. Es ereignen ſich in dieſem Stande gewiſſe Augenblicke, in denen uns dieſe Welt doch etwas zu ſeyn ſcheinet, in denen es uns ſchwer fällt, die Schein-Vergnügungen dieſer Erden durch die Gröſſe unſers GOttes zu beſtreiten, in denen das Herze ein Stück des höchſten Gutes in der Vergänglichkeit zu finden vermeinet. Bekümmert euch nicht in dieſen Stunden, Gerechten des HErrn! Sie ſind Zeugniſſe unſers Elendes und unſerer Unvollkommenheit, aber keine Merckmahle einer Seelen, die aus der Gemeinſchaft GOttes geſetzet iſt. Prüfet nur euren Gehorſam. Iſt der aufrichtig, ſo iſt die Liebe des Höchſten da, wenn ihr gleich ihre lebhaften Würckungen nicht ſpüret. Seyd ſicher, daß ihr den HErrn liebet, wenn ihr nur bereit ſeyd, ſeine Wege zu wandeln, wenn ihr eifrig ſeyd, den Verſtellungen dieſer Welt und den Neigungen eures Verderbens zu begegnen, wenn ihr eben ſo willig ſeyd, das Uebel, das ſeine weiſe Hand euch zubereitet, anzunehmen, als das Vergnügende zu genieſſen, das euch ſeine Liebe auf dieſer Welt gönnet. Das Feuer brennet, ob ſich gleich die Flamme nicht deutlich zeiget. Man kan lieben, und die Kraft der Liebe doch zuweilen nicht empfinden.

JEſus zeiget euch ein Exempel einer völligen Liebe zu dem Nächſten auf ſeiner letzten Reiſe. Die wahre Liebe des Nächſten ſiehet ſo wohl auf die Seele, als auf den Leib anderer Menſchen. Sie nimmt die Uebel, die dieſen beiden Theilen, woraus wir beſtehen, begegnen, zu Herzen und bemühet ſich, denſelben abzuhelffen. Wir machen uns insgemein einen ſehr verkehrten Begriff von der wahren Liebe der Brüder. Wir halten dafür, es ſey genug, den Leib und die Glieder unſers Nächſten zu erquicken und ſeine äuſſerlichen Umſtände zu beſſern. Wir irren darin. Iſt nicht die Seele mehr, denn der Leib? Sind nicht die Leiden, die dem Geiſte begegnen können, ſchädlicher und gröſſer, als diejenigen, die der Leib zu fürchten hat? Die wahre Liebe begreifft beydes, den Geiſt und den Leib: ja ſie ſiehet mehr auf jenen, als auf dieſen. Was heiſt es, einen Dürftigen aus dem Staube zu reiſſen und ſeine Seele in der Finſterniß laſſen? Was heiſt es, einen Krancken auf ſeinem Lager durch Speiſe und Tranck zu erquicken und ſeinen Geiſt der Traurigkeit überlaſſen, die den Leib noch ſchwächer machet? Derjenige, der daran arbeitet, daß die Seele eines Menſchen recht unterrichtet, recht geheiliget, recht gegen die Leiden dieſer Welt gewafnet und zur Ewigkeit vorbereitet wird, der beweiſet eine gröſſere Liebe und Barmherzigkeit, als der ſo hundert Nackte kleidet und eben ſo viel Hungerige ſättiget? Was helffen die Allmoſen, die man ſolchen mittheilet, die oft eben ſo viel Bosheit und Unwiſſenheit, als Armuth und Elend, haben? Sind es nicht zuweilen Opfer, die dem Moloch gebracht werden? Sind es nicht oft Mittel die Lüſte und böſen Begierden dieſer Unglückſeligen zu unterhalten?

Die wahre Liebe des Nächſten hat noch eine Eigenſchaft, die bemercket werden muß. Sie währet ſtets in guten und böſen Tagen. Sie wird durch ihr eigen Elend, welches ſie etwa fühlet, nicht unterbrochen. Die Liebe wird nicht müde, ſagt der heilige Paulus. Sie bleibt eben ſo völlig und rein, wenn ſie gleich ſelbſt den Haß der Ungerechten empfindet. In der Welt wird oft die beſte Liebe kalt, wenn man mit ſich ſelbſt zu thun hat. Man meinet, man habe ein Recht, andere Elenden zu vergeſſen, wenn man ſelbſt die Geiſſel fühlet. Man glaubet, wer ſelbſt kranck, ſey von der Sorge für andre Krancken entlediget. Die völlige Liebe des Nächſten iſt anders geſinnet. Sie gedencket in ihrem eignen Leiden des Leidens der Brüder. Eben die Hebräer, die den Raub ihrer Güter erduldeten, haben doch ein Mitleiden mit den Banden Pauli.

Dieſe Eigenſchaften einer rechtſchaffenen und völligen Liebe findet ihr in der Liebe eures Heilandes. Er bemühet ſich auf ſeiner letzten Reiſe, die Seelen ſeiner Jünger und des Volcks, das ihn begleitet, zu erbauen, zu gründen, zu unterrichten. Er iſt eben ſo aufmerckſam, das äuſſerliche Leiden des Leibes gewiſſer elenden Menſchen zu heben und zu heilen. Er ſiehet die Jünger, die er zu ſeinen Zeugen erwehlet, voll von hochmüthigen und ehrſüchtigen Gedancken. Je näher ſie der Stadt Jeruſalem kamen, je ſtärcker regete ſich die Ehr-Begierde. Sie hofften, JEſus würde in dieſer Haupt-Stadt der Juden ſein Reich aufrichten, in dem ſie regieren und herſchen würden. Kurz vorher hatten ſie mit einander gezancket: wer die gröſte Stelle in dieſem Reiche, worauf ſie ſehnlich warteten, bekleiden würde? Welch eine Unordnung! Die Freunde des JEſu, der auf der Todes-Reiſe begriffen, ſtreiten unterwegens, wer von ihnen die übrigen beherrſchen, wer Geſetze geben und wer gehorchen ſolte! Das Volck, welches ſtets um unſern Heyland war, vernahm ſonder Zweifel einen Theil von dieſem Gezäncke. Und was muſte daher für Aergerniß und Argwohn in noch zarten und unerfahrnen Gemüthern entſtehen! Die Liebe JEſu wird aufs empfindlichſte durch dieſes Verſehen gerühret. Sie dencket gleich auf Mittel dieſer Thorheit zu begegnen und das unruhige und ehrbegierige Herz der Jünger in Ordnung zu bringen. JEſus führet ſeine Jünger bey Seite. Wie klug, wie vorſichtig iſt die wahre Liebe? Sie beſſert die Seele, und ſorget zugleich vor das äuſſerliche Anſehen derer, die ſie gewinnen will. Er hält ihnen allein eine Rede von dem Zweck ſeiner jetzigen Reiſe, und von dem Leiden und Sterben, welches er in wenig Tagen nach dem Rath GOttes ausſtehen würde. Was war geſchickter, die hochmüthigen Gedancken der Jünger aus einander zu treiben und ihr aufgeſchwollenes Herze zu beſänftigen? Der König, von dem ſie ihre Erhebung und Aemter erwarteten, der HErr, zu deſſen Füſſen ſie das Volck der Juden mit den Römern in kurzem zu ſehen glaubten, verkündiget ihnen, daß er werde von den Juden den Römern überantwortet, und von den Römern, wie ein Uebelthäter, gemißhandelt und hingerichtet werden. Wie reimet ſich dieſes mit der ſüſſen Einbildung von Ehren-Stellen, von Regierungen, von Sieg und Triumph über die Heyden und Juden? JEſus bleibet in dieſer Rede nicht bloß bey ſeinem Leiden. Er redet zugleich von ſeiner Auferſtehung, die auf ſein Leiden und Sterben erfolgen würde. Sehet hie abermahl ein Zeichen eines liebreichen Herzen! Die Liebe ſchläget und heilet zugleich. JEſus beſtreitet den Hochmuth, und befördert zu eben der Zeit die Zufriedenheit der Seinen. Er erſetzet den Verluſt einer angenehmen, aber ungereimten Einbildung, mit der Verſicherung von einer dauerhaften Herrlichkeit, die aus ſeinem Leiden entſprieſſen würde.

Die Liebe JEſu bleibet nicht bei ſeinen Jüngern. Sie iſt allgemein und erſtrecket ſich über alle, die derſelben bedürfen. Er kommt mitten in den wichtigſten Ueberlegungen an die Thore der Stadt Jericho. Er beſchäfftiget ſich mit den Gedancken von ſeinem bevorſtehenden Leiden und dem Opfer, welches er in wenig Tagen der göttlichen Gerechtigkeit bringen ſolte. Unvermuthet ſtöret ihn ein gewiſſer Blinder durch ſein Schreyen in dieſen ſo groſſen und wichtigen Betrachtungen. Ein Blinder hatte ſich an die Land-Straſſe geſetzet, um von den vorübergehenden ſeinen Unterhalt zu erbitten, den er ſich ſelbſt nicht ſchaffen konte. Dieſer ſchlieſſet aus dem Geräuſche, den die Menge machte, ſo JEſum begleitete, daß ein Reiſender von Stande und Anſehen vorüber gehen müſte. Er forſchet und bekommt zur Antwort, JEſus von Nazareth gehe vorüber. Wer wuſte unter den Juden von JEſu und von ſeinen Wundern nicht? Dieſer Blinde, dieſer Verachtete, dieſer Elende hatte doch ſo viel in ſeiner Niedrigkeit davon vernommen, als ihm zu einem feſten Glauben nöthig war, dieſer wunderthätige JEſus könne und wolle ſeiner Noth ein Ziel ſetzen und ihm die geſchloſſenen Augen öfnen. Dieſer verborgene Glaube wird bey ihm in dem Augenblicke lebendig, da er höret, JEſus ſey nur einige Schritte entfernet. Es iſt niemand bey ihm, der ihn zu JEſu führen kan. Er nimmt daher ſeine Zuflucht zum Geſchrey. Er ruffet gläubig die Barmherzigkeit JEſu an, den er für den Sohn Davids, oder für den verſprochenen Meßiam erkennet. Das Volck will ihm den Mund ſtopfen. Sonder Zweifel ſahe man aus dem ganzen Weſen und den Geberden JEſu, daß er ſeine Gedancken auf Dinge von der äuſſerſten Wichtigkeit gerichtet hätte. Das Volck meinet, es ſey unbillig, ihn in dieſem Nachſinnen, in dieſen hohen und göttlichen Ueberlegungen zu beunruhigen. Vielleicht redete der Erlöſer von ſeiner Lehre zu der Menge, die ihm folgete. Man wolte ſich das Vergnügen, ihn zu hören, nicht nehmen laſſen. So ſind wir. Wie wenig rühret uns das Geſchrey der Bekümmerten, wenn unſere Ergötzung etwas dabey leiden ſoll? Allein wie unterſchieden ſind die Gedancken unſers Heylandes und unſre Gedancken! Iſt auch etwas, daß das liebreiche und aufmerckſame Ohr unſers Heylandes nicht hören ſolte? Er vernimmt mitten in ſeinen Sterbens-Gedancken das Geſchrey dieſes Elenden. Er empfindet unter der Laſt des Zornes GOttes, die ihn drückte, den Jammer eines in der Welt vergeſſenen Menſchen. Seine Liebe wird rege. Er ſtehet ſtille und hält ſich auf, da ihn ſonſt nichts aufhalten kan, den Willen ſeines Vaters zu vollziehen. Er läſſet den Blinden zu ſich bringen. Er prüfet ſeinen Glauben. Er findet ihn rein und lauter. Und gleich hilft er. Kaum hat die Liebe der Menſchen ihr Werck verrichtet, ſo dringet ihn die Liebe GOttes. Er ſetzet gleich nach verrichtetem Wunder ſeinen Weg mit eben der Gelaſſenheit und Ruhe fort. O Liebe, die ihres gleichen nicht hat! Der Sohn GOttes richtet ſich nach dem Willen, nach dem Wink, nach dem Geſchrey eines Bettlers, den niemand achtet! Das Gebet eines Menſchen, den die Welt gleichſam von ſich ausgeſtoſſen, weil er ihr nichts nützen kan, hält den HErrn der Herrlichkeit auf, der im Begriff iſt, das Werck der Erlöſung zu vollziehen! Die Stimme eines nackten und höchſtdürfftigen, die aus einem reinen Hertzen kömmt, hat Stärcke genug, den JEſum zu bewegen, den ſein eignes Leiden, den die Sorge für ſeine Jünger, den die Bemühung, die verlohrnen Schafe Iſrael zu ſammlen, gantz und gar eingenommen hatten! Könten wir doch die Worte finden, Hohe dieſer Erden, dieſes Exempel JEſu recht zu eurer Ermunterung vorzuſtellen! Könten wir euch doch erwecken, dieſes Verhalten JEſu zum Spiegel eures Verhaltens zu nehmen? Doch was können wir euch gröſſers, als dieſes wenige, ſagen: Die Noht eines Bettlers hält euren JEſum auf ſeiner Todes-Reiſe auf. Und der JEſus hat uns ein Vorbild hinterlaſſen, daß wir ſollen nachfolgen ſeinen Fußtapfen.

Wir müſſen noch eines hinzu thun, um den Abriß der Liebe JEſu vollkommen zu machen. JEſus hilfft dem Blinden ſo, daß er zugleich die Seele der anweſenden Zuſchauer erbauet und unterrichtet. Er befraget ihn, was er von ihm verlange? Wozu dieſe Frage? Was iſt denn unſerm Heylande unbekant? War es nicht offenbar, daß der Blinde ſein Geſichte wieder zu erhalten wünſchete? JEſus fraget des Volcks halber, das zugegen war. Er will von dem Blinden ein Zeugniß von der gläubigen Zuverſicht auf ſeine Hülffe herauslocken, um ihm hernach eine Antwort zu geben, die zur Unterweiſung und Belehrung der Zuſchauer dienen könte. So bald der Blinde bezeuget, er ſey gewiß verſichert, daß JEſus, als der verſprochene Meßias, ihm helffen könte, antwortet ihm der Heyland, ſein Glaube habe das verlangte Wunder ſchon verrichtet. Sey ſehend! dein Glaube hat dir geholffen. Er eignet nicht ſo wohl ſich, als dem Glauben dieſes Blinden, die kräfftige Würckung zu, die demſelben den Gebrauch der Augen wieder erſtattete. Das gegenwärtige Volck ſolte aus der Rede dieſes Menſchen und aus der Antwort JEſu dieſe Folge zu ſeiner Seeligkeit ziehen: Wie ſelig iſt es an JEſum zu glauben? Beſiegt der Glaube an ihn die Uebel des Leibes, die unheilbar ſind, ſo wird er auch den Weg zur Seeligkeit öfnen. Laſſet uns einem ſo groſſen Heylande nachfolgen und nicht länger warten, uns vor ſeine Jünger zu bekennen!

Rühret euch, Geliebte in JEſu, rühret euch dieſes Bild der reineſten Liebe nicht, welches wir euch bishero beſchrieben haben? Fühlen eure Seelen nicht eine Bewegung, dieſem groſſen Beyſpiele auf gewiſſe Weiſe ähnlich zu werden? Dencket nicht, daß wir uns bishero bloß bemühet, eine Verwunderung über die Güte und Erbarmung eures Heylandes in euch zu erwecken! Diß iſt unſer einiger Zweck nicht. Wir ſuchen mehr. Wir haben euch zugleich unterrichten wollen, wie euer Hertz müſſe beſchaffen ſeyn, wenn ihr euch mit Rechte Jünger des liebreichen JEſu nennen wollet. Sehet, wir bitten euch durch die Barmhertzigkeit und Liebe eures Heylandes, ſehet das was wir bisher geſaget haben, von dieſer Seiten vornemlich an. Sind unſre Worte durch die Gnade des HErrn geſchickt geweſen, einen Trieb zur Verehrung der Güte eures Erlöſers, zur Bewunderung ſeiner völligen Liebe in euch zu erregen, ſo laſſet dieſe Empfindung weiter gehen und den Vorſatz ihm ähnlich zu werden zeugen. Die ſind allein Jünger JEſu, die nach ſeinem Fürbilde GOtt über alles lieben, die nie müde werden Barmhertzigkeit an ihren Brüdern zu beweiſen, die keine Gelegenheit verſäumen, gutes zu thun, die nie ſo mit ſich ſelbſt, nie ſo mit ihren Anſchlägen und Arbeiten, nie ſo mit den Händeln dieſer Erden beſchäfftiget ſind, daß ſie nicht das Geſchrey der Elenden vernehmen ſolten, die auch in ihrem eignen Leiden, wenn ſie ſelbſt mit Schmertzen und Todes-Angſt zu kämpfen haben, die Sehnſucht der Bekümmerten zu befriedigen ſuchen! Ihr erinnert euch, daß der Geiſt GOttes von Johannes aufgezeichnet, er ſey der Jünger geweſen, den JEſus lieb gehabt, er ſey ſtets unſerm Heylande am nechſten geweſen und habe an ſeiner Bruſt beym Eſſen gelegen. Was meinet ihr ſey die Urſache dieſes Vorzugs geweſen? Warum liebet JEſus Johannem mehr, denn ſeine übrigen Jünger? Johannis Briefe, die unter den Göttlichen Büchern ſtehen, geben euch die Antwort auf dieſe Frage. Leſet dieſe und ſehet, ob ſie nicht gleichſam lauter Liebe ſind. Johannis Worte ſind die angenehmſten und gelindeſten. Seine Ermahnungen gehen alle auf die Liebe. Er ſtellet GOtt wie die Liebe ſelbſten vor. Er verlanget nichts von den Kindern GOttes, als Liebe. Diß iſt die Urſache, weswegen ihn JEſus lieb hatte. Von allen Jüngern JEſu war keiner zärtlicher, liebreicher, gelinder, gütiger, leutſeeliger, als Johannes. Sein Hertz kam dem Hertzen JEſu am ähnlichſten, in dem die Liebe wohnet. Die Gleichheit der Gemüther verbindet die Hertzen am ſtärckeſten. JEſus liebet Johannem, weil er ihm in der Liebe nachfolget. O liebreiche Seelen freuet euch über eure Glückſeeligkeit! Ihr ſeyd die Schooß-Jünger JEſu! Ihr nehmet das meiſte Theil an ſeiner Liebe! Ihr ſeyd das unter euren Brüdern, was Johannes unter den Jüngern war! Was könnet ihr vor eine Seeligkeit in jener Ewigkeit hoffen, da ihr mit dem JEſu werdet vereiniget werden, der bereit alle ſeine Schätze euch mitzutheilen? mit dem JEſu, der euch ſeinen übrigen Kindern vorzeucht? mit dem JEſu, deſſen Macht eben ſo überſchwenglich, als ſeine Liebe! Wir ſuchen die Worte vergebens, dieſes Glück, dieſes Vergnügen, euch vorzuſtellen. Ihr könnet euch durch eure eigne Betrachtung, durch eure eigne Empfindung, durch eure Andacht daſſelbe lebhaffter einbilden, als wir es beſchreiben können.

Die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus. Wir habe die Liebe JEſu erwogen, betrachtet jetzt (II) die Frucht dieſer Liebe, die Ruhe der Seelen, die Freyheit von der Furcht, die eine Tochter der Liebe iſt. Wir haben ſchon etwas davon berühret. Die Liebe und die Zufriedenheit ſind ſo genau verbunden, daß man von jener nichts ſagen kan, ohne dieſe zu gleicher Zeit vorzuſtellen. Ihr ſehet euren Erlöſer heute auf ſeiner letzten Todes-Reiſe. Ihr ſehet ihn zu der Stadt eilen, in der ſein Blut auf die grauſamſte Weiſe ſolte vergoſſen werden. Ihr ſehet ihn gantz mit Leidens- und Sterbens-Gedancken eingenommen. Findet ihr ihn anders, als wie ihr ihn in der übrigen Geſchichte ſeines Lebens antreffet? Redet er bewegter, unruhiger, hefftiger, als ſonſten? Wir haben euch ſchon vorhin geſaget, daß er von ſeinem Tode und Leiden eben ſo ruhig, wie von dem Willen GOttes an die Menſchen, rede, und ohne Bewegung das erſchrecklichſte Unrecht, das ihm bald wiederfahren ſolte, wie eine Geſchichte erzehle, die lange vergangen iſt. Bezeuget er weniger Gelaſſenheit, weniger Gedult, weniger Begierde zu helffen, weniger Eyfer ſein Amt zu verrichten? Sehet ihr die geringſte Spur eines Hertzens, das zaget und Mühe hat, ſich zu beruhigen? Das geringſte Zeichen einer Schwermuht, einer geheimen Traurigkeit, eines Schreckens vor der künfftigen Marter? Das bekante Merckmahl einer Seelen, in der Pflicht und Selbſt-Liebe mit einander ſtreiten? Findet ihr, daß er auf der Hochzeit zu Cana ruhiger und gelaſſener geweſen, als jetzt? Oder daß er bey ſeiner Verklärung auf dem Berge, da ſein Antlitz wie die Sonne leuchtete, mehr Muht und Freudigkeit bezeuget? Euer JEſus iſt heute der, der er geſtern war. Gleich beſtändig, gleich zufrieden, gleich gedultig, gleich mitleidig, gleich unermüdet zu lehren und zu helffen. Er iſt eben der ſanfftmüthige, der getroſte, der liebreiche, der demüthige, der willige Erlöſer auf dem Gange zum Tode, in den letzten Tagen ſeines Lebens, der er war, da er vom Berge herabging, und ihn ein Ausſätziger um Hülffe anſprach, oder da er in Capernaum einging, und von den Aelteſten der Juden-Schule erſuchet ward, dem krancken Knechte ihres Hauptmanns die Geſundheit wieder zu geben. Diß iſt die Würckung ſeiner völligen Liebe zu ſeinem Vater und zu uns. Dieſe Liebe widerſtehet aller Angſt und Traurigkeit: Die macht in guten Tagen gewiß, in böſen getroſt: Die iſt ein Glantz, der keinen Nebel und Wolcken der Furcht in der Seelen duldet: Die zeiget uns die Leiden, die der Reſt der Menſchen mit zittern betrachtet, von einer Seite, die kein Grauen erregen kan: Die macht, daß das Schrecken der Natur, welches zuweilen in Geſchöpfen, die ſo arm, wie wir, entſtehen muß, verſchwindet oder entkräfftet wird.

Es iſt zwiſchen uns und unſerm Heylande ein Unterſcheid, den kein endlicher Verſtand begreiffen und keine menſchliche Beredſamkeit erklären kan. Was iſt unſere Liebe, ſie mag ſo rein und unſträflich ſeyn, als ſie wolle, wenn ſie mit der Liebe JEſu Chriſti zuſammen gehalten wird? Allein auch die ſchwache Liebe der Sterblichen hat ihre Belohnung. Nehmet die Liebe eures Heylandes zum Fürbilde: Bemühet euch ſeine Jünger zu werden: Sehet, ſo weit ihr könnet und eure Unvollkommenheit es verſtattet: Leidet der dicke Dunſt dieſer Erden kein reines Feuer, keine Flamme, die helle brennet, ſo nehret nur in euren Lampen ein glimmendes Tocht, das nie ausgehet: Könnet ihr der Liebe JEſu nicht gleich werden, ſo ſchaffet nur, daß man doch einen Schatten von dem allervollkommenſten Exempel der Liebe in euch wahrnehmen möge. Und ſeyd gewiß bey dieſer Arbeit in der Liebe, daß euer kummervolles Hertz ſich aufklären, daß eure Furcht allgemach vergehen, daß die Ruhe der Seelen, die euer Heyland empfunden, auch euch in gewiſſer Maſſe zufallen werde. Die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus. Wir hoffen euch alle davon zu überzeugen, wo ihr eure Gedancken nur auf das, was wir noch zu reden haben, lencken und richten wollet.

Woher kömmt unſere Furcht? Ihr könnet die Vortreflichkeit des Mittels nicht begreiffen, das euch die Religion vorſchläget, wo ihr nicht den Urſprung der Kranckheit kennet, die es heilen und heben ſoll. Die Angſt, die Furcht, die Quaal, der Kummer, der euer Leben ſo beunruhiget, kömmt aus einer dreyfachen Quelle. Eure Furcht entſtehet zuerſt aus euch ſelbſten. Ihr traget den Saamen dieſer betrübten Bewegung in eurem eigenen Buſen. Eure Furcht entſpringet von andern Menſchen, die mit euch in einer Geſellſchafft auf dieſem Erdboden leben. Ein Sterblicher, ein Menſch, iſt der Peiniger des andern. Eure Furcht kömmt endlich von dem HErrn her, der euch allen ein gewiſſes Ziel zu leben geſetzet, und nach dem Ablauff dieſer Zeit euch vor Gericht ſtellen wird. Ihr fürchtet den Tag, an dem der HErr des Lebens euch abfordern wird, um Rechnung von eurem Verhalten abzulegen. Niemand meſſe dieſe Abtheilung nach den Reguln der irrdiſchen Weiſen ab, die uns die Kunſt recht zu dencken und ordentlich einzutheilen beybringen wollen. Wir reden bloß zu eurer Erbauung, und überlaſſen denen Meiſtern der Vernunfft die Arbeit, die Ihrigen gründlicher zu unterrichten. Die, ſo im Nahmen des HErren reden, dürffen nichts als einen leichten und begreiflichen Weg ſuchen, die Gedancken ihrer Zuhörer in eine gewiſſe Ordnung zu bringen und ihrem Gedächtniſſe zu Hülffe zu kommen. Die Kunſt ſchadet der Einfalt der meiſten, die nach dem Reiche GOttes trachten. Wir bedienen uns dieſes Rechtes der Diener JEſu Chriſti, und wollen euch nur ein Mittel an die Hand geben, uns deſto gewiſſer und ſicherer mit euren Gedancken nachzufolgen, und den Unterricht, den wir euch geben wollen, deſto leichter zu faſſen.

Unſre Furcht kömmt zuerſt von uns ſelber her. Der Feind, der uns täglich ängſtet, hat ſeinen Sitz mitten in dem Hertzen aufgeſchlagen, das wir ſo gerne beruhigen wollen. Unſre unreinen, unſre übermäßigen, unſre unordentlichen Begierden foltern uns und erwecken eine Furcht und Angſt nach der andern. Tyrannen unſers Hertzens! Peiniger unſrer Seelen! Wie ſind wir bißher, wenn wir auf unſre verfloſſene Tage zurücke ſehen, von euch gemartert worden! Wie viel unruhige Tage, wie viel jammervolle Nächte zehlen wir von der Zeit, ſeitdem wir euch die Herrſchafft über unſer Gemüht eingeräumet! Unſer Hertz begehret glücklich zu ſeyn. Diß Verlangen iſt in ſich nicht ſträfflich. Aber es wehlet die ungerechten Mittel zu dieſem Zwecke zu gelangen. Es iſt ſo einfältig, ſo verdorben, ſo verfinſtert, daß es glaubet, der Beſitz und Genuß der Dinge, die zu dieſer Welt gehören, führe die Menſchen dahin, wohin ſie zu kommen wünſchen. Daher henget es ſich mit ſeinen Neigungen und Lüſten an die Sachen, die zu dieſem Leben nöthig ſind, als wenn es Grund-Steine wären, worauf man eine beſtändige Wohlfahrt bauen könte. Es ergreifft die vermeinten Ehren, die Schätze, die Wollüſte dieſer Welt, als wenn ſie das Theil wären, das die Güte GOttes den Menſchen beſchieden. Es liebet den Leib, der uns geſchickt machet, der Vergnügungen dieſer Welt zu genieſſen, und die Geſundheit deſſelben, als ein Gut, das niemand ſchätzen könne. Und was iſt ungewiſſer, was iſt unbeſtändiger, was iſt hinfälliger als alle dieſe Dinge, mit denen ſich die Begierden unſrer Seelen ſo genau vereinigen? Wir wiſſen dieſes. Wir ſehen täglich die Exempel derer vor uns, die den Verluſt dieſer ſo geliebten Güter überleben müſſen. Wir hören täglich die Klagen derer, die über die Strenge des Schickſals mit Thränen ſeufzen, welches ſie von dem Ziel ihrer Wünſche ſo unvermuthet getrennet hat. Daher kömmet Furcht und Angſt, daher kömmt Sorge und Unruhe. Wir beſorgen ſtets, daß wir auch mit unſerm Unglücke den Ausſpruch des weiſen Königes werden beſtätigen müſſen: Es iſt alles eitel, es iſt alles gantz eitel! Wir ſind bange, daß die Sachen, die wir für Stützen unſerer Ruhe halten, zerflieſſen, zergehen, hinfallen, von Menſchen, von Zufällen, von Veränderungen hingeriſſen oder geſchwächet werden mögen. Und wir haben Urſache bange deswegen zu ſeyn. Der auf Sand ſein Hauß bauet, muß nach dem Ausſpruche JEſu, ſtets befürchten, daß ihm ein Platz-Regen und Ungewitter ſeine Arbeit unvermuthet zernichten werde. Wir arbeiten gegen dieſe Furcht, wir wollen durchaus ein Mittel finden, das ungewiſſe gewiß zu machen. Wir wollen dem Strom der Zeit, der alles hinreiſſet, einen Damm entgegen ſetzen, der ſeinen Lauff aufhalten ſoll. Wir wollen uns eine ſichere Burg in dem Lande der Unbeſtändigkeit aufrichten, und mitten in einem ungeſtümen Meer einen Hafen finden, in dem wir dem Ungewitter mit Ruhe entgegen ſehen können. Wie ungeräumt iſt dieſes Vorhaben? Wie widerſpricht ſich unſer Hertz in ſeinen Begierden und Bemühungen? Es wird bange und furchtſam, weil es gewiß weiß, daß alles hienieden flüchtig, vergänglich und unbeſtändig iſt. Und es will dennoch die Unbeſtändigkeit der Welt, die es nicht leugnen kan, durch ſeine Sorgen und Arbeiten aufheben. Es begreifft, die ſey der Ort der Ruhe nicht: Und es will doch durchaus mit ſeinem Verſtande hie den Sitz der Ruhe antreffen. Es erkennet, daß das Weſen dieſer Welt vergehe: Und es arbeitet doch, die Natur der Dinge zu ändern und das Vergängliche unvergänglich zu machen. So ſtreitet ihr mit euch ſelber, arbeitſame und geplagte Menſchen!

Unſer Hertz iſt unerſättlich in ſeinen Begierden. Eine neue Quelle einer beſtändigen Furcht! Das Auge ſiehet ſich nimmer ſatt, das Ohr höret ſich nimmer ſatt. Wer iſt zufrieden mit dem, was er bedarff? Wer ſtehe ſtille in ſeinen Wünſchen und Begierden? Wer glaubet, genug zu beſitzen? Kaum haben wir einen Wunſch erreichet, ſo machen wir Anſchläge auf neue Vergnügungen. Kaum hat uns die Erfahrung gelehret, daß dieſer oder jener Platz, dieſes oder jenes Gut, dieſe oder jene Wolluſt, wornach wir ſo ſehnlich geſtrebet, das nicht ſey, was wir uns davon eingebildet: So dencken wir auf andre Sachen, die uns beſſer und gewiſſer vorkommen. Beſinnet euch auf die Begebenheiten des Lebens, das ihr zurück geleget. Habt ihr nicht offt gedacht: Wenn ich zu jener Stelle, wenn ich zu jenem Gute, wenn ich zu jener Würde werde gelanget ſeyn, ſo werde ich das Glück haben, das ich ſuche! Ihr habt euren Wunſch erreichet. Seyd ihr ſeliger worden? Hat ſich euer Hertz beruhiget? Habt ihr nicht gefunden, daß ihr euch eine falſche Einbildung gemachet? Haben nicht eure Begierden was neues alſofort begehret? Seyd ihr nicht gleich rege geworden, einen andern Weg zu einem beſſern Glücke zu ſuchen? Unerſättliches Hertze! was kan dich befriedigen! Unendliche Begierden, wer wird euch ſtillen und ſättigen können! Dieſe Unmäßigkeit unſrer Lüſte unterhält eine immerwehrende Furcht in unſern Seelen. Wir ſind bange, das zu verlieren, was wir gewonnen. Wir ſind beſorget, daß man uns die Gelegenheit abſchneiden werde, mehr zu erhalten und glücklicher zu werden. Wir dencken und arbeiten, wie wir unſere Güter vermehren, wie wir unſere Macht und Herrlichkeit vergröſſern, wie wir die Bequemlichkeiten unſers Lebens häuffen, wie wir den Hunger unſerer Begierden durch Veränderungen der Wollüſte ſättigen wollen. Und dieſe Bemühungen werden durch eine ſtetige Furcht ſaurer gemacht. Wir ſehen umher, ob uns auch jemand in unſern Anſchlägen aufhalten und ſtören werde. Ein Schatten macht uns offt zittern. Eine Einbildung von der Möglichkeit gewiſſer Dinge, die uns begegnen könten, preſſet uns Schweiß und Thränen aus. Was würde ich ſeyn, ſagt der Geitzige, wenn mich jemand nöthigen würde mein Gut in dem Stande zu laſſen, darin es iſt? Was würde ich ſeyn, ſpricht der Ehrſüchtige, wenn mich jemand um die Gnade bringen würde, wodurch ich höher zu ſteigen gedencke?

Dieſe Furcht muß weichen, die von uns und unſern unordentlichen Begierden herkömmt, wenn die Liebe GOttes und des Nechſten ſich in unſerer Seelen vermehret. Die den HErrn lieben, haben ihre Begierden gemäßiget und nach ſeiner Vorſchrifft eingerichtet. Sie gebrauchen dieſer Welt. Sie beſitzen und erhalten das Theil, das ihnen der HErr in dieſem Leben zugewandt. Sie lieben ſich und die übrigen. Allein ihre Begierden haben ſich ein höher Ziel gewehlet, als die nidrigen Dinge, die man hier zur Glückſeligkeit rechnet. Sie ruhen in dem HErrn. Sie finden allein in dem höchſten Weſen ihre Befriedigung. Herr, ſagt der, ſo GOtt liebet, mit David, wenn ich nur dich habe, ſo frage ich nichts nach Himmel und Erden. Wenn mir gleich Leib und Seele verſchmachtet, ſo biſt du doch allezeit meines Hertzens Troſt und mein Theil. Wie kan ſich Furcht und Angſt in einer Seelen aufhalten, die ihr wahres Vergnügen an keine irrdiſche Dinge bindet? Wie kan der bange ſeyn und zittern, der den Werth dieſer Welt mit dem Wehrte der Ewigkeit abgewogen, und jene viel zu leichte befunden, als daß er ſie recht lieben ſolte? Wie kan der den Verluſt ſeiner irrdiſchen Haabe, ſeiner kleinen Ergötzungen, ſeiner geringen Vorzüge fürchten, der gewiß iſt, daß er hie wie in der Fremde wohne, wo er kein Eigenthum hat und nur geliehener Güter ſich bedienet? Wie könnet ihr zittern, Freunde des Höchſten, wenn ein Sturm einzubrechen drohet, die ihr dieſe Güter nur als Mittel anſehet, ein flüchtiges und kurtzes Leben aufzuhalten und euch andern Menſchen nützlich zu machen? Sehet jene gläubige Hebräer an. Paulus rühmet von ihnen, daß ſie den Raub ihrer Güter mit Freuden erduldet. Erweget dieſes Wort: Mit Freuden. Beym Verluſt zufrieden ſeyn iſt viel. Mit Freuden ſeinen Verluſt dulden, ſcheinet über die Kräffte der Menſchen zu ſteigen. Und was machte denn dieſe Heilige ſo freudig in einem Uebel, welches andere zur Verzweiflung bringen würde? Ihre Liebe gieng auf Gott, und auf das, was ewig iſt. Paulus ſetzet hinzu: Weil ihr wiſſet, daß ihr bey euch ſelbſt eine beſſere und bleibende Haabe im Himmel habet. Wer verſichert iſt, daß er in der Ewigkeit einen GOtt, der ihn liebet, und in demſelben ein Gut, das nicht vergehet, antreffen werde, der ſiehet den Raub der Güter, die er hat, nicht anders an, als wenn er eine Laſt verlöhre, die ihm den Weg durch dieſe Welt beſchwerlich gemacht. Die den HErren völlig lieben, die ſuchen nicht mehr, als dieſes Leben bedarff und brauchet. Der Stand, in den ſie der HErr geſetzet, iſt das, was ſie wünſchen. Die Güter, die ſie haben, ſind das Maß, das ihnen zulänglich ſcheinet. Sie laſſen ſich begnügen mit dem, was da iſt. Die mit ihren Begierden das höchſte Gut ergreiffen, würden mit ſich ſelbſt uneinig ſeyn, wenn ſie immer nach gewiſſen Dingen ſich ſehneten, die ſie für Wind und Schatten halten müſſen. Und die Furcht muß alſo bey ihnen wegfallen, die aus dem unendlichen Hunger und Durſt unſerer Begierden ſtammet. Die Liebe des Nächſten ſtreitet eben ſo ſtarck gegen dieſe Unruhe der ungeſtümen Regungen unſerer Seelen. Der natürliche Menſch beſorget, daß andere das erhalten möchten, wornach er ſich ſehnet. Er meinet ſtets in dem Geſichte und Augen derer, mit denen er umgehet, gewiſſe Zeichen zu erblicken, daß ſein Nächſter mit ihm nach einem Gute ringe oder ihm an ſeinem Verlangen hinderlich fallen werde. Er ſiehet zuweilen die unſchuldigſten Bewegungen als Zeugniſſe eines geheimen Neides und einer ſtillen Verfolgung an. Daher kömmt Angſt, Sorge, Argwohn, üble Gedancken, Traurigkeit und Kummer. Was darf ein Chriſt, der ſeinen Nächſten aufrichtig liebet, ſich mit dieſen Bewegungen quälen? Er ſiehet dieſe Welt wie eine Stadt GOttes an, in der wir alle Bürger ſind. Er ſiehet die Dinge, die uns hie die Liebe GOttes, theils zu unſerm Unterhalt, theils zu unſerer Vergnügung, theils zur Befeſtigung der allgemeinen Glückſeligkeit verliehen, als Güter an, zu denen wir alle ein gleiches Recht haben. Er verlanget demnach nicht, daß der Ueberfluß bei ihm allein regieren und die Dürfftigkeit die übrigen, die neben ihm wohnen, beſchweren möge. Er wünſchet, daß alle glücklich ſeyn möchten. Ein Theil ſeines Vergnügens auf der Welt beſtehet darin, daß andere vergnügt und zufrieden ſind. Und er freuet ſich, wenn es GOtt gefällt, ihn tüchtig zu machen, daß er etwas zu der Ruhe ſeiner Brüder beytragen kan. Ein ſolches Hertz kan ſich nicht ſonderlich mit Furcht und Unruhe quälen.

Unſere Furcht kömmt von andern Menſchen her, mit denen wir in einer Geſellſchafft in der Welt leben. HErr! wie ſiehet der Erdboden aus, worauf du uns geſetzet haſt, uns zu einer beſſern Welt vorzubereiten? HErr! wie ſieht das Land aus, das deinen vernünfftigen Geſchöpfen zu einer Wüſte dienen ſoll, in der du ihren Glauben und Gehorſam prüfen wilt, ehe du ſie in das verheiſſene Reich der Ewigkeit führeſt? HErr! wie ſieht das Reich aus, daß du durch deinen Sohn hienieden aufrichten laſſen, um die verlohrnen Menſchen zur Glückſeeligkeit zu bringen? Deine Geſchöpfe, deine vernünfftigen Geſchöpfe, kämpfen bis aufs Blut miteinander, wer Meiſter von einem Stück Koht, von einer Kleinigkeit, von einem Rauch ſeyn ſoll, der nichts gelten würde, wenn unſere Einbildung ihm keinen Wehrt gegeben hätte? Iſt es nicht genug, daß wir uns durch unſere Einbildung Götzen machen, und ein Gut verehren, das nichts weniger, als ein Gut iſt? Müſſen wir noch dazu um dieſer ſelbſt gebildeten Götzen willen die Menſchen quälen, in denen das Ebenbild unſers Schöpfers iſt? HErr! die Menſchen die da wiſſen, daß ihr Leben eine Spanne lang iſt, die nicht ſicher ſind, ob der Abend ihnen Leben oder Tod bringen werde, gehen ſo miteinander um, als wenn dieſer Traum eine Ewigkeit wäre, in der ſie ihr Glück nicht anders, als durch anderer Unglück, machen können? Die Menſchen, die das Unglück ihres Lebens, das Elend dieſer Welt täglich beſeufzen, die nichts ſo wahrhafftig finden, als den Ausſpruch deines Sohnes, daß ein jeder Tag ſeine eigne Plage habe, bemühen ſich, wie ſie ſich den Weg zur Ewigkeit ſelber ſchwerer und verdrießlicher machen mögen? Iſt es nicht ſchon traurig genug, daß wir in einer Hütte wohnen, die täglich mehr verweſet? Müſſen wir uns noch einer den andern in dieſer elenden Hütte foltern und ängſten? Müſſen wir noch ſelber daran arbeiten daß der Bau früher, als ſonſten zerfallen möge? HErr die Menſchen, die du durch JEſum unter deine Flügel ſammlen wollen, wie eine Henne ihre Küchlein verſammlet, machen ſich ſelbſt den Raub-Vögeln ähnlich, deren einer dem andern nachſtellet, und die keinen andern Schutz, als ihre Luſt und Bosheit, haben? Die Menſchen, die du alle zu einer Hoffnung beruffen, in ein Reich der Liebe aufnehmen, durch das Verdienſt eines Erlöſers ewig vergnügen wilt, dieſe Menſchen verhalten ſich ſo untereinander, als wenn jeder einen beſondern Weg zum Himmel hätte, als wenn jeder vor ſich in der Ewigkeit ſeelig ſeyn würde, als wenn jene Welt nur ihnen allein ihren Eingang öffnen würde? HErr! wie ſieht der Erdboden, wie ſieht dieſe finſtere Wohnung aus, in der du uns gleichſam Ziegel brennen läſſeſt, bis du uns, wie Moſes, in die gelobten Wohnungen führeſt! Die die eine einmüthige Geſellſchafft ausmachen ſolten, die dort in der ſeeligſten Eintracht ſtehen ſollen, wandeln hie ſo, als wenn dieſe Welt eine Hader-Schule wäre, als wenn du ſie beruffen hätteſt, ſich ſelber Dornen und Diſteln zu pflantzen, als wenn du einen zur Qvaal des andern gebildet hätteſt? Liebreiches Weſen! Sind es deine Kinder, ſind es deine Söhne, die dis mühſelige Land bewohnen? Oder hat dein Feind ſeine Brut darunter gemenget? Sind es Bürger der künfftigen Welt? Oder ſind die meiſten nur gemacht, daß ſie die ſäen und erndten ſollen? Der Niedrige fürchtet den Gröſſern. Er iſt bange, daß dieſer ſeine Macht zu vieler Schaden anwenden und ſeiner dabey nicht vergeſſen werde. Der Mächtige iſt bange für denen, die ihm gleich ſind. Er miſſet ſeine Gewalt mit der Macht des andern ab und meinet, das Gleich-Gewichte ſey nicht da, wodurch er ſicher ſeyn müſte. Er bemühet ſich ſeine Macht zu vergröſſern, es koſte, was es wolle, um die Furcht, die ihn plaget, in das Hertze des andern zu ſpielen. Der Fromme und Redliche meinet allenthalben die Netze zu ſehen, die ihm die Argliſt des Gottloſen geſpannet hat. Der Argliſtige beſorget, daß ein anderer vielleicht mehr Stärcke des Geiſtes habe, Ränke und Umwege auszuſinnen. Jacob fürchtet ſich für dem Kriegs-Heer Eſaus. Eſau iſt Angſt für dem Segen, den Jacob erhalten. David fliehet die Raſerey Sauls. Saul iſt bange, daß ihm David die Krone nehmen werde. O wie elend iſt es, daß der Erdboden mit Menſchen bewohnet iſt, deren einer des andern Unglück ſuchet! O wie elend iſt es, daß die, ſo alle elend und zerbrechlich ſind, ihre meiſte Bemühung anwenden, ſich elender zu machen, als ſie ſind!

Iſt ein Mittel gegen dieſen Jammer? Iſt es möglich, unter dieſer beſtändigen Unruhe die Ruhe zu finden? Eines iſt da. Die völlige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus. Die Liebe ſtöret die Angſt, die uns die Geſellen unſers Elendes auf der Welt erwecken. Die den HErrn lieben, ſagen zu ihm mit David: HErr, HErr, du biſt meine Zuverſicht, ein ſtarcker Thurn für meinen Feinden. Ich will wohnen in deiner Hütten ewiglich und trauen unter deinen Fittigen. Sie ſprechen zu dem HErren: Meine Zuverſicht und meine Burg, mein Gott, auf den ich hoffe. Das Gut, das ſie lieben, kan keine Gewalt rauben, keine Macht kräncken, keine Liſt wegrücken, keine Verſchlagenheit verfälſchen. Es iſt höher, denn alles, was man dencken und begreiffen kan. Was ein raſender, ein ehrſüchtiger, ein feindſeeliger ihnen rauben kan, iſt zu geringe in ihren Augen, als daß es ſie rühren ſolte. Was könnt ihr nehmen, Feinde unſerer Tage, was könnet ihr rauben, die ihr niemand glücklich, als euch ſelbſt, ſehen könnet? Etwas Erde, die der Fleiß der Menſchen gläntzend und ſcheinend gemacht hat! Wie lange werdet ihr, wie lange werden wir, an dieſem gemachten Glantz uns ergötzen? Wiſſet ihr, ob ihr den nichtigen Kram Monate oder Jahre beſitzen werdet? Ein Vergnügen, das uns nie recht erquicken können? Haben wir denn damit die Ruhe des Geiſtes verlohren, wenn unſere Augen oder Ohren eine angenehme Empfindung weniger genieſſen? Eine gewiſſe Stelle, die uns anſehnlich in den Gedancken der Leute gemacht hat, die das Weſen dieſer Welt obenhin betrachten? Sind wir denn deswegen kleiner oder geringer, weil uns eine Anzahl eitler und unbedachtſamer Menſchen für kleiner oder geringer hält? Iſt die wahre Ehre, das rechte Anſehen an die Einbildung der Menſchen gebunden? Ein Leben, das die Schrifft einen Strom, einen Dampf, einen Nebel, einen Dunſt nennet? Und was haben wir denn damit verlohren? Schneidet den Faden unſerer Tage ab, ſo verkürzet ihr die unruhigen Nächte und Tage, die wir hie zubringen müſſen. In dem Schooß unſers GOttes werden wir andere Tage wieder finden, denen ihr nicht ſchaden könnet. In unſerm GOtt erhalten wir alles wieder, was wir hie einbüſſen können. Könnt ihr uns dieſen nehmen? Könnt ihr uns die Liebe, die uns mit ihm vereiniget, die Liebe, die ihn uns zu eigen machet, die Liebe, die erſt recht brennen wird, wenn wir hie verloſchen werden, könnt ihr uns dieſe Liebe aus der Seelen reiſſen? Könnt ihr die ſüſſen Empfindungen, den Vorſchmack jener Welt, den uns dieſe Liebe giebet, tilgen? Reichen eure Foltern, eure Nachſtellungen, eure Verfolgungen ſo weit? Was fürchten wir Menſchen, wenn der HErr unſer Freund iſt?

Die Liebe des Nächſten iſt eine andere Bruſt-Wehr gegen dieſe Furcht für der Gewalt und Liſt unſerer Neben-Menſchen. Die, wie JEſus wohlthun, die, wie er, Barmhertzigkeit und Liebe üben, die die Witwen und Wayſen in ihrer Trübſal beſuchen, die bauen ſich eine Feſtung, in der ſie ſicher ſchlaffen und ruhen können. Der Unbarmhertzige, der Ungerechte, der Liebloſe muß ſich fürchten; der Gutthätige iſt getroſt. Glaubet mir, geliebte Freunde in Jeſu, ſo viel Wohlthaten ihr erweiſet, ſo viel Wercke der Liebe ihr verrichtet, ſo viel Pfeiler, ſo viel Stützen ſetzet ihr zu eurer Sicherheit und Ruhe. So unrein, ſo böſe, ſo betrieglich das Hertz der meiſten Menſchen, ſo ſind doch die wenigſten ſo gottlos, daß ſie gutthätige und liebreiche Seelen mit Vorſatz beleidigen ſolten. Die Liebe gebieret Liebe. Der Nahme eines allgemeinen Wohlthäters, eines Menſchen-Freundes, eines Nachfolgers Chriſti, eines friedfertigen, leutſeeligen und barmhertzigen, drücket den Gemüthern, in denen noch ein Reſt der Natur iſt, auch gegen ihren Willen eine gewiſſe Verehrung ein. Und wollt ihr demnach unter dem Hauffen ſo vieler rohen, wüſten und boshafften Menſchen ſicher wandeln, wollt ihr Freundſchafft, Treue, Pflege, Beyſtand in euren Nöthen euch zuwege bringen, wollt ihr euch in einer Welt, die einer Leuen-Grube auf gewiſſe Weiſe gleichet, ein getroſtes Hertz erwerben, ſo werdet Schüler der Liebe, ſo thut wohl, ſo theilet mit, ſo befördert anderer Menſchen Wohlfahrt, ſo ſäet, wo ihr nichts zu erndten hofft, ſo träncket, ſo kleidet, ſo tröſtet und pfleget. Die Liebe treibet die Furcht aus.

Unſere Furcht kömmt endlich von unſerm GOtt her. GOtt hat ſo viel Liebe gegen uns bewieſen, daß wir keine Urſache haben, vor ſeinem Angeſicht zu zittern. Allein wir wiſſen, daß wir uns ſeiner Liebe unwürdig gemacht. Wir wiſſen, daß wir dieſe Welt räumen müſſen, wenn es ihm beliebet, und daß nach dem Tode ſein Gericht über unſer ewiges Schickſal den Ausſpruch thun werde. Daher rühret die Furcht für ihm. Wir ſind angſt für der Stunde, in der uns ſeine Weißheit abfordern wird. Wir ſind bange, daß ſein Urtheil über uns nach dieſem Leben ſtrenge ſeyn werde. Die Natur ſelbſt zeuget und erhält die erſte Furcht für der letzten Stunde. Unſer Gewiſſen, das uns unzehliger Fehler beſchuldiget, erwecket und ſtärcket die andere. Welcher Menſch iſt ſo weit Meiſter, daß er dieſe zwiefache Furcht, ich will nicht ſagen, ausrotten, ſondern ſtillen und beſänfftigen möge? Weisheit, Verſtand, Ueberlegung, Wiſſenſchafft, was ſeyd ihr? Was geltet ihr, wenn die letzten Stunden, ja wenn nur die Erinnerung der letzten Stunden unſern Verſtand umnebelt? Ehre, Anſehen, Hoheit, Gelehrſamkeit, was bedeutet ihr, wenn wir nur einige Schritte mehr von dem Richter-Stuhl des gerechten Richters entfernet ſind? Nichts iſt ſtärcker, als die Liebe GOttes und des Nechſten, auch dieſe Furcht zu überwinden.

Die Liebe zu der Welt machet uns vornehmlich unſern Abſchied aus derſelben ſchwer. Wir ſehen den Tod als die Urſache des ſtärckſten und gröſten Verluſtes an, der uns wiederfahren kan. Was verliere ich, ſeufzen wir in der Stille, was verliere ich, wenn meine Stunde kommen wird? Ich verliere die liebreichſten Freunde und Angehörigen. Ich verliere die Belohnung meiner unſäglichen Arbeit und Mühe, die ich mir in der Welt aufgebürdet. Ich verliere einen Leib, durch welchen meine Seele ſo vieler angenehmen Regungen und Empfindungen theilhafftig worden. Ich büſſe eine Welt ein, die mir offt zur Bewunderung, zur Vergnügung, zur Zufriedenheit Gelegenheit gegeben, eine Welt, die gewiß ein Innbegriff von vielen Schätzen iſt. Ich gehe in eine Ewigkeit, dahin mir nichts von dem, was ich erworben oder hochgeachtet, folgen wird. Armſelige Menſchen! warum habt ihr dieſe Welt wie euer Vaterland angeſehen? Warum habt ihr euch in Dinge verliebet, die ihr ſelbſt für nichtig und unbeſtändig haltet? Warum habt ihr euch an Fleiſch und Blut gehenget? Warum habt ihr euch eingebildet, daß es hie gut wohnen ſey! Seyd ihr nicht ſelbſt die Urheber von eurer Furcht und Bangigkeit? Wer hat es euch geheiſſen, Sand, Aſche und Steinhauffen für Palläſte, für Gold, für Schätze anzuſehen? Wer hat es euch geheiſſen, eine ſo genaue Vereinigung mit den Dingen zu treffen, die euch nur zum Gebrauch auf einige Jahre gegeben ſind? Wer hat es euch geheiſſen die Zeugniſſe eures Elendes zu Göttern zu machen und anzubeten? Hat euch euer Heyland, haben euch ſeine Knechte nicht genug gewarnet, hie keine Schätze zu ſammlen?

Die, ſo dieſer Welt gebrauchen, aber den HErren über alles lieben, die, ſo mit Paulo ſagen: Weder Hohes noch Tieffes, weder Gegenwärtiges, noch Künfftiges, weder Engel, noch Fürſtenthum, noch Gewalt, weder Tod, noch Leben, noch eine andere Creatur, mag uns ſcheiden von der Liebe GOttes, die haben allein die Gewalt, dieſe Furcht des Todes zu beſiegen. Die Welt klaget über Verluſt, wenn der Abſchied anbricht? Der Freund GOttes verlieret nichts; er gewinnet. Sterben iſt mein Gewinn, ſagt Paulus. Gehet hin, Eitelkeiten! Was habe ich aus euch gemachet? Gehet hin, Güter, Ehren, Hoheiten, Träume! Laſſet euch die hinführo brauchen, die das Elend bauen! Ihr werdet mir nichts nütze. Wenn habe ich euch mein Hertz gegeben? Wenn habe ich euch zu meinem Vergnügen gemacht? Ich verliere durch euch nichts. Ich werde zu dem GOtt kommen, den ich bisher unſichtbar geliebet habe. Ich werde nun das Gut erben, das ich allein hoch geſchätzet habe. Jetzt wird der Vorhang wegfallen, der mich gehindert, den Erlöſer zu ſehen, der hie in mir gelebet hat. Jetzt wird mich die Ewigkeit aufnehmen, die allein Beſtändigkeit und Ruhe verſpricht. Zurück Wolluſte, Vergnügungen, Ergötzungen! Wie viel habe ich von euch genoſſen? Habe ich mich jemahls durch euch einnehmen laſſen? Habt ihr mir jemahls eine gewiſſe und wahre Beluſtigung gegeben? Dienet hinführo denen, die nichts beſſers wiſſen. Ich verliere nichts durch euch. Der Himmel beut mir jetzt in dem Anſchauen GOttes die Wolluſt an, wonach ich mich allein geſehnet!

Die Furcht für dem Gerichte GOttes wird durch das Gedächtniß unſerer Sünden, Fehler und Mängel gezeuget und ernehret. GOtt! wer ſind wir, wenn wir uns als bloſſe Menſchen, auſſer deiner Gemeinſchafft und Gnade, betrachten? Können wir auch einige Schritte fortgehen, ohne zu ſtraucheln, oder gar zu fallen? Können wir auch eine Stunde hinbringen, ohne etwas zu dencken oder zu begehen, das deine vollkommene Gerechtigkeit ſtraffen muß? Und doch müſſen wir uns alle, dir, allſehender Richter, ſtellen, dem unſere innerſten Bewegungen eben ſo klar ſind, als unſere Thaten, die an der Sonnen geſchehen? doch müſſen wir alle, gerechter Heyland, aus deinem Munde den Ausſpruch über unſer ewiges Wohl und Weh erwarten? Muß ein Menſch, der ſich ſelber kennet und dabey nicht weiß, wie weit er ſein Vertrauen auf die Barmhertzigkeit GOttes ſetzen kan, muß ein Menſch nicht in Schrecken und Furcht gerathen, wenn das Gedächtniß dieſer Dinge bey ihm auffſteiget? Wie muß der Sünder zittern, der am Ende ſeiner Tage ſein letztes Lager mit den Sünden, die er begangen, mit den elenden, bedrückten, gequälten Menſchen, die er beleidiget, mit der Menge ſo vieler Kläger, die bereit ſind gegen ihn vor dem Throne Gottes zu zeugen, gleichſam belägert und umringet ſiehet? Wie muß das Hertze ſchlagen, wenn man Urſache findet, ſich mit dieſen Gedancken zu unterhalten: Jetzt werde ich vor den HErren treten, den ich hie nicht geachtet. Nichts wird mich dahin begleiten, als meine Miſſethaten und Sünden. Die Thränen der Niedrigen, der Wittwen, der Wayſen, die ich hie ausgepreſſet, werden dort ſo gegen mich reden, wie das Blut Abels. Die Dürfftigen, die mich hier vergebens um Beyſtand angeſprochen, werden dort meine Kläger ſeyn. Die, ſo ich hie kaum angeſehen, werden in Klarheit um den Thron des HErrn ſtehen, wenn ich wie ein Uebelthäter erſcheinen werde. Die Stunden, die Tage, die Augenblicke, die ich hie unnütze zugebracht oder mit Sünden vertrieben, werden mir jetzt ſo abſcheulich vorkommen, als ſie mir ehedem angenehm geſchienen. HErr! wer wird für dir beſtehen?

Wo bleibt dieſe Angſt, wenn wir uns voll von Liebe GOttes und des Nechſten auf unſer Sterbe-Bette legen? Wir wiſſen, daß uns der richten werde, der unſer Bruder, unſer Erlöſer, unſer Fürſprecher, unſer Freund iſt? Kan der ein hartes Urtheil über uns fällen? Wir wiſſen, daß wir vor dem erſcheinen werden, dem wir uns hie durch die Liebe haben gleich und ähnlich machen wollen? Die Liebe ſelbſt ſitzet, denen das Urtheil zu ſprechen, die nach der völligen Liebe geſtrebet haben. Iſt hie Straffe und Rache zu vermuthen? Die Hungrigen, die wir geſpeiſet, die Dürfftigen, die wir erquicket, die Krancken, die wir aufgerichtet, die Betrübten, die wir getröſtet, die Bedrängten, die wir aus der Angſt geriſſen, ſind ſchon zum Theil vorangegangen und ins Bündlein derer geſammlet, die allein vor dem HErren leben? So viel Vertreter, ſo viel Freunde, ſo viel Beyſtände werden wir dort um den Richter-Stuhl JEſu Chriſti finden.

Wir wollen menſchlich mit euch reden um der Schwachheit willen vieler unter euch. Hat doch JEſus ſelber, um unſerm Begriffe zu Hülffe zu kommen, jenes Gerichte, das er halten wird, unter Bildern vorgeſtellet, die von menſchlichen Gerichten hergenommen ſind? Stellet euch den Richter-Stuhl JEſu Chriſti in euren Gedancken vor, ſo gut ihr könnet. Bildet euch ein, daß dieſes der Augenblick ſey, in dem man euch vor demſelben darſtellen wird. Strecket die gantze Krafft eures Verſtandes an, euch die unendliche Herrlichkeit, nur in etwas, nur Schattenweiſe, nur unter entlehnten Bildern vorzumahlen, die euren Erlöſer umgeben wird, die Menge ſo vieler tauſend Heiligen, die lauter Liebe ſind, die Schaaren ſo vieler Helden und Engel, die um ſeinen Thron ſtehen und auf ſeinen Winck warten werden, zu erblicken. Bis hieher muß eure Furcht gehen. Aber fahret fort! Dencket, daß eben ihr, die ihr dieſem Lichte, dieſer himmliſchen Pracht, dieſer göttlichen Majeſtät euch nähert, voll von Glauben, voll Verlangen und Liebe ſeyd, euren Erlöſer zu umarmen. Dencket, daß ihr bey dem erſten Anblick eures Heylandes in ſeinem Antlitze nichts als Spuren der Liebe, der Erbarmung, der Gnade ſehen und antreffen werdet. Dencket, daß die Engel und Gerechten, die um ihn verſammlet ſind, nur auf den Ausſpruch JEſu warten, um euch in ihre Geſellſchafft aufzunehmen; Dencket, daß die, ſo ihr hie durch eure Liebe euch zu Freunden gemacht, unter denen ſich finden, die das Licht der ſeligen Ewigkeit erhellet und verkläret hat! Dencket, daß dieſe, ſo bald ſie euch erblicken, ihre Stimme erheben, ſich vor dem Throne JEſu niederwerffen und um Gnade vor euch flehen werden. HErr, wird der ſagen, den hie die Welt kaum in einem verworffenen Winckel dulden wolte, dis iſt der, der Mitleiden mit meinen Banden gehabt und dich in mir erquicket hat: Erbarme dich jetzt wieder über ihn! Dis iſt der, wird ein anderer ruffen, der mich und die Meinen zu deiner Erkäntniß gebracht und dadurch gemachet, daß wir jetzt ewig bei dir ſeyn! Erbarme dich jetzt wieder über ihn und gehe nicht ins Gerichte mit ihm. Dis iſt der, der mein entkräfftetes Gebeine, da ich elende danieder lag, durch ſeine Liebe belebet und erneuret hat. Gedencke jetzt ſeiner Sünden nicht, und erbarme dich über ihn! Dis iſt der, ſo mich aus der Angſt geriſſen, da mich mein Feind drängete und mein Schuldner würgen wolte. Vergiß jetzt dieſer Barmhertzigkeit nicht, da der du die Wohlthaten, die den deinen wiederfahren, verſprochen haſt ſo aufzunehmen, als wenn ſie dir geſchähen! Dis iſt der, der meine Niedrigkeit um deinet willen nicht verſchmähet, der meinen Kittel nicht geringer, als den Purpur geſchätzet, weil er dich in mir zu ſehen geglaubet, der keinen Unterſchied zwiſchen meiner Hütte und einem Pallaſt gemacht.

HErr erbarme dich wieder über ihn! Dis iſt der, der mir Brod und Stärcke verſchaffet, daß ich mich erhalten und die meinen zu deiner Ehre erziehen können. Gehe nicht in das Gerichte mit ihm! Weichet die Furcht bey dieſer Vorſtellung nicht? Und dis iſt das Bild, unter dem die Seelen, die der Liebe die ergeben ſind, das Gerichte Gottes, das ſonſt ſo ſchrecklich ſcheinet, anſehen können. O könten wir die Kraft eurer Einbildung ſtärcken und vergröſſern, damit ihr euch den getroſten Muth derer recht vorſtellen möchtet, die voll an Glauben, an Liebe und Erbarmen in das Reich der ſeligen Ewigkeit treten! O könten wir neue Worte machen, die geſchickter, als die gewöhnlichen, einen recht lebhafften Eindruck in euch von der Seeligkeit zu erwecken, die ein Jünger JEſu empfinden wird, der zur Vereinigung mit dem Heylande gelanget, den er hie geliebet! Erhebet euch ſelber! Erſetzet durch eure Andacht, was unſerm Vortrage fehlet! Die Gnade des HErren wird euch beyſtehen in dieſer Bemühung.

Wir könten euch, Geliebte in JEſu, in dieſen Gedancken laſſen und unſere Betrachtung beſchlieſſen, wenn wir uns nicht erinnerten, daß vielleicht einige unter euch annoch eines Unterrichts, allem Widerſtande vorzukommen, andere einer beſondern Erweckung, der Zeit recht zu gebrauchen, die wir heute anfangen, bedürfften. Wir wollen den Schluß unſerer Rede auf beyde richten; Wir wollen etwas ſagen, gewiſſen Irrthümern zu begegnen, worauf einige von euch aus Mangel der Erkänntniß oder aus Betrug des Hertzens fallen könten: Wir wollen etwas hinzuſetzen, die Trägheit derer zu ermuntern, die mehr durch gewiſſe Umſtände der Zeiten, des Orts und andere Dinge, als durch die ſtärckſten Gründe ermuntert werden.

Unſere gantze Andacht iſt eine Lob-Rede der Liebe. Iſt denn die Liebe alles? Iſt denn die Liebe vor ſich ein Mittel zur Ruhe der Seelen zu gelangen und ohne Schrecken durch die Welt zu gehen? Dürffen wir denn des Glaubens nicht? Oder iſt der Glaube geringer als die Liebe? Iſt nicht vielmehr der Glaube das einige Mittel zur Seeligkeit hie und dort zu gelangen? Vielleicht ſind einige von euch auf dieſe Gedancken durch unſere bisherige Unterweiſung geleitet worden? Vielleicht meinen einige das, was zum Preiſe der Liebe geſaget worden, verringere die Herrlichkeit und Vortrefflichkeit des Glaubens! Gönnet dieſem Irrthume keinen Raum in eurem Hertzen. Er ſtreitet gegen die Gründe der Evangeliſchen Lehre, die uns in der Schrifft geoffenbahret iſt. Er ſtreitet gegen die Abſicht unſerer Andacht.

Erinnert euch, daß wir von einer völligen Liebe geredet haben. Eine völlige Liebe iſt eine Tochter, eine Frucht, eine Würckung des Glaubens. Es kan keine rechtſchaffene und völlige Liebe bey euch ſeyn, wo kein lebendiger, kräfftiger und würckender Glaube vorher gehet. Indem wir alſo die Liebe erhoben, indem wir euch zur Erbarmung und Mitleiden ermuntert, haben wir zugleich die Krafft und Tugend des Glaubens bekannt gemacht, der die Liebe zeuget. Wer die Strahlen der Sonne und ihre vortrefliche Würckung lobet, rühmet der nicht zugleich die Sonne ſelbſt, woraus ſie ſtammen? Wer das Waſſer eines Baches preiſet, lobet der nicht zugleich die Quelle, woraus es gefloſſen? Und da keine wahre Liebe ohne Glauben iſt, ſo thut der, ſo zur Liebe ermuntert, nichts, als daß er ſeine Zuhörer anzündet, dem Glauben nachzujagen, in dem allein die Tugend und Liebe dargereichet werden kan. Die Liebe zu GOtt ſetzet die Verſöhnung mit ihm zum voraus. Wie kan man einen GOtt lieben, für deſſen Gerechtigkeit man zittert und zaget? Und wo iſt die Verſöhnung mit GOtt ohne Glauben an den einigen hohen Prieſter JEſum? Die Liebe zu unſerm Heylande gründet ſich auf ſeine unendliche Erlöſung und Wolthaten, die er uns erwieſen. Laſſet uns ihn lieben, ſagt Johannes, denn er hat uns erſt geliebet. Kan denn der ſeinen Heyland recht lieben, der ſich dieſe Erlöſung und Wolthaten durch den Glauben nicht zugeeignet hat? Die Liebe des Nechſten kan gar nicht beſtehen, wo ſie nicht durch die Liebe zu GOtt unterſtützet wird. Wie iſt denn Liebe der Brüder bey den Ungläubigen zu vermuthen? Die Liebe vor ſich vertreibet die Furcht nicht, ſondern in ſo ferne nur, als ſie mit dem wahren Glauben verbunden iſt. Wo eine völlige Liebe, da iſt nothwendig ein gerechtmachender Glaube. Wo ein Glaube, der gerecht machet, da muß eine Liebe entſtehen, die keiner Angſt und Furcht in dem Hertzen der Gerechten Raum läſſet.

Dieſes wird euch geſchickt machen gewiſſe Oerter der Heil. Schrifft miteinander zu vergleichen, die einigen zu ſtreiten ſcheinen. Der Geiſt GOttes ſchreibet an vielen Orten alle Krafft der Chriſten dem Glauben zu. Der Gerechte wird des Glaubens leben. Durch den Glauben haben die Alten Zeugniß überkommen. Und an andern Stellen redet er von der Liebe, als von dem einigen Grunde aller Vollkommenheit: Und wenn ich weiſſagen könte, und wüſte alle Geheimniſſe und hätte alle Erkenntniß, und hätte allen Glauben, und hätte der Liebe nicht, ſo wäre ich nichts. Eben der heilige Johannes, deſſen Worte der kurtze Begriff unſerer gantzen Andacht ſind, ſchreibet bald der Liebe, bald dem Glauben die Krafft zu, alle Furcht und Angſt des Hertzens zu verjagen. Die völlige Liebe, ſagt er in unſern Worten, treibet die Furcht aus. Und nicht lange hernach heiſt es: Unſer Glaube iſt der Sieg, der die Welt überwunden hat. Wer iſt der die Welt überwindet, ohne der da gläubet, daß JEſus GOttes Sohn iſt. Dieſe Oerter ſcheinen nur denen ſich zu widerſprechen, die ungeübt in der Heil. Schrifft und in der Lehre der Wahrheit ſind. Die wahre Liebe iſt nie ohne Glauben. Und der Glaube würcket hergegen ſo gewiß die Liebe GOttes und des Nechſten, wie ein Licht Glantz und Schein zuwege bringet. Die Schrifft demnach die eines nennet, verſtehet zugleich das andere. Der Johannes, der aus der Liebe alle Ruhe der Seelen herleitet, meinet eine Liebe, die der Glaube belebet. Und eben der, ſo den Sieg über die Welt dem Glauben beymiſſet, rühmet einen Glauben, der nicht nur gerecht gemachet, ſondern auch die Liebe angezündet hat.

Dieſe Erinnerung widerſpricht zugleich einem andern Irrthum, der mehr als zu gemein in der Welt iſt. Wir ermahnen zur Liebe: Wir rühmen die Krafft der Liebe: Wir ſagen mit Paulo: Strebet nach der Liebe. Wie verſteht man uns? Was bedeutet das Wort Liebe bey vielen von euch, die ſich nichts weniger, als den Nahmen der Gottſeeligen, wollen nehmen laſſen? Unzehlige Menſchen glauben, daß damit nichts, als die äuſſerlichen Wercke der Liebe, die Wolthaten, die Zeichen der Erbarmung, die einer dem andern erweiſet, angezeiget werden. Man glaubet, man habe die Liebe, die ruhig machet, wenn man ſich erinnern kan, daß man den Nothleidenden geholffen, den Gedrückten beygeſtanden, den Hungrigen etwas Brod zugeworffen, den Nackten etwas Tuch mitgetheilet, ihre Blöſſe zu decken. Wie wenig kennen diejenigen die völlige Liebe, die ſich dieſes einbilden? Würde die Liebe das Kennzeichen der Jünger JEſu ſeyn können, wenn ſie bloß in dieſen Wercken beſtünde? Trifft man nicht unter denen, die GOtt nicht kennen, ja unter denen, die ohne GOtt in der Welt leben, eben ſolche Exempel der Liebe an? Bauet nicht ein Götzen-Diener Häuſer, die Reiſenden vor der Hitze der Sonnen zu decken? Stifftet er nicht gewiſſe Einkünffte, die von Durſt Ermüdeten zu erfriſchen, die Armen zu verſorgen, die Nackten zu kleiden? Sind die Morgen-Länder, in denen Heyden wohnen, nicht von ſolchen Beyſpielen der Liebe angefüllet? Ihr ſeyd noch weit vom Reiche GOttes entfernet, wo ihr keine andere Liebe ſuchet, als dieſe. Die Liebe der Chriſten entſpringet aus dem ſeligmachenden Glauben: Der Unbekehrte thut nur gutes aus Angſt, oder aus einem natürlichen Mitleiden. Die Liebe der Chriſten erwärmet ſich um des HErren willen, der ſeinen Sohn für uns dahingegeben, um des Heylandes willen, der unſere Sünde aus Liebe gebüſſet hat: Der Sünder beweiſet nur Liebe um ſein ſelbſt willen. Die Liebe der Chriſten iſt in dem Hertzen gegründet, und bringet wie eine angenehme Frucht aus einem wohlgearteten Baume hervor: Die Liebe der Unbekehrten wird durch die äuſſerlichen Sinne nur erreget, und erwärmet das Hertze nicht länger, als die Dinge im Gedächtniſſe oder in den Augen bleiben, die das Blut in Bewegung geſetzet. Die Wercke der Liebe ſinds nicht, die GOtt um JEſu willen zu belohnen verſprochen, ſondern der reine Trieb der Seelen, der Glaube, die inwendige Liebe, die ſich in die äuſſerlichen Wercke ergieſſen, die ſind es, die uns unſerm Heylande ähnlich machen und durch ihn dem HErren gefallen. Dieſes lehret euch Paulus vortreflich: Und wenn ich, ſagt er, alle meine Haabe den Armen gebe, und hätte der Liebe nicht, ſo wäre mirs nichts nütze. Wie ſeltſam muß dieſes Wort in den Ohren derer klingen, die das Weſen der Liebe in geben, helffen, und andern äuſſerlichen Wercken ſetzen? Scheinen das nicht zwey Dinge zu ſeyn, deren eines das andere aufhebet: Alle ſeine Haabe den Armen geben, und keine Liebe haben? Kan es denn ſeyn, daß der keine Liebe hat, der ſich ſelbſt elend machet, um die Armen aus dem Elende zu reiſſen? Paulus ſaget: Ja. Es kan einer alles hingeben, und doch keine wahre Liebe in der Seelen nehren. O! bedencket dieſes Wort, übel unterrichtete Chriſten! die ihr Schüler der Liebe heiſſen wollet, und nicht wiſſet, was Liebe iſt. Ein weiches Hertz, eine Begierde zur Ehre und zum Anſehen, eine Hoffnung durch einen geringen Verluſt ein gröſſeres Gut zu erwerben, eine Uebermaſſe der Einbildung, die uns empfindlich machet, ein falſcher Wahn, durch Liebes-Wercke den GOtt zur Erbarmung zu bringen, den wir mit Frevel und Miſſethaten zum Zorn über uns erwecket, ohne in die Ordnung des Heils zu treten: Und ach! wie heimlich, wie ſtille, wie verborgen, halten ſich offt dieſe Tücke in unſerm Hertzen auf? Wie offt betriegen ſie auch die Augen derer, die ſich einbilden, alle Winckel ihrer Seelen durchgeforſchet zu haben? Ich ſage alle dieſe Dinge, die ich benennet habe, können machen, daß man ſich durch Wercke der Liebe erſchöpffet, und doch ohne Liebe iſt, daß man hingiebt, was man hat, und haben ſo arm an der Seelen bleibet, als man ſich an Blättern machet. Hat die Liebe ihre Wurzel nicht in einem gerechtfertigten, bekehrten, geheiligten Herzen, ſo iſt ſie nichts nütz, ſo iſt ſie keine Liebe, ſondern nur eine Bewegung, die eben ſo natürlich, wie Froſt und Hitze, oder wie Hunger und Durſt.

Wir haben die Hinderniſſe weggeräumet, ſo die Frucht unſrer Andacht bey einigen von euch aufhalten könnten. Ihr werdet jetzt das Wort der Ermahnung deſto ferner hören können, das wir noch für nöthig finden hinzu zu fügen. Befleißiget euch der völligen, der wahren, der rechtſchaffenen Liebe, weil ihr die Tage eures Lebens ruhig, eure letzte Stunden ſanfte und zufrieden hinbringen. Thut dieſes ſonderlich in dieſen Tagen, in denen bey euch das Gedächtniß des leidenden JEſu, das iſt, des Exempels der größten, der reinſten, der lauterſten Liebe erfriſchet wird. Iſt das ganze Jahr bey euch ein Ab- und Zufluß mannichfacher Bemühungen, anderer Sorgen, weitläufftiger Anſchläge: eine ſtetige Verwirrung, die euch kaum ſo viel Zeit läſſet, daß ihr euer Herz mit einer Gottgefälligen Andacht füllen könnet: ein Weg voll von Geräuſche, Geſchrey und Unruhe, wodurch der Geiſt betäubet wird, daß er nicht zu ſich ſelber kommen kan: So laſſet doch in dieſen Tagen eure Seele nüchtern werden, und eure Gedanken bei dem Creutze eures Erlöſers verſammlet bleiben. HErr! was iſt der Menſch, daß du ſein gedenkeſt? Was iſt dieſer Wurm, der ſein Leben von deiner Allmacht hat? Was iſt dieſer Staub, dieſe Aſche, der deine Hand eine zierliche Bildung gegeben? Was iſt dieſer Miſſethäter, der die Sünde, wie ein Kleid, angezogen? Daß du dich ſeinetwegen erniedrigeſt? Daß du für ihn leideſt und ſtirbeſt? Daß du ihn durch dein Leiden zur Herrlichkeit führen willt? Iſt ein Menſch auch fähig ſich einen nur unvollkommenen Begriff von einer ſolchen Liebe zu machen? Nein, nein, geliebte Freunde in JEſu, die Größe der Liebe, die uns in dieſen Tagen verkündiget wird, faſſet niemand von uns. Und könnten wir ſie faſſen, ſo hätten alle Sprachen der Welt die Worte nicht, die nöthig wären, unſere Begriffe und Gedanken zu erklären und auszuſprechen. Aber die Abſicht, den Zweck dieſer Liebe erkennen wir durch den Geiſt Gottes, der in der heiligen Schrifft redet. So diene uns denn dieſer Endzweck zu unſerer Beſſerung, zu unſerer Heiligung, zu unſerer Beruhigung! Der Zweck der Liebe JEſu iſt zuerſt unſere Erlöſung und Reinigung von Sünden. Ihr Zweck iſt nachdem uns ein Beyſpiel zu geben, wornach wir uns richten ſollen. Ein Beyſpiel habe ich euch gegeben, ſagt unſer Heyland ſelber, daß ihr thut, wie ich euch gethan habe. Gedenket an dieſes in dieſen Tagen. Fanget von der Unterſuchung eures Herzens an. Fühlet ihr in demſelben die Liebe JEſu, oder iſt es kalt? Iſt es kalt? So ſtrebet nach der Liebe in der Ordnung, die der HErr vorgeſchrieben. Die Liebe ſtammet aus dem Glauben. Der Glaube wird in der Buſſe und Bekehrung angezündet. Ein unreines und unbekehrtes Herze taugt zur völligen Liebe nicht. So gebet der bekehrenden Gnade Platz bei euch. Gönnet dem Geiſte der Gnaden Raum, eure Seele zu rühren, zu heiligen, zu erleuchten, um der Erlöſung, die JEſus vollendet, theilhafftig zu werden. Nehmet den Geiſt der Liebe auf, der euch allein feurig und brünſtig gegen GOtt und den Nächſten machen kan. Iſt euer Herz ſchon ein Sitz der Liebe? Lebet der Glaube in euch, der das Verdienſt JEſu ergriffen? Spüret ihr ſeine Krafft und Würkung? Fahret fort und erbauet euch täglich in der Liebe. Laſſet die kleine Flamme zu einem Feuer werden, das immer mehr um ſich greiffet. Betrachtet zu dem Ende in dieſen Zeiten das Bild des barmherzigen und liebreichen JEſu. Bemühet euch, ihm nachzufolgen. Theilet mit, ſpeiſet, tränket, kleidet, erbarmet euch. Denket, daß euer JEſus, der für euch gelitten, in der Hand eures geſchlagenen und elenden Bruders ſeine Hand ausſtrecke und Hülfe von euch begehre! Denket, daß ſein Bild unter jenen verachteten Lumpen verſtecket ſey und er ſelber euren Glauben und Liebe in der Perſon ſeiner Glieder verſuchen wolle! Das iſt es, was JEſus ſelber zu gedenken befohlen: Was ihr gethan habet, behaltet und erweget dieſen Ausſpruch! Was ihr gethan habet einem unter meinen geringſten Brüdern, das habt ihr mir gethan. Je mehr eure Liebe wachſen wird, je mehr wird die Ruhe eurer Seelen zunehmen. Ihr werdet die Gedächtniß-Tage der Liebe JEſu, wenn ihr ſie euch zu Werken des Glaubens und der Liebe machet, in Tage einer reinen und gewiſſen Zufriedenheit verwandeln. Eure Marter, eure Quaal, eure Furcht, die euch bisher geplaget, wird der Liebe weichen müſſen.

Wir ſind alle auf der Wanderſchafft und Reiſe zur Ewigkeit. Unſere Tage gehen immer fort: Und wer weiß, ob wir noch Monate, Tage oder Jahre zählen werden? Und wenn wir uns auch äuſſerſte bemühen die unruhigen Gedanken zu vertreiben, die die Ungewißheit des Endes erwecket, ſo ſtehen deswegen die Stunden nicht ſtill, die uns aus dieſer Nichtigkeit führen. Und wenn wir unſer Haupt täglich mit den größten Gedanken ermüden, und die Zeit, die wir dieſen Gedanken entziehen, zur Wolluſt und Ergötzung unſerer Begierden anwenden, ſo geht die Uhr deren Augenblick langſamer, die unſere Zeit abmiſſet. Dem einen kömmt die Zeit nur etwas länger, dem andern etwas kürzer vor. In der That eilen wir alle gleich geſchwinde zu der Ewigkeit. Dieſe Ewigkeit theilet ſich in das Reich der Liebe und des Haſſes. Die Wohnung der Seeligen iſt die Behauſung der reinſten, der vollkommenſten Liebe. Das Gefängniß der Verdammten iſt der Ort, in dem Furcht, Haß, Verzweiflung, Angſt, Unruhe regieren und plagen. Was empfinden denn die diejenigen, die voll Furcht, voll Haſſes, voll Unbarmherzigkeit, voll Zorn ſind? Den Vorſchmack jener Pein der Höllen, die die Schrifft einem ſtets nagenden Wurme vergleichet. Was ſuchen die, ſo täglich in der Liebe mehr gewurzelt und gegründet werden? Sonder Zweifel den Vorſchmack der künfftigen Welt, deren größte Herrlichkeit in der Liebe beſtehet. Können wir uns die Zeit, die wir hie zubringen, angenehmer machen, als wenn wir uns die ſchon durch die Gnade der Ewigkeit zum Theil bemächtigen, die uns nach der Zeit verſprochen iſt? Können wir hie was mehr wünſchen, als eine obwohl unvollkommene Aehnlichkeit mit den Auserwehlten, die dem Lamme bereits in den Feldern jenes Paradieſes nachfolgen? Furcht, Schrecken, Angſt, Unmuth, Traurigkeit zurücke! Ihr habt uns genug gequälet. Furcht iſt nicht in der Liebe. Wir folgen dem Heylande, der uns geliebet und ſich ſelbſt für uns dahin gegeben. Wir treten in ſeine Fußtapffen und wandeln hie in einer unvollkommenen Liebe, bis wir in den Häuſern des Friedens die völlige Liebe erreichen werden. O Tag des Lebens und der wahren Ruhe, die uns die Welt nicht geben kan! O Tag ohne Dampf und Nebel, ohne Wolken und Finſterniß! Da wir in jene Wohnungen der Auserwehlten treten und um unſern GOtt allezeit ſeyn werden! Wie vergnügt wird unſer Herze dann ſeyn! Wie zufrieden werden wir von jenen ſeligen Höhen in dieſes finſtere Thal zurücke blicken, da wir mit Furcht und Kummer ſo offt haben ringen müſſen? Wie rein wird unſere Freude in dem Schooſſe der ewigen Liebe ſeyn, die unſern Geiſt völlig verklären, und mit einer Art der Ruhe, die niemand als ein Geiſt begreifft, der von hier geſchieden, wie mit einem Strome, ſättigen wird! HErr! hilf uns, daß wir uns ſtets, weil wir hie wandeln, darnach ſehnen! HErr hilf uns! daß wir durch deine Erinnerung den Kummer, den wir hie nicht völlig dämpfen können, verſüſſen, und die Laſt, die ein jeder von uns nach deinem Rath tragen muß, erleichtern mögen! HErr hilf uns auch durch dein Verdienſt und Leiden, daß wir dahin gelangen! Dir ſey von uns allen Preiß, Ehre und Danck geſagt. Amen.

Karl Müchler

ward am 2. September 1763 zu Stargard geboren, erhielt nach in ſeinem Vaterlande vollendeten Studien zu Berlin als expedirender Geheimſecretär bei dem General-Ober-Finanz-Kriegs- und Domänendirectorium eine Anſtellung und wurde 1794 Kriegsrath in dieſem Collegium. 1801 nahm er aber ſeine Entlaſſung und lebte ſeitdem als Penſionair ſeinen literäriſchen Beſchäftigungen.

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Der Hausfreund. Berlin 1830, 8., mit 1 Titelk.
Die Bigamie. Ebendaſ. 1831, 8.
Euphroſine. Taſchenbuch. 2. Ausg. Berlin 1834, mit illum. Titelkupf.
Viele Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Auch war er Herausgeber des Freimüthigen, der ſämmtlichen ſatir. Schriften von Liscov (ſ. d.), des Muſeums des Witzes (Leipz. 1806—12) und des Taſchenbuchs für Frauenzimmer (auf die Jahre 1779—84).

Ein gewandter Erzähler, der jedoch weder ſehr zart in der Wahl ſeiner Stoffe, noch ſehr tief in der Auffaſſung und Darſtellung derſelben iſt. Seine dramatiſchen und verſificirten Arbeiten ſind noch unbedeutender.

Heinrich von Müglein, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Heinrich von Müglin, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Herr Wachsmuth von Mühlhauſen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Adam Heinrich von Müller,

ein bekannter Staatsmann, ward am 30. Juni 1779 zu Berlin geboren und von ſeinem Erzieher und mütterlichen Großvater, dem Orientaliſten Cube, zur Theologie beſtimmt. Allein ſeine Vorliebe für philoſophiſche und poſitive Wiſſenſchaften und ſeine Freundſchaft mit Friedrich Gentz vermochten ihn, 1798 zu Göttingen die Rechte und dann zu Berlin Naturwiſſenſchaften zu ſtudiren. Nach kurzer Verwaltung eines 1802 übernommenen Referendariats bei der kurmärkiſchen Kammer zu Berlin bereiſte er Schweden, Dänemark und Polen, ging ſeines Freundes wegen dann nach Wien und trat hier 1805 zum Katholicismus über. Von hier begab er ſich über Polen nach Dresden, hielt hier und ſpäter zu Berlin ſchönwiſſenſchaftliche und ſtaatswiſſenſchaftliche Vorleſungen und lebte ſeit 1811 wieder ſeinen Studien zu Wien, wo er vom Erzherzog Maximilian von Oeſtreich Eſte in deſſen Hauſe aufgenommen wurde. 1813 und 1814 wirkte er als kaiſerlicher Landescommiſſär und Schützenmajor mit bei der Befreiung Tyrols und ſpäter als Regierungsrath und Referent bei der Organiſation des Landes, worauf er 1815 im Gefolge des Kaiſers mit nach Paris ging. Von hier zurückgekehrt lebte er als kaiſerlicher Generalconſul in Sachſen und Geſchäftsträger an den herzoglich-anhaltiſchen und fürſtlich-ſchwarzburgiſchen Höfen in Leipzig, wohnte den Miniſterialconferenzen von Karlsbad und Wien bei und wurde 1827 unter dem Titel eines k. k. Hofrathes und Ritters von Nittersdorf dahin zurückgerufen. Hier ſtarb er am 17. Januar 1829.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Vorleſungen über deutſche Wiſſenſchaft und Literatur. Dresden 1806, 8.; 2 Ausg. 1807, 8.
Phöbus. Ebendaſ. 1808, 4., mit H. v. Kleiſt. Mit 7 Kupf.
Von der Idee der Schönheit. Berlin 1809, gr. 8.
Von der Idee des Staats. Dresden 1809.
Die Elemente der Staatskunſt. Berlin 1809, 3 Bde.
Ueber König Friedrich II. Ebendaſ. 1810.
Theorie der Staatshaushaltung. Wien, 1812, 2 Thle.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1812, 2 Thle.; 2. Ausg. 1817.
Zwölf Reden über die Beredſamkeit und deren Verfall in Deutſchland. Leipzig 1816.
Staatsanzeigen. Ebendaſ. 1816—18, 3 Thle.
Etwas, das Göthe geſagt hat. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Von der Nothwendigkeit einer theologiſchen Grundlage der geſammten Staatswiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1817.

Müller fand in ſeinem litterariſchen Wirken eben ſo viele Gegner wie Verehrer. Während die einen ihm vorwarfen weiter Nichts als ein treuer Nachahmer Friedrich von Schlegel's im Guten wie im Böſen zu ſein, prieſen Andere die Eigenthümlichkeit und Originalität ſeiner politiſchen Anſichten, ſeine kraftvolle Beredſamkeit und ſeinen feinen Geſchmack bei Gegenſtänden aus dem Gebiete der Aeſthetik, wo er allerdings zwiſchen den deutſchen Claſſikern und Romantikern ſeiner Zeit vermittelnde Grundſätze aufzuſtellen verſuchte. Die Wahrheit liegt wie immer in der Mitte.

Erſte Rede aus v. Müller's „Zwölf Reden über die Beredſamkeit."

Die Betrachtungen über die Beredſamkeit, welche wir mit einander anzuſtellen im Begriff ſind, müſſen, ſo ſcheint es, auf die Verherrlichung einer benachbarten Nation führen, welche durch die Gewalt und den Reiz der Rede eine Art von Weltherrſchaft vorbereitet hat, — und auf eine gewiſſe Demüthigung unſers deutſchen Volkes, welches die Kunſt mit der lebendigen Rede zu zwingen und zu verführen, oder ſonſt den Augenblick zu ergreifen eigentlich nie beſeſſen, und welches das Wort nie bei der Hand gehabt, ſondern meiſtentheils in der Feder erkalten laſſen. —

Können wir Deutſchen von Beredſamkeit ſprechen, nachdem längſt aller höhere Verkehr bei uns ſtumm und ſchriftlich, oder in einer auswärtigen Sprache getrieben wird? — Wenn die geſammten Staatsgeſchäfte einer Nation mit der Feder abgemacht werden; wenn alle größeren Geiſter, welche ſich in ihr regen und ſie ergreifen oder doch berühren wollen, ſtatt der Rednerbühne einen Schreibtiſch bereitet finden; wenn die heiligſten und erhabenſten Ideen niemals mit der Gewalt, welche die Natur in die Bruſt des Menſchen und in ſeine Stimme legte, unmittelbar an das Herz der Nation ſchlagen können; endlich, wenn in der höheren Geſellſchaft, wenn da, wo ſich alle beſonderen Sitten der Nation in eine einzige Sitte vereinigen, wo ſich aus unzähligen Beſchränkungen und Rückſichten nun die eigenthümliche vaterländiſche Grazie des Lebens, des Umgangs und der Mittheilung ergeben ſoll; wenn in der Geſellſchaft, da — wo nun endlich alles Vorlaute zur Ruhe gebracht iſt, wo niemand reden darf, der nicht zu hören verſteht, wo alſo Schicklichkeit und Anſtand nun endlich eine wahre Schule der Beredſamkeit eröffnet hätten — wenn da die Sprache des Landes verdrängt iſt von einer fremden, wo ſollen die Redner herkommen? Etwa aus der kleinen Provinzialkrämerei des alltäglichen Lebens, oder aus der Geſprächigkeit des häuslichen Elends, — oder aus dem telegraphiſchen Verkehr, den die Philoſophen und Gelehrten der einzelnen Secten, jeder in ſeiner beſondern Terminologie, über die weite Fläche von Deutſchland hin miteinander treiben? —

Und wenn die Natur Talente für die Beredſamkeit über Deutſchland ſo reichlich ausſtreute, wie über den Boden irgend eines andern Landes, ſo ſind es ja in Deutſchland nur Einzelne, die hören; es giebt kein Ganzes, keine Gemeinde, keine Stadt, keine Nation, die wie mit einem Ohre den Redner anhörte? Im Geſpräch mit dem Einzelnen ſind wir zu ungebunden, zu unbeſchränkt; wir laſſen uns gehn, wir reden nachläſſig, und ſo verliert ſich aus der Sprache des Volks der allgemeine, bindende Geiſt; ſie zerbröckelt ſich in unzählige Dialekte und Idiome; jede Sekte und jede Koterie verunſtaltet ſie in ihrer eigenen Manier. Nun mögen die Klopſtock, die Leſſing, die Schiller, die Göthe alle Strahlen dieſer zerſtreuten Sprache wie in einen Brennſpiegel verſammeln; das, was allen gemeinſchaftlich iſt in Wort und Klang, mag von Einzelnen wirklich niedergeſchrieben, auch ausgeſprochen werden: die Nation lieſt ſie, verſchluckt ſie, aber hört ſie nicht, ſpricht ihnen nicht nach. — Wer überhaupt lernt reden aus dem Papier, aus der todten Schrift? Hören muß und gehört werden, wer ſprechen lernen will. — Der Taubgeborne iſt nothwendig zugleich ſtumm.

Die geſammte deutſche Litteratur zerfällt in zwei Theile: der Eine und bei weitem größere Theil begreift die wiſſenſchaftlichen, die Lehrbücher; in dieſen zeigen ſich Redner, die eigentlich niemanden anreden, ſondern in ſich ſelbſt hineinſprechen. Während man nämlich in den wiſſenſchaftlichen Werken der Franzoſen z. B. eines Montesquieu, Büffon, d'Alembert, oder Diderot, oder auch in denen der Italiäner ganz deutlich im Leſen fühlt, daß man angeredet wird, daß der Autor einen beſtimmten Menſchen von Fleiſch und Bein vor ſich hat, den er überreden, den er überzeugen will; während die leichteſte Flugſchrift der Engländer, wenn es ſich nur irgend thun laſſen will, an einen beſtimmten Menſchen, an eine beſtimmte Gemeinde oder Korporation gerichtet wird; während die abſtrakteſten Werke der Alten unſer Ohr bezaubern und uns zum Geſpräche wohlthuend einladen, weil ſie für ein lebendiges Ohr geſchrieben ſind; während nach dem Ausdruck des Quintilian und dem Gefühle der Alten kein Wort zur Audienz der innern Empfindung oder des Verſtandes gelangen konnte, welches im Vorzimmer des Ohrs beleidigt hätte, — baut der deutſche Gelehrte ein Gebäude von Chiffern, ſinnreich aber einſam, unerwärmend, unerfreulich, ohne Antwort oder Erwiederung von irgend einer Seite her! Dies iſt der eine, der wiſſenſchaftliche Theil unſerer Litteratur. Wir finden es auffallend, wenn in einer gewöhnlichen Geſellſchaft jemand laut mit ſich ſelbſt redet: hier hätten wir viele tauſend Redner, die ſich öffentlich vor ganz Deutſchland ſprechend, und weitläufig ſprechend hinſtellen, — ohne irgend jemand anzureden.

Der andre, der ſchöne Theil unſrer Litteratur, bietet eine eben ſo befremdende Erſcheinung dar. Hier zeigen ſich nun Redner, die wirklich anreden, welche die Nation oder wenigſtens die Edelſten der Nation wirklich vor ſich hinſtellen im Geiſte, die es auf Begeiſterung, auf ein Ergreifen der Perſönlichkeit anlegen; ja es zeigt ſich Einer, der, die Seele ganz erfüllt von der Herrlichkeit wie von den Leiden, von dem Beruf wie von dem Mißgeſchick ſeiner Nation, eine Antwort herausſchlagen will aus ihr, wie einen Funken, oder einen Quell, oder irgend etwas Lebendiges aus dem Felſen; es zeigt ſich Schiller, ein Dichter, oder vielmehr ein Redner, der noch überdies in allen ſeinen Werken und unter den größten und muthigſten Gedanken ſo ſtolz und ſo gebeugt, ſo wehmüthig zugleich klingt, wie, ich möchte ſagen, Deutſchland ſelbſt*) klingen müßte, wenn es reden könnte: — dieſer ganze Theil unſerer Litteratur wird nicht geleſen, wird nicht etwa mißgönnt dem Papier, nicht etwa herausgeriſſen aus den todten Lettern von einer auf ihre Zierden eiferſüchtigen Nation, nicht etwa der Buchdruckerkunſt zum Trotz zu einer lebendigen Tradition, ſo wie alle Abdrücke von Corneille und Racine und Arioſto und Taſſo heut untergehen könnten, und nichtsdeſtoweniger ſie ſelbſt vollſtändig fortleben würden in der begeiſterten Ueberlieferung ihrer Mitbürger; — ſondern er wird bechiffriert und verſchluckt, und wenn ſich nicht etwa das Theater einzelner Werke erbarmte, ſo hätten wir die ganz eigne Erſcheinung einer Litteratur von wenigſtens vierzig Autoren vom erſten Range, die es mit allen Vierzigern (Quarante) der Welt aufnehmen könnten, und deren Werke kaum ein einzigesmal von einer menſchlichen Bruſt in den angemeſſenen, artikulirten Tönen wirklich ausgeſprochen worden wären.

Es giebt alſo nicht bloß lebendige Litteraturen und todte Litteraturen, ſondern auch ſtumme Litteraturen, und unſre Betrachtungen über die Beredſamkeit mußten mit der Klage anfangen, daß die deutſche Litteratur bis auf die neuſten Zeiten gedarbt hat.

Ein gewiſſer allgemeiner Drang zum Vorleſen und Deklamiren der Nationaldichter, ſo ungeſchickt er ſich mitunter auch äußern mag, ſo vielen Antheil auch zu Zeiten noch die Eitelkeit und der Eigennutz daran haben mögen, iſt dennoch ein erfreuliches Zeichen, daß ſich die Bezauberung unſres Ohrs und unſrer Stimme wieder allmählig löſen will, und daß unſre ſchöne Litteratur von dem lebendigen Odem der Rede wieder ergriffen werden ſoll. Würde in der Erziehung die Hälfte des ungebührlichen Eifers, den man in neueren Zeiten auf den

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*) Man erinnere ſich, daß dieſe Reden 1812, ein halbes Jahr vor dem Brande von Moskau, und geraume Zeit vor der Schlacht von Leipzig gehalten wurden.

Mechanismus des Leſenlernens gewendet hat, auf den Ausdruck des Tons und die Geberde der Bruſt und der Seele im Leſen gewandt, ſo würde der deutſchen Redekunſt damit vielleicht mehr gedient, als mit Vorleſungen über die Beredſamkeit.

Indeß ſind auch ſolche öffentliche Vorleſungen über Gegenſtände der Wiſſenſchaft oder der Kunſt vor einer Verſammlung von Perſonen, die weniger die Abſicht zu erlernen oder Kenntniſſe zu erkaufen, als ein allgemeines, wahrhaft menſchliches und geſellſchaftliches Intereſſe an den Fortſchritten der Bildung vereinigt, förderlich für die Belebung unſrer Sprache, und überhaupt eine neue, ſehr ehrenwerthe Gattung in Deutſchland. Auch der erſte, der wiſſenſchaftliche Theil unſrer Literatur, will alſo endlich geſellig werden: es ſoll nicht mehr ins Blaue und Unbeſtimmte hin, es ſoll nicht mehr den Wänden und Wüſten gepredigt werden, man will ein Lebendiges, ein Ganzes, eine würdige Stellvertretung des Publikums, zu dem man ſpricht, ſich gegenüber haben; man ſucht die Schranken, man verlangt Antwort und Urtheil: die deutſche Wiſſenſchaft zeigt ſich auf dem Wege nach einer großen Wahrheit, die bei uns mehr als irgendwo ſonſt vergeſſen worden iſt, nämlich

> daß es nur ein einziges Kennzeichen des Verſtändigen gebe, nämlich die Verſtändigkeit, und daß man nur in demſelben Grade ſelbſt verſtehe, als man verſtanden wird.

Die größten wiſſenſchaftlichen Autoritäten Deutſchlands in und außer den hohen Schulen haben in den letzten zwanzig Jahren die Form ſolcher Vorleſungen gewählt, und haben ſie in dieſer kurzen Zeit weiter ausgebildet, als es in Frankreich und England, wo ſie längſt in Gebrauch waren, gelungen iſt. Die hier anweſenden, verehrungswürdigen Perſonen haben mir durch die Güte und Nachſicht, mit der ſie auf meine Einladung erſchienen ſind, die Befugniß eingeräumt, ſo großen und guten Muſtern nachzuſtreben.

Ich habe meine Rede angefangen mit einer Anklage der deutſchen Literatur, ſogar mit einer verdeckten Vertheidigung derer, die in den höheren Verhältniſſen der Geſellſchaft ſich einer fremden, und dem vaterländiſchen Sinne nicht eben angemeſſenen Sprache und Manier der Beredſamkeit bedienen. Denn die Schuld der Verwahrloſung unſrer Mutterſprache liegt ſo wenig in der Gleichgültigkeit der höheren Geſellſchaft gegen ſie, als in der Nachläſſigkeit, der barbariſchen Geſinnung der Uebrigen. Was vermöchte unſer, der Kinder dieſes Augenblicks, Unart, Wohlwollen oder Abneigung über das innerliche Weſen und die Kraft und das äußere Anſehn einer Sprache, die von Karl dem Großen bis heut, und von dem Gipfel der Alpen bis an die Küſten des finniſchen Meerbuſens geredet worden, in der ſich alle großen Ideen und Weltſchickſale des letzten Jahrtauſends ausgedrückt, und die eigentlich zu groß und zu gewaltig iſt für irgend eine fürſtliche oder akademiſche Pflege? — Die Schuld liegt in den dermaligen öffentlichen und bürgerlichen Verhältniſſen der Nation; daß der ausſchließend ſchriftliche Betrieb der Staats- und gelehrten Angelegenheiten und die Anwendung der franzöſiſchen Sprache in den höhern Sphären des geſellſchaftlichen Lebens, wo allein ſich die vaterländiſche Sprache und Rede würde ausbilden und verfeinern können, die Entwicklung der Redekunſt in Deutſchland verhindere, habe ich zeigen dürfen; was uns aber in allen redenswerthen Dingen entweder zur Schrift oder doch zu einer fremden Sprache verdammt, kann ich nicht zeigen, ohne Dinge zu berühren, über die man nie halb, ſondern lieber gar nicht reden ſollte.

Halten wir uns alſo vorläufig an die Erſcheinung, wie ſie einmal iſt. Das Sprechen, das erſte unter allen menſchlichen Geſchäften, wie der erfreulichſte und edelſte unter allen menſchlichen Genüſſen, wird in England, Frankreich und Italien mit der natürlichen Vorliebe getrieben, aus der ſich nothwendig Redner und eine Kunſt des Redens ergeben müſſen. In Deutſchland wird dieſes Geſchäft im Durchſchnitt mit dem anderweiten Schaffen, und Arbeiten, und Eſſen und Trinken ungefähr in eine Reihe geſetzt. Jene ſcheinen zu leben um zu ſprechen; wir nur zu ſprechen, um die übrigen Lebensfunktionen zu befördern und im Gange zu erhalten. — Ich geſtehe es ein, und vergebe dennoch, wie der Verfolg zeigen wird, der Ehre und dem Adel der Sprache nichts, in der ich das Weſen und die Natur der Beredſamkeit zu beſchreiben unternehme.

Der größte Redner der deutſchen Nation, Friedrich Schiller, der die dichteriſche Form nur wählte, weil er gehört werden wollte, und weil die Poeſie eine Art von Publikum in Deutſchland hatte, die Beredſamkeit aber keines, — klagt über eine gewiſſe Flüchtigkeit, oder vielmehr über ein gewiſſes Verfliegen des Gedankens in der Sprache, klagt, daß die Seele, wenn das Wort ausgeſprochen werde, ſchon weit über dem Worte, oder weit voran vor dem Worte ſei. „Spricht die Seele, ſagt er, ſo ſpricht, auch ſchon die Seele nicht mehr." — Das iſt in wenigen Sylben das Unglück einer Nation wie die deutſche, die lange in ſich und auf ernſte und ewige Dinge gekehrt, nun auf einmal gewahr wird, daß ſie das äußere Leben, Vaterland und Geſellſchaft verſäumt hat; daß ihre Gedanken unendlich weiter reichen als ihre Sprache; daß ſie viel mehr beſitzt als ſie mitzutheilen im Stande iſt — während ſie zu fühlen anfängt, daß die Fähigkeit ihn mitzutheilen, den Beſitz erſt zum Beſitze; daß die Fähigkeit ihn auszuſprechen, den Gedanken erſt zum Gedanken macht, und der wahre Ernſt und die eigentliche Ewigkeit des Sinnes nur darin liegt, daß er ſich mit dem bürgerlichen und geſellſchaftlichen Leben verträgt.

Es giebt in Deutſchland ein Ringen mit der Sprache, ein Drängen des Unermeßlichen in Worte, ein unglückliches aber rührendes Beſtreben, welches nie gelingen kann, nicht weil das Unternehmen etwa über die Gränzen der Sprache überhaupt ginge, aber weil der Einzelne mit ſeinem Gedanken weit vorausgelaufen iſt der Nation mit ihrer Sprache, und weil er nun mit den beſchränkten Kräften ſeiner Bruſt ausdrücken will, wohin er erſt die Nation erheben muß, damit er es ſagen könne. Der Geſichtskreis der Deutſchen, ſo habe ich das Unglück an einem andern Orte ausgedrückt, iſt unendlich größer als unſer Wirkungskreis: unſer Gedanke reicht weiter als unſre Sprache.

Die Worte Schillers: Spricht die Seele u. ſ. w. gelten alſo nicht etwa überhaupt als eine traurige Wahrheit von aller Sprache, ſondern von der dermaligen deutſchen; die Seele iſt nicht etwa an ſich vornehmer und größer als die Sprache, ſondern die Sprache iſt das göttliche Siegel, wodurch alle ſonderbaren, eignen und weitläufigen Gedanken des einzelnen Menſchen erſt zu ernſthaften und wahrhaftigen Gedanken werden. Das ſchönſte, was die Seele in ihrem einſamen Bezirke hegt, bleibt Viſion und Traum, und ohne Einfluß auf die Welt, alſo ohne freundliche Beſtätigung von Außen, bis es deutlich geſagt werden kann, d. h. bis ein überſchwengliches Weſen, worin alle vorangegangenen Jahrhunderte, und alle Geſchlechter bis auf den Einzelnen, Aermſten das ſchönſte Erbtheil ihres Lebens niedergelegt haben, die Sprache es beſtätigt; bis der Gedanke durch dasjenige zum Gedanken wird, wodurch der Menſch zum Menſchen wird. Kurz, es iſt mit dem Beſitz der Seele, wie mit allem Beſitz; er iſt nicht eher ſicher, als bis er zum Gemeingut geworden; und dies wird er durch die Sprache. —

Der Deutſche iſt in einem unbequemen Verhältniß zur Sprache, er ringt mit ihr, ſage ich, er zwingt ſie, wozu ſie nicht geneigt iſt, und ſie ihrer Seits zwingt ihn durch das ewige Geſetz der Reaktion wieder dahin, wohin er nicht will. So regiert der deutſche Gelehrte auf dem Papier den Staat, giebt Geſetze, verbeſſert die Sitten, erfindet Terminologien, martert die Sprache, und wird gegen den wirklichen Staat, die wirklichen Geſetze und Sitten nur immer feindſeliger geſtellt, von den äußeren Bedingungen des Lebens nur immer mehr gepeinigt, von der wirklichen Sprache zerriſſen und von der eignen Terminologie verwirrt. In dem einen Augenblick handthieren wir mit der Sprache despotiſch und eigenmächtig, als wenn ſie ein erfundenes Weſen, eine Art von Chiffre oder Signal wäre, das man willkührlich verändert, wenn der Schlüſſel in Feindes Hände gefallen iſt; in dem andern Augenblick handthiert dafür die Sprache mit uns, verwandelt wider unſern Willen die Gedanken unter unſern Händen, zähmt ſie, bändigt ſie. —

In welchem bequemen, ſchwebenden Verhältniß ſteht dagegen der Franzoſe zu ſeiner Sprache: Spricht die Seele — ſo hat ſie auch genau im Worte Platz. Daher die gewiſſe Befriedigung im Sprechen, und in dem Gedanken des Geſprochenhabens und Sprechenwerdens, worüber ſich wohl ſpotten läßt, und von Armuth reden, die ſich leichter in Schranken und zu Rathe halten ließe, als der Reichthum, — während wir innerlich, wenn wir gerecht ſein wollen, mit Neid anerkennen müſſen, daß, wer erſt die Sprache in ſolche Eintracht gebracht hat mit dem Gedanken, mit der Sprache auch zugleich viel Anderes gewinnt, was wir entbehren müſſen.

Zu dieſer Harmonie der Sprache mit dem Gedanken lenken wir aber allgemach zurück, bald von der Noth gedrängt, bald getrieben von einem alten, guten, ernſten und göttlichen Verlangen, das nie ganz von uns gewichen iſt, und das die deutſche Kunſt ſogar in dieſen letzten Zeiten der Barbarei und Sprachverwirrung bei Ehren erhalten hat. Der Menſch ſoll nicht denken über die Sprache hinaus, oder in Gedanken weiter ſchweifen als die Sprache reicht: die Gränzen der Sprache ſind die göttlichen Gränzen, die allem unſern Thun und Treiben angewieſen ſind; und dieſe Gränzen ſind keine Mauern; ſie wachſen, wie die innerliche treibende Kraft unſrer Seele wächſt. Wir ſollen alles ausſprechen können was wir denken: denn nur die Gedanken, die das Vaterland mit uns denkt durch die Sprache, ſind gute Gedanken. Der einzelne Geiſt, der hoffärtig heraustritt aus ſeiner Nation und ihrer Sprache, ſich erheben will über ſie, muß über kurz oder lang eben ſo weit unter ſie hinab: um ſo viel er mehr verſtehn will als ſie, wird er auch weniger verſtehn. Kurz, in jedem einzelnen Augenblick verſteht er ganz in demſelben Maße und nicht mehr als er verſtanden wird.

Ein einzelner deutſcher Dichter und Werkmeiſter hat es auf dieſe Weiſe erreicht, im Niveau ſeiner Nation dreißig Jahre hindurch zu bleiben, und ſich in ein bequemes, ſchwebendes Verhältniß zur Sprache zu ſetzen. Niemand wird es wagen in der Größe der Abſicht, in der Reinheit und Göttlichkeit des Willens Göthe mit Schiller zu vergleichen; aber es iſt dafür auch ein Ebenmaß der Kräfte und des Stoffs, ein Verſtand und ein Verſtandenwerden, kurz eine Wechſelwirkung zwiſchen Göthe und der deutſchen Nation, und ein Einfluß Göthe's über dieſe, wie ſie nicht leicht von einem einzelnen erfahren. Daß es die Nation ſelbſt iſt, nicht etwa ein vorübergehender akklamirender Haufe von Tagesgenoſſen, was von Göthe ergriffen worden, ſo erinnere man ſich des nun bald vierzigjährigen Werthers, der noch heute, nachdem eine ganze Generation und ein wirkliches Gedränge von Revolutionen in den Sitten und Anſichten, wie in der Sprache der Deutſchen, vorübergegangen, mit derſelben Friſche der Beredſamkeit unſer Herz anregt. Man erſchrickt, wenn man in dieſem Romane unverhofft etwa den Schnitt und die Farbe der Kleidung Werthers berührt findet, und nun erfährt, daß man ihn ſich in der ſteifen, geſpannten Eleganz jener Zeit denken ſoll, die uns eigentlich viel alterthümlicher dünkt und viel entfernter liegt, als die Koſtüme des Mittelalters. So erhaben iſt die Beredſamkeit des Werther über die Mode, daß ſie ſelbſt wie die andern lebendigen Menſchen die Mode wechſelt. Aber das eigentlich charakteriſtiſche in Göthe iſt ſein Gleichgewicht mit der Sprache, alſo mit der äußeren Welt, alſo vor allen Dingen mit der Nation: er hat alles ausgeſprochen, ausgeſchrieben, ausgedrückt, was er gedacht und begehrt und empfunden. Es war eine glückliche Sinnlichkeit in ihm, die ſich von den lebendigen Geſtalten des Lebens nie ableiten ließ, eine glückliche Genügſamkeit und Behaglichkeit, die ihn von allen geiſtigen und philoſophiſchen Schwärmereien ſeiner Kunſtgenoſſen zurückhielt.

Indeß beweiſen die Vorrechte einer einzelnen, hochbegünſtigten Natur nichts gegen die Regel. Ein gewiſſes Mißverhältniß zwiſchen dem Wollen und dem Vermögen iſt der charakteriſtiſche Grundzug unſrer Literatur. So leicht es wäre, grade in dieſer Eigenheit den unvergleichlich hohen Beruf unſerer Nation nachzuweiſen, und grade in der Urſache des Verfalls der deutſchen Beredſamkeit die ſichre Bürgſchaft unſrer dereinſtigen Größe zu finden, ſo habe ich dennoch vorgezogen, meine Betrachtungen mit einer unumwundenen Anklage der Deutſchen zu beginnen, weil ich darauf ausgehe, ſie gründlich und befriedigend zu vertheidigen.

Es iſt eine goldne Regel, eine Haupterfahrung, die uns bei allen unſern Erwägungen der Redekunſt an keiner Stelle verlaſſen darf, daß nämlich das Gemüth des vollſtändigen und geſunden Menſchen beſtändig in kriegeriſcher Dispoſition und zum Widerſpruche geneigt iſt. Wollen wir alſo mit den Waffen der Rede oder des Arms vertheidigen, ſo müſſen wir anzuklagen und anzugreifen wiſſen, was vertheidigt werden ſoll. Der Sachwalter eines Verbrechers muß die ſtärkſte Anklage gegen ihn führen, um ihn mit wahrem Erfolge vertheidigen zu können: der Sachwalter der Tugend muß alle Ränke kennen, die ſeinen Gegenſtand verunglimpfen könnten, eben ſo wie der wahre Gottesgelehrte ohne gründliche Erkenntniß des Teufels nicht zu denken iſt. Dies iſt die erhabene Kunſt, welche unter den Lobrednern des letzten Jahrhunderts den großen Boſſuet ſo weit über den Thomas, und die unter den gerichtlichen Sachwaltern den brittiſchen Redner Erskine weit über alle ſeine Standesgenoſſen erhebt. Dies iſt die zierliche Kunſt, welche die Frauen mit dem ſicherſten und glücklichſten Erfolge üben, ja das ganze Geheimniß ihrer weltlichen Herrſchaft: ſie klagen an was ſie vertheidigen, rathen ab von dem, was ſie erreichen wollen: ſie verdecken Seiten und Eigenheiten der Seele, die ſie zeigen wollen, ſie ſcheinen auszuweichen dem, was ſie wünſchen: kurz dies Geſchlecht verſetzt alles in die Dispoſition es zu vertheidigen.

Auf gleiche Weiſe kann man ſicher glauben, daß überhaupt die Anhänglichkeit an einen geliebten Gegenſtand noch nicht weit bei uns gediehen, ſo lange unſer Lob noch unbegränzt iſt: aber wenn wir beſcheiden werden, im Namen des geliebten Gegenſtandes, wenn wir ihn mit Rückhalt, mit Einſchränkung und Ausnahmen zu loben anfangen, ſo etwa, wie ein Bruder von der Schönheit ſeiner Schweſter ſpricht, dann beſchäftigt er uns ganz. Kurz, wo wir aus Liebe ungerecht werden könnten gegen die Welt, und ausſchweifend und abgöttiſch werden könnten im Lobe, da hat uns die Natur ſchon wieder ſanft in die Bahn der Gerechtigkeit eingelenkt.

Was aber ſagt dieſe ganze Regel? — Wiſſe anzuklagen, wo du vertheidigen willſt, anders als in andern Worten meine frühere Regel? Wiſſe zu hören, wenn du reden willſt; verletze dich in das Herz, dahinein du greifen willſt; in den verwirrten Sinn, welchen du belehren, in die Krankheit, welche du heilen willſt. Verſtehe, Redner, mich, deinen Gegner, wenn du dich mir verſtändlich machen willſt: biſt du verſtändlich, dann will ich glauben, dann werde ich es im innerſten Herzen empfinden, daß du verſtehſt. Kurz, es giebt kein Mittel den Verſtand zu beweiſen, als die *Verſtändlichkeit*; kein Mittel, das Geliebte und Verehrte und Angebetete wahrhaft zu vertheidigen, zu erheben, als die *Gerechtigkeit*. Möge es uns gleichergeſtalt mit der deutſchen Beredſamkeit überhaupt gelingen: mit Anklage haben wir ihr Lob und ihre Vertheidigung eröffnet.

Wer wirken will, muß ſeinen Gegenſtand zu ergreifen wiſſen: die gemeine Eroberung, Beſitznahme und Unterwerfung genügt der größeren Seele nicht. Die Beredſamkeit will ergreifen, aber durch Reiz, durch Motive, die in der Bruſt deſſen liegen, auf den ſie es abgeſehn: ſie will ihre Beute nicht todt haben, wie der gemeine Eroberer, aber im vollen Sinne des Worts lebendig. Sie will eine freie Seele bezaubern und beherrſchen; ſie will ihren Gegner nur zwingen und reizen, niederzuknien vor der Wahrheit, die größer iſt als ſie beide. Sobald alſo der Redner allein ſpricht, ohne ſeinen Gegner, vielmehr ſobald in der Rede des Redners nicht alle Argumente des Gegners enthalten ſind, ſobald iſt er ſeines Gegenſtandes Meiſter noch nicht und ſeines Sieges nicht gewiß. *Jede wahre Rede iſt alſo Geſpräch*: in dem Munde des einen Redners ſprechen nothwendig zwei, er und ſein Gegner.

Das iſt der Punkt, wohin meine ganze heutige Darſtellung führen ſollte. Um die Beredſamkeit in allen ihren unendlichen Formen zu verſtehn, muß man das *Geſpräch* verſtehn. Dies iſt es, was Schillern und auch Göthen und Leſſingen unwiderſtehlich auf die Bühne drängte, wo ſich das Streben einer ächten und wahrhaftigen Natur in tauſendfältigen Wendungen und Geſtaltungen des Dialogs auseinanderlegen konnte. Wie konnte das Theater einer zerriſſenen Nation *an ſich* reizen, ſolche Geiſter reizen; aber einſtweilen, und bis ſich das Zerſtreute und Zerſplitterte wieder fügte, und Deutſchland wieder auferſtand, und dann ein wahres Theater, ein heiliger Spiegel der Nationalſchickſale und eine Durchſicht in die freie Zukunft eröffnet wurde, haben dieſe drei Helden unſrer Literatur das Weſen der deutſchen Rede und der Beredſamkeit überhaupt, nämlich das Geſpräch in ſeiner Würde, behauptet. Die dramatiſchen Werke Schillers, Leſſings Nathan, Göthes Taſſo und Egmont gehören vielmehr in die Gattung des Geſprächs, als des Drama's.

Iſt es nicht ein größeres Geſpräch, ein Wechſelreden zwiſchen ſich und ſeinem Gegner, welches der Feldherr in ſeinem Buſen trägt, wenn er ſeinen Plan entwirft. Kann er ſiegen, wenn er an irgend einer Stelle ſeines Kalküls die Antworten, die Gegenwirkungen ſeines Feindes unbeachtet gelaſſen, wenn der Feind ihm größere Argumente und Kräfte entgegenſetzt, als von denen er ſelbſt ſchon überzeugt iſt. Mit der Idee des Geſprächs beginnen alle Wiſſenſchaften: zwiſchen zwei ewig ſtreitenden Formen der Wahrheit, die ſich in tauſendfältigen Metamorphoſen der verſchiedenartigſten Naturen, Neigungen, Anſichten und Lebensweiſen darſtellen, erhebt ſich in ſteigender Herrlichkeit unergreiflich, unergründlich die Eine ewige Wahrheit; aus dem Feuer des Streits und des Geſprächs, bevor es noch zur Aſche zuſammenſinkt, geht ſie glänzender, überzeugender, empfundener hervor. Die einzelnen Sprecher verſtummen, die Syſteme, die ſie in hoffärtiger Anmaßung ſelbſtherrſchend aufgethürmt, verſinken, aber das Wort ſelbſt, das lebendige Wort, das Geſpräch und die darin als Seele waltende Wahrheit iſt ewig.

Chriſtian Müller

ward 1790 zu Eiſenach geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena und Göttingen die Rechte und ward nach vollendeten Studien und erlangter Doctorwürde in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Regierungsſecretär angeſtellt. Allein bald gab er dieſe Stelle wieder auf, bereiſte Rußland und Frankreich und, nachdem er als Cabinetsſecretär des Herzogs von Leuchtenberg ſich eine Zeitlang in München aufgehalten hatte, auch Italien und Griechenland. Dieſer längern Reiſe folgte 1824 eine zweite nach Italien, von wo er 1827 in die Schweiz zurückkehrte.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

St. Petersburg. Beitrag zur Geſchichte unſerer Zeit. Mainz 1813.
Wanderung von Petersburg nach Paris. Leipzig 1814.
Reiſe von Berlin nach Paris. Mainz 1815.
München unter König Maximilian Joſeph I. Ebendaſ. 1816—1817, 2 Thle.
Reiſe durch Griechenland und die joniſchen Inſeln. Leipzig 1822.
Farnkräuter. Dresden 1824, 2 Thle, 8.
Roms Campagna. Leipzig 1824, 2 Thle.
Das Mädchen von Ithaka. Dresden 1824, 2 Thle, 8., 2. (Titel-)Ausgabe. 1827.
Der Kerker zu Munkholm. Rathenow 1827, 2 Thle.

Einzelne Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, z. B. dem Tübinger Morgenblatt u. ſ. w.

Lebendige Darſtellung, Eleganz, gute Beobachtungsgabe und belebende Phantaſie, walten in den, meiſt die Gegenwart ſchildernden, Schriften dieſes talentvollen Autors vor.

Chriſtoph Heinrich Müller

ward am 10. Februar 1740 zu Zürich geboren, erhielt nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und geſchichtlichen Studien die Profeſſur der Philoſophie und Geſchichte am joachimsthaliſchen Gymnaſium zu Berlin, gab aber 1788 dieſe Stelle auf und lebte ſeitdem als Privatgelehrter zu Zürich, wo er am 22. Februar 1807 ſtarb.

Er machte ſich literariſch bekannt durch:

Sammlung deutſcher Gedichte aus dem 12. 13. u. 14. Jahrhundert. Berlin 1784—85, 2 Thle. in 4. und der Anfang des 3. Thls.
Der Dorfpfarrer. Ebendaſ. 1785.
Der Traum. Ebendaſ. 1789.
Dialogen und kleine Aufſätze. Zürich 1792, 2 Thle.

M. erwarb ſich ein beſonderes Verdienſt durch die Veröffentlichung mehrerer poetiſcher Denkmale des deutſchen Mittelalters, zu einer Zeit, als nur ſehr geringe Theilnahme an ſolchen Dingen herrſchte. Seine eigenen Leiſtungen ſind dagegen nicht bedeutend.

Friedrich Müller,

gewöhnlich unter dem Namen: Maler Müller aufgeführt, einer der genialſten deutſchen Dichter ſeiner Zeit, aber lange verkannt, und jetzt bereits wieder faſt von der Menge vergeſſen, ward im Jahre 1750 zu Creuznach geboren, und offenbarte ſchon früh glückliche Anlagen für die bildenden Künſte. Noch ſehr jung trat er in herzoglich zweibrückiſche Dienſte, und gab ſchon in ſeinem achtzehnten Jahre mehrere Sammlungen radirter Blätter heraus, Compoſitionen im niederländiſchen Geſchmacke die wegen der Freiheit und Keckheit ihrer Auffaſſung und Behandlung allerdings Beifall erhielten, jedoch auch wegen ihrer Regelloſigkeit, welche überhaupt dem Weſen und den Leiſtungen Müller's eigenthümlich war, ſcharfen Tadel fanden. Das Streben nach höherer Ausbildung und das Beſchränkende der Verhältniſſe, in denen er ſich befand, führte den begabten Künſtler im Jahre 1776 nach Rom, wo er ſich bald ſo wohl und einheimiſch fühlte, daß er ſich hier eine bleibende Stätte gründete. In ſeinen maleriſchen Studien wählte er ſich Michel Angelo zum Vorbilde; ſeine Leiſtungen wurden aber, da er ſich, wie ſo mancher talentvolle Maler auf ſeiner Bahn verirrte, bei allem Streben nach großartiger Auffaſſung nur excentriſch und manierirt, und fanden demgemäß wenig Beifall. Er wandte ſich daher in ſpäteren Jahren völlig von der Ausübung ſeiner Kunſt ab und begnügte ſich mit theoretiſchen Forſchungen, die er beſonders über Rom ſelbſt anſtellte, ſo daß er für wißbegierige Fremde einer der gewiegteſten, erfahrenſten und geſchmackvollſten Führer unter den Schätzen der Siebenhügelſtadt ward; ein Beruf, dem er ſich mit beſonderer Vorliebe widmete. Der König von Baiern ernannte ihn zum baieriſchen Hofmaler. — Maler Müller ſtarb im 73ſten Jahre ſeines Alters am 23ſten April 1825 in Rom.

Er hat folgende Schriften hinterlaſſen:

Bacchidon und Milon. Idylle; nebſt einem Geſange auf die Geburt des Bacchus, von einem jungen Maler. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1773, 8. Mannheim 1778, 8.
Die Schaafſchur. Idylle. Mannheim 1775, 8.
Der Satyr Mopſus. Idylle. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1775, 8.
Balladen. Mannheim 1776, 8.
Adams erſtes Erwachen und ſeelige Nächte. Mannheim 1778, 8.
Niobe. Drama. Mannheim 1778.
Fauſt's Leben, dramatiſirt. Mannheim 1778.
Erzählungen. Berlin 1803.

Sämmtlich nebſt einigen andern, wie z. B.

Golo und Genovefa. Schauſpiel in fünf Aufzügen, wieder abgedruckt in „Maler Müller's Werke.“ Heidelberg 1811, 3 Thle. in 8. — Wohlfeilere Ausgabe (dieſelbe nur mit neuem Titel) Heidelberg 1815, 3 Thle.

Außerdem erſchienen ſpäter von ihm:

Kritik der Schrift des A. von Boſſi über das Abendmahl des L. da Vinci. Heidelberg 1817.
Adonis, die klagende Venus, Venus Urania. Trilogie. Leipzig 1825, 8.
Charis und Zalime, oder der hohe Ausſpruch. — Heidelbeeren Abend aus den Rheinblüthen. Karlsruhe 1825.

Die Zeit, in welcher Müller zuerſt mit ſeinen dichteriſchen Leiſtungen auftrat, war denſelben durchaus nicht günſtig; eine breite Hausväterlichkeit hatte auf dem deutſchen Parnaſſe Platz genommen, und ſah es höchſt ungern, daß die Beſchäftigung mit den Muſen zu etwas Anderem als einer behaglichen Verſchönerung des Alltagslebens dienen ſolle. Die Dichtkunſt war nicht viel mehr als die Kunſt, proſaiſche Gedanken in Verſe zu bringen, und wenn gleich aus den Kämpfen der Schweizer mit der Gottſchediſchen Schule neuere Beſtrebungen hervorgegangen waren, welche vorzüglich Klarheit und Präciſion des Styls, ſo wie Beſtimmtheit und Correctheit der Sprache zu befördern ſuchten, ſo ſah man doch noch nicht eigentlich ein, worauf es wirklich ankomme, und die Menge wandelte getroſt auf der einmal betretenen höchſt bequemen Bahn weiter. Klopſtock ſtand bewundert aber iſolirt da; der feine Leſſing war in gehäſſige Streitigkeiten verwickelt, und ward von den Wenigſten gefaßt, Wieland blieb dem Geſchmacke treu, den er gebildet, aber es geſellten ſich keine Jünger zu ihm. Die ſogenannte ſächſiſche Schule gab den Ton an, und wenn ſie auch manchen wackern Genoſſen zählte, ſo herrſchte doch in ihr zu viel des Mittelmäßigen; man hatte dort keine Ahnung, daß die Poeſie das ganze Leben mit ſeinen Höhen und Tiefen, ein ſchöner großartiger Spiegel deſſelben, umfaſſe. — Um dieſe Zeit aber begann die Morgenröthe deutſcher Dichtkunſt zu dämmern, und Geiſter wie Göthe, Bürger, Herder, Heinſe, Klinger, u. And. bereiteten den neuen Tag und brachten ihn. Dieſen ſchloß ſich Maler Müller enthuſiaſtiſch an; er fühlte im tiefſten Innern, daß man das Leben ergreifen müſſe in allen ſeinen Verhältniſſen, um als Dichter begeiſternd zu wirken. Man hatte ſich in der Kunſt wie in der Poeſie von der Natur, durch Regeln der Schule verleitet, entfernt, ihr mußte man ſich daher vor allen Dingen wieder nahen: dahin ging auch vorzüglich ſein Beſtreben. Mit reicher, faſt üppiger Phantaſie, glühendem Gefühl, ſchwärmeriſcher Begeiſterung für das Große und Schöne begabt, an den hohen Werken der Kunſt herangebildet, vertraut mit den Meiſterſchöpfungen des Alterthums, ſuchte er nun in ſeinen Dichtungen zu verwirklichen, was ihm in ſeiner Kunſt zu erreichen nicht vergönnt war. — Aber, wie jeder excentriſche Kopf, ging auch er zu weit, und vernachläſſigte zu oft die Form über dem Gedanken, ſich mit dieſem begnügend, und obwohl ſelbſt bildender Künſtler, nicht bedenkend, daß ein Kunſtwerk nur dann vollkommen zu nennen iſt, wenn Inhalt und Form im genaueſten Einklang zu einander ſtehen. Dies mochte der ſchärfſte Tadel ſein, der ihn, aber mit vollem Rechte trifft, um ſo mehr als er in ſeinem Drama Niobe, in ſeiner Trilogie und in einzelnen Gedichten bewieſen hat, wie correct und edel er ſein kann, wenn es ihm gefällt ſich Feſſeln anzulegen.— Seine glücklichſten Leiſtungen ſind ohne Zweifel ſeine drei echt deutſchen, auf das Treueſte der Natur abgelauſchten Idyllen, Ulrich von Coßheim, die Schaafſchur und das Nußkernen, voll hoher Einfalt und tiefer Gemüthlichkeit. — Seine dramatiſchen Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch höchſt conſequente und großartige Charakterzeichnung aus, aber ſie ſind, wie vorzüglich der Fauſt, mitunter zu bizarr und verletzen das Gefühl. — In Hinſicht auf die Form verdient das Schauſpiel Golo und Genovefa unbedenklich den Vorzug vor dieſem. Unter ſeinen lyriſchen Gedichten gehören der „Soldatenabſchied“ und die „Dithyrambe“ zu den Meiſterwerken deutſcher Poeſie und verdienen im Volke aufbewahrt zu werden, ſo lange deutſche Zunge geredet wird. — Ueberall aber herrſcht in Maler Müller's Leiſtungen die lyriſche Richtung vor; ein Umſtand, der oft ſtörend waltet und ihn wider ſein Willen und ohne ſein Wiſſen zu mancher Verirrung hinreißt. Eine ſtörende Eigenthümlichkeit ſeiner ſämmtlichen Dichtungen beſteht endlich darin, daß keine derſelben dialectfrei geſchrieben iſt.

Vergl. über Maler Müller:
F. Horn, die ſchöne Literatur Deutſchlands; Bd. II, §. 84 fgde.
Tieck's Phantaſus; Bd. I, S. 459.
W. Müller's vermiſchte Schriften; Th. 5, S. 400.

Einiges aus Friedrich Müller's Werken.

Lyriſche Gedichte.

Die Erle und die Ceder.

Aus dem fetten Wieſengrunde
Nah am Schwerienbache wuchſen
Ueppig junge Erlen; locker
Grünten ſie empor und Schoſſe wuchſen
Schon im erſten Jahr zu ſchlanken
Bäumchen auf. Am nahen Hügel
Krümten junger Cedern Sproſſen
Langſam aufwärts, Jahre flogen
Hin, noch kaum erſchienen höher
Sie, denn vormals. Höhniſch riefen
Laut die Erlen: ei ihr Trägen!
Schämt euch! Nach ſo vielen Jahren
Noch ſo ſchwach Ihr! Schauet unſern
Reichthum! wie wir herrlich grünen,
Starkgefüllte, volle Bäume!
Voll von Zweigen, dicht von Laube!
Drauf erwiederten die Cedern:
Haben wir bisher doch immer
In den feſten Grund geſchläget,
Mit der Wurzel zwiſchen Felſen
Sichern Stand uns zu erwerben.
Zehnmal weiter, als die Wipfel
Ihr erhebet in die Lüfte,
Dringen wir erſt in die Tiefe;
Alles nach dem Wink der weiſe
Theilenden Natur, die euch zum
Schnellern Uebergang berufen,
Uns zum dauerhaftern Schwunge.
Lange werdet ihr verweſet
Seyn, von eurem Kindes-Kindern
Wird kein ſpäter Enkel grünen,
Wenn wir voller Schönheit blühend
Mit dem Haupt die Sterne küſſen,
Und gleich grünen Pfeilern unſre
Aeſte an die Wolken lehnen,
Und gleich Adlern mit der ſtarken
Wurzelkraft die Erde tragen.

Orpheus-Klopſtock.

Sank nicht nach hohem Fluge
Calliopeja ſelber
Des Sohnes Leier wieder
Herunter von den Sternen,
Und trug auf Klopſtocks Schooß ſie,
Damit die Langverwaiſte,
Sich tröſtend im Geſange,
Von Neuem einmal ſchalle.

Des großen Barden Finger
Durchliefen leicht die Saiten
Wie Sturm im regen Haine,
Wie leiſer Wellenliſpel,
Bald hoch, bald niedrig rauſchten
Im vollen Flug die Töne,
Und Harmonien quollen
Auf Harmonien mächtig.

Gleich Sonnenadlern ſchwangen
Sich höh'r empor die Oden:
Du heil'ge Frühlingsfeier
Du Züricher See, die Welten,
Und gleich Apollos Schwänen,
Auf Silberteichen kreiſend,
In feierlicher Stille,
Und wie die ſanfte Klage
Der Nachtigall aus Büſchen,
Bei Lunas mattem Schimmer
Durch Blumenthau froh webend,
Ihr wehmuthsvollen Lieder,
Du Barbale, der Jüngling,
Die Sommernacht und Selmar
Mit Selma, und die frühen
Vom Moos umwallten Gräber*).

Thal, Wald und Anger ſtaunten
Dem neuen Klang; die Ströme
Verweilten, horchend hingen
Die Felſen her zum Liede,
Es ſtrebten auf die Quellen,
Und trunkne Sterne ſanken
Durch Nacht der Erde näher
Gezogen von dem mächt'gen,
Erhabnen Klang der Saiten.

Da ſeufzt Calliopeja
Die Mutter hingelehnet
Am Felſen horchend lange,
Vor Wonn' und Schmerzen rinnen
Ihr heißer nun die Zähren:
Gewaltſam fortgezogen,
Eilt ſie mit offnen Armen
Daher, umfaßt den Dichter,
Und drückt ihn an den Buſen:

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*) Die Frühlingsfeier, der Züricher See, [illegible] u. ſ. w. Namen von Oden und Gedichten Klopſtock's.

Du biſt's! ach mir willkommen!
O ſage, welch' Eurydice
Erlöſte dich, mein Orpheus!

Soldaten-Abſchied.

Heute ſcheid' ich, heute wandr' ich,
Keine Seele weint um mich.
Sind's nicht dieſe, ſind's doch Andre,
Die da trauern, wenn ich wandre:
Holder Schatz, ich denk' an dich.

Auf dem Bachſtrom hängen Weiden;
In den Thälern liegt der Schnee;
Trautes Kind, daß ich muß ſcheiden,
Muß nun unſre Heimath meiden,
Tief im Herzen thut mir's weh.

Hundert tauſend Kugeln pfeifen
Ueber meinem Haupte hin;
Wo ich fall', ſcharrt man mich nieder
Ohne Klang und ohne Lieder,
Niemand fraget, wer ich bin.

Du allein wirſt um mich weinen,
Siehſt du meinen Todenſchein.
Trautes Kind, ſollt' er erſcheinen,
Thu' im Stillen um mich weinen
Und gedenk auch immer mein.

Heb' zum Himmel unſern Kleinen
Schluchz': Nun todt der Vater dein!
Lehr' ihn beten! Gieb ihm Segen!
Reich ihm ſeines Vaters Degen!
Mag die Welt ſein Vater ſein.

Hörſt? die Trommel ruft! zu ſcheiden
Drück' ich Dir die weiße Hand!
Still' die Thränen! Laß mich ſcheiden!
Muß nun für die Ehre ſtreiten,
Streiten für das Vaterland.

Sollt' ich unter freiem Himmel
Schlafen in der Feldſchlacht ein:
Soll aus meinem Grabe blühen,
Soll auf meinem Grabe glühen,
Blümchen ſüß: Vergiß nicht mein.

Dithyrambe.

Ha, ſchon ſchwindeln meine Sinne,
Ha, es fliehen meine Sinne!
Reicht den mächtigen Pokal,
Freunde reicht ihn noch einmal!
Wie von meinen blöden Sinnen
Alle Nacht und Nebel fällt!
Ha, nun ſteh' ich aufgehellt!
Götter, was ſoll ich beginnen,
Tret' ich ein in fremde Welt?
Welche Tön' in meinen Ohren?
Trommeln-, Pfeif- und Cymbelnſchall!
Neu geboren, neu geboren!
Mir entſinkt der Erdenball!

Bacche, Bacche, Bacche, Bacche!
Vater Evan, Vater Jacche,
Freudenwecker faß' ich Dich?
Freudenwecker, zwingſt Du mich?
Schlag den Jubelthyrſus nieder,
Daß der rauhe Fels erbebt,
Jauchze volle Taumellieder,
Daß der Kithäron dröhnt.

Jacche, Jacche, Jacche, Jacche!
Vater Evan, Vater Bacche!
Helfer, reich' den ſtarken Arm!
Ueber mir Centaurenſchwarm!
Pferdbeſchwänzte Mädchen ſpringen,
Drängen feſter mich in Schluß!
Sieh die Satyrn mich umringen,
Mit behaartem Ziegenfuß.

Donnernd hallt der Zug herunter,
Stürmt herunter, brauſt hinunter!
Welch ein Strudel reißt mich hin?
Mitten fort zum Wagen hin?
Näher ſeh ich dich Lyäen,
Seh' dich ſtolzen Liber kühn
Auf dem goldnen Wagen ſtehen:
Wie die Flammenlocken wehen,
Wie vor ihm die Pardel knien!

Frei und flüchtig, raſch und munter
Welch ein göttlich hohes Wunder!
Ha, die Schlange windet ſich,
Schöner Evan, hell um dich!
Gold und Silber ſchuppig blinkend,
Hängt ſie dir am Buſen mild,
Mit geſpaltner Zunge trinkend
Thau, der deiner Lock' entquillt.

Wie ſo flüchtig, wie ſo munter!
Welch ein göttlich hohes Wunder!
Milchhaar ſchwebt um Wang' und Kinn
Nymphen laßt mich zu ihm hin
Näher, ſchöner Thyrſusſchwinger,
Näher, näher zu dir hin!
Thyrſusſchwinger, Wagenſpringer,
Den geſleckte Tiger ziehn!

Neuer Zug ſtürmt ſchon herunter,
Dort herunter, da hinunter!
Welcher Strudel reißt mich hin,
Fort zu Libers Wagen hin?
Ha, er winkt mir, winkt mir, winkte!
Wie ſein Purpurantlitz blinket,
Wie ihm Aug' und Wangen glühn!
Darf ich, ſchöner Gott der Reben,
Froher Bacchus darf ich kühn
Heut' den grünen Thyrſus heben,
Mit an deinem Wagen ziehn?

Heilig brünſtige Geſänge,
Die ihm jede Nymphe zollt,
Rauſchen der durch Epheugänge,
Götter, wie ſein Wagen rollt,
Wie ihm Löw' und Pardel brüllen!
Wie ſein ſtolzer Wagen rollt!
Aus des Rades Naben quillen
Taumelſtröme, Wein und Gold.

O ihr Brüder, o ihr Brüder!
Selig, ſelig, ſelig Brüder!
Evan ſteigt zu mir hernieder,
Lehnet ſich an mich vertraut!
Selig, ſelig, ſelig Brüder!
Seht es rauſcht um meine Glieder
Tief herab die Pantherhaut.

Kröne meine Schläfe! Kröne
Meine Stirne, neugeſchmückt!
Tanzet vor mir, Silbertöne!
Götter, Götter, wie entzückt!
Flieh ich auf des Meeres Wogen?
Tret' ich den gehörnten Rhein?
Meine Seele iſt entflogen,
Wuth durchſchauert mein Gebein!

Jacche, Jacche, Jacche, Jacche!
Vater Evan, Vater Bacche!
Jacche, Jacche! Gnade, Gnade!
Reiß mich von dem Flammenrade,
Reiß! Schon taumelt auf einander
Erd' und Himmel und Geſtirn!
Auf mir ſteht ergrimmt der Panther
Und zernagt mein Gehirn.

Ach du kommſt, du kommſt und retteſt,
Vater Evan, retteſt, retteſt,
Kühlſt in ſüßer Wonne Fluth
Meiner heißen tollen Gluth.
Wehe, Vater Evan, wehe!
Ich verſinke! ich vergehe!
Ha, ſchon zieht mich Morpheus hin.
Welche Wolluſt! Kühle Lüfte
Hauchen ſüße Blumendüfte,
Silbern ſäuſeln ſie im Fliehn.

Natur.

Wie eine liebe Mutter mit dem jungen
Geliebten Sohne lächelnd ſpielt,
Auf Blumen wälzt ſie ſich; umſchlungen
Hält ſie den Liebling froh; er wühlt
Sich über ihre Bruſt, voll ſüßen Wahns, als hielt'
Er ſchon mit Rieſenkraft die Stärkere bezwungen;
Es freut die Mutter ſich und fühlt
Von ihres Sohnes Luſt ſich doppelt ſüß durchdrungen.

So ſtand vor Dir einſt, große Herr,
Im ſel'gen Anblick tief entzückt,
Die himmliſch lächelnde Cythere,
Da ſie mit ihrem Zaubergürtel dich geſchmückt.
Zum Wunderbild für Erd' und Meere,
Zur Schönſten, die Olympus je erblickt!
Sie hängt an dich das Wonneſiegel
All' ihrer Reize, allen Glanz,
Und ſieht in deiner Schönheit, wie im Spiegel,
Nur eigner Schönheit Daſein ganz.

So reicht Natur, o Künſtler, willig dir
All' ihren Zauber, ihre ſeltne Zier,
Gleich Waffen dar, ſie ſelber zu beſiegen.
Du ringſt mit ihr; mit wonnevollen Zügen
Haucht ſie im Kampf dir Muth und zählt da'ür
In deinem Jubel ſich mit doppeltem Vergnügen.

Expoſitionsſcene des Drama Niobe.[*]

Oeffentlicher Platz außer der Stadt Theben. Vorn auf der einen Seite das mit Kränzen behangene Portal und die mit Blumen überſtreuten Schwellen des Tempels der Latona; gegenüber unter jungen Ulmen die Bildſäule der Diana und des Apollo auf prächtigen Fußgeſtellen. Im Hintergrunde erblickt man die Stadt Theben, Gebäude mit Säulengängen, Pyramiden, Obelisken und rauchende Altäre. Man hört aus der Ferne allmälig näher kommenden Lobgeſang.

Diana mit losgewundenem Haar in einem blaßgrünen Leibrock und braunen Uebermantel gekleidet; ein goldner Gürtel umgürtet ihren Leib. Bogen und Pfeile trägt ſie über dem Rücken an einer goldnen Schnur, kommt traurig aus dem Tempel der Latona die Stufen herunter.

Diana.

Bin ich's? Ha, ich bin der gefallnen
Der geſchmähten Latona Tochter?
Nicht unter Schmerzen erliege,
Göttliches Herz!
Bruder! Bruder! wo bleibſt Du?
Vergebens ſend' ich
Durch Wolken meine Blicke nach Dir!
Komm! komm doch!
Eins mit mir, Rächer,
Bald zu ſtrafen die Frevler,
Bald zu ſtrafen!
Herunter ſchreite die hohe Wolken-Bahn!
Schon hör' ich, hör' ich nicht in der Ferne
Hohngeſänge jetzt, auf Dich, Mutter,
Bruder, auf Dich, auf mich!
Mich, die geſchmähte Tochter und Schweſter.
Ha, trag' ich denn Waffen umſonſt?
Bin ich etwa nicht Göttin mehr,
Daß ich's ſo willig erdulde!
(Sie greift nach dem Bogen).

O grauſam, grauſam
Müſſen ſterbliche Menſchen büßen!
Büßen die Thränen,
Die ſie aus heiligen, unſterblichen Augen preſſen!
(Apollo auf einer Wolke).

O Apollo, Du kommſt,
Anzuſchauen aus Deinen heiligen Augen
Unſerer geliebten Mutter Entehrung,
Kommſt, zu ſchauen Deine Schmach jetzt
Und mein unerträglich banges Leiden!
(Sie ſetzt ſich auf die Bank, lehnt ihr Haupt an die Säule und weint).

Apollo.

Halt ein, Diana!
Theuerſte Schweſter, erniedre
Deine Gottheit nicht alſo.
Warum weinſt Du ſo ſehr?

Diana.

Sollt' ich nicht, Bruder!
Geliebter, Theurer,
Laß mich jetzt ausweinen.
Nicht aufhalten kann ich die Thräne,
Meinem göttlichen Aug' entrinnend.
Hier, hier! Auf dieſen Stufen!
O Du erinnerſt Dich wohl noch
Der ſüßen kindiſchen Tage,
Wie ſie oft da ſaß,
Die anmuthsvolle Mutter,
Dich und mich,
Ihre blumenbekränzten Kinder,
In geliebten Armen drückend.
Wir kamen hier jährlich zuſammen,
Ihres Feſtes uns mit zu freun,
Ich von den Arkbergen herunter,
Du herüber von Delos,
Feierten wir dann hier und umfiengen
Frohlockend uns, als treue
Von der geliebteſten Mutter
Geborne Zwillingsgeſchwiſter.
Ach, und die ganze Erde war Zeuge,
War Zeuge Mond und Sonne
Im hochgewölbten Olympus,
Unſrer zärtlichen Eintracht,
Der frohen Unſchuld und Liebe,
Die Beider Herzen verband.
Und geſtern! geſtern!
Ha, den Tag ſah Himmel und Erde!
Aber unſre Mutter, unſre Mutter!
Fand hier die Freude nicht mehr.
Keine Kränze, geweiht ihr an dieſen hohen Säulen,
Keine Blumen, geſtreut ihr auf dieſen
Zierlichen Stufen!
Nicht Opfer, ihr angezündet, keine
Geſänge voll Lob, keine
Jünglings- und Mädchentänze
Hier am Tag ihr bereitet.
O Schande!
Sink' ein, Theben, begrabe
In deinen Schutt und Trümmer, tief begrabe
Dieſer ſchändlichen That Angedenken!
Abgewieſen ward hier unſre Mutter;
Ehrlos verſtoßen ſtrich ſie an dieſen
Allein ihr geheiligten Schwellen; durfte
Nicht einmal nahen, wo ſie daheim war.
Jenſeits ging ich, vom Waldſchatten
Gedeckt, am hohen Cynthus
Unter meinen Geſpielen
Sehnlich erwartend der lieblichen Stimme,
Die mich herüber laden ſollte
Zum Mutterkuſſe.
Ach da begegnet ſie mir,
In ihrer Schmach begegnet mir die Mutter;
Roth ihr Auge von Zähren,
Aufgelöſt ihr ſchönes langes Haar
Im Winde; über die Gipfel der
Trug Echo ihr Leid.
Erſchrocken hielt ich, meinen Händen
Entglitt der Jagdſpieß, mein Buſen
Klopfte laut; ſie aber ſtand angelehnet
Am Aſte der dürren Eiche,
Bitterlich ausweinend ihren Kummer.
Alle meine Geſpielen ſenkten traurig
Die Stirnen, weinten mit ihr:
Licht meiner Augen, Diana!
Ich bin gefällt, o Tochter!
Alle meine Herrlichkeit darnieder.
Wer wird mich künftig noch achten!
Niobe — O daß ſie verſchmachte die Stolze,
Getroffen von Deinen Pfeilen, Tochter!
O Siſyphus Qual über ſie!
Niobe! Niobe! Atlas Rieſentochter,
Die Brut des verruchten Tantals,
Niobe hat Altar und Tempel
Mir heute geraubet,
Hat mein Bildniß geſchlagen,
Mich und Dich und Apollo,
Deinen heiligen Bruder, geſchmähet.
Auch Mutter von vielen Kindern,
Hielt ſie Deine frommen Mädchen,
Apollos fromme Jünglinge,
Von meinem Dienſt heut; ſchreckte die Mütter,
Entriß ihren zitternden Händen
Die Körbe, verſchüttet die Opfer,
Riß uns geheiligte Altäre nieder:
Mir, mir, rief ſie in ſtolzem Frevel
Jauchzend durch Thebens Straßen, — die
Ganze Stadt erſchrak,

Blickte furchtſam zu ihr auf —
Mir opfert! Ich bin
Mehr, als Latona! die Tochter Atlas,
Zeus Verwandte bin ich!
Mutter von ſieben Söhnen,
Mutter von ſieben Töchtern, alle
Und alle Zwillinge!
Thörichte, länger nicht ſollt ihr
Unſichtbare Götter anbeten,
Derer vergeſſen, die
Unter Euch wandeln.
Eure Göttin ich, ich, die Ihr morgen
Im Tempel verehren ſollt.
Falle morgen Latona! Steig' auf
Niobe! Sie komme,
Die Geſchmähte, komme Morgen!
Latona begegne mir!
— So weinte meine Mutter den Frevel.
Die heiligen Haine erbebten
Bei jedem Wort, des Thales Quellen
Weinten in meinen Jammer.
O Bruder! heute der Tag,
Jetzt ſchon die Stunde
Des Frevels! Beginnen jetzt ſoll
Deine und meine und unſrer
Jammernden Mutter neue Schmach!
Sie zieht ſchon feiernd durch die Stadt, Niobe!
Hörſt Du den Hymnus? Umgeben
Von all' ihren Söhnen, allen Töchtern,
All' denen, die heute mit ihrem
Stamm ſich vermählten.
Ha, prangend auf ſtolzem Wagen,
Trotzt ſie mit Kron' und Zepter unſrer Macht.
Aber tauſendmal
Treffe ſie Qual ſtatt Freude!
Tauſendfach, ja tauſendfach
Bezahl' an dieſem Tag ihr Frevel,
Fall über ſie Angſt und Jammer!
Zerfriß ihr unbändig Herz, Zähre,
Die hier auf dieſer Schwelle
Meine Mutter vergoß! Zerſchmilz,
Theben! Theben!
In den Thränen, die ich jetzt weine!
(Der Geſang kommt näher).
Sinke Jammer und Elend
Auf Niobens Haus! Sie falle
Mitten in ihrem Stolz,
Und kein Gott, keine Göttin
Trage länger für ſie erbarmende Gnade!

Apollo.

Auf Diana!
Laß Deinen Zorn nicht
In Seufzer und Thränen ſchmelzen.
Göttliche Schweſter,
Dir und mir
Rache verliehn vom Schickſal!

Diana.

Ha, der Zukunft Tafel
Trägſt Du an goldner Stirn.
Apollo!

Apollo.

Kennſt Du dieſe Pfeile,
Ihren Klang?

Diana.

Schwarz wie der Orcus.
Ich kenne ſie.
(Der Geſang immer näher).

Apollo.

Sie kommen ſchon!
Verſchließ dem Frevelgeſange
Dein zu heilig Ohr!
Sie kommen, begleitet vom Verderben,
Gezogen in ihren Fall.
Steig' auf zu meinem Sitz, Diana
Steig' auf! Unheilige Thaten
Entgehn nicht ihrer Strafe.

Diana.

Verſprichſt Du mir dann Rache?
Theuerſter Bruder, ſage!

Apollo.

Bei der Tiefe des Styx,
Bei Jupiters erhabner Krone
Schwör' ich!

Diana.

Ha, ſo komm!
Jauchze, ſtolzier' jetzt,
Der Zwillinge Mutter! Komm, einhertretend
In aller Pracht, komm,
Höhne Latonens Kinder,
Apollo, Diana, noch einmal!

Apollo.

Sie wird's und ſchwerer
Büßen ihren Frevel;
Fürchterlich erwartet ſie
Qual und Jammer.
Zurückſtoßend von dieſen Schwellen
Den warnenden Prieſter; ſie
Entweihend Latonens Altar
Mit frecher Hand: dann,
Dann ſchrecklicher Rache Ziel,
Ueberlaſſen uns
Von allen Göttern!

Diana.

Ha!

Apollo.

Kalt liegt ihrer Söhne Tod
In dieſem Köcher.
Schon welkt nahe dem Orcus
Ihr Stolz; umſonſt
Seufzer an's rauhe Mutterherz.
Stein wird ſie
Im Tode Fels,
Aller Züchtigung höhnend!

Diana.

Fels hier?

Apollo.

Dieß Schickſal wartet auf ſie.

Diana.

Ha, aber zuvor noch
All' ihre Söhne niedergelegt
Von Deinem Bogen.
Zu ihren Füßen wälzen zu ſehn:
Bei Deinen heiligen Locken,
Widerrufe nicht dieſe Hoffnung!

Apollo.

Unwiderruflich iſt mein Wort.

Diana.

O, laßt mich's hinjauchzen durch die Luft,
Daß es fern höre
Die gekränkte Mutter.
Jauchzen komm' und ihr Herz
Weide, ihr Aug'!

Apollo.

Auf ihr zu Deine Rache!

Diana.

Welche gab das Schickſal mir?

Apollo.

Niobens Töchter
Sind Dir übergeben.

Diana.

Mir? ſagſt Du, mir?

Apollo.

Ihr Leben und Tod
Steht in Deiner Hand.

Diana.

O, Niobe!
Ha, ſtockt Dir das Blut nicht
Bang unter'm Herzen!
Du, die auf ſich lud den Zorn der Götter,
Leid' und leide nun tauſendfach
In ſchrecklicher Vollendung deines Schickſals!
Ha, ihr Kinder!
Wo habt ihr ſolch eine Mutter verdient!

Apollo.

Noch darfſt Du Mitleid tragen,
Schweſter! Deiner Lippe
Entging nicht
Der Todesſchwur.

Diana.

Ja, könnte ſie jetzt gleich
Demüthig hinſinken,
Umfaſſen meiner Mutter Knie,
Knien' um Vergebung ſie flehn:
Erbarmen wollt' ich mich!
Aber nein! Zu ſtolz ihr Herz,
Zu ſüß auch meine Rache.
Nein! Nein! Kommt ſie nicht dort
Mit trotzenden Blicken,
Den Himmel erſchütternd,

Die Götter verſchmähend?
Und ich? Ha, mag einbrechen
Ueber mir der Olymp, verſchütten
Mein dämmernd Licht!
Mag aufhören eh meine Gottheit,
Eh' ich Erbarmen über ſie trage!
Mit ihren Töchtern Mitleid ich?
Sie, die keine Erbarmung
Mit unſrer Mutter trug!
Nein, nein, fallen ſie!
Im Tode der Kinder leide die ſtolze Mutter,
Wie wir in unſrer Mutter Schmach!
Die letzte Rache ſei mein,
Mein der letzte, all' ihren Stolz
Niederlegende Pfeil.
Das ſchwöre ich unwiderruflich
Bei unſrer geſchmähten Mutter Zähren,
Bei dieſen naſſen Wangen,
Bei Deinen heiligen Augen,
Bei der Tiefe des Styx,
Und Jupiters erhabner Krone!
(Sie ſteigt zu Apollo auf den Wagen).

Apollo.

Verfinſtre Dich, mein Licht!
Schaue nicht heut am Tage herunter,
Herunter,
Wann Thebens Erde das Blut
Ihrer erſchlagnen Königin trinkt.

Diana.

Brecht hervor aus des Orcus
Dunklem Schooße,
Brecht hervor, bleiche Geſtalten des Todes,
Im Strahl der Nacht,
Ahnherr von Thebens
Uraltem königlichen Stamm.

Beide.

Brecht hervor und empfanget
Heut' Eures Hauſes letztes Reis.
(Beide durch die Luft ab).

Scene aus Fauſt's Leben.

Fragment.

Maler Müller's Werke Th. 2. S. 34.

Fauſt's Studierſtube.

(Fauſt ſitzt und lieſt aufmerkſam).

Da muß' es endlich hinkommen! Alles oder gar Nichts! Das ſchale Mittelding, das ſich ſo die hintere Scene des menſchlichen Lebens durchſchleppt — weder Ruh noch Frieden da zu erjagen! Ein einziger Sprung, dann wär's gethan! (ſteht). Leider aller Bequemlichkeit beraubt; genährt und gekleidet, ſo ſparſam, als die ſtrengſte Filoſofie es erduldet: nur die Kraft, das auszuführen, was ich nahe meinem Herzen trage; die Belebung dieſer aufkeimenden Ideen, was ich mir in ſüßen Stunden erſchaffe, und doch unter Menſchenohnmacht wieder dahinſterben muß, wie ein Traum im Erwachen. Daß ich mich ſo hoch droben fühle und doch nicht ſagen ſoll: Du biſt Alles, was Du ſein kannſt! Hier, hier ſteckt meine Qual. Es muß noch kommen, muß! Mit wie vielen Neigungen wie in die Welt treten! Und die meiſten zu was Ende? Sie liegen, von ferne erblickt, wie die Kinder der Hoffnung, kaum ins Leben gerückt; ſind verklungene Inſtrumente, die weder begriffen, noch gebraucht werden; Schwerter, die in ihrer Scheide verroſten. Warum ſo grenzenlos am Gefühl das fünfſinnige Weſen! So eingeengt die Kraft des Vollbringens! Trägt oft der Abend auf goldnen Wolken meine Phantaſie empor, was kann, was vermag ich nicht da! Wie bin ich der Meiſter in allen Künſten, wie ſpanne, wie fühl' ich mich hoch droben, fühl' in meinem Buſen all' aufwachen die Götter, die dieſe Welt in ruhmvollem Looſe wie Beute unter ſich vertheilen. Der Maler, Dichter, Muſikus, Denker, Alles, was Hyperions Strahlen lebendiger küſſen und was von Prometheus Fackel ſich Wärme ſtiehlt: möcht's auch ſein und darf nicht; übermann' es ganz unter mich in der Seele und bin doch nur Kind, wenn ich körperliche Ausführung beginne; fühle den Gott in meinen Adern flammen, der unter des Menſchen Muskeln zagt. Für was den Reiz ohne Stillung? O, ſie müſſen noch alle hervor, all' die Götter, die in mir verſtummen, hervorgehen hundertzüngig, ihr Daſein in die Welt zu verkündigen. Ausbilden will ich voll in allen Kanten und Knoten! So voll! voll! Es regt ſich wie Meeresſturm in meiner Seele, verſchlingt mich noch ganz und gar. Wie dann? Soll ich's wagen, darnach zu taſten? Es ragt über mir und bildet ſich in den Wolken ein Coloſſus, der das Haupt über den Mond ſtreckt. Ich muß, muß hinan! Du Abgott, in dem ſich mein Inneres ſpiegelt! Wie ruft's? Geſchicklichkeit, Geiſteskraft, Ehre, Ruhm, Wiſſen, Vollbringen, Gewalt, Reichthum, Alles, den Gott dieſer Welt zu ſpielen — den Gott! Ein Löwe von Unerſättlichkeit brüllt aus mir: der erſte, oberſte der Menſchen! (wirft das Buch weg) Weg! Du verſtößt mich. Wie ſchwindelt das Gehirn; ziehſt mich da nieder, wo Du mich erheben willſt; machſt ärmer, indem Du ferne zu reiche Hoffnungen zeigſt. (Steht in Gedanken; man hört von außen die Juden lärmen *). Was iſt das?

Wagner (hereinſtürzend).

Um Gotteswillen!

Fauſt.

Was für Lärm?

Wagner.

Ei, draußen!

Fauſt.

Wie? Was plagt Dich wieder, lieber Grillenfänger? Komm her, ſprich zuvor. Biſt Du krank, Wagner? Deine Augen voll Thränen?

Wagner.

O, ich wollt', ich wär' im Himmel! dieſe Welt . . .

Fauſt.

Daß Dir doch immer das Leben zur Qual wird! Ich kann Dich nicht begreifen. Junge, unſre Herzen weichen beide aus ihrem engen Zirkel; aber Deines ſchwebt höher droben. Die Welt könnte mir alles werden, und Dir? Du findeſt nichts unter der Sonne, an dem Deine Liebe ganz haften möchte.

Wagner.

Ach, Minchen! Minchen! Ihr wißt's nicht; Minchen iſt ja mit ihrem Vater davon! Euer Vermögen, der Goldſchmuck, die Mobilien, Alles! Die Juden draußen . . . Unmöglich! Unmöglich!

(Will ab; Fauſt faßt ihn; man hört die Juden ſchreien und lärmen).

Fauſt.

Halt! Halt! Du mußt ausreden; kommſt mir nicht von der Stelle los. Was iſt's? He! Wie?

Magiſter Knellius Stube.

(Tiſch voraus Papiere, Schriften, Bücher und Briefe in Unordnung hingeſtreut liegen).

Knellius, Sandel (hinkend am Stock).

Knellius.

Verzeihen Sie! Da bin ich wieder, Herr Sandel; den Augenblick Alles ausgemacht; ein Wort, und wie der Blitz. Die Juden haben die Vollmacht an Fauſt's Vermögen, Bücher, Hausrath u. ſ. w. Iſt doch billig, daß man ſich ein wenig der armen Teufel annimmt, damit ſie nicht Alles verlieren. Die Menſchlichkeit befiehlt das. Von hier aus kann man gerade an das Haus ſehen. Wie die Juden einſtürmen! Sehn Sie doch, Sandel! Das wird des Doctors Muth ein wenig darniederlegen; ſo auf einmal Alles verloren und noch obendrein die Proſtitution . . .

Sandel.

Wie das freut! ha! ha! ha! Ei, Sackerment! Das Landdintenfaß da, hätt' mir's faſt über'n Leib gegoſſen. Ei, ei, mein Fuß! Ei! (ſitzt).

Knellius.

Sieht ein wenig gelehrt, heißt das, ſchweiniſch, unaufgeräumt bei mir aus. Nicht wahr, Herr Sandel trinken doch ein Schälchen Chocolade bei mir? Extra feine hab' ich von einer Dame zum Präſent bekommen, die ſoll Ihnen Ihr Podagra verjagen.

Sandel.

So? Warum kann Er den Fauſt nicht leiden, Herr? Ei warum? Sag' Er mir, warum?

Knellius.

Iſt ein Narr, Herr Sandel.

Sandel.

So?

Knellius.

Mit dem kein ordentlicher Menſch ſich vertragen kann; ein Haſenfuß, ohne Sitten, mit einem Wort, ein Genie!

Sandel.

Ha! ha! ha!

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*) Fauſt's Gläubiger, die ihn verfolgen.

Knellius.

Da arbeit' ich eben an einer Diſputation wider ihn; kann mich jetzt unmöglich viel mit ſolchen belletriſtiſchen Kleinigkeiten abgeben, bin zu ſehr mit ſolideren Geſchäften occupirt. Dann und wann ſo ein Augenblick, ein Stündchen zur Erholung, zum passer le temps, nicht anders.

Sandel.

O, natürlich! Der Herr hat immer zu viel zu thun! Ueberhaupt Alles wendet ſich an ihn; der Herr muß immer für Andere rennen und laufen. Das frißt Zeit, ha! ha! ha! ſo den Miniſter, den Procurator ſpielen! Ha! ha! ha!

Knellius.

Meine große Ueberraſchung, Herr Sandel, die frißt Zeit weg. Dies weitläuftige Werk, worauf das ganze gelehrte Deutſchland aufmerkſam iſt, von ſo weitem Umfange, wozu Mecenaten eines Halbgottes gehören und das ich mich erkühnet, allein zu unternehmen.

Sandel.

Schwerenoth! Was iſt denn das für ein Werk?

Knellius.

Die Ueberſetzungen des chaldäiſchen Corpus Juris, mit Noten und Erläuterungen verſchiedener arabiſcher Scribenten.

Sandel.

Chaldäiſch verſteht Er einmal nicht; wo kriegt Er denn die Leute her, die überſetzen.

Knellius.

Für Geld und gute Worte finden ſich überall Leute, die das ſchon ſo grob oben weg zu machen wiſſen; muß es doch hernach erſt poliren. Eigentlich iſt das das Letzte, wofür ich immer ſorge; erſt für Pränumeranten und dann für's Privilegium.

Sandel.

Herr, das Buch iſt ſchon überſetzt heraus, hab's ſelbſt in meiner Bibliothek. Er hat gelogen, da Er ſich in den Zeitungen als der Erſte annoncirt hat.

Knellius.

Wie? Wie? Herr Sandel? Nu, wenn's auch ſchon da wär', der Erſte oder der Zweite, das thut ja nichts zur Sache. Ein Jeder überzeugt ſich ſelbſt und ſchreit hin, ſo laut er es vermag! ich bin der Erſte! Das Publikum mag hernach glauben, wem es will.

Sandel.

Ihr tauſend Sackerment! Ei, mein Bein! — 's hanswurſtiſch, Herr, ſpitzbübiſch.

Knellius.

Ah, Poſſen, ha! ha! ha! ha! Poſſen! Herr Sandel, ein Jeder hämmert auf dieſem Erdenrund ſein Fleckchen, wie der Andere; ein Jeder hat ſo viel Recht, wie der Andere. Wer heißt die Lümmel mir alle guten Einfälle vor der Naſe wegzuſchnappen, die ich vielleicht in futuro auch noch haben könnte? Und wenn auch der eine Eine erfindet, der Andere cultivirt's weiter! Die Art, mit der man heut zu Tage eine Sache thut, macht Alles, Herr Sandel. Vaterlandsliebe! Menſchenliebe! Liebe zur Ausbreitung der Literatur! Ein wenig wohlfeil, Vignetten; was nur in die Augen leuchtet, Sächelchen, die Einer, wenn er's nur im Geringſten mit dem Verleger verſteht, hundertfältig wieder einzubringen weiß: omne tulit punctum! Geld, Herr Sandel, Geld regiert die Welt! Wer Geld hat, hat Genie und Verſtand; Geld iſt mein Genie und Lorbeerkranz, und wenn ich das hab', pfeif' ich auf alle Lorbeerkränze, wo ſie auch herwachſen.

Sandel.

Hätt' auch nicht ſonderlich Urſach mehr, darnach zu haſchen, ha! ha! Kam ſchon wüſt ins Gedräng, iſt ſchon zuſammen geritten worden, daß ihm der Appetit nach Lorbeerkränzen vergehen ſollt'. Magiſter, die Wahrheit, er hat ſchon wüſte Püffe gekriegt.

Knellius.

Ah ſo, ha! ha! ha!

Sandel.

Nicht ah ſo, ſondern in optima forma. Glaubt er, das gefällt mir jetzt wohl an ihm, daß er die Poeterei ganz auf Seite geſchmiſſen und ſich mit was Anderm abgibt, das ihm vielleicht beſſer zur Hand ſchlägt.

Knellius.

Ich auf Seite geſchmiſſen? Auf Seite geſchmiſſen? Im Gegentheil! Jetzt will ich erſt recht anfangen. Meine Elegieen ſind in ganz Deutſchland als erbärmlich ausgepfiffen worden: weiß Alles, warum, kenne die Cabalen! Aber das ſoll mich nicht ſchrecken; jetzt will ich erſt hervorrücken all' den ſcheelſüchtigen Recenſenten-Flegeln zu Trutz; hervorwiſchen mit zehn, zwanzig, dreißig, hundert auf einmal, hier und da und dort, daß ſie nicht wiſſen, wie und woher. Und da will ich feuern mit den Uebrigen die ich an der Hand habe, daß ſie meinen ſollen, der Himmel bricht über ihnen zuſammen. Nein, mein wertheſter Herr Sandel, da kennen Sie mich noch nicht! Wer nachgibt, hat verloren; wer zuerſt aufhört, hat Unrecht in dieſer Welt. Aushalten, bis auf den letzten Mann, ſollt' einer auch drüber zu Kraut gemacht werden! Das letzte Wort, das beſte Wort! Gut oder ſchlecht, all' eins! Wenn zehn, zwanzig ſchreien: das iſt nichts nutz, muß man vierzigmal wieder entgegen ſchreien: ihr verſteht's Alle nicht, und dann hinter ihre eigenen Sachen hergehn, wie ſie auch ſeyn, noch ſo groß, thut nichts! Streiten mit großen Männern, macht immer Aufſehen und Lärmen, und wenn man auch zertreten wird — thut nichts! Man wird doch immer in der Polemik neben einem großen Namen genannt. Und dann bleiben ja noch ſo Viele übrig, mein lieber Herr Sandel, bei denen unſer einer auch Recht hat, und noch Patrone, bei denen es oben darauf noch etwas einträgt.

Sandel (aufſtehend).

Aber am End', Magiſter, wenn der Patron merkt, daß hinter dem gelehrten Mann im Grunde doch ein fauler Fiſch ſteckt, wie dann? Die Thür', Magiſter! Er weiß, wie das zu gehen pflegt.

Knellius.

Spaß, Herr Sandel! Wenn der Fuchs Drohungen ſcheut, wird er ſein Lebtag nicht fett. Die Weiber ſind meine Helden, mit denen ich nach den Männern angle. Hab' ich das Weib einmal, was will der Mann? Es gehört Uebung dazu, ſich durch die Welt zu ſchicken, und einem armen Teufel geht's oft hinderlich genug. Sottiſen und Weiber-Launen mit einem lächelnden Geſicht von ſich weg zu pauſten und eine angenehme Pille nach der andern zu verſchlucken, ohne ſein Ziel darüber aus den Augen zu verlieren, dazu gehört desperate Courage; und ein Kerl, der das vermag, iſt in meinen Augen kein H... — Jeder Bube kann ſeinem Humor nachlaufen, jeder Narr, jedes Genie; aber Leute, denen man fatal iſt, an unſer Geſicht zu gewöhnen, ſich trotz aller Heterogeneität mit Andern in eine Geſellſchaft einzupaſſen .... Herr Sandel, die Chocolade iſt fertig, kommen Sie. Iſt doch Alles in der Welt nur pro forma; pro forma, was wir leiden, wo unſer Intereſſe implicirt iſt; haben wir einmal, was wir wollen, die Leutchen gebraucht, wie wir wollen, dann lachen wir, ha! ha! ha! Attachement und Ehrfurcht blas' mir in Hobel!

(Ein altes Weib bringt Chocolade und ſetzt ſie auf den Tiſch).

Knellius (gießt ein).

(Man hört einen Lärm auf der Gaſſe.)

Was iſt das? Ah! Sehn ſie, Herr Sandel, Soldaten und Gerichtsdiener ziehen in Fauſt's Haus hinunter; wird ein ſchön Gehäck geben, wollen unſern Spaß haben. Sehen Sie, wie ſie die Juden wegſchleppen! Der Fauſt weiß nicht, was ihm noch grünt! Wenn's da nicht auslangt, Herr Sandel, kann's ihm an Kragen gehn, daß man ihn noch bei den Ohren feſtnimmt und eincarcerirt.

Sandel.

Er iſt ein Eſel! Wie kann man das? Für ander Schelmen Alles hergeben und noch lange...

Knellius.

Die Gerechtigkeit, Herr Sandel! Ein altes Sprichwort: Bürgen muß man würgen, Herr Sandel. Warum hat er's gethan, damit geprahlt, ha! ha! ha! Meine Diſputation freut mich nur, wie die noch vor ihrer Exiſtenz ſcheitert. Er wär' wüſt gekämmt worden, hab ſo recht all' meine Galle hinein gebracht.

Sandel.

Doch auch ein unterthäniges Handwerk dem Mäcen! Ei, ſo ſchlag ihn das... Muß er mich juſt da an mein link Bein ſtoßen?

Knellius.

Nicht bös gemeint, Herr Sandel, kommen Sie, wir wollen die Chocolade drüben im grünen Zimmer nehmen, können gemächlich ſehn, was unten auf der Straße vorgeht. Luſtig, eh ſie kalt wird! (nimmt das Chocoladebrett).

Sandel.

Hört er's! Geh er zu allen Teufeln mitſammt ſeiner Chocolade! Will in ſeine Chocolade! Er Flegel! Er Eſel! (hinkt an die Thüre, dreht ſich um). Hört er's, daß er mir in der Stadt nicht ſagt, hab' mit ihm Chocolade geſoffen, ſonſt... ſonſt...!

(Hinkt mit dem Stock, ab.)

Knellius (ſetzt ſich wieder nieder).

Der alte Kracher, mich ſo zu beflegeln! Der Henker! Hat's ihn vielleicht verdroſſen, daß ich ihn der Juden wegen ſo allein da ſitzen ließ? Will's gleich erfahren, wenn ich ſeiner Alten ihre runzlichen, ledernen Hände einmal küſſe. Was hab' ich denn gleich bei der Hand, ihr vorzuleſen? (Greift in alle Taſchen.) Das war eine ſchöne Gelegenheit, den Fauſt hinter den Rippen zu kitzeln; hätte den Juden gleich auf der Stelle küſſen mögen, der mir ſie verſchaffte. Ha! ha! ha! Gelt, Herr Doctor! Was ihn das ärgern, grämen, grimmen muß, ſeinen Hochmuth, der den Wolken entgegenlief, niederſtreichen muß! Soll noch beſſer kommen. So lange der in Ingolſtadt exiſtirt, ſchlaf' ich nicht ruhig. Er iſt mir ein Dorn in meinen Augen bei Tag und Nacht. Wenn ich's nur dahin bringen kann, daß er jetzt feſtgeſetzt wird. Die Juden! Laß ſehen, Knellius, haſt ja noch Kopf und Leute an der Hand, etwas auszuführen! Gut. Will Alles anſpannen. Aber Blitz! Da verſpät' ich mich mit Monologiren, indeſſen der alte Podagriſt mir davon ſchleicht, in der That, als hätt' er mich beleidigt. Das iſt keinen Teufel nutz, macht eine gewiſſe Lücke in der Converſation, eine gewiſſe Unbeholfenheit, die gar nicht zu meinen Planen taugt; der Kerl nimmt mich dann gleich genauer auf's Korn. Chocolade hin, Chocolade her! Muß den Augenblick nachlaufen und ihn mit ein paar närriſchen Hiſtörchen wieder herumbringen. Wenn man nie ſchreit, iſt man nie troffen worden. Spaß iſt kein Spaß, wenn man nicht darüber lacht; Satire keine Satire, wenn man ſich nicht darüber ärgert. Ueberhaupt mein Principium: mit Leuten, die einem nutzen können, muß man's nicht ſo genau nehmen.

Schwamm luſtig, **Blaß** bedächtig, **Amſel** einſam, **Ahasverus** kommend.

Alle.

Empfehlen uns, Herr Magiſter.

Knellius.

Ei meine lieben, lieben, lieben Freunde, herzlich willkommen! Den Augenblick wollt' ich zu Ihnen gehen. (Alle ſtehen.) Hab' nothwendige Sachen, zwar nicht von Wichtigkeit, aber doch ſo, ſo! Geſpaß, Einfälle, wozu Sie mir vor Allen behilflich ſein können.

Alle.

Wir ſind Ihre Diener.

Knellius.

Freunde, lieben, guten Freunde, ohne alle Complimente! Herr Ahasverus, ſie müſſen mein Herold in einer Sache werden.

Ahasverus.

Sch — ſch — ſch — ſteh, ſteh, zu, zu, zu, Dr, Dr, Diener.

Knellius.

Aber eilen müſſen wir; kommen Sie, kommen Sie! Will Ihnen Alles unterwegs ſagen. Noch einmal, von Herzen mir willkommen, meine Lieben! (Alle gehen.)

Blaß (der Geſchloſſene).

Hat uns nur darum lieb, weil er unter uns einem ordentlichen ganzen Kerl gleich ſieht. Wie er uns zuſammen gebracht, den, den und den und mich.... Schande, wenn wir uns ſo untereinander anſehen.

Straße vor des Goldſchmieds Hauſe.

Wagner. Eckius.

Eckius.

Wie geht's, Wagner? Du trippelſt wie ein verſcheucht Huhn in den Straßen herum. Wie iſt Dir?

Wagner.

So ſo! Wie Du mit allem Witz nicht ausholen kannſt. Mir iſt wohl und nicht wohl und doch wohl. Ich wollte, Du ſchlöſſeſt mir die Lippe und frageſt darüber nicht weiter.

Eckius.

Wenn Dir meine Imitation nicht behagt, kann ich Dir nicht helfen. Wo iſt denn der Doctor?

Wagner.

Er geht allein mit dem Degen unter dem Arm hin und her; ſcheucht Alles von ſich, was ihm nahen will.

Eckius.

Das iſt ſo ſeine Manier, wenn ihm etwas im Hirn 'rum geht. Hat er nicht geſprochen, als er die Nachricht vernahm?

Wagner.

Er knirſchte mit den Zähnen und lachte; ſtieß dann ein paar ſaure Worte aus und ging ſchnell in einen miſanthropiſchen Humor über, worin er die Welt und ſeine eigene Thorheit perſiflirte, indem er ſich eine Spielkugel der Fortuna nannte, die ſie nach ihrem Caprice herumrolle; einen Affen, dem der Fuchs in den Korb geplaudert und indeſſen die Eier verzehrt; einen Phantaſtiſchen und ſo weiter. Du weißt ſchon, wie er's treibt, wenn einmal ſeine Imagination rege wird.

Eckius.

Hat im Grund nicht viel zu bedeuten. Er iſt keine von den hohlen Tonnen, die gleich gewaltig von innen herverhallen, wenn das Glück von außen nur im Geringſten an ſie anſchlägt; einer von denen, die innen voll Lieblingsideen umhergehen, ganze Jahre lang eine Idee herumtragen und ſich ſo in ihr verweben und verhängen, ganz in ihr denken und leben, daß alles Neue, plötzlich um ſie herum Entſtandene, nicht ſo ſtark auf ſie wirken kann; und wenn auch, doch nur momentan, weil die Seele, mit eigner Frucht überladen, unter neuer Aufnahme erliegen müßte. Tröſtet euch unter einander! Was man nicht mehr hat, hat man nie gehabt, und damit aus dem Sinn!

Wagner.

O wenn's drauf ankäm', ich wollte Dir auch predigen und ſagen, was gut iſt. Aber Du weißt nicht Alles! Wenn Sagen und Thun einmal in der Welt in gleicher Uebung wären! An meinem Platz, Eckius, würdeſt Du vielleicht anders reden.

Eckius.

Pfui! Was wär das! Siehſt Du mich für eine angefaulte Schwamme an, die der erſte Sturmregen verwäſſert und verrättert? Geſunde Nerven und das Herz frei, bäumt ſich's über jeden Zufall leicht hinaus. Fluchen, ſchelten, ſchreien, über eine Lumperei lärmen, das laß ich mir gelten; 'n braver Kerl kann ſich wohl ärgern, auch vor Zorn und Galle oben drauf die Schwindſucht kriegen, wenn zu viel Nichtswürdigkeiten ihm über den Leib fallen und ihn droſſeln. Aber das iſt auch Alles; zum Wimmern wird mich nichts leicht bringen. Wein und Bier und Waſſer iſt mir einerlei! Wo's auf dieſen Punkt ankommt... Bin der Jurisprudenz entritten; aber würf' mich das Glück ſo, daß ich morgen Matroſe werden müßte, glaubſt Du, ich würde um ein Haar weniger Eckius ſein? Poſſen! Der Fauſt iſt in dieſem Punkt noch ein ganz anderer Kerl; und Du biſt ein ausgehauener Schacht, der noch erſt der Welt zeigen muß, was für Metall in ihm wächſt. Bei der ganzen Poſſe dauern mich die zwei Moſter, die des Goldſchmieds Mädel über dieſe Begebenheit zu Bärenhäutern gemacht; waren keine übeln Leute!

Wagner.

Du peinigſt mich! Des Goldſchmieds Tochter? Sie? Vielmehr haben die niederträchtigen Schufte den Vater verführt, die Mädchen zu erhalten; ganz gewiß! Ich kenn' auch ſeinen Eigennutz; aber ſo weit hätt' er's gewiß nie ohne andre Verſtärkung gewagt. Und wer konnte die geben? Minchen, die tugendhafte Seele würde allein widerſtanden haben, würde mit ihren Thränen ſogleich den Entſchluß ihres Vaters zu Boden gelegt haben, hätte ſie nur im Mindeſten Verrath und Betrug geahnet. Und Du vergehſt nicht darüber, ſie ſo etwas fähig zu halten? Den Engel! Wirf Feuer auf den Altar, brenn' Kirch' und Kloſter nieder: Du thuſt verzeihlichere Sünde, als in der Gewalt ſo harter Beſchuldigung der reinſten Unſchuld.

Eckius.

Biſt brav, Wagner; aber wenn Dir einmal der Bart einen Zoll hinauf in die Backen gewachſen, wirſt Du mehr erfahren und vermuthlich über dieſen Punkt etwas anders denken gelernt haben. Mir iſt die weibliche Natur eine hohe reſpectable Natur: honny soit qui mal y pense; aber auch eine ſehr wankelhafte Natur, über die der bedendeſte ſchärfſte Schütz ſich verſchießt im Lieben und Geliebtwerden, Hoffen und Verlangen. Es färbt und mahlt und ſchildert ſogleich Alles nach ſeinem eignen Lichte. Die Mädchen und Buben ſind gar luſtige Dinger unter der Sonne. Narr, es hat mich ein wenig ſtutzig gemacht, wenn ich wohlbemittelte und reich beamtete Jünglinge geſehen, die Wunders hoch in der Rechnung bei ihren Liebchen zu ſtehen glaubten und am Ende doch nichts anders als nur die Bräme auf ihren Mänteln waren, welche ſie auch galten. Adieu, lieber Junge, hör' dort eben ein paar Degen an einander wetzen. Nu, kommſt Du dieſen Abend zum Eſſen auf meine Stube?

Wagner.

Zum Nachteſſen ſchwerlich, aber noch immer zeitig genug, ein paar Worte mit Euch zu plaudern.

Eckius.

Bedenk, was ich geſagt. Ich, Herz und Klübel reiſen bald von hier nach Straßburg zurück; wenn Du dort mit unter uns leben willſt, biſt Du Patron. (Ab.)

Wagner.

Alles untereinander! Ja, wer das ganz ins Reine bringen könnte! Das Hirn ſteigt mir faſt zum Kopf heraus. Fauſt! Fauſt! An deiner Stelle, ich wüßte nicht, was ich thät', wüßte nicht, wo es mit mir hinkäm'; und wie ich dich kenne, ich fürchte mehr für dich in dieſer Lage, als alle deine übrigen Freunde wähnen. Deine armen guten Anverwandten, denen du einen Theil der reichen Erbſchaft noch ſchuldig biſt! Und nun du ſelbſt Alles verloren, zugleich mit verloren, was ihnen gehört! Ihr Eigenthum, nicht deines! Es iſt nicht zu ertragen. Wie ſie ſich deiner Redlichkeit freuten (zieht ein Papier heraus), wie ſie ſchreiben: unſer Vetter Johann, ſegne ihn Gott für ſeine Redlichkeit! Wir alle danken ihm und wollen mit Nächſtem einen Vertrauten zu ihm hinauf ſchicken, der das, was er für unſer erkannt, in aller Namen empfangen ſoll; es kommt uns ſehr zu gut. — Die Thränen kommen mir in die Augen. Und jetzt, wenn ſie's erfahren! Einer iſt ſchon auf dem Weg hierher in ihrem Namen Alles zu empfangen und abzuholen. Mir ſchauert die Haut! Was man nur ſagen kann und ſoll? Will mit Fleiß immer hierum auf und abgehen; dort im Ochſen ſteigen gemeiniglich die vom Sonnenwedel ein; ob ich den Abgeſchickten nicht antreffe und ihn wenigſtens abhalte, daß er nicht in dieſer Lage dem Fauſt über den Hals falle. Gut ſchwätzen und ſich mit Philoſophie und Vernunft durchhelfen; aber wer in der Klemme ſteckt, weiß immer am beſten, wie's thut.

Marktplatz.

Fauſt (den Degen unterm Arm) Kölbel.

Fauſt.

Immer den Buben zu ſpielen, mit giftiger Zunge über die Sterne zu fluchen, unter denen man geborn ward, jeder gemeine Schurke hat das zum Ausweg! Hohn und Spott iſt meiner Seele Raub und Abſcheu. Aber ſo weit iſt's auch noch nicht mit mir gekommen, daß ich dieß fürchten müßte. Es lebet etwas in mir, das über alle Erniedrigung erhaben iſt.

Kölbel.

Lieber Doctor!

Fauſt.

Ich ſeh' es in Gedanken, und haſche darnach...

Kölbel.

Hörſt Du! Bruder Fauſt!

Fauſt.

Ob ich's wage? Der große kühne Gedanke, der über mir ſchwebt: zu weit erhaben über kleine Köpfe! Der Athem verläßt mich in freier Luft. Ha! Biſt Du da? Wie geht's, Kölbel?

Kölbel.

Ohne fernern Eingang, Bruder, noch weitläufige Condolenz über das, was zu Dir geſtoßen: ich komm' hieher, Dich zum Nachteſſen einzuladen. Cetius und ich, wir ſuchen Dich ſchon eine gute halbe Stunde. Beliebt's?

Fauſt.

Dank euch! Aber haltet mir's zu Liebe, ich bin heute nicht ſonderlich dazu aufgeräumt.

Kölbel.

Hätteſt herrlichen Spaß haben können! Zwei Mädel von Straßburg ſind hier angekommen; alte gute Bekanntſchaft von mir, mit einem Knaſterbart von Onkel, der den Argus über ſie macht. Das Ding war Anfangs äußerſt übel, man konnte vor dem Alten kein Wörtchen an Mann bringen; immer hatte ihn das Wetter dazwiſchen. Eine allein auf Seite zu kriegen, daran war nun gar nicht zu gedenken, und ob er gleich ein großer Liebhaber von Zeitungsneuigkeiten war und ich Kerlchen genug mitbracht', die ſich einander faſt die Lunge ablogen, den Ketzer immer aufmerkſam zu erhalten, half's doch nichts; ſah er, daß ich Eine oder die Andere nur mit der Hand berührte: gleich dazwiſchen geſchnüffelt, ei, ei, ei, was gibts denn da? Und machte dabei ein Geſicht, wie eine Papierſcheere, die man auf und zu macht, indem Naſe und Bart, beide gleicher Länge, einander beſtändig küßten, wenn er ſo was über's Zahnfleiſch wegraſſelte. Endlich half uns Herz aus; der Gaudieb verkleidete ſich heut früh, legte die Kleider ſeiner Hausfrau, der dicken Schneiderin an, rieb ſeinen blauen Bart mit Röthel und Bleiweiß, daß es ein Elend war; ich mußt' ihn dort als eine Bekanntſchaft von mir unter dem Namen der Frau Conrectorin dem Alten und ſeinen zwei jungen Bäschen vorführen, und da hätteſt Du den Teufel nur ſehen ſollen, wie er das ſo meiſterlich in einander gemacht! O es war zum Freſſen! Der Burſch' iſt zum größten Komödianten geboren. Kurzum, er wußte den ſo zu ſtreicheln und einzunehmen, ein Spaziergang wurde vorgeſchlagen, Herz hing ſich in des Onkels Arm und zog ihn mit ſich voran, ich mit den Mädel hinten drein und huſch in ein Nebengäßchen hinein, eh der ſich's verſah! Nun ſitzen ſie auf meiner Stube und mein Hauswirth, der alte Podagrämer Sandel, der ſich mit ſeinem Weib des Magiſter Knellius wegen brouillirt hat, hält ſie für meine zwei Bäschen. Ich ſuchte gleich, um Dich bei dem Spaß zu haben; ſind zwei muntre fidele Mädel. Komm mit! Hörſt? Wie? Was? Er hört nicht auf mich? Was fehlt dem? Davon mit dem Geiſt! Sieht umher wie einer, der im Schlaf umgeht. Was murmelt er zwiſchen den Lippen? Fauſt?

Fauſt (vor ſich).

Schande wär's, abzuſtehen! [illegible] Unternehmen! Und doch Schande! Was iſt's, das meine Gedanken ſo zuſammenfaßt und immer nach dieſer Ausſicht hindreht, wo alle Gaben des Glücks vor meinen Füßen hingeſtreut da liegen? Meine Seele ſträubt auf und ahnet irgend ein gefährlich Weſen umher, das ſie fangen will: der Inſtinkt der Taube, die den Marder am Schlag ſpürt. Dieß Beben und Klopfen, es geht um mich herum und herum, dorthin und dorthin will's immer mit mir. Was es auch iſt, ich will ihm folgen. Ha dieſe goldnen Träume, die um mich her wandeln und ſich in mein Inneres hineinſpiegeln, ſind zu lieblich im Anſchauen, zu ſchmerzlich wieder zu verlaſſen, wenn man ſie einmal geſehen. Warum zag' ich denn? Weg! Ein andermal mehr darüber. Für jetzt, was iſt gleich zu thun? Hin iſt hin; und ich habe auch ſchon den Quark von Verluſt vergeſſen. Vielleicht wollt' es Schickſal ſo; ſie mußten ſich auf meinen Rücken vom Untergang retten, ich war der Mäkler, ſie wieder mit dem Glück auszuſöhnen und mir iſt die Anwartſchaft auf eine erhabnere Stelle verliehen. Nur das Einzige, es greift mir in die Seele: was werd' ich meinen armen Verwandten jetzt geben? Ihre Hoffnungen ſo hintergangen, es iſt zu arg! Doppelt, doppelt, mir anvertrautes Gut ſo unachtſam zu verſchleudern! (Zieht einen Beutel unterm Mantel hervor). Mir fällt etwas ein, ja, ja! Muß erſt Alles verſuchen; über dem Geſchwätz verliert man endlich alle Activität. Das will ich! Gewinn' ich nur ſo viel wieder, zum Theil die auf ſo lange zu befriedigen, bis ich dorthin näher komme: dann wär' ich ein Weilchen ruhig. Dieß mein ganzer Riß.

Kölbel.

Nun, ich will doch ſehen, wann er wieder zu ſich ſelbſt kommt. — Jetzt athmet er leichter und blickt gelaſſener umher. Iſt er vielleicht nicht wohl? Was er mit dem Beutel in der Hand will?

Fauſt (vor ſich).

Zu wenig und zu viel in meiner jetzigen Stellung! Gut denn. Draußen vor der Stadt verſammelt ſich gegen das öffentliche Verbot in ödem finſtern verfallnen Thurme, wo Eulen und Geſpenſter bei Nachtzeit herbergen, heimlich eine Geſellſchaft Spieler; vermummt und masquirt ſchleichen zu ihnen nur Leute, die mißvergnügt mit Gott und Welt, oder junge Waghälſe oder andre mit Elend Beladene, am Rand des Verderbens Schwindelnde, dort Troſt und Hilfe gegen das Unglück zu ſuchen, das ſie auf allen Wegen hetzt; die, wenn ſie das Letzte hier gewagt, hernach auch mit Recht ſich der Verzweiflung ganz in die Arme werfen dürfen. Dieſe Geſellſchaft will ich heute vermehren; gewinn' ich nur ſo viel, meine Verwandten zu befriedigen, wohlan, ſo iſt mir wider eine Weile wohl. Will ſehen, wie es geht; verlier' ich, immer hin! Mir bleibt am Ende doch noch mein letzt Refugium. Wie, Bruder Kölbel, noch hier? Ich dachte, du wärſt ſchon weiter.

Kölbel.

Du warſt in tiefem Nachdenken begriffen, Bruder...

Fauſt.

Ach ja! Es fiel mir etwas aus den vorigen Zeiten ein. Die Zukunft und die Vergangenheit ſind es immer, wonach wir Menſchen unſre meiſten Blicke wenden; wir ſehn uns oft größer in der ſchmeichelnden Zukunft und müſſen, um wieder die richtige Proportion zu treffen, die Vergangenheit zu Hilfe nehmen, die dann den wahren Spiegel vorhält und uns weiſ't, was wir werden können, indem ſie zeigt, was wir waren. Wie, ſagteſt Du mir nicht vorhin noch was Anderes?

Kölbel.

Ich ſprach viel, du merkteſt aber nicht darauf.

Fauſt.

Bin in einem wunderlichen Humor heute. Mir iſt nicht wohl; doch das wird ſchon wieder vergehn. Leb' wohl, Bruder! Grüß' mir Deine Kameraden, ich habe nothwendig an einen Ort zu gehn. (Ab).

Friedrich August Müller

ward am 16. September 1767 zu Wien geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philoſophie und lebte, nachdem er Dr. philosophiae geworden war, in ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſeinen wiſſenſchaftlichen Beſchäftigungen. 1797 wandte er ſich als Privatdocent nach Erlangen, wo er am 31. Januar 1807 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien, theils anonym:

Richard Löwenherz, Gedicht. Berlin u. Stettin 1790; neue Aufl. Berlin 1819, 8. mit 1 Kupf.

Alfonſo. Gedicht. Göttingen 1790, 8.

Adelbert der Wilde. Gedicht. Leipzig 1793, 2 Bde., in 8. mit Kupfern.

Einer der talentvollſten und glücklichſten Nachahmer Wieland's.

Gottfried Polykarp Müller

ward am 13. Juni 1685 zu Stolberg bei Meißen geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig Theologie und Philoſophie und wurde daſelbſt Magiſter und außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie. In Zittau, wohin er 1723 als Director des Gymnaſiums abgegangen war, wurde er mit den herrnhuter Brüdern bekannt, ließ ſich 1738 in ihre Gemeinde aufnehmen und erhielt die Biſchofsweihe und das Directorium der Unterrichtsanſtalt zu Urſchkau, wo er am 17. Juni 1747 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Abriß einer gründlichen Oratorie. Leipzig 1722.
Geiſtliche Erquickſtunden. Ebendaſ. 1726.
Leben und Schriften. Frankfurt 1750, 8.

M. hatte das Verdienſt, daß er in ſeinen asketiſchen Schriften der redſeligen Weitſchweifigkeit jener Tage durch Conciſion und Kraft entgegen zu arbeiten ſtrebte, weshalb ſie ſich vor vielen ihrer Gattung auszeichneten.

Heinrich Müller,

der Sohn eines roſtocker Kaufmanns, der ſich vor Wallenſtein's Heere nach Lübeck geflüchtet hatte, ward am 18. October 1631 daſelbſt geboren und beſuchte nach ſeines Vaters Rückkehr nach Roſtock das dortige Gymnaſium, worauf er zu Greifswalde, Danzig, Königsberg, Helmſtädt, Leipzig und Wittenberg ſtudirte. Nachdem er bereits 1648 zu Greifswalde Magiſter der Philoſophie geworden war, erhielt er 1653 das Archidiakonat an der Marienkirche und eine Lehrerſtelle an der Univerſität zu Roſtock, wurde Dr. theologiae, 1659 Profeſſor der griechiſchen Sprache, 1662 Profeſſor ordinarius der Theologie und Paſtor zu St. Marien und 1672 Superintendent. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 23. September 1675.

Von ihm haben wir:

Geiſtliche Seelenmuſik. Roſtock 1659. N. A. Nürnberg 1728.
Apoſtoliſche Schlußkette und Kraftkern. Ebendaſ. 1663. Neue Ausg. Frankfurt 1734.
Himmliſcher Liebeskuß. Ebendaſ. 1664. N. A. Leipzig 1831.
Geiſtliche Erquickſtunden. Roſtock. 1664—66, 3 Thle. N. A. von G. Rudwurm. Naumburg 1822.
Kreuz-, Buß- und Betſchule. Frankfurt 1662. N. Ausg. Hof 1738.
Geiſtlicher Dankaltar. Roſtock 1669. N. A. 1700.
Evangeliſche Schlußkette. Ebendaſ. 1672.
Feſtevangeliſche Schlußkette. Ebendaſ. 1673.
Thränen- und Troſtquelle. Ebendaſ. 1675. N. A. Hannover 1724.
Göttliche Liebesflamme. Frankfurt 1676. N. A. Nürnberg 1738.
Evangeliſcher Herzensſpiegel. Frankfurt 1679.
Evangeliſches Präſervativ gegen den Schaden Joſephs. Ebendaſ. 1681.
Gräber der Heiligen. Herausgegeben von J. C. Heinſius. Ebendaſ. 1684. N. A. 1760.

Einer der ausgezeichnetſten Männer ſeiner Zeit. Echte Frömmigkeit, Kraft der Seele, tiefes Gefühl, Eleganz und Klarheit des Ausdrucks, Originalität und geiſtige Feinheit herrſchen in ſeinen Erbauungsſchriften wie in ſeinen Predigten vor. Als geiſtlicher Liederdichter ſchließt er ſich würdig den Beſten jener Tage an.

Johannes von Müller.

J. v. M. bis jetzt noch immer der erſte deutſche Hiſtoriker, ward am 3. Juni 1752 zu Schaffhauſen, wo ſein Vater als Prediger lebte, geboren, zeichnete ſich ſchon früh durch glänzende Geiſtesgaben und eiſernen Fleiß aus und beſchäftigte ſich bereits in ſeinem neunten Jahre mit dem Verſuche einer Geſchichte ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Im Jahre 1769 begab er ſich nach Göttingen, um Theologie zu ſtudiren, widmete ſich aber zugleich, namentlich durch Schlözer darin beſtärkt, den hiſtoriſchen Wiſſenſchaften und ging dann nach Schaffhauſen zurück, wo er 1772 Profeſſor der griechiſchen Sprache wurde. Seine innige Freundſchaft mit Bonſtetten (ſ. d.) beſtärkte ihn in dem Entſchluß die Geſchichte ſeines Volkes zu ſchreiben. Nachdem er bis 1780 theils als Hauslehrer, theils privatiſirend abwechſelnd an verſchiedenen Orten der deutſchen und franzöſiſchen Schweiz gelebt, und ſeine ganze Muße (zum Theil wider den Willen ſeines Vaters, der durchaus einen Geiſtlichen aus ihm machen wollte) ſeiner Neigung gewidmet hatte, erſchien in dem eben genannten Jahre der erſte Band dieſes Werkes, der ihm ſogleich bedeutenden Ruf erwarb. Er begab ſich nun nach Berlin, wo er jedoch keine Anſtellung bekam, hielt ſich dann in Halberſtadt und Braunſchweig auf, folgte darauf 1781 einem Rufe als Profeſſor der Geſchichte am Carolinum zu Kaſſel und wurde 1782 Rath und Unterbibliothekar daſelbſt. 1783 nahm er indeſſen ſeine Entlaſſung und kehrte nach der Schweiz zurück, wo er drei Jahre theils in Genf, theils bei ſeinen Freunden Bonnet, Bonſtetten und Tronchin verweilte. Nach Ablauf dieſer Zeit erhielt er (1786) eine Anſtellung als Hofrath und Bibliothekar zu Mainz in kurfürſtlichen Dienſten und ſtieg hier bis zum Range eines geheimen Staatsrathes. Bei der Beſetzung dieſer Stadt durch die Franzoſen entſagte er ſeinen bisherigen Verhältniſſen und begab ſich als k. k. Hofrath nach Wien, wo er 1800 Hofbibliothekar wurde. Eigene Verhältniſſe verleideten ihm jedoch den Aufenthalt daſelbſt und bewogen ihn 1804 als wirkliches Mitglied der königlichen Akademie und Hiſtoriograph des brandenburgiſchen Hauſes nach Berlin zu gehen, nachdem er zuvor eine Reiſe in die Schweiz gemacht hatte. Die Folgen des unglücklichen Krieges von 1806 veranlaßten ihn um ſeine Entlaſſung einzukommen; im Begriff, nach Süddeutſchland zu gehen, holte ihn in Frankfurt ein Courier ein, der ihm den Befehl Napoleon's überbrachte, ſogleich nach Paris zu reiſen (1807). Er gehorchte und ward nun zum Miniſter-Staatsſecretär des neu errichteten Königreichs Weſtphalen ernannt. Wenige Wochen darauf begab er ſich nach Kaſſel, wo er ſich jedoch ſehr unbehaglich fühlte und, nachdem er dringend um ſeinen Abſchied gebeten, 1808 zum Generaldirector des öffentlichen Unterrichtes ernannt wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt von einem Gallenfieber ergriffen, am 29. Mai 1809.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Geſchichte der ſchweizeriſchen Eidgenoſſen. Leipzig 1786—1808, 5 Thle.
Darſtellung des Fürſtenbundes. Leipzig 1787. N. A. 1788.
Briefe zweener Domherren. Leipzig 1787.
Briefe eines jungen Gelehrten. Tübingen 1802. N. A. 1828.

Vier und zwanzig Bücher allgemeiner Geſchichten. Tübingen 1810, 2 Thle. N. A. 1811.
Briefe an ſeinen älteſten Freund. Zürich 1812.
Sämmtliche Werke. Herausgegeben von J. G. Müller Tübingen 1810—1819, 27 Thle. N. A. 40 Thle. 1830—1833.

Das treffendſte und gewiegteſte Urtheil über dieſen bedeutenden Mann, der früher hin und wieder zu übertrieben geprieſen, in neueſter Zeit dagegen von Einigen zu heftig getadelt worden iſt, fällt unbedingt Bouterwek am a. O. Th. XI. S. 488 ff., indem er von ihm ſagt: Redlicher Enthuſiasmus für das Wahre und Gute vereinigte ſich in ihm mit einem Ehrgeize, der ſeine Befriedigung nur in dem Ruhme eines großen Schriftſtellers ſuchte. Keine Anſtrengung des Geiſtes war ihm zu mühſam; keiner Beharrlichkeit im Fleiße erlag ſeine Geduld. — Von Natur liebenswürdig, aber weich bis zur Schwäche, offen und liberal, aber ohne einen hervorſtechenden Zug von Charaktergröße, den Umſtänden mit der Gewandtheit eines Weltmannes ſich anpaſſend, den Lockungen der Sinnlichkeit ſich hingebend von einer Seite, wo die Moral unerbittlich gegen ihn ſprach, wurde er, nicht durch methodiſche Selbſtverkünſtelei, ſondern aus moraliſchem Enthuſiasmus in ſeiner eigenen Vorſtellung ein Mann wie ein Fels, ſobald er die Feder ergriff, um große Begebenheiten der Vorwelt zu erzählen. Dann mußte er denken und ſchreiben, als wäre er ſelbſt einer der Helden und kraftvollen Staatsmänner, deren Namen zu verherrlichen ſeine größte Freude war; bald ein Römer, bald ein Schweizer aus den vorigen Jahrhunderten, bald ein anderer ausgezeichneter Mann, deſſen Charakter er in den ſeinigen herüberzog, indem er ihn malte. Moraliſche und politiſche Größe hatte etwas ſo Begeiſterndes für ihn, daß er in dem Großen auch das Gute öfter da zu erkennen glaubte, wo Andere es nicht ſahen. Bei dieſer Denkart konnte er keiner der Geſchichtſchreiber werden, die nur für den Verſtand, noch weniger einer von denen, die nur für das Gedächtniß ſchreiben. Alles was er von merkwürdigen Menſchen und Begebenheiten las, wurde in ſeiner Einbildungskraft zu einer Reihe lebendiger Geſtalten. Er mußte darſtellen und malen, und er malte mit wenigen Zügen treffend wie nach dem Leben, weil Wahrheit, ſo weit ſie durch kritiſche Geſchichtsforſchung ausgemittelt werden kann, ihm mehr galt, als aller Schmuck der Rede. Seine Einbildungskraft war nur thätig, um das, was er las, ihm zu vergegenwärtigen, als ob er es vor ſich ſähe. Von der moraliſchen Wärme ſeiner eigenen Natur wurden ſeine hiſtoriſchen Gemälde durchdrungen, aber nicht entſtellt. Wie er ſelbſt für das Gute begeiſtert war, wollte er ſeine Leſer begeiſtern durch das, was die Geſchichte wirklich lehrt. Aber belehrend ſollte die Geſchichte nach Müller's Anſicht auch in einem Grade ſein, von welchem die meiſten Geſchichtsforſcher und Erzähler kaum eine Ahnung haben. Sein freier und heller, keinem philoſophiſchen Syſteme anhängender, zu abſtracteren Wiſſenſchaften überhaupt nicht aufgelegter, aber in den inneren Zuſammenhang hiſtoriſcher Thatſachen tief eindringender Verſtand hob aus dieſem Zuſammenhange allgemeine politiſche und moraliſche Reſultate hervor, die auch dem ungelehrten Leſer einleuchten, wenn ſie ihm vor Augen gelegt werden, und die ſelbſt der gebildete Denker überſieht, wenn ſein Blick nicht von einem Pragmatiker, wie Müller war, geleitet wird. In dieſer Kunſt des hiſtoriſchen Pragmatismus hat Müller unter allen Geſchichtsſchreibern, außer Thucydides und Tacitus nicht ſeines Gleichen. Mit dieſen beiden alten Claſſikern hat er auch die Energie und den Lakonismus des Styls gemein. —

Vgl. Herren J. v. Müller, der Hiſtoriker. Leipzig 1809. (Abgedruckt in dieſem Werke Th. III, S. 460, Artik. Herren.)
K. L. von Woltmann, Johannes von Müller. Berlin 1810
Fr. Roth, Lobſchrift auf Johannes von Müller. Salzburg 1811.

Die Schlacht bei St. Jakob im Silfelde *).

Montags früh, am 22. Juli 1443, zogen alle Banner in Hedingen zuſammen; worauf nach gehaltenem Gottesdienſt, ſie aufgebrochen, voran der Landammann Joſt Tſchudi, den Albis hinauf, wider Zürich zu ziehen. Die rauhen Pfade, durch Hohlungen geengt, wie Waldwaſſer ſie machen, waren von Zürichern eingenommen; ihre Wachten zogen ſich hinauf nach der oberſten Spitze, der Uetliburg. Der Tag dämmerte noch; plötzlich liefen einige Hunde, welche ſich entfernt, erſchrocken zu ihren Herren in die Wachten, von drei großen Schweizerhunden verfolgt. Hiedurch zu Verdoppelung der Wachſamkeit aufgerufen, entdeckten die Wachten bald ſechs, hierauf mehr Pferde, und immer nähere Zeichen anrückender Feinde. Nicht Reding, noch Tſchudi ſahen ſie, ſondern eine Anzahl Jünglinge, die ihr Leben daran ſetzten, vor andern den Feind zu ſehen, und Kenntniß von ſeiner Lage zu nehmen. Die Wachten ſandten zum Hauptmann hinauf. Der Hauptmann trug an, die Feinde an einem Wachtobel zu erwarten. Aber die Gründe, die Winkel, die Rücken der Berge, welche nicht geſtatteten, alles zu überſehen, ſetzten mehrere in die Furcht rettungsloſer Ueberraſchung; einige entwichen. Indeß die beſſeren zürnten, erſchien über dem Paß, den ſie beſetzt, hoch über dem Verhau, wodurch ſie ihn unzugänglich glaubten, ſchon ein Haufen junger Schwyzer und Glarner, welchen der zahme Albis gegen ihre Alpen, im Augenblick da ſie ſich auszeichnen konnten, wie eine ebene Straße vorkam. Sie, herab; die Wachten durch die Wälder hinaus. Nur eilf Mann bedeckten die Flucht; fünfe fielen, nicht ungerochen. Der Albis aber war nun offen; die Schwyzeriſchen Jünglinge, mit hochhallendem Geſchrei, verfolgten jene ins Feld herab. Gerüchte großer Noth kamen in den Rath, mit welchem Rudolf Stüſſi, Ritter, Bürgermeiſter, (zum letzten Mal) den ganzen Morgen verſammelt ſaß. Schnell die Reiſigen aus der Stadt; ganz Zürich, ohne Unterſchied Alters und Standes, in die Waffen; das Volk drängte ſich in den Gaſſen, im Thor, auf der Silbrücke, ehe Thüring von Hallwyl, ehe Rudolf Stüſſi die Bürgerſchaft ordnen konnten. Jener, für ſeine Feldherrnehre und für das Glück des Tages bang, rief laut: „Männer von Zürich! mir, eurem Hauptmanne folget ihr nicht? wollt ihr ſo, ſo bin ichs nicht mehr.“ Erſt jenſeits der Sil, bei Bänken, von einer Linde beſchattet (wo ſonſt Geliebten und Freunden manch traulicher Abend glücklich verging) da auf einmal hoch vom Albis die ſämmtlichen eidgenöſſiſchen Bauern herabziehend erſchienen, hielten die Züricher. Hinwiederum erblickten die Eidgenoſſen der Stadt Zürich, das ganze Feld (von der Natur zur Luſt und Genuß geſchaffen!) in militäriſcher Bewegung, das Fußvolk ſich ordnend, Reiſige herumſprengend, und Hanns von Rechberg mit einem Haufen auf Recognoscirung reiten. Sehr nahe kam der muthige Ritter, ſchätzte mit geſundem Blick ihre Stärke, wandte ſich, und warnte: „Der Bauern mögen ſechstauſend ſein; ſie ſind mit Allem wohl verſehen; auf eine Schlacht ſteht ihr Sinn. Ich, bei meinen Ehren, halte eben darum nicht für gut, ſie zu liefern; ſondern daß die zu Fuß ſind nach der Stadt umkehren, wir, die Reiſigen, durch geſchwinde Liſt, hin und wieder, dem Feind Abbruch thun und ihn ermüden.“ Dieſer Anſchlag war zu vernünftig für eine von plötzlicher Kriegswuth fortgeriſſene Menge. Nur ſo viel wurde in dem Kriegsrath beſchloſſen: das Fußvolk ſoll zwiſchen der Stadt und dem Waſſer Sil eine ſichere Stellung nehmen.

Die Landbanner der Schwyzer und Glarner zogen den Berg herab, drängten aus dem Dorfe Rieden eine Anzahl Reiſige zurück, hielten unweit von den Zürichern, auf dem Acker vor dem Dorf, und erwarteten die Banner der übrigen Orte. Die Reiſigen durch das Feld, einzeln, auf Ritterweiſe, ſprengten an den Graben des Ackers, ſchoſſen, wandten ſich und flohen. Eben dieſelben, ſchnell wieder um, erneuerten die That, höhnten, ſchoſſen, flogen unerreichbar dahin. Ital Redings geſchwinder Sinn erfand hiewider ein Mittel. Indeß die übrigen Banner ſich bei dem ſeinigen ſammelten, trug er einen Anſchlag vor, über den alle Geſchichtſchreiber einig ſind, und einen andern, welchen Leute von beiden Partheien, die nicht ſo viele Vernunft als Ehrlichkeit hatten, dieſem Feldherrn ſo übel genommen, daß ſie ihn für einen Fleck in ſeinem Charakter gehalten, und nach Zuneigung oder Haß ihm denſelben vorgeworfen oder abgeläugnet haben.

Der erſte Punkt war, das Ackerfeld vor dem Dorfe Rieden genugſam zu beſetzen, mit der Hauptmacht aber nach dem Berge hin, dann herunter auf Wiedikon, zu ziehen, die Feinde von der Stadt abzuſchneiden, und, im Schrecken hierüber, über ſie herzu-

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*) Aus J. v. Müller's Geſchichte der ſchweizeriſchen Eidgenoſſen.

ſollen; alles dieſes müſſe auf das geſchwindeſte geſchehen, die Reiterei den Zug bedecken. Hierauf ließ Reding (das iſts, was man ihm übel ausgelegt) einen rothen Rock hervorbringen, denſelben in ungefähr zweihundert Stücke kreuzweis zerſchneiden; zweihundert auserleſenen Jünglingen dieſe vorn auf der Bruſt, wo die Feinde ihre rothen Kreuze trugen, aufheften (die weißen eidgenöſſiſchen Kreuze trugen ſie auf dem Rücken, und um allen Irrthum noch beſſer zu vermeiden, riß jeder ein kleines Aeſtchen von den Tannen des Albis, und ſteckte es an ſeinen Gürtel). Hierauf befahl er, ſie ſollen, vor der Ankunft in Wiedikon, an einem ſchicklichen Ort, in der Gegend von Frieſenberg, ſich herunterlaſſen, und als Züricher ſich dem Feind hinten anſchließen; ſobald alsdann der Gewalthaufe einhaue, Lärm, Verwirrung und Schrecken erregen. Diejenigen zum Theil ſonſt ehrwürdigen Männer, die den Landammann hierüber tadeln, ſcheinen vergeſſen zu haben, daß eine Schlacht geliefert wird, nicht um zuzuſchlagen, ſondern um zu ſiegen, und daß kein Mittel hiezu unverwerflicher iſt, als das, wodurch der Feind ohne vieles Blutvergießen in ſchnelle Flucht geworfen wird. Wenn für die Menſchheit zu wünſchen iſt, daß jeder Krieg bald entſcheidend geendigt werde, ſo iſt's Thorheit, in der Wahl der Mittel zum Sieg ängſtlich zu ſein.

Dieſes alles geſchah. Die Sonne ſtand hoch als die Eidgenoſſen durch das Korn zogen; ſie blitzte ihnen ſo in die Augen, daß ſie in Erwartung, der Feind möchte dieſes benutzen, ihre Ordnung ſtärkten. Die Hitze des Tages wurde ungemein groß. Die Züricher, welche das Scharmuziren den Reiſigen überlaſſen, für ſich ſelbſt aber zwiſchen der Sil und Vorſtadt eine faſt unbezwingbare Lage nehmen ſollten, hielten für ſchmählich, den Feind nicht in offenem Felde zu beſtehen. Die lärmende Menge verwarf den militäriſchen Plan. Sie legten ſich dieſſeit des Fluſſes in Wieſen, welche ſich zwiſchen Wiedikon und einer uralten Kapelle St. Jakobs bei dem Siechenhauſe erſtreckten, und von einem lebendigen Zaun eingefaßt waren. In die Stadt ſandten ſie, auf daß Wein, Brot und Käſe gebracht würde. Sie aßen, ſie tranken, ſie trotzten, ſie jauchzten. Den am Berg hinziehenden Feind bemerkten ſie, und hielten dafür, daß er den Kampf nicht wage, ſondern über Wiedikon hinaus, entweder gegen Aargau herabziehe, oder auf den Gemeinweiden beim Hard lagern wolle, wo nicht unmöglich ſein würde, ihn zwiſchen Limmat und Sil zu ſchlagen, und in die Waſſer zu ſprengen.

Einige Aufmerkſamkeit erregte der bei Frieſenberg ſich herunterlaſſende Haufe von zweihundert Schwyzer: doch betrogen den Bürgermeiſter die rothen Kreuze, ſo, daß er ſie für die Beſatzung der Uetliburg hielt.

Ehe die Eidgenoſſen bis Wiedikon kamen, erzürnten die Neckereien der Reiſigen eine ungeduldigere Schaar ihrer Mannſchaft, ſo daß dieſe hervorbrach, jene zurückgeworfen wurden; ſie wichen, ſtreitend. Schnell bildete ſich eine Säule, die mit größtem Nachdruck einen Stoß auf ſie that, welcher ſie in die Flucht ſchlug. Die Reiſigen erſtaunten, die Züricher dieſſeit der Sil zu finden. Dieſe, aus der Stadt unaufhörlich geſtärkt (unvermögende Greiſe eilten, einmal eine Schlacht zu ſehen, oder die Ihrigen aufzufriſchen), breiteten ſich, in ſcheinbarer Ordnung, über die Wieſen im Silfelde aus. Bei Annäherung des Feindes beteten die Züricher knieend, ſtanden auf und ſchoſſen, ſobald jener zu erreichen war, durch und über den Grünzaun heraus. Wenn das Gefühl des Muthes weniger Störungen unterworfen wäre, die ein verſtändiger Feind oder der Zufall herbeiführet, das Glück des Tages wäre zweifelhaft geblieben oder theuer erkauft worden.

Viele Reiſige aber hielten weder vor, noch auf den Flügeln, auch nicht hinter der Linie, welche bereit war ſie aufzunehmen. Die meiſten ritten über die Brücke, hingeriſſen von Schrecken, oder, wie Hallwyl und Rechberg, an gutem Ausgang verzweifelnd, und beſorgt, wo nicht für die Stadt, gewiß für ihre Partei. Wie denn der Oeſterreichiſche Statthalter in vordern Landen, Markgraf Wilhelm, innert den Mauern von der Höhe des Lindenhofes den Begebenheiten zuſah. In der That war auf den Fall, daß die Eidgenoſſen ſiegten, plötzlicher Sturz der Oeſterreichiſchgeſinnten Regenten, Gefängniß, wo nicht Ermordung vieler Herren und Ritter eine wohl zu verzeihende Beſorgniß. Doch ſprang mancher ſtreitluſtige Ritter vom Gaul, und geſellte ſich den Zürichern bei.

Sie ſchoſſen. Die Eidgenoſſen, welche die fliehenden Reiſigen an dem Grünzaune herunter verfolgten, trafen endlich auf die zweihundert rothbekreuzten Schwyzer, die ſich oben auch bis ganz zu hinterſt in die Wieſe und nach der Brücke hingezogen. Als dieſe ſahen, wie jene vom Verfolgen in dieſem Augenblick abließen, und, verabredetermaßen, zu gleicher Zeit hier unten in die Wieſe drangen, als die Hauptbanner oben den Grünzaun zerhieben und niedertraten, erhoben ſie plötzlich ein fürchterliches Geſchrei: „Fliehe, Zürich, fliehe wer kann!“ Dabei wandten ſie ſich gegen die Brücke. Zwar erſchienen jetzt die hinten aufgehefteten weißen Kreuze; ihre That aber war vollbracht, indem ſie nicht nur durch Fluchtgeſchrei den Muth gebrochen, ſondern auch jetzt die Furcht hervorbrachten, ſie möchten den Bürgern die Brücke ablaufen. In dieſer Stunde fiel Schrecken auf das Heer; ferneren Widerſtandes wurde vergeſſen; wer konnte, verſtahl ſich; man drängte ſich der Brücke zu.

In dieſer äußerſten Gefahr unterließ Rudolf Stüßi nichts von dem, was einem Ritter und einem Bürgermeiſter der Stadt Zürich anſtändig war; folgte nicht Hallwyl und Rechberg; vergaß, daß Reding wohl vornehmlich ihn ſuchte; gedachte allein der Ehre des Vaterlandes, wofür er, nur zu leidenſchaftlich, von Jugend auf gebrannt, ſo viel gewacht, gehandelt, geſtritten. Alſo, da unten alles in größter Verwirrung war, die Banner gewaltig oben herein drangen, das ganze Heer der Züricher unaufhaltbar die Wieſen herab eilte, hielt er ſeiner grauen Haare für unwürdig, die Flucht anzuführen, griff zu ſeiner breiten Mordaxt, ſtellte ſich mitten auf die Silbrücke, rief mit erſchütternder Stimme durch die Schaaren hin: „haltet, Bürger, haltet!“ Sie, taub, geblendet, fortgeriſſen, flohen zu beiden Seiten an ihm hin. Er nicht mit ihnen, auch nicht nach ihnen, ſtand, ernſt und feſt, wie ſonſt im Rath, oder auf Tagen. Jeder Augenblick brachte größere Noth; im Anfang war der alte Hegnauer, jetzt Peter Küchmatter, von Jugend auf ſeine Freunde (wie oft im Rath ſeine Stützen!) gefallen. Bei vierzig Reiſige hatten vorzüglichen Muth mit ihrem Leben bezahlt. Schon war an S. Jakobs Altar Freiherr Albrecht von Bußnang (vergeblich bot er große Geldſummen) ein Opfer feindlicher Wuth geworden. Jetzt fingen die Feinde an, ſich der Brücke zuzudrängen. Ulrich Lommis, in dieſen Nöthen die erſte Hoffnung der Züricher, fiel; geflohen war der Bannermeiſter, um die Rennfahne zu retten. Als Tod und Noth überall herein brachen, Rudolf Stüßi aber, Vorwürfe und Befehle austheilend, mitten auf der Brücke, in ſeiner hohen Geſtalt, wie ein Wehrthurm, den Feind aufhielt, beleidigte er mit einem Blick oder Wort einen Bürger von Zürich, mit Namen Zurlinden. „Bei Gottes Wunden, du biſt an allem Jammer ſchuld“ rief dieſer, hob den Spieß, rannte ihn durch. Da fiel der gewaltige Bürgermeiſter, die Rüſtung raſſelte, es ertönte die Brücke. Auch ſoll ein gewiſſer Lüthard von Meriſchwanden im Luzerniſchen von unten herauf einen Balken der damals niedrigen Brücke gehoben, und mit ſeiner Hellbarde ihm den Todesſtreich beigebracht haben. Groß war Stüßi's Tod; er ſtarb in ſeiner Pflicht.

Indeß der Bürgermeiſter, in ſeinem Blute liegend, lang und hart mit dem Tod rang, rannten einige Hundert Feinde (über die Leichen vieler gefangenen Züricher, auch wehrloſer Greiſe, die nicht ſchnell genug fliehen konnten) über die Silbrücke in die Vorſtadt und an die Thore. Hier an dem wohlverſchloſſenen Thor, an der aufgezogenen Fallbrücke, verlor mancher Bürger ſein Leben, bis das klägliche Geſchrei die inneren bewog, aufzuſchließen. Mit den Fliehenden kamen Feinde herein. In der Stadt entriß der Landſchreiber von Glaris dem Bannermeiſter von Zürich die Rennfahne und tödtete ihn. Wie als vor tauſend Jahren die wilden nordiſchen Völker mit Flammen und Schwert durch die Thore des Althelvetiſchen Thuricum ſtürzten, nicht geringer war der Schrecken dieſer Stunde, da das Gerücht halb wahr, halb falſch, durch alle Gaſſen den Tod des Bürgermeiſters, die Niederlage des Volks, die Eroberung der kleinen Seite verkündigte. Da ſah ein Bauer von dem benachbarten Küßnacht den Stadtſchreiber Michel Graf durch die Gaſſen rennen, rief: „das haſt du mit deinem nichtswürdigen Schreiben gemacht, du mußt hier auch ſterben“ durchſtach ihn; er fiel, freilich zu ſpät.

Als die ausländiſchen Söldner über die Limmat nach den jenſeitigen Thoren, viele aber aus der größern Stadt hinwiederum dem nothleidenden Volk in der kleinen zueilten; viele ihre Thüren ſperrten, und vergaßen, der Stadt Thor vor dem einbrechenden Feinde zu ſchließen, ermannte ſich ein Weib, des Namens Zieglerin. Sie ließ den Schoßgatter herab. Als der Landſchreiber von Glaris mit andern ſich eingeſchloſſen und das Leben verloren ſah, reichte er die gewonnene Rennfahne einem ſeiner Landsleute durch den Schoßgatter zu; ſtarb hierauf.

Jetzt ſahen die Züricher, daß die Noth von dem Gerücht übertrieben worden, ſchlugen die Thore zu, ließen die Fallbrücke fallen, eilten auf Thürme und Mauern, ſchoſſen aus Büchſen und Handgewehr in die nahen und entfernten Feinde, nicht ohne Erfolg.

Dieſe waren in den Gaſſen der Vorſtadt beſchäftiget, Erſchlagene auszuziehen; indeß Glarner, von des erſchlagenen Bürgermeiſters Verwandtſchaft, ihn, gemeiner Eidgenoſſenſchaft Feind (nur als den betrachteten ſie ihn) von der Silbrücke hinter einen Zaun ſchleiften, entblößten (er ſoll noch geathmet haben), mißhandelten, hierauf mit dem Fette ſeines Bauchs ihre Schuh, Stiefeln und Spieße ſchmierten, ihn endlich, nachdem ſie ſein Herz zerbiſſen, und einander lang ſchimpfweiſe zugeworfen, in unzählige Stücke zerhauen in die Sil zerſtreuten.

Dieſen Ausgang nahm Rudolf Stüſſi, der ein großer Mann hätte ſein können, wenn er für das ganze Vaterland gedacht hätte, wie für ſeine Stadt. Sein Bild, wie er, noch verehrt und gefürchtet, an dem Morgen dieſes Tages, zum Streit für Zürich, ſtolz auszog, mit Panzer, Schwert und Kolben, ſeiner Kriegshaube und ſeinem Bart, ſteht noch zu Zürich.

Hierauf wurde die Vorſtadt geplündert, alle zwiſchen der Sil und der Stadt Graben ſtehenden Häuſer, nebſt S. Stephans Kirche, die Dörfer Wiedikon, Rieden, Altſtetten, das ganze Silfeld vom Hard bis hinauf nach Kilchberg, verbrannt. Auf verbluteten Leichnamen ſitzend, die Rücken erſchlagener Feinde zum Tiſch, zechten die Helden, und ſahen den Brand. Das iſt Bürgerkrieg.

Die Sempacher Schlacht.

Von dem Stein zu Baden zog der Herzog über die Rüß, durch die freien Aemter, Aargau hinauf, über Surſee und Sempach. Dieſe kleine Stadt liegt bei drei Stunden von Luzern, eben an einem zwei Stunden langen hellgrünen See; die Ufer, fruchtbar und angenehm, erheben ſich aus Wieſen in Kornfelder, und über dieſen ſtand ein Wald, das Land erhebt ſich beträchtlich. In den Wald kamen die Eidgenoſſen.

Sie ſahen den Feind Montags an dem neunten des Heumondes, eine zahlreiche, wohlberittene, ſchön gerüſtete Reiterei; jede Dienerſchaft unter ihrem Baron, die Mannſchaft jeder Landſtadt unter ihrem Schultheiß, und jedes Landes Herrn zu deſſelben Landes Banner geordnet; ihre Knechte, eigenen Leute und Söldner in Form eines Fußvolks; keine Feldſtücke, nur waren zu der Belagerung von Sempach große Büchſen in ſchwerem langſamen Anzug. Sie ſahen die Aargauer Herren, die Amtleute von Oeſterreich, Urheber des Krieges, Herrmann Grimm von Grünenberg, welchem ſie Rotenburg brachen, Thüring und Hanns von Hallwyl vor andern für das fürſtliche Haus im Frieden und Krieg eifrig, die Geßler, welche zu der Schweiz angebornen Haß trugen, Egloff und Ulrich von Ems, jenen den theuerſten Ritter in den Kriegen ſeiner Zeit, Kraft von Lichtenſtein mit vielen Großen vom innern Erbland unter des Erzherzogthums Banner, das Heinrich von Eſcheloh trug, Rudolf Graf zu Sulz, Graf Johann von Fürſtenberg zu Haslach, Montfaucon von Mümpelgard und viele Herren von Hochburgund. Vor allem Volk glänzte aller Orten Herzog Leopold von Oeſterreich ſelbſt, ſeines Alters in dem ſieben und dreißigſten Jahr, männlich ſchön, hochgemuth und voll Gefühl, voll Heldenfeuer, ſiegprangend aus manchem wohlvollbrachten Krieg, rachbegierig, durſtig zur Schlacht.

Es war der Erndte Zeit; ſein Volk mähete Korn; die Edlen ſprengten an die Mauern, um den Bürgern Hohn zu ſprechen, feſt in dem Entſchluß, die Schweizer Bauern perſönlich und ohne das Fußvolk allein zu ſchlagen. Als der Herzog den Feind in der obern Gegend ſah, vergaß er (wenn er ſonſt es wußte), daß eine Reiterei vortheilhafter den Anfall thut Berg an als von oben herab; er hielt für nothwendig, die Pferde zu entfernen, obſchon die ſchwere Waffenrüſtung den Adel zu den Bewegungen eines Fußvolks unbehülflich machte. Oft hat eine wohlgeübte Reiterei durch Stoß und Schnelligkeit ein Fußvolk gebrochen oder überflügelt und geſchlagen, aber niemals eine unbeugſame Infanterie einem beſſern Fußvolk widerſtanden. Der Herzog befahl hierauf, daß der Adel eng zuſammen trete; dieſem ſtarken Kriegshaufen gab er durch die Spieße, welche bis vom vierten Glied hervorragen mochten, eine undurchdringliche mörderiſche Fronte: faſt wie König Albrecht ſein Großvater in der Schlacht am Haſenbühel gegen die Baieriſche Reiterei mit Erfolg verſuchte. Ueber dieſen Gewalthaufen hatte unter ihm Herr Johann von Ochſenſtein, Dompropſt zu Straßburg, ſein Landvogt zu Elſaß und Sundgau, den Oberbefehl; Reinhard von Wehingen, in Kriegs- und in Friedensgeſchäften geſchickt, und groß in der Herzoge Gnade, war über die Schützen; die Vorhut von vierzehnhundert Mann, welche Friedrich von Zollern, der ſchwarze Graf, mit Johann von Oberkirch, Ritter, anführte, ſtellte der Herzog hinter das Heer; er wollte, daß dem entflammten Adel, bei welchem er ſelbſt war, das Feld frei wäre. Wenn er ſich darauf einrichtete, den feindlichen Anfall zu empfangen, ſo that er mit überlegener Menge, was beſſer der geringern Zahl zukam; aber wahrſcheinlicher beſtimmte ihn zum Fußgefecht eine Meinung der damaligen Ritter und Edlen, daß, wer in einem Kampf durch ungleiche Waffen oder ſchnelle Liſt überwinde, den Preis der höchſten Tapferkeit unentſchieden laſſe; ſie hielten dieſes für unehrlich; Leopold ſelbſt war durch ſeine Tugenden viel mehr der hohen Ritterſchaft Zier, als ein geſchickter Feldherr durch Einſicht in das Große eines Kriegs.

Als Johann Ulrich von Haſenburg, Freiherr, ein grauer Kriegsmann, welcher die Stellung und Ordnung der Feinde geſehen, den trotzigen Adel warnte: „Hoffarth ſei zu nichts gut, und es wäre wohlgethan, Herrn Hanns von Bonſtetten ſagen zu laſſen, daß er eilends hinaufziehe," hielten ſie ſeine alte Klugheit für unedel. So, als einige dem Herzog ſelbſt Vorſtellungen machten, „wie Schlachtfelder das Vaterland unvorhergeſehener Zufälle ſein; wie dem Fürſten zukomme, für alle zu wachen, und ihnen, für die gemeine Sache zu ſtreiten, und wie viel verderblicher dem Heer der Verluſt ſeines Hauptes, als einiger Glieder ſein würde," ſprach er, Anfangs lächelnd, aber endlich ungeduldig: „ſoll denn Leopold von weitem zuſchauen, wie ſeine Ritter für ihn ſterben? Hier in meinem Land, für mein Volk, mit euch will ich ſiegen oder umkommen."

Die Eidgenoſſen ſtanden an der Höhe vom Wald bedeckt; ſo lang die Ritter ſaßen, däuchte ihnen ſchwer, in der Ebene den Stoß ihrer Menge zu beſtehen, und ſicherer, in dem anſcheinenden Vortheil ihrer Stellung den Anfall anzuharren. Vom Sieg hofften ſie, er werde durch die Ermunterung des Volks für den Krieg entſcheidend werden; ihren Tod betrachteten ſie als den Weg zum ewigen Ruhm und als einen Sporn für die Ihrigen, vom Feind ihre Rache zu ſuchen. Als der Adel abſtieg, zogen die Eidgenoſſen aus dem Wald in das Feld hinab; ſie beſorgten auch vielleicht eine Hinterliſt oder eine ſchnelle Bewegung der übermächtigen Zahl in der bedeckten Gegend. Sie ſtanden, in ſchmaler Ordnung, mit kurzen Waffen, vierhundert Lucerner, neunhundert Mann aus den drei Waldſtetten und ungefähr hundert Glarner, Zuger, Gerſauer, Entlibucher und Rotenburger, unter ihren Bannern, unter dem Schultheiß der Stadt Luzern und unter dem Landammann eines jeden Thals; einige trugen die Hellbarden, womit im Paß bei Morgarten ihre Ahnen geſtritten, einige hatten ſtatt Schilde ein kleines Bret um den linken Arm gebunden. Erfahrne Krieger ſahen ihren Muth. Sie fielen auf die Knie, und beteten zu Gott, nach ihrem alten Gebrauch. Die Herren banden die Helme auf; der Herzog ſchlug Ritter. Die Sonne ſtand hoch, der Tag war ſehr ſchwül.

Die Schweizer nach dem Schlachtgebete rannten mitten durch das Feld an den Feind in vollem Lauf mit Kriegsgeſchrei, welches Alles anfeuert, und weil ſie hofften durchzubrechen, und alsdann rechts und links nach ihrem Wohlgefallen zu verfahren. Da wurden ſie empfangen von Schilden als von einer Mauer und von den hervorragenden Spießen wie von einem Wald eiſerner Stacheln. Da ſtritt mit ungeduldigem Zorn die Hauptmannſchaft von Luzern und ſuchte zwiſchen den Spießen einen Weg an die, welche dieſelben trugen. Hinwiederum bewegte der Feind mit fürchterlichem Gepraſſel ſeine in die Breite ausgedehnte Ordnung, als zu einem halben Mond, womit er die Feinde zu umgehen gedachte. Zu derſelbigen Stunde ſchien der Stadt-Banner von Luzern lang unterdrückt, weil Petermann von Gundoldingen, Ritter, Schultheiß von Luzern, hart verwundet geſunken, der Altſchultheiß Heinrich von Moos, und Stephan von Sillinen, Herr zu Sillinen und Küßnacht, ſein Schwager, mit vielen andern tapfern Männern umgekommen waren. Da rief laut Antoni zu Port, ein geborner Mailänder, zu Flüelen im Land Uri ſeßhaft: „Schlaget auf die Stene, ſie ſind hohl." Dieſes thaten die Vorderſten mit ſtarker und angeſtrengter großer Kraft; ſie zerſchmetterten etliche Stene, welche von den hintern ſofort erſetzt wurden: da fiel der zu Port. Nur war die feindliche Ordnung durch die Natur ihrer Waffen und aus Mangel der Uebung unbehülflich zu der Bildung eines halben Mondes; im übrigen beſtand ſie ungebrochen, feſt. Sechzig Schweizer waren erſchlagen worden. Man befürchtete die plötzliche Wirkung einer unbemerkten Bewegung der Hinterhut, oder Ueberraſchung von dem Gewalthaufen Bonſtettens.

Dieſen Augenblick banger Unſchlüſſigkeit entſchied ein Mann vom Lande Unterwalden, Arnold Strutthan von Winkelried, Ritter, er ſprach zu ſeinen Kriegsgeſellen, „ich will euch eine Gaſſe machen," ſprang plötzlich aus den Reihen, rief mit lauter Stimme: „ſorget für mein Weib und meine Kinder; treue liebe Eidgenoſſen, gedenket meines Geſchlechts," war an dem Feind, umſchlang mit ſeinen Armen einige Spieße, begrub dieſelben in ſeiner Bruſt, und wie er denn ein ſehr großer und ſtarker Mann war, drückte er im Fallen ſie mit ſich auf den Boden. Plötzlich ſeine Kriegsgeſellen über ſeinen Leichnam hin; da drangen alle Haufen der Eidgenoſſen-Mannſchaft mit äußerſter Gewalt feſtgeſchloſſen hintereinander an. Hinwiederum die Reihen des erſtaunten Feindes preßten ſich, ſie aufzunehmen; wodurch, durch Schrecken, Eile, Noth und Hitze, viele Herren in ihren Harniſchen unverwundet erſtickten; indeſſen aus dem Wald herab zulaufendes Volk die Schweizer eiligſt verſtärkte.

Zuerſt fiel Friedrich der Baſtard von Brandis, ein handfeſter, hochtrotziger Mann, ſonſt er allein ſo gefürchtet als zwanzig; bei ihm fiel der lange Frießhard, welcher ſich vermeſſen, die Eidgenoſſen allein zu beſtehen; das Glück des Tages wandte ſich. Die Diener der Herren von Adel, unfern bei dem Troß, da ſie dieſes bemerkten, ſaßen auf die Pferde, durch ſchnelle

Flucht ihr Leben zu retten. Indeſſen ſank in der Hand Herrn Heinrichs von Eſchelob das Hauptbanner von Oeſterreich, und fiel Herr Ulrich von Ortenburg auf die Fahne von Tyrol. Jenes rettete eilig Ulrich von Aarburg, Ritter, ſchwung das Banner hoch empor, widerſtand hart und vergeblich, bis er verwundet fiel, und mit letzter Lebenskraft laut ſchrie: „retta Oeſtreich, retta." Da drang der Herzog Leopold herbei, und empfing das Banner von ſeiner ſterbenden Hand; abermals erſchien daſſelbe über den Schaaren, hoch, blutroth, in des Herrn Hand. Aber viele umringten den Fürſten und lagen ihm für ſein Leben an. Und ſchon war in der Hand Herrn Davids von Junkerburg das Banner des Grafen von Habsburg untergegangen; es lag Thüring von Hallwyl, ſein Baſtard, und ſein Oheim Johann; dort fielen die von Lichtenſtein, von Mörsburg vier Brüder, Herrmann von Eſchenz zwiſchen ſeinen zwei Söhnen, Markgraf Otto von Hochberg, Herr Otto der Pariſer, des Herzogs Rath, Graf Walleram von Thierſtein, Graf Peter von Aarberg, und mit fünf ſeines Namens der edle Ritter Albrecht von Müllinen, welchen der Herzog liebte. Da ſprach Leopold: „es iſt ſo mancher Graf und Herr mit mir in den Tod gegangen; ich will mit ihnen ehrlich ſterben," verbarg ſich ſeinen Freunden, von Wehmuth und Verzweiflung hingeriſſen, vermiſchte ſich in die feindlichen Haufen, ſuchte ſeinen Tod. Von allen Orten war der Feind eingebrochen; mit großer Noth hielten kaum die Schultheißen der Aargauer Städte ihre Banner aufrecht. Im Gedränge der Schaaren fiel der Herzog zur Erde; voll Schlachtwuth rang er in der ſchweren Rüſtung (weil er nicht ungerochen umkommen wollte), ſich empor zu helfen. Ein unanſehnlicher Mann aus dem Lande Schwyz fand ihn über dieſer Bemühung; da rief Leopold hilflos, „ich bin der Fürſt von Oeſterreich." Dieſes hörte jener nicht, oder er glaubte es nicht, oder es däuchte ihn, die Schlacht hebe alles auf. Als der Herzog durch die Natur der Wunde den Geiſt alſobald aufgegeben, erblickte ihn von ungefähr Martin Malterer, der das Banner der Stadt Freiburg im Breisgau trug; verſteinert ſtand er, das Banner fiel ihm aus der Hand; plötzlich warf er ſich über Leopolds Leichnam hin, damit er nicht von Feinden und Freunden befleckt und gequetſcht werde; er erwartete und fand hier ſeinen eigenen Tod. An eben dieſem Ort ſtritt bis in den Tod Rudolf der Harras, Hen[illegible]on Schönau, Harniſchmeiſter des Herzogs.

Die Augen der Schaaren ſuchten den Fürſten, vergeblich; da wandte ſich auf einmal die Macht von Oeſterreich grauenvoll auf die Flucht; alſo ſchrien alle Edlen: „die Hengſte daher, die Hengſte daher;" da zeigte ihnen kaum der ferne Staub den Weg der Flucht, auf dem ein ungetreuer Graf und vielleicht Hanns von Oberkirch ſie längſt mit fortgeriſſen. Ihnen, in drückenden Rüſtungen, in unerträglicher Hitze, erſchöpft von Durſt und Arbeit, blieb übrig, ihren Herrn zu rächen, und, jeder wie er konnte, ſein Leben, wo nicht zu retten, doch theuer zu verkaufen. Hier traf den edlen Ritter von Ems das würdige Ziel ſeines Laufs heldenmüthiger Thaten. Hier fand Otto Truchſeß von Waldburg den rühmlichen Tod, und Yſni kam in vollkommene Freiheit; von Yſni, ſeiner Stadt im Allgau, war er hieher gekommen, und verſchrieb ihr um acht tauſend Pfund Pfennige (den Sold für ſeine Reiſigen) auf ſeinen Tod hin alle Macht, welche ihm daſelbſt übrig war. Bei den Eidgenoſſen fiel Konrad, Landammann von Uri, der Frauen von Zürich Meyer, Kaſtvogt von Attinghauſen, Ritter; Sigriſt von Tieffelbach, Landammann derer von Unterwalden ob dem Kernwald; von Glaris Konrad Grüninger, ein tapferer Mann (dafür gaben die Männer von Schwyz deſſelben Sohn das Landrecht). Indeß verblutete an vielen Wunden der Schultheiß Petermann von Gundoldingen; ein Luzerner eilte an den Ort, wo er lag, um ſeinen letzten Willen zu vernehmen; der Schultheiß, fern von Gedanken eines Privatmanns, gab ihm zur Antwort: „Sage unſern Mitbürgern, ſie ſollen keinen Schultheiß länger als ein Jahr an dem Amt laſſen; das rathe ihnen Gundoldingen, und wünſche ihnen glückliche Regierung und Sieg;" unter welchen Worten das Leben ihn verließ. Aber in dem feindlichen Heer half dem von Haſenburg nicht, ſein Unglück vorgeſehen zu haben; fiel mit ihm Johann von Ochſenſtein, der ſeiner Klugheit ſpottete; Siegfried vom Hauſe Erlach, dem nicht gegeben, wider die Freiheit glücklich zu ſtreiten; drei Heudorf und Albrecht von der Hohenrechberg, deren Haß wider die Sieger auf ihre Urenkel erbte; Herr Gottfried Müller, Herr Burkard Geßner von Breiſach, Harſtart, Rathſamhauſen, drei Berenfels, Flachsland, auch welſchen Adels Monferrol, neben dem Herzog Franz von Kaſtelnau, fünf und dreißig von Vinſtgaue, Hanns von Soarmorcus, Richard von Mümpelgard. Ein Mann von Brienz ſah das Banner von Hohenzollern ſchweben, eilte und brachte dieſe zierwürdige Ausbeute davon. Alle Herren vom Hauſe Rheinach fanden beiſammen ihren Tod. Nur Hemmann der Jüngling erhielt (gleich den Fabiern) ihr altes Geſchlecht; Hemmann, als die Ritter von den Pferden ſtiegen und ihre langen Schuhſchnäbel abſchnitten, hatte aus Lebhaftigkeit ſich ſelbſt verwundet, und war voll Unmuth aus dem Treffen gebracht worden. Da ging der Stadt Banner von Schaffhauſen verloren, von Herrn Dietheim, Ritter, der Stadt Schultheiß, Hanns von Randegg der Herzoge Vogt, von dem edlen Im Thurn, zwei von Stoker, Hanns von Fulach (ſeiner zehn Kinder ſonſt glücklichem Vater) und andern acht und zwanzig Edlen und Bürgern bis in ihrer aller Tod vergeblich behauptet. Unter vierzehn Mitbürgern fiel der Schultheiß der Stadt Aarau, unter ſieben Herr Werner von Lo, Bannermeiſter von Lenzburg; freiwillig und redlich erſtattete die Mannſchaft von Mellingen dem unglücklichen Fürſt ihren Dank um die Freiheiten, wodurch er nach einem großen Brand ihnen aufzuhelfen geſucht; die Bürger von Bremgarten glänzten ſchrecklich von Feindesblut, ſo daß das Haus Oeſterreich den Ruhm ſolcher Treu durch die Veränderung ihrer Stadtfarbe verewigt; nach zwölf Zofingen fiel ihr Schultheiß Niclaus Thut, unbekümmert ſeines Todes, aber des Banners, das die Bürger von Zofingen ſeiner Hand anvertrauten; damit ſich keine feindliche Gemeine deſſen zu rühmen habe, riß er es in Stücken, und wurde unter den Todten gefunden, den Stock des Banners zwiſchen ſeinen Zähnen feſthaltend; von dem an ließen ſeine Mitbürger die Schultheißen ſchwören „der Stadt Banner von Zofingen ſo zu hüten wie der Schultheiß Niclaus Thut." Sechs hundert ſechs und funfzig war die Anzahl der erſchlagenen Grafen, Herren und Ritter, ſo daß der Glanz der fürſtlichen Hoflager für viele Jahre unterging und im Lande geſprochen wurde: „Gott ſei zu Gericht geſeſſen über den muthwilligen Trotz der Herren vom Adel." Nachdem auf beiden Seiten faſt alle Befehlshaber ſo oder anders geblieben, unterlag der Zorn der Sieger der Arbeit und Hitze des Tages; ruhig folgten die Oeſterreicher der Begierde des Lebens; die Schweizer, da ſie zu dem Troß gekommen, der Begierde der Beute.

Dieſes Ende nahm der große Tag der Sempacher Schlacht, in welcher Arnold Strutthan von Winkelried mit Aufopferung ſeines Lebens die Blüthe der Schweizeriſchen Mannſchaft von ihrem Untergang, das Vaterland von äußerſter Gefahr gerettet. Es iſt wahr, daß die Feinde die Unbehilflichkeit ihrer Schlachtordnung, ihre Ungeſchicklichkeit im Fußgefecht, ihre unwiſſende Feindesverachtung und ihre ſtürmiſchen Rittertugenden ſelbſt wider ſich hatten. Unſere Väter kannten die Gegenden des Landes, und bedienten ſich der Vortheile, welche dieſelben bis auf dieſen Tag tauſendfältig darbieten. An Fertigkeit in Handgriffen und mancherlei Uebungen wurden ſie auch damals übertroffen. Ihr Krieg war (wie ihre Seelen) ſimpel, groß und ſtark. Wurden ſie durch fremde Kunſt in ihrem Gang aufgehalten, ſo half, wie bei Sempach, eine außerordentliche That, wozu ihr Heldenſinn ihnen den Gedanken und ihre geſunden Körper die Mittel darboten. Mit Winkelrieds Gemüth und mit ſolchem Fußvolk würden Wunder der Standhaftigkeit bewieſen worden ſein, auch wenn es darauf angekommen wäre, eine wohlbediente Artillerie wegzunehmen oder ihr Feuer zu unterlaufen. Denn alle Waffen, welcher Form ſie ſein, mögen übermeiſtert werden durch hellen Verſtand und unbezwingbare Seelen. Darum, nach dem Urtheil der trefflichſten Kriegsmänner unſerer Zeit, würde in Behauptung unſerer Freiheit und Eidgenoſſenſchaft, wenn die Gemüther noch dieſelben ſind, auch der Ausgang nicht verſchieden ſein.

Johann Ernſt Friedrich Wilhelm Müller.

Von dieſem Schriftſteller iſt blos bekannt, daß er am 14. März 1766 zu Altenburg geboren wurde, daſelbſt und zu Leipzig alte Sprachen und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften ſtudirte und ſich dann als Privatgelehrter in Leipzig niederließ. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1829.

Unter dem Namen Filidor gab er heraus:

Fragmente für Spaziergänger. Leipzig 1789.
Romantiſche Gemälde der Vorwelt. Ebendaſ. 1789 — 90, 2 Thle.
Kleine Romane. Ebendaſ. 1792.
Prinzeſſin Sipta. Ebendaſ. 1793.
Fernando. Ebendaſ. 1793 — 94, 3 Thle.
Die Familie Leblank. Jena 1808.

Das Unterröckchen, wie es ſein ſoll. Leipzig 1803.
Gardinenpredigten. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Stumme Liebe. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Airuna. Zürich 1804—12.
Der Beſuch. Leipzig 1805.
Pitts Reiſe ins Ehebett. Ebendaſ. 1805.
Muttertreue. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Der Verbannte. Frankfurt 1812, 3 Thle.
Honoriens Abentheuer. Leipzig 1814, 2 Thle.
Der Amtmann zu Rheinhauſen. Ebendaſ. 1818, 2 Thle.
Gemälde aus der wirklichen Welt. Ebendaſ. 1825.

Ein Vielſchreiber, der ein ſehr untergeordnetes Publikum im Auge hatte.

Johann Georg Müller,

ward 1759 zu Schafhauſen geboren und ſtudirte mit ſeinem Bruder, dem berühmten Hiſtoriker J. v. M., daſelbſt und zu Göttingen Philoſophie und Theologie, wurde Dr. der Theologie und Oberſchulherr und Profeſſor zu Schafhauſen, wo er am 20. November 1819 ſtarb.

Von ihm haben wir:

Philoſophiſche Aufſätze. Breslau 1789.
Reiſe durch einige Cantone der Schweiz. Zürich 1790.
Bekenntniſſe merkwürdiger Männer von ſich ſelbſt. Winterthur 1791 — 1811, 6 Bdchen, 8., mit Vorrede von Herder.
Unterhaltungen mit Serena. Ebendaſ. 1793 — 1802, 2 Bde., 8.; 2. Aufl. Winterthur 1819.
Briefe über das Studium der Wiſſenſchaften. Ebendaſ. 1798.
Ueber ein Wort, das Franz I. von den Folgen der Reformation geſagt haben ſoll. Ebendaſ. 1800.

Tüchtiges Wiſſen, Scharfſinn, Gründlichkeit und ein vortrefflicher didaktiſcher Styl weiſen den Schriften dieſes ausgezeichneten Mannes einen hohen Rang an.

Johann Gottwerth Müller,

ward am 17. Mai 1744 zu Hamburg geboren, widmete ſich dem Buchhandel und ließ ſich zu Betreibung ſeines Geſchäftes zu Itzehoe in Holſtein nieder. Vorliebe zu den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und eifriges Studium derſelben neben ſeinem Geſchäft veranlaßten ihn jedoch 1772 das letztere aufzugeben, und, mit dem philoſophiſchen Doctortitel beehrt, von der kleinen Penſion, welche ihm der König von Dänemark ausgeſetzt hatte, ſowie von dem Ertrage ſeiner ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten ſeitdem als Privatgelehrter dort zu leben. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 23. Juni 1828.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch folgende zum Theil anonym herausgegebene Schriften:

Gedichte. Helmſtädt u. Magdeburg 1770—71, 2 Thle., 8.
Der Deutſche. Wochenſchrift. Magdeburg 1771 — 76, 8 Thle., 8. (Einiges darin von J. G. Peyke).
Der Prinz. Komiſche Geſchichte nach dem Spaniſchen. Itzehoe 1777, 8.; 2. rechtm. Ausg. Göttingen 1788, kl. 8., mit Kupf. Nachgedruckt und ins Franzöſiſche, Holländiſche und Däniſche überſetzt.
Siegfried von Lindenberg. Hamburg 1779, 4 Thl., 8.; dann: Leipzig 1781 — 82, 8.; 1783; 1784; 5. rechtm. u. vom Verf. verb. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8, mit Kupf.; 6. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1802, 8.; neueſte Auflagen: Leipzig 1830, 8. und Jena 1830, 8. Häufig nachgedruckt und ins Holländiſche (Gravenhagen 1787 — 1788, gr. 8.) und Däniſche (Kopenhagen 1786, 8.) überſetzt.
Geſchichte der Sevaramben. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Itzehoe 1783, 2 Thle., 8.
Komiſche Romane aus den Papieren eines grauen Mannes. Göttingen 1784—91, 8 Bde., 8. Häufig nachgedruckt und ins Holländiſche (Rotterdam 1786, 8. und Amſterdam 1788—94, 8.), Däniſche (Kopenhagen 1786—93, 8) überſetzt. Die einzelnen Bde. auch beſonders unter den Titeln:
  Die Herren von Waldheim. Göttingen 1784—1785, 2 Bde., 8.
  Emmerich. Komiſche Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1786 — 1789, 4 Bde., 8.
  Geſchichte des Herrn Thomas. Ebendaſ. 1790—91, 2 Bde., 8.
Ueber den Verlagsraub. Leipzig 1791, 8.
Bemerkungen über die Fehler unſrer modernen Erziehung. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8.
Selim der Glückliche. Morgenländiſche Geſchichte. Berlin und Stettin 1792 3 Bde., 8., mit u. ohne Kupf.
Friedrich Brack. Ebendaſ. 1793 — 95, 4 Bde., 8.
Sara Reinert. Ebendaſ. 1796, 4 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Die Pupille von J. J. Duſch. Aus ſeinem literariſchen Nachlaſſe herausgegeben. Altona 1798, 8.
Wilhelm Leewend. Aus dem Holländiſchen. Berlin u. Stettin 1798 — 1800, 2 Bde., 8., dann: 1810, 3 Bde., 8. und 1821, 6 Bde., 8.
Novantiken. Braunſchweig 1799, 1. Sammlung, 8.
Klärchen Wildſchütt. Nach dem Niederländiſchen. Berlin 1800—1801, 2 Bde., 8.
Antoinette. Frankfurt 1802, 1. Bd., 8.; auch unter dem Titel: Romane und Erzählungen.
Ferdinand. Altona 1802, 2 Bde., 8., mit Kupf.
Die Familie Benning. Ebendaſ. 1809, 2 Bde., 8.

Außerdem mehrere Abhandlungen in damaligen Zeitſchriften, Almanachs ꝛc.

M's Siegfried von Lindenberg machte ſeiner Zeit großes Glück und erhielt ſich lange in der Theilnahme des Publikums, theils wegen der Treue und Wahrheit, mit welcher er die nationale Seite der von ihm geſchilderten Charaktere aufgefaßt und dargeſtellt hatte, theils wegen der behaglichen, derben und natürlichen Laune, die in ihnen vorherrſchte. Seine übrigen Romane, obwohl nicht minder gut erzählt, ſind dem Stoffe und der Behandlung nach unbedeutender.

Aus Müllers:

Siegfried von Lindenberg.

Erſtes Kapitel.

Ohne welches der Leſer alle übrigen nicht wohl verſtehen wird.

Es war einmal ein Edelmann im Pommerlande, der ſo viel Ahnen hatte als Tage im Monate, und ein Schloß, und einige Hufen Landes umher, und ein großes Dorf, wo Bauern drinn wohnten, und etliche hundert Bäume, die er ſeinen Forſt nannte, und ſechs oder ſieben räudige Köter, die hieß er ſeine Kuppel, und wer ihm die ſchief anſah, der griff ihm an die Seele. Sie hatten auch jedweder ein hübſches ledernes Halsband um, mit blanken meſſingenen Buchſtaben drauf, und meſſingenen Schlöſſern dran; und des Sonntags, oder wenn des gnädigen Herrn Namenstag einfiel, blaue ſammtne Halsbänder mit Silber geſtickt. Es giebt zwar häßliche Läſtermäuler, die ſich nicht ſchämen auszubreiten, es ſei nur blauer Mancheſter und unechtes Silber geweſen: ich aber, der ich beides geſehen habe, und ohne Ruhm zu melden wohl weiß, was Mancheſter ſei, verſichere jeden, dem daran gelegen iſt, daß es echter Sammt und echtes Silber war.

Es war auch ein Nachtwächter auf dem Hofe, der ein Horn hatte; und ein Secretär, der aber nicht zu ſchreiben hatte, obgleich er ſchreiben konnte; und ein vierecktigter Tölpel mit einem Stelzfuße, das war der Jäger; auch ſtand ein Pfahl mit einem Halseiſen mitten auf dem Schloßplatze, und draußen vor dem Dorfe ein Galgen; denn der Edelmann hatte die hohe und niedre Gerichtsbarkeit. Daher war auch ein Juſtitiarius im Schloſſe, welcher dermalen Herr Martin Chriſtoph Süß hieß, und ein witziger Kopf war, auch — nach ſeiner Meinung — ein großer Satirikus; zwo Eigenſchaften, die eben nicht zu ſeinem Amt erfordert wurden, und wovon man die letzte billig als ein Symptome ſeines Advokatengewerbes, welches er nebenbei trieb, anzuſehen hat. Aber, das muß man ihm laſſen, daß er ein gewaltiger Muſikus war, vokaliter und inſtrumentaliter, auch kein unrechter Poet geweſen ſein würde, wenn er nur halb ſo viel Sachen als Wörter im Kopfe, und übrigens zum Ausſtreichen Muth, und zum Feilen Geduld gehabt hätte. Uebrigens war er wirklich, was bei manchen Poeten ſonſt nur poetiſches Air zu ſein pflegt, ein großer Liebhaber ſtarker Getränke. Nebenher iſt noch zu merken, daß Herr Martin Chriſtoph Süß auch auf Reiſen geweſen war; freilich nicht wie ein junger Gelehrter reiſen ſollte, ſondern wie die mehrſten unſrer jungen Herren zu reiſen pflegen. Er war z. E. in Frankfurt geweſen, ohne weder Töllnern, noch deſſen berühmten Antagoniſten, den Geheimenrath Darjes zu ſprechen; wohl aber hatte er die große Keule im Lebußer Thore in Augenſchein genommen. In Berlin hatte er genau gezählet, wie viel Schritte die Friedrichsſtraße lang iſt, und in Hamburg hatte er aus dem Störtebeker auf der Schiffergeſellſchaft getrunken, und auf dem Baumhauſe Stockfiſch gegeſſen; aber in der letzten Stadt war es ihm nicht eingefallen, die neue Luftpumpe und die vortrefflichen Inſtrumente des wegen ſeiner ausgebreiteten Kenntniſſe in der Naturkunde ſo berühmten, und wegen ſeines edlen Charakters ſo liebenswürdigen Herrn Kirchhoff zu ſehen, und von dieſem merkwürdigen Kaufmanne zu lernen, deſſen Talente ſeinen Stand und ſeine Stadt zum Stolz berechtigen, den Fürſten ihrer Aufmerkſamkeit und Achtung werth finden, und mehr als alles dieſes, deſſen Herz der Menſchheit Ehre macht. Und in dem königlichen Berlin, dem Sammelplatze des Großen und Schönen, würde er ſelbſt die vortreffliche Bildſäule des großen Churfürſten nicht geſehen haben, wenn man, ohne ſie zu bemerken, von der weißen Taube über die lange Brücke nach Dorta's Kaffeehauſe gehen könnte.

Der Edelmann hatte auch eine Kirche in ſeinem Bezirke, und das Jus Patronatus. Auch war ein Ludimagiſter auf dem Gute, der den Bauerjungen das A-B-ab einpeitſchte, und Seiner Gnaden die Aviſen vorlas. Dieſer Mann wußte auf jegliche Frage eine Antwort, denn er war nichts geringers als ein Polyhiſtor und Originalgenie. Daher war er denn auch des Junkers Faktotum und Orakel, wie Herr Georg Detri, der Verwalter, zu ſagen pflegte; Herr Süß aber, der ſeinen Ausdruck beſſer wählete, und nicht ſo alltäglich zu reden pflegte, behauptete immer, der Schulmeiſter ſei dem Edelmanne das, was das Gewicht dem Bratenwender iſt. Beide haben im Grunde Recht; denn ſo oft unſere Leſer bei dieſen Blättern eine Luſt zu Lächeln oder zu lachen anwandeln wird, — und wir möchten ſchier prophezeihen, daß das nicht ſelten geſchehen dürfte, wenn ſie ſich nur durch die paar erſten Kapitel hindurch gearbeitet haben, — ſo könnte wohl der ehrſame Ludimagiſter, wo nicht ganz, doch zum Theil den Dank dafür verdienen.

Man pflegte ſo gern auf den Zufall zu läſtern, aber man ſage davon was man will, er thut dem Menſchengeſchlecht überhaupt mehr zu Gefallen, als zum Poſſen. Der Ludimagiſter hatte die Gewohnheit, jedes bedruckte Papierchen, das er aus dem Krämerladen kriegte, ſorgfältig durchzuſtudiren; auf dieſe Art ſchnappte er manchen fetten Biſſen Gelehrſamkeit weg, den er bei Gelegenheit meiſterhaft wieder an den Mann zu bringen wußte. Er konnte ohnehin ſein Menſa und Amo auf den Fingern; da ihm nun der Zufall eben ſo günſtig war, ihm zwei Blätter aus des hochbeleſenen Henrici Smetii Proſodei zu beſcheren, als er einige Loth Schnupftabak aus dem nächſten Städtchen mitbringen ließ: ſo hatte er da einen hübſchen Vorrath von hundert zwei und ſiebenzig Brocken aus verſchiedenen lateiniſchen Dichtern, einen griechiſchen Vers aus dem Oppian ungerechnet, den er nie brauchte, weil er ihn nicht leſen konnte. Das ſchien ihm zu einem ganz artigen Anſtrich von Lectüre ſchon hinlänglich, und Gott weiß, ob er dieſen Vorrath fleißig im Munde führte! Man hätte ſchwören ſollen, er habe ſich nach Herrn Partridge lateiniſchen Andenkens gebildet; es iſt aber erweislich, daß er von dieſem Manne ſo wenig wußte, als wenn niemals und nirgends ein Partridge exiſtirt hätte, weil vom Tom Jones ſich noch all mein Tage kein Exemplar in die mörderiſchen Hände eines Krämers verirret hat. Eben ſo wenig hatte er irgend einem Gelehrten den üblichen Kunſtgriff zu danken, ſeine Quellen, nachdem er ſie auswendig gelernet hatte, ſorgfältig zu verbrennen; er war ſo ſchlau geweſen, ihn ſelbſt zu erfinden. Auf die Art konnt er manches für ſeine eigne Gedanken geben, und in Abſicht der hundert zwei und ſiebzig Brocken jeden Dichter ſo kecklich citiren, als wenn er ihn ſelbſt geleſen hätte, und den wollt ich ſehen, der ſeine Glaubwürdigkeit hätte in Verdacht ziehen dürfen! —

Die andern Perſonen, die in dieſem goldnen Büchlein vorkommen, wird der geneigte Leſer, ſo wie Zeit und Ort es mit ſich bringen, kennen lernen.

Wir hatten uns vorgenommen zu ſagen, was unſer Edelmann hatte; und das wäre denn, ſo viel für jetzt Noth thut, ſo ziemlich ins Reine gebracht. Wir gehen nun weiter und melden, was unſer Edelmann war. Dabei können wir uns mit allem Fuge, ſo viel dieſes Kapitel betrifft, beliebter Kürze bedienen, weil alle folgenden Kapitel überflüſſig ſein würden, wenn der Leſer aus dem gegenwärtigen den Junker im Pommerlande vollſtändig, und mit allen ſeinen Grillen und Launen kennen lernte; und weil wir zu ſeiner Erziehungsgeſchichte, die uns aus vielen Gründen nöthig ſcheint, ein eignes Kapitel beſtimmt haben.

Grillen hatte er alſo und Launen, das iſt uns entwiſcht. Sonſt war er eine ſo gute Seele von Junker, als jemals eine auf dieſem Planeten gelebet haben mag; ſchlecht und recht; ohne Komplimente, mithin ohne falſch; nicht ſehr vertraulich, aber offen und bieder; völlig unbekannt mit allem, was Heuchelei und Verſtellung heißt, folglich gerades Herzens und leicht hinters Licht zu führen, und ſo weiter, wie man in der Folge finden wird. Aber bei alle dem wollt ers wiſſen, daß er ein Edelmann ſei, — und zwar wie ſeine Gnaden ſich ausdrückten: ſo gut ein Edelmann als der Kaiſer.

Er trug eine häßliche Stutzperücke, und Wintertags einen zottigten grünen Friesrock über ſeinem Pelze; in Sommertagen aber auch wohl eine hübſche Schwanzperücke und ſeinen Dolimann ohne Pelz und Friesrock, weils ihm ſo luftig war und leichter, und er ſich noch immer mit Entzücken daran erinnerte, daß er, von ſeinem Tauftage an bis in ſein vierzehntes Jahr, als Kornet bei einem Huſarenregimente in Nummer geſtanden hatte. Auch pflegte er ſich immer herzlich über die Heldenthaten zu freuen, die er — hätte verrichten können, wenn er im Dienſt geblieben wäre. Sein langer Schnurrbart hing in zweenen Knoten herab, und ſtand gar herrlich zur runden geſchornen Perücke. Seinen großen Hut umſtrahlte eine breite goldne Treſſe. Seine hirſchledernen, mit reicher Stickerei und Franzen gezierten Scharavari gingen, wie ſichs von ſelbſt verſteht, bis unter die Knöchel herab. Die gelben Halbſtiefel waren, wie ſichs gehört, mit Eiſen unterlegt, und dienten einer dick mit Silber beſchlagnen meerſchaumnen Pfeife für die wenigen Augenblicke, die ihr Beſitzer ohne Rauchen zubrachte, zum Quartiere. Den Anzug vollendete ein prächtiger ſilberner Säbel, der nie von ſeiner Seite kam, und unter dem grünen Friesrocke heraus hinter Seiner Gnaden herſchleppte. Uebrigens war er ein ſchöner großer Mann von königlichem Anſtande, dem das vortrefflichſte Herz aus jedem Zuge ſprach.

So von innen und außen fiel unſer Edelmann jedem, der ihn ſah, gleich in der erſten Minute ins Auge.

Seine Gnaden wohnten faſt immer zu Pferde, und ritten am liebſten junge, ſchnellfüßige, unbändige Hengſte, mit denen Sie meiſterhaft umzugehen wußten, und deren Zeug mit Schnakenköpfen prunkte.

Zweites Kapitel.

Erziehungsgeſchichte des Junkers.

Der Edelmann, ſo wie er dermalen leibte und lebte, hätte ganz aus der Reihe der Dinge weggenommen werden können, ohne daß außer ſeinem Gute irgend eine lebendige Seele dabei zu kurz gekommen wäre. — Doch nehm ich, nach reiflicher Ueberlegung, diejenigen Seelen aus, die, wenn ſie über anderer Leute Thorheiten lachen, zugleich in ihren eignen Buſen zu greifen pflegen. — Von der Natur aber war er ſo wenig beſtimmet, das Spiel eines närriſchen Schulmeiſters und ſeiner eignen Grillen zu werden, als mich vielleicht die Natur zum Geſchichtſchreiber ſeiner Thorheiten beſtimmet haben mag. In ſeinem Charakter war ſo viel Güte, ſo viel Thätigkeit, ſo viel Größe, daß er, wenn der rohe Klumpen gehörig wäre geformet, und die leeren Fächer des Gehirns gebührend angefüllet worden, vermögend geweſen wäre, aus dem Kabinette Länder zu beglücken, im Felde eine Stütze ſeines Monarchen zu ſein, und aus der Studierſtube die Welt aufzuklären. So aber war ſeine herrliche Anlage verſäumt oder verderbt, jenes von ſeinem Vater, dieſes von der gnädigen Frau Mama, beides von dem Lehrer ſeiner Jugend. Seine Güte war in Schwachheit, ſeine Thätigkeit in Alfanzerei, ſeine Größe in Abentheuerlichkeit, und in jenen närriſchen Stolz ausgeartet, der Kaiſern, Königen, Herzogen und Fürſten nichts vorauslaſſen wollte.

Sein Vater, Gott hab' ihn ſelig! war bei Leibes Leben ein wackrer Huſarenoberſtlieutenant geweſen, rauh wie ſein Schnauzbart, und brav wie ſein Säbel, der ſein Metier aus dem Grunde verſtand, ſich viel Erfahrung und Menſchenkenntniß geſammelt hatte, und beim Könige ſehr in Gnaden ſtand. In den Wiſſenſchaften aber hatte dieſer Held es niemals weiter gebracht, als bis zur Fertigkeit, eine Ordre entziffern, und ſeinen Namen ſo ſo unterzeichnen zu können, daher er auch bei andern Leuten nichts auf Schulfüchſerei hielt. Am allerwenigſten war er Willens, den Kopf ſeines einzigen Erben mit ſolcherlei Unrath ausſtaffiren zu laſſen. Der Säbel war ihm alles, und dieſen Sinn trachtete der alte muthige und ehrenvolle Krieger auch einzig und allein in der Seele ſeines Sohnes zu nähren. Er freuete ſich zum Voraus darauf, ihn, wenns einmal wieder vor den Feind gehen würde, an ſeiner Seite fechten zu ſehen; und daher kams, daß unſer Edelmann von Vaterswegen nichts weiter gelernet hatte, als Reiten, Fechten, das Gewehr präſentiren, vor nichts in der Welt erſchrecken, und mit lateiniſchen Buchſtaben ſeinen edlen Namen unleſerlich genug zu kratzen. Der hochſelige König hatte als Gevatter dem Kindlein eine Kornetſtelle eingebunden, folglich war er Soldat, und folglich hatte er nach des Oberſtlieutenants Meinung an jetztgedachten Geſchicklichkeiten Gott und genug.

Seine gnädige Frau Mama ließ ſich, wie manche Mutter, eine reichliche Portion Affenliebe gegen ihr Söhnchen zu Schulden kommen. Sie, eine Dame von uraltem Adel, und voll von jedem Vorurtheile, das irgend dieſem Stande anhangen kann, wollte nicht, daß ihr Kind durch vieles Lernen an Kopf und Nerven geſchwächt werden ſollte. Alle irdiſche menſchliche Weisheit hielt ſie für eitel Tand, und war feſt überzeuget, Witz und Verſtand müſſe einem Edelmanne von ſelbſt zufallen. Nicht eben, als hätte ſie zuerſt nach dem Reiche Gottes getrachtet; das war nicht ihr Fall (denn ſie wußte vom Reiche Gottes nicht viel mehr, als wenn gar keins geweſen wäre, und was ſie davon zu wiſſen glaubte, war klare Heterodoxie; ſo behauptete ſie z. B., es ſei unmöglich, daß Edelmann und Bauer auf einerlei Fuß Erben des göttlichen Reichs werden könnten, und andere Ketzereien mehr), ſondern, weil ſie es wirklich für bürgerlich, das heißt in ihrer Sprache, für pöbelhaft hielt, ſich mit Büchern und Wiſſenſchaften zu beſchäftigen, gab ſie ſich alle Mühe, ihrem Sohne eine tiefe Geringſchätzung gegen ſolche Narrentheidungen beizubringen. Dagegen predigte ſie ihm täglich und ſtündlich die hohe Lehre von ſeinem alten Adel, und ſchärfte ihm tüchtig ein, daß er nach ſeines Vaters Tode, die Einkünfte ſeines freien Gutes ungerechnet, jährlich weit über die dreißigtauſend Thaler reiner Zinſen zu verzehren haben, und mit der Zeit noch viel höher kommen würde.

Der Hofmeiſter des edlen jungen Herrn war ein ſklaviſcher Kerl, ein niedriger Speichellecker, der mit dem Herrn Oberſtlieutenant Danziger trinken, und der gnädigen Frau die Hand küſſen konnte, und bei dieſem erhabenen Paare ganz ungemein in Gnaden ſtand. Groß war der Hofmeiſter und ſchön gebauet, breit von Schultern und ſtattlich von Waden. Die Moral hatte er bei einem Gellert, und das Jus Naturä bei einem Darjes gehöret, auch wußt er was Recht war ſo gut als Jeſus Sirach; er hatte aber weder das Herz es zu ſagen, noch die Entſchloſſenheit es zu üben, vor allen Dingen, wenn er den Grundſätzen der gnädigen Frau Oberſtlieutenantin, oder ihres narbigten Herrn Gemahls hätte zu nahe treten müſſen, denn er befand ſich trefflich im Schloſſe, und liebte faule Tage über alles. Die hatte er denn hier recht nach Herzenswunſche. Aber fechten konnte er trotz Kahn, das muß ich ſagen; und zu Pferde ſaß Euch der Burſch als eine Puppe, auch das muß wahr ſein; voltigiren konnt er wie ein Heupferd, das ſoll ihm ſelbſt der Teufel nicht abſprechen; und ſaht Ihr ihn tanzen, ſo ſtahl er Euch vollends das Herz aus dem Leibe. Auch, wenn der alte Herr Luſt hatte Passe-dix, oder die gnädige Frau Piket zu ſpielen, war niemand bereiter als er, dem Herrn und der Dame ihr Geld abzugewinnen.

Aller weſentliche Nutzen, den unſer Edelmann aus ſeiner Erziehung zog, beſtand darin, daß die heftigen Leibesübungen mit dem Karabiner, mit dem Rapier, und auf der Reitbahn, ſeine Muskeln ſtärkten, ſeinen Körper dauerhaft machten, ſeine Natur abhärteten, und jenen edlen Anſtand, den ſchon der Adel ſeiner Seele ihm gab, erhöheten; und daß er, weil Mama und der Mentor ihn methodiſch und zu geſetzten Stunden in mancherlei Spielen unterwieſen, durch dieſen Zwang den heftigſten Widerwillen gegen alle Arten des Kartenſpiels faßte.

Vierzehn Jahr war unſer Junker alt, als ſein Herr Vater das Zeitliche geſegnet. Seine gnädige Mama fand jetzt in ihrem überreifen Alter den Soldatenſtand bei weitem nicht mehr ſo reizend, als in jenen goldnen Tagen der leichten Jugend, da der goldbeſetzte Dolman, die funkelnden Quaſten und Schleifen des Pelzes, die reichen Franzen auf den knapp anſchließenden Scharavari, die Grazie einer Falte in denſelben, und der hohe winkende Federbuſch auf dem Haupte des damaligen Herrn Rittmeiſters von Lindenberg, jetzt ihres wohlſeligen Gemahls, ihr ſiebzehnjähriges Herz in lichterlohe Flammen ſetzten. Sie bat um den Abſchied ihres Sohnes, ſchützte eine ſchwächliche Leibesbeſchaffenheit vor, darüber ſich das edle Knäblein mit ſeinen von Geſundheit ſtrotzenden Backen eigentlich nicht zu beklagen hatte, und trieb ihr Weſen ſo lange, bis endlich der Junker wirklich ſeinen Abſchied erhielt.

Nun wuchs er denn in Gottes Namen unter der Zucht ſeiner Frau Mama und des treufleißigen Mentors ferner auf. Zu allem Glücke noch fand ſichs, daß der Paſtor Loci ein ernſthafter, verſtändiger und gewiſſenhafter Mann war; keiner von den ſchleichenden Bücklingsfabrikanten und Kratzfüßlern, die zwar auf der Kanzel Donnerſtimme reden, und mit dem Hammer des Geſetzes alles, gleich irdenen Töpfen zerſchmeißen, oder wie die ausgeſchälte Schale eines weichgeſottnen Eies zerknirſchen wollen und inter privatos parietes (wie Herr Bartholomäus Schwalbe ſagt) jedem den Fuchsſchwanz ſtreichen, bei dem's fette Biſſen oder wenigſtens einen guten Beichtpfennig giebt, den Großen und Reichen mit neuer Mähr, und ſonſt, wie ſie immer können, hofiren, ſie bei der Hand ſind, wenn ſie dem Kollegen einen Konfirmanden oder eine Kopulation wegſchnappen können, keine noch ſo berüchtigte Sünderin von Familie aus dem Beichtſtuhle weiſen, aber deſto glühender ihren Eifer fürs heilige Zion an einer armen Dirne bewähren, die in einem ſchwachen Augenblicke nicht daran dachte ihr Fleiſch zu kreuzigen. Mit ſolcherlei Stempel, unter welchem vielleicht mancher ſeiner hochehrwürdigen Amtsbrüder zur herzlichen Erbauung aller frommen Seelen, und zur unfehlbaren Bekehrung der ruchloſen Weltmenſchen, die da wähnen, Gott ſehe nur aufs Herz und nicht auf die Grimaſſe, ausgepräget ſein mag, war der wackere Paſtor zu Lindenberg nicht gemarkt. Der Mann war ſo gerades Herzens, daß ich mit meinem Kopfe dafür bürgen wollte, er habe ſich nie vor jemand, als aus wahrer Achtung, und um ihn zu ehren gebückt. Da es nun im Pommerlande, wie vermuthlich aller chriſtlichen Orten, Sitte iſt, daß der junge Kavalier nicht minder als der junge Bauer confirmiret werden muß, und der fromme unbeſtechliche Pfarrer unſern Junker, ſo wie er war, in ſeiner unermeßlichen Unwiſſenheit nicht annehmen wollte: ſo gedieh es dahin, daß er von der edlen Leſekunſt ſchier ſo viel begriff, als zur Erlernung der zehn Gebote, und was ſonſt im kleinen Catechismus ſtehet, zur höchſten Nothdurft erforderlich ſein mag. Auch faßte er durch ſaure Arbeit des rechtſchaffnen Predigers die Grundſätze der chriſtlichen Sittenlehre in ſo fern, daß ihn dieſer würdige Mann nach Jahresfriſt unter die Katechumenen aufnehmen konnte, ohne ſein Gewiſſen gar zu ſehr zu verletzen. Der gute Prediger verlor zwar durch dieſen ſeinen Trotz und Halsſtarrigkeit, wie es die Frau von Lindenberg nannte, manches Accidens, manche Mahlzeit auf dem Edelhofe, und manchen fetten Braten für ſeine Küche: aber er, deſſen Gott nicht der Bauch war, tröſtete ſich darüber, und zwar ſehr leicht, mit dem Bewußtſein, ſeine Pflicht erfüllet, und mit der ſüßen Zufriedenheit, dem jungen Herrn einige gute Grundſätze beigebracht zu haben, die, das meinte er, könne nicht fehlen, früh oder ſpät ein lebendiges Gefühl der großen Wahrheit bewirken müßten, daß man ſeine Beſtimmung hienieden bei weitem noch nicht erfüllet habe, wenn man reiten, fechten und allenfalls die Einkünfte eines Ritterguts verzehren könne. — Die liebe Hausehre des braven Paſtors nahm das Ding zwar nicht völlig ſo. Sie läſterte nach den Fleiſchtöpfen Egypti, und beſeufzte die Einbuße der feiſten Puter, der geſtopften Gänſe, und der leckern Haſen von ganzem Herzen. Beſonders mußte der gute Mann herhalten, wenn etwa an einem hohen Feſttage, oder gar am Geburtstage der theuren Frau Paſtorin, die Familie ſich ſchlechtweg mit einem Stücke Rindfleiſch behelfen mußte. Bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten unterließ ſie niemals, ſo lange die Frau von Lindenberg lebte, gewaltig laut zu werden, und es ihrem Manne ſehr bitter und heftig zu verweiſen, daß er die Küche ſo aus purem Eigenſinn, wie ihr zu ſagen beliebte, und recht um nichts und wieder nichts geſchmälert habe. Denn, rief ſie, wem der Altar dienet, der ſoll ſich vom Altar nähren, ſiehſt du! — 'ne Schande iſts, daß 'ne Paſtorenfrau ihren Mann auf die Bibel verweiſen muß! — Andre Paſtoren nehmen wohl noch unwiſſendere Jungens an als der Junker war: aber dafür (hier ſchlug ſie mit geballter Fauſt auf den Tiſch) haben ſie auch was einzubrocken. Du hergegen ſtößeſt alles muthwilliger Weiſe von dir; Weib und Kinder mögen ſehen, wie ſie fahren. — Wenn das mein Vater ſeliger wüßte, in der Erde kehrete er ſich um! — Nee! eſſet das Fette und trinket das Süße, ſagt Gott, ſiehſt du! — und wem ſagt er das? ſeinen Dienern ſagt ers! — Das ſtand doch wohl an den Fingern abzuzählen, daß an dem Junker Hopfen und Malz verloren ſei! daß du mit allem deinem Gepredige die Perlen für die Säue, mit Salvenie zu ſagen, warfſt! und daß er nun wohl längſt ſchon alles wieder ausgeſchwitzet haben wird, was du ihm damals ſo mühſelig einkauen thatſt!

Das fürcht ich nicht, ſagte dann der ehrwürdige Mann, der vollkommen ſo gutmüthig und friedliebend war, als von Rechtswegen jeglicher ſein ſollte, der den Gott des Friedens verkündiget. Das fürcht ich wahrlich nicht, Anna, ſagt er; alles wird wohl nicht auf dürren Boden gefallen ſein. Etwas, hoff ich, wird wohl im Kopf und Herzen haften, und mit Gottes Hülfe ſchon zu ſeiner Zeit irgend einige gute Frucht bringen. — Aber Kind gieb mir doch noch ein Schnittchen Fleiſch und einen Löffel voll Brühe. Ich weiß nicht, wie du es anfängſt, aber für deine Polniſche Brühe laß ich der gnädigen Frau ihre genudelten Gänſe und Schnepfenpaſteten von Herzen gern.

Das liebreiche Geſicht des edlen Mannes und ſein treuherziger Lobſpruch auf ihre Kochkunſt beſänftigte dann gemeiniglich die Frau, die zwar eben kein Engel, aber doch auch juſt kein eingefleiſchter Teufel war, und mit der man ganz ſchicklich auskommen konnte, wenn man ſie bei einer von ihren ſchwachen Seiten zu faſſen wußte. — Freilich kann man das mit allen Frauen, wenn man nur nicht ihr Mann iſt.

Uebrigens pflichten wir dem Prediger bei: es war in der That nicht alles an dem Edelmanne verloren, mancher ſeiner Lehren erinnerte er ſich noch ſehr dankbar in ſeinen ſpäteſten Jahren, und nebenbei hatte er doch leſen gelernet, wiewohl er dieſes Talent in der Folge häßlich vernachläſſigte.

Nach dem Hintritte weiland Seiner Gnaden des Herrn Oberſtlieutenants fiel das Exerciren zu Pferde und zu Fuß von ſelbſt weg, und es wurden jährlich etliche Paar Rapiere weniger in dem Schloſſe zerbrochen. Das Reiten aber behielt der junge Herr aus Neigung bei, weil es ihm eine herzliche Freude war, über ſolche Hecken und Graben zu ſetzen, wo ſelbſt ſein Mentor nicht das Herz hatte, ihm zu folgen, vorübergehenden Männern das Haar zu Berge ſtand, und der tollkühnſte Bauerjunge bewunderungsvoll ausrief: Der Henker! das war mir 'n Hoppas! Unſer Junker hat den Teufel im Leibe mit Reiten. — Dieſer elende Beifall, den ein wohlgezogner Jüngling verachtet haben würde, hatte für unſern Edelmann ſo viel Reize, daß er ihm zu Gefallen ſich täglich mehr als einmal in die Gefahr ſetzte den Hals zu brechen.

Der Frau Mutter Gnaden war dieſes allerdings ein ſchwerer Stein auf dem Herzen, aber ſie vermochte dem Dinge nicht abzuhelfen. Denn Eine Beſchäftigung will der Menſch haben, das liegt in ſeiner Natur; und der Junker hatte auf der Gotteswelt nicht gelernet, als rechtsum machen, Kartengeben, Fechten und Reiten. Mit dem Erſten dieſer Studien wars vorbei; das Zweite war ſeine Sache nicht; das Dritte? je nu, das ſahen ſeine Bauern an, und begriffens nicht. Aber, wenn er zu Pferde ſaß, dann ragte er über die ganze Welt, die er kannte, hervor. Da nun tief in ſeiner Seele ein glühendes Gefühl waltete, das ihn ſpornte, mehr zu thun als andre können, und mehr zu ſein als andre ſind, ein Gefühl, das weder durch Treſſen und Stickerei, noch durch einen vollen Geldbeutel befriedigt wurde; was Wunder dann, daß er ihm jetzt auf die einzige ihm mögliche Art eine Genüge zu thun ſuchte, und in der Folge auf Thorheiten verfiel, die ihn zum ſonderbarſten Original von der Welt machten?

Weil man aber doch nicht immer Reiten und über Graben ſetzen kann, ſo tödtete er, als er herangewachſen war, ein gutes Theil ſeiner Zeit in gedankenloſer Muße mit der Pfeife und dem Glaſe; daher denn im ganzen Lande kein Menſch ſo geſchwind und ſo ſchön einen meerſchaumnen Pfeifenkopf braun ſchmauchen konnte. Was ſonſt an Zeit ihm übrig blieb, das füllte er mit Schlafen und Eſſen aus.

Karl Ludwig Methuſalem Müller,

ward am 16. Juni 1771 zu Skeuditz geboren, ſtudirte nach zurückgelegten Schuljahren wahrſcheinlich zu Leipzig ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und bürgerte ſich dann als Privatgelehrter daſelbſt ein. Er erhielt vom Herzog von Sachſen-Hildburghauſen den Hofrathstitel und übernahm 1816 die Herausgabe der Zeitung für die elegante Welt. Später wurde er auch als Cenſor beſchäftigt. Er ſtarb 1835 zu Leipzig.

Er ließ erſcheinen.

Unterhaltungen. Leipzig 1795.
Phantaſie und Wirklichkeit. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Winterblumen. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Rhapſodien. Ebendaſ. 1797.
Sommermorgen. Ebendaſ. 1798.
Blicke auf die menſchliche Natur. Ebendaſ. 1798—1800, 4 Bde.
Der Hausvater. Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1798.
Guſtav Salden. Berlin 1802, 2 Thle.
Iconodora. Leipzig 1806.
Hiſtoriſche Gemälde aller Land- und Seekriege. Ebendaſ. 1812, 3 Bde.
Anleitung zur Bildung für Geſellſchaften und Umgang. Ebendaſ. 1812.
Ueber den jetzt herrſchenden Geiſt der Unruhe und Unzufriedenheit unter den Völkern. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Die Königseiche. Feſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Ueber Ehre und Freiheit. Ebendaſ. 1819.

Außerdem eine Menge Ueberſetzungen engliſcher und franzöſiſcher Romane ꝛc.

Zartheit, tiefe Sittlichkeit, Ruhe und Mäßigung, ſo wie ein gebildeter Geſchmack ſind den Schriften dieſes wackeren Mannes eigen, der zwar nie eine hohe Stellung in der literäriſchen Welt einnahm, aber ſeinen Platz ſtets vollkommen ehrenwerth ausfüllte.

Karl Otfried Müller.

Dieſer berühmte Alterthumsforſcher und Helleniſt ward am 28. Auguſt 1797 zu Brieg geboren, wurde auf dem vaterſtädtiſchen Gymnaſium claſſiſch vorgebildet und ſtudirte 1813 zu Breslau und 1815 zu Berlin Philologie und Philoſophie. Hierauf wurde er 1817 als Lehrer am Magdalenengymnaſium zu Breslau angeſtellt, folgte aber 1819 einem durch Heeren's und Böckh's Empfehlung an ihn ergangnen Rufe als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Alterthumskunde nach Göttingen, vervollkommnete ſich durch eine 1819—22 unternommene Reiſe nach Dresden, Frankreich und England, und erhielt 1823 eine ordentliche Profeſſur daſelbſt, die er fortwährend mit dem größten Beifall bekleidet.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Geſchichte helleniſcher Stämme und Städte. Breslau 1820 ff. 3 Thle. A. u. d. Titeln:
Orchomenos und die Minyer. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Die Dorier. Ebendaſ. 1824. Engliſch. Oxford 1830.
Prolegomena zu einer wiſſenſchaftlichen Mythologie. Göttingen 1825.
Ueber die Wohnſitze, die Abſtammung und die ältern Sitze des macedoniſchen Volks. Berlin 1825.
Die Etrusker. Breslau 1828, 2 Bde.
Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunſt. Ebendaſ. 1830. 2. Aufl. 1835.

Mehrere Werke in lateiniſcher Sprache, ſo wie eine Menge Abhandlungen, theils als Gelegenheitsſchriften, theils in Journalen ꝛc. ꝛc.

O. Müller's vortreffliche Forſchungen, namentlich auf dem Gebiete der altgriechiſchen Geſchichte haben dieſen Zweig der hiſtoriſchen Wiſſenſchaft außerordentlich gefördert und ihm die dankbarſte Anerkennung der gelehrten Welt erworben.

Karl Wilhelm Müller

ward am 15. September 1728 zu Knauthayn bei Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte zu Pforta und Leipzig Philoſophie und die Rechte und trat 1752 daſelbſt als praktiſcher Juriſt auf. Indeſſen bildete er im vertrauten Umgang mit Leſſing, Käſtner, Weiße, Morus und andern geiſtvollen Männern zugleich ſeinen Geſchmack in der Poeſie und Kunſt aus, ward 1759 zum Mitglied des daſigen Raths erwählt, dadurch aber zugleich mit mehreren Amtsgenoſſen im 7jährigen Kriege zur preußiſchen Geißel gemacht. Nachdem er ſich von ſeiner Krankheit, die ihn in der Gefangenſchaft überfallen, erholt und ſein Amt wieder verwaltet hatte, ward er 1778 Bürgermeiſter und Beiſitzer des Schöppenſtuhls und endlich zum ſächſiſchen geheimen Kriegsrath ernannt. Unter ſeiner Leitung wurden mehrere noch jetzt die Stadt zierende öffentliche Anſtalten und Anlagen, theils wieder hergeſtellt, theils neu begründet, und allgemeine Achtung und Liebe begleitete ſeinen Leichenzug, als er am 27. Februar 1801 daſelbſt ſtarb. Ein Monument in den Anlagen um die Stadt, einer ſeiner Schöpfungen, verewigt ſein Andenken.

Von ihm erſchien anonym:

Verſuch in Gedichten. Leipzig 1755.
Brittiſche Bibliothek. Ebendaſ. 1756 — 1767, 6 Bde., 8.
Beaumarchais Eugenie. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1768.
Grays Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1776.

Derſelbe feine Geſchmack und Geiſt, der ihn ſein ganzes Leben hindurch begleitete, ſpricht ſich auch in ſeinen Schriften aus, welche, obwohl nur Ueberſetzungen, doch in ihrer Art vortrefflich waren und allgemeinen Beifall fanden.

Wilhelm Müller,

der Sohn eines Handwerkers zu Deſſau, ward am 7. October 1795 daſelbſt geboren und ſtudirte nach einer ſehr ſorgfältigen, aber von jeglichem Zwange freien Bildung und Vorbereitung 1812 zu Berlin Philologie und Geſchichte, nahm im Befreiungskriege 1813 und 1814 Theil an den Kämpfen der preußiſchen Schaaren und geſellte nach ſeiner Rückkehr ſeinen frühern Studien noch das der altdeutſchen Sprache und Literatur hinzu. Als Begleiter des preußiſchen Kammerherrn, Baron von Sack, ging er mit dieſem 1817 nach Italien, um von da nach Griechenland und Aegypten zu reiſen, trennte ſich aber in Rom von ihm und verweilte 1819 zu Neapel und Florenz. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr als Lehrer der lateiniſchen und griechiſchen Sprache an das neu organiſirte Gymnaſium nach Deſſau berufen, übernahm er zugleich die Einrichtung der dortigen Bibliothek, ward Bibliothekar und deſſauiſcher Hofrath und ſtarb daſelbſt plötzlich kurz nach einer Reiſe an den Rhein am 1. October 1827.

Wir haben von ihm:

Blumenleſe aus den Minneſängern. Berlin 1816, 8.
Marlow's Doctor Fauſt. Tragödie. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1818, 8., mit 1 Steindruck.
Askania. Deſſau 1820, 6 Hefte. 8.
Rom, Römer und Römerinnen. Ebendaſ. 1820, 2.
Gedichte eines reiſenden Waldhorniſten. Ebend. 1821 — 27, 2 Bde. 8., 2. Aufl. 1826.
Lieder der Griechen. Ebendaſ. 1822, 2 Hfte. 8., 2. Aufl. des 1. Hft. 1828.
Neue Lieder der Griechen. Leipzig 1822 — 23, 2 Hfte. 8.
Bibliothek deutſcher Dichter des 17. Jahrhunderts. Leipzig 1822—27, 8 Bde. in 8. Fortgeſetzt von K. Förſter.
Neueſte Lieder der Griechen. Leipzig 1824, 8.
Fauriel's Sammlung neugriechiſcher Volkslieder. Ebendaſ. 1825, 2 Thle.
Miſſolunghi. Gedicht. Dresden 1826. 8.
Lyriſche Reiſen und epigrammatiſche Spaziergänge. Ebendaſ. 1827.

Vermiſchte Schriften. Mit M's Biographie von G. Schwab. Leipzig 1830, 5 Bdchn. in 16. Mit Portrait.

Einzelne Abhandlungen, Recenſionen, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Nach ſeinem Tode erſchien noch:

Egeria. Sammlung italieniſcher Volkslieder. Angefangen von W. Müller, vollendet und herausgegeben von O. L. B. Wolff. Leipzig 1829.

Es ſei dem Herausgeber geſtattet, hier zu wiederholen und zuſammenzufaſſen, was er bereits an einem andern Orte über dieſen eben ſo talentvollen als liebenswürdigen und wahren Dichter ausſprach. Was Wilhelm Müller als ſolchen ſo auszeichnet, iſt die Reinheit, Tiefe, Einfachheit und Friſche ſeines Gefühls die Liebe zur Natur und der Sinn und Blick für dieſelbe, die Unmittelbarkeit, mit der er ſeine immer reinen Empfindungen ausſpricht, und die gefällige Form, in welche er ſie kleidet. Er philoſophirt nicht im Liede, er hüllt abſtracte Reflexionen nicht in tönende Worte, er müht ſich nicht ab, tief zu ſein oder bringt einen gewöhnlichen Gedanken in ſeltſamer Form, hinter die er ſich ſteckt, noch weniger macht er oben auf der Gefühlsleiter einen Bajazzoſprung und ſteht plötzlich vor dem Leſer auf dem Kopfe; aber wahr iſt er, ſtets voll Anmuth, alle Saiten des Gefühls in ſeinen Gedichten anſchlagend, überall harmoniſch und klar. Nicht leicht äußert ſich der echte deutſche Charakter, möge er zürnen oder klagen, jauchzen oder ſtill entzückt ſein, ſo liebenswürdig und treu wie bei ihm. Seine lyriſchen Poeſieen, namentlich die ſogenannten Müllerlieder, einige ſeiner Weinlieder und die begeiſterten Griechenlieder werden daher ſeinen Namen und ſein Andenken lange bei der Nation erhalten. Nicht ſo glücklich iſt er in ſeinen proſaiſchen Leiſtungen, beſonders in ſeinen Novellen, obwohl auch dieſe ſämmtlich ſich durch Eleganz, Correctheit und Lebhaftigkeit der Darſtellung auszeichnen.

Aus W. Müller's Griechenliedern.

Bozzaris.

Freiheit war ſein letzter Hauch, Freiheit hat er nun gefunden,
Frei flog ſeine Heldenſeele aus des Buſens offnen Wunden
In das Reich der Freiheit auf. Oder will ſie noch verweilen
Unter uns und jeden Kampf mit den Erdenbrüdern theilen?
O ſo ſei gegrüßt im Streite, ſei gegrüßt beim Siegesmahle!
Wollen dir die erſten Tropfen aus dem ſchäumenden Pokale
Auf den Grabeshügel ſchütten, und die erſten Lorbeerzweige
Auf den naſſen Raſen legen. Freier, ſelger Geiſt, dann neige
Segnend dich herab und fache hell in uns empor die Gluten,
Die auch mit des Heldenblutes letztem Tropfen nicht verbluten,
Die noch heut' im Staube brennen unter Pyläs heilgen Grüften,
Die auf Marathons Gefilden ewig wehen in den Lüften,
Die wir alle in uns trinken recht in vollen, heißen Zügen,
Wenn Bozzaris Nam' ertönt und uns ruft zu neuen Siegen.

Mark Bozzari.

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Miſſolunghi, Stadt der Ehren,
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich ſterben lehren!
Oeffne deine hohen Thore, öffne deine tiefen Grüfte,
Auf, und ſtreue Lorbeerreiſer auf den Pfad und in die Lüfte!
Mark Bozzari's edlen Leib bringen wir zu dir getragen,
Mark Bozzari's! Wer darf's wagen, ſolchen Helden zu beklagen?
Willſt zuerſt du ſeine Wunden oder ſeine Siege zählen?
Keinem Sieg wird eine Wunde, keiner Wund' ein Sieg hier fehlen.
Sieh auf unſern Lanzenſpitzen ſich die Turbanhäupter drehen!
Sieh wie über ſeiner Bahre die Osmanenfahnen wehn!
Sieh, o ſieh die letzten Werke, die vollbracht des Helden Rechte
In dem Feld von Karpiniſſi, wo ſein Stahl im Blute zechte!
In der ſchwarzen Geiſterſtunde rief er unſre Schaar zuſammen,
Funken ſprühten unſre Augen durch die Nacht, wie Wetterflammen,
Uebers Knie zerbrachen wir jauchzend unſrer Schwerter Scheiden,
Um mit Senſen einzumähen in die friſchen Türkenweiden;
Und wir drückten uns die Hände und wir ſtrichen uns die Bärte,
Und der ſtampfte mit dem Fuße, und der rieb an ſeinem Schwerte:
Da erſcholl Bozzari's Stimme: „Auf, ins Lager der Barbaren!
„Auf mir nach! Verirrt euch nicht, Brüder, in der Feinde Scharen!
„Sucht ihr mich, im Zelt des Paſcha werdet ihr mich ſicher finden —
„Auf, mit Gott! Er hilft die Feinde, hilft den Tod auch überwinden!"
Auf! und die Trompete riß er haſtig aus des Bläſers Händen,
Und ſtieß ſelbſt hinein ſo hell, daß es von den Felſenwänden,
Heller ſtets und heller mußte ſich verdoppelnd wiederhallen;
Aber heller wiederhallt' es doch in unſern Herzen allen.
Wie des Herren Blitz und Donner aus der Wolkenburg der Mächte,
Alſo traf das Schwert der Freien die Tyrannen und die Knechte;
Wie die Tuba des Gerichtes wird dereinſt die Sünder wecken,
Alſo ſcholl durch's Türkenlager brauſend dieſer Ruf der Schrecken:
Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Sulioten! Sulioten!
Solch ein guter Morgengruß ward den Schläfern da entboten.
Und ſie rüttelten ſich auf, und gleich hirtenloſen Schafen
Rannten ſie durch alle Gaſſen, bis ſie an einander trafen,
Und bethört von Todesengeln, die durch ihre Schwärme gingen,
Brüder ſich in blinder Wuth ſtürzten in der Brüder Klingen.
Frag' die Nacht nach unſern Thaten! Sie hat uns im Kampf geſehen —
Aber wird der Tag es glauben, was in dieſer Nacht geſchehen?
Hundert Griechen, tauſend Türken, alſo war die Saat zu ſchauen
Auf dem Feld von Karpiniſſi, als das Licht begann zu grauen.
Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, und dich haben wir gefunden,
Kenntlich nur an deinem Schwerte, kenntlich nur an deinen Wunden,
An den Wunden, die du ſchlugeſt, und an denen, die dich trafen.
Wie du es verheißen hatteſt, in dem Zelt des Paſcha ſchlafen.

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Miſſolunghi Stadt der Ehren,
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich ſterben lehren!
Oeffne deine tiefen Grüfte, daß wir in den heil'gen Stätten,
Neben Helden unſern Helden zu dem langen Schlafe betten!
Schlafe bei dem deutſchen Grafen, Grafen Normann, Fels der Ehren,
Bis die Stimmen des Gerichtes alle Gräber werden leeren.

Auf den Tod des Markos Bozzaris.

Ein kleines Vöglein hat geſeufzt dort auf Sanct Niklas Höhe,
Da welkten gleich die Zweige hin umher in allen Gärten,
Und auf den Feldern, die's gehört, vertrockneten die Gräſer.
Zwei Griechen haben's auch gehört, zwei Anatolikoten:
Mein Vöglein, was zerraufſt du dich und weinſt im Sonnenſcheine? —
„Vorgeſtern als ich flog vorbei an Karpeniſi's Höhen,
Da hört' ich, wie in Skonoras Zelt ſie mit einander ſprachen;
Und in dem Rathe ſagten ſie die Kunde, die ich ſage:
Im Kampf fiel Markos Bozzaris und tauſend ſchlug er nieder."

Auf den Tod des Georgis.

Wie viele Mütter ſind betrübt, ſie tröſten ſich doch alle;
Des Georgis Mutter iſt betrübt, und ſie wird Troſt nicht finden.
An ihrem Fenſter ſitzet ſie und überſchaut die Felder,
Sie ſieht den Fuß des Berges dort von Lumos ſich verfinſtern.
Und iſt es von dem vielen Schnee, und iſt es von dem Winter? —
Es iſt nicht von dem vielen Schnee, es iſt nicht von dem Winter.
Sie ſchloſſen ein den ſchwarzen Georg, Ungläubige von Lala;
Es waren ihrer wenig nicht, es waren zwei, drei Tauſend,
Und der Georgis war allein mit ſeinen zwölf Genoſſen.
Der Derwiſch rief, der Araber, von ſeinem feſten Poſten:
Heraus, Georgis, beuge dich und gieb uns deine Waffen! —
„Georgis, ich, des Giania Sohn, des erſten Kapetanos,
Beſtehen will ich dieſen Kampf mit meinen zwölf Genoſſen." —
Makri Panagos rief herab, von einem hohen Berge:
Halt aus, Georgis, in dem Kampf, halt aus der Flinten Feuer!
Ich komme dir zu Hülfe her, und bringe zwei, drei Tauſend. —
„Wie halt' ich aus, mein lieber Ohm, drei Tage und drei Nächte,
Und ohne Waſſer, ohne Brod, und ohne alle Stütze?"

Wer iſt ſo würdig und ſo ſchnell, zu gehen nach Trikorfa,
Auf daß der Neuvermählten er, der Georgina, ſage:
Sollſt putzen dich zu Oſtern nicht, kein Goldſtück an dich hängen —
Getödtet haben ſie den Georg mit ſeinen zwölf Genoſſen.

Byron.

My task is done, my song has ceased, my theme
Has died into an echo.

Childe Harold.

„Siebenunddreißig Trauerſchüſſe? Und wen haben ſie gemeint?
Sind es ſiebenunddreißig Siege, die er abgekämpft dem Feind?
Sind es ſiebenunddreißig Wunden, die der Held trägt auf der Bruſt?
Sagt, wer iſt der edle Todte, der des Lebens bunte Luſt
Auf den Märkten und den Gaſſen überhüllt mit ſchwarzem Flor?
Sagt, wer iſt der edle Todte, den mein Vaterland verlor?"

Keine Siege, keine Wunden meint des Donners dumpfer Hall,
Der von Miſſolunghis Mauern brüllend wogt durch Berg und Thal,
Und als grauſe Weckerſtimme rüttelt auf das ſtarre Herz,
Das der Schlag der Trauerkunde hat betäubt mit Schreck und Schmerz:
Siebenunddreißig Jahre ſind es, ſo die Zahl der Donner meint,
Deren, Byron, deine Jahre, welche Hellas heut beweint!
Sind's die Jahre, die du lebteſt? Nein, um dieſe wein' ich nicht:
Ewig leben dieſe Jahre in des Ruhmes Sonnenlicht,
Auf des Liedes Adlerſchwingen, die mit nimmer müdem Schlag
Durch die Bahn der Zeiten rauſchen, rauſchend große Geiſter wach.
Nein ich wein' um andre Jahre, Jahre, die du nicht gelebt,
Um die Jahre, die für Hellas Du zu leben haſt geſtrebt:
Solche Jahre, Monde, Tage kündet mir des Donners Hall,
Welche Lieder, welche Kämpfe, welche Wunden, welchen Fall!
Einen Fall im Siegesſturme auf den Mauern von Byzanz,
Eine Krone dir zu Füßen, auf dem Haupt der Freiheit Kranz!

Edler Kämpfer, haſt gekämpfet, eines jeden Kranzes werth,
Haſt gekämpfet mit des Geiſtes doppelſchneidig ſcharfem Schwert,
Mit des Liedes ehrner Zunge, daß von Pol zu Pol es klang,
Mit der Sonne von dem Aufgang kreiſend bis zum Niedergang.
Haſt gekämpfet mit dem grimmen Tiger der Tyrannenwuth,
Haſt gekämpft in Lernas Sumpfe mit der ganzen Schlangenbrut,
Die in ſchwarzem Moder niſtet und dem Licht iſt alſo feind,
Daß ſie Gift und Galle ſprudelt, wenn ein Strahl ſie je beſcheint.
Haſt gekämpfet für die Freiheit, für die Freiheit einer Welt,
Und für Hellas junge Freiheit, wie ein todesfroher Held.
Sahſt in ahnenden Geſichten ſie auf unſern Bergen ſtehn,
Als im Thal noch ihre Kinder mußten an dem Joche gehn,
Hörteſt ſchon den Lorbeer rauſchen von der nahen Siegesluft,
Fühlteſt ſchon in Kampfeswonne ſchwellen deine große Bruſt!

Und als nun die Zeit erſchienen, die prophetiſch du geſchaut,
Biſt du nicht vor ihr erſchrocken; wie der Bräutigam zur Braut,
Flogeſt du in Hellas Arme, und ſie öffnete ſie weit:
„Iſt Tyrtäos auferſtanden? Iſt verwunden nun mein Leid?
Ob die Könige der Erde grollend auf mich niederſehn,
Ihre Schranzen meiner ſpotten, ihre Prieſter mich verſchmähn,
Eines Sängers Kriegesflagge ſeh' ich fliegen durch das Meer;
Tanzende Delphine kreiſen um des Schiffes Seiten her,
Stolz erheben ſich der Wogen weiße Häupter vor dem Kiel,
Und, an ſeinen Maſt gelehnet, greift er in ſein Saitenſpiel:
Freiheit! ſingt er mir entgegen, Freiheit! tönt es ihm zurück,
Freiheit brennt in ſeinen Wangen, Freiheit blitzt aus ſeinem Blick.
Sei willkommen, Held der Leier! Sei willkommen, Lanzenheld!
Auf, Tyrtäos, auf, und führe meine Söhne mir ins Feld!“

Alſo ſtieg er aus dem Schiffe, warf ſich nieder auf das Land,
Und die Lippen drückt' er ſchweigend in des Ufers weichen Sand;
Schweigend ging er durch die Scharen, gleich als ging er ganz allein,
Welche jauchzend ihm entgegen wogten bis in's Meer hinein.
Ach, es hatt' ihn wohl umſchauert, als er küßte dieſen Strand,
Eines Todesengels Flügel, der auf unſern Wällen ſtand!
Und der Held hat nicht gezittert, als er dieſen Boten ſah,
Schärfer faßt' er ihn ins Auge: „Meinſt du mich, ſo bin ich da!
Eine Schlacht nur laßt mich kämpfen, eine ſiegesfrohe Schlacht,
Für die Freiheit der Hellenen; und in deine lange Nacht
Folg' ich deinem erſten Winke ohne Sträuben, bleicher Freund!
Habe längſt der Erde Schauſpiel durchgelacht und durchgeweint.“

Arger Tod, du feiger Würger, haſt die Bitt' ihm nicht gewährt!
Haſt ihn hinterrücks beſchlichen, als er wetzt' an ſeinem Schwert,
Haſt mit ſeuchenſchwangerm Odem um das Haupt ihn angehaucht,
Und des Buſens Lebensflammen aus dem Nacken ihm geſaugt.
Und ſo iſt er hingeſunken ohne Sturz und ohne Schlag,
Hingewelkt wie eine Eiche, die des Winters Stürme brach,
Und die eine ſchwüle Stunde mit Gewürmen überſtreut
Und des Waldes ſtolze Heldin einem Blumentode weiht.
Alſo iſt er hingeſunken in des Lebens vollem Flor,
Aufgeſchürzt zu neuem Laufe harrend an der Schranken Thor,
Mit dem Blick die Bahn durchmeſſend, mit dem Blick am Ziele ſchon,
Das ihm heiß entgegen winkte mit dem grünen Siegeslohn.

Ach, er hat ihn nicht errungen! Legt ihn auf ſein bleiches Haupt!
Tod, was iſt dir nun gelungen? Haſt den Kranz ihm nicht geraubt!
Haſt ihn früher ihm gegeben, als er ſelbſt ihn hätt' erreicht!
Und der Lorbeer glänzet grüner, weil ſein Antlitz iſt erbleicht.

„Siebenunddreißig Trauerſchüſſe! Donnert, donnert durch die Welt!
Und ihr hohen Meereswogen, tragt durch euer ödes Feld
Unſrer Donner Widerhalle fort nach ſeinem Vaterland,
Daß den Todten die beweinen, die den Lebenden verbannt,
Was Britannia verſchuldet hat an uns mit Rath und That,
Dieſer iſt's der uns die Schulden ſeines Volks bezahlet hat!
Ueber ſeiner Bahre reichen wir dem Briten unſre Hand:
Freies Volk, ſchlag' ein und werde Freund und Herr von uns genannt.“

Die Veſte des Himmels.

Aſia hat ausgeſpieen ihre gelbe Tigerbrut,
Daß ſie purpurroth ſich trinke in der Griechenkinder Blut;
Afrika aus ihren Wüſten ſchwemmet über Hellas Meer
Mit des Samums Todeshauche ihre Negerhorden her.
Miſſolunghi, Stadt der Helden, laß die Kreuzesfahne wehn!
Zähle nicht die Ungezählten, die vor deinen Mauern ſtehn!
Zähle nicht des Waldes Blätter, zähle nicht den Sand am Meer,
In des Himmels Feldern zähle deines Gottes Sternenheer.
Ob ſich deine Tonnen leeren, deine Scheuern werden licht,
Wäge nicht den letzten Brocken, miß den letzten Tropfen nicht.
Hat dein Heiland mit fünf Broten nicht fünf Tauſende geſpeiſt?
Bete, bis vor deinem Rufe ſich des Himmels Zelt zerreißt!
Manna regnet's aus den Wolken auf der Wüſte dürren Sand:
Gott hat Manna für euch alle — ſtreckt nur aus die matte Hand!
Miſſolunghi Stadt der Helden, wach' und bete Tag und Nacht!
Sieh, in ihren tiefen Grüften ſind die Todten auch erwacht.
Sieh, auf deinen Wällen ſchreiten ihre Geiſter hoch daher,
Flammenſchwerter in den Händen, doch die Wunden leuchten mehr.
Markos, Sulis Königsadler, ſucht der jähen Zinne Stand,
Und den deutſchen Grafen führet er brüderlich an ſeiner Hand.
Aber einſam auch im Tode ſchleicht der Britenſänger hin,
Denn des Lebens Räthſel ſchweben dunkel noch vor ſeinem Sinn:
Durch die Sterne bricht ſein Auge, eine Antwort zu erſpähn:
Herrſcht der Chriſtengott dort oben, und muß Hellas untergehn?
Miſſolunghi, Stadt der Helden, Hellas Hort und Ehrenſtern,
Schmach der Heiden, Stolz der Chriſten, Miſſolunghi, Stadt des Herrn,
Deine martyrfeſten Mauern werden nimmer untergehn:
Iſt die Erde dein nicht würdig, wirſt du einſt im Himmel ſtehn,
Als die Wächterin des Thrones, wann des Höllenfürſten Macht
Wider Gott ſich will empören und die Engel ruft zur Schlacht.

Miſſolunghis Himmelfahrt.

Miſſolunghi, du gefallen? — Nein, gefallen biſt du nicht,
Biſt in donnerndem Triumphe auf der Blitze Flammenlicht
In den Himmel aufgeflogen, Stein und Erde, Thurm und Wall,
Siegeswaffen, Heldenglieder, alles auf in einem Knall!
Auch die Leichen, die du bargeſt in dem ſchwarzen Schooß der Gruft,
Haſt ſie mit hinauf getragen in des Aethers freie Luft,
Wo die Seelen, die in ihnen lebten ihres Lebens Tag,
Jauchzend wieder ſie umfingen, die erlöſten aus der Schmach.
Sieh, und auf der heilgen Stätte, wo die Martyrveſte ſtand,
Liegt ein wüſter Aſchenhaufen an dem blutgetränkten Strand.
Kommt ihr hohen Chriſtenhäupter, die ihr mit dem Schwert der Macht
Habt von ferne ſtill geſtanden und an weiſen Rath gedacht,
Als die Todesglocken riefen: Helfet uns, ſo helf' euch Gott!
Als die Heldenherzen brachen in des Hungers grimmer Noth; —
Kommt, von dieſer Aſche ſammelt in die Purpurmäntel ein,
Streuet ſie auf eure Kronen über Gold und Edelſtein,
Und ſo tretet vor den Richter, der des Himmels Wage hält,
Wann er euch dereinſt wird rufen, von den Thronen ſeiner Welt.
An dem Tage wird er fragen: Helfer ihr, mit meinem Schwert,
Warum habt ihr nicht geholfen, warum habt ihr nicht gewehrt,
Als der Heiden Tigerzähne würgten meine kleine Schar,
Und mit ihrem Blut begoſſen meiner Kirche Hochaltar,
Als ſie meines Kreuzes Banner niedertraten in den Staub,
Und die Zionsburg der Freiheit ward der Sclavenhorde Raub?

Das neue Miſſolunghi.

Durch, ihr Brüder! Durch, ihr Brüder! Durch! Die Stunde hat geſchlagen!
Durch! Aus Miſſolunghis Thoren laßt uns Miſſolunghi tragen,
Von den freien Bergeshöhen winken ſchon die Feuerzeichen,
Die uns durch die weiten Lüfte ihre Flammenhände reichen,
Uns zu ſich empor zu ziehen in die Burg, die Gott erbauet,
In das neue Miſſolunghi, das er unſrer Wehr vertrauet.
Durch! Aus Miſſolunghis Thoren laßt uns Miſſolunghi tragen,
Und mit unſrer heilgen Beute durch den Heidenſchwarm uns ſchlagen!
Miſſolunghi in den Waffen, in den Armen, in den Herzen,
Miſſolunghi in dem Sturme unſrer rachefrohen Schmerzen,
Unſre Herzen deine Kirchen, deine Zinnen unſre Lanzen,
Unſre Arme deine Mauern, unſre Brüſte deine Schanzen! —
Ach, und um uns her gezogen iſt ein tiefer rother Graben,
Blut der Weiber und der Kinder, die ſie uns geſchlachtet haben.

Die letzten Griechen.

Wir fragen nichts nach unſerm Ruhm, nach unſrer Namen Preis.
Was frommt's, ob Welt und Nachwelt einſt von unſern Thaten weiß?

Wenn Hellas ſinken muß in's Grab, was ſoll der Leichenſtein
Auf unſern Hügeln? Laßt ſie leer! Wir woll'n vergeſſen ſein.
Die Namen unſrer Väter gehn den Fremden durch den Mund,
Sind ihnen in der Schule recht, für Alt und Jung geſund.
Ach, wenn kein freier Grieche mehr euch griechiſch nennen kann
Miltiades, Leonidas, was iſt eu'r Nachruhm dann!
Dann ſteigt ihr gern mit uns hinab in die gemeine Gruft,
Auf welcher keine Sage ſteht und ſchöne Namen ruft.
Barbaren, ihr verſteht ſie nicht! Sie klingen euch ins Ohr,
Hinein zum einen, und heraus alsbald zum andern Thor;
Doch ewig taub wird euer Herz für Hellas Namen ſein,
Es ſog von unſrer Väter Geiſt nicht einen Tropfen ein.
Ein Tropfen nur in euer Herz und Hellas wäre frei,
Und umgeſtürzt der morſche Thurm der ſtolzen Tyrannei.
Was habt ihr, Völker, denn gelernt von Hellas alter Kunſt?
Frei ſein! So heißt ihr erſter Spruch. Blaſt weg den eiteln Dunſt,
Den ihr euch als helleniſch preiſt; ſeid ihr ſo frei noch nicht,
Zu helfen frei mit Wort und That, wo Freiheit Ketten bricht!
Wir fragen nichts nach unſerm Ruhm, nach unſrer Namen Preis.
Was frommt's, ob der Barbaren Schwarm von unſern Thaten weiß?
Wenn Hellas ſinken muß ins Grab, wir wollen keinen Stein
Für unſre Gruft. Laßt ungenannt die letzten Griechen ſein!

Hellas und die Welt.

Ohne die Freiheit, was wäreſt du, Hellas?
Ohne dich, Hellas, was wäre die Welt?

Kommt, ihr Völker aller Zonen,
Seht die Brüſte,
Die euch ſäugten
Mit der reinen Milch der Weisheit —
Sollen Barbaren ſie zerfleiſchen?
Seht die Augen,
Die euch erleuchteten
Mit dem himmliſchen Strahle der Schönheit! —
Sollen ſie Barbaren blenden?
Seht die Flamme,
Die euch wärmte
Durch und durch im tiefen Buſen,
Daß ihr fühltet,
Wer ihr ſeid,
Was ihr wollt,
Was ihr ſollt,
Eurer Menſchheit hohen Adel,
Eure Freiheit! —
Soll'n Barbaren ſie erſticken?
Kommt ihr Völker aller Zonen,
Kommt und helfet frei ſie machen,
Die euch alle frei gemacht!

Ohne die Freiheit, was wäreſt du, Hellas?
Ohne dich, Hellas, was wäre die Welt?

Wilhelmine Müller,

eine geborne Maiſch, ward 1740 zu Pforzheim geboren und verheirathete ſich mit dem Buchhändler M. in Karlsruhe. Sie erhielt als Dichterin von der Kaiſerin von Rußland einen koſtbaren Brillantring zum Geſchenk und lebte nach dem Tode ihres Mannes ſeit 1806 in Wien, wo ſie am 12. December 1807 ſtarb.

Sie ſchrieb:

Gedichte und Epiſteln. Karlsruhe 1800, 8.
Taſchenbuch für edle Frauen und Mädchen. Karlsruhe 1802, 1806 und 1807, 3 Bdchen. in 12.
Gedichte. Neue Aufl. Stuttgart 1806, 8.

Gute und gefällige Form, aber ein mehr rhetoriſches und reflectirendes als wirklich poetiſches Talent, treten in den Leiſtungen dieſer Dame hervor.

Amandus Gottfried Adolph Müllner,

der Neffe des Dichters Bürger, ward am 18. October 1774 zu Langendorf bei Weißenfels geboren, ſtudirte zu Pforta Philologie und beſonders Mathematik und Poeſie und dann zu Leipzig die Rechte. 1798 trat er in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Sachwalter auf, nachdem er bereits 1797 als Amtsviceactuar in Delitzſch thätig geweſen war; hier brachte er 1810 die Gründung eines Privattheaters zu Stande. 1806 erhielt er von Wittenberg die Doctorwürde der Rechte und wurde 1817 zum preußiſchen Hofrath ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt, nachdem er ſchon früher ſeine juriſtiſche Praxis niedergelegt hatte, vom Schlagfluſſe getroffen am 11. Juni 1829.

Von ihm erſchien, theils anonym:

Vermiſchte Schriften. Stuttgart 1824—26, 2 Bde., 8.
Dramatiſche Werke. Braunſchweig 1828 flg., 7 Bde. in 16; 2. rechtm., vollſt. und vom Verf. verb. Ausg. in 1 Bd. 1832, ſchmal gr. 8.
Derſelben 8. Bd., als Supplement. Wolfenbüttel 1828, 16. mit 1 Vign. Auch unt. d. Titel: Meine Lämmer und ihre Hirten. Drama.
Werke. 1r Supplementband, von Dr. Schütz. Meißen 1830, 8. mit Portrait und Facſimile. A. u. d. T.: M's Leben, Charakter und Geiſt.
— 2r—4r. Supplementband, von Schütz. Meißen 1830, 3 Bdchen in 16. A. u. d. T.: Anthologie der geiſtreichſten und witzigſten Gedanken M's.

Einzeln:

Inceſt. Roman. Greiz 1799, 2 Bde.
Modeſtins 60 Gedanken. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Elementarlehre der richterlichen Entſcheidungskunſt. Leipzig 1812.
Der 29. Februar. Leipzig 1812.
Spiele für die Bühne. Ebendaſ. 1815; 2. Ausg. 1821, 2 Bde. in 8.
Die Schuld. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1816, 8.; 4. Aufl. Stuttgart 1828, 8. (Ins Ungariſche überſetzt).
König Yngurd. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1817, 8.; 2. A. 1819.
Der Wahn. Leipzig 1817. (Ueberarbeitung des 29. Februars.)
Almanach für Privatbühnen. Leipzig 1817—19, 3 Jahrgänge oder Bde. in 12. mit Kupf.
Die Albaneſerin. Stuttgart und Tübingen 1820, gr. 12.
Vers und Reim für die Bühne. Stuttgart 1822, 16.
Hekate. Wochenblatt. Leipzig 1823, 2 Bde. 8.
Kotzebue's Literaturbriefe. Braunſchweig 1828, 8.
Luſtſpiele. Braunſchweig 1828, 3 Thle., 16. mit 3 Titelvign.
Trauerſpiele. Ebendaſ. 1828, 4 Bde., in 16. mit 4 Titelv.

Auch gab er das Mitternachtsblatt (Braunſchweig 1826—29) und das Literaturblatt zur Morgenzeitung (1820—1825) heraus.

Bei großem Talente hätte Müllner's Einfluß auf unſere Literatur ein bedeutender und bleibender ſein können, wenn er mehr Tiefe des Gefühls und größeren Adel der Geſinnung beſeſſen hätte; ihm galt aber ſein eigenes Ich als das höchſte, und alles Andere mußte vor dieſem zurückſtehen. Als Dichter zeigte er große Gewandtheit der Darſtellung, Reichthum an Bildern und Gedanken, eine ausgezeichnete Diction und geiſtige Feinheit, aber es fehlte ihm an weſprünglicher Schöpfungskraft, und alle Wirkung beruht bei ihm nur auf äußerſt geſchickten, ſorgfältig durchgeführten, mitunter höchſt künſtlichen Combinationen. Daher iſt er auch im Luſtſpiel weit glücklicher als in der tragiſchen Poeſie, in welcher er obendrein durch die Einführung einer dunkeln Macht des Schickſals, die eben ſo ſehr dem antiken Fatum wie den chriſtlichen Anſichten entgegenſtand, alles Edle zerſtörte, indem er die ſittliche Kraft des freien Willens dadurch vernichtete. Als Kritiker zeigte er großen Scharfſinn und vielſeitiges, wenn gleich nicht überall gründliches Wiſſen, Witz und Entſchiedenheit, aber auch eben ſo viel Egoismus, wodurch er ſich leicht zu Perſönlichkeiten und Ungerechtigkeiten verleiten ließ und ſich furchtbar verhaßt machte, ſo daß ſich bei ſeinem plötzlichen Tode faſt nirgends eine Stimme des Mitleids erhob.

Ernſt Joſias Herrmann Münch

ward 1798 zu Rheinfeld geboren und kam nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und rechtlichen Studien als Lehrer an die Cantonsſchule zu Aarau. Er erlangte in beiden Wiſſenſchaften die Doctorwürde und folgte von Aarau einem Rufe als Profeſſor an die Univerſität nach Freiburg im Breisgau, kam 1828 als Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Lüttich und wurde 1829 zum zweiten Bibliothekar der königlich niederländiſchen Bibliothek im Haag ernannt. Später ging er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Stuttgart.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Baſel 1819, 8.
Helvetiſche Eichenblätter. Schaffhauſen 1820, gr. 8.
Eidgenöſſiſche Lieder. Baſel 1822, 8.; 2. Aufl. 1826.
Aletheia. Zeitſchrift. Zürich 1822. Dann Aachen 1829. ff.
Geſchichte des Aufſtandes der helleniſchen Nation. Baſel 1825, 2 Thle.
Pirkheimer's Schweizerkrieg. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Charitas Pirkheimer. Nürnberg 1826.
Pantheon der Geſchichte des deutſchen Volks. Freiburg 1826.
Franz von Sickingen's Pläne, Thaten ꝛc. Stuttgart 1827—29, 3 Thle.
Die Schickſale der Kortes von Spanien. Ebendaſ. 1827, 2 Thle.
König Enzius. Ludwigsluſt 1827.
Geſchichte des Repräſentativſyſtems in Portugal. Leipzig 1827.
Deutſche Alterthumskunde. Freiburg 1827.
Geſchichte des Mönchthums. Stuttgart 1828, 2 Thle.
Vermiſchte hiſtoriſche Schriften. Ludwigsluſt 1828—1829, 2 Thle.
Geſchichte von Braſilien. Dresden 1829, 2 Thle.
Jugendbilder und Jugendträume. Lüttich 1829, gr. 8.
Leben Zſchokke's. Haag 1830, 8.
Geſchichte des Hauſes Naſſau Oranien. Aachen 1830.
Geſchichte des Hauſes und des Landes Fürſtenberg. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Schwarzwaldroſen. Aachen 1831, 16.
Lukrezia und Gaſparo. Nach Aeneas Silvio Piccolomini bearbeitet. Ludwigsburg 1833, gr. 12.
Allgemeine Geſchichte der neueſten Zeit. Stuttgart 1833—1836, 6 Thle.
Allgemeine Geſchichte der katholiſchen Kirche. Karlsruhe 1836.
Biographiſch-hiſtoriſche Studien. Stuttgart 1836 fgde. 2 Bde.
Erinnerungen, Lebensbilder und Studien aus den erſten 37 Jahren eines deutſchen Gelehrten. Karlsruhe 1836 fgde.

Viele hiſtoriſche und politiſche Abhandlungen, Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

Das Urtheil über dieſen höchſt talentvollen und gewandten Schriftſteller iſt ſehr verſchieden, da ihm von ſeinen Gegnern der Vorwurf gemacht wird, ſich nicht treu in ſeinen politiſchen Anſichten geblieben zu ſein. — Großer Fleiß, glänzende Darſtellung, Leichtigkeit der Auffaſſung und geiſtvolle Behandlung zeichnen alle ſeine Leiſtungen aus; ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Arbeiten fehlt es jedoch an gründlicher Forſchung und ſorgfältiger Benutzung der Quellen, weshalb ſich viele darunter nicht über den Rang guter unterhaltender und nützlicher Lectüre erheben und der Wiſſenſchaft eben keinen großen Gewinn bringen. —

Johann Gottlieb Münch

ward am 9. December 1774 zu Baireuth geboren, lebte nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Studien eine Zeit lang als Privatgelehrter zu Baireuth und Erlangen, bis er 1796 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Altdorf kam. Von hier ging er 1803 als würtembergiſcher Hofprediger nach Elwangen, 1806 als Pfarrer nach Möhringen und wurde dann 1808 als Stadtpfarrer nach Stuttgart verſetzt. Nachdem er zu der philoſophiſchen auch die theologiſche Doctorwürde erhalten hatte, ging er 1812 als Superintendent und Profeſſor ordinarius der Theologie nach Tübingen. —

Er verfaßte:

Ewald. Leipzig 1794.
Freund Heins Wanderungen. Görlitz 1795.
Verirrungen des menſchlichen Herzens. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Werden wir uns wiederſehen nach dem Tode? Briefe. Baireuth und Regensburg 1798—1800. 2 Thle.
Schwarze Rettiche. Leipzig 1798.
Sonntagslaunen. Ebendaſ. 1799.
Hans Holzmeiers Durchzüge. Ebendaſ. 1799, 2 Thle.
Praktiſche Seelenlehre für Prediger. Regensburg 1800, 3 Thle.
Montagslaunen. Leipzig 1800.
Das Mährleinbuch. Ebendaſ. 1800, 2 Thle.
Der Narr in Folio. Ebendaſ. 1800.
Wintermährchen. Baireuth 1800.
Kleine ſatyriſche Schriften. Nürnberg 1803, 8.
Chriſtliches Predigtbuch. Stuttgart 1810, 2 Thle
Paſſionsblumen. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Morgen- und Abendbetrachtungen. Ebendaſ. 1812—14, 2 Thle.
Grabreden. Eßlingen 1814.

Frohe Laune, wohlwollende Satyre, gute Charakterzeichnung und glückliche Erfindung zeichnen M's poetiſche Schriften eben ſo ſehr aus, wie tiefes Gefühl, Scharfſinn, Geiſt, Wärme und Klarheit ſeine aſketiſchen und theologiſchen.

Karl Klodwig Auguſt Heino, Freiherr von Münchhauſen

ward am 11. Februar 1759 zu Weſerinſel bei Oldendorf geboren, trat nach vollendeten ſchönwiſſenſchaftlichen und militäriſchen Studien in kurheſſiſche Dienſte, avancirte zum Oberſtlieutenant und wurde als ſolcher, nachdem er dem Kriege in Nordamerika beigewohnt, mit dem Ritterkreuze des Ordens pour le mérite militaire und dem des heiligen Grabes geehrt. Er zog ſich endlich vom Staatsdienſte zurück und lebte als Privatmann auf ſeinem Gute Swedenſtorp in der heſſiſchen Grafſchaft Schaumburg. Sein Tod erfolgte daſelbſt am 26. December 1836.

Von ihm erſchien:

Die Sympathie der Seelen. Drama. Kaſſel 1791.
Rückerinnerungen. Frankfurt 1797, 8. (mit Seume). Neue Aufl. Frankfurt 1823, 16.
Der neue Schiffer. Romanze. Marburg 1796.
Schallwingel. Kaſſel 1799.
Verſuche. Neuſtrelitz 1801, 8. mit Kupfern (mit Seume).
Bardenalmanach für 1802. Neuſtrelitz 1802, 12. (mit F. Gräter).

Seine ſchriftſtelleriſchen und poetiſchen Leiſtungen erhalten ihren hauptſächlichſten Werth durch den trefflichen männlichen Charakter und die edle Geſinnung, die ſich in ihnen offenbart.

Von Munegiur, ſ. Minneſinger.

Wilhelm Münſcher

ward am 11. März 1766 zu Hersfeld geboren, ſtudirte zu Marburg Philoſophie und Theologie und promovirte daſelbſt zum Dr. der Theologie, nachdem er bereits außerordentlicher und ſpäter zweiter ordentlicher Profeſſor dieſer Wiſſenſchaft an der dortigen Univerſität geworden war. Seine Regierung erhob ihn zugleich zum Conſiſtorialrath und Inſpector der reformirten Pfarreien des Fürſtenthums Oberheſſen. Er bekleidete dieſe Aemter bis zu ſeinem am 28. Juli 1814 erfolgten Tode.

Er gab heraus:

Handbuch der chriſtlichen Dogmengeſchichte. Marburg 1797—1809, 4 Bde., 3. Ausg. 1818, 8.
Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Lehrbuch der Kirchengeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1804; 2. Ausg. 1815.
Lehrbuch der Dogmengeſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1811.; 2. Ausg. 1819.
Politiſche Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1813.
Leben und Nachlaß, von L. Wachler. Frankfurt 1817.

Ein tüchtig ſtrebender Theolog, deſſen Werke über die Dogmengeſchichte lange eine bedeutende Lücke ausfüllten. — Seine Predigten ſind von geringerer Bedeutung.

Balthaſar Münter

ward am 24. März 1734 zu Lübeck geboren und durch das Falliment ſeines Vaters, eines angeſehenen dortigen Kaufmanns, ebenſo früh mit dem Wechſel des Glücks bekannt, als zu tüchtiger Anſtrengung ſeiner eigenen Kräfte veranlaßt. Nach rühmlich abſolvirten Schulſtudien entwickelte er ſeit 1754 auf der Univerſität Jena unter der beſondern Leitung von Darjes noch herrlicher ſeine ſpeculativen und praktiſchen Anlagen für die Theologie, wurde 1757 Privatdocent und Adjunct der philoſophiſchen Facultät daſelbſt und von hier 1760 zuerſt als Waiſenhausprediger und Hofdiaconus nach Gotha und 1763 als Superintendent nach Tonna gerufen. Obwohl von der herzoglichen Familie ebenſo ſehr als von ſeinen Gemeinden und Amtsbrüdern ausgezeichnet und geehrt, nahm er 1765 doch den Ruf als Hauptprediger der Petrigemeinde zu Kopenhagen an und wirkte hier 28 Jahre lang mit Ruhm und Nutzen bis zu ſeinem am 5. October 1793 erfolgten Tode. 1767 war ihm von der dortigen Univerſität die theologiſche Doctorwürde ertheilt worden. — Er war ein zärtlicher Gatte und Vater, treuer Freund, kenntnißvoller Gelehrter und muſterhafter Kanzelredner.

Er gab heraus:

Ode zum Lobe der Gottheit. Lübeck 1751—53, 2 Sammlg. 8.
Gedächtnißrede auf Martin Friedrich Renſville. Jena 1756, 8.
Gedächtnißrede auf W. Chr. Boleman. Ebendaſ. 1757, 8.
Gedächtnißrede auf Frau J. Baggin. Ebendaſ. 1758, 8.
Gedächtnißrede auf den Profeſſor Dr. Reuſch. Ebendaſ. 1758, 8. Auch unter dem Titel: „Reuſch's Größe."
Gedächtnißrede auf den Profeſſor Dr. Blaufuß. Ebendaſ. 1759, 8.
Gedächtnißrede auf G. W. Detep. Jena 1759, 8.
5 mal 5 Reden über die wichtigſten Pflichten derer, die da hoffen. Jena 1759—62, 5 Sammlungen, 8.
Allgemeine Redekunſt. Jena 1760, 1. Thl. 8.
Heilige Reden oder Predigten. Göttingen und Gotha 1760—66, 7 Thle., 8.
Der Baum der Erkenntniß. Gotha 1761, 8.
Poetiſche Denkſprüche auf alle Sonntage des Jahres. Gotha 1761, 8.
Kantaten über die Evangelien. Ebendaſ. 1761, 8.
Kantaten über die Epiſteln. Rudolſtadt 1762, 8.
Inhalt der Predigten von 1766—1770. Kopenhagen 1767—71, gr. 8.
Geiſtliche Kantaten. Göttingen und Gotha 1769, 8.
Abgekürzte Predigten, von 1771—72 Advent. Kopenhagen 1772, 8.
Dieſelben, von 1772—77. Ebendaſ. 1773—77, 8.
Geiſtliche Lieder. Kopenhagen und Leipzig 1772—74, 2 Sammlg., 8.; 2. Aufl. der 1. Sammlung. Leipzig 1773, 8. Von den Bachs, Hertel, Kunze, Wolf, Hiller, Rolle und Benda in Muſik geſetzt.
Bekehrungsgeſchichte des Grafen Struenſee. 3. Ausg. Kopenhagen und Leipzig 1773, gr. 8., mit Portraits und Wappen.
Anleitung zur Erkenntniß und Ausübung des chriſtlichen Glaubens. Kopenhagen 1773, gr. 8. und Göttingen 1776, 8.
Unterhaltungen eines nachdenkenden Chriſten mit ſich ſelbſt. Hamburg 1775—76, 2 Thle. 8.
Predigten über die gewöhnlichen Sonntagsevangelien. Gotha 1778—1784, 7 Thle., gr. 8.
Vorträge über die Reden und Begebenheiten Chriſti. Gotha 1785—1793, 3 Bde., gr. 8.
Chriſtliche Lehre vom Gebet. Kopenhagen 1789, gr. 8.

Drei Traureden. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.

Auch lieferte er Recenſionen in die Jenaiſche philoſophiſche Bibliothek von Darjes (1759—60).

Innige echte Frömmigkeit, tiefe Begeiſterung, Kraft und Beredſamkeit ergreifen in ſeinen Liedern wie in ſeinen Predigten und aſketiſchen Schriften den Leſer auf das Eindringlichſte und reißen ihn zu gleichen Empfindungen fort.

Aus Struenſee's Bekehrungsgeſchichte.

Der Graf Struenſee hatte ſich weder vor noch in der Zeit ſeines Glücks als einen Freund der Religion und guter Sitten bewieſen. Niemand glaubte wenigſtens, ihn dafür halten zu können, und ſein Beiſpiel ſowohl als einige ſeiner öffentlichen Veranſtaltungen, auch ſeine Abänderungen ſolcher Geſetze, die die Einſchränkung des Laſters und der ſittlichen Unordnung zur Abſicht hatten, ſchienen unwiderſprechlich zu beweiſen, daß man in der Meinung, die man von ſeiner Religion hegte, nicht Unrecht hätte. Wer ſehr billig von ihm dachte, der hielt ihn für einen ſehr leichtſinnigen, den Vergnügungen und dem Ehrgeiz ergebenen Mann, der noch wohl von ſeiner Verirrung zurückkommen könnte. Darüber aber waren alle verſtändigen Beurtheiler einig, daß unter ſeiner Verwaltung der öffentlichen Angelegenheiten die Religion allen Nachtheil zu befürchten hätte, der ihr jemals von Menſchen verurſacht werden kann, und daß die Sitten des Volks, wenigſtens in der Hauptſtadt, in großer Gefahr wären, wild und zügellos zu werden.

Dieſe Betrachtungen verurſachten es, daß ſehr viele rechtſchaffene Leute, die nicht fähig ſind, ſich über das Unglück eines Menſchen zu freuen, den 17. Januar dieſes Jahrs, den Tag, an welchem der Graf Struenſee fiel, für einen der erfreulichſten ihres Lebens hielten. Sie ſahen nun die Rechte der Tugend und der Frömmigkeit vor der Gefahr geſichert, von der ſie ihnen bedroht geweſen zu ſein ſchienen. Und durch eine natürliche Folge hofften ſie nun auch allgemeine Sicherheit, Treu und Glauben, Thätigkeit und Ueberfluß, denn das alles war bisher ſehr wankend geweſen und faſt verſchwunden, bald wieder befeſtigt und hergeſtellt zu ſehen. Dem Manne ſelbſt, von dem man nun nichts mehr zu befürchten hatte, und deſſen unglückliches Schickſal man leicht muthmaßen konnte, wünſchten ſie Erkenntniß ſeiner Irrthümer und Vergehungen, und dann Begnadigung von der göttlichen Gerechtigkeit.

Als durch die über ſein Verhalten angeſtellte gerichtliche Unterſuchung ſo viel entdeckt worden war, daß man wiſſen konnte, die Geſetze würden ſein Leben als ein Opfer der Gerechtigkeit fordern, erhielt ich den Befehl des Königs, ihn in ſeinem Gefängniſſe zu beſuchen, und für das Beſte ſeiner Seele zu ſorgen. Ich kannte den Mann gar nicht, und war ihm unbekannt; wir waren allem Anſehen nach in unſern Grundſätzen und Geſinnungen ſehr weit von einander entfernt; ich mußte erwarten, daß er, allenfalls blos wegen meines Amtes und Geſchäfts bei ihm, ſehr mißtrauiſch gegen mich ſein würde, ſo wie ich auf meiner Seite eben nicht Urſache hatte, viel Vertrauen auf ihn zu ſetzen. Weil ich aber doch hoffen durfte, daß er in ſeiner Einſamkeit allenfalls auch den Umgang eines Geiſtlichen erträglich finden würde; weil ich mir bewußt war, daß ich wahres Mitleiden mit ihm hatte, und alſo gewiß nicht durch bittere und unzeitige Vorwürfe ſein Gemüth wider mich und meine Abſicht bei ihm einnehmen wollte; weil ich endlich von einigen ſeiner ehemaligen Bekannten gehört hatte, daß er offenherzig und in einem gewiſſen Verſtande aufrichtig ſei: ſo hielt ich die Errichtung einer ſolchen Freundſchaft unter uns, als zur Beförderung meines Endzwecks nothwendig war, nicht für unmöglich. Mit dieſer Hoffnung machte ich den Anfang meiner Beſuche bei ihm, und ich danke Gott für den Segen, mit welchem er meine Bemühungen um das Heil des unglücklichen Mannes begnadigt hat.

Erſte Unterredung, den 1. März.

Ich konnte jetzt noch keine andere Abſicht haben, als einigen Grund zur Vertraulichkeit unter uns zu legen, ihm den Zweck meines Zuſpruchs wichtig zu machen, und wenn dazu ſich Gelegenheit zeigen ſollte, über ſein Religionsſyſtem Nachricht von ihm zu erhalten.

Als es ihm gemeldet ward, daß ich mit ihm zu reden wünſchte, erkundigte er ſich, ob ich Befehl hätte, zu ihm zu kommen. Man bejahte ihm dieſes, und er ließ ſich's gefallen. Er empfing mich mit einem finſtern Geſicht, und in der Stellung eines Menſchen, der ſich darauf gefaßt macht, eine Menge bitterer Vorwürfe mit verachtendem Stillſchweigen anzuhören. Wir waren allein, und ich fühlte mich durch den Anblick des Elendes ſehr gerührt, in welchem ich den Mann ſah, der noch vor wenigen Wochen unter allen Unterthanen des Königs der erſte und mächtigſte geweſen war. Ich konnte dieſe meine Empfindung nicht verbergen, wollte es auch nicht. Herr Graf, ſagte ich, Sie ſehen, ich komme mit einem gerührten Herzen zu Ihnen. Ich weiß und fühle, was ich einem unglücklichen Mann ſchuldig bin, den Gott gewiß nicht zu einem ſolchen Unglück hat geboren werden laſſen. Ich wünſchte ſehr, daß ich Ihnen meine Beſuche angenehm und nützlich machen könnte. Er verließ hier ſeine gezwungene Stellung, ſein Geſicht ward heiterer, er gab mir die Hand und dankte mir für meine Theilnehmung an ſeinem Schickſale. Ich fuhr fort: Unſere Unterredungen werden zwar zuweilen für Sie und für mich unangenehm ſein. Aber darüber gebe ich Ihnen die heiligſte Verſicherung, daß ich Ihnen auch die traurigen Wahrheiten, die ich Ihnen zu ſagen glaube verbunden zu ſein, ohne alle Bitterkeit und Schadenfreude ſagen werde. Ich weiß, daß es mir nicht erlaubt iſt, Sie ohne Noth betrüben zu wollen. Glauben Sie mir das; ich betheure es Ihnen, daß ich die Wahrheit ſage. Und ſollte mir ja in der Geſchwindigkeit der Unterredung zuweilen ein Wort entfallen, das Sie für beleidigend halten können, ſo ſein Sie verſichert, daß ich es nicht in der Abſicht geſagt habe, Sie zu beleidigen, und überſehen Sie in dieſem Falle meine Uebereilung. Mit einer Miene und mit einem Anſtand, die mir nicht vortheilhaft in die Augen fielen, antwortete er mir hierauf: o, Sie können mir ſagen, was Sie wollen!

Ich will Ihnen gewiß nichts anders ſagen, Herr Graf, als was mein herzliches Verlangen zur Verbeſſerung, zur Glückſeligkeit Ihrer Zukunft, ſo viel als mir möglich ſein wird, beizutragen, mir nothwendig machen wird. Ich möchte Sie gerne auf Ihren moraliſchen Zuſtand und auf Ihre Verhältniſſe zu Gott aufmerkſam machen. Sie können nicht wiſſen, wie Ihr Schickſal in dieſer Welt entſchieden werden wird, und das Chriſtenthum, das ich lehre und glaube, macht es mir zur Pflicht, ſehnlich zu wünſchen, daß es Ihnen in der künftigen wohlgehen möge. Sehen Sie meine Beſuche und alle meine Unterredungen mit Ihnen blos von dieſer Seite an, ſo werden Sie ſie nach meinen Grundſätzen wenigſtens, in Anſehung ihrer Abſicht nicht tadelhaft finden. Ich hätte mehr als einen Vorwand gehabt, den Befehl abzulehnen oder zu verbitten, der mich zu Ihnen führt. Aber die Hoffnung, Sie in Ihrem Unglücke tröſten, und Ihnen zur Vermeidung eines noch größeren Rath geben zu können, iſt mir viel zu wichtig geweſen. Kleine Nebenabſichten müſſen Sie mir ja nicht zutrauen. Vortheile ſind von dieſer Arbeit nicht zu erwarten, und Ehre — ja, wenn Sie wollen, ſo iſt es freilich Ehre, ein Werkzeug in der Hand Gottes zur Beförderung der Glückſeligkeit eines Unglücklichen zu ſein. Aber bedenken Sie auch die Beſchwerden, die damit verknüpft ſind, und die Verantwortung, die ich vor Gott zu haben glaube, wenn etwa durch meine Schuld, und wäre es auch nur aus Uebereilung oder Mangel der nöthigen Kenntniſſe, mein Geſchäft bei Ihnen keinen erwünſchten Erfolg haben ſollte; bedenken Sie, welchen entſetzlich unangenehmen Empfindungen ich mich ausſetze, wenn etwa Ihr Proceß ſo unglücklich für Sie ausfallen ſollte, als Sie befürchten werden: ſo werden Sie mir zugeben, daß ich nicht um meinetwillen, ſondern in der Abſicht, Ihnen nützlich zu werden, zu Ihnen komme. Er geſtand mir hierauf zu zweienmalen, daß er völlig überzeugt ſei, ich ſuche nichts als ſein Beſtes.

Wenn Sie davon überzeugt ſind, fuhr ich mit Empfindung fort, ſo gönnen Sie mir auch das Vertrauen, das Sie dem, der Ihr Beſtes ſucht, mit Billigkeit nicht verſagen können. Ich werde es, und wenn Sie mich auch Anfangs für einen ſchwachen und von Vorurtheilen eingenommenen Mann halten, mit der dankbarſten Freundſchaft erwiedern; ich werde in dieſer Freundſchaft nicht ermüden, ſondern ſie Ihnen bis auf's Aeußerſte, da ich Ihr einziger Freund auf Erden ſein, da Sie gewiß Troſt von Ihrem einzigen Freunde fordern werden, zu Ihrer Beruhigung möglich zu machen ſuchen. Er ſah mich hierbei ſtarr an, und wie mirs ſchien, mit Thränen in den Augen, und drückte mir die Hand.

Ich ſah ihn gerührt, und ſuchte dieſen vortheilhaften Augenblick zu nutzen. Wenn Sie des Troſtes fähig ſein wollen, ſagte ich, den ich Ihnen als den einzigen wahren verſprechen zu können glaube, ſo müſſen Sie ja nicht auf den unſeligen Gedanken gerathen, als ein philoſophiſcher Held ſterben zu wollen. Und das würden Sie auch ſchwerlich bis ans Ende ausführen. Ihr Muth, und wenn Sie ſich auch zwingen könnten, äußerlich Miene zu halten, würde Sie doch in der That verlaſſen. Standhaftigkeit und Ruhe in der Stunde des Todes, iſt ganz gewiß nur das Erbtheil eines guten Gewiſſens. Er antwortete: er wäre bisher unter allen ſeinen Schickſalen ſtandhaft geweſen, und würde auch ſeinem Charakter gemäß nicht als ein Heuchler ſterben können. Heucheln, ſagte ich hierauf, würde in dem Augenblicke faſt noch ſchlimmer ſein, als eine erzwungene Standhaftigkeit, obgleich dieſe auch eine Art von Heuchelei ſein würde. Ich verlangte ja aber auch keine Heuchelei von ihm, ſondern nur dies, daß er mit Ehrfurcht gegen Gott, mit ſicherem Gefühl der nahen Ewigkeit, mit Empfindung ſeines Unrechts aus der Welt gehen möchte. Dann würde er geſchickt ſein, die Süßigkeit des Troſtes zu empfinden, zu deſſen Quelle ich ihn gern führen wollte. Uebrigens bäte ich ihn, daß er ſich ja auf die Standhaftigkeit, die er ſonſt glaubte bewieſen zu haben, in dieſem Falle nicht verlaſſen möchte. Seine vorigen unangenehmen Schickſale, die etwa in Krankheit oder Dürftigkeit möchten beſtanden haben, würde er ſelbſt wohl mit dem, welches ihn jetzt erwartete, nicht vergleichen wollen. Ueberdieß machte er ſich vielleicht jetzt noch einige Hoffnung. Nein, antwortete er, ich mache mir gar keine! „So ſehen Sie wenigſtens den Tod noch nicht in der Nähe. Sie wiſſen Ihr Ziel noch nicht genau zu beſtimmen. Es kann etwa noch auf einige Monate hinausſtehen. Aber, hier nahm ich ihn bei der Hand, aber, Herr Graf, wenn ich nun Befehl hätte, Ihnen zu ſagen, übermorgen, morgen, heute ſollen Sie ſterben, würden Sie dann auch nicht den Muth ſinken laſſen?“ Das weiß ich freilich nicht, ſagte er. Wie aber, fuhr ich fort, wenn Sie dann nun Ihre vermeinte Standhaftigkeit verließe, und es dann zu ſpät wäre, Troſt und Hoffnung zu ſuchen und zu finden, was meinen Sie denn wohl, wie Ihnen zu Muthe ſein würde? Er ſchwieg ſtille.

Sie ſehen hieraus, fuhr ich fort, die Abſicht unſerer Unterredungen iſt wichtig für Sie und verdient alle ihre Aufmerkſamkeit. Ich ſuche nichts geringeres als Sie auf Ihren vielleicht nahe bevorſtehenden Schritt in die Ewigkeit zuzubereiten, daß Sie ihn mit guter Hoffnung mögen thun können. Ich vermuthe nun zwar, daß wir über den Zuſtand des Menſchen nach dem Tode nicht einerlei Meinung haben. Aber wenn Sie ſich gleich bisher mögen überredet gehabt haben, es ſei kein künftiges Leben, und alſo auch kein Lohn und keine Strafe, ſo haben Sie doch gewiß nicht davon überzeugt ſein können. Unzähligemal wird Ihnen Ihr inneres Gefühl widerſprochen haben. Sie werden vor der Ewigkeit oft erſchrocken ſein, ob Sie gleich ſo geſchickt zu Ihrem Unglück geweſen ſein können, dieſe Empfindung jedesmal in der Geburt zu erſticken. Wenigſtens können Sie es jetzt und nimmermehr beweiſen, daß keine Ewigkeit vorhanden iſt.

Er hörte mir aufmerkſam zu; aber das wollte er nicht geſtehen, daß er die Unſterblichkeit gefühlt und ſich davor gefürchtet hätte. Es könnte wohl ſein, ſagte er, aber er erinnere ſich nicht daran. Der Gedanke, daß er nun bald ganz aufhören würde zu ſein, ſei ihm freilich gar nicht angenehm, er fürchte ſich davor, und wünſche zu leben, ſelbſt mit minderer Glückſeligkeit als er jetzt in ſeinem Gefängniſſe habe. Aber das könne er doch auch nicht ſagen, daß ihm die Erwartung, ganz vernichtigt zu werden, ſo erſchrecklich fürchterlich ſei, als manche ſelbſt unter denen, die mit ihm über die Sache einerlei Meinung hegten, ſie gefunden hätten.

Ich knüpfte den abgeriſſenen Faden der Unterredung wieder an, und fuhr ſo fort: Sie müſſen nun doch wenigſtens die Möglichkeit eines Lebens nach dem Tode zugeben, und dieſe iſt eben ſo wahrſcheinlich, als die Unmöglichkeit deſſelben, die Sie vielleicht glauben aber nicht beweiſen können. Ich könnte Ihnen aus der bloßen Vernunft die höchſte Wahrſcheinlichkeit davon, die in ſolchen Dingen faſt Gewißheit iſt, darthun, aber ich finde das zu meiner jetzigen Abſicht überflüſſig. Ich will nur die bloße Möglichkeit annehmen, die Sie ſchon zugeben müſſen. Wenn aber nur dies iſt, ſo muß es Ihnen ſchon äußerſt wichtig ſein, bald zu wiſſen, wie es Ihnen in dem möglichen künftigen Leben ergehen könne, damit Sie, wenn etwa in demſelben ein trauriges Schickſal für Sie zu erwarten wäre, die beſten Mittel ſuchen können, es zu verbeſſern oder gar von ſich abzuwenden.

Er erkannte dieſen Schluß für richtig, und ſich für verbunden darüber zu ſorgen, daß, wenn ja eine Ewigkeit wäre, ſie für ihn, wo nicht glücklich, doch wenigſtens erträglich ſein möchte. Aber daß ein künftiges Leben ſein wird, ſetzte er hinzu, das werden Sie mich ſchwerlich glauben machen. Meinen Verſtand können Sie vielleicht überzeugen, und mir Beweiſe vorlegen, gegen die ich nichts einwenden kann. Aber ich fürchte, mein Herz wird nicht Theil daran nehmen. Meine entgegengeſetzte Meinung iſt ſo feſt in meine Geſinnung hineingewebt, ich habe ſo viele Gründe für ſie geſammelt, ſo viele Bemerkungen aus der Anatomie und Phyſik zu ihrer Beſtätigung gemacht, daß es mir unmöglich ſcheint, ſie verlaſſen zu können. Das verſpreche ich Ihnen indeſſen, daß ich mich nicht nur Ihren Bemühungen mich zu erleuchten nicht muthwillig widerſetzen, ſondern Ihnen, ſo weit als es mir möglich iſt, entgegen kommen will. Ich will auch nie heucheln, ſondern Ihnen allemal aufrichtig ſagen, wovon ich überzeugt und wovon ich's nicht bin. Ich will offenherzig mit Ihnen umgehen, das iſt meinem Charakter gemäß, und meine Freunde können es Ihnen bezeugen. Ich bat ihn noch, ſich bei unſern Unterſuchungen vor der leichtſinnigen Denkungsart zu hüten, der er, wie ich glaubte, bisher ergeben geweſen wäre, und die ihn in dieſe Tiefe des Elendes geſtürzt hätte. Ich läugne es nicht, ſagte er, ich habe leichtſinnig in der Welt gelebt, ich erkenne auch die Folgen davon.

Ich verlaſſe mich auf Ihr Verſprechen, ſetzte ich hinzu, daß Sie aufrichtig mit mir umgehen werden. Wollten Sie das nicht thun, ſo würden Sie vielleicht mich, obgleich nur auf einige Tage, aber gewiß nicht das allwiſſende höchſte Weſen und Ihr eigenes Gewiſſen hintergehen können. Ich werde mich unausſprechlich freuen, wenn ich in meiner gewiß guten Abſicht bei Ihnen glücklich bin. Aber nächſt Gott können und müſſen Sie alles dabei thun. Ich kann nichts weiter, als Sie leiten. Es iſt ja auch Ihre eigene Angelegenheit, ſich um Ihr Heil zu bemühen, und Sie ſind verbunden alle Zeit, die Sie noch übrig haben, darauf zu wenden.

Ich bat ihn nun, mir von ſeinem Religionsſyſtem Nachricht zu geben, um darnach beurtheilen zu können, wie weit wir etwa in unſern Meinungen von einander abſtänden. Ich vermuthe ſchon, ſagte ich, daß Sie kein Chriſt ſind. Sie können leicht einſehen, wie ſehr ich wünſchen müſſe, daß Sie es werden mögen. Dennoch iſt es gar nicht meine Abſicht, Ihnen das Chriſtenthum aufzudringen, ich hoffe vielmehr, es Ihnen ſo wichtig und liebenswürdig machen zu können, daß Sie es ſelbſt für ein unentbehrliches Bedürfniß für ſich halten werden. Er antwortete mir: er ſei freilich weit davon entfernt, ein Chriſt zu ſein, indeſſen erkenne und verehre er ein höchſtes Weſen, und glaube, daß die Welt und das menſchliche Geſchlecht von Gott ihren Urſprung haben. — Daß der Menſch aus zwei Subſtanzen beſtehe, davon habe er ſich nie überzeugen können. Er hielte ſich und alle Menſchen für bloße Maſchinen. Er habe dieſe Hypotheſe nicht aus dem la Mettrie genommen, welchen er nie geleſen habe, ſondern ſich dieſelbe ſelbſt durch eignes Nachdenken gebildet. Gott ſei es, der die menſchliche Maſchine zuerſt in Bewegung ſetze, wenn ſie aber ſtocke, das iſt, wenn der Menſch ſterbe, ſo ſei für ihn nichts weiter zu hoffen noch zu fürchten. — Die Freiheit wollte er dem Menſchen nicht abſprechen, doch würden ſeine freien Handlungen durch die Empfindungen beſtimmt. Es ſei alſo allerdings Moralität in den Handlungen, aber nur in ſo fern ſie für die Geſellſchaft Folgen hätten. An ſich ſelbſt ſei alles, was der Menſch thun könne, gleichgültig. Gott bekümmere ſich um unſere Unternehmungen nicht, und wenn der Menſch die Folgen ſeiner Handlungen in ſeiner Gewalt hätte, und verhindern könnte, daß ſie der Geſellſchaft nicht nachtheilig würden, ſo habe ihm niemand Vorwürfe darüber zu machen. Er ſetzte noch hinzu, er müſſe geſtehen, daß er über einige ſeiner Handlungen ſehr unruhig ſei, am meiſten darüber, daß er Andere mit ſich ins Unglück gezogen habe. Er fürchte aber nach dieſem Leben für ſich keine üblen Folgen oder Strafe davon. Er ſehe nicht ein, daß ſolche Strafen zur Befriedigung der Gerechtigkeit Gottes nöthig wären, wenn er auch zugeben wollte, daß Gott an dem Thun und Laſſen der Menſchen Antheil nähme. Der Menſch würde ſchon hier für ſeine Vergehungen genug geſtraft. Er ſelbſt ſei in ſeiner Größe gewiß nicht glücklich geweſen. Wenigſtens habe er in den letzten Monaten ſeines ſo ſehr beneideten Glücks mit vielen unangenehmen Gemüthsbewegungen kämpfen müſſen.

Gegen das Chriſtenthum habe er vornehmlich dies einzuwenden, daß es nicht allgemein ſei. Wäre es eine göttliche Offenbarung, wäre es der wahre und einzige Weg zum Wohlgefallen Gottes, ſo müßte es nothwendig dem ganzen menſchlichen Geſchlechte bekannt gemacht ſein.

Ich ſagte diesmal wenig zur Widerlegung ſeines Syſtems und ſeines Einwurfs gegen die Religion, ſondern ſchlug ihm vor, ein vortreffliches Buch zu leſen, welches, wie ich ſehr vermuthete, vieles zur Aufklärung ſeiner Begriffe von der Religion beitragen würde. Er fragte mich mit einer mißtrauiſchen Miene: welches Buch? Jeruſalems Betrachtungen über die Religion, antwortete ich, ein Buch, das Sie blos um ſeiner vortrefflichen Schreibart willen mit dem größeſten Vergnügen leſen werden. Er bat mich, ihm daſſelbe zu bringen.

Ich hatte bemerkt, daß er wirklich unruhig über einige ſeiner Handlungen war, und hielt es für nützlich, dieſe ſeine Unruhe zu vermehren. Ich ſetze zum Voraus, daß meine Leſer wiſſen, wie viel er ſich über ſein Verhalten gegen den Grafen Bernſtorf vorzuwerfen hatte. Ich erzählte ihm alſo, als ich weggehen wollte, den Tod deſſelben. Iſt er geſtorben? rief er mit Lebhaftigkeit, und fuhr zuſammen. Ja, ſagte ich, er iſt geſtorben, er hat durch Weisheit, Religion und Frömmigkeit den Charakter des großen Mannes bis ans Ende behauptet, und man glaubt allgemein, daß der Gram ſeiner letzten Jahre, Herr Graf, ſeinen Tod befördert hat. Ich ſah ihn hiebei mit einer Miene an, die er gut zu verſtehen ſchien, denn er erröthete.

Zweite Unterredung, den 3. März.

Meine erſte Bemühung bei dem Grafen Struenſee mußte nun dieſe ſein, ihn von der Falſchheit ſeiner Hypotheſe, der

Menſch ſei nichts als eine Maſchine, zu überzeugen. Daraus ſchloß er, daß kein künftiges Leben ſei, ob es gleich nicht daraus folgt; und ſo lange er die Ewigkeit für nichts hielt, konnte Religion und Moralität ihm nicht wichtig werden.

Ich erinnerte ihn an ſein Verſprechen, der Wahrheit nicht vorſetzlich zu widerſtehen, ſondern ihr entgegen zu kommen. Sie ſtehen nun ſeit unſerer erſten Unterredung der Ewigkeit um zwei Tage näher. Ein Tag iſt Ihnen jetzt ſo viel als ſonſt ein Jahr. Sie müſſen alſo eilen Ihre Seele zu retten. Ich weiß wohl, Sie glauben jetzt weder, daß eine Ewigkeit iſt, noch daß Sie eine Seele haben. Sie kennen Ihre Vortheile noch nicht. Sie halten Ihre Meinung, der Menſch ſei eine bloße Maſchine, noch für Wahrheit, und folgern daraus mehr, als darinnen liegt. Doch werden Sie ſie wohl für nichts weiter als für eine philoſophiſche Hypotheſe ausgeben wollen. Aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte wollen wir ſie heute betrachten. Es iſt zwar nicht nöthig, daß ich mich auf eine umſtändliche Beurtheilung Ihrer Hypotheſe einlaſſe; denn daß kein künftiges Leben ſei, kann doch niemand aus derſelben beweiſen. Ich will es aber dennoch thun, damit Sie mich nicht in Verdacht haben mögen, daß ich Sie überraſchen wolle.

Er war ſehr aufmerkſam, und folgte mir bei der Unterſuchung, die ich nun anſtellte, Schritt vor Schritt. Ich an meiner Seite warnte ihn, ſo oft ich an einen Satz kam, der ſeiner Meinung beſonders gefährlich war, und forderte ihn auf, ſich zu vertheidigen, weil er nun in Gefahr ſei, überwunden zu werden.

Zuerſt ſetzte ich folgende logicaliſche Regeln über die philoſophiſche Hypotheſe ins Licht, und legte ſie zum Grunde. — Eine philoſophiſche Hypotheſe iſt ein Satz, den ich annehme, um andere Sätze, Erſcheinungen u. ſ. w. daraus zu erklären. Ein ſolcher Satz braucht keine erwieſene oder ausgemachte Wahrheit zu ſein, wenn er nur nicht in ſich ſelbſt oder andern gewiß erkannten Wahrheiten widerſprechend, und hinreichend iſt, die unbekannten Dinge zu erklären, zu deren Erklärung er angenommen wird. Deswegen iſt die Hypotheſe um ſo viel beſſer, je leichter und ungezwungener dasjenige, das man gerne durch ſie erklären will, durch ſie erklärt werden kann, aber ſie iſt um ſo viel ſchlechter, je weniger ſie dazu brauchbar iſt. Muß ich neue Hypotheſen zu Hülfe rufen, um das, was durch jene unerklärbar bleibt, zu erklären, ſo wird ſie immer unwahrſcheinlicher und verdächtiger, je mehr ſolche Hülfshypotheſen nöthig ſind. Wenn ich zum Exempel zeigen will, wie es zugehe, daß Tag und Nacht, daß die wärmern und kältern Jahreszeiten mit einander abwechſeln, ſo kann ich es auf dieſe Art anfangen. Die Sonne bewegt ſich alle vier und zwanzig Stunden um die Erde. Daher kommt Tag und Nacht. Aber was verurſacht die Jahreszeiten? Sie bewegt ſich in einem Schneckengange. Dadurch kömmt ſie allmählig der Erde näher, und macht die wärmern Jahreszeiten. Wie verurſacht ſie aber die kältern? Sie geht zu rechter Zeit in dieſem Schneckengange wieder zurück, und entfernt ſich von der Erde. Nun iſt freilich Tag und Nacht, Sommer und Winter erklärt. Aber die erſte Hypotheſe, daß die Sonne ſich alle vier und zwanzig Stunden um die Erde bewege, war dazu nicht hinlänglich. Sie mußte noch durch andere Hypotheſen unterſtützt werden. Die kopernikaniſche Hypotheſe hingegen bedarf dieſer Umſchweife nicht, und erklärt alles allein. Die Erde bewegt ſich um die Sonne ſo, daß ſie ſich täglich um ihre Axe, und jährlich einmal um die Sonne wälzt. Iſt nun nicht dieſe letzte der erſtern weit vorzuziehen, und hat ſich nicht die Vernunft ſchon längſt wirklich für ſie erklärt? — Alle dieſe Vorausſetzungen nahm der Graf ohne Widerſpruch für wahr und vernünftig an.

Ich wandte nun dieſe Regeln auf die Hypotheſe an: der Menſch iſt eine Maſchine. Dieſer Satz, ſagte ich, wird von Ihnen zur Erklärung der Erſcheinungen, die bei dem Menſchen erblickt werden, angenommen. Sie geben ihn, wie ich hoffe, für keine ausgemachte und erweisliche Wahrheit aus, ſonſt müßte ich Sie bitten, mir einen richtigen Beweis davon zu führen. Er mag vielleicht ausgeſchmückt, und durch einige anatomiſche Bemerkungen glaublich oder wohl gar wahrſcheinlich gemacht werden können. Aber der Zergliederer kennt doch ja nur die gröbern Theile des Menſchen. Die feinern entziehen ſich ſeinen Blicken. Daher iſt kein hinlänglicher Beweis davon möglich. Der Graf erbot ſich zwar zum Beweiſe. Aber alles lief darauf hinaus, daß er durch eine ſehr unvollſtändige Induction, wobei er ſich auf Hallers Phyſiologie berufen wollte, ſehr dringende Gründe für ſeine Meinung glaubte gefunden zu haben. Nachdem ich ihm hierauf durch Beiſpiele die Natur und Beweiskraft einer ſolchen Induction erläutert hatte, erklärte er ſich, er wolle ſeinen Satz für nichts weiter als für eine Hypotheſe ausgeben; doch behauptete er, er würde ihn zu einer andern Zeit und unter andern Umſtänden unwiderſprechlich haben demonſtriren können.

Es kam alſo nun zuförderſt auf die Frage an, ob auch der Satz, der Menſch iſt eine Maſchine, in ſich ſelbſt oder andern ausgemachten Wahrheiten widerſprechend ſei? Hier mußte der Begriff der Maſchine zum Grunde gelegt werden. Wir bildeten ihn mit einander, und wurden darüber einig, eine Maſchine ſei eine Verbindung verſchiedener nicht willkührlich wirkender Dinge, die ſo verknüpft ſeien, daß immer eins die Bewegung des andern beſtimmte. Wollte ich nun gleich zugeben, ſagte ich hier, daß Ihr Satz an ſich ſelbſt nicht widerſprechend ſei, ſo müßten Sie doch geſtehen, er ſtreite mit andern erwieſenen Wahrheiten. Der Menſch z. E. kann ohne körperliche Bewegung wirken. So iſt ein einfacher Gedanke, das Bewußtſein ſeiner ſelbſt, eine Wirkung, die von aller ſolcher Bewegung frei iſt. Wäre er eine Maſchine, ſo müßte er das nicht können, denn die Wirkungen einer Maſchine beſtehen allein in der Bewegung. Ferner läugnen Sie es ſelbſt nicht, daß der Menſch willkührliche und freie Handlungen hervorbringe. Eine Maſchine aber beſteht Ihrem Begriffe nach aus lauter unwillkührlichen Theilen, die alſo auch durch ſich ſelbſt nicht willkührlich wirken können. Soll nun der Menſch eine bloße Maſchine ſein, wie kann er denn willkührlich und frei handeln? —

Sie ſehen, Herr Graf, es iſt ſchon um Ihre Hypotheſe gethan. Sie iſt ein falſcher Satz. Sie iſt alſo nicht würdig von einem verſtändigen Manne beibehalten zu werden. — Doch wir wollen ſie demohngeachtet noch nicht wegwerfen. Laſſen Sie uns erſt unterſuchen, ob ſie zu der Abſicht hinlänglich iſt, die bei dem Menſchen vorkommenden Erſcheinungen zu erklären. Wir wollen dies nur mit einigen derſelben, ſo wie ſie uns zuerſt einfallen, verſuchen. Das Leben und den Tod des Menſchen kann ich aus dem Satz erklären, der Menſch ſei eine Maſchine. Die Maſchine iſt in Bewegung, das iſt, der Menſch lebt. Sie iſt zerbrochen, ihre Theile ſind verſchoben, ſie ſtockt, das iſt, der Menſch iſt todt. Schwerer möchte es ſchon ſein, die Zeugung und Geburt daraus herzuleiten? Man könnte ſagen, Maſchinen pflegen nicht gezeugt und geboren, ſondern von einem Meiſter, der da weiß, was er macht, und wozu er's macht, gebauet zu werden. Viele körperliche Verrichtungen des Menſchen ſind aus der Maſchine erklärbar, denn unſer Leib iſt wirklich eine Maſchine. Dies ſind aber auch nur ſolche, deren Gegentheil nicht erfolgen kann. Die große Menge der willkührlichen und freien Handlungen, wozu wir den Leib und ſeine Glieder brauchen, kann niemand aus dem Satze, der Menſch iſt eine Maſchine, begreiflich machen. Denn die Maſchine kann keine andern Bewegungen hervorbringen, als diejenigen, die durch ihren Bau beſtimmt ſind, und deren Gegentheil durch denſelben unmöglich gemacht iſt. So iſt es unmöglich, daß der Zeiger an einer Uhr von ſelbſt zurückgehe. Der Menſch aber thut augenblicklich vieles, deſſen Gegentheil er auch hätte thun können, wenn er gewollt hätte. Was wollen Sie endlich von den abſtracten Ideen ſagen? Dieſe, antwortete er, können nicht ohne Bilder gemacht werden, und dieſe Bilder werden aus der Empfindung hergenommen. Die Empfindung aber liegt in der Maſchine. Der Eindruck der äußern Gegenſtände, ſagte ich hierauf, wird in die Maſchine gemacht, aber derjenige, der ſich dieſes Eindrucks bewußt iſt, der das Bild denkt, der viele Bilder mit einander vergleicht und aus dieſer Vergleichung allgemeine Begriffe bildet, der bringt in dem Allen Wirkungen hervor, zu der die Maſchine ſelbſt unfähig iſt. Noch mehr. Erklären Sie mir doch aus dem Bau der Maſchine des Menſchen die Wirkungen des Gedächtniſſes, den Wunſch und die Hoffnung der Fortdauer nach der Zerſtörung der Maſchine, die der Menſch doch nicht eher verläugnen kann, bis er ſeine geheimen Urſachen dazu hat, auch die Freuden und die Schmerzen des Gewiſſens u. ſ. w. Der Graf hörte mich tiefſinnig an und ſchwieg ſtille.

Ihre Hypotheſe, ſchloß ich hieraus, iſt alſo auch nicht geſchickt zu der Abſicht, zu der Sie ſie angenommen haben. Es wäre denn, daß Sie, um ſie doch noch zu behaupten, zu allerlei Hülfshypotheſen Ihre Zuflucht nehmen wollten. Aber Sie wiſſen, was man von einem Gebäude halten kann, das ſo vieler Stützen bedarf. Sie werden mir nun ſagen, die Maſchine werde durch die Empfindungen zu den Wirkungen beſtimmt, die wir willkührlich oder frei nennen. Ja, ſagte er, und überſchüttete mich mit einer Menge von Kunſtwörtern. Da iſt die Senſibilität, die Irritabilität u. ſ. w. Er verſteckte ſich hier hinter dem Worte determiniren. Als ich ihm aber zeigte, determiniren ſei ſo viel, als das Gegentheil der determinirten Handlung unmöglich machen, und er doch dem Menſchen Willkühr und Freiheit nicht abſprechen wollte, ſo gab er nach. Nun ſetzte ich hinzu: die Empfindungen können gelegentliche Urſachen zu freien Handlungen ſein, ſie können dem Menſchen dazu einen Antrieb geben, aber ſie determiniren ihn nicht, ſie machen das Gegentheil der Handlung, zu der ſie ihn reizen, nicht unmöglich. Z. E.: da ſteht die Tabatiere. Ihr Anblick, ein gewiſſes Gefühl in meiner Naſe, kurz die Empfindung reizt mich, eine Priſe zu nehmen. Was werde ich nun thun, Herr Graf? „Sie werden eine Priſe nehmen!" Ich ſage Ihnen aber, ich werde keine nehmen. Die Empfindung giebt mir nur einen Antrieb, aber ſie determinirt mich nicht. Es ſteht bei mir, das Gegentheil von dem zu thun, wozu ſie mich neigt. — Sie ſehen hieraus, Herr Graf, Ihre Hypotheſe hat auch den Fehler, daß ſie Hülfshypotheſen nöthig hat, und dieſe ſind zum Unglück eben ſo unzulänglich, als ſie ſelbſt iſt.

Ich hatte vorhin erwähnt, daß auch die Vorwürfe des Gewiſſens unerklärbar blieben, wenn man annähme, der Menſch ſei eine Maſchine. Er erinnerte ſich daran und behauptete, ſie ließen ſich doch daraus herleiten, denn ſie entſtänden aus der Empfindung des Uebels, das man ſich zugezogen hätte. Ich gab ihm zu, ſie entſtänden aus der Empfindung dieſes Uebels, wenn er wollte; aber durch einen Schluß, den die Maſchine nicht machen könnte, ſondern nur das vernünftige Weſen, das mit der Maſchine verbunden wäre. Er hatte bei unſerer erſten Unterredung geſagt, er mache ſich über einige ſeiner Handlungen Vorwürfe. Ich bildete ihm den Schluß, den er ſelbſt darüber gemacht haben müßte, und fügte einige praktiſche Anmerkungen hinzu, die auf ſeinen Zuſtand gingen. Dies ſchien ihm einleuchtend zu ſein, und er ward dadurch auf einige Augenblicke in ſich ſelbſt vertieft.

Nachdem er wieder von ſeinem tiefen Nachdenken zurückgekommen war, fuhr ich ſo fort: Sie wiſſen, Herr Graf, daß die kopernikaniſche Hypotheſe, weil ſie vernünftiger und bequemer war, die tychoniſche verdrängt hat. Die Vernunft erkannte es für ihre Pflicht, dieſe fahren zu laſſen und jene anzunehmen. Sie ſind jetzt in einem ähnlichen Falle. Sie haben geſehen, Ihre bisherige Hypotheſe iſt widerſprechend, unbequem und unbrauchbar. Wenn ich Ihnen nun eine andere angeben könnte, die beſſer wäre, würden Sie ſich nicht für verbunden halten, ſich für ſie zu erklären? Dieſe Hypotheſe drückte ich ſo aus: der Menſch beſteht aus zwei Subſtanzen, Leib und Seele. Erinnern Sie ſich daran, ich gebe dieſen Satz jetzt noch für nichts weiter als für eine Hypotheſe aus. Ich glaube aber, dieſe hat alle die Mängel nicht, die Sie an der Ihrigen entdeckt haben, ſie hat vielmehr die entgegengeſetzten Vortheile. Der Leib, die eine der beiden Subſtanzen, woraus der Menſch beſteht, iſt und bleibt eine Maſchine. In ſo weit können Sie Ihre alte Meinung beibehalten. Und darüber iſt auch gar kein Streit, daß die in dem vorhergehenden Zuſtande geänderten Bewegungen des Leibes, und auch gewiſſe Empfindungen der Seele, aus der Einrichtung dieſer Maſchine müſſen erklärt werden können. Die Seele hingegen iſt von ihrem Urheber mit Verſtand und Willen, Vernunft und Freiheit begabt. Denn wir können Begriffe bilden, ſie mit einander vergleichen, wir ſind fähig, Zuneigungen und Abneigungen zu haben, und aus zwei entgegengeſetzten Fällen einen zu wählen. Alſo müſſen wir zu allen dieſen Wirkungen Fähigkeiten haben, und dieſe Fähigkeiten führen die angeführten Namen. So bald Sie dieſe meine Hypotheſen annehmen, ſo ſind die willkührlichen und freien Handlungen des Menſchen nicht mehr unerklärbar. Ich ging hierauf diejenigen Erſcheinungen bei dem Menſchen durch, die ſich aus der Maſchine nicht herleiten laſſen, und zeigte ihm, wie ſie aus meinem Satze leicht und natürlich flöſſen. Er hörte mir aufmerkſam zu, gab ſich keine Mühe, Einwendungen zu machen, erklärte ſich aber nicht, ob er glaube, daß ich Recht hätte oder nicht.

Nun bat ich ihn noch, beide Hypotheſen in Beziehung auf Gott und den Menſchen zu vergleichen, und zu unterſuchen, welche von beiden dann den Vorzug behaupten würde. Ich zeigte ihm, es ſei immer der Vernunft gemäß, unter zwei Sätzen, die beide nicht für ausgemachte Wahrheiten ausgegeben würden, denjenigen ſo lange, bis das Gegentheil erwieſen wäre, für wahr zu halten, der für die Ehre Gottes und für die Würde und Glückſeligkeit des Menſchen der vortheilhafteſte wäre. Die Anwendung hiervon war dieſe: wenn der Menſch eine bloße Maſchine iſt, ſo hat Gott freilich in ihm eine ſehr künſtliche Maſchine gemacht, die von der unnachahmlichen Geſchicklichkeit ihres Urhebers zeugt, und jedermann zu ſeiner Bewunderung auffordert. Aber ich ſehe keine Abſicht dabei, keine Güte und Weisheit des Schöpfers, die ich doch bei den Werken eines Gottes mit Recht vermuthe. Gott kommt mir hier vor, wenn dieſer Ausdruck nicht unehrerbietig iſt, wie der künſtlichſte Marionettenſpieler. Beſteht aber der Menſch aus Leib und Seele, ſo hat Gott in uns vernünftige freie Geſchöpfe hervorgebracht, ich kann aus ihrer Vernunft und Freiheit ſchließen, daß Gott ſehr wohlthätige und ſeiner würdige Abſichten mit ihnen habe, ich lerne ſeine Güte und Weisheit verehren, und ihn lieben. Hier erſcheint er mir als die Liebe, als ein Vater ſeiner Kinder. — Nach der erſten Hypotheſe iſt der Menſch ein Spielwerk, ein ſklaviſches, unbedeutendes Weſen, nicht beſſer oder glücklicher, als das Vieh, und wenn er ſtirbt, vielleicht ein Nichts. Nach der andern iſt er ein Geſchöpf, das zu wichtigen Abſichten da iſt, das ſich ſelbſt regieren ſoll, und unter den Werken Gottes eine erhabene Stelle einnimmt, das ſich großer Vorzüge vor unzähligen ſeiner Mitgeſchöpfe bewußt iſt, und nach dem Tode eine herrliche Verbeſſerung zu erwarten hat. Wer es nun weiß, daß er von Gott nicht zu würdig denken kann, wer wahre Liebe und Achtung vor ſich ſelbſt hat, der wird wohl nicht zweifelhaft ſein, welche von beiden Hypotheſen er anzunehmen habe.

Ich ſah es jetzt dem Grafen an, daß er über ſeine Maſchine ſehr verlegen war. Er gab mir auch zu, daß ſeine Hypotheſe gewaltig gegen die meinige zurückſtehe. Deſto unbegreiflicher war es mir, daß er ſich doch weigerte, die ſeinige aufzugeben. Bei ſeiner Meinung zu bleiben, ſagte er, hätte er dieſe Gründe: die menſchliche Erkenntniß ſei überhaupt ſehr ungewiß. Es könne wohl ſein, daß er ſich bisher eine Illuſion gemacht hätte. Aber er wäre auch immer in Gefahr, wenn er neue Begriffe annähme, ſich auf's neue zu betrügen. Ueberdies habe er unter ſeinen jetzigen Umſtänden nicht Ruhe und Heiterkeit genug dazu, ſeine bisherigen Grundſätze zu unterſuchen; er habe es freilich früher thun ſollen, jetzt ſei es zu ſpät dazu. Ich antwortete ihm auf dieſe Gründe folgendes: Die Wahrheit ſowohl als der Irrthum hätten ihre unfehlbaren Merkmale, woran man ſie von einander unterſcheiden könnte, zumal wenn man ſie von der moraliſchen Seite anſähe. Es ſei z. E. nicht möglich, daß jene den Menſchen unglücklich machen könnte, wie dieſer es thäte. Ueberdies hätte er in dem gegenwärtigen Falle Beweiſe, die ſeine Vernunft überzeugten. Und wo ſolche Beweiſe wären, da hörte die Ungewißheit auf. Er habe ſich freilich bisher illudirt. Das könne er aus den Folgen ſeiner Grundſätze ſehen. Zu welchen Vergehungen habe ihn nicht ſeine Hypotheſe verleitet und wie unglücklich ihn dadurch gemacht! Er ſolle nur unterſuchen, zu welcher Tugend und zu welcher Glückſeligkeit ihn die meinige hätte erheben können, wenn er ſie nicht verleugnet hätte. Daraus allein könne er beurtheilen, ob er einer Illuſion ausgeſetzt wäre, wenn er ſie noch annähme. Daß er nicht früher daran gedacht, ſein Religionsſyſtem zu prüfen, das ſei freilich ſchlimm und ſeine Schuld. Das berechtigte ihn aber nicht, nun noch ferner die Sache dahingeſtellt ſein zu laſſen. Er habe jetzt noch Zeit dazu, und Ruhe und Heiterkeit würden ihm nicht fehlen, denn die pflegten die redliche Unterſuchung der Wahrheit zu begleiten. Wenigſtens ſei er hier aus allen ermüdenden Zerſtreuungen herausgeriſſen. Auch würden ſolche redliche Bemühungen Gott nicht mißfallen. Gott könne und werde ſie ſegnen, und wenn er auch nicht zu dem Ziele käme, wohin ich ihn zu führen wünſchte, ſo würde doch gewiß kein guter Gedanke, keine edle Entſchließung, die jetzt noch bei ihm entſtehen könnten, ohne Folgen für ihn in der Ewigkeit ſein. Sie würden wenigſtens die Summe der Uebel, die er zu befürchten hätte, um etwas verringern.

Aber wenn Sie denn ja, fuhr ich mit einiger Lebhaftigkeit fort, Ihre Meinung, die Sie von allen wohlthätigen Wirkungen der Religion ausſchließt, nicht wollen fahren laſſen, vermuthlich um den elenden Troſt zu haben, daß Sie nach dem Tode ganz aufhören und alſo nichts zu befürchten haben werden, ſo muß ich Ihnen ſagen, daß Sie ſich in Ihrer fürchterlichen Hoffnung ſehr betrügen. Wenn es auch unwiderſprechlich erwieſen wäre, daß der Menſch eine Maſchine ſei, ſo kann Gott, der die Maſchine einmal gebauet hat, wenn er will, ſie nach ihrer Zerrüttung auch wieder herſtellen. Das kann der Uhrmacher bei einer zerbrochenen Uhr thun. Wenigſtens werden Sie alſo in einer ſchrecklichen Ungewißheit über Ihr künftiges Schickſal aus der Welt gehen müſſen, und Sie könnten doch noch darüber gewiß werden, und mit Hoffnung und Troſt ſterben. Er wollte es nicht wiſſen, daß er Troſt in der Erwartung ſuche, daß er nach dem Tode nicht mehr ſein werde, die Thränen ſtanden ihm in den Augen, aber nachgeben wollte er nicht.

Ich redete ihm noch einmal ſo zärtlich und nachdrücklich zu, als es mir möglich war, und beſchwor ihn, die letzten Wochen ſeines Lebens doch nicht fruchtlos für die Ewigkeit verſtreichen zu laſſen, ſondern ſein Möglichſtes thun, um noch gute Hoffnung für dieſelbe zu erlangen. Er ſah mich ſtarr an, ſchlug darauf die Augen nieder und ſagte: Sie müſſen einen großen Fond von Güte, Menſchenliebe, Ueberzeugung und Amtstreue haben, daß Sie für mich ſo beſorgt ſind, und nicht ungehalten auf mich werden, daß ich Ihnen nicht näher komme. Ich verſicherte ihn, ich würde bis auf den letzten Tag ſeines Lebens nicht ablaſſen, ihn zu ermahnen und zu bitten, und ich hoffe gewiß, Gott würde meine Bemühungen bei ihm ſegnen. Ich beſorge, ſetzte ich hinzu, Herr Graf, es iſt die unſelige Neigung, die ſo viel zu Ihrem Unglücke beigetragen hat, es iſt der Ehrgeiz, es iſt die Begierde, Recht zu behalten, die Sie gegen die Wahrheit ſo ungerecht macht. Wie iſt es möglich, daß Sie eine Neigung noch lieben können, die Sie in ein ſolch Elend geſtürzt hat! O, ſagte er, die iſt ſchon vorbei. Ich bin ſehr klein in meinen eigenen Augen. Und wie kann ich auch hier ehrgeizig ſein? Die Leidenſchaft, antwortete ich, wohnet noch ganz gewiß in Ihrer Seele. Ihr iſt nur die Gelegenheit zu ihren vorigen Ausbrüchen genommen. Aber gegen die Wahrheit kann ſie ſich noch immer empören, wenn Sie es ihr verſtatten wollen. Hüten Sie ſich davor: die verachtete Wahrheit rächt ſich!

Weil mir jetzt viel daran gelegen ſein mußte, ſein Herz menſchlichen und warmen Empfindungen zu eröffnen, denn ich hoffte dadurch auch für die Religion einen Eingang in daſſelbe zu finden, ſo bat ich ihn, zu bedenken, wie unendlich er ſeine frommen Eltern betrübt hätte, und wie ſehr es daher ſeine Pflicht wäre, darnach zu ſtreben, daß er ihnen doch den einzigen Troſt verſchaffen möchte, der noch für ſie übrig wäre, den Troſt, daß ſie über ſeine Zukunft nicht bekümmert ſein dürften. Mein Vater, antwortete er, iſt ein rechtſchaffener Mann, er iſt gewohnt, nach ſeiner Ueberzeugung zu handeln, aber ich glaube, er iſt zu hart gegen mich geweſen. „Das denken Sie nun wohl ſo, aber ich vermuthe, Sie irren darin. Sie ſind ohne Zweifel von Jugend auf ausſchweifend geweſen, und das hat der redliche Vater nicht zugeben wollen. Dieß haben Sie für Härte gehalten.“ Das iſt freilich wahr, aber — „Aber Sie wußten doch, daß er Vater, Sie Sohn waren. Wußten Sie denn nicht auch, daß Sie als Sohn verbunden waren, einem Vater, der noch dazu ein rechtſchaffener Mann war, zu gehorchen?“ Das habe ich auch bis zu gewiſſen Jahren gethan! „Waren Sie denn nach dieſen gewiſſen Jahren weniger Sohn, und er weniger Vater? Confucius, deſſen Moral Sie, wie ich mich erinnere gehört zu haben, der chriſtlichen vorziehen, hätte Sie darüber belehren können.“ Sie haben freilich Recht!

Ich ließ ihm Jeruſalems Betrachtungen zurück, die er mit Nachdenken zu leſen verſprach. Ich nahm gerührt und mit Thränen über ſein Elend Abſchied von ihm, und er bat mich, bald wieder zu kommen.

Friedrich Münter,

des Vorigen Sohn, ward am 14. October 1761 zu Gotha geboren und nach der Verſetzung ſeines Vaters zu Kopenhagen erzogen. Er ſtudirte ſodann hier und ſeit 1781 zu Göttingen noch zwei Jahre lang Philoſophie und Theologie und machte mit Unterſtützung eines königlichen Stipendiums von 1784 — 87 eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland, Italien und Sicilien, auf welcher er ſich am längſten in Wien und in Rom aufhielt und ſich dort vorzüglich alterthümlichen Studien hingab. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr wurde er 1788 zuerſt als außerordentlicher, 1790 aber als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie an der Univerſität zu Kopenhagen angeſtellt, 1818 zum Biſchof von Seeland und Primas des Reichs erhoben und mit dem Großkreuz des Danebrogordens geſchmückt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 9. April 1830.

Die gelehrte Welt kennt ihn durch:

Nachrichten von Neapel und Sicilien. Geſammelt auf einer Reiſe in den Jahren 1785 — 86. Kopenhagen 1790, 2 Bde. Wurde auch ins Holländiſche, Italieniſche und Schwediſche überſetzt.
Kirchliche Alterthümer der Gnoſtiker. Anſpach 1790.
Magazin für Kirchengeſchichte. Altona 1792 — 96, 2 Bde.
Statutenbuch der Tempelherren. Berlin 1794.
Beiträge zur Kirchengeſchichte. Kopenhagen 1798.
Aelteſte Dogmengeſchichte. Göttingen 1802 — 6, 2 Bde.
Spuren ägyptiſcher Religionsbegriffe in Sicilien. Prag 1806.
Die Belagerung von Kopenhagen im Jahre 1807. Kopenhagen 1807.
Die Religion der Karthager. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Antiquariſche Abhandlungen. Ebendaſ. 1816.
Ueber die keilförmigen Inſchriften zu Perſepolis. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Velia in Lucanien. Altona 1818.
Der jüdiſche Krieg unter Trajan und Hadrian. Ebendaſ. 1821.
Ueber einige ſardiſche Idole. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Die Sinnbilder und Kunſtvorſtellungen der Chriſten. Ebendaſ. 1825 f.
Der Stern der Weiſen. Unterſuchungen über das Geburtsjahr Chriſti. Kopenhagen 1827.

Außerdem poetiſche Verſuche u. ſ. w. in Wielands Merkur und mehrern andern Zeitſchriften, Journalen u. ſ. w.

Außerordentlicher Scharfſinn, das ausgebreitetſte und gründlichſte Wiſſen und eine treffliche Darſtellungsweiſe, haben den Schriften dieſes bedeutenden Mannes namentlich auf dem Gebiete antiquariſcher und theologiſcher Forſchungen einen großen und dauernden Ruhm erworben.

Palermo*).

Palermo hat in ſeinem Bezirk keine beträchtlichen Ueberbleibſel aus dem Alterthum. Erdbeben, die Herrſchaft der Saracenen und Spanier haben alles vernichtet, was übrig geblieben ſein konnte, und was etwa hie und da noch zu finden wäre, kann bei ſo vielen andern großen Denkmalen der Vorzeit in den übrigen Theilen Siciliens gar nicht in Betrachtung kommen. Man weiß nur, daß dort zwei berühmte Tempel geweſen ſind: der eine dem Jupiter und der andre dem Herkules heilig, wovon nicht die geringſte Spur mehr iſt; und ein Theater, das erſt im 16. Jahrhundert niedergeriſſen wurde, als man den Schloßplatz vergrößern wollte. Es kann alſo nur das jetzige Palermo den aufmerkſamen Reiſenden intereſſiren, weshalb ich auch die ältere Geſchichte der Stadt nur kürzlich berühren will.

Es iſt zweifelhaft, ob ſie von phöniciſchen oder griechiſchen Coloniſten angelegt iſt. Der Name Πάνορμος iſt augenſcheinlich griechiſch, was auch der große Bochart und andere Etymologen aus der Vergleichung mit ähnlichen phöniciſchen Wörtern herleiten wollen. Eine Inſchrift, die man im ſechszehnten Jahrhundert auf einem alten jetzt zerſtörten Thurme fand, war nicht puniſch, ſondern kufiſch, und enthielt ganz andere Nachrichten als die, welche man hatte herausleſen wollen *). Indeſſen erhellt aus dem VI. Buch des Thucydides, daß Palermo ſehr alt iſt, und es ſcheint aus den Worten dieſes Geſchichtſchreibers, verglichen mit andern Stellen der Alten, zu folgen, daß nicht die Phönicier, ſondern die mit Griechen vermiſchten älteſten Einwohner Siciliens, es angelegt haben. Eigentlich bekannt wurde die Stadt erſt ungefähr in der 50. Olympiade, oder 580 Jahre vor Chriſti Geburt. Wir wiſſen wenig von ihrer Specialgeſchichte. So viel iſt gewiß, daß ſie mehrentheils mit Carthago im Bündniß und in den Händen der Carthaginenſer war. In ihrer Nachbarſchaft fiel eine Schlacht zwiſchen dem römiſchen Feldherrn Cäcilius Metellus und Asdrubal, dem Bruder Hannibals, vor. Hernach, als die Carthaginenſer ganz Sicilien räumen mußten, fiel Palermo den Römern zu, behielt aber doch den Schatten der Freiheit, den faſt alle große Städte hatten, wenn ſie nicht durchaus ungünſtig von den Römern behandelt wurden; weshalb es ſich auch respublicam Panhormi nannte. In der Folge, bei Zerſtörung des abendländiſchen Kaiſerthums hatte es gleiches Schickſal mit Italien und dem übrigen Sicilien, bis endlich die Saracenen ſich Siciliens bemächtigten, und Palermo zu ihrer Hauptſtadt wählten. Es behielt dieſe Würde unter allen folgenden Regenten, ſowohl den normanniſchen, als hohenſtaufiſchen, aragoniſchen und bourboniſchen, und war immer die Reſidenz der Könige und Vicekönige; dabei wurde es nach und nach der Aufenthaltsort des reichern ſicilianiſchen Adels, und iſt durch alle dieſe Umſtände der Mittelpunkt geworden, wo aller Reichthum und Pracht Siciliens zuſammenfließt.

Die Stadt liegt in einer ſich gegen das Meer herabſenkenden Ebene, die von hohen und ſteilen Bergen umgeben iſt. Es iſt wahrſcheinlich, daß dieſe Berge in den älteſten Zeiten das Bollwerk gegen die See geweſen ſind, und daß die Ebene, wo jetzt Palermo ſteht, ein ſpäterer Abſatz des Meeres iſt, das ſich in dieſer Gegend der mittelländiſchen See zurückgezogen zu haben ſcheint. Der Hafen geht tief ins Land mit einer ſchmalen Mündung, und wird durch zwei Erdzungen gebildet, wovon die eine ſich mit einem Berge endiget, und die andere ganz niedrig iſt. Auf der linken Seite des Hafens ſteht ein ungeheurer ſteiler Felſen, vier italiäniſche Meilen im Umkreiſe, der bei den Alten mons Ercta hieß und deſſen Spitze im erſten puniſchen Kriege von Hamilcar ſtark befeſtiget wurde. Jetzt heißt er Monte Pellegrino, und hat nichts Sehenswerthes als eine im den Fels gehauene Kirche, worin die heilige Roſalia, die Schutzheilige der Palermitaner, begraben liegt.

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*) Aus Fr. Münter's Nachrichten von Neapel und Sicilien.

*) Man glaubte nämlich, daß die Sprache chaldäiſch ſei, und behauptete ſo lange, bis man herausbrachte, daß ein Enkel Noah's den Thurm gebaut habe. Aber es iſt jetzt bewieſen, daß die Inſchrift kufiſch iſt. Sie ſteht im Fazellus de rebus Siculis, und im [illegible]

Palermo iſt ſehr groß, und ſehr regelmäßig gebaut. Es wird durch zwei gerade Straßen, die ſich im Mittelpunkt der Stadt durchſchneiden, in vier gleich große Theile getheilt. Dieſe beiden Straßen ſind breit, hell, und völlig nach der Schnur gebauet, ſo daß man, wenn man in dem Octogon ſteht, das von vier Palläſten, gerade da, wo die beiden Straßen zuſammenſtoßen, gebildet wird, die Ausſicht nach allen Hauptthoren der Stadt hat. In beiden Straßen ſind große und zum Theil ſchöne Gebäude; ſelbſt viele von den kleineren Seitengaſſen ſind regelmäßig angelegt. Ueberall ſind Springbrunnen, Inſchriften und Statuen, die zum Andenken von Heiligen oder ſicilianiſchen Fürſten errichtet ſind. Klöſter und Kirchen findet man in großer Anzahl, und ſie ſind mit unglaublicher Pracht, an koſtbarem Marmor, Porphyr, Lapis Lazuli u. ſ. w. überladen. Selbſt der Fußboden in vielen Kirchen iſt mit Moſaik ausgelegt, und der größte Luxus herrſcht in den Altären, wovon einige ungeheure Summen gekoſtet haben müſſen. Demungeachtet findet ein Auge, das an die edle römiſche Simplicität, und an die Majeſtät gewöhnt iſt, die in den alten und neuen Gebäuden Roms herrſcht, kein Vergnügen an der Betrachtung dieſer ermüdenden Pracht; ſo wenig als an den andern Monumenten, die auf den öffentlichen Plätzen der Stadt zerſtreut ſtehen. Die Palläſte ſind zum Theil ſehr bequem gebauet. Die Verbindung mit Frankreich bringt die franzöſiſchen Moden ſehr frühe von Paris nach Palermo, und viele vermögende Edelleute haben ſchon ihre Palläſte, und noch mehr ihre Landhäuſer nach dem neueſten franzöſiſchen Geſchmack eingerichtet. An dem einen Ende der Stadt ſteht das alte königliche Schloß, ein nach und nach von den Saracenen, Normannen, und übrigen Beherrſchern Siciliens zuſammengebautes unregelmäßiges aber ungeheuer großes Gebäude. Das Merkwürdigſte in dieſem Schloſſe iſt eine lange dunkle Kapelle, die König Roger gebaut haben ſoll. Sie iſt überall, ſogar an den Wänden mit Moſaik von verſchiedenen Marmorarten eingelegt, und hat einen erhöhten Chor und Altar, wie man in allen griechiſchen Kirchen findet. Die Kathedralkirche, die in der Nähe des Schloſſes ſteht, iſt ebenfalls ſehr alt und außerordentlich groß. Sie wurde gerade reparirt, als ich in Palermo war, ſo daß ich ſie faſt ganz ausgeräumt fand. Das Wichtigſte was in dieſer Kirche gezeigt wird, ſind vier Sarkophagen von ſehr ſchönem Porphyr, mit den Leichen einiger ſicilianiſchen Könige. Als man ſie im Jahr 1784 öffnete, fand man beide Conſtantien (Friedrichs des II. Mutter und Gemahlin) Kaiſer Heinrich VI., Friedrich II. und Friedrich von Arragonien darin. Kaiſer Friedrichs Körper war ganz unverweſet; und es fehlte blos ein kleines Stück von der Naſe. Er war in ſeinem völligen kaiſerlichen Ornat gekleidet, ſein Pallium war mit arabiſchen Inſchriften in Gold geſtickt (eben wie das kaiſerliche Pallium in Nürnberg), und ſein ganzes Geſicht war ſo kenntlich, daß man ihn genau zeichnen konnte. Alles wurde abgezeichnet, die Särge darauf wieder zugemacht, und der königliche Hiſtoriograph für Neapel, Don Francesco Daniele, gab in Neapel 1786 eine Beſchreibung davon mit vielen Kupfern, unter dem Titel: I reali Sepolcri di Palermo, in Folio heraus. Es verdroß die Sicilianer ſehr, daß ein Neapolitaner die Ehre haben ſollte, dieſes auf königliche Koſten gedruckte Werk herauszugeben; denn man hatte ſchon angefangen in Palermo eine Beſchreibung auszuarbeiten, als auf königlichen Befehl alle Zeichnungen nach Neapel geſandt werden mußten. Allein es iſt gut für die Sache ſelbſt, daß die Arbeit in die Hände eines gelehrten und ſachkundigen Mannes fiel, der ſich begnügte, eine Beſchreibung von dem, was beſchrieben werden ſollte, zu geben, und ſich nicht an die italiäniſche Gewohnheit band, etwas zu einem dicken Folianten auszudehnen, das auf wenig Bogen geſagt werden kann.

Zu den Merkwürdigkeiten von Palermo gehören auch die Catacomben der Capuciner, ein tiefer gewölbter Keller unter dem Kloſter, der vier ſehr hohe und breite Gänge an ſeinen vier Seiten, und zwei Kreuzgänge hat, die ſich in der Mitte durchſchneiden. Ueberall in den Wänden ſind unzählige Niſchen, worin die Leichen in Capuciner- oder ſchwarzer Kleidung ſtehen. Die Hände ſind zuſammengebunden, und halten gewöhnlich einen Zettel, worauf des Verſtorbenen Namen und Todesjahr ſteht. Die Geſichter ſehen gräulich aus. Die meiſten, beſonders wenn die Leichen etwas alt ſind, ſind bloße Gerippe, und, wo die Haut geblieben iſt, ſieht ſie aus wie altes Pergament. Dieſe Art die Todten aufzubewahren findet in Palermo viel Beifall, ſo daß ſogar viele Einwohner der Stadt die Leichen ihrer Verwandten zu den Capucinern ſenden und ſie unter den todten Mönchen aufſtellen laſſen. Die Mönche nehmen die Eingeweide heraus und laſſen die Leiche 6 Monate lang auf einem eiſernen Roſte liegen, der über einem ſehr ſchnell fließenden Bache ſteht. Der Luftſtrom, den das Waſſer mit ſich führt, trocknet ſie dann in kurzer Zeit völlig aus; alsdenn wird ſie angekleidet, und in die Niſche geſetzt, wo die ſtarke Zugluft, die in dem Keller iſt, ebenfalls dazu beiträgt, ſie vor der Verweſung zu bewahren. Doch ſchrumpfen die Leichen am Ende zuſammen. Die, welche ihre Verwandten nicht den Augen des Publici bloßgeſtellt haben wollen, legen ſie in Särge, wozu ſie die Schlüſſel behalten. Dieſer Ort wird von den Einwohnern Palermo's, die bei den Leichen ihrer Väter und Kinder ihre Andacht zu halten pflegen, ſehr fleißig beſucht. Die Kapuciner haben dieſelbe Einrichtung an mehreren Orten in Sicilien; aber dieſe Catacomben ſind die größten und berühmteſten im ganzen Lande, und bringen beträchtliche Almoſen ein, da der Ort von dem gemeinen Mann für ſehr heilig gehalten wird.

Außerhalb Palermo, längſt den Küſten auf beiden Seiten der Stadt, ſind eine Menge italiäniſcher Landhäuſer, die dem Adel und den reichern Einwohnern gehören. Sie werden im Herbſt, von Anfang Octobers bis in die Mitte des Novembers bewohnt, welches in ganz Italien die gewöhnliche Zeit für die Villeggiatura oder das Landleben iſt. Unter dieſen Landhäuſern iſt beſonders das Schloß des Prinzen Palagonia berühmt oder berüchtigt, weil es von in Stein gehauenen Ungeheuern bewohnt wird, die man ſonſt vergebens auf unſerm Erdboden ſuchen würde. Die Mauer, die den Hof einfaßt, die Pforten, die Treppen und ſelbſt die Zimmer ſind überall mit dieſen gräßlichen und lächerlichen Carricaturen beſetzt; und das Sonderbarſte iſt, daß der Prinz ſelbſt von der Wirklichkeit dieſer Ungeheuer überzeugt iſt und glaubt, daß ſie einſt noch in den afrikaniſchen Sandwüſten müßten gefunden werden, die ſein fabulosus lambit hydaspes. — Schwangere Frauen fürchten ſich dieſer von arioſtiſchen Dämonen vertheidigten Burg nahe zu kommen; und man erzählt, daß viele ſo erſchreckt worden ſind, daß ihre Kinder die Kennzeichen davon an ſich tragen. Die Regierung hat endlich des Prinzen Verſchwendung einſchränken und ihn unmündig machen müſſen, nachdem er den größten Theil ſeines Vermögens durchgebracht hatte.

Außerhalb der Stadt ſind noch ein Paar Saraceniſche Gebäude, wovon das eine, la Ziſa genannt, in einem angenehmen Wäldchen liegt. Es iſt etwas Seltenes dergleichen Ueberbleibſel anders wo als in Spanien zu finden. La Ziſa, das ich ſah, iſt ganz im Geſchmack der morgenländiſchen Palläſte gebaut. Es hat hohe gewölbte Säle, mit Moſaik eingelegte Fußböden, Springbrunnen auf dem Fußboden, und vergoldete Inſchriften aus dem Koran auf den Wänden. An der einen Seite des Gebäudes ſteht eine kleine Moſchee mit ihrer Kuppel und dem Altan für den Wächter, der die Stunde des Gebetes ausrufen mußte. In der Moſchee fand man vor einigen Jahren ein Begräbniß, worin der Stifter, ein Saraceniſcher Emir lag. Im Mittelalter war dieſer Pallaſt berühmt, beſonders wegen eines ſehr ſchönen Fiſchteiches, der in ſeinen Gärten, und ſo groß war, daß der ſaraceniſche Emir kleine Luſtfahrten darauf machen konnte. Dies erzählt Benjamin von Tudela, und beſchreibt zugleich die Pracht des Schloſſes, deſſen Wände mit Gold- und Silberplatten belegt waren und deſſen Fußboden mit Vorſtellungen aller Welttheile ausgelegt war *). Jetzt heißt das Schloß, ſammt ſeinem Diſtrikt, Caſtel Reale, und gibt ſeinem Beſitzer den fürſtlichen Titel.

Die Volksmenge in Palermo iſt groß. Man rechnet ſie auf 140000 Seelen, worunter 40000 Geiſtliche ſein ſollen **). Ich weiß nicht, ob in den letzteren Jahren eine Zählung vorgenommen iſt; aber im Verhältniß der Größe der Stadt und der Menge Menſchen, wovon die Straßen wimmeln, ſcheint die Zahl nicht zu hoch angegeben zu ſein. Handel und Schiffahrt ernähren eine große Menge Menſchen. Der Luxus des Adels verſchafft vielen Handwerkern Arbeit. Die Anzahl der Bedienten in jedem Hauſe iſt unglaublich groß. Die Tribunale und Regierung haben auch eine Menge Menſchen in ihrem Dienſt, und ziehen Leute, deren Proceſſe entſchieden werden ſollen, aus allen Gegenden der Inſel nach der Hauptſtadt.

Obgleich Palermo die Hauptſtadt des Reichs, der Sitz des Vicekönigs und der Regierung iſt, ſo hat es doch eigentlich keine Univerſität. Die Jeſuiten hatten überall, wo ihr Orden blühte, und alle ihre fünf Häuſer ***) bekommen konnte, ihre Collegien, worin ihre jüngeren Ordensbrüder und ſo viele von den jungen Leuten aus der Stadt, als da wollten, Unterricht genoſſen und zu einigen akademiſchen Würden in der Philoſophie und Theologie befördert wurden. Dies geſchah auch in dem großen und berühmten Jeſuiten-Collegium in Palermo. Die niederen und höheren Schulen waren alſo dort, wie faſt überall bei den italiäniſchen Univerſitäten, in einem Gebäude vereinigt und ſtanden unter einem Aufſeher, nämlich dem Rector des Collegii.

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*) Pavimentum vero [illegible] depictum [illegible] orbis terrarum [illegible] refert. Benjam. Tudel. Itin.

**) Dieſe Anzahl wird nicht zu groß ſcheinen, wenn man bedenkt, daß in Palermo 6 [illegible], 3 Seminarien für die junge Geiſtlichkeit, und 71 Mönchsklöſter ſind.

***) In jeder großen Stadt nämlich, hatten ſie fünf Häuſer, wovon jedes ſeine eigene Beſtimmung hatte. Dieſe waren: 1) das Noviciat, das gewöhnlich den Namen St. Luigi führte, nach St. Luigi Gonzaga, einem ihrer größten Heiligen. 2) Domus studiorum, das immer St. Ignatio hieß. 3) Domus [illegible], St. Francesco Saverio genannt. 4) Das Profeßhaus, il Gesù, das die Wohnung derer war, die alle Ordensgelübde abgelegt hatten, und an der Regierung des Ordens Antheil hatten; und endlich 5) Domus exercitiorum spiritualium, gewöhnlich nach der Jungfrau Maria benannt, wo ſich jeder Jeſuit jährlich zweimal 8 Tage lang aufhalten mußte, um ſeine Andachtsübungen zu verrichten, die beſonders in Meditationen über die Exercitia spiritualia S. Ignatii beſtanden, welche ſehr geſchickt ſind, um von der Natur nicht beſonders gut [illegible] Gehirn zu verwirren.

Nach Aufhebung der Jeſuiten wurden dieſe Schulen reformirt, die Beſteurung derſelben wurde den Benedictinern und Theatinern, den Erbfeinden der Jeſuiten übertragen, und eine Deputation von der Regierung hat die Oberaufſicht. Dieſes Gymnaſium iſt alſo nun nach neuerer Art eingerichtet, es hat einen Profeſſor der orientaliſchen Sprachen, und ſehr geſchickte Lehrer in verſchiedenen Wiſſenſchaften, unter denen beſonders ein Benedictiner-Abt, Baronio, und ein Theatinermönch, P. Piazzi, genannt zu werden verdienen, die beide gute Mathematiker ſind. Indeſſen hat dieſes Gymnaſium kein Recht akademiſche Würden zu ertheilen, welches der Univerſität in Catania allein zukommt. Die Regierung war, vor Aufhebung der Jeſuiten, geſonnen, die ganze Univerſität von Catania nach Palermo zu verlegen, allein ſie fand, daß der Schaden für dieſe Stadt, die nicht viel Nahrungswege hat, und wo die Univerſität jährlich eine beträchtliche Summe Geldes in Umlauf bringt, zu groß ſein würde. Jeder alſo, der nur Collegia hören will, kann in Palermo ſtudiren, wer hingegen promoviren will, muß nach Catania gehen. Viele Studierende halten ſich an beiden Orten einige Zeit auf. Mit der Univerſität iſt die königliche Bibliothek verbunden. Sie iſt ganz neulich errichtet worden, da der König die große Bibliothek der Jeſuiten behielt, und alle andere Bibliotheken, die in der ganzen Inſel zerſtreut waren, nach Palermo bringen ließ. Die Beute wurde darauf unter den Bibliotheken in Palermo und Meſſina vertheilt. Die übrigen Doubletten, worunter äußerſt ſeltene Bücher waren, wurden an die Antiquarien verkauft, bei denen man ſie noch als Maculatur bekommen kann. Aus dieſem allen kann man ſchließen, daß die königliche Bibliothek nicht klein iſt; ſie wird durch einen vom Könige dazu beſtimmten Fonds beſtändig vermehrt, und hat nun ſchon ungefähr 40,000 Bände. Außer einer beträchtlichen Sammlung von Schriften über den Orden der Jeſuiten und deſſen Geſchichte, worunter einige höchſt ſeltene ſind, die nur als Manuſcript für die Bibliotheken des Ordens gedruckt waren, wird eine ziemliche Sammlung der älteſten Drucke aufbewahrt, die in den letzten Jahren anſehnlich vermehrt worden iſt. Die Aufhebung der Inquiſition hat völlige Freiheit des Leſens eingeführt, ſo daß kein Mangel an Ultramontaniſchen, beſonders engliſchen Schriften iſt. Selbſt unſere Theologen, beſonders die älteren, ſind in dieſer Bibliothek und werden geleſen. Doch iſt man mit dieſen etwas vorſichtiger und giebt ſie nicht Jedem ohne Unterſchied *). Der Erzbiſchof, der überall das Recht hat, zum Leſen der librorum prohibitorum, einige wenige ausgenommen, die nach dem römiſchen Index ſelbſt ein Biſchof nicht leſen darf, Erlaubniß zu geben, hat ein für allemal den Bibliothekar bevollmächtigt, hierin nach ſeiner eigenen Ueberzeugung zu handeln. Es ſind nur wenige Manuſcripte in der Bibliothek. Das beſte, das ich ſah, war ein Codex aus dem 12. Jahrhundert, der die meiſten pauliniſchen Briefe enthielt, und deſſen wichtigere Stellen ich excerpirte. P. Sterzinger aus Baiern, ein gelehrter und denkender Mann, iſt Bibliothekar. Er hat die Bibliothek ſyſtematiſch geordnet, und der palermitaniſchen Jugend, beſonders der jungen Geiſtlichkeit, Luſt zum Leſen beyzubringen gewußt. Die Bibliothek wird daher fleißig gebraucht, und nutzt mehr als manche ſehr große Bibliotheken in andern Städten von Europa, die faſt niemals beſucht werden.

Das Naturalien- und Antiquitätencabinet der Jeſuiten gehört auch der Akademie, und wird in ihrem Gebäude aufbewahrt. Aber es iſt in ſo großer Unordnung, daß man von ſeinem Gehalt ſehr wenig urtheilen kann. Obgleich die Naturalien ſich meiſtens auf ſicilianiſche Produkte einſchränken, ſo habe ich doch nachher weit größere und beſſere Sammlungen geſehen. Von den Antiken iſt durch die Nachläſſigkeit, mit der man in den erſten Zeiten nach Aufhebung der Jeſuiten, ihre Sachen behandelte, viel verloren gegangen. So ging es überall; ſelbſt in Rom verſchwand ein Theil der beſten Antiken aus dem Museo Collegii Romani. Was die Jeſuiten ſelbſt retten konnten, nahmen ſie mit; und wer kann es ihnen verdenken, daß ſie ihr Eigenthum zu retten ſuchten? Bei dem palermitaniſchen Muſeum war eine ſchöne Münzſammlung, die nicht mehr vorhanden iſt. Das Wichtigſte iſt jetzt eine Sammlung ſicilianiſcher Vaſen, von eben dem feinen und leichten Thon, woraus die campaniſchen und hetruriſchen gemacht ſind. Die größte Fabrik von dieſen Vaſen war in Camarina, auf der ſüdlichen Küſte der Inſel, und man findet noch beſtändig unter den Ruinen dieſer Stadt eine große Menge derſelben von verſchiedener Arbeit und mehr oder minderem Werth. Die, welche in Palermo ſind, hat man auf einer Stelle nahe bei Palermo ſelbſt, wo das alte Panormus ſtand, beiſammen gefunden, als man den Grund eines Hoſpitals legen wollte. Die Materie iſt größtentheils eine außerordentlich feine ſchwarze Thonerde, worauf die Umriſſe, zuweilen auch die Schatten der Figuren, mit rother oder gelber Farbe gezeichnet ſind. Der Stil der Zeichnungen iſt verſchieden, bald hetruriſch, bald griechiſch, und dann iſt er oft mit einem hohen Grade von Vollkommenheit ausgeführt. Die ſicilianiſchen Vaſen ſind völlig ſo gut und haben eben ſo ſchöne Zeichnungen wie die campaniſchen, und ich würde ihnen, nach dem, was ich in Palermo und Catania davon ſah, den Vorzug vor dieſen einräumen, wenn ich nicht D. Nicolo Vivenzio's Sammlung in Nola geſehen hätte, die alles, was man von alten Zeichnungen ſehen kann, übertrifft. Der Inhalt der Zeichnungen iſt allezeit aus der älteren Mythologie genommen. Oft iſt er griechiſch, und dann nicht ſchwer zu entdecken; aber deſto ſchwerer, wenn er die italiäniſche National-Mythologie, beſonders die hetruriſche, oſciſche und campaniſche Fabel und älteſte Geſchichte betrifft, wovon wir ſo wenig Kenntniß haben. Man meint, daß die alten Künſtler auf den Vaſen gezeichnet haben, wenn dieſe heiß aus dem Ofen kamen, und beinahe fertig waren: allein ich halte das nicht für möglich; beſonders da die Zeichnungen ſo correct ſind, und doch der größte Zeichner ſich ſchwerlich verbinden würde, in ſo kurzer Zeit vollkommen correcte Zeichnungen zu machen, bei denen man ſo ſelten Correcturen bemerkt. Die Hitze ſelbſt würde den Künſtler gehindert haben frei und ſicher genug zu zeichnen.

Außer dieſen ſicilianiſchen Vaſen ſind in der Sammlung der Univerſität viele andere kleine Vaſen, Lampen, Urnen, Vaſa lacrymatoria, und kleine Götzenbilder; aber deren giebt es in jedem Cabinet in Italien eine ſolche Menge, daß man ſich bald gewöhnt nur einen flüchtigen Blick darauf zu werfen. Ich fand nichts Merkwürdiges darunter als zwei Metallknöpfe, die zu den Signis der Legionen oder Cohorten gehört hatten, und auf der Spitze einer Lanze getragen wurden; eine kleine elfenbeinerne tessera hospitalitatis zwiſchen einer griechiſchen und carthaginenſiſchen Familie, deren Aufſchrift Prinz Torremuzza in ſeinen Veteres Siciliae Inscriptiones herausgegeben hat, worin man auch die andern Inſchriften findet, die nach italiäniſchem Gebrauch in den Wänden des Muſeums eingemauert ſtehen, und zwei egyptiſche Idole von Porphyr, ein [illegible], mit Hieroglyphen beſchriebener Cynocephalus, und eine Iſis mit ihren gewöhnlichen Attributen.

Palermo iſt, im Verhältniß ſeiner Größe, nicht reich an Bibliotheken. Die in den Klöſtern kommen gar nicht in Betrachtung, da ſie meiſtens altes ſcholaſtiſches und aſcetiſches Zeug enthalten. Ich war in einigen Klöſtern um die Bücher zu ſehen, aber die Mönche konnten die Schlüſſel nicht finden, ſo daß ich mich damit begnügen mußte, durch ein Gitter in der Thür die Bibliotheken zu ſehen. Der Senat hat eine kleine öffentliche Bücherſammlung, die aus den Doubletten der Jeſuiten-Bibliotheken, und dem, was man ſonſt für die königliche Bibliothek nicht brauchbar fand, errichtet wurde: alles beſteht dann aus ſcholaſtiſchen Theologen und Canoniſten. Ein einziger Schrank enthält ketzeriſche Bücher, die bei Aufhebung der Inquiſition in dem Pallaſt derſelben gefunden wurden; indem man von Zeit zu Zeit Privatbibliotheken und Buchläden durchſuchte, und alles wegnahm, was in dem römiſchen oder madritiſchen Index ſtand. Das Archiv des Senats enthält Handſchriften, die nur für die ſicilianiſche Specialgeſchichte intereſſant ſind, Abſchriften königlicher Diplome vom 12. Jahrhundert an, Auszüge aus den Archiven der Kathedralkirchen, und viele ungedruckte Arbeiten von zwei bekannten ſicilianiſchen Litteratoren und Antiquaren, de Amico und Mongitore.

Außer dieſem Archiv iſt noch ein anderes in der Schloßcapelle. Die Sammlungen in beiden fangen eigentlich erſt mit dem Hauſe Anjou an, da Karl I. einen ſo bittern Haß gegen alles, was ſchwäbiſch war, hegte, daß er alle Papiere und Documente, die er in ſeine Gewalt bekommen konnte, nicht nur aus Kaiſer Heinrich VI., Friedrich II. und Manfreds, ſondern ſogar aus den normanniſchen Zeiten verbrennen ließ; daher dieſer ältere Theil der ſicilianiſchen und neapolitaniſchen Geſchichte ſehr mangelhaft geworden iſt. Nur in den Archiven der Kathedralkirchen und Klöſter hat man einige einzelne normanniſche Diplome behalten. Da ich durch die S. 31. angeführte normanniſche Inſchrift in der Domkirche von Palermo ſehr begierig geworden war, wo möglich, andere ſcandinaviſche und runiſche Monumente zu entdecken, erkundigte ich mich überall genau darnach; aber niemand wußte mir etwas davon zu ſagen. Wenn

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*) Zu den Büchern, womit man am vorſichtigſten verfährt, gehören auch [illegible] Werke. Ich weiß nicht, ob es allgemein bekannt iſt, daß [illegible] in [illegible], unter dem falſchen Namen [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] wurde und daß es einige Zeit [illegible], ehe der Betrug entdeckt wurde.

die Normannen wirklich Runen-Buchſtaben gebraucht haben, ſo iſt es doch höchſt wahrſcheinlich bloß bei einzelnen Steinſchriften geweſen; denn es iſt nicht zu vermuthen, daß ſie wider die Gewohnheit der andern nordiſchen Völker, der Langobarden und Gothen *), ihre eigene Sprache ſehr lange beibehalten und ſie in öffentlichen Schriften gebraucht haben ſollten, die beſtimmt waren zu jedermanns, ſelbſt ihrer griechiſchen, arabiſchen **) und lateiniſchen Unterthanen Kenntniß zu gelangen. In dem Archive der königlichen Kapelle werden viele griechiſche Diplome aus den Zeiten der Normannen und der ſchwäbiſchen Kaiſer aufbewahrt, die der Verfolgung König Karl I. entgangen ſind. Andere finden ſich hier und da in den Baſilianer- und Benediktiner-Klöſtern in Sicilien, beſonders in Valdemona, die ſehr brauchbar ſeyn könnten die noch ſo unſichere griechiſche Diplomatik, welche ſeit Montfaucon ſeine Palaeographia graeca herausgab, wenig beträchtliche Fortſchritte gemacht hat, auf einen feſteren Fuß zu ſetzen. Allein es würde ſehr ſchwer halten einen Mann zu finden, der mit Gatterer's großer Einſicht und Geduld einige Jahre ſeines Lebens einer ſo trocknen und unangenehmen Arbeit aufopferte.

Der palermitaniſche Adel hat prächtige [illegible], aber ſehr häßliche Bibliotheken. Das einzige Haus des Marcheſe Giardina macht eine Ausnahme von der Regel, indem es eine ſehr ausgeſuchte, obgleich nicht beſonders große Sammlung von mathematiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Büchern und viele Manuſcripte beſitzt, die zur Geſchichte Siciliens, beſonders der adelichen Familien gehören. Der Stifter der Bibliothek iſt vor vielen Jahren geſtorben, und die Familie iſt nun ſo zurückhaltend mit ihren Schätzen, daß ſie einen Theil des Wichtigſten verſteckt hält und es viel Mühe koſtet, ehe man Erlaubniß bekommt die Sammlung zu beſehen. Die Urſache davon liegt in dem allgemeinen Mißtrauen des Adels gegen die neapolitaniſche Regierung; indem er fürchtet, daß ſie den Einfall bekommen möchte, einige Manuſcripte zu benutzen, die ein großes Licht über mancher ſicilianiſchen Familien Verfaſſung, Rechte und die Mißbräuche derſelben verbreiten könnten, von welchen ſie jetzt glauben, daß ſie durch Präſcription eben ſo gültig ihr Eigenthum geworden ſeyn, als ihre wirklichen und alten Gerechtſame. Die wichtigſte aller Handſchriften in dieſer Bibliothek ſoll ein Codex von Petri de Vineis Briefen ſeyn, die weit mehr, als die gedruckten Sammlungen enthalten ſoll, und für die Geſchichte des ganzen Mittelalters ſehr intereſſant ſeyn würde ***). Don Franceſco Daniele, königlicher Hiſtoriograph von Neapel, der lange an einer Geſchichte des hohenſtaufiſchen Hauſes gearbeitet hat, hat ſich vergebens um die Erlaubniß dieſen Codex zu gebrauchen bemüht. Man läugnet, daß er da ſei, obgleich das Gegentheil allgemein bekannt iſt.

Außer dieſen größeren und bleibenden Büchersammlungen, gibt es in Palermo noch einige, die einzelne Gelehrte gemacht haben. Darunter verdient beſonders ein alter ehrwürdiger und gelehrter Canonicus, Namens Barbavara, genannt zu werden, der mit einer in dieſem Lande ſehr ſeltenen Aufklärung eine treffliche theologiſche Bibliothek geſammelt hat, worin ſich ſogar viele der beſten proteſtantiſchen Theologen befinden. Ich ſah bei ihm unter andern eine ſehr ſeltene italiäniſche Ueberſetzung von Calvini institutiones theologicae, durch Joh. Diodati, einen lucheſiſchen Patricius beſorgt, der die Religion änderte, in Beförderung der Reformation in Italien ſehr thätig war ****), und als Profeſſor der Theologie in Genf ſtarb, wo ſeine Familie noch eine der vorzüglich geachteten iſt.

Ich muß noch, ehe ich dieſen Artikel über die Bibliotheken ſchließe, einiger arabiſchen Manuſcripte erwähnen, die man vor drei Jahren in der Bibliothek des Kloſters San Martino fand. Dieſe ungefähr dreißig an der Zahl, waren lange unbekannt und unbenutzt geweſen, bis man, ich weiß nicht bei welcher Gelegenheit, darauf fiel ſie nach der Hauptſtadt zu bringen. Dies geſchah gerade als ein marokkaniſcher Geſandter, der in Wien geweſen war, ſich auf der Rückreiſe einige Zeit in Palermo aufhielt: man zeigte ihm da dieſe arabiſchen Handſchriften, und er ſoll geſagt haben, daß eine darunter eine Sammlung aller Briefe enthalte, welche die Groß-Emire von Sicilien an die Emire der von ihnen abhängenden Provinzen geſchrieben haben, und die Antworten der letzteren, ſo wie auch die Correſpondenz zwiſchen den Groß-Emiren und Fürſten in Kairvan und dem egyptiſchen Sultan, die gewiſſermaßen die Vorgeſetzten der ſicilianiſchen Emire geweſen zu ſeyn ſcheinen *). Dies erregte Aufmerkſamkeit, und mußte ſie erregen, da wir ſo wenig von der Geſetzgebung, Staatsphiloſophie und Statiſtik der Saracenen wiſſen. Man erzählte mir auch, daß ein anderes von dieſen Manuſcripten Rechnungsbücher über die königlichen Abgaben, die Volksmenge von verſchiedenen Jahren, und Regiſter über die Feuerſtellen jeder Stadt enthalte. Man fing nun in Palermo gleich an ſich mit Eifer auf das Arabiſche zu legen. Bei der Akademie wurde eine Profeſſur der arabiſchen Sprache errichtet; man ließ in Parma arabiſche Typen ſchneiden, und verſchrieb einen Setzer von der Propaganda in Rom. Indeſſen hatte man immer noch keinen Menſchen, von dem man überzeugt war, daß er das Manuſcript verſtände; denn der neue Profeſſor linguae arabicae war ein Malteſer Capellan, Namens Vella, der zwar einen verdorbenen arabiſch-puniſchen Dialekt, den der gemeine Mann in Malta ſpricht, verſtand, aber nicht bewieſen hatte, daß er das reine Arabiſche, oder vielmehr den weſt-arabiſchen Dialekt verſtehe, der im 8. und 9. Jahrhundert in der Barbarei geſprochen wurde, und worin dieſe Handſchriften geſchrieben zu ſeyn ſcheinen, da ſelbſt die Buchſtaben von denen in arabiſchen Handſchriften ſonſt gewöhnlichen merklich abwichen. Man hatte den Verſuch gemacht, die Abſchrift einiger Blätter an einen berühmten Sprachkundigen in Padua zu ſenden, und hatte eine Ueberſetzung erhalten, die von der in Palermo gemachten ganz verſchieden war. Jetzt behauptet dieſer Abbate Vella auch in einem neuen Codex, den er den normanniſchen nennt, K. Roger's Correſpondenz mit den arabiſchen Emiren entdeckt zu haben. Einer meiner Freunde hat mir eine Probe von dieſer Handſchrift und der Ueberſetzung geſchickt, die unſer Prof. Adler, in Rückſicht auf Sprache ſowohl als Geſchichte und Chronologie unterſucht hat, und wornach er ſehr geneigt iſt, dieſen ganzen normanniſchen Codex für eine Betrügerei zu halten. Man hatte ſchon längſt in Palermo eingeſehen, daß die Sache noch große Schwierigkeit habe, war aber in den Augen des Publikums ſchon zu weit gegangen, um wieder inne zu halten, und hatte zu viel Patriotismus, um einen guten auswärtigen Orientaliſten nach Palermo zu rufen, der denn in kurzer Zeit hätte ausmachen können, ob dieſe Entdeckungen richtig oder falſch wären. Der Eifer für dieſe Entdeckungen iſt auch ſo groß, daß man es in Sicilien und Neapel faſt für ein Staatsverbrechen hält an ihrer Aechtheit zu zweifeln. Abbate Vella ſcheint ein anderer Annius Viterbienſis zu ſeyn und die Lücken in der Litteratur mit ſeinen eigenen Erdichtungen ausfüllen zu wollen; ſo behauptete er auch bald nach ſeinen erſten Entdeckungen eine arabiſche Ueberſetzung verſchiedener von den verlornen Büchern des Livius, nämlich vom 66. bis zum 77. Buch gefunden zu haben. Allein dies iſt höchſtwahrſcheinlich eine Betrügerei, und kein vernünftiger Mann in Sicilien glaubt mehr daran. Die einzige wahre Entdeckung bleibt denn wohl die Correſpondenz zwiſchen den Emiren in Sicilien unter ſich, und mit dem Fürſten von Kairvan; die vielleicht bei dem Abbate Vella die Luſt rege gemacht hat, ſich durch mehrere noch wichtigere Entdeckungen einen Namen zu machen. Die Zeit wird lehren, ob er, oder ſeine Gegner Recht haben; aber das was gegen ihn angeführt wird, iſt ſo ſtark, daß man vollkommen Urſache hat alles in Zweifel zu ziehen, bis er die Beweiſe ans Licht bringt. Der erſte Theil des Cod. Arabico Siculus iſt jetzt wirklich in Palermo ans Licht getreten. Es iſt daher jetzt leichter als vorher ein Urtheil über die ganze Sache zu fällen: bis jetzt ſcheint ſie aber noch von keinem orientaliſchen Sprachkundigen unterſucht worden zu ſeyn.

Die Buchdruckerkunſt blüht in Palermo nicht ſehr. Außer zwei älteren Buchdruckereien iſt vor einigen Jahren eine neue, unter dem Namen Stamperia reale errichtet worden, die bisher nichts für die Wiſſenſchaften Intereſſantes gedruckt hat, als die antiquariſchen Werke des Prinzen Torremuzza; die das neueſte eigentlich litterariſche waren, was man im Jahre 1785 hatte, obgleich ſie ſchon ſeit dem Jahre 1780 fertig waren. Uebrigens hat dieſe Druckerei genug damit zu thun, Andachts-

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*) Eduard Lye behauptet in ſeiner Ausgabe des Ulphilas, daß ſich in der Bibliothek und dem Archiv in Turin gothiſche Handſchriften befinden. Ich habe darnach gefragt und bin gewiß, daß er ſich geirrt hat, da alle Papiere in Turin in ſo vortrefflicher Ordnung ſind, daß man alles gleich bei dem erſten Griff finden kann.

**) Wie ſehr die erſten Eroberer Siciliens ſich in die Denkungsart ihrer arabiſchen Unterthanen fügten, zeigen beſonders die arabiſchen Münzen, die Roger ſchlagen ließ, wo auf der einen Seite ſein Name (ohne ſogar einmal ſein Bildniß, weil die Mohammedaner die Bilder haſſen), und auf der andern das bekannte Mohammedaniſche Glaubensbekenntniß: es iſt nur ein Gott und Mohammed iſt ſein Prophet. Schwerlich hat ein anderer chriſtlicher Fürſt ſo viel Toleranz gegen ſeine unchriſtlichen Unterthanen bewieſen. S. Adlers Museum cuficum Borgianum Velitris p. 80.

***) Nach einem Codex dieſer Bibliothek hat man auch die Reſcripte Kaiſer Friedrichs II. herausgegeben.

****) Ich habe in der Barberini-Bibliothek in Rom einen Theil ſeiner wichtigen Correſpondenz mit Genf, über die Ausbreitung der Reformation in Italien, beſonders in dem venezianiſchen Staat entdeckt, und daraus erhellt, daß Genf in genauer Verbindung mit der franzöſiſchen reformirten Kirche ſtand, und daß die ganze Sache ſchon ihrer Ausführung ſehr nahe gekommen war. Daß dieſe Briefe ächt ſind, weiß ich vom Herrn T. d. Diodati in Genf, einem Abkömmlinge dieſes Diodati, dem ich ſie zeigte, und der mir einige andere zu leſen gab, die er noch in einer Lebensbeſchreibung des Joh. Diodati herauszugeben hofft.

*) S. hierüber einen ausführlichen Brief aus Palermo, im Journal des Savans, Sept. 1787. Dieſes Manuſcript geht vom Jahr der Hegira 213 bis 375. Die Fortſetzung ſoll ſich in der königlich marokkaniſchen Bibliothek befinden, von der ſchon große Stücke, nämlich bis zum Jahr 480 nach Palermo geſchickt ſeyn ſollen.

und Schulbücher, königliche Verordnungen und Staatskalender zu drucken. Indeſſen erwartete man im Jahr 1785 ein ſicilianiſches Lexicon, wovon der erſte Theil beinahe fertig war und jetzt wird an der Ausgabe der vorerwähnten arabiſchen Werke gearbeitet.

Der berühmteſte von allen palermitaniſchen Gelehrten iſt Prinz Torremuzza, der ſich durch ſeine antiquariſchen, beſonders numismatiſchen Werke ſehr verdient um die alte Litteratur gemacht hat. Außer dieſem verdienen noch folgende genannt zu werden: der Staatsſecretair Don Giuſeppe Gargano, ein Mann von ſeltenem philoſophiſchen Geiſt und claſſiſcher Gelehrſamkeit, der viel zu dem Guten mitgewirkt hat, welches der vorige Vicekönig Marcheſe Caracciolo in Sicilien hat ſtiften können. Marcheſe Natale, Verfaſſer einer Schrift gegen Beccaria, unter dem Titel: Sopra la necessità ed utilità delle pene, und eines philoſophiſchen Lehrgedichtes: principi della filosofia leibniziana, welches die Ehre hatte lange in der Inquiſition zu liegen, ehe es ans Licht kam. Ein Benediktiner-Abt Blaſi, königlicher Hiſtoriograph von Sicilien, hat ſchon lange den erſten Theil ſeiner ſicilianiſchen Geſchichte zum Druck fertig gehabt, hat ſie aber nicht herausgeben dürfen, ob ſie gleich auf königliche Koſten gedruckt werden ſollte, weil der Vicekönig fürchtete, daß er in dem folgenden Theil Gelegenheit haben möchte, die geſetzmäßigen Rechte der ſicilianiſchen Könige zu unterſuchen; welches, wie ich ſchon oben geſagt habe, ein Gegenſtand iſt, den die Regierung eben nicht von neuem auf die Bahn gebracht zu ſehen wünſcht. Ein Canonicus an der Domkirche, Namens de Gregorio, arbeitet jetzt an der Ausgabe aller ſaraceniſchen Münzen, die man in Sicilien geſchlagen hat; ein Werk, das der Pendant zu Prinz Torremuzza's Siciliae numi veteres werden wird. Don Guiſeppe Eſpinoſa, ehemals Inſpector der Schulen in Catania, und jetzt Director der königlichen Buchdruckerei, hat die Aufſicht bei der Ausgabe des ſicilianiſchen Lexicons. Endlich muß ich noch eines berühmten ſicilianiſchen Dichters, Don Giuſeppe Meli erwähnen, der ein Mann von wahrem und großem poetiſchen Talent iſt. Er iſt Verfaſſer einiger Sammlungen kleiner Gedichte im ſicilianiſchen Dialekt, welche in ganz Italien mit Bewunderung geleſen worden ſind, und arbeitet jetzt an einem komiſchen Heldengedicht, das eine Fortſetzung, oder vielmehr Paralipomena des Don-Quixotte enthalten ſoll, wovon er mir einzelne Geſänge vorgeleſen hat, die nach meinem Urtheil, in hohem Grade vortrefflich ſind. Es iſt Schade, daß dieſer Mann ſich nicht ganz der Dichtkunſt widmen kann; allein er iſt ein Arzt und muß von ſeiner Praxis leben, die abnehmen würde, wenn es in Palermo allgemein bekannt wäre, daß er Dichter iſt. So verſchieden iſt die Denkungsart der Menſchen, daß eben das, was im Norden den letzten Kranz auf Werlhofs und des großen Hallers Scheitel ſetzte, in Sicilien als unanſtändig für einen Arzt angeſehen werden kann. Ein anderer berühmter ſicilianiſcher Dichter iſt der Fürſt von Campofranco, Vater des Grafen Lucheſi, der vor einigen Jahren neopolitaniſcher Geſandter in Kopenhagen war; ein Mann von großem Talent, der nicht allein vortrefflich ſchreibt, ſondern auch einer der beſten italieniſchen Improviſatori iſt. Seine Gedichte ſind im Jahr 1781 in Neapel herausgekommen.

Die gewöhnlichen italieniſchen Akademien ſind ſo bekannt dafür, daß ſie nichts thun als declamiren und Sonnette beurtheilen, daß ſie nicht verdienen erwähnt zu werden. In Palermo ſind mehrere dieſer Art. Doch iſt eine, Academia del buon gusto, die ſich einigermaßen ausgezeichnet hat und im Jahr 1750 einen Band Diſſertationen herausgab, worin einige Kunſtwerke des Alterthums erklärt wurden. Seitdem iſt kein zweiter Band erſchienen. Gelehrte Journale kommen in Sicilien nicht heraus; doch hat man eine periodiſche Schrift, von der ungefähr alle halbe Jahre ein dünner Quartband herauskommt, unter dem Titel Opuscoli di autori Siciliani, woran faſt alle ſicilianiſche Gelehrte Antheil haben. Aber, außer einigen antiquariſchen Abhandlungen von dem Prinzen Torremuzza und Andern, enthält dieſes Werk, das ſchon aus einer Menge von Bänden beſteht, nichts, das einen Fremden intereſſiren könnte. Dies ſind ungefähr die neueſten Nachrichten von der palermitaniſchen Litteratur. Im vorigen Jahrhundert und im Anfange des jetzigen waren mehr gelehrte und berühmte Männer dort, obgleich die Kenntniſſe der Sicilianer ſich ſelten über ihre eigene Inſel hinaus erſtreckt haben. Eine Menge von Abhandlungen, die das Kirchenrecht und die geiſtliche Verfaſſung Siciliens betreffen, findet man in Sicilia sacra; ſo wie auch Grävius viele antiquariſche Abhandlungen in ſeinen Theſaurus aufgenommen hat. Die Aufhebung der Inquiſition in Sicilien hat bisher noch nichts anderes gewirkt, als größere Freiheit im Sprechen und in Aeußerungen der Irreligioſität, und verminderte Schwierigkeit ein und anderes gutes Buch zu bekommen. Allein Publicität wird von der Regierung weder geliebt noch aufgemuntert; gelehrte Verdienſte werden nicht belohnt, und der Sicilianer genießt lieber ſelbſt, als daß er durch ſeine Arbeit, die ihm keinen Vortheil bringt, Andere genießen laſſen ſollte. Indeſſen iſt es nicht Mangel an Talent, das bei den Sicilianern dieſe Stille in der Litteratur veranlaßt; denn Solini's Worte ſind noch völlig wahr: Quicquid Sicilia gignit, sive soli foecunditatem, sive hominum ingenia spectes, proximum est iis, quae optima dicuntur.

Der geſellſchaftliche Ton in Palermo iſt ungefähr wie in Neapel, nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß die Stände mehr von einander abgeſondert ſind, welches eine natürliche Folge der ariſtokratiſchen Feudal-Verfaſſung des Reichs iſt. Indeſſen kann man den Adel nicht vorwerfen, daß er ſtolz ſei; wenigſtens iſt er es nicht gegen Fremde. Der Luxus iſt aufs Höchſte geſtiegen, und die Folge davon iſt, daß die meiſten, die nicht das große Vermögen haben, das zu einer völlig ſtandesmäßigen Lebensart in Palermo erfordert wird, ihr äußerliches Anſehen durch Livreen, Stall und Garderobe zu erhalten ſuchen, im übrigen aber ſehr armſelig leben. Der größte Theil des Adels lebt in Palermo und Neapel dem Lande zum Ruin, indem er jährlich beträchtliche Summen von ſeinen Gütern zieht, die niemals erſetzt werden können. Die kleineren ſicilianiſchen Städte, in denen ehemals ein Theil des Adels wohnte, leiden auch darunter; da jetzt, außer Palermo, nur Catania und Meſſina einigen von dem reichen Adel zum Aufenthalt dienen. Die Sicilianer reiſen mehr als die übrigen Italiener. Ich habe verſchiedene gekannt, die England und Frankreich geſehen hatten. Es wird auch in Palermo mehr franzöſiſch geſprochen als anderswo in Italien; man ſpricht ſogar engliſch, wozu ein Regiment Irländer, das dort in Garniſon liegt, die meiſte Gelegenheit gibt. Aber bei alle dem iſt man in der Cultur ſehr zurück; denn dieſe Wenigen können gegen die übrige Menge nicht in Betrachtung kommen, und ſelbſt unter denen, die gereiſet ſind, finden ſich Leute von außerordentlicher Unwiſſenheit: ſo fragte mich z. B. einmal ein Herr, der in England und Frankreich geweſen war, ob König Karl XII. nicht in Grönland Krieg geführt habe? Ueberhaupt ſind wenig gründliche Kenntniſſe zu finden; denn der Adel verſchwendet ſeine Jugendjahre mit Pferden, Jagdhunden und dergleichen. Die Advokaten, die beinahe eine beſondere Claſſe ausmachen, haben ſo viel mit Proceſſen zu thun, daß ſie an nichts als ihr Corpus iuris und ihre Constitutiones regni Siciliae denken können, und die Geiſtlichkeit ſammt den Mönchen, haben theils einen reichlichen Vorrath von Aberglauben, theils ſtehen ſie ſich auch ſo gut, daß ſie auf nichts weiter bedacht ſind, als ihre Meſſen zu leſen, das Breviar zu beten, und ſich gute Tage zu machen. — Die Nation iſt im Ganzen hübſch; beſonders findet man unter den Frauenzimmern völlig griechiſche Geſtalten und Geſichter. Die ſchönſten ſind in Palermo ſelbſt, in Trapani, Syracus und in der Gegend des Aetna. Die Männer ſind verhältnißmäßig nicht ſo hübſch wie die Weiber; welches gerade das Gegentheil von dem iſt, was ich in Neapel bemerkte, wo ich weit mehr hübſche Mannsperſonen als Frauenzimmer ſah. So viel von Palermo. Andere Nachrichten kann man in Brydone's und Graf Borch's Briefen finden, wo z. B. das Feſt der H. Roſalie und andere palermitaniſche Gebräuche umſtändlich beſchrieben ſind; welches alles ich hier, als allgemein bekannt, übergehen zu müſſen glaube.

Zu den reicheren Benediktinerklöſtern in ganz Italien gehört das Kloſter des H. Martin in der Gegend von Palermo. Es liegt auf dem hohen und ſteilen Gebirge, das Palermo auf der öſtlichen Seite beſchützt, in einem ſchauerlichen nackten Thale, von ſteilen und unfruchtbaren Felſen umgeben, und in einem Klima, das mehr von unſerm nordiſchen als von Siciliens ſanfter Sommerluft hat. Der Weg von Palermo zu dieſem Kloſter iſt nicht ſehr lang, ungefähr anderthalb Meilen. Er geht anfänglich bei einer Menge von Villen und Landhäuſern vorbei, und man ſieht nichts als fruchtbare Gärten, Olivenpflanzungen und Weinberge. Allmählig fängt der Weg an bergigt zu werden, und bald werden die Ausſichten ſehr wild. Man kommt nun in ein von hohen Felſen umgebenes Thal, auf denen man nur einige Grasplätze, eine Menge Aloe und ficus opuntia, und hin und wieder einige Oelbäume ſieht. Der Weg fängt nun an ſich um dieſe Felſen herum in die Höhe zu ſchlängeln; an einigen Orten öffnen ſich dieſe und geben eine herrliche Ausſicht über das fruchtbare Thal Palermo's, den Hafen und das Meer; aber die Ausſicht wird, wenn man höher hinauf kommt, immer mehr und mehr von kahlen Klippen begrenzt, bis man endlich den Gipfel des Berges erreicht, eine durchaus unfruchtbare Gegend, die zu dem noch traurigern Thal führt, in welchem das Kloſter liegt. Dieſes iſt dagegen mit fürſtlicher Pracht gebaut; von großem Umfange und mit den ſeltenſten Marmorarten geziert. Die Zimmer, der Mönche ſowohl als der Fremden, ſind ſchön und bequem; die Gänge breit, hoch, und ſo lang, daß ſich das Auge faſt in ihnen verliert. Die Haupttreppe im Kloſter gleicht völlig der ſo berühmten in Caſerta, nur daß ſie etwas kleiner iſt. Sie iſt von ſicilianiſchem gefleckten Marmor, der zu dem Ende in großen Quaderſteinen auf einigen dem Kloſter gehörenden Gütern gebrochen wird. Die Kirche iſt groß, und mit edler Einfalt gebaut; ihre Altäre ſind alle vom koſtbarſten ſicilianiſchen Marmor, und mit Gemälden von Spagnolett und Morrealeſe, den man gewöhnlich den ſicilianiſchen Raphael nennt, geſchmückt. Das ganze Gebäude iſt lange noch nicht fertig, und es werden vielleicht noch 30 Jahre darauf gehen, ehe es vollendet iſt. Dieſer prächtige Pallaſt, der ungeheure Summen gekoſtet hat, dient bloß 50 Mönchen und 30 Kindern, die zum Mönchsſtande erzogen werden, zur Wohnung. Die Mönche müſſen alle von gutem Adel ſein, und wählen, wie alle übrigen italieniſchen Benediktiner, alle drei Jahr ihren Abt, der wegen zwei Baronien, die das Kloſter beſitzt, Reichs-Baron iſt und den Rang gleich nach den Biſchöfen hat. Die Einkünfte des Kloſters ſind ſehr groß, ob ſie gleich nicht mit denen verglichen werden müſſen, die die gefürſteten Abteien, und die Reichs-Gotteshäuſer in Deutſchland haben. Im Innern des Kloſters iſt das Noviciat, welches ein von dem größern ganz abgeſondertes Kloſter iſt, in dem Kinder zum Mönchsſtande erzogen werden, bis ſie das Alter erreichen, wo ſie ihr Gelübde ablegen können, welches gewöhnlich in ihrem 15. oder 16. Jahr geſchieht. Es iſt ein ſchauervoller Anblick dieſe Kinder von 6 bis 15 Jahren in der Mönchskappe zu ſehen, die, ohne das geſellige Leben zu kennen, ohne Freiheit in ihrer Wahl gehabt zu haben, verurtheilt ſind in klöſterlicher Einſamkeit, unter einer harten Diſciplin, und in einer Gegend, die nur Verzweiflung ſich zur Wohnung wählen konnte, zu leben. Sie ſehen auch alle elend aus, mit gelben eingefallenen Backen, ohne Feuer und Kraft und ganz unbekannt mit allen Freuden der Jugend. Die Diſciplin dieſer Benediktiner iſt ſehr ſtrenge: ſie müſſen früher als ihre übrigen Ordensbrüder des Nachts zum Chorgeſang aufſtehen, und haben nur einmal die Woche Erlaubniß aus dem Kloſter zu gehen. Doch haben ſie den Vortheil, daß das Kloſter ein kleines Diverſorium in Palermo hat, wohin jeder von ihnen einmal des Monats Erlaubniß erhält, auf ein Paar Tage zu kommen, und wo alle klöſterliche Diſciplin aufhört. Die Regel der Benediktiner verpflichtet ſie zum ſtudiren, und die Langeweile treibt ſie wohl noch mehr dazu an als die Befolgung der Regel, ſo daß es ſelten iſt, in ein Benediktiner-Kloſter zu kommen, wo der größte Theil der Mönche ganz unwiſſend wäre. In St. Martino ſind jederzeit Männer geweſen, die die Wiſſenſchaften bearbeitet haben; der gelehrteſte und bekannteſte iſt gegenwärtig der Prior D. Salvadore Blaſi, von welchem ich ſchon in dem Artikel über die Gegend um Neapel geſprochen habe, da er, außer anderen antiquariſchen Schriften, auch Verfaſſer der aus dem Archive des Kloſters la Caſa herausgegebenen, Series principum, qui Langobardorum aetate Salerni imperarunt, iſt. Er hat auch einen Catalogue raisonné der Manuſcripte herausgegeben, die ehemals in St. Martino waren, und vor einigen Jahren durch eine Feuersbrunſt verzehrt worden ſind. Aber die Wiſſenſchaften haben keinen großen Verluſt dadurch erlitten, da das meiſte nichts anders war, als Codices von der Vulgata, Lectionarien, Breviare, Heiligen-Legenden und dergleichen Sachen, woran leider in allen Kloſterbibliotheken Ueberfluß iſt. Die jetzige Bibliothek iſt ziemlich groß, mehrentheils hiſtoriſch; doch fehlen ihr viele wichtige Werke. An Handſchriften fand ich nichts von Bedeutung, außer einer apokryphiſchen Apokalypſe. Der Bibliothek-Saal iſt groß und ſehr gut gebaut. Das Kloſter hat auch ein Muſeum, das groß genug, aber in ſolcher Unordnung iſt, daß man ſich von ſeiner Vollſtändigkeit keinen Begriff machen kann. Die Naturproducte ſind größtentheils in Sicilien geſammelt. Einzelne Stücke aus der Antikenſammlung ſind in den Opuscoli di autori Siciliani, und im erſten Bande der Diſſertationen der Akademie del buon gusto beſchrieben. Das beſte iſt eine ſchöne Sammlung ſicilianiſcher Vaſen, mit griechiſchen Zeichnungen. Die Münzſammlung war in ſo großer Unordnung, daß ich nicht beurtheilen konnte, wie vollſtändig ſie ſei. Doch ſah ich einen Theil der ſchönſten und ſeltenſten ſicilianiſchen Münzen, wovon einige, die man nirgend als in dieſer Sammlung findet, in dem Werk des Prinzen Torremuzza in Kupfer geſtochen ſind. Ich brachte anderthalb Tage in dieſem Kloſter zu, und fand ſeine Bewohner ungemein gaſtfrei, welches freilich eine Ordenspflicht für ſie iſt: indeſſen zeigt die Art, wie ſie dieſe Pflicht ausüben, daß es ihnen Vergnügen macht und ſie ſich freuen, in ihrer Einſamkeit Menſchen zu ſehen.

In der Nähe von Palermo und San Martino liegt eine andere Stadt, Namens Monreale, die bis in neuere Zeiten der Sitz eines Erzbiſchofes war, der einen großen Kirchſprengel auf der Inſel, und gegen 90,000 Scudi jährliche Einkünfte hatte. Allein, weil auf die Art zwei Erzbiſchöfe ſo nahe bei einander waren, indem der andere, der Primas von Sicilien iſt, in Palermo reſidirt, und die Regierung, nicht ohne Grund, glaubte dieſe Einkünfte beſſer gebrauchen zu können, ſo wurde das Erzbisthum bei der letzten Vacanz, durch eine päbſtliche Bulle, mit dem Stifte Palermo vereinigt, ſo daß der Erzbiſchof von Palermo nun beide Diöceſen regiert, bei welcher Gelegenheit er 1000 Scudi Zulage bekommen hat. Der größte Theil der übrigen Einkünfte iſt zur Verbeſſerung der neapolitaniſchen Marine beſtimmt. — Der Weg von San Martino nach Monreale iſt einer der ängſtlichſten Bergwege, die ich je geſehen habe; denn man iſt genöthigt Felſen hinab zu reiten, die nicht einmal Fußſteige für die Fußgänger haben, und ſo mit loſen Steinen bedeckt ſind, daß es den Pferden kaum möglich iſt feſten Fuß zu faſſen. Ich bekam dadurch einen Begriff von dem Zuſtande der Landwege in den übrigen Gegenden Siciliens, beſonders mitten im Lande zwiſchen den Bergen, wohin ich nicht kommen konnte; und dieſe ſollen nach der Beſchreibung noch ſchrecklicher ſein. Die Stadt Monreale liegt auf einer gut angebauten Anhöhe, die das Ende der Berge iſt, welche ſich quer durch die ganze Inſel bis an den Fuß des Aetna erſtrecken, und hat eine ſehr angenehme Ausſicht über die ganze fruchtbare Ebene, worin Palermo liegt, über Monte Pellegrino, der von der Seeſeite über die Hauptſtadt hervorragt, über ihren ſchönen Hafen, und das mittelländiſche Meer, das ſich, ſo weit das Auge reichen kann, ausbreitet. Monreale iſt klein und häßlich, und hat nun durch die Aufhebung des Erzbisthums außerordentlich viel verloren; denn außer dem, was die Erzbiſchöfe verzehrten, waren ſie nach dem allgemeinen Kirchengeſetz verbunden ein Drittel von den Einkünften der Kirche an die Armen zu geben, welches in Monreale eine beträchtliche Summe von 30,000 Scudi ausmachte. Jetzt hingegen läßt der König nur monatlich 95 Unzen an Almoſen austheilen, welches nebſt einem Theil der Penſion, die der Prinz von Aſturien von den Einkünften des Stiftes haben ſollte, und die er der Gegend läßt, alles ausmacht, was dieſer kleinen Stadt übrig geblieben iſt, die weder Handel noch beträchtliche Manufakturen hat. Was von wohlhabenden Leuten dort wohnt, ſind ſicilianiſche Edelleute, deren Umſtände ihnen nicht erlauben mit dem Luxus, wie die übrigen, in Palermo zu leben, und die gleichwohl gern in der Nähe der Hauptſtadt wohnen wollen. Die Kirche ſoll von König Wilhelm dem Gütigen, nach einer Erſcheinung, die er gehabt haben ſoll, gebaut ſein; ſie iſt mit einem Benediktiner-Kloſter von derſelben Obſervanz, wie San Martino, verbunden, aber mit dem Eigenthümlichen, daß die Erzbiſchöfe bis in neueren Zeiten immer zugleich Aebte des Kloſters ſein mußten, und von den Mönchen gewählt wurden. Als hernach die Könige ſich anmaßten, die Würde, an wen ſie wollten, zu vergeben, [illegible] ſie eine Stimme mehr im Parlament gewannen, verlor [illegible] Kloſter dieſen Vorzug. Das Gebäude der Kirche iſt ſehr [illegible], und gothiſch: ſie hat kein Gewölbe, ſondern einen flachen und bekleideten Boden. Das merkwürdigſte in der Kirche ſind 22 hohe Säulen, jede von einem Stück egyptiſchen Granit. Ohne Zweifel ſind dieſe von alten Gebäuden genommen; aber niemand kann errathen, was es für ein Gebäude in der Nähe von Palermo geweſen ſein könne, das ſo prächtige Säulen gehabt habe. Selbſt der Fußboden iſt Moſaik, von dem, den die Italiäner pietre dure nennen, nämlich Porphyr, Jaſpis und Agate, dem nichts fehlt, als daß er nicht nach guten Zeichnungen gemacht iſt. Die Wände ſind mit großen Moſaiken, die bibliſche Geſchichten vorſtellen, geſchmückt, und überall findet man große Stücken darin, die mit feinem aber ſehr feſten Goldblech belegt ſind. Dieſer Tempel kann uns alſo eine Idee von dem großen Luxus der Normannen geben, und zeigen, wie viel ihr beſtändiger Umgang und ihre Kriege mit den Saracenen auf ihren Geſchmack wirkten, und demſelben ein aſiatiſches Colorit gaben. Der Hochaltar iſt ganz mit maſſivem Silber bekleidet, und hat einige köſtliche Basreliefs in Silber, die der letzte Erzbiſchof, Monſignor Teſta, auf ſeine Koſten, mit der übrigen Silberbekleidung des Altars, in Rom machen ließ. Die beiden vorletzten normanniſchen Könige, Wilhelm der Gute und der Böſe, liegen in dieſer Kirche begraben; der erſte in einem ſimpeln Sarge von weißem Marmor, der andere in einem Sarkophag von egyptiſchem Porphyr, unter einem auf ſechs kleinen Säulen ruhenden Himmel vom ſelben Steine. Außer dieſen Begräbniſſen ſind einige andere da, worin die Erzbiſchöfe der Kirche liegen. Der König ſelbſt hat dem letzten ein ſchönes Monument ſetzen laſſen; und dieſer ſchätzbare Mann war es wohl werth, da er, außer den reichlichen Almoſen, die er austheilte, auch auf ſeine eigene Koſten eine vier italieniſche Meilen lange Chauſſee von Monreale nach Palermo anlegen ließ, die ſchönſte, die man ſehen kann; denn ſie geht nicht nur gemächlich den Berg hinab, ſondern iſt auch mit Bäumen bepflanzt, hat viele Springbrunnen, Statuen, Inſchriften und Ruheplätze, und iſt mit einem Geſchmack und einer Eleganz angelegt, die man unterhalb Rom gewiß nicht erwartet. Dieſes Werk koſtet ihm beträchtliche Summen: und um dieſe und ähnliche Ausgaben, nebſt ſeinen vielen Almoſen beſtreiten zu können, lebte er blos von den 600 Unzen oder 1800 Rthlr. die er als Großinquiſitor von Sicilien hatte. Als Wilhelm der Gute (ſo genannt, weil er ein Freund der Mönche war) die Kirche und das Kloſter gebaut hatte, umgab er es mit Mauern und Thürmen, um die Koſtbarkeiten der Kirche gegen die Anfälle der Saracenen zu ſichern. Dies veranlaßte, daß in jenen unruhigen Zeiten ſich Menſchen um das Kloſter ſammelten, um unter dem Schutz der Feſtungswerke zu leben; und das war der Urſprung der Stadt.

Einige Meilen nördlich von Palermo liegen die Ruinen der alten Stadt Solus, oder Soluntum, auf einem kleinen ſteilen Berge, Namens Catalfano. Sie war von den Phöniciern gebaut, und die Gräber, die in der umliegenden Gegend gefunden werden, ſind phöniciſche. Man hat darunter einige Begräbnißkammern entdeckt, wovon eine, in welcher man eine Menge kleiner Vaſen und egyptiſcher Figuren fand, in D'Orville's Siculis beſchrieben und gezeichnet iſt *). Man ſieht noch Ueberbleibſel von einem breiten Steinwege, der zu den Stadtmauern hinauf führte, von den Mauern, die zwei italieniſche Meilen im Umkreiſe hatten, und von den Ciſternen, die jedoch jetzt mit Trümmern und Sand angefüllt ſind. Unter den Ruinen innerhalb der Mauer liegen viele Architekturſtücke, und man kann die Ruinen eines Tempels unterſcheiden, von dem eine große cannellirte Säule noch ſteht, und viele Bruchſtücke von andern in der Nähe zuſammengehäuft liegen. Dieſe Stadt iſt in der alten Geſchichte wenig bekannt, und es ſind nur wenig Münzen davon übrig.

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*) Tom. 1. Tab. 1. 2. pag. 43.

Theodor Mundt

ward am 19. September 1808 in Potsdam geboren. Sein früh verſtorbener Vater lebte daſelbſt als Beamter. M. kam ſchon als Kind nach Berlin, wo er das Joachimsthaliſche Gymnaſium beſuchte und dann namentlich unter Böckh und Hegel Philologie und Philoſophie ſtudirte. Er trat bereits früh, ſowohl mit einer Abhandlung über die Metrik der Tragiker, wie mit humoriſtiſchen Novellen, welche in berliner Journalen mitgetheilt, doch ſpäter nicht geſammelt herausgegeben wurden, als Schriftſteller auf. Später habilitirte er ſich als Privatdocent zu Berlin, wurde jedoch zu dem ſogenannten jungen Deutſchland gezählt und unter dem Rectorate des Profeſſor Steffens von ſeiner Stellung an der Univerſität entfernt, was mit dem allgemeinen Verbote ſeiner Schriften zuſammentraf. Seitdem lebte er als Privatgelehrter abwechſelnd in Berlin und auf Reiſen, und hat ſich in neueſter Zeit mit der unter dem Namen L. Mühlbach bekannten Schriftſtellerin Clara Müller vermählt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Das Duett. Roman. Berlin 1831.
Madelon oder die Romantiker in Paris. Novelle. Leipzig 1832.
Der Baſilisk oder Geſichterſtudien. Ebendaſ. 1833.
Kritiſche Wälder. Blätter zur Beurtheilung der Literatur, Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft unſerer Zeit. Ebendaſ. 1833.
Moderne Lebenswirren. Ebendaſ. 1834.
Madonna. Ebendaſ. 1835.
Zodiacus. Monatsſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1835 u. 1836. (In Verbindung mit Anderen).
Dioskuren. 2 Bde. Berlin 1836 u. 1837 (ebenſo).
Ueber den Styl. Ebendaſ. 1837.
Charaktere und Situationen. 3 Bde. Wismar 1838 — 1839.
Weltfahrten und Spaziergänge. 2 Bde. Altona 1838.
Der Delphin. Almanach für 1838. Ebendaſ.
Derſelbe für 1839. Ebendaſ.
Freihafen. Vierteljahrsſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1838 und 1839. (In Verbindung mit Anderen).

Einzelne Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

M's treueſter Freund, Kühne, deſſen Güte wir die hier mitgetheilten Notizen verdanken, bemerkt in ſeinem Urtheil über ihn, daß der Esprit dieſes fruchtbaren und talentvollen Autors ganz der Dialektik des berliner Geiſteslebens angehöre, in ſeiner Federführung aber eine üppige ſüdliche Vegetation als charakteriſtiſch hervortrete. In dem Gange ſeiner ſchriftſtelleriſchen Fortbildung erſcheint ſehr entſcheidend ein Wendepunkt, wo er nämlich vom Produciren ſelbſtſtändiger Geſtaltungen zur Betrachtung und Beleuchtung der Ideenſtoffe, welche in unſerer Zeit liegen, theils ſatiriſch oder humoriſtiſch, theils elegiſch, meiſt die bequeme Form des Romans beibehaltend, übergeht und mit großer Freiheit und Kühnheit die ſocialen Verhältniſſe und Verirrungen ſchildert und entwickelt. Die Art und Weiſe der Behandlung ſolcher Dinge fand heftige Widerſacher; mit großer Feinheit des Geiſtes, lebendiger Phantaſie und ſeltener Eleganz des Stils wußte er jedoch ſtets ſeine literäriſche Stellung zu behaupten.

Einiges aus Th. Mundt's „Moderne Lebenswirren“.

Weltſchöpferdrang an Kartenhäuſern.

(Phantaſie vom Apfelbaum herunter).

Hurrah! hurrah! ein Bildnerdrang iſt durch des Menſchen Bruſt ausgeſtrömt, ein Titan! In ſeinen Fingerſpitzen zittern ihm ungeborene Welten, die geformt ſein wollen, auf ſeiner Augenwimper ruhen ſchlummernde Schöpfungen, die nach Erwachen ſich ſehnen. Der Menſch kann nicht anders, er muß ſchaffen. Jede Biene, die aus des Nachbars Garten zu ihm hinüberſummt, erinnert ihn daran, jedes Kind zeigt ihm in den erſten Spielen dieſen urſprünglichſten Trieb ſeiner Natur. Das Kind baut ſchon Kartenhäuſer, denn der Menſch ſoll Welten bauen.

Wie habe ich mich gefreut, wenn auch nur ein Kartenhaus mir gelang! Es ſtand, es ſtand, und war die erſte Gewähr der bildenden Macht, die durch meine Finger quoll. Ich konnte jubeln, wenn ein Luftzug meine Häuſer umſtürzte, oder ich blies ſie wohl ſelbſt nieder, um von Neuem deſto ſchöner aufzubauen, denn da zeigt ſich erſt die höchſte Kraft des Schöpfers, aus der Zerſtörung immer neue Welten erſtehen zu laſſen. Die Mutter lächelte, und ahnete nicht, was für ein Genie in ihrem Erzeugten ſteckte. Die gute, gute Mutter! Nun wird ſie es auch nie erfahren. Als ich ſpäter ſtatt der Kartenhäuſer an Luftſchlöſſern zu bauen anfing, hat ſie mich oft genug gewarnt, meiner allzu träumeriſchen Natur nicht nachzugeben, ſondern auf etwas Reelles, das in der Welt gilt, mich zu verlegen. Die gute, gute Mutter! Sie wird nun nie erfahren, daß ein träumeriſcher Sohn, der ſo hübſch Kartenhäuſer und Luftſchlöſſer bauen konnte, nicht nur Etwas, das in der Welt gilt, ſondern ſogar auch eine eigene Welt zu erſchaffen vermag. In Summa Summarum, daß er ein Genie iſt. O Mutter!

Bewahre aber der Himmel den träumeriſchen Sohn vor Hochmuth! Doch nein, der Sohn weiß nur zu gut, was es für den Menſchen heißt, Welten zu ſchaffen. Er hat von jeher ſeine beſonderen demüthigen Gedanken darüber gehabt. Die Spinne, die neulich ihr ſchönes kunſtgeregeltes Netz über mein Fenſter hinſpann, hat es gehört, wie ſehr ich über die Vergänglichkeit der Kunſt wehklagte, als meine gefühlloſe Wirthin ſie mitſammt ihrer ſelbſtgeſchaffenen Welt wegfegte.

Sich ſelbſt hervorzubringen: höher kommt kein Menſch.

Mit den Träumen von einer univerſalen Wirkſamkeit der Kunſt iſt es eine höchſt gefährliche Sache. Unſere Deutſchen Literaturtitanen des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts haben beſtändig an dieſem Gedanken gekrankt, und hätten lieber zugegeben, daß der Himmel einſtürze, als daß der heiligen Bedeutſamkeit ihrer Bücher auch nur ein Haar gekrümmt werde. Jeder Vers war für das Univerſum gedichtet, jede Zeile in die ewige Weltaxe eingegraben. Es iſt, ſage ich, gefährlich und abermals gefährlich. Man geräth da mit dem lieben Gott in's Handgemenge, wenn man ihm die Kunſt als Weltſchöpferin zu nahe an ſeinem Thron ſchiebt. Sich ſelbſt hervorzubringen: darauf läuft doch am Ende alle Production, auch des Genies, nur hinaus, und indem dies das Streben wahrhaft menſchlicher Bildung iſt, iſt es zugleich die Grenze der Kunſt. In dieſer Grenze liegt aber ein Troſt, in ihr liegt Ruhe und Verſöhnung gegen alle Anfechtungen einer der Kunſt gleichgültig geſinnten Zeit. Der Genius muß dennoch ſchaffen, und ſollte auch in der ganzen weiten Welt Niemand da ſein, der ihn verſtände, ſollte auch kein einziger ſeiner Töne einem liebenden Anklang in der allgemeinen Stimmung begegnen; er muß ſchaffen, denn er muß ſich ſelbſt hervorbringen. So wird er zum Märtyrer der Aufgabe, die ihm geſtellt iſt, aber er iſt deſſen freudig in ſeinem Geiſt, er kann nicht anders. Er muß alle die Welten- und Menſchenkeime, die in ihm geſtreut ſind, aus ſich herausbilden und in die Erſcheinung treten laſſen; er muß ganze Städte bauen, ganze Geſchlechter erzeugen, Lebensrichtungen ausfechten, Haß und Liebe in Flammen ſetzen, Leidenſchaft und Tod deuten. Davon lebt und ſtirbt er. Dann hat er Ruhe vor ſich ſelbſt.

Ich glaube an keine ewige Dauer des Kunſtwerkes. Es iſt auf die Woge ſeiner Zeit geſchrieben, es iſt den Stürmen der Geſchichte und der Umwälzung der Geſinnungen unterworfen. Es iſt ein wandelbares Gut des Geſchlechts. Nur einmal hat es in ſeiner ſchönſten Bedeutung Klang, Farbe und Leben gehabt; einmal kommt ſeine Stunde, wo es Klang, Farbe und Leben verlieren muß. Ich rede nicht blos von den Kunſtwerken, die ſchon durch ihr Material dem Schickſal einer endlichen Auflöſung verfallen ſind. Vor der reſtaurirten Sixtiniſchen Madonna in Dresden ſtanden mir große Thränen der Wehmuth im beſchauenden Auge, und es war ein wahres Glück, daß der Hofrath Haſe, mit dem ich darüber ſprach, mich meiner Kunſtignoranz wegen auswiſchte, weil ich mit der Reſtauration nicht zufrieden ſein wollte, dies brachte mich durch Aerger wieder auf die Beine, ſonſt wär' ich vor all den geputzten Leuten in ein lautes Weinen ausgebrochen. Als ich dies Bild geſehn, wollte mich, nachher faſt ein kleiner Stolz beſchleichen über die größere Wandelloſigkeit der Poeſie. Ich dachte an Homer, an Sophokles, ich dachte daran, wie ſehr der Oedipus auf Kolonos Esperancens Herz gerührt, als ich ihn ihr damals vorgeleſen. Aber ſind denn dieſe Gedichte eigentlich noch etwas Anderes, als bloße hiſtoriſche Monumente? Als ſolche ſtehen ſie, der Bewunderung und Theilnahme werth, vor uns da, aber ſie können keine wahre Kunſtwirkung im höchſten Grade mehr auf uns ausüben. Es ſpricht ein Gott aus ihnen, deſſen Altäre zertrümmert liegen, es wandelt der abgeſchiedene Geiſt eines fremden Geſchlechts durch ſie hin. Wir haben keine Blutsverwandtſchaft mit ihnen, und man muß Blutsverwandtſchaft haben mit einem Kunſtwerk, das ſich ganz unſerer bemächtigen ſoll. Es iſt nicht Fleiſch von unſerm Fleiſch, nicht Geiſt von unſerm Geiſt. Wir haben keine Illuſion an ihnen, ſie ſind uns Studien geworden und Denkmäler, aber unſer innerſtes Kunſtbedürfniß füllen ſie nicht aus. Sie ſind als Kunſt vergangen. Geſtürzte Götterbilder.

Ha, ich freue mich, daß das Kunſtwerk nur ſeiner Zeit angehöret, nur für Menſchen lebt, die ſind, wie ich; an dieſelbe Grenze und Bedingung gefeſſelt. Das gibt mir fröhlichen zuverſichtlichen Muth, etwas zu ſchaffen. Es iſt gar zu ſchwer und faſt ſchaurig, dichten zu ſollen für eine ganze Ewigkeit. Ich abſtrahire bei meinen Büchern, die ich ſchreiben werde, von der Nachwelt; ich verlange nicht einmal Gottes Lohn dafür. Denn ſoll mich der liebe Gott noch dafür belohnen, daß ich mich hienieden ſchönſtens damit amüſirt habe, Bücher zu ſchreiben und drucken zu laſſen? So viel Anſprüche mache ich nicht. Ich will blos meiner Mitwelt ins Auge ſehen, wenn ich ſchreibe. Die Heroen unſerer Literatur im vorigen Jahrhundert glaubten dem lieben Gott einen Gefallen damit zu thun, daß ſie ſich herabließen, für die von ihm geſchaffene Welt etwas zu dichten. Dies iſt vorbei. Goethe war ein ſchöner Statthalter Gottes auf Erden, aber das Pabſtthum in der Literatur iſt vorbei. Der heutigen Schriftſteller-Generation muß es das höchſte Ziel ſein, Pfeile des Geiſtes in ihre Zeit hinauszuſchicken, um das Volk der Deutſchen aufzuregen und aufzuſchütteln. Eines Buches Geiſt muß in das Volk übergehen, und dann als Buch aufgehört haben zu leben. Es muß wirken und in der Wirkung ſeinen Geiſt ausathmen. Die Bücherleiche wird in den Literarhiſtorien feierlich begraben.

Ich freue mich, ich freue mich! Einem Vogel kann ſein Herz nicht leichter ſein, als mir, da ich nun meine Grenzen überſchaue, innerhalb deren ich arbeiten will, die Grenzen der Zeit. Es bleibt Alles in der Familie, was ich ſchreiben werde, es iſt aus der Zeit. Heiſa, ich will das Nächſte ergreifen, und das Weiteſte daran knüpfen! Da ſagen ſie freilich, die Zeit ſei dem Dichten nicht günſtig, und allerdings wäre es eine eigenthümliche Betrachtung, das Verhältniß zwiſchen Politik und Kunſt einmal zu beleuchten. Ich ſtecke indeß ſchon zu tief im Wirrwarr darin, um mich in dieſem Augenblick ernſtlich auf Auseinanderſetzung dieſer Frage einzulaſſen. Soviel weiß ich, daß die Kunſt nicht nöthig hat, durch die Politik unterzugehen, da die Kunſt ein zu nothwendiges National-Element der Völker iſt. Ich haſſe jetzt im Augenblick — ich weiß nicht, rührt es noch von meinen abſolutiſtiſchen Anfällen her? — das Wort Politik, ſonſt möchte ich faſt ſagen, daß die Kunſt ſich durch die Politik eher neu beleben, als untergraben könne. Aber ich will mich, wie angegeben, nicht verwickeln, denn mir hängt der Himmel ſo voll von Geigen, daß mir der Kopf ſchwindelt, und ich ſelbſt nicht mehr weiß, wo ich in Widerſprüche hineingerathe, und ob ich meiner Richtung treu bleibe, oder ob ich noch eine Richtung habe? Lirumlarum, es geht mich nichts an! Was ſchaden Widerſprüche, wenn nur dabei immer der Himmel voll Geigen hängt. Widerſprüche ſind die Ringe in der Kette jeder Entwickelung. Es raſſelt doch, und wo es raſſelt, da iſt Leben. Und daß die Kunſt ſich vor der Politik nicht zu fürchten hat, ſieht man bei den Deutſchen, bei denen ſie ſich leider bisher in einem nur zu feindlichen Gegenſatz zu derſelben zu erhalten vermocht. Der überwiegende Kunſt- und Wiſſenſchafts-Sinn hat bei dieſem Volk den politiſchen Sinn unterdrückt, ſtatt ſich unterdrücken laſſen. Dies merkwürdige Volk hat ſich lange um die ſein eigenſtes Herzblut berührenden politiſchen Dinge wenig bekümmert, und ſie lieber geopfert, um in Ruhe gewiſſe wiſſenſchaftlich-ſyſtematiſche Ideen hervorzubilden, Dramen voll Griechiſcher Einfachheit und Romane für ein liebendes Deutſches Herz zu ſchreiben, die antike Metrik in die Deutſche Poeſie einzuführen, und einen Hexameter mit einer Vorſchlagſylbe zu erfinden. Wird ſich ſein ideeller Sinn jetzt endlich einmal mit ſeinem politiſchen verſöhnen und zu einem Nationalgleichgewicht durchdringen? Das iſt, worauf die Patrioten jetzt lediglich hinarbeiten ſollten. Das iſt es, was ich will! Was geht mich mein Abſolutismus von neulich an? Was habe ich nach dem fabelhaften Herrn von Zodiacus zu fragen, der durch ſeinen langen Aufenthalt bei uns eine ſpecielle Notice auf dies Kleinweltwinkel an den Tag zu legen ſcheint? Ich weiß längſt, daß es nicht geheuer mit ihm iſt. Und auf meinen Abſolutismus habe ich nie einen ſonderlichen Werth gelegt. Ich ignorire ihn vorläufig an mir. Ich will jetzt nichts, und weiter gar nichts, als den ideellen Sinn der Deutſchen mit Intereſſen der Zeit und Oeffentlichkeit befruchten. Darum will ich dichten und Bücher ſchreiben!

Es iſt ein herrliches Loos, Schriftſteller zu ſein! Im Leben haben ſie mich oft für einen verſchloſſenen Geſellen gehalten, weil ich mich für zu unbedeutend achte, um von mir ſelbſt viel Redens zu machen, und eine gewiſſe geſellige Frechheit der Mündlichkeit mir abgeht. Auf dem Papier bin ich aber nie verſchloſſen geweſen, da habe ich mich oft ausgeſtrömt und jede Quellader an mir fließen laſſen, daß Gutes und Böſes in mir Jedem deutlich werden konnte. Wie will ich nun erſt als Schriftſteller Alles herausſagen nach Herzensluſt, daß nichts in mir bleiben ſoll! Dieſe werden mich mehr lieben, und jene werden mich haſſen, wenn ich einmal alle meine Gedanken geltend gemacht haben werde. Ich freue mich brennend auf Liebe und Haß, ich kann lieben und haſſen, und in beiden eine Poeſie mir herausſchmecken. Ich werde einmal etwas ſchreiben, das mir Haß erregen ſoll! Die Deutſchen Schriftſteller müſſen ſich jetzt erſt verhaßt machen, um wahrhaft liebenswürdig zu ſein. Sie müſſen ihrer Nation, indem ſie ihr Alles ins Geſicht ſagen, ein Gräuel werden, um entſchieden wirken zu können. Der Deutſche iſt nur durch ſeine Schriftſteller zu retten. Wohlan alſo, es lebe die Oeffentlichkeit des Worts!

Nicht ſchwer wird es mir, mich zu entſcheiden, in welcher Form ich dichten ſoll! Es ſind mir vor einiger Zeit eigene Gedanken durch den Kopf gegangen, über den Beruf einer Kunſtform: das Höchſte darzuſtellen. Dies iſt eine ſehr wichtige Frage, über die ich eine gründliche Erörterung anſtellen würde, wenn nicht meine ganze Aeſthetik von jeher in den bekannten Worten Voltaire's enthalten geweſen wäre: „que tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.“ Auch iſt es faſt unmöglich, zu entſcheiden, welches denn eigentlich das Höchſte in der Kunſt ſei, wenn man darüber unterſuchen will, welche Kunſtform dazu berufen, dies Höchſte zur Darſtellung zu bringen. Ich für mein Theil wende daher die Frage wieder auf das Zeitgemäße hin, und frage, welche poetiſche Kunſtform am meiſten in der Richtung der Zeit begründet liege? Es iſt die Novelle. Das Drama iſt einer kunſtgerechteren Form fähig, es iſt vielleicht der ſchönſte Gipfel eines künſtleriſch gefügten Organismus, der Triumph einer vollendeten Architektonik der Poeſie. Aber darauf kommt es in dieſem Augenblick nicht an, es kommt auf die Lebensperſpectiven an, welche die Poeſie vor den Augen der Zeit aufthun ſoll. Und dafür iſt die Novelle biegſamer, weil ſie unbegrenzter iſt, und mit einer großen Keckheit der Darſtellung in alle Gebiete des innern und äußern Lebens übergreifen kann. Das Drama iſt feierlich gemeſſen, zu thatenmuthig und unmittelbar heraustretend für den heutigen Tag; man muß die Deutſchen mit der Novelle fangen. Die Novelle niſtet ſich noch am meiſten in Stuben und Familien ein, ſitzt mit zu Tiſche und belauſcht das Abendgeſpräch, und man kann da dem Herrn Papa zur guten Stunde etwas unter die Nachtmütze ſchieben oder dem Herrn Sohn bei gemächlicher Pfeife eine Richtung einflüſtern, die vielleicht einmal für die ganze Nation Folgen haben mag. Die Novelle iſt ein herrliches Aehrenfeld für die politiſche Algorie, wozu ſie noch viel zu wenig angebaut iſt. Man muß große Lebensgebilde erträumen und ſie in Novellenform den Deutſchen auf's Zimmer ſchicken. Sie ſind zu faul ſich anzuziehn, und ſelbſt hinauszugehn zum Drama; ſie können im Drama nur Kotzebue vertragen, der ihnen ihre eigene Deutſche Miſère jeden Abend luſtig einrührte. Man kann auch auf die Deutſchen nicht wirken, wenn ſie in Schauſpielhäuſern ſitzen. Sie ſind da entweder nur modiſch aufgelegt, denn ſie fühlen ſich im Zuſammenſein nie als eine Nation, oder es graut ſie heimlich untereinander vor der Oeffentlichkeit, in der ſie ſich da gegenüberſehen, und man darf ihnen in dieſem Zuſtande kein erregendes Wort ſagen, weil ſie es gleich von wegen der offenbaren Oeffentlichkeit als gefahrbringend einſehn. Draußen vor dem Schauſpielhauſe iſt auch Gensdarmerie und Polizei aufgeſtellt, und behüten das Drama. Die Novelle ſteht ſich mit der Polizei beſſer, und ſie flüchtet ſich auf die Stube, wo es keine Gensdarmerie gibt. In ſeiner Stube iſt der Deutſche auch ein ganz anderer Menſch, da kann man mit ihm reden. Hier ſitzt er ſtill und läßt ſich gern für Alles begeiſtern, er glaubt an die Freiheit, und ſchwebt auf ein höheres Nationalleben. Er ſieht ein, wo ihm Unrecht geſchieht und Recht widerfahren muß. Er iſt ein vorzüglicher Menſch. Er ſchaut faſt ſo aus, als könnte ihn die Weltgeſchichte noch einmal brauchen. Er nimmt ſich wirklich wie ein Mann aus, der Augen, Ohren, Mund und Naſe hat. In dieſer ſeiner glücklichen Stimmung muß ihn die Novelle zu Hauſe zu treffen ſuchen, ſie muß ſich in dieſe einſchleichen oder ſie aufrufen in ihm. Mitten in der Trägheit der Novellenleſerei, wo er recht zu faullenzen glaubt, muß ſie ihm einen Floh in's Ohr ſetzen, und muß ihn allmälig durch Gebilde eines glückſeligeren, kräftigeren, hochherzigeren Lebens überraſchen, daß er vor Ungeduld und Sehnſucht ganz unbändig wird. So faſſe ich die Novelle als deutſches Hausthier auf, und als ſolches iſt ſie mir jetzt die berufenſte Kunſtform, das Höchſte darzuſtellen. Ich ſäe und ernte auf ihrem Acker meine ſchönſten Hoffnungen.

Auf Künſtlergröße verzichte ich gern, ich und die Zeit, wir beide ſind zu unruhig dazu. Nicht als ob ich Kunſtwerth verachtete, ſondern ich achte ihn eben zu hoch, um ihn würdig erreichen zu können. Ein Künſtler muß ein Götterſohn der Ruhe ſein. Die Sonne darf ihm nicht untergehn, und über ſeinem Schaffen leuchtet der ewige Friede. Durch die kleinſten Theile ſeines Gebildes waltet dieſelbe Liebe, welche die größten verherrlicht. Es gehört eine erhabene Sinnesart dazu. Wer kann ſich aber jetzt in die Künſtlerwerkſtätte zurückziehn, und in deren geweihter Stille ruhig die Jahre hinbringen, während ſich draußen unterdeß eine ganze Welt umwälzen kann. Da muß man lieber aufpaſſen und Schildwach ſtehen, um ins Gewehr treten können, wenn ein großes Ereigniß vorbeipaſſirt, oder die Zeit ruft: heraus! Alle Dichtungen werden daher heut an einer gewiſſen Zeitunruhe leiden, wodurch ihnen ihr heiliger Kunſtfriede gebrochen wird. Vor allen auch die meinigen. Sie werden ausſehn wie ein Menſch, der auf einem baieriſchen Poſtwagen von ſchönen Gedanken an ſeine Liebe überraſcht wird. Er kann dieſe Liebesgedanken unmöglich alle rein ausdenken, während ihm der vermaledeite ſtößige Wagen dabei die Rippen entzwei bricht.

Der größte aller Künſtler iſt doch Gott!!! Er hat den Frieden dazu, mitten durch die Unruhe ſeines Weltgedichtes ewige Kunſtgeſetze der Ruhe innerlich hinzuleiten. In Gottes Geiſt iſt alle Unruhe ſchon von ewig her als Ruhe und Ordnung ausgeglichen geſetzt. Es iſt die höchſte Leiſtung künſtleriſcher Ausgleichung. Ich habe längſt Gott am meiſten als den Künſtler angebetet. Dies iſt meine Religion zu ihm, ich habe keine andere. Dies iſt meine Metaphyſik, durch die ich ihn erkenne und faſſe, ich faſſe ihn nicht anders. Als Weltkünſtler, wie er die Lebensloſe der Menſchen und Völker gruppirt, erkenne ich ihn, und dies Erkennen iſt meine Andacht. Eine bewundernswürdige Kunſtſymmetrie geht durch das Univerſum, vor der ich ſtaunend mich neige. Die Frommen werden mich um meine Kunſtreligion verdammen, aber ich mag auch, bei meiner Seele, nicht in ihren Himmel kommen. Die Weltſchöpfung iſt mir ein Kunſtwerk; ſo kann man in der Geſchichte Aeſthetik ſtudiren. Und weil Gott den Menſchen nach ſeinem Ebenbilde geſchaffen, hat er in dieſen kleinen Gott auch jenen großen Weltſchöpferdrang gelegt, ihm zu Luſt und Qual. Darum iſt auch der Menſch ein Stück Künſtler, weil ſein Gott der unendliche Künſtlergeiſt ſelber iſt. Auch der Menſch muß Welten bauen! —

Und nun, du gute Mutter, auf deren Schooß ich die erſten Kartenhäuſer baute, Deine Warnungen ſollen doch nicht in den Wind geſchlagen ſein! Wenn ich einſt weder Kartenhäuſer, noch Luftſchlöſſer, noch Welten mehr werde bauen können, dann will ich mich, wie Du gewünſcht, auf etwas Reelles, das in der Welt gilt, legen. Es iſt für einen träumeriſchen Sohn immer noch Zeit, vernünftig zu werden. Laß mich nur noch bauen, laß mich bauen! Ich muß bauen. Trara! Trara! — —

Die Mythe vom Klugſch.

Der Klugſch..r iſt eine uralte Perſon, er iſt ſo alt als die Welt ſteht. Als der liebe Gott im Anfang Himmel und Erde geſchaffen, und am ſiebenten Tage geſehen, daß Alles ſehr gut war, ließ ſich ſchon am Abend des ſiebenten Tages der brummende Laut eines Mißvergnügten durch die Schöpfung vernehmen. Er kam vom Klugſch..r. Ihm war der Tag zu hell und die Nacht zu finſter, die Sonne zu grell und der Mond zu matt, der Sommer zu warm und der Winter zu kalt, er bekam im Frühling den Schnupfen und im Herbſt die Kolik. Die Nachtigall war ihm zu ſchwärmeriſch, und doch die Gans wieder zu bornirt, er tadelte die Blumen auf dem Felde, daß ſie nicht arbeiteten, und ärgerte ſich, daß der Menſch durch Arbeit das Leben ſich friſten mußte, er glaubte es gar nicht aushalten zu können. Er ſchrieb die erſte Recenſion über die Schöpfung. Er klagte Gott an, daß es allen Einrichtungen auf dieſer Erde an einer richtigen Mitte fehle. Himmel und Erde lägen ihm zu weit auseinander, die Sterne ſtänden zu hoch, um ſie genau ſehen zu können, er verlangte einen ſichern Mittelplatz, von dem aus Himmel und Erde gleichmäßig zu genießen wären. Da redete Gott im Wetter zu ihm, und ſprach in ſeinem Zorn: Du ſollſt der ewige Klugſch..r der Schöpfung bleiben!! Der Klugſch..r nahm ſich dies zu Herzen, und wanderte aus. Er wanderte durch alle damals entdeckten Welttheile, und trug überall den Fluch Gottes mit ſich. Nirgends labte ihn ein milder Balſamtropfen der Zufriedenheit, er wollte Alles beſſer wiſſen, als es war, er wollte Alles vermitteln. Weit und breit gefürchtet ſchlich er als reiſender Malcontent durch die Weltgeſchichte. Man nannte ihn auch einen handelsreiſenden Beelzebub. Er war und blieb aber der ewige Klugſchmecker. In Jeruſalem debütirte er eine Zeitlang als Malcontent des Chriſtenthums, und wurde ſeitdem auch der ewige Jude genannt. Als ewiger Jude hat er noch ſeine ſchönſten Zeiten erlebt und es zu einer gewiſſen Tragik gebracht. Bald aber ſtürzte er ſich ins modern bürgerliche Leben und verſuchte ſich in allerlei Aemtern. Nachdem er abwechſelnd Schulmeiſter, Kritiker, Wetterprophet, Kalendermacher, guter Rathgeber, Beichtvater und Hofaſtronom geworden, nachdem er ſich darauf mit der Hegelſchen Philoſophie beſchäftigt, mit dem logiſchen Begriff ſich wichtig gemacht und einige Semeſter als Privatdocent in Berlin ohne Zuhörer geleſen hatte, warf ſich der arme Klugſch.ſ.r aus Verzweiflung endlich auf die Politik. Er redigirte mehrere Regierungsblätter, ging nach Paris, und wurde zuerſt beim Moniteur beſchäftigt. Obwohl, nach ſo viel Leiden, längſt zum dürren grauen Männchen abgezehrt, nur noch aus Haut und Knochen beſtehend, gelang es ihm doch, hier noch einmal Epoche zu machen. Er wurde Juſte-Milieu-Mann, kam ins Miniſterium und ſchulmeiſterte den Zeitgeiſt, wie ein Hofmeiſter ſeinen ungezogenen Junker. Der Zeitgeiſt war träge geworden, und demüthigte ſich ſchlaftrunken vor dieſer Zuchtruthe des Klugſch..rei-Syſtems. Der Teufel hole den ewigen Klugſchmecker. — — —

Friedrich Wilhelm Auguſt Murhard

ward am 7. December 1779 zu Kaſſel geboren, ſtudirte auf dem vaterſtädtiſchen Lyceum ſchon neben den claſſiſchen auch die orientaliſch-ſemitiſchen Sprachen und ſeit 1796 zu Göttingen ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und die Rechte und unternahm nach erfolgter Doctorpromotion 1799 über Regensburg und Wien eine Reiſe nach Ungarn, Siebenbürgen, die Türkei und Kleinaſien. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr bereiſte er Süddeutſchland, Frankreich, Italien, die Schweiz, Belgien und Holland, und wurde dann zum Redacteur des weſtphäliſchen Moniteur, Bibliothekar am kaſſeler Muſeum und Präfecturrath des Fuldadepartements ernannt. Nach Auflöſung des weſtphäliſchen Regiments lebte er unbeamtet und unabhängig ſeinen literariſchen Beſchäftigungen zu Frankfurt am Main, ward aber 1824 auf einer Reiſe nach Hanau wegen Verdachtes der Abfaſſung von Drohbriefen gegen den Kurfürſten gefänglich eingezogen und erſt nach Verhaftung des kurheſſiſchen Oberpolizeidirectors, von Manger, wieder freigelaſſen. Er lebte ſeitdem als Privatmann zu Göttingen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Bibliographie des Magnetismus. Kaſſel 1797.
Literatur der mathematiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Leipzig 1797—1805, 5 Thle.
Geſchichte der Phyſik. Göttingen 1798—99, 2 Thle.
Gemälde von Konſtantinopel. Penig und Leipzig 1804, 3 Thle.; 2. Ausg. 1806, 2 Thle.
Konſtantinopel und St. Petersburg. Zeitſchrift mit v. Reimers. Penig und Petersburg 1805 — 1806, 2 Jahrgänge.
Gemälde des griechiſchen Archipelagus. Berlin 1807 — 1808, 2 Bde.
Allgemeine politiſche Annalen. Frankfurt 1821.
Grundlage des jetzigen Staatsrechts des Kurfürſtenthums Heſſen. Kaſſel 1834 — 35.

Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Freiſinnige und großartige Auffaſſung der Verhältniſſe, Scharfſinn, ausgebreitete Kenntniſſe, Eleganz des Stils und lebendige Darſtellung haben ihm unter den deutſchen Publiciſten einen angeſehenen Namen erworben.

Johann Karl Adam Murhard,

der jüngere Bruder des Vorigen, ward am 25. Februar 1781 zu Kaſſel geboren, ſtudirte mit ſeinem Bruder erſt zu Göttingen, dann 1799 allein zu Marburg Jurisprudenz, und wurde hier Doctor der Rechte. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr in ſeine Vaterſtadt wurde er 1800 als Archivar bei der Oberrentkammer angeſtellt und unter der weſtphäliſchen Regierung, als Correſpondent, Commiſſar bei Unterſuchung der Archive und 1809 als Staatsrathsauditeur und Chef verſchiedener Sectionen im Finanzminiſterium angeſtellt. Nach Auflöſung dieſes Reichs regelte er als Hauptliquidator die Schulden der Departements der Fulda, der Werra und des Harzes, und trat darauf in ſeinen früheren Rang als Archivar zurück. Eine ſpätere Ernennung zum Regierungsſecretär lehnte er mit dem kurheſſiſchen Staatsdienſte zugleich ab und lebte bis zum Februar 1824 zu Frankfurt, worauf er mit ſeinem Bruder zugleich verhaftet, aber bald wieder frei gelaſſen wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Müſſige Abendſtündchen zweier Freunde. Germanien 1799, 1r Theil, mit P. F. Wedde.
Theorie der Elektricität und des Magnetismus. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Haüy. Altenburg 1801.
Ueber den Handel Portugals. Aus dem Portugieſiſchen des de Cunha. Hamburg 1801.
Azuni's Gemälde von Sardinien. Leipzig 1803, 2 Thle.
Fell's Reiſe durch die bataviſche Republik. Ebendaſ. 1805.
Blicke auf Paris. Altenburg 1805.
Ideen über Gegenſtände der Nationalökonomie und Staatswirthſchaft. Göttingen 1808.
Weſtphalen unter Hieronymus Napoleon. Braunſchweig 1812, mit Haſſel.
Theorie des Geldes und der Münze. Leipzig 1817.

Einzelne Aufſätze, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Echte Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit, vortreffliche lichtvolle Darſtellung, Scharfſinn und ein ausgezeichneter didaktiſcher Stil reihen des jüngeren M. Beſtrebungen denen ſeines Bruders würdig an.

Thomas Murner, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Chriſtoph Gottlieb von Murr,

ein bekannter Geſchichts- und Alterthumsforſcher ward am 6. Auguſt 1733 zu Nürnberg geboren, ſtudirte hier und zu Altorf claſſiſche Sprachen und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und wurde dann in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Wag- und Zollamtmann angeſtellt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 8. April 1811.

Von ihm haben wir:

Fielding's Reiſe nach Liſſabon. Ueberſetzt. Altorf 1764.
Haoh Kjöh. Chineſiſcher Roman. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1766.
Glower's Medea. Trauerſpiel. Ueberſetzt. Nürnberg 1766.
Cardonne's Geſchichte von Afrika und Spanien unter den Arabern. Ueberſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1768 — 1770, 3 Thle.
Betrachtungen beim Abſterben Gellert's. Ebendaſ. 1770 — 71.
An Rabener's Schatten. Ebendaſ. 1771.
Denkmal zur Ehre Klotz'. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1772.
Sinngedichte. Magdeburg 1773 u. 1779.
Journal zur Kunſtgeſchichte und allgemeinen Literatur. Nürnberg 1775 — 89, 17 Thle.
Ueber Leſſing's Laokoon. Erlangen 1779.
Geſchichte der Jeſuiten in Portugal. Nürnberg 1787 — 88, 2 Bde.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte des 30jährigen Krieges. Ebendaſ. 1790.
Neues Journal u. ſ. w. Ebendaſ. 1798 — 99, 2 Bde.
Die jetzige Welt. Lehrgedicht. 4. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Die mediceiſche Venus und Phryne. Ebendaſ. 1805.
Leben und Schriften des Philoſophen G. Bruno. Dresden 1805.
Die Ermordung Albrechts, Herzogs von Friedland. Halle 1806.

M. wirkte zu ſeiner Zeit eifrig für die geſchichtliche und theoretiſche Kenntniß der ſchönen Künſte in Deutſchland und erwarb ſich hier durch viele, für jene Zeit beſonders treffliche Abhandlungen großes Verdienſt. — Von ſeinen übrigen Leiſtungen iſt der ihm oft gemachte Vorwurf der Flüchtigkeit nicht ganz abzuweiſen.

Johann Karl Auguſt Muſäus,

ein Sohn des Landrichters und nachherigen Rathes und Amtmanns M. zu Eiſenach, ward 1735 zu Jena geboren und von ſeinem Oheim, dem nachherigen Generalſuperintendenten Weißenborn zu Eiſenach, trefflich und väterlich erzogen. Nachdem er drei und ein halbes Jahr in Jena Theologie ſtudirt hatte und Magiſter der Philoſophie, wie auch Mitglied der deutſchen Geſellſchaft geworden war, kehrte er als Candidat des Predigtamtes zu ſeinen Eltern zurück. Weil die Bauern eines bei Eiſenach gelegenen Dorfes ſich ſeiner Annahme zum Pfarrer widerſetzten, weil er als Candidat getanzt habe, widmete er ſich ganz der Literatur und ging 1763 als Pagenhofmeiſter nach Weimar ab, wo er 1770 zum Profeſſor am Gymnaſium ernannt wurde. Hier wirkte er durch mündliche Lehre wie durch ſeine Schriften ſegensreich für ſeine Zeit, bis ein Herzpolyp am 28. October 1787 ſeinen Tod herbeiführte. — Stete Heiterkeit, herzliche Gutmüthigkeit und große Beſcheidenheit bei originellem Witze, gründlichen Kenntniſſen und deutſcher Offenheit, und Biederkeit, machten ihn zum Liebling derer, die ihn perſönlich kannten, abgeſehen von dem großen Werthe ſeiner Schriften.

Er verfaßte theils anonym, theils pſeudonym:

Grandiſon der Zweite. Eiſenach 1760—62, 2 Bde., 8.; 2. veränderte Ausg. mit dem Titel: Der deutſche Grandiſon. Ebendaſ. 1781—82, 2 Bde., 8., mit Titelkupf.; neueſte Aufl. Leipzig 1806, 2 Bde., 8.

Das Gärtnermädchen. Komiſche Oper. Weimar 1771, 8., componirt von Wolf.

Phyſiognomiſche Reiſen. Altenburg 1778—79, 4 Hefte, 8.; dann: 1781, 8., mit Titelſilhouette, und 1788.

Volksmärchen der Deutſchen. Gotha 1782—86, 5 Bde., 8.; n. A. Ebendaſ. 1787—88; n. A. von Wieland Ebendaſ. 1806, mit Vignett.; neueſte A. von Jacobs 1826, 5 Bdchen 8.; ein 6r Theil Halle 1789, 8., iſt von G. G. Fülleborn. Wurde ins Engliſche überſetzt.

Freund Heins Erſcheinungen in Holbein's Manier. Winterthur 1785, gr. 8., mit 25 Kupf.

Straußfedern. Berlin u. Stettin 1787, 1r Bd., 8. (die Fortſetzung von J. G. Müller und Andern).

Moraliſche Kinderklapper. Nach dem Franzöſiſchen des Monget. Herausgegeben von Bertuch. Gotha 1788, 8.; n. A. Ebendaſ. 1794, mit Vignett.; neueſte A. Ebendaſ. 1823, 8., mit Vign. (fortgeſetzt von Funke).

Nachgelaſſene Schriften. Herausgegeben von ſeinem Schüler A. v. Kotzebue. Leipzig 1791, 8., mit Kupf., Portrait und Abbildung des Denkmals an ſeinem Grabe.

Die 4 Stufen des menſchlichen Alters. Vorſpiel mit Geſang und Muſik von Hiller.

Auch lieferte er Beiträge in die Allgemeine deutſche Bibliothek (Band 2).

Die gefälligſte, munterſte Laune, verbunden mit Originalität und Reichthum der Gedanken, feiner ſatiriſcher Witz, anmuthige Behaglichkeit, warmes, tiefes Gefühl für alles Gute und Schöne, echte Naivetät und ein eigenthümlicher, glücklicher Styl, verleihen den Schriften dieſes durch Charakter wie Geiſt gleich ſehr ausgezeichneten Mannes einen großen Reiz und bleibenden Werth. Keine ſeiner Leiſtungen iſt unbedeutend; jede hat einen beſonderen Schatz von guten und treffenden Bemerkungen, neuen und friſchen Einfällen, intereſſanten und meiſterhaft durchgeführten, oft überraſchenden Bildern und Vergleichungen. Am Schlagendſten tritt ſeine Satire in den phyſiognomiſchen Reiſen hervor, ſowie ſein gefühlvoller Humor in Freund Holbein's Erſcheinungen. Seine Volksmährchen der Deutſchen bleiben indeſſen ſein vorzüglichſtes Werk; wenn auch die urſprünglichen Stoffe unter ſeiner Bearbeitung ihren nationalen Charakter verloren, und ſeine Behandlung ſich mehr der leichten franzöſiſchen Weiſe, ſolche Gegenſtände zu verarbeiten, zuneigt, ſo waltet doch eine Liebenswürdigkeit, Anmuth und Naivetät in ihnen, wie man ſie, namentlich in unſerer Literatur, nur ſelten findet.

Die Bücher der Chronika der drei Schweſtern *).

Erſtes Buch.

Ein reicher, reicher Graf vergeudete all ſein Hab' und Gut. Er lebte königlich, hielt alle Tage offne Tafel; wer bei ihm einſprach, Ritter oder Knappe, dem gab er drei Tage lang ein herrliches Bankett, und alle Gäſte taumelten mit frohem Muth von ihm hinweg. Er liebte Bretſpiel und Würfel; ſein Hof wimmelte von goldgelockten Edelknaben, Läufern und Haiducken, in prächtiger Livrei, und ſeine Ställe nährten unzählige Pferde und Jagdhunde. Durch dieſen Aufwand zerrannen ſeine Schätze. Er verpfändete eine Stadt nach der andern, verkaufte ſeine Juwelen und Silbergeſchirr, entließ die Bedienten und erſchoß die Hunde; von ſeinem ganzen Eigenthum blieb ihm nichts übrig, als ein altes Waldſchloß, eine tugendſame Gemahlin und drei wunderſchöne Töchter. In dieſem Schloſſe hauſte er von aller Welt verlaſſen; die Gräfin verſah mit ihren Töchtern ſelbſt die Küche, und weil ſie allerſeits der Kochkunſt nicht kundig waren, wußten ſie nichts als Kartoffeln zu ſieden. Dieſe frugalen Mahlzeiten behagten dem Papa ſo ſchlecht, daß er grämlich und mißmuthig wurde, und in dem weiten leeren Hauſe lärmte und fluchte, daß die kahlen Wände ſeinen Unmuth widerhallten. An einem ſchönen Sommermorgen ergriff er aus Spleen ſeinen Jagdſpieß, und zog zu Walde, ein Stück Wild zu fällen, um ſich eine leckerhafte Mahlzeit davon bereiten zu laſſen.

Von dieſem Walde ging die Rede, daß es darin nicht geheuer ſei; manchen Wanderer hatte es ſchon irre geführt, und mancher war nie daraus zurückgekehrt, weil ihn entweder böſe Gnomen erdroſſelt oder wilde Thiere zerriſſen hatten. Der Graf glaubte nichts und fürchtete nichts von unſichtbaren Mächten; er ſtieg rüſtig über Berg und Thal, und kroch durch Buſch und Dickig, ohne eine Beute zu erhaſchen. Ermüdet ſetzte er ſich unter einen hohen Eichbaum, um mit einigen geſottenen Kartoffeln und ein wenig Salz, dem ganzen Vorrath ſeiner Jagdtaſche, ſein Mittagsmahl zu halten.

Von ungefähr hub er ſeine Augen auf, ſiehe da! ein grauſam wilder Bär ſchritt auf ihn zu. Der arme Graf erſchrack gewaltig über dieſen Anblick; entfliehen konnt' er nicht, und zu einer Bärenjagd war er nicht ausgerüſtet. Zur Nothwehr nahm er den Jägerſpieß in die Hand, ſich damit zu vertheidigen, ſo gut er könnte. Das Ungethüm kam nah heran; auf einmal ſtand's und brummte ihm vernehmlich dieſe Worte entgegen: Räuber plünderſt du meinen Honigbaum? Den Frevel ſollſt du mit dem Leben büßen! Ach bat der Graf, ach, freßt mich nicht, Herr Bär, mich lüſtet nicht nach eurem Honig, ich bin ein biedrer Rittersmann. Seid ihr bei Appetit, ſo nehmt mit Hausmannskoſt vorlieb und ſeid mein Gaſt. Hierauf tiſchte er dem Bären alle Kartoffeln in ſeinem Jagdhut auf. Dieſer aber verſchmähte des Grafen Tafel und brummte unwillig fort: Unglücklicher, um dieſen Preis löſeſt du dein Leben nicht; verſprich mir deine große Tochter Wulfild augenblicklich zur Frau, wo nicht, ſo freß ich dich! In der Angſt hätte der Graf dem verliebten Bären wohl alle drei Töchter zugeſagt, und ſeine Gemahlin obendrein, wenn er ſie verlangt hätte; denn Noth kennt kein Gebot. Sie ſoll die Eure ſein, Herr Bär, ſprach der Graf, der anfing ſich wieder zu erholen; doch ſetzte er trüglich hinzu, unter dem Beding, daß ihr nach Landesbrauch die Braut löſet, und ſelber kommt ſie heimzuführen. Topp, murmelte der Bär, ſchlag ein, und reichte ihm die rauhe Tatze hin, in ſieben Tagen lös ich ſie mit einem Zentner Gold und führe mein Liebchen heim. Topp, ſprach der Graf, ein Wort ein Mann! Darauf ſchieden ſie im Frieden auseinander; der Bär trabte ſeiner Höhle zu, der Graf ſäumte nicht, aus dem furchtbaren Walde zu kommen, und gelangte bei Sternenſchimmer kraftlos und ermattet in ſeinem Waldſchloß an.

Es verſteht ſich, daß ein Bär, der wie ein Menſch vernünftig reden und handeln kann, niemals ein natürlicher, ſondern ein bezauberter Bär iſt. Das merkte der Graf wohl; darum dachte er, den zottigen Eidam durch Liſt zu hintergehen, und ſich in ſeiner feſten Burg ſo zu verſchanzen, daß es dem Bären unmöglich wäre, hineinzukommen, wenn er auf den beſtimmten Tag die Braut abholen würde. Wenn gleich einem Zauberbären, dachte er bei ſich ſelbſt die Gabe der Vernunft und Sprache verliehen iſt, ſo iſt er am Ende gleichwohl ein Bär, und hat übrigens alle Eigenſchaften eines natürlichen Bären. Er wird alſo doch wohl nicht fliegen können, wie ein Vogel, oder durchs Schlüſſelloch in ein verſchloſſenes Zimmer eingehen, wie ein Geſpenſt, oder durch ein Nadelöhr ſchlüpfen.

Den folgenden Tag berichtete er ſeiner Gemahlin und dem Fräulein das Abenteuer im Walde. Fräulein Wulfild fiel vor

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*) Aus Muſäus' „Volksmährchen der Deutſchen“.

Entſetzen in Ohnmacht, als ſie hörte, daß ſie an einen ſcheußlichen Bären vermählt werden ſollte, die Mutter rang und wand die Hände und jammerte laut, und die Schweſtern bebten und bangten vor Wehmuth und Entſetzen. Papa aber ging hinaus, beſchauete die Mauern und Graben ums Schloß her, unterſuchte, ob das eiſerne Thor ſchloß- und riegelfeſt ſei, zog die Zugbrücke auf und verwahrte alle Zugänge wohl, ſtieg darauf auf die Warte, und fand da ein Kämmerlein hochgebaut unter der Zinne und wohlvermauert, darin verſchloß er das Fräulein, die ihr ſeidenes Flachshaar zerraufte, und ſich ſchier die himmelblauen Augen ausweinte.

Sechs Tage waren verfloſſen und der ſiebente dämmerte heran, da erhob ſich vom Walde her groß Getöſe, als ſei das wilde Heer im Anzug. Peitſchen knallten, Poſthörner ſchallten, Pferde trappelten, Räder raſſelten. Eine prächtige Staatskaroſſe mit Reutern umringt rollte übers Blachfeld daher ans Schloßthor. Alle Riegel ſchoben ſich, das Thor rauſchte auf, die Zugbrücke fiel, ein junger Prinz ſtieg aus der Karoſſe, ſchön wie der Tag angethan mit Sammet und Silberſtück. Um ſeinen Hals hatte er eine goldne Kette dreimal geſchlungen, in der ein Mann aufrecht ſtehen konnte; um ſeinen Hut lief eine Schnur von Perlen und Diamanten, welche die Augen verblendete, und um die Agraffe, welche die Straußfeder befeſtigte, wär ein Herzogthum feil geweſen. Raſch, wie Sturm und Wirbelwind, flog er die Schneckentreppe im Thurm hinauf, und einen Augenblick nachher bebte in ſeinem Arm die erſchrockne Braut herab.

Ueber dem Getöſe erwachte der Graf aus ſeinem Morgenſchlummer, ſchob das Fenſter im Schlafgemach auf, und als er Roß und Wagen, und Ritter und Reiſige im Hofe erblickte, und ſeine Tochter im Arm eines fremden Mannes, der ſie in den Brautwagen hob, und nun der Zug zum Schloßthor hinausging, fuhrs ihm durchs Herz, und er erhob groß Klaggeſchrei: Ade, mein Töchterlein! Fahre hin, du Bärenbraut! Wulfild vernahm die Stimme ihres Vaters, ließ ihr Schweißtüchlein zum Wagen herauswehen, und gab damit das Zeichen des Abſchieds.

Die Eltern waren beſtürzt über den Verluſt ihrer Tochter, und ſahen einander ſtumm und ſtaunend an. Mama traute gleichwohl ihren Augen nicht, und hielt die Entführung für Blendwerk und Teufelsſpuk, ergriff ein Bund Schlüſſel und lief auf die Warte und öffnete die Klauſe; aber ſie fand weder ihre Tochter, noch etwas von ihrer Geräthſchaft; doch lag auf dem dem Tiſchlein ein ſilberner Schlüſſel, den ſie zu ſich nahm, und als ſie von ungefähr durch die Luke blickte, ſah ſie in der Ferne eine Staubwolke gegen Sonnenaufgang emporwirbeln, und hörte das Getümmel und Jauchzen des Brautzugs bis zum Eingang des Waldes. Betrübt ſtieg ſie vom Thurm herab, legte Trauerkleider an, beſtreute ihr Haupt mit Aſche, weinte drei Tage lang und Gemahl und Töchter halfen ihr wehklagen. Am vierten Tage verließ der Graf das Trauergemach, um friſche Luft zu ſchöpfen, und wie er über den Hof ging, ſtand da eine feine dichte Kiſte von Ebenholz, wohlverwahrt und ſchwer zu heben. Er ahnete leicht, was drinnen ſei; die Gräfin gab ihm den Schlüſſel, er ſchloß auf, und fand einen Zentner Goldes, eitel Dublonen, Eines Schlags. Erfreut über dieſen Fund vergaß er all ſein Herzeleid, kaufte Pferde und Falken, auch ſchöne Kleider für ſeine Gemahlin und die holden Fräulein, nahm Diener in Sold, und hob von neuem an zu praſſen und zu ſchwelgen, bis die letzte Dublone aus dem Kaſten flog. Dann machte er Schulden, und die Gläubiger kamen ſchaarenweis, plünderten das Schloß rein aus, und ließen ihm nichts als einen alten Falken. Die Gräfin ſott mit ihren Töchtern wieder Kartoffeln, und er durchſtreifte tagtäglich das Feld mit ſeinem Federſpiel aus Verdruß und Langeweile.

Eines Tages ließ er den Falken ſteigen, der hob ſich hoch in die Lüfte und wollte nicht auf die Hand ſeines Herrn zurückkehren, ob er ihn gleich lockte. Der Graf folgte ſeinem Flug, ſo gut er konnte, über die weite Ebene. Der Vogel ſchwebte dem grauſenvollen Walde zu, welchen zu betreten der Graf nicht mehr waghalſen wollte, und ſein liebes Federſpiel verloren gab. Plötzlich ſtieg ein rüſtiger Adler über dem Walde auf und verfolgte den Falken, welcher den überlegenen Feind nicht ſobald anſichtig wurde, als er pfeilgeſchwind zu ſeinem Herrn zurückkehrte, um bei ihm Schutz zu ſuchen. Der Adler aber ſchoß aus den Lüften herab, ſchlug einen ſeiner mächtigen Fänge in des Grafen Schulter, und zerdrückte mit dem andern den getreuen Falken. Der beſtürzte Graf verſuchte mit dem Speer von dem gefiederten Ungeheuer ſich zu befreien, ſchlug und ſtach nach ſeinem Feinde. Aber der Adler ergriff den Jagdſpieß, zerbrach ihn wie ein leichtes Schilfrohr, und kreiſchte ihm mit lauter Stimme dieſe Worte in die Ohren: Verwegner, warum beunruhigſt du mein Luftrevier mit deinem Federſpiel? Den Frevel ſollſt du mit deinem Leben büßen. Aus dieſer Vogelſprache merkte der Graf bald, was für ein Abenteuer er zu beſtehen habe. Er faßte Muth und ſprach: Gemach, Herr Adler, gemach! Was hab ich euch gethan? Mein Falk hat ſeine Schuld ja abgebüßt, den laß ich euch, ſtillt euern Appetit. Nein fuhr der Adler fort, mich lüſtet eben heut nach Menſchenfleiſch, und du ſcheinſt mir ein fetter Fraß. Pardon, Herr Adler, ſchrie der Graf in Todesangſt, heiſcht was ihr wollt von mir, ich geb es euch: nur ſchont meines Lebens. Wohl, verſetzte der mörderiſche Vogel, ich halte dich beim Wort; du haſt zwei ſchöne Töchter, und ich bedarf ein Weib. Verſprich mir deine Adelheid zur Frau, ſo laß ich dich mit Frieden ziehn, und löſe ſie von dir mit zwei Stufen Gold, jede einen Centner ſchwer. In ſieben Wochen führ ich mein Liebchen heim. Hierauf ſchwang ſich das Ungethüm hoch empor und verſchwand in den Wolken.

In der Noth iſt einem alles feil. Da der Vater ſahe, daß der Handel mit den Töchtern ſo gut von ſtatten ging, gab er ſich über ihren Verluſt zufrieden. Er kam diesmal ganz wohlgemuth nach Hauſe, und verhehlte ſorgfältig ſein Abentheuer, theils den Vorwürfen, die er von der Gräfin fürchtete, auszuweichen, theils der lieben Tochter das Herz vor der Zeit nicht ſchwer zu machen. Zum Schein klagte er nur über den verlornen Falken, von welchem er vorgab, er habe ſich verflogen. Fräulein Adelheid war eine Spinnerin, wie keine im Lande. Sie war auch eine geſchickte Weberin, und ſchnitt eben damals ein Stück köſtlicher Leinwand vom Weberſtuhle, ſo fein wie Battiſt, welche ſie unfern der Burg auf einem friſchen Raſenplatze bleichte. Sechs Wochen und ſechs Tage vergingen, ohne daß die ſchöne Spinnerin ihr Schickſal ahnete: obgleich der Vater, der doch etwas ſchwermüthig wurde, als der Termin der Heimſuchung nahete, ihr unter der Hand manchen Wink davon gab, bald einen bedenklichen Traum erzählte, bald die Wulfild wieder in Andenken brachte, die längſt vergeſſen war. Adelheid war frohen und leichten Sinnes, wähnte, das ſchwere Herzblut des Vaters erzeuge hypochondriſche Grillen. Sie hüpfte ſorgenlos bei Anbruch des beſtimmten Tages hinaus auf den Bleichraſen, und breitete ihre Leinwand aus, damit ſie vom Morgenthau getränkt würde. Wie ſie ihre Bleiche beſchickt hatte, und nun ein wenig umherſchauete, ſah ſie einen herrlichen Zug Ritter und Knappen herantraben. Sie hatte ihre Toilette noch nicht gemacht, darum verbarg ſie ſich hinter einem wilden Roſenbuſch, der eben in voller Blüthe ſtand, und glotzte hervor, die prächtige Kavalkade zu ſchauen. Der ſchönſte Ritter aus dem Haufen, ein junger ſchlanker Mann in offnem Helm, ſprengte an den Buſch, und ſprach mit leiſer Stimme: Ich ſehe dich, ich ſuche dich, fein Liebchen, ach verbirg dich nicht; raſch ſchwing dich hinter mich aufs Roß, du ſchöne Adlerbraut! Adelheit wußte nicht wie ihr geſchah, da ſie dieſen Spruch hörte; der liebliche Ritter gefiel ihr baß: aber der Beiſatz, Adlerbraut, machte das Blut in ihren Adern erſtarren; ſie ſank ins Gras, ihre Sinnen umnebelten ſich, und beim Erwachen befand ſie ſich in den Armen des holden Ritters auf dem Wege nach dem Walde.

Mama bereitete indeß das Frühſtück, und als Adelheid dabei fehlte, ſchickte ſie die jüngſte Tochter hinaus, zu ſehen, wo ſie bleibe. Sie ging und kam nicht wieder. Der Mutter ſchwanete nichts Gutes, ſie wollte ſehen, warum ihre Töchter ſo lange weilten. Sie ging und kam nicht wieder. Papa merkte, was vorgegangen ſei; das Herz ſchlug laut in ſeiner Bruſt; er ſchlich ſich nach dem Raſenplatze, wo Mutter und Tochter noch immer nach der Adelheid ſuchten und ſie ängſtlich beim Namen riefen, und auch er ließ ſeine Stimme weidlich erſchallen, wiewohl er wußte, daß alles Rufen und Umſuchen vergeblich war. Sein Weg führte ihn an dem Roſenbuſche vorbei, da ſah er was blinken, und wie er's genau betrachtete, warens zwei goldene Eier, jedes einen Zentner ſchwer. Nun konnt er nicht länger anſtehn, ſeiner Gemahlin das Abenteuer der Tochter zu offenbaren. Schandbarer Seelenverkäufer, rief ſie aus, o Vater! o Mörder! Opferſt du um ſchändlichen Gewinnſtes willen alſo dein Fleiſch und Blut dem Moloch auf? Der Graf, ſonſt wenig beredſam, vertheidigte ſich jetzt aufs beſte, und entſchuldigte ſich mit der dringenden Gefahr ſeines Lebens, aber die troſtloſe Mutter hörte nicht auf, ihm die bitterſten Vorwürfe zu machen. Er wählte alſo das unfehlbarſte Mittel allem Wortſtreit ein Ende zu machen, er ſchwieg und ließ ſeine Dame reden ſo lange ſie wollte, brachte indeſſen die goldnen Eier in Sicherheit, und wälzte ſie gemach vor ſich her; legte darauf Wohlſtandshalber drei Tage lang Familientrauer an, und dachte nur darauf, wie er ſeine vorige Lebensart wieder beginnen wollte.

In kurzer Zeit war das Schloß wieder die Wohnung der Freude, das Elyſium gefräßiger Schranzen. Ball, Turnier und prächtige Feſte wechſelten täglich ab. Fräulein Bertha glänzte am Hofe ihres Vaters den ſtattlichen Rittern in die Augen, wie der Silbermond den empfindſamen Wandlern in einer heitern Sommernacht. Sie pflegte bei den Ritterſpielen den Preis auszutheilen, und tanzte jeden Abend mit dem ſiegenden Ritter den Vorreihen. Die Gaſtfreigebigkeit des Grafen und die Schönheit der Tochter zog von den entlegenſten Orten die edelſten Ritter herbei. Viele buhlten um das Herz der reichen Erbin, aber unter ſo vielen Freiwerbern hielt die Wahl ſchwer, denn einer übertraf den andern immer an Adel und Wohlgeſtalt. Die ſchöne Bertha kürte und wählte ſo lang, bis die goldnen Eier, bei welchen der Graf die Feile nicht geſpart hatte, zur Größe von Haſelnüſſen geſchmolzen waren.

Die gräflichen Finanzen geriethen nun wieder in den vorigen Verfall, die Turniere wurden eingeſtellt, Ritter und Knappen verſchwanden, das Schloß nahm wieder die Geſtalt einer Einöde an, und die hohe Familie kehrte zu den frugalen Kartoffelmahlzeiten zurück. Der Graf durchſtrich mißmuthig die Felder, wünſchte ein neues Abenteuer, und fand keins, weil er den Zauberwald ſcheuete.

Eines Tages verfolgte er ein Volk Rebhühner ſo weit, daß er dem ſchauervollen Walde nahe kam, und ob er ſich gleich nicht hineinwagte, ſo ging er doch eine Strecke an der Brahne hin, und erblickte da einen großen Fiſchweiher, der ihm noch nie zu Geſichte gekommen war, in deſſen ſilberhellem Gewäſſer er unzählige Forellen ſchwimmen ſah. Dieſer Entdeckung freuete er ſich ſehr. Der Teich hatte ein unverdächtiges Anſehen; daher eilte er nach Hauſe, ſtrickte ſich ein Netz, und den folgenden Morgen ſtand er bei guter Zeit am Geſtade, um ſolches auszuwerfen. Glücklicherweiſe fand er einen kleinen Nachen mit einem Ruder im Schilfe. Er ſprang hinein, ruderte luſtig auf dem Teich herum, warf das Netz aus, fing mit einem Zuge mehr Forellen als er tragen konnte, und ruderte vergnügt über ſeine Beute dem Strande zu. Ungefähr einen Steinwurf vom Geſtade ſtand der Nachen im vollen Lauf feſt und unbeweglich, als ſäß er auf dem Grunde. Der Graf glaubte das auch, und arbeitete aus allen Kräften, ihn wieder flott zu machen, aber vergebens. Das Waſſer verrann rings umher, das Fahrzeug ſchien an einer Klippe zu hangen, und hob ſich hoch über die Oberfläche empor. Dem unerfahrnen Fiſcher war dabei nicht wohl zu Muthe. Ob gleich der Nachen wie angenagelt ſtand, ſo ſchien ſich doch von allen Seiten das Geſtade zu entfernen, der Weiher dehnte ſich zu einer großen See aus, die Wogen ſchwollen auf, die Wellen rauſchten und ſchäumten, und mit Entſetzen ward er inne, daß ein ungeheurer Fiſch ihn und ſeinen Nachen auf dem Rücken trug. Er ergab ſich in ſein Schickſal, ängſtlich harrend, welchen Ausgang es nehmen würde. Plötzlich tauchte der Fiſch unter, der Nachen ward wieder flott, aber einen Augenblick darauf erſchien das Meerwunder über dem Waſſer, ſperrte ſeinen abſcheulichen Rachen gleich der Höllenpforte auf, und aus dem finſtern Schlunde ſchallten, wie aus einem unterirdiſchen Gewölbe, vernehmlich dieſe Worte hervor: Kühner Fiſcher, was beginnſt du hier? Du mordeſt meine Unterthanen? Den Frevel ſollſt du mit dem Leben büßen! Der Graf war nun bereits mit dergleichen Abentheuern ſo bekannt worden, daß er wußte, wie er ſich dabei zu benehmen hätte. Er erholte ſich bald von ſeiner erſten Beſtürzung, da er merkte, daß der Fiſch doch ein vernünftig Wort mit ſich reden ließ, und ſprach ganz dreiſt: Herr Behemot, verletzt das Gaſtrecht nicht, vergönnt mir ein Gerichte Fiſch aus eurem Weiher; ſprecht ihr bei mir ein, ſo ſtehn euch Küch und Keller gleichfalls offen. So traute Freunde ſind wir nicht, verſetzte das Ungeheuer: kennſt du noch nicht des Stärkern Recht, daß der den Schwächern frißt? Du raubſt mir meine Unterthanen, ſie zu verſchlingen, und ich verſchlinge dich! Hier riß der grimmige Fiſch den Rachen noch weiter auf, als wollte er ein Schiff mit Mann und Maus verſchlingen. Ach ſchont, ſchont mein Leben, ſchrie der Graf, ihr ſeht, ich bin ein mageres Morgenbrot für euren Wallfiſchbauch! Der große Fiſch ſchien ſich etwas zu bedenken: wohlan, ſprach er, ich weiß, du haſt eine ſchöne Tochter, verſprich mir die zum Weibe, und nimm dein Leben zum Gewinn. Als der Graf hörte, daß der Fiſch aus dieſem Tone zu reden anfing, verſchwand ihm alle Furcht: Sie ſtehet zu Befehl, ſprach er, ihr ſeid ein wackrer Eidam, dem kein biederer Vater ſein Kind verſagen wird. Doch womit löſet ihr die Braut nach Landes Brauch? Ich habe, erwiederte der Fiſch, weder Gold noch Silber; aber im Grunde dieſer See liegt ein großer Schatz von Perlenmuſcheln, du darfſt nur fordern. Nun, ſagte der Graf, drei Himten Zahlperlen ſind wohl nicht zu viel für eine ſchöne Braut. Sie ſind dein, beſchloß der Fiſch, und mein die Braut, in ſieben Monden führ ich mein Liebchen heim. Hierauf ſtrömt' er luſtig mit dem Schwanze, und trieb den Nachen bald an den Strand.

Der Graf brachte ſeine Forellen nach Hauſe, ließ ſie ſieden, und ſich dieſe Carthäuſermahlzeit nebſt der Gräfin und der ſchönen Bertha wohlſchmecken. Das arme Fräulein ahnete nicht, wie theuer ihr dies Mahl zu ſtehen kommen würde.

Unterdeſſen nahm der Mond ſechsmal ab und zu, und der Graf hatte ſein Abentheuer beinahe vergeſſen; als aber der Silbermond zum ſiebentenmal ſich zu runden begann, dachte er an die bevorſtehende Kataſtrophe und um kein Augenzeuge davon zu ſein, drückte er ſich ab, und unternahm eine kleine Reiſe ins Land. In der ſchwülen Mittagsſtunde, am Tage des Vollmonds, ſprengte ein ſtattlich Geſchwader Reuter ans Schloß; die Gräfin, beſtürzt über ſo vielen fremden Beſuch, wußte nicht, ob ſie die Pforte öffnen ſollte oder nicht. Als ſich aber ein wohlbekannter Ritter anmeldete, ward ihm aufgethan. Er hatte gar oft zur Zeit des Wohlſtandes und Ueberfluſſes in der Burg den Turnieren beigewohnt, und zu Schimpf und Ernſt geſtochen, auch manchen Ritterdank von der ſchönen Bertha Hand empfangen, und mit ihr den Vorreihen getanzt; doch ſeit der Glücksveränderung des Grafen, war er gleich den übrigen Rittern verſchwunden. Die gute Gräfin ſchämte ſich vor dem edlen Ritter und ſeinem Gefolge ihrer großen Armuth, daß ſie nichts hatte, ihm aufzutiſchen. Er aber trat ſie freundlich an, und bat nur um einen Trunk friſch Waſſer aus dem kühlen Felſenbrunnen des Schloſſes, wie er auch ſonſt zu thun gewohnt war; denn er pflegte nie Wein zu trinken, daher nannte man ihn ſcherzweiſe nur den Waſſerritter. Die ſchöne Bertha eilte auf Geheiß der Mutter zum Brunnen, füllte einen Henkelkrug und kredenzte dem Ritter eine kryſtallene Schale. Er empfing ſie aus ihrer niedlichen Hand, ſetzte ſie da an den Mund, wo ihre Purpurlippen die Schale berührt hatten, und that ihr mit innigem Entzücken Beſcheid. Die Gräfin befand ſich indeſſen in großer Verlegenheit, daß ſie nicht vermögend war, ihrem Gaſte etwas zum Imbiß aufzutragen; endlich beſann ſie ſich, daß im Schloßgarten eben eine ſaftige Waſſermelone reifte. Augenblicklich drehte ſie ſich nach der Thür, brach die Melone ab, legte ſie auf einen irdenen Teller, viel Weinlaub drunter und die ſchönſten wohlriechenden Blumen ringsumher, um ſie dem Gaſte aufzutragen. Wie ſie aus dem Garten trat, war der Schloßhof leer und öde, ſie ſahe weder Pferde noch Reiſige mehr, im Zimmer war weder Ritter noch Knappe; ſie rief ihre Tochter Bertha, ſuchte ſie im ganzen Hauſe, und fand ſie nicht. Im Vorhauſe aber waren drei Säcke von neuer Leinwand hingeſtellt, die ſie in der erſten Beſtürzung nicht bemerkt hatte, und die von außen anzufühlen waren, als wären ſie mit Erbſen gefüllt; genauer ſie zu unterſuchen, ließ ihre Betrübniß nicht zu. Die gute Mutter überließ ſich ganz ihrem Schmerz, und weinte laut bis an den Abend, wo ihr Gemahl heimkehrte, der ſie in großem Jammer fand. Sie konnt ihm die Begebenheit des Tages nicht verhehlen, ſo gern ſie es gethan hätte, denn ſie befürchtete von ihm große Vorwürfe, daß ſie einen fremden Ritter in die Burg gelaſſen, der die liebe Tochter entführet hätte. Aber der Graf tröſtete ſie liebreich und frug nach den Erbsſäcken, von welchen ſie ihm geſagt hatte, ging hinaus, ſie zu beſchauen, und öffnete einen in ihrer Gegenwart. Wie groß war das Erſtaunen der betrübten Gräfin, als eitel Perlen herausrollten, ſo groß, wie die großen Gartenerbſen, vollkommen gerundet, fein gebohrt und von dem reinſten Waſſer. Sie ſahe wohl, daß der Entführer ihrer Tochter jede mütterliche Zähre mit einer Zahlperle [illegible] hatte, bekam von ſeinem Reichthum und Stande eine gro[illegible] Meinung, und tröſtete ſich damit, daß dieſer Eidam kein Ungeheuer, ſondern ein ſtattlicher Ritter ſei, welche Meinung ihr der Graf auch nicht benahm.

Nun hatten die Eltern zwar alle ihre ſchönen Töchter eingebüßt, aber dafür beſaßen ſie einen unermeßlichen Schatz. Der Graf machte bald einen Theil davon zu Gelde. Vom Morgen bis zum Abend wimmelte es von Kaufleuten und Juden im Schloſſe, die um die köſtlichen Zahlperlen handelten. Der Graf löſete ſeine Gebiete ein, that das Waldſchloß an einen Lehnsmann aus, bezog ſeine vormalige Reſidenz, richtete den Hofſtaat wieder an, und lebte nun nicht mehr als ein Verſchwender, ſondern als ein guter Wirth, denn er hatte nun keine Tochter mehr zu verhandeln. Das edle Paar befand ſich in großer Behaglichkeit, nur die Gräfin konnte ſich über den Verluſt ihrer Fräulein nicht beruhigen; ſie trug beſtändig Trauerkleider, und wurde nimmer froh. Eine Zeitlang hoffte ſie, ihre Bertha mit dem reichen Perlenritter wieder zu ſehen, und ſo oft ein Fremder bei Hofe gemeldet wurde, ahnete ſie den wiederkehrenden Eidam. Der Graf vermochte es endlich nicht länger über ſich, ſie mit leerer Hoffnung hinzuhalten; in der traulichen Bettkammer, welche ſo manchem Männerhaß Luft macht, eröffnete er ihr, daß dieſer herrliche Eidam ein ſcheußlicher Fiſch ſei. Ach, erſeufzte die Gräfin, ach, ich unglückliche Mutter! Hab ich darum Kinder geboren, daß ſie ein Raub grauſender Ungeheuer werden ſollten? Was iſt alles Erdenglück, was ſind alle Schätze für eine kinderloſe Mutter! Liebes Weib, antwortete der Graf, beruhige dich; es iſt nun einmal nicht anders; wenns von mir abhinge, ſollt es dir an Kinderſegen nicht gebrechen. Die Gräfin nahm dieſe Worte ſehr zu Herzen. Sie meinte, ihr Gemahl mache ihr Vorwürfe, daß ſie altere und die Unfruchtbarkeit im Hauſe ſei; denn er ſelbſt war noch ein feiner rüſtiger Mann. Darüber betrübte ſie ſich ſo ſehr, daß ſie in große Schwermuth fiel, und Freund Hein wär ihr wohl ein willkommener Gaſt geweſen, wenn er bei ihr eingeſprochen hätte.

Zweites Buch.

Alle Jungfrauen und Dirnen am Hofe nahmen großen Antheil an dem Leiden ihrer guten Frau, und jammerten und weinten mit ihr; ſuchten ſie auch wohl zu Zeiten durch Sang und Saitenſpiel aufzuheitern; aber ihr Herz war keiner Freude mehr empfänglich. Jede Hofdame gab weiſen Rath, wie der Geiſt des Trübſinns weggebannet werden möchte, gleichwohl war nichts zu erdenken, das den Kummer der Gräfin gemindert hätte. Die Jungfrau, welche ihr das Handwaſſer reichte, war vor allen andern Dirnen klug und ſittſam und bei ihrer Gebieterin wohlgelitten; ſie hatte ein empfindſames Herz, und der Schmerz ihrer Herrſchaft lockte ihr manche Thrän' ins Auge. Um nicht vorlaut zu ſcheinen, hatte ſie immer geſchwiegen; endlich konnte ſie dem innern Drange nicht länger widerſtehen, auch ihren guten Rath zu ertheilen. Edle Frau, ſagte ſie, wenn ihr mich hören wolltet, ſo wüßt' ich euch wohl ein gut Mittel zu ſagen, das die Wunden eures Herzens heilen ſollte. Die Gräfin ſprach: rede! Unfern von eurer Reſidenz, fuhr die Jungfrau fort, wohnet ein frommer Einſiedler in einer ſchauervollen Grotte, zu welchem viel Pilger in mancherlei Noth ihre Zuflucht nehmen. Wie wärs, wenn ihr von dem heiligen Manne Troſt und Hülfe begehrtet? wenigſtens würde ſein Gebet euch die Ruhe eures Herzens wiedergeben.

Der Gräfin gefiel dieſer Vorſchlag, ſie hüllte ſich in ein Pilgerkleid, wallfahrtete zu dem frommen Eremiten, eröffnete ihm ihr Anliegen, beſchenkte ihn mit einem Roſenkranze von Zahlperlen, und bat um ſeinen Segen. Dieſer war denn auch ſo kräftig, daß, eh ein Jahr verging, die Gräfin ihrer Traurigkeit quitt und ledig war, und eines jungen Sohns genaß.

Groß war die Freude der Eltern über den holden Spätling. Die ganze Grafſchaft verwandelte ſich in einen Schauplatz der Wonne, des Jubels und der Feierlichkeiten bei der Geburt des jungen Stammerben. Der Vater nannte ihn Reinald das Wunderkind. Der Knabe war ſchön, wie der leibhafte Amor ſelbſt, und ſeine Erziehung wurde mit ſolcher Sorgfalt betrieben, als ob die Morgenröthe der philanthropiniſchen Methode damals ſchon angebrochen geweſen wäre. Er wuchs luſtig heran, war die Freude des Vaters und der Mutter Troſt, die ihn wie ihren Augapfel wahrte. Ob er nun wohl der Liebling ihres Herzens war, ſo verloſch doch das Andenken an ihre drei Töchter nicht in ihrem Gedächtniß. Oft, wenn ſie den kleinen lachenden Reinald in die Arme ſchloß, träufelte eine Zähre auf ſeine Wangen, und als der liebe Knabe etwas heranwuchs, fragte er oft wehmüthig: gute Mutter, was weineſt du? Die Gräfin verhehlte ihm aber mit Vorbedacht die Urſache ihres geheimen Kummers: denn außer dem Gemahl wußte niemand, wo die drei jungen Gräfinnen hingekommen waren. Manche ſpeculative Köpfe wollten wiſſen, ſie wären von irrenden Rittern entführt worden, welches damals nichts Ungewöhnliches war, andere wollten ſie im Gefolge der Königin von Burgund, oder der Gräfin von Flandern geſehen haben. Durch tauſend Schmeicheleien lockte Reinald der zärtlichen Mutter endlich das Geheimniß ab; ſie erzählte ihm die Abenteuer der drei Schweſtern mit allen Umſtänden, und er verlor kein Wort von dieſen Wundergeſchichten aus ſeinem Herzen. Nun hatte er keinen andern Wunſch, als wehrhaft zu ſein, um auf das Abenteuer auszugehen, ſeine Schweſtern im Zauberwalde aufzuſuchen und ihren Zauber zu löſen. So bald er zum Ritter geſchlagen war, begehrte er vom Vater Urlaub, einen Heerzug, wie er vorgab, nach Flandern zu thun. Der Graf freute ſich des ritterlichen Muthes ſeines Sohnes, gab ihm Pferde und Waffen, auch Schildknappen und Troßbuben, und ließ ihn mit Segen von ſich, ſo ungern auch die ſorgſame Mutter in den Abſchied willigte.

Kaum hatte der junge Ritter ſeine Vaterſtadt im Rücken, ſo verließ er die Heerſtraße, trabte mit romantiſchem Muth auf das Waldſchloß zu, und begehrte von dem Lehnsmanne Herberge, der ihn ehrlich empfing und wohlhielt. Am frühen Morgen, da im Schloß noch Alles in ſüßem Schlummer lag, ſattelte er ſein Roß, ließ ſein Gefolge zurück, und jagte voll Muth und Jugendfeuer nach dem bezauberten Walde hin. Je weiter er hineinkam, je dichter wurde das Gebüſch, und vom Huf ſeines Pferdes ſchallten die ſchroffen Felſen wieder. Alles um ihn her war einſam und öde, und die dichtverwachſenen Bäume ſchienen dem jungen Waghals den weitern Eingang mitleidig zu verſperren. Er ſtieg vom Pferde, ließ es graſen und machte ſich mit ſeinem Schwerdt einen Weg durch den Buſch, kletterte an ſteilen Felſen hinan und glitte in Abgründe hinab. Nach langer Mühe gelangte er in ein gekrümmtes Thal, durch welches ſich ein klarer Bach ſchlängelte. Er folgte den Krümmungen deſſelben; in der Ferne öffnete eine Felſengrotte ihren unterirdiſchen Schlund, vor welcher etwas, das einer menſchlichen Figur ähnlich war, ſich zu regen ſchien. Der kecke Jüngling verdoppelte ſeine Schritte, nahm den Weg zwiſchen den Bäumen hin, blickte der Grotte gegenüber hinter den hohen Eichen durch, und ſahe eine junge Dame im Graſe ſitzen, die einen kleinen ungeſtalten Bär auf dem Schooße liebkoſte, indeß noch ein größerer um ſie ſchäkerte, bald ein Männchen machte, bald einen poſſierlichen Purzelbaum ſchlug, welches Spiel die Dame ſehr zu beluſtigen ſchien. Reinald erkannte nach der mütterlichen Erzählung die Dame für ſeine Schweſter Wulfild, und ſprang haſtig aus ſeinem Hinterhalt hervor, ſich ihr zu entdecken. So bald ſie aber den jungen Mann erblickte, that ſie einen lauten Schrei, warf den kleinen Bär ins Gras, ſprang auf, dem Kommenden entgegen, und redete ihn mit wehmüthiger Stimme und ängſtlicher Geberde alſo an: O Jüngling, welcher Unglücksſtern führt dich in dieſen Wald? Hier wohnt ein wilder Bär, der frißt all Menſchenkind, die ſeiner Wohnung nahen, flieh und errette dich! Er neigte ſich züchtiglich gegen die bildſchöne Dame und antwortete: Fürchtet nichts, holde Gebieterin, ich kenne dieſen Wald und ſeine Abenteuer, und komme, den Zauber zu löſen, der euch hier gefangen hält. Thor! ſprach ſie, wer biſt du, daß du es wagen darfſt, dieſen mächtigen Zauber zu löſen, und wie vermagſt du das? Er: Mit dieſem Arm und durch dies Schwerdt! Ich bin Reinald, das Wunderkind genannt, des Grafen Sohn, dem dieſer Zauberwald drei ſchöne Töchter raubte. Biſt du nicht Wulfild, ſeine Erſtgeborne? Ob dieſer Rede entſetzte ſich die Dame noch mehr und ſtaunte den Jüngling mit ſtummer Verwunderung an. Er nutzte dieſe Pauſe und legitimirte ſich durch ſo viel Familiennachrichten, daß ſie nicht zweifeln konnte, Reinwald ſei ihr Bruder. Sie umhalſete ihn zärtlich, aber ihre Kniee wankten vor Furcht wegen der augenſcheinlichen Gefahr, worin ſein Leben ſchwebte.

Die ſchöne Wulfild führte hierauf ihren lieben Gaſt in die Höhle, um da einen Winkel auszuſpähen, ihn zu beherbergen. In dieſem weiten düſtern Gewölbe lag ein Haufen Moos, welches dem Bären und ſeinem Jungen zum Lager diente; gegenüber aber ſtand ein prächtiges Bette mit rothem Damaſt behangen und mit goldnen Treſſen beſetzt, für die Dame. Reinald mußte ſich bequemen, eiligſt unter der Bettlade Platz zu ſuchen, und da ſein Schickſal zu erwarten. Jeder Laut und alles Geräuſch ward ihm bei Leib und Leben unterſagt, beſonders prägte ihm die angſtvolle Schweſter wohl ein, weder zu huſten noch zu nießen.

Kaum war der junge Waghals an ſeinem Zufluchtsorte, ſo brummte der fürchterliche Bär zur Höhle herein, und ſchnoberte mit blutiger Schnauze allenthalben umher; er hatte den edlen Falben des Ritters im Walde ausgeſpürt und ihn zerriſſen. Wulfild ſaß auf dem Thronbette wie auf Kohlen, ihr Herz war eingepreßt und beklommen, denn ſie ſahe bald, daß der Herr Gemahl ſeine Bärenlaune hatte, weil er vermuthlich den fremden Gaſt in der Höhle merkte. Sie unterließ deshalb nicht, ihn zärtlich zu liebkoſen, ſtreichelte ihn ſanft mit ihrer ſammetweichen Hand den Rücken herab, und graute ihm die Ohren; aber das grämliche Vieh ſchien wenig auf dieſe Liebkoſungen zu achten. Ich wittere Menſchenfleiſch, murmelte der Freſſer aus ſeiner weiten Kehle. Herzensbär, ſagte die Dame, du irrſt dich, wie käm ein Menſch in dieſe traurige Einöde? Ich wittere Menſchenfleiſch, wiederholte er, und ſpionirte um das ſeidene Bette ſeiner Gemahlin herum. Dem Ritter ward dabei nicht wohl zu Muthe, und trotz ſeiner Herzhaftigkeit, trat ihm ein kalter Schweiß vor die Stirne. Indeſſen machte die äußerſte Verlegenheit die Dame herzhaft und entſchloſſen: Freund Bär, ſprach ſie, bald treibſt du mirs zu bunt, fort hier von meiner Lagerſtatt, oder fürchte meinen Zorn! Der Schnauzbär kümmerte ſich wenig um dieſe Drohung, und hörte nicht auf, um den Bettumhang herum zu töſen. Allein, ſo ſehr er auch Bär war, ſo ſtand er gleichwohl unter dem Pantoffel ſeiner Dame. Wie er aber Miene machte, ſeinen Dickkopf unter die Bettlade zu zwängen, faßte ſich Wulfild ein Herz, und verſetzte ihm einen ſo nachdrücklichen Fußtritt in die Lenden, daß er ganz demüthig auf ſeine Streu kroch, ſich niederkauerte, brummend an den Tatzen ſog und ſeine Jungen leckte. Bald darauf ſchlief er ein und ſchnarchte wie ein Bär. Sogleich erquickte die traute Schweſter ihren Bruder mit einem Glaſe Sekt und etwas Zwieback, ermahnte ihn, gutes Muths zu ſein, nun ſei die Gefahr größtentheils vorüber. Reinald war von ſeinem Abenteuer ſo ermüdet, daß er bald darauf in tiefen Schlaf fiel, und mit dem Schwager Bär um die Wette ſchnarchte.

Beim Erwachen befand er ſich in einem herrlichen Prunkbette, in einem Zimmer mit ſeidenen Tapeten. Die Morgenſonne blickte freundlich zwiſchen den aufgezogenen Gardinen herein; neben dem Bette lagen auf einigen mit Sammet bekleideten Taburets ſeine Kleider und die ritterliche Waffenrüſtung, auch ſtand ein ſilbernes Glöcklein dabei, den Dienern zu ſchellen. Reinald begriff nicht, wie er aus der ſchauervollen Höhle in einen ſo prächtigen Pallaſt ſei verſetzt worden, und war zweifelhaft, ob er jetzt träume, oder vorhin das Abenteuer im Walde geträumt habe. Aus dieſer Ungewißheit zu kommen, zog er die

Glocke. Ein zierlich gekleideter Kammerdiener trat herein, fragte nach ſeinen Befehlen, und meldete, daß ſeine Schweſter Wulfild und ihr Gemahl Albert der Bär, ſeiner mit Verlangen warteten. Der junge Graf konnte ſich von ſeinem Erſtaunen gar nicht erholen. Ob ihm gleich bei Erwähnung des Bären der kalte Schweiß vor die Stirn trat, ſo ließ er ſich doch raſch ankleiden, und trat ins Vorgemach heraus, wo er aufwartende Edelknaben, Läufer und Haiducken antraf. Mit dieſem Gefolge gelangte er durch eine Menge Prachtgemächer und Vorſäle zum Audienzzimmer, wo ihn ſeine Schweſter mit dem Anſtande einer Fürſtin empfing. Neben ſich hatte ſie zwei allerliebſte Kinder, einen Prinzen von ſieben Jahren und ein zartes Fräulein, das noch am Gängelbande geleitet wurde. Einen Augenblick hernach trat Albert der Bär herein, der jetzt ſein grauſendes Anſehn und alle Eigenſchaften eines Bären abgelegt hatte, und als der liebenswürdigſte Prinz erſchien. Wulfild ſtellte ihm ihren Bruder vor, und Albert umhalſete ſeinen Schwager mit aller Wärme der Freundſchaft und Bruderliebe.

Der Prinz war mit all ſeinem Hofgeſinde durch einen feindſeligen Zauber auf gewiſſe Tage verzaubert. Er genoß nämlich die Vergünſtigung, alle ſieben Tage von einer Morgenröthe bis zur andern des Zaubers entledigt zu werden. Sobald aber die ſilbernen Sternlein am Himmel erbleichten, fiel der eherne Zauber wieder mit dem Morgenthau aufs Land; das Schloß verwandelte ſich in einen ſchroffen unerſteiglichen Felſen, der reizende Park ringsumher in eine traurige Einöde, die Springbrunnen und Kaskaden in ſtehende trübe Sümpfe, der Inhaber des Schloſſes wurde ein Zottelbär, die Ritter und Knappen Dächſe und Marter, die Hofdamen und Zofen Eulen und Fledermäuſe, die Tag und Nacht girrten und wehklagten.

An einem ſolchen Tage der Entzauberung war es, wo Albert ſeine Braut heimführte. Die ſchöne Wulfild, die ſechs Tage geweint hatte, daß ſie an einen zottigen Bär vermählt werden ſollte, ließ ihren Trübſinn ſchwinden, als ſie ſahe, daß ſie ſich in den Armen eines jungen wohlgeſtalteten Ritters befand, der ſo minniglich ſie umfaßte und ſie in einen herrlichen Pallaſt einführte, wo ein glänzendes Brautgepränge ihrer wartete. Sie wurde von ſchönen Dirnen in Myrthenkränzen mit Geſang und Saitenſpiel empfangen, ihrer ländlichen Kleidung entlediget, und mit köſtlichem Brautſchmuck angethan. Ob ſie gleich nicht eitel war, ſo konnte ſie doch das geheime Entzücken über ihre Wohlgeſtalt nicht verhehlen, da ihr die kryſtallenen Spiegel von allen Wänden des Brautgemachs tauſend Schmeicheleien ſagten. Ein prächtiges Gaſtmahl folgte auf die Vermählungsceremonie, und ein glänzender Prunkball beſchloß die Feierlichkeit des feſtlichen Tages. Die reizende Braut athmete Wonne und Seligkeit in den Gefühlen der Liebe, die an ihrem Brauttage, nach der Sitte der keuſchen Vorwelt ſich zum erſtenmal in ihrem jungfräulichen Herzen regten, und das widerliche Bären-Ideal war ganz aus ihrer Phantaſie verdrungen. In der Mitternachtſtunde wurde ſie von ihrem Gemahl mit Pomp in die Brautkammer eingeführt, wo alle Liebesgötter im Plafond von Freude belebt ihre goldnen Flügel zu regen ſchienen, da das liebende Paar hineintrat.

Der ſüßeſte Morgentraum ſchwand eben dahin, als die Neuvermählte erwachte, und ihren Gemahl mit einem liebevollen Kuß gleichfalls aus dem Schlafe zu wecken vorhatte. Aber wie groß war ihr Erſtaunen, da ſie ihn nicht mehr an ihrer Seite fand, und, den ſeidenen Vorhang aufhebend, ſich in ein düſteres Kellergewölbe verſetzt ſahe, wo das gebrochne Tageslicht durch den Eingang hineinfiel, und nur eben ſo viel Hellung gab, daß ſie einen furchterweckenden Bär wahrnehmen konnte, der aus einem Winkel hervor trübſinnig nach ihr hinblickte.

Sie ſank auf ihr Lager zurück, und ſtarb vor Entſetzen hin. Nach einer langen Weile kam ſie erſt wieder zu ſich, und ſammelte ſo viel Kräfte, eine laute Klage anzuheben, welche die krächzenden Stimmen von hundert Eulen außerhalb der Höhle beantworteten. Der empfindſame Bär konnte nicht aushalten, dieſe Jammerſcene mit anzuſehen, er mußte hinaus unter Gottes freien Himmel, den Schmerz und Unwillen über ſein hartes Schickſal auszuſprudeln. Schwerfällig hob er ſich vom Lager und zottelte brummend in den Wald, aus welchem er nicht eher als am ſiebenten Tage kurz vor der Verwandlung zurückkehrte. Die ſechs traurigen Tage wurden der untröſtbaren Dame zu Jahren. Ueber der hochzeitlichen Freude hatte man aus der Acht gelaſſen, die Bettlade der Braut mit einigen Lebensmitteln und Erfriſchungen zu verſehen: denn über alle lebloſen Dinge, welche die ſchöne Wulfild unmittelbar berührte, hatte der Zauber keine Macht; aber ihr Gemahl würde, auch ſelbſt in ihren Umarmungen zum Bären geworden ſeyn. In der Beklommenheit ihres Herzens ſchmachtete die Unglückliche zwei Tage dahin, ohne an Nahrungsmittel zu denken; endlich aber forderte die Natur die Mittel ihrer Erhaltung mit großem Ungeſtüm, und erregte einen wilden Heißhunger, der ſie aus der Höhle trieb, einige Nahrung zu ſuchen. Sie ſchöpfte mit der hohlen Hand ein wenig Waſſer aus dem vorüberrieſelnden Bächlein und erquickte damit ihre heißen, trocknen Lippen, pflückte einige Hambutten und Brombeere, und verſchlang in wilder Betäubung eine Handvoll Eicheln, die ſie gierig auflas, und noch eine Schürze voll aus bloßem Naturtrieb mit in die Höhle zurücknahm; denn um ihr Leben war ſie wenig bekümmert: ſie wünſchte nichts ſehnlicher als den Tod.

Mit dieſem Wunſche ſchlief ſie am Abend des ſechſten Tages ein, und erwachte am frühen Morgen in eben dem Gemache wieder, in welches ſie als Braut eingetreten war. Sie fand da alles noch in der nämlichen Ordnung, wie ſie es verlaſſen hatte, und den ſchönſten zärtlichſten Gemahl an ihrer Seite, der in den rührendſten Ausdrücken ihr ſein Mitleid über den traurigen Zuſtand bezeigte, in welchen ſeine unwiderſtehliche Liebe zu ihr ſie gebracht hatte, und ſie mit Thränen in den Augen um Verzeihung bat. Er erklärte ihr die Beſchaffenheit des Zaubers, daß jeder ſiebente Tag ſolchen unwirkſam mache, und Alles wieder in ſeiner natürlichen Geſtalt darſtelle. Wulfild wurde durch die Zärtlichkeit ihres Gemahls gerührt; ſie bedachte, daß eine Ehe noch gut genug wäre, wo der ſiebente Tag immer heiter ſei, und daß nur die glücklichſten der Ehen ſich dieſes Vorrechts rühmen könnten; kurz, ſie fand ſich in ihr Schickſal, vergalt Liebe mit Liebe, und machte ihren Albert zum glücklichſten Bären unter der Sonne. Um nicht wieder in den Fall zu kommen, in der Waldhöhle zu darben, legte ſie jederzeit, wenn ſie zur Tafel ging, ein Paar weite Poſchen an, welche ſie mit Konfekt, ſüßen Orangen und anderm köſtlichen Obſt belaſtete. Auch den gewöhnlichen Nachttrunk ihres Herrn, der ins Schlafgemach geſtellt wurde, verbarg ſie ſorgfältig in ihrer Bettlade, und ſo war ihre Küche und Keller immer für die Zeit der Verwandlung zureichend beſtellt.

Ein und zwanzig Jahr hatte ſie bereits im Zauberwalde verlebt, und dieſe lange Zeit hatte keinen ihrer jugendlichen Reize verdrängt; auch war die wechſelſeitige Liebe des edlen Paares noch Gefühl des erſten mächtigen Inſtinkts. Mutter Natur behauptet aller anſcheinenden Störungen ungeachtet allenthalben ihre Rechte; auch in der Zauberwelt wacht ſie mit großer Sorgfalt und Strenge darüber, und wehret allem Fortſchritte und den allmähligen Veränderungen der Zeit ab, ſo lange durch die widernatürlichen Eingriffe der Zauberei die Dinge dieſer Unterwelt ihrer Botmäßigkeit entzogen ſind. Laut dem Zeugniß der heiligen Legende ſtiegen die frommen Siebenſchläfer, nachdem ſie ihren hundertjährigen Schlaf ausgeſchlafen hatten, ſo munter und rüſtig aus den römiſchen Katakomben hervor, wie ſie hineingegangen waren, und hatten nur um eine einzige Nacht gealtert. Die ſchöne Wulfild hatte nach der Berechnung der guten Mutter Natur, in den ein und zwanzig Jahren nur drei Jahre verlebt, und befand ſich alſo noch in der vollen Blüthe des weiblichen Alters. Eben dieſe Beſchaffenheit hatte es auch mit ihrem Gemahl und dem ganzen verzauberten Hofſtaat.

Alles das eröffnete das edle Paar dem holden Ritter auf einem Luſtwandel im Park, unter einer Laube, woran ſich wilder Jasmin und Hills kletterndes Geißblatt zuſammen verflochten. Der glückliche Tag ſchwand unter dem Gepränge einer bunten Hofgalla und wechſelſeitigen Freundſchaftsbezeugungen nur zu bald dahin. Man nahm das Mittagsmahl ein, nachher war Apartement und Spiel. Ein Theil der Höflinge luſtwandelten mit den Damen im Park, trieben Scherz und Minneſpiel, bis man zur Abendtafel trompetete, wo in einer Spiegelgallerie unter Beleuchtung unzähliger Wachskerzen geſpeiſet wurde. Man aß, trank und war fröhlich bis zur Mitternachtsſtunde, Wulfild verſorgte nach Gewohnheit ihre Poſchen und rieth ihrem Bruder, ſeine Taſchen auch nicht zu vergeſſen. Als abgetragen war, ſchien Albert unruhig zu werden und flüſterte ſeiner Gemahlin etwas ins Ohr. Sie nahm darauf ihren Bruder bei Seite und ſprach wehmüthig: Geliebter Bruder, wir müſſen nun ſcheiden, die Stunde der Verwandlung iſt nicht mehr fern, wo alle Freuden dieſes Pallaſtes hinſchwinden. Albert iſt um dich bekümmert, er fürchtet für dein Leben; er würde dem thieriſchen Inſtinkt nicht widerſtehen können, dich zu zerreißen, wenn du die bevorſtehende Veränderung hier abwarten wollteſt; verlaß dieſen unglücklichen Wald und kehre nie wieder zu uns zurück. Ach, erwiederte Reinald, es begegne mir, was das Verhängniß über mich beſchloſſen hat, ſcheiden kann ich noch nicht von euch, ihr Lieben! Dich, o Schweſter, aufzuſuchen, war mein Beginnen, und da ich dich gefunden habe, verlaß ich dieſen Wald nicht ohne dich. Sage, wie ich den mächtigen Zauber löſen kann? „Ach, ſprach ſie, den vermag kein Sterblicher zu löſen! Hier miſchte ſich Albert ins Geſpräch, und wie er den kühnen Entſchluß des jungen Ritters vernahm, mahnte er ihn mit liebreichen Worten von ſeinem Vorhaben ſo kräftig ab, daß dieſer endlich dem Verlangen des Schwagers und den Bitten und Thränen der zärtlichen Schweſter nachgeben, und zum Abſchied ſich bequemen mußte.

Fürſt Albert umarmte den wackern Jüngling brüderlich und nachdem dieſer ſeine Schweſter umhalſet hatte und nun ſcheiden wollte, zog Jener ſeine Brieftaſche hervor, und nahm daraus drei Bärenhaare, rollte ſie in ein Papier und reichte ſie dem Ritter gleichſam ſcherzweiſe als ein Wahrzeichen hin, ſich dabei des Abenteuers im Zauberwalde zu erinnern. Doch, ſetzte er ernſthaft hinzu, verachtet nicht dieſe Kleinigkeit; ſollt' euch irgend einmal Hülfe Noth thun, ſo reibt dieſe drei Haare zwiſchen den Händen und erwartet den Erfolg. Im Schloßhofe ſtand ein prächtiger Phaeton mit ſechs Rappen beſpannt, nebſt vielen Reitern und Dienern. Reinald ſtieg hinein: Ade, mein Bruder! rief Albert der Bär am Schlage; ade, mein Bruder! antwortete Reinald das Wunderkind, und der Wagen donnerte über die Zugbrücke dahin, auf und davon.

Die goldnen Sterne funkelten noch hell am nächtlichen Himmel, der Zug ging über Stock und Stein, Berg auf Berg ab, durch Wüſten und Wälder, über Steppen und Felder, ſonder Ruh und Raſt, in vollem Trab. Nach einer guten Stunde begann der Himmel zu grauen; plötzlich verloſchen alle Windlichter; Reinald fand ſich unſanft auf die Erde geſetzt, ohne zu wiſſen, wie ihm geſchah; der Phaeton mit Roß und Wagen war verſchwunden, aber bei dem Schimmer der Morgenröthe ſahe er ſechs ſchwarze Ameiſen zwiſchen ſeinen Füßen hin gallopiren, die eine Nußſchale fortzogen.

Der männliche Ritter wußte ſich das Abenteuer nun leicht zu erklären; er hütete ſich ſorgfältig, eine Ameiſe etwa unverſehens zu zertreten, erwartete ganz ruhig den Aufgang der Sonne, und weil er ſich noch innerhalb der Grenzen des Waldes befand, beſchloß er ſeine beiden jüngern Schweſtern gleichfalls aufzuſuchen, und wenn es ihm nicht gelingen ſollte, ſie zu entzaubern, ihnen wenigſtens einen Beſuch zu machen.

Drei Tage irrte er vergebens im Wald umher, ohne daß ihm etwas Sonderbares aufſtieß. Eben hatte er die letzten Ueberbleibſel eines Milchbrotes von Schwager Albert des Bären Tafel aufgezehrt, als er hoch über ſich in der Luft etwas rauſchen hörte, wie wenn ein Schiff in vollem Segel die Wellen durchſchneidet. Er ſchauete auf und erblickte einen mächtigen Adler, der ſich aus der Luft auf ein Neſt herabließ, das er auf dem Baume hatte. Reinald war über dieſe Entdeckung hocherfreut, verbarg ſich im Unterwuchs der Holzung, und lauerte bis der Adler wieder auffliegen würde. Nach ſieben Stunden hob er ſich vom Neſte; alsbald trat der lauſchende Jüngling hervor ins Freie, und rief mit lauter Stimme: Adelheid, geliebte Schweſter, wenn du auf dieſer hohen Eiche hauſeſt, ſo antworte meiner Stimme; ich bin Reinald, das Wunderkind genannt, dein Bruder, der dich ſuchet, und die Bande des mächtigen Zaubers zu zerſtören ſtrebt, die dich feſſeln. Sobald er aufgehört hatte zu reden, antwortete eine ſanfte weibliche Stimme von oben, wie aus den Wolken: Biſt du Reinald das Wunderkind, ſo ſei willkommen deiner Schweſter Adelheid, ſäume nicht, zu ihr herauf zu klimmen, die Troſtloſe zu umarmen.

Entzückt über dieſe frohe Botſchaft wagte der Ritter freudig den Verſuch, den hohen Baum hinauf zu klettern, aber vergebens. Dreimal lief er rund um den Stamm, aber der war zu dicke, ihn zu umklaftern, und die nächſten Aeſte viel zu hoch, ſie zu erfaſſen. Indem er begierig auf Mittel ſann, ſeinen Zweck zu erreichen, fiel eine ſeidene Strickleiter herab, durch deren Beihülfe er bald bis in den Gipfel des Baums zu dem Adlerneſte gelangte, es war ſo geräumig und ſo feſte gebauet, wie ein Altan auf einer Linde. Er fand ſeine Schweſter unter einem Thronhimmel ſitzend, von außen gegen die Witterung mit Wachstaffet bekleidet, und inwendig mit roſenfarbnem Atlas ausgeſchlagen; auf ihrem Schooße lag ein Adlerei, welches auszubrüten ſie beſchäftiget war. Der Empfang war auf beiden Seiten ſehr zärtlich, Adelheid hatte genaue Kundſchaft von ihres Vaters Hauſe, und wußte, daß Reinald ihr nachgeborner Bruder war. Edgar, der Aar, ihr Gemahl, war auf Wochen verwünſcht. Alle ſieben Wochen war eine von der Verzauberung frei. In dieſer Zwiſchenzeit hatte er ſeiner Gemahlin zu Liebe, unerkannterweiſe oft das Hoflager ſeines Schwiegervaters beſucht, und gab ihr von Zeit zu Zeit Nachricht, wie es in ihres Vaters Hauſe ſtand. Adelheid lud ihren Bruder ein, die nächſte Verwandlung bei ihr abzuwarten; und obgleich der Termin erſt in ſechs Wochen bevorſtand, ſo willigte er doch gern ein. Sie verſteckte ihn in einem hohlen Baum und beköſtigte ihn täglich aus dem Magazin unter ihrem Sopha, das mit Schiffsproviſion, das heißt, ſolchen Eßwaaren, die ſich erhalten, auf ſechs Wochen reichlich verſehen war. Sie entließ ihn mit der wohlmeinenden Vermahnung: ſo lieb dir das Leben iſt, hüte dich vor Edgars Adlerblick, ſieht er dich in ſeinem Gehege, ſo iſts um dich geſchehen; er hackt dir die Augen aus und frißt dir das Herz ab, wie er nur erſt geſtern dreien deiner Knappen that, die dich hier im Walde ſuchten.

Reinald ſchauderte über das Schickſal ſeiner Knappen, verſprach ſeiner wohl zu wahren, und harrete in dem Pathmus des hohlen Baums ſechs langweilige Wochen aus; doch genoß er das Vergnügen, mit ſeiner Schweſter zu koſen, ſo oft der Adler vom Neſte flog. Aber für dieſe Prüfung ſeiner Geduld wurde er nachher durch ſieben freudenvolle Tage ſattſam entſchädiget.

Die Aufnahme beim Schwager Aar war nicht minder freundſchaftlich als beim Schwager Bär. Sein Schloß, ſein Hofſtaat, Alles war hier ſo, wie dort; jeder Tag war ein Freudenfeſt, und die Zeit der ſchlimmen Verwandlung rückte nur zu geſchwind herbei. Am Abend des ſiebenten Tages entließ Edgar ſeinen Gaſt mit den zärtlichſten Umarmungen, doch warnt er ihn, ſein Gehege nicht wieder zu betreten. Soll ich mich, ſprach Reinald wehmüthig, ewig von euch ſcheiden, ihr Geliebten? Iſts nicht möglich, den unglücklichen Zauber zu löſen, der euch hier gefangen hält? Hätt' ich hundert Leben zu verlieren, ich wagte ſie alle, euch zu erlöſen. Edgar drückte ihm herzig die Hand: Dank, edler junger Mann, für eure Lieb und Freundſchaft; aber laßt das kecke Unterfangen ſchwinden. Es iſt möglich, unſern Zauber zu löſen; aber ihr ſollts, ihr dürfts nicht. Wers beginnt, dem koſtet es das Leben, wenns mißlingt, und ihr ſollt nicht das Opfer für uns werden.

Durch dieſe Rede wurde Reinalds Heldenmuth nur mehr angefeuert, das Abenteuer zu beſtehen. Seine Augen funkelten vor Verlangen, und die Wangen röthete ein Strahl von Hoffnung, ſeinen Zweck zu erreichen. Er drang in den Schwager Edgar, ihm das Geheimniß mitzutheilen, wie der Zauber des Waldes aufzulöſen ſei, doch dieſer wollt' ihm nichts enträthſeln, aus Sorge, das Leben des kühnen Jünglings in Gefahr zu ſetzen. Alles, was ich euch ſagen kann, lieber Bruder, ſprach er, iſt, daß ihr den Schlüſſel der Bezauberungen finden müßt, wenn es euch gelingen ſoll, uns zu erlöſen. Seid ihr vom Schickſal beſtimmt unſer Befreier zu ſein, ſo werden euch die Sterne Weg und Bahn anzeigen, wo ihr ihn zu ſuchen habet, wo nicht, ſo iſt Thorheit all euer Beginnen. Hierauf zog er ſeine Brieftaſche hervor und nahm daraus drei Adlerfedern, die er dem Ritter darreichte, ſich ſeiner dabei zu erinnern. Wenn ihm einſt Hülfe Noth thue, ſollt er ſie zwiſchen den Händen reiben und den Erfolg abwarten. Drauf ſchieden ſie freundlich aus einander. Edgars Hofmarſchall und das Hofgeſinde begleiteten den lieben Fremdling durch einen langen Gang, mit emporſtrebenden Weihmuths-Fichten, Kiefern und Eichenbäumen bepflanzt, bis zum Ausgang des Geheges, und als er außerhalb deſſelben war, ſchloſſen ſie die Gatterthore zu und kehrten eilig zurück, denn die Zeit der Verwandlung ſtand bevor.

Reinald ſetzte ſich unter eine Linde, das Wunder mit anzuſehen; der Vollmond leuchtete hell und klar; er ſah das Schloß noch gar deutlich über die Gipfel der hohen Bäume hervorragen. Aber in der Morgendämmerung ſah er ſich in einen dicken Nebel eingehüllt, und wie dieſen die aufgehende Sonne niederdrückte, war Schloß und Park und Gatterthor verſchwunden, und er befand ſich in einer traurigen Einöde, oben auf einer Felſenwand neben einem unermeßlichen Abgrund.

Der junge Abenteurer blickte ringsumher, einen Weg hinab ins Thal zu finden; da ward er in der Ferne einen See gewahr, deſſen Spiegelfläche der Abglanz der Sonnenſtrahlen verſilberte. Mit großer Mühe arbeitete er ſich den ganzen Tag durch den dichtverwachſenen Wald; ſein Dichten und Trachten war nur auf den See gerichtet, wo er ſeine dritte Schweſter Bertha vermuthete; aber je weiter er in den wilden Buſch hineinkam, je undurchdringlicher ward er, der See verlor ſich aus ſeinen Augen und mit ihm die Hoffnung, ihn wieder zu erblicken. Gegen Sonnenuntergang ſah er zwar die Waſſerfläche wieder zwiſchen den Bäumen durchſchimmern, als der Wald lichter wurde; aber dennoch erreicht' er das Ufer nicht vor hereinbrechender Nacht. Ermüdet ſchlug er ſein Lager unter einem Feldbaum auf, und erwachte nicht eher, bis die Sonne ſchon hoch am Himmel ſtand. Durch den Schlaf fand er ſich geſtärket und ſeine Glieder rüſtig und wacker; er ſprang raſch auf und wandelte längſt dem Ufer hin voller Gedanken und Anſchläge, wie er zu ſeiner Schweſter im Weiher gelangen möchte. Vergebens ließ er ſeinen Spruch und Gruß erſchallen: Bertha, geliebte Schweſter, hauſeſt du in dieſem Weiher, ſo gieb Antwort auf meine Rede, ich bin Reinald das Wunderkind genannt, dein Bruder, der dich aufſucht, deinen Zauber zu löſen und dich aus dieſem naſſen Gefängniß herauszuführen: Ihm antwortete nichts als das vielſtimmige Echo vom Walde her. O ihr lieben Fiſche, fuhr er fort, als ganze Schaaren rothgeſprengter Forhen ans Ufer ſchwammen und den jungen Fremdling anzugaffen ſchienen, ihr lieben Fiſche, ſagts eurer Gebieterin an, daß ihr Bruder hier am Ufer harret, ihr zu begegnen. Er zerpflückte alle Brodfragmente, die er noch in ſeinen Taſchen fand, und warf ſie in den Teich, die Fiſche damit zu beſtechen, ob ſie ſeiner Schweſter von ihm Botſchaft bringen möchten; allein die Forhen ſchnappten die Semmelbrocken gierig auf, ohne ſich um ihren Wohlthäter weiter zu bekümmern. Reinald ſah wohl, daß mit ſeiner Fiſchpredigt nichts ausgerichtet war, deshalb verſuchte er auf eine andere Manier ſein Unternehmen auszuführen. Als ein flinker Ritter war er in allen Leibesübungen wohlgeübt, und ſchwimmen konnt' er wie eine Waſſermaus; darum entſchloß er ſich kurz, entkleidete ſich von ſeiner Rüſtung, nahm von den Waffen nichts als das blanke Schwert in die Hand, und ſprang im Waffenrock von feuerfarbnem Atlas (weil er keines Rachens anſichtig wurde wie weiland ſein Vater) beherzt in die Fluthen, um den Schwager Behemot aufzuſuchen. Er wird, dachte er, mich nicht gleich verſchlingen, und ſchon ein vernünftiges Wort mit ſich reden laſſen, wie er bei meinem Vater that. Darauf plätſcherte er gefliſſentlich in den Wellen, das Meerwunder herbeizulocken, und ſchaukelte auf den blauen Wogen mitten in den Weiher hinein.

So lang es ſeine Kräfte erlaubten, verfolgte er den naſſen Pfad getroſt, ohne daß ihm ein Abenteuer aufſtieß; wie er aber anfing zu ermatten, ſchaute er nach dem Geſtade um, und ſah unfern einen dünnen Nebel aufſteigen, der hinter einer emporſtehenden Eisſcholle hervorzukommen ſchien. Er ruderte aus allen Kräften, die Erſcheinung näher zu betrachten, und fand eine kurze Säule von Bergkryſtall aus dem Waſſer hervorragen, die hohl zu ſein ſchien, denn aus dieſer ſtieg ein herzerquickender Wohlgeruch in kleinen Dampfwolken in die Höhe, welche der Windſtrom ſpielend auf das Waſſer warf. Der kühne Schwimmer vermuthete, daß das wohl der Schlot zu der unterirdiſchen Wohnung ſeiner Schweſter ſein könne. Er wagt' es alſo, darin hinabzuſchlüpfen, und dieſe Vermuthung täuſchte ihn nicht. Der Rauchfang führte unmittelbar in den Kamin des Schlafgemachs der ſchönen Bertha, welche eben beſchäftigt war, im reizendſten Morgenanzug ihren Chokolat bei einem kleinen Feuer von rothem Sandel zu bereiten. Als die Dame das Geräuſch im Schlote vernahm und auf einmal zwei Menſchenfüße den Kamin herabzappeln ſah, wurden ihre Lebensgeiſter von dieſem unerwarteten Beſuch ſo ſehr überraſcht, daß ſie vor Schrecken den Chokolatentopf umſtieß, und rücklings auf ihren Armſtuhl in Ohnmacht ſank. Reinald rüttelte ſie ſo lange, bis ſie wieder zu ſich ſelbſt kam, und ſo bald ſie ſich ein wenig erholt hatte, ſprach ſie mit matter Stimme: Unglücklicher, wer du auch ſeiſt, wie darfſt du es wagen, dieſe unterirdiſche Wohnung zu betreten! Weißt du nicht, daß dieſe Vermeſſenheit dir den unvermeidlichen Tod bringt? — Fürchte nichts, meine Liebe, ſprach der wackere Ritter, ich bin dein Bruder Reinald das Wunderkind genannt, der weder Gefahr noch Tod ſcheut, ſeine geliebten Schweſtern aufzuſuchen und die Bande des mächtigen Zaubers aufzulöſen, der ſie feſſelt. Bertha umarmte ihren Bruder zärtlich; aber ihr ſchlanker Leib zitterte vor Furcht.

Ulo der Delphin, ihr Gemahl, hatte den Hof ſeines Schwiegervaters gleichfalls zuweilen im ſtrengſten Incognito beſucht, und unlängſt in Erfahrung gebracht, daß Reinald ausgezogen ſei, ſeine Schweſtern aufzuſuchen. Dies kühne Vorhaben des Jünglings hatte er oft beklagt: wenn ihn, ſprach er, Schwager Bär nicht frißt, noch Schwager Aar ihm die Augen aushackt, ſo wird ihn doch Schwager Delphin verſchlingen, ich fürchte in der Anwandlung thieriſcher Wuth dem Triebe nicht widerſtehen zu können, ihn hinunter zu ſchlürfen: und wenn du ihn mit deinen zarten Armen umſchlöſſeſt, du Liebe, um ihn zu ſchützen, ſo würd' ich deine kryſtallne Wohnung zertrümmern, daß dich die hereinſtrömenden Fluthen erſäuften, und ihn würd' ich in meinem Wallfiſchbauch begraben; denn zur Zeit der Verwandlung, weißt du, iſt unſre Wohnung jedem Fremdling unzugänglich.

Alles das verhehlte die ſchöne Bertha ihrem Bruder nicht; er aber antwortete: kannſt du mich nicht vor den Augen des Meerwunders verbergen, wie deine Schweſtern thaten, daß ich hier weile, bis der Zauber ſchwindet? Ach, verſetzte ſie, wie könnt' ich dich verbergen! Siehſt du nicht, daß dieſe Wohnung von Kryſtall iſt, und daß alle Wände ſo durchſichtig ſind, wie der Eisſpiegel? *) Es wird doch irgend ein undurchſichtbarer Winkel im Hauſe ſein, entgegnete Reinald; oder biſt du die einzige deutſche Frau, welche die Augen ihres Mannes nicht zu täuſchen vermag? Die ſchöne Bertha war in dieſer Kunſt ganz unerfahren, ſie ſann und ſann, endlich fiel ihr noch zum Glück die Holzkammer ein, wohin ſie ihren Bruder bergen könnte. Er nahm den Vorſchlag ohne Einwendung an, verſchränkte das Holz in der durchſichtigen Kammer ſo kunſtreich, wie ein Biber ſeinen unterirdiſchen Bau, und verbarg ſich darin aufs beſte. Die Dame eilte darauf an ihren Putztiſch, ſetzte ſich ſo reizend auf als möglich, legte eins der ſchönſten Kleider an, das ihren ſchlanken Wuchs begünſtigte, ging ins Audienzgemach, harrend auf den Beſuch ihres Gemahls, des Delphins, und ſtand da ſo minniglich, wie eine der drei Grazien in der Einbildungskraft eines Dichters. Ulo der Delphin konnte des Umgangs ſeiner liebenswerthen Gemahlin während der Zeitperioden der Bezauberung nicht anders genießen, als daß er ihr täglich einen Beſuch machte, ſie von außen durch das gläſerne Haus ſah, und ſich an dem Anblick ihrer Schönheit weidete.

Kaum hatte die holde Bertha ihr Sprachzimmer betreten, ſo kam der ungeheure Fiſch herangeſchwommen; das Waſſer fing ſchon von weiten an zu rauſchen, und die Fluthen kräuſelten ſich in Wirbeln rings um den kryſtallenen Pallaſt. Das Meerwunder ſtand von außen vor dem Gemach, athmete Ströme von Waſſer ein, und ſtürzte ſie wieder aus ſeinem weiten Schlunde hervor, gaffte dabei mit glotzenden meergrünen Augen die ſchöne Frau ſtumm und ſtaunend an. So ſehr ſich auch die gute Dame angelegen ſein ließ, eine unbefangene Miene zu heucheln, ſo wenig war das in ihrer Gewalt: alle Schälkerei und Verſtellung war ihr ganz fremd, das Herz bebte und bangte ihr, der Buſen hob ſich hoch und ſchnell, ihre Wangen und Lippen glüheten und erbleichten plötzlich wieder. Der Delphin hatte, ungeachtet ſeiner dämiſchen Fiſchnatur, dennoch ſo viel phyſiognomiſches Gefühl, daß er aus dieſen Anzeichen Unrath merkte, ſcheußliche Grimaſſen machte, und pfeilgeſchwind fortſchoß. Er umkreiſte den Pallaſt in unzähligen Schraubengängen, und trieb ſolchen Unfug in den Wogen, daß die kryſtallene Wohnung davon erbebte, und die erſchrockene Bertha nicht anders glaubte, er würde ſolche augenblicks zerſchellen. Der ſpähende Delphin konnte indeſſen bei dieſer ſtrengen Hausſuchung nichts wahrnehmen, was ſeinen Verdacht zu beſtärken ſchien; daher ward er allgemach ruhiger, und zum Glück hatte er durch ſein Toben das Waſſer ſo getrübt, daß er nicht ſehen konnte, in welchem Zuſtand die bängliche Bertha ſich befand. Er ſchwamm fort, die Dame erholte ſich wieder von ihrem Schrecken, Reinald verhielt ſich ſtill und ruhig in der Holzkammer, bis die Zeit der Verwandlung herankam; und obgleich allem Anſehen nach Schwager Delphin nicht allen Verdacht ſchwinden ließ (denn er vergaß nie bei ſeinem täglichen Beſuch dreimal die Runde ums Haus zu ſchwimmen, und alle Winkel des kryſtallnen Pallaſtes zu durchſpähen), ſo geberdete er ſich doch nicht ſo wüthig dabei als das erſtemal. Die Stunde der Verwandlung befreite endlich den duldſamen Gefangnen aus der einſamen Holzkammer.

Als er eines Tages erwachte, befand er ſich in einem königlichen Pallaſt auf einer kleinen Inſel. Gebäude, Luſtgärten, Marktplätze, alles ſchien auf dem Waſſer zu ſchwimmen, hundert Gondeln ſchwankten auf und ab, und Alles lebte und webte auf den offnen Plätzen in fröhlicher Geſchäftigkeit; kurz das Schloß des Schwager Delphins war ein kleines Venedig. Der Empfang des jungen Ritters war hier eben ſo herzig und freundſchaftsvoll, als an den Höfen der beiden andern Schwäger. Ulo, der Delphin, war auf Monden verwünſcht; der ſiebente war jedesmal der Raſtmonat der Verzauberung: von einem Vollmond bis zum andern genoß alles in ſeinem natürlichen Zuſtand. Weil Reinalds Aufenthalt hier länger dauerte, ſo ward er mit dem Schwager Ulo auch bekannter, und lebte mit ihm vertrauter, als mit den andern. Seine Neugierde peinigte ihn ſchon lange, zu erfahren, durch welches Schickſal die drei Prinzen in den unnatürlichen Zuſtand der Bezauberung wären verſetzt worden, er forſchte fleißig deshalb an der Schweſter Bertha, aber die konnt' ihm keine Auskunft geben, und Ulo beobachtete über dieſen Punkt ein geheimnißvolles Stillſchweigen. Reinald erfuhr alſo nicht, was er wünſchte. Unterdeſſen eilten die Tage der Freude auf den Fittigen der Winde dahin, der Mond verlor ſeine Silberhörner und rundete ſeine Geſtalt mehr mit jedem Tage.

Bei einer empfindſamen Abendpromenade verſtändigte Ulo ſeinen Schwager Reinald, daß die Zeit der Trennung in wenig Stunden bevorſtehe, und mahnte ihn an, zu ſeinen Eltern zurück zu kehren, die ſeinethalben in großer Sorge lebten; die Mutter ſei untröſtlich, ſeitdem es am Hofe kund worden, daß er nicht nach Flandern, ſondern in den Zauberwald auf Abenteuer ausgegangen ſei. Reinald fragte, ob der Wald noch viele enthalte, und vernahm, es ſei nur noch eins übrig: nämlich um den Minnelohn den Schlüſſel der Bezauberungen zu ſuchen und den kräftigen Talisman zu zerſtören; ſo lange dieſer wirke, ſei für die Prinzen keine Erlöſung zu hoffen. Aber, fügte Ulo der Delphin freundſchaftlich hinzu, folgt gutem Rathe, junger Mann! dankt den translunariſchen Mächten und dem Schutz der Damen, eurer Schweſtern, daß ihr nicht das Opfer eures kühnen Unterfangens, den Zauberwald zu durchſtreifen, geworden ſeid. Laßt euch genügen an dem Ruhm, den ihr erworben habt, ziehet hin und gebt euren Eltern Bericht von alle dem, was ihr geſehen und gehört habt, und führt durch eure Rückkehr die gute Mutter vom Rande des Grabes zurück, wohin ſie Harm und Gram um euch gebracht hat. Reinald verſprach, was Schwager Ulo verlangte, mit Vorbehalt, zu thun, was er wollte: denn die Herren Söhne, wenn ſie mütterlicher Zucht entwachſen, groß und mannbar worden ſind, und ſich auf den hohen Rappen ſchwingen, kümmern ſich wenig

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*) [illegible]

um die treuen Mutterzähren. Ulo merkte bald, worauf des Jünglings Sinn geſtellt war; deshalb zog er ſeine Brieftaſche hervor und nahm daraus drei Fiſchſchuppen, reichte ſie ihm zum Geſchenk dar und ſprach: wenn euch einſt Hülfe Noth thut, ſo reibt ſie zwiſchen den Händen, daß ſie flugs erwarmen und erwartet den Erfolg.

Reinald beſtieg eine ſchön vergoldete Gondel, und ließ ſich durch zwei Gondeliers ans feſte Land rudern. Kaum war er am Geſtade, ſo verſchwand die Gondel, das Schloß, die Gärten, die Marktplätze und es blieb von all der Herrlichkeit nichts übrig, als ein großer Fiſchteich mit hohem Schilf bewachſen, welches ein kühles Morgenlüftchen durchſäuſelte. Der Ritter befand ſich wieder an dem Platze, wo er vor drei Monden kühnlich ins Waſſer ſprang, ſein Schild und Harniſch lag noch auf der Stelle und der Speer ſtand daneben gepflanzt, wie er ſeine Waffen verlaſſen hatte. Er aber gelobte ſich ſelbſt, nicht eher zu raſten, bis der Schlüſſel der Bezauberungen in ſeiner Hand wäre.

Drittes Buch.

Wer ſagt mir an den geraden Weg, und wer leitet meinen Fuß auf die rechte Bahn, die zu dem wunderbarſten der Abenteuer führet in dieſem grenzenloſen Walde? — O ihr translunariſchen Mächte, blickt freundlich auf mich herab, und wenn ein Erdenſohn dieſen mächtigen Zauber löſen ſoll, ſo laßt mich dieſen glücklichen Sterblichen ſein!

So ſprach Reinald ganz in ſich gekehrt, und ging fürbaß ſeine unwegſame Straße waldeinwärts. Er durchſtrich ſieben Tage lang ſonder Furcht noch Grauſen die endloſe Wildniß, und ſchlief ſieben Nächte lang unter freiem Himmel, daß ſeine Waffen vom nächtlichen Thau roſteten. Am achten Tage erſtieg er eine Felſenzinne, von der er wie vom St. Gotthards Berge in unwirthbare Tiefen hinabblickte. Von der Seite öffnete ſich ein Thal mit grüner Binſen überzogen, von hohen Granitfelſen umſchloſſen, welche Schierlingstannen und traurige Cypreſſen überragten. In der Ferne kams ihm vor, als ſäh er da ein Monument aufgerichtet. Zwei koloſſenmäßige Marmorſäulen mit ehernen Knäufen und Füßen trugen ein Doriſches Gebälke, welches an eine Felſenwand gelehnt war, und ein ſtählernes Thor überſchattete, mit ſtarken Bändern und Riegeln verſehen; auch lag noch zum Ueberfluß ein Anwurf davor, von der Größe eines Schiffes. Unfern des Portals weidete ein ſchwarzer Stier im Graſe, mit funkelnden umherſchauenden Augen, als wenn er den Eingang zu bewachen hätte.

Reinald zweifelte nicht, daß er das Abenteuer gefunden habe, von dem ihm Schwager Ulo der Delphin Erwähnung gethan hatte; und ſogleich beſchloß er ſolches zu beſtehen, und ſchlüpfte von der Felſenzinne gemach hinab ins Thal. Er nahete dem Stier auf einen Bogenſchuß, eh ihn dieſer zu bemerken ſchien; aber nun ſprang er raſch auf, lief wüthig hin und her, als rüſt' er ſich zum Kampf gegen den Ritter, wie ein Andaluſiſcher, ſchnaubte gegen den Erdboden, daß ſich Staubwolken empor hoben, ſtampfte mit den Füßen, daß der Grund erbebte, und ſchlug mit den Hörnern gegen die Felſen, daß ſie in Stücken ſprangen. Der Ritter ſetzte ſich in eine angreifende Stellung, und wie der Stier auf ihn anlief, vermied er das gewaltſame Horn durch eine geſchickte Wendung, und führete einen ſo kräftigen Schwertſtreich nach dem Halſe des Ungethüms, daß er vermeinte, das Haupt vom Rumpfe zu ſondern, wie der tapfere Skanderbeg. O Jammer! der Hals des Stiers war für Stahl und Eiſen unverwundbar: das Schwerdt zerbrach in Stücken und der Ritter behielt nur das Heft in der Hand. Er hatte nichts zu ſeiner Vertheidigung übrig als eine Lanze von Ahornholz mit einer zweiſchneidigen Spitze von Stahl; aber auch die zerknickte beim zweiten Angriff wie ein ſchwacher Strohhalm. Der ſtößige Ochs erfaßte den wehrloſen Jüngling mit den Hörnern, und ſchleuderte ihn wie einen leichten Federball hoch in die Luft, auflauernd, ihn aufzufangen, oder mit den Füßen zu zertreten. Glücklicherweiſe gerieth er im Fallen zwiſchen die ausgebreiteten Aeſte eines wilden Birnbaums, die ihn wohlthätig umfaßten. Ob ihm gleich alle Rippen im Leibe knackten, ſo blieb ihm doch ſo viel Beſinnungskraft, daß er ſich feſt an den Baum anklammerte, denn der wüthige Ochs ſtieß mit ſeiner ehernen Stirne ſo gewaltſam gegen den Stamm, daß dieſer ſich aus der Wurzel hob und zum Fall neigte.

In der Zwiſchenzeit, als der mörderiſche Stier ſich wendete, einen Anlauf zu nehmen, den gewaltſamen Stoß zu wiederholen, dachte Reinald an die Geſchenke ſeiner Schwäger. Der Zufall führte ihm das Papier mit den drei Bärenhaaren zuerſt in die Hand, er rieb ſie aus allen Kräften und in dem Augenblick kam ein grimmiger Bär daher getrabet, der einen harten Kampf mit dem Stier begann; der Bär ward ſeiner bald mächtig, würgt' ihn nieder und zerriß ihn in Stücken. Wie ſich der hohle Bauch öffnete, flog heraus ein ſchöner Entvogel, der mit großem Geſchrei davon flog. Reinald ahnete, daß dieſer Zauber, des Sieges, welchen der Bär erkämpft hatte, ſpotten, und den Gewinn deſſelben davon trage; er griff deshalb flugs nach den drei Federn und rieb ſie zwiſchen den Händen. Darauf erſchien ein mächtiger Adler hoch in der Luft, vor welchem der furchtſame Entvogel ſich wieder ins Gebüſche drückte; der Adler ſchwebte in unermeſſner Höhe über ihm. Wie der Ritter das bemerkte, ſcheucht' er den Entrich auf und verfolgt ihn, bis der Wald lichter wurde, und weil er ſich nicht mehr bergen konnte, flog er auf und nahm ſeinen Flug gerade nach dem Weiher zu. Der Adler aber ſchoß aus den Wolken herab, ergriff und zerfleiſchte ihn mit ſeinen mächtigen Fängen. Indem er ſtarb, ließ er ein goldenes Ei in den Weiher fallen. Der aufmerkſame Reinald wußte auch dieſer neuen Täuſchung zu begegnen; er rieb flugs die Fiſchſchuppen zwiſchen den Händen; da hob ſich ein Wallfiſch aus dem Waſſer, der das Ei in ſeinem weiten Rachen auffing und es ans Land ſpie. Des war der Ritter froh in ſeinem Herzen, und ſäumte ſich nicht, das goldne Ei mit einem Stein entzwei zu ſchlagen. Da fiel ein kleiner Schlüſſel heraus, den er triumphirend für den Schlüſſel der Bezauberungen erkannte.

Schnellfüßig eilt' er nun zu dem ſtählernen Portal zurück. Der Zwergſchlüſſel ſchien für das rieſenmäßige Vorlegeſchloß nicht gemacht zu ſein, inzwiſchen wollt' er doch einen Verſuch damit machen; aber kaum berührte der Schlüſſel das Schloß, ſo ſprang es auf, die ſchweren eiſernen Riegel ſchoben ſich von ſelbſt zurück, und die ſtählerne Pforte that ſich auf. Frohen Muthes ſtieg er in eine düſtere Grotte hinab, in welcher ſieben Thüren in ſieben verſchiedene unterirdiſche Zimmer führeten, alleſammt prächtig aufgeputzt und herrlich mit Wachslichtern erleuchtet. Reinald durchwandelte alle nach der Reihe, und trat aus dem letztern in ein Kabinet, wo er eine junge Dame anſichtig wurde, die auf einem Sopha in einem unerwecklichen magiſchen Schlummer ruhete. Bei dieſem herzanfaſſenden Anblick erwachte in ſeiner Bruſt das Gefühl der Liebe: ſtill und ſtaunend ſtand er da und verwand kein Auge von ihr, ein Beweis ſeiner Unerfahrenheit und Unſchuld, der ihm und der Zeit, worin er lebte, zur Ehre gereicht.

Nachdem Ritter Reinald ſich von ſeinem Erſtaunen erholet hatte, blickte er ein wenig im Zimmer umher, und ſah der ſchlafenden Dame gegenüber eine alabaſterne Tafel voll wunderbarer Charaktere. Er vermuthete, daß darauf der Talisman eingegraben ſei, der alle Zaubereien des Waldes in ihrer Kraft erhielt. Aus gerechtem Unwillen hatte er ſeine Fauſt mit dem eiſernen Handſchuh bewaffnet, und ſchlug mit Mannskraft dagegen. Sogleich fuhr die ſchöne Schläferin ſchreckhaft zuſammen, erwachte, that einen ſchiefen Blick nach der Tafel, und ſank in ihren betäubenden Schlummer zurück. Reinald wiederholte den Schlag und es erfolgte Alles, ſo wie vorher. Nun war er darauf bedacht, den Talisman zu zerſtören; aber er hatte weder Schwerdt noch Speer, nichts als zwei rüſtige Arme. Mit dieſen erfaßt er die magiſche Tafel, und ſtürzte ſie vom hohen Poſtament auf das Marmorpflaſter herab, daß ſie in Stücken zerfiel. Augenblicks erwachte die junge Dame wieder aus ihrem Todtenſchlummer, und bemerkte nun erſt beim heitern Erwachen die Gegenwart eines Ritters, der ſich gar tugendlich und ehrlich auf ein Knie vor ihr niederwarf. Doch eh er zu reden anhub, verhüllte ſie ihr holdſeliges Angeſicht mit ihrem Schleier und ſprach gar zornmüthig: Hinweg von mir, ſchändlicher Unhold! Auch in der Geſtalt des ſchönſten Jünglings ſollſt du weder meine Augen täuſchen, noch mein Herz betrügen. Du kennſt meine Geſinnung, laß mir meinen Todtenſchlaf, worein mich deine Zauberei verſetzt hat.

Reinald begriff den Irrthum der Dame, darum ließ er ſich dieſe Sprache nicht befremden und gegenredete alſo: Holdes Fräulein, zürnet nicht! Ich bin nicht der gefürchtete Unhold, der euch hier gefangen hält, ich bin Graf Reinald der Wunderſüchtige genannt, ſehet hier den Zauber zerſtöret, der eure Sinnen umnebelt hatte. Das Fräulein blinzte ein wenig unter dem Schleier hervor, und als ſie die alabaſterne Tafel zertrümmert ſah, wunderte ſie ſich über die kühne That des jungen Abenteurers, blickte ihn huldſelig an, und er gefiel ihren Augen. Sie hob ihn freundlich auf, indem ſie ihm die Hand reichte und ſprach: Iſt's ſo, wie ihr ſaget, edler Ritter, ſo vollendet euer Werk und führet mich aus dieſer grauenvollen Höhle, daß ich Gottes Sonne glänzen ſehe, wenns draußen taget, oder die goldnen Sternlein am nächtlichen Himmel.

Reinald bot ihr den Arm, ſie durch die ſieben Prunkzimmer zu führen, durch welche ſie eingetreten war. Er öffnete die Thür; aber draußen wars ſo ägyptiſche Finſterniß, daß man das Dunkel greifen konnte, wie im Anfang der Schöpfung, eh der ſiebenfache Strahl des Lichtes angezündet war. Die Kerzen waren erloſchen und die kryſtallenen Kronleuchter goſſen nicht mehr ihren ſanften Schimmer aus den hohen Kuppeln der Baſaltgewölbe herab. Das edle Paar tappte lange im Dunkel, eh ſie ſich aus dieſen labyrinthiſchen Gängen herausfanden, und des Tages Schimmer durch den fernen Eingang einer unförmlichen Felſenhöhle hereindämmern ſahen. Die Entzauberte empfand die herzerquickende balſamiſche Kraft der allbelebenden Natur, und athmete mit Entzücken den Blumenduft, den ihr der laue Zephyr über die blühenden Auen entgegen wehete. Sie ſetzte ſich mit dem ſchlanken Ritter ins Gras, und er entbrannte gegen ſie in heißer Liebe; denn ſie war ſchön, wie das Meiſterſtück der Schöpfung, das erſte Weib aus Adams Rippe geformt. Doch quälte ihn eine andere Leidenſchaft ſchier noch mehr, das war die Begierde zu erfahren, wer die ſchöne Unbekannte ſei, und wie ſie in dieſen Wald verzaubert worden. Er bat ſie züchtiglich, ihm davon Beſcheid zu geben, und das Fräulein that ihren Roſenmund auf und ſprach:

Ich bin Hildegard, die Tochter Radbods, des Fürſten von Pommerland. Zornebock, der Sorbenfürſt, begehrte mich von meinem Vater zur Gemahlin; weil er aber ein ſcheußlicher Rieſe und ein Heide war, auch in dem Rufe ſtand, daß er ein großer Schwarzkünſtler ſei, ward er unter dem Vorwand meiner zarten Jugend abgewieſen. Darüber ergrimmte der Heide ſo ſehr, daß er meinen guten Vater befehdete, ihn in einem Treffen erlegte, und ſich ſeiner Länder bemächtigte. Ich war zu meines Vaters Schweſter, der Gräfin von Bebburg, geflohen, und meine drei Brüder, alleſammt ſtattliche Ritter, waren der Zeit außer Landes auf ihren Ritterzügen. Dem Zauberer konnte mein Aufenthalt nicht verborgen bleiben, und ſobald er meines Vaters Land in Beſitz genommen hatte, beſchloß er mich zu entführen; und vermöge ſeiner Zauberkünſte war ihm das ein Leichtes. Mein Oheim, der Graf, war ein Liebhaber von der Jagd, ich pflegt' ihn oft dahin zu begleiten und alle Ritter ſeines Hofes wetteiferten bei dieſer Gelegenheit, mir immer das beſtgerüſtete Pferd anzubieten. Eines Tages drängte ſich ein unbekannter Stallmeiſter mit einem herrlichen Apfelſchimmel zu mir heran, bat mich im Namen ſeines Herrn, dieſes Pferd zu beſteigen, und zu würdigen, es als mein Eigenthum aufzunehmen. Ich fragte nach dem Namen ſeines Herrn, er entſchuldigte ſich, dieſe Frage eher zu beantworten, bis ich den Gaul erprobt, und nach der Rückkehr von der Jagd mich würde erklärt haben, daß ich das Geſchenk nicht verſchmähe. Ich konnte dieſes Anerbieten nicht wohl ausſchlagen, über das war das Pferd ſo prächtig gerüſtet, daß es die Augen des ganzen Hofes auf ſich zog. Gold und Edelſteine und prächtige Stickerei war an der purpurfarbenen Satteldecke verſchwendet. Ein rother ſeidner Zaum lief vom Gebiß am Halſe hinauf, Stangen und Bügel waren von gediegenem Golde dicht mit Rubinen beſetzt. Ich ſchwang mich in den Sattel und hatte die Eitelkeit, bei dieſer Kavalkade mir ſelbſt zu gefallen. Der Gang des edlen Roſſes war ſo leicht und ſo gemächlich, daß es mit dem Huf die Erde kaum zu berühren ſchien. Leichtfüßig ſetzt' es über Graben und Hecken, und die kühnſten Reiter vermochten nicht, ihm zu folgen. Ein weißer Hirſch, der mir bei der Jagd aufſtieß und dem ich nacheilte, zog mich tief in den Wald und trennte mich von dem Gefolge der Jäger. Um mich nicht zu verirren, verließ ich den Hirſch, zum Sammelplatz der Jagd zurückzukehren; aber das Pferd ſträubte ſich mir zu gehorchen, bäumte ſich auf, ſchüttelte die Mähne und wurde wild. Ich verſucht' es zu begütigen; aber in dem Augenblick nahm ich mit Entſetzen wahr, daß ſich der Apfelſchimmel unter mir in ein geflügeltes Ungethüm verwandelte: die Vorderfüße breiteten ſich in ein Paar Flügel aus, der Hals verlängte ſich, an dem Kopf ſtreckte ſich ein breiter Schnabel hervor, ich ſaß einen hochbeinigen Hippogryphen unter mir, der einen Anlauf nahm, ſich mit mir in die Luft ſchwang, und in weniger als einer Stunde in dieſen Wald verſetzte, wo er ſich vor der ſtählernen Pforte eines alten Schloſſes niederließ.

Mein erſtes Schrecken, von dem ich mich noch nicht erholt hatte, vermehrte ſich, als ich den Stallmeiſter erblickte, der mir den Morgen den Apfelſchimmel vorgeführt hatte, und ſich jetzt ehrerbietig nahte, mir aus dem Sattel zu helfen. Betäubt von Schrecken und Unmuth ließ ich mich ſchweigend durch eine Menge Prachtgemächer zu einer Geſellſchaft in Gala gekleideter Damen leiten, die mich als ihre Gebieterin empfingen und meine Befehle erwarteten. Alle beeiferten ſich, mich aufs Beſte zu bedienen, aber niemand wollte mir ſagen, wo und in weſſen Gewalt ich mich befände. Ich überließ mich einer ſtummen Traurigkeit, welche Zornebock der Zauberer auf einige Augenblicke unterbrach, der in der Geſtalt eines ſchönen Jünglings zu meinen Füßen lag und um meine Liebe bat. Ich begegnete ihm ſo, wie mir mein Herz [illegible] dem Mörder meines Vaters zu begegnen. Des Wüthrichs Blicke wurden wild, ſeine Leidenſchaften ſtürmten in ſeiner Bruſt, er wurde laut aufgebracht; ich rang mit Verzweiflung, trotzte ſeiner Wuth, und forderte ihn auf, ſeine Drohungen zu erfüllen, den Pallaſt zu zertrümmern und mich unter den Ruinen zu begraben; aber ſchnell verließ mich der Unhold und gab mir Friſt, mich zu bedenken.

Nach ſieben Tagen erneuerte er ſeinen verhaßten Antrag, ich wies ihn mit Verachtung von mir, und er ſtürzte wüthend aus dem Zimmer. Kurz nachher erbebte die Erde unter meinen Füßen, das Schloß ſchien in den Abgrund hinabzurollen. Ich ſank auf meinen Sopha und meine Sinnen ſchwanden dahin. Aus dieſem Todesſchlummer erweckte mich des Zauberers furchtbare Stimme: Erwache, ſprach er, liebe Schläferin, aus deinem ſiebenjährigen Schlummer, und ſage mir an, ob die wohlthätige Zeit den Haß gegen deinen getreuen Paladin gemildert. Erfreue mein Herz mit dem kleinſten Strahl von Hoffnung, und dieſe traurige Grotte ſoll ſich in den Tempel der Freude verwandeln. Ich würdigte den ſchändlichen Zauberer keiner Gegenrede noch eines Anblicks, verhüllte mit meinem Schleier mein Geſicht und weinte. Mein Trübſinn ſchien ihn zu rühren, er bat, er flehete, er jammerte laut und wand ſich wie ein Wurm zu meinen Füßen. Endlich ermüdete ſeine Geduld, er ſprang raſch auf und ſprach: Wohlan, es ſei drum, in ſieben Jahren ſprechen wir uns wieder. Darauf hob er die alabaſterne Tafel aufs Poſtament; ſogleich fiel ein unwiderſtehlicher Schlaf auf meine Augenlieder, bis der Grauſame meine Ruhe von neuem unterbrach. Unempfindliche, redet' er mich an, wenn du noch gegen mich grauſam biſt, ſo ſei es wenigſtens nicht gegen deine drei Brüder. Mein untreuer Stallmeiſter hat ihnen dein Schickſal entdeckt, aber er iſt beſtraft, der Verräther. Sie ſind gekommen dieſe Unglücklichen mit Heeresmacht, dich aus meiner Hand zu reißen; aber dieſe Hand war ihnen zu ſchwer, und ſie beſeufzen ihre Unbeſonnenheit unter mancherlei Geſtalten in dieſem Walde. Eine ſo armſelige Lüge, zu welcher der Unhold ſeine Zuflucht nahm, meine Standhaftigkeit zu überwinden, erbitterte mein Herz nur noch mehr gegen ihn. Hohn ſaß auf meinen Lippen und die bitterſte Verachtung. Unglückliche, fuhr der tobende Heide auf, dein Schickſal iſt entſchieden! Schlaf ſo lang als die unſichtbaren Mächte dieſem Talisman gehorchen! Flugs ſchob er die alabaſterne Tafel zurechte und der magiſche Taumel raubte mir Leben und Empfindung. Ihr habt mich, edler Ritter, durch Zerſtörung des Zaubers aus dieſem Todtenſchlafe erweckt. Aber ich begreife nicht, durch welche Macht ihr dieſe That habt ausrichten mögen, und was den Zauberer abhalten mag, euch zu widerſtehen. Zornebock muß nicht mehr am Leben ſein, ihr würdet ſonſt an ſeinem Talisman euch nicht ungeſtraft vergriffen haben.

Die reizvolle Hildegard urtheilte ganz recht: Der Unhold war mit ſeinen Sorben ins Böhmerland eingefallen, wo damals die Fürſtin Libuſſa aus dem Feengeſchlecht regierte, und hatte an ihr, wie der mächtige Cyrus an der Scythen-Königin Tomyris, ſeine Meiſterin gefunden. Zornebock war gegen die berühmte Böhmer-Königin in der Zauberkunſt nur ein Lehrling; ſie hatte ihn mit ihren Künſten überholt, daß er das Schlachtfeld räumen und den Streichen eines handfeſten Ritters unterliegen mußte, dem ſie magiſche Waffen gab, welchen die Paſſauer Kunſt nicht widerſtand.

Als die ſchöne Hildegard ſchwieg, nahm Reinald das Wort und erzählte ihr ſeine Abenteuer. Wie er die Meldung that von den drei verwünſchten Prinzen im Walde, die ſeine Schwäger wären, nahm ſie das groß Wunder; denn ſie vermerkte nun, daß Zornebocks Erzählung keine Lüge, ſondern Wahrheit geweſen ſei. Der Ritter war eben im Begriff, ſeine Geſchichte zu enden: da erhob ſich im Gebirge groß Triumphiren und Freudengeſchrei. Bald darauf brachen drei Geſchwader Reiter aus dem Wald hervor, an deren Spitze Hildegard ihre Brüder, und Reinald ſeine Schweſtern erkannte. Der Zauber des Waldes war gelöſet. Nach wechſelſeitigen Umarmungen und Freudenbezeugungen verließ die Karavane der Entzauberten die ſchauervolle Einöde und begab ſich in das alte Waldſchloß. Reitende Boten flogen nach der Reſidenz des Grafen, die frohe Botſchaft von der Ankunft ſeiner Kinder zu verkünden. Der Hof befand ſich eben in tiefer Trauer über den Verluſt des jungen Grafen, den man als einen Todten beweinte; die Eltern glaubten, daß ihn der Zauberwald auf ewig verſchlungen habe. Die trauernde Mutter hatte auf Erden keinen Troſt mehr, und fühlte kein Vergnügen, als das, für ihre Kinder Todtengepränge anzuſtellen. Eben war man im Begriff, Reinalds Exequien zu feiern; aber ſchneller konnte weiland [illegible] Nicolini ſeinen pantomimiſchen Schauplatz nicht wandeln, als in der Reſidenz des Grafen bei dieſer frohen Botſchaft alle Dinge eine andere Geſtalt annahmen: Alles athmete nun wieder Leben und Freude. In wenig Tagen empfing das ehrwürdige Elternpaar die Wonne, ihre Kinder und Enkel zu umarmen. [illegible] hatte ſeit dem Beſuch ihres Bruders aus dem Ei ein liebenswürdiges Fräulein geboren, das von der mütterlichen Bruſt ſeine kleinen Arme dem Großpapa [illegible] entgegenſtreckte, und ihm beim Empfang [illegible] lachte. Unter allen

Feierlichkeiten dieſer glücklichen Wiedervereinigung zeichnete ſich Reinalds Beilager mit der ſchönen Hildegard beſonders aus. Ein ganzes Jahr verging unter mancherlei Abwechſelungen von Freude und Ergötzlichkeiten.

Endlich bedachten die Prinzen, daß ein allzulanger Genuß des Vergnügens den männlichen Muth und die Thatkraft ihrer Ritter und Knappen erſchlaffen möchte; auch war die Reſidenz des Grafen zu eng, ſo viel Hofhaltungen bequem zu faſſen; die drei Eidame rüſteten ſich alſo mit ihren Damen zum Abzug. Reinald der Stammerbe verließ ſeine grauen Eltern nimmer, und drückte ihnen als ein frommer Sohn die Augen zu. Albert der Bär kaufte die Herrſchaft Aſkanien und gründete die Stadt Bernburg. Edgar der Aar zog in der Helvetier Land unter den Schatten der hohen Alpen und baute Aarburg an einen Fluß ohne Namen, der aber von der Stadt, an welcher er hingleitet, nachher benennet wurde. Als der Delphin that einen Heerzug nach Burgund, bemächtigte ſich eines Theils dieſes Reichs und nannte die eroberte Provinz das Delphinat. Und wie die drei Prinzen bei den Namen ihrer Städte und Dynaſtien auf das Andenken ihrer Bezauberungen anſpielten, ſo nahmen ſie auch ihre Thiergeſtalten aus der Zauberwoche zum Symbol ihrer Wappen an. Daher kommt es, daß Bernburg einen goldgekrönten Bären, Aarburg einen Adler, und das Delphinat einen Meerfiſch im Wappen führet bis auf dieſen Tag. Die köſtlichen Zahlperlen aber, welche an Galatagen den Olympus der ſämmtlichen Erdengöttinnen unſers Welttheils verherrlichen, und für orientaliſche geachtet werden, ſind die Ausbeute des Weihers im Zauberwald und befanden ſich ehemals in den drei leinenen Säcken.

Muſcatblüt, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

David Müslin

ward im November 1747 zu Bern geboren, kam nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Studien zuerſt als Pfarrer nach Unterſee, dann 1782 als Cooperator und 1807 als dritter Pfarrer im Münſter und Mitglied des Kirchenrathes nach Bern, wo er am 23. November 1821 ſtarb.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Feſt- und Kommunionspredigten. Bern 1802 und 1805, 3 Thle. 8.; 3. Ausg. 1815—16.
Moraliſche Vorleſungen. Bern 1807, 4 Thle.
Auswahl von Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1809 und 1813, 2 Thle.
Geiſt der chriſtlichen Glaubens- und Sittenlehre. Zürich 1804.
Predigten. Bern 1815—17, 7 Thle.

Tiefes religiöſes Gefühl, geiſtvolle Auffaſſung und Durchführung und guter Styl erwarben M. als Kanzelredner einen ſehr geachteten Namen.

Sebaſtian Mutſchelle

ward am 10. Januar 1749 zu Altershauſen in Baiern geboren, erhielt nach abſolvirtem philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Curſus die Prieſterweihe und ward als fürſtlich freiſingiſcher geiſtlicher Rath und Pfarrer nach Pamkirchen bei München verſetzt. 1799 erhielt er den Ruf als Profeſſor der katholiſchen Theologie nach Königsberg, war aber kaum dort angekommen, als er am 23. November 1800 ſtarb.

Er machte ſich litterariſch bekannt durch:

Geſchichte Jeſu. München 1784, 8.; 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Kenntniß und Liebe des Schöpfers aus der Betrachtung der Geſchöpfe. München 1785, 8. Neue Ausg. Brün 1808.
Unterredungen eines Vaters mit ſeinen Söhnen. München 1791; 4. Ausg. 1809.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1793—97, 4 Bde.; 2. Ausg. 1799.
Ueber die Kantiſche Philoſophie. Ebendaſ. 1799—1803, 7 Hefte.
Predigten und Homilien. Ebendaſ. 1804—12, 4 Thle.
Vermiſchte Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Kirchweihpredigten. Ebendaſ. 1821.

Einer der vorzüglichſten katholiſchen Kanzelredner neuerer Zeit, deſſen Predigten durch Klarheit, Wärme und Kraft von nicht geringen Gaben zeugen.

Chriſtlob Mylius

ward am 11. November 1722 zu Reichenbach in der ſächſiſchen Lauſitz geboren und legte theils bei ſeinem Vater, dem dortigen Prediger, theils auf dem Gymnaſium zu Kamenz die erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Grundlage. In Leipzig, wo er Medicin, beſonders aber Mathematik, Aſtronomie und Naturwiſſenſchaften eifrig ſtudirte, erhielt er in Leſſing einen vertrauten Freund und wurde auch mit Gellert, Zachariä, dem ältern Schlegel u. A. genauer bekannt. Zu ſeiner Vervollkommnung in der Aſtronomie und Phyſik war er 1747 nach Berlin gegangen und hatte dort eine Zeitlang die Rüdiger'ſche Zeitung redigirt, allein ſein Durſt nach Weltkenntniß vermochte ihn, auf Koſten einer Geſellſchaft von Naturfreunden über Hamburg 1753 nach Amerika abzugehen. Er kam nur bis London, denn hier führten Kränklichkeit und andere Widerwärtigkeiten am 6. März 1754 ſeinen Tod herbei.

Er gab heraus:

Bemühungen zur Beförderung der Kritik und des guten Geſchmacks. Halle 1743—46, 2 Bde. 8., mit J. A. Cramer.
Die Aerzte. Komödie. Leipzig 1745.
Philoſophiſche Unterſuchungen und Nachrichten. Leipzig 1745—46, mit J. A. Cramer.
Der Unerträgliche. Komödie. Ebendaſ. 1746.
Gedanken über die Atmoſphäre des Mondes. Hamburg 1746, 8.
Der Freigeiſt. Wochenſchrift. Leipzig 1746, gr. 8.
Der Naturforſcher. Phyſikaliſche Wochenſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1747—48, 2 Jahrgge. in gr. 8. (mit G. E. Leſſing).
Der Kuß. Operette. Leipzig 1748.
Die Schäferinſel. Komödie. Ebendaſ. 1749.
Beiträge zur Hiſtorie und Aufnahme des Theaters. Stuttgart 1750, 8., mit Leſſing.
Zergliederung der Schönheit ꝛc. Aus dem Engliſchen des W. Hogarth. 2. verb. und verm. Abdruck. Berlin 1754, gr. 4. mit Kupf. Die 1. Ausg. zu London war der Prinzeſſin von Wales gewidmet.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Geſammelt von G. E. Leſſing. Berlin 1754, 8. mit M's. Leben.

Am Treffendſten urtheilt Käſtner in ſeinen Charakteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten S. 261 f. über M., indem er von ihm ſagt: Unter dem Nachlaſſe ſiehet manteren Kopfes befinden ſich Abhandlungen, die einen tiefforſchenden Geiſt und ſchöne Kenntniß der Mathematik, Naturlehre, Philoſophie und Litteratur ankündigen; aber die letzte beſſernde Hand fehlt allen. Seine Poeſieen ſind meiſt von der didaktiſchen Art, voll von Sachen und gedankenſchwer. Verſuche im Maleriſchen und Zärtlichen gelingen ihm weniger; auch die dramatiſchen und kleineren lyriſchen Stücke, den Abſchied von Europa ausgenommen, ſind unwichtig und haben weder Stärke in Gedanken, noch den nothdürftigen Numerus im Ausdrucke. Eins, die Homileten, hat treffende Züge, kühne Stellen, verwegene Satire, ein Beweis, wie ſehr die Seele des Dichters zum Spott geſtimmt war. Bei ſeiner uneingeſchränkten Wißbegierde und den ungemeinen Naturgaben wäre Mylius leicht ein trefflicher Schriftſteller geworden, wenn er länger gelebt und ſpäter geſchrieben hätte. — Mit dieſem Ausſpruche ſtimmt Leſſing's Anſicht über M. in der Vorrede, die er zu deſſen vermiſchten Schriften geliefert, vollkommen überein.

Wilhelm Chriſthelf Siegmund Mylius

ward am 2. Mai 1754 zu Berlin geboren, widmete ſich auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeiner Vaterſtadt dem Studium der Philoſophie und des Rechts und lebte hierauf als Privatgelehrter, ohne ſich um eine Anſtellung zu bewerben. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 30. März 1827.

Von ihm haben wir:

Moliere's So prellt man Füchſe. Halle 1776, 8. (mit Bernh. Chriſtoph d'Arien).
Deſſelben Handwerk Dr. nolens volens. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1778, 8.
Deſtouches für Deutſche. Leipzig 1778, 1r Thl., 8. (mit A. G. Meißner).
Voltaire's Candide. Neu überſetzt. Berlin 1778; N. A. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8. mit 6 Kupf.
Geſchichte der Flibuſtiers. Berlin 1779.
Le Sage's Gilblas von Santillana. Ueberſetzt. Berlin 1779—83, 6 Bde., 8.; 3. A. Ebendaſ. 1800, 8., mit 16 Kupf.
Puff van Vlieten. Leipzig 1780.
Die Ueberläſtigen. Ebendaſ. 1781.
Treſſan's Amadis von Gallien. Neu überſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1782, 2 Bde. 8.
Crebillon's vorzüglichſte Werke. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen überſetzt. Berlin 1782—86, 3 Thle., 8.
Der fliegende Menſch. Leipzig 1783.
Kleine Romane u. ſ. w. Berlin 1784—89, 6 Bde., 8., mit Kupfern. Gemeinſchaftlich mit J. D. Sander u. And. 6r Bd., auch beſonders unter dem Titel: Romantiſche Blumenleſe aus verſchiedenen Sprachen.
Mackenzie's Der Mann von Gefühl. Aus dem Engliſchen. Berlin 1785; n. A. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8., mit 5 Kupf.
Smollet's Peregrine Pickle. Aus dem Engliſchen. Ebendaſ. 1785. N. A. 1789, 4 Bde., 8, mit Kupf.
Florian's Galathee. Schäferroman nach Cervantes. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Berlin 1787, 8.
Holberg's Nil Klim's unterirdiſche Reiſe. Verdeutſcht. Berlin 1788, 8.
Diderot's Jakob und ſein Herr. Aus deſſen ungedrucktem Nachlaſſe überſetzt. Berlin 1792, 8., mit 1 Kupfer.
Gallerie von romantiſchen Gemälden u. Berlin 1793—96, 2 Bdchn., 8., mit 2 Titelkupf.

Einer der rüſtigſten Ueberſetzer ſeiner Zeit, der im Ganzen zu raſch und zu viel arbeitete, aber doch die von ihm übertragenen Werke mit Kenntniß und Geſchmack zu behandeln wußte. Seine eigenen Leiſtungen ſind trotz einigem Talent für das Komiſche doch unbedeutend.

N.

Johann Karl Chriſtoph Nachtigall

wurde am 25. Februar 1773 zu Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Halle Philoſophie und kam darauf als Lehrer an die Domſchule zu Halberſtadt. Hier wurde er Rector und Prorector derſelben und 1800 zum Conſiſtorialrath und Ephorus ernannt. Später erhielt er die Würde eines Doctors der Theologie und 1813 die Verwaltung der dortigen Generalſuperintendentur, welcher er neben den ſchon erwähnten Aemtern bis an ſeinen am 21. Juni 1819 erfolgten Tod würdig vorſtand.

Unter dem Pſeudonym „Otmar" haben wir von ihm:

Zion. Lyriſches Drama. Leipzig 1796.
Pſalmen. Halle 1797.
Ruheſtunden für Frohſinn und häusliches Glück. Bremen 1799—1804, 6 Bde., 8. Der 5. u. 6. Bd. auch unter dem Titel: Neue Ruheſtunden. Mit J. G. Hoche.
Verſammlung der Weiſen. Halle 1799.
Volksſagen. Bremen 1800, 8., mit Kupfern.

Außerdem lieferte er Beiträge in Zeitſchriften, Journale u. ſ. w.

N. erwarb ſich das meiſte Verdienſt als praktiſcher Schulmann und Geiſtlicher; ſeine kleineren allgemeinen Schriften zeichnen ſich durch Innigkeit, Gemüthlichkeit, Klarheit und Ruhe vortheilhaft aus.

Chriſtian Samuel Gottlieb Ludwig Nagel

ward am 19. April 1787 zu Schwerin geboren, promovirte nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und philologiſchen Studien zum Doctor der Philoſophie und machte als ſolcher in Lützow's Freicorps den deutſchen Freiheitskampf mit. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr zum Ritter des eiſernen Kreuzes 2. Cl. ernannt, wurde er 1817 als Oberlehrer am Gymnaſium zu Kleve angeſtellt, wo er, 1822 zum Director dieſer Anſtalt erhoben, am 26. April 1827 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Leben und Auswahl ſeiner Reden und Gedichte. Herausgegeben von Fr. v. [illegible] und Dr. Th. [illegible]. [illegible] 2 Bde.

Echter Patriotismus, Phantaſie, Witz und Innigkeit verleihen N's Schriften, namentlich ſeinen lyriſchen Gedichten, bleibenden Werth.

Johann Friedrich Gottlieb Nagel

ward 1789 zu Halberſtadt geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde Dr. der Philoſophie. 1815 zog er als Freiwilliger unter dem preußiſchen Heere mit nach Frankreich, kam dann als Schulrector nach Derenburg und 1819 als Pfarrer nach Hadmersleben im Magdeburgiſchen.

Er ſchrieb:

Poeſieen. Quedlinburg 1811; neue Aufl. unter dem Titel: Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1816. 8.
Theoretiſch-praktiſches Lehrbuch der Weisheit und Tugend. Ebendaſ. 1815.
Oskar und Malvina. Ebendaſ. 1815. 2 Bde.
Preußiſcher patriotiſcher Spiegel. Ebendaſ. 1815.
Wundergeſchichten und Legenden der Deutſchen. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Mein Ideal. Poetiſche Epiſtel an Friedrich. Halberſtadt 1819.
Vier Wochen auf Reiſen. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Wundervolle Sagen und abentheuerliche Geſchichten aus alter Zeit. Helmſtädt 1823.
Materialien zum Dictiren. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Abriß des chriſtlichen Religionsunterrichts. Halberſtadt 1831.

Predigten, einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Lebendige Darſtellung, Wärme des Gefühls, Scharfſinn und Klarheit ſind den Schriften dieſes trefflichen Mannes eigen.

Karl Auguſt Wilhelm Nagel

ward am 14. December 1805 zu Halle, wo ſein Vater als Arzt lebte, geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium des dortigen Waiſenhauſes und ſtudirte dann von 1823 bis 1826 Theologie auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Nach zurückgelegter akademiſcher Laufbahn lebte er eine Zeit lang als Hauslehrer im Weſtphäliſchen, wurde dann 1832 Hülfsprediger der Neuſtädter Gemeinde in Bielefeld und 1836 Pfarrer zu Heepen, in der Nähe der eben genannten Stadt.

Seine Schriften, welche er (Predigten ausgenommen) nur unter dem Namen Wilhelm Angelſtern herausgab, ſind:

Das Teſtament. Bielefeld 1835.
Thaleia. Ebendaſ. 1836.
Paulus. Tragödie. Ebendaſ. 1836.
Der Nachtwandler. Ebendaſ. 1837.
Angelica. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1839.

Eine reiche, friſche, oft zu raſch ſchaffende Phantaſie, tiefes und warmes Gefühl für das Schöne und Gute und ſeine Gewandtheit in Beherrſchung der Sprache und Form offenbaren ſich in ſämmtlichen poetiſchen Arbeiten dieſes höchſt talentvollen Mannes, von denen der Paulus wohl die vollendetſte iſt, ſeine Angelica aber für unſere Zeit von hohem Intereſſe erſcheint, da ſie die wichtigen kirchlichen Streitfragen unſerer Tage, ſo weit es hier geſtattet iſt, auf poetiſchem Wege zu löſen verſucht. — Von dem Mittelpunkte des deutſchen literäriſchen Verkehrs eben ſo entfernt, wie von dem Gemeinweſen literariſcher Genoſſen hat ſich N. ſeine Bahn ſelbſt brechen müſſen, und ſeine Schriften ſind daher nicht ſo allgemein bekannt geworden, wie ſie es verdienen; wer ſich dieſelben anzueignen Gelegenheit hatte, wird aber in dem Verfaſſer einen eben ſo anſpruchsloſen als reichbegabten Dichter von der trefflichſten Geſinnung begrüßen.

Karl Adolf Näke

ward am 23. März 1783 zu Frauenſtein in Sachſen geboren und nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und juriſtiſchen Studien zu Dresden als Rechtsconſulent angeſtellt, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt.

Er verfaßte unter dem Namen „Leander:“

Für Winterabende. Erzählungen. Herausgegeben von Fr. Laun. Leipzig 1818. 2 Bde. 8.

Einzelne Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Anmuthige Darſtellung, gute Erfindung und richtige Charakterzeichnung machen L's Erzählungen auf dem Gebiete der poetiſchen Erzählung zu einer angenehmen und unterhaltenden Lectüre.

Eliſabeth, Gräfin von Naſſau, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Bernhard Chriſtian Ludwig Natorp.

Dieſer um den Schulunterricht höchſt verdiente Gelehrte ward am 12. November 1774 zu Werden an der Ruhr geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Philoſophie und Theologie und kam 1796 als Lehrer an das Gymnaſium nach Elberfeld, von wo er kurz darauf als Prediger nach Hückeswagen im Bergiſchen und 1798 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Eſſen abging. Ein weiterer Wirkungskreis öffnete ſich ihm 1809 durch ſeine Berufung als Conſiſtorialrath nach Potsdam und 1816 als Oberconſiſtorialrath nach Münſter, wo ihm auch noch die Auszeichnung eines Doctors der Theologie und Ritters des rothen Adler-Ordens 3. Cl. zu Theil wurde.

Er gab heraus:

Kleine Bibel, zunächſt für die erwachſene chriſtliche Jugend. Duisburg und Eſſen, 1802, 2 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1823.
Kleine Schulbibliothek. Ebendaſ. 1808; 5. Aufl. 1820.
Chriſtliche Religionsvorträge. Düſſeldorf 1803, 2 Bde.
Grundriß zur Organiſation allgemeiner Stadtſchulen. Eſſen 1804.
Quartalſchrift für Religionslehrer. Duisburg 1804—9, 6 Jahrgänge.
Beiträge zur Veredlung unſerer Andachten. Krefeld 1806.
Ein einziger Schullehrer unter 1000 Kindern. Nach Joſ. Lancaſter. Duisburg und Eſſen 1808.
Briefwechſel einiger Schullehrer und Schulfreunde. Duisburg 1811—16, 3 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1823.
Anleitung zur Unterweiſung im Singen. Potsdam 1813 und 1820, 2 Thle.; 4. Aufl. des 1. Thls. 1825 und 2. Aufl. des 2. Thls. 1834, 4.
Andreas Bell und Joſ. Lancaſter. Duisburg und Eſſen 1817.
Lehrbüchlein der Singekunſt für die Jugend in Dorfſchulen. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Melodieenbuch für den Gemeindegeſang in evangeliſchen Kirchen. Ebendaſ. 1822.
Choralbuch für evangeliſche Kirchen. Vierſtimmig und mit Zwiſchenſpielen von Rink. — Ebendaſ. 1829, 4. (mit Keßler).

Ueber Rink's Präludien. Ebendaſ. 1834.

N's Verdienſte um die Verbeſſerung des Volksſchulweſens, namentlich in den preußiſchen Staaten ſind eben ſo ruhmvoll anerkannt, als ſich ſeine Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete der Kanzelberedſamkeit durch Kraft, Klarheit und Tiefe und ſeine pädagogiſchen Schriften durch Gründlichkeit und Schärfe auszeichnen.

Johann Joſeph Natter

ward am 10. Mai 1770 zu Prag von katholiſchen Eltern geboren, ſtudierte daſelbſt Theologie und wurde nach erhaltener Prieſterweihe Pfarrer in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Von hier kam er ſpäter als Pfarrer an die Karlskirche nach Wien und wurde daſelbſt zum Conſiſtorialrath und Commendeur des Kreuzherrnordens ernannt.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Ueber die Freundſchaft. Leipzig 1796.
Predigten über chriſtliche Lebensweisheit. Prag 1796—97, 2 Thle.
Predigten über die Lebensgeſchichte Jeſu. Ebendaſ. 1798; 3. Ausg. 1811.
Katholiſches Gebetbuch. Ebendaſ. 1800.
Neue Predigten. Ebendaſ. 1808.
Populäres Religionshandbuch. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Die Wege der Vorſehung in den Schickſalen des jüdiſchen Volks. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Ueber die Kunſt, bei den Uebeln und Unfällen des Lebens ſeine Ruhe zu behaupten. Ebendaſ. 1811.
Predigten über Tod ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Katholiſches Andachtsbuch für das weibliche Geſchlecht. Ebendaſ. 1819.
Vollſtändiger Unterricht in der katholiſchen Glaubens- und Sittenlehre. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Neue Predigten über die heilige Geſchichte Jeſu. Leipzig 1822.

Einer der ausgezeichnetſten jetzigen katholiſchen Kanzelredner und Asketiker, deſſen Predigten und Schriften einen hohen, bleibenden Werth durch die in denſelben vorherrſchende Kraft, Klarheit und Anmuth, erhöht durch einen edeln, gefälligen Stil, erhalten.

Chriſtiane Benedicte Eugenie Naubert,

die Tochter des Profeſſors der Medicin J. E. Hebenſtreit zu Leipzig, ward am 13. September 1756 daſelbſt geboren und erhielt nach dem 1757 erfolgten Tode ihres Vaters durch ihren Stiefbruder, den daſigen Profeſſor der Theologie, H., eine völlig gelehrte Erziehung, welche ſie vorzüglich zum Studium der Geſchichte und der neuern Sprachen hinzog. Nachdem ſie ihren erſten Gatten, den Kaufmann und Rittergutsbeſitzer Holderrieder zu Naumburg durch den Tod verloren hatte, verheirathete ſie ſich wieder mit dem daſigen Kaufmann J. Georg Naubert, mit dem ſie als ſorgſame Hausfrau, treffliche Mutter und Gattin eine glückliche Ehe führte. Durch eine Augenkrankheit, zu deren Operation ſie nach Leipzig gegangen war, bereits dem Leben entfremdet, aber bis zum letzten Augenblicke geiſtig thätig, ſtarb ſie daſelbſt am 12. Januar 1819.

Ihre Schriften, welche ſämmtlich anonym herausgekommen ſind:

Des Lords Fitzherbert und ſeiner Freunde Geſchichte. Nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig 1780, 8.
Friedrich der Siegreiche, Churfürſt von der Pfalz. Ebendaſ. 1785, 2 Thle. 8. mit Kupf.
Geſchichte Emma's, Tochter Karl's des Großen und ſeines Geheimſchreibers Eginhard. Ebend. 1785, 2 Bde. 8. mit Titelk.
Walter von Montbarry, Großmeiſter des Tempelordens. Ebendaſ. 1786, 2 Thle. 8. mit 1 Titelkupf.
Amalgunde, Königin von Italien. Sage. Leipzig 1787, 8. mit 1. Titelk.
Die Amtmännin von Hohenweiler. Ebendaſ. 1787, 8.
Konradin von Schwaben. Leipzig 1787, 8.
Geſchichte der Gräfin Thekla von Thurn. Ebendaſ. 1788, 2 Thle. 8. mit 1 Titelk.
Hermann von Unna. Leipzig. 1788, 3 Thle. 8. mit 1 Titelk.
Hatto, Biſchof von Mainz. Legende. Ebendaſ. 1789, 8. mit 1 Titelk.
Pauline Frankini. Ebendaſ. 1788, 8.
Elfriede. Ebendaſ. 1788, 2 Thle. 8.
Graf Werner von Bernburg. Ebendaſ. 1789, 8. mit Kupf.
Barbara Blomberg. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8.
Eliſabeth, Erbin von Toggenburg. Ebendaſ. 1789, 8. Neue Ausg., 1809, mit 1 Titelk.
Neue Volksmährchen der Deutſchen. Leipzig 1789—93, 5 Bdchen in 8. mit Titelkupf. 5. Bdchen auch beſonders unter dem Titel: Wallfahrten und Erzählungen der Pilger.
Die gräfliche Familie von Wallis. Ebendaſ. 1790, 2 Thle. 8. mit Kupf.
Emmy Reinolds. Aus dem Engliſchen. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8.
Geſchichte Heinrich Courtland's. Nach dem Engliſchen. Ebendaſ. 1790, 2 Thle. 8.
Brunilde. Anekdote. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8. mit 1 Titelk.
Alf von Dülmen. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8. mit 1 Kupf.
Edwy und Elgiva. Eine altengliſche Geſchichte. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8. mit 1 Titelk.
Konrad und Siegfried von Feuchtwangen. Ebendaſ. 1791, 2 Bde. 8. mit Kupf.
Gebhard, Truchſeß von Waldburg. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8.
Lord Heinrich Holland. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8. mit Kupf.
Graf von Roſenberg. Leipzig, 1791, 8.
Philippine von Gelders. Ebendaſ. 1792, 2 Thle. 8. mit 1 Titelk.

Lucinde. Nach dem Engliſchen. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.
Maria Fürſt, oder das Eigenmädchen. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.

Miß Louiſe Fox, oder Reiſe einer jungen Engländerin. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.
Alme, oder ägyptiſche Märchen. Berlin 1793—97, 5 Bde. 8.
Ulrich Holzer, Bürgermeiſter in Wien. Leipzig 1793, 2 Bde. 8. mit 1 Titelkupf.
Heinrich von Plauen und ſeine Neffen. Ebendaſ. 1793, 2 Thle. 8. mit Titelk.
Walter von Stadion. Leipzig 1794, 8. mit 1 Titelvign.
Sitten und Launen der Großen. Ebendaſ. 1794, 8. mit 1. Titelk.
Der Bund des armen Konrad. Ebendaſ. 1795, 8. mit 1 Titelk.
Velleda. Ein Zauberroman. Ebendaſ. 1795, 8.
Joſeph Mendez Pinto. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8.
Cornelia, oder das Geheimniß des Grabes. Nach dem Engliſchen. Ebendaſ. 1803, 2 Thle. 8.
Eudoria, Gemahlin Theodoſius II. Ebendaſ. 1805—1806, 2 Thle. 8. Neue Aufl. 1821.
Fontanges, oder das Schickſal der Mutter und Tochter. Leipzig 1805. Neue Aufl. 1824, 8. mit Kupf.
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Schöpferiſche, anmuthige Phantaſie, ein Reichthum edler Kenntniſſe, wie ſie ſelten eine Frau in dem Maße zieren, Feinheit der Beobachtung, Innigkeit des Gefühls, Wahrheit der Charakterzeichnung und hohe Anmuth, Würde und Correctheit der Darſtellung machen die Schriften dieſer eben ſo reichbegabten als anſpruchsloſen Frau zu einer Lieblingslectüre ihrer Zeitgenoſſen und werden ſie im bleibenden Andenken bei der Nachwelt erhalten. Sie war es, die zuerſt in Deutſchland hiſtoriſche Stoffe in Romanform behandelte, und Wirklichkeit und Poeſie auf das Sinnreichſte zu verſchmelzen wußte. — Die Krone ihrer Leiſtungen bleiben aber ihre trefflichen Volksmärchen, welche, was die Reinheit der Darſtellung betrifft, ſelbſt vor denen des genialen Muſäus den Vorrang behaupten.

Ottilie.

Ein Volksmärchen von Benedicte Naubert.

Unweit Homburg, in einer romantiſch-ſchönen Gegend, erhebt ſich ein mittelmäßiger Berg, von dem Volke des Landes mit dem Namen benannt, den ihr an der Spitze der alten Sage leſen ſeht, mit welcher ich euch, meine Theuren, in dieſer Stunde der Ruhe unterhalten will.

Warum dieſer kleine Auswuchs des Gebirgs Ottilien-Berg genannt wird, was die Schöne, die man noch jetzt in ſtillen Nächten auf ſeinem Scheitel hervorgehen ſieht, über die mondbeglänzte Fläche gen Zähringen zu wallen, aus den Wohnungen des Himmels zur Erde herabführte, und wie ſie hienieden ihren Wandel führte, das ſollt ihr jetzt von mir erfahren. Hört, die Natur um uns her ſchickt ſich an zu ihrem Winterſchlafe, das Rauſchen des Regens in dem falben Laube, das Heulen des Sturmes an den Fenſtern, und das Kniſtern des kleinen Feuers im Kamin, erfüllt die Seele mit einem ahnenden Schauer, und bereitet ſie vor zum Gehör abenteuerlicher Geſchichte.

Vor Zeiten ward das ganze Elſaß von einem Fürſten beherrſcht, den ich, weil die Sage ſeinen Namen vergeſſen hat, und doch jedes Ding ſeine Benennung haben will, Adrich nennen will. Er war ein weltlicher jovialiſcher Herr, freute ſich ſeines guten Landes und ſeiner glücklichen Einwohner, und that Niemand Leids, als wer ſeiner Liebe zum Vergnügen Hinderniſſe in den Weg legte, oder einem ſeiner Lieblinge oder Lieblinginnen im Lichte ſtand. Seine Lieblinge waren brave Jäger und Zecher, und ſeine Freundinnen wohlgeſtaltete gefällige Mädchen, die man auf ſeinen Luſtſchlöſſern zu Dutzenden in leichter Nymphentracht herumſchwärmen ſah.

Herrn Adrich war nirgend ſo wohl, als in der Mitte ſeines kleinen Serails, und er verließ gern und oft ſeine Reſidenz nebſt ſeinen Tugend predigenden Räthen und ſeiner frommen Gemahlin, um in den Armen der lieblichen Dirnen, die ihn hier umgaukelten, es zu vergeſſen, daß ein Fürſt noch einige andere nicht unwichtige Pflichten hat, als die Freude.

Frau Ottilie, ſein Gemahl, war ehemals ſchön geweſen, und hatte ſeine Augen, da er noch ein Jüngling war, dermaßen entzückt, daß er ohne ihren Beſitz zu ſterben vermeinte; aber der Beſitz dieſes Kleinods war durch kein anderes Mittel zu erlangen, als durch die geweihte Hand des Prieſters, denn Ottilie war zwar arm, war keine Fürſtin, aber ſie war tugendhaft.

Beide hatten, nachdem geſetzmäßige Liebe ſie vor Gottes Altar verbunden hatte, zwei Jahr' ihres beiderſeitigen Frühlings wie im Himmel, im Vaterland der Liebe und Eintracht verlebt; aber als dieſe für den flatterhaften Adrich ſo lange Zeit verfloſſen war, als Ottiliens Reize ihm gewöhnlich wurden, als friſche blühende Schönheiten ihm von allen Seiten winkten, da hatten die glücklichen Tage ein Ende. Die gute Fürſtin wurde vernachläſſigt und würde gänzlich vergeſſen worden ſein, wenn nicht die Liebe der Stände und des Volks, die ſie beſaß, ihren Gemahl noch immer in einiger Verbindung mit ihr erhalten hätte. Das Volk hoffte einen Thronerben, und die Geiſtlichkeit, deren Gunſt Ottilie in vorzüglichem Grade erworben hatte, verſicherte, daß nur ein Sohn von ihr das Land beglücken könne; Urſache genug für den Fürſten, die längſt beſchloſſene Scheidung von einem Jahre zum andern verſchieben zu müſſen, und ſich indeſſen die Zeit mit andern Schönen zu vertreiben, welche weniger eigenſinnig wie die Fürſtin, dem verliebten Adrich nicht zumutheten, daß er eben den Weg zu ihrem Herzen durch die Kirche nehmen ſollte.

Die Urſache, warum ſich die Geiſtlichkeit ſo beſonders für die Fürſtin intereſſirte, und ſie ſo gewaltig bei ihren Rechten ſchützte, war ihre große Frömmigkeit, nämlich ihre Sucht, Kirchen und Klöſter zu erbauen, und die Freigebigkeit, mit welcher ſie die Armen, das iſt diejenigen, welche das Gelübde der Armuth gethan hatten, bedachte. — Es gab noch einige Theile von Ottiliens Frömmigkeit, die uns nicht unbeträchtlich dünken; als die Wohlthätigkeit, mit welcher ſie ſich auch wahrer Dürftigen annahm, die Geduld, mit welcher ſie die Ausſchweifungen und die wachſende Härte ihres Gemahls ertrug, der Abſcheu vor allen verdächtigen Rettungsmitteln, die man ihr unter der Hand anpries, aber dieſe Punkte kamen nicht in Rechnung, und die Fürſtin hätte immer hart gegen die Nothleidenden, ungeduldig gegen ihren Beleidiger und ſelbſt leichtſinnig und ausſchweifend ſein können, wenn ſie nur fortgefahren hätte, Kirchen und Klöſter zu bereichern, ſo wär' ihr eben der Schutz der Mächtigen im Lande, der Prieſterſchaft, zu Theil geworden, den ſie jetzt genoß.

Es war nicht ſchwer, die Stütze zu erkennen, welche Ottilien hielt, nur fehlte es Adrichen an Nachſinnen, die Mittel zu erforſchen, wie dieſelbe zu untergraben wäre. Ein Jahr ging nach dem andern hin, ohne daß ein Verſuch, die unglückliche Fürſtin zu ſtürzen, gelang, ſelbſt nicht der oft eingetragene Vorwand eines verbotenen Grades der Verwandtſchaft; denn Ottilie war aus einem zu dunkeln Geſchlecht entſproſſen, als daß ſie eine nahe Muhme von Adrich's Fürſtenhauſe ſein konnte; ſelbſt nicht der bedenkliche Umſtand, daß ſie ihrem Gemahl nur Töchter gebar, die noch dazu im erſten Lenz des Lebens dahin ſtarben, denn der weiſſagende Mund der Prieſter verkündigte, daß der gewünſchte männliche Erbe doch endlich erſcheinen würde.

Es war im zehnten Jahre des traurigen Fürſtenbandes der armen Ottilie, als ein Weib endlich auf das rechte Mittel fiel, wie die Verhaßte aus dem fürſtlichen Bette zu verdrängen ſei. Adrich trug jetzt mit Hintanſetzung aller ſeiner übrigen Geliebten die Bande einer gewiſſen Kunigunde, die ganz das Vorbild ihrer Namensſchweſter war, welche in ſpätern Zeiten Albert's fürſtliches Haus verunehrte und den Vater und die Söhne entzweite. Die ſtolze Kunigunde war ſo ſchön, ſo ſtolz und ſo argliſtig, als ihre ſpäte Nachahmerin, ſie brannte ſich an Ottiliens Stelle zu drängen, und kannte den Weg recht gut, auf welchem dieſes erreicht ward.

Ihre Hofſucht entzog dem Fürſten die Mittel, ſeiner Gemahlin ſo viel zum Unterhalt zu reichen, als er bisher, um ſie doch durch etwas für ſeine erkaltete Liebe ſchadlos zu halten, gethan hatte, und da die arme Fürſtin ihre Beſchützer, die Pfaffen, nicht mehr ſo reichlich bedenken konnte, als vordem, ſo fiel auch ein großer Theil des Anſehens hinweg, das ſie bei ihnen hatte, und der Trieb, ſie bei ihren Rechten zu erhalten, nahm merklich ab. Aber dieſes war Kunigunde ſchon, argliſtig und leichtſinnig genug, einen von Ottiliens vornehmſten Vertheidigern mit Liebe zu feſſeln, und ihm die Belohnung ſeiner Leidenſchaft unter einer Bedingung zu gewähren, welche der Untergang der Fürſtin war.

Ulrich ſpürte die Wirkung von dem verborgenen Miniren ſeiner ſchlauen Geliebten, ohne die Urſache errathen zu können. Man ſprach nicht mehr ſo eifrig für die Fürſtin, tadelte die Ausſchweifungen ihres Gemahls nicht mehr mit ſolcher Strenge, und einſtmals ließ ſich gar der fürſtliche Beichtvater verlauten, Ottilie ſei nicht mehr jung, die Hoffnung auf einen Sohn von ihr bleibe lange außen, und ſollte ſie bei ihrem diesmaligen Wochenbette dieſelbe wiederum täuſchen, ſo würde für ſie nichts beſſer ſein, als das Kloſter, und für gewiſſe Andere nichts zuträglicher, als eine neue Fürſtin.

Ein ſolcher Wink aus dem Munde eines ſolchen Mannes konnte nicht ohne Wirkung ſein. Man gab noch am nämlichen Tage der Fürſtin zu verſtehen, ſie würde wohl thun, die Reſidenz zu verlaſſen; [illegible] könne ihr die Landluft bei ihren gegenwärtigen Umſtänden erträglich ſein.

Ottilie gehorchte mit ihrer gewöhnlichen Gelaſſenheit, ohne ein Zeichen des Unwillens blicken zu laſſen. Nur ein Zug von verachtendem Spott war in ihrer Miene, als man ihr von einer Wahl unter ihren Luſtſchlöſſern ſagte. Man hatte ihre Güter nach und nach ſo ſehr eingezogen, daß ſie zur Zeit nur noch ein einziges Berghaus beſaß, über welches ſie einige Gewalt hatte. In den erſten Zeiten ihres Glücks fing ſie an es zu bauen, aber ehe es noch fertig ward, hatte ſich ihr Schickſal ſo geändert, daß ſie es, nach ſeiner völligen Vollendung bei'm erſten Eintritt Zähringen nannte, und es zum Schauplatz ihrer Thränen weihte. Tauſende hatte ſie hier in den vielen Jahren ihres Leidens vergoſſen, und ſie war froh, daß man ihr dieſe heilige Wohnung der Schwermuth gelaſſen hatte, damit ſie auch ihre letzten Zähren daſelbſt weinen könnte.

Sie reiſ'te nach dieſem Orte, dem einzigen, den ſie wählen konnte, und unter Tauſenden gewählt haben würde, ohne daß man ihr vergönnte, eine einzige von ihren treuen Frauen mitzunehmen. Man ſagte ihr, ſie würde an dem Orte ihrer Wahl alle Bedienung finden, die ſie bedürfe, und ſie ließ es ſich gefallen, weil ihr bekannt war, daß ſich unter den Dienſtleuten von Zähringen wirklich viele befanden, auf deren Treue ſie ſich verlaſſen konnte.

Ach ſie wußte nicht, wie verändert ſie Alles finden würde! Man hatte auf ihrem geliebten Schloſſe bereits ſo geſchaltet, als ob es ſeine Eigenthümerin verändert hätte. Ihre Leute waren abgeſchafft, und andere an ihre Stelle geſetzt, welche ſie nicht kannte. Statt der alten Kaſtellanin, auf deren Wartung ſie ſich bei ihrem bevorſtehenden Kindbette gefreuet hatte, fand ſie eine zierliche junge Dirne, welche ihr zwar mit der äußerſten Höflichkeit und Ehrfurcht entgegen kam, aber zu welcher ſie eben um ihrer Zierlichkeit, Jugend und gezwungenen Höflichkeit willen unmöglich ein Herz faſſen konnte. Ach, was würde ſie erſt gefühlt haben, wenn ſie diejenige, welche ihr ihre Dienſte mit ſo vieler Bereitwilligkeit anbot, gekannt hätte! Es war Kunigunde ſelbſt, welche alle ihre Maßregeln ſo genommen, und ſich bloß darum in dieſen Poſten gedrängt hatte, um derjenigen, welche ſie ſtürzen wollte, nahe genug zu ſein, damit keiner der ihr zugedachten Streiche mißlingen könnte.

Kunigunde war klug genug, einzuſehen, daß Ottiliens Anſehen durch die Geburt eines Sohnes, welche doch allemal möglich war, ſchnell wieder empor kommen, und alle ihre Anſchläge vernichten würde; ihr blieb alſo nichts übrig, als, es möchte auch erfolgen, was da wollte, es ſo einzurichten, daß man die Fürſtin allemal für die Mutter einer Tochter halten müßte, und als ſie eines Tages der Sache tiefer nachdachte, und es nicht für unwahrſcheinlich hielt, daß Ottilie, ungeachtet der Tücke, die ſie ihr zu beweiſen ſuchte, doch endlich obſiegen, und die Stelle, von welcher ſie ſie zu ſtürzen gedachte, wieder erlangen könnte, ſo vermehrte ſie ihre Plane noch mit dem Zuſatze, daß die Fürſtin unausbleiblich in dem bevorſtehenden Wochenbette nebſt ihrem Kinde ſterben, und alſo auf ewig für ſie unſchädlich gemacht werden müſſe.

Es iſt unbekannt, ob Ottilie bei allen Widerwärtigkeiten gegen ihre [illegible] eine Ahnung von dem ganzen Umfange ihrer Bosheit hatte, aber ſo viel weiß man der Sage, daß ſie einſt, bei ihrer Rückkunft aus der von ihr erbauten Marien-Kapelle, ſich in ungewöhnlicher Bewegung befunden, den ganzen Tag weder Speiſe noch Trank zu ſich genommen habe, und den Morgens aus dem Schloſſe verſchwunden geweſen ſei, ohne daß man je habe erfahren können, was aus ihr geworden.

Wie leicht es Kunigunden wurde, den Fürſten über den Verluſt ſeiner Gemahlin zu tröſten, und ſich zu rechtfertigen, wie leicht, ſich in die Stelle der Verlornen einzuſchieben, dieſes ſind Dinge, welche nicht in unſere Geſchichte gehören, da es uns obliegt, uns von der Heldin derſelben nicht zu weit zu entfernen.

Die Wahrheit von der ganzen Sache, welche erſt nach anderthalb hundert Jahren ganz an's Licht kam, war dieſe: Ottilie, eine eifrige Verehrerin der heiligen Jungfrau, welcher ſie Kirchen, und Kapellen zu Dutzenden gebaut hatte, verſäumte keinen Tag in dem Heiligthume, das ſie ihr zu Zähringen weihte, ihre Andacht zu verrichten, und ihre Hüterin Kunigunde, welche hieraus kein Arges hatte, dachte nicht daran, ihr dieſen kleinen Troſt zu rauben.

Eines Tages, als Ottilie beſonders eifrig zur Königin des Himmels gebetet hatte, ſank ſie auf den Stufen des Altars in einen heiligen Schlummer, der ein Gewühl von Träumen um ſie her verſammelte, welche ihr ihre wahre Lage deutlich ſchilderten, ihr den Namen und die Abſichten ihrer Verfolgerin nannten, und ihr Alles ſagten, was ſie von ihr für ſich und ihr Kind zu fürchten habe. — Nie haben Träume ſo deutlich geſprochen, nur Schade, daß ſie zu kurze Zeit dauerten, um ihr über das Nothwendigſte, über die Mittel, dem Unglück zu entgehen, Unterricht zu geben.

Ein Geräuſch von Tritten verſcheuchte das leichte Heer der Traumgebilde, und ſie erwachte in einem Zuſtande, der ſich nicht ſchrecklicher denken läßt. Welch ein Gefühl, den geöffneten Abgrund vor ſich zu ſehen, die Hand im Nacken zu fühlen, welche uns hinabſtürzen wird, ohne hinlängliche Kraft zu beſitzen, ſich zu retten, ohne weit und breit einen Retter zu ſehen, der das erſetzen könnte, was unſere Schwachheit nicht vermag!

Ich traue auf dich, Heiligſte des Himmels, treue Retterin! ſagte Ottilie, als ſie die Nacht nach der ſchrecklichen Entdeckung leiſe von ihrem Lager aufſtand, das Schloß an der Thür, das ſie vorſichtig mit dem Oel der nächtlichen Lampe getränkt hatte, ſanft zurückzog, und die finſteren Wendelſtiege hinabſchlich. Ich traue auf dich, du wirſt die Unſchuld nicht verderben laſſen, oder ſoll ſie ja umkommen, dich wenigſtens ihres verlaſſenen Kindes erbarmen. Flucht iſt das Einzige, was ich zu meiner Rettung thun kann!

Es war in einer der ſtürmiſchen Nächte des Chriſtmonats, als die bedrängte Fürſtin das Schloß verließ, das ſie in glücklichen Zeiten erbaut hatte. Ein niedriges Fenſter im Vorhauſe half ihr davon, und von da war der Weg durch den beſchneiten Garten auf's Feld, durch die nur von Innen verſchloſſene Thür leicht zu finden. Kunigunde hatte auf Alles, nur nicht auf die mögliche Flucht ihrer Gefangenen gedacht; ſie glaubte, ihre Gefahr ſei ihr verborgen, und würde ſie auch derſelben gewahr, ſo müßte ihr Zuſtand es unmöglich machen, derſelben zu entgehen.

Ottilie war in einer Art von Betäubung, als ſie den gefährlichen Schritt wagte; wie hätte ſie ſonſt das gewiſſe Elend für das ungewiſſe wählen können? Sie ſah ihrer Entbindung täglich entgegen; was ſollte aus ihr werden, wenn die gefürchtete Stunde ſie hülflos überraſchte? was ſollte alsdann aus ihr werden, wenn dieſelbe auch glücklich vorüberging? ſie wußte keinen Zufluchtsort, hatte auf keinen gerechnet. Die Fußſtapfen im tiefen Schnee mochten ihren Weg verrathen, und das Glück, was ihr begegnen konnte, war, daß ſie hier gefunden und in die Hände ihrer Verfolger zurück gebracht würde.

Die unglückliche Fürſtin dachte von dem Allen an nichts: ihr ganzes Weſen war nur in ein einziges unnennbares Gefühl der heftigſten Schmerzen des Körpers und der Seele zuſammengedrängt. Sie ſtrengte ſich über Vermögen an, um nur noch einige Schritte weiter zu gehen, um nur einige Spannen weiter von der Feindin entfernt zu ſein, vor welcher ſie der Traum gewarnt hatte, aber endlich ſanken ihre Kräfte, und ſie blieb ohne Empfindung auf einem großen Feldſteine liegen.

Als ſie wieder zu ſich ſelbſt kam, hörte ſie die ſilbernen Glöcklein auf ihrer Marien-Kapelle zur Mette läuten, denn die Chriſtnacht war eben angebrochen, und ein heißer Seufzer zur Königin des Himmels drängte ſich aus ihrem beängſtigten Herzen. Doch war es ihr, als wär' ihr beſſer zu Muthe, als da ſie vor der Ohnmacht war. Sie ſchlug die Augen auf, und ſah an ihrer Seite auf dem Feldſteine eine ſchöne große Frau ſitzen, deren Geſtalt ſie ganz erkennen konnte, ungeachtet die dunkle Winternacht rund umher ihren Schleier ausgebreitet hatte. Ein mildes Licht, das aus der unbekannten Geſtalt ausgegoſſen ſchien, machte ihr das Geſicht voll Majeſtät und ſprechender Milde, machte ihr deren Blick voll Wehmuth, mit welchem ſie Augen auf ihr ruhten, ſichtbar, und ſie wollte eben einige Worte ausſprechen, wie ſie ihr das [illegible] über einen ſolchen Anblick in den Mund gab, als ſie es dem [illegible] der Fremden einen Gegenſtand gewahr ward, der noch ganz andere Gefühle in ihr erregte, welche zu faſſen ihr Herz zu enge, welche auszuſprechen ihre Zunge zu ſchwach war.

Ein neugebornes Kind von blendender Schönheit lag auf dem roſenfarbenen Schooß der Fremden, und ward von ihrem himmelblauen Mantel liebreich gegen die ſchneidende Kälte geſchützt. — Mit einem leiſen unarticulirten Ton der Freude ſtreckte Ottilie ihre Arme nach dem kleinen lächelnden Engel aus, den ihr die Fremde entgegen hielt, denn ihr Herz ſagte ihr, wie nahe ſie mit demſelben verwandt ſei. Es iſt dein Kind! rief etwas im Innerſten ihrer Seele, und ein Blick nebſt einigen abgebrochenen Worten der Unbekannten beſtätigte es.

Ich fand euch, ſagte ſie auf weiteres Befragen, hier in dem hülfloſen Zuſtande, und ſtand euch bei, ſo gut ich konnte. Aber was ſoll nun aus euch und eurem Kindlein werden?

Ach! mir wird bald auf ewig geholfen ſein, ſagte die ſchwache Fürſtin. Ich fühle bereits den Tod im Herzen! Ich glaube, die Freude über die Neugeborne hat es vollends gebrochen! —

Aber was ſoll ich mit der verlaſſenen Kleinen beginnen?

Sie iſt nicht verlaſſen, wenn ſie in euren Händen iſt; ihr ſcheint mir eine gute Frau zu ſein. Fördert das Kind, das ich euch hinterlaſſe, zur Chriſtenheit, und ſeid ſeine Pathe, und die Königin des Himmels erwähle ich zu ſeinen Taufzeugen.

Die Fremde lächelte ein wenig, und fragte, wie die Neugeborne heißen ſollte?

Marie! erwiederte die Fürſtin, nach ihrer vornehmſten Pathe, und wollt ihr ihr noch einen Namen zum Andenken ihrer unglücklichen Mutter geben, ſo nennt ſie Ottilie.

Die Unbekannte ſchwieg ein wenig, thauete darauf eine Hand voll Schnee mit ihrem Hauch zu Waſſer auf, ſprengte ſie über das Haupt des Kindes, und gab ihm ſeine Namen.

Wer ſeid ihr? fragte die Fürſtin, die ihr mit Andacht und gefaltenen Händen zugeſehen hatte.

Ich heiße Marie!

Woher kommt ihr? und wohin geht euer Weg?

Ich komme von Oben, und wollte dort nach meinem Hauſe, wo die ſilberne Glocke tönt.

O nun kenne ich euch! rief Ottilie mit einem unausſprechlichen Blicke. Heil mir! mein Kind iſt wohl berathen! — Darauf wandte ſie ſich auf die Seite, ſchloß die Augen und verſchied.

Die Königin des Himmels, denn meine Leſer werden wohl nicht mehr zweifeln, wer die Fremde war, ließ einige himmliſche Thränen auf die Entſeelte fallen, vertraute der mütterlichen Erde den Körper, und bedeckte das Grab mit dem Feldſteine, auf welchem ſie neben ihr geſeſſen hatte. Das Kindlein aber hüllte ſie in ihren Sternenmantel und nahm es mit ſich hinauf in ihre ruhigen Wohnungen.

Wer kann die Geheimniſſe der Ueberirdiſchen faſſen, und wer kann genau ſagen, wie es mit der Erziehung der kleinen Marie bei ihrer himmliſchen Pathe beſchaffen ſein mochte? So viel läßt ſich aus dem, was die Sage von dieſen wunderbaren Dingen aufbehalten hat, ſchließen, daß es die Abſicht der Königin des Himmels war, das junge Fräulein für die Welt und nicht unmittelbar zum Leben der Seligen zu erziehen, daher ſammelte ſie ſolche Gegenſtände um ſie her, oder gab vielmehr allen Dingen, welche ihr in den obern Regionen vorkommen mußten, ein ſolches Anſehen, wie ſie in dem Leben hienieden haben. Engel und Heilige kamen der kleinen Erdenbürgerin wie ſchöne goldgelockte Jünglinge und Jungfrauen vor, die Feſte des Himmels hatten viel Aehnliches mit den irdiſchen, bei welchen Tugend und Wohlſtand herrſcht, und ſelbſt die kleinen Geſchäfte, zu welchen ſie, ſo wie ſie heranwuchs, angehalten wurde, waren die nämlichen, wie ſie ihr etwa in ihrem künftigen Erdenleben beſtimmt ſein mochten.

Daß dennoch ihr Herz in der himmliſchen Geſellſchaft, in welcher ſie ſich befand, unendlich veredelt, ihr Geſchmack an Dinge gewöhnt werden mußte, wie man ſie auf Erden ſelten findet, das läßt ſich denken, und ſo vortheilhaft das Erſte für ſie war, ſo zog das Andere doch gewiſſe üble Folgen nach ſich, die ſich wohl ganz vermeiden ließen. Ein Glück wär' es für die kleine Marie geweſen, wenn ſie in den obern Regionen völlig hätte heranwachſen, oder ewig daſelbſt bleiben können; aber eine halbvollendete Erziehung, und wär' es die beſte von der Welt, kann nie gute Folgen haben.

Die junge Erdbürgerin hatte das ſiebente Jahr eben angetreten, als ſie von ihrer Pathe vorgenommen und folgendermaßen angeredet ward: Mein Kind, du trittſt heute aus den Grenzen der Jahre, da der Menſch blos lebt und athmet, ohne ſich ſelbſt zu kennen; deine Begriffe werden von nun an ſich beſſer entwickeln, und da es nicht fehlen kann, daß du hier auf eine Menge Dinge ſtoßen wirſt, die nicht recht zu deinem paſſen, ſo iſt es nöthig, daß ich dir die Augen über deinen wahren Zuſtand öffne. Das Land, in dem du lebſt, iſt nicht dein Vaterland; du biſt in einer viel gröbern Luft geboren, als die wir hier athmen, biſt zu einem Leben beſtimmt, das weit unter demjenigen iſt, das wir hier leben; gern behielt ich dich bei mir, aber dies iſt mir gar nicht, oder nur auf gewiſſe Bedingungen erlaubt, die du ſchwerlich erfüllen wirſt.

Die kleine Marie weinte ſehr, als ſie von Trennung von einem Orte ſprechen hörte, der ihr mit allen ſeinen Bewohnern ſo theuer war.

Möchteſt du gern bei mir bleiben? fragte die Heilige.

O gern, gern, liebe Pathe! rief das Kind, welches anfing noch heftiger zu weinen.

Aber, ſagte ſie, du wirſt größer werden, wirſt Unarten annehmen, welche uns hier oben fremd ſind; Hochmuth, Eigenſinn und Stolz werden ſich in deinen Handlungen äußern, und bei dem erſten Vergehen von dieſer Art würde ich genöthigt ſein, dich dahin zu verſtoßen, woher du kamſt. Willſt du alſo das Glück immer genießen, das dir jetzt ſo theuer iſt, ſo ſei auf deiner Hut, denn von nun an werden ſich Proben häufen, deren Gewicht für deine Kräfte zu ſchwach ſein möchte; und dürfte ich es auch wagen, dir die Fehlſchlagung der einen zu ſchenken, ſo würde dich doch die zweite und dritte unausbleiblich in die Tiefe, aus der du gekommen biſt, hinabſtürzen. Die kleine Sterbliche war klug genug, ihre Pathe um einige Regeln zu bitten, nach welchen ſie in der gefährlichen Epoche, welche ihr angekündigt wurde, ſich zu richten hätte, und ſie erhielt folgende Lehren, die die Heilige, um ſie dem Kinde deſto merklicher zu machen, in dieſe kurzen Denkreimlein kleidete: Strebe, ſprach ſie mit warnender Miene, ſtrebe nicht nach höherm Himmelsglück; flieh, es droht den Sterblichen Gefahr. — Schaue nicht in's Erdenthal zurück, das zu Tod und Grab dich gebar; und verwende deine kühnen Blicke nie nach dem, was dir verboten war.

Marie dankte ihrer Pathe, und wiederholte die drei goldenen Regeln ſo lange bei ſich ſelbſt, bis ſie ihr unvergeßlich waren, oder vielmehr bis ſie nichts weiter bei denſelben dachte, als den bloßen Schall, der ihr gewöhnlich und alſo auch und noch gleichgültig ward.

Auch hätte man denken ſollen, ſie müſſen ihr ganz und gar entbehrlich geweſen; ſie hatte an der kindlichen Einfalt und Unſchuld, die in ihrem Herzen wohnte, ein paar Schutzengel, die ſie ſicherer vor tauſend Proben vorbeiführten, als die vernünftigen Warnungen. Sie wußte nichts von den Gefahren, in denen ſie täglich war, ihr Glück zu verlieren, denn die Unwiſſenheit des Böſen ließ ſie immer recht handeln, ohne daß es ihr Mühe, Ueberwindung oder Nachdenken koſtete.

Die himmliſche Marie hatte ihre Freude, ihre kleine Namensträgerin ſo zur Vollkommenheit der Engel heranwachſen zu ſehen, und gewann ſie immer lieber. Sie gab ihr unzählige Proben ihres Wohlgefallens, unter denen, um ſich nach der kindiſchen Natur des Kindes zu bequemen, freilich auch manche waren, die nicht recht in die überirdiſchen Regionen zu gehören ſchienen; und es war nicht unmöglich, daß die ſchönen Kleider und die bunten Zeitvertreibe, an welchen es ihr die gütige Pathe nie fehlen ließ, den erſten Grund zu dem nachmaligen Fall des jungen Mädchens legten.

Es war gegen Allerheiligen, als Marie ihre kleine Pathe vornahm, und zu ihr ſagte: Ich ſteige hinauf in die innerſten Gefilde, die höhern Feſte des Himmels zu feiern, und laſſe dich hier zurück, wo es dir auch nicht an Freuden fehlen wird, die ſich für dich ſchicken. Nur ſei mit dem zufrieden, was dir zukommt, und ſuche dich nirgends einzudrängen, wo du nicht hingehörſt. Vor Allem aber nimm deine drei Regeln wohl in Acht. Du weißt, daß du in meiner Burg ſchon Alles thun und an allen Orten ſein kannſt, wo du willſt. Und der wenigen Gegenden, die dir verboten ſind, kennſt du auch; es ſind die Zinnen meiner Thürme, von welchen du herabſtürzen könnteſt, und vor Allem meine Wälder, in welchen dir die Gefahr zu ertrinken droht. Du ſiehſt, daß ich es gut mit dir meine, und dir nichts unterſage, als was dir ſchaden kann. Doch haſt du deinen freien Willen; die Schlüſſel zu allen Thüren ſind in deiner Hand, und du kannſt thun, was dir gefällt.

Die kleine Erdbürgerin gelobte von neuem Gehorſam und gute Aufführung, und man trennte ſich auf baldiges Wiederſehen.

Auf Allerheiligen ward in Marienburg eine Art von offenem Hof gehalten, und manches Feſt gefeiert, bei welchem ſich alle Heiligen der zweiten und dritten Ordnung verſammelten. Die kleine Marie durfte, als eine Sterbliche, freilich dieſen Dingen nur in der Ferne zuſehen, aber auch dieſes gewährte ihr ſchon unendliches Vergnügen, bis ſie an einem Tage, bei Abweſenheit und Entfernung ihrer glänzenden Geſellſchaft, den Geſchmeiden ihrer Pathe, auf den Einfall kam, ſie könne, ſo geſchmückt und ſchön, wie ſie war, wohl eine von den Umgebungen des Himmels vorſtellen, und [illegible] von ihren Feſten mit beywohnen. Sie hatte dieſen Tag ihre drei Regeln ſchon zwanzigmal wiederholt, aber es fiel ihr nicht ein, ihr Verhalten nach denſelben zu prüfen, ſie hielt das, was ſie vorhatte, nicht für Unrecht, und führte es glücklich aus, ohne von den Thürhütern erkannt zu werden.

Auch unter den Anweſenden war Niemand, der ſie zu erkennen ſchien, und ihr darum ſeinen Umgang verſagte, denn ihr Betragen war ſo edel, ſo ganz nach den Sitten des Himmels gebildet, daß ſie wohl eine Geſpielin der Engel abgeben konnte; doch hielt ſie ſich mehr zu ihres Gleichen, und fand unter den eilftauſend Jungfrauen der heiligen Urſula und den unſchuldigen Kindlein manchen lieben Gefährten.

Was ſie einmal verſucht hatte, geſchah öfters, und kein Tag verging, daß ſie ſich nicht in dem glänzenden Zirkel befand, in den ſie nicht gehörte. Doch ſchien es, als wenn man ſie nach und nach kennen lernte, und ſich darum von ihr entfernte. Sie ſah in dieſen Tagen der Vernachläſſigung unter der zahlloſen Menge noch ein himmliſches liebenswürdiges Geſchöpf, welches gleich ihr nicht beachtet wurde, und mitten in der großen Verſammlung einſam zu ſeyn ſchien.

Maria hatte nie davon gehört, daß ſich oft unter die Kinder des Himmels ein böſer Geiſt zu miſchen pflegt, und daß daher auch hier Behutſamkeit nöthig ſei. Niemand warnte ſie, und ſie geſellte ſich daher ohne Bedenken zu dem, welcher gleiches Schickſal mit ihr hatte.

Man unterhielt ſich mit einander, man gewann ſich lieb, und es kam bald dahin, daß der Unbekannte von Marien unzertrennlich war. Es würde dem unglücklichen Mädchen leicht geweſen ſeyn, an ihrem erwählten Gefährten einen Verführer zu erkennen, wenn ſie gewußt hätte, was Verführung wär', und wenn nicht der betrügeriſche Geiſt, welcher darauf ſann, ihr ihr Glück zu rauben, erſt dann mit ſeinen zweideutigen Vorſchlägen und Unterhaltungen hervorgetreten wär', als er ſie ſchon gewöhnt hatte, Alles, was er ſagte, ſchön und gut zu finden.

Mich wundert, ſagte er eines Tages, wie deine Patronin dir den Zutritt zu den höhern Feſten des Himmels verſagen, und dich hier der langen Weile Preis geben kann; denn ſo viel mußt du doch geſtehen, daß ohne mich dir die Stunden ſehr langſam verſtrichen wären. — Iſt's darum, daß ſie dich von der ſchönen Erde entführt hat, um dir hier die unſchuldigſten Freuden zu entziehen?

Die Erde iſt nicht ſchön, wie meine Pathe ſagt, antwortete Maria, der Himmel iſt ſchöner als Alles.

Mag wohl ſeyn, erwiederte der Verführer, aber glaubſt du denn, dich hier im Himmel zu befinden? — Arme Betrogene, auf einem kleinen Planeten lebſt du, von den Erdbewohnern Mond genannt, deſſen Hauptbeſtimmung iſt, ihren Nächten zu leuchten. — Kannſt du dir verhehlen, daß der Himmel der Erde ſchöner ſei, als die Erde ſelbſt? — O ſollteſt du ſie ſehen, die ſchöne leuchtende Kugel, ſollteſt du ſie nur von Ferne ſehen. Ich ſollte meinen, auf den Zinnen dieſer Burg müßteſt du ſie in heitern Nächten erblicken können.

Die Zinnen zu ſteigen iſt mir verboten, erwiederte Maria.

Wie ich dir geſagt habe, rief er, ſie beneidet dir den Anblick des Glücks, das ſie dir raubte.

Die betrogene Sterbliche lieh den Reden des Verführers ſo lange zu, bis ſie Eingang fanden, und eh die Nacht erſchien, ſtand ſie an ſeiner Seite auf der verbotenen Zinne. Dieſe leuchtende Kugel, ſagte der gefährliche Geſellſchafter, indem er auf die aufgehende Erde deutete, welche weit ſchöner und größer als der Mond in ihrer Herrlichkeit am Rande des Himmels heraufwandelte, dieſes glänzende Geſtirn iſt dein Vaterland; wir ſehen es auf der andern Seite des Planeten, auf dem wir jetzt ſind, alle Nächte, aber deine Patronin hat abſichtlich ihre Burg auf dieſen dunkeln Fleck verlegt, um dir auch die kleine Luſt zu rauben, dein Vaterland in der Ferne zu grüßen. Ach und ſollteſt du es erſt in der Nähe erblicken! die tauſend von dir ungeſehenen, unausſprechlichen, nie genannten Dinge, die es enthält! — daß mich abbrechen! Einſt war ich da, und ich hoffe, dich dahin zurück zu führen!

Maria ſah den Sprechenden mit einem traurigen Blicke an, den er wohl verſtand, und um ihre Sehnſucht auf's höchſte zu treiben, begann er mit himmliſcher Beredſamkeit von allen Schönheiten der Erde, von allen ihren verführeriſchen Genüſſen zu ſprechen; Dinge, welche freilich der Zuhörerin nur halb verſtändlich waren, die aber eben darum für ihre Neugierde deſto mehr Reiz erhielten.

Lebe wohl, ſagte er am Ende, als er es merkte, daß er Gift genug in ihr Herz geſtreut hatte, lebe wohl auf lange Zeit. Mich dünkt, meine Rückkehr zur Erde iſt vor der Thüre, [illegible], daß wir uns einſt in ihren ſeligen Gefilden wieder finden.

Und wie macht ihr es, ihr Himmliſchen, fragte die Sterbliche, euch hinüber zu ſchwingen? — Wir tauchen uns, ſagte der Verführer, ſiebenmal in ein ätheriſches Bad, dergleichen deine Patronin wohl auch in ihrer Burg haben wird, und dadurch werden wir leicht genug, um von den Fittigen der Winde, denen wir gebieten, uns an jeden Ort hintragen zu laſſen, wo wir zu ſeyn wünſchen.

Maria blieb tiefdenkend zurück und ſchaute mit trüben Blicken ihrem fliehenden Gefährten nach. Keine Nacht verging hinfort, daß ſie nicht auf die Zinne ſtieg, und das Geſtirn, das man ihr als ihr Geburtsland bezeichnet hatte, ſo kläglich anweinte, als je in der Epoche der Empfindſamkeit ein liebekrankes Mädchen den Mond angeweint haben mag.

Ruhe und Heiterkeit war aus ihrem Herzen gewichen. Statt der Liebe und Sehnſucht nach ihrer Wohlthäterin wohnte in ihrer Seele düſteres Mißbehagen, Argwohn und heimlicher Unwille. Sie dachte nach, was Marien wohl bewogen haben möchte, ſie von der ſchönen Erde hieher zu verſetzen, und erſchuf ſich ſelbſt eine Geſchichte hiervon, in welcher ſie die Bedrängte, und die wohlthuende Heilige die Tyrannin war. Sie ſing beinahe an Marien zu haſſen, und daß ihr bei dieſen Geſinnungen ihre Gebote nicht mehr heilig ſeyn konnten, läßt ſich denken. Zwei derſelben hatte ſie ſchon ungeſtraft gebrochen, und auch das dritte zu übertreten, dünkte ihr Kinderſpiel. Sie kannte keinen heißern Wunſch, als dieſe Gegenden, die ihr jetzt öde und traurig dünkten, mit den ſchönern Gefilden der Erde zu vertauſchen, und wollte ihn befriedigen, ſollte es auch ihr Leben koſten.

Was zögre ich endlich? ſagte ſie zu ſich ſelbſt, was habe ich zu ſcheuen? das Mittel zu Stillung meiner Sehnſucht iſt ja in meinen Händen! Hier iſt der Schlüſſel zu Mariens Bädern, von deren Kraft mich der Engel unterrichtet hat. Ich tauche mich ſiebenmal in die ätheriſchen Fluthen, und wie wohl, o wie wohl wird mir ſeyn, wenn ich mich von der ſpiegelglatten Fläche, leicht wie die Luft, erhebe, und hinüber ſchwebe, hinüber in die Gefilde des Lichts, wo ich geboren ward, und wo, wie mein Freund mich verſichert, ſo herrliche Dinge meiner warten!

Mariens Bäder waren auf einem der höchſten Mondgebirge angelegt; eine eherne Mauer umſchloß ſie, und diamantne Riegel verwahrten den Eingang. Die Gebirge waren von dem leichtfüßigen Mädchen ſchnell erſtiegen, der weite Umfang der himmelhohen Mauer, die ſie bisher nur von weitem ſah, ward ohne Grauen betrachtet, und die Riegel mit einem einzigen Zug des goldenen Schlüſſels hinweggeſchafft. Die weiten Pforten flogen krachend auseinander, und eröffneten eine grenzenloſe überraſchende Ausſicht. Die kühne Sterbliche hatte erwartet, in [illegible] ein hohes Gewölbe zu kommen, wo marmorne Becken den Badern kühle Erfriſchung anböten; aber ein See, den das Auge nicht überſehen konnte, zeigte ſich ihren Blicken und über denſelben keine andere Decke, als der dämmernde Abendhimmel, an deſſen Horizonte das Lieblingsgeſtirn der Betrogenen ſchön und ſchrecklich heraufſtieg. Das Schickſal wollte, daß ſie gerade eine Stunde zu ihrer verwegenen That gewählt hatte, in welcher die Mondbürger einer Erdverfinſterung entgegen ſahen. Die Sonne ſtand hinter dem dunkeln Planeten, der einen fürchterlichen Schatten auf das Geſtirn warf, das die Pflegetochter der Heiligen zuvor nie anders als lieblich und rein erblickte. Der verfinſterte Theil der Erde war roth wie Blut, und der Rand der glatten See ſchien von ſeinem Abglanz im Feuer zu ſchwimmen. Maria bebte zurück! Nun, rief es ihr wie aus ferner Ferne entgegen, nun tauche dich ſiebenmal in die ätheriſchen Fluthen, und ſchwebe hinüber, hinüber nach deinem Geburtslande! — Aber die Sterbliche ſchauderte muthlos in ſich zurück und wagte ſich zu ſtürzen. Doch der Vorwitz ließ ſie umkehren. Nur noch einmal wollte ſie das glühende immer dunkler werdende Geſtirn betrachten, ungeachtet es ihr nicht mehr gefiel; nur die Spitze der Finger in dieſes Waſſer tauchen, obgleich ſeine grenzenloſe Ausdehnung ihr Grauen machte, und ihr die Luſt benahm, ſich darin zu baden. Sie that Beides, und warf dann die ehernen Pforten im Fliehen hinter ſich zu, daß der Wiederhall im Thale den krachenden Ton zehnfach zurückgab.

Tauſend Schrecken jagten hinter der Fliehenden her. Sie kam athemlos auf ihrem Zimmer an, warf ſich auf ihr Bette, und verhüllte ſich in die Decken ihres Lagers. Ein Schlaf, voll der ſchrecklichſten Phantaſien, überfiel ſie, aus welchem ſie am Morgen, durch die Stimme ihrer himmliſchen Wohlthäterin, erweckt ward.

Maria! rief ſie mit zärtlichem Tone, Maria, mein Kind! was fehlt dir? du biſt krank, wie ich fürchte! Todenbläſſe ruht auf deinem Geſicht, kalter Schweiß deckt deine Glieder! Kann Krankheit und Tod auch in dieſe Wohnungen der Ruhe eindringen? Doch du biſt eine Sterbliche, und wehe dir, wenn du in der unbeſchützten Einſamkeit, die noch keine Seele [illegible], wohl dir, wenn du in meinen Armen den Geiſt aufgäbſt!

Die Worte der Heiligen ſchnitten der Sünderin durch's Herz; ſie verbarg ihr Geſicht unter der Decke, und zog ihre Hände ſchaudernd zurück, welche St. Maria gefaßt hatte, um ihren Puls zu fühlen.

Ich bin [illegible] [illegible]! er war eben [illegible], welche in vergangener Nacht es wagte, das geweihte Waſſer zu berühren! Die Heilige hielt ſie feſt, und entdeckte an dem vierten Finger derſelben, der die Frevelthat verübte, das erſte Glied in Gold verwandelt, daher auch noch dieſer Finger der Goldfinger genannt wird, bis auf dieſen Tag.

Marie! rief jetzt die Königin des Himmels in einem ganz andern Tone, Marie! was haſt du gethan? — O zweite Eva! du haſt von dem verbotenen Baum gekoſtet, und Verſtoßung aus dem Paradieſe wird dein Theil ſein!

Mit Entſetzen über die Donnerſtimme ihrer Wohlthäterin warf ſich jetzt die kleine Marie aus dem Bette, um auf den Knieen um Gnade zu flehen. Ich habe von keinem verbotenen Baume gekoſtet, ſchrie ſie mit kindlicher Einfalt, weil ſie die bildliche Rede der Heiligen nicht verſtand, ich habe nichts gethan, als — —

Ja, ja, unterbrach ſie die erzürnte Königin des Himmels, du haſt nichts gethan, als alle meine Gebote übertreten! Siehe, Verworfene! deine eigene frevelhafte Hand zeugt wider dich; kannſt du das Brandmahl an dieſem Finger auslöſchen?

Das Mädchen, welches vor Beſtürzung nicht wußte, was es that, rieb unaufhörlich an dem vergoldeten Gliede, um den verrathenden Flecken zu tilgen, und weinte dazwiſchen ſo kläglich, daß es der Heiligen jammerte.

Du biſt ohne Rettung für mich und dieſe glückliche Wohnung verloren, ſagte ſie nach einem langen wehmüthigen Stillſchweigen, aber doch ſteht es in meiner Macht, dein Schickſal zu lindern, und es ſoll geſchehen, wenn du aufrichtig genug biſt, mir Alles zu geſtehen, was in meiner Abweſenheit vorgegangen iſt.

Und Marie erzählte in einem ſo treuherzigen, kindlichen und kummervollen Tone, daß das Herz der Heiligen vollends gebrochen ward.

Du biſt zu bedauern, ſagte ſie, aber noch einmal, du biſt nicht zu retten; das Urtheil der Verſtoßung aus dieſen Wohnungen der Ruhe iſt unwiderruflich. Doch das haſt du ja gewünſcht, du haſt dich ja in dein Geburtsland zurück geſehnt; nun ſo gehe hin, und ſiehe, was für Glückſeligkeiten dort deiner warten! O Marie, Marie! nur eine Geſchichte, nur die Geſchichte deiner Mutter, nur die Geſchichte deiner Geburt darf ich dir erzählen, um dir über die Beſchaffenheit des Landes, dahin du kehrſt, die Augen zu öffnen.

Und die Heilige erzählte eine lange, ſchauervolle Geſchichte, ganz die, wie wir ſie unſern Leſern geliefert haben, aber mit Bemerkungen durchflochten, wie ſie nur eine Himmliſche machen kann. Die kleine Marie horchte aufmerkſam zu und ſammelte jedes Wort in ihr Herz; ach, ſie wußte, daß es die letzten waren, die ſie aus dem Munde ihrer Wohlthäterin hören ſollte.

So gehe denn hin, ſagte die Königin des Himmels, indem ſie am Ende die weinende Sterbliche in die Arme ſchloß, ich muß dich von mir laſſen. Deine Strafe iſt die Verbannung von meinen Augen, und der Verluſt des Namens, den du mit mir gemein haſt. Erkühne dich nicht, dich auf der Erde, wo du nunmehr bald ſein wirſt, Marie zu nennen; nenne dich Ottilie, nach deiner unglücklichen Mutter. Ich werde dich nicht ganz verlaſſen, wenn du außer dieſem Gebot noch Folgendes in Acht nimmſt: Rede nie zu Ihnen von den Geheimniſſen der Oberwelt, die du bei mir kennen lernteſt, und ſei nicht ſtolz darauf, daß du unter den Himmliſchen erzogen wurdeſt, — du ſiehſt, wie wenig dir dieſer Vorzug genutzt hat.

Morgen beim Erwachen wirſt du dich auf dem Grabe deiner Mutter, wo du zuerſt athmeteſt, befinden. Dein Vater, welchen ich auf deine Ankunft vorbereiten will, wird dich aufſuchen, und dich in alle Rechte einer Tochter von ihm einſetzen. Du wirſt nicht unglücklich ſein, wenn du tugendhaft biſt. Auch iſt dir es erlaubt, mich einmal in deinem Leben, in deiner höchſten Noth zu Hülfe zu rufen, da ich nicht ermangeln werde, dir zu deiner Rettung zu erſcheinen, und dich vielleicht an den Ort zurückzuführen, den du jetzt verlaſſen mußt.

Unter Seufzen, Weinen und Abſchiednehmen verfloß der Reſt dieſes traurigen Tages, und am Abend entſchlief die kleine Ottilie, um in dem Land der Thränen zu erwachen.

Aus der Erzählung ihrer Pathe wußte ſie, daß der Ort ihrer Geburt und das Grab ihrer unglücklichen Mutter durch einen gemeinen eingegrabenen Feldſtein bezeichnet ward, welcher mitten in einem öden Thale ruhte, und ſie erſtaunte alſo nicht wenig, als ſie ſich bei'm Erwachen auf einem Monumente von weißem Marmor, unter einem hochgewölbten Dom, ſah, von deſſen Mitte eine brennende Ampel herabhing. Marie hatte ihr verſchwiegen, was für Veränderungen ſich ſeit ihrer Geburt in dieſer Gegend zugetragen hatten, und uns will obliegen, ihren Leſern zu verkünden.

Kunigundens Glück, das ſie auf den Untergang einer unglücklichen Fürſtin baute, dauerte kurze Zeit; die Rache des Himmels verhängte es, das Bild Ottiliens aus ihrem Herzen zu bannen. Der Genuß ihres Sieges hatte ſie [illegible] das Herz [illegible] vom Gemahl gewandt, ſie mußte einer blühenden Schönheit weichen, ſo wie Ottilie ihr gewichen war. Eine lange ſchmerzhafte Krankheit führte ſie dem Tode entgegen, und in den Augenblicken, da ſich das Grab vor ihren Füßen öffnete, war es, daß ſie Ulrichen zu ſich berief und ihm das ganze Bekenntniß ihrer Sünden ablegte. Ein Schauer durchbebte ihn, als er erfuhr, Ottilie ſei nicht ſo, wie man ihn beredet hatte, im Kindbette geſtorben, ſondern verloren gegangen, und weil man es nicht der Mühe werth gehalten habe, ſie aufzuſuchen, vermuthlich umgekommen.

Es iſt unbekannt, was Ulrichen bei Erzählung dieſer Begebenheit ſo gewaltig erſchütterte, ob Grauen vor der Bosheit, welche ſeine beklagenswürdige Gemahlin zur Flucht nöthigte, oder Furcht, ſie möchte wieder kommen und ihre Rechte auf ſeine Perſon geltend machen. Er verließ die Sterbende mit Verwünſchungen, und ließ, weil mehrere Perſonen bei Kunigundens Bekenntniß gegenwärtig geweſen waren, und die Sache ſich nicht verbergen ließ, in allen ſeinen Landen eine große Belohnung für denjenigen ausrufen, welcher ihm Gewißheit von dem Schickſal der verlornen Fürſtin bringen würde.

Um dieſe Zeit war es, da das Gerücht erſcholl, es befände ſich in der Feldmark von Zähringen ein Stein, bei welchem große Wunder geſchähen. Des Nachts wollte man öfters einen hellen Glanz um denſelben geſehen, und himmliſche Stimmen dabei gehört haben, und da er bei Tage der Sitz der herumſchweifenden Bettler war, ſo behaupteten viele, daß Lahme, die auf demſelben ihre Raſt genommen hatten, mit dem vollen Gebrauch ihrer Glieder aufgeſtanden wären, und Blindgeborne hier unverhofft den erſten Strahl des Lichts erblickt hätten. Dieſe Begebenheiten erregten großes Aufſehen im Lande, und die Einwohner, welchen es je länger, je gewiſſer ward, daß der wunderbare Stein die Gebeine irgend eines Heiligen decken müſſe, kamen bei dem Fürſten mit der Bitte ein, hier eine Kapelle bauen zu dürfen.

Ulrich, welchen das Leben jetzt zu verlaſſen begann, und der daher ſo zuweilen einige Regungen vom erwachenden Gewiſſen bemerkte, dachte daſſelbe auf die Art zu beſchwichtigen, wie es in ſeinen Tagen gewöhnlich war. Die Erbauung einer Kapelle, die man ihm vorſchlug, war ihm eine erwünſchte Sache. Er begleitete ſeine Einwilligung mit dem Verſprechen, die Koſten des Baues ſelbſt zu tragen, warf dem heiligen Vater mit ſchwerem Golde anſehnliche Jahrzeiten aus und kam ſelbſt nach Zähringen, an der heiligen Stelle zu beten, und der Nachſuchung nach Reliquien beizuwohnen.

Der Feldſtein ward in ſeiner Gegenwart aufgehoben, und man ſtelle ſich das allgemeine Erſtaunen vor, als man im Schooß der kleinen Höhle, die ſich nun dem Auge zeigte, den unverweſ'ten Leichnam der verlornen Fürſtin fand. Eine ſolche Erſcheinung, mit den Wundern ihres Grabſteins zuſammen genommen, war hinlänglich, ſie zum Range einer Heiligen zu erheben. Aller Augen ſchwammen in Thränen der Andacht, aber aus Ulrich's Augen ſtrömten noch ganz andere Thränen, er ſchlug an ſeine Bruſt, und ging nach Schloß Zähringen zurück, wo er ſich drei Tage lang vor Jedermann verſchloß, und erſt am vierten wieder hervorging.

Er ließ den Prior des benachbarten Kloſters kommen, weil er zu ſchwach war, den Weg zur Buße ſelbſt zu gehen, beichtete ſein langes Sündenverzeichniß, und begehrte Rath für ſein Gewiſſen. Die Antworten, die er erhielt, laſſen ſich denken. Seine Schätze ſtrömten in die Cellen der Kloſterherren über, und über Ottiliens Grabe erhob ſich der herrliche Bau, deſſen wir oben gedacht haben.

Aber dieſes war nicht hinlänglich, Ulrich's gefoltertem Herzen Ruhe zu geben; Etwas lag ihm im Sinne, wofür ihm weder geiſtlicher noch weltlicher Troſt helfen konnte. Es war offenbar, daß ſeine verklärte Gemahlin nach der Entbindung geſtorben war, und man hatte in dem Grabe nach den Gebeinen ihres Kindes geſucht, weil man vermuthete, es könne mit ihr gleiches Schickſal gehabt haben; aber als man nichts fand, dieſe Muthmaßung zu beſtätigen, ſo ward es Ulrichen gewiß, daß dieſer unglückliche Sprößling ſeines Hauſes noch leben müſſe. Dieſes geraubte Kind, das einzige Ueberbleibſel der beleidigten Heiligen, wieder zu finden, war ſein einziger herrſchender Gedanke. Alle Mittel, das verlorne Kleinod aufzuſpüren, wurden Jahre lang vergebens verſucht, und man urtheile, wie dem Fürſten zu Muthe war, als auch in einer ſeiner ſchlafverſcheuchenden Nächte, kurz vor Anbruch des Tages, Marie im Himmelsglanz vor ihm ſtand, ſich für die huldreiche Pflegerin ſeines Kindes bekannte, und ihm den Ort bezeichnete, wo er Ottilien finden würde.

Ottilie hatte ſich noch nicht von der Verwunderung über den Ort, an welchem ſie erwachte, erholt, als ſie von ferne das Geräuſch von vielen Kommenden, und an den hohen Kirchenfenſtern den Schein wehender Fackeln vernahm; denn der Fürſt hatte nicht geſäumt, und war ſogleich, als das nächtliche Geſicht verſchwand, aufgeſtanden, ſeine Tochter zu ſuchen, und mit ihrem den Weg nach der Kapelle zu beginnen, zu welcher er allein den Schlüſſel hatte, ſo daß er dem kommenden Tage zuvoreilte, und noch in der erſten Morgendämmerung an dem Orte anlangte, welcher ſein liebſtes lang geſuchtes Kleinod aufbehielt.

Die Pforten flogen auf, Ottilie, welche ſich langſam von ihrem Grabſteine emporrichtete, ſah einen Mann mit offenen Armen auf ſich zueilen, welchen mehr der Gram und die Gewiſſensbiſſe, als die Jahre, zum Greiſe gemacht hatten. Ihr Herz bewegte ſich bei ſeinem Anblicke und ſie flog in ſeine ausgebreiteten Arme. O mein Vater! o meine Tochter! ertönte es aus Beider Munde, und tauſend Liebkoſungen füllten das beredte Stillſchweigen, welches denſelben folgte.

O Natur, wie mächtig iſt deine Stimme! Was anders als dein Ruf konnte Röricken bewegen, die Niegeſehene bei'm erſten Anblick als Tochter in die Arme zu ſchließen? Wer anders als du lehrte Ottilien denjenigen mit der heißen Zärtlichkeit eines Kindes umfangen, der weder durch ſeinen Anblick noch durch ſeine Thaten Liebe zu erregen vermochte. Die Erzählung, welche Ottilie durch ihre himmliſche Pflegemutter von dem Thun und Weſen ihres Vaters erhalten hatte, gereichte ihm zu keinem Vortheil, und ſeine Phyſiognomie war gewiß keine von denjenigen, an welche ſich ihre Augen in den obern Regionen gewöhnt hatten; doch ward ihr Herz zu ihm hingeriſſen, und ſie nannte ihn tauſendmal Vater, mit einem Tone, der ſein Innerſtes durchbebte. Er ſeiner Seits ward durch vielfache Bande an die Wiedergefundene gefeſſelt. Daß ſie wirklich ſeine Tochter ſei, daß hier kein Betrug unterlaufen könne, bewies ſein weiſſagender Traum und das Wunder, durch welches Ottilie in die verſchloſſene Kapelle gekommen war; auch trugen ihre Züge eine ſo auszeichnende Aehnlichkeit mit ihrer unglücklichen Mutter, daß kein Zweifel an ihrer Herkunft möglich war. Aber wär' auch alles dieſes nicht geweſen, ſo war das junge Fräulein ſo hinreißend ſchön, ſo war in ihrem ganzen Betragen, in jedem Blick ihrer Augen, in jedem Laut ihrer harmoniſchen Stimme, ſo etwas Ueberirdiſches, daß Jeder, den ſie des Namens Vater gewürdigt hätte, und wär' er es auch nicht geweſen, ſich im Beſitz eines ſolchen Kindes glücklich geſchätzt haben würde.

Rörich führte das himmliſche Mädchen triumphirend in ſein Schloß, und theilte den ganzen glücklichen Tag der Wiederfindung in die Unterhaltung mit ihr, in die Einrichtung ihrer Hofſtatt, und in Zubereitung zu glänzenden Feſten, mit welchen er ſein Glück feiern wollte. Er eilte von Einem zum Andern, und vollendete nichts; die Freude machte ihn trunken, und Alles, was er unternahm, würde verkehrt gegangen ſein, wenn er nicht verſtändige Leute gehabt hätte, die ſeine Fehler verbeſſerten.

Ottilie ward allen ſeinen Vaſallen und Lehnsleuten als ihre künftige Fürſtin vorgeſtellt, denn eine von Rörich's erſten Handlungen war, ſeiner Tochter das Erbrecht zu verſichern. Jedermann zollte ihr Bewunderung, faſt möchte ich ſagen, eine Art von Anbetung zu, denn man konnte in ihr die Himmelsbewohnerin nicht verkennen. Das Gerücht von dem Orte, wo ſie erzogen worden war, ging von Munde zu Munde, denn Rörich war mit dem, was er hiervon im Traume vernommen hatte, nicht allzu geheim geweſen; aber Ottilie behauptete gegen Jedermann, ſelbſt gegen ihren Vater, über dieſen Punkt ganz das beſcheidene Stillſchweigen, das ihr ihre himmliſche Pathe empfohlen hatte. Ueberhaupt war ihr Betragen über ihre Jahre; denn man kann ausrechnen, daß ſie noch ſehr jung war, als ſie zur Erde zurück kehrte. Ihr Vater fand es nöthig, ihr Lehrer in allerlei Dingen zu geben, aber ſie war in den meiſten ſchon ſo wohl unterrichtet, daß ſie die Meiſter beſchämte, und in einigen wenigen Punkten, in welchen ſie nicht wohl in den überirdiſchen Gegenden Unterricht erhalten haben konnte, nahm ſie ſo ſchnell zu, daß man auch hierin bald ihre Erziehung für vollendet erklären mußte.

Bei Talenten von dieſer Art, die man übernatürlich finden mußte, war es nicht wohl möglich, woher ſie kam, in Vergeſſenheit zu bringen: auch gab es noch andere kleine Umſtände, die die wunderbaren Sagen von ihr vermehrten, und ſollte es auch nur das goldene Glied eines rechten vierten Fingers, und ſollte es auch nur eine Garderobe geweſen ſein; denn wir haben zu melden vergeſſen, daß die freigebige Pathe ihr nichts von den kleinen Geſchenken vorenthielt, die ſie ihr je gemacht hatte. Alles ward in ihrem Zimmer in ſchönen Truhen wohl verwahrt gefunden, und von den Kammerfrauen mit Verwunderung hervorgezogen. Goldene und ſilberne Kleinode, Perlen und edle Steine, die nicht zu ſchätzen waren, und dagegen der Schatz unſerer lieben Frau zu Loretto Kleinigkeit iſt, woraus ihr ſehet, daß ſie ſolche Sachen beſſer wegſchenkt, als ihr ſie zu geben vermögt. Dazu Kleider von bewunderungswürdiger Schönheit, die noch obendrein die Tugend oder Untugend hatten, nie zu veralten, und mit der Eigenthümerin zu wachſen.

Welches irdiſche Mädchen glaubt nicht, daß Ottilie bei dieſen Umſtänden glücklich war? Man bedenke ſelbſt, Schönheit, Talent, Jugend, Liebe eines zärtlichen Vaters, allgemeine Bewunderung, frohe Ausſichten in die Zukunft, und zu dem allen noch eine ſolche artige Garderobe. Doch dieſe Glückſeligkeiten ganz zu ſchmecken, müßte Ottilie nicht außer ihrem Vaterlande erzogen worden ſein. Sie war in den obern Regionen an Dinge gewöhnt, welche ſie hienieden ganz vermißte, und wiederum fand ſie hier andere, an die ſie ſich nicht zu gewöhnen vermochte. Häßlichkeit, Elend, Vergänglichkeit, Armuth, Alter, Krankheit, Tod, was für Gegenſtände für eine Himmelsbewohnerin, die überall von dieſem Allen nur das Gegentheil zu ſehen gewohnt war. Sie verſchloß ihre Betrachtungen, die ſie über dieſe traurigen Eigenthümlichkeiten der Erde machte, wie ihre meiſten Gedanken in ihrem Innerſten, aber ihre tiefſinnige Miene, und dann und wann ein ſehnſuchtsvoller Blick nach dem Himmel, zeigte denen, welche immer um ſie waren, ganz deutlich, was ſie dachte und fühlte.

Dieß iſt alſo die ſchöne Erde? ſagte ſie in den melancholiſchen Stunden, deren ſie viele hatte, zu ſich ſelbſt, das iſt alſo das blendende Geſtirn, das mir auf den Mondgebirgen ſo verführeriſch entgegen leuchtete? O der glänzenden Außenſeite, und o des häßlichen Innern!

Ottiliens philoſophiſche Betrachtungen hätten ganz gut für eine Kloſterfrau oder für eine Candidatin des Todes ſein mögen; aber ein Mädchen in der Blüthe des Lebens, zur Behauptung einer Rolle in der großen Welt beſtimmt, hätte nicht ſo denken ſollen, und St. Marie legte in dieſem Punkt mit ihrer Erziehung keine Ehre ein. Ein anderer noch ſchwärzerer Flecken in Ottiliens Charakter, ebenfalls eine Folge der Geſchichte ihrer frühern Jahre, war der Stolz. Ottilie hätte blind ſein müſſen, wenn ſie nicht ihre Ueberlegenheit über Alle, die ſie kannte, hätte einſehen wollen; allerdings war ſie ſchöner, klüger, weiſer, tugendhafter und einnehmender als alle ihre Zeitverwandten, aber wie iſt es möglich, ſo etwas nicht lebendig zu fühlen, und Andere nicht neben ſich zu verachten.

Es iſt wahr, ſie war gegen Niemand hart oder unbeſcheiden, aber in ihrer Milde war eine gewiſſe Herablaſſung, die Jedermann von ihr zurück ſchreckte. Das größte Glück des Lebens, die Freundſchaft, kannte ſie nicht, konnte ſie nicht kennen; nur eine gewiſſe Art von Gleichheit verbindet die Herzen, und Ottilie fand unter allen Jungfrauen ihres Alters keine Gleiche. — Und was die Liebe anbelangt — doch hiervon laßt uns weitläuftiger reden.

Ottilie hatte eigentlich bei allem Mißmuth, den ihr die Unvollkommenheiten der Erde einflößten, noch keine wirklichen Leiden erfahren, aber jetzt kam die Zeit, da ſie auch dieſe kennen lernen ſollte. Sie war achtzehn Jahre alt, der Fürſt litt an den Folgen der Ausſchweifungen ſeiner Jugend, und ſah ſeinem Ende entgegen, und die Stände forderten einen Reichsnachfolger: Niemand konnte ihnen denſelben geben, als Ottilie, ihre künftige Fürſtin, man drang in ſie, ſich zu vermählen.

Arme Ottilie, dich vermählen! wer verdiente wohl die Ehre deiner Hand, wenn Frau Pathe Marie ſich nicht in's Mittel ſchlug, und irgend einen Engel herabſchickte, mit ihr das Erdenleben zu theilen! Schon der Gedanke an eine Verbindung mit einem irdiſchen Jünglinge war der verwöhnten Ottilie ſchrecklich! Tauſende buhlten um ſie, Ritter und Helden, Könige und Kaiſerſöhne hielten ſich nicht zu hoch zu ihren Füßen zu ſeufzen, und die Wahrheit zu geſtehen, ſo könnte ich euch Einige nennen, von welchen die Geſchichte noch bis auf dieſen Tag gewaltiges Weſen macht, und die nachher, als ſie von Ottilien zurückgewieſen worden waren, ein ſimples Erdenmädchen ſehr glücklich machten. Aber ſie mochten Helden oder Weiſe ſein, mochten wegen ihrer Schönheit oder Anmuth für das höchſte Ideal männlicher Vollkommenheiten gehalten werden, an Ottiliens Forderungen reichten ſie doch nicht. Sie fand keinen himmliſch-lächelnden Johannes, keinen goldlockichten Gabriel unter ihnen, und was Vollkommenheiten der Seele anbelangte, da ſah es noch bedenklicher aus.

Ottiliens Bewußtſein himmliſcher Vorzüge und der daraus entſpringende Stolz war mit keiner Bösartigkeit verbunden. Sie trauerte aufrichtig, keinen von denen, deren Herz an ihr hing, mit Liebe, ganz mit der heißen innigen Liebe belohnen zu können, deren ihre überirdiſche Seele fähig war, auch kränkte ſie die getäuſchte Hoffnung eines guten Volkes, deſſen Glückſeligkeit ſie wünſchte, und der ſtille Gram ihres Vaters. Sie ſtrebte, ſich ſelbſt zu überwinden, und fing an, den Lehren einer weiſen Duegna, welche das Amt hatte, ſie in den Sitten der Erde zu unterrichten, aufmerkſamer zuzuhören. Ottilie hatte Sinn und Fähigkeit für Alles, was man ſie lehren wollte, nur in dieſem Punkte war und blieb ſie unwiſſend. Sie fand in dem, was man in ihrem Geburtslande Tugend, Recht und Anſtand nannte, ſo viel, das ſich nicht mit den Begriffen vertrug, die ſie aus dem Leben des Himmels mitgebracht hatte, wog Alles mit ſo gewiſſenhafter Wage ab, hatte überall ſo viel Einwendungen, daß ihre Lehrerin immer die Grundſätze der ſchweren Wiſſenſchaft von vorn mit ihr durchnehmen mußte, ohne glücklicher zu ſein, als die vorigen Male. Ein beſonders ſchweres Kapitel, an welchem oft die Geduld der Lehrerin und der Schülerin ſcheiterte, war das von Liebe und ewiger Verbindung. Ottilie wollte ſchlechterdings nichts von dem Einen ohne das Andere wiſſen, und die Hofmeiſterin behauptete, Prinzeſſinnen müßten bei dem Letztern nie auf ihr Herz, nur auf Staatsurſachen ſehen.

Der Wunſch der jungen Fürſtin, ſich zum Beſten Anderer überwinden zu können, machte, daß ſie ſich jetzt entſchloß, die läſtigen Vorleſungen noch einmal zu hören, und da dieſes mit dem Vorſatz geſchah, das, was man ihr ſagte, wahr zu finden, ſo kam der Entſchluß am Ende wirklich zur Reife, denjenigen, zu welchem ſich ihr Herz nur ein wenig neigte, mit ihrer Hand zu beehren.

An ihrem Hofe war ein Jüngling, den man nur den Ritter ohne Namen nannte, weil Niemand, und er ſelbſt nichts von ſeinem Herkommen zu ſagen wußte, übrigens war er brav, ohne von ſeinen Tugenden viel Lärm zu machen, und wohlgeſtaltet, ohne eben durch überſchwängliche Schönheit Andere neben ſich zu verdunkeln. Immer hatte ihn Ottilie mit einem geheimen Wohlwollen angeſehen, hatte einen Antheil an Allem genommen, was ihn anging, den ſie ſich ſelbſt nicht erklären konnte, und ſein Glück, das ſie wünſchte, auf alle Weiſe zu befördern geſucht.

Nie hatte er ſich erkühnt, ſeine Augen auf die erhabene Dame zu richten, die ihm wohl wollte, und doch war er es, auf welchen jetzt ihre Wahl fiel. Er iſt der Einzige, ſagte ſie zu ihrer Duegna, für den ich etwas mehr fühle, als für die Andern; wenn ich mich recht unterſuche, ſo hängt mein Herz mit einer Art von ſchmerzhafter Zuneigung an ihm, es iſt, als wenn ich ein geheimes inniges Mitleid gegen ihn empfände, das ich mir nicht recht begreiflich machen kann, als hätte er Unrecht von mir erlitten, das ich ihm vergüten müßte. Iſt das nicht das Gefühl, das ihr auf der Erde Liebe nennt?

Die Duegna lachte und meinte, es könne wohl einſt Liebe werden, und ſie würde wohlthun, es zur Erfüllung der Wünſche ihres Volks ſorgfältig zu nähren.

Ottilie gehorchte, und ſandte bald darauf Botſchaft an ihren Vater, wie ſie nunmehr geſonnen wär', ſeine Befehle zu erfüllen und ihre Hand an einen Mann zu vergeben, den ſie ſich gewählt hätte. Adrich ließ die frohe Poſt in ſeinem ganzen Reiche erſchallen, und kam mit anſehnlichem Gefolge gen Freiburg, wo Ottilie reſidirte, die Hochzeit zu feiern. Nach dem Bräutigam fragte er gar nicht, denn er war entſchloſſen, ſich Jeden gefallen zu laſſen, der ſeiner Tochter gefiel.

Er trat in den Saal, wo ſie ihn im Brautgewand mit der Myrthenkrone im blonden Haar erwartete. Der Gewählte, der eben jene ſeltſamen unerklärbaren Regungen für Ottilien fühlte, wie ſie für ihn, Regungen, die er nie Liebe zu nennen gewagt haben würde, hätte ſie nicht geboten, lag zu den Füßen der reizbarſten Fürſtin, erſtaunt, überraſcht von dem übergroßen Glück, das ihm winkte, und Beide flogen dem kommenden Vater entgegen, ſeinen Segen zu holen, und von ihm begleitet, vor den Altar zu eilen. Aber Adrich bebte zurück. Kennſt du den, den du dir gewählt haſt? fragte er mit einem ſchreckenvollen Blick auf ſeine Tochter. — Er iſt der Einzige, der nie dein Gemahl werden kann, er iſt dein Bruder!

Mein Bruder! wiederholte Ottilie. Meine Schweſter? ſchrie der erſtaunte Ritter! — Es iſt nicht zu beſchreiben, was für Unordnung dieſe ſeltſame Entdeckung unter der frohen Verſammlung anrichtete. Der Fürſt nahm am Ende ſeine Tochter beſonders und entdeckte ihr das Geheimniß von der Geburt des Ritters. Er war einer von den vielen Sprößlingen aus Adrich's verbotnen Verbindungen, war der Einzige aus der großen Zahl, der zum männlichen Alter herangewachſen war. Die Kinder der feilen Buhlerin (ſo urtheilte die ſtrenge Moral der damaligen Zeiten) waren frühzeitig von der Erde vertilgt worden, aber dieſer, der Sohn einer verführten Unſchuldigen, lebte, um einſt das Glück zu genießen, das das Schickſal ſeiner gekränkten Mutter verſagte.

Die ſonſt immer ſanfte, immer ehrfurchtsvolle Ottilie, redete bei dieſen Entdeckungen immer hart gegen ihren Vater. Ueber die getrennte Verbindung trauerte ſie nicht, da ſie nichts als ſchweſterliche Liebe gegen ihren unglücklichen Bräutigam fühlte, aber ſie bewies mit feſten Gründen, daß Adrich grauſam gegen den Verlaſſenen gehandelt habe, ihn in der Dunkelheit hinwelken zu laſſen, [illegible], daß ihm, nicht ihr das Erbrecht zukäme, und ſchwur, daß ſie nie den Fürſtenhut tragen wolle, der ihm gebühre.

Dieß war es, ſprach ſie, indem ſie ſich ihrem Bruder weinend um den Hals warf, dieß war die geheime Empfindung, von dir angethanem Unrecht, deſſen Vergütung mir obliegt. O Heil mir, daß ich dir ſie gewähren kann! Du biſt der Sohn meines Vaters, du wirſt einſt mein Fürſt ſein, und ich bitte nichts von dir, als Ruhe und Freiheit, mein Leben in der Stille, ohne eine von euren gezwungenen Verbindungen beſchließen zu dürfen.

Wir haben ſchon erwähnt, daß Ottilie ſehr unwiſſend in den Rechten und Sitten der Erde war, und wir brauchen zum Beweis davon nichts anzuführen, als ihr Betragen bei dieſer Begebenheit. Faſt jedes Wort, das ſie ſagte, zeigte, daß ſie eine Mondbürgerin war.

Der Fürſt zürnte über nichts ſo ſehr, als daß ſie ſo laut von dieſen geheimen Dingen ſprach, und ſein Zorn ſtieg auf's Höchſte, als er in den Augen ſeiner Räthe und des Volks Billigung deſſelben und den Wunſch las, den edlen biedern Ritter ohne Namen, den Jedermann wegen ſeiner beſcheidenen Verdienſte liebte, lieber zum Fürſten zu haben, als die eigenſinnige Ottilie.

Ich übergehe, wie der zärtliche Bruder das Verfahren ſeiner himmliſchen Schweſter belohnte und beantwortete, und ſage nur ſo viel, daß der harte Vater es für gut hielt, die liebenden Geſchwiſter zu trennen, und den verlaſſenen Jüngling dem Volke, das ihm zujauchzte, aus den Augen zu bringen. Er ſelbſt ſchied von Ottilien mit grimmigem Zorn, und ließ ihr des andern Tages andeuten, ſie möchte ſich von Freiburg nach Zähringen begeben, und gewärtig ſein, nachdem ſie ſeine Zärtlichkeit ſo lange getäuſcht und ſeiner Nachſicht geſpottet hätte, daß er ihr nächſtens einen Bräutigam von ſeiner eignen Wahl vorſtellte, von welchem ſie nur der Tod ſolle befreien können.

Jetzt erſt lernte Ottilie die Leiden ihres traurigen Geburtslandes kennen. Die Ungewißheit wegen des Schickſals eines geliebten Bruders, und die Furcht vor den Drohungen eines harten Vaters preßten ihr Seufzer aus, wie noch keine aus ihrer Bruſt geflohen waren.

Sei mir gegrüßt, Haus der Thränen, ſagte ſie, als ſie gen Zähringen kam, hier duldete meine Mutter ihre letzten Leiden, hier werde auch ich den Reſt des bittern Kelches leeren: denn ich weiß es, den Tod meines Bruders, und die Verbindung mit einem Ungeliebten werde ich nicht überleben können.

Ohne Zweifel befand ſich Ottilie in einer Lage, die ſie berechtigte, die Oberälteſte aller Dulderinnen, wie ſie das vergangene Jahrzehend hervorbrachte, genannt zu werden; auch ſehen meine Leſer, daß ſie ſich nicht übel in die Sitten dieſer Gilde zu ſchicken wußte, nur fand ſich der kleine Unterſchied zwiſchen ihr und mancher Andern von dieſer Race, daß ihr Leiden wirklich groß und nicht erkünſtelt, ihre Sprache die Sprache des Herzens, ihre Handlungen natürliche Folgen ihrer beſondern Lage waren.

Ihr liebſter Aufenthalt bei Tage war die Marien-Kapelle und das Grab ihrer Mutter, und die Nächte, wo der Schlaf ſie nur ſelten beſuchte, brachte ſie auf dem Altan der hohen Burg zu, da ſie ihrem alten Freunde, dem Monde, jeden Blick, den er auf die Erde warf, abſtehlen, und ſich der frohen Tage der Kindheit, die ſie in ſeinem heiligen Gefilde verlebte, erinnern konnte; Urſachen, dieſem lieblichen Geſtirn hold zu ſein, welche keines von unſern ehemaligen Mondmädchen mit ihr gemein hatte.

O Wohnung der Ruhe! rief ſie ihm oft entgegen, wenn er am Horizonte glühend heraufſchwebte, oder mitten am ſtillen Mitternachtshimmel in voller Klarheit leuchtete, o Wohnung der Ruhe, Niemand kennt deine ſtillen Freuden beſſer als ich! O daß mich ein böſer Geiſt aus deinen lichtvollen Regionen auf die unruhige Erde herabſtürzte, welche nur in der Ferne mit einem lieblichen verführeriſchen Schimmer prangt.

Ottiliens Herz war erweicht, war zum höchſten Grad von Wehmuth geſtimmt; noch ein anderes Gefühl lauſchte im Hinterhalt, der Wunſch, irgend eine gleichempfindende Seele zu finden, mit welcher ſich ihre unnennbaren Gefühle theilen ließen, und das Schickſal führte ſchnell die Erfüllung herbei.

In einer ihrer durchweinten ſchlafloſen Nächte tönte ihr von dem Nachbarberge, der Zähringen gegenüber liegt, und in der Folge mit ihrem Namen benannt wurde, ein Laut herüber, wie ſie ihn auf der Erde noch nie gehört hatte. Ottiliens Herz ſchlug laut für den Zauber der Muſik, aber dieſelbe gehörte mit unter die Dinge, welche ihr der Aufenthalt in den überirdiſchen Regionen verleidet hatte. Die Tonkunſt war damals auf der Erde noch in ihrer Kindheit, und konnte dem verwöhnten Ohr des Fräuleins den Laut der himmliſchen Harfen und der Hymnen der Seligen nicht zurückrufen. Aus der erhabenen Orgel athmete noch kein überirdiſcher Hauch, und in der göttlichen Harmonika glaubte man noch nicht Chöre von Geiſterſtimmen zu hören. Ottilie warf alle Inſtrumente von ſich, die ſie meiſterlich ſpielte, weil ſie keinem den gewünſchten Ton entlocken konnte, und übte nur ihre eigene Stimme, welche an Wohllaut und Zärtlichkeit Alles übertraf, was je unter dem Monde geſungen worden iſt.

Jetzt glaubte ſie zum erſtenmal etwas zu hören, das der Harmonie ihrer eignen Kehle gleich war. Sie horchte hoch auf, und der himmliſche Laut verdoppelte ſich. Bald darauf wallten Ströme von Harmonien herüber, der Wiederhall im tiefen Thale antwortete mit tauſend Stimmen, und die Sterne am Himmel ſchienen ſtille zu ſtehen, um nichts von den unausſprechlich ſüßen Tönen zu verlieren.

Was iſt dieß? fragte Ottilie, welcher ahnend das Herz ſchlug, wo bin ich? im Lande der Geiſter? Iſt dieß Raphael's Harfe, oder der Geſang der himmliſchen Jungfrauen? —

O Wonne! nur meine Thränen, die Thränen himmliſcher Wolluſt vermögen dich anzureden! Wer biſt du unbekanntes Weſen, wer biſt du, das mir mitten in der Tiefe des Grams dieſe Erquickung gewährt?

Der harmoniſche Laut tönte fort, jetzt ſtärker und nun wie Chöre von Tauſenden, wie das Rauſchen mächtiger Waſſer, bis er endlich ſich in tiefer Ferne verlor, und in ſanften Accenten dahin ſtarb. Da ſenkte ſich der Schlaf auf Ottiliens Augenlieder, und ſie erwachte von den himmliſchen Träumen, die ſie umgaukelten, erſt beim Aufgang der Sonne.

Der Eindruck von dem, was ſie dieſe Nacht gehört hatte, war dauernd: ſie war dieſen ganzen Tag über wie berauſcht, ging wie im halben Traume, und ſeufzte der Nacht entgegen, die ihr Entzücken erneuern ſollte. Sie wartete nicht vergebens; die Harmonieen von dem benachbarten Berge tönten wieder durch die nächtliche Stille, und verſcheuchten ihren Gram, oder gaben ihm vielmehr einen neuen Schwung, der der Schwärmerin Wolluſt dünkte.

Man wird mit der Zeit alles gewohnt: Ottilien war es in den folgenden Nächten nicht genug zu hören, ſie wünſchte auch zu ſehen, und nichts konnte ſie von Befriedigung ihrer Neugier abhalten. Wir haben ſchon vorher erwähnt, daß ſie die Sitten der Erde nie gewohnt werden konnte, und die Feſſeln des Wohlſtandes nicht achtete: was hätte ſie alſo hindern ſollen, mitten in der Nacht das Schloß zu verlaſſen und hinüber zu eilen, um den Urheber der göttlichen Harmonien, die ſie bezauberten, kennen zu lernen? Alle Beſorgniſſe, welche ein anderes Mädchen hätten auf dem verſchloſſenen Zimmer feſt halten können, waren ihr fremd, geſchwind, wie Gedanken, war die weite Ebene überflogen, war der dicke Wald durchirrt, und ſie ſtand dem himmliſchen Tonkünſtler gegenüber, der ihr Herz zu ſich gezogen hatte.

Sein Anblick vollendete, was ſeine Töne angefangen hatten. Eine große majeſtätiſche Geſtalt, welcher der volle Mondenſtrahl, der ſie umglänzte, ein überirdiſches Anſehen gab, ein Geſicht von einer Schönheit, welcher die Züge tiefen Grams nichts benehmen konnten. Und o dieſer Blick, welcher in einer gedankenvollen Pauſe, die ſein himmliſches Spiel unterbrach, ſich in dem unermeßlichen Raume des Himmels zu verlieren ſchien, dieſe funkelnde Thräne im Auge! — Ottilie ſtand und ſchaute! ſtand und hörte, ein unnennbares Gefühl für den Unbekannten ſchlug in ihrem Herzen, und ſie kehrte kurz vor der Morgendämmerung nach Zähringen zurück, um wieder einen Tag zu verträumen.

Wer iſt er? fragte ſie ſich ſelbſt. Iſt's möglich, daß die Erde ſolche Söhne hat? O dann iſt ſie nicht ſo arm, als ich dachte! O daß ich ihn nicht eher kennen lernte! — Aber was macht er hier? Iſt es ſein eignes Geſchäft, die Nächte mit ſeinen Harmonieen zu erfüllen? Und dieſe Harmonieen, wo entquollen ſie? aus einer Flöte? — So hat nie eine Flöte getönt! Er ließ ſie im Graſe liegen, als er ſich entfernte, ich ſchlich hinzu, und ſetzte ſie an den Mund; ſie gab den gewöhnlichen Ton von ſich, der mir in den Ohren wehe that. O nur ſein Hauch, ſein überirdiſcher Hauch kann ſie ſo beleben, daß ſie Entzücken in's Herz, und Gott weiß, welche ſonderbare Ahnungen in die Seele ſtrömt.

Die Fragen, welche Ottilie an ſich ſelbſt that, wagte ſie in den nächſten Nächten unmittelbar an ihn zu richten. Hören und Sehen war ihr nun nicht mehr genug, auch ſprechen mußte ſie ihn. Nur ſchade, daß er ihre Fragen ſo unbefriedigend beantwortete.

Wer biſt du? fragte ſie ihn.

Ein Verbannter.

Wohin gehen deine Seufzer?

Nach meinem Vaterland.

Was ſuchſt du hier?

Einen Gefährten, mich zu begleiten.

Einen Gefährten! wiederholte Ottilie mit einem forſchenden Blick, wie verſtehſt du das?

Der Unbekannte ſchwieg und ergriff ſeine Flöte, die er zu ſanften wehmuthsvollen Tönen dämpfte, und ihr erſt gegen den Morgen Stillſchweigen gebot, da man ſich ungern trennte.

Ottilie lebte und webte nur in dem Unbekannten. Dieß war das Ideal himmliſcher Vollkommenheit, das ihr vorſchwebte! Alles an ihm entſprach den geheimen Wünſchen ihrer Seele, ſelbſt ſeine Schwermuth, die ſo wohl mit ihrem Herzen harmonirte. Der bedrängte Bruder und der harte Vater wurden jetzt faſt ganz und gar vergeſſen, oder ſie kamen nur in den nächtlichen Geſprächen mit dem Unbekannten zum Vorſchein; denn nach und nach ward man vertrauter, und ob er gleich alle Fragen, die ſeine Perſon unmittelbar betrafen, nur räthſelhaft beantwortete; ſo erhielt er doch bald aus ihrem Munde eine vollkommene Erzählung ihrer eignen Geſchichte.

O wie theuer ward ihr ihr neuer Freund, als er jeden Schritt, den ſie gethan hatte, billigte! O wie ſüß tönte ihr das feine, nicht überſpannte Lob aus ſeinem Munde! Wie wohl war ihr, wenn ſein Blick mit Wohlgefallen an ihrer Schönheit hing! Sie war nur Anbetung von ihren Bewunderern gewohnt, aber hier fand ſie etwas, das ihr unendlich mehr ſchmeichelte, die Herablaſſung eines höhern Weſens zu ihr. Sie ſchien ſich nicht zu erniedrigen, wenn ſie ihm etwas von den Gefühlen ihres Herzens merken ließ, ſondern es war ihr, als ob ſie ſich einige Stufen über ihre Sphäre erhöhe, wenn ſie zu ihm aufblickte und ihn Freund nannte.

Wer biſt du? ſagte ſie oft zu ihm, wenn ſie ſich lange genug in ſeinen Feuerblicken geſpiegelt hatte; mich dünkt, dich mehr geſehen zu haben, unſere Freundſchaft iſt nicht neu, mich dünkt, ſie muß ſchon Aeonen lang gedauert haben! — Der Unbekannte wußte dann ſo hinreißend von dem verborgenen Verſtändniß der Geiſter, von der Wiederfindung verwandter Seelen in unbekannten Welten und dergleichen geheimnißvollen Dingen zu reden, daß Ottilie, welche nichts mehr liebte als geheimnißvolle und überirdiſche Gegenſtände, vollends unwiderſtehlich an ihn gefeſſelt ward.

Wußte er dann ihre Fragen, ſo weit ſie ihn betrafen, nicht mehr zu beantworten, ſo lenkte er ihre Wißbegierde auf eine andere Seite, wo er ſie in vollem Maße befriedigen konnte. Die älteſten Geſchichten der Erde waren ihm bekannt. Er führte die neugierige Fragerin in die erſten Wohnungen der Unſchuld, ſprach von der Entſtehung der Erde und ihrem ſchrecklichen Untergang in den Waſſern der großen Fluth, als wenn er ſelbſt dabei geweſen wär', aber bei nichts hielt er ſich länger auf, als bei dem antediluvianiſchen Mährlein, von den Kindern des Himmels, welche nach den Töchtern der Menſchen ſahen, wie ſie ſchön waren, und von den Helden, die aus dieſen Verbindungen entſproſſen. Dieß war ſein Lieblings-Thema, und wenn dann Ottilie fragte, ob ſich wohl wirklich je etwas dergleichen zugetragen habe, ſo ſah er ſie mit einem ſeiner unausſprechlichen Blicke an und verſicherte, daß dergleichen ſich nicht allein zugetragen habe, ſondern auch noch jetzt zutragen könne.

Giebt es nicht, ſagte er, bei einer der nächtlichen Unterhaltungen, mit einem leiſen Drucke ihrer Hand, giebt es nicht Sterbliche, welche auf der Erde ſchlechterdings nicht ihres Gleichen finden können, und glaubſt du nicht, daß zu ſolchen die Söhne des Aethers gern herabſtiegen, ſich mit ihnen in himmliſcher Liebe zu verbinden?

Und welches iſt das Loos der Glücklichen, die ſolcher Liebe gewürdigt werden? fragte die zitternde Schwärmerin.

Unſterblichkeit! erwiederte er, indem er die Hand mit einer übermenſchlichen Majeſtät gegen den funkelnden Sternenhimmel ausbreitete. Der ganze Weltraum, die ganze Ewigkeit iſt unſer, und wir geben ſie, wem wir wollen.

O ſterbliches Mädchen, im Arm eines unverwelklichen Engels Aeonen hindurch von Planeten zu Planeten zu fliegen, und alle Wunder der Schöpfung und ihre geheimſten Urkräfte zu ſpähen, in meinem Arm, Ottilie, die ganze lange Ewigkeit, die Fülle der Liebe zu genießen, deren innerſtes Weſen nur Unſterbliche kennen, welch ein Loos! — Sprich nur ein Wort, und es iſt das deinige.

Ottilie ſchwieg; ſie vermochte nicht zu ſprechen, es war, als ob Himmel und Erde um ſie vergingen; nur der Unbekannte ſtand feſt in all ſeiner Herrlichkeit vor ihren Augen.

Kennſt du mich? fragte er mit einer Stimme, wie die Harmonie der Sphären, indem er ſie feſter in ſeine Arme ſchloß.

Ich kenne dich nicht, aber ich lebe nur dir.

Liebſt du mich? — O ſage Ottilie, ſage, daß du mich liebſt, und du biſt mein auf ewig!

Du biſt furchtbar, Unbekannter, ſchrie das Mädchen, indem ſie ſich aus ſeinen Armen riß. Wie kann ich dir Liebe geloben, ohne dich zu kennen! Nenne dich; biſt du ein Menſch, ein Engel des Lichts, oder ein Geiſt der Nacht, der auf mein Verderben lauert? Nenne dich, und ich ſchwöre bei Gott und der heiligen Jungfrau —

Kaum war der heilige Name, vor welchem die Geiſter der Finſterniß beben, über Ottiliens Lippen gegangen, als alle Gegenſtände vor ihrem Geſicht zu wanken begannen, und eine ſeltſame Beklemmung ſie überfiel, welche ſie verhinderte zu reden.

Ihr war, als wandelte ſich das Geſicht des Unbekannten in immer andere und andere Gebilde, von welchen das letzte einen Schauer durch ihre Gebeine goß, der ſie zu Boden ſtürzte. Sie ſah das Geſpenſt, das ihr nun nicht mehr unbekannt war, in einem blauen Nebel zerfließen. Nacht umfing ihre Augen und ihr vergingen die Sinne.

Sie befand ſich, als ſie erwachte, auf ihrem Bette, der Tag dämmerte an ihren Fenſtern, und ſie konnte ſich mit aller Mühe nicht erinnern, ob die Begebenheit der vergangenen Nacht Traum oder Wirklichkeit geweſen ſei.

Sie fühlte ſich den Tag über ſo krank, daß ſie erſt in der folgenden Nacht ſich aus dem Bette emporriß, um an's Fenſter zu fliegen. Die Melodien des Unbekannten waren es, die ſie mit ihrer Allgewalt herbeizogen. Sie tönten zauberiſcher als jemals von dem Nachbarberge herüber, und Ottilie zerfloß in Thränen.

Iſt es Wahrheit? iſt es Traum? ſchrie ſie mit gerungenen Händen. Sollte der, den ich liebe, der Einzige, den ich lieben kann, wirklich ein Geiſt des Verderbens ſein? Nein, nein! wie dürfte er es wagen, den Engeln ihren Glanz, den Himmeln ihre Harmonie zu ſtehlen? — Aber ſein letzter Anblick! Dieſes war genau das Geſicht des Verführers, der mich ehemals durch ſeine böſen Rathſchläge aus den Wohnungen der Ruhe ſtürzte. Wie, wenn er ſeine Verſuche erneuern, wenn er ſtreben wollte, mich noch tiefer hinab zu ziehen? — Sprach er nicht jenes Mal von der Möglichkeit mich in den Gefilden der Erde wieder zu finden? — Aber was bewegt ihn, dich durch alle Welten zu verfolgen? — Muß es denn eben der Wunſch, dich zu verderben, ſein? Was hätte er für Urſache, dich zu haſſen? — Wird er nicht vielleicht durch eben jene wunderbare Sympathie an dich gefeſſelt, die du für ihn fühlſt? — Ach ja, ich fühle es, er iſt der Einzige, der mein Herz erfüllt! Alles möchte ich mit ihm theilen, ſelbſt das Elend! Aber Ottilie! ein böſer Geiſt, ein Feind der Gottheit? — Nicht doch, kein Feind, vielleicht einer von jenen Mittelgeiſtern, deren Natur du nicht kennſt. Nennt er ſich nicht ſelbſt einen Verbannten, der ſein Vaterland ſucht und zur Reiſe dahin einen Gefährten wünſcht? O Ottilie, wenn du ſeine Gefährtin, ſeine Wegweiſerin zu den Wohnungen des Lichts würdeſt, wenn du ihn in den Schooß der Ruhe zurück brächteſt, aus welchem ihn vielleicht das Schickſal, das ſelbſt über die Geiſter herrſcht, unverſchuldet geſtoßen hat!

Ottilie philoſophirte auf eine ſehr gefährliche Art, welche bewies, daß ſie ſchon eine geraume Zeit die Schülerin eines verdächtigen Geiſtes geweſen war, auch ſagte ihr ein geheimes inneres Gefühl, daß ſie auf böſen Wegen ſei, aber die Gewalt, die ſie auf denſelben fortriß, war darum nicht minder ſtark. Die Himmelsſtimme auf dem Nachbargebirge tönte indeſſen noch immer fort. Ottilie machte ſich auf, den gewohnten Weg zu gehen, und ſie würde ihn wirklich gegangen ſein, wenn ſie nicht körperliche Schwachheit zurückgehalten hätte. Ihre Füße verſagten ihr ihre Dienſte und ſie ſank zu Boden.

Mit Mühe ſchleppte ſie ſich endlich nach ihrem Lager zurück, wo ſie die ganze Nacht in einem Meere von Träumen ſchwamm, die ſo wild durch einander gaukelten, daß ihre Vernunft zu wanken begann.

Erſt gegen Morgen, da die Traumgebilde deutlicher wurden, ſtand ein Geſicht hell und rein genug vor ihr, um ihr unvergeßlich zu bleiben. Willſt du, fragte der hohe Engel ihr Verfolger, der in himmliſchen Thränen vor ihr ſchwebte, willſt du mich verlaſſen, da dein und meine Seligkeit in deiner Hand ſteht? — Doch freilich, ein beſſeres Erdenglück winkt dir, ſiehe hier den Bräutigam, den dir dein Vater giebt, und freue dich ſeiner Wahl. Ottilie ſchaute auf, und erblickte die Geſtalt eines benachbarten Fürſten, welcher in der ganzen Gegend wegen ſeiner thieriſchen Ausſchweifungen und der Rauhigkeit ſeines Wandels berüchtigt war. Die Geſtalt ſeines Körpers war ſo abſcheulich als ſeine Sitten. Alle Laſter hatten ihr Bild auf ſein Geſicht gezeichnet, und es war unmöglich, ihn ohne Grauen anzuſehen.

Ottilie wandte das Geſicht mit einem lauten Schrei von der ſcheußlichen Larve. Denke nicht, ſagte der Geiſt [illegible], denke nicht, daß dir Gram und Abſcheu die Seligkeit eines ruhigen Todes gewähren werden. Jahre lang wirſt du unter den Klauen dieſes Ungeheuers ſchmachten; an Geiſt und Körper verwüſtet wirſt du dem Grabe zuſchleichen, und endlich nach deinem Peiniger hinabſinken, nicht mehr die himmliſche Ottilie, wie jetzt, ein [illegible] Engel die Reiche des Lichts mit der traurigen Erde vertauſchen.

Und was ſoll ich thun, mich zu retten? ſchrie die Verzweifelnde.

Du kennſt den Ort, wo ich wohne, rief er im Verſchwinden, wirf dich in meine Arme, die dort immer für dich offen ſtehen.

Und, tönte Ottilien eine ſanfte Stimme, wie aus tiefer Ferne entgegen, iſt deine alte Wohlthäterin ſo ganz bei dir vergeſſen, daß du lieber bei den Mächten der Finſterniß, als in ihrem Schooße Rettung ſuchſt?

Die Seherin blickte auf, und eine lichte Wolke zog am Rande des Horizonts vorüber, in welcher ſie den roſenfarbenen Schimmer von Mariens Gewand zu erkennen glaubte.

O, ſchrie ſie mit zuſammengeſchlagenen Händen, er iſt mir ſo nah, und du ſo fern! Maria! komm die Deine zu retten! Bei ihm iſt [illegible] [illegible], bei dir ein Umweg!

Ottilie befand ſich am Morgen ſo ſchlecht, daß ihre Frauen nach geiſtlichen und leiblichen Aerzten ſandten. Den letzten war es unmöglich, ihr zu helfen, da ihre Krankheit in der Seele lag, und ſich den erſten zu vertrauen, war der Delicateſſe des unglücklichen Mädchens bedenklich. Welche Sterbliche ſpricht gern von Angelegenheiten des Herzens mit einem Manne?

Die Duegna, welche das Leiden ihrer Gebieterin ſah, und von ihr zwar nicht den Grund derſelben, aber doch ihre Bedenklichkeiten in Anſehung des nöthigen Bekenntniſſes vernahm, ſuchte Rath zu ſchaffen. In einem Kloſter von Freiburg, ſagte ſie, lebt eine ſehr fromme Nonne, welche bedrängten Gewiſſen ſo kräftig rathen kann, als der entfernteſte Beichtiger; gebietet, daß ſie herüber komme, ſie wird euch ihren Troſt nicht verſagen.

Ottilie willigte ein, und die Nonne erſchien; eine ehrwürdige Figur, welche zu einem Gemälde der heiligen Anna oder Eliſabeth hätte dienen können. Sie ließ ſich liebreich zu den Schmerzen der jungen Leidenden herab, und hörte ihre Klagen.

O, ſagte ſie, ſeid ihr auch in die Stricke des verführeriſchen Geiſtes gefallen, der ſeit undenklichen Jahren in dieſen Gebirgen hauſt? Nur getroſt, mein Kind, ihr ſeid nicht die Erſte, die ich aus den Schlingen dieſes Böſewichts rettete. Seine Verſuchungen ſind mancherlei, und ich könnte euch Tage lang erzählen, wie viel Geſtalten er annimmt, die Menſchen zu bethören. Daß er Jeden auf ſeiner ſchwächſten Seite zu faſſen weiß, ſeht ihr an eurem eigenen Exempel. Stolz, Vorwitz und Schwärmerei waren von je her eure Fehler, und ihr ſehet, wie er ſich dieſe Unvollkommenheiten einer ſonſt ſo guten Seele zu Nutzen machte.

Ottilie, welche nicht gewohnt war zu hören, als die Stimme der Schmeichelei, hatte Muth genug, den Ton der Wahrheit in dem Munde der erſten Predigerin auszuhalten. Sie ging in ſich, ſie ſah die Abgründe, welche ſich zu ihren Füßen öffneten, und griff begierig nach den Rettungsmitteln. Die Nonne ſchied von ihr, und hinterließ ſie beruhigt; ſie beſuchte ſie wieder, und ging nie von ihrer Seite ohne eine gute Lehre. Die Regeln, welche ihr äußeres Verhalten betrafen, beſtanden vornehmlich darin, ihre Ohren vor der Stimme ihres Verführers zu verſchließen, die noch immer jede Nacht in der Ferne zauberiſch ertönte, und ſich nie in ſeine Gebiete zu wagen, welches beſonders die [illegible] Gebirge Altorfingen gegen über waren.

Es iſt unglaublich, was für Ueberwindung es Ottilien koſtete, ein Gefühl aus dem Herzen zu reißen, welches ſchon ſo tiefe Wurzel in demſelben gefaßt hatte. Ihr, die ihr jemals durch das Laſter in irgend einer glänzenden Hülle geblendet wurdet, ihr kennt den Kampf, in welchem ſo Wenige ſiegen. Ottilie ſiegte, und es iſt zu glauben, daß ſie Ruhe, Schönheit, Heiterkeit, welche faſt ganz in dem gefährlichen Selbſtſtreit verloren gingen, endlich wieder erlangt haben würde, wenn nicht das Schickſal von einer andern Seite auf ſie losgeſtürmt und ſie dem Ende ihrer Leiden entgegen geführt hätte.

Fürſt Ulrich ließ ſeiner Tochter ankündigen, ſie möchte darauf denken, das Brautgewand zu bereiten, und den Kranz zu ſchmücken, denn in wenig Tagen würde er mit Demjenigen erſcheinen, den er ihr zu ihrem Gemahl beſtimmt hätte. Ottilie erbebte, und gehorchte, denn Gehorſam war auch mit eine von den ſchweren Lectionen, die ihr die Nonne empfohlen hatte.

Du biſt durch Stolz gefallen, ſagte ſie zu ſich ſelbſt, durch Demüthigung mußt du dich wieder aufrichten. Keiner unter den Jünglingen der Erde däucht dich für würdig, aber ein böſer Geiſt, der alle Vollkommenheiten, die du wünſcheſt, durch die Künſte des Abgrundes angenommen hatte, der deiner Eitelkeit ſchmeichelte, dich zu dem Rang einer Göttin zu erheben verſprach, dieſer fand ohne mühſames Werben Eingang in deinem Herzen. Wähle nun auch für deine Thorheit, und nimm den, den dir dein Vater giebt, ohne fernere Rückſprache mit deinem Eigenſinn an.

Ottiliens Entſchluß war ſtark und gut, ſie befeſtigte ihn durch Gebet auf dem Grabe ihrer Mutter und Mariens Capelle, und erwartete dann mit heiterer Miene den Vater und den Bräutigam. Die Farbe ihrer Wangen und die geſunkenen Augen widerſprachen dem lächelnden Munde, ſie war bleich und abgezehrt, aber immer noch liebenswürdig.

Die Erwarteten erſchienen mit großem Gefolge, der Vater mit der gebieteriſchen Miene eines Fürſten, die Ottilie ſonſt nicht an ihm kannte, und der Bräutigam — ganz das Original zu dem ſchrecklichen Traumbilde, das ihr in jener Nacht vorſchwebte. — Es fehlte wenig, daß die Arme nicht ohnmächtig wurde, und als ſich vollends der beſtimmte Gefährte ihres Lebens ihr mit ekelhafter Zudringlichkeit näherte, und in der rauhen Mundart wilder Jäger und Ritter mit ihr von Liebe ſprach, da ward ihr dunkel vor den Augen, und ſie mußte ſich an den Wänden aufrecht erhalten, um nicht umzuſinken.

Ottilie! ſagte ſie zu ſich ſelbſt, als man ſie auf ihr Zimmer gebracht hatte, du, ein Himmelsgeſchöpf, an die Sprache der Engel gewöhnt, du das Eigenthum eines ſolchen Ungeheuers! — O beſſer lieber den Tod. —

Es war wirklich mit den ernſteſten Sterbensgedanken, daß ſie zur Ruhe ging, und nur die Kenntniß ihrer Pflicht konnte ſie abhalten, nicht durch eine Nebenthür aus der Welt zu ſchlüpfen; doch war der Kampf zwiſchen Religion und dem Entſchluſſe zu dieſem äußerſten Mittel nicht klein. Sie warf ſich unruhig auf ihrem Lager hin und her, und riß ſich endlich empor, um dem ſchrecklichen Mittelzuſtand zwiſchen bangem Schlummer und wachendem Träumen zu entgehen.

Sie flog an's Fenſter. Ach, ſeufzte ſie, die Stimme dort drüben, die ſonſt meinen Gram einſchläferte, thut jetzt nicht mehr! — Es iſt gut, daß ſie ſchweigt, es war die Stimme eines Verführers! — Und doch redete dieſer Verführer ſo wahr. — Iſt nicht der Mann, den mir mein Vater beſtimmt, eben derjenige, den er mir im Traume zeigte? und wenn nun auch das Uebrige erfüllt wird! wenn nun meine einzige Hoffnung, ein baldiger Tod, mich täuſcht, wenn ich, an Leib und Seele verwahrloſt, Jahre lang dem Grabe entgegenſchmachtete, vielleicht im Umgang eines ſolchen Ungeheuers ſelbſt bös und laſterhaft werde? — Man hat Exempel, daß gute ſanfte Geſchöpfe im Arm ſolcher Männer zu wüthenden Unholdinnen wurden! — O Entſetzen! Arme, arme Ottilie!

Doch, könnteſt du nicht vielleicht das Gegentheil erwarten? vielleicht ihn beſſern und zur Tugend zurück bringen? Wie, wenn du ihm nun jede freundliche Miene von dir mit einer guten Handlung erkaufen ließeſt, und dadurch tauſendfaches Gutes hervorbrächteſt? O dieß wäre Triumph und Ueberwindung einer Heiligen! — Verſuche es! Der Gegenſtand deines Abſcheus vermag Alles über deinen Vater, laß ihn dein Jawort durch die Befreiung deines unglücklichen Bruders [illegible]; gelingt dieſes, ſo wird Alles gelingen, und du wirſt mitten im Elend nicht ganz unglücklich ſein.

Ottilie hatte kaum dieſen Gedanken völlig durchdacht, als ſie unter ihrem Fenſter im nächtlichen Garten Stimmen vernahm, welche ſie aufmerkſam machten. Es waren die Stimmen der beiden Fürſten, welche die Mitternachtsſtunde von den Taumelfreuden aufgeſchreckt hatte, und die noch einen Gang in die freie Luft thaten, um die Dünſte des Weins verrauchen zu laſſen. Beide ſprachen mit lallender Zunge, doch der Inhalt ihres Geſprächs bezeugte noch deutlicher als ihre Stimme, in was für einem Zuſtande ſie waren.

Ottilie hörte mit Eckel ihrer Unterhaltung zu, und war ſchon im Begriff ſich zu entfernen, um nichts mehr zu hören, als ſie den Namen ihres Bruders vernahm, und durch denſelben zurück gehalten wurde.

Er muß ſterben, ſagte der Bräutigam, das iſt die erſte Bedingung, die ich euch bei dieſer Heirath mache. Das Volk liebt ihn, und er könnte meinen Kindern einmal das Erbrecht auf eure Lande ſtreitig machen.

Aber, ſagte der Vater, wenn nun Ottilie bittet? Noch dieſen Abend lag ſie zu meinen Füßen und flehte um ſeine Befreiung.

O ich verſpreche ihr Alles, verſetzte der Andere, und das erſte Geſchenk, was ich ihr mache, wenn ich ſie in meiner Gewalt habe, iſt der Kopf des gefährlichen Jünglings, der mir auf mehr als eine Art Eintrag thun könnte.

Das Ende dieſes abſcheulichen Geſpräches übertraf noch den Anfang. Ottilie entfernte ſich vom Fenſter, verhüllte ſich und weinte. Alſo keine Rettung! ſeufzte ihr Herz. Hier der Abgrund der Hölle in den Armen dieſes Verworfenen, und dort ewiges Verderben im Suchen eines ſelbſt gewählten Todes. — Aber Thörin, iſt dir nicht noch ein Mittel übrig, die Flucht?

Ottilie beſann ſich ein wenig, ihr fiel ein Kloſter ein, an den äußerſten Grenzen des Landes, es lag im Schooße eines wilden Waldes, und ward faſt von Niemand gekannt, als von ihr, die es in glücklichen Tagen oft ohne alle Begleitung zu beſuchen pflegte. Die Nonnen waren arm und ſuchten ihr Glück in der Dunkelheit, nie hatten ſie Geſchenke von ihr annehmen oder ſie anders als einſam in ihre Mauern einlaſſen wollen, weil ſie fürchteten, auf andere Art einen Antheil deſſen, worein ſie ihre höchſte Seligkeit ſetzten, zu verlieren. Dorthin dachte Ottilie. Nächtliches Reiſen, tägiger Aufenthalt in Höhlen und Gebirgen, durch welche der ſtille betretene Weg zu dem gewünſchten Zufluchtsort führte, ſollten ſie, wie ſie meinte, vor Nachſtellung und Verfolgung ſchützen, und der Segen ihrer himmliſchen Patronin das Werk befördern.

O Dank dir! ſchrie ſie, indem ſie ſich zu der Wand des [illegible] Bilds kehrte. Dank dir, du Heilige, für dieſen glücklichen Einfall! er kam von dir, du wirſt ihn ausführen helfen.

Das Zimmer ward bald eröffnet, [illegible], und nun lag das freie Feld vor ihr, und der Wald mit ſeinen Dunkelheiten, und das Gebirge, durch deſſen verſchlungene Thäler ihr der Weg ſo wohl bekannt war. Sie eilte muthig fort, ohne zurück zu denken, [illegible] mit tiefen [illegible] Gängen erfüllt hatte. Ihr kam es nicht in den Sinn, daß es die Wächter des verführeriſchen Geiſtes waren, die ſie zuerſt dieſen Weg gehen hießen, den ſie nachher ſo wohl gewohnt ward, und daß ſie ſich wirklich mitten in ſeinem furchtbaren Gebiete befand. Sie dachte nichts als Rettung und Flucht vor ihren irdiſchen Verfolgern, und ſah oft zurück, ob ſie etwas zu fürchten habe.

Jetzt war es ihr, als hörte ſie im wiederhallenden Thale den Fußtritt vieler Menſchen, jetzt ſchimmerte ihr durch den Wald, den ſie eben zurückgelegt hatte, der Schein von Fackeln, jetzt vernahm ſie Stimmen, bald näher, bald ferner und nun konnte ſie die Sprache der beiden noch halb trunkenen Fürſten deutlich verſtehen.

Ach, rief ſie, und ſank an dem Fuß des Berges nieder, ach ich bin verloren! man hat meine Flucht entdeckt! — Wo iſt ſie! wo iſt ſie! brüllte jetzt die Stimme des abſcheulichen Bräutigams aus dem nahen Gebüſch, hier muß ſie ſein, ich ſah noch vor Kurzem den Schimmer ihres weißen Gewandes im Mondlichte.

Ottilie ſprang auf. O rette, rette mich! ſchrie ſie mit ausgebreiteten Armen. — Hier bin ich dein Retter! erwiderte die harmoniſche Stimme des Geiſtes aus dem Gebirge; ſei willkommen du Himmliſche in meinen Armen! Weder irdiſche noch überirdiſche Mächte ſollen hindern und trennen.

Ottilie wandte ihr Auge von der glänzenden Geſtalt des Verführers, der dicht hinter ihr ſtand, [illegible] kannte ihn genug, um ihn zu fliehen, aber ſeine ſchimmernde Außenſeite war ihrem Herzen noch immer gar zu theuer.

Rette, rette mich! Maria, Mutter der Gnade! ſchrie ſie, und wandte ihr Geſicht nach dem Berge. Einmal in meiner höchſten Noth wollteſt du mir Hülfe gewähren, ſiehe, der ſchreckliche Augenblick iſt erſchienen! Meine irdiſchen Feinde ſind dicht hinter mir, und dort winkt der Verführer, mit welchem mein verrätheriſches Herz im geheimen Verſtändniß ſteht.

In der That waren die ſichtbaren Feinde ihr jetzt ſo nahe, daß ſie den Zipfel ihres Gewandes zu faſſen glaubten, aber derjenige, welcher Allen außer ihr unſichtbar war, ließ ſie einen nächtlichen Dunſt ergreifen, und machte einen zweiten Verſuch, die Verfolgte in ſeine Arme zu faſſen.

Aber die Heilige vernahm die Stimme des flehenden Mädchens; der Berg that ſich auf, nahm ſie in ſeinen Schooß, und ſchloß ſich krachend hinter ihr zu, daß die Erde unter ihren Verfolgern bebte. Auch rauſchte es fürchterlich in den Wipfeln der Tannen, welche das Geiſtergebirg krönten, und am fernen Horizont rollte der Donner.

Der getäuſchte Verführer war es, der durch den Wald wie ein Sturmwind tobte, er war es, der die Gewitterwolken zuſammen ballte, um tödtende Blitze auf ſeine irdiſchen Brüder zu ſchleudern, da ſeine Rache die Heilige nicht erreichen konnte, welche ihm ſeinen Raub entriſſen hatte.

Die erſchrockenen Verfolger Ottiliens ſtanden unten am Berge, und wußten nicht, ob ſie bleiben oder fliehen ſollten; der Vater ſtimmte für das Letzte, und ſein Zechgeſelle für das Erſte; er verſicherte mit tauſend Flüchen, daß er Alles für angelegte Sache halte, und daß er ſeine Braut aus der verſchloſſenen Höhle des Berges reißen, oder hier umkommen, und ihren Schützer mit ſich in den Tod nehmen wollte.

Der anbrechende Tag ſah tauſend Werkleute beſchäftigt, die Eingeweide des Berges zu durchwühlen, aber Alles, was man hervorriß, war ein kleines Bächlein, das ſprudelnd hervorſchoß, und im Hinabſtrömen ſich ſo unheimlich vergrößerte, daß die gefährlichen Arbeiter und ihr zornglühender Herr ſich entfernen mußten.

Er und Ulrich ſchieden in grimmigem Zorn von einander; er beſchuldigte den Vater der gerühmten Heiligen der Zauberei, und kein Monat verging, ſo überſchwemmten ſeine Völker Ottiliens Geburtsland, und drohten es zur Wüſte zu machen.

Ulrich war in Verzweiflung, er lebte ſeit dreißig Jahren in ſeinem Lande im tiefſten Frieden, und hatte den Gebrauch der Waffen längſt vergeſſen, auch ſeine [illegible] verſtanden ſich nach ſeinem Beiſpiel beſſer darauf, [illegible] zu lernen, als einem erbitterten Feinde, dem es nicht an Tapferkeit fehlte, die Spitze zu bieten.

Er und ſein Land wären verloren geweſen, wenn Ottiliens Fürbitte ihm nicht die Himmliſchen geneigt gemacht hätte. In einer ſchlafloſen Nacht [illegible] Maria im Himmelsglanz vor ihm, und an ihrer Seite die blonde Ottilie, welche in den [illegible] Gefilden die Roſen ihrer Wangen noch nicht hatte [illegible].

Du weißt, ſagte die Himmelskönigin, [illegible]. Es wäre mir ein Leichtes auch den andern Verfolgern, der in deinen Landen [illegible], zu bekehren, aber ich weiß, [illegible] nicht [illegible]. [illegible]

Man hatte Niemand geſehen, aber es war Ulrichen [illegible] zu errathen, daß von ſeinem Sohne die Rede war. Er war um ſo viel geneigter zu gehorchen, da Ottiliens Schickſal ihm ſchon längſt günſtigere Gedanken gegen den unglücklichen Jüngling eingeflößt hatte, für den ſie ſich bei ihrem Leben mit ſo inniger Theilnahme zu verwenden pflegte. Er war überdem jetzt ſein Einziger, und nach Ottiliens Tode Derjenige, auf welchen Aller Augen ſahen.

Der bisherige Ritter ohne Namen wurde aus dem Gefängniß im Triumph nach Jüringen geführt, wo ihn Ulrich zum erſtenmal mit dem Namen Sohn in ſeine Arme ſchloß. Er ſchwur bei dem Berge, der ſeine unglückliche Schweſter vor ihren Verfolgern geſchützt hatte, ſie zu rächen und das Vaterland zu befreien, und trank zur Bekräftigung des Eides dreimal aus dem klaren Bächlein, das ſo wohl als das Gebirg, aus deſſen Schooß es entſpringt, Ottiliens Namen führt.

Er hielt, was er verſprach: ſeine Siege machten ihn zum Beſitzer zweier Fürſtenthümer, denn nicht allein ſein Vaterland, ſondern auch das Land des überwundenen Feindes huldigte ſeinen Verdienſten. Manche herrliche Königsſtadt, manche paradieſiſche Gegend ward ſein Eigenthum, aber kein Ort war ihm theurer als das Thal zwiſchen Jüringen und dem Ottilienberge, der nun von dem verführeriſchen Geiſte der Nacht befreiet war, und nur zuweilen von dem ſtillen Schatten der Heiligen beſucht wurde, die noch in den himmliſchen Gefilden mit Sehnſucht an ihrem Geburtslande hing, und in mondhellen Nächten gern zu ſeinen friedlichen Gegenden herabſchwebte.

Friedrich Nauck

ward am 28. Februar 1782 zu Gorz geboren und erhielt von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Prediger, den erſten wiſſenſchaftlichen Unterricht. Er bildete ſich dann in Berlin zum Baukünſtler und kam als Geometer nach Magdeburg, von wo ihn die weſtphäliſche Regierung in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Halle und bald darauf als Inspecteur des ponts et des eaux nach Göttingen verſetzte. Im Freiheitskampfe begleitete er als Feldgeograph und ſpäter als Pionierhauptmann das preußiſche Heer und wurde nach ſeiner Rückkehr als Regierungs- und Waſſerbaurath zu Münſter und 1820 zu Minden angeſtellt und zum Ritter des eiſernen Kreuzes ernannt.

Die literariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Pionierlieder. Köln 1815; 2. Aufl. 1816.
Einige Lieder und Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Beiträge zum mindenſchen Sonntagsblatt und Arbeiten in andern Zeitſchriften.

Echter warmer Patriotismus, kernige Geſundheit, Kraft und Klarheit zeichnen die Gedichte dieſes trefflichen Mannes vortheilhaft aus.

Chriſtian Nikolaus Naumann

ward 1720 zu Bautzen geboren, widmete ſich nach den gewöhnlichen Schulſtudien, zu Leipzig, Roſtock und Halle der Philoſophie und wurde 1748 zu Jena Magiſter der Philoſophie und Lector am Convictorium. Da ihm aber ſeine Bewerbung um eine Profeſſur fehlſchlug, ging er von Jena wieder und ließ ſich nach kurzem Aufenthalte in andern Städten endlich 1777 als Privatgelehrter zu Görlitz nieder, wo er am 15. Februar 1797 ſtarb.

Literariſch bekannt iſt er durch:

Scherzhafte Lieder. Hamburg 1743.
Die Martinsgans. Schäferſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1748.
Der Liebhaber der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Jena 1747—48. 4 Bde.
Satiriſche Gedichte. Frankfurt 1751 und Magdeburg 1753.
Sittliche Schilderungen. Erfurt 1752.
Nimrod. Heldengedicht in 24 Büchern. Frankfurt 1752.

Ein unbedeutendes Talent, das bald vergeſſen wurde, trotz ſeinen Anſtrengungen, als Dichter Geltung zu erlangen.

Johann Auguſt Wilhelm Neander

ward am 16. Januar 1789 zu Göttingen geboren und legte auf dem hamburger Gymnaſium und Johanneum die Grundlagen ſeiner wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausbildung. 1806 ging er nach Halle und trat hier vom Judenthum zum chriſtlichen Glauben über, ſtudirte hier und zu Göttingen Philoſophie und Theologie und habilitirte ſich 1810 nach vorangegangener philoſophiſcher Doctorpromotion als Privatdocent zu Heidelberg, wo er 1812 zum außerordentlichen Profeſſor der Theologie ernannt wurde. Doch ſchon in demſelben Jahre folgte er dem Rufe als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie nach Berlin und wirkt ſeitdem hier ſegensreich als akademiſcher Lehrer und Conſiſtorialrath bei dem höchſten geiſtlichen Collegium der Provinz Brandenburg.

Von ihm haben wir:

Kaiſer Julian und ſein Zeitalter. Heidelberg 1812.
Der heilige Bernhard und ſein Zeitalter. Berlin 1813.
Entwicklung der vornehmſten gnoſtiſchen Syſteme. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Der heilige Chryſoſtomus und die Kirche. Ebendaſ. 1821—22. 2 Bde.; 2. Ausg. 1832.
Denkwürdigkeiten aus der Geſchichte des Chriſtenthums. Ebendaſ. 1822. 3 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1825.
Antignoſtikus. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Allgemeine Geſchichte der chriſtlichen Religion und Kirche. Hamburg 1825—36. 7 Bde.
Kleine Gelegenheitsſchriften. 3. Aufl. Berlin 1829.
Geſchichte der Pflanzung und Leitung der Kirche. Hamburg 1832—33. 2 Bde.

N. iſt einer unſerer gründlichſten und ausgezeichnetſten Kirchenhiſtoriker. Die Aufgabe, welche er nach ſeinem eigenen Ausſpruche, ſich bei ſeinen Forſchungen ſetzte, die Kirchengeſchichte als einen ſprechenden Beweis von der göttlichen Kraft des Chriſtenthums, als eine Schule chriſtlicher Erfahrung, eine durch die Jahrhunderte hindurch tönende Stimme der Erbauung, der Lehre und der Warnung, darzuſtellen, hat er auf glänzende Weiſe mit echt chriſtlicher Geſinnung und tiefer Erkenntniß des chriſtlichen Lebens gelöſt. Eben ſo tief eindringend und erfolgreich iſt der Einfluß dieſes ehrwürdigen Mannes, voll Milde und Liebe und doch voll feſter Beſtimmtheit, auf die Gemüther ſeiner Schüler und Zuhörer.

Daniel Amadeus Neander

ward am 17. November 1755 zu Lengefeld in Sachſen geboren, ſtudirte zu Chemnitz und Leipzig Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde dann Erzieher in Dresden. Seinem Wunſche, ſich in Wittenberg als Lehrer zu habilitiren, ſtanden ſeine Vermögensumſtände entgegen, weswegen er 1805 die Pfarrei Flemmingen bei Naumburg annahm, von wo er 1817 als Pfarrer, Superintendent und Conſiſtorialrath nach Merſeburg verſetzt und dort mit der Aufſicht über das theologiſche Seminar beauftragt wurde. 1823 kam er als wirklicher Oberconſiſtorialrath, Mitglied des Miniſteriums der geiſtlichen rc. Angelegenheiten, Propſt und Pfarrer nach Berlin, wurde hier 1829 zum erſten Generalſuperintendent der Provinz Brandenburg und Conſiſtorialdirector ernannt und 1830 zum Biſchof der evangeliſchen Kirche und Obercenſor, ſowie 1831 zum Staatsrath erwählt, nachdem er bereits mit dem Ritterkreuz des rothen Adlerordens 2. Claſſe geſchmückt worden war.

Er ſchrieb:

Die erſte merkwürdige Geiſtererſcheinung des 19. Jahrhunderts. Dresden 1804.
Predigten. Einzeln von 1816—23.
Predigten über auserleſene Stellen der heiligen Schrift. Berlin 1826, 2 Bde.

Auch gab er mit Bretſchneider und Goldhorn das Journal für Prediger heraus.

Klarheit, Innigkeit, Ruhe und treffliche Darſtellung weiſen N's Kanzelvorträgen einen hohen Rang an.

Chriſtoph Friedrich Neander,

einer der beliebteſten neuern Liederdichter, ward am 26. December 1724 zu Eckau in Kurland geboren und erhielt von ſeinem Vater, dem Pfandhofsbeſitzer N. zu Memelhof, beſonders aber von ſeiner geiſtvollen Mutter eine treffliche, vorzüglich ſein zartes und tiefes Gefühl früh entwickelnde Erziehung. Nach erlangter Schulbildung ſtudirte er 1740—43 zu Halle Philoſophie und Theologie und machte ſich ſchon jetzt durch Fleiß, Talent und Sittlichkeit vor ſeinen Commilitonen bemerklich. Er wirkte dann eine Zeitlang als Hauslehrer in ſeinem Vaterlande und ſeit 1750 als Landprediger bei dem Rittergut Kabillen, welche Stelle er auch nach erhaltenem ehrenvollen Rufe als Profeſſor zu Halle aus Liebe zur Natur und zu ſeinen Gemeinden bis 1756 fort verwaltete. Jetzt wurde er zu dem größeren Wirkungskreis des Paſtorats zu Grenzhof berufen, ſammelte dort zufolge höheren Auftrages ſeit 1771 das neue kurländiſche Kirchengeſangbuch, wurde 1775 Propſt der Doblenſchen Diöceſe, 1784 Superintendent von Kurland und Semgallen und verfaßte die daſige neue Kirchenordnung. Von manchem harten Schlage des Geſchickes, namentlich dem Tode ſeines geliebteſten zu Jena ſtudirenden Sohnes gebeugt, aber mit hohem Gottvertrauen und edler Kraft ruhig das Beſte der Wiſſenſchaft und ſeiner Gemeinden erſtrebend, ſtarb er daſelbſt allgemein verehrt am 21. Julius 1802. Heilig war ſeinen Beichtkindern noch lange ſein Andenken und ſein Grab; an ihm gelobten ſie noch ſpät Frömmigkeit und echte Tugend nach ſeinem anregenden Beiſpiele.

Von ihm erſchienen:

Geiſtliche Lieder. Riga 1766 u. 1774, 2 Sammlungen, gr. 8.; 2. verb. Aufl. der 1. Sammlung 1766; 3. verbeſſerte Aufl. 1779, gr. 8.

Außerdem verſchiedene proſaiſche und poetiſche Aufſätze in den „Beluſtigungen des Verſtandes und Witzes" u. ſ. w.

Innige Frömmigkeit, Kraft, echtes Gottvertrauen, herzgewinnende Einfachheit und gute Behandlung der Sprache und Form reihen N's geiſtliche Lieder den beſten ihrer Gattung mit vollem Rechte an.

Joachim Neander

ward 1610 zu Bremen geboren und kam nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Studien als Rector an die reformirte Schule nach Düſſeldorf, von wo er 1679 als Prediger an die St. Martinskirche nach Bremen gerufen wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 31. Mai 1680.

Litterariſch bekannt iſt er durch:

Bundeslieder. Bremen 1679.

Mehrere Gedichte, welche in die „Bibliothek deutſcher Dichter" Bd. 11 aufgenommen worden ſind.

N's Lieder zeichnen ſich durch Wohlklang und Innigkeit vortheilhaft aus. —

Johann Auguſt Nebe

ward am 23. April 1775 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde nach erhaltener philoſophiſcher Doctorwürde an der daſigen neuen Bürgerſchule angeſtellt. 1801 kam er als Prediger nach Krumpa bei Merſeburg und wurde ſpäter von hier als Oberconſiſtorialrath und Generalſuperintendent nach Eiſenach berufen, wo er, mit der theologiſchen Doctorwürde beehrt, als Vicepräſident des Oberconſiſtoriums noch jetzt ſegensreich wirkt.

Er gab heraus:

Homilien für Landgemeinden. Halle 1799.
Das Gebet Jeſu Chriſti. Homilien. Leipzig 1806.
Bibliſch-katechetiſches Handbuch. Halle 1807; 3. Ausg. 1830, 2 Bde.
Ueber die Gefahr, ſich auszupredigen. Leipzig 1805.
Drei Feſtpredigten. Eiſenach 1817.
Die Feier des 3. evangeliſchen Jubelfeſtes. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Der Schullehrerberuf. Ebendaſ. 1825.

Klarheit, Gründlichkeit, Würde und Anmuth der Darſtellung haben N's Kanzelvorträgen wie ſeinen didaktiſchen Schriften einen bedeutenden Ruf erworben.

Neithart, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Valerius Wilhelm Neubeck

ward am 29. Januar 1765 zu Arnſtadt in Schwarzburg-Sondershauſen geboren und auf der Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt in den gewöhnlichen Vorbereitungswiſſenſchaften unterrichtet. Nachdem er auf der Ritterakademie zu Liegnitz in Schleſien dieſe Studien vollendet hatte, ging er nach Göttingen und Jena, um dort Medicin zu ſtudiren, erwarb ſich 1788 am letztern Orte die mediciniſche Doctorwürde und kehrte dann als praktiſcher Arzt nach Liegnitz zurück. Von hier kam er als Kreisphyſicus nach Steinau in Niederſchleſien und wurde hier mit dem Charakter eines Hofrathes beehrt.

Er verfaßte:

Die Zerſtörung der Erde nach dem Gerichte. Liegnitz 1785, 8.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.
Dramatiſche Skizzen der nordiſchen Mythologie. Aus dem Engliſchen des Dr. Sayers. Leipzig 1793, 8.
Die Geſundbrunnen. Gedicht. Breslau 1795, gr. 4.; 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1800, 4.; Prachtausgabe mit 5 Kupf. Ebendaſ. 1798, Fol.
Poetiſche Schriften. Leipzig 1827 ff.

Außerdem Aufſätze und Gedichte in den „Schleſiſchen Provinzialblättern," der „Schleſiſchen Monatsſchrift," der „Eunomia," Wieland's „Merkur" und in andern Zeitſchriften.

Neubeck's vorzüglichſtes Werk iſt ſein didaktiſch-deſcriptives Gedicht, „die Geſundbrunnen"; es beſitzt namentlich in Hinſicht auf den Reichthum der Gedanken, die trefflichen poetiſchen Schilderungen und die hohe Correctheit der Sprache und Form, wahrhaft klaſſiſchen Werth; nur tritt das lyriſche Element mitunter zu herrſchend vor, und ſtört, nach ſtrengen Anforderungen, die Ruhe, welche das Lehrgedicht haben ſoll. Unter ſeinen übrigen Poeſien findet ſich gleichfalls viel Vortreffliches, und ſie beurkunden wie jenes, eine begabte Phantaſie, feinen Geiſt, Tiefe und Wärme des Gefühls und muſterhafte Behandlung der Diction.

Aus Neubeck's Gedichten:

Die Geſundbrunnen.

Diamantene Pforten verſchloſſen den finſteren Eingang
In die reichen Gefilde der unterirdiſchen Schöpfung.
Eine der Pforten klang auf ihren Angeln, und weit auf
That ſich das Reich der Ströme, der Erze, der Salze, der Steine.
Dumpfere Donner der fernſten Gewäſſer mächtiger Flüſſe;
Näherer Wogen Gebrüll, und des Stromfalls ſchäumender Aufruhr;
Stürzender Felſenbäche gewundenes Rauſchen, und kleiner
Sprudelnder Quellen Geriesel begrüßte die Göttin bei'm Eintritt
In ihr väterlich Reich. Auf ihren ſteinernen Urnen
Lagen der Ströme Beherrſcher in weiten Klippengewölben,
Deren Geſtein mit ungeborgtem, ſternichtem Glanze
Funkelte, gleich Thautropfen der Flur im Schimmer Selenens.
Welche Gewäſſer ſich hier durch menſchenleerer Geſtade
Krümmungen dumpf hinwälzen, beſangſt du, göttlicher Maro,
Schon mit ſchönerem Genieflug und unſterblicher Würde.
Unnachahmlich und unerreicht fliegt deine Begeiſtrung
Siegend empor zu dem Tempel des Ruhms; tief bleiben der Nachwelt
Dichter zurück im Thale, mit ihnen die Sänger der Wälder,
Welche mit Stimme der Leier, geweiht den ewigen Nymphen.
Nur mit ehrfurchtsvollem und ſtillbewunderndem Schweigen
Will ich vorübergehn die Pforten der Ströme, die Namen
Ihrer Gewäſſer durchrauſchen dem Lied, unſterblicher Barde,
Schon mit erhabnerem Klang. — Erfüllt mit froher Erwartung,
Bald die verborgneren Fluthen zu ſchaun, aus denen des Kranken
Zitternde Hand der holden Geſundheit heilenden Balſam
Für den zerrütteten Leib, und den ſchwermuthvolleren Geiſt ſchöpft,
Voll von dieſer Erwartung gelangt' ich jetzt mit der Nymphe
Aus der donnernden Welt der herrlichen Ströme zu jenen
Stillen Gefilden der Heilungsquellen, und hörte von ferne
Schon mit Silberklang in der Felſenwiege ſie wallen.
Und die Göttin führte mich tiefer hinab in der Erde
Grauſenvolles Geklüft. Das unterirdiſche, weite,
Ungeheure Gewölbe, kein Atlas ſtützte die Laſt hier,
War mit Diamanten beſtirnt; ein eherner Himmel
Hing es über mir. Drohend und furchtbar thürmten ſich Klumpen
Purpurſchwarzen Geſteins, mit Eiſenerze durchadert
Hoch auf beiden Seiten empor. Nur einzelne Schimmer
Streuten des Erzes Adern umher; ſo funkeln Geſtirne
In der Gewitternacht durch ſchwarze, zerriſſene Wolken;
Aber den ehernen Felſen entrieſelten flüchtige Bäche
Durch dumpfhallende Wälder gediegenes Eiſens, und rollten
Ueber grauen Kobolt und Strahlkies ihre Kryſtallfluth.
Seit Jahrtauſenden naget der Roſt an der eiſernen Waldung.
Siehe in fliehenden Wellen umlecken der ſtarrenden Wurzeln
Lockere Rinde, verſchlucken des Eiſens, und tragen es endlich
Durch umnachtete Pfade dahin, wo der Kranke die Heilfluth
Schöpfet, oder die Glieder darein, im ſtärkenden Bade,
Tauchet, und die ſchlaffen, zerbrochenen Nerven mit eherner Kraft ſtählt.
So kommt jeglicher Weſt, der Gewürze Wälder durchſäuſelt,
Unter des Zimmtbaums Blüthen dahin ſchlüpft, oder des Amra
Knoſpende Wipfel umſchwärmt, mit Würzgerüchen beladen
Aus den Schatten in's offne Gefild, und erquicket den Wandrer,
Der mit Staube bedeckt, ſich nun dem duftenden Hainthal
Glühender naht und athmender trinkt den erfriſchenden Luftſtrom.
Lehre mich, ſprach ich anjetzt zu meiner Gefährtin, dir iſt ja
Alles, o Göttin, kund, drum lehre mich, was in dem Heilquell
Jenes lebendige Sprudeln erregt, und die tanzenden Perlen,
Die des Gefäßes Rand mit den wechſelnden Farben der Iris
Lieblich umkränzen, und Silberſtaub im Zerſpringen umherſtreun?
Freundlich erwiederte drauf mit melodiſcher Stimme die Göttin:
Durch die ganze Natur iſt ein flüchtiger, geiſtiger, ſaurer
Aether verbreitet; von ihm durchdrungen ſind alle Gewächſe,
Alle Gewäſſer und Steine; zu jeder verborgneren Höhlung
Unter der Erde gelangt er, umfängt mit der Luft, denn von dieſer
Iſt er ſelber ein Theil, den Erdkreis. Alle Geſchöpfe
Athmen ihn ein und leben; ſie würden ſchneller vergehen,
Früher zerfallen in Moder und Staub und vollenden ihr Daſein,
Wenn der geathmeten Luft es an dieſem Weſen gebräche.
Iſt ein Bach in der Wüſte dem lechzenden Wanderer labend,
Süß und erquickend, erfriſcht er das Herz dem Müden, ſo war es
Dieſes Gewürz der Natur, das ſchneller den brennenden Durſt ihm
Stillte. Jeglicher Heilungsquell empfängt in der Tiefe
Schon bei ſeinem Entſtehn viel dieſes belebenden Aethers
Aus der umgebenden Luft. Die Geiſter der flüchtigen Säure
Sind es, welche dem Quell Heilkräfte verleihn, und ihn waffnen,
Aufzulöſen das Erz des Gebirgs. Im Laufe zernagt er
Nun die roſtigen Wurzeln des eiſernen Waldes, und führet
Seinen metalliſchen Raub mit ſich fort, und vereiniget innig
Sich mit ihm; ſo ſchwängert ſich jede der Wellen mit Eiſen.

Töne, Leier, das Lob des Eiſens im Feiergeſange!
Unter den mächtigen Barden im heiligen Erbe Tuiskons
Preiſ't noch keiner die Frucht der deutſchen Heldengebirge.
Noch kein feierndes Lied erſcholl zum Ruhme des Eiſens
Unter den Eichen des Hains, der ſeine Wurzeln hinabſtreckt
In dem ſtillen Geklüft, wo dem Samen der Erze zu keimen
Mutter Natur gebot, und im tiefen Moder zu reifen.
Heil dir, edles Geſchenk der vaterländiſchen Berge,

Daß der Sterblichen viele verachten, und thöricht des Goldes
Trügenden Glanz, den mehr verehren und gieriger ſuchen,
Als dich, Eiſen, und deine beſcheidneren Schimmer. Verkennt nicht
Hermanns Enkel, verkennt nicht das Kleinod eurer Gebirge!
Horcht! ich ſinge das Lob des vaterländiſchen Reichthums.
Sage, woher, o Krieg, nimmſt du dein Waffengeſchmeide,
Deine geſchliffene Wehr zum letzten, entſcheidenden Angriff?
Eiſen, gehärtet zu Stahl in der Eſſe, gebändigt vom Ambos,
Und in den Händen des Künſtlers geſchärft, bewappnet den Feldherrn;
Stählerne Rüſtung umpanzert die thatenſchwangere Bruſt ihm.
Heil dir, edles Geſchenk der vaterländiſchen Berge!
Sei gefeiert im Lied, weil du dem Helden zum Rachſchwerdt
Dienſt im gerechten Krieg, und ihn über dem ſtolzen Eroberer
Siegen hilfſt für das Vaterland in der donnernden Feldſchlacht.
Doch iſt im Frieden größer dein Ruhm, und ſchöner dein Segen.
Siehe, du biſt mir werther, und feuriger grüßt mein Geſang dich,
Wann dich die Amboshand zur blanken Waffe des Friedens
Hämmernd bildet, die kein unmenſchlicher Krieger im Herzblut
Schlummernder Säuglinge röthet. Die ſanfteſten ländlichen Freuden
Schwellen mir immer das Herz, und ergießen in heiligen Hymnen
Sich mir über die trunknere Lippe, wann ich dich froh
Blinken am friedſamen Pflug in der ſcholligen Furche des Hügels,
Wann ich höre das Senſengeklirr auf blühendem Anger;
Wann das Sichelgeräuſch im Gefilde der ſinkenden Halmen
Lieblich ertönt, wo das bräunliche Schnittermädchen mit blauen
Blumen ein Seil durchflicht, um die ſchönſte der Garben zu binden;
Wann in der fröhlichen Leſe der Winzer dich ſchärft auf dem Wetzſtein,
Einzuernten den Segen des Herbſt's auf Traubengebirgen.
Heil dir, nützliches Erz! Der Chor der geſelligen Künſte
Stimmt in meinen Geſang zu deinem würdigen Lob ein.
Kein Praxiteles hätte mit ſilbernem Meißel den Marmor
Je zum athmenden Bilde geſchaffen. Keine Palläſte
Auf den felſigen Rippen des Bergs korinthiſch erbauet,
Thürmten ſich ohne das Eiſen empor in die ſtaunenden Wolken.
Ohne dich ſchüfe die Kunſt Arachnens keine Gemälde
Auf der blendenden Seide, geſpannt in den weiblichen Rahmen.
Trabe das edle Roß, wann Gold den Huf ihm bekleidet,
Sicherer über das Eis, und hinan den ſteilen Gebirgspfad?

Ohne dich ruhte müßig in Alpenklüften der Mühlſtein,
Der nun voller Gewalt auf eiſerner Spindel ſich umſchwingt,
Und den bekümmerten Menſchen das goldene Alter erneuet,
Daß ſie, befreit von den Laſten der Arbeit durch die Najaden,
Schmücken den feſtlichen Tiſch mit geläutertem Marke der Feldfrucht.
O wie fände der kühne Pilot in den Wüſten des Weltmeers
Sicheren Pfad, wann rings am Olymp Sturmwolken, wie ſchwarze
Teppiche, hängen, und ihm die freundlichen Sterne verhüllen,
Die durch Labyrinthe von Syrten und ſtrudelnden Wirbeln
Sicher am goldenen Faden ihn leiten, daß er nicht ſcheitre?
Durch die ſchreckliche Nacht biſt du, leicht ſchwebende Nadel,
Ihm ein treues Orakel, das unter magiſchem Beben
Ihm weiſſaget, in welcher umwölkten Gegend des Himmels
Sirius ſtrahlt und Arktur, das Siebengeſtirn und Orion.
Werth biſt du dem Steurer nicht nur und dem fleißigen Feldmann,
O wohlthätiges Eiſen; dich liebt und ſegnet der Gott auch,
Der mich früh der Natur Geheimniſſe lehrte, der weiſe
Päon. O du, mein Meiſter, vergib mir, wann ich den Menſchen,
Meinen leidenden Brüdern, die heiligen Lehren eröffne
Deiner göttlichen Kunſt, ſie nur in den dämmernden Vorhof
Führe deines großen, geheimnißverhüllenden Tempels.
Stärkendes Eiſen erneut der Geſundheit blühenden Purpur
Auf der ſterbenden Wange der lebentödtlichen Entkräftung.
Einſtens kannt' ich ein Mädchen, in deren Geſichte die Krankheit
Schon die Miene des Todes und die Züge der kalten Verweſung
Zeichnete, jammernden Ältern zum Weh, und theuren Geſchwiſtern;
Doch ſie fand in dem Eiſen Geneſung wieder, und Leben.
Jüngſt ach! ſtarb mir ein Freund, den alle Geheimniſſe Florens
Hatte die forſche Schule gelehrt; der Blumen und Kräuter
Heilende Kräfte, womit ihr zartes Aderngewebe
Angefüllt die Natur; die Kraft der balſamiſchen Thräne,
Welche zu Sommerszeiten den duftigen Rinden der Bäume
Fern in Indiens Thälern entfließt; die Tugenden aller
Erden und Salze waren dem Weiſen bekannt; und ſo ward er
Durch die Gegend umher ein Hort und Helfer der Siechen.
Dennoch fand Hygieens vertrauteſter Liebling für ſeine
Krankheit nirgends ein Heilungskraut; bis endlich die Nymphen
Sein ſich erbarmten, und ihm die Geneſung am heiligen Borne
Wieder verliehn. Von neuem begann der Edle zu leben.
O noch Mancher genas durch ihn, durch ihn, der mit Großmuth
Stets dem Dürftigen half, und am Schmerzenslager des Siechen
Tief im Herzen empfand der Erbarmung heiligen Schauer.
Menſchlichkeit war ihm die heiligſte Pflicht. Der Seele des Biedern
War's ſchon hohe Belohnung, die dankenden Perlen im Auge
Armer Geretteter blinken zu ſehn, und mit ihnen zu danken
Jenem erhabenen Geiſt, der ihn unter den Pflichten des Wohlthuns
Mitten im Kampf für Menſchheit in den beſſeren Stern jüngſt
Aus der Täuſchungen Land abrief. Da weinten die Guten.
Er entſchlummerte ſtill und ſanft; wie der alternden Eiche
Sanft ein Blatt entſinkt, das Zephyr am herbſtlichen Abend
Leiſe dem Zweig entweht; ſo wehte der Engel des Todes
Auch ſein Leben hinweg; allein empor zu dem Himmel.
Beide, der Greis und das Mädchen, verdankten den ſtärkenden Quellen
Ihre Geneſung, welche mit Heilkraft miſchte des Eiſens
Göttergeſchenk, als ihre Gewäſſer noch unter der Erde
Da noch weilten, wo du dem Sänger, o gütige Nymphe,
Zeigteſt deiner Geſchwiſter noch unerkundete Schätze;
Wo mich ein eherner Wald umrauſcht', und ein eiſerner Himmel
Ueber mir hing, wo Schauder und Graun und ewige Nacht herrſcht.

Aber in tieferen Gängen der unbetrachteten Tiefe
Deines verborgenen Reichs, Allnährerin Erde, befand ich
Jene mich an dem Arme der leitenden Göttin. Wir traten
Jetzt in den weiten Bezirk der hohen, chemiſchen Werkſtatt,
Wo die ſtille Natur den Kryſtallen der werdenden Salze
Bildung und Schönheit giebt. Mich ergriff Bewunderung, ich ſtaunte
Vor dem großen Geheimniß der ewigbildenden Schöpfung.
Siehe, mir hellte die Göttin den Blick. Ich ſahe mit tiefem,
Wonnevollem Erſtaunen kryſtallene Wälder, und hohe,
Glatte, durchſichtige Felſen, in mannichfaltiger Wandlung,
Werden und wachſen. Ein Wink, und eine kryſtallene Wildniß
Lag in ſtiller Pracht vor meinem bewundernden Auge.
Ueber der glänzenden Wildniß, in bläulich dämmernder Ferne,
Wölbeten, gleich den Eispalläſten der Gletſcher, ſich hohe
Säulen von Salz, ein Wunder zu ſchauen! So thürmet am Nordpol
Scholl' auf Scholle ſich auf, und ein wildes Gemiſch von den
Eiſeilanden erhebt dumpfſtöhnend empor in die Nacht ſich.
Vieles lehrte die Göttin mich hier von der Salze Verwandtſchaft,
Von den Geheimniſſen viel der unergründlichen Schöpfung;
Und ſie begann und ſprach zu dem Kenntnißbegierigen alſo:
Wiſſe, nicht ohne Geſetze verbinden die ſpätigen Stoffe
Hier ſich unter einander; ein jegliches Theilchen geſellt ſich
Stets dem ähnlichen zu. Die Natur gab dieſe Geſetze
Seit der Schöpfung Beginn; daher der wandelnden Welten
Großer Verein, und des Sphärengeſangs harmoniſcher Einklang.
Alle Planeten und Sonnen, bevor ſie ſchwebeten dieſen
Kreiſenden Tanz, und die Sphären den Chorpſalm donnerten, ſtiegen
Aus dem gährenden Chaos, wie zahllos fliegende Funken
Aus dem brennenden Wald, ganz ohne Geſetze der Ordnung.
Aber nicht lange, ſo zogen die größeren Körper die kleinern.
Anfangs taumelnd, ſchwankten in ihren Bahnen die Welten,
Bis das Gleichgewicht der ziehenden Kräfte der Sonnen
Mit der entfliehenden Kraft der Wandelſterne des Kreislaufs
Ewige Grenzen beſtimmt' am blauen Aethergewölbe.
Selber der Menſchen Geiſt bezog der Weltenerſchaffer
Mit den harmoniſchen Saiten der ſympathetiſchen Freundſchaft,
Daß ſie mit innigem, ſüßem Verlangen, und ſtrebender Sehnſucht
Gern ſich ſuchten, und unter den zärtlichſten Regungen fänden;
Daß ſie einander ſich liebten, und liebend umpfiengen, im weiten
All, was groß und gut iſt und ſchön, ſich ſchwärmender Wehmuth
Voll, in der Wälder lauſchten dem Nachtigallengeſange,
Oder mit denkendem Ernſt anſtaunten den Thron Gottes,
Wo Geſtirn an Geſtirn hinſchwimmt, gleich goldenen Inſeln.
Hier verſtummte die Nymphe. Mich ergriff die ſanfte Rührung.
Ihr geliebten Entfernten, an euch, an die Feier der Freundſchaft
In der geſelligen Laube, wann durch die blühenden Zweige
Und der Abendſtern zur lautern Fröhlichkeit einlud.
Abends lockten, erinnert' ich mich, und vom Munde zu Munde

Scholl das feſtliche Bundeswort: Auf ewig! Wir ſchieden;
Doch, mit der Treue Gurt zur Lebensreiſe gegürtet,
Denken wir froh des Wiederſehns dort über den Sternen.
  Jetzo vernahm ich melodiſches Rauſchen, das leiſer und leiſer
Stets ſich dem Ohre verlor. Es war das Rauſchen der Bäche,
Die den kryſtallenen Grotten entſprudelten. Still an dem Ufer
Stand ich, und ſah, wie die Quelle das Salz im Entſtehn in ſich aufnimmt.
Einige glitten dahin, als hätte der Winter mit Froſte
Sie bedeckt, und andre zerſtäubten im fliegenden Sturze.
Nur ein dämmernder Tag weilt hier. Vom bleicheren Zwielicht
Sanft beſchimmert, entſtieg ein Gewölk dem ſtürzenden Waſſer.
Liebliches Farbenſpiel erſchien in dem leichten Gewölke,
Zwar kaum ſichtbar und matt, doch ſchön und hehr, wie dem Vollmond
Gegenüber im braunen Gewölk der regnigten Herbſtnacht
Sich mit welkendem Schimmer der farbige Bogen erhebet.
Jeglicher Bach ſpült hier des helldurchſichtigen Salzes
Ab vom Saume des Ufers, das ſanft in die Wellen hinabſchmilzt,
Reißt es mit fort, und trägt es, mit ſeinem Gewäſſer vereinbart,
Zu den lichten Gefilden der Erd' empor, wo ſich endlich
Aus dem Schiefergebirg ſein Quell ergießt, und das kranke
Menſchengeſchlecht einladet, Geneſung und Leben zu ſchöpfen.

  Grauliche Nebel umwölkten den Pfad, worauf ich an meiner
Hehren Begleiterin Hand jetzt wandelte. Goldene Schimmer,
Die dem göttlichen Auge, wie mondliches Glänzen, entſtrömten,
Hellten der ſchaurigen Nachteinöden cimmeriſches Dunkel.
Und fortſtrebend erblickt' ich der Naphthaquellen Geträufel,
Ein urlautres Oel, von der Erde gezeugt, unentzündbar,
Das aus hangendem Felſen hervordrang. Schnell ſich verlierend,
Wendeten dieſe von hier in des Kaukaſus Klüfte den Lauf hin.
Furchtbar ſcholl fernher, wie des Meers dumpfhallende Brandung,
Oder verſinkender Städte Gekrach, die des berſtenden Erdballs
Tiefe verſchlingt, ein wüſtes Getös mir entgegen; und bebend
Zögert' ich weiter zu gehn; allein das Lächeln der Göttin
Strahlt' in die Seele mir Muth; mit melodiſcher Stimme begann ſie:
Siehe, wir nahen anjetzt der Flammenwelt der Vulkane,
Wo ein glühendes Meer hochwogig des wolkigen Hekla
Wurzeln umdonnert, empört von den Feuerorkanen des Abgrunds,
Wo des Aetna Schwefelgewitter im grauſen Tumulte
Wirbelnde Purpurflammen umher in der ſtygiſchen Dunſtkluft
Schleudert, und fort in der Tiefe ſich wälzt durch funkelnden Rauchdampf.
Hier zu wandeln verbeut das Verhängniß. Unter dem Aufruhr
Würden Entſetzen und Furcht, und wär's ein Himmliſcher ſelbſt, hier
Würden Entſetzen und Furcht mit ſeltenem Schauer ihn faſſen,
Wenn er zum ehernen Gehege, das dort den orkiſchen Graunſchlund
Rings umzäunt, eindräng in die donnernde Burg des Hefäſtos.
Siebenfältige Nacht umlagert des tobenden Hades
Eiſernes Flügelthor. Erdbeben erſchüttern die Länder,
Wann ein Donnerſturm die Riegel zerſprengt, und es aufkracht.
Doch dir verheißt ein Götterſpruch, dich zu nähern dem Eingang
Sonder Gefahr, und froh in die Lichtwelt wieder zu kehren,
Wo du zuerſt mein Blumengeſtad im Frühlinge blühn ſahſt.
Zwar ein furchtbares Ziel, das hier an das Ende der Bahn grenzt,
Die du betrattſt; doch eil' ihm entgegen mit freudiger Kühnheit!
Nicht ohn' einiges Gottes Geleit, nicht ohne die Obhut
Einer verborgnen Macht ſind ja der Begeiſterung Söhne.
Auf! und folge mir nach mit dem forſchenden Blick der Erwartung!
Alſo die Göttin. Und grauſes Getön ſcholl, da ſich die Flügel
Oeffneten. Unter dem Fuß mir erbebten die Wurzeln der Berge,
Schauerlich! Aber ich nahte mich ohne Verzug, und erblickte
Schwarzes Gewölk, das, gleich Gewittern, über dem Abgrund
Grauenvoll hing. Sturmwinde zerriſſen es. Tief in der Ferne
Wogt' ein gährender See, und gleich Eilanden des Weltmeers
Schwammen zerſchmolzne Gebirge darauf. An deren öden Umſprung
Schoß Gluthſtrom hervor aus gähnenden Schlünden, und plötzlich
Sauſten geſchleuderte Felſen umher; rothglühendes Erz flog
Wirbelnd empor zum Gewölk, und fiel mit Gekrach, wie der Hagel
Schmetternd und krachend, zurück in großen, feurigen Tropfen.
Ringsum ſchmolz Erdharz von der Gluth aus berußten Gebirgen
Ueber ſchwarzen Baſalt in die finſteren Thäler hinunter.
Aſche bewölkte den weiten Bezirk, und ſchweflichte, blaue
Leuchtungen zuckten hervor mit Getös aus ehernen Bergen,
Daß die Felſen entſtürzten den Höhn in die donnernde Tiefe.
Siedende Quellen ergießen ſich hier. Aus glühenden Urnen
Stürzen ſie ſtrudelnd hervor, durch rauhes Geklipp hinbrauſend.
Fürchterlich kämpft mit des Feuers Gewalt der Schwall der Gewäſſer,
Hochauf wogend mit lautem Gebrüll; die tobenden Fluthen
Heulen in dampfenden Ufern dahin, mit ziſchendem, weißen
Schaume bedeckt, und verlieren ſich tief in der nebelnden Ferne.
Aber beladen und innig vereint mit dem feineſten Stoffe
Ihrer Schwefelgeſtade, wodurch ſie fliehend ſich wälzten,
Strömen ſie wieder hervor, noch warm, an waldiger Berge
Fuß, und begrüßen das Licht, und den grünen Teppich der Erde.
Zwar blinkt ſeltner im hellen Kryſtallgefäße der warmen
Quelle Silber; allein es gewähren die laulichen, weichen
Wellen der ſiechenden Welt ein ſchmerzenlinderndes Heilbad.

  Jeglicher Heilungsquelle bewundernswürdigen Urſprung
Hab' ich kennen gelernt, und belauſcht ihr kindliches Lallen
Dort wo die alte Nacht in ſchaurigen Grotten ſie gängelt.
Muſe, mit mir beſuche ſie nun in der Fülle der Jugend,
Wo ſie zuerſt dem Felſen entſtürzt, mit Silbergeſprudel
Freudig die Sonne begrüßt, und in ſchöneren Ufern dahin wallt,
Oder ſich tief im Haine verliert, wo gaukelnde Weſte
Sich an der kühlenden Welle die matten Schwingen erfriſchen!
Doch, wo beginn', wo end' ich? Es faßt ja die Namen der Quellen
Keine Zahl; auch wär' es vergebens, jede zu nennen.
Fruchtlos wär' es, im Liede die Nymphen alle zu preiſen,
Welche der Vorwelt Barden mit Hymnen ehrten; es ſind ja
Längſt im Strome der Zeit die ſilberſprudelnden Urnen
Jener Najaden verſunken. Kallirrhoe ſpielt mit den Schweſtern
Nicht mehr unter den Palmen am Ufer der Quelle Phiala,
Juno wallet nicht mehr zu der ſalomoniſchen Tadmor
Quellen, die jetzo vielleicht im Sande der ſchweigenden Wildniß
Unter den mooſigen Trümmern verſiegen der alten Palmyra.
Selbſt der herrliche Chor von Hellas Oceaninen,
Ach! er entfloh ſchon längſt zum Korallenhaine der Mutter,
Dort in ſtiller Trauer zu weinen über Achaia's
Hingeſchwundenen Ruhm. Auſoniens liebliche Nymphen
Laden nicht mehr mit Silbergeſang das mächtige Volk ein
Aus hetruskiſchem Stamm. Die heilſamen Quellen zu Bajä
Liſpeln mit lyriſchem Ton in Flaccus Liedern allein noch.
Albion lockt mich zwar mit ſeinen beſungenen Hainen
Unter die freundliche Schaar der perlengeſchmückten Najaden,
Ladet mich ein an der ſanften Avonia Feengeſtade,
Wo noch oft in der Sommernacht um die Grotte, die Shakſpear
Einſt als Knaben verbarg, Melodien der Geiſter ertönen.
Zwar winkt dort mir die Schweſter mit ihren goldenen Zinnen,
Attiſchen Marmorgebäuden, mit ihren Hügeln und Gärten,
Wo ſich die Zwillingsſchweſtern ergehn, Geſundheit und Freude;
Zwar in den Thalen der wolkenumgürteten Alpen entrieſelt
Mancher Geneſungsbrunnen der moosbewachſenen Felskluft,
Und die Schalmeyen der Hirten belauſcht oft eine Najade,
Werth des Geſangs, und der Kränze, der feſtlichen, die zum Geſchenke,
Wem ſie wollen, verleihn die helikoniſchen Muſen;
An der beſegelten Wolga Geſtad' und in Tauriens Steppen
Nahm, o forſchender Pallas, dich auf heilbringender Nymphen
Felſenbehauſung; dir ſcholl in einſam bewanderter Wildniß
Sarizinens Geſang aus ihrer verborgenen Grotte.
Doch ich feire ſie nicht; mir winkt in Teutoniens Wäldern,
Reicht mir die Leier der Barden, das Vaterland zum Geſange.
Reich iſt das heilige Land Thuiskons, reich an des Halmes
Frucht nicht allein, an Trauben, Gewild, Bergwäldern und Landſeen,
Auch ergiebiger ſind an weitgefeierten Quellen,
Als die beſungenſten Höh'n des Auslands, ſeine Gebirge.
Einigen unter der Menge der vaterländiſchen Nymphen
Tönt mein Feiergeſang; nur einige will ich bekränzen
Mit den goldenen Blumen des Haines am hohen Parnaſſus.

Idylle.

  Unter dem lauten Getön heimkehrender Hörner durchhallten
Jäger das waldige Thal, und hinter dem [illegible]
Scholl der Doggen Gebell, das rings erweckte den Nachhall.

Plötzlich ſtürzte das Wild im Entfliehn, und zappelt' am Boden,
Unten am Schenkel gelähmt vom heißaufſprudelnden Bergquell,
Der dort unter Wachholdergeſträuch ſich ergoß. Und berühmt ward
Bald das Geneſungsbad, und Völker vom Morgen und Abend
Strömten herbei, wie vordem zum Orakel des felſigen Delphi.
Hier quillt Rettung dem Dulder der unausſprechlichen Martern
Jener Geſellin der Gicht, von einerlei Mutter geboren.
Kalkulofurie heißet der Name dieſer verhaßten
Quälerin; ſie zu verjagen vermag oft keiner der Meiſter;
Selbſt nicht dem Koer, und käm' er zurück aus Elyſiums Hainen,
Wäre die hölliſche Macht des Ungeheuers bezwingbar.
Aber die Feindin ganz zu zermalmen rüſtet geheime
Kraft dies heilſame Bad. Zum Acheron flieht das Verderben.
Wie vom fluthenden Nil Aegypten empfängt die Befruchtung,
Dann aus ebbendem Strom wie neugeſchaffen hervorgeht,
Blühet, ſo ſteigt hier ſelber, gekrönt mit Jugend, das Alter
Aus der umfangenden Fluth. Hier ſchleudert die Krücken der Krüppel
Weit von ſich weg mit Gejauchz; hier ſtärkt ſich der Lahme zum Reigen.
Jünglinge, welche den Pfad der ſittlichen Tugend verließen,
Und an Cytherens Altären die Blüthe der Jugend und Unſchuld
Opferten, baden ſich hier, und den Wangen kehret der Frühling,
Aber die Ruhe der Seele, des Herzens edeniſcher Friede
Kehrt ach! nimmer zurück. Denn o! wo quillt ein Nepenthe
Für die Martern der Reue, die Qual des erwachten Gewiſſens?

Selters.

Weit umher in den Städten Teutoniens, gütige Göttin,
Wird dein Name geprieſen, und herrlicher immer erhebt ſich
Dein unſterblicher Ruhm. Dich weihete bei der Geburt ſchon
Zur wohlthätigen Macht die Natur. Dein mütterlich Erbtheil
Ward dir im heiligen Sprudel verliehn, deß Hut der vertraut iſt
Dort in des Weſterwaldes Umſchattungen, wo der Najaden
Freundin Halcyone liebt am Forellenbache zu wohnen.
Als dich zuerſt der Felſen gebar, und die liebliche Quelle
In hellſpielenden Bächen entrieſelte, purpurten ringsum
Sproſſende Farben die Flur, und es thauten ſilberne Tropfen
Dir von dem duftenden Schleier herab auf junge Violen.
Hierher tragen die Mädchen im Frühlinge Körbe mit Blumen
Dir zum Weihegeſchenk, um, vom Wonnegefühl der Geſundheit
Neu befeſtiget, kehren, den Chariten ähnlich, ſie alle
Wieder zur heimiſchen Flur in erneuerter Jugend und Schönheit.
Deinen Urnen entſchöpft der dankende Fleiß der Erquickung
Nektar, und ehrt dich im ſtillen Gebet, und mit dankenden Hymnen.
Wem die ſtöhnende Bruſt einengt die Gewalt der Beklemmung,
Oder ein ſtockender Wuſt das feine Geäder der Lungen
Anfüllt, trinket den Quell und athmet freier die Luft ein,
Athmet den Frühlingsäther, durchwürzt mit balſamiſchem Hainduft.

Baden.

Winkt nicht Baden mir dort mit den grauen Ruinen der Bergveſt,
Wo noch wandeln die Geiſter der alten Heroen im Mondlicht?
Die du mit Warttürmen auch die bemooſten Trümmern der alten
Veſte beſangſt, o Muſe, ſo ſchön auch Echo die Töne
Wiederhallet, ſo viel dein Lied auch Herzen gewinnet,
Auch mich hat es entzückt, zum ſchöneren würden dich hier noch
Dieſe Ruinen begeiſtern, zum ſchönern die reizende Gegend.
Schau, dort über der Stadt die Reihe der Traubengebirge,
Wo der ſchneidende Winzer den ſonnigen Felſen hinanklimmt.
Schau, wie ringsumher aus purpurner Ferne der Thürme
Kuppeln, vom Abend beglänzt, herglühn, und hier in dem grünen
Thale der Strom die Bilder der farbigen Wolken zurückſtrahlt!
Schau, wie der bläuliche Rauch dort ſchwebend über dem Tannicht,
Rings mit Hopfen umpflanzt, zum heitern Himmel emporwallt!
Welch anmuthiges Dörfchen dort winkt dem Naturfreund,
Der hier weilt, und am Waldgeſange die Nymphe des Quells ſieht.
Der am Fuße des Bergs einladet zum heilſamen Bade!
Welch ein Gewühl um den Dom der Najade! Welch ein Getümmel!
Schau, wie drängt ſich der Schwarm der Geſunden und Kranken im Umgang
Rings um den Marmor der mit den halbverwiſchten Inſchrift,
Welche dem Wanderer ſagt, daß ſchon in dem Alter der Vorwelt
Hier [illegible] empfing den goldenen Abglanz.
Deſſen [illegible]

Einzig würzt, und deſſen Verluſt der Sterblichen lezte,
Lezte Reiſe zum Lande der nichtigen Schatten beſchleunigt.

Aus Neubeck's Gedichten.

Hymnus an Nemeſis.

Nemeſis, älteſte Göttin, der welterhaltenden Ordnung
Mutter, dem Uebelthäter unſühnbar, aber dem Guten
Gnädig und hold, dich preiſt mein Lied. Wo find' ich den Tempel,
Wo den erhabnen Altar, der dir, o Hehre, geweiht iſt?
Iſt das Weltall ſelber vielleicht dein ewiger Tempel?
Und verkündigen dort die leuchtenden Sonnenheere
Deine Geſetze? Verehren die Geiſter dich über den Sternen,
Wo du geheimnißvoll auch über die Uranionen
Walteſt? — Dich anzubeten, mit reinem Herzen, vergönne,
Ehrfurchtwürdige Göttin, dem Sterblichen. Hier in mir ſelber,
Hier in des Geiſtes Tiefen vernehm ich, heilige Macht, dich.
Ja, du biſt es, ich ahne die furchtbare Nähe der Gottheit.
Siehe, die ernſte, gerecht abwägende Nemeſis fühl' ich
Hier in der eigenen Bruſt. Du biſt es, welche dem Menſchen
Zuruft: „lerne, gewarnt, recht thun, und verachte den Gott nicht,
Der in dem Herzen dir wohnt.“ Muthwillig Frevelnde ſtürzet
Deine Gewalt in den Staub. Grauenvoll, wie am heiteren Himmel
Plötzlich ein Wetter ſich wölkt, umſchlingt den ſichern Verbrecher
Schnelles geflügeltes Weh. Doch ſchuldlos leidende Tugend
Reinigeſt du vor dem Volk, und im Glanz geläuterter Schöne
Lebt ſie, den Himmliſchen ähnlich, ihr ſeliges Leben auf Erden.
Wer, unſchuldig zum Tode verurtheilt, rein von der Sünde,
Starb, und ſterbend vergab den Richtenden, volle Vergeltung
Harret ſein über den Urnen in friedſamen Hainen der Wonne;
Denn du führeſt ihn ſelbſt in Elyſium unter dem Päan
Hochfrohlockender Chör' im Triumph ein. Nemeſis richtet
Ueber die Todten und über die Lebenden. Keiner entrinnet
Ihren verhängnißvollen Entſcheidungen. Ernſte Vergeltung
Uebt ſie geheim, und wacht im Verborgenen lohnend und ſtrafend.
Schwer büßt jede vermeßne Begier dem ſtrengen Gewiſſen,
Was ſie zu ſündigen wagt. Zu täuſchen vermag ihr den Blick nicht
Schnöder Verheimlichung Hülle. Die leiſeſte Spur der Gedanken
Auszufinden, erforſcht ſie das Innerſte aller Geſchaffnen.

Welch ein Opfergeſchenk, Untrügliche, ehret dich würdig?
Mehr, denn Feſthekatomben, gefällt demüthige Stille,
Mehr die ſtille beſcheidene That der Vergelterin Auge.
Wer mit kindlichem Sinn und geräuſchlos wirket das Gute,
Legt auf Nemeſis reinen Altar den erleſenſten Weihrauch.

Dir, rathgebende Göttin, gerecht urtheilende, huldigt
Jede das Leben verſchönende Kunſt. Dem Geweihten vernehmbar
Walteſt du ob dem Geſange der heiligen Muſen, beſtimmeſt
Maß und Verhalt den Tönen der goldenen Leier, und ordneſt
Zum anmuthigen Reigen den Tanz der Chariten. Deinem
Winke gehorchend, erwirbt der Vollendung Palme der Künſte
Herrlicher Chor, und ewiger Ruhm krönt ihre Gebilde.

Selig die Könige, welche die heilige Regel der Mitte
Nicht mißachten, die ſelbſt an Gerechtigkeit ähnlich und Milde.
Weithin ſehn ſie die Städte von ordnungliebenden Bürgern
Voll aufblühn, und nimmer empört Unfriede die Völker.
Glücklich preiſ' ich vor Allen den Mann, der, fromm dich verehrend,
Unter ſein Dach dich ruft, und im Heiligthum ſeiner Penaten
Dich um Heil und Frieden und reine Geſinnungen anfleht.
Was er wirket, gedeiht, und was er pflanzet, erfreueſt
Du mit Gedeihn, und es blühet in Segensfülle das Haus ihm.

Deinem Gericht, o du, der Unſchuld Helferin, werden
Alle dereinſt heimfallen die kühnen Entheiliger deiner
Gottheit, alle Tyrannen und Unterdrücker der Menſchheit.
Zittern, vom Glücke berauſcht! Auf ſchwindelnder Höhe verdunkelt
Nemeſis ihnen den Blick, und, gleich Nachtwandlern, zum Abgrund
Taumeln ſie. Ob den Nacken der Unterwürfigen ſchreitet
Sie zum Verderben haben. Den Fluch der [illegible]
[illegible], ihn zu wenden vermag kein Gott von den ſtrengen
Mächten der Sterblichen, denen die Allgewaltige zürnet.

Dein iſt, Hohe, die Macht, zu ſtrenen Alles, und jeden
Mißklang aufzulöſen in Wohlklang. Heiliger Ordnung
Zügel in deiner Hand, lenkſt du himmliſche Kräfte
Zum einhelligen Ziel. Den Aufruhr wilder Begierden
Bändigeſt du, und mit [illegible]
[illegible]

Schafft mir lauteren Sinn, allwaltende furchtbare Göttin!
Lauteren Sinn und ein Herz, das rein von der Schuld ſich bewahre!

Hymnus an Hygiea.

Welche der Göttinnen naht? Wem glühn auf hundert Altären
Dankhekatomben? Erwache, Geſang! Nicht würdiger iſt ja
Eine der Himmliſchen, daß in Begeiſterung du ſie begrüßeſt,
Als Hygiea, die menſchenerhaltende heilige Göttin.
Ewig blühend in Jugend erſcheinet ſie. Nicht, wie Cytherens
Roſigem Nacken, entſtrömt Ambroſiaduft Hygiea's
Göttlichem Haupt, nein, Thau der Geneſung, den Panacea
Nennen die Himmliſchen, träuft von den goldenen Locken, und ringsum
Lenzt, wie verjüngt, die Erde; genährt vom ätheriſchen Balſam
Sproſſen päoniſche Kräuter, und Alles [illegible] im Gedeihn ſich.
Fröhlicher ſehen die Mütter den holdanlächelnden Säugling
An der ſchwellenden Bruſt aufblühn, ſanft wölbet der Jungfrau
Buſen ſich, Jünglinge glühn, durchſtrömt vom Gefühl der Geſundheit,
Und graulockige Greiſe verjüngen ſich. Aber vor Allen
Segnet der ſchwer Erkrankte die heilende Macht Hygiea's,
Der, vom ſüßen Gefühl des neuen Lebens beſeligt,
Mit noch zitternder Lippe den Dank der Erhalterin ſtammelt.

Preis dir, Herrliche, Preis! Was lebt auf der heiligen Erde,
Huldiget dir, denn dein iſt die Macht, zu erretten vom Tode.
Selbſt du pflanzeſt den immer lebendigen Trieb der Erhaltung
Allem in's Herz, was athmet. Des Waldes bärtigen Bewohnern
Lehreſt du ſelbſt auf den Bergen die heilende Würze zu finden,
Welche die Plag' abwendet, und wenn die purpurne Welle
Kräftiget zum harmoniſchen Tanz in Herzen und Adern.
Ohne dich, Göttin, erkrankt die Natur, und verderblicher Seuchen
Schweres Gedüft wälzt über die Städte ſich; feindliche Sterne
Schütten die Peſt auf das Land, und den Tod, und die graue Verweſung.
Aber ſobald huldvoll dein Antlitz wieder ſich wendet,
Siehe, dann klärt urplötzlich der Himmel ſich; Heil und Geſundheit
Steigen in goldenen Wolken herab; einkehret die Freude
Wieder in Dorf und Stadt, und neu blühn Künſt' und Gewerbe.
Feſtlicher Jubel erſchallt: o ſelig, wer Hygiea's
Liebe gewann! Sein Leben, geſchmückt mit Blüthen und Früchten,
Iſt mit Segen erfüllt, und lange Jugend begleitet ihn.
Stärke verleiht ſie, und Muth, und feſt ausdauernde Kraft ihm,
Klugen Entſchluß in Gefahren, und lebenverlängernden Frohſinn.

Welcher Geſang, Hygiea, vermag dich würdig zu preiſen?
Dir lobſingt die ganze Natur. Der gefühlten Geſundheit
Luſt frohlocket im Liede der Nachtigall, jubelt im Frühpſalm
Steigender Lerchen, und hebt mit freudigem Schwunge den Adler
Ueber die Wolken empor. Dein Lob verkündigen aller
Lebenden ſüßeſte Wonnen, und ihrer Entzückungen Frohlaut.

Dein iſt jeder Triumph der jugendlich blühenden Schönheit;
Denn es entfaltet ſich nur die ſüße Blüthe der Anmuth,
Wenn Hygiea's Liebe ſie pflegt. Drum ſchallt an der Götter
Feſten der Grazien Weihgeſang dir, wann ſie dich kommen
Sehn, von den Muſen geführt, in der Hand die goldene Schaale,
Die dein göttlicher Vater dir mitgab, als vom Olympus
Er dich zuerſt ausſandte, den arbeitſeligen Menſchen
Auszutheilen die Fülle der lebensfrohen Geſundheit.

Dein ſind unſerer Ehen erfreuende Segnungen. Liebend
Waltest du über den Schooß der Erzeugerin, [illegible]
Wann weitherrſchende Seuchen hereinbrechen. Ach! es ernährten
Fremde Brüſte das Kind, und früh hinwelkend verblüht' es,
Wenn nicht deine geheiligte Macht der Gebärerin beiſtände.

Auf! und verehrt Hygieen mit mir, bringt fromme Gelübde
Demuthsvoll der Erhalterin dar, ihr Jünglinge, wenn ihr
Einzugehen euch ſehnt in die bräutliche Kammer! In ihrer
Obhut blühet hinfort der Hoffnungen ſchönſte: das Thränenlächeln der Gattin zu ſehn, wann einſt den Knaben, den Erſtling,
Auf den Armen ſie wiegt, und zum Kuß dem Vater ihn hingibt.

Siehe, mit edlem Ruhme geſchmückt, und geliebt von den Menſchen
Iſt der verſtändige Arzt, Hygiea's würdiger Prieſter,
Der mit erfahrenem Sinn der Naturkraft tiefes Geheimniß
Ausforſcht, und den Gewalten der Heilungskräuter gebietet.
Holden Geſang auch pflanzt' in die Seel' ihm Phöbus Apollo,
Der die melodiſche Leier erfand, und in Delphos Orakel
Offenbarte die heilende Kunſt den Sehern der Vorwelt.
Du, nur, Hohe, verleihſt ihm die Vollmacht, ſelbſt an der Pforte
Unrückgängiger Schwelle das ſterbliche Leben zu friſten.
Deiner getroſt, hülfreichſte der Göttinnen, kämpft mit des Python
Schreckniſſen muthig der Held, und vertilgt ſiegreich den Verderber.

Heil, Allſegnende, ſteter Verherrlichung Würdige, Heil dir!
Dir ſind Tempel geweiht an den Strömungen heiliger Quellen,
Wo du beſeligend naheſt den Sterblichen, die um Gedeihn dich
Anflehn unter dem heiteren Dienſt der najadiſchen Jungfrau'n.
Alle geſunden und leben. Ja! frohlocket ihr [illegible]
Ringsum hallen: Ja! die Waldeinöden der Nymphen;
Und mit Bekränzungen ehrt der Geneſenen Schaar den Altar dir.

Preis dir, geliebte Göttin! Sei hold auch immer und hülfreich
Deinem geweiheten Prieſter! Mit Lebensfülle geſegnet
Laß mich hinfort, und bewahre dereinſt mein Alter vor Siechthum!
Heil dir, Königin, Heil! O lohne mein Lied mit Gedeihn mir!

Hymnus an Rugia.

Dich, von baltiſchen Wogen umrauſcht, dich Rugia, will ich
Singen anjetzt, und, wie reich du blühſt an Segnungen, kund thun.
Herrlicher zwar [illegible] Apollo's heilige Wiege
Fern im ägäiſchen Meer, der Cykladen gepprieſenſte, Delos,
Durch Kallimachus Hymnen verewigt. Aber erhob nur
Hier der Menſchen Geſchlecht wohlthätigen Göttern Altäre?
Sind nur helliſche Fluren allein der Verherrlichung würdig?
Auch dich, Rugia, ſchmückte vor viel Eilanden des Weltmeers
Hoch die Natur, und vertraute dem Schutze dich einer Najade.
Ernſt von Klippen umragt, in der Nacht [illegible] Eichen
Wählt ſich an Jasmunds Ufern die Felſenhalle die Göttin,
Reiche den Balſam [illegible] der Erhaltung deinen Bewohnern.

Heil, ehrwürdiges, reich an Segnungen blühendes Eiland,
Heil dir! Jährlich beſuchen dich auch die Bewohner der Ferne,
Dein altrühmliches Wunder zu ſchaun, Arkona's Gebirgshaupt,
Oder die ragenden Zinnen der prächtigen Stubbenkammer;
Aber zumeiſt, um zu ſchöpfen der lebenerfriſchenden Geneſung
Heiligen Sprudel, und freudig am woganrauſchenden Geſtade
Dankhekatomben zu weihn den waltenden Mächten der Heilfluth.

Hold auch ſind dir die Muſen, o Rugia. Ihre Geſänge
[illegible] oft, o geliebtes Eiland, unter Hainen,
Weil um dich her des Meeres Umwogungen. Immer mit Huld auch
Blickt auf deine Gefilde die nährende Ceres, und ſchmückt
Jährlich mit goldenen Ernten das Land dir. Aber dich liebet
Vor den Göttinnen allen die heilende Macht Hygiea's,
Die mit Gedeihn ausſchmückt die Sterblichen, daß ſie mit neuem
Jugendgefühl heimkehren vom heiteren Dienſte der Nymphen.
Freue, geſegnetes Inſelland, dich der Ehren hinfort noch!

Graf Rudolph von Neuenburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Chriſtian Ludwig Neuffer.

Dieſer talentvolle Dichter ward am 26. Januar 1769 zu Stuttgart geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Tübingen Philoſophie und Theologie, und wurde dann zuerſt als Hülfs- und ſpäter als Waiſenhausprediger in ſeiner Vaterſtadt angeſtellt. Nachdem er ſeit 1803 Diaconus zu Weilheim und ſpäter Pfarrer zu Zell geweſen war, kam er 1819 als Stadtpfarrer und Schulinſpector nach Ulm, wo er als Doctor der Philoſophie neben den genannten Aemtern noch die Direction einer weiblichen Erziehungsanſtalt übernommen hat. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 29. Juli 1839.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Taſchenbuch für Frauenzimmer von Bildung. Stuttgart 1799—1800, 2 Bde. in 16., mit Kupf.
Die Herbſtfeier. Sittengemälde. Stuttgart 1802, gr. 12. Neue Ausg. Leipzig 1828.
Ein Tag auf dem Lande. Idylle. Leipzig 1802, 8. Neue umgearb. Aufl. Reutlingen 1815; 3. Ausg. 1828.
Kleiner Taſchenkalender für die Jugend. Stuttgart 1804, 32., mit Kupf.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1805, 8.
Predigten. Augsburg 1805.
Virgil's Aeneis. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1815, 2 Te.
Auserleſene lyriſche Gedichte. Stuttgart und Tübingen 1816, gr. 8.
Günther. Epos. Heidelberg 1816, 8., mit 1 Titelk.
Erato. Zürich 1818, 12., mit Vign. Neue Ausg. mit dem Titel: „Geſänge der Liebe.“ Ebendaſ. 1827, 8., mit Vign.
Die Werke des Salluſt und Cicero's Catilinariſche Reden. Augsburg 1819.
Chriſtliche Urania. Leipzig 1820, 8.
Taſchenbuch von der Donau. Ulm 1824—25, 2 Jahrgg., 16., mit Kupf.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Leipzig 1827.
Poetiſche Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1827—28, 3 Bde., 8.
Das Gebet des Herrn. Stuttgart 1832, 8.
Dichtungen und Idyllen. Ebendaſ. 1833, gr. 8., mit Titelk.

Warmes Gefühl, tiefe Frömmigkeit, reiche geiſtige Bildung und ſeltene Correctheit haben N's poetiſchen Leiſtungen einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben; er gehört der älteren Schule deutſcher Dichter an und iſt beſonders Voß in ſeinen Beſtrebungen würdig nachgeſchritten. Am glücklichſten iſt er in lyriſchen Poeſieen und in der Idylle.

Die Tageszeiten*).

Eine Idylle.

1.

Der Morgen.

Auf zum Geſange, mein Herz! Mich wecken feiernde Stimmen,
Mich der wieder erwachten Natur harmoniſches Loblied,
Das aus den Höhen der heiteren Luft und herüber vom Walde
Freudig ertönt, und den roſigen Strahl des Morgens verkündet.

Schon entgleitet der Wagen der Nacht am gewendeten Pole,
Und das Dunkel zerfließt, und die braunen Schatten verſchweben.
Matter Schimmer erhellt mit wachſendem Lichte den Aether,
Und es verſchwinden in ſterbendem Glanz nach einander die Sterne.
Lucifer nur noch ſchimmert mit ſpäterlöſchenden Strahlen,
Wandelnd auf einſamer Bahn, indeß am Himmel hinunter
Luna zum nächtlichen Meere ſich ſenkt mit bläſſerem Antlitz,
Und auf den Feldern umher in ſanft ſich verlierender Dämm'rung
Schatten und Licht, noch zweifelnd ſich miſcht, und des ſilbernen Nebels
Streifiger Zug vom Gefilde ſich hebt, daß die grünenden Auen
Sichtbar werden umher, und die friſche Natur aus der dunkeln
Schattenhülle verjüngt mit neuen Reizen hervortritt.
Jetzt verklärt ſich die Luft am öſtlichen Rande des Himmels,
Und die rieſengeſtaltigen Berg' und bewaldeten Anhöh'n
Tauchen das glänzende Haupt in die purpurnen Wellen des Frühroths.
Schimmernde Wölkchen, mit Golde beſäumt, durchſchwimmen den Luftraum,
Und ſtets heller und heller ergießen ſich Ströme des Lichtes.
Endlich ſteiget ſie ſelbſt, die funkelnde Sonn', in der reinſten
Glorie flammend empor, mit rings ausſtrahlendem Tage
Schwebt ſie dahin im azurnen Weltraum, und auf die Erde
Fließt ein wallendes Meer von Glanz und Leben herunter.
Alles erhebt nun freudig das Haupt, die Bäume des Waldes
Wie die Blumen der Flur, und trinkt mit gierigen Zügen
Ströme des Lichts und der Luft. Ein Schmelz, vielfarbig und ſchimmernd,
Deckt, wie ein Teppich aus Strahlen gewebt, die bunten Gefilde,
Und ein ſüßer Geruch, der aus allen Pflanzen ein reines
Opfer quillt, durchwürzt und beſeelt die athmenden Lüfte.

Nun auch kehret der Menſch, zu neuem Leben geweckt,
Munter zurück in den Kreis der täglichen Sorgen und Mühen.
Tauſendarmig erwacht in ländlichen Hütten die Arbeit,
Und auf den Feldern umher. Schon flammt auf Heerden das Feuer,
Rüſtig bereitet das fleißige Weib ein kräftiges Frühmahl,
Ihrer Kinder gedenk und des ſchwerarbeitenden Gatten,
Und des Geſindes im Haus; die freundlich blühende Tochter
Streut den goldenen Regen der Gerſt' in des bunten Geflügels
Wimmelnden Schwarm, indeß an den Wagen die nervichten Brüder
Schirren die wiehernden Roſſ'; hier drängen die brüllenden Rinder
Aus den Ställen hervor, vom blaſenden Hirten gerufen
Fort zur graſigen Trift, und melodiſches Schellengeläute
Tönt durchs hallende Thal; dort ſpringt aus geöffneten Hürden
Blöckend die Heerde der Schaf' und zieht nach der grünenden Alpe.
Aber der Ackerbeſteller durchfurcht mit gejochten Stieren
Langſam ſchreitend das Feld, die leitende Hand an dem Pfluge.
Bald auch füllen die Straßen ſich an mit wandernden Menſchen,
Die des Tages Beruf von der Schwelle des Hauſes hinwegzieht,
Oder ein kleiner Erwerb. Mit gefüllten Körben beladet
Geh'n zur benachbarten Stadt die geſchaarten Bewohner der Dörfer,
Bringend den Segen der ländlichen Flur, und drängende Haufen
Zieh'n durch die offenen Thor' und durchwimmeln die kreuzenden Gaſſen.

Denn auch die dumpfige Stadt nun erhebt ſich friſch aus des Schlummers
Nächtlichem Arm, und erneut die gewöhnlichen Tagesgeſchäfte.
Siehe, da häuft der Bäcker die kaum gebackenen Semmeln
Und wohlſchmeckendes Brod auf dem Fenſterladen zum Kaufe;
Jetzt auch entriegelt der Krämer das ſtarkverſchloßne Gewölbe;
Jetzo ſäubert vom geſtrigen Schmaus die Zimmer der Gaſtwirth,
Und der Maurer erklimmt die ſchwindelnde Höhe des Daches.
Aber wie ebbt und fluthet von Menſchen, die kommen und gehen,
Mitten der lärmende Markt! Dort baut man in haſtiger Eile
Reihen von Buden umher den ſtädtiſchen Händlern des Tages;
Hier an den Wohnungen hin und weit in die Tiefe der Gaſſen
Sitzen und ſteh'n die Verkäufer vom Land. Ein unendlicher Vorrath
Häuft ſich und immer noch wächſt die wogende Meng', und an hundert
Plätzen wird Waare gefeilſcht und ausgeboten mit Lobſpruch,
Und dich umrauſcht, wie brechende Meereswellen, der Stimmen
Dumpfes Gebraus, und Rädergeroll der knarrenden Wagen,
Und der Schlag des Hammers in funkenſprühenden Eſſen.

Aber das üppige Volk, das, feinern Genüſſen entfremdet,
Nur nach dem Sinnenreiz und nach leeren Zerſtreuungen lechzet,
Schläft noch, wenn ſchon lange die Fürſtin des Tages emporſtieg,
Berg' und Thäler beſcheint und erwacht die ganze Natur iſt.
Kümmerlich dringt und zögernd das Licht in den Dunſt der Gemächer,
Wo wie im Todeskampf und erblaßt die Träumenden liegen,
Und mit ringender Bruſt die nächtlichen Orgien büßen.
Denn, o du heilige Mutter Natur, wer die weiſe Beſchränkung
Deines Willens nicht ehrt, den fliehen die edleren Freuden.
Der iſt arm, und hätte das Schickſal zum Erbengebieter
Ihm die Scheitel gekrönt, und labt ſich am Schatten des Schattens.

2.

Der Mittag.

Höher und höher erhebt ſich die Sonn' am Bogen des Himmels,
Bis auf der Aetherbahn ſie die Mitte des Laufes erreicht hat.
Flammender ſendet ſie nun, gleich brennenden Pfeilen, die Strahlen
Nieder zur ſchmachtenden Erd' und durchleuchtet Hügel und Thäler;
Selbſt die Wipfel durchdringt ſie der breitumäſteten Eichen
Und die Schluchten der Berg', und finſt're, verwachſ'ne Geklüfte.
Ringsum ſchwimmt die Natur in Strömen des blendenden Lichtes,
Brennend lagert ſich über die Flur die Hitze des Mittags,
Und kein ſäuſelndes Lüftchen bewegt den kühlenden Fittig,
Dürſtend neigen den Kelch zum dürren Boden die Blumen;
Müde ſenken den Arm hochſtämmige Buchen zur Erde;
Langſamer zieh'n die rieſelnden Bäch' in gebogenen Ufern;

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*) Aus Neuffer's Gedichten.

Aber der Ceres Geſchenk, die Frucht des ernährenden Halmes,
Prangt ſchon reifend am brennenden Strahl, mit goldenen Aehren;
Schon auch röthet Pomona das würzige Obſt an den Bäumen,
Und die köſtliche Traube mit ſanftanſchwellenden Beeren
Saugt an der ſengenden Mittagsgluth ihr begeiſterndes Feuer.

Jetzo ſcheint die Schöpfung zu ruh'n. In die Tiefe der Laubnacht
Flattern die Sänger des Waldes; am Stamme der wölbenden Eiche
Sitzt der gähnende Hirt, und es liegen die käuenden Rinder
Schweigend umher; die wolligen Schaaf' in ſchließender Pferche
Ruhen geſcharrt bei einander, indeß die graſenden Roſſe
Unter den Weiden am Bach mit dem Schweif die Bremſen verſcheuchen.
Aber das übrige Feld, vom regen Gewimmel der Menſchen
Erſt noch erfüllt, iſt verlaſſen und leer, kaum daß noch ein Wand'rer
Gegen das Dorf hinſchleicht, nach ſchattenden Bäumen verlangend;
Oder daß, von der Straß' abgleitend, ein ſchmachtender Fuhrmann
Nach der Schenke beiſeit mit den müden Roſſen ſich wendet.
Jetzo ſehnt ſich nach Ruhe der Menſch, und ein labender Stillſtand
Unterbricht die Geſchäfte des Tags; die dörflichen Hütten
Werden ſtill wie die Gaſſen der Stadt, die Gänge des Marktes
Leeren ſich aus, die Käufer entflieh'n, und der lauernde Krämer
Sitzt allein in der Bude, vom linnenen Dache beſchattet.

Aber im innern Raume der Wohnungen ſammeln die Menſchen
Jetzt ſich zu frohem Genuß. Die Weiblein ſorgen des Mahles,
Praſſelnd flammet der Heerd, und Rauch entſteigt den Kaminen.
Weidlich ſpeiſt am genügſamen Tiſch der geſellige Landmann,
Was der Halm ihm beſcheert und des Gartens eigene Pflanzung,
Oder der fruchtbare Baum und die wohlgefütterte Milchkuh,
Und ihm ſtillet den Durſt der ſilbern rinnende Brunnquell,
Oder der ſtärkende Trunk des ſelbſt gekelterten Obſtweins.
Traulich tauchet mit ihm das munt're Geſind' in die Schüſſel,
Kinder zugleich und das bräunliche Weib, und frühe geſättigt
Geh'n hin, ein Jedes zum eignen Geſchäft, und verlaſſen die Mahlzeit.
Glückliche, die ihr getreu der Natur und bei nützlicher Arbeit
Froh und geſund euch des Lebens erfreut, o beneidet nicht länger
Jene müßigen Schwelger, die ſtumpf durch rohe Genüſſe
Darben am lockendſten Mahl! Mag jegliche Zone der Erde
Spenden die leckerſte Koſt, ſie peinigt der Ekel und Unmuth
Mitten im Ueberfluß, und der Tod umlagert die Schwellen.
Alſo rächt die Natur den Mißbrauch ihrer Geſchenke,
Und verwandelt in Fluch, was allein zum Segen verlieh'n war.

3.

Der Abend.

Tiefer wandelt die Sonn' und ſinkt am Bogen des Himmels
Mählig hinunter in's purpurne Bad der heſperiſchen Wellen.
Hingeſchwunden iſt nun die drückende Hitze des Tages,
Kühlung athmet die Luft, die ſcherzenden Zephyre gaukeln,
Und es ſtrecken die Schatten verlängert ſich aus im Gefilde.

Freundlich lockt die Natur mit den ſanften Reizen des Abends
Aus den dumpfigen Zimmern hervor die luſtigen Städter,
Rings in den Gaſſen erblickſt du die Wandelnden, unter einander
Bunt gemiſcht, hineilen zum Thor und hinaus in die Freiheit,
Viele zerſtreu'n ſich in Gärten umher und umſtehn den Springquell,
Unter dem Dufte der Roſen und Lilien, während die Jugend
Scherzend im Spiel der Pfänder ſich übt und für Küſſe ſie eintauſcht.
Andere zieh'n in die Dörfer, und lagern in fröhlichen Gruppen
Unter den Bäumen ſich hin, mit Milch und Butter ſich labend.
Aber der Mann des Gewerbs, vom Geſchäfte des Tages ermüdet,
Schüttelt vom Schurze den Staub, und verſchließt die einſame Werkſtatt.
Jetzo rauſcht in den Schenken ein Jauchzen müßiger Zecher,
Und der Gläſer Geklirr, und Rundgeſänge der Freude.
Lebensfroh iſt der Menſch und geizt mit der Neige des Tages,
Denn der Abend iſt hold dem geſelligen Treiben der Städter.

Doch auch welche die Laſt des ländlichen Tages getragen,
Enden ihr mühſam Geſchäft und ſuchen Erholung nach Arbeit.
Heimwärts zieht mit den Schnittern der Herr des begüterten Hofes,
Und es gleitet der Wagen voraus voll goldener Garben.
Fröhlich ſchreitet die Dirne daher vom blumigen Kleefeld,
Auf dem tragenden Haupt den hochgebürdeten Bündel,
Während mit buntem Gewühl die brüllende Heerde der Rinder
Schon in die Stallungen dringt. Am Brunnen des Dorfes verſammeln
Muntere Mädchen ſich jetzt und ſchöpfen des quellenden Waſſers,
Während zur Tränke zugleich auf raſchanrennenden Roſſen
Schäkernde Jünglinge nah'n, und es tönt vom Gelächter die Luft.
Unterdeſſen vereint bei der hohen Linde des Kirchhofs
Brüderlich ſich ein Gelage von guten Bekannten und Nachbarn,
Die mit frohem Geſpräch ſich die Abendſtunden verkürzen,
Und die Geſchichten der Zeit mit ſchlauen Bemerkungen deuten.

Aber o ſchau', wie die Sonn' am äußerſten Rande des Himmels
Tiefer und tiefer ſich neigt! Jetzt ſtreift ihr leuchtendes Antlitz
Doppelgeſtaltig die Fläche des See's, jetzt ſinkt ſie verſchwindend
Unter die Fluth, und brennende Wolken durchflammen den Aether,
Denn in der Höhe noch zeugen von ihr ſanftflimmernde Strahlen
Lange, nachdem ſie verſchwand, und über den Himmel verbreiten
Seltſame Wolkengebilde ſich weit in röthlichem Nachglanz,
Täuſchend und wunderbar, bis auf mählig erdunkelndem Grunde
Gleich verſchwebendem Duft die ſterbenden Farben erlöſchen.
Auch das purpurne Licht, in welchem die waldigen Berge
Spät noch baden ihr Haupt, erblaßt in ſchwindendem Scheine,
Und die trauliche Dämm'rung ergießt ſich mit lieblichen Schatten
Ueber Thäler und Höh'n, doch ein Flor von ergrauenden Nebeln
Steigt aus dem See, und der Abendſtern geht über dem Wald auf.

Einſamer wird es nunmehr und nächtlicher rings im Gefilde,
In die Hürden verſchließt der achtſame Schäfer die Heerde,
Thür' und Thore verriegelt der Hausherr, während im Felde
Schneller der Bote des Weges nun geht, und müde der Wandrer
Strebt nach der Gaſtherberg. Des lärmenden Tages Getümmel
Löſ't in feiernde Stille ſich auf, da ſelbſt in den Wäldern
Endlich verſtummt der Vögel Geſang, und mit ſüßen Accenten
Nur noch die Nachtigall die horchende Gegend bezaubert.

4.

Die Nacht.

Dir nun, o heilige Nacht, ertönt die feiernde Harfe,
Du biſt jetzt mein Geſang, von dir ſtrömt ſtille Begeiſtrung
Mir in die fühlende Bruſt, und es ringt die betrachtende Seele,
Dich, du geheimnißvolle, du geiſtige, dich zu erfaſſen!

Warſt nicht du's, die zuerſt, als noch kein Weſen geſchaffen,
Als noch Mond und Sonne nicht war und die kreiſende Erde,
Als kein zitternder Strahl noch das weite Dunkel erhellte,
Brütend lag auf der wüſten und ungeſtalteten Tiefe,
Und den Tag und das Leben gebar? Du Erſte und Letzte,
Uranfang und Ende, von dir iſt Alles gekommen,
Alles kehret in dich! Jetzt aber theilſt du die Herrſchaft
Mit dem Erſtgebornen der Zeit, dem erſtrommenden Lichte.

Siehe, nun fährſt du einher im ſchwarz-umdunkelten Wagen,
Finſterniß iſt dein Gewand, und Schrecken dein Blick und dein Odem
Todeshauch! Du ſitzeſt in undurchdringlichen Schatten,
Schweigend und ernſt, und verhüllſt in deinen wallenden Mantel
Rings die weite Natur! Denn ganz zu ſchauen dein Antlitz
Iſt dem Menſchen verſagt, und jeder noch irrende Lichtſtrahl
Flieht in die Ferne, ſobald du den bleiernen Zepter emporhebſt.

Aufwärts ſeh' ich mit forſchendem Blick in die Tiefe des Weltraums.
Iſt es der Himmel annoch, der mit unausſprechlicher Klarheit
Schimmerte, der, wie ein feſtes Gewölbe gediegenen Lichtes,
Ueber die Erde ſich bog im Glanze der wandelnden Sonne?
Nein, der iſt es nicht mehr! Es iſt ein finſterer Abgrund,
Sonder Farb' und Geſtalt, lichtlos, unermeßlich und ſchrecklich,
Ueber welchen ein wallendes Meer von ſchwarzen Gewölken
Wild aufgähret und verrollt, und in ſauſendem Sturme dahinfährt,
Sich vor das Heiligthum der furchtbaren Göttin zu wälzen.

Ringsum wend' ich den ſuchenden Blick in dem finſtern Umkreis.
Iſt es die Gegend annoch, die kaum in lebendiger Fülle
Sich, wie ein Garten des Herrn, mit lachenden Hainen und Wieſen,
Luſtigen Dörfern umher und ſilbernen Bächen verbreitet?
Nein, die iſt es nicht mehr! Es iſt ein Gefilde des Todes,
Eine verödete Welt, unkenntlich dem Blick und geſtaltlos,

Und, wie die grauſende Tiefe des Tartarus, gähnet das Dunkel
Leer und erſtorben mich an, wo das Auge nicht ſieht, und ein Vorhang
Alle Dinge verhüllt, und den Sinnen die Schöpfung vernichtet.

Ringsum lauſchet mein horchendes Ohr in die einſame Stille.
Steh' ich annoch in dem vorigen Raum, wo die Stimme des Menſchen
Tauſendfach mich umſcholl, wo Lieder der Freude mir tönten,
Wo den Hain und die Flur durchſchmetterten Sänger der Lüfte?
Welch' ein Schweigen umher, wie herrſcht ein ſo tiefes Verſtummen!

Weit und breit ſind verklungen die lieblichen Töne des Tages,
Nur der plätſchernde Bach noch ertoſt und das klappernde Mühlrad,
Nur die klagende Eul' entrauſcht der mooſigen Eiche,
Und mein wandelnder Tritt erſchallt mir grauſend im Laubgang.

Einſamer Wandrer der Nacht, nun hör' ich herüber vom Berge
Deinen ſpäten Geſang aus dunkler Entfernung ertönen.
Welch ein dringend Geſchäft entzog dich dem ſicheren Obdach?
Oder willſt, ein Verirrter, du Muth und Troſt dir erſingen?
Ach, daß keine Gefahr in ſchnelles Verderben dich ſenke,
Daß du nicht ſtürzeſt, am Fels die blutende Scheitel zerſchmetternd,
Daß kein lauernder Feind mit grauſamer Hand dich erſchlage,
Nicht ein täuſchender Schein in trügliche Sümpfe dich locke!
Möchteſt du wieder das Weib und die lieblichen Kinder begrüßen!

Heilige Göttin, o Nacht, du entfalteſt den wallenden Mantel,
Und der Schlaf, dein beglückender Sohn, ſchwebt über der Erde,
Körner der labenden Ruh' auf müde Augen zu ſtreuen,
Und der traurigen Sorge den Kelch des Vergeſſens zu reichen!
Nur der Schwelger noch wacht im kerzenerleuchteten Saale
Und der hagere Geiz bei dem vielumriegelten Golde.
Aber es wacht auch der Weiſe, der gern die Tafeln des Schickſals
Möcht' enthüllen, es wacht bei matter Lampe der Kranke,
Und, an der Seit' ihm ſtehend, das zarte geſchäftige Mitleid.

Siehe, die gaukelnden Kinder des Schlafs, die geſiederten Träume
Schleichen anjetzt, ein betrügliches Heer, zu den ſchlummernden Menſchen.
Jetzo wähnt der Sklave ſich frei von Ruder und Kette,
Hebt den tiefverborgenen Schatz die belaſtete Armuth,
Jetzt empfängt das verkannte Verdienſt die Palme des Ruhmes,
Jetzt auch ſetzt ſich die Straf' an die Ferſe des flüchtigen Räubers.
Schnell verwandeln in Furien ſich die geheimen Verbrechen,
Und der Tyrann erbebt, wenn Nemeſis drohend erſcheinet.
Aber es flieh'n mit der Nacht die Freuden und Leiden des Traumes.

Heilige Göttin, o Nacht, du entfalteſt den wallenden Mantel,
Und der Tod, dein verlobender Sohn, ſchwebt nieder zur Erde.
Wenn er zürnt, ſo lagert die Peſt ſich auf hangende Wolken,
Oder empört ſich das Herz kriegtrotzender Völker zu Schlachten,
Oder er fährt in Stürmen dahin durch die Wellen des Meeres.
Aber er naht auch leiſe dem ſtillen Gemache des Hauſes,
Sich ſein Opfer erleſend, und nimmt aus dem Kreiſe der Kinder
Hier den Vater, und dort von der Bruſt den blühenden Jüngling,
Nimmt dem Verlobten die Braut, dem jammernden Bürger den Volksfreund.

Aber wie heitert ſich jetzt der wolkenumzogene Himmel
Prachtvoll auf! Du gebeutſt, da ſchwinden die Schatten und Nebel,
Fällt hinweg das ſchwarze Gewand, und in milder Verklärung
Stellen die Felder des Aethers ſich dar. In ewigen Ziffern
Flammt die Sternenſchrift, die in tauſend verſchlungenen Kreiſen
Redet zum innerſten Sinn. Jetzt leuchten die Hörner des Mondes
Dir auf der freundlichen Stirn, und es ruh'n in ſilbernem Schimmer
Unter dir Berg und Thal. In dieſer Geſtalt, o du Göttin,
Sei uns gefeiert hinfort! Vor deinem verhüllenden Schleier
Wähnt der Menſch zu vergehn, doch in deines Sternengewandes
Mildem Schimmer erquickt ſich die kaum noch lebende Seele.

Benjamin Neukirch

ward am 27. März 1666 zu Reinike in Schleſien geboren, ſtudirte zu Breslau, Thorn und zu Frankfurt an der Oder die alten Sprachen und die Rechte und lebte dann eine Zeitlang als Advocat zu Breslau. Unzufrieden mit dieſem Stande ging er aber 1691 als Privatdocent der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit nach Frankfurt zurück und wurde durch einige adlige Zuhörer mit den preußiſchen Miniſtern von Dankelmann und von Fuchs bekannt, die ihm eine Profeſſorſtelle zuſagten. Indeſſen begab er ſich 1693 nach Halle und 1694 mit dem Kammerherrn, Freiherrn von Riedel, auf Reiſen, wurde 1694 Hofmeiſter bei dem ſächſiſchen Premierminiſter von Haugwitz, und ging mit deſſen Sohne nach Berlin zurück, wo er mehrere junge ſchleſiſche Adlige in Aufſicht nahm. 1703 erhielt er endlich eine Profeſſur an der neuerrichteten Ritterakademie daſelbſt und wurde nach Aufhebung dieſes Inſtituts am markgräflich anſpachſchen Hofe mit dem Charakter eines Hofrathes Lehrer des Erbprinzen. Er ſtarb zu Anſpach am 15. Auguſt 1729.

Von ihm haben wir:

Galante Briefe und Gedichte. Koburg 1695, 8.
Hofmannswaldau's, Lohenſtein's ꝛc. Gedichte. Leipzig 1695—1727, 1734, 7 Thle. in 8., mit Vorreden von N.
Der allgemeine Verluſt. Trauerrede. Berlin 1705. Fol.
Unterricht von deutſchen Briefen. Leipzig 1707, 8. Mehrmals abgedruckt, zuletzt unter dem Titel: Anweiſung zu deutſchen Briefen. Nürnberg 1760, 8.
Andachtsübung zur Kirchenmuſik ꝛc. Frankfurt 1725, 8.
Weltliche Gedichte. Dresden 1727, 8., mit Kupf.; 2. Ausg. Berlin und Potsdam 1731—35, 4 Thle., 8.
Die Begebenheiten des Prinzen von Ithaka. Aus dem Franz. von Fenelon. Onolzbach 1727—39, 3 Thle. Fol., mit Kupf. Neue Ausg., Frankfurt und Leipzig 1738—39, 3 Thle., gr. 8., mit Biographie.
Auserleſene Gedichte. Mit Biographie von J. Chr. Gottſched. Regensburg 1744, 8.
Satiren und poetiſche Briefe. Frankfurt 1757, 8.
Deutſche Briefe. Nürnberg 1760, 8. (Der praktiſche Theil des Unterrichts von ꝛc.)

Früher ein Schüler Hoffmannswaldau's und deſſen eifriger Anhänger wandte ſich N. in ſpäteren Jahren ganz von dieſer Richtung ab, und ſuchte den geſunden Verſtand wieder in die deutſche Poeſie einzuführen, aus welchem Schwulſt und Unnatur, verbunden mit Geſchmackloſigkeit, ihn verdrängt hatten. Es fehlte ihm aber ſelbſt an Schärfe und Geiſt; ſeine Verſuche ſind daher weiter Nichts als gereimte gewöhnliche Gedanken in leicht gezimmerten, für die damalige Zeit ziemlich correcten Verſen, doch hat er das Verdienſt, zuerſt die Nachahmung der franzöſiſchen Claſſiker in der deutſchen Litteratur angeregt zu haben.

Aus Neukirch's Satiren ꝛc.

Die erſte Satire.

Auf einen neuen Doctor.

Zum öftern hab ich ſchon der Thorheit nachgedacht,
Warum die kluge Welt erkaufte Narren macht,
Und jüngſt hat ein Athen, wo große Männer leben,
Dir dummen Eſelskopf den Doctorhut gegeben.
Du biſt kein Philoſoph; als Weiſer thäteſt du
Dieß andern, was du willſt, daß man dir ſelber thu'.
Du würdeſt deine Frau nicht, wie der Teufel, plagen,
Und, wie ein Lumpenhund, dich mit den Mägden ſchlagen.
Du biſt kein Weltmann nicht; dieweil du nicht verſtehſt,
Warum du deiner Frau zur linken Seite gehſt;
Das heißt: Du ſollſt dein Weib nicht treiben, ſondern führen
Und ſie mit Höflichkeit, nicht mit Gewalt regieren.
Du biſt kein Medicus, ſonſt nähmſt du in der Pein
Ein treibendes Kloſtier für deine Würmer ein.

So haſt du auch nicht viel in Gottes Wort vergeſſen,
Sonſt würdeſt du dein Thun nach dem Gewiſſen meſſen.
Du biſt auch kein Juriſt, denn wer das Recht erklärt,
Der weiß wohl, daß das Weib nicht einen Mann ernähret,
Und daß, ſoll eine Frau der Haushaltung befehlen,
Man ihr die Krüge nicht muß aus der Kammer ſtehlen.
Was Henker biſt du denn? — Ein Narr, der nichts gelernt,
Ein Flegel, der nur driſcht, was Andre eingeerndt.
Und gleichwohl biſt du doch ein groſer Doctor worden?
Erhabner Eſelskopf! man kömmt nicht in den Orden,
Wo man bei dieſer Zeit nicht Künſte mit ſich bringt,
Und, wenn die Kunſt gebricht, von groſer Zahlung ſingt.
Wie geht es denn nun zu? — Das Geld hat dich erhoben;
Das Geld, daß dir, wie Koth, oft in der Hand verſtoben:
Das deines Vaters Fleiß mit groſer Müh gehegt,
Und du ſchon, eh er ſtarb, mit Schanden angelegt.
Drum fingſt du nach der Zeit dich endlich an zu grämen,
Und dachſt, ich muß mir nur ein liebes Weibchen nehmen,
Die, weil ich armer Schelm in Büchern nichts gethan,
Und alles Geld verſchluckt, mich noch erhalten kann
Das Glücke war dir hold, du wurdeſt angenommen,
Dein Titel hat ein Weib, nicht aber du bekommen.
Nun haſt du, was du willſt, du lebſt, wie dirs gefällt,
Die Frau ernähret dich, ihr Vater ſchafft dir Geld;
Die Braten müſſen dir faſt in die Gurgel fliegen,
Du kannſt den ganzen Tag im Bette ſchnarchend liegen;
Der Kummer, welcher ſich mit dir zu Tiſche ſetzt,
Hat dieſe Ruh geſtöhrt, und deinen Stand verletzt.
Die Sorge ärgert dich, denn du biſt, wie die Raben,
Du ſchaffſt nichts in das Haus, doch willſt du Freſſen haben.
Und was ein Anderer ſchafft, das ſoll für dich allein,
Und nicht, als wenn du willſt, auch für den Nächſten ſein.
Voll muß dir deine Frau den Rachen täglich ſchütten,
Und dich noch, ſchöner Wirth, um jeden Groſchen bitten,
Ja, ſagen: „Lieber Mann, ich weiß wohl, daß das Geld
„Dir aus der Taſche nicht wie Preget-Erbſen fällt:
„Ich weiß, du mußt es ſchwer und kümmerlich erwerben;
„Allein erbarme dich, laß meine Strümpfe färben,
„Und ſchicke meine Schuh bald zu dem Schuſter hin:
„So ſeh ich, daß ich noch dein liebes Weibchen bin.“
O groſer Eſelskopf! Iſt das nicht zu beklagen?
Ein ſo beliebtes Weib muß deine Narrheit tragen.
Du biſt mehr Katz und Aff, als einem Menſchen gleich,
Die Lippen hängen dir, die Wangen werden bleich,
Das Kinn iſt zugeſpitzt, gleichwie die Bauerhütte,
Die Naſe kommt mir vor, wie eine Kramertütte,
In welche man ein Pfund Roſinen ſchütten kann;
Dein Gang iſt abgeſchmackt, und jedes Wort zeigt an,
Daß du ein garſtig Thier in deinem Buſen trägeſt:
Und dennoch brummeſt du, wann du dich ſchlafen legeſt;
Du brummeſt, wann du wachſt; du brummeſt, wann du ſtehſt:
Du brummeſt, wann du frißt, du brummeſt, wann du gehſt,
Und ſucheſt deine Frau dem Tadel auszuſetzen,
Und ſie kann alle Welt, nur dich nicht recht ergötzen!
Sie, die von hinten zu dem Wohlſtand ſchöner ſcheint,
Als du, wenn gleich die Kunſt dich auszuſchmücken meint,
Wenn du im Garten gehſt, wo muntre Brüder ſtutzen.
O! dürfte dir der Tod den plumben Körper putzen!
Ach ſchade! daß dein Weib ſo treu und ehrlich iſt,
Und daß du armer Schelm nicht längſt ein Hahnrei biſt.
Wie artig würde dir das Hirſchgeweihe ſtehen?
Jedoch, was laß ich dich hier deine Thorheit ſehen?
Du bleibeſt, wer du biſt, und unſers Nachbars Hund
Wird ſeinen Rüſſel eh an einen Jungfer-Mund,
Und ſein gekrauſtes Haar in Gold und Seiden kehren;
Denn dein erſtarrter Kopf wird nie den Wurm verzehren.
Ihr Muſen! was habt ihr in eurem Rath gedacht,
Als ihr ein ſolches Thier zu einem Doctor macht?
Ach! hört doch einmal auf der Erden vorzulügen,
Sonſt wird der beſte Mann kein ſchönes Weibchen kriegen.

Die zweite Satire.

Damon, der groſe Mann, hat ſeit geraumer Zeit,
Durch ſeinen ſanften Scherz ſo Hof als Stadt erfreut;
Damon, der ſich bisher in grobe Tücher kleidet,
Im Winter Kält und Froſt, im Sommer Hitze leidet,
Und deſſen trockner Leib und hungrige Geſtalt
Den Lobſpruch ſelbſt beſchimpft, der aus den Liedern ſchallt,
Damon wird endlich ſatt, ſein Gütchen zu verſchwenden,
Und ſo viel ſauren Schweiß an einen Reim zu wenden.
Dadurch er nichts verdient, wohl aber in Gefahr,
In Schulden, um ſein Kleid und Alles kommen war,
So daß er nichts bei ſich als ſeinen Kummer führete:
Drum ſucht er Fried und Ruh, die er doch nirgends ſpürte,
Und ſann verzweiflungsvoll auf einen wüſten Hain;
Dort ſollt ſo Noth als Knecht ihm nicht mehr ſchädlich ſein,
Bevor die krumme Hand der ihm verhaßten Rechte,
Ihn in das finſtre Loch des Kerkers werfen möchte;
Es müßte Damon gar um ſich beſchimpft zu ſehn,
Bei ſeiner Lorbeerpracht im grünen Hute gehn.

Jedoch indem er ſchlich, ganz blaß und abgezehret,
Als einer, den die Laſt der Sünde noch beſchweret,
Zur letzten Faſtenzeit: ſo ſah er auf ſein Haus
Und ſtieß voll Grimm und Feur noch dieſe Wörter aus:

Es wird in dieſer Stadt, wo Phöbus ſtets gewohnet,
Verdienſt und Klugheit nicht, wie ehedem, belohnet;
Weil die Poeten ganz von Gott verlaſſen ſind,
Und man hier weder Scham, noch wahre Tugend find't;
Laßt uns nun einen Ort in hohlen Felſen ſuchen,
Da darf kein Häſcherknecht, kein Scherge auf uns fluchen,
Und weil wir ohnerhört zum Sitz der Gottheit ſchrein,
So laßt der Zeit zu trotz uns einſt verborgen ſein,
Dieweil noch meinen Fuß kein ſchwerer Feſſel drücket,
Dieweil ſich nicht mein Leib für grauem Alter bücket,
Mein Gang, gleichwie zuvor, noch alle Schritte mißt,
Und meines Lebens Reſt nicht ganz verſponnen iſt.
Mir iſt kein beſſrer Rath in meinem Stand zu geben;
Es lebe Görg allhier, Görg kann hier freudig leben;
Ihn hat die Million, die ſein Betrug erſchnellt,
Aus einem Pfaff und Knecht in Grafenrang verſtellt.
Es lebe Jakob hier, der durch ſein kluges Scherren
Uns noch mehr ſchaden wird, als Peſt und Krieg gebären;
Er hat die Renten gar ins A, B, C gebracht,
Und einen Band daraus, wie Caleſſin, erdacht;
Er herrſcht in dieſer Stadt! Er kann mit Rechte lachen.
Ich aber in Paris, was ſollt ich doch hier machen?
Ich bin nicht auf Betrug und Falſchheit abgericht;
Und wär ich es auch gleich, — nein, lügen mag ich nicht.
Ich kann den Uebermuth der Narren nicht verſchweigen,
Für welchen Andre ſich des Goldes wegen beugen:
Ich ſchreibe kein Sonnet mit Schmeicheln in die Welt,
Und wen ich loben will, den lob ich ohne Geld.
Für ein ſo ſchlechtes Amt bin ich zu hoch geboren,
Mein Geiſt iſt etwas ſtark und bäuriſch abgegoren;
Ich ſage, wie es iſt. Ein Sieb nenn ich ein Sieb,
Ein Kätzchen eine Katz, und Rolet einen Dieb.
Verliebten weiß ich nichts Geſchicktes auszuſinnen,
Ich kann auch nicht die Kunſt, die Mädchen zu gewinnen,
Und leb in dieſer Stadt ſo einſam und verzagt,
Als ein halbtodter Leib, den die Verſtopfung plagt.

Wer aber, wirft man ein, heißt ſolche Tugend lieben,
Die man ſonſt nirgends ſieht, als in Spitälern üben?
Die Hoffart ſtehet nur bei Gut und Gelde fein,
Ein Armer aber muß zu dienen willig ſein.
Durch Kuppeln kann ein Mann ſo Noth als Hunger ſchwächen,
Den Einfluß und die Macht der falſchen Sterne brechen;
Durch Kuppeln hebt das Glück bei dieſer harten Zeit,
Auch Schreiber, wenn es will, zur höchſten Herrlichkeit.
Jetzt iſt die Tugend gar vom Schickſal unterdrücket,
Ein Schulfuchs triumphirt und wird empor gerücket,
Der, hätt' er öfters nicht durch falſche Wiſſenſchaft,
Das Ebne krumm gemacht, und durch der Stimmen Kraft
Das arme Land gepreßt, wohl ſonſt an ſeinem Wagen
Selbſt würde Kutſcher ſein und Livereyen tragen.
Ich weiß wohl, daß die Furcht, von wegen dieſer That,
Erſt neulich einen Mann von uns geriſſen hat:
Allein die Taxe hat ihn nur umſonſt geſchrecket,
Man wird ihn wieder bald mit fremder Pracht bedecket,
Und Räuberei geſchickt durch alle Gaſſen gehn,
Und Gott, der ihn doch haßt, verzweifelt tadeln ſehn.
Indeß, daß Pelletier den todten Knochen gleichet,
Und ſtets von einer Thür zur andern betteln ſchleichet,
Der doch die Kunſt verſteht, die jeder Kluger ehrt
Ein Monmaur hatte ſie ſonſt in Paris gelehrt.

Zwar unſer König zieht zu unſerm groſen Glücke
Den ſchwachen Phöbus noch vom Hoſpital zurücke,
Erhält ihn für dem Fall und wirft bei Krieg und Ruh
Den Muſen oftermals geneigte Blicke zu.
Man weiß, daß dieſer Held blos nach Verdienſt erhebet:
Was aber hilft Auguſt, wo kein Mäcenas lebet?
Wer wollte ſich doch wohl bei meiner ſchweren Pein
So tief erniedrigen und meine Stütze ſein?
Und wär auch dieſes gleich; wie brach ich durch den Haufen

Der Reimer, die ihn meiſt aus Hunger überlaufen,
Die ſtets die erſten ſind, wo ſeine Hand ſich rühret,
Und ſtehlen, was doch oft dem letzten nur gebühret:
Gleichwie die Weſpen thun, die ſelber nichts verdienen,
Und doch den Honigſeim der arbeitsvollen Bienen
In ihren Rachen ziehn. Darum habe gute Nacht
Gewinnſte, weil ihr nur Verwegne glücklich macht.
Amandus hatte nichts als ſeine Kunſt zum beſten,
Sein Gut und Erbtheil war ein Rock mit einer Weſten,
Ein Blatt, wo Fiat ſtund, ein Bett, ein Strümpfchen Lichts,
Und endlich kurz geſagt: Amandus hatte nichts.
Als er ermüdet war, ſein Leben ſo zu führen,
Dacht er durch dieſes nichts dem Glücke nachzuſpüren,
Und kam zu einer Zeit bei Hofe, voller Wahn,
Mit einer ganzen Laſt von ſchönen Verſen an.
Wie lief es aber ab? Er kam mit Schimpfe wieder,
Warf voller Schand und Spott ſich auf das Bette nieder,
Und ſeufzte, bis zuletzt das Fieber und der Gram,
Noch eh er Hungers ſtarb, ihn von der Erde nahm.
Poeten waren zwar vor dem bei Hofe mode;
Heut aber ſchmecken ſie der Welt nach Narrenſode.
Schreib einer noch ſo klug, und mit der größten Müh:
So hat er doch nicht mehr das Glück des Angeli.

Was ſoll ich einſtens thun, mein Elend bald zu enden?
Soll ich mich vom Parnaß zu Bartols Schriften wenden?
Und Louets Buch durchgehn, das ſo viel Zänker macht?
Wie? oder ſoll ich gar in einer langen Tracht
Den Advokatenſaal mit meinem Rocke kehren?
Schon dieſes bloße Wort kann meinen Muth verzehren.
Ich ſollt ein Anwald ſein in dieſer wilden Stadt?
Wo die Gerechtigkeit längſt ihren Abſchied hat;
Die Unſchuld betteln geht, hier will bei tauſend Rechten,
Ein jeder mit Gewalt das Unrecht dreiſt verfechten;
Wo man das ſchwarze weiß, weiß ſchwarz zu machen ſinnt;
Wo Patru weniger, als Mazier gewinnt,
Und Zungendreſcher oft den Cicero beſchämen?
Ha! eh ein ſolcher Schluß ſoll meinen Sinn einnehmen,
Eh ſoll auf Sanct Johann, daß Waſſer, Eis und Stein,
Arnaud ein Hugenott, Pavin ein Heuchler ſein.
Wohlan! es ſei gewagt, die Gegend zu verlaſſen,
Wo Glück und Redlichkeit ſich unaufhörlich haſſen:
Wo Laſter, Schand und Liſt mit voller Macht regiert,
Die Falſchheit Kron und Schwerdt, Betrug den Zepter führt:
Wo man die Wiſſenſchaft verfolgt, und drückt, und plaget,
Und als ein Hurenkind von Haus und Hof verjaget;
Wo man nur darauf denkt, wie man frech ſtehlen will;
Wo alles mich verdrußt: wo — doch ich ſchweige ſtill.
Wer iſt nun wohl ſo kalt? Man muß bei groben Sünden,
Wenn man ſie täglich ſieht, gerechten Zorn empfinden?
Wir müſſen, wag ich mich mit Ernſt ſie durchzuziehn,
Auch ohne Phöbus Kraft die beſten Reime blühn?
Nein, nein, ſo oft ſich hier des Dichters Werke zeigen,
So darf man nicht, wie ſonſt, den Helikon beſteigen:
Apollo darf auch nicht erſt unſer Helfer ſein;
Denn was er ſagen kann, gibt ſchon der Eifer ein.
Sieh da, ſpricht Mancher hier, du fängeſt an zu raſen,
So hohe Redensart ſchmeckt nach gelehrten Haſen;
Geh auf die Kanzel hin, und zuckt dich ja das Maul,
So mache dort das Volk durch deine Reden faul.
Da kannſt du, was du willſt, gut oder übel ſprechen.

So ſchwatzt ein blinder Narr, den meine Schriften ſtechen,
Der bei der Thorheit ſich ganz klug und ſicher macht,
Wenn er durch ſeinen Spott mein ernſtes Thun verlacht,
Der bald den Himmel pocht, bald wie die Fröſche zittert,
Der Gott nicht eher kennt, bis er ein Fieber wittert,
Und ſeine Hände ringt, als wenn es knallt und blitzt;
Sobald es aber klar, ſchon wieder ſpottend ſitzt.
Denn daß ein ſolcher Menſch, alsdann zu denken pflege,
Daß Gott durch ſeine Macht den Bau der Welt bewege,
Und daß nach dieſer Zeit ein ander Leben ſei,
Wird er zum wenigſten bei ſeiner Prahlerei,
Doch mündlich nicht geſtehn: ich aber, der ich glaube,
Daß keine Seele ſterb' und Gott den Donner treibe,
Befinde, daß ich mich von hier entfernen ſoll.
Den Thoren weich ich aus. Paris, gehab dich wohl!

Die dritte Satire.

An den Herrn von Moliere.

Berühmt und ſeltner Geiſt, der wegen ſeiner Gaben
Nicht weiß, was ihrer viel für Müh im Dichten haben,
Für dem Apollo ſelbſt muß ſeinen Schatz ausſtreun
Und der gar wohl verſteht, was gute Verſe ſein.
Erfahrner Held in dem, was Witz und Kunſt gegründet,
Moliere, ſage doch, wie man die Reime findet.
Man ſchwüre, wenn du willſt, ſo liefen ſie dir nach;
Sogar fließt jeder Vers dir ſonder Ungemach.
Du darfſt nicht allererſt viel in Gedanken träumen,
Was deine Feder ſchreibt, ſind beifallswerthe Reimen:
Mir aber hat der Wahn und eine blinde Macht
Zur Strafe, wie es ſcheint, die Reimſucht zugedacht,
Daß ich mich um ein Lied oft nur umſonſt erhitze.
Ich ſuche mehr, als du; ich ſinne, denk und ſchwitze,
Und ſpare weder früh noch Abends meinen Fleiß;
Doch ſagt das Herze ſchwarz, ſo ſpricht die Dinte weiß.
Red in Gedanken ich von einer Hoffigure
So reimt mein Federkiel darauf den Abt von Pure.
Fehlt mir ein groſer Mann und Dichter in dem Schluß,
So ſpricht der Reim Kainaut, anſtatt Virgilius.
Mit einem Wort: Ich mag mich hin und her bewegen,
So lauft mir dennoch ſtets das Widerſpiel entgegen,
Weil ich mit aller Müh nun nichts erſinnen kann,
So denk ich weiter nicht für Schmerz und Eifer dran,
Verfluche mit Verdruß die Geiſter, die mich treiben,
Und ſchwöre tauſendmal, nicht mehr ein Wort zu ſchreiben;
Doch hab ich lange Zeit den Muſengott verflucht,
So find ich oft den Reim, wo ich ihn nicht geſucht.
Alsbald durchdringt die Glut von neuem meine Glieder:
Ich nehme, doch mit Zwang, Papier und Dinte wieder,
Vergeſſe meinen Eid, und warte ſonder Ziel,
Bis wieder nach und nach ein Verschen kommen will.
Ach wäre doch mein Geiſt nur nicht ſo unbeſcheiden,
Und könnte wenigſtens ein hartes Beiwort leiden;
So wär ich auch vielleicht wie Andre wörterreich;
Denn alles gälte mir alsdann in Reimen gleich.
Nennt ich die Koſtis, der Erden Luſt und Wonne,
So ſetzt ich gleich darauf: ſchön, wie die liebe Sonne.
Erheb ich aber gar in Verſen einen Held,
So ſpräch ich Augenblicks, das Wunder dieſer Welt.
Und alſo dürft ich nur von lauter Wunderdingen,
Von Himmel, Stern und Licht und ſeltner Schönheit ſingen:
Und wenn ich nur ſein oft ſo ſtolze Wörterpracht
Hätt ohne Müh und Kunſt im Dichten angebracht;
Ja, wenn ich noch dazu der Sylben Ton verletzte,
Und bald ein Wörtchen hier, das andre dorthin ſetzte,
So könnten, träf es gleich auch nur in Stücken ein,
Doch meine Verſe leicht Malherbens ähnlich ſein.
So aber will mein Geiſt ſich, leider! nicht bequemen,
Er mag zum Schluſſe nichts, als was ſich ſchicket, nehmen.
Und kann unmöglich ſehn, daß meine Redensart,
Sich mit der Zeile blos des Reimes wegen paart.
Wenn er vier Worte ſagt, läßt er nur eines bleiben!
So daß ich oft mein Werk muß zwanzig mal umſchreiben.

Verflucht ſei doch der Mann, der blos aus Unbedacht
Die erſten Regeln hat im Reimen aufgebracht:
Der ſeiner Reden Kraft in Zahlen eingeſchränket,
Und ſie nebſt der Vernunft in ſolcher Noth verſenket!
Wär dieſes Handwerk nicht, was hätt ich für Gewinn?
Die Tage liefen mir voll ſüßer Stunden hin:
Ich dürfte nichts mehr thun, als trinken, ſingen, lachen,
Und wie ein Domherr mich nach Willen luſtig machen.
Ich könnte ruhig ſein, bei Zeiten ſchlafen gehn,
Bei Tage müßig ſein und ohne Sorgen ſtehn.
Und weil mein Herz ohndem zum Grame ſich nicht ſchicket,
Ein Feind der Mißgunſt iſt, der Ehrſucht niederdrücket,
Die ſtolze Gegenwart der groſen Herren ſcheut,
Und der Fortuna nicht im Louvre Weihrauch ſtreut.
Wie glücklich wär ich doch, wenn meine Ruh zu ſtören,
Nur das Verhängniß mich nicht hätte Reimen lehren.

Allein, ſeitdem der Wahn, den dieſe Peſt gebiert,
Durch ſeinen Nebel mir den Zug der Sinnen rühret,
Und ein verdammter Geiſt, blos ſeinen Spott zu treiben,
Mich auf den Schluß gebracht, recht wohl und rein zu ſchreiben:
So ſitz ich Tag für Tag bei meinem Werke ſtill,
Verändre dies und das, was ſich nicht reimen will:
Flick an und ſtreiche weg, und heb oft an zu fluchen,
Daß mich die Muſen nicht, wie Pelletieren, ſuchen.
Beglückter Scuderi! du ſchwitzeſt nicht, wie wir,

Und bringeſt monatlich ein neues Werk herfür,
Zwar deine Schriften ſind nichts als gemeine Lieder
Ohn Arbeit, ohne Kunſt, und der Vernunft zuwider:
Allein, ſie treffen doch, was man auch ſagen kann,
Viel Narren zum Verkauf und auch zum Leſen an.
Und endlich, wenn der Reim am Ende richtig klinget,
Was iſt es denn nun mehr, ob der Verſtand ſie zwinget?
Der iſt in Wahrheit wohl rechtſchaffen arm und blind,
Der ſeinen freien Geiſt an Kunſt und Regeln bindt.
Ein Narr hat tauſendmal mehr Luſt in ſeinem Dichten,
Er darf ſich, wenn er reimt, nach keinen Wörtern richten.
Liebt alles, was er macht, und bildet ſelbſt ſich ein,
Daß er und ſeine Schrift die größten Wunder ſein.
Allein, ein hoher Geiſt ſucht nur umſonſt auf Erden,
In dieſer ſchweren Kunſt vollkommen klug zu werden.
Er iſt ſtets mißvergnügt ob dem, was er verricht,
Gefället aller Welt, nur blos ſich ſelber nicht;
Und da ein jeder Menſch ihn preiſen muß und lieben,
Wünſcht er zu ſeiner Ruh: er hätte nichts geſchrieben.

Drum bitt ich nochmals dich, du Fürſt der Dichterei,
Moliere, bringe mir die Kunſt zu reimen bei:
Iſt aber dieſes dir unmöglich mir zu zeigen,
So lehre mich die Kunſt im Reimen gar zu ſchweigen.

Johanna Neumann.

Von den Lebensumſtänden dieſer Dichterin wiſſen wir nur, daß ſie zu Anfang dieſes Jahrhunderts zu Elbing geboren wurde und nach einer trefflichen Erziehung und Ausbildung ihrer Anlagen den Stadtrath N. daſelbſt heirathete, und ſpäter, nachdem ſie Wittwe geworden, eine weibliche Erziehungsanſtalt gründete, der ſie noch vorſteht.

Unter dem Schriftſtellernamen J. Satori wurde ſie litterariſch bekannt durch:

Galerie oder die Gemälde. Danzig 1825, 8.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1825, 3 Bde., 8. Die 2 letzten Bde. auch unter den Titeln: 2. Bd.: Vier Erzählungen; 3. Bd.: Erzählungen.
Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1825, 8.
Feldblumen. Taſchenbuch für 1825 und 26. Ebendaſ. 1825—26, 2 Bde., 12., mit 1 Portrait und 6 Abbildungen.
Vier Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Geſchichte der Gräfin von Moorfeld. Leipzig 1826, 8.
Großmama. Ebendaſ. 1826.
Pulawsky und Koſchinsky. Ebendaſ. 1826, 2 Thle., 8.
Liſt gegen Liſt. Ebendaſ. 1826, 2 Thle., 8.
Das enthüllte Verbrechen. Ebendaſ. 1827, 2 Thle., 8.
Das Ebenbild. Ebendaſ. 1827, 8.
Franzeske und Rodrigo, das Teſtament. Ebendaſ. 1828, 8.
Der Doppeleid. Ebendaſ. 1830, 2 Bde., 8.
Seraphine, oder der Uebel größtes iſt die Schuld. Ebendaſ. 1830, 8.
Das Kreuz im Walde. Ebendaſ. 1830, 2 Bde., 8.
Blanka von Caſtilien. Ebendaſ. 1831, 2 Bde. 8.
Die Charade. Novelle. Berlin 1831, 8.
Konradin von Schwaben. Leipzig 1831, 2 Thle., 8.
Novellen. Ebendaſ. 1832, 3 Bdchen, 8.
Erik, König von Schweden. Danzig 1833, 2 Bde., 8.
Die Fürſtin Wowotſchin und ihre Söhne. Ebendaſ. 1833, 3 Bde., 8.
Diana von Cinq Mars. Leipzig 1835, 8.
Johann I., König von Neapel. Ebendaſ. 1835, 2 Thle., 8.
Novellenkranz. Ebendaſ. 1835—36, 3 Bde., 8. (3. Bd. auch unter dem Titel: „Eliſabeth, Gräfin von Swedenbrock“ einzeln).

Gute Erfindung, anmuthige Darſtellung, Kenntniß des Lebens und eine echt moraliſche Tendenz haben den Schriften dieſer trefflichen Frau viele Freunde erworben.

Kaspar Neumann

ward am 14. September 1648 zu Breslau geboren und von ſeinem Vater, dem daſigen Rathsſteuereinnehmer zum Pharmaceuten beſtimmt, ſtudirte aber aus Vorliebe Theologie in Jena und ging nach daſelbſt erworbener Magiſterwürde von 1673 — 76 als Reiſeprediger mit dem Prinzen Chriſtian von Sachſen-Gotha auf Reiſen. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr wurde er Hofdiakonus zu Gotha, 1678 Diakonus und 1689 Pfarrer zu Maria Magdalena und Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor zu Breslau, woſelbſt er 1697 das Hauptpaſtorat zu St. Eliſabeth, das Inſpectorat über Kirchen und Schulen und eine theologiſche Profeſſur an den beiden Gymnaſien erhielt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 27. Januar 1715.

Er ſchrieb:

Traueroden. Leipzig 1696.
Geſammelte Früchte. Ebendaſ. 1700.
Kern aller Gebete. Berlin 1737, 12.

Ein zu ſeiner Zeit durch reiches Wiſſen und Vielſeitigkeit ſehr ausgezeichneter Redner und geiſtlicher Liederdichter.

Georg Neumark

ward am 16. März 1621 zu Mühlhauſen in Thüringen geboren und legte auf dem Gymnaſium zu Schleuſingen die erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Grundlage. Nach, man weiß nicht, ob und wo vollendeten Studien lebte er arm und hilflos in Hamburg, bis der daſige ſchwediſche Geſandte, Herr von Roſenkreuz, ihn zu ſeinem Secretär machte und ſpäter nach Weimar empfahl. Hier wurde er geheimer Archivſecretär, Bibliothekar und Pfalzgraf und ſtarb, nachdem er ſeit 1653 als Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft unter dem Namen des Sproſſenden und als Pegnitzer Schäfer unter dem Namen Thyrſis II. oder der oberſächſiſche Thyrſis ſich einen litterariſchen Namen erworben hatte, am 8. Julius 1681 daſelbſt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Betrübt verliebter doch endlich hocherfreuter Hirt Filamon. Königsberg 1648, 8.
Der hochbetrübt verliebte Hirt Myrtillus. Ebendaſ. 1649, 8.
Keuſcher Liebesſpiegel. Thorn 1649, 12.
Poetiſch-muſikaliſches Luſtwäldlein. Hamburg 1652, 12.; 2. verm. Ausg. unter dem Titel: Fortgepflanzter muſikaliſch-poetiſcher Luſtwald. Jena 1657, 2 Thle., 8., mit Portrait.
Davidiſcher Regentenſpiegel. Ebendaſ. 1655, 8.
Politiſches Geſprächſpiel. Weimar 1662, 4.
Poetiſch-hiſtoriſcher Luſtgarten. Erfurt 1666, 12.
Gründliche Anweiſung zur deutſchen Verskunſt. Jena 1667, 4.
Perlenkrone. Jena 1672, 8.
Davidiſche Ehrenkrone chriſtlicher Potentaten. Ebendaſ. 1675, 12.

Geiſtliche Arien. Weimar 1675.
Der neuſproſſende deutſche Palmbaum. Nürnberg (1668). 8., mit (mißlungenem) Portrait.

Auserleſene Gedichte von ihm finden ſich in Müllers Bibliothek Bd. 11.

Gemüthlichkeit, Leichtigkeit in der Behandlung von Sprache und Form und Wohlklang ſind Neumark's übrigens häufig gedankenleeren Poeſien eigen. Er gehört zu den letzten Schülern der erſten ſchleſiſchen Schule. — Seine gelungenſte und verbreitetſte Leiſtung iſt das bekannte Kirchenlied: „Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten."

ECLOGE

Aretine*).

In lauter Jambiſchen Reimzeilen beſtehend, von den Monometriſchen Akatalektis an, biß auf die Pentametriſche Brachikatalektos.

Thyrſis, Amyntas, Melibeus, Filidor.

Thyrſis.

Sagt, fauler Melibe,
Wie? kommt ihr denn nicht eh?
Ihr habt gewiß mit euren Schafen
Biß an den hohen Tag geſchlafen.
Doch nicht. Ihr habt vielleicht in heint vergangner Nacht
Dem Schlafgott Morfeus ein langes Opfer bracht,
Und ſeyd, wie mich bedünkt, ſo langſam fertig worden.
Iſts war, ſo komm' ich heut' in unſern Rathsherrnorden.

Amyntas.

Geſchlafen haben, bild' ich mir nicht ein.
Was aber ſonſten mag die Urſach ſein,
Vermuth' ich' wohl: Sie haben ſich gewiß ergetzet,
Und bey der Morgenſtund' am Hippokrenenbach,
Wie faſt an ihnen ſcheint, zu etwan einer Sach'
Ein neues Lied geſetzet.

Melibeus.

Mein Thyrſis, denkſt du denn, daß wir, wie du, geſinnt,
Und ſo ſehr ſchläfrig ſein?
Nun fällt mir eben ein,
Was neulich unſre Hirtenknaben
In einen Buchbaum eingegraben:
Wir Menſchen wollen ſtets des Nechſten Splitter richten,
Und ſehn den Balken nicht in unſern Angeſichten.
Du kanſt dich ſelber wohl zur langen Ruh bequemen,
Und willſt, mein Bruder, mich anitzo hier beſchämen.
Wir beyde ſind, wie itzt der neue Freund, Amynt,
Von uns gemeinet hat, mit dem bemüht geweſen,
Und auf dem Flötenwerk' ein neues Stükk' erleſen,
Das heut' auf dieſes Feſt
Von dem, der unter uns, was Stimm' anlangt, der beſt',
In unſer Seitenſpiel ſoll abgeſungen werden.
Komm, lieber Filidor, laß unſre Wollenheerden
Nur in der Weide gehn: Hier unter dieſem Baum
Bey unſer Brüderſchaft iſt genung gewünſchter Raum,
Ich weiß, Sie ſehn gern, daß wir uns niederlaſſen,
Und heiter machen
Die ſchöne Zeit
Verwenden helfen in vergönnter Frölichkeit.

Thyrſis.

Ey, das iſt recht! ihr werdet aber mir verzeihen,
Daß ich zuvor geſchertzt. Heut wollen wir uns recht erfreuen.
Ihr wiſſet wohl, daß dieſes Tages Ziel
Wird ſein ein Freudenſpiel.

Filidor.

Mein Thyrſis, wer den Schertz nicht recht verſteht und meint,
Der iſt nicht unter uns ein rechter Hertzensfreund.
Durch gutgemeinte Stich' und wohlgeſuchten Schertz
Wird oftmals unterſucht das rechte Freundeshertz.

Amyntas.

Was aber vor ein Feſt wollt ihr auf heut begehen,
Daß itzo wird gedacht von unſerm Meliben?
Und was für eine Luſt
Iſt, Thyrſis, dir bewuſt?
Iſt Hiacynthenfeſt denn etwan vor der Thür?
Akolyſen oder auch Hilarien allhier?
Die Zerealien die ſind ja auch noch nicht.
Was ſcheint derhalben Euch denn vor ein Freudenlicht?

Melibeus.

Was Zerealien? Was Hiazynthenfreude?
Es iſt auch keines nicht der mehrgenannten Beyde.
Die Ruh Gameliens, und deſſen ſtoltze Luſt
Soll uns auf heute ſein bewuſt.

Thyrſis.

Ey, ey, wie reimt ſich das? das kan ich nicht begreiffen,
Mein lieber Melibe: Das Korn fängt an zu reiffen;
Der Vater Faetons fährt itzund auf der Bahn,
Wo der Nemeiſche Leu ihn hitzig brüllet an;
Die gantze Luft erſchallt von hellem Vogelſingen;
Die Bienen ſamlen ein und ſüſſes Honig bringen;
Das Feld ſteht voller Luſt; der Kirſchbaum bringet Frucht;
Die Lämmer werden groß, und geben ſchon zur Zucht,
Wie du ja ſelber ſiehſt bey deinen fetten Heerden,
Und ſoll Gamelien itzund begangen werden?
Das Feld muß blumenloß,
Die Wälder blätterbloß,
Die Auen ſonder warmen Sonnenſchein
Und überall beſchneiet ſein:
Der Janus muß die Ströhm' in kalten Harniſch kleiden;
Der ſtrenge Boreas muß als ein Meſſer ſchneiden,
So viel mir iſt bewuſt,
Wenn man ja feyren will das nun erwehnten Feſtes Luſt.

Melibeus.

Es iſt ja zwar,
Was du itzund geſagt, mein Thyrſis, alles war.
Es ſchadet aber nicht, daß wir das Feſt itzt halten.
Es iſt ja beſſer nun, als in dem ſchauren Kalten.
Die Heiden haben diß nach ihrer Ahrt gethan,
Wir aber fangen es, wie uns beliebet, an.

Amyntas.

Recht! recht! wir wollen nun, da es fein freundlich wittert,
Das Feſt Gamelien begehn,
Eh uns der rauhe Herbſt die gute Luſt verbittert,
Eh Wald und Feld gantz traurig ſtehn.
Laß jene Griechen immer hin
Mit blind-verſtokktem Sinn
Das ihrige nach ihrer Ahrt behalten,
Sie mögen ihre Gaukelei begehn im Kalten.
Wem aber, ſagt mir doch, wolt ihr zu eigendlichen Ehren
Dieß itzt erwehnten Feſtes Freudenweiſen laſſen hören?

Filidor.

Mein werther Freund, Amynt, iſt dir allein denn unbekannt,
Womit doch ſchon erfüllt das gantze weite Sachſenland?
Und weiſt auch nicht, daß heut der Trauetag erſchienen
Der ſchönſten Schäferin, des Fräuleins Aretinen,
Und daß Sie heute wird Ehrnſandern beygelegt,
Ohn welches Fürſtenpaar die Welt nichts ädlers hegt?

Amyntas.

Wie ſoll' ich, Filidor, viel von den Sachen wiſſen,
Da ich vorgeſtern nur hier euren Ilmenfluß
Und eure Brüderſchaft durch einen Freundeskuß
Gewürdigt bin zu grüſſen?
Es hat vor wenig Tagen
Der Zimbriſche Neptun auf ſeinen blauen Rükken
Mit guten Windesglükken
Mich noch getragen.
Nun aber ich mein Vieh bey euren aus-kan-weiden,
So machet mich doch auch theilhafftig eurer Freuden,
Ihr vielgeehrte Freund', und ſaget mir doch nach einander,
Wer Aretine ſey, und auch ihr Bräutigam Ehrnſander.

Thyrſis.

Geehrter Freund, Amynt, die ſchöne Blume dieſer Zeit,
Das Wohnhaus aller Zucht, der Auszug aller Freundlichkeit,
Die lieblich' Aretin', ein auserwehlte Zier
Der alten Sachſenburg, des Hornſteins allhier,
Der ädlen Schäferey, iſt von dem Vaterſtamm' entſproſſen
Des tapfern Filarets, der dieſer Ilmenfelder Fürſt,
So ſtets nach Wiſſenſchaft, nach Weisheit und Verſtand,
Nach hohem Heldenſinn' und aller Tugend dürſt,
Wie dieſes von Ihm zeugt ſo manches Fernerland:
In deſſen Fürſtenblut von Widekinden hergefloſſen,
Dem unerſchrokknen Sachſenhelden,
Nach welchem Föbus ſchon mit ſeinen Feuerpferden
Nun bald neunhundert mal gezirkelt um die Erden,
Und ſeinen Thierkreiß durchgerannt,
Wie ſolches wohl bekannt,
Und die Geſchlechtregiſter melden.
Es zeugen auch der Sachſen Ehrenfahnen,
Daß nicht die Fürſten nur gebohren mang die Ahnen,
Es iſt ſein alt Geſchlecht mit Königen auch untermengt.

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*) Aus Neumark's muſikaliſch-poetiſchem Luſtwald (Jena 1657).

Und Kayſerliches Blut hat ſeinen Stamm beſprengt.
O ſeelig iſt das Land, dem dieſes Glükke ſo begegnet,
Dem GOtt die Obrigkeit ſo hoch biß in viel tauſend ſegnet,
Von dem Geſchlecht iſt nun die theure Schäferinn,
Die zweyte Eliſthenin,
Die dritte Venuſin,
Die vierdte Charitin,
Das huldenreiche Fürſtenkind, die Aretine, hergeſtammet.
Und von der erſten Wiegen an mit Tugendflammen angeflammet.
Ich glaube nicht, Amynt, daß dieſes hohe Firmament
In ſeiner Heiterung ſo manche Silberlichter kennt,
Als ihre friſche Jugend
Mit ungeſchätzter Tugend
Iſt durch und durch von Hertzen aus beſternet
Und gleichſam gantz durchkernet.
Schau, lieber Freund, Amynt, das iſt die Fürſtenbraut,
Die einge Tochter Filarets, und ihrer Mutter Leukotheen
Hertzallerliebſter Augentroſt, den Sie mag in der Welt erſehen,
Die heut Chryſandern noch ſoll werden anvertraut.

Amyntas.

Verlanget mich doch ſelbſt, ich muß geſtehen,
Die hochgerühmte Nymf' einmal zu ſehen.
Ich zweifle nicht, Sie werd' auch ſchöne ſeyn;
Iſt ihr Gemüth und Stamm ſo überaus geſtalt,
So wird gewißlich auch hier euer Ilmenwald
Des Leibes Treflichkeit und deſſen Schein
Und ſchöne Gaben
Zu rühmen haben.

Filidor.

Amynt, verſichre dich, wenn gleich bey Aretinen
Die Hippomonia, Helen' und Omphale,
Rhorane, Sofonisb' und jene Rhodope,
Bozen' und andre mehr erſchienen mit Eginen,
Wir würden gerne weichen,
Und unſrer Schäferin, die wie Diane prangt,
Was Leibeszierlichkeit und Schönheit anbelangt,
Die Siegespalmen reichen.
Denn ſchau die Augen an, wie ſie ſo ſtrahlend blinken,
Schau, wie ſo züchtig ſie den keuſchen Hertzen winken,
Und hat die harten Sinnen
Mit Anmuth zu gewinnen,
Verborgne Kraft und Macht.
Man ſehe doch nur, wie die Felder ihrer Wangen,
Mit weisvermiſchtem Roth', als Roſ- und Lilien prangen:
Wer kan da nicht mit Luſt und innerlichen Freuden
Auf dieſer Fürſtenau,
So täglich überfloſſen
Mit ſüßem Tugendthau,
Wer nur kein Mopſus iſt, die Aug-und Sinnen weiden?
Thut Sie nur ihren Mund, die rothkoralne Pforten
Der Keuſchheit Tempel, auf,
Und man merkt ſinnig drauf,
So wird man ſehn, wie Sie mit ihren Honigworten
Die Seelen weiß zu binden.
Gar ſchwerlich wird man wo noch eine Nymfe finden
In aller Fürſten Schäferey,
So Aretinen zu vergleichen ſey.
Es ſind noch wenig Jahr vom Antritt ihres Lebens abgeſchloſſen,
Wenn künftig Priapus die Nüſſe ſchlagen läſſet,
Und Evan ſeinen Saft aus reiffen Trauben preſſet,
So ſind erſt funfzehn Jahr,
Daß Sie gebohren war,
Und ſcheinet doch, als wenn Sie Pallas dreiſſig Jahr hett' übergoſſen,
Und angefeuchtet ihre Lippen.
Mit klarem Aganippen.
Hier ſieht man, daß Verſtand und Tugend ſich auch paaren .
Mit zahrten jungen Jahren,
Und daß der Weisheit Witz,
Nicht allzeit ſeinen Sitz
Hab' in den grauen Haaren.
Weg liebende Klarind'! Hinweg verſchmitzte Doris!
Weg ſchöne Sandorill! weg Hertzensdiebin Chloris!
Weg kluge Galate! weg freundliche Lykoris!
Katulla, Fillis, weg! und wer ihr immer ſeyd,
Ihr habt gemeiniglich an ſchnöder Eitelkeit,
Die Euch ſo wohl bewuſt,
Eur hertzbeliebte Luſt.
Der Aretinen Mund iſt aber anders nicht geübet,
Als nur zu reden das, was GOtt und ieder Menſch beliebet,
Es iſt Ihr anders nicht bekannt,
Als Weisheit und Verſtand.
Wie kans auch anders ſeyn? Was Fürſtlich iſt erzeuget,
Daſſelbige ſich auch auf Fürſtenſachen neiget.
Was ein geſtirnter Geiſt hiernieden bringt hervor,
Das ſchwinget ſein Gemüth' auch wieder bald empor.
Ein Adlerin, wie jung ſie ſey, beliebt nicht Sümpf' und Thalen,
Sie kehrt und wendet ihr Geſicht nach Föbus hellen Straalen,
Wie ihres Vaters Brauch,
So thut dieß Fräulein auch.
Amyntas ſolteſt du Sie nur die Seiten rühren hören,
Wenn ſich zur Mittagszeit Apollens heiſſe Sonnen mehren,
Wenn Sie ihr ſattes Vieh' hin in den Schatten treibt,
Und eine Zeitlang dort bey Filareten bleibt,
Bey ihrem treuen Nahter,
Und liebſten Herren Vater,
Du würdeſt in dir ſelbſt entzükket bey ihr ſtehn,
Und mit Verwunderung auf ihre ſchlanke Finger ſehn:
Inſonderheit, wenn Sie ein geiſtlich Lied darin ſinget,
Die Sinnen und das Hertz geflügelt aufwärts ſchwinget,
Und ihrem treuen GOtt ein Opfer dadurch bringet.
Wiewohl ſtehn doch des Himmels Liebesflammen
Und Hochgebohrner Fürſtenſtand beyſammen!
Was ein ſehr ſchöner Stein in einem göldnen Ringe thut,
Das thut die Gottesfurcht bey einem jungen Fürſtenblut.
Sie, Aretine, ſteht in allen ihrem Weſen
Aus vielen tauſenden gleich wie ein Schatz erleſen.
Wie alle Stern', ob ſchon Sie in ſehr groſer Menge ſtehn,
Und derer etliche vor andern klärer anzuſehn;
Inſonderheit Boot, Kaliſto oder auch die Ziegen,
Doch ihrer Königin, Selenen, müſſen laſſen ſiegen:
So eben läſt man Sie den ädlen Preiß gewinnen,
Daß Sie die Krone ſei von allen Schäferinnen.

Amyntas.

Mein lieber Filidor, mit Luſt hab' ich gehöret
Der Aretinen Lob, ich bin faſt gantz bethöret,
Daß ſolche zahrte Jugend
So groſe Fürſtentugend
In ihren Sinnen hegt. Nun wunder' ich mich nicht,
Daß dieſer Schäferinn hochflammend Tugendlicht
In des Chryſanders Hertz mit aller Macht geblitzet,
Daſſelb' in keuſcher Brunſt almählich angehitzet,
Den Mittelpunkt ergründet,
Und endlich gar entzündet.
Wie kan Chryſander nun ein ander Mittel haben,
Daß Er das matte Hertz recht wirklich möge laben,
Als durch die Zukkerflüſſe
Der Aretinen Küſſe?
Durch ihren ſüſſen Mundeshauch muß Er das Feuer dämpfen,
Mit welchem er ſo lange Zeit bißher hat müſſen kämpfen,
Fahrt aber weiter fort, ihr Brüder, mit Beſcheid zu geben,
Wer Aretinen Hertz? Wer ihr erwehltes liebes Leben?
Und wer Chryſander ſey? dieweil es Euch bewuſt,
Daß ich mich recht mit Euch bedienen kan der Luſt.

Filidor.

Erzähl' Ihm, Melibe, weil du daſelbſten härtig,
Weil dir der ſchnelle Saalenſtrand
Iſt wohl bekannt,
Wo unſer werther Fürſt, Chryſander, ſeine Herden
In voller Weide ſieht. Der ädle Schäfer iſt es würdig,
Daß ſeine Gaben recht hier abgebildet werden.

Melibeus.

Ihr lieben Brüder, hört: ſo wenig einer kan das Meer ergründen,
So wenig jemand kan die Zahl' der Stern' am Firmamente finden,
So wenig einer wird durch Ell' und Maß den Erdenkreiß umſchweiffen,
So wenig werd' ich auch Chryſanders himmelgleiches Lob ergreiffen.
Wer deß ſich unterſteht,
Der wird aus groſen Sachen
Nur kleines Stükkwerk machen.
Dieweil Chryſanders Nahm' auch über Pindus geht.
Wer weiß nicht, daß ſein Stamm vom Engerkönig kommet,
Und ſo, wie Aretin', auch ſeinen Urſprung nimmet?
Man ſehe nur dorthin, auf jenen unerſchrokknen Elbenheld,
Den alten Poliarch, der ſchon berühmt der angelweiten Welt
Durch manche ſchöne That: den man dort ſitzend ſchauet,
Dem ſein groß Alterthum das Haar verſilbert und begrauet.
Des Sohn iſt nun Chryſander,
Der andere Lyſander
Des Vaters hoher Geiſt iſt ihm in der Natur geſchenkt,
Des Vaters Ebenbild iſt ihm ins Ritterhertz geſenkt.
Ein Leue zeugt kein Schaf: Ein Adler keinen Sperling:
Ein Habicht keine Taub: Ein Wallfiſch keinen Schmerling,

Ein tapfrer Heldenmuth
Pflanzt allzeit ädel Blut.
Sieht man Chryſanders Thun, und ſeinen Wandel an,
Das Fürſtliche Beginnen
Der Sternbekanten Sinnen,
So merket man es leicht, daß er die Klarosbahn
Genug betreten hab'. Imgleichen daß er ſeine Bruſt,
Als welcher Tapferkeit und Tugend gnug bewuſt,
Im Thermedonerſtrohm gewaſchen und gebadet.
Des Himmels Obermacht,
Die ſonderlich vor ſolche Geiſter wacht,
Hat unſern Hertzogen, Chryſandern, ſo begnadet,
Daß, wenn ichs nur darf wagen,
Nach Heldenart zu ſagen,
Kambyſes, Kratus, und Alzibiades,
Timoleon, Auguſt, Arthur, Themiſtokles,
Pompejus, Artaxerx, der tapfre Afrikanus,
Und jener Muſenfreund, der treffliche Trajanus,
Sich ſchon dahin erklärt, Chryſanders ädlen Geiſt,
Wann endlich Er einmal von dieſer Erde reiſt,
Welchs doch die Himmelskraft noch lange woll' erwehren,
Mit unter ihre Zahl zu nehmen und zu ehren,
Daß neben ihnen Er auch nach dem Tode leb',
Und wie Er würdig iſt, bey ihnen ewig ſchweb'.
Alſo wird der Verſtand und ritterliche Tugend,
Die man feſt eingepfropft in annoch zahrter Jugend,
Nach dieſer Sterblichkeit geehret und bethront,
Vergöttert nach dem Tod' und herrlich abgelohnt.
Ein Pöbelgleicher Sinn läſt mit dem Leibe ſich begraben:
Ein Tugendgeiſt lebt aber noch mit allen ſeinen Gaben,
Ob ihn gleich Lethens herber Pfeil geſuchet hat zu fällen:
Mnemoſyne trägt ihn hernach zu ſeinen Ehrenſtellen,
Und ſetzt uns ſeinen Ruhmensball und ſeine Treflichkeiten
Vor Augen, als ein Spiegelglas nach vielen hundert Zeiten.
Was kürtzlich des Chryſanders Ruhm belanget,
Womit Er in der Welt vor andern Hürten pranget,
So ſchaut in dieſen Wald,
Und ſehe, wie jener Zederbaum ſo prächtig ſey geſtalt,
Daß auch nicht ein Baum weit und breit
An ſeinen Gipfel reichet,
Und an der ſchönen Zierlichkeit
Ihm im geringſten gleichet
Daher urtheilet nun Chryſanders Lob. Ich ſchwere bey den Myrten,
Er bleibet an dem Saalenſtrand ein Hertzog aller Hürten.
Wenn ich abſonderlich hier ſeine Gaben ſollt erzehlen,
So würde mir die Zeit, und Stund', und Sprach' und Wörter fehlen.

Amyntas.

So hab ich gleichwohl nicht, ſo lang ich leb', erfahren,
Viel weniger geſehn, ſolch gleiches Paar ſich paaren.
Wie aber ſein die Beyd' im Anfang doch zuſammen kommen?
Und wo hat dieſe Lieb' ihr erſtes Lieben hergenommen?

Filidor.

Mein Freund, Amynt, hör zu, ich will dir kürtzlich ſagen,
Wie dieſes ſey geſchehn vor kurtzverwichnen Tagen:
Es war gleich in dem Lentzen,
Da Wieſen, Feld und Wald von ſchönen Blumen gläntzen,
Als einſt Chryſander kam
Den Stab und Taſche nahm,
Und ſeine Knaben hieß die Schaf' hinaus zu weiden,
Da ER denn ſelbſt mit gieng, und ſeines Hertzens Leiden,
Worein Klarindens Tod vor kurtzer Zeit ihn ſetzte,
Im treiben wohl erwegte,
Bis ER ſich niederlegte,
Und ſein betrübtes Hertz mit ſanfter Ruh ergetzte:
Er ſchlief darüber ein. Bald träumt' Ihm, wie Dione
Mit ihrem kleinen Sohne
Zu Ihm gegangen kähm', und ſagte dieſe Worte:
Nicht ſo ihr ädler Hürt! Was wolt ihr fort und forte
Das Hertz mit Grämen freſſen?
Und nicht des Leides wiederüm vergeſſen?
Klarinde war zwar hochbegabt und ſchön in ihrem Leben,
Denkt aber, daß der Höchſte kan dergleichen wieder geben.
Was hin iſt, bleibt wohl hin,
Und kommet nimmer wieder.
Schlagt ihr derwegen denn den freyen Fürſtenſinn,
Und das Gemüth im Kummer alſo nieder?
Auf, hochgebohrner Fürſt, auf tapferer Chryſander!
Was durch des Himmels Schickung iſt geſchehn,
Das laſſet mit Gedult nur alſo gehn.
Schaut in den Ilmenfeldern
Und dort in Hornſteins Wäldern,
Da weidet ſchon ein' Ander':
Es hat das Irrigeterland
Den dieß gewünſchte Bild nicht eine ſchön're Schäferinn.
Wo mich nicht treugt mein Sinn,
Sie wird darüm nach Griechenart von Tugend hergenannt.
Dieß ſoll das bittre Leid mit ſüßer Luſt erſetzen,
Und euer mattes Hertz mit ſtoltzer Freud' ergetzen.
Drüm gebt nicht ſo bald verlohren
Der grünbelaubeten Pandoren.
In dieſer Trauerzeit.
Zur neuen Frölichkeit.
Auf, auf, Chryſander, auf, und ſtellt das Trauren ein,
Zu eures Hertzens Troſt ſoll bald ein' Andre ſein.
Nach dem Sie dieß geredt, hat Liebreitz ſeinen Bogen
Bepfeilt, und ſolchen loßgezogen,
Chryſanders Hertz' entzündt,
Und drauf geſchwind
Mit ſeiner Mutter weg geflogen.
Der neuverwundte Hürt, Chryſander, liegt geſtreckt,
Und wird, ich weiß nicht wie, von etwas aufgeweckt;
Er fühlt in ſeinem Hertzen
Die heiſſe Liebeskertzen.
Wie, ſpricht ER, iſt mir denn geſchehen,
Was hab' ich denn im Schlaf' erſehen?
Ich fühl' ein neues Feur, und kan doch nicht erkennen,
Wornach die Flammen brennen.
Er denkt dem Traume nach,
Vergiſſet allgemach
Sein vorig Sinnbetrüben,
Er fänget an zu lieben:
Er nimmt die Reiſe vor nach unſren Ilmenauen,
Und wil auf ſolchen nur die Schäferinnen ſchauen.
Es trug ſich aber zu, daß Fürſt Chryſander kam auf eben ſelben Rein,
Da bei erfreutem Sonnenſchein
Die Tochter Filarets, die Hürtinn Aretine,
Bey ihrer Heerde ſelbſt erſchiene:
Chryſander ſieht Sie an, und wundert ſich ob ihrer Tugend,
Womit ſo reichlich war geſchmükket ihre zarte Jugend.
Der Schäfrin ſchöne Zier, und heller Tugendſchein
Beſtraalet Ihn mit Macht, und dringt zum Hertzen ein.
Es ſchlagen ſeine Liebesflammen
Bey Ihm in voller Gluth zuſammen.
Ihn deucht, Er könne nun nicht eine Stunde leben,
Wo nicht diß liebe Kind,
Das ihm ſein Hertz mit ihrer Anmuth bindt,
Ihm eigenthümlich werd', als Ehgemahl gegeben.
Er gehet zu ihr zu, und redt Sie freundlich an,
Bringt zukkerſüſſe Schertz' und Liebesreden auf die Bahn,
Bemühet ſich aufs beſt, ein ſolches Wort zu finden,
So ihr das zarte Hertz mit Gegenliebe möge binden.
Sie aber ſchämet ſich,
Wie wohl ſie innerlich
Auch allbereits die Liebesflammen fühlet,
Und, daß ſie möchten ihr bald werden abgekühlet,
Im Hertzen heimlich wünſcht. Sie weiſet Ihn zum Vater hin,
Spricht, daß Sie einig hang an deſſen Will' und reiffem Sinn'.
Ein fromm gehorſam Kind geht in der Freyerey
Der Eltern guten Rath und Willen nicht vorbey.
Sie läſt es Filaret, den lieben Vater, wiſſen,
Der gleich nicht ferne war, der iſt auch bald befliſſen,
Zu kommen hin zu ihr mit ſeiner Hertzogin, der Leukoteen,
Um dieſe Wichtigkeit verſtändig anzuſehen.
Denn, ſagt ER, Lieber Schatz, wir müſſens überlegen,
Und ſolches hohe Werk im Hertzen wohl erwegen,
Die Welt iſt wunderbar
Und ſtekket voll Gefahr.
Gar ſelten wird ein Ding zu ſeinem Zwekke kommen,
Das nicht mit reiffem Rath und mit Verſtand iſt vorgenommen.
Chryſanders keuſche Gluth wird aber bald durch ſeinen treuen Mund
Nach kurtzgepflogner Red' Ihm offenbar und kund.
Ein recht verliebtes Hertz kan man nicht hinderdrükken,
Es bricht doch bald heraus, und läſt die Treue blikken.
Man ſtürtze was man woll' auf ein ſtarkflammend Licht,
Und ſchau, ob nicht ſein Schein aus ſeinem Dekkel bricht.
Denn, ſagt' ER, werther Herr, hier ſteht mit einem Worte
Mein treuverliebter Sinn, und meines Hertzens Pforte
Eröffnet angelehnt, ich ſag' ohn' Heucheley,
Daß ich in Euer Kind getreu verliebet ſey.
Erbiete mich, daſſelb' im Hertzen einzuſchlieſſen,
Mich ſoll um Sie allein zu ehren, nichts verdrieſſen.
Ihr wiſſet, wer ich bin, ich bin genung bekannt,
Ihr ſeht mich hier vor Euch, Ihr wiſſt meinen Stand,
Wir ſind von einem Stamm der Sachſen hergefloſſen.
Ich bin, wie Artin', aus einem Haus' entſproſſen.

Drüm gebt mir, Filaret, hochtheure Leukete,
Das Jawort, oder Nein, weil ich noch vor Euch ſteh'
Drauf ſprach der alte Fürſt, der ädle Schäfer Filaret:
Wohlan, mein theurer Freund, Chryſander, herzgeliebter Sohn,
Da nehmt, geliebter Prinz, mein einge Tochter hin,
Als Eurer treuen Lieb' erwünſchten Lohn,
Die Ich aus rechtem Vaterſinn
Euch zum Gemahle geb', und nun da vor Euch ſteht.
Hat GOtt das keuſche Feur in Beyden angezündet,
GOtt, der alleine nur der Menſchen Herzen bindet,
Wohlan! ſo red' ich nichts, wie auch mein Ehgemahl,
Zu wider dieſem Werk. Was von dem HErren kömmt,
Was von dem Himmel her den Sterblichen beſtimmt,
Gefällt uns billich auch. Des Höchſten Gnadenſtraal,
Beſtraal' euch, daß ihr Beyd' in tauſend möget wachſen,
Durch Euch woll' unſer Haus, das alte Haus von Sachſen,
In gutem Wachsthum ſtehn. Ich bilde mir ja ein,
Daß euer herzgeliebter Vater,
Mein wertheſter Herr Vetter,
Der große Landesrather,
In manchem Unglückswetter,
Der tapfre Poliarch, zufrieden werde ſein.
Chryſander ſprach: Ja gern. Damit trat Er mit Freuden
Zur Aretinen zu, vergaß ſein vorig Leiden,
Bot' Ihr das erſte Liebes-Pfand,
Die treue Hand,
Und ſprach: Mein liebſter Schatz, mein' auserwählte Sonne,
Mein Leitſtern, Ander-Ich, mein herzgeliebte Wonne,
Mein Seelchen, nehmet hin, das, was Ihr haben wollt,
Das noch weit beſſer iſt, als ädle Stein' und Gold,
Ich meine dieß mein Herz, das ſonſten nichtes achtet,
Als reine Lieb und Treu, das einzig dahin trachtet,
Und alle Kräfte ſtrekkt, ganz ohne falſche Liſt,
Zu thun, was Euch gefällt, und Ehren-dienlich iſt.
Nach dieſem ſchenk' ich Euch beliebtes Gut und Geld,
Mein Wollen-volles Vieh', und Auenreiches Feld,
Die Wälder voller Wild, manch ſchöne Schäfereien,
Und was des Höchſten Gnad' hat wollen mehr verleihen.
Dies nahm Sie freundlich an, und gab den Herzensſchluß
Mit dieſem an den Tag: Herzallerliebſter Schatz;
Ihr trautſter Aufenthalt, ihr meiner Freuden Platz,
Ihr Seele meines Troſts, ſtimmt GOttes Gnadenwillen
Mit meinen Eltern ein,
So wil mein Obdach ſein,
Derſelben guten Raht gehorſamſt zu erfüllen.
Erkläre mich darauf, daß nimmer mehr ein Ander
Mein Herz beherſchen ſoll, als ihr, mein Kind Chryſander,
Habt mein getreues Herz, das wie ein Demantſtein,
In euer Liebesbrunſt ganz ſonder wanken ſteht,
Das Euch auf jedem Wink zu guter Folge geht,
Biß Lethe mich geſtürzt ins dunkle Grab hinein.
Ein Handſchlag muſte nun, manch zukkerſüſſer Kuß
Und ein herzfreundlich Lachen,
Den Abſchied feſte machen.
So iſt das Fürſtenpaar, mit Liebesflammen übernommen,
Wie izo kurz erzählt, mein Freund Amynt, zuſammen kommen.

Amyntas.

GOtt ſpreche nur ſein Amen drein,
So wird es wohl gepaaret ſei.
So iſt nun dieß der Tag, da Sie das rechte Prieſterband
Zu dem von GOtt geſetzten Eheſtand,
Wird unauflöslich binden?
Da ſich die Herzenslieb' im Werke feſt wird gründen?
Iſt heut Gamelien, weß Anfangs Ihr gedacht?
Soll heute dieſes Feſt denn werden durchgebracht?
Recht wohl gethan! Es wil uns aber auch gebühren,
Die hohe Fürſtentrau mit einem Glükkswunſch anzuziehren.

Thyrſis.

Es iſt gebräuchlich zwar, ihr meine liebe Brüder,
Daß einer jungen Braut,
Und ihrem Bräutigam, dem Sie wird anvertraut,
Man neugeſetzte Lieder
Zu Ehren abeſingt,
Und neben dieſem auch ein Brautgeſchenke bringt.
Weil aber wir zu ſchlecht, und nichtes geben konnen,
Was angenehme ſey dergleichen hohen Sinnen,
Weil Amalthe ihr Horn nicht über uns gegoſſen,
Und Tagus güldner Strohm gar ſeicht bey uns gefloſſen,
So hab' ich mich bedacht,
In dem Ihr, meine Lieben,
Mit Reden eure Zeit vertrieben,
Und hab ein neues Werk der Verſch' hervorgebracht,
Das ziemlich ſchwehr und mühſam fället,
Wenns nach der reinen Kunſt geſetzet werden ſoll,
Das nicht wie hinkend geht mit Fehlern voll,
Das ſeiten ſeinen Schritt und Gang
Erhalten wird ohn' allen Zwang,
Deß Zeilen ihren Rahmen hätten,
Wenns Euch beliebte, von den Ketten,
Weil ſich ein ieder Verſch zur andern Zeil geſellet,
Geſchloſſen in ſich ſelbſt, wie rundgekrümmte Schlangen,
Das Ende reimet ſich mit dem, was angefangen,
Der Mittelreim muß aber alſo ſtehn,
Daß allzeit zwei und zei geſchränket anzuſehn.
Wenn aber iemand wil recht eigendlich dieß wiſſen,
So wird es in ein Kupferblat gebildet werden müſſen,
Sonſt läſſet ſichs nicht recht, wie ſolches ſoll, verſtehn,
Hier könnt ihr deſſen Prob' in ſeiner Ordnung ſehn,
Und darauf alſobald,
Wie es in Kettenahrt geſtalt:

Großer GOTT,

Streue - deinen güld - nen Regen, auf dieß Paar und Sie erfreue,
Schaue - Sie in vol - lem Segen und mit Nectar Sie bethaue:
Blikke - deiner - Gütig - keit - - wollen Sie in gu - tem Glükke
Sehen - lange Jahr und Zeit - - als den grauen Neſtor ſtehen:
Fernen - ſoll ſich al - les - Trübe von den ädlen Fürſten ſternen,
Leiden - Haß, und Zwiſt der Liebe ſoll ſich weit von Ihnen ſcheiden:
Kertzen - der ge - treuen - Gunſt blinket ſtets in ih - ren Hertzen,
Leget - - täg - lich zu der Brunſt was da keuſche Flammen heget.
Sachſen wolle durch die Weide als ein grüner Palmbaum wachſen,
Deſſen - Zweige vol - ler Freude an der Mehrung unermeſſen,
Sproſſen grü - nen al - le Jahr - von dem Himmel wohl begoſſen,
Amen - - ſpricht all Härten ſchaar in des Aller - höch - ſten Nahmen.

Mit dieſer neuen Ahrt
Auf Kettenahrt gepaart
Wil ich, und ihr mit mir, die werthen Beide binden,
Daß Sie dadurch verknüpft erleben große Jahr'.
Wir zweifeln nicht, es werde GOTT des Wunſches Wirkung finden.
Du aber, Melibe, wirſt ſchon ein Liedchen ſetzen,
Die Fürſtenſchäfer-Zunft mit ſolchem zu ergetzen.
Ich weiß, daß du der Sing- und Saitenkunſt ſehr gründlich biſt erfahren.
Das Stimmwerk ordne du, ich wil die Zeilen paaren.

Melibeus.

Es iſt, mein Thyrſis, gut, es iſt ſehr wohl bedacht,
Die neue Kettenahrt iſt angenehm gemacht.
Ich wil mein beſtes thun, die Stimmen aus-zu-ziehren,
Du wirſt das Lied in ſeiner Ziehrerei,
Daß es fein geiſtlich flieſſend ſei,
Schon ſetzen, und den Fleiß darinnen laſſen ſpühren.

Amyntas.

Was könnten wir doch angenehmers ſchenken?
Was ſolten wir wohl würdiger bedenken?
Geſchmeide, Geld, und Gut wird ja nur beigeleget,
Es wird nur eine Zeit von Manchem groß gemacht,
Und endlich doch hernach geſchlagen aus der Acht,
Viel weniger man deſſen denket,
Der ſolche Sachen hat geſchenket,
Es wird verlohren,
Was wohl verſchloſſen war zuvoren;
Die kunſtgeſetzte Schrift, die eines Menſchen Lobſchall heget,
Bleibt aber ewig ſtehn,
Und läßt deſſelben Ruhm, dem Sie geſetzt zu Ehren,
Nach tauſend Jahren hören,
Und manches ſchöne Lob in grüner Blühte ſehn.

Wir hoffen auch, es wird Chryſander ſich bequemen,
Wie auch ſein' Aretine,
Die andre Menſchengöttin' Egine,
Was unſre Demuth giebt, in Gnaden anzunehmen.
Ein ſternverwandter Geiſt nimt gerne dieſes an,
Was ein getreues Herz in Einfalt geben kan,
Und ſiehet mehr auf das Gemühte,
Als auf der Gaben Güte.

Thyrſis.

Seht da, da iſt das Lied, nach ſeiner Dichterei.

Melibeus.

Und hier, mein Thyrſis, auch ſein' eigne Melodei.

Filidor.

Ich will, wenns Euch beliebt, des Liedes Sätze ſingen.

Amyntas.

So wollen wir darein die Inſtrument' erklingen.

Lied.

1.

Auf! du edles Stammhaus Sachſen, brich in Freuden aus,
Laß ſich deine Luſt erthönen biß ans Wolkenhaus,
Jauchze, daß auch ſelbſt der Silber-Chor der Sterne
Deiner Freuden Hall in ſeinen Lüften lerne.

2.

Merkſt du nicht, daß auch das ſtumme Gedicht ſey entzückt,
Und daß deſſen ganze Gegend ſey in Luſt verrückt,
Deiner Ilmen Nachbarſchaft, die Auen,
Laſſen ſich viel ſchöner, als im Lenzen, ſchauen.

3.

Sehet, die blöden Najadinnen haben es gewagt,
Und, nach dem man deine Freuden ihnen angeſagt,
Sind ans Ufer ausgetreten, und zu Ehren
Laſſen Sie manch Liedchen dieſem Feſte hören.

4.

Dieſes iſt ein Tag der Freuden, ein gewünſchter Tag
Da ein Jeder, dem beliebet, ſeh- und ſchauen mag,
Dich in deinem Freudenwerke herrlich ſtehen,
Als in vielverwichnen Jahren nicht geſchehen.

5.

Zwey der edlen Sachſenreiſer, die der Himmel ehrt,
Und in gleiche keuſche Flammen weislich hat verkehrt,
Faſſen heut' in Treu' einander, wie die Reben,
Ihre Luſt, den Ulmenbaum, verliebt umgeben.

6.

Aretine wird Chryſandern heute beigetraut,
Aretine, die man prächtig, als die Sonne, ſchaut,
Heute ſcheinen die gewünſchte Freudenſtunden,
Da die beide Herzen werden feſt gebunden.

7.

Sie befeſtigen das Bündniß, das Sie aufgericht,
Wechſeln Flammen keuſcher Liebe; was der Mund verſpricht,
Hat das Herze demantfeſt' in ſich gepreget,
Welches gleich den Klippen ſtehet unbeweget.

8.

Auf derwegen, liebes Hornſtein, brich in Freuden aus,
Laß ſich deine Luſt erthönen, biß ans Sternenhaus,
Wir, die wir in unſern Wäldern dieß vernommen,
Sind, mit dieſem Wunſch das Feſt zu ehren, kommen.

9.

Wachſet, ihr berühmte Zweige, nehmet reichlich zu,
Grünet, blühet, bringet Früchte, ſchwebt in Fried' und Ruh.
Hochgebohrner Herzog, Heldin hoher Sachſen,
GOTT der laß euch Beide zu viel tauſend wachſen.

Amyntas.

So waren dieſes nun die Hochzeitgaben
Womit wir beiden Herzen,
Als Held- und hellen Tugendkerzen,
In Unterthänigkeit heut wollen aufgewartet haben.

Thyrſis.

Amynt, es iſt genug an dieſen unſern Gaben,
Man weiß wohl, daß wir nicht viel Goldesſummen haben.
Die großen Waſſerſtröm' ertheilen große Fiſche;
Wer großen Vorrath hat, der träget viel zu Tiſche;
Ein kleiner ſchwacher Baum kan nicht viel Früchte geben;
Man nimt nicht Fäſſer voll von wenig ſchlanken Reben;
Das Herz wird angeſehn, und nicht der Gaben Schwehre.
Cinetens Waſſertrunk erlanget gleich die Ehre,
Als Kröſus Goldesklump. Doch, wenn es Euch beliebet,
So ſey, daß Jeder noch dero fette Lämmer giebet,
Mit Bändern fein geputzt,
So ſind ihr gleich ein Dutzt.

Filidor.

Wohlan! es bleibt dabei, wir laſſen uns behagen,
Mein Thyrſis, was du itzt uns freundlich vorgeſchlagen.

Amyntas.

Iſt aber etwas ſonderliches auch dabei zu ſehen,
Wie in gemein es pflegt bei ſolchen Feſten zu geſchehen?

Thyrſis.

Ja freylich! Sehet nur das Gedicht Hölzlein an:
Betrachtet deſſen Luſt und hundertfache Freuden
Von Filareten angeſtellt, zu Ehren dieſen Beiden;
Seht nur das Schieß- und Urtheils Haus; die grüne Ritterbahn,
Das lange Kugelſpiel;
Der Rohr- und Bogenſchützen hohes Vogelziel;
Hört nur Pans Sackpfeiff' an; der Satyren Schalmeien;
Der Driaden ihr Paukenklang;
Und der Napeen Luſtgeſang;
Merkt auf den Bauerreihen,
Den Mopſus Springebein, Menalkas und ſein Sohn,
Alzippus Schlafelang, der läpſche Koridon,
Lyziskus Krauſekopf,
Dametas Sauertopf,
Und Meris Schlinkeſchlank mit ihren Grethen führen,
Und noch manch' andre Luſt, ſo werdet ihr drauß ſpühren,
Wie koſtbar, groß und mancherlei
Des Feſtes Freude ſei.
Was ſonſt für Fürſtenpracht in Hornſteins Luſtgemächern,
Auf deſſen ſchönem Saal' und Gartengleichen Dächern,
Will vorgehn, ſag' ich nicht: Es wird ſich ſelber zeigen.
Drum will von ſolchen ich anitzo ſtille ſchweigen.

Amyntas.

Was ſäumen wir denn hier,
Nach Hornſteins ſchöner Luſt zugehn,
Weil ſchon der Mittag vor der Thür,
Und ſelbſt mit Augen anzuſehn,
Was Thyrſis itzt erwehnet?
Wer iſt denn unter uns, der ſich nach dieſer Luſt nicht ſehnet?

Thyrſis.

So laſſet uns denn gehn. Und ihr, ihr muntern Hirtenknaben,
Komm' einer von Euch her, und leſ' ein Dutzt Lämmer aus
Aus allen Herden hier, und jage ſie bald heim nach Hauſ'
Und waſche Sie fein weiß, laß Schäfrin Fillis ſie fein zieren
Mit buntem Seidenband', und treibe Sie denn zu uns [illegible].
Ihr Andern aber ſollt das Vieh' in guter Obdach haben,
Pflegt, tränkt, und füttert es, ſo weit und viel es ihm von nöthen,
Wenn denn Apollo weicht, und fängt den Himmel an zu röthen,
Wenn Heſperus ſein Heer, die ungezählten Silberſterne,
Zur Nachteswache führt; Hört, wenn ihr ſolches ſeht von ferne,
Und unſer Wollenvieh mit weiden müd' und ſatt iſt worden,
So treibt Sie immer fort, zur Ruh, nach ihren ſichern Horden.
Und wartet fleißig auf, biß wir zurücke wieder kommen.
Ihr habet dieſes ja, ihr loſe Schelmen, wohl vernommen!

Erdmann Neumeiſter,

ein durch ſeine Streitigkeiten ebenſo ſehr als durch ſeine Lieder bekannter Dichter, ward am 12. Mai 1671 zu Uechteritz bei Weißenfels geboren, ſtudirte zu Pforta und Leipzig alte Sprachen und Theologie und wurde 1697 Pfarrſubſtitut zu Bibra in Thüringen, wo er 1698 als Pfarrer und Superintendenturadjunct angeſtellt wurde. 1704 kam er als Hofdiakonus nach Weißenfels, erhielt hier bald die Hofprediger- und Erzieherſtelle bei der jungen Prinzeſſen, folgte aber 1706 dem Rufe als gräflich Promnitziſcher Oberhofprediger, Conſiſtorialrath und Superintendent nach Sorau und ging 1715 als Hauptpaſtor zu St. Jacobi nach Hamburg. Hier ſtarb er als Senior des geiſtlichen Miniſteriums und kaiſerlich ruſſiſcher und ſchleswig-holſteiniſcher Oberconſiſtorial- und Kirchenrath am 18. Auguſt 1756.

Er verfaßte:

- Der Zugang zum Gnadenſtuhle Jeſu. Weißenfels 1705; 8. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1717, 12.; letzte Ausg. Jena 1770.
- Geiſtliche Cantaten. Halle 1705.
- Die allerneuſte Art zur reinen und galanten Poeſie zu gelangen, ans Licht geſtellt von Menantes. (Hamburg 1707. N. A. 1718.) (Ohne ſein Wiſſen gedrucktes Collegium.)
- Fünffache Kirchenandachten. Leipzig 1716, 8. Als: Fortgeſetzte fünffache ꝛc. Hamburg 1729, 8.
- Evangeliſcher Nachklang. Hamburg 1718, 8.
- Geiſtliche Bibliothek. Ebendaſ. 1720, 4.
- Poetiſche Gedenkſprüche. Ebendaſ. 1754.
- Pſalmen, Lobgeſänge und geiſtliche Lieder. Ebendaſ. 1755.

Lateiniſch, aber für die Geſchichte der deutſchen Litteratur jener Zeit von Intereſſe:

- Specimen dissertationis historico-criticae de poetis germanicis huius seculi praecipuis. s. l. 1694, 4. 3. Aufl. Vitembergae 1708, 4.

Früher im Geſchmacke Hoffmannswaldau's dichtend, wandte ſich N. in ſpäteren Jahren mit Vorliebe dem geiſtlichen Liede zu und leiſtete hier für ſeine Zeit Vortreffliches, von dem ſich Manches in unſeren Kirchengeſangbüchern bis auf uns erhalten hat. Als Theolog war er gleichfalls ſehr geſchätzt.

Meiſter Heinrich von Neuſtadt, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Maximilian Alexander Philipp, Prinz zu Neuwied.

Dieſer treffliche und geiſtreiche Reiſebeſchreiber iſt der Bruder des Fürſten Auguſt von Wied-Neuwied und wurde am 23. September 1782 zu Wied geboren. Früh zu naturhiſtoriſchen Studien hingezogen und durch A. von Humboldt's Beiſpiel angeregt, unternahm er 1815 eine Reiſe nach Braſilien, von welcher er 1817 zurückkehrte und vom König von Preußen zum Capitän und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens 2. Cl. ernannt wurde.

Litterariſch bekannt iſt er durch:

- Reiſe nach Braſilien in den Jahren 1815—17. Frankfurt am Main 1820, 2 Bde. 4.
- Abbildungen zur Naturgeſchichte. Weimar 1822 ꝛc. Fol.
- Beiträge zur Naturgeſchichte von Braſilien. Ebendaſ. 1825—30, 3 Thle. gr. 8.

Des Prinzen von Neuwied Reiſebeſchreibung ſteht als eines der trefflichſten deutſchen Werke dieſer Gattung in hohem Anſehn, da es eben ſo reich an wiſſenſchaftlicher Belehrung, wie an anziehenden Naturſchilderungen und intereſſanten Beobachtungen iſt.

Alexander Guſtav Wilhelm Nicolai,

als Schriftſteller meiſt nur Guſtav Nicolai genannt, ward am 28. Mai 1795 in Berlin geboren, wo ſein Vater als preußiſcher Geheimerath und Director der Seehandlung lebte. Er erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Königsberg in der Neumark und dem des grauen Kloſters zu Berlin, und trat dann nach kaum zurückgelegtem ſiebenzehnten Jahre als freiwilliger Jäger in das preußiſche Heer, mit welchem er den Schlachten bei Groß-Görſchen und Bautzen beiwohnte. Nach dem Waffenſtillſtande wegen ſeiner zarten Conſtitution, als halber Invalide entlaſſen, ſtudirte er nun zu Breslau und Halle die Rechte, arbeitete darauf als Auſcultator und Referendar in Magdeburg und Naumburg und erhielt dann das Amt eines Diviſionsauditeurs der zweiten Gardediviſion zu Berlin, welches er gegenwärtig noch bekleidet. In neueſter Zeit nahm er an den Arbeiten der preußiſchen Militär-Geſetz-Reviſion zu Folge höheren Auftrages Theil.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Die Geweihten oder der Cantor aus Fichtenhagen. Humoreske. 2 Bde. Berlin 1829; N. A. 1835.
- Jeremias der Volks-Componiſt. Berlin 1830.
- Italien, wie es wirklich iſt. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1834, N. A. 1835.
- Arabesken für Muſikfreunde. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1835; N. A. 1836.

Viele Flugſchriften (auch die Brochure „Spontini in Deutſchland“ Leipzig 1830, wird ihm zugeſchrieben), Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Gründliche Kenntniſſe, außer ſeinen Berufsſtudien, namentlich in der Muſik und den mit ihr verwandten Wiſſenſchaften, Scharfſinn und Beobachtungsgabe, gute Darſtellung und Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, verbunden mit ſtrenger Wahrheitsliebe und zu Zeiten ſehr anmuthigem Humor, weiſen G. N. als Schriftſteller einen ſehr geachteten Rang an. Heftig wegen ſeiner Beſchreibung Italiens angefeindet, mußte man ihm doch die Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren laſſen, daß ſein Streben ein durchaus lobenswerthes geweſen, und daß nur ſein Eifer gegen Täuſchungen aller Art ihn mitunter die Dinge habe ſchlimmer ſehn laſſen, als ſie wirklich ſind. — Er hat ſich auch als Componiſt ausgezeichnet, und ſeine Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete der Tonkunſt werden von Sachverſtändigen ſehr gelobt.

Chriſtoph Friedrich Nicolai

ward am 18. März 1733 zu Berlin geboren und von ſeinem Vater, einem daſigen Buchhändler, für den Buchhandel beſtimmt. In ſeiner Ausbildung auf ſich ſelbſt verwieſen und durch das gelehrte Treiben der Schulen zu Halle und Berlin den Studien entfremdet, bildete er ſich durch ſich ſelbſt und gewann erſt auf dem neuerrichteten Realgymnaſium zu Berlin Geſchmack an den Wiſſenſchaften. Um ſo eifriger ſtrebte er aber auch nun nach gelehrten Kenntniſſen, trieb zu Frankfurt an der Oder, wohin ihn ſein Vater 1749 zu Erlernung des Buchhandels geſandt hatte, unter genauer Erfüllung ſeiner Obliegenheiten als Lehrling, für ſich die lateiniſche, griechiſche und engliſche Sprache und ſuchte ſich auch in der Mathematik, Philoſophie und Litteratur fort zu helfen. Gleich eifrig ſetzte er, als er 1752 nach Berlin zurückgekehrt war, ſeine Lieblingsbeſchäftigung fort und erwarb ſich bald durch die erſte Frucht dieſer Studien, ſeine „Briefe über den jetzigen Zuſtand der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften“, die Freundſchaft Leſſing's und Mendelsſohn's, welchem Bunde ſich bald viele ausgezeichnete Köpfe Deutſchlands anſchloſſen. Um ganz ſeiner Neigung leben zu können, gab er 1757 nach geſchehener Erbtheilung mit ſeinen Geſchwiſtern, die Handlung auf, aber der frühe Tod ſeines ältern Bruders nöthigte ihn, 1759 deren Direction zu übernehmen. Er that es mit ausdauernder Sorgfalt und ohne dadurch den Wiſſenſchaften entfremdet zu werden. Vielmehr förderte er dieſelben ſowohl durch Begründung und Mitherausgabe von Zeitſchriften, als auch durch Bearbeitung eigener Werke, und erwarb ſich dadurch, obwohl häufig angefeindet und nicht immer grundlos bekämpft, allgemeine Achtung und einen weitbekannten Namen. Die Akademien zu München und Berlin nahmen ihn zum Mitgliede auf und die vaterländiſche Univerſität ertheilte ihm die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde. Als glücklicher Gatte und Vater, aber zuletzt auf dem rechten Auge erblindet und durch das Schickſal ſeines Vaterlandes niedergebeugt, ſtarb er daſelbſt am 8. Januar 1811.

Seine Schriften ſind, theils anonym, theils pſeudonym:

Unterſuchung, ob Milton ſein verlornes Paradies aus lateiniſchen Schriftſtellern ausgeſchrieben habe. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1753, 8.
Briefe über den jetzigen Zuſtand der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften in Deutſchland. Berlin 1755, 8.
Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und freien Künſte. Leipzig 1757—60, 4 Bde. gr. 8. (mit Mendelsſohn); 2. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1760—62, gr. 8. mit Portraits. Fortgeſetzt von Weiße.
Sammlung vermiſchter Schriften. Berlin 1759—63, 6 Bde. gr. 8. mit Portraits.
Ehrengedächtniß Herrn Ewald von Kleiſt. Berlin 1760, 4. mit Portrait. (Ins Franzöſiſche und Däniſche überſetzt.)
Briefe die neueſte Litteratur betreffend. Berlin 1761—66, 24 Theile, kl. 8. (Mit Leſſing, Mendelsſohn, Abt, Reſewitz, Grillo u. Sulzer.)
Thomas Abt's vermiſchte Werke. Berlin und Stettin 1768—81, 6 Thle. in 8. (Die 3 letzten Theile von Nicolai herausgegeben.)
Allgemeine deutſche Bibliothek. Ebendaſ. 1765—92, 107 Bde. gr. 8. mit 107 Portr. (Wurde von Andern als: Neue allgemeine deutſche Bibliothek fortgeſetzt, deren Redaction N. vom 5. Bande, 1800—1805, wieder übernahm.)
Ehrengedächtniß Herrn Thomas Abt. Berlin und Stettin 1767, 4. mit Portrait.
Beſchreibung der königlichen Reſidenzſtädte Berlin und Potsdam. Ebendaſ. 1769, 8.; 2. Ausg. 1779, 2 Bde. 8.; 3. umgearb. Ausg. 1786, 3 Bde. gr. 8. mit Grundriß und Charten.
Des Licentiat Simon Ratzeberger's [illegible]reiche Anrede. Berlin 1770, 8.
Eyn feyner kleyner Almanach vol ſchönerr echterr liblicherr Volckslieder ꝛc. Von Danyel Seuberlich, Schuſterrn zu Ritzmück. Berlynn vnndt Stettynn 1777—78, 2 Jahrgg. 12. mit 1 Titelk.
Das Leben und Meinungen des Herrn Magiſter Sebaldus Nothanker. Berlin und Stettin 1773—76, 3 Bde. 8. mit Kupf.; 3. verb. Aufl. des 1. Bds. Ebendaſ. 1776, 8; 4. verb. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1799, 3 Bde. 8. mit Kupfern. Neue Ausg. 1814, 8. mit 20 Kupf.
Freuden des jungen Werthers. Berlin 1775, 8. mit 1 Vign.
Widerlegung der falſchen Nachricht, als ob Herr Gölcher zu Amſterdam ein Bräutigam ſei. Berlin 1776, 12.
Einige Zweifel über die Vergiftung des Nachtmahlweins zu Zürich. Berlin 1778, 8.
Leben, Bemerkungen und Meinungen Johann Bunkels. Aus dem Engliſchen. Berlin und Stettin 1778, 4 Thle. 8. mit Kupf. (mit von Spiegel und Piſtorius).
Johann Buncle der jüngere, ein Mann ehrbaren Standes. Aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1779, 2 Thle. 8.
Beſcheidene Zweifel und freimüthige Erklärung wegen des Verbots der Allgemeinen deutſchen Bibliothek ꝛc. in den K. K. Erblanden. Berlin 1780, 8.
Verſuch über die Beſchuldigungen, welche dem Tempelherrnorden gemacht worden ſind. Berlin und Stettin 1782, 2 Thle. 8.; 2. Aufl. des 1. Thls. Ebendaſ. 1782, 8. mit Kupf. Franzöſiſch 1782, 12.
Beſchreibung einer Reiſe durch Deutſchland und die Schweiz im Jahre 1781. Berlin und Stettin 1783—96, 12 Bde. gr. 8. mit Kupf.; 3. vermehrte und verb. Aufl. der erſten 2 Bde. Ebendaſ. 1788, 8.
Unterſuchung der Beſchuldigungen des Profeſſors Garve wider meine Reiſebeſchreibung. Berlin 1786, 8.
Anzeige (gegen Lavater). Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.
Anmerkungen über das 2. Blatt von Lavater's Rechenſchaft. Ebendaſ. 1787, gr. 8.
Verzeichniß einer Handbibliothek der nützlichſten deutſchen Schriften. Ebendaſ. 1787; 4. ganz umgearb. und verm. A. 1796, 8.
Oeffentliche Erklärung über ſeine Verbindung mit dem Illuminatenorden. Ebendaſ. 1788, gr. 8.
Anekdoten von König Friedrich II. von Preußen. Berlin und Stettin 1788—92, 6 Hefte 8.; 2. verb. Aufl. des 1. Hfts. Ebendaſ. 1790, 8. Ins Holländiſche überſetzt.
Nöthige kurze Erklärung über eine Aufforderung des Oberhofpredigers Starke. Berlin 1789, 8.
Letzte Erklärung über einige neue Unbilligkeiten und Zunöthigungen. Ebendaſ. 1790, gr. 8.
Freimüthige Anmerkung über des Herrn Ritter von Zimmermann Fragmente ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1791—92, 2 Bde. gr. 8.
Anhang zu Schiller's Muſenalmanach für das Jahr 1797. Berlin und Stettin (1797), kl. 8.
Geſchichte eines dicken Mannes, worin 3 Heirathen und 3 Körbe mit viel Liebe. Ebendaſ. 1794, 2 Bde. 8. mit und ohne Kupf. N. A. 1814, 2 Bde. 8. mit Kupf.
Leben Juſtus Möſer's. Ebendaſ. 1797, gr. 8. (Auch im 1. Thl. der vermiſchten Schriften M's.)
Leben und Meinungen des Sempronius Gundibert. Berlin und Stettin 1798, 8.; neue Ausg. 1814, 8. mit Kupf.
Vertraute Briefe von Adelheid B. an ihre Freundin Julie S. Ebendaſ. 1799, 8.
Ueber meine gelehrte Bildung, meine Kenntniſſe der kritiſchen Philoſophie ꝛc. Berlin 1799.
Ueber den Gebrauch der falſchen Haare und Perrücken in alten und neuern Zeiten. Berlin 1801, gr. 8. mit 66 Kupf.
Gedächtnißſchrift auf J. J. Engel. Berlin und Stettin 1806, gr. 8. mit Portrait.
Einige Bemerkungen über den Urſprung und die Geſchichte der Roſenkreuzer und Freimaurer. Berlin 1806, gr. 8. mit Kupf.
Gedächtnißſchrift auf Dr. W. A. Teller. Berlin und Stettin 1807, gr. 8. mit Portrait.
Philoſophiſche Abhandlungen. Ebendaſ. 1808, 1. Bd. gr. 8.
Leben und litterariſcher Nachlaß, herausgegeben von Göckingk. Berlin 1820.

Außerdem lieferte er Aufſätze und Gedichte in: „das deutſche Muſeum, die Berliniſche Monatsſchrift, die Berliniſchen Blätter, die Neue Berliniſche Monatsſchrift, das Archiv der Zeit und des Geſchmacks, die Deutſche Monatsſchrift, Iffland's Almanach für Theater ꝛc., Magazin der Erfahrungsſeelenkunde“ und andere Zeitſchriften, Almanachs u. ſ. w., ſo wie Vorreden zu mehreren von ihm herausgegebenen Sammlungen von Werken deutſcher Schriftſteller.

Nicolai iſt zu ſeiner Zeit eben ſo ſehr zur Ungebühr gelobt, wie verunglimpft worden; während namentlich Schiller und Göthe ſeine proſaiſche und nüchterne Richtung in den Xenien auf das Heftigſte geißelten und ihn ſelbſt auf empfindliche Weiſe vor ganz Deutſchland lächerlich machten, erfuhr er von andern Seiten Beweiſe der größten Achtung und Anerkennung. Seine wiſſenſchaftliche Thätigkeit wirkte ohne Zweifel höchſt fördernd für die deutſche Litteratur, da ſie durch ſeine Stellung als Haupt einer bedeutenden Buchhandlung und ſeine Freundſchaft mit ſo vielen ausgezeichneten Männern trefflich unterſtützt wurde, auch war er ein durchaus redlicher Mann, der mit warmem Eifer alles Unrecht, alle Verblendung und Uebertreibung im Vaterlande bekämpfte, aber zu beſchränkt und einſeitig in ſeinen Anſichten, zu kleinbürgerlich in der Auffaſſung des Lebens, oft taktlos und zu großes Selbſtvertrauen in die Richtigkeit und Schärfe ſeines Urtheils ſetzend, ging er zu weit in ſeinen Beſtrebungen und lähmte dadurch ſelbſt den heilſamen Einfluß, den er hätte haben können, indem er ſich zu oft in Dinge miſchte, die ganz außer ſeiner Sphäre lagen. — Seine Schriften offenbaren nicht viel mehr als einen geſunden, hausbackenen, in engen Kreiſen ſich bewegenden Verſtand und faſt keine derſelben hat ihn überlebt.

Karl Nicolai

ward am 24. Junius 1779 zu Aisleben geboren, ſtudirte im Pädagogium zu Magdeburg alte Sprachen und zu Halle die Rechte, worauf er zu Magdeburg im dortigen Criminalgerichte angeſtellt wurde und bis zum Criminalrath ſtieg. Unglücksfälle, welche ihn trafen, nöthigten ihn, ſich nach Blankenburg zurückzuziehen, von wo er 1813 nach Halberſtadt ging und dort mit Schriftſtellerei ſein Leben friſtete. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 30. November 1819.

Von ihm haben wir:

Morabine, Maximilian Hulder und Praſcha. Halberſtadt 1801, 3 Thle.
Franz von Werden. Penig 1802, 4 Thle.
Mary und Jerome. Quedlinburg 1806, 2 Thle.
Feſttagslaunen. Ebendaſ. 1815, 2 Thle.
Sonntagsnovellen. Ebendaſ. 1815, 2 Thle.
Joachims Abentheuer. Ebendaſ. 1816, 2 Thle.
Die Rieſenſteinburg. Ebendaſ. 1816, 2 Thle.
Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1819, 2 Thle.
Verliebte Abentheuer eines ſchalkhaften Freiers. Magdeburg 1817, 2 Thle.
Die Miethkutſche, die Brautnacht ohne Braut, die Familie Sternfels. Sämmtlich Quedlinburg 1817—19, 3 Thle.
Robert von der Oſten. Magdeburg 1817, 2 Thle.
Die Reiſe nach Aachen ꝛc. Halberſtadt 1819.
Ueber Seelenkunde, Selbſtkenntniß und den Umgang mit Menſchen. N. A. Quedlinburg 1818, 2 Thle.
Umgangsbuch für Gebildete des weiblichen Geſchlechts. Ebendaſ. 1815, 2 Thle.
Lebenserfahrungen und Lebensbeobachtungen. Magdeburg 1818, 2 Thle.
Theorie des Romans. Quedlinburg 1818, 2 Thle. 8.
Wilhelm der Eroberer. Trauerſpiel. Neue wohlf. Ausg. Ebendaſ. 1818, gr. 8. mit 1 Kupf.

Talent der Darſtellung, gute Beobachtung und eine gewandte Erfindungsgabe beſaß N. allerdings, aber er arbeitete zu flüchtig, um etwas Bleibendes zu liefern. Seine beſten Leiſtungen ſind die Lebenserfahrungen und die Theorie des Romans.

Phanor und Theano *).

Zu jenen glücklichen Zeiten, wo das einzige Athen eine ganze verſchönerte Welt war, wo ein Plato, ein Ariſtoteles lehrten, die Bewunderung der Werke eines Praxiteles zu veredeltem Schönheitsgefühl erhoben, wo öffentliches Feſt an Feſt ſich drängte, durch Mannigfaltigkeit, Pracht und Geſchmack ergötzend, damals ſtrömte von nah und fern eine zahlloſe Menge von Fremden nach Attika. Wer dort nicht ſeine Studien gemacht hatte, galt durch ganz Griechenland nicht, das ſtrenge Sparta ausgenommen, für einen feinen, gebildeten Mann. Phanor, der einzige Sohn reicher Eltern in Böotien, ward, mit allem verſehen, was das Leben in einem ſo üppigen Ort angenehm machen kann, auch nach Athen geſchickt, um ſechs Monate ſich dort zu vergnügen.

Phanor, der in ſeiner Heimath wegen des Ranges und des Reichthums ſeines Vaters ſchon etwas gegolten hatte, ging, wenn er auch nicht den kecken Uebermuth, der oft ſeinem Alter eigen iſt, beſaß, doch mit nicht geringen Ideen von ſich nach Athen. Er träumte ſich von dem Aufſehn, welches er durch Verſchwendung ſeiner Reichthümer, durch ſeine nicht unebene Geſtalt und Geſicht erregen würde, und ſchon ſah er eine Menge gefälliger Freunde um ſich verſammelt, die ſich beeiferten, jede Lebensſtunde ihm durch neue Vergnügungen zu würzen. Wie ſanken aber dieſe Ideen herab, als er, noch viele Stadien von Athen entfernt *), die Pracht und den Geſchmack der immer wechſelnden Landhäuſer, die Gebüſche und den einladenden Zauber der Gärten, die ſchönen Alleen u. ſ. w. nicht genug bewundern konnte, und wie klein kam er ſich vor, als er nun in der erſten Stadt der Welt ſelbſt eingezogen war. Er wußte nicht, was er mehr anſtaunen ſollte, ob den ſtolz ſich erhebenden Bau der Tempel und öffentlichen Gebäude, die weiten Räume der Volksplätze, die vielen, ſchön verzierten Hallen, oder die Größe der Stadt und das immer fluthende Gewühl des Menſchenwechſels auf den Straßen.

Nachdem ihm die Proxenos *) eine angenehme Wohnung verſchafft hatten, brachte er die erſten Tage damit zu, die Stadt zu durchwandern und oberflächlich in der Nähe alle die Gebäude und Plätze ſich zu beſehen, die er ſchon aus der Beſchreibung kannte, denn er war nicht ohne Vorkenntniſſe gereiſet. Als nun auch ſeine Kleidung im Geſchmack der Athenienſer geordnet war, beſuchte er Ariſtipp, den liebenswürdigſten Philoſophen ſeiner Zeit, an welchen er eine Empfehlung von ſeinem Vater hatte. Phanor hatte ſich unter Philoſophen finſtere Menſchen gedacht, welche jeden Lebensgenuß als eine Sünde gegen die Götter betrachten; doch zu ſeiner nicht geringen Verwunderung trat er in ein Haus, in welchem ihn gleich die ſtille Pracht, der reine Geſchmack, und die gefällige Ordnung freundlich anſprach. Und nun der Philoſoph ſelbſt, als er bald darauf, aus dem Bade kommend, erſchien!

Ariſtipp war damals über die Jahre der Jugend ſchon hinaus, doch die Heiterkeit, welche ſein Geſicht belebte, die unverkennbare Ruhe des Gemüths in dem freien Auge machten, daß das Alter an ihm vorüber zu gehen ſchien, und die geſunde Farbe war das Zeugniß der Mäßigkeit in den Genüſſen des Lebens.

Man hatte von der Böotier feinen Bildung eben keine große Idee in Athen; doch der junge Phanor hatte ſo viel Manier, ſprach ſo gut, daß Ariſtipp keinen Anſtand nahm, ihn zum Mittagsmahl einzuladen, ohne fürchten zu müſſen, daß der junge Mann Verſtöße gegen den Anſtand mache, und dadurch ſich und den Wirth in Verlegenheit ſetze. Ariſtipp war aus den Zeiten, wo er keine Glücksgüter mehr hatte, und ſeine Philoſophie allein ihn aufrecht erhielt, Phanors Vater verbindlich geworden, und da Dankbarkeit einer von den vielen edlen Zügen der Athenienſer war, ſo beſchloß er ſogleich, den jungen Fremdling in ſeinen beſondern Schutz zu nehmen. In welche beſſere Hände konnte Phanor gegeben ſein!

Zu dem Mahl ſammelten ſich mehrere Gäſte, auch Laſthenie, Ariſtipp's Freundin erſchien, und nachdem die Anweſenden ſich gelagert hatten, trugen blumenbekränzte Sklaven die Speiſen in drei Gängen auf. Geſpräche über Philoſophie und Erhaltung des Wohles der Republik würzten das Mahl, und Ariſtipp kredenzte zuerſt den Weinbecher. Dann ergriff Laſthenie

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*) Aus K. Nicolai's „Feſttagslaunen“.

*) Eine Stadie enthielt 600 Schritt.

**) Die Proxenos waren ohngefähr das, was unſere Lohnbedienten ſind. Denn bei der Gaſtfreiheit der Griechen fehlte es dem fremden Ankömmling an einem Gaſthof. Die Proxenos verſchafften Wohnungen.

die Zither, und Skolien[*]) wurden geſungen, bei welchen Phanor einſtimmen konnte.

Nach dem Mahl zerſtreute ſich die Geſellſchaft in den Lorbeer- und Ulmengängen, in dem kleinen Cypreſſenhain des ſchönen Gartens, und hier nahm Ariſtipp die Gelegenheit wahr, Phanor mit Parmenides, dem Sohn eines ſehr angeſehenen Heliaſten[**]), bekannt zu machen.

„Ich führe Ihnen hier einen jungen Fremden zu, mein lieber Parmenides," ſagte Ariſtipp mit feinem gefälligen Ton, „der mir werth iſt, und empfehle ihn Ihrem nähern Umgang."

Mehr bedurfte es für den jungen Parmenides nicht. Selbſt geſchäftelos, war er der gefälligſte Führer Phanor's; die Jünglinge tauſchten Ideen und Empfindungen gegen einander aus, beide hatten ein volles Herz, und rein und ſchuldlos, wie ſie waren, führte jene ſüße, unbezeichnete Schwärmerei des Jünglingsalters ſie näher zuſammen; der Bund der Freundſchaft war bald unter ihnen geſchloſſen, und Ariſtipp, der aufmerkſame, väterliche Freund, freute ſich dieſes Bundes.

Bei den gymnaſtiſchen Uebungen im Ringen, Laufen, im Werfen des Discus, welche öffentlich waren, bekam Phanor bald einen Namen, die Volksverſammlungen, und die ſchönen Reden, welche oft von den Tribunen herabdonnerten, Vaterlandsliebe und Republikanerſtolz den Athenern zu nähren und zu erhalten, machten auch ihn hochherziger, Ariſtipp's einſchmeichelnde Lehren der Weisheit und Tugend erweiterten ſeinen Geſichtskreis und gaben ihm ein edles Selbſtgefühl; Parmenides zarte Freundſchaft und ſanfte Melancholie waren ein Labſal für ſein Herz; — aber immer fühlte er eine gewiſſe Oede, eine Leerheit, die er ſich ſelbſt nicht näher bezeichnen konnte.

Die Feier des Feſtes der Flora trat im Monat Mai (Thargelion) ein. Die Frauen ſchmückten das ganze Gynäceum[***]) mit Blumen, die Straßen wurden mit Blumen beſtreut, und die jungen Mädchen verſammelten ſich auf einer großen, blumenreichen Wieſe, welche der ſanft fließende Kephiſſos begrenzte. Hier ſchmückten ſie ſich mit Blumen aller Art, und erwählten unter ſich die ſchönſte der Jungfrauen zu der Königin des Feſtes. Die Erwählte, Floren, die heitere Göttin der Freuden des Frühlings darſtellend, wurde nun reicher geſchmückt, denn die andern, nahm die ihr dargereichte Zither, und ſang ein Loblied auf den Frühling; dann eröffnete ſie beim Schall der Zimbeln, Flöten und Tambourinen den Tanz, der bis ſpät in die Nacht fortdauerte.

Phanor und Parmenides ſahen dieſen feſtlichen Spielen zu. Die Königin des Feſtes, wie ſie dahin ſchwebte im Tanz, geſchmückt von den Grazien ſelbſt, machte einen wunderbaren, tiefen Eindruck auf Phanor. Es war ihm, als ſei die Göttin ſelbſt vom Himmel herniedergeſtiegen, und verkünde ſich in dieſer mehr als irdiſchen Geſtalt, welche alle Zuſchauer zu bezaubern ſchien. Als die Herrliche ſein ganzes Weſen ergriffen hatte, wagte der Jüngling erſt kaum, die Augen verſtohlen nach ihr aufzuſchlagen, dann aber hatte er nur Augen für ſie, und ſog in vollen Zügen den ſüßeſten aller Zauber ein. Er überhörte die Fragen des Parmenides, er überſah das Gewühl der Menge, die übrigen Tänzerinnen ſchienen ihm nicht werth zu ſein, mit dieſer Himmelstochter den Reigen zu ſchlingen, und er erwachte, wie aus einem langen, ſüßen Traum, als ihn Parmenides fortzog, ihn daran erinnernd, daß Ariſtipp ſie für den Abend erwarte.

Stumm ging Phanor neben ſeinem Freunde her, und mit ganz verändertem Geſicht trat er bei Ariſtipp ein. Dem großen Menſchenkenner entging die Umwandlung nicht, und nach einigen unbedeutend ſcheinenden Fragen, war er ſchon am Ziele ſeiner Unterſuchung. Zum Abendeſſen trugen die Sclaven Milch und Früchte auf. Das Geſpräch unter den Anweſenden kam bald auf das heutige Feſt, und hiervon war der Uebergang auf die Liebe ſehr einfach und natürlich.

Andere waren bei dieſem reichhaltigen Gegenſtande anderer Meinung. Man bat endlich den Ariſtipp, zu ſagen, was er von der Liebe halte.

„Fragt mich eher," ſagte er, „was ich von den Bewohnern der Sterne, — denn daß ſie bewohnt ſind, wird ein aufgeklärter Menſch nicht bezweifeln, — halte, als daß Ihr verlangt, ich ſoll meine Meinung über eine Meinung ſagen. Ich nämlich halte die Liebe für eine Meinungsſache, denn fragt den Verliebten, er ſieht eine Venus, eine Juno, eine Flora in dem geliebten Gegenſtande, fragt den erfahrnen Mann, er ſchlägt die Hände über dem Kopf zuſammen. Leider überfällt oft der Wahnſinn der Liebe den Menſchen, wie ein Fieber, und wenn nicht gute Freunde frühzeitig dem Kranken eine Doſis Nieſewurz beibringen, ſo iſt er in Gefahr, von dem Genuß eines ganzen, freudenreichen Lebens weggewieſen zu werden.

Eine ſolche hirnverrückende, das ganze Gemüth ergreifende, alle Kräfte lähmende Liebe iſt thorhaft, vernichtend. Wenn man aber durch die Philoſophie Mäßigung in allen Leidenſchaften errungen hat, und dem boshaften Schalk Amor alſo die Flügel etwas zu beſchneiden, und den Pfeil abzuſtumpfen weiß, dann iſt die Liebe eines der genußreichſten Geſchenke, welches die Götter den Menſchen gaben, und ſie füllt jeden leeren Augenblick mit ihren Freuden aus. Die Liebe muß uns Mittel zum Zweck ſein, und nicht der Zweck ſelbſt. Ihr Jünglinge werdet freilich jetzt denken, das iſt nicht Liebe mehr, wovon Ariſtipp philoſophirt, und ſie gehört nicht zu der Beleuchtung der Philoſophen, weil ſie Sache des Gefühls iſt. Aber iſt denn der Zweck einer wahren Lebensphiloſophie nicht darauf gerichtet, auch die Gefühle, uns ſelbſt unbewußt, unter die Leitung der Vernunft zu bringen?"

Ein ſchnell heraufziehendes Gewitter ſtörte die weitere Unterredung über einen ſo anziehenden Gegenſtand. Alles eilte nach Hauſe, und da der Regen ſchon herniederſchlug, als Phanor und Parmenides bei des erſtern Wohnung anlangten, ſo trat Parmenides bei jenem mit ein. Stumm ſaßen die Freunde neben einander; endlich fing Parmenides an:

„Geſtehe es nur, Phanor, das heutige Feſt der Flora hat deinen Frohſinn, deine Heiterkeit geſtört.

Phanor. Du biſt mein Freund — dir darf ich es ſagen — Aber, nein! Laß mich ſchweigen.

Parmenides. Ich habe dich beobachtet; das ſchöne Mädchen, Floren darſtellend, hat dich entzückt.

Phanor. Ach! Parmenides! Nur ſie ſteht vor meinen Augen — mein ganzes Weſen iſt umgewandelt — alles Uebrige iſt mir gleichgültig geworden — nur ſie, nur ſie! Lache mich nicht aus, — einen Blick nur warf ich hin auf das Göttergebilde, und alle Ahnungen waren erfüllt, die ſo lange unruhig mein Herz bewegten.

Parmenides. Armer Schwärmer.

Phanor. Arm nennſt du mich? O! Ich fühle mich reicher, als Eure ganze Republik ſich fühlen kann. Ich bin ſo glücklich, ſo ruhig. —

Parmenides. Die Ruhe, welche einem Gewitter vorangeht. — Du liebſt; — doch nein! Liebe kann ich es nicht nennen. Du biſt in einer Art von Raſerei, welche des ſchönen, beglückenden Namens unwerth iſt. Begreifſt du nicht, daß des Ariſtipp, dieſes ſcharfen Sehers, Urtheil über die Liebe, eine Warnung für dich ſein ſollte?

Phanor. Ich begreife es wohl, und mag er nach ſeiner Art, zu denken, wonach er auch das Edelſte auf Verfeinerung und Verlängerung des Lebensgenuſſes zurückführt, wohl Recht haben: aber ich bin Jüngling und will als Jüngling handeln.

Parmenides. Du haſt, mein guter Phanor, öfter bemerkt, daß eine gewiſſe Melancholie mir anhängt. Mich rettete Ariſtipp's Weisheit von dem Abgrunde, in welchen du jetzt zu ſtürzen Gefahr läufſt. Vor einem Jahre liebte ich auch ein Mädchen, ſchön wie dieſe Flora, mit dem erſten wilden Feuer der Jugendliebe. Thargitas hörte endlich auf meine Klagen, und die Abende, welche ich bei ihr zubringen durfte, waren mir Götterabende. Die iſthmiſchen Spiele wurden in Korinth gefeiert, und Ariſtipp, der alle ſeine Beredſamkeit vergebens angewandt hatte, mich von Thargitas loszureißen, verlangte, von meinem Vater unterſtützt, daß ich dieſe ſelten wiederkehrenden Spiele ſehn ſolle. Ich mußte gehorchen, riß mich von Thargitas los, ſie weinte heiße Thränen beim Abſchiede, und als ich zurückkehrte, legte mir Ariſtipp, dieſer mehr als väterliche Lehrer, die bündigſten Beweiſe vor, daß meine Angebetete eine ganz gewöhnliche Hetäre ſei. Noch habe ich meine Verirrung, wie ich es jetzt nenne, nicht ganz vergeſſen, aber ich kann dem Ariſtipp die harte, jedoch ſichere Kur nicht genug Dank wiſſen. Sieh! dieſe Gefahr läuft, zumal in Athen, ſehr oft die erſte, feurige Liebe des Jünglings.

Phanor. Willſt du das ganze Geſchlecht um einer Einzelnen willen verdammen? — Sage mir, wer iſt dieſe Flora? O! ich bitte dich —

Parmenides. Wohl! Vielleicht macht dich das aufmerkſamer. Sie heißt Theano, und iſt ein Kind der Liebe. Ihre Mutter, von welcher Theano erzogen wird, trieb bis in die ſpäteren Jahre mit ihren unleugbaren Reizen einen ſo ſchändlichen Wucher, daß ſie mehrmals öffentlich beſtraft wurde. Jetzt lebt ſie eingezogen, und verwendet alle mütterliche Sorgfalt auf die Ausbildung der Reize ihrer ſchönen Tochter. — Mein theurer Phanor! Laß uns eine Reiſe auf das Land machen; wenn wir heimkehren, belachſt du vielleicht deine thorhafte Schwärmerei von heute, oder ſollte das nicht ſein, ſo wirf dich ganz unſerm Ariſtipp in die väterlichen Arme.

Phanor verſprach nicht ganz, nicht halb, und Parmenides verließ ihn mit Unruhe. Nach einer ſchlafloſen Nacht raffte ſich

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[*]) Skolien ſind Rundgeſänge, die bei dem Mahl geſungen wurden, und beſonders die Athenienſer hielten den für ungebildet, der nicht einſtimmen konnte.

[**]) Heliaſten waren die erſten Magiſtratsperſonen.

[***]) Gemach der Frauen, im Hintertheil des Hauſes gelegen.

Phanor auf, und durchwanderte die Straßen. Er fragte dieſen, er fragte jenen, und endlich glückte es ihm, Theano's Wohnung zu erforſchen. Sie war in einem ziemlich abgelegenen Theile der Stadt; und die Straße ſtill, wie zu Liebesabentheuern angelegt.

Von dem erſten, unverhüllt ſich darthuenden Taumel aufgewacht, kehrte Phanor jetzt ſoweit zu der Vernunft zurück, daß er die Flamme tief im Herzen barg, und gegen Ariſtipp und Parmenides that, als wenn er ſeiner geſtrigen Hirnverrückung ſich ſchäme. Theano's wurde weiter nicht erwähnt, der Philoſoph aber ſah weiter.

Spät am Abend nahm der verliebte Jüngling ſeine Zither und Blumenkränze, welche er ſich verſchafft hatte, und ging mit klopfendem Herzen in die Straße, wo Theano wohnte. Alles war ſtill, nur in Theano's Fenſtern war noch Licht, und er erkannte ihre Götterſtimme, welche zu der Zither eine Ode der Sappho ſang. Nur zu bald für den entzückten Hörer war die Ode zu Ende, und nach einem in das Herz dringenden Nachſpiel ſchwieg auch die Zither. Da umwand Phanor die Säulen des Eingangs mit ſeinen Kränzen, ſetzte ſich dem Hauſe gegenüber und ſang zu ſeinem Saitenſpiel eine liebeathmende Ode des Catull. Das Licht war unterdeß erloſchen, doch die halbe Nacht hindurch ſpielte, ſang und ſchwärmte er.

Am Tage ging Phanor in purpurnem Gewand, ſein Haar mit wohlriechenden Oelen beſtrichen, mehrere Male die Straße auf und ab, und Sclaven folgten ihm. Als er zurückkehrte, ſchloß er ſich ein, und dichtete eine Ode auf Theano's Schönheit; daß darin ſeine heiße Liebesgluth nicht vergeſſen wurde, verſteht ſich von ſelbſt. Der Refrain der Ode war bei jeder Stanze das Wort: Theano, und als er gegen Abend mit ſeinem Werke fertig war, ſchienen ihm Catull, Tibull, Moſchus, Bion nur kleine Lichter zu ſein, ſo ſchön fand er ſeine Dichtung. Berauſcht ergriff er die Zither, und eine Melodie, welche beſonders das nachhallende, immer wiederkehrende Wort: Theano, in den ſchmelzendſten Accorden und Modulationen heraus hob, war auch bald gefunden.

Die erſehnte Nacht, die Schützerin der Liebe, ſank hernieder, Phanor ging den Weg zu der Angebeteten, bekränzte die Säulen wieder mit Blumen, und ſang dann ſeine Ode. Er wiederholte ſie in langen Zwiſchenräumen, die er mit andern Geſängen der Liebe ausfüllte, und am folgenden Morgen machte er wieder ſeine Wanderung, die Straße auf und ab. Er ſuchte auf alle mögliche Art der geliebten Theano ſich bemerkbar zu machen, indeß in vierzehn Tagen war er nicht weiter gekommen, als daß er die Huldgöttin einigemal unter den Säulen des Hauſes und auf Spaziergängen geſehn, aber auch nur geſehn hatte, denn ſie war ſtets von ihrer Mutter, oder von ihrer Amme Eurikleia*) begleitet.

Immer ungeduldiger wurde der Verliebte; er mußte die Sache anders anfangen. Außer ſeiner Wohnung nahm er unter andern Namen noch eine einfache Wohnung in der Straße, wo Theano's Haus war, ein, und hier trat er auf in einer ganz gewöhnlichen Kleidung. Es glückte ihm bald, zu bemerken, daß die Amme Eurikleia allein ausging. Er folgte ihr auf den Ferſen; an einem einſamen Ort hielt er ſie an, und eröffnete das Geſpräch damit, daß er ihr einen Beutel, mit Goldſtücken gefüllt, in die Hand drückte. Zögernd nahm ſie ihn an, und lauſchte ſeinen Worten.

Er beſchwor ſie bei allen Göttern, ihm eine Unterredung mit ihrem Pflegekinde zu bewirken, indem er ſich ihr zu Füßen werfen und ſeine unbeſiegbare Liebe bekennen müſſe.

Eurikleia, den Beutel in der Hand wiegend, erwiederte: „ja! das wird ſchwer halten, wertheſter Phanor."

Wie? Sie kennen mich? —

„Was haben wir müßigen Frauenzimmer denn weiter zu thun, als die Männer kennen zu lernen? Auch mein liebes Kind kennt Sie. Es iſt recht gut bemerkt worden, wie aufmerkſam Sie bei dem Feſt der Flora auf die Göttin waren, Ihre Gänge durch die Straße hat man nicht unbeachtet gelaſſen, Ihre Nachtmuſiken gefallen, aber die Mutter bewacht mit Argusaugen den Schatz, und mein liebes Kind iſt auch viel zu ſchüchtern."

O! beſte Eurikleia! Meine Dankbarkeit ſoll ohne Gränzen ſein, nur handeln Sie für mich, für meine Liebe. —

„Wiſſen Sie was? Dieſe Verkleidung paßt für einen Thebaner. Kommen Sie gegen Abend in unſer Haus, geben Sie ſich für meinen Vetter aus Theben aus; für das Uebrige will ich ſorgen."

Damit trippelte die Alte fort, und taumelnd vor Wonne und Entzücken kehrte Phanor in ſeine neue Wohnung zurück. In ſüßen Hoffnungen ſchwelgte er, bis die Sonne ſich neigte. Da raffte er mit hochpochendem Herzen ſich auf, und trat, ohne Zeit zu verlieren, damit die Beklommenheit nicht Meiſter über ſeinen Muth werde, in das Haus der Geliebten.

Eurikleia kam ihm in der Halle entgegen, erkannte ſogleich den lieben Vetter aus Theben und führte ihn in ein nach Frauenſitte ſehr reinlich und zierlich geordnetes Gemach. Phanor fragte heimlich leiſe, ob er das Glück haben werde, ſeine angebetete Theano zu ſehn, und jene ſchwieg, mit einem verſteckten Lächeln, welches der harrende Jüngling zu ſeinen Gunſten auslegte.

Endlich öffnete ſich auch die Thür und Theano trat herein in dem ganzen Himmelsglanz ihrer Schönheit. Sie wollte wieder umkehren, als ſie eine Mannsperſon erblickte, aber die Amme rief ihr zu: — nur immer herein, liebes Kind; der Fremde iſt mein Vetter aus Theben. Nachdem nur noch einige Worte gewechſelt waren, entfernte ſich Eurikleia unter dem Vorgeben, daß ſie für den ermüdeten Vetter einige Erfriſchungen beſorgen wolle, und der lange erſehnte Augenblick war gekommen, wo Phanor ſich mit Theano allein befand.

Er ſtürzte zu ihren Füßen mit den Worten: „dieſer Moment entſcheide über das Glück meines Lebens! Theano! Hier ſchwöre ich Ihnen bei allen Göttern ewige Liebe, ewige Huldigung! Nur eines Blickes der Erbarmung würdigen Sie mich — mehr verlange ich, mehr flehe ich nicht!"

„Unglücklicher! Was thun Sie? Sie reizen den Zorn der Götter! Kein Wort weiter von ihrer Liebe!" rief Theano heftig, ſtieß ihn beinahe von ſich und eilte fort.

Faſt ſeines Bewußtſeins beraubt, taumelte Phanor auf, und verließ das Haus, die Rückkehr der Amme nicht abwartend. Er hüllte ſich wieder in ſein Purpurgewand, und kehrte zu ſeiner erſten Wohnung zurück. — Ja! — ſagte er für ſich, — der weiſe Ariſtipp hat Recht. Dieſe Liebe entwaffnet alle Kräfte, welche in dem Menſchen ſind, und entmannt iſt der Berauſchte, den wahren Männern die Zielſcheibe ihres Spottes, wo nicht der Gegenſtand ihrer Verachtung. Ich will mich dieſer Leidenſchaft entſchlagen, und muß ich nicht auch? Denn hat mich nicht dieſe Theano unwürdig behandelt, und wär' es nicht unmännlich, wie ein girrender Tauber um ihre Gunſt länger buhlen zu wollen? —

Dieſe letzten Worte waren ganz in dem Geiſt damaliger Zeit geſprochen, und beſchwichtigen den Zweifel, welcher dem Unkundigen vielleicht aufgeſtoßen iſt. Bei uns iſt die erſte Liebe, auch des Mannes, ſcheu; er wagt kaum, ſeine Göttin anzureden, und nach vielen Monaten des Umganges erſt bebt das lange erwartete Geſtändniß der Liebe über ſeine Lippen. So war es nicht bei den Griechen. Sie fanden ein Mädchen ſchön, ihrer Liebe würdig, ſuchten Gelegenheit zu einer Unterredung, und oft waren die erſten Worte der Zuſammenkunft: ich liebe dich! Möge nun dieſer Unterſchied darin liegen, daß die Griechen dem weiblichen Geſchlecht weniger Rechte eingeräumt hatten, oder in dem Stolz der Republikaner, oder in dem heißen Blut der Südländer, genug, es war ſo!

Phanor ging noch ſpät gegen Abend zu Ariſtipp, den er nun ſeit mehreren Tagen nicht beſucht hatte, und er zitterte faſt, vor ihm zu erſcheinen. Doch der feine Ariſtipp war noch wie vor der gefällige, gaſtfreie Wirth, und Phanor war heute ſo über alle Maßen heiter, ſcherzend, ſogar ſatiriſch, daß auch Parmenides, der ihn anfänglich kalt empfing, ſich wieder mit ihm ausſöhnte. — Ich bin ganz geheilt, — ſagte ihm Phanor leiſe, und Parmenides war beruhigt.

Bei Tiſche kam das Geſpräch auf einen jungen Athenienſer von einer geachteten Familie, welcher durch ſeine Ausſchweifungen im ſinnlichen Genuß jetzt ſo entkräftet war, daß die klagenden Eltern das Ende des einzigen Sohnes jetzt erwarten mußten. Bei dieſer Gelegenheit ſagte Ariſtipp, auf deſſen Worte Phanor immer horchte: „ich habe mich ſchon neulich darüber geäußert, daß die Liebe, wenn ſie in Schwärmerei oder vielmehr Raſerei ausartet, thöricht iſt, und uns den Mann, den ſie ergriffen hat, bedaurungswürdig macht. Viele Jünglinge fallen aber auch in ein anderes Extrem. Das Gefühl, welches bei einer gemäßigten Leidenſchaft den Menſchen veredelt und wahren Reiz in alle kleine Lebensfreuden bringt, ging bei ihnen mit der erſten Liebe zu Grabe, indem ſie, zur Erkenntniß gekommen, eine Phryne von ſich ſtießen, wo ſie am Buſen einer Veſtalin zu ruhen geglaubt hatten. Verachtung des Geſchlechts tritt an die Stelle jenes beſeligenden Gefühls, und nur der Sinnenreiz, der Sinnentaumel bleibt waltend. Er reißt ſie hin von einem frechen Geſchöpf zum andern, der Wechſel giebt den erſchlafften Nerven neuen Reiz, und der unheilbare Wollüſtling iſt fertig. Viele edle, kräftige Jünglinge ſah ich ſo fallen, und väterliche Lehrer predigten tauben Ohren, denn wer nicht früh der Philoſophie huldigt, welche Mäßigung der Leidenſchaften lehrt, iſt nur ein Halbmenſch, und wird mit dem Götterfunken, der in ihm liegt, dem rohen, herrſchenden Stoff der Leidenſchaften unterthan. Zwei Laſter bilden die Extreme, die Tugend ſteht in der Mitte, z. B. zwiſchen Verſchwendung und Geiz iſt die

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*) Die Ammen waren gewöhnlich zeitlebens in den Häuſern ihrer Pflegekinder. Euriklea war die Amme der Penelope, Gemahlin Ulyß.

Sparſamkeit, zwiſchen raubgieriger Eroberungsſucht und Feigheit iſt der wahre Heldenſinn, zwiſchen Ehrfurcht und fauler Stumpfheit tritt hervor der menſchenfreundliche Bürgerſinn, und eben ſo liegt zwiſchen der vertiertten Raſerei und der Wolluſt jene, aus ätheriſchem Stoff gewobene Liebe. Es liegt ein tiefer Sinn darin, daß ſie die erſtgeborne Tochter des Himmels war und die edle Freundſchaft die zweite. Dem Freunde das Herz geöffnet, und jenes erſte Götterkind läuft nicht mehr, der gefahrvollen Wege unkundig, in der Irre umher."

Arm in Arm gingen Phanor und Parmenides ſpät am Abend zu ihren Wohnungen zurück, und unterwegs ſagte Phanor ſeinem Freunde alles, was er unterdeß gethan und wie er heute durch die erlittene Beſchimpfung geheilt ſei. — Jetzt ſpricht nur der beleidigte Stolz aus dir, lieber Phanor, — ſagte ihm dann Parmenides; — verſprich mir, bei dem geringſten Rückfall deinem Freunde nichts zu verhehlen. — Mit feſtem Willen rief Phanor: ich verſpreche es dir; bei unſerer Freundſchaft ſei es geſchworen!" und ſie ſchieden.

Die Nacht war nun freilich nicht die ruhigſte für den Jüngling. Das Bild der Geliebten trat ihm wieder lebhafter vor Augen, und er fing an Entſchuldigungen zu ſuchen. Wie ſchnell ſind dieſe gefunden, wenn wir wollen! Der beleidigte Stolz kam ihm vor, wie eine lächerliche Grille, immer aber ſtärkten ihn wieder Ariſtipp's warnende Worte.

Es war noch weit vom Mittage entfernt, als Euriklcia, die alte Kupplerin, zu Phanor eintrat. „Was wollen Sie? wir haben nichts mehr mit einander zu ſchaffen!" trat ihr Phanor heftig entgegen.

Nun! nun! Nur nicht ſo heftig, junger Herr! — erwiederte ſie. — Man hat geſtern Abend vergebens auf ihre ſüßen Lieder gewartet und die Wohnung in unſerer Straße haben Sie auch verlaſſen. Theano iſt Ihnen alſo gleichgültig geworden? Aber ſo ſeid ihr Männer. —

„Genug des Geſchwätzes; Adieu!" ſagte er, ihr den Rücken zukehrend.

Aber wer denkt denn auch, — fuhr ſie, ohne ſich ſchrecken zu laſſen, fort — daß der junge Herr gleich das erſte Mal ſo hitzig wird. Wie konnten Sie an einem Donnerſtag eine Liebeserklärung thun? —

„Was ſoll das heißen?" fragte er aufmerkſam.

Wiſſen Sie denn nicht, — fuhr ſie fort, — daß nach unſerm Glauben eine Liebeserklärung, an einem Donnerſtage gemacht, den Göttern gehäſſig iſt, ihren Zorn weckt, und den Erklärenden in's Unglück ſtürzt, anſtatt daß er ſein Glück zu empfangen glaube *)?

Phanor war, wie aus den Wolken gefallen; eine neue Sonne ging wieder vor ihm auf. Er fragte hin und her, und die dienſtfertige Euriklcia verſprach ihm für heute Abend eine zweite Zuſammenkunft mit Theano, welche ihn ganz zufrieden ſtellen werde, denn, ſagte ſie ihm heimlich, im Vertrauen, Theano hat faſt die ganze Nacht kein Auge zugethan, und wüßte ſie, daß ich mich ihres Zuſtandes erbarmt hätte, und hieher geſchlichen wär, ſie würde zwar ſehr auf mich zürnen, aber im Herzen mir doch ſogleich vergeben.

Sie entfernte ſich; Phanor befahl ſeinen Sclaven, jedem, der nach ihm frage, zu ſagen, ihr Herr ſei für einige Tage auf das Land gereiſet, und nun ſchlich er, als der Vetter aus Theben verkleidet, in ſeine neue Wohnung zurück. Der Abend kam, der Vetter trat bei ſeiner Muhme in das Gemach. Die Muhme entfernte ſich, und Theano öffnete die Thür; ein ſanftes Lächeln, welches ſie vergebens zu verbergen ſuchte, ſchwebte um den ſchönen Mund, und die Wangen färbten ſich mit dem zarten Roth der jungfräulichen Schaam.

„Können Sie mir verzeihen, angebetete Theano," rief der Jüngling, zu ihren Füßen ſtürzend, „daß ich geſtern ſo unbeſonnen war? Das unſelige Mißverſtändniß — O! haben Sie Erbarmen mit mir."

Wenn die Götter verzeihen, dürfen denn Menſchen zürnen? — erwiederte Theano ſanft, und bat ihn, aufzuſtehen.

„Nicht eher verlaſſe ich dieſen Boden," fuhr er fort, „als bis Sie mich durch ein Wort zu den Sitzen der ewigen Götter erheben, oder in die Nacht der finſtern Mächte ſtürzen!"

Was wollen Sie mehr, Ungeſtümer, flüſterte ſie, — als daß ich Sie bitte, aufzuſtehen?

„Alſo Erhörung, Erhörung?" rief er.

Phanor, ſtehn Sie auf, Theano bittet darum — ſprach ſie.

Er ſprang auf. „Meine Theano!" ſagte er bebend, ergriff ihre Hand, und drückte ſie an ſein Herz. „O! Wüßten Sie, wie dieſes Herz nur für Sie, für Sie allein klopft!"

Theano zog die Hand nicht zurück und Phanor führte die Zögernde auf die Polſterſitze. In dem Halbdunkel des Abends küßte er das Bekenntniß der Liebe von den ſchönſten Roſenlippen, und von jetzt an ſchwelgten die Glücklichen in einem Meere von Wonne. Sie beneideten die Götter nicht um ihre ewigen Freuden, und alles, was die Erde dem Menſchen zu geben vermag, hatten ſie in den Worten, mein Phanor, meine Theano, und in dem ſüßen Kuß der Liebe.

So ſchwärmte Phanor mehrere Wochen, und fühlte von Tage zu Tage ſich glücklicher in Theano's Beſitz. Nur ihr gehörte er an, alle andern menſchlichen Verhältniſſe beachtete er nicht mehr, denn Theano allein war ſeine Welt und er fühlte es tief im innerſten Herzen, daß ohne Theano das Leben nicht mehr Leben für ihn ſein würde. Sie war die Sonne, welche ſein Daſein erleuchtete, Wärme und Freude in den kalten Stoff brachte, und er fühlte ſich edler und ſtolzer, da er nur für ſie lebte. Theano entwickelte auch von Tage zu Tage mehr Liebreiz, mehr zarten Sinn für alles Schöne und Gute, und ſie wurde mit dem Schwärmer zur Schwärmerin.

Euriklcia wurde von Phanor oft reichlich, mehr als reichlich beſchenkt, denn welchen Werth konnte dem Liebetrunkenen das Geld haben? Als ihr Vetter ging er nun unbeſorgt in dem Hauſe aus und ein, und in dieſer Verkleidung konnte er auch getroſt durch Athen ſtreifen, ohne fürchten zu müſſen, daß ihn jemand erkenne.

Eines Tages wandelte er im Lyceum unter den ſchattengebenden Bäumen auf und nieder *), nur an Theano denkend, und das Glück des Lebens, welches durch ihren Beſitz ihm ward, ganz fühlend, als ein junger Bapte **) ihn anredete.

„Mein Freund," fragte der Bapte, „du biſt ja wohl der glückliche Vetter der alten Euriklcia?"

Ihr Vetter bin ich, — antwortete Phanor betroffen, aber glücklich! Wie ſo?

„Du haſt dadurch das Glück, ſo oft du willſt, mit der ſchönſten Jungfrau Griechenlands unter einem Dache zu ſein."

Meine Muhme hat keine Kinder —

„Aber ein Pflegekind. Haſt du die reizende Theano noch nie bei ihr geſehn? Du biſt doch täglich in dem Hauſe."

Meine Muhme iſt immer allein. —

„Du und deine Muhme, ihr ſollt mir behülflich ſein. Kannſt du aber auch ſchweigen?"

Wie der Orkus!

„Nun ſo mußt du wiſſen, Theano hat mich entzückt. Ich muß einen Liebeshandel mit ihr anknüpfen. Deine Muhme ſoll mir eine Unterredung mit ihr verſchaffen, und ſage ihr, der Bapte Kreontes bezahle Trotz dem reichſten Fremdling, der die Erfahrung, in Athen geweſen zu ſeyn, mit ſeinen Goldbeuteln büßt. Eile, kehre bald zurück, ich erwarte dich hier unter der Halle."

Phanor ſtürmte fort; in der Straße begegnete ihm Euriklcia, um, wie ſie ſagte, Früchte einzukaufen. Phanor konnte erſt keine Worte finden, ſo tobte es in ſeinem Innern.

„Alſo, als Kupplerin ſind Sie durch ganz Athen bekannt, ſo daß fremde Leute mir Aufträge an Sie geben?" brach er endlich los, und nun erzählte er, was er ſo eben hatte anhören müſſen. Euriklcia lachte laut auf. — Schon wieder ſieht der liebe Vetter Irrlichter! — rief ſie. — Eilen Sie zurück und ſagen dem unbeſcheidenen Gaſt, dem Kreontes, den die ganze Stadt als den dummdreiſteſten Burſchen kennt, für ihn ſei keine Theano von mir gepflegt und erzogen, und Euriklcia laſſe ſich nicht dingen. Geſchwind! geſchwind! Sagen Sie ihm das wörtlich.

Halb mißtrauiſch kehrte Phanor zurück. Kreontes erwartete ihn, und der gekränkte Geliebte Theano's ſetzte zu der Antwort, welche er bringen ſollte, noch Einiges hinzu; er würzte ſie mit attiſchem Salz. Kreontes lachte, und ſagte im Abgehn, die Muhme ſcheue ſich wohl, dem Vetter aus Theben zu bekennen, daß ſie eine Kupplerin ſei, darum müſſe er ſeine Sendung durch einen Andern an den Mann bringen.

Phanor wollte es ſich ſelbſt nicht geſtehen, daß dieſe Worte eines eitlen Thoren einen widrigen Eindruck auf ihn gemacht hatten, aber Theano gewahrte die Wolke wohl, welche auf ſeiner Stirn lag, als er zu ihr kam.

„Du biſt heute verſtimmt, Phanor; ſo ſah ich dich noch nie; habe ich dich beleidigt?" fragte ſie bald mit ihrer einſchmeichelnden Stimme, und ſie bat und tändelte, ſchmollte und flehte ſo lange, bis er ihr den Vorfall von heute erzählte.

„O! dieſer Kreontes," rief ſie, gehört zu den übermüthigen, ſich ſelbſt gefallenden Halbmenſchen, welche glauben, Anrechte auf jedes weibliche Geſchöpf zu haben, welche an keinen Frauenehrt, an keine weibliche Tugend glauben, weil ſie ſelbſt nie Gefühl für Tugend hatten. Wie oft hat der Ueberläſtige auf Spaziergängen, bei öffentlichen Feſten, ſelbſt in den Tempeln der Götter mich verfolgt, und alle Verachtung, welche ich ihm habe empfinden laſſen, durch den zürnendſten Blick, der in meiner Gewalt ſteht, vermochte nicht, den Zudringlichen zu entfernen. Und ein ſolcher Menſch kann meinem Phanor auch nur einen Augenblick Mißtrauen erwecken? Das habe ich nicht verdient mit meinem Herzen voll Liebe, mit dieſem Herzen, das nur für Phanor ſchlägt. Dieſes Mißtrauen — ich bitte dich, Phanor, laß uns ſcheiden; noch iſt es vielleicht Zeit, und beſſer für uns beide!"

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*) Die Griechen hatten ſolche beſtimmte Tage, wo dieſes oder jenes nicht geſchehen durfte, wenn der Zorn der Götter nicht geweckt werden ſollte, ſo wie der Römer ſeinen dies ater hatte, und auch bei uns ſchleicht dieſer Aberglaube noch unter dem Volke herum.

*) Lyceum war der große, innen mit Bäumen verzierte, von geräumigen Säulengängen eingeſchloſſene Platz, der beſonders dadurch bekannt iſt, daß Ariſtoteles dort lehrte.

**) Bapten waren geckenhaft geputzte Prieſter, die nur bei der Juno ſchwuren, weibiſch in ihren Sitten, und was man Weiberſachen zu nennen pflegt.

Sie weinte ſtill, und jetzt war an Phanor die Reihe, Verzeihung von der Geliebten zu erflehn. Die Verſöhnung wurde geſchloſſen, und Phanor verſprach, nie wieder dem Mißtrauen ſo leichtgläubig Raum zu geben.

Ariſtipp's erinnerte ſich der liebetrunkene Jüngling kaum noch, Parmenides mit ſeiner warmen Freundſchaft war vergeſſen, er hatte nur einen Gedanken, und der hieß: Theano. Selbſt an ſeinen Vater würde er ſich nicht lebhaft erinnert haben, wenn nicht die reichen Geſchenke, die er der Eurikleia machte, die koſtbaren Gewande, mit denen er ſeine Geliebte ſchmückte, die feinſten Geſchirre, mit welchen er bei guter Gelegenheit das Haus zu füllen wußte, ſeine Caſſe nach und nach erſchöpft hätten. Er ſchrieb an ſeinen Vater einen lügenhaften Brief, ohne zu erröthen, und ſah mit Sehnſucht der Rückkehr des Boten entgegen.

Unterdeß hatte ihn an einem Tage das Geräuſch der Rednerbühne bei einem ſehr wichtigen Fall lange beſchäftigt erhalten, und er flog, als es ſchon merklich dunkel wurde, zu der Geliebten. Er ging an Eurikleia's Zimmer vorüber, und öffnete leiſe das daran ſtoßende Gemach der Geliebten. Das Zimmer war matt durch eine Kerze erleuchtet, die Amme ſaß am Bette Theano's, deſſen Vorhänge zugezogen waren, und winkte ihm, ſtill zu ſein, indem ſie dem Näherſchleichenden zuflüſterte, ein Fieber habe ihr armes Kind überfallen, und vor einem Weilchen ſei die Kranke eingeſchlummert. Er öffnete leiſe den Vorhang, die Kranke hatte das Geſicht nach der Wand gekehrt, und er mußte ſich für heute begnügen, den Teppich, welcher die Schlafende umhüllte, zu küſſen. Dann ſchlich er leiſe fort, und als er an Eurikleia's Zimmer vorüber ging, fiel ihm ein, daß er ſeinen Stock geſtern hier habe ſtehen laſſen.

Er öffnete es, und wollte es ſchon wieder leiſe zumachen, indem es drinnen ganz dunkel war, da hörte er ganz leiſe eine Stimme, die er hätte kennen ſollen, fragen: „biſt du da, mein Geliebter?"

Wie Schuppen fiel es ihm von den Augen. Schnell entſchloſſen, machte er, ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, die Thür wieder zu, und eilte in Theano's Gemach zurück. Eurikleia winkte, ſtill zu ſein, er aber nahm die Kerze und ging damit auf das Bette zu. Die Amme bat, ſie flehete, drohete; eitle Mühe! Er ſtieß ſie zurück, öffnete den Vorhang, und rüttelte erſt behutſam, dann immer ſtärker die Schlafende. Sie erwachte nicht; nun drehete er mit Gewalt das Geſicht um, und — ein Puppenkopf ſah ihn mit einer grinſend lachenden Miene an.

Die Amme mit einigen Fauſtſchlägen zu Boden ſchmettern, ſo daß ſie für das Erſte das Aufſtehen vergeſſen mußte, die Kerze nehmen, und in das andere Gemach ſtürzen, das war das Werk eines Augenblicks. Da ſtand Theano in dem leichten Gewand der Phrynen, und der ſo eben vor ihm eingetretene Kreontes, ſchien in der Dunkelheit, welche vor Phanor's Erſcheinen im Zimmer war, die Buhldirne, welche ihn vielleicht necken wollte, geſucht zu haben.

Phanor ſchäumte vor Wuth. Er ergriff den Stock, welcher ihm gerade zu Händen war, und mit dem Grimme eines erzürnten Ebers fiel er über den Weichling Kreontes her, ihn ſo lange züchtigend, bis der Stock ſprang. Dann warf er den ſchwer Gemißhandelten vor die Thür, und ſtellte ſich mit gefalteten Händen vor Theano hin, die zitternd vernichtet da ſtand. Er betrachtete ſie lange, ſchüttelte dann wehmüthig den Kopf, und ſagte in einem kalten, bitterſchmerzlichen Ton:

„Fürchte nichts; für meine Rache biſt du zu klein. Gehe hin, erſäufe dich in den Lüſten, taumle von Rauſch zu Rauſch, von Wolluſt zu Wolluſt; aber es wird eine Zeit der Nüchternheit für dich kommen, wo eine wüthende Reue dich umhalſen, und das letzte Mark deines Lebens ausſaugen wird. Mögen die Götter es dir vergeben, daß du mein junges, blühendes Leben mordeteſt!"

Langſam ſchwankte er fort; an der Thür ſah er ſich noch einmal um: Sie ſtreckte die Arme nach ihm aus, und wollte reden.

„O rede nicht," fuhr er abwehrend fort; „deine Worte ſind Lug und Trug, du unheilbringende Tochter der Lügenmutter. — Wohl hatteſt du Recht, mein väterlicher Freund, Ariſtipp!"

Damit ſchritt er fort, und kam bald bewußtlos in ſeiner erſten Wohnung wieder an. Seine Sclaven hatten ſchon viele Sorge um ihren Herrn gehabt, der ſo lange nichts von ſich hatte hören und ſehen laſſen, in der letzten Woche aber hatten ſie durch Ariſtipp die Beruhigung erhalten, daß ihr Herr ſich wohl befinde, und bald wiederkehren werde. Durch Ariſtipp! ſagte Phanor halb für ſich, und dieſes waren die einzigen Worte, welche er ſprach.

Welch' eine Nacht hatte er! Bald zürnte er mit ſich ſelbſt, daß er nicht der Buhlerin einen Dolch durch das Herz geſtoßen hatte, und beſchwor die Götter, ihm Kraft und Stärke zu einer Rache zu geben, welche ganz Athen in Schrecken ſetzte, und dann verſank er wieder in ſich ſelbſt, und begrub ſich ſeinem Schmerz. Die Nacht wurde ihm ſo lang; endlich erſchien der Morgen wieder. Das Gewühl der Menſchen auf der Straße wogte auf und ab, nur er ſtand allein mit ſeinem zerriſſenen Herzen in einer freudeathmenden, geſchäftigen Welt.

Ariſtipp's Bild trat jetzt lebendiger vor ihm hervor; er hielt den Entſchluß feſt, der mit der Betrachtung dieſes Bildes verknüpft war, und ging, als nur eben der Anſtand es erlaubte, zu Ariſtipp. Der Philoſoph ließ nicht lange auf ſich warten, und ſchien zu erſchrecken, als er das zerſtörte, vom Kampf der Leidenſchaften zerriſſene Geſicht des Jünglings ſah. Mit einem tröſtenden Blick faßte er ihn bei der Hand, und führte ihn in den Garten.

„Ich weiß alles, was Sie mir ſagen, was Sie mir bekennen wollen, mein lieber Phanor," fing er hier ſanft an; „ich will Ihnen den Schmerz erſparen, die Geſchichte Ihrer Verirrung, des Betrugs und der Täuſchung mir wieder zu geben, denn alle dieſe Geſchichten ſind zuletzt, und in der Anwendung, in der Erfahrung dieſelben. Ich will auch Ihnen keine Vorwürfe darüber machen, daß Sie meinen Warnungen nicht folgten, denn wenn ein Haus brennt, muß man nicht fragen, wie iſt das Feuer entſtanden; man muß löſchen. Jetzt, mein junger Freund, entlaſſe ich Sie nicht wieder. Zerſtreuung, und bei der Zerſtreuung Beſchäftigung! Wenn wir in müßiger Ruhe unſern Schmerz wiederkäuen, friſt er bald feindlich um ſich, und der Schmerz ſelbſt ſcheint uns ein Labſal zu werden. Durch Kampf erringt man das Leben; betrachten Sie jetzt das, was Sie foltert, als Ihren Feind, und gehn Sie ihm mit männlicher Entſchloſſenheit entgegen. Der Menſch kann alles, was er will, und der Wille iſt es, der den Mann adelt."

Daß dieſe Worte ſogleich keine Wirkung auf Phanor machen konnten, das war natürlich, und das erwartete Ariſtipp auch nicht. Indeß der Niedergebeugte hatte die Worte aufgefaßt, und das Vertrauen, mit welchem er zu ihm gekommen war, gab dem Philoſophen die Hoffnung, daß er nun auch bald die Wahrheit der Worte erkennen, und die Fittige des Geiſtes wieder frei empor ſchwingen werde. — Kein Wort wurde weiter von der traurigen Geſchichte erwähnt, und auch Parmenides mußte von Ariſtipp unterrichtet ſein, denn er war nach wie vor der warme Freund, ohne nur einmal zu fragen: wo biſt du ſo lange geweſen, Phanor? —

Dieſer wollte mehrere Male ſein Herz in dem Buſen des Freundes ausſchütten, aber Parmenides wich immer der Gelegenheit aus, denn Ariſtipp war der Meinung, daß bei einer Beſchäftigung von Außen Kummer und Schmerz ſchneller in ſich ſelbſt erſticke, wenn er durch Mittheilung an einen Dritten keine neue Nahrung bekomme; Briefwechſel, und ſelbſt das Leſen der Schriften unterſagte bei einem ſolchen Gemüthszuſtande der Philoſoph.

Bald äußerte ſich auch bei dem jungen Phanor eine wohlthätige Wirkung von Ariſtipp's unmerkbar, weiſer Leitung. Phanor nahm wieder Theil an den Freuden des Mahls, an den geſellſchaftlichen Geſprächen, die körperlichen Uebungsſpiele beſchäftigten ihn wieder, und neuen Reiz für ihn hatten jetzt die Volksverſammlungen, denn ein neuer Krieg war im Werke, entflammte die Gemüther der Republikaner, und auf den Rednerbühnen wurde über das „für und wider," über Beſtreitung der Mittel und über die Wahl eines Feldherrn eifrig geſtritten. In einer ſolchen Zeit beſchäftigte man das Volk beſtändig mit Schauſpielen aller Art, um es bei Laune zu erhalten, und in dem großen Theater wurden den Athenienſern erſt einige Luſtſpiele des Ariſtophanes gegeben, und dann drei Trauerſpiele, welche von den Richtern das Accessit erhalten hatten, und der Wettſtreit dreier Dichter waren, den das Volk zu entſcheiden hatte.

Bei allen dieſen Gelegenheiten war Parmenides Phanor's Begleiter, ohne ſich aufzudringen zu ſcheinen, und Ariſtipp, der Menſchenkenner, fand ſeinen Schüler ſchon ſo weit geneſen, daß er ihm eines Tages ſagte: „Ihre Caſſe, Phanor, muß wohl jetzt bald erſchöpft ſein; ich habe mit Vergnügen bemerkt, daß Sie in der letzten Zeit gut Haus gehalten haben. Hier, dieſe Summe hat mir Ihr Vater vorlängſt geſchickt, ſie Ihnen einzuhändigen, ſobald Sie guten Gebrauch davon machen würden. Nehmen Sie hin, und erkennen Sie dadurch das Vertrauen, welches ich jetzt zu Ihnen glaube haben zu dürfen."

Während der Jüngling die Tage in einem Wechſel von Vergnügungen, Zerſtreuungen aller Art zubrachte, hatte er die trübſten, traurigſten Nächte. Er fühlte eine drückende Leere, wenn er Abends in ſein Zimmer kam, Theano's Bild trat ihm immer lebhafter wieder vor die Augen; er wollte ihr zürnen, aber ſie ſah ihn bittend durch Thränen an, ſie ſprach nur wenige Worte, und gerechtfertigt ſtand ſie vor ihm da. Konnte er nicht auch dieſes Mal ſich getäuſcht haben? Bei all' den Feſten, zu welchen ganz Athen ſtrömte, hatte ſein furchtſam ſcheuer, ſuchender Blick Theano nicht gefunden; ſie war wohl krank, gewiß, ſie war krank, und er war die Urſach dieſer Krankheit.

Immer mehr ging die Möglichkeit eines Irrthums zu der Wahrſcheinlichkeit über, und durfte, wenn dieſes war, Theano aus ihrer Weiblichkeit heraustreten und zuerſt ſich ihm wieder nähern? Konnte ſie das auch, von der nicht zu entſchuldigenden Kupplerin Eurikleia Tag und Nacht beobachtet? Lag ſie nicht krank auf dem Lager hingeſtreckt, vergebens den Geliebten, der durch Liſt oder Irrthum von ihr getrennt war, mit den verweinten Augen ſuchend?

„Ja! Es iſt Pflicht, mich ſelbſt zu überzeugen!“ rief er nach einer wieder durchwachten Nacht. „O! daß dieſe ſüßen Träume, welche mich immer noch umgaukeln und meine Lebenskraft erhalten, welche immer lebhafter werden, zur ſüßeren Wahrheit würden!“

Er ſprang auf, warf ſich in ein einfaches Gewand, und eilte fort. Als er nun aber hinaustrat in das wirkliche Leben, wurde er wieder wankend in ſeinem Entſchluß. Er ging lange mit ſich ſelbſt in Streit umher. Ariſtipp's warnende Stimme, und der ſtrafende Blick ſeines Parmenides hielten auf der einen Seite ihn zurück, während auf der andern eine peinigende Ungewißheit, wie er ſelbſt es beſchönigte, ihn hinzog. Die Schwäche ſiegte, und er trat in die Straße. Sie war mit einer neugierigen Menſchenmenge gefüllt, und alles ſammelte ſich vor Theano's Wohnung. Er bebte, eilte hinzu, drängte ſich hindurch, und ſtand nahe an einer Säule der Vorhalle.

Das Haus war weit geöffnet, Blumen waren geſtreut, die Säulen mit feſtlichen Kränzen reich umwunden, es brannten viele Fackeln. Sänger ſangen unter Begleitung einer vollen Muſik Freudenlieder, Sclavinnen kamen mit Lichtern heraus, und der hochzeitlichen Fackel folgte Theano, reich geſchmückt, mit freudeſtrahlendem Geſicht und reizender als je. Auf der einen Seite führte ſie ihre Mutter, auf der andern — o! ihr Götter! — der Bayle Kreontes, welcher die Braut zum Tempel leitete. Ihnen folgte der Verwandten, Freunde und Geſpielinnen zahlloſe Menge.

„Theano!“ rief Phanor überlaut; da ſah die Braut ſich nach ihm um, nickte ihm freundlich zu, und verſchwand. Der Jüngling folgte, von der Menge mehr getragen, als daß er ging. Er wälzte ſchreckliche Gedanken in der kochenden Bruſt, und würde in ſeinem Wahnſinn das Feſt geſtört, und den Zorn der Götter geweckt haben, wenn nicht am Eingang des Tempels jemand mit Gewalt ihn feſtgehalten hätte.

Es war Parmenides. Dieſer nahm ihn unter den Arm; Phanor ſah ihn mit ſtierem, ganz verändertem Blick an. Er folgte willig, und ließ ſich in ſeine Wohnung führen. Dieſe wollte er nicht verlaſſen, und winkte den Sclaven, daß die Fenſter verhangen würden. Auf keine Frage gab er Antwort, den Parmenides hörte er nicht, und als gegen Abend Ariſtipp ſelbſt ihn beſuchte, kannte er auch dieſen nicht. Sie ſorgten für die Aufſicht über den Unglücklichen, und Ariſtipp ſagte, als er mit dem theilnehmenden Parmenides das Haus verließ: „Ihr Freund iſt jetzt wirklich in dem Zuſtande der Hirnverrückung. Nur eines weiß ich noch, was ihn vielleicht, aber auch nur vielleicht den Menſchen wiedergiebt. Es iſt dies die Wiederkehr zu den Freuden der Heimath. Ich erwarte viel von den lebhafteren Eindrücken, welche die Erinnerung an die Spiele der Kindheit ihm geben wird. Durch dieſe Erinnerung kann der Kindiſche wieder zum Manne reifen. Sehn Sie, Parmenides, dahin kann die Leidenſchaft, wenn ſie nicht durch die Philoſophie in Feſſeln gehalten wird, den Menſchen führen.“

Ariſtipp ſchickte mit der traurigen Nachricht von dem Zuſtande ſeines Sohnes einen Eilboten an Phanor's Vater. Dieſer kam ſelbſt, ihn abzuholen. Der Gemüthszuſtand des Unglücklichen hatte ſich noch verſchlimmert. Er hatte zuweilen Perioden der Raſerei. Alle Mühe, welche an ihn gewandt war, frommte zu nichts, und Ariſtipp ſelbſt ſagte, daß ſie nutzlos ſei. Immer noch ſprach er kein Wort, und erkannte auch den gebeugten Vater nicht, der mit dem Philoſophen eintrat. Plötzlich aber ſchien eine Erinnerung wieder in ihm aufzudämmern, er reichte dem Vater die Hand, ſah ihn lange ſtarr an, ſchüttelte ſanft den Kopf, und weinte ſtill. Eine herzzerreißende Scene für die Umſtehenden.

Nach zwei Tagen hatte er ſeinen Vater wieder ganz erkannt, und dieſer war der Einzige, dem er unbedingt in Allem folgte. Ariſtipp rieth, nun ſo ſchnell als möglich den Irren nach der Heimath zu bringen, ihm dort alles das wieder zuzuführen, was in ſeinem Knabenalter ihn beſchäftigt hatte, und ihm werth geweſen war, und ſo allmählig, behutſam, ihn gewiſſermaßen wieder größer werden zu laſſen, dann aber auch eine geraume Zeit hindurch für ununterbrochene Beſchäftigung, die mit körperlicher Anſtrengung verbunden ſei, zu ſorgen.

Es geſchah, und nach einem halben Jahre ſchrieb der Vater an Ariſtipp, dankte ihm herzlich für ſeine weiſen Lehren, und verſicherte, daß ſein Phanor, eine ſtille Melancholie abgerechnet, die nun freilich ſobald wohl nicht würde verbannt werden können, ganz wieder hergeſtellt ſei. Doch eben dieſe ſtille Melancholie wollte dem Ariſtipp gar nicht gefallen, und er ſchrieb zurück: ihr Böotier ſeid ja vielerfahrene Schiffer; laſſen Sie, mein Freund, den Jüngling eine Seereiſe machen, je weiter, je beſſer!“

Phanor's Vater hatte in Handelsgeſchäften ein Schiff an verſchiedene Plätze im joniſchen Meer zu ſenden, und bat ſeinen Sohn, die Reiſe mitzumachen, damit eine genauere Aufſicht über das Schiffsvolk ſei. Phanor willigte ſehr ſchnell ein, ſchien heiterer zu werden, und konnte die Zeit kaum erwarten, wo das Schiff abſegeln würde. Er nahm einen rührenden Abſchied von den Seinigen, und reiſte ab. Das Schiff landete an kephaloniſcher Küſte. Er ließ ſich nach der akarnaniſchen Küſte überſetzen, und dann nach der Inſel Leukate.

Hier ſuchte er den Pfad auf zu dem Tempel des Apoll, welcher auf einem, weit in das Meer hinragenden Vorgebirge erbaut iſt. Er gelangte dorthin, und ließ ſich von den Prieſtern in das Buch einſchreiben, um morgen den Sprung vom Felſen zu thun, betete dann zu Apoll mit heißer Inbrunſt, ihn zu erhören, und das Opfer geſchah.

In der Nacht ſchrieb er an Parmenides: — ich ſitze hier auf dem leukatiſchen Fels, und die aufgehende Sonne wird Zeuge ſein, ob dein Freund, — o! ſtoße mich nicht von dir! — hienieden wieder aus dem Kelch der Freude trinken darf, oder ob der Tod die müden, thränenſchweren Augenlieder ſchließen ſoll. Glaube mir, Parmenides, ich habe gerungen, wie ein Menſch ringen kann, mich dieſer unſeligen Liebe zu entſchlagen; alle Götter habe ich angefleht, aber niemand erhört mich, und mein ſtärkſter Wille erlahmt bei der Erinnerung an den Götterraum, in dem ich einſt ſchwelgte. — Der Sprung von dieſem Felſen hat, wenn ich gerettet werde, wie du weißt, den Erfolg, daß alle Erinnerung an die unglückliche Liebe für immer mich verläßt, und ich erlebe wieder heiter und froh, wie einſt; verſchlingt mich aber das Meer, iſt keine Rettung möglich, nun, ſo bin ich eines qualvollen Lebens überhoben. Nenne es nicht ſtrafbar, nenne es nicht Selbſtmord, was ich beginne. Zwar, ich bin auf der Spitze des Felſen geweſen, von wo herab ich mich ſtürzen ſoll, und ich ſchauderte zurück; in einer faſt unabſehbaren Tiefe unter der Klippe peitſcht der weiße Giſcht der Brandung die unterhöhlten Felſen, und wenn die Woge, furchtbar groß, mit lautem Gebrüll zurückweicht, ſo gähnt aus der Tiefe des Meers ein Abgrund herauf, der mit Seeungeheuern aller Art gefüllt iſt, wie der ſcharfblickende Seher wahrnimmt. — Die ſüße Gewohnheit des Lebens wollte in dieſem Augenblick noch einmal zu mir warnend reden, aber nein! ich habe dem Gott der Sonne mein Schickſal anheim gegeben, er ſchütze mich, er rette mich! Auch die Königin Artemiſia, auch die Sängerin Sappho und viele Andere ſtürzten ſich herab, und fanden in den Wellen ihr Grab; doch Viele wurden gerettet, und waren geheilt, und z. B. ein Maces ſprang viermal herab, und gewann viermal das Land wieder, befreit von ſeiner folternden Qual. Die Götter ſchützen die Tugend, jetzt kann, jetzt darf ich es ſagen, ich bin nie vom Pfade der Tugend gewichen, — wir ſehn uns wieder, mein Parmenides! —

Die Sonne trat aus dem Meer, da nahten Apoll's Prieſter dem Jüngling, der mit einer heitern Ruhe ſich von ihnen, wie ein Opferthier, bekränzen ließ. Bei dem Geſang der Hymnen führten ſie ihn bis an die äußerſte Spitze des Felſen, und ordneten ſich, die Geſänge fortſetzend. Unten, auf der Fläche des Meers, waren im Halbkreiſe viele Fiſcherkähne geordnet, um ſchnell den Herabgeſtürzten aufzufangen, ſobald die rückkehrende Woge ihn trug.

Jetzt ſtand Phanor auf der höchſten Spitze. Schaudernd bebte er zurück, als er tief unter ſich ſchaute, und wandte ſich abwärts, dann aber ſtreckte er die Hände nach dem Meer hinaus, dem heitern Gott der Sonne entgegen, rief laut: Theano! Theano! ſein Gewand flatterte, der Meeresgrund nahm ihn auf.

Wohl kehrte die Woge vom Felſen zurück, aber ſie trug Phanor nicht auf ihrem Rücken, wohl ſuchten die Fiſcher mit emſiger Mühe, aber ſie fanden ihn nicht, und kein Aſchenkrug ſollte die irdiſchen Reſte des Jünglings, den das Meer nicht wiedergab, bergen.

Ludwig Heinrich Freiherr von Nicolay

ward am 29. December 1737 zu Straßburg geboren, ſtudirte dort Philoſophie und die Rechte und war dann eine Zeitlang franzöſiſcher Geſandtſchaftsſecretär, ging aber in Folge eines Rufs als Profeſſor der Logik in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück. 1769 als Erzieher des Großfürſten Paul nach Petersburg berufen, wurde er 1770 daſelbſt Cabinetsſecretär und Bibliothekar ſeines Zöglings, 1796 Staatsrath, 1798 Director der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften und 1801 wirklicher Geheimer Rath. Schon früher (1782) war er in den Adelſtand erhoben und mit mehrern Ritterorden geſchmückt worden und hatte auch mehrere Geſandtſchaftspoſten bekleidet. Nach Kaiſer Paul's Tode zog er ſich auf ſein Gut Monrepos bei Wiborg zurück und lebte dort bis zu ſeinem am 18. November 1820 erfolgten Tode ſeinen litterariſchen Beſchäftigungen.

Er ließ erſcheinen:

Vermiſchte Gedichte und proſaiſche Schriften. Neue Ausgabe. Berlin und Stettin 1792 — 1810, 8 Bde., kl. 4.
Theatraliſche Werke. Königsberg 1811, 2 Bde., 8.

Einzeln:

Elegien und Briefe. Straßburg 1760, 8.
Verſe und Proſe. Baſel 1773, 8. (2. Ausg. von Nr. 1).
Galwine. Petersburg 1773, 12.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Berlin 1778—86, 9 Thle., 8. (3. Ausg. von Nr. 1).
Das Schöne. Erzählung. Berlin 1780, 8. Franzöſiſch Ebendaſ. 1781, 8.
Reinhold und Angelika. Ebendaſ. 1781—84, 3 Thle., 8., mit Titelkupf.
Idäa. Novelle. Wien 1792, 8.
Das Landgut Monrepos in Finnland. Berlin 1810, 4., mit Kupf.
Balladen. Ebendaſ. 1810, 4.
Der Arme und der Reiche. Gedicht. Leipzig 1820, 8.
Die Reliquie. Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8.
Die Todtenwache. Gedicht. Ebendaſ. 1820, 8.

Laune, Witz, Gefühl, Leichtigkeit, Correctheit, geiſtreiche Auffaſſung und gewandte und anmuthige Behandlung des Stoffes, geben v. N's poetiſchen Leiſtungen, obwohl ſie nicht erſten Ranges ſind, doch einen bleibenden Werth. Am glücklichſten iſt er in der poetiſchen Epiſtel, der Fabel und der poetiſchen Erzählung.

Aus Nicolay's vermiſchten Gedichten.

Der perſiſche Bauer.

In Erivan
War einſt ein armer, ſchlechter Mann.
Sein ganz Vermögen war ein kleiner Garten,
Sein ganz Geſchäft, ihn abzuwarten.
Ein Obſtbaum, der im Gärtchen ſtand,
Trug Früchte, weit und breit bekannt;
Sie glühten ſchön und groß und reich an Balſamſäfte,
Der ſelbſt dem Kranken Linderung ſchaffte.
Bringt, ſprach ein Nachbar, guter Mann!
Ein Körbchen dieſer Frucht nach Iſpahan.
Der Schach iſt lecker, hör' ich ſagen,
Freigebig überdas. Ihr krieget, gebt nur acht,
So manches Goldſtück heimzutragen,
Als ihr der Früchte hingebracht. —

Je nun! ich ſollt' es ſelber meinen.
Er kauft ein feines Körbchen ein,
Packt ſeine ſchöne Frucht hinein,
Nimmt freudig Abſchied von den Seinen
Und tritt den Weg nach Iſpahan,
Schon mit Entwürfen ſchwanger, an,
Wie mit dem Beutel Gold vom Schache
Er Haus und Garten größer mache,
Kömmt, eh' er's denkt, zur Burg von Iſpahan,
Und meldet ſich beim Obermarſchall an.
Man kennt den Hof. Wer bringt, dem ſteh'n die Thüren offen;
Wer holen will, kann lange hoffen.
Der Marſchall nimmt die Frucht, und kurze Zeit hernach
Wird unſer guter Mann belehret,
Daß Seine Majeſtät, der Schach,
In eigener Perſon ſein ganzes Obſt verzehret,
Es ſehr gelobt, und mehr begehret.

Ei, guter Perſer, welch ein Glück!
Er lauert auf den Augenblick,
Dem Kaiſer glimpflich zu berichten,
Er ſei der Bauer mit den Früchten.
Er ſtellt ſich in den Saal, durch den der Kaiſer geht,
Beſchaut das prächtige Geräth,
Begafft die Großen, die ſo klein hier ſtehen,
Und ſieht zuletzt im Schwarm ein Zwerglein gehen,
So mißgebaut, daß ſich der arme Mann
Des Lachens nicht enthalten kann.
Zum Unglück war dieß Zwerglein der Miniſter.
Mit ſcharfem Blicke, kraus und düſter,
Schielt er den Fremdling an. Ein Wort,
Und wüthend ſchleppt die Wach' ihn fort.
Im Kerker ſitzt er nun, und mag ſein Gold erwarten.
Er flucht dem Baume, flucht dem Garten,
Und flucht dem Nachbar, deſſen Rath
Ihn in dieß Loch geſtürzet hat.
Doch alles Fluchen kann die Sachen
Nicht ungeſcheh'n, nicht beſſer machen.
Ein Jahr fließt nach und nach dahin,
(Ach, eine lange Zeit für ein ſo kurzes Lachen!)
Und keine Seele denkt an ihn.

Nun kömmt die Zeit der Früchte wieder.
Man bringt dem Schach die ſchönſten dar.
Er rümpft die Naſe, legt ſie nieder:
Nein! das iſt keine Frucht wie das verfloßne Jahr.
Was für ein herrlich Obſt das war!
Wird wohl der Mann zurücke kommen?
Hat man noch nichts von ihm vernommen?
Wo kam er her? Wo kam er hin?
Wer iſt er? Geht, erfragt mir ihn. —

Man forſcht und hört die traurige Geſchichte.
Der Kaiſer lacht ob dem Berichte:
Gut! bringt ihn her. Ich will ihn ſeh'n,
Den armen Schelm. Es ſoll ihm beſſer gehn.
Er kömmt: „He, guter Freund! Ich weiß, wie dir's gegangen.
So ſpricht der Schach. Es thut mir leid.
Allein für Kerker, Obſt und Zeit
Darfſt du nun auch, was dir gefällt, verlangen.“ —
Herr, gieb mir, ſagt der arme Mann,
Ein Beil, ein Säckchen Salz, und einen Alkoran.
Der Kaiſer fängt zu lachen an:
Was für ein dummer Schnack? Beil, Salz und Alkoran?
„Das Beil, daß ich den Obſtbaum fälle;
„Das Salz, es auszuſä'n, damit auf ſeiner Stelle
„Nichts wieder wachſe; dann den Alkoran,
„Um einen Eid darauf zu ſchwören,
„Daß ich und die mir zugehören
„Zeitlebens nie nach Hofe wiederkehren.“

Das Teſtament des Eſels.

Ein Eſel diente lange Jahre
Dem Pfarrer eines Dorfs. Ein höchſt geduldig Thier:
Arbeitſam, fromm, auch wohlgepflegt dafür.
Es fanden Herr und Knecht ein Muſter an dem Paare.
Doch nichts beſteht in dieſer Welt.
Nachdem er manchen Sack getragen,
Und ſeinem Herrn manch Stückchen Geld
Verdienet, ſtarb der Gaul vor Alter. Was für Klagen
Der Pfarr darob geführt, iſt kaum zu ſagen:
Freund meines Lebens, trautes Thier!
Da liegſt du nun! Was fang' ich an mit dir!
Dich ſchinden? Nimmermehr! Bei meinen andern Schafen

Sollſt du auf Gottes Acker ſchlafen. —
Und wirklich gräbt ihn da der Prieſter heimlich ein.

Ein Pfarrer mag ein Engel ſein,
So iſt er doch ein Rüger unſrer Sünden,
Und jeder freuet ſich auch ihn in Schuld zu finden.
Kurz, man erfährt, was er gethan,
Und zeiget es dem Biſchof an.
Der Biſchof war ein lockrer Mann,
Der täglich ſeinen Rauſch bei Spiel und Ball verrauchte,
Und immer Geld verthat, und immer neues brauchte.
Gut! lacht er auf: das ſeh' ich gern,
Wenn meine Pfaffen ſolches Zeug beginnen.
Da ſind doch Bußen zu gewinnen. —
Bringt mir ihn her, den Feind des Herrn.

Er kömmt. Mit zürnender Geberde
Fährt ihn der Biſchof an: Du Heide! Renegat!
Biſt du's, der in geweihter Erde
Ein unrein Aas begraben hat?
Gleich ausgeſcharrt, den Acker exorcirt,
Zehn Thaler Straf', und ſuſpendirt.

Ehrwürdiger! verſetzt der Bauernhirt,
Der Eſel, über den geklaget wird,
Hat zwanzig Jahr mein Brot genoſſen.
Ein guter, treuer Knecht, fromm, fleißig, unverdroſſen.
Und ſonderlich ein guter Wirth.
Er ſparte jährlich für das Alter
Sein Thälerchen von dem, was er erwarb,
Und ſetzte mich darüber zum Verwalter.
Das ſind nun zwanzig Thaler. Eh' er ſtarb
Sprach er: Was mir der Herr verliehen,
Das gebt dem Biſchof ab. Der fromme Herr!
Durch ein Gebetchen nur kann er
Mich aus dem Fegefeuer ziehen.

Die Kutte ſchürzend, holt der Pfarrer hier
Ein Beutelchen hervor. Die hohle Rechte
Streckt ihm der Biſchof dar, und lächelt: Nun, ich dächte,
Dein Eſel, wie du ſagſt, war doch ein frommes Thier.
So laſſ' ihn denn in Gottes Namen
Bei den beſchämten Chriſten ruhn,
Die oft der Kirche minder Gutes thun.
Der Herr verleih' ihm ſeinen Frieden! Amen.

Der größte Schmeichler.

Ein Kaiſer ... Wo? — In Monomotapa.
(Denn lägen ſeine Staaten nah,
So ſchwieg' ich von dem Mährchen ſtille)
Der Kaiſer nun gerieth auf eine Grille
Von ſonderbarer Art: Wer mag doch, fiel ihm ein,
An meinem Hofe wohl von allen
Den Großen, Edlen und Vaſallen
Mein unverſchämt'ſter Schmeichler ſein?
Und wie erfahr' ich es? Nicht wahr, hierauf zu fallen,
Beweiſet doch wohl ſonnenklar,
Daß er kein Europäer war.

Die Sache klüglich auszuſpüren
Und allem Zwange vorzubau'n,
Sprach er mit jedem im Vertrau'n,
Bot alles auf, was das Gewiſſen rühren,
Was reizen kann, verſprach zu gleicher Zeit
Die heiligſte Verſchwiegenheit;
Doch über den Artikel müßte
Man ihm geſtehen, was man wiſſe.

Gefällig gegen ihn zu ſein,
Und doch der Wahrheit treu zu ſcheinen,
Verſetzten viele: Wie? mein Kaiſer ſpottet mein!
Er, Schmeichler? Ach, er hat nicht einen.
Doch andre gaben, je nach ihrem Wahn,
Nach Neigung, oder Intereſſe,
Der dieſen, jener jenen an;
Den Favoriten, die Maitreſſe,
Den Arzt, den Narren, den Kaplan.

Ein Philoſoph kam endlich an;
Ein wahrer (denn in jener Zone
Giebt's welche), dieſer ſprach aus einem andern Tone:
Dein größter Schmeichler, glaubeſt du,
O Kaiſer, ſei ſo ſchwer zu nennen?
Ich traue mir gehorſamſt zu,
Dir augenblicklich ihn zu nennen.

„So ſage denn, wer iſt es?“ — Du.

Der Heuwagen.

Hans führte ſeinen Wagen Heu
Zur Stadt. Drei magre Thiere zogen
Die Laſt. Der Pferde waren zwei,
Vor beiden ragte, wie der Pfeil auf einem Bogen,
Ein Eſel noch hervor. Er geht gemach einher,
Und denket bei ſich ſelbſt (denn ohne denken gehen
Macht Weg und Mühe lang und ſchwer):
Ich ganz allein, ſo denket er,
Regiere dieſen Zug. Die Wahrheit zu geſtehen,
Der gute Langohr hatte Recht:
Die Roſſe waren blind, und oben ſchlief der Knecht.
Das Fuhrwerk mochte trefflich gehen.

Ich kenne manches Haus, das kein geſcheidters hat;
Und ſag' ich manches Haus, ſo merkt der Kluge
Sehr bald, daß ich mit gleichem Fuge
Auch ſagen konnte: manchen Staat.

Der Käſe.

Ein Ziegenkäſ', in Leinwand eingebunden,
Ward irgendwo von einem Paar
Naſchhafter Katzen aufgefunden.
So angenehm die Beute war,
So heftig war der Streit, die Theile gleich zu meſſen.
„Willſt du allein den Käſe freſſen?
„Zwei Drittel nimmſt du weg.“ — Wie ſchändlich lügeſt du!
Mir kömmt die Hälfte noch von deinem Theile zu. —

Man ruft zuletzt des Nachbars Affen.
„Sein Herr iſt in dem Magiſtrat;
„Er weiß von ihm das Recht: Er ſoll uns Recht verſchaffen.“
Der Affe kömmt, ein ernſter Rath,
Im Mantel und im Ueberſchlage
(Der Weisheit ſeines Herrn), ſetzt ſich zum Tiſche hin,
Und ſpricht: Ich will den Streit nicht in die Länge ziehn;
Hier iſt mein Meſſer, hier die Wage.
Seht ſelbſt, wohin das Zünglein überſchlage.
Nicht wahr, zur Rechten? — Ja. — Schon gut. Den Augenblick
Soll ihm geholfen ſein. Flugs ſchneidet er ein Stück
Vom rechten Theile weg und ſchiebt es in den Rachen
„Wie ſtehn die Schalen nun? Die linke hat zu viel?
„Gleich wollen wir ſie leichter machen.“
Der Richter wiederholt das Spiel
So ſchnell und oft, zur Rechten und zur Linken
Macht er ſo klug die Schalen ſinken,
Daß er bereits den Käſe halb verzehrt.

Die Katzen: Nun, wir ſind zufrieden.
Der Unterſchied iſt nicht mehr werth,
Daß Sie ſich ferner noch ermüden.
Der Affe: Nein, das geht nicht an;
Gerechtigkeit iſt eine Sache,
Die man nie zu genau beſtimmen kann.
Ich bin ein ſo exacter Mann,
Daß ich mir ein Gewiſſen mache,
Wenn ich nur um ein halbes Gran
Dem oder jenem Tort gethan. —
Er hilft den Schalen noch mit manchem neuen Schnitte.
„Seht her! nun ſteht das Zünglein in der Mitte;
„Nun looſ't:“ — Was looſen? wähl't! — O wähle du!
Und beide Katzen greifen zu.

Noch nicht, ihr Damen! ſpricht der Affe.
Erlauben Sie, daß ich auch mir mein Recht verſchaffe.
Wer zahlt mir erſt den Spruch? Was mag das Reſtchen ſein?
Ein Drittel von dem Kapitale?
Das zieh ich für die Sporteln ein.

So geht's in manchem Tribunale.

Die Stiefeln.

Braucht niemand neue Stiefel hier?
Ein ſchönes Paar! Kein Geld will ich dafür.
So rief in Wien ein Krämer auf dem Graben
Um ihn ſchließt ſich ein dichter Kreis.
(Wer kauft nicht gern um ſolchen Preis?)
„Ihr Herren! Einer nur kann meine Stiefel haben,
„Der ſoll es ſein, der mir beweiſen kann,
„Ihm ſei ſein Weib vollkommen unterthan."

Er ſpricht's, und alle ſtehn und ſchweigen.
Prahlt irgend auch ein Ehemann,
So überſchrei'n ihn zwanzig Zeugen.
Der Kreis zerfließt gemach. Ein Schneider tritt heran:
„Die Stiefel her! ich bin der Mann,
„Der ſeine Rippe zähmen kann.
„Muckſt dieſe nur, ſo läßt die Elle
„Kein Fleckchen heil auf ihrem Felle.
„Ihr Nachbarn, ſagt! ſind dieſes Prahlerei'n?
Die Nachb. Nein, das iſt wahr; der meiſtert dieſen.
Der Krämer. Wohl! deine Herrſchaft ſcheint bewieſen.
Dein ſollen auch die Stiefel ſein,
Und dieſes ſchwarze Wachs geb' ich dir oben drein.
D. Schn. Wo berg' ich es? mein Wamms iſt ohne Taſchen.
D. Kr. So ſchieb' es in den Buſen.
D. Schn. Nein,
Es ſchmutzt. Mein Hemd iſt rein gewaſchen.
Wie würde da Frau Lieſe ſchrein?
D. Kr. So? Trotz der Elle? Hört ihr's Brüder?
Geſchwind gib mir die Stiefel wieder!

Die Säcke des Schickſals.

Dem wird nie wohl, der immer Beſſres ſucht.
Mit ſeinem Schickſal unzufrieden,
Sah Timon ſtets voll Eiferſucht
Auf das, was Andern Zeus beſchieden.
Mit ſtetem Murren plagt' er ihn.
Zeus, endlich müde ſeiner Klagen,
Schickt Majens Sohn zur Erde hin,
Läßt ihn empor zum Himmel tragen,
Faßt ſeine Hand, und führet ihn
In das Olymp'ſche Magazin.
Zu Millionen aufgehügelt,
Und von den Parzen zugeſiegelt,
Sieht er hier Säcke hingeſtellt,
Wovon, nach Jupiters Berichte,
Ein jeder, ungleich an Gewichte,
Ein Schickſal, einen Stand enthält.
Da! wähle ſelbſt von allen Säcken!
Nur merke dir, ſpricht Jupiter,
Daß in den meiſten Sorgen ſtecken;
Doch in den leichten weniger. —
„Schon gut, Herr Zeus! Laß mich ein wenig
„Verſuchen, welcher minder wiegt."
Der nächſte, welcher vor ihm liegt,
Iſt Nummer Eins: Für einen König.
Er faßt ihn an, zu ſchwer für mich!
Den trag ein Herkules, nicht ich. —

Ob ich den andern heben werde?
Für einen Günſtling weiſ't die Schrift.
Er hebt. Der Sack zieht ihn zur Erde.
O, wehe dem, den dieſer trifft!

Auch Aemter bringt er kaum vom Platze.
Hier ſtehet Ruhm, beſchwert mit Neid;
Hier liegt ein Sack Gelehrſamkeit,
Und dort ein Sack mit einem Schatze:
Von Argwohn und von Geize der,
Von Hypochonder jener ſchwer.

Nun folget der gemeine Haufen,
Die, deren Loos kein Zettel nennt,
Die Zeus nur an der Nummer kennt.
„Mit dieſen läßt ſichs leichter laufen."
Er hebt, vergleicht ſie lange Zeit.
Als endlich ihm die Auswahl glücket,
Spricht Jupiter: Was dieſen drücket,
Iſt nichts, als Unzufriedenheit.

Von mir ſei dieſe Thorheit fern!
Erwiedert Timon. Dieſer Eine
Behagt mir. Laß mir ihn! — „Recht gern.
„Auch war er ohnedieß der deine."

Hort und Rika.

Der Junker Hort von Tiefentrich,
War aller Junker Perle,
Großmüthig, tapfer, klug und reich,
An Wuchſe gleich der Erle.
Im Flügelkleide hatte ſchon
Der weiſe Vater für den Sohn
Die künft'ge Braut gewählet.

Ein bied'rer Nachbar, Hohenſtein,
Bekam, drei Jahre ſpäter,
Als Hort erſchien, ein Töchterlein,
Und der Verſpruch der Väter
Geſchah, daß jeder Theil ſein Blut
Zu treuem Sinn und Edelmuth
Dem andern bilden wolle.

Denn ach! das kluge Väterpaar
Sah' im Verfall der Zeiten
Die täglich ſteigende Gefahr
Der Ehen ſich bereiten.
So hofften ſie von Jugend an
Durch gleichen Fleiß in gleichem Plan
Der Kinder Glück zu gründen.

Auch konnten Wunſch und Neigung nicht
Einträchtiger ſich fügen,
Noch ſich in des Gehorſams Pflicht
Zwei Kinder froher ſchmiegen.
Sie wuchſen zu dem ſchönſten Flor,
Zur reinſten Zärtlichkeit empor,
Stolz eines auf das and're.

Nicht nur im Roß, nicht nur im Speer
Sucht' unſer Jüngling Ehre;
Gleich ernſter Mühe werth hielt er
Des heil'gen Rechtes Lehre.
So bald der Vater ihm erblich,
Hing er mit ganzer Seele ſich
An Sigmund, Schwabens Kanzler.

Ein edler Mann; als Jüngling Held,
Bei reifer'm Bart ein Weiſer,
Gleich bieder im Gericht und Feld,
Der Liebling zweier Kaiſer,
Des Volkes Glück und Zuverſicht,
War Sigmund, ſtreng' auf ſeiner Pflicht,
Doch auch dem Mitleid offen.

Mit Vaterliebe neigte ſich
Des Alten Herz zu Horten.
Er unterwies ihn meiſterlich
Mit Beiſpiel und mit Worten.
Schon theilt' er ſeines Amtes Müh'
Mit ihm, und ihm verſüßte ſie
Des Jünglings Fleiß und Liebe.

Zur Tochter ſprach er dann und wann:
„Ja, dieſer Hort, mein Särchen,
„Das iſt ein goldner junger Mann.
„O, würdet ihr ein Pärchen!
„Das wäre mir ein Glück! Allein
„Ich weiß ja wohl, es kann nicht ſein;
„Verſagt ſeid ihr ſchon beide."

Aus altem Blut, aus reichem Stamm,
Ein wenig Geck daneben,
War Oswald, Sarens Bräutigam.
Den Sohn empor zu heben,
Hielt frühe ſchon Herr Kilian
Beim Kanzler um die Tochter an,
Und ihm ward ſie verſprochen.

Sie fühlte weder Gluth noch Haß
Für ihn, ſie war's zufrieden,
Und ſchickte ſich in alles, was
Der Vater ihr beſchieden.

Fiel ihr in der Geſpräche Lauf
Ein plattes Wort des Freiers auf,
„Je nun! ſie faſeln alle."

So hatte ſie getroſt bisher
Im Leben fortgeſchlendert.
Allein ihr Frohſinn ward nunmehr
In ſtillen Gram verändert.
Tief fühlte ſie den Unterſchied
Von eines Hortes Trefflichkeit
Auf den ſo leichten Oswald.

„Welch' heller Geiſt! Welch' edler Sinn!
„Wie ſittſam ſein Verfahren!
„Wie zärtlich ſchätzt der Vater ihn,
„Bei ſo ungleichen Jahren.
„Ein Pärchen, ja das wär' ein Glück!
„Doch ſchnell nahm er den Wunſch zurück,
„Riß mir ihn aus dem Herzen.

„Verſagt iſt er. O Rika! du
„Wie ſelig! Stete Liebe
„Sagt dir der Edle täglich zu,
„Du ſchwörſt ihm gleiche Triebe.
„Harr' aus, mein Herz! und überlaß
„Dein Loos dem Himmel; ſorge daß
„Kein Zeichen dich verrathe." —

Nach einem fernen Gute muß
Gleich itzt ſich Hort erheben.
Er ſtellt ſich ein, den Abſchiedskuß
Zu nehmen und zu geben.
Drei Monde hält ihn Frankenland.
Er kommt zurück. Ach Unbeſtand
Des Glückes und der Menſchen!

Aus Rikens Munde höret er
Die Poſt von Sigmunds Falle.
Der Kaiſer, aus Lamparten her,
Schrieb einen Brief voll Galle.
Als einer der das Recht verletzt,
Iſt Sigmund ſeines Amts entſetzt,
Beraubt der ganzen Habe.

„So wahr ein Gott im Himmel ſitzt!
„Der Kaiſer iſt betrogen."
Rief Hort, von edlem Zorn erhitzt.
„Wo iſt er hingezogen?
„Wo find' ich ihn, den Biedermann?
„Vermuthlich wohl bei Kilian,
„Dem künft'gen Gegenſchwäher?" —

(**Rika.**) O nicht doch! Meinſt du, guter Hort,
So redlich handeln alle?
Der Feige widerrief ſein Wort
Gleich bei des Kanzlers Falle.
Ach! und ſein unverſchämter Sohn
Rühmt ſich ſogar, er habe ſchon
In Gärchens Arm gelegen. —

(**Hort.**) Der Bube! Büßen ſoll er mir!
Kaum kann ich es erwarten —
(**Rika.**) Vergebens ſuchſt du beide hier,
Sie zogen nach Lamparten.
Der Sage nach ſieht Kilian
Sich ſchon als Schwabens Kanzler an,
Hoch in der Gunſt des Kaiſers.

(**Hort.**) Wohlan! der Weg nach Monza ſteht
Auch mir, gleich ihnen, offen,
Und Recht von ſeiner Majeſtät
Iſt auch für uns zu hoffen.
Vergib mir, Rika, den Verzug.
Zur Liebe bleibt uns Zeit genug,
Wenn ich den Freund gerettet. —

Ein Blick voll Beifalls lohnet ihn,
Ein Blick voll ſtolzer Freude.
Zu Sigmunds Hütte ſprengt er hin.
Sie liegt auf öder Heide.
An ſeines Thores Schwelle ſitzt
Der Greis, den Arm auf's Knie geſtützt,
Und tief in ſich verſenkt.

„Iſt's möglich, Vater?" ruft ihm Hort
So weit er kann, entgegen.
„Verwerfen du? Doch auf mein Wort,
„Das Toben ſoll ſich legen.
„Wer iſt der Lügner? ſo will ich
„Den Kaiſer fragen, welcher dich
„Zum Ungerechten machte?"

(**Sigm.**) Der Lügner wäre der, mein Sohn,
Der ſo zum Kaiſer ſpräche.
Gerecht iſt er. Gerechten Lohn
Trag' ich für meine Schwäche.
Du ſtutzeſt? Alles will ich dir
Genau berichten. Lern' an mir,
Wie leicht ein Richter ſtrauchelt.

Ein Jüngling ward dem Tribunal
Als Mörder übergeben.
Ich kann, verglich Geſetz und Fall,
Verwirkt fand ich ſein Leben.
Da kam ein Greis, ein altes Weib,
Ein junges, mit ſchon dickem Leib,
Und fielen vor mir nieder.

Sei Menſch, eh' Richter! ſprach der Mann.
Ein Vater, nah' dem Grabe,
Sein Weib, das kaum mehr kriechen kann,
Ein ungeborner Knabe,
Die Schnur, des größten Glückes werth,
Uns alle ſoll des Henkers Schwerdt
Mit *einem* Streiche treffen!

Mein Sohn iſt ſchuldig, ſtreng' und klar
Das Recht. Daß Konrads Wandel
Sonſt immer unbeſcholten war,
Daß er im tollen Handel
Den erſten Schlag empfing, daß ihm
Allein des Zornes Ungeſtüm
Die Rechte mißgeleitet;

Dieß alles führ' ich dir nicht an,
Könnt' es gleich etwas gelten.
Um Mitleid bitt' ich. Niemand kann
Was Gott gebietet ſchelten.
Vertrittſt du nicht den Kaiſer hier?
Und wahrlich! Mitleid würde mir
Von Friedrichen verziehen.

Arm ſind wir. Unſer Sein beruht
Auf Konrads Sold im Heere.
Doch was iſt Leben, Geld und Gut
Bei dem Verluſt der Ehre?
Er, unſer Stolz, wird unſ're Schmach,
Sie folgt uns in die Grube nach,
Liegt ewig auf den Kindern.

Zwar, freilich, bald wird die Natur
Die Qual der Aeltern enden.
Doch hier, die unentbundne Schnur,
Der Sprößling meiner Lenden!
Herr, biſt du Vater? Frag dein Herz,
Ertrüg es einen ſolchen Schmerz?
In Ohnmacht ſank der Alte.

Die Weiber ſtürzten ſich auf ihn,
Den Tod ſchon im Geſichte.
Da riß mich das Erbarmen hin,
Ich legte dem Gerichte
Mit Stärke jeden Umſtand dar,
Der dem Beklagten günſtig war,
Und ſprach den Mörder ledig.

So hab' ich, Hort, aus weichem Rath
Die Grenzen überſchritten;
Der Richter ſoll nach Recht und That
Entſcheiden, nicht nach Bitten.
Des Klägers Wuth, der Feinde Neid
Verſäumten weder Liſt noch Zeit
Mich ſchwärzer noch zu ſchildern.

Als hätte mich zu ſchnödem Geiz
Des Thäters Gold verführet,
Als hätte mich der Tochter Reiz
Bei grauem Haar gerühret.
Daß dieſe Lügen richterlich
Beſtätigt ſind, das kränket mich;
Sonſt iſt mir Recht geſchehen.

Ein Troſt blieb mir. Auch der verſchwand;
Daß durch den Schluß der Ehe
Bei meines Glückes Unbeſtand
Doch Särchens Glück beſtehe.
Ach Hort! der ſchlechte Kilian
Sah mich nunmehr verächtlich an.
Und Oswald . . . O des Gräuels!

Iſt keine Tugend denn ſo rein,
Die Frechheit nicht entehre?
Kann kein Verſpruch ſo heilig ſein
Den Falſchheit nicht zerſtöre?
Gern duld' ich. Doch nach meinem Tod'
Wird Särchen unter Schmerz und Noth
Stets leiden, ewig klagen. —

„Beim Himmel, nein! das ſoll ſie nicht.
„Ein Anwalt fehlt euch beiden,
„Ich will er ſein. Das Hofgericht
„Mag neuerdings entſcheiden,"
Spricht Hort. „Und zu den Schranken hin,
„Will ich den Unverſchämten zieh'n,
„Und Särchens Ehre rächen."

Hier ſtürzet ſie herbei, verweint
Ihr Aug' im langen Leide,
Voll Hoffnung itzt auf ſolchen Freund,
Voll hoher Lieb und Freude.
„Dank, Einziger! O Dank und Glück!
„Lauf, eile, fliege, komm zurück,
„Bring mir den Vater wieder;

„Nur kämpfe nicht! Nie würd' ich dir
„Gefahr für mich vergeben.
„Nie, nie ſoll Rika wegen mir
„Für den Geliebten beben. —
Sei, ſpricht er, beſſ'rer Ahnung voll,
Vertrau dich mir. Noch heute ſoll
Dich meine Rika küſſen.

Er eilt zu ihr. Die Flamme ſchlägt
Aus Lippen ihm und Blicken,
Und ſeiner Rede Brand erregt
Gleich heiße Gluth in Riken.
Nie hatte ſie ſo tief gefühlt,
Wie Freundes Noth im Herzen wühlt,
Ihn nie ſo ſchön geſehen.

Laut billigt Rika den Entſchluß.
Dringt ſelber auf ſein Scheiden,
Bringt täglich Hülfe, Troſt und Kuß
Den tiefgebeugten Beiden.
Ihr Dank, ihr Muth, ſo hart erprobt,
Ihr Zuruf, wenn ſie Horten lobt,
Macht ihr ſie täglich lieber.

Hort kommt zurück. So düſter fliegt
Am Himmel kein Gewitter,
Als das auf ſeiner Stirne liegt.
Schwerdt, Handſchuh wirft der Ritter
Unwillig hin. Nein! ruft er wild,
„Nein! weder Recht noch Ehre gilt
„Mehr an des Kaiſers Hofe.

„Vor Mailands Mauern liegt ſein Heer
„Doch enger eingeſchloſſen
„Als die umſchanzte Stadt, iſt er
„Von Kilians Genoſſen.
„Dem ward die Klage zugeſandt.
„Er wies ſie höhniſch von der Hand,
„Als ſchon entſchied'ne Sache.

„Zu ihm trat ich, geſetzt und frei,
„Und wies ihm klar und dürre
„Was wahr und was erlogen ſei,
„Worin das Urtheil irre.
„Doch, deine Worte, junger Mann,
„Beweiſen nichts, ſprach Kilian,
„Wir haben Brief und Siegel."

„Hat Brief und Siegel auch dein Sohn,
„Die wider Särchen zeugen?
„Dir ſag' ich es, ich ſprach' ihm Hohn,
„Und ſchalt' ihn einen Feigen,
„Wenn er in off'nen Schranken nicht
„Sich ſtellt, und für die Lüge ficht,
„Die er im Land verbreitet.

„Hier warf ich ihm den Handſchuh hin.
„Und kehr' ihm ſtolz den Rücken.
„Drei Tage lang erwart' ich ihn,
„Kein Oswald läßt ſich blicken.
„Zuletzt kommt ein Trabant zu mir:
„Befehl vom Kaiſer bring' ich dir,
„Lamparten gleich zu räumen,

„Und niemals mehr mit Trotz und Hohn
„Von Kilian zu ſprechen,
„Noch weniger an ſeinem Sohn
„Mit Waffen dich zu rächen. —
„So komm' ich, alles Troſtes leer
„Zurück, ich ſelbſt unglücklicher
„Als Sigmund und als Särchen.

„Denn ach! unheilbar iſt ihr Gram
„Durch meine Schuld geworden;
„Und wo ich Rettung unternahm,
„Da half ich vollends morden.
„Was bleibet mir? Was kann ich nun
„Den Schaden zu erſetzen thun?
„Hilft ihnen mein Verzweifeln?" —

Vom Zorne, von den Thränen ging
Nach der Erzählung Rike
Zum Tiefſinn über. Düſter hing
Ihr ein Entwurf im Blicke.
Es kämpft in ihr, ſie athmet hoch;
„Ja Hort, ein Mittel bleibet noch.
„Gleich ſollſt du es vernehmen."

Den Vater ſpricht ſie nun allein,
Sagt ihm, was ſie erfunden.
Kaum geht er's, auf ihr Bitten, ein,
So iſt ſie ſchon verſchwunden.
Zu Horten ſpricht der Vater nun:
„Auf! Etwas Edles ſollſt du thun.
„Sei ſchwächer nicht als Rika.

„Des Schadens biſt du dir bewußt,
„Den du Sigmunden brachteſt.
„Unheilbar iſt nun der Verluſt,
„Den du zu hindern dachteſt.
„Wer wird nunmehr den Mangelſtand,
„Des Vaters lindern? Wer die Hand
„Der armen Tochter reichen?

„Du mußt es thun. Man kennet dich
„Für edel, klug und bieder.
„Sei Särchens Mann, ſo hebet ſich
„Ihr kranker Leumund wieder.
„Verſorgung nimmt der alte Mann
„Alsdann auch gern vom Eidam an,
„Und dein Gewiſſen ruhet.

„Sieh, Lieber! dieſes hat für dich
„Dein Rikchen ausgeſonnen,
„Hat hart gekämpft, doch über ſich
„Zuletzt den Sieg gewonnen.
„Vollziehe nun, was ſie erſann,
„Wir nehmen Dein Entſagen an,
„Und löſen dein Verſprechen."

Der Ritter ſteht, ein ſtarrer Stein,
Vom Schrecken ganz befangen;
„Ich Särchens, ich nicht Rikens ſein?
„Sie ſelbſt kann es verlangen?" —
(Vater.) Sie kann's; denn edel iſt die That.
Gewiß, für den ſo klugen Rath
Wirſt du ihr künftig danken.

Itzt folge mir, man wartet dein. —
Er wankt mit trunk'nem Schritte.
Sie treten bei dem Alten ein.
Aus der Geſellſchaft Mitte
Erhebt ſich Rika: „Lieber Hort!
„Nach langem Weigern hat mein Wort
„Bei beiden ſtatt gefunden." —

Er winket ihr, und führet ſie
Nach einer Nebenzelle:

„Du mich verlaſſen, Nika? wie?
„Und das ſo auf der Stelle?
„Ließ denn kein and'res Mittel ſich
„Erſinnen? Soll ein Andrer dich
„Statt deines Horts beſitzen?“ —

(Nika.) So müſſen denn an Großmuth wir
Euch Männer ſtets beſiegen?
Sieh, Hort: Ich ſelbſt gebiete dir,
In Särchens Arm zu fliegen.
Schnell, eh' mich's reut. Mein Wort dabei,
Dir bleib' ich, auch geſchieden treu.
Kein And'rer ſoll mich herzen.

Doch merk' es: dieß Verſprechen muß
Bei dir verborgen bleiben.
Mein Vater würde den Entſchluß
Sonſt niemals unterſchreiben. —
Sie ſtößt ihn wieder in den Saal.
Der Prieſter wartet ſchon. Gemahl
Und Frau ſind Hort und Sara.

Wie einer, der aus großem Brand,
Weib, Kind und Habe flüchtet,
Die Kraft der Muskeln überſpannt,
Und Rieſenwerk verrichtet;
Erſt, wenn er alles ſicher ſieht,
Dann fühlt er, lahm an jedem Glied',
Das Leere der Erſchöpfung;

So weiß ſich, nach ſo ſaurem Zwang,
Auch Nika kaum zu faſſen,
Und nimmt ſich vor, drei Tage lang
Sich Keinem ſeh'n zu laſſen.
Ach! ruft ſie oft: „Zu viel! Zu viel!
„Zu theuer zahl' ich das Gefühl
„Für Unglück und für Ehre!

Doch bald ermannt die Starke ſich
Zu feſtem, heiterm Muthe:
„Es iſt geſcheh'n! Es freuet mich!
„Reut Guten je das Gute?“
Sie fliegt zum neuvermählten Paar.
O wie ſo zärtlich, wie ſo wahr
Iſt Särchens Dank und Liebe!

Mit offner Art, als altem Freund
Begegnet Horten Nika.
Verlegenheit und Gram erſcheint
In ſeinem düſtern Blicke.
Viel litt er. Denn im Taumel hat
Er nicht den Adel ſeiner That,
Das Opfer nur gefühlet.

Doch ſchon beginnt der trübe Saft
Sich nach und nach zu läutern,
Zeit und Beſinnung gibt ihm Kraft
Den Mißmuth aufzuheitern.
Schon fühlt er innern Selbſtgenuß,
Und Sigmunds Dank, und Sarens Kuß,
Und ſein geſtillt' Gewiſſen.

Ganz Unſchuld, Liebe, Dankbarkeit,
Ganz Eifer im Erſinnen,
Im Handeln ganz Befliſſenheit
Den Gatten zu gewinnen,
That Särchen in dem Raume von
Drei Tagen große Schritte ſchon
In ſeinem Geiſt und Herzen.

In der Ergießung trauter Luſt
Wagt ſie es ihm zu ſagen,
Wie lange ſchon in ſtummer Bruſt
Sie dieſen Wunſch getragen,
Wie hart ſie ſich ihn vorgerückt,
In ſich verſchloſſen, unterdrückt,
Und doch nicht ausgerottet.

„Die edle Nika! kann ich dir
„O Hort! ſie je erſetzen?
„Wie kannſt du dich, getrennt von ihr,
„Mit Särchen glücklich ſchätzen?
„Sieh! all mein Streben, mein Bemüh'n
„Soll ſein, ihr Herz an mich zu zieh'n,
„Nur dir und ihr zu leben.“ —

Genauer konnte kein Entſchluß
Dem Wunſche Horts begegnen.
Er lohnt ihr ihn mit warmem Kuß,
Bricht aus in lautes Segnen,
Denn nur der Zweifel plaget ihn:
Wird Nika mich nicht immer flieh'n,
Wie ſchon drei ganzer Tage?

Jetzt aber, da ſie Sarens Glück
So froh, ſo herzlich theilet,
Jetzt, da ihr unbefang'ner Blick
Auf ihm ſo freundlich weilet,
Jetzt, da ſie ſelbſt ſo ſchweſterlich
Zu ſtätem, trautem Umgang ſich
Erbietet, ihn begehret,

Jetzt ſchließet ſich in frohem Band
Der enge Kreis der Biedern;
Mit Ehrfurcht ſieht ganz Schwabenland
In des Vereines Gliedern
Beweis der Unſchuld, feſten Muth,
Der Freundſchaft Macht, des Dankes Gluth,
Des Weibes höchſten Adel.

Mit neuem Eifer bildet ſich
Hort wieder in der Schule
Des Schwähers. Seiner Güter Strich
Sieht auf dem Richterſtuhle
Die Weisheit ſelbſt. Von weitem her
Strömt man herbei, und will, daß er
Uralte Händel ſchlichte.

Da langt mit eins die Zeitung an:
Der Kaiſer kommt nach Schwaben.
„Iſt mit ihm Kanzler Kilian?“
Den wird er bald begraben. —
„Und Oswald?“ — Deß hat's keine Noth;
Schon lange liegt er, wo nicht todt,
Verkrochen in der Fremde. —

Und wirklich, Kaiſer Friederich
Wirft forſchend ſchon die Blicke
Umher, wer in dem Lande ſich
Zum Amt' am beſten ſchicke.
Und Alles, Alles ruft ihm zu:
Den Würdigſten verlangeſt du?
Wohlan, ſo gib uns Horten!

Der Kaiſer ruft und lehret ihn,
Wozu er ihn beſcheidet;
Und er, der deutſchen Biederſinn
In ſchlichte Worte kleidet,
Erwiedert ihm: „Das geht nicht an,
„Herr Kaiſer! Wählt ein kluger Mann
„Den Schüler vor dem Meiſter?

„Der war mir Sigmund, deſſen ſich
„Ganz Schwaben einſt gefreuet,
„Und deſſen Unſchuld wider dich
„Noch itzt um Rache ſchreiet.
„Sprich ſelber: welcher freie Mann
„Nach dem, was ihm begegnet, kann
„Sich deinem Dienſte widmen?“

„Und du? verſetzt mit ſchiefem Blick
„Der Kaiſer, doch gelaſſen,
„Wie kannſt du dich zum Probeſtück
„Mit deſſen Schutz befaſſen,
„Der um den Preis gehandelt hat,
„Für den er, nach bewieſ'ner That,
„Den Mörder retten wollte?“

(Hort.) Ja, Herr! gerettet hat er ihn,
Und hat darin gefehlet.
Dieß hat er nie mit Eigenſinn
Entſchuldigt, noch verhehlet.
Allein aus Geiz und Kitzel nicht,
Und ungetreu iſt der Bericht,
Den man dir abgeſtattet.

Und macht denn jener Umſtand nicht
Des Mörders That verzeihlich?
Iſt denn dem Richter nur die Pflicht,
Das Schwert zu brauchen, heilig?

Iſt fühlen ihm ganz unterſagt?
Geſetze hat der Menſch gemacht,
Das Mitleid ſchuf Gott ſelber.

Und endlich den, der jederzeit
Unſträflich ſich betragen,
Des Geizes und der Läſternheit
Abweſend anzuklagen,
Ihn ungehört zu ſtrafen, Herr,
Was ſcheint dir unverzeihlicher,
Sein Mitleid, dieſes Morden? —

Den Kaiſer wurmt die Rede ſehr.
Er ſchickt nach dem Archive:
„Bringt mir doch Sigmunds Acten her!
„Hier, Hort, hier ſind zwei Briefe.
„Was ſagſt du nun? Hier bietet man
„Dem Kanzler tauſend Thaler an;
„Hier fordert er zwei Tauſend. —“

Hort. Unmöglich. Meinen Kopf zum Pfand!
Geſchmiedet in der Hölle
Sind ſie. Laß ſeh'n! des Kanzlers Hand
Erkenn' ich auf der Stelle.
Kein Zug von ihm! Sieh ſelber her!
Gleicht dieſe Schrift dem Brief', den er
Gleich itzt an mich gefertigt?

Die Lettern Konrad's kenn' ich nicht,
Auch iſt er längſt verſchwunden.
Wo aber hätt' ein armer Wicht
So ſchweres Geld gefunden?
Und Sigmund, ein ſo alter Mann . . .
Hier meldet man den Hofkaplan
Mit wichtigem Berichte.

„In dieſer Stunde, hebt er an,
„Iſt Kilian verſchieden.
„Vergebe Gott dem böſen Mann!
„Und laß' ihn ruh'n in Frieden.
„Nein, wahrlich, Euer Majeſtät,
„Solch' eine ſchwarze Seele hätt'
„Ich nicht in ihm vermuthet.

„Der Laſt, die auf dem Herzen ſchwer
„Ihm lag, ſich zu entladen,
„Geſtand er ſterbend mir, daß er
„Zu Kanzler Sigmund's Schaden,
„Und blind aus Geiz und Ehrbegier
„Ein zu gelindes Urtheil dir
„Als feiles Recht geſchildert;

„Daß wider einen ſolchen Mann
„Er als bewährte Proben,
„Zwei Briefe, die des Handels Plan
„Enthielten, unterſchoben,
„Und daß, als Hort vor Mailand kam,
„Er die Parthei des Klägers nahm,
„Und ihn zurück getrieben. —“

Der gute Kaiſer ſteht beſchämt
Und ſtreicht am rothen Barte:
„So hat er mir das Zeug verbrämt!
„So bin ich der Genarrte!
„Ein Glück für ihn, er lebt nicht mehr.
„Ruft mir den alten Sigmund her!
„Du, Hort, bring' mir ihn morgen.“

Der Kaiſer faßt des Greiſes Hand:
„Vergib mir mein Getreuer,
„Daß Lüge bei mir Glauben fand.
„Dir koſtete ſie theuer,
„Mir theurer itzt. Amt, Ehre, Glück,
„Und mein Vertrauen nimm zurück.
„Noch bleib' ich viel dir ſchuldig.“

Sigmund. Herr! nur Vergebung nehm' ich an,
Und den Erſatz der Habe;
Das Amt nicht mehr. Ich alter Mann
Hab' einen Fuß im Grabe;
Und ungern würd' ich in dem Land'
Vor dem ich meine Schuld geſtand,
Nun wieder Urtheil ſprechen.

Doch hier iſt Hort, von Rufe rein,
Mein Eidam, klug und tüchtig.
Den laß' dir, Herr! empfohlen ſein! —
„Dein Fürwort iſt mir wichtig,“
Spricht Friedrich. „Auch das ganze Land
„Empfahl mir ihn ſchon vor der Hand,
„Und Hort ſei denn mein Kanzler! —“

Sie fallen dankbar auf das Knie.
Nach gnadenvollen Reden
Umarmt und ſchmückt der Kaiſer ſie
Mit goldner Kette jeden,
O Särchen! Welche Freude blitzt
Aus deinen Augen, da dich itzt
Die beiden Ritter küſſen!

Das liebe Särchen! Reif zur Welt
Trägt ſie die Frucht der Ehe.
Und nun, auf einen Schlag, befällt
Sie beides, Glück und Wehe.
Nach langer Arbeit, langer Qual,
Gibt ſie dem Vater, dem Gemahl
Ein friſches Kind zu herzen.

Ach, aber Sie! Erſchöpft und ſchwach
Liegt ſie, ein Raub der Schmerzen.
Die Schnellkraft fehlet nach und nach
Dem immer mattern Herzen.
Sie fühlt ſich ſterben, ſieht ſich um:
Hort, Sigmund, Rika, ſtehen ſtumm
Und weinend bei dem Bette.

Mit neuer Kraft erhebt ſie ſich
Und küßt des Vaters Hände:
„In Glück und Ehren laß' ich dich,
„Gott! welch' ein frohes Ende!
„Er ließ mich dir, indem du littſt.
„Fühl' einſt, wenn du mein Grab betrittſt,
„Den Dank, der aus ihm duftet.

„O du mein Alles! du mein Hort!
„Wie kann ich dir bezeugen — — —“
Ein Schluchzen unterbricht das Wort,
Zwingt lange ſie zu ſchweigen.
„Hort! deiner Gaben größte war,
„Daß du mich faſt ein ganzes Jahr
„Durch Liebe glücklich machteſt.

„Nimm ſie zurück, und ſchenke ſie,
„Der, die dich mir gelaſſen.
„Nein, Särchens Seele konnte nie
„Die Großmuth Rika's faſſen.
„Nimm, Edle! nimm zu deinem Sohn
„Den Edeln wieder! Nimm den Sohn
„Zum Zeichen meines Dankes!“

Sie ſinkt zurück. Ihr überzieh'n
Die Wangen Froſt und Bleiche.
Die loſen Locken fließen hin
Am weißen Hals der Leiche.
Laut klagt der Greis; der Gatte ſchließt
Sie wild an's Herz, und ſtille fließt
Auf ſie der Freundin Zähre

Die edle Rika nimmt das Kind,
Pflegt es mit Mutterfreude.
Ein Jahr verſtreicht, und traurig ſind,
Und ſchüchtern ſie noch beide.
Bis endlich Sigmund ſich beſchwört:
„Vollzieht doch Sarens Willen! Stört
Nicht länger ihre Ruhe!“

Beſcheiden folgen ſie dem Rath
Das alte Band zu ſchließen,
Und das Bewußtſein ihrer That
Dient noch, es zu verſüßen.
Mit ihnen lebt der Alte fort.
Auf Sara's Grabe weinen Hort
Und Rika jährlich wieder.

Der Edelmann und der Bauer.

Dem Junker meldet man Hans Klaſen. — Laßt ihn an. —
„Ihr Gnaden wollen mir verzeihn,

Ich komme ſo, gehorſamſt anzuſagen.
Mein Eber und der gnäd'ge Hund,
Die rauften ſich gewaltig, und
Da hat er ihn halt todt geſchlagen."

Was? meinen Perl? das ſchöne Thier?
Zwölf Thaler zahle gleich dafür,
Und deinen Eber liefre mir
Auf meinen Hof, ihn abzuſtechen,
Zum wohlverdienten Lohn, zur Warnung andern Frechen. —
Der Bauer lacht: Ihr Gnaden, nein!
Sie haben mich nicht recht gehöret:
Den Eber ſchlug der Hund, und nicht den Hund das Schwein.
Ich bin es, der Erſatz begehret.

„Ja ſo! — Ei nu! Vermuthlich hat das Schwein
Den guten Hund geneckt. Oft hab' ich zugeſehen,
Wie toll der Eber war. Es iſt ihm recht geſchehen.
Du ließeſt ihn ja immer ledig gehen.
Auch dieß iſt Frevel. Sei nur froh,
Daß ich die Strafe dir erlaſſen will." — Ja ſo!

Der einäugige Hirſch.

Ein alter Hirſch, behutſam von Natur,
Auf einem Auge blind, das ihm ein Pfeil durchfuhr,
Ging immer nur am Meeresſtrande,
Und drehte das geſunde Licht
Beſtändig nach dem feſten Lande:
„Hier iſt Gefahr, vom Waſſer nicht."

In einem Nachen ſchwebt ein Schütze,
Legt an und trifft. Das arme Thier
Fällt nieder, ſchreiend: Wehe mir!
Wozu iſt denn die Klugheit nütze?

Thor! wenn ein Auge dir gebricht,
So iſt's der Klugheit Fehler nicht.

Die Mücke.

In eines leeren Faſſes Schlunde
Wuchs aus den Hefen auf dem Grunde
Ein kleines Völklein auf. In dieſen Raum gebannt,
Durchkroch, durchwühlt' es nur der Hefen feuchte Maſſe
So viel ihm nöthig war, damit es Nahrung fand.
Kurz, ein Geſchlecht ſtarb hin, und ein Geſchlecht entſtand,
Und Niemand fiel es ein, daß außer dieſem Faſſe
Ein andrer Raum ſich denken laſſe.
Ein einzig Mücklein zeigte früh
Ein philoſophiſches Genie,
Erforſchte die Natur der Tonne, die Diſtanzen,
Die Höhen, die Geſtalt des Ganzen,
Errieth, bewies, ſein Faß, die Erde ſei
Ein vorn und hinten plattes Ei.
Einſt, als es, ſtets erpicht auf Lehre,
Des Faſſes Vordergrund durchkroch,
Gerieth es an ein kleines Loch,
Den Eingang einer engen Röhre.
Es drängt ſich durch den offnen Hahn,
Und kömmt an ſeiner Mündung an.
O welch ein Schauſpiel für die Mücke!
Der Welten mehr als hundert Stücke,
In welcher ſchönen Symmetrie!
Wie reine Luft umfließet ſie!
Was für ein Glanz ſtrömt von dem prächt'gen Sterne
(Des Kellers ſchmutziger Laterne)
Das ganze Weltall ſeh' ich hier.
Geſegnet ſeiſt du, Wißbegier!
Du führteſt mich, du zeigſt mir alles heller. —

Im Faſſe ſteckt das Volk, der Philoſoph im Keller.

Der Bauer und der Eſel.

Mit einem ſchwer beladnen Eſel kam
Ein Bauer aus der Stadt, und nahm
Den Weg zurück nach ſeiner Hütte.
Bei langer Weile, ſachtem Schritte,
Sann er der kleinen Wirthſchaft nach,
Was er nunmehr gekauft und was ihm noch gebrach.
„Mein alter Schornſtein ſteht ſchräge,
„Ich brauche Ziegel ihn zu bau'n;
„Auch Holz muß ich mir morgen hau'n." —
Von ungefähr erblickt er hart am Wege,
Wo ſonſt ein kleines Höfchen ſtand,
Nun einen leeren Raum. Das Haus war abgebrannt.
Im Schutte ſieht er noch berauchte Ziegel liegen.
„Ha! Niemand will ſie mehr? Noch taugen ſie für mich.
„Ein Dutzend Ziegel laſſen ſich
„Noch wohl zur Laſt des Eſels fügen."
Nach beiden Seiten gleich vertheilt er ſie.
Der Zuwachs biegt des Eſels Knie;
Doch ſeine Kräfte rafft das gute Vieh
Zuſammen, ſtellt ſich feſt, verſucht's, und trippelt weiter.
Verſchiedne hingeſtreute Scheiter
Erblickt nun Hans im Gehn, die kurz zuvor
Von ſeinem Wagen Holz ein andrer Hans verlor.
„Ha! noch ein guter Fund! So weniger zu hauen!" —
Auch dieſe wirft er auf den Grauen,
Der jedesmal, wenn er ein neues Scheit empfängt,
Erzittert, knickt, den Kopf noch tiefer ſenkt.
Kaum kriecht er, kaum genügen Bein' und Rücken
Der Ueberlaſt. Steil ſtand die Sonne hoch.
Hans zieht den Kittel aus: „Auch dieſen trage noch!
„Der wird dich nicht darnieder drücken." —
Gefehlt! Der Eſel kann nicht mehr.
Er fällt. Der Bauer faßt den Knittel, ihn zu ſchlagen:
„Wie, Fauler! Holz und Steine kannſt du tragen,
„Und findeſt nun den Rock zu ſchwer?" —
Wie ungerecht! verſetzt das Thier. Bedenke, Lieber!
Ein volles Faß läuft auch durch einen Tropfen über.

Philipp Nikolai

ward am 10. Auguſt 1556 zu Menrichhauſen im Waldeckſchen geboren und nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Studien 1576 in ſeinem Geburtsorte als Prediger angeſtellt. Von hier kam er 1583 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Hardeck, 1586 nach Köln und 1587 als gräflicher Hofprediger nach Wildungen. Nachdem er ſeit 1596 noch das Paſtorat zu Unna verwaltet hatte, folgte er 1601 einem Rufe als Paſtor zu St. Katherinen nach Hamburg, wo er zum Dr. der Theologie ernannt wurde und am 20. October 1608 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Geiſtliche Lieder in ſeinem Freudenſpiegel des ewigen Lebens. Frankfurt 1599 und 1607, 4.

Lateiniſche und deutſche Werke. Hamburg 1617, 3 Bde., Fol.

N's geiſtliche Lieder zeichnen ſich durch Innigkeit, warmes Gefühl und leichte Verſification aus, mehrere derſelben, wie z. B. „Wie ſchön leuchtet der Morgenſtern," haben ſich theils vermöge dieſer Eigenſchaft, theils aber auch durch die zu denſelben verfaßten glücklichen und ſchönen Melodieen David Scheidemann's, bis auf die neueſte Zeit in unſeren Kirchengeſangbüchern erhalten.

Barthold Georg Niebuhr,

der Sohn des berühmten Reiſenden, ward 1777 zu Meldorf im Holſtein geboren und bekleidete nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und ſtaatsrechtlichen Studien eine Zeitlang zu Kopenhagen das Amt eines Bankdirectors, wodurch er ſich die umfaſſendſten Finanzkenntniſſe erwarb. Er trat ſpäter in preußiſche Dienſte, wurde 1816 preußiſcher Geſandter am römiſchen Hofe und lebte dort zugleich ſeinen litterariſchen und antiquariſchen Forſchungen. Dieſe beſchäftigten ihn auch auf der Rückreiſe durch die Schweiz und während ſeines Aufenthaltes zu Berlin, worauf er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Alterthumskunde an die Univerſität zu Bonn abging. Hier lebte er als Dr. der Philoſophie und der Rechte, preußiſcher geheimer Staatsrath und Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin, mit dem Ritterkreuz des rothen Adlerordens 2. Claſſe und dem Großkreuz des kaiſerlich öſtreichiſchen Leopoldordens geſchmückt, bis der Tod am 2. Januar 1831 ſein thätiges Leben endete.

Er gab heraus:

Römiſche Geſchichte. Berlin 1811—32, 3 Bde.; 2. Aufl. 1827—30, 2 Bde.; 4. Aufl. (1. Bd.) 1834.
Ueber geheime Verbindungen. Ebendaſ. 1815.
Preußens Recht gegen den ſächſiſchen Hof. Ebendaſ. 1815.
K. Niebuhr's Leben. Kiel 1817.
Kleine hiſtoriſche und philologiſche Schriften. Bonn 1828.

Auch gab er den preußiſchen Correſpondenten (Berlin 1813—1814), das Muſeum der Alterthumswiſſenſchaften (Bonn 1828, mit Ch. A. Brandis), die deutſchen Blätter und mehrere von ihm aufgefundene Bruchſtücke alter Schriftſteller heraus.

Niebuhr's große und unvergeßliche Verdienſte um die philologiſchen und archäologiſchen Wiſſenſchaften zu würdigen, iſt hier nicht der geeignete Ort, da dies außerhalb der uns gezogenen Grenzen liegt. Seine römiſche Geſchichte aber iſt ein Meiſterwerk, durch ſeltenes Wiſſen, gründliche und kühne Forſchung, großartige Ueberſicht, Kraft und Gediegenheit der Darſtellung. Auch ſeine kleineren politiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Schriften ſind — eine hin und wieder zu ſehr getrübte Lebensanſicht abgerechnet — vortrefflich.

Einleitung zu den Vorleſungen über die Römiſche Geſchichte.

Ich habe es unternommen, die Geſchichte Roms zu erzählen; ich werde in der Nacht des tiefen Alterthums beginnen, wo angeſtrengte Forſchung, bei dem ſchwachen Licht ſpäter und zweifelhafter Sagen, kaum einige der Hauptmaſſen des uralten Italiens zu unterſcheiden vermag, und wünſche bis zu den Zeiten hinabzugehen, in denen eine zweite Nacht alles, was wir in der langen Reihe von Jahrhunderten entſtehen und altern ſahen, in Gräber und Trümmer verſunken, mit beinahe gleich tiefer Finſterniß verdeckt.

Allgemein iſt dieſe Geſchichte in ihren großen Umriſſen, und ſehr Vielen, wenigſtens zum Theil, unmittelbar aus den claſſiſchen Werken Römiſcher Schriftſteller bekannt, ſo weit uns in ihnen die Schilderung vieler der glänzendſten oder merkwürdigſten Epochen des republikaniſchen und kaiſerlichen Roms erhalten iſt. Wären dieſe Werke in ihrem ganzen Umfange vorhanden; beſäßen wir in Livius und Tacitus Geſchichten eine — Auguſts letzte Jahre ausgenommen — zuſammenhängende Geſchichte vom Anfang der Stadt bis auf Nerva: ſo würde es thöricht und zweckwidrig ſein, die Erzählung derſelben Begebenheiten, welche dieſe Hiſtoriker vorgetragen haben, zu unternehmen. Thöricht, weil ihre Schönheit und unerreichbar bleiben muß; zweckwidrig, weil neben der hiſtoriſchen Belehrung nichts vollkommneres, in der Jugend zur Bildung des Sinns, im ſpäteren Alter zu ſeiner Erhaltung unter den mannichfaltigen barbariſchen Einwirkungen unſrer Umgebungen und Verhältniſſe, und durch das Leben begleiten kann, als eine ſolche für die Nation ſelbſt in Fülle geſchriebene Geſchichte von neuntehalb Jahrhunderten. Es bedürfte nur für die Zeit der früheren einer Kritik des Verfälſchten, einer Abſonderung der eingemiſchten Dichtungen von dem hiſtoriſch Sichern und Begründeten: ohne die Kühnheit, mit alten Meiſtern ſcheinbar zu wetteifern, könnten wir die Verfaſſung und die Entwicklung einzelner Zeiten in reinen Umriſſen zeichnen, wo Livius uns ohne Kunde verläßt oder irre führt. Weil aber jene Werke nur in Bruchſtücken erhalten ſind; weil ſie uns über Epochen verſtummen, die durch die Wichtigkeit ihrer Begebenheiten vielleicht noch über diejenigen hervorragen, welche wir durch ſie lebendig ſehen; weil die Geſchichtserzählung dieſer Zeiträume, von Neueren unternommen, unbefriedigend und oft voll Irrthümer iſt: ſo ſchien es angemeſſen, die Kenntniß der Römiſchen Geſchichte durch ihr gewidmete Vorleſungen zu erleichtern. Es konnte zweifelhaft ſein, ob einer zuſammenhängenden Erzählung der Vorzug gebühre, oder ob es beſſer ſei nur diejenigen Zeiträume vorzutragen, in denen wir jene beiden Hiſtoriker entbehren. Ich habe mich, in dem Vertrauen, daß keiner meiner Hörer ſich verführen laſſen werde, ein Studium der claſſiſchen Geſchichtſchreiber Roms für entbehrlich zu halten, wenn er einen Begriff von den Begebenheiten erhalten hat, welche ſie ſchildern, und in der Hoffnung dieſes Studium zu erleichtern und zu vervollkommnen, für jene Methode entſchieden.

Vieles von dem, was der Römer in den Jahrbüchern ſeines Volks niederſchrieb, muß der Neuere aus der Fülle der Begebenheiten ausſchließen, worin dieſe Geſchichte die aller übrigen Völker weit übertrifft. Genöthigt vieles zu übergehen, und für die Beſchränkungen ein Geſetz feſtzuſtellen, werde ich Männer und Vorfälle, die ohne innere Größe und äußere Folgenwichtigkeit in einem todten Andenken erhalten ſind, nicht erwähnen: obgleich dem Gelehrten vollſtändige Kenntniß unentbehrlich iſt, und manche dürre Oede Quellen verſchließt, die es ihm früher oder ſpäter hervorzurufen gelingt. Ich werde hingegen ſuchen die Kritik der Geſchichte beſonders während der fünf erſten Jahrhunderte, nicht nach dunkeln Gefühlen, ſondern forſchend, auszuführen; nicht ihre Reſultate, welche nur blinde Meinungen ſtiften, ſondern die Unterſuchungen ſelbſt in ihrem ganzen Umfange vortragen; ich werde ſtreben die überbauten und verſteckten, von den uns erhaltenen alten Schriftſtellern oft ganz verkannten, Grundfeſten des alten Römiſchen Volks und ſeines Staats zu entdecken, Gerechtigkeit zu Lob und Tadel, zu Liebe und Haß, wo Partheigeiſt falſche Darſtellung, dieſe nach Jahrtauſenden falſches Urtheil geboren hat, in Kraft zu ſetzen, die Ausbreitung des Reichs, die Entwicklung der Verfaſſung, den Zuſtand der Verwaltung, der Sitten und Bildung, wie er ſich von Zeit zu Zeit überſehen läßt, darſtellen. Ich werde die Männer näher bekannt machen, welche zum Guten oder Böſen in ihrem Zeitalter mächtig waren, oder ſich doch vor andern auszeichneten, ich werde die Geſchichte der Kriege, ſo weit ſie nicht eine wiederkehrende Einförmigkeit darbietet, genau erzählen, und, ſoweit es unſre Nachrichten geſtatten, ein treues und beſtimmtes Bild der Völker entwerfen, welche die ſich ausdehnende Sphäre der Römiſchen Gewalt allmählich erreichte, auch die Litteratur, ſowohl der erhaltenen als verlornen Schriftſteller, bei ihren Hauptepochen betrachten.

Als Salluſt, mit beruhigtem Gemüth, nach vielem und bitterem, in den Geſchäften des Staats erlittenem Kummer, ſich ihnen zu entziehen beſchloſſen hatte, und, zu ſeinen Lieblingsforſchungen zurückgekehrt, einzelne Ereigniſſe der vaterländiſchen Geſchichte auswählend zu erzählen unternahm *), fand er es nöthig, ſeinen Mitbürgern — denn nur einzelne Griechen und wenige von den Weſteuropäern laſen lateiniſch — darzuthun, daß die Thaten der Römer von denen der Griechen nicht verdunkelt würden. Ein Jahrhundert früher hatte Polybius, wohl vergeblich, den Griechen anſchaulich zu machen geſtrebt, wie weit die Römiſche Größe, nicht allein noch vorzüglich durch den Umfang ihres Reichs, alles übertreffe, was die frühere Geſchichte gekannt habe. Daß die Griechen, wenn auch nicht Erbitterung und Haß gegen die fremden Beherrſcher ſie verblendet hätten, eine Geſchichte gering ſchätzten, der damals jene Anmuth und das Leben beredter Erzählung fehlte, welche die ihnen verwandten Thaten ihrer Vorfahren verſchönerte, und ohne die auch die größte im Andenken erhaltene Geſchichte ſo wenig ganz empfunden werden kann, als ein lyriſches Gedicht ohne eine entſprechende Muſik; — dies war die Folge ihres leichtſinnig lebhaften, der Schönheit hingegebenen, Sinnes. Auffallend aber iſt es, daß bei dem litterariſchen Publicum Roms, deſſen Gunſt Salluſt ſuchte, wie

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*) Salluſt Catil. 4.

hochmüthig auch der Römiſche Nationalſtolz war, ähnliche Stimmung und Verkennen der vorväterlichen Größe herrſchte. Doch, wie ſonderbar es auch erſcheint, ſo iſt dies nicht ſchwer zu erklären, und er ſelbſt hat die Erklärung wohl mit dem ſtillen Bewußtſein niedergeſchrieben, daß von ſeinen Geſchichten eine andere Anſicht bei den Römern ſelbſt anheben würde. Dieſe fanden damals in ihrer eigenen Sprache, Cato's Urgeſchichten ausgenommen, welche den Reiz der Kräftigkeit unſerer beſſern alten Chroniken gehabt haben müſſen, keinen ihrer Geſchichtſchreiber leſebar *). Allerdings mögen auch die meiſten ſehr armſelig und geiſtlos geweſen ſein; doch waren ſelbſt die treuherzigen und ehrwürdigen Alten eben für jene Zeit ungenießbar, da die Leſenden zu Rom ganz durch griechiſche Litteratur erzogen, und in dieſer nicht durch die Erhabenheit der claſſiſchen Werke gebildet waren, ſondern durch den Glanz und Firniß einer ausgearteten witzigen Litteratur, welche damals unter den Griechen, mit denen ſie als Lehrern und lebendigen Muſtern umgingen, modiſch war, den Sinn für Einfalt ganz verloren hatten. Wie die Dichter die Heroen, ſo hat der große einheimiſche Geſchichtſchreiber, dem Salluſt voranging, Roms Thaten und ſeine Helden der Nacht entriſſen. Es iſt wohl keine gewagte Behauptung, daß die Römer erſt durch Livius inne wurden, welche Geſchichte ſie hatten. Verſchönert durch den Wunſch, in den Zeiten der Vorfahren ein noch nicht lange ganz erſtorbenes ehernes Alter zu ſchauen, umgab jetzt, im Reiz der lieblichſten Rede, die Größe ihrer Thaten und Siege der herrlichſte Schmuck republikaniſcher und bürgerlicher Tugenden, ein Ernſt und eine Erhabenheit, welche die großen Männer Athens mit ihren unverhüllten menſchlichen Fehlern und Schwächen eben ſo demüthigend übertraf, als die Bewegung ganzer Welttheile und furchtbarer Völker die leidenſchaftlichen Kämpfe kleiner Republiken; denn der Perſerkrieg galt den Römern bald für ein dreiſtes Mährchen **). Das Mittelalter und das verjüngte Italien, denen die Anmuth griechiſcher Hiſtoriker verborgen war, bewunderten Roms Geſchichte ausſchließend: als ob das Schickſal jenen alten Helden Erſatz für die Gleichgültigkeit ihrer Nachkommen des Zeitalters geben wollte, welches ſich zu fremder Cultur gewandt hatte. Es iſt eine ungelehrte, aber eine deſto einfältigere und ungeſchminktere Verehrung, mit der die alten Italiener des erwachenden Mittelalters die großen Namen Roms nennen; vielleicht waren ſie ihnen um ſo näher, weil ſie ſich ohne Klügeln, ohne Rückſicht auf die Verſchiedenheit der Sitten und der Zeiten, ihre großen Seelen in den Verhältniſſen und faſt in der Geſtalt von Zeitgenoſſen und Landsleuten dachten, ſo wie ſie in dem Kaiſerthum ihrer Zeit eine unveränderte Fortſetzung des alten Reichs der Cäſare ſahen. Virgil war Danten ein Lombarde, wie noch ſpätere Maler den Römern ihrer Kunſtwerke das Gewand ihrer Tage anlegten; das Volk ehrte Virgil's Grab und Andenken als eines mächtigen und wohlthätigen Zauberers. Selbſt Petrarka hegt noch, er wohl mit Abſicht, die Täuſchung einer nur durch die Zeit getrennten Einheit der Nationalität: er ſieht in Stephan Colonna einen alten Patricier, wie in Rienzi einen Tribun des Volks. Erſt im folgenden Jahrhundert ſchied das Alterthum aus der Vermiſchung mit der Gegenwart; und bei der ungeheuren Macht, womit damals ſich alles entwickelte, erreichten Einzelne ſchnell die ſchärfſte und lebendigſte Anſchauung der Eigenthümlichkeit altrömiſcher Zeiten, welche wir im Ganzen zu gewinnen hoffen dürfen, wie vieles auch ſeitdem an das Licht gebracht iſt, woran wir genauere Einſicht erwerben können. Aber noch Eigenes verdankt die Geſchichte des alten Roms den Philologen nur noch wenig; ſie entwich ihren Händen, und ward das Eigenthum, in wenigen glücklichen Fällen großer Staatsmänner, meiſtens aber gewöhnlicher Hiſtoriker.

Man darf es nicht verhehlen, daß ſie in dieſen beiden Jahrhunderten, anſtatt an Beſtimmtheit und Ausbildung zu gewinnen, vielmehr verloren hat. Jene Italieniſchen Philologen, in ihrem ganzen Weſen vom Geiſt des alten Roms belebt, ſchon durch den claſſiſchen Boden ſelbſt begeiſtert und ahnungsvoller geſtimmt, hatten das zertrümmerte Gebäude aus ſeinen Ruinen begriffen, und, den Schutt aufräumend, in ihrem Geiſte hergeſtellt. Der Mangel an dieſem Begriff ſchadete den Werken derer welche über Roms Geſchichte als Politiker ſchrieben, und ſo verdarb die Geſchichte ſelbſt. Machiavelli's Discorsi, ſo voll von Klugheit und ſcharfen Urtheilen, ſind hievon ein ſprechendes Beiſpiel; indem er zwar immer höchſt geiſtreich, aber ſehr oft von Dingen redet, die gar nicht da geweſen ſind. Ich nenne ihn hier, weil er, obgleich in der Mitte einer philologiſch gelehrten Zeit lebend, ihrem Geiſt fremd geblieben war. Monteſquieu, mit Anſprüchen auf hiſtoriſch genaue Kenntniſſe, und daher gefährlicher, um irrige Meinungen zu begründen, iſt voll von falſchen Anſichten, und ſehr häufig in ſeinen Erzählungen durchaus täuſchend, ein Urtheil, welches ich nicht um ſeinen Ruhm zu ſchmälern gebe, denn es iſt wohl der größte, daß der gerechte Leſer ihn dennoch bewundern wird, wenn er auch hierüber die entſchiedenſte Ueberzeugung aus eigener Prüfung bekommen hat. Daß man die Alten nicht verſteht, wenn man Gegenſtände ihres täglichen Lebens, die uns mit ihnen gemein ſind, nicht in der Geſtalt ſich anſchaulich denkt, unter welcher dieſe ihren Augen gewöhnlich waren; daß wir durchaus irre gehen würden, wenn wir uns, wie es das Mittelalter that, und, weil in ihm noch ſo viel unverändert erhalten war, mit geringer Täuſchung thun konnte, ein Römiſches Haus, ein Römiſches Schiff, Römiſche Landwirthſchaft und Gewerbe, Römiſche Kleidung, oder das Innere des gewöhnlichen Lebens im alten Rom, unter der Anſchauung denken wollten, welche bei uns den Gegenſtänden dieſer Worte entſpricht, — muß Jeder fühlen; aber der Paralogismus der Homonymie erſtreckt ſich viel weiter als auf körperliche Geſtalten. Die Römiſchen Begriffe, welche der Einrichtung des Staats und ſeiner Verwaltung zum Grunde liegen, Begriffe, die in den meiſten Fällen den hiſtoriſchen Nachrichten vorausgeſetzt, nur einzeln und äußerſt ſelten für ſich entwickelt werden, ſind von den unſrigen nicht weniger verſchieden, als der Römer Wohnung, Kleidung und Speiſe. Und wie die Morgenländer nichts ſchwerer faſſen als die Idee einer republikaniſchen Verfaſſung, wie die Inder ſich die Compagnie nicht als eine Aſſociation von Eigenthümern, ſondern durchaus nur als eine Fürſtin denken können, ſo geht es auch ſelbſt den ſcharfſinnigſten Kennern in der Geſchichte des Alterthums nicht beſſer, wenn ſie nicht durch kritiſches und philologiſches Studium ſich von den angewohnten Beſtimmungen der Begriffe losgemacht haben. So ſind die Verhältniſſe der Römiſchen Provinzen und ihrer Befehlshaber uns ſo ungewohnt, daß der Staatsmann, wenn auch vielleicht nur er fähig iſt, die Geſchichte über dergleichen Gegenſtände zu befragen, und Bruchſtücke zu errathen, die dem Sammler ein Geheimniß bleiben, doch, wenn er nicht ſelbſt forſcht und zu forſchen fähig iſt, entweder falſche oder unbeſtimmte und folgenloſe Begriffe darüber hegen wird. So ſind das Landeigenthumsrecht des alten Roms und das Recht der Domainen, in ihren Eigenthümlichkeiten, in dem Maße von den uns gewöhnlichen Rechten und Einrichtungen verſchieden, daß die Verwechſelung der gewöhnlichen und der alteigenthümlichen Begriffe, deren ſich Monteſquieu ſo wenig als früher Machiavelli erwehrte, über die wichtigſten Gegenſtände der Römiſchen Geſetzgebung ſcheinend falſche Meinungen hervorbringt, Meinungen, bei denen die Stimme des Rechts Verdammniß über wahrhaft makelloſe Thaten und Unternehmungen ausſprechen, oder ein glühendes leidenſchaftliches Gefühl für Größe und Hoheit den gefährlichſten Folgerungen und Unternehmungen das Wort reden muß.

Als die Griechen unter Roms Oberherrſchaft gefallen waren, beſchäftigte die Frage, ob Roms Größe eine Gabe des Glücks, oder frei, wie ſie es nannten, durch Tugend erworben ſei, ihre Schriftſteller, von denen die Meinung der Leſenden und der Geſellſchaft des wehrloſen und müßigen Oſtens beſtimmt ward. Es war eine müßige Frage; nicht in dem Sinn aufgeſtellt, wie Mithridates ihr wohl ſpäter nachgeſonnen haben mag: ob jeder Widerſtand fruchtlos ſein würde? ob ein unwandelbares Schickſal Rom die Weltherrſchaft beſtimmt habe? ob, faſt eben ſo furchtbar wie dieſes, eine unerreichbare Vortrefflichkeit des Nationalſinnes und der Einrichtungen Römiſchen Herren den Sieg auf ewig zuſichere? Es war nur die Beſchäftigung derjenigen, welche ſich der Scham entledigen wollten über die ſchmähliche Art, mit der ſie in ihr Elend herabgeſunken waren, indem ſie Mangel an Kraft, Tugend und Verſtand da als Nebenſache ausgaben, wo ein unwiderſtehliches Schickſal geboten habe; wobei ſie nach Sclavenart, wie Xanthias bei dem Komiker, den höchſten Genuß darin fanden, ihre Herren zu behorchen, zu beklatſchen und zu belügen *). Polybius, dem es Ernſt geweſen war, der ſich treu blieb, aber der allmächtigen Gewalt gehorchte, an der die thörichte Verwegenheit ſeiner von leichtſinnigen und heilloſen aufgeregten Nation zertrümmerte, fühlte ſich durch das Geſchwätz ſolcher Schriftſteller erbittert; und einer der Zwecke ſeiner Geſchichte war, den Griechen klar zu machen, wie Roms Größe nicht durch Fatalität, ſondern durch feſten Willen, zweckmäßige Inſtitutionen, unermüdete Aufmerkſamkeit auf ihre Erhaltung, Ausbildung und Anwendung begründet ſei. Damit aber legte er den Römern ſeiner Zeit dennoch nicht das Lob eigentlicher Tugend bei; und wenn er ſich hin und wieder mit einem uns an einem Manne ſeiner Verhältniſſe befremdenden Enthuſiasmus ausdrückt, ſo müſſen wir erwägen, daß er überhaupt ein ganz praktiſcher Menſch war, dem durchgehends Wärme und der Sinn für das Idealiſche fehlte, mit dem die Athenienſer auch das, was vor ihren Augen vorging, vor allem aber, was dieſen durch eine auch kurze Vergangenheit entrückt war, betrachteten. In dieſem Mangel liegen eben die Unvollkommenheiten ſeines Werks, welche ihn, nach dem Urtheil ſeiner Landsleute, zu einem Geſchichtſchreiber vom zweiten Rang machten. Er fand in allen Staaten, die ſpäter in das Römiſche Reich verſanken, alles zum Untergang reif, und weil er ſich bewußt war, daß er ſelbſt mit nur ſehr wenigen Gleichgeſinnten dieſem Strom vergebens widerſtanden hatte; weil er die, durch deren verſchiedenartige Hände das Elend beſtand, Kallikrates, Diäos, Kritolaos, bitter verachtete, Scipio aber, Cato und Paulus bewunderte, ſo trägt ſein unbeſtechliches Urtheil vielleicht in einzelnen Fällen mehr als den Schein der Gefühlloſigkeit. Die Neueren, namentlich Machiavelli und Montesquieu, ſcheinen jene Frage, und in einem etwas veränderten Sinn, wieder hervorgerufen zu haben, und gehen in ihrer Bewunderung der Römer und ihrer Einrichtungen bis zur entſchiedenſten Partheilichkeit. Die herbe Frugalität der alten Republikaner, ihre Unempfindlichkeit für den Beſitz und die Genüſſe des Reichthums, die ſtrenge Geſetzlichkeit des Volks, die feſte allgemeine Treue während der ſchönen Jahrhunderte, in denen die Verfaſſung, ſeitdem die Anſprüche der Ariſtokratie beſchränkt waren, in ihrer ganzen Vollkommenheit lebte; der reine Sinn, welcher nie erlaubte, bei innerm Zwiſt fremde Einmiſchung zu ſuchen; die Allmacht der Geſetze und Gewohnheiten, und der Ernſt, womit an ihnen dennoch geändert ward, was nicht mehr angemeſſen war; die Weisheit der Verfaſſung und Geſetze; das Ideal der Männlichkeit in den Bürgern und im Staat, — alle dieſe Eigenſchaften erregen gewiß in uns eine Ehrfurcht, welche wir bei der Betrachtung keines andern Volks ſo empfinden können. Es iſt kein Zuſtand von Unnatur und Zwang, wie die Geſetzgebung Spartas, unter der, nach dem Urtheil anderer Griechen, die Todesverachtung natürlich war, weil der Tod ein unleidliches Joch brach: es war ein Leben, welches vielmehr wahres und hohes individuelles Glück pflegte, einen von Sinnlichkeit freien ſtarken Lebensgenuß. Andre vielleicht eben ſo vollkommne Verfaſſungen imponiren uns ſchon darum weniger, weil ſie den Reichthum ehren; vielſeitige und lebensvolle Völker können Laſtern nicht entgehen, gegen die nur Einſeitigkeit ſchützt, und in den Begebenheiten der Vergangenheit empfinden wir ſtärker, worin gefehlt wird, als was gebricht. So iſt es ganz natürlich, daß wir, auch abgeſehen von dem Glanz, womit Macht und Siege immer umgeben ſind, zu den Römern jener guten Zeit der Republik mit Bewundrung hinaufſehen. Sie haben in ihren Tugenden eine große Aehnlichkeit mit den Arabern der erſten Khalifen; dieſen aber fehlte die Verfaſſung, worin ſie ſich erhalten konnten. Die Römer waren Jahrhunderte lang in ſich in einem Mittelpunkt zuſammengedrängt, jene hatten nie dieſe Kerneinheit gehabt, ſie zerſtreuten ſich über eine halbe Welt, und arteten ſchnell aus. Aber wenn wir uns lebhaft in jene Zeiten hineindenken, ſo wird ſich doch ein Grauen in dieſe Bewundrung miſchen; denn, verträglich und abgefunden mit dieſen Tugenden, herrſchten von den älteſten Zeiten her die furchtbarſten Laſter: unerſättliche Herrſchſucht, gewiſſenloſe Verachtung des fremden Rechts, gefühlloſe Gleichgültigkeit gegen fremdes Leiden, Geiz, als Raubſucht noch fremd war, und eine ſtändiſche Abſonderung, aus der nicht allein gegen den Sclaven, oder den Fremden, ſondern gegen den Mitbürger oft unmenſchliche Verſtockung entſtand. Allen dieſen Laſtern bereiteten eben jene Tugenden den Weg zur Herrſchaft, und gingen ſo ſelbſt unter.

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*) S. Cicero de legibus, I. 2. 2., wo auch Cato der allgemeinen Verdammniß nicht [illegible].

**) Wer erinnert ſich nicht Juvenal's Hohn!

*) [illegible] v. 738 S.

Wenn wir nun, bei einem gerechten Urtheil über die Römer, auch dieſe dunkeln Schatten nicht vergeſſen müſſen, und alſo ihrer Verherrlichung nur mit Einſchränkung beiſtimmen können, ſo müſſen wir auch, obgleich in einem andern Sinn als jene Griechen, dem Schickſal einen großen Antheil an der Römiſchen Größe beimeſſen. Durch den ganzen Gang der Geſchichte werden wir ſehen, wie oft alle Tugenden des Staats und des Volks fruchtlos geweſen wären, wenn nicht das Schickſal Rom in Gefahren gerettet, und ſeine Triumphe vorbereitet hätte. Die Völker und die Männer, denen Rom hätte unterliegen können, erſchienen zu ſpät; in den Perioden der Schwäche hatte es nur ihm nicht überlegene Gegner zu bekämpfen, und während Rom Alles an Alles ſetzte, und im Krieg lebte, ſchonten andre Völker ihre Anſtrengungen, weil ſie am Sieg verzweifelten oder im Grunde ihres Herzens nur weichliche Ruhe liebten, was auch ihre mißrathenen Unternehmungen anzudeuten ſcheinen möchten. Keins unter allen ging ihm mit ähnlichem Sinn und einem ähnlichen Ziel entgegen; und ſchon darum mußte Rom über alle ſiegen. Philippus Ruhe am Anfang des Hannibaliſchen Kriegs, Mithridates Unthätigkeit, ſo lange der Marſiſche Krieg Roms Daſeyn bedrohte und ein kleines Uebergewicht entſchieden haben würde: darin verkenne Keiner Gottes Finger. Denn daß Rom nicht angeboren unüberwindlich war, iſt erwieſen durch den Widerſtand weniger ächtkriegeriſcher Völker, die nur durch die Zahl und Macht überwältigt wurden; ſo aber dienten auch dieſe Kriege, in den Zwiſchenräumen zwiſchen den größeren und entſcheidenderen der Ausartung der Disciplin und Kriegskunſt vorzubeugen, welche langer Friede auch bei den Römiſchen Heeren leicht einführte.

Im Fortgang der Begebenheiten, da Roms Eroberungen in einen Körper verwuchſen, verliert die Geſchichte gänzlich das moraliſche und poetiſche Intereſſe der früheren Jahrhunderte, welches ſchon längſt durch Zerrüttungen und Gräuel, und das Abſterben aller einheimiſchen Tugenden getrübt war. Es ſcheint der Gang der Weltgeſchichte zu ſein, daß Eroberungen und vielfache Vermiſchung die urſprünglich zahlloſen Stämme in einander ſchmelzen, und die, welche dieſer Verſchmelzung unfähig ſind, austilgen; und dies hat die Römiſche Herrſchaft in einem größern Maß und Umkreiß, als irgend eine andre große Weltrevolution, ſelbſt als die arabiſche, bewirkt. Selten wird bei dieſer Vermiſchung für einzelne Völker Gewinn ſein; einige verlieren unerſetzbaren Beſitz einer edeln einheimiſchen Bildung, Wiſſenſchaft und Litteratur; ſchwerlich vergütet auch ungebildeteren Völkern eine feinere, doch auch ſonſt, wenn ſie ihrer Natur angemeſſen war, nicht unerreichbare Cultur die Einbuße ihrer urſprünglichen Sprache, und mit ihr eigenthümlicher Sinnesart, einer Landesgeſchichte und ererbter Geſetze. Dieſen Verluſt empfanden zuerſt die Provinzialen; aber indem Roms und Italiens Bevölkerung ſich aus ihnen und aus Freigelaſſenen erneuerte, büßte Rom in gleichem Maße: ſeine Vorzeit mit ihrer Geſchichte ward ihm ſo fremd, daß ſchon im dritten Jahrhundert unſerer Zeitrechnung ein demüthiger Lobredner, ohne Furcht zu beleidigen, zweifeln konnte, ob ſein von ihm dem großen Scipio verglichener Herr vom Hannibaliſchen Kriege wiſſe *), daß Valens dem Eutropius auftrug, ihm eine dürftige Ueberſicht der Geſchichte zu ſchreiben, weil ſie ihm ganz unbekannt war. Doch aber, wie vieles auch die Römiſche Herrſchaft zertreten hat, müſſen wir dankbar erkennen, was ſie ſtiftete und erhielt. Sie hat faſt alle Städte gegründet oder belebt, welche innerhalb ihres alten Umfangs noch jetzt beſtehen; die Sprachen des weſtlichen Europa, aus der lateiniſchen erzeugt, erhielten ihre Litteratur zugänglich, und machten ihre Wiederbelebung möglich. Ja die Römiſche Herrſchaft hat ohne Zweifel Griechenland und die griechiſchen Schriften erhalten; denn wäre der Oſten nicht durch die Kräfte eines großen Reichs geſchützt worden, ſo hätten die Barbaren dieſe entvölkerten und geſchwächten Gegenden wahrſcheinlich ſchon ſehr früh, unfehlbar aber in den Zeiten der großen Völkerbewegungen, überwältigt, und mit den entarteten Griechen auch die Schätze vertilgt, welche ſie für auflebende Jahrhunderte bewahrten. Roms Geſetzgebung war wenigſtens für die römiſch gewordenen Völker ein großer Vortheil, ſo wie ſie auch uns unentbehrlich bleiben wird, da wir die unſrer Vorfahren nicht ausgebildet, und ihren Geiſt verloren haben; und wie die Vereinigung der römiſchen Welt der Ausbreitung der Religion nothwendig war, wie Rom als ihr Mittelpunkt das geſammte Abendland bildete und milderte, wird von Unpartheiiſchen jetzt wohl nicht leicht verkannt und geleugnet. So können wir auf dieſe große Periode der Geſchichte mit der Beruhigung zurückſehen, daß den folgenden Geſchlechtern, nach der Noth und dem Untergang ihrer Vorfahren, durch das, was ſich feſtſetzte, wohl geworden iſt. Von möglichen Ereigniſſen zu reden, die im Keim erſtickt ſind, iſt eitel; und ſo wollen wir nicht trauern, daß allen manches unerſetzte und unerſetzliche Gut verloren ging; nicht fragen, ob der reichſte Gewinn, den die Nachkommen erlangt haben mögen, die Leiden gemarterter Geſchlechter vergüten kann! Wir wenden wenigſtens von jenen Zeiten unſer Auge nicht ſo trübe und zweifelnd, als von den Schickſalen des verheerten und verödeten Orients, deſſen ſchönſten Ländern, ſelbſt dem Leben der Natur entzogen und jährlich mehr abſterbend, ſogar die Möglichkeit blühenderer Zeiten verſagt, — wo das Grab Schluß der Geſchichte iſt.

Von unſrer deutſchen Nation aber, ſo viele ihrer Stämme die Heimath nicht verließen, wenigſtens nicht unter beſiegten Romaniſchen wohnend verfremdet wurden, dürfen wir behaupten, daß ſie für den Kampf, den ſie Jahrhunderte lang gegen Rom beſtand, ſpäterhin durch die Vortheile mehr als belohnt worden iſt, welche aus der Welteinheit unter Rom entſtanden; und daß ohne dieſe, und die Früchte, welche in ihr reiften, wir ſchwerlich aufgehört haben würden, Barbaren zu ſein. Nicht die Formen welche unſre Vorfahren bei der Ausbreitung der Litteratur von dort und vom claſſiſchen Boden ſich aneigneten, haben ihre ehrwürdige und unerſetzliche Eigenthümlichkeit verdrängt; ſie waren mit ihr verträglich; aber erborgte, erkünſtelte, geiſtloſe, wälſche Formen, Geſchmack und Ideen, wie ſich deren ſchon früher bei uns zum Verderben der einheimiſchen eingeſchlichen hatten, dieſe haben uns während einer langen Zeit lau und unwahr gemacht. Und ſo haben auch wir, wenn andre Nationen in den Römern eins ihrer Stammvölker ſehen, doch kein geringes eigenthümliches Intereſſe an ihrer Geſchichte.

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*) Panegyr. Maximian. 8.

Karſten Niebuhr

ward am 17. März 1733 zu Lüdingworth im Lande Hadeln geboren, trat nach der gewöhnlichen Vorbildung 1760 als Ingenieurlieutenant in däniſche Militärdienſte und ging als Geograph bei der königlichen wiſſenſchaftlichen Expedition 1761 über Konſtantinopel mit nach Arabien. Hier verlor er ſeine Gefährten Cramer, Forskål, Baurenfeind und von Hagen, ſetzte aber muthig und entſchloſſen ſeine Reiſe nach Indien allein fort, indem er zugleich die Obliegenheiten ſeiner verſtorbenen Freunde übernahm. Nach ſeiner 1767 erfolgten Rückkehr gab er die Forſchungen dieſer Geſellſchaft heraus, wurde 1768 zum Capitän, 1778 zum Juſtizrath und Landſchreiber zu Meldorf und 1808 zum Etatsrath ernannt, ſowie 1809 mit dem Ritterkreuz des Danebrogordens beehrt, nachdem ihn bereits 1802 das franzöſiſche Nationalinſtitut zum Mitglied erwählt hatte. Er ſtarb am 26. April 1815.

Von ihm haben wir:

Beſchreibung von Arabien. Kopenhagen 1772, 4.
Reiſebeſchreibung nach Arabien und andern umliegenden Ländern. Ebendaſ. 1774—78, 2 Bde., 4.

Strenge Gewiſſenhaftigkeit und Genauigkeit, Wahrheitsliebe, Klarheit und anſchauliche Darſtellung verleihen ſeinen Werken einen wahrhaften, bleibenden Werth.

Auguſt Hermann Niemeyer.

Dieſer berühmte Theolog ward am 1. Septbr. 1754 zu Halle geboren und erhielt den erſten vorbereitenden Unterricht theils von ſeinem Vater, dem Archidiaconus an der daſigen Liebfrauenkirche und von Hauslehrern, theils auf dem königlichen Pädagogium. Er ſtudirte dann daſelbſt, wurde 1777 Magiſter der Philoſophie und Privatdocent, 1780 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie und Inſpector des theologiſchen Seminars, 1784 ordentlicher Profeſſor und Aufſeher des Pädagogiums und 1785 Mitdirector dieſes Inſtituts und des daſigen Waiſenhauſes. Nachdem er hier die Disciplin wieder hergeſtellt hatte, erhielt er 1787 das Directorium des pädagogiſchen Seminariums, 1792 den Charakter eines Conſiſtorialrathes, 1794 die theologiſche Doctorwürde und wurde dann 1800 zum Director des Almoſencollegiums und 1804 zum wirklichen Oberconſiſtorialrath und Mitglied des Oberſchulcollegiums zu Berlin ernannt. Bei der Bildung des Königreichs Weſtphalen als Geißel nach Frankreich deportirt, erhielt er nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1808 die Stelle eines Reichsſtandes, Kanzlers und Rector perpetui der Univerſität Halle, lebte nach Aufhebung der Univerſität eine Zeitlang ohne öffentliches Amt und legte die Kanzlerwürde, welche er 1814 wieder erlangt hatte, bald darauf nieder. 1816 wurde er zum Conſiſtorialrath und auswärtigen Mitgliede des Conſiſtoriums zu Magdeburg ernannt, ſowie bei Gelegenheit der Feier ſeines 50jährigen Magiſterjubiläums 1827 mit dem rothen Adlerorden 2. Cl. geſchmückt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 7. Juli 1828.

Seine Schriften, welche zum Theil anonym herauskamen, ſind:

Charitas und Demophil. Leipzig 1775, 8.
Charakteriſtik der Bibel. Halle 1775—82, 5 Bde., 8; 5. Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1794—95 mit Vign.; neueſte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1830. (Mehrere Nachdrücke.)
Abraham auf Moria. Drama. Leipzig 1777, 8. In Muſik geſetzt von Rolle. Ebendaſ. 1777, Fol. Fortgeſetzt von Pfranger (Gedichte. Meiningen 1794, 8.).
Lazarus, oder die Feier der Auferſtehung. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1778, in 8. In Muſik geſetzt von Rolle. Ebendaſ. 1779, Fol.
Thirza und ihre Söhne. Drama. Ebendaſ. 1778, 8. In Muſik geſetzt von Rolle. Ebendaſ. 1780, Fol.
Gedichte und Oden. Ebendaſ. 1778, kl. 4. mit Vign. Auch nachgedruckt.
Philotas. Halle 1779—91, 3 Bde. 8; 3. verb. Aufl. Leipzig 1808, 8, mit Titelvign. (Mehrere Nachdrücke.)
Leben und Charakter Davids. Halle 1779, 8.
Lieder für das Volk von Claudius. Ebd. 1780, 8.
Ueber die Methode, die Moral in Sittenſprüchen vorzutragen ꝛc. Ebendaſ. 1782, 8.
Auswahl einiger vorzüglichern neuern geiſtlichen Lieder. Ebendaſ. 1782—86, 2 Samml. 8.
Ueber den Aberglauben bei Ertrunkenen. Leipzig 1783, 8.
Nachricht von der gegenwärtigen Einrichtung des Pädagogiums. Halle 1784, gr. 8.
Timotheus. Ebendaſ. 1784, 2 Bde. 8; Neue Ausg. 1790, 3 Bde. 8.
Geſangbuch für höhere Schulen. Ebendaſ. 1785, 8; 5. verb. und vermehrte Aufl. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8.
Entwurf der weſentlichen Pflichten chriſtlicher Lehrer. Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.
Ueber Mitwirkung der Eltern zur Bildung und Erziehung ihrer Kinder. Ebendaſ. 1786, 8.
Gedächtnißpredigt bei dem Tode Friedrichs II. Ebendaſ. 1786, Fol.
Leben und Charakter Freylinghauſens. Halle 1786, gr. 8.
Ueber Beurtheilung und Anwendung außerordentlicher Unglücksfälle. Ebendaſ. 1787, gr. 8.
Nachricht, die Vorleſungen zur Bildung künftiger Lehrer betreffend. Ebendaſ. 1787, 4.
Ueber den Geiſt des Zeitalters in pädagogiſcher Rückſicht. Ebendaſ. 1787, 2 Stcke. in gr. 8.
Reden an Jünglinge. Ebendaſ. 1787, 8; neue verm. Aufl. 1794, 8.
D. G. Niemeyers letzte Predigt vor ſeiner Gemeinde — nebſt Leben und Charakter. Ebendaſ. 1788, 8.
Frankens Leben und Verdienſte. Ebendaſ. 1788, gr. 8.
Ueber Katechetik und katechetiſche Uebungen. Ebendaſ. 1789, 8.
Einfluß der Nähe der Akademie auf öffentliche Schulen. Ebendaſ. 1790, gr. 8.
Pädagogiſches Handbuch für Schulmänner und Privaterzieher. Ebendaſ. 1790, 1r Thl. gr. 8.
Populäre und praktiſche Theologie. Ebendaſ. 1790—92, 2 Thle. in 8; 4. verm. und verb. Aufl. 1800, 2 Bde.; 5. verb. Aufl. 1806—7, 2 Bde. 8.
Ueber Leſung griechiſcher Dichter. Halle 1791, 8.
Semlers letzte Aeußerungen über religiöſe Gegenſtände. Ebendaſ. 1791, gr. 8.
Trauercantate bei Beerdigung Nettelbladts. Ebendaſ. 1791, 8.
Neue Feſtpredigten von Spalding, Teller und Sack. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.
Leben J. Wesleys, Stifters der Methodiſten. Halle 1793, 2 Thle. 8.
Pädagogiſche Aufgaben. Ebendaſ. 1794, 8.
Ausführliche Nachricht von der Einrichtung des Pädagogiums. Ebendaſ. 1796, gr. 8. Neue Aufl. 1803, gr. 8.
Beſchreibung der hundertjährigen Stiftungsfeier des Pädagogiums. Ebendaſ. 1796, gr. 8.
D. G. Niemeyers Bibliothek für Prediger ꝛc. Neu bearbeitet und fortgeſetzt. Ebendaſ. 1796—97, 2 Thle., gr. 8. (Mit H. B. Wagnitz).
Grundſätze der Erziehung und des Unterrichts. Ebendaſ. 1796, 3 Thle. 8; 7. Aufl. 1819, 3 Bde. 8; 8. Aufl. 1824; 9. Aufl. von ſ. Sohne. Ebendaſ. 1834—35, 8.

Briefe an chriſtliche Religionslehrer. Ebendaſ. 1796—99, 3 Bde. gr. 8; 2. verm. und verb. Aufl. 1803.
Plan eines Lehrbuchs für die obern Religionsclaſſen gelehrter Schulen. Ebendaſ. 1798, gr. 8.
Vorrede zu Klauſens Auswahl von Predigten. Leipzig 1798, gr. 8.
Rede beim Tode Friedrich Wilhelms II. Halle 1798, 8.
Ueber Schulferien und ihre Anwendung. Ebendaſ. 1799, gr. 8.
Anſichten der deutſchen Pädagogik und ihrer Geſchichte im 18. Jahrhundert. Ebendaſ. 1801, gr. 8.
Lehrbuch für die obern Claſſen in gelehrten Schulen. Ebendaſ. 1801, gr. 8; 2. Aufl. 1802, gr. 8; 4. verb. Aufl. 1806, gr. 8.
Anmerkungen und Zuſätze zu dem Lehrbuche. Ebd. 1801, gr. 8; 2. Aufl. 1803, gr. 8.
Zuſchrift über die ſicherſte Vorbereitung zum Examen und zweckmäßigſte Benutzung der Candidatenjahre. Halle 1801, 8.
Leitfaden der Pädagogik und Didaktik. Ebendaſ. 1802, gr. 8.
Uebungen der Andacht und des Nachdenkens. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8.
Grundriß der unmittelbaren Vorbereitungswiſſenſchaften zur Führung des chriſtlichen Predigtamts. Ebendaſ. 1803, 8.
Ueber die Organiſation öffentlicher Schulen und Erziehungsanſtalten. 2. verb. Ausg. Halle 1805, gr. 8.
Neueſte Verfaſſung des Pädagogiums. Ebendaſ. 1808, gr. 8.
Feierſtunden während des Krieges. Ebendaſ. 1808, 8; 2. Aufl. 1809, 8.
Leben, Charakter und Verdienſte Röſſelts. Ebd. 1809, 2 Thle.
Originalſtellen griechiſcher und römiſcher Claſſiker über die Theorie der Erziehung. Halle und Berlin 1813.
Religiöſe Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1814. Neue wohlf. Aufl. 1820, 8.
Geiſtliche Lieder, Oratorien und vermiſchte Gedichte. Halle 1814; 2. Aufl. 1818, 8.
Akademiſche Predigten und Reden. Ebendaſ. 1819, 8.
Betrachtungen auf Reiſen. Ebendaſ. 1820—26, 5 Bde. 8.
Auch gab er mit Mehrern die Zeitſchrift: „Frankens Stiftungen" und mit Wagnitz das „Halliſche patriotiſche Wochenblatt" nebſt mehrern lateiniſchen Schriften und Ausgaben alter Claſſiker heraus.

N. erwarb ſich als Theolog, Pädagog und Kanzelredner außerordentliche Verdienſte durch ſeine Schriften und Vorträge, in welchen bei großer Klarheit und Gründlichkeit, eine treffliche Darſtellung und ein eben ſo würdevoller als geſchmackvoller Stil vorherrſcht; noch Größeres und Bedeutenderes leiſtete er aber auf dem Gebiete der religiöſen Poeſie, die durch ihn einen neuen Aufſchwung nach den verſchiedenſten Richtungen hin erhielt. Mit ſtrenger Correctheit verband er hier glühende Andacht, herzgewinnende Empfindung, Reichthum der Bilder und Gedanken, Wohlklang und Harmonie der Form, Leichtigkeit und Kraft; namentlich ſind ſeine geiſtlichen Lieder, welche in die Geſangbücher vieler evangeliſcher Gemeinden übergingen, unbedingt das Beſte, was ſeit Gellert in dieſer Gattung geleiſtet wurde.

Gedächtnißrede*)

bei dem Tode Sr. Königl. Majeſtät

Friedrich Wilhelms des Zweiten.

(Am 22. December 1797.)

Schon zum zweitenmal, ehrwürdige Verſammlung, vereinigt uns ein gemeinſames Gefühl und eine heilige Pflicht an dieſer Stätte, um dem abgeſchiedenen Geiſte eines Monarchen, dem wir angehörten, die letzten Opfer der Ehrfurcht und der Dankbarkeit darzubringen. Er, deſſen glorreicher Regierungsbeginn allein im Stande war, den Schmerz über den Verluſt eines der ſeltenſten Könige, welche den Thron je verherrlicht haben, zu mildern; Er, auf welchen die tröſtende Hoffnung vor kaum elf Jahren alle Blicke eines trauernden Volks hinlenkte; Er, deſſen kraftvoller Körper Seinem Geiſte eine beinahe noch längere Wirkſamkeit, als Seinem erhabenen Vorgänger zu verbürgen ſchien — Er ruht bei Seinen großen Ahnherren, und hat an ihrer Gruft den Purpur zurückgelaſſen, welcher ſelbſt den mächtigſten Herrſchern der Nationen nur bis zu der entſcheidenden Stunde geliehen iſt, welche ſie dem geringſten ihrer Unterthanen gleich macht.

Alſo war es in deinem Rathe beſchloſſen, Herr und Vater der Welt! Demuthsvoll beugt ſich vor deiner Macht, vor deiner Weisheit, vor deiner Güte unſre Seele, im Gefühl ihrer Endlichkeit. Auch das Feſt unſrer Trauer weihe die Anbetung deiner Schickungen. Irrend iſt oft der Gedanke des ſchwachen Erdbewohners und Dunkel umgibt ſeinen Pfad. Aber dein Pfad iſt Licht, und dein Gang iſt Vollendung. Ehrerbietig forſcht dein Verehrer in ſtiller Betrachtung ihm nach; der Weiſere ſelbſt verfehlt ihn nur weniger; aber weit entfernt zu tadeln, was du thuſt, mag er am liebſten anbeten und ſchweigen. —

Aber ich ſoll reden! Ich ſoll das Andenken eines Königs, welchen die Ehre der Erde nicht mehr erreicht, durch die Darſtellung deſſen, was Er für uns war, unter uns zu erhalten verſuchen. Ich ſoll Ihnen, Vertheidiger, Vorſteher, Väter dieſer Stadt, ſeine Verdienſte um ſein Volk, Ihnen insonderheit, Lehrer der Weisheit und Kunſt, Ihnen, theure Söhne des Vaterlandes und des Auslandes, ſeine Verdienſte um dieſen Sitz der Wiſſenſchaften noch einmal ins Gedächtniß rufen. Möge mir Gott Kraft und Weisheit verleihen, einen würdigen Auftrag würdig zu erfüllen! Wenn er mich furchtſam macht, ſo iſt es nicht die Verlegenheit um den Stoff meiner Rede. Es iſt die Ungewißheit, was ich vor allen zu wählen habe; es iſt die Erinnerung, was ich einer Verſammlung ſchuldig bin, welche mir ihre Aufmerkſamkeit und ihre Erwartung durch dieſe feierliche Stille ankündigt; es iſt das Gefühl, wie ſchwer es ſei, an dem Grabe eines Regenten zu reden, welchen die hohe Stufe, auf welcher Er ſtand, nicht über die Gefahr erhob, als ein Menſch zu fehlen, zu irren, ohne ſich dem Verdacht auszuſetzen, die eigne Ueberzeugung der leeren Sitte gewohnter Lobpreiſungen aufgeopfert zu haben. Doch, was mich ſchüchtern macht, gibt mir auch wieder Muth. Wo ſich die Betrachtungen drängen, da wird es heute verzeihlich ſein, nur bei denen zu verweilen, welche dem Gemüth am nächſten liegen. Wo jeder Einzelne fühlt, daß der Gegenſtand ſeine eigenthümlichen Schwierigkeiten habe, da darf man auf Billigkeit des Urtheils ſicher rechnen. Und vor der Eitelkeit einer Rednerkunſt, welche die Wahrheit nicht achtet, würde mich, machte ſie mir nicht eignes inneres Gefühl zur heiligen Pflicht, der beſſere Geiſt des Zeitalters bewahren, welcher auch vor den Thronen der Könige Wahrheit fordert. Selbſt dieſer Tempel, in welchem wir verſammelt ſind, und ſeine hohe Beſtimmung, würde mich laut und ernſt erinnern, daß die Fürſten der Erde nicht Götter, ſondern Menſchen, daß die herrlichſten ihrer Thaten doch zuletzt das Werk einer höhern Macht ſind, daß es Gott iſt, welchem allein gebühret Ehre und Preis und Anbetung.

Gerade dieſe Vorſtellung zeichnet auch meiner Betrachtung den ſicherſten Weg vor. So nah am Altar der Religion, auf der Stelle, von welcher man gewohnt iſt, alle menſchlichen Angelegenheiten, die größten wie die kleinſten, belebt von dem heiligſten aller Gedanken, an eine Alles regierende, überall wirkſame Gottheit, aus dem höchſten Standpunkte zu betrachten, da muß das fromme Nachdenken, beſchäftigt mit der wichtigſten Begebenheit, welche einem Staate begegnen kann, — dem Wechſel ſeiner Regenten, — unabläſſig auf den zurück kommen, durch welchen die Könige herrſchen, die Throne beſtehen oder wanken, indeß er regiert von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit. Unverbiet iſt, bei aller Verſchiedenheit menſchlicher Urtheile nur eine Stimme, daß die Regierung, deren Zeugen wir alle geweſen ſind, zu den beglückteſten gehörte, welche die Geſchichte uns aufſtellen kann. Was iſt aber das Glück? Entweder ein Unding oder — die allwaltende Vorſehung.

Auf dieß Walten der Vorſehung möchte ich Ihre Aufmerkſamkeit lenken, wenn ich verſuche, die großen Wohlthaten darzuſtellen, durch welche Gott unſern entſchlafenen Monarchen ausgezeichnet hat, oder wenn ich Ihnen zeige, wie jede dieſer Wohlthaten zugleich eine Quelle des Segens für Sein Land und für uns ſelbſt geworden iſt. Welche Empfindungen werden ſich natürlicher an dieſe Betrachtungen anſchließen, als die einer ſanften Rührung und einer frommen Dankbarkeit! Entweihe denn meine Lippe kein Laut, vor welchem der Geiſt einer reineren Andacht entflieht.

Man iſt gewohnt, unter den Vorzügen, durch welche einzelne Beſitzer der Thronen vor andern ausgezeichnet erſcheinen, den Umfang ihres Reichs, die Unermeßlichkeit ihrer Schätze, die lange Reihe ihrer Siege, die Unzählbarkeit aufgeriebener oder unterjochter Feinde, die oft ſo zweideutige Huldigung entfernter Nationen, endlich auch die lange Dauer ihrer Regierung zuerſt zu nennen. Aber es gibt noch höhere Segen, welche Gott denen verleihen kann, welche er zu der furchtbaren Höhe eines Thrones zu erheben, und vor Andern groß und herrlich zu machen, beſchloſſen hat. Kann ihnen zuvörderſt etwas Wohlthätigeres begegnen, als wenn ſie in ihren Vorfahren nicht ſowohl mächtige und gefürchtete Herrſcher, oder von Blut triefende Eroberer, als Väter ihres Volks, Muſter jeder öffentlichen und häuslichen Tugend erblicken; wenn ſie als Jünglinge in der Schule der Erfahrung zu Männern reifen; wenn ſie endlich unter den freudigſten Erwartungen, das große Amt übernehmen, für das ſie berufen ſind? Schonung, ſelbſt Weisheit und Pflicht kann es ſein, manchem Fürſtenſohne die Geſchichte ſeiner Vorgänger zu verbergen, damit er nicht vor ihnen erröthe, oder zu früh vor Verbrechen zu erröthen verlerne. Für Friedrich Wilhelm war die Geſchichte ſeiner Ahnherrn nur eine Schule der Weisheit, der Güte, der Tapferkeit. So oft er in den großen Hallen ſeiner väterlichen Paläſte wandelte, blickte auf den königlichen Jüngling das Bild eines weiſen Regenten, eines Vertheidigers der Gewiſſensfreiheit, eines kühnen und doch menſchlichen Helden, oder eines guten Hausvaters, und mahnte ihn, nicht zu vergeſſen, aus welch' edlem Stamm er entſproſſen ſei. Wohin er das Auge in ſeinen weiten Gebieten wandte, entdeckte er die Spuren ihrer Einſicht und ihrer Thätigkeit; hier die Werke des großen Fürſten, deſſen Namen er trug, groß als Krieger, — aber unſterblicher durch ſeine Gerechtigkeit, ſeine Weisheit, ſeine Menſchlichkeit gegen gedrückte Fremdlinge, von deren dankbarem Kunſtfleiß ſein Land die Früchte erndete; ſah dort, wie die reiche Ausſaat dieſes Muſters der Fürſten in vier und zwanzig ruhigen Jahren der Regierung des erſten unſrer Könige aufging; ſah wie das Gebäude des Staats durch Friedrich Wilhelm des Erſten unerſchütterlichen Willen, durch ſeinen richtigen Verſtand, durch ſeinen bürgerlichen Sinn, von Jahr zu Jahr an Feſtigkeit und Dauer gewann. Und wuchs er nicht ſelbſt an der Seite ſeines großen Oheims auf? War er nicht der nächſte Zeuge ſeines Muthes in der Gefahr, ſeiner Thätigkeit im Frieden, ſeiner unermüdbaren Wirkſamkeit für jeden Theil ſeines erweiterten Reichs? Unter ſeinen Augen gebildet, lernte er gehorchen, um regieren zu können, ſich verläugnen, um des Zufalls nicht zu vergeſſen, der ihm die Krone gab; Plane des Krieges entwerfen, um noch durch den Beifall des erſten Helden ſeiner Zeit belohnt zu werden.

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*) Aus A. H. Niemeyer's akademiſchen Predigten und Reden (Halle 1819).

Dieſer einzige König vollendete nach ſechs und vierzig Jahren, wovon jedes an Thatenfülle lange Regierungen gewöhnlicher Regenten aufwog, ſeine Bahn, und Friedrich Wilhelm beſtieg den Thron. Aber unter welchem neuen Zuſammenfluß der glücklichſten Umſtände! Er ward der Erbe eines Reichs, das noch weit mehr durch ſeine innere Kraft, die Weisheit ſeiner Verfaſſung, die Feſtigkeit und den Zuſammenhang ſeiner einzelnen Theile, die Geſchicklichkeit und den Muth ſeiner Vertheidiger, als durch ſeine Ausdehnung, die Achtung, ſelbſt die Bewunderung aller Völker genoß, zu welchen nur immer ſein Name gedrungen war. Kein Feind bedrohte ſeine Grenzen; und ob er drohte, ſo lag die Hand der mächtigſten Fürſten, zum großen Bunde vereint, an ihrem Schwerdte, ſie zu vertheidigen. Kein Mangel drückte ſeine Unterthanen; und wenn er drückte, ſo waren ſeine Vorrathshäuſer gefüllt. Keine häuslichen Sorgen trübten ſeine Seele, denn die Hoffnung des Landes wuchs in kraftvollen Söhnen auf. Wie wenig vermag der mildeſte, freigebigſte, menſchlichſte Fürſt, wenn er ein zerrüttetes und erſchöpftes Land findet, und ſich jeden Wunſch, welchen das Wohlwollen des Herzens ihm eingibt, verſagen muß. Aber den menſchenfreundlichen Entwürfen, welche in den Augenblicken des erſten neuen Gefühls, König zu ſein, in Ihm aufſteigen, ſetzen ſich keine Schwierigkeiten entgegen und er darf als König keine der Verſprechungen zurücknehmen, welche er als Thronerbe gegeben hat.

Doch vergeſſen wir unter den glücklichſten Umſtänden, welche den Regierungsanfang des Entſchlafenen verherrlichten, deſſen am wenigſten, was nur ſelbſtſüchtigen Regenten gleichgültig, nur den Unterdrückern des Volks gefährlich erſcheinen kann. Dieſe mögen es ein Glück nennen, über ein Volk zu herrſchen, deſſen edelſte Kräfte durch Ungewißheit und Aberglauben gelähmt ſind; ſie mögen das Dunkel ſegnen, welches dem Unterthan ſeine heiligſten Rechte verbirgt, und ſich der Geiſtesknechtſchaft freuen, welche den Bürger willig macht, jene hinzugeben, um nicht einer härteren Verfolgung zu erliegen. Ein König, deſſen erſter unvertilgbarſter Charakterzug Menſchlichkeit und Güte war, der in ſeinen erſten Worten an ſein Volk, der gerechteſte, der menſchlichſte, der duldſamſte Bürger ſeines Staats zu ſein gelobte, er konnte nur die Vorſehung preiſen, daß ſich ein Strom des Lichts über Preußens Land ergoſſen, und das Gefühl einer wohlgeordneten Freiheit, den Geiſt ſeiner Bewohner veredelt hatte. Unter ihrem Einfluß ſieht er Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften aufblühn; Mißbräuche, welche ſelbſt eine lange Verjährung geheiligt hatte, verſchwinden; die Lehrer göttlicher und menſchlicher Geſetze von ganz Deutſchland mit Achtung genannt, hohe und niedere Schulen für benachbarte Staaten Muſter werden. In dieſem hellen Licht einer echten Aufklärung muß er ſelbſt ſichrer und gerechter regieren. Auch die weiſeſten und beſten Könige können irren und ungerecht werden; übelwollende Diener können durch Truggeſtalten einer erdichteten Gefahr, ihren Wunſch, Eintracht und Ruhe erhalten zu ſehen, überraſchen; der beſcheidene Forſcher und Lehrer der Wahrheit und des Rechts, kann ihnen als ein Feind der Religion und des Staats erſcheinen. Aber bald wird die Täuſchung da verſchwinden, wo die angeklagte Unſchuld ihre Stimme erheben darf, wo eine feſte und unbeſtechliche Rechtspflege zwiſchen dem Monarchen und ſeinem Volke in der Mitte ſteht, und ihn vor dem ſchrecklichſten aller Uebel bewahrt, — ein Verfolger zu werden.

Je länger ich mich dieſen Betrachtungen überlaſſe, deſto mehr Beweiſe drängen ſich mir entgegen, durch welche glänzende Auszeichnungen die göttliche Vorſehung unſern vollendeten Monarchen erhöht hat. Schien ſie nicht Ihn, bei mehr als einer der größeren Weltbegebenheiten erkohren zu haben, Richter, Entſcheider und Beiſpiel in dem großen Rathe der Regenten Europens zu ſein? Das Feuer der Zwietracht verlöſcht in Belgien wenigſtens auf einige Jahre wieder, ſobald er den verehrteſten der Fürſten aus dem Stamm der Guelfen ſendet, Ordnung und Ruhe wieder herzuſtellen, und mehr durch Großmuth als durch Gewalt zu ſiegen. Die alten Wunden, welche ein mörderiſcher Krieg den Staaten Oeſterreichs, und dem Reich ſeines immer wieder erwachenden Feindes ſchlug, — ſie heilten bald, als Er mit dem Oelzweig des Friedens zwiſchen die Kämpfenden trat. Sein Einfluß mäßigte den Zorn, welcher im Norden ein durch Frieden und Unpartheilichkeit glückliches Land, gegen ſeinen verbrüderten Nachbar empörte. Er glaubte es ſeinen Bundesgenoſſen, er glaubte es dem Wunſch eines beiſpiellos unglücklichen Monarchen, er glaubte es der innern Ruhe und Sicherheit ſeiner eignen Staaten ſchuldig zu ſein, an einem Kriege Theil zu nehmen, über deſſen Nothwendigkeit und deſſen Folgen, als er begann, die Stimmen, ſelbſt der Weiſeſten und Ruhigſten, wenigſtens getheilt waren. Die Gedanken und Wege der Vorſehung waren andere als die Gedanken der Menſchen. Es ſchien ihr Wille, durch Begebenheiten, für welche man vergebens in der Geſchichte etwas Aehnliches ſucht, den Völkern wie den Fürſten große Lehren zu verkündigen; es ſchien ihr Wille — wer iſt ein Freund der Menſchen und ein Bürger der Welt, der es nicht ſorgend wünſcht, oder ſchon freudig hofft? — eine mächtige Nation nach ſchweren Kämpfen und ſchrecklichen Erfahrungen, zur Glückſeligkeit unter dem Schutz der Geſetze und der Sittlichkeit zurückzuführen. Alle Verſuche der verbündeten Mächte ſie zu beſiegen, waren vergebens. Aber über unſerm Monarchen hielt Gott unter allen Gefahren jenes Kampfs ſeine ſchützende Hand. Denn Ihn hatte er beſtimmt, der erſte zu ſein, der ſein Volk durch einen ehrenvollen Frieden beglückte.

Die Summe aller dieſer Wohlthaten müßte uns ſchon ſehr groß erſcheinen, wenn wir ſie durch eine lange Reihe von Jahren vertheilt ſähen. Sie müſſen uns noch mehr mit Rührung und Dank erfüllen, wenn wir ſie in eine ſo kurze Regierungszeit zuſammengedrängt erblicken. Früher als wir damals, als wir in dieſem Tempel unſre erſten Gebete für ihn als unſern König zu Gott ſchickten, ahnen konnten, war die Kraft ſeines Körpers erſchöpft. Vergebens ſtrömte die heilſame Quelle Geſundheit; ſelbſt in dem reineren Aether loderte die Flamme ſeines Lebens nur noch einige Male heller auf, um bald auf immer zu verlöſchen. Der Vorſehung ſelbſt ſchien nur noch ein Segen übrig zu ſein — der Segen einer ſanften Vollendung. Oder kann man zweifelhaft ſein, auch ſie einen Segen zu nennen? Iſt es für einen Regenten, welcher ſein Volk liebt, und die Größe ſeines Berufs fühlt, wünſchenswerth, vielleicht Jahrelang da zu ſein, ohne leben, ohne wirken zu können? im täglichen Kampf zwiſchen Ohnmacht und Kraft, Gefahr zu laufen, mit weniger Vorſicht und kraftloſer das große Steuerruder des Staats zu regieren, oder es untreuen Händen zu überlaſſen? den letzten Kelch, von welchem auch die Könige geſtehen müſſen, daß er bitter ſei, Tropfen für Tropfen auszuleeren? Oder muß er nicht dankend dem Boten des Todes entgegenſehen, wenn er in dem Augenblick, wo das Volk eines andern Fürſten bedarf, erſcheint, und dem Leidenden gebeut, ſchneller die irdiſche Hülle abzuwerfen, um einer andern Welt zuzueilen, wo die Seelen von dem Staube der Erde ſich reinigen, um ihrer höheren Beſtimmung entgegen zu reifen? Die Wehmuth ſelbſt, welche dem Abgeſchiedenen nachweint, trocknet früher ihre Thränen bei der Erinnerung, daß der ſtandhafte Dulder ausgelitten hat.

Irre ich mich, meine Zuhörer, oder Ihr Auge kehrt gerührt auf dieſe lange Reihe von Segnungen zurück, welche den

Vollendeten erwarteten, als er den Schauplatz des Lebens betrat; welche ſich um ihn drängten, als er den Zepter nahm; welche ihn begleiteten, als er die Bedingung erfüllte, unter welcher wie Alle geboren ſind. Erhebt ſchon dieß unſre Seele zum Dank, welche Empfindungen werden uns denn erſt ergreifen, wenn wir uns erinnern, wie viel des Guten, was Ihm zu Theil ward, ſich auch für uns in Segen verwandelte!

Es bleibe das Geſchäft der Staatskunde, die Summe der Kräfte zu berechnen, welche in jeder Regierungsepoche ein Staat gewinnt oder verliert; ſeine alten Gränzen mit den Erweiterungen zu vergleichen, welche ihm günſtige Zeitpunkte, Klugheit oder Eroberungsgeiſt ſeiner Regenten verſchafft haben, und den Reichthum ſeiner Hülfsquellen nach dem Maß ſeiner Bedürfniſſe zu würdigen. Es bleibe der Beruf des Geſchichtſchreibers, dann, wenn die richtende Zeit jeden ſchonend verbergenden Schleier von dem Leben der Fürſten hinweggezogen hat, genau zu beſtimmen, wie viel von ihren Verdienſten, oder von ihren Fehlern auf ihre, oder auf die Rechnung derer zu ſetzen iſt, welche ſie umgaben; und in welchem Verhältniß ihre Schwächen gegen ihre Tugenden ſtehen. Die fromme Betrachtung und die ſtille Dankbarkeit, welche ſich ſinnend an den Aſchenkrug eines zur höheren Rechenſchaft übergegangenen Königs lehnt, zählt ſich lieber den reinen Gewinn auf, welcher ſeinem Lande durch das, was er wollte oder ausführte, zu Theil ward, und gedenkt bei dem Hinblick auf Uebel, welche benachbarte Nationen drückten, und von denen ſie unberührt blieb, genügſam des Guten, was ſie genoſſen hat.

Soll ich Sie hier zuerſt an die Wohlthat erinnern, welche wir Alle getheilt haben, von einem ſanften Zepter regiert zu werden? Wenn der Unterthan ſo mancher Länder Urſach hatte, vor gewaltſamen Erſchütterungen zu zittern, weil der Thron oder der Fürſtenſtuhl im Beſitz harter, ſtolzer, von dem Mark ihres Landes ſchwelgender Regenten war: ſo durfte uns auch nicht die leiſeſte Befürchtung ſchrecken, weil Friedrich Wilhelm's Thron auf Menſchlichkeit und auf der Treue eines Volks ruhte, welches zu gerecht und zu edel iſt, um der Segnungen zu vergeſſen, welche es der Kraft oder der Güte ſeiner Fürſten ſeit Jahrhunderten dankt?

Oder ſoll ich mich über die Wohlthaten eines Friedens verbreiten, welcher zwar nicht ohne Opfer erkauft, aber uns doch früher geſchenkt ward, eh ein Feind unſre Länder verheert, eh drückende Auflagen unſer Eigenthum vermindert hatten? Wer von uns war Vater, Gatte, betriebſamer Bürger, wer fühlte auch nur, wie ein Menſch fühlen muß, und ward nicht, wie von einem neuen Leben durchſtrömt, als uns die Botſchaft erſcholl: Es iſt Friede! Wer drückte nicht ſeine Kinder, ſeine Gattin, ſeine Brüder feſter an ſein Herz, und glaubte ſie ſich zum andern Male wieder geſchenkt? Es iſt Friede! — rief der Landmann, und ſäete getroſter ſeinen Saamen, denn er wußte, wer ihn erndten würde. Es iſt Friede! — rief der Bürger, und arbeitete emſiger, denn ſein oder ſeiner Kinder blieb der Gewinn. Es iſt Friede! — rief der Denker, und verfolgte thätiger ſeine Forſchungen, denn er war ſicher, daß nun kein rauher Krieger ſeine harmloſen Beſchäftigungen ſtörte. Und wenn ſelbſt bei dieſer hohen Begeiſterung, wenn bei dieſer heißen Dankbarkeit gegen den Geber des Friedens, noch eine Empfindung der Wehmuth übrig blieb, ſo war es nur menſchliches Mitgefühl, ſo war es nur der Gedanke, an die Tauſende entfernter Brüder, welche ſich noch auf Schlachtfeldern würgten, oder in einer hoffnungsloſen Verbannung umhergetrieben, ihrer theuerſten Beſitzungen beraubt, mit jedem Morgen, wenn ja die Betäubung ihr Auge ſchloß, zu neuen Schreckensſcenen erwachten, indeß wir, im vollen Gefühle der Freiheit und Sicherheit, freudig zu dem Geſchäft des Tages zurückkehrten.

Zwar führte Friedrich Wilhelm ein unbeſiegtes Heer zurück, welches auch dann, wenn es der Macht oder einer entgegenkämpfenden Natur wich, die Achtung des Feindes mit ſich nahm. Zwar wäret ihr ihm willig in neue Gefahren gefolgt, tapfre Krieger des Vaterlandes! Denn theilte er ſie nicht alle mit euch? Hielt er nicht treu bei euch aus, gleich bereit mit euch zu genießen, zu entbehren, zu ſterben? Hatte nicht Er einen Geiſt der Sanftmuth und der Milde in eure Führer gehaucht, welcher das oft harte und kummervolle Loos des Kriegers ſo freundlich milderte? Gebot das Beiſpiel ſeiner Herablaſſung nicht ſelbſt rauheren Befehlshabern, welche der Zufall der Geburt über euch hob, nie zu vergeſſen, daß ihr wie ſie Menſchen ſeid? Hatte er nicht für eure Weiber geſorgt? Nicht eure Kinder, eingedenk ſeines hohen Berufs, Vater des Landes zu ſein, mit königlicher Freigebigkeit unterſtützt? Hättet ihr nicht williger für einen König geblutet, der auch des narbenvollen Kriegers nicht vergaß, und in die Wunden ſeiner Getreuen Oel und Wein goß? — Aber er wollte eure Treue nicht auf längere Proben ſtellen. Als noch in dem halben Europa eine unverſöhnliche Erbitterung die Völkerführer vergeſſen machte, durch welche Ströme von Blut, und ach! wie viel ungeſehene Ströme von Thränen, die Rache geſtillt werden müſſe, da ergriff Ihn ein reineres Gefühl, mit dem Frieden die Ruhe und den Wohlſtand in ſein Land zurückzuführen, welches dann noch vor den Augen Gottes ſeinen Werth behält, wenn alle Lorbeeren in dem Tempel der Ehre verwelkt ſein werden, und kein Ruhm des Eroberers vor dem Urtheil deſſen ſchützt, der einſt den Werth der Könige wägen, und auf die furchtbare Wagſchale die Werke ihrer Menſchlichkeit, nicht ihre Trophäen legen wird.

Doch ich ſchweige ſchon zu lange von dem, wovon ich heute am beredteſten ſein ſollte. — was er Dir war, Fridericiana, Tochter ſeines Ahnherrn, ehrwürdige Schule der Religion und der Wiſſenſchaft! Du hatteſt dich Ihm werth gemacht durch deinen ſtillen Wetteifer mit deinen älteren und jüngeren Schweſtern. Aermer an Hülfsmitteln als ſie, hatteſt du edel ſtolz keiner weichen wollen an Verdienſt und an Ruhm. Mit Achtung nannte Friedrich Wilhelm die Namen der unſterblichen Männer, welche nicht mit deinem entflohenen Jahrhundert zugleich verloſchen, im Tempel des Verdienſtes unauslöſchlich glänzen. Aufmerkſam hörte er auf die Stimme deiner Freunde, wenn ſie ihm deine Bedürfniſſe nannten, oder Entwürfe vor ihm ausbreiteten, dich durch neue Zierden zu ſchmücken.

Gerecht waren immer Preußens Regenten gegen dich. Er geſellte zur Gerechtigkeit die Güte und die Freigebigkeit. Ein königliches Geſchenk, welches dein Eigenthum verdoppelte, bezeichnete die erſten Schritte ſeiner Regierungsbahn. Auch auf den dürftigen Jüngling verbreitete ſich dieſe Milde. Sie öffnete ihm, wenn er ſich vordem auf den engern Kreis deſſen, was ihn einſt nähren ſollte, beſchränkt glaubte, und in Gefahr war, Bildung des Geiſtes zum Gewerbe herabzuwürdigen, die Hörſäle jeder veredelnden Wiſſenſchaft und jeder bildenden Kunſt. Vertrauensvoller blickte auch unter uns die deutſche Wiſſenſchaft, die deutſche Kunſt zu ihm empor, denn er hatte ſich ihrer nie geſchämt, hatte ſie ſelbſt zu ehren gelehrt. Er vollendete, was Friedrich wo nicht vergeſſen, doch nur begonnen hatte. Ein deutſches Volk empfing ein deutſches Geſetz, und die Lehrer des Rechts ergriffen freudig das Denkmal prüfender Weisheit, ſicherer nun, ihre Schüler vor den Irrgängen einer verſchlagenen Liſt unter dem Scheine des Rechts zu bewahren. Die leidende Menſchheit freute ſich eines doppelten Segens aus ſeiner Hand. Indem ſeine Milde ihr Hülfe und Heilmittel verſchaffte, wuchs zugleich der Lehrling der Heilkunde an Erfahrung, drang tiefer in die kunſtvollen Gewebe des Menſchen ein, und ward geſchickter ſie vor Zerſtörung zu ſichern, oder ſchied feiner die Stoffe der Körper, und ward geübter, ſie zum Heil des Kranken aufzulöſen oder zu verbinden. Es war, als ob der Einfluß einer ſanften Regierung, auch den Stand zur Eintracht geſtimmt hätte, welcher nur zu oft die Weisheit der Schule von der Weisheit des Lebens getrennt hat. Entfernt von ſtreitſüchtigem Sectengeiſt, welcher ſich auf andern Sitzen der Wiſſenſchaften anfeindete und verfolgte, ging jeder Forſcher ruhig ſeine Bahn, führte ungekränkt ſeine Schüler, wie im Voraus gewiß, daß alle ſich endlich am Ziele der Wahrheit vereinigen werden. Sein Geſetz gebot Achtung gegen den Glauben der Väter, Schonung ſelbſt des Schwächeren, ſtrenge Tugend ihren Dienern. Wir, denen es obliegt, ihre Lehrer zu bilden, faßten den Geiſt ſeines Geſetzes und die Güte ſeiner Abſicht willig auf, und lehrten, von dieſem belebenden Geiſte durchdrungen, unbekümmert um den tödtenden Buchſtaben, unſre Schüler, Alles zu prüfen, und das Gute zu behalten.

Schon manche Akademie, — die unſrige ſelbſt iſt davon ein Beweis! — ſah bei einer äußerlich ſehr beſchränkten Lage, ſich dennoch große Talente und ſeltne Kräfte entwickeln. Selbſt die Schwierigkeit kann die Nerven des Geiſtes ſpannen. Das Genie wirkt durch eine innere Energie und bemerkt ſogar oft die Aufmunterung und den Lohn erſt ſpät. Aber die Kraft des Geiſtes erſchlafft, wenn ihm freie Mittheilung ſeiner Entdeckungen verſagt wird: das Auge des Verſtandes wird blöde, wenn man das Ziel, über das er nicht hinaus ſehen ſoll, ihm zu nah rückt. Das Intereſſe für die Wahrheit ſelbſt verſchwindet, wenn man nicht mehr lehren darf, was man als Wahrheit erkannt hat. Daher iſt die Erhaltung der Denk- und Lehrfreiheit das höchſte Kleinod, welches einer hohen Schule der Wiſſenſchaften am wenigſten entriſſen werden darf.

Es hat — wer möchte an der Stätte, wo reine Wahrheit wohnen ſoll, es verläugnen wollen? — es hat nicht an Verſuchen gefehlt, uns dieſes hohe Vorrecht zu verkümmern. Der ſtets milde Wille des Regenten wurde gemißbraucht, dem Glauben Feſſeln anzulegen und die freie Forſchung auf dem Gebiete religiöſer Erkenntniſſe zu hemmen. Auch kann es zuweilen dem blinden Eifer, der vielleicht ſelbſt nicht wußte, was er that, gelungen ſein, redliche Forſcher ſelbſt dem Regenten verdächtig zu machen. Aber ſtets hat die Güte ſeines Herzen geſiegt über den Argwohn, und ſein hoher Gerichtshof hat den Geiſt ſeines Willens zu gut gekannt, um nicht die loszuſprechen, welche nur ihder Ueberzeugung treu bleiben, und nie die Schonung von der Freimüthigkeit trennen wollten. So iſt denn auch keinen Augenblick unter uns die Stimme der Ueberzeugung verſtummt. Niemand hat ſich gehindert geſehen, das, was er für Wahrheit hielt, freimüthig zu lehren. Zu einer Zeit, wo das Land, das ſich die Freiheit ausſchließlich zueignete, von einer Schreckensregierung ertragen mußte, ſich, was es glauben und was es verläugnen ſollte, gebieten zu laſſen, wo das heiligſte Recht des Menſchen, die freie Uebung der Religion, von einem Volkstyrannen mit Füßen getreten ward, zu dieſer Zeit haben wir geglaubt, gezweifelt, gelehrt, geforſcht, unſern Gott verehrt, wie es jedem ſein Herz gebot, und unter dem väterlichen Schutz eines Monarchen, haben wir frei die Vorzüge und die Gebrechen jeder Staatsverfaſſung unterſuchen dürfen.

Welche Menge von Wohlthaten habe ich nicht ſchon genannt — und noch ſehe ich mich nicht an ihrem Ziel. Auch die Zierden unſrer hohen Schule ſind das Werk ſeiner Milde. Wenn in jenem Tempel der Gelehrſamkeit, wo die Weiſen der Vorzeit mit den Weiſen der Nachwelt vereint, dem Ohr ſchon lange verſtummt, durch unvergängliche Schriften zu dem wißbegierigen Lehrling ſprechen, wenn ſie ſich da jetzt dichter drängen und der Raum der wachſenden Menge zu eng wird, ſo erinnere ſich der belehrte Jüngling, daß er es der Freigebigkeit Friedrich Wilhelms dankt, mit den Geiſteswerken aller Jahrhunderte in einer heitern Umgebung bekannter zu werden. Wenn der forſchende Tiefſinn, welcher ſich in ſternenhellen Nächten in den unermeßlichen Räumen des Weltalls verliert, wieder aus dem erweiterten Geſichtskreiſe zur Erde herabſteigt, ſo gedenke er des Königs, welcher durch die Werkzeuge der Kunſt ſein Auge ſtärkte, und ſeine Entdeckungen ſicherer machte. Er geſelle ſich dann zu deinem ſtillen Forſcher, Natur, welchen unbegränzter und freundlicher iſt Fridericianens Gärten in ihren feierlichen Schattengängen zum reinſten Genuß einladen, wo ihn zahlloſer in labyrinthiſchen Krümmungen die Stauden, dem Boden fremder Länder entwachſen, umduften, und die Kinder jeder Zone voll Leben und Kraft vor ihm aufblühen. Dort breche er Lorbeeren und Cypreſſen, und lege ſie an Friedrich Wilhelms Grabe nieder, der auch dieſe Gärten gepflanzt hat.

Was bleibt der Dankbarkeit gegen die, welche der Erde entflohen ſind, wenn ſie ſich zum Vergelten zu ſchwach fühlt, übrig, als die Erhebung des Herzens zu Gott, dem Belohner, und die Verehrung und die Bewahrung des Guten, was fortdauert; wenn ſie ſelbſt aufhören wirkſam zu ſein? Vergebens iſt jeder Verſuch, ihrem Geiſte in das Land zu folgen, welches ein undurchdringlicher Vorhang vor unſerm Auge verhüllet. Doch verbürgt nicht die Religion der Chriſten denen, welche den Hungrigen ſpeiſten, den Durſtigen tränkten, die Gefangenen frei machten, und dem Kranken Erquickung ſandten, die Belohnungen einer beſſern Welt? Und hat unſer entſchlafner Monarch nicht dieſe Religion durch Thaten der Menſchlichkeit am würdigſten geehrt? Darum flehe die Thräne der Armen — auch unſrer Armen, welchen er half, für ihn um Lohn, und der Kinder Gebet, denen er Nahrung des Geiſtes wie des Körpers verſchaffte, bringt empor zu dem Allbarmherzigen. Wenn aber ſein Geiſt noch am Staube der Erde verweilte, ſo würde ſelbſt hier für ihn Genuß von Seligkeit ſein. Denn er ſähe dann auf dem verlaſſenen Throne ſeinen königlichen Sohn, mit ſeiner Weisheit, Gerechtigkeit und Güte beginnen; ſähe an ſeiner Seite eine Fürſtin, hold wie der Schutzgeiſt des Vaterlandes, in deren Blick voll Liebe Er den erſten Lohn jeder ſchönen Handlung finden wird; ſähe das Herz ſeines Volk aufs neue durchdrungen von freudiger ſtärkender Hoffnung!

Ehrwürdige Verſammlung! Wäre die große Wahl frei geweſen, aus der langen Reihe der Fürſtenſöhne uns einen König zu wählen, nach wem würde unſer Auge geforſcht haben? Nach einem bedachtſamen Weiſen, — nach dem tugendhafteſten Mann, nach dem beſten Hausvater!

Ihn — Anbetung werde unſer Dank — Ihn hat uns die allſegnende Vorſicht gegeben! O, daß die Sprache ſo arm wird, wo die Empfindung ſo mächtig im Herzen ſpricht! Aber was bedarf es der Worte vor dir, Allwiſſender! Heil und Segen für Friedrich Wilhelm den Dritten fleht jeder Schlag unſers Herzens! Segen für Sein Haus — Segen für Sein Land — Segen durch Ihn, für uns Alle!

Erhöre das Gebet — nimm unſer Opfer an!

Gottlieb Anton Chriſtian Niemeyer

ward am 28. December 1783 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und wurde darauf Dr. der Philoſophie und Profeſſor am königlich weſtphäliſchen Pageninſtitute und an der Artillerieſchule zu Kaſſel. Nach Aufhebung des Königreichs Weſtphalen blieb er in gleicher Eigenſchaft am Cadetteninſtitute in Kaſſel und erhielt ſpäter den Charakter eines kurheſſiſchen Hofrathes und beſtändigen Secretärs der Akademie der bildenden Künſte zu Kaſſel.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. Halle 1803, 8. (mit K. A. Döring).
Luiſe. Roman. Leipzig 1804.
Der Mann aus dem Grabe. Ebendaſ. 1804.
Reliquien von Wilhelm und Lina. Ebendaſ. 1806.
Die Betrogenen. Luſtſpiel nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Athen 1808, 8.
Der Cid. Trauerſpiel nach Corneille. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8.
Lenardo. Kaſſel und Marburg 1812.
Troſt und Erhebung. Kaſſel 1814.
Kaſſeliſche Chronik. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Der Bote aus Kaſſel. Zeitung. Ebendaſ. 1814.
Der Jahrestag des Einzugs in Paris. Schauſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1815, 8.
Der Sieg. Vorſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1815.

Feinheit der Behandlung, gute Erfindung und eine ſehr anmuthige Darſtellungsgabe erwarben N's Schriften zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens viele Freunde. — Seine Nachbildungen ausländiſcher Originale ſind vortrefflich.

Johann Chriſtian Ludwig Niemeyer

ward am 25. November 1775 zu Weferlingen im Magdeburgiſchen geboren, kam nach vollendeten philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Studien 1798 als Lehrer an das Pädagogium zu Halle und ging 1803 als Prediger von hier nach Klein-Dedeleben bei Halberſtadt.

Er machte ſich litterariſch bekannt durch:

Deutſcher Plutarch. Halle 1811 ff., 4 Bde.
Luther. Ebendaſ. 1812.
Denkwürdige Neuigkeiten. Halberſtadt 1813.
Neue Winterabende. Ebendaſ. 1815.
Heldenbuch. Leipzig 1816; 5. Aufl. 1821.
Die Schlachten des heiligen Krieges in 14. Liedern. Ebendaſ. 1817.
Liederſammlung. Halberſtadt 1817.
Der Lindenhain. Ebendaſ. 1818.
Die wiedergefundene Tochter. Neuſtadt 1819.
Das Buch der Tugenden. Leipzig 1825, 2 Thle.
John Knox. Halle 1826.
Philipp Melanchthon. Ebendaſ. 1830.

N. zeichnete ſich als Schriftſteller für die Jugend durch einen ſehr faßlichen Styl und eine lebendige, angemeſſene Behandlung gut gewählter Stoffe vortheilhaft aus.

Friedrich Immanuel von Niethammer

ward am 24. März 1766 zu Beilſtein im Würtembergiſchen von bürgerlichen Eltern geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena Philoſophie und Theologie und trat 1793 zuerſt als Profeſſor der Philoſophie, dann auch der Theologie mit Vorleſungen und Schriften hier auf, welche gegen die verderbliche Richtung des Zeitgeiſtes kräftig anſtrebten. Seine Wirkſamkeit wurde durch den Ruf als Profeſſor der Theologie und Conſiſtorialrath nach Würzburg auch in Baiern ehrend anerkannt; er ging 1803 dahin ab und wurde 1805 als proteſtantiſcher Kreis-, Conſiſtorial- und Schulrath nach Bamberg verſetzt, 1807 aber als Central-, Schul- und Studienrath nach München berufen. Hier wirkte er ſeitdem mit Schelling und Thierſch ſegensreich auf die gelehrten Anſtalten Baierns, ward zum Kirchenrath, Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften und Ritter des Civilverdienſtordens ernannt und in den Adelſtand erhoben.

Von ihm haben wir:

Ueber den Werth einer Kritik aller Offenbarungen. Jena 1792.
Verſuch einer Ableitung des moraliſchen Geſetzes aus der Form der reinen Vernunft. Ebendaſ. 1793.
Ueber Religion als Wiſſenſchaft. Neuſtrelitz 1795.
Philoſophiſches Journal. Jena 1795 — 1800, 10 Bde. (5.—10. Bd. mit Fichte).
Verſuch einer Begründung des vernunftmäßigen Offenbarungsglaubens. Leipzig 1798.
Der Streit des Philanthropinismus und Humanismus. Jena 1808.

Ein überaus ſcharfſinniger Denker, deſſen ganzes Leben der Bekämpfung falſcher Richtungen der Zeit rühmlichſt gewidmet wurde und welcher ſich vorzügliche Verdienſte um das Schulweſen Baierns erwarb. Als Philoſoph ſchließt er ſich, obwohl höchſt ſelbſtſtändig der Richtung Fichte's an.

Von den Anſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes an die Philoſophie *).

Man pflegt den Verſtand, inwieferne er ſeine Begriffe unmittelbar nach einem bloßen Gefühl aufſtellt und gebraucht, ohne weder ihre beſtimmte Grenze noch ihren beſtimmten Zuſammenhang mit einzelnen andern Begriffen oder mit dem ganzen Syſtem derſelben einzuſehen, den gemeinen Verſtand zu nennen. In dieſer Bedeutung des Wortes genommen hat der gemeine Verſtand von der Philoſophie nichts geringeres zu erwarten, als daß ſie zu den Begriffen, die er nur einzeln kennt, das Allgemeine aufſuche, um aus dieſem als dem höhern Standorte, von welchem ſie das Einzelne und das Beſondere im Zuſammenhang überſehen kann, jene Begriffe im Beſonderen und im Einzelnen genau zu beſtimmen und zu berichtigen; und es iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß der gemeine Verſtand in dieſer Rückſicht die Leitung der Philoſophie durchaus nicht entbehren kann, um endlich ſtatt des ungewiſſen blinden Herumtappens zu einem ſichern Gebrauch ſeiner Begriffe zu gelangen, und den Weg nach ſeinem Ziele mit ſtetem Schritte zu gehen. Allein in dieſer Bedeutung des Wortes wird die Benennung des gemeinen Verſtandes hier nicht genommen, und mithin auch das Verhältniß deſſelben zur Philoſophie nicht aus dieſem Geſichtspunkt betrachtet. Es giebt eine andere weit ehrenvollere Bedeutung jener Benennung des gemeinen Verſtandes, auf welche hier allein Rückſicht genommen werden ſoll.

Man nennt nämlich den Verſtand auch den gemeinen Verſtand, inwieferne er, ſowohl im Theoretiſchen — in Beziehung auf das Wiſſen, als im Praktiſchen — in Beziehung auf das Handeln, Urtheile aufſtellt, welche Anſpruch machen, für alle Menſchen ohne Unterſchied zu gelten, mithin allen ohne Ausnahme gemein zu ſein; weswegen er auch vorzugsweiſe der Menſchenverſtand heißt. Der gemeine Verſtand, in dieſer Bedeutung des Worts, betrachtet alſo ſich ſelbſt, als die allgemeine Stimme, mit welcher jeder Einzelne ohne Ausnahme übereinſtimmen müſſe, und glaubt ſich eben darum berechtigt, ſeine Ausſprüche jedem Andern, ohne ihn erſt darüber zu hören, zum Voraus anzuſinnen. Der Grund, worauf er dieſen Anſpruch baut, iſt aber keineswegs eine wiſſenſchaftliche Ueberzeugung; vielmehr iſt dieſe Gewißheit, welche der gemeine Verſtand von der Allgemeingültigkeit ſeiner Urtheile hat, vor aller und ohne alle wiſſenſchaftliche Belehrung vorhanden und mithin von derſelben völlig unabhängig. Sondern dieſe Gewißheit von der Allgemeingültigkeit ſolcher Urtheile gründet ſich unmittelbar auf ein Gefühl (wenn man anders dieſes ſonſt gebrauchten Ausdrucks ſich hier bedienen will), das iſt, auf ein unmittelbares Bewußtſein derſelben. Dieſe unmittelbare Gewißheit von den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes, welche aller wiſſenſchaftlichen Unterſuchung vorhergeht, ſcheint auch allerdings für ſich allein völlig hinreichend zu ſein, und einer anderweitigen Beſtätigung durchaus nicht zu bedürfen. Wir ſind von der Allgemeingültigkeit ſolcher Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes ſo vollkommen überzeugt, daß wir auch keinen Augenblick zweifeln, daß jeder Andere, wenn nicht ein zufälliger Irrthum ihn täuſche, eben ſo denken und handeln müſſe, und daß wir Uebereinſtimmung mit ſolchen unſerer Urtheile unbedingt von ihm verlangen. Mithin hat es allerdings den Anſchein, daß der gemeine Verſtand die Hülfe der Philoſophie, welche dieſe Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens und Handelns erſt zu begründen Anſpruch macht, gänzlich entbehren könne, und — wie man auch in der Popularphiloſophie ſtillſchweigend vorausgeſetzt hat — alle Philoſophie überflüſſig mache. Das Verhältniß des gemeinen Verſtandes zur Philoſophie in dieſer Rückſicht betrachtet, ſcheint der gemeine Verſtand auf den erſten Anblick die oberſte Stimme unbedingt behaupten zu können; zumal da ſeine Ausſprüche einen ſo großen Grad der Glaubwürdigkeit dadurch für ſich haben, daß ſie durch die allgemeine Stimme aller Zeiten beſtätigt ſind.

Allein es leuchtet von ſelbſt ein, daß dieſes Allgemeingelten kein gültiger Bürge für die Allgemeingültigkeit ſei; daß man dadurch, daß etwas bis jetzt allgemein gegolten hat, nicht berechtigt ſei anzunehmen, daß es immer gelten müſſe, und daß die Zuverſicht, mit der wir von ſolchen Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes fordern, daß ſie Jeder als gültig anerkennen müſſe, nur dann einen hinreichenden Grund hätte, wenn wir die Nothwendigkeit eines ſolchen Ausſpruchs erweiſen könnten. Mithin iſt durch dieſe Erfahrung keineswegs die abſolute Nothwendigkeit erklärt, mit der wir die Uebereinſtimmung Anderer zu ſolchen Urtheilen fordern, und die Allgemeingültigkeit unſeres Wiſſens und Handelns, wenn ſie auf keinem andern Grunde ruhte, wäre dadurch ſo wenig beſtätigt, daß ſie vielmehr durchaus verdächtig wäre. Allein unſere Ueberzeugung von der Gültigkeit der Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes gründet ſich auch nicht auf jene Beſtätigung einer wirklichen Beiſtimmung Anderer, ſondern auf ein unmittelbares Bewußtſein derſelben. Solche Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes kündigen ſich im Bewußtſein unmittelbar als allgemein und nothwendig an; wir können uns das Gegentheil davon durchaus nicht vorſtellen, und ſchließen daraus, daß es überhaupt unmöglich ſei es ſich vorzuſtellen, daß ſie alſo nothwendig ſeien und als ſolche auch allgemein ſein und Allgemeingültigkeit haben müſſen. Aber eben gegen dieſes Fundament, welches das einzige iſt, worauf wir die Gewißheit von jener Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens und Handelns bauen, iſt der erſte und vorzüglichſte Angriff des Skepticismus gerichtet, um unſer ganzes Wiſſen für ungewiß zu erklären. Wie ſollen die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens begründen, da ſie ſelbſt kein anderes Fundament haben, als ein Gefühl (unmittelbares Bewußtſein) ihrer Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit? Es iſt ein großer Unterſchied, zwiſchen dem Gefühl des Allgemeinen und Nothwendigen in einem Urtheile, und der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit dieſes Gefühles ſelbſt. Daß man etwas als allgemein und nothwendig in einem Urtheil fühle, dies wird unmittelbar durch jenes Gefühl wahrgenommen; ob aber dieſes Gefühl ſelbſt Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit habe, dies kann weder durch jenes Gefühl ſelbſt unmittelbar, noch durch irgend ein anderes Gefühl ausgemacht werden. Woran ſoll ich erkennen, daß das, was mir als allgemein und nothwendig vorkommt, auch wirklich allgemein und nothwendig ſei? Kann dieſes Gefühl nicht auch blos eine pſychologiſche Täuſchung, oder aus alter Gewohnheit erzeugt nur ein verjährter Irrthum ſein? Auf alle dieſe Fragen hat der gemeine Verſtand, der ſich bei allen ſeinen Urtheilen lediglich auf das unmittelbare Bewußtſein ihrer Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit bezieht, keine Antwort, und der Skepticismus hat alſo Recht, die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens überhaupt für gänzlich

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*) Aus F. J. v. Niethammer's „Philoſophiſches Journal." Erſter Band. Neu-Strelitz 1795.

problematiſch zu erklären, wenn ſich nicht die Allgemeingültigkeit jener Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes auf einem andern Wege befriedigend erweiſen läßt.

Dieſen Beweis nun zu führen, hat die Philoſophie übernommen, und die eigentliche und einzige Aufgabe, welche ſie zu löſen hat, iſt alſo: die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes, welche die Grundlage aller Gewißheit unſeres Wiſſens ſind, gegen den Skepticismus zu vertheidigen und als allgemeingültig zu erweiſen. Wir werden nachher ſehen, was die Philoſophie zu leiſten habe, um dieſe Aufgabe zu löſen, und wiefern die Verſuche, die ſie dazu gemacht hat, befriedigend ſeien. Ehe wir aber davon ſprechen, müſſen wir auf einen Umſtand aufmerkſam machen, auf welchen eigentlich dieſe gegenwärtige Unterſuchung gerichtet.

Indem die Philoſophie es übernimmt, die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes gegen die Angriffe des Skepticismus zu vertheidigen und ihre Allgemeingültigkeit zu erweiſen, maßt ſie ſich ſelbſt das Recht an, als oberſter Richter über die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens, ihre Reſultate als unbedingt gültig aufzuſtellen, und von dem gemeinen Verſtande zu fordern, daß er ſich gewöhnen müſſe, ihr nachzuſprechen, was ſie ihm in den Mund lege. Dieſes Recht hat der gemeine Verſtand zu keiner Zeit anerkennen wollen, ſondern vielmehr unaufhörlich ſeine Stimme eben ſo ſtark gegen die Demonſtrationen des Dogmatismus als gegen die Zweifel des Skepticismus erhoben und gegen beide zugleich ſeine Ausſprüche unerſchütterlich behauptet. Die Philoſophie hat ſich auch oft genug genöthigt geſehen, ihren Weg zurückzugehen, um auf einem andern Wege Reſultate zu ſuchen, die der gemeine Verſtand auch für ſich einleuchtend finden könne; eine Philoſophie, welche die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes gegen die Zweifel des Skepticismus nicht zu retten wußte, ohne zugleich auf Reſultate zu führen, die eben dieſen Ausſprüchen auf einer andern Seite entgegen waren, hat ſich auch niemals behaupten können, und der gemeine Verſtand hat ſich zu allen Zeiten eher dazu entſchloſſen, ſich dem Skepticismus in die Arme zu werfen (der ihn wenigſtens nicht geradezu vernichten will), als von einer ſolchen Philoſophie Reſultate anzunehmen, die mit ſeinen Ausſprüchen ſchlechterdings unverträglich ſind. Der gemeine Verſtand fordert alſo eben ſo unbedingt, daß die Philoſophie ſeine Ausſprüche reſpectiren müſſe, und behauptet ſchlechthin, daß ihre Reſultate, ſobald ſie mit dieſen Ausſprüchen im Widerſtreit wären, durchaus nicht gültig ſein können.

Welche der beiden Partien ſoll nun das Recht haben über die andere zu entſcheiden? Hier finden wir uns in einem Cirkel, aus welchem kein Ausgang möglich ſcheint. Wir ſind genöthigt, von den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes an die Philoſophie zu appelliren, und müſſen gegen dieſe wieder die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes gelten laſſen. Es iſt zugeſtanden, daß die unmittelbaren Urtheile des gemeinen Verſtandes, als ſubjective Urtheile — von welchen es unentſchieden iſt, ob ſie blos ſubjectiv, das heißt in individuellen oder zufälligen Beſchaffenheiten des Subjects gegründet, oder ob ſie in den allgemeinen und nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects gegründet, das heißt allgemein ſubjectiv (oder objectiv) ſeien — auf Allgemeingültigkeit keinen Anſpruch machen können, ſondern erſt eine anderweitige Beſtätigung erhalten müſſen, welche ihnen die Philoſophie zu geben habe. Damit ſcheint alſo der Philoſophie die Entſcheidung übertragen. Auch kömmt noch hinzu, daß (nach einem anerkannten Geſetze des Verſtandes) alles, was aus einem Satze, der für ſich Gültigkeit hat, bündig gefolgert wird, eben dieſelbe Gültigkeit wie der Satz ſelbſt habe. Wenn nun alſo die Philoſophie, von einem Satze ausgehend, den der Verſtand ſelbſt für gültig angenommen hat, in den Folgerungen aus demſelben richtig verfährt, ſo ſollte jede derſelben unbedingt auch ſelbſt für gültig angenommen werden. Gleichwohl ſo bald die Philoſophie auf ein Reſultat kömmt, welches der gemeine Verſtand ſeinen Ausſprüchen zuwider findet, ſo ſoll es nicht für gültig angenommen werden. Hier ſcheint offenbar der Verſtand mit ſich ſelbſt im Widerſpruch, und man iſt ungewiß, welchen Theil man gegen den andern geltend machen könne. Dies iſt eigentlich der ſchwierige Punkt, den wir in dieſer Abhandlung — wenn auch nicht zur Entſcheidung, doch — wenigſtens zur Unterſuchung bringen wollen.

Wenn man die lange, ſchon durch mehrere Jahrtauſende beſtätigte Erfahrung bedenkt, da die Philoſophie immer ihre Verſuche von neuem wiederholte und zu wiederholen genöthigt war, während die Stimme des gemeinen Verſtandes zu allen Zeiten dieſelbe blieb und alle Zumuthungen der Philoſophie eben ſo ſtandhaft abwies, als ſie allen Angriffen des Skepticismus unerſchütterlich trotzte: ſo möchte man allerdings ſchon darum geneigt ſein, ſich zu Gunſten des gemeinen Verſtandes zu entſcheiden und ihn als das oberſte Kriterium anzuerkennen. Allein fürs erſte, daß dieſe allgemeine Stimme des gemeinen Menſchenverſtandes bisher ſich durchaus gleich geblieben iſt und man folglich Wahrſcheinlichkeit hat, daß ſie ſich auch immer unverändert erhalten werde, beweiſt noch nicht, daß ſie ſchlechthin unveränderlich ſei (und dies müßte ſie doch ſein, um als Grund aller Allgemeingültigkeit gelten zu können). Auf der andern Seite verhält es ſich mit der Philoſophie im Gegentheil eben ſo. Daß ſie bisher noch kein feſtes Reſultat gefunden hat und öfters durch die Anſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes genöthigt war, ihre eigenen Ausſprüche zurückzunehmen, beweiſt doch nicht, daß ſie ſich überhaupt nicht zu der Vollendung erheben könne, wo ihr das Recht, über Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens zu entſcheiden, zuerkannt werden müſſe. Mithin darf man, wenigſtens aus dem bekannten Schickſal der Philoſophie und ihrem bisherigen Verhältniß zu dem gemeinen Verſtande, noch nicht den Schluß ziehen, daß die abſolut letzte Stimme über Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens dem gemeinen Verſtande zukomme. Indeß giebt doch eine ſo lange Erfahrung eine ſtarke Vermuthung zum Vortheil des letztern, und man hat allerdings Grund, bei der Unterſuchung des vorliegenden Streites die Ausſprüche dieſer Partei nicht zu vernachläſſigen.

Daß aber dieſer Anſpruch des gemeinen Verſtandes, ſeine Ausſprüche gegen die Reſultate der Philoſophie, wenn die letztern ihm entgegen ſind, geltend zu machen, wirklich gegründet ſei, wird ſich nachher aus der Philoſophie ſelbſt ergeben, welche die Allgemeingültigkeit jener Ausſprüche erwieſen hat. Damit es aber nicht das Anſehen habe, als wäre blos ein Cirkel im Beweiſen, von dem gemeinen Verſtande an die Philoſophie zu appelliren, und dieſe wieder nach dem gemeinen Verſtande zu beurtheilen, ſo muß man den Umſtand in Erwägung ziehen, daß in dem gegenwärtigen Streite die Philoſophie dem gemeinen Verſtande nicht durchaus, ſondern nur in einer gewiſſen Rückſicht entgegengeſetzt ſei, in einer andern Rückſicht aber mit ihm ganz einerlei Zweck habe, ſeine Ausſprüche gegen die Einwürfe des Skepticismus zu vertheidigen. Nämlich der Skepticismus nimmt das unmittelbare Bewußtſein in Anſpruch, worauf der gemeine Verſtand die Allgemeingültigkeit ſeiner Ausſprüche gründet, und erſchüttert dadurch unſer ganzes Wiſſen in ſeinem Fundamente. Sein Hauptangriff iſt auf dieſen Punkt gerichtet, zu zeigen, daß dieſes unmittelbare Bewußtſein täuſchen könne, daß ein Urtheil, welches wir als allgemein und nothwendig vorkömmt, vielleicht nur durch eine zufällige individuelle Beſchaffenheit meines Subjects bewirkt ſei; ſo wie es dem Gelbſüchtigen nothwendig ſei, Alles gelb zu ſehen. Hier nun fängt die Philoſophie *) an, und übernimmt gegen dieſen Einwurf den Beweis, daß die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes allerdings allgemeine und nothwendige Urtheile ſeien, und daß man ſich von ihrer Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit vollkommen überzeugen könne. Dies iſt mithin die eigentliche Aufgabe der Philoſophie, und folglich ſind ihre Behauptungen den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes nicht nur nicht entgegengeſetzt, ſondern vielmehr mit dieſen auf das gleiche Ziel gerichtet. Ein Widerſtreit zwiſchen beiden, der das Ganze beträfe, iſt alſo unmöglich, weil die Philoſophie, welche die Allgemeingültigkeit der unmittelbaren Urtheile des gemeinen Verſtandes gegen den Skepticismus zu erweiſen ſich vorgeſetzt hat, in dieſem Falle zum Skepticismus, den ſie widerlegen wollte, ganz übertreten müßte. Mithin kann ein Widerſtreit zwiſchen beiden nur dadurch ſtatt finden, daß die Philoſophie nur einen Theil der Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes in Schutz nähme, dieſem dagegen den andern aufopfern wollte; und dies iſt eigentlich der Fall, den wir vor Augen haben, indem wir die Forderung machen, daß die Reſultate der Philoſophie mit den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes übereinſtimmen müſſen. Da die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes alle mit gleicher Nothwendigkeit und Allgemeinheit ſich im Bewußtſein ankündigen, und kein anderer Grund eines Unterſchiedes derſelben angegeben werden kann, ſo müſſen ſie (wenn ſich überhaupt dieſes hohe Anſehen, das ſie behaupten, gründlich erweiſen läßt) auch alle gleichen Anſpruch auf Gültigkeit haben, und in einer Philoſophie auch alle beiſammen beſtehen. Eine Philoſophie, welche dieſe Ausſprüche nur dadurch zu rechtfertigen weiß, daß ſie den einen Theil derſelben dem andern unterordnet und den Verſtand zwingen will, dieſe eine Hälfte, der andern zu gefallen, ſich als ungültig als verkehrt und dergleichen vorzuſtellen, hat den Knoten nicht gelöſt, ſondern zerhauen, unſerm Wiſſen nicht wiſſenſchaftliche Einheit gegeben, ſondern die verſchiedenen Theile bloß gewaltſam in eine Rubrik zuſammengedrängt, und folglich auf keine Weiſe geleiſtet, was ſie geleiſtet zu haben vorgiebt oder ſich einbildet.

Indem alſo die Philoſophie es übernimmt, als ein für ſich beſtehendes Ganze die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens zu erweiſen, muß ſie in einer doppelten Rückſicht beurtheilt werden; erſtens inwiefern ſie ihren Beweis gegen die Zweifel des Skep-

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*) Es verſteht ſich wohl von ſelbſt, daß ich Philoſophie nicht überhaupt dem Skepticismus entgegenſetze, als ſollte der letztere in der Reihe der Philoſophien (wo er gewiß nicht die letzte Stelle einnimmt) nicht gelten; ſondern ich faſſe unter jener allgemeinen Benennung den Dogmatismus und den Kriticismus zuſammen.

ticismus befriedigend führt, und zweitens ob ſie mit den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes übereinſtimme, oder welches eben ſo viel heißt, ob nicht in irgend einer Art des Bewußtſeins nothwendige und allgemeine Begriffe angetroffen werden, die ſich mit den Reſultaten derſelben nicht vereinigen laſſen. Wenn die Philoſophie jene erſtere Forderung nicht befriedigt, ſo hat ſie ſchon an ſich keinen Werth; wenn ſie aber auch ein Syſtem aufſtellen könnte, gegen welches der Skepticismus ſelbſt nichts weiter einzuwenden wüßte, ſo würde gleichwohl der gemeine Verſtand dieſes Syſtem, wenn die Reſultate deſſelben mit ſeinen unmittelbaren Urtheilen nicht durchaus übereinſtimmten, nicht für gültig anerkennen, und ſeine Stimme dagegen mit Recht behaupten. Der Grund, worauf dieſes Recht beruht, iſt kein andrer als die unmittelbare Gültigkeit ſeiner Ausſprüche, welche ſich aus den Reſultaten der kritiſchen Philoſophie, wie nachher gezeigt werden ſoll, völlig befriedigend ergiebt.

Der Cirkel im Beweiſen, von dem wir oben geſprochen haben, läßt ſich nur dadurch heben, wenn ſich die Allgemeingültigkeit jener Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes unmittelbar beweiſen läßt; denn, alsdenn erſt wenn die Allgemeingültigkeit derſelben für ſich ausgemacht iſt, kann die Frage entſtehen: ob dieſe Ausſprüche, welche an ſich unmittelbare Gewißheit haben, oder die Ausſprüche der Philoſophie, welche hier als ein für ſich beſtehendes Ganze betrachtet wird, das auch für ſich unmittelbare Gewißheit hat, für gültig anerkannt werden ſollen, im Fall beide im Widerſtreit ſtänden? Dieſer Beweis für die Allgemeingültigkeit der Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes läßt ſich nämlich auf zweierlei Art führen: entweder unmittelbar, wenn ſich zeigen läßt, daß die Urtheile, welche ſich als nothwendig und allgemein in unſerm Bewußtſein unmittelbar ankündigen, auch nothwendig und allgemein dafür angenommen werden müſſen; oder mittelbar, wenn ein Syſtem aufgeſtellt würde, welches abſolute Gewißheit für ſich hätte, und jene Ausſprüche mit demſelben übereinſtimmten.

Sowohl jenen unmittelbaren als dieſen mittelbaren Beweis hat die Philoſophie übernommen. Es fragt ſich alſo: was hat ſie auf die eine oder die andere Art bisher geleiſtet? wie weit kann ſie mit dem unmittelbaren Beweiſe kommen? und was iſt zu erwarten, wenn ſie den mittelbaren Beweis wirklich apodiktiſch führen könnte?

Wenn von der Allgemeingültigkeit der Ausſprüche des gem. Verſtandes in der Philoſophie die Rede iſt, ſo bringt ſich allerdings die Popularphiloſophie zu allererſt auf, welche bei allen Gelegenheiten dieſe Ausſprüche im Munde führte und ſich auf dieſelben als auf die letzte Inſtanz berief, gegen welche keine Einwendung weiter ſtatt finde. Allein, von dieſer Philoſophie, die jene Ausſprüche ſchlechthin für die letzten Gründe alles allgemeingültigen Wiſſens hält, die alle Verſuche der Speculation, ſich zu höhern Gründen zu erheben, leere müßige Grübelei nennt, und die Anſtrengung des Geiſtes, das Ziel eines allgemeingültigen Wiſſens, das ihm in der Idee vorſchwebt, zu erreichen, für ein bloßes Ueberſchreiten ſeiner Grenzen erklärt, — von dieſer Philoſophie, die eigentlich gar keine Philoſophie iſt, kann hier, wo nach den Verſuchen gefragt wird, welche die Philoſophie gemacht habe, die Allgemeingültigkeit der Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes zu erweiſen, durchaus nicht die Rede ſein. Anſtatt dieſe Gültigkeit zu erweiſen, ſetzt ſie dieſelbe vielmehr ſchon als erwieſen oder vielmehr als eines Beweiſes gar nicht bedürftig und ſelbſt als den Grund aller Beweiſe voraus, indem ſie ſich blos auf das unmittelbare Bewußtſein der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit derſelben beruft, und als ihren Grundſatz, wo nicht ausdrücklich aufſtellt, doch ſtillſchweigend vorausſetzt: was ſich im Bewußtſein unmittelbar als allgemein und nothwendig ankündige, das müſſe ſchlechthin für allgemeingültig gehalten werden. Allein eben dieſe Behauptung iſt es, welche der Skepticismus in Anſpruch nimmt, indem er beweiſt, daß dieſes unmittelbare Bewußtſein nie gegen die Möglichkeit, eine bloße Täuſchung zu ſein, geſichert werden könne. Gegen dieſen Einwurf jene Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes zu ſchützen, iſt das eigentliche Problem, welches die Philoſophie aufzulöſen hat. Dieſes Problem hat die Popularphiloſophie entweder verkannt, und alſo gar nicht einmal geahnt, was die Philoſophie eigentlich will; oder hat ſie es wirklich gekannt, und um ſich die Mühe des Auflöſens zu erſparen, es ohne weiteres für unauflösbar erklärt: ſo hat ſie ſich auf alle Weiſe ihres Ranges unter den Philoſophieen verluſtig gemacht, den ſie nur dadurch ſich hätte erhalten können, wenn ſie wenigſtens dieſe Unauflösbarkeit, welche ſie blos bittweiſe annimmt, bündig erwieſen, und gezeigt hätte, daß die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes, oder vielmehr das Gefühl des Allgemeinen und Nothwendigen, das ihnen zum Grunde liegt, ſchlechterdings die letzte Grenze des Wiſſens ſei, über welche hinaus noch tiefere Blicke zu thun der menſchliche Geiſt vergebens ſtrebe.

Die Verſuche, welche die Philoſophie machen kann, die Allgemeingültigkeit der Urtheile und Begriffe, die ſich in unſerm Bewußtſein unmittelbar als allgemein und nothwendig ankündigen, unmittelbar zu erweiſen, theilen ſich in zwei Hauptarten. Der Beweis muß entweder objectiv, aus der Erfahrung a posteriori, oder ſubjectiv, aus dem, was aller Erfahrung vorhergeht, das iſt a priori geführet werden. Dieſe erſte dieſer beiden möglichen Beweisarten war von dem erſten Anfang aller Philoſophie an bis auf unſer Zeitalter, ſeit ſo vielen Jahrtauſenden, die einzige, die verſucht worden iſt, die unter den verſchiedenſten Modificationen der Hauptſache nach immer dieſelbe blieb, und immer von neuem wiederholte. Es ſollte nämlich gezeigt werden, daß der Grund der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit, welche ſich in unſern Urtheilen offenbart, in den Gegenſtänden (ſowohl der äußern als innern Erfahrung) liege, welche, als ſelbſt unveränderlich und ihrer weſentlichen Beſchaffenheit nach nothwendig, uns zu allen Zeiten eben ſo vorgeſtellt würden und eben ſo auch jedem Andern nothwendig vorkommen müßten. Man ſuchte alſo zu beweiſen, daß diejenigen unſrer Begriffe und Urtheile, deren wir uns als nothwendig und allgemein bewußt ſind, lediglich aus der Erfahrung durch Induction und Abſtraction erzeugt werden. Auf dieſem Wege hoffte man am allerſicherſten der Einwendung des Skepticismus zu begegnen, welcher die Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit jener Begriffe und Urtheile blos aus dem Grunde in Zweifel zieht, weil es von ihnen als ſubjectiven Urtheilen nicht ausgemacht werden könne, ob ſie nicht in einer blos ſubjectiven zufälligen Beſchaffenheit eines Subjects gegründet ſeien. Wenn ſich nun dagegen zeigen ließe, daß jene Begriffe und Urtheile durch die Gegenſtände ſelbſt objectiv beſtimmt würden, von dem Eindruck abhingen, den dieſe Gegenſtände auf uns machen, und von unſrer Willkür und ſubjectiven Anſicht ganz unabhängig wären: ſo wäre ausgemacht, daß das ſubjective Urtheil, durch objective Nothwendigkeit erzeugt, ſelbſt objective Gültigkeit haben müſſe. — Das Unbefriedigende und Unzulängliche dieſer Art des Beweiſes hätte man ſchon daraus erſehen können, wenn man auf den Unterſchied aufmerkſamer geweſen wäre, der ſich zwiſchen einem durch Abſtraction gefundenen allgemeinen und einem abſolut allgemeinen Begriff deutlich genug wahrnehmen läßt. Eine noch ſo lange fortgeſetzte Abſtraction führt doch niemals zu einem Begriff, von dem man durchaus und unbedingt behaupten könnte, daß er ſchlechthin nichts anders ſein könne, wie wir es von den abſolut allgemeinen Begriffen durchgehends behaupten. Allein, wenn man auch dieſes, zwar charakteriſche aber doch nur empiriſche Merkmal eines Unterſchiedes überſah, ſo konnten doch die evidenten Einwürfe des Skepticismus nicht überſehen werden. Der Skepticismus nämlich hat gegen dieſe Art des Beweiſes Einwendungen zu machen, welche ſie als völlig untauglich und verwerflich darſtellen. Fürs Erſte müßte erſt gezeigt werden, daß jene abſolut allgemeinen Begriffe gar keinen andern Urſprung als durch Abſtraction aus der Erfahrung haben können; wobei man vorzüglich auch den Umſtand bedenken muß, daß es ſchwer zu begreifen wäre, wie ein allgemeiner Begriff aus einzelnen Begriffen (in deren keinem er ſelbſt vorhanden iſt) abſtrahirt werden könne, wenn man nicht denſelben (als Grundbegriff, der die Erfahrung leitet) in die Erfahrung ſelbſt hineingelegt hätte. Fürs Zweite, wenn auch die Gegenſtände der (äußern ſowohl als innern) Erfahrung durch ihren Eindruck, den ſie auf das vorſtellende Subject machen, die Vorſtellung beſtimmten, ſo bleibt doch die Verſchiedenheit der ſubjectiven Anſicht, welche das Urtheil anders modificiren kann, und der Einwurf des Skeptikers, daß die Verſchiedenheit der Subjecte eine Verſchiedenheit ihrer Begriffe und Urtheile von den gleichen Gegenſtänden nach ſich ziehe, und daß es folglich immer ungewiß ſei, ob das, was wir von dem Gegenſtand urtheilen, überhaupt von ihm geurtheilt werden müſſe, das heißt, daß unſer Urtheil nicht nothwendig ſei, — gilt alſo auch in dieſem Falle. Fürs Dritte läßt ſich aus einer noch ſo lange fortgeſetzten Erfahrung dennoch keine abſolute Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit ableiten. Selbſt nicht einmal eine logiſche Abſtraction kann zu einer wahren Allgemeinheit eines Begriffes führen. Wenn ich in einer noch ſo großen Anzahl von Begriffen das gemeinſchaftliche Merkmal x gefunden habe, ſo kann ich doch nicht wiſſen, ob nicht in einer andern Anzahl von Begriffen, die auch unter denſelben Hauptbegriff gehören, die ich aber bei meiner Vergleichung nicht vor Augen gehabt habe, eine andere Modification liege, welche das gemeinſchaftliche Merkmal = z macht. Noch viel weniger alſo läßt ſich erwarten, durch Vergleichung ſynthetiſcher Erfahrungsſätze eine wahre Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit eines allgemeineren Satzes zu finden; eben ſo wenig als man die Allgemeingültigkeit eines Urtheils daraus ableiten kann, daß man es, ſo weit man Erfahrung gemacht hat, allgemeingeltend befunden hat, indem Allgemeingültigkeit nicht nach Stimmenmehrheit, ſondern nur nach abſoluter Stimmeneinheit entſchieden werden kann, und es auch immer unausgemacht bliebe, ob nicht Alle, deren Stimme wir darüber gehört haben, ſich mit uns in gleichem Irrthum befänden und Andere alſo doch anders urtheilen müßten. Daraus erhellt einleuchtend genug, daß alle Bemühung, ſeine Begriffe durch Induction aus der Erfahrung zur ſtrengen Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit zu erheben, ſchlechterdings fruchtlos ſei, und daß mithin die Philoſophie, welche das abſolut Allgemeine und Nothwendige in unſern Urtheilen und Begriffen auf dieſem Wege zu erklären ſucht und wirklich zu erweiſen glaubt, ihr Ziel nicht nur ganz und gar verfehle, ſondern vielmehr dem Skepticismus ſelbſt die Waffen in die Hände gebe, durch welche er ihr unüberwindlich wird. Iſt es einmal als ausgemacht angenommen, — was die Philoſophie durchgehends bei allen ihren Verſuchen dieſer Art, unter was immer für einer Geſtalt ſie auch auftreten mögen, als ausgemacht angenommen hat, — daß die abſolut allgemeinen und nothwendigen Begriffe und Urtheile, durch wiederholte Erfahrung erzeugt, nur durch einen Inductionsbeweis als allgemein und nothwendig erwieſen werden können: ſo kann der Skeptiker eben daraus im Gegentheil völlig bündig beweiſen, daß die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers geſammten Wiſſens unerweislich ſei. Wenn die abſolute Nothwendigkeit und Allgemeinheit, mit der ſich ein Theil unſerer Begriffe und Urtheile im Bewußtſein ankündigt und Anſpruch macht, a priori und ohne alle Ausnahme zu gelten, wirklich nur durch Induction aus der Erfahrung erzeugt würde, ſo muß der Dogmatiker (welcher ſelbſt nicht in Abrede ſein kann, daß eine noch ſo viel befaſſende Induction doch nie zu einer abſoluten Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit der Begriffe und Urtheile führen könne) auch zugeſtehen, daß ſie eine bloße Täuſchung ſei, welche das, was in vielen Fällen gegolten hat, durch eine willkürliche Steigerung für das nimmt, was in allen Fällen gelten muß. Da nun die Philoſophie (wie der Dogmatiker ſelbſt zugiebt) für die abſolute Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſerer Begriffe und Urtheile durchaus keinen andern Beweis aufſtellen kann, und der einzige, den ſie aufſtellt, das nicht erweiſt, was er zu erweiſen hat, ſo iſt der Skepticismus unwiderleglich und die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens den Einwürfen deſſelben ohne Rettung Preis gegeben. Es iſt leicht einzuſehen, daß der Skepticismus aus eben dieſem Grunde alle Verſuche dieſer Art unbefriedigend finden mußte, und dem Dogmatismus auf allen Stufen, zu denen er ſich erhoben hatte, evident nachweiſen konnte, daß das Problem noch nicht gelöſt ſei. Dieſes ſtetige Mißlingen aller verſuchten Beweiſe diente dem Skepticismus ſelbſt zum neuen Beweis für ſeine Behauptung, indem er, wenigſtens mit eben ſo viel Recht als der Dogmatiker durch Induction abſolute Allgemeinheit beweiſen wollte, durch eine gleiche Induction aus allen jenen fruchtloſen Verſuchen die Unmöglichkeit einer befriedigenden Auflöſung des Problems beweiſen konnte. Daß man demungeachtet ſo lange dabei beharrte, die Auflöſung noch immer auf demſelben Wege zu ſuchen, läßt ſich blos daraus erklären, daß der Skepticismus ſelbſt die Unmöglichkeit eines ſolchen Beweiſes nicht evident dargethan, ſondern mehr nur aus dem bisherigen Mißlingen gefolgert hatte, mithin noch immer die ungegründete Hoffnung übrig blieb, durch einen neuen Verſuch derſelben Art glücklicher zu ſein. Iſt es aber, wie der Skepticismus in neuern Zeiten einleuchtend genug bewieſen hat, in der That unmöglich, den geſuchten Beweis auf dieſem Wege zu finden, ſo muß entweder der Beweis noch auf einem andern Wege möglich ſein, oder man muß die Behauptung des Skepticismus anerkennen und geſtehn, daß die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers geſammten Wiſſens problematiſch ſei.

Die zweite oben genannte Hauptart, die Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſrer Begriffe und Urtheile unmittelbar zu erweiſen, verſpricht einen ſolchen Beweis, indem ſie unternimmt zu zeigen, daß die abſolute Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit in unſern Begriffen und Urtheilen in den nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects ſelbſt gegründet ſei. Wenn nämlich von einem Urtheil gezeigt werden könnte, daß das Subject als Subject ſeiner Natur nach nicht anders urtheilen könne, ſo würde allerdings die abſolute Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit deſſelben unmittelbar bewieſen ſein. Der Grund, warum ich ein Urtheil, das ſich als abſolut allgemein und nothwendig in meinem Bewußtſein ankündigt, nicht mit apodiktiſcher Gewißheit unmittelbar für allgemein und nothwendig annehmen kann, liegt blos darin, weil ich nicht gewiß ſein kann, ob nicht mein Urtheil bloß durch eine ſubjective Anſicht des Gegenſtandes beſtimmt und in einer blos zufälligen Beſchaffenheit meines Subjects gegründet ſei; weswegen ich ein ſolches Urtheil, des unmittelbaren Bewußtſeins ſeiner Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unerachtet, doch nicht zum Voraus unbedingt jedem andern Subjecte anſinnen kann. Dagegen könnte ich von der abſoluten Nothwendigkeit und Allgemeinheit eines ſolchen Urtheils vollkommen gewiß ſein, wenn ſich zeigen ließe, daß es in den nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects, ohne welche ein Subject nicht Subject ſein könnte, gegründet ſei; in welchem Fall ich auch ein ſolches Urtheil, deſſen ich mir als nothwendig und allgemein unmittelbar bewußt bin, bei jedem andern Subjecte mit apodiktiſcher Gewißheit als nothwendig und allgemein vorausſetzen könnte. Wenn es alſo möglich wäre, von den ſämmtlichen Begriffen und Urtheilen, welche ſich als abſolut allgemein und nothwendig in unſerm Bewußtſein unmittelbar ankündigen, zu zeigen, daß ſie in den nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects überhaupt gegründet die urſprünglichen Geſetze des menſchlichen Geiſtes ſelbſt ſeien: ſo würden wir den Beweis ihrer abſoluten Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit befriedigend geführt und eben dadurch die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens gegen die Einwürfe des Skepticismus auf immer gerettet haben.

Auf dieſe Art wäre es alſo allerdings möglich, die abſolute Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſerer Urtheile und Begriffe befriedigend zu erweiſen. Aber es fragt ſich, iſt ein ſolcher Beweis ſelbſt möglich? Da die Philoſophie dieſe Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit aus den nothwendigen Bedingungen oder aus der urſprünglichen Beſchaffenheit des Subjects ſelbſt ableiten ſoll, ſo ſetzt dies voraus, daß ſie von dieſer urſprünglichen Beſchaffenheit deſſelben eine beſtimmte Einſicht habe. Da ſie aber zu dieſer Einſicht nicht unmittelbar, ſondern nur durch einen Schluß aus dem, was uns von dem Subject mittelbar bekannt iſt, gelangen kann; ſo muß vor allen Dingen dieſer Schluß vollſtändig gerechtfertigt ſein, durch den ſie ſich zu jener Einſicht in die urſprüngliche Beſchaffenheit des Subjects überhaupt erhebt, welche ſie als das Fundament aller ihrer Beweiſe gebraucht.

Das Bekannte in der Erfahrung, von welchem die Philoſophie ausgeht, um auf das Unbekannte, was ſie in dem Subjecte als vor aller Erfahrung vorhanden vorausſetzt, zu ſchließen, iſt nicht eine einzelne Wahrnehmung, ſondern das allgemeinſte Datum, das uns von dem Subjecte bekannt iſt: daß überhaupt Erfahrung iſt. Dieſes allgemeine Hauptfactum ſetzt die Philoſophie voraus, und ſtellt alſo die oberſte Frage, die ſie aufzulöſen hat, ſo auf: Wie iſt Erfahrung möglich? oder, was muß in dem Subjecte nothwendig vorausgeſetzt werden, wenn demſelben Erfahrung (eine Succeſſion von Vorſtellungen, die ſich zu Einem Bewußtſein vereinigen) möglich ſein ſoll? Die Philoſophie kann alſo nicht a priori anfangen, und von einem a priori unmittelbar gewiſſen Satze, als etwas an ſich Unbedingtem, in der Reihe der Bedingungen ſogleich ſynthetiſch abwärts gehen, um allem, was ſie an dieſe Reihe anknüpfen kann, die gleiche unbedingte Gewißheit zu geben; ſondern ſie muß ſelbſt erſt von etwas Bedingtem in der Reihe der Bedingungen ſynthetiſch aufwärts gehen, um die nothwendigen Bedingungen zu finden, von welchem aus ſie alsdann erſt zu einem Syſteme abwärts fortſchreiten kann, das Allgemeingültigkeit hat. Es kömmt alſo darauf an, ob die Philoſophie auf dieſer Seite des Weges, den ſie zu gehen hat, um zur Einſicht deſſen, was a priori iſt (das heißt der nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects, oder der urſprünglichen Geſetze des menſchlichen Geiſtes), zu gelangen, völlig allgemeingültig verfährt. Die Kritik der Vernunft hat dieſes oberſte Problem der Philoſophie, die urſprünglichen Geſetze des menſchlichen Geiſtes aufzuſtellen, durch einen Schluß von dem allgemeinen Hauptfactum, daß Erfahrung iſt, als dem Bedingten, zu dem, was als nothwendige Bedingung deſſelben in dem Subject vorausgeſetzt werden muß (das heißt, was a priori iſt), gelöſt. Die Gültigkeit dieſes Schluſſes hängt davon ab, daß ſowohl das Bedingte, welches dem Schluſſe zu Grunde liegt, als auch die Folgerung ſelbſt allgemeingültig ſeien. In Rückſicht des Bedingten nun, von welchem die Kritik ausgegangen iſt, um das, was a priori iſt, aufzuſuchen, iſt die Gewißheit keinem Zweifel unterworfen. Die Thatſache „Erfahrung iſt", welche die Grundlage der ganzen Kritik ausmacht, iſt uns in jedem Moment des Bewußtſeins gegenwärtig und kann alſo nicht wohl von jemand geläugnet werden. Als Thatſache iſt ſie eines weitern Beweiſes nicht fähig, aber, als eine alles Bewußtſein begleitende Thatſache, deſſen auch nicht bedürftig. Der Skepticismus, der jeden Satz, von dem die Philoſophie ausgehen mag, in Anſpruch nimmt und Beweis dafür fordert, hat hier, wo eigentlich kein Satz, ſondern ein unmittelbares Factum zu Grunde gelegt wird, — ſobald er ſich nur ſelbſt verſteht, — keine Einſprache zu thun. Von einer Thatſache kann man weiter keinen Beweis fordern, als den des unmittelbaren Bewußtſeins; es iſt ſogar widerſprechend, für etwas Hiſtoriſches einen philoſophiſchen Beweis zu verlangen; ein Factum kann man zwar im Bewußtſein nachweiſen, aber ein philoſophiſcher Beweis kann weder die Wirklichkeit noch die Nothwendigkeit deſſelben verbürgen. Hier bleibt dem Skepticismus keine Einwendung übrig; was ſich nicht philoſophiſch beweiſen läßt, das läßt ſich auch nicht philoſophiſch bezweifeln, und der Skeptiker, der jenes Factum in Anſpruch nehmen wollte, kann weiter nichts thun, als es geradezu abläugnen, und iſt folglich, wenigſtens in Rückſicht auf dieſes Fundament der Philoſophie, kein gefährlicher Gegner mehr. So iſt die jedem Moment des Bewußtſeins unmittelbar gegenwärtige Thatſache „daß Erfahrung iſt", allerdings eine feſte Grundlage, von welcher aus die Philoſophie ſichern Schrittes in der Reihe der Bedingungen aufwärts gehen kann. Mehrere von den neuern Vertheidigern der Kritik glaubten, um die Philoſophie zur vollendeten Gewißheit zu erheben, müßte man von einem höhern Standort aus beweiſen, was die Kritik ohne Beweis vorausgeſetzt habe: „daß Erfahrung iſt“. Sie ahnten alſo nicht, daß gerade dieſe Thatſache der einzige Standort iſt, den die Philoſophie finden kann; und indem ſie ſich zu einem ſogenannten höhern Standort erheben wollten, fielen ſie in die alten Untiefen zurück, wo ewige Zweifel des Skepticismus von allen Seiten den Boden unſicher machen. Von dieſer Seite kann die Kritik ihrer Hülfe ganz entbehren, und wenn ſie wirklich von jenem Factum aus, als dem Bedingten das ihr unmittelbar gegeben iſt, zu den nothwendigen Bedingungen deſſelben bündig fortgeſchloſſen hat: ſo kann ſie das, was ſie gefunden hat, als Bedingungen, die a priori ausgemacht ſind, gleichſam als den oberſten Ring betrachten, der für ſich hinreichend befeſtiget iſt und an welchen ſie die ganze Reihe ihrer Folgerungen mit Zuverläſſigkeit anknüpfen kann.

Aber die eigentliche Schwierigkeit, welche hier zu löſen iſt, betrifft eben dieſe zweite Frage: iſt von dem Factum richtig geſchloſſen? ſind die Bedingungen, welche die Kritik, um das Factum zu erklären, als nothwendig in dem Subjecte vorausſetzt, wirklich die nothwendigen und einzigen Bedingungen jenes Factums? iſt Erfahrung nur auf dieſe Art einzig möglich? Das, was die Philoſophie als in dem Subjecte a priori vorhanden aufſtellt, kann nur dann als allgemeingültig angeſehen werden, wenn die Erklärung jenes Factums, als des Bedingten, von welchem aus ſie ſchließt, nur auf die einzige Art möglich iſt. Es iſt bekannt, auf welche Art die Kritik das Problem aufgelöſt hat. Daß dieſe Auflöſung wenigſtens nicht allgemeingeltend angenommen worden iſt, beweiſen vorzüglich die Einwürfe der neuern Skeptiker. Aber dieſe Einwürfe treffen nicht ſowohl die Gültigkeit des Factums, das die Kritik zu Grunde legt, als vielmehr die Gültigkeit der Folgerung, welche ſie daraus zieht. Von einem gegebenen Bedingten, ſagen ſie: nicht blos eine Bedingung überhaupt, ſondern eine beſtimmte Bedingung zu ſetzen, iſt eine Syntheſis, welche nicht darauf Anſpruch machen kann, für ſich als ausgemacht zu gelten, ſondern Beweis verlangt; und dieſer Haupteinwurf, welcher die Grundlage aller übrigen Zweifel der Skeptiker iſt, kann allerdings nicht ſo ſchlechthin abgewieſen werden. Von dieſer Seite alſo fordert die Kritik den Schutz ihrer Vertheidiger, und ſo lange die Gültigkeit ihres Verfahrens nicht gegen dieſen Einwurf gerechtfertigt werden kann, ſo lange haben auch ihre Reſultate blos hypothetiſche Gültigkeit, und die urſprünglichen Geſetze des menſchlichen Geiſtes, welche ſie als die einzige und nothwendige Bedingung der Möglichkeit einer Erfahrung überhaupt aufſtellt, und welche das, was a priori iſt, ausmachen ſollen, von welchem allein alle Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit in unſern Begriffen und Urtheilen bündig abgeleitet werden könne, ſind ſelbſt noch problematiſch. Es kömmt alſo alles darauf an, das Setzen der beſtimmten Bedingung a priori zu einem a poſteriori gegebenen Bedingten, als allgemeingültig zu erweiſen. Was in dieſer Rückſicht, theils die Vertheidiger der kritiſchen Philoſophie bis jetzt geleiſtet haben theils überhaupt ſich leiſten laſſe, dies ausführlicher zu zeigen, überſchreitet die Grenzen der gegenwärtigen Unterſuchung, welche nur die Möglichkeit der Hauptbeweisarten vorzulegen hat; es mag alſo hier hinreichend ſein, die Hauptſchwierigkeit, worauf es bei dieſer Beweisart ankömmt, beſtimmt angegeben zu haben.

Vorausgeſetzt alſo, daß dieſe Beweisart für die Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſrer Urtheile und Begriffe, welche die Kritik zuerſt verſucht hat, ſelbſt allgemeingültig geführt werden könne: ſo würde durch ſie die Allgemeingültigkeit der Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes erwieſen, inwiefern von ihnen gezeigt würde, daß ſie in den nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects überhaupt unmittelbar gegründet, alſo, als in allen Subjecten nothwendig vorhanden, Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes im eigentlichſten Sinne des Wortes ſeien. Allerdings würden in dieſem Falle von den Urtheilen, die ſich als nothwendig und allgemein im Bewußtſein ankündigen, nur diejenigen für Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes gelten, die entweder unmittelbar oder durch eine bündige Ableitung mittelbar, als in den nothwendigen Bedingungen deſſelben überhaupt gegründet, erkannt würden. Dieſe würden alsdann, als eine eigne höhere Klaſſe, den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes in der gewöhnlichen Bedeutung des Wortes, — inwiefern man darunter überhaupt Urtheile verſteht, deren Gültigkeit blos auf das Gefühl ihrer Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit angenommen wird, — entgegengeſetzt, und die Stimme eines ſolchen Ausſpruchs aus der letztern allgemeine Klaſſe würde ſo lange kein Anſehen haben, bis deſſen Rang in der höhern Klaſſe durch jene Deduction beglaubigt wäre.

Allein, von Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes in dieſer höhern Bedeutung des Wortes kann hier nicht die Rede ſein; weil dieſe allerdings ſchon Philoſophie vorausſetzen, und, durch Philoſophie ſelbſt aufgeſtellt, Anſprüche gegen die Philoſophie gar nicht haben können. Sondern, unter Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes, von deren Anſprüchen an die Philoſophie wir reden, verſtehen wir allerdings jene allgemeine Klaſſe von Urtheilen, die ſich unmittelbar als nothwendig und allgemein durch ein bloßes Gefühl im Bewußtſein ankündigen. Von dieſen alſo behaupten wir, daß auf ſie die Philoſophie Rückſicht nehmen, und ihr Anſehen reſpectiren müſſe. Wir ſtellen alſo die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes überhaupt, inwieferne wir ſie blos als Urtheile kennen, die ſich mit einem Gefühl ihrer Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit im Bewußtſein ankündigen, als ein gültiges Kriterium für die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens auf, und räumen ihnen den Anſpruch ein, daß die Philoſophie mit ihren Reſultaten ihnen nicht widerſprechen dürfe. Da ſchon zugeſtanden iſt, daß das unmittelbare Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit ſolcher Urtheile kein zuverläſſiger Bürge für die Gültigkeit derſelben ſei, ſo fragt ſich alſo: worauf ſoll ſich der Anſpruch gründen, den wir ihnen einräumen?

Es kömmt hier, wie wir ſchon oben geſagt haben, darauf an, dieſe Gültigkeit derſelben unmittelbar zu erweiſen. So lange man die Gültigkeit unſrer Urtheile überhaupt nur dadurch erweiſen zu können glaubte, daß man ſie, die von den Objecten durch wiederholte Wahrnehmung abgeleitet ſein ſollten, als mit den Objecten wirklich übereinſtimmend zeigte: ſo lange konnte das blos ſubjective Gefühl ihrer Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit allerdings kein Bürge ihrer Gültigkeit ſein. Da dieſes Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit nichts anders ſein konnte als ein dunkles Bewußtſein deſſen, was der menſchliche Geiſt aus ſeinen Wahrnehmungen durch Abſtraction — ohne ſich dieſer Handlung durch eine eigne Reflexion bewußt zu ſein (welches Letztere daraus erhellet, daß jene allgemeinen und nothwendigen Begriffe und Urtheile ſich nie als gemacht und willkürlich, ſondern immer als gegeben und unwillkürlich ankündigen) — nach und nach erzeugt hatte: ſo konnte auf dieſes Gefühl nicht nur für ſich, inwiefern es als undeutliches Bewußtſein leicht täuſchen kann, ſondern auch in Rückſicht auf jenes Reſultat ſelbſt, mit keiner Sicherheit gerechnet werden. Da dieſe Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſrer Begriffe und Urtheile durch Abſtraction, alſo durch einen freien Gebrauch eines Vermögens im menſchlichen Geiſte, und zwar noch überdies ohne deutliches Bewußtſein dieſes Akts der Selbſtthätigkeit, erzeugt ſein ſollte: ſo war immer die Frage, da jeder freie Gebrauch eines Vermögens im Menſchen einem möglichen Irrthum unterworfen bleibt, ob nicht auch bei dieſer Abſtraction ein Irrthum vorgegangen ſei; und, da dieſe Abſtraction als eine Handlung der Selbſtthätigkeit angenommen wurde, die das Subject ſich ſelbſt unbewußt vorgenommen habe, ſo war man um ſo mehr berechtigt, dieſe Frage aufzuwerfen, woferne man nicht behaupten wollte, daß der Menſch durch eine Handlung der Selbſtthätigkeit, die er, ohne ſich derſelben deutlich bewußt zu ſein, vornimmt, zu einem richtigern Reſultat gelange, als wo er ſich der Handlung ſelbſt durch Reflexion deutlich bewußt iſt. So lange alſo, als dem Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſrer Urtheile keine andre als dieſe Bedeutung zugeſchrieben wurde, ſo lange konnte man auch den Urtheilen, die ſich auf ein ſolches Gefühl gründeten, nicht mehr Gültigkeit einräumen, als denjenigen, welche die Philoſophie durch eine mit deutlichem Bewußtſein ihrer Handlung vorgenommene Abſtraction gefunden hatte. Allein, ganz anders verhält es ſich, wenn der Grund aller ſtrengen Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſrer Urtheile in den urſprünglichen Geſetzen des menſchlichen Geiſtes ſelbſt zu ſuchen iſt. Dieſe Geſetze ſind nicht erſt durch eine Handlung des Geiſtes, bei der ein Irrthum möglich wäre, erzeugt, ſondern a priori im Subjecte vorhanden, folglich für ſich ſelbſt abſolut gültig und der Grund aller Gültigkeit unſrer Urtheile; denn was die Philoſophie a priori deducirt (das heißt als in den nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects oder den urſprünglichen Geſetzen des menſchlichen Geiſtes unmittelbar gegründet zeigt), iſt nicht darum einem möglichen Zweifel unterworfen, weil das, was a priori iſt (die urſprünglichen Geſetze des menſchlichen Geiſtes), an ſich ungewiß wäre, ſondern — wie oben gezeigt worden iſt — nur darum, weil es ungewiß iſt, ob das, was die Philoſophie als die nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects aufſtellt, wirklich die urſprünglichen Geſetze des menſchlichen Geiſtes ſeien. Das Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit eines Urtheils iſt alſo hier wenigſtens nur von einer Seite einem möglichen Irrthum ausgeſetzt, inwiefern nämlich auch etwas, das nicht in den nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects gegründet iſt, ſich als nothwendig und allgemein in dem Bewußtſein ankündigen kann. Inwieferne aber jenes Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſrer Urtheile nichts Anderes iſt, als das unmittelbare Bewußtſein jener urſprünglichen Geſetze des Subjects, inſoferne kömmt ihm eine völlig unzweifelhafte Gültigkeit zu. Die unmittelbare Ankündigung im Bewußtſein ſelbſt giebt in dieſem Falle, wo das, was angekündigt wird, für ſich gültig iſt, allerdings den Urtheilen eine größere Sicherheit, und einen Anſpruch, im Fall eines Widerſtreites mit den Reſultaten, welche die Philoſophie durch freie Reflexion aufſtellt, die oberſte Stimme zu behaupten;

indem das unmittelbare Bewußtſein jener urſprünglichen Geſetze nicht von einer Reflexion abhängt, ſondern unwillkürlich iſt, und folglich — weil Irrthum nur bei einem freien Gebrauche der Selbſtthätigkeit ſtattfindet — keinem Irrthum unterworfen iſt. Bei einem ſolchen unmittelbaren Bewußtſein der urſprünglichen Geſetze des menſchlichen Geiſtes iſt es das ganze Bewußtſein, welches handelt, während bei dem freien willkürlichen Auffaſſen derſelben, welches durch die Philoſophie geſchieht, nur ein Theil des Bewußtſeins beſchäftigt iſt; in dem letztern Falle iſt es alſo weit leichter möglich, daß ſie einſeitig oder unvollſtändig aufgefaßt werden, als im erſtern. Darauf gründet ſich nun der Anſpruch, der dem gemeinen Verſtande eingeräumt werden ſoll, ſeine Stimme im Fall einer Colliſion mit der Philoſophie als die höhere anzuerkennen. Dieſen Anſpruch deutlich einzuſehen, iſt nur dadurch möglich geworden, daß die Philoſophie endlich dieſe zweite Beweisart der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit unſerer Urtheile, von der wir bisher geſprochen haben, verſucht hat; und die Philoſophie hat alſo, indem ſie jenen Beweis auf einem andern Wege unternommen hat, zugleich die Data geliefert, aus welcher ſich die Abhängigkeit ihrer eignen Ausſprüche von den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes einleuchtend folgern läßt, und welche demnach zu der Behauptung berechtigen, daß die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes als das oberſte Kriterium aller Wahrheit und Gewißheit unſers Wiſſens anzuſehen ſeien.

Aber dieſes Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit, worauf ſich die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes gründen, iſt doch oft ſelbſt trüglich; es giebt ſolche Urtheile und Begriffe, die ſich eben ſo als allgemein und nothwendig im Bewußtſein ankündigen und von welchen ſich gleichwohl zeigen läßt, daß ſie blos einen zufälligen Grund haben. Zum Beweis können uns hier ſo manche aus den erſten Keimen unſrer Erziehung entſprungene Vorurtheile dienen. Wer, frühzeitig in gewiſſe poſitive Verhältniſſe des bürgerlichen Lebens eingeengt, ſich an gewiſſe Begriffe von Schicklichem und Unſchicklichem nach dem Conventionston gewöhnt hat; oder wer frühzeitig in den Lehren einer poſitiven Religion unterrichtet, mit gewiſſen Geheimniſſen oder auch nur mit gewiſſen unverſtändlichen myſteriöſen Worten Gefühle verbinden gelernt hat, die er, durch ihren künſtlichen Zuſammenhang mit urſprünglichen Gefühlen der reinen Religion getäuſcht, mit dieſen vermiſcht hat: bei dem kündigen ſich ſolche unrichtige Urtheile mit eben dem Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit an, als diejenigen, die in den nothwendigen Bedingungen des Subjects überhaupt gegründet ſind. Da nun dieſes Gefühl bald richtig bald unrichtig iſt, und nach demſelben ein bloßes Vorurtheil bei uns dieſelbe Gewißheit haben kann, die ein richtiges Urtheil des gemeinen Verſtandes hat; ſo laufen in den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes (wenn jenes Gefühl als das allgemeine Kennzeichen derſelben angegeben wird) Urtheile und Vorurtheile unter einander, und wir müſſen auch die letztern für richtige Urtheile gelten laſſen, wenn wir jenen Ausſprüchen überhaupt Allgemeingültigkeit zuerkennen. Wenn alſo nicht die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers geſammten Wiſſens zweifelhaft ſein ſoll, ſo muß es doch noch ein anderes Kriterium geben, wornach ſich jenes Gefühl als richtig vom unrichtigen, das wahre Urtheil vom Vorurtheil unterſcheiden laſſe. Wie dieſes Kriterium zu finden ſei, zeigt ſich aus den Urtheilen ſelbſt, denen ein ſolches unrichtiges Gefühl zu Grunde liegt. Die unmittelbare Gewißheit, die wir dergleichen Vorurtheilen zuerkennen, beruht blos auf der Täuſchung, daß wir ein erkünſteltes Gefühl mit einem urſprünglichen verwechſeln. Das Entſtehen jener unrichtigen Begriffe fällt entweder in die Zeiten, da wir noch nicht zur Reflexion über uns ſelbſt erwacht ſind, oder ſie entſtehen wenigſtens, ohne daß wir uns der Erzeugung derſelben bewußt werden. Mit einem Wort, wir finden ſie in uns, nachdem wir anfangen über uns zu reflectiren, und da wir uns ihres Entſtehens ſchlechterdings nicht bewußt ſind, ſo betrachten wir ſie als wirklich nicht entſtanden, ſondern als in unſerm Gemüthe urſprünglich vorhanden; und da alles in unſerm Gemüthe Vorhandene nicht blos mit unſrer individuellen, ſondern mit der menſchlichen Natur überhaupt aufs innigſte verwebt gedacht wird, ſo werden dieſe durch frühe Gewohnheit in uns erzeugten Gefühle für urſprünglich gehalten und den darauf gegründeten Urtheilen (welches die einzigen Vorurtheile im eigentlichen Sinn des Wortes ſind) eben ſo wie den auf urſprüngliche Geſetze unſers Geiſtes ſelbſt gegründeten Urtheilen ſtrenge Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit zuerkannt. Der Schein der Gewißheit, den ein ſolches Vorurtheil hat, verſchwindet in dem Augenblick, da der wirkliche Urſprung deſſelben in der Erfahrung nachgewieſen werden kann. Aber auch nicht eher kann man einen Menſchen von einem ſolchen Vorurtheil zurückbringen, als bis man über das Gefühl, das den Begriff oder das Urtheil als allgemein und nothwendig vorſtellt, hinausgeht, ihm die eigentliche Quelle deſſelben entweder in willkürlichen poſitiven Einrichtungen, oder in Reſultaten einer unrichtigen Philoſophie, die in den Volksglauben übergegangen ſind, oder in andern zufälligen Umſtänden aufdeckt, und ihn dadurch überzeugt, daß es keineswegs auf eine urſprüngliche Anlage in ihm gegründet, ſondern durch Gewöhnung, ihm ſelbſt unbewußt, entſtanden ſei. Ehe man ihn nicht auf dieſen Standpunkt bringen kann, wo es ihm alsdann möglich iſt, gegen jene alte Gewohnheit ſelbſt ſein richtigeres Gefühl geltend zu machen, einzuſehen, daß die Meinung, der Gebrauch, die Sitte, oder was ſonſt es iſt, das er durch frühe Gewohnung in ſich aufgenommen habe, ſelbſt auf einem unrichtigen Räſonnement beruhe, und den Fehler des räſonnirenden Verſtandes in jener erſten Quelle zu vertilgen: ſo lange iſt es unmöglich, ſein Vorurtheil vom Grunde aus zu heben; denn, wenn er auch zugeben muß, daß die Gründe, die er zur Vertheidigung deſſelben vorgebracht hat, völlig unhaltbar ſeien, daß er alſo nicht bewieſen habe, was er beweiſen ſollte, ſo bleibt er nichts deſto weniger dabei, daß das Urtheil dennoch wahr ſei, daß es ihm nur nicht gelungen ſei, die eigentlich wahren Gründe dafür aufzufinden, und ſeine Ueberzeugung, die er auf jenes Gefühl der Nothwendigkeit und Allgemeinheit des Urtheils gebaut hat, iſt unwandelbar. Der Grund, worauf die Ueberzeugung von einem ſolchen Vorurtheil beruht, liegt alſo eben darin, daß die empiriſchen Merkmale deſſelben mit denen eines wahren Urtheils a priori völlig übereinſtimmen, daß wir uns deſſen als eines gegebenen in dem Gemüthe unwillkürlich vorhandenen Urtheils oder Begriffes bewußt werden. Dieſe Uebereinſtimmung ſelbſt aber hat ihren Grund lediglich in der Aehnlichkeit, daß die Vorurtheile, eben darum weil wir uns ihres Entſtehens nicht bewußt werden, nicht entſtanden, ſondern als urſprünglich in dem Gemüthe vorhanden zu ſein den Anſchein haben. Die wahren Urtheile und Begriffe a priori von den bloßen Vorurtheilen zu unterſcheiden, iſt mithin nur dadurch möglich, wenn man den Schein jener Aehnlichkeit auflöſen, und dadurch die Täuſchung vermeiden kann. Das einzige Kriterium, die Wahrheit eines Urtheils zu prüfen, beſteht demnach darin, daß man angeben könne, ob es in der urſprünglichen Beſchaffenheit des Subjects ſeinen Grund habe, oder nicht.

Da dies nun aber nicht anders geſchehen kann, als durch Philoſophie, ſo zeigt ſich zuletzt doch, daß wir ohne Philoſophie nicht zur völligen Gewißheit von der Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens gelangen, mithin die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes nicht als das einzige Kriterium aller Wahrheit gelten laſſen können. Der Anſpruch, den der gemeine Verſtand an die Philoſophie zu machen hat, als oberſtes Kriterium aller Wahrheit und Gewißheit unſeres Wiſſens zu gelten, muß alſo noch näher beſtimmt werden. Die unmittelbare Gewißheit, welche die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes für ſich haben, beſteht zwar auch ohne alle Beweiſe der Philoſophie; ein Urtheil, deſſen wir uns als allgemein und nothwendig unmittelbar bewußt ſind, wird deshalb nicht für grundlos angeſehen, wenn die Philoſophie noch keinen Beweis dafür aufgeſtellt hat, oder auch alle Verſuche, daſſelbe zu beweiſen, mißlungen wären. Inwiefern alſo die Einwürfe des Skepticismus nur die Beweiſe der Philoſophie betreffen und die Unzulänglichkeit derſelben aufdecken, inſofern iſt die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens durch ſie gar nicht gefährdet; der gemeine Verſtand behauptet ſeine Ausſprüche unveränderlich und erwartet, eben darum weil er von der Gültigkeit derſelben unmittelbar gewiß iſt, daß auch die Philoſophie den wahren Grund dieſer Gewißheit mit der Zeit noch entdecken werde. Ueberhaupt iſt das eigentliche Fundament unſerer Ueberzeugung von der Gültigkeit eines Urtheils jenes Gefühl (unmittelbare Bewußtſein) der Nothwendigkeit und Allgemeinheit deſſelben; ſo daß wir ſelbſt dann, wenn die Philoſophie auch die Gültigkeit eines Urtheils beweiſt, unſre Ueberzeugung von dieſer Gültigkeit doch nicht auf jenen Beweis gründen, ſondern dieſen Beweis nur als eine Beglaubigung anſehen, jenem Gefühl um ſo zuverſichtlicher trauen zu können. Allein, demungeachtet iſt uns die Philoſophie zur vollſtändigen Gewißheit von der Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens deshalb unentbehrlich, weil wir bei keinem einzigen Urtheile ſicher ſind, daß das Gefühl der Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit deſſelben, worauf wir die Ueberzeugung von deſſen Gültigkeit bauen, nicht eine bloße Täuſchung ſei. Dieſe Beglaubigung des Gefühls muß alſo nothwendig geſchehen; es muß durch die Philoſophie gezeigt werden, daß die Urtheile wirklich a priori in den Geſetzen des menſchlichen Geiſtes gegründet ſeien; und ſo lange die Philoſophie dies nicht leiſten kann, ſo lange bleibt auch die Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens problematiſch. Mithin wird man allerdings von den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes wieder an die Philoſophie verwieſen, und muß geſtehen, daß nur dann, wenn die Philoſophie ihre Beweiſe allgemeingültig und vollſtändig führen kann, die völlige Ueberzeugung von der Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens ſtattfinde. Der gemeine Verſtand kann demnach nicht Anſpruch machen, als einziges Kriterium der Wahrheit poſitiv zu gelten; vielmehr bedürfen ſeine Ausſprüche die Beſtätigung der Philoſophie, welche alſo ſelbſt das poſitive Kriterium iſt, von dem die Entſcheidung über Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens abhängt. Dagegen aber hat der gemeine Verſtand als negatives Kriterium gleichwohl die oberſte Stimme, und muß als ſolches von der Philoſophie reſpectirt werden. Seine Ausſprüche, durch welche ſich die in dem Bewußtſein urſprünglich vorhandenen Geſetze unmittelbar ankündigen, haben Anſpruch auf die höchſte Gültigkeit. Das Gefühl der abſoluten Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit derſelben, durch welches ſich die in den urſprünglichen Anlagen des menſchlichen Geiſtes vorhandenen Grundſätze und Grundbegriffe rein und unentſtellt ankündigen, kann durch keine Philoſophie aufgehoben werden; ihm darf auch keine widerſprechen. Die ſchwere Aufgabe, welche die Philoſophie zu löſen hat, beſteht darin, die verſchiedenen entgegengeſetzten Arten des Bewußtſeins in Einem Syſtem des Wiſſens zu vereinigen, und ſie zu erklären, ohne die eine der andern aufzuopfern oder, was eben ſoviel wäre, die Einheit des Subjects aufzuheben. Eine Philoſophie, die das Gefühl unſrer Abhängigkeit z. B. nur dadurch conſequent zu erklären weiß, daß ſie alles der allgemeinen Nothwendigkeit der Naturgeſetze unterwirft und unſre Freiheit, welche ſich durch ein nicht weniger lebendiges Gefühl im Bewußtſein ankündigt, als jenem allgemeinen Geſetze widerſprechend für eine bloße Chimäre erklärt und dem gemeinen Verſtande vorſchreibt, ſich dieſer falſchen Vorſtellung gänzlich zu entſchlagen; oder auch umgekehrt, eine Philoſophie, die das Bewußtſein unſerer Unabhängigkeit nur dadurch begreiflich zu machen und ohne Widerſpruch zu denken vermag, daß ſie das in jedem Moment des Bewußtſeins uns ſo unwiderſtehlich aufgedrungene Gefühl unſrer Abhängigkeit für bloße Täuſchung erklärt, indem ſie eine abſolute Selbſtthätigkeit, in welcher und durch welche alles, was iſt, beſteht, uns zuſchreibt, und verlangt, daß wir uns gewöhnen ſollen, alles, was uns als gegeben von uns unabhängig und unwillkürlich in allen Sphären des Bewußtſeins vorkommt, uns als durch unſre Selbſtthätigkeit hervorgebracht von uns abhängig und willkürlich vorzuſtellen: eine dieſer Philoſophien ſo wenig als die andere hat die eigentliche Aufgabe der Philoſophie gelöſt; durch keine von beiden iſt das Intereſſe der Speculation befriedigt, und es iſt ſelbſt nur eine Täuſchung, wenn der philoſophirende Verſtand ſich bei einer ſolchen bloß ſcheinbaren Einheit des Wiſſens beruhigt. — Sollten wir auch wirklich nur dadurch in der Wahrheit beſtehen können, daß wir durch eine anhaltende Anſtrengung der Reflexion uns beſtändig das Gegentheil von dem vorſtellen, was in unſerer Vorſtellung unmittelbar liegt? — Eine Philoſophie, welche das Intereſſe der ſpeculativen Vernunft befriedigen und das aufgegebene Problem wirklich löſen ſoll, muß alſo die entgegengeſetzten Arten des Bewußtſeins vereinigen, ohne der einen um der andern willen Gewalt anzuthun. Es ſteht folglich als Reſultat der bisherigen Unterſuchung feſt: Was ſich in allen Sphären des Bewußtſeins als abſolut allgemein und nothwendig ankündigt, dem darf die Philoſophie nicht widerſprechen, wenn ſie ſelbſt als gültig anerkannt werden ſoll.

Auf dieſe Art laſſen ſich die Anſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes an die Philoſophie negativ beſtimmen. Was die Philoſophie zu leiſten hat, um ſeinen Ausſprüchen Allgemeingültigkeit zu ſichern, das kann man zu den poſitiven Forderungen zählen, die er an die Philoſophie zu machen hat. Wiefern die Philoſophie dieſen Forderungen entſpreche, und wie viel ſie zu leiſten habe, um ihnen zu entſprechen, haben wir ſchon zum Theil oben erklärt. Wir haben nur noch Weniges über den mittelbaren Beweis für die Allgemeingültigkeit der Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes, den wir auch oben angeführt haben, hinzuzuſetzen.

Die Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes, welche ihre Allgemeingültigkeit für ſich nicht behaupten können, würden als allgemeingültig beſtätigt werden, wenn es ein Syſtem gäbe, welches, auf einen Satz gegründet, der abſolute Gewißheit hätte, unſer ſämmtliches Wiſſen umfaßte und demſelben auf dieſe Art Allgemeingültigkeit ſicherte. Der Inhalt eines ſolchen Syſtems würde abſolute Gewißheit für ſich haben, und was mit demſelben übereinſtimmte, müßte ebenfalls für gewiß erkannt werden. Wenn alſo die Philoſophie leiſten kann, was ſie zu leiſten verſpricht, wenn ſie wirklich eine ſolche Wiſſenſchaft iſt, die, von einem Satze ausgehend, der ſelbſt abſolute Gewißheit hat, das ganze menſchliche Wiſſen umfaßt und ihm durch einen bündigen durchgängigen Zuſammenhang mit jenem abſolut gewiſſen Satze, durchaus gleiche abſolute Gewißheit ertheilt, ſo hat ſie auf ihrem Wege, indem ſie für ihre eigne Vollendung arbeitet, zugleich mittelbar das geſuchte Kriterium aufgeſtellt, durch welches wir uns von der Allgemeingültigkeit der Ausſprüche des gemeinen Verſtandes überzeugen können, indem wir ſie mit jenen abſolut gewiſſen Ausſprüchen der Philoſophie vergleichen, und, je nachdem ſie damit übereinſtimmen oder nicht, ihre eigne Gültigkeit beſtimmen können. Es kommt alſo hier alles darauf an, wiefern die Philoſophie ihre eigne Gewißheit feſtſtellen kann; welches lediglich von dem Satze abhängt, auf den ſie Alles baut. — Ein Urtheil iſt bewieſen, wenn ich die Allgemeingültigkeit deſſelben, die man unmittelbar in Anſpruch genommen hat, mittelbar aus der Allgemeingültigkeit eines andern Urtheils ableite. Nach dieſer Methode verfährt man auch im gemeinen Leben beim Beweiſen ſeiner Sätze. Man beweiſt eine Behauptung, die jemand in Anſpruch genommen hat, wenn man ſie durch eine bündige Reihe von Schlüſſen mit einem Satze, den der Gegner gelten läßt und der alſo wenigſtens zwiſchen ihnen beiden als allgemeingültig anerkannt wird, in einer nothwendigen Verbindung zeigt; indem man entweder den zugeſtandenen Satz vorausſchickt und die in Anſpruch genommene Behauptung als in ihm enthalten nachweiſt, oder von dem Gegentheil des in Anſpruch genommenen Satzes durch eine Schlußreihe abwärts auf einen Satz führt, deſſen Gegentheil der Gegner ſelbſt einräumt; in welchem Falle er geſtehen muß, daß er ad absurdum geführt ſei. Ein ſolcher Beweis kann ſeiner Natur nach nicht weiter reichen, als die Gültigkeit des Satzes, der ihm zu Grunde liegt, und wenn ein ſolcher zum Beweiſe angenommener Satz als allgemeingültig nur vorausgeſetzt wird, ſo iſt die Gewißheit aller daraus abgeleiteten Sätze doch nur bittweiſe und alſo nur ſo lange geltend, als nicht er ſelbſt in Anſpruch genommen wird. Wenn alſo die Philoſophie als Wiſſenſchaft Allgemeingültigkeit unſers Wiſſens dadurch begründen will, daß ſie den geſammten Umfang deſſelben mit einem einzigen Satze verknüpft, der allen Theilen des ganzen Syſtems die gleiche Gewißheit mittheilen ſoll, ſo darf dieſer Satz, den ſie als Grundſatz aufſtellt, nicht ſelbſt blos poſtulirt werden, welches dem Syſtem nur eine bedingte Gewißheit gäbe, ſondern er muß abſolute Gewißheit haben, ſchlechthin und unbedingt gewiß ſein.

Es iſt allerdings nicht zu läugnen, wenn die Philoſophie, von einem ſolchen Satze ausgehend, alles menſchliche Wiſſen umfaßt und ein Syſtem bildet, worin alle Theile durch den Grundſatz zuſammenhängend gleiche Gewißheit und Nothwendigkeit haben, ſo kann 1) kein Satz in dem menſchlichen Wiſſen wahr ſein, der einem Satze dieſes Syſtems widerſpricht, und 2) ſind alle Sätze des menſchlichen Wiſſens nur darum und nur inſoferne wahr, als ſie Theile jenes Syſtems oder Folgen jenes Grundſatzes ſind. Wenn alſo auch ein Satz des Syſtems ſich zugleich einem Ausſpruch des gemeinen Verſtandes gemäß noch ſo ſehr als richtig ankündigte, ſo kann er doch nicht darum für richtig angenommen werden, weil er ſich mit einem ſolchen entſchiedenen Gefühl ſeiner Gültigkeit ankündigt (denn jenes Gefühl könnte auch eine bloße Täuſchung ſein), ſondern lediglich deshalb, weil er in dem Syſtem enthalten iſt, von dem alle Gewißheit allein ausgehen kann, und außer welchem nichts gewiß iſt, wo alles, mit dem Grundſatz (der in ſich gewiß iſt) zuſammenhängend, mit ihm gleiche Gewißheit hat, wo keine Täuſchung möglich iſt. Und umgekehrt, wenn ein Satz, der in dem Syſtem als Folgerung aus dem Grundſatze aufgeſtellt iſt, auch noch ſo ſehr dem gemeinen Verſtand widerſpräche allen natürlichen Gefühlen zuwider wäre, ſo benimmt dies ſeiner Gültigkeit nicht das Geringſte, und es wird dem Verſtande aufgegeben, dem Gefühl durch Reflexion die bisherige unrichtige Vorſtellung zu benehmen und ihm nach und nach die entgegengeſetzte richtige anzubringen. In dieſem Falle würde alſo den Ausſprüchen des gemeinen Verſtandes auch nicht einmal eine negative Stimme zugeſtanden.

Allein es fragt ſich erſt, ob es auch einen ſolchen ſchlechthin unbedingt gewiſſen Satz gebe, der als Grundſatz unſers geſammten Wiſſens aufgeſtellt werden könnte. Ein analytiſcher Satz (er mag nun entweder nur ein im Subject enthaltenes Merkmal, oder auch das ganze Subject als Prädicat ſetzen — ein identiſcher Satz ſein —) kann dazu nicht gebraucht werden. Er würde zwar allerdings die erforderliche Eigenſchaft der apodiktiſchen Gewißheit haben, aber es läßt ſich aus einem ſolchen Satze nichts weiter ableiten und am allerwenigſten irgend eine gemachte Syntheſis rechtfertigen, welches doch den Hauptpunkt ausmacht, um den es in der philoſophiſchen Erkenntniß gerade allein zu thun iſt. Ein ſynthetiſcher Satz aber kann auch nicht dazu gebraucht werden. Iſt es ein ſynthetiſcher Satz a posteriori, ſo hat er keine Allgemeinheit und Nothwendigkeit. Ein ſynthetiſcher Satz a priori würde zwar dieſe Eigenſchaften haben; allein da die Philoſophie ſelbſt, wie wir oben geſehen haben, erſt das, was a priori iſt, beſtimmen muß, und dieſes Beſtimmen nur durch eine Syntheſis geſchehen kann, die auch einen Beweis forderte, der ſelbſt wieder eine Syntheſis ſein müßte und folglich abermals einen neuen Beweis veranlaßte: ſo kann auch hier kein Satz aufgeſtellt werden, der ſchlechthin gewiß iſt. Es iſt alſo in dem ganzen Umfange unſers geſammten Wiſſens kein Satz zu finden, der die erforderliche apodiktiſche unbedingte Gewißheit hätte, um ein ſolches Syſtem unſers Wiſſens darauf zu gründen, das in allen ſeinen Theilen vollendet, dem Grundſatz ſelbſt gleich, völlig unzweifelhaft und unwiderſprechlich gewiß wäre.

Ob ſich dieſer Mangel der apodiktiſchen Gewißheit dadurch erſetzen laſſe, daß man aus einem ſolchen Satze das Syſtem des geſammten Wiſſens ableitet, den man einſtweilen als Satz poſtulirt und durch den Erfolg ſelbſt — indem man zeigt, daß das aus ihm abgeleitete Syſtem ein Ganzes ausmache, in welchem als dem Mittelpunkt alle Radien des Cirkels zuſammenlaufen — als Grundſatz erweiſt, d. h. ob die bloße Form der Philoſophie als Wiſſenſchaft die geſuchte apodiktiſche Gewißheit unſeres Wiſſens begründen könne: darüber werden wir uns bei einer andern Gelegenheit umſtändlicher erklären.

Gottfried von Niſen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Herr Nithard, ſ. Minneſinger.

Herr Niuniu, ſ. Minneſinger.

Der Kohl von Niuſſen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Georg Friedrich Nöldeke

ward im März 1764 zu Hermannsbauſen im Lüneburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte zu Lüneburg und Göttingen Philoſophie und Theologie und kam, nachdem er eine Zeitlang als Hauslehrer an verſchiedenen Orten gelebt hatte, als Führer und Lehrer an die Ritterakademie nach Lüneburg. Von hier wurde er 1793 als Prediger nach Eſſenrode, dann als Superintendent nach Clötze und endlich in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Kirchweihe in der Grafſchaft Hoya verſetzt.

Die litterariſche Welt kennt ihn durch:

Gedichte. Braunſchweig 1802, 8.
Neuere Gedichte. Salzwedel 1815, 8.
Chriſtlich-religiöſe Gedichte, zur kirchlichen oder häuslichen Erbauung. Frankfurt 1822, 8.

Tiefes Gefühl, Phantaſie und treffliche Behandlung der Sprache und Form zeichnen ſeine ſämmtlichen Gedichte vor Allem aber ſeine religiöſen Lieder ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Jonathan Ludwig Leberecht Nöller

ward am 7. März 1773 zu Weißenfels geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig die Rechte und ließ ſich hierauf als Advocat in Dresden nieder, von wo er als Juſtizcommiſſar nach Spremberg in die Niederlauſitz kam.

Unter dem erdichteten Namen „Thomann" gab er heraus:

Sieben Uebereilungen. Pirna 1800; neue Ausgabe Dresden 1806, 8., mit 1 Titelk.
Mileſiſche Märchen. Leipzig 1803, 2 Bde., 8.
Hiſtorietten. Ebendaſ. 1803, 11 Thlr., 8.
Archambaud. Dresden 1806, 8.
Gedichte. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.
Der ſchwarze Kater. Ebendaſ. 1806, 8.
Dunois. Aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Ebendaſ. 1806, 2 Thle., 8.; neue Ausg. 1812.
Ausſtellungen. Merſeburg 1812.

N. ahmte mit Talent und Gewandtheit franzöſiſche Vorbilder nach in ſeinen zu ihrer Zeit gern geleſenen Schriften.

Johann Heinrich Chriſtian Nonne

ward am 26. Auguſt 1785 zu Lippſtadt im Lippe-Detmoldiſchen geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde 1808 zu Hünke im Kleveſchen als Prediger angeſtellt, von wo er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Schwelm in der Grafſchaft Mark berufen wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Poetiſche Spaziergänge. Duisburg 1808, 8.
Vermiſchte Gedichte und Parabeln. Eſſen 1815, 8.
Der Jahresſchluß. Schwelm 1818.

Zartheit, tiefe Empfindung und Anmuth in Sprache und Form geben ſeinen Poeſieen wirklichen Werth. Am glücklichſten iſt er in der Parabel.

Heinrich von Nördlingen, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Gerhard Philipp Heinrich Normann

ward am 24. Februar 1753 zu Hamburg geboren, widmete ſich nach abſolvirten Schulſtudien den praktiſchen Wiſſenſchaften, beſonders der Geſchichte und wurde dann Lehrer und Aufſeher bei der vaterſtädtiſchen Handelsſchule, 1782 aber Subconrector am Johanneum zu Hamburg. 1789 kam er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geographie und Geſchichte nach Roſtock, wurde dort zum mecklenburg-ſchweriniſchen Hofrath und Doctor der Philoſophie ernannt und ſtarb daſelbſt am 13. Januar 1837.

Er gab heraus:

Kurze Geſchichte der ältern deutſchen Nationalverfaſſung. Hamburg 1782.

Geographiſches und hiſtoriſches Handbuch der Länder-, Völker- und Staatenkunde. Ebendaſ. 1785—96, 10 Thle., in 2 Bdn.
Geographiſch-hiſtoriſche Ueberſicht ſämmtlicher holländiſcher Beſitzungen in Oſt- und Weſtindien. Ebendaſ. 1796.
Vollſtändiges Wörterbuch der Producten- und Waarenkunde. Ebendaſ. 1805 ff., 2 Thle.

Ein ſehr fleißiger und gründlicher Statiſtiker, der die urſprüngliche Trockenheit der von ihm behandelten Gegenſtände durch gute Darſtellung und Hinweiſung auf hiſtoriſche Intereſſen trefflich zu beleben verſtand.

Johann Auguſt Nöſſelt

ward am 2. Mai 1734 zu Halle geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung auf dem dortigen Waiſenhauſe und ſtudirte dann daſelbſt Theologie von 1751 bis 1755. Er machte darauf eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland, die Schweiz und Frankreich und habilitirte ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1757 als Privatdocent zu Halle, wo er 1764 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie und 1779 Director des theologiſchen Seminars ward. Er ſtarb daſelbſt als Senior der Univerſität und k. preußiſcher Geheimerath am 11. März 1807.

Außer vielen Programmen und andern kleinen Schriften erſchien von ihm:

Anweiſung zur Bildung angehender Theologen. Halle 1786—89, 3 Thle.; 3. Aufl. beſorgt von Niemeyer. Halle 1818—19.
Anweiſung zur Kenntniß der beſten theologiſchen Bücher. Leipzig 1779; 4. A. 1799.
Ueber die Erziehung zur Religion. Halle 1775.
Kurze Anweiſung für unſtudirte Chriſten. u. ſ. w. Halle 1778.
Vertheidigung der Wahrheit und Göttlichkeit der chriſtlichen Religion. Halle 1766; 5. Ausg. 1784.
Ueber den Werth der Moral, der Tugend und der ſpäten Beſſerung. Halle 1777; n. A. 1783.
Zuſchrift an die Studirenden, über die allgemeine Nothwendigkeit, die Religion zu unterſuchen. Halle 1768.

Gründliche Gelehrſamkeit, treffliche Methode, Klarheit und Deutlichkeit verleihen ſeinen Schriften einen hohen Werth; noch ſegensreicher wirkte er aber als akademiſcher Docent durch Lehre und Beiſpiel auf ſeine Zuhörer, namentlich zu einer Zeit, wo es galt, ſich gegen höhere Eingriffe in Glaubens- und Gewiſſensfreiheit ſicher zu ſtellen.

Vgl. Niemeyer, Leben, Charakter und Verdienſte Nöſſelt's. Halle 1809, 2 Thle.

Gottlob Adolf Ernſt von Noſtitz und Jänkendorf

ward am 21. April 1765 auf dem väterlichen Gute See in der Oberlauſitz geboren und erhielt nach dem frühen Tode ſeines Vaters von ſeiner Mutter eine treffliche, ganz auf die Entwicklung ſeiner Talente berechnete Erziehung. Noch nicht 16 Jahre alt ſtudirte er zu Leipzig die Rechte und die Staatswiſſenſchaften und erprobte nebenbei im freundſchaftlichen Kreiſe ſein Talent für die Poeſie und die ſchönen Künſte, worauf er als Finanzrath in den Staatsdienſt trat. Kränklichkeit, die Verwaltung ſeiner Güter und Vorliebe für ſein eigentliches Vaterland, die Lauſitz, zogen ihn aber bald aus der Hauptſtadt Sachſens dorthin zurück, wo er zuerſt als Landesälteſter des budiſſiner Kreiſes, dann als Oberamtshauptmann der ganzen Provinz und ſeit 1795 als Präſident der oberlauſitzer Geſellſchaft der Wiſſenſchaften zu Görlitz durch Wort und That mancherlei Gutes und Dankenswerthes zur Ausführung brachte. Sein öffentliches Wirken verſüßte indeſſen noch die fortwährende Beſchäftigung mit den Muſen, beſonders mit der Dichtkunſt und der Muſik. 1806 wurde er zum Oberconſiſtorialpräſident und Mitglied der Reviſionscommiſſion der Verfaſſung der Univerſität Leipzig ernannt und bald darauf als wirklicher Conferenzminiſter zu dem geheimen Staatsrath des Königs gezogen. Als ſolcher wirkte er bei den Ausgleichungen der Kriegsentſchädigungen und 1821 bei Einführung des neuen Strafgeſetzbuchs für das Heer mit, beſorgte die oberſte Leitung der für alle Zucht-, Armen- und Waiſenhausanſtalten des Landes niedergeſetzten Armencommiſſion und half die Irrenheilanſtalt auf dem Sonnenſtein, 1824 in Braunsdorf eine Landeswaiſenanſtalt und die Freiſchule in Dresden mit begründen oder zweckmäßig einrichten. Nachdem er 1822 eine Reiſe durch Süddeutſchland, die Schweiz, Oberitalien, Kärnthen und Ungarn gemacht und an der Begründung der neuen conſtitutionellen Verfaſſung für Sachſen thätigen Antheil genommen hatte, wurde ihm mit Beibehaltung ſeines vorigen Titels und Ranges als geheimer Conferenzminiſter und Ordenskanzler in dem neubegründeten Staatsrath die erſte Stelle übertragen. Als er am 21. April 1835 ſein Jubiläum feierte, zeichnete die philoſophiſche Facultät zu Leipzig ihn durch Ueberreichung des Ehrendiploms eines Doctors der Philoſophie anerkennend aus. Er ſtarb am 15. October 1836 auf ſeinem Gute Oppach.

Seine litterariſchen Erzeugniſſe, welche er unter dem Namen: „Arthur von Nordſtern“ veröffentlichte, ſind:

Preis der Dichtkunſt. Leipzig 1793.
Verſuch über das Armenweſen in Dörfern. Görlitz 1801.
Geſänge der Weisheit, Tugend und Freude. Dresden 1802, 8.
Griechiſche und römiſche Mythen. Ebendaſ. 1802—1804, 6 Bde.
Valeria. Nach Florian. Ebendaſ. 1803.
Romanzen mit Muſik. Leipzig 180[illegible], 4.
Liederkreis für Freimaurer. Dresden 1815 — 28, 2 Bde.
Gemmen. Leipzig 1817; 2. Ausg. 1818, gr. 8., mit Vig.
Sinnbilder der Chriſten. Dresden 1818, gr. 4., mit 21 Holzſchnitten.
Irene. 5 Geſänge. Ebendaſ. 1819, 8.
Kreis ſächſiſcher Ahnfrauen. Dresden 1819.
Der Gjaour von Byron. Ebendaſ. 1820.
Erinnerungsblätter eines Reiſenden im Spätſommer 1822. Leipzig 1824, 8.
Anregungen für Herz und Leben. Leipzig 1825—1826, 2 Thle., 8.
Neunmaldrei Anſiedelungserforderniſſe. Dresden 1826, gr. 4., mit Steindrucktafel.
Beſchreibung der Heil- und Verpflegungsanſtalt Sonnenſtein. Dresden 1829, 3 Bde.
Blicke der Vernunft in das Jenſeits. Ebendaſ. 1833, gr. 8.
Georg. Roman, nach zwölf gegebenen Worten. Leipzig, Joachim, o. J. (Ohne Vorwiſſen des Verfaſſers.)

Phantaſie, Gedankenreichthum, Adel der Geſinnung und ſeltene Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, welche er vorzüglich in ſeinen Nachbildungen ausländiſcher Dichter beurkundete, haben dieſem trefflichen

Staatsmanne einen ſehr ehrenvollen Rang unter den deutſchen Dichtern erworben.

Aus „Irene“ von Arthur vom Nordſtern.

Dritter Geſang.

1.

Der Tag begann, doch ſchwerer Nebel drückte,
den Luftkreis, nicht von Wettern abgekühlt.
Im Aetna, den das Auge fern erblickte,
ſchien innre Glut verdoppelt aufgewühlt;
der Blitz, der oft im Hintergrunde zückte,
die Flut der See, die dieſe Bucht umſpült,
und leiſes Toſen, wie von Wirbelwinden,
ſchien nah ein großes Schauſpiel anzukünden.

2.

Nicht achtend dieſe ahnungsvolle Scene
wallt dort am Ufer, mit umwölktem Sinn,
der alte Fiſcher, und ihm folgt Irene
zum Felſen, wo ſie geſtern weilten, hin.
Von Angelo erzählt er, der die Lehne,
— der Caſtrioten Erbtheil und Gewinn
für ſchweren Dienſt, dem Ahnherrn einſt geleiſtet —
zu reißen von Neapel ſich erdreiſtet.

3.

„Beſchloſſen war nach reifer Ueberlegung,“
ſo hub der Greis jetzt zu Irenen an,
„die Unternehmung; jede ſtärkre Regung
des Heldenmuths wird nach erwog'nem Plan
geheim gelenkt, bemerkbar die Bewegung
nur denen, die das Ganze überſahn.
So ſcheint das Meer zu ruhn in glatten Flächen,
wenn tiefer ſich im Grund die Wogen brechen!

4.

Verzagtheit ziemt nur Knechten oder Feigen!
Muth adelt Männer! Doch der Muth allein
genügt nicht, wo Laurer ihrer Höll' entſteigen,
Liſt und Verrath mit Gift und Dolchen dräun.
Geheimniß, Vorſicht, Klugheit, ſtrenges Schweigen
ſie gründeten den rühmlichen Verein
für Recht der Unterdrückten, feſt verſiegelt
durch Schwur, durch weiſe Leitung ſtreng gezügelt.

5.

Ob auch der Argwohn jeden unſrer Tritte
umſpäht, der Trug verlarvt dem Bunde naht,
doch eilen wir dem Ziel mit regem Schritte
entgegen, im Bewußtſein edler That.
Drei Männer wählt aus ſeiner Treuſten Mitte,
San Angelo, und ihrem beſſern Rath,
dem Eifer, Alles für den Zweck zu wagen,
wird dieſes Plans Vollziehung übertragen.

6.

Giuſtiniano Rocca, meinen theuern
geprüften Freund, ſchickt er nach Croja ab,
die Albaneſer für ſich anzufeuern.
Mir und dem Corſen Dimas übergab
er das Geſchäft, ein Bündniß zu erneuern
in ſeinen Lehnen; er, den Feldherrnſtab
ergreifend, wirbt und unterhält im Stillen
ein Ritterheer, ergeben ſeinem Willen.

7.

Was uns an Reichthum übrig noch geblieben,
bringt Jeder treulich ſeinem Freunde dar.
Behutſam wird manch Bündniß ſelbſt betrieben
mit fremden Mächten; eine wackre Schaar,
gewohnt im Ritterſpiel den Krieg zu üben,
um Lorbeern kämpfend, ſtandhaft in Gefahr,
hält insgeheim gerüſtet ſich und fertig
des erſten Winks zum Aufbruch nur gewärtig.

8.

Was Freundſchaft, Treue, Freiheitsſinn zu leiſten
vermögen, weſſen, ob Gefahren drohn,
vereinte kühne Männer ſich erdreiſten,
das zeigt ſich hier! Der Caſtrioten Thron
neu herzuſtellen — dieß vereint die Meiſten;
nur Wenige reizt ein erdungner Lohn.
Auf unſre gute Sache feſt gegründet
ſchien mit dem Rechte die Weisheit hier verbündet.

9.

Hehr, wie ein Geiſt, aus unentweihtem Sitze
des Paradieſes auf das Erdenland
geſendet, für Gewaltthat Rächerblitze,
für Freiheit Siegspaniere in der Hand,
ſo ſteht San Angelo an unſrer Spitze!
Mir gab mein Dienſt bei ſeinem Ahn, als Pfand
der Treu, mein Alter, meine nie geſchwächte
Ergebenheit auf ſeine Freundſchaft Rechte.

10.

Der Corſe Dimas war mit ihm erzogen;
einſt rettet er ihn im Gewühl der Schlacht,
einſt Dimas ihn aus der Gefahr in Wogen;
ſo ward durch Dank die Freundſchaft angefacht.
Doch Aaren gleich, die lang vereint geflogen,
eint Angelo und Rocca höh're Macht.
In Abkunft, Thaten, Sinn und Muth bewährte
ihm Rocca ſich als Freund und Kampfgefährte.

11.

Er, einem von den edelſten Geſchlechtern
Albaniens entſproſſen, war verwandt
mit Angelo; leicht ward zu reinern, ächtern
Empfindungen ihr gleicher Sinn entbrannt.
Bei dieſer edlen Stämme Söhn' und Töchtern,
durch Muth berühmt, durch Schönheit allbekannt,
ſchien jedes Bündniß ſchon in alten Zeiten
auf Glück und Segen näher hinzudeuten.

12.

Im Kloſter, an des Aetna Fuß gelegen,
San Nicolo d'Arena, ſchwuren wir
den theuern Eid des Bundes! Seinen Segen
gab dort der Prior unſerm Heerpanier,
umgürtete uns die geweihten Degen!
Held Caſtrioto hatte vormals hier
das Kloſter, mit den Ländern, ſelbſt beſeſſen,
bereichert und geſtiftet Seelenmeſſen.

13.

Dieß edle Haus ward drum, mit immer gleichen
Geſinnungen, vom Prior hoch geſchätzt.
Dort hing San Angelo dies Bundeszeichen
uns auf die Bruſt — verſteckt trag ich's noch jetzt!
Ein grüner Aar hochfliegend über Eichen!
Dort ward ſein Namenszug uns eingeätzt,
mit Pulver, auf des rechten Armes Mitte,
nach alter, theurer Albaneſer Sitte.

14.

Und hoch entglüht von der Begeiſtrung Flamme
rief Rocca: „Hört! wir ſchwören am Altar:
„Wer treulos unſern Bund verräth — verdamme
ihn Gott! Wir ſind die Eichen — dies der Aar!
Es trage jeder Sohn aus unſerm Stamme
dies Zeichen — dieſen Namenszug — ſo wahr
der Gott uns helfe, der die Welten droben
regiert, bei dem wir Treue hier geloben!“

15.

Und Amen! riefen wir und unſre Schwerter
erklirrten an einander bei dem Schwur!
San Angelo ſtand da, wie ein Verklärter,
gelobend: auszutilgen jede Spur
des Unrechts und die Herrſchermacht verkehrter
Regierungen, wie von der Väter Flur
der Moslem alten Irrwahn, ſeine Treuen
vom Joch der Zwingherren ſieghaft zu befreien.

16.

Das Schickſal, hofft er, ſoll in nahen Siegen
den Muth der Tapfern lohnen, und es ſchien
begünſtigend ſich unſerm Plan zu fügen.
Der Franken König, Franz, durchſtreifte kühn
Italien mit ſtarken Heereszügen.
Neapel bot zum Kriege gegen ihn
Vaſallen auf und rüſtete die Heere,
daß es der Franken kühnem Fortſchritt wehre.

17.

Nicht ungenügt blieb der Veranlaſſungen
erwünſchteſte, ſie fördert unſern Plan;
denn, von Neapels König ſelbſt gedungen,
wirbt Angelo vermehrte Kriegsmacht an.
Wo das Panier ein Condottier geſchwungen
von ſolchem Ruf erprobt auf Heldenbahn,
da ſammeln ſchnell die Söldner ſich, es eilen
Freiwillige, Gefahr und Ruhm zu theilen.

18.

So wächſt, wie plötzlich in den weiten Meeren,
nach langer Ebbe, hoch geſchwellte Flut,
das Tapferſte von den Vaſallenheeren,
beſeelt durch ſeines Feldherrn Heldenmuth.
Zuerſt will dieſer Frankreichs Herrſchaft wehren,
dann ſeiner Ahnen ihm entrißnes Gut
mit Macht befrein aus der Bedrücker Händen —
was Kraft begonnen, ſoll das Glück vollenden!

19.

Epirus und Albanien, verbündet
in ſeinen Großen, bietet ihm die Hand
der Treue! Rocca, ſein Geſandter, findet
bereite Herzen, nirgends Widerſtand.
Er kehrt zurück und ſeine Botſchaft gründet
die Hoffnung feſt, als deren ſichres Pfand
ein Herzog naht, im ſchon entglühten Kriege
als Pfand der Treu, verbürgend nahe Siege.

20.

Pavia war's, wo plötzlich auf einander
die Heere treffen; eine Rieſenſchlacht!
Mir ſchien als ſei der mächtige Skander
im König Franz aus ſeinem Grab erwacht.
Faſt glich er ihm an Kraft; der Salamander
auf ſeinem Helm als Sinnbild angebracht,
ſtrahlt überall in den getheilten Reihen,
die Krieger wie durch Blitze zu zerſtreuen.

21.

Schön wie Apoll, wie Ares kampferfahren,
als hab' ein dreifach Erz die Bruſt umſchirmt,
ſo dringt er auf die dichtgeſchloßnen Schaaren
der Ritter und das Fußvolk ein, ſo ſtürmt
er immer vorwärts, trotzend den Gefahren!
Ob ſich vor ihm ein Wall von Leichen thürmt,
ob hinter ihm ſein Heer den Rückgang ſchütze,
er achtet's nicht, — er folgt nur ſeiner Hitze!

22.

Ihm ſetzt San Angelo ſich kühn entgegen;
auf ihn, den Führer, ſprengt im Blutgefild
der König; hochgeſchwungen iſt ſein Degen,
und jeder Blick iſt flammenſprühend, wild.
„Laß uns im Zweikampf Muth und Kräfte wägen
San Angelo! ich kenn dein altes Schild!
Dem grünen Adler, den dein Ahn getragen,
darf ſelbſt ein König nicht den Kampf verſagen!"

23.

Er ruft es laut, fällt mit Titanenſtreichen
ihn hitzig an mit Lanzenſtoß und Schwert.
Dem Wüthenden ſucht dieſer auszuweichen,
indeß er fechtend nur dem Angriff wehrt.
Nicht das geſalbte Haupt will er erreichen,
das, wie ihm dünkt, ein Strahlenkranz verklärt.
Entwaffnen will er ihn, den Löwen zähmen,
wo nicht verwundet ihn gefangen nehmen.

24.

Und als der König, glühend, mit erneuter
Gewalt ihn anfällt, weicht er; dieſer dringt
jach auf ihn los — im Hieb und Stich der Streiter
flammt Schild und Schwert — und ach ein Helm zerſpringt!
und eh' ich noch mit einer Handvoll Reiter
zum Beiſtand eile, eh' es mir gelingt
die Kämpfenden zu trennen, ſtürzt, vom Schwarme
gedrängt, halb todt mein Freund mir in die Arme!

25.

Ich führ' ihn fort auf meinem Roß, ich trage
ihn blutend aus der uns erkämpften Schlacht.
Der Franke wich, er wich an dieſem Tage
nicht unſerm Glück, nein unſrer Heldenmacht!
Gefangen ward der König und die Sage
iſt dir bekannt; daß er, vom Rauſch erwacht
des Uebermuths, nach Frankreich ſelbſt geſchrieben:
„Die Ehre allein iſt übrig mir geblieben."

26.

Doch damals wußt' ich nimmer davon Kunde
ob unſer Heer geflohn, ob es geſiegt.
Nur ihn bedenk ich, der, an ſchwerer Wunde
verblutend, auf dem Bug des Roſſes liegt,
dem todtenbleich, mit halb erſtarrtem Munde,
der edle Geiſt beinah im Hauch verfliegt;
wohl fühlt er es: das Grab ſteht vor ihm offen;
nur in die Zukunft richtet ſich ſein Hoffen.

27.

Er bringt darauf an einem Bach zu weilen,
aus dem er ſich die trocknen Lippen netzt.
„Ich fühle," ſpricht er, „meine Kraft enteilen —
Freund, bei dem Eide, wie von dir verletzt,
gelob' es, zu befolgen dieſe Zeilen
im Voraus längſt ſchon von mir aufgeſetzt.
Ich weiß, es wird der Bund des Freundes Willen,
du wirſt den Wunſch des Sterbenden erfüllen.

28.

Ja! treu warſt du! — viel darf ich auch verlangen
von dir, denn viel haſt du zu leiſten Muth,
Das Theuerſte ſollſt du von mir empfangen!
bewahre dies dir anvertraute Gut!
Nicht ganz iſt Caſtrioto's Stamm vergangen,
wenn dies Geſchenk in deinen Händen ruht!
Nimm dieſen Ring; dies Schwert, dies Wehrgehenke
gieb Rocca, daß des Freunds dabei er denke.

29.

Jetzt eile fort zum Prior, der beſtändig
mit Treue hielt und unſern Schwur empfing.
Zeig ihm, was ich dir gab; er weiß, lebendig
trenn' ich mich nie von dieſem theuern Ring.
Ihm gilts als Zeichen, was ich eigenhändig
ihm anvertraut, als ich zum Herzog ging,
dir auszuliefern und dir anzuzeigen —
werth ſei dies Kleinod dir, — werth wie dein eigen!

30.

Dort findeſt du noch viel geheime Schriften —
verwahr ſie wohl zu künftigen Gebrauch —
Gold und Geſchmeide in den Ahnengrüften
des Kloſters neben dem Cypreſſenſtrauch —
vor allen aber — In den reinen Lüften
des Himmels flog hier des Erſtarrten Hauch,
und kraftlos ſank er, eh er ausgeſprochen,
im Arm des Todes, der ſein Herz gebrochen.

31.

Nie, wie vergeß ich dieſes ſchmerzenvollen
Hinſcheidens Tag! bewußtlos, wankend ſtand
ich gleich dem Wandrer, der mit lockern Schollen
hinuntergleitet von des Abgrunds Rand;
doch als die Thränen lindernder entquollen,
verwahrt' ich ſorgſam jedes Freundſchaftspfand,
gelobend mir in feierlichen Schwüren,
was mir der Edle auftrug zu vollführen.

32.

Noch weilt ich an des Baches Raſenſitze,
verſenkt in Wehmuth und in bitterm Harm,
da ſprengt in des verfolgten Sieges Hitze,
begleitet von der Freunde Ritterſchwarm,
mein Rocca her — ach! wie gerührt vom Blitze,
erblickt er hingeſchieden mir im Arm
den Freund, von dem im Kampf ihn eigne Wunden
getrennt, ihn, lang geſucht und — todt gefunden.

33.

Er ſpringt vom Roß, er faßt den theuren Todten —
ha! welch ein Anblick! Schwert und Wehrgehenk
reich' ich dem Freunde wie mein Freund geboten —
— ein heiß beweintes trauriges Geſchenk!
Doch ahnend, daß Gefahren uns bedrohten
und meines Auftrags lebhaft eingedenk,
rath ich dem Freunde: auf des Bundes Pflichten
und eigne Sicherheit den Blick zu richten.

34.

Vergebens! denn er will zum nächſten Morgen
  ſelbſt das Begräbniß, wie es dem gebührt,
der von uns ſchied, nach Kriegsbrauch beſorgen.
  Ihm, der bei tieferm Schmerz den Schmerz kaum ſpürt
der eignen Wunden, laß ich unverborgen,
  daß mich die Pflicht zu jenem Kloſter führt,
wo ich ſein harre, Rath mit ihm zu pflegen
und fernern Plan vereint zu überlegen.

35.

Nach des erblaßten Freundes letztem Schreiben
  mir anvertraut, dem Bund der Dreien blos
beſtimmt, befahl er Jedem treu zu bleiben
  den jetz'gen Herrſchern, ſprach uns förmlich los
von Eid und Pflicht; gebot mir: zu betreiben
  den Auftrag mir ertheilt und dann im Schoos
der Einſamkeit und Ruh zurück zu kehren,
nur durch Gehorſam ihn im Tod zu ehren.

36.

Von Rocca ſcheid' ich tief in Schmerz verloren;
  er will mir folgen, raſtlos eil' ich fort.
Denn ſtärker trieben als mein Roß die Sporen
  mich Ungeduld und Unruh zu dem Ort,
wo wir vor kurzem jenen Bund beſchworen.
  Dem Prior zeig ich Ring und Auftrag; dort
wird mir von ihm erhellt und ausgedeutet,
worauf San Angelo mich vorbereitet.

37.

Erſtaunt vernehm' ich, was aus manchen Zügen
  ich ſchon geahnt und fürchte dem Gewicht
des Zutrauns, mir erneuert, zu erliegen;
  doch viel vermag geprüfter Freundſchaft Pflicht!
ſie ſtärkt, die Hinderniſſe zu beſiegen,
  trotzt den Gefahren, aber zählt ſie nicht!
Feſt blieb mein Vorſatz: dem geliebten Schatten
für Liebe treue Liebe zu erſtatten.

38.

Noch weilt' ich bei dem Prior; denn wir warten
  auf Rocca's Ankunft und begreifen kaum
was ihn, den ſehnlich von uns längſt Erharrten,
  behindern kann. Wir wandeln ſpät im Raum
des Kloſterhofs; da ſchleicht ſich durch den Garten
  verſteckt in Dorn und Kaſtanienbaum
ein Mann, und lauſcht in Sträuchern und in Hecken,
als fürcht' er, Späher möchten ihn entdecken.

39.

Wir treten näher, und, ob ſchwach und trüglich
  des Mondes Licht durch die Gebüſche ſchien,
erkenn' ich leicht Giacomo, den vorzüglich
  ſtets Rocca liebt, den treuen Knappen, ihn
der jeden Auftrag unverzogt und klüglich
  verrichtet, den Gefährten unſrer Mühn,
vertraut mit den nun aufgegebnen Planen —
jetzt ließ ſein Anblick böſe Meldung ahnen.

40.

Schnell wie die Windsbraut fliegt, ſo fliegen, nahten
  Gewitter uns in grauſer Schreckensnacht.
Giacom berichtet: Alles ſei verrathen
  und unſern Feinden Kunde zugebracht
vom Corſen Dimas; dieſen, Rocca's Thaten
  und Ruhm beneidend, hatt' ich in Verdacht
ſchon längſt; nur konnt' ich, trotz genauem Spüren,
ihn einer Falſchheit klar nicht überführen.

41.

Von jeder Pflicht, die ihn zurück gehalten,
  dünkt er ſich jetzt zum eignen Vortheil frei.
Er, welchem Stolz und Rachſucht Alles galten,
  tritt auf als Zeuge, der des nimmer Scheu
in jedem Theil den Anſchlag zu entfalten.
  Für ſchnödes Gold verräth er Bund und Treu
und liefert, für erſchlichen Hofranges Ehre,
die Brüder aus dem Schwert und der Galeere.

42.

Vor allen trifft der Schlag zur Todeswunde,
  die der Verräther hinterliſtig ſchlug,
den edeln Rocca; minder klare Kunde
  ertheilt der Corſe, im Verrath noch klug,
von dem was mir und ihm in näherm Bunde
  San Angelo zu wirken übertrug;
beſorgend eigne Freunde und Verwandte
im Netz zu ſehn, wenn er es weiter ſpannte.

43.

Sonſt wird der Plan zum frevelnden Empören,
  — ſo nennt er es — ſo weit es Rocca gilt
und Angelo, wird was die Strafe mehren
  und fördern kann, beweiſend klar enthüllt.
Man feſſelt Rocca; ſtandhaft in Verhören
  entdeckt er nichts und den Verräther ſchilt
er frechen Lügner; Bund, Verſchworne, Thaten,
nichts will der Edle nennen noch verrathen.

44.

Man führt ihn ab; verwirkt iſt ſchon ſein Leben.
  Doch der Verſchwornen Namen, Anzahl, Macht
auch wo ich ſei und was er anzugeben
  ſich weigert, ſoll die Folter künft'ge Nacht
von ihm erpreſſen; ſonder Furcht und Beben
  vernimmt er es! er wird zurück gebracht
zum tiefſten Kerker, wo, bewacht von Sbirren,
die Feſſeln dumpf an feuchten Boden klirren.

45.

Giacomo, der in fremder Kleidung immer
  dem Herrn gefolgt, vernimmt was das Gericht
beſchloſſen, was bevorſteht; alle Trümmer
  des Reichthums ſammelt er, und das Gewicht
der Bitten, — doch gewißlich mehr der Schimmer
  hellblendender Zechinen, — dies beſticht
zuletzt die Sbirren, ihm, den ſie nicht kennen,
mit dem Gefangnen ein Geſpräch zu gönnen.

46.

Erſtaunen, Rührung, Dank und Freude glühen
  zum letztenmal in Rocca's edler Bruſt.
Mich läßt er warnen eilends zu entfliehen;
  den einz'gen Sohn, des Alters Troſt und Luſt,
den er dem Prior vormals zum Erziehen
  vertraute, übergiebt er, wohl bewußt
des nahen Todes, in Giacomo's Hände,
daß er mit ihm in fernes Land ſich wende;

47.

Beſchwörend ſeinen Treuen, bei der Stunde
  der feierlichen Trennung, die jetzt ſchlug:
ihm von des Vaters Schickſal näh're Kunde
  ſtreng zu entziehn, bis ich dazu ihm Fug
ertheilt; das Ordenszeichen von dem Bunde,
  das Rocca überm treuen Herzen trug,
läßt er als einz'ges Erbe dieſem Sohne;
denn Schloß und Länderei'n verſchlang die Krone.

48.

Und als Giacomo dem Befehl, der Bitte
  Gehorſam zuſagt, ſchmerzlich und bewegt,
reißt Rocca ihm den Dolch, den nach der Sitte
  des Landes Jeder in dem Buſen trägt,
jach von der Bruſt; feſt in des Herzens Mitte,
  das der Befreiung kühn entgegen ſchlägt,
drückt er den Stahl, daß Ströme Blut, im Fallen
des Sterbenden, der Wunde heiß entwallen.

49.

„Ich danke dir," ſo ruft er, „aus den Banden
  löſt mich der Tod! Nicht Drohn, nicht Tyrannei
zwingt Männer zum Verrath! die Feſſeln ſchwanden!
  Mein Freund empfängt mich! ſieh, ich werde frei!
Mein Segen folge dir zu fernen Landen!
  Erhalte meinem Sohne deine Treu!"
Er ſtirbt — ſein Geiſt begrüßt in beſſrer Zone
die Heimath der Sokraten, der Catone!"

Vierter Geſang.

1.

Erinnerung! wo deine Zauber walten,
  da treten aus der Vorzeit Dunkelheit
lebendiger die wandelnden Geſtalten!
  Du reichſt den Trank, wodurch wie Lethe's Quell

verweigernd, feſt an deinem Zauber halten!
Hehr glänzt dein Bild, an deſſen Fußgeſtell
wir knieend, wenn uns Zeit und Zukunft drücken,
mit Dank zu den vergangnen Freuden blicken!

2.

Auch zu den Jahren, wo der Schmerz mit wilder
Zerſtörung unſre Freuden abgemäht,
wo Todesodem die geliebten Bilder
der Frühverblichnen ſchaudernd überweht,
blickt unſer Auge thränend zwar, doch milder!
Dem Engel gleich, den gläubiges Gebet
herabzog, nahſt du, nahſt mit leiſerm Athem,
den Uebergang zu höherm Troſt zu bahnen.

3.

O Holde, die beim Schein von Leichenkerzen
und mit dem Flor, in dem die Wehmuth weint,
im Hintergrund, den Nebelwolken ſchwärzen,
mit dem kein Steig den Abgrund dieſſeits eint, —
die, kräftig heilend die gebrochnen Herzen,
mit Schweſtertreu, mit Muttergunſt erſcheint —
o, ſchließ beim Kummer uns in Schweſterarme!
o, tröſt uns mütterlich bei düſterm Harme!

4.

Auch jenem Greiſe, ihm, ſo lang an ſchroffen
Abgründen wandelnd, mit dem Schmerz vertraut,
zeigſt du das Grab der Waffenbrüder offen,
in das er mit bethränten Blicken ſchaut.
Von dieſem Anblick inniger getroffen,
verſagt die Sprach' ihm im erſterbnen Laut.
Ergriffen wie von unſichtbaren Händen,
vermag er nicht was er begann zu enden.

5.

Und mit Irenen kehrt er, als beim glühen
ſenkrechten Strahl die Mittagsſtunden nahn,
zurück; verſunkt in tiefe Fantaſieen,
ſpricht, was der Greis von ſeiner Freunde Plan
erzählet, als möcht' es ſich auf ſie beziehen,
das holde Mädchen wunderbarlich an.
Es ſcheinen dunkel ſie, gleich Traumgeweben,
befreundete Geſtalten zu umſchweben.

6.

Doch keine mag von allen Auskunft bringen
— ob lang Irene grübelt drob und ſinnt, —
warum ihr Lieblingsplan nicht darf gelingen,
die ſchönſte Hoffnung ihr im Wahn zerrinnt;
jetzt, da nach Nächten, mit Purpurſchwingen,
der beſſern Tage Morgenroth beginnt!
Und doch verſchließen ihres Vaters Worte
für ſie allein die holde Hoffnungspforte!

7.

Und doch vermeint er, Ungewitter thürmen
aufs neue ſich, und Bitt' und Warnung ſagt
entgegen er der Neigung! — Bei den Stürmen
im Innern, ſelbſt bei'm Schmerz, der ſie zernagt,
gelobt ſie ſich: Diego's Bild zu ſchirmen,
dieß liebe Bild, dem Herzen eingeprägt!
des ſchönen Jünglings ſeelenvolle Züge,
ſein ſtiller Sinn — ſie ſichern ſeine Siege!

8.

Denn wie von ſelbſt verſchmolzen und vereinten
ſich dieſe Züge; ſonnenrein und wahr
erblickt ſie wach, ſelbſt träumend, im verweinten
und müden Aug' ſein helles Augenpaar,
die Wangen, welche Hitz' und Sonne bräunten
und ſchöner drum ihr dünken, ſchwarzes Haar,
die Stirn umflatternd in den Wellenlocken,
Wuchs, Anſtand, Gang, frei, männlich, unerſchrocken.

9.

Mit Sehnſucht blickt ſie nach den fernen Wogen,
von Aetnadämpfen ſtärker überdeckt,
wo dichte Schlacken furchtbar aufgeflogen,
wo Vorbedeutung die Bewohner ſchreckt.
Ihr ſcheint es licht, als ſei ein Regenbogen
von dorther bis zum Hüttchen ausgeſtreckt,
als ſteig' auf ihm ein Engel ſichtbar nieder
und bring' ihr die verlornen Freuden wieder.

10.

Bewegt bis zu des Innern regſten Kräften
ſchwebt ihre Seele tief in das Gebiet
der Fantaſie'n, ſelbſt bei den Tagsgeſchäften,
wo, was ſie ſonſt vorzüglich an ſich zieht,
woran ſie lebhaft Müh und Sinn zu heften
gewohnt war, ſie nun achtlos überſieht.
Vergeſſen, pfleglos ranken in einander
der wilde Hopfen und der Oleander.

11.

Nicht angebunden ſinkt die Purpurtraube,
in reicher Fülle hin auf Blumengras;
verwachſen iſt der Eingang ihrer Laube,
wo ſie Petrarca's Schmerz im Lied ermaß;
kaum daß ſie noch der Lieblingsturteltaube
ihr Futter täglich reichte; nur vergaß
ſie nicht die Pflege mancher armen Kranken;
ſo ſtützt die Roſe welke Geißblattranken!

12.

Leicht wird vom Greiſe, der, bei ihrer Leitung,
Bedachtſamkeit ſtets mit Gefühlen paart,
ihr innrer Bangmuth und, nach ſichrer Deutung,
der nahe Grund, aus dem er ſtammt, gewahrt.
Schwer ward ihm, was als ernſte Vorbereitung
nur galt, noch ſchwerer, was, zuletzt verſpart,
die Hoffnung ihrer Liebe ganz vernichten
und ſtürzen ſoll, Irenen zu berichten.

13.

Die dritte Nacht ſank nieder und erquickte
das Meer, das ſtärker an dem Strande ſchwoll.
Stumm ſtand das Mädchen — und der Greis erblickte
im ſchönen Auge, trüb und kummervoll,
die Thräne — ach, die lang zurückgedrückte,
die unwillkürlich ihm ſo heiß entquoll!
Und gütig winkt er ihr und Beide ſteigen
ins kleine Boot, verſteckt in Weidenzweigen.

14.

Es wogt auf Wellen, die gleich Silber ſchäumen
am Strande, den bald Hain, bald Felſenkluft,
bald Rebenhügel oder Feld umſäumen.
Rein iſt der Himmel, kühl des Abends Luft.
Die Pinie wankt! von den Orangenbäumen
durchwürzt den Aether ſüßer Blüthung Duft.
Hier rauſcht ein Zephyr in den reifen Halmen,
dort durch die breiten Blätter hoher Palmen.

15.

Sanft ſchlüpft das Boot, als ob von ſelbſt es treibe,
obwohl des Alten Hand es kräftig lenkt,
in eine Bucht, wo ſich die hohe Eibe
mit der Cypreſſe liebevoll verſchränkt;
es ruht: und vorwärts tritt mit voller Scheibe
der Mond, vorher in Wogen noch verſenkt,
empor und malt, hier zitternd, dort in bläſſern
Lichtſchwingungen, ſich ab in den Gewäſſern.

16.

Der nächtlichen Natur Geſtalten fachen
Empfindungen, groß, wunderbar und kühn
im Innern an! — Der Greis verläßt den Nachen,
Irene folgt, ein Fels am Ufer ſchien
zwei Felſenbrüder traulich zu bedachen;
die Grotte, ladend ſie auf friſchem Grün
zum Sitz, kann, ob die Schatten ſich verlängern,
die Ausſicht nicht entrücken, nur verengern.

17.

Den Hintergrund hellt Aetna's Flammenfeuer,
in Spiegelwellen bricht ſich ſeine Spur.
Hold blickt durch der geſtirnten Straße Schleier
aus tauſend Sternenaugen die Natur.
Hoch wogt der Schwan, es rauſcht die goldne Leier,
der Wagen rollt, es wandelt der Arktur;
und aus der weiten wolkenloſen Ferne,
ertönt die heil'ge Harmonie der Sterne.

18.

Dem frommen Sinn, dem ahnungsvollen Deuten
vernehmlich, hallt der Schöpfung voller Chor;
gemeßne Bahn in vorbeſtimmten Zeiten
durchwallend, kaum erſpäht von Herſchel's Rohr.

Bei hoher Fülle, den Uneingeweihten
ein Schauſpiel, iſt es Augen, ſonder Flor,
den Seelen, die mit Sehnen es betrachten,
ein theures Ziel, dem ſie entgegen ſchmachten!

19.

Auf welchem Stern, in welchem Lichtplaneten
verweilen ſie, die Lieben, uns entrückt?
Strahlt uns ihr Bild in Purpurmorgenröthen?
Sind's Träume nur, wenn uns ihr Gruß entzückt?
Faßt Luna ſie? ſie Hesper, im erhöhten
geweihten Licht? Hat ſie der Geiſt erblickt
im Nordſtern, dieſem Sinnbild ächter Weihe,
im feſten Standpunkt wandelloſer Treue?

20.

So ſchweift der Geiſt in ſtillen Weiheſtunden
der Fantaſie und forſcht, was tief verſteckt
die Sphinx, den Schleier um das Haupt gewunden
andeutend zeigt und tief mit Schweigen deckt.
Denn Pſyche's Neugier mag es nicht erkunden,
ſie liegt am Boden; wenn ſie Eros weckt,
der Götterſohn, und liebend ſie befeuert,
iſt Sonnenklarheit und die Sphinx entſchleiert.

21.

So ſchweift, wie mit entfeſſeltem Gefieder,
des Greiſes Geiſt hinauf im Adlerſchwung;
vergangner Zeiten Abglanz kehrt ihm wieder;
die Fantaſie bleibt, wie die Treue, jung.
Ihm blitzt das Paar der treuen Zwillingsbrüder,
der Dioskuren, in Vergötterung;
ihn, der des Bruders Leben zu ergänzen,
ſein eignes darbot, ſieht er hehr erglänzen.

22.

An ſeiner Seite ſtrahlt der Vielgetreue,
gefallen ihm zur Seite im Gefecht.
Bewundert, trotz der Jahre dunkeln Reihe,
bewährt die Freundſchaft ihr geheiligt Recht,
ſie glänzt, daß ſich ihr Opferdienſt erneue,
im Heldenpaar für kommendes Geſchlecht,
baut den Heroen ewige Altäre,
weiht ſich die Herzen unter jeder Sphäre!

23.

Wie feſt gebannt von unerforſchten Mächten,
als ſeh' er noch das ſchreckliche Gefild
von Trennungen, von blutigen Gefechten,
als winkt' ihm Angelo's und Rocca's Bild
aus den geheimnißvollen Mitternächten,
ſo glänzt des Greiſes Auge ſtrahlend wild;
er blickt umher, als müßten ihm die Seinen
im Dunkelhell der Mitternacht erſcheinen.

24.

Sanft ſchmiegt Irene ſich, den Schmerz zu wenden,
ein Engel liebevollen Troſts, ihm an.
„Sieh," ruft er, „ſieh die Dioskuren! ſtänden
zur Seite ſie mir noch auf öder Bahn!
Vergebner Wunſch! bald wird dieß Leben enden,
bald mir der Jüngling mit der Fackel nahn!
Verlöſche ſie am Hügel! drüben, drüben
find ich euch wieder, ihr verlornen Lieben!"

25.

Er ſchweigt; dann ſammelt er zu neuer Stärke
den irren Geiſt, und fährt gelaßner fort,
als ob er nicht Irenens Sehnſucht merke,
die lauſchend harrte jedem Ton und Wort:
„Von Angelo, der ſeinem Heldenwerke
erlag, von Rocca, der den freien Port
trotz Feſſeln fand, erzählt ich dir! erfahren
ſollſt du nun Alles; nichts darf ich dir ſparen."

26.

Es eilt Giacomo noch zu hinzuzuſetzen:
Neapels Fürſten ſei zugleich Bericht
von den Verſchwornen und den Waffenplätzen
durch Dimas worden; des Verraths Gewicht
zu mehren, trachtend nach verborgnen Schätzen
der Caſtrioten, ſei die Eidespflicht
verrathen, die, für Angelo geleiſtet,
zu heiligen der Prior ſich erdreiſtet.

27.

Schnell, blutig ſei, beſonders für Vaſallen
die Strafe, laſtend ſchwebe der Verdacht
um alle Große, treffe mich vor Allen!
zum Beil verdammte mich die Uebermacht!
die Güter ſind der Krone heimgefallen!
den Flüchtigen verfolge Bann und Acht!
So hart beſtürmt bei widriger Verkettung
des Schickſals, blieb nur in der Flucht noch Rettung!

28.

Wo die Gefahr auf dem Verzögern ruhte,
Beſinnung ſelbſt im Wählen ſcheitern muß,
da liegt Entſcheidung nur im raſchen Muthe,
das letzte Heil im kräftigen Entſchluß!
Mehr ſorgend ob dem anvertrauten Gute
als eigner Rettung, ſchien's als ſei mein Fuß
beflügelt, jeder Nerv geſpannt, entglommen
mein Geiſt! ſo wird entſchieden — unternommen!

29.

Der treue Prior, ſchnell entſchloſſen, flüchtet
mit mir zugleich. Giacomo wird allein
von unſrer Reiſe Zielpunkt unterrichtet.
Im Kloſter blieb ein Freund mit dem Verein
vertraut, der jede Spur davon vernichtet.
Gepackt wird, was von Schriften, Edelſtein
und Gold ſich retten läßt, auf raſche Pferde;
ſo theilen wir Gefahren, Flucht, Beſchwerde.

30.

In tiefer Nacht verborgnem Schatten jagen
wir raſtlos fort, oft wechſelnd Tracht und Bahn,
zu meiner Burg, ſobald die Morgen tagen,
birgt uns der Wald; am dritten Abend nahn
der Heimath wir; nicht ſorglos uns zu wagen
erſpähn wir Alles, kommen glücklich an.
Wohl hatte meine Gattin längſt vom Bunde,
doch vom Verrath und Unglück nimmer, Kunde.

31.

Was uns betroffen, welchen Schluß zu faſſen
das Schickſal zwingt, wird jetzt ihr offenbar.
Feſt war ihr Sinn, im Unglück ſo gelaſſen
als ſtill im Glück! O Mädchen! immerdar
ſei dir ſie werth! Sie mußte eh'r erblaſſen
als ich, ſie, die dir mehr als Mutter war!
die grenzenloſe Treue mir erprobte,
in Mutterſorgfalt, die ſie dir gelobte!

32.

Der Plan zur Rettung, ſo nicht Aufſchub leidet,
wird feſtgeſetzt; beſtimmt ſind Zeit und Ort.
Mein treues Weib zieht einzeln und verkleidet
Als Gärtnerfrau zur fernen Hauptſtadt fort;
ſie holt dich ab, trotzt der Gefahr, und ſcheidet
mit dir vom Vaterland; ein naher Port
empfängt uns All'; auf flüchtigen Pinaſſen,
wird ſchnell der Heimath alter Sitz verlaſſen.

33.

O Glück der Lieb' und Freundſchaft! Wiederſehen
in Sicherheit nach überſtandner Müh!
Wie biſt du ſüß! wie kannſt du es erhöhen
der Treue Glück, das Glück der Sympathie!
Hinfliehend zu den fernen Pyrenäen,
bliebſt du uns hold, entwichſt von uns nie!
Ach den Beſitz von Wohlſtand, Ehren, Schätzen
vermochteſt du mir reichlich zu erſetzen!

34.

Tief im Gebirg, wo zwiſchen Felſenwänden
der Jäger kaum den ſcheuen Hirſch entdeckt,
baut' ich ein Haus mir und mit eignen Händen
mein kleines Feld, den Garten tief verſteckt.
Treu der Natur, genießend ihrer Spenden,
vom frühen Strahl zur Arbeit aufgeweckt,
der Welt entfremdet ſeit ich mich gefunden,
ſo flohn mir Jahre flüchtig wie Sekunden.

35.

Wie leicht konnt' ich hier eitlen Prunk entrathen,
wo Freundſchaft mich und Liebe ganz verſtand!
Wie gern vertauſcht' ich Schwerter um den Spaten,
das Schloß, den Helm um Pflug und Ackerland!

Dort ſproßten Lorbern, — doch hier grünten Saaten,
dort winkte Ruhm, — hier meiner Gattin Hand.
dort trogen Menſchen, meine Brüder fielen —
hier ſah ich dich mit Roſ' und Taube ſpielen.

36.

Der Sehnſucht Wahn, der Hoheit Marmorgruppen
wie ſtehn ſo fern ſie gegen Ruh zurück!
dem Weiſen gelten ſie als Spiel und Puppen,
in ſeinem Herzen findet er ſein Glück!
Zu ſpät erkannt ich's und wie Bind' und Schuppen,
ſo ſank die Täuſchung vor dem hellen Blick.
Entkleidet von der bunten Thorheit Hülle,
fand ich das Glück in rein empfundner Fülle.

37.

Auch deine Bildung achtſam zu bedenken,
rief uns die Pflicht mit reich gelohnten Mühn.
Den reinen Sinn ſtets näher hin zu lenken
zum Edeln, dieß allein hieß uns „Erziehn."
Gewiß wirſt du noch ſein, des Biedern, denken,
der dich belehrt, des Prior Seraſin.
Er zeitigte mit Kenntniß, Liebe, Güte,
den regen Keim zur bald entſproßten Blüthe.

38.

Was keine Zeit vernichtet, was nicht rauben
das Unglück kann, in Still' und im Gewühl
uns treu bleibt, lehrt er dich: den hohen Glauben
an Gott und Zukunft, ſchärfte dein Gefühl
für Recht und Wahrheit; führte zu den Lauben
der Dichtkunſt dich, griff ſelbſt ins Saitenſpiel
der hohen Sänger, deren ächte Töne
das Herz erfaſſen, bildſam für das Schöne.

39.

O, daß wir ihn ſo bald im Kreis vermißten,
der oft Belehrung ihm, oft Troſt verdankt!
Er ſtarb als Weiſer, ſtarb den Tod des Chriſten!
Ein ſchlichtes Kreuz, von Epheu überrankt,
dem Abhang nah, wo ſcheue Tauben niſten
im Cedernſtamm, der hoch im Aether ſchwankt
— ihm galt der Platz als ſtille Betkapelle —
bemerkt ſein Grab, geſegnet ſei die Stelle!

40.

Zwar konnt' er mir die Freunde, aufgerieben
vom Schickſal, nicht erſetzen; dennoch hieß
Gefühl und Dank mich ihn, den Biedern lieben,
der uns gefolgt und treu dich unterwieß.
Im Einverſtändniß war er ſtets geblieben
mit ſeinem Freund im Kloſter; dieſer ließ
vom Vaterland und was uns dort entriſſen
und theuer war, mit Vorſicht Kunde wiſſen.

41.

Unwiderrufen blieb trotz dreizehn Jahren
das Urtheil, die Verbannung und die Acht.
Verborgenheit nur konnt' es für dich ſparen,
dieß arme Sein! — Einſt trat in fremder Tracht
Giacomo ein; durch ihn konnt' ich erfahren,
daß Rocca's Sohn, nach Spanien gebracht,
in einem Kloſter, dort, verpflegt mit Treue
des Vaters Bild verſchönt in ſich erneue.

42.

Nur klagt Giacomo: dieſes Kloſters Stille
behage nicht dem Jüngling; reif und alt
an Kräften, obwohl in der Jugend Fülle,
begehrt er frei nach freiem Aufenthalt;
daß er der Abkunft Räthſel ihm enthülle,
verlang er oft; nicht Liſt und nicht Gewalt
vermögen in den düſtern Kloſtergängen
den jungen Löwen fürder einzuzwängen.

43.

Beſchloſſen ward dem Zwang ihn zu entrücken!
ihn, den als Kind ich einſt auf Wochen ſchon
bei mir verwahrt; — mit welchem Hochentzücken
erwartete ich meines Roccas Sohn!
Doch — wer vermag mein Schrecken auszudrücken? —
bald ſchreibt Giacomo: Pietro iſt entflohn!
Er täuſchte ſeine Hüter, er enteilte
dem Zwang, indeß Giacomo bei mir weilte.

44.

Den Jüngling aufzuſuchen, aufzufinden,
an den ihn Treue, wie der theure Schwur
an Rocca: ſtets ihn zu begleiten, binden,
forſcht lang' Giacomo auf des Flüchtlings Spur.
Umſonſt! denn Tage, Monden, Jahre, ſchwinden!
Lang harrt ich angſtvoll! niemals doch erfuhr
ich ſichre Botſchaft; einſt hab' ich vernommen,
Giacomo ſei im Treffen umgekommen.

45.

O dieſer Unfall riß die, kaum mit Narben
geſchloßnen Wunden auf zu neuer Qual!
Nun konnt' ich ihnen, die als Helden ſtarben,
ich konnt' ihm, der ſein Alles mir empfahl,
das Wort nicht löſen! ach, und ſie erwarben
ſo vollen Anſpruch in geprüfter Wahl
auf Treue ſich! — Vergebens! Wünſche ſteigen
nur kraftlos auf, wenn nicht die Thaten zeugen.

46.

Dir auch, Irene! gelten meine Klagen! —
Vernimm dein Schickſal in der Wehmuth Laut!
Du biſt — laß Alles dir in Einem ſagen —
Pietro's oder eines Kloſters Braut!
Du ſtaunſt? erblaſſeſt? Lern dein Unglück tragen!
Das Letzte werde ſtandhaft dir vertraut!
Lang ſucht' ich mir den Uebergang zu bahnen!
Vielleicht errieth mich dein geheimes Ahnen.

47.

Sieh dieſes Blatt, das einſt ich in den Grüften
des Kloſters Nicolo d'Arena fand,
verſiegelt bei der Caſtrioten Schriften!
San Angelo ſchrieb es mit eigner Hand.
Mit Rocca's Haus will er ein Bündniß ſtiften,
mit dem ſich früh ſein edles Haus verband;
und ſeine Erbin, will ſie ſich vermählen,
ſoll Rocca's Sohn, wo nicht, den Schleier wählen.

48.

Es ſoll der letzte Zweig der Caſtrioten
in dieſem Bündniß grünen rein und ächt.
Kein Höfling, kein Geſelle der Deſpoten
ſich drängen in das fürſtliche Geſchlecht.
So ſpricht der Wille des geliebten Todten:
Verweigert ſich die Erbin, fällt ihr Recht
der Erbſchaft an das Kloſter San Helene.
— und du biſt dieſe Erbin, — du, Irene!

49.

Du biſt die Tochter! einzig lebt von allen
in dir noch Caſtrioto's Name fort! —
Was Angelo, mein edler Freund, gefallen
einſt bei Pavia, unſers Bundes Hort,
— dein Vater — angab, fand ich in den Hallen
von Nicolo d'Arena, Wort vor Wort
beſtätigt; jeder Zweifel ward gehoben,
und treuverwahrt ſind der Behauptung Proben.

50.

Als ich den Ring, nur einfach, doch gediegen
von Golde ſchwer, — den damals ich erhielt,
als Angelo, beinah in letzten Zügen,
des Todes Näh' in meinem Arm gefühlt —
dem Prior gab, ward was mein Freund verſchwiegen,
wohin jedoch ſo mancher Wink gezielt,
mir klar; der Prior eilte nach dem Willen
des Sterbenden mir Alles zu enthüllen.

51.

San Angelo vermählte mit Jolande
Batori ſich; ſchön war ſie, ſanft und weich
ihr Herz! ſie weilt, Epirus Fürſtenſtande
entſtammt, am Hof der Königin; zugleich
galt ſie dem Herrſcher zum gewiſſen Pfande
der Treu des Ohm's; denn dieſer, mächtig, reich,
doch ungewohnt dem Herrſcherdruck zu fröhnen,
ſchien mit Neapel ſchwer ſich auszuſöhnen.

52.

Von ihm entfernt, abhängig doch vom Greiſe,
der jeden Schritt ſelbſt in der Fern erſpäht,
ſieht ſich Jolande von dem bunten Kreiſe
der Höflinge umſchwärmt; beſcheidner ſteht

San Angelo um Liebe; ſanft und leiſe,
wie Frühlingsathem durch die Lüfte weht,
eint Lieb' und Gegengunſt die beſſern Seelen!
doch Vorſicht lehrt, dies Bündniß zu verhehlen.

53.

Durch der Geſchlechter Zwiſt in frühern Zeiten
iſt Angelo Jolandens Ohm verhaßt.
Unbiegſam iſt er, nimmer abzuleiten
von dem Entſchluß, ſelbſt ſonder Grund, gefaßt.
Das Vorurtheil des Alten zu beſtreiten
bleibt ſtets vergebens; leicht ſind Zweig und Aſt
zu biegen an dem Bäumchen, Staud' und Ranken
ſie geben nach, — die Eiche kann nicht wanken!

54.

Doch hofft die Liebe, wenn nicht Ueberwindung
der Hinderniſſe, bei geſchworner Treu
den Wechſel beßrer Zeiten; die Empfindung
wächſt ſtillverborgen, trotzt der Jahre Reih.
Klar wiſſen ſie, daß nimmer die Verbindung
dem Hof Neapels wohlgefällig ſei.
Deſpoten wittern Stürme und Gefahren,
wenn Kraft und Anſehn ſich mit Reichthum paaren!

55.

San Angelo's Geburt, bekannte Rechte
auf Caſtrioto's Lehne, wie ſein Muth
ſind ſchon ein Dorn im Auge für die Knechte
der Unterjochung; wenn als Heirathsgut
er einſt des Ohms Beſitzung an ſich brächte,
wie leicht darf dann der Schütze, der jetzt ruht,
mit Doppelkraft den ſtarken Bogen ſpannen?
So ſorgt der Hof, — ſo rechnen die Tyrannen.

56.

Doch ob dort Haß und Launen widerſtanden,
hier ängſtlich lauern Argwohn und Verdacht,
ſchlingt heiße Liebe ſie in Roſenbanden! —
— Die Tugend fällt, wenn nicht die Vorſicht wacht! —
und insgeheim verbündet mit Jolanden
ſich Angelo, und unterm Schutz der Nacht
knüpft in San Nicolo's d'Arena Mauern
der Prior Bande, die für's Leben dauern.

57.

Rocca und Dimas ſind der Trauung Zeugen,
ich war entfernt; mein Freund verhehlte mir
was er gewagt; warum mußt' er mir ſchweigen?
ich weiß es nicht! Vermuthlich ſtrebt auch hier
ausſchließend auf ein Vorrecht, für ſich eigen
der ſchlaue Dimas; edler Rocca, dir
gilt nicht ein gleicher Vorwurf! immer glaubte
mein Herz: daß dir ein Schwur es nicht erlaubte.

58.

Und dieſem Bunde, dieſem Heldenſtamme
dankſt du die Abkunft! Früh ſchon übergab
Jolande dich an eine treue Amme,
denn ihre Blüthe welkte früh zum Grab.
Entflohn dem Hofe, weichend vor der Flamme
des Kriegs, kürzt Gram Jolandens Leben ab.
Nur wenig kann ich, damals ſelbſt zum Flüchten
gezwungen, von der Mutter dir berichten.

59.

Nebſt ihres Gatten Vielgetreuen allen
verſchlang unrettbar ſie des Unglücks Strom.
Auch ſie verrieth der Bube. Angefallen
war ihr indeß das Erbe von dem Ohm.
Als Eigenthum empörter Reichs-Vaſallen
raubt es der Hof; ſie floh und fand in Rom,
wo ſie des heil'gen Vaters Schutz erflehte,
geneigt Gehör — und ihre Ruheſtätte.

60.

Ob Rache ſie in Rom mit gift'gen Pfeilen
verfolgt, um ſichrer ihrer Güter Raub,
nach Tigerrechten, unter ſich zu theilen —
wer mag es wiſſen? Für die Schwächern taub
bleibt Uebermacht! und dennoch iſt's zuweilen
gerathner, wenn der Kläger Aſch' und Staub
geworden! — ganz vorzüglich wenn Beſchwerden
vom heil'gen Stuhl gerecht erfunden werden.

61.

Schon damals warſt du elternloſe Waiſe
als meine Gattin in verſtellter Tracht,
bei meiner Flucht, nach mühevoller Reiſe,
dich zu den Pyrenäen mir gebracht.
Erzogen in des Hausſtands engem Kreiſe
mit treuer Sorgfalt, mußte mit Bedacht
ich Stand, Geburt und Abkunft dir verſchweigen
und keine Spur vergangner Größe zeigen.

62.

Gern nannten wir dich eigne Tochter; ſchenkte
nicht Elternrechte uns die Elternpflicht?
Du liebteſt uns; zu ſtiller Tugend lenkte
das Beiſpiel wie des Prior's Unterricht;
doch als ich dort der Gattin Sarg verſenkte
in fernen Boden, fühlt' ich das Gewicht
vermehrt; von Erdenbanden losgekettet,
wird nur durch dich mein ödes Sein gerettet.

63.

Wie ich allein, ich in mich ſelbſt verſinke;
ich ſeh' dorthin — denn iſt nicht dort ihr Grab? —
Es ſchien, als ob das Vaterland mir winke; —
ihm eil' ich näher, doch es weiſt mich ab!
Verſtellung ſchützt mich, und die Fiſcherpinke,
ſie, die im Glück mir ſonſt Erholung gab,
dient als Gewerbe; unerlöſchte Rache
entdeckt mich nimmer unterm Binſendache.

64.

Trotz ihrer ward erfüllt, was ich gelobte!
Tief leidend aus des Vaterlandes Schoos
verbannt, der Sturm, der um mich, in mir tobte,
beſänftigt! ſieh! der Menſchen Kraft iſt groß,
iſt nur ihr Wille gut! — auch ich erprobte:
Entſagung, Dulden bleibt der Erde Loos!
Viel hat des Schickſals Walten mir entriſſen!
Viel lernt' ich tragen, lernte viel vermiſſen!

65.

Auch du, Geliebte! lerne nun verzichten
auf Hoffnungen! dich knüpft des Vaters Hand
an Rocca's Sohn; wer darf ſein Werk vernichten?
wer ſeine Wahl? wer meines Eides Band?
Es dränge nicht ſich zwiſchen deine Pflichten
und dein Gefühl ein fremder Gegenſtand!
Sei muthig, Tochter! wähl' und ſollſt du leiden,
ſo wiſſe: Schmerz wie Hoffnung gilt uns Beiden!"

Fünfter Geſang.

1.

Geheimnißvoll, erſpäht in düſtern Fernen,
im Ziel geahnt, ſtill, wie der Mond entlang
die Bahn verfolgt dort zwiſchen Nebelſternen,
ſo waltet hier des Schickſals ernſter Gang.
Ertragen! hoffen! ſchweigen! dulden lernen!
dieß ſei der Gruß, es ſei der Wiegenſang
der Mutter! dieß der Wahlſpruch, Erdenſöhne!
der Weisheit Ruf, der bis zum Grab ertöne!

2.

Drum achtet bei dem Lauf der Warnungszeichen!
drum überſpringt nicht tollkühn Maß und Grad!
Des Kraters Grund — ihn kann kein Fuß erreichen:
zum höchſten Gletſcher führt kein Menſchenpfad.
Greift nicht verwegen in die Flammenſpeichen
ſich flüchtig drehend in des Schickſals Rad!
Wie das Getriebe Spreu und dürre Halmen
ſo würd' es den Verwegenen zermalmen!

3.

Wohin verlor, von Eitelkeit getrieben,
hienieden oft ſich ſtolzer Ruhmſucht Flug!
Geſetze hat ſie Enkeln vorgeſchrieben,
gehemmt der Sympathien Wellenzug! —
Geſchlechter, vom Verhängniß aufgerieben,
und Formen, welche Kronos Hand zerſchlug,
bewahrten ſie doch Menſchen vor dem Wähnen
ihr Wollen auf Geſchlechter auszudehnen!

4.

Wie jener Cherub mit dem Flammenſchwerte
  ſteht Angelo's verwegner Beſchluß,
der freie Wahl Irenen ſtreng verwehrte,
  jezt zwiſchen dieſer und dem Genius
des Glücks, der ihr zuerſt den Wunſch erklärte,
  dem ſchweigend, duldend, ſie entſagen muß!
Wohin ſie blickt ſind zwiſchen gähnend ſchroffen
Abgründen, ach! nur Gräber für ſie offen!

5.

Pietro Rocca! — hohl und dumpf erklingen
  die fremden Namen, die ihr Herz nicht kennt!
Es eilt, gehoben von der Liebe Schwingen,
  hin zu Diego, den es leiſer nennt!
Wie darf es Ruh, wie Hoffnung ſich erringen,
  wenn Kloſterſchwur ihn ewig von ihr trennt?
Wie darf ſie Schwüre, wie Gelübde wagen?
Kann ſie Diego und dem Glück entſagen?

6.

Und müßte ſie den kühnen Schritt vollenden,
  fiel in der Weih' ihr braunes Ringelhaar,
wird dann nicht, ſchweifend von der Heil'gen Blenden,
  durch Eiſengitter von dem Hochaltar
ihr thränenmüdes Auge hin ſich wenden
  zu ihm, erkannt in frommer Beter Schaar,
dem in dem Eid, dem Kloſter ausgeſprochen,
ſie frühern Schwur der Lieb' und Treu gebrochen?

7.

Indeß in der Gefühle bangen Träumen,
  im ſtillen Leid Irene ſich verlor,
tritt aus der Kindheit frühern Nebelräumen,
  manch Schattenbild ihr in Erinnrung vor;
wie fremde Männer, kenntlich an geheimen
  Verbündungszeichen, in der Nächte Flor
verkleidet, zu des Greiſes Wohnung ſchlichen;
wie beim Geſpräch oft halbe Nächte wichen;

8.

Wie mit der Männer einem einſt ein Knabe
  ſo wunderſchön bei ihnen eingekehrt;
wie lieb er ſie, ſie ihn gewonnen habe,
  wie gleiches Spiel ihr kindiſch Glück vermehrt,
und jener Mann ihr manche kleine Gabe
  zum Unterpfand des Wiederſehns verehrt;
wie bei der Trennung beider Spielgenoſſen
vereinte Thränen heißer ſich ergoſſen:

9.

Dieß Alles ſtellt ſich aus dem Hintergrunde
  der heitern Jugend ihr lebendig dar.
Ihr ſagt das Herz, der Greis giebt deß ihr Kunde,
  daß jener Knabe Pietro Rocca war,
Giacom ſein Führer. Von dem Heldenbunde,
  zerſtreut durch Mangel, Achtung und Gefahr,
begrüßte keiner jener Waffenbrüder,
ſeit Jahren Junag's Fiſcherhütte wieder.

10.

Entſchloſſen, nicht zu wanken, auszurichten
  des Freundes Willen und Befehl, bedenkt
der biedre Greis bei ſeiner Treue Pflichten
  Irene's Herz, in Trauer tief verſenkt.
Auf Lebensglück im Schleier zu verzichten —
  Ha! welch ein Loos, wenn Liebe Herzen lenkt
zu ſüßer Hoffnung! ſie, der Wonne Fülle
ſie ſtirbt, erſtickt von dieſes Schleiers Hülle!

11.

Wie vom Gewürm zernichtet, ſinkt die zarte
  entſproßne Blüthe hin am Roſenbaum
der frühen Hoffnung! Schonend, treu bewahrte
  der Greis Irenens ſüßen Jugendtraum;
ſelbſt die Entdeckung der Beſtimmung ſparte
  er für den Augenblick, wo, während kaum
wie früh die Liebe tiefe Wunden ſchlage,
es Pflicht ihm ward, daß er das Letzte wage.

12.

Im Stundenglaſe ſeines Lebens rinnen
  nur wenig Körner noch für ihn herab.
Was darf Irene einzeln dann beginnen?
  Mit Junag's Leben bricht ihr letzter Stab!
Starb Rocca's Sohn, was bleibt ihr zu gewinnen
  im Lebensſpiel? dann winkt ein lebend Grab
im Kloſter ihr und bei den Lebendtodten
verwelkt der letzte Zweig der Caſtrioten!

13.

Nicht ſäumen darf er; mehr als Jahre drücken
  ihn die Gefühle mahnend an die Pflicht
einſt angelobt. Der Blitze nahes Zücken
  gewahrt Irene; der Verklärung Licht
umſtrahlt die Hohe und mit Siegerblicken
  ſchaut ſie herab auf Nebel, welche dicht
den engen Umkreis ihres Seins umflogen —
ihr ſtrahlt von fern des Sieges Regenbogen!

14.

Gerungen hat ſie lang, in ſtillen Nächten
  gebetet um Agathens Schutz; da ſteigt
die Heil'ge nieder, haltend in der Rechten
  die Palme! hin auf ihren Altar zeigt
ſie freundlich! Gottgeweihte Kinder flechten
  dort Kränze! — Einen beut ſie dar und ſchweigt.
Irene ahnt in dieſen Traumgeſichten
ihr nah Geſchick in ſtrengen Kloſterpflichten.

15.

Der Genius, umkränzt mit Mohn und Flieder,
  löſ't ihren Schlaf mit ſanfter Schwanenhand.
Des Traums Erinnrung kehrt ihr lebhaft wieder
  und gilt ihr als erſpähter Deutung Pfand.
Die Fantaſie leiht Wort ihr, lehrt ihr Lieder,
  und ſinnend nimmt ſie von der Hüttenwand,
die Mandoline, allzulang vergeſſen,
umſchattet von Geranien und Cypreſſen.

16.

Ihr Antlitz glänzt in glühen Morgenröthen;
  im leichten Duft, der ſich zum Hüttchen neigt
ſcheint ſie, die zu den nahen Gartenbeeten,
  zu Roſenſchweſtern ſich hinab gebeugt,
ein Götterweſen, das in glanzerhöhten
  Erſcheinungen zur Erde niederſteigt;
und zum Akkord der Saiten leiſberührend,
tönt ſanft die Stimm' ätheriſch ſich verlierend.

17.

„O tritt noch einmal, du des Himmels hehre
  Erſcheinung, aus dem Silberwolkenflor!
Noch einmal ſäuſ'le aus der fernen Sphäre
  der Engel Lied in mein entzücktes Ohr!
Dort ſeh' ich ſie, die bräutlichen Altäre,
  von denen ſich mein irrer Schritt verlor
die Palm' in deiner Rechten führe, weiſe
mich in der Eingeweihten ſtille Kreiſe!

18.

„Dort lenke ſtrenge Regel die Verirrte,
  und Andacht reiche mir die Schweſterhand.
Der Einſamkeit für immer treu, umgürte
  die Demuth mir das härne Bußgewand.
Entblättert welke mir der Liebe Myrthe!
  der Schleier hülle vor der Erde Tand
den reinen Blick, und nimmer, nimmer lenke
er ſich nach ihm — ach deß ich weinend denke!

19.

„Nach ihm, der früh ſich dieſes Herz gewonnen,
  eh' es noch jemals andern Wunſch gehegt;
dem es noch ſpät, wenn jener Traum verronnen,
  wenn andrer Schwur ihm Feſſeln angelegt,
in dem Gefühl entbehrter Lebenswonnen
  entgegenklopft — bis es nicht ferner ſchlägt! —
Verwegne! wie? dein Vorſatz dieß? Agathen
erblickteſt du — und haſt ſie ſchon verrathen?

20.

„Verſchwinde denn, du Rauſch vergangner Zeiten!
  gehab dich wohl, du der Morgana Bild!
nicht fürder ſollſt du mir vorübergleiten! —
  Agathens Name bleibe Schirm und Schild!
Ihr gleich will ich dieß ſchwache Herz beſtreiten
  ihr folgen in ihr ſchauerlich Gefild,
die Glocke tönt zum Schwur! der Weihe Horen
beginnen — und ich hab' ihr ſchon geſchworen!

21.

„Noch nicht — noch nicht! o ſchonet mein, Geſtalten
der Nacht, ihr, die mir dicht vorüber ſchwebt!
Des Vaters Wink, die ſchaurigen Gewalten
der Vorzeit drohen — und mein Innres bebt!
Die Saiten ſchwirrten — Todestöne hallten
entgegen mir — vergebens widerſtrebt
dieß arme Herz — o daß im Schwanenliede
ein ſüßer Tod den ſchweren Kampf entſchiede!“

22.

Sie ſchweigt. Mit der Begeiſtrung ſchnellem Feuer,
das ſchwärmeriſch im jungen Buſen ſprüht,
begehrt ſie dringend den Novizenſchleier;
doch der Entſchluß, ſo feſt er ſchien, verrieth
dem Greiſe leicht, daß inniger und treuer
dem fremden Jüngling ihr Gefühl entglüht;
daß Fantaſie ein edles Herz beſtache,
das ſtark ſich wähnt in ungeahnter Schwäche.

23.

Mit Weisheit und Erfahrung ausgerüſtet
hat ihn das Alter und mit ſcharfem Blick.
Für ſie, die ſelbſt ſich täuſchend überliſtet,
erkauft er gern der Zukunft ſichres Glück
mit ſeinem Leben, nur zu lang gefriſtet.
Vergebner Wunſch! drum dünkt ihm ihr Geſchick
weit minder hart, wenn, der Gefühle Hitze
benutzend, er ſie gegen Rückfall ſchütze.

24.

Auch naht der Tag Sankt George's, einſt vor allen
als Caſtrioto's Namensfeſt erwählt
zum Feſttag der verbündeten Vaſallen
und Freunde, die, zur Treue neugeſtählt,
in Nicolo d'Arena Kloſterhallen
ihn feiern. Längſt vom Bunde losgezählt
war dieſer Tag, in der Erinnrung trüben
Gewölken, Vielen theuer noch geblieben.

25.

Ihn dort zu feiern, iſt der Greis entſchloſſen,
und der Erinnrung an den Bundverein,
an ſeine Freunde, ſeine Kampfgenoſſen,
ein ſtilles Feſt nach Jahren noch zu weihn.
Sonſt zog im Prunk mit Rittern, Knappen, Roſſen,
er laut begrüßt mit Angelo dort ein,
jetzt zögert er, Irene ihm zur Seite,
und Gram und Schmerz giebt Beiden das Geleite.

26.

Geworfen iſt ihr Loos! an heil'ger Stelle
winkt ihr, die ach! ſo lange kämpft und litt,
die Ruhe wieder; zu des Innern Schwelle
iſt durch's Noviziat ein kurzer Schritt;
ſo hofft ſie, ſehnt ſich nach der öden Zelle,
aus der kein Fuß zurück ins Leben tritt.
Es naht das Schickſal, ſie ins Grab zu drängen,
deß Riegel Gram und Reue nimmer ſprengen.

27.

Sie folgt dem Greiſe ſchweigend, doch beklommen,
aus ihrer Heimath ſtillem Fiſcherthal.
So folgt einſt Iſaak ihm, heiß entglommen
von Glauben, dem ein ſtrenges Wort befahl
zu opfern ſeinen Sohn, den einz'gen, frommen!
So trug er noch das Holz und bot dem Stahl
ſich folgſam dar, bis Jehova's Geſandte,
die Opfrung wehrend, Angſt und Trauer bannte.

28.

Auf ſchmalem Nachen iſt es überflogen
das wilde, ungezähmte Element,
das in Meſſina's Faro blauen Wogen,
Calabrien vom nahen Strande trennt.
Fortpilgernd wird der kleine Strich durchzogen
bis wo des Aetna Nebelſäule brennt,
wo dicht aus der Cyklopen Orkushallen
im leichten Aether Wolken niederwallen.

29.

Seit Wochen ſchon durchrollt ein dumpf Getöſe
der Berge Innres; freien Ausbruch ſucht
verhaltne Glut; als ob der Grund ſich löſe
zerborſtner Mauern; gegen Fels und Bucht
kämpft hart das Meer; doch ſäumt der Calabreſe,
gewohnt gelinden Ausbruchs, mit der Flucht.
Der Heimath will er ungern nur entweichen
und achtet kaum der nahen Warnungszeichen.

30.

Auch dürfen ſie der beiden Pilger Reiſe
nicht hemmen. Für den Zweck der Wanderung zeigt
Ein Tag; dem Wunſch, das Feſt nach vor'ger Weiſe,
am Orte, der ſo nah vor Augen liegt,
zu feiern, ſcheint das Hinderniß dem Greiſe
vorübergehend und ſein Vorſatz ſiegt.
Irene ahnt in nahen Todesſtunden,
im allgemeinen Aufruhr Troſt zu finden.

31.

In weiter Ebne liegt, geſtreckt auf grüner
Erhöhung, die das offne Meer beſchaut,
San Nicolo d'Arena, wo mit kühner
Begeiſtrung, welche höherm Schutz vertraut,
im reichen Flecken, die Benediktiner
ein ſtattlich Kloſter ſich vorlängſt erbaut.
Vor Aetna's Toben in dem nahen Stürmen
kann nicht Gebet ſie, nicht Gebäude ſchirmen.

32.

Mit des Gefühls unaufgehaltnen Zähren
naht ſich der Greis dem Kloſter und Altar!
Es tönt der Chorgeſang, noch abzuwehren
durch höh're Macht die drohende Gefahr! —
Ihr ſtilles Leid der Jungfrau zu erklären
wirft ſich Irene dort, wo nicht die Schaar
der Beter, nicht Geräuſche ſie zerſtreuten,
hin vor ein Bildniß der Gebenedeiten.

33.

Doch von dem Sturmwind fortgeſchleudert, wogen
indeß die Wolken tief, ins Dunkelblau
gehüllt, von leichten Streifen hier durchflogen,
dort aufgethürmt in ſchwärzlich-dickes Grau,
hier bis ins flache Thal hinabgezogen,
dort aufgethürmt im himmelhohen Bau,
der zu den Sternen leitet, auszugleichen
der Erde Fläche mit den Sternenreichen.

34.

Urplötzlich fällt ein dichter Aſchenregen,
verfinſtert iſt der Aether, ſchwül die Luft.
Dem Tauber fliegt das Täubchen ſcheu entgegen,
vom letzten Laut des Sterbenden geruft;
ſie fallen beide auf vereinten Wegen! —
ſo birgt zwei Gatten Eine ſtille Gruft! —
Entglühter Bimsſtein, ähnlich Donnerkeilen,
ſprüht ringsumher und ſteigt in Feuerſäulen.

35.

Durch Wipfel raſ't der Sturmwind, beugt ſie tiefer;
die Pinie ſinkt, zerſpaltet, wurzellos.
Der Donner rollt! das Meer aus dem Geäfer
ſich wälzend, ſtürzt den Fels mit Rieſenſtoß.
Blaßgräulicht wogt die Fluth wie blanker Schiefer,
das Schuppenvolk hebt aus dem Wellenſchoos
das ſcheue Haupt; die Meeresſchwalben ſchweifen —
es ſcheint ihr Flug am Boden anzuſtreifen.

36.

Gehoben iſt der Aetna in den Fugen,
aus ſeinem Innern fließt ein Schwefelmeer.
Giganten, die Jahrtauſende ihn trugen,
ſie heben ihre Häupter, feſſelſchwer.
Der Krater gähnt; aus Rauchgewölken ſchlugen
blaurothe Flammen; Lava rollt daher
in dicken Wellen, meilenweit entfliegen
Sand, Aſch' und Schlacken eiſendicht gediegen.

37.

Gewaltig brüllt der nahen Donner Rollen,
wie das Beginnen, einer nahen Schlacht,
wo tauſend Schlünde von den Schanzen grollen,
wie Felſenfall im Katakombenſchacht.
Der Mittag birgt ſich tief in ſchreckenvollen
Verhüllungen, in ſiebenfacher Nacht,
als Schlag auf Schlag und Blitz an Blitz ſich drängen,
vermögend ſelbſt der Erde Grund zu ſprengen.

38.

Die Zackenblitze kreuzen ſich und zünden;
in Trauer iſt der Schöpfung Schmuck verkehrt.
Der Himmel flammt; in innern Feuerſchlünden
verſchlingt jetzt Tellus was ſie ſonſt genährt;
und wo ſich Lavaſtröme drohend winden,
ſie, deren nimmer Damm und Mauer wehrt,
da ſtarren Feld und Au in todten Gluten
und Alles weicht verwüſtungsſchwangern Fluten.

39.

Sie überſchwemmen Häuſer, Villen, Städte;
die Mauer weicht, es ſinkt der Thürme Höh.
Sie hält nichts auf; Thal, Wieſen, Ackerbeete
und Gärten ebnet ſie zum weiten See!
So waltet, daß er jede Spur zertrete
der Schöpfung, lachend zu der Menſchheit Weh,
ein böſer Dämon, mit Verwüſtungsmächten,
entronnen aus des Hades alten Nächten.

40.

Geſprengt aus Demantangeln, aus den Schranken
geriſſen ſcheint die Erde, ſcheint ihr Gleis.
Wie blaſſe Geiſter, die der Gruft entſchwanken,
herauf gefodert in des Magus Kreis,
ſo ſchleichen bange Menſchen hin und wanken!
Vermiſſend Freunde, Gatten, Eltern, weiß
kaum einer ganz was er verlor; ihr Schweigen
iſt ſchrecklich, iſt nur der Verzweiflung eigen.

41.

Zum unentfernten Meeresufer flüchtet
das Volk in Thränen; Jammer und Gebet
ertönen; jede Hoffnung iſt vernichtet;
nur der Verödung Todesathem weht!
Denn wo ein Gott mit Feuerflammen richtet,
bleibt Troſt vergebens, Reue allzuſpät.
Geburt, Stand, Alter, was ſonſt Menſchen ſcheidet,
ſind hier vereint, wo Jeder klagt und leidet.

42.

San Nicolo verſinkt in Aſch' und Feuer,
von Dampf erſtickt, von Gluthen überſchwemmt.
Der Lavaſtrom füllt Gräben, ſprengt Gemäuer,
hoch überwogend, was entgegendämmt!
Er, deſſen Fortgang nicht Agathens Schleier,
der ſonſt dem Ausbruch widerſtanden, hemmt,
rollt fort und ſtürzt im breiten Feuermeere
die Tempel und der Heiligen Altäre.

43.

Die Kirche ſchwankt, geſprengt in Eiſengittern
aufſchließt die Gruft ſich bei der Stürme Wuth.
Des Domes Wölbung reißt im Grunderſchüttern;
Irene hört es kaum in frommer Gluth!
Die Wand erbebt; es ſcheint das Bild zu zittern —
— als Gnadenzeichen ſtärkt es ihren Muth!
So übertäubt des Herzens Machtempörung
der Elemente Kampf, der Welt Zerſtörung!

44.

Doch ſchrecklich wird der Irrwahn der Gedanken,
der Fantaſieen Gluth ihr fortgeſcheucht!
Der Tempel dröhnt — ein Erdſtoß — ſeht! die ſchlanken
Tragpfeiler beben und ihr Grundſtein weicht!
Ein Bogen ſtürzt — die Prieſter fliehn — es wanken
die Betenden empor, erſchreckt, erreicht
von Steinen, die mit Schutt die Kirche decken —
rund überall Entſetzen, Jammer, Schrecken!

45.

Wie Krieger, von der Roſſe ſcharfen Hufen
zermalmt im Kampf, liegt zwiſchen Schutt und Staub
die Menge. Greiſe ſchwanken zu den Stufen
der Ausgangshalle, ſichernd wie im Raub
das Leben. Herzzerreißend thut das Rufen
nach den Vermißten; aber ſtumm und taub
ſind Viele ſchon — getödtet im Zerſchmettern,
und fruchtlos jammern Andre nach Erretten.

46.

In halber Ohnmacht ſinkt betäubt Irene; —
ihr Blick, nach dem geliebten Greis gewandt,
ſpäht nur nach ihm in dieſer Schreckensſcene,
und ſchließt ſich dann wie nah am Grabesrand.
Doch kräftig faßt mit männlich ſtarker Sehne,
ein fremder Arm ſie; eine ſanfte Hand
hebt ſie aus Steinen, die dicht um ſie liegen,
und trägt ſie zu des Ausgangs Wölbungsbogen.

47.

„Wohin? wohin! nicht ſollſt du mich erfaſſen,"
ruft ſie erwachend, „rette, iſt's noch Zeit,
den Vater dort! ihn darf ich nicht verlaſſen —
weiß iſt ſein Haar, ein Pilger iſt's!" — Und weit
hinein ins ſinkende Gebäu, durch Maſſen
geborſtner Steine, dringt, vom Tod bedräut,
der Retter, will, ob die Gefahr gelingen,
das Wagſtück enden oder unterliegen!

48.

Der Greis ſinkt kraftlos unter Schutt; es ragen
Haar und Gewand aus todten Trümmern vor.
Den Aufgeregten will der Starke tragen —
da ſtürzt ein Stein herab vom Seitenchor
und trifft des Jünglings Arm; doch ſonder Klagen
geleitet er den Greis ans Ausgangsthor
bis zu Irenen, bedrängt und rettet Beide
aus dem in Trümmer ſinkenden Gebäude.

49.

Dem Arm, durch breite Wunde wie zerſchnitten,
entrieſelt Blut — doch achtet er dieß nicht.
Fort eilen ſie mit angſtbeſchwingten Schritten,
durch Schutt, durch Nebel, die der Sonne Licht
verdüſtern, vor das Thor zu niedern Hütten,
wo beſſern Schutz der Rettende verſpricht.
Wenn Städte ſinken, wenn Palläſte wanken,
ruht ſtill das Hüttchen unter Weinlaubranken.

50.

Doch kraftlos muß der matte Greis jetzt raſten
in einer Flur von Myrten rings umzäunt.
Erhöhte Rührung, heißer Dank erfaßten
ſein Herz; denn wie ein Himmliſcher erſcheint
der Retter ihm, der in dem abgeblaßten,
doch ſchönen Antlitz Muth und Hoheit eint.
Der Wunde Schmerzen ſcheinen ihm zu ſchwinden,
da ſich Irene müht ſie zu verbinden.

51.

„Wer biſt du," ruft der Greis, „den Gott uns ſandte
zur Hülf in der Zerſtörung Angſt und Graus?
Heil, Segen dir! wie ſpricht des Danks entbrannte
Empfindung ſich in ſchwachen Worten aus! —"
„Diego heiß ich," ſpricht er; — ach! ihn nannte
Irenens Herz ſchon längſt! — „dort iſt das Haus
des kranken Vaters; erſt ſeit Wochen kehrten
wir zu der Stadt als Romuald's Gefährten.

52.

„O wohl mir, wenn mein Beiſtand, abzuwenden
die drohenden Gefahren, euch genügt!
Ein Werkzeug war ich in der Vorſicht Händen;
ſie iſt's allein, die gute Menſchen ſchützt;
ſie hilft, ich hoff' es, ſiegreich mir vollenden,
denn ihre Macht iſt's, die mich unterſtützt!
Wenn unter Todten ſie mein Leben ſparte,
ſo iſt's Irene, der ſie mich bewahrte!

53.

„Irene! ja in dieſer heil'gen Stunde,
bekenn' ich unſre Liebe, edler Greis!
Gewiß, euch gab die holde Tochter Kunde —
ſie kennt mein Herz — es liebt ſie glühend heiß.
O Vater, euern Segen unſerm Bunde!
Irene ſei mein heut errungner Preis!
Seit an Agathens Feſt wir uns getroffen,
iſt ſie mein Glück, mein Streben und mein Hoffen!

54.

„Wie flog mein Herz im ſehnenden Verlangen
zu eurer Heimath über jenes Meer!
Doch krank lag hier mein Vater, kaum entgangen
dem Tod, verwundet von der Feinde Speer.
Mir galt der Stoß, er hat ihn aufgefangen;
doch ſiegreich blieb bei Badajoz das Heer,
in dem wir kämpften: bei des Sohnes Pflichten,
mußt' ich auf Wiederſehn und Glück verzichten.

55.

„Und — o der Wonne! als ich plötzlich heute
 dich ſah, Irene! folgend deiner Spur,
dich unerkannt umſchwebend, dir zur Seite,
 für dich beſorgt im Toſen der Natur,
im Elementenkampf, — gelobte, weihte
 ich mich im Stillen und mit theuerm Schwur
als Schutzgeiſt dir, und ſelbſt im Weltzerſchwinden
im Tod und Leben treu dir zu verbinden."

56.

Er ſchweigt und forſcht mit vielberedtem Prüfen,
 in des in Schmerz verſunknen Greiſes Blick.
„Uns unerforſchlich ſind des Schickſals Tiefen,"
 ſpricht dieſer langſam; „hart iſt dein Geſchick!
Des längſt verſtorbnen Vaters Winke riefen
 Irenen früh zum Kloſter. Eheglück
bleibt ihr verſagt. Vom Vater übertragen
ward ihre Leitung mir in frühern Tagen.

57.

„Was er gebot, geziemt mir zu erfüllen,
 ob ſich dabei das eigne Herz empört.
Mehr darf es ſelbſt dir, Edler, nicht enthüllen,
 dem es als Retter ewig dankend ehrt.
Irene kennt ihr Schickſal; ihren Willen
 hemmt ſtrenge Pflicht; in wenig Tagen ſchwört
ſie das Gelübde; höh're Mächte ſcheiden
zwei Herzen würdig aller Lebensfreuden." —

58.

„So bleibt mir nichts für dieſe Welt zu hoffen!
 Wohl denn! ſo ſchwinde dieſes Lebens Spiel!
Ha! was ich ahnte — ſchwer iſt's eingetroffen!
 Vernichtet iſt der Wünſche letztes Ziel!
Lebt wohl! Lebt wohl! das Grab liegt vor mir offen!
 und fallen werd' ich wie ein Held einſt fiel!
Heil mir, wenn einſt ich dort Irenen finde! —"
ſo ruft er: jach reißt er vom Arm die Binde.

59.

Entſtrömend wallt das Blut vom Arm bis oben
 entblößt, bis zu der Bruſt herab geſtreift:
und in des Herzen ſchwärmeriſchem Toben,
 wo der Entſchluß ſchnell zur Vollziehung reift,
faßt er den Dolch; zum Stoß emporgehoben
 iſt ſchon der Arm; doch mächtiger ergreift
der Greis den Arm, und kann, noch am Vollenden
der That, den Stoß noch ab vom Herzen wenden.

60.

„Halt ein," ruft er, „Diego! ſprich, welch Zeichen
 trägſt du hier an der Bruſt? und weſſen Zug
am Arm gebrannt? — wär's möglich? — dieſe Eichen —
 der grüne Aar im himmelhohen Flug —" —
„— Ein biedrer Mann — o möcht' ich ihn erreichen!
 ließ es zurück, wie er es ſterbend trug;
denn will ich, ob mein Vater andre Fragen
mir nicht gelöſt, es bis ich ſterbe, tragen."

61.

Diego ſpricht's; es bleichen ſeine Wangen,
 denn ſtärker aus der offnen Wunde quillt
das Blut; ihn hält Irene heiß umfangen,
 ſie, der ſein Leben mehr als Alles gilt;
ihr reges Sorgen, ihr verſchwiegnes Bangen,
 und ein Verband aus ihren Händen ſtillt
den Schmerz; die faſt gebrochnen Augenlider
entſchließen ſich — Irene kennt er wieder.

62.

Es ſchweigt der Greis; dann dringt mit heißer Bitte
 er in Diego: daß er unverweilt
ihn leite hin zu ſeines Vaters Hütte.
 Bald ſind ſie dort; denn wie ein Jüngling eilt
der Greis, Erwartung flügelt ſeine Schritte
 und Hoffnung, ob ein Strahl des Lichts, ertheilt
durch jenes Zeichen, dieſes Dunkels Nächte
zerſtreue, ſeinem Ahnen Deutung brächte?

63.

Sie treten ein; geſtützt von einer Krücke,
 ſchleicht matt ein Greis entgegen, ihren Gruß
erwiedernd; kaum begegnen ſich die Blicke
 der Alten — welch ein ſeliger Erguß!
„Du mein Giacom? biſt du es wirklich? drücke
 ich an dies Herz dich? — Segen dem Entſchluß
hieher zu wallen! Segen dieſem Tage!
Gott! du verleihſt mehr als ich Greis ertrage! —"

64.

„O, guter Herr; euch darf ich wiederſehen!
 euch meines Rocco Freund, euch heute — hier!
Vergebens eilt' ich in die Pyrenäen,
 ich fand euch nicht und nimmer glückt' es mir
trotz Forſchen euern Wohnort auszuſpähen.
 Verwundet lag ich, Romualdo Panier
begleitend, um Diego in Gefahren
zu ſchützen, weilt ich fern von hier ſeit Jahren.

65.

„Wohl mir daß ich den Flüchtling aufgefunden,
 dem Kloſterzwang zur Unzeit einſt entflohn,
den Namen tauſcht er als er dort verſchwunden —
 umarmt in ihm hier eures Rocco Sohn!
Vom ſchweren Eide bin ich jetzt entbunden,
 ich hielt ihn treu, weil noch Gefahren drohn.
Des Vaters werth iſt Pietro; es verrathen
die edle Abkunft, Muth und hohe Thaten."

66.

Und Jacom führt den Jüngling ihr entgegen,
 der Holden noch von Staunen ſtill betäubt.
„Euch eint San Angelo durch Vaterſegen!
 der Caſtrioten letzte Sproſſe bleibt
vermählt dem Stamm des Freundes! auf den Wegen
 der Lieb', ob Sturm und Fluth den Nachen treibt,
dürft nun ihr glücklich landen in den Hafen
als Freie, nicht als armer Sünder Sclaven.

67.

„Des Vaters Schrift hat Schätze dir, Irene,
 gerettet, meine Sorgfalt ſie bewahrt.
Laßt bald von hier uns ſcheiden, jede Scene
 des Leids vergeſſend, in vereinter Fahrt
nach Frankreich eilen, in entfernte, ſchöne
 Gefilde, wo der Reichthum, treugeſpart
zum Ankauf nützt in Thälern der Cevennen —
dort ſoll kein Schickſal, kein Tyrann uns trennen.

68.

„Kommt, meine Kinder, ſchwört den Eid der Weihe!
 von oben glänzt euch hehr ein mildes Licht!
O folgt ihm fürder in erprobter Treue
 zum Ziel der Weisheit auf dem Pfad der Pflicht.
Trifft dann euch Schmerz, doch trifft euch nimmer Reue?
 ich ging ihn ſtandhaft, weiche von ihm nicht.
Auf ihm iſt mir für Leid Erſatz geblieben:
des Rechts Bewußtſein und das Glück der Lieben!"

Druck von B. G. Teubner in Leipzig.

Encyclopädie

der

deutſchen Nationalliteratur

oder

biographiſch-kritiſches

LEXICON

der deutſchen

Dichter und Proſaiſten

ſeit den früheſten Zeiten;

nebſt

Proben aus ihren Werken.

Bearbeitet und herausgegeben

von

Dr. O. L. B. Wolff,

Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Jena.

Sechster Band.

O. bis Schmalz.

Leipzig,
Verlag von Otto Wigand.

1841.

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München
Bibliothek

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O.

Jakob Hermann Oberreit

ward am 2. December 1725 zu Arbon im Schweizercanton Thurgau geboren und bildete ſich ſelbſt zum größten Theil durch Unterhaltung mit einem myſtiſchen Uhrmacher. Nach Erlernung der Wundarzneikunſt 1750 als Arzt zu Lindau angeſtellt, erhielt er 1769 ſeine Amtsentlaſſung und lebte nun in verſchiedenen Städten ſeiner Neigung zur Philoſophie, Theoſophie, Dichtkunſt und Chemie. In Jena, wo er ſich am längſten aufhielt, ertheilte ihm Wieland als Pfalzgraf 1769 das Diplom eines Dr. der Philoſophie. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 2. Februar 1798.

Literariſch bekannt machte er ſich durch:

Vertheidigung der Myſtik und des Einſiedlerlebens gegen Zimmermann. Frankfurt 1775.
Gamaliels Spaziergänge. Berlin 1780.
Die Einſamkeit der Weltüberwinder. Leipzig 1781.
Supplike an philoſophiſche Damen gegen Zimmermann. Ebendaſ. 1786.
Die verzweifelte Metaphyſik. Ebendaſ. 1787.
Der wiederkommende Lebensgeiſt der verzweifelten Metaphyſik. Drama. Berlin 1788.
Kritiſche Spaziergänge der Vernunft. Ebendaſ. 1789.

O. zeigte in ſeinen Schriften neben myſtiſcher Dunkelheit und unklarer Schwärmerei zugleich wirkliche Tiefe und Scharfſinn und hätte, auf beſſeren Bahnen fortſchreitend, wohl eine dauerndere Berühmtheit erworben, als jene ephemere, welche er zum größten Theil ſeinen Angriffen Zimmermann's verdankte.

Jeremias Jakob Oberlin

ward am 7. Auguſt 1735 zu Straßburg geboren und widmete ſich dort nach gehöriger Vorbildung eifrig dem Studium der Philologie, Philoſophie und Theologie. 1754 erlangte er die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde und wurde, nachdem er ſeine darauf folgenden ſprachlichen, literariſchen, archäologiſchen, geſchichtlichen und diplomatiſchen Studien beendet hatte, 1760 Lehrer am vaterſtädtiſchen Gymnaſium und Adjunct an der daſigen Bibliothek. Durch gelehrte Reiſen ſuchte er ſich ſpäter zum tüchtigen Univerſitätslehrer auszubilden, war aber kaum als ſolcher aufgetreten, als die Stürme der Revolution auch ihn ergriffen und ihn nach Metz in Gefangenſchaft brachten. Mit der Herſtellung der Ordnung erhielt auch er ſeine Freiheit wieder und wirkte nun als ordentlicher Profeſſor und Bibliothekar an der Univerſität zu Straßburg, wie auch als Mitglied des Stadtraths und Correſpondent des Nationalinſtituts bis an ſeinen am 10. October 1806 erfolgten Tod.

Er gab in deutſcher Sprache heraus:

Elſaſſer Almanach. Straßburg 1782—92.
Bihtebuoch. Ebendaſ. 1784.

Ein verdienter Philolog, der ſich zugleich den Dank der Literatur durch Herausgabe und Verbreitung mittelalterlicher Schriftdenkmäler erwarb.

Von Obernburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Heinrich von Ofterdingen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Adam Gottlob Oehlenſchläger.

Dieſer höchſt ausgezeichnete Dichter ward am 14. November 1779 zu Friedrichsberg bei Kopenhagen geboren und erhielt durch ſeinen Vater, den daſigen Schloßverwalter in Kopenhagen eine gelehrte Erziehung. Nach hier beendigten philoſophiſchen und Rechtsſtudien bereiſte er 1805 auf königliche Koſten Deutſchland, Frankreich und Italien und ward 1809 bei ſeiner Rückkehr als Profeſſor der Aeſthetik und Mitglied der Theater-Direction in der däniſchen Hauptſtadt angeſtellt. Sein Forſchungsgeiſt trieb ihn aber ſchon 1816 wieder nach den genannten Ländern und 1829 nach Schweden, wo ihn die Univerſität Lund beſonders ehrenvoll aufnahm und zum Dr. der Philoſophie ernannte. In demſelben Jahre erhielt er auch eine wirkliche ordentliche Profeſſur an der kopenhagener Univerſität, der bald die Ernennung zum Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor folgte. Von einer 1833 nach Norwegen unternommenen Reiſe zurückgekehrt, lebt er jetzt ſeiner literariſchen Muße zu Kopenhagen. In neueſter Zeit ward er zum Etatsrath ernannt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Kleine vermiſchte Schriften. Stuttgart 1821, 8. Auch unter dem Titel: die Dichter im Leben, überſ. von G. Lotz.
Schriften mit Selbſtbiographie (bis zum 30. Jahre). Breslau 1829—30, 18 Bde., gr. 16.; neue Ausg. 1839.
Dramatiſche Dichtungen. Hamburg 1835, 2 Thle., 16.

Einzeln:

Aladdin. Dramatiſches Gedicht. Leipzig 1808, 2 Thle., 8.; 2. Aufl. 1820, mit 1 Kupf.
Hagbarth und Signe. Trauerſpiel. Stuttgart 1816, 8.;
Hakon Jarl. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1810, 8.

Axel und Walburg. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1810; neue Ausg. 1820, 8.
Correggio. Trauerſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1816; 3. unveränd. Aufl. 1832, 8.; franzöſiſch von X. Marmier, Paris und Straßburg 1834, 8.
Gedichte. Stuttgart 1817, gr. 8.
Märchen und Erzählungen. Ebendaſ. 1817, 2 Bde., 8.
Hugo von Rheinsberg. Trauerſpiel. Herausgegeben von Chriſtiani. Göttingen 1818, 8.
Palnatoke. Trauerſpiel. Stuttgart 1811, 8.; 2. Aufl. 1819.
Briefe in die Heimath. Ueberſetzt von Leg. Altona 1820, 2 Bde. 8.
Der Hirtenknabe. Drama. Leipzig 1821, 12.
Ludlams Höhle. Märchen. Berlin 1821, 8.
Erich und Abel. Trauerſpiel. Stuttgart 1821, 8.; aus dem Däniſchen von Leg. Schleswig 1821, 8.
Starkotber. Trauerſpiel. Stuttgart 1821, 8.
Freia's Altar. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1821, 8.
Die Räuberburg. Singſpiel. Stuttgart 1821, 8.
Robinſon in England. Luſtſpiel. Ebendaſ. 1821, 8.
König Hroar in Leire. Ebend. 1822, 8.
Holbergs Luſtſpiele. Ueberſetzt. Leipzig 1822—23, 4 Thle., 8.
Tordenſkiold. Drama. Nach dem Däniſchen von G. Leg. Kaſſel 1823; 2. Ausg. 1828, 8.
Die Blutbrüder. Ueberſetzt von G. Leg. Leipzig 1823, 8.
Vaulundur. Stuttgart 1824.
Aly und Gulhyndi. Ebendaſ. 1825.
Die Inſeln im Südmeer. Tübingen 1826, 4 Bde. 8.
Die Väringer in Konſtantinopel. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1828, 8.
Die Götter des Nordens. Epos. Aus dem Däniſchen von Glückſelig (G. Legis). Leipzig 1829, 8.
Morgenländiſche Dichtungen. Leipzig 1831, 2 Bändchen, gr. 12.

Ein Ausländer, den wir durch ſeine trefflichen deutſchen Schriften mit Stolz auch den Koryphäen unſerer Nationalliteratur beizählen können. Tiefe und Innigkeit des Gefühls, reiche Phantaſie, Anmuth, Witz und trotzdem, daß die deutſche Sprache für ihn eine fremde iſt, ſeltene Beherrſchung der Form, ja ſelbſt, ungeachtet mancher däniſchen Wendung, bewunderungswürdige Klarheit und Adel des Ausdruckes ſind ihm eigen und weiſen ihm als Dichter einen Platz unter den beſten ſeiner poetiſchen Zeitgenoſſen an. Der einzige Tadel, der im Allgemeinen ſeine dramatiſchen Leiſtungen trifft, iſt eine gewiſſe naive Sentimentalität, durch welche die nöthige Kraft gerade da, wo ſie am meiſten vorherrſchen ſollte, gelähmt, mitunter ſelbſt ganz verdrängt wird. Am bedeutendſten erſcheint er in der Bearbeitung mythiſcher und hiſtoriſcher nordiſcher Stoffe, und ſein „Hakon Jarl" iſt namentlich ein Meiſterwerk, am anmuthigſten dagegen, wo er leichtere Märchen mit ſpielender Phantaſie und warmer Lebendigkeit, die ihm eigenthümlich iſt und ſeinen Dichtungen häufig ein ſüdliches Colorit verleiht, behandelt. O. iſt eine durchaus edle Natur, das ſpricht ſich auch in allen ſeinen Poeſien, ſelbſt in den minder gelungenen ſiegreich aus und wird in Dänemark wie in Deutſchland ſtets willig anerkannt werden.

Reichmuth von Adocht*).

In Cöln lebte im Jahre 1571 ein reicher Bürgermeiſter, deſſen Ehefrau Reichmuth krank ward und ſtarb. Sie hatten ſehr glücklich mit einander gelebt; Reichmuth war noch ſehr jung und ſchön geweſen, und ihr Eheherr hatte während der Krankheit nie ihr Bette verlaſſen. Sie litt nicht viel in der letzten Zeit ihrer Krankheit, aber die Ohnmachten wurden immer häufiger und dauerten immer länger, bis ſie zuletzt nicht mehr aufhörten und ſie verſchied. Es iſt bekannt, daß Cöln eine Stadt iſt, die, was Andacht betrifft, ſich in alten Tagen mit Rom vergleichen konnte; weßhalb man ſie auch Roma germanica, oder civitas sancta geheißen. Es ſchien, als wenn ſie in folgenden Zeiten durch Frömmigkeit das Unglück wieder gut machen wollte, der abſcheulichen Agrippina Geburtsort geweſen zu ſein. Man ſah in vielen Jahren weiter nichts als Prieſter, Studenten und Bettelmönche. Man hörte immer da mit den Glocken läuten, und zählt noch eben ſo viele Kirchen und Klöſter, wie das Jahr Tage hat.

Die vornehmſte Kirche, die Kathedrale St. Peter, iſt eins der vortrefflichſten Gebäude Deutſchlands, aber noch nicht vollendet. Nur der Chor iſt gewölbt. Das Innere der Kirche beſteht aus vier mächtigen Säulenreihen, und iſt etwas länger als der Straßburger Münſter. Der Hauptaltar iſt ein einziger ſchwarzer Marmorſtein aus Namur an der Maas, längs des Rheins nach Cöln gebracht. In der Sacriſtei zeigt man einen Stab von Elfenbein, der dem Apoſtel Petrus zugehört haben ſoll. In einer Capelle ſteht ein ſilberner vergoldeter Sarg, mit den vermeintlichen Leichnamen der heiligen drei Könige.

In dieſer Kirche ward Reichmuth von Adocht beigeſetzt, als Braut geſchmückt, in blumiger Seide, einen bunten Kranz auf dem Haupte, die Finger voll köſtlicher Ringe.

So ward ſie in eine kleine Capelle im Keller unter dem Chore in einem Sarge mit gläſernen Scheiben hingeſetzt. Mehrere ihrer Voreltern lagen ſchon da.

Der wackere Adocht, ihr Eheherr, hatte mit ſchweren Schritten ſeine Hausfrau zur Ruheſtätte geführt. Die große Glocke im Thurme, von zweihundert und zwanzig Centnern, hatte erhabene Trauertöne durch die weite Stadt verbreitet; die frommen Mönche, mit Geſang und Serpenten, mit Licht und mit Rauchwerk, hatten ein Requiem abgeſungen von den großen Pergamentblättern, die im Chore auf den Notenſtühlen aufgeſtellt waren. Jetzt lag ſie da, blaß und lang, in der Hülle des Todes. Die ungeheure Uhr, die nur einmal im Jahre aufgezogen wird, die die Stunden des Tages und den Lauf der Sterne zeigt, war das einzige Bewegliche im ſtillen Gewölbe. Ihr eintönig lautendes Tiktak ertönte über die ſtillen Gräber, über die alten heiligen Bilder.

Es war ein ſtürmender November-Abend, als Peter Bolt, Todtengräber bei der St. Peterskirche, nach dieſer prächtigen Begräbnißfeier nach Hauſe ging. Seine Frau hatte ihm ein Jahr nach ihrer Ehe eine Tochter geſchenkt; jetzt war ſie wieder guter Hoffnung. Mit ſchwerem Herzen ging der arme Mann von der Kirche nach ſeiner ſtillen Wohnung, die kalt und feucht am Fluſſe lag, und dem Sturm im Herbſte am ärgſten ausgeſetzt war. Er wollte zu ſeiner Frau hineingehen, aber die kleine Maria, die in der Vorſtube mit ihrer Puppe ſpielend ſaß, kam ihm entgegen. Vater, rief ſie, geh nicht hinein! Der Storch iſt gekommen, hat Maria einen Bruder gebracht, Mutter ins Bein gebiſſen; ſie iſt krank und liegt im Bette. — Kurz darauf kam ſeine Schwägerin und brachte ihm einen neugebornen geſunden Knaben. Seine Frau befand ſich nicht wohl, und es wurden Anforderungen zu nothwendigen Ausgaben gemacht, die weit ſeine Kräfte überſtiegen. In dieſer Noth lief er hin zum Juden Iſaak, der ihm in der letzten Zeit mitunter eine kleine Summe vorgeſtreckt hatte. Aber Bolt hatte nichts mehr zu verpfänden; er mußte ſeine ganze Hoffnung auf Iſaaks Mitleid gründen, und das war ein ſchlechter Ankerplatz. Iſaak hörte ſeine heftige, durch Thränen unterbrochene Bitte mit Geduld an. Als Bolt ausgeſprochen hatte, antwortete er gelaſſen, daß er auf ein neugebornes Kind nichts verleihen könne, und daß Thränen und Seufzer ein ſchlechtes Pfand ſeien, das keinem ordentlichen Manne genüge. In gefühlloſer Stumpfheit, zwecklos und verzweifelt, taumelte Bolt jetzt wieder nach Hauſe. Bei den reichen Prälaten war er öfters geweſen, ſie hatten ihn mit unbedeutenden Almoſen abgeſpeiſt, und nun durfte er da nichts mehr erwarten. Es war dunkle Nacht geworden; der erſte Schnee fiel eben in großen Flocken ſchräge hin über den Domplatz. In dieſem Taumel, ganz in ſein Unglück verſunken, verfehlte er den Weg über den Markt, den er doch ſo oft gegangen, und ehe er es ſelbſt wußte, ſtand er auf der Kirchentreppe, gerade beim Haupteingange des Doms. — Die Uhr ſchlug dreimal, das war drei Viertel auf Zwölfe. Plötzlich fuhr ihm ein Gedanke, wie ein Blitzſtrahl, durch den Kopf. Er ſah ſeine kleine Maria mit der Puppe ſpielen; — ſeine kranke Frau mit dem neugebornen Kinde an der ausgezehrten Bruſt im Bette liegen; — alsdann die todte Reichmuth im gläſernen Sarge, mit Edelſteinen an den Leichenfingern. — Wozu braucht ſie die? dachte er. Iſt es eine Sünde, die Todten zu berauben, um die Lebendigen zu erquicken? — In dieſen Gedanken eilte er nach Hauſe; und nachdem er hundertmal auf dem Wege ſo und ſo beſchloſſen hatte, brachte das ſtille, verheimlichte Leiden ſeiner Frau ihn zum Entſchluß. Er zündete ſeine Blendlaterne an, ſteckte den großen Schlüſſelbund in die Taſche und ging. Unterwegs ſchien es ihm, als ob die Erde unter ihm wankte; aber der Gedanke, daß es zu Hauſe noch ſchlimmer war, als hier, trieb ihn fort. Er tröſtete ſich mit dem ſchlechten Wetter, welches die Straße leer hielt, ſo daß ihn Niemand belauern würde. Auf der Treppe ſtand er wieder einen Augenblick ſtille, dann faßte er Muth, ſteckte den Schlüſſel in das alte Schloß, drehte mit dem gewöhnlichen Griffe, und jetzt ſtand er allein in der Kirche, nachdem er die Thüre wieder angelegt hatte.

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*) Novelle aus A. G. Oehlenſchläger's „Schriften," 18. Bdchn. (Breslau [illegible]).

Mit welcher Herzensangſt ging er durch das lange Schiff der Kirche. Er zitterte ſo ſehr mit der Leuchte in der Hand, daß er jeden Augenblick fürchten mußte, das Licht würde auslöſchen. Es ſchien ihm, als ob die ausgeſchnitzten Cherubim an den Stühlen mit ihren Flügeln ihn an dem Rocke zurückhalten wollten. Er hatte von einem Menſchen gehört, der in die Kirche gegangen war, um ſeinen Muth zu zeigen; er wollte zum Zeichen, daß er da geweſen, ſein Meſſer in einen Sarg ſtoßen; unvorſichtiger Weiſe hatte er auch den Rockſchoß durchbohrt, und da dieſer ihn zurückhielt, ſei er vor Schrecken todt umgefallen. „Du mußt deine Furcht zähmen; es iſt alles Einbildung! Es iſt dein wallendes Blut, das dich betrügt! Hundertmal biſt du hier des Nachts geweſen, und es iſt dir nichts zugeſtoßen!“ Alles dieſes ſagte er ſich ſelbſt; es machte ihn aber nicht muthiger. Es bebte ihm ein leiſer Laut der Lippen, obſchon er es nur dachte, und ſich wohl hütete, laut zu ſprechen.

Jedesmal, wenn er mit der Leuchte an einer Altartafel vorbeikam und die Bilder beleuchtete, ſchien es ihm, als ob die ernſten Geſichter drohende Mienen machten. An einem Bilde ſah man die Hinrichtung des Apoſtels Petrus. Das Haupt gegen die Erde gekehrt und die Füße gegen den Himmel gewandt, hing der Heilige da am Kreuze. Das Blut ſank ihm ins ausdrucksvolle Geſicht, und die Silberlocken fegten den Staub. In dieſem Augenblick glaubte Bolt die Sekundenſchläge der Glocke ſtärker zu hören. — Er wich zurück. Gott! dachte er, was du ein Sünder biſt! Der heilige Petrus ſtarb ſo demüthig ſeinen ſchmerzlichen Tod für Jeſus, und du verräthſt ihn. Jetzt krähte der Wetterhahn draußen, und es kam Bolt in Sinn, wie Petrus ſeinen Erlöſer dreimal verläugnet, ehe der Hahn zweimal gekrähet hatte. — Er war doch auch ein Menſch, dachte Bolt, und hatte ſeine Johanne, ſeine kleine Maria, ſein neugebornes Kind zu verſorgen. — Dieſer Gedanke gab ihm Muth. Er ging am Hochaltar links vorbei, öffnete die Chorthür, ſtieg die Treppe hinunter, ſchlich ſich durch den langen, ſchmalen Kellergang, mit Begräbniſſen zu beiden Seiten, machte Reichmuths Capelle auf — und jetzt ſtand er ihrem Sarge gerade gegenüber. Da lag ſie blaß und gelb. Er glaubte ſchon einen unangenehmen Leichengeruch im Gewölbe zu ſpüren. Der Flitter in ihrem Haare und die Ringe an ihren Fingern glänzten ſeltſam im ſchwachen Leuchtenſchimmer. Er wollte den Deckel öffnen, fuhr aber zurück. Es ſchien ihm, als ob die Todte ihr Geſicht verzöge. Hätte ich nur Zeit, dachte er, ſo wollte ich doch lieber etwas aus den andern Särgen nehmen. Die Zeit hat das Menſchliche an dieſen Mumien vertilget! Man bringt ja ohne Gewiſſensangſt Mumien von Egypten. Die lange Zeit hat das Recht des Todten und die Ehrwürdigkeit der Leichen aufgehoben. Doch — dachte er wieder — dieſe ſind Chriſten, meine Brüder und Freunde. Die Egypter ſollen ihre Grabmäler ſelbſt in großer Ehre halten; es ſind nur ihre Feinde und Fremde, die ſie öffnen und plündern. Die Scheu davor, ſich lange an dieſem ſchlimmen Orte aufzuhalten, gab ihm Thatkraft. Reichmuths Sarg ſchien ihm zum Oeffnen der leichteſte, er wollte ihn mit einem Brecheiſen aufmachen, aber es ging nicht ſo leicht. Die gläſernen Scheiben waren zu klein, und darinnen mit Eiſendrath verſehen. Er mußte das Holz von außen ſpalten. Während es krachte, floß ihm der kalte Schweiß übers Geſicht. Dieſer Laut überzeugte ihn mehr, als alles Uebrige, daß er ein Kirchenräuber ſei. Vorher hatten ihm nur die Umgebungen angſt gemacht; jetzt fing er an, vor ſich ſelbſt zu erſchrecken, und er hätte ohne Zweifel Alles aufgegeben, wäre nicht das Schloß plötzlich aufgeſprungen, indem er eine Feder drückte. Hurtig ſah er zurück, als wenn er den wahrnehmen wollte, der hinter ihm ſtand und ihn belauerte. Als er Niemand ſah, fiel er auf ſeine Knie, erhob ſeine Hände und ſeufzte: „Heilige Todte! vergib! Du brauchſt nichts von dieſem Schmucke, und ein einziger Stein davon vermag eine arme lebendige Familie glücklich zu machen. Es war ihm, als ob die Todte bei dieſen Worten freundlicher ausſah. Beherzt ergriff er nun ihre Hand, einen der Ringe abzuziehen. Was ſchildert ſein Schrecken, als die Leiche ſeine Hand mit kalten Fingern umfaßte und ſie feſt um das Handgelenke drückte. Mit einem Schrei machte er ſich los. Er hatte nicht ſo viel Beſonnenheit, die Leuchte mitzunehmen. Angſt findet den Weg im Dunkeln. Als ein Haſe fuhr er durch den Gang der Capelle, durch das Chor, und wäre ohne Zweifel glücklich hinausgekommen, hätte er nicht in der Eile den großen ſogenannten Teufelsſtein vergeſſen, der mitten in der Kirche liegt, der Sage nach, vom Teufel durchs Gewölbe geworfen. So viel iſt gewiß, er iſt vom Boden heruntergefallen, und man zeigt noch das Loch droben, wodurch er gefallen iſt.

Gegen dieſen Stein taumelte der unglückliche Bolt, eben wie die Glocke ihre zwölf dumpfen Schläge vom Thurm herab brummte, und unbewußt ſtürzte er zur Erde. Als er aus ſeiner Ohnmacht erwachte und vernahm, daß Niemand ihn verfolgte, gab die Furcht ihm Flügel. Jetzt eilte er zur Kirche hinaus, über den Markt, gerade nach des Bürgermeiſters Hauſe. Er war ſich nichts bewußt, als ſeine Sünde, und ſah keine Möglichkeit, der Rache der Todten zu entgehen, als durch eine Beichte.

Er mußte lange klopfen, ehe die Thür aufgemacht ward. Das ganze Geſinde lag im tiefen Schlummer, nur der betrübte Adocht ſaß noch in ſeinem Canapee, wo er ſo oft mit Reichmuth geſeſſen. Ihr Bild hing im Schatten an der Wand. Bolt's wiederholtes Klopfen weckte ihn endlich aus ſeinem wehmüthigen Traume. Er ging hin, öffnete das Fenſter, und fragte: „Wer iſt da?“ — „Ach, geſtrenger Herr Bürgermeiſter,“ war die Antwort, „ich bin's!“ — „Welches Ich?“ — „Peter Bolt, Todtengräber bei der St. Peterskirche. Ich habe eine Sache von äußerſter Wichtigkeit zu entdecken, Herr Bürgermeiſter.“ Eine natürliche Gedankenverbindung von Reichmuth, dem Todtengräber von der Kirche, worin ſie lag, und dem wichtigen Geheimniſſe trieb Adocht fort, um ſo bald als möglich mehr zu erfahren. Er nahm die Wachskerze, eilte die Treppe hinunter, und öffnete Bolten ſelbſt die Thür. „Was habt Ihr mir zu ſagen?“ rief er. Kaum war die Thür wieder zugemacht, als Bolt ſich ihm zu Füßen warf, und ſeine Sünde geſtand mit Allem, was vorgegangen ſei. Adocht hörte ihm verwundert zu; ſein Zorn war mit Mitleid vermiſcht. Er befahl Bolten, dieſe Sache zu verſchweigen, da er ſich ſonſt ſelbſt ins größte Unglück ſtürzen würde. Selbſt beſchloß er gleich mit Bolten nach der Kirche zu gehen, um den Zuſammenhang zu unterſuchen. Allein Jener weigerte ſich durchaus. „Ihr könnt mich lieber gleich zum Hochgerichte ſchleppen,“ rief er, „als daß ich zum zweiten Male den Frieden der Todten ſtören ſollte.“ Adocht brannte vor Begierde, dahin zu gehen. Ein Funke der Hoffnung glühte in ſeinem Herzen auf. Mit einigen Thalern half er dem Todtengräber aus ſeiner dringenden Noth, und ließ ihn nach Hauſe gehen, um ſeine Frau zu tröſten.

Jetzt rief Adocht ſeinen alten Hausknecht. „Fürchteſt Du die Todten, Hans?“ fragte er ihn. „Nein, veſter Herr Bürgermeiſter,“ war die Antwort, „ſie ſind lange nicht ſo gefährlich, wie die Lebendigen.“ — „Wagteſt Du zum Beiſpiel wohl zur Nacht in die Domkirche zu gehen?“ „Wenn es von Amts wegen wäre, ja; ſonſt nicht. Man ſoll das Ehrwürdige nicht verſpotten.“ „Glaubſt Du an Geſpenſter, Hans?“ „Ja, Herr Bürgermeiſter.“ — „Fürchteſt Du ſie?“ — „Nein. Ich halte mich an unſern Herrgott, der iſt der ſtärkſte.“ — „Willſt Du mit mir in die Domkirche gehen, Hans? Ich habe einen wunderbaren Traum gehabt: es ſchien mir, als wenn meine ſelige Frau mir vom Kirchthurme über den Markt zuriefe.“ — „Nun iſt Peter Bolt gewiß hier geweſen und hat Euch Grillen in den Kopf geſetzt. Dieſe Todtengräber ſehen Geſpenſter alle Augenblicke.“ — „Zünde Deine Hornleuchte an, Hans! ſchweig' und folge mir. Ich befehle es Dir.“ — „Wenn Ihr es befehlt, geſtrenger Herr Bürgermeiſter, ſo muß ich gehorchen, denn Ihr ſeid ſowohl meine Herrſchaft, als meine Obrigkeit.“ Jetzt zündete Hans ohne weitere Widerrede ſeine Leuchte an und folgte ſeinem Herrn.

Adocht trat mit ſchnellen Schritten in die Kirche hinein; Hans aber, der vorangehen und leuchten ſollte, hielt ihn mit ſeinen Betrachtungen auf, ſo daß es nur langſam ging. Gleich beim Eingange beleuchtete er die goldenen Stäbe über der Thür, welche jedes Jahr durch einen neuen vermehrt werden, damit man ſehe, wie lange der regierende Churfürſt gelebt. „Das iſt eine gute Einrichtung, geſtrenger Herr Bürgermeiſter,“ ſagte Hans; „man braucht nur dieſe Stäbe zu zählen, ſo erfährt man gleich, wie lange Zeit der gnädige Herr Churfürſt uns ſündhafte Menſchen beherrſchet hat.“ Die ſchönen Gräber von Kupfer und Alabaſter mußte er auch erſt beleuchten; er bat, ſein Herr möchte ihm einige Inſchriften erklären; kurz, er betrug ſich wie ein fremder Reiſender, der die Gelegenheit benutzt, um die Merkwürdigkeiten der Kirche zu beſehen, obſchon er alle ſeine drei und ſechzig Jahre hier in der Stadt Cöln zugebracht und in der Zeit mehrere Male wöchentlich in der Kirche geweſen.

Adocht, der wohl wußte, es hülfe nichts, Vorſtellungen zu machen, fand ſich geduldig in die Wunderlichkeiten ſeines alten Hausfreundes, und begnügte ſich damit, ſeine Fragen ſo kurz als möglich zu beantworten. So näherten ſie ſich denn nach und nach dem Hochaltare. Aber hier ſtand Hans plötzlich ſtille, und war nicht weiter zu bringen. — „Spute Dich!“ — rief nun Adocht, der die Geduld zu verlieren begann, und dem das Herz von der unruhigſten Erwartung klopfte. „Alle guten Geiſter loben den Herrn!“ murmelte Hans durch die klappernden Zähne, zitternd an dem Gürtel ſeinen Roſenkranz ſuchend. — „Was gibt es?“ rief Adocht. — „Seht Ihr nicht, wer dort ſitzt, geſtrenger Herr Bürgermeiſter?“ — „Wo?“ — „Gott verzeihe mir's, da ſitzt ja die gnädige Frau im langen ſchwarzen Mantel auf dem Altare, und trinkt aus dem Silberkelche. Jetzt richtete Hans die Laterne gegen die Erſcheinung, und es verhielt ſich wirklich ſo. Blaß ſaß ſie da, im weit hinſchwebenden dunkeln Gewande, und erhob die ſilberne Schale an ihre Lippen. Auch Adochts Muth fing zu wanken an. „Reichmuth!“ rief er.

„In Jeſu Namen beſchwör' ich Dich: biſt Du es ſelbſt, oder iſt es Dein Schatten?“ — „Ach,“ antwortete eine ſchwache Stimme: „Ihr habt mich lebendig begraben. Ich war nahe daran zu verſchmachten. Aber dieſe Weintropfen haben mich erquickt. Komm herauf zu mir, lieber Adocht. Ich bin nicht todt, aber matt, und wenn nicht bald für mich geſorgt wird, ſterb' ich.“ Hier eilte Adocht hinauf zum Altare und ſchloß die geliebte, wieder gefundene Frau in ſeine Arme.

Nachdem Bolt entflohen war, hatte Reichmuth, im Sarge von ihrem Scheintode erwachend, einige gräßliche Augenblicke zugebracht. Ehe ſie ihrer noch recht bewußt geworden, hatte ſie, durch die Armbewegung, das Licht umgeworfen, ſo daß es auslöſchte. Sie ſchlug die Augen auf und wußte nicht, wo ſie ſei? Sie taſtete rund umher, aber ſtatt warmer Betttücher, fand ſie ſich nur in dünne Seide gewickelt. Sie griff nach dem Haupte und entdeckte den goldenen Schmuck. Noch wußte ſie nicht, was ſie denken ſollte. Es war dunkle Nacht. Als ſie noch weiter umhertaſtete, ahnete ſie, daß ſie in einem engen Kaſten liege. Jetzt trennten ſich die Schneewolken am Himmel, und der helle Mond ſtand dem einzigen kleinen Fenſter des Gewölbes gegenüber. Nun ſah Reichmuth zu ihrem Schrecken, wo ſie war. Sie richtete ſich empor und erfüllte die Wölbung mit ihrem Geſchrei. Die ſchauerlichſten Vorſtellungen, lebendig begraben zu ſein, vor Hunger und Durſt zu ſterben, ihre letzten Stunden zwiſchen gräßlichen Leichen zuzubringen, ſtanden vor ihr. Die Thür war zugeſchloſſen. Der erſchrockene Bolt hatte ſie nach ſich zugeſchlagen. Sie wußte, daß man nicht vom Chore her ihr Geſchrei hören konnte. Das Fenſter ſaß hoch in der Mauer und wandte ſich nach einem abgelegenen Orte hinaus, wo Niemand hinkam. Wahrſcheinlich, glaubte ſie, würde man in mehreren Tagen nicht nach der Grabſtätte kommen; in der Zeit müßte ſie verſchmachten. Reichmuth rang ihre Hände. Mit Schaudern betrachtete ſie die weißen, zinnernen Särge, die ſchwarz geräucherten Wände. Auf dieſe Blätter war es, wo ſie ihre Leidensgeſchichte ſchreiben ſollte, die einzige Linderung und Zerſtreuung vor ihrem ſcheußlichen Tode. Die Verzweiflung prägte ſich auf ihrem blaſſen Geſichte aus. Sie fing an, vor Kälte und Entſetzen zu frieren. In dieſer Noth ſuchte ſie nach etwas, worein ſie ſich wickeln könnte, und fand das ſchwarze Leichentuch, worin man ſie auf der Bahre hergebracht. In dieſes hüllte ſie ſich, und es war, als wenn der wärmere Zuſtand ihr neue Kräfte mittheilte. Der Mond ſchien ſehr hell. In der ſchwarzen Hülle kniete ſie vor das Fenſter hin, und rief: „Heilige Mutter Gottes, die Du droben in der Kirche über dem Altar ſteheſt! ich kann in dieſem Augenblicke nicht vor Deinem geweiheten Bilde knieen. Aber Dein Antlitz iſt hold und ſtrahlend, wie der Mond. Ich ſtelle mir vor, daß Du es biſt, die von Deinem Himmel zu mir herunter blickeſt. Heilige Maria! erlöſe mich, rette mich!“ — Nach dieſem Gebete ging ſie zur Thür und wendete ihre letzten Kräfte daran, den großen verroſteten Griff umzudrehen. Was ſchildert ihre Freude, als ſie merkte, die Thür ſei nicht zugeſchloſſen, ſondern nur angelehnt. Jetzt eilte ſie mit ſchnellen Schritten hinaus. Aber ſie kam nicht weiter, als bis zum Hochaltare. Sie fühlte, Todeskälte durchzuckte ihr Gebein, und fürchtete wieder eine Ohnmacht. Zum Glücke erinnerte ſie ſich, daß der Prieſter gewöhnlich den Krug, worin man Wein zum Abendmahle brachte, hinter dem Altare ſtehen ließ. Sie arbeitete ſich dahin, erhob den Deckel des ſilbernen Gefäßes, und fand eben ſo viel, als ſie brauchte, um ſich zu ſtärken. Sie fühlte das Leben wieder in ihre Adern zurückkehren. So fand ſie ihr Eheherr. Nur einen Augenblick ſchauderte er zurück vor der ſonderbaren Erſcheinung; bald faßte er ſich und erwärmte das geliebte Weib in ſeinen Armen.

Adocht traf die beſten Veranſtaltungen, um ſie mit Vorſicht nach Hauſe zu bringen. Es war ihm ein Leichtes, die wahre Urſache der Rettung ſeiner Frau zu verbergen. Wie groß war ſeine Freude, als der Arzt den folgenden Tag verſicherte, die gefährliche Kriſis ſei überſtanden und er brauche nicht für ſeine Reichmuth zu fürchten. Es war ihm nicht möglich, dem armen Bolt böſe zu ſein, der aus ſo rührenden Urſachen Verbrecher geworden war. Allein Bolt war ſelbſt ein ſtrengerer Richter, als der Bürgermeiſter. Er legte ſein kleines Amt nieder, und wollte nie mehr als Todtengräber die Kirche ſehen. Reichmuth ſorgte für ſeine Frau, Adocht für ihn. Sie waren beide Pathen ſeines Kindes. Welche Gefühle erfüllten ihre Bruſt, als Reichmuth vierzehn Tage nach ihrer Errettung, an einem ſchönen ſommerhellen Vormittage, den lächelnden Knaben aus der Taufe hob, unter dem Klange der Orgel, die Stühle mit grünen Tannenzweigen und Schaumgolde geſchmückt, und alle Pulpitäre voll Einwohner der Stadt! Sie dankten der Vorſehung in ihrem Herzen und beſchloſſen, den kleinen Knaben nie zu verlaſſen, deſſen dürftige Geburt allein Reichmuths gräßlichen Tod verhindert hatte. So ward denn die traurige Leichenfeier plötzlich in eine freudige Kindtaufe verwandelt, mit Pauken und Trompeten, und der reiche Adocht ſparte nicht ſeinen alten Rheinwein dieſen Tag, ſondern ließ ihn im großen Faſſe auf dem Markte ſpringen, zur Freude des Volks, das ſeine und ſeiner Frau Geſundheit mit wiederholten Glückwünſchungen trank.

Gedichte von A. G. Oehlenſchläger.

An Charlotte Schiller.

Der Sänger geht am ſchmalen Stege,
Im Schatten blühender Natur;
Verſchmäht die gar zu breiten Wege,
Gepflaſtert durch des Haufens Spur;
Da muß er vieles überwinden,
Durch manchen Dorn er dringen muß;
Wo er gehofft, den Bach zu finden,
Trifft er den brauſend wilden Fluß.

Doch kämpft er gern ſich, unverdroſſen,
Selbſt durch den dickſten Tannenwald;
Wird er mitunter rund umfloſſen —
Es muß ſich ja doch enden bald!
Wo Dornen ſtechen, blühen Roſen,
Das Dickicht führt zu einer Au',
Es endigt ſich der Wolke Toſen,
Sie flieht und läßt den Himmel blau.

Und ſteht er endlich dann im Haine,
Im dunkelgrünen Buchenhain,
Röthlich beglänzt im Abendſcheine,
Dann iſt er länger nicht allein.
Wie durch der Aeolsharfe Töne
Die Lüfte gaukeln, voller Luſt,
So zittert auch durch ihn das Schöne,
Und klingt hinaus durch ſeine Bruſt.

Und durch die Bäume drängt ſich leiſe
Zum breiten Heerweg der Geſang:
Da kommt das Rad aus ſeinem Gleiſe,
Dem Fuhrmann wird's im Herzen bang;
Zum grünen Tempel der Geſänge
Fühlt er zu lenken ſich geneigt;
Beſinnt ſich aber, folgt der Menge,
Glaubt, daß ſich dort die Elfin zeigt.

Der Sänger wandert über Hügel,
Er ſteigt getroſt, und kommt der Fluß,
Dann ſchwimmt er kühn; mit loſem Zügel
Auf Abenteu'r er reiten muß.
Und Alles, was ihm ſo begegnet,
Dringt in ſein Herz gewaltig ein;
Und ob es ſtürmet oder regnet,
Muß er doch wohl zufrieden ſein.

Nichts Endliches kann ihn beglücken,
Nichts Endliches vernichtet ihn.
Und jede Kraft muß ihn entzücken,
Und durch ſein ganzes Weſen glüh'n;
In Schauen muß er ſich vertiefen,
Was ihn verhindert, merkt er kaum;
Es iſt ihm, als wenn Viele ſchliefen;
Selbſt freut er ſich im ſchönſten Traum.

Doch hat er lange ſo mit Wonne
Den ſchönen Weg zurückgelegt,
Dann kommt der Abend, ſinkt die Sonne,
Und kalt ſich jedes Blatt bewegt,
Dann iſt er Menſch, und er begehret
Nach dem, was wieder ihn belebt,
Was ihm der Augenblick verwehret,
Weil er nicht klug danach geſtrebt.

Doch kommen Bauern her im Walde,
Und ſpeiſen ihn mit Obſt und Brot.
Er ißt, trinkt aus der Quell', und balde
Vergißt er die verſchwundne Noth.
Und mit der frühen Morgenröthe
Erwacht er bei dem erſten Schall,
Blickt um ſich, greift und bläſt die Flöte,
Wetteifernd mit der Nachtigall.

Es kommen aber viele Tage,
Wo nicht die Sonn' im Walde ſcheint;
Es tobt kein Sturm; in ſtummer Klage
Nur Gras und Blatt und Hügel weint;

Es iſt nicht Kampf, kein kühnes Ringen,
Iſt lebenloſe Trauer nur,
Die Harfe ſelbſt kann hell nicht klingen,
Sie iſt ſo ſchlaff, wie die Natur.

Dann ſehnt er ſich wohl nach den Mauern
Und in den lichten Saal hinein,
Wo Gäſte ſitzen ohne Schauern,
Bei ſchönen Frauen, gutem Wein.
Dann denkt er auch, wenn fern er ſchauet
Ein ſchönes, reichbegabtes Haus:
Warum iſt es nicht Dir erbauet?
Und warum ſchließt Dich Alles aus?

Und weil er fühlt im tiefſten Herzen,
Was auf die weiche Seele fällt,
Müßt' ihn auch tief und bitter ſchmerzen
Die Stumpfheit, Blödigkeit der Welt,
Und die Verſchmähung ſeiner Lieder,
Der Hohn, der Trotz, der Frevelmuth,
Wenn die Natur nicht freundlich wieder
Das Unheil machte immer gut.

Am Wege, dort wo er geſungen,
Neugierig horchten ſie, im Flug;
Kaum aber war das Lied verklungen,
So hatten ſie daran genug!
Er ſang: von Ceres Aehrenhaufen,
Die in den goldnen Garben ſteh'n.
Sie geh'n das Korn nur zu verkaufen,
Im Felde nur das Gold ſie ſeh'n.

Jetzt ſingt er laut in ernſten Liedern
Von der verſchwundnen Menſchen Thun,
Erzählt von den verſtorbnen Brüdern,
Die tief im moos'gen Grabe ruh'n.
Er ſingt: Wie durch des Grabes Hügel
Sich hebet friſch der Rosmarin,
So hebt ſich auf der Zeiten Flügel
Das Leben auch zum neuen Blühn.

Sie hören's nicht. Doch Ein'ge kommen,
Und ſie verlaſſen ihren Weg;
Sie haben gern das Lied vernommen,
Und folgen ihm auf ſeinem Steg.
Und hurtig wird der Bund geſchloſſen,
Die Seele kennt die Seele bald.
Und öfter folgen unverdroſſen
Sie ihrem Freund durch ſeinen Wald.

Doch Männer ſind zur That berufen,
Und That verhindert den Verein;
Sie müſſen ſteigen ihre Stufen
Und mit ſich ſelbſt beſchäftigt ſein.
Das Lied giebt ihnen Muth und Leben,
Ermuntert gehn ſie wieder fort.
Sie danken ihm, weil er gegeben —
Und — einſam ſteht er wieder dort.

Wer ſitzet auf der Wolken Rande,
Den Lorbeerzweig in weißer Hand,
In himmelſtrahlendem Gewande,
So fremd und doch ſo wohlbekannt?
Entfernet von dem Erdgetümmel
Vernimmt ſie doch das Lärmen gern;
Vergißt darüber ſelbſt den Himmel;
Es klingt ihr, wie ein Lied von fern.

Es iſt die Muſe. Freundlich ſchauet
Sie ihren vielgeliebten Sohn.
Ihr ſanftes Auge ſich bethauet;
Sie ſinnt auf einen würd'gen Lohn;
Sieht, wie nach ihrem Götterbilde
Er ſtrebt ſo treu, bei Tag und Nacht,
Und — eine Jungfrau — ſchön und milde,
Begegnet ſie ihm auf der Jagd.

Erröthend nähert ſich die Schöne
Verſchämt dem vielgeliebten Mann;
Und — wie Telemachos Athene —
So ſtaunet ſie der Jüngling an.
Er kannte längſt das holde Weſen,
Sieht ſie doch jetzt zum erſten Mal.
Er kann in ihren Blicken leſen,
Und fühlt der Göttin Liebesſtrahl.

Da ſingt ſie: Jede ſchöne Blume
Hebt ſich mit ihrer Blätterſchaar
Vom Staub hinauf zum Heiligthume,
Und reichet Gott die Krone dar.
Doch ſteh'n die Wurzeln tief im Grunde,
Worin der Lebensſaft ſich regt;
Daß ſie gedeih', daß ſie geſunde,
Iſt nöthig, daß ſie Liebe pflegt.

Ich will die Gärtnerin im Garten
Dir werden, denn Du liebeſt mich!
Entwickle Blumen aller Arten!
Ich hege, Freund, ich pflege Dich.
Nie ſollſt Du Dich allein befinden;
Scheint nicht die Sonne länger warm,
Wenn Strahlen, Tag und Farben ſchwinden,
Dann ruhe ſüß in meinem Arm.

Er ſieht der Mittlerin des Lebens
Entzückt ins lichte Augenpaar.
Er überredet ſich vergebens,
Daß dieß ein irdiſch Mädchen war!
Er fühlt ſich neubegeiſtert wieder,
Der Weg iſt länger nicht ſo hart.
Er ſingt ſein Heil, — und ſchöne Lieder
Verkünden ihre Gegenwart.

Sie hat mit Lorbeern ihn bekrönet,
Und durch ein wunderſam Geſchick
Sieht er ſich plötzlich ausgeſöhnet
Jetzt mit der Zeit, dem Augenblick.
Nun will er nichts von Trennung wiſſen!
Das Glück ſteht ihm nicht länger fern.
Was Lieb' erſt hatte wild zerriſſen,
Vereinigt Liebe wieder gern.

Ein jeder Sänger, deſſen Leier
In Waldes Einſamkeit ertönt,
Trifft ſeine Muſe, die ihn, freier,
Bald mit der ganzen Welt verſöhnt.
So ſchmückteſt Du dem großen Sänger
Den Weg mit lichtem Lebensmai;
Du machteſt ihm den Buſen enger,
Und dadurch ward der Buſen frei.

Du linderteſt ſo hold ſein Leiden,
Da war das Leben nicht vergällt;
Beglückteſt ihn mit Vaterfreuden,
Und zeigteſt heiter ihm die Welt.
Da ward er ruhig und geduldig,
Er fühlte ſich von Gott beſtrahlt.
Wir ſind ihm, ach! ſo Vieles ſchuldig!
Doch Du haſt ihm für uns gezahlt.

Drum nimm auch dieſes Lied zum Danke,
Das treu aus meinem Herzen bricht;
Wohin ich in der Welt auch wanke,
Vergeß' ich Deiner Milde nicht.
Ich ſeh' im heil'gen Abendſchauer,
Wenn düſter die Cypreſſen weh'n,
Dich, eine Blum', in Liebestrauer
Am Grabe des Geliebten ſteh'n!

Heimweh.

Wunderbare Abendlüfte,
Wohin winkt ihr meinen Sinn?
Laue, milde Blumendüfte!
Saget an, wo wollt ihr hin?
Weht ihr über Meer und Strand
Zum geliebten Vaterland?
Wollt ihr auf der Sehnſucht Schwingen
Meinen ſtillen Seufzer bringen?

Sonne! matt, im letzten Funkeln,
Sinkſt du ins Gebirge dort!
Und nun ſitz' ich ganz im Dunkeln
Einſam am verborgnen Ort.
Dort war kein Gebirg'! — Ich bin
Weit denn von der Heimath hin?
Soll nicht zuverſichtlich träumen
Unter den bekannten Bäumen!

Sohn aus Norweg! haſt geſungen
Oft mit voller, treuer Bruſt:
In der Heimath wird errungen
Nur die ungeſtörte Luſt!
Schweizer dort am Felſenhang!
So ertönt auch Dein Geſang.
Heil'ger Sehnſucht heiße Lieder
Winkten zum Gebirg' Euch wieder.

Glaubt Ihr, daß der Berg alleine
Tief ſich in die Seele prägt!
Aengſtlich auf dem nackten Steine
Wie das Herz im Buſen ſchlägt.
Stolz das Tannenlied erſchallt;
Doch, wo iſt mein Buchenwald?
Gelber Fluß, der hier ſich bieget,
Nicht zur Ruh die Seele wieget.

Dort bewegt ſich keine Welle
Tief im Grabe ſeicht und ſchwer;
In der großen Lebensquelle
Rollt ſie fort, im freien Meer!
Schlängelt ſich mit eitler Luſt
Um der Inſel volle Bruſt,
Geht, und freut ſich an den Blüthen,
Die dem Kind am Buſen glühen.

Stille, ſtill die Zither klinget;
Schaukelnd ſchwimmt der Kahn ſo ſacht.
Eine holde Jungfrau ſinget
In der klaren Sommernacht.
Reine Töne! Milder Klang!
Holder, trefflicher Geſang!
Doch, was wein' ich traurig wieder?
Singt ſie doch ſo ſchöne Lieder!

Es iſt nicht in Dänenzungen,
Es iſt nicht das alte Lied,
Nicht das Lied, das mir geklungen,
Wo die Abendlinde blüht;
Beſſer? Ach, das kann wohl ſein;
Aber nicht das alte, nein!
Fröhlich klingt es, ohne Sehnen,
Rührt mich doch zu heißen Thränen.

Singen muß ich, kann nicht ſchweigen;
Nehmt mir nicht das Lied zu ſchwer!
Ahnung wiegt ſich auf den Zweigen,
Seufzend kommt das Windchen her.
Manche Nacht im Mondenſchein
Saß ich ſo in meinem Hain,
Die Erinn'rung ſchöner Tage
Kam und weckte meine Klage.

Früh verlor ich meine Mutter!
Ach, wie innig ſchmerzt' es mich.
Dänmark, meine zweite Mutter!
Seh' ich jemals wieder dich?
Schwach das Menſchenleben iſt!
Grauſe Zeit und lange Friſt!
Werd ich wieder mit Entzücken
Dich in meine Arme drücken?

Die Veilchen.

Kleine Veilchen, ſüß und blaß
Schaut ihr durch das grüne Gras,
Blau im Thale;
Sonne wärmet eure Luſt,
Wehmuth ſauget euer Duft
Von des Mondes Strahle.

Dicht ihr ſchon im Graſe ſteht,
Röthe ſpielend übergeht
Zart ins Blaue;
Friſch, im lichten Frühlingsſchein,
Winket ihr zum bunten Hain,
Mägdelein der Aue.

Aber rauh der Frühling weht,
Schüchtern jedes Veilchen ſteht.
Ach, ihr Armen!
Kraut und blätterlos Geſträuch
Wölbt ſich fruchtlos über euch.
Ihr könnt nicht erwarmen!

Kleine, liebe Veilchen! Nein,
Sturm ſoll länger nicht im Hain
Euch zurückbiegen.
Seid nur froh, ſeid wohlgemuth!
Neu um meiner Emma Hut
Sollt ihr euch breiten.

Um des Strohes lichten Glanz
Schlängle ſich der dunkle Kranz
Voll im Drange.
O, wie wird der matte Schein
Heben ihr Schwarzäugelein,
Und die Purpurwange!

Lebewohl an Giebichenſtein.

(Im Januar 1816.)

Leb' wohl, du ſchöner Garten!
Du baumbewachſ'ner Hügel!
Ihr lieben Stauden dort im grünen Thale!
Ich kann nicht länger warten;
Mich lenken andre Zügel.
Das Schickſal trennt mich von der gelben Saale.
Doch muß zum letzten Male
Ich noch den Blick auf dich, o Garten, werfen,
Wo holde Mädchen ſangen
In Stimmen, die durchdrangen
Mit ſeligem Vergnügen meine Nerven;
Wo Gaſtfreiheit und Milde
In Blumenpracht erheitert das Gefilde.
Du ſteheſt zwar betrübet,
In Winter-Ernſt gebunden,
Und keine Blume glüht durch dunkle Blätter;
Doch deuteſt du, geliebet,
Die baldverrauſchten Stunden
Im lauen, liebevollen Frühlingswetter.
Jetzt walten andre Götter!
Ein Schmetterling, iſt Flora ſchnell entwichen,
Laut ſtürmt des Windes Toſen;
Es blühen keine Roſen;
Der rothe Sommerglanz iſt längſt verblichen;
Schneeblume, bleich im Leiden,
Bedeutet nur das weiße Blümlein: Scheiden!

Ja, eine ſchöne Blume
Iſt Scheiden, thaubethränet;
Sie ruft die andern alle ſanft zurücke.
Im lieben Heiligthume,
Wonach ich mich geſehnet,
Steht alles wieder da zu meinem Glücke!
Es zeigt ſich meinem Blicke
Nun jede kleine, ſonſt vergeßne Blüthe,
Und jedes Lied, das labend
Im heitern Sommerabend
Erfreute mich, erquickte mein Gemüthe;
Die Mutter mit dem Kinde,
Die Freunde ſprechend an der Schattenlinde.
Durch Blumen ſeh' ich gehen
Den Meiſter der Geſänge,
Ich ſeh' ihn wieder ſitzen, Saiten ſchlagend,
Ich ſeh' die Töchter ſtehen,
Die ſchöne Blumenmenge;
Bald tönt das Lied mir fröhlich, und bald klagend:
Ich ſeh' mich ſelber zagend,
Ob ich mit Worten oder ſtillem Schweigen
Soll ihnen recht ausdrücken
Mein inniges Entzücken;
Wie die Gefühle ſich zur Erde neigen,
Wie ganz der junge Däne
Iſt aufgelöſt in einer ſel'gen Thräne.

Ich konnt' es nie, und kann es auch nicht heute.
So geh' denn, mein Geſang! und ſag' im Singen,
Was heute nicht und nimmer wird gelingen.

Der Wunderbaum.

Es ſtand ein großer Baum im großen Garten;
Ihr glaubt es kaum,
Doch Blumen, Früchte trug von allen Arten
Der Wunderbaum.

So groß, wie eine königliche Eiche,
Der Stamm erſchien.
Im Laub, da blühten Roſen, roth' und bleiche,
Durchs Roſmarin.

Die Blätter wechſelten ſich mannigfaltig,
So grün und dicht;
Die Aeſte breiteten ſich aus gewaltig
Im Sonnenlicht.

Bald wölbten ſie hinunter ſich zur Aue,
Wie Lindenzweig';
Bald ſchoſſen ſie die Flügel weit ins Blaue,
Cheruben gleich.

Bald ſchwarz und dick und knotig war die Rinde,
Voll Schwamm und Kraut;
Die zarten Blätter waren glatt und linde,
Wie Mädchenhaut.

Man konnte Kirſchen und Orangen finden,
Wo man nur las;
Die Aeſte ſchüttelten in Sommerwinden
Die Frucht ins Gras.

Des Tags, da krochen Affen in den Zweigen
Und neckten ſich;
Des Nachts, da ſtand der Baum ſo ſtill und eigen,
Und ſchauerlich.

Die Nachtigall im kalten Mondlichtsbade,
Erſchrak und ſchied;
Denn in dem Stamm ſang zaubernd die Dryade
Ihr Todtenlied.

Von Vielen ward der Baum geliebt; genoſſen
Von Wen'gen ganz;
Doch Jeder fand, was er geſucht,
In Sonnenglanz.

Wer Früchte liebte, ſagte: Ei, da ſeh' ich
Den Apfelbaum!
Wer Schatten ſuchte, ſeufzete: Nun geh' ich
Zum Frühlingstraum.

Wer Blumen wollte, ſagte: Sieh', da glühet
Mein Blumenſtrauß!
Wer Lieder wünſchte, ſagte: Sieh', da blühet
Mein Vogelhaus!

Wer gar nichts liebte, ſagte: Zwinge, zwinge
Dein Plaudermaul!
Wer Alles liebte, ſagte: Singe, ſinge
Noch lang, Jean Paul!

Vergleichung.

(Voß, Tieck, Göthe, Jean Paul.)

Der Erſte liebt antike Form;
Der Zweite bleibt im Stoff enorm;
Der Dritte eint ſchön die Zwei;
Der Vierte fühlt als alle Drei.

Der Erſte lebt in Griechenland;
Der Zweit' in der Romanzen Land;
Der Dritte lebt, wo's ihm gefällt;
Den Vierten trifft man — in der Welt.

Der Erſte meint: So iſt es recht!
Der Zweite ſagt: So iſt es ſchlecht!
Der Dritte ſchweigt, und macht es gut;
Der Vierte: recht und ſchlecht und gut.

Ich ſchätze hoch des Erſten That;
Den Zweiten lieb' ich früh und ſpat;
Ich bete faſt den Dritten an;
Der Viert' iſt eben recht mein Mann.

Nachſchrift:
Ein Jeder macht's, ſo gut er kann!

Sehnſucht in Paris.

Ach, wie erquickend iſt es doch mitunter,
Ein ſchönes, edles Weib zu ſchau'n;
Das Auge flammt, das Herz wird munter;
Nichts in der Welt belebt doch wie die Frau'n.

Man geht ſo als Garçon auf ſeine Reiſ';
Man ſieht, bemerkt und reflectirt,
Und alles nur erbarmungswürd'ger Weiſ';
Stumpf wird der Geiſt, wenn Liebe nicht regiert.

Armer Geſell! Im fremden, fernen Lande
Er unbekannt und ſprachlos geht,
Und unterhält ſich ſtets mit dem Verſtande —
Bis der Verſtand ihm ſtille ſteht!

Und ohne Liebe, ohne ſüßes Herzen
Iſt Jugend doch ein welker Kranz,
Ein Purpurſchauſpiel ohne Kerzen,
Ein kalter Morgen ohne Sonnenglanz.

„Biſt in Paris, und — welch ein ſeltnes Träumen!
Sehnſt Dich nach Frauen? Das muß ich geſteh'n!
Du kannſt wohl nicht den Wald vor lauter Bäumen,
Vor lauter Lilien und Roſen ſeh'n?“

Ach, Lieber! Zarte Lilien ſeh' ich viele,
Selbſt manche rothe Roſe winkt;
Die Lilien aber ſind nicht mehr am Stiele;
Die Roſen ſind — geſchminkt.

Im Frühlinge.

Wenn ich ſeh' den Frühling mit den Blumen
Wieder ſich im Grünen neu vermählen;
Wenn das Eis geſchmolzen und die Quelle
Wieder leicht dahin und munter fließt:
Tönen aus den grünen Heiligthumen,
Aus den Schatten tauſend Vögelkehlen;
Und des Dichters Harfe klingt ſo helle,
Während Geiſt in Worte ſich ergießt.

Aber immer nicht Geſänge loben
Von den weiß beſchneiten Blumenhecken,
Zaubertönend, ſchmeichelnd Deinem Ohre;
Ueberall nicht hörſt Du Liebesſchall;
Auch die Eulen ſchrei'n, die Pfau'n und Raben,
Auch im Teiche dort die Fröſche quäken,
Und die Unken rufen dort im Moore,
Tödtend oft das Lied der Nachtigall.

Heult, ihr Eulen! Rufet fort, ihr Unken!
Quäket, Fröſche, nur; ich mag es hören!
Eu'r Geſang iſt kurz, natürlich, eigen;
Wie ein altes Volkslied rührt es mich.
Aber iſt der Menſch ſo tief geſunken?
Muß zur Narrheit ihn der Lenz bethören?
Muß er, ſtatt genießen, ſelbſt nur zeigen,
Um der Welt zu zeigen: Hier bin ich!

Hat ja Gott ihm doch Verſtand gegeben,
Und Gefühl in ſeinem ſtillen Herzen,
Zu vernehmen, wie die Hirten flöten,
Die noch wiſſen mit Geſang Beſcheid!
Muß er dieſes blühend-ſchöne Leben,
Wo vergnügte Muſenſöhne ſcherzen
Muß er hier Melodien tödten
Durch den ſtumpfen Trieb der Eitelkeit?

Nie wird das Gefühl ſo ſehr erkaltet,
Nichts erſchlafft ſo gänzlich das Gemüthe
Als, wenn ringsum durch Apollo's Güte
Unſre Erde grünt im Ueberfluß,

Und ſich jede Blume zart entfaltet,
Nur zu ſehen, wie die höchſte Blüthe,
Wie die Menſchenſeele, mitgeſtaltet,
Ausgeartet, plump, ſich ſchämen muß.

Drum, o Pan! hinein zu Deinem Buche,
Führe mich, wo Bächlein in die Weite
Rieſeln aus des Berges tiefer Schichte,
Wo die Eichen ſproſſen derb hervor;
So daß aus dem Muſenalmanache
Nicht die Aſſonanzen und Sonette,
Nicht die ew'gen Einerleigedichte
Noch erreichen da mein armes Ohr.

Da will ſtumm ich die Natur genießen,
Alle Liebe ſoll ſich neu entzünden;
Spiele dann, o heilige Cäcilie,
Auf der großen Orgel der Natur!
Und wenn die Gedanken überfließen,
Lehre mich ein Lied, ſie zu verbinden!
Weiheduftend, edel wie die Lilie,
Würdig jenen Blumen auf der Flur.

Als ich klein war.

(Aus dem Däniſchen, nach Baggeſen.)

Es war einmal — da war ich noch der Kleine,
Und eine Elle lang mein Körper kaum;
So oft ich daran denke, leicht ich weine,
Drum denk' ich oft zurück den ſchönen Traum.

Ich ſpielte froh an meiner Mutter Buſen,
Auf Vaters Schooß war ich ein Ritterheld,
Und kannte noch die Eitelkeit, die Muſen
So wenig, wie den Krieg und wie das Geld.

Auf Erden ſahe nichts mir in der Ferne:
Sie war ſo klein, das Uebel auch in ihr;
Als goldne Punkte glänzten mir die Sterne,
Um ſie zu greifen, wünſcht' ich Flügel mir.

Ich ſah den Mond im Wald herunter gehen,
Und dachte: Würdeſt Du da hingebracht,
So könnteſt Du einmal doch richtig ſehen,
Wovon ſo glänzend er und rund gemacht.

Da ſah ich ſtaunend Gottes Sonne ſinken
Allmählig in des Meeres tiefen Schooß,
Und froh und fröhlich ſah ſie wieder blinken
Des Morgens fern' am Berge, roth und groß.

Und dacht' an jenen gnäd'gen Gott im Himmel,
Der mich erſchaffen, wie die Sonne da,
Das Meer, die Wälder und das Sterngewimmel
Und alles, was mein kindlich Auge ſah.

Voll Inbrunſt fühlt' ich dann mein Herz ſich heben,
Ich betete, wie Mutter mich gelehrt:
O, lieber Gott! o, laß mich immer ſtreben,
Fromm, treu zu ſein und Deiner Güte werth.

Dann lernt' ich beten und die Hände falten
Für Eltern, Schweſtern und die ganze Stadt,
Und für den König, und den armen Alten,
Der heute mir begegnet bleich und matt.

O, guter Gott! im Herzen kannſt Du leſen,
Tief in die Seele ſchaut Dein ew'ges Licht!
Noch bet' ich — doch ein ſündenhaftes Weſen,
In jener Unſchuld flammt die Andacht nicht.

Ludwig Oken,

einer der größten Naturhiſtoriker, ward am 8. Auguſt 1782 zu Freiburg im Breisgau geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen Philoſophie, Medicin und beſonders Naturwiſſenſchaften mit Eifer und Erfolg. Nachdem er einige Jahre Privatdocent daſelbſt geweſen war, kam er 1807 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Medicin nach Jena, wo ſeine mit allgemeinem Beifall aufgenommenen Vorleſungen über Naturphiloſophie, Naturgeſchichte und Zoologie ihm 1810 den Hofrathscharakter und 1812 eine ordentliche Profeſſur erwarben. Die 1816 unternommene Herausgabe des freiſinnigen naturhiſtoriſchen Blattes „Iſis" verwickelte ihn jedoch in allerlei Händel und zwangen die weimariſche Regierung, ihm zwiſchen Aufgabe der Profeſſur oder der Iſis die Wahl zu ſtellen. Er gab die erſtere auf und beſchäftigte ſich nach erfolgter Freiſprache von aller Schuld in Bezug auf das Wartburgsfeſt bis 1819 daſelbſt blos mit Herausgabe jenes Blattes und naturhiſtoriſcher Werke. Dann lebte er als Privatgelehrter theils in Jena, theils in Baſel, bis er 1827 als Privatdocent ſich in München niederließ und dort eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Naturwiſſenſchaften erhielt. Um der Verſetzung auf eine andere bairiſche Univerſität zu entgehen, nahm er 1833 ſeine Entlaſſung und ging als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Naturkunde auf die neuerrichtete Univerſität Zürich, wo er noch gegenwärtig mit großer Anerkennung wirkt.

Er ſchrieb:

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Naturgeſchichte für Schulen. Leipzig 1821.
Allgemeine Naturgeſchichte für alle Stände. Stuttgart 1833—37, 4 Bde.

Oken's unſterbliche Verdienſte um die Naturwiſſenſchaften zu charakteriſiren, iſt hier nicht der Ort. Ein Schüler Schelling's, bildete er, mit genialer Conſequenz der Erfahrung folgend, ſein Syſtem der Naturkunde aus, und wußte daſſelbe auch in populären Schriften mit trefflicher Darſtellung allgemein zugänglich zu machen.

Adam Olearius

ward um das Jahr 1600 zu Aſchersleben im Halberſtädtiſchen geboren, wo ſein Vater, Oelſchläger, das Schneiderhandwerk trieb. Nachdem er in Leipzig ſeine philoſophiſchen Studien beendigt hatte und Magiſter und Aſſeſſor der daſigen philoſophiſchen Facultät geworden war, ging er nach Holſtein an den Hof des Herzogs Friedrich III. von Holſtein-

Gottorp und wurde deſſen Bibliothekar und Hofmathematicus. Im Jahr 1633 begab er ſich mit dem Titel eines fürſtlichen Rathes und Secretärs als Beauftragter des Herzogs mit ſeinem Freunde Paul Flemming zu dem Czaar Michael Feodorowitſch nach Moskau und bereiſte, 1635 nochmals dahin geſandt, von dort aus Perſien. Hier lebte er eine Zeitlang bei dem Schah Sefi und ſammelte die nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1639 herausgegebenen Reiſenotizen und Schriften des perſiſchen Dichters Saadi und des Fabeldichters Lokman. 1651 wurde er unter dem Namen der Vielbemühete Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft und ſtarb am 22. Februar 1671.

Er hinterließ ſchriftlich:

Moscowitiſche und perſianiſche Reiſebeſchreibung von 1633 bis 1639. Schleswig 1647 Fol. Fernere vermehrte Ausgaben: Ebendaſ. 1656, 1663, 1671. Am vollſtändigſten Hamburg 1696 Fol. mit Kupf. Wurde ins Holländiſche, Engliſche, Franzöſiſche und Italieniſche überſetzt.

Oswald Belings verdeutſchte Waldlieder. Halle 1647, 8.

Perſianiſches Roſenthal. Schleswig 1654. Dann 1660, 4.; neue verb. Ausg. von Schummel. Wittenberg und Zerbſt 1775, 8. Kam faſt gleichzeitig durch Andere lateiniſch, franzöſiſch und engliſch heraus.

Albrechts von Mandelslo morgenländiſche Reiſebeſchreibung. Schleswig 1658, Fol. mit Kupf. (Findet ſich auch in der hamburger Ausgabe der Reiſebeſchreibung des A. O.)

Holſteiniſche Chronik von 1448—1663. Schleswig 1663, 8.

Gottorpiſche Kunſtkammer. Ebendaſ. 1664, 4.

Nicht allein durch ſeine Reiſen, ſondern auch durch ſeine treffliche Darſtellungsweiſe und ſeine körnige und reine, wenn auch mitunter etwas ungelenke Sprache, ſo wie durch ſeine wacker gearbeiteten Ueberſetzungen orientaliſcher Werke erwarb ſich Olearius bleibende Verdienſte um die Bildung der deutſchen Proſa. Als Dichter iſt er weniger bedeutend.

Johann Olearius

ward am 17. September 1611 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Philoſophie und Theologie und wurde, nachdem er einige andere Aemter zur Zufriedenheit verwaltet hatte, zuerſt Superintendent zu Querfurt und dann Hofprediger zu Halle. Von hier kam er als Dr. theologiae Oberhofprediger, Kirchenrath und Generalſuperintendent nach Weißenfels, wo er am 14. April 1684 ſtarb.

Er verfaßte:

Geiſtliche Singekunſt. Leipzig 1671, 8.; n. A. 1672, 12.
Geiſtliche Gedankkunſt. 3. Aufl. Leipzig 1677.

Mehrere ſeiner trefflichen geiſtlichen Lieder haben ſich bis auf die neueſte Zeit in den Geſangbüchern evangeliſcher Gemeinden erhalten.

Paul Olearius, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Magnus Daniel Omeis

ward am 6. September 1646 zu Nürnberg geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Altdorf ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften und wurde Magiſter der Philoſophie. Nach längerem Aufenthalte bei dem brandenburgiſchen Reſidenten Neumann kam er 1674 als Profeſſor der Beredtſamkeit nach Altdorf, mit welcher Stelle er ſpäter die Profeſſur der Moral und Dichtkunſt und ſeit 1699 das Inſpectorat der nürnbergiſchen Alumnen verband. Er war auch Präſident der Pegnitzſchäfer, als welcher er den Namen des nordiſchen Damon führte, und kaiſerlicher Hof- und Pfalzgraf zu Altdorf. Hier ſtarb er am 22. November 1708.

Er ſchrieb:

Gründliche Anweiſung zur deutſchen accuraten Reim- und Dichtkunſt. Altdorf 1704.

Geiſtliche Gedichte und Liederblumen. Nürnberg 1706.

Außerdem mehrere Gedichte und Lobreden auf Kaiſer Leopold und Diſſertationen, unter welchen „De claris quibusdam in orbe literato Norinbergensibus" beſonders wichtig iſt.

O. führte zuerſt, nicht ohne Erfolg, mehrere antike Rhythmen in die deutſche Poeſie ein und lieferte zugleich viele treffliche religiöſe Lieder. Sein Leſebuch der Poetik iſt für ſeine Zeit als ſehr verdienſtvoll zu betrachten und wurde lange als das Beſte dieſer Gattung benutzt.

Martin Opitz von Boberfeld.

Der Vater und Wiederherſteller der deutſchen Dichtkunſt, war der Sohn des nachmaligen Rathsherrn Sebaſtian O. zu Bunzlau und wurde daſelbſt am 23. December 1597 geboren. Auf der daſigen Stadtſchule förderte beſonders Sanftleben die Entwickelung ſeines dichteriſchen Geiſtes und auf dem Magdalenen-Gymnaſium zu Breslau ſeit 1614 der berühmte Höckelshofen ſeine Liebe zur Philoſophie und zum Alterthume. Nachdem er durch eine kleine Sammlung eigner lateiniſcher Gedichte, Neujahrs-Geſchenke betitelt, ſeinen bisherigen Lehrern ſeinen Dank abgeſtattet und ſeit 1617 auf dem Gymnaſium zu Beuthen als Hauslehrer des kaiſerlichen Kammerfiscals und Pfalzgrafen Scultetus von Schwanenſee und Bergoſchütz ſich in jeder Hinſicht tüchtig gemacht hatte, bezog er 1618 die Univerſität zu Frankfurt an der Oder, widmete ſich hier ein ganzes Jahr allein der Philoſophie und Dichtkunſt und gab auch die erſten deutſchen Gedichte unter dem Namen Brautlieder heraus. Von jetzt an führte er ein unſtetes Leben, indem er 1619 die Univerſität Heidelberg beſuchte und dort eine Zeit lang bei ſeinem Gönner, dem kurpfälziſchen Geheimerath Lingelsheim verweilte, auch mit den daſigen ausgezeichneten Gelehrten freundlichen Umgang pflog, dann 1620 nach Straßburg zu dem berühmten M. Bernegger reiſte und nach ſeiner Rückkehr über Tübingen mit ſeinem Freunde Hamilton, einem Dänen, noch in demſelben Jahre in die Niederlande ging, um den Stürmen des 30jährigen Krieges auszuweichen. Hier vollendeten die großen Gelehrten Scriver, Voß und Heinſius zu Leyden ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung. 1621 lebte er 7 Monate lang bei ſeinem Freunde Hamilton im Holſteiniſchen den Muſen und der Freundſchaft, kehrte dann in ſein Vaterland zurück und ging 1622 mit Hintanſetzung eines Rufs an den herzoglichen Hof zu Liegnitz zum Fürſten Bethlen Gabor nach Siebenbürgen, um als Lehrer der Philoſophie zur Hebung der Univerſität zu Weißenburg beizutragen. Mißvergnügt über die dortige Lebensweiſe und voll Sehnſucht nach dem Vaterlande kehrte er jedoch bald nach Bunzlau zurück und kam 1623 an den herzoglichen Hof nach Liegnitz, wo er wegen ſeiner verſificirten Sonn- und Feſttags-Epiſteln zum Rath ernannt und auf einer Reiſe nach Anhalt vom Stifter der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft, dem Herzog Ludwig von Anhalt, unter dem Namen des Gekrönten in dieſelbe aufgenommen wurde. Im Jahre 1625 ward er vom Kaiſer Ferdinand II. ſelbſt zum Dichter gekrönt, und 1628 ſogar als Opitz von Boberfeld geadelt. Von 1626 bis 1633 war er Geheimſchreiber des Burggrafen von Dohna, hielt ſich dann an verſchiedenen Orten auf und trat dann als Secretär und Hiſtoriograph in die Dienſte des Königs von Polen. Er ſtarb am 20. Auguſt 1639 zu Danzig an der Peſt.

Seine geſammelten Schriften (Gedichte faſt aller Gattungen enthaltend, erſchienen in folgenden Ausgaben: Breslau 1625 in 4. Frankfurt 1628. Breslau 1629, 2 Thle. Breslau 1637, 2 Thle. Danzig 1641, 2 Thle. Frankfurt 1644, 2 Thle. Amſterdam 1646, 3 Thle in 12. Frankfurt 1648. Breslau 1690. Frankfurt 1724, 3 Thle. (die vollſtändige). Zürich 1745 1r Th. (von Bodmer und Breitinger). Frankfurt 1746, von Triller beſorgt, jedoch mit eigenmächtigen Veränderungen.

O. verdankt ſeinen großen Ruhm nur den Verhältniſſen ſeiner Zeit, welche ihn befähigten eine eigene Schule zu bilden und der Geſtaltung der Poeſie eine neue Richtung zu verleihen. Das Bedürfniß einer regelrechten Ausbildung der Poeſie und ihrer Hilfsmittel hatte ſich in Deutſchland dringend fühlbar gemacht, er kam ihm entgegen und zeigte durch Lehre und Beiſpiel nicht die Bahn, die man mit wahrem Genie begabt, hätte einſchlagen ſollen, wohl aber diejenige, die dem Geſchmacke der Mehrzahl, namentlich unter den wiſſenſchaftlich Gebildeten, am meiſten zuſagte, und ſo folgte ihm die Menge willig und betrachtete ihn mit ehrender Anerkennung als den Schöpfer einer neuen Dichtkunſt. Sein poetiſches Talent war eigentlich ſehr unbedeutend, größer dagegen ſein rhetoriſches, das er in poetiſchem Gewande offenbarte. Gluth der Phantaſie, Tiefe und Kraft der Empfindung, ſchöpferiſches Genie, lauter Dinge, ohne welche es unmöglich iſt, ein wahrer Dichter zu ſein, muß man bei ihm nicht ſuchen; dagegen beſaß er Gewandtheit in Beherrſchung der Sprache und Form, gefällige Leichtigkeit des Ausdrucks, Correctheit, eine gewiſſe poetiſche Behaglichkeit und eine geſunde Moral. Durch dieſe letzteren Eigenſchaften hat er allerdings ſehr genützt und ſich namentlich großes Verdienſt um die Ausbildung und Reinheit unſerer Sprache erworben; dem Geſchmacke ſchadete er dagegen ſehr, einmal weil er ſelbſt ſich nach manierirten holländiſchen und franzöſiſchen Muſtern bildete und ſich von der Wahrheit der Natur entfernte, dann weil er das ſogenannte Nützlichkeitsprincip, nach welchem die Poeſie nur ein Vehikel iſt, um gute moraliſche und andere Lehren auf eine angenehme Weiſe vorzutragen, in die deutſche Literatur einführte und durch ſein Vorbild feſtſtellte. Seine beſten Leiſtungen finden ſich in ſeinen lyriſchen Poeſieen.

Gedichte von Martin Opitz *).

Vielguet.

Indeſſen daß mein Sinn der Welt gemeines Ziel
Vernichten, vnd ſein Lob auff etwas ſtellen will,
Das gut iſt vnd die Zeit deß Lebens gut kan machen,
So komm O Höchſtes Gut, du Vrſprung guter Sachen,
Deß böſen ärgſter Feind, erwecke mir Verſtand,
Verleyhe feſten Muth, vnd ſchärpffe meine Hand
Zu dringen durch den Neyd deß Geiſtes von der Erden,
Das ſonſt mit ſeiner Schar mein Meiſter möchte werden,
Vnd Wahrheit kaum verträgt. Du aber, wehrter Helde,
O mehr als guter Fürſt, dem dieſe Luſt gefällt,
Der du das gute liebſt, von dem ich hier will ſingen,
Beſchawe neben mir, wie nichts in vielen Dingen,
Am guten gutes ſey, das gut heiſt vnd nicht iſt,
Vnd wenig dieſem gleicht, was du dir haſt erkieſt.
Der Vatter der Vernunfft vnd Kunſt vnd vieler Wercke
Prometheus hatte zwar auß ſeiner Weißheit Stärcke
Dem Menſchen, welchen er vor ohne Geiſt gemacht,
Deß Fewers edlen Schein vom Himmel eingebracht,
Durch nütze Dieberey in ſeines Leibes Höle,
Die erſtlich dunckel war, daß alſo Witz vnd Seele
Deß Cörpers Wirthe ſind; wann Epimetheus nicht
Ein Faß hätt' auffgethan, vnd an das Sonnen Liecht
Viel Vbel das vns kränckt mit Hauffen außgelaſſen.
Der Arme wolte ſich zwar mit dem Deckel faſſen,
Zu ſtopffen diß Geſchirr: Doch leider gar zu ſpat,
Was einmal Lufft bekompt, das gibt auff keinen Rath,
Vnd kehrt nicht widervmb. Seit angeregter Zeiten
Sindt Armut, Vppigkeit, Betrug, Gewalt vnd Streiten,
Vnd Kranckheit, vnd der Todt geflogen vmb vnd an
Durch alles, was der Tag bey vns beſcheinen kan.
Prometheus hat vns wol ein klares Liecht gegeben,
Ein Fewer aufgeſteckt, dem rechten nach zu ſtreben,
Zu kennen was vns dient; ſein Bruder aber macht,
Daß ſchwartzer Nebel ſich mit einer dicken Nacht
Vmb vnſer Hertze legt, vnd läßt vns nicht entſcheiden
Wohin zu gehen ſey; was billich ſey zu meyden,
Was falſch iſt ſuchen wir; worauff deß Menſchen Muth
Am meiſten ſicht vnd denckt, das heißt ſein beſtes Gut.
Ein Theil das pfleget ſich zum Ertze zu verdammen,
Vnd Höllen ab zu gehn; da leſen ſie zuſammen
Das Gold, den reinen Koth, der bleichen Sorgen Kindt,
Des Glückes Außgeſpey, den Rauch, den thewren Wind,
Der in die Augen ſtürmt. Sie ſcharren auß der Erden
Wordurch ſie mehr vnd mehr den Himmel frembde werden
Darein kein Golde nicht kompt. Sie holen vber Meer
Auß einer andern Welt der Laſter Werckzeug her,
Verſetzen ihren Halß den Wellen ſelbſt zum Pfande,
Sind Bluterm auff der See, vmb reich zu ſeyn zu Lande,
Das weit von dannen liegt. Wo iſt dein Sinn und Rath?
Was bawſt du auff ein Hauß, das keinen Boden hat,
O Menſch, du Glückes-Ball, was häufſt du auß den Gründen,
Vnd ſucheſt in der Bach, im Sande deine Sünden?
Was laufſt vnd renneſt du vnd ſchwitzeſt Tag und Nacht?
Was trägſt du dieſe Laſt, die ſorgenvolle Pracht
Durch Recht vnd Vnrecht ein? daß Jaſon doch iſt kommen
An Colchos wilden Strand, vnd hat das Fell genommen,
Nun weiß man vmb das Gold vnd auch vmb Haſſ vnd Streit:
Da noch kein Golde nicht war, da war die güldne Zeit.
Die Götter haben ſelbſt das was wir Gold jetzt nennen,
Vnd erſtlich Erde war, gar langſam lernen kennen:
Man ſagt, daß Jupiter zu zeigen ſeine Macht
Auff einen Feyertag den Plitz herfür gebracht,
Neptun den Dreyzanckſtab, Minerva trug die Eule,
Die Harpffe Cynthius, Alcides ſeine Keule,
Die braune Ceres Korn, Pan Pfeiffen, Flora Graß,
Vnd Amor ſein Geſchoß; ein jeder wuſte was
Mit dem er Meiſter ward; doch hatte ſchon für allen
Der groſſe Fürſt Neptun dem Mittel wolgefallen,
Wo nicht die Erde noch auf ihre Schoß gezeigt.
Wie wan deß Tages Ziehr die Sonne Seewarts ſteigt,
Vnd ihre Strahlen läßt mit einem ſchönen Blincken,
Daß Land vnd See ſich frewt, den ſüſſen Schlaff-Trunck trinken,
So ließ ſie gleichfalls auß deß Goldes falſche Pracht,
Dadurch der Himmel auch ihr dienſtbar ward gemacht
Als bald nimpt Jupiter ihm Gold zu ſeinem Throne,
Zum Scepter den er trägt, die Juno ihr zur Krone,
Mercur vmb ſeinen Stab, der vor nur Höltzern war,
Vnd Pallas vmb den Schildt. Der Gott der Krieges-Schar
Mars läßt ihm Helm vnd Schwerdt, der Titan ſeinen Wagen,
Saturn das Siegelhefft mit Golde gantz beſchlagen.
Ja der Gerechtigkeit, die nie geliebt den Schein,
Muß ihre Wage-Schal jetzt ſelbſt verguldet ſeyn.
So iſt das arge Gold ein Gott der Götter worden:
Der Himmel geihet auch, vnd zeigt mit ſeinem Orden,
Den er den Gütern dankt, der ſeinen Feind bewacht,
Sich hoffet vnd liebt Geld, das blind iſt vnd blind macht,
Lahm kompt, geflügelt weicht; der ſein Gemühte hencket
An einen güldnen Strick, vnd nie vernünfftig dencket
Daß dieſes, was man kriegt vnd auch beſitzt mit Pein,
Vnd vbel leben lehrt, kein rechtes Gut kan ſeyn.
Was ſoll ich aber dann von Ehr vnd Würden ſagen,
Darauff ein ſtoltzer Geiſt ſein gantzes wolbehagen

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*) Werke I. Theil, Amſterdam 1646.

Und alle Sinnen ſetzt? iſt diß das beſte Gut
Wann einer, dem ſein Leib, ſein eygen Fleiſch und Blut
Zum Herren worden iſt, deß andern Leib und Leben
In ſeinen Händen hat, beherrſchet nur was neben,
Und nicht was in jhm iſt? diß Fell, diß Oberkleydt
Kan underthänig ſeyn: der Sinn bricht durch die Zeit
Und aller Fürſten Sinn, er läſt ſich nicht regieren
Von einer frembden Hand, nicht bey der Naſen führen
Als wie ein armes Vieh, und was du für Gewalt
Haſt uber ſeine Haut, das hat auch der geſtalt
Ein andrer uber dich. Diß wird kein Gut nicht heiſſen
Worauff ein böſer Menſch ſich pfleget zu befleiſſen,
Der alles Ubel thut zu treffen auf ſein Ziel,
Und wann es troffen iſt, ſchafft was er kann und will.

Es iſt ein gröſſer Lob, daß gute Leute fragen
Warumb nit, als warumb dir was wird auffgetragen.
Was kümmert Cato ſich, daß etwan ein Vatin,
Ein Narr hoch oben ſitzt? ich bleibe wer ich bin
Wann ich zu Fuſſe geh' und Struma prächtig fehret,
Der zwar ſo viel nicht kan, doch aber mehr verzehret
Dann einer der nichts weiß als nur verſtändig ſeyn.
Du Stock, die gantze Statt die kennet deinen Schein;
Kreuch in ein Löwen-Fell, ſo reden doch die Ohren:
Durch Hoheit wird der Standt deß Hertzen nicht verlohren:
Die Ähre beuget ſich, worinnen Körner ſind,
Die auffrechte ſteht iſt Sprew, und fleuget in den Wind.

Zwar köſtlich iſt es wol, ein Theil der Welt regieren,
Herr vieler Herren ſeyn, das Schwerdt und Scepter führen,
Beſitzen Gut und Blut, doch iſt hier minder Ruh
Als auff der wilden See, die grimmig ab und zu
Mit jhren Wellen jagt, und nie vermag zu ſtehen.
In einem groſſen Hoff, wo tauſend Leuthe gehen,
Zu ſuchen Gnad' und Recht, da ſchleichen auch hinein
Gefahr, Betrug und Liſt: es führt der groſſe Schein
Viel Schatten hinter ſich. Die auff dem Throne ſitzen
In voller Herrlichkeit, und alſo häuffig ſchwitzen,
Was meynſt du daß es ſey? Der Schimmer thut es nicht,
Die Sonne kan nicht hin: was auß der Stirnen bricht
Iſt Arbeit und Beſchwer. So viel hier Leute dienen
Sind jhnen mehrentheils zu Dienſte ſelbſt erſchienen;
Sie ehren nur die Macht des Fürſten und nicht jhn,
Und wann ſein Glücke fällt, ſo gehn ſie auch dahin.

Iſt ferner diß ſo gut ein ſtarckes Lob erlangen,
Bekandt ſeyn weit und breit, mit groſſem Titul prangen
Der kaum kan auff den Brieff, der Edlen Ahnen Zahl
Zerſtummelt und zerhackt umb einen gantzen Saal
Mit Wappen und Panie in jhrer Ordnung weiſen?
Ich ehre deinen Standt: doch ſoll ich dich auch preiſen,
So lebe Ritterlich, und laß mich unveracht,
Ob du gleich Edel biſt gebohren, ich gemacht.
Wann ſchon ein gutes Pferd auß Barbarey nicht kommen,
Wann ſeine Schlacht ſchon nit von Napels iſt genommen,
Das ſonſt nur Edel iſt, und erſtlich trifft das Ziehl,
Es habe gleich ſein Graß gefreſſen, wo es will,
So kriegt es doch den Preiß. Die Bilder die hier ſtehen,
Von welcher wegen du pflegſt oben an zu gehen,
Die ruffen auff dich her, und ſchawen was du thuſt:
Folg' jhrer Tugend nach, haſt du zum Lobe Luſt.

Die Schönheit wird es ſeyn, die gut genennt kan werden,
Dann alles ſchön iſt gut: das ſchöne was der Erden
Allhier nichts ſchuldig iſt, was alles ſchöne macht,
Wz Titans Hauß beſternt, wz güldner Blumen Pracht
Auff Feld und Wieſen ſetzt, und Wäld auff grüne Hugel,
Was Brunnen Quelle gibt, und Vögeln jhre Flügel,
Und alles uns verleyht, was ſchönes an uns iſt,
Daſſelb' iſt ſchön und gut. Wer dieſes nicht erkieſt,
Nicht gut von jhm lerne ſeyn, der will mit etwas prangen
Das keiner Hoffart werth. Die Roſenrothen Wangen
Der Lilienweiſſe Halß, die Augen, dieſer Mund
Sind eine ſchöne Wandt, ein Hauß das ſeinen Grundt
Von innen haben muß. An Cedern, an Cypreſſen,
Am Lorbeerbaume zwar iſt keine Zier vergeſſen,
Die Früchte deſto mehr: ein wol gemahltes Weib,
Das nichts zu zeigen weiß als ſeinen zarten Leib,
Iſt ein gemeiner Raub, den Mann' ein thewres prangen,
Den Eltern eine Schmach, den Frembden ein Verlangen,
Der andern Frawen Neyd, ein ſchöner Koth und Wuſt,
Ein Opffer und Altar der öffentlichen Luſt,
Und was du haben wilt: Geſtalt pflegt auß zu tretten,
Und iſt jhr Kuppler ſelbſt: die keiner hat gebetten
Die bleibt am meiſten keuſch. Es weiß die gantze Welt
Daß reiner Wille ſich mit Schönheit kaum geſellt,
Mit Schönheit, welcher Stahl und grimmes Fewer weichet,
Doch die nicht minder bald zerrinnet und verbleichet,
Wie eine Blume thut, die mit dem Tage ſteht,
Und wan der Abend kömpt, mit jhm auch untergeht.
Viel ſuchen groſſen Ruhm, und meinen zu bekleiben
Durch Lob das nimmer ſtirbt mit leſen und mit ſchreiben
Und ſehen diß doch nicht in jhren Büchern an,
Daß einer welcher Lob und Ruhm verachten kan
Sey uber alles Lob. Was wilt du dich bemühen,
O Menſch, der Sterbligkeit deß Menſchen zu entfliehen,
Wann du die Menſchen fleugſt, machſt noch im Leben dir
Auß deinem Hauß' ein Grab und richteſt für und für
Auff Bücher an den Mayn zur Meſſe fort zu ſenden,
Da kluge Thorheit wird von ſo viel tauſend Händen
Durch Land und See geſchleppt? bedenckt daß die Welt
Noch einen weitern Raum als Teutſchland in ſich hält,
Und Holland auch dazu. Vermeynſt du daß dein Weſen,
Madrid, Pariß und Rom pflegt ſonderlich zu leſen,
Da mehr Gehirne wächſt? Drückt an Quinſai doch
Deß Landes China Volck dir deine Träume nach?
Kennt Nilus deine Hand? ſey ſicher, dieſes Schlachten,
Das keiner Völker ſchont, wird deiner Kunſt nit achten;
Die Weißheit nem' ich auß, die Noth und Tod zerbricht;
Wer dieſe Kunſt nicht kan, der kan gar keine nicht.
Noch hab' ich nie geſagt von Epicurus Söhnen,
Der rawen Art, die Gott und Menſchen pflegt zu höhnen,
Und ſchätzet jhren Bauch für Gott und für jhr Gut;
Denſelben opffert ſie den Wein der Erden Blut,
Und lebet ſo dahin als dörffte ſie nicht ſterben,
Und ſtirbt als ſey hernach kein Leben mehr zu erben:
Sie denckt nicht einſt an daß jhre Schwelgerey
Der bloſſen Dürfftigkeit und Kranckheit Mutter ſey.

Was klaget doch ſo ſehr deß Volckes Lentz, die Jugend,
Der Tag verlauffe ſich, und ſey zu kurtz zur Tugend?
Sie ſelbſt fleugt für der Zeit, und nicht die Zeit für jhr.
Was ſchiebeſt du viel auff? dein heute das iſt hier,
Nicht lebe morgen erſt. Du muſt das wilde freſſen,
Den Wein der Venus Milch, die Venus auch vergeſſen,
Zu leben nach Gebühr. Was deine Gurgel heiſt,
Worauf ein Bawersmann und Schiffer ſich befleiſt,
Was See und Acker trägt, das wird gezeugt zum Leben,
Und bringt das Leben umb: wilt du dem Leibe geben,
So frage die Natur. Man ſoll, daß uns der Wein
Nicht ſchaden bringen mag, jhm ſelber ſchädlich ſeyn,
Und Bach darunter thun. Die Vollheit lehret haſſen,
Entdeckt was dunckel iſt, pflegt Argwohn außzulaſſen,
Und alles was nit taug: ſie ſchärpfft die ſchnöde Brunſt,
Die Liebe, welche nichts von einer Himmels-Gunſt,
Vom beſten guten weiß. Dann wohnet ſolchen Dingen
Auch etwas gutes bey, die böſen Außſchlag bringen?
Die Liebe ſucht ein Müh und Arbeit jhre Ruh,
Im Schmertzen jhre Luſt, ſchleuſt deſſen Hertze zu
Der jhr die Augen gönnt, heiſt Knechte nach den Frawen,
Den Edlen nach der Magdt, den Greiß nach jungen ſchawen,
Beſchönt was grewlich iſt; ſie wird in Angſt begehrt,
In Hoffnung fort gepflantzt, in Furchtſamkeit gewehrt,
Und Eckel folgt jhr nach: Die Mühe, dieſes Blicken,
Der Schweiß, das Hertzenweh, diß auff und nider ſchicken,
Der Säuffzer zeiget ja, daß jhre beſte Frucht
Ein wahres Stücke ſey der rechten Sucht.

O Gut, O böſes Gut, was kanſt du denen geben
Die deine Folger ſind, und dir zu Dienſte leben!
Du Wolluſt, wann du mir zu ſchawen haſt gebracht
Die Furche, die ein Schiff auff wilder See gemacht,
Und eines Adlers Flug, ſo will ich dir auch finden
Den Weg, auf welchen du gewohnt biſt zu verſchwinden,
Und nimbſt mit dir dahin die Blüte von der Zeit,
Vor welche du nichts gibſt als Armut, Schmach und Leyd.

Komm mit mir wann du kanſt; ich will dir etwas weiſen,
Darnach du nicht erſt darfſt biß in Peru hin reyſen,
Wo ſolcher Werkzeug wächſt, darauff dein Volck ſich fleiſt.
Komm mit mir an den Orth der Vielguet iſt und heiſt,
In unſern Schleſien, dem jetzt nicht reichen Lande,
Das dennoch Vielguet hat; ſchaw' an dem kleinen Strande,
Der Weyde, deſſen Ruh, der ſeinen Sinn geſetzt
Auff etwas das den Leib und Sinn zugleich ergetzt.

Vergönne mir O Troſt deß Landes, dein Verweylen
Und angenehme Luſt auch andern mit zu theylen:
Ein Fürſt ein hohes Haupt iſt ein gemeines Gut,
Kan nicht verborgen ſeyn, und was er ſagt und thut,
Ja faſt auch bei ſich denckt, zerbricht und wider bawet,
Das wird von Jung und Alt begierig angeſchawet,
Und hin und her geweiht. O wol dem der wie du
Kein anders nicht beginnt, als wo das Volck darzu
Mit Hauffen rennen mag, und auf die Wage ſetzen
Das Leben ſo er führet! ein Stein pflegt Stahl zu wetzen,

Die Obrigkeit jhr Volck, ein Menſch wie ich der fällt
Vnd ſtebt auch heimlich auff, ein Herr für aller Welt.
Wohin nun ſoll ich wol die Augen erſtlich ſenden?
Dein Vielguet Edler Fürſt, das iſt an allen Enden
Ein Vielguet wie es heiſt, ein Wohnplatz aller Ruh,
Ein Außzug der Natur, vnd trifft dem Namen zu,
Als wie der Name dir. Hier haſt du auffgeſetzet
Ohn Hoffart, nicht ohn Luſt, ein Hauß, das dich ergetzet,
Vnd deine Sorge kühlt, ſo durch dein hohes Ampt,
Durch vnſer Vatterland, vnd durch vns alleſampt
Dir ſtets wird auffgelegt. Was wolt jhr Menſchen bawen
Bis nach den Wolcken zu? was laſt jhr Marmor hawen
Mit ſolcher thewren Koſt? worzu taug dieſer Pracht?
Was mawret jhr euch ein? die Vnſchuld wird bewacht
Von jhrer Frömmigkeit. Was wolt jhr euch beſchlieſſen,
Verrigeln vmb vnd vmb, vnd fürchtet das Gewiſſen
Das mitten in euch wohnt? was hilfft es daß die Wände
Von auſſen ſchöne ſeyn, vnd drinnen fehlt Verſtande,
Deß Hauſes beſter Schmuck? es ließ jhm Nero machen
Gar einen güldnen Hoff, darein von allen Sachen
Nichts ſchlimmers kan als er der Wuſt, der ſchnöde Grauß,
Der gantzen Erden ſpott. Hier ziehrt der Herr das Hauß,
Das Hauß ſo fernen liegt von Falſchheit, von dem Neide
Der in Palläſten wächſt. Der ſtille Strom die Weide
Laufft ringes hier vmbher, vnd wird doch kaum gehört;
Vnd dieſes hat jhn auch ſein Hertzog ſelbſt gelehrt
Das Bildt der Gütigkeit. Hier wohnen die Najaden,
Der keuſchen Nymphen Chor ſo mit den Schwanen baden
Die vnſer Phebus liebt, weil keiner, wie man ſagt,
Wann Zeit zu ſterben iſt, ſich ober diß beklagt,
Was Todt genennet wird: ſie fangen an zu ſingen
Ein ſüſſes Grabe-Lied, vnd gehn von dieſen Dingen
Mit ſolcher Frödigkeit, als jhnen auch bewuſt
Wie vns vnd ſündig ſey, daß dieſer Erden Luſt
Zergeht vnd eitel iſt. Hier ſiehe man frölich irren
Vmb jhre Körbe her mit einem ſüſſen Kirren
Der frommen Tauben Schar; hier Vieh vnd Herde gehn
Auff jhre Weide zu; hier ſchöne Roſſe ſtehn
Durch jhren gantzen Stall, geliebt dir zu ſpatzieren?
Hier kanſt du dich zur Luſt der Gärten laſſen führen,
An welchen die Natur nicht wenig hat gebawt,
Vnd reichlich ſich erzeigt? haſt du auch ſie beſchawt
So nim der Wieſen war; hier lebet auf den Teichen
Der Endten zahmes Wildt; hier ſind die hohen Eichen,
Der Puſch ſo allerſeits den gantzen Orth vmbringt,
Wo Pan der Waldegodt ſelbſt mit ſeinen Faunen ſingt,
Vnd vmb die Stauden tantzt, wo manche Drias gehet,
Vnd durch jhr kühnes Lob den ſtarcken Sinn erhöhet
Der alle Liebes Brunſt getroſt verlachen kan:
Wo manches ſchnelles Wild auff ſeiner freyen Bahn,
Die jhm ſein Herr gezeugt, der einig Macht zu ſchonen
Vnd Macht zu nehmen hat, mag vngehindert wohnen,
Mag lauffen hin vnd her, du immergrüner Waldt,
Ihr Bäume Jupiters, der Hirſchen Auffenthalt,
Der leichten Hindin Ruh, jhr Häuſer der Geflügel,
Ihr friſcher Hitze-Schirm, jhr Thäler vnd jhr Hügel,
Ihr Wieſen, Puſch vnd Feldt, jhr Ort der Einſamkeit!
Wer euch beſuchen kan, wer ſeine ſtille Zeit
Mit ewrer Luſt vermengt, vnd läſt ſich diß ergetzen
Was jhm ſein Schöpffer giebt, den muß man ſelig ſchätzen.
Muß preyſen ſeine Luſt, es mag des Glückes Schein
Vnd dieſer Zeiten Lauff gleich noch ſo böſe ſeyn.
Ihm wohnt viel gutes bey vnd ſeinem gantzen Leben:
Wann ſich die Sonne will auß jhrer Ruh erheben,
Vnd ſchickt die Morgenröth im kühlen vor jhr her,
So ſteht er auff mit jhr, ſein Haupt iſt jhm nicht ſchwer
Von einer frembden Laſt: er pflegt ſich an zu legen,
Zwar ſauber doch nicht ſtoltz, mit ſeinem Morgenſegen,
Vnd ruffet deſſen Schirm zum allererſten an,
Ohn welchen weder Menſch noch Thier beſtehen kan,
Der alles ſchafft vnd iſt: jhn lobt er mit dem Munde,
Vnd mit dem Hertzen auch, vnd bringt die erſte Stunde
Mit ſeinem Helffer zu. Auff dieſes wo ſein Sinn,
Vnd nicht ein anders will, da geht er ſelber hin,
Verwündſchet, daß jhn Gott auch ferner alſo treibe,
Zu leben wie er heiſcht, vnd bei geſundem Leibe
Geſundes Hertze ſey, nimbt alſo frölich für
Was ſeines Amptes iſt, verfähret nach Gebühr
In allem was er ſchafft, vnd läſt jhm ſein Gewiſſen
Mit Sachen die jhm nicht gebühren vnzerriſſen,
Vnd treibt ſie alſo fort, daß auch der helle Tag
Diß was er redt vnd thut vnd denckt beſcheinen mag.
Kömpt dann das Mittagsmahl, ſo pfleget er zu leben
Von dieſem ſonderlich was jhm ſein Gut gegeben,
Was etwan auff der Jagt ſein Windſpiel hat gehetzt,
Darmit er vor den Muth, jetzt auch den Leib ergetzt,
Was jhm ſein Teich gebracht, iſt ſeinen reinen Biſſen,
Nimbt ſeinen klaren Trunck mit redlichem Gewiſſen,
Iſt ſicher daß kein Gifft auff deſſen Tafel kan,
Der ſeine gantze Zeit dergleichen nichts gethan,
Das Giffes würdig iſt: jhm wird ein Glaß gereichet,
Nicht zwar darvor ein Menſch verſchwartzet vnd verbleichet,
Ein helles Criſtallin, darauß jhm wann er trinckt
Deß Bacchus ſchöner Glantz biß in die Augen blinckt.
Er ſetzet frölich zu, wird eines außgeſtochen
Das Muth zu reden macht; als wie vor wenig Wochen
Die güldne Stutze war die alſo Ritterlich
Ich meinen Mann gewehrt, mich dennoch neben ſich
Faſt hätte hingelegt. Der Wein erfriſcht die Alten,
Vnd weckt die Jugend auff: ich kan darvon nichts halten,
Daß einer gar kein Glaß in ſeine Fäuſte nimbt,
Vnd zu der Sicherheit des Lebens nüchtern ſtimpt.
Es heißt vns die Natur mit maſſe mäſſig leben,
Die jhrer Güter Schar nicht hat vmbſonſt gegeben:
Wer ſeine Zeit vollführt, wie jetzund wird geſagt,
Der weiß was ſich geziemt, ſitzt wie es jhm behagt,
Heiſt wegthun wann er will, erträgt nicht Zanck vnd Streiten
Das voller Sinn gebiehrt, läſt doch den Frölichkeiten
Beym Eſſen jhren Platz, thut alles nach der Luſt,
Die dieſes Reichthums hat, jhm ſelbſt ſein wol bewuſt.
Im Fall er alſo dann mit Ruh iſt auffgeſtanden,
So nimbt er nachmals auch kein anders vnterhanden
Als einig was jhm Gott vnd ſein Gemüte heiſt:
In dem der Hundes-Stern anjetzt ſo heftig gleiſt,
Vnd Feldt vnd Wieſen kocht mit ſeinem ſchweren hitzen,
Erkieſt er jhm ein Orth, an dem er frey kann ſitzen,
Liegt etwan bey dem Quell, ſucht Schatten an der Bach,
Spatziert vmb jhren Strandt den kühlen Blumen nach,
Vnd bringt die Stunden hin mit ehrbaren Gedancken,
Die immer eines ſind, nicht augenblicklich wancken,
Als wie ein ſchwaches Schiff, das wo der Wind hin ſteht
Den blinden Wellen nach mit vollem Segel geht.
Indeſſen will nun faſt das groſſe Liecht der Erden,
Das Auge dieſer Welt, wie wir auch ſchläffrig werden,
Da nimbt er widerumb das Nachtmal alſo ein,
Daß wol zuſehen iſt, den Tag ein mal ſatt ſeyn
Sey der Natur genug; legt dann darauff ſich nider,
Vnd allen Kummer auch, danckt ſeinem Schöpffer wider,
Befiehlt jhm Leib vnd Geiſt, der jhn die gantze Nacht
In dem er ruhig ſchläfft gar Väterlich bewacht.
O drey vnd vier mal iſt der ja ſelig zu nennen
Der alſo leben kan, vnd keinen beſſer kennen
Nicht lernet als ſich ſelbſt: der, was ſein Standt vnd Zeit
Nur immer leyden will, mit ſtiller Einſamkeit
In dem was ſein iſt lebt, vnd bey ſich kan vernichten,
Wo Ruh vnd Einfalt wohnt, was auff die Leute tichten,
Das nichts als eytel iſt, was nutzt jhm der Demant,
Das viel zu thewre Glaß, an ſeiner werthen Hand;
Kan etwas das nicht lebt deß Menſchen Glieder zieren
Der Seel' vnd Sinnen hat? der Raub von wilde Thieren,
Der Würmer Webe-Garn ſoll dieſes Hoffart ſeyn?
Habt jhr nichts eygnes nicht? muß ewer gantzer Schein
In dem was flüchtig iſt vnd auſſer euch beſtehen?
Dem Höchſten hat beliebt euch gleichfalls zu erhöhen;
Ihr aber ſchätzet euch noch minder als ein Thier,
Dieweil jhr ja von jhm entlehnet ewre Zier,
Vnd ſeine Schuldner ſeydt. Wer an dem Orte wohnet
Wo Demut Wirthin iſt, der bleibet gantz verſchonet
Von ſolcher falſchen Pracht vnd Gauckeley der Welt,
Die nur gemeiniglich von Nichts am meiſten hält.
Er fraget von jhm ſelbſt ſein Hertze das nicht leuget,
Nicht Schmeichelworte giebt, vnd wann er je betreuget
Mit einer guten Liſt, ſo ſtellt er auff ein Wildt,
Auff keinen Menſchen nicht. Er zeucht kein falſches Bildt
Für ſein Geſichte her, er redet was er dencket,
Vnd dencket was er redt, hat nichts bei ſich verſencket
Das andern Schaden bringt; er führt ſein Hertze bloß,
Sein Hertze welches jhm ein Schutz, ein ſtarckes Schloß
Vnd freyer Hafen iſt. Er zähmet ſeine Sinnen,
Die nur ſehr jrrdiſch ſind, vnd führet ſein Beginnen
Auß jhren Augen weg, ſein Geiſt ſicht vber ſich,
Vnd weiß daß dieſe Laſt der Zeit ſo jhn vnd dich
Von allen Seiten drückt, durch dreyn nicht iſt zu wenden:
Drumb nimbt er, was GOtt ſchickt mit außgeſtreckten Händen,
Mit eiſernem Gemüt' vnd allen Frewden an,
Erkennt daß beydes er kein Vbel leyden kan,
Vnd auch kein Vbel thun, verhenget böſe Sachen,
Braucht Ruten vnd auch Schwerdt die böſen gut zu machen,
Die guten beſſer noch, zu prüffen wer jhn liebt,
Vnd wer jhm Hertz vnd Sinn in beydem Glücke giebt.

Ein armes junges Kind nimbt offtermals ein Meſſer
Vnd ſpielet umb ſich her, ein Vatter weiß es beſſer,
Beraubt es ohn Gefahr: ſo thut der Vatter auch
Der alles hat erzeugt, und reißt uns den Gebrauch
Der ſcharpffen Güter auß, darein ein Menſch ſich ſtechen,
In Seel' und Halß zugleich darüber köndte brechen.
Wie bitter er auch iſt, ſo nim den Tranck nur ein,
Den er dein Artzt dir reicht, wo du geſund wilt ſeyn.
Ein Leben das von Noth, von Creutze nicht kan ſagen,
Dem alles auff der Welt ergehet nach behagen,
Iſt wie ein todtes Meer, das gantz ſteht unbewegt,
Vnd niemals an das Landt mit ſeinen Wellen ſchlägt.
Ein Fechter fordert auß, ein Landtsknecht liebt das Kriegen,
Ein weiſer Mannes Muth will ober Vnglück ſiegen,
Begehrt den Feind zu ſehn; er ſteht wann alles fält,
Vnd ſchlügen ſchon vielleicht auch Stücke von der Welt
Auff ſeinen Halß herab; er kan mit groſſem Hertzen
Vernichten Furcht und Troſt, zertretten Noth und Schmertzen,
Stirbt ab der Sterbligkeit, iſt ſeines Lebens voll,
Vnd hoffet auff den Tag, an dem er wandern ſol.
Vnd ſolches kömpt daher, daß dieſe trübe Höle,
Diß Sünden-Neſt, der Leib, an ſeiner reinen Seele
Die meiſten Kräfften hat, der Seele welcher Glut
Nach ihrem Himmel ſteigt, wie ſonſt ein Fewer thut,
Das freye Lufft bekömpt; die nicht ihr Gut auß Sachen
Erzwingt ſo ſterblich ſind und gleichfalls ſterblich machen,
Die alles Gut und Luſt nur in ſich ſelber ſucht,
Da Frewden ohne Leyd, und Reichtumb ohne Flucht
Beſtändig wohnen kan; die ihren Heyland kennet,
Die hertzlich Tag und Nacht für ſeiner Liebe brennet,
Mit jhm ſich gantz vergnügt, und jetzt ſchon zu voran
Woraus ſie kommen iſt im Himmel wohnen kan.
Diß Gut iſts was jhm hier ein frommer Sinn begehret,
Vnd was das Höchſte Gut nach wündſchen jhm gewehret,
Derſelbe dem er Gut und Leben in die Lufft,
Mit allem Willen ſtrewt, und kömpt ſo bald er rufft.

Oden oder Geſänge*).

I.

Galathee.

Corydon der gieng betrübet
An der kalten Cimberſee,
Wegen ſeiner Galathee,
Die er vor ſo ſehr geliebet,
Die jhm vor ſo ſehr behagt
Eh' er ward von jhr gejagt.

Seit daß ich hinweg bin kommen,
Seit daß wir geſchieden ſeyn,
Sang er, hat deß Mondesſchein
Viermal ab und zugenommen:
Galathee, ſo lange Zeit
Bin ich von dir allbereit.

Nun du wirſt dich noch beſinnen
Daß ich bey dir gantz und gar
Fuß zu halten willens war,
Vnd auch kaum geſegnen können:
Rawe Heidelberg mich ſehr,
Du viel tauſend mal noch mehr.

Galathee, ich were blieben,
Vngeſchewt der Kriegesnoth;
Der verlacht Gefahr und Tod
Welcher trewlich pflegt zu lieben:
Aber es iſt dir wol kundt
Daß es gar bey mir nicht ſtundt.

Ich zoh' hin von meinen Schaffen,
War auch ſchon biß an den Mayn;
Doch es wolte gantz nicht ſeyn,
Ich vermochte nicht zu ſchlaffen,
Biß ich wieder zu dir kam,
Vnd noch einmal Abſchied nahm.

Dann muſt' ich, was ſolt ich machen?
Wieder auff mein Franckfurt zu:
Tityrus der ſprach: wie nu?
Wie ſtehts jetzund umb die Sachen?
Mich bedüncket gantz und gar,
Daß dir vor viel beſſer war.

Tityrus iſt recht geweſen;
Ich ward immer ärger kranck:
Thyrſis gab mir einen Tranck,
Ob ich köndte ſo geneſen;
Aber alle Kräuterkunſt
War vergebens und umbſonſt.

Keiner Müh' hab' ich geſchonet,
Schifft' hin in das Niederlandt;
Leyden wird die Stadt genandt,
Da der groſſe Daphnis wohnet;
Daphnis der berümbte Mann,
Der ſo trefflich ſpielen kan.

Ich kam zu jhm, wolte ſingen
Wie zu Heidelberg vorhin:
Nein, es ſchlieff mir Muth und Sinn;
Alle Worte muſt' ich zwingen:
Bloß mein Schatten gieng allhier,
Ich war nirgend als bey dir.

Doch er ließ es jhm gefallen,
Sagte: wol mein Corydon,
Fahre fort; dein guter Thon
Kan noch weit und breit erſchallen:
Es war aber nicht vor mich;
Ich gedachte nur an dich.

Bin ich unten oder oben,
Es gilt alles eben viel,
Vnd was hilfft es, daß mein Spiel,
Alle die es hören loben,
Du hergegen, O mein Liecht,
Die ich lobe, hörſt es nicht!

Nachmals kam ich zu den Frieſen,
Sah' jhr ſchönes Vieh da ſtehn,
Vnd im friſchen Graſe gehn
Vnd die Lämmer auf den Wieſen:
O wie wol iſt doch daran,
Sprach ich, der ſo leben kan!

Nun ich wil euch gar nicht neiden,
Ja ich wünſchte noch darzu
Daß jhr lange Zeit in Ruh,
Liebe Hirten, möget weiden.
Aber ich hier unbekandt
Flieh' anjetzt mein Vaterlandt.

Ihr Nimfen ſingen bey den Quellen,
Daß man höret weit und breit
Von der ſchönen Freundligkeit
Das geſtade Wiederſchellen:
Ich muß ſingen auff der See:
Wo iſt meine Galathee?

O wie biſt du ſo verdrungen!
Wo iſt jetzt die Herrlichkeit,
Corydon, wie vor der Zeit?
Nun ſing wie du vor geſungen:
Galathee, bey dir allein
Will ich jetzt und immer ſeyn.

Geh' jetzund hin zu dem Brunnen,
Da deß Wolffes ſtrenge Macht
Mutter Jetten umbgebracht,
Da ſich offters durch der Sonnen
Heiſſe Stralen angeregt
Galathee zu dir gelegt;

Da ſie dich mit vielen Küſſen
In die weiſſen Arme ſchloß;
Da du in der zarten Schoß
Deine Luſt recht ſondeſt büſſen:
Aber jetzt, O Corydon,
Ach wie weit biſtu darvon!

Nun wir haben es erlebet,
Was du, Gott, verhangen haſt,
Daß bey uns ein frembder Gaſt
Auff den ſchönen Äckern grabet:
Was wir haben außgeſtrewt,
Wird von andern abgemeyt.

Wol dem der ſein Feld kan bawen,
Lieben Schäffer, gleich wie jhr,
Darff ſein Leben nicht mit mir
Nur dem bloſſen Winde trawen:
Ihr habt ewer Vattergut,
Ich muß auff die wüſte Flut.

Nach dem hin und wieder ziehen
Kam ich endlich doch hieher,
Galathee, weit uber Meer:
Weiter kan ich nun nicht fliehen;
Weiter fliehen kan ich nicht,
Weil mir Wind und See gebricht.

Wo die Schiffe vor gefloſſen,
Da liegt ſcharffes Eiß und Schnee:
Dieſes Ufer da ich geh
Hat den Winter gantz verſchloſſen!
Vor der grünen Felder Luſt
Iſt hier lauter Reiff und Froſt.

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*) M. Opitz' Werke, 3. Theil. Amſterdam 1645.

Nun ich muß es gerne leiden
Was ich jmmer leiden ſoll;
Ja, mir wäre gantz ſo wol,
Wann ich dich nicht dürffte meiden:
Alle Trawrigkeit vnd Pein
Fühl ich nur von wegen dein.
Alle Nacht pflegt mir zu träumen
Wie ich bey dem Necker ſey,
Wie ich aller Sorgen frey
Bey den runden Keſtenbäumen
Mit dir, liebe Galathee,
Doppelt auffzuwarten geh.
Dein Verſtand vnd kluge Sinnen,
Die mir meine ließen nicht,
Deiner ſchönen Augen Liecht,
Die ich muſte lieb gewinnen,
Deiner roten Lippen Ziehr
Sind ohn vnterlaß allhier.
Gantz verſtarret vnd erfroren
Durch den Schnee vnd ſtrengen Nort
Irr' ich offters vmb den Port,
Muſte dir die ich verlohren
O vergebens, Corydon,
Wie iſt allzuweit hiervon.
Täglich geht die Sonne nieder
Steht auch täglich wider auff,
Vnd helt jhren alten Lauff;
Aber wann ſeh ich dich wieder?
Ach, wie weit iſt doch der Tag,
Daß ich dich vmbfangen mag!
Manches Land muß ich noch ſehen,
Vnd mich laſſen hin vnd her
Durch das weite wilde Meer
Manche rauhe Winde wehen,
Eh' ich, reicht mir Gott die Hand,
Schawen kan mein Vaterland.
Vnterdeſſen meine Freude
Galathee gehab dich wol,
Biß ich, wo ich leben ſoll,
Weit von Trawren vnd von Leide
Bey den meinen vnd bey dir
Bleiben werde für vnd für.
Dieſes Vfer wil ich haben;
Galathee in deiner Schoß
Kan ich werden frey vnd loß;
Hier wil ich mein Leyd vergraben!
Hier ſoll weit von Angſt vnd Pein
Meiner Reiſe Ruhſtadt ſeyn.
Alſo ſang er, daß die Wellen
Vnd das Vfer an der See
Galathee, O Galathee,
Sämptlich muſte wiederſchellen,
Biß die Abendröthe kam,
Vnd die Nacht den Tag wegnahm.

II.

Iſt jrgend zu erfragen
Ein Schäffer vmb den Rein,
Der ſchmlich ſich beklagen
Muß ober Liebes pein,
Der wird mir müſſen weichen,
Ich weiß ſie plagt mich mehr:
Niemand iſt mir zu gleichen,
Vnd liebt er noch ſo ſehr.
Es iſt vorbey gegangen
Faſt jetzt ein volles Jahr,
Daß Phyllis mich gefangen
Mit Liebe gantz vnd gar;
Daß ſie mir hat genommen
Gedancken, Muth vnd Sinn:
Ein Jahr iſts, daß ich kommen
In jhre Liebe bin.
Seit dem bin ich verwirret
Geweſen für vnd für,
Es haben auch geirret
Die Schaffe neben mir;
Das Feld hab' ich verlaſſen,
Gelebt in Einſamkeit,
Hab' alles müſſen haſſen
Worumb ein Menſch ſich frewt.
Nichts hab' ich können ſingen
Als nur jhr klares Liecht;
Von jhr hab' ich zu klingen
Die Lauten abgericht;
Wie ſehr ich ſie muß lieben,
Vnd jhre groſſe Ziehr,
Das hab' ich faſt geſchrieben
An alle Bäum' allhier.
Mein Trincken vnd mein Eſſen,
Ja nichts hat mir behagt,
Ich bin nur ſtets geſeſſen,
Vnd habe mich beklagt:
In dieſem ſchweren Leben
Verändert alles ſich,
Die Herd' iſt mager worden,
Vnd ich bin nicht mehr ich.
Sie aber hat die Sinnen
Weit von mir abgekehrt,
Iſt gar nicht zu gewinnen,
Als wer' ich jhr nicht werth;
Da doch was ich geſungen
Im Brittenland' erſchallt,
Vnd auch mein Ton gedrungen
Biß durch den Böhmer Walde.
So hab' ich auch darneben,
Ich habe was bey mir,
Daß ich nicht wolte geben
Vmb alles Vieh allhier
Daß an deß Neckers Rande
Im grünen Graſe geht:
Mein Lob wird auff dem Lande
Vnd in der Stadt erhöht.
Jedoch nach dieſem allen
Frag' ich nicht ſonders viel,
Der Phyllis zu gefallen
Ich einig ſingen wil,
Weil nichts iſt das auff Erden
Mir ohne ſie gefällt;
Kan jhre Gunſt mir werden,
So hab' ich alle Welt.

III.

Wol dem der weit von hohen dingen
Den Fuß ſtellt auf der Einfalt Bahn!
Wer ſeinen Muth zu hoch wil ſchwingen,
Der ſtößt gar leichtlich oben an.
Ein jeder lobe ſeinen Sinn,
Ich liebe meine Schäfferinn.
Ein hohes Schloß wird von den Schlägen
Des ſtarcken Donners mehr berührt;
Wer weit will fellt offt auß den Wegen,
Vnd wird durch ſeinen Stolz verführt.
Ein jeder lobe ſeinen Sinn,
Ich liebe meine Schäfferinn.
Auff groſſer See ſind groſſe Wellen,
Viel Klippen, Sturm vnd harter Wind:
Wer klug iſt bleibet bei den Quellen,
Die in den grünen Wäldern ſind.
Ein jeder lobe ſeinen Sinn,
Ich liebe meine Schäfferinn.
Hat Phyllis gleich nicht Gold vnd Schätze,
So hat ſie doch was mir gefellt:
Wormit ich mein Gemüth' ergetze,
Wird nicht erkaufft vmb Gut vnd Geldt.
Ein jeder lobe ſeinen Sinn,
Ich liebe meine Schäfferinn.
Man ſteht bei reicher Leute Pforte
Sehr oft vnd kömpt doch ſelten ein.
Bey jhr bedarff es nicht der Worte;
Was jhr iſt, iſt nicht minder mein.
Ein jeder lobe ſeinen Sinn,
Ich liebe meine Schäfferinn.
Glänzt ſie gleich nicht mit thewren Sachen,
So glänzt doch jhrer Augen Liecht:
Gar viel muß Hoffart ſchöne machen,
Ihr ſchlechter Schein betreugt mich nicht.
Ein jeder lobe ſeinen Sinn,
Ich liebe meine Schäfferinn.
Iſt ſie gleich nicht von hohem Stande,
So iſt ſie dennoch auß der Welt;
Hat ſie gleich keinen Sitz im Lande,
Sie ſelbſt iſt mir ein weites Feldt.
Ein jeder lobe ſeinen Sinn,
Ich liebe meine Schäfferinn.
Wer wil mag in den Lüfften fliegen,
Mein Ziel erſtreckt ſich nicht ſo weit:
Ich laſſe mich an dem begnügen
Was nicht bemüht vnd doch erfrewt.
Vnd lobe billich meinen Sinn,
Vnd meine ſchöne Schäfferinn.

IV.

Jetzund kömpt die Nacht herbey,
Vieh und Menſchen werden frey,
Die gewünſchte Ruh geht an;
Meine Sorge komt heran.
Schöne glänzt der Mondenſchein;
Vnd die Gülden Sternelein;
Froh iſt alles weit vnd breit,
Ich nur bin in Traurigkeit.
Zweene mangeln vberall
An der ſchönen Sterne Zahl;
Dieſe Sternen die ich mein'
Iſt der Liebſten Augenſchein.
Nach dem Monden frag' ich nicht,
Dunckel iſt der Sternen Liecht;
Weil ſich von mir weggewendt
Aſteris mein Firmament.
Wann ſich aber neigt zu mir
Dieſer meiner Sonnen Ziehr,
Acht ich es das beſte ſeyn,
Daß kein Stern noch Monde ſchein.

V.

Kompt laſt vns auß ſpatzieren,
Zu hören durch den Wald.
Die Vögel muſiciren,
Daß Berg vnd Thal erſchallt.
Wol dem der frey kan ſingen,
Wie ihr, ihr Volck der Lufft;
Mag ſeine Stimme ſchwingen
Zu der auff die er hofft.
Ich werde nicht erhöret,
Schrey ich gleich ohne Ruh;
Die ſo mich ſingen lehret
Stopfft ſelbſt die Ohren zu.
Mehr wol dem der frey lebet,
Wie du, du leichte Schar,
In Troſt vnd Angſt nicht ſchwebet,
Iſt auſſer der Gefahr.
Ihr werdet zwar vmbgangen,
Doch helt man euch in werth;
Ich bin von der gefangen
Die meiner nicht begehrt.
Ihr könnt noch Mittel finden,
Entfliehen auß der Pein;
Sie muß noch mehr mich binden,
Soll ich erlöſet ſein.

VI.

Geht meine ſeufftzen hin,
Erweichet derer Sinn
Die meinen Sinn mir plaget,
Vnd reget vnverwandt,
Ein Hertze von Demant
Das ſtets mich naget.
Schawt daß ihr ſie bewegt
Die taube Sinnen tregt,
Vnd nichts von mir will wiſſen,
Wiewohl die thränen mir
Aus Wehmut für vnd für
Alß Waſſer flieſſen.
Ach Feindinn meiner Brunſt,
Vnd aller Liebesgunſt,
Was glänzet dein Geſichte
Mit ſtralen weit vnd breit,
Wann du durch härtigkeit
Sie machſt zu nichte?
O meine Luſt vnd Pein,
Schön vnd auch grauſam ſein
Das ſchickt ſich nicht zuſammen:
Vermiſche dann dein liecht
Das mir mein Hertze bricht
Mit Liebesflammen.

VII.

Corynde, wilt du mich verlaſſen?
Halt an vnd eile nicht ſo ſehr:
Dein lieben iſt ein halbes haſſen,
Hat wenig glut, rauch deſto mehr.
Getrewe Liebe kan nicht wancken,
Sie liegt zu ancker jederzeit.
Helt ihre ſinnen vnd Gedancken
Gegründet auff beſtendigkeit.
Was wilt du dich vmb etwas grämen
Das nichts iſt als ein bloſſer Wahn,
Vnd du mir nicht kanſt wider nemen,
Ich gleichfalls dir nicht geben kan.
Kein Menſch iſt nur jhm ſelbſt gebohren,
Was du biſt weiß ich daß ich bin:
Was fort iſt wird nicht mehr verlohren,
Darumb gedenckt hin ſey hin.
Komm her vnd laß dich ferner lieben,
Weil deine jugend Schönheit hat:
Bleib biſtu einmal ſchon geblieben,
Die Flucht iſt jetzt doch gar zu ſpat.

VIII.

Ach liebſte laß vns eilen,
Wir haben Zeit,
Es ſchadet vns verweilen
Vns beyderſeit.
Der Edlen ſchönheit Gaben
Fliehn fuß für fuß:
Das alles was wir haben
Verſchwinden muß.
Der Wangen Ziehr verbleichet,
Das Haar wird greiß,
Der Augen Fewer weichet,
Die Brunſt wird Eiß.
Das Mündlein von Corallen
Wird vngeſtalt,
Die Händ' als Schnee verfallen,
Vnd du wirſt alt.
Drumb laß vns jetzt genieſſen
Der Jugend Frucht,
Eh' als wir folgen müſſen
Der Jahre Flucht.
Wo du dich ſelber liebeſt,
So liebe mich,
Gieb mir das wann du giebeſt
Verlier auch ich.

IX.

Auß Ronſardts Erfindung.

Als ich nechſt war außſpatziret
Zu den Hirten in den Waldt,
Vnd mit jhnen muſiciret,
Daß der gantze Puſch erſchallt,
Kam die Venus ſelbſt zu mir,
Bracht' auch ihren Sohn mit ihr,
Der bey mir verbleiben ſolte,
Wo ich jhn was lehren wolte.
Alles was du wilt bedingen
Sagte ſie, iſt dir vergünnt,
Wo du deine Kunſt zu ſingen
Lehren wirſt mein kleines Kind:
Wol, ich weiſ' jhm gantz bereit,
Was man noch hat dieſer Zeit
Von den Hirten auffgeſchrieben,
Vnd im Hirtenbuch' iſt blieben.
Wie das Pan auff ſieben Rhören
Anzuſtimmen hat erdacht,
Vnd gantz lieblich anzuhören
Einen newen Thon auffbracht:
Wie daß Ariſteus weit
Mit dem Bacchus kam in Streit,
Ob die Süſſigkeit der Bienen
Mehr als Wein vnd [illegible] dienen.
Aber nein, der loſe Knabe
Lachte was er vor gethan;
Wann ich jhm was anders gabe
So hub er von buhlen an:
Allzeit ward von ihm gehört;
Wie die Lieb' vns ſo bethört;
Wie nach ſeiner Mutter Sinnen
Jedermann muß lieb gewinnen.
Solt' er Lection auffſagen,
Wuſt' er lauter nichts darvon,
Brachte ſelbſt mir vorgetragen
Eine ſchwere Lection:
Jetzt ich alſo nichts mehr weiß
Dann von Lieb vnd jhrem Preiß:
Jenes iſt gäntzlich mir entfallen
Was ich konnte vor für allen.

Nun ade ihr Feldgöttinnen,
Nun ade du grüne Luſt;
Corydon muß jetzt beginnen
Was er vorhin nie gewuſt:
Es iſt wo ich geh' vnd ſteh'
Alles nichts dann Galathee:
In den ſtrengen Liebesorden
Bin ich durch ein Kind bracht worden.

X.

An Herren Eſaias Sperern.

Viermal iſt der Früling kommen,
Viermal hat die Winters Zeit
Von den Wäldern abgenommen
Ihr begrüntes Sommerkleid,
Seyd daß wir gebracht ſind worden
In der trewen Freundſchafft Orden.
Wie viel Tage ſind verfloſſen
Inner Frewd vnd guter Luſt,
Wann wir vns den Sinn begoſſen
Mit Lyæus feiner Koſt!
Doch nicht wie die rawen Scythen
Die den gantzen Wanſt voll ſchütten.
Wie ein Schiffer an dem Rande
Seinen krummen Nachen führet,
Vnd ſich nicht weit helt vom Lande
Wann er ſtarcke Wellen ſpühret,
So auch muß es ſeyn im Trincken
Wollen wir nicht vnterſincken.
Sehn wir in der Schale ſpringen,
Vngern, deinen klaren Wein,
Können wir vns auch bezwingen,
Daß wir lange nüchtern ſeyn?
Es muß alles was vns kräncket
In das Weinfaß ſeyn verſencket.
Wann wir dann ſo viel genommen
Daß der angenehme Gaſt
Etwas in die Stirn' iſt kommen,
Da kriegt Hertz vnd Zunge krafft,
Da wird alles außgelaſſen
Was vns taug vnd was wir haſſen.
Warumb dieſes ſey zu meiden,
Warumb das nicht ſolte ſeyn,
Warumb der vnd der vns neiden,
Jener auch nur falſchen Schein
Deß Gemütes von ſich giebet,
Hertzlich haſt vnd mündlich liebet.
O ihr Matten, O ihr Wieſen,
Du Gebirge welches wir
Nennen von den alten Rieſen,
O ihr warmen Bäder ihr,
Ihr Napeen habt vernommen
Was vns offtmals ein iſt kommen.
So ergetzt vns hier auff Erden
Ein ſchön Glaß vnd ein ſchön Buch
Biß wir eingehüllet werden
In ein ſtücke leinen Tuch.
Weil wir mehr nicht mit vns nehmen,
Sollen wir vns dann viel grämen?
Werden wir auch ſonſt nichts laſſen
(Dann ſich vmb das Eygenthumb
Niemand ſchlagen wird vnd haſſen)
So bleibt doch ein guter Rhum,
Den der Todt vns nicht kan ſterben,
Vnd kein Menſch mit Geld' erwerben.
Du durchrennſt mit freyem Zügel
Deß gelehrten Lobes Pfadt
Durch deß hohen Adlers Flügel,
Welcher dich zu dienſten hat,
Vnd auch mich wil höher heben,
Mir Helm, Schild vnd Adel geben.
Dieſes ſind die Gifft vnd Gaben,
Die vns vber allen Neid,
Wann wir lange ſind vergraben,
Heben ſollen jederzeit;
Dieſe Schätz' vnd Güter machen
Das wir Hohn vnd Haß verlachen.
Wann die Mißgunſt tauſend Zungen
Hette feindlich außgeſtreckt,
Vnd käm' auff vns zu gedrungen,
Doch ſo bleiben wir verdeckt
In der Trew' vnd Tugend Schatten,
Da kein Neid kan hingerathen.
Nun wolan, mit dem Bedinge
Laß vns bleiben wie wir ſeyn,
Daß ich dann darauff dir bringe
Dieſes groſſe Schiff voll Wein,
Daß dich wol nicht mehr ſoll dürſten,
Auff Geſundheit vnſers Fürſten.

XI.

Faſt auß dem Holländiſchen;
wie auch das nachfolgende.

O du Gott der ſüſſen Schmertzen,
Warumb daß man dich ſo blind
Vber all gemahlet findt?
Ich befind' es nicht im Hertzen.
Nun du habeſt kein Geſicht;
Ich vnd niemand glaubt es nicht.
Siehſtu nicht, wie kanſt du wiſſen
Wo dein Pfeil hinfliegen ſoll;
Blinde ſehen ſonſt nicht wol;
Du kanſt ziemlich grade ſchieſſen:
Nun du habeſt kein Geſicht',
Ich vnd niemand glaubt es nicht.
Die in dicke Püſche ziehen,
Vnd in wüſten Wäldern ſeyn,
Können doch der Liebes Pein
Vnd dem Bogen nicht entfliehen:
Nun du habeſt kein Geſicht'
Ich vnd niemand glaubt es nicht.
Die das weite Meer durchjagen
Müſſen fühlen deine Stärcke:
Iſt das ſolcher Leute Werck?
Heiſt das blind ſeyn? recht zu ſagen:
Nun du habeſt kein Geſicht',
Ich vnd niemand glaubt es nicht.
Giengſt du nicht die enge Straſſen
In das himliſche Gebäw,
Vnbegleitet ohne Schew,
Dorffteſt Jupiter anfaſſen?
Nun du habeſt kein Geſicht',
Ich vnd niemand glaubt es nicht.
Kondteſt du den Pluto finden
Stiegeſt in der Höllen Schlund,
Dorffteſt dich auff ſeinen Grund'
Ihn zu ſchieſſen vnterwinden?
Nun du habeſt kein Geſicht',
Ich vnd niemand glaubt es nicht.
Du weiſt keine Klage kennen,
Keine Bitte nimpſtu an,
Alles iſt umbſonſt gethan;
Blinde ſind die dich blind nennen;
Dieſes geht mir beſſer ein,
Daß du trefflich taub muſt ſeyn.

XII.

Corydon ſprach mit Verlangen
Zu der liebſten Feldgöttin:
Wer' es Lydia dein Sinn
Daß du wolteſt mich vmbfangen,
Das wir möchten noch in Frewd'
Enden vnſre junge Zeit?
Alles Wildniß in den Wäldern
Schmeckt die ſüſſe Liebeskoſt;
Es brauchen ſich der Luſt
Herd' vnd Hirten auff den Feldern?
Wollen wir dann ohne Frewd'
Enden vnſre junge Zeit?
Alle Vögel in den Lüfften
Hört man ſingen für vnd für,
Alle Nymphen da vnd hier
Sieht man newe Heurath ſtifften;
Eh laß vns doch auch in Frewd'
Enden vnſre junge Zeit.
Zwar der Warheit nicht zu ſchonen,
Ich bin nur ein Bawerknecht,
Doch noch eins ſo fromm vnd recht
Als die in den Städten wohnen;
Drumb ſo laß vns doch in Frewd'
Enden vnſre junge Zeit.
Ich weiß gar wol deine Sinnen
Du vermeinſt es were Kunſt
Wann du mich durch Liebesbrunſt
Würdeſt gantz verzehren können:

Darumb ſollen wir ohn Frewd'
Enden unſre junge Zeit.
Nymphe, wiſt du mir entgehen,
Weil ich nur vom Dorffe bin?
Schaw auff alle Götter hin
Die nach Bawrenliebe ſtehen:
Können wir dann ohne Frewd'
Enden unſre junge Zeit?
Venus hat vielmal geſchlaffen
Bey Adonis in dem Wald,
Ob gleich ſchon ſein Auffenthalt
Nirgend war als bey den Schaffen:
Wir nur wollen ohne Frewd'
Enden unſre junge Zeit.
Doch ich wil mich nicht betrüben,
Ich begehr' es nicht ſo ſehr;
Aber denckt, wer dich mehr
Wird als ich ſo heftig lieben,
Wann wir jetzund ohne Frewd'
Enden unſre junge Zeit.

XIII.

Allhier in dieſer wüſten Heyd'
Iſt gar kein Menſch nicht weit und breit,
Die wilden Thier allein
Die ſeh' ich ſelbſt Mitleyden tragen,
Die Vögel trawrig ſeyn,
Und mich mit ſchwacher Stimme klagen,
Die kalten Brunnen ſtärcker flieſſen,
Viel Threnen gleichfals zu vergieſſen.
Stein, Wälder, Wieſen, Feld und Thal
Hör' ich beklagen meinen Fall;
Sie fühlen meine Pein,
Die Schafe wollen gar nichts weiden.
Du, Delia, allein
Wirſt nicht beweget durch mein Leiden
Du Kron und Zier der Schäferinnen,
Du ſtrengſte Fürſtin meiner Sinnen.
In dich hab' ich mein Ziel gericht,
Mein einig All, meins Lebens Liecht:
Nun hat deß Glückes Neid
Von deiner Seiten mich geriſſen;
Drumb wünſch' ich dieſer Zeit
Nicht mehr deß Lebens zu genieſſen;
Vom Todte nur werd' ich bekommen
Die Freyheit ſo du mir genommen.
Laß' ich gleich aber dieſe Welt,
Wird meine Trew doch nicht gefellt;
Die Liebe gegen dir
Hab' ich an manchem Baum geſchnitten;
Da ſieht man für und für
Was ich für Angſt und Pein erlitten;
So lang Arcadia wird ſtehen
Soll auch mein Nahme nicht vergehen.
Es tritt Diana ſelber hin,
Mein Grab zu machen in das grün;
Die Göttin Flora geht
Sich nach Violen umbzuſchawen,
Mein Leichſtein iſt erhöht,
Darein die Nymphen werden hawen:
Hier hat den Geiſt dahin gegeben
Den ſeine Liebſte bracht' umbs Leben.

XIV.

Aſterie mag bleiben wer ſie wil,
Ich weiß nichts mehr von jhr,
Und jhrer Huld; ein ſehr viel höher Ziel
Hab' ich anjetzt vor mir:
Ich wil mich weiter ſchwingen
Als durch den Erdenkreiß,
Und nur alleine ſingen
Der Tugend Ehr' und Preiß.
Wie ſelig iſt wer in Vollkommenheit
Der Weißheit ſich verliebt,
Die ſüſſe Gifft der ſchnöden Eitelkeit
Ihn nimmermehr betrübt;
Er weichet von den Wegen
Der Uppigkeit der Welt,
Darauff zuvor erlegen
Manch freyer kühner Held.
Die Schönheit zwar veracht' ich gäntzlich nicht,
Weil ſie von oben kömpt,
Das ſag' ich nur, daß ſie gar leichte bricht,
Und bald ein Ende nimpt:
Der rote Mund, die Wangen
Der ſchönen Augen Glantz,
Ja alle Pracht und Prangen
Iſt wie ein Roſenkrantz.
Wer Tugend liebt, der ſtirbet nimmermehr,
Er dringt durch alle Noth,
Durch alle Welt erklingt ſein Lob und Ehr,
Er bleibt und lebet todt:
Drumb wil ich nichts mehr ſchreiben
Von zeitlicher Begiehr,
So wird mein Lob' bekleiben,
Und grünen für und für.
Weg, Venus, weg, du Peſt der jungen Zeit,
Ich ſelbſt vergeſſe mein;
Ich wil jetzt gehn den Lauff der Ewigkeit,
Und auff der ſüſſen Pein
Verwirrten Bahn nicht wallen,
Die Tugend iſt mein Ziel;
Aſterie ſampt allen
Mag bleiben wer ſie wil.

XV.

Mein Nüßler, und iſt diß dein Rath,
Ich ſoll die ſchnöde Wolluſt haſſen,
Und die ſo mich bethöret hat,
Die ſchöne Flavia verlaſſen?
Sprich, ſagſt du, deine Muſen an,
Setz' an die Feder, das zu ſchreiben
Durch welches dein Gerüchte kan
In Ewigkeit hernach bekleiben.
Laß fahren, die zu wenig iſt
Daß ſie dir viel gewünſchten Sachen
Die du zu tichten außerkieſt
Soll gantz und gar zu Waſſer machen.
Denck' an den Ruhm den du nunmehr
Bey groſſen Leuten haſt erworben:
Seit daß du liebſt iſt ſchier die Ehr'
In jhrer erſten Blüt' erſtorben.
War iſt es, ich bin jetzund faſt
Der Bücher ärgſter Todtfeind worden,
Nun Venus, du gewünſchte Laſt,
Mich wieder hat in jhrem Orden.
Doch bin ich ſehr in Zweifel noch
Ob auch des bloſſen Lobes wegen
Das Joch, das angeneme Joch,
Sey gantz und gar hinweg zulegen.
Dieweil ich kürtzlich ſoll hernach
Die lange Nacht vergraben liegen,
Was hilfft michs durch viel Ungemach
Und müh ein Hand voll Ehre kriegen?
Kein Vers, wie künſtlich er mag ſeyn,
Der kan mir jetzund Bürge werden
Man werde dieſes mein Gebein
Bedecken mit ſein leichter Erden.
Doch wol, laß meine Poeſie,
Und was ich ſonſten möchte ſchreiben,
Als zu Ergetzung meiner Müh,
Ein hundert Jahr' und lenger bleiben:
Bin ich mehr als Anacreon,
Als Steſichor und Simonides,
Als Antimachus und Bion,
Als Philet, oder Bacchylides?
Iſt aber dir dann nicht bekandt
Der Griechen ſchöne Ziehr im Tichten?
Was ſoll nun dieſe meine Hand
In Teutſcher Sprache können richten?
Nein, nein, ich lobe meinen Sinn,
Und hoff' es ſoll mir auch gelingen,
Daß das worauff ich kommen bin
Noch möglich ſey mir zu vollbringen.
Das dünckt mich gar viel beſſer ſeyn,
Als derer Fleiß, die nichts erwerben
Durch jhre Reim' als leichten Schein,
Und doch für Hunger kaum nicht ſterben.

XVI.

Ich kan mich zwar zu dir begeben
Jetzt wann ich wil mein Vatterland,
Nun ich befreyt bin von dem Leben
Bey dem kein Glück iſt und Beſtand:
Doch helt mich noch der Liebe Band,
Der ich zu ſchwach zu widerſtreben.
Vor hab' ich mich zu dir gewendet;
Kein Ort gefiel mir beſſer nicht:
Nun hat ſich alle Luſt geendet,

Nachdem mich meines Hertzens Liecht,
Was jedermann darwider ſpricht,
Mit ſeiner Anmuth gantz verblendet.
  Vor wann die Morgenröthe lachte,
Vnd ließ ſich ſehn auff jhrer Bahn,
So grüßt' ich ſie wann ich erwachte;
Jetzt iſt es alles nun gethan,
Weil ich mein Lieb nur preiſen kan,
Vnd allzeit jhre Zierde betrachte.
  Vor hab' ich zu den kühlen Flüſſen,
Vnd klaren Brunnen mich geſellt;
Die Roſen, Lilien vnd Narciſſen
Liebt' ich für alles in der Welt:
Jetzt weiß ich viel ein ſchöner Feldt,
Vnd hoffe ſein noch zu genieſſen.
  Ihr Bircken vnd jhr hohen Linden,
Ihr Wüſten vnd du ſtiller Waldt,
Lebt wol mit ewren tieffen Gründen,
Vnd grünen Wieſen mannigfalt:
Mein Troſt vnd beſter Auffenthalt
Iſt ſonſtwo als bey euch zu finden.

XVII.

Ihr ſchwartzen Augen, jhr, vnd du, auch ſchwartzes Haar,
Der friſchen Flavien, die vor mein Hertze war,
Auff die ich pflag zu richten,
Mehr als ein weiſer ſoll,
Mein Schreiben, Thun vnd Tichten,
Gehabt euch jetzund wol.
Nicht gerne ſprech' ich ſo, ruff' auch zu Zeugen an
Dich, Venus, vnd dein Kind, daß ich gewiß hieran
Die minſte Schuldt nicht trage,
Ja alles Kummers voll
Mich ſtündlich kränck' vnd plage,
Daß ich ſie laſſen ſoll.
Ihr Parcen, die jhr vns das Thun des Lebens ſpinnt
Gebt mir vnd ihr das was ich jhr, vnd ſie mir gönnt,
Weil ich's ja ſoll erfüllen,
Soll zähmen meinen Fuß,
Vnd wider Luſt vnd Willen
Auch nachmals ſagen muß:
Ihr ſchwartzen Augen, jhr, vnd du, auch ſchwartzes Haar,
Der friſchen Flavien, die vor mein Hertze war,
Auff die ich pflag zu richten,
Mehr als ein weiſer ſoll,
Mein Schreiben, Thun vnd Tichten,
Gehabt euch jetzund wol.

XVIII.

  Ich empfinde faſt ein Grawen
Daß ich, Plato, für vnd für
Bin geſeſſen vber dir;
Es iſt Zeit hinauß zu ſchawen,
Vnd ſich bey den friſchen Quellen
In dem grünen zu ergehn,
Wo die ſchönen Blumen ſtehn,
Vnd die Fiſcher Netze ſtellen.
  Worzu dienet das ſtudieren
Als zu lauter Vngemach?
Vnter deſſen laufft die Bach
Vnſers Lebens, das wir führen,
Ehe wir es inne werden,
Auff jhr letztes Ende hin,
Dann kömpt ohne Geiſt vnd Sin
Dieſes alles in die Erden.
  Hola, Junger, geh' vnd frage
Wo der beſte Trunck mag ſeyn,
Nimb den Krug, vnd fülle Wein.
Alles Trawren, Leid vnd Klage,
Wie wir Menſchen täglich haben,
Eh' vns Clotho fort gerafft,
Will ich in den ſüſſen Safft,
Den die Traube gibt, vergraben.
  Kauffe gleichfals auch Melonen,
Vnd vergiß des Zuckers nicht;
Schawe nur daß nichts gebricht.
Jener mag der Heller ſchonen,
Der bey ſeinem Gold' vnd Schätzen
Tolle ſich zu kräncken pflegt,
Vnd nicht ſatt zu Bette legt:
Ich wil weil ich kan mich letzen.
  Bitte meine gute Brüder
Auff die Muſic vnd ein Glaß:
Kein ding ſchickt ſich, düncket mich, baß,
Als ein Trunck vnd gute Lieder.
Laß' ich ſchon nicht viel zu erben,
Ey ſo hab ich edlen Wein.
Wil mit andern luſtig ſeyn,
Wann ich gleich allein muß ſterben.

XIX.

  Derſelbe welcher dieſe Nacht
Erſt hat ſein Leben hingebracht,
Iſt eben auch wie die geſtorben,
Die längſt zuvor verblichen ſeyn,
Vnd derer Leichnam vnd Gebein,
Vor tauſend Jahren ſind verdorben.
  Der Menſch ſtirbt zeitlich oder ſpat,
So bald er nur geſegnet hat,
So wird er in den Sand verſencket,
Vnd legt ſich zu der langen Ruh.
Wann Ohr vnd Auge ſchon iſt zu,
Wer iſt der an die Welt gedencket?
  Die Seele doch allein vnd bloß
Fleugt, wann ſie wird deß Cörpers loß,
Zum Himmel da ſie her geführet.
Was dieſen ſchnöden Leib betrifft,
Wird nichts an jhm als Stanck vnd Gifft,
Wie ſchön er vormals war, geſpüret.
  Es iſt in jhm kein Geiſt mehr nicht,
Das Fleiſch felt weg, die Haut verbricht,
Ein jeglich Haar das muß verſtieben:
Vnd was ich achte mehr zu ſeyn,
Diejenige kömpt keinem ein,
Die er für allen pflag zu lieben.
  Der Tod begehrt nichts vmb vnd an:
Drumb, weil ich jetzt noch wüntſchen kan,
So wil ich mir nur einig welen
Geſunden Leib, vnd rechten Sinn:
Hernachmals wann ich kalt ſchon bin,
Da will ich Gott den Reſt befehlen.
  Homerus, Sappho, Pindarus,
Anacreon, Heſiodus,
Vnd andere ſein ohne Sorgen,
Man red' jetzt auff ſie was man wil:
So, ſagt man nun gleich von mir viel,
Wer weiß geſchieht es übermorgen.
  Wo dient das Wüntſchen aber zu,
Als daß ein Menſch ohn alle Ruh
Sich Tag vnd Nacht nur ſelbſt verzehret?
Wer wüntſchet kräncket ſich jederzeit;
Wer todt iſt iſt ohn alles Leid.
O wol dem der nichts mehr begehret!

XX.

  O wol dem der die rechte Zeit
In allen dingen ſiehet,
Vnd nicht nach dem was allbereit
Hinweg iſt ſich bemühet,
Der kennet was er lieben ſoll,
Vnd was er ſoll verlaſſen;
Er lebet frey vnd allzeit wohl,
Vnd darff ſich ſelbſt nicht haſſen.
  Die Göttin der Gelegenheit
Iſt fornen nur mit haaren,
Im Nacken bleibt ſie kahl allzeit;
Drumb laß ſie ja nicht fahren
Weil du ſie bei der Stirnen haſt;
Der Tag geht eilends nieder,
Die Stunden lauffen ohne raſt,
Vnd kommen gantz nicht wieder.

Sonette.

An der Liebſten Vatterland.

  Du allerſchönſter Ort der Flüß vnd kalten Brunnen,
Darin ſich alle Zier vnd Luſt hat eingeſtalt,
Darin ſich alles Gut begeben mannigfalt,
So jemals worden iſt beſchienen von der Sonnen.
  Du allerſchönſte Stadt, du Hauß der Frewd vnd Wonnen,
Princeſſin aller Städt an Reichthumb vnd Gewalt,
Doch mehr weil du erzeugt meins Lebens Auffenthalt,
Der keine Schätze nicht verglichen werden können.
  Verzeihe mir du Stadt, darinnen ich gebohren,
Hier hab' ich mir zu ſeyn inkünfftig außerkohren,
Hieher hab' einig ich mein Hertz vnd Sinn gewandt.
  Vnd ob es werd gleich ſchwer, daß ich dich werde meiden,
Wil dennoch ich von dir als ihr viel lieber ſcheiden,
Dann wo mein Leben iſt, da iſt mein Vatterland.

An einen Berg.

Du grüner Berg, der du mit zweyen Spitzen
Parnasso gleichst, du hoher Fels, bey dir
Wünsch' ich in Ruh zu bleiben für vnd für,
Vnd deine Lust gantz einsam zu besitzen,
Weil du mir auch für aller Welt kanst nützen
Dann wann ich bin auff deinen Klippen hier,
So seh' ich stets derjenen Ort für mir,
Die für dem Tod alleine mich kan schützen,
Mein höchste Freud' vnd meines Lebens Leben:
So weiß ich auch daß man sonst nirgend findt
Mit solcher Zier ein einig Ort vmbgeben:
Natura hat die Lust allher gesetzet,
Daß die auff dich mit Müh gestiegen sind,
Hinwiederumb auch würden recht ergetzet.

An die Bienen.

Ihr Honigvögelein, die ihr von den Violen
Vnd Rosen abgemeit den wundersüssen Safft,
Die ihr dem grünen Klee entzogen seine Krafft,
Die ihr das schöne Feld so offt vnd viel bestohlen.
Ihr Feldeinwohnerin, was wollet ihr doch holen
Daß so euch noch zur Zeit hat wenig Nutz geschafft,
Weil ihr mit Dienstbarkeit deß Menschen seyd behafft,
Vnd jhnen mehrentheils das Honig müsset zollen?
Kompt, kompt zu meinem Lieb' auff jhren Rosenmund,
Der mir mein krancken Hertz hat inniglich verwundt,
Da solt jhr Himmelspeiß' auch vberflüssig brechen:
Wann aber jemand sie wil setzen in Gefahr,
Vnd jhr ein Leyd anthun, dem solt du starcke schar
Für Honig Galle seyn, vnd' jhn zu Todte stechen.

An die Augen seiner Jungfrawen.

Fast auß dem Holländischen.

Leitsternen meines Hauptes, vnd meiner jungen Zeit,
Die als Planeten sind gesetzet meinem Leben,
Ihr Augen, wann ich euch so freundlich sehe schweben,
So bin ich als entzuckt, so kenne gantz kein Leid:
Dann jhr beschliest in euch ein' hohe Lieblichkeit,
Vnd lieblich' Hoheit; jhr, jhr könnt alleine geben
Genügte, rechte Lust: wornach wir Männer streben
Das habt jhr, O mein Liecht, vor allem weit vnd breit.
Natura selber liegt im Dunckeln fast begraben,
Vnd mangelt jhres Liechts, von wegen jhrer Gaben,
Die gantz versamblet sind in solcher engen statt;
Doch ist sie enge nicht, vnd kan sich weit ergiessen,
Ja were groß genung fast alles einzuschliessen,
Weil sich mein' arme Seel' in jhr verirret hat.

Auff einen Kuß.

Auch zum theil auß dem Holländischen.

Auff alle meine Noth, auff so viel Angst vnd Klagen,
Auff Seufftzer, Ach vnd Weh, auff höchste Trawrigkeit
Auff das wodurch mein Hertz' empfandt sein tieffes Leid,
Wird doch mein Lieb bewegt mir eins nicht abzuschlagen.
Ich mag gewißlich wol von gutem Glücke sagen;
Sie kam ja endlich noch die sehr gewüntschte Zeit,
Vnd hat mir Hertz vnd Sinn durch einen Kuß erfrewt;
Ich habe diese Gunst doch endlich weg getragen.
Der Thaw, der süsse Thaw, der auff den Lippen schwebt,
Der Marck vnd Bein erquickt, dadurch mein Geist noch lebt,
Kan alle meine Furcht vnd Trawren von mir scheiden.
Ihr Götter die jhr schawt hier zu vns Menschen her,
Kehrt ja mir diese Freud' vnd Trost in kein Beschwer:
Der Kuß ist wohl verkaufft vmb solche Noth vnd Leyden.

Einer Jungfrawen Klage vber nahendes Alter.

Ach wo ist nun die Zeit, in der man pflag zu gleichen
Der Rosen schöner Zier mein' edle Gestalt?
Ja freylich bin ich so, nun bin ich graw vnd alt.
Eh' als der Sonnen Glantz die Rose kan erreichen,
So muß sie durch die Lufft der Nacht zuvor verbleichen,
Vnd hat nur von dem Thaw ein wenig Vnterhalt:
So setzen mich jetzt auch die Dornen mannigfalt,
Weil ich die junge Zeit nun habe lassen schleichen.
Geht dann der Morgen an, so wird die Rose roth;
Ich werde Schamroth auch, gedenck ich an die Noth.
Doch hab ich diesen Trost, daß gleich wie von den Winden
Die Rose, wann der Tag sich neigt, wird abgemeit,
So werd' auch ich, weil nun mein Abend nicht ist weit,
Kan ja es hier nicht seyn, doch Ruh' im Grabe finden.

⁂

Du schöne Tyndaris, wer findet deines gleichen,
Vnd wolt er hin vnd her das gantze Landt durchziehn?
Dein' Augen trutzen wohl dem edelsten Rubin,
Vnd für den Lippen muß ein Türckis auch verbleichen,
Die Zähne kan kein Gold an hoher Farb' erreichen,
Der Mund ist Himmel weit, der Halß sticht Agstein hin:
Wo ich mein Vrtheil nur zu fellen würdig bin,
Alecto wird die selbst deß Haares halben weichen,
Der Venus Ehemann geht so gerade nicht,
Vnd auch der Venus Sohn kan kein so scharff Gesicht.
In summa, nichts mag dir verglichen werden können:
Weil man dann denen auch die vns gleich nicht sind wol,
Geht es schon sawer ein, doch gutes gönnen soll,
So wünsch' ich daß mein Feindt dich möge lieb gewinnen.

⁂

Wann ich mit frieden kan in deinen Armen liegen,
So hab' ich schon genung, mehr ehre wünsch ich nicht
Auff dieser weiten Welt, als dir, mein Trost vnd Liecht,
In deiner weissen Schoß zu ruhen nach genügen.
Diß ist mein bester zweck; es mag ein anderer kriegen,
Dem Mars im Hertzen steckt, das aus jhm selber bricht,
Nach Helm' vnd Waffen greifft, den kühnen Feind bespricht
Vnd wanckt nicht vmb ein Haar, wil sterben oder siegen.
So wilde bin ich nicht: Clorinde, wann du dich
Vmb meine Schultern wirffst, das ist ein krieg für mich:
Hiervon soll meinen Sinn kein Ruhm vnd Gut bewegen.
Das Glücke deiner Gunst hat bey mir grössern schein
Als etwan Cesar selbst vnd Alexander seyn,
Vnd diese gantze Welt zun Füssen können legen.

Judith*).

Die Personen deß Schawspiels.

Holofern.	
Arsace, ...	Hauptmann.
Bagoas, ...	Kämmerling.
Judith.	
Abra, ...	Kammermagd.
Drontes, ...	Marschalck.
Hircan, ...	Wachtmeister.

Chöre.

Der gefangenen Könige.
Der Wache.
Der Ebreer in der Statt.
Der Ebreischen Jungfrawen.
Der Soldaten.

Der 1. Act. Die 1. Scena.

Holofern.

Soll der Ebreer dann mir jetzt zum Meister werden,
Mir, dessen Helden Muth
Nichts gleiches weiß auff Erden,
Für dem Araxes selbst legt seine wilde Flut,
Für welches Macht der Strom deß Tigers schweiget
Vnd Taurus auch sein Schneegefilde neiget?
Mag nun deß arme Volck mich länger hinterziehn?
Nein, Nein: sie sollen bald erfahren wer ich bin.

Arsace.

Der Erden Kreiß erschüttert,
Die Hölle zittert
Auch selbst für dir,
Der Angel Stern,
Erbleichet schier,
Wann du das Heer außführest,
O Holofern,
Vnd deine Waffen führest.

Holofern.

Aber, ach! ich kan ja Siegen:
Doch, was hilfft es daß die Hand,
Zähmet so viel Leut' vnd Lande,
Vnd das Hertze muß erliegen,
Muß sich lassen jetzt bekriegen
Nicht durch strenge Schlacht vnd Streit,
Sondern schöne Freundligkeit?
Kein starckes Heer hat mich,
Gejaget je zurücke,

---

*) M. Opitz' Werke, 1. Theil. Amsterdam 1645.

Jetzt zitter' ich
Für einem leichten Augenblicke.
Es muſte mein Gebott ſo mancher König ſpüren,
Jetz aber kan ich ſelbſt mich nicht regieren.
Du haſt gewonnen, du Ebrer;
Du zwingeſt meinen Sinn:
Wie hoch ich bin,
So iſt ein Weib auß deiner Statt doch höher.

Bagos.

Sehr ſtets hat die Natur beherzet ſein und lieben
In einem hohen Sinn zuſammen eingeſchrieben.

Holofern.

Da mein Verſtand zuvor ſo viel gegolten hat,
Gebricht mir jetzund ſelber Rhat.

Arſaces.

Solt denn ein Weib entgehen,
Dem ein Heer iſt unterthan;
Dem zu ſeinem Willen ſtehen
Der Araber und Hircan;
Dem Armenien gehorchet, den der Parther Schütze hört,
Den die ſchwarzgebrandten Mohren, den der kühne Meder ehrt;
Dem der Reiche Perß ſich ziehet,
Der das Volck der Ammoniten,
Und die frechen Moabiten
Alleſampt zu Felde führt?
Was verhindert deine Ruh?
Schaffe mit ſo iſts gethan;
Weil ein Held wie du
Nicht alleine kräfftig bitten, ſondern auch gebieten kan.

Holofern.

O Ihr Götter ſaget mir,
Iſts der Himmel der mich zwinget,
Iſt es etwan ein Geſtirne, welches mich zur Liebe bringet,
Oder iſt es ihre Zier?
O ja ſie iſts allein! diß Reden, dieſes Lachen,
Der Augen Glaſtern iſts, der mein Geſicht entzückt,
Das Haar, das mein Gemüt' und allen Muth beſtrickt,
Der Mund, der meinem Mund kein ganzes Wort läßt machen.

Arſaces.

Deß Mannes Hauß wird billich abgebrandt,
Der Waſſer klagt, und hat es bey der Hand.

Bagos.

Und magſt du wol nicht ſchlagen
Das Wild, ſo ohne Jagen
In dein Gehäge kömpt?
Ich glaube daß es auch ſie ſelber wunder nimbt,
Was ihr Gedancken macht,
Dieweil ſie iſt zu lieben,
Daß dannoch ſie von dir ſchon nach der dritten Nacht
Hindan geſtellt iſt blieben.
Gefreut auch, daß ſie dir was verſagt,
Biſt du nicht Herr, und ſie iſt deine Magd?

Holofern.

So ſey es dann; auffs Nachtmal lade mir
Die Oberſten, und ſende meine Zier,
Unterdeſſen daß ich ordne, wie man morgen auff den Tag
Allerſeits zuſammen rücken, und die Stadt erſteigen mag.
Ich wil mich an ſie wagen:
O Zunge! waffne dich;
Und was ich nicht kan ſagen,
Soll Bacchus thun für mich.

Bagos.

Herr, geht, verrichtet ewer Sachen;
Im übrigen laſt mich nur machen.
Ein Weibervolck, wie keuſch es auch mag ſeyn,
Wird offtermals bezwungen durch den Wein.
Da kömpt ſie gleich, deß Fürſten Luſt und Pein,
Die gar wol mächtig iſt, die Götter ſelbſt zu binden,
Und durch der Schönheit Glanz den Himmel anzuzünden.

Der 1. Act. Die 2. Scena.

Judith.

Sonne, Zier der Erde,
Die du zu der Nachtruh ſchreiteſt,
Und die müden Pferde
In die See zum Trincken reiteſt,
Zürne nicht, daß du mich ſiehſt,
In deß rawen Volckes Händen,
Das ein Feind deß Höchſten iſt.
Ich verhoffe zu vollenden,
Für das Land und Billigkeit,
Was mein Sinn ihm fürgenommen,
Ehe du zur Morgenzeit
Wiederumb herauf wirſt kommen.

Bagos.

Was ſagſtu zu der Sonne,
Du Sonne dieſer Welt,
Der Menſchen Luſt und Wonne,
Der kein Geſtirne nicht die Gegenwage helt?
Klageſtu, daß jetzt der Abend, uns beraubet ihrer Zier,
Daß ſie immer untergehen, ſcheineſtu doch bey uns hier.

Judith.

Recht zu ſagen, was ich mache, mich bedünckt der Sonnen Liecht,
Sey ein Bildnuß deines Herren: Weil mein Antlitz aber nicht,
Wie es wündſcht, ihn ſehen kan,
Schawt es diß ſein Vorbild an.

Bagos.

Eben dieſer den du lobeſt, Judith, wil auffs Nachtmahl hier,
Viel deß Volckes edle Helden, bey ſich wiſſen neben dir.
Komm, dann dein und ſein Begehren ſtimmet gänzlich überein;
Wündſcheſtu ihn ſtäts zu ſehen, ſo gefällſt du ihm allein.

Judith.

Ich arme Magd! was für Dienſt und Sachen
Sind doch an mir, darauff ein ſolcher Held,
Die Furcht und Krafft der Welt,
Ihm darff Gedancken machen?
Wiewol ich nun der Gunſt mich unwerth ſchätze,
So ſtell ich ſie doch nicht zurücke!
Sein Wollen iſt mein Glücke,
Sein Wincken mein Geſetze.

Bagos.

Ich wil mit dieſer Poſt zu meinem Herren eylen;
Du wolleſt dich allhier ein wenig nur verweilen.

Der 1. Act. Die 3. Scena.

Abra.

Sol denn nun diß die Judith ſeyn,
Der Spiegel keuſcher Jugend,
Deß Frauenzimmers Liecht und Schein,
Der Außzug aller Tugend?
Nun ſolche Sinnen und Gedancken,
Auch wollen wancken,
So muß ich nur geſtehn, daß auff der ganzen Erden
Nichts eher, als ein Weib, kan unbeſtändig werden.
Du Morgenſtern der Zucht, du Engelreines Bild,
Was iſt's, daß du dahin zu Gaſte gehen wilt,
Und zwar ſo ganz allein,
Wo Tyrannen und Macht,
Wo Spiel, wo Wein und Nacht,
Beyſammen werden ſeyn,
Die Feinde guter Sitten,
Von denen Erbarkeit ſie nieder wird geſtritten!

Judith.

Bin ich dir ſo unbekandt?
Was mich treibt dahin zu kommen, iſt gewiß kein Frauenwerck,
Sondern Gott und unſer Land.
Welchem kan es übel gehn, der ſich nur auff Ihn verläſt?

Abra.

Ich weiß es, Fraw, du wirſt nicht wancken,
Wirſt bleiben für und für,
Bey deinen züchtigen Gedancken,
Jedoch dein groſſer Feind, die Schönheit geht mit dir.

Judith.

Sey nur getroſt, und komm zum Brunnen hier,
Wo ich gewohnet bin zu waſchen mein Geſichte,
Es kennt ein jed'rer wol
Mein ehrliches Gerüchte,
Das ewiglich bleiben ſol.

Chor der gefangenen Könige.

Was machſtu, falſches Glücke,
Wie greiffen deine Tücke,
Auch hohe Scepter an!

Die Macht in der wir waren,
Das Land, die ſtarcken Schaaren,
Sind and'ren unterthan.

Der König auß Libien.

Gantz Libien war meine,
Das ſtäts mit heiſſem Scheine
Erwärmt der Hundes Stern.

Ein anderer.

Ich hatte die Phenicer.

Ein anderer.

Ich euch, O ihr Cilicer.

Alle zugleich.

Jetzt hat uns Holofern.
In Eyſen ſein geſchlagen,
Und dannoch Crantzen tragen
Iſt Leyd und Spott zugleich.
Ach, Holofern, die Sinnen,
Die ſelbſt ſich zähmen können,
Sind halbes Königreich.
Wer iſt ſie, die hier gehet,
Als Luna bey der Nacht?
O Blum und Liecht der Jugend,
Die Keuſchheit, Scham und Tugend,
Wird aber hier verwacht!
Doch, wann die Götter wollen,
Auff die wir hoffen ſollen,
So kan auch dieſer Schein,
Der Glantz und Frombkeit bringen,
Den Wütterich bezwingen,
Und unſer Rächer ſeyn.
Ach! Himmel, laß die Augen
Diß fromme Blut außſaugen,
Gib, daß die güldne Haar,
Zu Stricken müſſen werden,
Und ſtürtze zu der Erden,
Das Haupt der ſtoltzen Schaar.

Der 2. Act. Die 1. Scena.

Holofern.

O Monde, deſſen Liecht die braune Nacht beſtralt,
Ihr Sternen, welcher glantz den Baw deß Himmels mahlt,
Im Fall ihr euch nicht ſchämet, für meiner Judith Zier,
So blicket dieſe Nacht mit Frölichkeit herfür.
O Monde, fahre langſam zu,
Halt an der weiſſen Pferde Zügel:
Ihr Sternen gönnt mir dieſe Ruh,
Nembt nicht geſchwinde Flügel.
Der Morgenröhte Zier
Begehr ich nicht, iſt doch mein Leitſtern hier.
O Judith, wann ich dich zu ſchawen nicht vermag,
Iſt ohne Monden Nacht, und ohne Sonne Tag!

Bagoa.

Orontes kompt, ohn zweiffel anzuſagen,
Daß nunmehr ſey zur Taffel auffgetragen.

Der 2. Act. Die 2. Scena.

Orontes.

Herr, die Gäſte ſind verhanden, und die Speiſen ſtehen ſchon,
Bachus und der Venus Sohn
Kommen ſelber zu verlangen.

Holofern.

Aber, wo muß Judith ſeyn?
Schaw, hier kompt ſie her gegangen,
Meine Luſt und meine Pein.
Keine Mutter, die ihr Kind
Uber See hat außgeſendet,
Iſt ſo froh, wann guter Wind
Seinen Maſt nach Hauſe wendet
Als mein Hertze ſich erquicket,
Wann das Auge die erblicket,
Die mein Port, den ich erkieſt,
Und mein Wind und Segel iſt.

Der 2. Act. Die 3. Scena.

Judith.

Du kühneſter Held
Der jemals Lantz und Schild,
Geführet hat, der alles Land erfüllt,
So weit die Welt von groſſen Thaten ſagt,
Wie ſol doch deine Magd
Das unverhoffte Glück in Ewigkeit verſchweigen,
Daß du ſie anzuſehn die Gnad' ihr wilſt erzeigen?

Holofern.

Sol die zu meinen Füſſen liegen,
Die meinem Hertzen ob kan ſiegen?
O edle Fraw, du Außbund aller Zier,
Du findeſt jetzt nicht Majeſtät allhier,
Nicht Waffen, ſondern Liebesflammen.
Ach, ſtelle dieſe Demuht ein!
Es ſchickt ſich nicht zuſammen,
Verliebt und prächtig ſeyn.
Wird deine Trew ſich deiner Schönheit gleichen,
Und du mich meinſt, wie dich mein Hertze liebt,
So wil ich deiner Gunſt vom halben Theile weichen
Deß Scepters, welches mir mein Sieg und Stärcke giebt.
Man ſol von dir forthin umb meinet willen wiſſen,
Wo Indus und Euphrat, und Iſter ſelber flieſſen.

Judith.

Herr, deine groſſe Freundlichkeit,
Benimpt der Hoheit nicht:
Die Sonn erleuchtet weit und breit,
Auch Thäler, nicht nur Höhen;
Jedennoch bleibt ihr klares Liecht
Im Himmel allzeit ſtehen.
Dich lieben ſtrebt' ich nur, das wil mir kaum gebühren,
Ich wil als dienerin, dich mit Gehorſam ehren.

Hircan.

Sie gehen fort. Wer hat doch weit und ferren,
So ſchönes Weib, ſo einen groſſen Herren
Zugleich geſehn? O, der gewünſchten Nacht,
Die diß Bancket, und was darauff folget, macht!
Wolan, ihr lieben Rottgeſellen,
Indeſſen wir hier wachen
So laſt uns auch uns luſtig machen!
Auff, rufft mit mir den lieben Weingott an,
Der frölich iſt, und frölich machen kan.

Chor der Wacht.

Was thuſtu jetzund eben,
Du Sohn der Semele,
Komm her, und laß dich loben,
Jäch, Evoe.

Komm, her und gib zum beſten,
Die ſüſſe Rebenbäch,
Den angenehmen Gäſten,
Evoe, Jäch.

Der Feldherr liegt gefangen,
Schifft auff der Venus See;
Hilff ihm den Port erlangen,
Jäch, Evoe.

Weil deine Milch nicht ſpringet,
Da bleibt die Liebe nach;
Du biſt, der Wolluſt bringet,
Evoe, Jäch.

Ein nüchternes Gehirne,
Das fühlet Angſt und Weh;
Erhitzig du die Stirne,
Jäch, Evoe.

Viel beſſer iſt ein Becher,
Als Leyd und Ungemäch:
Komm her, du Sorgenbrecher,
Evoe, Jäch.

Komm Baſſareu, komm Bache,
Komm Vater Bromie,
O Evan, O Jäche,
Jäch, Evoe.

Der 2. Act. Die 4. Scena.

Hircan.

Ihr Purſch, jetzt thut ihr ſehn, und ewer Urtheil fällen,
Wie gerne hoher Sinn, und Schönheit ſich geſellen.
Der groſſe Holofern henckt ſeinen Heldenmuht,
An diß zwar zierliches, doch gleichwol feindliches Blut:
Und ſie ſucht Liebe hier, und achtet nicht der Schande,
Die ſie zu Hauſe läſt, wird ihrem Vaterlande
Ein ungetrewes Kind,

Es iſt kein Donner nicht,
Kein vngehewrer Wind,
Der Maſt vnd Schiff zerbricht,
So grimmig als ein Weib, das in Begier entbrennt,
Ihr gleicht kein Tiegerthier, wie ſehr es tobt und rennt,
Wann ſeine Jungen jhm genommen worden ſind:
Nicht Ganges, wann ſein Strom auß ſeiner Gräntze rinnt,
Vnd reiſſt die Bäume fort. Diß Fewer iſt verblendet,
Fängt ſich vnd andre bald, vnd wird nicht bald geendet.
Wie gar wol aber gleicht ſich dieſes edle Par!
Doch Holofern liebt Luſt, vnd Judith auch Gefahr.

Soldat.

Wie blicken doch auß ihrer Lufft herfür,
Der Mars vnd Venus Stern!
Die Judith gleicht der Venus ſelbſt an Zier,
Vnd Mars iſt Holofern.
Es ſteht ſchon längſt am Himmel angeſchrieben,
Daß er vnd ſie einander ſollen lieben.

Chor der Wache.

Halt, Bachus, halt nun innen,
Der Feldherr trinckt zu viel,
Er nehet auch die Sinnen,
Vnd wil nicht, was er wil.

Das Oele muß zwar flieſſen,
So brennt die Lampe gut;
Doch gar zu viel angieſſen,
Erſäufft die gantze Glut.

Der, dem du ſteckſt im Kopffe,
Vergißt der Liebespflicht,
Er gehet auff dem Kopffe
Vnd kennt ſich ſelber nicht.

Wann ſchon die Junge lebet,
Du Luſt- vnd Vnluſt-Gott,
Vnd Hand vnd Fuß nicht hebet,
Da iſt die Liebe todt.

Halt, Bachus, halt nun innen,
Vnd dämpffe deinen Wein:
Wer diſsfals wil gewinnen,
Muß voll vnd nüchtern ſeyn.

Der 2. Act. Die 5. Scena.

Hircan.

Sehet, wie der Holofern ſein beſchwertes Hertz läſt ſincken,
Vnd die Helden ſtehen auff, ſatt vom eſſen, laß vom trincken.

Soldat.

Sie gehen fort, er ſelber folget nach,
Vnd Bagos führet jhn in ſein Schlaffgemach.

Hircan.

Nun, wir wollen auch vns legen,
Wollen dieſer guten Zeit,
Kein Gebot vnd Weiſe ſetzen;
Morgen muß man an den Streit.
Stärckt vnd ſchärffet Hertz und Glieder,
Greiffet an vnd ſtürmt den Wein:
Wiſſen wir doch nicht, wer wieder
Auff die Nacht wird luſtig ſeyn.

Zwey auß dem Chor der Soldaten.

Komm, Bachus, komm; du muſt vns auch erquicken,
Komm, Bachus, komm; es wil ſich vbel ſchicken,
Daß Hertzen voll, vnd Diener nüchtern ſind:
Babacta komm, du naſſes Hüffte-Kind,
Komm, Leneus, wir haben Wein vnd Degen,
Da wollen wir den Feind dar mit erlegen:
Der Degen ſol für den Ebreer ſeyn;
Jetzt todten wir die Sorgen durch den Wein.
Recht, Eleleu; Jaho, Jäch, Jache;
Wenn alles ſchläfft, ſo trinket erſt die Wache.
Gib guten Wind, das Schiff iſt in der See.
Herumb, herumb, O Evan, Evoe.

Der 2. Act. Die 6. Scena.

Judith.

Abra, geh', es iſt vonnöthen, daß man heimlich ſich erkieſt,
Ob die Königliche Wache, für der Thür vorhanden iſt.

Abra.

Es iſt ein tieffes Schweigen;
Ich ſeh' auch niemand, als die Sternen,
Die ſich von fernen
Am hellen Himmel zeigen.

Judith.

Nun, Judith, jetzt iſts Zeit, den Weibermuht zulaſſen;
Jetzt muß die ſchwache Hand, den kühnen Degen faſſen,
Für Spindel vnd für Garn; ſie muß durch einen Streich
Erlöſen Iſraels betrübtes Königreich,
Gott, der du Davids Fauſt, ſo kräfftig haſt geregt,
Daß Goliath von jhm zu Boden ward geleget,
Durch einen Schleuderſtein, das vngehewre Thier;
Der Jael hat geſtärckt, ſey jetzund auch bey mir,
Vnd führe dieſen Arm, damit er dem Tyrannen,
Sein Lohn ertheilen mag, der deinen Dienſt verbannen,
Vnd dich entſcepteren wil: Es werde dieſe Nacht
In Freyheit vnſer Land, die Kirch in Ruh gebracht.

Abra.

Deß Himmels Gnade ſey mit dir,
Vnd rette dich vnd vns auß Nöthen!
Hilff GOtt, ein Weib das nimbt jhm für
Den Wüterich zu tödten,
Der vnter ſeine grimme Macht,
Viel Volck vnd Länder hat gebracht!
Sie wil das Haupt abhawen,
Das ich auch anzuſchawen,
Zu furchtſam bin.

Judith.

Abra, nimb es hin,
Was biſsher vns hat geirret,
Vnd den Erdenkreiß verwirret.
Was vor dieſem zuvollbringen, ſich entſchloſſen hat kein Mann,
Das hat GOtt durch mich gethan.

Abra.

O der groſſen Heldenthat
Zittert mir doch Arm vnd Beine,
Inzwiſchen nur alleine,
Was dein Muht verrichtet hat.
Wie nichts vnd nichtig ſind, der Menſchen Thun vnd Zier!
Wo iſt deß Heyden Macht? Sein ſtoltzer Kopff iſt hier.

Judith.

Wir müſſen fliehn für allen Dingen,
Komm, laß vns vnſ'rem Vaterlande
Sein Heyl, vnd ſeiner Feinde Schande,
Zur guten Zeitung bringen.

Chor der gefangenen Könige.

Es wil mir nicht zu Sinne,
Daß dieſes edle Weib,
Mit arger Liebe künne
Beflecken ihren Leib.

Ihr ehrliches Geſichte
Zeigt viel ein beſſers an:
Die Zucht, auß der ich richte,
Benimmt mir allen Wahn.

Doch kan ſie Fewer faſſen,
Vnd gibt demſelben nach
Der nichts verdient, als haſſen,
So iſts ja Spott vnd Schmach.

So muß ich ja erfahren
Wie blöde der geſtalt,
Sein ähnlich ſey den Mohren
Die ſeinen werden alt.

Ich wil gar gerne ſagen,
Daß freylich vngemein
Zugleiche ſich vertragen,
Keuſch vnd auch ſchöne ſeyn.

Doch wil mir nicht zu Sinne,
Daß dieſes edle Weib,
Mit arger Liebe künne
Beflecken ihren Leib.

Ein Ebreiſcher Soldat von der Mauren.

Jetzund ſprich, Iſrael, daß doch dein Gott noch lebe,
Daß Er biß an deß Himmels Zelt,
Dein Horn erhebe,
Der ſchnöde Feind' iſt nun gefällt:
Hier ſteckt nun ſein Haupt, damit es aller Welt
Ein Spiegel ſey, vnd zu erkennen gebe,
O Iſrael, daß doch dein GOtt noch lebe.

Chor der Ebreer in der Stadt.

Auff, auff, und fordert Rache!
Es iſt jetzt Zeit zur Sache.

Der 3. Act. Die 2. Scena.

Arſace.

Hört, ihr Aſſyrier, hört an ihr Purſgeſellen,
Wie trutzig dörffen doch, die Hunde drinnen bellen?
Das nichtige Geſinde
Wil noch den Muht nicht legen,
Darff auch die Drummel regen,
Und ſchlägt ſich mit dem Winde.
Ich weiß nicht, wo der Muht herkömpt,
Den ihr die Handvoll Leute nimpt.

Wache.

Lerm, Hola, Waffen, Waffen,
Jetzt iſt nicht Zeit zuſchlaffen,
Auff, ihr Soldaten auff: der Feind kompt ſchon mit Hauffen,
Den Berg herab gelauffen.

Hircan.

Auff dann, auff, und ſäumet nicht:
Bagoas, trag du den Bericht,
Eylends unſ'rem Herren für,
Daß er möge bald erwachen:
Wir indeſſen wollen hier,
Uns zum Schlagen fertig machen,
Und das Volck in Ordnung ſtellen.

Einer von der Wache.

Ich bekenn', ihr Rottgeſellen,
Mir erſchüttert Marck und Bein;
Glaubt, es muß was groſſes ſeyn,
Was der Feind ſich unterfangen,
Heute, wie der Sonnenſchein
Noch nicht recht war auffgegangen,
Und ich nächſt dem Brunnen hin
Wache gleich geſtanden bin,
Hab ich furchtſam angehöret,
Wie ſich durch die gantze Stadt,
Ein Geſchrey und Jauchtzen hatt
Schnell erhoben und empöret.
Betreuget mich auch nicht mein Schrecken,
Und ich ſoll Warheit melden,
So ſah' ich auff dem Thurne ſtecken
Ein Haupt, gleich unſ'rem Helden.
Du groſſe Derceto, und auch Aſtarte, du,
O Chamos, und O Bel, O Abad, gib nicht zu,
Daß ich auff dieſes mal ſol haben recht geſchawet,
Ihr Götter, deren Macht diß ſtarcke Heer vertrawet,
Verſchafft, daß Holofern anjetzt verlaſſe hier
Die and're Venus ſeine Zier,
Damit wir mögen kämpffen,
Und komme bald herfür,
Deß Feindes Trutz zu dämpffen.

Der 3. Act. Die 3. Scena.

Bagoas.

O armer Holofern! O, du verruchtes Weib!
Wo iſt das edle Haupt? Ich finde nur den Leib.
Ach! Ach! Aſſyrien, daß ich doch Bothe bin.
Der groſſen Weltmacht! deß Hauptes Haupt iſt hin!
Dein Liecht iſt außgeleſcht! Ach weh! Ach! ihr Chaldeer.
Ein Weib das ſiegt uns ob, und rettet die Ebreer!
Ach! Ach! der Ritterliche Held
Iſt durch die ſchnöde Magd gefellt.

Hircan.

O weh! O weh! Ach Jammer, Noht und Klagen!
Ein Weib hat uns geſchlagen.
Ach! Ach! O weh! O weh! Wer wird dir Zeitung bringen,
Du armes Ninive!
Ich hör', ich höre klingen
Der Feinde Spieß und Schwerd
Die vor ſich nie gewehrt,
Die werden uns jetzt zwingen.
Ob wir entgegen ziehn?
Nein: Auff, und laſt uns fliehn.

Chor der Ebreer in der Stadt.

Auff, auff, und fordert Rache!
Es iſt jetzt Zeit zur Sache.

Der 3. Act. Die 4. Scena.

Abra.

Da iſt das wilde Haupt, das alle Welt zufreſſen
Vorhin gemeinet war: jetzt wird ſein bald vergeſſen.
Da iſt des Wütrichs Haupt, daß jhm (O Wunderthat!)
Ein Weib herab geriſſen hat.

Judith.

Wer ſeinen Kräfften trawt, und nicht den Feind wil achten,
Der kan mich ſchwaches Weib, und dieſen hier betrachten.
Der alle Welt gedruckt, der dich, du heil'ges Land
Zufangen hat vermeint, dem mangelt jetzund Sand,
In dem er faulen mag: ſein Aaß liegt unbegraben,
Geſtümmelt und zerhackt: Sie wollen alle haben:
Egypten ſagt: Ein Arm der müſſe ſeine ſeyn,
Der Bürger am Euphrat ergreifft das rechte Bein,
Das Linke der von Tyr: Ein jeglicher begehret;
Doch würde gleich ſein Leib, in Sonnenſtaub verkehret,
So wer' er nicht genung. Nun diß hat der gethan
Der auch ein Weibesbild zum Manne machen kan.
Wie ſol ichs doch, O HErr, verdancken deiner Güte?
Du haſt mit Himmelskrafft verpantzert mein Gemüthe:
Durch dich erhielt ich mir das Leben ohne Noht,
Die Jugend ohne Fall, die Keuſchheit ohne Spott.

Abra.

Kompt, ihr Jungfrawen, kompt herbey,
Und lobt mit ſüſſer Melodey
Die werthe Fraw, das Heyl der Stadt,
Die euch und Sie erhalten hat.
Herbey, und lobet ewre Zier.

Judith.

Nein; nicht mich, GOtt vielmehr für mir.

Abra.

Seyt frölich Wieſen, Wald und Feld,
Erhebt euch jhr Gefilde,
Der euch und uns hat nachgeſtellt,
Iſt ſelbſt erlegt und umbgebracht,
Von einem Weibesbilde.

Judith.

Von mir nicht, von deß Höchſten Macht.

Judith, ſampt dem Chore der Jungfrawen.

Laſt uns ein Getichte ſingen,
  Daß diß durch die Wolcken thönt,
Und dem HErrn ein Opffer bringen,
  Der der Fürſten Pracht enthrönt,
Und dem Armen der jhn liebet,
Thron und Cron und Scepter giebet.

Hätt' es jemand glauben können?
  Dennoch iſt das Haupt gefällt,
Das in ſeinen ſtoltzen Sinnen
  Herr war dieſer gantzen Welt,
Alſo weit der Sonnenſtralen
Morgenland und Abend mahlen.

Holofern iſt eine Leiche,
  Und noch minder dieſer Zeit,
Der ſo manchem Königreiche
  Auffzwang ſchwere Dienſtbarkeit.
Der viel Länder überwunden,
Hat nun keinen Sarch gefunden.

Wüterich, laß dich begraben
  In Porphir und Marmorſtein:
Nein; dein Ebenbild die Raben
  Sollen dein Begräbnuß ſein:
Es muß dir, du Laſt der Erden,
Erde nicht zutheile werden.

Unſer GOtt hatt obgeſieget,
  Hatt diß groſſe Werck gethan:
Er iſts, der nicht unten liget,
  Und durch Wincken ſchlagen kan:
Wem Er ſeine Gunſt wil ſenden,
Der bezwingt mit Weiber-Händen.

Judith.

Schawt, kommen doch die Könige gegangen,
Die Holofern ſo ſchändlich hielt gefangen.
Sie ſind hinfort erlöſt von Menſchen-Dienſtbarkeit;
Ach wenn ſie deß Dienſts der Götter auch befreyt.

Der 3. Act. Die 5. Scena.

Ein gefangener König.

O Glantz Bethuliens, O Sions Auffenthalt,
O aller Weiber Zier, du haſt uns der Gewalt
Deß Wüterichs entriſſen!
Nun kommen wir allhier,
Die keuſche Hand zu küſſen.

Judith.

Das Lob gehört nicht mir.
Mein Gott errettet euch, und uns beſchert Er Ruh:
Für Ihm beugt ewre Knie, doch auch den Sinn darzu.

Ein anderer König.

O du Heerfürſt der Ebreer, O du höchſter Capitein,
Wir erkennen, du verbleibeſt, biſt, und wareſt GOtt allein.
Wir erkennen, unſre Götter ſind nur Götter, ohne Gott,
Ihre Hülffe kan nicht helffen, ihr Arm ſchläffet, ſie ſind Todt.
Weg mit ihnen, deine Göte, die den Feind hat umbgebracht,
Hat uns jetzund auch die Augen und die Hertzen auffgemacht.
Freylich haben wir gefehlet; doch die Hand die ſtraffen kan
Nimpt auch die, ſo ſich ergeben, widerumb zu Gnaden an.
Laß uns dir nun eyffrig dienen, laß uns rühmen jederzeit,
Daß wir dich zum Herren haben: Dir ſey Lob in Ewigkeit.

Trommeten.

Abra.

Laß den Triumphgeſang durch Lufft und Wolcken dringen:
Es müſſt dieſen Sieg erheben und beſingen,
Die Erde, Land und Meer.
Wie frölich kompt gegangen,
Und hat nun Sieg empfangen
Oſias unſer Fürſt, und auch ſein ſchönes Heer.

Der 3. Act. Die 6. Scena.

Chor der Ebreer.

Der Höchſte ſey gelobt, Bethulien iſt loß:
O, daß man jederzeit der Judith Ruhm und Ehre,
Biß an deß Himmels Schloß,
Durch Wald, und Feld, und Berg, und Thal, erſchallen hör.

Oſias.

O Heldin, Blum und Spiegel aller Zucht,
Der Feind iſt Todt, Todt oder in der Flucht;
Sie iſt dahin die ſtoltze grimme Schar,
Der faſt die Welt zu enge worden war:
Die uns gedräwt zuſchlagen in die Eyſen,
Die müſſen jetzt Wild und Geflügel ſpeiſen.
Daß nun Bethulien noch ſteht,
Daß Sion nicht zu Grunde geht,
Daß ich diß Scepter führen kan,
Das haſt, O Judith, du gethan.

Judith.

Oſias, Gott allein, der hat mich wöllen leiten,
Hat meinen ſchwachen Arm gelehrt ſo kräfftig ſtreiten,
Die Finger meiner Hand erregt beherzt zu ſeyn;
Drumb ehren wir auch recht, und rühmen Gott allein.

Oſias.

So laß uns Sion nun die edle Beute bringen,
Der jetzund nicht mehr ſtarcken Macht,
Worinnen ſie zuvor ſo ſtoltz und muthig giengen,
Das wird jetzt ſeyn deß Tempels Pracht;
Und du, O keuſcher Stern deß Landes, ſolt nun leben
Geruhig in derſelben Stadt,
Die billich höchſte Gunſt und Liebe dir wird geben,
Weil ſie von dir die Freyheit hat.

Voller Chor.

Der Höchſte ſey gelobt, Bethulien iſt loß.
O, daß man jederzeit der Judith Ruhm und Ehre,
Biß an deß Himmels Schloß,
Durch Wald, und Feld, und Berg, und Thal erſchallen höre!

Judith.

O Gott, durch deſſen Arm die Schwächeren gewinnen,
Verſchaffe, daß hinfort das liſtige Beginnen
Deß Volckes, ſo dich ſchertzt, und frembde Götter ehrt,
Auch werde, wie anjetzt gehindert und zerſtöret.
Brich ihren Ubermuht, laß ſie die Degen wetzen,
Auff ihren eig'nen Kopff, und in dem Blute netzen,
Das gegen deine Schaar, ſo grimmig iſt entbrandt.
Du aber ſey gegrüßt, O liebes Vatterland.

Voller Chor.

Der Höchſte ſey gelobt, Bethulien iſt loß:
O, daß man jederzeit der Judith Ruhm und Ehre,
Biß an deß Himmels Schloß,
Durch Wald, und Feld, und Berg, und Thal, erſchallen höre.

Friedrich von Oertel

ward im Jahre 1764 zu Leipzig geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, lebte darauf als Privatgelehrter in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſpäter in dem Dorfe Eutritzſch bei Leipzig, wo er am 27. October 1807 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften, meiſt Ueberſetzungen und Nachbildungen fremder Originale, ſind:

Flor. Karl, Marquis de Fleurange. Leipzig 1793, 2 Thle.
Ariel oder der unſichtbare Erinnerer. Leipzig 1806, 4 Thle.
Begebenheiten des Grafen Fathom. Kopenhagen 1770—71, 2 Thle.
Bettina, eine Geſchichte in Briefen. Leipzig 1794.
Croft (Miß), Schloß Ankerwick. Leipzig 1802, 2 Thle.
Denkwürdigkeiten des Nachtwächters Robert von Zwäzen. Dresden 1796, 2 Thle.
Ducray-Dumenil, Coeline. Leipzig 1800, 3 Thle.
Deſſen Victor. Leipzig 1798.
Deſſen Paul. Leipzig 1803, 2 Thle.
Ethelwina. Leipzig 1803, 2 Thle.
Fielding, Abenteuer Joſ. Andrews. Meiſſen 1802; n. A. 1811.
Godwin, Demond. Leipzig 1802.
Graf Latimore. Leipzig 1802.
Lee, H. u. S., Erzählungen. Berlin..., 2 Bde.; n. A. 1810.
Lee, H., die beiden Emilien. Leipzig 1799.
Miriam. Leipzig 1801.
Der Mönch. Leipzig 1797, 3 Thle.
Pauline von Ferrières. Leipzig 1803.
Radcliffe, das Grab. Berlin 1800.
Regnault, Marie, Spinalba. Leipzig 1804, 2 Thle.
Roche, der Nachtbeſuch. Leipzig 1802, 3 Thle.
Smith, Papiere eines einſamen Wandrers. Leipzig 1805, 3 Thle.
Der letzte Wettkampf. Leipzig 1801.

Leichtigkeit und Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form ſind ihm nicht abzuſprechen; ſeine eigenen Leiſtungen dagegen nur unbedeutend.

Johann Chriſtian Otto

ward am 9. December 1764 zu Hof geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig die Rechtswiſſenſchaft, lebte dann in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und in Baireuth als Privatgelehrter, wurde darauf k. preuß. Regimentsquartiermeiſter und Privatſecretär des Prinzen Wilhelm von Preußen und trat 1807 wieder in ſeine früheren Verhältniſſe zurück, welche ihm eine innige Freundſchaft mit Jean Paul Fr. Richter ſo angenehm machten. Er ſtarb am 6. Februar 1826 zu Baireuth.

Seine Schriften, welche er unter den Namen Chriſtian und Gregorius herausgab, ſind:

Handels- und Finanzpandora der neueſten Zeit. Nürnberg 1810.
Geſchichts-, Finanz- und Handels-Anſichten. Nürnberg 1811, 2 Thle.
Verſuch einer Darſtellung der Licenzgeſchichte. Nürnberg 1814.
Briefwechſel mit Jean Paul. Berlin 1829—30, 3 Thle.
Einzelne Abhandlungen und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, wie z. B. Woltmann's Journal für Geſchichte, Politik u. ſ. w.

O's Schriften im Handels- und Finanzfache werden von Sachverſtändigen ſehr geſchätzt; ſein Briefwechſel mit Jean Paul, dem er mit der wärmſten Anhänglichkeit zugethan war, haben ihm bei dem größeren Publikum, als einem eben ſo geiſtreichen und ſcharfſinnigen wie liebenswürdigen und wohlwollenden Manne, einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben.

Chriſtian Adolf Overbeck

ward am 21. Auguſt 1755 zu Lübeck geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung daſelbſt, kehrte nach vollendeten Rechtsſtudien in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, in deren Dienſte er trat, und ſtarb hier als Dr. juris, Bürgermeiſter und Syndicus des Domcapitels am 9. März 1821.

Von ihm erſchien:

Fritzchens Lieder. Hamburg 1781.
Lehrgedichte und Lieder. Lindau 1786.
Sammlung vermiſchter Gedichte. Lübeck 1794.
Anakreon und Sappho. Lübeck 1800; n. A. 1822.

Ein angenehmes lyriſches Talent, deſſen Lieder in früherer Zeit viele Freunde fanden und häufig geſungen wurden, mehrere derſelben bahnten ſich ihren Weg in das Volk und wurden deſſen Eigenthum.

P.

Johann Gottfried Pahl

ward am 12. Junius 1767 zu Aalen im Königreich Würtemberg geboren, widmete ſich dem Studium der Theologie auf der Univerſität zu Tübingen, ward 1786 Pfarrvicar zu Sachſenfeld und Eſſingen, 1790 Pfarrer zu Neubronn, 1801 Beamter daſelbſt, 1802—4 Regierungscommiſſär der Graffſchaft Edelſtetten, 1808 Pfarrer zu Affalterbach bei Ludwigsburg und 1814 zu Bichberg bei Schwäbiſch-Hall.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Hillmars Geſtändniſſe. Baſel 1794.
Hillmars Briefe vom Lande. Nördlingen 1794.
Bertha von Wöllſtein. Nördlingen 1794.
Ulrich von Roſenſtein. Baſel 1795.
Oswald der Menſchenfreſſer. Ulm 1795.
Die Philoſophie aus dem Uranus. Konſtantinopel 1795.
Handbibliothek für meine Töchter. Nördlingen 1796 u. 97, 2 Bde.
Materialien zur Geſchichte des Kriegs in Schwaben im Jahr 1796. Nördlingen 1796 u. 97, 3 Bde.
Herwart der Eiferſüchtige. Baſel 1797.
Leben und Thaten des Paters Simpertus. Madrid 1799.
Geſchichte des franzöſiſchen Revolutionskrieges. Stuttgart 1799—1801, 3 Thle.
Nationalchronik der Deutſchen. Schwäbiſch-Gmünd 1801—9, 4.
Lectionen aus der Vorſchule des Lebens. Stuttgart 1811.
Eduards Wiedergeburt. München 1811.
Herda, Erzählungen und Gemälde aus der Geſchichte der deutſchen Vorzeit. Freiburg 1811—16, 4 Bde.
Klio. Augsburg 1817.
Neue Nationalchronik der Deutſchen. Ellwangen 1820—22, 4.
Ueber den Obſcurantismus, der das deutſche Vaterland bedrängt. Tübingen 1826.
Geſchichte Würtembergs für's würtembergiſche Volk. Stuttgart 1828—30, 6 Bdchn.

Ein zu ſeiner Zeit ſehr fleißiger Romanſchriftſteller, deſſen Leiſtungen von einem großen Theile des Publikums gern und viel geleſen wurden, jetzt aber bereits gänzlich der Vergeſſenheit anheim gefallen ſind. Bleibendern Werth haben P's hiſtoriſche Arbeiten, namentlich ſeine Geſchichte Würtembergs, in welcher er ſein Ziel, für das Volk zu ſchreiben, auf eine glückliche Weiſe erreichte.

Der Sieg bei Höchſtädt

am 13. Auguſt 1704 *).

Der Kurfürſt Maximilian Emanuel von Baiern, der im Jahre 1679 den Thron ſeiner Väter beſtieg, war ein Regent von ausgezeichneter Geiſteskraft, und tapferm, in kühnen Beſtrebungen ſich ankündigendem Muthe. Die Achtung und der Dank, die ſich die Großen der Welt durch weiſe und pflichtmäßige Verwaltung der Länder und durch ſtille Förderung des allgemeinen Wohls erwerben, hatten für ihn keinen Reiz; dagegen fühlte er ſich unwiderſtehlich angezogen und erregt durch den Ruhm, der den Namen des Helden und des Eroberers verherrlicht; die unruhige Kraft, die in ihm war, fand keine Raſt in irgend einer beſtimmten Grenze, und Land und Leute ſchienen ihm nur gegeben, um ſich ihrer als Mittel zur Befriedigung ſeines Ehrgeizes und zur Ausführung ſeiner ſtolzen Anſchläge bedienen zu können. Es gewährten ihm in der Jugend ſeines Lebens die Kriege, welche damals der Kaiſer Leopold gegen die Türken führte, einen ſchönen Spielraum, um ſich in großen Kämpfen zu verſuchen, und es melden die Annalen jener Zeiten nicht nur, mit welcher Macht er zu wiederholten Malen gegen den Feind des chriſtlichen Namens ausgezogen ſei, ſondern auch wie er durch verſtändige Anſchläge und tapfere Thaten unter den Fürſten der Heere geglänzt habe. Aber dieſe Anſtrengungen waren kein Segen für ſein Volk. Sie verzehrten in Kurzem den reichen Schatz, der unter der löblichen Regierung ſeines Vaters Ferdinand Maria war geſammelt worden; 30,000 Baiern fanden in den Gefilden von Ungarn ihr Grab; die Waffen entzogen dem Ackerbau und den Gewerben viele fleißige Hände; ſchwere Abgaben drückten das Land.

Für einen Fürſten von dieſem Sinne mußte wohl die Ausſicht auf die herrlichſte Erbſchaft, die irgend einem Sterblichen anfallen konnte, einen doppelten Werth haben. Er war nämlich mit der Prinzeſſin Marie Antonie von Oeſterreich vermählt, einer Nichte des Königs Karls II. von Spanien, mit dem ſein Stamm ſich zum Erlöſchen neigte, und der Prinz Joſeph war die Frucht dieſer Ehe. Nichts ſchien mehr das Gelingen dieſer

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*) Aus Pahl's Herda Bd. 4. S. 68. ff.

großen Hoffnung hindern zu können. Der Erblaſſer weilte dahin; Jedermann ſchien die Rechte des Kurprinzen anzuerkennen; durch ein feierliches Teſtament ſetzte ihn der König (1698) zu ſeinem Thronfolger ein. Es werde, ſo hatte es das Anſehen, die Macht des Hauſes Wittelsbach künftig von der Donau bis an die Säulen des Herkules, auf die Spitze des Aetna und in die Tiefen der ſüdamerikaniſchen Gold- und Silberminen reichen. Aber unerwartet zerſtörte die Vorſehung, was die Politik ſo mühſam und mit ſo großem Aufwande unfehlbar eingeleitet zu haben glaubte. In dem Augenblicke, in dem der Prinz Joſeph im Begriffe war, dem Wunſche der Reichsſtände gemäß, nach Spanien abzureiſen, um dort nach den Sitten der Nation erzogen zu werden, die er einſt beherrſchen ſollte, machte ein plötzlicher Tod ſeinem jugendlichen Leben ein Ende (1699). Es wurde dem Kurfürſten ſchwer, dieſe Tücke des Schickſals zu ertragen. Um zu erlangen, was es ihm entriſſen hatte, waren ſo große Aufopferungen von ihm gemacht worden. Er hatte ſogar Jahre lang ſeine Erblande verlaſſen, um die Niederlande als ſpaniſcher Statthalter zu regieren, wo er durch unermeßlichen Aufwand der Nation darthat, was ſie einſt von einem Regenten ſeines Stammes erwarten dürfte. Dieſer Aufwand wurde von den Kräften des ohnehin ſchon erſchöpften Baierns beſtritten. Man erhöhte die Steuern und erfand eine Menge neuer Gaben, unter denen damals ſchon die Stempeltaxe war. Dazu machte man Schulden ſo viel man konnte, und verkaufte ſogar die kurfürſtlichen Unterthanen und Güter an die Stände. Es kam das Sprüchwort in Lauf: „der Kurfürſt habe Baiern in die Niederlande eingebrockt.“

Der König Ludwig XIV. von Frankreich, in ſeinem unaufhörlichen Streben, durch ſtete Erweiterung ſeiner Macht alle übrigen Staaten von Europa zu unterjochen, hatte ſeine Augen auf die ſpaniſche Monarchie geworfen, und indem er zu ſeinen Zwecken jedes Mittel ſich erlaubte, den ſchwachen König Karl dahin vermocht, daß derſelbe den Herzog Philipp von Anjou, Ludwigs zweiten Enkel, zum Erben aller ſeiner Lande einſetzte, welcher Verfügung aber der Kaiſer Leopold, in Beziehung auf ein älteres Erbrecht, widerſprach. Als nun Karl geſtorben war (1. Nov. 1700), ſtritten ſich Frankreich und Oeſterreich über ſeine Hinterlaſſenſchaft, und es begann der Morgen des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts mit einem blutigen und langwierigen Kriege, deſſen Schrecken, zu Waſſer und zu Lande ſich verbreitend, die meiſten Nationen von Europa ergriffen haben. Auf der einen Seite ſtand Frankreich, dem die ſpaniſche Nation, um dem Unglücke einer Zertrümmerung der Monarchie zu entgehen, ſich ergeben hatte; auf der andern Oeſterreich, mit dem Großbritannien, die vereinigten Niederlande, das teutſche Reich, Portugall und Savoyen ſich verbanden, um der Gefahr einer neuen Weltherrſchaft vorzubeugen, mit welcher die Vereinigung der franzöſiſchen und ſpaniſchen Macht die Völker bedrohte.

In Paris war man indeß ſehr thätig, um den Kurfürſten von Baiern in das franzöſiſche Intereſſe zu ziehen. Man begriff, wie wichtig ein Bundesgenoſſe von dieſem kriegeriſchen Charakter, und der im Beſitze ſo anſehnlicher Hülfsmittel, werden konnte, zumal ſeine Stellung gegen den Feind, in der Mitte von Teutſchland, beſondere Vortheile darbot. Zugleich ſtand zu erwarten, daß ſein Bruder Joſeph Clemens ſeine Parthie nehmen werde, welcher, da er nicht nur den Kurhut von Köln, ſondern auch die Infuln von Lüttich und Hildesheim trug, der gemeinen Sache eine bedeutende Verſtärkung gewähren konnte. Der Sieg der franzöſiſchen Politik war auch in dieſem Falle nicht ſchwer. Erſt hatte man das väterliche Herz des Kurfürſten mit unverſöhnlicher Entrüſtung gegen den Kaiſer erfüllt, indem man den Verdacht in ihm erregte, daß der Tod ſeines Prinzen eine Veranſtaltung des öſterreichiſchen Hofes ſei; und dann bot man ſeinem Ehrgeize Hoffnungen dar, deren Erfüllung ihn für den Verluſt der ſpaniſchen Monarchie zum Theil entſchädigen konnte. Ein Vertrag, den ſein Geſandter, der Marquis von Bedmar, wenige Tage nach dem Tode des Königs Karl, in Paris abſchloß, ertheilte ihm die Verſicherung, daß die Kronen Frankreich und Spanien nicht nur alle Koſten des Krieges tragen und ihm lebenslänglich anſehnliche Subſidien an Geld reichen, ſondern auch, daß die Statthalterſchaft in den Niederlanden ihm und ſeiner Nachkommenſchaft auf ewige Zeiten verbürgt und er auf den teutſchen Kaiſerthron erhoben werden ſollte, in dem Falle, daß das Glück der Waffen eine Erledigung deſſelben herbeiführen würde. Dieſe Verheißungen waren hinreichend, um den Kurfürſten in Frankreichs Feſſeln zu verſtricken. Die Kaiſerkrone war eine unwiderſtehliche Lockung für ſeine exaltirte Phantaſie, und die Zuſage großer Geldhülfen mußte ihm in ſeiner Noth über die Maßen willkommen ſein, denn das koſtbare Leben in den Niederlanden hatte die Zerrüttung ſeiner Finanzen auf einen ſo hohen Grad gebracht, daß er genöthigt war, ſeine Kleinode und ſelbſt ſeinen Kurhut an die Holländer zu verſetzen. Sobald er den Vertrag, den der Herr von Bedmar geſchloſſen, erhalten hatte, reiſte er in der Verkleidung eines Jägers nach Verſailles, um ſeine Zuſtimmung zu der getroffenen Uebereinkunft perſönlich auszudrücken. Nach ſeiner Zurückkunft nach Brüſſel ließ er den Herzog von Anjou als Herzog von Brabant ausrufen. Zugleich gab er Befehl, dem heranziehenden franzöſiſchen Heere alle Städte und Feſtungen zu öffnen. Er ſelbſt verließ die Niederlande (22. März 1701) und ging nach München zurück, um hier die erforderlichen Vorbereitungen zur Ausführung ſeiner Pläne zu treffen. Das baieriſche Volk empfing ihn, nachdem es ihn ſo lange entbehrt hatte, mit unausſprechlicher Freude. Es beredete ſich in ſeinem frommen Sinne, es bedürfe zur Wiederkunft beſſerer Zeiten nichts als der Anweſenheit eines Regenten, den es wegen ſeiner angenehmen Manieren und wegen ſeiner freundlichen Herablaſſung noch immer liebte.

Aber Max Emanuel war nicht gekommen, um den Frieden zu bringen, ſondern das Schwert. Es wurde durch Vermehrung der alten und durch Errichtung neuer Regimenter der Stand des regelmäßigen Militärs auf 20,000 Mann gebracht; man verſtärkte die Feſtungen, ſchaffte Kriegsgeräthe und Lebensmittel herbei, und bereitete alles dergeſtalt, daß man täglich losſchlagen konnte. Zwar wollte der Kurfürſt, daß der eigentliche Zweck ſeiner Rüſtungen zur Zeit noch dem Kaiſer und ſeinen Verbündeten verborgen bleiben ſollte; aber er verrieth ſich in den Unterhandlungen, die mit ihm angeknüpft wurden, zu deutlich, als daß man über ſeine Abſichten hätte in Zweifel ſein können. Er geſtattete dem Kaiſer den Durchzug öſterreichiſcher Truppen durch ſeine Lande nur unter läſtigen Bedingungen. Er weigerte ſich, der Aſſociation der vordern Reichskreiſe, ſo wie dem großen Bunde gegen Frankreich beizutreten, und als der Kaiſer (17. Juni 1702) den Ständen das Anſinnen machte, daß der allgemeine Reichskrieg förmlich erklärt werden möchte, proteſtirte er auf das eifrigſte dagegen, mit der Verſicherung, „daß bisher nicht zu vernehmen geweſen, wie die Kronen Spanien und Frankreich dem Reiche oder deſſen Ständen das geringſte Leid zuzufügen oder etwas zu entziehen begehrt haben.“ Der Kurfürſt von Köln hatte früher ſchon die Hülle fallen laſſen, indem er in die Stadt Lüttich, ſo wie in die Städte und feſten Plätze des Erzſtifts unter nichtigem Vorwande franzöſiſche Truppen aufnahm, und die von Seiten des Kaiſers an ihn ergangenen Abmahnungen und Drohungen auf eine Weiſe erwiederte, welche die Abſicht einer gänzlichen Aufhebung aller friedlichen Verhältniſſe zu erkennen gab.

Während der Krieg bereits mit großer Thätigkeit am Ober- und Niederrhein geführt wurde und aller Augen auf Landau gerichtet waren, welches der junge römiſche König Joſeph mit Thätigkeit und Erfolg belagerte, zog der Kurfürſt ſeine geſammte Heeresmacht an dem Ufer des Lech, zwiſchen Ingolſtadt und Augsburg, zuſammen. Seine Verſicherung, daß er dieſe kriegeriſche Stellung blos in der Abſicht nehme, um ſeinen Ländern ihren Ruheſtand zu ſichern, war nicht hinreichend, die Beſorgniſſe niederzuſchlagen, die aller Herzen erfüllten. Er ſäumte auch nicht, das Geheimniß ſeines Anſchlags zu offenbaren. Er hatte beſchloſſen, durch Ueberraſchung ſich der Stadt Ulm zu bemächtigen, die durch ihre Lage Schwaben und Baiern beherrſcht, und zur Vereinigung mit der franzöſiſchen Hülfe, der man entgegen ſah, große Vortheile darbot. Das Unternehmen wurde (8. September 1702) von dem Obriſtlieutenant Pechmann mit Verſtand und Kühnheit ausgeführt. In wenigen Stunden waren die Baiern Meiſter der Stadt. Die Eroberung koſtete beinahe kein Blut. Das geſammte Heer, das am Lechrain ſich verſammelt hatte, rückte die Donau herauf. Angſt und Schrecken erfüllte die Gauen von Franken und Schwaben. Der Kurfürſt ſandte Eilboten an die ausſchreibenden Stände der beiden letztern Kreiſe, und erklärte ihnen, daß er ſich der Stadt Ulm bemächtigt habe, um die Neutralität ſeiner Lande zu ſichern, daß das höchſte Intereſſe der Kreiſe es fordere, auf demſelben Grundſatze zu beſtehen, da die ſpaniſchen Händel für Teutſchland gleichgültig ſeien, und daß er in jedem Falle ſolche Maßregeln ergreifen werde, die der Wohlfahrt ſeiner Staaten und ſeiner Unterthanen zuſagen. Niemand ließ ſich durch Vorſpiegelungen dieſer Art über ſeine Abſichten täuſchen. Die drei Reichskollegien faßten die Entſchließung, daß der Kaiſer erſucht werden ſollte, die ausgeübte Gewaltthat durch alle reichsverfaſſungsmäßige Mittel zu hintertreiben, und Kurbaiern anzuhalten, „eine ſo vornehme Reichsſtadt“ nicht nur wieder in den vorigen Stand herzuſtellen, ſondern auch in Zukunft ſich ähnlicher Gewaltthätigkeiten zu enthalten. Der Kaiſer erließ auch (18. September) ein eigenhändiges Schreiben an den Kurfürſten, worin er erklärte, wie unerwartet ihm der Angriff auf die Stadt Ulm „von einem Eidam und ſo nahen Verwandten“ gekommen ſei, und zugleich ihn „freund-, vetter- und gnädiglich, auch väterlich“ ermahnte, Alles wieder in den vorigen Stand zu ſtellen und mit den den ſchwäbiſchen und fränkiſchen Ständen angedrohten Thätigkeiten inne zu halten, indem widrigenfalls gegen „ſolche unverantwortliche Gewalt" alle verfaſſungsmäßigen Mittel mit Nachdruck vorgekehrt werden würden. Der Kurfürſt aber blieb unerſchütterlich auf ſeinem Sinne. Er zog mit einem Theile ſeines Heeres vor Memmingen, welche Stadt ſich ihm (1. Oktober) nach einer kurzen Beſchießung ergab, machte einen Anſchlag auf Augsburg, der jedoch mißlang, und ſchrieb ſtarke Kontributionen in die ſchwäbiſchen Kreislande aus. Solcher Trotz verdiente keine Schonung weiter. Ein Reichsſchluß vom 12. Oktober erklärte Maximilian Emanuel für einen Feind des Vaterlandes. Der Kaiſer erließ die Abrufungsbriefe an ſeine ſämmtlichen Dienſtleute, Soldaten und Unterthanen. Der baieriſche Reſident zu Wien, v. Mormann, erhielt Befehl, die öſterreichiſchen Lande plötzlich zu verlaſſen. Unterdeſſen ging der General Villars bei Hüningen über den Rhein, um mit dem anſehnlichen Heere, das er anführte, die baieriſche Macht zu verſtärken. Das Treffen bei Friedlingen (14. Oktober) vereitelte aber dieſen Plan. Der Kurfürſt legte ſeine Truppen in die Winterquartiere und benutzte die Ruhe, um ſich zu verſtärken und ſeine Feinde durch täuſchende Unterhandlungen hinzuhalten. Aber unverſehens erſchien er wieder als Eroberer, erſt indem er das Schloß Ortenburg und das Städtchen Weiden in der obern Pfalz beſetzte, und dann, indem er die wichtige Stadt Neuburg an der Donau (1. Februar) zwang, ſich ihm zu unterwerfen.

Mit dem Anfange des Monats März eröffneten endlich die Oeſterreicher die Feindſeligkeiten gegen Baiern. Sie rückten in zwei Heerhaufen in das Land ein. Der erſtere, befehligt von dem Generale Styrum, nahm ſeinen Weg durch die obere Pfalz und drang nach einem glücklichen Gefechte bis an die Altmühl und die Donau vor. Der andere aber, den der General Schlik commandirte, bewegte ſich gegen den Inn und berennte das Städtchen Scharding. Es erfolgte hier ein hitziges Treffen, in dem der Kurfürſt durch die Klugheit ſeiner Anſtalten und die Tapferkeit ſeiner Truppen den rühmlichſten Sieg davon trug, ſo daß er nun mit dem Kern ſeiner Macht auf den General Styrum fallen konnte. Dieſer ſchickte ihm den Markgrafen von Anſpach entgegen, welcher gleichfalls geſchlagen wurde, ohne daß jedoch das kaiſerliche Hauptcorps in ſeinem feſten Lager zwiſchen Neumarkt und Amberg angegriffen werden konnte. Hierauf wandte ſich der Kurfürſt wieder gegen die Donau, wo Schlik neue Kräfte geſammelt hatte, und beſetzte hier, um das weitere Vordringen des Feindes zu hindern, erſt die Donaubrücke bei Regensburg (8. April) und dann die Stadt ſelbſt.

Um dieſe Zeit gewannen ſeine Angelegenheiten mit jedem Tage ein glänzenderes Anſehen. Der Marſchall von Villars, nachdem er nach einer kurzen Belagerung die vernachläſſigte Reichsfeſtung Kehl erobert hatte, ging in der Mitte des April mit einem zahlreichen Heere auf drei Punkten über den Rhein, drang durch den Schwarzwald vor, vollzog bei Tuttlingen ſeine Vereinigung mit dem Kurfürſten (12. Mai), nahm eine Stellung an der Donau zwiſchen Dillingen und Lauingen und zog ſchwere Contributionen aus dem Lande. Da das baieriſche Heer zugleich größtentheils in der Gegend von Augsburg lag, ſo waren die Stände des ſchwäbiſchen Kreiſes in der Unmöglichkeit, ſich mit der kaiſerlichen Armee in Verbindung zu ſetzen. Die vereinte franzöſiſche und baieriſche Macht dagegen konnte irgend eine große offenſive Unternehmung wagen, ohne daß ſie die Vortheile verlor, die ſie bereits errungen hatte.

Man beſchloß einen Angriff auf Tyrol. Wenn derſelbe gelang, war man nicht nur Meiſter von dem Vorwerke der öſterreichiſchen Monarchie, ſondern man ſetzte ſich auch in Verbindung mit dem General Vendome, der an der Spitze von 12,000 Mann längs der Etſch heraufzog, und ſchnitt die kaiſerliche Armee in Italien von allen ihren Hülfsquellen ab. Die Ausführung des Anſchlags unternahm der Kurfürſt an der Spitze eines Heeres von 16,000 Mann. Unvermuthet erſchien er vor den Schluchten, die in das Innere von Tyrol führen. Nirgends waren Sicherheitsanſtalten getroffen. Alles begünſtigte die Unternehmung. Ein Zufall ſchloß (20. Juni) die ſtolze Bergfeſte Kufſtein den Ankömmlingen auf. Darüber gerieth das ganze Land in Schrecken. Es öffneten Wergel und Rattenberg die wohlverwahrten Thore. Auch die Hauptſtadt übergab dem Sieger ihre Schlüſſel, und er nahm in ihr die Huldigung ein. Die Scharnitz und die Ehrenberger Klauſe fielen beinahe ohne Widerſtand. Der Kurfürſt tritt ſeinen Zug über den Brenner an, um Vendome die Hand zu reichen, der ſchon bis Trient vorgedrungen war. Aber nun erwacht der Volksgeiſt der Tyroler, erregt durch die Härte, womit die Feinde das Recht des Eroberers mißbrauchen. Allenthalben greifen Bauern und Jäger zu den Waffen; Verſtärkungen von öſterreichiſchem Militär heben den Muth der treuen, tapfern Nation. Von allen Seiten angegriffen und bedrängt, ſehen die Baiern zu einem ſchleunigen Rückzuge ſich genöthigt. In wenigen Tagen geht das ganze Land wieder verloren, bis auf Kufſtein. Beinahe die Hälfte des Heeres iſt aufgerieben. Selbſt der Kurfürſt rettet nur dadurch ſein Leben, daß der Graf von Arco mit ſeltenem Edelmuth ſich für ihn aufopfert. Die Tyroler verfolgen die Fliehenden tief in ihre Heimath und vergelten ihnen ſiebenfältig, was ſie ihnen Böſes erwieſen hatten. So war dieſe Unternehmung gänzlich mißlungen!

Dem ungeachtet behauptete die vereinigte franzöſiſche und baieriſche Macht noch immer die Ueberlegenheit im ſüdlichen Teutſchland. Nicht nur ſchlug ſie die wiederholten auf ſie gemachten Angriffe ſiegreich zurück, ſondern bemächtigte ſich auch der Städte Augsburg und Paſſau. Zur nämlichen Zeit ward von den Franzoſen Breiſach erobert, der Sieg vor den Linien von Neuſtadt erfochten, Landau wieder genommen und das zur Hülfe herbeieilende Heer der Verbündeten bei Speyerbach geſchlagen. Der Schauplatz des Krieges ſchien nun in die Mitte von Deutſchland verlegt zu werden. Die franzöſiſche Eitelkeit ſprach in hohem Tone von den Vortheilen, die ihr gelungen waren. Der Kurfürſt ſah ſeine ſtolzen Hoffnungen in ihrer ſchönſten Blüthe.

Dieſe ſollten in dem folgenden Feldzuge (1704) aufgehen. Es hatte der Marſchall von Tallard ein Corps von 24,000 Mann verſammelt, um es dem vereinigten Heere in Teutſchland zuzuführen. Der Kurfürſt brach von Ulm auf und bewegte ſich gegen den Schwarzwald, um die heranziehende Verſtärkung aufzunehmen. Die kaiſerliche und Reichsarmee verſammelte ſich bei Nördlingen und folgte ihm auf ſeiner rechten Flanke nach. Der General von Thüngen ſtellte ſich vor dem Schwarzwalde auf. Man ſchlug ſich täglich mit dem Feinde und ſetzte ihn, indem man ihm ſeine Unterhaltungsmittel entzog, in große Verlegenheit. Dem ungeachtet gelang es dem Marſchall, nachdem er bei Freiburg im Breisgau vorüber gegangen war, die Päſſe des Schwarzwaldes, „der hohle Graben" und „die kalte Herberge" genannt, zu durchbrechen und ſich (17. Mai) bei Villingen an den Kurfürſten anzuſchließen. Die vereinigte Armee wandte ſich nun in ſtarken Märſchen über Donaueſchingen und Pfullendorf gegen Ulm, und nahm, nachdem ſie auf dieſem Zuge nicht geringen Verluſt erlitten hatte, eine Stellung an der Iller. Das kaiſerliche Heer, unter dem Markgrafen Ludwig von Baden, folgte dem Feinde längs der Donau nach und lagerte ſich um Elchingen, unweit Ulm.

Zur nämlichen Zeit kam aber auch für die Sache Teutſchlands eine große Hülfe herbei. Es hatte ſich nämlich ein 30,000 Mann ſtarkes Heer engliſcher und holländiſcher Truppen am Niederrhein zuſammengezogen. An der Spitze deſſelben ſtand der Herzog von Marlborough, einer der größten Feldherrn aller Zeiten, von dem die Geſchichte bezeugt, daß er nie eine Schlacht geliefert, ohne ſie gewonnen, und nie eine Stadt belagert, ohne ſie erobert zu haben. Um dem Feinde ſeine Abſicht zu verbergen, ließ er eine Menge Proviant, Munition und Kriegsgeräthe nach Köln und Koblenz bringen, und nahm ſelbſt ſeinen Weg nach der letztern Stadt, ſo daß es das Anſehen hatte, als wollte er eine Unternehmung an den Ufern der Moſel ausführen. Aber unverſehens wandte er ſich links, ging bei Ladenburg über den Neckar und rückte in drei Heerſäulen in das Herzogthum Würtemberg ein. Am 9. Juni ſah man zu Groß-Heppach, einem Dorfe im Remsthale unweit Waiblingen, die Helden Marlborough, Ludwig von Baden und Eugen von Savoyen, wie ſie in dem dortigen Gaſthofe zum Lamm zuſammentraten und den Plan zu den weitern Operationen verabredeten. Von hier nahm das Heer ſeine Richtung über Göppingen in die Gegend von Ulm und vereinigte ſich zum Theil mit der kaiſerlichen Armee bei Elchingen (22. Juni), worauf dann die verbündete Macht in die Herrſchaft Heidenheim einrückte und ihr Hauptquartier zu Herbrechtingen aufſchlug. Der Prinz Eugen hatte ſich von Heppach wieder an den Oberrhein in die Linien von Bühl zurück begeben, um den Rücken des an der Donau operirenden Heeres gegen die dort ſtehende feindliche Macht zu ſichern.

Die Befehlshaber der alliirten Armee, entſchloſſen, den Schauplatz des Krieges ſo ſchnell als möglich in das Innere von Baiern zu ſpielen, durften nicht ſäumen, den Feind anzugreifen und den Uebergang über die Donau zu erzwingen. Er hatte ſeine Stellung längs dieſes Fluſſes ſtark befeſtigt; nur der Schellenberg bei Donauwerth ſchien eine verwundbare Seite darzubieten, weil die dortigen Werke noch nicht vollendet und mit keiner hinlänglichen Beſatzung verſehen waren. Man beſchloß, auf dieſem Punkte die feindlichen Linien zu durchbrechen. Am zweiten des Heumonats Nachmittags um 4 Uhr erſchien Marlborough vor demſelben. Abends um 6 Uhr begann, unter dem Widerſpruche der meiſten übrigen Befehlshaber, der Angriff, und zwei Stunden ſpäter war die Schanze überſtiegen, der Feind geſchlagen und der vollkommenſte Sieg erfochten. Die Annalen der Kriege nennen wenige Gefechte, in denen mit ſolcher Erbitterung gefochten worden, wo in ſo kurzer Zeit ſo viel Blut gefloſſen und wo von beiden Seiten ſo viele Offiziere vom erſten

Range gefallen wären. Mit Frohlocken vernahm Teutſchland die Kunde von dieſer Niederlage des gehaßten Feindes; es verkündigten die Dichter der Nation den Ruhm der Sieger*); und da der Sieg am Tage der Heimſuchung Mariens erfochten war, ſo bemerkten die Frommen, Baiern habe nun keine Hoffnung mehr, da es von ſeiner Landespatronin ſo ſichtbar verlaſſen worden ſei. Eiligſt hob der Kurfürſt ſein verſchanztes Lager zwiſchen Lauingen und Dillingen auf und zog ſich gegen Augsburg. Die Verbündeten aber bemächtigten ſich der Städte Donauwörth, Dillingen, Rain und Neuburg, nahmen eine Stellung bei Friedberg am Lech und ſchickten von hier Partheien nach Baiern aus, welche bis vor die Thore von München ſtreiften und das Land dergeſtalt verheerten, daß in wenigen Tagen gegen 300 Ortſchaften in Aſche gelegt worden ſein ſollen.

Dieſe Grauſamkeit war nicht zwecklos; ſie ſollte zur Beförderung der Friedensunterhandlungen dienen, welche man mit dem Kurfürſten angeknüpft hatte. Das Heer, welches ihm gegenüber ſtand, und deſſen Stärke gegen 80,000 Mann betrug, war ſeiner Macht bei weitem überlegen und hatte ſeine Operationen mit einem glänzenden Siege begonnen. Von ſeinen Staaten abgeſchnitten, entbehrte er die Hülfsmittel, die ſie ihm darboten. Seine Armee litt Mangel an allen Bedürfniſſen. Baiern wurde in eine Wüſte verwandelt. Die Hülfe, die ihm verheißen worden, war noch ſo fern. — Dieſe Umſtände konnten ſeinen ſtarren Sinn brechen. Es wurden Konferenzen eröffnet, in denen der Miniſter, Graf von Wratislau, im Namen des Kaiſers das Wort führte. Zwar fehlte es nicht an Punkten, welche das Geſchäft erſchweren konnten; beſonders war die geforderte gänzliche Wiederherſtellung des Kurfürſten von Köln ein Gegenſtand, worüber die Anſichten ſehr von einander abwichen. Auch waren die Franzoſen unermüdet, um ſich ihren Bundesgenoſſen und damit zugleich ihre in Schwaben ſtehende Armee zu erhalten. Dem ungeachtet führten die Unterhandlungen ſo weit, daß bereits die Acte des Vertrags gefaßt werden konnte. Schon hatte der Kurfürſt die Feder in der Hand, um zu unterzeichnen; aber in dieſem Augenblicke trat ein Eilbote herein und brachte ihm die Nachricht, daß der Marſchall von Tallard bis auf den 24. des Monats mit einem neuen Heere zu ihm ſtoßen werde. Da huben ſich mit einem Male ſeine Hoffnungen wieder; ohnehin hatte ſein kühner Sinn ſich geſträubt, durch Unterwerfung zu endigen, was er mit dem Schwerdte begonnen hatte. Er warf die Feder hinweg und ſprach: „So will ich denn mein Heil noch einmal verſuchen." Damit ſchritt er in ſein Verderben.

Tallard war, nachdem er dem Kurfürſten den erſten Succurs zugeführt hatte, wieder an den Oberrhein zurückgegangen und hatte daſelbſt das Kommando übernommen. Der Prinz Eugen, der ihm gegenüber ſtand, beobachtete ſeine Bewegungen, die bald einen Angriff auf die Linien von Stollhofen, bald auf die Feſtung Philippsburg anzudeuten ſchienen. Aber die Niederlage am Schellenberg und die dringenden Aufforderungen des Kurfürſten, daß er ihm zu Hülfe kommen möchte, gaben ſeinen Bewegungen ihre Richtung gegen die Donau. So erhob er ſich mit einem 35,000 Mann ſtarken Heere und rückte in den Schwarzwald ein, während der Marſchall von Villeroi ihm mit 20,000 Mann nachfolgte, der General Coigny aber mit 8000 Mann das Elſaß deckte. Erſt belagerte er Villingen und ängſtigte es drei Tage lang mit dem Feuer ſeines Geſchützes. Als ihm aber der Kurfürſt entbot, daß er genöthigt ſei, ſich mit den Verbündeten zu vereinigen, wenn die Hülfe nicht ſchleunigſt herbeikomme, ſo hob er die Belagerung auf und zog — während der Prinz Eugen, das Herzogthum Würtemberg deckend, ihn immer auf ſeiner linken Flanke begleitete — über Donaueſchingen und Ulm nach Augsburg, wo er ſich am 4. Auguſt mit dem baieriſch-franzöſiſchen Heere vereinigte. Mit hoher Freude wurden von dem letztern die Ankommenden aufgenommen, denn durch ſie war man nun dem Feinde an Zahl überlegen, und es fehlte nicht mehr an Mitteln, um den Entbehrungen und dem Mangel zu ſteuern, die bisher ſo viel Mißmuth erregt hatten. Auch war von dieſen Truppen nichts Gemeines zu erwarten, da ſie, indem ſie größtentheils zu dem Hauſe des Königs gehörten, den Kern der franzöſiſchen Kriegsmacht ausmachten. So ſchilderte ſie der Marſchall ſelbſt. Als er nach ſeiner Ankunft, umgeben von mehr als 800 Offizieren, zu Augsburg dem Kurfürſten vorgeſtellt wurde, ſprach er zu ihm: „Sehen Sie hier, gnädigſter Herr, dieſe unüberwindliche „Armee, welche Landau genommen, die Feinde bei Speyerbach geſchlagen und die Linien trotz alles Widerſtandes gebrochen hat, die Sie in den Stand ſetzen wird, Ihren Zweck zu „erreichen, und die durch ihre Tapferkeit alle Schwierigkeiten „überwinden wird"*). Zugleich übernahm Tallard das Kommando über die ſämmtlichen franzöſiſchen Truppen, da Villars, mit dem ſich der Kurfürſt nicht vertragen konnte, früher ſchon abgegangen war.

Sobald die Vereinigung geſchehen war, brach das Heer (6. Auguſt) im Gefühle ſeiner verſtärkten Kraft aus dem Lager bei Augsburg auf und bewegte ſich gegen die Donau, in der Abſicht, den Prinzen Eugen, der mit ſeinem Corps in der Herrſchaft Heidenheim ſtand, zu überfallen und vereinzelt aufzureiben. Dieſes Vorhaben entging dem Herzoge von Marlborough nicht. Nachdem er zuvor ſchon die Stellung bei Friedberg verlaſſen hatte, zog er auf dem rechten Ufer des Lechs herunter, ſandte den Markgrafen Ludwig von Baden ab, um Ingolſtadt zu belagern, und ging am 11. Auguſt bei Donauwörth über die Donau, da denn in der folgenden Nacht der Prinz Eugen ſich an ihn anſchloß. An demſelben Tage war die feindliche Macht bei Lauingen über die Donau gezogen. Beide Heere ſtanden einander gegenüber. Allenthalben bemerkte man die Vorzeichen einer großen Schlacht.

Die Franzoſen und Baiern hatten indeſſen ihren wichtigſten Vortheil ſchon verloren, indem es ihnen mißlungen war, den Prinzen Eugen vor ſeiner Vereinigung mit Marlborough anzufallen. Auch forderte ſie kein Intereſſe auf, jetzt, wo die ganze feindliche Macht vereinigt war, ſich gegen dieſelbe zu verſuchen, und damit das Schickſal von Teutſchland von den Reſultaten eines Tages abhängig zu machen. Die Verbündeten dagegen durften nicht ſäumen, den Feind anzugreifen, weil zu beſorgen war, daß der Marſchall Villeroi ſich vom Oberrhein her mit Tallard vereinigte, in welchem Falle ein ſolches Mißverhältniß der gegenſeitigen Kräfte entſtand, daß für jene alle Hoffnung, in offener Schlacht zu ſiegen, unterging. Waren ſie aber auf ſolche Weiſe auf die bloße Vertheidigung zurück gebracht, ſo hing es von dem Feinde ab, ſich zum Meiſter von ganz Schwaben zu machen und alle Hülfsmittel, die dieſes reiche Land darbietet, für ſich zu benutzen. Zugleich marſchirte er dem Feldmarſchall Grafen von Naſſau-Weilburg, der mit einem ſchwachen kaiſerlichen Corps am Oberrhein ſtand, in den Rücken, und ſchnitt die Verbindungen von Philippsburg und Mainz mit der Armee an der Donau ab. Die Betrachtung dieſer Umſtände konnte die Befehlshaber der alliirten Macht um ſo mehr zum ungeſäumten Angriff beſtimmen, da der frohe Muth zum Streiten das ganze Heer erfüllte und Offiziere und Gemeine mit Ungeduld den Augenblick erwarteten, in dem ſie dem verhaßten Feinde unter das Geſicht treten ſollten.

Indeſſen bot die Stellung des letztern einem Angriffe nicht geringe Schwierigkeiten dar. Der rechte Flügel lehnte ſich nämlich bei Blindheim an die Donau. Von dieſem Dorfe, das ſehr ſtark beſetzt und mit Palliſaden umzäunt war, und in dem der Marſchall Tallard ſein Hauptquartier hatte, zog ſich das Lager gegen Norden, wo es in emporſteigendem Gelände an einen Wald anſchloß. Hier ſtand der linke Flügel, und an ſeiner Spitze, in dem Dorfe Sondern, der Kurfürſt. Vor der Fronte zog ſich ein Bach hin, der wegen ſeiner ſumpfigen Ufer nicht leicht zu überſchreiten war; überdieß bildete das Terrain, auf dem ſich das Lager befand, eine anſehnliche Erhöhung, ſo daß der Feind, der es angreifen wollte, aus der Tiefe operiren mußte. Die franzöſiſch-baieriſche Armee beſtand aus 82 Bataillons und 146 Escadrons, mit 90 Kanonen. Die Macht der Verbündeten aber, die beträchtlich ſchwächer war, betrug 66 Bataillons und 178 Escadrons, mit 50 Kanonen.

Am 12. Auguſt nahmen die beiden Oberbefehlshaber des verbündeten Heeres, das ſich zwiſchen Münſter und Appetshofen gelagert hatte, an der Spitze von 28 Escadrons eine Recognoscirung der feindlichen Stellung vor; zugleich wurden an mehreren Orten Brücken über den kleinen Fluß Keſſel geſchlagen und die Wege ausgebeſſert, weil man die Abſicht hatte, an dieſem Tage mit der Armee näher gegen den Feind anzurücken. Dieſes Vorhaben konnte aber nicht ausgeführt werden, indem auch der letztere in voller Bewegung war, um den Anrückenden zu widerſtehen. Man beſchränkte ſich deshalb darauf, die Arbeiten vor der Fronte der Stellung fortzuſetzen und dem Heere den Weg zum allgemeinen Angriffe zu bahnen, der an dem folgenden Tage ausgeführt werden ſollte. Das Gepäck der Armee wurde nach Rietlingen bei Donauwörth zurückgeſchickt.

Eine Stunde nach Mitternacht ertönte der Schall der Trommeln durch das ganze Lager der Verbündeten. Um 3 Uhr ſetzte ſich das Heer in Bewegung. Daſſelbe war in 8 Colonnen eingetheilt; jeder Flügel beſtand aus zwei Infanterie- und eben ſo viel Cavalleriecolonnen. Den linken Flügel bildeten, unter dem

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*) J. B. Haud secus ac large qui flumine conserit arva,
Laetius et vicinas inopes rigata cupit.
Sanguine sic Nostros, Anglis Batavisque rigasti,
Major ut hinc Vobis gloria surgat agros.

*) „Monseigneur! je vous presente ici cette armée invincible, qui a pris Landau, battu les ennemis à Speyerbach, passé les lignes malgré tout l'effort de la garder; et qui vous mettra en état de pousser votre dessein à bout, en surmontant tous les difficultés par la valeur de nos troupes."

Herzoge von Marlborough, die Engländer, Holländer und Heſſen, in 48 Bataillons und 86 Escadrons; den rechten, unter dem Prinzen Eugen, die öſterreichiſchen, preußiſchen, däniſchen und Reichstruppen, in 18 Bataillons und 92 Escadrons. Nachdem die Armee über den Keſſel gegangen und Dapfheim erreicht hatte, formirte der General Wilkes, der in dieſem Dorfe geſtanden hatte, mit den von ihm befehligten 2 Bataillons Heſſen und 15 Escadrons die neunte Colonne; die vorangeſchickten Avantgarden aber rückten wieder in ihre Regimenter ein. Alles bewegte ſich in der Richtung gegen Schwenningen. Zwiſchen dieſem Dorfe und dem Walde wurde Halt gemacht. Auf einer Anhöhe verſammelten die beiden Oberbefehlshaber die Generale um ſich und ertheilten ihnen die Dispoſitionen zum Angriffe. Es war Morgens 6 Uhr. In dem feindlichen Lager gerieth Alles in Bewegung. Es fielen zwei Kanonenſchüſſe, um die Fourageurs einzurufen. Die ganze Armee ſtellte ſich unter das Gewehr. Die Anrückenden waren mittlerweile bis in die Ebene gekommen, die ſich längs dem Bach hinzog, der die feindliche Stellung deckte.

Während der General Wilkes auf dem äußern Saum des linken Flügels vorrückte, um zwei Mühlen bei Blindheim, die der Feind ſtark beſetzt hatte, anzugreifen, nahmen die Spitzen der Colonnen ihren Weg gegen den Bach. Der Uebergang über denſelben bot große Schwierigkeiten dar. Das Waſſer war überall ausgetreten; an mehreren Stellen des Ufers zogen ſich große Moräſte hin. Man war genöthigt, im Angeſichte des Feindes fünf Brücken zu ſchlagen und durch Faſchinen einige ſumpfige Punkte trocken zu legen. Dies Geſchäft ſuchte der Feind zu hindern, indem er eine lebhafte Kanonade begann, die jedoch wenig Schaden verurſachte und von den Verbündeten mit gutem Erfolge erwiedert wurde. Es dauerte bis 1 Uhr Nachmittags, bis alle Zubereitungen vollendet und ſämmtliche Beſtandtheile des Heeres in Schlachtordnung angereiht waren, und nun gaben die Befehlshaber das Zeichen zum allgemeinen Angriffe.

Der General Wilkes fiel mit 6 engliſchen Bataillons und 4 Bataillons Heſſen zuerſt auf den Feind, griff die beiden Mühlen bei Blindheim muthig an und nahm ſie in Beſitz. Zugleich wird ſtürmend auf das Dorf ſelbſt vorgerückt. Man kommt bis an die Palliſaden und ſchlägt ſich mit den Säbeln. Aber das Feuer der Franzoſen treibt die Angreifenden zurück; ihre Reiterei, die mit Ungeſtüm die Weichenden verfolgt, bringt Angſt und Verderben in ihre Reihen. Doch die Heſſen wenden wieder um, ſtellen ſich in Schlachtordnung und empfangen ihre Verfolger mit einem heftigen Feuer. Der Feind ergreift die Flucht. Fünf engliſche Escadrons verfolgen ihn und ſetzen über den Bach. Friſche franzöſiſche Brigaden eilen herbei und drängen die Engländer über den Bach zurück. Da ſtehen abermals die Heſſen unerſchütterlich wie die Felſen; an ihnen bricht das Ungeſtüm des Feindes. Er weicht in Unordnung. Zwei engliſche Brigaden vereinigen ſich mit den Heſſen und greifen Blindheim auf der linken Seite an. Viermal wird geſtürmt, aber die höchſte Tapferkeit vermag nichts gegen die Vortheile der feindlichen Stellung. Dies wiederholte Vorrücken und Zurückweichen hatte beiden Theilen eine Menge braver Krieger gekoſtet; das Schlachtfeld war mit Todten und Verwundeten bedeckt.

Nun gab Marlborough Befehl, daß die Reiterei anrücken ſollte. Sie bricht durch die Reihen des Fußvolkes hervor. Sobald die franzöſiſche Cavallerie ſie erblickt, fällt ſie von ihren Anhöhen herab und macht einen ungeſtümen Angriff auf ſie. Zugleich wirkt das Feuer des franzöſiſchen Fußvolkes zerſtörend auf ihre Flanke. Sie kommt in Unordnung, und ihre erſte Linie zieht ſich wieder über den Bach zurück. Zweifelhaft ſchwankt in dieſem Augenblicke das Schickſal des Tages. Aber wie ein rettender Gott eilt der lüneburgiſche General von Bülow an der Spitze von drei Dragoner-Regimentern herbei, ſtürzt auf die feindliche Reiterei, wirft ſie mit großem Verluſte über den Bach zurück und treibt ſie bis an die Gärten von Blindheim. Der Anblick dieſer muthigen That giebt der übrigen Reiterei neue Zuverſicht. Sie bildet ſich wieder in Schlachtordnung, greift die feindliche Cavallerie abermals an und bringt ſie nach hartnäckigem Widerſtande zum Weichen. Das ganze Heer der Verbündeten rückt vor; der Sieg ſcheint ſich auf ihre Seite zu neigen. Tallard, unerſchrocken in der Gefahr und durch ſie nur zu größern Anſtrengungen erregt, führt 10 Bataillons zur Unterſtützung ſeiner Cavallerie herbei. Ihr Feuer bringt den Feind abermals zum Weichen. Da tritt Marlborough an die Spitze von 6 hannoveraniſchen und heſſiſchen Bataillons und greift mit großer Kühnheit die feindliche Infanterie an. Aber die Tapferkeit dieſer Kerntruppen und ihre Ueberzahl machen ſeine Anſtrengungen unnütz. Das Glück lächelt aufs Neue dem Feinde. In dieſem verhängnißvollen Moment ſprengt der teutſche Held, Friedrich, Erbprinz von Heſſen-Kaſſel, mit der Cavallerie heran. Das Feuer des feindlichen Fußvolkes hält ihn einige Augenblicke auf. Aber mit edler Todesverachtung ſtürmt er vorwärts auf die franzöſiſche Reiterei, trennt ihre Escadrons und treibt ſie in eine wilde Flucht. Während dieſe flieht, ſtürzt er auf die beſagten 10 Bataillons. Der größte Theil von ihnen wird niedergehauen. Indeß ſammelt die fliehende Reiterei ſich wieder. Abermals fällt der Erbprinz von Heſſen-Kaſſel über ſie her. Sie giebt den Tag verloren. Alles eilt der Brücke zu, die zwiſchen Blindheim und Höchſtädt über die Donau geſchlagen war, um ſich auf das jenſeitige Ufer zu retten. Unaufhaltſam dringen die Sieger auf die Geſchlagenen ein. Die Brücke faßt die Menge der Fliehenden nicht; viele von ihnen, beſonders von dem ſchönen Corps der Gendarmes, werden in den Strom geſprengt und von den Fluthen verſchlungen.

Tallard, indem er die Reiterei weichen ſieht, ſtrengt alle ſeine Kräfte an, ſie wieder zu ſammeln und zum Stehen zu bringen. Aber darüber verliert er die Zeit zu ſeiner Rettung. Er wird verwundet und bei einer Mühle unweit Sondern von dem nacheilenden Feinde eingeholt. Der heſſiſche Oberſtlieutenant von Boyneburg ſtößt auf ihn, und ob er gleich ſchlecht gekleidet war, erkennt er ihn an ſeiner Decoration. Er fordert ihm den Degen ab. Umſonſt bietet Tallard dem braven Krieger ſeine Geldbörſe, ſein Ordenszeichen und ſein Pferd an. „Nicht um Ihr Gold,“ erwiederte derſelbe, „iſt es mir zu thun, ſondern um Ihre Perſon.“ Man bringt den Gefangenen zu dem Erbprinzen Friedrich. Dieſer empfängt ihn auf eine edle Art. „Ich beklage Ihr Unglück, Herr Marſchall,“ ſprach er, „aber haben Sie Geduld und gedenken Sie, daß hier die Niederlage bei Speierbach gerächt worden.“

Während dieſe blutigen Kämpfe die Umgegend von Blindheim mit Grauen erfüllten, ſtritt der General, Prinz von Hollſtein-Beck, gegen den Mittelpunkt der feindlichen Stellung, welchen der Marſchall Marſin befehligte. Der Angriff des Prinzen war gegen das Dorf Oberklau gerichtet. Er ging an der Spitze von 10 Bataillons ohne Schwierigkeiten über den Bach; aber ſobald er jenſeits war, rückte die feindliche Uebermacht ihm entgegen, warf ſeine Brigade über den Haufen und trieb ſie wieder über den Bach zurück. Das gooriſche Regiment wurde faſt ganz zuſammengehauen; der Prinz aber hatte das Unglück, verwundet und gefangen zu werden. Einige Escadrons däniſcher und hannoveraniſcher Reiter flogen herbei, um die Bedrängten zu unterſtützen; aber ſie theilten mit ihnen gleiches Schickſal. Unterdeſſen ward die Niederlage des Feindes auf ſeinem rechten Flügel vollendet. Marlborough eilte ſogleich dem Mittelpunkte zu, ſammelte die Geſchlagenen, verſtärkte ſie mit einigen Escadrons Reiterei und führte ſie wieder über den Bach, der feindlichen Stellung entgegen. Man machte eine einzige Abfeuerung und ſchritt dann mit gefälltem Bajonet vorwärts. Die Franzoſen, vom Schickſale ihrer Kameraden unterrichtet, räumten das Feld. Aber ihr Rückzug glich keiner Flucht; geſchloſſen und mit feſter Haltung verließen ſie die Stätte, die ſie ſo ruhmvoll vertheidigt hatten.

Gegen den linken Flügel des Feindes, auf dem der Kurfürſt mit ſeinen tapfern und kraftvollen Baiern ſtand, hatte unterdeſſen der Prinz Eugen gekämpft. Seine beiden Infanteriecolonnen, die aus 7 Bataillons Dänen und 11 Bataillons Preußen beſtanden, führte der berühmte deutſche Held, Fürſt Leopold von Anhalt-Deſſau an, die Reiterei aber, die gleichfalls in zwei Heerſäulen marſchirte, und 92 Escadrons ſtark war, befehligte der Prinz Georg Auguſt von Hannover und der Herzog Eberhard Ludwig von Würtemberg. In zwei Linien rückte dieſe ganze Macht, rechts die Infanterie und links die Cavallerie, über den Bach, und dann durch einen lichten Wald, in der Richtung gegen Lutzingen vor. Dieſe Bewegung war, wegen des durchſchnittenen und unebenen Bodens ſehr mühſam; auch wurden die Anrückenden von den feindlichen Kanonen lebhaft beſchoſſen. Demungeachtet ſchritt man zum Angriffe, nachdem das Gefecht auf dem rechten Flügel begonnen hatte. Der Fürſt Leopold mit ſeinen Preußen, und der General von Scholten an der Spitze der Dänen, rücken in kühner Haltung vor, formiren ſich, nachdem ſie über einen breiten und tiefen Graben gegangen waren, auf einer Wieſe im Angeſicht der erſten Linie des Feindes, ſtürzen nach einigen lebhaften Abfeuerungen auf ſie los und werfen ſie zurück. Aber in demſelben Augenblicke unterliegt die Cavallerie der Heftigkeit des feindlichen Feuers, und wendet um. Dadurch wird die Flanke des Fußvolks entblößt; dieſen Umſtand meiſterhaft benützend, ſtürmt die Garde des Kurfürſten, unterſtützt von einigen andern Regimentern, herbei, macht einen ungeſtümen Angriff, bringt zwei Bataillons in gänzliche Unordnung, und treibt die übrigen wieder bis an den Wald zurück. Unterdeſſen hatte ſich die Reiterei abermals angereiht. Sie ſtellt ſich den Feinden entgegen. Dadurch gewinnen die fliehenden Bataillons Zeit, ſich zu ſammeln. Der Fürſt Leopold ergreift ſelbſt eine Fahne, und ſtellt ſich an ihre Spitze. Mit neuer Zuverſicht erfüllt, folgen ihm ſeine Preußen nach. Man dringt wieder über den Graben bis auf die Wieſe vor, und ſchlägt überall den Feind zurück. Zwar wird die Reiterei abermals zu einer retrograden Bewegung genöthigt. Demungeachtet behauptet der Fürſt Leopold das Feld und ſtellt das Heer auf demſelben in Schlachtordnung.

Der Feind hatte ſich in ſeine alte Stellung zurückgezogen. Ein fürchterliches Kanonenfeuer ſprühte von der Höhe von Luzingen herab. Da befahl der Prinz Eugen, daß ein allgemeiner Angriff gemacht, und das Dorf und die Batterien um jeden Preis genommen werden ſollten. Feſten Schrittes und mit gefälltem Bajonette rückten die Preußen gegen Luzingen heran. Der Feind war ihnen bei weitem an Zahl überlegen; ſeine Stellung ſchien unangreifbar, demungeachtet widerſtand er der kühnen Tapferkeit des Volkes nicht, das der Fürſt Leopold anführte. Die Höhe und das Dorf wurde genommen, während das letztere, von den weichenden Baiern angezündet, in Flammen ſtand. Mehrere Kanonen fielen den Siegern in die Hände. Zu gleicher Zeit waren die Dänen rechts von dem Dorfe vorgerückt, und hatten ſich des dortigen Waldes bemächtigt. Der Feind zog ſich gegen Mörſchlingen zurück, ohne daß die Sieger, da es ihnen an Cavallerie fehlte, ihn lebhaft verfolgen konnten. Bald kam aber die letztere, von dem Prinz Eugen angeführt, herbei, und vollendete die Niederlage. Die Geſchlagenen nahmen ihren Weg gegen Dillingen und Lauingen. Sie wurden bis jenſeits Mörſchlingen verfolgt, wo das ſiegende Heer, durch enge Wege und Sümpfe in ſeinem Zuge gehemmt, die Nacht über ſtehen blieb. Indeſſen war der Triumph auf dieſer Seite nicht ſo glänzend, als auf dem linken Flügel. Denn die Baiern hatten mit bewundernswürdiger Tapferkeit gefochten; das Beiſpiel und die zweckmäßigen Anordnungen des Kurfürſten erhielten auf allen Punkten Muth und Ordnung; auch der Rückzug wurde mit Feſtigkeit und ohne ſehr großen Verluſt gemacht. Um gegen ein ſo treues und tapferes Heer den Sieg zu erringen, bedurfte es eines Anführers von Eugens Geiſt und Beſonnenheit. Dieſer große Feldherr legte ſelbſt das Geſtändniß ab: „Der Widerſtand des Feindes und des Kurfürſten ſei über alle Erwartung geweſen, und ohne die groben Fehler des Tallard würde dieſer Tag für Teutſchland, für die öſterreichiſche Monarchie, vielleicht für ganz Europa entſcheidend geweſen ſein.“

So waren denn beide Flügel der feindlichen Armee geſchlagen; aber noch ſtanden 27 Bataillons Infanterie und 12 Eſkadrons Dragoner hinter den Palliſaden und Wehren von Blindheim. Der General von Clerambault, der auf dieſem Punkte befehligte, bemerkte, als er die Reiterei des rechten Flügels fliehen ſah, die Gefahr ſeiner Stellung, ſuchte eine Furth durch die Donau, und fand in dem Strome ſeinen Tod. Bald ſah der General Blanſac, der nun an die Spitze dieſes Heerhaufens trat, ſich von allen Seiten abgeſchnitten. Die Infanterie der Verbündeten rückte herbei; die franzöſiſchen Vorwachen waren genöthigt, ſich in das Dorf zurückzuziehen. Da ſammelte der Herr von Siviere die Regimenter Provence und Artois und mehrere Freiwillige um ſich, jagte die Andringenden, mit dem Degen in der Hand, bis zu ihrer Cavallerie zurück, und marſchirte dann wieder Schritt vor Schritt in das Dorf. Die beſagten beiden Regimenter, dann Navarra und Languedoc erwieſen einen unerſchütterlichen Muth, und erklärten, daß ſie an die Spitze des geſammten Corps treten, und ſich durch den Feind durchhauen wollten. Indeſſen ſchickte Marlborough einen gefangenen Offizier, den Herrn Desnovilles, um die Eingeſchloſſenen zur Ergebung aufzufordern. Von Blanſac nahm das Anerbieten an. Umſonſt zürnten und murrten die alten Soldaten über ſolchen Schimpf. Die vom Regiment Navarra zerſchlugen ihre Gewehre und zerriſſen ihre Fahnen. Seviere und Jouvy ließen ſich lieber entwaffnen, als daß ſie die Artikel der Uebergabe unterſchrieben hätten. Das geſammte Corps fiel in Kriegsgefangenſchaft. Von Blanſac ging das Gerücht, daß an ſeinem Betragen Verrätherei noch mehr Antheil gehabt habe, als Feigheit.

So war denn dieſe „unüberwindliche Armee“ nicht mehr. Achtzehntauſend todte und verwundete Feinde fanden die Sieger auf dem Schlachtfelde. Unter den erſtern waren die Generallieutenants v. Zurlauben und v. Carsfield, die Generalmajors v. Clerambault, v. Blainville und v. Bertilly, die Brigadiers v. la Baume, v. Maiſoncelle und v. Marillac, die Obriſten v. Brandeville, v. Chabrilant, v. Broc, v. Albaret und noch viele andere Officiere. Die Zahl der Gefangenen belief ſich auf 20,800 Mann. Unter dieſen befand ſich der Marſchall v. Tallard und ſein Sohn, der Generallieutenant v. Marivaux, die Generalmajore Marquis v. Valſeme und v. Blanſac, die Brigadiers v. Montperoux, la Valliere, v. Croiſſy, Amenv, la Mezelieu und v. Septville, die Obriſten v. Jolly, v. Sully, v. St. Second, v. Signey, v. Ligondez, v. Baſſe, v. St. Pouange, v. Montfort, v. Lionne, v. Tavannes, v. Jouy, v. Sauveboeuf und v. Drival, im Ganzen 818 Officiere. Dieſer Verluſt vermehrte ſich noch ſehr auf der Flucht der Geſchlagenen, indem viele Verwundete in den Spitälern verlaſſen werden mußten, oder durch Hitze und Mangel auf dem Wege umkamen, von den Baiern aber die meiſten, nach Hinwegwerfung ihrer Waffen, in ihr Vaterland zurückkehrten, ſo daß von der anfänglich über 60,000 Mann ſtarken vereinigten Armee kaum 17,000 Mann über den Rhein zurück kamen.

Eine unermeßliche Beute fiel den Siegern in die Hände. 40 Kanonen, 24 Mörſer, 129 Fahnen, 171 Standarten, 17 Paar Pauken, ſämmtliche Kriegskaſſen, 3600 Zelte, 15 Schiffbrücken, 5400 Munitions- und Proviantwagen, 34 Kutſchen (in welchen lauter franzöſiſche Damen ſaßen), und 334 mit zum Theil koſtbarem Geräthe beladene Maulthiere — waren der Preis dieſes ruhmvollen Tages.

Bei dem hartnäckigen Widerſtande, den die Franzoſen und die Baiern in der Schlacht geleiſtet haben, und bei den wiederholten Angriffen, die von den Verbündeten auf die mit Kanonen umgürtete Fronte der feindlichen Stellung gemacht worden waren, mußte nothwendig auch der Verluſt der Sieger ſehr beträchtlich ſein, wie ſie denn auf beiden Flügeln 4485 Todte, 7323 Verwundete und 273 Vermißte eingebüßt haben. Unter den erſtern befanden ſich die Generale Wilkes und v. Bielke und die Obriſten v. Kailer, Graf v. Blumenthal, v. Thaler und v. Oedelſchwing. Unter den Verwundeten aber waren der Herzog von Würtemberg, der Prinz von Holſtein-Plön und der Obriſt v. Bretow. Die letztern, die Verwundeten, wurden theils nach Nördlingen, theils nach Donauwörth gebracht, und daſelbſt verbunden; aber auch von ihnen wurden ſpäter noch ſehr viele Opfer des Todes.

In die Gefangenen theilten ſich die Oeſterreicher und die Engländer und Holländer zu gleichen Theilen, und ſo wurden ſie auch in die Heimath dieſer Nationen abgeführt. Tallard nahm unter einer ſtarken Bedeckung ſeinen Weg über Nördlingen und Hanau nach Holland, von wo er nach England übergeſchifft wurde. Er verweilte daſelbſt bis in das Jahr 1711 und genoß nicht nur unbeſchränkte perſönliche Freiheit, ſondern wußte ſich auch einen bedeutenden Einfluß am Hofe und auf die Königin Anna zu verſchaffen, wodurch es ihm gelang, Marlborough und ſeine Parthie zu ſtürzen und England dahin zu bewegen, daß es einen Separatvertrag mit Frankreich ſchloß, wodurch der allgemeine Friede vorbereitet wurde. Sein Vaterland belohnte dieſes Verdienſt, indem es ihm nach ſeiner Zurückkunft die herzogliche Würde verlieh.

Auf dem Schlachtfelde von Höchſtädt hatte er ſich deſto weniger Anſprüche auf Dank und Belohnung erworben; denn das Unglück dieſes Tages und die Vernichtung der ſchönen Armee, die er befehligte, fällt beinahe ausſchließend der Zweckwidrigkeit ſeiner Maaßregeln zur Laſt. Schon dadurch legte er den Grund zu der folgenden verheerenden Niederlage, daß er die Vereinigung des Prinzen Eugen mit dem General Marlborough, die er durch Wachſamkeit und raſche Thätigkeit hindern konnte, geſchehen ließ. Denn dadurch wurden die Kräfte des Feindes concentrirt, und er kam in die Nothwendigkeit, das Schickſal ſeiner geſammten Macht an die Entſcheidung eines Tages zu knüpfen. Gelang es ihm aber, das ſchwache Corps des Prinzen Eugen vereinzelt anzugreifen, und wie ſeine Ueberlegenheit hoffen ließ, zu ſchlagen, ſo war Marlborough genöthigt, ſich vor ihm zurück zu ziehen, und Teutſchland vom Rhein bis an den Inn war ſeine Eroberung. Indeſſen ſchienen, auch nachdem dieſe Vereinigung geſchehen war, die Vortheile ſeiner Stellung, der Charakter ſeiner Truppen, und ſein Ueberfluß an phyſiſchen Mitteln, ihm noch immer den Sieg zu verbürgen; aber er verſäumte beinahe alles, was nöthig war, um ſich deſſelben zu verſichern. Statt die Verbündeten mit Kühnheit anzugreifen, während ſie ſich zur Schlacht rüſteten, ergriff er die Parthie der bloßen Vertheidigung. Die Zugänge zu ſeiner Stellung waren nur auf einzelnen Punkten künſtlich verwahrt; auch wurde der Feind, als er ſich die Wege über die Moräſte und Gräben bahnte, nicht thätig genug in ſeinem Beginnen gehindert. Der Kern des Heeres wurde in die Dörfer Blindheim und Oberklau gelegt, und dadurch die in der Schlachtordnung gegen den Feind wirkende Macht unnöthiger Weiſe geſchwächt. Ueberdies hatte man verſäumt, auf dem erſtern Poſten Kanonen aufzupflanzen, durch deren ſeitwärts ſtreichendes Feuer den Verbündeten großer Schaden zugefügt worden wäre. Auch blieb die Cavallerie auf der Höhe zu lange unthätig, wodurch der Feind Zeit gewann, ſich feſt zu ſetzen und zu verſtärken. Desgleichen gereicht es dem Marſchall Marſin zum Vorwurfe, daß er, als Tallard ins Gedränge kam, keine Bewegung machte, um ihn zu unterſtützen, was er um ſo eher thun konnte, da der linke Flügel lange dem Feinde überlegen blieb. Ohne dieſe unverzeihlichen Fehler wäre das Reſultat des Tages unfehlbar ein anderes geworden; wenigſtens würde ohne ſie keine ſo große und ſchimpfliche Niederlage erfolgt ſein. Indeſſen fällt auch nicht der mindeſte Vorwurf auf den Kurfürſten. Alle ſeine Anſtalten waren zweckmäßig; überall zeigte er die Vorſicht, die Klugheit und die Tapferkeit eines erprobten Generals; mit Löwenmuth focht ſein Heer; lange war der Sieg zweifelhaft. Aber als Tallard in die Flucht geſchlagen war, konnte er ſich nicht mehr halten. Doch erwarb er ſich da noch den Ruhm eines geordneten und mit geringem Verluſt verbundenen Rückzugs.

Jubel und Freude erfüllte das Lager der Sieger an dem Abend dieſes ſchönen Tages. Auf allen Seiten flogen die Eilboten aus, um den verbündeten Königen und Fürſten zu verkünden, wie wunderſam Gott ihre Waffen geſegnet. Am vierten Tage nach der Schlacht feierte die Armee auf der Wahlſtadt ein frommes Dankfeſt*); am Schluſſe deſſelben wurden alle Kanonen gelöſt. Ganz Teutſchland ertönte von dem frohen Triumphgeſchrei. In Wien, London, Berlin, Haag und Kopenhagen beging man den Sieg mit glänzenden Feierlichkeiten. In ganz England und Holland wurden Feſte angeordnet. Die Helden, unter deren Leitung der ſtolze Feind dieſe Demüthigung erlitten, empfingen von ihren Regenten die größten Auszeichnungen. Vor allen aber war, wie es ſich auch gebührte, Marlboroughs Name gefeiert. Der Kaiſer ertheilte ihm die reichsfürſtliche Würde, ernannte ihn zu ſeinem Feldmarſchall, und ließ ihm durch ſeinen Prinzen, den römiſchen König Joſeph, einen koſtbaren Degen und einen mit vielen Diamanten beſetzten Marſchallsſtab einhändigen.

In Paris hatte der dortige lothringiſche Reſident die erſte Zeitung von der Niederlage bei Höchſtädt empfangen. Aber die franzöſiſche Eitelkeit hielt die Sache für unmöglich, und erklärte ihn für einen Raſenden. Doch frühe genug erfolgte die Beſtätigung, und man konnte es ſich nicht mehr verhehlen, daß das Unglück noch größer ſei, als die erſten Nachrichten angegeben hatten. Schrecken und Trauer erfüllten die Hauptſtadt und die Provinzen. Es gab wenige vornehme Familien, die nicht den Verluſt eines Todten oder Gefangenen zu beklagen hatten. Man ſchlug die Jahrbücher des Reichs nach, und bemerkte, daß ſeit dem unglücklichen Tage bei St. Quentin (10. Auguſt 1557), da der Connetable von Montmorency von dem Herzoge von Savoyen beſiegt worden, kein ähnlicher verheerender Schlag die franzöſiſche Macht getroffen. Umſonſt ſuchte die Regierung die Nation zu beruhigen, indem ſie bekannt machte, daß die erſten Berichte von der Niederlage übertrieben geweſen ſeien. Der König war äußerſt entrüſtet über die, welche er für die Urſache des Unglücks hielt. Der alte Marſchall Catinat aber fiel in Ungnade, weil er dem Monarchen ins Geſicht ſagte: „man hätte dem Gutachten der Kriegsräthe folgen, und dieſe Blüthe der franzöſiſchen Macht nicht auf die Schlachtbank nach Baiern liefern ſollen.“ Um die auf ſolche Weiſe entſtandene Lücke in der Armee zu ergänzen, und den Oſten des Reichs gegen das Andringen des Feindes ſicher zu ſtellen, wurde die Aushebung von 60 neuen Infanterieregimentern, mit der verhältnißmäßigen Reiterei, und die Aufſtellung einer Landwehr verfügt. Auch erhielt der Herzog von Feuillade, der in Savoyen ſtand, Befehl, mit ſeinem Corps das königliche Heer am Oberrheine zu verſtärken.

Die Trümmer der franzöſiſchen und baieriſchen Armee nahmen von dem Schlachtfelde, das durch ihre Niederlage ſo denkwürdig geworden, ihren Marſch längſt der Donau hinauf nach Ulm, zogen hier die Beſatzung von Augsburg, Memmingen, Kaufbeuern und andern Orten an ſich, und ſchlugen dann über Tuttlingen den Weg nach dem Schwarzwalde ein. Ueberall ſahen ſie ſich von dem entrüſteten Landvolke angegriffen, deſſen Zorn durch die von ihnen angerichteten Verwüſtungen noch vermehrt wurde. Um ihren Rückzug zu ſichern, ging ihnen der Marſchall von Villeroi über Hornberg und St. Georgen entgegen, vereinigte ſich mit ihnen bei Donaueſchingen (25. Auguſt) und führte dann, was ſich noch aus dem verderblichen Sturm gerettet hatte, über den Rhein hinüber. Bei dem Anblicke des Stromes erklärten die wenigen Soldaten, die noch von dem baieriſchen Heere übrig waren, daß ſie ſich außer den Grenzen Teutſchlands durchaus zu keinem Dienſte verpflichtet halten; worauf der Kurfürſt den Befehl ertheilte, daß ſie entwaffnet, und als Gefangene der Armee nachgeführt werden ſollten.

Das Heer der Verbündeten ging, nachdem es einige Tage auf dem Schlachtfelde geraſtet und ſich zu neuen Unternehmungen vorbereitet hatte, über Gundelfingen und Ober-Elchingen an der Donau hinauf und lagerte ſich in den Umgebungen von Ulm. Hier vereinigte ſich der Markgraf Ludwig von Baden, nachdem er die Einſchließung von Ingolſtadt den Generalen von Herbeville und von Tuſſäs überlaſſen hatte, mit demſelben. Am 27. Auguſt brach die geſammte Macht in 3 Colonnen auf, und bewegte ſich, auf den durch Würtemberg führenden Straßen gegen Bruchſal. Der General v. Thüngen blieb mit 12,000 Mann vor Ulm zurück, welche Stadt ſich ihm am 10. September ergab. Die Armee aber ging über den Rhein, belagerte Landau und wurde am 26. November Meiſter dieſes wichtigen Platzes. An der Donau hatten unterdeſſen Regensburg, Straubing, Paſſau, und Kehlheim den Verbündeten die Thore geöffnet; Marlborough aber breitete ſich jenſeits des Rheins bis an die Moſel aus, und hielt am 29. November ſeinen Einzug in Trier. Wenige Tage ſpäter ergab ſich Trarbach an den Erbprinzen von Heſſen-Kaſſel.

Das Schickſal der baieriſchen Lande konnte, da ſie im Rücken der ſiegenden Armee lagen, und nur durch eine ſehr ſchwache Kriegsmacht gedeckt waren, nicht mehr zweifelhaft ſein. Indeſſen ſuchte der Kurfürſt wenigſtens vor der Hand für ſeine Familie zu retten, was ihm ſelbſt das Unglück ſo grauſam entriſſen hatte. Er ſchickte ſeine Gemahlin Thereſia Kunigunde, eine Tochter Königs Johann Sobiesky von Polen, die ihm auf ſeiner Flucht bis in den Schwarzwald gefolgt war, wieder zurück, nachdem er ihr „unbeſchränkte Vollmacht“ ertheilt hatte, „während ſeiner Abweſenheit die Regierung zu führen, und alles zu handeln und zu ſchließen, was ſie ihr und dem Lande für das Beſte erachten würde.“ Es wurden ſowohl von ihr, als auch von den baierſchen Landſtänden verſchiedene Schritte gemacht, um den zürnenden Sieger zu beſänftigen, aber ſie mußte ſich endlich doch gefallen laſſen, den Tractat von Ilbersheim zu unterzeichnen, den ihr der römiſche König Joſeph, der eben damals Landau einſchloß, diktirte. Vermöge deſſelben ſollten alle feſte Plätze in und außer Baiern, die von kurfürſtlichen Truppen beſetzt waren, mit ihren ſämmtlichen Vorräthen, dem Kaiſer eingeräumt, und alles Kriegsvolk, bis auf eine Leibwache von 400 Mann abgedankt werden. Das Rentamt München, mit Ausnahme von Ingolſtadt, Rain, Memmingen und Donauwörth, ſollte der Kurfürſtin bleiben, alles übrige Land aber zur Dispoſition des Kaiſers ſein. — Mit Strenge wurde der Vertrag vollzogen. Es erſchien der Graf von Löwenſtein-Wertheim als kaiſerlicher Statthalter in Baiern, und empfing die Huldigung von den Unterthanen. Der Geſandte des Kurfürſten am Reichstage war, ſo wie der kurkölniſche, zuvor ſchon verwieſen worden. Zahlreiche kaiſerliche Heerabtheilungen zogen in das Land, und nahmen in demſelben die Winterquartiere. Die Kurfürſtin begab ſich zu ihrer Mutter, der verwittweten Königin von Polen nach Venedig.

Die kaiſerliche Landesverwaltung übte die Rechte des Eroberers in ihrer ganzen Strenge gegen die Baiern aus, ſteckte ihre Jünglinge unter ihre Regimenter, und forderte ungeheure Abgaben von ihnen, die ſie um ſo weniger zu leiſten im Stande waren, da das Land ſchon ſeit mehreren Jahren den Launen des Regenten und dem Unglück der Zeit ſo große Opfer gebracht hatte. Dadurch wurde die Erbitterung allgemein, und auch der Kurfürſt ſäumte nicht, durch geheime Einflüſſe ſie immer mehr zu erregen. Die Verzweifelten, einige tapfere und entſchloſſene Männer an ihrer Spitze, entwarfen Plane, wie das Joch der verhaßten Fremdlinge abzuwerfen ſei; aber da es ihnen nicht gelang, die Verſchwörung hinreichend zu verbergen, ſo ertheilten ſie ſelbſt dem Eroberer die Berechtigung, noch härter zu verfahren. Schon der erſte Verdacht war hinreichend geweſen, der Kurfürſtin die Rückkehr in das Land zu verwehren. Nun ging man aber noch weiter. Die ganze baieriſche Nation wurde entwaffnet, die Verdächtigen verhaftet, München beſetzt, die dortigen Feſtungswerke niedergeriſſen, die kaiſerliche Kriegsmacht im Lande verſtärkt, und der Druck der Unterthanen verdoppelt. Aber in demſelben Verhältniſſe ſtieg auch die Erbitterung der Gemüther. Im November (1705) brach die Empörung in einigen Gemeinden der obern Pfalz aus. Bald mehrte ſich der erſte kleine Haufe, indem das Landvolk allenthalben ſich erhob und viele verabſchiedete baieriſche Offiziere und Soldaten ſeinen Muth anfeuerten und ſeine Bewegungen leiteten. Es fiel Burghauſen, Braunau, Schärding und alles Land zwiſchen dem Inn und der Iſar in die Hände der Empörer. Von da breitete ſich das Feuer an die Donau und endlich nach Oberbaiern aus, ohne daß die Vortheile, welche die Kaiſerlichen über einzelne Haufen erfochten, und die Grauſamkeit, womit ſie die Gefangenen behandelten, es zu dämpfen vermocht hätten. Aber die blutige Niederlage, welche die Bauern vor den Thoren von München erlitten, und dann der noch härtere Schlag, der ſie bei Vilshofen getroffen, zertrümmerte ihre Macht und vernichtete ihre Hoffnungen, wie denn in dieſen beiden Treffen ihrer gegen 9000 unter dem feindlichen Schwerte gefallen ſind. Ueberall flohen die Ueberbliebenen in ihre Wohnungen zurück, und alle Städte und Dörfer unterwarfen ſich den Siegern. Aber es war in dieſem Aufſtande viel Blut umſonſt vergoſſen worden, und ſchrecklich hatten die Oeſterreicher durch Brand, Plünderung und Verheerung die Schuldigen und Unſchuldigen verfolgt. Viele, zum Theile Leute von Rang und Anſehen, die ſich des Aufruhrs theilhaftig gemacht, ſtarben, nach Unterdrückung deſſelben unter der Hand des Henkers; andere wurden zu ewiger Gefangenſchaft abgeführt. Die öſterreichiſche Regierung aber glaubte ſich Alles gegen ein Volk erlauben zu dürfen, das ihre Rache ſo ſehr gereizt hatte.

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*) Auch vor und während der Schlacht hatte der religiöſe Geiſt jener Zeit ſich auf eine rührende Weiſe geoffenbart. Der holländiſche General v. Hompeſch meldete den Generalſtaaten in einem Schreiben vom 17. Auguſt, ehe man angerückt „habe die ganze Armee ein eifriges Gebet zu Gott verrichtet, welches,“ ſetzt er hinzu, „auch erhört worden.“ (S. der mit Blut vermiſchte Donauſtrom. IV. Fortſetzung 4. Leipzig 704. S. 116.) Desgleichen verſichern handſchriftliche Nachrichten, daß man, als der von Höchſtädt herſchallende Kanonendonner dem umliegenden Lande eine große Schlacht verkündigt, in Städten und Dörfern die Kirchen eröffnet, und dann das Volk bis auf den Abend, vor den Altären liegend, Gott um Sieg für die Sache des Vaterlandes angefleht habe.

Joſeph I., der unterdeſſen nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters Leopold den Kaiſerthron beſtiegen hatte, verfolgte mit Eifer den ſchon früher entworfenen Plan, vermöge deſſen die gegenwärtige Gunſt der Umſtände benutzt werden ſollte, um einen Theil von Baiern mit den Staaten des Hauſes Oeſterreich zu vereinigen. In dieſer Abſicht ſprach er, jedoch ohne ſtrenge Beobachtung der reichsverfaſſungsmäßigen Formen, am 29. April 1706 über die Kurfürſten von Baiern und Cöln die Acht aus, und zwar dergeſtalt: „es ſei Maximilian Emanuel aller Reichslehen, Regalien, Ehren, Würden, Anwartſchaften und Privilegien zu berauben, aus dem Schutz und Schirm des Reichs zu verſtoßen, und aus dem Frieden in den Unfrieden zu verſetzen; auch ſoll ſein unglückſeliger Leib jedermänniglich preis gegeben ſein, ſo daß an ihm niemand freveln, oder ſich vergreifen möge." Da durch dies Urtheil alles Beſitzthum des Geächteten herrenlos wurde, ſo hing es von dem Kaiſer ab, darüber zu ſchalten, und er benutzte dieſe Befugniß, indem er die Eroberung theils mit ſeinen Erblanden vereinigte, theils an ſeine Bundesgenoſſen und an die treuen Diener ſeines Hauſes verſchenkte. So erlangte Donauwörth die verlorne Reichsunmittelbarkeit, und der Kurfürſt von der Pfalz die verlorne alte pfälziſche Kur ſammt der obern Pfalz wieder. Der Herzog von Marlborough erhielt die Herrſchaft Mindelheim, die Stadt Nürnberg, die feſten Schlöſſer Rothenberg und Hartenſtein, der Herzog von Würtemberg Wieſenſtaig und das Hochſtift Augsburg, Schwabeck, Schwangau und den Lechrain. Dem Grafen von Lamberg ward die Grafſchaft Leuchtenberg gegeben, dem Grafen von Sinzendorf, die Grafſchaft Hals, dem Grafen von Schönborn Dietfurth und Riedenburg, dem Grafen von Löwenſtein Mauerkirchen ſammt dem burghauſiſchen Kaſtenamte, dem Grafen von Traun die Stadt Abensperg, mit ihrem Gerichte. Verſchiedene andere Parzellen erlangten andere Stände und Herren. Die Stadt Braunau aber ſammt dem ganzen Gerichte, Schärding, Altenheim und Ried, mit ihren Gerichten und Kaſtenämtern trennte der Kaiſer von Baiern und vereinigte ſie mit dem Lande ob der Ens. Ueber die noch übrig gebliebenen Trümmer des Ganzen ſollte der Friede entſcheiden. Mit tiefem Schmerze ſahen die baieriſchen Patrioten dieſe Zerſplitterung des geliebten Vaterlandes. Flehend ſuchte die Kurfürſtin vor dem kaiſerlichen Throne die Rechte ihrer ſchuldloſen Kinder auf das altväterliche Erbe geltend zu machen. Auch die Landſchaft erwies in triftigen Vorſtellungen, es werde hier nicht nach den Ordnungen des Reichs und den Geſetzen verfahren. Aber ſelten haben Eroberer ein Ohr für die um Gerechtigkeit flehende Stimme der Ueberwundenen.

Während ſich dies alles in Baiern begab, war der Kurfürſt ferne von dem bedrückten, zertrümmerten Lande, und er, der einſt ſo glücklich in dem ſtolzen Traume geweſen war, mehrere Kronen auf ſeinem Haupte vereinigt zu ſehen, hatte nun nicht, wo er ſein Haupt hinlegte. Nach dem unglücklichen Tage bei Höchſtädt ſtand für ihn, auf dem Wege der Unterhandlung, bei den Verbündeten nichts mehr zu erwarten; ſein ganzes Heil lag nun in der Treue des franzöſiſchen Hofes, und in einem neuen Umſchwunge des Waffenglücks. Während er — ſeinen feſten Sinn und ſein ſtolzes Streben nie verläugnend — dem letztern, in den Niederlanden, wo er nun ſeine Statthalterſchaft wieder angetreten, entgegen ſah, und er als Oberbefehlshaber der in jenen Gegenden ſtehenden Kriegsmacht ſich ſelbſt wieder ein beſſeres Schickſal zu erkämpfen hoffte, hörte zwar Ludwig XIV. nicht auf, ſeine Standhaftigkeit und ſeine Großmuth in hohen Phraſen zu preiſen, und ihm zu betheuern, daß ſeine Sache von der von Frankreich nie getrennt werden ſollte. Aber nur zu bald wurde er inne, wie leicht die Menſchen die frühern Verdienſte der Unglücklichen vergeſſen, und wie ſchnöde die Politik diejenigen vernachläſſigt, deren Freundſchaft ihr keinen Vortheil mehr verheißt. Durch eine ſo lange Gewohnheit war ihm ein unermeßlicher Aufwand zum Bedürfniß geworden; und nun hatte er weder Geld noch Credit. Unaufhörlich drangen ſeine Geſchäftsleute in Paris auf Unterſtützungen; aber bald wurden ſie mit Hohn abgewieſen, bald mit Summen abgefertigt, die wegen ihrer Geringfügigkeit oft beleidigender waren, als eine abſchlägige Antwort. Wiederholt forderte er, daß man ihm, wie die Verträge es wollten, endlich die Souverainetät über die Niederlande abtreten möchte; aber auch damit bewirkte er nichts, als eitle Vertröſtungen. Oft ward ſein reizbares Gemüth durch den Stolz, oft durch die Treuloſigkeit der Franzoſen tief gekränkt. Erſchien er ſelbſt an Ludwigs Hofe, um durch ſeinen Anblick an die Opfer zu erinnern, die er dem franzöſiſchen Intereſſe gebracht, ſo übertäubte man ihn mit Zerſtreuungen, Jagden und Feſten, auf daß der Zweck ſeiner Ankunft nicht zur Sprache kommen könnte, verweigerte ihm dabei die Auszeichnungen, die ſein Ehrgeiz zu fordern ſich berechtigt hielt, und ließ ihn oft auf eine recht demüthigende Weiſe fühlen, wie bald der Unglückliche in den Kreiſen der Glücklichen überläſſig wird. Die Ereigniſſe des Krieges gaben ihm auch keine Hoffnung mehr zur Verbeſſerung ſeines Schickſals. Denn ſeit dem Tage bei Höchſtädt blieb das Glück von den Fahnen der Franzoſen ferne; es trafen die Kriegsmacht des Königs Schläge, die wohl einen Regenten von unerſchütterlichem Sinne in Verzweiflung ſtürzen konnten; namentlich ging in den Niederlanden eine Feſtung nach der andern verloren, es wurde von den Verbündeten eine Schlacht nach der andern gewonnen, ſo daß es ſchien, es dürfte dem Kurfürſten von ſeiner Statthalterſchaft bald ſo wenig übrig bleiben, als ihm von ſeinen Erbſtaaten übrig geblieben war. Er hatte endlich nur noch das Herzogthum Luxenburg und die Grafſchaft Namur, dann die Feſtungen Charleroi und Nieuport inne, als der König Philipp von Spanien ſeinen ſo oft wiederholten Wunſch erfüllte, und die geſammten Niederlande, mit allen Regierungsrechten an ihn abtrat. Ob nun gleich dieſe Abtretung nur zum kleinſten Theile realiſirt werden konnte, ſo hatte ſie doch ihren Werth, weil der Kurfürſt dadurch die Möglichkeit erlangte, ſeiner Zeit gegen die Zurückgabe ſeiner alten Lande einen Erſatz darzubieten.

Der Tod des Kaiſers Joſeph I. und das durch Marlborough's Sturz bewirkte veränderte Syſtem am engliſchen Hofe retteten Frankreich aus ſeinen Verlegenheiten. Es verſöhnte ſich in dem Vertrage von Utrecht mit ſeinen Feinden; nur Oeſterreich ſah noch nicht erfüllt, was es hoffen zu dürfen glaubte. Aber bald ließ Villars ſeine Heere fühlen, daß nun die Ueberlegenheit wieder auf franzöſiſcher Seite ſei, und ſo reichte man endlich auch die Hand zum Frieden dar. Erſt wurden die Präliminarien zu Raſtadt (6. März 1714) und dann der definitive Tractat zu Baden (7. September 1714) unterzeichnet, und darin ausdrücklich verſehen, daß die beiden Kurfürſten von Baiern und Köln wieder in alle ihre Länder, Regalien, Rechte und Würden, wie ſie ſolche vor dem Kriege inne gehabt, eingeſetzt werden ſollten. Damit war das kurze Glück vorüber, deſſen ſich diejenigen erfreuten, die der Kaiſer durch die baieriſche Beute bereichert hatte, und Alle räumten eiligſt den zum Theil recht verderblich benutzten Beſitz; der Kurfürſt aber ging wieder in ſeine Staaten zurück, nachdem er, als vogelfreier Flüchtling, zehn Jahre lang von denſelben abweſend war.

Der Anblick einer verarmten Nation und eines bis auf ſeine letzten Kräfte ausgeſogenen Landes, dann die Klagen ſo vieler verwaiſten Familien, die Trümmer ſo vieler Städte und Dörfer, der Verfall aller öffentlichen Anſtalten und die Auflöſung aller polizeilichen Ordnung konnten ihn lehren, wie gefährlich der Ruhm iſt, den die Regenten im Getümmel der Waffen und im Glanze großer Macht ſuchen. Er regierte noch etwas über eilf Jahre; aber die Zeit war zu kurz, um die Wunden zu heilen, die er ſeinem Volke durch ſeinen Ehrgeiz geſchlagen hatte. Er konnte mit ſeiner Geiſteskraft der Segen dieſes Volkes werden; aber, indem er von ſeiner eigentlichen Beſtimmung abirrte, ward er demſelben zum Fluche!

Peter Simon Pallas,

geb. im Jahre 1741 zu Berlin, Sohn eines Arztes, widmete ſich beſonders dem Studium der Naturwiſſenſchaften und folgte 1768 dem Rufe der Kaiſerin Katharina als Mitglied der Akademie nach Petersburg. Hier wurde er ruſſiſcher Staatsrath, Hiſtoriograph des Admiralitätscollegiums, machte als ſolcher große Reiſen durch Rußland, welche vorzugsweiſe für die Botanik wichtig ſind, und erhielt dafür 1796 mehrere Krongüter in Taurien zum Geſchenk.

Er lebte nun zu Sympheropol, kehrte aber nach dem Ableben ſeiner Gattin in ſeine Geburtsſtadt zurück und ſtarb daſelbſt am 8. September 1811.

Er ſchrieb:

- **Reiſe durch verſchiedene Provinzen des ruſſiſchen Reiches.** Petersburg 1771—76. 3 Th. 4.
- **Neue nordiſche Beiträge zur phyſikaliſchen und geographiſchen Erd- und Völkerbeſchreibung, Naturgeſchichte und Oekonomie.** Petersburg und Leipzig 1781—96, 7 Bde.
- **Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe durch die ſüdlichen Statthalterſchaften des ruſſiſchen Reichs.** Leipzig 1799—1801, 2 Thle. 4.

Der wahre Werth von Pallas' Schriften, namentlich ſeinen Reiſebeſchreibungen, beruht auf höchſt bedeutenden naturhiſtoriſchen Forſchungen und Beobachtungen, doch zeichnen dieſelben ſich auch zu gleicher Zeit durch einen trefflichen Stil und eine ſehr glückliche Darſtellungsgabe höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Pallidor, ſ. Georg Christian Lehms.

Karl Panſe.

ward am 2. Februar 1798 zu Naumburg geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und war Hauslehrer bei Müllner. Später wurde er ſchwarzburg-ſondershauſiſcher Legationsrath, privatiſirte eine Zeitlang und erhielt dann eine Anſtellung als Profeſſor der Geſchichte am Gymnaſium zu Weimar und Redacteur der weimariſchen Zeitung.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

- **Der Sylveſterabend.** Trauerſpiel. Naumburg 1823, 8.
- **Prometheus,** oder literariſche Oppoſitionsblätter. Naumburg 1823—24, gr. 4.
- **Der Eremit in Deutſchland.** Journal. Leipzig 1825 ff.
- **Bibliothek guter alter deutſcher Luſtſpiele.** Leipzig 1826.
- **Der politiſche Kannegießer.** Luſtſpiel. Leipzig 1826.
- **Der Diener zweier Herren.** N. A. Leipzig 1827.
- **Launen meiner Muſe.** Leipzig 1827, 2 Thle. 8.
- **Geſchichte der Auswanderung der evangeliſchen Salzburger 1732.** Leipzig 1828.
- **Geſchichte des preußiſchen Staats.** Berlin 1829 bis 1830. 2 Thle.
- Einzelne Aufſätze, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in deutſchen Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Feinheit des Geiſtes, Wärme des Gefühls, Anmuth und Kraft in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, gute Charakterzeichnung und lebendige Darſtellung ſind dieſem talentvollen Dichter eigen, der ſich auch in der dramatiſchen Poeſie nicht ohne Erfolg verſuchte. Noch glücklicher war er jedoch in ſeinen Leiſtungen als Hiſtoriker; ſeine Geſchichte des preußiſchen Staates fand überall die rühmlichſte Anerkennung, und ſeine Geſchichte der Auswanderung der evangeliſchen Salzburger muß um ſo mehr als eine der vortrefflichſten Arbeiten in dieſer Gattung betrachtet werden, als der Verfaſſer in derſelben zugleich mit dem Scharfſinn und der feinen Beobachtungsgabe des wahren Forſchers die reiche Wärme eines für die leidende Menſchheit innig fühlenden Gemüthes verband und auf dieſe Weiſe eine eben ſo treffliche als zuverläſſige und lebendige Darſtellung lieferte.

Ueber die Entwickelung des Sophokleiſchen Philoktet.

Offenes Miſſiv an einen jungen Gelehrten.

Von Karl Panſe.

Geſtehen Sie, mein junger Freund, Sie wollen nicht daran glauben! Einen Dichter, wie Sophokles, den Jahrhunderte als Muſter bewundert, gegen den Sie von dem Augenblick an, wo Ihre Lippe die erſten griechiſchen Laute lallen lernte, Verehrung eingeſogen, von dem Sie, wie von dem Bilde einer heiligen Ueberlieferung, jede Befaſſung des Zweifels abgewehrt haben, einen ſolchen Mann eines Fehlers zeihen, den ſelbſt unſere Stümper zu vermeiden ſuchen, das verletzt Ihr Gefühl, das iſt Ihnen ein Eingriff in die Rechte der Pietät. Und doch hat Sophokles in ſeinem Philoktet, wie man ſagt, den Fehler begangen, und doch hat er, um dem Spiel ein Ende zu machen, einen Deus ex machina herauf oder vielmehr herunter beſchworen und damit ſelbſt in Abſicht auf dramatiſche Entwicklung Geſetze übertreten, welche Ariſtoteles beſonders mit aus den Meiſterwerken dieſes Dichters abſtrahirt hat. Freilich iſt es etwas befremdend, daß eben der Ariſtoteles, der zum Beſten der Kunſt die Mißgriffe großer und kleiner Dichter ſchonungslos aufdeckt, kein Wort von jener fehlerhaften Entwicklung erwähnt, da wo er die beſte Gelegenheit dazu hat; aber muß denn ein Schriftſteller den ganzen Apparat ſeiner Beiſpiele aufſtellen, und muß er es auch dann, wenn ſeine Behauptung keines Belegs bedarf? Daß er deſſen nicht bedurfte, zeigt die Fabel (Handlung) des Stücks.

Zehn Jahre hatten die Griechen Troja vergebens belagert, als ihnen ein gefangener Sohn des Priamos, Helenos, verkündigte, daß ſie ihren Zweck nur mit den Pfeilen des Herakles und dem Sohne des Achilleus erreichen würden. Es gelang, den Jüngling Neoptolemos, Sohn des Achilleus, herbeizuſchaffen; jenes Geſchoß aber befand ſich in den Händen eines theſſaliſchen Fürſten, Philoktet, der es von Herakles ſelbſt in dem Augenblick zum Geſchenk erhalten hatte, als dieſer auf dem Oeta ſich verbrannte, und eben dieſen Philoktet hatten die Achäer auf ihrer Fahrt gen Troja grauſam genug auf der wüſten Inſel Lemnos ausgeſetzt, weil er an der Wirkung eines Schlangenbiſſes, als Strafe einer beleidigten Göttin, an einer eiternden Wunde litt, die einen unerträglichen Geruch verbreitete und ihm faſt ununterbrochen, ſelbſt während der Opfer, den Schrei des Schmerzes entlockte. Dieſen Unglücklichen, ſo treulos behandelten Mann oder wenigſtens ſein Geſchoß nach Troja zu bringen, war die Aufgabe, und derſelbe Odyſſeus, von dem die Verrätherei an ihm ausgegangen war, entſchloß ſich in Begleitung des jungen Neoptolemos zur Ausführung.

Der Moment, wo ſie auf Lemnos landen, iſt der Anfang des Stückes, und wir werden in alle Umſtände eingeweiht, die wir zu wiſſen nöthig haben, um die Handlung zu verſtehen und uns dafür zu intereſſiren. Odyſſeus, der den Haß Philoktets kennt und wohl weiß, daß er dem Geſchoß deſſelben nicht entrinnen würde, überredet den Jüngling zu einer Liſt; Neoptolemos ſolle vorgeben, man habe ihn mit vielen Bitten zur Fahrt nach Troja bewogen und ihm dennoch die Waffen ſeines Vaters Achilleus nicht herausgegeben, deshalb ſchiffe er in ſeine Heimath zurück; gleicher Haß gegen Odyſſeus werde bald ein Verſtändniß zwiſchen ihnen herbeiführen. Er ſelber, Odyſſeus, werde ſich entfernen, um nicht geſehen zu werden, und dann, wenn er aus dem Geſpräch den rechten Zeitpunkt bemerke, den als Kaufmann verkleideten Späher ſenden, um dem Neoptolemos Gelegenheit zu geben, aus der ſcheinbar ganz unbefangenen Erzählung des Mannes Vortheil bei der Einwirkung auf den Entſchluß Philoktets zu ziehen. Es bedarf kaum der Bemerkung, daß der Inhalt dieſer Erzählung von Odyſſeus ſelbſt eingegeben iſt und die Bewegung der Handlung beſchleunigt. Der Unglückliche geht in die Falle. Voll Vertrauen überreicht er dem Jünglinge den Bogen, den Gegenſtand ſcheinbar unſchuldiger Neugier, und tritt mit ihm noch einmal in die Höhle zurück, um nachzuſehen, daß vom Geſchoß nichts vergeſſen ſei. Durch dieſe Anſtrengung wird, als ſie wieder herauskommen, der Schmerz der Wunde in ſo furchtbarem Grade aufgeweckt, daß Philoktet gleich darauf in Schlummer ähnliche Betäubung fällt. Während dieſer Augenblicke, wo er hilflos in die Gewalt des Andern gegeben iſt, ſchwebt er in Gefahr, das letzte, was er beſeſſen und was ihm das Leben erhalten hat, ſein Geſchoß, durch die Flucht Neoptolems zu verlieren. Aber der Jüngling, der ſich erinnert, daß der Bogen allein nichts helfe, fängt an zu ſchwanken; er entdeckt dem Unglücklichen nach der Rückkehr ſeines Bewußtſeins, daß er ihn hintergangen habe, daß er ihn nicht in die Heimath, ſondern nach Troja führen müſſe; doch im rechten Momente tritt Odyſſeus hervor, um für ſich und die Achäer etwas Schlimmeres zu verhüten: die Rückgabe des Bogens. Da den betrogenen Fürſten keine Worte zu einer freiwilligen Begleitung nach Troja bewegen, „denn mein Haupt blutſpritzend ſoll es eh'r von Fels zu Felſen ſtürzen“, ſo läßt ihn Odyſſeus feſſeln, um ihn mit Gewalt an Bord zu bringen, beſinnt ſich jedoch bald eines Andern, entledigt ihn ſeiner Banden wieder und geht mit Achilleus' Sohne nach den Schiffen. Aber gepeinigt von dem Bewußtſein einer ſchlechten That, kehrt Neoptolemos um und giebt dem Verlaſſenen die Pfeile zurück. Odyſſeus ſieht ſeinen ganzen Plan vernichtet, Ueberredung und Verſprechung haben nicht gefruchtet, Gewalt iſt nicht mehr anzuwenden, denn Philoktet iſt wieder im Beſitz der ſicher treffenden, tödtenden Pfeile. So geht er, verfolgt von dem Vorwurf der Feigheit, den ihm der zornige Theſſalier nachruft. Noch einmal verſucht indeß Neoptolemos, den Widerwillen Philoktets gegen die Achäer zu erſchüttern, er verſpricht ihm Ruhm und Heilung, aber der Haß des kranken Fürſten, ſeine Zweifel ſind nicht mehr zu überwinden: „Wie, wenn du ſelbſt mich den Feinden überliefertest? Die Atriden verſtießen mich, — mit meinem Willen werd' ich Troja niemals ſehen.“ Im Gegentheil fordert er den Jüngling auf, ſein Verſprechen zu erfüllen und ihn in die Heimath zu führen; Neoptolemos willigt ein. Was ſoll aus den Griechen bei Troja und aus der Verkündigung des Helenos, was aus der Tragödie werden, die offenbar auf ein anderes Ende angelegt iſt? Um dem Laufe der Ereigniſſe, welche mit dem Dichter durchzugehen ſcheinen, die gewünſchte Richtung zu geben, kommt der Gott ſelber, Herakles, aus der Höhe: „Herakles' Stimme tönt dir in's Ohr, ſein Bild iſt's, das dir erſcheint. Geh' mit dieſem Jünglinge nach Troja, dort wirſt du von deiner Krankheit geheilt werden, der Erſte des Heeres an Tapferkeit, die Burg Priamos' ſtürzen und der Beute Beſtes nach Hauſe ſchicken. Asklepios ſend' ich nach Ilion, um dein Weh' zu ſtillen.“ Philoktet iſt nach dieſen Worten wie verwandelt, er verſpricht ſogleich Gehorſam, nimmt Abſchied von dem Orte ſeiner Leiden und ſchifft ſich nach Troja ein.

Wenn Sie, mein junger Freund, ein wenig darauf aufmerkſam geweſen ſind, wie ich die Fabel erzählt, warum ich dieſe Stelle angezogen oder jene, warum ich ſo viele Schönheiten und feine Züge gleichſam am Wege habe liegen laſſen; ſo werden Sie leicht bemerken, daß ich damit auf einen gewiſſen Zweck hinaus will. Daß es kein anderer ſein könne, als Ihnen den Deus ex machina in ſeiner nackten Geſtalt zu zeigen, werden Sie — errathen; aber ich wollte eigentlich noch mehr, ich wollte Ihnen damit andeuten, daß der Dichter zu dieſem Auskunftsmittel greifen mußte, denn was in aller Welt hätte denn aus der Sache werden ſollen? Schlagen ſie die Ausgabe von Hermann auf. „Nach der Rückgabe des Bogens an Philoktet — ſagt dieſer Gelehrte in der Einleitung, und ich ziehe ſeine Worte etwas zuſammen — was hätte der Dichter noch erfinden können? Neoptolemos nach Troja zurückſchicken, Philoktet aber auf Lemnos laſſen — wäre auf einer Seite eine Wortbrüchigkeit, auf der andern ein ſehr unpaſſender Ausgang geweſen, wenn die ganze Expedition umſonſt wäre unternommen worden, abgeſehen, daß es der Geſchichte widerſtreitet. Oder ſollte Philoktet den Mahnungen Neoptolems endlich nachgeben? Aber ob der Dichter gleich bei dieſer Gelegenheit die Macht ſeiner Beredſamkeit hätte entwickeln können, ſo fühlte er doch, glaub' ich, daß er ſchwerlich vermocht hätte, beſonders nach ſolchen Täuſchungen, dem Neoptolemos ſo gewichtige Beweisgründe in den Mund zu legen, daß ſie den Haß Philoktets gegen die Atriden ſelbſt bis zur Bereitwilligkeit zu Dienſten für ſie hätten überwinden können. Hätte dieſer Unglückliche es gethan, ſo würden wir von ſeinem Wankelmuth eben ſo abgeſtoßen worden ſein, wie durch den unwahrſcheinlichen Ausgang der Fabel. Unter dieſen Umſtänden glaubte Sophokles den Weg einſchlagen zu müſſen, daß weder an Neoptolemos irgend ein Fleck haften bliebe, noch Philoktet aus ſeinem Charakter fiele, die hiſtoriſche Treue aber gerettet würde. Daher iſt Neoptolemos bereit, den Philoktet in ſein Vaterland zurückzuführen, aber in dem Augenblick erſcheint Herakles vom Himmel und befiehlt Beiden, zu thun, was vom Geſchick beſchloſſen ſei.“ Das iſt die Meinung Hermanns, und Schneider iſt deſſelben Glaubens, nur daß er hinzuſetzt: „weil die Charaktere ſelbſt es nöthig machen, löſt ein Gott den Knoten.“ Mich dünkt aber, daß es ziemlich gleichgültig ſei, welcher Deus ex machina ihn löſe und warum er ihn löſe, wenn ihn nur überhaupt einer löſt. Bleibt ein Feldherr darum weniger geſchlagen, weil man uns ſagt, wie es zugegangen ſei? Iſt ein Fehler darum beſeitigt, weil er erklärt wird, und iſt er erklärt, wenn man ihn entſchuldigt? Daß man doch über Nebenſachen immer die Hauptſache vergißt! In einem poetiſchen Werke dieſer Art kann aber nichts mehr Hauptſache ſein, als die Fabel, in dieſer kleinen künſtlichen Schöpfung, wie in der großen natürlichen, zunächſt nichts mehr, als ihr Bau und ſeine Elemente; darin vor allem wollen die Bretter die Welt bedeuten. Wenn in der Natur dem Menſchen die Geſetze ihres Daſeins, die oft zarten Faden von Urſach' und Wirkung und ihre Abſicht verſchwinden, ſo will er ſie wenigſtens in der Kunſt entdecken, hier wenigſtens will er den Werkmeiſter belauſchen, wie er die Räder zuſammenſetzt und eins durch das andere bewegen läßt, hier wenigſtens will er ſeine Wißbegier, ſeinen Stolz, ſeinen Drang nach jenem unausſprechlichen Vergnügen befriedigt wiſſen, das er empfindet, wenn er in den Erſcheinungen zugleich die Nothwendigkeit ihrer Ordnung, die Gründe ihres Urſprungs und Zuſammenhanges wahrnimmt, kurz den Widerſpruch zwiſchen ſeinem geheimnißvollen, geiſtigen Bedürfniſſe und den Stoffen ausgeſöhnt ſieht. Sowie aber der tragiſche Dichter den Anfang, die Mitte und das Ende ſeiner Schöpfung durch ein, aus der Handlung nicht nothwendig hervorgehendes Ereigniß zerreißt, ſo zerſtört er nicht allein jenes Vergnügen, er macht ſich auch die Erreichung ſeines beſondern Zwecks, die Reinigung der Leidenſchaften, unmöglich. Und wenn das iſt, wenn er uns in das Haus zieht, wo er den Vorhang vor ſeiner Schöpfung aufrollen läßt, ohne ſeiner Aufgabe gewachſen zu ſein, ſo werden weder Erklärungen, noch Entſchuldigungen uns für den Verluſt unſeres Genuſſes entſchädigen.

Denn was man geſchichtliche Treue einer dramatiſchen Dichtung nennt, das iſt zu allen Zeiten von Männern, die das wahre Weſen der Poeſie erkannt haben, ſehr gering angeſchlagen worden. Ich will gern zugeben, daß eine hiſtoriſche Unterlage das Intereſſe für den Stoff erhöht, auch will ich glauben, daß die Griechen eine allgemeine Kenntniß der Ereigniſſe des trojaniſchen Krieges beſaßen, um dieſes Intereſſe zu haben; aber ſie war doch unſtreitig durch die Poeſie, nicht durch die Geſchichtſchreiber verbreitet, der Boden wankte unter den Füßen des Dramatikers, und eine einzige öffentliche Stimme der Kritik, wenn ſie ſich erhoben hätte oder hätte erheben wollen, wäre hinreichend geweſen, den ganzen Vortheil zweifelhaft zu machen, den er aus der Anwendung des geſchichtlichen Gegenſtandes zu ziehen gewähnt hatte. Doch auch geſetzt, ſie hätte ſich hier nicht erheben können, dieſe Stimme, es wäre faſt alles hiſtoriſch, was dem Philoktet begegnet — und wer unterſuchte, was es nicht war? — ſo gab es doch darin eine einleuchtende Ausnahme, und ſonderbar! an dieſe Ausnahme hat Sophokles in ſeiner Tragödie das ganze Gewicht der Entwicklung gehängt. Oder meint man, daß der Dichter die ſichtbare Erſcheinung eines Gottes für hiſtoriſch gehalten habe? Wenn er es nicht that und dieſes Ereigniß für das nahm, was es war, eine Sage, ſo war er um ſo weniger daran gebunden, da ihn der Gebrauch in der Weiſe, wie er ihn davon machte, zu einer Verletzung der erſten tragiſchen Regeln verleiten mußte.

Aber auch den Einwand zugegeben, daß in dieſem Falle die Sage eben ſo viel bedeutete, als die Geſchichte ſelbſt, wenn nur die Zuhörer daran glaubten: ſo kenn ich keine Regel die den Dramatiker veranlaſſen könnte, Geſchichte zu ſchreiben, wie ſie iſt. Er gebraucht eine hiſtoriſche Thatſache, wie der Bildhauer einen Block von Carrara; ihm iſt nicht das Geſetz der gemeinen Wirklichkeit, ſondern nur der Wahrſcheinlichkeit und der dramatiſchen Nothwendigkeit vorgeſchrieben, und dieſe dramatiſche Nothwendigkeit ſchließt für die Entwicklung jeden Zufall d. h. jedes nicht aus dem cauſalen Zuſammenhange des Ganzen entſpringende Ereigniß aus. Denn was Ariſtoteles an einer andern Stelle, die man dagegen anführen könnte, von unerwarteten Zufällen ſagt, welche das Intereſſe in der Tragödie ſteigern; ſo meint er darunter keine ſolchen, die auf eine gewöhnliche Ueberraſchung abzielen, ſondern ſolche, welche wohl den handelnden Perſonen, nicht aber den Zuſchauern unverhofft kommen und den Lauf der Dinge, wie jene ihn erwartet hatten, verändern. Auf dieſem Umſtande beruht beſonders die große Wirkung der Tragödie, denn giebt es irgend etwas, was uns Mitleid, Furcht, Schrecken, Hoffnung, Freude einflößen kann, ſo iſt es das! Hier iſt von keiner plumpen Zerhauung des Knotens die Rede und von keinem kindiſchen Puppenſpiel, das man endet, wenn es nicht weiter will; es iſt die tiefſte Berechnung des Meiſters, durch Vermeidung jeder unmotivirten Störung der Entwicklung die Beeinträchtigung jenes Zweckes zu verhüten. Das wußte Sophokles mehr, als irgend einer, ohne bei Aeſchylos Vorleſungen über die dramatiſche Kunſt gehört oder eines Stagiriten bedurft zu haben; er wußte wohl — und ich getraute mir, es zu beweiſen — daß er mit der Erſcheinung des Herakles in der letzten Scene des Philoktet ſeinen ganzen, ſchönen Plan zerriß, daß er aus dieſem unglücklichen Fürſten in dem Kampfe mit dem entſetzlichen Geſchick durch ein ſolche Wendung eine Marionette machte, die einen widerlichen Eindruck hervorbringt; daß er den Odyſſeus anlaufen ließ, ohne Rückſicht darauf, wie ſehr unſere Achtung vor den geiſtigen Fähigkeiten deſſelben fallen, und wie gering unſere Vorſtellung von der Klugheit der Götter werden mußte, die einen Dummkopf zur Ausführung ihrer Abſichten wählten; daß er unhiſtoriſch wurde, indem er der Geſchichte zu treu war; daß wir nicht begreifen können, warum Herakles, wenn er ſich einmal ſo warm für das Schickſal ſeines Freundes und der Achäer vor Troja intereſſirt.

zehn Jahre lang dieſen Freund und dieſe Achäer ſich umſonſt quälen laſſe, da die Erhörung beider bei ſo geſtalteten Umſtänden nicht mehr allein von der Kenntniß des Götterwillens (durch Helenos), ſondern von dem Götterwillen unmittelbar abhängt: alles das wußte der Dichter, und was wußte er nicht noch mehr! Und doch bedachte er ſich nicht, ſeinem Kunſtwerke eine ſolche Auflöſung zu geben!

Wie man alſo auch die Sache betrachten mag, mein junger Freund, die fehlerhafte, aller künſtleriſchen Abſicht widerſtrebende Entwicklung im Philoktet iſt nicht nur nicht wegzuerklären, Sophokles findet auch weder in der Benutzung eines hiſtoriſchen Stoffes, noch in irgend einer Unkenntniß Entſchuldigung. Möglich, daß er einen ſolchen Mißgriff auf ſeinen Ruhm hin wagte, daß er ſich in den Kopf geſetzt hatte, gerade dieſen Stoff, vielleicht nur zu einer Probe mit dem tragiſchen Eindruck eines phyſiſchen Schmerzes, für eine dramatiſche Bearbeitung zu wählen, daß er alle andern Rückſichten aus den Augen ließ und die Fabel nahm, wie er ſie fand, zufrieden, die Treue der Charaktere gerettet zu haben. Das Genie hat ſeine Capricen, und dann fragt es viel nach ſchulmeiſterlichen Regeln! Aber abgeſehen, daß es mit dieſer Treue, wie ich eben bemerkt habe, nicht ſonderlich ſteht und daß es der (alten) Tragödie für ihren Zweck bei weitem weniger darum zu thun iſt, Charaktere, als eine Handlung darzuſtellen, hat das wahre Genie auch nie ſeine Capricen auf Koſten ſeiner Kunſt, am wenigſten, wenn es ſeine letzte Abſicht verfehlt und es leicht iſt, dieſe Verfehlung zu vermeiden. Geſetzt, Sophokles hätte dem Philoktet, ganz demſelben Philoktet, wie er war, ohne an ſeinem Charakter auch nur einen Zug zu ändern, den Entſchluß eingegeben, ſeine Rache dadurch zu befriedigen, daß er unter den Achäern erſchiene, die ihn ſo verächtlich behandelt hatten und doch nun geſtehen mußten, daß ſie ihn nicht entbehren konnten; ſollte dieſe Genugthuung einem griechiſchen Helden nicht angemeſſen ſein, zumal da er ſie nicht auf Koſten des Nationalintereſſes ſich verſchaffte? Neoptolemos hatte ihm das Geſchoß zurückgegeben; jetzt, nicht früher, war es ſeiner würdig, für die Fahrt nach Troja ſich zu entſcheiden, er that es nicht gezwungen, nicht, um feig ein Leben zu verlängern, das ſeinen Gehalt verloren hatte, frei war er wieder, und aus freiem Entſchluß ging ſeine Handlung hervor, die mit dem Willen der Götter übereinſtimmte. Dieſer Ausweg, der ſo nahe lag, der dem griechiſchen Stolze ſo geſchmeichelt hatte, und dem dramatiſchen Zwecke ſo günſtig geweſen wäre: man kann ſich ſchwer überreden, daß ihn Sophokles nicht geſehen haben ſollte. Denn in der Regel muß man annehmen, daß der Dichter um einige Grade geſcheidter iſt, als ſeine Ausleger.

Es gab jedoch einen zweiten, auf dem, wie es ſcheint, eben ſo wenig von den Schönheiten des Stückes hätte geopfert werden müſſen, wie auf dem erſten. Hier iſt er. Neoptolemos hatte gegen alle Erwartung des Odyſſeus dem Philoktet die Pfeile wieder zugeſtellt: was nun thun? Der Dichter brauchte zu den Zügen des Odyſſeus nur noch einen hinzuzufügen: verſtellte Reue; er brauchte ihn nur ſeine Zuflucht zu der Liſt nehmen zu laſſen, dem Philoktet zuzugeſtehen, daß die Achäer ihm Unrecht gethan hätten, daß ſie dafür durch die Fruchtloſigkeit zehnjähriger Anſtrengungen beſtraft worden, daß er von ihnen geſendet wäre, um mit dieſer Erklärung ihm die Unbill gleichſam abzubitten; — ſollte es nicht in dem Charakter Philoktets, in ſeinem ganzen, von der Pein der Krankheit angegriffenen Weſen liegen, ihm Glauben zu ſchenken und ſich nach ſolcher Genugthuung zu etwas zu entſchließen, wozu er ſich ſchon vor zehn Jahren entſchloſſen hat? Dem Odyſſeus aber war jedes Mittel recht, wenn es nur zum Ziele führte. Ob einige Anſtalten in der Oekonomie des Stücks getroffen, um dieſen Ausgang vorzubereiten, ob einige leichte Wendungen im Laufe der Handlung gemacht, um die Wahrſcheinlichkeit zu erhöhen, ob einige Pinſelſtriche hinzugefügt werden mußten, um die Charaktere für dieſen Zweck zu markiren — dies und ähnliches zu bedenken zu geben, würde bei Sophokles nicht nöthig geweſen ſein, wenn er nur überhaupt gewollt hätte.

Aber der Dichter hatte noch einen dritten Weg. Geſetzt, man brächte dem Unglücklichen, da am Ende kein Mittel anſchlägt, ihn zur Mitfahrt nach Troja zu bewegen, die beglaubigte Verſicherung, daß er dort von ſeinen Leiden würde geheilt werden; — ſind dieſe Leiden nicht ſtark genug, um der Befreiung willen etwas von ſeinem Haſſe zu opfern? Das Philoktet — —

Doch, mein junger Freund, jetzt bin ich an dem Punkte angekommen, wohin ich gewollt habe; Sie müſſen aber das Ziel von einer andern Seite her betrachten, wenn Sie es deutlich dafür erkennen wollen. Laſſen Sie uns noch einen kurzen Umweg einſchlagen.

Die Triebfedern, welche auch den Fürſten Philoktet bewogen hatten, ſich dem Zuge nach Troja anzuſchließen, waren Nationalintereſſe, Ruhm und Beute. Von der Theilnahme an der allgemeinen Sache ſtießen ihn ſeine Gefährten weg, indem ſie ihn ausſetzten; Ruhm und Beute, auch anderswo, als vor Ilion zu finden, war ſogar mit dem Herakleiſchen Geſchoß eine eitle Hoffnung, da es in ſeinem Zuſtande begreiflich nur zur nothdürftigſten Vertheidigung, nicht zum Angriff dienen konnte. Die Heilung war alſo die nothwendigſte Bedingung, und wo konnte er dieſe Heilung, wo die Pflege, die vielleicht dahin führte, eher und ſicherer zu finden hoffen, als in der Heimath? Und wie wahr tritt der Ehrgeiz, der dem Helden eigen iſt, in ſeinen unausſprechlichen, übermenſchlichen Leiden vor dem Gefühle des Heimwehs zurück, wie laut iſt die Befreiung von ſeinem Uebel der letzte Zweck ſeines Lebens, wie füllt ſie den ganzen Umfang ſeiner Wünſche aus! Daher klammert ſich der verlaſſene, von allen menſchlichen Weſen weggeſtoßene Fürſt ſo warm an die erſte Hoffnung, die ihm nach zehn Jahren geboten wird, daher in dem argwohniſch gemachten Herzen das ſchnelle Vertrauen zu dem Jünglinge, der rührende Erguß ſeiner Bitte! „Bei deinem Vater, bei deiner Mutter, bei allem, was dir in der Heimath theuer iſt, beſchwör' ich dich, laß mich in ſolchen Qualen nicht allein zurück! Entſchließe dich, nimm mich mit, wirf mich hin, wohin du willſt, in den unterſten Raum, an das Steuer, an den Vordertheil des Schiffes, wo ich die Mannſchaft am wenigſten quäle. Sieh, zu den Füßen fleh' ich dich an, verlaß mich nicht ſo ſchrecklich einſam!“ Und als ſich's offenbart, daß er hintergangen iſt: was ſoll er im Lager der Achäer vor Troja? Es widerſteht ihm, die Verräther zu ſehen, ſelbſt dann noch, als er die Pfeile von Neoptolemos wieder erhalten und die freie Wahl hat, zu folgen oder nicht zu folgen; doch nicht ſowohl des Vergangenen wegen widerſteht es ihm, als der Furcht willen, in einem ſolchen Zuſtande noch mehr Schmach von ihnen erdulden zu müſſen, der Scham wegen, vor ſeinen Gegnern in einer ſolchen Geſtalt ſich zu zeigen. Was wird er thun, wenn ihm Hoffnung gemacht iſt, dieſer Furcht und dieſer Scham durch ſeine Geneſung ledig zu werden? Wird die Stimme des Ehrgeizes ſchweigen, wenn die Bedingung gegeben iſt, ihn zu befriedigen, oder wird der Grieche, wie ein ſentimentaler Bühnenheld des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, auch dann noch erſt nach dem Hauſe verlangen, wo er jung geworden iſt? Er ſchwankt einen Augenblick, aber nur einen Augenblick, denn wer giebt ihm dieſe Hoffnung? Derſelbe Jüngling, der ſein Vertrauen ſchon einmal getäuſcht, derſelbe Odyſſeus, der ihm die Schlingen gelegt und ihn hat feſſeln laſſen. Was ſoll es, daß ſich Neoptolemos auf den gefangenen Seher beruft und ihm den Ruhm verſpricht, Troja zu ſtürzen? Wenn Philoktet auch geneigt ſein ſollte, dem Jünglinge zu glauben, was er nicht iſt, ſo glaubt er ihm doch in ſolcher Umgebung nicht, nicht für ſolchen Zweck, für ſolche Männer nicht. Um daher ſein Mißtrauen zu überwinden und die Abſicht durchzuſetzen, welche die ganze Unternehmung veranlaßt hat, bedarf es, da alle Mittel der Ueberredung erſchöpft ſind und Gewalt nicht mehr anzuwenden iſt, weil er die Pfeile wieder beſitzt, einer Verſicherung aus anderem Munde und von anderem Gewicht. Ich wüßte nicht, welche andere Beglaubigung unter ſolchen Umſtänden gegeben werden konnte, als eine göttliche, und dieſe göttliche Verheißung tönt von den Lippen ſeines Wohlthäters Herakles. „Erſt Geneſung, dann Ruhm und Beute“ iſt ihr Inhalt. Jetzt kommen keine Zweifel mehr auf, er iſt wieder, was er geweſen: Held, und ſeine Heimath ſucht er nun erſt auf dem Umwege der kriegeriſchen Ehre. Daher kein Wort mehr von irgend einem Bedenken, keine Spur mehr von einem Gefühl des Heimwehes, keine Laute mehr, als die wehmüthig frohen Laute des Abſchieds von dem Orte ſeiner Leiden und die Aeußerung des Wunſches nach einer glücklichen Ueberfahrt nach Troja. „Leb' wohl, mein Haus, mein Schutz, und ihr Quellen umher, und du mein Gebirg, du ringsumwogtes Land, lebt wohl! Gebe der Lenker des Geſchicks eine gefahrloſe Meerfahrt!“ Dieſer plötzliche Uebergang — wie unnatürlich, todt und puppenhaft wär' er, wenn in der göttlichen Erſcheinung nichts weiter läge, als das Mittel, der Verwicklung ein Ende zu machen, und das Geſtändniß des Dichters, daß er ſich nicht anders habe helfen können! Wie pſychologiſch richtig, wie ſeelenvoll und ergreifend iſt er, wenn die Verheißung, wie wir geſehen haben, nur die Erfüllung jenes tiefen, durch Noth und Leiden, Liſt und Betrug zurückgedrückten Herzenswunſches ausſpricht! Welch' verächtliches Kinderſpielzeug der Götter wäre Philoktet, wenn Herakles nichts wäre, als der Ueberbringer eines Tagebefehls; welche Ausſöhnung zwiſchen Schickſal und Menſchenwürde, da er nur der Verkündiger einer höhern Verheißung iſt!

Wenden Sie mir nicht ein, mein Freund, was Wilhelm Schlegel ſagt: Der alten Tragödie „abſoluter Anfang iſt Bewahrung der Freiheit, die Anerkennung der Nothwendigkeit ihr abſolutes Ende.“ Denn wenn Sie damit ſagen wollen, daß dieſe Grundidee der griechiſchen Tragödie aus dem Philoktet verſchwände, ſobald man annähme, daß die Erſcheinung des Herakles nur eine höhere Verbürgung ſei; ſo ſind Sie im Irrthum. In dem Helden des Stückes ſind zwei Perſonen vereinigt: eine davon iſt Werkzeug zur Beſtrafung eines Frevels (des trojaniſchen Königsſohnes); die zweite leidet ſelbſt Strafe für ein Vergehen an einer geheiligten Stätte, in beiden ſpricht ſich die (moraliſche) Weltordnung oder das Weltgrundgeſetz aus. Um ſeine Sendung, die ihm mit den Pfeilen des Herakles gegeben war, zu erfüllen und die beleidigte Ordnung an dem Beleidiger zu rächen, mußte Philoktet ſelbſt erſt mit ihr verſöhnt, die Zeit der Büßung mußte abgelaufen, die ſittliche Läuterung in der demüthigen Anerkennung jenes Grundgeſetzes mußte eingetreten ſein. Sie iſt es, und zur Sicherheit giebt ihm der göttliche Bote ſelbſt noch in ſeinen letzten Worten die Warnung mit, die Philoktet früher hätte bedenken ſollen: „Seht euch wohl vor (wenn ihr Troja erobert), daß ihr das Göttliche achtet, denn das will Zeus vor Allem, nie ſtirbt mit dem Menſchen die Götterfurcht.“ Weit entfernt alſo, daß jene Idee durch die Art, wie ich mir die Entwicklung erkläre, aus der Handlung verwiſcht würde, tritt ſie nur deſto ſchöner in der *Verſöhnung* des Schickſals hervor und bezeichnet zugleich den Unterſchied zwiſchen dieſer und andern Tragödien im engern Sinne, in welchen der Menſch dem Kampfe mit dem Geſchick unterliegt. Wie befriedigend iſt nun die Auflöſung, wie künſtleriſch ſind die Geſetze befolgt, die aus der Natur der dramatiſchen Poeſie hervorgehen, wie nothwendig gefügt iſt eins in das andere!

Aber ich gehe noch einen Schritt weiter, mein junger Freund; ich behaupte nicht nur, daß Herakles kein Deus ex machina, ſondern auch, daß der Deus ex machina kein Herakles ſei. Dieſer Gott ſoll in den Lüften erſcheinen, was man nun ſo unter Lüften verſteht, in den Wolken oder in dem Himmel, wie Sie wollen, — wo aber hat Sophokles das geſchrieben? In den Worten des Herakles ſelbſt? Eben dieſe Worte ſind es, die — man nicht hätte glauben ſollen. Ich erkläre mich.

Dieſes dramatiſche Kunſtwerk gehört unter die wenigen aus dem griechiſchen Alterthume, wo die Verwicklung auf der *Intrigue* beruht. Odyſſeus legt gleich in der erſten Scene den liſtigen Plan auseinander, Philoktet zu fangen; in einem ſchlauen Accord mit der Tugend verleitet er den biedern Jüngling Neoptolemos zu einer Täuſchung, wartet hinter der Scene den Erfolg ab und hält ſchon einen zweiten Betrug in Bereitſchaft, um den erſten zu unterſtützen: ein Kundſchafter muß ſich in einen Kaufmann verkleiden, und das Mährchen, das er erzählt, klingt recht glaubhaft, wenn man in einer Lage iſt, wie Philoktet. Ein Mann, der ſo erfinderiſch in den Mitteln und ſo wenig nachdenklich über den Werth derſelben iſt, der das ganze Glück der Unternehmung auf den Schultern trägt und wohl weiß, daß eine falſche Bewegung es abwerfen kann, — ein ſolcher Kopf iſt nicht verlegen, eine dritte Betrügerei auszuſinnen, und ſchrickt am wenigſten da vor Schwierigkeiten zurück, wo es nichts weiter gilt, als Komödie zu ſpielen. Als er daher ſieht, daß die Sache ſchief geht, daß er ſich in dem Gedanken, der Unſchuld die Ausführung eines Bubenſtückes zu übergeben, verrechnet hat, daß Gewalt nicht räthlich iſt, wo er ſie anwenden, noch weniger, wo er ſie nur mit Gefahr anwenden kann, glaubt man, daß er einen Augenblick ſich bedenke, ſelbſt einen Gott vorzuſtellen oder einen andern vorzuſchieben und hinter ihm den Souffleur zu machen, oder hält man ihn im Ernſt für fähig, mit einer Drohung das Spiel aufzugeben, wie ein Knabe, der ſich nicht mehr zu helfen weiß? Kurz, ich bin der Meinung, daß derjenige, welcher in der Gloſſe für den Schauſpieler die Ankündigung eines (poet.) wahrhaftigen Gottes gefunden hat, weder den Charakter des Odyſſeus, noch die Natur eines ſolchen Stückes, noch überhaupt die gar nicht undeutlich angedeuteten Abſichten des Dichters verſtanden habe. *Herakles iſt niemand anders, als Odyſſeus oder ſein Helfershelfer.*

Wenn das ganze Weſen dieſes Drama's und der Charakter des Odyſſeus, ja ſelbſt Philoktets, der „nie (menſchlichen) Worten folgt, noch mit Gewalt gewonnen wird,“ auf den Gebrauch eines ſolchen äußerſten Mittels hinweiſen; ſo thun es die Conſtruction des Stückes und die Worte des Pſeudo-Herkules nicht weniger. Man denke ſich in die Situation. Neoptolemos kehrt auf dem Wege nach den Schiffen um, plötzlich, ohne daß Odyſſeus den Grund weiß, um dem Betrogenen ſein Geſchoß zurückzugeben; mit dieſem Entſchluß erſcheint er wieder auf der Bühne, Odyſſeus folgt ihm, redet ihm zu, ſucht ihm Furcht vor der Rache der Achäer einzuflößen, greift ſelbſt an das Schwert, zieht ſich aber ſogleich zurück, ſobald Neoptolemos daſſelbe thut, und geht mit der Erklärung ab, daß er dem Heere dieſe Nachricht bringen werde, damit es ihn züchtige. Geht er wirklich? Nein, er kommt zurück und zwar in dem Momente, als Philoktet den Bogen wieder in Empfang nimmt. Weit kann er alſo nicht geweſen ſein, und was mag er unterdeß vorgenommen haben? Oder hat der Dichter ihn nur auf einige Augenblicke fortgeſchafft, um keine Störung in die Rückgabe der Pfeile zu bringen? Man denkt immer gering von einem Dramatiker, wie Sophokles, wenn man annimt, daß er nur ſeine Bequemlichkeit im Auge habe. Odyſſeus wendet ſich, unſtreitig nicht in der beſten Laune, nach den Schiffen, aber er beſinnt ſich, er beſchließt, noch einen Verſuch zu machen, und ruft ihnen die Proteſtation ſchon aus der Ferne zu; doch es iſt zu ſpät, das Geſchoß iſt zurückgegeben, und ihm bleibt nichts übrig, als ſo ſchnell wie möglich das Feld zu räumen, denn Philoktet legt ſchon an und wird nur von Neoptolemos zurückgehalten. Aber wie tritt er ab? Mit der Verſicherung, er werde Philoktet mit Gewalt nach Troja führen, möge Neoptolemos wollen oder nicht. So geht er und erſcheint nach der gewöhnlichen Annahme nicht wieder; er verſchwindet aus dem Spiele, mit ihm die Triebfeder des Ganzen. Kann der Dichter es wirklich ſo gemeint, ſollte er keine Abſicht mit des Odyſſeus Worten, ſeiner Ankündigung von Gewalt, verbunden haben, als die, ihn als einen leeren Bramarbas hinzuſtellen? Ich müßte mich ſehr irren, oder Sophokles hat mit der, außerdem völlig zweckloſen, Wiederkehr des Odyſſeus und ſeiner Erklärung den Zuhörer auf etwas vorbereiten wollen, was er ihm mit deutlicherem Wort nicht ſagen darf und nun nicht mehr zu ſagen braucht. Unter dieſer Gewalt, mit welcher er droht, meint Odyſſeus keine andere, als die höhere, den Befehl eines Gottes, des Herakles ſelbſt, und geht hinaus, um ihn ſogleich vorzuſtellen oder vorſtellen zu laſſen. Alles iſt günſtig: die Scene ſpielt im Freien vor einer Höhle, die in einen Hügel hineingeht; Neoptolemos iſt jung und unerfahren, Philoktet ſchon durch ſein Verhältniß zu Herakles und durch lange Leiden für den Glauben an eine göttliche Erſcheinung empfänglich gemacht, beide ſind durch die außerordentlichen Vorgänge im Innerſten aufgeregt, kein Zeuge iſt da, der durch ſkeptiſche Aeußerung die Ueberraſchung ſtören könnte, der wiederholte Verſuch Neoptolem's, Philoktet zur Fahrt nach Troja zu überreden, läßt ihm, Odyſſeus, Zeit, die ſceniſchen Anordnungen für ſeinen Herakles zu treffen. Ich wüßte nicht, was dem intriguanten Griechen näher liegen ſollte, als eine Maske. Er erſcheint als Herakles *auf der Anhöhe*: „Nicht weiter, bevor du andern Ausſpruch vernommen haſt! Du hörſt Herakles' Stimme, du erblickſt ſein Bild; deinetwegen bin ich aus den himmliſchen Höhen hernieder geſtiegen, um dir den Rathſchluß Gottes zu verkünden!“

Das mußte in einem ſolchen Momente wirken, nichts Anderes konnte es beſſer; aber hätte der wahre Herakles ſo geſprochen? Wozu erſt die feierliche Verſicherung, daß er es ſei, da Philoktet ihn nur zu wohl kannte an Geſtalt und Stimme, und die Himmliſchen ſich nicht verwandeln? *Der* Herakles, der hier erſcheint, mußte befürchten, nicht erkannt zu werden, und daher ſchickt er die Ankündigung voraus; ſtatt zu befehlen, wie es der Bote eines Götterrathes gethan hätte, überredet er, er verſpricht alles, was dem Philoktet eben wünſchenswerth war, um in den Neigungen des Unglücklichen nicht erſt einen Widerſtand überwinden zu müſſen; er wendet ſich an Neoptolem zugleich mit, da er ſie beide zugleich braucht; zum Schluß empfiehlt er Eile, nach zehn ſchrecklichen Jahren endlich Eile, weniger Philoktets, als ſeiner wegen. Der Schlaukopf, der den Genuß des Sieges wohl kennt, wenn auch der Weg dahin nicht viel taugt, und der mit dem Augenblick über den Werth der Tugend unterhandelt auf die Ausſicht hin, daß man in Zukunft ein Muſter der Rechtſchaffenheit werden könne, hört ſogleich auf, ſeine Beredtſamkeit weiter zu entfalten, ſowie er den guten Erfolg bemerkt. So zögert nicht, der Wind iſt günſtig! iſt alles, was er noch ſagt; der Zweck iſt erreicht, und dieſelbe Triebfeder, welche die Handlung in Bewegung geſetzt hat, bringt ſie auch zum Schluſſe: die Intrigue löſt, was ſie verwickelt hat, und Odyſſeus rettet Namen und Charakter. Auf Philoktet aber hat die *Beſchaffenheit* der Erſcheinung keinen Einfluß, ſobald er nur den Gott *glaubt*, der ſich verkündet; für ihn iſt die Offenbarung *wahr*, und eines weitern bedarf es nicht.

Eine andere Frage iſt, ob der letzte Eindruck dieſer Täuſchung geeignet ſei, die Forderungen unſers ſittlichen Gefühls zu befriedigen. Denn je mehr in der gemeinen Wirklichkeit die Genugthuung, welche unſer moraliſcher Wunſch für die Tugend, die gedrückte oder gefallene und büßende in Anſpruch nimmt, dem irdiſchen Auge entſchwindet, oder je weniger es fähig iſt, aus dem engen Geſichtskreiſe des Beſondern hinauszugehen und an der endloſen Kette von Urſach' und Wirkung bis in dem Allgemeinen die Vollſtreckung der ſittlichen Geſetze zu erblicken, deſto verlangender ſucht es ſie in der Kunſt, die es auf ſich hat, aus dem unentwirrbaren, in tauſend Geſtaltungen und Richtungen durch einander fluthenden Leben und Weben eine einzelne Handlung, aus dem Weltmeer einen Tropfen, herauszunehmen und in der weiſen Verknüpfung von Anfang und Ende als ein für ſich beſtehendes Ganze wie eine Weltgeſchichte hinzuſtellen. In dieſer Beziehung ſtänd' es ſchlimm mit meiner Erklärung. Denn das Mitleid, das wir dem Philoktet ohnedieß um ſo bereitwilliger widmen, da wir ſein Vergehen einem Irrthume beimeſſen und die Unſicherheit in der Beſtimmung menſchlicher Strafen für Sünden an der Gottheit kennen, würde ſich in einen herben, völlig unkünſtleriſchen Schmerz bei dem Anblick eines Unglücklichen verwandeln, der bis zum letzten Moment der Spielball eines Betruges bleibt. In einer Art von moraliſcher Verſtimmung würden wir uns abwenden und, der eigenen Schwachheit uns bewußt, an den Himmel gleichſam die troſtloſe Frage richten, ob er durch eine ſolche Büßung für ein ſolches Vergehen noch nicht verſöhnt werde und dem Menſchen die Rechte ſeiner Freiheit zurückgeben wolle. Ich ſage, es ſtände ſchlimm mit meiner Erklärung oder, in ſo fern ſie richtig iſt, mit dem Kunſtwerke, wenn dieſes Ende wirklich das Ende wäre. Aber eben die Täuſchung iſt es, was den Theſſalier aus dem Labyrinthe ſeiner Leiden der lang erſehnten Erlöſung entgegenführt; des ſchlimmen Mittels bedient ſich Odyſſeus nur, um den Zweifel Philoktet's an der Gnade des Himmels zu überwinden, denn ſie iſt verkündet, er glaubt ihr nur nicht, weil er den Verkündigern nicht glaubt. Weit entfernt, ihn zu bedauern, daß er das Spiel an die Liſt verliert, würden wir ihn beklagen, wenn er es gewönne. Hier liegt die Befriedigung unſers ſittlichen Verlangens.

Jetzt nun, da ich am Ziele bin, wollen Sie noch eine Erklärung, mein Freund, warum ich Sie erſt durch eine Reihe von ſcheinbaren Beweiſen für die Behauptung durchgeführt habe, daß Sophokles ſeinen Philoktet ſtümperhaft entwickle, warum ich den Dichter nur vor den Richterſtuhl des Ariſtoteles gezogen und keines Andern? Fragen Sie mich nichts weiter, aber bewahren Sie jene Pietät, die über den Vorzügen großer Männer ihre Fehler nicht überſieht, vor Allem jedoch unterſucht, ob es Fehler ſeien. Denn das fordert die Gerechtigkeit, am ſtärkſten dann, wenn ſich die Angeſchuldigten nicht mehr vertheidigen können. Leben Sie wohl!

Heinrich Pantaleon

ward am 13. Junius 1522 zu Baſel geboren, ſtudirte zu Heidelberg, Ingolſtadt und Baſel Theologie, wurde bald Diaconus, gab aber ſeine Stelle wieder auf und widmete ſich nun der Medicin. Im Jahre 1553 wurde er zu Valence zum Dr. med. promovirt, erhielt 1556 die Profeſſur der Dialektik und Phyſik zu Baſel, wurde 1558 Dekan der mediciniſchen Facultät und ſtarb am 3. März 1595 daſelbſt.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Teutſcher Nation Heldenbuch. Baſel 1568—70. 3 Bde. Fol.

Beſchreibung der uralten Stadt und Grafſchaft Baden ſammt ihren heilſamen Bädern. Baſel 1580.

Er überſetzte auch ins Deutſche:

Sleidanus Hiſtorie vom Zuſtand der Religion und des Staats unter Karl V.

Paul Jovius hiſtor. Schriften ꝛc.

P's Heldenbuch iſt eine, namentlich für ſeine Zeit, treffliche und bedeutende Arbeit, deren Herausgabe in einem unſerem Tagen angemeſſenen Gewande ein verdienſtvolles Werk wäre. Es erſchien auch in lateiniſcher Sprache.

Samuel Chriſtian Pape,

geboren am 22. November 1774 zu Leſum im Bremenſchen, ſtudirte Theologie und ward zweiter Prediger der Gemeinde zu Nordleda im Lande Hadeln, wo er am 5. April 1817 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Hiob, überſ. u. mit Vorrede von J. G. Eichhorn. Göttingen 1797.

Gedichte, mit einem biograph. Vorworte von Fr. de la Motte Fouqué. Tübingen 1821.

Ein überaus anmuthiges poetiſches Talent, deſſen gelungene Leiſtungen bei weitem nicht ſo bekannt geworden ſind, wie ſie es verdienen. Am glücklichſten in lyriſchen Poeſien durch Friſche, Anmuth, Reichthum der Phantaſie und Wohllaut, hat P. namentlich auch einige ganz vortreffliche Balladen und Romanzen hinterlaſſen, die ſich dem Beſten, das wir in dieſer Gattung beſitzen, würdig anreihen.

Romanzen und Balladen von Sam. Chriſtian Pape.

Des Gefangenen Ahndung.

Auf Sankt Marien-Kirchhof,
Da blickt' ich ſtill hinab;
Drei Männer ſtehn ſo traurig —
O Thürmer, wie ſo ſchaurig!
Iſt wahrlich dort ein Grab!

„Ich ſeh drei Junggeſellen
Mit Spaten in der Hand,
Sie pflanzen dort in Reihen
Am Kirchhof junge Maien
Wohl zur Kapellenwand.“

Auf Sankt Marien-Kirchhof,
Da hör' ich Grabgeſang;
Das hallt ſo dumpf und traurig —
O Thürmer, wie ſo ſchaurig!
Iſt wahrlich Todtenklang.

„Ich hör' von ferne läuten
Durch Regen und durch Sturm;
Ich hör' die Jungfrau ſingen,
Die Feierglocken klingen
Wohl vom Kapellenthurm.“

Auf Sankt Marien-Kirchhof,
Da weht ein ſchwarzes Tuch;
Die Menge wallt ſo traurig —
O Thürmer, wie ſo ſchaurig!
Iſt wahrlich Leichenzug!

„Ich ſeh den Pfaffen wallen
Den Kirchenſteig hervor;
Ich ſeh die Menge gehen,
Frohnleichnamsfahnen wehen
Wohl am Kapellenthor!“

O nein, o nein! ſie ſenken
Den ſchwarzen Sarg hinab!
Die Sterbeglocken hallen,
Die Grabgeſänge ſchallen —
Iſt meines Liebchens Grab!

Wohl über wenig Tage,
Ein Tag iſt bald vorbei,
Dann klagt nicht mehr der Ritter
Am dunkeln Sklavengitter,
Dann bin ich los und frei!

Auf Sankt Marien-Kirchhof,
Da ſehn' ich mich hinab;
Bald ſiehſt du, Thürmer, traurig,
Von deiner Warte ſchaurig
Auch auf des Ritters Grab!

Der kühne Schiffer.

Das Meer wogt im wilden Nord,
Die Felſen hallen rings umher,
Der kühne Schiffer ſtand am Bord:
„Ihr Männer, auf ins Meer!

„Ins ſchöne Frankreich fahren wir,
Im reichen England kehr' ich ein.
In England trinkt ihr braunes Bier,
In Frankreich kühlen Wein!“

Und als das Segel rauſcht' im Wind
Und als am Maſt das Segel ſchwoll,
Da rief ihm noch ſein einzig's Kind
Vom Ufer Lebewohl!

„Du könnteſt gehn im grünen Wald,
Im Blumenbach, ſo hell und klar.
Nun weht der Abendwind ſo kalt
Dein ſilberweißes Haar!

„„Du könnteſt ruhn die dunkle Nacht
In deinem warmen Kämmerlein.
Nun wachſt du noch, wann Niemand wacht,
Im grauſen Mondenſchein!““ —

O Mädchen, ſtill! Bei Helgoland,
Bei Helgoland, im tiefen Meer,
Da ruht dein Vater rechter Hand,
Die Männer um ihn her.

Die Lautenſängerin.

Draußen auf der braunen Heide,
Linker Hand zum Thor hinaus,
Unter einer Pappelweide
Liegt ein kleines Schäferhaus.

Wo die hohen Pappelbäume,
Wo das ſtille Hüttchen liegt,
Wurd' ich oft in ſüße Träume
Unter Thränen eingewiegt.

In der Hütte wohnt' ein Mädchen,
Eine Lautenſängerin.
Oefters ging ich aus dem Städtchen
Nach den Pappelweiden hin.

Mußte dann das gute Mädchen
An der Thür mich wandern ſehn,
Ließ es wohl das Spinnerädchen
In der Myrthenlaube ſtehn,

Nahm wohl ſeine ſüße Laute
In die zarte, weiße Hand,
Spielte, bis der Abend graute,
Bis der Mond am Himmel ſtand.

Und ſie ſang von ihren Thränen,
Und von treuer Liebe Noth,
Wie die Liebenden ſich ſehnen
Nur nach Grabgeläut' und Tod.

Daß ſie wiederfinden wollte
Ihren Liebſten, der ſie kennt,
Wo ihr Niemand wehren ſollte,
Wo kein Tod ſie wieder trennt.

Vieles hat ſie ſchon getragen;
Willig trägt ſie's; aber dann
Allen Engeln will ſie's klagen,
Was ſie litt von Jugend an. —

Meine Thränen floſſen immer,
Immer naht' ich ihr ſo gern;
Aber, ach! ich wagt' es nimmer,
Denn die Mutter war nicht fern.

Mußte bald das Hüttchen meiden,
Wo das gute Mädchen wohnt:
In die Fremde mußt' ich ſcheiden,
Weh mir! im Septembermond.

Monde gingen mir vorüber,
Sieben Monde gingen hin,
Immer dacht' ich noch hinüber
An die Lautenſängerin.

Und die Vöglein ſangen Lieder,
Und der ſchöne Lenz begann;
Und im Maien kam ich wieder
In der lieben Heimath an.

Täglich ging ich aus dem Städtchen,
Nach den Pappelweiden hin,
Nach der Hütte, nach dem Mädchen,
Nach der Lautenſängerin.

Konnt' ich doch das gute Mädchen
Nimmer vor der Hütte ſehn!
Sah ich doch kein Spinnerädchen
In der Myrthenlaube ſtehn.

Hörte keine ſüße Laute
Von der zarten weißen Hand,
Harrend, bis der Abend graute,
Bis der Mond am Himmel ſtand! —

Da gedacht' ich ihrer Thränen,
Und der treuen Liebe Noth,
Wie die Liebenden ſich ſehnen,
Nur nach Grabgeläut' und Tod.

Heimlich in der Abendſtunde
Ging ich nun zum Kirchhof hin,
Und der Kirchhof gab mir Kunde
Von der Lautenſängerin.

Die Schäferin vom Lande.

Es ritt ein Junker, ſchön und fein,
Durch einen grünen Wald;
Und als es war um Abendſchein,
Und als er kam zum Kirmeßreihn,
Da tanzte Jung und Alt.
Die Schäferin vom Lande
Gefiel dem Junker bald.

„Küſſ' mich, du ſchöne Schäferin,
Mit deinem Roſenmund!
Mir iſt ſo weh in meinem Sinn,
All meine Ruh nahmſt du dahin;
Mach du mich nun geſund!
Die Schäferin vom Lande
Lieb ich von Herzensgrund!“ —

„„Geh du nur hin, du ſtolzes Blut,
Mit deinem Jägerſtaat!
Dein Herzchen wird wohl wieder gut,
Jagſt du zu Roß mit Junkers-Muth
Durch Korn und Waizenſaat.
Die Schäferin vom Lande
Weiß keinen beſſern Rath!““

Und als die kühle Nacht anbrach,
Und er zu Roſſe ſaß,
Sann er des Mädchens Worte nach;
Und was ſie that und was ſie ſprach,
Macht' ihm ſein Auge naß.
Die Schäferin vom Lande
Er nimmermehr vergaß!

Joh. Pappus

wurde am 16. Januar 1549 zu Lindau geboren, war Dr. und Profeſſor der Theologie, Kanonicus, Prediger am Münſter und Präſident des Kirchenconvents zu Straßburg und ſtarb am 30. Julius 1610.

Er iſt Verfaſſer des bekannten Liedes

Ich hab meine Sach Gott heimgeſtellt ꝛc.

das vielen frommen Gemüthern, ſelbſt noch in der neueſten Zeit, zum Troſte und zur Erbauung gereichte, und in faſt alle Geſangbücher deutſcher chriſtlicher Gemeinden übergegangen iſt.

Patrick-Peale, ſ. G. A. von Seckendorf.

Johann Samuel Patzke

ward am 24. October 1727 zu Frankfurt an der Oder geboren, ſtudirte unter ſehr drückenden Verhältniſſen in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und in Halle Theologie, wurde 1755 Prediger zu Stolzenberg, 1759 zu Linzen in der Neumark, 1762 zu Magdeburg und ſpäter erſter Prediger an der heiligen Geiſtkirche und Senior des Miniſteriums der Altſtadt daſelbſt. Gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens, welches am 14. December 1787 erfolgte, legte er ſeine Aemter nieder.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. Halle 1750, 8.
Des P. Terenzius Luſtſpiele, aus d. Latein. überſ. ꝛc. m. A. Halle 1753, 8.
Lieder und Erzählungen. 3 Thle. Halle 1754, 8.
Virginia, ein Trauerſpiel. Frankfurt u. Leipzig 1755.
Freundſchaftliche Briefe. Frankfurt u. Leipzig 1760; n. Aufl. u. d. Titel: Briefe von dem Verfaſſer des Greiſes. Leipzig 1767, 8.
Der Greis. Eine Wochenſchrift. 16 Thle. Magdeburg 1763—69, 8.; n. A., 4 Bde. Leipzig 1781, gr. 8.
Der Wohlthäter. Eine Wochenſchrift. 6 Thle. Magdeburg 1772—73, 8.
Wöchentliche Unterhaltungen. 3 Thle. Magdeburg 1777—79, 8.
C. Cornel. Tacitus Werke, a. d. Latein. 6 Thle. Magdeburg u. Halle 1771—77, gr. 8.
Betrachtungen über die wichtigſten Angelegenheiten des Menſchen, Religion und Glückſeligkeit. 3 Thle.; n. A. Leipzig 1779—83, 8.
Muſikaliſche Gedichte nebſt einem Anhange einiger Lieder für Kinder. Magdeburg u. Leipzig 1780, kl. 8.
Sammlung einiger Predigten über verſchiedene der gewöhnlichen ſonntäglichen Texte. 3 Thle. Berlin 1760—65, gr. 8.
Predigten über die Evangelien durch das ganze Jahr. 2 Thle. Magdeburg 1774 u. 75, 4.
Predigten über die Epiſteln ꝛc. 2 Thle. Magdeburg 1777, 4.
Auswahl einiger ſeiner Predigten ꝛc. Magdeburg 1789, gr. 8.

Nach ſeinem Tode erſchienen:

Patzke's hinterlaſſene Predigten über evangeliſche und epiſtoliſche Texte. Berlin u. Libau 1789, gr. 8.
Auswahl der vorzüglichſten Kanzelreden ꝛc. über die Evangelien. Deſſau 1794, 8.

Durch ſeine asketiſchen Schriften und ſeine Predigten, welche ſich durch Wärme, Kraft, Faßlichkeit und gute Diction höchſt rühmlich auszeichnen, erwarb ſich P. zu ſeiner Zeit einen ſehr geachteten Ruf und große Beliebtheit. Von minderem Werthe ſind ſeine poetiſchen Arbeiten, doch hat er hier die Cantate und das religiöſe Lied mit Glück behandelt.

Jean Paul, ſ. J. P. F. Richter.

Johann Pauli

lebte in der zweiten Hälfte des 15. Jahrhunderts und war Leſemeiſter im Barfüßerkloſter Tann zu Straßburg.

Er ſchrieb:

Schimpf und Ernſt. Straßburg 1525, Fol. Augsburg 1536, 1544.

und es iſt dies eine Sammlung von 700 Erzählungen, welche ſpäter, ihrer kernigen Weiſe und ſeines den Zeitgenoſſen intereſſanten Inhaltes wegen, Volksbuch geworden. P. war auch der erſte Ueberſetzer der Predigten Joh. Geiler's über Seb. Brant's Narrenſchiff. Seine Uebertragung erſchien zu Straßburg 1520 in Folio. —

Heinrich Eberhardt Gottlob Paulus

ward am 1. September 1761 zu Leonberg in Württemberg geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen Theologie, wurde 1789 Profeſſor der morgenländiſchen Sprache, 1794 ordentlicher Prof. der Theologie zu Jena, kam dann 1804 in gleicher Würde nach Würzburg, war von 1808—11 Kreisſchulrath zu Bamberg, Nürnberg und Ansbach und iſt nun ſeit 1811 mit dem Titel eines geheimen Kirchenrathes Profeſſor der Theologie und Philoſophie zu Heidelberg.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Einheit, Geiſtigkeit Gottes und Glaube. Predigten. Lemgo 1788.
Neues Repertorium für bibliſche und morgenländiſche Litteratur. Jena 1790.
Memorabilien. Leipzig 1791—96, 8. St.
Sammlung der merkwürdigſten Reiſen in den Orient. 7 Thle. Jena 1792—1803.
Philoſophiſcher, krit. u. hiſtor. Commentar über das N. T. 2 Bde. Lübeck 1800—1805.
Bened. de Spinoza opera omnia. II. Vol. Ibid. 1803.
Beiträge zur Verbeſſerung des jüdiſchen Glaubens. Frankfurt 1817.
Die heidelberger akademiſche Säcularfeier der Reformat. Heidelberg 1818.
Sophronizon. Frankfurt 1818, Fol.
Theologiſch-exegetiſches Conſervatorium. Frankfurt 1822, Fol.
Der Denkgläubige. Heidelberg 1825, Fol.
Kirchenbeleuchtungen. Heidelberg 1827, Fol.
Das Leben Jeſu. 2 Thle. Heidelberg 1828.
Rechtserforſchungen. 3 Hfte. Heidelberg 1824—25.
Berichtigende Reſultate aus dem neueſten Verſuche des Supernaturalismus gegen den bibliſch-chriſtlichen Rationalismus. Wiesbaden 1830.
Einzelne Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Paulus außerordentliche Verdienſte im Kampfe für Licht, Wahrheit und Recht, vorzüglich auf dem Gebiete der rationaliſtiſchen Theologie und namentlich der Exegeſe, genügend zu würdigen, iſt hier nicht der geeignete Raum. Er hat ſich zugleich auch nicht minder rühmlich als rechts- und ſtaatswiſſenſchaftlicher Schriftſteller ausgezeichnet und überall das Wort für ſeine Ueberzeugung mit männlicher Unerſchrockenheit, wiſſenſchaftlichſter Gründlichkeit und allgemein faßlicher Klarheit zu führen gewußt.

Karoline Paulus

ward am 14. Sept. 1767 zu Schorndorf geboren, iſt eine Tochter des Oberamtmanns G. F. Paulus, und ſeit 1789 an den geheimen Kirchenrath H. E. G. Paulus zu Heidelberg verheirathet. Auf ihren Schriften nennt ſie ſich Eleutheria Holberg.

Wir beſitzen von ihr:

Wilh. Dumont. Lübeck 1803; n. A. 1808.
Adolf und Virginie, oder Liebe und Kunſt. Nürnberg 1808.
Natalia Peron und Voltaire's Semiramis. Nach dem Franz. Nürnberg 1811.
Erzählungen. Heidelberg 1823.

Reiche, lebendige Phantaſie, Feinheit des Geiſtes, Scharfſinn in der Entwickelung der Charaktere und eine anmuthige Darſtellung haben ihren erzählenden Schriften einen bleibenden Werth verliehen.

Der Ring*).

Durch den Bankerot von mehreren angeſehenen Handelshäuſern verlor Herrmann ſein ganzes Vermögen, gerade da er das Glück ſeiner einzigen Tochter Lydie durch die Verbindung mit einem reichen, gebildeten Kaufmannsſohn in Leipzig aufs Dauerhafteſte zu begründen hoffte.

Lydie hatte den ihr von beiden Vätern beſtimmten Bräutigam noch nie geſehen. Sie war entſchloſſen, den Wünſchen des ihrigen, an dem ſie, ſeit dem Tode ihrer geliebten Mutter, mit verſtärkter Zärtlichkeit hing, mit Ergebung zu folgen, was ihr um ſo leichter wurde, da noch keine frühere Neigung ihr junges unerfahrenes Herz beſchäftigte.

Herrmanns Unglück vernichtete auch dieſen Plan, an welchem der verarmte Mann ſeine letzte ſchwache Hoffnung geknüpft hatte. Ein Brief von dem alten Murberg nahm die abgeſchloſſene Verbindung, wie ein durch die Umſtände aufgehobenes Pactum, zurück.

Lydien konnte der Verluſt eines Mannes, den ſie nicht kannte, nicht ſchmerzen; aber tief rührte ſie der Jammer ihres Vaters, der bei der niederſchlagenden Nachricht in laute Klagen ausbrach. „Es iſt ſchrecklich," rief er, „wenn dem liebenden Vater mit dem eigenen Glück auch alle Mittel verſchwinden, für ſein geliebtes Kind zu ſorgen! Ich habe für manchen Fremden mit Eifer und Erfolg gearbeitet; und nun, da mein einziges Kind die Früchte meiner vieljährigen Bemühungen erndten ſollte, zertritt mir das rohe Schickſal den letzten Samen meiner aufkeimenden Hoffnung."

„Lieber Vater," fiel Lydie tröſtend ein, „noch wiſſen Sie nicht, ob nicht aus dem verheerten Felde ein zerſtreutes verborgenes Körnchen für Ihre Tochter aufblühen wird. Sie haben bis jetzt ſo treu für mich geſorgt; werden Sie nicht muthlos, daß der Himmel nun auch meine Kräfte zur Thätigkeit aufruft. Mein dankbares Herz folgt dieſem ſchönen Rufe ſo gerne. Durch Ihre Güte habe ich mir mancherlei Kenntniſſe und Fertigkeiten erworben. Was ich nur als Spielerei gelernt habe, erhält nun einen doppelten Werth durch die Nothwendigkeit der einträglichen Anwendung."

„Das heißt mit andern Worten: Du willſt für Geld nähen, ſticken, malen, Unterricht geben, um Deinen verarmten Vater zu erhalten. Nein, meine geliebte Lydie, dahin darf es nicht kommen. Hätte ich darum alle meine Thätigkeit zur Erreichung meines Lieblingswunſches, Dich reich und reicher, glücklich und glücklicher zu machen, angeſtrengt, um mitten auf dem Wege zu dem ſchönen Ziele, bei dem erſten gefährlichen Sturme muthlos umzukehren, und das einzige Weſen, auf das ich die ganze Fülle meiner Liebe zu der früh verlornen Gattin fortpflanzend einimpfte, in Niedrigkeit und Armuth zurückzuführen?"

„Ein Vater, wie Sie, erſetzt jeden andern Verluſt reichlich. Und gewiß, glauben Sie mir, ich würde ohne die mindeſte Bekümmerniß den gegenwärtigen ertragen, wenn dadurch nur Ihre Zufriedenheit nicht geſtört würde."

„Ich vergebe Deiner Jugend dieſe Sorgloſigkeit. Noch biſt Du nicht völlig aus den Träumen der Kindheit erwacht. Du ſtehſt an dem Eingange einer Dir unbekannten Welt, und Dein kindlicher Sinn begreift noch nicht, wie unbeſchreiblich mein geſunkener Glückszuſtand in Dein werdendes Schickſal eingreift, und welchen mühſeligen Verhältniſſen das ſchutzloſe Mädchen entgegen geht. Deine Unmündigkeit kann mir noch keine von den Sorgen abnehmen, die der reiferen väterlichen Einſicht angewieſen ſind. Weder meine Jahre noch meine Kräfte widerſetzen ſich einem neuen angeſtrengten Verſuch. Ich beſitze noch einen geheimen kleinen Fond, mit dem ich mein merkantiliſches Glück zum zweitenmale aufbauen werde. Meine Gläubiger ſollen darunter nicht leiden, ſondern nur ſpäter und dafür auch gänzlich befriedigt werden. Allein an unſerm gegenwärtigen Aufenthaltsort kann ich dieſen Talisman nicht benutzen. Nur eine große Handelsſtadt kann meiner Thätigkeit die erforderlichen Mittel gewähren. Darf ich vorausſetzen, daß meine gute Lydie meine Unternehmungen durch eine Aufopferung von ihrer Seite unterſtützen wird?"

„Alles, mein geliebter Vater, alles, was zu Ihrer Beruhigung beitragen kann, werde ich mit Freuden thun."

„Nun denn," ſagte er erleichtert, „wir müſſen uns trennen, um uns glücklicher wiederzuſehen. Ich kann nicht vorausſehen, was die Umſtände mir in der Ferne gebieten werden, und werde beruhigter meine Geſchäfte verfolgen können, wenn ich allein bin, als wenn ich meine Aufmerkſamkeit zwiſchen ihnen und der Sorge für Deine Gegenwart theilen müßte. Du haſt aus Liebe zu mir jedem irdiſchen Vortheile auf immer entſagen wollen; ich fordere dagegen nur, daß Du Dich einer vorübergehenden Entſagung unterwerfeſt, die ich aufs Möglichſte abkürzen werde. Willſt Du es Dir wohl gefallen laſſen, die Zeit meiner Abweſenheit bei meiner Schweſter in Leipzig als Geſellſchafterin ihrer beiden Töchter zuzubringen? Ich habe ſo oft im Sinne gehabt, dieſe Schweſter mit Dir zu beſuchen; jetzt danke ich dem Zufall, daß es nie geſchah, daß ſie Dich nicht kennt und daß Du unter einem erborgten Namen bei ihr ſein kannſt. Denn kaum würde ich den Gedanken ertragen können, daß Lydie Herrmann in einem erniedrigten Glückszuſtande dem Manne begegnen konnte, der ihre Hand zurückgewieſen hat."

So wenig auch dieſer Vorſchlag mit Lydiens Neigungen zuſammenſtimmte, ſo ſehr bewies ſie ſich dennoch bereit, den Wünſchen ihres Vaters mit der heiterſten Miene zu entſprechen.

Herrmann ſchrieb noch an demſelben Tage an ſeine Schweſter, Madame Löben, wie die ungünſtigen Umſtände ihn nöthigten, mit ſeiner Tochter eine Reiſe nach Amſterdam zu machen, und es ihm ſehr lieb ſein würde, wenn ſie deren bisherige Erzieherin und Freundin, ein Mädchen von vorzüglichem Werth, bis zu ſeiner Zurückkunft als Geſellſchafterin oder Lehrerin ihrer beiden Töchter aufnehmen wolle, indem er gegenwärtig in der Nähe keinen annehmlichen Platz für ſie habe auffinden können.

Nach Verfluß von einigen Wochen lief eine erwünſchte Antwort von Madame Löben ein, und Herrmann war ungemein erfreut, die erſte nicht unbedeutende Schwierigkeit ſo ſchnell gehoben zu ſehen.

Lydie ſah mit ſchwerem Herzen der neuen ungewohnten Laufbahn und der nahen Trennung von ihrem Vater entgegen. Er war bis jetzt ihr einziger Vertrauter und Rathgeber geweſen; nun ſollte ſie ſich, als unbekannt, an unbekannte Menſchen anſchließen, ihre ſüßeſten Gefühle kindlicher Liebe, ihre innigſten Wünſche vor ihnen verborgen halten.

Die Anſtalten zur Abreiſe wurden gemacht. Der beſorgte Vater begleitete ſeine Tochter faſt bis an den Ort ihrer Beſtimmung.

Nach einem ſchmerzlichen Abſchiede, den Lydie durch erkünſtelte Faſſung ihrem Vater zu erleichtern ſuchte, trennten ſich Beide mit ſehr ungleichartigen Hoffnungen und Wünſchen.

Herrmann ſtrebte nach reichem Erwerb. Lydiens ſtille Gebete enthielten den reineren Wunſch für die Erhaltung des geliebten Vaters, der in jeder äußeren Geſtalt ihr theuerſtes Beſitzthum war. Eine geheime Ahnung rief ihr Erhörung zu und ſtärkte wunderbar ihren Muth.

Am Abend des nämlichen Tages, an welchem ſie ihr Vater verlaſſen hatte, kam ſie bei ihrer Tante, einer reichen Wittwe, an, und wurde von dieſer recht freundlich aufgenommen. Nicht ſo erfreulich war ihre Erſcheinung für ihre älteſte Tochter Aurelie, deren Eitelkeit von Lydiens Anmuth und Schönheit unangenehm berührt wurde. Einen deſto wohlthuenderen Eindruck machte ihre jüngere Schweſter Betty, die bald nachher ins Zimmer trat und ihre neue Lehrerin mit natürlicher Offenheit und vertrauensvollen Worten aufs Liebreichſte begrüßte.

So habe ich doch ein Gemüth gefunden, dachte Lydie getröſtet, das mit dem meinigen verwandt iſt und mir meine trübe Lage erheitern wird!

Sobald ſie ſich von der langen Reiſe erholt und mit den fremden Umgebungen näher bekannt gemacht hatte, fing ſie ihre

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*) Aus Karol. Paulus „Erzählungen" (Heidelberg 1823).

Lehrſtunden mit den beiden Mädchen, nach den Vorſchriften der Mutter, an.

Betty's Empfänglichkeit für alles Schöne und Gute verſprach ihren Bemühungen den reichſten Lohn. Die liebenswürdige Eigenthümlichkeit ihres Charakters, ſo wie ihre geiſtigen Anlagen, waren bei der bisherigen pedantiſchen Lehr- und Behandlungsweiſe mehr unterdrückt als hervorgehoben worden; unter Lydiens ſinn- und gemüthvoller Leitung entfalteten ſie ſich ſchnell. Oft wird erſt durch äußere Anregungen unſer tiefes innerſtes Leben und Wirken hervorgelockt. Dies war auch bei Betty der Fall.

Aurelie hingegen ſuchte ſich nur aus Eitelkeit zu bilden, wie dies leider ſo häufig geſchieht; ſie brachte es daher nie zu einer reinen ſelbſtbeglückenden Geiſtesthätigkeit. Lydie hörte es deswegen auch nicht ungern, als ihr Betty eines Tages vertraute: ihre Schweſter werde das mütterliche Haus vielleicht bald verlaſſen, indem ſich ihre Mutter gegenwärtig mit einem Heirathsplan für ſie beſchäftige, der ihren beiderſeitigen Wünſchen angemeſſen ſei, und wahrſcheinlich ſchon in Richtigkeit ſein würde, wenn die Unentſchiedenheit des indolenten Bräutigams ſeine Neigung nicht zweifelhaft machte. „Mir iſt es klar, daß er Aurelien nicht liebt,“ ſetzte Betty hinzu, „und daß er am Ende nur aus Nachgiebigkeit gegen ſeinen Vater ſich die Verbindung gefallen läßt. Denn welcher Liebende beſinnt ſich wohl, ob er lieben ſoll? Ueberhaupt iſt es ein rechtes Unglück, daß die meiſten Mütter und Töchter glauben, man lebe nur, um zu heirathen, indeß die meiſten Mädchen nur heirathen, um zu leben. Der Ehe heiliges Band iſt der Preis eines leichtſinnigen Lebensſpiels geworden, das als ein ſolches nichts Anziehendes für mich hat. Mag ſich nur ja Keiner, der mich nicht wirklich liebt, einfallen laſſen, mich mit ſeiner Hand beglücken zu wollen: ich würde ſie ſtandhaft zurückweiſen, und wenn ſich kein Einziger findet, der mich lieben kann, ſo will ich fröhlichen Muthes Betty Löben verbleiben bis an mein Lebensende.“

Lydie dachte wohl eben ſo wie ihre Freundin, nur glaubte ſie ſich verpflichtet, dem kindlichen Gehorſam jeden eigenen Wunſch aufopfern und in dem Willen ihres Vaters den Willen einer alles lenkenden Vorſehung anerkennen zu müſſen. In dieſem Glauben wollte ihr oft der Verluſt ihres Reichthums als ein Abwendungsmittel der vorgehabten Verbindung, wie glückliche Schickung vorkommen.

Nach ſechs Wochen erhielt ſie den erſten Brief von ihrem Vater aus Amſterdam. Der Inhalt deſſelben war erfreulich. Herrmann hatte an dem Kaufmann Vanderhagen einen alten ihm treu gebliebenen Freund gefunden, dem er ſeine ganze Lage hatte vertrauen können, und der durch ſeinen Credit ſowohl, als durch ſeine Handelskenntniſſe und Connexionen, ſeine Unternehmungen kräftig zu unterſtützen bereit war. Dieſer großmüthige Mann machte ihm das Anerbieten, ſich zu einer jetzt eben zu unternehmenden Speculation, von der ein reicher Gewinn zu erwarten ſtehe, mit ihm zu aſſociiren, wozu er die nöthige Summe allein vorſchießen wolle, wenn Herrmann dagegen nach ſeiner Weiſung und in möglichſter Schnelligkeit ſich einer Reiſe nach *** unterziehen und dort das Geſchäft betreiben wolle.

Lydie konnte ſich nicht enthalten, dieſe frohe Nachricht der liebevollen Betty mitzutheilen, und das ganze Geheimniß ihrer Lage deren treuem Herzen anzuvertrauen. Betty fühlte ſich eben ſo geehrt durch das Zutrauen einer Freundin, die ſie ſo ſehr liebte und ſchätzte, als beglückt durch die verwandtſchaftlichen Bande und die Ausſicht, durch ein fortbeſtehendes Verhältniß mit ihr verbunden zu bleiben. „Sie haben,“ ſagte ihr Betty, „durch Ihre vertrauensvolle Eröffnung recht herrliche Wünſche und Erwartungen in mein einförmiges Leben geſchoben, die meine Phantaſie auf die ergötzlichſte Weiſe beſchäftigen und mir manche langweilige Abendſtunde verkürzen werden. Nun darf ich Ihnen aber auch nicht länger verſchweigen, daß derſelbe junge Mann, der mit Ihrer Hand beglückt werden ſollte, eben der iſt, dem man Aurelie als Braut zugedacht hat. Wenn er Sie gleich nicht kennt, ſo iſt es doch auf alle Fälle beſſer, daß Sie ihm nicht unvorbereitet begegnen.“

„Meine Neigung,“ antwortete Lydie, „konnte an der Wahl meines Vaters keinen Theil haben; Rudbergs Erſcheinung wird daher meine Unbefangenheit nicht ſtören. Nun aber wird es ein eigenes Intereſſe für mich haben, den Mann, der ſo entſcheidend auf meine Zukunft wirken ſollte, deſſen perſönlicher Bekanntſchaft ich ſo oft mit zweifelhafter banger Hoffnung entgegenſah, in einer ganz verſchiedenen Beziehung kennen zu lernen.

Wenige Tage nach dieſer Unterredung wurde Madame Löben mit ihren beiden Töchtern und Lydie in das Rudbergiſche Haus zum Thee gebeten.

Mit der ruhigſten Gemüthsſtimmung trat Lydie in den neuen Kreis dieſer Familie. Madame Rudberg, eine kluge angenehme Frau, gewann ihre Zuneigung bei dem erſten Blick; auch ſie würdigte Lydien bald einer ausgezeichneten Achtung. Nach einer höflichen, aber ziemlich kalten Begrüßung ſchlich ſich der junge Rudberg ſogleich ins Nebenzimmer und griff einige unzuſammenhängende trübe Accorde auf dem Flügel, die eben nicht die Empfindungen eines glücklichen Liebhabers ausſprachen. Seine Mutter rief ihn zum Thee und ſuchte durch eine lebhafte Geſprächsunterhaltung ihren allzueinſeitigen Sohn aufmunternd darein zu verflechten. Es würde ihr nicht gelungen ſein, wenn nicht Lydiens perſönliche und geiſtige Reize über ſeine Gleichgültigkeit gegen ein Geſchlecht, das ihn bis jetzt noch nie intereſſirte, geſiegt hätten.

Die ſcharfſichtige Aurelie errieth bald, welcher Gegenſtand den ſonſt zerſtreuten Mann fixirte, wußte aber mit großer Kunſt ihre beleidigte Eitelkeit zu verbergen, und beruhigte ſich mit dem Gedanken, daß ein unbegütertes Mädchen aus der dienenden Klaſſe keine gefährliche Nebenbuhlerin für ſie werden könne.

Lydie beobachtete ihren ehemaligen Verlobten mit ſtillem Wohlgefallen. Es ruhte ein verborgener Zauber in ſeinem ganzen Weſen, den das Intereſſe für ihre Gegenwart überraſchend enthüllte. Seine hohe Liebenswürdigkeit zog ſie an, aber noch beklagte ihr Herz nicht, ihn verloren zu haben.

Sobald der Thee getrunken war, ging die ganze Geſellſchaft in den großen am Hauſe gelegenen Garten, wo auch bald nachher der alte Rudberg erſchien, den ſeine Handelsgeſchäfte nicht früher hatten abkommen laſſen. Er brachte noch mehrere gute Freunde mit. Man fand ſich behaglicher und freier.

Betty führte ihre Freundin überall herum, und endlich zu einem gar zierlich angelegten Roſenhügel, der die Mitte des Gartens bezeichnete und gerade in ſeiner vollen Herrlichkeit blühte. „Wir müſſen dem kalten Liebhaber doch Gelegenheit geben,“ ſagte ſie, „mit der ihm zugedachten Braut ungeſtörter zu ſprechen, damit er ſeiner langſamen Entſcheidung wenigſtens näher komme. Das gegenwärtige Verhältniß iſt für beide Theile höchſt peinlich. Es iſt doch ein recht unglückliches Unternehmen, Empfindungen wie Wechſelbriefe behandeln zu wollen.“ Lydie unterdrückte eine Antwort und pflückte eine halb geöffnete Roſe, die aber ihrer Hand wieder entfiel. Indem ſie die Blume vom Raſen aufheben wollte, fiel ihr ein einfacher goldener Ring in die Hand, der nur wenig mit Erde bedeckt war. „Das bedeutet Glück,“ rief Betty ſcherzend, als ſie ihn erblickte, und in dem Augenblick ſtand der junge Rudberg neben ihnen. Lydie überreichte ihm unbefangen das gefundene Kleinod. Er betrachtete die innere Schrift und ſagte dann nachdenklich bewegt: „Vor zwei Monaten verlor ich dieſen Ring, der damals nach der Dispoſition meines Vaters einer mir unbekannten Braut beſtimmt war, die aber glücklicherweiſe mit dem Ringe für mich verloren ging.“ — „So habe ich ihn,“ verſetzte Lydie, „vielleicht in einem entſcheidenden Zeitpunkte wiedergefunden.“ — „Gewiß,“ antwortete er mit bedeutungsvollem Nachdruck, „denn nie als in dieſem Augenblick hat er die unbekannten Wünſche meines Herzens hervorgerufen. Die magiſche Kraft kommt aus Ihrer Hand, in jeder andern bleibt er werthlos. Ich bitte, behalten Sie ihn, ich werde ſeiner wohl nie bedürfen.“ —

Ehe die erſtaunte Lydie ihn bitten konnte, das wunderbare Geſchenk zurückzunehmen, war er verſchwunden.

Dieſer überraſchende Moment war der Wendepunkt in Lydiens bisherigem ruhigen Leben, das ſich ſo plötzlich der erſten Liebe erſchloß. Ein unauslöſchliches Gefühl war in ihr Innerſtes gedrungen. Sie konnte nicht mehr auf ihre Vergangenheit zurückblicken, ohne dem ſchmerzlichen Verluſt dieſes geliebten Mannes zu begegnen. „Wie wunderbar,“ ſagte Betty nach einer nachdenklichen Pauſe, „wenn dieſer Ring, wie ich wohl glauben muß, derſelbe iſt, der urſprünglich Ihnen beſtimmt, durch die eigennützigen Grundſätze des alten Rudberg Ihnen entzogen, nun aber, allen menſchlichen Berechnungen zum Trotz, wie von höherer Hand, wie von geheimnißvoller Kraft beſeelt, Ihnen wieder zugefallen iſt.“

Gedankenvoll ſchweigend entfernte ſich Lydie mit ihrer Freundin von dem anmuthigen Plätzchen.

Madame Rudberg kam auf ſie zu, und Lydie überreichte ihr ſogleich den Ring. — „Das iſt ja Adolphs Ring,“ rief ſie vergnügt, „den wir ſo lange vergeblich geſucht haben. Möchte uns doch ſein Wiederfinden zu einer guten Vorbedeutung werden.“

Betty war im Stillen recht unzufrieden über die Zurückgabe des Ringes, der nach ihrer Meinung in der einzigen würdigen Hand ihrer Lydie hätte bleiben ſollen, und ging verdrießlich wieder nach dem Roſenhügel zurück. Dies war Madame Rudberg erwünſcht, denn ſie hatte die Gelegenheit geſucht, mit Lydien allein zu ſprechen, und entdeckte dieſer nun ohne Rückhalt die Abſicht ihres Mannes, ihren Sohn Adolph mit Aurelien zu vermählen, und forderte ſie auf, ihre Meinung darüber auszuſprechen, da ſie Mademoiſelle Löben genauer kenne. —

„Sollte nicht,“ antwortete Lydie, „die Neigung Ihres Herrn Sohnes jede fremde Einmiſchung überflüſſig machen?“ — „Bei ſeiner ungewöhnlichen Gleichgültigkeit gegen das weibliche Geſchlecht,“ verſetzte Madame Rudberg, „wird es ohne Einwirkung Anderer nie zu einer Entſcheidung kommen, und ſein

Vater wünſche doch ſo ſehr, ſeinem unſtäten Weſen durch ein ernſthaft bindendes Verhältniß mehr Feſtigkeit zu geben, und ſeine ſonderbare Unbekümmertheit für alles, was außer ihm vorgeht, durch ein eigenes Etabliſſement in ein thätiges Geſchäftsleben zu verwandeln.“ —

Adolph trat aus einem Seitengange raſch auf ſie zu und endigte dieſe für Lydie ſo qualvolle Unterredung. Seine Mutter ſtellte ihm heiter lächelnd den wiedergefundenen Ring zu, den er, einen wehmüthigen Blick auf Lydien heftend, ſtillſchweigend annahm, und ſie ſowohl verließ, als eben Aurelie mit ihrer Mutter herbeikamen.

Der Abend war ſo herrlich, daß man im Garten zu ſpeiſen beſchloß. Erſt als man ſich, in dem runden tempelartigen Gebäude verſammelt, zu Tiſche ſetzen wollte, wurde es bemerkt, daß Adolph ſich weggeſchlichen hatte. Man ließ ihn auf ſeinem Zimmer aufſuchen; auch dort war er nicht.

„Der Menſch iſt und bleibt ein Träumer,“ ſagte der alte Rubberg höchſt verdrießlich. Seine Gattin entſchuldigte ihn, ſo gut es ging. Aurelie verzog das Geſicht und Madame Löden fing an zu bereuen, ſich ſo weit in das Heirathsprojekt eingelaſſen zu haben.

Nach dem Eſſen wurde zufälliger Weiſe die Geſellſchaft noch zahlreicher. Die jüngeren Perſonen vertheilten ſich im Garten in kleinere Gruppen; die älteren blieben bei der erwärmenden Punſchbole ſitzen, die alte beſſere Zeit nach ihren verſchiedenen Anſichten preiſend.

Kaum hatten ſich Lydie und Betty in die Niſche eines einſamen Laubenganges geſetzt, als Adolph aus einer nahe ſtehenden Strohhütte herauskam, ſich mit edlem Selbſtvertrauen beiden Freundinnen näherte und mit liebenswürdiger Beſcheidenheit ſein Verlangen äußerte, nur einige Worte mit Lydien allein zu ſprechen.

Als die wohlwollende Betty ſich mit freudiger Bereitwilligkeit entfernt hatte, ſagte Adolph mit recht wehmüthiger, tief ins Herz dringender Stimme: ich bin heute, durch die huldvollſte Laune meines Schickſals, dem Glück meines Lebens begegnet, das ich wohl nur in der Erinnerung feſthalten darf. Ein Wort aus ihrer Seele kann dieſer erſt ihren ganzen vollen Werth geben. Verſagen Sie dem liebenden Freund wenigſtens den Troſt nicht, an ihr ſtilles Andenken glauben zu dürfen, das dieſer wunderkräftige Ring erhalten möge. Ach, ich bitte recht inſtändig, weiſen Sie ihn nicht zum zweitenmale zurück. Sie können ihn ohne Bedenklichkeit annehmen; er deutet nur auf meine Liebe, die ich als mein eigenſtes, heiligſtes Eigenthum ausſprechen und feſthalten darf, ohne deßwegen irgend eine meiner Pflichten verletzen zu wollen.

Die erhabene Faſſung des Geliebten ging mit ſeinen Worten in Lydiens Herz über. Sie nahm den Ring und fühlte ſich ſtark genug, ſeine Aufrichtigkeit zu erwidern. Dieß Kleinod, antwortete ſie mit ſelbſtvertrauender Feſtigkeit, wird mir ein ewig theures Andenken bleiben. Des Ringes Kraft, ſich auch an mir bewährend, hat ein Geheimniß enthüllt, das Sie in Ihrem reinen Herzen bewahren werden. Halten Sie Wort bleiben Sie Ihren kindlichen Pflichten getreu, damit wir dieſen ſchönen Lebensmoment nie zu bereuen haben.

Adolph faßte entzückt Lydiens Hand, drückte ſie, ſtillſchweigend gelobend, an ſein überwältigtes Herz und entfernte ſich ſchnell und unbemerkt durch eine Nebenthür des Gartens.

Lydie holte ihre treue Betty zurück, und fühlte ſich glücklich, nach ſo bewegten Augenblicken in dem zarten Mitgefühl der Freundin ausruhen und ihr alles vertrauen zu können. Der ſtille Mond war indeſſen herrlich aufgegangen und blickte durch die hohen Kaſtanienbäume freundlich herüber, als ob auch er die ſchöne Weiheſtunde der Liebe und Freundſchaft mit feiern wollte. Lydiens Gefühle gingen in fromme Andacht über, und eine himmliſche Ruhe ſtärkte ihr gottergebenes Gemüth.

Waren auch die nächſten Folgen dieſes für zwei vereinte Herzen ſo verhängnißvollen, ſchönen Abends ſehr unerfreulich für den jungen Rubberg: ſein innerſtes Leben und Empfinden gewährte ihm den reichſten Erſatz, ſo wie den unerſchütterlichen Muth, alles Drückende, das er zu erdulden hatte, mit pflichtmäßiger Haltung zu beſtehen.

Sein Vater ſtürmte aufs neue auf ihn ein: die vortheilhafte Verbindung mit Aurelien nicht länger hinauszuſchieben, ihn und ſich ſelbſt nicht lächerlich und zweideutig zu machen, vor Freunden und Bekannten, welche die Verbindung für längſt abgeſchloſſen und ihn für wortbrüchig halten müßten, wenn er nun wieder zurücktreten würde. —

Wortbrüchig werde ich niemals werden, antwortete Adolph mit Würde; auch damals war ich es nicht, mein Vater, als Sie, ohne mich erſt darüber zu befragen, das Herrn Herrmann in *** förmlich gegebene Verſprechen zurücknahmen. Gegen Aurelien habe ich wenigſtens nie ein Wort ausgeſprochen, das mich binden könnte. Wenn der Mangel des Reichthums ein gegebenes Wort zurückzunehmen Ihnen erlaubte, wie viel mehr noch berechtigt mich der Mangel an Zuneigung, ein ſolches Wort nicht auszuſprechen.

Soll dieß deine letzte Erklärung ſein? fragte der aufgebrachte Vater. —

Ich gelobe Ihnen, erwiederte Adolph, nie eine Gattin gegen Ihren Willen, wählen zu wollen, will ich mein ganzes Lebensglück Ihren väterlichen Wünſchen willig aufzuopfern. Sollte ich dagegen nicht von Ihnen erbitten dürfen, mir keine Braut gegen meine Neigung aufzudringen, mich nicht in unabſehliches Unglück zu ſtürzen.

Adolph hatte dieſe letzten Worte mit einem Tone der Verzweiflung ausgeſprochen, der die Hartnäckigkeit des Vaters erſchütterte, ohne jedoch ſein Herz zu rühren. Er war und blieb über das Nichtgelingen ſeines eigenmächtigen Planes höchſt mißvergnügt, ſo ſehr auch ſeine verſtändige, billige Gattin ihn zu beſänftigen und zu erheitern bemüht war.

Nach manchen vergeblichen Bitten, brachte ſie ihn endlich dahin, daß er einwilligte, ſeinen Sohn noch eine Zeitlang reiſen zu laſſen, und ihm die auswärtigen Handelsgeſchäfte, die ſonſt ein Commis beſorgte, zu übertragen. Mit dieſem Reſultat begab ſie ſich zu Madame Löden, und ſuchte die verdrießliche Angelegenheit aufs freundlichſte zu beſeitigen, indem ſie aufrichtig gegen ſie beklagte, daß ihr in jugendlichen Träumereien befangener Sohn, jedes bindende Verhältniß ſcheuend, beſchloſſen habe, noch einmal zu reiſen und ſich in den vorzüglichſten Handelsplätzen thätig umzuſehen; was ihm ſein Vater zugeſtanden habe, hoffend, er werde vielleicht durch das vielſeitigere, mehr ins Große gehende merkantiliſche Treiben eher Intereſſe für einen Stand gewinnen, zu dem er nie Luſt gehabt habe.

Madame Löden wußte dieſe Erklärung als eine weltkluge Frau aufzunehmen, und ſo ſchieden Beide mit den freundſchaftlichſten Zuſicherungen.

Adolph reiſte wenigſtens mit erleichtertem Herzen ab, um ſo mehr, als ihm durch die mit dem Löden'ſchen Hauſe geſtörten Verhältniſſe jede Gelegenheit entzogen war, ſich ſeiner Geliebten zu nähern.

Zwei Monate nach ſeiner Abreiſe erſetzte Aurelien eine andere, dem Aeußern nach eben ſo glänzende Parthie, den Verluſt eines Mannes, der ihren Stolz aufs empfindlichſte gekränkt und deſſen innere Vorzüge ſie ohnehin nie zu würdigen verſtanden hatte.

Dieß war für Betty ein doppelt erwünſchtes Ereigniß, weil es ihr den Weg bahnte, mit dem Rubberg'ſchen Hauſe wieder in ein umgängliches Verkehr zu kommen. Auf ihr [illegible] ſcheinendes Anrathen wurden Herr und Frau Rubberg zu Aurelien's Trauungsfeſt freundlichſt eingeladen. Bei dieſer Gelegenheit ſuchte Betty, durch die aufmerkſamſte Gefälligkeit die Gunſt der Madame Rubberg zu gewinnen. Sie erkundigte ſich bei ihr ſo angelegentlich nach dem abweſenden Sohne, und lenkte das Geſpräch ſo oft auf ihn, daß der getäuſchten Frau endlich ein neuer Hoffnungsſtern aufging, der auf eine Verbindung zwiſchen den beiden Familien weiſſagend hinwies. Dieſe frohe Vermuthung erhielt noch mehr Gewicht, als ſechs Wochen nachher ein kleines Päckchen, von Adolph an Betty Löden überſchrieben, einlief, welches Madame Rubberg voll freudiger Neugier ihr ſelbſt überbrachte. Es enthielt ein außerordentlich ſchönes Duodez-Schreibzeug von Perlmutter zierlich gearbeitet, worauf als Randverzierung mit goldenen Buchſtaben die bedeutſamen Worte künſtlich verſchlungen eingefugt waren: „Möchte ich verſtanden werden.“ Betty verſtand ſie nur zu gut, und ihre Freude darüber war ſo wahr und innig, daß es Niemand einfiel, ſie für eine uneigennützige zu halten. Gar gerne gewährte ihr Madame Rubberg die Bitte, eine ſchriftliche Dankſagung von ihr an ihren Sohn einzuſchließen; und ſo war die Korreſpondenz ſchicklich eingeleitet.

Ich weiß nicht, ob alle meine Leſerinnen begreifen werden, wie glücklich ſich Betty in dieſer ſchönen Freundesthätigkeit fühlte; aber ich wünſche es.

Erſt nachdem das eben ſo vorſichtig, als befriedigend abgefaßte Briefchen an Adolph abgegangen war, zeigte Betty ihrer Freundin das von Adolph erhaltene hieroglyphiſche Geſchenk, und offenbarte ihr, wie ſie es nach dem liebenden Sinn des Gebers benutzt habe.

Lydie erkannte auch hieraus wieder die herzliche Treue der Freundin, aber ſie konnte nicht gut heißen, was für ſie Beide vielleicht ſehr unangenehme Folgen haben konnte, und bat ſie recht dringend, künftig nichts mehr von der Art ohne ihre Beiſtimmung zu thun. Die beherzte Betty wußte dieſer beſorglichen Bitte mit der Frage geſchickt auszuweichen: Wäre es denn nicht recht grauſam geweſen, einen ſo zart angedeuteten Wunſch ganz unbeachtet zu laſſen? Ihre Freundin ſchwieg beſiegt, und ſie folgte ferner dem Antriebe ihres Gefühls, jedoch ohne Lydien eine deutliche Kunde davon zu geben.

So war den beiden innig vereinten Freundinnen ein heiteres Jahr ruhig, wenn auch nicht wunſchlos vorüber gegangen. Nicht ſo dem abweſenden Rubberg, den Sehnſucht und Liebe gewaltig nach der Heimath hinzogen, und der ſchon längſt wieder zurück gekehrt ſeyn würde, wenn er nicht gefürchtet hätte, dort wieder mit neuen Heirathsprojekten beſtürmt zu werden. Seine Liebe zu Lydie hatte ſich in ihrer vollen Stärke erhalten. Es war ihm unmöglich, einer Andern ſeine Hand hinzugeben.

Eines Abends ſaßen Lydie und Betty, in ihre Lieblingsgeſpräche verflochten, allein beieinander, als ein Bedienter gemeldet wurde, der ſich nach Mademoiſelle Lindenſtein (nur unter dieſem Namen war Lydie in Leipzig bekannt) erkundigte, um ihr ein Billet von einem fremden Herrn einzuhändigen.

Betty, haſtig aufſpringend, glaubte ſchon den Glücksbote aller ſchönen Erwartungen, die ſie für die Freundin im Herzen trug, ſtehe vor der Thüre, lief hocherfreut mit ihr aus dem Zimmer, und gebot dem Ueberbringer zu warten. Es bedarf keiner Antwort, ſagte dieſer, denn der fremde Herr iſt ſchon weiter gereiſt.

Dieß wollte ihre Freude niederſchlagen, als Lydie, die indeß den Inhalt des Billets geleſen hatte, ihr mit überſtrömenden Augen leiſe vertraute: ihr Vater werde in wenigen Tagen hier eintreffen. Dieſem Fremden, den er unterwegs getroffen, habe er den Auftrag gegeben, ſie darauf vorzubereiten.

Herrlich, herrlich, ſagte Betty. Der Anfang iſt gemacht; haben wir nur erſt den Vater wieder, dann wird auch der Geliebte nicht ausbleiben. Unglück kommt nie allein, ſagt das Sprichwort; auch das Glück, dieſe freigebige Göttin, ſpendet ſelten halbe Gaben, wenn man ihr nur recht feſt vertraut, und das thue ich in Ihrem Namen.

Des anderen Tages kam Betty ſchon in aller Frühe in Lydien's Zimmer, und wollte eben anfangen, ihr die lieblichen Träume zu erzählen, die in dieſer Nacht an ihr vorübergegangen waren; da pochte es ſanft an der Thüre, und herein trat Vater Herrmann, geſund, kräftig, glücklich. Kein Wort vermögen die Freude dieſes Wiederſehens zu beſchreiben.

Betty eilte ihre Mutter herbeizuholen, laut verkündigend: der Onkel ſei angekommen.

Wie ſtaunte Madame Löben, als ſie Lydie in Herrmann's Armen fand, und vernahm, ſie ſei ſeine Tochter.

Gott ſei gedankt, ſprach Herrmann mit gefalteten Händen, der mir, nach einer kurzen Leidenszeit dieſen reichlich erſetzenden Moment gewährt hat! und Dir, meine gute Schweſter, ſetzte er, ſie brüderlich umarmend, hinzu, Dir bleibe ich ewig Dank und Dienſt verpflichtet, für alle Liebe, die Du meiner verlaſſenen Tochter erzeigt haſt. Gib mir nur bald, nur gleich Gelegenheit, Dir meinen Dank thätig zu beweiſen. Und Du meine geliebte Betty, die Du meine Lydie ſo ſchweſterlich liebſt, von Dir wünſche ich nun auch als Vater angeſehen zu werden. —

Unter ſolchen ſchönen Herzensergießungen verging der Vormittag ſchnell. Nach Tiſche begab ſich Herrmann in das ihm angewieſene Zimmer, und nach einem kurzen Mittagsſchlaf fing er an, ſeine Sachen auszupacken.

Er hatte die reichlichſten Geſchenke (Beweiſe ſeines wiedererworbenen Reichthums) für Alle mitgebracht. Koſtbare Shawls, herrliche Kleiderzeuge und Spitzen wurden auf dem Tiſche ausgebreitet, und unter die Ueberraſchten vertheilt. Seiner Betty ſchlang er noch außerdem eine ſchwere goldene Kette mit einem großen Kreuz von Brillanten um den Hals, ſie noch einmal dankbar an ſein Herz drückend. Dieß iſt der Orden der Verſchwiegenheit, ſagte er, den hat ſie ritterlich verdient.

Nun aber, Ihr beiden Kinder, ſprach er, ſich zu den Mädchen wendend, die noch in ihrem Morgenanzuge waren, geht, macht Eure Toilette; denn ich will es nur lieber ohne alle Umſchweiſe gleich herausſagen: ich habe mir, im Vertrauen auf den gewohnten Gehorſam meiner Lydie, einen künftigen Schwiegerſohn mitgebracht, der mir herzlich lieb und werth iſt, und dem ſie wohl ihre Hand nicht verweigern wird.

Die erſchrockene Lydie ſenkte ihr Köpfchen tief herunter, um dem Vater ihren leidenſchaftlichen Kampf zu verbergen, und reichte ihm, als Zeichen ihrer Ergebung, ſtillſchweigend die Hand. Betty gerieth in die heftigſte Beſtürzung. Wie? lieber Onkel! rief ſie, wie? Iſt es möglich? Kann das Ihr Ernſt ſein? Nein, es kann, es darf nicht ſein. Nun, da ſich Alles ſo wunderbar gefügt, jedes Hinderniß glücklich gehoben iſt, nun, da alle meine ſchönen Ahnungen — — — Du ſprichſt ſeltſame, räthſelhafte Worte, meine liebe Betty! fiel Herrmann ſchnell ein. —

„Ach, dieſe Räthſel,“ erwiederte ſie, „ſind Lydien und mir recht klar; ſie ſollen auch Ihnen klar werden. Hören Sie mich nur erſt an; ich weiß zu ſchweigen, aber auch zu reden, wo es Noth thut, wo das Lebensglück einer geliebten Freundin auf dem Spiele ſteht.“

„Meine gute, theure Betty,“ ſprach Lydie, recht wehmüthig in ſie dringend, „ich bitte, ich beſchwöre Dich, dieſe [illegible] Heftigkeit zu bekämpfen, und mich erſt gelaſſen anzuhören. Komm, folge mir in mein Zimmer.“ Beide wollten hinausgehen; da trat ihnen Herrmann in den Weg. — „Vor allen Dingen,“ ſagte er, und ſah dabei recht heiter aus, „vor allen Dingen wäre meine Meinung, daß man die Erſcheinung des jungen Mannes erſt ruhig abwartete; hat er dann das Unglück, meiner Lydie zu mißfallen, ſo iſt es immer noch Zeit, daß Betty mir ihre räthſelhaften Geheimniſſe offenbare. Geht inzwiſchen, Euch anzukleiden, und macht es nicht zu lange.“

Sie gehorchten ſtillſchweigend, und beeilten ſich ſo ſehr, daß ſie ſchon nach einer halben Stunde fertig waren.

Herrmann betrachtete die geliebte Tochter mit recht innigem Wohlgefallen, und ſchloß ſie, zärtlich an ſein Herz drückend, in ſeine Arme: da wurde die Thüre geöffnet, und der junge Rudberg ſtürzte, von Freude und Liebe begeiſtert, in die Arme der überraſchten Braut. Segnend umſchlang der gerührte Vater ſeine glücklichen Kinder, und die Seligkeit dieſer Herzen war unbeſchreiblich.

Betty küßte in lautem Jubel bald die geliebte Freundin, bald den böſen lieben Onkel, der ſie ſo grauſam geneckt hatte. Dann begrüßte ſie glückwünſchend ihren theuren Freund Adolph.

Madame Löben, welche dieſen räthſelhaften Scenen eine Weile in ſprachloſem Erſtaunen zugeſehen hatte, bat endlich ihren Bruder um erklärende Aufſchlüſſe. „Führe mich in dein Kabinet,“ antwortete er, „die jungen Leute bedürfen unſerer ohnehin jetzt nicht; dann ſollſt Du Alles erfahren.“

„Vor allen Dingen,“ fing Herrmann dort an, „muß ich Dir vertrauen, daß Lydien's Verbindung mit dem jungen Rudberg unter uns beiden Vätern ſchon vor fünfzehn Monaten feſt abgeſchloſſen war, daß aber der alte Rudberg, von meinem damaligen Mißgeſchick unterrichtet, für gut gefunden, ſein gegebenes Wort wieder zurückzunehmen. Dieß der Grund, warum ich meine Tochter nicht eher unter ihrem wahren Namen hier erſcheinen laſſen wollte, als bis ich durch raſtloſe Betriebſamkeit die Gunſt des mir treulos gewordenen Glückes mir wieder erkämpft haben würde. Das Zuſammentreffen mancherlei glücklicher Umſtände beſchleunigte die Erfüllung meiner Wünſche. Alle meine Unternehmungen waren geſegnet, und ſchneller als ich es für möglich hielt, war mein merkantiliſcher Ruf aufs neue feſt begründet.“

„Ich dachte daher in wenigen Wochen meine Tochter wieder abzuholen.“

„Eines Tages, als eben wieder glückliche, das heißt in kaufmänniſcher Sprache, Gewinn verkündende Botſchaften eingelaufen waren, ſaß ich vergnügt bei meinem alten Freunde Vanderhaagen, als ein Herr Rudberg aus Leipzig gemeldet wurde. Bei dem Namen Rudberg ſtieg mir das Blut in den Kopf, und ich konnte über meine menſchliche Schwachheit nicht ganz Herr werden. Der Gemeldete trat herein, und ſo ſehr mich auch die einnehmende Perſönlichkeit, das ſtille beſcheidene Benehmen, der ſchwermüthige Blick des jungen Mannes, ihm geneigt machten, ſo wenig konnte ich mir die Genugthuung verſagen, mich ihm zu erkennen zu geben, und ihn auf eine ſcheinbar großmüthige Weiſe fühlen zu laſſen, wie wenig ich Urſache hätte, die Auflöſung ſeiner Verbindung mit meiner Tochter für ein Unglück zu halten.“

„Das Geſpräch einleitend, ſagte ich ihm, indem ich zugleich meinen Namen nannte: ich werde in wenig Wochen nach Leipzig abreiſen, um dort meine Tochter abzuholen; haben Sie Aufträge an Ihre Eltern, ſo erbiete ich mich, ſie beſtens zu beſorgen, und Ihrem Herrn Vater bei dieſer Gelegenheit einen Beweis zu geben, daß ich ihm ſein unrechtliches Benehmen gegen mich von Herzen vergeben habe.“ —

„Erlauben Sie mir, antwortete er, mit gepreßter Bruſt, über Ihre gerechte Bitterkeit gegen meinen Vater zu ſchweigen. Ich denke und fühle anders als er; aber es geziemt dem Sohne nicht, den Vater laut zu tadeln.“

„Mit dieſen Worten entwaffnete er mich ſo vollſtändig, daß ich den eigennützigen Vater über dem liebenswürdigen Sohne vergaß, und, in eine beſſere Stimmung verſetzt, über andere Dinge mit ihm erheitert weiter redete. Im Verlaufe des Geſprächs erkundigte ich mich auch nach Dir, als meiner Schweſter, und fragte, ob er Dich vielleicht perſönlich kenne.“

„Er war einen Augenblick verlegen, faßte ſich aber bald, und antwortete dann, mit einem Tone der die zarteſte Saite meines Gemüths harmoniſch berührte: Ich bin ſo glücklich geweſen, Mademoiſelle Lindenſtein und deren Freundin Betty im Löben'ſchen Hauſe kennen zu lernen. — Meine Tochter Lydie! rief ich mit überwältigtem Vaterherzen.“

„Da erfaßte ihn ein leidenſchaftlicher Schmerz, den er vergebens zu bekämpfen ſuchte. Ein glühendes Roth überzog ſein Geſicht; Thränen drängten ſich aus ſeinen Augen. Sprachlos ſtand er auf, haſtig nach ſeinem Hute greifend, und wollte eben das Zimmer verlaſſen, als Vanderhaagen, der indeß weggegangen war, um die Wechſelangelegenheiten zu berichtigen, wieder hereinkam, und ihn mit der Frage aufhielt: wo er das Geld hinſenden ſolle?“

„Er hatte ſich indeſſen einigermaßen wieder gefaßt, nannte ihm ſeine Wohnung, und eilte mit einer höflichen Verbeugung dankend, zur Thüre hinaus.“

„Mir ahnete, was den jungen Mann ſo ſchmerzlich berührt hatte, und von einer rückſichtsloſen unwiderſtehlichen Theilnahme zu ihm hingezogen, ging ich ihm nach, und bat ihn, Morgen mit mir zu frühſtücken, weil ich noch Einiges mit ihm zu ſprechen hätte."

„Beſtürzt, zweifelhaft ſah er mich an, verſprach aber zu kommen."

„Kaum war ich am folgenden Tage aufgeſtanden, als mein Bedienter mir meldete: es warte ein junger Mann ſchon ſeit einer Stunde im Vorzimmer."

„Sogleich rief ich ihn herein, ihm freundlich entgegengehend, und wollte ihn durch die Worte ermuthigen: ich habe Ihnen geſtern durch empfindliche Aeußerungen über Ihren Herrn Vater wehe gethan, und bitte deshalb um Ihre Verzeihung."

„Er mißdeutete die Abſicht meiner Anrede."

„Mögen Sie ſich weiden an meinem Schmerz, an meiner Verzweiflung, rief er außer ſich, meine Hand mit unbeſchreiblicher Heftigkeit ergreifend. Mögen Sie es vernehmen, das hoffnungsloſe Geheimniß: Ja, ich liebe Ihre Tochter, ja Sie ſind gerächt."

„Jetzt thun Sie mir wehe, antwortete ich gelaſſen, und drückte recht herzlich ſeine zitternde Hand; Sie verkennen meine Abſicht. Wie ſollte mir der Mann nicht lieb und werth ſein, der meine Gefühle für eine zärtlich geliebte Tochter ſo innig theilt, der mich ſo ſchön überzeugt hat, daß ſeine Liebe zu ihr reiner Art iſt. Vertrauen Sie mir, glauben Sie mir, auch mein Wohlwollen für Sie iſt eben ſo reiner Art; davon ſollen Sie überzeugt werden. Nur beantworten Sie mir erſt die wichtige Frage: Glauben Sie ſich von meiner Tochter geliebt? Ueberzeugt, entzückt, ſtürzte er vor mir auf die Knie nieder, mir in den rührendſten Worten dankend, ohne meine Frage zu beantworten." —

„Ich wiederholte ſie nachdrücklicher." —

„Ich habe zu ſchweigen gelobt, antwortete er endlich, aber mein Entzücken hat das Geheimniß verrathen, und Lydia wird mir dieſes Entzücken vergeben."

„Ich wußte nun alles, was ich zu wiſſen nöthig hatte."

„Vierzehn Tage ſpäter fuhren wir zuſammen von Amſterdam ab, ſind geſtern Abend hier angekommen, und haben den Eltern unſere Wünſche vorgetragen. Adolphs Mutter iſt hocherfreut über die glückliche Wahl ihres Sohnes, und ſeinem Vater ſehen wir es gerne nach, daß er ſich nur auf eine kaufmänniſche Weiſe darüber zu freuen fähig iſt."

„Wie Adolph mit Lydien bekannt geworden, wie und wo der geheime Bund ihrer Liebe geſchloſſen wurde, das kannſt Du aus dem anmuthigen Munde unſerer lieben Betty, der Beſchützerin dieſes Bundes, am beſten vernehmen." —

Gegen Abend begab ſich die ganze Geſellſchaft ins Ruhberg'ſche Haus, wo Lydia, unter den herzlichſten Segnungen von den vergnügten Eltern als Tochter aufgenommen wurde.

Herrmann reiſte nach Lydien's Trauung noch einmal nach Amſterdam zurück, und ordnete ſeine Handelsverhältniſſe ſo, daß er in Leipzig ſeinen Wohnſitz nehmen und im glücklichen Kreiſe ſeiner Kinder und Verwandten leben konnte.

Ein Jahr ſpäter vermählte ſich die liebenswürdige Betty mit dem jüngeren einzigen Bruder von Adolph, einem an Geiſt und Charakter eben ſo vorzüglichen Manne; und ſie und Lydia, ſo wie ihre beiden Gatten leben ununterbrochen in dem beglückteſten Vereine.

Pellegrin, ſ. F. de la Motte Fouqué.

Georg Heinrich Pertz,

geb. im Jahre 1795 zu Hannover, ſtudirte zu Göttingen, wurde 1820 k. großbritanniſcher Archivrath, Bibliothekar und 1830 Mitglied des Oberſchulcollegiums in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er gab heraus:

Geſchichte der merowingiſchen Hausmeier. Hannover 1819.
Archiv der Geſellſchaft für ältere deutſche Geſchichtskunde. Hannover 1824, 5. Bd. ff. (Bd. 1—3 gab J. C. Büchler und Dümgé, Frankf. 1819—1822, Bd. 4 J. G. v. [illegible], daſ. 1822 heraus.)
Monumenta historica Germaniae ab anno 500—1500. Hannov. 1826—1836, 2. Tom. Fol.

Ein eben ſo gründlich gelehrter, als raſtlos thätiger Geſchichtsforſcher, der ſich vorzüglich durch Herausgabe urkundlicher, älterer Denkmale deutſcher Geſchichte ein großes und bleibendes Verdienſt erwarb.

Johann Heinrich Peſtalozzi,

geboren am 12. Januar 1746 zu Zürich, ſtudirte erſt Theologie, dann Jurisprudenz, verließ aber auch dieſe Wiſſenſchaft, wendete ſich nun der Oekonomie zu und bearbeitete ſein Gut Neuhof bei Lenzburg. Hier begann P.'s wohlthätige pädagogiſche Wirkſamkeit (1775), indem er verlaſſene verwaiſte Kinder zu ſich nahm und erzog. 1798 ſtiftete er ein Erziehungsinſtitut für verwaiſte arme Kinder in Stanz, 1799 in Burgdorf, 1804 zog er von da nach München-Buchſee und 1805 mit Fellenberg nach Yverdun. Im Jahre 1818 wurde wieder eine Armenſchule von ihm gegründet. Er lebte wegen ſeiner Methode unter beſtändigen Anfechtungen und Streit und ſtarb am 17. Februar 1827 zu [illegible]. Vergl. Biber, Beitr. zur Biographie Peſtalozzi's (St. Gallen 1827).

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Lienhard und Gertrud. Berlin 1781—87 u. öft.
Ueber die Aufwandgeſetze. Zürich 1781.
Das Schweizerblatt. Deſſau 1782, 2 Thle.
Chriſtoph und Elſe. Ebendaſ. 1782, 2 Thle.
Ueber Geſetzgebung und Kindermord. Ebendaſ. 1783.
Nachforſchungen über den Gang der Natur in der Entwickelung des Menſchengeſchlechts. Zürich 1797.
Figuren zu meinem A B C-Buch. Baſel 1797 u. öft.
Wie Gertrud ihre Kinder lehrt. Bern und Zürich 1801.
Elementarbücher. Zürich, Bern und Tübingen 1803.
Wochenſchrift für Menſchenbildung. 2. A. Aarau 1815, 4 Thle.
Anweiſung zum Buchſtabiren und Leſenlehren. Leipzig 1806.
Anſichten u. ſ. w. Leipzig 1806.
An die Unſchuld, den Ernſt und Edelmuth meines Zeitalters. Yverdun 1815.
Rede an ſeinem 73. Geburtstage. Zürich 1818.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Stuttgart und Tübingen 1820—26, 15 Bde.
Meine Lebensſchickſale als Vorſteher meiner Erziehungsinſtitute. Leipzig 1826.

Wenn es je einen Märtyrer eines edlen und uneigennützigen Strebens gegeben hat, deſſen aufopfernde Ausdauer noch den fernſten Enkeln Segen bringen wird, ſo iſt es dieſer vortreffliche Mann geweſen, der unabläſſig thätig für das wahre Wohl der Menſchheit als Reformator des Erziehungsweſens wirkte und doch nur den ſchmählichſten Undank, gerade von denen, die ihm am meiſten verpflichtet waren, erndtete. Der niedrigſte Eigennutz falſcher Freunde und gewiſſenloſer Schüler bemächtigte ſich ſeiner Ideen und beutete ſie ſelbſt im gewöhnlichſten Sinne des Wortes durch dieſelben, während P. ſich die Früchte langer, redlicher Thätigkeit entriſſen ſah und arm und hülflos endete. Die von ihm eingeführte Methode wirkte aber heilbringend fort; er führte den erſten Unterricht auf formelle und mathematiſche, den Fähigkeiten des kindlichen Alters angemeſſenere Anſchauung zurück, ehe er Wortgedächtniß und Denkkraft zu bilden begann, und ließ die Zöglinge ſo *auf eine leichte* Weiſe die Gegenſtände auffaſſen, um ſie nachher bei fortgeſchrittener Bildung deſto gründlicher und eindringlicher ſich aneignen zu können. Dieſe Methode wurde nach allen Richtungen hin weiter gebildet und fortgeführt; nicht bloß die Deutſchen, ſondern Engländer, Franzoſen und Amerikaner, wie Bell, Lancaſter, Hamilton, Jacotot cultivirten dieſelbe mit großem Gewinn, und der jetzt faſt allgemein verbeſſerte Volksunterricht hat ihr die ſegensreiche hohe Stellung, die er bei mehreren Nationen einnimmt, urſprünglich zu verdanken. — In P's Schriften, welche ſich ſämmtlich auf das Ziel, das er ſich vorſteckte, mehr oder weniger beziehen, ſpricht ſich außerdem eine ſolche kindliche Liebenswürdigkeit und Friſche des Herzens, ein ſo tiefes Gefühl und ein ſo großer ſittlicher Eifer aus, daß man nicht anders als mit der lebhafteſten Verehrung von ihm ſcheiden kann und ſelbſt ſeine Schwächen dieſe noch verſtärken.

Adolf Peters

ward am 9. Februar 1803 zu Hamburg geboren, hatte das Unglück, ſeine Eltern ſchon früh zu verlieren und erhielt ſeine Erziehung in dem Hauſe eines Oheims zu Hameln, wo er die dortige gelehrte Schule beſuchte, ſich der Mathematik widmete, und ehe er zur weiteren theoretiſchen Ausbildung in derſelben eine Univerſität bezog, als Praktiker mehrere Jahre arbeitete. Dann begab er ſich nach Göttingen, vollendete daſelbſt ſeine Studien und wandte ſich dann nach Leipzig, wo er als Doctor der Philoſophie promovirte und noch eine Zeitlang als Privatgelehrter lebte. Von hier ging er als Lehrer der Mathematik an das Blochmann-Vitzthum'ſche Gymnaſium nach Dresden, wo er gegenwärtig noch erfolgreich wirkt.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Sangbüchlein der Liebe. (Anonym.) Göttingen 1825.
Ueber das Studium der Mathematik auf Gymnaſien. Dresden 1828.
Allgemein verſtändliche Himmelskunde. Nach Schwarz bearbeitet. 3. A. Pirna 1832.
Neue Curvenlehre. Grundzüge einer Umgeſtaltung der höheren Geometrie durch ihre urſprüngliche Methode. Dresden 1835.
Geſänge der Liebe. Dresden 1840.

Was P. als Mathematiker geleiſtet, iſt hier nicht der Ort zu beurtheilen; es genüge daher anzuführen, daß namentlich ſeine neue Curvenlehre als eine anerkannt wichtige Bereicherung der mathematiſchen Wiſſenſchaften von den Fachgelehrten betrachtet wird. Als lyriſcher Dichter zeichnet er ſich durch tiefe, innige Kindlichkeit, gemüthliche Phantaſie, warmes und reiches Gefühl, Natürlichkeit, Anmuth der Sprache und Form, frei von aller jetzt herrſchenden Manier, aber voll Eigenthümlichkeit des Gedankenganges, ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Aus A. Peters' „Geſänge der Liebe."

Hans und Bärbel.

Eine Schnitter-Idylle.

Rauſchend umſchlüpften die Sicheln im Korn, mit beblätterten Hüten
Schritten die Schnitter im Zug und ſchwangen die mächtigen Sicheln.
Sichtbar rückten ſie vor, wie ein Heer, das die Feinde zurückdrängt,
Schritt vor Schritt ſie bekämpft, nicht umblickt. Jubelnde Mädchen
Banden, was Jene gefällt, es reiht ſich Mandel auf Mandel
Strotzender Garben; vom Feld herüber ſchwankte ein Fuder
Unbeholfen davon. Ich ſchaute dem fröhlichen Fleiß zu,
Lange geſeſſen. Zuletzt dann ſchlendert' ich weiter und ſetzte
Unter die Eiche mich, fern, am Brunnen. Da kam von den Mähern
Eilig ein Dirnchen geſprungen, behende, leicht ſchlüpfenden Fußes,
Einen gehenkelten Krug in der Hand, gerad' auf den Born zu.
Schüchtern ſah ſie umher, ob niemand lauſche. (Ich ſelbſt war
Hinter die Eiche getreten.) Sie ſtellte den Krug auf die Steinbank,
Bückte ſich über den Born, ihr Figürchen beſpiegelnd, und lachte —
Lachte noch einmal und nickte hinunter und pfiff, — doch es ging nicht.
So mit geſpitztem Mündchen verharrt in der Schwebe die Kleine:
Roth ihr Mieder und kurz nur das Röckchen, es ſtrebte vergebens
Ihr mit dem blumigen Saume das nackende Füßlein zu küſſen.
Aber dem Hute gelang's, mit den Nacken zu bergen, die Stirn gar.
Doch nur ein Weilchen; ſie lös't'e das Band ſchon und ſchleudert' ihn von ſich.
Lang hing's Bärbel nun ſo in Gedanken, des ländlichen Bornes
Einſam glühende Knospe, in zitternder Tiefe geſpiegelt.
Endlich doch bog ſie ſich auf, ſtand ſinnend und griff nach dem Steinkrug,
Sah' ihn wieder und ſprach zu ſich ſelbſt mit vergnüglicher Schalkheit:
Loſiger Hans, und du ſingſt mich doch nicht! Guckſt du im Born gar?
Lauſcheſt heraus? (Sie ſchnitt ein Geſicht in den Brunnen:) ſo mach' ich's,
Werd' ich ja roth, wenn du kommſt! Und zupfſt du mich doch an den Zöpfen,
Greif' ich zum Kruge geſchwind und beſpritze dich über und über! —
Haſtig nun zog ſie das Waſſer, den friſchen, kryſtallenen Glitzern
Gönnte die raſche Bewegung das mannigfaltige Spiel kaum.
Denn ſchon kam von den Schnittern, den durſt'gen, ein Bote herüber,
Eins von den ältern Mädchen. Es ſagte und nahm ihr den Krug weg:
Bärbel, wo ſteckſt nur ſo lang? Und läßt uns verdurſten und ſchaffſt nichts!
Spotteſt beſtändig uns aus, doch nun wart', dann ſorge für Spott nicht!
Weißt du, was Käthchen ſprach? „Das Hänschen, da ſonſt es ſo flink iſt,
Muß es verliebt ſein!" — Einer belacht' es, er rief: und das richtig!
„War's wohl der Hans?" — Nein, Hans ſchwieg ſtill, doch der alte Andreas
Wiegte die Senſe und lacht', und barſcher immer: „So laßt doch
Selber und holt euch den Krug! Mag's ſonſt Margreten da drüben
Gleich nur am Kampe verbleiben, die Arbeit muß ſie allein thun,
Alles da binden und ſtellen." Da lachten die andern ihm Beifall. —
Ha, das thu' ich gar ſo, rief Bärbel, gewiß bin ich früher
Fertig als ihr, und da komm' ich und ſuch' Kornblumen, den Hut ab
Setz' ich, ein Kränzel ins' Haar, und tanz' vor der Naſ' euch und lache!
Sprach es und huſchte hinüber und tummelte ſchon mit dem Korn ſich:
Luſtig umflog ſie das Mädchen, ich ſah an verſchiedenen Orten
Faſt ſie zugleich und man glaubte, ſie tanze mit Garben den Reigen:
Eins, zwei, drei! und erfüllt war wieder die folgende Mandel.
Wie jedoch dehnte die Ecke ſich hin und da alles gethan war,
Sank ſie erſchöpft an das Korn und nickte und träumte und ſchlief ein.

Bärbel, du träumſt? O ich rathe, du träumſt, wie im Kranz du ſie auslachſt.

Drüben vom Erntezug und vom Reigen — am Ende vom Hans gar?
Ja, du träumſt vom Hans, du Schalk, und du ſinnſt auf ein Schelmſtück,
Träumſt du aber auch wohl, daß Hans dein Schlummern beäugelt? —
Hans war den Schnittern entſchlüpft, nach der Kleinen zu ſehen, die Arbeit
Fand er gethan wie begehrt, und noch nicht vom Erſtaunen geneſen,
Sah er die liebliche Dirn' im Schlaf; hinſchlich er und lauſchte.
Erſt ſtand's Jäckchen dem Buben und dummſchlau ſann er auf Poſſe,
Heute der Süßen Geſtändniß und Brautkuß doch zu erbeuten.
Witzig fragt er ſich ſelbſt und legt' an die Naſ' den Finger:
„Hans, wie fängſt du das an? Erweck' ich ſie, giebt es wie ſtets Krieg,
Küſſ' ich ſie dann, thu' ſchön, ſo reicht ſie 'nen Klapps mir und läuft weg!“
Denkend rieb er die Stirn, ſchlug öfters ergrimmt vor den Kopf ſich,
Sann dann wieder bedächtig und brummte. — „Ich hab's!“ rief er plötzlich,
Und wie ein Zecher vom Sitz, halb trunken vom feurigen Weine,
Aufſpringt, Flaſchen und Krüge im ſtolpernden Schwunge hinſtürzt,
Sprang vor Entzücken der Hans, ſah Maulwurfshaufen und Kraut nicht,
Kam in's Geſtrauchel, überpurzelt und ſtürmt' in's Getreide des Nachbars,
Daß er die raſſelnden Bande zerwarf und im Nu auf der Naſ' lag.
Doch wie ein Stehaufmännchen war ſchnell Hans wieder zu Beinen,
Schlich auf den Zehen und ſpähte in Angſt, ob Bärbel erwacht ſei.
Hans, dein Glücksſtern ſtrahlt. Süßruhend ſchlummerte Bärbel,
Bietend im glühenden Mund, ſo klein, liebreizend geſpalten,
Hold unſchuldig dem Hans ein Röschen, das eben ſich aufthut.

Hans nun fing ſich im Hut ganz leis Grashüpfer in Unzahl,
Nur von den kleinſten. Er ſtreckte damit an der Seite des Mägdleins
Sachte ſich nieder und that, ſobald er die ſpringende Heerſchaar
Ueber die Liebſte geſä't, als ſchlief er — und ſchnarchte ſofort laut.
Bärbel regte ſich ſchon. Sie fuhr mit der Hand nach dem Ohr hin,
Auch in die Locken, worin ſich ein Paar von den Hüpfern verwickelt,
Schlug dann wieder nach einem im Halbſchlaf, murmelte: „Fliege,
Geh' doch!“ — Aber umſonſt. Zuletzt, unausſtehlich gequält, ſprang
Raſch ſie empor und gewahrt den Buben. Sie ſtößt einen Schrei aus,
Steht ſchon gewendet zur Flucht, da entdeckt ſie, er ſchläft ja, und kehrt um,
Nähert ſich eilig, erblickt ihn mit pochendem Herzen, ſie bebt noch,
Aber ſie ſchaut ihm gerührt in's Antlitz und neigt ſich ein wenig —
Hans ſchläft ruhig — ſie beugt ſich tiefer und ſenkt auf ein Knie ſich,
Streichelt ihm leiſe die Hand — hält ein — kneift fein in die Wang' ihm —
Hans ſchlief ruhig. — Sie lachte. — Doch Hans ſchlief ruhig ſein Stückchen,
Nur daß er ſtöhnte. Da preßt' an ihr Herz ſie die Hand des Gepeinigten.
Huſch! und da war es geſchehn: ſie küßt' ihm erröthend den Krauskopf.
Jetzo lächelte Hans, doch blieb er vorſichtig; er hielt ſich
Aengſtlich ſtill wie ein Angler, der eben der tanzenden Spule
Deutliches Zucken gewahrt. Und der Goldfiſch biß und ihr Kuß flog
Ueber die Lippen ihm hin. Da ruckte der Fiſcher die Schnur an,
Schlang ihr den Arm um den Nacken und rief: „Jetzt hab' ich dich, Fiſchlein,
Hab' dich erwiſcht!“ Doch ſie ſchrie: „Hans, laß mich, du Räuber, du Spitzbub!“
Nimmer, wo nicht du gelobſt, mein Weibchen zu werden — entlaſſ' ich dich!
Vierzig Schaafe und zwei Geſpann Ochſen nebſt Wieſen und Aeckern
Sagte der Vater mir zu, dazu noch das kleinere Wohnhaus;
Ueberleg' es dir recht und bedenk', daß du eher nicht loskommſt!
Bärbel erwiederte kurz, doch mit merklich begütigter Stimme:
Gleich laß los, du empfängſt jetzt einen gepfefferten Ohrklapps
Wegen des Antrags! — Nach richt'gem Empfang ſtahl Hans ihr ein Mäulchen,
Wiederholte die Frage und Bärbelchen flüſterte: Ja, Hans!

Fernher ſcholl der Geſang der Schnitter, die über den Hügel,
Der ſchon die Sonne verbarg, heimzogen zum dampfenden Herde.
Sanft von den Armen gewiegt ſchlich eben das Pärchen vorüber,
Neckiſch hört' ich ſie flüſtern und Hans ſprach ſchon von der Hochzeit,
Welches verfängliche Wort ihr ſo wonnigen Stich in das Herz gab,
Daß ſie zur Mutter zu eilen beklommen den Bräutigam antrieb.

Strudelfahrt.

Ein Schiff den Rhein hinunterzieht,
Es ſchwebt ſo ruhig weiter,
An's Ufer klingt ein helles Lied,
Der Himmel iſt ſo heiter.
Und als ich kam an's Schiff heran,
Da ſaßen nichts als Mädchen drin.
Mädel, ja wunderſchöne Mädel, juchhe!
Mädel wie lauter Roſen.

„Ach Schiffer, lieber Schiffer mein,
Ihr laßt das Schiff nur treiben,
Wie weit mag's noch vom Strudel ſein?
Wir können vor Angſt nicht bleiben!
Wenn ihr paſſirt den Strudelbraus,
Steigen wir alle zuſammen aus.“
Mädel, ja wunderſchöne Mädel, juchhe!
Mädel wie lauter Roſen.

Und als das Schiff an's Ufer trieb,
Sie ſprangen heraus zu Paaren,
Nur ganz alleine ſitzen blieb
Ein Mädel von ſechszehn Jahren.
„Komm mit! Der Strudel iſt falſch und wild,
Wir beten beim Muttergottesbild.“
Mädel, ja wunderſchöne Mädel, juchhe!
Mädel wie lauter Roſen.

„Und wie mir's auch ergehen mag,
Und wie die Waſſer brauſen,
Was fragt die junge Liebe danach,
Mich macht der Tod nicht grauſen.
Stoß ab, mein Schiffsmann, wo ihr ſeid,
Da bleib' ich auch in Ewigkeit!“
Mädel, ja wunderſchöne Mädel, juchhe!
Mädel wie lauter Roſen.

Launige Liebes-Elegien.

[illegible]
[illegible]

1.

Einſt, als Baſen und Muhm' argwöhnten, daß ich verliebt ſei,
Weil ich zur Tänzerin mir oft Schönblondchen erkor,
Sprachen ſie angſtvoll warnend mit bänglich ergriffenem Pathos,
Während das Kätzchen ſanft ſchnurrt' auf dem Kanapee:
„Schenk' uns Vertrauen, denn du biſt ein Knab' erſt, kaum noch ein Jüngling,
Hör', o hüte dein Herz, eher die Liebe berückt's!
Laß dich belehren, die Lieb' iſt nichts als ein gaukelndes Trugbild,
Nur ein verſchwindend Geſpenſt, das dir als Engel erſcheint,
Oder ein wonniger Rauſch, der zauberiſch die Sinne beſtrickt dir.

Aber nach Taumel und Traum, Uebel gebärend, entflieht; —
Wahrlich, ein luſtiges Feuer, das Anfangs lodert und kniſtert,
  Aber ſich ſelber verzehrt, tiefer und tiefer verſinkt,
Bis auch die bleibende Kohle, die matt ein Weilchen noch durchglimmt,
  Sterbend zur Schlacke verſteint, ſterbend in Aſche zerſtäubt."
Redlich folgt' ich der Mahnung, ob auch wie ein himmliſch Geheimniß
  Still verbergend das Wort Liebe zum Ohre mir klang;
Nimmer auch ließen ſie ab, ſtets ſicherer ward ich gewonnen,
  Wenig nur fehlte und ſtolz hätt' ich die Mädchen gehaßt. —
Da ſtiegſt du von dem Himmel! Die Offenbarung der Liebe
  Nahm gefangen in mir Bübchens und Mädchens Vernunft.

2.

„Waltet ein Halbgott dort?" rief ſpöttiſch ein Bube herüber,
  Der durch das Gartenſtaket lugte mit läſterndem Blick.
Und ich erſchrak, wie umrauſchte das Haupt weitflatternder Epheu.
  That's auch die eigene Hand, wähnt' ich von dir mich bekränzt.
Göttliches Mädchen, geleite nur treu den beſeligten Jüngling,
  Iſt er kein Irdiſcher mehr, muß er ein Himmliſcher ſein!
„Ja, ein Halbgott!" rief ich, und ſchalkiſch neigte der Bube,
  Daß ihm das goldene Haar wallte vom Nacken, ſein Haupt.

3.

Als ich ein Knabe noch war, da zog ich mit Trommeln und Fahnen
  Prunkend zum Anger hinaus, barſch commandirt' ich das Heer,
Mochten die Hügel auch prangen von ſchimmernden Blumen, wir kamen
  Wild aufjauchzend hinan, traten zu Boden den Flor.
Aber ſeit ich betroffen dich, blühendes Mädchen, geſehen,
  Weilet theilnahmvoll über dem Lenz mein Blick.
Nur den Blumen vertraut' ich des Buſens banges Geheimniß,
  Unausſprechlich Gefühl, Sehnſucht, Zweifel und Angſt,
Was ich dir ſelbſt nicht geſtand, dem liebſten Freunde verhehlte,
  Nickten die Gräſer ſich zu, duſteten Veilchen am Hag;
Primeln und Anemonen, als hörten ſie meine Gedanken,
  Sahn mitleidig mich an, lachten mir Hoffnung in's Herz.
Heilig hielt ich ſie lang, unverletzlich, da ward ich von neuem
  Ihr barbariſcher Feind, Blume der Blumen, durch dich.
Denn kaum brannt' auf den Lippen dein erſter Kuß mir, ſo ſtürmt' ich
  Plündernd durch Wieſen und Wald, ſchmückte dir Zimmer und Herz,
Nachts verheert' ich den Garten, ein heimlicher Dieb und am Morgen
  Zierte ein duftiger Kranz glühender Roſen dein Haar.

4.

„Bleib', o bleibe, Geliebter! Ich ſterb' in Erwartung und [illegible]
  Biſt du die Hälfte des Tags und noch am Abend mir fern!"
So ſprach klagend die Süße mit bittenden Worten der Wehmuth,
  Handſchuh' windend und Hut mir aus der läſſigen Hand.
„Ach, du mein herrliches Mädchen, wie gern, wie freudig verweilt' ich,
  Glücklich im liebenden Arm, ſelig wie Götter bei dir!
Aber es möchten zuletzt mir die Muhmen mit ſteigendem Argwohn
  Nachſpähn — würd' ich ertappt, wehe dem himmliſchen Glück!
Immer, reiß' ich mich endlich, verſenkt in dein inniges Leben,
  Seufzend vom Buſen dir los, find' ich den Tiſch ſchon gedeckt,
Schon ſind, lange verhüllt die leckeren Brühen geronnen,
  Braten und Tunke verbrannt, hadernd die zornige Magd.
Harrend ſitzen die Muhmen und Vettern mit langen Geſichtern,
  Tret' ich zur Stube hinein, blicken den Kommenden an.
Freundlich erfleh' ich Vergebung, ich ſtottre ſchmeichelnde Reden,
  Aber ſie murren erzürnt, machen mich fragend verwirrt.
Schleich' ich nicht immer am Abend, wenn nirgend ein lauerndes Auge
  Noch in der Finſterniß wacht, ſchlau durch die hintere Thür!
Laß denn, Schönſte, mich ſcheiden, entziehn dem heimiſchen Gram,
  Heilig gelob' ich es an, morgen ſchon eil' ich zurück."
„Morgen iſt heut nicht!" rief ſie und ſpitzt' ihr muthwillig Mündchen,
  Schüttelt' ihr lockiges Haupt, drückte die Händ' auf die Bruſt,
Drauf gleich ich, ſie umfangend, ein Heros, rufte verwegen:
  „Widerſteh' dir ein Gott! Muhmen, ihr ſchreckt mich nicht!"

5.

Schnöd ſchnob draußen der Nord und fegte zu Haufen den Staubſchnee,
  Männer, in Mäntel vermummt, ſchritten mit eiſigem Bart;
Doch aus dem freundlichen Hauſe mit aufgethauten Fenſtern
  Schimmert ein Frühlingsgeſicht hinter den Scheiben hervor.
Halb von Blumen verſteckt ſitzt ſtill beſchäftigt die Holde,
  Ueber der Stickerei regt ſich der Künſtlerin Hand,
Sinnig und liebevoll bewegen ſich ihre Gedanken,
  Und die umſchloſſene Bruſt hebt ſich in glücklicher Ruh'.
Wie ſie ſelbſt, die Natur, ein lieblich Gebild nach dem andern
  Schaffend im ewigen Traum, webt in Gedanken die Braut,
Als die Blumen umher mit den halbgeöffneten Kronen
  Schienen der Phantaſie ihrer Empfindung entſproßt.
Eben begann es zu dämmern, und freundlich im türkiſchen Schlafrock,
  Zeitungen noch in der Hand, trat in die Thür der Ohm,
Sprach, ausblaſend des Knaſters gewaltigen bläulichen Weihrauch:
  Kinder, man ſpielte wohl heut wieder ein Robberchen Whiſt.
„Gern, mein Ohm, doch der Dritte? Ich dächte, der artige Vetter,
  Oder der muntere Freund? Letzteren lad' ich geſchwind!"
Schon ſtand, als ich erſchien, bereitet der ſpiegelnde Spieltiſch,
  Heimlich, mit innigem Blick winkte die Theure mir zu.
„Nehmen wir Platz denn und ziehn!" ſprach mahnend der Ohm und wir ſpielten,
  Er mit dem Strohmann, ich mit der lebendigen Braut.
Schüchtern ſetzte ſie mir auf den Fuß ihr Füßchen, ein Schauer
  Süßer Entzückungen rann mir bis zum Haupt von der Zeh',
Doch nun fehlt' ich im Spiel und während ihr lächelnder Mund ſchalt,
  Streichelt mir über den Sammt zärtlich ihr Füßchen herab.
Aber zufrieden bemerkt der Ohm meine Zerſtreuung,
  Schmunzelnd macht' er anjetzt einen brillanten Grandſchlemm;
Robber gewann er auf Robber, wir nahmen beſtändig Revanche,
  Endlich berauſcht' ihn die Luſt ſeines Gewinnes mit Macht.
Trunken von Schlaf ließ jetzt er die Karten ſinken und klappernd
  Legte die Brill' auf den Tiſch, ſchnarchend ſenkt' er das Haupt.
„Sie," rief ich, „gewonnen!" und rückte der Himmliſchen näher,
  Nickte der Alte herab, küßten im Takt wir dazu.

6.

Schwager! Schwager! Hülfe! Zu Hülfe, mein Schwäg'r! Ach wo biſt du!
  Räuber und Mörder! Ein Wolfs-Bub lauert hinter dem Baum!
Laut ſo rufend entflog wie ein Pfeil ſie und rauſchte dem Baum zu.
  Wo wir, vertieft in Geſpräch, 's Schwägerchen lauſchend geſpürt:
Denn an dem Stamme hervor dort guckte der Schlafrockzipfel.
  Voller Entſetzen entwich aus dem Verſteck der Spion.
Anfangs ſchleichend, ein Katz, dann, hinter verborgenen Sträuchen,
  Springend, ein luſtiger Haſ', dem auf den Ferſen die Jagd.

7.

„Liebendes Völkchen iſt eitel!“ behauptete launig ein Männlein,
Schleunig entgegnet' ich ihm, daß ein Verläumder er ſei. —
Nimmer vergeſſ' ich des Tags, da in thauiger Frühe ſich Hulda,
Trällernd ein ländliches Lied, ſchmückte zum herbſtlichen Feſt.
[illegible] noch heut, wie erröthend den Unverhofften ſie ſchaute,
Tief wie die Lilie verſchämt, ſchaut ihr die Roſ' in den Kelch.
Ungefeſſelt noch ſtrömte des Haupthaars dunkele Fülle
Ueber den Nacken von Schnee glänzend und duftend herab,
Kaum noch zur Hälfte entflohn der Papilloten Verpuppung,
Schwankten ihr über der Stirn Locken und Löckchen herab,
Locker nur war das Gewand vom ſeidenen Gürtel gefeſſelt,
Und nur von Schleiern umwebt ſchien ihr die leuchtende Bruſt.
Aber ich ſtehe, verſenkt in Träume der himmliſchen Schöne,
Ohne Bedenken und Arg plötzlich in Liebchens Gemach.
Ha, wie voll Schrecken ſie floh! Doch vom bergenden Mantel umfloſſen,
Schloß ſie den Lieben ſogleich fromm an das zärtliche Herz. —
Alſo verwerf ich den Satz: „das liebende Völkchen iſt eitel!“
Sollen's die Mädchen denn ſein, ſind's doch die Liebenden nicht.

8.

Kaum nach ſtaubiger Wanderung betret' ich die Schwelle des Gaſthofs,
Und ſchon umſchwebt mich, ſchon blickt freundlich die Muſe mich an.
Was ich geſehen, verklärt ſie. Die Waldungen rauſchen prophetiſch,
Weidender Heerden Geläut tönt wie die Sage von fern,
Leuchtend erhebt ſich ein Schwan aus dem düſteren See und ſein Lied tönt
Von der verſunkenen Welt unter der flüſternden Flut.
Plötzlich hervor aus Gewölk bricht weithin ſtrömend die Sonne,
Wogen und Kräuter und Fels ſchweben in ſchimmerndem Glanz:
So ſtrömt über mein Herz die Liebe. [illegible]
Fliehen die Gedanken und ſchaun in das romantiſche Land,
Wo du als Königin gehſt im Diademe der Schönheit,
Unermeßlichen Schatz himmliſcher Liebe gebeutſt.
Haſtig leer' ich das Glas. „Herr Wirth, ein Zimmerchen, einſam,
Traulich eng, ungeſtört, Feder und Dint' und Papier!“
Alſo ſitz' ich und dichte, es wachſen zu Tagen die Stunden,
„Auf!“ ſchon ruft es, verſäumt ließ ich des Reiſenden Pflicht.
„Judenhaus, Kunſtcabinet, Dom, merkwürdige Thürme?“
Sprach der bereite Marqueur — nun iſt im Rücken die Stadt.
Was nun erzähl' ich daheim den geſpannt neugier'gen Couſinen?
Weh! ſchon ſchauen die drei Köpfe ſymmetriſch mich an.
Steht, o ihr Muſen, mir bei, lehrt ihnen in's Antlitz zu dichten,
Was ich doch nimmer erſah! Hüllt in Wolken mich ein!
Rettet! Entrückt mich im Nu dem ſpähenden Blick der Couſinen.
Während verſteinert ſie ſtehn, trägt zum [illegible] mich hin.
Dann, o ihr Hohen, enteilt! Ein Engel öffnet die Arme,
Himmliſch lohnet mich ſein Kuß für das geſungene Lied.

9.

„Fledermäuschen, wer bin ich? du nickſt und ſcheinſt mich zu kennen,
Gleich erkannt' ich auch dich mitten im Maskengewühl!“
Aber ſie floh kopfſchüttelnd und kichernd, es trug ſie der Töne
Wiegende Woge hinweg, unter den wirbelnden Schwall. —
Dieſe Geſtalt, wie ſie tief in's innerſte Herz mir geprägt iſt,
Sicher mit Liebesgewalt ſelbſt die verhüllte mich trifft!
Stunden unendlicher Wonne, die Tage des Glückes, Erinn'rung,
Hoffnung und Gegenwart gaukeln als Engel um ſie. —
„He, Herr Ritter!“ da flüſtert es plötzlich und zupft mir am Schwert ſacht,
Wieder mit Nicken ſchon ſtand Fledermäuschen bei mir.
Schnell ergriff ich die Hand, die ſüßgewohnte, und ſchrieb ihr
„Du,“ das Wörtchen, hinein, aber ſie lachte, verwarf's.
Malt' auf den pappenen Schild mir behend mit prickelndem Finger:
„Amor!“ — Mädchen, du weißt! Amor [illegible] ich, der Held!
Unter der Schönheit Panier vereint er die Frauen, erobert
Ihnen die ſeufzende Welt; ach, ſein Gefangner bin ich!
Hegſt du Zweifel? Bejahſt? — Verneinſt? — Sag' an, wie verſteh' ich's? —
Aber ſie winkte, befahl: „Folge mir, ſchau, wer du biſt!“
Fern bald ſcholl die Muſik, durch weit gewundene Gänge
Rauſchten wir, wandten uns [illegible] jetzt in ein Gartengemach.
Da rief ſchnell ſie: „wer biſt du? geſteh's!“ warf plötzlich die Maske,
Käppchen und Domino ab — „Pſyche du! — Amor denn ich!“
Seliger Schrecken, als vor mir das Mädchen im himmliſchen Reiz ſtand,
Leuchtend in Göttergeſtalt, wie ein verwirklichter Traum!
Silbern ätheriſch umfloß ein zart anſchmiegend Gewand ſie,
Flimmernd am Nacken empor zitterten Schwingen von Licht.
Und wie im innerſten Kelch erröthet die ſchneeige Roſe,
Flog voll ſchimmernde Glut über das holde Geſicht.
„Trag' ich noch all' dies Glück? O laß deine Knie mich umfangen!“
Aber ſie hob mich empor, und durchſchau'rt mich der Kuß.
„Theurer, wie bin ich beglückt! Hier ſchauert die Palme der Liebe,
Toſ't nicht der Wirbel, der mich ach! und der dich mir entreißt
Dort, mir graut vor mir ſelbſt, ich dünke mein eig'nes Geſpenſt mir,
Das mit der nächtigen Schaar murmelt und ziſchelt und kreiſ't.
Himmliſch iſt dir am Herzen! Gedrängt ſucht heimliche Liebe
Unter der wachenden Hut, ſie zu betrügen, wie ſüß!
Gern erſchien' ich dir ſtets als Fledermaus, doch als Pſyche
Einzig, Geliebter, nur dir, der du die Liebe mir biſt;
Dich ſucht Pſyche, ſie trau'rt, wo du nicht biſt; unabläſſig
Flattert ſie ängſtlich umher, ſucht dich zum ewigen Bund:
Ach! viel Prüfungen ſteht das einſam geflatterte Weib aus,
Und aus dem Tartarus ſtrebt noch ſie vergebens herauf.
Horch! ein Tritt! er gemahnt mich, er ſcheucht mich zurück in's Getümmel,
Murrt die Muſik nicht? — Halt, Amor, Pſyche dich feſt!“
„Ja, dich halt' ich umarmt! Die geweihten Stunden beſchirmen
All' die Unſterblichen, ſchon birgt ſich der Dämon und Neid.
Darum vertrau'! Laß Jene bewahrt und die Glücklichen uns ſein.
Dort irr' tobende Luſt, Stille der Seligkeit hier!
Mögen ſie ſchwirren und ſchwanken! Wir wiegen auf Flügeln der Liebe
Uns in den Himmeln und tief unter uns deckt ſich der Ball.“

10.

Unverſchämte Carroſſen! Man hört nicht und fühlt nicht, ſie raſſeln
Wüthriſch hin, und umſonſt ſucht man im Fliehn Terrain.
Schmieg dich, Liebchen, mir an, nur eilig vorbei dem Theater!
Bald dann wandeln wir ſtill, einſam ſelig dahin.
Siehſt du den drängenden Schwarm? er zahlt, er miethet als Vorſpann
Vor den Wagen der Zeit ſich das geflügelte Roß.
Darum iſt es geſcheiten, das ungläubige Völkchen;
Sucht doch anderen Rath, wählet nur unſer Geſpann!
Ja ſitzt Amor zu Bock; der kleine betrunkene Schwager
Peitſcht auf die Pferdchen, erreicht immer zu früh die Station.

11.

Wähle, o engliſche Maid', ſchaff Blumen zum morgenden Feſte!
Liebchen, zum Schmucke für dich ſind noch die Gärten zu arm.

„Was mein Gärtchen vermag, ſei euer, nur pflücket behutſam!"
Sprach's [illegible] Grußs, reichte den Schlüſſel mir dar.
„Doch — Herr Vetter, erlaubt, ich ſelbſt —" Zu ſpät, ſchon entſchlüpft' ich.
— Gänzlich vergebens! noch war Würdiges nirgend erblüht.
Traurig ging ich vorbei am Gewächshaus, klein, doch von Pracht voll,
Camelien-Glut ſchien durch den gläſernen Flor.
Hätt' ich den Schlüſſel! — Was ſeh' ich? Ein Fach an der Seite geöffnet! —
Schnell ich hinein, ein Bouquet glühender Knoſpen ſtibitzt! —
Sieh nur, ſprach ich, mein Mädchen, ich bin auch beſcheiden geweſen!
„Was? — Aus dem Treibhaus?" Ja! War es die Meinung denn nicht?
O ſo bedaur' ich's von Herzen! — Sie macht' ein Geſicht, das ſehr ſchief war:
„Böslicher Vetter, warum habt ihr mir ſolches gethan!"
Halb mit errötendem Dank und halb mitleidigen Ausdrucks
Um der Beraubten Verluſt — halb mit der Freude der Braut,
Halb auch verſöhnend das Weib, das zärtlich die Knoſpen behütet,
Blickte die Liebſte mich an, drückte die Roſen ans Herz.
Aber die Muhm' ſah's ſtaunend, erhob ſich entſetzt, ſtand, blickte,
Schreitend zur Thüre hinaus, häßlich die Liebliche an.
Da ergriff mich das Mädchen und drückte unzählige Küſſe
Süß mit dem ſammetnen Mund mir auf die flehende Hand.

12.

Sucht mich beim Herr Vetter, der Kaufherr, ſpricht mit Gelächel:
Macht euch, Freundchen, im Ernſt, nicht zum Geſpötte der Stadt!
Denn, wie ich höre, ſo ſeid ihr [illegible] verliebt, wollt freien,
Aber habt ihr ein Amt oder ſolides Geſchäft? —
„Nein, Herr Vetter, ihr wißt es, ein liebender Schwärmer, ein Dichter
Lebt von der himmliſchen Luſt, auch von der Schönheit der Braut."
Hochroth, ja, wie mir ſchien, in's Bläuliche färbte das Antlitz
Jetzt des Ergrimmten ſich; aber ich ſprach: „Mit Vergunſt,
Wißt ihr den Namen der Braut?" Nein. „Ha, iſt ein Himmel voll Sterne!
Perlen und lauteres Gold! Macht unermeßlich mich reich!"
Wahrlich, die Alte da drüben? Die Reiche? Iſt's möglich!
Wer hat euch plötzlich gemacht zu dem verſtändigen Mann?
Brav! Charmanter Gedank'! Hätt's wahrlich in euch nicht geſucht! — Bravo!!
Und ich bezeug' euch hiermit meinen beſondern Reſpekt.

13.

Ueber den ſchreienden Markt hin eil' ich zum Liebchen in Schnellſchritt,
Doch bald hier, bald dort hemmt mich das wilde Gedräng:
Tauſend Feilſchende gehen und ſtehn, ſie bieten, erwägen,
Koſten, betaſten, beſchaun, prüfen mit Kennergeſicht
Milch, Wurſt, Schinken, Salat, Bücklinge, Geflügel und Wildpret,
Eier, auch Butter, Gemüſ', zappelnde Fiſche im Faß.
Hei! an der Ecke dort ſingt's, ſpaziert und flattert im Käfig,
Vögelein ſind es, wie bunt! „Ah, wie hoch iſt der Preis
Hier von dem Gimpel? Was pfeift er? Doch ſolcher erhebt gar zu leicht ſich;
Iſt nicht ein Stieglitz zu Kauf, der ſich das Mägdchen pickt?
Habt nur den einz'gen noch? Schad', der mauſert ſich, ſieht wie gerupft aus.
Einen ſo garſtigen Spaß bedaur' ich der Schönſten nicht gern."
Seht mir doch! Garſtig! Ein Spaß! Ei Gebund nur, die Herzallerliebſte
Mauſert ſich auch noch und der wächſt auch kein Federchen aus.
„Garſtiger Hex' du!" wollt' ich in Zorn ausſpeien, doch verbiß ich's.
Kaufte das Thierchen und ſprach, [illegible] zur Braut, im Gemüth:
Jetzt biſt du ſchön wie der Tag! Ich ſchwelg' in der Schönheit, die du biſt,
Trinke mit glühendem Durſt ihren beperlten Pokal.
Jetzt, in des Herzens Entzückung und Götterbedürfniß, erblüh' ich,
Schließt dem lechzenden Mund ſich der [illegible] Born.
Doch ſchilt einſt er mir kläglich und kläglicher, will ich nicht klagen,
Noch im Entſchwinden den Reiz ſegnen, der ſelig uns geeint.
Denn wie ſind unſre! Es flieht die Jugend, erbleicht die Schönheit,
Iſt unſterblich das Herz, iſt es die Liebe zuerſt:
Hoch am Haupte des Königs erglänzt noch die köſtliche Perle,
Längſt iſt die Muſchel zerſtäubt, welche im Meer ſie gebar.

Wiederſehn.

1.

„Ich mußte Monde, Jahre ſchmachten,
Doch nie wie dieſe Stunde wachten
Der Sehnſucht heiße Schmerzen auf.
Noch immer ſtumm und leer die Ferne!
Schon blinken einzeln kleine Sterne,
Der Mond beginnt den ſtillen Lauf.

O hätten ihre Roſſe Flügel
Und brauſ'ten mit verhängtem Zügel
Durch Dämmerluft wie Drachenflug! —
Da rollt es!" — Wie vom Sturm getragen
Sauſ't raſch heran ein Götterwagen —
„Sie iſt's, ſie winkt, ſie ſchwingt das Tuch!"

Die ſchwarzen Roſſe ſchnauben, ſpringen,
Und ſchon erkenn' ich ſie! — vergingen
Die Sinne mir? — daß blieb ich ſtehn.
Sie kam, ſie flog mir froh entgegen,
Und wie in's Gras ein Blütenregen
Sank ſie in meinen Arm ſo ſchön.

Und Wonneſtammeln, Namennennen —
„Soll nichts, ſoll nichts uns wieder trennen?
Biſt noch wie einſt, biſt ewig mein?" —
Wir ſchaun uns an, erbeben, bangen,
Wir halten, laſſen uns umfangen
Und wieder in Entzückungspein.

Wir ſprachen — alle Worte fehlen,
Erglühend küß ich ihre Seelen,
Des vollen Mundes Blümenrund,
Die ſüß geſenkten Augenlider,
Die klare Stirne, und immer wieder
Zuletzt den roſenfarb'gen Mund.

„Halt' ich denn wirklich dich umfangen!
O wie dein Blick all' mein Verlangen
Zugleich beſchwichtigt und erregt!
Du biſt's, du biſt es, die mir lächelt,
Mit Engelsflügeln mich umfächelt,
Mich an der Bruſt zum Himmel trägt!"

O wonneſelig Wiederfinden!
O ſchmerzreich, wolluſtvoll Umwinden!
O Liebesanblick, tauſendmal!
Und immer nun an's Herz zu ſinken,
Und immer durſt'ger nur zu trinken
An unſrer Liebe Luſt und Qual!

2.

Wir hatten uns ſo viel zu ſagen
Von all' den hingeſchwund'nen Tagen,
Der Liebe kummervoll allein,
Wir konnten uns nicht auserzählen,
Nicht ſatt uns freuen, ſatt uns quälen
An unſrer Seligkeit und Pein.

Wir ſchwärmten durch die gold'nen Felder,
Wir flogen in den Dom der Wälder,
Wir pflückten Blumen aus dem Korn,
Der Schäfer blies, die Bäche ſchäumten,
Wir ſchauten uns im Quell, wir träumten,
Und war ſo wohl, ſo ſelig [illegible].

O wer kann ſolches Glück ermeſſen!
Die alte Trennung war vergeſſen,
Das alte Leid verblaßt und todt;
Und unſre Liebe, unſre Wonne,
Sie ſah der Mond, ſie ſah die Sonne,
Sie ſah das frühe Morgenroth.

O ſelig Tag' im Tage Weiden!
Der Abend kommt, er will uns ſcheiden —
Der Tag war nur ein Pendelſchlag;
Noch dieſen Kuß! — ein ſüß Umfaſſen —
„O Mädchen, nein, kannſt du mich laſſen
In holder Nacht, der Liebe Tag? —

Komm, geh' mit mir die Bergespfade;
Enthüllt im klaren Mondlichtbade
Ruht, heiter Träume voll, die Nacht,
Gefallen ſind der Erde Schranken,
Geſchützt in ſel'ger Lichtgedanken
Hält nur der Mond am Himmel Wacht.“

Johann Wilh. Peterſen,

am 1. Julius 1649 zu Osnabrück geboren, gebildet für das Studium der Theologie und Philologie zu Lübeck, Gießen und Roſtock, war eine Zeitlang Magiſter legens zu Gießen, dann Profeſſor der Poeſie zu Roſtock, hierauf Paſtor zu St. Egidien in Hannover und ſpäter Superintendent zu Eutin. 1686 wurde er Dr. theol. zu Roſtock, 1688 Superintendent zu Lüneburg, doch 1699 ſeines Chiliasmus wegen entſetzt. Er wohnte nun zu Magdeburg und ſtarb auf ſeinem Gute Thymern bei Zerbſt am 31. Januar 1727.

Er ſchrieb:

Stimmen aus Zion. Halle 1698.
Neue Stimmen aus Zion. Halle 1701, 12.
Geheimniß der Wiederbringung aller Dinge. 3 Thle. Fol. Halle 1700.
Das Geheimniß der Gottſeligkeit. Ebendaſ. 1704.
Das Leben Joſephs. Ebendaſ. 1705.
Oeffnungen des Geiſtes. Ebendaſ. 1706.
Die Hochzeit des Lammes und der Braut. Ebend. 1707.
Eid- und Pflichtpredigten. Ebendaſ. 1708.
Das Geheimniß der Arbeiter im Weinberge. Ebendaſ. 1713.
Selbſtbiographie. Halle 1717. Neue Auflage 1719.

Feurige Begeiſterung, Kraft der Rede, tiefes, inniges Gefühl und ein für ſeine Zeit edler und einfacher Stil in ſeinen proſaiſchen Leiſtungen, ſo wie Lebendigkeit und Begeiſterung in ſeinen Liedern, weiſen dieſem Manne eine für ſeine Zeit nicht geringe Stellung an.

Johanne Eleon. Peterſen, geb. v. Merlau,

geboren am 20. April 1644 zu Frankfurt am Main, war ſeit 1680 mit Dr. Joh. Wilh. Peterſen vermählt und eine treue Anhängerin der religiöſen Meinungen ihres Gemahls. Sie ſtarb im Jahre 1720.

Sie ſchrieb:

Verſtändniß der heil. Offenbarung Jeſu Chriſti.
Verklärte Offenbarung. Geiſtlicher Kampf der geiſtlichen Ueberwinder. Herzensgeſpräche mit Gott. 3 Thle. 1694.
Selbſtbiographie. Bei der Biograph. ihres Mannes. 1717 neu bearbeitet von F. Horn im Frauentaſchenbuche für 1820.

Lebendige Phantaſie, Kraft der Darſtellung, Tiefe und ſchwärmeriſche Gluth, waren dieſer merkwürdigen Frau eigenthümlich und offenbarten ſich in ihren Schriften.

Sam. Friedr. Erdmann Petri,

geboren am 20. October 1776 zu Budiſſin, ward 1803 Vicedirector des Schullehrer-Seminars zu Dresden-Friedrichsſtadt, 1805 Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Fulda, 1807 Vicar der proteſtantiſchen Gemeinde und ſpäter Kirchenrath, Inſpector, Schulrath und evangeliſcher Prediger daſelbſt.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Compendiöſe Frauenzimmer-Bibliothek. Leipzig 1800.
Magazin der pädagogiſchen Litteratur-Geſchichte. 2te Samml. in 2 Bdn. Leipz. 1805—1807.
Die Abendmahlsfeier. Neuſt. 1805.
Deutſche Homophonik. Pirna 1806. 2te Aufl. 1807.
Neuer Dolmetſcher oder Handbuch der Fremdwörter. Leipz. 1806. 5. Aufl. Dresden 1827, 2 Th.
Lehrbuch der ſtädtiſchen Gewerbskunde. Leipz. 1807.
Vorſchule der Sprachlehre. Leipz. 1808. N. Aufl. 1811.
Vorkenntniſſe der Verskunſt. Pirna 1809.
Grundſätze der Wohlredenheit. Pirna 1808. Neue Aufl. 1813.
Kronos. Gießen 1817.
Ueber Dichtkunſt und ihre Geſchichte. Leipz. 1817.
Hellas. Leipz. 1818.
Erinnerungen an Napoleon und Philipp von Macedonien. Schmalkalden 1822.
Das Chriſtenthum, in ſeinem Entſtehen u. Eiſenach 1822.
Klio und Kalliope. Eiſenach 1822.
Hellenen. Eiſenach 1823.
Maiblumen. Hanau 1826.
Eichenkränze. Wiesbaden 1826—29. 4 Bde.
National-Kalender der Deutſchen. 2 Bände. Leipz. 1823—30.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher als klardenkender und freiſinniger Gelehrter, der die Wiſſenſchaft ſtets mit dem Leben in Verbindung zu ſetzen wußte, und namentlich für die Verbeſſerung und Bildung des Gymnaſial-, wie des Realſchul-Unterrichts mit unermüdlicher Thätigkeit wirkte.

Heinr. Karl Friedr. Peucer

ward am 26. September 1779 zu Buttſtädt geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena Jurisprudenz, wurde 1805 Hofadvocat zu Weimar, 1807 Legationsſecretair zu Paris, 1809 geheimer Staatskanzleiſecretair zu Weimar, 1810 Regierungsaſſeſſor, 1811 Rath, 1816 geheimer Regierungsrath und Oberconſiſtorialdirector und 1839 Präſident des Oberconſiſtoriums daſelbſt.

Er ſchrieb:

Landſturmblatt. Weimar 1817—19.
Heroismus alter und neuer Zeit. Erfurt 1817.
Claſſiſches Theater der Franzoſen. Leipz. 1819 ff.
Weimariſche Blätter. gr. 12. Leipz. 1834.
Ein Theaterabend. Dramat. Studien. 8. Leipz. 1835.

Ein feiner Geiſt, der trotz ſeiner bedeutenden Berufsgeſchäfte doch mit großem Erfolg die Künſte cultivirte und bei großem Gedankenreichthum, Anmuth und Zartheit es zu einer ſeltenen Meiſterſchaft in Behandlung der Sprache und Form brachte, was er namentlich in ſeinen Uebertragungen claſſiſcher franzöſiſcher Tragödien auf das Glänzendſte beurkundete.

Nikolaus Peucker,

geboren in der erſten Hälfte des 17ten Jahrhunderts in Schleſien, war kurfürſtlich brandenburgiſcher Kammergerichts-Advocat, Stadtrichter und Rathskämmerer zu Köln an der Spree und ſtarb im Jahre 1674.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Die rechte klingende luſtige Pauke von 100 ſinnreichen Schertzgedichten, herausgegeben v. D. Gbr. Pfeffer. Berlin 1702. 12.

Ein für ſeine Zeit ſehr hübſches lyriſches Talent, trotz dem damaligen Geſchmacke voll Natürlichkeit und gemüthlicher Leichtigkeit, die beſonders in ſeinen Wiegenliedern und Geſängen auf die Jahreszeiten hervortreten.

Johann Pezzl,

geboren im Jahre 1756 zu Mallersdorf in Baiern, lebte eine Zeitlang privatiſirend in Salzburg und Zürich und ward 1785 Secretär, Lector und Bibliothekar des Staatskanzlers Fürſten von Kaunitz in Wien und 1791 Mitglied der Chifferkanzlei. Er ſtarb 1836.

Es erſchien von ihm:

Briefe aus dem Noviziat. 4 Bde. Zürich 1780—82.
Fauſtin oder das philoſophiſche Jahrhundert. Zürich 1783. Neue Aufl. 1788.
Biographiſches Denkmal Risbecks. Kempten 1786.
Skizze von Wien. 6 Hefte. Wien 1786—90. 4te Aufl. 1803.
Sincerus der Reformator. Frankf. u. Leipzig 1787.
Vertraute Briefe über Katholiken und Proteſtanten. Straßburg 1787.
Denkmal auf Stoll. Wien 1788.
Charakteriſtik Joſephs. Wien 1790. 4te Aufl. 1807.
Laudon's Leben. Wien 1790.
Eugen's Leben. Wien 1791.
Ulrich von Unkenbach und ſeine Steckenpferde. 2 Thle. Wien 1800. 2.
Neue Skizze von Wien. Wien 1805 ff. 3 Hefte.
Beſchreibung der Haupt- und Reſidenzſtadt Wien. 5te Aufl. Wien 1820.
Gabriel und die Stiefmutter Natur. Wien 1810.

Der Roman Fauſtin, die Briefe über den Katholicismus und die Biographie Joſephs II. erwarben P. zu ſeiner Zeit den Ruhm eines praktiſchen Philoſophen und gediegenen Denkers, den er jedoch nicht bis an ſeinen Tod behauptet hat. Nicht ohne Talent für populäre Darſtellung und Gewandtheit, in der Schilderung fehlt es ihm doch an Tiefe und Gedankenreichthum; er bewegt ſich nur auf der Oberfläche und gefällt ſich hier in breitem Raiſonnement, das er als gründlich und erſchöpfend betrachtet.

Karl Alexander Friedr. Pfaff

geboren am 22. Februar 1795 zu Stuttgart, ſtudirte zu Tübingen und lebt als Dr. philosoph. und Conrector am Gymnaſium zu Eßlingen.

Er ſchrieb:

Denkmal Dr. Martin Luther's. Heidelb. 1817.
Geſchichte Württembergs. Reutlingen 1818—20, 2 Th.
Handbuch der Weltkunde. Tübing. 1823—28, 6 Th.
Geſchichte des Reichstages zu Augsburg 1530. 2 Th. Stuttg. 1830.

Ein tüchtiger und wackerer Hiſtoriker, der mit gründlichem Quellenſtudium eine treffliche, klare Darſtellungsweiſe verbindet.

Gottlieb Konrad Pfeffel

ward am 28. Junius 1736 zu Kolmar geboren, ſtudirte in Halle Jurisprudenz, hatte aber das Unglück, 1757 ganz blind zu werden. 1768 wurde er heſſen-darmſtädtiſcher Hofrath und legte ein proteſtantiſches Erziehungsinſtitut unter dem Namen Kriegsſchule zu Kolmar an. Dieſes ging während der Revolution ein und er beſchäftigte ſich nun allein mit Literatur, bis er 1803 Präſident des neuerrichteten Conſiſtoriums zu Kolmar wurde. Er ſtarb am 1. Mai 1809 daſelbſt.

Er hinterließ:

Poetiſche Verſuche, in 3 Büchern. Frankf. 1761, 8.
Der Schatz. Schäferſpiel. Frankf. 1761, 8.
Verſuch in einigen Gedichten. Frankf. 1762, gr. 8.
Der Einſiedler. Trauerſpiel. Karlsruhe 1763, 8.
Philemon und Baucis. Schauſp. Straßb. 1763, 8.
Theatraliſche Beluſtigungen nach franzöſiſchen Muſtern. 1—5. Sammlung. Frankf. u. Leipz. 1765, 1766, 1767, 1770 u. 1774, 8.
Neue Beiträge zur deutſchen Makulatur. Frankf. 1766, 8.
Dramatiſche Kinderſpiele. Straßb. 1769, 8.
Lieder für die Kolmariſche Kriegsſchule. Köln 1778, 8.
Hiſtoriſches Magazin für den Verſtand und das Herz. 2 Bde. Neue Aufl. Straßb. 1792, 8. Franzöſiſch und Deutſch.
Fabeln, der helvetiſchen Geſellſchaft gewidmet. Baſel 1783. 8.
Poetiſche Verſuche. 3 Thle. Baſel 1789, 1790. 8.
Poetiſche Verſuche. 8 Thle. 4te Aufl. Tübingen 1802—1805, 8.
Proſaiſche Verſuche. Tübingen u. Stuttgart 1810—1813, 10 Thle.
Supplementband zu den poetiſchen u. proſaiſchen Verſuchen. Ebendaſ. 1820.

Geſunder Verſtand, reiche Phantaſie, ſchlagender Witz, warmes, tiefes Gefühl und ein nie erkaltender Eifer für Wahrheit und Recht, treten in allen Poeſieen dieſes trefflichen Mannes, dem die Muſe eine tröſtende Begleiterin durch die Nacht ſeines Lebens war, glänzend hervor und beurkunden auf das Entſcheidendſte ſeinen Beruf für Poeſie. Am glücklichſten war er in der zu ſeiner Zeit noch häufiger cultivirten Gattung der poetiſchen Epiſtel, in welcher eine edle männliche Sentimentalität ihren Eindruck auf den Leſer nie verfehlt, und vor Allem in ſeinen Fabeln, in welchen er bis jetzt noch unübertroffen daſteht, da er ſich von der gewöhnlichen naiven Kindlichkeit der Aeſopiſchen Fabel fern hielt und einen ſatiriſch-ſentimentalen Ton annahm, welcher trefflich zu den behandelten Gegenſtänden paßte, die Pfeffel zugleich auf eine leichte, maleriſche Weiſe darzuſtellen wußte. Nicht minder gelungen ſind ſeine poetiſchen Erzählungen, denen ſeine proſaiſchen Verſuche dieſer Art nachſtehn; am unbedeutendſten dagegen erſcheinen ſeine, meiſt franzöſiſchen Originalen nachgebildeten, dramatiſchen Leiſtungen.

Gedichte von Gottl. Konrad Pfeffel.

Das Johanniswürmchen.

Ein Johanniswürmchen ſaß,
Seines Sternenſcheins
Unbewußt, im weichen Gras
Eines Buchenhains.

Leiſe kroch aus faulem Moos
Seine Nachbarin,
Eine Kröte, hin und ſchoß
All ihr Gift auf ihn.

Ach! was hab' ich dir gethan?
Rief der Wurm ihr zu.
Ei! fuhr ihn das Unthier an,
Warum glänzeſt du?

Der Schmetterling und die Biene.

Die Biene ließ den Schmetterling
Einſt ihre feinen Speicher ſehen.
Schön! rief der bunte Gaſt: doch muß ich dir geſtehen,
Ich tauſchte nicht mit dir. — Warum nicht dummes Ding,
Was haſt denn du? Laß ſehn; wir wollen inventiren.
Ich hab' ein volles Haus! — Und ich . . . nichts zu verlieren!

Die zwei Griechen.

Zwei Griechen, welche durch das Band
Der Sympathie verbrüdert waren,
Verließen jung ihr Vaterland,
Und ſuchten Glück bei den Barbaren.
Das Schickſal trennte ſie; Porphyr
Kam nach Illyrien, ward Kriegsknecht, Offizier,
Spion, Feldmarſchall, Großvezier,
Und kurz, in Zeit von zwanzig Jahren
Beſtieg er als der Schwiegerſohn
Des Königs den ererbten Thron.
Aret, der nichts von ihm erfahren,
Kam als ein armer Philoſoph,
Vom Unglück ſtets verfolgt, an ſeines Freundes Hof,
Der eben Audienz ertheilte.
Was ſeh ich? Himmel! rief Aret,
Der weinend ihm entgegen eilte,
Porphyr! mein Bruder? — Was? fiel Seine Majeſtät
Erröthend ihm ins Wort; hinweg mit dieſem Tollen,
Der unſern Stand vergißt! Vielleicht hat gar ein Feind
Sich hinter ihn verbergen wollen.
Vergieb mir, ſprach Aret, ich hätte keinen Freund
Auf einem Throne ſuchen ſollen!

Der junge Haſe.

Mit ernſtem Schritte, wie der Held
Von Mancha, kam ein junger Haſe
Nach Haus, und ſeine wunde Naſe
Schien laut zu rufen: Staune, Welt!

Du bluteſt, Neffe? ſprach ein Greis
Zu ihm, was hat ſich zugetragen?
Je nun, ich habe mich geſchlagen,
Verſetzt er, und der Kampf war heiß.

Was, rief die ganze Sippſchaft aus,
Geſchlagen? wie? mit welchem Feinde?
Mit einem Hund? — Ja, liebe Freunde,
Mit einer ungeheuern Maus.

Der Goldfaſan.

Es war einſt eine Hungersnoth
Im Thierreich; alles ſchrie nach Brot;
Ein Goldfaſan ſchlich matt und ſchwer
Und ächzend durch den Hain daher.

Ihn ſah ein Specht von ferne zu
Und ſagte, Freund, was ächzeſt du?
Verkaufe nur dein reiches Kleid,
So haſt du Brot auf lange Zeit.

Dem Goldfaſan gefiel der Rath;
Er ſetzte ſeinen ganzen Staat
Bei einem alten Hamſter ab,
Der ihm dafür viel Körner gab.

Nun pflegt er ſich bei Fürſtenkoſt,
Doch plötzlich kam der Winterfroſt,
Und plötzlich war der arme Narr
Am nackten Leibe blau und ſtarr.

O weh mir, ſprach er nun zum Specht,
Mein guter Freund, dein Rath war ſchlecht!
Ich weiß, man ſtirbt aus Hungersnoth,
Doch, wer erfriert, iſt gleichfalls todt.

Guarin und Lydia.

Eine ſpaniſche Legende.

Ein reicher Fürſt war Don Alvar,
Der Graf von Barcelone;
Allein das reinſte Kleinod war
Sein Kind in ſeiner Krone.

Die Büßerin von Magdala
In ihren Flitterjahren
War kaum ſo ſchön, als Lydia,
Von Antlitz, Wuchs und Haaren.

Auch ſagte mancher Ritterſohn
Mit ſüß berauſchtem Sinne:
Weit lieber, als des Vaters Thron,
Wär' mir der Tochter Minne.

Guarin, der Hofmarſchall, ein Fant
Voll gleißneriſcher Tücke,
Schoß oft nach ihr, von Luſt entbrannt,
Verſtohlne Sperbersblicke.

Doch Lydia verſtand ſie nicht.
Nun wagt er's gar, zu ſprechen.
Sie zürnt und droht dem frechen Wicht,
Die Ungebühr zu rächen.

Er bebt vor Furcht, ſein Auge ſprüht
Vor ſtolzer Wuth; das Feuer
Der Hölle, das ſein Herz durchglüht,
Macht ihn zum Ungeheuer.

Er heuchelt Reue, ſpäht und wacht;
Mit Gold ſprengt er die Thüren,
Und läßt das Fräulein bei der Nacht
Auf ſeine Burg entführen.

Er ſelber bleibt am Hof zurück,
Um dem Verdacht zu wehren,
Und theilt mit tief geſenktem Blick
Des armen Vaters Zähren.

Der erſte Sturm iſt kaum verhallt,
So ſteigt er zu der Schönen,
Und will mit trotziger Gewalt
Sein Buhlenglück nun krönen.

Sie fällt aufs Knie, ſie weint, ſie fleht.
Er lacht mit kaltem Blute;
Sein Frevel wächſt. Sie widerſteht
Mit Amazonen-Muthe.

Nun zückt er, um ſie zu bedräun,
Mit grimmiger Geberde
Den blanken Dolch. Sie rennt hinein
Und ſtürzet todt zur Erde.

Er ſchaudert; kaum erſtickt ihr Blut
Die Luſt in ſeiner Seele.
Er ſchleppt voll Angſt und ſtiller Wuth
Den Leib in eine Höhle.

Fürſt Satan lacht; wie Donnerſturm
Schallts in des Frevlers Ohren.
Er zagt, er krümmt ſich wie ein Wurm,
Und will ſich ſelbſt durchbohren.

Ein raſcher Bliz lähmt ſeine Hand,
Der das Gemach entzündet,
Und Lydia im Lichtgewand
Zeigt ihm ein Kreuz und ſchwindet.

Er ſtarrt, er heult; der Hölle Pein
Zerfoltert ſein Gewiſſen;
Er flieht in einen öden Hain,
Um ſeine Schuld zu büßen.

„Ich war ein Thier; als Thier will ich,
Sprach er, bei Thieren leben,
Und nie wag' es mein Auge, ſich
Zum Auge aufzuheben."

Ein hohler Eichbaum ward ſein Haus,
Er kroch auf allen Vieren,
Brach Schwämme, grub ſich Wurzeln aus
Und graſte mit den Thieren.

Oft war's, ob Lydia's Phantom
Ihm vor das Auge träte,
Und heißer floß der Thränenſtrom
In ſeine Bußgebete.

Ach! auch der Vater konnte nie
Sein Buſenkind vergeſſen;
Sechs Jahre ſchon beweint er ſie
Und weiht ihr Seelenmeſſen.

Zum erſten Mal ergözt Alvar,
Dem erſt vor wenig Tagen
Die Gattin einen Sohn gebar,
Nun wieder ſich mit Jagen.

Er ließ den unbeſuchten Hain
Mit Netzen rund umſtellen,
Und drängte muthig ſich hinein
Mit ſeinen Waidgeſellen.

Auf einmal ſcholl es weit umher,
Daß Berg und Thal erklangen:
Ein Pavian, ein Zeiſelbär,
Ein Oger iſt gefangen.

Man band das Thier; am Leibe rauch,
Bewehrt mit Greifenklauen,
Mit einem Bart bis auf den Bauch,
Wagt es nicht aufzuſchauen.

Der Graf befahl, das ſeltne Wild
Nach ſeinem Schloß zu bringen,
Das bald ein Strom von Menſchen füllt,
Die ſtaunend es umringen.

Da naht' auch mit dem Hofgeſind'
Im dichtgedrängten Schwarme,
Die Amme ſich und trug das Kind
Der Gräfin auf dem Arme.

Kaum blickt es auf den Waldmann hin,
So fängt es an zu ſprechen
Und rufet laut: „Steh auf, Guarin!
Verſöhnt iſt dein Verbrechen."

Zum Grafen ſprachs: „Geraubet hat
Er Lydien das Leben;
Vergieb ihm, Vater, ſeine That!
Auch Gott hat ihm vergeben."

Der Jüngling ſchwieg. Die ganze Schaar
Erzittert und erbleichet.
Der Büßer ſchluchzt; indeß Alvar
Verſöhnt die Hand ihm reichet.

Noch ſteht das Volk verſteinert da,
Bekreuzet ſich und weinet,
Als in dem Kreiſe Lydia,
Schön, wie der Lenz, erſcheinet.

Sie fliegt an des Grafen Bruſt.
Vor ſüßem Schrecken bebet
Der gute Vater, unbewußt,
Was ihm vor Augen ſchwebet.

„Erkenne mich!" ſprach ſie; „Für todt
Lag ich auf kühlem Grunde,
Da ſah Maria meine Noth
Und heilte meine Wunde.

Durch eine unſichtbare Macht
Von meiner Marterſtätte
Im Schlaf entrückt, fand ich erwacht
Mich jezt auf meinem Bette."

Sie ſprachs. — Die Holde wußte nicht,
Wie lange ſie geſchlafen —
Und ſchmiegte lächelnd ihr Geſicht
An das Geſicht des Grafen.

„Gott," rief der Graf, „ſo iſts kein Traum,
So ſchenkſt du ſie mir wieder!"
Guarin küßt ihres Kleides Saum
Und wirft ſich vor ihr nieder.

„Nun glaub' ich, daß mir Gott verzeiht,
Doch kann ich nie genug büßen,
Und will mich in der Einſamkeit
Auf lebenslang verſchließen."

So ſprach er, kehrt in ſeinen Hain
Und baut ſich eine Zelle.
Hier zeigt man jezt noch ſein Gebein
In Sankt Guarins Kapelle.

Epiſtel an Phöbe,

an ihrem vierzehnten Geburtstag.

Heut' vierzehn Jahre; theures Kind!
Wie bald vollendet! Wie geſchwind
Eil' ich von meines Mittags Höhe
Ins öde Schattenthal herab!
O! meine Phöbe, gerne flöhe
Ich aus dem Lärm ins ſtille Grab
Zu meinem Sunim, meinem Stab,
Wenn ich nicht — küß' die ſüße Zähre
Mir weg — Gemahl und Vater wär;
Wenn — doch der Gott, der euch mir gab,
Wog unſer Loos auf ſeiner Wage
Und maß den Faden meiner Tage
Am Zepter ſeiner Weisheit ab.
Vergieb mir's, Kind, die feige Klage,
Ein Dankfeſt ſoll dein Tag mir ſein.
Komm, laß mich dich mit Roſen krönen,
Mit dieſem Kuß, mit dieſen Thränen
Weih ich dich mir zur Freundin ein.
Nicht wahr, du fühlſt ihn, gute Phöbe,
Des Titels werth, den ich dir gebe?
Hinfort nicht mehr dein Vater, nein,
Dein Freund bin ich, der dich begleitet
Durchs Land der Täuſchung, und dein Herz
Zum Leiden ſachte vorbereitet;
Denn leiden wirſt du; Luſt und Schmerz
Sind, gleich den Schalen einer Wage,
Hier nie getrennt, und dieſer neigt
Das Herz in ſeine rechte Lage,
Wenn es zu hoch im Glücke ſteigt.
Ein Leben voller Wonnetage
Taugt nur für Engel: Hüte dich
Dir eins zu träumen. Füllet ſich
Dein Aug' in Wolken; o! ſo weine
Sie auf mein Herz, verbirg mir keine:
Der Schmerz iſt ja nicht neu für mich.
Und wenn — wie denk' ichs ohne Beben —
In dir der neue Trieb erwacht,
Der Mädchen auf ihr ganzes Leben
Beſeligt oder elend macht;
Dann meine Phöbe, dann erwähle
Mich zum Vertrauten deiner Seele.
Nicht ſtreng, nur ſorgſam will ich ſein,
Dein Herz vor Stürmen zu bewahren
Und ihm die namenloſe Pein

Des Streits mit Hang und Pflicht zu ſparen.
Für deine Ruhe fürcht' ich nichts
Vom eiteln Weihrauch ſüßer Laffen;
Im Glanz des reichen Taugenichts
Wird ſich dein Blick auch nie vergaffen;
Doch ſchrecklich ſind die Zauberwaffen
Des feinen Modebösewichts,
Der nichts von Flammen, nichts von Schmerzen
Der Liebe ſpricht, nur von Genie,
Von Tugend und von Energie,
Von Freundſchaft und von Sympathie,
Und, Vampyren gleich, am ſichern Herzen
Des Mädchens ſaugt, bis es verdirbt,
So wie vom Wurm die Roſe ſtirbt.
Dank ſei es unſern hellern Zeiten,
Daß Selbſtheit und Sophiſterei
Und Vollkraft und Empfindelei
Der Unſchuld mehr Gefahr bereiten,
Als je die Nacht der Barbarei.
Es fällt mir gleich ein Mährchen bei
Ich will es, Phöbe, dir erzählen,
O laß damit mich meines Zieles,
Dich zu belehren, nicht verfehlen!
Es heißt: Die Klippe des Gefühles.

Ein Dämon, der beim alten Drachen
Mit Ehren als Geſelle ſtund,
Erhob ſich auf das Erdenrund,
Um da ſein Meiſterſtück zu machen.
Er ſollte wie von Anbeginn
Die Zunftgeſetze vorgeſchrieben,
Ein Mädchen ins Verderben ziehn,
Das ſtets der Unſchuld treu geblieben.
Sophie war zum Opferlamm
Erſehn; ein Kind aus edlem Stamm,
Das jeder Reiz der Eva ſchmückte
Und deſſen ſtille Frömmigkeit
Schon oft die Seraſim entzückte.
Er kroch in ein Huſarenkleid.
Die Uniform ſprengt alle Thüren,
Und dienet oft zum Talisman
Ein eitles Püppchen zu verführen.
Er meldet ſich bei Fiekchen an
Und ſagt ihr unter tauſend Schwüren,
Sie ſei das niedlichſte Geſicht,
Das ihm von Lübeck bis nach Poſen
Auf ſeinen Zügen aufgeſtoßen.
Reich, ſprach er, Mädchen, bin ich nicht;
Doch wird der Donner erſter Tagen
Den krüpplichten Major erſchlagen;
Dann ſollſt du Frau Majorin ſein.
Was meinſt du? Rede kleiner Nickel!
Das arme Fiekchen war betäubt
Und bebte, wie der Perpendickel
Der Wanduhr. Höhniſch lachend reibt
Jetzt Sabour (dies war des Helden Name)
Den Schnurrbart auf die zarte Hand.
Itzt löſt ſich ihrer Zunge Band!
Sie ſchreit und eine alte Dame
Kam huſtend ins Gemach gerannt;
Die Muhme war's. Der Herzensſtürmer
Ward ſchimpflich aus dem Schloß verbannt,
Und Fiekchen bat den raſchen Thürmer
Würd' er ſich nur von Ferne nahn,
Den Doggen auf ihn los zu hetzen.
Nun fing er erſt zu fluchen an!
Er riß den Dollman ſtracks in Fetzen,
Und wollte nun als reicher Geck
Des Fräuleins Herz in Flammen ſetzen.
Er nennt ſich Graf von Schwarzenegg
Und kömmt in einer Staatskaroſſe
Mit einem königlichen Troſſe,
In einem Kleide, ſtarr von Gold,
Schön, wie der Liebling der Cythere,
Umwölkt von einer Balſamſphäre
Ins adelige Schloß gerollt.
Der Graf ward ſchwebend aus dem Wagen
In Fiekchens Putzgemach getragen.
Er überreichet ihr ſein Bild,
Geziert mit ſeinem Wappenſchild,
In einem Rahmen von Brillanten;
Fleht kniend um des Fräuleins Gunſt
Und ſpielt mit meiſterhafter Kunſt
Den feinen ſchmachtenden Amanten:
Achthunderttauſend Thaler ſind
Ihr Mahlſchatz, angenehmes Kind,
Wenn Sie zum Bräutigam mich wählen.
Er ſprach's: Ein Käſtchen mit Juwelen
Giebt ſeinen Worten neue Kraft.
Die gute graue Muhme gafft
Entzückt durch ihre Staarenbrille
Den aufgekramten Reichthum an;
Doch Fiekchen blickt in ernſter Stille
Nur auf den üppigen Galan,
In deſſen Aug' ein Feuer lodert,
Das Wolluſt ſtrömt, und Wolluſt fodert.
Ihr Herz verſchließt ſich vor dem Blick:
Mein Herr, ein allzugroßes Glück
Iſt Gift für eine weiche Seele,
Ich kenne mich und ich erwähle
Den Mittelſtand, in deſſen Schooß
Ich ſo viel unvermiſchte Freuden,
So vielen Troſt in kleinen Leiden,
Kurz, mich und die Natur genoß.
Sie ſchweigt; die alte Tante brummet,
Der ſtolze Bräutigam verſtummet,
Ruft ſeinen bunten Phaeton
Und flieget wie ein Pfeil davon.
Triumph! nun weiß ich dich zu packen,
Ruft er, und lacht ſo fürchterlich,
Daß Berg und Thal davor erſchracken;
In wenig Tagen fang' ich dich;
Wo nicht, ſo mögen alle Welten
Mich einen dummen Teufel ſchelten.
Des nahen Sturmes unbewußt,
Ging Fiekchen bei dem erſten Strahle
Aurorens aus dem Sommerſaale
Ins Wäldchen, und mit Engelsluſt
Sah ſie den Quell vom Felſen fallen
Und ſang ins Lied der Nachtigallen.
Da trat ein feiner junger Mann
Mit einem Buch aus dem Gebüſche;
Sein Antlitz kündigt ein Gemiſche
Von Heiterkeit und Wehmuth an.
Mit Ehrfurcht grüßet er die Schöne
Und wiſchet eine ſtille Thräne
Vom Auge. Fiekchen nickt ihm zu
Und fraget ihn mit holder Miene:
Was, edler Fremdling, lieſeſt du?
Das Marterthum der Klementine
Im Grandiſon, erwiedert er
Und ſeufzt. Das gute Mädchen blickt
Ihn zärtlich an; ihr Herz wird ſchwer;
Es hebt ſich ſchneller und erſtickt
Nur halb des Seufzers Antwort. — Heil!
Heil dir! verſetzt er, ſchöne Seele;
Doch lebe wohl! Gram iſt mein Theil;
Und Frevel iſt's, wenn ich dich quäle.
Sie hält ihn auf: O Freund! erzähle
Dein Schickſal mir. Nach langem Zwang
Setzt er ſich neben ihr ins Grüne:
Auch mir war eine Klementine
Beſcheert, rief er; doch ach! nicht lang':
Sie ſtarb! — Ein Strom von Zähren drang
Aus Fiekchens Augen; ja ſie fühlte
Für Damon, was ſie nie empfand;
Ein Feuer, das ihr Herz durchwühlte.
Beim Abſchied küßt er ihr die Hand;
Und nun begegneten ſich beide
An jedem Tag mit neuer Freude
Im kühlen Hain: dann ſprachen ſie
Entzückt vom Drang der Sympathie
Und von der Schöpfung Harmonie.
So oft er von ihr ſchied, betrübte
Sie ſich, und wußte nicht warum:
Doch Damon blieb nicht ſtumm;
Sein Mund geſtand, daß er ſie liebte,
Und ſie gab ihm den erſten Kuß
Zum Pfand der Gegengunſt zurücke.
Doch bald verfinſtert ein Verdruß
Des guten Damons Wonneblicke:
Ich bin kein Ritter. Ach! ich muß, —
So fing er endlich an zu klagen,
Dir, holdes Fiekchen, dir entſagen.
Nie läßt dein Vormund es geſchehn,
Daß wir — Gott! mußten wir uns finden,
Um ewig uns getrennt zu ſehn!
Wer kann den Jammer nachempfinden,
Der Fiekchens treue Bruſt zerriß!
Wie heben wir das Hinderniß?

Frug ſie ihn einſt mit banger Stimme.
Nichts rettet uns; nichts, als die Flucht
Vor deiner Anverwandten Grimme.
Doch nein, Geliebte, nein. Verflucht
Sei dieſer Rath! Nur ich will fliehen.
Lebe' wohl — Vergiß mich — Laß mich ziehen —
Sei glücklich! — Kann ich's ohne dich!
Nein, Damon, ich will mit dir fliehen.
Gott will's. Mit dir, mit dir allein,
Du trauter Bruder meiner Seele,
Kann ich auch in der fernſten Höhle
Bei bittern Wurzeln ſelig ſein.
Sie ſchweigt. Des Jünglings Wange glühet;
Sein Odem ſtockt; ſein Herz pocht laut;
Wie beim Altar der Beter knieet,
Liegt er vor ihr: Ach! ſüße Braut;
Für mich Geſchaffne! kann ich's glauben?
Lallt er, komm laß uns gleich entfliehn,
Eh Menſchen unſer Glück uns rauben.
Du zögerſt? Ach! ich war zu kühn
In meiner Hoffnung. Fieckchen hatte
Den letzten Kampf der Pflicht gekämpft;
Ein Seufzer der Geliebten dämpft
Den heil'gen Aufruhr. Ach! mein Gatte,
Hin bin ich! ruft ſie, flüchte dich,
Gieb meinem Geiſt die Ruhe wieder!
Sie weint. Der Himmel röthet ſich:
Es fährt auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Sophiens Schutzgeiſt ſchnell hernieder:
Betrogne, was beſchließeſt du?
Rief er dem blaſſen Mädchen zu;
Erkenne, wem du dich ergeben!
Sein Finger rührt den Damon an;
Im Nu verſchwindet der Galan,
Und Fieckchen ſieht mit Graus und Beben
Ein ſchwarzes Kind des Erebus,
Den Faunen gleich an Haupt und Fuß,
Vor ihrem ſtarren Auge ſchweben
Und knirſchend einen Blick ihr geben,
In dem der Hölle Feuerſchlund
Ganz, wie am Richttag, offen ſtund.
Dem Täubchen gleich, wenn ihm der Geier
Im Flug den bunten Nacken bricht,
Stürzt Fieckchen vor das Ungeheuer
Entgeiſtert auf ihr Angeſicht;
Und als ſie ſich im Gras gefunden,
War Faun und Genius verſchwunden. —

Ein leiſer Schauer faſſe dich,
O Phöbe! was ich dir erzählte
Iſt kein Traum; oft begab er ſich
Der Fall, nur daß der Schutzgeiſt fehlte.
O! danke, danke Gott für den,
Geliebte, welchen ſeine Güte,
Bei deinem Eintritt ins Gebiete
Der Sterblichkeit, dir auserſehn,
Für deine Mutter, die im Stillen,
Nur Engeln ſichtbar, ihm nur lebt,
Und ihrem Haus, und ſich beſtrebt,
Zuerſt die Lehren zu erfüllen,
Die ſie dir giebt. Die ſchöne Pflicht
Der Arbeit, Kind, verſäume nicht;
Auch dieſe gab uns Gott zum Schutze
Der Unſchuld. Aber bloß zum Schein
Die Hände regen, bloß dem Putze
Sie widmen, iſt nicht Arbeit, nein,
Bedacht und nützlich muß ſie ſein;
Kein träges Spielwerk eitler Jugend.
Suchſt du die lautern Freuden hier?
Ach! Phöbe, nichts gewährt ſie dir,
Als Gottes Schöpfung und die Tugend.
Suchſt du Geſellſchaft? Dein Klavier,
Ein gutes Buch und du und wir,
Was brauchſt du mehr, die Zeit zu kürzen?
Fleuch, wenn du lieſeſt, den Roman:
So gut, als Fieckchens Damon, kann
Ein Buch dich ins Verderben ſtürzen,
Das bald uns eine Tugend leihe,
Die noch kein Menſchenkind erreichet
Das in der Unſchuld Feierkleid
Sich langſam in die Seele ſchleichet;
Bald unſrer Weisheit alle Kraft
Abwiegelt, und die Leidenſchaft
Für Fürſtin der Vernunft erkläret,
Und bald die kranke Phantaſie
Des Schickſals blinder Tyrannei
Durch Gift und Dolch entfliehen lehret.
Glaub immer an die Sympathie
Verwandter Seelen; ohne ſie
Fänd' ich nicht Glück genug auf Erden.
Allein, o möchteſt du doch nie
Durch dies Gefühl getäuſchet werden!
Nicht auf den Lippen, in der Bruſt
Wohnt es, iſt ewig, wie die Jugend
Des Seraphs, rein, wie ſeine Luſt.
Ja, meine Phöbe, ja die Tugend
Hat ihren Magnetismus auch,
Der wie des Zephirs warmer Hauch
Zwo Blumen ſanft zuſammen wehet,
Zwei Herzen, die der Gottheit Ruf
Zu Bild und Gegenbild erſchuf,
Sich ſchmerzlich entgegen drehet.
Doch, Phöbe, dieſe Wunderkraft
Iſt nicht Inſtinkt, nicht Leidenſchaft,
Aus der nur Scham und Ekel ſtammet.
Den Geiſt erwärmt ſie, nicht das Blut,
Und äußert, wie die ſtille Glut,
Das Golderz, die, ſo ſie entflammet,
Durch des Genuſſes Eb' und Fluth;
Würzt ihre Freuden, ſtählt den Muth,
Wenn ſie die Laſt des Daſeins quälet;
Und gab auch mir das höchſte Gut
Der Erde, das Monarchen fehlet:
Ein Chor von Freunden, am Altar
Der Ewigkeit mit mir vermählet,
Die mir zum Schutz, gleich jener Schaar,
Die Jakob einſt im Traum geſehen,
Auf Gottes Leiter vor mir ſtehen,
Und oben Er, mit mildem Glanz
Der Vaterwürde. Theure Phöbe!
Ich weiß, du kenneſt noch nicht ganz
Das frohe, myſtiſche Gewebe
Der Feſſeln wahrer Sympathie!
Allein auch dir iſt einſt durch ſie
Der Menſchheit höchſtes Glück beſchieden.
Nur hüte dich vor Schwärmerei,
Und ſuche kein Geſchöpf hienieden,
Das frei von allen Mängeln ſei.
Und wenn dein Herz den Jüngling findet,
Zu dem es jenen Hang empfindet,
Dem noch kein edles Herz entflohn:
So folge nicht dem erſten Triebe;
Belauſch' ihn: hat er einen Thron,
Und ſpottet der Religion,
Kind, ſo verachte ſeine Liebe,
Und wähle ſeinen frommen Knecht,
Zeuch froh mit ihm in ſeine Zelle,
Und leb im Dunkeln an der Quelle
Der Seligkeiten ſchlicht und recht.
Und ruft euch einſt des Höchſten Willen
Ins Vaterland der Tugend ab,
So leg' ein Enkel eure Hüllen
In mein und meiner Doris Grab.

Georg Michael Pfefferkorn

ward im Jahre 1646 zu Iſta bei Eiſenach geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena Theologie, wurde dann frühzeitig Lehrer am Gymnaſium zu Altenburg, hierauf Informator der gothaiſchen Prinzen, 1676 Pfarrer zu Friemar und 1682 Superintendent zu Gräfentonna. Er ſtarb am 3. März 1732 daſelbſt.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Poetiſche u. philoſoph. Feſt- u. Wochenluſt. Pleißniſche Ehrenkränze. Anweiſung z. Verskunſt. 1669.

Einige ſeiner geiſtlichen Lieder haben ſich lange in den Geſangbüchern evangeliſcher Gemeinden erhalten. Bekanntlich wurde ihm der geiſtliche Geſang „Wer weiß wie nahe mir mein Ende," das nach Anderen Aemilia Juliana von Rudolſtadt (ſ. d.) zur Verfaſſerin hatte, ebenfalls zugeſchrieben, was heftige, jedoch unentſchiedene gelehrte Streitigkeiten nach ſich zog.

Johann Gebhard Pfeil,

geboren in der erſten Hälfte des 18ten Jahrhunderts zu Magdeburg, ward Prediger zu Geſchwerde in Thüringen, zu St. Nicolai in Magdeburg, Präpoſitus zu Greifenhagen in Pommern und privatiſirte dann in Berlin, wo er im Jahre 1777 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte des Grafen v. P. Leipzig 1755. Neue Aufl. 1765.
Verſuch in moraliſchen Erzählungen. Leipz. 1757.
Lucie Woodwil. Bürgerliches Trauerſpiel. Leipz. 1760.

Pf. war nicht ohne Talent für die Erzählung, und wußte in derſelben dem Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit mit Erfolg zu huldigen, ſo daß ſeine Geſchichte des Grafen von P. lange zu den geſuchteſten Lectüren früherer Tage gehörte.

Melchior Pfinzing.

geboren am 21. Julius 1481 zu Nürnberg, ward Geheimſchreiber des Kaiſers Maximilian I. und darauf Probſt an St. Sebald zu Nürnberg, dann außerordentlicher Rath, Canonicus zu Trient und Probſt an St. Alban in Mainz. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1535.

Er ſchrieb:

Die Geverlichkeiten und einsteils der Geſchichten des löblichen, ſtreitbaren und hochberühmten Helds und Ritters Herr Teuerdannckhs. Nürnberg 1517. Fol. Spätere Ausgaben Augsburg 1519, 1537, 1602, Fol. u. ſ. w. Ueberarbeitungen von Burkard Waldis, Frankfurt am Main 1553, 1563 u. öft. Fol. Von Matth. Schultes, Ulm 1679, Fol. Neueſte Ausgaben von K. J. Hummel, Nürnberg 1790, 4. u. a. m.

Selten hat wohl ein Werk zur Zeit ſeines Erſcheinens ſolches Aufſehen gemacht, wie das epiſch-allegoriſche Gedicht, Teuerdank, das zur Verherrlichung Kaiſer Maximilian's geſchrieben wurde, und dieſem Umſtande die allgemeine Theilnahme, die ihm ward, verdankte, denn der eigentliche poetiſche Werth deſſelben iſt ſehr gering. Sehr treffend urtheilt daher Bouterwek (Geſchichte der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften Th. IX. S. 377), indem er von demſelben ſagt: Die ganze Erfindung des Teuerdank iſt froſtig und trivial. Selbſt wenn ſie in der Ausführung geiſtreich und mit allen Reizen des poetiſchen Styls geſchmückt wäre, würde der Teuerdank, als epiſches Gedicht, tief unter dem Liede der Nibelungen und andern deutſchen Rittergedichten aus dem dreizehnten Jahrhundert ſtehen. Aber auch in der Ausführung der allegoriſchen Compoſition hat Pfinzing wenig poetiſchen Geiſt gezeigt. Es fehlt dem Teuerdank nicht nur an epiſcher Kraft und Mannigfaltigkeit, an innerem Intereſſe der Charaktere und Situationen, an Scenen, die das Gemüth feſſeln und eine lebendige Menſchlichkeit mit poetiſcher Wärme darſtellen; auch die Sprache und der Stil Pfinzing's gehören mehr dem kalten Verſtande an, als einer poetiſch erwärmten Phantaſie. Das einzige Verdienſt des Gedichtes iſt eine gewiſſe anſpruchsloſe Natürlichkeit. Pfinzing affectirt keine Dichtertalente, die ihm fehlten. Er erzählt treuherzig in der gemüthlichen deutſchen Versart des Zeitalters, wie eine Begebenheit auf die andere folgte. Von romantiſcher Schwärmerei hat ſeine Manier keinen Zug; aber eine moraliſche Wärme, die ſich der Darſtellung mittheilt, giebt der kalten Erfindung doch eine Art von Leben. Geſunder Verſtand iſt in dem ganzen Werke nicht zu verkennen. Maleriſche Partieen ſucht man vergebens. —

Aus Melchior Pfinzing's Teuerdank.

Wie Unfalo den Edlen Teurdanck in ein ander geferlichkeit mit einem groſſen Bären fürt.

Iſt geſchehen im land ob der Ens.

Unfalo thet den Helden fragen
Einsmals ob er het luſt zu jagen.
Der Held antwortet jm, Faſt gern.
Unfalo ſprach: Ich weiß einn Bern,
Vnd wil euch an dieſelbe ſtat
Füren, da er ſein läger hat.
Damit weiſt Unfalo den man,
Auff das gejaid in wald hindan.
Da warn bei jm auff allen ſeiten
Das hoffgeſind, die jn geleiten,
Der Adel, gelerten, rathsverwandten,
Truſſer, Lackeien vnd Trabanten,
Die jäger auch beſtellt da ſtunden,
Zogen für außhin mit den hunden,
Man fürt daneben etlich wagen,
Darauff vil garn vnd ſeile lagen,
Vnd was man darfft zur berenjagd,
Vil bawren waren vnverzagt,
Mit Ärten, partin, knebel, ſpieſſen,
Theten was ſie die jäger hieſſen,
Welchen Unfalo het befolen,
Das ſie ſich all enthalten ſollen,
Ir keiner ſtechen wöll den bärn,
Dann ich (ſprach er) wolt ſelber gern,
Daß jn Teurdanck ſelb ſtechen gunde,
Da möcht man ſehen was er kunde,
Wo er ſich allein an jn wagt.
Halt ich jn warlich vnverzagt.
Demſelben alls alſo geſchah,
Alsbald der Bär den Held erſah,
Lieff er jn gar trutzlichen an,
Teurdanck müſt jn allein beſtan.
Wiewol derſelbe Bär faſt groß was,
Noch dannoch Teurdanck nit vergaß,
Sonder nam ſeinen vortheil ein,
Stundt hinder ein klein bäumelein,
Das zu ſein Vortheil ungefer
Da ſtund, dann jn derſelbig bär
Het überhöhet gantz vnd gar.
Mit zorn er lieff gegen jm dar,
Dermaß daß er jm kaum entweich
Aus dem biß vnd ſeim ſtarcken ſtreich,
Derſelbig bär vor groſſem zorn
Schlug nach dem Helden hochgeborn,
Vermeint jn mit den groben tatzen
Zu greiffen vnd feindtlich zu kratzen.
Der Held auß ſeiner geſchicklichkeit,
Trat gar ſchnell neben auff ein ſeit,
Der bär meint, er het ſchon den Held
Gefaßt, daß er jn ſtürtzen wolt.
Teurdanck der unverzagte man
Den Bären mit ſeinem ſpieß traff an

So tieff jm in die lenden ſteckt,
  Daß er all vier von ſich reckt.
Unfalo ſprach: Thu wie ich will,
  So ſchadt diſem kein ungefell,
Wer mir, als jm, her zugeſetzt,
  So wer ich worden lang verletzt,
Ich het in ſolchen ſchweren geſchefften
  Nit mögen ſtehn auß meinen krefften.
Doch wiewol er het glückes vil,
  Noch dannocht ich nicht laſſen will.
Von ſeiner hawt in diſem jar
  Einn riemen muß er laſſen zwar,
Eh er von hinnen kompt hindan.
  Damit ritten ſie beid da von.
Deß Bären grös und freudigkeit
  Verwundert mann ſich weit und breit,
Wie gar behertzt, und wie gewiß
  Der Held wer mit ſeim Bärenſpieß
Und wie ern vndern buch het troffen,
  Das jm keiner het mögen hoffen.
Das wolt Unfalo plagen gar,
  Dann er forcht ſere es würd gewar
Der thewr ſein fraw die Künigin,
  Das würd jm bringen keinen gwinn,
Alſo er ſinnt in der ſach,
  Den Held zu füren in ungemach,
Dann kaum dieſelbig nacht vergieng,
  Ein ander ſchalckheit er anfieng.

Wie Unfalo Teurdanck abermalen in ein groß geferlichkeit füret auff einem faulen Nußbaum.

Iſt geſchehen im untern Intal.

Als nun her kam der ander tag,
  Unfalo ſeiner falſchheit pflag,
Im undern Intal auff ein ſchloß,
  Da ſtifftet er ein boßheit groß,
Den thewren Held fürt auff ein feſt,
  In derſelben er gantz wol weſt,
Daß da ein groſſer Nußbaum war,
  Derſelbig war erfaulet gar,
Lag noch im tag weit gar hinauß.
  Als man dann daſſelbige hauß
Neulichen gar het außgebawt
  Den het der ſchalck zuvor beſchawt,
Daß er wol würd leichtlichen brechen,
  Das doch het keiner ſolln ſprechen,
Der jn ſchawet von oben an,
  Daß er ſolt einig faulen han,
Darumb fürt er den Helden dar,
  Sprach: Herr ich hab nit gnommen war,
Ob euch auch thut der ſchwindel icht,
  Teurdanck ſprach: Er mich irret nicht,
Stünd ich gleich droben auff dem tach,
  Kein häclein fraget ich darnach,
Und iſt mir ſo ein klein beſchwerd,
  Als ſtünd ich niden auff der erd.
Darauff antwort jm Unfalo,
  Herr, ſo tret auff diſen plock do,
Und ruckt hinauß in freiem tag,
  Anderhalben ſchuh, in der wag,
Ir müßt euch aber halten feſt,
  Dann warlichen das iſt die beſt
Prob, darumb jr mögt wohl beſtahn,
  Wenn jr nach Gembſen werdet gahn.
Der Teurdanck trawt jm diſer wort,
  Trat hinfür an deß baumes ort,
Wolt gleich die ſchuh gemeſſen han,
  Da fieng der baum zu krachen an,
Daß dem Helden da nit mehr ward,
  Dann daß er eilends auf der fart,
Begriff ein laden hart daneben,
  Die friſtet jm ſein junges leben,
Sonſt het der Held ſich gantz und gar
  Zu tode gefallen, denn es war
Über ein Juſen ab faſt hoch.
  Teurdanck hinauff ſich wider zog,
Biß er ſtund ohn all ſorge mehr.
  Unfalo lieff her erſt daher,
Als wolt er jm geholffen han,
  Sprach: Ei Herr wie habt jr gethan?
Teurdanck der Held jm antwort gab,
  Der baum der iſt gebrochen ab
Gar ſchnell under den füſſen mein,
  Wer hets gemeynt, daß da ſolt ſein
Der baum alſo erfault geweſen.
  Unfalo ſprach, Weil jr ſeit geneſen,
So geht herein, trawt jm nit mehr,
  Damit kundt er ſein arg gefehr
Verklügen gantz außbündig wol,
  Im hertzen war er boßheit vol.
Teurdanck der Held vermeynt, Es wer
  Geſchehen ohn alles gefehr.
Darumb ers gütlich ließ hingehn.
  Unfalo gedacht, wie mag doch han
Diſer Held nur ſovil glück?
  All meine liſt, anſchläg und dück
Haben an ſeinem leib kein ſtat.
  Muß ſuchen noch einn andern rath,
Daß er nit kumm ſo ſchlecht davon,
  Sol wer von mirs Valete han.

Wie Unfalo den Teurdanck in ein gefehrlichen fall auff einem eiß füret.

Geſchahe bei nacht im undern Intal.

Es kamen auff ein zeit die mer,
  Daß dicker eiß gefroren wer,
Mit ſchnee bedecket an der ſtraß,
  Als Unfalo vermercket das,
Gedacht nicht guts in ſeinem ſinn,
  Möcht ich den Held da bringen hin,
Daß er arm, ſchenckel, kopff zerfiel,
  Das wer mir ein recht eben ſpiel,
Gieng zu dem edlen Teurdanck dar,
  Sprach in geheym: Herr nemet war,
All guter Herrn beinander ſend
  Nit fern hievon an einem end,
In kurtzweil, freud und Ritterſpiel,
  Mit euch dahin ich reiten will.
Der Held ſprach: Gern gewer ichs dich,
  Wenns zeit iſt laß nur wiſſen mich.
Alſo ſchickt zu dem Held in eil,
  Der Unfalo über ein kleine weil,
Ob gegen wolte ſein dem herrn,
  Daß mit einander gleich auffwern,
Dahin ſie ritten biß in d'nacht,
  Teurdanck der het das eiß nit acht,
Mit unverſehens mitten drauff,
  Von ſtund an lag ob einem hauff
Er und ſein pferdt in ſolcher weiß,
  Im rucken auff dem herten eiß,
Alſo gſchwindt war derſelbig fall,
  Mit gwalt die Sattelgurt zerknall
In ſtücken under jm zerbrach.
  Als ſolchs der Unfalo erſah,
Sprach: Herr glaubt mir bei meinem eydt,
  Daß ich im ſchlaff wol halber trayt,
Damit ewern fall hab überſehn.
  O daß euch nur nit wee ſei gſchehn.
Der held ſprach: Ich bin friſch und gſund,
  Darzu mein pferdt zu dieſer ſtund,
Dann Gott in meinen ſinn mir gab,
  Daß ich im fall vom pferdt ſprang ab.
Auß falſchem hertzen Unfalo
  Sprach, deß bin ich von hertzen fro,
Im hertzen jm doch anders was.
  Teurdanck auff ſein pferdt wider ſaß,
Und ſprach: Es iſt zwar hart gefrorn,
  Die ſach ſei darumb nit verlorn,
Wir wöllen doch mit allem fleiß
  Volziehen die angfangne reiß,
Wer auß unvorſichtigkeit felt,
  Sicht wider auff bald wie ein Held,
Der iſt ſo edel und gut bei allen,
  Als der ſo vor iſt nie gfallen.
Damit ſie ſemptlich kamen dar,
  Wie jr anſchlag geweſen war,
Und het der Unfalo kein ruh,
  Biß er mehr unglück richtet zu.

Wie der Teurdanck ſich ſelbs tödtlich mit eim geſpanten Armbroſt beſchädigt haben ſolt, auff dem pirſchen, auß anweiſung des Unfalo.

Iſt in Braband geſchehen.

Unfalo wiſt gar wol vorhin,
Daß den Helden ſtund all ſein ſinn,
Zu allem waidwerck vnd dem pirſchen,
Darumb ſprach er: Ich weiß eins hirſchen
Ein ſchön luſtig vnd freudigs thier,
Fürwar Herr, wolt jr glauben mir,
So möcht jr gute kurtzweil haben,
Ich ſah jn nechten an eim graben
Nit weit von hinnen in eim wald,
Gos euch gefelt, ſo wölln wir bald
All beid dahin geritten ſein,
Mit vns nemend pirſch armbroſt mein,
Dann es iſt ſtarck, geht ab gering.
Der Held antwort: Schafft aller ding
Die pferdt zu rüſten, alſo bald
Sie ritten ſamptlich in den wald,
Eine kleine weil in grüner awen
Theten mit fleiß nach wildpret ſchawen,
Zu erſt erſah eins Unfalo,
Sprach: Herr ſeht jr eins hirſchen do?
Darumb ſo ſteht bald ab zufuß,
So mögt jr kommen zu eim ſchuß.
Vermeynt er ſollt am ſporn bhangen,
Einn ſchaden leicht dadurch erlangen,
Wies jm dann auch alda geſchah,
Der Held, als bald ers wildpret ſah,
Stund ab zu fuß von ſeinem pferdt,
Vnd ſpannt das armbroſt auff der erdt,
Ein ſcharpff geſchoß er darauff ſchwang,
Zum wildpret ſchlich heimlich mit fug,
Het auff die ſporen gar kein acht,
Das jn ſchier het vmbs leben bracht,
Wie dann die eil thut ſelten gut,
Doch het jn Gott in ſeiner hut,
Dann in der eil etliche dorn
Sich ſchlugen vmb des Helden ſporn,
Dardurch der edle Held ſo werd
Fiel nider für ſich auff die erd,
In ſolchem fall ſein armbroſt ließ,
Die bſunnenheit war der gewiß
Des Helden, dann er ſein haupt hat
Im fall empor, drumb jm nicht thet
Das geſchoß noch d'Sennen einigen ſchaden.
Unfalo der war vberladen
Mit ſchmertzen vnd mit hertzen leidt,
Er ſah des Helden geſundtheit,
Lieff bald vnd halff jm wider auff,
Sprach: Ach Herr wie ſehet jr drauff?
Ir habt ewr gantz vnd gar kein acht,
Hat euchs armbroſt keinn ſchaden bracht?
Das iſt je ein glückliche ſach.
Darauff der edle Teurdanck ſprach:
Die ſachen ſeind gerathen wol
Drumb meinen Gott ich loben ſol,
Der mich durch ſeine wunder gut
Vor ſolchem Unfall hat behut,
In dem er ritt widerumb zuhauß,
Vnd war damit das pirſchen auß.

Wie Teurdanck ſich het am durchlaſſen vergeſſen, wolt einen böſen ſprung am höchſten gebirg gethan haben, aber durch eines jägers anſchreien ward er vor ſchaden verhüt.

Als ſie warn wider auffgeſeſſen,
Het d'Held diſes bald vergeſſen,
Trug ſichs zu, daß ſie beid zu mal
Beinander waren im Hallertal,
Unfalo den Held luſtig ſah,
Da wolt er auch nit laſſen nach
Sein boßheit für vnd für zu üben,
Damit er möcht den Held betrüben,
Erdacht einn andern böſen ſinn,
Den Helden ließ er füren hin
Auff hohen bergen in ein wandt
Darinne er vil Gembſen fand,
Den Teurdanck gar freundlich anſprach,
Kein man nie mehr Gembſen geſah.
Bei einander an einem ort,
In aller höh ein ſchet dort,
Wann einer diſes thierlein fellt,
Den hielt ich warlich für einn Held,
Vnd ſo es thet ein hoher man,
Die Küngin het groß gfallen dran,
So es jr würde fürgebracht.
Teurdanck jm nichts gefehrlichs dacht,
Sondern auß rechter edler gir,
Tracht er dem nechſten zu dem thier,
Gleich wie ein Löw freudig vnd ſtoltz,
Wann er wil jagen in dem holtz,
Gieng auß ſeim vnuerzagtem mut,
Ins gpirg mit ſeinem ſchafft ſo gut,
Den jm der Unfalo het geben,
Es daucht jn alles ſchlecht vnd eben,
Als er zu höchſt ins pirge kam,
Sein ſchafft zu beden henden nam,
Wolt ſich ab über ein geheng
Laſſen, in einer tieffen eng,
Kam jm vngefehr in ſeinen mut,
Der ſprung wie man denſelben thut,
Zu picken in dem Niderland,
Als trug er einn ſtecken in der hand,
Den ſprung er hette auch gethan,
Wo nit der trewe jägers man,
So mit jm auff dem birge was,
Zu rechter Zeit het geſehen das,
Der griff in eil ins Helden ſchafft,
Vnd hielt jn feſt mit gantzer krafft,
Schrie über laut den Helden an,
Er ſolte vnderwegen lan
Den ſprung, vnd gab jm gute lere,
Wann er ſich wolt durch laſſen mehr
Mit ſeinem ſchafft an ſolchem ort,
Was weiter mehr darzu gehört.
Der jäger ſagts dem Unfal nit,
Kein danck er het verdient damit,
Daß alſo wer der Held errett,
Auffs ergſt ers jm gedeutet het.
Dann diß iſt je vnd alle fart
Der boßhafftigen menſchen art,
Daß alles gut was ſie dein leuten
Sehen zum ärgſten können deuten,
Vnd diß iſt gemein bei jn im brauch,
Alſo thet diſer böſwicht auch.
Darumb muſt diſer jägers knecht
Verhelen, damit blieb es ſchlecht.
Als Teurdanck wider kam vom feldt,
Zum Unfal ſprach: Auff meinen eyde,
Es iſt warlichen gar ſorglich,
Zufarn von der höh vnder ſich,
Ich het es verſehen ſchier.
Unfal gedacht: Iſt aber mir
Mein anſchlag gangen hinder rück,
So weiß ich noch ein ander ſtück,
Auff waſſer wil verſuchen das,
Ob es mir wolt gerathen baß,
Der ſachen hat er keinn verſtand,
Nie offt geweſt im waſſerland.
Auff erden iſt es gar verlorn,
Daß thut mir je im hertzen zorn.
Alſo blieben die ſachen ſtan,
Daß Unfalo nichts mehr fieng an
Gegen dem Helden Teurdanck,
Biß vber ein zeit nit faſt lang,
Da ers mit fug het abgemeſſen,
Der Held des Unfals ſchon vergeſſen,
Ihn bracht mit liſten in ein ſchiff,
Hernach volgt, was ſich da verlieff.

Joh. Chriſtoph Pfiſter,

geboren am 11. März 1772 zu Pleidelsheim in Württemberg, ſtudirte zu Tübingen, wurde daſelbſt Repetent am theol. Stifte, 1810 Diaconus zu Vaihingen und Pfarrer zu Kleinglattbach und 1813 Prediger zu Türkheim.

Es erſchien von ihm:

Geſchichte von Schwaben. Heilbronn 1803—27, 5 Thle.
Ueberſicht der Geſchichte von Schwaben. Stuttgart 1813.
Ueber das Weſen der Verfaſſung des ehemaligen Herzogthums Württemberg. Heilbronn 1816.
Denkwürdigkeiten der württembergiſchen und ſchwäbiſchen Reformationsgeſchichte mit J. C. Schmid. Tübingen 1817, 2 Hfte.
Herzog Chriſtoph zu Württemberg. Tübingen 1820, 2 Thle.
Schwäbiſches Taſchenbuch. Stuttgart 1820.
Eberhard im Bart, erſter Herzog von Württemberg. Tübingen 1822.
Miscellen aus der württembergiſchen Geſchichte. Tübingen 1824.
Geſchichte der Deutſchen, in der von Heeren und Ukert beſorgten Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staaten. Hamburg 1829, Fol., 4 Thle.

Ein ſehr tüchtiger Hiſtoriker, der ſich namentlich um die Geſchichtſchreibung ſeines Vaterlandes Württemberg große und bleibende Verdienſte erwarb. Seine Geſchichte Deutſchlands iſt gleichfalls, ſowohl dem Inhalte wie der Darſtellung nach, ein treffliches Werk, doch wird ihr von Einigen der Vorwurf gemacht, daß ſie ungleich in der Ausführung und hin und wieder nicht entſchieden genug im Urtheile ſei.

Joh. Chriſtoph Ludw. Pflaum

ward am 16. September 1774 zu Walsdorf bei Bamberg geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und wurde dann 1798 Mittagsprediger und Katechet an der Hauptkirche zu Ansbach, 1805 Feldprediger des preußiſchen Infanterieregiments von Tauenzien, 1809 Pfarrer zu Helmbrechts im Baireuthſchen, 1820 aber Decan und Stadtpfarrer zu Baireuth, wo er am 7. Mai 1824 ſtarb.

Er hinterließ:

Blüthen. Ansbach 1799, 1800, 2 Thle.
Ansbacher Monatsſchrift. 1800—1802.
Veilchenleſe. Leipzig 1808.
Religion, eine Angelegenheit der Fürſten. Leipzig 1809.
Neuer Briefwechſel von und für Knaben und Mädchen. Baireuth 1809.
Lebensbeſchreibungen merkwürdiger Männer. Stuttgart 1813, Fol., 6 Thle.
Beicht- und Kommunionbüchlein. Leipzig 1815; 2. A. Nürnberg 1818.
Sonntagsblatt für evangeliſche Chriſtusverehrer. 1817—23.
Das Leben Jeſu für Geiſt und Herz. Nürnberg 1819.
Chriſtliche Lieder. Nürnberg 1822.

Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls, Klarheit und Lebendigkeit des Vortrags und Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form zeichnen P's proſaiſche Schriften, unter denen die ascetiſchen, ſo wie ſeine poetiſchen, unter denen die religiöſen Lieder die gelungenſten ſind, vortheilhaft aus.

Joh. Georg Pfranger

ward am 5. Auguſt 1746 zu Hildburghauſen geboren, ſtudirte zu Koburg und Jena Theologie, wurde 1772 Pfarrſubſtitut in Straßenhauſen bei Hildburghauſen, 1773 Pfarrer daſelbſt und 1776 Hofprediger und Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor zu Meiningen. Er ſtarb am 10. Julius 1790.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Die Vorſehung. Lehrgedicht. Hildburghauſen 1772, 8.
Ueber die Auferſtehung der Todten. Hildburghauſen 1776, 4.
Predigten über die Sonn- und Feſttagsepiſteln. Hildburghauſen 1779—1791, 4 Bde., 8.
Der Mönch vom Libanon. Deſſau 1782, 8.; 2. Aufl. 1785.
Leopold. Deſſau 1785, 8.
Fragen ohne Antwort, oder Katechismus der Weiſen. Meiningen 1784, 8.
Feier des Abends im Mondenſchein. Meiningen 1778, 8.
Ueber Sonn- und Feſttagsevangelien. Meiningen 1792, 4.
Vermiſchte Predigten. Leipzig 1792, 1794, 2 Thle., 8. Herausgegeben vom Diaconus Berger in Römhild.
Gedichte. Herausgegeben von Berger; 2. A. Meiningen 1794, 8.

Klarheit, Beſonnenheit, Anmuth der Rede und glückliche Beherrſchung der Form ſind P. eigen, doch fehlte ihm jene Begeiſterung und Gluth der Gedanken, welche dem Kanzelredner wie dem Dichter unentbehrlich ſind, wenn ſie Bleibendes ſchaffen wollen. Auch ſein Mönch vom Libanon, eine Fortſetzung und Nachahmung von Leſſing's Nathan dem Weiſen, hält, trotz mancher gelungenen und ſchönen Stelle, die Vergleichung mit ſeinem Vorbilde nicht aus.

Joh. Ernſt Philippi,

geboren im Jahre 1701 zu Merſeburg, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und Halle Jurisprudenz, practicirte dann vom Jahre 1728 an als Advocat zu Merſeburg, erhielt darauf eine Profeſſur der deutſchen Beredtſamkeit zu Halle, zog ſich aber bald durch ſeine Schriften großen Haß und Spott zu und ſah ſich genöthigt, Halle zu verlaſſen. Er lebte nun unſtät, ſaß einige Zeit als Verrückter im Irrenhauſe zu Waldheim und friſtete ſpäter, völlig wiederhergeſtellt, als Corrector und Heftſchreiber zu Jena kümmerlich ſein Daſein. Er ſtarb ums Jahr 1730.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Sechs deutſche Reden. Leipzig 1732.
Geſchichte von Thüringen. Halle 1731.
Der eröffnete Tempel der Ehren und Vorſehung. Ged. Halle 1732.
Sottiſes champêtres oder Schäfergedichte. Leipzig 1733.
Der Freidenker. Göttingen 1734, 9 St.
Cicero, ein großer Windbeutel, Rabuliſt und Charlatan. Halle 1735.
Regeln und Maximen der edlen Reim-Schmieds-Kunſt. Altenburg 1743.

P. machte zu ſeiner Zeit durch die Frechheit und Dreiſtigkeit ſeiner Schriften, beſonders ſeines heftigen und geiſtloſen Angriffes gegen Cicero, einiges Aufſehn, ward aber gebührend zurecht gewieſen und bald vergeſſen. Seine Reden ſind für die damalige Zeit nicht ohne Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form.

Karl Ferdinand Philippi

ward am 12. März 1792 in Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt, lebte nach vollendeten Studienjahren eine Zeit lang in der Oberlauſitz und ward dann 1815 Director der damaligen Garniſonſchule in Dresden, ſpäter Director des Realinſtituts, Hofrath und Cenſor daſelbſt. In den letzten Jahren entſagte er allen dieſen Aemtern und ließ ſich in Grimma nieder, wo er, mit Herausgabe mehrerer Journale beſchäftigt, gegenwärtig noch lebt.

Wir haben von ihm:

- Martin und Eliſabeth, oder die Waiſen im Chamounythal. Leipzig 1813.
- Encyclopädiſches Handbuch der Schulwiſſenſchaften. Dresden 1819.
- Litterariſcher Merkur. Dresden 1819—30.
- Kreuz- und Querfahrten eines engliſchen Schillings. Dresden 1821.
- Skolien in Freundesrund. Dresden 1821.
- Dramaturgiſche Brandraketen. Leipzig 1826. 2 Hfte.
- Geſchichte des Freiſtaats von St. Domingo. Dresden 1827, 3 Thle.
- Geſchichte der vereinigten Niederlande. Dresden 1827, 2 Thle.
- Geſchichte des Papſtthums. Dresden 1828, 7 Thle.
- Herbſtblätter. Grimma 1834.
- Viele Aufſätze und Abhandlungen in von ihm herausgegebenen Journalen und Wochenblättern u. ſ. w.

Ein feiner, witziger und äußerſt gewandter Kopf, mit reichen Kenntniſſen begabt, hat Ph. leider zu ſehr Gefallen an der Tagespolitik und dem Journalweſen, das ihn faſt ausſchließlich beſchäftigt, gefunden. Mit größerer Muße und Ruhe würde er weit Bedeutenderes und Bleibenderes haben liefern können; daß er es vermag, hat er wiederholt, wenn auch nur in Leiſtungen von geringerm Umfange, bewieſen.

Karoline Pichler

ward im October 1769 zu Wien, wo ihr Vater, Franz von Greiner, Hofrath war, geboren, verheirathete ſich 1796 mit dem Regierungsrathe Pichler, erfreute ſich des Umgangs mit den geiſtreichſten Männern ihrer Vaterſtadt und wurde dadurch, ſo wie durch eifrige Selbſtſtudien, mit den beſten Erzeugniſſen der ſchönen Litteratur vertraut. Sie ſelbſt trat erſt 1799 mit ihren eignen Productionen auf.

Wir beſitzen von ihr:

- Sämmtliche Werke. Wien 1811—20, 24 Bde. — 1820—23, 26 Bde. — 1820—36, 49 Bde. — 1828—32, 53 Bändchen.

Dieſe enthalten:

- Leonore. 2 Thle.
- Agathokles. 3 Thle.
- Die Grafen von Hohenberg. 2 Thle.
- Olivier.
- Die Nebenbuhler. 2 Thle.
- Frauenwürde. 4 Thle.
- Idyllen.
- Gedichte.
- Proſaiſche Aufſätze. 3 Thle.
- Dramatiſche Dichtungen. 3 Thle.
- Kleine Erzählungen. 15 Thle.
- Die Belagerung Wiens. 3 Thle.
- Die Schweden in Prag. 3 Thle.
- Die Wiedereroberung von Ofen. 2 Thle.
- Friedrich der Streitbare. 4 Thle.
- Henriette von England.
- Eliſabeth von Guttenſtein.

Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls, namentlich wo es das Gute und Schöne gilt, glückliche Erfindung, Ruhe und Anmuth der Darſtellung und hohe weibliche Würde und Zartheit zeichnen die Schriften dieſer trefflichen Frau aus und weiſen ihr eine bedeutende Stellung unter den deutſchen Autoren an. — Als ihre vorzüglichſte Leiſtung wird ihr Agathokles bezeichnet, in welchem ſie von hohem Standpunkte aus die Gegenſätze des Heidniſchen zum Chriſtenthum und den großartigen Einfluß des letzteren auf die Veredlung des menſchlichen Geſchlechtes mit eben ſo reichem Talent als geiſtiger Feinheit und warmem Gemüthe ſchilderte.

Der ſchwarze Fritz.

Erzählung von Karoline Pichler.

Es war ein trüber Herbſtabend des 1649ſten Jahres, als Graf Martinitz mit ſeiner Nichte Luitgarde nach langer Abweſenheit dem Schloſſe ſeiner Ahnen zufuhr. Lange, ſo lange als möglich, hatte er ſich einſt nicht entſchließen können, trotz der Schrecken des dreißigjährigen Krieges, den liebgewordenen Aufenthalt zu verlaſſen. Er hatte die Stürme der erſten wilden Auftritte, die Folgen der Prager Schlacht und ſo manchen andern Unfall muthig ertragen, und glaubte ſich, da die Friedensunterhandlungen bereits angeknüpft waren, im Hafen der Ruhe, als ganz unvermuthet Banner's und Torſtenſon's wilde Haufen in ſein Vaterland eindrangen, alles mit Feuer und Schwert verwüſteten und die verheerende Fluth ſich auf ſeine Gegend zuwälzte. Nun blieb ihm nichts übrig, als mit Frau und Kind zu fliehen und ſein Schloß den wüthenden Schaaren preis zu geben.

In Prag, wohin er ſich mit den Seinigen nicht ohne Gefahr gerettet hatte, ſtarb ſeine geliebte Gemahlin an den Folgen des Schreckens, und ein jüngerer Knabe folgte ihr bald im Tode nach. Tiefgebeugt ging der Graf von Prag, das ihm nichts als traurige Erinnerungen bot, nach Wien, wo ihm viele Freunde lebten. Im Kreiſe geliebter Anverwandten heilten allmälig ſeine Wunden, und nachdem der langerſehnte Friede das erſchöpfte Vaterland beruhigt hatte, zog ihn ſtille Sehnſucht nach dem verlaſſenen Orte ſeiner Geburt, nach den Gräbern ſeiner Ahnen, und er beſchloß, jetzt dahin zu ziehen und dort das Hochzeitfeſt ſeines älteſten, nun einzigen Sohnes zu feiern.

Graf Friedrich war ein liebenswürdiger junger Mann. Mit einer angenehmen Geſtalt und gefälligen Sitten verband er mancherlei Eigenſchaften, die ihn in Geſellſchaften beliebt und ſeinen Freunden werth machten. Er zeichnete und malte, war glücklich im Ergreifen der Aehnlichkeiten und beſaß einen großen Band kleiner Bildniſſe von Bekannten, die er ſelbſt auf ſeinen Reiſen verfertigt hatte. Er war in Paris, in Madrid, in Italien geweſen, und für jene Zeit und für ſeinen Stand ein kleines Wunder. Sein Vater ſah ſeiner Ankunft mit Stolz und Freude entgegen. Was den redlichen Greis aber noch inniger vergnügte, war der Ruf reiner Sitten, den ſein Sohn ſich überall zu erhalten und unverſehrt ins Vaterland mitzubringen gewußt hatte.

Familienübereinkunft und kindliche Zuneigung hatten ſeit langen Jahren Graf Friedrich und Luitgarde für einander beſtimmt. Der alte Graf liebte in ſeiner Nichte nicht blos das Ebenbild einer theuern Schweſter, er liebte auch in ihr das ſchuldloſe Gemüth, den ſtillen Sinn, den die Stürme jener Zeit früher als die Jahre gereift hatten. So war ſie in ihrer Kindheit und frühern Jugend in Prag und Wien neben ihrem Vetter aufgewachſen. Später hatten ſeine Studien und Reiſen ihn lange von ihr getrennt, und ſie ſah jetzt mit inniger Freude einem Wiederſehen und einer Verbindung mit dem Jugendgeſpielen entgegen, die ſie, ſeit ihr Geiſt ſich zu entwickeln angefangen hatte, als die angemeſſene Beſtimmung ihres Lebens zu betrachten gewohnt war.

An ihrem Oheim hing ſie mit kindlicher Zärtlichkeit, und nahm daher ſeinen Vorſchlag gern an, ihn nach Böhmen zu begleiten und bis zur Ankunft ihres Bräutigams ihm auf der einſamen Bergveſte Geſellſchaft zu leiſten.

In fröhlichen Ausſichten auf eine heitere Zukunft war ſie durch die von einem geſegneten Herbſte verſchönerten Gefilde des reichen Oeſterreichs gefahren. An der böhmiſchen Gränze änderte ſich die Scene. Die dreißigjährigen Leiden eines Religions-

und Bürgerkrieges hatten dem Lande unverlöſchbare Spuren eingedrückt. Dörfer, in denen erſt einige ärmliche Hütten neben zerfallenen Brandſtätten emporzuſteigen anfingen, bleiche Geſtalten, aus deren Zügen Mangel und Kummer ſprachen, weite Strecken unangebauten Landes, Nahrungsloſigkeit und ſtockender Handel in den Städten, Klagen über Verwilderung des Volkes und Unſicherheit der Straßen beurkundeten überall die traurigen Folgen langwieriger Kriegsſtürme. Luitgards froher Muth ſank allmälig; ſtill und in ſich gekehrt ſaß ſie neben dem Oheim, in deſſen Seele die gegenwärtigen Bilder des Jammers noch ſchmerzlichere Erinnerungen zu wecken ſchienen. Das heitere Herbſtwetter hatte nebelgrauen Tagen Platz gemacht, der düſtere Flor, der über Luitgardens und des alten Grafen Seele lag, ſchien ſich auch über die ganze Natur verbreitet zu haben. Leiſer Regen ſäuſelte unaufhörlich durch die vom Herbſte entfärbten Wälder und ein kaltes Lüftchen jagte die gelben Blätter in die Fluthen der Moldau, die eintönig und tief neben dem Wege hinrauſchte. Jetzt erſchien bei der nächſten Wendung der Straße das graue Gemäuer eines anſehnlichen Schloſſes. Der Graf erblickte es zuerſt, er deutete ſchweigend darauf hin, und ein ſchwerer Seufzer entwand ſich ſeiner Bruſt. Luitgarde verſtand, was bei dem Anblicke der wohlbekannten Mauern ihres Oheims Seele bewegte; auch ſie ſchwieg, ſeinen Schmerz durch das Schweigen ehrend, und ſo, ſtill, in düſtern Gedanken und wehmüthigen Gefühlen, betrat ſie zuerſt das Schloß, das ihr künftiger Wohnſitz ſein ſollte.

Aber ihr klarer Sinn ſcheuchte bald die dunkeln Bilder von ſich weg, und wenn auch in den weiten halbleeren Sälen, in den hohen Gemächern, wo hier und da beſchädigte Geräthe an alte Verwüſtungen erinnerten, eine wehmüthige Stimmung ſie ergreifen wollte, widerſtand ſie ihr mit Kraft und Beſonnenheit, gab ſich Mühe ſich zu beſchäftigen und mit hellen Ausſichten in die fröhlichere Zukunft zu erheitern, wenn ihr lieber Jugendgeſpiele und Bräutigam, den ſie nun ſeit ſo vielen Jahren nicht geſehen hatte, mit ſeiner Gegenwart dieſe tiefe Einſamkeit beleben und die ſeltſamen Wünſche und Ahnungen, die oft in ihrer Bruſt aufwallten, ganz löſen und befriedigen würde.

Aber Graf Friedrich kam noch immer nicht. Geſchäfte hielten ihn in Wien zurück, wohin er bald nach ſeines Vaters Abreiſe gekommen war und wo er ſeine bedeutenden Sammlungen, die Früchte ſeiner Reiſen, unter der Anleitung gelehrter Männer zu ordnen gedachte, ehe er ſich damit in ſeine ländliche Einſamkeit begab. Luitgarde ſchmählte ihn darüber in ihren Briefen aus, aber ſie ſuchte ſich die Zeit, ſo gut es ging, zu vertreiben. Sie übernahm die Führung des ganzen Hausweſens, ſie leitete die Arbeiten, die zur Verbeſſerung des beſchädigten Schloſſes vorgenommen wurden, ſie durchſtrich an hellen Tagen die umliegende Gegend und arbeitete bei unfreundlichem Wetter fleißig mit ihren Frauen. Dann brachte ſie die Abende mit ihrem Oheim und dem Pfarrer vor dem freundlichen Kaminfeuer zu, wo ſie, was ihr in dem Laufe des ſtill und thätig verlebten Tages begegnet war, dem Oheim mittheilte, ſeine Meinung forderte, oder doch einen Gegenſtand zum lebhaften Geſpräche lieferte.

Gleich an einem der erſten Tage, als noch Alles im Schloſſe ihre Neugierde reizte und kein Geräthe, kein Gemälde ihrer Aufmerkſamkeit entging, hatte ſie in einem Saale, durch welchen ſie jederzeit gehen mußte, um von ihren Zimmern in die des Oheims zu kommen, ein Bild von mittelmäßiger Größe entdeckt, das ihre Aufmerkſamkeit lebhaft auf ſich zog, und jemehr ſie es betrachtete, jemehr feſſelte. Es ſchien ein Kerkergewölbe, vielleicht ein Burgverließ aus alter Zeit vorzuſtellen. Hohe Bogengänge vertieften ſich im Hintergrunde in ferne, ſchauerliche Dunkelheit; im Vordergrunde rechts war ganz in der Höhe oben eine einzige runde Oeffnung, durch welche der Schein des Mondes in das tiefe dunkle Gewölbe und auf die Geſtalt eines gefangenen Ritters fiel, der, mit ſchweren Ketten belaſtet, auf ſeinem Strohlager ſaß. Man konnte ſein Geſicht nicht ſehen. Der Kopf, von reichen dunkeln Locken umſchattet, war vom Zuſeher abgewendet; aber die gebeugte Stellung, das in eine Hand ſchwermüthig geſtützte Haupt, während der andern einige Kerbhölzer achtlos entglitten, auf denen mit einem verroſteten Nagel, der daneben am Boden lag, Striche, vermuthlich die Zahl ſeiner Leidenstage, gegraben waren; das Alles in der dämmernden Beleuchtung des Mondſtrahles machte ein ſprechendes Ganzes aus und ergriff Luitgarden ſchaurig und geheimnißvoll. Sie konnte ſich lange nicht von dem Bilde losreißen, ſie konnte ſich es nicht verſagen, ſo oft ſie durch den Saal ging, davor ſtehen zu bleiben, es zu betrachten und ſich in die Leidensgeſchichte, in die Gefühle des armen Gefangenen recht lebhaft hinein zu denken, und endlich befragte ſie des Abends am Kamin den Oheim um das Bild und die Geſchichte des gefangenen Ritters. Graf Martinitz wußte ihr wenig Beſcheid zu geben. Wahrſcheinlich war das Ganze blos eine Vorſtellung des Malers, den er nannte; wenn aber eine wahre Geſchichte zum Grunde lag, wie er in ſeiner Kindheit wohl manchmal von ſeiner Großtante hatte erzählen hören, die eine lebende Chronik ihres Hauſes war, ſo ſtellte dies Bild einen ihrer Ahnherren vor, der in den Zeiten des Huſſitenkrieges gelebt und wegen Religionsmeinungen vom König Siegmund war gefangen gehalten worden.

„Ach, das waren auch böſe Zeiten, wie die unſrigen!“ ſagte der Pfarrer, indem er ſeufzend zum Himmel blickte.

„Ja wohl,“ erwiederte der Graf, und nun vertieften ſich die beiden Greiſe in ein Geſpräch, das in der damaligen Zeit wohl der Hauptgegenſtand aller Geſpräche war, in Klagen über die Leiden ihres Vaterlandes, die unüberſehbaren Folgen derſelben auf Kinder und Kindeskinder. Vor allem führte der Pfarrer die Verwilderung des Volkes an, wo die drückende Noth das Härteſte und Schlechteſte gebietet und keine Gottesfurcht den böſen Begierden ein Gegengewicht giebt. Er erzählte von Räuberbanden, die ſich in den Wäldern zuſammengethan und theils aus entlaufenen oder entlaſſenen Soldaten, die der Friede unnütz gemacht, theils aus verarmten, brodloſen Menſchen beſtanden. Er wußte eine Menge gräßlicher Geſchichten von ihnen, und der Graf, in deſſen wundem Herzen dieſe Klagen antwortende Klänge fanden, ſtieg nun auch in die Vergangenheit hinauf und führte an, was in früheren Jahren durch den unſeligen Bürgerkrieg Trauriges geſchehen war.

„So hat einer meiner Freunde ſeinen einzigen Sohn, den einzigen Erben eines großen Vermögens eingebüßt, und das alte Haus ſtirbt nun aus. Ihr habt ja, ehrwürdiger Herr, den Grafen Lansko gekannt?“

„Lansko?“ rief Luitgarde, und wurde aufmerkſam.

„Ja,“ fuhr der Oheim zu ihr fort, „der Graf Lansko, mein Jugendfreund, der einſt deine Mutter hatte heirathen ſollen! Verhältniſſe trennten dieſe Verbindung; Lansko ging auf ſeine Güter in Schleſien; ich habe ihn ſeitdem nur wenig mehr geſehen. Er verheirathete ſich dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters gemäß und fand den einzigen Troſt einer unzufriedenen Ehe in der Geburt eines ſchönen, vielverſprechenden Knaben. Da wälzte ſich die Woge des verheerenden Krieges auch über jene Gegenden. Der wilde Mannsfeld, von Wallenſtein verfolgt, zog mit dem Reſte ſeines Raubgeſindels, durch Schleſien ſich durchſchlagend, bis nach Siebenbürgen zu Bethlen Gabor. Alle Schrecken und Verheerungen, die ein fliehendes, von Allem, was zu ſeinem Unterhalte nöthig iſt, entblößtes Heer begleiten, trafen die Güter meines Freundes. Die Mannsfeldiſchen brachen mit Feuer und Schwerdt in die Dörfer, das Schloß ging in Flammen auf, die Plünderer drangen hinein. Was die Flamme nicht fraß, fiel in ihre Hände oder unter ihren Klingen. So ging auch der Sohn meines Freundes verloren. In dem Zimmer, das er bewohnt hatte, fand man den Leichnam einer ſeiner Wärterinnen, der halb von den Flammen verzehrt war. Was aus dem Kinde geworden war, wußte Niemand. Lange hatte der unglückliche Vater die Hoffnung genährt, das Kind, ein holder Knabe von vier Jahren, könnte wiedergefunden werden, weil ſeine Leiche nicht entdeckt worden war; aber mehr als zwanzig Jahre vergeblichen Wartens und fruchtloſer Nachforſchungen haben ihn endlich überzeugt, daß ſein Sohn ein Raub der Flammen geworden iſt, und Lansko ſteht nun kinderlos auf ſeinen Herrſchaften, die ſich ſeitdem noch nicht von den Verwüſtungen erholen konnten.“

Der Pfarrer brach in neue Klagen und Verwünſchungen des Krieges aus. Luitgarde hatte ſtill da geſeſſen, ein tiefer Seufzer ſchwellte ihre Bruſt. Jetzt erhob ſie das dunkle Auge mit wehmüthigem Ausdruck auf ihren Oheim und ſagte: „Hieß der verlorne Knabe nicht Victorin, lieber Oheim?“

„Ich glaube ja,“ erwiederte dieſer.

„Meine gute ſelige Mutter hat mir öfters erzählt,“ fuhr ſie mit einem kleinen Erröthen fort, „daß einmal von einer Verbindung“ —

„Ganz recht,“ fiel Graf Martinitz ihr ins Wort. „Du warſt zur Braut dieſes Victorin beſtimmt. Weil ſein Vater deine Mutter nicht beſitzen durfte, ſollte das ſehnlich gewünſchte Band ihre Kinder beglücken. Doch du warſt kaum geboren, als der Himmel, gleichſam um jede Möglichkeit einer Vereinigung zwiſchen unſern Häuſern zu zerſtören, dir den Bräutigam durch den Tod entriß.“

„Er hat mir den Verluſt reich erſetzt,“ erwiederte Luitgarde erröthend, indem ſie des Oheims Hand an die Lippen zog.

„Ja,“ ſagte der alte Graf, „mein Friedrich iſt ein edler Jüngling; ich hoffe mit Gottes Beiſtand, er wird dich ſo glücklich machen, als du, gutes Kind, es verdienſt.“

„Amen!“ rief der Pfarrer, und faltete andächtig die Hände.

Luitgarde ſeufzte: indem ſie des Oheims Hand an ihre Bruſt drückte: „Ach! wenn er nur ſchon da wäre!“

Unter ſolchen und ähnlichen Geſprächen vergingen die langen Herbſtabende nicht ohne Genuß; aber wenn auch Luitgarde Vieles, ja das Meiſte von dem erzählte, was ihr begegnet, ſo gab es doch Einiges, was ſie ihrem Oheim nicht mittheilte. So war ſie an einem der erſten ſchönen Tage, welche ſie auf dem Schloſſe verlebte, ihrer Gewohnheit nach in den Garten und aus demſelben in den nahen Wald ſpazieren gegangen. Ein Hügel, auf dem eine Gruppe von prächtigen Buchen ſtand, war das gewöhnliche Ziel ihrer Wanderungen, von dem aus ſie die Gegend und den Fluß, der hier zwiſchen den Bergen hervorkam, überſah. An jenem Tage lockte die Neugier ſie weiter. Sie ſtieg vom Gipfel herab und dachte leicht und ohne Hinderniß an den Fluß herab kommen zu können, der hinter dem Hügel herumfloß; aber als ſie ein paar hundert Schritte zwiſchen Gebüſchen herabgeſtiegen war, fand ſie plötzlich einen jähen Abgrund, felſicht und ſchroff, unter welchem die Moldau toſend zwiſchen engen, ſteinigten Ufern hinbrauſ'te. Der wildſchöne Anblick reizte ſie, ſie blieb ſtehen und ſchaute mit wunderbarer Sehnſucht hinab in das wechſelnde Geſtrudel der Wogen, die ſich bald kochend überſchäumten, bald über höhere Steine in glattem Spiegel hinabfloſſen. Ein kleiner Knabe ſpielte am Ufer mit flachen Steinchen und allerlei Spielzeug, das er auf die Oberfläche des Waſſers warf und ſich daran ergötzte, wenn die leichten Gegenſtände bald auf der Spitze der Wellen erſchienen, bald in Tiefen verſchwanden. Da rauſchte es im Dickicht des Ufers. Eine hohe Mannsgeſtalt in dunkelfarbiger Kleidung trat heraus, doch ſo, daß Luitgarde ſein Geſicht nicht ſehen konnte, das gegen den Fluß zugekehrt war. Der Mann blieb ſtehen und ſchaute ebenfalls in den Strom, dann hakte er langſam ſein Wehrgehenke los, zog ein breites Schwerdt [illegible] aus der ſtählernen Scheide und bückte ſich zum Waſſer hinab, um Blutflecken, die Luitgarde deutlich erkannte, davon abzuwaſchen. Der Anzug des Fremden, der keinem beſtimmten Stande anzugehören ſchien, das Raſche, beinahe Wilde in ſeiner Bewegung, ſein finſteres Ausſehen, das Blut am Schwerdte, Alles kam ihr unheimlich vor und ſie gedachte aller der Erzählungen von Räubern und Mördern, mit welchen der Pfarrer ſich trug; dennoch konnte ſie nicht umhin, die hohe, ſtolze Geſtalt des Fremden, die ſich vortheilhaft in der phantaſtiſchen Kleidung ausnahm, ſelbſt das Edle in ſeinen Bewegungen zu bemerken, und noch ſtand ſie in zweifelhafter Regung zwiſchen Grauen und Wohlgefallen, als ein jammernder Schrei des Kindes ſie aufſchreckte, das unvorſichtig ſeinem Spielzeuge ins Waſſer nachgeſtürzt war. Luitgarde ſtieß ebenfalls einen Laut der Angſt aus. Der Fremde fuhr empor, warf Hut, Schwerdt und Mantel ab, ſprang in den Fluß, zog den ſchreienden Knaben heraus, ergriff haſtig die weggeworfenen Kleidungsſtücke, ſah ſich noch einmal wild um und floh, ſo ſchnell er konnte, ins Dickicht hinein. Luitgarde ſtand betäubt, verwirrt durch Alles, was ſie geſehen. Auch das Kind ſah ſich verwundert nach ſeinem Retter um; aber er war verſchwunden, und jene erſte Vermuthung von etwas Unheimlichem drängte ſich ihr lebhafter auf. Doch der Unbekannte hatte ja ſo menſchlich ſchön an dem fremden Kinde gehandelt; er konnte nicht unedel, er konnte kein Mitglied eines Bundes von Verbrechern ſein. Wer es aber immer ſein mochte, er wollte nicht geſehen werden, er hatte ein Geheimniß, und das beſchloß ſie dem edelmüthigen Retter des Kindes treu zu bewahren.

Sie erwähnte des Zufalls nie im Schloſſe, aber ſie liebte es, ſich in einſamen Stunden die Scene zurückzurufen, ſich, ſo viel als möglich war, auf die nur flüchtig erblickten Züge des Fremden zu beſinnen und aus Allem, was ſie geſehen und nicht geſehen hatte, ſich ein Ganzes zu bilden, das jene wunderliche Erſcheinung erklären ſollte.

Indeſſen mehrten ſich die Gerüchte von den Räuberbanden, die hier und da in Wäldern oder verwüſteten Schlöſſern ſich aufhielten und von dort Schrecken und Unglück über ganze Gegenden verbreiteten. Die allerſchrecklichſten, ſo wie die ſeltſamſten Erzählungen wurden von einer dieſer Geſellſchaften verbreitet, deren Hauptmann der ſchwarze Fritz genannt wurde und allgemein als der kühnſte und entſchloſſenſte Räuber bekannt war. Einige hielten ihn für einen Mannsfeldiſchen Freibeuter, andere für einen dunkelfarbigen Italiener von des Cardinal Infanten Truppen, noch andere machten ihn zu einem Köhlersſohne aus Sachſen, der ſich durch Muth und Verſtand bis zum Offizier unter den ſchwediſchen Truppen geſchwungen habe, nach dem Kriege aus Mangel und Mißmuth in die Wälder gegangen und das Haupt einer Schaar kühner Abenteurer geworden war, die, was das Schickſal nach ihrer Anſicht an ihnen geſündigt, nun an Beglückteren rächen wollten. Man trug ſich mit einer Menge Anekdoten von dieſem ſchwarzen Fritz und ſeiner Bande. Sie waren bald ſchauerlich, bald wunderbar, bald gräßlich, nie aber gemein, und Alle, beſonders die, wo der Hauptmann ſelbſt eine Rolle ſpielte, trugen das Gepräge einer wilden Größe, nicht ohne Reſte von Menſchlichkeit, ja manchmal Großmuth und kühner Verachtung jeder Gefahr.

Luitgarde konnte nie bei ſolchen Geſprächen gegenwärtig ſein, ohne daß ihr der Fremdling vom Moldauſtrande einfiel. Das Blut am Schwerdte, die ſeltſame Kleidung, die dunkle Geſichtsfarbe, ſelbſt die Scheu, mit der er floh, Alles ſchien ihr auf ein Mitglied jenes furchtbaren Bundes, wo nicht gar auf den Hauptmann deſſelben, den berüchtigten ſchwarzen Fritz, zu deuten, und ſie bedauerte nun noch mehr, daß ſie ſeine Züge ſo wenig hatte unterſcheiden können. Doch hörte ſie mit lebhaftem Intereſſe allen Geſprächen von ihm zu, und wenn auch ihr weiblicher Sinn ſich mit Abſcheu von den erzählten Gräuelthaten abwandte, ſo konnte ſie doch einen lebhaften Antheil nicht unterdrücken, der aus der Betrachtung ſo vielen Muthes, ſolcher Willenskraft und Kühnheit entſprang, verbunden mit dem innigſten Bedauern über den Mißbrauch ſo ſchöner Kräfte und einer zarten Regung von Mitleid, was dieſes von der Natur ſo reich begabte Weſen in andern Verhältniſſen hätte werden können, und was nun ſein Loos in dieſer und jener Welt ſei!

Immer näher, immer häufiger fingen die Spuren von dem Daſein jener Bande an, ſich um Luitgardens Wohnſitz zu zeigen. Graf Martinitz dachte auf ernſtliche Gegenanſtalten, und mitten unter dieſen Bewegungen und Erörterungen traf ein Brief von Graf Friedrich ein, der ſeine Ankunft auf die nächſten Tage feſtſetzte. Auch er hatte von den Gerüchten gehört, die über die Unſicherheit jener Gegenden ſich ſchon bis Wien verbreitet hatten, auch ihm war der ſchwarze Fritz als ein gefürchtetes Ungethüm geſchildert worden, und er nahm daher ſeine Maßregeln ſehr vorſichtig, ſo daß er, von mehreren Bedienten begleitet, nur in kurzen Tagereiſen, um nie in der Nacht zu fahren, ſeinen Weg einrichten und ſich vor den berüchtigſten Stellen Geleite von den nächſten Militairpoſten verſchaffen wollte. Der alte Graf war ſehr froh über dieſe kluge Vorſicht ſeines Sohnes, deſſen Reiſe ihn längſt mit Beſorgniß erfüllt hatte. Luitgarde freute ſich recht ſehr auf den lieben Jugendgeſpielen, auf den treuen Theilnehmer ihrer Einſamkeit, und ſo beſchloß ſie, einen Beſuch bei einer ihrer Freundinnen in der Nachbarſchaft, den ſie ſich längſt vorgenommen hatte, lieber jetzt gleich zu machen, um dann ungeſtört der Nähe und des Umgangs ihres Geliebten zu genießen. Der Oheim willigte ein; die Freundin war nur zwei Stunden entfernt, Luitgarde ſollte bewaffnete Bedienten und ihre Kammerfrau mitnehmen, am Morgen des einen Tages hin, am Morgen des dritten zurückfahren, und, um aller Gefahr zu entgehen, die offene Straße über den Berg wählen.

Luitgarde ließ ſich alles gefallen, obwohl in ihr Herz keine Furcht gekommen war, und dieſe Reiſe ging glücklich vor ſich, bis auf den ſchlechten Weg, der durch lange Vernachläſſigung und das Herbſtwetter grundlos geworden war. Schon waren ſie auf dem Rückwege und hatten das Schloß der Freundin lange verlaſſen, als mitten auf der Anhöhe, wo der Weg ſich am ſteilſten Ufer eines Wildbaches hinzog und die Pferde kaum mehr im Stande waren, die Kutſche in den tiefſten Geleiſen aufwärts zu ziehen, ein Rad brach und alles zuſammenſtürzte. Das Jammergeſchrei der Kammerfrau, das Fluchen der Domeſtiken zogen einen Mann herbei, der in ſauberer bürgerlicher Kleidung vom Berge herab ſeines Weges kam. Er ſah den Unfall, eilte herbei, griff thätig zu und zog, indeß die Andern wie verwirrt durcheinander liefen, die erſchrockenen Frauen aus der umgeſtürzten Kutſche. Die Kammerfrau ſprang ihm zuerſt in die Arme, er ſetzte ſie an einer trockenen Stelle nieder und eilte zum Wagen zurück. Luitgarde hatte ſich aufgerichtet, ſie reichte dem hülfreichen Fremden die Hand, ihr Auge begegnete dem ſeinigen, und — eine Purpurgluth ſchoß in ihre Wangen. Es war eines der ſchönſten, wenigſtens der bedeutendſten Männergeſichter, die ſie je geſehen. Große dunkelglühende Augen blitzten ſie unter ſchön gewölbten Braunen an, eine regelmäßige Naſe ſenkte ſich zu den fein geſpaltenen Lippen nieder, und zwiſchen einem dunkeln Schnurrbart blickten blendendweiße Zähne hervor, indem er mit Anſtand und reiner Sprache ihr ſeine Hülfe anbot. Auch er ſchien betroffen über den Anblick ſeiner Geretteten, und Luitgarde bemerkte leicht, daß er ſie mit mehr als gewöhnlicher Höflichkeit behandelte. Er bot ihr ſeinen Arm, er leitete ſie ſorglich, und an einer ſehr ſumpfigen Stelle erbat er ſich die Erlaubniß, ſie auf ſeinen Armen hinüber zu tragen. Ihr blieb nichts übrig, als einzuwilligen, wenn ſie nicht bis an den Knöchel verſinken wollte. Ehrerbietig umfaßte er ſie, kein unanſtändiges Nahen, kein kühner Blick mißbrauchte die verführeriſche Lage. Ohne die Augen zu ihr zu erheben, ohne einen Laut trug er ſie über den Sumpf, ſetzte ſie am trockenen Rande des Weges hin und wagte nur, ſie zu halten, bis ſie ſich geſammelt hatte, damit ſie nicht vielleicht, vom Schwindel ergriffen, in die Tiefe ſtürzen möchte. Jetzt, als ihre ganze Beſinnung zurückgekehrt war, dankte ſie dem Fremden ſehr verbindlich, der nicht ohne Verlegenheit ihren Dank annahm, aber ſogleich zu dem Wagen eilte und hier durch Rath und Hülfe das Beſte that. Seine Augen hatten ſchnell Alles gefaßt, Alles bemerkt. Er befahl, er berichtete den Leuten zu; keiner war, der ſich widerſetzte, dem es auch nur einfiel, ſich über den gebietenden Ton des Fremden aufzuhalten. Der Wagen wurde zuſammengeknüpft, ſo gut es möglich war, und langſam den Berg hinab in das Haus geleitet, das der Fremde ihnen bezeichnete, und wo ſie Geräthe, Werkzeug und helfende Hände finden ſollten; er aber kehrte nun zu den Frauen zurück und fragte Luitgarde, ob ſie nicht ebenfalls mit hinunter in das

Haus gehen wollte, wo ſie ſich erholen und mit mehr Bequemlichkeit warten könnte, bis der Wagen wieder zurecht gemacht ſein würde. Sie willigte ein, der Fremde ging neben ihr her, die Kutſche mit den Domeſtiken folgte langſam. So kam der Zug den Abhang hinunter. Der Fremde unterhielt ſie mit verſtändigen Geſprächen und zeigte eine Denkart und Sitten, die weit über dem ſchienen, was ſein Anzug verkündete. Unter andern fragte er ſie, warum ſie nicht lieber den bequemern Weg unten durch's Waldthal gefahren ſei, da die Straße über den Berg in dieſer Jahreszeit immer ſchlecht wäre? Luitgarde lächelte und ſagte nach einem kleinen Bedenken: „Die Straße da unten durch den Wald ſoll unſicher ſein, mein Oheim hat für mich gefürchtet.“

„Und Ihr, edles Fräulein, fürchtet Euch nicht?“

„Nein,“ erwiederte Luitgarde. „Man ſagt, der Räuberhauptmann, der ſchwarze Fritz, wie ſie ihn nennen, hat ſtets gute Kundſchaft von Allem; ſo wird er auch gewußt haben, daß ein Fräulein, welches mit ein Paar Domeſtiken eine Freundin zu beſuchen fährt, keine Schätze bei ſich führt, die ihn reizen können.“

„Ganz wohl, mein Fräulein, aber der ſchwarze Fritz ſoll nicht blos raubſüchtig, er ſoll auch verwegen und grauſam ſein und oft zur Luſt“ —

„Nein,“ erwiederte Luitgarde beſtimmt, „das glaube ich nicht. Ohne Zweck, ohne Ausſicht auf reiche Beute, blos um Uebles zu thun, wird der Menſch kein Verbrechen begehen.“

„Habt Ihr denn eine beſſere Meinung von ihm, als die Welt,“ fragte der Fremde zweifelnd.

„Die habe ich,“ antwortete Luitgarde.

„Wirklich?“ fuhr der Mann auf. „Und warum? Woher?“

„Es mag Euch vielleicht ſeltſam ſcheinen,“ antwortete Luitgarde gelaſſen, als ſie aus der Heftigkeit der Frage auf eine Mißbilligung ihrer Anſicht ſchloß; „es mag Euch ſeltſam ſcheinen, aber ich kann nun einmal von dieſem ſchwarzen Fritz nicht all das Böſe glauben, was man ſich erzählt.“

Der Fremde blieb einen Augenblick ſtehen und ſah Luitgarden mit einem ſeltſamen Blicke an: „Wirklich, edles Fräulein? Thut Ihr das?“

„Ja,“ entgegnete Luitgarde, „obgleich Ihr nicht meiner Meinung zu ſein und das Urtheil der Menge zu theilen ſcheint.“ Und nun erzählte ſie ihm geſprächig allerlei Anekdoten, die ſie vom ſchwarzen Fritz gehört hatte, und in welchen allen ſie bei wilden Thaten und verwerflichem Beginnen eine gewiſſe Größe der Seele und eine nicht gemeine Denkart zu finden glaubte. Der Fremde widerſprach ihr öfters, er ſah den Räuberhauptmann in viel ungünſtigerem Lichte, er ſchien von ſeinem Beginnen ziemlich genau unterrichtet zu ſein, indem er ihr manches Unbekannte von ihm ſagte, und unter andern auch gewiß verſicherte, er ſei ſchwediſcher Offizier geweſen, habe mit Auszeichnung gedient und nach dem Frieden aus Kränkung und Verzweiflung ſeine jetzige Lebensart ergriffen; aber er erklärte ſich beſtimmt gegen ihn.

„Ich kann Euch nicht widerſprechen, da Ihr ſo wohl unterrichtet ſeid,“ ſagte ſie endlich; „aber ich verſichere Euch, daß ich mit ſchwerem Herzen meine beſſere Meinung von dieſem Menſchen aufgebe.“

Der Fremde ſeufzte und ſah finſter vor ſich nieder: „Wären mehr Menſchen eines ſo edlen Zutrauens fähig, als Ihr, mein Fräulein, vielleicht wäre dann der Unglückliche nicht ſo tief geſunken.“

„Glaubt Ihr? Nun ſeht, Ihr ſeid im Grunde auch meiner Meinung, und ſo kann ich Euch ſagen, daß ich ſchon mehr als einmal recht herzlich für ihn zu Gott gebetet habe, daß er ihn erleuchten und von ſeinem blutigen Wege zum Rechten und Guten zurückführen möchte.“

Der Fremde ſchien in heftiger Bewegung, und Luitgarde, als ſie ſich beſann, was ſie gewagt, erſtaunte über ſich ſelbſt, wie ſie dahin kam, einem wildfremden Menſchen, den ſie zum erſtenmale ſah, deſſen Namen und Stand ihr gänzlich unbekannt war, ſo recht aus der Tiefe ihres Herzens zu antworten. Aber es war etwas in dem Betragen des Mannes, das ihre Seele wie mit Gewalt öffnete.

Nun waren ſie im Thale. Das Haus lag vor ihnen, der Fremde eilte voraus; bald erſchienen die Bewohner und beeiferten ſich, die Kutſche heranzubringen und Alles vorzukehren, was zu ihrer Herſtellung vonnöthen war. Es ſchien, als habe der Fremde hier zu befehlen, und Luitgarde nahte ſich, da er nicht erſchien, einem von den herbeigekommenen Leuten. Jetzt ſah ſie ſie erſt genauer an. Es waren lauter wunderliche, abſchreckende Geſtalten, und nicht ohne Widerwillen redete ſie einen Mann an und fragte nach dem Herrn. Er war ein Kaufmann aus Budweis und der Hof und Hammer hier gehörte ſein. Luitgarde beruhigte ſich. Dieſe ſchwarzen, wilden Männer waren Eiſenarbeiter; auch machte es ihr Vergnügen, zu ſehen, wie geſchickt ſie die Arbeit angriffen, ſo daß ſie hoffen konnte, ihre Reiſe bald fortſetzen zu können. Aber noch immer blieb der Fremde aus. Endlich erſchien er. Mit trübem Ausdruck in den Blicken bat er ſie um Verzeihung, daß er ſie habe warten laſſen, und erſuchte ſie ehrerbietig, ins Haus einzutreten. Er öffnete ein artiges Zimmer im Erdgeſchoſſe, eine kleine Collation ſtand auf einem Tiſche bereit, eine alte Frau empfing ſie mit vielen Bücklingen. Die Art, wie der Fremde ihr einen Stuhl brachte, ihr von den Früchten und Confituren anbot, ſie unterhielt, zeugte von feiner Lebensart, und ein ſchwermüthiger Ausdruck in dieſen kräftigen Zügen, verbunden mit dem weichen Ton ſeiner Stimme, regte ihr Herz in den ſeltſamſten Gefühlen auf. Nun kamen ihre Leute und meldeten ihr, daß Alles bereit und der Wagen im Stande ſei, ſie weiter zu bringen. Der Fremde fuhr vom Stuhl empor, ein fürchterlicher Blick ſchoß auf den eintretenden Bedienten, der ſeiner Gebieterin dieſe unwillkommene Botſchaft brachte. Luitgarde ſchrak zuſammen. Der Fremde bemerkte es, und ſogleich wieder milde, bat er ſie um Vergebung ſeiner raſchen Bewegung, und bot ihr den Arm, um ſie zum Wagen zu führen. Sie verneigte ſich freundlich und legte ihre Hand auf ſeinen Arm. Da blieb er plötzlich ſtehen, ſah ſie lange an und ſagte nach einigem Kampfe mit ſich ſelbſt: Erlaubt, edles Fräulein, daß ich Euch ein paar Worte allein ſage.

Luitgarde winkte der Kammerfrau, voraus zu gehen, und auch die Alte verließ das Zimmer.

Ihr habt mir von dem ſchwarzen Fritz geſagt. Ihr fürchtet ihn zwar nicht, aber ſeine Leute. Er hat Urſache, ſich vor mir zu ſcheuen. Wo ich bin, kommt er gewiß nicht hin. So erlaubt, daß ich Euch dieſen Ring gebe, und wenn Ihr einſt durch ein unglückliches Ungefähr in ſeine oder ſeiner Leute Hände gerathet, ſo weiſet dieſen Ring vor, und Ihr ſeid gerettet.

Luitgarde ſtand beſtürzt. Ein Gedanke, der wie ein Blitz ihre Seele durchzuckte, machte ſie verſtummen. Der dunkle Fremdling am Moldauſtrom erſchien vor ihrem Geiſte, ſie glaubte einige Aehnlichkeit zwiſchen ihm und dem Hammerherrn zu finden, ein Schauer überlief ſie, und, ohne reden zu können, ohne den Ring zu nehmen, den er ihr darhielt, ſah ſie ihn forſchend und grauend an. Der Adel dieſer Züge, der milde Ausdruck ſeiner Augen ſtraften eine kindiſche Furcht Lügen; ſie faßte ſich und ergriff den Ring. Es war ein ſchöner Carniol in Gold reich gefaßt, und zu beiden Seiten mit drei kleinen Diamanten in Form eines Kleeblatts beſetzt.

Ich danke euch recht ſehr, und erkenne den ganzen Umfang meiner Verpflichtung gegen Euch. Dieſen Ring werde ich als ein theures Kleinod aufbewahren, und ihn, wenn ich ſeiner nicht mehr bedarf, mit dem lebhafteſten Dank ſeinem Eigenthümer zurückſtellen. Aber ſeid nun auch ſo gütig, mir Euren Namen und Wohnort zu ſagen, damit ich —

Drückt Euch das arme Geſchenk des wilden Fremdlings? rief der Mann mit ausbrechendem Zorne. Der Ring iſt mir ſehr theuer. Ich gab ihn Euch, er ſollte Euch dienen, er ſollte Euch vielleicht retten, er ſollte dafür bei Euch bleiben dürfen, und Ihr —

Luitgarde erröthete bis unter die Locken, ihr Auge ſuchte den Boden, und ſchnell ließ ſie, ohne zu bedenken, was ſie that, den Ring in den Buſen fallen, weil Jemand ins Zimmer trat. Der Hammermeiſter bot ihr aufs Neue den Arm, ſie ſchritten hinaus, er hob ſie in den Wagen, ein leichter Druck, den er auf ihre Hand wagte, wurde eben ſo flüchtig erwiedert, ihre Blicke begegneten ſich noch einmal und die Pferde riſſen den Wagen fort.

In tiefen Gedanken und ſtreitenden Gefühlen fuhr ſie dahin. Sie konnte ſichs nicht läugnen, daß die Erſcheinung des Budweiſer Hammerherrn einen wunderbaren Eindruck auf ſie gemacht hatte. So war ihr noch kein Mann vorgekommen, und das Unbegreiflichſte war ihr die Gewalt, mit der ſein Inneres auf das ihrige zu wirken, ſie zur Offenheit und zu Wohlwollen gegen ihn gleichſam zu zwingen ſchien, gegen ihn, den ſie nie geſehen, ja deſſen Aeußerungen und Umgebungen ſo manches ſeltſame und nicht freundliche Räthſel zu enthalten ſchienen.

Angelangt auf dem Schloſſe ihres Oheims, kam ihr dieſer voll Freuden und mit der Nachricht entgegen, daß ihr Bräutigam noch dieſen Abend eintreffen werde. Luitgarde hatte das ungefähr gewußt, und doch berührte ſie dieſe Nachricht wie ein Donnerſchlag. Sie war nicht im Stande zu antworten: die Müdigkeit, die Erſchütterung der Reiſe — die Kammerfrau hatte ſogleich ihren Unfall weitläufig erzählt — dienten ihr zum Vorwand, ſich in ihr Zimmer zu begeben. Hier warf ſie ſich auf einen Stuhl. Ein Sturm erhob ſich in ihrer Bruſt, tauſend Gedanken, Bilder und Gefühle fuhren im chaotiſchen Streite durcheinander, Schmerz und Beſchämung, Sehnſucht und Bangigkeit, Schauer und Liebe, Widerwillen und Unmuth. Sie war unzufrieden mit ſich ſelbſt, mit Friedrichs plötzlicher Ankunft, mit des Fremden zudringlicher Neigung, mit der ganzen Welt. Da wurde es laut im Schloſſe, Thüren gingen auf und zu. Menſchentritte ſchallten eilig über die Gänge, Friedrich war angekommen. Sie mußte ſich zuſammennehmen und ihm geziemend entgegen gehen.

Sie ſtand auf, ſie fühlte, daß ſie zitterte, und ihre Knie wankten. O Gott, was iſt das? rief ſie: Was wird mit mir? In dieſer Bewegung, wie ſie die Hände jammernd erhob, fiel der Ring des Fremden aus den Falten ihres Buſentuches. Sie erſchrak, wie vor einem Geiſte, vor dem Blinken der Diamanten zu ihren Füßen; aber man nahete ſich ihrem Zimmer, ſchnell hob ſie den Ring auf, drückte einen flüchtigen Kuß darauf und verbarg ihn an der vorigen Stelle.

Die Thüre des Vorſaals ging auf, ſie hörte ihren Oheim und eine feine zweite Männerſtimme, die ihr Herz umwandte. Entſchloſſen raffte ſie ſich auf und eilte ihnen entgegen. Ihr Oheim ſtand vor ihr und ein junger Mann, in deſſen ausgebildeten Zügen ſie die Umriſſe des jugendlichen Freundes erkannte, bückte ſich zierlich und tief. Das iſt mein Sohn, mein Friedrich, dein Friedrich, ſagte der Oheim freudig, und das iſt deine Braut.

Meine ſchöne Braut, lispelte Friedrich, und breitete die Arme aus, ſie zu umfangen. Aber in ihr hatte der innere Sturm ſeinen höchſten Gipfel erreicht, ein unbeſchreibliches Weh durchzuckte ihre Bruſt, ſie ſtieß einen undeutlichen Schrei aus, und ſank ohnmächtig auf Friedrichs Schulter.

Als ſie zu ſich kam, fand ſie ſich auf ihrem Bette, der Oheim hielt ſie in ſeinen Armen, Friedrich kniete vor ihr, und hielt ihre Hand, während eine Kammerfrau ſie mit Eſſenzen labte. Sie richtete ſich auf, ſah ſtarr umher, Alles kam ihr vor wie ein Traum, und jetzt brach ein Strom von Thränen aus ihren Augen, und machte dem gepreßten Herzen Luft.

Wie iſt Euch, liebe ſchöne Couſine? fragte Friedrich: Ach Gott, Ihr weint! — Wenn ich gedacht hätte, daß es dich ſo ergreifen könnte, ich hätte dich vorbereitet, ſagte der alte Graf: Aber wer konnte glauben —

Luitgarde ſuchte ſich zu faſſen: Beunruhigt Euch nicht, lieber Oheim! Und du, Friedrich, vergieb! Ich konnte wahrlich nicht dafür; aber jetzt iſt es vorbei, mir iſt wieder leichter. Sie ſtand auf, ſie ſtrebte, ihren Vetter recht freundlich anzuſehen und angelegentlich von ſeiner Reiſe, von ſeinem Aufenthalte in Wien zu ſprechen. Es koſtete ſie unſägliche Mühe, aber es gelang.

Friedrich fing an zu erzählen, der Vater hörte mit inniger Theilnahme zu, und Luitgardens aufgeregte Gefühle beruhigten ſich nach und nach.

Von nun an war es ausgemacht im Schloſſe, daß Luitgarde ihren Bräutigam ganz unbeſchreiblich liebe, und Friedrich ſuchte ſich auf alle Weiſe dieſer ſchönen Neigung werth zu machen. Luitgarde fühlte dieß an tauſend gefliſſentlichen Aufmerkſamkeiten, an zierlichen Beſtrebungen, ihre Wünſche zu errathen und ihr gefällig zu werden. Friedrich war ein kunſtreicher Menſch; in den vielen Ballen und Kiſten, die er mitbrachte, waren nicht blos Kunſtwerke und Sammlungen, es waren auch Geräthſchaften und Werkzeuge aller Art. Sie durfte nur winken, nur wünſchen, ſo war, was ihr an Arbeitszeug, an kleinem Geräthe fehlte oder zerbrach, herbeigeſchafft, oder zurecht gemacht, und ſie mußte ſich hüten, derlei Wünſche ja nicht ſo oft laut werden zu laſſen, wenn ſie nicht von allen Seiten mit Leiſtungen und Verbindlichkeiten umſponnen ſein wollte, in denen ihr Bräutigam zugleich ſeine Kunſtfertigkeiten und ſeine Liebe zu ihr an den Tag zu legen ſtrebte. Dieſe Geſchicklichkeiten erſtreckten ſich auch noch weiter. Er fing an, die Einrichtung des ganzen Schloſſes zu übernehmen, er ſprach und unterhandelte mit den Arbeitern, er griff ſelbſt zu, er ſchmückte einige Zimmer mit Zeichnungen von ſeiner Hand aus, er malte andere ſelbſt, war pünktlich, anſtellig, ſanft, gefällig, voll Kenntniſſe, voll Talente. Luitgarde erkannte das Alles, ſie ſchätzte ſeinen Werth, ſie ehrte ſein gutes Herz, ſie war feſt entſchloſſen, ihm ihre Hand zu geben; aber ſie konnte in einſamen Stunden, oder wenn ein gar zu zierliches Weſen ihr den Vetter weibiſch und ſchwach darſtellte, ein rebelliſches Gefühl nicht ganz zum Schweigen bringen, das ihr ein ganz anderes Bild vorzauberte, und ſie zu Vergleichen hinzureißen ſchien, die ſie ſich nun einmal nicht erlauben durfte.

Aber indeß Friedrich auf hunderterlei Art ſich zu beſchäftigen wußte, und Luitgarde mit feſtem Sinne darin ſtrebte, ſich in altgewohnten Banden ohne Widerwillen zu bewegen, und neuen, heiligern mit Heiterkeit entgegen zu ſehen, da der alte Graf das Hochzeitfeſt ſeiner Kinder für den nächſten Frühling angeſetzt hatte, gingen auch die Dinge, die in den Verhältniſſen der Zeit lagen, ihren Gang fort. Jeder ankommende Gaſt, jeder Einwohner des Schloſſes oder Dorfes, der vielleicht in einer nahen Stadt geweſen, brachte neue Raub- und Mordgeſchichten vom ſchwarzen Friz mit. Mitunter waren es Neckereien, Schalksſtreiche oder unbegreifliche Wagſtücke, wie nur Uebermuth und Verachtung jeder Gefahr ſie eingeben konnten, Auftritte, bei denen der kühne Räuber nicht ſelten, um ein tolles Wort, das er gegeben, zu löſen, oder um ein Unrecht zu ſtrafen, ſein Leben, ja ſeine Freiheit, die ihm weit mehr als jenes gelten mußte, auf's Spiel geſetzt hatte.

Nicht ohne Herzklopfen hörte Luitgarde ſeit dem Vorfalle mit dem Budweiſer Kaufmann dieſe Erzählungen. Obgleich der Ring, auf dem ein ſchönes adeliges Wappen geſtochen war, eher für günſtigere Vorſtellungen ſprach, ſo klärte er doch eigentlich nichts auf, und trotz eines inneren Grauens führte eine geheime Macht ſie immer wieder auf den Gedanken zurück, den ſie mit Beben und doch mit unausſprechlichem Wohlgefallen dachte, daß ſie dem Furchtbaren vielleicht nahe geweſen, von ihm, vor dem Alles zitterte, Beweiſe der Theilnahme, von dem Wilden und Geſetzloſen, Merkzeichen der zarteſten Achtung erhalten habe. Aber ſelbſt dieſe Ungewißheit, das räthſelhafte Dunkel, worin ſich ihr Verhältniß zu dem Unbekannten hüllte, diente nur dazu, ſein Andenken öfters in ihrem Geiſte zu erwecken.

Es waren aber nicht dieſe zufälligen Erzählungen und Geſpräche allein, was unaufhörlich ihr jenes Bild vor die Seele führte. Sie fühlte ſeit einiger Zeit deutlich, daß ſie von einer unbekannten Macht umgeben und geheimen Einwirkungen bloßgeſtellt ſei, deren Urheber ſie nicht entdecken, aber aus deren Art und Natur ſie auf Geſinnungen der zarteſten Achtung, ja vielleicht noch einer ſanfteren Empfindung ſchließen konnte. Mancher kleine Wunſch, den ſie flüchtig geäußert, fand ſich erfüllt, manche Sorge, die ſie als Führerin des Hausweſens beſchäftigte, ſchien wie durch einen Zufall von ihr genommen. Was ſie an Vorräthen, an Habſeligkeiten für ſich und das Haus beſtellte, langte mitten durch die unſicherſten Gegenden, und während Alles von Raubthaten voll war, unverſehrt im Schloſſe an. Auf drei bis vier Meilen um ihren Wohnſitz herrſchte die tiefſte Ruhe, und in den undurchdringlichſten Wäldern, die ihn umgaben, konnte man bei Nacht mit Händen voll Geld reiſen. Es war, als ſchwebe eine ſchützende Gottheit über dieſer Gegend; und mancher kleine Raub, der an einem Unterthan ihres Oheims früher war begangen worden, wurde nun auf geheimnißvolle Weiſe erſetzt. Jede ſolche Erfahrung drückte einen ſcharfen Stachel in Luitgardens Bruſt, und ein nur zu theures Bild noch tiefer in dieſelbe.

Es war vor einigen Wochen, als ſie einſt über der Tafel im Geſpräche den Wunſch geäußert, einen Papagei zu beſitzen, wie ſie einen bei einer Freundin in Wien geſehen. Sie ſprach mit Luſt und lächelndem Vorwurf von der Unterhaltung, die ihr ſo ein Thierchen machen würde, von der Zerſtreuung in einſamen Stunden, wenn Geſchäfte oder Kränklichkeit den Oheim, und Kunſtſammlungen und Malereien den Vetter von ihr entfernten. Aber das Geſpräch, der Papagei und die Freude daran waren längſt vergeſſen, als plötzlich einmal beim Aufſtehen ein ſeltſamer Schrei ihr Ohr berührte und ſie, zum Fenſter tretend, woher er erſchollen war, mit Schrecken und Staunen ein ſehr ſchönes Papageienhaus an daſſelbe gebunden und darin einen prächtigen Vogel dieſer Art erblickte. Wie war der Käfig an ihr Fenſter gekommen, das im zweiten Stockwerke des auf Felſen gebauten Schloſſes nur dem kühnſten Wagehals zugänglich war? Sie rieth auf Jemand im Hauſe, auf ihren Vetter, der denn aus den Fenſtern der anſtoßenden Zimmer mit geringer Mühe die Ueberraſchung hätte einleiten können. Sie ließ den Vogel hereinnehmen, ſie eilte zu ihrem Oheim hinüber, ſie dankte ihrem Vetter. Alles war erſtaunt, aber Niemand unterrichtet; ja, Friedrich bewies ihr durch allerlei kleine Umſtände, daß er in dieſer Nacht nicht auf jenem Flügel des Schloſſes geweſen ſein konnte. Alle Leute im Schloſſe wurden ausgeforſcht und nichts entdeckt.

Indeß behielt Luitgarde den Vogel und ergötzte ſich an ſeinem mannigfaltigen Geſchwätz, und konnte gewiſſe Gedanken, die ihn ihr werth machten und ihr Herz, wenn ſie an die Art, wie der Käfig an ihr Fenſter gekommen, dachte, mit Schauder erfüllten, nicht verſcheuchen, als plötzlich in einer einſamen Stunde der Vogel deutlich: „Victoria! Ach, Victoria!“ ausrief. Dieſer Name und der Seufzer, der ihn begleitete, machten ſie ſtutzen. Sie ſprang auf, eilte zum Käfig und fragte den Vogel, wer ihn das Wort gelehrt, gleich als könnte er ſie verſtehen. Aber der Vogel wiederholte ſein: „Ach Victoria!“ und Luitgarde, die ſich nun an den Sohn des Geliebten ihrer Mutter, an den ihr zuerſt beſtimmten Verlobten dachte, fühlte ein unausſprechliches Grauen; es war ihr, als umringten ſie die Geiſter der Verſtorbenen. Bald darauf aber kehrte ihre klare Beſinnung wieder zurück, ſie ſchämte ſich ihrer Furcht, ja, ſie neckte den Vogel nun ordentlich mit dem Namen, und ließ ſich ihn, ſo oft es ging, vorſagen.

Der Vogel, und die Art, wie er in's Haus gekommen, beſchäftigten alle Bewohner deſſelben auf's lebhafteſte. Die Meiſten fanden viel Spaß an dem kunſtreichen, ſchwatzhaften Thierchen; nur der alte Graf ſchüttelte bedenklich das Haupt, indem er noch andere geheime Beſtrebungen damit verglich, womit eine unſichtbare Macht Luitgarden zu umgeben ſchien, und die den Gütern ihrer Familie nicht ergeben konnten. Graf Friedrich war am unruhigſten, er forſchte überall nach, er durchſuchte das ganze Schloß und ſeine Umgebungen, er lauerte, aber er entdeckte nichts.

So gingen einige Tage hin, als eine weitläufige Verwandte des Hauſes, Gräfin Wellheim, die Familie zu beſuchen kam. Ihr Gut war ein Paar Tagereiſen entfernt, und nur ein nothwendiges Geſchäft, welches ſie mit dem alten Grafen abzuthun hatte, konnte ſie bewegen, im Winter und bei den furchtbaren Gerüchten von der Unſicherheit der Straßen den weiten Weg zu machen. Alles empfing ſie mit Freuden. Luitgarde hatte ſo lange eines Umgangs von ihrem Geſchlechte entbehrt; ſie führte alſo gleich am andern Morgen die Gräfin in ihr Schlafzimmer, wo weibliche Arbeiten, Putz und tauſend ähnliche Gegenſtände Stoff zu lebhaftem Geſpräche gaben, als auf einmal der Papagei ſeine Stimme erhob, und „Victorin! ach, Victorin!“ rufend, der Gräfin Blicke auf ſich lenkte.

Was iſt das? rief ſie beſtürzt: — dieſer Papagei — hier — in Eurem Zimmer? — Kennt Ihr ihn? rief Luitgarde, und ein banges Gefühl ergriff ſie.

Es iſt mein Papagei, rief die Andere: Ich habe ihn viele Jahre gehabt, und er wurde mir auf ganz unbegreifliche Weiſe entwendet.

Luitgarde ſtand verlegen: — Bei Gott! Ich weiß nichts —

Das glaub' ich wohl; aber wie kam er in Eure Hände?

Luitgarde erzählte. Die Gräfin wiegte ſtaunend das Haupt. Das faſſe, wer kann, ſagte ſie: aber um uns zu überzeugen, ob ich Recht habe, ſo ſeid ſo gütig und öffnet den Käfig ein wenig.

Luitgarde that es. Coco! Coco! rief die Gräfin lockend, und der Papagei drehte den Hals nach der Stimme, ſchüttelte die Flügel und flog aus dem Käfig gerade auf die Gräfin zu, die ihm die Hand hin hielt. Er ſetzte ſich ſogleich darauf, er liebkoſ'te ihr und erkannte ſo mit allen Zeichen die ehemalige Gebieterin.

Der Vogel iſt Euer, ſagte Luitgarde finſter: Ich ſeh' es wohl. Nehmt ihn hin! Sie wandte ſich mit ſehr bitterm Gefühle ab.

Die Gräfin verbat es, ſie wollte Luitgarden ihre Freude nicht nehmen, ſie erſuchte ſie, das Thierchen, das vorher doch ein geſtohlenes Gut geweſen, jetzt rechtmäßig aus der Hand einer Freundin zu empfangen.

Geſtohlen Gut! wiederholte Luitgarde, und ihr Innerſtes war empört. Ja, ja, Ihr habt Recht, Gräfin! ſagte ſie nach einer Pauſe, und ich danke Euch für Euer gütiges Anerbieten; aber ich kann's nicht annehmen. Der Vogel iſt mir verhaßt, ſeit ich weiß, wie ich dazu gekommen.

Die Gräfin wollte ihr freundlich zureden, ſie ſtellte ihr vor, daß vielleicht der, der ihn ihr mit Gefahr ſeines Lebens gebracht, ganz unſchuldig —

Nein, nein! rief Luitgarde heftig: Das kann nicht ſein!

So wiſſet Ihr? —

Ich weiß nichts, gar nichts: erwiederte Luitgarde haſtig, als daß ich den Vogel nicht mehr ſehen kann, daß ich Euch bitte, Euch beſchwöre, ihn ſogleich mit euch fortzunehmen, denn ich — ich laſſe ihn zum Fenſter hinausfliegen. Was liegt mir daran? O Gott! Er iſt ja geſtohlen!

Die Heftigkeit, die hervorbrechenden Thränen, mit welchen Luitgarde dieſe letzten Worte ſprach, machten die Gräfin ſtutzen. Sie drang alſo nicht weiter in ſie, und es blieb dabei, daß ſie ihren Vogel mit ſich nehmen würde.

Unter verſchiedenen Geſprächen, die ſie, um die tiefbewegte Freundin zu zerſtreuen, auf die Bahn brachte, legte ſich endlich Luitgardens innere Empörung, und nach einer Weile war ſie ruhig genug, die Gräfin zu fragen, wer denn in ihrem Hauſe Victorin heiße, und warum der Papagei dieſen Namen immer mit einem Seufzer ausſpreche?

Victorin? ſagte die Gräfin verwundert: Bei mir heißt Niemand im ganzen Hauſe ſo, und er hat auch dies Wort nie gekonnt, ſo lange ich ihn hatte, was beinahe drei Jahre war.

Luitgarde ſchwieg gedankenvoll.

So heißt wohl Euer unbekannter Ritter ſo, und er hat den Vogel ſeinen Namen ſprechen gelehrt, um Euch an ihn zu erinnern. Das könnte auf eine Spur —

Nichts, durchaus nichts! unterbrach Luitgarde ſie heftig: Ich kenne keinen Menſchen, der dieſen Namen führt. Bei Gott, ich kenne Niemand!

Die Gräfin drang nicht weiter in ſie, denn ſie ſah wohl, wie Alles, was auf dieſen Vogel Bezug hatte, Luitgarden auf das heftigſte erregte; aber ſie behielt ihre Gedanken für ſich, und konnte nicht umhin, Graf Friedrich noch denſelben Abend einen Theil derſelben mitzutheilen.

Er, der von dem, was vorgegangen war, wenig erfahren, und von den Bewegungen in dem Herzen ſeiner Braut gar nichts geahnet hatte, ſchweifte, durch die Erzählung der Gräfin aufgeregt, auf allerlei ganz entgegengeſetzte Fährten, und war daher nicht im Stande, irgend etwas Haltbares zuſammen zu denken; doch beruhigte es ihn ungemein, daß Luitgarde den Papagei weggab, und er glaubte nicht viel von einem Nebenbuhler zu fürchten zu haben, der ſo zweideutige Geſchenke bringe, und die man ſo zweideutig wieder hingebe.

Die Gräfin ſollte bald darauf abreiſen, und da ſie von allen den Mordgeſchichten, welche ſie hier im Schloſſe hatte erzählen hören, noch ängſtlicher geworden war, ſah der alte Graf keine Möglichkeit, ſeine Verwandte zu beruhigen, als wenn er ihr noch ein männliches Geleite mitgäbe. Gern würde ich ſelbſt meiner ſchönen Muhme dieſen Ritterdienſt erweiſen, ſagte er, aber mein Podagra erlaubt mir in dieſem Wetter keinen Ausflug. So geh' du mit Friedrich, hörſt du?

Mit vielem Vergnügen, antwortete dieſer, indem er aufſtand, und ſich gegen die Gräfin verneigte. Aber Luitgarde ſah den Widerwillen deutlich, mit dem er ſich dieſem Auftrage unterzog.

Es war indeſſen nichts anders zu thun, als freundlich beim böſen Spiele auszuſehen. Die Reiſe wurde am folgenden Tage angetreten, und am dritten Abende langte Graf Friedrich glücklich und wohlbehalten wieder im väterlichen Schloſſe an. Luitgarde kam ihm auf der Treppe entgegen, ſie hatte einige Aengſtlichkeit über das Schickſal ihres Jugendfreundes nicht ganz bezwingen können, ſo ernſt und liebreich auch der Oheim ihr zugeredet, und alle vernünftigen Gründe gegen dieſe Bangigkeit angeführt hatte. Den Grund, der ſie beſorgt machte, und der auch für ſie nur auf ungewiſſen Vermuthungen beruhte, durfte ſie ja nicht angeben. Friedrich war gerührt durch dieſen ſichtbaren Antheil, er umarmte ſeine Braut recht herzlich, und ſie ſah bald aus ſeinen Mienen, daß etwas Bedeutendes vorgegangen ſein müſſe, welches er ihr zu verkündigen habe. Stille doch, Luitgarde! ſagte er: — Doch warte! Mein Vater muß es auch hören. Komm nur herein! Er zog ſie mit ſich in's Zimmer des alten Grafen, und gleich nach den erſten Begrüßungen und Erkundigungen konnte er ſeine große Neuigkeit nicht mehr zurückhalten. — Vater, Luitgarde! ſagte er: Denkt, was mir begegnet iſt, was ich erlebt habe — Ich habe den ſchwarzen Fritz geſehen.

Den ſchwarzen Fritz? riefen Beide.

Ja, ja, leibhaftig und ſo nahe, wie ich Euch ſehe, und ich habe ſogar mit ihm geſprochen.

Mit dem Räuberhauptmann! rief der Vater: So iſt er gefangen?

O das nicht! antwortete Friedrich.

Biſt du angefallen worden? fragte Luitgarde erſchrocken.

Gott bewahre! erwiederte Friedrich: Geſprochen habe ich ihn, wie ich Euch ſpreche, ruhig, gelaſſen.

Nun, ſo erzähle in Gottes Namen! ſagte der alte Graf ungeduldig.

Und Friedrich begann nun: Ich mußte heut Morgens auf der erſten Station vom Schloſſe der Gräfin herwärts eine Weile auf Pferde warten. Der Sicherheit wegen fand ich es für gut, meinen Stand und Namen zu verſchweigen; ich ließ mir daher kein eigenes Zimmer geben, ſondern ſetzte mich in der Gaſtſtube hin. Es waren allerlei Leute da, Bauern, Beamte und einige Dragoner von denen, die Befehl haben, in der Gegend zu ſtreifen. Sie lärmten und fluchten, und erzählten allerlei wildes Zeug von den Räubern, und wie ſie dem ſchwarzen Fritz ſchon zweimal ganz nahe auf der Spur geweſen wären, wie er hier herum ſeinen eigentlichen Sitz habe u. ſ. w., daß mir nicht ganz wohl zu Muthe wurde, wenn ich bedachte, daß der Aufenthalt mit den Pferden mich zwingen könnte, in der Nacht zu fahren. Indeß öffnete ſich die Thüre, und ein Geiſtlicher, wie ein Landpfarrer gekleidet, und von ſeinem Schulmeiſter gefolgt, trat herein. Es war ein noch junger Mann von anſehnlicher Geſtalt, ſein Ausſehen, ſein Stand, ſelbſt ſeine Blicke, möcht' ich ſagen, geboten dem rohen Haufen Stillſchweigen. Er ließ ſich mit ſeinem Schulmeiſter etwas Wein geben, trank mäßig und hielt ſich ſtill. Nach und nach fingen die Dragoner wieder an zu ſchwatzen, ſie behaupteten, den ſchwarzen Fritz gut zu kennen, ſie ſchilderten ihn mit furchtbaren Zügen und verſicherten, wenn ſie ihn jetzt wieder träfen, ſollte er ihnen nicht mehr entgehen. Da ſtand der Geiſtliche auf, ſtellte ſich zu ihnen und fragte: wenn ſie denn ihrer Sache ſo gewiß wären, warum ſie dem Menſchen ſein ſchreckliches Handwerk nicht ſchon längſt gelegt hätten? Die Dragoner ſchwatzten und ſchwadronirten in den Tag hinein, wie rohe Soldaten pflegen. Der Geiſtliche trieb ſeinen Spott mit ihnen, das konnt' ich deutlich ſehen, und es ſchien ihn zu beluſtigen, wie hoch und kühn ſich die Kerls vermaßen, was ſie an dem ſchwarzen Fritz thun wollten, wenn ſie ihn in ihre Gewalt bekämen.

Und wenn er hier mitten unter Euch wäre? ſagte der Geiſtliche, mit einem Tone, der mir, ich geſtehe es, das Blut für einen Augenblick gerinnen machte, und die Dragoner verblüffte. Wir ſahen uns Alle untereinander an. Jeder beſorgte, in ſeinem Nachbar den gefürchteten Räuber zu entdecken. Indeſſen war der Schulmeiſter, der ſich vorhin entfernt gehabt hatte, wieder herein gekommen, und gab dem Geiſtlichen einen Wink.

Ich bin der ſchwarze Fritz, rief dieſer nun mit einer Donnerſtimme mitten in die betäubte Verſammlung hinein, warf ſein falſches Haar ab, und ſtand in ſchwarzen, krauſen Locken furchtbar aber hübſch da. Zugleich aber zog er ein Piſtol, und hielt es vor ſich. „Dem, der mir nahe kommt, brenn' ich das Gehirn aus!" rief er. Der vermeinte Schulmeiſter enthüllte einen gewaltigen Sarras und deckte ſeines Herrn Rückzug. Wir ſtanden Alle erſtarrt, und die Räuber waren fort.

O, zum Teufel! rief der alte Graf. Das iſt zu arg! Schämt Ihr Euch nicht? Hätte ſich denn Keiner an die Kerls wagen können?

Aber, lieber Vater, die Wenigſten waren bewaffnet.

Und habt Ihr ihm nicht nachgeſetzt?

Ja wohl. Die Dragoner waren ſogleich aufgeſprungen, aber die Gurte ihrer Pferde waren abgeſchnitten, und wie ſie ſich aufſchwingen wollten, rollten ſie mit Decke und Sattel wieder von ihren Gäulen herab; die beiden Räuber aber ſprengten hohnlachend auf ihren windſchnellen Roſſen davon.

Nun, das iſt zu toll! ſagte der Vater. Ein ganzes Zimmer voll Menſchen, darunter Soldaten, und können zwei Räuber, die ſich ihnen noch ſpottend zu erkennen geben, nicht fangen!

Graf Friedrich ſuchte die Sache zu erklären, zu entſchuldigen; aber der Vater blieb auf ſeinem Sinne, daß es eine ewige Schande ſei, und Luitgarde brannte vor Begierde, ihrem Vetter eine Beſchreibung vom ſchwarzen Fritz abzufragen.

Erlaube mir, holdes Mädchen, daß dieß indeſſen mein Geheimniß bleibe. In wenigen Tagen ſollſt du ganz und über alle Erwartung befriedigt werden.

Luitgarde mußte ſich ergeben, aber ſie konnte nun weniger als je ein gewiſſes Bild aus ihrem Gedächtniſſe verbannen, oder ſich des dunklen Gefühls erwehren, daß ihr Vetter neben dem kecken Räuber doch eine armſelige Rolle geſpielt habe.

Nach zwei Tagen, während welcher Friedrich ſeine Couſine auf eine geſchickte Art vom Durchgehen durch den Bilderſaal abzuhalten gewußt hatte, holte er ſie mit triumphirender Miene aus ihrem Zimmer, und indem er ihr ganz geheimnißvoll etwas zu zeigen verſprach, führte er ſie gerade vor das Bild des unglücklichen Gefangenen, das ſie ſo oft mit Wehmuth betrachtet hatte, und ſagte: Nun ſchau, Luitgarde!

Entſetzt fuhr ſie zurück. — Des Gefangenen Geſicht war gerade gegen ſie gekehrt und die Züge des Unbekannten, in der düſterſten Verzweiflung ſtarrten ſie aus großen, tiefen Augen an.

Mit einem lauten Schrei ſchlug ſie die Hände vor das Geſicht, und entfloh.

Friedrich folgte ihr triumphirend über den ſchauerlichen Erfolg ſeiner Kunſt und der ſchlauen Ueberraſchung. Er fand ſie, zitternd an allen Gliedern, im andern Zimmer an einen Pfeiler gelehnt. Ihr Buſen flog, ihr ganzes Weſen war in Aufruhr.

Mein Gott, liebes Mädchen, was iſt dir? Kann dich denn ein künſtlicher Verſuch ſo erſchrecken? Du weißt, wir haben öfters darüber geſtritten. Du fandeſt das Bild gerade ſo anziehend, weil man die Züge nicht ſah und hinzu denken konnte, was man wollte; ich behauptete immer, es wäre nur ein Kunſtgriff des Malers, der es nicht gewagt, den Schmerz und die Verzweiflung des Gefangenen darzuſtellen. Nun habe ich es verſucht, die Aufgabe zu löſen, ich habe dem Gefangenen das Geſicht des Räuberhauptmanns gegeben.

Hu! rief Luitgarde, und ſchauderte.

Es iſt ſo ähnlich wie möglich, kann ich dich verſichern, und dein Entſetzen beweiſ't für den beabſichtigten Effect. Aber komm doch, und ſieh es noch einmal an!

Um keinen Preis in der Welt! rief ſie mit Entſchloſſenheit. Das Zimmer betrete ich nie wieder!

Sei nicht ſo kindiſch! Es war ein kühner Einfall von mir, ich geſtehe: aber ich müßte bedauern, daß es ſo vollkommen gelungen iſt, wenn ich dir dadurch das Bild verleidet hätte. Ich finde —

Finde du, was du willſt! rief ſie. Aber ſei verſichert, du haſt mir unendlich weh gethan.

Verzeihe, mein Kind! Das wollte ich nicht; und wenn ich auch faſſe, daß der erſte Anblick dich erſchrecken konnte, ſo begreife ich doch nicht —

O mein Gott, mein Gott! rief Luitgarde, und ihre Thränen brachen hervor.

Friedrich ſtand erſtaunt. Er ſuchte ſie zu beruhigen; aber ſo weh es ihm that, die holde Braut in ſolcher heftigen Erſchütterung zu ſehen, ſchmeichelte es im Grunde doch ſeiner Eitelkeit, weil er die ganze Sache der auffallenden Wirkung ſeiner großen Kunſt zuſchrieb.

Luitgarde faßte ſich endlich. Sie ging auf ihr Zimmer, aber nicht wieder durch den Saal, wo die umgewendete Geſtalt mit der unglücklichen Aehnlichkeit und dem Ausdruck der fürchterlichſten Verzweiflung ihr wie ein ſchreckendes Geſpenſt vorkam.

Der alte Graf hörte den Vorfall, er mißbilligte ſehr ſeines Sohnes eitlen Einfall, und ließ das Bild an einen andern Ort bringen, um ſeine Nichte nicht täglich mehrere Male zu einem langen Umweg über kalte Gänge und Treppen zu zwingen; aber auch, als das Gemälde entfernt und ihr Weg wieder frei war, ging ſie nie durch den Saal, ohne daß das Bild des Unglücklichen, die Verwilderung, in die ein von Natur edles Weſen geſunken war, ſich ſchmerzlich vor ihr erhob, und der Ausblick in eine ſchreckliche Zukunft, wo er, eben ſo von Ketten belaſtet, der Freiheit, des Tageslichts beraubt, die Dauer eines jammervollen Daſeins in düſtrer Verzweiflung an den eingegrabenen Strichen abzählen würde, ihr Innerſtes zerriß. Und hinter dieſer düſtern Kerkerſcene — was zeigte ſich ihren Blicken da? — Der Tod durch Henkershand und die ewige Verdammniß einer Seele, die Gott zum Heil geſchaffen, für die des Erlöſers Blut gefloſſen, und die vielleicht jetzt noch eines beſſern Gefühls fähig war!

Ein Gedanke ergriff ſie am mächtigſten und beſchäftigte ſie unaufhörlich, — es war ein lichter Punkt, auf den ſich ihre Seele in dem wüſten Gewirre, das ſie umfing, mit Eifer und ſtets wachſender Liebe richtete — ſeine Seele zu retten, wenn es möglich wäre, und dieſem Jüngling, dem ſie die innigſte Theilnahme nicht verſagen konnte, der ſich gegen ſie edel und liebevoll bewieſen hatte, vielleicht von ſeinen ſchrecklichen Wegen zurückzubringen. Jemehr ſie dieſem Entwurfe nachſann, je glänzender ſtrahlte er ihr entgegen; ſie glaubte, daß das eine recht ſchöne Aufgabe, ja ein lohnender Zweck für ein ganzes darauf gewendetes Daſein werden könnte, und ſie entwarf tauſend Plane und Möglichkeiten, wie das überhaupt, wie es am leichteſten durch ſie geſchehen möchte.

Unterdeſſen fing der Winter allgemach an, ſich ſeinem Ende zu nähern. Laue Lüfte fuhren über die Erde hin und ſchmolzen aller Orten den Schnee von den Bergen, das Eis der Ströme zerbrach, das ſtumme Erſtarren des Winters wich vor dem Geräuſche der fallenden Tropfen und der entfeſſelten Wellen, Frühlings- und Sehnſuchtsgefühle regten ſich in der belebten und erwachten Natur.

Friedrich dachte mit erhöhtem Vergnügen an ſein nahendes Hochzeitfeſt, Luitgarde fühlte die Bruſt von ſchmerzlich ſüßen Ahnungen gehoben: deren Gegenſtand aber jenes Feſt nicht war; ja vielmehr ſchlug jede Mahnung daran, deren es jetzt täglich immer mehr gab, wie mit eiſiger Hand in den warmen Blumenflor ihrer dunklen, ſüßen Hoffnungen. Doch es war der Wunſch ihres verehrten Oheims, der deutlich ausgeſprochene Wille der ganzen Familie, und Friedrich war ſo redlich, ſo aufmerkſam gegen ſie, daß ſie ihr rebelliſches Gefühl mit ſtrenger Vernunft zur Ruhe ſprach, und ſich alle Mühe gab, die Freude des ganzen Hauſes über das nahende frohe Ereigniß zu theilen.

Indeſſen ſchob ſich durch einen Zufall ein kleiner Aufenthalt dazwiſchen. Ein unvorhergeſehenes wichtiges Geſchäft, das des alten Grafen Anweſenheit in Prag für längere Zeit forderte, zwang ihn, das Hochzeitfeſt ſeines Sohnes auf unbeſtimmte Friſt zu verſchieben. Dieſer ſollte indeß im Schloſſe bleiben und alle Anſtalten und Vorkehrungen betreiben, Luitgarde aber, die nicht ſchicklich bei ihm verweilen konnte, den Vater begleiten.

Die Reiſe ward mit den nöthigen Vorſichtsmaßregeln, wozu Friedrich eifrig ermahnte, angetreten, zwei Tagereiſen waren glücklich zurückgelegt, und ſchon glaubten ſich die Reiſenden aller Fährlichkeiten überhoben, als plötzlich in einem Gehölze, wo der ſchlechten Straße wegen der Wagen langſam zu fahren genöthigt war, berittene Räuber von zwei Seiten hervorſprengten, den Poſtillon mit vorgehaltenem Piſtol zum Halten zwangen, die Bedienten, welche ſich zur Wehre ſetzen wollten, vom Kutſchbocke riſſen, ſich dem Wagen näherten und mit wilder Stimme Geld und Koſtbarkeiten, die der Graf mit ſich führte, forderten. Dieſer antwortete ihnen unerſchrocken, aber einer der Räuber zog ein Terzerol und ſchlug auf den Grafen an. Erſchrocken fuhr Luitgarde empor, riß den Ring aus der Bruſt, hielt ihn dem Räuber vor und rief: Laßt ab von uns! Ehrt den Befehl eures Hauptmanns! Der Räuber wich zurück, betrachtete den Ring, zog die Mütze, rief ſeine Kameraden mit einem Pfiffe zuſammen, und Alle ſprengten mit verhängtem Zügel in's Dickicht hinein.

Nach einer langen Pauſe des ſtummen Erſtaunens ſagte endlich der Graf: Was war das? und Luitgarde, von Purpurgluth bedeckt, mußte bekennen und erzählen, wie ſie zu dem Ringe gekommen war. Indeſſen hatten die Bedienten ſich aufgerafft, der Wagen wurde in Bewegung gebracht, und man ſetzte, noch erſchrocken, betäubt von dem ſchnellen Wechſel der Ereigniſſe, den Weg fort. Mit düſterem Unmuth hörte Graf Martinitz den Bericht ſeiner Nichte an. Die Liebe eines Räubers für ſie, der ſichtbare Antheil, den ihr der wilde Jüngling einzuflößen gewußt hatte, der Rückblick auf das Schickſal ſeines Sohnes — Alles regte ſein Innerſtes in peinliche Gefühle auf; doch ſchwieg er finſter, und verlangte nur den Ring zu ſehen.

Luitgarde reichte ihn hin. Mein Gott, rief er, das iſt das Landsko'ſche Wappen! Das iſt ein Siegelring, den ich, nur ohne die Diamanten, die ihn jetzt zieren, oft an meines Freundes Finger geſehen habe! Wie kommt der Menſch zu dem Ringe? — Und er iſt ihm theuer, hat er dir geſagt? Und doch hat er ihn dir geſchenkt? — Er ſchüttelte das greiſe Haupt.

Landsko! — Landsko? — wiederholte Luitgarde langſam und nachdenkend, und das von Flammen verzehrte Kind und der Ruf des Papageys fielen ihr auf einmal ſchwer aufs Herz. — Victorin von Landsko war ihr von ihrer Mutter und ſeinem Vater beſtimmt geweſen, und wer hatte ihr den Papagei gebracht, und wer ihm den Namen ihres verlornen Verlobten gelehrt? Sie ſchauderte; denn mitten aus der Tiefe verworrener Gefühle und Gedanken hob ſich eine Vermuthung auf, die zugleich Grauen, Wehmuth und ſchmerzliche Luſt in ihr erweckte.

Wie kommt der Straßenräuber zu dem Ringe? Weißt du davon? fragte der Graf.

Nichts, lieber Oheim, als was ich Euch ſchon geſagt habe. Der Ring iſt ihm ſehr theuer, hat er mich verſichert. Ich wollte ihm denſelben zurückſenden, wenn ich ſeiner nicht mehr bedürfte, aber er verweigerte es mit ſichtlicher Empfindlichkeit.

Der Menſch iſt in dich verliebt, das iſt klar. Nun laſſen ſich auch mehrere Dinge und das Geſchenk des geſchwätzigen Papageis begreifen. Eine lächerliche und doch grauſenhafte, ſchändliche Liebſchaft, fürwahr, zwiſchen meiner Nichte und einem Spitzbubenhauptmann!

Dies Wort ſchnitt tief und ſchmerzlich in Luitgardens Bruſt, und ſie vermochte nicht, ihre Thränen zurückzuhalten; aber aus der offenen Wunde hob ſich der Stolz und der Entſchluß, den Unglücklichen, der mitten in ſeiner Verwilderung noch beſſerer Gefühle fähig war, nicht zu verläugnen, und ſeiner Sache muthig treu zu bleiben.

Meiſt ſchweigend in tiefen Gedanken kamen ſie nach Prag. Graf Martinitz betrieb ſeine Geſchäfte und mancherley geheime Nachforſchungen wegen des Ringes. Luitgarde fühlte ſich beobachtet, und nicht mehr ſo zwanglos, wie auf dem Lande. Das kränkte ſie, denn ſie wußte ſich keines Vergehens, nicht einmal tadelhafter Nachgiebigkeit ſchuldig. Sie hatte gegen verführeriſche Erinnerungen ernſtlich gekämpft, ſie wollte Friedrich ihre Hand geben, ſein liebevolles, treues Ehegemahl ſein. Mehr forderte er ſelbſt nicht, denn er gab auch nicht mehr, und den Platz, den vielleicht in Schatten und Nebel gehüllt, ein gewiſſes Bild in Luitgardens Herzen einnahm, beſetzten ja in ihres Vetters Bruſt ganz offen und hell ſeine Sammlungen und Kunſtfertigkeiten; ſie ſah nicht ein, worin ſie gefehlt hatte.

Die Geſchichte von des Grafen wunderbarer Erlöſung aus der Hand der Räuber machte Aufſehen in Prag. Die Domeſtiken, welche den eigentlichen Hergang nicht wußten, hatten theils verworrenes, theils unrichtiges Zeug geſchwatzt. Von Mund zu Mund laufend, vergrößert, entſtellt, gelangte die Kunde zum Kanzler des Gerichtshofes, der längſt ſchon von Ferdinand dem Dritten den Auftrag erhalten hatte, mit größter Strenge und Eifer den ferneren Fortſchritten der Räuberbanden entgegen zu wirken, und in Folge dieſes Befehls jüngſt einen hohen Preis auf den Kopf des ſchwarzen Fritz geſetzt hatte. Er ging ſogleich ſelbſt zum Grafen von Martinitz, und ſeine Freiheit mit ſeiner Pflicht entſchuldigend, bat er ihn im Namen des Gerichtshofes Seiner Majeſtät, ja der guten Sache ſelbſt, um beſtimmte und treue Auskunft. Der Antheil ſeiner Nichte an der wunderlichen Geſchichte ſetzte den Grafen einigermaßen in Verlegenheit, doch beantwortete er des Kanzlers Fragen, ſo aufrichtig er konnte, und dieſer verlangte endlich den Ring zu ſehen. Luitgarde ſollte ihn hergeben. Sie that es mit dem größten Widerſtreben, ſie bat, ſie kniete vor dem Onkel nieder, der ihn ihr abforderte, eine dunkle Ahnung flog durch ihre Seele, ſie hätte ſo gern das Pfand der zarteſten Achtung des Unglücklichen für ſie treu bewahrt! Und nun, in welche Hände ſollte es gerathen! Doch der Oheim befahl in ſeinem Namen, im Namen der öffentlichen Ordnung und Ruhe, die durch die Unthaten des wilden Räubers lange genug war geſtört worden. Luitgarde konnte ſich nicht entziehen. Stumm und düſter gab ſie den Ring hin. — Nun war der Unglückliche vielleicht verrathen, und war es durch ſie! Der Kanzler erkannte ebenfalls das Wappen der Grafen von Landsko. Er nahm den Ring mit ſich, und verhieß, ihn innerhalb acht Tagen dem Grafen wieder zuzuſtellen.

Dieſe acht Tage vergingen in einer peinlichen Spannung, und jemehr Luitgardens Gefühl für den ſchauerlichen Verehrer in's Gedränge mit Sitte, Recht und älteren Banden kam, je lebhafter ſchien es ſich in Widerſtand und Rührung zu entzünden, und eine unſelige, ſchmerzlich ſüße Vermuthung, die ſeit der nähern Bekanntſchaft mit dem Ringe ſie tauſendmal in wunderbare Träumereien verlockte, vollendete den Zauber.

Aber aus den acht Tagen wurden zehn, und endlich vierzehn. Luitgarde hatte es in der Angſt ihres Herzens gewagt, ihren Oheim an den Ring zu erinnern, und war mit finſtern Mienen darauf hingewieſen worden, daß man jedes Mittel anzuwenden, nicht blos berechtigt, ſondern verpflichtet ſei, was zur Entdeckung und vielleicht zur Ergreifung eines ſo verruchten Verbrechers führen könnte, und daß er ſich des Mittels ſchäme, das ſich für ein ſolches Ungeheuer in der Bruſt ſeiner Verwandten, der Braut ſeines Sohnes, zu regen ſcheine.

Luitgarde antwortete nichts auf dieſe Vorwürfe, und beſchloß zugleich, über die Sache nie wieder ein Wort gegen den Oheim zu verlieren, der ihr, wie ſie meinte, Unrecht that, und überhaupt ſich unrecht in dieſem Verhältniſſe benahm. Eine bittere Empfindung bemächtigte ſich ihres Herzens, ſie fing an, den Gedanken, die ſie zu Vergleichungen lockten, nachzuhängen. Sie ſann nach, was aus Friedrich, dem zierlichen Weſen, das ſich in allen Künſten verſuchte, und in keiner Meiſter war, geworden wäre, wenn ihn das harte Schickſal hinausgeſtoßen hätte in die Wildniß, unter böſe, verderbte Menſchen, wenn er ſein Leben, ſeine Freiheit gegen feindliche Mächte, und unter verbrecheriſchen Beiſpielen ſeine Tugend hätte behaupten ſollen? Und ſie verſetzte nun den unglücklichen, gefallenen Jüngling mit ſeiner Willens- und Körperkraft, mit ſeinen Anlagen und ſeinem Muthe in den Schooß einer liebenden Familie, ſie dachte ſich ihn unter rechtlichen Menſchen, in adeligen Sitten, in jeder Uebung der Jugend und nützlichen Wiſſenſchaft erzogen, ſie wagte es, das Bild auszumalen, wenn er wirklich Victorin Landsko und ihr erſter Verlobter wäre, und ſie erlag ihrem Schmerz und ihren Thränen.

So vergingen einige Tage. Da gab eines Morgens beim Frühſtück ihr Oheim ihr den Ring mit den Worten zurück: daß der Kanzler ſeiner nicht mehr bedürfe. Ein eiskalter Schauer überlief Luitgarden, ſie nahm ihn ſchweigend aus ſeiner Hand, mit einer gräßlichen Ahnung berührten im Spiele der Phantaſie ſie die Farben deſſelben — der Carniol war ihr Victorins Blut, die Diamanten ihre Thränen um ihn; ſie verließ das Zimmer.

Noch am Abend deſſelben Tages ſtürzte eine ihrer Zofen mit lauter Freude in ihr Kabinet: So eben verbreite ſich durch die Straßen von Prag das Gerücht, der ſchwarze Fritz ſei gefangen, und werde morgen in ſchweren Ketten und Banden in die Stadt gebracht werden. Luitgarde erſtarrte. Die Dämmerung entzog dem Mädchen den Anblick ihres tödtlichen Erbleichens und ſein geſchäftiges Geplauder erlaubte ihr wortlos zuzuhören, oder vielmehr in ſchmerzliche Gedanken zu verſinken.

Und ich habe ihn verrathen! brach ſie endlich in jammernden Tönen aus, als die Zofe das Zimmer verlaſſen hatte. Daß er durch den Ring gefangen worden, daß man ſeine vermuthete Neigung für ſie zum Werkzeuge ſeines Verderbens gemacht hatte, war ihr unumſtößlich bewieſen, und von dieſem Augenblicke an, da dem unerbittlichen Geſetze genug geſchehen und nun weiter von dem Furchtbaren nichts mehr zu beſorgen war, nahm ein tiefes heiliges Mitleid, verbunden mit bitteren Vorwürfen gegen ſich ſelbſt, und mit dem Bewußtſein der Schuld gegen den, der, wenn auch gegen die ganze Welt unrecht, doch gegen ſie edel gehandelt hatte, ihre Sinne gewaltſam ein, und machte jede andere Neigung, ja jede Rückſicht daraus verſchwinden.

Ein unruhiges Laufen in den Straßen, das Treiben des Hausgeſindes, Alles überzeugte ſie am andern Morgen, daß die Nachricht der Zofe nur zu wahr war. Gefangen, mit ungeheuern Ketten belaſtet, beinahe an jedem Gliede ſeines Körpers gefeſſelt und von einem Trupp Soldaten mit geladenen Flinten und gezogenem Hahn begleitet, wurde er, ein willkommenes und jetzt noch furchtbares Schauſpiel, durch die Straßen der Stadt auf einem von Wachen umringten Wagen geführt. Alles lief, ihn zu ſehen. Alles erzählte vom ſchwarzen Fritz und Alles ſchien ſich zu vereinen, um Luitgardens Herz zu zerreißen.

Ach, was das ein ſchöner Menſch iſt! Was er für prächtige Augen hat! rief die eine Zofe der andern in der Gallerie vor Luitgardens Thüre zu. Und haſt du geſehen, ſagte die zweite, wie er ſo wild und fürchterlich auf den Boden ſtarrte, und zuweilen die Ketten ſchüttelte, daß mich ob dem Raſſeln ſchauerte?

Ja, es war, als wollte er die Leute ſchrecken, die ihn anzuſehen gelaufen waren.

Nein doch, antwortete die zweite, ich glaube vielmehr, die ſchweren Ketten müſſen ihn nicht wenig drücken und ſchmerzen; er war ja an der rechten Hand voll Blut, der arme Menſch.

Was fällt dir ein, Mitleid mit einem Straßenräuber zu haben?

Ach! es iſt ein unglücklicher Menſch, erwiederte jene, und wird es ſchwer büßen.

Luitgardens Herz war zum Zerſpringen voll, und in dieſem Augenblicke, wo ſie ihr halbes Vermögen darum gegeben hätte, ſich in einer einſamen Stunde ausweinen zu können, kam Beſuch an Beſuch, und Jeder wiederholte die Erzählung von der Einbringung des gefürchteten Räubers, und wußte irgend eine Anekdote von ihm, erdichtet oder wahr, die Luitgardens Innerſtes zerriß.

Die Verhöre des Gefangenen fingen nun an, und mehrere

Umſtände über ſein Schickſal, ſeine Thaten, ſeine Gefangennehmung wurden bekannt, doch nicht aus ſeinem Munde; denn er weigerte ſich ſtörriſch, etwas zu bekennen. Seine Mitſchuldigen ſagten aus: Er war im ſächſiſchen Erzgebirge von einem Köhler erzogen worden, der, ſelbſt Mitglied einer Diebesbande, den Knaben, der ihn widerſtrebend Vater nannte, zu rauhen, harten Sitten und wilden Thaten anhielt. Mit vierzehn Jahren entlief er und gerieth unter ſchwediſche Freibeuter, die den hochgewachſenen ſchönen Knaben gern annahmen. Wilder Muth und kalte Entſchloſſenheit machten ihn zum Liebling ſeiner Kameraden, über die er bald eine Art von Oberherrſchaft gewann.

Nach und nach ſah er ein, wie viel ihm noch gebrach, zu ſein, oder zu werden, was Andere waren, die glänzend vor ihm ſtanden. Ihn ſchreckte es nicht ab. In müßigen Stunden, wenn die Kameraden rauchten oder ſpielten, lernte er leſen und ſchreiben, ja ſogar militäriſch zeichnen. Bald wurde der Commandant des Corps auf ihn aufmerkſam. Fritz wurde Unteroffizier, und in kurzer Zeit bei einer kleinen Expedition, die nur ſein toller Muth unternehmen und ausführen konnte, Offizier. Nun ſtand eine ſchimmernde Bahn vor ihm offen und alle Kraft ſeines Gemüths wandte ſich auf Ehr- und Ruhmſucht. Er wollte ſteigen, er wollte glänzen, herrſchen. Alles ſollte ſich vor ihm beugen; denn ihm ſchwebten aus dunkler Erinnerung Bilder eines beſſern Zuſtandes ſeiner früheren Kindheit vor, als er in der ſchmutzigen Köhlerhütte und unter ſeinen weitergeführten Kameraden gefunden hatte. Wer ihn an den Aufenthalt und ſein Leben im Erzgebirge erinnerte, hatte ihn tödtlich beleidigt. Er nannte ſich nicht mehr Fritz, ſondern Victorin; denn ihm lag eine dunkle Sage in der Bruſt, daß er einſt mit dieſem Namen war genannt worden, und er ſtrebte glühend darnach, den Schimmer, der ihm, wie er glaubte, durch die Geburt gehörte, und den ein böſes Verhängniß ihm entriſſen, durch Tapferkeit und Talent wieder zu erobern. Aber ungeſchmeidig, kühn und ſtolz, hatte er von jeher verſäumt, ſich Freunde zu erwerben, und nur ſeinen Thaten vertraut, die für ihn zeugen ſollten. Seine Neider und Feinde wußten das zu benutzen. Unwürdigere, Jüngere wurden ihm vorgezogen, weil ſie den Vorzug beſaßen, den er in den Augen der Welt nicht geltend machen konnte, obwohl er ihn zu haben feſt überzeugt war: eine adelige Herkunft. Das kränkte ihn am tiefſten und erfüllte ſeine Bruſt mit gehäſſigen Gefühlen. Dennoch ſtand er endlich im Begriff, ſeinen Wunſch zu erreichen und als Hauptmann in ein Linienregiment zu treten, als der Friede geſchloſſen, ſein Corps aufgelöſt und die meiſten Truppen entlaſſen wurden. Nun war ihm alle weitere Hoffnung auf Ruhm und Glanz abgeſchnitten, ſeine alte Wildheit erwachte, Noth, Verzweiflung, Rache ſtachelten ihn auf, brod- und herrenloſe Kameraden geſellten ſich zu ihm, und der Entſchluß bildete ſich in ihm aus, ſich an der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft zu rächen, die ihn ausgeſtoßen, die alle ſeine Plane auf Ehre und rechtlichen Beſitz zerſtört hatte. Bald hatte ſich die Bande geſammelt, bald war er durch einſtimmigen Zuruf zum Führer und Hauptmann erklärt. Die verwegenſten Thaten, die kühnſten Entwürfe waren ſein Werk, aber auch die ſtrengſte Ordnung und eine rauhe Rechtlichkeit unter den Mitgliedern ſeines furchtbaren Bundes. So war es ihm möglich, beinahe Unglaubliches auszuführen und ſich jeder Nachſtellung, jeder Gefahr zu entziehen.

Endlich erlag ſeine Geiſtesgegenwart, ſein Scharfblick der verführeriſchen Stimme einer Leidenſchaft, die ſtärker ſprach, als Ehre, Muth und Vorſicht. Er ging in die ſchlau gelegte Schlinge, er folgte einer geheimnißvollen Einladung, die ihm von dem Weibe kam, das er glühend liebte und die durch ein Kleinod bekräftigt wurde, das er ihr ſelbſt in einer glücklichen Stunde als Pfand ſeiner Treue gegeben. So ward er gefangen und fluchte der Treuloſen, die ihn verrathen, und fühlte ſchmerzlicher, als ſeine Bande und den Tod, der ihm bevorſtand, die Falſchheit derjenigen, die er allein auf Erden wahrhaft geliebt, um die allein er nur Dank verdient hatte.

Niemand, der dieſe Geſchichte ganz oder ſtückweiſe in Geſellſchaften vor Luitgarden erzählte — denn der **ſchwarze Fritz** war das allgemeine Geſpräch — dachte wohl daran, wie ſchmerzlich er ein Herz berührte, das ſich ohne ſein Verſchulden ſo tief getroffen fühlen mußte. Sie vermied aus dieſem Grunde ſo viel als möglich, in die Welt zu gehen, aber ſie konnte, ohne ihres Oheims finſtere Laune zu erregen, nicht vermeiden, ſeine Verwandten zu beſuchen. Bei einer derſelben, einer ehrwürdigen alten Dame, traf ſie einen Geiſtlichen, deſſen Ausſehen und ſtille Würde ihr Herz im erſten Augenblicke gewann. Auch hier fiel das Geſpräch bald auf die Neuigkeit des Tages, den Räuberhauptmann, und es ergab ſich, daß der Geiſtliche ſein, wie überhaupt der Beichtvater aller Miſſethäter ſei, dem das ſchwere Amt ward, die Verbrecher zum Tode zu bereiten und auf dem letzten Wege zu geleiten. Mit warmem Antheile äußerte ſich der prieſterliche Greis über ſeinen Gefangenen. Er bedauerte manche ſchöne Anlage, die hier zerſtört war, er konnte dem gefallenen Jüngling ſein tiefes Mitleid nicht verſagen; was ihn aber am meiſten bekümmerte, war die Unbußfertigkeit deſſelben, indem er keine Spur von Reue über alle ſeine ungeheuren Verbrechen äußere, ihn zu keinem Bekenntniß, ja kaum zum Sprechen zu bringen, und mehr als einmal auf ernſtlichen Verſuchen, ſich das Leben zu nehmen, ertappt worden ſei.

„Es iſt eine wilde Verzweiflung in dem jungen Menſchen," ſagte der Geiſtliche im Verlauf der Rede, „die weniger von dem Bewußtſein ſeiner Schuld, oder von Furcht vor Strafe, als von einem ungemeſſenen, beleidigten Stolze und von einer tiefen Erbitterung gegen eine Perſon, die ihn getäuſcht oder verrathen haben muß, herzurühren ſcheint."

„Und hat er ſich über dieſe Perſon nie beſtimmt geäußert?" fragte Luitgarde zitternd. Der Geiſtliche zuckte die Achſeln. „Daß es ein Weib ſein müſſe, ſcheint ſo ziemlich aus entfallenen Worten hervorzugehen; aber er iſt zu keinem Bekenntniß überhaupt, und ſo auch nicht zu dieſem zu bewegen."

„Dann wird man ihn ohne Weiteres auf die Folter bringen," ſagte kalt einer der anweſenden Herren.

Luitgardens Herzſchlag ſtand ſtill und eine Todesbläſſe überzog ihr Geſicht. Der Geiſtliche betrachtete ſie unbemerkt, aber aufmerkſam. „Das wird nicht nöthig ſein," ſagte er, „denn er leugnet ja auch nichts. Er läßt die Richter über ſich ſprechen und entſcheiden, was ſie wollen; die Thatſachen ſind durch die Ausſagen ſo vieler Mitſchuldigen und Zeugen bewieſen, er kann und er will nicht gerettet werden. Sein Leben iſt ganz gewiß verloren. Möchte ich nur ſo glücklich ſein, ſeine Seele zu retten!"

Luitgarde ſah den Geiſtlichen lang und forſchend an. In dieſen Zügen lag ſo viel Menſchlichkeit, ſo viel Duldung und ſo viel himmliſches ſtrebendes Verlangen, daß ein Entſchluß, der in ihr zu arbeiten begann, ſich immer mehr und mehr ausbildete. Sie nahm von dem an wenig Theil mehr am Geſpräche, und heftete ihr ganzes Gemüth auf dieſen Gedanken.

Am andern Morgen ſtand ſie früh auf, ſagte, daß ſie ihre Beichte verrichten wollte, und ging, von ihrer Kammerfrau begleitet, in das Kloſter, in welchem Pater Auguſtin, deſſen Orden und Namen ſie ſorgfältig auszukundſchaften nicht vergeſſen hatte, lebte. Sie ließ ihn durch den Pförtner herausbitten. Der Geiſtliche erſchien ſogleich. Mit ganz zerknirſchtem Herzen, unter Thränen des Schmerzes und der Scham entdeckte ſie nun dem Prieſter ihr ganzes Schickſal, die Stimmung ihres Gemüthes gegen den Unglücklichen, ihre frühere Verbindung mit Friedrich, die Geſchichte mit dem Ringe, den Antheil der Schuld des Vormundes, der auf ſie fiel, ihre Angſt vor den Folgen der Verzweiflung des Gefangenen, vor dem ewigen Tod ſeiner Seele und ihre Hoffnung, ob nicht vielleicht ein offenes Geſtändniß von ihrer Seite, ſeine Kenntniß ihrer Gefühle für ihn, ihre Reue über vollbrachtes Übel, das durch ſie verübt worden war, ſein ſtarres Herz ſchmelzen und weicheren Empfindungen, und vielleicht einem frommen Gedanken den Eingang in daſſelbe öffnen könnte?

Der Geiſtliche hatte ſie ganz ausreden laſſen, dann ſaß er noch eine Weile tief nachſinnend. Endlich erhob er ſich und ſprach: „Es iſt möglich, mein Kind, daß Euer verdienſtlicher Entſchluß auch wirkſam ſein kann; ich will darüber nachdenken. Für's Erſte aber ſchweigt von Eurem Vorſatz gegen Jedermann und gebt keiner voreiligen Hoffnung Raum; denn wir haben es nicht mit einem Sünder aus Leichtſinn und Uebereilung, ſondern mit einem verſtockten Verbrecher zu thun." Und hierauf drang er mit ſtrengender Beredſamkeit in alle Tiefen ihres Herzens, ſtellte ihr alle möglichen Folgen ihres Schrittes vor, und hieß ſie zuletzt in acht Tagen wieder anfragen.

Sie ſchied von dem Geiſtlichen verſtört, gekränkt, voll Zweifel über ſich, aber trotz aller Hinderniſſe, die er vor ihr aufzuthürmen ſchien, dennoch feſt entſchloſſen, an ihr Ziel zu gelangen, möchte es nun durch ihn oder auf einem andern Wege ſein.

Die acht Tage gingen herum, und Luitgarde erſchien wieder vor dem Pater Auguſtin. Durch das ſichtliche Erſtaunen, mit dem er ſie empfing, blickte ein Zug von ſtillem Wohlgefallen, und er antwortete ihr auf ihre Frage: ob er ihr Vorhaben wohl überlegt habe, und ihr die Hand dazu zu bieten geſonnen ſei? — es ließe ſich ohne Zweifel hierin etwas thun, auch für die Sinnesänderung des Gefangenen etwas hoffen; aber — Luitgarde müßte ſich entſchließen, ſelbſt zu ihm in den Kerker zu kommen.

Sie ſtutzte. — „Wenn es keinen andern Ausweg giebt — ich bin auch hierzu bereit!" — Der Geiſtliche ſah ſie verwundert an. — „Sobald Ihr, ehrwürdiger Herr, mir Verſchwiegenheit und Verborgenheit zuſichern könnt, ſo, daß außer Euch und ihm Niemand etwas von dieſem gewagten Schritte erfährt."

Das kann ich, erwiederte der Geiſtliche.

„Nun, ſo beſtimmt Tag und Stunde."

„Es iſt mein feſter Entſchluß. Ich will ſeine Seele retten, wenn ich kann, ich will für ſeine Liebe, die ich ihm ſo ſchlecht gelohnt, dieß zum Erſatze geben." Des Geiſtlichen Züge heiterten ſich nach und nach auf, wie er Luitgardens feſten Entſchluß ſah, und der Gang ward auf den dritt-nächſten Tag feſtgeſetzt.

Mit der nöthigen Vorſicht und in hinreichender Verhüllung traten ſie den Weg an. Je näher Luitgarde dem unglücklichen Orte [illegible], je mehr nahm ihr Zittern, ihre Beklemmung zu. Der Pater bereitete ſie auf das vor, was ſie zu finden hatte, — ein tiefes, dunkles Gewölbe, den Gefangenen mit einer Menge ſchwerer Ketten an Händen und Füßen gefeſſelt, auf ſeinem harten Lager liegend, durch welches die Ketten herabhiengen und unten mit einem ungeheuern Schloß verbunden waren, das er auf die Bretter hinaufzulegen pflegte, um ſich etwas mehr Freiheit der Bewegungen oder Ruhe im Schlafe zu verſchaffen, und das dann mehrmals bei einer ſchnellen Änderung ſeiner Lage mit Getöſe herabfiel und ihn aufſchreckte — ihn ſelbſt endlich, durch Kerkerluft ermattet, finſter und beinahe verzweifelnd!

Durch lange, düſtre Gänge, neben hohen Eiſenthüren, an feſtvergitterten Löchern vorbei, aus denen Kettengeklirre oder Aechzen oder Geſtöhn der Wuth ſcholl, folgte ſie wankend und bleich ihrem Führer. Nun ging es noch eine enge Treppe hinab, der Schließer öffnete raſſelnd eine knarrende Eiſenthüre — und ſie waren zur Stelle.

Ein eiskalter Schauer wehte aus dem dumpfen, finſtern Aufenthalte ſie an. Der Geiſtliche ging voran. Er redete den Gefangenen, der, auf dem Geſichte liegend, ſich auch nicht einmal nach dem Eintretenden umſah, freundlich an und ſagte: „Du haſt es verlangt, Fritz, daß die bewußte Perſon zu dir komme, wenn du dich von ihrer Unſchuld überzeugen ſollſt. — Hier iſt ſie.“ Bei dieſen Worten ſchlug er den Mantel zurück, den Lutgarde vor Angſt und Schmerz zu lüften vergeſſen hatte, und der Gefangene fuhr mit einem ſchrecklichen Fluche von ſeinem Lager auf, die ſchweren Ketten raſſelten, das Schloß fiel mit fürchterlichem Gepolter zu Boden, und riß durch ſein Gewicht den Unglücklichen wieder gewaltſam zu Boden.

„O Gott! o großer Gott!“ rief Lutgarde jammernd, und hob die Hände gen Himmel.

„Du biſt's?“ rief der Gefangene: „Du kommſt in dieſen Aufenthalt des Elends und des Grauens?“ — Er betrachtete ſie eine Weile bald zweifelnd, bald glühend. — Nach und nach verdüſterten ſich ſeine Züge wieder, und mit bitterm Lachen ſagte er: „Lauerſt du wieder auf mein Leben? Willſt du noch mehr von mir erſchleichen, um mich meinen Henkern zu verrathen. Es iſt nicht nöthig, ich will ja ſterben, ich will mich nicht retten.“

Der Geiſtliche wollte antworten, da Lutgarde, zu ergriffen von Allem, was ſie ſah und hörte, ſchwieg.

„Schweigt!“ rief der Gefangene: „Ihr ſchweigt! Ich habe es nur mit ihr.“ Und nun ergoß er ſich in bittere Vorwürfe und wüthenden Zorn gegen ihre Falſchheit, und eine ungeheure Leidenſchaft, bald wild und verzehrend, bald innig und zart, verrieth ſich in dieſen Klagen und Wünſchen und ließ Lutgarden in die Tiefe eines Herzens ſehen, das ihr ganz ergeben und ihr längſt ſchon theuer war. Sie weinte laut. Das entwaffnete ihn nach und nach, und als er ausgetobt hatte, trat ſie näher zu ihm und ſagte: „Ich bin doch unſchuldig, Victorin, ſo ſehr der Schein wider mich iſt. Hört mich an!“ — Sie erzählte ihm nun den Vorfall mit den Räubern, das Aufſehen, welches dieſe Geſchichte erregt, und das ernſte, unabweichbare Begehren des Kanzlers an ſie um den Ring.

Er hörte ihr zweifelhaft zu: aber im Eifer des Geſprächs hatte ſie ſich neben ihn auf ſein hartes Lager geſetzt, und das ſchwere Schloß, das bei jeder heftigen Bewegung von ihm herunterzufallen drohte, auf ihre Knie gelegt, um es zu halten. — „Was macht Ihr?“ rief er verwirrt, und wollte ihr die ungewohnte Laſt abnehmen. Aber ſo, wie er die Hand ausſtreckte, ſchrie Lutgarde auf: „Mein Gott, Ihr blutet!“ — Die ſchweren Feſſeln hatten ihn wund gedrückt. Schnell zog ſie ihr Schnupftuch hervor, zerriß es behende und legte mitleidig einen Verband um die wunde Hand. Ihre Thränen floſſen darauf.

„Iſt's möglich?“ rief der Gefangene: „Haſſet Ihr mich nicht? Lebt noch eine Stimme in Eurem Herzen, die für mich ſpricht?“

Sie erhob den Kopf und ſah ihn durch Thränen ernſt und liebreich an: „Ich bin euch von Herzen gut, ich war es im erſten Augenblicke, wo ich Euch kennen lernte, und ſag' ich Euch: ſo wahr ich für mich und Euch die ewige Seligkeit wünſche, ich bin unſchuldig!“

„Barmherziger Gott!“ rief er, überwältigt und laut: „Weh! Weh! Was hab' ich gethan? Ich habe geläſtert, wie kann Gott nicht barmherzig ſein!“ Er ſtürzte wieder auf das Geſicht und ſeine Bruſt arbeitete in ſchrecklicher Beklemmung.

Lutgarde legte ihre Hand auf ſeine Schulter. „Victorin!“ ſagte ſie mit leiſer Rührung: „Glaubt mir, Gott iſt unendlich gut und langmüthig, und wenn Ihr ein ſchwaches, ſterbliches Weſen, mir verzeihen könnt, von der Ihr Euch ſo ſchwer beleidigt glaubt, wie ſoll der allbarmherzige Vater nicht ſeinem gefallenen und reuigen Kinde verzeihen?“

Jetzt trat der Geiſtliche hinzu. Mit aller Kraft des heiligen Glaubens, mit aller Kenntniß des Menſchenherzens und mit aller Salbung ſeines hohen Berufs drang er unwiderſtehlich in den Unglücklichen. Er pochte, er riß an dieſem Herzen, das noch manches ſchönen Gefühls fähig war, und es gelang ihm endlich, ſeine ſtarre Hülle zu ſchmelzen. Der Gefangene richtete ſich auf; Lutgarde ſah ſein Geſicht in Thränen gebadet. — „Und glaubt Ihr, glaubt Ihr wirklich, ehrwürdiger Vater,“ ſagte er dumpf, „daß Gott mir noch verzeihen könne — mir, einem ſo verruchten, ſo verdammten Sünder?“

Der Geiſtliche faßte ihn ſchnell bei dieſem Gedanken, er entwickelte alle Tiefen der göttlichen Langmuth, er führte alle Stellen aus den heiligen Büchern an, die dem reuigen Sünder Verzeihung verhießen. Victorins Thränen floſſen ſtärker. „O Gott!“ rief er endlich und ſtürzte von ſeinem Lager herab auf die Knie: „Kannſt du mir verzeihen?“ In dieſem Augenblicke trat die Sonne über das Gitter des Gefängniſſes und goß einen hellen Schimmer auf den Knieenden nieder. „Du biſt erhört, dir iſt vergeben!“ rief Lutgarde in Begeiſterung. — „Gott ſtärke dich mein Sohn!“ ſagte der Geiſtliche und legte ſeine Hand auf des Jünglings Haupt. Lutgarde ſank an ſeine Bruſt. „Ach, dieſen Engel im Arm,“ rief er, „darf ich wagen, zu dir empor zu blicken? O mein Vater! verzeih' deinem zerknirſchten, deinem verworfenen Kinde!“

Eine tiefe, heilige Stille feierte den Augenblick der Rückkehr eines gefallenen Sünders zu der göttlichen Barmherzigkeit. Als alle Drei ſich von ihrer Rührung erholt hatten, ſagte der Geiſtliche zu Lutgarden: „Jetzt, mein Fräulein, werde ich Euch fort begleiten, denn ich habe mit ihm allein zu reden.“ Lutgarde verneigte ſich ſtumm.

„Ich darf doch noch einmal vor meinem Tode hoffen, Euch wieder zu ſehen, edles Fräulein?“ fragte der Gefangene ehrerbietig, aber mit ſichtbarer Angſt. Sie reichte ihm weinend die Hand: „Ich ſehe dich wieder, Victorin! Wir werden nicht getrennt.“ Der Geiſtliche führte ſie fort.

Victorin's Sinnesänderung ging nun mit ſchnellen Schritten vorwärts, ſein ſtörriſches Betragen gegen ſeine Richter verſchwand, er bekannte ſeine Verbrechen, er verlangte keine Schonung, er wünſchte zu ſterben. Nur Ein Ziel hatte ihm auf der Welt in dieſen letzten Zeiten wünſchenswerth geſchienen, der Beſitz des über Alles geliebten Weibes, das ſeit lange wieder die erſte Regung edlerer Natur in ſeinem erſtorbenen Herzen geweckt hatte, und dieſes war durch ſeine Verbrechen auf ewig von ihm geſchieden. So hatte ein Leben, das ſo gräßliche Erinnerungen vergifteten, keinen Reiz für ihn, und er that, was an ihm war, um ſein Urtheil und die dunkeln Folgen deſſelben zu beſchleunigen.

Lutgarde hatte, gleich Victorin, ſich in ihr Geſchick ergeben. Auch ihr war es klar, daß er ſterben mußte; ja, ſie ſah in dem verſöhnenden Tode des Schuldigen eine Art von Verklärung ſeiner ſelbſt und ihrer Liebe für ihn. Aber auch ihr Entſchluß war für dieſen Fall gefaßt, und nur Eine Angelegenheit lag ihr noch recht ängſtlich auf der Seele: die Aufklärung über Victorin's Geburt. Sie zog den Geiſtlichen in ihr Geheimniß und es ward endlich nach manchen Berathungen feſtgeſetzt, daß dieſer an den Grafen Landry ſchreiben, ihm den Ring ſenden, die Erinnerungen des Gefangenen aus ſeiner Kindheit und manche andere Vermuthung mittheilen, und dann erwarten ſollte, was dieſer beſchließen würde; Victorin aber ſollte vor der Hand nichts von dieſen Verhandlungen erfahren.

Die Antwort kam ſchnell zurück, Vaterangſt und Hoffnung, Vaterfreude und Schmerz kämpften darin. Noch ließ ſich nichts entſcheiden, viel hoffen, noch mehr fürchten; aber der Graf wollte ſelbſt nach Prag kommen, und Pater Auguſtin ſollte indeſſen den Gefangenen näher ausforſchen und vorbereiten. Das geſchah. Alles, was Victorin erzählte, alle dunkeln Erinnerungen, auf die er ſich ſelbſt beſann, der Werth, den die gute Köhlerin, ſeine Pflegemutter, auf den Siegelring legte, die Achtung, die ſie ihm heimlich dafür, als für ſein koſtbarſtes Kleinod, einzuprägen ſuchte, — denn ihr Mann dachte ganz anders, als ſie, — und die ihn ſpäterhin bewog, den einfachen Ring ſo koſtbar verzieren zu laſſen, wie er nun war, einzelne Worte, die er von ſeinen Pflegeältern in den ſächſiſchen Gebirgen gehört hatte, — Alles ſtimmte genau mit Lutgardens Vermuthungen überein, und Pater Auguſtin wagte endlich, ihm das wahrſcheinliche Geheimniß ſeiner Geburt und ſeines Ranges zu eröffnen.

Er gerieth außer ſich, er ſchien wie wahnſinnig. Stolz und Verzweiflung, Freude und ungeheurer Schmerz zerriſſen ſeine Bruſt, und der Gedanke, vielleicht in den letzten Augenblicken eines geächteten, dem Henkerbeile verfallenen Lebens eine glänzende Geburt, einen Vater und eine edle Geliebte, kurz Alles, was dem Daſein Werth geben konnte, gefunden zu haben, um alle dieſe Güter in wenigen Tagen wieder zu verlieren, war mächtiger, als ſeine Beſinnung und ſeine Kraft. Er erlag ihm, ein wüthendes Fieber ergriff ihn, und der gute Geiſtliche ſah, nicht ohne eine Miſchung von Zufriedenheit, der Annäherung eines freundlichen Todes entgegen, der dem Unglücklichen die letzten grauenvollen Auftritte und die öffentliche Schmach erſparen ſollte.

Auf ſein dringendes Bitten wurde der Kranke in einen geſündern Aufenthalt gebracht, die ſchweren Feſſeln mit leichtern vertauſcht und für beſſere Pflege geſorgt. Seine unverdorbene Jugend widerſtand der Wuth der Krankheit, und mit ſeiner körperlichen Kraft war auch die Wildheit ſeines Geiſtes gebrochen. So wie er zu ſich kam, und, einiger Beſinnung fähig, den Prieſter eintreten ſah, ſtreckte er ihm mit ſtill ergebener Miene die Hand entgegen und ſprach: „Jetzt habe ich es gefunden, Pater Auguſtin, jetzt bin ich wieder ruhig! O, verzeiht den Schrecken, den Kummer, den ich Euch gemacht!“ „Und was haſt du gefunden, mein Sohn?“ fragte der Geiſtliche. „Ach, einen Faden, ehrwürdiger Vater, der mich aus dem Labyrinthe meiner Verzweiflung und meines Verderbens führen ſoll!“ Und nun entwickelte er mit innerer Erhebung, ja mit einer Art von Begeiſterung den Gedanken, daß Gott ihn ſo wunderbar geführt, und ihm am Ende ſeiner Laufbahn alles Glück der Erde gezeigt habe, damit er durch ein gelaſſenes, williges Opfer alles deſſen, was dem Menſchen am theuerſten iſt, einen kleinen Theil ſeiner Schuld abtragen, ſomit ſeine Büßung auf Erden ſchmerzhaft beginnen und in der andern Welt minder zu leiden haben ſollte.

Froh und gerührt ſtärkte der fromme Greis ſeinen Schützling in dieſen Gedanken und ging hierauf zu Luitgarden, um ihr Bericht von Allem abzuſtatten, und, ohne daß er es wollte, durch ſeine warme Erzählung von der ſtillen Ergebenheit des Jünglings, von ſeinen frommen Entſchlüſſen, die längſt genährte Flamme in ihrer Bruſt noch heller anzufachen. In dem Augenblicke ging die Thüre auf, und ein Mann in mittleren Jahren, von hoher, edler Geſtalt trat ins Zimmer.

„Gott im Himmel! Graf Lansky!“ rief Luitgarde.

Der Graf ſtand betroffen; — „Ihr kennt mich, mein edles Fräulein, oder Frau? Ich wüßte nicht, daß ich jemals“ —

Luitgarde erröthete heftig; „Verzeiht, Herr Graf, wir vermutheten — wir wußten“ —

„Iſt mein Freund Martinitz zu Hauſe?“

„Er iſt ſeinem Sohne entgegen gereiſt, der in ein paar Tagen erwartet wird. Uebrigens, Herr Graf, bin ich des Grafen Nichte und dieſer geiſtliche Herr Pater Auguſtin.“ Der Graf ging auf ihn zu und ſchüttelte ihm ſchweigend, aber erſchüttert die Hand; dann ſah er Luitgarden ſcharf an. „Sagt mir aufrichtig, mein Fräulein, woran und wie Ihr mich im erſten Augenblicke erkanntet?“

„Wenn ich die Wahrheit geſtehen ſoll — eine ſeltſame — eine unverkennbare Aehnlichkeit“ —

„Mit dem Räuberhauptmann?“ rief der Graf heftig. „O, ſo ſoll es denn wahr ſein! Soll ich einen lang beweinten einzigen Sohn nur gefunden haben, um die Schande meines Geſchlechts an ihm zu erleben?“

Der Geiſtliche trat hinzu und verſuchte es, das Schmerzliche dieſes Gedankens zu mildern, indem er dem Grafen die würdige Faſſung, die fromme Ergebung des Unglücklichen ſchilderte. Er hörte in tiefen Kummer verſenkt zu, dann wendete er ſich an Luitgarden: „Und Ihr, mein Fräulein, heißet?“ —

„Luitgarde Branow.“

„Dacht' ich's nicht! O, es muß ſich Alles vereinen, um mich zur Verzweiflung zu bringen. Ihr ſeid Fräulein Branow, die Tochter von Graf Martinitz Schweſter?“

Luitgarde nickte bejahend.

„Ja, das ſind ihre Augen! So blickte Adelheid, ſo war ihr Wuchs. — O Gott! Gott! Und wißt Ihr auch, Fräulein, welches Loos Euch beſtimmt war?“

Mit einem ſchweren Seufzer ſagte ſie: „Ich weiß, Herr Graf, ich habe es längſt geahnet.“

„Und Ihr verabſcheuet den, den Euch die unglücklichen Aeltern beſtimmt hatten? Ihr müßt ihn haſſen.“

Jetzt brachen Luitgardens Thränen hervor; „Ach, ich haſſe ihn nicht, ich kann ihn nicht haſſen!“

„Was hör' ich? Iſt's möglich? Einen Verbrecher, einen Abſcheu der Menſchheit?“

„Mir iſt er nicht anders als edel erſchienen,“ ſagte Luitgarde, indem ſie ihre Thränen zu trocknen und ſich zu faſſen ſtrebte. Und nun erzählte ſie dem Grafen Alles, von der erſten Begegnung am Moldau-Ufer bis zu ihrem letzten Beſuche im Kerker bei ihm. Graf Lansky hörte ihr geſpannt zu. Nach und nach ſchmolz ſein empörtes Gemüth zu weichern Gefühlen: väterliche Liebe, Mitleid und ein tiefer Schmerz über die trefflichen Anlagen, die hier ein feindliches Schickſal zerſtört hatte, nahmen Platz in ſeiner Bruſt. Er erhob ſich zuletzt mit Thränen in den Augen und ſagte: „Nun, wenn es denn wahr ſein und ich in dem Gefangenen mein verlornes Kind wiederfinden ſoll, ſo laßt uns zu ihm gehen! Eine marternde Ungewißheit erträgt ſich am ſchwerſten, und ich weiß nicht, wovor ich mehr zittern ſoll: keinen Sohn zu haben, oder ihn ſo wiederzufinden! Führt mich zu ihm, Pater Auguſtin, und Ihr, edles Fräulein, Tochter der unvergeſſenen Jugendfreundin, Ihr ſeid doch wohl ſo gütig, uns zu begleiten?“

Sie gingen. Pater Auguſt öffnete die Thüre eines hochgewölbten, feſtvergitterten Zimmers, in welchem aber Reinlichkeit und freundliche Helle die Eintretenden angenehm empfingen. Luitgarde, mit hochſchlagendem Herzen, blieb außer der halbgeöffneten Thüre ſtehen, um die erſchütternde Scene nicht zu ſtören. Der Gefangene ſtand von ſeinem Tiſche auf, an welchem er in einem frommen Buche geleſen hatte, ging dem Geiſtlichen, ſo weit es ſeine Ketten erlaubten, entgegen und begrüßte ihn mit ehrerbietiger Freude. Die Bläſſe ſeiner Züge, die Langſamkeit ſeiner Bewegung zeugten von dem, was er gelitten, und bewegten die ihm geneigten Herzen in zarter Regung. „Das iſt ein Abgeſandter des Grafen von Lansky,“ ſagte der Prieſter, „der gekommen iſt, Euch um die Umſtände Eurer Jugendgeſchichte und Eure Erinnerungen zu befragen. Ihr begreifet, von welcher Wichtigkeit Eure Ausſagen und Eure Wahrhaftigkeit in dieſem Stücke ſein können.“

Victorin neigte ſich ſtumm, indem er die Hand auf die Bruſt legte und eine heftige Bewegung ihn beim Anblick des Fremden und bei dem Namen ſeines geglaubten Vaters zu durchzittern ſchien.

Auch der alte Graf betrachtete ihn mit ſichtbarer Verwirrung, dann hob er an und forſchte, ſtreng, genau und nicht ohne Härte in Ton und Blick. Der Gefangene antwortete ehrfurchtsvoll und ſanft. Die Strenge in des Grafen Weſen ließ allmählig nach, wie ſein Blick länger auf dem Unglücklichen verweilte, in deſſen Geſtalt und Benehmen ſich kein gemeiner Sinn, nichts Unedles ausſprach; aber ſeine Verwirrung vermehrte ſich mit jedem Zeichen, das der Gefangene angab, und ſtieg endlich bis zu dem heftigſten innern Kampf.

„Es trifft Alles, Alles zu,“ rief er ſchmerzlich; „nur noch ein Zeichen übrigt, um das Unglück und die Schmach eines edlen Greiſes zu entſcheiden.“

Victorin erblaßte und trat zurück.

„Der verlorne Sohn des Grafen Lansky muß eine Narbe an der Stirn tragen, von einem ſchweren Falle, den er im vierten Lebensjahre that. — Könnt Ihr auch das — ?“

Eine ſchnelle Glut überflog das Geſicht des Unglücklichen, er ſchlug mit zitternder Hand das dunkle Gelock von der hohen Stirn, und die Narbe erſchien.

„Gott, Gott, er iſt's! Es iſt mein Sohn!“ rief der Graf mit zerſchmetterndem Tone, ſchlug beide Hände vor's Geſicht und wandte ſich in heftiger Bewegung von dem Erkannten ab.

„Mein Vater! Ach, mein Vater!“ ſchrie Victorin, ſtreckte die Arme aus und ſchwankte erblaſſend zurück, da er die verabſcheuende Geberde deſſelben ſah. Der Geiſtliche trat zu ihm, ihn zu unterſtützen; aber in dem Augenblicke ſprang Luitgarde, die unter den letzten Reden unbemerkt näher getreten war, auf ihn zu, umſchlang ihn mit beiden Armen und rief: „Und wenn dein Vater dich verwirft, wenn alle Welt dich verläßt, ich verlaſſe dich nicht, denn ich bin deine Verlobte, deine Braut!“

Der Unglückliche ſah ſie mit ſterbenden Blicken der innigſten Liebe an und ſank ohnmächtig in ihre und Pater Auguſtin's Arme. Sie legten ihn auf ſein Strohlager nieder, ſie bemühten ſich ſeine Lebensgeiſter zu erwecken. Der alte Graf wandte ſich langſam nach der Gruppe, er ſah den bleichen Jüngling, der ſeine Züge trug, der ſein einziger Sohn war, wie einen Sterbenden in den Armen der Fremden; ſein Herz erweichte ſich in der Vaterbruſt, er ſtürzte auf ihn zu, umarmte ihn unter Thränen und rief: „Es iſt doch mein Sohn, mein einziges, mein geliebtes Kind! Erwache, erwache, mein Victorin, mein Sohn!“

Die Töne der Vaterliebe regten die erſtorbenen Geiſter auf. Victorin öffnete die Augen. Seines Vaters Züge, voll Liebe, voll Thränen, waren der erſte Gegenſtand, der ihnen begegnete, und unfähig zu ſprechen, glitt er vom Lager herab ihm zu Füßen, indem er ſeine Knie umſchlang und in heißen Thränen darauf liegen blieb.

Der Graf beugte ſich nieder, ihn aufzurichten, und empfing den ſich Erhebenden in ſeine Arme, an dem Vaterherzen. Luitgarde und Pater Auguſtin ſtanden ſtillſchweigend und betend an ihrer Seite; aber erſt nach langer Zeit legte ſich der Sturm der aufgeregten Gefühle und die ſchmerzlich Glücklichen vermochten es, über ihre Lage zu ſprechen. Victorin erzählte ſein Schickſal aufrichtig, genau; nur als er an die Periode ſeines Räuberlebens kam, bat er den Vater, ſie ſtillſchweigend übergehen zu dürfen, und betheuerte feierlich, daß, ſeit er Luitgarden das erſte Mal erblickte, ſeine Hand kein Blut vergoſſen und der Entſchluß, ſich von ſeinen wilden Geſellen zu trennen, ein verbrecheriſches Leben aufzugeben, und ſich der Geliebten würdig zu machen, mächtig in ſeiner Bruſt gearbeitet habe.

Der Vater hörte tieferſchüttert zu. Der Gedanke, ob es nicht vielleicht möglich ſei, den Gebeſſerten, den einzigen Sohn zu retten, erwachte in ihm und gewann mit jeder Aeußerung des letztern, worin ein edles Gemüth ſich ſpiegelte, mehr Lebendigkeit. Er wollte nach Wien, ſich Ferdinand zu Füßen werfen, und von ihm Begnadigung erflehen. Victorin verwarf den Vorſchlag mit einer Art von Schrecken. Er wollte nicht leben, die Erinnerungen ſeiner Bruſt waren zu gräßlich, er ſah den Tod als das einzige Mittel an, der erzürnten Gerechtigkeit Gottes, der verletzten bürgerlichen Pflicht und ſeinem eigenen Gefühle Genüge zu thun. Aber er flehte ſeinen Vater an, ſein Andenken, ſeine Verbindungen ihn zu verwenden, daß ihm vergönnt würde, ohne Martern, einen ſchnellen, minder ſchimpflichen Tod durch das Schwert des Blutrichters zu empfangen.

Als Graf Lanoko mit Luitgarden nach Hauſe kam, langten bald darauf der Oheim und ſein Sohn an. Mit Freude und Verwunderung fand Martinitz den Jugendfreund bei ſich. Unangenehme Berührungen, das Verhältniß Luitgardens zwiſchen Friedrich und Victoria, geſtörte Hoffnungen, die man lange und mit Fug gehegt, Mitleid mit der Lage ſeines Sohnes, regten den alten Martinitz zuerſt in Unmuth und Zorn auf; aber ſein beſſeres Gefühl ſiegte nach und nach. Er erkannte die Hand eines höhern Schickſals, das mit den Planen und Hoffnungen der Menſchen ein achtloſes Spiel treibt, er konnte gegen die Gültigkeit von Luitgardens erſtem Verlöbniß, die der heftigſte Wunſch ſeiner ſterbenden Schweſter geweſen war, nichts einwenden, die Gewalt einer Leidenſchaft nicht verdammen, die von dem erſten Augenblicke des Erkennens unter Gefahren, Verdacht und Trennung ſich treu und ſtandhaft bewieſen, und als eine in den Gemüthern vorbeſtimmte Verbindung bewährt hatte. So wich er endlich Lanoko's Vorſtellungen, ſprach ſelbſt mit Graf Friedrich und trug ihm als entſchieden vor, worauf er ihn ſchon auf der Heimreiſe vorzubereiten für gut gefunden hatte. Friedrich wollte verzweifeln. Er legte alle Zeichen tiefer Traurigkeit in Geberden und Worten, ja im Tone der Stimme an den Tag, er ſeufzte vor Luitgarden, ſah ſie beweglich an und ſuchte durch Klagen, Bemerkungen und Vorwürfe ihr begreiflich zu machen, daß der Räuberhauptmann, der wilde, ungeſchlachte Menſch, der, unter Schelmen und Freibeutern aufgewachſen, keine Erziehung, keinen Unterricht genoſſen habe, und wenn er hundertmal ein Graf von Lanoko wäre, doch mit ihm in keinen Vergleich zu ſtellen ſei.

Luitgarden waren dieſe Geſpräche im Anfange ſehr peinlich; nach und nach gewöhnte ſie ſich daran und überhörte ſie.

Gerade in dieſen Tagen ward Victoria's Urtheil geſprochen, und der Tod durch's Schwert ihm auf den dritten Morgen zuerkannt. Man brachte es Luitgarden ſchonend vor. In dieſem Augenblick brach die lang gehaltene Kraft zuſammen. Sie erwachte ſpät aus einer tiefen Ohnmacht; aber bekannt mit der kurzen Zeit, die ſie mit dem Freunde auf Erden noch zu genießen hatte, bot ſie alle ihre Kräfte auf, ſich ſo lange zu halten, und erflehte von ihrem Oheim nur die Erlaubniß, mit dem Verlobten ihrer Kindheit, mit dem Manne, dem ihre verklärte Mutter ſie zugedacht, in Geſellſchaft des Geiſtlichen die letzten Tage hinbringen zu dürfen.

Graf Martinitz ſchüttelte den Kopf, Friedrich entfernte ſich. Victoria hörte dieſen Verlauf mit entzückter Dankbarkeit, ſein Vater umarmte Luitgarden mit Thränen, und Graf Martinitz ließ ſich bereden, ſeine Nichte zu begleiten und zugleich den unglücklichen Sohn ſeines Freundes kennen zu lernen, der in der Welt und in ſeinem Hauſe ſo viel Zerſtörung verurſacht hatte.

Mit vorgefaßtem Widerwillen betrat er das Zimmer des Gefangenen, der jetzt ſeit ſeiner Verurtheilung nach hergebrachter Sitte freier und edler behandelt und ſeinem Wunſche gemäß einfach, aber ſeiner Geburt entſprechend gekleidet war, und die bedeutende Perſönlichkeit, in welcher die Demuth des reuigen Sünders mit dem angeborenen Stolze ſich vermiſchte, die ſtille Faſſung, die Würde des heiligen Unglücks riſſen auch ihn hin. Er umarmte den einſt Gehaßten recht herzlich und verſicherte ihn ſeiner völligen Verzeihung.

Dieſen Tag und den folgenden brachten Luitgarde, Graf Lanoko und Pater Auguſtin faſt unausgeſetzt bei Victoria zu. Luitgarde hielt ſich mit aller ihrer Kraft, obwohl ſie innerlich die Macht der langen, heftigen Erſchütterung wohl fühlte, und ahnete, was geſchehen würde, wenn erſt der entſcheidende Moment einträte.

Am zweiten Abende — es war der vor dem Todestage — nachdem ſie und der tiefgebeugte Vater den letzten Abſchied genommen und Victoria ſie, wie ein Sterbender, ſtill, fromm und innig entlaſſen hatte, ſank ſie in dem Gange vor ſeiner Thüre zuſammen, man brachte ſie ohnmächtig in ihre Wohnung auf ihr Bette, und ſie erwachte in der ganzen ſchrecklichen Nacht nicht aus ihrer Betäubung.

Am nächſten Morgen geleitete Pater Auguſt mit tiefer Trauer und heiliger Rührung ſeinen Schutzbefohlenen auf dem letzten, ſchweren Gange. Victoria war gefaßter. Er fürchtete den Tod nicht, dem er ſo oft in der Schlacht und bei gefährlichen Anſchlägen beherzt entgegen gegangen war, er ſah in ihm den Hafen der Ruhe, in welchem ſeine von Erinnerungen und Vorwürfen gemarterte Seele Frieden und Verſöhnung finden ſollte. Ihn ſchmerzte nur die Trennung von ſeiner Geliebten und ihr Jammer. Beſchäftigt mit Gott und dem nahen großen Augenblicke, ſchritt er ſtill und gefaßt durch die gaffende Menge hin, die ſeiner Schönheit, ſeiner Jugend, ſeiner ſchönen Rede Worte und Thränen des Mitleids zollte. Am Richtplatze trug er dem Geiſtlichen noch die letzten heiligen Grüße an Vater und Geliebte auf, ließ ſich die Augen mit dem Tuche, das Luitgarde für ihn genäht hatte, verbinden, und in wenig Minuten ſtand ſeine Seele vor Gott, der That und Abſicht, Umſtände und Beziehung klarer durchſchaut, als ſterbliche Richter vermögen, und den durch Leiden gereinigten Geiſt in väterlicher Liebe richtet.

In demſelben Momente fuhr Luitgarde aus ihrer Ohnmacht empor. „Jetzt iſt es vorbei!“ rief ſie. „O Victoria nimm mich zu dir!“

Bald darauf kam Pater Auguſtin. Bleich, ſtumm legte er das unglückliche Tuch — ſo hatte ſie es gewünſcht, in ihre Hand. Ihr Herz brach — ſie litt noch lange. Es brauchte Wochen, bis der Schmerz langſam alle Fäden eines blühenden jugendlichen Lebens zerriſſen hatte; aber ein paar Wochen nach Victorias Tod, um dieſelbe Morgenſtunde, wo er geſtorben war, verſchied ſie ſanft und heiter, und ſein Name und ſeine himmliſche Erſcheinung, die ſie vor ſich ſchweben zu ſehen behauptete, war ihr letzter Laut.

Picander, ſ. Henrici.

Pickhart, ſ. Fiſchart.

Johann Piderittus,

geboren in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts, lebte als Paſtor zu Blumenberg im Heſſiſchen. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Beſchreibung der alten Grafen zur Lippe. Rinteln 1627 ff.

Seine Chronik zeichnet ſich durch einen für ſeine Zeit ungewöhnlich guten Stil aus.

Johann Valentin Pietſch

ward am 23. Juni 1690 zu Königsberg geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Frankfurt a. d. Oder Medicin, wurde 1717 Profeſſor der Poeſie zu Königsberg, 1719 Hofrath, Leibmedicus und Oberlandphyſicus daſelbſt, und ſtarb am 29. Juli 1733.

Es erſchien von ihm:

Poetiſche Werke. Leipzig 1731.

Gebundene Schriften. In einer vermehrten Sammlung von Prof. Bock. Königsberg 1740.

P's poetiſche Leiſtungen ſind für die Zeit, in welcher er ſchrieb, als correct und frei von Manier zu loben, hatten jedoch, zum größten Theil Gelegenheitsgedichte, keinen bleibenden Werth.

Wilibald Pirckheimer

ward am 5. Dec. 1470 zu Eichſtädt geboren, ſtammte aus einem alten patriciſchen Geſchlecht der Reichsſtadt Nürnberg, wurde nach vollendeten Studien und Reiſen Dr. jur., kaiſerlicher Rath und Senator in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Von 1499—1500 diente er als Oberſter im helvetiſchen Kriege, und zeichnete ſich aus als ein eifriger Beförderer der Reformation. Er ſtarb am 22. December 1530.

Er ſchrieb unter Andern:

Der deutſche Miſſiv oder Sendbrief, ſo die Abtiſſin von Nürnberg an den Bock Emſer geſchrieben hat. S. l. 1523. 4.

P. erwarb ſich als Dürer's Freund und eifriger Beförderer der Reformation größere Verdienſte um deutſche Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft, als durch ſeine Satiren, von denen nur die hier genannte in ſeiner Mutterſprache geſchrieben war. Uebrigens fehlte es ihm nicht an geiſtiger Schärfe und beißendem Witz, von denen indeſſen ſeine lateiniſchen Schriften (Opera, ed. Goldast. Francof. 1610 Fol.) noch mehr zeugen.

Johann Karl Piſchon

ward am 12. October 1764 zu Kottbus in der Niederlauſitz geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, lebte dann als zweiter Prediger an der reformirten Domgemeinde zu Halle und ſeit 1799 als Hofprediger und Prediger an der Garniſonkirche zu Potsdam, wo er am 16. November 1805 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Predigten an Feſttagen und bei beſondern Gelegenheiten. Halle 1794.
Geſangbuch für die Domkirche zu Halle. Mit G. J. Pauli. Halle 1796.
Philoikos. Für Familien. Leipzig 1797, 2 Th.
Moral in Beiſpiel, oder 3r u. 4r. Theil des Philoikos. Leipzig 1799, 1800.
Predigten. Leipzig 1803.
Neue homiletiſch-kritiſche Blätter. Mit Hanſtein. Stendal 1804—1805.

Kraft und Würde, Wärme und Innigkeit des Gefühls und ein eleganter Stil erwarben den Predigten und Erbauungsſchriften dieſes trefflichen Mannes viele Freunde.

Gottlieb Jakob Planck

ward am 15. November 1751 zu Nürtingen in Württemberg geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen, war dann von 1780—1784 Prediger an der Militärakademie zu Stuttgart, und wurde 1784 Profeſſor der Theologie zu Göttingen, 1791 Conſiſtorialrath, 1805 Generalſuperintendent, 1817 Ritter, 1828 Abt, 1830 Oberconſiſtorialrath und ſtarb daſelbſt am 31. Auguſt 1831.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedicht vom Gefühl des Schönen. Tübingen 1771, 4.
Entwurf einiger Abhandlungen vom Herzen. Stuttgart 1773.
Tagebuch eines neuen Ehemannes. Leipzig 1779.
Geſchichte des proteſtantiſchen Lehrbegriffs. 1781—1800. 6 Bde. 2te Aufl. 1791 ff.
Walchs neueſte Religionsgeſchichte. Fortgeſetzt Lemgo 1787—93. 3 Th.
Geſchichte der chriſtlich-kirchlichen Geſellſchaftsverfaſſung. Hannover 1803—1809, 5 Th.
Ueber Spittler als Hiſtoriker. Göttingen 1811.
Leben des Reformators J. Knox. A. d. Engliſchen des T. M'Crie. Göttingen 1817.
Geſchichte des Chriſtenthums in der Periode ſeiner erſten Einführung. Götting. 1818, 2 Th.
Das erſte Amtsjahr des Pfarrers von S. Göttingen 1823.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

P. hat ſich namentlich bedeutende und bleibende Verdienſte um die gründliche pragmatiſche Behandlung der Kirchengeſchichte erworben, da er mit eben ſo großer Klarheit die ausgebreitetſte Gelehrſamkeit und ſcharfſinnigſte Forſchung verband, und aus der Vergangenheit, welche offen vor ihm da lag, die weiſeſte und mildeſte Auffaſſung und Behandlung der Gegenwart zu entwickeln und anzuwenden wußte. Nur an ſeiner äußeren Darſtellung tadelt man nicht ganz mit Unrecht hin und wieder Unbeholfenheit und Breite; dies kann jedoch bei dem geiſtigen Reichthum und der ſonſtigen Vortrefflichkeit ſeiner Schriften nicht in Betracht kommen.

Auguſt Graf von Platen zu Hallermünde

ward am 24. October 1796 zu Ansbach geboren, kam 1807 zur Erziehung in das Cadettenhaus nach München, wurde 1814 Cavallerie-Officier im Leibregimente, gab jedoch die Carriere auf und ſtudirte zu Würzburg und Erlangen. Später wurde er Kammerherr am württembergiſchen Hofe, lebte dann abwechſelnd in Italien und Deutſchland und ſtarb zu Syrakus am 5. December 1835.

Er ſchrieb:

Lyriſche Blätter. Leipzig 1821, 8.
Ghaſelen. Erlangen 1821, gr. 8.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Erlangen 1822, gr. 8.
Neue Ghaſelen. Erlangen 1824, gr. 8.
Ode an den König Ludwig. Ebend. 1825, gr. 4.
Schauſpiele. 1s Bdchen. Erlangen 1824, 8.
Sonette aus Venedig. Ebend. 1826, 8.
Die verhängnißvolle Gabel. Luſtſpiel. Stuttgart 1826, gr. 8.
Gedichte. Stuttgart 1828. 2te Aufl. 1834.
Schauſpiele. Stuttgart 1828, gr. 8.
Der romantiſche Oedipus. Luſtſp. Stuttg. 1829, gr. 8.
Geſchichten des Königreichs Neapel von 1414—1443. Frankfurt 1833, gr. 12.
Die Liga von Cambrai. Geſchichtl. Drama. Frankf. 1833, gr. 16.
Die Abbaſſiden. Stuttgart 1835, 8.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Stuttgart 1839.

P. iſt von ſeinen Freunden überſchätzt, von ſeinen Gegnern zu geringſchätzig behandelt worden. Er beſaß große Elaſticität des Geiſtes, ein feines Ohr und einen ſeltenen Fleiß für Behandlung der Sprache und Form, ſo daß er es hierin zu wahrer Meiſterſchaft brachte. Aber es fehlte ihm an poetiſcher Selbſtſtändigkeit und genialer Schöpfungskraft; er iſt und bleibt nur ein reproducirendes, bald dieſem bald jenem Geſchmacke huldigendes Talent. Daß er das nicht einſah, ſondern ſich ſelbſt zu hoch ſtellte, machte ihn unzufrieden mit ſeinem Vaterlande, verwickelte ihn in literäriſche Händel, bei denen er den Kürzeren zog und trat ihm in ſeinen eigenen Leiſtungen ſtets hinderlich entgegen. Seine lyriſchen Poeſieen, und unter dieſen namentlich ſeine Oden und ſeine Ghaſelen, ſind ſeine gelungenſten Arbeiten und enthalten unbeſtritten viel Schönes und Gefälliges, ohne indeſſen ſehr auf innere Originalität Anſpruch machen zu können.

Gedichte von Graf von Platen.

Scheiden.

Werden je ſich beide Töne
Fügen im verbundnen Klange?
Ich mit meinem düſtern Drange,
Du in deiner Jugendſchöne?
Heiter ſchlürfſt du leichte Stunden,
Dem es nie vergebens tagte:
Ich erkühne das Verſagte,
Und beweine, was verſchwunden.

Du, zu deines Mädchens Laren
Kommſt du nächtlich oft gegangen,
Schmiegſt dich an die zarten Wangen,
Wühlſt in ihren ſeid'nen Haaren:
Während ich, der im Gemüthe
Auf den Blick der Gunſt verzichtet,
Bücher vor mir aufgeſchichtet,
Ueber'm Rand der Lampe brüte.

Freund, es war ein eitles Sehnen,
Daß ſich unſre Geiſter fanden,
Uns're Blicke ſich verſtanden,
Sich vermiſchten uns're Thränen:
Laß mich denn allein, verſäume
Nicht um mich die gold'nen Tage,
Kehre wieder zum Gelage,
Und vergiß den Mann der Träume!

Reue.

Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Und fühlte mich fürder gezogen,
Die Gaſſen verließ ich, vom Wächter bewacht,
Durchwandelte ſacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Das Thor mit dem gothiſchen Bogen.

Der Mühlbach rauſchte durch felſigen Schacht,
Ich lehnte mich über die Brücke,
Tief unter mir nahm ich der Wogen in Acht,
Die wallten ſo ſacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Doch wallte nicht eine zurücke.

Es drehte ſich oben, unzählig entfacht,
Melodiſcher Wandel der Sterne,
Mit ihnen der Mond in beruhigter Pracht;
Sie funkelten ſacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Durch täuſchend entlegene Ferne.

Ich blickte hinauf in die Nacht, in die Nacht,
Ich blickte hinunter aufs Neue:
O wehe, wie haſt du die Tage verbracht!
Nun ſtille du ſacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Im pochenden Herzen die Reue!

Mein Herz und deine Stimme.

Laß tief in dir mich leſen,
Verhehl' auch dies mir nicht,
Was für ein Zauberweſen
Aus deiner Stimme ſpricht?

So viele Worte dringen
An's Ohr uns ohne Plan,
Und während ſie verklingen,
Iſt alles abgethan.

Doch drängt auch nur von ferne
Dein Ton zu mir ſich her,
Behorch' ich ihn ſo gerne,
Vergeß' ich ihn ſo ſchwer!

Ich bebe dann, entglimme
Von allzu raſcher Gluth:
Mein Herz und deine Stimme
Verſteh'n ſich gar zu gut!

Der Veſuv im December 1830.

Schön und glanzreich iſt des bewegten Meeres
Wellenſchlag, wenn tobenden Stürms es anbrauſt;
Doch dem Feu'r iſt kein Element vergleichbar,
Weder an Allmacht,

Noch an Reiz für's Auge. Verzeih' es Jeder,
Der zum Rand abſchüſſiger Kratertiefe,
Während Nacht einhüllt die Natur, mit Vorwitz
Klimmend emporklomm:

Wo in Sturmſchritt rollender Donner machtvoll
Aus dem rauchausſtrömenden breiten Kegel
Fort und fort auffahren in goldner Unzahl
Flammige Steine,

Denn daß durch Winden und Dampf geſchleudert,
Bald umher auf aſchige Höh'n Rubine
Reichlich fall'n, bald auch von des Kraters ſchroffen
Wänden herabwallt:

Während ſtill, aus nächtlichem Grund, die Lava
Quillt. — Des Rauch's tiefſchwarzige Wolk' umdüſtert,
Heiter Mond, dein ruhiges, freudenreiches,
Silbernes Antlitz!

Loos des Lyrikers.

Stets am Stoff klebt unſere Seele, Handlung
Iſt der Welt allmächtiger Puls, und deshalb
Flötet oftmals tauberem Ohr der hohe
Lyriſche Dichter.

Gerne zeigt Jedwedem bequem Homer ſich,
Breitet aus buntfarbigen Fabelteppich;
Leicht das Volk hinreißend erhebt des Drama's
Schöpfer den Schauplatz:

Aber Pindar's Flug und die Kunſt des Flaccus,
Aber dein ſchwerwiegendes Wort, Petrarca,
Prägt ſich uns langſam in's Herz, der Menge
Bleibt's ein Geheimniß!

Jenen ward blos geiſtiger Reiz, des Liedchens
Leichterer Takt nicht, der den umſchwärmten Putztiſch
Ziert. Es dringt kein flüchtiger Blick in ihre
Mächtige Seele.

Ewig bleibt ihr Name genannt und tönt im
Ohr der Menſchheit, doch es geſellt ſich ihnen
Selten freundſchaftsvoll ein Gemüth und huldigt
Körnigem Tiefſinn.

Gaſelen.

Entſpringen ließeſt du dem Ei die Welt,
Dein ewiger Wunderſpiegel ſei die Welt;
Es ſchaut nach dir, wiewohl dich keiner ſchaut,
In liebevoller Schwärmerei die Welt;
Du athmeſt Leben und du athmeſt aus
Mit jedem Athemzuge für die Welt;
Du fliehſt dich ſelbſt, und dir am Auge geht
In jedem Augenblick vorbei die Welt;
Der einzig Eine biſt du, doch du lenkſt
Als eine myſtiſch große Drei die Welt!

Du wähnſt ſo ſicher dich und klug zu ſein,
So ganz der Welt und dir genug zu ſein?
Doch unbefriedigt ſchien mir jedes Herz
Und jedes Weſen, das ich frug, zu ſein;
Des Baumes Schatten, unter dem ich lag,
Schien mir ein köſtlicher Betrug zu ſein;
Gehemmt in Feſſeln ſchien mein eigen Lied,
In die ich's wider Willen ſchlug, zu ſein.

Das Morgenroth beſchämt die Nacht endlich,
Die lange Müh' vergilt der Schacht endlich;
Die Wolken bargen ſtets den Mond wieder,
Doch er gewann die ſchöne Schlacht endlich;
Es hat die Sonne grüne Brautperlen
Aus Wittwenthränenthau gemacht endlich;
Der Samenfunke glimmt im Erdreiche,
Bis man die Tulpenflamme facht endlich.
So zeigt dich nach vielen Anſprüchen
In der verdienten billigen Pracht endlich.

Die Sterne ſcheinen, und Alles iſt gut,
Die Reben keimen, und Alles iſt gut.
Drum voll, o Schenke, kredenze den Wein,
Den ſüßen, reinen, und Alles iſt gut;
Die Sonnenaugen entflammen den Sinn,
Und mich die deinen, und Alles iſt gut;
Dein Schmollen, Zürnen und Zaudern und Zorn,
Dein Lachen, Weinen und Alles iſt gut;
Des Hafis Lieder, ich rühme ſie laut,
Du rühmſt die meinen, und Alles iſt gut.

Hab' ich doch Verluſt in Allem, was ich je gewann, ertragen;
Aber glaubet mir, das Leben läßt ſich dann und wann ertragen!
Zwar des Lebens ganze Bürde riß mich oft ſchon halb zu Boden,
Doch ich hab' es immer wieder, wenn ich mich beſann, ertragen;
Mir geziemt der volle Becher, mir der volle Klang der Saiten,
Denn den wilden Schmerz des Lebens hab' ich als ein Mann ertragen!
Doch nun fühl' ich, wie auf Fitt'gen, bis zum Himmel mich gehoben,
Denn es lehrte mich das Leben, daß man Alles kann ertragen!
Und es öffnet gegen Alle ſich das Herz in reiner Liebe,
Und ich will ſo gern mit Allen dieſes Lebens Bann ertragen:
Schließt den Kreis und ſingt die Lieder, dieſe Sommernächte hindurch;
Schlimmere Zeiten werden kommen, die wir auch ſchon ertragen!

Früh und viel zu frühe trat ich in die Zeit mit Ton und Klang:
Und ſie konnten kaum empfinden, was dem Buſen kaum entſprang;
Nicht den Geiſt, der ſcharf und ſicher in des Lebens Tage blickt,
Nicht die zarten Klangfarben jener Seele voll Geſang!
Kalt und ahnungslos und ſchweigend, ja mit Hohn empfing ſie mich,
Während ſie um niedre Stirnen ihre ſchnöden Zweige ſchlang!
Wie vermöchten, wem's im Buſen thorenwärmender wieder geht,
Dienet ſelbſt der Scherz als Maske, wenn ich tiefe Schmerzen ſang.
Doch getroſt! Vielleicht nach Jahren, wenn den Körper Erde deckt,
Wird mein Schatten glänzend wandeln dieſes deutſche Volk entlang.

Das Grab im Buſento.

Nächtlich am Buſento lispeln, bei Coſenza, dumpfe Lieder,
Aus den Waſſern ſchallt es Antwort, und in Wirbeln klingt es wieder.
Und den Fluß hinauf, hinunter, ziehn die Schatten tapfrer Gothen,
Die den Alarich beweinen, ihres Volkes beſten Todten.
Allzufrüh und fern der Heimath mußten hier ſie ihn begraben,
Während noch die Jugendlocken ſeine Schultern blond umgaben.
Und am Ufer des Buſento reihten ſie ſich um die Wette,
Um die Strömung abzuleiten, gruben ſie ein friſches Bette.
In der wogenleeren Höhlung wühlten ſie empor die Erde,
Senkten tief hinein den Leichnam, mit der Rüſtung, auf dem Pferde.
Deckten dann mit Erde wieder ihn und ſeine ſtolze Habe,
Daß die hohen Stromgewächſe wüchſen aus dem Heldengrabe.
Abgelenkt zum zweiten Male, ward der Fluß herbeigezogen:
Mächtig in ihr altes Bette ſchäumten die Buſentowogen;
Und es ſang ein Chor von Männern: „Schlaf in deinen Heldenehren!
Keines Römers ſchnöde Habſucht ſoll dir je dein Grab verſehren!“
Sangen's, und die Lobgeſänge tönten fort im Gothenheere;
Wälze ſie, Buſentowelle, wälze ſie von Meer zu Meere!

Aus:

Der gläſerne Pantoffel*).

Fünfter Akt.

Verwachſenes Gehölz in der Nähe des verzauberten Schloſſes.

Diodat (allein). Wie wunderbar erſchien mir heut Nacht
Im Traum das Mährchen, welches am Kamin
Des Carmoſines Tochter mir erzählte,
Doch nicht vollendete, weil eben mich,
Zur ſchlimmen Zeit ein Schlummer übermannte.
O hätt' ich's ganz gehört! Nun drängt es ſich
Mir auf, ich ſeh' es immer in Gedanken,
Und unwillkürlich zog es mich heran
In dieſes Schloſſes Nähe, doch umſonſt
Verſucht' ich die Geſträuche zu durchdringen:
Sie wachſen heckenartig nur empor,
Wenn mit dem Schwert ich ſie zuſammenhaue.
Mein Fuß iſt müde, meine Finger bluten
Von wilden Roſenhecken. — Doch, verdient
Noch andere Beſchäftigung mein Herz
Zu füllen, meine Blicke zu bewegen,
Als der Gedank' an dich, o [illegible]!

(Er zieht ein Bild aus dem Buſen und betrachtet es.)

Diodat. Die Fee Chryſolide, als altes Mütterchen verkleidet. **Diodat** ſteckt das Bildniß wieder ein.

Chryſ. Ei, ei, ſo tief im Walde, junger Herr,
In dieſem Wirrwarr von Geſtrüpp und Dornen?
Diodat. So könnt' ich euch auch wohl befragen, Alte!
Chryſ. Mich treibt mein Lebensunterhalt hieher.
Ich ſuche dürres Reiſig hier für meinen
Kamin, und dürres Laub für meine Kuh.
Diodat. Da, nehmt hier dieſe Kleinigkeit für euch!
Chryſ. Bedanke mich! doch habt ihr ſchon gehört,
Daß dieſer Wald im Zauberbanne liegt?
Diodat. Ich hörte ſo was munkeln, wißt ihr mehr?
Chryſ. Viel weiß ich die Hiſtorie bereits
Von meiner Ältermutter, ob ſie wahr,
Ob fabelhaft, das läßt ſich nicht beſtimmen;
Doch ſagt man, daß in jenem Schloſſe drüben,
Von dem man hier die Thürme ragen ſieht,
Ein Fürſtenkind, ſeit hundert Jahren, ſchläft.
Diodat. Ein Fürſtenkind?
Chryſ. Ein König wird erzählt,
Der eine ſchöne Tochter hatte, ließ
Sich prophezeien, daß das arme Mädchen
An einem Spindelſtiche ſterben ſollte.
Verboten wurde jede Spindel nun
Im Lande, und man gehorchte dem Gebot,
So daß der König ſich geſichert glaubte.
Doch als er einſt auf einer Jagdpartie
Mit Weib und Tochter jenes Schloß beſuchte,
Das abgelegen im Gehölze ragt,
Durchſpähte die Prinzeſſin die Gemächer
Der alten Burg, und fand ein Mütterchen,
Das eben ſpann in einem Bodenſtübchen.
Noch hatte nichts die alte Frau gehört
Von jenem Spindelzerſtörungsmandat,
Und ſpann mit ihrer Spindel noch. Geſchwind
Und neugierig, da dergleichen es
Noch nie geſehen, griff das ſchöne Kind
Nach jener Spindel, ſtach ſich, fiel zu Boden —
Diodat. So ward die ſchlimme Prophezeiung voll?
Chryſ. Doch eine Fee, die ſich von Jugend an,
Der Fürſtentochter angenommen hatte,
Verwandelte den Tod in einen Schlaf,
Der ihr bewahrt die Jugend, bis ein Prinz,
Von ſtiller Macht getrieben, die Prinzeſſin,
Sie bei dem Namen rufend, auferweckt.
Diodat. Sie bei dem Namen rufend?
Chryſ. Und zugleich
Nachdem der König und die Königin
Das Trauerſchloß verlaſſen, zauberte
Die Fee den Hof und alle Dienerſchaft
Der jungen Fürſtin in denſelben Schlaf,
Die nun in Nebenſälen um ſie her
Mit ihr den Traum von hundert Jahren träumen,
Und auch mit ihr zuletzt erwachen werden,
Um ihr zum Dienſte gleich bereit zu ſein.

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*) Schauſpiel von Auguſt Graf von Platen.

Diodat. Und wißt ihr auch den Namen jener Schönen?
Chryſ. Den Namen? — Nun — den weiß ich nicht, und wenn
Ich ihn gewußt, ſo hab' ich ihn vergeſſen;
Doch was bekümmert das auch mich und euch?
Diodat. Mich allerdings, ich will das Schloß beſuchen.
Chryſ. Ihr wollt das Schloß beſuchen?
Diodat. Ja!
Chryſ. So geht!
(Ihr Mantel fällt ab, ſie ſteht als Fee vor ihm und verſchwindet.)
Diodat (allein). Ha, was iſt das! Es ruft der Himmel ſelbſt
Zu dieſem heiligen Geſchäft mich auf,
Denn keiner unterirdiſchen Geſtalt
Scheint eine ſolche Bildung zu gehören.
O was für Ahnungen durchdrängen mir
Den aufgeregten, liebevollen Buſen!
Es fließt mir täuſchend Claribellens Bild
Mit jenem Bilde der Bezauberten
Zuſammen, doch das iſt nur ein Betrug!
Wie drängt ſich in mein liebliches Gemälde
Das Schickſal einer Fremdlingin herein?
Es legt in künſtliche Verbindungen
Der Dinge Weſenheit bethörte Liebe:
Sie dichtet ſie nach dem Möglichen, und reiht
Die Gegenſtände täuſchend an einander,
Die tauſendfach ſich in die Welt zerſtreun!
Doch ſei dem, wie ihm wolle, ſo beſteh' ich
Das Wageſtück, ich eile nach der Burg:
Durch dieſe Hecken bahn' ich mir die Straße,
Durch dieſe Stämme hau' ich mir den Weg!
Vermag ich jene Schlafende zu wecken,
So lebe neu ſie ſich am Lichte fort —
Wie gerne ſchlief ich nicht an ihrer Statt. (Ab.)

(Gemach im Schloſſe des Königs.)

König. Aſtolf.

König. Iſt das der Lohn, den ich von meinen Söhnen
Erwartet habe? ſage mir, Aſtolf!
Dein Bruder hat ſich von mir losgeriſſen,
Du ſcheinſt zum Vorbild ihn gewählt zu haben.
Aſtolf. Laß wen'ge Tage mich allein gewähren!
König. Unſelige Melancholie, die ſtets
Uns in des Lebens ſchöner Ueppigkeit,
In des Genießens Tagen überfällt!
Es iſt die ſchwere, laſtende Gewalt,
Die ſtets der Jugend übermüthige,
Von leichter Luft getragne Mongolfiere,
Eh' in den Himmel ſie verſchwinden kann,
Zur Erde niederdrückt.
Aſtolf. So iſt's.
König. So iſt's?
Sonſt weißt du nichts mir zu erwiedern?
Nichts?
Dies Wort iſt leerer, als der leere Raum!
Aſtolf. Drum hat aus ihm auch Gott die Welt erſchaffen.
König. Doch er bereut' es, als er es gethan!
Aſtolf. Nur konnt' er nicht mehr ſie vernichten, ſcheint's.
König. Kein Nichts vernichten können. Das iſt nichts!
Aſtolf. Das Nichtige vernichtet ſich von ſelbſt.
König. Und nichtig iſt ein gläſerner Pantoffel!
Pernullo (herein eilend). Triumph! Triumph! Man folge mir hinaus!
Aſtolf. Wohin?
König. Wozu?
Pernullo. Wodurch? Woran? Woraus?
Wir wollen ſehen, wer am längſten fragt!
König. Wir folgen dir, doch nur warum geſagt!
Pernullo. Warum? Warum? Der Stern der Liebe tagt! (Ab.)

(Die Scene verwandelt ſich in eine Halle des verzauberten Palaſtes. Alles trägt die Spuren eines längſt vergangenen Zeitraums. Im Hintergrunde eine hohe, breite Niſche, von einem ſeidenen Vorhange bedeckt. Es iſt allmählig Nacht geworden. **Diodat**, überall umherblickend, kommt langſam herein, mit einer Fackel in der Hand, die er an einer Seitenwand in einen Ring befeſtigt.)

Diodat.

So hat das Glück mich bis hieher geleitet,
Durch dieſes Waldes ſtruppiges Gedränge
Mir einen mühloſen Weg bereitet:

Die Zweige wölbten ſich, wie mit Gepränge,
Hoch über mir, und ließen ſo mich wallen
Durch ihre dunkeln, langen Bogengänge.

Nun ſteh' ich hier in dieſen öden Hallen,
In dieſem Haus des Schlafs, doch unverdorben
Iſt alles rings umher, und unzerfallen.

Ach, aber ſchauerlich und ausgeſtorben!
Kein Wort empfängt den fremden Gaſt, kein Zeichen,
Kein Weihgeſang von Harfen und Theorben!

Die Schlöſſer geben nach, die Riegel weichen
Von ſelbſt und ohne Klappern oder Knarren,
Und nichts vernehm' ich, als mein eignes Schleichen!

Hier könnten Mörder ihren Raub verſcharren,
Durch nichts entdeckt, es würde mit dem Beile
Der Henker ſtets auf ihre Häupter harren.

Doch was iſt das, vor dem ich hier verweile?
Ein rother Vorhang ſinkt herab mit Quaſten,
Befeſtiget an lange, goldne Seile.

Soll hinter dieſem jene Dame raſten?
O Gott! Was ſchlägt das Herz mir an die Rippe?
Und was vermag ich nicht ihn anzutaſten?

Vielleicht verbirgt er nichts, als ein Gerippe,
Mit hohlen Augen, die mir finſter grollen,
Daß mir der Hauch erſtarrt auf meiner Lippe!

Wo nicht, ſo birgt er einen Sarg, verquollen
Durch langes Alter, röthlich angeſtrichen,
Mit ſchwarzem Kreuz und runden, ſchwarzen Stollen.

Allein was gilt's, und wenn ſie auch erblichen?
Was iſt der Tod? Dem Tode trotzt das Leben,
Das ewig lächelnde dem fürchterlichen!

O Diodat! Du haſt verlernt zu beben!
Geht nicht im Chriſtenvolk die große Sage,
Daß auch die Todten ſich zuletzt erheben?

Die Gräber berſten und die Sarkophage,
Durch ihre Grüfte weht des Lichtes Helle,
Wohlan! Ich ſteh' an meinem jüngſten Tage!
(Er reißt den Vorhang auf.)
Sie ſchläft! Sie lebt! O Himmel! Claribelle!
Claribelle (allmählig ſich aufrichtend).
Wer ruft mir?
Diodat. Raſ' ich? Weiß ich, was ich ſchaue?
Steh' ich noch feſt auf dieſem feſten Baue?
Dreht nicht der ganze Himmel ſich dort oben,
Und macht Muſik mit ſeinen goldnen Globen?
Clar. Wer biſt du? ſprich, was ſoll dies wilde Toben?
Diodat. Gekrönt iſt jede Hoffnung, jede, jede!
Clar. Wo iſt mein Vater? meine Mutter? rede!
Diodat. O wähne nicht, daß ſie dir mehr erſcheinen,
Dich trennen hundert Jahre von den Deinen!
Clar. Wie iſt mir? Ja — Nein — Ja, das iſt das Wahre.
Ich ſchlief — ich ſchlief — du ſagſt mir, hundert Jahre —
Diodat. Ich weckte dich, ich hob dich von der Bahre!
Clar. Was ſoll ich thun, mich in die Welt zu finden?
Diodat (zu ihren Füßen). Mit deinem einz'gen Freunde dich verbinden!

(Eine Muſik wird in der Ferne gehört, der Saal erſcheint plötzlich erleuchtet. Die Thüren zu beiden Seiten öffnen ſich. Durch die eine kommen der **König**, **Aſtolf**, **Pernullo**, **Hegeſippus**, **Carmoſines**, **Cephiſe** und **Urſula**, mit Gefolge; durch die andere die Fee **Chryſolide** mit **Aſchenbrödel**, prächtig gekleidet, wie im dritten Akt, und hinter ihnen der Hofſtaat der Prinzeſſin **Claribelle** in alterthümlicher Tracht.)

Chor der Fee.

Die Nacht iſt vergangen,
Es brennen die Wangen,
Wie flammende Sonnen, dem lachenden Glück,
Und was wir erfahren
In ſonſtigen Jahren,
Es führt es die ſchönere Stunde zurück!

Chor des Königs.

Das Leben verflieget,
Doch Liebe ſie ſieget,
Und ſetzt ſich auch ihr entgegen die Welt!
Wir ſehen ſie gleiten
Im Meere der Zeiten,
Von roſigen Schäumen umbettet, umſchwellt!

Beide Chöre.

Das Neue, das Alte
Verknüpfe, geſtalte
Zum ewigen Band der lebendige Sinn!

Es werde dem ſtillen,
Dem gläubigen Willen
Sogar des Unmöglichen ſchöner Gewinn!
Aſtolf (auf den Knien vor Aſchenbrödel).
Vergib, o Sol, wenn dein Trabant dir dient!
Aſchenbr. Ihr ſeid's, weil Ihr als Heſper mir erſcheint.
Diobat. O Vater, ſegne deiner Söhne Wahl!
König. Verdoppelt ſeh ich meiner Kinder Zahl!
Chruſ. Genießt die Gaben, die das Glück verliehen,
Genießt des Tags vergängliche Secunden!
Sie laſſen halten ſich, wiewohl ſie fliehen,
Zur Ewigkeit vermögt Ihr ſie zu runden!
Dem Leben werde jede Noth verziehen,
Wenn jeder das, was ihm genehm, gefunden:
Doch mir vergönnt, nach dieſen kurzen Lehren,
Ins ſchöne Feenland zurückzukehren.
(Sie verſchwindet.)

Ernſt Platner

ward am 11. Juni 1774 zu Leipzig geboren, wo ſein Vater als Profeſſor der Medicin lebte. Als ihn jedoch ſchon im dritten Jahre ſeines Alters das Unglück traf, denſelben zu verlieren, ſorgte ſeine Mutter, von dem berühmten Erneſti geleitet, für ſeine Erziehung, und ließ ihn dann die Gymnaſien zu Altenburg und Gera beſuchen. Im Jahre 1762 kehrte er nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt zurück, ſtudirte daſelbſt Arzneiwiſſenſchaft, erwarb ſich 1767 den Doctorgrad in derſelben und machte dann 1768 eine Reiſe durch Frankreich und Holland. Bei ſeiner Zurückkunft erhielt er 1770 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Medicin, lehrte mit großem Beifall, wurde 1780 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Phyſiologie, 1801 außerordentlicher und 1811 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie an derſelben Hochſchule und feierte 1817 ſein Jubiläum als Docent. Ein Jahr nachher ergriff ihn eine unheilbare Gemüthskrankheit, von der ihn der Tod am 27. December 1818 erlöſte.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Briefe eines Arztes an ſeinen Freund. Leipzig 1771—72. 2 Thle.
Anthropologie für Aerzte und Weltweiſe. Leipzig 1772—74, 2 Thle.
Der Profeſſor. Wochenſchrift. Ebendaſ. 1773—74.
Philoſophiſche Aphorismen. Ebendaſ. 1776—84; n. A. 1793, 1800, 2 Thle.
Papiere von J. K. Wezel wider E. Platner. Leipzig 1781.
Neue Anthropologie. Leipzig 1790, 2 Thle.
Lehrbuch der Logik und Metaphyſik. Leipzig 1795.
Vorleſungen über Aeſthetik. Wiedergegeben von M. E. Engel. Zittau 1836.
Viele Programme, einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w.

P. war es vorzüglich zuerſt, der die Anatomie und Phyſiologie auf die Anthropologie und Pſychologie anwandte und daher Bedeutendes zu der Ausbildung dieſer letzteren Wiſſenſchaften beitrug. Als eigentlicher ſpeculativer Philoſoph war er jedoch nicht ſehr bedeutend; obwohl er ſich eine genaue hiſtoriſche Kenntniß angeeignet, ſo fehlte es ihm doch an eindringendem Forſchergeiſte, und er beſaß nicht die Mittel, dem Umſchwunge in der Philoſophie, welcher durch Kant geſtaltet worden, zu folgen, ſo viel Scharfſinn er auch in jenen zuvor genannten Fächern zeigte. Sein didaktiſcher Stil war elegant und conciſ, doch ſoll ſein mündlicher Vortrag denſelben noch an Sauberkeit und Feinheit übertroffen haben, ſo daß er lange einer der gefeiertſten Docenten der Univerſität Leipzig blieb.

Karl Gottlieb Plato

ward am 6. October 1757 zu Halbau in der Oberlauſitz geboren und beſuchte die Schule Pforta, verlor aber nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters ſein Vermögen und würde ſich von Allem entblößt geſehen haben, wenn ſich nicht ein Verwandter des vielverſprechenden Jünglings angenommen hätte. Von dieſem unterſtützt, beendete er ſeine Vorbildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Budiſſin und ſtudirte darauf in Leipzig Theologie und Pädagogik. Durch Roſenmüller empfohlen, erhielt er 1792 die Direction der neu errichteten und von ihm organiſirten Freiſchule, der er mit großer Liebe bis zu ſeinem am 25. April 1833 erfolgten Tode vorſtand.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedanken über die gewöhnlichen ABC-Bücher. Leipzig 1797.
Vorübungen im Leſen und Denken. Leipzig 1797 u. öft.
Schulgebete. N. A. Leipzig 1817.
Deutſchlands Giftpflanzen. 3. A. Leipzig 1820 folgde., fortgeſetzt von Wilrenk.

Ein tüchtiger praktiſcher Schulmann, der mit großer Lehrgabe eben ſolche Liebe für ſeinen Beruf verband, durch ſeine Schriften jüngeren Collegen den richtigen Weg zeigte und in jeder Hinſicht äußerſt ſegensreich gewirkt hat.

Dietrich von Pleningen

lebte um's Jahr 1515 zu Schönbegk und Eiſenhofen, war Ritter und Dr. jur., Kammergerichtsaſſeſſor und ſpäter Kanzler des Kurfürſten Philipp von der Pfalz. Er erhielt ſeine Jugendbildung in Italien. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Von Plinius des andern lobſagung — — vom heyligen Kayſer Trajano. Landshut 1515. Fol.
Wie es gekomm: das ſich wenig menſchen jrs ſtands benuegen laſſent: ſondern ein yeder lobe das widerwertig und wie es zugang das wenig leut von auffgang piß zu nidergang der ſonnen das war guterkennen u. ſ. w. Landshut 1516, Fol.
Von Klaffern. Hernach volgen zwey puchlein: das ein Lucianus, und das ander Poggius beſchrieben haben. Landshut 1516, Fol.

Sein Stil iſt für jene Zeit lobenswerth; noch mehr Anerkennung verdient aber die Bemühung, mit der er die Ausbildung der deutſchen Litteratur zu befördern ſtrebte.

Karl Martin Plümicke,

geboren am 26. März 1749 zu Wollin, war Rathsſecretär zu Breslau, wurde dann Schauſpieldichter zu Berlin, 1784 aber Cabinetsſecretär des Herzogs von Kurland und ſpäter Regierungsrath zu Sagan. Um das Jahr 1810 lebte er zu Magdeburg. Das Jahr ſeines Todes iſt nicht aufzufinden.

Er ſchrieb:

Luſtſpiele: Jenny Warton, der Volontär, Henriette oder der Huſarenraub ꝛc.
Entwurf einer Theatergeſchichte von Berlin ꝛc. 1781, 8.
Lanaſſa. Trauerſpiel. 1782.
Neuer Beitrag für's Theater. Berlin 1821.
Neue Schauſpiele. Lpz. 1808 ꝛc.
Viele Bearbeitungen fremder Producte für die Bühne.

P's dramatiſche Arbeiten wurden zu ihrer Zeit gern auf der Bühne geſehn, da er das Talent beſaß, fremde Originale geſchickt den Forderungen des deutſchen Theaters anzupaſſen; namentlich machte ſein Trauerſpiel Lanaſſa damals ein mehr als gewöhnliches Glück. Von wirklicher bleibender Bedeutung war indeſſen keine ſeiner Leiſtungen.

Karl Friedrich Pockels

ward am 15. Nov. 1757 zu Wörlitz bei Halle geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle Theologie, wurde dann zu Potsdam Hauslehrer und bald darauf 1780 braunſchweigiſcher Prinzenlehrer, 1788 Lehrer und Secretär des Herzogs Auguſt von Braunſchweig zu Nordheim, mit dem Titel Rath, 1800 Hofrath zu Braunſchweig und Canonicus am Stift St. Blaſii, und 1814 Senior. Er ſtarb am 28. Octbr. 1814.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Beiträge zur Beförderung der Menſchenkenntniß. Berlin 1788—89. 2 Stück.
Fragm. zur Kenntniß des menſchlichen Herzens. Hannover 1788—94. 3 Samml.
Verſuch einer Charakteriſtik des weiblichen Geſchlechts. Hannover 1797—1802, 5 Th.; n. A. 1806.
Neue Beitr. zur Bereicherung der Menſchenkunde. Hamburg 1798.
Taſchenbuch auf das Jahr 1803 u. 1804.
Contraſte zu dem Gemälde der Weiber. Hannover 1804.
Der Mann. Hannover 1805—8, 4 Th.
Karl Wilh. Ferdinand von Braunſchweig. Tübingen 1809.
Ueber den Umgang mit Kindern. Hannover 1811.
Ueber Geſellſchaft, Geſelligkeit und Umgang. 3 Th. Hannover 1813—16.

Schärfe und feine Beobachtung, Wahrheit der pſychologiſchen Anſichten, reiche Erfahrung, tiefe Menſchenkenntniß und eine überaus elegante Darſtellung verleihen den Schriften dieſes trefflichen Mannes und geiſtreichen Denkers einen bleibenden Werth.

Ueber die böſe Laune *).

Ein pſychologiſcher Verſuch.

Meine Leſer verſtehen dieſes Wort, und es wäre daher überflüſſig, wenn ich mich bei Erklärung deſſelben aufhalten wollte. Indem ich von der böſen Laune reden will, geht meine Abſicht vornehmlich dahin, — einige Quellen derſelben, — die traurigen Folgen, welche ſie ſo oft für uns und Andere hat, — und endlich die vornehmſten Mittel anzuzeigen, wodurch man ihr vorbauen muß, und wodurch ſie bei einer richtigen und vernünftigen Anwendung derſelben geheilt werden kann.

Wir ſind nicht immer im Stande, die Urſachen anzugeben, welche uns in eine böſe Laune verſetzt haben. Wir empfinden und denken ſehr oft nach einer unwillkürlichen Ideenfolge, nach gewiſſen ſchnellwirkenden Gedächtniß-Eindrücken, deren Entſtehen uns eigentlich unbekannt iſt, weil wir uns des erſten inneren Anſtoßes derſelben nicht bewußt ſind. Wir haben die Modificationen unſerer Kräfte zu denken und zu wollen, die ſo unendlich vielen Abänderungen augenblicklich unterworfen ſind, nicht immer, und wenn wir es ganz genau erwägen, eigentlich ſehr ſelten in unſerer Gewalt. Offenbar werden wir durch den Einfluß unſeres Körpers auf unſere Seele, durch die innere Nothwendigkeit und Verbindung unſerer Vorſtellungen, durch den Mechanismus der Organiſation, durch eine Menge blinder in uns liegender Triebe, durch die Macht der Gewohnheit und der Jugendeindrücke, und durch viele andere auf uns wirkende Umſtände unzählig oft, wider unſern Willen, ſo und nicht anders geſtimmt. Am meiſten aber fühlen wir dergleichen unwillkürliche Gemüthsbewegungen, wenn ſich die Traurigkeit, oder Furcht, oder irgend ein Leiden unſerer Herzen bemächtigt. Jeder Menſch hat ſeine trüben Stunden, ohne daß er ſich immer ihren Urſprung, und die Entſtehung ſo mancher traurigmachender Bilder, die ſich auf einmal dem freien Gange ſeiner Gedanken in den Weg ſtellen, und die innere Ruhe ſeines Geiſtes einige Zeit aufheben, erklären kann. Oft können wir uns auch auf die entfernteſte Art nicht erinnern, ob ſie durch einen äußern Gegenſtand, oder durch eine innere unwillkürliche Ideenaſſociation entſtanden ſind, ſo abgeſondert liegen ſie außer dem Gebiete unſerer gewöhnlichen Vorſtellungen.

Wir fühlen es mit dem größten Mißvergnügen, und oft mit einer Erbitterung gegen uns ſelbſt, wie in ſolchen trüben Augenblicken unſere ganze Art zu denken und zu empfinden gleichſam umgeformt wird. Unſere Heiterkeit verliert ſich wie die Sonne hinter einem trüben Gewölk. Wir ſehen alles in einem falſchen Lichte. Unſere Gedanken folgen langſam und ſchüchtern auf einander, unſere Sprache wird langſam und ſchleppend, und unſer ganzes Geſicht drückt die Unruhe aus, welche in dem Innern unſerer Seele herrſcht. Unſer Herz ſinkt dabei nicht ſelten in eine Erſchlaffung, die uns kalt und unempfindlich gegen alle Freuden des Lebens macht. Wir fühlen uns geneigter, mißtrauiſch gegen Andere, ſelbſt gegen unſere Freunde zu ſein, als ſie zu lieben. Ihre Scherze, ihre Aufmunterungen, ihre Fröhlichkeit werden uns läſtig und unangenehm, und es koſtet uns Zwang und Ueberwindung, auch nur dem äußern Scheine nach, das Gutmeinen zu erwiedern, welches ſie gegen uns an den Tag legen. Solche trübe Launen überraſchen uns oft bei den angenehmſten Geſchäften, in den fröhlichſten Geſellſchaften, und preſſen uns manche ſtille Thräne der Wehmuth aus, ohne daß wir es ſelbſt genau wiſſen, worüber wir weinen *).

Aber in den meiſten Fällen ſind wir uns doch deſſen deutlich bewußt, was unſerer Seele jene unglückliche Stimmung gab. — Ein zu gewagter Scherz des Andern über uns, und unſere Angelegenheiten, für den wir nicht Empfänglichkeit genug hatten; eine kalte Begegnung von Leuten, von denen wir, vielleicht auch nur eingebildeter Weiſe, Liebe, Zutrauen, Zuvorkommen erwarteten; eine uns mit Hitze, oder, was oft noch ſtärker auf unſern Mißmuth wirkt, mit Satyre geſagte Wahrheit; ein Tadel, der unſere Perſon, Einſichten, unſern Umgang betraf, hatte uns beleidigt. Man hatte unſern Wünſchen, unſern Lieblingsplanen und Phantaſien Hinderniſſe in den Weg gelegt, unſere wahren, oder — noch öfter unſere geträumten Verdienſte nicht erkannt, die Geſellſchaft, den Rath, die Wei-

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*) Aus K. F. Pockels „Beiträge zur Beförderung der Menſchenkenntniß.“

*) Sehr richtig beurtheilt der Abt Trublet in ſeinen Verſuchen über verſchiedene Gegenſtände der Sittenlehre und Gelehrſamkeit (Theil 2.) den übellaunigen Charakter in folgender Stelle:

„Das übel aufgeräumte Weſen iſt ein phantaſtiſches Uebel, welches ein ſittliches verurſacht. Ein rechtſchaffener Mann würde ſich wegen des erſtern ohne das andere tröſten. Dies macht ſeinen Schmerz vollkommen; er empfindet es, daß er nun unvernünftig und ungerecht iſt. Er wird in ſeinen guten Zwiſchenzeiten gewahr, daß er in ſeinen ſchlimmen nichts, als falſche, oder wenigſtens übertriebene Urtheile fällt, daß er Sachen ſieht, die nicht ſind, daß er diejenigen nicht ſieht, die wirklich vorhanden ſind, oder daß er ſie ganz anders ſieht, als ſie ſind. Dies bekümmert ihn noch mehr, daß man oft von ſeinem Verſtande und ſeinem Herzen nach ſeinem übel aufgeräumten Weſen urtheilt.“

„Wenn ein Menſch, fährt Trublet fort, von übelaufgeräumtem Weſen iſt, ſo muß man von dem, was er in ſeinen ſchlimmen Augenblicken ſagt, oder thut, auf nichts Nachtheiliges für ſeinen Charakter ſchließen. —— Eine von den größten Beſchwerlichkeiten eines übelaufgeräumten Weſens iſt, daß die harten und verächtlichen Dinge, die es uns andern bisweilen vorzuſagen bewegt, ihnen Gelegenheit zu glauben geben, wenigſtens wenn ſie uns nicht genug kennen, daß wir ſie weder lieben noch hochachten, ob wir ſie gleich ein ſehr hochachten und lieben. Man muß indeſſen geſtehen, daß, wenn man in den Augenblicken der Uebelaufgeräumtheit denen, welche man liebt, harte Dinge vorſagt, man ſie in dieſen Augenblicken wirklich nicht liebt.“

Sehr wahr iſt auch das, was unſer Verfaſſer gleich im Anfange ſeiner vermiſchten Gedanken über die böſe Laune ſagt: Ein übelaufgeräumtes Weſen iſt oft eine Unordnung der Maſchine, eine wahre Krankheit, zu welcher man mehr phyſiſche als moraliſche Mittel nöthig hat. Wenn die ſchlimmen Augenblicke vergangen ſind, wenn das Blut ſeinen ordentlichen Lauf wieder genommen hat, wenn die Maſchine wieder aufgezogen worden iſt: ſo erröthet man, man ſeufzt, daß man ſo wenig vernünftig geweſen, und ſich ſo leicht hat erzürnen laſſen, ſo verſchieden von ſich ſelbſt geweſen iſt. Man verſpricht ſich ein andermal mehr auf ſeiner Hut zu ſein. Den andern Morgen hat man neue Anfälle von der Uebelaufgeräumtheit, — und daher auch neuen Verdruß. —

nung Anderer der unſrigen vorgezogen. Man hatte Mißtrauen gegen unſern moraliſchen Charakter, gegen die Abſichten unſerer Handlungen geäußert, und unſere Schwächen, die wir nur immer äußerſt delicat behandelt zu ſehen wünſchen, auch vielleicht nur im Scherz, zu laut bekannt gemacht. Untreue der Menſchen, Verſtellung und Nachläſſigkeit Anderer in Beobachtung ihrer Pflichten gegen uns, zu wenig Rückſicht derſelben auf die Delicateſſe und Empfindlichkeit unſers Charakters, auf die Vorzüge unſrer Geburt, unſeres Standes auf der einen Seite, — und zu viel Selbſtintereſſe anderer in ihren Urtheilen über uns auf der andern, und mancherlei andere Urſachen hatten uns auf irgend eine Weiſe aufgebracht; aber nicht ſelten war auch heimliche Unzufriedenheit mit uns ſelbſt, lebhafte Zurückerinnerung an gewiſſe Fehler unſers Herzens, und ein zu empfindelnder Ton unſrer Gefühle, oft auch ein zu zartes Gewiſſen der Grund zu jener finſtern Stimmung unſerer Seele geworden.

Die Erfahrung lehrt, daß alle diejenigen, welche ſehr lebhafte Leidenſchaften, eine ſehr empfindliche Natur haben, deren Einbildungskraft leicht gereizt, und deren Gefühle ſchnell erſchüttert werden können, am meiſten der übeln Laune ausgeſetzt ſind. Da die Lebhaftigkeit und Schnelligkeit ihrer Empfindungen ihnen gemeiniglich wenig Zeit zum Nachdenken übrig läßt; da die erſten Eindrücke dieſer Empfindungen bei ihnen auch immer die heftigſten ſind, und da ihre Phantaſie oft ohne ihren Willen ſelbſt die größte Kleinigkeit ſo ſchnell zu einer Rieſengröße zu erheben weiß: ſo iſt's begreiflich, warum jene empfindlichen Leute ſelbſt bei einem guten und richtigen Verſtande ſich immer am wenigſten in ihrer Gewalt haben, ſo bald ſie von ihren Launen überfallen werden.

Wenn ich nicht irre, trägt Eitelkeit und Stolz erſtaunlich viel dazu bei, unſeren Charakter empfindlich zu machen, und ich glaube daher, daß keine Leidenſchaft des menſchlichen Herzens eine leichtere Veranlaſſung zu übeln Launen geben kann, als — Eitelkeit und Stolz. Die Sache iſt ganz natürlich. Diejenigen, die vermöge jenes Charakterzuges unaufhörlich darauf denken, ob man ihnen auch immer und überall die Ehre erzeige, die ſie nach ihrer Meinung verdienen, die auf jeden Vorzug Anderer neidiſch ſind, jeden Scherz, der ſie angeht, übel verſtehen, jede kalte Miene und Begegnung mißdeuten, hinter jeder kleinen Vernachläſſigung des Ceremoniels ein Majeſtätsverbrechen gegen ihre Perſon ſuchen; — Leute, die nur deswegen da zu ſein glauben, um bewundert zu werden; die für jeden ihrer Gedanken, für jeden auch wohl ſchalen Witz einen lauten Beifall fordern; die überall, auch in ihren ſeltſamſten Meinungen Recht haben, ihre Art zu denken Jedem aufdringen, und hingegen ſelbſt nie eine Zurechtweiſung annehmen wollen, weil ſie ſich für untrüglich halten, — ſolche Leute, ſag' ich, müſſen auch bei allen übrigen guten Eigenſchaften, die ſie haben können, alle Augenblicke Gefahr laufen, verſtimmt zu werden, weil ſie immer zu viel fordern. Ihre ganze Denkungsart iſt zu eitel, zu ſelbſtſüchtig, als daß ſie nicht überall Hinderniſſe antreffen ſollten, die ihren Wünſchen entgegen ſtehen, und dieſe ihre Wünſche ſtimmen gemeiniglich zu wenig mit der Denkungsart Anderer überein, als daß ſie immer in Erfüllung gehen könnten.

Der Eitle und Stolze kann für ſeine Leidenſchaft unmöglich Nahrung genug in einer Welt finden, die aus ſo verſchiedenen Ständen, und ſo unendlich verſchieden denkenden Menſchen beſteht. Jeder hat ſein eigenes Selbſtintereſſe, wonach er uns, ohne immer Rückſicht auf unſere perſönlichen guten Eigenſchaften und Verdienſte zu nehmen, zu beurtheilen pflegt. Wir gefallen ihm nur gemeiniglich in ſo fern, als unſere Kenntniſſe, unſer Stand, unſere Handlungen eine für ihn vortheilhafte mit ſeiner Denkungsart übereinſtimmende Beziehung auf ſeine Kenntniſſe, ſeinen Stand, ſeine Handlungen haben. Wir können daher auch Andere nicht zwingen, ſo von uns zu urtheilen, wie wir es gerade haben wollen. Wir bleiben bis an unſer Grab, und noch jenſeit deſſelben dem gerechten, oder ungerechten Tadel der Welt ausgeſetzt, und wir können es auf keine Weiſe verhindern, daß Andere ſelbſt in unſern verdienſtlichen Handlungen nicht das Unzeitige, Schiefe, Affectirte und Zweideutige aufſuchen ſollten, was ſie an ſich haben, oder wenigſtens doch an ſich zu haben ſcheinen. Die Menſchen um uns her ſind von Natur viel mehr geneigt, uns mit Strenge, als mit Nachſicht zu beurtheilen, unſere Schwäche eher als unſere Vollkommenheiten aufzuſuchen, — und dies allemal um ſo viel mehr, je größern Beifall wir von ihnen verlangen, und je größer das Selbſtintereſſe iſt, das wir dabei zu erkennen geben. Der Ehrgeizige muß alſo ſchon um deswillen überall anſtoßen, und unzählig oft in übele Launen gerathen, wenn nicht anders ein verſteckter Leichtſinn ihn dagegen ſichert.

Hiezu kommt noch die Art und Weiſe, wie er nach dem Beifalle der Welt haſcht, und der hohe Grad falſcher Empfindſamkeit, den er dabei an den Tag legt. Er ſucht uns nämlich, wenige Ehrgeizige ausgenommen, die ihren Stolz durch Beſcheidenheit zu nähren ſuchen, immer mehr zu erobern, als zu gewinnen. Er will eigentlich nicht immer die Liebe unſerer Herzen, mit der wir ohnedem oft freigebiger, als mit den Bezeugungen der Hochachtung zu ſein ſcheinen, ſondern deutliche Zeichen der Ehrfurcht von uns haben, und dieſe verlangt er wieder ſo dreiſt, mit ſo weniger Herablaſſung auf unſere Denkart und oft mit einem ſo ſteifen, affectirten und hochtrabenden Weſen, daß er uns eher leicht gegen ſich erbittert, als auf ſeine Seite zieht. Wir glauben ihm um ſo weniger Hochachtung ſchuldig zu ſein, je mehr er ſie zu erzwingen ſucht, und wir halten es daher für eine Art Schuldigkeit, den Mann zu demüthigen, oder doch wenigſtens mit Gleichgültigkeit zu behandeln, in deſſen Augen wir keinen andern Werth zu haben ſcheinen, als das Gefolge ſeiner Anbeter vermehren zu helfen.

Und nun bitte ich meine Leſer einmal in dem Kreiſe ihrer Bekannten umherzuſchauen. Ich glaube ſie werden meine obige Bemerkung richtig finden, — daß nämlich die Menſchen, welche ein zu feines und alſo auch ein zu leicht verſtimmbares Gefühl für Ehre haben, zu ſtolz auf ihre perſönlichen Eigenſchaften ſind, zu wenig Rückſicht auf Andere nehmen, nach zu vielen Vorzügen haſchen, und dieſen Vorzügen noch überdem einen beſonders hohen Werth anhängen, daß dieſe, ſag ich, auch am meiſten von den Züchtigungen einer übeln Laune leiden müſſen; — daß hingegen diejenigen, welche weniger ehrgeizige Anſprüche auf den Beifall der Welt machen, ihre Verdienſte nicht ſo oft zur Schau ausſtellen, nicht zu eitel und eiferſüchtig auf ihre Perſon ſind, und die Menſchen nicht nur um von ihnen geehrt und vorgezogen werden, ſondern um ihrer Tugenden willen lieben, gemeiniglich ein fröhliches Gemüth, und wenn ſie nicht von gewiſſen andern Leiden gedrückt werden, und ihr kränklicher Körper ſie nicht verfolgt, ſelten böſe Launen haben.

Ich komme zu einer andern Quelle der übeln Laune. Bei ſehr vielen und ich möchte behaupten bei den meiſten Menſchen iſt ſie blos etwas Körperliches. Sie ſind entweder ſo gewöhnt, oder haben ſich ſo gewöhnt, daß ſie ganz von ihrem Körper abhängen. Sie ſtehen unter ſeiner Herrſchaft, wie ein ſchwacher Mann unter der Gewalt ſeines eigenſinnigen Weibes. Jede kleine bedenklich ſcheinende Veränderung, die ſie an ihm wahrnehmen, jede etwas mehr als gewöhnliche Aufwallung ihres Bluts, jeder kleine Schmerz macht ſie im höchſten Grade unruhig, mürriſch und mißmuthig. Sie zittern vor jeder kühlen Luft, fürchten ſich vor jedem warmen Sonnenſcheine, und fühlen oft mit einer unbeſchreiblichen Angſt jeden Wechſel der Witterung und Atmoſphäre. Sehr oft liegen dieſe Unglücklichen nur an einer verzärtelten Einbildung krank *); aber nicht ſelten leiden ſie an einer wirklichen Nervenſchwäche, und dann verdienen ſie unſer ganzes Mitleiden. Wenn der Körper innerlich leidet, wenn ſeine Werkzeuge nur gleichſam mit Unwillen ihre Dienſte verrichten, und durch jede Veränderung der Luft, der äußern Lebensart und des Klimas in ihrer Geſundheit und freien Wirkſamkeit geſtört werden, ſo kann der Geiſt, der ſo genau mit dem Körper verbunden iſt, deſſen Krankheiten gemeiniglich Folgen von Krankheiten des Körpers ſind, ohnmöglich heiter ſein. Er kann und mag in ſolch einem Zuſtande keine fröhlichen Empfindungen in ſich erwecken, und wenn er es auch verſucht, ſo ſinkt er doch immer ſogleich wieder in ſeine übele Laune zurück, weil er den unangenehmen Einfluß ſeines Körpers auf jenen nicht aufheben kann.

Dieſe Art übler Laune, die aus Kränklichkeit und Nervenſchwäche entſteht, könnte man die bösartige nennen, weil ſie ſchwerer, als alle Arten zu heilen iſt, weil ſie nach und nach zur Gewohnheit wird, und weil wir dadurch faſt alle Gewalt über uns ſelbſt verlieren. Nichts vermag in dieſem traurigen Zuſtande die innere Ruhe unſeres Geiſtes und das Gleichgewicht ſeiner Kräfte wieder herzuſtellen, welches durch den zu ſtarken Einfluß des Körpers auf unſere ganze Denkungsart aufgehoben worden iſt. Unſere Vernunft hat das Vermögen, uns zu tröſten, gleichſam verloren, unſere Grundſätze ſind das Spiel trüber Empfindungen geworden, und wir ſcheuen ſogar den Gebrauch ſolcher Mittel, die uns heilen ſollten, fliehen die Menſchen, ſehen nichts als das Böſe an ihnen, und weil uns dadurch die Erde zu einer traurigen Einöde geworden iſt, in der wir nur zu unſrer Qual zu leben glauben; ſo wünſchen wir uns alsdann nicht ſelten das Ende unſeres Elendes durch einen baldigen Tod. In dieſem unwillkürlichen Zuſtande haben

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*) Die Leiden der Einbildungskraft anderer Menſchen reizen uns nicht ſo leicht zur Theilnahme, als wirkliche Uebel. Wir ſetzen immer voraus, daß jene, ob ſie gleich oft bitterer, als wirkliche Uebel ſeyn mögen, durch vernünftiges Nachdenken geheilt werden können, daß alſo ihre Fortdauer durch unſere Schuld bewirkt wird, indem wir unſer Nachdenken nicht anwenden wollen. Vornehmlich wird auch der Eindruck eingebildeter Uebel Anderer dadurch auf unſer Herz geſchwächt, weil ſie nicht ſelten etwas Lächerliches an ſich haben, und weil es uns überhaupt unvernünftig vorkommt, ſich vor einem Uebel zu fürchten, das nicht wirklich vorhanden iſt.

viele Menſchen die Waffen gegen ſich ſelbſt ergriffen, und unſere neuern Philoſophen haben daher mit Recht auf ihn in Beurtheilung der Gründe für und wider den Selbſtmord Rückſicht genommen.

Nichts vermehrt die körperlichen Urſachen der böſen Laune ſo ſehr als Unmäßigkeit im Genuß der Speiſen, des Getränks und der Wolluſt, weil eben durch dieſe Unmäßigkeit die Nerven erſtaunlich geſchwächt, und die Verdauungswerkzeuge überladen werden. Die meiſten Menſchen, ſonderlich die, welche eine ſitzende Lebensart führen und viel mit dem Kopfe arbeiten müſſen, werden daher gemeiniglich nach der Mahlzeit von böſen Launen überfallen, denen ſie auf keine Weiſe ausweichen können. Ich kenne ſehr viele, die alsdann gar nicht mehr die nämlichen Menſchen zu ſein ſcheinen, und bei aller ſonſt bekannten Güte ihres Herzens aus einem liebloſen Urtheile ins andere fallen, und ihre Gemüthsverſtimmung oft auf eine ſehr unedle Art zu erkennen geben. Ihr Blut iſt in einer heftigen Bewegung, ſie ſagen Andern Bitterkeiten, die es nicht verdienten, und bringen Ideen zur Welt, über deren Geburt ſie hinterher ſelbſt erſchrecken und Reue empfinden. Die Wolluſt, die ſo mäßig genoſſen, als möglich iſt, dennoch unmäßig bleibt, ſobald ſie auf Gemüthsverſtimmungen wirkt, hat gemeiniglich noch einen ſtärkeren Einfluß auf die böſe Laune, als Unmäßigkeit in Speiſe und Trank, weil ſie auf alle Faſern des Körpers wirkt, und gleichſam das Gehirn unmittelbar ſelbſt angreift. Ich wollte wetten, daß das heutzutage einreißende übellaunige Weſen ſo vieler Jünglinge und Mädchen vornehmlich eine Folge von den heimlichen Ausſchweifungen einer Leidenſchaft ſei, welche wir gemeiniglich für die heftigſte, aber auch für die ſchädlichſte zu halten Urſache haben.

Unſerm Zeitalter kann in der That der Vorwurf gemacht werden, daß es den Hang der Menſchen zu übeln Launen offenbar befördert. Der jetzige überall herrſchende ungeheure Luxus, der die Menſchen ſo ſichtbar weichlicher, empfindlicher und kränklicher macht; der allgemeiner gewordene Genuß zuſammengeſetzter Speiſen und Getränke, die durch unſere neue Modelectüre und die Art des jetzigen Umgangs eingeführte Empfindelei, welche ſonderlich ſo viel heimlichen Schaden ſtiftet, und endlich unſere falſche Erziehungsart tragen alle das ihrige dazu bei. Vornehmlich iſt die letztere bei allen gut gemeinten und durchdachten Vorſchlägen ſie zu verbeſſern und der Natur des Menſchen und ihrer ſo nothwendigen Feſtigkeit gemäßer einzurichten, immer noch ſehr verzärtelnd. So wie die Kinder ſonderlich in vornehmen und reichen Häuſern erzogen werden, worin ohnedem ein übellauniges Weſen mit zu dem abwechſelnden Ton des Umgangs zu gehören ſcheint, müſſen ſie durchaus ſchon frühzeitig zu mancherlei übeln Launen gewöhnt werden, und gerade dieſe Kinder ſind es doch, welche in der folgenden Zeit einen ſo großen Einfluß auf das Wohl und Weh der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft bekommen. — Man bringt ihnen ſchon in den erſten Jahren ihres Lebens, durch zu vieles Nachgeben, durch eine pünctliche Erfüllung aller ihrer Wünſche, durch ein ängſtliches Bemühen, ihre Gunſt zu behalten, durch Putz und Schmeicheleien zu hohe Begriffe von ihrem Werthe, von ihrem kleinen Ich bei. Man behandelt ſie immer als Menſchen, die in Zukunft überall ihr väterliches Haus mit allen jenen Fehlern des Schonens und Nachgebens antreffen würden, die man bei ihrer Erziehung ſo unverantwortlich, und gleichſam geſliſſentlich beging, — und denkt nicht daran, daß ſie eben durch dieſes Verwöhnen zu einer Menge der traurigſten Uebel vorbereitet werden, die in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft jeden treffen müſſen, der eigentlich nicht für das Syſtem dieſer Geſellſchaft gebildet iſt, und die daher einen unausbleiblichen Einfluß auf die Verſtimmung ihres Gemüths haben werden. Wie viele Fehler begeht man endlich nicht in Abſicht ihrer körperlichen Erziehung! Unvorſichtigkeit in der Wahl ihrer Speiſen und derjenigen, die ſie ihnen reichen müſſen, zu weiche und dicke Kleider, worin man ſie einhüllt, frühzeitiger Gebrauch künſtlicher Arzeneien, Abſonderung von der freien Himmelsluft, zu ſpätes Gewöhnen an körperliche Feſtigkeit und Geſchäfte, Verzärtelung ihrer Leidenſchaften und Gefühle, — und ſo viele andere erkannte und unerkannte Fehler bei ihrer Erziehung haben einen ſichtbaren Einfluß auf die Schwächung ihres Körpers, und müſſen daher nothwendig Menſchen aus ihnen bilden, die in Zukunft durch ihre übeln Launen ſich und Andern zur größten Laſt fallen werden.

Es giebt noch viele andre Quellen der böſen Laune, die ich hier anführen könnte. Alles was einen unangenehmen Eindruck auf unſere Vorſtellungskraft, oder auf unſere Gefühle überhaupt machen kann, iſt im Stande uns darein zu verſetzen. — Zu langes und anhaltendes Studiren, trübe Ausſichten in die Zukunft, Zweifel über uns angelegentliche Wahrheiten, heimliche Wünſche unſeres Herzens, Liebe und Empfindlichkeit, ſelbſt Träume und vermeinte Ahndungen können uns ſogar bei der Ueberzeugung von ihrer Nichtigkeit böſe Launen verurſachen; — allein ich übergehe dieſe und mehrere Quellen derſelben, die ich künftig einmal pſychologiſch aus einander ſetzen werde.

Jetzt komme ich zu den traurigen Folgen, welche mit unſern böſen Launen für uns und Andere ſo oft verbunden ſind, und unendlich viel mehr Schaden ſtiften, als wir gemeiniglich glauben.

Die traurige Zerrüttung, welche durch eine üble Laune in dem Innern unſerer Seele hervorgebracht wird, hat nicht nur den Schaden für uns, daß ſie uns gegen die Freuden des Lebens unempfindlich macht, daß ſie die Menſchen von uns ſcheucht, und unſer Herz gegen ſie verſchließt; ſondern daß ſie auch offenbar den menſchlichen Geiſt in den Fortſchritten ſeiner Erkenntniß und in der Ausbildung ſeiner moraliſchen Vollkommenheiten aufhält. Die Unbehaglichkeit, die wir in uns fühlen, der innere Zwang und Druck, den unſere Maſchine leidet, theilt ſich jedesmal unſerer Kraft zu denken mit; alle unſere Fähigkeiten fangen gleichſam zu ſtocken an, unſere Begriffe verdunkeln ſich, oder werden oft ſchon in ihrer Geburt erſtickt, und es koſtet uns Mühe ſie ins Helle zu bringen. Andere ſtehen mit einer unbeſchreiblichen Lebhaftigkeit vor unſern Augen, blenden uns, und machen uns unfähig ſie ins Dunkle zu ſchieben. Keine Arbeit unſeres Geiſtes will uns mehr gelingen; wir bemühen uns, ihn anzuſtrengen; aber in wenig Augenblicken fühlen wir uns ſchon ermüdet, und ein kränkendes Mißtrauen gegen uns ſelbſt, begleitet alles, was wir denken, und bringt uns gegen unſere eigenen Vorſtellungen auf. Was wir in dieſem traurigen Seelenzuſtande allenfalls vollbringen, wird ſchief, unvollkommen und übereilt. Man ſieht unſern Arbeiten den kläglichen Zwang ihrer Geburt an, es ſind gemeiniglich Mißgeburten, über die wir erſtaunen, wenn wir ſie nachher mit heiterer Seele betrachten. Selbſt die Lectüre der angenehmſten und unterhaltendſten Schriften wird uns bei einer finſteren Laune unſchmackhaft, wir finden ihre ſchönſten Stellen fade, affectirt, weitſchweifig und verworren. Wir fühlen uns ſogar nicht ſelten gegen ihre unſchuldigen Verfaſſer aufgebracht, als ob ſie uns perſönlich beleidigt hätten, und unſer Tadel darüber ergießt ſich in bittern Recenſionen, deren ſo vielen man es in öffentlichen Blättern anſieht, daß ſie nicht weniger, als mit reifer Einſicht, aber mit deſto mehr böſer Laune gemacht ſind.

Es iſt aus dem Vorhergeſagten begreiflich, daß ein Mann, der vielen übeln Launen, und folglich auch einer damit verbundenen Unſtätigkeit ſeiner Ideen unterworfen iſt, in vielen Kenntniſſen, wo nicht aufgehalten werden, doch mit vieler Mühe weiter kommen müſſe, — und wer kennt nicht an ſich recht gute Köpfe, die es in Wiſſenſchaften darum nie weit bringen werden, weil ſie alles anfangen, und alles wieder liegen laſſen. Ihre Begriffe erhalten gleichſam nur immer eine halbe Ausbildung, weil ſie zu leicht, durch ihre abwechſelnden Launen verfolgt, ermüden, und ihr Geiſt eben dadurch zu ſehr zur Zerſtreuung geneigt wird, daß er eine lange Reihe von Ideen mit gehöriger Aufmerkſamkeit betrachten könnte.

Eben ſo vielen und noch mehreren Schaden leidet nun auch ferner durch böſe Launen das menſchliche Herz. Es läßt ſich ſchon ohne tiefe Kenntniß der menſchlichen Natur einſehen, daß durch die beſtändige Ebbe und Fluth unſerer Empfindungen, durch die Verſtimmung unſerer Gefühle, die gemeiniglich ſo ſchnell auf die Verſchlimmerung, wenigſtens auf die unrichtige Anwendung unſerer Grundſätze wirkt, und durch das aus ſeinem Gleichgewicht gebrachte Selbſtintereſſe, welches ſo ſehr durch jede üble Laune verſchoben wird, — unſer Herz ſehr viel von ſeinem moraliſchen Werthe verlieren müſſe *). Die beſten Menſchen handeln oft in einer böſen Laune ſehr ſchlecht, und durch nichts geht die edle Einfalt und Geradheit des Charakters, das reine und innige Gefühl fürs Gute, die Liebe und Hochachtung, welche wir den Tugenden Anderer ſchuldig ſind, die Feſtigkeit in unſern Geſinnungen und die Theilnehmung der Herzen an Freundſchaft und Menſchenliebe mehr und leichter verloren, als durch ein übel aufgeräumtes Weſen. Wir gerathen dadurch nach und nach in jenen verachtungswürdigen Wankelmuth unſerer Geſinnungen und Grundſätze, der allen übel aufgeräumten Leuten eigen iſt; — ein Wankelmuth, der ſie zu untreuen, flüchtigen, veränderlichen Freunden, zu unſichern Geſellſchaftern und unbrauchbaren Geſchäftsmännern macht, die mit Recht unſer Mißtrauen und unſere Kälte gegen ihr ſchwaches Herz verdienen.

Solche Leute ſind ſich faſt keinen Augenblick gleich, und ſie gefallen ſich in dieſer Veränderlichkeit oft ſo ſehr, daß ſie ſich nicht gern lange gleich bleiben mögen. Geſtern tadelten ſie, was ſie heute rühmen; heute ſcheinen ſie unſere wärmſten

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*) Man hat geſagt, heißt es in Garve's Verſuchen (von dem übelaufgeräumten Manne), daß alles ſeine beſtimmten Tage habe, der Witz, die Herzhaftigkeit, die Weisheit ſelbſt; daß nur das Herz jederzeit gut wäre, wenn es einmal gut iſt. Das übelaufgeräumte Weſen verhindert, daß dieſe letzte Ausnahme unwahr iſt. Das Herz hat ſelbſt bei den beſten Leuten ſeine ſchlimmen Tage, wenn ſie ſonſt von übelaufgeräumtem Weſen ſind.

Freunde zu ſein, und morgen begegnen ſie uns mit allen Kennzeichen der Verachtung, oder wenigſtens der Gleichgültigkeit. Geſtern waren ſie angenehm, zuvorkommend, theilnehmend, heute ſind ſie unausſtehlich, affektirt, ungeſtüm wild. Ein andermal ſind ſie bigott, fromm, abergläubig, — wieder ein andermal leichtſinnig ausſchweifend, zu frei denkend. Kurz wir wiſſen eigentlich nie recht, was wir an ihnen haben, und ſie — kennen ſich gemeiniglich ſelbſt nicht.

Es iſt unbeſchreiblich, was durch ſolche wankelmüthige, übel aufgeräumte Leute in allen Ständen und Verhältniſſen des menſchlichen Lebens für Schaden geſtiftet wird. Hier verderben eigenſinnige übellaunige Eltern und Erzieher die hoffnungsvollſten Kinder, indem ſie ihre Freiheit zu ſehr einſchränken, und durch ein übel aufgeräumtes Weſen ihrer moraliſchen Ausbildung gerade entgegen arbeiten. Dort ſtiftet die böſe Laune eines unbilligen Vaters Eheverbindungen zwiſchen Leuten, die ſich nie lieben können, und bis an ihren Tod ein höchſt trauriges Leben neben einander führen werden. Hier verſtimmt eine bizarre Mutter durch ihr ewiges Schelten und durch den Zwang einer barbariſchen Erziehung die liebenswürdigſten Töchter. Dort leidet eine ganze verehrungswürdige Familie durch die launiſche Laune eines mürriſchen Anverwandten. Hier ſpricht ein eigenſinniger Richter in einer ſeiner finſtern Stunden ein höchſt ungerechtes Urtheil, wodurch das Glück ganzer Familien zu Grunde gerichtet wird. Dort wird eine böſe Laune die Gebärerin furchtbarer Intriguen gegen das Anſehn verdienter Männer. Durch ſie kommt Unfriede und Haß in die glücklichſten Ehen, durch ſie entſtanden blutige Kriege, — wer vermag alle die unzähligen Uebel zu nennen, die ſie von jeher in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft veranlaßt hat!

Wir ſind nie mehr in Gefahr ungerecht und unbillig gegen andere Menſchen zu werden, als wenn wir übel aufgeräumt ſind. Da ſie durch dieſe ſchiefe Richtung ihrer Seele auch gemeiniglich in unſern Augen ihren Werth verlieren, da uns an ihnen dann nichts, oder doch nie mehr gefällt, ſo nehmen wir uns auch ungewöhnliche Freiheiten gegen ſie heraus. Wir finden es nun nicht mehr unſchicklich, ihnen oft die bitterſten Wahrheiten ins Geſicht zu ſagen, und ihnen die unſchuldigſten Dinge zum Verbrechen zu machen. Unſere Warnungen verwandeln ſich in bittere Vorwürfe, unſere Mienen werden anzüglich, unſere Scherze beißig, unſer Stillſchweigen ſelbſt wird für Andere kränkend. Wir ſind dabei oft ſo blind, daß wir unſern Unwillen gegen ganz Unſchuldige richten, weil unſer Mißmuth irgend einen Gegenſtand haben muß, an dem er ſich auslaſſen kann. Wir fühlen es nicht ſelten, daß wir dabei gefehlt haben, daß wir in unſrer böſen Laune zu weit gegangen ſind; — allein dieſe innere Scham bringt uns oft noch mehr auf. Wir wollen nicht gern das Anſehn haben, als ob wir gefehlt hätten, und wir ſuchen alsdann eine noch größere Hitze zum Beweiſe unſrer gerechten Sache zu machen.

Wie ſollen und können wir nun aber jenen übeln Launen vorbauen; wie können wir ſie heilen? —

Ich will es verſuchen in beiderlei Betracht Mittel dazu vorzuſchlagen, ob ich gleich weiß, daß gegen dieſe Krankheit unſrer Seele auch die beſten Mittel oft gerade nichts helfen, weil wir entweder zu ſehr von der Nervenſchwäche unſers Körpers abhängen, wogegen keine Gründe der Vernunft etwas ausrichten können; oder weil wir jene Krankheit überhaupt nicht zu haben glauben; oder, welches das Allerſchlimmſte iſt, weil wir ſie behalten wollen.

Um einer böſen Laune vorzubauen, würde ich nun erſtlich und vornehmlich rathen, nicht nur die Gegenſtände und Gelegenheiten ſorgfältigſt zu vermeiden, wodurch wir verſtimmt werden können, ſondern auch einen trüben Gedanken, der uns empfindlich werden könnte, ſo viel es nur immer möglich iſt, gleich in ſeiner Geburt zu erſticken. Eine Regel, die auch für die Heilart einer ſchon wirklich vorhandenen übeln Laune ſehr brauchbar ſein kann. Wenn wir jenem Gedanken ſo lange nachhängen, bis er erſt unſre ganze Phantaſie eingenommen hat, ſo knüpfen ſich natürlicher Weiſe immer noch mehrere trübe Vorſtellungen an ihn an, und wir können nun ſchon darum weniger Herr über ihn werden, weil er ſich gleichſam verſchanzt und gegen die Verſuche, ihn von ſeinen unangenehmen Nebenvorſtellungen abzuſondern, geſichert hat. Um aber das Uebel in ſeiner Geburt zu erſticken, müſſen wir ſeine erſten Eindrücke durch eine Reihe neuer, ſo viel möglich angenehmer und zerſtreuender Vorſtellungen, die unſre Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich ziehen und unſer Nachdenken beſchäftigen können, und durch eine ſolche Stellung des unangenehmen Gegenſtandes, wodurch er uns nicht mehr in ſeiner ganzen finſtern Geſtalt erſcheint, wieder aufzuheben ſuchen. — Oft können wir den böſen Launen ſchon dadurch entgehen, wenn wir das Geſpenſt, den unangenehmen Gegenſtand ſo betrachten, wie er iſt, nicht wie ihn uns unſre Einbildungskraft vormalt, welche gemeiniglich den größten Antheil an den Verſtimmungen unſeres Gemüths hat, zumal wenn wir von Furcht und Schrecken eingenommen ſind. Dieſe betäuben unſer Gemüth und verſchaffen der Einbildungskraft einen um ſo viel größern Spielraum, je weniger ein ernſtes Nachdenken bei jenen Leidenſchaften ſtatt zu finden pflegt. Die glückliche Gabe ſich zu faſſen, wenn uns etwas Unangenehmes begegnet, iſt ſehr wenigen Menſchen eigen, ob ſie gleich das beſte Mittel gegen unzählige ſchiefe Richtungen unſerer Gefühle ſein würde.

Zweitens ſuche man vornehmlich den Umgang ſolcher Menſchen auf, die ſelbſt keine oder wenig üble Launen haben. Die menſchlichen Seelen hängen durch unauflösliche ſympathetiſche Bande zuſammen, und nichts iſt den Umſtimmungen unſeres Herzens zum Mißmuth und zur Traurigkeit gefährlicher, als übel aufgeräumte Leute. So ſehr wir uns gegen ihre Denkungsart, gegen den Ton ihrer Empfindungen und Empfindlichkeit zu ſichern ſuchen, ſo ſchnell werden wir doch gemeiniglich von ihnen angeſteckt, und oft ſcheint es ſogar die äußere Pflicht zu erfordern, daß wir uns von ihnen anſtecken laſſen. Ihre Art ſich auszudrücken, ihre finſtern Blicke, ihr kaltes und zugleich leicht aufgebrachtes Weſen, ihre oft bis zur Albernheit geſtiegene Empfindlichkeit, erweckt nach und nach hundert trübe Bilder in uns, die ſich anfangs nur durch einen ſteifen Ernſt in Mienen und Ausdrücken, bald aber in einer gänzlichen Unbehaglichkeit unſerer Empfindungen äußern. Fröhliche Menſchen hingegen ſichern uns vor dieſem traurigen Zuſtande, ihre Aufmunterungen, ihr heiteres Geſicht, ihre Einfälle, ihre behaglichen Gefühle, die nach und nach in uns übergehen, bekämpfen gleichſam den ſchwarzen Dämon, der ſich in unſere Bruſt ſchleichen will.

Drittens ſuche man ſich nur immer fleißig zu beſchäftigen, und Müßiggang und Langeweile als die größten Verführerinnen zur übeln Laune zu fliehen. Müßige Leute ſind beſtändig damit geplagt, und man hat ſchon lange angemerkt, daß es nirgends mehr übel aufgeräumte Leute, als in der großen Welt giebt, weil ſie zu viel Zeit zu ihren Grillen übrig haben, und zu ſehr von Langeweile verfolgt werden. Arbeit und Geſchäftigkeit macht hingegen heitere Gemüther. Unſer Körper wird dadurch geſtählt, ſeine Säfte in einem geſunden Umlauf erhalten, und unſerm Geiſte fehlt es bei einem thätigen Leben nie an Gelegenheit ſich zu zerſtreuen, und die dunkeln Bilder aus ſich fortzuſchaffen, die eine böſe Laune in ihm aufſtellen will. — Es iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß das andere Geſchlecht wegen der Empfindlichkeit und Reizbarkeit ſeiner Nerven, wegen ſeiner körperlichen Schwächen, und der Lebhaftigkeit ſeiner Empfindungen einen größern Hang zu böſen Launen, als das unſrige fühlt; — aber ich möchte auch noch vornehmlich den Grund davon angeben, daß es mit weniger zerſtreuenden Geſchäften, als das unſrige zu thun hat, bei ſeinen Arbeiten doch gemeiniglich wenigſtens in Abſicht der ſo nöthigen Leibesbewegung in gewiſſem Verſtande müßig bleibt, und alſo immer bei einer ſtillern, eingeſchränktern Lebensart zu viel Zeit übrig behält, ſeinen trüben Phantaſien auf dieſe oder jene Art nachzuhängen, wozu ſeine zärtlichen Empfindungen erſtaunlich viel beitragen.

Viertens genieße man fleißig der freien Luft, des heitern Himmels und des Anblicks der ſchönen Natur. Nichts vermag uns ſo ſehr und oft ſo ſchnell aufzuheitern, als dieſe. Hier athmen, empfinden und denken wir freier. Tauſend reizende Gegenſtände ziehen hier in einem lachenden Kreiſe unſere Aufmerkſamkeit an ſich, und laden uns zu ihrem unſchuldigen Genuſſe ein. Wir fühlen es deutlich, wie nach und nach die finſtern Bilder aus unſrer Seele verſchwinden, welche ſich darin feſtgeſetzt hatten, und wir kehren gemeiniglich gleichſam geſtärkt und fröhlicher in unſere Wohnungen zurück, als wir ſie verließen. Tauſend Menſchen würden ein fröhlicheres, und ich ſetze hinzu beſſeres Gemüth haben, wenn ſie ſich öfter jenes uns und allen Menſchen vom Himmel geſchenkten Mittels gegen ihre böſen Launen bedienen wollten. — Feinde, die durch das ewige Leſen und Wiederleſen ganzer Bibliotheken, durch den läſtigen Sklavendienſt für den Buchſtaben, durch die Menge feierlicher den Geiſt tödtender Viſiten, durch Leib und Seele verheerende Schmauſereien, durch ängſtliche Spiele, durch den Zwang der Toilette, und durch ſo viele andere Umſtände täglich vermehret werden müſſen, und die das geſellige Leben vornehmlich in Städten zuſammengehäuft hat, um uns gleichſam darin — lebendig zu begraben.

Fünftens hüte man ſich ſorgfältigſt vor jeder Schwächung ſeines Körpers, weil ſie allemal und unausbleiblich nach unumſtößlichen Erfahrungen über lang oder kurz eine Lähmung der Seele, und folglich auch die natürlichſte Gefahr zu übeln Launen mit ſich führt. Alle heftigen Leidenſchaften, Unmäßigkeit im Eſſen und Trinken, Verzärtelung der Glieder, ängſtliche Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſeine Geſundheit, unnöthiger Gebrauch der Arzeneien, Uebermaß im Schlafen und Wachen, Lectüre aller ſolcher Schriften, die leicht unſre Einbildungskraft erhitzen, und unſre Empfindſamkeit vermehren, innerlich verſchloſſener Kummer und vornehmlich eine zu frühe oder zu häufige Ausübung des Begattungstriebes rauben unſerm Körper nach und nach ſeine Kräfte, und mit dieſen geht die Gewalt der Seele verloren, welche dieſe beſitzen muß, wenn ſie nicht ein trauriges Spiel ihrer Empfindungen und das Wohnhaus jeder ausſchweifenden Leidenſchaft werden ſoll. Wir müſſen alſo auch ſorgfältigſt alle jene Feinde unſrer Geſundheit zu vermeiden ſuchen, wenn wir vor dieſen Launen ſicher ſein wollen.

Sechstens ſuche man ſich ſtets den beruhigenden Gedanken von einer allweiſen, alle unſre Schickſale leitenden Vorſehung zu vergegenwärtigen. — Wenn wir fleißig und mit Ernſt daran denken, daß uns ohne den Willen eines höchſt weiſen und gütigen Weſens nichts in der Welt begegnen kann, daß dieſes Weſen uns wahrhaftig und immer glücklich machen will, und daß alſo ſelbſt die Leiden, welche uns treffen, unausbleiblich zu unſerm Beſten gereichen müſſen; — wenn wir uns dabei die vortrefflichen Anlagen unſrer geſammten Natur, und die abgemeſſenſten Verhältniſſe derſelben, zur Erreichung ſo mannigfaltiger moraliſcher Endzwecke ſowohl, als auch die große Summe ſchon genoſſener Freuden ins Gedächtniß bringen; — wenn wir uns endlich auch dadurch zu beruhigen ſuchen, daß eine glücklichere Zukunft ſo viel gelittenes Unrecht wieder gut machen, und uns den Plan der göttlichen Weisheit in Abſicht unſeres ganzen Daſeins in dem deutlichſten Lichte zeigen werde; ſo müßten wir in der That kein Gefühl mehr von unſerm eigenen Werthe, kein Zutrauen gegen die Gottheit haben, wenn uns jene Gedanken die Leiden unſeres Lebens, und den Kummer unſeres Herzens nicht ſehr viel erträglicher machen ſollten.

Wir können uns zwar nicht immer überzeugen, daß das, was uns begegnet, allemal das Beſte ſei; unſer Gefühl ſtreitet oft zu deutlich gegen dieſe Ueberzeugung; allein es ſchickt ſich ſehr wohl für unſere Vernunft, daß ſie es glaubt, und ſich mit dieſem Glauben tröſtet; daß ſie um des Wohlbehagens eines Geſchöpfs willen keine Umbildung des Ganzen verlangt, und daß ſie überhaupt von der Ordnung und Harmonie der Abſichten der Natur, die ſie überſchauen kann, auch auf die Ordnung und Harmonie derjenigen Theile des Ganzen ſchließt, worin ſie eine mangelhafte Folge, eine Zerrüttung anzutreffen meint.

Siebentens ſuche man ſich die Menſchen, und ſonderlich die, deren Schickſale und Geſinnungen mit den unſrigen zuſammenhängen, immer mehr von ihrer angenehmen und liebenswürdigen Seite, als von ihrer gehäſſigen vorzuſtellen. Unſere meiſten Launen entſtehen doch einmal aus Mißmuth und Unzufriedenheit über andere Menſchen. Ein kleines Vergehen iſt im Stande, uns leicht gegen ſie aufzubringen, und uns mißtrauiſch gegen ſie zu machen. Wir neigen auch unſer Ohr immer lieber zu denen, welche übel, als welche gut von Andern ſprechen, und die Medisance hat von jeher unzählige Freunde gehabt. Allein wir müſſen billiger, auch um unſeres Beſten willen, billiger in Beurtheilung Anderer ſein, und uns vornehmlich hüten, nicht jedes Vergehen derſelben ſogleich auf die Rechnung ihres Charakters zu ſchreiben. Die Menſchen ſind gewiß unzählich oft beſſer, als wir's glauben, und würden oft nicht viel taugen, wenn ſie gerade ſo beſchaffen wären, als wir ſie haben wollen. Ihr Leichtſinn, ihre Uebereilungen, ihre eigene, an ſich unſchuldige Art zu denken, die der unſrigen entgegen zu ſtehen ſcheint, ihre Vorurtheile und Irrthümer müſſen immer von abſichtlicher Beleidigung genau unterſchieden werden, wenn wir gerecht ſein wollen. Wir müſſen bedenken, daß ein jeder Menſch in einer andern Lage anders denkt, jeder ſein eigenes ihm gerecht dünkendes Selbſtintereſſe hat, jeder ſein eigenthümliches Gute beſitzt, und daß keiner, vermöge der Natur der menſchlichen Seele ſoviel für uns empfinden könne, als wir für uns fühlen. — Kein Menſch iſt daher unglücklicher als der, welcher ewig argwohnt. Keiner hat mehr üble Launen, als der Mißtrauiſche, und keiner wird weniger Gutes für Andere ſtiften, als er.

Achtens. Schränke man, ſo viel es nur irgend mit dem Werthe unſrer Natur beſtehen kann, ſeine hohen Begriffe vom Selbſtintereſſe und Selbſtwerthe ein; oder laſſe ſie wenigſtens nicht überall zu deutlich hervorleuchten. Wenn wir von uns ſelbſt nicht zu viel halten, nicht zu viel von Andern verlangen; wenn wir uns erinnern, daß wir ſo gut wie Andere unſere Fehler haben, daß Andere manche Fehler an uns bemerken, die wir nicht ſehen; ſo werden wir auch von Andern nicht ſo leicht beleidigt, und zu böſen Launen gegen ſie gereizt werden können. Vornehmlich ſchränke man ſeine Begierde nach glänzenden Vorzügen ein. Je mehr wir dieſer Begierde nachgeben, je eiferſüchtiger wir auf uns ſelbſt werden, je mehr böſe Launen folgen uns auf dem Fuße nach. Zufriedenheit mit dem, was man iſt, was man hat, iſt die beſte Arzenei gegen ein übel aufgeräumtes Weſen. Sie hält unſere Leidenſchaften in ihren gehörigen Grenzen, ſammelt fröhliche Menſchen und Freunde um uns her, bereitet uns zur ruhigen Ertragung eines jeden unangenehmen Zufalles vor, ſo wie ſie uns in denſelben Muth und Standhaftigkeit, die über alles hochzuſchätzende Gegenwart des Geiſtes ſchenkt; lehrt uns immer heitern Blickes in die Zukunft ſchauen, und reicht uns auch endlich ihre freundliche Hand zum Ausgange aus dieſer Welt. — Wir haben die größte Urſache zu glauben, daß uns das gute Vernehmen, in welchem wir mit uns ſelbſt gelebt, und die ruhige Stimmung unſeres Geiſtes dieſſeits des Grabes noch lange, und wahrſcheinlich immer nach unſerm Tode in Abſicht des Wachsthums unſrer Kenntniſſe und Tugenden ſehr werth und wichtig bleiben werde.

Joh. Paul Pöhlmann,

geboren am 19. November 1760 zu Weißenſtadt bei Baireuth, war ſeit 1784 Director einer Privaterziehungsanſtalt zu Erlangen, wurde 1805 Director der neuen Realſchule daſelbſt und 1818 Pfarrer zu Oſtheim am Ries im Rezatkreiſe.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Die Koſacken. St. Petersburg 1799.
Praktiſche Anweiſung für Schullehrer, Hofmeiſter und Aeltern. Erlangen 1801—1808 u. öft., 7 Bdchn.
Die echte Wahrſagekunſt. Erlangen 1802.
Elementarbuch. Nürnberg 1809, 2 Thle.
Agnes und ihre Kinder. Erlangen 1809.
Das Gemeinnützigſte aus der deutſchen Sprachlehre. Erlangen 1815, 16, 2 Thle.
Sammlung von Gedichten. Erlangen 1818.
Der Erzähler. Erlangen 1818.
Blumenleſe zur Verbreitung mythologiſcher Kenntniſſe. Erlangen 1819.
Sammelſchrift für die Jugend. Erlangen 1819.
Der Lichtfreund. Erlangen 1821 ꝛc.

P's Jugendſchriften zeugen von eben ſo großem Talent für dieſes Fach, als von redlichem Fleiß und Eifer, und haben überall eine ſehr freundliche Aufnahme gefunden.

Karl Heinrich Ludwig Pölitz

ward am 17. Auguſt 1772 zu Ernſtthal im Schönburgiſchen geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1791 zu Leipzig, wo er ſich 1794 habilitirte, wurde 1795 Profeſſor an der Ritterakademie zu Dresden, 1803 außerordentlicher Profeſſor zu Leipzig und in demſelben Jahre ordentlicher Profeſſor des Natur- und Völkerrechts zu Wittenberg, 1815 Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Statiſtik zu Leipzig, 1820 Profeſſor der Politik und Staatswirthſchaft und 1828 Hofrath und ſpäter Geheimrath. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 27. Februar 1838.

Er ſchrieb:

Andeutungen über den ſtaatsrechtlichen und politiſchen Charakter des Grundgeſetzes für das Herzogthum Sachſen-Altenburg ꝛc. Hannover 1831.
Die Aeſthetik für gebildete Leſer. Leipzig 1807, 2 Bde.
Grundlegung zu einer wiſſenſchaftlichen Aeſthetik ꝛc. Pirna 1800.
Anreden bei der allgemeinen Beichte.
Populäre Anthropologie. Leipzig 1800.

Daß durch eine unvorbereitete Aufklärung und durch Verbreitung neuer ungewöhnlicher Meinungen unter den verſchiedenen Volksklaſſen mehr geſchadet als genützt werde. Eine Rede. Dresden 1797.

Sind wir berechtigt, eine größere künftige Aufklärung und höhere Reife unſers Geſchlechts zu erwarten? Leipzig 1795.

Beiträge zur Kritik der Religionsphiloſophie und Exegeſe unſers Zeitalters. Leipzig 1795.

Beleuchtung des Entwurfs eines Staatsgrundgeſetzes für das Königreich Hannover. Leipzig 1831.

Sittlich-religiöſe Betrachtungen am Morgen und Abend auf alle Tage im Jahre. N. Aufl. Leipzig 1810, 3 Bde.

Bruchſtücke aus den Klaſſikern der deutſchen Nation. 3 Thle; n. Aufl., Leipzig 1821, 4 Thle.

Deutſchland in geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſcher Beziehung ſeit den letzten tauſend Jahren. Leipzig 1816.

Ueber den Einfluß, den der fortſchreitende Geiſt des Zeitalters auf die höhere Cultur der Officiers haben kann und ſoll. Dresden 1798.

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Elementarlogik für pädagogiſche Zwecke. Dresden 1801.

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Syſtematiſche Encyclopädie der ſtiliſtiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Leipzig 1806; 2. Aufl. u. d. Titel: Lehrbuch der deutſchen Sprache, Leipzig 1810.

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Die Geſchichte Preußens. Dresden 1824, 4 Bdchn.

Umriß der Geſchichte des preußiſchen Staats. Halle 1828.

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Die philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften in einer encyclopädiſchen Ueberſicht. Leipzig 1813.

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Einer der fleißigſten deutſchen Schriftſteller, hat P. ſich als Hiſtoriker, Publiciſt, praktiſcher Aeſthetiker und Philoſoph einen ſehr geachteten und mit Recht verdienten Ruf erworben. Es muß beſonders an ihm hervorgehoben werden, daß er ſich ſtets von allem Parteiweſen in der Wiſſenſchaft wie im Leben freihielt, ſich eine Stellung über der Zeit und ihren Conflicten zu bewahren wußte und die gewonnenen Reſultate, wenn ſie auch gleich ſelten neu, ſondern meiſt ſchon von Anderen ausgeſprochen waren, mit Klarheit und Faßlichkeit zu entwickeln und darzuſtellen verſtand. Ausgebreitetes Wiſſen, vielſeitige Bildung, Liebe zum Wahren und Guten und ein großes Talent zweckmäßiger Anordnung, leichter Ueberſicht und lebendigen Vortrags unterſtützten ihn dabei und werden vielen ſeiner, beſonders für die Unterweiſung der ſtudirenden Jugend verfaßten Lehrbücher und anderen Schriften noch lange die Anerkennung und das Anſehen bewahren, welches ſie um ihrer Deutlichkeit und Brauchbarkeit willen allgemein gefunden haben.

Die politiſche Rede*).

Begriff der politiſchen Rede.

Die politiſche Rede iſt die Einheit einer, in der Sprache der Beredſamkeit vollendeten, ſtyliſtiſchen Form, deren Stoff aus dem weiten Kreiſe des geſammten Staatslebens, ſowohl des bürgerlichen als des öffentlichen, entlehnt, und deren Wirkung auf die Hervorbringung von Entſchlüſſen und Handlungen berechnet iſt, durch welche gewiſſe Zwecke des Lebens im Staate befördert und verwirklicht werden ſollen. Die politiſche Rede kann — unter der Vorausſetzung, daß ſie fruchtbare Gegenſtände des Staatslebens zur Sprache bringt und die Form das Gepräge der ſtyliſtiſchen Vollendung erhält — eine hohe Wirkung auf das menſchliche Beſtrebungsvermögen nicht verfehlen, weil nächſt dem Kreiſe ſittlich-religiöſer Wahrheiten, deſſen Stoffe der religiöſen Beredſamkeit angehören, kein anderer Kreis von Begriffen und Ideen ſo reichhaltig iſt und dem Menſchen ſo nahe liegt, als der Kreis der zum bürgerlichen und öffentlichen Leben gehörenden Begriffe und Ideen. Denn wer nicht, entfernt von der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft, auf einer wüſten Inſel oder als Einſiedler in einer Höhle lebt, wird von den unzähligen Verhältniſſen, Rückſichten und Formen des bürgerlichen Lebens ununterbrochen umgeben. Schon ſeine Verhältniſſe im häuslichen und Familienleben ſtehen mit ſeiner Stellung in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft in unmittelbarer und nothwendiger Verbindung; noch vielſeitiger und reichhaltiger aber ſind bei den meiſten Menſchen die Beziehungen und Verhältniſſe, die aus ihrer Stellung in der bürgerlichen Rechtsgeſellſchaft ſelbſt hervorgehen. Denn nicht nur daß jeder, der im Staate lebt, — er ſei nun Feldbauer oder Gewerbbetreibender, er ſei Kaufmann oder Künſtler, er ſei Gelehrter oder Staatsdiener, er ſtehe in den Dienſten Anderer oder er lebe von ſeinem Vermögen ohne öffentliche Anſtellung, — theils mit allen den andern Individuen ſeines Standes, theils mit einer bedeutenden Zahl von Individuen aus den übrigen Ständen der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft, in vielfacher Berührung und in ununterbrochenem Verkehre ſteht; er nimmt auch, außer dieſen individuellen Verhältniſſen, als eigentlicher Staatsbürger, mehr oder weniger Antheil an allen öffentlichen, im innern und äußern Staatsleben beſtehenden Einrichtungen. So ſteht er mit den verſchiedenen Behörden im Staate in mannigfaltiger Verbindung, auch wenn er nicht ſelbſt zu denſelben als Mitglied gehört; er ſteht unter dem Einfluſſe der im Staate organiſirten Gerechtigkeitspflege und Finanzverwaltung; er muß ſich in Angemeſſenheit zu den im Staate beſtehenden polizeilichen und militäriſchen Anordnungen und Verhältniſſen betragen; er muß ſein bürgerliches Leben nach den vorhandenen bürgerlichen und peinlichen Geſetzbüchern einrichten und ſich darnach beurtheilen laſſen; er iſt zugleich Mitglied einer im Staate anerkannten Kirche, und hat, als ſolches, eben ſowol eigenthümliche Verpflichtungen, wie eigenthümliche Rechte; er iſt entweder in unbeſchränkten Monarchien dem unbedingten Willen des Regenten und der von demſelben ernannten höchſten Staatsbehörden unterworfen, oder er ſteht in beſchränkten Monarchien und in Republiken zu den rechtlich vorhandenen Vertretern des Volkes in Verhältniſſen der Abhängigkeit oder Gleichſtellung; er iſt entweder mit ſeiner bürgerlichen Thätigkeit zunächſt und ausſchließend auf das Inland beſchränkt, oder er verbreitet ſeine amtliche Wirkſamkeit auf die mannigfaltigen Verhältniſſe, nach welchen der Staat, in welchem er lebt, mehr oder weniger zu dem geſammten Auslande ſich ankündigt.

Eintheilung der politiſchen Reden.

Das geſammte Staatsleben zerfällt in zwei Haupttheile: in das innere und in das äußere Staatsleben. Deshalb kann auch die politiſche Beredſamkeit nur dieſe zwei Hauptgegenſtände berückſichtigen und darnach eingetheilt werden. Alle politiſche Reden betreffen entweder das innere, oder das äußere Staatsleben.

1) Der Kreis des innern Staatslebens unterſcheidet ſich dadurch weſentlich von dem Kreiſe des äußern Staatslebens, daß ſein Gebiet weit mannigfaltiger und reichhaltiger als das des letztern iſt, und daß, nach den Ausſagen der Geſchichte, in den meiſten Fällen die Ankündigung des äußern Staatslebens von der Begründung, Haltung, Einrichtung und Ankündigung des innern Staatslebens abhängt. Der Umfang des innern Staatslebens umſchließt aber zunächſt drei Hauptgegenſtände: die Verfaſſung, die Regierung und die Verwaltung des Staates. Die politiſche Beredſamkeit im innern Staatsleben wird daher nothwendig dieſen drei Hauptgegenſtänden folgen, die beſondern Verhältniſſe und Zwecke derſelben vergegenwärtigen und ſie zum deutlichen Bewußtſein bringen müſſen.

2) Das äußere Staatsleben, im Gegenſatze des innern, umſchließt alle diejenigen Verhältniſſe, in welchen ein in der Wirklichkeit beſtehender Staat zu dem geſammten Auslande, beſonders aber zu den benachbarten Staaten und Reichen ſteht. Die politiſche Beredſamkeit im äußern Staatsleben wird daher alle diejenigen Gegenſtände betreffen, welche im gegenſeitigen Verkehre und in der Wechſelwirkung, ſo wie in der Verbindung zweier oder mehrerer Staaten öffentlich zur Sprache kommen.

a) Politiſche Reden in Beziehung auf das innere Staatsleben.

Die politiſche Beredſamkeit im innern Staatsleben bezieht ſich entweder auf die Verfaſſung, oder auf die Regierung, oder auf die Verwaltung des Staates.

1) Unter der Verfaſſung des Staates wird, im Allgemeinen, die rechtlich begründete und thatſächlich beſtehende Unterlage des geſammten innern Staatslebens in Hinſicht auf die öffentliche Ankündigung der geſetzgebenden und vollziehenden Gewalt, — im Beſondern aber ein geſchriebenes Grundgeſetz verſtanden, welches die einzelnen Grundbedingungen des innern Staatslebens mit Beſtimmtheit feſtſetzt und ausſpricht. Es gehört der wiſſenſchaftlichen Darſtellung der Staatskunſt an, die verſchiedenen in Europa und Amerika ſeit den letzten vierzig Jahren ins öffentliche Staatsleben eingetretenen, zum Theile bereits wieder erloſchenen, zum Theile beſtehenden, geſchriebenen Verfaſſungen nach ihrem Urſprunge und nach ihrem Geſammtinhalte zu bezeichnen, ob ſie nämlich von den Regenten als Ausflüſſe ihrer ſouveränen Gewalt gegeben, oder von den Ständen der Reiche und Staaten entworfen und den Regenten zur Annahme vorgelegt, oder von den Regenten und Ständen gemeinſchaftlich berathen und angenommen wurden. Für die politiſche Beredſamkeit ſind daraus ſehr viele neue Formen hervorgegangen, z. B. die Reden der Regenten bei der Eröffnung und dem Schluſſe der ſtändiſchen Verſammlungen; die Reden der Miniſter und Reichsräthe bei den Anträgen zu Geſetzen und Verordnungen in der Mitte der ſtändiſchen Verſammlungen, zur Vertheidigung ihres practiſch geübten Syſtems der Verwaltung, oder zur Abweiſung der ihnen gemachten Vorwürfe; die Reden der einzelnen Volksvertreter für oder gegen die zur öffentlichen Verhandlung gebrachten Gegenſtände des innern und äußern Staatslebens; die Reden der Mitglieder der aus den Ständen erwählten Ausſchüſſe zur beſondern und vorbereitenden Bearbeitung wichtiger Gegenſtände des Staatslebens u. ſ. w. — So wie die Wichtigkeit und Reichhaltigkeit des Stoffes, der in einer ſtändiſchen Verſammlung durch öffentliche Reden verhandelt und entſchieden werden ſoll, in den meiſten Fällen über die logiſche Behandlung und äſthetiſche Vollendung der redneriſchen Form entſcheiden wird; ſo hängt doch der Grundton der politiſchen Rede und die Farbengebung der Darſtellung im Einzelnen zwar zunächſt ab von der Individualität

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*) Aus Pölitz' Geſammtgebiet der deutſchen Sprache, Bd. IV. S. 290 flgde.

des auftretenden Redners, im Ganzen aber von den in der Verfaſſung den Volksvertretern zugeſtandenen Rechten, namentlich in Hinſicht des ihnen zugeſprochenen Antheils an der Geſetzgebung, der ihnen zuſtehenden Bewilligung der Steuern und Abgaben, und des ihnen zugetheilten Rechts der Beſchwerdeführung, oder ſelbſt der Anklage über verwaltende Behörden, über eingeriſſene Mißbräuche, ſo wie der ihnen zukommenden Rechte der Bitte (Petitionsrecht) und der Anträge an den Regenten.

2) Die Regierung des Staates beruht auf dem Regenten deſſelben und auf den höchſten, im Namen des Regenten handelnden und entſcheidenden Staatsbehörden. Wenn die Staatskunſt, als Wiſſenſchaft, im Allgemeinen zwiſchen monarchiſchen und republikaniſchen Regierungsformen, und im Beſondern zwiſchen unbeſchränkten und beſchränkten Monarchieen, zwiſchen rein demokratiſchen, repräſentativ-demokratiſchen und ariſtokratiſchen Republiken unterſcheiden muß, und ſelbſt die ſeltenern Regierungsformen der Theokratie, des Staatenbundes und des Bundesſtaates nicht übergehen darf; ſo bezieht ſich die politiſche Beredſamkeit, in Hinſicht auf die Regierung der Staaten, zunächſt nur auf die verſchiedenen Formen der Reden, welche entweder die Regenten perſönlich, oder Miniſter und Staatsbeamte in ihrem Namen, oder auch die Vorſteher und Mitglieder einzelner Behörden im Staate an den Regenten und die Miniſter, und in der Mitte ihrer eignen Verſammlungen über Gegenſtände der Regierung zu halten haben. Nothwendig entſcheidet der Stoff der Rede, und die Individualität des Redners, ſo wie ſeine perſönliche Stellung, entweder aufwärts oder abwärts zu den Zuhörern, über die Form der Einkleidung und über die Wahl des Tones und der Farben in der Behandlung und Durchführung der politiſchen Rede.

3) Die Verwaltung des Staates umſchließt vier Haupttheile: die Gerechtigkeitspflege, die Polizei, das Finanzweſen und die Geſtaltung des Kriegsweſens im Staate, mit allen ihren einzelnen Verzweigungen, Abſtufungen und Untertheilen. Ob nun gleich auch die politiſche Beredſamkeit nicht ganz von dem Wirkungskreiſe der Polizei-, Finanz- und Militär-Behörden ausgeſchloſſen wird, ſo hat ſie doch ihren weiteſten Spielraum in dem Gebiete der Gerechtigkeitspflege, beſonders wo in Staaten mit neuen geſchriebenen Verfaſſungen das öffentliche und mündliche Verfahren entweder ganz, oder nur theilweiſe, entweder blos in Fällen des peinlichen, oder ſelbſt über Gegenſtände und Angelegenheiten des bürgerlichen Rechts eingeführt worden iſt. Denn ſo wenig es in das Gebiet der politiſchen Beredſamkeit gehört, die wichtigen Fragen über die Zweckmäßigkeit und Nothwendigkeit des öffentlichen und mündlichen Verfahrens, über die Räthlichkeit und zweckdienliche Geſtaltung der Geſchwornengerichte, über die für das Reſſort derſelben geeigneten Gegenſtände (namentlich auch Preßvergehen), und über die mit dem mündlichen und öffentlichen Verfahren in nothwendiger Verbindung ſtehende Veränderung und neue Bildung des Advokatenſtandes zu entſcheiden; ſo muß doch die politiſche Beredſamkeit in allen Staaten und Reichen, wo dieſe neuen Formen innerhalb der Gerechtigkeitspflege ins öffentliche Staatsleben eingetreten ſind, nicht nur einen ſehr weiten Wirkungskreis, ſondern auch einen unermeßlichen Umfang des Stoffes gewinnen, der vermittelſt der vollendeten ſtiliſtiſchen Form ſich öffentlich ankündigen und auf den verſammelten Kreis der Zuhörer ſeine Wirkung hervorbringen ſoll. — Die gerichtlichen Reden können aber entweder von dem Richter, oder von den Parteien oder von den Advocaten derſelben gehalten werden, woraus ſich von ſelbſt der Unterſchied zwiſchen den anklagenden und vertheidigenden gerichtlichen Reden ergiebt. Auch kann man zwiſchen Haupt- und Neben-Reden in Hinſicht der gerichtlichen Beredſamkeit unterſcheiden *), von welchen die erſtern unmittelbar, die letztern nur mittelbar auf die Entſcheidung des Rechtshandels ſich beziehen, inwiefern die erſtern die Hauptſache, die letztern nur einen Incidentpunkt zum Gegenſtande haben. — Die gerichtliche Beredſamkeit unterſcheidet ſich aber von allen übrigen Gattungen und Arten der politiſchen Beredſamkeit dadurch, daß ſtreitige Rechtsfälle die Stoffe derſelben bilden, woraus der Zweck dieſes Zweiges der politiſchen Beredſamkeit hervorgehet, der in der Vertheidigung der Rechte der Partheien, zum Behufe einer gerichtlichen Entſcheidung, beſteht. Dieſe Entſcheidung aber ſoll **) nach Rechtsgrundſätzen eine Entſcheidung aus objectiven Gründen, d. h. eine Entſcheidung ſein, die nicht allein mit den vorliegenden und erwieſenen Thatſachen und mit den Rechten übereinſtimmt, ſondern auch von dem Richter ganz allein um deswillen gefällt wird, weil ſie mit dieſen Bedingungen des richterlichen Urtheils übereinſtimmt. Aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte betrachtet, ſchließt daher die gerichtliche Beredſamkeit die (der alten Welt nicht unbekannte) abſichtliche Entſtellung der Thatſachen, die häufige Verdrehung des Rechts, und die redneriſche Kunſt von ſich aus, den aufgeſtellten ſubjectiven Gründen des Redners den Sieg und die Entſcheidung über den Gegenſtand, mit Umgehung der rein objectiven Rechtsgründe, zu verſchaffen.

b) Politiſche Reden in Beziehung auf das äußere Staatsleben.

So wie bei allen irdiſchen Organiſationen das innere Leben die Grundbedingung der Ankündigung des äußern iſt, und jenes eben ſo nach ſeiner Geſundheit, Ordnung, Fülle und Kraft, wie nach ſeiner Krankheit, Zerrüttung, Schwäche und bevorſtehenden Auflöſung in den Erſcheinungen und Wirkungen des äußern Lebens erkannt wird; ſo auch bei den einzelnen Völkern und Staaten. Denn jeder Staat iſt, im Kreiſe der äußern Erſcheinung, ſo wie im Gebiete der Geſchichte, und in der Verbindung und Wechſelwirkung mit andern neben ihm gleichzeitig beſtehenden Staaten und Reichen, eine irdiſche Organiſation, deren Blüthe, Emporſtreben und Kraft eben ſo, wie ihr Veralten, Rückwärtsſchreiten und Sinken, von den unveränderlichen Geſetzen und Bedingungen des innern organiſchen Lebens abhängig bleibt. Zu den in dem Kreiſe der Erfahrung wahrnehmbaren Erſcheinungen und Ankündigungen des äußern Staatslebens gehören aber theils alle Verhältniſſe eines Staates, welche aus ſeiner rechtlichen und friedlichen Wechſelwirkung und Verbindung mit allen übrigen, neben ihm beſtehenden Staaten hervorgehen; theils alle Verhältniſſe, welche bei bedrohten oder verletzten Rechten des Staates durch andere Staaten eintreten. Die politiſche Beredſamkeit in Beziehung auf das äußere Staatsleben muß daher nach dieſen beiden im äußern Staatsleben eintretenden Hauptverhältniſſen ſich geſtalten.

1) Im Zuſtande der rechtlichen und friedlichen Wechſelwirkung und Verbindung des Staates mit andern Staaten werden die Stoffe der politiſchen Beredſamkeit auf alle diejenigen Gegenſtände und Verhältniſſe ſich beziehen, welche eines Ausdruckes des rechtlichen und freundſchaftlichen Zuſtandes zwiſchen den einzelnen Staaten bedürfen. Dahin gehören beſonders die von den Geſandten und diplomatiſchen Perſonen an die Regenten befreundeter Staaten zu haltenden Reden, z. B. bei Thronbeſteigungen, Vermählungen, glücklichen Familienereigniſſen, gelungenen politiſchen Planen u. ſ. w., ſo wie die Antworten und Gegenreden der Regenten oder deren Miniſter auf die Reden der auswärtigen Diplomaten. Weiter gehören dahin die Staatsreden bei dem Antritte einer geſandtſchaftlichen Stelle, die Reden vor oder nach Abſchließung eines Vertrages zwiſchen zweien Staaten, die Reden der, neben der ſtehenden Geſandtſchaft, bisweilen abgeordneten außerordentlichen Geſandten entweder für gewiſſe politiſche Zwecke (z. B. in der Nähe eines ausbrechenden Krieges, zur Uebernahme der Vermittelung während der Zwiſte, und während des ſchon begonnenen Krieges zwiſchen zweien Mächten u. ſ. w.), oder für gewiſſe Hoffeierlichkeiten (z. B. bei der Regierungsjubelfeier eines Fürſten ꝛc). Nicht ſelten ſind in den Zeiten politiſcher Schwankung und Gährung die von Regenten, Diplomaten und andern Staatsbeamten in Beziehung auf die auswärtigen Verhältniſſe gehaltenen Reden abſichtlich darauf berechnet, die politiſche Geſinnung eines Hofes öffentlich auszuſprechen, oder auch die politiſche Stimmung der übrigen Mächte zu erforſchen, inwiefern ſolche öffentliche Staatsreden ſehr oft von andern Mächten berückſichtigt, und ſelbſt förmlich beantwortet werden. — Welchen Einfluß, in allen dieſen Beziehungen, das Gefühl und die Stellung einer Macht des dritten oder vierten politiſchen Ranges auf die Einkleidung und den Ton der politiſchen Rede gegen eine Macht des erſten und zweiten politiſchen Ranges, — oder das Gefühl und die Stellung einer Macht des erſten politiſchen Ranges in der Sprache gegen eine Macht des dritten und vierten Ranges behauptet, gehört nicht der Theorie der Beredſamkeit, ſondern der Staatskunſt zu entſcheiden an; nur daß in den wirklich vorhandenen politiſchen Reden dieſer Art (z. B. in den franzöſiſchen zu Napoleons Zeit, in den britiſchen, ſelbſt in den nordamerikaniſchen) der Einfluß jenes Gefühls und jener thatſächlichen Stellung der Mächte nach Außen ſich nicht verkennen läßt.

2) Noch ſtärker iſt gewöhnlich die Farbe und die Ankündigung dieſes Tones in Beziehung auf das äußere Staatsleben, ſobald zwiſchen zweien oder mehreren Staaten das Verhältniß der Spannung, der Feindſeligkeiten und des Krieges eintritt. Mögen Staatsrecht und Staatskunſt darüber entſcheiden, ob und wann zwiſchen Staaten Retorſio-

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*) Vgl. Karl. Sal. Zachariä, Anleitung zur gerichtlichen Beredſamkeit. Heidelb. 1810. S.

**) Zachariä, S. 21.

nen, Repreſſalien, Abbrechung der freundſchaftlichen Verhältniſſe, und Kriegserklärungen nöthig ſind; in das Gebiet der politiſchen Beredſamkeit gehört blos die Behandlung des jene Zwiſte, Spannungen und zuletzt die Kriegserklärung herbeiführenden Stoffes vermittelſt einer in ſich vollendeten redneriſchen Form. Doch müſſen zu dieſem Kreiſe auch die politiſchen Reden gerechnet werden, welche der Ausſöhnung der kriegführenden Staaten im Frieden vorausgehen und nachfolgen.

Ueber den Inhalt und Geiſt der politiſchen Reden.

Sollen die politiſchen Reden, in Hinſicht auf die Verhältniſſe des innern und äußern Staatslebens, den aufgeſtellten Forderungen genügen, ſo ſetzen ſie bei dem Redner eine gründliche allgemeine Bildung ſeines Geiſtes, und namentlich eine tiefe und umſchließende Kenntniß der geſammten Staatswiſſenſchaften voraus. Denn wie der religiöſe Redner, der ſeiner hohen Beſtimmung entſprechen will, im Allgemeinen mit den gründlichen Kenntniſſen der Sprachen, der Philoſophie und der Religions- und Culturgeſchichte der Menſchheit, und im Beſondern mit der tiefſten Erforſchung der chriſtlichen Glaubens- und Sittenlehre ausgeſtattet ſein muß; ſo wird auch von dem politiſchen Redner eine eben ſo weitreichende Kenntniß der claſſiſchen Sprachen des Alterthums, denen bekanntlich die erſten Muſter der politiſchen Beredſamkeit angehören, und ein ſorgfältiges Erforſchen der Philoſophie und der allgemeinen Geſchichte verlangt, bevor er mit Erfolg dem beſondern Studium der einzelnen Staatswiſſenſchaften ſich widmen kann. Denn ob er gleich nicht ſelbſt Philoſophie verkündigen ſoll, ſo bedarf er doch des philoſophiſchen Geiſtes, um alle Angelegenheiten und Verhältniſſe des innern und äußern Staatslebens aus dem höchſten, d. i. aus dem rein menſchlichen Standpunkte zu faſſen. Er bedarf namentlich der empiriſchen Pſychologie, der Logik, der Metaphyſik, der Sitten- und Rechtslehre, um über die höchſten Angelegenheiten unſers Geſchlechts mit ſich ſelbſt einig zu werden. Zugleich bedarf er aber auch der genaueſten Bekanntſchaft mit der allgemeinen Geſchichte, um den Gang der geiſtigen und politiſchen Entwickelung und Bildung, ſo wie die Urſachen des Steigens und Sinkens, des Veraltens und des Erlöſchens vieler Völker, Staaten und Reiche der Vorzeit, des Mittelalters und ſelbſt der neuern Zeit zu überſchauen und zu erforſchen; denn die Gegenwart ſoll ſich kennen und verſtehen lernen in dem Spiegel der Vergangenheit nach allen ihren Licht- und Schattenſeiten, nach allen Bedingungen des fröhlichen Gedeihens und Fortſchreitens der jetzt beſtehenden Staaten, ſo wie nach allen in der Geſchichte angedeuteten Verirrungen und politiſchen Mißgriffen im innern und äußern Leben der Staaten und Reiche.

Unter allen Theilen und Zweigen der Geſchichte muß aber die Geſchichte des vaterländiſchen Staates dem politiſchen Redner am bekannteſten ſein. Denn nur ſie kann ihm ein wahres Bild von dem ehemaligen und gegenwärtigen Zuſtande desſelben vermitteln; nur durch ſie kann er lernen, wie und unter welchen Verhältniſſen der vaterländiſche Staat die verſchiedenen Zeiträume ſeines politiſchen Lebens durchging; was in den einzelnen Zeiträumen für die Grundbedingungen ſeines innern und ſeines äußern Lebens geſchah, und durch wen; welche Fürſten und Staatsmänner die Ankündigung des innern und des äußern Lebens, und die Wechſelwirkung beider auf einander förderten oder hinderten, vorwärts oder rückwärts brachten; in welchen Verhältniſſen zu den Nachbarſtaaten und zu dem ganzen Auslande der vaterländiſche Staat in den einzelnen Abſchnitten ſeines politiſchen Daſeins ſtand; wie und wodurch der Geiſt des Volkes in der Cultur geſteigert oder gelähmt ward; was Verfaſſung, Regierung und Verwaltung, was Religion und Sitten auf den Geiſt des Volkes wirkten; wie, in ſtaatswirthſchaftlicher Hinſicht, in ſeiner Mitte Feldbau, Gewerbfleiß, Handel, Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften gegeneinander ſich verhalten, und auf welchem Punkte des politiſchen Gewichts und Einfluſſes eben gegenwärtig der vaterländiſche Staat ſteht, weil ſelbſt der politiſche Takt und die politiſche Sprache des Redners größtentheils davon abhängt, und anders ein britiſcher, als ein portugieſiſcher Staatsmann, anders ein ruſſiſcher, öſtreichiſcher und preußiſcher, als ein ſpaniſcher und ſchweizeriſcher Diplomat, ſich in den einzelnen Formen der politiſchen Beredſamkeit ankündigen wird.

Beſonders aber verlangt die politiſche Beredſamkeit in ſtändiſchen Verſammlungen und in den verſchiedenen diplomatiſchen Aemtern die gründlichſte Erforſchung des philoſophiſchen Staatsrechts, des praktiſchen Völkerrechts, der Volks- und Staatswirthſchaftslehre, der Finanz- und Policeikunde, der eigentlichen Staatskunſt (Politik) als ſelbſtſtändiger Wiſſenſchaft, des öffentlichen Staats- oder Verfaſſungsrechts in den mit geſchriebenen Verfaſſungen ausgeſtatteten europäiſchen und amerikaniſchen Staaten, ſo wie der Geſchichte des europäiſchen Staatenſyſtems ſeit der Entdeckung des vierten Erdtheils, der Staatenkunde (Statiſtik), und der eigentlichen Diplomatie, nach deren weſentlicher Verſchiedenheit von der Diplomatik, die, während jene dem abgeſchloſſenen reichen Kreiſe der Staatswiſſenſchaften zufällt, in das Gebiet der Hülfswiſſenſchaften der Geſchichte gehört.

Ueber die Form der politiſchen Reden.

Wenn gleich das Geſetz der Form, nach Richtigkeit und Schönheit, als den beiden Grundbedingungen jeder ſtiliſtiſch vollendeten Form, auch das höchſte Geſetz und die unnachläßliche Forderung an jede politiſche Rede bleibt, ſo unterſcheiden ſich doch die meiſten politiſchen Reden, theils nach ihrer logiſchen Begründung und Durchführung, theils nach ihrem äſthetiſchen Charakter und Tone, ſehr weſentlich von den religiöſen Reden. Schon der Eingang der politiſchen Rede iſt gewöhnlich anders, als bei der religiöſen Rede; in vielen Fällen beſchränkt er ſich blos auf einige kurze und vorbereitende Sätze, denen ſogleich das Thema folgt. Das Thema ſelbſt muß allerdings nach logiſchen Regeln, entweder als Partition, oder als Diviſion, durchgeführt werden; allein ſelten wird in der politiſchen Rede die Gliederung der einzelnen Theile und Untertheile mit ſo vieler Schärfe hervortreten, als in der religiöſen Rede gewöhnlich geſchieht. Die politiſche Rede iſt in den meiſten Fällen mehr ein freier, vom augenblicklichen Intereſſe eingegebener, Erguß der Beredſamkeit, als eine ſorgfältig im Voraus bearbeitete und gleichmäßig in allen Theilen durchgeführte Rede, wie es die religiöſe Rede ſein ſoll. Namentlich wird der Redner in Parlamenten und ſtändiſchen Verſammlungen in vielen Fällen unvorbereitet auftreten, und aus der eigenthümlichen Kraft ſeines gebildeten Geiſtes ſprechen müſſen; auf ähnliche Weiſe ſehr oft, in der gerichtlichen Beredſamkeit, der Anwalt und der Richter.

Seltner, als der religiöſe Redner, wird der politiſche Redner in den Fall kommen, eigentlich zu belehren; in den meiſten Fällen wird er einen, mit den zu behandelnden Thatſachen oder politiſchen Verhältniſſen bekannten und darauf vorbereiteten, Kreis von Zuhörern vorausſetzen können, und deshalb ſogleich für ſeine Anſicht ihren Verſtand zu überzeugen, ihr Gefühl zu bewegen und zu erſchüttern, und ihren Willen zu Handlungen zu beſtimmen ſuchen. Beabſichtigt er aber nicht blos Ueberredung, ſondern Ueberzeugung, ſo muß die Wahrheit, und die von ihr unmittelbar ausgehende heilige Kraft der Ueberzeugung auf ſeiner Seite ſtehen. Und will er nicht vergebens über den Reichthum, die Fülle, den Wohllaut und die Kraft der Sprache gebieten, ſo bringe er die rechtliche und ſittliche Seite des von ihm behandelten Gegenſtandes in unmittelbare Berührung mit dem Gefühls- und Beſtrebungsvermögen ſeiner Zuhörer. Denn tief in jedem unverdorbenen Gemüthe liegt, für alle Verhältniſſe, Ankündigungen und Erſcheinungen des bürgerlichen und politiſchen Lebens, das Bedürfniß ihrer Angemeſſenheit zu dem Ideale der Sittlichkeit, das gleichmäßig Recht und Pflicht in ſich einſchließt. Je mehr nun der in Rede behandelte Stoff aus dem Standpunkte des ewig geltenden Rechts und der Pflicht gefaßt werden kann, und von dem Redner gefaßt wird, deſto unaufhaltbarer und bleibender iſt ſeine Wirkung. Dies haben in der Welt des Alterthums und der neuern Zeit die Deſpoten und Uſurpatoren, die nach Willkühr handelnden kirchlichen und weltlichen Machthaber, die Großinquiſitoren und die Oberbehörden der geheimen Polizei, die leidenſchaftlichen oder beſtochenen Richter in den Gerichtshöfen, und die Fürſten gefühlt, welche friedliche Staaten mit ungerechten Kriegen überzogen. Wie viel hat doch [illegible] ſeit dem Oranier die politiſche Beredſamkeit im Parlamente der Briten bewirkt*); man denke nur an Burke's Reden gegen die franzöſiſche Revolution oder gegen Haſtings, den Generalgouverneur von Oſtindien; an Pitt und Fox; an Wilberforce's Reden gegen den Sklavenhandel; an die Reden beim Prozeſſe der Königin Karoline in beiden Häuſern; an Whitbreads, Broughams und Wilſons Reden ſeit dem Jahre 1814 über die Geſammtangelegenheiten in Europa; — oder an die Vertheidigungsrede Ludwigs XVI. von Deſeze; an die oft meiſterhaften Reden franzöſiſcher Anwalte vor Gericht; an viele nachdrucksvolle politiſche Reden in Frankreich während und nach Napoleons Zeit; z. B. an Portalis Reden bei Bekanntmachung des Concordats vom Jahre 1801; an Carnots Rede im Jahre 1804 gegen Napoleons Kaiſerwürde im Tribunate gehalten; an Royer Collards Rede 1825 gehalten gegen das Sacrileggeſetz u. a. — Je tiefer daher der Stoff einer politiſchen Rede ins Gebiet der unerſchütterlichen Wahrheiten des Rechts und der Pflicht eingreift, je mehr der Redner es verſteht, die rechtlichen und ſittlichen Intereſſen ſeiner Zuhörer aufzuregen, je weniger die politiſche Rede blos die Farbe der kalten Convenienz und des abgeſchliffenen Hoftons, oder den Charakter der Verleitung, der Erſchleichung, und der beabſichtigten Täuſchung an ſich trägt, — deſto mehr wird ſie wirken, und deſto unausbleiblicher werden ihre Folgen im eigentlichen Staatsleben ſein.

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*) Man vergleiche darüber: Geſchichte der engliſchen Parlamentsberedſamkeit, von D. H. Hegewiſch. Altona, 1804. 8. und Adam Müllers zwölf Reden über die Beredſamkeit und deren Verfall in Deutſchland. Leipzig 1816. 8. S. 120 f.

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Ob nun gleich nach den aufgeſtellten Grundſätzen und nach den vorliegenden Beiſpielen der politiſchen Beredſamkeit bei den Griechen, Römern und Briten, ſo wie bei den Franzoſen in neuerer Zeit der politiſche Redner im Allgemeinen mit mehr Freiheit ſich bewegen darf, als der religiöſe Redner: ſo darf er doch nie der Geſetze der Denklehre ſich für entbunden halten, oder, — in den entgegengeſetzten Fehler fallend, — mit Vernachläſſigung der weſentlichen Eigenſchaften der Schönheit der Form, blos durch die ſorgfältig berechnete logiſche Gliederung und Aufeinanderfolge der darzuſtellenden Begriffe ſeinen Zweck zu erreichen ſuchen.

Sobald die politiſche Rede nicht bloſs Harangue — (kurze Anrede) — iſt, deren in der Ergänzungsklaſſe redneriſcher Formen gedacht wird, ſobald muß aus dem Zuſammenhange des Ganzen erhellen, daß der Redner das Verhältniß des Eingangs zur Aufſtellung des Thema richtig würdigte, ſo wie er das innere Verhältniß der Erzählung (narratio), wo dieſe in Beziehung auf Thatſachen hingehört, der Beweisführung, der Widerlegung der entgegengeſetzten Meinungen und Anſichten, und des Schluſſes der Rede gegen einander im Voraus ſorgfältig zu berechnen verſtand. Auf gleiche Weiſe muß ihm vorſchweben, wie und wodurch er auf das Gefühl, beſonders aber auf das Beſtrebungsvermögen zu wirken vermag, damit er nicht blos ſeine Zuhörer für ſeine Anſicht gewinne, ſondern auch, durch die ihnen zugeführte feſte Ueberzeugung, ſie zu Entſchlüſſen und Handlungen bringe, wodurch das, was er mit ſeiner Rede beabſichtigte, verwirklicht wird.

Ueber die politiſche Beredſamkeit bei den Deutſchen.

Die Sprache der politiſchen Beredſamkeit iſt bei den Deutſchen im Ganzen noch jetzt in ihrer Kindheit; auch darf dieſe Erſcheinung und der Mangel an entſprechenden Beiſpielen für die politiſche Beredſamkeit aus der vaterländiſchen Literatur nicht befremden, weil, während die religiöſe Beredſamkeit bei den Deutſchen allen übrigen europäiſchen Völkern voraneilte, weder in der Verfaſſung des deutſchen Reiches, noch in der frühern Form der in den meiſten deutſchen Staaten beſtehenden ſtändiſchen Verſammlungen, noch in der Einrichtung der Gerechtigkeitspflege und des gerichtlichen Verfahrens, eine Veranlaſſung zur Entwickelung und Anwendung der politiſchen Beredſamkeit lag. Doch ſind in den beiden letzten Jahrzehenden allerdings einzelne treffliche politiſche Reden erſchienen, in welchen deutſche Redner theils in ſtändiſchen Verſammlungen, theils über Gegenſtände der beſondern Zweige der Staatsverwaltung, namentlich der Gerechtigkeitspflege, theils über politiſche Stoffe überhaupt, den voranleuchtenden Muſtern der Griechen und Römer in der Welt des Alterthums, und den ausgezeichneten politiſchen Rednern Großbritanniens nachſtrebten. Namentlich ſind in den ſtändiſchen Verſammlungen Baierns und Badens ſeit dem Jahre 1819 einige gediegene politiſche Reden gehalten worden.

Joh. Siegm. Val. Popowitſch,

geboren 1705 zu Studenitz in Steiermark, ſtudirte Sprachwiſſenſchaften und Naturgeſchichte zu Grätz, lebte eine geraume Zeit in verſchiedenen Ländern, und wurde 1754 Profeſſor der deutſchen Beredſamkeit an der Univerſität und der ſavoyiſch-lichtenſteiniſchen Akademie zu Wien, nahm aber 1766 ſeine Entlaſſung und lebte bis zu ſeinem Tode, welcher am 21. Nov. 1774 erfolgte, in dem Marktflecken Petersdorf.

Es erſchien von ihm:

- Die nothwendigſten Anfangsgründe der deutſchen Sprachkunſt. Wien 1754.
- Entwurf einer Abhandlung von deutſchen Briefen. Ebendaſ. 1760.
- Verſuch einer Vereinigung der Mundarten Deutſchlands. Herausgegeben v. Ign. Hofmüller. Ebendaſ. 1780.

P. war einer der Erſten, welche die deutſche Grammatik philoſophiſch zu begründen ſtrebten, und verdient in dieſer Hinſicht rühmliche Anerkennung.

Joh. Heinr. Mor. Poppe,

geboren am 16. Januar 1776 zu Göttingen, ſtudirte vom Jahre 1795 zu Göttingen, ward hierauf Uhrmacher, 1802 fürſtlich ſchwarzburgiſcher Hofrath, 1804 Dr. legens, 1805 Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Frankfurt am Main und 1818 Hofrath und Profeſſor zu Tübingen, wo er noch mit großer Thätigkeit wirkt.

Er ſchrieb u. A.

- Geſchichte der theoretiſch-praktiſchen Uhrmacherkunſt. Leipzig 1801.
- Encyklopädie des geſammten Maſchinenweſens. Ebendaſ. 1803—27, 8 Bde.
- Handbuch der Technologie. Frankfurt a. M. 1806; 3. A., 1810.
- Geſchichte der Technologie. Göttingen 1807—10, 2 Bde.
- Der phyſikaliſche Jugendfreund. Frankfurt a. M. 1811—21, 8 Bde.
- Technologiſches Lexikon. Stuttgart 1816–20, 5 Bde.
- Lehrbuch der Maſchinenkunde. Tübingen 1821.
- Die ganze Lehre vom Sehen. Ebendaſ. 1823.
- Der magiſche Jugendfreund. Frankf. a. M. 1817, 3 Bde.
- Der aſtronomiſche Jugendfreund. Tübingen 1822 u. 23, 4 Bde.
- Geſchichte der Mathematik. Tübingen 1828.
- Populäres Handbuch der Mechanik. Stuttgart 1829.
- Geſchichte der Erfindungen und Entdeckungen in Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften. Dresden 1830, 4 Thle.
- Viele technologiſche u. a. Schriften, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Als trefflicher Jugendſchriftſteller ausgezeichneter Theolog und als der Erſte, welcher die Geſchichte der techniſchen Wiſſenſchaften in Deutſchland behandelte, hat P. ſich einen ſehr geſchätzten Namen erworben.

Karl Ludwig Pörſchke,

geboren am 3. Januar 1752 zu Malſen in Preußen, ſtudirte in Königsberg und habilitirte ſich daſelbſt als Privatdocent; er wurde 1803 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Dichtkunſt und 1806 der Pädagogik und Geſchichte. Er ſtarb am 24. September 1812.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

- Gedanken über einige Gegenſtände der Philoſophie des Schönen. Libau 1794—1796, 2. Samml.
- Vorbereitungen zu einem populären Naturrecht. Königsberg 1794.
- Einleitung in die Moral. Libau 1797.
- Briefe über die Metaphyſik der Moral. Königsberg 1800.
- Ueber Shakſpeare's Macbeth. Ebendaſ. 1801.
- Anthropologiſche Abhandlungen. Ebendaſ. 1801.
- Rede am Geburtstage der Königin. Ebendaſ. 1806.

P's philoſophiſche Schriften zeichnen ſich vorzüglich durch Klarheit und Reife der Ideen und einen trefflichen didaktiſchen Stil lobenswerth aus.

Posgaru ſ. Suckow.

Ernſt Ludwig Poſſelt,

geboren am 22. Januar 1763 zu Durlach in Baden, beſuchte das Gymnaſium zu Karlsruhe, dann die Univerſität Göttingen, um Jurisprudenz, Diplomatik und Politik zu ſtudiren, wurde darauf Advocat im Badenſchen, 1783 Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Beredſamkeit am Gymnaſium zu Karlsruhe, dann Privatſecretär des Markgrafen, 1791 Beamter in Gernsbach, 1796 Legationsrath. Im Jahre 1796 legte er ſeine Stelle nieder und lebte nun abwechſelnd in Erlangen, Tübingen u. ſ. w. Er ſtürzte am 11. Januar 1804 zu Heidelberg, als er ſich zu weit vorbeugte, aus dem Fenſter und ſtarb an den Folgen dieſes Falles.

Er ſchrieb in deutſcher Sprache:

An Sterne's Geiſt. Karlsruhe 1783, 8.
Wiſſenſchaftliches Magazin für Aufklärung. Kehl 1785—88, 3 Bde.
Ueber deutſche Hiſtoriographie, eine Rede. Durlach 1786. 8.
Ueber die Reden großer Römer in den Werken ihrer Geſchichtſchreiber. Kehl 1786, 8.
Friedrich dem Großen. Eine Rede. Karlsruhe 1787, 8.
Geſchichte des deutſchen Fürſtenvereins. Leipzig 1787, 8.
Der Vaterlandstod der 400 Bürger von Pforzheim. Eine Rede. Karlsruhe 1788, 8.
Dem Andenken des Freiherrn Auguſt Johann von Hahn. Eine Rede. Ebendaſ. 1788, 8.
Geſchichte der Deutſchen für alle Stände. Leipzig 1789—1790, 2 Bde.; 3. Bd. Leipzig 1805, gr. 8.
Ueber Mirabeau's Histoire secrète de la Cour de Berlin. Karlsruhe 1789, 8.
Des P. Ovidius Naſo Lieder der Liebe. Metriſch verdeutſcht. Leipzig 1789, 8.
Archiv für ältere und neuere, vorzüglich deutſche Geſchichte, Staatsklugheit und Erdkunde. Memmingen 1790—1792, 2 Bändchen, 8.
Geſchichte Karl's XII. Königs von Schweden. Nach Voltaire. Karlsruhe 1791, 8.
Geſchichte Guſtav's III. Königs von Schweden und Gothen. Ebendaſ. 1792, 8.
Geſchichte des peinlichen Prozeſſes gegen Ludwig XVI., König von Frankreich. Baſel 1793, 2 Thle., 8.; n. A. 1802, gr. 8.
Taſchenbuch für die neueſte Geſchichte. Nürnberg 1794—1804, 10 Jahrgg., 12.
Europäiſche Annalen. Tübingen 1795—1804, 10 Jahrgänge, gr. 8.
Kleine Schriften. Nürnberg 1795, 8.
Condorcet's Entwurf eines hiſtoriſchen Gemäldes der Fortſchritte des menſchlichen Geiſtes. Ueberſetzt. Tübingen 1796, 8.
Ewald Friedrich Graf v. Herzberg, mit Auszügen aus ſeiner Korreſpondenz, die neueſten Welthändel betreffend. Tübingen 1798, 8.
Sieye's Geiſt aus ſeinen Schriften. Von Oelsner. A. d. Franz. 1800, 8.
Lexikon der franzöſiſchen Revolution oder Sammlung von Biographien der wichtigſten Männer, die ſich im Laufe derſelben ausgezeichnet haben. Nürnberg 1802, 1. Bd., 8.
Sämmtliche Werke. Herausgegeben v. W. Meiſt. Stuttgart 1828 ff., 6 Thle.

Scharfſinn, Talent der Darſtellung und leichte Beherrſchung der Sprache und Form ſind P.'s hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Schriften eigen, aber er befand ſich nicht auf der Höhe der geiſtigen Freiheit, auf welcher der Hiſtoriker durchaus ſtehen muß, und war daher befangen und einſeitig in ſeinen Urtheilen, ſo daß er bei Weitem nicht geleiſtet hat, was er bei ſeinem unermüdlichen Fleiße und den ihm von der Natur verliehenen Gaben hätte leiſten können. Seine vorzüglichſte Arbeit bleibt ſein Taſchenbuch für die neueſte Geſchichte, das einen trefflichen Ueberblick der Begebenheiten jener Jahre, in denen es erſchien, gewährt.

Friedrich dem Großen*).

Eine Rede,

am erſten Jahrestage ſeines Todes den 17. Auguſt 1787 gehalten.

Ich bin nicht geübt in den Künſten der Redner: wie ſollte bisher in Deutſchland, bei dem tiefen politiſchen Schlafe, die ernſthaftere Beredſamkeit? — Aber heute; wer kann ſchweigen, wenn er zurück denkt, was im Laufe des vorigen Jahres am heutigen Tage geſchah? — — Er, der jetzt das Schwert nahm, und in den Feldern von Czaslau und Soor und Roßbach und Liſſa jene Schlachten ſchlug, die der ewige Ruhm nennen wird; jetzt in den ſtillen Lorbeerhainen ſeines Sansſouci mit demſelben Arm für die Nachwelt ſchrieb, oder die verborgenſten Geheimniſſe der Könige, ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen, mit einem Blicke ſeines Auges bis in's Mark aufſchlang; Er, der geliebt, und gehaßt, und bewundert, und beneidet ward, wie außer ihm keiner; Er, vor dem der Erdkreis zitterte von Pol zu Pol, — — der lag da am heutigen Tage, fürchterlich ringend mit der Todesangſt, kalt, athemlos, ſtarr — fühlte kaum im ſchon gebrochnen Ohr den ſchweren Tritt der Ewigkeit, die immer näher und näher kam, ihn mit dem Rieſenarm zu faſſen .... Wenige Diener des Königs über Myriaden, mit weggewandtem Jammerblick, um ihn her. Nur Herzberg trägt's, den großen Sterbenden zu ſehen, dem er ſo viel war .... Immer heftiger arbeitet des Königs Körper im Todeskampf. Die Natur, welche Formen, wie dieſe, nur nach Zwiſchenräumen von Jahrtauſenden ſchafft, ſcheint zu zweifeln, ob ſie ihr Meiſterwerk zerbrechen ſoll? .... Zeit und Ewigkeit drücken ſich an ihn an, und hadern um ihn. Ach, der königliche Blitzſtrahl des Auges, den er bis in's zitternde Alter, bis an die Pforten der Ewigkeit hintrug — als auch der in's umwölkte Trüblicht des Todes erſtarb; und jene hohe Gegenwart des Geiſtes, die ihn nimmer verließ, — als auch ſie, nach vierundſiebzig Jahren zum erſtenmal, ihres Brennpunktes verfehlte, und des Todes immer näher rückende Gewalt das edle ruhevolle Geſicht des eisgrauen Helden krampfhaft verzog, und die Bruſt, die nie gebebt hatte, mit lauten Schlägen jetzt emporwarf, jetzt niederriß, und alle Sehnen und Adern und Nerven pochten mit ihrer letzten Kraft und wie Verzweifelte ſich gegen die Auflöſung ſtemmten, bis nach und nach des Lebens immer ſchwächeres Licht vom innern Kampfe aufgezehrt ward, und der Tod die Augen des größten aller Könige auf ewig ſchloß: wer weinte — ſtaunte — bewunderte nicht?

Staunen — bewundern .... wird wetteifernd mit uns noch die letzte Fortzeugung der Menſchen, wenn ſie, wie im Geſichte verloren, am Rieſenbilde ſeines Lebens hängt; aber weinen — weinen müſſen nur wir ... Wenn Du von den Wohnungen des Himmels, aus der Strahlenmenge der Helden, die rund um dich her iſt, noch herab blickſt auf die niedere, nur durch dich verherrlichte Schaubühne deines Ruhms, du Rächer unſrer Freiheit! ſo freue dich der Thränen, die nah und fern der Deutſchen großes Volk dir weint. Nicht deinem Tode fließen dieſe Thränen; wer iſt der Verworfene, der ſich grämt, wann die Sonne ſinkt, um auch andern Welten zu leuchten? Aber daß wir dich, du Bewunderter von Freund und Feind! erſt am Schluſſe deiner mühſamen Laufbahn ganz verſtanden, wie du nicht nur ſo groß, ſondern auch ſo herzvoll, ſo edel warſt; daß im Todesſchauer noch von deinen eiskalten Lippen das Bekenntniß zittern mußte, das die Nachwelt zweifelhaft machen wird, ob es unſerm Zeitalter ehrenvoller war, daß es einen Friedrich hatte, oder ſchändlicher, daß es dieſen Friedrich mit ſolchen Worten ſterben ſah? — das Bekenntniß: „ich gehe ruhig hinüber zu dir, du reines Weſen! zwar dort, wo du die Wage hältſt, werd' ich nicht König ſein, aber thätig doch und nicht mehr von Undank gedrückt" ... das, das allein preßt uns glühende Thränen aus. O, daß du's wüßteſt, wie die Reue in unſerm Buſen wühlt; wie wir — vergieb es uns — wie wir ſelbſt aus den Hallen der Ewigkeit dich zurückwünſchen, um dir's ſagen zu können, wie dein Volk dich liebt! wie es arbeitet, dich immer tiefer zu verſtehen! wie es die Bahn, die du ihm vorgezeichnet haſt, ſo ſtark und muthig geht!

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*) Aus E. L. Poſſelt's „Kleine Schriften."

Nicht alle Thaten, die Friedrich für das Zeitalter, für die Nation und für die Größe ſeines Volkes that, will ich hier aufführen; wer vermöchte das überwältigende Gewicht einer ſolchen Unternehmung zu tragen? Aber rührungsvoller weiß ich ſein Andenken nicht zu feiern, als indem ich etwas näher entwickle, was ihm für das letzte und ſchönſte ſeiner Werke, den deutſchen Bund, deſſen Stifter er iſt, Europa überhaupt, und ganz vorzüglich Deutſchland ſchuldig iſt.

Ein Land, im Mittelpunkt des erdbeherrſchenden Welttheils, unter allen dieſes Welttheils das wichtigſte, voll zuſammengedrängter einfachſtarker Kraft, dem die Erzeugniſſe ſeines Bodens, der bei ſeiner weiten Dehnung faſt alle Abſtufungen des Klima in ſich vereinigt, und die Zahl ſeiner Ströme, eine innere Mittheilung und eine Unabhängigkeit von außen geben, die in ſolchem Grade ſelbſt Frankreich nicht hat; das in ſeinen Wäldern und auf ſeinen Gebirgshöhen noch eben die Rieſen zeugt, die einſt jene Vertilgungsſchlacht gegen die Weltherren ſchlugen: ein Volk, mehr kühn als ungeſtüm, mehr ſtark als heftig, voll Empfindung für Freiheit und doch gehorſam ſeinen Fürſten wie kein anderes; das wenig ſagt, und viel thut; das kalt überlegt, aber glühend vollbringt; dem an Tiefe des Geiſtes und des Gefühls nur wenige, an Waffenruhm unter allen Völkern keines gleichkommt — ſo iſt Deutſchland, und ſo ſind die Deutſchen.

Ein ſolches Land und ein ſolches Volk — laßt es unter dem Machtgebot Eines Geiſtkoloſſen ſtehen — und er wird ſich eine neue Welt erſchaffen; die Könige werden zittern vor ihm, und mit Sclavenfreundlichkeit ſeinem Winke zuvorkommen die Fürſten .... Zwar viele unter uns ſind ſo fremd in den Geſchichten der Vorzeit, oder ſo unwürdig des deutſchen Namens, daß ſie eine Allherrſchaft, wie ſie einſt von Rom aus ſchwer auf der Erde lag, für unmöglich, oder gar für wünſchenswerth halten. Aber blickt hinab in eure Seele, und hinauf an den ewigen Tafeln der Geſchichte — dieſer wurzelt keine Leidenſchaft in uns, als das Verlangen nach Herrſchaft. Wer herrſchen kann, frage Jahrtauſende, ob der nicht herrſchen will? Oder lodert des unbändigen Ehrgeizes Flamme nur in Nimrod's oder in Cäſar's Seele? Sind wir Rieſen in der Tugend, oder Zwerge im Laſter, daß es uns an Vorſatz, oder an Kraft gebricht, auf den Trümmern alter Verfaſſungen zur Herrſchaft über Alle zu ſteigen, ſo wie ſie? — Euch, euch ruf' ich zu Zeugen auf, ihr verhängnißvollen Berge um Prag! und dich vor allen, du Feld bei Mühlberg! das den trunkenen Uebermuth der Tyrannen ſah, und ihr Luſtgebrüll hörte und die Worte ihres Stolzes. Wäre nicht, wie ein hoher Berg, den Gottes Feuer trifft, Moritz entflammt worden zu der großen That, den alles fürchtenden, alles wagenden Karl, ihn, in deſſen Staaten aufging die Sonne und unterging, der Frankreichs Macht zerbrochen hatte, und in Deutſchland die Häupter der Freiheit, die frömmſten und edelkühnſten Fürſten des Reichs, wie Miſſethäter gefangen hielt; dieſen Karl, der mit ſpaniſchem Stolze nur ſich ſelbſt liebte, und mit welſcher Argliſt ſich ſelbſt kaum traute — einzuſchläfern durch eine Kunſt, die, zuſammengehalten mit dem damaligen rohen Volksgeiſt in Deutſchland, bis zum Wunder ſteigt, und durch eine Macht zu bänden, deren ſtärkſtes Triebwerk in der Ueberraſchung und in der Wetterſchnelle lag, mit der ſie gebraucht ward — ha! das Jahrtauſende hindurch freie Deutſchland, euer kühnes, herrliches, unbezwungenes Deutſchland — — jetzt wär's der Knechtſchaft verabſcheutester Wohnſitz. Eure Fürſten, die den edlen Nacken keinem Könige beugen — ſie würden ihn hinſtrecken unter das Beil des Tyrannen, wenn beim Wolluſtmahle ſeine Buhlerin ihr Blut gefodert hätte. Ihr ſelbſt — denkt ja nicht, daß der Bürger überall Bürger ſei. Fürſten waren in Deutſchland, da Hermann die geprieſene Schlacht der Freiheit ſchlug: der Geiſt, der wie ein Todesengel die Legionen würgte — noch lebt er unter uns, und weht ſtark in jedem Theile unſrer Verfaſſung — einer Verfaſſung, die das edle Charakteriſtiſche hat, daß in derſelben die höchſte Gewalt alles Gute wirken kann, und doch zugleich nichts Böſes zu wirken vermag .... Wir haben einen Kaiſer; denn wie könnte ein ſo unermeßliches, ſo zuſammengeſetztes Ganze ohne einen ſolchen Centralpunkt der Vereinigung beſtehen? Aber dieſer Kaiſer iſt kein Sultan, kein Donnergott, ausgerüſtet mit Allmacht; nein, er iſt an ſehr beſtimmte Geſetze, an einen ihm vorgezeichneten ausführlichen Regierungsplan gebunden, den er, unter dem Namen Wahl-Capitulation, beſchwören muß, ehe er Kaiſer wird. Weil jedoch der Raum vom Belt bis an den Bodenſee, vom Rhein bis zur Oder zu groß iſt, als daß Eines, auch des außerordentlichſten Menſchen Blick ihn überſehen könnte — eine Wahrheit, die ſchon der Eroberer Karl fühlte, und eben darum ſein Reich noch vor ſeinem Tode unter mehrere Söhne theilte*), — ſo iſt dies Ganze, in dem der Geiſt Eines Urſprungs, Einer Sprache, Eines Oberhauptes waltet, in ſehr viele beſondere Theile vereinzelt, deren jeder von ſeinem Fürſten, wie von einem Hausvater, umfaßt und geleitet werden kann ... Wie ſoll ein Monarch von Spanien, oder wie ſoll auch nur ein Monarch von Dänemark des ſeligen Bewußtſeins, wie ſein Volk des Troſtes froh werden können, daß er, Menſch wie er iſt, vermöge, das Anliegen, die Bedrückungen, die Wünſche jedes Einzelnen zu erforſchen, gleichſam der erſte und gemeinſame Hausvater ſeines Volkes zu ſein? Das konnte ſeinen Britten kein Alfred, ſeinen Franzoſen kein Heinrich IV, ſeinen Schweden kein Guſtav Adolf ſein; aber das können euch eure Fürſten. Aus den Tagen grauer Vorzeit, durch eine Folgenreihe edler Ahnen, die ihr Blut verſtrömt haben für ihr Volk, an dies Volk mit ganzem Herzen angeheftet, kennen ſie alle eure Bedürfniſſe, ſteigen ſie, bei dem mäßigen Umfang ihrer Herrſchaft, ohne Stolz, ohne Vergeſſenheit des Einzelnen über der Sorge für's Ganze, in eure kleinſten Verhältniſſe herab. Sie ſind über euch; aber das Geſetz iſt über alle. Mächtig genug, euch wohl zu thun, können ſie nie mit Uebergewalt auf euch drücken, ſo lange dieſe Ordnung der Dinge fortdauert, in deren Erhaltung ihr Glanz und eure Sicherheit liegt.

Und was hättet ihr von der Allherrſchaft eines Einzigen zu erwarten? — Wer Deutſchland unterjocht hat und ſeine ſiebenhunderttauſend bewaffnete Männer, der mußte manche Gefahr, manchen heißen Kampf für die Herrſchaft wagen. Und nun, auf der offenſten Laufbahn ſeiner Siege, auf der Scheitelhöhe des Glückes, ſoll' er plötzlich ſtille ſtehen, wie ein genügſamer Weiſer, und in's eiſerne Deutſchland das goldne Zeitalter zurückzaubern? Nein; wie ein hungriger Adler wird er mit wildem Flügelſchlage von Land zu Land ſtürmen, und ſeines Ehrgeizes und ſeiner Herrſchſucht keine Grenzen wiſſen. Da wird über Deutſchlands Gauen aus allen Theilen von Europa des Krieges Feuerſtrom ſich wälzen; da wird nicht geſäet werden, wo der Feind ſteht, noch geerntet, wo er hinzieht; da wird man Abgaben auf euch legen, wie Berge. — Zwar manchem unter euch wird der Tyrann ſtolzlächelnd das Geld zuwerfen, das er euren Fürſten nahm; aber wer wird euch ſchützen, wenn's ihm morgen lüſtet, all dies Geld von euch zurückzufodern ſammt dem eurigen? Und was iſt Geld gegen Freiheit! — — Geld haben auch eure Juden; Geld hat auch der Thieriſchdumme und der Böſewicht; Geld hat, mehr als alle andern, der Erde finſtrer Bauch; Geld ängſtiget und drückt, und iſt tauſend Zufällen unterworfen: aber die Freiheit wohnt bei Gott, und kommt von Gott, und wärmt das Herz, und leuchtet dem Verſtand, wie die Sonne, wenn ſie mild am Frühlingshimmel glänzt, und der Jüngling und der Greis ihres Strahls ſich freut.

Geht in die Zeiten zurück, da die Cäſare in Rom allmächtig über die Erde herrſchten .... Da waren alle Länder ausgeplündert, verödet; alle Völker in Knechtſchaft und Elend hingehalten; drei Welttheile — Europa, Aſien, Afrika — Eine ungeheure große Pflanzung, worin nicht weniger als 200,000,000 Menſchen für eine einzige Stadt am Tiberbach, wie Negern, unter den blutigen Geißelhieben irgend eines Zuchtmeiſters, genannt Proconſul ihr qualvolles Leben hinſeufzten. Und glaubet nicht, daß darum auch nur die Menſchen, die in dieſer Einen weltherrſchenden Stadt wohnten, deſto glücklicher waren. Eben die Ketten, die ſie den andern Völkern anlegten: eben die Plagen, Mißhandlungen, Gefahren, die ſie über den Erdkreis brachten, litten ſie ſelbſt auch. Denn da ſaß mitten in Rom ein einziges menſchliches Ungeheuer, ein Tiberius, ein Cäſar, dem die Allmacht, worin er ſich fühlte, alle Sinnen verrückte; der, indeß er ſich allen Laſtern des Thieres hingab, die Tugend, wenn ſie ja noch unter dem Verderbniß allgemeiner Ueppigkeit hie und da aufzuckte, mit Feuer und Schwerdt verfolgte; der — wie überall, wo Einer Alles kann, und wie noch jetzt der Großſultan — über den, der der nächſte an ihm war, mit eben der Leichtigkeit den Tod ſprach, wie über irgend einen Sclaven aus Abeſſinien. So wurden alle Völker von den kleinen Räubern aus Rom rein ausgeplündert: dieſen ließ alsdann der große Welttyrann, wenn ihm nach ihrem Golde lüſtete, oder wenn ihm eine ihrer Mienen nicht ganz gefiel, oder wenn er ſich einmal beim Schmauſe mehr als gewöhnlich vergnügen wollte, ohne weiteres den Kopf abhacken. Zuletzt traf die Reihe des Todtgeſtochenwerdens dann freilich ihn ſelbſt auch; aber was nützte das? — Unmittelbar auf ihn kam ein anderer, der nicht minder raſ'te; der, wie ſein Vorgänger, im Leben vergöttert, und todt in die Tiber geworfen ward. So war die Univerſalmonarchie gleich verderblich dem, der ſie übte, und denen, wider die ſie gezückt ward! ſo erdrückte Rom zugleich die Welt und ſich ſelbſt!

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*) „Karl war ein großer Mann; die deutſche Nation hat gegen die Helden des Alterthums vornehmlich ihn und Friedrich. Sein beſonnener Verſtand fühlte das Unnatürliche übergroßer Herrſchaft; er vertheilte ſie." (Müller's) Darſtellung des Fürſtenbundes. B. 2. Kap. 3. S. 13.

Daſſelbe Loos würde eurer warten, wenn Deutſchland unter einen Alleinherrn käme. Selbſt Knechte, müßtet auch ihr dem Tyrannen euren gewaltigen deutſchen Arm geben, um in gleiche Ketten auch andere Völker zu legen: wie aus dem Herzen, wohlthätig für den ganzen Körper, aus- und einſtrömt das Blut, ſo würde im verderblichen Laufe auch von Deutſchland, wie einſt von Rom aus die Knechtſchaft über den Erdball kreiſen . . . . O du ewige Macht im Himmel, die du der Freiheit Urquell biſt, und die Tugend rächſt an dem Laſter — nie, nie müſſe ſolche Schmach über unſer Vaterland kommen! Nie, nie wieder müſſ' es auch nur ſchwindeln an der Kluft, von der es Moriz damals, und bald darauf Guſtav Adolph, und mehr als ein Jahrtauſend zuvor unſer Hermann zurückriß! . . . Was dreimal beinah wirklich geſchah, das könnte zum viertenmal bis zur Erfüllung gelingen. Wer ferne von uns auf ewig die Tage der Schwäche, des Schlafes, der Unkunde ſeiner Vortheile, und kleinlicher Privatrückſichten, und mannigfacher innerer und äußerer Zerrüttung? Laßt dann einen Mann aufſtehen, kühn, planvoll, überwältigend wie Cäſar: einen Mann, dem nichts zu hoch und nichts zu niedrig iſt für die Herrſchaft: gebt ihm einen Staat, der beim vollen Gebrauche ſeiner Kräfte eine halbe Million geübter Krieger ins Feld ſtellen kann, und die Kaiſerwürde, die ihm ſo viel Nachdruck im weſentlichen Einfluß und ſo viel Gelegenheit zu ſcheinbarem gewähret; laßt ihn einen Nachfolger haben von gleicher Seelenſtärke und von gleichen Grundſätzen — und dann ſucht, wenn das rollende Rad der Zeit ſich um hundert Jahre weiter fortbewegt hat, ſucht noch Fürſten in Deutſchland und Könige in Europa! — Dann wird ſie da ſein, jene Zeit, auf die ſich eure Schriftſteller, die Patrioten, ſo hinſehnen, jene goldene Zeit, da auf der Erde nur Ein Herr iſt, wie im Himmel nur Ein Gott; da Deutſchland den Stolz haben wird, das furchtbare Zuchthaus des Erdballs zu ſein; da wir des [illegible] ſüßen Troſtes der Knechtſchaft genießen werden, daß unſere Fürſten, ſie, die wir jetzt noch mit der Ehrfurcht freier Männer lieben, Knechte ſind, gleich wie wir. Da wird die Lilie zerknickt werden vom Adler, und der Erbfeind der Chriſtenheit zitternd über den Helleſpontus fliehn. Ein Wink des Erdengottes — weil's ſo ſchön und ſo ruhig iſt, wenn man nur Einen Glauben hat, und weil im tiefen Schlafe der Deſpotie, wo die Seele kraftlos in ſich erſtirbt, oder nur in wilden Fieberträumen aufzuckt, das Vernünfteln ohnehin wenig frommt — Ein Wink eures Erdengottes wird alles thun, was jetzt, bei dem Unheil getheilter Herrſchaft, eure Jeſuiten aller Art umſonſt mit der geheimſten Argliſt benutzen . . . . O des großen, jubelvollen, langerſeufzten Augenblicks! O der Herrlichkeit Deutſchlands, für die ſelbſt die Ewigkeit nicht Preis genug hat! Aber dieſe Herrlichkeit — wird nicht von Dauer ſein. Nur der gewaltigſte Arm, nur der drangvollſte Geiſt kann eine Welt halten. Unter jedem Schwächern wird ſie aufgelöſt, und zerfällt in ſich. Da kommt vielleicht einſt aus Spanien ein Statthalter mit dem [illegible] Kriegsheer, und zerſtört unter den Ludwigen, was die Karle ſchufen: hie und da und dort lodert dann der alte Heldengeiſt aus ſeiner Aſche, und raſſelt in Flammen auf, die der feige Deſpot auf dem Weltthron nicht mehr niederdrücken kann. Wie ſie begann, mit Krieg, und fortdauerte, unter Gewaltthat, ſo muß ſie auch zerſplittern — donnernd und tödtend weit umher, wie der Strom, wenn ſeine Eisdecke bricht — die Univerſalmonarchie, deren Lob eure Schriftſteller mit ſo viel Begeiſterung tönen.

Und dieſe Univerſalmonarchie ſchien uns fernher bereitet zu werden. Schon dröhnte Deutſchlands Boden vom Fußtritt der Uebergewalt . . . . Da ſchwur Friedrich, der deutſchen Freiheit Rächer zu ſein! Schwer lagen ſeine Jahre, ſchwerer ſeine Thaten auf ihm; aber es ſchien ihm ſo groß, der deutſchen Freiheit Rächer zu ſein! Böhmens wolkenbeladene Gebirge, ſie, die den Helden geſehen hatten im Mannesalter, da ſeine Seele, gleich einem Feuermeere, Thaten wälzte, wie Wogen, da er kühn über die Möglichkeit hinauszureißen ſchien, und dem Tod trotzte auf den Triumphfeldern des Todes: wie ſtaunten ſie, als er nun, ſeiner Verewigung ſich bewußt, ſo harmlos und ſo ruhig in den dünnen Locken des Alters daherzog vor ſeinem Heere, bereit zu ſiegen und zu ſterben! Nicht an ihm lag's, daß von dem edelſten ſeiner Kriege die Geſchichtstafeln der Nachwelt ſo wenig enthalten werden; Gott, der ſeinen eisgrauen Geſalbten dem wichtigeren Werke des Friedens aufſparen wollte, Gott ſelbſt goß aus vollen Schalen Bewunderung ſeiner Größe und Sehnſucht nach Frieden über ſeine Feinde aus. Was im vorigen Jahrhundert zu Münſter und Osnabrück durch fünfjährige Arbeit der größten Staatsmänner des Welttheils mit Mühe bewirkt ward, das geſchah durch Friedrich's Waffenmacht zu Teſchen nach einer Unterhandlung von wenigen Wochen.

Aber zum zweitenmal dröhnte Deutſchland vom Fußtritt der Uebergewalt. Fürchterlich ward an dem Staatsgebäude gerüttelt, an dem wegen ſeines Alters und wegen der Lenkung des Erdballs, die von ihm ausgeht, der ganze Welttheil mit eiferſüchtiger Ehrfurcht hinaufſieht . . . . Da riß ſich Friedrich noch einmal empor im Gefühle ſeiner Kraft, und warnte ſo laut, daß es von den Ufern der Spree durch alle Gauen Germaniens hallte. Die Fürſten, von Zutrauen und Rührung durchglüht, erkannten ſeinen weisheitsvollen Ruf, boten ſich die eiſerne Hand, und ſchwuren: „niemands Rechte zu verletzen, aber ihre eigenen zu ſchützen; niemand Gewalt zu thun, aber keine Gewalt zu dulden; der Größte den Kleinſten und der Kleinſte den Größten bei dem Seinigen zu erhalten, und mit vereinter Kraft Alles zu wagen für die Freiheit." So ward der deutſche Bund.

Von jeher war's der Herrſchſucht wirkſamſter Grundſatz, den Widerſtand, deſſen volle Laſt ſie nicht trug, zu vereinzeln: was im Ganzen nicht zu erſchüttern war, das fiel getheilt. So erhob ſich in den Tagen der Vorzeit zu wiederholten Malen Ein ungeheures Reich, ſtieg nach und nach über alle übrigen empor, und verſchlang zuletzt ganz ruhig eins nach dem andern. Heftet euren Blick auf den Weltſtaat der Römer, von dem [illegible] Weiberraube an bis auf die Zerſtörung von Carthago. Eben das Rom, das Anfangs mit Mühe den Bezirk einer kleinen deutſchen Grafſchaft einnahm; warum gebot es zuletzt unumſchränkt in allen Theilen der Erde? — Weil aus kleinlichem Intereſſe, und aus Mangel an Verbindung die übrigen Völker nicht in Zeiten darauf ſannen, ihm den Weg zur Univerſalmonarchie abzugraben.

Endlich, endlich iſt ſie zu unſerem Ohr gedrungen, die Stimme von Jahrtauſenden! Seht ihr den Zuſammenhang der Verbündeten, der ſich von den Wogen des Baltiſchen Meeres wie eine eiſerne Kette hinzieht bis zum ſtarrenden Eis der Alpen, ha! und die großen Seelen, die den Zuſammenhang ſchufen! — Eine ſolche Macht, wenn ſie für die Geſetze kämpft, wer mag ſie bedrohen? Eine ſolche Glanzſchaar edler Fürſten, die lieber Tod wollen als Knechtſchaft, wer mag's wagen, mit Trotz, oder mit Gleichgültigkeit auf ſie zu ſehen? . . . Ihr Bund iſt auf Gerechtigkeit gegründet, wie auf einen Felſen. Nicht die Perſon, nur die Sache ſoll entſcheiden. Wer für das Geſetz iſt, für den iſt der deutſche Bund. Wer wider das Geſetz iſt, wider den iſt der deutſche Bund. Er iſt für die Verfaſſung des Reichs, was für ein ehrwürdiges Gebäude aus den Zeiten der Vorväter die ſtarken Säulen ſind, womit der Enkel es unterſtützt. In jedem Theile unſers vielfach zuſammengeſetzten Syſtems äußert ſich ſein wohlthätiger Einfluß.

Durch freiwilliges Einverſtändniß der erſten Glieder des Reichs erleichtert er dem Oberhaupt des Reichs die Handhabung der Geſetze, und macht es eben dadurch mächtiger, als es jemals war. Oder wollt ihr bei euren Kaiſern eine größere Macht, als daß ſie Alles können für das Geſetz? . . . Die Karle und Ferdinande konnten Alles, auch wider das Geſetz. Aber ihre Zeit, die Zeit der eiſernen Gewaltthat — unter den vielen herzerhebenden Bildern, die im Tempel der deutſchen Geſchichte glänzen, ſteht ſie da, wie ein brauſender Rachegeiſt, auf den aufgethürmten Leichnamen der Freigebornen, blutig, im Rauch zerſtörter Städte, und haucht weit umher Entſetzen und Tod. — Deutſchlands Kaiſer ſein, war ſchon in der älteſten Zeit kein wollüſtiges Recht zu thun, was man will, und das Ganze zu mißbrauchen zu beſonderem Vortheil: Deutſchlands Kaiſer ſein, iſt ein Amt, zu deſſen Annahme nur glühende Liebe zum Vaterlande bewegen ſollte, ein Amt, voll Mühen und Beſchwerden, wobei man unter häufigem Undank nur ſo weit thätig ſein darf, als das mit nothwendiger Eiferſucht abgemeſſene Verhältniß zwiſchen Haupt und Gliedern es geſtattet. Darum traf uns meiſt von zweien Uebeln eins, — unſere Kaiſer waren zu ſchwach für das Geſetz, oder zu mächtig wider daſſelbe. Der deutſche Bund ſetzt alles in's Gleichgewicht. In ſeinem Zweck und in ſeinen Mitteln will er nichts, als Gerechtigkeit: und die muß auch der Kaiſer der Deutſchen wollen; denn das hat er durch feierlichen Eidſchwur betheuert. Kein Haß, kein Undank wird mehr auf ihm liegen, daß er Gerechtigkeit übt: die größten und edelſten der Fürſten theilen ihn gern mit ihm. — Das kann der deutſche Bund dem Kaiſer ſein!

Und in den Tagen der geiſt- und herzſchwächenden Ueppigkeit und der höchſten Spannung im Kriege und Frieden; da man ſo gern, durch den leiſen Gifthauch der Liſt, oder durch den Donnerſturm der Gewaltthat, alte Verfaſſungen bricht; da das Verhältniß der Staaten unſtät wogt, wie das Meer; da die Uebergewalt jetzt unter dem ehrwürdigen Namen von Menſchenrechten, den heiligſten Verträgen zuwider, alles ausführt, was ihr behagt, dann plötzlich ſich an längſtveraltete Formen hängt, und Altes und Neues durcheinander miſcht nach verſchiedenartigem Vortheil, — was würden in ſolchen Tagen, ohne dieſe enge, durch Gerechtigkeit und durch Eintracht ſtarke Vereinigung, eure Fürſten, und was würdet, ohne eure Fürſten, Ihr ſein? — Du edles, beſcheiden freies, ſelbſtſtändiges Volk; du Volk, das mit wachſamem Geiſte und mit ſtarkem Arm ſeine und des Welttheils Sicherheit hält; das unter Fürſten ſteht, deren jeder ſein Gebiet bis auf's Einzelne überſchauen und mit der Sorge eines Vaters beglücken kann — du würdeſt, weit von Haus, die Waffen der Herrſchſucht tragen müſſen, indeß zu Hauſe deine ehrwürdigen Greiſe mißhandelt, und deine Weiber und deine Töchter geſchändet würden von den Satrapen des Einzigen, der dir nichts, als den thränenwerthen Ruhm laſſen würde, gehaßt und gefürchtet zu werden vom Erdkreis.

Aber Friedrich, der jedem ſeiner Gedanken That, und ſeiner Thaten jeder Unſterblichkeit gab, — Er hat geſorgt, daß nie ſolche Gräuel über Deutſchland kommen werden. An ſeinem Grabhügel ſteht der deutſche Bund, einem Rieſen gleich, an dem die Senſe der Zeit ſplittert, kühn wie ſein Arm, ſtark wie ſein Geiſt, gerecht und edel wie ſein Herz. Mit ihm ſchloß er die unabſehbare Reihe ſeiner Thaten. Sagt nun ſelbſt, ihr freien Männer Deutſchlands! ob er ſie größer, wohlthätiger, verwiegender ſchließen konnte? ob Er, dem der Bewunderung Thränen fließen werden, ſo lange das Geſchlecht der Menſchen fortdauert, nicht auch die heißern Thränen des Dankes verdient, ſo lange Deutſchland durch ſeine Freiheit hervorragen wird unter den Völkern? — —

Heil dir, daß du vollendet haſt, du Held des Jahrhunderts! — vollendet, wie Keiner! . . . . Im glanzbeſtrömten Schooße der Ewigkeit, zwiſchen Hermann und Guſtav Adolph, ruhſt du nun von deinem Todeskampfe, und von den Mühen deiner langjährigen Volksbeherrſchung, frohlockend im Gefühle deines Ruhms. Als volle Mannskraft noch die Nerven dir ſpannte; als in den Schlachten deiner Siege auf Einen Wink deines Auges der Tod unwiderſtehbar in die Schaaren deiner Feinde fuhr, und Tauſende mit ſich hinabriß: da ſchon ſtandeſt du auf einem Thatengebirge — tief unter ihm wogte der Zeitſtrom — und ſahſt kühn hinüber mit deinem Heldenblicke an's Geſtade der fernen Ewigkeit. Doch, wie damals du, ſo ſah'n auch Alexander einſt hinüber, und Cäſar, und Guſtav Adolph, und ruhiger, als ſie Alle, von Thermopylä's Felſen herab Leonidas. Aber ſie riß des Schickſals Arm mitten von ihrem herrlichem Laufe, aus dem drangvollen Zuſammenhange ewiger Thaten hinweg: dir, dir vor Allen fiel das beneidete Loos, der größten Menſchen Erſter zu ſein. In des Krieges vielveränderlichem Ungeſtüm Held den Feinden und deinem Volke immer noch Herrſcher; im lieblichen Schooße des Friedens ganz Vater dieſes Volks, nicht nach dem Maßſtabe gewöhnlicher Schwäche, ſondern wie's auch Gott den Menſchen iſt, durch Wohlthun im Großen und durch weiſe Strenge; in den Geſchäften der hohen Politik ſo fein und ſo herzvoll, und zugleich ſo furchtlos und ſo gefürchtet, ſo neidlos und ſo beneidet; ohne auf der Schwindelhöhe des Throns, im langen Lauf einer ſiebenundvierzigjährigen Volksbeherrſchung auch nur durch Eine dunklere That das Gepräge außerordentlicher Größe zu verwiſchen und, nicht unter den Lockungen der Wolluſt — die zu verachten, war das leichteſte Werk deines lichtreinen Geiſtes — aber unter den Zaubern der Königsmacht und unter den eiskalten Schrecken des Todes, der abſichtlich langſam gegen dich anzog, als hätt' ihm die Bewunderung den Gang gelähmt, oder als wollt' er deine ganze Stärke prüfen; — da noch, im nervenſchwachen zitternden Alter, unter ſo vieler und ſo großer Thaten Laſt, bis hin an den letzten Tag, der die erhabene Seele aus dem Körper losriß, der ſie nicht mehr faſſen konnte, das ſtarke Ruder des Staats feſt im Heldenarm halten, als ob kein Wechſel bevorſtände . . . ., wer — unter Allen, die bei der Nachwelt leben — wer hat's gethan, als Du? Die Eichen auf den Felſen werden ſinken mit den Jahren; die Felſen ſelbſt zerbricht einſt die alte hungrige Zeit: aber Deines Namens Ruhm wird nimmer vergehen. Heil dir, daß du vollendet haſt, du Erſter der Helden! — vollendet, wie Keiner!

Chriſtian Heinrich Poſtel

ward am 11. October 1658 zu Freiburg in Hadeln geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und Roſtock Jurisprudenz, habilitirte ſich darauf als Advocat zu Hamburg und ſtarb daſelbſt am 22. März 1705.

Außer einer großen Anzahl Singſpiele erſchien von ihm:

Die liſtige Juno, wie ſolche von Homer im 14. B. der Ilias abgebildet. Hamburg 1700.
Poetiſche Nebenwerke. Hamburg 1707.
Der große Wittekind. Heldengedicht. Herausgegeben mit des Dichters Leben von C. F. Weichmann. Hamb. 1724.

Ein talentloſer Reimer, der zwar zu ſeiner Zeit reichen Beifall durch ſeine Operntexte einerndtete und ſich namentlich für einen großen epiſchen Dichter hielt, aber nichts nur einigermaßen Werthvolles hinterlaſſen hat. Das einzige Verdienſt, das ihm nicht ſtreitig gemacht werden kann, iſt eine fließende Sprache und nüchterne Correctheit der Form.

Johann Ludwig Praſch

ward 1637 zu Regensburg geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und wurde dann Rathsſyndicus, Bürgermeiſter, Oberſcholarch, Conſiſtorialpräſident und Reichstagsdeputirter in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Er ſtarb am 11. Juni 1690 daſelbſt.

Es erſchien von ihm:

Gründliche Anzeige von Fürtrefflichkeit und Verbeſſerung deutſcher Poeſie. Regensb. 1680.
Erſter Theil der Geheimniſſe der deutſchen Sprache. Regensburg 1681.
Aſtrea. Regensburg 1681.
Lobſingende Harfe, oder geiſtliche Lobgedichte. Regensb. 1682.
Die getreue Alceſtis. Regensburg 1684.
Psyche cretica, Regensb. 1685. Ueberſetzt von J. C. Eibelhuber unter dem Titel:
Geiſtlicher Roman von der menſchlichen Seele. Leipzig 1705.

Seine geiſtlichen Gedichte ſind mühſame Nachbildungen, und Werke des Fleißes und der Gelehrſamkeit, aber wie ſeine anderen Leiſtungen ohne eigentlichen poetiſchen Werth.

Johann Prätorius,

geboren in der erſten Hälfte des 17ten Jahrhunderts zu Zetlingen war Magiſter der Philoſophie und kaiſerlicher gekrönter Poet zu Leipzig und ſtarb daſelbſt am 25. October 1680.

Er ſchrieb:

Philosophia Colus, oder Pfy loſe Vieh der Weiber. Leipzig 1667.
Eine Zigeunercharte. Nürnberg 1659.
Eine aſtronomiſche Charte. Nürnb. 1663.
Saturnalia, d. i. Weihnachtsfratzen. Leipz. 1663.

P's Satiren waren vorzüglich gegen den Aberglauben gerichtet, das geringe Verdienſt ihrer Tendenz wird aber durch die Plumpheit und Geſchmackloſigkeit derſelben wieder aufgehoben.

Karl Gottlieb Prätzel

ward im Jahre 1791 zu Halbau in der Niederlauſitz geboren, lebte eine Zeitlang als Hauslehrer in Hamburg, begab ſich ſpäter als Privatgelehrter nach Oldesloe in Holſtein, und kehrte von da wieder nach Hamburg zurück, wo er ſich gegenwärtig noch aufhält.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Jugendphantaſien. Mit J. G. Pernik. Leipzig 1806. Neue Aufl. 1809.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Hamb. 1809. Neue Aufl. 1820.
Zeitklänge. Hamb. 1815.
Feldherrnränke. Komiſches Gedicht. Leipzig 1815.
Ausflüge des Scherzes und der Laune. Leipz. 1816.
Hamburgiſcher Jugendfreund. Hamb. 1816. 2 Th.
Feldroſen. Leipzig 1819. 2 Th.
Launen der Liebe. Leipzig 1821. 2 Th.
Kleine Romane und Erzählungen. Leipz. 1822. 4 Th.
Fabian und Sebaſtian. Leipz. 1824.
Spiegelbilder. Leipz. 1826. 2 Th.
Die Getäuſchten. Leipz. 1826. 2 Th.
Frühlingsgaben. Hamb. 1828.
Maurer-Gedichte. Hamb. 1829.
Novellen und Erzählungen. Berlin 1829. 2 Th.
Feſtroſen. Hamb. 1830.
Erzählungen. Leipzig 1832. 2 Bde.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1830.
Hildrian. Ein Sommermärchen in 6 Geſängen. Hamb. 1831.

Ein ſehr hübſches Talent für das Komiſche, das ſich namentlich durch die harmloſe ſatiriſche und komiſche Zeichnung kleinſtädtiſcher Verhältniſſe zu einem Lieblinge des größern Publikums gemacht hat, und dieſen Vorzug wegen der Redlichkeit ſeiner Geſinnungen, der Wärme ſeines unverdorbenen Gefühls, der launigen Darſtellung und der Anmuth und Gefälligkeit in der Behandlung von Sprache und Form vollkommen verdient.

Gedichte von Karl Gottlieb Prätzel.

Die Neujahrswünſche.

Der letzte des Decembers war geſchieden;
Am Himmel ſtand der Mond in ſtiller Pracht,
Und tauſend Sterne, theilend ſeinen Frieden,
Durchblitzten klar und hell die Winternacht.
Mit ſchneidend ſcharfem Hauch, auf freiem Gleiſe,
Durchſtrich der Nord im öden Waldgebiet
Die Fichtengipfel, wo aus Reif und Eiſe
Kryſtallne Blumen funkelnd aufgeblüht.
Vom ſtrengen Froſt gehärtet war die Erde,
Und wer den Pflichtruf, den er ſich geweiht,
Vereinen durfte mit dem Ruf der Zeit,
Der ſaß daheim am lockend warmen Herde
In ruhiger Geſprächestraulichkeit.

Nur Förſter Burgfeld ſchweifte ſtill verdroſſen,
Mit heftiger, doch vergeblicher Begier,
Von grauenvollem Schweigen rings umſchloſſen,
Nach Beute noch umher im Waldrevier. —
Sonſt folgt' ihm heitrer Sinn auf jedem Schritte,
Still freudig zog er mit dem Jagdgewehr
Des Morgens aus, und bei der Wiederkehr
Empfing ein liebend Weib ihn in der Hütte,
Drei holde Kinder hüpften um ihn her.
Zum nährenden Beruf, der ihm beſchieden,
Geſellte ſich des Wohlſeins Luſt und Kraft;
Und eines wackern Freundes Nachbarſchaft
Vollendete ſein Glück und ſeinen Frieden.

Das war vorbei! — Wo Lieb' und Einigkeit
Gewaltet und gewohnt in Heil und Segen,
Da herrſchet jetzt verderblich Groll und Streit:
Denn zürnend hatten eines Grundſtücks wegen
Im Lauf des Jahrs die Freunde ſich entzweit.
Verdruß und Unmuth gab der Blick zu leſen,
Aus dem der Engel des Vertrauens wich;
Feſt ſaß die Natter, die das Herz beſchlich,
Und die ſich unentbehrlich ſonſt geweſen,
Vermieden jetzt mit ſcheuer Sorgfalt ſich.

So zog der Förſter in des Vollmonds Schimmer
Mit düſterm Mienenſpiel den Wald entlang;
Doch plötzlich ſtand er ſtill, denn es erklang
Fern im Gebüſch ein klagendes Gewimmer,
Das hohl und dumpf zu ihm herüber drang.
Ergriffen ward ſein Herz; in Flügelſchnelle,
Mit ſtarken Armen brach er nach der Stelle
Sich durch das wilde Dickicht freie Bahn,
Und einen zarten Knaben traf er an,
Der, Angſt und Schrecken auf den bleichen Wangen,
Hier in der öden Wildniß irr' gegangen.
Durchbebt von Froſt, kaum ſeiner ſelbſt bewußt,
Begann der Lebenspuls ihm ſchon zu ſtocken,
Gepeitſcht vom Nordwind flogen ſeine Locken;
Doch hing, hindeutend auf vergangne Luſt,
Ihm eine Zither an der ſtarren Bruſt.

„Das ſteht mir in den Sternen wohl geſchrieben!"
Hub Burgfeld an; „noch ungeſucht getrieben,
Kommt abermals mir die Gelegenheit,
Beim Jahresſchluß ein gutes Werk zu üben,
Wie ich gewohnt geweſen jederzeit!
So bleib es denn bei der verjährten Sitte,
Trübt Unluſt gleich und Unmuth mir den Sinn!" —
Das Jagdgeräth warf er ins Dickicht hin,
Und regen Laufs verdoppelnd ſeine Schritte,
Trug er den Knaben heim nach ſeiner Hütte.

Hier kehrte bald, gepflegt von milder Hand,
Dem Sterbenden in die erſtarrten Glieder
Der ſchon erloſchne Lebensfunke wieder.
Dem edlen Retter dankbar zugewandt,
Begann der muntre Blick ſich zu erheben,
Und jede Spur erlittner Angſt verſchwand.
Jetzt wies der Wirth, da Mitternacht ſo eben
Herangenaht, ihm in den Hüttenraum
Das Lager an; und Alles ſchien ein Traum,
Was ſich zu Leid und Luſt mit ihm begeben.

Kaum aber war in Roſengluth entbrannt,
Das Morgenlicht des jungen Jahrs erſchienen,
Als reiſeflink die Zither in der Hand,
Und rege Ungeduld in Blick und Mienen,
Der Knabe ſchon am Bett des Förſters ſtand.
„Im Oſten dämmert's, und ich muß von hinnen!"
Rief er ihm zu; „doch willig füg' ich euch,
Bevor ich ſcheide, mich dem frommen Brauch,
Das junge Jahr glückwünſchend zu beginnen.
So höre denn, der du mein Retter biſt,
Was mir für dich ins Herz gegeben iſt.

„Vorüberſchwebend nach gemeſſnem Walten
Und regelrecht vertretend Tag und Nacht
Verwandelt ſich das Jahr in vier Geſtalten,
Und auch vier Wünſche ſind dir zugedacht.

„Wenn nach des Winters feindlich ſtrengem Schalten
Der Reiz des Frühlings die Gefilde ziert,
Dann bringe dir, von eigner Hand geführt,
Die ſcharfe Axt in früher Morgenſtunde
Abgleitend in den Fuß zu blut'ger Wunde!

„Wenn froh und üppig dann zur Sommerzeit
Des Fleißes Saat zur goldnen Frucht gedeiht,
Zerſtöre wider Hoffen und Erwarten
Ein Hagelſchlag dir den Gemüſegarten!

„Lockt dich ins Jagdrevier mit Wink und Gruß
Der Herbſt hinaus: dann deck' und überflore
Ein Dämon dir den Blick, damit der Schuß
Gefeſſelt haften bleib' im Feuerrohre!

„Und fällt aufs Neu der Sonne Glanz und Gluth
In ſchrägrem Strahl zur winterlichen Erde:
Dann in des Eisgangs wild empörter Wuth
Verſchlinge — daß dein Glück vollkommen werde —
Den Liebling dir des Stromes tiefe Fluth!""

„Verruchter Bube!" rief mit Zorngeberde
Der Förſter aus, zur Züchtigung bereit;
„So lohnſt du mir den Trieb der Menſchlichkeit,
Den mein bewegtes Herz für dich empfunden?
Jetzt magſt du ſchaun, nichtswürdiger Prophet,
Was an dir ſelber in Erfüllung geht!" — —

Doch, eh' er noch dem Lager ſich entwunden,
War, wie vom Winde ſpurlos fortgeweht,
Der kecke Zitherſpieler ſchon verſchwunden.

Den Winter ſah man allgemach entfliehn.
In milder Lüfte ſchöpferiſchem Wehen,
Und froh begrüßt von Lerchenmelodien
Begann der Lenz die Thäler und die Höhen
Mit jugendlichem Schmuck zu überziehn.

Da rüſtet ſich in früher Dämmerungsſtunde
Der Förſter einſt, der längſt die Unglückskunde
Des Zitherſpielers nun vergeſſen hat,
Zur Wanderung nach der entlegnen Stadt.
Des Einkaufs denkend, den er will beſorgen,
Trägt er bereits in blanken Silberſtücken
Die Baarſchaft feſt gegürtet um den Leib,
Und ſchon hinaus will er in Wandereile;
Doch aus der Küche winkt und ruft ſein Weib:
„„Komm, Bergfried! Einen Augenblick nur weile!
Denn fort und fort vergebens quäl' ich mich,
Weil ich dich ungern länger aufgehalten,
Den Eichenklotz mit eigner Hand zu ſpalten;
Was mir zu ſchwer, iſt leichtes Werk für dich!““

Doch kaum hat er im rüſtigen Beginnen
Mit ſcharfer Axt den erſten Schlag gethan,
So ſtrömt ſein Blut, es ſchwinden ihm die Sinnen,
Vereitelt iſt der Wanderung Zweck und Plan;
Denn in der Wange ſchmerzlichem Erbleichen
Kann er die Lagerſtätte kaum erreichen.

Und einen Andern, der auf gleicher Bahn
Still wandelnd eintrat in das Waldgehege,
Traf das Geſchick, das in verborgner Nacht
Ruchloſe Liſt dem Förſter zugedacht.
Im ſtarren Blick das ſprechende Gepräge
Der Todesangſt, beraubt von Räuberhand,
Ein preisgegebnes Bild des Jammers, fand
Man mit gebundnen Gliedern ihn am Wege! —

Vorüber floh des Lenzes Blumentraum,
Und lohnvoll deutend auf erwünſchte Spende,
Sah jetzt der Förſter in des Gartens Raum
Zur reichen Frucht gedeihn den Fleiß der Hände.
Da hört man furchtbar einſt in finſtrer Nacht
Ein Ungewitter durch den Luftkreis toben;
Im Rieſenkampfe mit ſich ſelbſt erhoben,
Sind alle Schrecken der Natur erwacht.
Der Himmelsraum, gedrückt von Wolkenſchwere,
Von Dunkelheit, von Blitzesglanz erfüllt,
Wird bald zur Grabnacht, bald zum Flammenmeere!
Laut brauſt der Sturm, der Donner kracht und brüllt!
Es irrt die Angſt umher in den Gemüthern
Mit brünſtigem Flehn für Anger und Gefild,
Und praſſelnd ſtürzt der Hagel auf den Dächern.

Und wie der Tag im Oſten ſich erhebt,
Lenkt Bergfried zagend nach des Gartens Auen
Die ſcheuen Schritte, um — erfüllt zu ſchauen,
Was ahnend ſchon im Geiſt ihm vorgeſchwebt!
Zerknickte Halme trauern ihm entgegen;
Was er gepflanzt mit rüſtig reger Hand,
Liegt überſchüttet mit Geſtein und Sand,
Und rettungslos zerſtört iſt aller Segen!

Und wie er ſteht im Kummer des Gemüths,
Naht ihm ein fremder Pilgersmann entgegen,
Der prüfend ſich genähert den Gehegen:
„Seid Ihr der Eigner dieſes Grundgebiets,
So wendet dankbar Euren Blick nach oben;
Denn wunderbares Heil kam Euch von droben!
Da ſchaut der Blätter gleißend fetten Saft,
Erzeugt vom Giftgewächs, das in den Räumen
Gewuchert überall, und ſeine Kraft
Verderblich mitgetheilt den Nachbarkeimen.
Der Schlag, der dieſe Ernte weggerafft,
Zu Eurem Glück ward er herbeigeleitet;
Denn tödtlicher Genuß ſtand Euch bereitet!“ —

Mit ernſtem Blick erwog er die Gefahr,
Die, voll geheimer Tücke, wunderbar
Geruht in den zerſtörten Gartengaben!
Und als er wieder in die Hütte trat,
Sprach er zur Hausfrau: „Hüte mir den Knaben,
Daß er da draußen nicht dem Strom ſich naht!“ —

Im Zeitenflug war jetzt der Herbſt erſchienen,
Den Förſter zog es in die Waldung fort.
„Reicht mir die Waff'!“ rief er mit feſtern Mienen,
„Ich muß hinaus, trotz dem Prophetenwort;
Es iſt ja mein Beruf, dem muß ich dienen!“

Und fort und fort vom Glücksſtern angelacht,
Ward ihm, ſo oft ſein Tagwerk ſich erneute,
Im Eifer des Berufs ſo reiche Beute,
Wie früherhin kein Herbſt ſie ihm gebracht.
Das ſtille Grauen vor des Schickſals Tücke
Ward aufgeklärt durch des Gelingens Luſt;
Denn nimmer fehlte ſeinem ſichern Blicke
Der ſichre Zielflug nach des Wildes Bruſt.

Schon überſtrich des Nordes kalter Flügel
Mit ſchärferm Hauch die Flur im Schneegewand,
Schon lag des Eiſes trüglich blanker Spiegel
Auf ſtiller Wogenfläche ausgeſpannt.
Doch in der Wünſche feurigſtem entbrannt,
Des Glücks gewiß, das ſtets ſich treu bewähret,
Durchzog der Förſter mit erhöhtem Fleiß
Jetzt das Revier; denn eines Hirſchbocks Fährte
Gab hier im Schnee ſich ſeinen Blicken preis,
Und eifervoll entglüht war ſein Verlangen,
Den edlen Flüchtling würdig zu empfangen.

Nach tagelang vergeblichem Bemühn,
Traf endlich er mit ſchauerndem Behagen
Im dunkeln Dickicht des Gehölzes ihn.
„Nur dies Mal noch,“ ſeufzt er, von flüchtigem Zagen
Leiſ' übermannt und brennend vor Begier,
Den längſt gewünſchten Meiſterſchuß zu wagen,
„Nur dies Mal noch, o Glück, ſei günſtig mir!“
Verlorner Wunſch! Indem das Thier ſich flüchtet,
Verſagt gewährungslos das Feuerrohr!
Doch Klageruf dringt zugleich zu ſeinem Ohr,
Und an dem Ort, wohin der Schuß gerichtet,
Tritt aus dem Waldgebüſch — ſein Weib hervor!
Vom ſichern Todesblei verſchont geblieben,
Durchwühlt der Dolch des Jammers ihr das Herz!
Die Hände ringt ſie im Verzweiflungsſchmerz;
Entſetzen ſteht in ihrem Blick geſchrieben!
„„Der Knab' iſt fort!““ ertönt ihr Angſtgeſchrei,
„„Der Knab' iſt fort, iſt nirgends mehr zu finden!
Im Stromesufer ſah man ihn verſchwinden!
Die Fluth hat ihn erfaßt! Gott ſteh uns bei!““

Erblaſſend folgt der Förſter ihrem Schritte,
Und ſchon der Heimath ſind ſie ſchaudernd nah:
Da winkt der Nachbar ſie in ſeine Hütte,
Wie es ſeit Jahresfriſt nicht mehr geſchah.
Sie folgen ſeinem Ruf, — und welch Entzücken
Ergreift im ſtillen Wechſel ihre Bruſt,
Als ſie den Knaben, ihres Lebens Luſt,
Der Fluth entrafft, hier am Kamin erblicken!
Mit Wonneſchauern, die der Erd' entrücken,
Mit Himmelsluſt umfaſſend den Gewinn,
Stürzt ſich die Mutter auf den Liebling hin!
Der Förſter aber drängt mit Schamgeberde
Zum edlen Retter ſeines Kindes ſich.
„Verfolgt,“ beginnt er ſtammelnd, „hab' ich dich
Mit Groll und Haß um eine Hand voll Erde;
Du aber, beſſrer Sinnesart, als ich,
Mir wiederſchenkend ein geliebtes Leben,
Das ich dem Tod zur Beute ſchon geglaubt,
Du folgſt der Lehre, die die Schrift gegeben,
Und ſammelſt feur'ge Kohlen mir aufs Haupt!“ —

„„Der Zufall ließ,““ entgegnete gelaſſen
Der Nachbar ihm, „„mich durch des Gartens Wand
Den Knaben eben in das Auge faſſen,
Als er hinabglitt von des Ufers Rand.
Wohl haben wir uns Beide ſchwer vergangen,
Seit wir — in Liebe ſonſt uns zugewandt —
Uns trotzig zu befehden angefangen!
Die Gunſt des Zufalls tritt vermittelnd ein:
So möge denn, von aller Selbſtſucht rein,
Wonach wir Beid' im Innerſten verlangen,
Der Freundſchaftsbund aufs Neu' geſchloſſen ſein!““

„O Zauberſpruch, am Jahrestag mir verkündet!“
Ruft Bergfried aus, und fromm gekehrt empor
Hebt ſich ſein Blick, in Dankesgluth entzündet;
„O Zauberſpruch, ſo ſchreckhaft für das Ohr,

Und auf verborgne Wohlfahrt doch gegründet!
Was erſt wie Hauch des Unglücks mich umweht,
Erfüllt mit Troſt und Heil der es gewendet;
Sei mir geſegnet, pilgernder Prophet!
Du ſanfter Knabe — jetzt iſt mein Glück vollendet!" —

Der Kloſterſchneider.

Ein Kloſter ſtand auf Böhmens Auen;
Ehrwürdig war es anzuſchauen,
Doch drinnen herrſchte frech und frei
Die zügelloſe Völlerei.
Gebet und Faſten ward zu Schanden,
Hintangeſetzt der Dienſt des Herrn,
Und wo ſich Zween zuſammenfanden,
Stand auch der Weinkrug nimmer fern.
Der Kern des Guten war verſchlungen;
Des Bibelbuches würdge Schrift
Daher gelallt von ſchweren Zungen,
Klang wie — Geſpött, und fortgedrungen
War der Verderbniß ſchleichend Gift
Vom Prior bis zum Küchenjungen.

Nur Einer hielt in dieſem Stift
Sich ſittſames, blieb von der Lüſte
Verführeriſchem Prunkgerüſte,
Vom Reiz des Schwelgens unberückt:
Der Kloſterſchneider Benedikt.
Umzogen von des Laſters Kette,
War er in Ehr' und Zucht ergraut;
Nie fehlt' er bei Sermon und Mette,
Denn, ſcholl des Glöckleins Silberlaut,
So wich er Scheer' und Bügeleiſen,
Und ging, um ſeinen Gott zu preiſen.

Einſt, als der Prior Hochamt hielt,
Fiel er, bevor der Schluß erzielt,
Berauſcht von ſüßem Ungarweine,
Zum Greul der chriſtlichen Gemeine,
Unwürdiglich zur Erde hin;
Zween Miniſtranten brachten ihn
Mit Müh und Angſt kaum auf die Beine
Doch froh genug ſprach er zum Schluß
Noch das Vobiscum Dominus.

Darob entbrannt' am heiligen Orte
Der Zorn in Benedikt's Gemüth,
Und was im Innern längſt geglüht,
Ergoß ſich jetzt in Tadelworte.
Doch der Verrath ſtand auf der Wacht,
Drum blieb ſein Thun nicht ungerochen;
Was eifervoll ſein Mund geſprochen,
Ward ſchnell dem Prior hinterbracht.

Und bei der nächſten Morgenandacht
Beſchied ihn der gewalt'ge Mann
Zugleich in die gewölbte Zelle,
Und ſchnaubt' ihn wild und wüthend an:
„Ihr habt in ſträflichem Erkühnen
Geſchmäht des Ordens frommen Bund,
Und Euren Frevel auszuſühnen,
Mach' ich Euch jetzt die Buße kund:
Ihr ſollt, eh ſieben Tage ſcheiden,
Des Tempels heiligen Altar,
Der Eurer Läſtrung Zeuge war,
Auf eigne Koſten neu bekleiden;
Und ſollt nicht bis zu dieſer Friſt,
Was ich gelegt, vollzogen iſt,
Den heiligen Grund des Kloſters meiden.
Feſt bleibt mein Schluß; Gott ſteh Euch bei!"

Betrübt ſchlich Benedikt von dannen;
Schlug, von dem Schreck ſich zu ermannen,
Vor Stirn und Bruſt der Kreuze drei,
Und wußte nicht, von wo und wannen
Die Hülfe zu erwarten ſei.
So ſaß er, das Gemüth mit Klage,
Den Blick mit Thränen angefüllt,
Daheim vor ſeinem Chriſtusbild;
So ſaß er bis zum ſechſten Tage,
Und rief, von hartem Loos bedroht,
Zum letzten Retter in der Noth.
Und wie die Nacht den Tag vertrieben,
Begann er mit bewegtem Sinn,
Mit Inbrunſt ſein Gebet zu üben,
Und warf ſich auf das Lager hin.

Doch als der Schlag der neunten Stunde
Vom Kloſterthurm herüber drang,
Erwacht' ein wunderbarer Klang,
Der wie Gebet aus Seraphsmunde,
Wie Harfenſpiel ſein Herz bezwang.
Und mächtig abgelockt vom Bette,
Erhebt er ſich mit Neubegier;
Da öffnet leiſe ſich die Thür,
Und in die niedre Klauſe treten,
Umſtrahlt von goldnem Heiligenſchein,
Drei zarte Engelknaben ein.
Die bringen mit vereinten Kräften
Zum engen, ärmlichen Bezirk
Geräth zum Bügeln und zum Heften,
Und Scharlachtuch und Goldgewirk;
Und ſetzen alle ſonder Weilen
Sich an des Meiſters Arbeitstiſch,
Und fangen an, das Tuch zu theilen,
Und nähen und bügeln flink und friſch;
Und überſehn der Regeln keine,
Und ſcheuen Müh und Sorgfalt nicht,
Und von des Tuches Wiederſcheine
Färbt ſich ihr Liliengeſicht.

Da kann der Meiſter ſich nicht halten,
Der Fleiß am Tiſch läßt ihm nicht Ruh;
Er ſtehet auf, und ſieht dem Walten
Der blühenden Geſellen zu;
Und möchte gern dazwiſchen ſchalten,
Weil er Bekanntes üben ſieht
Und des Gewerbes Luſt ihn zieht.
Doch wie er ſchüchtern ſich dem Sitze
Des Einen nähert, ſieh! da ſticht
Der Knab' ihn in die Fingerſpitze,
Daß es ihm ſchnell an Muth gebricht.
Doch die Verwundung ſchmerzet nicht;
Und ſacht begibt er in die Ecke
Mit frommer Scheue ſich zurück,
Und ſieht mit unverwandtem Blick
Bereiten eine Altardecke,
Ein tadelloſes Meiſterſtück.
Doch, wie ſie ihr Geſchäft vollendet,
Da winken ſie, zu gleicher Zeit
Den Blick nach Benedikt gewendet,
Und wandeln aus der Dienſtbarkeit
Zu dem zurück, der ſie geſendet.

In frommer Kindeseinfalt nimmt
Der Meiſter, wie ihm aufgetragen,
Die Decke, die gleich Sternen glimmt,
Und bringt mit ſchaurig-ſüßem Zagen,
In ſauberer Leinwand eingeſchlagen,
Sie morgens zu dem Prior hin.
Der weidet ſchmunzelnd Aug' und Sinn,
Und kann von all dem Glanz nicht weichen;
Und ruft: „Ei, ei, das Klöſterlein
Hilft ſeinen Dienern auf die Bein'!
Euch ſah man ſtets ſo ſinnig ſchleichen,
Und doch habt ihr nach Herzensluſt
Das Bummeln zu begehn gewußt!" —

Der Meiſter fühlt vom Thränenquelle
Die Wimper ſchmerzlich überthaut;
Er geht zurück nach ſeiner Zelle,
Sinkt auf die Knie und betet laut:
„Ihr ſtiegt in meine Klauſe nieder,
Ihr Himmliſchen! — Wann kommt Ihr wieder?
Wann zieht Ihr aus der Erdenſchmach
In Eure Herrlichkeit mich nach?"

Am Oſtertag, ſo iſt beſchloſſen,
Soll der Altar vom Sakriſtan
Sein köſtliches Gewand empfahn.
Schon iſt die letzte Nacht verfloſſen,
Schon öffnet ſich des Himmels Thor,
Und feſtlich tritt der Tag hervor.
Die Schatten weichen; Ulmen wiegen
Ihr grünend Haupt, und Glockenklang
Verkündigt, daß nach Leidenszwang
Der Lebensfürſt dem Grab entſtiegen.

Lebendig wird's im Klöſterlein,
Der Tempel prangt im Morgenſchein:
Hier weicht der dunkle Trauerſchleier,
Und glänzend ſtehn die Säulenreihn;
Dort ſieht man feſt'ge Sängerein
Bereiten zu des Hochamts Feier.

Auch wird zuletzt vom Sakriſtan
Der Scharlachſchmuck herbeigetragen;
Und alle Chorgehülfen nahn,
Erfaßt von ſchaurigem Behagen.
Sie nahn und geben dienſtbereit
Dem Marmorſtein ſein Ehrenkleid;
Und nach des Tempels fernſten Enden
Ergießt ſich roſenhaftes Blenden.

Der rüſt'ge Glöckner läutet ſchon;
Es ſtrömt in wogendem Gedränge
Zum Heiligthum des Volkes Menge,
Und ſtimmend in den Orgelton
Erſchallen feſtliche Geſänge.
Und wie die Orgel ſchweigt, da tritt
Der Prior mit bedächt'gem Schritt
Aus ſeiner Zell' im Meßtalare
Und nähert ſich dem Hochaltare.
Doch wie er, um mit lautem Mund
Das Deo gloria zu beten,
Die Stufen des Altars betreten,
Thut ſich ein ſeltnes Wunder kund:
Denn, wild umbrauſt von Sturmgeheul,
Bebt Gruftgewölb' und Marmorſäule;
Des Tempels friedlichem Verein
Glänzt keine Blend' und keine Kerze,
Und des Altares Purpurſchein
Verwandelt ſich in Rabenſchwärze!
Erſchrocken ſtürzt mit Angſt und Graus
Des Volkes bleiche Schaar hinaus.

Und wie die Wuth des Sturmes wieder
Sich legt im öden Gotteshaus,
Verſammeln ſich die Ordensbrüder,
Und jeder ſtimmt den Prior bei:
Daß dieſer Spuk an heiliger Stelle
Ein freches Zauberſpiel der Hölle,
Und Benedikt ihr Jünger ſei.
Und beiſpiellos ihn zu beſtrafen,
Erſtürmt in frommer Blutbegier
Man alſobald des Schneiders Thür —
Der aber war im Herrn entſchlafen.

Die Erſcheinung.

Es ſteht der Meiſter bei Lampenlicht
Mit düſter ſchweifenden Sinnen,
Mit zagender Bruſt und bleichem Geſicht
Ein dringendes Werk zu beginnen.
Die Säge, den Hobel nimmt er zur Hand,
Und ſeitwärts, an des Kamines Rand
Steht glänzender Firniß bereitet,
Der peinliche Dünſte verbreitet.

Dem blühenden Kindlein, das ihm entſchlief,
Beginnt er mit Grämen und Grauen
Zum langen Schlummer im Grabe tief
Die enge Behauſung zu bauen.
Fahr' hin, erſeufzt er mit finſterm Blick,
Du fernres Hoffen auf irdiſches Glück!
Was könnt' ich nicht meiden und miſſen,
Nun mir der Frühling entriſſen!

Doch kaum, daß in Uebung der düſtern Pflicht
Die Worte den Lippen entglitten,
Sieht er ein ſeltſam ſchimmerndes Licht
Sich durch die Werkſtatt verbreiten.
Ein Klingen vernimmt er, wie Harfenlaut,
Und wie er betroffen zur Seite ſchaut,
Iſt grüßend mit lächelnden Mienen
Des Kindleins Geſtalt ihm erſchienen.

Von lieblich grünendem Myrthenkranz
Sind ihm die Locken umfangen;
Es ſtrahlt das Auge von friſchem Glanz
Und roſig blühen die Wangen.
Durch Todesſchauer zum Engel verklärt,
Vom Stern der Wonne zurückgekehrt,
Erſcheint es im Dunkel der Erde
Mit freundlicher Troſtesgeberde.

„Laß ab,“ beginnt es mit ſanftem Laut,
„Die Seele zum Kummer zu neigen!
Mir iſt ein Blumenort erbaut
Aus unverwelklichen Zweigen.
Dort wogen und weben ſich Blick und Bruſt
In Bildern ewiger Frühlingsluſt:
Und was man verloren im Leben,
Wird ſchöner dort wiedergegeben!

„Eh' mich die ſchnöden Lüſte der Welt
Durch ſündige Lockung gewonnen,
Eh', von verderblichem Garn umſtellt,
Ich noch zu ſtraucheln begonnen,
Der makelfreien Lilie gleich,
Ging ich ins himmliſche Freudenreich;
Dort eilt ich aus Blumengehegen
Dir freudigen Grußes entgegen!“ —

Dem Meiſter wird's dunkel um den Sinn,
Als er den Troſtſpruch vernommen;
Er neigt ſich über den Sarg dahin,
Und ſtöhnet bang und beklommen.
Doch wie der dämmernde Tag erwacht,
Hat er ſein irdiſches Wandern vollbracht,
Und iſt, von Sehnſucht befangen,
Zum Liebling hinüber gegangen.

Aus K. G. Prätzel's

Feldherrnränke.

Erſter Geſang.

„Meiſter Bernfel! ohne lang zu ſtreiten
Mach' er ſich bequem, wie's ihm gefällt;
Kein Vernunft'ger kann's als Hochmuth deuten,
Wenn der Redner auf die Bank ſich ſtellt.
Leichter wird er unſern Muth erregen,
Iſt ſein Heldenanblick uns verliehn;
Kann ja allenfalls, des Schmutzes wegen,
Sich indeß die Schuhe runter ziehn!“

Bernfel that's, und hub mit feſten Mienen
Folgendergeſtalt zu ſprechen an:
„Endlich iſt der Augenblick erſchienen,
Endlich reift der langgenährte Plan!
Vielfach hab' ich euern Muth beſchworen,
Hab' euch angereizt bei Bier und Wein;
All umſonſt! ihr hattet keine Ohren,
Fieberangſt durchlief euch Mark und Bein!“

„Schon ſeit Jahren, wenn die zwölfte Stunde
Um die Zeit des Mais vom Thurme ſchallt,
Zeigen auf des Kirchhofs ſtillem Grunde
Sich zween Geiſter, furchtbar von Geſtalt!
Schwarz und zottig ſind ſie anzuſchauen,
Ihre Augen ſind ein Funkenmeer;
Hörner tragen ſie und Drachenklauen,
Und nach Schwefel ſtinkt es weit umher!“

„Kiebiz, den einſt an des Kirchhofs Planken
Ein Berufsweg ſpät vorbeigeführt,
Hat's den flinken Schenkeln nur zu danken,
Daß vor Angſt ihn nicht der Schlag gerührt!
Küſters Elsbeth ward dem Schreck zum Raube;
Halb gelähmt, mit Müh und Noth entkroch
Sie dem Platz, und unter ihrer Haube
Rappelt es bis dieſe Stunde noch!“

„Dieſem Unheil muß geſteuert werden!
Herzhaft müſſen wir dem Schreckbild nahn;
Eher als das feigſte Volk auf Erden
Schildert uns des Auslands Läſterzahn.
Will der Ariman uns Schlingen legen,
Treff' er uns geſtählt mit Muth und Kraft!
Ach wir ſind, des trägen Zauderns wegen,
Längſt das Spottgedicht der Nachbarſchaft!“

„Bürger Tiefenbachs! o wenn ihr wüßtet,
Wie ſo tief mich euer Anblick rührt!
Mit Geſchoß und Speer ſteht ihr gerüſtet,
Und das Werk ſeh ich ſchon halb vollführt.
Droht uns auch das ganze Heer der Geiſter;
Ich, der Schützengilde Flügelmann,
Erbgeſeſſner Zunft- und Schneidermeiſter,
Scheue nichts, und zieh euch kühn voran!“ —

Sprachs, und reckte fürchterlich die Glieder,
Stieg dann ſchweigend von der Bank herab,
Schnallte haſtvoll ſich die Schuhe wieder,
Und ergriff den knot'gen Feldherrnſtab.

Alle drängten ſich um ihren Führer
Wie die Bienen um den Weiſel her,
Und es trank der große Herzensrührer
Manches Glas zu neuer Stärkung leer.

Raſtlos hatte für die Abendſtunde
Raps den Tag hindurch mit Weib und Kind
In des Kellers unterird'ſchem Grunde
Hier ein Glas geſchwenkt, dort verdünnt;
Dennoch fand man, ſtatt zufriednen Dankes,
Seinen Landwein ohne Geiſt und Kraft,
Und den Vorrath ſeines Gerſtentrankes
Für Stieglitzenſchmäuſe angeſchafft.

Doch vor Allen, die zum großen Werke
Jetzt ſich ſtählten in des Gaſtwirths Haus,
Zeichnete durch ſeines Durſtes Stärke
Sich der Altgeſell wie immer aus!
Dieſem Durſt hat er das Loos zu danken,
Das ſich draußen wider ihn verſchwor;
Als er, rettungslos gebracht zum Wanken,
Mond und Stern' aus dem Geſicht verlor.

Tief und tiefer war die Nacht geſunken,
Und der Feldherr ſtellte, ſtillbemüht,
Die Verſchwornen, die ſich Muth getrunken,
Seinem Plan gemäß, in Reih und Glied. —
Und nun ſei, o Muſe, mir gewogen!
Nenne ſonder Umſchweif und Verzug
Die Beherzten, die zum Kampfe zogen,
Und die Waffen, welche Jeder trug!

Majeſtätiſch an des Heeres Spitze
Prangt im grünkalmankten Sonntagsrock,
Auf dem linken Ohr die Bibermütze,
Gebhard Bremſel mit dem Knotenſtock.
Aber wer erkennt den Windezeichen,
Wer den vielgewandten Schneider mehr?
Spitze Steine füllen ihm die Taſchen,
Und ein Sarras folgt ihm, lang und ſchwer.

Ihm zunächſt ſchließt ſich mit dickem Zopfe
Bärenſchreck, der Huf- und Grobſchmidt, an:
Einen Karpfenkeſſel auf dem Kopfe,
Und mit ſtarkem Schurzfell angethan.
In den Fäuſten ſchwingt er Axt' und Meſſer,
Und auf rothen Siegesruhm erpicht,
Blickt dem ungeſtümen Eiſenfreſſer
Mordluſt aus dem rußigen Geſicht.

Auch den Altermann der Feuerſpritzen,
Hänſel Pfiff, ſieht man im Zuge gehn!
Stets gerecht ſtehn ſeines Hutes Spitzen,
Mag er ſie nach Süd und Weſten drehn.
Muth und Liqueur röthen ihm den Zinken;
Und ſo trabt er, hurtig und gewandt,
Eine Feuerzange in der linken,
Einen Zaunpfahl in der rechten Hand.

Raps, des Städtchens Gaſtwirth, trägt, der vierte
Eine Peitſche, die er kurz vorher
Mit bethörtem Glasſtaub überſchmierte:
Wo ſie anſchnellt, wächſt kein Härchen mehr. —
Ihm geſellt mit roſtiger Muskete
Sich Hans Hunger, der zur Mittagszeit,
Phantaſirend auf der Pfennigs-Flöte,
Haus für Haus der Reihe nach erfreut.

An des Künſtlers Seite nimmt ein zweiter,
Hochgeſchätzt im Städtchen, ſeinen Platz:
Peter Primel, Traum- und Zeichendeuter,
Hoch gelehrt in Kart' und Kaffeeſatz!
Jammervoll beſchwert mit Magenkrämpfen
Iſt er oft, zumal zur Zeit der Nacht;
Wo er dann, die innre Pein zu dämpfen,
Sich vom Bett erhebt und Verſe macht!

Eingeweiht in dunkle Künſt' und Zeichen
Thut er — kann er des Geſpenſtes Ohr
Mit den Zauberformeln erſt erreichen —
Auch als Geiſterbanner ſich hervor.
Feuer frißt er, daß die Ohren dampfen,
Gläſer kann er auseinander ſchrein. —
Dieſen ſieht man kühn den Boden ſtampfen,
Und mit blanker Holzart zornig dräun.

Aufgemuntert durch den Sonntagsbraten,
Den der Feldherr ſeinem Dienſt verſprach,
Folget auch, verſehn mit Hark' und Spaten,
Fröbelbach, der Todtengräber, nach.
Hinter ihm, mit büchnem Rockenträger,
Den er heimlich ſeinem Weib entwandt,
Schreitet Kiebitz, Schloß- und Kirchenfeger,
Und der Weichſelzopfige genannt.

Blitz und Donner auf der Fidelkiſte,
Und das Wammes mit Rauchwerk ausgelegt,
Trippelt Budzel, der am Kirmeßfeſte
Ohne Notenblatt den Grundbaß ſägt.
Ach, ihm wär' es nimmer zu verdenken,
Hätt' er ſich vom Zuge losgeſagt;
Doch den Spieß ſieht man ihn muthig ſchwenken,
Trotz der Gicht die ſeine Glieder plagt.

Auch der Fleiſcher nimmt, ein halber Heide
Und Geſpenſterläugner, ſchuldigſt Theil;
Schwer am Gurt hängt ihm die Meſſerſcheide
Und am Arm das blankgeſchliffne Beil. —
„Was," ſo pflegte Stroppel oft zu ſagen,
„Von Geſpenſtern in dem Städtchen ſpukt,
Sind vielleicht die Kälber von drei Tagen,
Die ihr Sonntags gierig niederſchluckt!" —

Eine Trommel mit beſchabtem Felle,
Und von melancholiſch dumpfem Ton,
Trägt Elias Muff, der Altgeſelle,
Schier ergraut in Stroppels Brot und Lohn.
Denn ihn brachte Stroppel mit aus Polen,
Als er einſt dahin gezogen war,
Für die Kirmiß Rindvieh einzuholen,
Und ſie blieben Freund' auf immerdar.

Nicht auf ſchlechtem Seitenweg' erſchlichen
Ward dies Amt von der beſcheidnen Haut;
Nein, durch Stimmenmehrheit ausgeglichen,
Hat man ihm die Trommel anvertraut.
Aber nicht ſoll ihn der Muth verführen,
Eh man ſiegreich von dem Schlachtfeld zieht,
Ungeſtümen Eifers ſie zu rühren,
Drum wandelt er im Hinterglied. —

Leuchtend ſtand der Mond am Himmelsbogen,
Frühlingslüfte ſpielten lind und kühl,
Und die Tapfern, die bewaffnet zogen,
Nahten mehr und mehr ſich ihrem Ziel.
Friedlich aber, vor des Kirchhofs Räumen,
Liegt ein Hügel, der, zur Seidenzucht
Hier und dort bepflanzt mit Maulbeerbäumen,
Schatten beut und angenehme Frucht.

Hier ward Halt gemacht. Der Feldherr ſelber
Stieg hinauf mit raſchem Ungeſtüm,
Und die andern alle, wie die Kälber,
Die den Hirſchbock drängen, folgten ihm.
Budzel ſelbſt, als man an Ort und Stelle
Angelangt, ſtand in den Vorderreihn;
Auch die Trommel trug der Altgeſelle
Unerſchrocknen Muthes hinterdrein.

Und wie alles nun hinüberſpähet,
Sieh, da ſpringen aus dem Fliederſtrauch,
Welcher innen an der Planke ſtehet,
Die Geſpenſter ganz nach altem Brauch,
Tummeln erſt, den Lauſchenden zum Schrecken,
Seltſam auf den Gräbern ſich herum,
Klettern emſig auf und ab, und ſtrecken
Endlich in das Gras ſich, ſtill und ſtumm.

Todtenſtille herrſcht' im Heldenkreiſe,
Die Geſichter wurden blaß und roth,
Bis der Gaſtwirth Raps, nach ſeiner Weiſe,
Der Verſammlung eine Priſe bot.
„Riecht ihr's auch?" begann mit hohlem Flüſtern
Hänſel Pfiff, der Held mit Zang und Pfahl;
„Man erlebt ſolch Funkeln und ſolch Kniſtern
Wohl ſein Tage nicht zum zweiten Mal!"

„Kinder, laßt den Kopf uns nicht verlieren!"
Fiel der Feldherr jetzt mit Unmuth ein;
„Muß' ich muthvoll euch zum Kampfe führen
Um ein Zeuge eurer Angſt zu ſein?
Herzhaft müſſen wir das Treffen wagen!
Kehren wir zurück in träger Ruh,
Bürger Tiefenbachs! die Weiber ſchlagen
Uns die Thüren vor der Naſe zu!"

„Zieht denn hin, euch Lorbeern zu erſtreiten,
Während ich, mit Einſicht und Verſtand
Von dem Hügel aus die Schlacht zu leiten,
Hier verharre, Flint' und Glas zur Hand.

Nicht dem Feldherrn ziemt's mit blindem Wagen
Seine unerſetzliche Perſon
In die Hitze des Gefechtes zu tragen;
Darum blieb' ich, wie geſagt, davon." —

Als ihm aber dieſes Wort entfallen,
Plötzlich wurden alle Zungen frei.
Dieſen ſah man wild die Hände ballen,
Jener ſprach von Trug und Schelmerei.
Alle ſah er wider ſich verſchworen;
Da ergriff ein edles Zürnen ihn,
Und vor Eifer roth bis an die Ohren,
Sah man ihn der Plank' entgegen ziehn.

Alle folgten im geſtrecktem Trabe,
Doch ſobald man an der Pforte ſtand,
Winkte Bremſel mit dem Feldherrnſtabe,
Das Geſicht den Seinen zugewandt.
„Jetzt," ſo ſprach er, „laßt uns Rathes pflegen;
Meinen Vorſchlag höret allſammt:
Stemmt euch nicht zum zweiten Mal dagegen,
Oder niederleg' ich Stab und Amt!"

„Kinder! laßt nur diesmal mir den Willen!
Siegt man denn durch Kraut und Spieß allein?
Mit den Kieſeln, die die Taſchen füllen,
Kann ich nur von weitem nützlich ſein! —
Ueberdies iſt mir die Kraft geſunken!
Hätte doch kein ſaures Lagerbier
Raps, der ſchnöde Schenkwirth, ſelbſt getrunken!
Denn vor Magenpein vergeh' ich ſchier!" —

Aber ſchwer verletzt durch dieſe Worte
Warf ihn Raps, in ſeines Zornes Drang,
Dergeſtalt an die verſchloſſ'ne Pforte,
Daß ſie knarrend aus der Angel ſprang.
Länger zähmet jetzt der Zechgeſelle
Die Begierde ſeines Muthes nicht,
Läßt ſie wüthend aus am Trommelfelle,
Daß der Schweiß ihm durch die Glieder bricht.

Und von innen tönt ein dumpfes Heulen,
Grauenvoll iſt die Entſcheidung nah:
An den Boden ſinken Spieß' und Keulen,
Schreckenslaute hört man hier und da!
Bremſel ſtrebt umſonſt ſich aufzurichten,
Todesangſt umnebelt ihm den Sinn;
Und zwei ſchwarze *Pudelhunde* flüchten
Ueber ihn mit Windesſchnelle hin!

Das Traubenkörbchen.

Trauben las die ſpröde Philippine
An der Mittagswand des Gartenhauſes;
Meinte, vor des Lauſchers Blick geſichert,
Sich der ſüßen Beute zu erfreuen,
Und vergaß des Zwanges, mit dem die Mode
Grauſam ihre Prieſterinnen feſſelt.

Aber ſeitwärts an dem Wieſenbache
Lag ich, wohl verſteckt, im hohen Graſe,
Weidete gemüthlich Herz und Augen
An dem harmlos ruhigen Geſchäfte,
An dem ſüßen Lächeln ihres Mundes,
An dem holden Ebenmaß der Glieder,
An der leichten Anmuth ihres Weſens.
So vertieft in ſeliger Beſchauung,
Scheut' ich mich, mit leiſem Athemzuge
Die geknickten Halme zu bewegen,
Die um Wang' und Stirn' ſich kitzelnd ſchmiegten,
Und erwog im Innern ſtill die Weiſe,
Wie ich, unbemerkt der Holden nahend,
Sie erſchrecken und verſöhnen möchte.

Plötzlich trat der Gott des Sonnenwagens,
Hülfreich meinem Wunſch und meinem Trachten,
Aus dem ſilbernen Gewölk des Himmels;
Sandte, zielend nach dem Weinſpaliere,
Glüh'nde Pfeile nach der Bogenlaube,
Traf des Nackens hellen Alabaſter
Und den Lilienarm der Unbeflorten;
Färbte höher ihre Purpurwange,
Ließ nicht ab mit ſchelmiſcher Befehdung,
Bis ſie, hüpfend von den glatten Sproſſen,
Schleiertuch und Halmentuch zu ſuchen,
Nach des Geisblatts ferner Laub' enteilte.

Und zu Helios verklärtem Lichte
Stieg mein Dank in froh geweihtem Opfer!
Dem beblümten Lager mich entraffend,
Naht' ich ſchüchtern mich dem Weingeländer,
Raubte kühn das ſchöngeflochtne Körbchen,
Das den Lohn enthielt des regen Fleißes;
Nahm den Rückweg durch die Wieſenblumen,
Durch des Baches leichtbeſpülte Kieſel,
Und erharrte ſtill am Gegenufer,
Wie der Knoten ſich entwickeln möge.

Fröhlich kehrte ſie; ein muntrer Zephyr
Spielte mit des Buſens loſem Schleier,
Mit des Hutes feſſelfreien Bändern.
Heiter lächelnd brach ſie eine Traube,
Wandte niederwärts ſich nach dem Körbchen,
Und erblaßte —
„Löſe dir die Beute!"
Rief ich kecklich mit erhobner Stimme,
Und das Körbchen in den Lüften ſchwingend.

Aber zürnend den verwegnen Worten,
Kehrte ſeitwärts ſie ſich an die Leiter,
Auf die Traube, die ſie friſch gebrochen,
Starr und trotzig ihre Blicke heftend.

„Löſe dir die Beute!" rief ich wieder;
„Nur der Schritte fünfzehn oder zwanzig,
Und die Opfer nenn' ich dir mit Namen,
Die den ſüßen Raub zurück erkaufen!"

„„Wohl!"" verſetzte ſie mit zarter Stimme,
Die melodiſch mir das Herz bewegte;
„„Der begehrte Tauſch iſt leicht zu treffen:
Gib das Körbchen mir und nimm die Trauben!
Der Verluſt iſt eben zu verſchmerzen.""

„Mädchen," unterbrach ich ihre Worte,
„Hart und lieblos klingt, was du geredet!
Denkſt du wirklich, in der Willensmeinung
Kam ich her, das Körbchen dir zu geben?
Theurer Lohn gebühret der theuren Mühe!
Alſo Kuß um Traube: und wir können
Beide, mein' ich, bei dem Tauſch beſtehen!"

Leicht erröthend ſah ſie mir ins Auge
Und die Purpurtraub' in ihrer Linken,
Schlich ſie ſchweren Fußes nah' und näher;
Mich auch ließen jetzt des Baches Wellen
Länger nicht von meinem Glück geſchieden;
Munter hüpft' ich über ſeine Kieſel,
Ueber Binſenkraut und Wieſenblumen,
Bis zur Seit' ich ſtand dem holden Kinde;
Setzt' im Lindenſchatten drauf mich nieder,
Und begann mit ernſter Mien' und Stimme:
„Laß uns Rechnung halten, Philippine!"

„„Fein berechneſt du den Werth der Waare,""
Rief ſie aus in lieblicher Verwirrung,
„„Und im Nu erſehe ich, was ich gelte!
Fertig iſt der Ueberſchlag des Krämers,
Und ſein Ausſpruch ſchmeichelt meinem Stolze.
Alſo Kuß um Traube! Wär' ich verſchmitzt
Doch der Kühnen Meinung faſt geweſen,
Daß in *einem* Kuß für Korb und Trauben
Die vollkommne Löſung ſich bewähre!""

„Mädchen, nennſt du zu Qual und Aerger
Mir das Körbchen!" rief ich ungeduldig,
„Hoffenswerth iſt mir der Klang des Wortes,
Hoffenswerther noch in deinem Munde! —
Schämſt du dich, der Neigung ſüße Zeichen
Abzumeſſen gegen Traubenpurpur,
So ertheile ſie genau und redlich
Nach dem Maße mir, wie ich dich liebe! —
Meiner Sehnſucht blieb dein Herz verſchloſſen,
Ungehört verhallten meine Wünſche,
Und der Lenz ging kranzlos mir vorüber.
Soll ich jetzt des Glückes Wink verſchmähen? —
Kühne Forderung wagt der kühne Räuber;
Denn ihn ſchreckt die Flucht des Augenblickes!
Viele Tage faßt der Kreis des Jahres,
Aber nur einer weiht zur Traubenernte!"

Brach's und zog ſie herzhaft zu mir nieder,
Theilte dann die zarten Traubenſtengel
Heimlich und geſchickt mit feinem Nagel,
Daß dem Tauſch es nicht an Stoff gebrechen
Und mit klugvermehrter Jubelernte
Der Gewinn ſich froh verdoppeln möge.

Aber bald verwirrt' im Wechſelſpiele
Amors Hinterliſt uns Herz und Sinnen,
Und die Klarheit wich aus der Entſcheidung:
Wer das Pfand verwahr' und wer es löſ'.
Der Entbehrung böſren Gram vergeſſend,
Trieben wir, umglänzt vom Abendgolde,
Tändeleien der beglückten Liebe;
Bis mit lautem Ruf entlang den Hecken
Uns die Mutter aus einander ſcheuchte.

Johann Preuss,

geboren 1620 zu Guben, ſtudirte Theologie, war Prediger und wurde des Socinianismus halber eingekerkert. Er irrte dann lange Zeit in Deutſchland umher, lebte in Berlin, Frankfurt a. d. Oder, [illegible] u. ſ. w. und floh endlich nach Polen, wo er auch wahrſcheinlich ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Herzliches Saitenſpiel. Frankfurt a. d. Oder, 1657.

Geiſtlicher Weihrauch. O. O. 1662.

Faſtenſpeiſe, kranke Gewiſſen damit zu erquicken. O. O. 1675.

Innige, warme Andacht, Begeiſterung und tiefes, religiöſes Gefühl, verbunden mit guter Behandlung der Sprache und Form, zeichnen ſeine geiſtlichen Lieder vor denen der Mehrzahl ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen rühmlich aus.

Johann Aloys Primiſſer

ward am 4. März 1796 zu Innsbruck geboren, ſtudirte in Wien, ward daſelbſt Kuſtos an dem Münz-, Antiken- und Ambraſer Cabinet und ſtarb am 25. Juli 1827, zu früh für die Wiſſenſchaft und ſeine Freunde.

Außer vielen kleinen Abhandlungen in Journalen ꝛc. beſitzen wir von ihm:

Die k. k. Ambraſer Sammlung beſchrieben. Wien 1820.

Der Heldenbuch in der Urſprache. Berlin 1820—21, 2 Th. 4. Mit F. H. v. d. Hagen.

Der Stammbaum des Hauſes Habsburg-Oeſterreich. Wien 1820. Fol.

Peter Suchenwirths Werke. Mit Wörterbuch und mit hiſtoriſchen Bemerkungen. Ebend. 1827.

P. erwarb ſich große Verdienſte um die kritiſche Herausgabe deutſcher Werke des Mittelalters, und würde ſie gewiß noch ſehr erhöht haben, wenn ihm ein längeres Leben verſtattet geweſen wäre.

Hermann, Fürſt Pückler von Muskau.

Dieſer in mehr als einer Hinſicht ausgezeichnete Mann ward am 30. October 1785 zu Muskau in der Lauſitz geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung zu Uhyſt, auf dem Pädagogium zu Halle und zu Deſſau unter der Leitung eines Hofmeiſters, und ſtudirte dann von 1801 bis 1803 Jurisprudenz in Leipzig. Er trat darauf in ſächſiſche Kriegsdienſte, avancirte bis zum Rittmeiſter in der ſächſiſchen Garde und machte ſpäter, nach verlangtem Abſchiede, eine Reiſe durch Frankreich und Italien. Nach ſeiner Heimkehr durch den Tod ſeines Vaters Erbe der Standesherrſchaft Muskau geworden, ſchuf er aus dieſem Beſitzthum einen herrlichen Aufenthalt, und trat dann, während des Feldzuges gegen Napoleon im October 1813 als Major in ruſſiſche Dienſte, worauf er dem Herzoge von Sachſen-Weimar, Karl Auguſt, als Adjutant beigegeben wurde. Nachdem er ſich in dieſem Kriege in jeder Hinſicht höchſt rühmlich ausgezeichnet hatte, beſuchte er England, wo er ein Jahr verweilte, und ging dann nach ſeinem Stammſitze zurück, den er mit dem feinſten und großartigſten Geſchmacke zu verſchönern fortfuhr. Im Jahre 1817 vermählte er ſich mit der Reichsgräfin von Pappenheim, der Tochter des Fürſten von Hardenberg; dieſe Ehe ward jedoch 1826 wieder, nach gegenſeitiger Uebereinkunft, gelöſt. 1822 erhob ihn der König von Preußen in den Fürſtenſtand. Von 1828 lebte er faſt beſtändig auf Reiſen, beſuchte England, Frankreich und einen Theil des Morgenlandes und iſt erſt ſeit Kurzem wieder aus Aegypten nach Deutſchland zurückgekehrt.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Gedichte. Berlin 1811, 1. Bd., gr. 8.

Briefe eines Verſtorbenen. München 1830—31. 4 Bde.

Tutti Frutti. Stuttgart 1834. 5 Bde.

Semilaſſo's vorletzter Weltgang. Traum und Wachen. Aus den Papieren des Verſtorbenen. Stuttgart 1835.

Einzelne Reiſeberichte in der Augsburger Allgemeinen Zeitung u. ſ. w.

Wie es nicht anders ſein konnte, iſt der geniale und originelle Reiſende eben ſo heftig angegriffen worden, als er ſich eines großen und in mehr als einer Hinſicht gerechten Beifalls erfreute. Von allen Kritikern urtheilt gewiß Menzel (deutſche Literatur Th. IV. S. 322 folgd.) am billigſten und richtigſten von ihm, indem er ſagt: Der Fürſt von Pückler Muskau vereint mit angeborner Eleganz zugleich die feinſte Berückſichtigung aller Tendenzen der Zeit, die ihn aus einem dunkeln, ariſtokratiſchen Daſein zu einer glänzenden und doch im ſtrengſten Sinne nur bürgerlichen Rolle herausgedrängt haben, und er weiß der Neuheit dieſer Situation jeden Reiz abzugewinnen. Er hat von ſeinem Stande nur die Comforts, nur den feinen Epikuräismus der ſchönen Sitten beibehalten, und wenn er auch einmal ſeiner „Wappenvögel" gedenkt, ſo iſt es doch unpaſſend, ihm daraus einen Vorwurf zu machen, denn ſeine ganze literariſche Erſcheinung iſt weit eher eine Conceſſion, welche die hohe Ariſtokratie dem Zeitgeiſt macht, als eine Reclamation. Es iſt eine Erſcheinung, die ohne die Revolutionen des Jahrhunderts und insbeſondere ohne die ſocialen Umwälzungen in Frankreich unmöglich wäre. Es iſt ein Schlaglicht, aus Frankreich nach Deutſchland herübergeworfen, und der Fürſt Pückler verhält ſich zu dem bürgerlich gewordenen neuen Frankreich, wie Friedrich der Große zum philoſophiſch gewordenen alten ſich verhielt. Daher iſt auch der Fürſt modern, wie Friedrich, in ſeinen Formen franzöſiſch. Noch kein Schriftſteller hat ſich in deutſcher Sprache ſo franzöſiſch auszudrücken gewußt. Es iſt nicht allein der leichte Memoiranten, es iſt vorzüglich der noch piquantere Converſationston, gewürzt mit allen Grazien ſowohl der Offenheit als der Coquetterie. Die Rückſicht, ſtets vortheilhaft und liebenswürdig zu erſcheinen, ohne Neid zu erregen, zu imponiren, ohne zu verletzen, zu ſchmeicheln, ohne ſich etwas zu vergeben, dieſe erſte Regel echt franzöſiſcher Geſelligkeit geht auch bei Pückler allen andern vor. Wenn er oft, beſonders in ſeinem ſchönen Werke über England, bei dem Gedanken verweilt, wie die Ariſtokratie mehr und mehr aus dem politiſchen Leben herausgedrängt worden, ſo bemerkt er ſelbſt, wie das beſſere ariſtokratiſche Element immerhin ſeine Herrſchaft im ſocialen Leben zu bewahren berufen ſei. Die Ariſtokratie ſchöner Sitten wird ſich niemals ausrotten laſſen, oder immer wieder auf den Trümmern der Geſellſchaft ſich anbauen. Schon der bloße Reichthum wird immer Vorrechte begründen, und es iſt nicht der letzte Vorzug der Schriften des Fürſten Pückler, daß ſo mancher Reiche darin die Anweiſung finden kann, mit Geſchmack zu ſchaffen und zu genießen, und im eigenen Genuß dem Gemeinweſen wenigſtens den Tribut der Schönheit abzutragen.

Aus den Briefen eines Verſtorbenen.

Dritter Brief.

London, den 5. October 1826.

Ich habe eine ſehr unglückliche Ueberfahrt gehabt. Eine Bourraske, die leidige Seekrankheit, 40 Stunden Dauer ſtatt 20, und zu guter letzt noch das Feſtſitzen auf einer Sandbank in der Themſe, wo wir 6 Stunden verweilen mußten, ehe uns die Fluth wieder flott machte, waren die unangenehmen Evenements unſrer Reiſe.

Ich weiß nicht, ob ich früher (es ſind 10 Jahre, ſeit ich England zum letztenmal verließ) Alles mit verſchönernden Augen anſah, oder meine Einbildungskraft ſeitdem, mir unbewußt, das entfernte Bild ſich mit reizenderen Farben ausmalte — ich fand diesmal alle Anſichten, die wir von beiden Ufern erblickten, weder ſo friſch noch pittoresk als ſonſt, obgleich zuweilen doch herrliche Baumgruppen und freundliche Landſitze ſichtbar wurden. Auch hier verdirbt, wie im nördlichen Deutſchland, das Köpfen der Bäume gar oft die Landſchaft, nur daß ihre Menge in den vielfachen Hecken, die alle Felder umgeben, und die Rückſicht, daß man ihnen wenigſtens die äußerſten Kronen und Gipfel läßt, den Anblick weniger troſtlos machen, wie z. B. in dem ſonſt ſo ſchönen Schleſien.

Unter den Paſſagieren befand ſich ein Engländer, der erſt kürzlich aus Herrnhut zurückkehrte und auch das Bad von M.... beſucht hatte. Es beluſtigte mich ſehr, ungeſtraft von ihm, ſeine Urtheile über die dortigen Anlagen zu hören. Wie der Geſchmack verſchieden iſt und man daher bei nichts verzweifeln darf, kannſt Du daraus abnehmen, daß dieſer Mann jene düſtern Gegenden ungemein bewunderte, blos wegen der Immenſität ihrer „evergreen woods,“ womit er die endloſen monotonen Kieferwälder meinte, die uns ſo unerträglich vorkommen, in England aber, wo die Kiefern mühſam in den Parks angepflanzt werden, obgleich ſie in der Regel ſchlecht gedeihen, eine ſehr geſchätzte Seltenheit ſind. Ein Amerikaner war ſehr entrüſtet, bei dieſer elenden Ueberfahrt ſeekrank geworden zu ſein, während er es von Amerika nach Rotterdam nie geweſen, und ein Plantagenbeſitzer aus Demerara, der beſtändig fror, jammerte kläglich noch mehr über die unpolitiſche Aufhebung des Sklavenhandels, der, wie er meinte, bald den gänzlichen Ruin der Colonien herbeiführen müſſe, denn, ſagte er: Ein Sclave oder Inländer arbeitet nie, wenn er nicht muß, und um zu leben, braucht er nicht zu arbeiten, da das herrliche Land und Klima ihm von ſelbſt Nahrung und Obdach liefert. Europäer aber können bei der Hitze nicht arbeiten, es bleibt alſo nichts übrig, als die Alternative: Kolonien mit Sclaven, oder keine Kolonien. Dies wiſſe man auch recht gut, habe aber ganz andere Zwecke bei der Sache, die ſich blos hinter der Fraze von Menſchenliebe (dies waren ſeine Worte) zu verſtecken ſuchten. Die Sclaven, behauptete er übrigens, würden ſchon des eigenen Vortheils der Herren wegen weit beſſer behandelt, als z. B. die irländiſchen Bauern, und er habe früher in Europa gar oft auch Dienſtboten weit ſchlimmer tractiren geſehen. Eine Ausnahme hie und da möge vorkommen, ſie käme aber beim Ganzen nicht in Betracht u. ſ. w. Ich ſuchte das Geſpräch von dem für Menſchenfreunde ſo ſchmerzlichen Gegenſtand abzuleiten und ließ mir dagegen von ihm das Leben Guyanas und die Pracht ſeiner Urwälder beſchreiben, eine weit intereſſantere Unterhaltung, die mich faſt mit einer Art Heimweh nach jenen Naturwundern erfüllte, wo Alles herrlicher, nur der Menſch niedriger iſt.

Das lächerliche Element unſerer Fahrt war eine engliſche Dame, die mit ſeltner Volubilität und bei jeder Gelegenheit franzöſiſche Converſationen anzuknüpfen ſuchte. Nicht mehr im blühendſten Alter, wußte ſie dieſem Fehler, ſelbſt auf dem Schiffe, durch die ſorgfältigſte Toilette abzuhelfen, und einer der Paſſagiere behauptete ſogar, ſie habe „a crack“ im Nacken, eine neuerfundene Art Schraube, durch welche die Runzeln aufgewunden werden. Als wir ſpät am Morgen Alle mehr oder weniger elend auf dem Verdeck erſchienen, war ſie ſchon im eleganten Negligée dort etablirt, und erwiederte auf meine Klagen luſtig in ihrem beſten Dialekt: „Comment, comment, vous n'avez pas pû dormir? moi parfaitement, très comfortable, j'étais tres chaudement couché entre deux matelots, et je m'en porte à merveille.“ — „Madame,“ ſagte ich, „on conçoit que vous ne craignez pas la mer.“

Mitten in der zweiten Nacht ankerten wir an der Londoner Brücke, der fatalſte Umſtand, der Einem hier begegnen kann, weil man dann, wegen der Strenge der Douanen, vor der Viſitation ſeiner Sachen nichts mit ſich vom Schiffe nehmen darf, die Bureaus aber nicht vor 10 Uhr früh geöffnet werden. Da ich meinen deutſchen Diener nicht mit Wagen und Effekten allein laſſen mochte, und eben ſo vernachläſſigt hatte, mir Quartier zu beſtellen, als mich durch den Geſandten von der Viſitation zu befreien, ſo war ich genöthigt, ſo wie ich ging und ſtand, die Nacht in einer elenden Matroſen-Taverne am Ufer zuzubringen, fand aber am Morgen, wo ich bei der Unterſuchung meiner Sachen gegenwärtig war, auch hier den ſelten trügenden goldnen Schlüſſel ſehr wirkſam, um mir langes Warten und Weitläufigkeiten zu erſparen. Selbſt ein paar Dutzend franzöſiſche Handſchuhe, die in aller Unſchuld bei meiner Wäſche oben auf lagen, ſchienen durch meine Gunſt unſichtbar geworden zu ſein, denn Niemand bemerkte ſie.

So ſchnell als möglich eilte ich aus der ſchmutzigen City mit ihrem Ameiſengewimmel herauszukommen, mußte aber noch eine halbe Station weit mit Poſtpferden fahren, ehe ich in das westend of the town gelangte, wo ich in meiner frühern Wohnung im Clarendon Hotel abſtieg. Mein alter Wirth, ein Schweizer, hatte zwar unterdeß England mit einem andern, bis jetzt noch unbekannten Lande vertauſcht, der Sohn aber ſeine Stelle eingenommen, und dieſer empfing mich mit aller der ehrerbietigen Sorgfalt, welche die engliſchen Gaſtwirthe, und überhaupt hier alle diejenigen, welche vom Gelde Anderer leben, auszeichnet. Auch erwies er mir ſogleich einen wahren Dienſt, denn, kaum eine Stunde ausgeruht, ward ich gewahr, daß ich im Trouble der Nacht einen Beutel mit 30 Sovereigns im Commodenfache meiner Schlafſtube vergeſſen hatte. Monſieur Jacquier, der das engliſche Terrain zu gut kannte, zuckte die Achſeln, ſandte jedoch ohne Verzug einen Vertrauten zu Waſſer ab, um wo möglich das Verlorne wiederzubringen. Die Unordnung, welche in jenem armen Gaſthofe der Vorſtadt herrſchte, kam mir zu ſtatten. Unſer Bote fand die Stube noch unaufgeräumt, und, zur vielleicht unangenehmen Ueberraſchung der Hausleute, den Beutel unberührt an der bezeichneten Stelle.

London iſt jetzt ſo todt an Eleganz und faſhionablen Leuten, daß man kaum eine Equipage vorüberfahren ſieht, und von aller beau monde nur einige Geſandten gegenwärtig ſind. Dabei iſt die ungeheure Stadt voller Schmutz und Nebel, und die macadamiſirten Straßen einer ausgefahrenen Landſtraße ähnlich, denn das alte Pflaſter iſt in dieſen herausgeriſſen worden und durch Granitſtückchen, mit Kies ausgefüllt, erſetzt, die zwar ein ſanfteres Fahren gewähren und den Lärm dämpfen, im Winter aber auch die Stadt in einen halben Sumpf verwandeln. Ohne die vortrefflichen Trottoirs müßte man, wie in den Landes bei Bordeaux, auf Stelzen gehen. Auch tragen die gemeinen Engländerinnen etwas Aehnliches von Eiſen an ihren großen Füßen.

Durch die neue Regents-Straße Portland-Place und den Regents-Park hat die Stadt indeß ſehr gewonnen. Sie ſieht nun erſt in dieſem Theile einer Reſidenz ähnlich, nicht mehr wie ſonſt einer bloßen unermeßlichen Hauptſtadt für shopkeepers, nach weiland Napoleons Ausdruck. Obgleich der arme Herr Naſh (ein einflußreicher Architekt des Königs, von dem dieſe Meliorationen hauptſächlich herrühren) ſo übel von manchen Kunſtkennern mitgenommen wird, und auch nicht zu läugnen iſt, daß in ſeinen Gebäuden alle Style unter einander geworfen werden und das Gemengſel oft mehr barock als genial erſcheint, ſo iſt ihm doch meines Erachtens die Nation vielen Dank dafür ſchuldig, ſo rieſenmäßige Pläne zur Verſchönerung ihrer Hauptſtadt gefaßt und durchgeführt zu haben. Das Meiſte iſt übrigens noch in petto, wird aber bei der allgemeinen Bauwuth und dem vielen Gelde der Engländer gewiß ſchnell in's Leben treten. In die Details muß man freilich nicht zu ſtrenge eingehen. So iſt der Regentſtreet zum point de vue dienende Thurm, der in einer Nadelſpitze endet, und bei welchem Körper und Dach um Anfang und Ende zu ſtreiten ſcheinen, eine ſeltſame architektoniſche Mißgeburt, und nichts ergötzlicher, als die darauf gemachte Carricatur, wo man Herrn Naſh (ein ſehr kleiner, verſchrumpelt ausſehender Mann) geſtiefelt und geſpornt, äußerſt ähnlich abconterfeit und auf eben erwähnter Spitze reitend, angeſpießt ſieht, mit der Unterſchrift: **National taste** (wird ausgeſprochen: **Nashional**).

Man könnte viele ähnliche Abnormitäten anführen. So ſind unter andern an einem Balcon, der den größten Pallaſt am Regents-Park ziert, vier plattgedrückte Geſtalten an die Wand gequetſcht, deren Bedeutung ein Räthſel bleibt. Ihr Coſtüme gleicht einer Art Schlafrock, woraus man wenigſtens ſchließen kann, daß Menſchen damit gemeint ſind. Vielleicht ſind es Embleme für ein Lazareth, denn dieſen ſcheinbaren Palläſten iſt, wie denen in Potsdam, auch nur Einheit und Anſehen durch die Façaden gegeben, eigentlich bilden ſie eine Menge ſchmaler Häuſer, die zu allerlei Gewerbs- und andern Zwecken, wie hundert verſchiedenen Eigenthümern zur Wohnung dienen.

Tadellos iſt dagegen die, auch von Herrn Naſh ausgehende ländliche Anlage in dieſem Park, vorzüglich die Waſſerpartie. Hier hat die Kunſt das ſchwere Problem völlig gelöſt, in ſcheinbar frei wirkender Natur nicht mehr bemerkt zu werden. Man glaubt einen breiten Fluß weit hin durch üppig bebuſchte Ufer in die Ferne ſtrömen und dort ſich in mehrere Arme vertheilen zu ſehen, während man doch nur ein mühſam ausgegrabnes, ſtehendes und beſchränktes, aber klares Waſſer vor ſich hat. Eine ſo reizende Landſchaft wie dieſe, mit hervorragenden Hügeln in der Ferne und umgeben von einem Meilen langen Circus prachtvoller Gebäude, iſt gewiß eine der Hauptſtadt der Welt würdige Anlage, und wird, wenn die jungen Bäume erſt alte Rieſen geworden ſind, wohl kaum irgendwo ihres Gleichen finden. Viele alte Straßen wurden, um alles dieſes zu ſchaffen, weggeriſſen, und ſeit 10 Jahren mehr als 60,000 neue Häuſer in dieſer Gegend der Stadt aufgebaut. Es iſt, wie mich dünkt, eine beſondere Schönheit der neuen Straßen, daß ſie zwar breit ſind, aber nicht durchaus in ſchnurgerader Linie gehen, ſondern, wie die Wege in einem Park, zuweilen Biegungen machen, die ihre ſonſt nicht zu verhindernde Einförmigkeit unterbrechen. Erhält London noch Quais und wird die Paulskirche frei gemacht, wie der talentvolle Obriſt Trench projektirt hat, ſo wird ſich keine Stadt an Pracht mit ihr meſſen können, wie ſie ſchon jetzt jede andere an Größe übertrifft.

Unter den neuen Brücken ſteht die Waterloobrücke oben an, bei der die Unternehmer jedoch 300,000 L. St. verloren haben ſollen. 1,200 Fuß lang und mit einem gediegnen Geländer aus Granit verſehen, dabei faſt immer verhältnißmäßig einſam, bietet ſie einen anmuthigen Spaziergang dar, mit den ſchönſten Flußausſichten auf ein ſtolzes Gemiſch von Palläſten, Brücken, Schiffen und Thürmen, inſofern nämlich der Nebel ſolche zu ſehen geſtattet. Die Vorrichtung, welche hier ſtattfindet, die Einnehmer des Brückengeldes zu controliren, war mir neu. Der eiſerne Dreher, durch den man gehen muß und der die gewöhnliche Kreuzesform hat, iſt ſo eingerichtet, daß er nur ein Viertel des Cirkels jedesmal weicht, gerade ſo viel als nöthig iſt, um eine Perſon hindurch zu laſſen, und in demſelben Augenblick, wo er in dieſe Viertelwendung einſchlägt, fällt durch einen Mechanismus unter der Brücke eine Marke in einen verſchloſſenen Behälter. Eine ähnliche Vorrichtung findet ſich daneben für die Wagen, und die Eigenthümer brauchen daher nur Abends die Marken nachzuzählen, um genau zu wiſſen, wie viel Fußgänger und Pferde täglich über die Brücke paſſirt ſind. Man zahlt einen Penny für den Fußgänger und drei Pence für ein Pferd, wobei man auf 300 L. St. tägliche Einnahme gerechnet hatte; dieſe überſteigt jedoch ſelten 50.

Den 7. Decbr.

Was Dich hier ſehr anſprechen würde, iſt die zunehmende Reinlichkeit in allen Häuſern, die große Bequemlichkeit der Meubeln, die Art und Artigkeit der dienenden Klaſſen. Es iſt wahr, man bezahlt alles, was zum Luxus gehört (denn das blos Nothwendige iſt im Grunde nicht viel theurer als bei uns) ſechsfach höher, man findet aber auch ſechsfach mehr comfort dabei. So iſt auch in den Gaſthöfen alles weit reichlicher und im Ueberfluſſe, als auf dem Continent. Das Bett z. B., welches aus drei übereinander gelegten Matratzen beſteht, iſt groß genug, um zwei bis drei Perſonen darauf Platz zu geben, und ſind die Vorhänge des viereckigen Betthimmels, der auf ſtarken Mahagoniſäulen ruht, zugezogen, ſo befindeſt Du Dich wie in einem kleinen Cabinet, ein Raum, wo in Frankreich Jemand ganz bequem wohnen würde. Auf Deinem Waſchtiſche findeſt Du nicht blos eine ärmliche Waſſer-Bouteille mit einem einzigen Fayence oder ſilbernen Krug und Becken nebſt einem langgedehnten Handtuche, wie Dir in deutſchen und fränkiſchen Hôtels und ſelbſt in vielen Privathäuſern geboten wird, ſondern ſtatt deſſen wahre kleine Wannen von chineſiſchem Porzellain, in die man den halben Leib ohne Mühe tauchen könnte, darüber Robinets, die im Moment jede beliebige Waſſerfluth liefern; ein halbes Dutzend breite Servietten, eine Menge große und kleine Kriſtallflaſchen, einen hohen Stellſpiegel, Fußdecken rc., ohne die andern anonymen Bequemlichkeiten der Toilette in eleganter Geſtalt zu erwähnen. — Alles präſentirt ſich ſo behaglich vor Dir, daß Dich ſofort beim Erwachen eine wahre Badeluſt anwandelt. Braucht man ſonſt etwas, ſo erſcheint auf den Ruf der Klingel entweder ein ſehr nett gekleidetes Mädchen mit einem tiefen Knix, oder ein Kellner, der in der Tracht und mit dem Anſtand eines gewandten Kammerdieners reſpectvoll Deine Befehle entgegen nimmt, ſtatt eines ungekämmten Burſchen in abgeſchnittener Jacke und grüner Schürze, der mit dummdreiſter Zuthätigkeit Dich fragt: Was ſchaffen's, Ihr Gnaden? oder: Haben Sie hier geklingelt? und dann ſchon wieder herausläuft, ehe er noch recht vernommen hat, was man eigentlich von ihm wollte. Gute Teppiche decken den Boden aller Zimmer, und im hellpolirten Stahlkamin brennt ein freudiges Feuer, ſtatt der ſchmutzigen Bretter und des rauchenden oder übelriechenden Ofens in ſo vielen vaterländiſchen Gaſthäuſern. Gehſt Du aus, ſo findeſt Du nie eine unſaubere Treppe, noch eine ſo ſpärlich erleuchtete, wo nur gerade die Dunkelheit ſichtbar wird. Im ganzen Hauſe herrſcht überdies Tag und Nacht die größte Ruhe und Decenz, und in vielen Hotels hat ſogar jedes geräumige Logis ſeine eigene Treppe, ſo daß man mit Niemand Andern in Berührung kommt. Bei Tiſche gewährt man dem Gaſte eine gleiche Profuſion weißer Tiſchwäſche und glänzend geputzter Beſtecke, nebſt einer wohl fournirten plat de ménage und einer Eleganz der Einrichtung, die billiger Weiſe nichts zu wünſchen übrig läßt; die Dienerſchaft iſt ſtets da, wenn man ſie braucht, und drängt ſich doch nicht auf, der Wirth ſelbſt aber erſcheint gewöhnlich beim Anfang des Dinés, um ſich zu erkundigen, ob man mit Allem zufrieden ſei, kurz man vermißt in einem guten Gaſthofe hier nichts, was der wohlhabende gereiſte Privatmann in ſeinem eignen Hauſe beſitzt, und wird vielleicht noch mit mehr Aufmerkſamkeit bedient. Freilich iſt die Rechnung dem angemeſſen, und auch die Waiters müſſen ziemlich eben ſo hoch wie eigne Diener bezahlt werden. In den erſten Hotels iſt ein Kellner, für ſeine Perſon allein, mit weniger als zwei Pfund Trinkgeld die Woche durchaus nicht zufrieden. Die Trinkgelder ſind überhaupt in England mehr als irgendwo an der Tagesordnung, und werden mit ſeltner Unverſchämtheit ſelbſt in der Kirche eingefordert.

Ich beſuchte heute einige Bazars, die ſeit den letzten Jahren immer mehr überhand nehmen und den Käufern viel Bequemlichkeit darbieten. Der ſogenannte Pferde-Bazar iſt im größten Maßſtabe erbaut und verſammelt täglich eine ſehr bunte Menge. Er nimmt mehrere weitläufige Gebäude ein, wo in endloſen langen Gallerien und Sälen zuerſt viele Hunderte von Wagen und Geſchirren aller Art, neue und alte (aber auch die letztern wie neue aufgefriſcht), faſt zu allen Preiſen ausgeſtellt ſind. In andern Zimmern werden Porzellain-Waaren, Putz, Kriſtall, Spiegel, Quincaillerie, Spielſachen, ſogar tropiſche Vögel und Schmetterlings-Sammlungen rc. feil geboten, bis man endlich in der Mitte des Etabliſſements in die Zimmer eines Kaffeehauſes gelangt, mit einer rund um einen freien Platz laufenden Glasgallerie. Hier ſieht man, während man gemächlich (freilich in ſehr gemiſchter Geſellſchaft) frühſtücken kann, eine Menge Pferde vorführen und verauctioniren, die in zahlreichen Ställen daneben ſtehen, wo ſie ſehr gut gewartet werden, und wo auch für eine voraus beſtimmte Vergütung, Jeder, der verkaufen will, die ſeinigen einſtellen kann. Wenn ein ſolches Pferd vom Auctionator garantirt wird (warranted sound) ſo kann man es ziemlich ſicher kaufen, da die Eigenthümer der Anſtalt dafür einſtehen müſſen; das Beſte findet man allerdings hier in der Regel nicht, aber gewiß das Mittelmäßige, und für Manchen hat dies auch ſein Gutes, noch mehr vielleicht die große Bequemlichkeit, ſich alles Nöthige im Augenblick an demſelben Orte verſchaffen zu können. Dergleichen Bazars giebt es, wie geſagt, ſchon eine Menge, und ſie ſind wohl eine kleine Promenade werth. Ueberdies macht das bequeme Gehen auf den vortrefflichen Londoner Trottoirs, die durch fortwährend wechſelnden Bilder in den Straßen und die vielen reichen Läden, welche die meiſten zieren, die Spaziergänge in der Stadt, beſonders bei Abend, für den Fremden ſehr angenehm.

Außer der glänzenden Gasbeleuchtung ſind dann vor den vielen Apothekerläden große Glaskugeln von tiefrother, blauer und grüner Farbe aufgehangen, deren prachtvolles Licht Meilen weit geſehen wird und oft zum Leitſtern, aber auch zuweilen zum Irrſtern dient, wenn man unglücklicher Weiſe einen mit dem andern verwechſelt.

Auch unter den Buden ziehen vor allen diejenigen die Augen auf ſich, worin das ſchöne engliſche Kriſtall verkauft wird. Aechte Diamanten können faſt nicht blendender glänzen, als die weithin ſtrahlenden Sammlungen einiger dieſer Fabrikanten. Ich ſah dort auch einige Gegenſtände in roſenrothem und andern farbigem Glaſe gearbeitet, doch wundert es mich, daß man die Formen noch immer ſo wenig verändert. So ſind die Kronleuchter immer gleich monoton, und doch ſollte ich denken, daß dergleichen, z.B. in Sonnengeſtalt mit ausgehenden Strahlen, oder als Blumenbouquets, ſtatt der gewöhnlichen Kronenform, und eben ſo Wandleuchter in bunten Farben, wie Bijoux von farbigen Edelſteinen behandelt, bei übereinſtimmender (vielleicht orientaliſcher) Zimmerverzierung, noch bisher ganz ungeſehene und überraſchende Effekte hervorbringen müßten.

In andern Buden ſieht man mit großem Intereſſe alle Inſtrumente neuer Agrikultur und Mechanik, von gigantiſchen Säemaſchinen und Rodeapparaten zum Ausreißen alter Bäume, bis zur kleinen Gartenſcheere herab, in weiten Lokalen fertig aufgeſtellt, Alles mit einer gewiſſen Zierlichkeit arrangirt, die ſelbſt bei den Fleiſchern, Fiſch- und Kartoffelhändlern noch anzutreffen iſt. Auch die Läden der Eiſenmeubel und Lampenverkäufer verdienen gar wohl eine Beſichtigung, da ſie Neues und Nützliches in Menge darbieten: was man nicht leicht auf dem übrigen Continent, weder in gleicher Fülle noch Zweckmäßigkeit, zu ſehen bekommt. Der Reiſende aber, der ſich immer blos auf die Salons und ſeines Gleichen beſchränken, und auch nur, ſo zu ſagen, vornehme Merkwürdigkeiten beſehen will, bleibe beſſer zu Hauſe.

Ich beſchloß den heutigen Tag mit einer Spazierfahrt nach Chelſea, dem Invalidenhauſe der Landtruppen, wo man ſich innig freut, die alten Krieger wohl gepflegt einen Pallaſt und ſorgfältig gehaltenen Garten mit den ſchönſten kurz gemähten bowling greens und hohen Kaſtanienalleen bewohnen zu ſehen, deſſen ein kleiner Souverain ſich nicht zu ſchämen hätte. Ich ſpeiſte dann um 8 Uhr beim D. Geſandten zu Mittag, ein Dine, daß ſich außer der Liebenswürdigkeit des Hausherrn, noch durch ächten Metternich-Johannisberger auszeichnete, für welchen Nektar wenigſtens auch der eingefleiſchteſte Liberale dem großen Miniſter Gerechtigkeit widerfahren laſſen muß. Ich fand dort Deinen Freund B., den vierzigjährigen Jüngling, der mir viele Empfehlungen an Dich auftrug. Er iſt immer noch der Alte und unterhielt mich lange von ſeiner Toilette, wobei er verſicherte, daß er hier vor Langerweile entſetzlich mager geworden ſei, nur an einer Stelle finde ihn ſein Schneider bedeutend ſtärker, nämlich da, wo er ſeit einem Monat falſche Waden trage.

Ich will bei dieſer Gelegenheit bemerken, daß ich Dir über die hieſige Geſellſchaft nicht viel ſagen kann, bis ein längerer Aufenthalt und „die season" mich befähigt hat, etwas ausführlicher davon zu ſprechen. So lange London, hinſichtlich der großen Welt, einem Palmyra an Einſamkeit gleicht, werde ich mich mit der Beſchreibung der Lokalitäten begnügen, die mir zufällig, oder denen ich abſichtlich in den Weg komme.

Den 10. October.

Vor einigen Tagen benutzte ich ein etwas helleres Wetter, um Chiswick, eine Villa des Herzogs von Devonſhire, zu beſuchen, die für die eleganteſte Anlage dieſer Art in England gilt, und die ich vor mehreren Jahren nur oberflächlich bei einem Feſte, das der Herzog gab, geſehen hatte. Die Gemälde konnte ich auch diesmal nicht betrachten, weil ein Gaſt das Haus bewohnte. Im Garten fand ich viel verändert, aber kaum zum Vortheil, denn es herrſcht jetzt eine Miſchung von Regelmäßigem und Unregelmäßigem darin, die einen widrigen Effect hervorbringt. Ueberhaupt iſt an mehreren Orten die häßliche Mode in England eingeriſſen, den pleasure ground faſt überall nur mit einzelnen, faſt reihenweiſe geſtellten kleinen Bäumen zu bepflanzen, was den Raſenſtücken das Anſehen von Baumſchulen giebt. In den Shrubs beſchneidet man die Sträucher rund umher, damit ſie ja den Nebenſtrauch nicht berühren können, reinigt täglich die Erde darum ſorgfältig und führt die Raſenkanten in ſteifen Linien, ſo daß man mehr ſchwarzen Boden als grünes Land ſieht und die freie Schönheit der Naturformen ganz verdrängt wird.

Nur Herr Naſh geht bei ſeinen Anlagen von einem ganz andern Princip aus, und die neuen Gärten des Königs bei Buckinghamhouſe ſind wahre Muſter für den Pflanzer in dieſer Hinſicht.

Was den Gärtner in England am meiſten begünſtigt, iſt das milde Klima. Der Kirſch- und portugieſiſche Lorbeer, Kalmien, Rhododendron erfrieren nie und geben Winter und Sommer den herrlichſten, üppig wachſenden Unterbuſch, reiche Blüthen und Beeren.

Magnolien werden ſelten bedeckt und ſelbſt Camelien überwintern an geſchützten Stellen unter einer bloßen Baſtdecke. Auch der Raſen behält den ganzen Winter hindurch eine ſchöne Friſche, ja er iſt in dieſer Jahreszeit in der Regel weit ſchöner und dichter als im Sommer, wo ich mich erinnere, ihn bei dürrem Wetter oft noch ſchwärzer als in der Mark geſehen zu haben, jetzt im Herbſt iſt aber die ganze Vegetation gerade in ihrer üppigſten Pracht.

Eine ſchöne Wirkung macht in Chiswick ein einzelner hoher Baum vor dem Hauſe, deſſen Stamm man bis an die Krone glatt aufgeputzt hat und unter welchem man nun den ganzen Garten und einen Theil des Parks überſieht, ein guter Wink für Landſchaftsgärtner, den ich Dir in M. zu benutzen rathe. Die hieſigen Cedernalleen (welcher Baum bei uns leider gar nicht im Freien gedeiht) ſind berühmt und erreichen die Größe alter Tannen. Auch coloſſale Taxushecken bekunden, wie lange dies Beſitzthum ſchon gepflegt wurde, und die neuen Gewächs- und Treibhäuſer empfehlen den guten Geſchmack ihres jetzigen Beſitzers beſſer als der pleasure ground. Sonderbar iſt es, daß nirgends in England die Orangenbäume zu irgend einer bedeutenden Größe zu bringen ſind. Auch hier iſt dieſer Theil der Gärtnerei nur ſehr mesquin, dagegen die Blumengärten noch immer reich blühen. Die Blumenbeete waren ebenfalls ſo ſparſam bepflanzt, daß jede einzelne Staude frei ſich ausbreiten konnte, ausgenommen diejenigen Beete, wo nur eine Blumenſorte cultivirt wird. In dieſem Falle ſucht man das Ganze ſo voll als möglich zu erhalten, und dieſe letzteren ſind daher auch bei weitem die ſchönſten. Ich ſah in den Treibhäuſern hier zum erſtenmale die große Providence-Ananas, welche Exemplare bis zu 12 Pfund Gewicht liefert. Eine kleine Menagerie iſt mit Chiswick verbunden, wo ein zahmer Elephant allerlei Kunſtſtücke macht und ſich auf einem weiten Raſenplatze ſehr ruhig von jedem Neugierigen reiten läßt. Sein Nachbar iſt ein Lama und weit unſanfterer Natur. Die Waffe deſſelben beſteht in einem äußerſt übelriechenden Speichel, mit dem es mehrere Ellen weit diejenigen, welche es necken, anſpuckt, und dabei ſo richtig trifft und ſo ſchnell und plötzlich auf ſeinen Gegner losſpringt, daß man nur mit vieler Mühe der zugedachten Ladung entgeht.

Leider hat Chiswick nur ſtehendes und ſchlammiges Waſſer, was zuweilen ſo austrocknet, daß der Elephant bei ſtarkem Durſt den Reſt ausſaufen konnte.

Durch eine Reihe lieblicher Villen und Landhäuſer aller Art, unter dem Getümmel von Reitern, Landkutſchen, Reiſewagen und Kohlenkarren mit Rieſenpferden beſpannt, dazwiſchen mit gelegentlichen ſchönen Ausſichten auf die Themſe, langte ich nach einer Stunde raſchen Fahrens wieder bei Hydeparkcorner an und begrub mich von Neuem in das Labyrinth der unermeßlichen Stadt.

Den andern Tag beſuchte ich die City mit meinem Lohnbedienten, einem Schweizer, der Aegypten, Syrien, Sibirien und Amerika bereiſt, ein ruſſiſches Wörterbuch herausgegeben, die erſte Nachricht von der Einnahme Hamburgs durch Tettenborn, nebſt einem Koſacken in natura, nach London gebracht, und zuletzt Napoleons Krönungsanzug in Paris erſtanden und hier für 5 Schilling Eintrittsgeld gezeigt hat, dabei geläufig die meiſten europäiſchen Sprachen ſpricht und alſo mit einer halben Guinee täglich nicht zu theuer bezahlt wird. Auch als Arzt iſt er zu gebrauchen, denn er hat auf ſeinen Reiſen ſo viel Arcana und Recepte geſammelt, daß er wundervolle Hausmittel für jedes Uebel, und überdem, wie er behauptet, noch tauſend verſchiedene Punſchrecepte beſitzt. Geführt von dieſem Univerſalgenie, betrat ich zuerſt die Börſe, the Royal Exchange.

An andern Orten hat die Börſe gewöhnlich nur ein kaufmänniſches Anſehen, hier durchaus ein hiſtoriſches. Die impoſanten Statuen engliſcher Herrſcher rund umher, unter denen ſich Heinrich VIII. und Eliſabeth beſonders auszeichnen, wie die alterthümliche und würdige Bauart, erwecken poetiſche Gefühle, denen der Gedanke eines ſo unermeßlichen Welthandels, deſſen Hauptplatz London iſt, eine noch tiefere Bedeutung giebt. Die Menſchen jedoch, die das Gemälde beleben, ziehen Einen bald wieder in das Reich des Alltäglichen hinab, denn hier leuchtet Eigennutz und Intereſſe zu lebhaft aus jedem Auge, ſo daß in dieſer Hinſicht der Ort wie die ganze City einen faſt unheimlichen Anblick darbietet, der dem raſt- und troſtloſen Gewühle verdammter Geiſter nicht ganz unähnlich erſcheint.

Der große Hof der Börſe wird von bedeckten Arcaden umgeben, wo Inſchriften den Kaufleuten aller Nationen ihren Verſammlungsort anweiſen. In der Mitte des Hofes ſteht eine Statue Karls II., der den Pallaſt erbaute. Sie drückt in Haltung und Geberde ganz den Mann aus, wie ihn die Geſchichte beſchreibt, nicht ſchön, aber doch nicht ohne Grazie, und mit einem feſtgewurzelten Leichtſinn in den wie zum Spott halb gravitätiſchen Zügen, den nichts beſſern kann, weil er aus Mittelmäßigkeit entſpringt, und daher auch aus dieſem König einen eben ſo liebenswürdigen und ſorgloſen Roué, als ſchlechten Regenten machte. In Niſchen, die rund um den zweiten Stock angebracht ſind, ſtehen die Büſten anderer Herrſcher Englands. Ich habe ſchon die Heinrichs VIII. und der Königin Eliſabeth genannt. Sie würden auch ohne die ſich ihnen beimiſchende Erinnerung auffallen. Heinrich fett und behaglich und ſo zu ſagen *gemüthlich* grauſam ausſehend, Eliſabeth männlich großartig und doch auch weiblich boshaft. Die Büſten ſind gewiß nach den beſten Holbeiniſchen Gemälden gemacht. In dieſem Stocke befindet ſich das berühmte Lloyd's Coffeehouſe, das ſchmutzigſte Lokal dieſer Art in London, dem man es nicht anſieht, daß hier täglich über Millionen verhandelt wird. Doch ſind offenbar mehr Papier und Federn, als Erfriſchungen ſichtbar.

Nahe dabei iſt das ſchöne und ungeheure Gebäude der Bank von England, mit einer Menge großer und kleiner Säle, die großentheils von oben beleuchtet und zur Aufnahme der verſchiedenen Comptoirs beſtimmt ſind. Hunderte von Clerks arbeiten hier neben einander und führen mechaniſch die koloſſalen Geſchäfte, bei denen das nil admirari dem ohnedies gern bewundernden armen Deutſchen oft ſchwer werden mag, beſonders wenn er im Bullion office, wo die Lingots aufbewahrt werden, die Goldhaufen und Silberfäſſer anſtaunt, die ihm die Schätze der Tauſend und einen Nacht zu realiſiren ſcheinen.

Von hier begab ich mich nach dem Rathhauſe, wo eben der Lord-Mayor, dermalen ein Buchhändler, der aber in ſeinem blauen Mantel mit goldner Kette gar nicht übel repräſentirte und einen ganz monarchiſchen Anſtand anzunehmen wußte, Recht ſprach. Ich glaube nicht, daß er ſich dabei ſchlechter wie ein Juſtizbeamter aus der Affaire zog; denn ſeit Sancho Panſa's Zeiten iſt es bekannt, daß der geſunde Menſchenverſtand das *Rechte* nicht ſelten richtiger erkennt, als die durch zu viele ſcharfgeſchliffene Brillengläſer überſichtig gewordene Wiſſenſchaft, ſo wie ich auch, in Parentheſe geſagt, das *Kunſturtheil* eines gebildeten natürlichen Sinnes in der Regel dem eines Antiquaren vorziehe, der durch den Namen, oder eines Selbſtkünſtlers, der durch die beſiegten Schwierigkeiten am meiſten beſtochen wird.

Der Schauplatz hier war nur ein mittelmäßiges Zimmer, zur Hälfte mit dem niedrigſten Pöbel gefüllt. Es handelte ſich um das häufigſte Thema in England, einen Diebſtahl, und da der Sünder, welcher eben ſo gelaſſen als ennuyirt ſchien, nach geringem Zögern geſtand, ſo hatte das Drama ſchnell ein Ende.

Und weiter wanderten wir fort in der tumultuariſchen City, wo man wie ein Atom verloren gehen kann, wenn man nicht gehörig rechts und links aufpaßt, um weder von einer dem Trottoir zu nahe kommenden Cabrioletgabel aufgeſpießt, noch von einem einbrechenden und umſtürzenden Diligencewagendache erdrückt zu werden, und gelangten abermals zu einem höchſt dunkeln und unanſehnlichen Kaffeehauſe, Garroway's Coffeehouſe genannt, wo in einem elenden Lokale Landgüter und Paläſte, oft Hunderttauſende an Werth, täglich verſteigert werden. Wir ſetzten uns ganz ernſthaft dazu hin, als wären wir ſehr begierig, ähnliche Acquiſitionen zu machen, und bewunderten die ungemeine Liebenswürdigkeit und faſt unglaubliche Geſchicklichkeit des Auctionators, die Kaufluſt bei ſeinem Auditorium zu erregen. Er zeigte ſich in zierlicher ſchwarzer Kleidung und Perücke und ſtand wie ein Profeſſor auf dem erhabenen Katheder. Ueber jedes Gut hielt er eine allerliebſte Rede, die er nicht ermangelte mit einfachen Späßen zu würzen und jeden Gegenſtand dabei ſo unwiderſtehlich anzupreiſen, daß der Unbefangene darauf hätte ſchwören mögen, Alles ginge hier für das unverantwortlichſte Spottgeld weg.

Mein Lohnlakai erzählte mir, daß dieſer berühmte Auctionator vor einiger Zeit in einen unangenehmen Proceß verwickelt worden ſei. Er hatte nämlich ein Landgut ungemein wegen des romantiſchen hanging wood in ſeiner Nähe geprieſen, eine Holzart, die ſehr beliebt in England iſt und worunter gewöhnlich Trauerweiden, Trauerbirken, Hängeäſchen, Fichten u. ſ. w. verſtanden werden. Ein Käufer ließ ſich hierdurch zur Erſtehung verlocken; denn es iſt eigenthümlich engliſch, daß faſt alle Käufe, die hier gemacht werden, ohne eigne Beſichtigung des ausgebotenen Orts ſtattfinden. Als er indeß auf ſeinem neu acquirirten Grundſtücke ankam, fand er daſſelbe faſt ganz von Bäumen entblößt und kein anderes hanging wood daſelbſt, als einen nahen — Galgen. Soviel für engliſche Humoriſtik und Gerechtigkeit.

Wie hätte ich aber die City verlaſſen können, ohne ihren wahren Lion (engliſcher Ausdruck für jedes Außerordentliche in ſeiner Art), ihren Beherrſcher — mit einem Worte: Rothſchild, beſucht zu haben.

Auch er bewohnt *hier* nur ein unſcheinbares Lokal (denn im westend of the town befindet ſich ſein Hotel), und in dem kleinen Hofe des Comptoirs wurde mir durch einen Frachtwagen, mit Silberbarren beladen, der Eingang zu dieſem Hauptalliirten der heiligen Allianz ziemlich ſchwierig gemacht. Ich fand den ruſſiſchen Conſul daſelbſt, der eben ſeine Cour machte. Es war ein feiner und geſcheidter Mann, der ſeine Rolle perfect zu ſpielen und den ſchuldigen Reſpect cum dignitate zu verbinden wußte. Dies wurde um deſto ſchwerer, da der geniale Selbſtherrſcher der City eben nicht viel Umſtände machte, denn nachdem er gegen mich, der ihm ſeinen Creditbrief übergeben hatte, ironiſch geäußert: wir wären glückliche reiche Leute, daß wir ſo umherreiſen und uns amüſiren könnten, während auf ihm armen Manne Weltlaſten lägen, fuhr er damit fort, ſich bitter zu beklagen, daß kein armer Teufel nach England käme, der nicht von ihm etwas haben wolle. So habe noch geſtern wieder ein Ruſſe bei ihm gebettelt, eine Epiſode, die dem Geſichte des Conſuls einen bitterſüßen Stempel aufdrückte, und, ſetzte er hinzu, die Deutſchen laſſen mir vollends gar keine Ruhe! Hier kam die Reihe an mich, gute Contenance zu halten. Als ſich nachher das Geſpräch auf politiſche Gegenſtände richtete, gaben wir Beide gern zu, daß ohne ihn Europa nicht mehr beſtehen könne; er lehnte es aber beſcheiden ab und meinte lächelnd: „Ach nein, da machen Sie nur Spaß, ich bin nichts mehr als ein Bedienter, mit dem man zufrieden iſt, weil er die Geſchäfte gut macht, und dem man dann aus Erkenntlichkeit auch was zufließen läßt.“

Dies wurde in einer ganz eigenthümlichen Sprache, halb engliſch, halb deutſch, das Engliſche aber ganz mit deutſchem Accent, vorgetragen, jedoch Alles mit einer imponirenden Aſſurance, die dergleichen Kleinigkeiten unter ihrer Aufmerkſamkeit zu finden ſcheint. Mir erſchien gerade dieſe originelle Sprache ſehr charakteriſtiſch an einem Manne, dem man Genialität und ſogar einen in ſeiner Art großen Charakter gar nicht abſprechen kann.

Bei Royal Exchange, wo die Kaufleute zu ſehen ſind, hatte ich, für England ſehr conſequent, begonnen, mit Exeter Change, wo man die fremden Thiere gleichſam als Repräſentanten der Colonien zeigt, beſchloß ich meine Tournée. Auch hier begegnete mir wieder ein Lion, diesmal aber ein wirklicher, mit Namen Nero, welcher außer ſeiner Zahmheit das in unſerem Klima ſeltenere Verdienſt hat, bereits ſechs Generationen junger engliſcher National-Löwen geliefert zu haben. Er iſt von ungeheurer Größe und ehrwürdigem Anſehn, ruht aber jetzt auf ſeinen Lorbeeren aus und ſchläft königlich faſt den ganzen Tag. Erwacht er jedoch übler Laune, ſo macht noch ſein Brüllen das alte Bretterhaus und die ihn umgebenden gemeinern Thiere erzittern. Dieſe beſtehen aus Geſchöpfen faſt aller Arten, Elephanten, Tiger, Leoparden, Hyänen, Zebras, Affen, Strauße, Condors, Papageien und Vögeln aller Zonen. Eigenthümlich iſt es, daß ſie nicht ebener Erde, ſondern alle im zweiten und dritten Stocke wohnen, ſo daß man auf einem der gezähmten Elephanten, der immer geſattelt ſteht, oben umherreiten und eine recht hübſche Ausſicht ins Weite dabei genießen kann. Den Kaufluſtigen lockt die große Auswahl und verhältnißmäßig ſehr wohlfeile Preiſe. Der württembergiſche Geſandte des letzten hochſelig verſtorbenen Königs hatte, wie ich mich noch wohl erinnere, hier mehr zu thun als in St. James und Downingſtreet, ja ich weiß, daß er einmal wegen einer krepirten, ſeltenen großen Schildkröte lange in großen Sorgen ſtand, ſeinen Poſten zu verlieren.

Auf dem Rückwege zu meinem Hotel kamen wir bei einem Palais vorbei, von welchem mein weit gereiſter Cicerone, Herr Tournier, Gelegenheit nahm, mir folgende intereſſante Erzählung zu machen. Hat er brodirt, ſo bitte ich Dich, es ihm und nicht mir entgelten zu laſſen.

Es war dieſer Pallaſt nämlich das Haus der Montague (die Shakſpeare nach Verona verſetzt), aus welchem vor geraumer Zeit der junge Erbe dieſes Hauſes als einjähriges Kind geſtohlen und lange nichts weiter von ihm gehört ward. Nach acht Jahren vergeblicher Nachforſchungen der troſtloſen Mutter ſchickte einſt der Schornſteinfeger des Stadtviertels einen kleinen Knaben zum Fegen des Kamins in das Schlafzimmer der Lady Montague, in welchem man durch einen glücklichen Zufall, vermöge eines Mals am Auge und den darauf gegründeten Nachforſchungen, den verlornen Sohn erkannte; eine Anekdote, die ſpäter zu einem bekannten franzöſiſchen Vaudeville Anlaß gegeben hat. Aus Dankbarkeit für ein ſo unverhofftes Glück gab Lady Montague viele Jahre lang, und ich glaube noch jetzt geſchieht etwas Aehnliches, in dem großen Garten, der an ihr Palais ſtößt, der ganzen Schornſteinfeger-Innung von London am Tage des Wiederfindens ein Feſt, wo ſie ſelbſt mit aller ihrer Dienerſchaft in Staatskleidung für die Bewirthung dieſer Leute Sorge trug.

Der Knabe ward ſpäter ein ſehr ausgezeichneter, aber auch eben ſo excentriſcher und wilder Jüngling, der ſein Hauptvergnügen in ungewöhnlichen Wagſtücken ſuchte, wozu er bei fortwährenden Reiſen in fremde und unbekannte Länder die beſte Gelegenheit fand. Auf dieſen begleitete ihn ſtets ein ſehr geliebter Freund, ein gewiſſer M. Barnett.

So hatte er in mehreren Welttheilen die entfernteſten Gegenden geſehen, als im Jahre 90 Tournier, ſeiner Ausſage nach, ihn als Kammerdiener nach der Schweiz begleitete. In Schaffhauſen angelangt, faßte der Lord die unglückliche Idee, mit einem Boote den Rheinfall hinunterzufahren. Der erſte Geiſtliche des Ortes, ſo wie viele andere Bekannte baten den jungen Brauſekopf um des Himmels willen, ein ſo raſendes Unternehmen zu unterlaſſen, jedoch vergebens. Man wollte ihn ſogar durch Aufbieten der Schaffhäuſer Stadtſoldaten daran verhindern, es ſcheint aber, daß ſie ihm nicht mehr Furcht als die weiland Leipziger den dortigen Studioſen einflößten, oder täuſchte er ihre Wachſamkeit, kurz, nachdem er vorher einen leeren Kahn gleichſam zur Probe als avantcoureur vorausgeſchickt hatte, der auch glücklich mit ſeinem hölzernen Leben davon kam, folgte er ſelbſt in Geſellſchaft ſeines Freundes. Mr. Barnett hatte zwar ebenfalls alles angewandt, dem exaltirten Lord ſein Vorhaben auszureden, als ihm dieſer aber zurief: „Wie Barnett, Du biſt mit mir über den ganzen Erdball gezogen, haſt jede Gefahr treulich mit beſtanden und willſt mich nun bei dieſer Kinderei verlaſſen?“ ſo gab er gezwungen nach und ſetzte ſich, die Achſeln zuckend, in den verhängnißvollen Kahn.

Sie ſchwammen erſt ſanft und langſam, dann mit immer reißenderer Schnelle dem Sturze zu, während Hunderte von Zuſchauern zagend den Waghälſen nachſchauten.

Was indeſſen Jeder vorhergeſagt, geſchah. Die Kante der Felſen berührend, ſchlug der Kahn um, die beiden Männer erſchienen nur noch einmal zwiſchen dem Geſtein und der Donner der Wogen übertäubte ihr Hülfegeſchrei, das nur undeutlich in Zwiſchenräumen vernommen ward. Bald waren ſie gänzlich verſchwunden, und obgleich man viele Monate lang, ohne Koſten zu ſcheuen, die Körper bis an den Ausfluß des Rheins in Holland ſuchen ließ und große Summen auf ihr Wiederfinden ſetzte, ſo hat man doch nie wieder etwas von ihnen vernommen. Sie ſchlummern unbekannt in der kryſtallenen Tiefe.

Sonderbar iſt es, daß an demſelben Tage, der ihnen den Tod brachte, das Stammſchloß der Montague in Suſſex bis auf den Grund abbrannte. Die unglückliche Mutter überlebte nur ein Jahr den Tod ihres zum zweitenmal und diesmal unwiederbringlich verlornen Sohnes.

Wenn Grillparzer zu trauen iſt, ſo muß hier wenigſtens eine unverſöhnliche Ahnfrau im Spiele geweſen ſein, vielleicht noch von Romeo's Zeiten her.

Den 13. October.

Müde von der vorgeſtrigen Tour, brachte ich den andern Morgen in meinen vier Pfählen zu, beſuchte aber Abends die engliſche Oper im Strand, nicht weit von dem Thierlokal, deſſen Bewohner ſie gleich zu ihrer Dispoſition hat. Das Haus iſt weder elegant noch groß, aber die Acteurs gar nicht übel. Man gab indeß keine Oper, ſondern hideuſe Melodramen, zuerſt Frankenſtein, wo ein Menſch durch Zauberkünſte, ohne Frauenhülfe, gemacht wird und daher auch ſehr ſchlecht geräth, und dann den Vampyr, nach der bekannten Lord Byron fälſchlich zugeſchriebenen Erzählung. In beiden ſpielte Herr Cook die Hauptrolle, der ſich durch ein ſchönes Aeußere, ſehr gewandtes Spiel und einen höchſt vornehmen und nobeln Anſtand auszeichnet. Auch war das Zuſammenſpiel durchgängig muſterhaft, die Stücke jedoch ſo albern und unſinnig, daß man es unmöglich bis ans Ende aushalten konnte. Hitze, Ausdünſtung und Publikum waren dabei ebenfalls nicht die erfreulichſten. Ueberdem dauert dieſes Schauſpiel von 7 bis ½ 1 Uhr, was ſelbſt bei dem vortrefflichſten zu lang wäre.

Den nächſten Tag fuhr ich nach Hamptoncourt, um das dortige Schloß, das Geſtüt und meine alte Freundin Lady Lansdown zu beſuchen.

Von allen drei Dingen fand ich das erſte am unverändertſten vor, und den berühmten Weinſtock im Garten wohl noch mit einem Hundert Trauben mehr beſchwert. Er hatte jetzt im Ganzen weit über tauſend Stück und bedeckte das ihm eingeräumte Treibhaus von 75 Fuß Länge und 25 Fuß Breite völlig. In einer Ecke ſtand, gleich dem dunkeln Ahnherrn eines ſtolzen Geſchlechts, ſein brauner Stamm, ſo verloren und unſcheinbar, als wenn er gar nicht mehr zu dem prachtvollen Gewölbe von Blättern und Früchten gehöre, die ihm doch allein ihr Daſein verdanken.

Die meiſten Zimmer im Schloſſe ſind noch ganz ſo meublirt, wie ſie Wilhelm III. vor 120 Jahren verließ. Man conſervirt abſichtlich die zerriſſenen Stühle und Tapeten. Viele intereſſante und vortreffliche Gemälde zieren dieſe Gebäude, vor allen die berühmten Cartons von Raphael, welche aber bald von hier nach dem neuen Pallaſte des Königs wandern ſollen. Du haſt das Alles aber ſo oft beſchrieben geleſen, daß ich mich der Wiederholung enthalte. Nur zwei ſchöne Portraits, Wolſey's, des ſtolzen Erbauers dieſes Pallaſtes, und Heinrichs des VIII. ſeines verrätheriſchen Herrn, laß mich erwähnen. Beide ſind vortrefflich und höchſt charakteriſtiſch. Du erinnerſt Dich jenes dicken Advokaten, den wir nur mit ſo vieler Mühe los wurden, thieriſchen Ausdrucks, ſinnlich, blutgierig ſo weit die heutige Zeit es erlaubt, gewandt, ſpitzfindig, voller Geiſt und Argliſt, und bei unbegrenztem Hochmuthe doch mit überwiegender Tendenz zum Gemeinen, zuletzt aber noch auf eine wahrhaft naive Weiſe frei von allem Gewiſſen. — gieb dem Bilde einen grünen Frack mit Perlmutterknöpfen und Du haſt ſein treueſtes Portrait.

Immer wiederholt ſich in anderer Nüance die Natur, aber die Stufen ſind verſchieden und mit ihnen die Ausbildung, wie das Schickſal der Menſchen und der Welt.

In der Nacht wäre ich bald im Erſtickungstode hinübergeſchieden, da mein heimathlicher Jocriſſe, wahrſcheinlich von einem engliſchen Kameraden früher zu gut bewirthet, während ich ſchon ſchlief, Kohlen aus dem Kamin wegtragen wollte und ſie auf einem lackirten Präſentirbrett daneben ſtehen ließ. Ein furchtbarer Dampf und infernaler Geruch weckte mich noch glücklicher Weiſe, als ich eben träumte, ein Hofmann Heinrichs des VIII. zu ſein und im Camp d'or eine franzöſiſche Schöne erobert zu haben — ſonſt hätte ich gewiß die Traumbraut nur im Himmel geküßt.

Ohngefähr wie dieſer Himmel, eben ſo entfernt und eben ſo lieblich, erſcheint mir der Ort, wo du weißt, meine Traute, und ſo ſende ich dir den Friedenskuß übers Meer und ſchließe, Heil und Segen wünſchend, hiermit die erſte engliſche Epiſtel.

Dein herzlich ergebener

L.

Samuel, Freiherr von Pufendorf

ward am 8. Januar 1632 zu Flöhe bei Chemnitz, wo ſein Vater als Prediger lebte, geboren und erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Grimma. Von hier aus begab er ſich nach Leipzig und dann nach Jena, und nahm darauf, als es ihm nach vollendeten Studien nicht glücken wollte, ein Amt im Vaterlande zu finden, eine Hauslehrerſtelle bei dem ſchwediſchen Geſandten in Kopenhagen (1658) an, wo er das Schickſal hatte, während des Krieges zwiſchen Dänemark und Schweden mit der Familie ſeines Principals verhaftet zu werden. Er ſtudirte während dieſer Zeit vorzüglich ſtaatsrechtliche Schriften; die Frucht dieſer Studien waren ſeine **Elementa jurisprudentiae universalis**, eine Arbeit, welche dem Kurfürſten Karl Ludwig von der Pfalz ſo ſehr gefiel, daß er ihn 1661 zum Profeſſor des Natur- und Völkerrechts an der Univerſität zu Heidelberg ernannte. Von hier ging P. in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Lund, und wurde dann Staatsſecretär und Hiſtoriograph in Stockholm. Im Jahre 1686 folgte er einem Rufe als Hofrath, Hiſtoriograph und Kammergerichtsbeiſitzer nach Berlin, ward daſelbſt 1690 Geheimerath und 1694 von dem Könige von Schweden in den Freiherrnſtand erhoben. Er ſtarb am 26. October 1694 zu Berlin.

Die Mehrzahl von P's Schriften iſt lateiniſch; deutſch verfaßte er nur:

Einleitung zur Geſchichte der vornehmſten Reiche und Staaten. Frankfurt 1682, 3 Thle.
Leben des großen Kurfürſten Friedrich Wilhelm. Berlin 1694.

Die vorzüglichſten Verdienſte erwarb ſich P. um die philoſophiſche Entwickelung des Natur- und Staatsrechtes, ſo wie er als Hiſtoriker zuerſt eine Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staaten bearbeitete. Sein deutſcher Stil ſteht jedoch ſeinem lateiniſchen bei Weitem nach.

Friedrich Puſtkuchen,

als Schriftſteller Glanzow oder Puſtkuchen-Glanzow, ward am 4. Februar 1793 zu Detmold geboren, ſtudirte von 1811—13 zu Göttingen Theologie, wurde 1815 Lehrer in Elberfeld, gab aber ſeine Stelle 1816 auf und privatiſirte bis 1820, wo er Prediger zu Lieme bei Lemgo wurde. Im Jahre 1826 gab er auch dieſes Amt wieder auf und lebte nun zu Herford. Er ſtarb am 2. Januar 1834.

Wir beſitzen von ihm außer vielen theologiſchen und pädagogiſchen Schriften:

Die Schlacht bei la belle Alliance. Bremen 1816.
Poeſie der Jugend. Leipzig 1817.
Die Perlenſchnur. Quedlinburg 1820, 2 Thle.
W. Meiſters Wanderjahre. Ebendaſ. 1821—28, 5 Thle.
W. Meiſters Tagebuch. Ebendaſ. 1821—22, 2 Thle.
Gedanken einer frommen Gräfin. Ebendaſ. 1822; n. A. 1826.
W. Meiſters Meiſterjahre. Ebendaſ. 1824, 2 Thle.
Kleine Schriften. Berlin 1823.
Maria, oder die Frömmigkeit des Weibes. Hamburg 1828.
Poetiſche Werke. Hannover 1829 ff. 6 Thle.

Puſtkuchen erwarb ſich einen vorübergehenden Ruf durch ſeine falſchen Wanderjahre, in welchen er Göthe und deſſen Tendenz auf eine perſiflirende Weiſe parodirte und angriff, und deſſen Schriften aus frömmelnden Motiven herabzuwürdigen ſuchte, aber bei den Beſſergeſinnten in der Nation, wenn ſie auch vielleicht in dieſem oder jenem Stücke ſeine Anſicht theilten, keinen Beifall erntete und nur dem Plebs eine Freude bereitete. Uebrigens war er keineswegs ohne Talent und beſaß vorzüglich Leichtigkeit und Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form, die, wo er ſie auf beſſere Dinge verwendete, ihm auch gerechte Anerkennung bereiteten.

Johann Stephan Pütter

ward am 25. Juni 1725 zu Iſerlohn in der Grafſchaft Mark geboren, bezog 13 Jahre alt die Univerſität Marburg, beſuchte ſpäter Halle und Jena, habilitirte ſich darauf als Docent zu Marburg, wurde 1746 Profeſſor zu Göttingen, 1753 ordentlicher Profeſſor, 1758 Hofrath und 1770 geheimer Juſtizrath und Ordinarius der Juriſtenfacultät daſelbſt. Er ſtarb am 12. Auguſt 1807 in Göttingen, an dem er mit ganzer Seele hing und dem zu Liebe er mehrere höchſt bedeutende Vocationen abgeſchlagen hatte.

Außer vielen ſtaatsrechtlichen, andern juridiſchen und religiöſen Schriften ſchrieb er:

Deutſche Reichsgeſchichte. Göttingen 1778; 3. A. 1794.
Hiſtoriſche Entwickelung der heutigen Staatsverfaſſung des deutſchen Reichs. Göttingen 1786—87, 3 Thle.; 3. A. 1798.
Selbſtbiographie. Göttingen 1798, 2 Thle.

P. war ſeiner Zeit einer der trefflichſten Lehrer des Staatsrechtes und wird als ſolcher noch immer trotz den in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft gemachten Fortſchritten, die vollkommenſte Anerkennung finden. Als Hiſtoriker iſt er ausgezeichnet durch gründliches Quellenſtudium, unermüdlichen Fleiß und wahre Liebe des Rechtes; ſein zwar jetzt veralteter und unbeholfener Stil beweiſt deutlich in der Reihenfolge ſeiner Schriften, wie ſehr ihm die eigene Ausbildung, ſo wie das Fortſchreiten der Wiſſenſchaft am Herzen lag.

Jakob Immanuel Pyra,

geboren im Jahre 1715 zu Kottbus, ſtudirte in Halle Theologie und Philologie, war ſeit 1742 Conrector am kölniſchen Gymnaſium zu Berlin und ſtarb daſelbſt am 14. Julius 1744.

Er ſchrieb:

Tempel der wahren Dichtkunſt. Halle 1732.
Erweis, daß die Gottſchediſche Secte den Geſchmack verderbe. Hamburg und Leipzig 1743.
Thyrſis (Pyra) und Damons (Lange) freundſchaftliche Lieder. Zürich 1745; 2. A. 1749.

Ein Gegner Gottſched's beſaß Pyra vorzüglich ein hübſches Talent für die lyriſche Poeſie, das ſich durch Gefühl und Begeiſterung auszeichnete, aber es fehlte ihm an der Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, und ſein früher Tod hinderte ihn, ſich in dieſer Hinſicht auszubilden.

Johann Ladislaus Pyrker von Felſö-Eör.

Dieſer geiſtig eben ſo ausgezeichnete als hochgeſtellte Mann ward am 2. November 1772 zu Langh in der ſtuhlweißenburger Geſpannſchaft Ungarns, wo ſein Vater als Gutsverwalter lebte, geboren und erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der Schule zu Stuhlweißenburg. Er beſuchte dann die Akademie zu Fünfkirchen und ging darauf nach Ofen, um die Beamtencarriere einzuſchlagen. Dies glückte ihm jedoch nicht. Er reiſte nun, um das Secretariat bei einem Grafen in Palermo zu übernehmen, nach Italien, und ſchiffte ſich in Neapel ein, ward aber nebſt ſeinem Reiſegenoſſen von einem Corſaren gefangen genommen und als Sclave nach Algier gebracht. Hier hatte er jedoch das Glück, zu entfliehen. Er begab ſich über Venedig nach Wien und trat dann 1792 in den Orden der Ciſtercienſer im Kloſter Lilienfeld in Unterösterreich. Darauf ſtudirte er im Seminar zu St. Pölten Theologie, ward 1796 Prieſter, verwaltete mehrere Kloſterämter und kam 1807 als Pfarrer nach Türnitz. 1811 ernannte man ihn zum Prior des Stiftes, 1812 aber zum Abt deſſelben. Im Jahre 1818 ward er Biſchof von Zips, 1820 Patriarch von Venedig, 1821 wirklicher Geheimerath und 1827 Erzbiſchof von Erlau, Primas von Dalmatien und ungariſcher Erbobergeſpann.

Er gab deutſch heraus:

Hiſtoriſche Schauſpiele. Wien 1810.
Tuniſias. Heldengedicht. Wien 1819; 3. A. 1826.
Perlen der heiligen Vorzeit. Ofen 1821; 2. A. Wien 1826.
Rudolfias. Heldengedicht. Wien 1824; n. A. 1827.
Sämmtliche Werke. Stuttgart 1831—34, 3 Bde. — Eine neue Auflage in einem Bande iſt unter der Preſſe.

P. iſt als epiſcher Dichter mit Recht ſehr gefeiert und ſeine Tuniſias namentlich in mehrere Sprachen überſetzt werden. Reiche Phantaſie, tiefes inniges Gefühl, treffliche Charakterzeichnung, Lebendigkeit, Anmuth und Würde der Darſtellung und eine ſeltene Meiſterſchaft in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, reihen ſeine Leiſtungen dem Beſten, was Deutſchland in dieſer Gattung beſitzt, unbeſtritten an.

Die Makkabäer.

Erſter Geſang.

Mathathias*).

Troſt.

Trag', o Geſang, im raſcheren Flug, auf den Fittigen tragend,
Bis zu den Enden der Welt, den Ruhm des Heldengeſchlechtes,
Das für Jehova's Geſetz, und die vaterländiſchen Sitten
Eifernd, hier, voll männlicher Kraft, feuerwüthenden Feinden
Muthig die Stirne bot, und dort, auch im zarten Geſchlecht, die
Heldin, mit Wonne, den Tod der heldaufblühenden Söhne
Sah — dem Tode geweiht! — und ſo auf die ſpäteſte Nachwelt
Erbte der Thaten Gewinn: der Tugend herrliches Beiſpiel! —

Aſia's König Antiochus, er, den niedrige Schmeichler,
Feig, den Erlauchten genannt, entbot gewaltige Heere:
Auszutilgen das Volk von Iſrael, das ihm verhaßt war.
Sieh! ſchon hatt' er die Stadt Jeruſalem ſtürmend erobert;
Hingewürgt an dem Tag wohl achtzig Tauſend des Volkes:
Jünglinge, Männer und Greiſ', auch ſäugende Mütter und Jungfrau'n;
Tauſende fortgeſchleppt, und zum Kauf gebothen, dem Thier gleich:
Oder zerſtreut in den Ländern umher, und in ſchmählichen Banden
Wund gedrückt: auf daß ſie entſagten dem Glauben der Väter.
Hatte der heiligen Stadt ehrwürdige Mauern und Thürme
Niedergeworfen, zur Schmach des Volk's; das Heiligthum ſelber
Frech entweiht; geraubt die goldenen Opferaltäre:
Auch den Altar von Gold, den goldenen Leuchter und Schautiſch,
Und das zertrümmert' Erz gemünzt zu ſchnödem Gebrauche,
Mit dem Tempelſchatz, dem heimlichen, den ihm Verräther
Kundgethan, im Schooß der Grauumhüllenden Erde.
Und, o ſchreckliche Schau für gottergeb'ne Gemüther!
Dort in dem Allerheiligſten, wo Jehova, dem wahren,
Dem unſichtbaren Gott, der Hohe-Prieſter, des Jahr's nur
Einmal, nahte mit heiliger Scheu, und ihm, bebend vor Ehrfurcht,
Fern nachblickte das Volk, als er aufhüllte den Vorhang:
Dort erhöhte das Bild des Olympiers, Zeus, mit Geſang und
Opfern, Antiochus auf, und gebot Anbetung dem Volke!
Götzendienſt ſollt' ihm erſetzen den Glauben der Väter,
Den, vom Anbeginn her, der Ewige ſelber ihm kund that;
Auch erbaut' er die Burg auf Zions entheiligten Höhen:
Daß die unmenſchliche Schaar der Söldlinge, Waffen-gerüſtet,
Zwinge das Volk, des Wüth'richs Ruf zu gehorchen, in Demuth.
Raſtlos ſcholl nun Mord und Gewürg in Jeruſalems Straßen:
Tauſende ſtarben den Tod der Gerechten, für Glauben und Freiheit:
Tauſende litten den Tod und der Qual, und opferten, treulos
Dem ererbten Geſetz, vor ſchändlichen Götzen-Altären.
So war dort in der heiligen Stadt, und im Lande, der Jammer! —

Doch, jetzt drohte noch größere Schmach dem unglücklichen Volke!
Immer furchtbarer ſcholl's: der Rache brütende König
Zieh', an den Marken des Reichs, unzählige Völker zuſammen!
Weit durch Aſia hin ertön' nur Hammergetöſ':
Schmiedend des Krieges Werkzeug, und der Knechtſchaft ſchmähliche Feſſel. —

Sieh'! auch der Himmel ging mit Entſetzlichem ſchwanger; er trug's im
Gährenden Schooß, und gebar's dem bangenden Volke zum Zeichen
Unglückdräuender Zeit: Durch vierzig Tag' und ſo viele
Nächte, war in der Luft Gefild' und Schlachtengetümmel.
Wie das Abendgewölk entſchwindet am röthlichen Himmel;
Wie der Gedanke, ſo ſchnell: wie Morgenträume, ſo flüchtig,
Schwanden die Luftgeſtalten dahin im dunklen Aether;
Dann, zum erneuerten Kampf, herbrauſend von Oſten und Weſten,
Stürmten auf feurigen Roſſen ſie an: der goldenen Waffen
Glanz erhellte die Nacht, wie Morgenſchimmer im Oſt ſich;
Schwenkten über dem Helm den Speer, und trieben und drängten
Gegen einander die Roſſ', im entſetzlichen Waffengemenge.
Sieh', an dem Grashalm hing, in des Morgens lichteren Stunden,
Dann der Thau, wie Blut, in dunkelröthlichen Tropfen!
Das unzählige Volk von Jeruſalem ſah zu dem Himmel
Schaudernd auf; nicht der Waffen gedachte der Krieger; vergeſſen
Stand das Geſpann mit dem Pflug in der halbgezogenen Furche;
Jegliche Werkſtatt leer. Auf die Straßen hinaus, und die Märkte,
Strömte das Volk, und ſtand, und jammerte laut zu Jehova:
Daß doch Iſraels Heil entſprieße dem gährenden Himmel! —

Kehrend als Sieger heim aus Aegypten, ſandte der König
Drohende Worte des Zorns an die Feldhauptleute der Schaaren,
Die er gelegt in die heilige Stadt, und die Feſten des Landes:
„Jetzt und auf immer verbannt aus Iſraels Landen, und Juda's,
Sei Jehova's Dienſt, der Brauch' und die Sprache der Väter;
Ein' und daſſelbe helleniſche Volk, — ſo ſtrenge ein Fremdling! —
Werde hinfort in dem Reich, das ſeinem Zepter gehorchet."
Und mit grimmiger Luſt vernahmen die Schaarengebieter
Jetzo den Ruf: ſie riſſen entzwei die heiligen Bücher;
Bauten, rings im Land, dem nichtigen Götzen Altäre;
Schleppten die Jünglinge hin, die Greiſ' und die Männer und Weiber:
Daß ſie, Jehova zur Schmach dort opferten; ihm zum Schweinfleiſch;
Moſe zur Schmach, der, väterlich weiſ' auf Jegliches achtend,
Solches dem Volke verbot in den Gluthgefilden der Sonne!
Wer getreu ſich erwies, den würgten die Wüth'riche nieder,
Mitleidlos, voll höhnenden Grimms mit entſetzlicher Marter.
Doch, entgehend dem Tod aus des Henkers zerfleiſchender Geißel,
Folgten Viele dem Ruf, und die Redlichen jammerten laut auf! —

Dort erhob ſich im Volk Mathathias, Sohn des Jochanan,
Simeons Enkel, des Herrn Geweihter und Hoher-Prieſter,
Ein ehrwürdiger Greis. In Staunen-gebietender Hoheit
Trat er im Tempel einher, wenn dort das ſilberne Haupt ihm
Zierte das Horn, die Bruſt des Ephods funkelnde Steine
Deckten, und ihm das ſchneeige Kleid zu der Ferſe herabfloß.
Aber ihn pries das Volk, von Jehova geſegnet, als Vater
Fünf erleſener Söhne; pries ihn den Vater der Armen,
Des Gefallenen Schild, und das rettende Schwert des Bedrängten!
Tief empfand es der Greis: der heiligen Stadt und des Volkes
Iſrael, ſchmählichen Untergang vor den Augen gewahrend;
Vorn an der Bruſt zerriß er das Kleid, und ſagte den Söhnen:

„Weh', welch' Jammergeſchick! wer könnt' es noch länger erdulden?
Fremdlinge ſchalten im Heiligthum! dem verachteten Sclaven
Gleich iſt das Haus des Herrn; der prächtige Tempel Jehova's
All' der heil'gen Geräthe beraubt; ſein Schimmer verloſchen!
Kinder und Greiſ', erwürgt, bedecken die Straßen; der Männer
Blüth' iſt niedergemäh't, und unrühmlich der Waffen beraubet!
Eine Magd iſt die heilige Stadt, die Freie, geworden;
All' ihr Schmuck iſt dahin: denn Heiden vertheilten die Erbe
Unter ſich, und bedeckten mit Schmach und Jammer die Reine!
Kinder, laſſet uns flieh'n! In des Landmeer's wüſten Gefilden,
Unter den wilden Thieren des Wald's, iſt beſſer Herbergen,
Als im verpeſteten Hauch der Mord-beſudelten Hauptſtadt!" —

Sprach's und machte ſich auf. Nach Modin, der Stadt im Gebirge,
Zog er mit ſeinen fünf, für Iſraels künftige Rettung
Und unſterblichen Ruhm, erzogenen Söhnen, und barg ſich,
Nächtlich, im einſamen Haus. Doch ſieh', auch dorthin geſendet
Kam die Frevel gebietende Schaar; erhöhte des Götzen
Steinerbild, und rief zu dem Opfer die bangen Bewohner.
Auch Mathathias entbot Apelles, der Schaaren Gebieter,
Zum empörenden Götzendienſt, und ſprach vor dem Volke:

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*) Aus Deſſen Perlen der heiligen Vorzeit. Wien 1826.

„Komm, ehrwürdiger Greis, und nahe den mächtigen Göttern
Huldigend; Weihrauch ſtreu' auf die Gluth, und opf're das Böcklein,
Hier, auf dem Markt: daß dich, den hochgeprieſenen Vater,
Von den trefflichen Söhnen umſchaart, am Altar die Bewohner
Modins ſchau'n, und ſie zum Gehorſam lenke dein Beiſpiel.
Schon gehorchte das Volk zu Jeruſalem; folgſt du des Königs
Freundlichem Ruf, ſo ſoll dir Gold und Silber die Fülle
Werden; als Günſtling ſtehſt du am Thron mit deinen Erzeugten.“ —
Doch, Mathathias erhob, mit erſchütternder Würde, die Stimme:

„Mögen die Völker geſammt, die Antiochus Zepter gehorchen,
Von Jehova's Geſetz nun feig abfallen, und Götzen
Huldigen, wie dem lebendigen Gott: ſo will ich, ſein Diener,
Mit den Söhnen vereint und den Brüdern, feſt an der Väter
Heiligem Bund mich halten, und ſteh'n und fallen mit ihnen,
Wie's Jehova gefällt, dem wahren, und einigen Gotte!“ —

Als er die Worte geſagt, da trat ein niedriger Wüſtling,
Ißbahar: lang' verachtet im Volk, von dem Bunde der Väter
Ausgeſchloſſen ſchon lang', ob fluchbeladener Thaten;
Streute den Weihrauch kühn, und rief: „Ich entſage Jehova,
Hier vor Zeus Altar, des Königs Stimme gehorchend,
Und verehre hinfort die unſterblichen, ewigen Götter.“ —

Als geſchehen die That, und geſprochen das frevelnde Wort war,
Sprang Mathathias hervor aus dem Kreiſ': ihm bebten die Glieder:
Denn unduldbarer Schmerz erfüllte die heilige Bruſt ihm;
Für Jehova's Geſetz entflammt, entriß er dem Krieger
Jetzt das blinkende Schwert; er ſtürzte ſchnell zum Altar hin;
Würgte den Frevler dort, und mit ihm Apelles, den Hauptmann,
Der, ihn zu tödten bereit, lautſchreiend und fluchend herankam;
Warf den Götzenaltar zum Staub, und ſprach zu der Menge:

„Kommt, und folget mir nach! Erfüllt iſt der ſchreckliche Zeitraum,
Wo wir, ausgeſchloſſen vom Kreis des geſelligen Lebens,
Nur in den Wüſten umher, in den Wäldern und felſigen Höhlen,
Oder im Schlachtengefild uns retten vor ſündiger Knechtſchaft.
Wer den heiligen Bund, das Geſetz Jehova's zu ſchirmen
Glüht, der folge mir nach! Wir leben und ſterben als Freie!“ —

Laut umjauchzte das Volk den Eifernden. Aber er ging jetzt
Mit den Söhnen hinaus in das waldumhüllte Gebirge.
Tauſende folgten ihm nach: Jehova's heiligem Bund treu,
Jegliches Erdenglück verſchmähend! Am liebenden Buſen
Trug die Mutter das Kind. Umringt von munterem Kleinen,
Floh der Vater; und frommgeſinnt erhob auf die Schulter
Mancher den wankenden Greis, und eilete fort in die Wüſte,
Von den Heiden entfernt in dunkeler Höhle zu wohnen. —

Bald erſcholl der Ruf zu Jeruſalem: wie Mathathias
Eiferte für Jehova's Ruhm; wie er würgte den Hauptmann,
Und empörte das Volk im frech unwürdigen Unſinn.
Mächtige Schaaren, geſandt von Zions entheiligten Höhen,
Wo die Heiden die Burg erbauten, eiſern zu ſchalten
Ueber Israels Land, enteilten mit eiligen Schritten,
Lechzend nach Rache im Blut des Gott-ergebenen Volkes.
Wie im dunkelen Forſt, die Wild aufſpürenden Hunde
Wenden die Schritte links und rechts, und gierig umherſchau'n;
Alſo erforſchten ſie die Spur der flüchtigen Menge.
Siehe! da wies ein Weib, Jehova verläugnend, dem Hauptmann,
Oben im Felſenriß, die jüngſtbevölkerten Höhlen;
Warnt' und ſprach: „Nicht heut', am Morgen greife den Feind an:
Denn der Sabbath naht, und Iſrael ruht an dem Tage.“
Alſo geſchah's. Fern war Mathathias mit ſeinen Erzeugten:
Rings um Modin verſammelnd ſein Heer, und wehrlos die Menge:
Denn ſie feierten ſtill des Sabbaths heiligen Feſttag. —

Aber der Hauptmann ſandte zuvor in die Höhle den Herold;
Der laut rufend begann: „Empörer! kommt aus der Höhle;
Opfert den Göttern frei, ſo erlangt ihr Huld und Vergebung.“
Siehe! da ſprach einmüthig das Volk: „Wir folgen dem Ruf nicht!
Nur Jehova iſt Gott, nicht euere nichtige Götter.
Lechzt ihr alſo nach unſerem Blut? Wir ſinken in Unſchuld
In das Grab. — Weh' euch! denn Himmel und Erde ſind Zeugen,
Wie ihr ermordet ein Volk, weil ſolches Jehova getreu blieb!“
D'rauf begann ein Kampf, unrühmlich des tapferen Kriegers:
Denn er würgte jetzt die wehrlos ſinkenden Männer,
Weiber und Kinder und Greiſ', an der Zahl drei Tauſend, voll Wuth hin.
Auch erſchlug er das Vieh, und verbrannte die blutigen Leichen. —

Glühender Schmerz durchzuckte die Bruſt Mathathias, des Helden,
Als er die Kunde vernahm von dem frech ermordeten Volke.
Weinend ſaß er im Staub', und fleht' um Rettung zu Gott auf;
Dann berief er die Seinen zum Rath, und ſagte mit Nachdruck:

„Gebt mir willig Gehör! Wenn Israels Völker am Sabbath
Wehrlos fallen der Waffengewalt, ſo ſchwindet ihr Name
Bald von der Erde hinweg; d'rum laßt uns die muthige Stirne
Bieten dem Feind, ſo er uns, ſelbſt ſtürmend, bekämpft an dem Tage.
Nur das ſei uns Geſetz: daß wir von wüthenden Feinden
Retten das Vaterland, und kämpfen für Gott und die Freiheit!“ —

All' aufjauchzten dem Wort. Da brach, zum Kampfe gerüſtet,
Der gewaltige Greis aus des finſtern Waldes Umlaubung,
Mit erleſenem Volk, in die Eb'ne herab, und bekämpfte
Siegend des Feindes Macht. Er würgete gegen die Frevler,
Die, verläugnend Jehova's Geſetz, zu den Heiden ſich wandten;
Warf der Götzen Altäre in Staub, zerbrach die Gebilde;
Baute des Weltalls Gott, Jehova, den heiligen Altar
In den Städten umher, die er ſtürmend aus feindlicher Obmacht
Rettete; — rächte das Vaterland, denn Israels Völker
Athmeten frei, und auf Zions Höh'n erbebten die Feinde. —

Syriens Feldherr, Seron, vernahm, daß im fernen Gebirge
Modins, Meuterer — denn ſo nannt' er die tapferen Männer —
Sich vereinten zum Waffenbund, den heiligen Glauben,
Nach dem ererbten Geſetz, mit Macht zu ſchirmen entſchloſſen.
Schnell berief er zum Rath die Feldherrn all', und die Hauptleut',
In Samaria, der Stadt, und ſprach den Verſammelten alſo:

„Tapfere Männer und Brüder, hört! In Modins Gebirgen
Hat ein niedriges Volk, in Geiſt verblendender Frechheit,
Jüngſt ſich vereint, uns entgegen zu ſteh'n, des Krieges Geſchicke
Kühn zu verſuchen im Kampf, zu erſiegen im Felde die Freiheit
Von Antiochus Macht, des Herrlichen! Denket den Unſinn!
Soll ich erwähnen des Muths, mit dem Antiochus Krieger,
Dieß verachtete Volk, das Israels Söhne ſich rühmet,
Stets bezwangen im Feld, und zerſtäubten, wie Spreu von der Tenne
Leicht zerſtäubet des Windes Hauch? Sie flohen, erſchrocken,
Schon vor unſerem Blick, dem zermalmenden, ſchrecklichen, kühnen!
Jetzo will ich mir herrlichen Ruhm erjagen im Felde!
Staunen ſollt ihr, wie ſchnell, wie furchtbar, Seron der Feinde
Schaaren zermalmt. Noch heut', am dämmernden Abend, verſammel' ich
Dreißig Tauſend im Kampf verſuchte Krieger und breche
Los auf den ſchlummernden Feind, — dem nächtlichen Donnergewitter
Gleich, das plötzlich naht, — und zerſchmettre die Feigen auf einmal!
Dir, Apollon, ſei die Sorge des vorderen Zuges,
Mit den Rieſenthieren, vertraut, die auch Reihen der Feinde
Schnell hinſtrecken im Feld mit dem ſchrecklichen Rüſſel, und furchtbar
Wüthend zertreten im Staub, mit ehernumſchienten Füßen.
Von dem Rücken herab, in ragende Thürme verborgen,
Werfe die Kraft der Tapferen dann durch Pfeile, durch Lanzen,
Und durch Schleuder, den Feind, der, ſchauend der furchtbaren Thiere
Rieſengeſtalt, vor Angſt und Schauder, erſtarrt in dem Felde;
Oder ſich wendet zur Flucht, des Widerſtandes vergeſſend.
Alle zugleich gedenket des Kampfs und des herrlichen Sieges,
Waffnend in Eile das Volk, — Antiochus Ruhm iſt der Anfang.“ —

Alſo rief er zur Schaar der erſt verſammelten Führer.
Siehe! nicht lang', da zog das geordnete Heer aus den Mauern

Von Samaria, hinaus g'en Modins dunkle Gebirge.
Erſt in dem Vorderzug die Schleuderer, deckend die Reihe
Zwölf, auf dem Rücken den Thurm, und im Thurm gewaffnete Männer,
Tragender Elephanten; die Erd' erzitterte weithin
Unter dem ehernen Fuß der Rieſen-geſtalteten Thiere.
Als der Lenker der Schaar der Schleuderer, kühn und verwegen,
Kam Apollon, und trieb das Viergeſpann aus dem Wagen,
Der zweirädrig ihm nachflog, mit donnernder Stimm' an.
D'rauf ein gleiches Geſpann vom ringsvergoldeten Wagen
Geißelnd, kam, in der Mitte des Heers, der oberſte Feldherr,
Seron, der an der Zahl zehntauſend Krieger, bewaffnet
Mit der Lanz', und bewehrt mit dem Helm und dem Panzer, heran trieb.
Aber im Nachzug dann, den Bogenſchützen gebietend,
Die, an der Zahl, wie Jen' an der Stirn', und im Buſen des Heeres
Naheten, kam Zoraim, der ſtürmiſche Held in der Feldſchlacht.
Hundert folgten zugleich Streitwägen ihm nach, mit dem Lenker
Saß in jeglichem ein mit Speeren bewaffneter Krieger.
Alſo geordnet eilte das Heer den Feinden entgegen. —

Gar nicht ahnete noch Mathathias, der liebende Vater
Seines Volk's, welch' grauſe Gefahr ihm drohte vom Feinde.
Draußen im felſigen Thal, in des dunkeln Waldes Umlaubung,
Lag entſchlummert der Greis, um ihn die geliebteſten Söhne
Alle, und rings in dem Thal, in Felſenſchluchten gelagert,
Oder in Mäntel gehüllt, und geſtreckt auf rauſchende Blätter,
Ruhte die Schaar, acht tauſend Kampf-gewaltige Männer.
Mitternacht entſchwand; die Flamme verloſch in dem Lager
Ringsher, nur ein bläulicher Rauch ſtieg noch aus dem Haufen
Glimmender Aſch' empor, und wälzte ſich hierhin und dorthin,
Durch das Laubgewölb' der hochaufragenden Stämme.
Aber nicht thöricht hatte der Greis die Gefahren verachtet,
Oder, unkundig des Kriegs, verſäumt zu begegnen des Feindes
Dräuender Hinterliſt und Geiſt verwirrendem Anſchlag.
All' die waldigen Höhen entlang vertheilt' er die Wachen,
Die, ringsher umſchauend vom Fels, ihm Alles und Jedes
Kündeten, was Kampf-drohend erſchien, und nahes Verderben
Ahnen ließe dem Volk, aus der Feind-durchwimmelten Eb'ne. —

Jetzo nahte Arphim, der Krieger, mit Angſt in dem Blick, und
Zitternd, ähnlich dem Laub der Silberpappel im Winde;
Faßte ſogleich die Hand des ruhenden Greiſes, und dacht' ihn
So zu erwecken vom Schlaf, in Geheim vor den lagernden Schaaren;
Aber der freundliche Greis ſah ihm mit verklärten Augen
In das Geſicht: denn eben verließ ihn der Engel Jehova's,
Der ihm genahet im Traum, zu gottvertrauendem Muth ihn
Mahnete, Sieg ihm verhieß, und herrlichen Lohn in der Zukunft!
Jetzo begann der Wächter der Höh'n: „Unzählige Feinde
Kommen zu würgen heran. Was ſah ich! Streitwagen und Waffen
Sträubten das Haar auf der Scheitel mir auf; doch ſank ich vor Schrecken
Auf die Knie', vor mir die Rieſenthiere der Wüſte
Schauend, welche dem Heer, gleich wandelnden Bergen, voranzieh'n:
Thürme, gleich Veſten, mit Kriegern beſetzt, auf dem wölbenden Rücken
Tragen, und Tod und Jammer dräu'n mit dem furchtbaren Rüſſel:
Der, jetzt eingeſchrumpft in den Hauern ſchwebt, und urplötzlich
Wieder vom Haupte verlängt, mit der Schnelle des Blitzes, den Krieger
Feſt umſchlingt, ihn erdrückt, aufſchleudert mit Grimm in die Lüfte,
Und zermalmt, voll Wuth, mit den ehern-gegründeten Füßen.
Wahrlich, o Herr! ſo Jehova ſäumt, aus den Händen der Feinde
Nun zu erretten ſein Volk, ſo wird es vergehen auf immer." —

Sprach's, da erhob ſich der Greis: er winkt' dem Prieſter Abiſag:
Alsbald ſtieß er mit mächtigem Hauch in die Kriegsposaune,
So, daß der eherne Laut, in des Waldthals felſigen Schluchten,
Weithin erklang, und das Volk ſich ſchnell um den Vater vereinte:
Denn ſo hieß es den Greis, Mathathias, voll heiliger Ehrfurcht.
Aber der jugendlich blühende Held, der tapfere Juda,
Fuhr der erſte vom Laub, und ſah, wie ein muthiger Löw,
In dem Dunkel umher, der fern, den nahenden Gegner
Wittert; er faßte das Schwert und hing an den Augen des Vaters.
Auch Eleazar kam, und Jonathan, glühenden Muthes,
Näher; ſie forſchten beſorgt, was Johanan und Simon, die Brüder,
Von dem Vater gehört? warum die Poſaune getönet? —

Sieh'! nun ſprach der edle Greis dem verſammelten Volk ſo:
„Faſſet das Schwert! Wir zieh'n jetzt Iſraels Feinden entgegen!"
Doch, ſchon hatte das Volk von dem furchtverblindeten Krieger,
Schreckenbetäubt, vernommen die Macht und die Stärke der Gegner,
Die, mit der Schaar der Rieſenthier', entſetzlich zu ſchau'n war!
Alsbald drang es heran, und Sadok, der Aelteſte, ſagte:
„Groß iſt dein Muth, erhabener Greis! wir ſtaunen ihm billig;
Aber er leitet dich irre, daß du, vergeſſend der Weisheit,
Die dein Alter ziert', unzähligen Feinden entgegen
Führeſt das Volk, das ſchon vom dauernden Faſten entkräftet,
So in der Minderzahl, auch ſchwächeren Feinden erbebte.
Thorheit wäre der Kampf, vermeſſen der Streit mit dem König,
Dem Jehova, im Zorn, uns preisgegeben für immer."
Drohend erhob Mathathias die Hand, und ſagte mit Wehmuth:
„O, nicht ſchafft uns im Kampf des Sieges Palme die Menge;
Gottes gewaltiger Arm errettet mit wenigen Händen
Eben ſo ſchnell, wie mit vielen, vom Joch entehrender Knechtſchaft
Sein erleſenes Volk, ſo er will, barmherzig und gnädig." —

Aber glühend vor Zorn, entriß nun plötzlich der Scheide
Juda ſein Schwert, und hieb mit nerviger Rechte der Zeder
Thürmenden Stamm entzwei, daß weit der Wipfel dahinflog,
Von dem Stamme getrennt durch Juda's gewaltigen Schwerthieb.
Sadok wich, erſchrocken, zurück, und beugte ſein Antlitz
Nieder zum Staub; doch, fern ſank ſchon die Zeder zur Erde.
Aber auch All' ergriff ein herzbeklemmendes Staunen
Ob des Jünglings Kraft, der jetzt, entflammt zu dem Volk rief:

„Ha! ihr bebt vor der Menge zurück, vor den niedrigen Sündern,
Welch' im wüthigen Trotz ermorden die jammernden Weiber,
Und den lächelnden Säugling zugleich, an dem Buſen der Mutter;
Die für ſchnöden Gewinn verhandeln den Mann und den Jüngling,
Gleich dem Vieh, auf dem Markt, an den weltdurchwandernden Kaufmann:
Alſo vor uns Jehova's Ruhm zu verhöhnen entſchloſſen?
Beſſer der Tod in dem Kampf, als ſolch unrühmliches Leben!
Auf! wir ſtreiten für Gott, für unſer Leben und Freiheit.
Zaget nicht; faſſet nur Muth! der Herr iſt mit uns in dem Schlachtfeld."
Alſo rief er, und ging; ihm folgte, begeiſtert, das Volk nach. —

Nicht den Pfad entlang, der tief im windenden Thale
Führte des Wanderers Fuß, zur felsumſtarrten Waldſchlucht,
Zog nun Iſraels Heer auf den Feind, mit erneuertem Muth, los:
Sondern auf waldigen Höh'n, bis hin, wo der letzte der Hügel
Sich g'en Bethoron, der Stadt, hinzieht, und zur lachenden Eb'ne
Und goldſchimmernder Aehrenflur den grünenden Fuß hebt,
Eilte das muthige vor. Dort ordnete Juda die Schaaren;
Gab an dem linken Horn Eleazar, und Jonathan gab er
An dem rechten Gewalt, zu gebieten im Sturme der Feldſchlacht.
Er ſelbſt, gegen den Feind, in der Mitte zu ſtehen der Erſte,
Stand allein, und freute ſich, weil Johanan, ſein Bruder,
Ihm an der Ferſe gefolgt, der heldenmächtige Jüngling!
Doch, Mathathias ſtand, umgeben vom Volk auf des Hügels
Felſigem Haupt mit Simon, dem älteſten Sohn, und erhob jetzt,
Warnend, g'en Juda die Hand, und fragt' ihn, ſorglichen Blickes:

„Juda! haſt du erwogen das Ziel? geſichtet des Herzens
Tiefverborgenen Grund: ob dich vermeſſener Stolz nur,
Ob Vertrau'n auf eigene Kraft zur gefahrvollen Stell':
Dort, an der Spitze des Heer's, getrieben, in eitler Ruhmſucht?
Haſt du Hilf zu Jehova gefleht? des Ewigen Beifall

Fromm erforſcht im Gebet, in des Herzens heiliger Regung?"
Juda entgegnete ſchnell: „Erwogen das Ziel, und des Herzens
Tiefverborgenen Grund geſchätzt, hab' ich, mein Vater!
Nicht vermeſſener Stolz, nicht Vertrau'n auf eigene Kraft nur,
Heißt mich ſteh'n an der Spitze des Heers; Jehova gebot mir!
Ja, in der Bruſt rief Gott: daß ich leite das Volk zu dem Siege."
Sprach's, und entblößte das Schwert; d'rauf ſetzt' er ſich nieder im Graſe;
Stützte das Kinn auf die Hand, und ſah mit glühenden Blicken
Durch das nächtliche Grau'n den nahenden Feinden entgegen.
Wie der Leu', der erſt entwöhnt von der ſäugenden Mutter,
Im Vertrauen auf eigene Kraft, aus der dunkelen Höhle
Kommend, ſich vor den Eingang ſtellt, und mit glühenden Blicken
Schaut in dem Wald umher: ob mächtige Gegner ihm nahen?
Lechzend nach Blut, ſich leckt mit der ſtachligen Zunge die Schnauze;
Peitſcht den dröhnenden Grund mit dem buſchigen Schweif, daß zum Himmel
Wirbelnd der Staub aufſteigt; und brüllt, und ſträubet die Mähnen:
Alſo ſaß vor den Schaaren der Held auf dem Boden, und blickte
In das Dunkel hinaus, nach feindlichem Blute ſich ſehnend. —

Jetzt erglühte der Saum des lichtgewordenen Himmels
Fern im Oſten; im Frühwind floh'n die umwandernden Nebel;
Lerchen wirbelten hoch in dem dämmernden Himmelsgewölbe.
Einzeln hier, dann dort, erwacht' ein Laut in der Ebne:
So in dem Wald, auf den Höh'n, und in tiefverborgener Thalſchlucht.
Doch, als jetzt ihr Flammenhaupt, im duftigen Goldglanz
Schwebend die Sonn' erhob, und rings die erwachende Schöpfung
Jubelte, — ſiehe! da zog die ſyriſche Macht, auf des Landmanns
Saaten, in täuſchender Stille heran: dem Seron gedachte
Heimlich, im Ueberfall, zu erwürgen die lagernden Feinde.
Wohl erbebte das Volk von Iſrael, als es die Reihe
Der gewaltigen Thiere vor ſich im dräuenden Kampf ſah;
Aber der ältſte Sohn Mathathias, des heiligen Greiſes,
Simon, eilte herab, und ſagte zu Juda, dem Feldherrn:

„Kühner! entbiet' aus dem Heer Freiwillige, Todesgeweihte,
Die, für Gott und die Rettung des Volks, das Große vollbringen!
Furchtbar iſt ihm der Kampf mit dem rieſengeſtalteten Thier nur;
Mögen Jene das Schwert mit des langgeſchafteten Speeres
Erze vereinen: das Schwert an den Schaft mit kräftigen Riemen
Feſtigend, und im Gemenge der Schlacht losſtürzend vor Allen
Auf die Thiere, ſie kühn verwunden am ſchrecklichen Rüſſel:
Daß in dem eigenen Heer, von wüthenden Schmerzen gefoltert,
Sie Verwirrung verbreiten, und Mord und grauſes Verderben!" —

Juda erhob das Schwert, und winkte dem ſinnigen Bruder
Beifall zu. Kaum war in den Reih'n der geordneten Krieger
Kund geworden der Ruf des kühnen Beginnes, da traten
Hunderte vor, und erboten, voll Muths, zum rühmlichen Tod ſich.
Aber Simon erlas nur Zwölf' aus den tapferſten Männern,
Die ſich bewährten, im Schlachtengefild, ein Schrecken der Feinde!
Alsbald befeſten dieſ' ihr Schwert mit kräftigen Riemen
An den ragenden Schaft des fernhintreffenden Speeres;
Eilten hinab zu des Hügels Rand, wo dichtes Gebüſche
Sich an dem Pfad hinzog, und harrten, verborgen, der Gegner. —

Näher und näher erhob ſich Gewölk aufqualmenden Staubes;
Blitzender zuckte das Licht der ſtrahlengekrönten Sonne,
Mitten im Staubesqualm, aus den hellgeglätteten Waffen;
Lauter erſcholl der Tritt viel Tauſender, ſchnob das Entſetzen
Vor den Schaaren einher, und nah' war Mord und Gewürge. —

Juda, jetzo die Gegner vor ſich, mit leuchtenden Augen,
Schauend, erhob ſich voll Haſt; ſchrie laut, daß die Thäler und Berge
Dröhnten; All' um ihn her erbebten, und oben am Felsriff,
Selbſt Mathathias erſchrak. Von Furcht und Entſetzen ergriffen,
Hörten die Feinde den Ruf, und taumelten dahin und dorthin.
Aber jetzt auf den Höh'n, das Heer der Gegner, mit einmal,
Nur ſo ſchwach an der Zahl, und allein mit dem Schwerte bewaffnet:
Sonder Panzer und Helm, Streitwagen und Roſſe, gewahrend,
Lachte Seron vor Wuth, und rief, voreilend, Apollon,
Der dem Vorderzuge gebot, mit höhnendem Blick, ſo:

„Wahrlich, ich dacht' im Geiſt, ganz Iſrael ſtünde bewaffnet
Wider uns auf, und bereit' uns Tod und grauſe Vernichtung!
Soll dieß treffliche Heer mit jenem der Feinde ſich meſſen,
Das die verborgenen Höhlen des Wald's, gleich Räubern, bewohnet;
Waffen- und wehrlos iſt, und jetzt verzweifelnd den Tod ſucht?
Mögen die Krieger allein, vom hochgethürmeten Rücken
Der, dem Volk Entſetzen und Angſt erregenden Thiere,
Schleudernd den tödtlichen Stein, und ſchnellend die mordenden Pfeile,
Jene bekämpfen: ſie flieh'n der Thier' entſetzlichen Blick ſchon." —

Rief's, da drängten die Führer zugleich, mit lautem Gebrülle,
Die Elephanten vor; auch ſtachelten ſie, von dem Thurme,
So zu empören zur Wuth, die Krieger mit ſtechenden Lanzen.
Bald erwacht ihr Grimm: ſie ſchritten vor, mit dem Rüſſel
Laut ſich peitſchend die Bruſt, und ſchnoben vor glühender Mordgier.
Von der Sehne geſchnellt, durchſauſten befiederte Pfeile
Weithin die Luft. Der Schleuderer ſchwang den ſpitzigen Wurfſtein
Kreiſend umher, bis jetzt die Schnur von dem hemmenden Finger
Wich; der Stein laut heulend im Luftraum flog, und am Hügel,
Mit den Pfeilen zugleich, manch' tapferen Krieger zum Staub warf. —

Nun erhob Mathathias zu Gott laut flehend die Hände:
„Rett', Erbarmer, dein Volk von dem Feind, der Schmach und Verderben
Ihm bereitet, mit wüthigem Trotz, verhöhnend Dich wahren,
Ewigen Gott! O gib uns den Sieg, Allmächtiger heute!
Daß er erkenne mit Angſt, wie mächtig Jehova, der Herr iſt!"
Sieh', da warfen ſich Jene zugleich, die muthig dem Tod ſich
Weihten zuvor, auf den Feind, zwölf tapfere Männer von Juda:
Jeglicher drang, mit weitvorragendem Speer, auf das Thier ein,
Stieß und verwundet' es ſchnell an dem Rüſſel. Nur Dorah, aus Gaza,
Fehlte das Ziel: abglitt ſein Speer an dem glänzenden Panzer,
Und durchbohrte des Thiers Ohrlapp', die ſaftig herabhing.
Jetzt umklammert' ihn der Elephant mit dem ſchrecklichen Rüſſel,
Ihm zermalmend die Bruſt, und warf ihn empor in die Lüfte,
Daß er den Sinkenden racherfüllt in dem Sande zertrat;
Aber da ſprang Nabal, aus Bethoron, herbei, und erhebend
Hoch den Schaft mit dem feſtgehefteten Schwerte durchſtieß er
Schnell das Auge des Thiers, das ſonſt ſo klug, ſo verſtändig,
Sinnig und mild herſah, nun hell entflammt von der Wuth war. —

Jetzo tobten, von Zorn und furchtbaren Schmerzen gefoltert,
Die Elephanten im Feld umher: ſie warfen die Krieger
Aus den Thürmen herab, und eilten ſchnaubend zurück:
Durchzubrechen das eigene Heer, und im rauſchenden Strome
Dann zu kühlen die Gluth der tief geſpaltenen Wunde.
Ein gewaltiger ſtieß an Serons rollenden Wagen,
Der, von dem Seſſel herab, antreibend die ſchnaubenden Roſſe,
Und, erſehend von fern, welch' ſchrecklichen Frevel die Gegner
An den Thieren verübeten, jetzt die Führer des Heeres
Schalt, und ermahnte zugleich, die Frevelnden niederzuſchmettern.
Doch, ſchon lag er im Staub und blutete; lagen die Roſſe,
Lag der Wagen zertrümmert im Feld: denn ſchnell wie der Blitzſtrahl,
Mitten im Hain, die hundertjährige Fichte zerſplittert,
Daß nur Trümmer umher von dem ragenden Stamme ſich weiſen;
So zertrümmerte der Elephant den rollenden Wagen;
So zertrat er die Roſſ' und den lautaufſchreienden Feldherrn.
Und alsbald entfloh'n in wilder Verwirrung die Syrer. —

Jetzt, wie im Lenz, von dem Felſengebirg, gelöſt vom Südwind

Niederrollt mit Getöſ' die ſchreckliche, wilde Lawine,
Stürzet den Wald, fortreißt die Felder und blühenden Matten:
Alſo kam von dem Hügel herab, die Zierde der Helden
Makkabäiſchen Stamm's, kam Juda, der tapfere Jüngling,
An der Spitze des Heer's. Er lag den Fliehenden hart im Rücken und drängte ſein dürſtendes Schwerdt im Blute der Feinde.
So Eleazar, der Held, ſo Jonathan. Keiner der Krieger
Raſtete jetzt; mit dem Mord ertönte des Siegers Gejauchze.
Tauſende lagen erwürgt, und deckten die Felder und Pfade. —

Doch an dem Zederngehölz, unferne den Mauern Bethorons,
Stellt' Apollon ſich kühn zur Wehr; er hemmte der Seinen
Schmähliche Flucht, in dem Kampf mit Ehre zu ſterben entſchloſſen.
Juda ſäumte nicht, kam, und ſprang vor den muthigen Feind hin.
Dem Anſtürmenden hielt Apollon die ragende Lanze
Weithin entgegen; doch er ſchwang ſein blinkendes Eiſen;
Hieb entzwei den ragenden Schaft, und bohrte das Schwerdt ſo
Tief in des Gegners Bruſt, daß er ſank, und das Leben verhauchte
D'rauf entriß er ihm ſchnell das Schwerdt, das heut' in dem Feld er
Führete: um hinfort, in dem Kampf für den heiligen Glauben,
Für die Rettung des Vaterland's und die Sitten der Väter,
Solches zu führen, zum Ruhme für Iſrael, ſiegverherrlicht!
Aber in eiliger Haſt entflohn' die Trümmer des Heeres,
Das den Juden Vernichtung gedroht; nur Wenige kehrten
Heim in das Vaterland, den Ihren den Jammer zu künden. —

Sieh! — Mathathias Vollendung naht'; er fühlte des Todes
Schaurigen Hauch, und rufte vor ſich die theuern Erzeugten;
Hob ſich auf in dem Bett', und begann mit leiſerer Stimme:

„Nehmt den Segen zum Lohn, Geliebteſte! Möge Jehova
Euch behüten mit ewiger Huld: daß ihr, würdig der Väter,
Wandelt der Tugend Pfad', und in Unſchuld wirket das Gute.
Jammerſchwer iſt die Zeit, in der ihr lebet: der Hochmuth
Herrſcht in der Welt, und der Stolz erſinnet nur Schmach und Verderben.
Haltet feſt am Geſetz des Herrn; gedenket der Thaten
Eurer Väter, und ſuchet den Ruhm, der Ihnen zu Theil ward,
Auch um des Lebens Preis: dann lohnt euch ewiger Nachruhm!
Abraham heißt uns gerecht! da er treu in der Prüfung beſtanden!
Joſeph herrſchte mit Macht in Aegypten: weil er im Unglück,
So wie im Glück, Jehova's Geſetz verehrte! — Phines
Eiferte redlich für Gottes Wort: und des Prieſterthums Ehre,
Dauernd in ſeinem Geſchlecht, ward ihm zum Lohne gegeben!
Joſua that, wie Jehova gebot: und er wurde der Retter
Iſraels! — Kaleb ſprach vor allem Volke die Wahrheit:
Und er hatte ſein Erb' im verheißenen Lande des Segens!
David war barmherzig und mild: und ihm wurde die Herrſchaft,
Ihm und ſeinem Geſchlecht, gegeben auf ewige Zeiten!
Für Jehova's Wort entglühete der Thesbit Helias:
Und er wurde mit Blitz und Sturm g'en Himmel gehoben!
Weil Sidrach, Miſach und Abdenago glaubten, ſo ward ihr
Glaube belohnt: ſie kamen gerettet hervor aus den Flammen!
Auch die grimmigen Leu'n bezähmte Daniels Unſchuld!
Alſo hinauf, in der dämmernden Frühe der heiligen Vorzeit,
Seht ihr Jene belohnt, die liebend Jehova vertrauten!
Fürchtet nie den Trotz und die dräuenden Worte des Sünders;
Seine Herrlichkeit iſt nur Staub, ſein Ende ſind Würmer:
Heute bläht er ſich auf, und hebt ſich empor in die Lüfte,
Morgen iſt er nicht mehr, denn tief in das dunkele Grab's Nacht
Sank ſein wüthiger Trotz, und all' ſein ſtolzes Beginnen!
Auf! — erhebt euch mit Muth, geliebteſte Söhne! Jehova's
Mächtiger Arm ſchütze euch, ſo ihr treu verharrt dem Geſetze.
Simeon iſt erfahren und klug; mein Aeltſter werd' euch
Vater hinfort, ein Lenker im Grau'n des umnachteten Lebens.
Aber Judas, mein Held, Makkabäer geprieſen vor Allen
Meines Geſchlecht's, beherrſche das Feld der eiſernen Schlachten:
Euer tapferer Hort, erzogen im Lager der Krieger.
Mit den Beiden vereint ſei Jonathan, ſei Eleazar,
Und Johanan, im Bruderbund. — Verſammelt Jehova's
Tapf're Verehrer alle, zum Kampf für die heilige Freiheit;
Rächet die Schmach des Vaterland's an den Feinden mit Nachdruck!" —

Als er geendet das Wort, da ſank er zurück auf die Kiſſen;
Sah mit ſegnendem Blick auf die Lieben, und hauchte den Geiſt aus
D'rauf in der Väter Grab, unfern den Mauern von Modin,
Brachten, im Trauerzug, die weinenden Söhne die Leiche.
Und in Iſrael ſcholl Wehklag' um den Vater des Volkes! —

Aber im jubelnden Ruf der Himmliſchen reicht' ihm vom Throne
Schon der Allerbarmer, voll Huld, den lohnenden Kranz ihm:
Da er, vertrauend auf Ihn, in dem nächtlichen Sturme des Lebens
Muthig ſtand, und den Frommen in ihm, zum erhebenden Troſt ward!

Zweiter Geſang.

Eleazar.

Hingebung.

Tief in des Gartens Grund, im Schatten der ſäuſelnden Palmen,
Saß Eleazar der Greis, und lächelte: heilige Wonne
Fühlend über die Stelle des Buch's, die er eben geleſen.
Aber die Stelle hieß: „Und Abraham lud auf den Rücken
Iſaak das Opferholz, und ließ die Knechte zurücke.
Als er bergan ſtieg, in den Händen tragend das Meſſer,
Und die Gluth: da folgt ihm ſein Sohn, erkoren zum Opfer,
Keuchend unter der Laſt. Sie gingen zuſammen und ſchwiegen.
Doch, nun rief der Sohn: „Mein Vater!" — Und dieſer — „Ich höre!"
Iſaak begann: „Da ſeh' ich die Gluth und das Meſſer, und nirgend
Wies ſich das Opfer noch; wo findeſt du ſolches, o Vater?"
Abraham drängte die Thräne zurück, und ſagte beklommen:
„Still, mein Sohn! ſchon wird ſich Gott erleſen das Opfer."
Sprach's; er ſah nicht zurück, und ſie ſtiegen empor auf Moria. —

„Himmliſche Unſchuld," dachte der Greis — „ein glänzendes Vorbild
Meines Erlöſers ſeh' ich in dir! Wie ſelig die Menſchen,
Welch' erwählt zu leiden für ihn, mit heiterem Blicke
Wandeln die Dornenbahn zu den Wonnegefilden des Himmels!"
Gar nicht ahnt' er jetzt, wie ſein die ſchrecklichſten Leiden
Harrten, die er ertrug, ein Held für den heiligen Glauben,
Und das hohe Geſetz der gottgefälligen Wahrheit.
Sieh! da kamen die Krieger geſandt, und pochten gewaltig
An die Thüre des ſtill und einſam lebenden Greiſes.
Freundlich öffnet' er jetzo die Thür', und ſagte verwundert:

„Waffen ſeh' ich gezückt, und des Kriegers drohende Miene?
Doch, was ſollen ſie hier, in des Friedens ſtiller Behauſung?
Den ihr ſucht, iſt ferne vielleicht: ihr fehltet das Haus nur." —

„Nein; wir ſuchen dich, Eleazar," — ſagte der Hauptmann,
Der die Krieger geführt — „Antiochos, Aſia's König —
Deiner denn auch? — entbot uns erſt: daß wir dich gefeſſelt
Führen vor ſeinen Thron und des Volk's verſammelte Menge.
Dort, wie Zeus dein Loos mit dem ewigwaltenden Schickſal
Ordnete, wird es dir geh'n: verhüllt iſt der Himmliſchen Rathſchluß!" —

Lächelnd ſprach Eleazar zu ihm: „Mich willſt du gefeſſelt
Vor Antiochos Thron und des Volk's verſammelte Menge
Führen, mich, den zitternden Greis? .. Ich folge dir willig." —

Und ſie führten ihn auf den Markt, wo Syriens König,
Sitzend auf goldenem Thron, im Kreis bewaffneter Schaaren,
Und unzähliges Volk's, den olympiſchen Göttern zu Ehren
Opfer zu bringen gebot, und ſie durch mancherlei Spiele
Ehrete: denn er gab dem ſiegenden Lenker des Wagens;
Dem, der weit vor Allen, die laſtende Scheibe geworfen;
Der mit dem Pfeil, von der Sehne geſchnellt, das ragende Ziel traf;
Der in dem Fauſtkampf Gegner beſiegt'; und dem hurtigſten Läufer;
Jeglichem gab er den Preis mit eigenen Händen zum Lohn hin.
D'rauf begann er und rief: „Ruhm ſei den unſterblichen Göttern
Von den Völkern gezollt; geſtürzt und auf immer vernichtet
Sei Jehova's Altar, und verflucht, wer dieſen verehret:
Denn ich weih' ihn dem Tod in der Folter ſchrecklichſten Qualen." —

Schauder ergriff das Volk von Jeruſalem, als auf dem Markte
Laut ertönte des Schreckens Ruf. Schon opferten Viele

Schauend Folter und Tod, als Feige, den nichtigen Götzen;
Mancher, dem wahren Gott Abtrünniger, wurde die Geißel
Seines Volk's. So Jaſon, ein Mann unbändiger Ehrſucht,
Der für ſündiges Geld des Hohenprieſterthums Würde
Sich erſt jüngſt erkaufte vom Könige: jeglicher Tugend
Abhold; allem Schicklichen feind, und dem Laſter ergeben,
Wüthet' er frech g'en Vaterland und den Glauben der Väter!
Dieſer haßt' Eleazar ſchon lang', deß' leuchtende Tugend
Seiner Seel' entſetzliche Nacht, und die gräßliche Schwärze
Seines Gemüths, noch mehr, noch erſchütternder, furchtbarer, zeigte;
Allwärts auch des Würdigen Feind der unwürdige Menſch iſt!
Aber von Rach' empört, weil ihn Eleazar verworfen
Von dem Geſetz und unwürdig des Hohenprieſterthums, nannte,
Gab er Antiochos kund: „Eleazar ſchmähe des Königs
Herrſchaft laut, und ihn ſelbſt, weil er helleniſche Sitten
Rings in dem Land von Iſrael, er, ein Fremdling, gebiete.“ —

Jetzt, durch drängende Haufen heran, auf den wimmelnden Marktplatz
Führten die Krieger den Greis, und überall wich ihm die Menge,
Ehrfurchtsvoll, und ſeufzt' ob ſolch' entſetzlichem Schickſal
Des ehrwürdigen Mann's, dem Keiner in Iſrael gleich kam!
Jaſon ſtand auf den Stufen des Thron's, und lächelte grimmig,
Hohn der Hölle, der Verdammten Seelen [illegible],
Ihm entgegen; und doch ſah Jener, vergebend, nach ihm hin! —

Abgewandten Geſichts', des tiefaufgährenden Herzens
Wuth zu bergen, und ſtützend den Arm auf den goldenen Armſtuhl,
Saß Antiochos dort auf dem Thron; er rufte gebietend
Jaſon herbei, und ſprach: „Er opfere jetzt am Altare,
Zeus, dem Beherrſcher der Erd' und des Himmels, dem mächtigſten Gotte,
Hier vor allem Volk; auch allen unſterblichen Göttern
Zoll' er, tiefanbetend, Ruhm: ſo wird ihm vergeben.
Säumt' er, unſerem Herrſcherwink zu gehorchen in Demuth:
Dann auf die Folter mit ihm; in Qualen verhauch' er das Leben!“
Sprach's; da führte die Schaar den Helden des Herrn auf den Kampfplatz. —

Gegenüber dem Thron, auf ſieben Stufen erhöhet,
War das Steingebild des Olympiers. Ueber ihm wölbte
Eine Kuppel ſich auf, von Marmorſäulen getragen.
Von dem runden Altar, am Fußgeſtelle des Götzen,
Dampfte der Opferrauch empor, und erfüllte den Marktplatz
Weithin. Im ſchneeigen Kleid, mit der goldenen Binde gezieret,
Standen die Prieſter umher, und ſangen die Hymne des Opfers.
Doch, nun ſtieg der heilige Greis, in erſchütternder Hoheit,
Allen ſichtbar am Markt, auf des Tempels oberſte Stufe;
Wandte den Flammenblick, voll unausſprechlicher Anmuth,
Nach der ſtarrenden Menge hinab, und es preßte das Mitleid
Thränen ihm aus, die, ſchnell von ſeinen gerötheten Wangen,
Nach dem Buſen hinab, in ſchwimmenden Tropfen ſich drängten.
Doch, nun fuhr er betroffen zurück: die geöffneten Lippen
Bebten ihm; jetzt verloſch, jetzt flammte ſein Auge nur heller:
Wie der Mond, den, flugs, ein ſchwindendes Wölkchen verhüllet;
Jetzt umſchwebt' ihm den Mund ein Himmelslächeln: er ſtarrte
Vor ſich hin in die leere Luft — ſo däucht' es der Menge:
Denn ihm war Uriel, der Himmliſchen Einer, genahet,
Von dem Erbarmer geſandt. Mit goldenen Fittigen ſchwebt' er,
Eilend, herab; er trug herbei zwei goldene Schaalen;
Nahte dem ſtaunenden Greis, und lächelt' ihm mild in das Auge;
Dann begann er, und ſprach: — „Eleazar! neunzig der Jahre
Haſt du gelebt: nur Zehn ſind dir noch übrig zum Grabe.
Sieh', in der Linken hier, die Macht das irdiſche Leben
Weit hinaus zu dehnen, nach Wunſch; und, hier in der Rechten,
Nahen und qualvollen Tod, doch, kommenden Menſchengeſchlechtern
Noch zur Ermunterung, Wonne und Glück: was wählſt du von Beiden?“
Weit vorbog ſich der Greis, und zitterte, bebte vor Wonne,
Nach dem ſeligen Augenblick des unſterblichen Lebens!
Viel zu gering ein Leben voll Schmach; zu nichtig die Qualen
Achtend, und erſehnend im Tod den Beifall Jehova's,
Griff er ſchnell nach des Engels Recht'; entriß ihm die Schaale,
Hob ſie zum Mund, und trank, und fühlte ſich Wunder-geſtärket:
Freudig zu kämpfen den Kampf; zu vollenden die herrliche Laufbahn,
Und zu erringen, am Ziel, des Siegers lohnende Kränze! —

Alsbald flog aus der linken Hand des Engels die Schaale;
Stürzte zu Boden, zerbrach, und zerfiel zum nichtigen Staube;
Doch, der Unſterbliche ſchlang, im höheren Glanze, die Hände
Um Eleazars Nacken, und rief: „Ich werde dir nahen,
Muth einhauchend, im Kampf, und verſüßen die Stunde des Todes.“
Sagt' es mit lohnendem Blick, und ſchwand aus den Augen des Greiſes. —

Jaſon eilte herbei, das Opfer bereitete Schweinsfleiſch
Ihm in den Mund mit Gewalt zu bringen, und ſagte: „Verzehr' es,
Den unſterblichen Göttern zum Ruhm, ſo will ich dich retten.“
Aber er faßt ihn am Arm, und ſtieß ihn die Stufen hinunter.
Als er, im ſchrecklichen Zorn, nun flucht' und tobte vor Ingrimm,
Kam Nikanor heran, Feldoberſt in Syriens Heer'smacht,
Dem Eleazar einſt Huld flehend am Throne genaht war.
Dieſer führt ihn beiſeit, und ſagte mit ängſtlichem Blicke:

„Herrlicher Greis! gedenke der Zeit, wo wir uns am Hofe
Des Antiochos, den die Welt den Großen genannt hat,
Sah'n; der dich, den Geſandten des Volk's von Iſrael, ehrte;
Denke der Tage denn auch, die uns dort, im trauten Vereine,
Selig entfloh'n, als ich beim Könige, des Eleazar
Freund, die Rechte des Volk's von Iſrael, nur ihm zu Liebe,
Kühn und muthig vertrat, und ihm erwirkte die Freiheit
Von unleidlicher Dienſtbarkeit, Schmach, und zermalmender Knechtſchaft.
Solches bedenk', o Greis! und ſchone dein Leben, ſo theuer
Deinem Volk, dem Könige ſelbſt und deinem Nikanor;
Schaue den Rettungsweg, und folg' ihm: wie das Geſetz dir
Gönnet des Fleiſches Genuß, laß' ſolches dir holen, und leg' es
Am Altar des Olympiers, Zeus — ſo handelnd zum Schein nur!
Denn der Ruf: du habeſt der Opferſpeiſe genoſſen,
Macht den König dir hold, und du biſt gerettet auf immer.
Folge mir! Siehe mir rinnt der Schweiß, in glühenden Tropfen,
Von der Stirne herab: ich weiß: mit dem ernſten Gemüthe
Halteſt du feſt am ererbten Geſetz ... doch will ich dich retten!
Schone dein Haupt, das allverehrte; habe doch Mitleid
Mit dir ſelber, dem Volk und dem treugeſinnten Freunde.“ —

Alſo ſprach er bewegt, und Thränen umhüllten ſein Auge.
Doch, Eleazar ergriff ihn am Arm, und führt' ihn zurücke,
Nach dem Platz, wo er heute zu ſterb'n von Jehova erwählt war:
Denn er trat zu dem Bild des Olympiers; ſtand und bedachte
Jenen Vorzug, den ihm ſein Alter erworben; den Adel
Seines Geſchlecht's, deß' herrlichſte Zier ſein gegrautes Haupt war,
Und die Jahre geſammt des frommen unſträflichen Lebens;
Dacht' es im edlen Gemüth, und ſprach, zu den Seinen gewendet:

„Iſraels Volk, merk auf! Mir bot unedles Mitleid
Rettung von Qualen, vom Tod: Erlaubtes ſollt' ich zum Schein nur
Koſten, und alſo erheucheln, zum Lohn ein ſchmähliches Leben.
Ich, den Frevel begehn? — Eleazar, der Lehrer des Volkes,
Er, der neunzigjährige Greis, erkaufe ſich Jahre,
Monden, Tage vielleicht, um ſolchen Preis der Verdammniß?
Und der Jugend weiſe den Pfad der niedrigen Falſchheit,
Der Verſtellung und Liſt; und der Wahrheit freche Verachtung
Lehre dem zartaufblüh'ndem Geſchlecht, durch ſündiges Beiſpiel?
Alſo Verwünſchung und Fluch ihn treff' im dunklen Grab noch?
Nein, ich wähle den Tod von eurem geſchwungenen Mordbeil:
Denn nicht brächte mir ſolches Gewinn, wenn ich nur der Menſchen
Henkergewalt entrönn', und mich des erheuchelten Lebens
Freuete, da ich nicht hier im irdiſchen Leben, nicht jenſeits,
Gottes furchtbarer Hand entrönn', ein frevelnder Sünder!
Fort in den Tod! — Der Abend des heiter entſchwundenen Lebens,
Und der Himmel im rein und ſchuldlos pochenden Herzen,
Werd' auch jetzt nicht getrübt durch ſeelenverderbende Thorheit.
Jünglingen will ich zum Muſter ſteh'n: daß ſie, fürchtend Jehova's
Zorn allein, nicht fürchten den Trotz des ſterblichen Menſchen,
Der heut' wüthet und lärmt, und morgen verſtummt in dem Grab liegt;
Daß ſie wandeln die herrliche Bahn, die ich ihnen voranging:
Für das Geſetz, das Vaterland, und den Glauben der Väter,
Freudig aushauchend den Geiſt im heldenmüthigen Tode!“ —

Sprach's, und eilte hinab, in den Tod zu gehen entſchloſſen.
Jaſon ſah mit höhnendem Blick nach dem Helden Nikanor

Der ihm Rettung erſann; da plötzlich wurde ſein Mitleid
Nun verwandelt in Haß, und ſein Erbarmen zur Blutgier,
Gegen den heiligen Greis, der ſein, ſo wähnte der Spötter,
Spottete. D'rauf erforſchet er ſchnell den Willen des Königs,
Der im empörten Gemüth ihm längſt nur Folter und Tod ſann,
Und jetzt wuthvoll rief: „Führt ihn zum ſchrecklichſten Tode!"
Alsbald, von dem Altar, hinaus zum dunkeln Stadtthor
Führten ſie ihn, und lautaufweinend eilte das Volk nach.
Doch, Eleazar ſah, auf dem Todeswege, vor ſich hin,
Starr mit flammendem Blick, und höherer Gluth auf den Wangen:
Denn der Unſterbliche ging vor ihm her; nach dem Greiſe zurücke
Hatt' er das Antlitz gewandt, das ſchimmernde: himmliſche Roſen
Streuend vor ihm auf den Weg: ſie hauchten wonnige Düfte! —

Draußen riſſen die Wüthriche jetzt Eleazar zur Erde;
Streckten die Glieder ihm aus, und ſchlugen, mit eiſernen Stäben
Ihm die Bein' entzwei. — Er rief laut jammernd zu Gott auf:

„Schrecklich leid' ich, o Gott! — Allmächtiger, ſtärke den ſchwachen,
Bebenden Greis. Du weißt, o Herr! nicht wählt' ich des Treubruch's
Schmählichen Rettungsweg: ich wählte den Tod des Gerechten.
Löſ', o! gütig das Band des Geiſt' umengenden Fleiſches:
Daß ſie ſchweb' empor, und dir auf immer vereint ſei!" —

Rief's! Der Unſterbliche hing jetzt über des ſterbenden Greiſes
Antlitz; ihm ſank vom Auge herab ein zitternder Tropfen,
Deſſ' ätheriſcher Glanz des Mitleids innige Wehmuth
Spiegelte; kühlt' ihm, labend die Gluth der thauenden Stirne,
Mit dem fächelnden Schwung der goldenen Flügel, und haucht' ihm
Muth und Vertrau'n auf den Herrn, in die los ſich ringende Seele.
Wie von des Felſens Höh'n des Morgens ſchimmernder Nebel
Auf gen Himmel ſich ſchwingt, und ſchnell in die bläulichen Lüfte
Fortzuſchweben ſich ſehnt; doch hält ihn des ragenden Berges
Scheitel noch feſt; er haftet mit zartem Fuß auf den Höhen:
Alſo ſchwebte der Geiſt Eleazars, ſich von dem Leib los
Ringend, empor, da in ſtets ermattendern Schlägen ſein Herz ſchlug,
Jetzo nur leiſ' mehr zitterte, ſtand — und ruhte für immer!
Doch, nun ſtürzte der himmliſche Freund an die ſelige Bruſt ihm;
Drückte den Seelenkuß, unſterblichen Lebens Willkommen!
Ihm auf den Mund; ſie ſtanden entzückt in hehrer Umarmung,
Und entſchwebten, vereint, den düſtern Gefilden der Erde! —

Seine ſterbliche Hülle, vom Staub und quellenden Blute
Reinigend, trug das Volk, mit Thränen hinaus an der Heerweg,
Und beſtattete ſie in dem felſummauerten Grabe!

Q.

Johann Gottlob von Quandt

wurde am 9. April 1787 zu Leipzig geboren, wo ſein Vater Kaufmann war. Auch er widmete ſich Anfangs dem Handelsſtande, wandte ſich aber bald auf Veranlaſſung des Hofrathes Rochlitz und Chevalier de Renty dem Studium der Kunſt zu, für welches er ſchon früh eine außerordentliche Vorliebe zeigte. In den Jahren 1813 und 1820 reiſte er nach Italien und übte die Kunſt nun auch praktiſch. Nach ſeines Vaters Tode ließ er ſich in Dresden nieder und ward in den Adelsſtand erhoben.

Außer vielen Aufſätzen in öffentlichen Blättern beſitzen wir von ihm:

Streifereien im Gebiete der Kunſt auf einer Reiſe von Leipzig nach Italien im Jahre 1813. Leipzig u. Altenburg 1818—1819. 3 Thle.
Geſchichte der Kupferſtecherkunſt. Leipzig 1827.
Briefe aus Italien über das Geheimnißvolle der Schönheit und Kunſt. Gera 1829. 2 Thle.

Ein eben ſo feiner als durch gründliches Wiſſen und edeln Geſchmack ausgezeichneter Kunſtkenner, deſſen Schriften ihm ein bleibendes, ehrenvolles Denkmal ſetzen würden, auch wenn er nicht in anderer Weiſe durch unermüdliche Theilnahme und echte Liberalität das Gedeihen der ſchönen Künſte befördert hätte.

Konrad von Queinfurt,

Prediger zu Steinbach am Queiß, ſtarb im Jahre 1382 zu Löwenberg in Schleſien.

Er iſt der Verfaſſer des bis jetzt bekannten älteſten Kirchenliedes:

Du Lenze gut des Jares theures Quarte, in Greg. Corneri großem katholiſchen Geſangbuche. Wien 1631. 8.

R.

Gottlieb Wilhelm Rabener,

ein Enkel Juſtus Gottfr. R's, geboren am 17. September 1714 auf ſeines Vaters Landgute Wachau bei Leipzig. Seine Jugendbildung erhielt er auf der Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen, wo er mit Gärtner und Gellert in das vertrauteſte Verhältniß trat, welches auch in Leipzig fortdauerte, als er daſelbſt im Jahre 1737 die Rechtswiſſenſchaften zu ſtudiren begann. Seine früh erwachte Neigung zu den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und zur Poeſie erkalteten nicht, als er nach vollendetem akademiſchen Studien im Jahre 1741 das Amt eines Steuerreviſors des leipziger Kreiſes erhielt und ſich ſo in das thätigſte Geſchäftsleben verſetzt ſah. Im Jahre 1753 wurde er Oberſteuerrath bei dem Oberſteuercollegium zu Dresden, wo er, nachdem er durch die traurigen Begegniſſe des ſiebenjährigen Krieges hart bedrängt worden, am 22. März 1771 ſtarb.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

- Satiren. 4 Th. 10te Auflage. Mit Titelvign. gr. 8. Leipzig 1751—55.
- Das Mährchen vom erſten April. Aus dem Holländiſchen. 2te Auflage. 12. Leipzig 1756.
- Briefe, von ihm ſelbſt geſammelt und nach ſeinem Tode, nebſt einer Nachricht von ſeinem Leben und ſeinen Schriften. Herausgegeben von Chr. Fel. Weiße. gr. 8. Leipz. 1772.
- Sämmtliche Schriften. 6 Theile. Neue Aufl. (1r Th. mit des Verfaſſers Leben und Charakter v. Chr. F. Weiße) 8. Leipzig 1777.

Höchſt treffend urtheilt Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredtſamkeit Th. XI. S. 175) über Rabener, indem er unter Andern von ihm ſagt: Seine Satire hat eine Würde, die von ſeinem perſönlichen Charakter ausging und ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen imponirte. Wie er im geſelligen Leben nie ernſthafter war, als da, wo man einen Luſtigmacher in ihm kennen zu lernen erwartete, ſo liegt auch den komiſchen Spielen ſeines Witzes ein moraliſcher Ernſt und eine innige Liebe zum Guten und Vernünftigen zu Grunde. Oefter noch als es dem wahren Satiriker ziemt, läßt er dieſen Ernſt auch unverſchleiert blicken. Aber die Würde ſeiner Satire hat keinen der finſtren Züge, die den Werken Swift's einen faſt menſchenfeindlichen Charakter zu geben ſcheinen. Eben ſo fremd iſt ihm die vornehme und wegwerfende Hofmeiſtermiene des ſelbſtgefälligen Boileau. Rabener's Satire iſt immer geſellig und faſt immer heiter, obgleich ſelten bis zum wirklichen Lachen ergötzend. Einen vorzüglichen Werth giebt ſeinen Schriften die kaum überſehbare Menge von Charakteren, die er treffend nach dem Leben gezeichnet hat. In dieſer Hinſicht hat er weder unter den älteren, noch unter den neueren Satirikern ſeines Gleichen, und bei Allem, was an dieſen Charaktergemälden veraltet und unintereſſant geworden iſt, bleibt ihnen genug Anziehendes und Lehrreiches für jedes Zeitalter übrig; denn unter dieſen moraliſchen Varietäten der menſchlichen Natur, finden ſich genug, die mit geringer Veränderung immer wiederkehren. Noch wichtiger für die deutſche Litteratur ſind Rabener's Satiren durch ihren Stil geworden. Eine beſſere Proſa ſchrieb damals Niemand in Deutſchland, obgleich Gellert und Leſſing, Jeder in ſeinem Charakter, eben ſo gut ſchrieben. — Die gefällige Natürlichkeit ſeiner Proſa iſt muſterhaft, außer wo ſie dem allgemeinen Geſchmacke der ſächſiſchen Schule zu ſehr nachgiebt, und den damals üblichen Converſationston, an dem man den Mann von feiner Lebensart erkennen ſollte, auch in Kleinigkeiten, zum Beiſpiel in der Umſtändlichkeit galanter Scherze, nachahmt. —

Eine Todtenliſte*)

von Nikolaus Klimen,

Küſtern an der Kreuzkirche zu Bergen in Norwegen.

Ich habe unter dem Büchervorrathe meines Vaters den Aufſatz gefunden, welchen ich jetzt meinen Leſern mittheile. Unſer berühmter Klim hat ihn geſchrieben; ich kenne ſeine Hand genau, und es wird wohl Niemand zweifeln, daß es ſeine eigene Arbeit ſei, wenn man nur dieſes bedenken will, daß er ein Mann war, welcher auf ſeinen unterirdiſchen Reiſen die Gemüther der Menſchen vollkommen einſehen gelernt hatte. Als Künſtler beſaß er noch eben die Fähigkeiten, durch welche er ſich als Kaiſer in Quama anſehnlich und beliebt gemacht hatte. Ich berufe mich auf ſeine unterirdiſche Reiſebeſchreibung, in welcher man die deutlichſten Spuren finden wird, daß er als ein Philoſoph gedacht hat.

Gegenwärtiger Aufſatz iſt ein Verzeichniß unterſchiedener Perſonen, welche ſeit ſeines Küſteramtes in Bergen geſtorben ſind. Er ſagt von einer jeden ſeine Meinung, und die Liebe läßt uns hoffen, er werde in ſeinen Charakteren unpartheiiſch geweſen ſein. Es wäre zu wünſchen, daß in allen Städten dergleichen Todtenliſten gehalten, und beim Schluſſe des Jahres zum Drucke gegeben würden. Hierdurch erlangte man Gelegenheit, viele ſeiner Mitbürger nach ihrem Tode beſſer kennen lernen, als man ſie in ihrem Leben gekannt hat. Manche werden auf den Kanzeln als hochedle, hochgelahrte, hochweiſe, ehrſame und tugendbelobte abgekündigt, welche bei ihrer Unwiſſenheit, bei ihrer niederträchtigen und lächerlichen Aufführung, keinen von dieſen Titeln verdient haben. Es iſt unbillig, daß wir denjenigen im Grabe loben, welcher ſich auf der Welt um einen guten Namen nicht bekümmert hat. Durch eine Todtenliſte von der Art, wie gegenwärtige iſt, würden wir die Ehre der Wahrheit retten, und ich zweifle nicht, daß unſre Bürger dadurch wenigſtens eben ſo ſehr erbaut werden dürften, als durch die jährlich gedruckten Nachrichten, wie viel Communicanten geweſen, oder uneheliche Kinder geboren worden. Ich will es dem Urtheile der Leſer überlaſſen, ob meine Hoffnung gegründet ſei. Vielleicht bedauern ſie mit mir, daß gegenwärtige Liſte nicht vollſtändig, ſondern durch die Unachtſamkeit der klimiſchen Erben der Anfang, und vermuthlich ein großes Stück davon verloren gegangen iſt.

Bergen in Norwegen, am 10-21. des Wintermonats 1742.

W. Abelinſen.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — — — hochmüthig,
— — — — — — — — — — — — — geizig,
er hatte es aber lediglich dem ehrwürdigen Anſehen ſeines langen Rocks zu danken, daß niemand an ihm diejenigen Fehler tadelte, welche an Andern würden unerträglich geweſen ſein.

Guſtav Trolle. Durch den Tod dieſes Mannes verlor unſre Stadt mehr, als ſie glaubte. Er war ein Dichter von einem ehrlichen Gemüthe; er nahm jederzeit an dem Glücke oder Unglücke ſeiner Mitbürger vielen Antheil, und wünſchte allen Leuten Gutes. Seine Feinde nannten ihn nur ſpottweiſe den Gratulanten. Kein Namenstag oder Geburtstag ward begangen, an welchem er nicht gedruckte Merkmale ſeiner Ehrfurcht überreichte. Unaufhörlich ließ er die Häuſer ſeiner Gönner und Freunde mit Freude und Wonne überſchatten, und wenn der Himmel ſeine chriſtlichen Wünſche erhört hätte, ſo würden alle Rathsmänner in Bergen, vom Bürgermeiſter an bis auf den Stadtſchreiber, wenigſtens Neſtors Jahre erreicht haben. Bei jedem Todesfalle tauchte er ſeinen Kiel in bittre Salzen und herben Wehrmuth ein. Er ſchien ganz untröſtbar über den Tod des Kapellans, welcher drei Vornamen hatte, und alſo dem Berufe unſers Dichters ſehr einträglich war. Die Muſen unterhielt er in beſtändiger Bewegung, ſobald er die Feder eintunkte, ſobald ſtunden ſie alle neune auf ſeinem Zettel. Sie hatten auch Urſache gehorſam zu ſein; denn es war ein ſehr hitziger Mann. Wenn ſie nicht gleich kamen, und ihm bei ſeiner ſauren Arbeit verſpannten: ſo ſchimpfte er ſo lange auf ſie, bis der Bogen voll war. Er machte ein Sinngedicht auf mich, als ich zum Küſter an der Kreuzkirche erwählt ward; es war wenigſtens acht Groſchen werth, und ich und meine Frau haben es nie ohne Thränen durchleſen können. Bei Hochzeitgedichten war er ſehr ſcherzhaft. Der Name des Bräutigams oder der Braut mochte noch ſo verwirrt klingen, ſo wußte er ihn doch ſo lange herum zu ziehen, bis er in demſelben einen Gedanken fand, der ſich zur Wiege ſchickte. Die Deutſchen haben ihm die Erfindung der Leberreime zu danken, welche er, zum erſtenmale an des Stadtſchultzens Geburtstage, aus dem Stegreife machte, da er ſo trunken war, daß er von ſeinem Verſtande nichts wußte. Er war weder eigennützig, noch geizig, und für ſechzehn Groſchen ſchüttete er ſein ganzes Herz aus. Er ſtarb auch in großer Armuth, und hinterließ nichts, als einen Lorbeerkranz und einen zerriſſnen Mantel.

Evante Struve, verwaltete das Stadtſchultzenamt zwanzig Jahre lang: ſeine Frau aber hatte das Directorium actorum. Dieſe machte auch die Beſcheide, und die Partein mußten in ihrer Küche gegen einander verfahren. Wer dabei nicht erſchien, der war ſachfällig; wer aber den größten Braten ſchickte, der hatte das größte Recht. Schienen die Sachen gar zu zweifelhaft zu ſein, ſo mußten die Partein würfeln; derjenige gewann den Proceß, der die meiſten Augen warf. Der Stadtſchreiber war ſein Schwiegerſohn, und hatte bei ihm freien Tiſch.

Peter Brahe, ein witziger Kopf, ein Bruder der ſpielenden Natur, ein Genie von zwanzig Jahren. Alles war frühzeitig an unſerm Grabe. Schon im ſiebenten Jahre war er klüger als ſeine Aeltern und Lehrmeiſter; im vierzehnten verwickelte er ſich in gelehrte Streitigkeiten, und ſchrieb kritiſche Anmerkungen über die philoſophiſchen Bücher ſeiner Zeit, welches in Norwegen einen Lärmen machte. Er war heftig in ſeinen Meinungen, in ſeiner Schreibart ſpöttiſch, und wenn ihn ſein Witz überfiel, welchem Uebel er oft ausgeſetzt war, ſo ſchonte er keines Menſchen. Auf ſeinen leiblichen Vater machte er Satiren. Er hatte eine ſo herzliche Neigung gegen ſich und ſeine Einfälle, daß er ſich lieber würde den Staupbeſen haben geben laſſen, als einen artigen Gedanken auf ſeinem Herzen und Gewiſſen behalten wollen. Er ſchrieb einen zierlich gedruckten Vers, welcher aber dem geneigten Leſer ſchwerer zu verſtehen war, als ihm zu machen. Die Proſodie war ſein Leibſtudium nicht, und die Grammatik für ſeine hohe Gelehrſamkeit zu niedrig. Im zwanzigſten Jahre ſpürte er eine merkliche Abnahme ſeines Verſtandes, und ward ſo kindiſch, als ein Greis von neunzig Jahren. Man glaubt, er habe ſich damals ſelbſt gefühlt, und ſein herannahendes Ende vermuthet, dieſes will man aus einer Ode ſchließen, welche er unter dem Titel eines Schwanengeſanges der Nachwelt hinterlaſſen, und worinnen er von ſeiner muthwilligen Leier Abſchied genommen hat. Er ſtarb auch wirklich kurz darauf, und hinterließ eine große Anzahl Titel zu Büchern, die er hat ſchreiben wollen.

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*) Aus Rabener's Satiren, 1s Bdchen.

Guſtav Gripp, ein [illegible]mann, und eine gutherzige Seele; er hat in ſeinem Leben nicht widerſprochen, und ſagte zu allem, Ja. Nirgends ſchlief er ſanfter, als auf der Rathsſtube, beſonders wenn die Rechtshändel vorgetragen wurden. Kam die Reihe an ihn, ſein Gutachten zu ſagen, ſo weckte ihn ſein Nachbar auf, und alsdann votirte er allemal, wie der regierende Bürgermeiſter.

Hans Erichſon, ein fleißiger Mann. Er war in Sammlung und Leſung alter Bücher unermüdet, lebte in ſeiner Studierſtube zwei und ſiebenzig Jahre, und ward nach ſeinem Tode nicht vermißt, weil er in ſeinem Leben der Welt mit nichts genützt hat. Unter ſeinen Papieren hat man einen Aufſatz gefunden, welcher den Titel führt: Unumſtößlicher Beweis, daß ein gründlich Gelehrter nicht für andre Leute, ſondern nur für ſich geſchaffen ſei.

Juao Alricus, ein geſchickter Arzt. Wer unter ſeinen Händen ſtarb, der ſtarb dogmatiſch. Er konnte aus dem Uringlaſe beſſer wahrſagen, als ein Zigeuner aus der Hand. Wenn er Jemanden an den Puls fühlte, ſo war dieſes ein ſicheres Zeichen eines herannahenden Todes. Er war Leibmedicus von Allen denen, welche alte geizige Wittwen, oder ſolche Weiber hatten, die ſich nicht wieder aus der Welt finden konnten; und er verwaltete ſein Amt redlich. Alle ſeine Patienten kurirte er auf griechiſch; wie ich denn nachgerechnet habe, daß binnen dreien Jahren über vierhundert Leute am Hippokrates geſtorben ſind. Man kann leicht glauben, daß die Geiſtlichkeit, ich, der Küſter, und andere Todtengräber dieſem fleißigen Manne viel zu danken haben.

Chriſtian Towede, hatte auf der hohen Schule zu Abo ſeine Wiſſenſchaften erlernt, war von einem unerſättlichen Hochmuthe, und doch dabei geizig, in ſeiner Freundſchaft unbeſtändig, gegen Vornehme niederträchtig, gegen Geringe tyranniſch, in allen Arten wollüſtig, in ſeiner Religion leichtſinnig, im Uebrigen aber ein Philoſoph.

Claes Horn, war ein Sohn des reichen **Johann Horn**, und ein Enkel des berühmten Gelehrten **Elrich Horn**. Ich nenne ſeine Vorfahren um deßwillen, weil ſein eigner Name nicht gar zu bekannt iſt. Er hatte einen natürlichen Abſcheu vor aller Arbeit. Seine Tugenden beſtanden in zehntauſend Thalern Einkünften. Hätte ihn die weiſe Vorſehung nicht mit dieſem Vorzuge begabt, ſo würde er ſeinem Vaterlande zu Laſt gereichet haben. Seine Berufsarbeit war dieſe, daß er aus dem Bette aufſtand und ſich wieder niederlegte. Er lebte neun und funfzig Jahre; zieht man aber davon diejenige Zeit ab, in welcher er ſchlief, ſo hat er ſein Alter nicht höher als auf neunzehn Jahre gebracht. Man muß ihm die Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren laſſen, daß er einſah, wie wenig Antheil er an dem Vermögen hatte, welches nicht er, ſondern ſeine Voreltern durch ihren Fleiß verdient. Um deßwillen betrachtete er ſich nicht anders, als einen Verwalter fremder Güter, von welchen er einmal Rechnung ablegen müßte. Was er zu ſeiner höchſten Nothdurft brauchte, das nahm er davon; weiter nichts. Hätte er durch ſein Vermögen nothleidenden Freunden unter die Arme greifen ſollen, ſo würde er dieſes für einen Eingriff in fremde Güter angeſehen haben. Endlich ſtarb er, und hinterließ ſeine Schätze einem Vetter, welcher unſerm **Horn** die Augen mit Freuden zudrückte. Seinem letzten Willen zu Folge mußte ihm ein Leichenſtein geſetzt werden, auf den dasjenige kommen ſollte, was er in ſeinem Leben Rühmliches gethan hatte. Es ſteht alſo weiter nichts darauf, als dieſes, daß er geſtorben ſei.

Nilſon Scribbens. Dieſer gelehrte Mann hatte eine ganz beſondere Natur. Unter andern war es merkwürdig, daß bei ihm ſeine Gelehrſamkeit den Sitz im Magen hatte. Sobald ihn hungerte, ſo bald fing er auch an Bücher zu ſchreiben. Aus der Größe ſeiner Schriften konnte man deutlich abnehmen, wie lange er gefaſtet hatte. Ein Tractätchen von zweien oder dreien Bogen war ein untrügliches Merkmal, daß er binnen vier und zwanzig Stunden nichts zu eſſen gehabt, und wenn der Hunger recht nagend war, ſo ſchrieb er auch Werke in ganzen Alphabeten. In der großen Theurung im Jahr 1669 ſchrieb er die Univerſalchronik aller Nordſcheine, welche ſich ſeit dem Tode **Knuts** hatten ſehen laſſen, in zwölf Bänden, groß Quart, mit Figuren, nebſt einer Vorrede wider die unbarmherzigen Atheiſten. Dieſes gelehrte Werk fängt ſchon an rar zu werden, weil es gleich in den erſten Jahren ſtark verbraucht worden iſt.

Johann Kyle, ein Advokat und gelehrter Mann, welcher alle causas in terminis gehabt hatte. Seinen Klienten konnte er es gleich an den Kleidern anſehen, ob ſie gerechte Sachen hatten, oder nicht. Die Armen ermahnte er ſehr ernſtlich zum Frieden, und ſchlug ihnen ſeinen Beiſtand ſchlechterdings ab; denn ſie hatten kein Geld, und folglich Unrecht. Weſſen er ſich aber einmal annahm, den verließ er nicht, ſo lange derſelbe noch einen Groſchen im Beutel hatte. Sein größter Vortheil beſtand im Schwören. Er war auch ſelbſt vermögend, in einem Athem drei falſche Eide zu thun. Er verſtund ſich ſehr wohl auf die Kunſt, Zeugen zu machen. Der Schelmen und Diebe nahm er ſich recht väterlich an, und weſſen Sache er vertheidigte, den redete er gewiß vom Galgen los.

Steen Dalekerl, ein gelehrter Anonymiſt. Er war ein Todfeind von allen denen, welche nicht ſo dachten als er. Kein Gelehrter durfte ſich blicken laſſen, den er nicht mit der Feder in der Fauſt anfiel. Eigentlich hatte er ſich auf nichts gelegt; aber eben um deßwillen glaubte er, er ſei geſchickt Alles zu beurtheilen, es möchte ſein, aus welcher Disciplin es wolle. Er war aus Nordholm gebürtig, und hielt alle diejenigen für Idioten, welche nicht aus Nordholm waren. Beſonders in Druckfehlern hatte er eine ſtarke Einſicht, worüber er ſich oftmals ſehr luſtig machte. In ſeiner Schreibart war er ſo ſpöttiſch wie ein Bootsknecht, und konnte ſchimpfen wie ein Kunſtrichter. Hätten ihn die unterirdiſchen Einwohner der Stadt Keba gehabt, ſo würde er auf ihren gelehrten Kampfplätzen der beſte Maſbalus geweſen, und wenigſtens für dreißigtauſend Ricatu verkauft worden ſein.

Urſel Sigrid. Wollte künftig jemand die Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit dieſer Frau beſchreiben, der würde in einer Perſon ſo viel verwirrte, und einander entgegenlaufende Charaktere finden, daß es unmöglich ſcheint, dieſelben auseinander zu wickeln, wofern man nicht in ihrem Lebenslaufe beſonders drei Zeitpunkte feſtſetzt.

Der erſte geht bis in ihr dreißigſtes Jahr. Was die Ausländer galant, und wie nach unſerer einfältigen Mutterſprache verbuhlt nennen, das fand man damals in der größten Vollkommenheit an ihr. Ihr Haus wimmelte von jungen Herren, die daſelbſt zuſammen kamen, ihre verliebte Andacht zu verrichten, welche in einer ſehr ſtrengen Abgötterei beſtund. Sie ließ ſich anbeten und ſchien doch unempfindlich dabei zu ſein. Man mochte ſie einen Tiger, oder einen Engel, ihre Augen Sonnen, oder donnerſchwangere Wolken heißen, ihre Bruſt mit hartem Marmor, oder mit kaltem Schnee vergleichen: bei Allem that ſie gleichgültig. Die Seufzer ihrer Anbeter bewegten ſie nicht; ſie ſah dieſelben als einen Tribut an, welchen ihr ihre Sklaven ſchuldig wären und dieſe hielten es ſchon für ein großes Glück, wenn ſie nur in ihrer Gegenwart ſeufzen konnten. Viele brachte dieſe angenommene Sprödigkeit beinahe zur Verzweiflung. Sie ſchwuren, daß ſie nicht länger leben wollten, redeten von Gift und Dolch; ſie leben aber noch Alle, dem Himmel ſei Dank, bis auf dieſe Stunde friſch und geſund. Man wird an dieſer Erzählung keinen Zweifel tragen, wenn ich verſichere, daß ich in meiner Jugend ſelbſt einer von denen geweſen bin, welche unter dieſen verliebten Feſſeln geſchmachtet haben. Ich will glauben, daß mir dieſes Geſtändniß eben zur Ehre gereicht; vielleicht aber wird man mich entſchuldigen, wenn man bedenkt, daß ich damals noch nicht Küſter an der Kreuzkirche, ſondern nur ein junger Menſch und Baccalaureus der Philoſophie war. Der Umgang, den ich auf Schulen mit griechiſchen und lateiniſchen Frauenzimmern gehabt hatte, wirkte in mir die gewiſſe Zuverſicht, die norwegiſchen Schönen würden eben ſowohl mit ſich reden laſſen, als jene. Ich wählte bei meiner erſten Anrede an dieſelbe, die zärtlichſte Stelle aus dem Anakreon: es ſchien aber nicht, als würde ſie dadurch ſehr gerührt. Ich ſtrich meine Verdienſte heraus, und erzählte ihr, daß ich drei Disputationen von den Pantoffeln der alten europäiſchen Völker gehalten hätte; dennoch blieb ſie gleichgültig. Ich wies ihr die Zeugniſſe, welche ich zu Kopenhagen, meines Fleißes und meiner Gelehrſamkeit wegen, von der philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Facultät bekommen hatte; allein ich glaube, ich würde den Greif, welcher mich auf den Planeten Nazar riß, eher dadurch bewegt haben, als die Unempfindliche. Ich beſchwur ſie bei dem Rocken der Parzen, ſie möchte mit mir Erbarmung haben; aber umſonſt. Sie nannte mich einen Schulfuchs, und dieſer Name war mir ſo unerträglich, daß ich in die Gruft fiel, welche mich bekanntermaßen zu den unterirdiſchen Einwohnern brachte. Dieſen Umſtand führe ich nur deswegen hier an, weil er die wahre Urſache meiner damaligen Tiefſinnigkeit iſt, welche ich nicht einmal dem redlichen Abelin und meinem guten Freunde, Magiſter Eduarden, vertraute: denn ich ſchämte mich, wie ein Gelehrter, wenn er einen lateiniſchen Donatſchnitzer gemacht hat. Ich komme wieder auf unſre Sigridin. Die bezeigte Grauſamkeit war ihrer Natur ſo ſehr zuwider, als der Abſchied vieler von ihren Anbetern. Ihr Herz war eben ſo wohl von Fleiſch, als die Herzen andrer Frauenzimmer. Allein Seufzer, verliebte Flüche, zärtliche Verzweiflungen und Diſputationen von Pantoffeln, waren freilich die Mittel nicht, durch welche man dieſelbe gewinnen konnte. Ein Band, ein Kopfputz, eine neue Mode aus Hamburg konnte dieſe Spröde ſo zahm machen, als ein Lamm. Ich verſchweige es nur aus Hochachtung gegen meine ehemalige Schöne, und kraft tragender Amtspflicht, was ich in unſerm Kirchenbuche gefunden habe. Der holſteiniſche Edelmann iſt noch vielen bekannt; er hätte freilich ſein Wort halten ſollen, doch hat er auch allemal bezahlt als ein ehrlicher Cavalier. Doch genug! Wäre ich nicht Küſter, ſo dürfte ich mehr reden.

Was ich bisher erzählt habe, das macht den Lebenslauf meiner Heldin bis in ihr dreißigſtes Jahr aus. Nunmehr kommt der andre Aufzug, und die Rolle, welche ſie darinnen bis in ihr vierzigſtes Jahr geſpielt hat, iſt nicht weniger merkwürdig, als die vorige. Mich dünkt, das dreißigſte Jahr ſei bei der Schönheit dasjenige, was im menſchlichen Leben das große Stufenjahr heißt. Man wird wenig Schöne finden, welche daſſelbe überleben; ich beweiſe dieſes mit dem Exempel unſrer Sigridin. Um dieſe Zeit verlor ſich das Feuer ihrer Blicke, welches ſo viele Herzen in Flammen geſetzt hatte. Ihre Anbeter verſchwanden mit ihren Reizungen; man konnte ſie anſehen, ohne den Verſtand zu verlieren, und wenn ſie gleich unempfindlich that, ſo wollte doch Niemand verzweifeln. Nunmehr kam die Reihe zu ſeufzen an ſie. In öffentlichen Geſellſchaften war ſie bemüht, den Reſt ihrer Reizungen an den Tag zu legen, um wenigſtens einen zu gewinnen, der ihr diejenigen Schmeicheleien vorſagte, deren ſie ſeit langen Jahren gewohnt war; aber umſonſt. Man rechnete ſie unter die galanten Alterthümer, welche man nicht anſehen kann, ohne an die Flüchtigkeit der Zeit zu gedenken. Dieſe bezeigte Kaltſinnigkeit machte ſie unruhig; ſie ſuchte ihren Zweck zu erlangen, es möchte auch koſten, was es wolle. Ihre verſtellte Sittſamkeit verlor ſich gänzlich; ihre Blicke wurden frech, ihr Umgang unverſchämt; ſie ſuchte dasjenige mit Sturm zu erobern, was ſie nicht mit Liſt hatte erlangen können. Nunmehr fing ſie an, verächtlich zu werden. Ein Dichter, welcher ehemals ihr zu Ehren alle Geſtirne und Mineralien in ſeinen Verſen verſchwendet hatte; dieſer leichtſinnige Dichter war ſo boshaft, daß er ſie die Chronik von Bergen nannte, und ihre ungezähmte Aufführung dergeſtalt lächerlich machte, daß die ganze Stadt mit Fingern auf ſie zeigte, und ſie nur die verliebte Alte hieß.

Die allgemeine Verſpottung brachte ſie in diejenigen Umſtände, in welchen ſie bis an ihren Tod geblieben iſt. Sie ſah ſich in ihren Abſichten betrogen, und hatte alle fleiſchliche Hoffnung verloren; deswegen gerieth ſie in Verzweiflung und ward fromm. Die Welt, die abtrünnige, ſchien ihr ein Abſcheu, und eine Mördergrube zu ſein; ſie ſeufzte, wenn ſie ein ſchönes Frauenzimmer ſah; ſie eiferte wider die unſchuldigſten Gefälligkeiten, die man artigen Perſonen erzeigte, denn dieſes, ſagte ſie, ſei der gerade Weg zur Hölle. Reinlichkeit und Putz hielt ſie für Eitelkeit und Lockungen des Satans. Die Haare ſtunden ihr zu Berge, wenn ſie tanzen ſah. Schwefel und Pech würde das Geringſte geweſen ſein, das ſie auf dieſe verſtockte Rotte würde haben herabfallen laſſen, wenn ſie im Himmel etwas zu befehlen gehabt hätte. Nach ihrer Meinung war der jüngſte Tag vor der Thüre, als um ſelbige Zeit die Weiber einiger Rathmänner in Bergen anfingen, die ſchändlichen Fontangen zu tragen. Von keinem Menſchen redete ſie Gutes, und verdammte die ganze Stadt, beſonders aber das Frauenzimmer bei lebendigem Leibe. Widerfuhr Jemandem ein Unglück an ſeinem Körper oder an ſeiner Nahrung, ſo waren dieſes allemal augenſcheinliche Zorngerichte, welche über das böſe Geſchlecht hereinbrachen. Den Dichter, welcher, wie ich gedacht habe, an ihrer andächtigen Verwandlung die vornehmſte Urſache war, ſah ſie ſchon in der Hölle brennen, und der ſollte ſchlechterdings nirgends anders, als auf dem Miſthaufen ſterben; denn er war ein Gräuel vor ihren Augen. Auf der Welt wollte Niemand mehr auf ſie ſehen; darum ſah ſie beſtändig gen Himmel. In Geſellſchaften mochte ſie Niemand haben; darum ging ſie einſam, und verſchloß ſich in ihr Kämmerlein und beſeufzte vor ihrem Spiegel die Hinfälligkeit aller Dinge. Sie ſtarb endlich alt und lebensſatt, und hinterließ in den Naſen ihrer Mitſchweſtern einen ſtarken Geruch der Heiligkeit. Thue ich ihr durch dieſe Erzählungen zu viel, ſo bin ich gewiſſermaßen zu entſchuldigen, denn ſie hat mir es in meiner Jugend auch ſauer gemacht, als ich noch ein verliebter Baccalaureus war.

Humolfo Humbius, ein lateiniſcher Mann, und geſchworner Feind ſeiner Mutterſprache. Nichts kam ihm niederträchtiger vor, als die Bemühung einiger Gelehrten, welche die norwegiſche Sprache in Aufnahme bringen, und gewiſſe Regeln der Schreibart feſtſetzen wollten. Ihm war es einerlei, ob er Duyter oder Titer ſchriebe; und wer ihn bereden wollte, nur das erſte ſei recht, den hielt er wenigſtens für einen Grillenfänger. Wenn er aber ſah, daß Jemand im Lateiniſchen ein D für ein T ſetzte, ſo ſchlug er die Hände über den Kopf zuſammen, und vergoß die bitterſten Thränen über den Verfall der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Keinen Gedanken hielt er für artig, den man nicht aus dem Cicero beweiſen konnte. Niemand verdiente, nach ſeiner Meinung, den Namen eines Gelehrten, der nicht zum wenigſten einen auctorem classicum edirt hatte. Er ſchrieb eine kritiſche Unterſuchung der Frage: ob Horaz die trieſenden Augen von dem Rauche ſeiner Oellampe, oder von den geſalzenen Fiſchen bekommen habe, die er in der Jugend bei ſeinem Vater gegeſſen. Er behauptete die erſte Meinung; und weil ſein Collega, der ehrliche Conrector der letzten Meinung zugethan war, ſo warf er einen ſo tödtlichen Haß auf ihn, daß er ſich auch nicht einmal auf dem Todbette mit demſelben verſöhnen wollte. Ueber jeden Schnitzer der Grammatik konnte er ſich ärgern, daß er das Podagra bekam; und als ſein Collega, der Conrector, ein Programma in ſeiner Mutterſprache ſchrieb, ſo ereiferte er ſich dergeſtalt darüber, daß ihm das Podagra in den Leib trat, woran er auch ſtarb.

Stephan Mäderhat, ein friedfertiger Soldat, welcher vor den Augen ſeiner Mutter als ein gehorſamer Sohn gewandelt hat, bis an ſeinen Tod. Er wünſchte für ſein Vaterland zu ſterben, und kam deswegen niemals aus Bergen. Er hat ſeit ſeiner Kriegsdienſte vielen Belagerungen und Schlachten beigewohnt; aber nur von Haus aus. Etlichemal geſchah es, daß er mit in's Feld rücken ſollte; ſobald er aber Ordre bekam, ſo überfiel ihn eine ſtarke Engbrüſtigkeit, und er überſchickte an ſeiner Stelle ein Atteſtat vom Stadtphyſikus, daß er im Leibe nicht richtig wäre, und an dieſer Krankheit vermuthlich nicht eher, als nach geendigtem Feldzuge, geheilt werden dürfte. Deswegen war er aber zu Hauſe nicht müßig: denn er trank alle Tage die Geſundheit des commandirenden Generals und ſeiner übrigen Kameraden, die im Felde ſtanden, deren Wohlſein er ſo zu Herzen nahm, daß er vielmals von ſeinen Sinnen nichts wußte. Es gereichte ihm auch auf dem Todbette zu ſonderbarem Troſte, daß er ſeine Hände niemals mit Blute befleckt hatte. Im Uebrigen war er kühn und unerſchrocken, und machte ſich weder aus Bürgern noch Bauern etwas, die er oftmals ſeinen kriegeriſchen Beruf empfinden ließ. Es iſt eine bloße Verläumdung, daß ihm unſer Pfarrer Schuld gab, er ſei ein rechter Atheiſt, und glaube weder Himmel noch Hölle. Es geſchieht ihm zu viel; denn ich habe es ſelbſt gehört, daß er allemal über das andere Wort ſagte: Hol mich der Teufel! und daß er zu jeder Lüge ſchwur. Das Frauenzimmer mochte er gern leiden; doch war er dabei nicht ekel. Er gerieth einmal beim Spiel mit einem ſchwediſchen Offizier in Händel, welcher ihn herausforderte. Allein unſer ſanftmüthiger Mäderhat war im Mutterleibe verwahrloſt, daß ihm allemal Hören und Sehen verging, wenn er einen bloßen Degen erblickte: deswegen ſchlug er die Ausforderung vorſichtig ab, unter dem Vorwande: er ſei der einzige Sohn ſeiner Mutter, und der Stammhalter des mäderhatiſchen Geſchlechts; wenn ein Unglück geſchähe, ſo könnte die Nachwelt um ſeine Kinder kommen, worüber er ſich ein Gewiſſen machte, und mit einer Hand voll Blut ſei ihm auch nicht gedient. Heuer im Frühjahre bekam er Befehl ſich ſchlechterdings marſchfertig zu halten, und weder ſeine Engbrüſtigkeit, noch andere natürliche Fehler vorzuſchützen. Dieſes war ein Donnerſchlag in ſeinen Ohren, und die Tapferkeit fuhr ihm dergeſtalt in alle Glieder, daß er bis an ſein ſeliges Ende zitterte, welches vier Tage darauf erfolgte, da er in den Armen ſeiner gebeugten Mutter ſtarb, und in Frieden zu ſeinen Vätern verſammelt ward.

Curt Stembill. Dieſer Mann hatte in ſeiner Jugend hohe Abſichten und eine vornehme Einbildung von ſeinem künftigen Glücke. Als er noch auf der Stadtſchule zu Bergen ſtudirte, dachte er wenigſtens regierender Bürgermeiſter in ſeinem Vaterlande zu werden. In dieſem ſchmeichelhaften Gedanken beſtärkte ihn der Aberglaube ſeiner Mutter, welche damals, als ſie mit dieſem Sohne ſchwanger gegangen war, geträumt hatte, ſie brächte einen Knaben mit einer ernſthaften Miene und einem ſehr dicken Bauche zur Welt. Auf der hohen Schule zu Copenhagen lernte er mehr Menſchen kennen, als er in ſeiner Vaterſtadt jemals geſehen hatte. Dieſes verringerte ſeine Hochachtung gegen ſich ſelbſt, und er erklärte ſich bei ſeiner Heimkunft, daß er allenfalls mit dem Stadtſchreiberdienſte vorlieb nehmen wollte. Allein auch in dieſer Hoffnung ſah er ſich betrogen, und mußte es noch für ein unverdientes Glück rühmen, daß er bei zunehmenden Jahren als Mägdleinſchulmeiſter an der Barfüßerkirche ſein Brod verdienen konnte; welchem Amte er auch bis an ſein Ende mit der größten Ernſthaftigkeit und unermüdeten Fäuſten vorgeſtanden hat. Demungeachtet glaubte er, der Traum ſeiner Mutter ſei erfüllt: denn ein regierender Bürgermeiſter habe höchſtens nur über Hals und Hand die Gewalt, ein Schulmeiſter hingegen herrſche mit uneingeſchränkter Macht über den ganzen Körper ſeiner Schulkinder.

Veit Veghderſell, war aus einem adeligen Geſchlechte, und ein Todfeind aller Haſen und Füchſe. Mit Hunden und Pferden ging er um, als mit ſeines gleichen, und liebte ihre Geſellſchaft am meiſten, weil er unter ihnen die vernünftigſte Creatur war. Aus dem Umgange mit Menſchen machte er ſich nicht viel, denn ſie redeten allemal von Sachen, die er nicht verſtand. Mit der Bibel konnte er ſich gar nicht vertragen, deſto beſſer aber mit dem Erbregiſter, welches ſeine Bauern nachdrücklich erfahren haben. Auf den **Nimrod** hielt er große Stücken, weil ihm ſein Pfarrer geſagt hatte, er würde ein gewaltiger Jäger genannt; er wollte ſich es auch nicht ausreden laſſen, daß dieſer **Nimrod** ein Landedelmann in Aſſyrien geweſen wäre. Um die Geſchichte auswärtiger Völker und ſeines Vaterlandes bekümmerte er ſich nicht; doch hatte er ein vortreffliches Gedächtniß, wenn er auf ſeine Ahnen zu reden kam. Einen Bürger roch er auf zwanzig Schritte weit. Nichts war ihm unbegreiflicher, als wenn er hörte, daß ein Mann wegen ſeiner Tapferkeit, wegen ſeiner Staatserfahrenheit oder wegen anderer Verdienſte, die er dem Vaterlande erzeigt hatte, in den Adelſtand erhoben ward; denn er ſagte, wenn ſolche Verdienſte einen Edelmann machten, ſo wäre ihm und ſeines Gleichen Vater und Mutter, und die ganze Sippſchaft nichts nütze. Seine Wirthſchaft war ſehr unordentlich beſtellt. War er nicht auf der Jagd, ſo ſaß er bei Tiſche, und alsdann war er vermögend, ſeine ganze hochadelige Nachbarſchaft zu Boden zu ſaufen. Seine Bauern machte er arm, und jagte ſie durch Proceſſe zum Dorfe hinaus. Er folgte ihnen aber ſelbſt bald nach, weil er wegen Schulden ſeinem Verwalter das Gut überlaſſen, und den Reſt ſeines Lebens in Bergen zubringen mußte.

Nikolaus Andreä, handelte anfangs mit gedörrten Fiſchen, und war zugleich ein Mäkler. Dieſe Lebensart ſtand ihm aber nicht länger an; er bemühte ſich alſo, Kapellan in der [illegible] Kirche, nicht weit von der Stadt, zu werden, welchen Dienſt er auch, wider alles Vermuthen, erhielt. Kein Menſch konnte begreifen, wie es zuginge. Er ſagte aber: wer in Bergen einen Dienſt haben wollte, der müßte entweder der Vetter eines Rathsmannes, oder ein Lakai, oder ein [illegible] ſein: folglich habe er einen dreifachen Beruf zu ſeinem Amte. Wer nur einen ſolchen Dienſt ſuche, zu dem er ſich ſchicke, der würde ſeinen Zweck nimmermehr erlangen. Ein Kutſcher könne ein Amtmann, ein Superintendent, ein Superintendent hingegen ein Geldmäkler, und folglich dieſer gar leicht ein Kapellan werden. Er habe eine gute Lunge; er könne ſchmählen, und mit ſeinem Willen ſolle ihn Niemand um den Dezem betrügen; mithin ſähe er nicht, was man an ihm ausſetzen wolle.

Alfe Guanvita, eines Schneiders Sohn. Anfänglich wollte der Vater, er ſollte ſein Handwerk lernen: er ſtellte ſich aber ſo dumm dabei an, daß man gar bald ſah, er habe weder Witz noch Verſtand genug, ein Schneider zu werden. Der betrübte Vater erzählte dieſe große Blödigkeit des Sohnes einigen ſeiner Collegen, welche alle der Meinung waren, er ſchicke ſich zu gar nichts weiter, als zu einem Gelehrten. Dieſer Entſchluß ward in's Werk gerichtet. Der dumme Sohn mußte ſtudieren; er lebte auch wirklich ſechs Jahre lang auf der niedern Schule zu Bergen, und drei Jahre auf der Univerſität zu Copenhagen, ſodann abſolvirte er mit Ehren, und kehrte zu den werthen Seinigen zurück; zwar älter, aber nicht klüger. Nunmehr wußte ſein Vater ſo wenig, als andere Leute, was mit dem gelehrten Herrn Sohne anzufangen ſei. Er behielt ihn bei ſich, und war zufrieden, daß er ihn wenigſtens in der Küche brauchen konnte. Er vertraute ihm zugleich die Aufſicht über die Hühner an, welche er in der That mit großer Sorgfalt fütterte. Endlich ſtarb der Vater, und die übrigen Freunde erbarmten ſich über unſern Guanvita, damit er nicht verhungern durfte. Die kümmerlichen Umſtände änderten ſich auf einmal. Ein lübeckiſcher Kaufmann, welcher ſein Vetter war, ſtarb unvermuthet; und hinterließ ihm ein anſehnliches Vermögen. Kaum war er in dem Beſitze deſſelben, als er einen innerlichen Beruf empfand, ein großer Mann zu werden. Was er in ſeinem Kopfe vermißte, das fand er in dem Geldkaſten ſeines Vetters. Der Titel eines Staatsraths hatte ihm von Jugend auf gefallen. Er glaubte, wer die Fähigkeit beſitze, jährlich drei tauſend Thaler Renten zu haben, und ein ſammtnes Kleid zu tragen, der habe Geſchicklichkeit genug, ein Staatsrath zu werden. Um deswillen fand er kein Bedenken, ſich dieſen Titel zu kaufen. Die Laſt, welche nunmehr Seine Excellenz, der Herr Staatsrath, auf ſeinen Schultern fühlte, drückte ihn viel zu ſehr, als daß er länger vermögend geweſen wäre, ſich auf den Füßen zu erhalten: er ſetzte ſich alſo in einen Wagen, und zwei muntre Pferde ſchienen recht ſtolz zu ſein, daß ihnen die Ehre gegönnt ward, dieſen theuern Mann, die Zierde des Vaterlandes, durch die Gaſſen zu ſchleppen. Er hatte ſich eine ernſthafte und tiefſinnige Geſichtsbildung zugelegt; in ſeinem Umgange that er ſehr geſchäftig; er hatte aber in der That jetzt weit weniger zu thun, als ehedem in ſeines Vaters Hauſe, weil er damals eine ganze Heerde Hühner fütterte, nunmehr aber nur ſeinen Mops abrichten mußte, an dem er guten natürlichen Verſtand zu verſpüren glaubte, welchen er niemals, ohne eine kleine Eiferſucht zu empfinden, bewunderte. Die Gelehrten nannte er nur Grillenfänger und Pedanten. Er verſicherte, daß er niemals an den Wiſſenſchaften einen Geſchmack gefunden, und gleich anfangs bei ſich gemerkt habe, daß er zu etwas Größerem als zu einem Schulfuchſe geboren ſei. Durch die Berufsarbeit, die er zu verwalten hatte, war ihm das Gedächtniß dergeſtalt geſchwächt, daß er ſich derjenigen Freunde gar nicht mehr erinnern konnte, bei denen er ehedem, nach des Vaters Tode, das Gnadenbrod genoſſen hatte. Das konnte er ſich gar nicht einbilden, daß ſein Vater ein Schneider geweſen wäre; Adler erzeugten nur Adler, und kein Schneider einen Staatsrath. Er bedauerte das frühzeitige Abſterben ſeiner Mutter, welche ihm in dieſer Sache ein großes Licht würde gegeben haben. Die Poeten mochte er gern leiden; er las aber von den Gedichten, die ihm in Demuth zur Bezeugung unterthänigſter Devotion überreicht wurden, weiter nichts als den Titel. War dieſer recht anſehnlich und weitläufig, ſo ſagte er, es ſei ein Carmen von gutem Geſchmacke, und er zahlte die Gratulationsgebühren willig. Sein Tod iſt auch Niemanden ſo nahe gegangen, als den bergiſchen Muſen. Wäre alles dasjenige wahr geweſen, was in den Leichenverſen ſtand, ſo würde der Verluſt unerſetzlich ſein, welchen das Vaterland durch das Abſterben dieſes Mäcenaten erlitten hätte. Man hat aber eben nicht geſpürt, daß durch ſeinen Tod eine merkliche Veränderung im norwegiſchen Reiche vorgegangen.

Carl Hunding. Dieſer Mann hatte durch das Glück und durch ſeinen unermüdeten Fleiß ein anſehnliches Vermögen erworben; gleichwohl ſeufzte er beſtändig über die nahrloſen Zeiten und die erhöhten Abgaben, welche ihn noch zum Bettler machen würden. Mit ſeinem Schöpfer war er gar nicht zufrieden, daß er ihm einen Magen gegeben hatte; denn er glaubte, der Menſch würde viel erſparen können, wenn ihn nicht hungerte. Er konnte ſich gewaltig ereifern, wenn er auf die Kleiderpracht zu reden kam, und eine geſtickte Weſte hielt er für eine Todſünde. Seiner Meinung nach waren die Kleider zu nichts nütze, als daß ſie uns an den kläglichen Fall der erſten Eltern, und an den Verluſt derjenigen Glückſeligkeit erinnern ſollten, da wir keine Kleider würden nöthig gehabt haben. Um deswillen flickte er ſich weder Strümpfe noch Hoſen, und je mehr dieſe zerlöchert waren, deſto näher glaubte er dem Stande der Unſchuld zu kommen. Alle Ausgaben berechnete er nach Procenten, und betete nicht ein Vaterunſer umſonſt; denn die Gottſeligkeit, ſagte er, ſei zu allen Dingen nütze. Ward er ja einmal auf's Aeußerſte gebracht, und genöthigt, Ehren halber einen Thaler Geld zu verthun, ſo brach er es gewiß entweder dem Pfarrer, oder ſeinem Geſinde am Lohne wieder ab. Die Haut ſchauerte ihm, wenn ihn ein Dürftiger um einen Biſſen Brod anſprach. Nichts war unbegreiflicher, als die Langmuth des Himmels, welche dieſe nichtswürdigen Müſſiggänger auf dem Erdboden duldete. So oft ihm ſeine Frau ein Kind zur Welt brachte, ſo oft klagte er, daß er in ſeiner Nahrung einen empfindlichen Stoß erlitte; denn Kinder wären freſſende Kapitalien. Als ſie zum fünften Mal in die Wochen kam, ſo ſchien er ganz untröſtbar; da er aber gar hörte, daß es eine Tochter wäre, ſo gerieth er in eine ſolche Verzweiflung, daß er **Bonis** cediren wollte, weil er glaubte, wer Töchter hätte, und ſie nach der Mode erziehen ſollte, der müſſe bankerott werden, er ſei auch noch ſo ehrlich als er wolle. Starb ihm ein Kind, ſo war er allemal ſo vergnügt darüber, als wäre ihm eine ungewiſſe Schuld eingegangen. Seine Frau gewöhnte er zu allen Arten der Mäßigkeit, und ſie würde ſich dabei ſehr elend behelfen müſſen, wenn ſie nicht ſchön ausgeſehen hätte; auf ſolche Weiſe aber fanden ſich verſchiedene Liebhaber ihrer Waare, und ſie verſtand ihren Handel vortrefflich. Der Mann wußte dieſes; er ſchien aber nicht eiferſüchtig zu ſein: denn er meinte, es müſſe Jedermann mit ſeinem Pfunde wuchern, ſo gut er könne; ſeine Frau thue nichts umſonſt, und was ihm dadurch an der Ehre abginge, das komme ihm am Gelde wieder zu gute: er gewinne alſo mehr dabei, als er verliere. Er war mit ſeiner Tochter unglücklich; er konnte auch in der That ſein

Betrübniß darüber nicht bergen: doch zog er ſich nicht ſowohl die Schande, als die Verminderung ſeiner Familie zu Gemüthe. Er wollte dieſe ungerathene Tochter enterben, als er hörte, daß ſie bloß aus Neigung gegen ihren Liebhaber dieſen Fehltritt begangen hatte. Da aber dieſer ſich erklärte, ſie zu heirathen, und zwar ohne Mitgift, ſo kam er auf einmal wieder zu ſich ſelbſt, und hielt dieſe Begebenheit für die glücklichſte in ſeinem Leben. Sein ältſter Sohn war ſehr liederlich, und verſchwendete mehr Geld, als der Vater erſparen konnte. Weil ihm dieſer keines gab, ſo borgte er bei andern Leuten, und wie der Vater niemals weniger als funfzehn Procent nahm, ſo mußte auch der Sohn allemal ſo viel geben. Er wies alle Schuldner auf des Vaters Stube an, welcher ihm auch das Vergnügen machte und ſtarb. Denn er fiel in ein hitziges Fieber, welches ihm den Verſtand noch verwirrter machte, als er bei geſunden Tagen geweſen war. Er redete von nichts als Intereſſen, von böſen Schuldnern und Handelsbüchern. Sein Beichtvater war bemüht, ihn von dem Irdiſchen abzuziehen und ihm Todesgedanken beizubringen; er wies ihn auf das theure Löſegeld aller Welt. Nein, rief der Kranke, dafür kann ich es nicht brauchen, es thut nach jetzigem Cours nicht mehr als ein und drei Quart! Dieſes waren ſeine letzten Worte und er verſchied.

Stine Frogerta, ein frommes Weib. Sie hatte ſehr oft andächtige Entzückungen, welche die Kinder dieſer Welt ihrer verdorbenen Milz und dem ungeſunden Geblüte zuſchreiben wollten. Wenn ſie betete, ſo betete ſie mit Händen und Füßen, und man konnte die Wirkung ihres gläubigen Herzens an allen Gliedern ſehen; wie ſie denn über die Unbeſtändigkeit der verderbten Welt ſich dergeſtalt betrübte, daß ſie rothe Augen und einen krummen Hals bekommen hatte. Die kernhaften Worte, und ſolche Formeln, welche etwas Verwirrtes in ſich hatten, waren ihre Kern- und Troſtſprüche; ſie hielt dasjenige für die Sprache des Geiſtes, was die ſich ſelbſt überlaſſene Vernunft nicht verſtand. Die Liebe des Nächſten rechnete ſie zwar mit unter das Ceremonialgeſetz, gleichwohl that ſie den Armen im Urſulinerkloſter viel Gutes, weil es allemal von der Kanzel abgekündiget und dem chriſtlichen Wohlthäter vor öffentlicher Gemeinde gedankt ward. Ihr Mann mußte ſehr viel bei ihr ausſtehen, denn wenn ſie betete ſo zankte ſie, und es iſt mehr als einmal geſchehen, daß ſie ihm ſogar mitten in der Andacht einen Schlag an den Kopf geſchmiſſen hat. Ihr Gewiſſen war unermüdlich; wenn ſie auch bei dem Gottesdienſte auf den Knien lag, ſo mußte es doch nach der Rangordnung geſchehen. Sie hatte die Gabe zu wahrſagen und Geſichter zu ſehen. Das Geſchrei einer Krähe war ihr ſo verſtändlich, daß ſie allemal wußte wer davon ſterben würde. Heulte ein Hund unter ihren Fenſtern, ſo ward ſie dadurch mehr gerührt, als wenn unſer Apoſtel eine Bußvermahnung hielt. Wenn ſich ein Stern ſchneuzte, ſo fuhr er ihr in die Seite, und als ihr von ſonſt Eltern träumte, erſchrack ſie dergeſtalt darüber, daß ſie das Teſtament machte, und ſich zu ihrer Heimfahrt bereitete. In dieſer Einbildung ſtärkte ſie ihr Mann auf alle erſinnliche Weiſe, und war dabei ſo glücklich, daß ſie einige Wochen darauf ſtarb.

Fiedler Frobkon. Dieſes hoffnungsvolle Kind hat ſein Leben nicht höher gebracht, als auf ein Jahr und drei Tage. Sein Vater, ein Apotheker in Bergen, kann ſich über den frühzeitigen Verluſt dieſes tugendhaften Säuglings noch jetzt nicht tröſten. Er fand einen recht männlichen Verſtand an demſelben, welches ihn vielmals auf die zweifelhaften Gedanken gebracht hat, ob es auch wirklich ſein eigner Sohn wäre. Alle Handlungen dieſes Kindes verriethen, ſeiner Meinung nach, eine große Seele. Wenn er auf ſeinem Stühlchen ſaß, ſo machte es eine ſo ernſthafte Miene, als ein Arzt, welcher bei dem Krankenbette ſitzt und zweifelhaft iſt, ob er den Patienten am Pulver oder an Tropfen ſterben laſſen will. Eben dieſe ernſthafte Miene hielt der aufmerkſame Vater für einen untrüglichen Beruf, daß ſein Sohn in Doctorem Medicinae promoviren müßte, nur war er noch zweifelhaft, ob es zu Upſala oder Kopenhagen geſchehen ſollte, welche Ungewißheit ihm viele ſchlafloſe Nächte machte. Schon im Geiſte ſtellte er ſich vor, wie anſehnlich der junge Herr Doctor Frobkon in einer ſammtnen Weſte einhertreten, und den Glanz ſeines väterlichen Hauſes emporbringen würde. Aber auf einmal verſchwand dieſe ſüße Einbildung durch den Tod des hoffnungsvollen Knabens, und der unglückliche Vater hatte weiter keinen Troſt, als dieſen, daß er unter ſeinen Händen ſtarb; denn er war eben im Begriffe, ihm das letzte Kliſtier zu ſetzen, als er verſchied. Sein Vaterland bedauerte es ſo ſehr, als ſich ſelbſt. Was noch etwas vermögend ihn zu beruhigen, ſo waren die vielen Exempel kluger Kinder, welche eben dieſe frühzeitige Klugheit unter die Erde gebracht hatte. Er prophezeite ſich um deswillen ein hohes Alter, und die ganze Stadt glaubt es, daß er über hundert Jahre leben kann, wenn der Verſtand der Geſundheit ſchädlich iſt.

Sivart Stärkoter, ein Aſtronomus, welcher am Tage die Sonne und des Nachts den Mond mit ſo unermüdetem Fleiße beſchaute, daß er zu nichts weiter geſchickt war, als an die Geſtirne zu ſehen. Bei den unaufhörlichen Betrachtungen des Himmels hat er niemals Zeit gehabt, dasjenige zu lernen, was auf der Erde und in dem Umgange mit Menſchen zu wiſſen nöthig iſt. Er war dadurch ſo tiefſinnig geworden, daß er ſeiner ſelbſt vergaß. Mehr als einmal geſchah es, daß er des Morgens im Schlafpelze und ohne Hoſen ausging. Wer ihm begegnete dem ſah er ſtarr in die Augen, ſchüttelte mit dem Kopfe, und redete nicht ein Wort. Aber von allem dieſen wußte ſeine Seele nichts; der Körper bewegte ſich nur mechaniſch. Kurz vor ſeinem Tode ſah er mich in der Kirche; er ging auf mich los, packte mich bei der Halskrauſe und ſagte mit einer zerſtreuten mathematiſchen Miene zu mir: Die excentriſche Anomalie iſt der Bogen des excentriſchen Zirkels zwiſchen der Linie Apſidum; das ſollte Er lange wiſſen und ich ſchäme mich, daß es Ihm erſt jetzt ſagen muß. Darauf ging er wieder von mir, und ließ mich voller Schrecken ſtehen, denn ich hatte geglaubt, er würde mich zum wenigſten erwürgen wollen. Er hat ſich vielmals des Nachts aus den Armen ſeiner Frau geriſſen, wenn ihm eine aſtronomiſche Speculation einfiel. Anfangs kam ihr dieſes ſehr unerträglich vor, und ſie hat zu gewiſſen Zeiten mehr über die Sterne geſeufzet, als mancher Liebhaber nicht thut. Endlich aber fand ſie Gelegenheit die Abweſenheit ihres Mannes durch den Zuſpruch ſolcher Leute zu erſetzen, welche irdiſcher geſinnt waren, als jener. Je geſchäftiger der Himmel war, deſto ungeſtörter blieb ſie in ihrem Vergnügen! und wenn der Mann eine Mondsfinſterniß zu beobachten hatte, ſo konnte ſie gewiß glauben, daß er an ſie nicht denken würde.

Verſuch eines deutſchen Wörterbuches.

Da einige Gelehrte unter uns ſo muthig ſind, und es wagen, ihrer deutſchen Mutterſprache ſich nicht weiter zu ſchämen, ſo werde ich es verantworten können, daß ich mir vorgenommen habe, durch gegenwärtigen Verſuch den Plan zu einem vollſtändigen deutſchen Wörterbuche zu entwerfen.

Ich habe empfunden, daß viele deutſche Wörter ſo unbeſtimmt ſind, daß oftmals derjenige, der ſie braucht, etwas ganz anders dabei denkt, als er eigentlich denken ſollte; und derjenige, der ſie hört, wird, wo nicht gar betrogen, doch leicht irre gemacht.

Es will daher unumgänglich nöthig ſein, daß die Gelehrten ſich mit vereinten Kräften bemühen, die wahrhaften Bedeutungen der Worte feſt zu ſtellen. Der Vortheil, den wir im gemeinen Leben davon haben werden, iſt unausſprechlich. Wir werden einander beſſer, und mit völliger Zuverläſſigkeit verſtehen; alle Zweideutigkeiten werden ſich verlieren, und mancher, den man jetzt aus Mißbrauch einen gepriesenen Mäcenat genannt hat, wird künftig hören, daß er ein Dummkopf ſei.

Ich erſuche meine Landsleute um ihren Beitrag zu dieſem Wörterbuche. Für mich allein iſt dies Werk viel zu groß und wichtig. Vielleicht bin ich zu offenherzig, daß ich dieſes Bekenntniß von mir ſelbſt thue. Bei denen, welche glauben, derjenige ſei noch kein rechter Gelehrter, der nicht wenigſtens ſechs Folianten ediren könne, bei dieſen werde ich mich durch meine Beſcheidenheit in ſchlechte Hochachtung ſetzen. Aber es ſei darum! Kömmt nur mein Wörterbuch zu Stande, ſo wird es ſich alsdann ſchon zeigen, ob dieſe arbeitſamen Kreaturen noch ferner Gelehrte genannt werden können, ohne der Sprache Gewalt zu thun.

Von der Einrichtung dieſes Wörterbuches habe ich nicht nöthig, etwas weiter zu erinnern. Aus den Proben, welche ich davon liefere, wird man meine Abſicht deutlicher ſehen können. Ich verlange darinnen etwas mehr, als eine grammatiſche Abhandlung. Meinethalben mag man es ein Real-Lexikon nennen. Ich bin es zufrieden. Glaubt man, daß ich bei einigen Artikeln zu weitläufig geweſen ſei, und Sachen angeführt habe, welche die Abſicht und die Gränzen eines Wörterbuches überſchreiten, ſo will ich dieſen Vorwurf doch lieber leiden, als etwas auslaſſen. Ich will hundert Artikel im Bayle aufweiſen, wo man deutlich ſieht, daß der Titel der Anmerkungen wegen da ſteht, und dennoch bleibt es Bayle's Wörterbuch.

Ich habe weiter nichts zu erinnern, als daß ich mein Vorhaben den Gelehrten nochmals auf's beſte empfehle, damit ich dieſes wichtige Werk durch ihre Beihülfe, ſo bald nur möglich zu Stande bringen könne.

Compliment.

Gehört unter die nichts bedeutenden Wörter. Einem ein Compliment machen, iſt eine gleichgültige Bewegung eines Theils des Körpers, eine Krümmung des Rückens und

Bewegung des einen Fußes; und ordentlicher Weiſe hat weder Verſtand noch Wille einigen Antheil daran.

Ein Gegencompliment iſt alſo eine höfliche Verſicherung des Andern, daß er den Rücken auch beugen könne, ohne etwas dabei zu denken. Aus der Krümme des Rückens kann man urtheilen, wie vornehm diejenigen ſind, welche einander begegnen: und dieſes iſt auch beinahe der einzige Nutzen, welchen die Complimente haben. Ein Menſch ohne Geld, er mag ſo klug und geſchickt ſein, als er will, kann ſich nicht tief genug bücken, denn er iſt der geringſte unter allen ſeinen Mitbürgern. Ein begüterter Mann aber, den der Himmel bloß dazu erſchaffen hat, daß er ſo lange ißt und trinkt, bis er ſtirbt, der hat das Recht, nur mit den Lippen ein wenig zu wackeln, wenn ihm jener begegnet. Geſtern ſah ich einen alten ehrwürdigen Bürger, welcher in ſeiner Jugend das Vaterland vertheidigt, bei zunehmendem Alter ſich von ſeinem Handwerk ehrlich genährt, dem Landesherrn ſeit vierzig Jahren Steuern und Gaben richtig abgetragen, dem gemeinen Weſen ſechs Kinder wohl erzogen, und bei allen ſeinen Nachbarn den Ruhm eines redlichen Mannes hatte. Dieſer machte einem jungen und begüterten Rathsherrn ein paar altväteriſche, doch ſehr tiefe Complimente. Der junge Rathsherr beugte ſeinen ſteifen Nacken nur ein klein wenig, und überließ ſeinem Bedienten die Mühe, den Hut abzunehmen. Hieraus ſieht man die Verhältniſſe der Complimente eines Armen gegen einen Reichen ſehr deutlich. Ich aber ſah bei dieſer Gelegenheit noch dieſes daraus, daß der junge begüterte Rathsherr ein Narr war. Dieſes mag genug ſein von den Complimenten, ſo weit ſie die mechaniſche Stellung des Körpers betreffen.

Die Formulare ſind gewöhnlich, wenn wir ſprechen: Ich bitte, dem Herrn mein Compliment zu machen; und: Machen Sie dem Herrn mein Compliment! Was aber dieſes eigentlich heiße, das läßt ſich im Deutſchen gar nicht erklären, weil es ſelbſt im franzöſiſchen Grundtexte nichts bedeutet.

Ohne Complimente, mein Herr, ich bitte gehorſamſt, ohne alle Complimente: wir ſind ja gute Freunde! Wenn ich dieſes nach dem rechten Sprachgebrauch überſetzen ſollte, ſo könnte es ungefähr alſo lauten: „Ich würde Sie für den größten Pedanten von der Welt halten, wenn Sie glaubten, daß wir wirklich ſo gute Freunde wären, daß Sie nicht nöthig hätten, wir ſo viele Complimente zu machen.“

Unterthäniger Diener; ganz unterthäniger Diener; unterthänigſter Diener; ich verharre Euer Hochedel. gehorſamſt ergebenſter rc. ich verbleibe mit aller geziemenden Devotion rc. ich werde Zeitlebens nicht ermangeln, zu ſein Deroſelben rc. Dieſes ſind lauter Complimente, und bedeuten unter Leuten, welche nach der wahren Methode der heutigen Welt ewig und galant ſind, nichts.

Wenn dergleichen Leute ſolche Formeln unter ihre Briefe ſetzen, ſo denken ſie dabei eben ſo wenig, als mein Schneider bei den Worten: Laus Deo! oder ein Kaufmann, welcher in der Zahlwoche bankrott machen will, und zum Anfange der Meſſe unter ſeine Wechſel ſchreibt: Leiſte gute Zahlung, und nehme Gott zu Hülfe!

Eidſchwur.

In alten Zeiten kam dieſes Wort nicht oft vor, und daher geſchah es auch, daß unſere ungeſitteten Vorfahren, die einfältigen Deutſchen, glaubten, ein Eidſchwur ſei etwas ſehr Wichtiges. Heut zu Tage hat man dieſes ſchon beſſer eingeſehen, und je häufiger dieſes Wort ſowohl vor Gerichte, als im gemeinen Leben vorkommt, deſto weniger will es ſagen.

Einen Eid ablegen, iſt bei Leuten, die etwas weiter denken, als der gemeine Pöbel, gemeiniglich nichts Anders, als eine gewiſſe Ceremonie, da man aufrecht ſteht, die Finger in die Höhe reckt, den Hut unter dem Arme hält, und etwas verſpricht, oder betheuert, das man nicht länger hält, als bis man den Hut wieder aufſetzt. Mit einem Worte, es iſt ein Compliment, das man Gott macht. Was aber ein Compliment ſei, davon ſiehe Compliment.

Etwas eidlich verſichern, heißt an vielen Orten ſo viel, als eine Lüge recht wahrſcheinlich machen.

Van Höken, in ſeinem allzeit fertigen Juriſten, nennt den Eid herbam botanicam, und verſichert, einem den Eid deferiren, ſei nichts Anders, als ſeinen klagenden Clienten die Sache muthwillig verſpielen; und die Formel, ſich mit einem Eide reinigen, heißt ſo viel als den Proceß gewinnen: denn zu einem Reinigungseide gehört doch weiter nichts, als zwei geſunde Finger, und ein Mann ohne Gewiſſen. Jene hätten faſt alle Menſchen, und dieſes die wenigſten. Und wenn auch ja jemand von den Vorurtheilen der Jugend eingenommen wäre, und ein ſogenanntes Gewiſſen hätte: ſo würde es doch nirgends an ſolchen Advocaten fehlen, welche ihn eines Beſſern belehren, und für ein billiges Geld aus ſeinem Irrthume helfen könnten.

Gott ſtraf mich! oder: Der Teufel zerreiße mich! iſt bei Matroſen und Musketieren eine Art eines galanten Scherzes; und in Pommern lernte ich einen jungen Offizier kennen, der ſchwur auch ſo; doch ſchwur er niemals geringer, als wenigſtens bei tauſend Teufeln, weil er von altem Adel war.

Ich will nicht zu Gott kommen! Ich bin des Teufels mit Leib und Seele! iſt das gewöhnliche Sprichwort eines gewiſſen Narren, welcher gar zu gern ausſehen möchte, wie ein Freigeiſt. Er würde es in der That ſehr übel nehmen, wenn man ihn mit andern kleinen Geiſtern vermengen wollte, der einen Himmel oder eine Hölle glaubte, und dennoch ſchwört er jeden Augenblick mit der wichtigſten Miene von der Welt, bei Gott und allen Teufeln. Mir kömmt dieſes eben ſo kräftig vor, als wenn unſer Münzjude Jeſus Maria! rufen wollte.

Seinen Eid brechen, will nicht viel ſagen, und wird die Redensart nicht ſehr gebraucht. Auf der Kanzel hört man ſie auch manchmal; aber eben daher kommt es, daß ſie ſo geſchwind vergeſſen wird, als die Predigt ſelbſt. In der That bedeutet es auch weiter nicht, als die Ehe brechen. Und um deswillen iſt ein Ehebrecher und ein Meineidiger an verſchiedenen Orten, beſonders in großen Städten, ſo viel, als ein Mann, der zu leben weiß. Dieſe Bedeutung fängt auch ſchon an, in kleinen Orten bekannt zu werden; denn unſre Deutſchen werden alle Tage witziger, und in Kurzem werden wir es den Franzoſen beinahe gleich thun.

Ewig

iſt ein Wort, welches ein Jeder nach ſeinem Gutbefinden, und ſo braucht, wie er es für ſeine Umſtände am zuträglichſten hält. Eine ewige Treue zu ſchwören, wird gemeiniglich bei Neuverlobten vier Wochen vor der Hochzeit gehört; allein dieſe Ewigkeit dauert auch gemeiniglich nicht länger, als höchſtens vier Wochen darnach, und im verwichenen Herbſte habe ich einen jungen Ehemann gekannt, deſſen ewige Treue nicht völlig vierundzwanzig Stunden gewährt hat.

Ewig lieben, iſt noch vergänglicher, und eigentlich nur eine poetiſche Figur. Zuweilen findet man dergleichen noch unter unverheiratheten Perſonen, und es kömmt hierbei auf das Frauenzimmer ſehr viel an, wie lange eine dergleichen ewige Liebe dauern ſoll: denn man will Exempel wiſſen, daß eine ſolche verliebte Ewigkeit auf einmal aus geweſen ſei, ſobald ein Frauenzimmer aufgehört habe, unempfindlich zu ſein, und angefangen, eine ewige Gegenliebe zu fühlen.

Wie es mit der Liebe iſt, ſo iſt es oftmals mit der Freundſchaft auch. Ich erinnere mich, daß ich in einer Geſellſchaft, wo ſehr ſtark getrunken ward, an Einem Abende drei ewige Freundſchaften überlebt habe. Wenn es hoch kömmt, ſo hält eine dergleichen ewige Freundſchaft nicht länger wider, als der Rauſch, welcher Schuld daran iſt; denn cessante causa, cessat effectus.

Einen ewigen Frieden ſchließen, iſt ein Gallicismus, bedeutet in der franzöſiſchen Sprache ſo viel, als bei uns ein Waffenſtillſtand, und mit einem Worte ein Friede, welcher nicht länger dauert, als man ſeinen Vortheil dabei ſieht.

Sich verewigen, iſt unter einigen Gelehrten eine gewiſſe Bewegung der rechten Hand, von der linken zur rechten Seite, welche ohne Zuthun der Seele und des Verſtandes etwas auf weißes Papier ſchreibt, und es dem Drucke übergiebt. Die Schlüſſel zur Ewigkeit hat alſo der Setzer, und die beſtehen aus gewiſſen bleiernen Buchſtaben, welche mit ſchwarzer Farbe beſtrichen, und auf ein weißes Papier gedruckt werden.

Nach der Ewigkeit ſtreben (ſiehe Unſterblichkeit) beſteht in einer gewiſſen Krankheit, welche nicht ſowohl den Patienten ſelbſt, als vielmehr Andern beſchwerlich iſt. Gemeiniglich überfällt ſie junge Leute, und verliert ſich bei zunehmendem Alter; doch geſchieht es zuweilen, daß auch alte Männer damit behaftet ſind, und alsdann iſt ſie nicht allein deſto gefährlicher, ſondern auch allen denen ganz unerträglich, welche einem ſolchen Patienten nicht ausweichen können. Starke und ſcharfe Mittel darwider ſind nicht zu rathen, weil alsdann der Paroxismus nur ſtärker und heftiger wird, und hierinnen haben dergleichen Kranke ſehr viel Aehnliches mit wahnwitzigen Perſonen, welchen man auch nicht widerſprechen darf, ohne ihr verderbtes Gehirn noch mehr zu erhitzen. Das beſte Mittel darwider ſoll dieſes ſein, wenn man, ſo oft ſich eine dergleichen preßhafte Perſon in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft blicken läßt, dennoch, ungeachtet des großen Geräuſches, der mit dergleichen Krankheit verknüpft iſt, nicht thut, als ob man ſie hörte, oder ſähe, oder das Geringſte von ihnen wüßte; auch ihren Namen bei keiner Gelegenheit nennt, mit einem Worte, weder Gutes noch Böſes von ihnen ſpricht. Das Recept mag nicht unrecht ſein. Ueber die eigentlichen Urſachen dieſer Krankheit ſind die Arzneiverſtändigen unter einander noch ſehr ſtreitig. Einige halten ſie wegen der wunderlichen

Geberden, die der Kranke macht, und weil ſie, wie andere epidemiſche Krankheiten, zu gewiſſer Zeit und oft wieder kömmt, für eine Art der fallenden Sucht, zumal, da ſie angemerkt haben, daß ſie dadurch gehemmt werde, wenn man den Patienten den rechten Daumen ausbricht, wie es bei der fallenden Sucht gebräuchlich iſt. Andre glauben, ſie komme von einer verderbten Galle her. Galen hält ſie für nichts Anderes, als für einen heftigen Magenkrampf, und der ſelige Hr. Geheimerath Hofmann in Halle nennt ſie das Autorfieber, im dritten Kapitel ſeiner Abhandlung von gelehrten Seuchen.

Ehrwürdig.

Hier will ich nur von dem figürlichen Verſtande dieſes Wortes reden, denn was es im eigentlichen Verſtande heißt, ſolches iſt bekannt genug, und ich trage gegen alles, was im eigentlichen Verſtande ehrwürdig iſt, zu viel Ehrfurcht, als daß ich es wagen ſollte, deſſen Bedeutung in meinem Wörterbuche feſtzuſtellen. Im figürlichen Verſtande alſo heißt ehrwürdig ſo viel, als ſchwarz, und ein ehrwürdiger Mann ſo viel, als ein Mann in einem ſchwarzen Rocke. Ich gründe dieſe Erklärung auf die Erfahrung. Denn unter dieſen Männern in ſchwarzen Röcken ſind viele, an denen man nicht das geringſte Ehrwürdige findet, als das ſchwarze Kleid. Ich könnte ſie mit Namen nennen, aber es iſt überflüſſig, denn ich weiß gewiß, ſie werden ſich bei Leſung dieſes Artikels ſelber nennen, und ihren Namen durch einen Eifer verrathen, der in ihrer Sprache Amtseifer, und in unſerer Sprache das böſe Gewiſſen heißt. Meine Leſer dürfen alſo nur auf diejenigen ſchwarzen Männer Achtung geben, welche den Verfaſſer dieſes Wörterbuches in die Ketzerrolle ſetzen, und ſie können ſich alsdann darauf verlaſſen, daß eben dieſe, und keine andern diejenigen ehrwürdigen Männer im figürlichen Verſtande ſind, welche ich meine, und welche man gewiß für Laien anſehen würde, wenn ſie nicht ſchwarz gekleidet gingen.

Wenn ich alſo dieſe Erklärung des Worts ehrwürdig vorausſetze, ſo werde ich dadurch Gelegenheit haben, meine deutſche Mutterſprache merklich zu bereichern. Ein Mann in einem ſchwarzen Rocke, welcher den Armen aus chriſtlichem Erbarmen Geld gegen acht, höchſtens zwölf pro Cent vorſtreckt, welcher einer nothleidenden Wittwe zur Erhaltung ihrer unerzogenen Kinder monatlich beiſpringt, und auf ein Pfand, das zwei Mal ſo viel werth iſt, einige Thaler leiht, unter der billigen Bedingung, daß binnen Jahresfriſt das Pfand eingelöſt werden, oder verfallen ſein ſoll: dieſer Mann wird künftig ein ehrwürdiger Wucherer heißen, denn ginge er nicht ſchwarz gekleidet, ſo wäre er kein ehrwürdiger, ſondern ein gemeiner Wucherer, und nach den Geſetzen unſers Landes zu beſtrafen. Ehrwürdige junge Herren würde man wohl in Deutſchland nicht geſucht haben; aber ich kenne einen, welchen man gewiß für einen verkleideten Marquis halten ſollte, ſo natürlich weiß er die Rolle eines jungen Herrn unter ſeinem ſchwarzen Rocke zu ſpielen. Ein ganz neuer Beweis, daß man tändeln, eitel thun, und lächerlich ſein kann, ohne einen Stock, eine Schnupftabaksdoſe und Manſchetten zu haben.

Ein ehrwürdiger Rauſch, iſt ein ganz neues Wort, aber eine ſehr alte Sache, und ich will wohl wetten, daß man niemals nicht unterſcheiden ſollte, welcher von beiden Berauſchten der Schultheiß im Dorfe, oder Pastor loci wäre, wenn Ihro Wohlehrwürdigen nicht ſchwarz gingen.

Sich ein ehrwürdiges Anſehen geben, heißt bei dieſer Art Leuten ſo viel, als eine große Unterkehle und einen feiſten Nacken machen, und ein ehrwürdiges Amt bekleiden, ſo viel, als den Beruf haben, Fehler öffentlich zu verdammen, welche man zu Hauſe ſelbſt thut und welche von Andern nicht getadelt werden dürfen, wenn ſie nicht Gefahr laufen wollen, daß ihnen der Weg zum Glücke und zum Himmel verrennt wird.

Dieſes mag von den ehrwürdigen Männern im figürlichen Verſtande, aber von ſolchen Männern genug ſein, welche man ihrer ungezogenen Aufführung wegen im gemeinen Weſen nicht dulden würde, wenn ſie nicht ſchwarze Röcke trügen. Wie wenig alſo dieſe Anmerkungen diejenigen treffen, welche wegen ihrer tugendhaften und erbaulichen Aufführung die größte Ehrfurcht und den Namen eines ehrwürdigen Mannes im eigentlichen Verſtande verdienen, ſolches werden alle Vernünftige, aber nur die nicht einſehen, welche auf einmal lächerlich und verächtlich werden würden, wenn man ihnen ihre ſchwarze Kleidung und das Amt nähme, in welches ſie ſich geſchlichen haben. Noch eine Redensart fällt mir ein: Ein ehrwürdiges Amt ſuchen, heißt in einigen Parochien ſo viel, als des gnädigen Herrn Kammermädchen heirathen.

Gelehrt.

Das Wort gelehrt hat mit dem Worte tugendhaft einerlei Schickſal. Alle Leute wollen tugendhaft, Alle, die ſtudirt haben, wollen gelehrt ſein; aber, im Vertrauen zu ſagen, ſind es die Wenigſten. Freilich liegt dieſer Fehler nicht an denen, welche ſich den Titel eines Gelehrten anmaßen, ſondern nur an etlichen eigenſinnigen Köpfen, welche uns bereden wollen, es ſei noch ein ſehr großer Unterſchied zwiſchen einem Gelehrten und zwiſchen einem Manne, der keine Profeſſion oder kein Handwerk treibt, der in ſeiner Jugend die niedern Schulen frequentirt, auf hohen Schulen abſolvirt, und endlich promovirt hat. Dieſe närriſchen Richter vergehen ſich ſo weit, daß ſie nicht einmal alle diejenigen für Gelehrte wollen gelten laſſen, welche Bücher geſchrieben haben. Was bleibt aber alsdann übrig? Sollten etwan nur diejenigen den Namen eines Gelehrten verdienen, welche ſich den Wiſſenſchaften mit ganzem Ernſte widmen, die guten Schriften der Alten und Neuern mit Aufmerkſamkeit leſen, die höhern Wahrheiten durch eigenes Nachdenken unterſuchen, ſich bemühen, ihnen noch weiter nachzuforſchen, auf das bloße Wort ihres Lehrers nichts treuherzig glauben, von der Gründlichkeit eines jeden Satzes ſich ſelbſt überführen wollen, Sachen, die in der Welt nichts nütze ſind, als höchſtens eine kritiſche Neugierigkeit zu befriedigen, für Kleinigkeiten halten, und ſich auf ſolche Wiſſenſchaften legen, welche der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft wahren Nutzen bringen, und welche dieſe Wiſſenſchaften auch wirklich zum Nutzen Anderer anzuwenden ſuchen? Nur dieſe ſollen den Namen eines Gelehrten verdienen? Das iſt beinahe zu viel! Wenn das gelten ſoll, ſo ſehe ich nicht beſſer, daß ein Gelehrten-Lexikon, welches jetzt in zween Foliobänden kaum Platz hat, ſich nicht binnen kurzer Zeit in einen mäßigen Oktavband verwandeln wird. Es fehlt wahrlich weiter nichts, als daß man noch von einem Gelehrten fordert, daß er beſcheiden, ohne Eigenliebe, und eben ſo tugendhaft, als philoſophiſch ſei. Verlangt man noch dieſes, was für ein kleines Häuflein wird aus unſerer großen gelehrten Welt werden? Ich wünſchte mir nicht, dieſes Unglück zu erleben! Viele tauſend Menſchen würde man auf ſolche Art um ihre gelehrten Titel und Aemter bringen. Und da ſie außer ihrer gelehrten Miene ſonſt nichts verſtehen, wodurch ſie ſich nähren könnten, wie viel Bettler, wie viel müßiges Volk würden wir in's Land kriegen! Selbſt in meiner Familie würden wenigſtens ſechs bis acht Männer mit Weib und Kind verhungern müſſen! Ich wünſche es nicht, ich ſage es noch einmal. Weil man aber doch nicht alle Fälle wiſſen kann: ſo will ich gegen dieſe meine werthen Angehörigen immer im Voraus liebreich ſein, damit ich ſie nicht hernach ernähren darf; ich will meinen Leſern ſagen, worinnen die Gelehrſamkeit von einigen unter ihnen beſteht, wenn ſich etwan Jemand finden wollte, der ſie zu gebrauchen wüßte.

Den erſten Platz verdient mein Oheim, der gelehrte Herr Profeſſor Titus Manlius Vermicularis. Es geht nunmehr in das drei und fünfzigſte Jahr, daß er mit unermüdetem Eifer, Tag und Nacht, mit Zuſetzung ſeiner eigenen Geſundheit, bloß aus Liebe zum gemeinen Beſten und der Nachwelt zur Warnung Donatſchnitzer geſammelt hat, und zwar, welches wohl zu merken iſt, aus den beſten lateiniſchen Schriften der gelehrten Männer unſerer Zeit. Der ehrliche Mann ſollte mich ſehr dauern, wenn man ſeine erbaulichen Bemühungen für eine ungelehrte Arbeit anſehen wollte. Ich kann es theuer verſichern, er thut dem gemeinen Weſen mit ſeiner Gelehrſamkeit nicht den geringſten Schaden, und ich habe unter allen ſeinen Schriften nicht eine einzige geſehen, worinnen etwas wider Gott und den Staat geſtanden hätte. Wie würde ſich mein beleſener Herr Oheim wundern, wenn über dieſe Gründlichkeit ſeiner Wiſſenſchaften ein ſo grauſames Urtheil ergehen ſollte! Er läßt ſich darauf todtſchlagen, daß er ein Gelehrter iſt! So oft er Jemanden auf ſeine grammatiſchen Wahrheiten tractirt: ſo oft heißt es immer über das andere Wort: prout nos docti loquimur! Denn das iſt wohl zu merken, was er redet, das klingt wie lateiniſch, und mit Niemandem ſpricht er deutſch, als mit ſeiner Magd und mit ſeinem Hausknechte, denn dieſe gehören zum Pöbel. Der gute Vetter, wenn er noch lange lebt, ſo bin ich nicht für ſeinen gelehrten Ruhm Bürge. Ich denke aber, er ſoll bald ſterben: denn das Unglück hat ihm ein lateiniſches Programma zugeführt, in welchem er ſo viel himmelſchreiende Schnitzer wider die Reinigkeit der alten römiſchen Sprache entdeckte, daß ihm gleich bei Leſung der erſten Seite alle Sinne vergingen. Er ermunterte ſich doch, und las weiter; aber den Augenblick kriegte er den Krampf in Händen und Füßen, er keuchte, und im Geſichte ward er ganz ſchwarz. Es iſt noch wenig Hoffnung zu ſeiner Beſſerung da; wenn das Ding ſo fortgeht, ſo wird er noch an dieſem ketzeriſchen Programma elendiglich erſticken müſſen. Der gelehrte Mann!

Der hochedle, veſte, rechtshochgelahrte Herr D. Valentin Vanno, iſt mein Vetter, und auch ein Gelehrter, denn er iſt Doctor! Das will ich zwar ihm gar nicht nachgeſagt haben, daß er das Geringſte von der Rechtsgelehrſamkeit verſtehe; aber er iſt doch Doctor. Sein ſeliger Herr Großvater, ein Mann, der am Verſtande nicht geſtorben iſt, war der gelehrte Doctor Pancratius Vanno. Seinem Herrn Vater habe ich noch wohl gekannt! Das war ein ganzer Mann! Er hatte eine ſo gelehrte Unterlippe, als zehn andre ſeines gleichen nicht hatten, und darum mußte er auch Doctor werden. Ihr Hochedeln, unſer Herr Panno hieß ſchon der kleine Doctor, als er noch in der Kappe herumlief, und es iſt gut, daß er es nach der Zeit im rechten Ernſte geworden iſt, er würde ſonſt gewiß noch bis auf die heutige Stunde nichts ſein. Er hat einen einzigen Sohn, einen allerliebſten Knaben! das iſt der leibhafte Papa! Er iſt kaum funfzehn Jahr alt, und kann ſchon lateiniſch leſen. Dieſer muß auch Doctor werden, und in Kurzem wird er es ſein! Die wackern Männer! Es ſteckt dieſer gelehrten Familie recht im Geblüte, daß ſie alle Doctor ſein müſſen. Und dennoch iſt es mir ſehr leid um ſie, ob ſie es in zehn Jahren noch werden wagen dürfen, ſich Gelehrte zu nennen. Spricht man ihnen alsdann mit der Gelehrſamkeit auch den Doctortitel ab, ſo werden ſie die betrübteſte Figur von der Welt vorſtellen! Wie ſehr würde ich meinen Leſern verbunden ſein, wenn ſie ſich alsdann dieſer verunglückten Familie annehmen wollten!

Meiner Schweſter Sohn, Georg Knut, iſt ein ſo grundgelehrter Mann, daß er die alten römiſchen Münzen weit beſſer kennt, als die Batzen. Wenn ihm ein alter verſchimmelter Nummus in die Hände fällt, ſo ſieht er ſo luſtig und freundlich aus, als Harpax kaum ausſehen kann, wenn er feinſilbrige Zweidrittheile einwechſelt. Nur unlängſt iſt er in eine ſehr heftige Verbitterung mit einem andern auch ſo gelehrten Manne gerathen. Sie ſchimpften einander in Schriften dergeſtalt, daß die Leſer ganz zweifelhaft wurden, welcher unter beiden eigentlich der größte Narr wäre. Die ganze Mordgeſchichte veranlaßte eine Gemma. Mein Vetter ſagte, ſie ſtelle die Venerem victricem vor; ſein Widerſacher aber behauptete, ſie bedeute die Venerem armatam der Lakedämonier. Auf beiden Seiten ward die Heftigkeit zum Höchſten getrieben. Und wie unglücklich hätte nicht auch die gelehrte Welt werden können, wenn dieſe wichtige Wahrheit unausgemacht geblieben wäre! Venus war es gewiß; darinnen waren dieſe großen Männer einig; ob ſie aber victrix oder armata ſein ſollte, das war noch ungewiß. Sie gingen in ihrem Eifer ſo weit, daß eine ordentliche Zerrüttung unter ihrer Familie entſtand. Selbſt die Weiber dieſer beiden Gelehrten grüßten einander nicht mehr. Sie wußten zwar gar nicht, worauf der Streit ankam; aber dennoch ſchimpften ſie einander ſo muthig, als ihre Männer kaum thun konnten. Endlich war das Ding gar zu arg. Die andern Gelehrten ſchlugen ſich in's Mittel. Man unterſuchte die Sache. Es blieb Venus victrix! Wie froh war mein Vetter; er ließ die ganzen Streitſchriften zuſammen drucken, und war ſo liſtig, daß er auf das Titelblatt die Worte ſetzen ließ:

— — — — — — Quid me galeata lacessis?
Vincere si possum nuda, quid arma tenes?

Ueber dieſen Sieg ward er und ſeine ganze Familie ſo muthig, daß ſogar ſeine Köchin allen Leuten erzählte, was ihr Herr Knut für ein gelehrter Mann iſt! Aber mir iſt doch nicht wohl dabei zu Muthe. Ich fürchte immer, er werde einer von den erſten ſein, welchen man die Gelehrſamkeit abſpricht, und ich kann es meinen Leſern beinahe nicht zumuthen, daß ſie ihn künftig ernähren ſollen; denn er iſt über ſeine Antiquitäten ganz verwirrt geworden, und ſieht ſo zerſtreut im Geſichte aus, daß es recht gefährlich iſt, in der Nähe mit ihm zu reden.

Johann Ulrich Maz, iſt mein ſehr naher Vetter; aber er ſchämt ſich meiner, und ſeiner ganzen Freundſchaft: Denn er behauptet, trotz allen Genealogiſten, daß ſein Vater ein Hurkind von dem Cardinal Mazarin geweſen ſei. Wer ſo liederlich ſein und ihn überführen will, daß er ehrlicher Geburt und ſein Großvater ein guter ehrbarer Schneider geweſen, der wird ſein Todfeind. Der Küſter kam ſehr ſchlimm an, als er ihm dieſes aus dem Kirchenbuche beweiſen wollte. Das hat ein Schelm geſchrieben! rief er, und holte den Mabillon, damit er ſehen ſollte, daß ſein Kirchenbuch nicht die geringſte Beſchaffenheit hätte, welche zu einem öffentlichen Documente oder Diplome erfordert würde. Gegenwärtig iſt er mit den politiſchen Affairen außerordentlich beſchäftigt. Er iſt ſehr franzöſiſch geſinnt; aber in Italien wird ihm doch das Haus Bourbon beinahe zu mächtig, den jenſeits der Alpen hält er das Gleichgewicht. Er lacht recht in die Fauſt, wenn er in Geſellſchaften von dem Prätendenten ſprechen hört: denn das läßt er ſich nicht ausreden, daß der Prätendent durch ſeine ſchlauen Anſchläge bis nach Edinburg gekommen iſt. Weiter aber darf er durchaus nicht, oder er macht Friede in Schleſien, denn er hat die Abſicht gar nicht, den König von England ganz zu ruiniren. Mit Rußland iſt er gar nicht zufrieden, und ich habe ihn ſeit etlichen Tagen ſo tiefſinnig umhergehen ſehen, daß ich beſorge, es dürfte mit Nächſten eine große Meuterei wider die Czarinn auf ſeiner Studirſtube ausbrechen. Denn das kann ich der Welt zum Troſte ſagen, daß ſich ſeine politiſche Gelehrſamkeit nicht weiter erſtreckt, als die vier Wände ſeiner Studirſtube gehen. Bei alle dem aber ſpricht er doch ſehr viel über Staatsſachen, und ſchreibt ſogar politiſche Monatsſchriften; doch werden ſie, dem Himmel ſei Dank! nicht gedruckt. Er behält ſie alle im Concepte, und ſagt: dieſes ſei ein heimlicher Schatz, welchen er ſeinen Kindern ſammle. Jetzt arbeitet er an einer Deduction, worinnen er die gerechten Anſprüche des Königs in Frankreich an das orientaliſche Kaiſerthum ausführt. Er hat es dem Cardinal Tencin dedicirt, aber auch nur im Manuſcripte, und nennt es in der Ueberſchrift, wie leicht zu glauben iſt, eine gründlich gelehrte Deduction. Sollte dieſer gründlich gelehrte Mann nicht noch in dieſem Jahre, wie ich doch faſt hoffe, in's Tollhaus geſperret werden, ſo werde ich ihn doch, wenn er künftig in Verfall ſeiner Gelehrſamkeit gerathen ſollte, nach Frankreich zu bringen ſuchen, daß er alsdann in ſeinem vermeinten Vaterlande durch ein neues Project zur Univerſalmonarchie ſeinen Biſſen Brod ehrlich verdienen kann.

Ich weiß nicht, ob ich unter die Anzahl meiner gelehrten Freunde den Herrn M. Hieronymus Stephan rechnen darf. Er hat wirklich ſtudirt, und ich habe ihn mit meinen Augen zu Leipzig mit dem Degen gehen geſehen; ſein Vater hat mir auch die Rechnung gewieſen, nach der er ihm in drei Jahren mehr als zweitauſend Thaler auf der Univerſität zu unterhalten gekoſtet hat. Ja, was noch mehr iſt, er ſteht mit ſeinem ganzen Tauf- und Zunamen im Verzeichniß der jetzt lebenden Gelehrten. — Man wird doch nicht etwa mehr verlangen wollen, den Titel eines Gelehrten zu behaupten? Gelernt hat er nichts, nicht das Geringſte! Das kann ich die ganze Welt als ein ehrlicher Mann verſichern. In Leipzig heirathete er eine junge Magd: denn ſie wollte gern einen Herrn Magiſter haben, und er eine Frau. Noch zur Zeit nähren ſie ſich ganz gut mit einander, und ſo lange ſie noch jung iſt, und gut ausſieht, ſo lange hat es keine Noth, es mag mit dem Gelehrten im Uebrigen gehen, wie es will. Sollte ſie aber alt und häßlich werden, ſo läge freilich die ganze Nahrung auf einmal, und ich wollte ſehr bitten, daß ſich meine Leſer des guten Mannes annähmen. Er iſt in der That noch zu gebrauchen. Zu einem Informator ſollte er ſich, meines Erachtens, vortrefflich ſchicken. Er verſteht nichts; es iſt wahr! Aber er wird auch die Kinder um ein Spottgeld informiren. Und da heut zu Tage die Liebe der Aeltern gegen ihre Kinder ſo beſchaffen iſt, daß man nicht eben darauf ſieht, wie geſchickt der Informator, ſondern nur, wie wohlfeil er iſt, ſo zweifle ich nicht einen Augenblick mehr an ſeinem guten Fortkommen. Geduld hat er auch wie ein Hahnrei, und das hat er ſeinem lieben Weibe zu verdanken; eine nothwendige Tugend, die ein Menſch haben muß, welcher in vornehmen Familien Kinder unterweiſen will. Er iſt ſo geduldig, man kann mir ſicher glauben, ſo geduldig iſt er, daß er ſogar mit der Frau im Hauſe gut wird auskommen können; und wer weiß denn, wo doch der ehrliche Mann vielleicht noch ſein Glück treibt, wenn er ſich gewöhnen kann, der Amme und der Köchin mit gebührender Ehrfurcht zu begegnen? Kurz, ich mag das Ding betrachten, wie ich will, an dieſem Vetter erlebe ich gewiß noch die meiſte Freude, und ich habe mir ſchon ein gewiſſes Haus in unſerer Stadt ausgeſehen, wohin ſich zu einem Informator kein Menſch beſſer ſchickt, als mein guter Vetter Stephan.

Dieſes ſind die Abbildungen einiger meiner Verwandten, und ich wollte wohl wünſchen, daß ſich Liebhaber zu ihnen fänden. Nun kann man einen ungefähren Ueberſchlag machen, wie viel unnütze Gelehrte in Deutſchland ſein müſſen, da allein in meiner Familie, welche doch die ſtärkſte nicht iſt, ſo viele ſind, denen der Titel eines wahrhaften Gelehrten nicht ſtreitig gemacht werden kann.

Da ich bisher unterſucht habe, was eigentlich ein Gelehrter ſei, ſo muß ich noch ein paar Bedeutungen des Worts gelehrt anführen. Nichts iſt gewöhnlicher, als daß man von Büchern das Urtheil fällen hört: Es iſt ein gelehrtes Werk! aber die Begriffe, die ein Jeder dabei hat, ſind ſehr unterſchieden. Was der Philoſoph gelehrt nennt, das kömmt dem Rechtsgelehrten pedantiſch vor, und ich habe einen finſtern Mathematiker geſehen, welcher in ſeinem Leben zum erſtenmale lachte, als er hörte, daß man eine witzige Monatsſchrift unter die gelehrten Bücher rechnen wollte. Mit einem Worte, es geht mit der Gelehrſamkeit wie mit der Religion. Ein Jeder hält nur die ſeinige für die wahre, alle andere Religionsverwandte aber für Ketzer.

Gelehrter Hochmuth; dieſes Wort iſt von einer ſo weitläuftigen Bedeutung, daß es eine abſonderliche Abhandlung erfordert, welche wenigſtens ſo viele Bände einnehmen dürfte, als die europäiſche Fama.

Gelehrter Wind; hiervon ſehe man mit Mehrerem die meiſten Vorreden.

Gelehrtes Frauenzimmer, iſt ein Problema.

Menſchenfeind.

Unter dieſem Namen verſtehen einige Sittenlehrer gemeiniglich diejenigen verdrießlichen und mürriſchen Leute, welche mit ihrem Schöpfer hadern, daß er ſie zu Menſchen gemacht hat, und welche niemals mißvergnügter ſind, als wenn ſie ſich in Geſellſchaft anderer Menſchen befinden. Ich will nicht unterſuchen, wie weit dieſe Sittenlehrer Recht haben. Ich glaube aber, daß noch eine andere Bedeutung des Wortes *Menſchenfeind* ſtatt haben kann.

Ich ſetze, und zwar vermöge der Erfahrung, zum voraus, daß gemeiniglich der Menſch nichts Anderes iſt als ein Thier, welches nur ſich für vollkommen, alle andere menſchliche Thiere aber, die um daſſelbe herum ſind, für fehlerhaft und lächerlich hält; welches diejenigen Pflichten gegen Andere niemals ausübt, die es doch von Andern verlangt; welches glaubt, daß alles, was erſchaffen iſt, nur ſeinetwegen erſchaffen iſt; welches ſich Mühe giebt, dasjenige zu ſcheinen, was es nicht iſt; welches ſehr mühſelig lebt, um elend zu ſterben; welches thöricht iſt, weil es das Vermögen hat, vernünftig zu ſein, und welches nicht leiden kann, daß man ihm alle dieſe Arbeiten vorſagt. Wer alſo ſo verwegen iſt, dieſes zu thun, der iſt ſein Feind.

Menſchenfeinde alſo ſind Leute, welche die Wahrheit ſagen. Ein häßliches Laſter, wodurch man die glückſelige Einbildung anderer Leute ſtört, und zugleich ſein eigenes Glück hindert.

Ein *Menſchenfeind* würde ich ſein, wenn ich ſagen wollte, daß Neran unter dem Vorwande ſeiner obrigkeitlichen Pflicht Ungerechtigkeiten ausübte, die Bürger um ihre Nahrung brächte, mit dem Schweiße gedrückter Unterthanen wucherte, die Seufzer der Wittwen wider ſich reizte, und das Vermögen verlaſſener Mündel an ſich riſſe; daß dieſe noch in fünfzig Jahren mit Thränen ihren Kindern die Räubereien des Neran's wieder erzählen, und noch im Alter ſein Andenken verfluchen würden. Alles dieſes thut Neran; es iſt wahr. Ich aber hüte mich wohl dem Neran dieſes vorzuhalten, denn ich mag keines Menſchen Feind ſein. Einen Vater des Vaterlandes, einen Prieſter der Gerechtigkeit, den großen Neran nenne ich ihn, ſo oft ich zu ihm komme, dieſes aber geſchieht alle Mittage um zwölf Uhr, und ich befinde mich wohl dabei. Wie Neran iſt, ſo ſind noch unzählig viele Andere, und ich würde von den größten Paläſten anfangen, und bis in die Hütten der geringſten Landmänner gehen können, wenn ich nöthig hätte, durch mehrere Exempel zu beweiſen, daß man ein Menſchenfeind würde, ſobald man die Wahrheit ſagt.

Und wie froh wäre ich, wenn meine Lehren einigen Eindruck bei den boshaften, gefährlichen, unbedachtſamen, verſtockten, ich weiß beinahe nicht, wie ich ſie arg genug ſchimpfen ſoll! mit einem Worte, bei den verhaßten Satirenſchreibern fänden, welche einen rechten Beruf daraus machen, *Erbfeinde der Menſchen* zu ſein, und welche ſo unbeſonnen ſind, zu glauben, daß man Tartüffen einen Heuchler, und einen Narren einen Narren nennen dürfe! So lange die weltliche Obrigkeit nicht Anſtalt macht, dieſe Menſchenfeinde auszurotten, ſo lange wird ein Betrüger nicht eine Stunde ſicher ſein können, den angemaßten Titel eines ehrlichen Mannes zu behaupten, und was das Schrecklichſte iſt, ſogar Leute, welche ſich durch den Bannſtrahl, den ſie in ihren drohenden Händen führen, beim Pöbel anſehnlich und furchtbar machen, werden dennoch dieſen verwegenen Menſchenfeinden nicht fürchterlich genug ausſehen. Ich kann nicht ohne Zittern daran denken, wenn ich mir vorſtelle, daß vielleicht morgen derjenige lächerlich ſein wird, den man heute für ehrwürdig gehalten hat.

Unter dieſen ſatiriſchen Menſchenfeinden halte ich diejenigen für die unerträglichſten, welche mit lachendem Munde das Thörichte an den Menſchen entdecken. Nichts erbittert mehr, als eine ſolche Wahrheit, die man uns mit einer ſpöttiſchen Miene ſagt, denn ohnedem ſind wir hierinnen den Affen gleich, welche nie grimmiger werden, als wenn man ihnen ſpottend nachahmet und die Zähne bleckt.

Zum ewigen Ruhme unſers ſchönen Geſchlechts muß ich erinnern, daß Alles, was ich bisher geſagt habe, von ihm nicht zu verſtehen iſt. Nichts auf der Welt iſt ihm angenehmer, als eine ungeheuchelte Wahrheit, und bei ihm iſt nur der ein Menſchenfeind, welcher ſchmeichelt. Brigitte iſt abergläubiſch, neidiſch und verleumdet ihren Nächſten; Flavia iſt verbuhlt, und überläßt ihre Gunſt an den Meiſtbietenden; Cäcilie iſt ſo hochmüthig, daß ſie ihrer reichen Nachbarin im Stande nicht im geringſten nachgeben würde, und ſollte ſie mit ihrem Manne auch Bettel-Brod eſſen müſſen. Dennoch habe ich das Herz, alles dieſes Brigitten, Flavien und Cäcilien trocken unter die Augen zu ſagen, ohne von ihnen Menſchenfeind genannt zu werden. Sie werden ſich ſchämen, ſie werden ſich beſſern, ſie werden mir für meine Wahrheiten unendlichen Dank ſagen. So merklich ſind die Vorzüge, welche das Frauenzimmer vor uns eingebildeten Männern hat, welches wir doch aus einem lächerlichen Stolze nur ſchwaches Werkzeug nennen.

Pflicht.

Pflicht, Amtspflicht, theure Pflicht, Pflicht und Gewiſſen, ſind bei unterſchiedenen Leuten, die in öffentlichen Geſchäften ſtehen, eine gewiſſe Art Formeln, welche zu den Curialien gehören. In der That haben ſie weiter nichts zu bedeuten, als was die übrigen Curialien bedeuten; inzwiſchen aber ſind ſie doch ſo unentbehrlich, als dieſe, und gehören mit zur Legalität.

Einen in Pflicht nehmen, wird alſo bei dergleichen Leuten ſo viel heißen, als einem ein Amt geben, worinnen er, unter dem Vorwande ſeiner aufhabenden Pflicht, dasjenige ausüben kann, was ein *Unverpflichteter* zu thun nicht wagen darf, ohne ſeine Leidenſchaften zu verrathen. Weil in gewiſſen Gegenden ſowohl geiſtliche als weltliche Aemter, nicht anders, als durch viele Geſchenke und aufzuwendende Unkoſten, erlangt werden: ſo iſt es gar wohl zu verſtehen, was die *geleiſtete theure Pflicht* heißt; und alsdann wird der Ausdruck, ſeine *Pflicht ſorgfältig zu erfüllen ſuchen,* nichts Anderes ſagen, als wenn ich ſpreche: ſich ſorgfältig bemühen, auf alle mögliche Art von Andern ſo viel wieder zu preſſen, als das Amt gekoſtet hat.

Es läuft wider meine Pflicht, wird ein gewiſſenhafter Richter ſprechen, wenn ihm der Beklagte Geſchenke anbietet. Ein vernünftiger Beklagter aber wird es gar leicht begreifen, daß des gewiſſenhaften Richters ſeine *Frau* Liebſte nicht *in Pflichten* ſtehe, und ſich daher mit ſeinen Geſchenken zu dieſer wenden, wenn er anders von ihrem Manne ein *pflichtmäßiges Urtheil* verlangt. Ich habe einen Schöſſer gekannt, welcher das Geſangbuch beſtändig vor ſich liegen hatte, und daher von ſich ſelbſt rühmte, daß er ſeine *Pflicht niemals aus den Augen ließe;* denn er glaubte, nur um deswillen ſei er ein verpflichteter Schöſſer, daß er ſeinen Bauern liquidiren könne. Ex officio arbeiten, würde ein Schulmann vielleicht durch: *pflichtmäßig arbeiten,* überſetzen. Aber das wäre ein erſchrecklicher Schnitzer wider den juriſtiſchen Donat. Wer es gründlicher lernen will, was es bedeutet, den will ich an einen gewiſſen Amtmann weiſen. Wenn dieſer über die nahrloſen Zeiten und den Verfall der Sporteln klagt, ſo ſpricht er allemal: „Ein ehrlicher Mann kann es faſt nicht mehr ausſtehen. Lauter Arbeit ex officio! Bald Armenſachen! Bald Bericht wegen brandbeſchädigter Unterthanen! Bald wegen herrſchaftlicher Sachen! Alles ex officio!“ Sachen alſo, davon in der Taxordnung nichts ſteht, ſind Sachen ex officio, und freilich ſind dergleichen Arbeiten bis in den Tod verhaßt.

Verſtand.

Weil ich hier nicht Willens bin, eine philoſophiſche Abhandlung zu ſchreiben, ſo wird man mir nicht zumuthen, von demjenigen Begriffe etwas zu gedenken, welchen man ſich auf dem Katheder von dem Worte: *Verſtand* macht.

Ich ſchreibe nicht für Pedanten, ſondern für die große Welt, und in der großen Welt heißt Verſtand ſo viel, als Reichthum.

Ein Menſch ohne Verſtand, iſt nichts Anderes als ein Armer. Er kann ehrlich, er kann gelehrt, er kann witzig, mit Einem Worte, er kann der artigſte und nützlichſte Mann in der Stadt ſein, das hilft ihm alles nichts: der Verſtand fehlt ihm, denn er hat kein Geld.

Es iſt nicht für einen Dreier Verſtand darinnen! ſpricht mein Wirth, wenn er ein vernünftiges Gedicht lieſt. Warum? mein Wirth iſt ein Wechsler, welcher in der Welt nichts gelernt hat als addiren, und er glaubt, wenn er die ſchönſte Ode auf die Börſe trüge, ſo würde er doch nicht einen Dreier dafür bekommen.

Das Mädchen hat Verſtand, ſagt ein Liebhaber, der nur auf's Geld ſieht, wenn gleich ſein Mädchen nichts thut, als daß es Kaffee trinkt, Lombre ſpielt, Knötchen macht, zum Fenſter hinaus ſieht, und wenn es hoch kömmt, über das Nachtzeug ihrer Nachbarinnen ſpottet. In Geſellſchaften, wo ſie keines von dieſem Allen thun kann, iſt ſie nicht im Stande etwas weiter zu ſagen, als ein trocknes Ja und Nein; und ſpielte ſie nicht mit ihrem Fächer, ſo würde man ſie für eine Statue anſehen. Aber das thut alles nichts, für ihren Liebhaber hat ſie doch viel Verſtand, denn ihre Mutter hat ihr ein ſehr ſchönes Vermögen hinterlaſſen.

Der Menſch hat einen ſehr guten natürlichen Verſtand, heißt ſo viel: Er hat von ſeinen Aeltern eine reiche Erbſchaft übernommen, und nicht nöthig gehabt, ſelbſt Geld zu verdienen.

Was alſo dieſes heißt: Er wuchert mit ſeinem Verſtande, das darf ich Niemandem erklären; es verſteht ſich von ſelbſt.

Ich bin der Dümmſte eben nicht, denn ich habe auch etwas weniges von Vermögen, und dieſes hat mir Gelegenheit gegeben, durch eine dreißigjährige Erfahrung die verſchiedenen Grade des Verſtandes kennen zu lernen. Nach gegenwärtigem Courſe kann ich von dem Verſtande meiner Landsleute ohngefähr folgenden Tarif machen:

1000 Thaler, nicht ganz ohne Verſtand;
6000 Thaler, ein ziemlicher Verſtand;
12000 Thaler, ein feiner Verſtand;
30000 Thaler, ein großer Verſtand;
50000 Thaler, ein durchdringender Verſtand;
100000 Thaler, ein engliſcher Verſtand;

und auf ſolche Weiſe ſteigt es mit jedem tauſend Thalern.

Ich habe den Sohn eines reichen Kaufmanns gekannt, welcher kaum ſo klug war, als ſein Reitpferd. Er beſaß aber viermal hundert tauſend Thaler, und um deswillen verſichert mich mein Correſpondent, daß er in ganz Mecklenburg beinahe der Verſtändigſte wäre.

Der Kerl hat ſeinen Verſtand verloren! wird man alſo von einem bankerotten Kaufmanne ſagen, und ich kenne Einige davon, welche dieſer Vorwurf weit mehr ſchmerzt, als wenn man ſagen wollte, ſie hätten ihren ehrlichen Namen verloren. Dieſes iſt noch der einzige Troſt für dergleichen Männer, daß ihre Weiber, welche durch ihre üble Wirthſchaft, und durch ihren eigenſinnigen Staat an dieſem Verluſte gemeiniglich die meiſte Urſache haben, dennoch ihren eingebrachten Verſtand, daß ich mich kunſtmäßig ausdrücke oder deutlich zu reden, eigenes Vermögen, und daher noch allemal ſo viel übrig behalten, als nöthig iſt, ſich und ihren unverſtändigen Mann auf das Bequemlichſte zu ernähren.

Juſtus Gottfried Rabener,

Großvater des Satirikers Gottl. Wilh. R., wurde im J. 1665 zu Sorau in der Niederlauſitz geboren. Er war Anfangs Conrector der Fürſtenſchule zu Grimma, darauf Gymnaſialrector zu Freiberg und zuletzt Rector der grimmaiſchen Fürſtenſchule. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1699.

Außer mehreren lateiniſchen Diſſertationen ſchrieb er:

Nützliche Lehrgedichte. Dresden 1691.

Obwohl das Ziel, welches ihm vorſchwebte, ein höchſt lobenswerthes, namentlich für ſeine Zeit, zu nennen iſt, ſo zeichneten ſich doch ſeine Leiſtungen in dem Gebiete der didaktiſchen Poeſie weder durch Gedankenreichthum, noch durch Eleganz der Form vor der Maſſe aus.

Joachim Rachel,

geb. am 28. Febr. 1618 zu Lunden in Norder-Dithmarſen, ſtudirte zu Roſtock und Dörpt Philologie und wurde bald nach abſolvirten Studienjahren Rector zu Heiden in Dithmarſen. Gleiche Anſtellung erhielt er im Jahre 1660 zu Norden in Oſtfriesland und 1668 zu Schleswig, wo er am 3. Mai 1669 ſtarb.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Deutſche ſatiriſche Gedichte. Frankfurt 1664 u. öft. Neueſte Ausgabe von H. Schröder, Altona 1828.

Perſius und Juvenal waren die Vorbilder dieſes tüchtigen Mannes; ohne ſie jedoch pedantiſch und ſklaviſch nachzuahmen, wußte er ihnen mit kräftigem und geſundem Verſtande nachzuſtreben und die Thorheiten und Verirrungen ſeiner Zeit mit freiem Blick, männlicher Geſinnung und feſter Hand darzuſtellen. — Freilich iſt er oft derb, ja ſelbſt plump (doch ohne je gemein zu werden), und dem beſſeren Geſchmacke unſerer Tage werden ſeine Leiſtungen ſchwerlich ein Wohlgefallen ablocken. Betrachtet man aber das Jahrhundert, in welchem er, einer der erſten deutſchen Satiriker, ſchrieb, ſo wird man ſich leicht geneigt finden, jene Verſtöße zu entſchuldigen und der Correctheit und Reinheit ſeiner Diction gern vollkommene Gerechtigkeit widerfahren laſſen.

Sechſte Satire*).

Gut und Böſe.

„Ich bin kein Kind nicht mehr!“ darf wol ein Milchmaul ſagen,
„Was Gut und Böſe ſei, bedarf ich nicht zu fragen!
„Ich kenne Weiß und Schwarz!“ — Glück zu, der Weisheit Sohn,
Du Thales unſrer Zeit, du mehr als Salomon!
Woher haſt du, o Held, den Urſprung doch genommen?
Du biſt der Mutter (traun!) nicht aus der Naſen kommen,
Wie ein gemeiner Rotz. Wo mich der Sinn nicht treugt,
So biſt du aus dem Haupt des Jupiter gezeugt,
Noch eh'r, als Pallas ſelbſt. Wo hat man deines Gleichen!
So weit die Sonne mag mit ihrem Strahlen reichen,
Iſt Niemand ſo wie du, der, alles Zweifels frei,
So richtig wiſſen mag, was Gut und Böſe ſei.
Kein Menſch auf dieſer Welt wird ſeinem Leib' und Leben
Erwünſchen, was nicht dient, noch irgend danach ſtreben,
Das nur verderblich iſt, wo nicht ein falſcher Wahn
Den Gift für Zucker nimmt, und ſieht ein Unglück an
Als wär' es lauter Glück. Wo iſt ein Menſch auf Erden,
Der endlich ſatt genug an Reichthum könne werden?
Da doch der güldne Koth, das ſorgenſchwere Geld,
So manche Seel' erkauft, ſo manchen Mann gefällt.
Was hat doch den Longin*) ſo plötzlich hingerichtet?
Nicht Caſſius ſein Bild, wie damals iſt erdichtet.
Was denn? das liebe Geld war größer als gemein,
Und ſeine Baarſchaft mehr als des Tyrannen ſein.
Hätt' auch der Seneca ſo plump nicht zugenommen,
Das warme Bad wär' ihm ſo übel nicht bekommen.
Hätt' ihn das gute Glück mit Gelde nur verſchont,
Der Schüler hätte nicht dem Meiſter ſo gelohnt.
Wer ſeinen Schatz, das Geld, zur Reiſe mit ſich träget,
Wie geht er voller Angſt! wenn nur ein Schilf ſich reget,
So führet er das Schwert. So oft ein Lüftchen weht,
So iſt kein Haar an ihm, das nicht zu Berge ſteht.
Er wünſchet tauſend Mal den rothgefärbten Morgen,
Das liebe Tageslicht, den Anſtand ſeiner Sorgen.
Wer ledig iſt, geht frei. Die Armuth iſt ſein Schutz,
Er ſingt ein fröhlich Lied, dem Mörder wie zum Trutz.
Wir ſehen mächtig ſtolz, wenn unſre Tafeln prahlen
Mit ſilbern Tiſchgeſchirr, und güldenen Pokalen,
Da doch viel beſſer iſt, nur Salz und ſichre Ruh.
Man richtet keinen Gift in ſteinern Schüſſeln zu.
Wo theurer Malvaſier im rothen Golde brennet,
Da fürchte die Gefahr, die Leib und Seele trennet.
Ein Schinken aus dem Rauch ſtillt wider Hungersnoth,
Der ſüße Marzipan bringt oft den bittern Tod.
Wohl deme, deſſen Wunſch nicht weiter ſich erſtrecket
Als ſeine Nothdurft dient. Ob dich ein Pallaſt decket
Von Marmor oder Stroh, du wirſt nach meinem Sinn
Darum nicht höher ſein, nicht kürzer als vorhin.
Was hilft es, daß Lucull zur Tafel iſt geſeſſen,
Da hundert Trachten ſtehn! Er kann nur ſatt ſich freſſen.
Was ihm Geflügel, Wild, Paſteten, welſche Huhn,
Das Alles kann mir auch ein guter Stockfiſch thun.
Gleichwenig, daß ihm Nichts nach Willen mag gerathen:

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*) Aus Rachel's deutſchen ſatiriſchen Gedichten. Altona 1828.

*) Ein römiſcher Rechtsgelehrter, der eben ſo, wie der Philoſoph Seneca, auf des Kaiſers Nero Befehl getödtet wurde.

Dann iſt die Suppe ſalz, das Fleiſch zu ſehr gebraten,
Es mangelt hie und dort, bald Dieß, bald Jenes noch.
Da geht ein Wetter an, da flucht man dem Koch
So Manchen in den Tod, als Juden ſind zu Prage,
Als Huren zu Florenz, als Stutzer in dem Haage *),
Da doch den armen Tropf allein der Ekel quält,
Und Nichtes auf der Welt, als nur der Hunger, fehlt,
Wenn noch der Magen nicht das Vorig' kann verdäuen,
Den Schmauß der letzten Nacht, und lieber wollte ſpeien,
Als wieder ſein gefüllt: welch Biſſein, welcher Trank
Kann ihm zu Willen ſein? wer kochet ihm zu Dank?
Da wird dem Leckermaul, dem ſonſten Nichtes fehlet,
Ein Hering abgeſtreift, ein Rettig nur geſchälet,
Ein friſcher Kopfſalat mit Eſſig vorgebracht,
Und alſo iſt Lucull und ich nun gleich gemacht:
Dieß trägt mein Garten auch! Ach, wie ein ſelig Leben
Führet der, dem ſeine Fauſt **) das täglich Brod kann geben,
Iſt vor der Sonnen wach, ſingt Alles, was er kann,
Mit Gott und dem Gebeth und friſchen Händen an.
Wenn noch ein Reicher ſich in ſeinen Federn ſtrecket,
Greift er zu Käſ' und Brod, das ihm viel beſſer ſchmecket,
Als eingemachter Saft, als Ingwer und Zucat,
Und was in ſeinem Kram der Apotheker hat.
Dann wieder an ſein Werk, gedämmert und geſungen,
Mit Kindern, Weib und Magd, mit Knechten und mit Jungen,
Bis daß der halbe Tag iſt fleißig fortgebracht,
Der ihm von Neuem Luſt zur guten Mahlzeit macht.
Von ſolchem Leben weiß ein Reicher nicht zu ſagen,
Der nur in Ueppigkeit und lauter faulen Tagen
Die liebe Zeit zubringt, mit Müſſiggang ſich quält,
Und nur mit Ueberdruß die langen Stunden zählt.
Ihm ſchmeckt nicht Warm noch Kalt; kann ſchwerlich ſelber ſchließen,
Womit er ſeine Luſt will machen oder büßen.
Der arme Teufel ſiecht, von zarter Faulheit ſchwach,
Hat Alles, was er will, und Nichtes, was er mag.
Doch aber Dieſer iſt ſo groß nicht zu beklagen,
Frißt er jetzunder nicht, ſo hat er ſeinen Magen
Doch geſtern wohlgefüllt, und fügt es ſeinem Sinn,
So geht es wieder auf den alten Kaiſer hin.
Wie Mancher aber iſt, der von den reichen Schätzen
Nicht ein Mal in dem Jahr ſich redlich darf ergötzen,
Säuft Waſſer oder Bier, mauſt hart und ſchimmlicht Brod:
Der große Vorrath ſelbſt bringt ihn in Hungersnoth.
Zu Leuten kommt er nicht, er hütet ſich vor Schaden:
Denn wer zu Gaſte geht, der muß auch Gäſte laden.
Drum hält er ſich verſperrt, frißt ſeinen Kohl allein.
Darauf ich wahrlich nicht ſein Gaſt begehr' zu ſein.
Er iſt der Erben Fluch, wiewohl ſie alle ſchmeicheln,
Ja, Dieſer mehr als Der, dem alten Krächzer heucheln,
Und ſehn erbärmlich zu, wenn ihm vor'm Fieber graut,
Als wie ein magrer Hund ein ſterbend Pferd anſchaut.
Hier aber weiß der Geiz ſich ſchön und rein zu machen,
Spricht: „Was? Soll denn ein Menſch nicht für die Seinen wachen?
„Verlaſſen Weib und Kind? verſorgen ſeinen Herd?
„So wär' er ja ein Vieh', und nicht des Lebens werth!" —
Ja freilich! Aber Dieß hat auch beſcheidne Maße,
Viel beſſer iſt's, daß man was Chriſtlichs hinterlaſſe,
Den Uebrigen zu Gut, als daß man herrlich leb',
Und endlich für den Sarg den letzten Thaler geb',
Und mach' ein Teſtament, dafür nicht viel zu danken,
Als nur, daß um den Reſt die Erben ſich nicht zanken.
Wer wohlgewonnen Gut den Seinen laſſen kann,
Der iſt vor aller Welt ein ehrenwerther Mann.
Du aber hörſt nicht auf zu ſorgen und zu faſten,
Und machſt einen Gott aus deinem Silberkaſten!
Und ob des Geldes noch wär' tauſend Mal ſo viel,
So hat der ſchnöde Geiz doch weder Maß noch Ziel.
Nun, Lieber, ſage mir: Wenn etwa deine Kinder
Auch ſollten ſein wie du, ſo endloſe Schinder;
Wozu das große Geld? Wozu die reiche Beut',
Im Fall man nimmermehr derſelben wird erfreut?
Doch hier iſt keine Noth. Auf einen guten Heger
Folgt (wie das Sprichwort heißt) ein guter [illegible].
Zwei Schätze müſſen ſein zu lang erſparetem Gut.
Der Eine, der's erwirbt, der Andre, der's verthut.
Was jener alte Narr in zwei Mal dreißig Jahren
Hat ſorglich beigelegt, kann durch die Gurgel fahren
In [illegible] Monatszeit: der Junker hat nun Geld.
Der Arbeit mag er nicht, er ſucht die friſche Welt,
Wo von dem ſüßen Wein die Becher überfließen,
Wo ſich die junge Burſch' in Fröhlichkeit begießen,
Wo Rauch und Pfeifen ſind, wo man beim guten Schmauß
Den Ofen, Stühl' und Tiſch zum Fenſter wirft hinaus.
Wo Jeder flucht und ſpeit, ſich ſchlägt, ſingt und lachet,
Und naſſe Brüderſchaft ſo leichtlich bricht als machet;
Wo man beim Saitenſpiel mit Frauen tanzt und ſpringt,
Wo man Runda! Runda! auf zwanzig Stimmen ſingt;
Wo Venus Hofgeſind' um's Geld zu Dienſte ſtehen,
Wo Kartenſpiel und Brett in vollem Schwange gehen.
Es wird gehurt, geſchwelgt, gedoppelt, bis zuletzt
Auch Beutel, Hoſen, Wamms und Hut wird aufgeſetzt.
Da geht der Jammer an; da hebt er an zu denken,
Ob er den naſſen Hals will würgen oder henken.
Den Freunden kommt er nicht gerne zu Geſicht,
Das Graben wird ihm ſau'r, zum Handwerk taugt er nicht.
Nach langem Rath geräth er zu Büchſen, Wehr und Waffen,
Will das verlorne Geld durch's Glück wieder ſchaffen;
Gibt ſich beim Werber an, beut ſelber Leib und Blut,
Um einen Thaler feil, der ſo ein treſflich Gut
So ſchändlich umgebracht, und nach wol weiter gehen,
Und auch das Vorgebirg der guten Hoffnung ſehen,
Dann nach Sumatra zu, nach Zeilon, nach Javan,
Da, wo der Pfeffer wächſ't, dem ſchwarzen [illegible].
Wiewohl nach Indien auch näher iſt zu kommen:
Nur fort, die Elbe lang den ſichern Weg genommen,
Bis auf die Veſtung *) zu, wo man die Wilden ſchmeißt,
Wo man braſilich Holz mit eiſern Zähnen beißt.
Ein Andrer meint, daß er den Himmel eingenommen,
Wenn er vor aller Welt mag doch zu Brette kommen,
Bei Fürſten ſein geſehn, in güldner Dienſtbarkeit
Und ſtolzer Sklaverei verbringen ſeine Zeit;
Hat gern, daß neben ihm das ganze Volk ſich beuge,
Und mit entblößtem Haupt bis auf die Erde neige,
Spricht lauter Stelzen-Wort'; erhebt, indem er ſpricht,
Die Augen hoch empor, kennt keinen Bruder nicht,
Noch einen alten Freund, der nur zu Fuße gehet.
Und jetzo neben ihm ein armer Ritter ſtehet:
Da er auf einem Gaul von tauſend Thaler ſitzt,
Der, wild von geiler Luſt, ſich hebet, ſchäumt und ſchwitzt.
Es laufen um ihn her die Pagen und Lakeien
(Von Jungen ſag' ich Nichts, es möchte Steine ſchneien),
Geſchnürt, gebrämt, geputzt, da keiner iſt ſo klein,
Der ihm nicht ſelber auch ein Herr bedünkt zu ſein.
Was ſollte Der nicht thun, der ſo ein Volk kann miethen,
Und nur mit einem Wink den Bürgern darf gebieten?
Er kennt ſich ſelber kaum, er hat den ſtolzen Staat
Er war nicht, der er iſt, er iſt nicht, der er war.
Und ob er muß geſtehn, dafern er nicht will lügen,
Daß er durch Weiß und Schwarz ſo hoch empor geſtiegen,
Doch hält er's ſehr verdeckt. Er meidet das Latein,
Ein jeglich ander Wort muß nur franzöſiſch ſein.
Franzöſiſch Mann und Bart, franzöſiſch alle Sitten,
Franzöſiſch Rock und Wammes, franzöſiſch zugeſchnitten.
Was immer zu Paris die eitle Schneiderzunft
Hat neulich **) aufgebracht, auch wider die Vernunft,
Das liebt dem Deutſchen zu. Sollt' ein Franzoſ' es wagen,
Die Sporen auf dem Hut, die Schuh' an Händen tragen,
Die Stiefeln auf dem Kopf, zu Scheiden vor dem Bauch
Anſtatt des Reſſelwerts — ein Deutſcher thät es auch.
Wer hätte wol erdacht, als Narren und Franzoſen,
Bei einem ſammtnen Rock die groben Leinwandhoſen?
Wenn ſelber Heraklit ***) den Plunder ſollte ſehn,
Er ließ' (mit Gunſt geſagt) vor Lachen einen gehn.
Ich ſag' jetzunder nicht von prächtigen Karoſſen,
Darauf Madame ſitzt, vor'm Regen ganz verſchloſſen,
Der Sonnen aufgedeckt; die Tochter neben ihr,
Der Kammerkatzen drei, ſechs Rappen oder vier.
Imgleichen meld' ich nicht von kleinen Polſter-Hunden,
Von Schmink' und Puderhaar, von Pflaſtern ohne Wunden †).
Von alter Kleider Pracht. Ich ziehe nicht herfür
Das marmorſteinern Haus, die vergüldete Thür,
Das Glas- und Bilderwerk, die Teppich' an den Wänden,
Und was nach fremder Art mit [illegible] Händen

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*) Wiederum ein Beweis, daß die Niederlande um die Mitte des 17. Jahrhunderts noch das Land der Moden waren.

**) Fauſt ward damals für [illegible] gebraucht, als Hand.

*) Hier kann wol keine andere gemeint ſein, als Glückſtadt. [illegible] das alte Zuchthaus [illegible] ein Irren- und Raspelhaus [illegible] bis [illegible] wo die Irrenanſtalt von Schleswig [illegible].

**) Dieſes Wort, [illegible] die franzöſiſchen Moden, [illegible] Deutſchen bekannt [illegible] gefunden zu haben.

***) Der griechiſche Philoſoph, der niemals gelacht haben ſoll.

†) Wieder eine Anſpielung auf die Mode der Schönpfläſterchen.

Iſt künſtlich ausgeführt, was der gemeine Mann
Nicht, als mit offnem Maul und Wunder ſehen kann;
Wer aber mit Vernunft das Deckenwerk' beſchauet,
Und nicht den Augen nur in ſolchem Handel trauet,
Wer neben dieſer Pracht auch merket die Gefahr,
Und nimmt ſo manchen Fall des hohen Glückes wahr,
Dem kommt ein Schrecken an. Gleichwie wir furchtſam ſehen,
Und auf dem hohen Thurm den kühnen Decker ſtehen:
Nicht Einer klimmt ihm nach, wir danken Gott allein,
Daß wir der Erden nah' und an dem Boden ſein.
Als Rom zur Dienſtbarkeit ſich nunmehr ſchon bekannte,
Und ehrte ſeinen Herrn, der ſich von Tiber nannte,
Da herrſchte neben ihm der mächtige Sejan,
Faſt ſeinem Kaiſer gleich, war Niemand unterthan.
Sejan ward hochgeehrt, Sejan ward angebetet.
Die Größeſten der Stadt durft' er mit Füßen treten,
Er war des Glückes Sohn, vor Allen hochgeſtellt.
Sejan, des Kaiſers Freund, das nächſte Haupt der Welt.
Sejan that, was er wollt', es war kein Widerſprechen,
Wer ihm gefiel, der konnt' den hohen Stand anſprechen.
Er theilte Aemter aus; er ſetzte auf und ab;
Er ſchenkte, wenn er wollt', den ſchwanken Richterſtab;
Nahm Regimenter weg. Er theilte die Vogteien
Den Landverwaltern aus. Es mußte ſich auch ſcheuen
Der Römer ganzer Rath. Dieß währte ſeine Zeit,
Bis daß von Capreis*) ein heimlicher Beſcheid
Ward in die Stadt geſandt. Sejan war ſchon verrathen.
Sejanus war verdammt, weiß nicht um was für Thaten.
Man ſagte, daß er ſelbſt dem Kaiſer nachgeſtellt:
Die That war ungewiß; das Urtheil war gefällt.
Sejani Bildniß ward vom Henker abgeriſſen.
Sejanus ward geſchleift, getreten mit den Füßen,
Geſchändet, angeſpeit, zur Tiber hingebracht:
Dieß war der letzte Lohn, die Endſchaft ſeiner Macht!**)
Hie ſieheſt du, mein Freund, wie auf des Glückes Spitzen
Auch in dem höchſten Staat ſo fährlich iſt, zu ſitzen;
Wie großer Herren Gunſt ſo plötzlich bald zerbricht,
Wie leicht ein böſer Wurm den großen Kürbis ſticht.
Ich ſage von dem Neid: bevorab ſo die Herren,
Wenn ein Verläumder ſpricht, die Ohren weit aufſperren,
Dem Argwohn unterthan, als nach Tyrannen Art.
So iſt kein Biedermann bei ihnen lang verwahrt;
Sie fallen plötzlich zu. Kaum iſt ein Wort geſprochen,
Es iſt ſobald geglaubt. Der Stecken iſt gebrochen,
Die Unſchuld iſt in Noth, ja um den Hals gebracht,
Indem der Neider ſitzt und in das Fäuſtchen lacht.
Ich ſuch' das vor'ge Pfad, davon ich abgegangen,
Und ſag', daß Mancher wünſcht mit äußerſtem Verlangen,
Was ihm nur ſchädlich iſt, und daß er Solches thut,
Dieweil er nicht erkennt, was böſ' iſt oder gut.

Wer aber mit Verſtand will für die Seinen ſorgen,
Der hält ſie dahin nur, daß ſie vom frühen Morgen
Bis in die ſpäte Nacht in Büchern emſig ſein,
Bevorab an dem Ort, wo Griechiſch und Latein
Aus allen Fenſtern raucht, wo Priscian***) regieret,
Wo ein Orbilius†) den Birkenſcepter führet,
Bis daß der junge Herr ſchon ſeinem Dünkel traut,
Und den Palämon ſelbſt mit lauterm Trotz anſchaut.
Dann ſchicket man ihn fort auf hohe Fürſtenſchulen,
Um Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft mit rechtem Ernſt zu buhlen,
Zu lernen in der Zeit, womit er wie ein Mann
Bevorab Gott, der Welt, und ihm ſelbſt dienen kann.
Und dieſes iſt der Ort, wo ſich die Jugend übet,
Wo Einer Gottes Wort, die hoh' Geheimniß, liebet;
Ein Andrer thut das Sein', erforſchet Tag und Nacht,
Was von Juſtinian zuſammen iſt gebracht;
Ein Andrer (wie es geht) wird von Natur getrieben,
Zu lernen, was Galen und Celſus vorgeſchrieben;
Ein Theil geht bei der Nacht, will aus den Sternen ſehn,
Was über funfzig Jahr und ferner ſoll geſchehn,
Wiewohl es etwan fehlt. Ein Andrer hat ſein Leben
Dem klugen Stagirit††), und ſeiner Lehr' ergeben;
Ein Andrer rechnet aus der Winkel Maß und Zahl,
Und ſucht den Mittelſtrich mit einem ſpitzen Stahl,
Ein Andrer, und mit ihm der allermeiſte Haufen,
Will ſich mit aller Macht zu einem Doctor ſaufen,
Beut allen Helden Trutz: Wer nicht Beſcheiden thut,
Dem greift er mit der Fauſt, wie billig, auf den Hut.
Da müſſen Gläſer, Fen'r, Tabak und Pfeifen ſpringen,
Des Morgens fordert er den Feind vor ſeine Klingen:
„Heraus, du Hund! heraus —“ verſucht dann in der That
All' was ihm Maitre Alard für Kunſt gezeiget hat
In einem ganzen Jahr. Der Ander kann nicht weichen,
Muß mit dem Narren fort. Nach vielen blinden Streichen
Wird Einem ungefähr die Naſ' ein wenig wund:
Da ſäuft man wiederum auf einen neuen Bund.
Ein Andrer hat den Ruhm, daß er in allen Schmäuſen
Sich der Pennäle*) Feind und Geißel will erweiſen,
Theilt Naſenſtüber aus, ſchlägt einen Landesmann,
Der etwa drei Mal mehr, als er, verſteht und kann.
Ein Andrer läßt ſich wohl ſammt Dreien gar verſperren,
Und kürzet ſeine Zeit mit hochgebornen Herren,
Bringt ohne Zauberei in einem Schlafgemach
Den Cäſar, Hektor, Karl und David**) vor den Tag;
Setzt Geld und Bücher auf bei einer freien Zechen,
Darf wol den guten Papſt mit einem Bauern ſtechen,
Des Bannes ungeacht't, der Knecht Severin Roman
Schlägt ſeines Herren Weib. Ein Andrer gibt ſich an
Bei Meiſter Firlefanz, lernt ſpringen nach der Geigen;
Bald hat er ſeine Luſt auf's hölzern' Pferd zu ſteigen,
Bald muß das Meſſer her, verſuchet, wie ein Ei,
Ein Haſ', ein Reh', ein Huhn, ein Fiſch zu theilen ſei.
Ein ſtiller Schleich-ins-Haus hält ſich zu Jungfer Käthen,
Kommt oftmals ihr zu Dienſt im Finſtern angetreten,
Stimmt ſeine Lauten an, erhebet nach der Kunſt
Der Schönheit höchſten Preis und ſeines Herzen Brunſt.
So geht es dorten her; ſo pfleget man's zu treiben.
Der Vater wundert ſich, wo doch das Geld mag bleiben,
Das er dem Boten gibt. Doch Lieb' und Hoffnung macht,
Daß alle Rechnung nicht ſo eben wird bedacht.
Der Alt' verlanget nur, er wartet alle Tage,
Daß ſein Philippus auch das roth Barettlein trage***),
Daß er in kurzer Zeit für Meiſter mag beſtehn,
Vor Allen ſei geſchickt, mit Künſten wohl verſehn;
Vor Allen tüchtig ſei, der ganzen Stadt zu nutzen,
Die Unſchuld vor Gewalt und falſchem Unrecht zu ſchützen;
Ja, daß er mit der Zeit mag kommen in den Rath,
Da Mancher viel Verſtand und Witz von Rücken hat.
Nun iſt ja freilich wahr, daß hier auf dieſer Erden
Mag nichtes Edlers von Gott gewünſchet werden,
Als Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt, woferne dieß große Gut
Fällt auf ein frommes Herz. Wo aber ſtolzer Muth,
Wo Vorwitz und der Geiz ſich bei Gelahrten finden,
Da bleibt das Böſe nur, das Gute muß verſchwinden.
Wie wäre Müh' und Zeit viel beſſer angewandt,
Wenn Mancher weder Buch, noch Buchſtab hätt' erkannt!
Wenn ſelbſt Demoſthenes den Stahl hätt' [illegible],
Und, wie ſein Vater that, bei'm Schmiedebalg [illegible],
Da er zur Schulen ging; er hätt' ihm ſelber nicht,
Sammt vielen Tauſenden, ſolch Uebel zugericht't.
Obgleich der Tullius†) iſt gen Athen gekommen,
Und hat der Jungen Ruhm den Griechen abgenommen,
Welch Vortheil war dabei? Es ging ihm ebenfalls
Gleich wie des Schmiedes Sohn: das Maul zerbrach den Hals.
Wie Mancher will der Schrift Geheimniß wohl erwägen,
Will mehr, als Andre ſehn, die Ketzer widerlegen,
Vertiefet ſich ſo fern, wenn ihn der Vorwitz treibt,
Daß er dem Papſt ſo viel als einem Luther gläubt,
Dem Zwingel nicht vielmehr; will alle Ding' ergründen,
Und je er weiter ſucht, je mehr iſt Nichts zu finden,
Zuletzt verwirft er's gar, und bleibt ein Lucian††),
Der es mit Keinem hält, und nichts als zweifeln kann.
Und wie, wenn gute Lehr' und ungeſchicktes Leben
(Wie leider oft geſchicht) einander widerſtreben?
Wenn Einer auf den Trunk mit großem Eifer ſchmählt,
Und ſelber mehren Theils in vollem Sauſe geht;
Ermahnet, wie man ſoll den Zorn und Rache meiden,
Und iſt ſo wunderzart, daß er kein Wort kann leiden;

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*) Eine Inſel bei Neapel, wo der Kaiſer Tiber ſich in ſeinen letzten Jahren aufhielt.

**) Man vergleiche Juvenal a. a. O. V. 56—70, und man wird finden, daß Rachel auch hier ſeinen eigenen Weg gegangen iſt. Man ſehe auch die vortreffliche Ueberſetzung von v. Canitz in deſſen Gedichten, Ausgabe von [illegible], S. 207 u. ff.

***) u. †) Römiſche Sprachlehrer, von denen der Erſte im 6. Jahrhundert nach Chriſtus lebte, der Andere aber vor Chriſtus, zu den Zeiten des Cicero.

††) Ariſtoteles, deſſen Philoſophie im Mittelalter in hohem Anſehen ſtand, daher hier die Philoſophie verſtanden. Vgl. S. 207.

*) So hießen zu Rachel's Zeiten die angehenden Studenten, welche von den ältern verächtlich gemacht wurden, was man Pennalismus nannte.

**) Namen der vier Kartenkönige.

***) D. h. Doctor werde.

†) Der bekannte römiſche Redner Cicero, der, wie der berühmte griechiſche Redner Demoſthenes, gewaltſamen Todes ums Leben kam.

††) Ein ſatiriſcher Schriftſteller der Griechen aus dem zweiten Jahrhundert nach Chriſtus, der ſich über die Meinungen luſtig machte.

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Bericht, wie man ſtolzen Sinn und Hofart fliehen ſoll,
Und iſt, bis über's Maul, deſſelben Laſters voll?
Wie reimet's ſich vor Gott (verzeih mir, daß ich frage)
Ein Paulus auf dem Stuhl, ein Stocknarr im Gelage?
Wo nicht des Prieſters That ſich reimet mit der Lehr',
Er ſchreie Jahrelang, man glaubt ihm nimmermehr.
Iſt Jemand weltgelehrt, der Rechten wie gefliſſen,
In Ränken abgeführt, und träget ſein Gewiſſen
Um Geld und Gaben feil, hat nichts als Vortheil lieb,
Was kann er anders ſein als ein vermummter Dieb?
Kommt er bei Fürſten auf, was weiß er nicht zu finden,
Das arme Bürgervolk bis auf den Grad zu ſchinden?
Macht Alles mit Gewalt und Liſten unterthan,
Und ſtreicht der Dienſtbarkeit die ſchönſten Farben an.
Hat ſich ein rauher Menſch in Arzenei begeben,
Er läßt den kranken Mann nicht lang' in Schmerzen leben;
Will er kein Gut mehr thun, ſo bringt er ihn zur Ruh',
Giebt ihm den letzten Trunk, und nimmt das Geld dazu.
Hat aber Jemand gar der Plauderkunſt geſchworen,
Und iſt, wie von Natur, zum Streiten nur geboren,
Ein ſteifer Haberecht, in allen Stücken ſchnell,
Der Nichts im Munde führt, als ſeinen Zabarell *),
Und Meiſter Wandersmann; der nie ſich läßt bedeuten,
Giebt kein gewonnen Spiel, hat Lieb' und Luſt zu ſtreiten.
Ein ſolcher macht ſich ſelbſt bei Jedermann verhaßt,
Und iſt auf Deutſch ein Narr, auf Griechiſch ein Phantaſt.
Wie Manchen hat ſogar der Dünkel eingenommen,
Daß er auch bei ſich ſelbſt nicht kann zu Schluſſe kommen,
Welch Amten, welcher Dienſt, welch Leben, welcher Stand
Nur ſeiner würdig ſei. Das ganze weite Land
Hat einen Kanzler nur, ſonſt wär' es nur ein Freſſen;
In einer Prieſterzunft ganz oben an geſeſſen,
Ein Propſt, ein Biſchof ſein, in einem ganz Stift,
Das iſt ein ſeltnes Glück, und das nur Einen trifft.
In einem Dorfe ſtehn, die Bauern-Kirche füllen,
Das kann ein Jeder thun, der eine gute Brillen
Zu ſeinem Schutzen hat, ein Beir (?); ein Mennoniſt,
Der ſelbſt kaum getauft und Lehrer worden iſt.
So laß denn deine Kunſt in guten Schulen hören.
„Was, ich ein Schulfuchs? ich? Soll' ich die Knaben lehren?
„Ein [illegible] ſein? der Bürger Schmach und Fluch?
„So wollt' ich, daß der Blitz den Ariſtotel ſchlug!
„Hab' ich zu ſolchem End' in meinen jungen Tagen
„Bei vollem Sonnenſchein die Fackel müſſen tragen,
„Den Schmauſern eingeſchenkt? die Backen groß gemacht?
„So manches Maul geſtillt? gedient ſo manche Nacht?"
So ſpricht Herr Dünkelgroß. In ſolchen hohen Sinnen
Verdirbt er, wie er iſt, weiß Nichtes zu beginnen,
Kriegt endlich einen Freund, beſucht ein fremdes Land,
Und ſingt das alte Lied, den Thüren wohl bekannt:
„Sit nomen domini, der Herr hat einen Becher
(Der Wirth, der iſt ein Schelm, er borget keinem Zecher).
„Von der Fortun' werd' ich, werd' ich getrieben um:
„Willt du, mein edles Lieb', willt du mit mir, ſo kumm!" —
Da geht der theure Mann! Die Hoſen ſind zerriſſen,
Er löſchet wohl den Durſt, thut aber ſchmale Biſſen.
Ein lahmer Schuſter hat von ſeiner Kunſt ſein Brod,
Der Siebenkünſtler geht, und leidet Hungersnoth.
  Ich wollte weiter hin zu andern Sachen treten,
Da ſprach ein Freund zu mir: „Wo bleiben die Poeten?
„Das fromm' und ehrlich Volk?" — Ich ſage rund und rein:
Wer fromm und ehrlich iſt, der kann kein Schelm nicht ſein.
Wenn aber ein Poet nur mit der Saue läutet,
Und gern auf ſchändlich' Ding' mit groben Poſſen deutet;
Wenn ſeine ganze Schrift nach böſem Leumund ſchmeckt,
Wenn er geheime Schmach der ganzen Welt entdeckt;
Wenn ſeiner Feder Ruhm beſteht in ſolchen Sachen,
Daß er mit bitterm Scherz nur Andre ſchwarz will machen:
Ein ſolcher Mann iſt werth zu tragen einen Kranz,
An Statt des Lorbeerzweigs, von einem Kälberſchwanz.
Zuletzt: Wer Gottes Geiſt in Demuth nicht erſuchet,
Der iſt mit aller Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft verfluchet,
Strebt nur nach eitlem Ruhm, und (das der höchſte Stich
Der lautern Thorheit iſt) liebt Niemand mehr als ſich.
  So viel der Köpfe ſind, ſo viel ſind auch der Sinnen;
Ein hitziges Geblüt läßt keine Müh' zerrinnen,
Macht ſich der Welt bekannt durch einen Heldenmuth,
Durch eine tapfre Fauſt, durch Kriege, Mord und Blut.
Es iſt ſein' höchſte Luſt, wenn Dörfer, Städt' und Flecken
Vor ſeinem Namen mehr, als vor der Peſt, erſchrecken.
Wenn ein bedrängtes Volk, ein Reich, ein ganzes Land,
Wie lang es ſtehen ſoll, ſteht bloß in ſeiner Hand;
Wenn unter ſeiner Macht ſich Fürſten müſſen beugen,
Wenn er auch Gunſt und Glimpf mag Königen erzeigen
Wenn ſein berühmter Nam' durch alle Völker geht,
In allen Zeitungen Sennor Spavento **) ſteht,
Nun aber iſt ein Gott, der dieß und All's ſiehet,
Und ohne deſſen Wink auf Erden nichts geſchiehet.
Nach ſeinem Willen geht das Schauſpiel dieſer Welt;
Er ſchafft es wieder ab, ſobald es ihm gefällt.
Es ſind wohl Andre mehr ſo hoch empor gekommen,
Und haben, ach wie bald! ſo plötzlich abgenommen.
Wie ſpielt die höchſte Macht ſo heimlich alle Ding',
Als ob ſie nirgend wär', und legt den Naſenring
Dem wilden Löwen an! Wie kann ein Menſch ſich ſträuben,
Und will die ganze Welt mit einer Fauſt zerreiben,
Kennt ſeinen Führer nicht: da doch der ſtolze Gaſt,
Wie groß und hoch er iſt, nur träget ſeine Laſt,
Gleich wie des Müllers Thier. Nach etwa wenig Tagen
So hat er wenig mehr, vielleicht wohl nichts, zu ſagen.
Wer war der große Held, der Tyrus Bergen trug,
Der ſechzig tauſend Mann der beſten Römer ſchlug
In einem Treffen nur? Die Alpen mußten weichen,
Bis er das welſche Land durch Siegen konnt' erreichen!
Welch Schrecken bracht' er mit! das Wörtlein Hannibal,
Das war dem ganzen Rom ein rechter Donnerknall.
Wie grimmig kam er an? An Statt der Roſſ' und Wagen
Mußt' dieſen Polyphem ein Elephant forttragen.
Drauf ſaß dies Ungeheu'r, ſah um ſich nah' und fern
Mit einem Auge nur, als wie ein Unglücksſtern,
Der Nichts als Blut und Mord dem ganzen Lande bringet.
Was aber trägt ſich zu? Wie dieſer Welſchland zwinget,
So thut ein Held aus Rom den Afrikanern auch,
Und ſetzt das ganze Land in lauter Feu'r und Rauch;
Macht nieder, was er kann, der Römer Schimpf zu rächen,
Geht auf Karthago zu, läßt Stein und Mauern brechen.
Hie wird der Hannibal in großer Eil' berückt,
Der über Hals und Kopf aus Welſchland wieder zückt,
Die hochbedrängte Stadt, ſein Vaterland, zu retten,
Wird aber von der Macht des Feindes untertreten,
Geſchlagen, aufgeräumt, bis daß der große Held
Fein heimlich aus der Stadt ſich giebt in's Haſenfeld;
Sucht endlich ſeinen Schutz bei'm Syrer und Bithynen,
Will gern um guten Sold für ſchlechten Hauptmann dienen:
Bis er zu allerletzt durch den geſchmierten Ring ***)
Den ſelbſterwählten Tod, den letzten Lohn, empfing.
Philippen großer Sohn war noch nicht halb vergnüget,
Ob er die ganze Welt faſt hatte durchbeſieget,
Bis daß der Zwingerland kam in die Ziegelſtadt ****),
Da ihn ein enger Sarg zuletzt beſchloſſen hat.
Wie ging's dem Kirbiskopf †), der mit dem großen Haufen
Und ſeiner Kriegesmacht die Ströme wollt' ausſaufen,
Der das gewalt'ge Meer mit Ruthen hauen ließ.
(Mich wundert, daß er ihm kein Brandmal geben ließ),
Der Amphitriten ſelbſt die Ketten wollt' anlegen,
Gebieten, daß kein Wind ſich feindlich ſollte regen.
Wie lief es endlich aus? O Stolz, o eitle Pracht!
In einem Fiſcherkahn ward er davon gebracht.
Und war des Lebens froh, ließ ſeine Schwimmer ſinken,
Genöthigt von Neptun, mit großen ſtarken Trünken
Von Waſſer und von Blut, bis ihm ſein eigner Knecht
Zum allerletzten gab das unverhoffte Recht.
Wie mächtig war auch der, der Perſer, Gothen, Wenden,
Neapolis und Rom bezwang mit eignen Händen,
Der große Beliſar ††)! Dem weder Krieg noch Streit
Hat jemals obgeſiegt, wird durch den ſchlimmen Neid
So ſchändlich abgelohnt; dem Niemand abgebrochen,
Dem hat ein falſches Maul die Augen ausgeſtochen:
Geht ſeinem Leiter nach, ſucht endlich in der Noth
Ein Scherflein Kupfergeld, nimmt wohl ein Stücklein Brod.
Was aber darf ich noch die alte Mähr' erzählen,
Als ob es unſrer Zeit an Thorheit ſollte fehlen.
Man ſeh' den Trutz und Blitz, den falſchen Friedland †††) an.

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*) Welcher von den verſchiedenen, zu einer Zeit berühmten, Schriftſtellern dieſes Namens der Dichter hier im Sinne hat, läßt ſich wohl nicht angeben. Ein Paduaner Zabarella ſtarb 1589; ein anderer, früher lebender, machte ſich als Rechtsgelehrter einen Namen.

**) Italieniſch und ſpaniſch; zu deutſch: Herr Schreck. — Der Dichter zielt auf ein franzöſiſches Gedicht dieſes Namens, das von Joh. Riſt in's Deutſche überſetzt iſt. Hamburg 1635 u. 1640.

***) In welchem er Gift bei ſich führte.

****) Babylon, welche mit einer Mauer von Ziegelſteinen umgeben war. Hier ſtarb Alexander von Makedonien.

†) Er meint den Perſerkönig Xerxes.

††) Bekannter und berühmter Feldherr des oſtrömiſchen Kaiſers Juſtinian I. — An Marmontel's Beliſar, der mehrmals in's Deutſche überſetzt worden, brauch' ich wohl kaum zu erinnern.

†††) Wallenſtein, Herzog von Friedland, ermordet zu Eger 1634.

Den Schrecken deutſches Chors, den ungeheuren Mann,
Der täglich ſieben Mal ohn' einziges Bedenken
Ein fertigs Urtheil ſprach: „Laßt fort die Beſtie henken!"
Der Galgen war ſein Spiel, that ſonſten wenig mehr,
Als ob ein armer Menſch ein Pickelhering wär'.
Ich hätte wahrlich nicht, daß dieſer Wütrich wußte,
Daß er auch menſchlich war, und daß er ſterben mußte,
Bis daß man endlich ihm zu Bett in der Nacht
Mit einer Partiſan den letzten Schlaftrunk bracht'.
Dieß iſt des Glückes Scherz, ſo pflegt es zu erheben,
Und endlich einen Stoß mit ſtarker Fauſt zu geben;
Ein ſolcher Würgehals und blutiger Tyrann,
Kommt ſelten ohne Blut zu Ceres Tochtermann.
Wer wollte nun den Staat ſo übergroßer Ehren,
Die wankelbare Pracht' ihm wünſchen und begehren,
Und ſuchen nicht viel mehr den ſichern Mittelſtand,
Der einmal Gut und Bös vernünftig hat erkannt? —
  Nun iſt vor kurzer Zeit ein Poſſen mir geſchehen:
Ein alt, gekrümmtes Weib kam zitternd zu mir gehen,
Und bat ein Stückchen Geld. Ich gab ihr ganzer vier.
Ach wie voll Freuden war das alte Knochenthier.
„Gott laß Euch (ſprach das Weib) noch hundert Jahre leben,
„Und mir ſo manch Mal ſo reichlich wieder geben."
Ich lachte bei mir ſelbſt, daß dieſes Haut und Bein
Der langen Jammerzeit nicht ſollte müde ſein.
Wenn aber ich der Welt gemeinen Sinn bedenke,
Wer wünſcht nicht, daß ihm Gott ein hohes Alter ſchenke.
Hat Jemand einen Sohn, hat Jemand einen Freund,
Dem er das Beſte gönnt, und recht mit Treuen meint,
Er wünſchet, daß er mag den Neſtor übergehen
An langer Lebenszeit, die Hirſche ſammt den Krähen.
Da wird nicht nachbedacht, noch kläglich überlegt,
Welch eine ſchwere Laſt der ſchwache Puckel trägt,
Welch Elend, welchen Spott. Man ſieht die magern Wangen,
Die wie ein dürres Fell gleich einer Taſchen hangen,
Wie meine pfl[illegible] ſein, damit ich keinem Mann,
Wie böſ' ich [illegible] bin, ein Aug' auswerfen kann.
Die Zähne taugen nicht, die Krumen mehr zu beißen,
(Wie ſonſten drei allein auch ſtumpen Zähne heißen)
Und eben dieſe Zahl iſt leichtlich ausgerückt:
Er fürchtet, daß er ſie zuſammt der Papp' einſchluckt.
Die Augen ſtarren ihm, ſind immer trüb' und feuchte,
Und ſcheinen wie ein Horn in einer dunkeln Leuchte.
Er höret kaum ein Wort, wo du nicht zu ihm gehſt,
Und ihm mit lauter Stimm' recht in die Ohren bläſt.
Die Hände beben ihm, kann kaum die Neſtel finden,
So oft ihm nöthig iſt, die Hoſen aufzubinden,
Geſchweige, daß er ſonſt nicht gar iſt hinten feſt,
Und oftmals unverſpannt die Ader ſpringen läßt.
Von Venus Ritterdienſt kann Grimmbart nicht mehr wiſſen.
Das Räthſel Oedipi kreucht fort auf dreien Füßen,
Wird oftmals nicht gewahr, wie feſt die Naſe ſei,
Frißt, wie ein kleines Kind, den Rotz zuſammt dem Brei:
Und ob ein Alter gleich noch wär' bei guten Kräften
Geſchickt zu Rath und That, und ehrlichen Geſchäften,
Was muß er manches Kreuz, was muß er Unglück ſehn!
Wie manche Thränenfluth muß durch die Augen gehn!
Bald wird das ganze Land in Krieg und Mord geſetzt,
Geplündert, ausgeleert, bis auf das Hemd' geſchätzet:
Dann folgt theure Zeit, dann ſchwere Hungersnoth,
Zwei Brüder ſchlagen ſich nur um ein Biſſlein Brod.
Bald kommt der Würgemann, der bleiche Tod, gelaufen,
Und nimmt die Menſchen hin bei ungezählten Haufen,
Sieht nicht, wer groß, wer klein, wer arm iſt oder reich,
In allen Ecken liegt ein' unbegrabne Leich'.
Bald wird ein liebes Kind zur Erden hingetragen,
Und das nicht ein Mal nur in ſo viel Jahr' und Tagen,
Dann auch das fünfte Weib. Bald kommt ein neues an:
Die Tochter kriegt ein Kind, wird Mutter ohne Mann.
Bald kommt ein' Feuersbrunſt, bald ſchwere Leibesſeuchen,
Im ganzen Haus iſt nichts, als Stöhnen oder Keuchen.
Bald bricht ein ſchlauer Dieb durch Fenſter oder Wand,
Bald geht ein Schuldner durch und ſucht ein fremdes Land.
Und wer kann alle Müh' und Jammer doch ausſprechen?
Des Unglücks iſt ſo viel, als Deutſche in den Zechen,
Als Haſen in dem Buſch, als Prahler ohne Muth,
Als Huren ungedeckt, als Junker ohne Gut,
So viel als Mohrenland hat Kokernüſſ' und Affen,
Als Heuchler ſind zu Rom und kahlgeſchorne Pfaffen,
Als Mücken in der Luft, zu Hofe falſche Ehr',
Als Titel ohne Grund, und ſonſten Nichts mehr.
So viel als Löcher ſind in einem härnen Siebe,
Als Schneider zu Paris, als auf der Mühlen Diebe,
Als England gute Schaaf', als Schweden Eiſen trägt,
Fiſchen ſchwarze Flöh' mit beiden Daumen ſchlägt,
viel als Härlein ſind in einer Zobelmützen,
Als Sperling' in dem Land, als Frösch' in allen Pfützen,
Als Köpfe ſonder Hirn, als Tropfen in dem Rhein,
Als Flüche bei dem Spiel, als Narren bei dem Wein.
  Das zarte Weibervolk pflegt insgemein zu bitten
Um Schönheit der Geſtalt und Höflichkeit der Sitten.
Wie bäumt die Mutter ſich, wenn man ſie ſelig heißt
Und ihrer Trefflichkeit auch an der Tochter preiſt!
„Und warum nicht (ſpricht ſie), Latona trägt Gefallen,
„Weil ihre Cynthia die Schönſte iſt von Allen,
„Weil kaum die Venus ſelbſt den hohen Ruhm erreicht,
„Weil All, was himmliſch iſt, nur ihrer Schönheit weicht." —
Wie denn das liebe Volk gar leichtlich Alles gläubet,
Obſchon der Buhler ſcherzt, und ſeinen Spott nur treibet,
Obſchon er jeglich Haar von lauterm Golde nimmt,
Und in dem eitlen Ruhm die Wahrheit überſtimmt,
Spricht, daß die zarte Haut ſei nicht zu unterſcheiden,
Vom ſchönſten Elfenbein und von der weißen Kreiden,
Daß ihrer Wangen Roth und purpurfarbne Tracht
Der Gärten höchſten Ruhm, die Roſen, ſchamroth macht;
Daß ihrer Augen Glanz die Sternen übergeht,
Daß Phöbus nicht ſo klar im heißen Sommer ſteht,
Daß der Korallen Blut nicht ſei den Lippen gleich,
Und daß der ſüße Mund ſei Zimmetrinden reich.
Es wird ein jeglich Wort als weiſ' und klug erhoben,
Daran mit Wahrheit doch nichts Sonders iſt zu loben:
Die lautre Eitelkeit, der lange Plaudertand
Wird nach der Schmeichelkunſt Beredſamkeit genannt.
Nun ſetz' ich dieſen Fall: Es ſei in allen Dingen
So überflüſſig gut, als dieſe Vögel ſingen,
Die Jungfrau ſei ſo ſchön, ein Wunder ihrer Zeit,
Ein Ruhm der ganzen Stadt, und aller Augen Neid,
Von Junkern bedient: dieß ſind nur ſolche Sachen,
Die eine Jungfrau ſtolz und übermüthig machen;
Sie wird der Arbeit feind, der Tugend wird ſie gram,
Liebt nichts als Müſſiggang, als Spiegel, Pfriem und Kamm,
Geht den Gedanken nach, bis ſie ſich ganz ergeben,
Und kann nicht ruhig mehr ohn' ihren Diener leben.
Wenn alle Welt noch ſchläft, ſo lieget ſie und wacht,
Läßt wohl den Dieb ins Haus zu ſtiller Mitternacht,
Da Lieb' und Finſterniß zu aller Schande rathen,
Bis daß die böſe Luſt bricht aus in böſe Thaten.
Denn dieſes Sprichwort iſt ſo wahr als auch gemein,
Daß Schönheit, Ehr' und Zucht nicht oft beiſammen ſein,
Und ob es möglich iſt, daß ſie beiſammen wären,
(Wie denn geſchehen kann) ſo wird doch ihren Ehren
Am meiſten nachgeſtellt. Des Collatinus Weib
Hat Nichts zu Fall gebracht, als nur ihr ſchöner Leib,
Wie züchtig ſie auch war. Man hat viel tauſend Ränk'.
Durch eine ſchlaue Magd, durch Gaben und Geſchenk',
Wird manche Nacht gekauft. Bald ſucht ein geiler Bock,
Ein junger Clodius *), in einem Frauenrock.
Wär' auch die Tyndaris der Ausbund aller Schönen,
Vor dieſem nicht geweſt, ſie wäre von Mycenen
So leichtlich nicht entführt, das waffenſchwangre Pferd,
Das hätte Troja nicht ſo elend umgekehrt.
So gar iſt alles Das, wonach die Menſchen trachten,
Ihr Wünſchen, ihr Gebet, für einen Fluch zu achten,
So gar ſind wir verkehrt an Willen, Herz und Muth,
So gar verſtehn wir nicht, was Böſ' ſei oder Gut.
  „Wie ſoll man denn (ſprichſt du) vor Gott den Höchſten treten?
„Wie ſoll man, ſage mir, und warum ſoll man beten?" —
Dafern du Rath begehrſt, ſo bitte das allein,
Was Er, der höchſte Gott, vermeinet Gut zu ſein.
Er weiß es, was dir dient; er meinet dich mit Treuen,
Er ſchenket, was dich nun und nimmer mag gereuen.
Kein Menſch iſt ſelber ihm ſo freundlich zugethan,
Als er, der höchſte Gott, der Alles weiß und kann.
Willſt du denn, daß ich dir was Sonderliches beſchreibe?
So bitt' ein frommes Herz in einem friſchen Leibe,
Ein Herz, das Alles nicht auf Geiz' und Hab hin wagt,
Doch auch in keinem Fall des Unglücks ganz verzagt,
Ein Herz, von böſer Luſt und Bitterkeit befreiet,
Das nicht ſo balde zürnt, als auf der That verzeihet;
Ein Herz, der Hoffart feind, das ſich zuvor erkennt,
Eh' es den Köhler ſchwarz, den Sünder Bube nennt,
Ein Herz, das alle Zeit und ſorglich iſt befliſſen,
Zu tragen vor der Welt und Gott ein gut Gewiſſen,
Der Guten edlen Schatz, den Anfang aller Freud'.

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*) Man findet über dieſen ruchloſen Römer hinlängliche Auskunft in Cicero's Rede für den T. Annius Milo.

Der viel Mal übertrifft der Wolluſt Eitelkeit:
Woraus die wahre Ruh' und Freudigkeit entſtehet,
Daß Einer ſeinem Tod getroſt entgegen gehet.
Folgt dem Verhängniß gern, iſt fertig auf ein Wort:
Denn wer ſich lange ſperrt muß ebenwohl doch fort.

Will denn des Himmels Gunſt dir auch ein langes Leben,
In Reichthum, Macht und Pracht, Verſtand und Schönheit geben,
So nimm es auch vorlieb. Nur meide ſtolzen Muth,
Iſt nur das Herz nicht böſ', ſo iſt es Alles gut.

Johann Gottlieb Radlof,

geboren zu Kleinlauchſtädt am 27. März 1775, Dr. der Philoſophie, hielt ſich nach zurückgelegten Univerſitätsjahren das Jahr 1806 hindurch im Hauſe Campe's zu Braunſchweig auf, wo er mit dieſem eine kritiſche Durchſicht von deſſen Verdeutſchungswörterbuche vornahm und lebte dann abwechſelnd in Leipzig, Heidelberg und Erlangen. Vom Jahre 1811 bis 1816 war er Diurniſt bei der Centralbibliothek zu München. Hierauf wählte er Frankfurt am Main zu ſeinem Aufenthaltsorte, bis er im Jahre 1818 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Bonn berufen ward. Schon nach vier Jahren mußte er dieſe Stelle wegen eintretender Blindheit aufgeben, und ſeitdem lebt er als Privatgelehrter mit Penſion zu Berlin.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſetzgebung der deutſchen Sprache. München 1807.
Trefflichkeiten der deutſchen Mundarten. München 1811.
Frankreichs Sprach- und Geiſtestyrannei über Europa. München 1814.
Deutſchlands Ruhmhallen. München 1814.
Die Sprache der Germanen in ihren ſämmtlichen Mundarten. Frankfurt 1817.
Ausführliche Schreibungslehre der deutſchen Sprache. Frankfurt 1820.
Muſterſaal aller deutſchen Mundarten. Bonn 1821, 1822, 2 Thle.
Neue Unterſuchungen des Keltenthumes. Bonn 1822.
Deutſchkundliche Forſchungen und Erheiterungen. Berlin 1826, 1827, 3 Thle.

R. hat ſich große und bleibende Verdienſte um die gründliche Erforſchung des Weſens und Urſprungs der deutſchen Sprache erworben und namentlich die Dialekte derſelben, welche bisher nur theilweiſe, in einzelnen Monographieen behandelt waren, überſichtlich unterſucht, und ihr Verhältniß zu einander wie zu der Büchersprache möglichſt feſtgeſtellt.

Radpert

lebte im zehnten Jahrhunderte und iſt der Verfaſſer des ſich handſchriftlich zu St. Gallen vorfindlichen

Leben des heiligen Gallus. In Verſen. S. Pezii theſ. T. I. p. 3. u. Gerbert de cantu et musica. I. p. 349.

Näheres über ihn iſt nicht bekannt.

Hans Rudolph Rädmann

lebte in der zweiten Hälfte des ſechszehnten Jahrhunderts und war Diener am Worte Gottes zu Muri bei Bern. Sein Geburts- und Todesjahr ſind unbekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Ein new luſtig ernſthaft poetiſch Gaſtmal und Geſpräch zweier Bergen, nemlich des Nieſens und Stockhorns. Bern 1606, 1620.

Eine poetiſche, mit didaktiſchen Sentenzen und hiſtoriſchen Schilderungen ausgeſchmückte Darſtellung der Schweiz, welche mehr wegen ihres Inhaltes als wegen ihrer äußeren Behandlung Aufmerkſamkeit verdient, und für den Geſchichtsforſcher nicht ohne alles Intereſſe iſt.

Eliſe Charlotte Rächler,

geboren am 14. Januar 1789 zu Nordhauſen, Tochter des im Jahre 1820 verſtorbenen Magiſter J. W. Eberhardt, ehelichte 1822 einen Baumwollenfabricanten Rächler zu Nordhauſen, welcher früher Mitglied der evangeliſchen Brüdergemeinde zu Neudietendorf war. Sie ſtarb im Jahre 1828.

Von ihr erſchien:

Die Freundinnen oder das Geheimniß. Nordhauſen 1814.
Die Wahlverwandten zu Marienthal. Nordhauſen 1817.
Wieſenblumen. Nordhauſen 1819.
Die Wunderblume. Erzählung in ſechs Geſängen. In der Urania für 1820 u. A. m.

Warmes Gefühl, anmuthige Auffaſſung und Darſtellung und glückliche Behandlung der Form und Sprache ſind den Leiſtungen dieſer talentvollen, früh verſtorbenen Schriftſtellerin eigen, welche für ihre poetiſche Erzählung „Die Wunderblume“ das Preisacceſſit gewann.

Die Wunderblume.

Poetiſche Erzählung in ſechs Geſängen
von
Eliſe Rächler.

Was kein Verſtand der Verſtändigen ſieht,
Das übet in Einfalt ein kindlich Gemüth.
Schiller.

Ueberlieferung.

Von einer alten Veſte,
Der Vorzeit ſtolzem Bau,
Begrüßen euch die Reſte,
Weit durch die Nachbarau.

In deren öden Hallen,
Umrankt von Immergrün,
Andächt'ge Hirten wallen,
So oft die Veilchen blühn.

Sie heben fromm die Hände
Zum hehren Gnadenbild,
Das aus erhaltner Blende
Herabblickt himmliſch mild.

Die Hochgebenedeite
Neigt ſich von ihrem Thron;
Hold lächelt ihr zur Seite
Der eingeborne Sohn.

Er hält, mit Himmelsgüte
Den Betern zugewandt,
Gar eine ſchöne Blüthe
In ſegenreicher Hand.

Und wem's bei der Betrachtung
Vom Blick wie Schuppen fällt,
Wer ſinniger Beachtung
Die Blume würdig hält,

Der pilgert durch die Trümmer
Der längſt verſunknen Zeit,
Wo dann in Lebensſchimmer
Ihn oft die Blum' erfreut.

Und wer mit reinem Streben
Sie aus den Trümmern pflückt,
Der iſt für's ganze Leben
Geſegnet und beglückt.

So aus dem Alterthume
Verpflanzt von Mund zu Mund,
Ward von der Wunderblume
Die fromme Sage kund.

Und linde Lüfte [illegible]
Sie von dem Wieſenplan
Dem Sänger zu, und rührten
Der Harfe Saiten an.

Erſter Geſang.

In finſtrer Mitternacht, durch Sturm und Regen,
Ging Raimund, ſeines Pfades ungewiß,
Dem Schimmer eines fernen Lichts entgegen,
Das dem Verirrten ein Aſyl verhieß;
Auch täuſcht' ihn keineswegs die matte Helle:
Er ſtand am Ziel vor einer Klausnerzelle.

Er klopft und fleht zugleich mit gutem Worte
Um Obdach in der grauſen Sturmesnacht.
Da öffnet ihm die ſchmal' und niedre Pforte
Ein Frauenbild in ſchwarzer Büßertracht;
Mit ſanftem Blick und abgehärmten Wangen
Eilt ſie, den Wandrer wirthlich zu empfangen.

Sie ſchürt am Herd die faſt erloſchnen Flammen,
Weiſ't ihm dabei das wärmſte Plätzchen an,
Und trägt von Speiſ' und Trank ſofort zuſammen,
Was nur ihr dürftiger Vorrath bieten kann;
Drauf bringt ſie Laub und Moos zur Lagerſtätte,
Dem Müden weicher, als das weichſte Bette.

Und während er hier ſtärkt die matten Glieder,
Und ſüß erquickt im Arm des Schlafes ruht,
Sinkt Cöleſtine auf die Kniee nieder,
Und wachet über ihn mit treuer Huth;
Zum Kreuzesbild, wo die Gebenedeite
In Schmerz verging, blickt ſie, die Schmerzgeweihte.

Und als der Tag mit roſig goldnen Säumen
Das Nebelkleid der Morgendämmerung ziert,
Entreißt der Schläfer ſich den bunten Träumen,
Nachſinnend, was ihn doch hierher geführt?
Noch iſt's, als ob die Gnomen ihn umringen,
Noch wähnt er ſich in ihren Zauberſchlingen.

Nein, denkt er, hier iſt keine Zauberhöhle,
Hier reizt kein Gold, hier prunkt kein eitler Schein
Im Staube fleht dort eine fromme Seele,
Und Alles iſt ſo einfach und ſo rein.
Man fühlt es recht in der Umgebung Mitte:
Hier waltet Gottesfurcht und biedre Sitte.

Und kaum gewahrt die fromme Cöleſtine,
Ihr Gaſt ſei allbereits vom Schlaf erwacht,
Als ſie ſofort mit liebevoller Miene
Sich wirthlich viel für ihn zu ſchaffen macht:
„Nehmt,“ ſpricht ſie, „ſo für lieb mit gutem Willen
Wohl möcht' ich beſſer Gaſtrechtspflicht erfüllen.“

„Doch bieten dieſe unwirthbaren Wälder
Nur magre Koſt der armen Klausnerin:
Kein Obſtbaum winkt, kein Aehrenſchmuck der Felder
Verheißt der Mühe fröhlichen Gewinn,
Kein Wollenvieh iſt hier auf grüner Weide
Des Hirten Reichthum und der Hirtin Freude.“

Bei dieſen Worten blickt der Jüngling trübe
Mit einem leiſen Seufzer niederwärts.
Voll heißer Sehnſucht und erwachter Liebe
Drückt er das Bild der Heimath an ſein Herz:
So nickte dort die Aehr' in Abendlüften,
So hüpfte dort das Lamm auf reichen Triften.

Denn jenſeits dieſer rauhen Waldeshöhen
Lacht' einer ſchönen Au reizend Bild;
Kein reicher Feld war weit umher zu ſehen,
Der Menſch war dort ſo wie ſein Himmel mild;
Mit Kindlichkeit und ſonder viel Beſchwerde
Baut' er den Acker, weidet' er die Heerde.

Dort ſchwand der Lenz von unſres Raimunds Leben:
Ein alter Hirt nannt' ihn ſein liebes Kind;
Dem Knaben war ein zarter Sinn gegeben,
Die Außenwelt berührt' ihn warm und lind.
So ſchwebt er oft in ſinnig heitern Träumen,
[illegible] Engel ſchon verklärt, in lichten Räumen.

Einſt als um Mittag auf den grünen Matten
Die ſatte Heerde ruhend wiederkäut,
Entſchlummert er in einer Linde Schatten,
Die ihren Schutz ihm vor der Sonne beut,
Und, ſanft umſpielt von ihren Blüthenzweigen,
Sieht er ein Wunderbild herab ſich neigen.

Sie iſt's vor welcher er in der Kapelle
Auf jenem Berg in Andacht oft gekniet,
Die Mutter Gottes in der Strahlenhelle,
Aus der ſie freundlich auf ihn niederſieht,
An ihre Bruſt geſchmiegt voll Lieb' und Wonne
Hält ſie das Kindlein, leuchtend wie die Sonne.

Mit einem Blick, der Himmelshuld nur eigen,
Scheint ſich dem Träumenden von ihrem Thron
Die Himmelskönigin herab zu neigen,
Indeß auf ihren Wink ihr theurer Sohn
Mit holdem Lächeln eine Blum' ihm reichet,
Der kein' an Bau und Glanz und Schöne gleichet.

„Sie ſei zum Eigenthume dir gegeben,“
Ertönt dabei das göttlich milde Wort,
„Bewahrſt du ein kindlich reines Leben,
Blüht ſie dir hier, blüht ſie dir ſchöner dort;
Doch merke wohl, ich zeige dir die echte,
Wohl dir, erkennſt du ſie nur als die rechte!“

Geblendet von der hohen Wunderſchöne
Des ſchönen lebensvollen Traumgeſichts,
Hört der Erwachende noch ferne Töne,
Schaut lange noch die Glorie des Lichts,
Und wie empfunden ſüße Blumendüfte
Aus Edens Gärten wallen durch die Lüfte.

Seitdem nimmt eine tiefe Sabbathſtille
Des Hirtenknaben ganzes Weſen ein,
Das laute Spiel, der Jugendfreuden Fülle,
Kann fürderhin ihn wenig mehr erfreun;
Nur da weilt er, wo bunte Blumen ſprießen,
Im dunkeln Hain, auf ſchmelzbeſä'ten Wieſen.

Und ſchauen ihn die freundlich holden Sterne
Der Frühlingserde ſo bedeutend an,
So dünkt's ihn oft, als ob aus hoher Ferne
Sich, zart verſchleiert, kleine Englein nahn.
Er bittet dann: Zeigt mir die Wunderblume,
Die mir verheißen ward zum Eigenthume!

Doch ſolche Form, ſolch glühend Farbenleben,
Dergleichen ſelbſt aus Oſtens Thoren nur
Sich ſelten im Rubinenglanz erheben,
Zeigt ihm kein Blüthenkelch der ganzen Flur,
Und früh entbrannt im heißen Sehnſuchtstriebe
Zerſchmilzt ſein Herz in unnennbarer Liebe.

Bald ſteht der Jüngling einſam an dem Grabe
Des alten Hirten, den er Vater nannt',
Da greift er muthig nach dem Wanderſtabe,
Der Boden unter ſeinen Füßen brennt;
Er muß hinüber, jenſeits dieſer Auen
Das unbekannte Leben anzuſchauen.

„Von wannen mag der ſchöne Fremdling kommen?"
Fragt ſanfter ſtrahlend mancher Hirtin Blick;
Den jungen Buſen fühlt ſie ſich beklommen,
Heimkehrend kehrt die Ruh' ihr nicht zurück.
„O, daß er doch ſo ſchnell vorübereilte!
Wie ſelig, wenn auf dieſer Trift er weilte!"

Oft weilt er wohl und ſchaut mit trunknen Augen
Der reichen Schöpfung wundervolle Pracht,
Und möchte all die Schönheit in ſich ſaugen,
Die ihm von Berg und Thal entgegen lacht;
Bald aber treibt's ihn, weiter vorzudringen,
Vom Schönen ſich das Schönſte zu erringen.

So liegen denn der Heimath ſtille Triften
Nur halb in fernem Nebelflor verhüllt;
Schon klimmt ſein Fuß an ſteilen Felſenklüften,
Wo brauſend unter ihm der Bergſtrom ſchwillt,
Wo ſchwarze Tannen traurig einſam ſtehen
Und in die Felſengräber niederſehen.

Hier prangt nicht, wie auf der grünen Weide,
In tauſendfachem Schmelz der Blumen Schaar;
Kaum bietet noch die moosdurchflochtne Haide
Der Dauer freundlich Bild dem Wandrer dar,
Und drüben vor dem düſtern Höhlenſchlunde
Ragt Giftkraut aus dem moorig feuchten Grunde.

Wohl thöricht wär' es, hier das Gut zu hoffen,
Das aus des Himmels reinſten Fluren ſtammt.
Doch, wunderbar! dort, wo die Höhle offen
Den Eingang zeigt, ein röthlich Feuer flammt,
Dem Schilde ähnlich, von der Sonn' umſtrahlet,
Das, golden ſchon, ſich zwiefach golden malet.

Ein mächtiger Reiz iſt ſolcher Pracht verliehen,
Die ſchauerlich aus dunkler Tiefe glänzt;
Hinab will uns der alte Erdgeiſt ziehen,
Wo Schein und Weſen an einander gränzt;
Bemüht, dem wahren Licht uns zu entführen,
Streut Falſches er an ſeines Hauſes Thüren.

Auch unſer Jüngling läßt ſich bald verlocken,
Schon ſchaut, ſchon bricht er in den Spalt hinein:
Welch holder Klang, gleich hellen Kirchenglocken,
Wie ſchön mag's in den weiten Hallen ſein!
Wie flimmern rings umher in Zweigesgittern
Die Lichtlein, wie in heiliger Weihnachtsſchimmer:

Und als er ſo mit Drang und hochrothen Wangen
Den erſten Schritt in's Zauberreich gethan,
Rückt gleich, den ſchönen Fremdling zu empfangen,
Das Gnomenvolk in muntern Haufen an:
„Willkommen," ſingen ſie nach ihrer Sitte,
„Willkommen in des Erdballs reicher Mitte!"

„Sieh dich nur um, wie tauſend Schätze winken,
Gebiete nur, und alle ſind ſie dein!
Solch edle Zier, ſolch wunderholdes Blinken
Mag ſelten einen Sterblichen erfreun:
Nimm hin, ſo rufen ihn umringend Alle,
Der Schätze Preis, die Blume der Metalle!"

Und jubelnd ſchlingt, in bunten Zauberklängen
Hinwirbelnd, Paar an Paar den wilden Reihn,
Und in der Ferne ſieht er ſilbern glänzen
In Zweig und Laub den ſchönſten Feenhain,
Und drinnen, wo die ſchönſten Zweige hangen,
In Silberpracht die goldne Blüthe prangen.

Soll ſie es ſein, das Kleinod ſeines Lebens?
Bewahret ihm der Erde innrer Kern,
Was er auf ihrer Fläche ſucht, vergebens?
Wirkt hier nicht auch die Schöpferkraft des Herrn?
Vielleicht ſoll er, umrungen von dem Böſen,
Das reine Gut aus ſeiner Knechtſchaft löſen.

So ſchließt der Jüngling mit beſtochnen Sinnen:
Geblendet, übertäubend innern Graus,
Streckt er, die goldne Blume zu gewinnen,
Die Hand ſchon gierig nach dem Zweige aus,
Als plötzlich, wie ein Hauch vorüber ſchwebet,
Ein leiſes Wehe! in den Lüften bebet.

Kein Donnerſchlag konnt' ihn ſo mächtig rühren,
Wie dieſes Seufzers zarter Klagelaut:
Als wollt' er ihn empor zum Himmel führen,
Als ruf' ihn ſo die längſt geliebte Braut,
So ließ er, wie auf eines Engels Winken,
Die ſchon gehobne Rechte ſtaunend ſinken.

Nichts ſah er mehr vom falſchen Zauberwerke,
Feſt nach der Höhe blieb ſein Blick gewandt,
Von nie gefühltem Muth, in voller Stärke,
Fühlt' er zur ſchönſten That ſein Herz entbrannt.
Da neigte ſich, von Ketten feſt gehalten,
Aus ſchroffer Höh' die ſchönſte der Geſtalten.

Hoch oben, wo ſich über unſre Fluren
Das Himmelszelt in heitrer Bläue ſpannt,
Hängt, aufgethürmt aus grauer Vorwelt Spuren,
Den Einſturz drohend, eine Schieferwand:
Wer weiß, welch Gräßliches ſie mag bedecken!
Wer kennt der Unterwelt verborgne Schrecken!

Ein weiter Spalt, mit ſtarken Eiſenklöben
Genau verwahret, zeigt eines Kerkers Spur.
Hier ſchmachtet rettungslos das ſchönſte Leben,
Das Meiſterbild der ſchaffenden Natur.
Ein zartes Mädchen ringt die ſchönen Glieder
In Feſſeln wund, und blickt auf Raimund nieder.

„Iſt's möglich," klagt ſie, „zeigen dieſe Gebilde
Mir eines Menſchen theures Angeſicht?
Ach, rette dich, ſuch deines Himmels Lüfte,
Eh dich die Feſſel ſiebenfach umflicht!"
„Nein, nein!" ruft Raimund, „dich erſt will ich retten:
Wo wär' ich frei, wüßt' ich dich hier in Ketten?"

Ihr Auge ſenkt ſich, heiße Thränen rollen,
Wehmüthig auf den harten Stein herab:
„Dank dir, mein Bruder, Dank dir für dein Wollen,
Für dieſen Troſt, den mir dein Mitleid gab;
Doch rette dich! mein Herz muß hier verbluten:
Was mich kann retten, bergen wilde Fluthen."

„O nenne mir das Kleinod, und erringen
Will ich's, und bärg' es auch die tiefſte See;
Sollt' ich mit allen Elementen ringen,
Beſiegen Fluth und Feuer, Tief' und Höh:
Für dich iſt's Luſt, das Schwerſte zu erſtreben,
Für dich iſt Sterben ſelbſt nur ſchöner Leben."

Sie ſieht, wie hoch entzückt ſein Auge ſtrahlet,
Die ſanfte Stirn verkläret edler Muth,
Die reinen unſchuldvollen Wangen malet
Der erſten Liebe heil'ge Roſengluth,
Und ſie vergißt des Kerkers bittre Leiden
Im Vollgefühl der ſchönſten aller Freuden.

Iſt's noch der Schreckensort? ſind's noch die Ketten,
Die ſie verzweifelnd lange Jahre trug?
Ein Engel nahet freundlich ſie zu retten,
Und daß er's will, iſt Troſtes ſchon genug;
Ja, wenn auch Alles unverändert bliebe,
Ein Engel mildert ihren Schmerz — die Liebe.

Sie bittet Raimund nochmals zu entweichen,
Bevor das böſe Blendwerk ihn umſtrickt:
„Nur der herrſcht frei in dieſen Zauberreichen",
So ſpricht ſie, „der die Wunderblume pflückt.
Mein war ſie einſt — durch Höllenliſt betrogen,
Verſchlangen ſie des Sees wilde Wogen."

Gern möcht' er weitre Kunde noch gewinnen,
Da naht ſich lärmend ſchon der Gnomentroß,
Und immer tiefer, immer mehr nach innen
Geht's drängend weiter. Da reißt er ſich los;
Mit jedem Wort, mit heiligen Gedanken
Wirft er das weiße Bildchen in die Schranken.

Und eilt zurück, ſo lockend ſie auch ſingen:
„Flieh, ſchwacher Thor, nicht aus des Glückes Schooß,
Begehrſt du die Schöne zu erringen,
Kaufſt du ſie nur durch unſre Schätze los.“
Er hört ſie nicht, ihm graut vor all dem Flimmern,
Und bald ſieht er des Himmels Sterne ſchimmern.

„Ich grüßt' entzückt die himmliſchen Vertrauten,“
Fuhr er der Klausnerin erzählend fort,
„Die freundlich jetzt auf mich hernieder ſchauten,
Wie in der Heimath, ſo am fremden Ort:
Ob ich mich gleich in einer Wildniß ſahe,
Doch fühlt' ich froh mich Gottes Himmel nahe.“

Zwar rollt' es dumpf in Blitz durchzuckter Ferne,
Als rühre Gottes Zorn die Schöpfung an,
Erſchrocken ſchwanden mehr und mehr die Sterne,
Und finſtre Nacht umgab des Wanderers Bahn,
Doch winkt ihm leitend durch des Waldes Mitte
Gar bald das milde Licht aus eurer Hütte.

Zweiter Geſang.

So ſchloß, die Hand der Wirthin dankbar reichend,
Der Jüngling ſeines Abentheu'r's Bericht.
Sie hatt', erröthend bald und bald erbleichend,
Ihm zugehört, und barg es länger nicht,
Wie ſeine Wort' aus ihres Herzens Tiefen
So Leid als Luſt auf's neu' ins Leben riefen.

„Wär's möglich,“ rief ſie aus, „dürft' ich es hoffen,
Sie lebte noch, das vielgeliebte Kind,
Um welches, ſeit das Unglück mich betroffen,
Mir Tag und Nacht die bittre Thräne rinnt?
Sie lebt? nicht fruchtlos war mein heißes Flehen,
Und froh dürft' ich dem Ziel entgegen ſehen?“

„Ihr ſtaunt? — O Fremdling, hört aus meinem Munde,
Der lange Zeit voll tiefer Traurigkeit
Verſtummte, hört die thränenwerthe Kunde,
Und fühlt dann ſelbſt, wie euer Wort mich freut:
Denn ob wir auch den Gram in uns verſchließen,
Aus Herz in Herz muß ſich die Freud' ergießen.

In Dürftigkeit, verlaſſen von dem Gatten,
Den ſchnöde Habſucht, trügeriſche Luſt
Vom häuslich ſtillen Herd vertrieben hatten,
Nahm ich mein Knäbchen weinend von der Bruſt,
Gab's meiner Mutter, hörte noch ſein Lallen,
Hinwandelnd nach des Schloſſes Marmorhallen.

Dorthin war von der Fürſtin ich beſchieden,
Als ihres einz'gen Kindes Pflegerin.
Das theuerſte, was ſie beſaß hienieden,
Gab ſie vertrauend meiner Sorgfalt hin;
Und reich belohnten ihre milden Hände
Geringe Müh' mit königlicher Spende.

Doch wärmer, als erkauft mit Gut und Golde,
Liebt' ich gar bald das mir vertraute Pfand;
Mein ganzes Weſen knüpfte an das holde
Geliebte Kind ein heilig feſtes Band:
Nichts wird von uns mit ſolcher Treu' umſchlungen,
Als das, was wir mit Müh' und Schmerz errungen.

Das iſt der Mutterliebe heil'ges Weben
Der magiſche geheimnißvolle Bund,
In welchem alle Erdgeborne leben,
Der ew'gen Dauer felſenfeſter Grund.
Darum auch bindet mit gleich mächt'gem Triebe
Die Amm' an ihren Säugling Mutterliebe.

So hing ich an Adelens holden Blicken,
Nicht wußt' ich, ob mit Wonne oder Schmerz;
Den fernen Liebling drückt' ich voll Entzücken
Im Geiſte oft zugleich mit ihr an's Herz;
Wollt' ich mich ganz in Mutterluſt verſenken,
So mußt' ich nur als Eins die Beiden denken.

Und anmuthvoll, wie eine zarte Blüthe,
Des ſüßen Lebens ſich nur halb bewußt,
Im Roſenlichte der Geſundheit glühte
Das ſchöne Kind, der Aeltern höchſte Luſt,
Als ich nach einem hold verlebten Jahre
Mit ihm erſchien beim edlen Fürſtenpaare.

Und unter Küſſen, unter Freudenzähren
Ihm ſchmeichelnd, waren beide nur bedacht,
Des Kindes Glück wie meines zu vermehren,
Durch ihrer reichen Gaben edle Pracht.
Doch ſchien Adelen von den Schätzen allen
Am meiſten eine Blume zu gefallen.

Beim ſchönſten Blaue in des Frühroths Glühen
Durchſtrahlt von Sonnengold und Aetherlicht,
Sah man ſie hold am zarten Stengel blühen,
Und ahnte eines Engels Angeſicht,
Das unter dieſer ſchönen Blumendecke
Sein Himmelsbild den Sterblichen verſtecke.

Gar leicht und ſicher findet das Gewandte
Des Kindes friſcher ungetrübter Blick:
Als dieſe ſich das ſchöne, längſt gekannte,
Längſt ihr verheißne, nun gefundne Glück,
So hatt' Adele ſich das Schweſterweſen
Von all den andern Gaben auserleſen.

Sie hat gewählt! ſprach mit beſorgter Miene
Die Mutter, zum Gemahle hingewandt,
Sie hat gewählt! O treue Ernſtine,
Nun hüteſt du ein doppelt köſtlich Pfand:
Denn weicht die Blume von Adelens Herzen,
Wird ſie das Opfer namenloſer Schmerzen.

Drum laß ſie nie aus unſers Parkes Grenzen:
Hier wird die Blume an des Kindes Bruſt
In immer gleicher Lenzesfriſche glänzen,
Zum holden Spiele unſchuldvoller Luſt.
Doch wehe! jenſeits dieſer ſtillen Mauern
Wird teufliſch läſtern der Verderber lauern.

So ſprach die Fürſtin, und mit ſtillem Weinen —
Sie ahnte wohl das ſchreckliche Geſchick —
Mit heißen Küſſen ſcheidend von der Kleinen,
Ging ſie in ihren Frauenſaal zurück.
Mich ſchreckte nichts: leicht war es ja, den Willen
Der liebebangen Mutter zu erfüllen.

Wo lacht' ein ſchönres Land, ein ſchönrer Himmel?
Wo gäb' es ſolch ein Leben, ſolch ein Blühn?
Der Pflanzen Trieb, der Thiere bunt Gewimmel,
Der Früchte Glanz, der Lauben üppig Grün —
Wo ſonſt auf Erden wär' es ſo? wo bliebe
Ein Wunſch, der uns aus dieſem Eden triebe?

So ſprach ich oft, die duft'gen Laubengänge
Durchwandelnd mit Adelen an der Hand.
Doch auch das Paradies wird uns zu enge,
Sind aus der Heimath wir dahin verbannt:
Oft mußt' ich ſehnſuchtsvoll nach meinen blauen
Geliebten Bergen in die Ferne ſchauen.

Das Knäbchen, meines Herzens Freud' und Kummer,
Erblickt' ich weinend oft im wachen Traum,
Und ſchloß die müden Augen mir der Schlummer,
Fand meine Sehnſucht nur noch weitern Raum,
Nicht ſelten ſah ich da des Kindes Leben
Bedroht, von tauſendfacher Noth umgeben.

So hör' ich einſt, in Thränen eingeſchlafen,
Ein kläglich Wimmern aus dem nahen Hain;
Ich horche ängſtlich auf, wie Pfeile trafen
Mich dieſe Tön', es muß mein Knabe ſein:
„O Mutter! ruft's, hab' ich dich ganz verloren!
Bin ich nicht dein, haſt du mich nicht geboren?“

„Wie du, hab' ich die Heimath auch verlaſſen;
Doch nicht wie dir winkt mir ein gaſtlich Schloß,
Auf feuchter Erde werd' ich hier erblaſſen,
Dann biſt du meiner, ich der Schmerzen los —
O Mutter, hörſt du nicht! haſt mit dem armen
Von dir verlaßnen Kinde kein Erbarmen?“

Ich fahre auf, wie Mutterſchauder preſſen
Mich dieſe Worte, preßt mich ihr Gewicht:
„So ſoll mich Gott im Todeskampf vergeſſen,
Errett' ich dich mit dieſen Händen nicht!“
Halb ſinnlos rannt' ich fort. Ach! umſchlinget
Die Arme, die mit Fieberwahnſinn ringet.

Erſt als die Morgenkühlung ihre Schauer
Durch die nur leicht umhüllten Glieder goß,
Beſann ich mich — doch, Gott! wo war die Mauer?
Wohin entſchwand der Park? wohin das Schloß? —
O! weine nicht, bat mich die holde Kleine:
Hier iſt's ſo ſchön, auch ſind wir nicht alleine.

„Wo? wo?“ — Des jungen Tages erſte Lichter
Erhellten allgemach den Aufenthalt,
Rings um uns her erſtreckte ſich ein dichter,
Von Bergen eingeſchloſſner, Föhrenwald,
Und an des Sees graulichem Geſtade
Entſtiegen Kinder, zart geformt, dem Bade.

Ihr ſchlichtes Haar hing wie ein gelber Schleier
Um ihr Gewand aus feuchtem Nebelflor,
Sie ſangen wie zur hohen Morgenfeier
Die ſchönſten Weiſen in vereintem Chor;
Ich hörte mit entzücktem Lauſchen
Der Wellen Plätſchern und der Töne Rauſchen.

„O laß mich mit den lieben Schweſtern ſpielen,“
Bat ſie, mir ſchmeichelnd, und umfing auch ſchon
Die nächſten, welche taumelnd nach dem kühlen
Umſchilften See pfeilſchnell mit ihr entflohn;
Wie auch die Todesangſt mich mochte treiben,
Entkräftet mußt' ich bald zurücke bleiben.

Ach! ſchon ſah' ich, wie die Truggeſtalten,
Des falſchen Elements heilloſe Brut,
Das ſchöne Fürſtenkind umſchlungen halten,
Wie ſie's hinabziehn in die grüne Fluth;
Hoch ſchlugen glühend, in des Morgens Flammen,
Die Wogen lautern über ihr zuſammen.

Händeringend nach der grauſen Unglücksſtätte,
Erblick' ich nahe an des Ufers Rand
Die Blume ſchwimmend auf dem Wogenbette,
Und bebend ſtreck' ich aus nach ihr die Hand.
Da ſchlagen abermals, wie Feuerflammen,
Die Wellen lautern über ihr zuſammen.

Wie könnt' ich Wort' euch die Verzweiflung malen,
Die ſonder Raſt mich durch die Wildniß trieb?
Ich irrt' umher, verfolgt von allen Qualen,
Bis ich entkräftet endlich liegen blieb;
Vom Elend aufgezehrt, den Tod im Herzen,
Erwartet' ich das Ende meiner Schmerzen.

Auf einmal dringt durch der Verzweiflung Toben,
Durch dieſer Hölle ſiebenfache Nacht,
Ein mildes Friedenswort, ein Strahl von oben,
Mit Himmelskraft, mit höh'rer Geiſtermacht;
Ich blick' empor und ſeh' mit ernſtem Schweigen
Ein greiſes Haupt zu mir herab ſich neigen.

„Unglückliche!“ ſprach eine milde Stimme,
„Was immer auch mit dir geſchehen ſei;
Entreiße dich des Wahnſinns wildem Grimme,
Des böſen Feindes frecher Tyrannei.
Wenn Schreckliches auch laſt' auf deinem Leben,
Die ew'ge Huld will retten, will vergeben.“

Da fand ich Thränen; knieend vor dem Greiſe,
Bekannt' ich ihm mein Leid und meine Schuld;
Er hört' und tröſtete auf Engelweiſe
Mit Manneskraft, mit weiblicher Geduld;
Darauf führt' er tief mich in des Waldes Mitte
Zu ſeiner ſtillen gottgeweihten Hütte.

„Längſt ruht der Edle von des Lebens Mühen,“
Fuhr Cöleſtine hellen Blickes fort,
„In ſtiller Gruft, wo Veilchen ſparſam blühen,
Doch reiche, ew'ge Kränze blühn ihm dort;
Er wohnet bei denen, die den Zuruf übten:
Weint mit dem Dulder, tröſtet die Betrübten!“

„Ihm dank' ich's, daß ich dieſes dunkeln Lebens
Verworrnen Faden ſeitdem nicht zerriß,
Er war's, der mich den Preis des beſſern Strebens,
Den Lohn des treuen Dulders ahnen ließ;
In ſeiner Hütt', in dieſer kleinen Zelle
Fand ich des Seelenfriedens reinſte Quelle.“

So ſprach ſie lächelnd, gleichſam wiederkehrend
Vom Himmel zu der ſchön verjüngten Welt,
Die ihr, den ritterlichen Jüngling hörend,
Mit neuem Lebensmuth das Herz geſchwellt.
Und ach! nichts irrt ihr Vertrauen:
Noch hier wird ſie den Liebling wiederſchauen.

Doch mahnt ſie Raimund, mit Bedacht zu handeln,
Zu mäßigen der Jugend raſche Gluth,
Auf ſeinem ſtillen Wege fortzuwandeln,
Fromm zu erwarten das verheißne Gut:
„Dem Glauben, nicht dem ungeſtümen Dringen,
Wird,“ ſchließt ſie, „auch das Schwierigſte gelingen.“

Dritter Geſang.

Indeſſen ruht die hohe Mittagsſonne
Erquickend auf des Waldes Schattennacht,
Als unſer Freund, voll ſüßer Hoffnungswonne,
Sich auf den Weg zur weitern Reiſe macht.
„Vergeßt nicht, wenn des Glückes Stern euch ſcheinet,
Daß hier die arme Cöleſtine weinet!“

So tönt ihr Abſchied von der Pfortenſchwelle
Dem Eilenden noch in der Ferne nach.
Und aufwärts ſteigt ſein Fuß, ihm ruft die Helle
Der Gipfel, wie ein roſig heitrer Tag.
Dort, wo von ew'gen Schnee Rubinen glühen,
Dort, hofft er, wird das hohe Wunder blühen.

Wie ſtaunten die nie beſuchten Höhen
In ihrer greiſen Abgeſchiedenheit,
Den ſanften Hirtenjüngling hier zu ſehen,
Zu jedem Abenteuer kühn bereit;
Die Sonne ſelbſt auf ihrem Strahlenwagen
Blickt heller auf mit lächelndem Behagen.

Er ſieht ſie ſcheiden, ſieht mit Sternenkronen
Die ew'ge Götterhalle ausgeſchmückt:
„Ihr Geiſter dort auf euren lichten Thronen,
Iſt keiner, der voll Mitleid auf mich blickt?
Euch wär's ein Kleines, ihr erhabnen Mächte,
Daß mir ein Lüftchen das Erſehnte brächte.“

Er ſpricht's, und ſtarrt von ſeinem Felſenbette
Heißſehend in die Mitternacht hinaus,
Und gleich als ob's ein Geiſt vernommen hätte,
Erſchließt ſich jetzt das grauſe Rieſenhaus
Des Berges, und mit ſchütternd hohlen Tritten
Kommt feierlich ein Mann daher geſchritten.

Lang fließt das Kleid und reich an dunkeln Falten
Verhüllend bis zum Fuß um ihn herab;
Sein ernſtes Antlitz glänzt, die Hände halten
Geheimnißvoll den ſchlanken Zauberſtab.
Unheimlich faßt den Jüngling Geiſtergrauen,
Doch jener wandelt ſchnell es in Vertrauen.

„Wer hat, o Sterblicher dein Wort beſchworen?
Dein Uebermuth klopft an das Geiſterhaus:
Wer nahet ungeſtraft ſich ſeinen Thoren?
Wer, der's betrat, ging lebend je heraus?
Nur dem, der dieſen Stab vermag zu halten,
Neigt ſich der Kreis der geiſtigen Gewalten.“

„Ich kenne dich, ich kenne dein Begehren,
Mein Blick verließ den Gottgeliebten nicht;
Es ſteht vor dir der Freund, dich zu belehren,
Dir anzuzünden das verborgne Licht.
Drum folge mir zum innern Heiligthume,
Dort winkt, dort allein die Wunderblume.“

Wen lockte ſolch ein Ruf, ſolch ein Verheißen
Nicht an den Vorhang hin, der, halb gelüpft,
Im Dunkelhell das klare Wort des Weiſen
Mit Zauberſprüchen wunderbar verknüpft?
Es wächſt der Drang mit jenem ſüßen Grauen,
Das Unſichtbare ſichtbar anzuſchauen.

Auch Raimund folgt, von dieſer Macht umgarnet,
Dem alten Zaubrer zum geheimen Thor.
Noch einmal winkt ſein Stern, noch einmal warnet
Adelens Seufzer ſein getäuſchtes Ohr;
Sie eben ſieht er in der Zauberferne,
Ihr Bild allein wird ihm hinfort zum Sterne.

Voran geht ihm der Zaubrer durch die enge
Lichtloſe Pforte in der Felſenwand,
Und abwärts winden ſich gewölbte Gänge
Um eines bodenloſen Abgrunds Rand;
Der Alte ſchreitet ſicher, ihn umſchließet
Ein ſeltſam Licht, das auf den Pfad ſich gießet.

Und immer weiter geht's und immer tiefer,
Bald ſtrahlt's wie Feuerballen durch die Nacht,
Bald wandelt ſich zum finſtergrauen Schiefer
Der funkelnden Kryſtalle bunte Pracht;
Auf einmal ſtrahlen goldne Tempelſäulen:
Hier, ſpricht der Alte, wollen wir verweilen.

Tritt näher zu des Altars hohen Stufen,
Der dieſes Tempels heil'ge Tiefe ziert;
Umſonſt haſt du die Geiſter nicht gerufen:
Ihr König iſt's, der dich hierher geführt;
Biſt du es werth, wird ſich die Flamm' entzünden,
Und was du ſuchſt ſich frei aus ihr entbinden.

Der Jüngling ſteigt mit freudigem Vertrauen —
(Er darf ſich ja der hehren Stätte nahn:
Dem Reinen ſchafft das Heilige kein Grauen) —
Die weißen Stufen zum Altar hinan.
Der Alte neigt den Stab, mit Blitzesſchnelle
Schlägt da die Flamm' empor, die bläulich helle.

Und purpurn, wie die Roſ' im Frühroth glühet
In tauſendfach gebrochenem Farbenſpiel,
Umglänzt vom reinen Flammenlicht, erblühet
Dem Staunenden das heißerſehnte Ziel;
Jetzt ſinkt die Flamm', im eignen Strahlenſcheine
Sieht ſie hervor die Blume der Geſteine.

Du kannſt noch zaudern fragt mit ſtrengem Blicke
Der Alte, wie? und ſolch ein Schatz iſt dein?
O ſchwacher Hirt! du bebeſt vor dem Glücke?
So kannſt du nimmer ſein Gebieter ſein!
O fliehe heim und weide deine Heerden —
Adelen wird ein andrer Retter werden.

Da packt es ihn, wie ſcharfe Geierkrallen:
Ein andrer? ſchwirrt es ſchneidend ihm durch's Ohr.
Eh müſſe dieſes Herz in Staub zerfallen!
Er ſpricht's, und edler Stolz hebt ihn empor,
Und ſchon will ſeine Hand die Blume faſſen —
Da ſcheint ihr Glanz ihm plötzlich zu erblaſſen.

Und warnend ſtößt, ſtatt jener ſüßen Düfte,
Womit die Himmelsblum' ihn angeweht,
Ein böſer Schwefeldampf des Tempels Lüfte,
Daß faſt der Athem ſeiner Bruſt entgeht:
„Hinweg!“ ruft er, „Hinweg! Du willſt mich täuſchen;
Nicht dieſe iſt's, die meine Wünſche heiſchen.“

„Heil, dreimal Heil dem Lehrling, dem geprüften,
Der vor dem Meiſter würdevoll beſtand!“
Erſchallt es jauchzend in des Berges Klüften,
Und freundlich reicht der Zaubrer ihm die Hand:
„Sei mir gegrüßt, der Täuſchung Ueberwinder,
Bald nun der Wahrheit hochbeglückter Finder!“

Des Menſchen Glück, die Loſung ſeiner Tage
Beſtimmet ewig ihm ſein eignes Herz.
Das Schickſal hält nur die gerechte Wage,
Es füllt ſie an mit Freude oder Schmerz;
Die Blüthen winken, er darf ſie ergreifen,
Und die er wählet, wird zur Frucht ihm reifen.“

„So ward auch dir die freie Wahl gegeben,
Und wohl, o Jüngling, wohl geziemt es dir,
Allein nach dem Lebendigen zu ſtreben.
Nur todter Glanz erwartete dich hier,
Und hätteſt du den ird'ſchen Schmuck erkohren,
War ewig dir der himmliſche verloren.“

„Jetzt folge mir! Es naht die ernſte Stunde
Der Mitternacht, und deiner harren ſchon
Die edlen Ritter an der Tafelrunde,
Zu reichen dir des Lehrlings erſten Lohn;
Der letzte iſt die wahre Lebensblume,
Die einſt den Meiſter krönt mit ew'gem Ruhme.“

So ſprechend, pocht er dreimal mit dem Stabe
Unfern des Altars an ein eiſern Thor,
Und gleich als wär's der Weg zum dunkeln Grabe,
Wohin ſich längſt kein Lebender verlor,
So raſſeln dumpf die eingewachſenen Riegel,
So öffnen ächzend ſich die ſchwarzen Flügel.

Und eine weite Halle ſchließt die Beiden
In ihr geheimnißvolles Dunkel ein;
Gar wunderlich bedeckt auf allen Seiten
Seltſame Bilderſchrift den grauen Stein;
Nur eine einz'ge Lampe wirft den matten
Gelbrothen Schein beleuchtend auf die Schatten.

An einem Tiſch, auf deſſen ſchwarzem Grunde
Der Thierkreis der Geſtirne funkelnd blitzt,
Um den ringsher in ſchauerlicher Runde
Die heil'ge Zahl der ſchwarzen Ritter ſitzt,
Aus dreimal drei und zweimal zwei geſchlungen,
Wird ernſt und feierlich dies Lied geſungen:

Erſte Drei:

Aus Nacht zum Licht, aus todtem Sein zum Leben,
Das iſt mein Ziel, dort ſtreb' ich wallend hin.

Zweite Drei:

Wer fern iſt, werde nah, was krumm iſt, eben:
Dies iſt das Werk, dem ich verpflichtet bin.

Dritte Drei:

Werd' ich zur Höhe einſt die Tief' erheben,
Dann krönt die Arbeit lohnender Gewinn.

Erſte Zwei:

Dann meſſen wir des Weltall's fernſte Fernen.

Alle:

Dann geht die Blum' uns auf aus dieſen Sternen.

Erſte Drei:

Haſt du der Zukunft Schleier aufgeſchlagen:
Was ſpricht die heilge Stunde dieſer Nacht?

Zweite Drei:

Die kühne Hoffnung darf ſich freudig wagen:
Die Lilie glänzt in nie geſchauter Pracht.

Dritte Drei:

Vom Hirtenſtabe wird ihr Kelch getragen,
Des fernen Morgens Roſenhimmel lacht.

Erſte und zweite Zwei:

Iſt Hirtenſtab und Lilie feſt verſchlungen —

Alle:

Triumph! Triumph! dann iſt das Ziel errungen!

So ſingt die ernſte Schaar, und hebt im Kreiſe
Sich ſchweigend dann von ihrem Sitz empor,
Und grüßt, ſich neigend auf geheime Weiſe,
Den Zaubrer, der zu Dienern ſie erkohr.
Er führet unſern Freund in ihre Mitte;
Auch den begrüßen ſie nach Ritterſitte.

Und heißen als Gefährten ihn willkommen,
Den ihnen längſt das Sternenbuch verhieß:
Dem Dunkel ſei das ſchönſte Licht entglommen,
Es dämmre ſchon der Pfad in's Paradies;
Ein frommer Hirt ſei einzig auserſehen,
Durch ihren Bund geſchützt, voran zu gehen.

So ſchicke dich denn an, den Pfad des Lebens,
Den Pfad zu einer ſchöneren Natur,
Mit uns vereint zu wallen, — denn vergebens
Suchſt du die Wunderblum' auf dieſer Flur:
Nur in des Morgenlandes Götterhainen,
Der Wunder Heimath, mag auch dies erſcheinen.

Und Raimund hört die inhaltſchweren Worte,
Erleuchtet ſcheint die innre Dämmerung;
Erſchloſſen iſt die vorgeahnte Pforte
Des höhern Seins, er fühlt des Geiſtes Schwung,
Von Kindesfeſſeln fühlt er ihn entbunden,
Und jeden Keim zur freien Kraft gefunden.

Der Jüngling, der die Sprache, die gewandte,
Niemals geübt in ſeiner Einſamkeit,
Der nie die Kunſt beredter Zungen kannte,
Er redet jetzt, obwohl mit Schüchternheit;
Doch fehlt ihm nicht das Wort, um auszudrücken,
Wie hoch der Zukunft Bilder ihn entzücken.

Er ſchildert ſeiner Kindheit Maienmorgen,
Den Traum, der ihm das ſchönſte Glück gezeigt,
Sein fruchtlos Spähen, ſeiner Sehnſucht Sorgen,
Und wie er endlich dieſen Berg erreicht;
Nur Eins verſchweigt er, blos der Wange Glühen
Verräth der Liebe heiliges Erblühen.

Adele! jauchzt das Herz in trunkner Wonne —
Denn ſicher hofft er nun ſie zu befrein —
O ſchönes Bild, du meiner Tage Sonne,
Dir, die des Lebens höchſten Preis zu weihn!
Wo iſt noch die Gefahr? wo ſind die Plagen,
Darf ich um dich die kühne Reiſe wagen!

So wogt's in ſeiner Bruſt, die Lippen ſchweigen,
Zum Bündniß reicht den Rittern er die Hand;
Sie ſchmücken ihn mit ihrem Bundeszeichen,
Dem wunderbar geknüpften Ordensband.
Die Zeit iſt um: ſei morgen reiſefertig,
So ſpricht der Alt', und meines Winks gewärtig.

Die Lamp' erliſcht, die Tafel ſammt den Rittern
Iſt hui! verſunken, Nacht iſt rings umher;
Ein Rollen, wie von nahenden Gewittern,
Ein dumpfes Brauſen, wie ein zürnend Meer.
Der alte Held, den Flammen rings umlecken,
Führt Raimund ruhig mitten durch die Schrecken.

Wer zählt die Stufen, die ihn aufwärts leiten,
Durch manches Klippenthor, durch manche Kluft?
Jetzt ſcheint ein mildes Licht ſich zu verbreiten,
Balſamiſch fächelt laue Frühlingsluft;
Es ſäuſelt, wie auf ſtillen Blumenauen,
Wenn zarte Liebesthränen ſie bethauen.

Ein flüſternd Laubgeflechte wölbt die Decke,
Ein duftend Lager winkt auf weichem Moos:
Hier ruhe, bis der Morgen dich erwecke,
So ſpricht der Führer, in des Schlummers Schooß;
Nur Nachtigallenlieder wirſt du hören;
Nichts außerdem wird deine Träume ſtören.

Mit dieſem Wort ſieht er den Zaubrer gehen,
Und ſich in ſüßer Einſamkeit allein.
Noch weiß er ſelber kaum, wie ihm geſchehen:
Iſt's wirklich? — ſollten bloße Träum' es ſein?
Ja, nur ein Traum ſcheint Alles zu zerfließen,
Indem ſich ſeine müden Augen ſchließen.

Auf's neu durchwandelt er die Gnomenhöhle;
Den Silberhain, die goldne Blume blinkt;
Von Banden frei begegnet ihm Adele,
Die ihm mit aufgehobenem Schleier winkt.
Da plötzlich kommt mit drohender Geberde
Der Zaubrer, und Adele ſinkt zur Erde.

Im Staube windet ſie die ſchönen Glieder,
In ſchrecklich angeſpanntem Nervenkrampf.
Kalt, ſtiern blickt der Zaubrer auf ſie nieder,
Zu freuen ſcheint ihn dieſer Todeskampf.
Umſonſt ſucht Raimund zu ihr hin zu dringen:
Des Alten Rieſenkraft weiß ihn zu zwingen.

Und ſchnell umringt die Schaar der ſchwarzen Ritter
Den Neuverbündeten und reißt ihn fort.
Er ſieht zurück, ein niederfallend Gitter
Verbirgt vor ſeinem Blick den theuren Ort.
Nur ſchwachen Seufzerlaut, nur mattes Stöhnen
Hört er durch ſchallendes Gelächter tönen.

Da packt ihn wilder Schmerz, mit kräft'gem Ringen
Verſucht er ſich vom Zwange zu befrein,
Als plötzlich mehr denn hundert blanke Klingen
Scharf ſauſend über ſeinem Haupte dräun.
Er rafft ſich auf, dem Tode auszubeugen,
Und ſieht, erwacht, ſich unter Blüthenzweigen.

Vierter Geſang.

Mit ſanfter Gluth beſtrahlt die Morgenröthe
Das grüne thaubeperlte Laubenzelt,
Und dicht davor glänzt auf dem Blumenbeete
Die ſchönſte kaum geträumte Feenwelt.
Beſtreut mit Goldſtaub und mit Demantſande
Dehnt ſich der Pfad in dieſem ſeltnen Lande.

Und plätſchernd lockt aus dunkeln Myrtenhecken
Der lieblichſten Kaskade ſüßer Laut.
Was ahnt die Bruſt? was mag ihr Silber decken?
Welch holder Reiz hat ſich ihr anvertraut?
So heimlich lind, mit wolluſtvollem Wallen
Mag ſie die ſchönſte Nymphe nur umwallen.

Der Jüngling lauſcht. Soll er ſich weiter wagen?
Begierde dränget, Scham hält ihn zurück.
Mit Jugendgluth und mit der Unſchuld Zagen
Wagt er durch die Gebüſche einen Blick,
Und was er ſieht — und wenns ein Seraph ſähe,
Er ſchiede nicht aus einer ſolchen Nähe.

Denkt euch die reizendſte der ſchönen Frauen:
Ihr fragt, ob Lieb', ob Unſchuld ſie verſchönt?
Ihr wagt nicht, ſie begehrend anzuſchauen,
So heiß ihr euch an dieſen Buſen ſehnt;
Jetzt ſcheint ſie liebevoll ſich hinzugeben,
Jetzt ſcheint Veſtalenglanz ſie zu umſchweben.

So hebt von zarten Myrten halb verborgen,
Das ſchöne Bild ſich aus der Silberfluth.
Leiſ' athmend lauſcht der Hain, der junge Morgen
Blickt durch die Zweig' und brennt in höh'rer Gluth.
Und du, o Jüngling, deſſen reine Blicke
Solch Wunder nie noch ſah'n, du bebſt zurücke?

Du wagſt zu fliehn? — Vergebens! nicht entgangen
Der ſchönen Nymph' iſt ſolch ein Hochverrath,
Und doppelt, doppelt biſt du ſchon gefangen,
Die Strafe folgt der kühnen Frevelthat.
Sieh, wie, von ihrer Dienerſchaar begleitet,
Die Schöne zürnend dir entgegen ſchreitet.

Verwegner! ſchallt's mit klaren Silbertönen,
Was du gewagt, darf ſelbſt kein Göttersohn.
So wiſſe, nichts kann dieſen Frevel ſühnen;
Ein ewiges Gefängniß iſt dein Lohn.
Hinweg — wie ſchwillt das Herz in ſeiner Nähe —
Hinweg, daß ich ſein Antlitz nicht mehr ſehe!

Sie winkt den Zofen: ihre Pulſe fliegen,
Tief hüllt ſie ſich in ihren Schleierflor.
Die Zofen öffnen drauf mit mildem Schweigen
Dem ſchönen Fremdling ſeines Kerkers Thor.
So bös' indeſſen, wie das Urtheil ſcheinet,
Iſt es zuletzt denn doch wohl nicht gemeinet.

Ein hoher Saal mit zwanzig Marmorniſchen,
Durch deſſen Kuppel roſ'ge Dämmrung bricht;
Die ſchönſten Früchť auf reich beſetzten Tiſchen —
Gar fürchterlich iſt ſolch ein Kerker nicht.
Nehmt noch dazu, daß ſüße Melodien
Von Zeit zu Zeit durch jene Niſchen ziehen.

So eilen denn für unſern Freund die Stunden
In dieſer leidlichen Gefangenſchaft.
Die würz'gen Speiſen, die er vorgefunden,
Und im Pokal der feur'ge Rebenſaft,
Das Ruhebett, die ſeidnen Flammenkiſſen,
Nichts läßt die Freiheit dringend ihn vermiſſen.

Der Abend dämmert; Traumgebilde wanken,
Die Ruh verſcheuchend, um ſein Lager her:
Bald iſt's, als ob ihn Myrtenzweig' umwanken,
Bald wird der Nymphe Quell zum Feuermeer;
Hinunter reißt ihn glühendes Verlangen —
Da fühlt er ſich vom weichſten Arm umfangen.

Er träumt nicht mehr: das ſind die Purpurdecken;
Die Kuppel iſt's, durch welche Hesper blinkt.
Er träumt nicht mehr: ſie kam ihn aufzuwecken,
Die an den Buſen des Erwachten ſinkt.
Jsminde, liſpelt ſie, kommt nur zu fragen,
Wie ihrem Gaſt die Feſſeln hier behagen.

Sein trunkner Blick irrt auf dem Wunderbaue
Der hingegoßnen reizenden Geſtalt.
Vergebung nicht, nein, Liebe ſpricht das blaue
Hellfeuchte Auge, ſüße Allgewalt
Der Schönheit ſpiegelt ſich in dieſen Zügen:
Sie iſt beſiegt, und weiß, ſie wird beſiegen.

Fürwahr! der grämlichſte der Sittenrichter,
Des ſchlauen Amors abgeſagtſter Feind,
Geſteht, nur insgeheim, dem mildern Dichter,
Daß dieſer Sieg ihm ſchier unfehlbar ſcheint.
Fürwahr! wenn unſer Held aus dieſen Flammen
Nicht rein hervorgeht, wer mag ihn verdammen?

Was hilft's, daß er der künftgen Nacht gedenket,
Die Reiſe, die an's hehre Ziel ihn mahnt?
Was ihm die Gegenwart verſchwenderiſch ſchenket,
Hat ſolch ein Glück ſein Buſen je geahnt?
Ja, ſollt' er auch des Lebens Preis verſcherzen —
Des Lebens Wonne ruht an ſeinem Herzen.

Wo iſt der Warner vor zu ſpäter Reue?
Und fänd' auch wohl Gehör ſein treuer Mund?
Ach! ſelbſt der erſten Liebe heil'ge Treue
Verſinkt zuletzt im fernen Hintergrund:
Adelens Bild umwölken Götterhöhen,
Und um des Jünglings Tugend iſt's geſchehen.

Und als er jetzt im glühenden Umfangen
Adelen und die ganze Welt vergißt —
Entſetzen! da entfärben ſich die Wangen,
Die Purpurlippen, die er feurig küßt,
Und die Geliebt' im ſüßeſten Vereine
Erſtarrt zum kalten todten Marmorſteine.

Umſonſt verſuchen ſeine Flammentriebe,
Neu zu entzünden dieſe Schwanenbruſt,
Umſonſt der Seufzerhauch, der Kuß der Liebe —
Kalt bleibt das Steinbild, todt für Schmerz und Luſt;
Still ſteht das Herz, das warmen Lebens Regen,
Starr lächelt ihm die ſchöne Form entgegen.

Und an dem Buſen, der ſo feurig wallte,
Der ſelbſt im Steine noch zu athmen ſcheint,
Ruht, halb verblühet, in des Schleiers Falte
Der Gaben köſtlichſte für unſern Freund.
Wozu bedarf's da noch der weiten Reiſe?
Am Ziel iſt er ſchon hier auf ſchönre Weiſe.

Obgleich betäubt von Allem, was ſo eben
Geſchehen iſt, ſcheint doch der Blume Pracht
Auf einmal das befangne Herz zu heben,
Zu bändigen des Zaubers dunkle Macht:
Ein theures Denkmal der verblichnen Lieben
Iſt ihm im zarten Blumenkelch geblieben.

Er neigt ſich hin darnach mit jenem Schauer,
Mit welchem ein Vermächtniß uns erfüllt —
Die Freude des Beſitzes theilt die Trauer,
Die uns mit ihrem Schleierflor umhüllt —
So wagt auch Raimund kaum mit leiſem Schmachten
Die Blume als ſein eigen zu betrachten.

Und Leichen gleich in alten Sarkophagen,
Leiſ' angerühret von frommer Enkel Hand,
Die einen friſchen Kranz hinunter tragen
In ihrer Väter ſtilles Friedensland,
Wo täuſchend noch bekannte Züge winken,
Doch, kaum berühret, in Staub zuſammenſinken:

So ſinkt, verzehrt von unſichtbaren Flammen,
Der ſchönen Blume zarter Blätterbau,
Von Raimund kaum gefaßt, formlos zuſammen
In leichter Aſche unſcheinbares Grau —
Boshaft Gelächter ſchallt von allen Seiten,
Und ſchärft noch des Verluſtes Bitterkeiten.

Des Zauberers Bild, zum ungeſchlachten Rieſen
Häßlich verzerrt, tritt grinſend vor ihn hin:
„Wie ſchön weißt du das Aechte zu erkieſen?
Wie ſicher wählt dein unbeſtochner Sinn?
Die Reiſ' in's Morgenland bringt nur Gefahren;
Die weiß die Gunſt der Nymphen zu erſparen."

Vermeßner Thor! der Elemente Geiſter
Beſchwört voll Uebermuth dein frevelnd Wort?
Gewürdiget von ihrem Herrn und Meiſter,
Betritt dein Fuß den nie betretnen Ort,
Die Werkſtatt der verborgenen Gewalten,
Wo ſich der Elemente Keim' entfalten."

Bald ſollteſt du mit ganz entbundnen Schwingen,
Vom Nebeldruck des Irdiſchen befreit,
In's Morgenland des Ewigſchönen dringen:
Da feſſelt knechtiſch dich die Sinnlichkeit?
So trage denn die ſelbſt geſchlungnen Ketten,
Der Geiſter Fürſt vermag dich nicht zu retten."

Er ſpricht's, der Schreckliche, und feindlich klirren
Die Feſſeln ſchon um unſers Raimunds Hand.
Was ihn umgiebt ſcheint ſchnell ſich zu verwirren;
Der Marmor wird zur düſtern Kerkerwand,
Zu feuchtem Moder ſeine Purpurdecken,
Und jeder holde Reiz zu Graus und Schrecken.

Und wie in jenen reizumfloßnen Stunden,
Iſt er auch jetzt mit ſeinem Schmerz allein;
Je voller er die höchſte Luſt empfunden,
Ach! um ſo tiefer fühlt er jetzt die Pein,
Die herbe Pein, durch eignes Verſchulden,
Was ihn betrifft, ſtrafwürdig zu erdulden.

So quält er ſich in langen finſtern Nächten,
Die nie ein heitrer Morgenſtrahl durchbricht,
Vergeſſen von den falſchen Geiſtermächten,
Verlaſſen ſelbſt von Gottes mildem Licht.
Was mag ihn fürder vor Verzweiflung ſchützen?
Was mag die ſo geſchlagne Hoffnung ſtützen?

Dahin iſt ſeines Geiſtes hohes Streben,
Gelähmt des Hoffens kühner Adlerſchwung,
Bedeutungslos, zertrümmert liegt ſein Leben,
Sein Glaube ſinkt in matte Dämmerung;
Was ihm das innerſte Gemüth verheißen,
Das eben ſoll ihn in's Verderben reißen!

„O eile nur, dein Opfer hinzuſchlachten,
Vollende nur, du furchtbares Geſchick!
Nicht will ich mehr dir zu entfliehen trachten:
Das Leben iſt ja nur ein Augenblick!
Hervor, ihr Ungeheu'r! ihr giftgen Schlangen!
Eilt ſchleunig, eure Beute zu empfangen!"

Und ziſchend regt ſich's in des Kerkers Tiefen,
Und giftger Dunſt verpeſtet rings die Luft,
Scheuſale, die bis hieher ruhig ſchliefen,
Entwinden ſich der dumpfen Felſengruft,
Schwarzgelbe Ottern, dickgeſchwollne Drachen
Umzängeln ihn mit aufgeſperrten Rachen.

Und ſchaudernd fühlt er ſchon des Todes Krallen,
Bevor ihn noch ein giftger Zahn bedräut,
Als in der Ferne leiſe Töne hallen,
Vor denen ſelbſt die Höllenbrut ſich ſcheut,
Sie taumeln ſtarr, bezaubert von dem ſüßen
Beſeelten Laut, zu des Gefangnen Füßen.

„Verzage nicht!" ſo iſt den Melodieen
Das Engelwort des Troſtes eingewebt,
„Verzage nicht, wenn deine Freuden fliehen,
Wenn über deinem Haupt Verderben ſchwebt.
Kann aus dem Glücke nur das Heil erblühen?
Keimt nicht das Korn, das dunkle Nacht vergräbt?
Ob auch der Erde Schichten dich bedecken,
Dein Gott kann dich zum heitern Licht erwecken."

So labte einſt im ausgedörrten Lande
Die Mutter Ismaels der erſte Strahl
Des Wunderquells, der aus dem heißen Sande
Herniederſprang in's ſtarre Felſenthal,
Wie unſern Freund in dieſer Schreckensſtunde
Der Troſtgeſang aus eines Engels Munde.

Und ſollt' er nicht die liebe Stimme kennen?
Vernahm er ſie nicht oft in ſchönrer Zeit?
Er wagt den theuren Namen kaum zu nennen,
Dem liebend ſich ſein ganzes Weſen weiht:
Wär's möglich, ſie, ſie wär' ihm treu geblieben!
Sie wollt' erbarmend noch den Schuld'gen lieben?

O ſchöne Hoffnung! ſchöner als die Freude!
Mit ihrem ganzen reichen Ueberfluß
Erſcheineſt du im grünen Frühlingskleide,
Und rührſt das Herz mit deinem Friedenskuß!
Und führſt es hin auf neue Lebensweide,
Du bringſt vom Himmel ihm des Vaters Gruß;
Selbſt, wenn's das ſchwerſte Leid, die Schuld getroffen,
Hältſt du den Pfad ihm in ein Eden offen.

So führt auch jetzt zu ihren Blüthenlauben
Die Himmelstochter unſern Freund empor,
Zur ſel'gen Unſchuld, zu dem frommen Glauben,
Den er im wilden Lebensdrang verlor,
Zu jener Lind' auf ſeiner Blumenwieſe,
Zu ſeiner Kindheit ſtillem Paradieſe.

Dort war dem reinen kindlichen Verlangen,
Vom Sturm der Leidenſchaften unentweiht,
Die Liebe Gottes freundlich aufgegangen,
In zarter, ihm verwandter Kindlichkeit.
Wie ſchön vor allem, was er je erblickte,
War jene Blume, die ihn da entzückte!

Ja, rief er aus, du zeigteſt mir die Aechte,
Für falſchen Schimmertrug gab ich ſie hin!
Begierde blendet, und das Wahre, Rechte
Entgeht für immer dem umflorten Sinn:
Doch fühlt mein Herz, es giebt noch eine Quelle —
Die wäſcht das trübe Leben rein und helle!

Verſöhnung heißt ſie, göttliches Erbarmen,
Vertrauen zu der ew'gen Vaterhuld,
Die uns emporhebt mit allmächt'gen Armen,
Voll ſtarker Kraft, voll liebender Geduld:
Ja, Allerbarmer! mich auch willſt du retten,
Leicht wär' es dir, auf Roſen mich zu betten

Leicht wär' es dir, daß dieſe Kerkerhöhlen
Zum Blumenhain ſich wandelten; doch nein,
Nur deine Weisheit möge für mich wählen,
Ich wünſche nichts, es iſt ja Alles dein:
Die Kräfte, die des Himmels Säulen halten,
Wie der Zerſtörung feindliche Gewalten.

So betet Raimund, und der ſüße Friede,
Der ſich dabei in ſeine Bruſt ergoß,
Der reine Nachhall von dem Engelliede,
Aus dem des Troſtes erſter Strahl ihm floß,
Bekräftigt ſchon des Betenden Vertrauen,
Läßt heitrer ſchon ihn in die Zukunft ſchauen.

Fünfter Geſang.

Schon manche Nacht, ſchon mancher heitre Morgen
Mag auf der Oberwelt verſtrichen ſein,
Indeß in ſeinem Kerker tief verborgen,
Verbannt vom Sternenlichte, vom Sonnenſchein,
Um den Gefangnen ſtetes Dunkel waltet,
Woraus ſich nie des Morgens Roſ' entfaltet.

Erſtarrt jedoch und ohne ihm zu ſchaden,
Bleibt jene Schlangenbrut hinweggeſcheucht,
Auch wird ihm täglich auf verborgnen Pfaden
Von milder Hand ein wenig Brod gereicht;
Durch einen Felſenſpalt, durch den der Regen
Sanft niedertropft, kommt ihm auch dieſer Segen.

So freudenleer, ſo dunkel ſeine Stunden
Auf ſolche Weiſ' an ihm vorüberziehn,
So freundlich ſieht, von Träumen ſanft umwunden,
Der Schlafende des Lebens Kränze blühn:
Oft ſieht er ſie, von Engeln rings umgeben,
Adelen freundlich zu ihm niederſchweben.

Aus einem ſolchen ſel'gen Traumgebilde
Schreckt ungewohnter Lärm ihn einſt empor.
Er ſchaut, er horcht umher, und eine wilde
Verhaßte Stimme dringet in ſein Ohr:
„Steh' auf! die Zeit der Prüfung iſt vorüber,
Noch heute geht's in's Morgenland hinüber!"

„Was zauderſt du? Es harren die Gefährten,
Du haſt gebüßt, was Sinnenwahn verbrach,
Des Glückes Sonne lächelt dem Bekehrten,
Der Ehre Kranz vergilt des Kerkers Schmach:
Ein Wort, und dieſer Block und dieſe Bande
Verwandeln ſich zum Thron im Morgenlande.

„Sprich nur: du willſt, und dieſe Ketten weichen!"
Doch Raimund, hoch in edlem Zorn entbrannt,
Hebt ſich empor, ſo weit die Feſſeln reichen,
Und ſpricht, vertrauensvoll zu Gott gewandt:
„Der du im Schwachen mächtig biſt, erhöre
Dein Kind, daß es die Hölle nicht bethöre!"

Und drauf zum Zaubrer: „Hebe dich von hinnen:
Ich hab', Elender, nichts mit dir gemein!
Durch dich möcht' ich den Himmel nicht gewinnen,
Weit lieber, frei von dir, gefeſſelt ſein:
Ohnmächtiger! den Geiſt, der ſich dem Böſen
Entringt, kannſt du nicht binden und nicht löſen."

„Kennſt du das Zeichen deß, der dich geſchlagen,
Das Siegspanier, vor dem das Laſter flieht?
Kannſt du des Kreuzes Purpurglanz ertragen?"
Er hält's ihm vor, und wilde Flammen ſprüht
Des Zaubrers Auge, ſeine Hände ballen
Sich krampfhaft zu, entſtellt zu wilden Krallen.

Wuthſchnaubend kehrt er unſerm Freund den Rücken:
„Ich komme wieder, grinzt ſein giftger Hohn,
Den Heil'gen triumphirend zu erblicken;
Wie lacht mir jetzt das Herz im Leibe ſchon!
Sie ſind bereit die Schrauben und die Zangen,
Durch welche du zum Himmel magſt gelangen."

Er ſpricht's verſchwindend in den Finſterniſſen.
O Jüngling! Jüngling! zittert nicht dein Herz?
Bald bluteſt du am Marterpfahl zerriſſen;
Schon harret dein der grimmige Folterſchmerz:
Du haſt gewagt, des Böſen Macht zu höhnen —
O welche Pein mag ſeine Rache ſöhnen!

Wohl ſchön und freundlich iſt das holde Leben
Auch in des Kerkers Abgeſchiedenheit;
Nicht freudig wird's dahin der Dulder geben,
Den's doch mit mancher Gabe noch erfreut:
Nicht gern mag's ſelbſt der müde Greis verlaſſen —
Und Raimund ſollt' es liebend nicht umfaſſen?

Und ſie, die ja gleich ihm gefangen ſchmachtet,
Zu deren Retter er erkohren ſchien,
Die Liebliche, nach der ſein Weſen trachtet,
Soll rettungslos in Kerkernacht verblühn?
O ſoll ſein Streben ſo in nichts verſinken —
Warum mußt' ihm die ſchönſte Hoffnung winken?

So fragt des Dulders leiſe Klageſtimme,
So zuckt der Seufzer durch das Menſchenherz.
Nicht die Verzweiflung mit bewehrtem Grimme,
Die Wehmuth nur blickt weinend himmelwärts:
„Mein Gott, o muß es ſein? muß ich vergehen?
Dein Will' iſt gut — dein Wille mag geſchehen!" —

„Ich weiß, du retteſt mich, ſei's auch durch Sterben;
Du biſt das Leben, ich verzage nicht!
Der Seligkeiten Fülle werd' ich erben,
So wahr dein heil'ger Mund die Wahrheit ſpricht!
Muß auch das Band von Seel' und Leib zerreißen,
Doch hältſt du ſicher, was du mir verheißen!"

So betend ſinkt ſein Angeſicht zur Erde;
Erquickend kühlt die Stirn der feuchte Stein;
Da ſchallt's, als ob die Thür geöffnet werde;
Nicht fern mehr mögen ſeine Henker ſein;
Vielleicht betrat ihr Fuß des Kerkers Schwelle —
Doch — welch ein Glanz! welch ungewohnte Helle!

Er traut den Augen kaum, die Felſenwände
Sind wie mit Sonnenfunken überſtreut:
„Bewahre mich vor neuem Trug, verblende
Den Schwachen nicht, ſo nah der Ewigkeit!"
Doch heller nur und ſtrahlender verklärt
Der Kerker ſich, wie jener Lärm ſich mehrt.

„Sie ſind's! ſie ſind's! — Der du als Menſch gelitten,
Verlaß mich jetzt nicht, weiche nicht von mir!
Du kennſt des Menſchen Ohnmacht, ſeinen Bitten
Wird die Gewährung und die Kraft von dir:
Nimm weg das Licht, und laß des Todes Schrecken
Die lang gewohnte Dunkelheit bedecken!"

Doch roſ'ger Schein, wie er den Morgen kündet
Und auf dem heitern Abend lieblich weilt,
Hat rings umher die Grabesnacht entzündet —
Und Beile klirren, das Verhängniß eilt —
Gelächter ſchallt, barbariſches Getümmel —
Doch Raimund hebet Aug' und Herz gen Himmel.

Und nun, o heil'ge Muſe, die dem Dichter,
Das Göttliche zu malen, Muth verleiht,
Verleih' auch mir die kühnen Farbenlichter,
Den ſichern Schwung die zarte Lieblichkeit —
Es bebt die Hand, wie ſoll ich Züge finden,
Den Sieg der frommen Demuth zu verkünden?

Hoch im Geſtein, bedeckt mit zartem Mooſe,
Tief, tief verſteckt in kühler Schattennacht,
Sieht Raimund jetzt, gleich einer Alpenroſe,
Die Wunderblum' in ihrer vollſten Pracht;
Der Stengel wächſt, die ſchöne Purpurkrone
Neigt ſich herab, dem Gläubigen zum Lohne.

So duftete der Truggeſtalten keine,
Und weit an Schönheit ſtand ihr jede nach;
So rein, ſo makellos blüht nur die Eine:
Sie iſt's, die ihm der ſchönſte Traum verſprach,
Die er vergebens in des Himmels Lüften
Geſucht, ſie blühet ihm in dieſen Klüften.

Zwar reicht die Hand, die ſchwere Feſſeln bedrücken,
Nicht da hinauf, wo ihr die Gabe winkt;
Doch ſollt' ihn auch nie ihr Beſitz entzücken,
Ihr Anblick ſchon iſt's, was ihm Frieden bringt:
Die Sehnſucht iſt geſtillt, das bange Hoffen —
Er iſt am Ziel, er ſieht den Himmel offen.

In ſel'ger Anſchauung, in tiefem Schweigen
Betrachtet er das Kleinod unverwandt,
Und wie ſich Herzen zu einander neigen,
Neigt ſich die Blum' und ſinkt in ſeine Hand,
Und löſ't die Feſſel, löſ't des Geiſtes Schwingen
Den nie geahnte Kräfte ſchnell durchdringen.

Inzwiſchen ſchritt der Zauberer, begleitet
Von ſeinen Schergen, Rach' erfüllt daher.
Schon iſt zum Opfer Alles zubereitet,
Schon blinkt in ſeiner Hand das Mordgewehr —
Doch machtlos fällt's aus des Verruchten Händen,
Als ihn der Blume heil'ge Strahlen blenden.

Der alte Berg erbebt in ſeinem Grunde,
Vertilgt mit einem Ruck iſt jede Spur
Des Zaubers; tief in eines Kraters Schlunde
Verſinkt der freche Sohn der Unnatur;
In wüſten Schachten nur, in öden Höhlen
Mag künftig Phantaſie von ihm erzählen.

Jetzt werfen auch die trügeriſchen Gefährten
Des Unholds, ihres Ritterſchmucks entblößt,
Sich vor dem Sieger reuvoll zur Erden,
Ihm dankend, daß er ihre Schmach gelöſ't:
„O ſchone, fleht ein Greis mit Silberhaaren,
Der Armen, die gleich dir Gefangne waren!“

„Uns Alle lockte durch verſchiedne Ränke
Der Zauberer vom geraden Wege ab,
Durch Ehrgeiz dieſen, jenen durch Geſchenke,
Bis jeder ſeinem Dienſte ſich ergab;
Mit Künſten, die wir ſelber nicht verſtanden,
Verſtrickt' er uns in ſeines Zaubers Banden.“

Wie könnte unſer Freund, der hochbeglückte,
Die ſchwachen armen Brüder traurig ſehn?
Er hob ſie freundlich auf, dem Greiſe drückte
Er ſanft die Hand: „Laßt uns zuſammen gehn,
Sprach er voll Güte, kennet ihr die Pfade,
So kommt getroſt, uns leite Gottes Gnade!“

„Zu ihr! zu ihr! O ſehet ihr Adelen?
Die Einzige, die ſonder alle Schuld
Begraben ward in dieſen Schreckenshöhlen,
Seht ihr den ſanften Engel der Geduld?
Sie iſt die Königin, die Auserkohrne,
Ihr nur gehört die Blume, die verlorne.“

Da füllt des Greiſes Auge ſich mit Thränen:
„Wohl hab' ich oft das zarte Kind geſehn;
Doch ſolltet ihr ſie noch hienieden wähnen,
So möchtet ihr umſonſt nur nach ihr ſpähn:
Der lange Kummer brach ihr ſchönes Leben,
Und nur als Engel mag ſie euch umſchweben.“

So trifft der Blitz aus heitern Himmelshöhen,
Wie dieſe Kunde unſers Raimund's Herz.
„O laß mich, ſpricht er, dann die Stätte ſehen,
Wo ſie verging im langen Todesſchmerz! —
Ich ward gerettet? ich? — O Herr des Lebens!
Warum zu ſpät für ſie? warum vergebens?

So klagt er trauernd, und der biedre Alte
Führt' ihn durch manchen Gang, durch manche Kluft,
Und hielt zuletzt vor einem Felſenſpalte:
„Hier,“ ſprach er, „findet ihr Adelens Gruft.“
Raimund drängt ſich hindurch; die milde Helle
Der Blume überſtrahlt die dunkle Zelle.

Und auf das dürft'ge Lager hingegoſſen,
In hoher Schönheit ſanft in ſich geſchmiegt,
Vom Schleier ſanfter Dämmerung umfloſſen,
Von Frömmigkeit und Unſchuld eingewiegt,
Erblickt er ſie, vom Schlummer leiſ' umfangen,
Den Hauch des Lebens auf den Roſenwangen.

Kein Wort, kein Laut entweiht das hehre Schweigen,
Der Selige kniet in der Ferne nur,
Wagt kaum, ſich lauſchend zu ihr hin zu neigen,
Leiſ' aufzuhaſchen ihres Athems Spur.
Und jetzt, als dürfe ſie nicht länger ſäumen,
Entreißt ſie ſich den ahnungsvollen Träumen.

So ſteigt dereinſt aus ſtillen Todtenhallen,
In welchen ſich entſeelter Staub verlor,
Wenn ſie vom Ruf der Gottheit wiederſchallen,
Das neue ſchönre Menſchenbild empor,
So mag, umſtrahlt von Himmelsglanz, dem Reinen
Der Herold ſel'ger Ewigkeit erſcheinen.

Erſt als das überirdiſche Entzücken
In menſchlich ſüßer Wonne ſanft zerfloß,
Als Aug' in Aug', aus liebeſel'gen Blicken
Beruhigung ſich in die Herzen goß,
Sank ſanft ihr Himmel zu der Erde nieder,
Kam Sprache des Vertrauens der Zunge wieder.

„So biſt du's, rief Adele, mein Befreier!
Du haſt geſiegt, den ich als todt beweint?
O du vom erſten Anblick ſchon mir theuer,
Mein einziger, mein hochgeliebter Freund!
Ja du, du biſt's! von Träumen zart gewebet,
Hat ſo dein Bild als Schutzgeiſt mich umſchwebet.

Schon in der früheſten Kindheit Wonnetagen
Hing liebend ich an ähnlicher Geſtalt,
Auf ihren Händen hat ſie mich getragen
Durch ſchöne Gärten, durch den Rieſenwald,
Bis mich die Kinder der kriſtallnen Wogen
Hinab in ihre feuchten Tiefen zogen.

Da ſah ich ſie zum letzten Mal: erwachend
Aus tiefem Schlaf der wirbelnd mich betäubt,
Erblickt' ich eine Nixenſchaar, die lachend
Sich um mich her in buntem Kreiſe treibt:
„Willkommen, riefen ſie — mir ſchien's zum Spotte —
Willkommen, Königin, in unſrer Grotte!“

Und knieten auf dem Waſſerteppich nieder,
Und hoben mich auf einen Muſchelthron.
Doch kaltes Zittern rann durch meine Glieder,
Die Lebenskraft war meiner Bruſt entflohn,
Und ſchaudernd fühlt' ich ſchon die blauen Wellen
Erkältend bis zu meinen Füßen ſchwellen.

Und bald verwirrten ſich die bunten Bilder,
Und kreiſten ſonder Ordnung um mich her,
Und immer ſtürmender und immer wilder
Schien mir die Fluth, ein ungeheures Meer;
Jetzt ſank ich unter in des Strudels Toben —
Da riß mich eine Rieſenhand nach oben.

Aus langer Ohnmacht wach' auf weichen Kiſſen
Ich ſtaunend auf, gepflegt von ſchönen Frauen,
Die unter Schmeicheln, unter ſanften Küſſen
Mit frohem Lächeln auf mich niederſchaun:
„Sei uns gegrüßt, o du dem ſüßen Leben
Durch unſers Königs Weisheit neu gegeben!“

„Du warſt ſo krank und lagſt in böſem Fieber,
Dir unbewußt, in feuchter Grotte dort,
Da trugen wir zum Schloſſe dich herüber,
Auf ſein Geheiß, an dieſen ſtillen Ort,
Und lauſchten unter mütterlicher Pflege,
Ob neue Lebenskraft in dir ſich rege.“

Den kleinſten Wunſch erfüllten mir die Frauen,
Sobald ihr Ohr ihn nur von mir vernahm.
Doch überfiel mich unbeſiegbar Grauen,
Als eines Tags der König ſelber kam:
Je mehr er Güte mir und Huld erzeigte,
Je mehr ſich ab von ihm mein Innres neigte.

Oft bat ich meine guten Pflegerinnen,
Wenn bang mein Herz von Sehnſucht überfloß,
Mit heißen Thränen, heimlich mich von hinnen
Zurück zu führen auf der Aeltern Schloß:
Ich wiſſe, hieß es, nicht, zu welcher Ehre,
Ich unter ihnen aufbehalten wäre.

Ach! nur zu früh, obgleich nach mehreren Jahren,
Erfuhr ich das mir zugedachte Glück,
Sah ich den tiefen Abgrund von Gefahren,
Der mich umgab, und ſchauderte zurück:
Der König, mir das ſchrecklichſte der Weſen,
Hatt' ach! zu ſeiner Gattin mich erleſen.

Was that er nicht, ſich Liebe zu erwerben?
Vergebens, ſeine Huld ward mir zur Pein;
Viel leichter dünkt' es mich, hülflos zu ſterben,
Als ſelbſt auf einem Thron mich ihm zu weihn.
Verzweifelnd, meinen Willen je zu brechen,
Bedroht' er mich, ſich unerhört zu rächen.

Und er hielt Wort: in dieſe Grabeshöhlen
Verſtieß mich grauſam des Erzürnten Hand;
Erfinderiſch kann er jetzt nur, mich zu quälen,
Wie er zuvor ſtets neuen Reiz erfand.
Oft fühlt' ich mich zu ſchwach, mein Leid zu tragen;
Ach! keinem Menſchen, Gott nur konnt' ich's klagen.

Oft flüchtet' ich zu ihm mit ſtillem Weinen,
Da dämmert' es im trüben Hintergrund:
Ich ſah Vergangnes ſich mit Künft'gem einen;
Verklungne Sagen aus der Amme Mund,
Verwiſchte Farben einer ſeltnen Blüthe
Bewegten ſich im ahnenden Gemüthe.

Und aus der Ahnung wunderbarem Scheine
Ging endlich meines Schickſals Bild hervor:
Ich ſah der Heimath friedlich ſtille Haine,
Die Blume, die ich in dem See verlor,
Und einen Jüngling mit den Wogen ſtreiten,
Mir die verlorne wieder zu erbeuten.

Du warſt es, du! Eh' dich mein Aug' erblickte,
Hab' ich im Geiſte ſchon dich angeſchaut,
Und wenn der Schmerz mich faſt zu Boden drückte,
Hab' ich auf deine Hülfe noch gebaut;
Nur dieſe Hoffnung, dieſen feſten Glauben
Vermochte keine Macht mir je zu rauben.

Hier ſchweigt die Liebliche. Wie zarte Reben,
Am Stamme, den ihr grünes Laub umhüllt,
Ihm holde Zierde leihend, ſich erheben —
Vereinter Kraft und Schönheit edles Bild —
So hat auch ſie, von Freundesarm umwunden,
Die hohe Stütze ihres Seins gefunden.

Sechster Geſang.

Den Liebenden ſchwand auch im Kerkergrabe
Die Zeit ſo ſchnell als wär's ein Myrtenhain.
Beſorgt, daß Raimund gar verirrt ſich habe,
Trat, ihn zu ſuchen, drum der Greis herein.
Da machten ſie mit ihm ſich auf, und eilten
Dem Orte zu, wo die Gefährten weilten.

Und bald iſt auch der letzte Schacht erſtiegen;
Entzückt begrüßen ſie die Oberwelt. —
Bewachſ'ne Hügel, weite Fluren liegen
Vor ihrem Blick, vom Sonnenſchein erhellt:
Und alle, auch die roheren Gefährten,
Anbetend, weinend fallen ſie zur Erden.

Der Odem Gottes wehet durch die Wipfel
Uralter Eichen, vom Orkan geſchont;
Ehrwürdig ſteigt des greiſen Berges Gipfel
Bis in die Wolken, wo der Adler thront,
Und Baum und Staude, See und Felſen preiſen
Einſtimmig Gott in tauſendfachen Weiſen.

Und als ſich ſo zum neu geſchenkten Leben,
Durch Dankgebet das Häuflein eingeweiht,
Geht nach der Heimath eines Jeden Streben;
Bald hat ſie das verſchiedne Ziel zerſtreut.
Der Alte nur bleibt unſerm Paar zur Seite:
„Vergönnet, ſpricht er, daß ich euch begleite."

„Zu lang' iſt's ſchon, daß von den theuern Meinen
Ein ſelbſt verſchuldet Unglück mich getrennt;
Wie ein Geſpenſt würd' ihnen ich erſcheinen:
Wer weiß, ob ſelbſt mein Weib mich noch erkennt!
Drum, edles Paar, gewähre meine Bitte,
Wohin du gehſt zu folgen deinem Schritte."

Gern wird's gewährt. Doch nun nach welchem Ziele,
Nach welcher Richtung geht die Reiſe fort? —
Der Pfade ſind, der Gegenden ſo viele —
Wo liegt Adelens ſchöner Heimathsort?
Vergeblich ſuchen irrend die Gedanken:
Die Nebelbilder der Erinnrung ſchwanken.

Indem ſie ſo in Zweifel ſtehn, gedenket
Der Jüngling ſeiner guten Klausnerin.
Dort liegt ihr Wald, und ohne Zögern lenket
Nach ſeinem Schatten er die Wallfahrt hin.
Nicht fern mehr iſt das Ziel, kaum tauſend Schritte,
Und ſie erblicken ſchon die traute Hütte.

Der Alte, welcher ſich Philemon nennet,
Und gar zu gern das Schweigen unterbricht,
Iſt hier nicht ganz ein Fremdling, er erkennet
Den Wald, die Felſengruppen; ſeufzend ſpricht
Er von der Zeit, wo er ſie ſonſt geſehen,
Und wie ihm hier ſein Unglück ſei geſchehen.

„Ach! drüben, wo ſich die Gebirge wenden,
Wo dieſer Gießbach ſanft durch Wieſen rinnt,
Wo in der Eb'ne dieſe Höhen enden,
Dort dort verließ ich frevelnd Weib und Kind:
Ein Schatz war mir durch böſen Traum verheißen,
Dem alten Berggeiſt ſollt' ich ihn entreißen."

„Er wußte täglich heißer mein Verlangen
Durch Höllenliſt zu reizen, bis ich ſchwach,
In immer ärgerem Betrug gefangen,
Zuletzt in ſeinen Zaubernetzen lag:
Hin war die Freiheit, hin der Seele Frieden,
Vom Theu'rſten hatte Habſucht mich geſchieden."

Sanft tröſten ihn, der ſo den Fehl gebüßet,
Die Liebenden, und durch den milden Blick
Des Mitleids wird ſein Kummer ſchon verſüßet,
Bald kehrt ſein alter Frohſinn ſchon zurück.
So ſtehn ſie, eh' ſie's denken, an der Schwelle
Von Cöleſtinens moosbedeckter Zelle.

Wie einſt ſchon öffnet ſie beſcheidner Bitte
Gaſtfreundlich ungeſäumt ihr kleines Haus;
Wie damals tritt, nach ſtrenger Nonnenſitte
Verhüllt, im Bußgewande ſie heraus.
Und — ſieht den Gaſtfreund; ahnendes Entzücken
Durchſchauert ſie: wen ſoll ſie noch erblicken!

Wahr iſt's, entſchwundner Jahre lange Reihe
Verwiſcht des Denkmals Schrift vom Marmorſtein;
Doch unauslöſchlich gräbet ächte Treue
Geliebte Züge unſerm Herzen ein:
Ein ſcharfer Blick, und, trotz der Jahre Walten,
Erkennt ſie die befreundeten Geſtalten.

Mein Lied verſtummt. Wie möcht' es würdig ſingen
Die Wonnen alle, die im Augenblick
Des Wiederſehens durch die Herzen dringen,
Das kaum geahnte namenloſe Glück?
O Cöleſtine fragſt du das Entzücken,
Adelen und den Gatten zu erblicken!

Und du Philemon, dem die lange Reue
Die braunen Locken vor der Zeit gebleicht,
Dem jetzt die Gattin, die bewährte, treue,
Verſöhnt die Hand zum neuen Bunde reicht,
Du wirſt, verjüngt, einſt mit beredterm Munde
Den Enkeln ſingen dieſe Weiheſtunde.

Bereitet euch indeß, ihr ſel'gen Herzen,
Bald reicht das Glück die volle Schal' euch dar!
Vergütet ſind bis jetzt nicht alle Schmerzen;
Gedenket an das edle Fürſtenpaar,
Das lange Jahr in tiefer Trauer ſchmachtet:
Noch iſt ſein reiner Himmel trüb' umnachtet.

Noch wallet ſchwarzer Krepp um jene Hallen,
Vordem mit Blumenkränzen überwebt;
Nicht Lautenklang, nicht Harfentöne ſchallen
Im ſtummen Saal, vom Seufzer nur durchbebt;
Geſtorben ſind der Haine muntre Lieder,
Schlaff ſinkt ſogar das Haupt der Blumen nieder.

Und heute vollends, heute fällt die Schwere
Des Kummers zwiefach auf der Aeltern Herz,
Denn heut umhüllen doppelt düſtre Flöre
Den lang ertragnen und gerechten Schmerz,
An dieſem Tag', an welchem das vermißte
Geliebte Kind zuerſt das Licht begrüßte.

In ihrem Garten, zu den Lieblingsſtellen,
Wo ſie einſt ſpielte, wallet Arm in Arm
Das edle Paar, und herbe Thränen ſchwellen
Die Augen, matt geweint im langen Harm.
Da ſehen ſie den Edelknaben kommen,
Den zum vertrauten Dienſt ſie aufgenommen.

„Hab' Acht, Alexis, daß an dieſem Orte
Uns Niemand heut in unſrer Trauer ſtört!"
Verzeiht, ſpricht dieſer, an des Parkes Pforte
Verweilt ein Paar, das euch zu nah'n begehrt:
Von Anſehn arme Hirten, hoch in Jahren,
Sie hätten Frohes euch zu offenbaren.

„Für uns hat dieſes Leben keine Freuden,
Spricht ernſt der Fürſt, dies eile, lieber Sohn,
Die angelangten Fremden zu beſcheiden!
Gieb für den guten Willen reichen Lohn!
Nur laß uns weiter nichts von ihnen hören:
Du weißt ja, Niemand ſoll uns heute ſtören."

Alexis geht mit ehrfurchtsvollem Neigen,
Von einer Thräne glänzt ſein edler Blick.
Die Fürſtin aber ſpricht nach ernſtem Schweigen:
Ich wollt', er kehrte noch einmal zurück:
Mir iſt, als ſollt' ich das gebrochne Leben
Am ſchwächſten Halm, am Schatten ſelbſt erheben.

Wie glücklich ſeid ihr weichgeſchaffnen Frauen,
Erwiedert der Gemahl, euch bringt Gewinn
Ein Nichts, ein Schein; im Luftgebilde ſchauen
Oft eure Seherblicke tiefen Sinn.
Ich tadl' es nicht. Willſt du die Beter ſehen,
Will ich indeß im Wäldchen mich ergehen.

Schnell will die Fürſtin ihren Frauen rufen,
Da ſteigen ſchon die Fremden, Frau und Mann,
Mit Jugendſchnelligkeit die Marmorſtufen
Zum Tempel der Erinnerung heran.
Verſchleiert ſinkt das Weib und ſtumm zur Erde;
Er aber ſpricht mit freudiger Geberde:

Verzeih', erhabne Fürſtin, ein Erkühnen,
Das unſre Abſicht nur entſchuld'gen mag:
Ein ſeltner Traum iſt meinem Weib erſchienen,
Als dieſe Nacht ſie tief im Schlummer lag;
Es blühe, träumte ſie, die Wunderblume
In jener Kirche ſtillem Heiligthume.

Die Fürſtin lächelt mit wehmüth'ger Milde:
In jener Kirche dort, wo ich ſo oft
Vor dem geheiligten Madonnenbilde
Auf Gnade von der Himmliſchen gehofft?
Iſt's auch nur leerer Traum, doch laßt uns gehen,
Mich treibt das Herz, das Gnadenbild zu ſehen.

„Und wär' es mehr, als leerer Traum, und blühte,
Was du verlorſt, dort heilig aufbewahrt? —
Verwirf die Hoffnung nicht: die ew'ge Güte
Hat oft den Frommen ſeltnes Heil erſpart!"
So ſucht der Greis im raſchen Vorwärtsſchreiten
Auf nahes Glück die Fürſtin zu bereiten.

Auf einmal bleibt ſie, banger ahnend, ſtehen:
„Das ängſtlich Nahe, was es immer ſei,
Nicht ohne den Gemahl will ich es ſehen —
Er ſtehe mir mit ſtarker Seele bei —
Ich laß' ihn bitten, winkt ſie ihren Leuten,
Mich ſchleunig nach der Kirche zu begleiten."

Er kommt; ſie reichet zitternd ihm die Rechte:
„O zürne nicht — ich hoff' auf einen Traum!
Doch wie? wenn er Unglaubliches uns brächte? —
Gott! — du erblaſſeſt — giebſt der Hoffnung Raum?"
So, tief ergriffen von der Ahnung Schauern,
Umfangen ſie die gothiſch düſtern Mauern.

Die ew'ge Lampe ſtreut nur matte Flimmer
Auf's ſtille Dunkel um den Hochaltar.
Von wannen aber kommt der helle Schimmer,
Das milde Licht, ſo ſchön, ſo ſonnenklar?
Woher der Wohlgeruch, wie Ambradüfte,
Balſamiſch ſtrömend durch des Tempels Lüfte?

Dorthin die Blicke, wo zu Gottes Ruhme
Der König wie der Hirt die Knie beugt!
Dort auf dem Hochaltare ſtrahlt die Blume,
Von Gottes Hand den Sterblichen gereicht,
Und ſeitwärts, auf den oft betretnen Stiegen,
Sieht man, verhüllt, zwei fromme Beter liegen.

Und auch das edle Fürſtenpaar ſinkt nieder,
Anbetend den, der täglich Wunder thut;
Die Hoffnung kehrt, der feſte Glaube wieder:
„Die Tochter iſt in ſeiner treuen Huth!"
Und eh der Ahnung Zuruf noch verklungen,
Hat ſie die ſchönre Wahrheit ſchon umſchlungen.

Wie aber ſoll des Sängers Mund erzählen,
Was unausſprechlich durch die Himmel tönt?
Der Herzen Einklang, dieſes Feſt der Seelen,
Das ſelbſt der Engel ſchönſten Tag verſchönt?
Das hohe Feſt, wo, von der Schwachheit Fehlen
Geläutert, mit dem Heiligen verſöhnt,
Sich Gottes Huld den Sterblichen entſchleiert,
Und ihren ſchönſten Sieg die Tugend feiert?

Noch einmal kehr aus dieſen Regionen,
O heil'ge Muſ', ins Erdenthal zurück,
Wo Engel nicht, nur gute Menſchen wohnen,
Verweile hier noch einen Augenblick,
Und ſtimme rein des Dichters blöde Leier
Für dieſer Stunde menſchlich ſchöne Feier!

Die Fürſtin kennt, als ſie den Flor entfaltet,
Beim erſten Blick der Tochter Angeſicht:
Obgleich zur holden Jungfrau umgeſtaltet,
Entſchwanden ihr der Kindheit Züge nicht,
Und kaum bedarf's zum völligen Erkennen
Der holden Töne, die ſie Mutter nennen.

Sie ſchwankt betäubt in ſeligem Ermatten,
Der Ohnmacht Dämmerflor umwölkt den Blick
Minuten nur, geſtützt vom Arm des Gatten,
Kehrt ſchnell ihr neue Lebenskraft zurück.
Da liegt Adele zu der Aeltern Füßen,
Empor gehoben unter Segensküſſen.

Schon wird es laut, ſchon läuft die frohe Kunde
Durch's ganze Schloß, am ganzen Hof umher:
Adele lebt! ſo ſchallt von Mund zu Munde
In jedes Ohr die unverhoffte Mähr.
Die Dienerſchaar, die Edeln, All' umringen
Die Glücklichen, den Glückwunſch darzubringen.

Ganz unbemerkt, gleich einem Nebelſterne,
Erblichen in des Hofes Sonnenpracht,
Steht Raimund traurig in beſcheidner Ferne,
Sein ſchöner Himmel ſinkt in trübe Nacht:
So nah dem Thron, wie dürft' er ihrem Kreiſe
Vertraulich nahen auf gewohnte Weiſe?

Da zieht er einen goldnen Ring, verborgen
Auf ſeiner Bruſt, vom ſchmalen Bande ab,
Denſelbigen, den an dem letzten Morgen,
Bevor er ſtarb, der alte Hirt' ihm gab:
Gieb ihr dies Pfand, ſie wird es nicht verſchmähen,
Spricht er zur Amme, im Begriff zu gehen.

Die aber ſinkt vor frohem Schrecken nieder:
„Mein Kind! ruft ſie, mein vielgeliebter Sohn!
Das biſt du! dieſer Ring giebt dich mir wieder!
O! iſt der Himmel hier auf Erden ſchon?"
Und auch Philemon kommt, und neues Leben
Iſt beiden im Geliebten Sohn gegeben.

Vergeſſen iſt der Hof mit ſeinem Schimmer:
„Komm, ſpricht die Mutter, komm auf unſre Flur,
Fort aus der fremden Welt! Wir ruhn auf immer
Vereint, beglückt am Buſen der Natur!
Da tritt, gehemmt vom jauchzenden Gedränge,
Die Fürſtentochter eilig aus der Menge:

„Und du verläſſeſt mich in dieſer Stunde?
Sagt ſie zu Raimund zärtlich hingewandt,
O komm, Geliebter, komm, daß unſerm Bunde
Der Segen werde von der Aeltern Hand!
Die Tugend blickt freudig auf zum Throne,
Von Gott gekrönt, verdient ſie jede Krone."

Und ſtolzer ſchreitet ſie, von ihm geführet,
Jetzt durch die Reihen zu den Aeltern hin:
„Hier ſteht mein Retter, ſpricht ſie, ihm gebühret,
Nächſt Gott, der Dank, daß ich gerettet bin;
Von armen Hirten und doch hochgeboren,
War er zu Gottes Liebling auserkohren."

„Wer iſt ſo reich, wer darf mit ihm ſich meſſen?
Hier wird die reichſte Pracht nur eitler Tand.
Er hat der Güter höchſten Preis beſeſſen:
Die Wunderblume lag in ſeiner Hand.
Zu fromm jedoch, ſich Ruhm von ihr zu leihen,
Beſchloß er, Göttliches nur Gott zu weihen."

Die Rede macht den Fürſten ſchier verlegen:
„Iſt er ſo reich, o mein geliebtes Kind,
So ſprich, durch welches Gut, durch welchen Segen
Dein Retter noch ein höher Glück gewinnt?
Iſt's dieſes Land, ſind's meiner Väter Kronen?"
Nein, ſagt ſie ſanft, nur Liebe kann ihn lohnen.

Da knieen Beide, und des Vaters Milde
Bekräftigt ihrer Herzen ſchönen Bund,
Und vor dem heiligen Madonnenbilde
Geloben ſie ſich Treu mit Hand und Mund.
Die Blume aber ſcheint mit zartem Neigen
Sich ſegnend vom Altar herab zu beugen.

Wohl tönen fernher aus der Vorzeit Tagen
Aus dunkeln Klüften nur, wie Echoklang,
Der alten Kunde ſchaurig fromme Sagen,
Die euch mein Lied in ſchlichten Weiſen ſang.
Kein Stammbaum nennt des Fürſtenhauſes Namen;
Doch trug die Blume hundertfält'gen Samen.

Und nimmer iſt ſie ganz der Erd' entſchwunden,
In zarten Keimen ſproßt ſie hier und dort;
In ſtillen Hainen wird ſie noch gefunden,
Einſam erblüht am unſcheinbaren Ort;
In ihrer Nähe heilen alle Schmerzen,
Und Wunderkraft verleiht ſie frommen Herzen.

Raimar ſ. Rückert.

Auguſt Jakob Rambach,

geboren am 28. Mai 1777 zu Quedlinburg, Sohn des im Jahre 1818 als Hauptpaſtor an der St. Jakobikirche zu Hamburg verſtorbenen Johann Jakob R., Dr. der Philoſophie und Theologie, wurde im Jahre 1802 Diaconus an der St. Jakobikirche und 1819 Hauptpaſtor und Scholarch der St. Michaeliskirche zu Hamburg.

Er iſt der Verfaſſer folgender Schriften:

Ueber Luther's Verdienſt um den Kirchengeſang. Hamburg 1813.
Anthologie chriſtlicher Geſänge. Altona 1817—1833. 6 Bde.
Johann Jakob Rambach nach ſeinem Leben u. Hamburg 1818.
Predigtentwürfe. Hamb. 1820 f. (jährl. eine Sammlung).

Ein eben ſo begeiſterter als lichtvoller Kanzelredner und trefflicher praktiſcher Geiſtlicher, hat ſich R. auch durch ſeine gründlichen, geiſtreichen und geſchmackvollen Forſchungen auf dem Gebiete des geiſtlichen Liedes einen höchſt geachteten Namen erworben.

Friedrich Eberhard Rambach,

geboren am 14. Julius 1767 zu Quedlinburg, Sohn des Hauptpaſtors an der St. Jakobikirche zu Hamburg, Johann Jakob R., wurde nach abſolvirten Studienjahren bald Subrector, im Jahre 1791 Prorector an dem Friedrichswerder-Gymnaſium zu Berlin und 1798 Profeſſor der Alterthumskunde an der Akademie der Künſte; 1803 erhielt er den Ruf als Hofrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Cameralwiſſenſchaft nach Dorpat und wurde 1822 Etatsrath. Er ſtarb im Auguſt 1826 während eines Aufenthaltes zu Reval.

Er ſchrieb außer mehreren Reden, äſthetiſchen u. a. Abhandlungen, Romanen (unter dem Namen H. Lenz und Ottokar Sturm) u. ſ. w.:

Theſeus auf Kreta, lyr. Drama. Leipzig 1791.
Die eiſerne Maske. Leipzig 1792.
Hiero und ſeine Familie. 2 Th. Berlin 1793.
Margot, Luſtſpiel. Deſſau 1793.
Die Fürſtin, Hofgemälde in 5 Act. Berlin 1793.
Aylo und Dſchadina. 3 Th. Zerbſt 1793.
Ritter, Pfaffen und Geiſter. Erzählung. 2 Theile. Leipzig 1793.
Der große Kurfürſt vor Rathenau, Schauſp. Berlin 1795.
Mythologie für Künſtler. 2 Th. Berlin 1796.
Vaterländ. Schauſp. 1r u. 2r Bd. 16 St. Berl. 1796 u. 1797.
Otto mit dem Pfeil, Schauſp. Berlin 1797.
Friedrich von Zollern, Schauſp. Berlin 1798.
Jahrb. der preuß. Monarchie. Berlin 1798—1801.
Schauſpiele. Leipzig 1798—1800.
Die drei Räthſel nach Gozzi. Leipzig 1799.
Odeum. Berlin 1800, 4 Th.
Vaterländiſches Taſchenbuch. Königsberg 1800.
Dionyſiaka. Berlin 1801.
Die Kuhpocken, dramat. Gemälde. Berlin 1802.
Dramatiſche Gemälde. Berlin 1803.
Fragmente über Deklamation. Berlin 1803, 2 Th.
Vaterländiſch-hiſtoriſches Taſchenbuch. 3 Thle. Königsberg 1803.
Nabob oder das Geheimniß, Schauſp. Berlin 1803.
Der Triumph des Frohſinns, Schauſp. Berlin 1803.
Die Terne oder Künſtlerglück, Nachſp. Berlin 1803.
Hermann. 1r Th. Die Teutoburger Schlacht. Riga 1813.

Rambach's dramatiſche Arbeiten, namentlich ſeine vaterländiſchen Schauſpiele, fanden zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens großen Beifall und wurden auch auf der Bühne, vorzüglich in Berlin, nicht ungern geſehen, doch verſchwand die Theilnahme, deren ſie ſich erfreuten, bald wieder, was eines Theils wol dem Mangel an Tiefe und Phantaſie, welcher in denſelben vorherrſcht, anderen Theils aber den Angriffen der romantiſchen Schule gegen die Beſtrebungen ihres Verfaſſers überhaupt zuzuſchreiben iſt. Sie ſanken daher bald in Vergeſſenheit, eben ſo wie die Romane und anderen poetiſchen Leiſtungen dieſes zwar keineswegs talentloſen, aber ſich doch nie über die Mittelmäßigkeit des Alltags erhebenden fruchtbaren Schriftſtellers.

Johann Jakob Rambach,

geboren zu Halle am 24. Februar 1693, der Sohn eines Tiſchlers, entſchloß ſich ſpät zum Studium der Theologie, da er Anfangs das Handwerk ſeines Vaters erlernen wollte, und vollendete daſſelbe auf der Univerſität zu Halle. Im Jahre 1719 habilitirte er ſich als Magister legens zu Jena, ward 1722 Adjunct der theologiſchen Facultät ſeiner Vaterſtadt und erhielt 1726 eine außerordentliche, aber ſchon im folgenden Jahre eine ordentliche Profeſſur und das Ehrendiplom eines Dr. theol. 1731 folgte er als Superintendent und erſter Profeſſor der Theologie einem Rufe nach Gießen, wo er am 19. April 1735 ſtarb.

Wir beſitzen außer vielen Predigten, Erbauungsſchriften und lateiniſchen Arbeiten von ihm:

Poetiſche Feſtgedanken. 4. Aufl. Jena 1726.
Geiſtliche Poeſieen. Gießen 1735.
Gießenſches Geſangbuch. Gießen 1735. 2 Th.

Ein für ſeine Zeit trefflicher und ausgezeichneter Kanzelredner und asketiſcher Schriftſteller, deſſen gelungene Kirchenlieder ſich, wenn auch hier und dort nach den Forderungen neuerer Zeit überarbeitet, in den meiſten Geſangbüchern evangeliſcher Gemeinden erhalten haben.

Friedrich Wilhelm Baſilius von Ramdohr,

geboren am 21. Julius 1752 zu Drübben in der Grafſchaft Hoya, wurde ſchon früh Hofgerichtsaſſeſſor in Hannover und 1787 Oberappellationsgerichtsrath in Celle. Im J. 1806 trat er in preußiſchen Staatsdienſt und wurde Kammerherr und Legationsrath; darauf practicirte er einige Jahre in Dresden und Merſeburg, und kam ſpäter als preußiſcher geheimer

Legationsrath und Reſident nach Rom, bis er im Jahre 1816 als wirklicher Geſandter nach Neapel ging, wo er am 26. Julius 1822 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Kaiſer Otto III., Trauerſp. Göttingen 1783.
Ueber Malerei und Bildhauerei in Rom. 3 Th. Leipzig 1787.
Studien zur Kenntniß der ſchönen Natur. Hannover 1792.
Beſchreibung der Gemäldegallerie des Freih. v. Brabeck zu Hildesheim. Hannover 1792.
Charis oder über das Schöne und die Schönheit in den nachbildenden Künſten. 2 Th. Leipzig 1793.
Venus Urania. 4 Th. Leipzig 1798.
Moraliſche Erzählungen. 2 Th. Leipzig 1799.
Ueber die Organiſation des Advocatenſtandes. Hannover 1801.
Juriſtiſche Erfahrungen oder Repertorium der wichtigſten Rechtsmaterien, in alphabetiſcher Ordnung. 3 Bde. Hannover 1809.

Ausgezeichnet durch ſeine Kenntniſſe in den bildenden Künſten, wußte R. durch ſeine in anmuthiger und allgemein verſtändlicher Darſtellung vorgetragenen Urtheile und Anſichten ſeiner Zeit viel zur richtigen Auffaſſung und Aneignung des Schönen in der Kunſt beizutragen, wenn er auch hin und wieder Manches darin ſuchte und hineinlegte, das ihm urſprünglich fremd war. Als Dichter iſt er weniger bedeutend, doch zeichnet er ſich auch hier durch Eleganz und Feinheit in Behandlung der Form aus.

Karl Wilhelm Ramler,

geboren am 25. Februar 1725 zu Kolberg, bekleidete, nachdem er ſeine Schul- und Univerſitätsbildung zu Halle erhalten hatte, ſeit 1748 eine Profeſſur der ſchönen Litteratur am Cadettencorps zu Berlin, welche er aber im Jahre 1790 niederlegte und neben Engel die Mitdirection des Nationaltheaters übernahm. Zu Ende des Jahres 1796 legte er auch dieſes Amt nieder und lebte nun, als Mitglied der berliner Akademie und mit einer Penſion begnadigt, bis zu ſeinem am 11. April 1798 erfolgten Tode ganz ſeinen Freunden Göz, Kuh, Nicolai u. A.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Poetiſche Werke, herausgeg. von Göckingk. 2 Theile. Berlin 1800—1801.
Horazens Oden, überſ. Berlin 1800. 2 Th.
Lyriſche Blumenleſe. 2 Th. Leipzig 1779.
Martialis Sinngedichte. 5 Thle. Leipzig 1787—1791.
Fabelleſe. 3 Th. Berlin 1790.
Catull's Gedichte. Leipzig 1793.
Batteux' Einleitung in die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. 4 Th. 5. Aufl. Leipzig 1802.

Am treffendſten über dieſen Dichter, der einſt außerordentlich gefeiert, jetzt höchſtens in Schulen noch geleſen und von Litterärhiſtorikern erwähnt wird, urtheilt Bouterwek (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit XI. 249) mit folgenden Worten: Ramler nimmt unter den neueren Odendichtern eine Stelle ein, auf der er nicht ſeines Gleichen hat, obgleich eben ſo weit unter Horaz, wie unter Klopſtock. Horaz war das Muſter, das er von ſeiner Jugend an raſtlos ſtudiert hat, und keinem neueren Dichter iſt die Nachahmung des Tons der Horaziſchen Ode in einem ſolchen Grade gelungen, dieſe lyriſche Feierlichkeit ohne Prunk, dieſe wahrhaft äſthetiſche Erhebung der Phantaſie über alles Gemeine, beſonders aber die hohe Eleganz der Sprache und des Stils in eben ſo natürlichen, als kunſtreich abgewogenen, eben ſo feinen, als kräftigen Worten, Wendungen und Bildern. Aber die Vollkommenheit des Stils iſt auch das größte Verdienſt der Oden Ramler's. Zu den philoſophiſchen Anſichten des Lebens, die den Oden des Horaz einen Inhalt geben, der ihre poetiſche Wirkung nicht wenig verſtärkt, konnte Ramler ſich nicht erheben. Eben ſo fremd war ihm die Tiefe und Innigkeit des Gefühls, die Klopſtock's Oden von den Horaziſchen unterſcheidet. Ramler dichtete mit Begeiſterung; aber dieſe Begeiſterung war nur ein lebhaftes Spiel ſeiner Phantaſie, ſehr verſchieden von dem Geiſteszuſtande eines Dichters, der in lyriſchen Gedanken und Bildern Gefühle ausſpricht, von denen ſein Herz erfüllt iſt. — — — Mit einer ſolchen Begeiſterung, die nur in einer äſthetiſchen Aufwallung der Phantaſie beſtand, vertrug ſich denn auch leicht die kalte, aber äußerſt feine Kritik, mit welcher R. ſeine Gedichte zu überarbeiten und zu verbeſſern nicht müde wurde. Jedes Wort, jede Sylbe legte er ſo oft auf die kritiſche Goldwage, bis er endlich glaubte, nicht mehr bezweifeln zu können, daß Alles in der Ordnung ſei, und doch that er ſich ſelbſt nicht Genüge. Aber durch eben dieſes raſtloſe Streben nach vollendeter Glätte des Stils ſchadete er zuletzt ſich ſelbſt: denn in einigen ſeiner vorzüglicheren Oden hat er den kräftigen Ausdruck weggefeilt, um einen matteren, der ihm natürlicher und eleganter ſchien, an die Stelle zu ſetzen.

Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß Ramler durch ſeine anderweitigen Leiſtungen allerdings viel dazu beitrug, die Sprache und den Stil ſeiner Zeit auf eine höhere Stufe zu heben, im Uebrigen aber ſehr einſeitig verfuhr und dadurch, daß er rhetoriſchen Prunk und geſuchte Künſtlichkeit und Correctheit als die Hauptſache in der Poeſie betrachtete, auch eben ſo hemmend wirkte.

Gedichte von K. W. Ramler.

An die Feinde des Königs.

1760.

Wie lange ſchwingt die raſende Megär'
Die Fackel? Götter dieſer Welt,
Warum verfolgt ihr ihn, zu ſeiner eigenen Ehre,
Den unbezwungenen Held?

Macht keine dieſer tödtlichen Gefahren,
Womit ihr ſo ihn ringsum faßt,
Der Kronen keine, die mit Blut zu kaufen waren,
Macht keine [illegible].

Kein glorreich überwundnes Ungeheuer
Auch endlich zur Verſöhnung Luſt?
So lange lodert der Rache ſchwarzes Feuer
In keines Gottes Bruſt.

Als Herkuls Arm den Löwen erſt erdrückte,
Der in Nemeens Felſen lag,
Und, mit der Panzerhaut bedeckt, ſein Rachſchwert zückte,
Und ſchnell, und Schlag auf Schlag,

Der Hydra, die ihn zu ermüden wagte,
Die immer wachſend Leben nahm,
Obgleich die Furien ihm ein brennend [illegible] nagte,
Das ging und wiederkam;

Und dann die falſche Brut der Stymphaliden,
Die wild aus ehrnen Schnäbeln ſchrien,
Mit ehrnen Klauen raubten, und den Kampf vermieden,
Aus Sumpf und Buſch zu ziehn

Ein Mittel ausgedacht (ſie zu erlegen
War nur ein Spiel für Herkuls Hand);
Und dann der Biſtoniden Roſſe, die den Segen
Der Felder weggebrannt,

Und Flammen athmend in die Hütten drangen,
Und ihren Schlund — ein hungrig Grab —
Mit Menſchen füllten, lebendig aufgefangen
Den wilden Thieren gab:

Da ſank der Zorn der unverſöhnten Götter,
Und Juno, frei von Rachbegier,
Brach aus: Sohn Jupiters, der Sterblichen Erretter,
O! würge kein Volk, als wir!

Genieß, genieß der Ruhe, die entzogen,
Seit ich dieß Feuer angefacht,
Und aus den Himmliſchen, durch mich zum Haß bewogen,
Verfolger dir gemacht.

Genieß der Opfer, die von beiden Enden
Der Erde künftig jedermann
Noch ſpät dir bringen wird, und nimm von meinen Händen
Den erſten Altar an.

An den öſterreichiſchen Fabius.

Nach dem Siege des Königs von Preußen bei Torgau in Sachſen.

Den 3. November 1760.

O Fabius! gereut dich nach drei Jahren
Dein glücklicher Verzug?
Wo waren deine Felſen? waren
Die Felſen nicht ſteil genug?

Vergiſſeſt du, wie man bei Nacht dem Sieger
In's müde Lager ſtreift,
Und wie man eine Handvoll Krieger
Mit einem Ocean erſäuft?

Und wie man bundesverwandte Nationen
Voraus zur Schlachtbank ſchickt,
Indem man, ſeines Heers zu ſchonen,
Von ſichrer Höh' weit um ſich blickt! —

Wer nimmt ſich nun der Diener armer Staaten,
Der hohen Waffen an,
Und ſtraft den ſtolzen Potentaten,
Der ſelbſt regieren will und kann?

Wer rächt die Feldherrn, die nach Ehre dürſten,
Nach Beute lüſtern ſind,
An dieſem wunderbaren Fürſten,
Der ſeine Schlachten ſelbſt gewinnt?

Und ach! wer rächt die Zunft der ſchönen Geiſter,
Nun du geſchlagen biſt,
An einem Könige, der Meiſter
In allen ihren Künſten iſt?

Geh deinem Pontifex, der ſtets die Seinen
Mit Wundern hintergeht!
Er kann ja keinen Degen weihen,
Der wider Pallas Helm beſteht.

An die Könige.

1761.

Soll wieder eine ganze Welt vergehen?
Bricht wieder eine Sündfluth ein?
Und ſollen wieder alle Tempel und Trophäen
Berühmte Trümmer ſein?

Und alle Künſte ſpät aus Aſch' und Moder
Und Todtengrüften auferſtehn,
Und aus der Nacht des regelloſen Zufalls oder
Auf ewig untergehn?

Wenn nun die weiſe Vorwelt ausgeſtorben,
Das unerzogne Kindeskind
Ein Räuber iſt, die nicht zu Räubern angeworben,
Unwill'ge Pflüger ſind? — —

O ihr, verderblicher, als der entbrannte
Veſuv, als unterirdiſche
Gewitter! ihr des magern Hungers Bundsverwandte,
Der Peſt Verſchworene!

Die ihr den ſchnellen Tod in alle Meere
Auf Donnerſchiffen bringt,
Und von Liſſbon bis zum kalten Oby Heere
Zum Wechſelmorde dingt!

Und ach! mit Deutſchlands Bürgern Deutſchlands Bürger
Zerfleiſchet, einen beſſern Held,
Der Brennen weiſen König zu berauben, Würger
Der Welt und Afterwelt!

Wenn eurer Mordſucht einſt ein Friede wehret,
Der jedem das geraubte Land
Und ſeine bangen Füße wieder giebt, — verheeret,
Entvölkert, abgebrannt:

Ihr Könige, wie wird es euch nicht reuen
(Wo nicht die fromme Reue fleucht,
Durch Wolluſt, falſche Weisheit, lauter Schmeicheleien
Des Höflings weggeſcheucht),

Daß euer Stolz unmenſchlich Millionen
Urenkelſöhne niederſtieß:
Daß keiner, ſatt des Unglücks, ſeine Legionen
Das Blutfeld räumen hieß.

Und lieber, ſchuldlos tapfer, durch die Wogen
Des ſtillen Oceans den Pfad
Geſuchet, eine Welt entdeckt, ein Volk erzogen,
Wie Manko Kapak that.

Der neue Schöpfer ſeiner Vatererde:
Er theilte Feld und Wieſenland
Und Weib und Kind und Zucht und Götter einer Heerde
Zerſtreuter Wilden aus;

Und dieß dem frommen Volk ein Sohn der Sonne,
Gleich milde, wachſam ſo wie ſie,
Und ſo wie ſie des neugebornen Landes Wonne,
Und ewig jung wie ſie.

Auf die Wiederkunft des Königs vom Feldzuge.

Den 30. März 1763.

Er kommt, um den du bebteſt, wenn im Streite
Wohin ihn ſein Verhängniß trug,
Der ehrne Donner von den Bergen ihm zur Seite,
Die Feldherrn niederſchlug;

Er, wider den mehr Feinde ſich geſellten,
Als hier die Nachwelt glauben darf,
Und der mit unerſchrocknem Muth ſich zwei Welten
Allein entgegen warf;

Dein König, o Berlin! durch den du weiter
Als alle deine Schweſtern biſt,
Voll Künſte deine Thore, Helden deine Häuſer,
Die Flur ein Garten iſt;

Dein Vater, der dich in der Theurung nährte,
Er kommt, mit Staub und Ruhm bedeckt,
Und hat die Zwietracht, die der Götter Werk verheerte,
Zur Höll' zurückgeſchreckt.

Fall' an ſein Herz, o Königin! mit Zähren
Der Freude; flieg an ſeine Bruſt,
Amalia, von deinen frommen Pſalmenchören,
Und rede, wenn die Luſt

Dich reden läßt. Vermählte ſeiner Brüder,
Küßt ſein friedlich Angeſicht:
„Willkommen, Schutzgeiſt deines Volkes!" und ſagt wieder:
„Willkommen!" und mehr nicht.

Ihr Jungfraun deckt mit immergrünen Zweigen,
Mit einem ganzen Lorbeerhain,
Den Weg! miſcht Blumen, die der offnen Erd' entſteigen
Und frühe Blüthe drein!

Ihr edeln Mütter, opfert Spezereien,
Die Saba den Tempeln zollt,
Da, wo ſein goldner Wagen durch gedrängte Reihen
Entzückter Augen rollt.

Heil uns, daß unſer Morgen in die Tage
Des einzigen Monarchen fiel!
So ſagt, ihr Jünglinge; du, Chor der Alten, ſage:
Heil uns, daß wir das Ziel

So kronenwerther Thaten ſahn! wir ſterben
Von Wonne trunken: Friedrich
Bleibt hinter uns; ihr ſtolzen Enkel ſollt ihn erben,
Triumph! ſo ſag' auch ich:

Wenn unter lauter jubelvollen Zungen
Ein ſchöner Ton auch mir geräth:
Triumph! ich hab' ein Lied dem Göttlichen geſungen,
Und ihm gefällt mein Lied.

An die Muſe.

Willſt du den allgeprieſ'nen Zeus erheben,
Der ſein unſterblich Haupt bewegt,
Und den Olymp erſchüttert? oder Athenen,
In ſeinem Haupt gepflegt.

Die mit beſtäubter Lanze, immer müde,
Den Typhon, den Enceladus
Zurückwarf und mit undurchdringlicher Aegide
Die Felſen, ihr Geſchoß?

Singſt du den erſten König in die Saite,
Die Pallas dir aufgeſpannt?
Ihn! oder ſeinen Bruder! oder wählſt du heute
Den tapfern Ferdinand?

In königlicher Weisheit unterwieſen,
Von Kriegestugend gleich erhöht,
Sind Beide hoher Hymnen werth. — Doch ſinge dieſen
O Muſe! jenen itzt.

Wohlan denn! ſpanne deines Liedes Segel
Bis an den Wimpel auf, und ſprich:
Als der Monarch, den Sprea, Viadrus und Pregel
Anbeten, Friedrich,

Arminius, von Völkern angefallen,
Die Zwang und Neid und Rache verband,
Mit ſeinem Donner nicht allgegenwärtig allen,
Nicht ewig widerſtand:

Da brach, genährt im ſorgenloſen Frieden,
Gleich einem neuen Meteor,
Das den Orion auslöſcht und die Tyndariden,
Prinz Heinrich's Geiſt hervor.

Als Jüngling ſchlief er ehmals in der Höhle
Aoniens, und war die Luſt
Der Muſen! nun erfüllen ſie ſeine Seele;
Mit unbewegter Bruſt

Hält er der Völker Zwölf verſchworne Heere
Zurück, bedeckt ſein Vaterland
(So ſteht ein Iſthmiſches Gebirge, trennet zwei Meere,
Steht jedem Sturme Stand);

Wirft plötzlich die Verlornen von den Höhen
Der Berg' herab, hemmt hier den Lauf
Des Siegenden, hält den Vollzug den Trophäen
Des großen Bruders auf. —

Wagſt du noch mehr zu ſingen? — daß der Sieger
So weit er in der Feinde Land
Mit ſeinem Lager flog, geſegnet, ſeine Krieger
Zum Wohlthun angewieſen!

Selbſt unerſchöpflich, jeden Anſchlag kannte,
Früh thätig jeden hintertrieb! —
Nein! ſage, daß ihn Friedrich ſelbſt den Feldherrn nannte,
Der ohne Fehler blieb.

Der Triumph.

Schäme dich, Camill,
Daß du mit vier Sonnenpferden
In dein ernſtliches Rom zogſt!
Und du, Aemiliſcher Heros,
Glücklicher Sieger, o Julius!
Daß dich, umgeben mit Städten und Schlachten
Aus nachahmendem Silber
Und aus Indiſchem Elfenbein,
Und mit Thiern und Spolien
Deiner Brüder umgeben,
Zum hohen Capitol dein ſtolzer Wagen trug. —
Friedrich, ein Prinz der Brennen,
Ward angefallen von Völkern Hungariens,
Von Illyriens Reitern und Daciens:
Alle dem Zepter der Königin zinsbar,
Die Vindobonens ſaatenreiche Fluren,
Und die Belgiſchen Auen beherrſcht,
Und der Bojohämen Gebirge,
Und Heſperiens goldne Gärten;
Dieſer erhabenen Fürſtin,
Deren Wohlfahrt vom Ewigen
In ſieben Sprachen erflehet wird:
Deren Heere, geführt vom Stab' Eugens,
Ehmals unbezwinglich, und jetzt
Verbunden waren mit allen, die
In Märkiſchen, Kaſſubiſchen, Preuſſiſchen
Gauen wohnen, den rauhen
Samojeden und Oſtiaken,
Und dem Tartar am Sangarfluß:
Einer Monarchin dienſtbar, Einer,
Die den weiten Umkreis
Ihrer Welten nicht kennt.
Auch trat zu ihnen der Söhne Sarmatiens
Selbſterwählter König,
Und ſtellte ſeine Sachſen, ein treues Volk,
Mitten auf den Pfad des Siegers,
Unter eine Felſenburg.
Und die hohen Vaſallen Germaniens
Fielen zahlreich dem Bunde bei.
Und die theuer erkauften Schweden
Drangen aus dem beeiſ'ten Norden hervor:
Enkel der Helden, mit denen ein Jüngling
Europen und Aſien ſchreckte.
Und Gallien, das an zwei Meeren thront,
Deſſen Fahnen und Wimpel
Unter allen Himmeln wehn,
Goß ſeinen Schwarm aus,
Gleich dem Heere ſchwirrender Grillen,
Die vor ſich blühende Fluren,
Und hinter ſich Wüſten ſehn. —
Aber, Thalia, laß ab
Die Flotten und Feldherrn' und Reiter zu zählen!
Friedrich, ſo ſage, bekriegt
Von ſchwachſüchtigen, oder getäuſchten,
Oder gezwungenen Fürſten,
Kehrte nach ſieben blutigen Jahren
So mächtig zurück, als er auszog,
Nur an Ehre größer,
Und triumphirte nicht. —
Siehe! er lenkt' andern Ehrenbogen aus,
Und unſern goldbehangten Roſſen,
Und beſtieg den prachtvollen Wagen nicht.
Denn ſich ſelbſt mit eines Volks Jubelkranze
Ziehen, iſt der Triumphe
Allerhöchſter: — und des Dichters
Allerhöchſter Triumph iſt,
Solchen König beſingen.
Drum ſchweige nie dein Lied von ihm, dein Lied,
Stolzer als der Griechen
Und Thebaniſche Päan
Keinem Gotte feil,
Auch ſelbſt dem ſeinigen nicht.
Und ob er auch den Ehrenbogen
Von deinen Händen ausgeziert,
Und, nicht gewohnt an deine Töne,
Dein Ohr zu Galliens Schwänen neigt,
So ſinge du doch den Germaniern
Ihren Erretter, unnachgeſungen.

An den Generallieutenant von Buddenbrock,

bei Ueberſendung einiger heroiſchen Oden.

Der du den Kriegsgeiſt in der Geſchichte liebeſt
Und in der Poeſie,
Und deutſche Redlichkeit bei welſcher Artigkeit übſt
(Die ſchwerſte Harmonie!),

Empfiehl, o Buddenbrock, mir nicht die Heldenthaten
Von Sparta, Rom, Athen!
Verlange nicht durch mich auf attiſcher Scene
Dein Lieblingsvolk zu ſehn.

Ein Dichter, unerlöſ't von fremder Sorge, ſingt
Ein leichteres Gedicht.
Germaniens Diadem, Geflochtner Kranz, verlangt
Der müde Kämpfer nicht.

Als Ludwig's Maler ſich des jüngern Ammons Züge
Durch Kodomannus Land
(Dem ſtolzen Gallier ein Vorbild eigner Siege)
Zu ſchildern unternahm:

Da richtete ſein Arm nicht Fechter ab, nicht Schützen,
Erzog nicht Roß und Mann:
Denn Künſte dieſer Art, ſo ſehr ſie Kriegern nützen,
Stehn tauſend Händen an.

Und hätt' ihm ſein Geſtirn ein doppelt Loos beſchieden
Dann wär' er früh erbleicht,
Dann hätt' er Babylon mit ſeinem Philippiden
Nicht im Triumph erreicht.

Freund deines Königes, nimm kleine Siegeslieder,
Nimm, was ich geben kann,
Ein Opfer Friedrich's und ſeiner tapfern Brüder,
Mein achtes Luſtrum an.

Abſchied von den Helden.

Nicht Friedrich's Helden, welche der Brennus liebt,
Schwerin und Heinrich, Bevern und Winterfeld,
Und [illegible] und Seidlitz
Sind der gewaltigen Hymne würdig;

Und Zieten, mehr in Thaten als Worten groß,
Und Möllendorf, ein Schwerdt und ein Schild des Heers,
Bekannt mit allen [illegible]
Künſten, der milderen Muſen Gaſtfreund,

Auch ihr, der Staaten friedliche Wächter, habt
Ein hohes Recht an unſern geflügelten
Geſängen; auch der tapfre Kämpfer
Mächtiger Frevel und armer Unſchuld;

Auch deren Geiſt dem immer erneuerten
Geſchlecht der Menſchen Güter und Künſt' erfand;
Auch wer [illegible] ſeinen Bürgern
Ueberfluß, Sitte, Geſundheit mittheilt.

Noch viele goldne Pfeile ruhn unverſucht
Im Köcher eines Dichters, der frühe ſchon
Sein Leben ganz den liederreichen
[illegible] angelobt hat;

Der, [illegible] auf die Krone der [illegible],
Den [illegible] entflogte;
Der alle Wege, die zum Reichthum
Führen, verließ: ein zufriedner Jüngling.

Geräth, wenn dies Haupthaar der Reif umzieht,
Ein guter Gott mir [illegible]
Mit [illegible] durchflochten
[illegible], ſo ſollen alle

Durch alle Winde ſingen, den Menſchen
Ein ſüßer Klang, dem Ohre des blöden Volks
Unhörbar. — [illegible] ſoll ihre
Töne der [illegible] Barde winken;

Sie ſollen bis den Himmel [illegible]
Durchwirbeln (bis, o Himmel, wie kein Geſchoß!);
Auch Gallien's vergnügter Sänger
Hört den [illegible] nicht ohne Eiferſucht.

An den römiſchen Kaiſer
Joſeph den Zweiten.
1769.

Von deinen Siegen, Cäſar Germaniens,
Singt mein gereiftes Loblied den erſten Sieg:
Wie du, zu groß dem Eifergeiſte,
Preußens erhabenen König aufſuchſt,

In Landen aufſuchſt, welche kein Schwert, kein Stahl,
Dein Recht vom Erbe deiner Erzeugerin
Getrennt, in ihm den weiſen Vater
[illegible], den biederſten Freund eroberſt.

Und keiner [illegible] ſchickte dir
Entwurf, dem weiſen Bund zu befeſtigen.
Ihn ſollen nimmer zu bekämpfen:
Joſeph's des Völkererhalters Eidſchwur.

O, deiner Thaten erſte ſtrahlt herrlicher
In eines Weiſen Augen, als Iliens
Und Babylons Eroberungen,
Oder die Schlachten der Zingiskane.

Geh' nun in deiner rühmlichen Laufbahn fort,
Und leuchte künftig (unter der glänzenden,
Gekrönten Reihe deiner Ahnherrn
Groß in den Künſten der Triumphirer,

In allen Friedenskünſten der größere)
Gleich dieſes Erdballs Sonne, bei Tauſenden
Des gränzenloſen blauen Aethers
Sichtbar allein und allein erwärmend.

An die Venus Urania.
Berlin, den 2. November 1770.

Göttin Liebe, dir weiht heute dein Agathon,
Unſers [illegible] Sohn, ſeinen vollendeten
Tempel: Komm in dein Haus, Venus Urania,
Erſtgeborne des Himmels, ein!

Freude hüpfe voran, Unſchuld begleite dich,
Unauflöslich vereint folge dir, Arm in Arm
Holde Sanftmuth, und nie täuſchende Wahrheit und
Unbeſtechliche Treue nach.

Keine reinere Hand brachte dir Weihrauch dar,
Als dein Diener und Freund, mit ihm Arſinoe,
Ihm an Tugenden, ihm gleich an erhabnem Geiſt,
Ihm an beiderlei Grazien.

Keinen heiligern Sitz beut dir ein ſterblich Paar:
Ihn wird ſchauervoll, ihn ewig die ſchmeichelnde
Aftergöttin, nach dir fälſchlich genannt, und ihr
Unholdinnengefolge fliehn!

Frechheit, blutlos von Stirn, Reue mit ſchlafender
Natter, Falſchheit verlarvt, Eiferſucht immer wach,
Und mit rauchendem Dolch und mit Medeiſchem
Becher Rach' und Verzweiflung;

Wenn der ſchädliche Trupp aus den Heſperiſchen
Myrten, oder von dir, edles Lutetien,
Aufbricht, oder den Weg aus den Aurangien-
Hain der heißen Iberer nimmt,

Durch Teutonien irrt, dort ein [illegible] Volk
Zu verderben, das noch ſittſame Töchter zeugt,
Noch vom beſſeren Blut Siegmars entſproſſene
Biederherzige Söhne nährt.

Aber täglich begrüßt dich die Gerechtigkeit,
Die nun unter uns bleibt, dich die tief forſchende
Weisheit, [illegible], dich die verſchwiegene
Freundſchaft, deinen Huldinnen gleich.

Immer wechſelnd beſucht jede der Muſen dich;
Und zur glücklichen Zeit eilet die helfende
Muttergöttin herbei, welche die Lieblinge
Deines Buſens vermehrt.

Nimm dein Heiligthum ein, Tochter des Himmels! hier
Sei dein erſter Altar! wohne bei dieſem Stamm,
Bis im Jahrbuch der Welt Friedrich, der Brennen Stolz,
Und am Himmel die Sonne ſtirbt.

Schlachtgeſang.
1778.

Auf, tapfre Brüder, auf ins Feld!
Gerecht iſt unſer Krieg;
Uns führet Deutſchlands größter Held;
Uns folget Ehr' und Sieg.

Ihr Feinde zittert! unſer Heer
Hat Kriegeskunſt und Muth,
Iſt ſchneller mit dem Mordgewehr,
Und hegt der Väter Blut.

Wir kennen noch den alten Streit:
Ein Mann verjagte vier,
Wir fragen nicht, wie ſtark ihr ſeid;
Wir ſehn ſie, [illegible].

Auf, Brüder! ſchlagt den ſtolzen Feind,
So kehrt ihr froh zurück:
Wer ſtarb, wird dann mit Recht beweint,
Wer lebt, hat Ruhm und Glück.

Der Knabe wünſcht ſich ſeinen Stand,
Das Mädchen blickt ihn an:
„Der ſchützt als Krieger unſer Land,
„Der ſchütz' auch mich als Mann!"

Hört ihr der Stücke Donnerſchlag,
So grüßt ihn mit Geſang:
Euch lohnet dieſen einen Tag
Der Friede lebenslang.

Die Kugel treffe, wer ſich bückt,
Und ſcheu zurücke fährt!
Und wer zur Flucht den Fuß nur rückt,
Deß Nacken treff' ein Schwert!

Nein! eh ich fliehe, ſtürz' ich hin
Mit Waffen in der Hand.
Seid Rächer, wenn ich treulos bin,
Gott, König, Vaterland!

Rede

am Geburtsfeſte des Kronprinzen

Friedrich Wilhelm,

jetzt regierenden Königs von Preußen.

(Gehalten von einem Schauſpieler auf dem Königlichen Nationaltheater, den 3. Auguſt 1787.)

Sei gegrüßt an dem Tage, der dich der Preußiſchen Welt gab,
Erſter Königsſohn! auf welchen die zärtlichen Augen
Eines Volkes gerichtet ſind, das mit dem redlichſten Eifer
Seinen Beherrſchern dient, und gleich den alten Teutonen
Nicht im Staube kriecht, wie die trägen Sklaven, die unter
Heißerer Sonne glühen. — Heil dir, o Prinz! der du jetzt noch
In der glücklichen Zeit lebſt, wo du von eigenen Sorgen
Frei, die Sorgen der Könige kennen lernſt, die Gefahren
Kennen lernſt, die fern und nah die Thronen umgeben;
Wo du, geführt von der Klugheit und Redlichkeit, und von der eignen
Wiſſensbegierde getrieben, von allen Schriften der Weiſen,
Gleich der Biene, die feinſten Blumen genießeſt, und alle
Höhere Künſte lernſt, die den künftigen Staatsmann und Feldherrn
Bilden, aber auch nicht der vaterländiſchen Muſe
Unterricht verſchmähſt, die die feinſten Lehren oft lachend
Den Mitlachenden giebt, auch voll rührenden Ernſtes
Durch die Thaten der Vorwelt lehrt, heroiſche Tugend
Zur Nacheiferung aufſtellt. — Deinem Herzen noch theurer
Haſt du das neue nicht fabelhafte Vorbild, den großen
Friedrich, wie vormals Octavian den erhabenen Cäſar,
Den er Degen und Feder gleich glücklich führen ſah, dem er
Selbſt ſo nahe verwandt war, wie du dem vergötterten Friedrich,
Deſſen Degen und Feder den nordiſchen Himmel jetzt ausſchmückt. —
Und noch haſt du das lebende Muſter des Preußiſchen Titus
Deines allgeliebten Vaters. Wer unter den Fürſten
Dieſen Namen trägt, iſt der Gottheit wahreſtes Abbild.

Einſt und lange ſei du es der Nachwelt! die Tugenden alle
Leiten deine Schritte, du Liebling des Volks! und von allen
Die Verehrerin Gottes Euſebia, deine Vertraute!
Gehe denn deine Laufbahn fort, o Boruſſiens Hoffnung!
Alle, die dich lieben, — und o! wer wird dich nicht lieben? —
Stimmen an mit mir: Es lebe Boruſſiens Hoffnung!

Chor.

Lebe, Boruſſiens Hoffnung!
Deines Vaters Freude,
Deiner Mutter Stolz!
Lebe, Boruſſiens Hoffnung,
Wonne der künftigen Welt!

Deine Schritte begleite
Aller Tugenden Chor!
Alle freundlichen Künſte
Folgen jauchzend dir nach!

Feiert den ſeligen Tag
Der ihn dem Lande gegeben,
Glückliche Söhne der Stadt,
Feiert den ſeligen Tag!

Lebe, Boruſſiens Hoffnung!
Deines Vaters Freude,
Deiner Mutter Stolz!
Lebe, Boruſſiens Hoffnung!
Wonne der künftigen Welt!

Der Tod Jeſu.

Eine geiſtliche Cantate.

Du, deſſen Augen floſſen,
So bald ſie Zion ſahn,
Zur Frevelthat entſchloſſen,
Sich ſeinem Falle nahn,

Wo iſt das Thal, die Höhle,
Die, Jeſu, dich verbirgt?
Verfolger ſeiner Seele
Habt ihr ihn ſchon erwürgt?

Sein Odem iſt ſchwach; —
Seine Tage ſind abgekürzet;
Seine Seele iſt voll Jammer;
Sein Leben iſt nahe bei der Hölle.
Gethſemane!
Wen hören deine Palmen hier
So bange, ſo verlaſſen klagen?
Wer ächzet hier die Seel' in tauſend Aengſten aus?...
Iſt das mein Jeſus? — Beſter aller Menſchenkinder,
Du zagſt? du zitterſt, gleich dem Sünder,
Dem die Gerechtigkeit das Todesurtheil fällt? —
Ach ſeht! er ſinket hin, der fromme Held,
Als trüg' er allen Zorn des Himmels, alle Plagen
Von einer ganzen Welt.
Sein Herz, in Arbeit, fliegt aus ſeiner Höhle.
Sein Schweiß rollt purpurroth
Die Schläf' herab. Er ruft: Betrübt iſt meine Seele
Bis in den Tod!
Laß, Vater, dieſe Stunde —
Laß ſie vorübergehn!
Nimm weg, nimm weg den bittern Kelch von meinem Munde! — —
Du nimmſt ihn nicht? — — Wohlan! dein Wille ſoll geſchehn.

Du Held, auf den die Köcher
Einſt Höll' und Tod geleert,
Du höreſt den, der, ſchwächer,
Am Grabe Troſt begehrt;
Du willſt, du kannſt ſein Schutzgott ſein.

Wann ich am Rande dieſes Lebens
Abgründe ſehe, wo vergebens
Mein Geiſt zurücke ſtrebt;
Wann ich den Richter kommen höre
Mit Wog' und Donner, und die Sphäre
Von ſeinem Fußtritt bebt;
Wer will, wer kann mein Schutzgott ſein?

Du, Held, auf den die Köcher
Einſt Höll' und Tod geleert,
Du höreſt den, der, ſchwächer,
Am Grabe Troſt begehrt;
Du willſt, du kannſt ſein Schutzgott ſein.

Wen hab' ich in der letzten Pein?
Wer wird mir Rath und Troſt verleihn?
Mit neuer Hoffnung mich beleben?
Wer blickt voll Huld mich Schwachen an,
Wann mir kein Menſch mehr helfen kann,
Wann ich der Welt muß Abſchied geben?
Wer ſchafft der trüben Seele Licht?
Thuſt du es, o mein Heiland, nicht?

Der Held erhebt ſich von der Erde,
Geſtärkt von Gott durch eines Engels Hand,
Und ſucht die Jünger auf, die ſeine Seele liebet.
Die Jünger hat ein Schlummer übermannt;
Hier liegen ſie gebückt, mit trauriger Geberde.
Betrachtend ſteht der Menſchenfreund und ſpricht
Mit über ſie gehängtem holdem Angeſicht:
„Der Geiſt iſt willig, nur der Leib iſt ſchwach."
Und bückt ſich, Petrus Hand ſanft anzurühren, nieder:
„Auch du biſt nicht mehr wach?
„O! wacht und betet, meine Brüder!"

Ein Gebet um Muth und Freude,
Freud' im Tode, Muth im Leide,
Theilt die Wolken, dringt zum Herrn,
Und der Herr erhört es gern.

Klimm' ich zu der Tugend Tempel
Matt den ſteilen Pfad hinauf,
O! ſo ſporn' ich meinen Lauf
Nach der Wanderer Exempel,

Durch die Hoffnung jener ſchönen,
Ueber mir erhabenen Kronen,
Und erleichtre meinen Gang
Mit Gebet und mit Geſang.

Ein Gebet um Muth und Freude,
Freud' im Tode, Muth im Leide,
Theilt die Wolken, dringt zum Herrn;
Und der Herr erhört es gern.

Herr, höre die Stimme unſres Flehens,
Wann wir zu dir ſchreien,
Wann wir unſere Hände erheben
Zu deinem heiligen Chor.

Es klingen Waffen, Lanzen blinken bei dem Schein
Der Fackeln; Mörder dringen ein.
Ich ſehe Mörder! — Ach! es iſt um ihn geſchehen.
Er aber, unerſchrocken nahet ſich
Den Feinden ſelbſt, großmüthig ſpricht er: „Sucht ihr mich,
So laſſet meine Freunde gehen.“
Die ſchüchternen Gefährten flieh'n auf dieſes Wort.
Ihn bindet man, ihn führt man fort.
Sein Petrus folgt, der einzige von allen;
Er folgt, zur Hülfe ſchwach, von fern;
Mitleidig folgt er ſeinem Herrn
Zum ſchrecklichen Palaſte
Des hohen Prieſters Kajaphas. —
Was hör' ich hier? Ach! Petrus ſelber ſpricht:
Ich kenne dieſen Menſchen nicht! —
Wie tief biſt du von deinem Edelmuth gefallen! —
Doch ſiehe! Jeſus wendet ſich,
Und blickt ihn an. Er fühlt den Blick,
Er geht zurück,
Er weinet bitterlich.

Ihr weichgeſchaff'nen Seelen,
Ihr könnt nicht lange fehlen;
Bald höret euer Ohr
Das ſtrafende Gewiſſen,
Bald weint aus euch der Schmerz.

Ihr thränenloſen Sünder, bebet!
Euch, mitten unter Roſen hebet
Die Reu' den Schlangenkopf empor,
Und fällt mit unſichtbaren Biſſen
Dem Frevler an das Herz.

Ihr weichgeſchaff'nen Seelen,
Ihr könnt nicht lange fehlen;
Bald höret euer Ohr
Das ſtrafende Gewiſſen,
Bald weint aus euch der Schmerz.

Unſere Seele iſt gebeuget zur Erde.
O Wehe, daß wir ſo geſündiget haben!

Jeruſalem, voll Mordluſt, ruft mit wildem Ton:
„Sein Blut komm' über uns und unſre Söhn' und Töchter!“
Du ſagſt, Jeruſalem! und Jeſus blutet ſchon;
In Purpur iſt er ſchon des Volkes Hohngelächter;
Damit er ohne Troſt in ſeiner Marter ſei,
Damit die Schmach ſein Herz ihm breche.
Voll Liebe ſteht er da, von Gram und Unmuth frei,
Und trägt ſein Dornendiadem. —
Und eine [illegible] faßt einen Stab,
Und ſchlägt ſein Haupt; ein Strom quillt Stirn' und Wang' herab. —
Seht, welch ein Menſch! — Des Mitleids Stimme
Vom Richterſtuhl des Tyrannen ſpricht:
Seht, welch ein Menſch! — und Juda hört ſie nicht;
Und legt dem Blutenden, mit noch nicht ſattem Grimme,
Den Balken auf, woran er langſam ſterben ſoll:
Er trägt ihn willig fort, und ſinkt ohnmächtig hin.
Nun kann kein edles Herz die Wehmuth mehr verſchließen
Unaufgehaltne Thränen fließen.
Er aber ſieht ſich tröſtend um und ſpricht:
„Ihr Töchter Zions, weinet nicht!“

So ſtehet ein Berg Gottes,
Den Fuß in Ungewittern,
Das Haupt in Sonnenſtrahlen:
So ſteht der Held aus Kanaan.

Der Tod mag auf den Blitzen eilen,
Er mag aus hohlen Fluthen heulen,
Er mag der Erde Rand zerſplittern:
Der Weiſe ſieht ihn heiter an.

So ſtehet ein Berg Gottes,
Den Fuß in Ungewittern,
Das Haupt in Sonnenſtrahlen:
So ſteht der Held aus Kanaan.

Zu deiner Ehre will ich alle Plagen,
Schmach und Verfolgung ohne Murren tragen;
Nach deinem Beiſpiel will ich ſelbſt mit Freuden
Den Tod erleiden.

Da ſteht der traurige, verhängnißvolle Pfahl.
Unſchuldiger! Gerechter! wende doch einmal
Die matt gewandte Seite von dir! — Wehe! Wehe!
Nicht Banden, Ketten nicht, ich ſehe
Geſpitzte Keile. — Jeſus reicht die Hände dar,
Die theuren Hände, deren Arbeit Wohlthun war.
Auf jeden wiederholten Schlag durchſchneidet
Die Spitze Nerv' und Ader und Gebein. Er leidet
Es mit Geduld, blickt heiter, und hängt da,
Zur Schmach erhöht, voll Blut, in Todesſchmerzen
Am Golgatha. —
Ihr Männer Iſraels, o! ruft in euer Herzen
Erbarmung! Laßt die Rach' im Tode ruhn! —
Umſonſt; die Väter höhnen ihn;
Ihr Hohn iſt bitter, grauſam fröhlich ihre Mienen.
Und Jeſus ruft: „Mein Vater, ach! vergieb es ihnen!
„Sie thun unwiſſend, was ſie thun.“

Feinde, die ihr mich betrübt,
Wiſſet, daß mein Herz euch liebt:
Euch verzeihn iſt meine Rache.

Die ihr mich im Unglück ſchmäht,
Hört mein ernſtliches Gebet:
Daß euch Gott beglückter mache!

Jeſu, wir ſind deine Kinder;
Menſchenfreund, wir folgen dir!

Heilig iſt Gott Zebaoth!
Und erträgt den Miſſethäter
Mit erbarmender Geduld.

Mächtig iſt der Welten Gott:
Und erzeigt dem Hochverräther
Stündlich neue Gnad' und Huld.

Ihr nur eifert über Sünder,
Grauſam, Sünder, eifert ihr.

Feinde, die ihr mich betrübt,
Wiſſet, daß mein Herz euch liebt:
Euch verzeihn iſt meine Rache.

Die ihr mich im Unglück ſchmäht,
Hört mein ernſtliches Gebet:
Daß euch Gott beglückter mache!

Jeſu, wir ſind deine Kinder;
Menſchenfreund, wir folgen dir!

O! welch ein neuer Schmerz kränket
Den Heiligen in Iſrael? Wo find' ich ihn?
Hier unter Miſſethätern aufgehenket.
Woran erkenn' ich ihn? — —
An ſeiner Tugend. —
Schmach, Folter, Todesangſt vergißt er, und bemerkt
Maria, dein verlaßnes Alter, und ertheilt
Dem Freunde ſeines Buſens dieſen letzten, letzten Willen:
„O Jüngling! das iſt deine Mutter. — Dieſer eilt
(Ein Schüler Jeſu!) ſein Vermächtniß zu erfüllen;
Und Jeſus ſieht es an; —
Und wird noch mehr entzückt, und fühlet keine Wunden,
Weil er jetzt einen Strahl von Troſt den trüben Stunden
Noch eines reuerfüllten Sünders ſchenken kann.
Er kehrt ſein Antlitz hin zu dem an ſeiner Seite
Gekreuzigten Verbrecher, ihm zu prophezeihn:
„Ich ſage dir, du wirſt noch heute
„Mit mir im Paradieſe ſein!“

Singt dem göttlichen Propheten,
Der Unſterblichkeit verkündigt.

Singt dem himmliſchen Geſandten,
Der ein Paradies euch aufſchließt.

Singt dem großen Gottesſohne,
Der euch zu den Engeln abruft.

Erdenſöhne ſingt ihm Dank!

Die du von dem Staube ſteigeſt,
Und die rollenden Geſtirne
Unter deinen Füßen ſieheſt,
Nun genieße deiner Tugend!

Steig' auf der Geſchöpfe Leiter
Bis zum Seraph!
Steige weiter,
Seele! — Gott ſei dein Geſang!

Seele! Gott ſei dein Geſang!

Singt dem göttlichen Propheten,
Der Unſterblichkeit verkündigt!

Singt dem himmliſchen Geſandten,
Der ein Paradies euch aufſchließt!

Singt dem großen Gottesſohne,
Der euch zu den Engeln aufruft!

Erdenſöhne, ſingt ihm Dank!

Freuet euch alle, ihr Frommen!
Das Wort des Herrn iſt wahrhaftig;
Was er verheißt, das hält er gewiß.

Auf einmal fällt der aufgehaltene Schmerz
Des Helden Seele wüthend an: ſein Herz
Hebt die geſpannte Bruſt; — in jeder Ader wühlet
Ein Dolch; — ſein ganzer Körper fliegt
Am Kreuz empor; er fühlet
Des Todes fieberiſche Gräuel; — auf ihm liegt
Die Hölle ganz; er kann ihn nicht mehr faſſen,
Den Schmerz, der ihn allmächtig drückt.
Er ruft: „Mein Gott! mein Gott! wie haſt du mich verlaſſen!" — —
Auch dieſe finſtre Stunde eilt
Vorbei. Nun ſeufzet er: „Mich dürſtet." Ihm reichet
Sein Volk mit Wein, den es mit Galle miſchet. — —
Nun ſteigt ſein Leiden höher nicht;
Nun triumphirt er laut und ſpricht:
„Es iſt vollbracht! empfang', o Vater, meine Seele!"
Und neigt ſein Haupt auf ſeine Bruſt, — und ſtirbt.

Es ſingen Seraphim von allen Sternen nieder,
Und klagen laut: Er iſt nicht mehr!
Der Erde Tiefen ſchallen wieder:
Er iſt nicht mehr!

Erzittre, Golgatha! er ſtarb auf deinen Höhen.
O Sonne, fleuch! und leuchte dieſem Tage nicht!
Zerreiße, Fels, worauf die Mörder ſtehen!
Ihr Gräber, thut euch auf! ihr Väter, ſteigt an's Licht!
Das Erdreich, das euch deckt,
Iſt ganz mit Blut befleckt.

Er iſt nicht mehr! ſo ſage
Ein Tag dem andern Tage:
Er iſt nicht mehr!
Der [illegible] Nachhall klage:
Er iſt nicht mehr!

Ihr Augen, weint!
Der Menſchenfreund
Verläßt ſein theures Leben.
Künftig wird ſein Mund uns nicht
Lehren Gottes geben.

Weinet nicht!
Es hat überwunden
Der Löwe vom Stamm Juda.

Ihr Augen, weint!
Der Menſchenfreund
Sinkt unter tauſend Plagen.
Konnte ſeine ſanfte Bruſt
So viel Schmerz ertragen!

Weinet nicht!
Es hat überwunden
Der Löwe vom Stamm Juda.

Ihr Augen, weint!
Der Menſchenfreund,
Der Edle, der Gerechte,
Wird verachtet, wird verſchmähet,
Stirbt den Tod der Knechte.

Weinet nicht!
Es hat überwunden
Der Löwe vom Stamm Juda.

Hier liegen wir gerührten Sünder,
O Jeſu, tief gebückt,
Mit Thränen dieſen Staub zu netzen,
Der deine Lebensbäche trank:
Nimm unſer Opfer an!

Freund Gottes und der Menſchenkinder,
Der ſeinen ewigen Geſetzen
Des Todes Siegel aufgedrückt,
Anbetung ſei dein Dank!
Den opfre Jedermann!

Hier liegen wir gerührten Sünder,
O Jeſu, tief gebückt,
Mit Thränen dieſen Staub zu netzen,
Der deine Lebensbäche trank:
Nimm unſer Opfer an!

Franz Leopold Ranke,

geboren zu Wiehe an der Unſtrut im Jahre 1795, war ſeit 1818 Oberlehrer am Gymnaſium zu Frankfurt a. d. O. und lebt gegenwärtig als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie an der Univerſität zu Berlin.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte der germaniſchen u. romaniſchen Völker von 1494 — 1535. 1 Th. Leipzig u. Berlin 1824.
Zur Kritik neuerer Geſchichtſchreiber. Leipzig u. Berlin 1824.
Fürſten und Völker von Südeuropa im 16. u. 17. Jahrhunderte. 1r — 4r Bd. Berlin 1827 — 36.
Die ſerbiſche Revolution. Hamburg 1829.
Ueber die Verſchwörung gegen Venedig im Jahre 1618. Berlin 1831.
Hiſtoriſch-politiſche Zeitſchrift in Heften. Hamburg 1832 folg.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Vorträge u. ſ. w.

Einer der ausgezeichnetſten neueren deutſchen Hiſtoriker, der mit gründlichſter Quellenforſchung ſeltenen Scharfſinn, eine großartige Weltanſicht, Ruhe, Klarheit und eine treffliche Darſtellung verbindet.

Albrecht von Raprechtsweil ſ. Minneſinger.

Chriſtian Friedrich Raßmann,

geboren am 3. Mai 1772 zu Münſter, war nach abſolvirten Studienjahren einige Zeit Lehrer an der Martiniſchule zu Halberſtadt, lebte dann daſelbſt und ſeit 1805 als Privatgelehrter zu Münſter, wo er im Jahre 1831 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften, welche theilweiſe unter dem pſeudonymen Namen Hortenſio erſchienen, ſind:

Abenderheiterungen. Quedlinburg 1815.
Auswahl neuer Balladen u. Romanzen. 4 Bücher. Helmſtädt 1818.
Blumenleſe ſüdlicher Spiele im Garten deutſcher Poeſie. Berlin 1817.
Deutſcher Dichternekrolog. Nordhauſen 1818.
Ueberſicht der aus der Bibel geſchöpften Dich-

rungen älterer und neuerer deutſcher Dichter. Eſſen 1830.
Gallerie der jetzt lebenden deutſchen Dichter, Romanſchriftſteller, Erzähler, Ueberſetzer aus den neuen Sprachen, Anthologen und Herausgeber belletriſtiſcher Schriften. Helmſt. 1818—21.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Halberſtadt 1797.
Geſchenk für Freunde des Eislaufs u. der Schlittenfahrt, in Geſängen deutſcher Dichter. Norden 1818.
Paul Gerhard. Dramat. Poeſie. Eſſen 1813.
Litterar. Handwörterbuch der verſtorbenen deutſchen Dichter und zur ſchönen Litteratur gehörigen Schriftſteller von 1137—1824. Leipzig 1826.
Heroiden der Deutſchen. Halberſtadt 1824.
Kalliope. Sammlung lyriſcher Gedichte. Münſter 1807.
Neuer Kranz deutſcher Sonette. Nürnberg 1820.
Kurzgefaßtes Lexikon deutſcher pſeudonymer Schriftſteller. Leipzig 1830.
Poetiſches Luſtwäldchen. Cöln 1817.
Maja. Sammlung vermiſchter Schriften. Osnabrück 1811.
Mimigardia. Poet. Taſchenbuch auf das J. 1810—12. Münſter.
Münſteriſcher Epigrammencyclus. Eſſen 1810.
Neujahrsgabe für das Jahr 1815. Münſter 1815.
Pantheon deutſcher jetzt lebender Dichter und in die Belletriſtik eingreifender Schriftſteller. Helmſtädt 1823.
Pantheon der Tonkünſtler. Quedlinburg 1831.
Poetiſches Quodlibet. 1. Gabe. Eſſen 1824.
Die Romanzen und Balladen der neuern deutſchen Dichter. Quedlinburg 1834.
Auserleſene poetiſche Schriften. Frankfurt 1816.
Poetiſche Schriften. Leipzig 1811.
Münſterländiſches Schriftſteller-Lexikon. Lingen u. Münſter 1814—15.
Sonette der (Nord-) Deutſchen. 3 Th. Braunſchweig 1817.
Neue Sammlung trioletiſcher Spiele. Lpz. 1817.
Taſchenbuch auf das J. 1814. 1r Jahrg. Düſſeldorf.
Trioletts der Deutſchen. Eſſen 1815.
Ueberſicht derjenigen ältern und neuern Dichter, welche Dichtungen nach der heil. Schrift geliefert haben. Helmſtädt 1819.
Deutſche Anthologie. 1s—37s Bändchen. Zwickau 1821—27.
Muſenalmanach aus Rheinland u. Weſtphalen. 1r—4r Jahrg. Hamm 1821—24 (mit Rouſſeau herausgegeben).
— für 1825. 5r Jahrg. Cöln.
Heſperiſche Nachklänge. Cöln 1826.
Reineke Fuchs. Zwickau 1820.
Aſtern. Altenburg 1824.
Frühlingsgaben. Quedlinburg 1824.
Faſtnachtsbüchlein. Hamm 1827.
Scenen aus Elyſium. Halberſtadt 1800.
Mimigardia. Poet. Taſchenbuch für 1810.
Katholiſche Andachten. Münſter 1806.
Epigrammencyclus. Duisburg 1809.
Sommerfrüchte. Münſter 1811.
Kritiſches Geſammtregiſter aller in den deutſchen Litteraturzeitungen ꝛc. enthaltenen Recenſionen. Leipzig 1820.

Ein fleißiger Compilator auf dem Gebiete der ſchönen Litteratur, deſſen eigene poetiſche Producte jedoch unbedeutend ſind und nur große Gewandtheit in Behandlung, beſonders der ſüdweſtlichen Formen, beurkunden.

Heinrich Rätel,

mit dem Beinamen: zum Sagan, lebte in der erſten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts.

Er iſt der Verfaſſer von:

Die Hiſtori vom gulden Kalb Aaronis. Tragödie. Görlitz 1575.
Comedia von Konig Davids ungerathenem Sohn Abſolom. Leipzig 1603.

Seine dramatiſchen Leiſtungen im Geſchmack ſeiner Zeit ſind unbedeutend und ſtehen weit unter denen des Hans Sachs.

Joſeph Franz von Ratſchky

wurde am 22. Auguſt zu Wien geboren. Nach Beendigung ſeiner Univerſitätsſtudien erhielt er alsbald das Amt eines niederöſterreichiſchen Fleiſchaufſchlagsmanipulanten zu Wien, ward hierauf Hofkanzelliſt bei der böhmiſch-öſterreichiſchen Hofkanzlei daſelbſt, 1786 Gubernialſecretär in Lemberg und 1787 Präſidialſecretär bei der Landesregierung in Linz. Im Jahre 1791 ward er in gleicher Eigenſchaft an die Hofkammer nach Wien zurückberufen, bekleidete darauf von 1804 die Stelle eines Regierungsrathes und erſten Directors der Lottogefälleadminiſtration, bis er 1806 zum Hofrath bei der Finanzſection und kurz darauf zum Staatsrath ernannt wurde. Er ſtarb am 31. Mai 1810.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Weiß und Roſenfarb. Singſpiel. Wien 1773.
Wiener Muſenalmanach von 1777—96 (zuletzt mit Blumauer).
Bekir und Gulroni. Schauſp. Wien 1780.
Gedichte. Wien 1785 (N. A. 1791).
Der Theaterkitzel. Schauſp. Wien 1781.
Melchior Striegel. Epiſches Gedicht. Wien 1794 (N. A. 1799).
Neuere Gedichte. Wien 1805.
Apollonion. Taſchenbuch. Wien 1807 u. 1808 (mit Leon u. Kreil).

R's komiſche Leiſtungen, beſonders ſein Melchior Striegel, ſind von bleibendem Werth, da ſie ſich reich an Witz und Laune zeigen, und mit anmuthiger Darſtellung große Correctheit der Sprache und Form verbinden.

Ratzeberger ſ. Wagenſeil.

Friedrich Ludwig Georg von Raumer,

geboren am 14. Mai 1781 zu Wörlitz bei Deſſau, ſtudirte zu Halle und Göttingen Cameralwiſſenſchaft und Geſchichte, ward 1801 Referendar bei der kurmärkiſchen Kammer in Berlin, 1802 Aſſeſſor, 1806 Domainenrath zu Wuſterhauſen bei Berlin und 1809 Regierungsrath in Potsdam. Im Jahre 1810 arbeitete er im Bureau des Staatskanzlers, Fürſten von Hardenberg, und erhielt 1811 die ordentliche Profeſſur der Geſchichte und Staatskunſt in Breslau. 1815 reiſte er nach Italien und wiederholte dieſe Reiſe in den Jahren 1816 und 1817 auf königliche Koſten. 1819 ward er als Profeſſor nach Berlin berufen, und 1830 reiſte er nach Paris. Gegenwärtig lebt er noch zu Berlin, häufig Reiſen in das Ausland machend.

Von ſeinen zahlreichen Schriften nennen wir:

Das britiſche Beſteuerungsſyſtem. Berlin 1810.
CCI emendationes in Lehmeieri et Gebhardii tabulas geneal. dynastiarum arabicarum et turcicar. Accedd. 18 tab. recens composit. Heidelb. 1811.
Die Reden des Aeſchines u. Demoſthenes über die Krone. Ueberſ. Berlin 1811.
Handb. merkwürdiger Stellen aus den lat. Geſchichtſchreibern des Mittelalters. Breslau 1813.
Sechs Dialogen über Krieg und Handel. Hamburg 1816.
Herbſtreiſe nach Venedig. 2 Th. Berlin 1816.
Vorleſungen über die alte Geſchichte. 2 Theile. Berlin 1821.
Geſchichte der Hohenſtaufen u. ihrer Zeit. 6 Bde. Leipzig 1823—25.
Ueber die geſchichtliche Entwickelung d. Begriffe von Recht, Staat u. Politik. Leipzig 1826 (N. A. 1831).
K. W. Ferdin. Solger's Schriften und Briefwechſel. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1826 (mit L. Tieck).
Ueber die preußiſche Städteordnung. Lpz. 1828.
Zur Rechtfertigung u. Berichtigung vorſtehender Schrift. Leipzig 1828.
Hiſtoriſches Taſchenbuch. Leipzig 1829.
Briefe aus Paris u. Frankreich im Jahre 1830. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1831.
Briefe aus Paris zur Erläuterung d. Geſchichte des 16. u. 17. Jahrh. 2 Th. Leipzig 1831.
Geſchichte Europa's ſeit dem Ende des 15. Jahrh. 1r—6r Bd. Leipzig 1832—38.
Polens Untergang. Leipzig 1832.
Ueber den Anſchluß Sachſens an die deutſchen Zoll- u. Handelsvereine. Leipzig 1833.
Beitr. zur neueren Geſchichte aus d. brit. Muſeum u. Reichsarchive. 5 Bde. Leipzig 1836—39.
England im Jahre 1835. 2 Th. Leipzig 1836.
Italien. Leipzig 1840.

Dieſer ausgezeichnete Hiſtoriker, welcher, bei höchſt bedeutenden Verdienſten um die Erforſchung der Geſchichte der mittleren und neueren Zeit, mit trefflicher Darſtellung eine ſeltene Eleganz des Styls und eine eben ſo hervorragende Feinheit des Raiſonnements verbindet, iſt in der jüngſten Zeit eben ſo häufig als heftig ſeiner politiſchen Anſichten wegen angegriffen und beſchuldigt worden, zu große Rückſichten auf die Maximen des Staates, dem er angehört, zu nehmen und ſeine Urtheile danach zu modeln. Es iſt hier nicht der Ort, zu unterſuchen, ob ſeine Gegner Recht haben oder nicht, wenn ſie mit jenen Vorwürfen auch noch den einer zu großen ſchriftſtelleriſchen Productivität verbinden; unbeſtritten müſſen aber jene oben an ihm gerühmten Eigenſchaften anerkannt und viele ſeiner Werke, namentlich die Geſchichte der Hohenſtaufen, als claſſiſche Leiſtungen genannt werden, welche nicht allein ihrem Verfaſſer, ſondern der ganzen deutſchen Nation die größte Ehre bringen.

Großbritannien und Irland von dem Tode der Königin Eliſabeth bis zur Herſtellung Karls II. *).
(1603—1660.)

Die Geſchichte Jakobs I. (1603—1625.)

Die Geſchichte Englands in der zweiten Hälfte des ſechzehnten und der erſten Hälfte des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts, zeigt einen ſo ſcharfen und merkwürdigen Gegenſatz, daß wir nur ungern (obgleich aus überwiegenden Gründen) die Erzählung derſelben unterbrochen haben. Wenn dort das Ganze durch das Uebergewicht des Geiſtes und Charakters der Königin Eliſabeth Leben und Zuſammenhang erhielt, wenn ſich faſt Alles auf ihre Perſon bezog und daſelbſt ſeinen Mittelpunkt fand, ſo löſet ſich dagegen hier, durch den Mangel hervorragender Perſönlichkeiten, das Ganze auf und fällt nach entgegengeſetzten Richtungen auseinander. In jeder dieſer Richtungen offenbart ſich indeß ein ſo merkwürdiger Reichthum von Gedanken und eine ſo lehrreiche Folge von Abſtufungen und Uebergängen, daß man (abgeſehen von dem Umfange der Wirkungen) die Geſchichte der engliſchen Revolution ſchon deshalb für noch anziehender und mannichfaltiger erklären möchte als die franzöſiſche, weil dieſe zum Theil nur als eine Wiederholung deſſen erſcheint, was dort bereits ausgeſprochen und gethan war, und in ihr ferner von vorn herein alles Kirchliche und Religiöſe bei Seite geworfen wird, während es in England überall dem Politiſchen in den verſchiedenſten Geſtaltungen zur Seite ſtand. Schriebe uns der Plan unſeres Werkes nicht auch hier gebieteriſch gewiſſe Grenzen vor, ſo würden wir dieſer ungemein wichtigen Entwickelung neuer Gedanken, Anſichten und Grundſätze über Staat und Kirche, Königthum und Republik, bürgerliche Rechte und Pflichten, Beharren und Fortſchreiten u. ſ. w. gern noch mehr Raum gegönnt haben, da man hier nicht willkürlich zuſammendrängen kann, wie bei der Erzählung bloß äußerlicher Ereigniſſe oder erfolgloſer Kriege. Weil jedoch die Geſchichte der Regierung Jakobs I. weit weniger inhaltreich und denkwürdig iſt, als die ſeines Sohnes Karls I., ſo ſei es erlaubt jene als eine Einleitung für dieſe zu behandeln und in aller Kürze nur die Hauptſachen, ohne ſtrenge Berückſichtigung der Zeitfolge zu erwähnen: nämlich zuerſt Jakobs Thronbeſteigung, Perſönlichkeit und Regierungsgrundſätze, und hierauf ſein Verhältniß zu fremden Staaten, zu Parlament und Kirche.

Die Gründe, welche gegen das Erbrecht der Maria Stuart waren aufgeſtellt worden, ließen ſich zum Theil auch wider Jakob I. anwenden; doch fanden nach dem Tode der Eliſabeth die wichtigſten ohne Zweifel keine Anwendung mehr.

In dem vom Parlamente beſtätigten Teſtamente König Heinrichs VIII., welches Viele noch als die Grundlage des engliſchen Thronerbrechts betrachteten, waren die Nachkommen ſeiner an den König Jakob IV. von Schottland verheiratheten älteren Schweſter Margarethe ganz mit Stillſchweigen übergangen, und, nach Abgang eigener Nachkommen, die Krone den Erben ſeiner jüngeren Schweſter, der Herzogin Maria Suffolk zugeſprochen. Deren Enkelinnen Katharina Grey und Eleonore Gräfin von Cumberland hätten demgemäß für ſich und ihre Kinder Anſprüche machen und zugleich hervorheben können: Jakob ſei Mariens Sohn, ein Fremder und von verhaßtem Stamme. Andererſeits erſchien dieſe, durch Nichts begründete Ausſchließung der älteren Linie, nur eine von den vielen Willkürlichkeiten jenes Königs, und Jakob (welcher durch keine eigene Schuld ſeine Rechte verwirkt hatte) war unzweifelhaft der nächſte natürliche Erbe. Deshalb gab auch Eliſabeth (zur Anerkennung der Erbfolge nicht minder berechtigt als Heinrich VIII.) ihre Zuſtimmung zu ſeiner Erhebung und ihr angeſehenſter Miniſter Cecil war ſchon früher in geheime Unterhandlungen mit dem Könige von Schottland getreten. Ihm ſchloſſen ſich die übrigen Staatsmänner und Perſonen an, kein anderer Thronbewerber trat hervor, und Männer wie Raleigh, Cobham und Andere, welche meinten, man müſſe ſich gegen den Schotten vor der Krönung durch allerhand Bedingungen ſichern, waren als Gegner des Grafen Eſſex nicht beliebt. Auch hatte Eliſabeths lange, gemäßigte Regierung jede Beſorgniß vor übertriebenen Anſprüchen eines Königs den Engländern ganz aus den Augen gerückt.

Weil indeſſen keine Regierung ohne alle Mängel iſt und je länger ſie dauert, deſto mehr in jeder Veränderung eine Beſſerung vermuthen läßt, ſo freuten ſich auch Manche daß England endlich wieder von einem Könige beherrſcht werde, der im kräftigſten Lebensalter ſtehe (er zählte 36 Jahre) und durch mannichfache Erfahrungen beſſer als die meiſten Fürſten zum Herrſchen erzogen ſei. Hiezu kam, daß jede Partei die ungewiſſe Zukunft zu eigenem Vortheil deutete, und der beſonderen Vorliebe des neuen Königs gewiß zu ſein glaubte. So hofften z. B. die Katholiken auf mildere Behandlung und die Puritaner auf Einführung ihrer, zeither von Jakob bekannten Lehre in England; die Anhänger des biſchöflichen Syſtems endlich vertrauten darauf, daß ihre kirchlichen Grundſätze mit den politiſchen des neuen Königs übereinſtimmten.

Sobald der König alles Nöthige in Schottland angeordnet hatte, brach er auf von Edinburg nach London, ward überall mit Ehren und Freuden aufgenommen und den 25. Julius 1603, dem Tage des Apoſtels Jakob feierlich und auf eine Weiſe gekrönt, welche von der ehemaligen katholiſchen wenig abwich. Man kann annehmen (ſchreibt der franzöſiſche Geſandte Beaumont an Heinrich IV.), daß Bewegungen bei dieſem Thronwechſel verhindert worden ſind, durch den großen Gehorſam, welchen die verſtorbene Königin über ihre Unterthanen ſo kluger Weiſe gegründet und erhalten hat, durch das Beiſpiel ihrer Gerechtigkeit und Milde und den faſt vierundvierzigjährigen

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*) Aus v. Raumer's Geſchichte Europas ꝛc.

Frieden ihrer Regierung, durch das Sinken des verarmten und im Zaum gehaltenen Adels, durch den Reichthum des Gewerbtreibenden Volkes, endlich durch die Schwäche und Uneinigkeit der Katholiken. — Als König Heinrich IV. sagte: „ich wundere mich, daß mein Bruder drei Königreiche so mühelos erworben hat, während mir Eins so viel zu schaffen machte," antwortete der englische Gesandte: Jakob wundere sich noch mehr wie Heinrich mit drei Weibern, Margarethe, Gabriele und Marie fertig geworden sei.

Diese Ruhe und Zufriedenheit dauerte aber in England nur ungemein kurze Zeit, denn schon sechs Wochen nach dem Tode der Königin Elisabeth schreibt derselbe Gesandte Beaumont: „Die Unzufriedenheit wächst von Tage zu Tage aus verschiedenen Gründen, und verbreitet sich über alle Klassen von Menschen."

Insbesondere zeigte der König so viel Vorliebe für die Schotten, daß diese ihren, über die Engländer zufällig gewonnenen Einfluß aus Ehrgeiz und noch mehr aus Eigennutz geltend zu machen suchten. Die Schotten (erzählen mehrere Schriftsteller) verzehren gleich Raupen das Königreich. Es gibt Nichts, was sie nicht forderten und was man ihnen nicht bewilligte; diese goldenen Räder aufzurichten kostet mehr, denn alle Kriege der Königin Elisabeth. — Die Eifersucht der Engländer gegen die Schotten (erzählt Beaumont) vermehrt und erzeigt sich dergestalt, daß daraus wohl einige Flammen hervorbrechen könnten. Denn die letzten sind hungrig, geizig und übermüthig; sie benutzen die Gunst des Königs, so lange ihnen dieselbe zu Gebote steht, und suchen sich in allen Aemtern festzusetzen. Die Engländer hingegen wollen um so weniger etwas ihnen Nachtheiliges dulden, da sie meist von des Königs Person schlecht erbaut sind und laut äußern: sie wären in Hinsicht auf seinen Ruf und die von ihm gefaßte Meinung betrogen worden. Einem ist sogar das Wort entfahren: man müsse schottische, gleichwie türkische Gefangene halten. — Ungeachtet dieser Unzufriedenheit mißglückte Cobham's und Raleigh's erneuter Versuch Miß Arabella Stuart auf den Thron zu setzen, oder den König durch neue staatsrechtliche Bestimmungen einzuschränken.

So lange zwischen England und Schottland der Gegensätze und Verschiedenheiten so viele fortdauerten, konnte indeß die Vereinigung beider Kronen auf ein Haupt und die Annahme des Titels eines Königs von Großbritannien, die Macht und das Glück der Völker nur wenig erhöhen; deshalb entwarf Jakob den Plan einer völligen Einigung und Verschmelzung beider Länder zu einem einzigen Reiche. Den Meisten erschien jedoch das angeblich vereinigende, fast zufällige Erbrecht Jakobs, ganz unbedeutend bei dem fortdauernden Gegensatze der Sitten und Gewohnheiten, der kirchlichen Entwickelung und der gesammten Volksthümlichkeit. Engländer wie Schotten forderten und fürchteten zu viel, jeder Theil hielt seine Einrichtungen für allein wichtig und angemessen, und nannte den sicheren Verlust größer, als den möglichen Gewinn. Aus diesen Gründen ward der umfassende Plan einer völligen Vereinigung von den Parlamenten verworfen und nur am 11. August 1607 die Erleichterung einiger Nebendinge hinsichtlich des Handels, der Ein- und Ausfuhr, der Grenzsperren, der Rechtspflege und dgl. angenommen. Es mußten noch viele Jahre vergehen und viele Vorurtheile und Leidenschaften verschwinden, ehe sich Schotten und Engländer als Glieder eines größeren Ganzen fühlen lernten.

Statt eines kräftigen Königs, sprachen Manche, haben wir eine schwache Königin bekommen und Großbritannien ist kleiner geworden als England war.

In seiner äußern Erscheinung und seinem Benehmen zeigte sich Jakob I. nichts weniger als würdig und königlich. Von der Schönheit und dem einnehmenden Wesen Mariens hatte er nichts geerbt, und seine nordisch rauhe Aussprache ward dadurch noch unangenehmer, daß seine Zunge für den Mund zu dick war. Auch hinderte sie ihn mit Anstand und reinlich zu trinken. Sein Gang war von Natur oder durch Angewöhnung ungeschickt und schwankend, und wenn Elisabeth glaubte, daß Pracht, selbst des Anzugs, ihrer königlichen Würde entsprechen müsse, so vernachlässigte Jakob alles Aeußere dergestalt, daß er z. B. stets denselben Schnitt der Kleider beibehielt und sie erst ablegte, wenn sie ganz zerrissen waren. Auch für Wissenschaft und Kunst fehlten ihm meist Urtheil und Geschmack, und seine Gelehrsamkeit zeigte er fast immer auf unpassende und pedantische Art. Schmeichler nannten ihn den Salomon seiner Zeit, während Andere schärfer und richtiger bemerkten: sein Geist sei ein Magazin für bedeutungslose Kleinigkeiten und er der weiseste Thor in der Christenheit. Zwar sagte Franz Bacon: „er besitzt die Dreieinheit, welche man dem hochverehrten Hermes im Alterthume beilegte: die Macht und das Glück eines Königs, die Kenntniß und Erleuchtung eines Priesters, und die Gelehrsamkeit und Vielseitigkeit eines Philosophen." In Wahrheit aber herrschte er nie selbst, eignete sich von dem Priesterlichen nur die damalige Streitsucht und Streitkunst zu, und hielt in der Wissenschaft meist nur fest an dem Einseitigen, Uebertriebenen und Unbrauchbaren. Seine Friedensliebe ruhte wesentlich auf der Furcht, und die nach raschem Zorne zurückkehrende Milde auf phlegmatischer Lässigkeit. Neben übertriebenen Forderungen für die königliche Würde, duldete er selbst das Unanständige und ward in seinen Scherzen platt und gemein. Unter dem Scheine der Aufrichtigkeit suchte er oft zu täuschen und ward (wie gewöhnlich) noch öfter durch Heuchler getäuscht und betrogen. Selten gewann wahres Verdienst bei ihm Einfluß, und seine scheinbare Großmuth führte zunächst in kindische, unwürdige Verschwendung und dann zu schlechten Mitteln sich Geld zu verschaffen. Gegen die Weiber war er nicht bloß gleichgültig, sondern grob; während er von seinen Lieblingen in ähnlicher Weise behandelt wurde und sich und ihnen selbst das Anstößige und Ekelhafte erlaubte. Seine Leidenschaft für Jagen und Trinken stand nicht mit kühnem Muthe und geistreicher Geselligkeit in Verbindung, raubte ihm aber nur zu oft Lust und Zeit, auch nur die dringendsten Geschäfte abzumachen.

Jakobs Werke, verschiedenen Inhalts, zeigen mehr Kenntnisse als Urtheil, und mehr Schreibseligkeit als Kenntnisse. Die Auslegung der Offenbarung Johannis richtet sich meist gegen Papst und Katholiken; in der Dämonologie sucht er zu erweisen, daß eine schwarze Kunst möglich und wirklich, also an Hexen, Gespenstern, bösen Geistern, Verträgen mit dem Teufel u. dgl. kein Mangel sei. Auch untersucht er ernstlich: weshalb sich der Teufel mehr mit alten Weibern als mit anderen Personen abgebe. Gern könnte man ihm diese Grillen verzeihen, hätte er sie nur nicht zur Anwendung gebracht und eine große Zahl angeblicher Hexen und Zauberer hinrichten lassen.

In seiner Schrift vom Rechte freier Monarchien fordert er einerseits: jeder König solle, wie ein guter Vater, weise und milde regieren; verwirft aber andererseits alle förmlichen Mittel des Staatsrechts, wodurch man solche Weisheit und Milde hervorbringen, oder die entgegengesetzten Eigenschaften reinigen und zähmen will. Mit Recht knüpft Jakob die Lehre von Herrschaft und Obrigkeit theoretisch an eine höhere Quelle und an eine geheiligte Beglaubigung; denn sobald sie dem bloßen Belieben jedes Einzelnen und jedes Augenblicks preisgegeben wird, entweichen Sicherheit, Haltung und Gehorsam. Irrig stellt er aber bloß die Könige unter Gottes unmittelbare Obhut, während doch jede Kreatur in dessen Hand steht und zu einer eigenthümlichen Art des Daseins und der Entwickelung berechtigt ist. Deshalb hat, sowie der König, so auch der Unterthan, eigene unantastbare Rechte, und wenn dort (durch Uebertreibung der Analogie) Allmacht und Unfehlbarkeit für den König in Anspruch genommen wird, entspringt hier (durch natürliche Umkehrung) die gleich bedenkliche Lehre, daß sich in den Meinungen der Massen immerdar Gottes Stimme ausspreche. — Jede Form, jedes Recht, jedes Herkommen (dies behauptete Jakob) habe keine andere Wurzel als sein Belieben, und das gesammte Staatsrecht gelte nur so lange, und insofern er es nicht aufhebe. Alle Bürgschaften der öffentlichen Verhältnisse bezogen sich hiernach allein auf die Person des Königs; wodurch allmälig die entgegengesetzte Ansicht hervorgetrieben ward, welche (mit irriger Beseitigung aller persönlichen und liebevollen Verhältnisse zwischen Obrigkeit und Unterthanen) lediglich in den Formen Rettung suchte. Elisabeth sprach (ungeachtet ihrer überlegenen Persönlichkeit) nur von der Liebe und den guten Gesinnungen ihres Volkes; Jakob hingegen redete immer von Furcht, Gehorsam, Unterwerfung und behauptete: es sei Aufruhr darüber zu streiten, was ein König in der Fülle seiner Macht thun, oder nicht thun dürfe. Bisweilen setzte er zwar hinzu: er wolle nicht gegen Gesetz und Vernunft verfahren, — wohl aber wollte er doch allein entscheiden, was gesetzlich und vernünftig sei. — Welche Ansicht man nun auch über jene Theorien haben möge, gewiß verkannte Jakob die Verhältnisse Großbritanniens sowie seine eigene Stellung, wenn er andere Könige und Reiche zum Vorbilde nahm und dem französischen Botschafter sagte: er und Heinrich IV. wären unumschränkt in ihren Reichen und keineswegs von Rath oder Bewilligung ihrer Unterthanen abhängig. — Nicht bloß gegen seine Minister machte Jakob diese Ansichten und Grundsätze eigensinnig geltend, sondern er verstattete ebenfalls seiner Gemahlin, der Königin Anna (einer Schwester König Christians IV. von Dänemark), fast gar keinen Einfluß. Auch ward ihre Neigung sich in die Geschäfte zu mischen, nicht durch Ueberlegenheit des Geistes unterstützt, weshalb sie es bei sonstigen Mißverhältnissen zu ihrem Gemahl schon für einen Gewinn halten mußte, wenn er seine Lieblinge mit Rücksicht auf ihre Wünsche auswählte und Geld zu ihren leichtsinnigen Ausgaben anwies. Daß Prinz Heinrich von Wales Anlagen entwickelte und ebenfalls unbedingte Herrschergrundsätze zur Schau trug, gewann ihm nicht (wie man erwarten sollte) die Gunst seines Vaters; vielmehr fürchtete und beargwöhnte ihn dieser und beweinte seinen Tod weniger als das Volk, welches bessere Zeiten von dem Prinzen erwartete.

Unter den Ministern Jakobs war Robert Cecil, Gravon Salisbury, ſeinem Vater Burghley zwar nicht gleich an Umfang des Geiſtes und Kraft des Charakters, aber doch allen ſeinen damaligen Mitbewerbern und Nebenbuhlern weit überlegen durch Milde, Fleiß, Beredſamkeit, Geſchäftskenntniß und politiſchen Ueberblick. Man warf ihm ſeine frühere Feindſchaft gegen Eſſex und zu große Liebe des Geldes vor; allein Eſſex bereitete ſich ſelbſt den Untergang, und nie hat Eigennutz den Grafen Salisbury ſo von der rechten Bahn abgelenkt, wie ſeinen noch geiſtreicheren Genoſſen Franz Bakon. Auch war es allerdings ſehr ſchwer unter einem Könige, welcher, wie Jakob, unbedingten Gehorſam, ja Schmeichelei verlangte, ohne falſche Nachgiebigkeit Einfluß zu behalten. Wenn deshalb Cecil den großartigen und heldenmüthigen Charakteren auch nicht beizuzählen iſt, dann doch jeden Falls den nützlichen und brauchbaren Staatsmännern. Gewiß wurden die öffentlichen Angelegenheiten nach ſeinem Tode (er ſtarb 1612) ſchlechter geleitet als vorher, und der unter Eliſabeths ernſter Regierung vorherrſchende Sinn für ſtrenge Pflichterfüllung und Unbeſtechlichkeit ſchwand unter den Staatsbeamten immer mehr.

Selbſt ein Mann von den größten Gaben des Geiſtes, Franz Bakon, ward überführt, er habe allen Geſetzen zuwider von den Parteien Geld genommen. Die, welche ihn entſchuldigen, ſprechen, daß ſchlechte Wirthſchaft und Nachgiebigkeit gegen ſeine Diener ihn ins Verderben gelockt, und er um Geldes willen wohl eigentlich keinen ganz ungerechten Ausſpruch gethan habe; indeß geſtand er ſelbſt, daß er ſich habe beſtechen laſſen und entſagte aller Vertheidigung. Deshalb verlor er ſeine Stelle, ward aller andern Aemter unfähig erklärt, in 40,000 Pfund Strafe genommen und zu Gefängniß auf unbeſtimmte Zeit verurtheilt. Strafe und Gefängniß erließ ihm der König, aber Bakons Ehre war verloren, niedrige Schmeichelei verſchaffte ihm keinen Einfluß wieder, und das Mißverhältniß ſeines von der Natur ſo reich begabten Geiſtes und ſeines feigen, unwürdigen Charakters hätte ihm bei ernſter Selbſtprüfung noch größer und verdammlicher erſcheinen ſollen, als ſpätern Beurtheilern, die um ſonſtiger Verdienſte willen gern ſeine ſittliche Nichtigkeit überſehen oder entſchuldigen möchten.

Ohne ſolche Lichtſeiten erſcheinen die eigentlichen Lieblinge des Königs. So **Robert Carr**, welchen bloß körperliche Schönheit und oberflächliche geſellige Talente empfahlen, während alle ächte Einſicht ihm fehlte und ſein Charakter den härteſten Vorwürfen unterliegt. Deſſungeachtet erhob ihn Jakob zum Grafen von **Somerſet**, verſtattete ihm nach Salisbury's Tode den größten Einfluß auf die Staatsangelegenheiten, und ſchenkte ihm, als er die liederliche, von ihrem Manne geſchiedene Gräfin Eſſex heirathete, einer Angabe zufolge, für eine Million Güter. Bei der Hochzeit trug die Gräfin eine Krone, welche man auf 400,000 Thaler ſchätzte, und auch des raſch bereicherten Grafen Kleider waren mit Edelſteinen überſäet; ja Seidenzeug und Silberſtoff koſteten ihm für ſeine Vermählung 40,000 Thaler. Wie die meiſten Emporkömmlinge war Somerſet anmaßlich und grob, nicht bloß gegen Geringere und Gleichgeſtellte, ſondern ſelbſt gegen den König, welcher ſich aus ſo unwürdiger Sklaverei erſt frei machte, als der Graf und ſeine Gemahlin ihren ehemaligen Freund Overbury vergifteten, hauptſächlich weil er von dieſer der Wahrheit gemäß geſprochen ha [illegible] ften nur die niederen Theilnehmer den Frevel m [illegible] e beiden Haupturheber hingegen wurden be[illegible]och lange gehaßt und verachtet.

[illegible] dieſe und andere Erfahrungen erkor ſich [illegible]bling an **Villiers**, dem nachmaligen [illegible]**gham**. Er war ſo ſchön als gewandt, [illegible] lief am raſcheſten, und ſprang am höchſten. [illegible]ſte Kleiderkammer und die meiſten Liebſchaften, [illegible]en Menſchen in einer Sänfte tragen, und fuhr zu[illegible] ſechs Pferden beſpannten Wagen. Mit Geſang, [illegible]fzügen und Schauſpielen wußte er dem Könige [illegible]rtreiben und bot, wenn ſtärkere Reizmittel nöthig [illegible] die Hand zu Unanſtändigkeiten und Gemeinheiten aller Art. Obgleich einerſeits ſo ſich ſelbſt preisgebend, war andererſeits ſein Stolz unbegrenzt, ſein Eigennutz ungemäßigt, und ſelbſt der König ſeinen Launen und Grobheiten ausgeſetzt. Geheimniſſe ſchlau entdecken, mit loſer Rede Gegner abfertigen und Hofränke gar fein durchführen, war anfangs ſeine Luſt; allen Schein von Beſcheidenheit und Mäßigung legte er indeß ab, ſobald er der Gunſt des Königs ganz gewiß zu ſein glaubte, oder vielmehr ſeine Herrſchaft über ihn feſt gegründet hatte. Aufrichtig war Buckingham mehr aus Heftigkeit als aus Wahrheitsliebe, freigebig mehr aus Hang zur Verſchwendung als aus Großmuth, Freund oder Feind ohne Wahl, Klugheit und Unterſcheidung. Daher gewann er keinen treuen Anhänger, ja er verſtand nicht einmal ſich tüchtige Gehülfen zu erziehen. Buckingham beſaß nur die geringen Anlagen eines bloßen Hofgünſtlings, keine eines ächten Staatsmannes, und leitete doch ſo lange die öffentlichen Angelegenheiten! Ueberall handelte er ohne Plan und Zuſammenhang; ihn leitete kein großes Intereſſe für das Wohl ſeines Vaterlandes, er war kein Mann des Volks, kein großer Geiſt, kein edler Charakter.

Eitelkeit und Anmaßung entzweite ihn mit dem Spanien beherrſchenden Olivarez; die Art, wie er der Königin Anna in Paris den Hof machte, verdroß Ludwig XIII., und die geiſtige Ueberlegenheit Richelieu's glaubte er witzig zurückgewieſen zu haben, wenn er ihn den Admiral des ſüßen Waſſers nannte. Mit Recht ſchrieb deshalb Camerarius dem Kanzler Oxenſtierna: ſo lange Buckingham hier in England regiert, iſt nichts Gutes zu erwarten; und Andere ſprachen: die Günſtlinge ſind von Gott zur Züchtigung der Herrſcher und der Völker beſtimmt, und er bedient ſich ſtets der gottloſeſten zu dieſem ſchrecklichen Zweck.

Daß ein König wie Jakob und Günſtlinge wie Somerſet und Buckingham nicht im Stande ſein würden, in Beziehung auf die fremden Mächte, Eliſabeths würdevolle und einflußreiche Stellung zu behaupten, ließ ſich vorausſehen. Doch ſchien im Allgemeinen Englands Aufgabe unverkennbar, nämlich die ſpaniſch-öſterreichiſche Uebermacht und die franzöſiſche Eroberungsluſt gleichmäßig in Schranken zu halten und die Unabhängigkeit der vereinigten Niederländer zu ſichern. Jakobs Anſicht von dieſen ward aber ſchon dadurch ganz unpolitiſch, daß er ſie ſeinen theoretiſch abſtracten Grundſätzen gemäß, ſchlechthin als Empörer betrachtete. Zum Theil in dieſer Beziehung ſchrieb Heinrich IV. ſeinem Botſchafter in London: „König Jakob zeigt ſich ſo leichtſinnig und gedankenlos in ſeinen Worten und Handlungen, daß man ſehr wenig darauf bauen kann. Er verhandelt in Rom, in Spanien und überall, gleichwie mit mir, ſchließt ſich aber in Wahrheit weder offen noch insgeheim Jemand an, ſetzt ſich wegen irgend einer Hoffnung, welche die Seinen ihm erregen, bald ſo bald anders in Bewegung, prüft aber weder den Grund noch Gehalt der Sache, ſo daß er ſich, wie ich vorausſehe, in allen Dingen wird täuſchen laſſen."

Jakobs Friedensliebe und die Beendigung des Kriegs wider Spanien mag man im Allgemeinen billigen, bald aber bemerkten alle Nachbarn, daß jene Friedensliebe nicht aus den rechten Gründen entſtand, weshalb der franzöſiſche Geſandte berichtet: „So lange Jakob lebt, wird er unter ſeiner Veranlaſſung niemals einen Krieg beginnen, ſondern den Frieden ſelbſt durch ſchlechte unverſtändige und beſchimpfende Mittel zu erhalten ſuchen. Er haßt den Krieg aus Gewohnheit, aus Grundſatz und von Natur, und will ihn (nach ſeinen Worten) meiden wie ſeine eigene Verdammniß. Denn er iſt geboren und erzogen mit einem niedrigen und ſchwachen Herzen, und bildet ſich ein (nach Weiſe der Fürſten, welche ſich der Religion, den Wiſſenſchaften und dem Müſſiggange ergeben), er könne nie gegen ſeinen Willen, durch Pflicht und Gewiſſen, und aus gewaltigen und geſetzlichen Gründen zum Kriege gezwungen werden. Hiezu kommt, daß er ſich wegen ſeiner Schwäche, Nachläſſigkeit und Unerfahrenheit den Geſchäften nicht gewachſen fühlt und fern davon hält. Und ſo glaubt er nun, er könne ſie während des Friedens mit weniger Schande Anderen aufladen, ſeine Fehler leichter verdecken, und ſeiner Natur gemäß in aller Freiheit, der Ruhe und den Vergnügungen leben."

Niemand benutzte dieſe Sinnesart geſchickter als der ſpaniſche Geſandte Gondomar. Er ſchrieb ſpäter an Lerma: „ich habe den König Jakob ſo in den Schlaf gewiegt, daß weder das Geſchrei ſeiner Tochter und ihrer Kinder, noch die wiederholten Vorſtellungen und Bitten ſeiner Parlamente und Unterthanen ihn aufzuwecken vermögend ſind." Etwanigen Widerſpruch von Staatsbeamten beſeitigte Gondomar durch Geſchenke und Jahrgelder, welche anzunehmen damals faſt Niemand Bedenken trug. An den Frieden mit England, welcher die Holländer alles engliſchen Beiſtandes beraubte, hätte Spanien gern ein Angriffs- und Vertheidigungsbündniß geknüpft, welches jedoch zum Theil deshalb nicht zu Stande kam, weil man fürchtete, jene würden ſich dann ganz den Franzoſen in die Arme werfen. Erſt nachdem Holland 1609 den zwölfjährigen Waffenſtillſtand mit Spanien abgeſchloſſen hatte, gewannen alle auswärtigen Verhältniſſe eine friedliche Geſtalt und Jakob ahnete nicht, daß die unter großer Pracht am 24. März 1613 vollzogene Vermählung ſeiner Tochter **Eliſabeth** mit dem Pfalzgrafen **Friedrich** ihm neue und größere Sorge bereiten werde. Zunächſt freute man ſich in England, daß der ſpaniſch-katholiſche Einfluß hierdurch gemindert, und der König ſtärker zu den Proteſtanten hingezogen ſei.

Als nun aber Friedrich im Jahre 1618 die böhmiſche Krone annahm, traten die Wünſche der kriegsluſtigen Engländer und die Furchtſamkeit des Königs in unlösbaren Widerſpruch. Auch konnte Jakob die Gewalt der Begebenheiten und Leidenſchaften nicht durch ſeine allgemeinen Grundſätze mäßigen oder beherrſchen. Daher ſein Schwanken und ein Benehmen, welches ihn den Vorwürfen aller Parteien ausſetzte. Einerſeits z. B. erklärte er ſich gegen jede Uebertragung von Kronen unter religiöſen Vorwänden und durch den Willen des Volks, und andererſeits erlaubte er doch Werbungen und Geldſammlungen zum Beſten ſeines Schwiegerſohnes und im Widerſpruche mit ſeinem den Spaniern gegebenen Verſprechen. Jenen theoretiſchen Behauptungen trat unter Anderen der Erzbiſchof Abbot entgegen und ſagte: Friedrich muß die böhmiſche Krone annehmen und folgen, wohin ihn Gott Schritt vor Schritt führt. Die Könige der Erde, welche ihre Macht dem Thiere gaben, ſollen die Hure verlaſſen und ſie in Jammer ſtürzen. Verſtändlicher als dieſe apokalyptiſchen Deutungen waren Spottgedichte und Spottbilder. So führte man in Brüſſel eine Poſſe auf, wonach Friedrich unterſtützt wurde von Dänemark mit 100,000 Pökelhäringen, von den Niederlanden mit 100,000 Butterbüchſen, und vom Könige Jakob mit 100,000 Abgeſandten. Man ſtellte dieſen dar mit heraushängenden leeren Taſchen und mit einem Schwerte an der Seite, was Viele trotz aller Anſtrengung nicht herausziehen konnten.

Zugegeben, daß es bedenklich war, Unterthanen im Kriege wider ihren alten Herrſcher zu unterſtützen, ſchwierig in Deutſchland mit fremder Kriegsmacht aufzutreten, und wünſchenswerth durch Unterhandlungen das Ziel zu erreichen, ſo hätte doch König Jakob nie ſeine Würde preisgeben und ſich in ein verächtliches Licht ſtellen ſollen. Dies geſchah (welch ein Abfall von der wahrhaft königlichen Eliſabeth), indem er laut eines Berichtes des franzöſiſchen Geſandten, dem ſpaniſchen Botſchafter Gondomar ſagte: Sie haben Urſach Ihrem Herrn zu ſchreiben, ich ſei ein Verräther, ein treuloſer Mann ohne Treu und Glauben. Der Pfalzgraf iſt ein abſcheulicher Menſch, ein Uſurpator; ich gebe Ihnen mein königliches Ehrenwort, daß ich den unirten Fürſten nicht beiſtehen werde.“ — Und dennoch verſprach König Jakob um dieſelbe Zeit dem pfälziſchen Geſandten das Gegentheil!!

Die Spanier bezahlten den König mit gleicher Münze, was ſich am deutlichſten in den langen und langweiligen Verhandlungen zeigt, welche über die Verheirathung des Prinzen Karl von Wales mit der Infantin Marie, der Schweſter Philipps IV., gepflogen wurden. Bei der damaligen Stellung der politiſchen und religiöſen Parteien war eine ſolche ungewöhnliche Verbindung eines proteſtantiſchen Thronerben mit einer Prinzeſſin aus dem erſten katholiſchen Königshauſe allerdings von ungemeiner Wichtigkeit, und noch weit darüber hinaus erſtreckte ſich Hoffnung und Furcht in Hinſicht auf ausgeſprochene, oder ſtillſchweigend vorausgeſetzte Zwecke. Jakob glaubte nach ſeiner eitlen Weiſe, daß, wenn er durch eine Tochter auf die Proteſtanten und durch eine Schwiegertochter auf die Katholiken wirke, ſo werde er überall als Schiedsrichter auftreten, die Stürme beſchwichtigen, den Frieden herbeiführen und ſeinem Schwiegerſohne mit ſpaniſcher Zuſtimmung die Pfalz wieder verſchaffen. Die Spanier ſtellten ſich hiezu bereitwillig, um den König von England und ſeine Unterthanen von kriegeriſchen Beſchlüſſen abzuhalten und Zeit zu gewinnen; wenn ſie aber auch (was gar nicht anzunehmen iſt) den ernſtlichen Willen gehabt hätten, jene politiſchen Pläne zu unterſtützen, blieben ſie doch bei Öſterreichs und Baierns beharrlichem Widerſpruch außer Stande ſie durchzuſetzen.

Mehr als die politiſche, trat die religiöſe Seite bei den Spaniern in den Vordergrund. Während nämlich eine Partei heftig tadelte, daß man eine rechtgläubige Prinzeſſin in die Sündenwelt der Ketzer hinausſtoßen wolle, betrachtete die andere den Heirathsplan wie eine göttliche Fügung, um dadurch den Katholicismus in England herzuſtellen und die Verbindung mit Rom wieder anzuknüpfen. Dieſe untereinander widerſprechenden Anſichten und Zwecke, der Wunſch zu täuſchen und die Furcht getäuſcht zu werden, zogen die Verhandlungen ſo ſehr in die Länge, daß Buckingham, Karls Ungeduld benutzend, den Plan entwarf: der Prinz ſolle ſelbſt nach Madrid eilen und ritterlich die Prinzeſſin gewinnen! Jakobs Bedenken wurden zurückgewieſen, ſeine Einwilligung faſt erzwungen und der ſpaniſche [illegible] Hof durch des Prinzen Ankunft aufs Aeußerſte überraſcht. — Dieſer Beſchluß (ruft der venetianiſche Geſandte Valareſſo aus) iſt ein Abgrund unbegreiflicher Wunder, ein Labyrinth ohne Eingang und Ausgang, gebilligt von Niemand, ohne Vorbild in der alten und neuen Geſchichte. Er ſtreitet mit dem wahren Intereſſe des Königs, des Reichs, des Prinzen, Buckinghams. Wenn (wie Einige behaupten) Gondomar ſagte: die Heirath werde zu Stande kommen, wenn der Prinz nach Spanien gehe, ſo wollte er wohl nur die Unmöglichkeit jener Verbindung durch die Unmöglichkeit dieſer Reiſe ausdrücken.

Man behandelte den Prinzen in Madrid mit großer Auszeichnung, ſo lange man glaubte, er werde katholiſch werden und ſteigerte hier, wie in Rom, die religiöſen Forderungen und Bedingungen immer mehr, weil man glaubte, Karl habe durch ſeine Uebereilung jeden Rücktritt unmöglich gemacht. Ja Olivarez erklärte rund heraus: wir müſſen annehmen, daß ſeine Hoheit, als ſie die Reiſe antraten, beſchloſſen hatten, zu unſerer Kirche überzugehen. Karl gab in der That ſehr Vieles nach, und am 26. November 1623 kam endlich die päpſtliche Dispenſation in London, jedoch mit dem Zuſatze an: ſie ſei nichtig, ſobald nicht alle Punkte erfüllt würden. Allein ſchon die erſte Bedingung: den Katholiken in England Duldung und freie Religionsübung zuzugeſtehen, war bei der damaligen leidenſchaftlichen Sinnesart ganz unausführbar. Obgleich alſo König Jakob die Heirathspunkte beſchwor und ein großes Feſt gab, wobei (laut Herkommens) der Nachtiſch preisgegeben und Teller und Schüſſeln zum Beweiſe großer Freude zerſchlagen wurden, waren doch weſentliche Hinderniſſe noch unbeſeitigt und neue entſtanden in Madrid.

Der ſpaniſchen Hofordnung gemäß ſah Karl die Infantin nur ſelten und verſtohlen, weshalb er (den Liebhaber dem Prinzen voranſtellend) einſt mit Buckingham über eine Mauer ſprang um ſie in ihrem Garten zu ſprechen. Dies ward indeſſen ſehr übel vermerkt und Buckinghams vorlautes, ſelbſt den Prinzen nicht ſchonendes Benehmen, von den ernſteren Spaniern als unanſtändig bezeichnet. Noch übler, daß Buckingham ſich mit dem in Spanien ſo mächtigen Olivarez ganz überwarf und ihm in Gegenwart des Prinzen und König Philipps ſagte: des letzteren Gnade erkenne er auf jede Weiſe an, dem Miniſter ſei er dagegen weder Dank noch Freundſchaft ſchuldig. Olivarez antwortete: dies gelte ihm gleich, beharrte aber mit den befragten Theologen dabei: die kirchlichen Punkte müßten vor der Heirath vollzogen und den Katholiken in England ſo viel Rechte eingeräumt ſein, als anderwärts den Proteſtanten durch Rudolf, Matthias und Heinrich IV. bewilligt worden.

Mit derſelben Leidenſchaftlichkeit, mit welcher Buckingham früher die Heirath durchſetzen wollte, ſuchte er dieſelbe jetzt zu hintertreiben, kehrte mit Karl nach England zurück, klagte (die dem Prinzen und ihm günſtige Stimmung des Volks und Parlaments benutzend) den Grafen Briſtol mit Unrecht an, daß er früher die Sache in Madrid ſchlecht geleitet habe, maß alle Schuld dem ſpaniſchen Hofe bei, und ſetzte durch, daß jede Verbindung mit demſelben abgebrochen, ja ihm zuletzt der Krieg erklärt wurde. — Die Spanier (ſagt Valareſſo) verachten aber dies Reich als ſchwach, arm, uneinig, gelenkt von einem furchtſamen Könige und einem unerfahrenen Prinzen; ſie ſpotten ihres Zornes und reden von einem Aufſtande der Mäuſe gegen die Katzen. So weit war England ſeit Eliſabeths Regierung und dem glorreichen Jahre 1588 geſunken!

Betrachten wir jetzt die inneren Angelegenheiten, ſo erſcheinen die Mißverhältniſſe nicht geringer. Zuvörderſt traten die Grundſätze des Königs über ſeine unbeſchränkte Gewalt und die Anſprüche der Parlamente auf Theilnahme an der Regierung in ſolchen Gegenſatz, daß eine Verſtändigung kaum möglich blieb. Nun iſt zwar bemerkt worden: des Königs Despotie ſei bloß ſpeculativer, alſo ſehr unſchuldiger Art geweſen, allein der Kampf wider dieſelbe war ſchon um deswillen pflichtmäßig und nothwendig, weil die ſtillſchweigende oder ausdrückliche Anerkenntniß jener Grundſätze die Tyrannei legaliſirt und alle ſtaatsrechtlichen Freiheiten ſo preisgegeben hätte, daß jeder kraftvollere König ſich darauf würde berufen haben. Ferner blieben Jakobs Anſichten keineswegs bloß ſpeculativ, ſondern wurden ſehr praktiſch, wenn er aus eigener Macht die Berufung des Parlaments unterließ, Stimmrechte verlieh, auf die Wahlen den beſtimmteſten Einfluß übte, alle Berathungen über Staatsangelegenheiten unterſagte, oder doch mißbilligte, und Mitglieder des Parlaments für Aeußerungen verhaften und ſtrafen ließ, welche keineswegs über den Kreis heilſamer Befugniſſe hinausgingen.

Nicht unnatürlich gerieth das Parlament (zum Theil durch den König aufgereizt) auch ſeinerſeits in Uebertreibungen und Leidenſchaften, und von den Bemühungen ſeine bisherigen Rechte zu behaupten, kam es um ſo eher auf den Gedanken, dieſelben zu erweitern, weil Jakob offenbar darauf ausging, ſie zu verringern, oder als bloß willkürliche Gaben ſeiner Gnade zu bezeichnen. Auch kann ja zuletzt in keinem lebendigen Staate die Unbeweglichkeit der Rechte und Verhältniſſe als höchſtes Ziel der Weisheit und Glückſeligkeit aufgeſtellt werden. Gerade darum, daß Jakob vom Jahre 1610 bis 1620 (mit Ausnahme einer zweimonatlichen Sitzung im Jahre 1614) kein Parlament berief, und in den dreizehn letzten Jahren ſeiner Regierung faſt gar keine förderlichen Geſetze gegeben wurden, aus dieſem ſcheinbaren Stillſtande erwuchſen großentheils die ſpäteren, deſto heftigeren Bewegungen.

Schon mit ſeinem erſten, am 31. December 1610 aufgelöſten Parlamente gerieth Jakob in Streit über Geldbewilligungen, Rechtskraft ſeiner Proclamationen und Begrenzung ſeiner geiſtlichen Gewalt. Bei der Eröffnung des zweiten Parlaments (den 7. April 1614) verſprach Jakob (unter tadelnden Hinweiſungen auf das Verfahren des erſten Parlaments), er werde ſeinerſeits alles Mögliche thun, und wünſche, daß ſie einträchtig wirken und ſingen möchten ecce quam bonum. — Bald aber wandten ſich die Dinge wie das erſte Mal, weshalb der König, als er ſah, daß das Parlament eigene Wünſche und Beſchwerden voranſtellte, und keineswegs das von ihm Geforderte raſch bewilligte, dasſelbe Anfangs Junius übereilt auflöſte, obgleich dadurch an ſechzig bereits eingeleitete Bills unerledigt blieben. Seitdem ſuchte er mit den gewöhnlichen Einnahmen auszukommen, oder auf Nebenwegen Geld herbeizuſchaffen, was große Unzufriedenheit erregte und endlich 1620 zu einer Berufung des dritten Parlaments zwang. In ſeiner Eröffnungsrede ſagte Jakob: er habe ihnen oft gepfiffen, aber ſie hätten nicht getanzt, oft getrauert, aber ſie hätten nicht mitgeklagt. Jetzt hege er jedoch die beſten Hoffnungen für die Zukunft. Hierauf ſetzte er auseinander, was nach ſeiner Anſicht das Parlament und deſſen Zweck ſei und verſprach die proteſtantiſche Lehre, ungeachtet des ſpaniſchen Heirathsplanes, zu ſchützen. Er habe die mangelhafte Verwaltung überall gebeſſert und nur wenig Gelder verlangt und bekommen, obgleich ihm die pfälziſchen und böhmiſchen Angelegenheiten manche Ausgabe verurſacht hätten.

Das Parlament bewilligte hierauf eine namhafte Summe, und erhob gemäßigte Beſchwerden über einige Monopole, Entbindung von peinlichen Geſetzen und dergl. Dieſe Einigkeit mit dem Könige dauerte indeſſen auch diesmal nicht lange, vielmehr trieb die Verhaftung eines Parlamentsgliedes und das, wie man glaubte, unzeitige und feindliche Unterbrechen der Sitzung zu härteren Aeußerungen über die Führung der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten und die Behandlung der Katholiken in England. Ein ſich hieran reihender Schriftwechſel endigte damit, daß das Parlament dem Könige zwar für alle Güte und alle Bewilligungen dankte, jedoch folgende Erklärung in die Bücher des Unterhauſes eintragen ließ: die Freiheiten und Rechte des Parlaments ſind ein altes, nicht zu bezweifelndes Geburtsrecht und Erbtheil der Engländer, und alle wichtigen und dringenden Angelegenheiten in Staat und Kirche, ſowie die Entwerfung von Geſetzen und die Abſtellung von Mißbräuchen ſind die ganz eigenen Gegenſtände der Berathungen und Geſchäfte des Parlaments. Hierüber können die Mitglieder in der ihnen beliebigen Ordnung frei ſprechen, und dürfen deshalb nicht zur Unterſuchung gezogen werden.

Wegen dieſer Erklärung zürnte König Jakob ſo ſehr, daß er dieſelbe eigenhändig durchſtrich und aus den Büchern des Unterhauſes in Gegenwart des ganzen Geheimenrathes und aller Richter am 30. December 1621 hinwegnehmen ließ. Denn

Erſtens ſei er nicht geſonnen Herkommen und Rechte zu verkürzen, werde aber eben ſo wenig eine zweideutige, für die königlichen Rechte bedenkliche Faſſung dulden.

Zweitens ſei der zu jener Erklärung gewählte Zeitpunkt ganz unpaſſend, da er eben die Forderungen des Parlaments bewilligt und daſſelbe ihm dafür gedankt habe.

Drittens ſei dieſelbe an einem Nachmittage übereilt durchgetrieben worden, wo kaum ein Drittel der Mitglieder gegenwärtig geweſen wäre.

Acht Tage ſpäter, den 6. Januar 1622, löſte der König mit Beſtimmung ſeines ganzen Rathes das Parlament auf und machte die Gründe ſeines Verfahrens bekannt. Sie hätten (hieß es z. B.) ungebührlich von fremden Herrſchern geſprochen und Zeit verdorben mit unnützen Unterſuchungen über ihre Privilegien und die Rechte des Königs. Obgleich dieſer das Parlament aufgelöſt habe, gedenke er doch gut zu regieren und bei einer günſtigen Gelegenheit ein neues zu berufen. — Manche der kühnſten Sprecher im Ober- und Unterhauſe wurden bald darauf unter allerhand Vorwänden aus England hinweggeſchickt, Andere (wie Oxford, Southampton, Coke, Philips, Selden und Pym) auf kürzere oder längere Zeit verhaftet.

Dieſe Maßregeln hatten aber nur zur Folge, daß der Umfang der königlichen Rechte immer ſchärfer unterſucht und jeder Beſtrafte für einen Märtyrer der guten Sache gehalten wurde.

Zum Theil deshalb eröffnete Jakob ſein letztes Parlament am 19. Februar 1624 mit einer zutraulichen Rede, in welcher er die ſpaniſchen und pfälziſchen Angelegenheiten berührte und vor übertriebenen Unterſuchungen und Zweifeln warnte. Er wolle ihnen nicht zu nahe treten, ſie möchten aber auch ein Gleiches thun und ihm als einem milden Könige vertrauen. Das Unterhaus erklärte ſich lebhaft gegen die Katholiken, rieth die Verhandlungen über die Heirath einer Infantin abzubrechen und bewilligte endlich Geld zu einem Kriege wider Spanien. Katholiſche Lords, welche ſich weigerten die vorgeſchriebenen Eide zu leiſten, wurden vom Oberhauſe ausgeſchloſſen, wogegen ſich die Zahl der Glieder des Unterhauſes dadurch erhöhte, daß allmälig 14 Ortſchaften durch den König das Recht erhielten, Abgeordnete in das Unterhaus zu ſenden.

Dieſes letzte Parlament Jakobs vernichtete mit königlicher Bewilligung alle Monopole und ſtellte dabei einen Grundſatz auf, aus welchem großentheils alle britiſche Freiheit erwachſen iſt, nämlich: daß jeder Engländer thun könne, was er wolle, ſobald er dadurch den Rechten ſeiner Mitbürger nicht zu nahe trete, und daß weder der König, noch ein öffentlicher Beamter, ſondern allein das Geſetz dieſe Freiheit beſchränken könne.

Ein allgemeiner Satz dieſer Art erlaubte jedoch im Einzelnen verſchiedenartige Deutung und Anwendung; wenigſtens löſte er nicht alle damals hervorkommenden Zweifel. So glaubte z. B. der König, er dürfe Handelsſteuern auflegen, weil er Handelsverträge ſchließe, und klagte in dem Maße über den Geiz des Parlamentes, als dies ſeine ſchlechte Wirthſchaft und Verſchwendung rügte. Jener bemerkte ferner: die Maſſe der Domainen ſei verringert, der Geldwerth ſinke und man könne die ſteigenden Ausgaben nicht mit den alten Einnahmen beſtreiten; dieſes erwiederte: zu wahrhaft nützlichen Ausgaben werde man das Geld nicht verweigern und die Abgeneigtheit des Bewilligens entſtehe gutentheils daher, daß der König Beſſerungen anderer Art zurückweiſe, und, um ſeine Verlegenheit zu beſeitigen, Domainen verkaufe, neue Monopole verleihe, minderjährige Lehnsleute durch ſeine Vormundſchaft bedrücke, übertriebene Geldſtrafen auflege oder zahlreiche Standeserhöhungen vornehme, welches Alles mit dem Buchſtaben oder dem Sinne der Geſetze ſtreite.

Nicht beruhigender als die bürgerlichen, erſchienen die kirchlichen Verhältniſſe. Einerſeits nämlich klagten die Katholiken, daß Jakob ihre Hoffnungen getäuſcht habe, ihnen nirgends Duldung verſtatte und in einem zu London erſchienenen Glaubensbekenntniſſe den Papſt als Antichriſt, ſowie die tridentiner Kirchenverſammlung als thöricht und blutgierig bezeichnet werde; andererſeits beſchwerten ſich die Proteſtanten, daß er ihren Gegnern viel zu viel bewillige, und ihre Glaubensgenoſſen in Böhmen und Deutſchland feige preisgebe. Beide Theile hatten in ſo fern Recht, als es dem Könige an Einſicht und Charakterkraft mangelte, den richtigen mittleren Weg aufzufinden und mit Ueberlegenheit darauf zu beharren. So entſtand ſeine Nachgiebigkeit gegen Rom weit mehr aus Furcht vor jeſuitiſchen Ränken und Mördern, als aus innerer Ueberzeugung von der Nothwendigkeit und Heilſamkeit einer milderen und allgemeineren Duldung. Verfolgte er doch die unglücklichen Arminianer ſelbſt in den Niederlanden, weil ihr Syſtem hinſichtlich einiger Lehrſätze von dem ſeinigen abwich.

Die Jeſuiten, welche laut ihres eigenen Eingeſtändniſſes ſelbſt während der Regierung Eliſabeths wirkſam waren, erhöhten jetzt ihre Thätigkeit in England, Schottland und Irland, und ſandten aus ihren Erziehungsanſtalten in Spanien, Italien und den Niederlanden gar manchen Zögling übers Meer. Ihre Hoffnungen wurden aber zu Schanden, als Catesby, Percy und mehrere fanatiſche Katholiken ſich verſchwuren, den König nebſt dem ganzen Parlamente in die Luft zu ſprengen. Alles war hierzu gar vorſichtig angeordnet, und es fehlten nur noch zwölf Stunden bis zur Vollziehung der That, als der katholiſche Lord Monteagle einen Warnungsbrief erhielt: er möge nicht im Parlament erſcheinen, weil ein plötzlicher, ungeheurer Schlag von unſichtbarer Hand bevorſtehe. Graf Salisbury, welchem Lord Monteagle jenen Brief mittheilte, überließ dem Könige das Verdienſt zuerſt an Pulver gedacht zu haben. Die angeſtellte Unterſuchung erwies den ruchloſen Plan nur zu vollſtändig. Einige Theilnehmer entflohen, andere wurden ergriffen und hingerichtet, keiner aber zeigte Reue; ſo groß war der Aberglaube über die Verdienſtlichkeit des ungeheuren Frevels. Jeſuiten ſollen jeden darüber noch etwa vorhandenen Zweifel zu heben geſucht und den Verſchworenen Abendmahl und Losſprechung ertheilt haben. Garnet, ihr Provinzial, ward hingerichtet, weil er von der Verſchwörung Kenntniß beſaß, ſie aber nicht anzeigte.

Obgleich jeder rechtſchaffene Katholik den teufliſchen Plan verdammte, waren alle Leidenſchaften ſo ſehr aufgeregt, daß nicht bloß Jeſuiten und katholiſche Geiſtliche nochmals bei Todesſtrafe verwieſen, ſondern von jedem Unterthan ein neuer allgemeiner Eid (of allegiance) zur Sicherung des Königs verlangt wurde. Manche Katholiken glaubten ihn ſchwören zu können, da er nur bürgerliche Ordnung und Gehorſam bezwecke, andere verweigerten ihn mit Bezug auf eine Erklärung Papſt Pauls V. Dieſe Weigernden wurden von allen Aemtern ausgeſchloſſen, Beſuch des proteſtantiſchen Gottesdienſtes und Genuß des Abendmahls bei Strafe anbefohlen und eine Hausſuchung nach katholiſchen Büchern, Reliquien u. dgl. angeordnet. Jakobs thörichte Behauptung: man dürfe die Strafen der Verſchwörung nicht mittelbar auf unſchuldige Katholiken ausdehnen, hatte kein Gewicht und galt Vielen für Aberglauben und [illegible].

Die hohe, dem Namen nach herrſchende Kirche ſtrebte auf alle Weiſe danach, Uebereinſtimmung der Lehre und der kirchlichen Verfaſſung aufrecht zu erhalten, und unterſtützte überall die unbedingten Anſprüche des Königs, theils aus innerer Ueberzeugung, theils um bei ähnlichem Bemühen ſeines Beiſtandes gewiß zu ſein. Faſt alle engliſche Biſchöfe ſprachen von ihm in Ausdrücken unbegrenzter Verehrung und leiteten ſein Recht und ſein Thun unmittelbar von Gott ab, während ſie vom Parlamente mit wenig Achtung redeten, oder gar des

Königs Unbeſchränktheit auch auf willkürliche Beſtimmung ausdehnten.

Dieſe Anſichten, die ſteigende Gewalt der geiſtlichen Commiſſion, ſo wie der weltliche Sinn und die Genußliebe mancher höheren Geiſtlichen vermehrte die Heftigkeit und die Macht der Puritaner. Man nannte ſie Vertheidiger der kirchlichen Freiheit, Bekenner der reinen vom Arminianismus unverfälſchten Lehre Calvins und lobte die regelmäßige Sittlichkeit ihres Lebens. Eifrige Anhänger der hohen Kirche hingegen äußerten: der Puritanismus iſt ein Deckmantel für die Kirchenräuber und für gewiſſenhafte Männer kaum mehr als eine Narrenkappe. So ſteht die hohe Kirche in der rechten Mitte zwiſchen zwei apokalyptiſchen Thieren, dem Puritanismus und Papismus.

Allerdings legten die Puritaner übertriebenes Gewicht auf gewiſſe von ihnen mißbilligte Aeußerlichkeiten (z. B. das Kreuz bei der Taufe, den Ring bei der Trauung, das Kniebeugen beim Namen Jeſus und den Gebrauch des Chorhemdes), allein ihre Gegner waren in dieſen Beziehungen eben nicht duldſamer, und für ſchärfer Sehende offenbarte ſich allerdings ein tieferer und allgemeinerer Gegenſatz zwiſchen ihnen und der hohen Kirche. Ueberzeugt, daß Religionsgeſpräche meiſt bloß die Spaltungen erweiterten, als Frieden erzeugten, hatte ſie Eliſabeth immer verhindert; Jakob hingegen bot auf den Grund umſtändlicher Klagen der Puritaner hierzu die Hand, theils weil er die Wahrheit zu fördern hoffte, theils weil er ſich ſelbſt als Theologen und Redner zeigen wollte. Bei der Eröffnung dieſes Religionsgeſpräches zwiſchen Episkopalen und Puritanern zu Hamptoncourt (Januar 1604) erklärte der König ſeine Achtung vor der beſtehenden Kirchenverfaſſung und ſeine Abneigung dieſelbe zu ändern; doch könnten Mißbräuche eingeſchlichen ſein, welche Beſſerungen nöthig machten, auch ſei die Verhandlung jedenfalls nützlich, um das Geſchrei der Unruhigen zu beſeitigen. Als nun aber die Puritaner auf ihren Meinungen beharrten, obgleich ſich der König oft ſelbſt in das Geſpräch miſchte, kamen ſeine Anſichten ſchärfer an das Tageslicht: er wolle die Zahl der Geſetze und kirchlichen Vorſchriften nicht vermehren, oder die Glaubensbücher mit theologiſchen Spitzfindigkeiten anfüllen. Königthum und Presbyterianismus vertragen ſich ſo wenig wie Gott und Teufel, denn Hans und Kunz kämen nach dieſer Lehre zuſammen und kritiſirten unverſtändig jeden König und ſeine Regierung. Er wiſſe wie die Presbyterianer ihn und ſeine Mutter behandelt hätten, und wie wahr der Satz ſei: kein Biſchof, kein König. — In Bezug auf dieſe Aeußerungen ſagte Erzbiſchof Whitgift: er ſei überzeugt, durch den König ſpreche der Geiſt Gottes; und der Biſchof Bancroft fügte hinzu: ich kann bezeugen, daß mein Herz von Freude überfließt, weil der allmächtige Gott uns aus beſonderer Gnade einen König geſchenkt hat, wie es ſeit Chriſti Zeit keinen gab. In einer amtlichen Darſtellung ward endlich erklärt: die hohe Kirche ſei in allem Weſentlichen rein und tadellos befunden worden, und (mit Ausnahme einiger geringen Abänderungen am Gebetbuche) müſſe Alles beim Alten bleiben. Später ward befohlen: Niemand ſolle über Dinge predigen, welche in den 39 Artikeln nicht erwähnt wären, und eben ſo wenig über Vorherbeſtimmung, Gnadenwahl, geiſtliche Rechte des Königs u. ſ. w.

Die Puritaner klagten allgemein, daß einſeitig und ohne Zuziehung des Parlaments, bloß durch königliche Proclamationen, woher ſie entſchieden ſei, unnöthig oder warum ſie: ob man ſich den Beſtimmungen unterwerfen und die engliſche Kirche für eine ſolche halten könne, oder ob man ſie als ein Werk des Antichriſts betrachten müſſe? Viele der ſtrenger Geſinnten wanderten nach den Niederlanden und nach Amerika aus, und zurückbleibende Widerſpenſtige wurden beſtraft oder entſetzt; doch gewann im Ganzen die hohe Kirche nur ſehr wenig durch dieſes ſtrenge Abſchließen und Ausſchließen, und noch ſchroffer ſtellten ſich ihr die Puritaner in Schottland entgegen.

Dieſe trachteten nach einer von jeder weltlichen Oberleitung durchaus unabhängigen Kirche, ohne alle Abſtufung der Würden und mit einem von Kunſt und Ceremonien ganz entfernten Gottesdienſte. Der daran ſich knüpfende Ernſt des Lebens und der Lebensanſichten ging bei Einigen in wilde Schwärmerei, bei Anderen in finſtere Melancholie über. Und ſelbſt die gemäßigteren Geiſtlichen hielten es für ihre Pflicht: den Wandel des Königs, der Königin und ihrer Günſtlinge, die Verwaltung der Miniſter, ſowie alle öffentlichen Angelegenheiten ſchonungslos zu beurtheilen, und darüber von der Kanzel herab zum Volke zu ſprechen. Sie erweiterten ihre Gerichtsbarkeit, mehrten und ſchärften ihren Bann, den die weltliche Macht anerkennen müſſe und ſelbſt dann nicht aufheben dürfe, wenn er ungerechter Art ſei. So bannte eine Synode im Jahre 1588 alle katholiſchen Lords ohne Rückſicht auf des Königs Einrede, und ſtellte ihnen nur die Wahl ſich zu bekehren oder das Land zu verlaſſen.

Dies Alles ſtand mit den Grundſätzen Jakobs in dem grellſten Widerſpruche; er ſuchte deshalb die niedere Geiſtlichkeit theils durch Bewilligungen, theils durch Drohungen auf ſeine Seite zu bringen, gewann manche niedere Barone, die ſeit dem Jahre 1560 für die Grafſchaften im Parlamente erſchienen, ſowie diejenigen unter den Lords, welche Kirchengüter zu erwerben wünſchten oder deren Herausgabe befürchteten.

Zu dieſer Zeit erhielt die Geiſtlichkeit gewiſſermaßen eigene Vertreter im Parlamente. Die allgemeine Verſammlung ſchlug nämlich zu jeder Stelle ſechs Perſonen vor, aus welchen der König eine erwählte. Doch durften dieſe Stellvertreter ohne beſonderen Auftrag Nichts in Anregung bringen oder genehmigen, was der Kirche nachtheilig werden könnte; ſie blieben nur ein Jahr in ihrem Amte und waren der allgemeinen Verſammlung der Geiſtlichen verantwortlich. Während Manche derſelben in dieſer parlamentariſchen Wirkſamkeit einen Gewinn für die Kirche ſahen, verwarfen Andere mit Heftigkeit jede Theilnahme an weltlichen Reichsverſammlungen; denn ſie führe, wo nicht zu einer Unterwerfung der Kirche unter den Staat, doch über kurz oder lang zu einer Herſtellung der Biſchöfe. Faſt Alle traten Buchanan's Grundſatz bei: daß Fürſten wegen ihrer Verbrechen gleichwie der geringſte Unterthan den Gerichten verantwortlich ſind, und im Fall des Widerſtandes mit den Waffen dürfen gezwungen und abgeſetzt werden.

Bis zu ſeiner Thronbeſteigung in England ſah ſich Jakob gezwungen, ungemein vorſichtig und gemäßigt gegen die Presbyterianer zu verfahren; während der folgenden Jahre traten aber ſeine kirchlichen Pläne immer beſtimmter hervor und wurden durch Mittel jeder Art (Lob, Belohnungen, Beſtechungen, Drohen, Abſetzen und Verbannen), oft mit Verletzung vieler Formen befördert. Die Kirche ſollte ſich dem Staate unterordnen und keine geiſtliche Verſammlung ohne königliche Genehmigung berufen werden. Die Biſchöfe erhielten (1606 — 1610) meiſt ihre Güter und ihre Sitze im Parlamente zurück und wurden Häupter der Verſammlungen; jeder Prediger ſollte ihnen Gehorſam ſchwören, Niemand aber über die Kirchenverfaſſung und dieſe neuen Anordnungen predigen.

Im Jahre 1617 ſetzte der König ferner manche Aenderung ſowie Beſchluß durch: was er mit Rath der Erzbiſchöfe, Biſchöfe und einer hinreichenden Zahl von Geiſtlichen anordne, ſolle Geſetz ſein. Gleichzeitig führte er in ſeiner Kapelle den Chor, die Orgel und manches andere früher Abgeſchaffte wieder ein, und brachte am 25. Auguſt 1618 die Kirchenverſammlung zur Annahme der ſogenannten fünf Artikel von Perth. Sie ſetzen feſt: 1) das Abendmahl wird kniend empfangen; 2) es darf an Kranke in ihren Wohnungen vertheilt werden; 3) Privattaufen ſind erlaubt; 4) achtjährige Kinder dürfen confirmirt und 5) gewiſſe Feſttage ſollen gehalten werden.

Dieſe Punkte erſchienen Vielen um ſo bedenklicher, da in ihnen manche ſchwierige und ſtreitige Lehre nur angedeutet war oder verborgen lag; ſo z. B. über die wirkliche Gegenwart Chriſti im Abendmahl, über die Nothwendigkeit der Taufe zur Seligkeit, über die Gewalt der Biſchöfe u. ſ. w. Dennoch wurden dieſe Artikel vom Parlamente im Jahre 1621 mit einer Mehrheit von 27 Stimmen beſtätigt, nachdem der königliche Beauftragte erklärt hatte, es ſollten keine weiteren Neuerungen eintreten. Seitdem wuchs überall die königliche und die biſchöfliche Macht; ja bloße Eingaben und Vorſtellungen an das Parlament galten ſchon für aufrühreriſch. Wenn die frühere prieſterliche Demokratie oft äußere Strenge, Anmaßung und Unruhe zeigte, ſo die neue biſchöfliche Ariſtokratie oft ſittliche Entartung und neben Anmaßung eine Herrſchaft anderer Art. Daher ſchrieb Jakob den Biſchöfen: der ungehorſame, aufrühreriſche, rebelliſche Haufe muß gebrochen, ſonſt widerſteht er Gott, ſeinem natürlichen Könige und den Geſetzen des Landes. Das Schwert iſt in Eure Hand gegeben, geht deshalb damit los, gebraucht es und laßt es nicht länger ruhen.

Weder Jakob noch ſeine Gegner hatten einen Begriff von dem Weſentlichen des allen Bekenntniſſen zu Grunde liegenden Chriſtenthums und von einer ächten Duldung; ja Alle hielten das Daſein zweier abweichenden Anſichten in einem Staate für verderblich und verdammlich, und jeder verlangte die ganz ausſchließende Herrſchaft ſeiner Meinung. In Streit- und Spottſchriften vertheidigte man dieſelbe mit ſolcher Heftigkeit, daß die Regierung mehrere Male ernſte Maßregeln dawider ergriff. Sie blieben aber meiſt erfolglos, und Staat und Kirche wurden der Gegenſtand immer ſchärferen Tadels. Von puritaniſcher Seite traf derſelbe unter Anderem eine königliche Verfügung von 1618 über die Feier des Sonntags. Laut der Schrift des Doctors Bound ſollte an demſelben keine Hochzeit oder anderes Feſt ſtattfinden, keine andere als geiſtliche Beſchäftigung eintreten, höchſtens mit einer Glocke geläutet und Scherz und heitere Reden wie Sünde betrachtet werden. Ob nun gleich jene Verfügung Jakobs, die Geſellſchaften, Spiele und Erholungen nur in den Stunden erlaubte, wo Sonntags kein Gottesdienſt gehalten wurde, und nur diejenigen Perſonen zuließ, welche bereits die Kirchen beſucht hatten, nahmen Sabbatarier und Puritaner dennoch hieran den größten Anſtoß. Umgekehrt heißt es in einer Spottſchrift wider die letztern: im Fall Gott und ſeine Engel am jüngſten Tage in ihren ſchönſten weißen Kleidern herabkämen, würden die Puritaner dennoch zuſammenlaufen und ſchreien, daß die Gräuel der Krummſtäbe auf ſie eindrängen.

Zu ſo vielen allgemeinen Gründen der Unzufriedenheit und Auflöſung traten überdies noch manche einzelne Beſchwerden und Ungerechtigkeiten. So z. B. die Behandlung des ſtolzen und heftigen, aber ungemein geiſtreichen Walter Raleigh. Seine Feindſchaft gegen Ceſil hatte ihm bei dem Volke, ſein Haß gegen die Schotten bei dem Könige Schaden gethan. Obgleich er, ungeachtet mancher Uebertretung vorgeſchriebener Formen, der eigentlichen Theilnahme an Cobham's Verſchwörung nicht überführt wurde, blieb er zehn Jahre in der Haft, bis er durch einen Beſtechung dem neuen Günſtling Buckingham 1500 Pfund zahlte. Eine von ihm hierauf geleitete, allerdings widerrechtliche Unternehmung gegen ſpaniſche Beſitzungen mißglückte und wurde (als der Geſandte Gondomar in London wieder wachte) als Verrath betrachtet, obgleich Einige behaupten, daß der König Jakob der Sache keineswegs ganz fremd geweſen ſei. Weil indeß die neue Anklage keine ſchwere Strafe herbeiführte und die Spanier in ihrer Verfolgung nicht nachließen, ward der alte erloſchene Prozeß nochmals aufgenommen und unter Bakons ſtiller Beiſtimmung beſchloſſen, das frühere Todesurtheil (ohne Rückſicht auf die zwar nicht ausdrückliche, aber doch ſtillſchweigend eingetretene Begnadigung) zu vollziehen. Das Volk, obgleich früher dem Raleigh abgeneigt, zeigte lebhaftes Mitleiden und zürnte den Richtern, wie dem von den Spaniern beherrſchten Könige. Doch hatten dieſe, abgeſehen von dem Erzählten, noch einen beſonderen Grund des Haſſes wider den Verurtheilten. Er hatte nämlich in Irland den Oberbefehl, als gefangene Spanier mit kaltem Blute niedergehauen wurden, weil ſie keinen Auftrag von Philipp II. vorzeigen konnten und deshalb alſo wie Räuber zu betrachten wären.

Wie alles Aeltere verſchwand auch der Glanz und der Anſtand, welcher am Hofe Eliſabeths herrſchte, nur zu ſchnell, ohne daß Jakob es irgend verſtand ſich in anderer Weiſe beliebt zu machen.

Anſtatt, wie Eliſabeth, allen Unterthanen zugänglich zu ſein, zürnte der König jedem, welcher ſich ihm nahte, weshalb jemand ſeinem Jagdhunde eine Vorſtellung um den Hals hing, mit der Bittſchrift: Liebſter Köter, wir bitten Sie mit dem Könige über unſere Angelegenheit zu ſprechen, denn er hört Sie täglich, uns aber niemals!

Der franzöſiſche Geſandte Beaumont ſchrieb über die damaligen Verhältniſſe ſeinem Hofe: Ich erkenne ſo verſchiedenen Samen von Krankheiten in England, es brütet ſo viel in der Stille und ſo viele Ereigniſſe erſcheinen unausbleiblich, daß ich behaupten möchte: von jetzt auf ein Jahrhundert werde dieß Reich von ſeinem Glücke ſchwerlich einen andern Mißbrauch machen, als zu ſeinem eigenen Schaden. — Ich kann Eure Majeſtät verſichern, daß Sie eher Grund haben König Jakobs verkehrten Sanftmuth und ſeinen Untergang zu ahnen und zu bemitleiden, als ſeine Macht zu fürchten. Der Muth der Engländer iſt in der Gruft der Eliſabeth mit begraben. Wie muß der Staat und die Lage eines Fürſten beſchaffen ſein, den die Prediger öffentlich auf der Kanzel heruntermachen, den die Stadtkomödianten auf der Bühne darſtellen, deſſen Frau dieſen Schauſpielen beiwohnt, um ihn auszulachen, dem das Parlament trotzt und ihn verachtet, und der allgemein von ſeinem ganzen Volke gehaßt wird. Seine Laſter ſchwächen ſeinen Geiſt; wo er als König ſprechen will, fährt er zu wie ein Tyrann, und wo er ſich herabläßt, wird er gemein. Unter ſcheinbaren Titeln ſucht er ehrloſe Handlungen zu verbergen, und weil ihm die Kraft zu dieſen verläßt, weidet er ſeine Augen da, wo er ſeine übrigen Sinne nicht mehr befriedigen kann. Das Ende von Allem iſt endlich jedesmal der Becher. — Nichts geſchieht hier nach der Regel und Vernunft, ſondern nach dem Belieben Buckinghams, dieſes jungen, unwiſſenden, durch Gunſt verblendeten, durch Leidenſchaft fortgeriſſenen Menſchen. Die allerwichtigſten und dringendſten Angelegenheiten können dieſen König nicht dahin bringen, ihnen nur einen Tag, ja auch nur eine Stunde zu weihen oder ſeinen Vergnügungen abzubrechen. Er bekümmert ſich nicht darum, was man von ihm urtheilt, oder was nach ſeinem Tode aus dem Reiche werden ſoll. Ich glaube eine zerbrochene Flaſche Wein oder ein ähnliches Nichts liegt ihm mehr am Herzen, als der Untergang ſeines Schwiegerſohns und das Elend ſeiner Enkel!

Einige dieſer Aeußerungen möchte man gern der Abneigung eines Fremden oder der übertriebenen Strenge eines trübſchauenden Beobachters zuſchreiben — doch ſagt ſelbſt der Engländer Burnet: kein König konnte weniger geachtet und bei ſeinem Tode weniger beklagt werden. England (welches eine ſo große Rolle ſpielte, und deſſen Königin Eliſabeth Schiedsrichterin innerhalb der Chriſtenheit, ja das Wunder ihrer Zeit war, ſank unter dieſer Regierung in dunkle Nacht und König Jakob ward der Spott ſeiner Zeit. Während hungrige Schriftſteller ihn daheim über alle Maßen prieſen, betrachtete ihn das ganze Ausland als einen Pedanten ohne Urtheil, Muth und Feſtigkeit und als einen Knecht ſeiner Günſtlinge. — Hiermit übereinſtimmend äußert Lord Littleton: König Jakob beſaß weder Muth noch Geſchicklichkeit, noch Gewandtheit, und ward gleichmäßig verachtet im Inlande und Auslande. Gewiß erſchien ſein Tod (er ſtarb den 6. April 1625 im neunundfünfzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters) den Meiſten als ein Glück, und Wenige ahneten, daß die unverträglichern Keime größerer Umwälzungen ſich mit [illegible] Kraft [illegible] würden.

Ernſt Benjamin Salomo Raupach,

geboren am 21. Mai 1784 zu Straupitz, einem Dorfe unweit Liegnitz in Schleſien, der Sohn eines Predigers, beſuchte das Gymnaſium zu Liegnitz und ſtudirte ſeit dem Jahre 1801 zu Halle Theologie. Nach zurückgelegten Studien ging er 1804 nach Petersburg, wo er bis zum Jahre 1814 als Erzieher in Familien thätig war, darauf anderthalb Jahr in Petersburg privatiſirte und 1816 bei der dortigen Univerſität als Adjunkt und ordentlicher Profeſſor der philoſophiſchen Facultät angeſtellt wurde. Außer den philoſophiſchen Disciplinen lehrte er ſeit dem Jahre 1817 auch deutſche Litteratur und Geſchichte. In Folge einer über ihn und andere Lehrer der Univerſität verhängten Unterſuchung (1821) verließ er 1822 Rußland und erhielt ſpäter die geforderte Entlaſſung. Von dieſer Zeit an lebte er, eine Reiſe nach Italien abgerechnet, bald hier bald dort in Deutſchland, doch iſt ſein Aufenthalt immer am längſten in Berlin geweſen.

Von ſeinen vielen Schriften, welche theilweiſe unter dem pſeudonymen Namen Lebr. Hirſemenzel erſchienen, ſind zu nennen:

Dramatiſche Werke ernſter Gattung. 12 Bde. Hamburg 1830—35.
Dramatiſche Werke komiſcher Gattung. 4 Bde. Hamburg 1829—35.
Die Gelehrten. Luſtſp. Hamburg 1827.
Die feindlichen Brüder, oder Homöopath und Allopath. Poſſenſp. Hamburg 1836.
Denk' an Cäſar. Poſſenſp. Hamburg 1832.
Dramatiſche Dichtungen. 1. Th. Liegnitz 1821.
Erzählende Dichtungen. Leipzig 1820.
Die Erdennacht. Dramat. Gedicht. Leipzig 1820.
Erzählungen. Leipzig 1823.
Die Freunde. Trauerſp. Leipzig 1825.
Die Gefeſſelten. Dramat. Dichtung. Leipzig 1821.
Genoveva. Trauerſp. Hamburg. 1834.
Lebr. Hirſemenzels, eines deutſchen Schulmeiſters Briefe aus und über Italien. Leipzig 1823.
Die Königin. Dramat. Gedicht. Leipzig 1822.
Kritik und Antikritik. Luſtſp. Hamburg 1827.
Laßt die Todten ruhen! Luſtſp. Hamb. 1826.
Die Leibeigenen. Trauerſp. Leipzig 1826.
Der Liebe Zauberkreis. Dramat. Gedicht. Hamb. 1826.
Der Müller und ſein Kind. Volksdrama. Hamb. 1835.
Napoleon der Tyrann, der Unterdrücker und Verderber Deutſchlands. Dresden 1813.
Der Naſenſtüber. Poſſe. Hamb. 1835.
Der Nibelungen-Hort. Tragödie. Hamburg 1834.
Rafaele. Trauerſp. Hamb. 1828.
Robert der Teufel. Romant. Schauſp. Hamb. 1834.
Schelle im Monde. Mährchen. Hamb. 1842.
Die Schleichhändler. Luſtſp. Hamb. 1830.
Das Sonett. Luſtſp. Hamb. 1833.
Der Stiefvater. Luſtſp. Hamb. 1838.
Taſſo's Tod. Trauerſp. Hamb. 1835.

Timoleon der Befreier. Dramat. Gedicht. Petersburg 1814.
Die Tochter der Luft. Myth. Tragödie. Hamb. 1829.
Vormund und Mündel. Schauſp. Hamb. 1835.
Der Wechsler. Luſtſp. Hamb. 1830.
Der Zeitgeiſt. Poſſenſp. Hamb. 1835.

Außerdem lieferte Raupach noch Beiträge zu den Jahrbüchern deutſcher Bühnenſpiele, zu v. Kotzebue's Almanach und vielen andern periodiſch erſcheinenden Werken.

Ueber dieſen, in neueſter Zeit vielfach angefeindeten Dichter urtheilt Menzel in ſeiner deutſchen Litteratur (2. A. Bd. 4, S. 253) eben ſo unpartheiiſch als treffend und wahr, mit folgenden Worten: Seit Schiller hat kein tragiſcher Bühnendichter ſo viel Glück im Publicum gemacht, wie Raupach, und ſeit Kotzebue hat keiner ſo viel Stücke geſchrieben. Er liefert jetzt in jedem Jahre beinahe ein Dutzend. Unſtreitig zeichnet ihn eine große Bühnenkenntniß, eine leichte Behandlung des Sceniſchen, eine feine Berechnung des Effects aus; aber um den letztern zu erproben, iſt er auch jeden Augenblick bereit, die poetiſche Wahrheit und Würde aufzuopfern. Sein Fehler iſt, daß er nur Effectſtücke ſchreibt, und doch immer Charakterſtücke ſchreiben will. Seine Luſtſpiele ſind beſſer als ſeine Trauerſpiele, weil die Komik jene Effectſucht viel beſſer verträgt. Doch bringt er auch hier durch zu viele Mittel eine kleinere Wirkung hervor, als er bei mehr Oekonomie hervorbringen würde. Sein Streben zu frappiren iſt überall zu ſichtbar. Es iſt eine faſt beleidigende Abſichtlichkeit in allen ſeinen Werken und nirgends blickt eine Naivetät des Genies, eine jener göttlichen Nachläſſigkeiten heraus, ohne die uns keine Dichtung erquicklich iſt, weil ein Kunſtwerk durchaus wie ein Naturwerk ausſehen muß, wenn es uns recht ergreifen ſoll. — Uebrigens entlehnt er ſeine Effecte, und es iſt unmöglich bei ihm, wie bei andern großen Tragikern, einen Kern von Originalität feſtzuhalten. Im Trauerſpiel wechſelt er mit der feierlichen Declamation Schiller's, mit der humoriſtiſchen Bilderfülle Shakſpeare's, mit der kalten Vornehmigkeit Goethe's, mit der hinreißenden Innigkeit und Dringlichkeit Calderon's ab, doch fühlt man, daß dieſe Sprache nur die mattere Nachahmung bekannter Originale iſt, und das Gefühl wird peinigend, wenn bisweilen ſogar wörtlich Phraſen aus berühmten Dichtern bei ihm wiederkehren, oder wenn er einen höhern Ton affectirend, als ihm natürlich iſt, in Galimathias und albernen Schwulſt, oder auch plötzlich aus dem hohen Ton in den gemeinen fällt. In ſeinen Luſtſpielen wechſelt er ganz auf dieſelbe Weiſe mit der Nachahmung der verſchiedenſten Originale ab, unter denen der bequeme und leichtfertige Kotzebue und ſogar die wiener Poſſe neben Goldoni's Feinheit und Shakſpeare's ſchweren Witzen und überkünſtelten Metaphern wieder zu erkennen ſind, was denn freilich eine ſehr heterogene Miſchung giebt.

Iſidor und Olga.

Fünfter Act.

Erſte Scene.

(Ein Gemach der Gräfin. — Abend.)

Gräfin Olga. Madame Duval tritt eben ein.

Duval.

Seid Ihr nun endlich froher? Warum hattet
Ihr Euch denn eingeſchloſſen, liebe Gräfin?

Olga.

Um ungeſtört zu beten. Uebrigens
Bin ich jetzt nicht mehr Gräfin, gute Duval.

Duval.

Nicht Gräfin mehr? wie ſo?

Olga.

Vor ein'gen Stunden
Hab' ich dem Fürſten meine Hand gereicht.

Duval.

Ihr ſcherzt.

Olga.

Fürwahr! es iſt ein Tag dazu!
Iſt Tod und Leben Scherz?

Duval.

So wär' es Ernſt?

Olga.

Ja: nach dem Abendgottesdienſt hat uns
Der Prieſter eingeſegnet.

Duval.

Iſt es möglich?
Das alſo Eure Ohnmacht, Eure Angſt
Und Eure Thränen? darum wolltet Ihr
Allein mit Marpha in die Kirche gehn?

Olga.

Ja, darum. Seid nicht böſe, theure Freundin,
Daß ich Euch ein Geheimniß draus gemacht.
Solch ein Entſchluß erhebt vollendet ſich
Aus des Gemüthes Tiefen, wo, von Selbſtſucht
Und Menſchenklugheit nicht getrübt, der Geiſt
Des Ew'gen in uns wirkt. Ihr hättet mir
Gerathen, mich gewarnt, mir zu bedenken
Gegeben, und mich fruchtlos nur gequält.

Duval.

O! warum habt Ihr das gethan?

Olga.

Ich mußte:
Denn ſo allein war dieſer Streit zu ſchlichten,
Der mit der Schrecken ärgſtem mich bedrohte.
Der Preis war meine Hand.

Duval.

O der Tyrann!

Olga.

Er iſt jetzt mein Gemahl.

Duval.

Ach! Euer Zittern
Und Zagen hätt' Euch davor warnen ſollen.

Olga.

Ich bat den Vater droben — und er iſt
Uns näher in der Noth — ich fleht' ihn an,
Wenn mein Entſchluß nicht Gnade vor ihm fände,
In meinem Geiſt den Warner mir zu wecken — —
Doch es blieb ſtill in mir. — Ich läugne nicht,
Daß ich geweint, gezittert und gezagt:
Denn nur nach ſchwerem Kampf gelingt's der Seele
Des heiligern Entſchluſſes, das Gewölk
Der Neigungen und Wünſche zu zerſtreun.
Doch während des Gebetes ſchon verſchwand
Die Angſt, und jedes: „Herr, erbarme Dich!“
Beruhigte des Herzens Fieberpuls.
Und bei der heil'gen Handlung, dünkte mich,
War ich gefaßter, muthiger, denn er.
Jetzt, da der Schritt gethan iſt, ich mein Herz
Noch einmal vor dem Ew'gen ausgeſchüttet,
Bin ich vollkommen ruhig, denn ich weiß,
Daß meine That nach ſeinem Willen iſt:
Er wollt' es ſo: ſind ſeine Weg' auch dunkel,
Es ſind doch ſeine Wege.

Duval.

Nein, o nein!
Solch' unnatürliche Verbindung wird
Und kann ja nimmer gute Früchte bringen.

Olga.

Es iſt wohl wahr: in eine finſt're Nacht
Seh' ich hinaus, wenn ich die Zukunft denke;
Doch muthig will ich ſchreiten in die Nacht,
Auf Gott vertrauend, daß er ſeine Sterne
Wird leuchten laſſen über meinem Pfad.
Ihr aber, gute Duval, ſolltet nicht
Durch Unglücksprophezeihung meinen Muth
Erſchüttern wollen: ich bedarf der Kraft,
Das Unabänderliche zu ertragen.

Duval.

Iſt's unabänderlich? das iſt die Frage:
Iſt ſolch' erzwungene Verbindung gültig?

Olga.

Erzwungen nicht: denn keine Todesfurcht
Hat mich geſchreckt, und wär' es auch geſchehn,
Hätt' eher ich den Tod umarmen müſſen,
Als frevelnd ſpielen mit dem Sacrament.
Das war der größte Kampf: ob ich den Bund,
Den noch das Herz nicht, nur der Wille ſchloß,
Vom Sacrament beſiegeln laſſen dürfte.
Ich hab's gewagt, und meiner Seele Heil
Liegt nun in der Erfüllung des Gelübdes:
Ich will mein Herz nun zwingen, ſich zu dem
Zu wenden, dem ich es gelobt, es zwingen
Zu achten ihn, zu ehren, ihn — — — zu — ja! —
Zu lieben.

Duval.

Guter Gott! wie möchtet Ihr
Das zu vermögen? Ach! ich fürcht' — ich fürchte —

Olga.

Ich weiß es, was Ihr fürchtet. Eure Furcht
Iſt meine Hoffnung, Gute — daß mein Herz — —
Ja — daß mein Herz im Kampfe brechen wird. —
Allgüt'ger! wenn die Hoffnung ſündlich iſt,
Vergieb ſie deinem ſchwachen Kind': ich will
Gewiß nichts thun, damit es früher breche,
Als Du ihm ſelbſt gebieteſt ſtill zu ſteh'n. —
(Pauſe.)
Nach einer ſchweren Stunde ſehn' ich mich.

Duval.

Was noch, um Gottes willen!

Olga.

Ich erwarte
Den armen Iſidor; ich lud ihn ein,
Will ſelbſt ihm ſeinen Freibrief übergeben.

Duval.

Müßt Ihr auch dieſe Qual Euch auferlegen!

Olga.

Ich muß. Erſt war mein Vorſatz, ihm zu ſchreiben;
Doch fühlt' ich bald, es wäre hart und feig',
Die letzte Pflicht, wie ſchmerzlich ſie auch ſei,
Dem Freunde zu entziehn, um mich zu ſchonen.
Vielleicht auch ſtimmt mein Wort ihn zur Ergebung,
An der's zum Unglück immer ihm gebrach.
(Ein Bedienter tritt ein.)

Bedienter.

Iſidor, Ew. Erlaucht.

Olga.

Ich laſſe bitten.
(Der Bediente geht ab. Olga reicht Madame Duval die Hand.)
Gute Nacht, wenn wir
Uns heut nicht wiederſehn.

Duval (ſie umarmend).

Gott ſei mit Euch.

Olga.

Er iſt es; wie mein Herz auch ängſtlich ſchlägt,
Ich fühle ſeinen Frieden in der Seele.
(Madame Duval entfernt ſich; gleich darauf tritt Iſidor ein.)

Iſidor.

Ihr habt mich rufen laſſen.

Olga.

Ja, und habe
Schon lang' auf Euch geharrt, mein theurer Freund.

Iſidor.

Entſchuldigt mich! Denn eh' ich vor Euch träte,
Wollt' ich die Rechnung ſchließen über mich,
Um klar zu wiſſen —, was nach der Verheerung
Der beiden Tage —, mir noch übrig bliebe.
Die Rechnung iſt geſchloſſen, ich bin hier.

Olga.

(Ihm eine Schrift übergebend.)
Hier iſt die Schrift, die man Euch ungerecht
Verweigert hat, ich glaubt', Ihr würdet ſie
Am liebſten aus der Freundin Hand empfangen.

Iſidor.

(In die Schrift blickend.)
Mein Freibrief iſt's? Den konnt' ich freilich nur
Von Euch empfangen, da Ihr ihn gekauft.

Olga.

Ihr wißt — — — —?

Iſidor.

Es ward mir kund, um welchen Preis
Ihr mich habt losgekauft. Ich ſollt' Euch danken;
Doch Thaten giebt's von ſo beſond'rer Farbe,
Daß nichts, auch ſelbſt kein Dank ſich dazu ſchickt.
Die That iſt überſchwänglich; doch ich habe
Für Ueberſchwängliches jetzt wenig Sinn.

Olga.

In dieſen Worten hör' ich nicht den Freund.
Das ſpricht der Geiſt nicht, deſſen reiches Licht
Mir Welt und Leben einſt ſo ſchön erleuchtet.

Iſidor.

Wie viel verwandelt oft ein Augenblick!
Und wie viel Augenblick' in ſieben Stunden!
Und eine Stund' in Ketten zugebracht,
Wiegt an Gedanken leicht ein Leben auf.

Olga.

O dieſe kalte bitt're Sprache nicht!
Sie thut mir furchtbar weh, mein theurer Freund;
Das hab' ich nicht verdient. Schwer war der Kampf —
O fraget Euer Herz — es war ein Kampf
Der blut'gen Thränen: doch die Ueberzeugung,
Daß eine höh're Hand das Leben lenkt,
Daß ſie uns unſ're Wünſche nur verſagt,
Weil ſie der ew'gen Weisheit widerſtreben,
Die Ueberzeugung gab mir Kraft zum Siege.
O nehmt auch Ihr ſie auf in Euer Herz,
Und gebt nicht, weil Ihr ein Gut verloren,
Das ganze Leben als verloren auf.

Iſidor.

Ihr ſeid im Irrthum, Gräfin, wenn Ihr glaubt,
Schmerz über Euren Verluſt, Verzweiflung
Der Liebe ſprech' aus mir: das iſt vorüber.
Als ich im Sclavenrocke vor Euch ſtand,
Ihr mich und Euer Herz verleugnen mußtet,
Ich unter ſeines Hohnes Folter Euch
Erſeufzen hört', und doch in der Verhöhnung
Ein ſchwaches Vorbild nur des Looſes ſah,
Das Euch an meiner Hand einſt treffen würde,
Gab ich Euch auf; und wäre mir die Freiheit
Geworden in dem Augenblick, bewaffnet
Zum Selbſtmord hätt' ich eher meine Hand,
Als ſie befleckend in die Eurige
Gelegt.

Olga.

O! der unſel'gen Uebertreibung!

Iſidor.

Ich bitt' Euch, laßt mich reden; dieſe Gunſt
Gewährt mir noch: denn Ihr ſollt mich verſtehn.
Ein Sclavenkleid hat man mir angelegt,
Wie ein geſchmücktes Halsband einem Hund,
Gezwungen hat man mich zum Sclavendienſt,
Euch zu demüthigen durch meine Schmach:
Ich hab' es, um der Peitſche zu entgehn,
Ertragen müſſen. Knecht'ſche Züchtigung
Hat man mir angedroht, mit Fäuſten hat
Man mich geſchlagen, endlich mich verdammt
Zu einer Strafe, die — Ihr wähnt vielleicht,
Ihr hättet mich befreit? — O nein! die Schmach,
Den Seelenkrampf, den Abſcheu vor mir ſelbſt,
Den innern Tod — die Schrecken dieſer Strafe —
Hab' im Gedanken an die Möglichkeit
Ich ſchon erlitten: nur der viehiſchen
Behandlung, die das ſchreckliche Geſetz
Mir zuerkannt, der habt Ihr mich entzogen —
Um welchen Preis? dem rohen frevelen Knaben
Geopfert habt Ihr Euch, und meine Liebe
Hat nicht nur Hohn und Schande, nein! auch Angſt,
Endloſen Jammer über Euch gebracht. —
Warum das Gräßliche? Weil ich gefrevelt?

O nein doch! nein! — weil ich geboren bin.
Verworfen war ich, eh' ich war — verflucht,
Ein Wurm zu ſein, den man mit Füßen tritt,
Der Ekel nur erregt. Das Selbſtgefühl,
Womit der Menſch im Geiſtesleben wurzelt,
Es iſt dahin — und ich verachte mich.

Olga.

O Phantaſieen des empörten Stolzes!
Mein Freund! Mein theurer Freund! wie ſolltet Ihr,
Weil Ihr unglücklich ſeid, Unwürdiges
Erlitten ohne Schuld, Euch ſelbſt verachten?

Iſidor.

Das faßt Ihr nicht: denn dieſe Scheidewand
Iſt unverwüſtlich zwiſchen Mann und Weib:
Keuſchheit iſt Eure, Freiheit unſre Ehre;
Der Knecht iſt ehrlos, Knechtſchaft iſt Vernichtung.

Olga.

Gewaltthat war's: Ihr war't und ſeid ja frei;
Legt Eurem Geiſt nicht ſelber Feſſeln an!
Ihr habt Verluſt erlitten; aber liegt
Nicht noch vor Euch der ganzen Schöpfung Fülle?
Ihr ſeid noch jung, und — wenn Ihr wollt — auch reich — —

Iſidor.

Recht! werft mir eine Bettlergabe zu.
Was dürfte den Verworfenen noch kränken?

Olga.

O hab' ich denn kein Recht an Euer Schickſal?
Nun wohl, verwerft mich! wendet nur den Blick
Von dem Vergangnen auf die Zukunft ab!
Kehrt wieder in das ſchöne Land, wo wir
So glücklich waren, trinkt Vergeſſenheit
In ſeiner milden Luft, des Himmels Glanz,
Der Erde Blühen wird die Nacht zerſtreu'n,
Die Euern Geiſt umdüſtert; Eure Kunſt — —

Iſidor.

Auch die entehren? um des innern Todes
Abbild hervorzubringen? Nein! — vorbei! —
Ich muß auf anderm Weg' mich wiederfinden.
Habt Ihr noch etwas zu befehlen, Herrin?

Olga.

Nein, theurer Freund, ſo können wir nicht ſcheiden. —
Es iſt ein Abſchied für das Leben: laßt
Den einz'gen Troſt mir, Euch gefaßt zu wiſſen.
Was auch verloren ſei, das Höchſte kann
Euch ja kein Schickſal rauben. Wie das Leben
Sich auch geſtalten mag, Ihr bleibt ein Werk
Des Ewigen, ein Geiſt von ſeinem Geiſt,
Ein Kind des güt'gen Vaters, ein Theilnehmer
An der Erlöſung, ein Berufener
Zur Seligkeit. Wer kann die Würd' Euch rauben?
Wer kann verhindern Eures Geiſtes Flug
(auf das nahe Fenſter deutend)
Zu jenen Sternen, die dort ewig leuchten?

Iſidor.

Sie leuchten. Doch warum nur ſie? warum
Nicht auch die vielen Millionen Erden,
Die wie an Sklavenfeſſeln ſie umkreiſen?
Warum? — — Habt Ihr noch etwas zu befehlen?

Olga.

Das Wichtigſte, — das Höchſte! Ehrt in Euch
Den Freund, den liebend ſich mein Herz erkor,
Um den es nun gebrochen iſt — den Freund, —
Den ich nur aufgab — für des Lebens Stunde —
Dort aber — hört Ihr's? — dorten wieder finden, —
Und — wieder lieben will. — — Nichts, Iſidor,
Mein theurer Freund, nichts, was auf ewig uns
Jenſeits des Lebens ſchiede — nichts! — Das iſt
Die letzte Bitt' an Euch — mein letzter Wille.

Iſidor.

Lebt wohl. (Er geht raſch ab.)

Olga, allein.

(Pauſe.)

In Deine Hand befehl' ich ſein Geſchick,
Allmächtiger! regiere Du ſein Herz,
Und laß mein Opfer nicht vergebens ſein! — —
Ach, Furcht und Angſt ſind wieder eingekehrt
In dieſe kranke Bruſt — die Pulſe fliegen —
Ach! ſchwer läßt ſich das Irdiſche beſiegen. —
Ich will hinaus gehn in die ſtille Nacht,
Wo ich die Gegenwart des Ew'gen fühle:
Die Sterne ſagen, daß ſein Auge wacht,
Und wie ſein Athem ſtärkt die Abendkühle.
(Sie geht ab.)

Zweite Scene.

(Des Fürſten Schlafzimmer, im Hintergrunde rechts ſein Bette mit Vorhängen.)

Oſſip kommt.

Bei Gott, ein luſtiger Hochzeittag! Ich ſchwöre ſonſt nicht bei Gott, der uns verworfen hat; aber jetzt ſchwöre ich bei Gott, es iſt ein luſtiger Hochzeittag, wie der meiner Xenia. —

([illegible])

Siehſt Du, Fürſt Peter Juriewitſch, ich bin jetzt hier mächtiger, als Du; der Wurm, den Du mit Füßen getreten, hat die Pfoſten Deines Hauſes zernagt, und es ſtürzt zuſammen. Siehſt Du, Peter Juriewitſch, man muß auch den Wurm nicht treten.

(Er ſetzt ſich in einen Lehnſtuhl.)

Hier will ich ihn erwarten, um ihm den Abendtrunk zu reichen — Wermuth und Galle — ein Schlaftrunk wird's nicht werden. Soll auch nicht; ich habe wohl hundert Nächte nicht geſchlafen. So eine Nacht ohne Schlaf, aber voller Verzweiflung, iſt ein Vorſchmack der Hölle, und zu keiner Zeit kommen ſo viele böſe Gedanken zur Reife, als in ſo einer Nacht. Er ſoll nicht ſchlafen. — — Ich glaube, er kommt.

(Oſſip ſtellt ſich, als wenn er ſchliefe. Der Fürſt, mit aufgeriſſenem Buſen, tritt ein, ohne ihn zu bemerken.)

Fürſt.

Gluth! — alles Gluth! — die Luft ein Feuerſtrom —
Der Thau nur ſiedend Waſſer — als ob ſich
Der Tiefe Feuerbrunnen aufgethan,
Die Erd' in Feuer untergehen ſollte. —
O ſchwebt' ich wieder auf dem wilden Meer!
Da kühlt der Wogen Bad, da kühlt der Sturm.
(Er bemerkt Oſſip und betrachtet ihn eine Weile von weitem.)
Ich glaub', er ſchläft.
(Er nähert ſich ihm.)
Ja, bei der Höll' — er ſchläft!
Ein Herz voll gift'gen Haſſes — und er ſchläft;
In ſeinem Leben keine gute That,
Doch eine Unzahl böſer — und er ſchläft. —
Nun, wenn er ſchlafen kann, und ruhig ſchläft,
Und nicht erduldet böſer Träume Qual;
Und wenn der Tod ein feſt'rer Schlaf nur iſt,
Was grauſet doch dem Sünder vor dem Tode?
(Er ſchüttelt ihn.)
Wach' auf!

Oſſip.

(Springt auf, ſtellt ſich aber ſchlaftrunken.)

Ach Gott — Ew. Erlaucht — vergebt — vergebt, — was befehlt Ihr?

Fürſt.

Iſt das der Ort für deinen Schlaf?

Oſſip.

Ach Himmel! ich glaubte, Ew. Erlaucht würde nicht nach Hauſe kommen, würde bei der ſchönen Braut bleiben.

Fürſt.

Schweig, frecher Narr! Ich will zu Bette gehn.

Oſſip.

Nicht möglich! Ew. Erlaucht will hier ſchlafen? Ach, nun merke ich es: Ihr ſcherzt.

Fürſt (ihn bei der Bruſt faſſend).

Verfluchte Schlange! — Doch —
(er ſchleudert ihn bei Seite)
Du biſt betrunken.

Oſſip.

Betrunken nicht, Ew. Erlaucht, aber getrunken habe ich auf Euer Wohl und auf das Wohl unſerer neuen Herrin: und das war meine Schuldigkeit. Ein ſchlechter Unterthan, der ſich nicht etwas zu Gute thut am Ehrentage ſeines Herrn, und heute iſt ja Euer Ehrentag. Dabei wollte ich auch meinen Gram vertrinken, denn heute iſt auch meiner Xenia Sterbetag. Wunderlich genug: ein Hochzeittag und ein Sterbetag — als wenn ſich das zuſammen ſchickte. Ja, die arme Xenia, die wurde auch ſo ſchonungslos gezwungen.

Fürſt.

Auch ſchonungslos gezwungen? Böſewicht,
War'ſt Du nicht Helfers Helfer bei dem Werk?
Du ſchloſſeſt den verfluchten Handel ab.

Oſſip.

Natürlich. Ein Leibeigener muß zum Vergnügen ſeines Herrn thun, was er kann; iſt es Sünde, ſo fällt ſie auf den Herrn. Ich ſagte es wohl, Ihr ſolltet bedenken — —

Fürſt.

Iſt Iſidor ſchon abgereiſ't?

Oſſip.

Vermuthlich: ſeine Pferde ſind wenigſtens ſchon lange fort. Wäre er aber auch zehntauſend Werſt von hier, oder läge er im Grabe, er bliebe doch für Euch ein Stein des Anſtoßes; das hättet Ihr bedenken ſollen, wie ich ſagte.

Fürſt.

Wahr! Wahr! Er ſelber, ſeines Namens Laut,
Sein Schatten — ſein Gedächtniß — Alles Eins —
Ein Fels auf ewig zwiſchen ihr und mir. —
O warum hatt' ich nicht den Muth und hielt
Die Lichterſcheinung, den Gedanken feſt,
Ihr zu entſagen: ſelig wär' ich ja
Geweſen in dem Anſchau'n ihres Glücks
Bei ihres Dankes ſüßen Melodie'n.

Oſſip.

Ich fürchte nur, die Seligkeit hätte nicht über eine Stunde vorgehalten.

Fürſt.

Recht! Recht! Ich konnte nicht — hätt' ich gekonnt —
Ein Teufel wär' ich, hätt' ich's nicht gethan.
Jetzt nenn' ich ſie doch mein, darf denken nun,
Daß ſie mir angehört, darf werben nun
Um ihre Lieb' — und einſt — ſie hat's gelobt
Im Sacrament, ihr Herz zu überwinden.

Oſſip.

Ei ja! in der Angſt verſpricht man auch das Unmögliche.

Fürſt.

Schweig', gift'ge Zunge, ſchweig! Was kann der Molch
Vom Glanz der Sonne, was Dein grollend Herz
Von eines frommen Herzens Allmacht wiſſen? —
O ſie iſt eine Heil'ge! Blaß und ſchön
Lag ſie mit Inbrunſt betend am Altar;
Nicht nur der Mund, ihr Blick und jeder Zug
Des Angeſichtes ſprach zum Ewigen;
Zu Sternen wurden des Gebetes Worte
Und ſtiegen leuchtend auf zu Gottes Thron.
Ich hörte leiſ' ſie mitſprechen: „Herr,
Erbarme Dich!“ und nun hab' ich gefühlt,
Was es bedeutet: „Herr, erbarme Dich!“
Wer ſo kann ſprechen: „Herr, erbarme Dich!“
Der iſt erhört, dem geht der Himmel auf,
Den drückt kein Leiden mehr und keine Schuld.
Als uns der Prieſter auf den Teppich winkte,
Mit feſtem Schritt, als führten unſichtbar
Die Engel Gottes, demuthsvoll, doch hehr,
Das Auge glänzend vom errung'nen Siege,
Trat ſie hinzu: ich bebte neben ihr;
Feig' zitterte mein Ja, das ihre klang
So feſt und ruhig, wie ein Segensſpruch.
Und dieſe Heil'ge wäre mein, ganz mein
In heil'ger Lieb', und Mond und Jahr verrann',
Und alle Zeit, und ſie wär' immer mein,
Und ſel'ger, als die Sel'gen Gottes, ich,
Wenn er nicht lebte — er — mein böſer Geiſt.

Oſſip.

Ja wohl! er hätte gar nicht ſollen geboren werden.

Fürſt.

Warum erblickten Beide wir das Licht?
Warum denn blieb nicht Einer in der Nacht
Des Weſenloſen? denn kein Friede iſt
Nun zwiſchen uns, im Leben und im Tode.
(Eine Tapetenthür öffnet ſich; Iſidor tritt herein.)

Iſidor

Vielleicht doch Fried' im Leben durch den Tod.

Fürſt.

Du hier?

Iſidor.

Du wollteſt mich nicht ſehn: warum
Blieb dieſer Durchgang offen?

Fürſt.

Und was willſt — — —

Iſidor.

Das ſollſt Du hören. Oſſip, geh!

Fürſt.

Du bleibſt.

Iſidor.

Auch gut!
(zu Oſſip.)
So tritt in jenen Winkel dort!
Der erſte Laut, die leiſeſte Bewegung,
(er zieht eine Piſtole aus dem Buſen)
Bringt Dir den Tod.

Fürſt.

Kommſt Du als Mörder her?

Iſidor.

Schweig, junger Frevler, ſchweig und höre mich!
Du weißt, was Du gethan: Du haſt das Mark
Des Lebens mir zerſtört; geplündert haſt
Du meine Seele, daß ſie nackend iſt,
Wie in der Stunde der Geburt. Mein Geiſt
Iſt nur ein finſt'rer Rachgedanke noch,
Der, ob der wüſten Stätte meines Seins,
Ein ſchwarzer Aar, nach Beute krächzend ſchwebt.
Drum Rache will ich, Rache ford're ich!
(er zieht eine zweite Piſtole hervor und reicht ſie dem Fürſten)
Nimm!

Fürſt.

Fort! Fort! Du biſt von Sinnen!

Iſidor.

Wär' ich das,
Lägſt Du zerſchmettert ſchon in Deinem Blut.
Nicht Mord, Entſcheidung will ich, und von dem,
Der wählet und verwirft, wie's ihm gefällt,
Entſcheid' er zwiſchen uns, ob Beide wir,
Ob Einer fallen ſoll; doch Einer muß:
Denn leben können wir nicht Beide mehr.
Fall' ich — ſo iſt's vorüber: — Du — ſo ſtirbt
Die Höll' in meiner Bruſt — und ob auch fern —
Auf ewig fern von ihr, ich weiß ſie doch
Von Dir erlöſ't und von dem Fluch des Meineids,
Den Du vor Gott ihr abgezwungen haſt.
(ihm wieder die Piſtole reichend)
Nimm! Nimm!

Fürſt.

(haſtig darnach greifend)
Gieb her, ich fühl's, wir können nicht
Mehr Beide leben. Ja — Du biſt der Fluch,
Den mir mein Vater hinterlaſſen hat;
Die Geißel Du des ungerechten Herrn,
Der an den Kindern rächt der Väter Schuld.
Laß uns denn looſen mit den eh'rnen Würfeln,
Wer weichen ſoll.
(ſich zurechtſtellend)
Du biſt beleidigt; — ſchieß!

Iſidor.

Nichts! keinen Vortheil will ich! Sein und Nichtſein —
Die Wage ſteht —. — Hier eine Kugel noch —
Bei ihrem Falle ſchießen wir zugleich.

Fürſt.

Es ſei!
(Sie ſtellen ſich; Iſidor läßt die Kugel fallen; ſie ſchießen zugleich, und Beide ſinken todt zu Boden.)

Oſſip.

(in die Mitte tretend und auf den Fürſten deutend)
Xenia!
(Petrow, Fedor. Bediente eilen herbei.)

Petrow.

Gott! Gott! was iſt geſchehn!

Oſſip.

Sie ſpielten Würfel,
Und Beide haben in dem Spiel verloren!
(Er kniet neben Iſidor nieder.)

Petrow.
(Zu einem Bedienten.)
Zu Pferde! ſchnell! Schaff' einen Wundarzt her!
(Ein Bedienter geht ab.)

Fedor.
(der ſich mit dem Fürſten beſchäftigt)
Hier iſt wohl Menſchenhülfe nicht vonnöthen;
Der Tod hat ſchon geholfen.

Offiz.
Armer Dulder!
So ſoll's nicht kommen. Grüß' Arinia!
(Olga ſtürzt athemlos herein.)

Olga.
Ich hörte ſchießen; — was —
(den Gefallenen erblickend)
Barmherziger Gott!
(Sie wirft ſich neben Iſidor'n nieder.)
O Hülfe! Hülfe!

Petrow.
Ein Bot' iſt ſchon geſandt.

Olga.
Stirbſt Du, mein Freund? Stirb nicht, mein ſüßer Freund!
Nimm meinen Hauch in Deinen Buſen auf!
Er wird ihn ſanft und liebevoll bewegen.
Könnt' ich Dir geben meiner Augen Licht!
Was frommt's dem Auge, das Dich nicht mehr ſchaut.
(Iſidor erholt ſich.)
Er lebt! o Gott! Er lebt!

Iſidor.
Du hier? — O, nun —
Iſt Alles gut. — Vergieb! — Jetzt meinen Dank —
(Ihre Hand langſam an ſeine Lippen führend)
Jetzt heißen Dank — für Deine ſchöne Liebe,
Die Leben nicht — doch ſüßern Tod mir gab.

Olga.
O nenn' ihn nicht! er darf Dich nicht berühren,
Der kalte Blüthenräuber. Du biſt mein!

Iſidor.
O Du Geliebte! — Hätt' ich auch — ein Leben —
Voll Glück und Leben neben Dir — geliebt; —
Die letzte Hoffnung wäre doch geblieben — —
In Deinem Arm — an Deiner Bruſt zu ſterben — —
Und — nicht — zu früh — — wird — ſchöne Hoffnung — wahr.
(Er ſtirbt.)

Olga.
Er ſtirbt! Er ſtirbt! — — Du biſt allmächtig, Gott:
Hilf mir, wenn Du die Liebe nicht verwirfſt.
(Pauſe.)
Schlaf wohl, mein armer thränenwerther Freund
Bis zu dem Morgen der Vereinigung. —
Wir haben viel gelitten um einander;
Verdienen wohl ein ſelig Wiederſehn.
Die Freiheit meiner Unterthanen ſoll
Dein Denkmal ſein: die Seufzer will ich ſtillen,
Die Thränen trocknen, und mit Lieb' und Glauben
Und gutem Werk nach der Vergeltung ſtreben,
Dort liebend und geliebt mit Dir zu leben.
(Sie ſteht auf und erblickt die Leiche des Fürſten.)
Ha! blut'ger Lohn — — — — —
(Sie hält plötzlich inne und wendet ſich zum Himmel.)
Vergieb uns unſ're Schuld,
Wie wir vergeben unſern Schuldigern!

Gottfried Peter Rauſchnick,

geboren am 10. September 1778 zu Königsberg, ſtudirte dort Jurisprudenz und Philoſophie und ward bei der Claſſificationscommiſſion in Neuoſtpreußen angeſtellt. Er begab ſich 1807 nach Königsberg zurück, kaufte ein Landgut und widmete ſich der Landwirthſchaft; ſpäter reiſte er, nachdem er ſein Vermögen eingebüßt, um einige Reſte zu retten, nach Holland, den Rheingegenden und der Schweiz, und privatiſirte dann von 1815 bis 1819 in Frankfurt am Main, in Mainz und endlich in Bonn. Hierauf übernahm er 1819 die Redaction der allgemeinen Zeitung in Elberfeld; 1820 erwarb er ſich auf der Univerſität Marburg den Doctorgrad, legte 1822 die Redaction der elberfelder Zeitung nieder und übernahm die Redaction der in Schwelm erſcheinenden Zeitſchrift Hermann. 1827 ging er nach Leipzig, wo er 1835 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb (zuweilen unter dem pſeudonymen Namen Phil. Roſenwall):

Bemerkungen eines Ruſſen über Preußen. Mainz 1817.
Maleriſche Anſichten u. Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe durch Holland ꝛc. 2 Th. Mainz 1818.
Geſpenſterſagen. 2 Th. Marburg 1818.
Königskerzen. 2 Th. Mainz 1819.
Päonien. 2 Th. Mainz 1820.
Kaiſerkronen. 2 Th. Elberfeld 1820.
Denkwürdigkeiten aus der Geſchichte der Vorzeit. Marburg 1822.
Handbuch der europ. Staatengeſchichte. 2 Th. Schmalkalden 1824.
Geſchichte der Deutſchen für Schulen. Schwelm 1826.
Lehrbuch der Weltgeſchichte. Koblenz 1827.
Chronolog. Handbuch der Weltgeſchichte. Erfurt 1828.
Specialgeſchichte der deutſchen Staaten. 1r Th. Mainz 1828.
Hauschronik der Deutſchen. 3 Th. Leipzig 1828—1829.
Das Bürgerthum und Städteweſen der Deutſchen im Mittelalter. 3 Th. Dresden 1829.
Hiſtoriſche Bilderhalle. 2 Bde. Meißen 1830.
Denkwürdige Handlungen, Reden und Schickſale berühmter Männer des Alterthums. Berlin 1831.
Geſchichte der deutſchen Hanſa. Dresden 1830. 2 Bde. in 1.
Geſchichte des deutſchen Adels. Dresden 1830. 4 Bdchen.
Allgemeine preußiſche Hauschronik. Halle 1831 flg. 12 Hefte.
Handbuch der Mythologie. Leipzig 1832.
Züge aus dem Pfaffenthum der Deutſchen. Leipzig 1833.
Marſchall Vorwärts. Leben Blücher's. Ilmenau 1836.
Geſchichte der deutſchen Geiſtlichkeit im Mittelalter. Leipzig 1836.

Gute Erfindung, anmuthige Darſtellung, Innigkeit und Wärme treten in R's Erzählungen vortheilhaft hervor und erwarben ihnen viele und geneigte Leſer. Ein größeres Publicum fanden indeſſen noch die hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen deſſelben Verfaſſers, da er hier mit gutem und klarem Vortrage einen angemeſſenen Ton und lebhafte Schilderung zu verbinden wußte, doch bleibt ihr Werth immer untergeordnet, da ſie meiſt aus ſecundären Quellen geſchöpft, nicht das Reſultat ſelbſtſtändiger Forſchung ſind.

Chriſtian Günther Rautenberg,

geboren zu Braunſchweig im Jahre 1728, erſter Prediger der Martinskirche zu Braunſchweig, Bruder des durch ſeine moraliſchen und ſatiriſchen Verſuche bekannten Albrecht Friedrich Guſtav R. (geſt. zu Hannover 1780). Er ſtarb am 2. Februar 1776.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Sammlung einiger Predigten. 2 Th. Braunſchw. 1765. N. A. 1777.
Hume's Verſuch über den erſten Grundſatz der Sittlichkeit. Ueberſ. Braunſchweig 1768.
A. Smith's Theorie der moraliſchen Empfindungen. Ueberſ. Braunſchweig 1770.

Ein Nachfolger Mosheim's zeichnete ſich R. bei ſeinen Kanzelvorträgen vortheilhaft durch Klarheit, Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls aus.

Paul Rebhun,

geboren zu Ende der zweiten Hälfte des 15. Jahrhunderts, war Anfangs Schullehrer zu Plauen, bis er ums Jahr 1546 Paſtor zu Oelsnitz im Meißniſchen und darauf Superintendent im Amte Voigtsberg ward. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Ein geiſtlich Spiel von der gottfürchtigen und keuſchen Frau Suſannen. Zwiſchen 1536 u. 1544.
Ein Hochzeitſpiel auf die Hochzeit zu Cana in Galiläa geſtellet. 1538.

Seine dramatiſchen Arbeiten zeichnen ſich weiter nicht vor den vielen ähnlichen Verſuchen jener Zeit aus, als daß ſie in der Form nach antikem Muſter mit großem Fleiße gebildet ſind und der Verfaſſer ſich nicht allein mit Zählung der Sylben in den Verſen begnügt, ſondern auch die Längen und Kürzen mißt und ſie regelmäßig mit einander wechſeln läßt.

Andreas Georg Friedrich von Rebmann

wurde am 24. November 1768 zu Sugenheim bei Erlangen geboren, ſtudirte zu Erlangen Jurisprudenz und lebte darauf in den Jahren 1792 und 1793 in Leipzig und Dresden, wo er als Jacobiner verdächtig ward. Im Jahre 1794 wandte er ſich nach Erfurt, legte daſelbſt eine Leihbibliothek an und gab mehrere Schriften heraus, in denen ſich revolutionäre Grundſätze äußerten. Er ſah ſich bald genöthigt, von Erfurt zu flüchten und lebte nun in Altona und Amſterdam. Nach einem kurzen Aufenthalte zu Paris wurde er von da verwieſen. Er wurde nun gerichtlicher Rath zu Erlangen, ſpäter zweiter Criminalrichter bei dem Obertribunal zu Mainz, 1803 Präſident des peinlichen und Specialgerichtes und 1811 Präſident des kaiſerlichen Gerichtshofes zu Trier. Im J. 1816 ward ihm das Amt eines Präſidenten des Oberappellationsgerichtes in Kaiſerslautern, er trat darauf in den baieriſchen Staatsdienſt und erhielt eine gleiche Stellung in Zweibrücken. Er ſtarb am 16. September 1824 in Wiesbaden.

Von ſeinen zahlreichen, größtentheils anonymen Schriften nennen wir:

Heinrich von Neideck. 2. Aufl. Erlangen 1791.
Briefe über Erlangen. 2 Th. Frankfurt 1792.
Nelkenblätter. 4 Th. Leipzig 1792—95.
Empfindſame Reiſe nach Schilda. Leipzig 1793.
Albrecht der Friedländer. Leipzig 1793.
Hans Kiekindieweltſ Reiſe. Leipzig 1794.
Wahrheiten ohne Schminke. Deutſchland 1794.
Leben u. Thaten des jüngern Herrn von Münchhauſen. Thorn 1795.
Wanderungen und Kreuzzüge durch einen Theil Deutſchlands. 2 Th. Altona 1795.
Das neue graue Ungeheuer. 10 St. Altona 1795—1797.
Geſchichte meiner Verfolgungen. Amſterd. 1796.
Haideblümchen. Hamburg 1796.
Frankreichs politiſche Verhältniſſe. 3. Aufl. Paris 1797.
Die fünf Männer. Altona 1797.
Holland u. Frankreich. 2 Th. Paris 1797.
Obſcurantenalmanach. Altona 1798.
Damian Heſſel und ſeine Raubgenoſſen. 3. Aufl. Mainz 1811.
Magazin für deutſche gerichtliche und Polizeibeamten. 6 Hefte. Mainz 1812—1813.

R. ſuchte zu ſeiner Zeit als politiſcher und belletriſtiſcher Schriftſteller eine Rolle zu ſpielen und Aufſehen zu erregen, was ihm zwar inſofern gelang, daß er ſich dadurch Verfolgungen zuzog, welche er ſpäter ausführlich beſchrieb, ſich aber weiter nicht zu Ruhm und Ehre verhalf. Von ſeinen Schriften erhebt ſich keine über die Mittelmäßigkeit.

Eliſabeth Charlotte Conſtantia, gewöhnlich Eliſa, von der Recke,

geboren am 20. Mai 1756 auf dem Gute Schönberg in Kurland, Tochter des Grafen Medem, Schweſter der verſtorbenen Herzogin Dorothea von Kurland, erhielt, da in ihrem zweiten Lebensjahre ihre Mutter bereits geſtorben war, im Hauſe ihrer Großmutter eine ſehr ungünſtige Erziehung, bis ſie ſich von ihrem 11. Lebensjahre an unter der Pflege und Leitung ihrer Stiefmutter, der dritten Gemahlin ihres Vaters, an Körper und Geiſt auf eine außerordentliche Weiſe kräftigte. Ihre im Jahre 1771 mit dem Freiherrn von der Recke geſchloſſene eheliche Verbindung war eine reine Convenienzheirath und wurde bereits im Jahre 1776 wieder gelöſt. Sie lebte nun in Mietau und auf Reiſen. Der im J. 1777 erfolgte Tod ihrer Tochter und ihres Bruders, Friedrich von Medem, welcher ſich um ihre geiſtige Bildung großes Verdienſt erwarb, gab ihrem von Natur frommen Gefühle eine myſtiſche Ueberſpanntheit und vermochte ſie zum Glauben an die Gaukeleien des berüchtigten Caglioſtro: daß es möglich ſei, mit geliebten Verſtorbenen in Rapport zu treten. Dieſe myſtiſchen Ideen wurden erſt aus ihr verbannt, als ſie ſich ihrer Kränklichkeit halber genöthigt ſah, das Karlsbad zu gebrauchen, wo ſie mit Bode, Bürger, Nicolai, Spalding, Struenſee, den Gebrüdern Stolberg, Leß, Zöllner u. A. in einen freundſchaftlichen Verkehr trat. Ihre damals viel Aufſehen erregende Schrift über Caglioſtro, welche die Kaiſerin tharina in's Ruſſiſche überſetzen ließ, veranlaßte eine kai- liche Einladung nach Petersburg und verſchaffte ihr den eßbrauch des Gutes Pfalzgrafen in Kurland. Hier lebte etwas ſorgenloſer in einer einfachen Bauernhütte als Leh- in und Pflegerin junger Mädchen. Fortdauernder Nerven- wäche wegen mußte ſie aber bald unter Tiedge's Begleitung e Reiſe nach Italien unternehmen, von welcher ſie erſt im hre 1806 wieder zurückkehrte. Sie lebte nun abwechſelnd Löbichau bei Altenburg, Nachod, Sagan, Altenburg, rlin, Dresden und anderen Orten, den Sommer über och faſt jedes Jahr in Karlsbad. Seit 1818 ließ ſie ſich immer in Dresden nieder und ſtarb daſelbſt am 13. April 33.

Sie ſchrieb, theils unter dem pſeudonymen Namen: iſa:

Ueber Caglioſtro. Mietau 1779.
Etwas über den Oberhofprediger Stark in Darmſtadt. Berlin 1788.
Bruchſtücke aus dem Leben C. F. Neanders. Berlin 1804.
Eliſens geiſtliche Gedichte. Herausgeg. von J. A. Hiller. Leipzig 1783.
Eliſens und Sophiens (Schwarz, geb. Becker) Gedichte. Herausgeg. von J. L. Schwarz. Berlin 1789.
Kurlands Nekrolog. Mietau 1806.
Gedichte. Herausgeg. von C. A. Tiedge. 2. Aufl. Halle 1816.
Tagebuch einer Reiſe durch einen Theil Deutſchlands und durch Italien in den J. 1804—1806. Herausgeg. von K. A. Böttiger. 4 Bde. Berlin 1815—1817.
Anhang zu den Gedichten für die Beſitzer der erſten Auflage. Halle 1816.
Familienſcenen. Schauſp. Leipzig 1826.
Gebete u. religiöſe Betrachtungen. Berlin 1826.
Geiſtliche Lieder, Gebete und religiöſe Betrachtungen. Leipzig 1833.

Tiefes Gefühl, echte Frömmigkeit, Wärme und ſeltener ohlklang erwarben den Poeſieen dieſer trefflichen Frau und vorzüglich den religiöſen Gedichten derſelben viele Freunde. Ihre proſaiſchen Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich gleichfalls durch Wahrheit und Reinheit der Empfindungen und hohe geiſtige Bildung aus, ſtehen aber ihren Dichtungen nach.

Wonne der Andacht*).

Seligſte der Lebensſtunden,
Wenn der Geiſt zu Gott ſich ſchwingt!
Ganz mit Herrlichkeit umringt,
Hat dich meine Seel' empfunden,
Wenn ſie ſinnend, fern und nah,
Gottes ew'ge Liebe ſah!

Schmückte die nicht unſre Fluren?
Schmückte ſie den Himmel nicht
Mit dem Sonn'n- und Sternenlicht,
Mit den glänzenden Naturen,
Wo in Gottes Wiederſchein
Sich die höhern Geiſter freun?

Stattete nicht zum Genuſſe
Gottes Huld dies Erdenthal,
Wie zu einem Liebesmahl,
Aus mit einem Ueberfluſſe,
Welcher, unverſiegbar mild,
Aus des Lebens Urnen quillt?

O, du Weſen aller Weſen!
Deine Güt' und Herrlichkeit
Füllt das weite Reich der Zeit.
Auch der Menſch iſt auserleſen,
Von der niedern Erde ſchon
Aufzuſchau'n zu deinem Thron.

Seligſte der Lebensſtunden,
Du entflammeſt mein Gemüth!
Meine ganze Seele glüht!
Dieſe Erd' iſt mir entſchwunden!
Vorgefühl der Himmelsluſt
Füllt und hebet meine Bruſt.

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*) Lied von E. v. d. Recke.

Karl Chriſtian Reckert

urde im Jahre 1739 zu Minden geboren, war Stadtſecre- r zu Spandau und darauf landgräflich homburgiſcher und rſtlich hohenzollerſcher Reſident und geheimer Legationsrath, ie auch Ritter des Ordens der Vorſehung zu Berlin. Er arb am 20. Februar 1800.

Wir beſitzen u. A. von ihm:

Vermiſchte Schriften. 3 Th. Münſter u. Hamm 1770—1773.
Wintergemälde. Berlin 1777.
Lieder meiner Muſe. Berlin 1782.

Geßner war ſein Vorbild, den er auf das Aengſtlichſte nachahmte und daher nichts Selbſtſtändiges lieferte, einige gelungene, jedoch unbedeutende Lieder ausgenommen.

Auguſt Wilhelm Rehberg,

eboren am 13. Januar 1757 zu Hannover, ſtudirte zu öttingen Jurisprudenz und ward nach abſolvirten Univerſi- tsjahren 1783 Regierungsſecretär zu Osnabrück, 1786 ge- imer Kanzleiſecretär zu Hannover, 1794 Oberlicentinſpector, 801 Director des Intelligenzcomptoirs und 1806 Hofrath. nter der weſtphäliſchen Regierung erhielt er das Amt eines Steuerdirectors und nach Aufhebung derſelben 1814 das eines eheimen Cabinetsraths. Im Jahre 1821 legte er ſeine Stelle nieder und lebte nun abwechſelnd zu Linden bei Han- ver, Dresden, Göttingen, ſeit 1828 in Rom und ſpäter ieder in Göttingen. Er ſtarb am 9. Auguſt 1836.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Ueber das Weſen und die Einſchränkungen der Kräfte. Leipzig 1779.
Cato. Baſel 1780.
Philoſophiſche Geſpräche über das Vergnügen. Nürnberg 1785.
Ueber das Verhältniß der Metaphyſik zur Religion. Berlin 1785.
Prüfung der Erziehungskunſt. Leipzig 1792.
Unterſuchungen über die franzöſiſche Revolution. 2 Th. Hannover 1783.
Appellation an den geſunden Menſchenverſtand gegen Fichte's Appellation an das Publicum. 1799.
Ueber den deutſchen Adel. Göttingen 1803.
Ueber die Staatsverwaltung deutſcher Länder. Hannover 1807.
Machiavelli's Buch vom Fürſten. Hannover 1810.
Ueber den Code Napoleon. Hannover 1814
Sämmtliche Schriften. Hannover 1828 ff.

Rehberg war einer der entſchiedenſten, ſcharfſinnigſten und geiſtreichſten Gegner der franzöſiſchen Nation, welche er von einem hohen allgemein menſchlichen Standpunkte aus auffaßte und mit den Waffen ruhigen Nachdenkens angriff, ohne ſich den Fortſchritten der Menſchheit im geiſtigen Leben der Völker entgegen zu ſtellen, ſondern dieſe vielmehr aus allen Kräften auf geſetzlichem Wege nach genauer Prüfung befördernd. Er bekämpfte daher Mißbräuche, wo er ſie fand, mit Klarheit und Kraft, zeigte, daß er reiche Welterfahrung mit echter Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit verband, und erhielt ſich ſtets unabhängig und vollkommen unpartheiiſch in ſeinem Urtheil. Unter den deutſchen Publiciſten wird ſein Name daher ſtets zu den geſchätzteſten gehören.

Philipp Joſeph von Rehfues

ward am 2. October 1779 zu Tübingen geboren, lebte anfangs als Dr. philosoph. daſelbſt, ging aber 1801 als Hauslehrer nach Livorno und ward 1807 als Bibliothekar des damaligen Kronprinzen von Württemberg nach Stuttgart berufen. Im Jahre 1814 ward er preußiſcher Hofrath und Kreisdirector in Bonn, 1818 außerordentlicher Regierungsbevollmächtigter an der Univerſität und 1819 Regierungsrath und Commiſſarius der Univerſität. Im Jahre 1829 erhob man ihn in den Adelsſtand.

Er iſt Verfaſſer der Schriften:

Ueber den jüngern Philoſtratus. Tübingen 1799.
Alfieri's Trauerſpiel (mit Tſcharner). 1 Th. Berlin 1804.
Plato in Italien. 3 Th. Tübingen 1806.
Gemälde von Neapel. 3 Th. Zürich 1808.
Briefe aus Italien. 4 Th. Zürich 1809.
Süddeutſche Miscellen. 4r Jahrg. Tübingen 1811—1814.
Die Brautfahrt in Spanien. 2 Th. Berlin 1811.
Beſchreibung ſeiner 1808 über Tyrol, Oberitalien, Schweiz und Frankreich gemachten Reiſe. Frankfurt 1812.
Spanien. 4 Th. Frankfurt 1813.
Reden an das deutſche Volk. Nürnberg 1814.
Die Oriflamme. Nancy 1814.
Ueber das Zunftweſen. Bonn 1818.
Scipio Cicala. 4 Bde. Leipzig 1832.
Die Belagerung des Kaſtells von Gozzo. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1834.
Die neue Medea. 3 Bde. Stuttgart 1836.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften, Taſchenbüchern u. ſ. w.

Ein durch Wiſſenſchaft und Leben überaus reich begabter Schriftſteller, deſſen Werke über Italien und Spanien die genaueſte Kenntniß der Dinge und Zuſtände mit eleganter und feinſinniger Darſtellung verbinden. Seine Reden an das deutſche Volk zeigen bei großer Begeiſterung und Kraft Klarheit und Beſonnenheit, gehoben durch eine treffliche Diction. Ebenſo beurkunden ſeine hiſtoriſchen Romane große Combinationsgabe, gute Charakterzeichnung, Reichthum der Situationen und Fülle der Begebenheiten, obwohl denſelben von mancher Seite der Vorwurf gemacht worden, daß es ihnen an innerer Wärme und dem eigentlichen poetiſchen Hauche fehle und ſie mehr ein Werk des Verſtandes als wirklicher dichteriſcher Schöpfungskraft ſeien.

Abenteuer auf einer Reiſe durch die Abruzzen *).

Erſtes Capitel.

Die kleine Reiſegeſellſchaft, die wir begleiten, iſt bereits mehrere Tage von Neapel entfernt. Sie hat die Grenzen der Provinz Abruzzo überſchritten, und befindet ſich in Gebirgsgegenden, welche den fruchtbaren, reich bebauten und übervölkerten Ebenen und ſanften Hügeln der Terra di Lavoro durchaus unähnlich ſind. Die höhere Lage des Landes, ſeine vielen Wälder und der Strich der Gebirge, deren Kamm die Wolkenſcheidung eines ſchmalen, zwiſchen zwei Meeren gelegenen, Landes bildet, verleihen ſeinen klimatiſchen Verhältniſſen einen Charakter, der ſich vielleicht nur mit den gebirgigſten Schweizerlandſchaften vergleichen läßt. Die Wolken von beiden Meeren und Küſten ſammeln ſich an ſeinen Firnen, und ſinken in Thau oder Regen an der Seite nieder, wo ſie ihre Schranke gefunden. Morgens und Abends ſteigen Nebel empor aus den Forſten und Schluchten, und nähren die zahlloſen Gewäſſer, die als kryſtallhelle Bäche über den üppigen Grasteppich der Thäler wegeilen, um ſich als ſchäumende Cascaden in die dunkeln Klüfte zu ſtürzen, oder ſtille ſich zu bergen in den geheimnißvollen Born der reich umſchatteten Gründe. Die fetteſten Weidetriften laufen an den mäandriſchen Bächen hin, und bedecken die offenen Höhen zwiſchen den Urforſten. Die üppigſte Vegetation lacht über Berg und Thal, und wuchert ſelbſt an den gewaltigen Felsmaſſen empor, auf die ſich jene Triften häufig abſchneiden. Man erblickt meiſt nur einzelne, niedrige ſteinerne Hütten mit Schieferdächern, welche durch ſchwere Steine gegen die heftigen Winde geſchützt ſind. Die ſchwache Bevölkerung beſteht in armen Hirten, die mit ihren Heerden das einförmige Grün der Weiden, und mit der einfachen Muſik ihrer Schalmeien die tiefe Stille derſelben unterbrechen. Man kann halbe Tage reiſen, ohne einem Wanderer zu begegnen, und wenn es geſchieht, ſo eilt er ſcheu vorüber. Nur in ſtarker Begleitung durchzieht hie und da ein Reicher das Land, welches von jeher eine ſichere Zuflucht für Räuber und Verbannte gegolten. Anſehnlichere Maſſen von Bevölkerung ſammeln ſich nur an großen Kirchenfeſten zu Ehren von Heiligen, die ein beſonderes Anſehn genießen. Alsdann herrſcht auch die vollkommenſte Sicherheit in der ganzen Gegend. Die grauſamſten Mörder und Räuber ſind die eifrigſten Theilnehmer ſolcher Feſte, und hoffen, ſich mit dem Himmel durch die Andachtsübungen einiger Tage für die Verbrechen eines ganzen Jahres abzufinden.

Unſere Reiſegeſellſchaft iſt offenbar auf die Lage der Unſicherheit eingerichtet. Ein ſogenannter Campiere eröffnet den Zug auf einem hitzigen Hengſte, der ſeinen ganzen Weg durch den Schaum bezeichnet, welchen er von Zeit zu Zeit mit dem aufgeſchnellten Kopf von dem Gebiſſe ſchleudert. Der Mann hat einen ſolchen Vorrath von Waffen aller Art auf ſich, neben und hinter ſich, daß er es mit einem anſehnlichen Trupp aufnehmen dürfte, wenn er ſie alle zugleich brauchen könnte. Vor ihm auf dem Sattelknopfe, der ihm faſt an die Bruſt reicht, liegt ein kurzer, aber weit geöffneter Stutzer, aus deſſen Doppelmündung ſich in einem Augenblicke Tod und Verderben unter den größten Haufen verbreiten läßt. So eben hat der Reiter die große Pfanne deſſelben mit friſchem Pulver verſehen, und bläſt noch die Aſche von der Lunte, womit er das Gewehr losſchießen muß.

Die Gegend, in der ſich der Zug befindet, iſt jedoch von der Art, daß mit aller Vorſicht keine Sicherheit zu gewinnen ſteht. Der ſchmale Weg zieht ſich zwiſchen einem reißenden Waſſer und einer, ſenkrecht abgeſchnittenen, Felswand hin, und das andere Ufer bedeckt ein dunkles Gehölz, aus dem man unbemerkt und ſicher jeden Vorübergehenden mit dem Geſchoſſe treffen kann. Dazu kommt, daß bei den ſteten Krümmungen des Weges die Annäherung der Gefahr nicht früher zu bemerken iſt, als bis der Kampf mit ihr unvermeidlich geworden; ſo wie man ſich auch hüten muß, Lärm zu machen, damit nicht entferntere Räuber herbeigelockt werden.

Der Campiere hat den Reiter hinter ihm auf die Nothwendigkeit verdoppelter Vorſicht und Wachſamkeit aufmerkſam gemacht. Nachdem ſolcher die großen Piſtolen an ſeinem Sattel in Ordnung gebracht, faßt er die eine mit der rechten Hand, um im Augenblicke feindlicher Erſcheinung losdrücken zu können, während er die andere zwiſchen dem Sattelknopf und ſeinem Bauche hält. Er iſt außerdem mit einem Dolch und einem kurzen, zweiſchneidigen Schwert verſehen, und hat er auch nicht das Anſehn eines Eiſenfreſſers, wie der Campiere, ſo mag er leicht, wenn es zur Entſcheidung kommt, mehr Gewandtheit, und gewiß größeren Muth beweiſen. Unſere Leſer trauen es ihm vielleicht ſelber zu, wenn ſie wiſſen, daß dieſer zweite Reiter der Steuermann Jaffier iſt.

Hinter ihm kommen zwei Sänften, deren jede von einem Paar Maulthiere getragen wird. Die Vorhänge derſelben ſind geſchloſſen; ſo daß ſich über ihren Inhalt noch nicht berichten

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*) Aus Urania f. d. J. 1836.

läßt. Ihnen folgt eine ſtark verſchleierte Frau in ganz ſchwarzem Anzug auf einem Saumthier, das von einem Führer geleitet wird. Vier andere, ſchwerbepackte Thiere ſchlendern unbekümmert um alle Gefahr hinterher. Deſto gerüſteter auf ſie iſt der Campiere, welcher den Zug ſchließt. Er zeichnet ſich vor ſeinem Kameraden durch eine eiſerne Sturmhaube und einen Bruſtpanzer aus, und ſcheint ſich mehr auf die Gewehre für Hieb und Stich, als auf Feuerwaffen zu verlaſſen. Auch hat er den langen Degen bereits gezogen, um keinen Augenblick mit dem Gebrauche zu ſäumen, wenn er nöthig werden ſollte.

„Ihr könnt Euren Bratſpieß nur ſtecken laſſen, Gevatter Barnabas," ſpricht der Maulthiertreiber zu dem Campiere, als er beim Umwenden den Degen des Letztern entblößt ſieht: „ich ſag' Euch, Ihr werdet heute nichts an ſeine Spitze bekommen. Es iſt eine panzerhafte Zeit; dennoch ſteht ſie auch noch unter Wind und Wetter, wie die alten Tage, von denen ſie erzählen, daß man um das halbe Geld, was in der unſrigen ein Maulthier koſtet, ein Paar kaufen konnte. Und dann war doch kein ſtätiges darunter!"

„Deshalb haſt Du wol die Waffen zu Hauſe gelaſſen?" erwiderte der Campiere mit verächtlichem Tone.

„Dann wüßt' ich wenigſtens, wo ich ſie wieder holen ſollte, wenn ich ſie brauchte. Ich ſage Euch, unſer Eins iſt nirgends zu Hauſe; und darüber muß man froh ſein. Wär' ich irgendwo zu Haus, ſo hätt' ich auch keinen Verdienſt, wenn ich nicht Sklavenarbeit verrichten wollte, und dazu, nehmt mir nicht übel, hab' ich ſo wenig Luſt und Liebe, als Ihr zur Galeerenarbeit. Wißt Ihr auch Gevatter, wo wir am Ende Alle zu Haus kommen?"

„Wer kennt das Land nicht, wo die Hühneraugen nicht mehr ſchmerzen, wenn auch ein Pferd darauf tritt? Aber es iſt ein ſchimmlichter Spaß!"

„Es iſt bittrer Ernſt, ſag' ich Euch. Wer da zu Haus iſt, dem thun weder Zähne noch Hühneraugen mehr wehe. Und dennoch kann man es nicht gewiß wiſſen. Aber warum kann man es nicht wiſſen, Gevatter? Das erklärt mir einmal!"

„Sprich leiſer, oder ſchweige lieber ganz. Dies iſt überhaupt das Beſte für Dich, wenn Deine Beſtien raſchen Gang halten."

„Ich ſag' Euch, Ihr braucht Euch nicht zu fürchten, Gevatter —"

„Alberner Schuft," antwortete der Campiere mit Verachtung. „Zu meinem Stand paßt die Furcht gerade, wie die Höflichkeit zu dem Deinigen. Wenn ich vorſichtig bin, ſo iſt es nicht für mich, ſondern für Diejenigen, deren Schutz mir obliegt."

„Ich ſag' Euch, Ihr könnt die Vorſicht und die Rückſicht hier ſparen. Stößt Euch heut' etwas zu, ſo kommt es wenigſtens nicht von Menſchenhänden; dafür ſteh' ich Euch."

„Woher denn ſonſt?"

„Was weiß ich? Aber das ſag' ich Euch, und Ihr dürft mir es glauben. Der Battiſtiello unternimmt nichts beim Sirocco. Und hat er nicht Recht, der Battiſtiello?"

„Was ſprecht Ihr vom Battiſtiello," rief Zoë, die plötzlich den Kopf aus dem Vorhang der zweiten Sänfte herausſtreckte.

„Ihr könnt heute ganz ruhig ſein, Signorina," erwiderte der Maulthiertreiber. „Für morgen will ich nicht ſtehen; denn in der Nähe iſt er. Darauf kann ich ſchwören. Hab' ich doch um Mittag ſeinen großen weißen Pudel über den Weg laufen ſehen, und da war er gewiß nicht ferne."

„Heiliger Spiridion, ſteh' uns bei!" rief Zoë. „Ich hab' es ja geſagt, daß es uns ſchlimm gehen würde in dieſem, von Gott verfluchten, Lande! Laßt mich ausſteigen! In dem Unglückskaſten will ich wenigſtens nicht ſterben."

„Ich ſag' Euch, Ihr braucht heute nicht bange zu ſein, Signorina," ſprach der Maulthiertreiber. „Hätten ſie's auf Euch abgeſehen, wär' es auch jetzt ſchon zu ſpät."

„Ich will ausſteigen! Ausſteigen will ich!" rief ſie aufs Neue.

„Nun, wenn Ihr nicht hören wollt, ſo thut, was Ihr nicht laſſen könnt," antwortete Jener, und ergriff den Zaum des vordern von ſeinen Thieren, um es anzuhalten.

„Vorwärts!" befahl der Campiere von hinten; „hier iſt keine Stelle zum Anhalten. Ihr müßt Euch beruhigen, Signora, wenn Ihr nicht aus einer ungewiſſen Gefahr eine gewiſſe machen wollt."

„Steuermann Jaffier!" ſchrie Zoë jetzt aus vollem Halſe.

„Was befehlt Ihr, Donna Zoë?" erwiderte dieſer.

„Kommt und haltet die Beſtien an, damit ich aus dem unglücklichen Kaſten herauskommen kann."

„Es iſt unmöglich, hier anzuhalten," entgegnete Jaffier, indem er ſich auf dem Sattel nach ihr umdrehte. „Auch wüßt' ich nicht, wie ich an den übrigen Thieren vorbeikommen ſollte, um zu Euch zu gelangen." —

Jaffier und die ihr näher Stehenden mochten indeß ſagen, was ſie wollten, Zoë beruhigte ſich durchaus nicht, und fing an, dem Erſten die bitterſten Vorwürfe zu machen. „Was wird der Capitain ſagen," rief ſie aus, „wenn er erfährt, daß Ihr mich den Räubern abſichtlich in die Hände geliefert?" —

Unter allen dieſen und andern Reden, in welchen Zoë den Eigenſinn und die Furchtſamkeit eines verzogenen Kindes an den Tag legte, war man jedoch immer weiter vorwärts gekommen. Auf einmal öffnete ſich der Weg in ein kleines, anmuthiges Thal, und Jaffier benutzte den freien Raum, um an ihre Sänfte zu reiten, und ſie zu bitten, den Zug doch nicht in der verdächtigſten Gegend ohne Noth und Zweck aufzuhalten. Als ſie aber demungeachtet darauf beſtand, erklärte er geradezu, daß er ihrem Willen nicht entſprechen würde, und der Billigung des Capitains gewiß wäre.

Nach vielen harten Worten, die indeß nicht mehr fruchteten, als die früheren, brach die reizende Frau endlich in Thränen aus. Nun ließ ſich auch Lauretta vernehmen, die ihr bisher ruhig gegenüber geſeſſen. Sie fing an zu weinen, und verlangte gleichfalls auszuſteigen.

Jaffier ſprengte einen Augenblick an die erſte Sänfte, und kehrte wieder zurück, nachdem er einige Worte mit der Perſon in derſelben gewechſelt. Er befahl dem Maulthiertreiber, die Thiere anzuhalten, und dieſer gehorchte auch trotz der heftigſten Einwendungen der beiden Campieri. Daß die Maulthiere und Pferde abgezäumt wurden, gaben die Letztern indeß durchaus nicht zu. Es ſei unſicher in der Gegend, ſagten ſie; der Tag neige ſich bereits dem Abend zu, und der geringſte Zeitverluſt würde es unmöglich machen, die Herberge zu erreichen, in der ſie die Nacht ohne Gefahr zubringen könnten. Außerdem ſtiegen in dieſen feuchten Thälern manchmal vor Sonnenuntergang Nebel auf, in denen ohnedies kein Weg mit Sicherheit zu verfolgen wäre.

Zoë ſchien jedoch für nichts Anderes Sinn zu haben, als für die Luſt, ſich in das ſchöne Gras zu legen unter den ungeheuren Kaſtanienbaum, der in geringer Entfernung vom Wege ſtand. Und ſo machte die Geſellſchaft denn Halt unter ihm. Zoë ſprang ganz vergnügt aus der Sänfte, und Lauretta folgte ihr. Die Unbekannte in der andern Sänfte blieb jedoch ſitzen; nur trat die ſtark verſchleierte Frau in dem ſchwarzen Anzug, welche gleichfalls abgeſtiegen war, zu ihr, und nahm, als Beide einige Worte gewechſelt, in kleiner Entfernung von den Andern Platz im Graſe.

Nachdem ſich's Zoë recht bequem gemacht auf dem zarten, aber üppigen Raſen, mußte Jaffier die Mundvorräthe abpacken laſſen, welche die Reiſenden mitführten. Die Campieri erneuerten ihre Einwendungen gegen Anſtalten, die noch weitere Zögerungen zur Folge haben mußten, und die reizende, junge Frau wurde jetzt nur um ſo erfinderiſcher, ihre Ungeduld auf die Probe zu ſtellen. Die Waſſerflaſche ſollte aus dem Fluſſe gefüllt werden, neben dem ſich der Weg eine Zeit lang hingezogen. Man war bereits ziemlich weit davon entfernt; dennoch eilte Jaffier, ihren Wunſch zu erfüllen. Aber ſie fand das Waſſer von ſchlechtem Geſchmack, und verlangte, daß er ihr anderes aus einer der vielen klaren Quellen herbeiſchaffen ſollte, an denen ſie den Tag über vorbeigekommen. Da machte ſich der Maulthiertreiber, welcher am wenigſten Eile zu haben ſchien, unaufgefordert mit der Flaſche auf den Weg, um eine ſolche Quelle zu ſuchen. Er war der Geſellſchaft kaum aus dem Geſicht, ſo ſprach der ältere Campiere zu Jaffier'n: „ich traue dieſem ſchielenden Burſchen nichts Gutes zu. Seht Ihr nicht, wie er gleich bei der Hand iſt, wenn es auf Zögerung ankommt? Ich möchte nicht dafür ſtehen, daß er nicht mit den Räubern unter Einer Decke ſpielt. Habt Ihr gehört, daß er den Hund des Battiſtiello kennt? Wer den Hund kennt, kennt auch den Herrn, und wenn der Herr ein Räuber iſt, und er fürchtet ſich nicht vor ihm, ſo weiß man ſchon, was man davon zu halten hat. Bei St. Chriſtoph, es iſt ein ſchielender Schurke, von dem nichts als Böſes zu erwarten ſteht!" —

Zoë, welche dieſe Bemerkung gehört hatte, ſprang jetzt auf einmal von ihrem weichen Sitz auf, und verlangte, daß die Reiſe augenblicklich weiter fortgeſetzt werden ſollte. „Ja, ja," rief ſie: „dieſer Menſch hat kein gutes Geſicht. Er wird uns an die Räuber verrathen. Laſſet uns eilen, damit wir ihn loswerden —"

„Wollt Ihr die Reiſe zu Fuße fortſetzen, Signora?" ſagte der andere Campiere ärgerlich. „Oder glaubt Ihr, daß er uns weniger verrathen werde, wenn wir ihm ſeine Thiere mitnehmen und ihn hier zurücklaſſen?" —

Zoë beſtand darauf, daß man ſich ſogleich auf den Weg machen müßte, und fiel in die übelſte Laune, als ihr eine entſchiedene Weigerung entgegengeſetzt wurde. Zuletzt ſtieg ſie in ihre Sänfte, zog die Vorhänge zu, und ſtieß die Waſſerflaſche mit Verachtung weg, als der Maulthiertreiber ſolche nach einer ziemlich langen Zeit, während der die beiden Campieri's mit der größten Ungeduld unaufhörlich nach ihm ausgeſehen, gefüllt zurückbrachte.

„Bei Sanct Bernhardin von Siena," brummte der Letztere, nachdem er ſelbſt einige gute Züge aus der Flaſche gethan: „ich ſage, ſtörriſch iſt ein Maulthier; aber ſo ein Weib iſt ſtörriſch und unvernünftig zugleich. Und dennoch darf man ihm den Stock nicht um den Kopf ſchlagen, wie gern man es auch thun, und wie gut es ihm auch bekommen möchte!"

Die Campieri ſetzten ihre Roſſe in raſchen Gang, und trieben auch die Maulthiere vorwärts. Wirklich zeigte ſich bald, wie nöthig die Eile früher geweſen, und wie unzureichend ſie nun geworden war. Schon ſtiegen leichte Dünſte auf den nächſten Wieſengründen empor, und wurden immer dichter, während ſich der Himmel gegen Weſten vergoldete, und keinen Zweifel übrig ließ, daß die Sonne, die in dieſen tiefen Thälern nicht mehr ſichtbar war, ihrem Untergang nahe ſtand. Bald wurden die Dünſte zu dichten Nebeln, und verhüllten die Landſchaft rings um die Reiſenden. Da der Weg über friſch abgeweidetes Wieſenland hinging, auf welchem kein eigentlicher Pfad war, ſo wollte ſich der Maulthiertreiber an die Spitze des Zuges ſtellen, um die Richtung zu halten. Die Campieri fanden ihr Mißtrauen dadurch beſtätigt, und befahlen ihm ohne Umſtände, daß er bei den Sänften bleiben ſollte. Er folgte ihren Weiſungen augenblicklich, verſicherte ihnen jedoch zugleich, daß er für ſeine Perſon nichts von den Räubern zu fürchten habe, und ihm vollkommen gleich ſei, wo er ſein Nachtquartier finde.

Nachdem die Geſellſchaft ihren Weg eine gute Weile fortgeſetzt, wurde der Nebel dichter, und ſtieg immer höher empor an den Bergen, an deren Spitzen bereits die letzten Sonnenſtralen verſchwunden waren. Allmälig wurde das Rauſchen eines ſtarken Gewäſſers hörbarer, und bald ließ ſich nicht mehr bezweifeln, daß ſich der Zug in ſeiner Nähe befand. Zum Glück war es noch eben helle genug, um das tief ſtrömende Bergwaſſer zu erkennen, an deſſen ſteilem Ufer die vordern Thiere mit einemmal ſtille hielten. Die Campieri freuten ſich jedoch über dieſe Nachbarſchaft; ſie glaubten das Waſſer zu kennen, und meinten, daß ſie nur an ſeinem Ufer hinzuziehen brauchten, um das Nachtquartier zu erreichen. Der Maulthiertreiber war mit den Sänften etwas zurückgeblieben, und beeilte ſich immer weniger, den Andern zu folgen. „Was brauch' ich zu eilen, um wieder umzukehren?" erwiederte er, als ihn Jaffier wiederholt antrieb. „Ich ſage, am klügſten wär' es, die weiſen Herren allein ziehen zu laſſen; bald genug wird ihnen der Moraſt ihr Ziel geſteckt haben." —

Und in der That waren ſie nur noch eine kurze Strecke weiter gezogen, als die Thiere mit jedem Schritte weicher auftraten, und bald tiefer und immer tiefer einſanken. An eine Richtung des Weges war jetzt nicht mehr zu denken; es kam nur darauf an, feſten Boden zu gewinnen und zu behaupten. Aber die mancherlei vergeblichen Verſuche verwirrten die Reiſenden ohne Ausnahme dermaßen, daß ſie bald ungewiß wurden, ob ſie nicht dahin zurückkehrten, woher ſie gekommen waren.

Jetzt forderten die Campieri den Maulthiertreiber von ſelbſt auf, daß er ſich an die Spitze des Zuges ſtellen möchte. „Ich ſag' Euch, es würd' Euch wenig helfen," antwortete dieſer. „Wir ſind in einer Gegend, wo ich noch nie geweſen bin, und weiß meine Antonella keinen Rath, ſo können wir das Nachtquartier nur geradezu unter dem nächſten, beſten Baume nehmen. Wäre der giftige Nebel nicht, möchte mir auch wenig daran gelegen ſein." —

Unter ſeiner Antonella verſtand der Mann das vorderſte von den beiden Maulthieren, welche Zoë's Sänfte trugen. Als der Zug anhielt, um der Antonella den Vortritt zu laſſen, bog ſich die junge Frau aus ihrer Sänfte heraus, und beſchwor erſt Jaffier'n, und dann die übrigen Alle, ſie nicht der Gefahr auszuſetzen, plötzlich in einem Sumpfe zu verſinken, oder in ein Bergwaſſer hinunterzuſtürzen. Ja, ſie brach in lautes Weinen aus, als man von ihrem Einwand keine Kunde nahm, ſondern die Antonella ohne Weiteres mit ihr vorwärts zog.

Nach einer guten Weile begann der Nebel von Oben herab ſich zu erhellen, und in wenigen Minuten war er vor dem klaren Mondlichte zu Boden geſunken. Bald befand ſich auch die Geſellſchaft auf einem Pfade, der ſtark gebraucht ſchien. War man nun aber einer Sorge ledig, ſo ſtellte ſich eine andere ein, und kehrten alle Beſorgniſſe wegen der Räuber zurück. Die Campieri erkannten die Landſchaft durchaus nicht mehr, in der ſie ſich befanden, und machte der Maulthiertreiber gleich bemerklich, daß der Mond links vor ihnen ſtehe, und folglich die Hauptrichtung des Weges nicht verloren ſei, ſo geſtand er doch, daß ihm die Gegend völlig unbekannt vorkomme. „Nur ſeh' ich wohl," ſetzte er hinzu, „daß wir nicht weit von Menſchenwohnungen ſein können. Ich erblicke Spuren von Kühen, und ich ſage, wo eine Kuh iſt, da kann der Stall nicht ferne ſein." —

Der Zug verfolgte nun den Weg im Thale fort, das allmälig aufſtieg, und immer enger und enger wurde. Bald war das Mondlicht nur noch an den Spitzen der Höhen ſichtbar, welche den engen Horizont begrenzten, und die Luft wurde ſo friſch, daß die Reiter abſtiegen, um ſich durch das Gehen zu erwärmen. Nun ließ auch die Unbekannte in der zweiten Sänfte halten, um ihrem Beiſpiel zu folgen. Die verſchleierte Frau ſtieg gleichfalls ab; nur Zoë und Lauretta blieben in der ihrigen ſitzen.

Das Brüllen einer Kuh verkündigte die Nähe von menſchlichen Wohnungen, und in Kurzem ward ein großes Gebäude hinter den Kaſtanien ſichtbar, unter welchen der Weg eine Zeit lang fortführte. Dem Anſehn nach war es eine alte Burg, und gewährte in ſofern einige Beruhigung, als Gebäude der Art nicht den Räubern zum Aufenthalt zu dienen pflegen. Indeß wurde dieſer Troſt immer zweifelhafter, je näher man kam. Der Einbau war zuſammengeſtürzt, und der heitere Mondhimmel brach durch die meiſten Fenſter der Thürme, und ſelbſt der Hauptmaſſe des Gebäudes. Bei dem beſchränkten Horizont mußte man fürchten, daß ſich die niedrigeren Theile deſſelben nicht in beſſerem Zuſtande befinden möchten, und man ſich nur den Ruinen eines der Zufluchtsorte näherte, welche ſich die Bewohner Italiens im Laufe der vielen Stürme, die ſeit dem Sinken der römiſchen Macht über ihr ſchönes Land gekommen ſind, in den Gebirgen deſſelben gebaut haben.

Dieſe Beſorgniß ſchwand jedoch auf einmal, als ſich durch eine offene Thüre der Blick in eine große Hausflur öffnete, wo im ungeheuren Kamine des Hintergrundes ein lebhaftes Feuer brannte. Niemand ſchien jedoch den Gäſten entgegen kommen zu wollen, und die Campieri ſchlugen Jaffier'n vor, erſt allein einzutreten, und nachzuſehen, welche Sicherheit hier zu finden ſei. Machten ſie ſelbſt den Verſuch, meinten ſie, und es befänden ſich Räuber in dem Gebäude, ſo würden die Feindſeligkeiten augenblicklich beginnen, und der Vortheil des Angriffs ganz auf der Seite Derer ſein, welche bereits Meiſter des Platzes wären. Gegen einen Einzelnen dürften ſie ſchwerlich gleich etwas unternehmen, und man gewänne Zeit zur Verſtändigung; geſchäh' es aber auch, ſo müßte ihre plötzliche Erſcheinung zu ſeiner Hülfe nur um ſo nachdrücklicher wirken, je unerwarteter ſie käme.

Jaffier fand in der ungeheuren Hausflur Niemand, als eine alte Frau, die auf der niedrigen Mauer neben dem Feuer ſaß, und eben eingenickt war. Da ſie durch ſeine Annäherung nicht wach wurde, ſo gewann er Raum, ſich umzuſehen. Außer wenigen, zur Viehzucht gehörigen, Geräthſchaften bemerkte er jedoch nichts Auffallendes in dem großen Gewölbe, als einige Reitſättel mit ſchweren Piſtolenhulftern, welche an der Wand hingen. Eine ſteinerne Treppe führte in die obern Räume des Gebäudes, aus welchen man durch mehrere Fenſteröffnungen in die Hausflur hinunterſehen konnte.

Als die alte Frau auf ſein wiederholtes Räuſpern nicht aufwachte, ſo klopfte Jaffier ihr endlich ſanft auf die Schulter. Sie hob den Kopf empor, und richtete den trüben Blick, wie blinzelnd, auf den Unbekannten, der vor ihr ſtand. Indeß erſchrak ſie nicht im geringſten, ſondern antwortete ihm Mehreres, das er nicht verſtand. Wie es ſchien, ging es ihr mit ſeiner Sprache nicht beſſer; doch gewann ſie ſichtbarlich Zutrauen zu ihm, und würde es vielleicht noch deutlicher geäußert haben, wäre nicht der Eine von den Campieri's eingetreten. Dieſer redete ſie in ihrer Provinzialmundart an; es geſchah in einem unſanften Tone, und wahrſcheinlich in Ausdrücken, die ihr mißfielen. Wenigſtens zog ſich ihr, ohnedies faltenreiches, Geſicht in immer engere Falten zuſammen, und gewann ihr kleines, graues Aug' ein unheimliches Feuer, das zuvor nicht bemerkbar geweſen.

Wie ſich gleich ergab, ſo erwiederte ſie dem Campiere, daß nichts für Menſchen und Thiere vorräthig ſei, und die Geſellſchaft am beſten thun würde, den Weg im Mondſchein nach dem nächſten Orte fortzuſetzen, welcher nicht ſehr ferne läge. Der Campiere wies jedoch auf die Sättel an der Wand, und ſchwor, daß, wo Pferdeſättel, auch Pferdefutter vorhanden ſein müſſe, und er es ſchon zu finden wiſſen werde. Mit jedem Worte des Mannes ſchien das kleine Geſicht der alten Frau ſpitziger, und die Zahl ſeiner Falten größer zu werden; deſto beſſer wirkte Jaffier's offenes Geſicht und ſanfte Rede auf ſie. Sie ergriff einige lange Späne, ſteckte einen davon am Feuer an, und gab dem Campiere ein Zeichen, ihr zu folgen. Da die Thiere Außen ſchon halb abgepackt waren, ſo bedeutete ſie ihm mit zwei Worten, daß er die Roſſe gleich mitnehmen ſollte, und führte ihn und ſeinen Kameraden in einen Stall, unmittelbar neben dem Eingang, wo gerade Platz für Beider Thiere war. Den Maulthiertreiber, zu dem ſie mehr Zutrauen zu haben ſchien, forderte ſie auf, ihr mit den übrigen Thieren zu folgen. Sie nahm den Weg nach einem Hintergebäude, wo ein Stall war. Eine einzige Kuh mit einem, kürzlich geworfenen, Kalbe ſtand hier, und Maulthiere und Pferde fanden vollkommen Raum. Sie ſteckte den brennenden Span, der ihr zur Lampe gedient hatte, in die Mauer, und verſprach dem Maulthiertreiber, daß ſie auch für Futter ſorgen wolle.

Als Jaffier wieder in die Hausflur zurückkam, fand er ſeine Reiſegeſellſchaft bereits vor dem Feuer ſitzend. Und jetzt kam der Leſer auch nicht länger zweifeln, daß Donna Laura die Unbekannte in der einen Sänfte, und ihre Duegna Roſina die tiefverſchleierte Frau auf dem Maulthiere war. Lauretta wiegte ſich auf Joë's Schooß, und freute ſich der lebhaften Flamme, die in den Kamin hinaufſchlug. Mit ihrem gewöhnlichen Ernſte blickte Laura vor ſich hin, und nahm keinen Theil an der lebhaften Unterhaltung, welche bald zwiſchen jenen Beiden entſtand.

Die Reiſegeſellſchaft war darauf eingerichtet, unterwegs ſelten zu eſſen zu finden, und hielt ſich an die Vorräthe, welche ſie mitgebracht. Der Maulthiertreiber kam nur noch ein Mal zum Vorſchein, und rieth, ſich zeitig zur Ruhe zu begeben. „Wir haben morgen eine ſtarke Tagereiſe," ſchloß er, „und ich ſage, wo man nicht einkehren ſollte, kann man nicht frühe genug aufbrechen." —

Joë verlangte eine Erklärung dieſer Aeußerung; zur Antwort erinnerte der Mann an ein Sprüchwort ſeines Gewerbes, welches beſagte: kehre nicht ein in den Stall, den du nicht kennſt, und weile nur in dem Hauſe, wo du willkommen biſt.

Der Rath war ſchon an ſich ſo gut, daß es keiner weitern Erklärung bedurfte, um ſich darnach zu achten. Die Frauen folgten der Alten, welche ſie die ſteinerne Treppe hinauf über einen langen Gang weg nach einem Gemach führte, deſſen ſämmtliche Bequemlichkeiten in einigen Haufen Heu und ein Paar Dutzend Schafpelzen beſtanden, die in einer Ecke lagen. Da ſie die nöthigen wollenen Decken bei ſich hatten, ſo konnte ein Lager bereitet werden, das, nach Maßgabe der Zeit und Umſtände, befriedigen durfte. Auch fanden ſich Mittel, um die einzige Fenſteröffnung, an welcher ſogar der der Laden fehlte, wenigſtens zu verhängen.

Jaffier wollte die Alte nach der Hausflur begleiten, um ſein Nachtlager auf der niedrigen Mauer zu nehmen, die an den Wänden derſelben hinlief. Aber ſie winkte ihm, daß er ihr nach einem anderen Gemache in der Nähe folgen möchte. Es war ein kleines, niedriges, ziemlich reinliches Gewölbe, in deſſen Ecke ein Haufen Heu, gleichfalls mit Schafpelzen bedeckt, lag. Die beiden Fenſteröffnungen ließen ſich indeß nicht verſchließen; glücklicher Weiſe gingen ſie nicht ins Freie, ſondern in die Hausflur hinunter. Ehe ſich die Frau von ihm trennte, ſuchte ſie ſich ihm noch verſtändlich zu machen, und wiederholte, was ſie ſagte, ſo lange, bis er ſie durch die Verſicherung beruhigte, daß er Alles wohl gefaßt habe.

Als er, bevor er ſich zur Ruhe begab, noch einen Blick in die Hausflur niederwarf, hatte die Alte ihren Platz am Kamin wieder eingenommen, und ſchien bereits eingeſchlummert. Er ſäumte nun auch nicht länger, und fiel, nachdem er ſein Gebet verrichtet, ſchnell in einen tiefen Schlaf.

Nach mehreren Stunden Ruhe, die er genoſſen, wachte er auf, geweckt, wie er meinte, durch das laute Lachen und Reden mehrerer Perſonen in der Nähe. Es bedurfte nur weniger Augenblicke für ihn, um ſich zu beſinnen, wo er war; aber eben ſo ſchnell fiel ihm auch durch die offene Fenſteröffnung die ſtarke Helle an dem Gewölbe und der gegenüberſtehenden Mauer auf. Bald blieb ihm kein Zweifel mehr übrig, daß ſich noch andere Geſellſchaft in dem Hauſe eingefunden.

Er erhob ſich, warf einen Blick hinunter in die Hausflur, und traute ſeinen Augen kaum bei der Scene, die ſich ihm darſtellte. In der Nähe des Kamins war eine Tafel, reichlich beſetzt mit Speiſen und Weinflaſchen. Vier mannshohe, ſilberne Candelaber mit koloſſalen brennenden Wachslichtern ſtanden um dieſelbe herum, und eben ſo viele kleinere Leuchter von dem nämlichen Metalle mit Kerzen von verhältnißmäßiger Größe zierten den Tiſch. Dadurch und durch das gewaltige Feuer im Kamin war das Gewölbe bis in alle ſeine Winkel beleuchtet.

An der Tafel ſelbſt ſaßen vier Perſonen, welche den Schüſſeln und Flaſchen allem Anſchein nach bereits kräftig zugeſprochen hatten. Es war ein Biſchof im vollen Ornate ſeiner Würde, umgeben von ſeinen Hausgeiſtlichen. Vor ihm kniete ein Fünfter, welcher das Anſehn eines Soldaten hatte, mit dem Rücken gegen das Feuer gewendet. Sonderbarer Weiſe trugen die Uebrigen mächtige Zwickelbärte, wie der Letzte, dergleichen man zu der Zeit in Italien nur an Soldaten, und nie an Geiſtlichen ſah.

War der Anblick dieſer Geſellſchaft ſchon höchſt befremdend für Jaffier, ſo wurde er es noch mehr, als er weiter vernahm, was unter den ſeltſamen Gäſten vorging.

Der Knieende ſchien eben ein Bekenntniß geendigt zu haben; denn der Biſchof fiel mit den Worten ein: „verſtockter Sünder! Du haſt die größten Miſſethaten, welche Du begangen, verſchwiegen!"

„Ach, hochwürdiger Biſchof," erwiederte der Knieende mit einem lauten, ſonderbar klingenden Gelächter, „wo könnt' ich Worte genug finden, um alle meine Sünden zu bekennen? Ihr müßtet fürwahr den ganzen Gnadenſchatz der Kirche für mich allein aufwenden, wenn Ihr mir die Abſolution dafür geben wolltet. Ja, wenn ich viel Böſes gethan, ſo habe ich noch mehr Gutes unterlaſſen. Ich will es nur bekennen, wie ſchwer die Reue darüber auf meiner Seele laſtet! Vor acht Tagen, als ich bei dem Feſte des heiligen Cöleſtin zu Aquila war, erſah ich einen günſtigen Augenblick, wo ich den ganzen, wohlgefüllten Opferſtock des Doms ausleeren konnte. Ihr wißt, welchen gottgefälligen Gebrauch ich von dem Gelde machen ſollte; ja, ich bedurfte deſſelben dringend, da mich die Roſa Squinzia ſchon in die dritte Woche um ein goldenes Kreuz zu ihrem Halsband plagt. Aber die Furcht vor dem Teufel machte mich ſchwach; ich drückte die Augen zu, und verließ eiligſt den Dom, um mir die Verſuchung ganz aus dem Sinne zu ſchlagen." —

„Du biſt ein ſündhafter Thor," fiel der Biſchof ein, „der mit ſeinen Gaben nicht zu wuchern, und die Gelegenheit, die ihm Gott und ſeine Heiligen anbieten, nicht zu benutzen verſteht! Welche ſchöne Figur würde das goldene Kreuz auf dem ſchneeweißen Buſen der Roſa Squinzia machen! Es müßte den Heiland ſelbſt verführen, ſich aufs Neue an demſelbigen kreuzigen zu laſſen, und uns damit vollends von allen Sünden zu erlöſen, auf daß wir unmittelbar von Wein, Weibern und Spiel in das Paradies eingehen könnten."

„Vergebet meiner Thorheit und Sündhaftigkeit, heiliger Biſchof," fuhr der Knieende fort; „ich will mich jeder Buße unterziehen, die Ihr mir auflegen möget."

„So gelobe mir denn, daß Du den ſilbernen Leuchter, welcher Dir zufallen wird, dazu verwenden willſt, der frommen Roſa Squinzia auf den ſchneeweißen Calvarienberg ihres Buſens ein goldenes Kreuz zu pflanzen, ſo ſchwer und ſchön, als es ſich nur in Sulmona finden läßt." —

„Ach, hochwürdiger Biſchof," rief ein Anderer von den am Tiſche Sitzenden aus, indem er aufſtand, und ſich gleichfalls auf die Knie warf; „auch auf mir laſten ſo große Unterlaſſungsſünden, daß aller Wein, den ich zu mir genommen, nicht hinreichen will, um ſie von meiner Seele wegzuſchwemmen."

„So zieh' doch den geiſtlichen Rock aus," fiel ein Dritter ein, „bevor Du den ruchloſen Spaß fortſetzeſt. Laß' ihn den Rock ausziehen, Hauptmann; es iſt der Gottloſigkeit ohnedieß genug, und ich meine, der Giuliano könnte mit den beiden Prieſtern, deren Blut er ſich heut' auf die Seele geladen, zufrieden ſein."

„Du biſt ein weichmüthiger Narr, Benedetto," antwortete der Biſchof. „Du haſt Deine Schneidersnatur noch immer nicht ganz ausgezogen, und glaubſt, daß die Kraft des Menſchen in den Kleidern ſtecke. Meinetwegen mag er den Prieſterrock nur immer ausziehn; ſein Bekenntniß wird nur um ſo aufrichtiger ſein. So ſtreife denn ab die fromme Hülle, Bruder Giuliano, und laß den ganzen Sünder, wie er leibt und lebt, zum Vorſchein kommen."

„Es ſind ſchafsmäßige Skrupel," ſprach dieſer, „deren man ſich bei leerem Magen, in ſchlafloſen Nächten, auf einſamem Lager nicht immer entſchlagen kann. Aber zwiſchen Flaſchen und Bechern und fröhlichen Geſellen, bei meiner armen Seele, man muß eine Rübe ſtatt eines Männerherzens im Leibe haben, und die Nähnadel lieber, als den Dolch führen, um mit ſolchen Lumpen an ſeinem und an Anderer Gewiſſen flicken zu wollen!"

„Elender Hanswurſt, der Du biſt," rief der Benedetto, indem er den Becher mit Heftigkeit auf den Tiſch ſtieß, und aufſtehen wollte. „Meinſt Du, ich habe die Feigheit nicht geſehn, womit Du den Hieben des Campiere ausgewichen biſt? Dafür haſt Du Deine Tapferkeit deſto muthiger an dem alten Biſchof ausgelaſſen, der Dir nichts als ſeine zitternden Hände entgegen hielt. Am warmen Feuer und hinter vollen Flaſchen iſt es keine Kunſt, ein Held zu ſein! Ich habe meinen Mann geſtellt, ſo gut als irgend Einer unter Euch, und der Prieſter, der ſich am kräftigſten wehrte, und der Campiere, dem Du ſo klug aus dem Wege gegangen biſt, haben vor mir ins Gras beißen müſſen. Bin ich ein Schneider geweſen, ſo brauch' ich mich deß nicht zu ſchämen; es iſt immer ehrenvoller, als ein Mönch geweſen zu ſein, und alle ſeine Gelübde gebrochen zu haben. Aber ein Gewiſſen hab' ich! Ja, bei allen Teufeln, das hab' ich, und Du ſollſt den Spaß nicht fortſetzen, ohne den Prieſterrock abgelegt zu haben! Bei der heiligen Schüſſel von Loreto, wenn Du beichten willſt, ſo ſollſt Du es als Laie, und nicht als Geiſtlicher thun!"

„Nichts iſt billiger, als dies," fiel der Vierte ein, der bisher geſchwiegen. „Eigentlich hätten wir die dumme Mummerei wol unterlaſſen können. Ich ziehe meinen Rock auch aus."

„Nun ſo wirf den Pfaffenkittel von Dir, Giuliano," ſprach der Biſchof; „es iſt nicht der Mühe werth, daß ſich brave Kameraden über eine Eſelshaut entzweien." —

Der Giuliano zog ſeinen Rock aus, indem er ſagte: „bei meiner Seele, ich thu' es nur dem Coſimo zu Lieb! Dir aber will ich den feigen Halunken ſchon eintränken bei Gelegenheit. Warte nur!" —

Als die Beiden die langen Leibröcke abgelegt hatten, kamen ſtattliche Soldatenanzüge, wie ſie in den Sitten der Zeit waren, zum Vorſchein.

„Kann ich anfangen?“ fragte Giuliano, indem er niederkniete.

„Du magſt Dein reuevolles Bekenntniß nur ablegen,“ erwiederte der Biſchof. „Hoffentlich hat die heilige Kirche, deren Tröſtungen in meine Hand gelegt ſind, noch Reichthum genug von Gnaden, um auch dieſe Schulden von Deinem Haupte zu nehmen.“

„Geſtern Abend,“ begann der Knieende, „als ich von Scanno zurückkehrte, begegnete ich im Gebirge der Belluccia von Sulmona. Keine Chriſtenſeele war weit und breit zu erblicken, und ich konnte ſie zu unſerem Glauben bekehren, ohne die geringſte Störung des frommen Werkes fürchten zu dürfen. Da ſchnürte mir der Satan den Hals zu, und band mir Hand und Zunge, daß ich weder den Mund zu öffnen, noch einen Finger zu rühren wagte. Sie kehrte nach Hauſe zurück, wie ſie es verlaſſen, und unter der Thüre wandte ſie ſich mit ſpöttiſcher Miene gegen mich, als ob ſie ſagen wollte: dieſe Gelegenheit kommt Dir nicht wieder!“

„Und ſie ſoll Dir auch nicht wieder kommen,“ ſprach der Biſchof. „Die guten Gelegenheiten kehren nur bei Denen öfters ein, welche ſie zu benutzen verſtehn. Uebrigens werd' ich das Verſäumte in den nächſten Tagen gut machen, und der ſchmucken Dirne beweiſen, daß Dein Hauptmann die Gelegenheiten nicht nur beſſer zu benutzen, ſondern, daß er ſie auch herbeizuführen weiß. Verdient nun auch ſchon dergleichen ſündhafte Thorheit und thörichte Sündhaftigkeit keine Vergebung, ſo ſoll der reiche Quell der Gnaden doch nicht umſonſt für Dich gefloſſen ſein; darum leg' ich Dir zur Buße auf, daß Du Wache hältſt an der Thüre, während ich an der Bekehrung der reizenden Sünderin arbeite.“ —

Die ganze Geſellſchaft brach in ein wieherndes Gelächter aus, in das der Giuliano einſtimmte, indem er aufſtand, und einen großen Becher leerte.

„Aber die ſchwerſte Sünde hat er doch weislich verſchwiegen,“ begann der Fünfte, welcher bisher mit einem ſataniſchen Lächeln zugehört hatte.

„Bei Sanct Pamphilius, ich weiß nicht, was Du meinſt, Pedrillo,“ verſetzte Giuliano, indem er ſeinen Platz am Tiſche wieder einnahm.

„Wie? Haſt Du den Pfarrer von Pratola vergeſſen, welchem Du den Tag zuvor in dem nämlichen Gebirge begegnet biſt?“

„Wer kann auch an alle ſeine Sünden denken? Bei Sanct Pamphilius, es war ein dummer Streich von mir.“ —

„Und Du ließeſt ihn ungeſchoren ſeine Straße ziehen, nachdem Du ihm ſo oft den Tod geſchworen?“ fragte der Biſchof.

„Was willſt Du, Hauptmann?“ verſetzte der Giuliano. „Ich hatte die Hand ſchon am Dolche, da fielen mir ſeine weißen Haare ins Auge. Sie brachten mir die Haare meines Vaters in Erinnerung.“ —

„Laß Deinen Vater aus dem Spiele, ruchloſer Halunke!“ rief der Benedetto, den Vorigen mit der größten Heftigkeit unterbrechend. „Du haſt den braven Alten ſo wenig zum Vater verdient, als ich den meinigen!“

„Aber eine Buße gebührt ihm doch für dieſe Weichherzigkeit,“ fiel der Pedrillo ein.

„Du haſt ganz recht, mein frommer Bruder,“ erwiederte der Biſchof. „Es iſt eine ſchwere Sünde, und ſie ſoll ihm fortbrennen auf der Seele, bis er ſie mit dem Blut eines andern Pfaffen ausgelöſcht hat.“ —

Unſere Leſer mögen das Erſtaunen, ja, das Entſetzen von Joſſier ermeſſen, als er dieſe ſchändlichen Gotteslâſterungen hörte, die er ſich bei dem Range Derer, welche ſie ausſtießen, geraume Zeit gar nicht zu erklären wußte. Am Ende fand er freilich keine andere Löſung des Räthſels, als daß es eine Geſellſchaft von Räubern ſein müſſe, die, ſo eben von einer ihrer blutigſten Thaten zurückgekehrt, ihren Scherz mit der Erinnerung an dieſelbe trieben. Indeß wurde ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit ſchnell durch die alte Frau in Anſpruch genommen, die er für die einzige Bewohnerin der verfallenen Burg gehalten. Sie ſtürzte wie eine Furie aus dem Seitengewölbe heraus, ſtellte ſich vor die Zechbrüder, und redete ſie mit der größten Heftigkeit an. Ob er ihre Worte gleich nicht verſtand, ſo ließ doch ihr Ton, ihre geballte Fauſt und das Benehmen der Letztern keinen Zweifel übrig, daß ſie ihnen die größten Vorwürfe machte über die Ruchloſigkeiten, welche ſie mit angeſehn und angehört hatte.

Bei dieſer Erſcheinung brach die ganze Geſellſchaft in das lauteſte Gelächter aus. Der Eifer der alten Frau ſchien die trunknen Geſellen höchlichſt zu beluſtigen, und während die Unglückliche in eine Hitze gerieth, die an Wuth grenzte, ſo daß ihr der Schaum vor dem Munde ſtand, betrachteten ſie ſie mit lachendem Geſichte, wie man eine Schauſpielerin anſieht, welche in den Uebertreibungen einer leidenſchaftlichen Rolle ihre Wirkung ſucht, und gewiß den entgegengeſetzten Zweck erreicht. Als ſie aber in der höchſten Steigerung ihrer Heftigkeit an den Kamin trat, und einen Feuerbrand ergreifen wollte, um ihn unter die Tiſchgeſellſchaft zu ſchleudern, ſprach der Räuberhauptmann zu Denen, welche neben ihm ſaßen: „Faßt die alte Thörin und ſperrt ſie in eines der hintern Gewölbe, damit die Ruhe der Reiſenden, welche unter dieſem Dache ſind, nicht geſtört werde.“

„Wär's nicht beſſer, Hauptmann,“ erwiederte der Giuliano, „wenn wir ihnen den Garaus machten, während ſie im erſten Schlafe liegen? Dann könnten wir noch eine Zeitlang unſern Scherz mit der Alten treiben und uns nachher ruhig aufs Ohr legen.“

„Da haſt Du's, Hauptmann,“ fiel der Benedetto ein. „Im erſten Schlafe wehren ſie ſich nicht, und da iſt er gleich mit dem Morden bei der Hand.“

„Bei Santa Lucia, der Giuliano hat Recht,“ ſprach Pedrillo. „Mordet ſich's im Schlafe am leichteſten, ſo ſtirbt ſich's auch am leichteſten im Schlafe.“

„Es iſt des Mordens genug für heute,“ antwortete der Räuberhauptmann. „Ich will heute kein Blut mehr ſehen!“

„Ich bin auch Deiner Meinung, Battiſtello,“ ſtimmte der Coſtanzo bei. „Wein und Blut paßt nicht zuſammen, und ich meine, wir haben Beides heute nicht geſpart.“

„Du haſt die ſchweren Säcke nicht ins Auge gefaßt, Coſtanzo,“ bemerkte Pedrillo; „ſonſt würdeſt Du anders reden.“

„Beim heiligen Victorinus, ich will heute nichts mehr von Morden hören,“ ſprach der Hauptmann, „und wäre der Schatz des Vicekönigs ſelber zu gewinnen.“

„Was fällt Dir ein, Bruder?“ fragte Giuliano. „Haſt Du darum heut' einem Biſchof den Garaus gemacht, um mit ſeinem Ornate auch ſeine Altweibergeſinnung anzulegen?“

„Mit allem Reſpect vor dem Hauptmann ſei's geſagt,“ rief Pedrillo; „reißt ihm die geſtickten Lappen vom Leibe. Er ſieht ohnedies darin aus, wie ein Dolch, der in einem Schafkäſe ſteckt.“ —

Der Nächſte neben dem Hauptmann wollte Ernſt machen, da ſtand dieſer mit Haſt auf, hob den langen, gezückten Dolch in die Höhe und ſchwor: „beim heiligen Victorinus, wer dieſes Gewand berührt, der iſt ein Kind des Todes! Hüte ſich Jeder ferne von mir! An dieſer Hand klebt Prieſterblut, und was ſie gethan, hab' ich ſchon ſchwer genug gebüßt durch den Verluſt meines treuen Pudels. Eh' ich dieſe Hand abgewaſchen in Beicht' und Buße, ſoll kein anderer Tropfen unſchuldigen Blutes vor meinen Augen vergoſſen werden!“

„Wie? Wir ſollen unſer Handwerk einſtellen,“ fragte Pedrillo, „bis Du einen Pfaffen gefunden, der Dich abſolviren will? Da wirſt Du lange ſuchen, und wir werden darüber Hungers ſterben können! Fort mit dieſer pfäffiſchen Mummerei!“ ſetzte er hinzu, indem er ſich den ſchwarzen Prieſterrock vom Leibe riß und in das Kaminfeuer warf. „Es war ein dummer Scherz, den wir trieben, und dumme Scherze pflegen ein böſes Ende zu nehmen.“

„Es iſt ein Scherz, ſo gut als ein anderer,“ ſprach der Giuliano, „und ich ſehe nicht ein, warum wir nicht ein wenig luſtig ſein ſollten, wenn wir des Tages Laſt und Hitze getragen.“

„In den Flaſchen wohnt die Luſt und nicht im Prieſterrock, das kann Euch jeder Pfaffe bezeugen,“ rief der Räuber, der zuerſt geſprochen hatte, und ſchleuderte den Rock, welchen der Giuliano zuvor ausgezogen, in die Flammen. „Fort mit der albernen Mummerei!“

„Puh, wie die Pfaffenkleider ſtinken!“ rief der Coſtanzo. „Es iſt lauter Heuchelei und Geiz, die im Rauch aufgehn!“

„Ich ſage Dir, Hauptmann,“ ſprach Pedrillo, der ſich inzwiſchen ein Glas um das andere eingeſchenkt hatte. „Ich kann Dich nicht länger in dieſem Hanswurſtkleide ſehen. Ein Hund..., dem ein gutes, ledernes Reiterwamms nicht lieber iſt, als ein Pfaffenrock, und wenn es der Rock des Papſtes ſelber wäre!“

„Laßt den Papſt aus dem Spiel,“ antwortete der Räuberhauptmann. „Haben wir's mit Gott und ſeinen Heiligen verdorben, wollen wir wenigſtens den Papſt zum Freunde behalten.“

„Du haſt Recht, Hauptmann,“ fiel Coſtanzo ein; „deshalb eben mußt Du den Biſchofsrock ausziehn. Er ſtiftet nur Unzufriedenheit unter uns.“

„Das heiß' ich doch einen Grund, der ſich hören läßt,“ erwiederte der Hauptmann. „Es kommt Alles auf die Art an, wie man eine Sache vorbringt. — So —“ ſetzte er hinzu, nachdem er den biſchöflichen Ornat von ſich geworfen. „Jetzt iſt Euer Willen geſchehen; nun thut Ihr auch den meinigen.“

„Du weißt, Bruder,“ ſprach der weinſelige Pedrillo; „Du brauchſt nur zu ſagen, was Du willſt. Ich für meinen Theil ſtecke dem Papſt ſelber meinen Dolch in den Leib, wenn ich Dir damit eine Fliege von der Naſe halten kann. Aber Eines mußt Du mir erlauben, Herzens-Battiſtello,“ ſetzte er hinzu, indem er den Hauptmann um den Hals faßte und ihn mit der thieriſchen Weiſe der Trunkenen koſte.

„So ſetze Dich doch, Pedrillo,“ erwiederte Dieſer, und ſuchte ſich von ihm loszumachen. „Ich weiß ſchon, was Du willſt. Es iſt Dir Alles erlaubt; Du kannſt heute ſo viel Wein in Dich hineinſchütten, als Du nur Raum in Dir haſt."

„Bei Deinem ſeligen Pudel, Du irrſt Dich, Goldhauptmännchen," fuhr der Andere fort, während er mit der ſchwankenden Hand einen Becher faßte, und, nachdem er ihn halb verſchüttet, zum Munde führte. „Es war ein treues Thier, Dein ſeliger Pudel, bei meiner armen Seele, ein treues Thier, und ſein ſchönes, weißes Fell werd' ich in meinem Leben nie vergeſſen. Es machte eine köſtliche Figur in dem roſenfarbenen Blute. Schau, Herzensburſche, ich muß heute noch Blut ſehn, ſonſt kann ich meinen Durſt nicht löſchen!"

„So laß' uns denn gewähren, Hauptmann," ſtimmte der Giuliano ein. „Du brauchſt ja nicht mitzugehn. Der Pedrillo und ich, wir können die Sache allein abthun."

„Ich hab' es Euch ſchon geſagt," antwortete der Hauptmann. „Mein Willen iſt, daß heute kein Dolch mehr gezogen wird; es müßte denn zur Nothwehr geſchehn. Wollt Ihr den Reiſenden morgen auf der Straße aufpaſſen, ſo macht mit ihnen, was Euch gefällt. Nur in dieſem Hauſe darf kein Blut mehr vergoſſen werden. Meinen armen Pudel aber ſoll das beſoffene Schwein nicht mehr in den Mund nehmen, eh' es nüchtern geworden iſt und ſich gebeichtet hat."

„Du biſt ein Narr," ſprach der Pedrillo mit dem Ausdruck von Albernheit, Hohn und Mitleiden im Angeſicht, wie er den Betrunkenen in ſolcher Stimmung eigen iſt. „Ich werde thun, was mir beliebt, und um Deine Hauptmannſchaft bekümmere ich mich nicht ſo viel" — bei dieſen Worten hielt er ihm zween Finger wie ein Horn hin. — „Du biſt lange genug Hauptmann geweſen. Der Giuliano ſoll unſer Hauptmann ſein! Komm, Herzensbruder, und thu' mir Beſcheid — ſo — jetzt commandire nur; ich bin fertig, und ſtoße hin, wo Du willſt!" —

Mit dieſen Worten hatte der Betrunkene einen weitern Becher geleert und den blanken Dolch um [illegible] Haupt geſchwungen. Giuliano aber war aufgeſtanden und hatte ſeinen Dolch gleichfalls gezogen. „Ich dächte, es ging Einer von Euch mit," ſprach Dieſer; „ſonſt macht mir der Pedrillo Lärmen, eh' es nöthig iſt."

„Ich bin von der Partie," ſagte der Räuber, den wir zuerſt kennen gelernt. „Laß mich mitgehn, Hauptmann; ſonſt gibt es eine dumme Geſchichte."

„Du kennſt den feigen Halunken," ſprach der Benedetto; „er hat nicht einmal den Muth, Jemand im Schlafe zu morden." —

„Schweige, Schneiderſeele!" — rief der Giuliano.

„Ruhig, ſag' ich," befahl der Hauptmann, „und die Dolche eingeſteckt! Das betrunkene Schwein aber führt auf die Seite und laßt es ſeinen Rauſch ausſchlafen!" —

Unſere Leſer werden uns ohne Zweifel danken, wenn wir dieſe Scene ekelhafter Verworfenheit ſo ſehr als möglich abkürzen. Der Betrunkene ließ ſich auch gar nicht ſo leicht zur Ruhe bringen, und der Hauptmann, welcher im Anfang Gewalt brauchen wollte, entſchloß ſich am Ende, um Lärmen zu vermeiden, zu einem gelindern, aber ſicherern Mittel ſeiner los zu werden. Er trank ihm einen Becher um den andern zu, und füllte ihn dermaßen mit Wein an, daß er ſich nicht mehr aufrecht halten konnte. Darauf ließ er das Gewölb', in das man die Alte zuvor hineingeſchoben, wieder öffnen, und befahl ihr, den Betrunkenen nach ſeinem Lager zu ſchaffen. So wurde dieſer, welcher nun erſt in einen wahrhaft viehiſchen Zuſtand verfiel und die alte Unglückliche auf das Roheſte zu koſen anfing, von ihr mehr fortgeſchleppt, als geführt, und in einem der Seitenräume zur Ruhe gebracht. Wenigſtens hörte man bald nichts mehr von ihm, und kam die Alte wieder zum Vorſchein, um ihren frühern Platz am Feuer einzunehmen.

Jaffier hatte keinen Zug und kein Wort von dieſer ganzen Scene verloren, und Jeder mag ſich in ſeine Lage denken, als er wenige Schritte von ſich und von ſolchen Menſchen den Gedanken verhandeln hörte, ihn und ſeine Reiſegefährtinnen umzubringen. Denn nachdem Pedrillo entfernt war, beſtand Giuliano immer noch auf ſeinem Vorſchlag, und ließ um ſo weniger ab, da der Räuber, welcher ihm zuvor ſchon ſeine Begleitung angetragen, mit ihm einſtimmte, und bald auch der Coſtanzo, des lieben Friedens wegen, wie er ſagte, ihr Verlangen unterſtützte. Dieſer Streit wurde nur einige Augenblicke dadurch unterbrochen, daß der Benedetto Geräuſch, wie von Pferdehufen, zu hören vermeinte. Die Räuber zogen ihre Dolche und eilten vor die Thüre; ſo daß das Gewölb' auf einige Augenblicke leer wurde. Jetzt ſprang die Alte mit jugendlicher Kraft von ihrem Sitz auf. Sie öffnete eine kleine Schrankthür in der Wand, nahm eine Handvoll Salz, wie Jaffier'n däuchte, aus einer Schachtel und warf es in den großen Weinkrug, welcher auf dem Tiſche ſtand. Darauf ſetzte ſie ſich an ihre vorige Stelle, und nickte ſogleich ein.

Nach einer Weile kamen die Räuber wieder und fuhren in ihrem Geſpräch über das angebliche Geräuſch fort. Alle meinten, daß es nichts geweſen ſei; Benedetto aber beſtand darauf, und Giuliano widerſprach ihm nur um ſo heftiger. Zuletzt entſchied der Hauptmann, daß Vorſicht und Wachſamkeit nichts ſchaden könnten, und Benedetto, welchem die Schadenfreude aus den Augen ſtrahlte, ſchlug vor, daß der Giuliano, weil er doch nichts fürchte, die Runde um die Burg machen ſollte. Nach einer halben Stunde, erbot er ſich, ihn abzulöſen.

Da der Hauptmann dies genehmigte, ſo blieb dem Letztern nichts weiter übrig, als zu gehorchen. „Das beſoffene Schwein hat alle Flaſchen geleert," ſprach er mit wahrem Ingrimm in dem tückiſch glänzenden Aug', indem er ſich einen Becher Weins einſchenken wollte. „Die Nacht iſt kalt, und ohne einen tüchtigen Trunk im Leibe mag der Satan umſonſt und um nichts die Runde draußen machen!"

„Sei unbeſorgt, Bruder," tröſtete ihn Benedetto mit ſpöttiſchem Lächeln. „Wenn's nur auf den Wein ankommt, ſo kannſt Du Dich noch zum Löwen trinken. Da ſteht ein ganzer Krug voll; Pedrillo ſelbſt hätte für einen zweiten Rauſch genug daran." —

Giuliano warf dem Sprecher einen Blick zu, in welchem der Ausdruck von Haß und Grimm in die furchtbarſte Drohung verſchmolzen. Ohne ein Wort zu erwiedern, füllte er ſich einen großen Becher voll; aber indem er ihn mit den Lippen berührte, ſchien er zu ſchaudern. Dennoch trank er, ſetzte jedoch gleich wieder ab, als ob ihm der Wein widerſtände. Indeß ſchien er ſich Gewalt anzuthun; er führte den Becher aufs Neue nach dem Munde und leerte ihn mit Einem Zuge.

Die Alte, welche den Trinker nicht aus dem Auge verloren, ſtand jetzt auf und trat an die Thüre, wie wenn ſie ihm ſolche öffnen wollte. Ihr Geſicht ſchien ganz verändert. Die zahlloſen kleinen Falten deſſelben waren verſchwunden; Alles hatte mehr Breite gewonnen. Faſt hätte man Freude leſen ſollen in den ſpitzigen Zügen.

Nachdem der Benedetto hinausgegangen war, ſetzten ſich die Uebrigen wieder, und Coſtanzo rückte aufs Neue mit ſeinem Vorſchlag heraus, die Reiſenden umzubringen. Der Hauptmann, welcher, ſeit er in der freien Luft geweſen war, die Wirkung des Weins, den er zu ſich genommen, viel ſtärker zu fühlen ſchien, begann jetzt ganz wehmüthig zu werden und von dem ruchloſen Leben zu reden, welches ſie lange genug geführt hätten. Es wäre nun Zeit, meinte er, ihr Handwerk aufzugeben und in ein Kloſter zu gehn. „Zuletzt müſſen wir uns doch bekehren," ſprach er. „Wollen wir es anſtehn laſſen, bis wir mit dem Strick um den Hals keine andere Wahl mehr haben? Welche Freude könnt' ich auch noch auf der Straße finden, wenn ich meinen treuen Pudel nicht mehr neben mir ſehe! O du treues Thier." —

Mit dieſen Worten fing er an zu weinen, daß ihm die Thränen von den Wangen floſſen.

„Schenkt ihm ein," rief der Coſtanzo. „Er fällt in ſeine wehmüthige Grillen, wie immer, wenn er nur halb ins Trinken hineingerathen iſt."

„Ich ſag' Euch," fuhr der Räuberhauptmann weinend fort, und ſtieß den Becher, welchen ihm der Andere voll gereicht, von ſich; „es iſt ein ſündhaftes Leben, das wir führen. Ich ſpür' es jetzt erſt, da ich das Prieſtergewand abgelegt habe. Es war mir ordentlich unſchuldig darin zu Muthe."

„Sei kein Narr, Battiſtiello, und trink!" — redete ihm der Vorige zu, und reichte ihm ſeinen Becher aufs Neue.

Aber der Hauptmann trank nicht mehr, ſondern wurde immer eifriger in ſeinen Vorſchlägen zur Beſſerung, je mehr er von den Andern ausgelacht wurde. Endlich rief der Coſtanzo aus: „Laßt uns die Beute theilen!" —

Dieſer Vorſchlag gab der Stimmung der Räuber auf einmal eine andere Richtung, und auch der Hauptmann, deſſen Zunge zu ſtammeln anfing, widerſetzte ſich nicht. Im Augenblick war der Tiſch von Tellern und Flaſchen geleert, und der Inhalt der erbeuteten Päcke auf demſelben ausgeleert. Zum unangenehmen Erſtaunen Aller fanden ſich jedoch nur Kirchengeräthſchaften verſchiedener Art darin, und die ſilbernen Leuchter und der biſchöfliche Ornat waren ſo ziemlich die einzigen Gegenſtände, die einen beſonderen Werth in den Augen der Räuber zu haben ſchienen.

Da ſie ſich ſo ſehr in ihrer Erwartung getäuſcht fanden, ſo ſchlug der Coſtanzo aufs Neue vor, den Reiſenden im Hauſe ſogleich den Garaus zu machen und ihr Gepäck mit zu vertheilen. „Wo Weiber ſind," ſprach er, „da fehlt es nicht an koſtbarem Schmuck, und wenn man in Sänften reiſet und ſo viele Mantelſäcke bei ſich hat, pflegt auch der wohlgeſpickte Beutel nicht zu fehlen." —

Der Capitain, dem das Sprechen immer ſchwerer wurde, ſchien ſich jetzt recht eigentlich zuſammen zu nehmen, und that einen furchtbaren Schwur, wenn in dieſer Nacht noch Blut fließen ſolle, ſo müſſ' es das Blut Deſſen ſein, der einen Dolch ohne ſeinen Befehl zückte. Da er aber zugleich zu wanken anfing, ſo gab der Coſtanzo den Andern einen Wink, als ob er ihnen ſagen wollte, ſie brauchten ſich nur noch eine kurze Weile zu gedulden, ſo würd' er ſich um ihr Thun und Laſſen nichts mehr bekümmern.

In dieſem Augenblick ließ ſich von Außen ein ſo kläglicher Schrei vernehmen, als ob Angſt und Schmerzen ihre vereinte Kraft in demſelben aufgeboten hätten. Der Räuberhauptmann ſchien auf einmal zu ſeiner vollen Beſinnung zurückzukehren; denn indem er mit gezogenem Dolch und feſtem Schritt nach der Thüre ſprang und die Uebrigen ihm folgten, wandte er ſich unter derſelben um, und befahl dem Benedetto, welcher einen Feuerbrand aus dem Kamin geriſſen hatte, ſolchen in denſelben zurückzuwerfen. „Haſt Du Dein Handwerk nicht beſſer gelernt?“ rief er. „Sollen wir Schuß und Hieb ins Dunkle thun und dem Feinde zu ſeinen Schüſſen und Hieben auf uns leuchten?“

Der Räuber fühlte den Vorwurf und ſchleuderte den Feuerbrand von ſich. Im Nu war das Gewölbe von den Räubern leer, und Niemand, als die alte Frau darin zurückgeblieben.

Aber jetzt verließ auch dieſe ihren Sitz, ohne jedoch den Räubern zu folgen. Mit einer, über ihr Alter gehenden, Heftigkeit warf ſie ſich vor einem der großen Candelaber auf die Knie, hob die krampfhaft gefalteten Hände empor und ſtimmte, wie es ſchien, ein heißes Gebet an. Es lag ein Ausdruck von ſtolzer Freudigkeit in ihrem Geſicht, der mit der Scene außer dem Hauſe gar nicht in Einklang zu bringen war.

Denn das Geſchrei ließ ſich immer ſtärker und ſchneller hinter einander vernehmen. Es war offenbar der Ausbruch der heftigſten körperlichen Schmerzen eines einzelnen Menſchen. Indeß dauerte es nur kurze Zeit, ſo wurde die Stimme des Schreienden ſchwächer und verwandelte ſich in ein klägliches Geſtöhne. In demſelben Verhältniß ſchien der freudige Ausdruck in dem Antlitz der betenden Alten zu wachſen.

Die Schmerzenslaute kamen näher und die Stimmen der Räuber wurden hörbar. Jaffier's Ungewißheit dauerte nicht lange. Die Räuber kamen und brachten den Giuliano geſchleppt, der nur noch leis ächzte. Sie legten ihn auf den Boden, und ſtießen die Alte heftig an, daß ſie helfen ſollte. Sie ſprang auf, legte einen irdenen Teller an das Feuer, und ergriff ein Tuch vom Tiſch, um ſolchen damit zu umwickeln und ihn dem Kranken auf den Bauch zu legen. Dieſer krümmte ſich wie ein Wurm am Boden; doch dauerte ſeine Qual nicht lange. Er bäumte ſich noch einmal mit dem Bauch krampfhaft in die Höhe, und verſchied mit einem Ton, in welchem alle Verzweiflung körperlicher Schmerzen und der entſetzlichſten Gewiſſensangſt vereinigt ſchien.

Dieſer Tod erſchütterte die Räuber ſichtbarlich auf das Tiefſte; nur der Benedetto betrachtete den Leichnam, welcher mit den vorgetriebenen Augen der heraushängenden Zunge einen gräßlichen Anblick darbot, mit Gleichgültigkeit.

„Wir müſſen der Alten ſeinen Theil an unſerer Beute laſſen,“ brach der Räuberhauptmann endlich das Schweigen, „damit ſie dem Unglücklichen für ein chriſtliches Begräbniß und für ein Dutzend Seelmeſſen ſorge.“

„Das iſt nicht nöthig, Hauptmann,“ erwiederte Benedetto. „Ich ſtehe Dir dafür, er hat Geld genug in der Taſche, um die Koſten ſeiner Höllenfahrt ſelbſt beſtreiten zu können.“

„Ich meine, Dein Haß dürfte dem armen Teufel nun wol Ruhe gönnen,“ ſagte Coſtanzo. „Wie magſt Du auch glauben, daß ihm die Cierta Zurla einen Pfennig in der Taſche gelaſſen? Geſchweige ſo viel Geld, wie bei unſer Einem nöthig iſt für ein ehrliches Begräbniß.“

„Es kommt auf die Unterſuchung an,“ verſetzte der Benedetto, und kniete zu dieſem Zweck neben dem Todten nieder.

„Wo ſuchſt Du denn?“ fragte der Coſtanzo. „Der wird eine Taſche in der Weiche haben? —

Der Andere ließ ſich jedoch nicht irre machen. Nach kurzem Herumtaſten zog er auch wirklich aus einer Seitentaſche, welche der Todte im Futter ſeines Wamms hatte, einen ſchweren Beutel hervor und reichte ſolchen dem Hauptmann.

„Reſpect vor der edlen Schneiderkunſt!“ ſprach Dieſer, indem er den Beutel in der Hand wog. „Bei Sanct Victorinus, dieſen Schatz hätte Keiner von uns zu heben verſtanden! Aber laſſet uns ſehen, wie groß der Reichthum iſt!“ —

Mit dieſen Worten ſchüttete der Hauptmann den ganzen Inhalt des Beutels auf einen Fayenceteller aus.

„Sagt' ich's nicht?“ ſprach der Benedetto triumphirend, „daß der feige Schurke ſich den Ring des Biſchofs zugeeignet? Aber Du wollteſt es mir nicht glauben, Hauptmann.“

„Wer ſoll' auch denken, daß ein Räuber ein ſolcher Schurke ſein könnte? Bei Sanct Victorinus, der Ring iſt werth, die Hand der Herzogin von Oſſuna zu ſchmücken.“

Mit dieſen Worten hielt er das Kleinod, in welches ein großer, herrlicher Sapphir gefaßt war, vor die Flamme einer Kerze und ließ ihr Licht durch alle ſeine Facetten ſpielen. —

„Du wirſt ſehen, daß das Kreuz des Biſchofs auch nicht fern' iſt,“ ſprach Benedetto, und begann aufs Neue an dem Leichnam herumzutaſten. Seine Vermuthung beſtätigte ſich auch gleich, und er brachte ein ſchweres, goldenes, mit koſtbaren Steinen beſetztes Biſchofskreuz unter dem Hemde des Todten hervor.

„Bei Sanct Victorinus!“ rief der Hauptmann, und nahm das Kreuz aus der Hand des Finders. „Da haben wir's! Und der diebiſche Schurke meinte noch, Du hätteſt ihm Gift gegeben,“ ſetzte er, gegen den Benedetto gerichtet, hinzu. „Lag das Kreuz nicht in ſeiner linken Weiche?“ —

Als dieſer es bejahte, fuhr er fort: „da war auch ſein Hauptſchmerz! Aber nun wären wir noch ärgere Thoren, da er ein Schurke war, hälfen wir ihm zum Danke noch aus dem Fegfeuer. Sorgen wir lieber, nicht ſelber hinein zu gerathen! Wenn es Euch recht iſt, Kameraden, ſo verehren wir das Kreuz der Mutter Gottes von Loretto. Das kann uns gegen Galgen, Fegfeuer und Hölle ſchützen!“ —

Dieſer Vorſchlag fand allgemeine Zuſtimmung, und da der Hauptmann wieder vollkommen bei Sinnen war, ſo gedachte Keiner mehr des Vorſchlags wegen der Reiſenden. Vielmehr machten ſie Alle Anſtalt, ſich zur Ruhe zu begeben. Der Hauptmann nahm zuerſt ſein Lager auf der niedrigen Mauer, die an der Wand hinlief, und die Andern wollten eben ſeinem Beiſpiel folgen, als er ausrief: „ſchafft mir den todten Schuft aus den Augen! Er liegt eben ſo warm vor der Thüre!“ —

Die Andern verlangten, daß die Alte den Leichnam hinaustragen ſollte. Sie weigerte ſich jedoch auf das Hartnäckigſte, und da ſie auch offenbar zu ſchwach war, ſo legten der Coſtanzo und ſeine Kameraden Hand an den Todten und trugen ihn hinaus. Der Benedetto äußerte den größten Widerwillen, ihn noch einmal zu berühren; dafür nahm er einen Feuerbrand aus dem Kamin und trat ihnen voran.

„Ich wußte wohl, daß ich dem Schuft heute noch in die Hölle leuchten mußte,“ ſprach er lachend gegen den Hauptmann; „nur war ich mit meiner Dienſtfertigkeit ſchneller bei der Hand, als ihm lieb war.“ —

Nach ihrer Rückkehr ſtreckten ſich dieſe gleichfalls auf die Mauer nieder, und bald war von Allen nichts mehr hörbar, als ihr lautes Schnarchen. So ferne lag dieſen Menſchen noch das Bewußtſein ihrer Verworfenheit, daß ſie den Schlaf mit einer Schnelligkeit fanden und mit einer Ruhe genoſſen, nach welcher die Unſchuld ſo oft vergebens ſeufzt. Jaffier, der jede ihrer Bewegungen beobachtet, und nur auf den Augenblick lauerte, wo Alle feſt eingeſchlafen ſein würden, war ſelbſt erſtaunt, als er ſo ſchnell die Beruhigung gewann, deren er bedurfte.

Nachdem er verſichert zu ſein glaubte, daß die Räuber ſämmtlich in tiefem Schlafe lagen, ſchlich er ſich fort, um das Gemach der Frauen aufzuſuchen. Glücklicher Weiſe brach der helle Mondſchein durch ein eingeſtürztes Stück des Daches in den breiten Gang ein, welcher nach demſelben führte. Sein leiſes Pochen wurde ſogleich gehört und ſein flüchtiges Wort erwiedert, als er zum ſchnellen Aufbruch ermunterte. Die Frauen hatten den Lärmen der Räuber vom Anfang an gehört und vor Angſt kein Auge geſchloſſen.

Jetzt blieb noch die ſchwere Aufgabe zu löſen, wie ſie zu ihren Thieren gelangen ſollten, die im Hintergebäude ſtanden. Vielleicht gab es einen Ausgang in der Nähe; aber wie ihn finden in der Nacht, ohne Licht, und bei der Nothwendigkeit, jedes Geräuſch zu vermeiden? In der That blieb kein Ausweg übrig, als das Wagſtück, welches Jaffier vorſchlug, ſich gerade durch die Hausflur zu ſchleichen, in welcher die Räuber lagen. Laura erklärte ſich im Augenblick bereit dazu; aber Zoë fand das Unternehmen zu gefährlich. Umſonſt verſicherte ihr Jaffier, daß unter allen Gefahren, welche ſie bedrohten, dieſe noch die geringſte und das vorgeſchlagene Wagſtück das einzige Mittel ihrer Rettung ſei. Erſt als Laura den Weg ohne Weiteres antrat und Jaffier Miene machte, ihr zu folgen, ſchien ſie andern Sinnes zu werden. Sie ergriff Lauretta's Hand, und folgte in einiger Entfernung; aber ſie beſchleunigte ihre Schritte erſt, als ſie die Andern ſchon glücklich an der Hausthüre angelangt ſah. Jaffier warf jetzt noch einen Blick in die Hausflur zurück, da ſah er die Alte einen Feuerbrand aus dem Kamin reißen, und in das offene Nebengewölbe ſchleudern, das er mit Heu und Reiſerbündeln angefüllt wußte. Es war die großmüthige Regung eines einzigen Moments, die ihn zurücktreiben wollte; denn er erkannte ſogleich, daß es der Eile jetzt mehr als jemals bedurfte. Glücklich erreichte er auch mit den Frauen den Stall im Hintergebäude, wo ſie den Maulthiertreiber bereits beſchäftiget fanden, ſeine Thiere aufzuzäumen. Ob er, da er die Gefahr gemerkt hatte, dieſe erſt marſchfertig machen, und dann die Reiſenden wecken, oder ob er allein aufbrechen wollte, müſſen wir dahin geſtellt ſein laſſen. Wenigſtens wußte er, daß die Campieri ſchon vor Mitternacht in der Stille aufgebrochen waren, und hätte leicht ihr Beiſpiel ihn verführen können. Jaffier, welcher ſie mit eigener Gefahr auffordern wollte, zu folgen, maß dem Maulthiertreiber nicht gleich Glauben bei, und beruhigte ſich kaum, als er ihm verſicherte, die Campieri's und die Räuber ſpielten häufig unter Einer Decke, und die übrigen ſeien ſo feige Memmen, daß ſie nothwendig Spitzbuben ſein müßten, um ihre Haut nur einigermaßen ſicher zu ſtellen in dieſem Lande.

Die kleine Geſellſchaft verließ glücklich die Räuberhöhle, in die ſie gerathen war, und ſchlug den Weg durch das enge Thal ein, welches ſich hinter dem Haus in die Höhe zog. Auf beiden Seiten durch einen hohen Wald begrenzt, gewährte ſolches den Vortheil, daß ſie ſich in demſelben verbergen konnten, ſobald ſich irgend eine Gefahr zu nähern ſchien. Der Maulthiertreiber hatte die zweckmäßige Vorſicht gebraucht, die Schellen ſeiner Thiere mit Heu zu verſtopfen, und da es immer auf Wieſengrunde fortging, ſo zog die kleine Geſellſchaft ſo leis einher, daß ſie durch kein Geräuſch verrathen werden konnte. Zudem warfen die Bäume ihre ſchwarzen Schatten über ſie, und gewährten ihnen eine Verborgenheit, welche beruhigend geweſen wäre, hätten ſie den Weg gekannt, auf dem ſie ſich befanden. Zoë'n genügte ſie wenigſtens gar nicht. Mehr als einmal, bog ſie ſich angſtvoll aus ihrer Sänfte heraus, um nach Jaffier'n zu rufen, und ſo hätte ſie die Gefahr nothwendig herbeiziehen müſſen, wäre ſie in der Nähe geweſen.

Auf einmal wurden die Reiſenden durch einen hellen hochrothen Schein erſchreckt, welcher die Bäume vor ihnen erhellte, und jeden Augenblick ſtärker wurde. Jaffier hielt an und blickte um ſich, woher die Wirkung kam. Da ſah er unten in der Tiefe das alte Gebäude, aus dem ſie eben entflohen waren, in lichten Flammen ſtehen. Es enthielt, wie es ſchien, große Vorräthe von Heu und Holz; denn das Feuer loderte mit ſolcher Gewalt von allen ſeinen Zinnen in die Höhe, daß die ganze Gegend weit umher faſt zu Tageshelle erleuchtet wurde.

„Ich ſage,“ ſprach der Maulthiertreiber, „die Alte hat dem Schurken ein ſtattliches Fegefeuer angerichtet, und bei Sanct Bernhardin von Siena, ich würd' es nicht löſchen, wenn ich auch könnte!“

Friedrich Rehm,

geboren am 27. November 1792 zu Immichenhain in Kurheſſen, habilitirte ſich frühzeitig als Privatdocent an der Univerſität Marburg, wurde 1819 außerordentlicher und 1820 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und dritter Univerſitätsbibliothekar daſelbſt.

Er ſchrieb:

- M. G. Curtius' Grundriß der Univerſalhiſtorie. Fortgeſetzt. 2te Ausgabe. Marburg 1819.
- Handbuch der Geſchichte des Mittelalters. Marburg u. Kaſſel 1821 flg., 4 Bde.
- Lehrbuch der Geſchichte des Mittelalters. Marburg 1826.
- Lehrbuch der hiſtoriſchen Propädeutik. Marburg 1830.
- Geſchichtlicher Rückblick auf die allgemeinen Grundlagen und die Hauptepochen in der Entſtehung der conſtitutionellen Repräſentativverfaſſungen der europäiſchen Völker. Marburg 1831.
- Abriß der Geſchichte des Mittelalters. Kaſſel 1840.

Fleiß, Sachkenntniß, gründliches Quellenſtudium und gute Darſtellung haben dieſem ausgezeichneten Gelehrten eine angeſehene Stellung unter den deutſchen Geſchichtsforſchern angewieſen.

Johann Friedrich Reichard,

geboren am 25. November 1751 zu Königsberg, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Leipzig Jurisprudenz und wurde, nachdem er mehrere große Reiſen gemacht, zuerſt Secretär bei der Domainenkammer, bis er im Jahre 1775 Kapellmeiſter zu Berlin ward. Er ſtand in großer Gunſt bei Friedrich Wilhelm II. und machte nun Reiſen nach Paris und Italien. Wegen der im Jahre 1793 von ihm herausgegebenen vertrauten Briefe erhielt er ſeine Entlaſſung und lebte nun auf ſeinem Gute in Giebichenſtein, ſpäter in Hamburg, wo er das Journal „Frankreich“ herausgab. Im J. 1797 begnadigte ihn der König wieder und ernannte ihn zum Salinendirector zu Schönebeck bei Magdeburg. 1808 erhielt er vom Könige von Weſtphalen die Stelle eines Directors des deutſchen und franzöſiſchen Theaters zu Kaſſel, welche er jedoch in demſelben Jahre ſchon wieder aufgab, um auf ſeinem Gute der Muſik zu leben. Er ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1814, am 27. Juli.

Außer vielen Compoſitionen und mehreren von ihm redigirten Zeitſchriften beſitzen wir von ihm:

- Briefe eines aufmerkſamen Reiſenden, die Muſik betreffend. Frankfurt u. Leipzig, 1774, 1776. 2 Thle.
- Ueber die deutſche komiſche Oper. Hamburg 1774.
- Ueber die berliniſche Muſik. Hamburg 1775.
- Der Weltbürger. Luſtſpiel nach Goldoni. Berlin 1780.
- Liebe nur beglückt. Singſchauſpiel. Deſſau 1781.
- Frankreich. Altona 1795—97.
- Deutſchland. Berlin 1796. 12 St.
- Jucchei. Liederſpiel. Kunſt und Liebe. Liederſpiel. Liebe und Treue. Liederſpiel. Berlin 1800.
- Vertraute Briefe aus Paris. Hamburg 1805. 3 Thle.
- Vertraute Briefe, geſchrieben auf einer Reiſe nach Wien. Amſterdam 1810. 2 Thle.

Seine trefflichen Compoſitionen, namentlich Göthe'ſcher Gedichte, welche noch immer gern geſungen werden, haben ihm einen dauernderen Ruhm erworben, als ſeine Schriften, obwohl auch dieſe, wegen der Beobachtungsgabe, des Scharfſinns und der gefälligen Darſtellung, die der Verfaſſer in denſelben entwickelte, zu ihrer Zeit gern geleſen wurden und in einzelnen Fällen, wenn gleich nur vorübergehend, Aufſehen erregten.

Heinrich Auguſt Ottokar Reichard,

geboren am 3. März 1751 zu Gotha, ſtudirte zu Göttingen, Leipzig und Jena die Rechte, trieb aber nebenbei die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte mit größtem Eifer. Nach zurückgelegten Univerſitätsjahren erhielt er vom Herzog Ernſt II., als dieſer das Hoftheater errichtete, die Direction deſſelben und die Aufſicht über die herzogliche Privatbibliothek. Durch ſolche Verhältniſſe kam er mit ſeinem Fürſten in die nächſte Berührung; dieſer gewann ihn lieb und verflocht ihn in viele intereſſante Verbindungen, unter welchen die der Freimaurerei noch lange von ihm gepflegt wurde. Im Jahre 1785 wurde er Rath, 1799 Kriegscommiſſionsrath und ſpäter, nachdem er mehrere große Reiſen durch Europa gemacht hatte, geheimer Kriegsrath und Kriegsdirector. Er ſtarb am 17. October 1828.

Er verfaßte außer zahlreichen Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen und Franzöſiſchen:

Nonnenlieder. 1772.
Kleine Poeſieen. 1772.
Geſchichte meiner Reiſe nach Pyrmont. Leipz. 1772.
Launen und Einfälle. 1773.
Theaterkalender. Gotha 1775—1800.
Theaterjournal. Gotha 1777—84, 22 St.
Olla Potrida. Berlin 1778—97.
Nacht und Ungefähr. Luſtſpiel. Meiningen 1778.
Bibliothek der Romane. Riga 1778—94, 21 Thle.
Theater der Ausländer. Gotha 1779—81, 3 Thle.
Sittliche und natürliche Geſchichte von Tunkin. Leipzig 1779.
Blauauge. Mährchen. Leipzig 1780.
Novellen. Leipzig 1781.
Briefe auf einer Reiſe nach Rom. Riga 1784—85. 2 Thle.
Kleine Reiſen. Berlin 1785 f. 8 Thle.
Revolutionsalmanach. Göttingen 1793—1804.
Hiſtoriſcher Kalender für 1797. Berlin.
Der Paſſagier auf der Reiſe. 6te Aufl. Weimar 1826.
Guide des Voyageurs. 9te Aufl. Weimar 1822, 2 Thle.
Handbuch für Reiſende aus allen Ständen. 2te Auflage, Leipzig 1793.
Maleriſche Reiſe durch einen großen Theil der Schweiz. Neueſte Aufl. Gotha 1827.

Große Beleſenheit, gute Auffaſſung, eine angemeſſene Darſtellung und lebhaftes Intereſſe für geiſtige Erſcheinungen, verbunden mit regem Sammlerfleiße und umſichtiger Genauigkeit, erwarben R's Namen als Schriftſteller zu ſeiner Zeit einen geachteten Klang. Seine Reiſehandbücher werden noch jetzt ſehr viel benutzt, da fortwährend neue Auflagen derſelben mit zeitgemäßen Aenderungen und Zuſätzen erſcheinen.

Püterich von Reicherzhauſen,

ein Ritter aus dem Oeſterreichiſchen, ſchrieb im Jahre 1462 eine poetiſche Epiſtel an eine öſterreichiſche Prinzeſſin, in welcher er ihr ein Verzeichniß der alten Rittergedichte mittheilt. Dieſen merkwürdigen Ehrenbrief gab J. C. Adelung mit litterariſchen Erläuterungen (Leipzig 1788) heraus.

Johann Joſeph Reiff

ward am 11. December 1793 zu Cobern an der Moſel bei Coblenz geboren, erhielt, da er ſich früh durch glückliche Anlagen bemerkbar machte, eine treffliche Erziehung und widmete ſich, nachdem er ſeine Vorbildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Coblenz vollendet, 1813 der Forſtwiſſenſchaft. Später trat er in das Fach der Domänen-Adminiſtration über und ward Archivbeamter, ſo wie ſpäter Kanzlei-Inſpector der königl. preußiſchen Regierung zu Coblenz, wo er in dieſer Eigenſchaft gegenwärtig noch lebt.

Er gab heraus:

Panorama von Coblenz. Coblenz 1821.
Die Todtenfeier. Trauerſpiel. Coblenz 1824.
Otto von Rheineck. Trauerſpiel. Coblenz 1828.
Der ſchlafende Räuber. Oper. Coblenz 1829.
Alfred der Große. Oper. (Aufgeführt in Coblenz).
Viele Lieder, in Zeitſchriften abgedruckt und componirt von Zelter, Neumann, Ries, Weber u. A.

Ein geiſt- und gemüthvoller Dichter, deſſen dramatiſche Arbeiten ſich freundlichen Beifall erwarben; noch größere Verbreitung fanden aber ſeine lyriſchen Poeſieen, vorzüglich ſeine rheiniſchen Nationallieder, welche ſich durch Wärme, Innigkeit, Redlichkeit der Geſinnung und vollendete Form viele Freunde gewannen.

Das Leben am Rhein.

(Gedicht von J. J. Reiff.)

Preiſet die Reben!
Dann preiſet den Rhein!
Froher kann's Leben
Im Himmel nicht ſein!
Ueberall Freude, Geſänge und Wein —
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Fröhliche Lieder
Und heiterer Scherz,
Freundſchaft, ſo bieder,
Und redlich das Herz,
Eintracht und Frohſinn im trauten Verein —
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Freunde der Fernen,
O kehret bei uns ein:
Hier ſollt ihr lernen
Recht fröhlich zu ſein.
Kommet, o kommt und geſteht es nur ein:
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Auf denn! der freie,
Der mächtige Rhein
Giebt euch die Weihe
Des Lebens im Rhein.
Herrlichkeit iſt hier kein täuſchender Schein —
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Wer noch ſo ferne
Gewandert mag ſein,
Saget es gerne:
Es iſt nur ein Rhein.
Fremdlinge räumen es offen und ein:
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Ländchen der Wonne
An Freuden ſo reich!
Unter der Sonne
Iſt keines dir gleich;
Du biſt die Heimath des Frohſinns allein —
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Land, du geliebtes,
Wie biſt du ſo ſchön!
Gleiches nur giebt es
In himmliſchen Höh'n;
Schöner doch kann es dort oben kaum ſein —
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Ländchen der Reben,
Dem Fürſten ſo treu!
Keines kann's geben,
Das treuer noch ſei.
Das iſt der Stolz, ein Rheinaner zu ſein —
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Segen und Frieden
Und reichlich Gedeih'n,
Sei dir beſchieden
O Ländchen am Rhein!
Segen den Reben! ſie geben den Wein —
Glücklich fürwahr iſt das Leben am Rhein.

Schaut! in dem Becher
Glänzt perlend der Wein.
Auf denn! ihr Zecher! —
Es lebe der Rhein!
Sterbend noch ſoll unſer Wahlſpruch es ſein:
Vivat das fröhliche Ländchen am Rhein!

Hermann Samuel Reimarus,

geboren am 22. December 1694 zu Hamburg, ſtudirte zu Jena und wurde daſelbſt Magiſter und Adjunctus der philoſophiſchen Facultät. Hierauf ward er Privatdocent zu Wittenberg und nach einer Reiſe durch Belgien erhielt er im J. 1723 das Rectorat zu Wismar. Im Jahre 1727 wurde er Profeſſor der griechiſchen Sprache und Mathematik an dem akademiſchen Gymnaſium zu Hamburg und ſtarb daſelbſt am 1. März 1768.

Er ſchrieb:

Die vornehmſten Wahrheiten der natürlichen Religion. 7te Auflage. Hamburg 1798.
Die Vernunftlehre. 5te Aufl. Hamburg 1790.
Betrachtungen über die Kunſttriebe der Thiere. 4te Aufl. Hamburg 1798.
(Fragmente eines Ungenannten aus der wolfenbüttelſchen Bibliothek. Herausgegeben von G. E. Leſſing. Berlin 1778, 1788.)

Ein geiſtvoller, klarer Denker, deſſen philoſophiſche Schriften, vorzüglich ſeine natürliche Religion, zu jener Zeit großes Aufſehen machten, außerordentlich nützten und wegen ihrer faßlichen Darſtellung allgemein geleſen wurden. Eben ſo bedeutend iſt ſein treffliches Werk über die Kunſttriebe der Thiere, in welchem er die ſchärfſte Beobachtungsgabe mit dem lichtvollſten Vortrage verbindet. Daß er wirklich der Verfaſſer der bekannten Wolfenbüttelſchen Fragmente ſei, iſt bis jetzt noch nicht als ganz gewiß ermittelt.

Die vornehmſten Wahrheiten der natürlichen Religion

von

Hermann Samuel Reimarus.

Die neunte Abhandlung.

Worin die Nichtigkeit der Zweifel gegen die göttliche Vorſehung gezeiget wird.

§. 1.

Laſſet uns die übrigen Vorſtellungen, welche gegen die göttliche Vorſehung Zweifel erregen, nach einander durchgehen. Der erſte Einwurf iſt ſehr alt: Wenn ein Gott, wenn eine Vorſehung iſt, woher kömmt denn die Unvollkommenheit und das Böſe in der Welt? Er ſetzet eines Theils ganz recht zum Grunde, daß aus Gottes Weſen und Eigenſchaften an ſich nichts Unvollkommenes oder Böſes, ſondern lauter Gutes, herzuleiten ſei; und das iſt genug zu Gottes Rechtfertigung. Aber anderntheils fehlet er darin ſehr, daß er das Weſen und die Natur des Geſchöpfs gar nicht in Betrachtung ziehet, was dieſelben leiden oder in ſich ſchließen. Beides muß gegen einander gehalten werden, wenn man urtheilen will, wie viel Vollkommenheit der unendliche Schöpfer den endlichen Dingen außer ſich hat mittheilen können.

Wir würden ja eben ſo verfahren, wenn wir des verſtändigſten und beſten Künſtlers Werk in Thon und Erde unterſuchen wollten: daß wir nicht allein aus der Vollkommenheit des Verſtandes und der Wiſſenſchaft des Künſtlers, wie auch aus ſeinem guten Willen und Abſicht immer fortſchlöſſen, wie das Werk beſchaffen ſein müßte; ſondern auch die Natur des Thons mit in Erwägung zögen, was, vermöge derſelben, möglich ſei. Wenn wir den vollkommenſten Regenten als den Stifter einer gewiſſen Republik betrachten, ſo werden wir uns ja nicht, aus dem einzigen Begriffe des Regenten ſelbſt, eine platoniſche Republik in utopiſchen Feldern vorſtellen, ſondern auch die Lage und Natur des Landes, die Fähigkeit, Eigenſchaft und Neigung des Volkes, mit in Betrachtung nehmen, um zu ſehen, was der vollkommenſten Weisheit eines Regenten, bei einem ſolchen Volke, in einem ſolchen Lande, anzuordnen gemäß wäre. Warum betrachtet man denn Gott nicht auch als den herrlichſten Werkmeiſter, aber in zerbrechlichen Gefäßen? als den weiſeſten Regenten, aber über endliche Geſchöpfe? ſo bliebe dem höchſten Weſen ſeine Ehre, bei aller Unvollkommenheit der Natur.

Es iſt der Vernunft entgegen, daß man das Verhältniß zweier Dinge gegen einander nicht nach beider Natur und Weſen betrachtet, und man muß auf ſolche Art nothwendig in mancherlei Widerſpruch verwickelt werden. So ſind denn einige Menſchen dahin verfallen, daß ſie wegen der Unvollkommenheit und des Böſen in der Welt keine Vorſehung, keine Schöpfung, keinen Gott erkennen wollen, ſondern die Welt und Natur für das erſte ſelbſtändige Weſen gehalten haben. Welche Thorheit! Sie konnten nicht begreifen, daß ein Werk des erſten ſelbſtändigen Weſens irgend eine Unvollkommenheit oder Böſes an ſich haben könnte, und nun können ſie begreifen, daß das erſte ſelbſtändige Weſen ſelbſt, nämlich die Welt, welche ſie dafür halten, alle dieſe Unvollkommenheiten und dieſes Böſe unter ſeinen weſentlichen Eigenſchaften in ſich faſſet.

Andere haben aus der Welt ein Werk gemacht, das von zweien ſelbſtändigen, nothwendigen, ewigen, aber ganz widrigen Weſen, einem guten und einem böſen, entſtanden, ſo daß daher Gutes und Böſes in der Welt unter einander gemiſcht wäre. Aber auch dadurch wird die Unvollkommenheit und das Böſe von der Welt in den Werkmeiſter ſelbſt verſetzt, und noch dazu die Vollkommenheit des beſten Weſens eingeſchränkt und abhängig gemacht. Wie kann denn ein nothwendiges, unendliches Weſen zwiefach und verſchieden ſein; wie können ſie beide einen unendlichen Verſtand, Willen und Macht haben, da doch das eine nicht denket, will und kann, wie das andere. Ihre Einſicht, und ihr Zweck laufen wider einander: das eine will das Gute, das andere das Böſe: das eine hat ſo wenig Macht, als das andere, ſeinen Willen gänzlich zu Stande zu bringen. Sie werden dennoch bei dem ſtreitenden Willen entweder eins, ein jedes das Seine zu dem Werke beizutragen; oder das Eine kann doch nicht hindern, daß dasjenige, was es gemacht hat, von dem Andern wieder verdorben wird. Welche Begriffe! wie haben die Menſchen ſo blind ſein können, dergleichen Gemenge in ihren Gedanken zu beherbergen? oder wie hat ein geſcheuter Mann neuerer Zeit ſeinen Witz verſchwenden mögen, dieſer Meinung eine Farbe zu geben?

§. 2.

Es gereichet dem Herrn von Leibnitz zum unſterblichen Ruhme, daß er dieſen Nebel, der die Menſchen ſo lange auf die gefährlichſten Irrwege verleitet hatte, durch ein neues Licht vertrieben, und einen richtigen Mittelweg gewieſen hat, der uns bei aller unſerer Unvollkommenheit dennoch zu dem vollkommenſten Weſen führet.

Ein unendlicher Verſtand eines ſelbſtändigen Weſens konnte ſich nichts außer ſich als möglich vorſtellen, ohne nur eingeſchränkte, veränderliche, abhängige Dinge. Denn wenn ihnen nichts an Vollkommenheit mangeln ſollte; wenn ſie ohne weſentliche Schranken, unveränderlich, unabhängig, nothwendig, ſelbſtändig, ewig ſein ſollten; wie könnten ſie denn als ſolche gedacht werden, die bloß durch Gott, als das erſte Weſen, ihre Wirklichkeit erhalten müßten? Wenn alſo nichts außer Gott, als eingeſchränkte Dinge zu denken waren: ſo konnte auch bloß die verſchiedene Möglichkeit der Schranken, eines jeden Dinges beſonderes Weſen beſtimmen; nicht anders, als es ſich in den Figuren verhält, davon ſo viele, verſchiedener Art und Weſens, möglich ſind, als die Einſchränkung eines Raumes Verſchiedenheit leidet.

Aber eben darum, weil ein jedes außer Gott mögliches Ding ſeine eigene weſentliche Schranken der Vollkommenheit haden mußte, und ohne dieſelben eben ſo wenig das ſein konnte, was es iſt, als ein Dreieck ein Dreieck ſein, und doch die Eigenſchaften eines Zirkels haben kann: ſo folget auch, daß etwas außer jedes Dinges Schranken der Vollkommenheit war, das ihm nach ſeinem Weſen unmöglich zukommen konnte. Wenn Fleiſch die Härte und Feſtigkeit hätte, welche Stahl und Eiſen hat, ſo würde es nicht biegſam und kein Fleiſch mehr ſein können. Wenn ein Baum, ein lebloſes Ding, Empfindung hätte, ſo würden ſie zu den Thieren gehören. Wenn der Hund Vernunft beſäße und ſprechen könnte, ſo müßten wir ihn für ein Mittelding zwiſchen Menſchen und Thieren halten. Und wenn wir Engelsverſtand hätten, ſo würden wir aufhören, Menſchen zu ſein. Jedem ſind ſeine Schranken ſo weſentlich als den Figuren. Ein Dreieck kann nicht ohne Mangel der vierten Seite und des vierten Winkels, und alſo nicht als ein Viereck gedacht werden. Und ein Viereck iſt nicht ohne Mangel der Ründe eines Zirkels möglich. Demnach konnte Gottes Verſtand jedes außer ihm mögliche eingeſchränkte Ding nicht ohne Mangel einer andern oder mehreren Vollkommenheit gedenken.

Eben dieſer weſentliche Mangel einer anderen oder mehreren Vollkommenheit, welcher von allen eingeſchränkten Dingen gedacht werden muß, enthält auch die Möglichkeit des Böſen, ſowohl des natürlichen, als des ſittlichen. Denn wenn Dinge mit eingeſchränkten Kräften von einander abhängen, ſo muß auch möglich ſein, daß das ſchwächere von dem ſtärkeren überwältiget, verdorben und zernichtet wird; oder daß es ſich in ſich ſelbſt durch ſeine widrigen Kräfte aufreibt. Blumen und Pflanzen waren nicht möglich, ohne daß zugleich ihre Vernichtung durch äußere und innere Kräfte möglich wäre. Das Fleiſch der Thiere konnte nicht unbiegſam hart ſein, und ohne Nahrung beſtehen, aber eben daher auch von Quetſchung, Wunden, Krankheit und Tode nicht gänzlich frei ſein. Sollten ſolche Seelen ſein, als der Menſchen und Thiere ſind: ſo mußten auch ihre Vorſtellungen von einem organiſchen Körper abhängen; folglich mußte auch ein Mangel dieſes oder jenes Sinnes, oder ein Wahnwitz bei ihnen möglich ſein. Ein eingeſchränkter Verſtand, der vieles gar nicht, anderes dunkel, das meiſte undeutlich vorſtellet, iſt nach dem Maße ſeiner Schranken, mehr oder weniger, der Unwiſſenheit, Verwirrung und dem Irrthume unterworfen. Daher können ſich die Mängel auch in der Vorſtellung des Guten und Böſen äußern, und das Böſe ſtatt des Guten gewählet, das Gute als ein Böſes verworfen werden. Es iſt alſo offenbar, daß eine Welt von lauter eingeſchränkten Dingen ohne Möglichkeit des natürlichen und ſittlichen Böſen nicht zu gedenken ſei, und daß beſonders die Glückſeligkeit der Lebendigen nicht höher, beſtändiger und reiner ſein konnte, als jedes eingeſchränkten Weſen iſt.

§. 3.

Was ſollte nun die vollkommenſte Weisheit und Vorſehung thun? Sollte Gott nach derſelben lieber gar keine Welt ſchaffen, damit nicht auch etwas Böſes zur Wirklichkeit käme? Das hieße ja, wegen des Mangels einer Vollkommenheit, die unmöglich war, alle mögliche Vollkommenheit weglaſſen; wegen des zufälligen Böſen, auch das weſentliche Gute aufheben; wegen der Endlichkeit und Schranken des Lebens und der Luſt, gar niemandem Leben und Luſt gönnen.

Würde man den Fürſten für weiſe, gütig und mächtig halten, oder ihm eine dieſen Vollkommenheiten gemäße Vorſehung zuſchreiben, der deswegen ſein Land nicht bevölkerte, und keine Städte, Flecken und Dörfer anlegte, weil nicht alle darin gleich vornehm, reich und bequem ſein, oder gleich lange geſund und vergnügt leben könnten? weil einer hie und da verwundet werden oder erſaufen möchte; ja alle endlich doch ſterben müßten? weil Betrug, Diebſtahl, Mord, Ehebruch, bei dieſen Einwohnern nicht gänzlich ausbleiben würden? Nein, ein weiſer, gütiger und mächtiger Regent ſtiftet ſo viel Gutes, als möglich iſt, und machet gegen den Mangel und das Böſe alle mögliche Vorkehrung. Er bekommt dadurch die edle Freude, ſein Land mit Leben, Nahrung, Ueberfluſſe, mit Künſten, Wiſſenſchaften und guten Sitten, mit Luſt, Vergnügen und Glückſeligkeit dergeſtalt zu erfüllen, daß aller Mangel und Kummer dabei verſchwunden, und daß einiger Faulen und Boshaften muthwilliges Verderben gegen der übrigen Bürger und des ganzen Staats Wohlfahrt für Nichts zu achten iſt.

Wie wäre es denn der göttlichen Weisheit und Güte gemäß geweſen, die Schöpfung ſo vieler möglichen Vollkommenheiten, wegen der ihrem Weſen anklebenden Unvollkommenheit, zu unterlaſſen? Eine Welt, die alle mögliche Lebendige in ſich faſſet, begreift alle innere Vollkommenheit, Luſt und Glückſeligkeit, die möglich iſt, und alle damit übereinſtimmende äußere Vollkommenheit und Schönheit; ſo, daß darin auch alle Stufen des Vergnügens, nach allen möglichen Arten des Lebens, durch Sinne, Triebe, Bewegung, Nahrung, Fortpflanzung, Verſtand, Witz, Einſicht, Liebe und alle höhere Kräfte genoſſen werden. Dieſe alſo wirklich zu machen, und allem, was einer Luſt fähig war, Leben und Glückſeligkeit nach ſeiner Art zu gönnen, das iſt der große Zweck des Schöpfers geweſen.

Hiernach iſt der ganze Bau der Welt auf's weiſeſte eingerichtet, und die Natur der lebloſen Dinge iſt ſtets für das Wohl der Lebendigen, ohne unſer Denken und Zuthun, arbeitſam. Die mechaniſchen Regeln, wornach ſowohl in den großen Weltkörpern, als auf unſerm Erdboden, alle ſichtbare Begebenheiten erzeuget werden, ſtimmen an ſich mit dieſer Abſicht unverbeſſerlich überein. Die körperlichen Werkzeuge des Lebendigen, zum ſehen, hören, riechen, ſchmecken, fühlen, zum bewegen, nähren, zeugen, ſprechen, ſind mit wunderbarer Kunſt zum Genuſſe der Luſt gebildet. Die inneren Kräfte der Seele, die anerſchaffenen Fertigkeiten und Künſte der Thiere, die eingepflanzten Regeln, wornach ſich unſere Vorſtellung, Einbildungskraft, Erinnerung, unſer Bewußtſein, unſer Verſtand und Wille richtet, zielen alle geraden Weges auf die Erlangung einer jedes Natur gemäßen Glückſeligkeit. Was alſo von dieſem Ziele in der Welt abweicht, das kömmt nicht von dem, was Gott zur Wirklichkeit gebracht hat und erhält (denn das iſt alles untadelich, gut und vollkommen) ſondern von den weſentlichen Schranken der Dinge, das iſt, von dem Mangel ſolcher Vollkommenheit, die das Weſen der Dinge nicht litt. Es iſt nicht die ordentliche Wirkung der Kräfte und ihrer Regeln, noch die gerade Abſicht Gottes, ſondern eine zufällige Begebenheit, welche ein Zuſammenlauf der natürlichen Kräfte und Regeln, wegen der weſentlichen Schwäche endlicher Dinge, veranlaſſet.

In einer ſolchen Welt muß dennoch das Gute überſchwenglich herrſchen, weil es in der ganzen Einrichtung und Natur, ſo ferne ſie in einer Wirklichkeit beſtehet, gegründet iſt. Das Böſe muß alſo weit überwogen werden, weil es nicht weiteren Grund hat, als in denen Fällen, welche die Schranken der Dinge, oder eine Abweſenheit mehrerer wirklichen Vollkommenheit, veranlaſſen. Ja, ſelbſt das Böſe muß ſich zum Guten lenken, und ein Mittel der Vollkommenheit des Ganzen, oder auch einzelner Dinge und ihrer Arten und Geſchlechter werden: weil es nur zufälliger Weiſe, ſelbſt aus den Regeln des Guten entſpringt, und demnach ſeine Richtung zum Guten allezeit behält. So war es denn auch den Regeln der höchſten Weisheit und Güte gemäß, ſolche Abweichungen zuzulaſſen, da ſie in der Vollkommenheit des Ganzen verſchwinden, und ohne Aufhebung des Guten nicht wegbleiben konnten, ſondern vielmehr zu deſſen Beförderung das Ihrige beitragen.

§. 4.

Es iſt aber zweitens offenbar, daß ſolche Menſchen, welche die Schöpfung und Vorſehung meiſtern, oft nach ihrem engen Erkenntniſſe, und nach ihrer kurzen Einſicht von der Verbindung der Dinge, für unvollkommen und böſe erklären, was in der That gut iſt, und was zur Vollkommenheit ſowohl des Ganzen, als der Geſchlechter, Arten und einzelnen Dinge gereichet. Daher es denn auch geſchieht, daß ſie das Böſe in der Welt nach ihren irrigen Gedanken vermehren und vergrößern, und das Uebergewicht des Guten deſto weniger einſehen.

Eines Theiles ſind ſehr viele Dinge in der Welt, deren Abſicht, Nothwendigkeit, Nutzen und Uebereinſtimmung mit den andern keines Menſchen Verſtand überſehen kann. Es gehört ein unendlicher Verſtand dazu, die Vollkommenheit und Unvollkommenheit der ganzen Welt, im Großen, im Kleinen, dem Raume und der Zeit nach zu beurtheilen. So ſehr wir nun von ſolcher Einſicht entfernet ſind, ſo vermeſſen iſt es auch, etwas für unnütze, unvollkommen oder böſe zu erklären, bloß weil man nicht weiß, wozu es gut ſein ſollte. Es kann in einem niedrigen Geſichtspunkte lauter Unordnung zu ſein ſcheinen, was ein erhabenes Auge billiger für Schönheiten hält. Wie? wenn ein Hund, mit ſeinem an der Erde ſchwebenden Kopfe, des beſten Gartens Schönheit ſich getraute zu überſehen: würde er nicht allenthalben Mängel und verkehrtes Weſen darin zu finden vermeinen; zumal, wenn er ſich einbildete, daß der Garten bloß für ihn angelegt ſein müßte? Würden ihm nicht die Beeten, Stauden, Töpfe, Bildſäulen, Hecken und Lauben, ja ſelbſt die Blumen und Fruchtbäume, allerwärts im Wege ſein, wenn er mit ſeinem Gatten wild herumſchwärmen wollte? unterdeſſen, da des Herrn ſcharfes Auge aus ſeinem Altane alle Schönheit dieſer künſtlichen und nutzbaren Einrichtung mit dem größten Vergnügen auf einmal überſieht. Wie wollten wir Menſchen, die wir an der Erde kleben, von dem wahren Verhältniſſe der Dinge in der ganzen Welt richtiger urtheilen?

Aus dem, was wir von der Vollkommenheit ſo vieler Dinge klärlich wiſſen, ſchließen wir weit vernünftiger und billiger auf das, was wir nicht wiſſen, daß es gleichfalls nutzbar und gut ſein werde: als daß wir, wider die erkannte Beſchaffenheit ſo vieler Dinge, von anderen, lediglich wegen unſerer Unwiſſenheit, gedenken wollten, als ob ſie unnütze, unordentlich, unvollkommen und böſe ſein ſollten. Demnach hat das Tadeln der Schöpfügung und Vorſehung, auch in den beſondern Fällen, wo kein Menſch die Güte der Dinge beweiſen kann, den gerechten Vorwurf des Unverſtandes gegen ſich.

Wie viele aber haben nicht ſchon ihre thörichte Uebereilung im Tadel der Natur verrathen, da ſie manches aus bloßer Unwiſſenheit für unnütze und böſe erkläret, davon man jetzt klärlich zeigen kann, daß es allerdings nützlich, und, wie zur Erhaltung der Menſchen oder Thiere, ſo auch zur Vollkommenheit des Erdbodens, überaus nöthig ſei? Wenn Lucretius, nach Epicurs Anweiſung, darthun will, daß die Natur der Dinge nicht von Gott ſein könne, weil ſie ſo viele Fehler hat: ſo beruft er ſich gleich Anfangs darauf, daß Berge, Felſen, Wälder, Seen und Meere ſo vielen Platz unnützer Weiſe einnähmen, ja daß zwei Theile des Erdbodens vor gar zu großer Kälte und Hitze ganz unwohnbar wären *). Sehet theils eine große Unwiſſenheit, theils einen verwegenen Schluß aus derſelben! Er wußte nicht, daß die warmen und kalten Länder bewohnt und wohnbar wären, welches jedoch ſchon zu ſeiner Zeit vielen bekannt war. Unterdeſſen war er doch nicht befugt, ſo zu folgern: ich weiß nicht, daß die Länder bewohnt ſind, alſo ſind ſie es auch nicht; ich kann nicht begreifen, wie es möglich ſein ſollte, daß Menſchen die ſtrenge Kälte und Hitze aushielten; alſo kann das auch nicht geſchehen; alſo iſt der Erdboden nicht nach weiſem Rathe und Vorſehung eingerichtet. So müſſen ſich die Menſchen vergehen, und ſelbſt lächerlich machen, die ſich erkühnen, den Mangel ihrer Einſicht zum Grunde eines Tadels der Werke Gottes zu legen. Wir wiſſen heutiges Tages noch genauer und gewiſſer, als die Alten, daß der Erdboden von den wärmſten Gegenden an, bis auf einen ſehr hohen Grad der Kälte, ſeine Einwohner habe und haben könne. Wir genießen die Vortheile mit ſo vielen nutzbaren und angenehmen Dingen, die uns aus Oſt- und Weſtindien, aus Norwegen, Island, Grönland und Sibirien zugeführet werden. Wir bewundern demnach vielmehr die weiſe Vorſorge Gottes für uns Menſchen, daß er uns eben dadurch zu Herren des ganzen Erdbodens machen wollen, da unſere Natur ſich zu aller Koſt und Luft in allen Gegenden gewöhnen kann; wenn hingegen die unvernünftigen Thiere in einem kleinen Erdſtriche eingeſchränkt ſind, weil ſie nicht allerwärts ihr Futter finden, noch alle Luft vertragen können.

Der große Nutzen, welchen die Berge leiſten, kann auch nunmehr genugſam bekannt ſein. Denn außer, daß es dem Auge ſo angenehm als prächtig läßt, den ſteten Wechſel von Bergen, Hügeln, Thälern, Wieſen und Feldern zu ſchauen, ſo ſind die Berge mehrentheils ein bequemer Aufenthalt für ſo viel Menſchen und Vieh, die daſelbſt ſichere Wohnung, reine und geſunde Luft, und reichlichen Unterhalt finden. Manche Thiere, nützliche Gewächſe und Bäume, könnten gar nicht auf dem Erdboden ſein, wenn nicht hohe Berge wären, als auf welchen allein ihre Natur ihnen zu leben und zu wachſen verſtattet. In dem Innern der Berge werden uns allerlei nutzbare und köſtliche Metalle, Edelgeſteine, Werkſtücke und Erdgewächſe erzeuget. Sie geben an ſich der äußeren Erdrinde eine Feſtigkeit, zumal, wo ſie in einer zuſammenhängenden Kette fortgehen; ſie ſind guten Theils eine Vormauer gegen die Wuth des Waſſers oder der Winde, und, was das vornehmſte iſt, ſo ſaugen ſie aus dem Dunſtkreiſe die Feuchtigkeit an ſich, daß hernach von ſolchem durchgeſickerten Waſſer, das aus den Bergen rinnet, alle Quellen, Bäche und Ströme ihren Urſprung, Schuß und Lauf über den ganzen Erdboden, zu deſſen Befruchtung und Schiffbarkeit, wie auch zum Getränke, und zu Geneſmitteln der Brunnen und Bäder, nehmen. Selbſt die rauhen Eisberge, deren Gipfel von ſtarrem Schnee und Eiſe ſtarren, ſind Schatzkammern dieſer nöthigen Feuchtigkeit, welche ſie in haushälteriſche Verwahrung nehmen, und uns nach und nach zum Gebrauche, ſo viel nöthig iſt, geſchmolzen zufließen laſſen.

Ein Poete kann ja wohl, aber ein Weltweiſer müßte nicht an den Gebirgen einen Abſcheu finden, und ſich den Erdboden, wenn er allenthalben eben wäre, gleichſam als ein Paradies vorſtellen. Denn es iſt aus den jetzt angeführten Gründen leicht zu begreifen, daß alsdann alle die angeregten Vortheile wegfallen, und dagegen der Erdboden in einem Sumpf und Moraſt ſtehender Waſſer verwandelt ſein würde, darauf wegen der ſtinkenden und ſchädlichen Ausdünſtungen kein Menſch oder Thier dauren, noch von einem Orte zum andern kommen könnte. Wenn man aber auch unſerer Erde, wegen beſtändiger Abnahme der Berge eine vollkommene Ebene, auf künftige Zeiten, verkündigte: ſo bin ich deßfalls unbeſorgt. Die weiſe Vorſehung, welche die jetzigen Berge und Felſen, durch natürliche Mittel, aus der Tiefe der See, mit allen darin beſchloſſenen Muſcheln, zu der jetzigen Höhe erhoben, hat das Spülen des Regens und das Wühlen des Meeres ſo abgemeſſen, daß es nicht zur Verſchlämmung des Erdbodens ausſchlagen kann, ſondern daß durch eben die natürlichen Mittel ſich noch jetzo, obwohl unvermerkt, die Berge wieder ſo viel erheben, als nöthig ſein wird.

Auf die Klage von dem vielen Waſſer der Seen und Meere, welches unſere Erdfläche unnützer Weiſe bedecken ſoll, will ich nur kürzlich dieſes zur überführenden Antwort ſagen, daß das Maß des Regens, Schnees und Thaues genugſam beweiſt, es ſei des Waſſers auf der Erdfläche nicht zu viel. Denn es iſt unleugbar, daß der Regen, Schnee und Thau von den Ausdünſtungen der Flüſſe, Seen und Meere, nach dem Verhältniſſe ihrer Oberfläche, entſtehen. Da wir nun des Regens, Schnees und Thaues, in Abſicht auf die Befruchtung des Erdbodens, nicht zu viel haben: ſo folget auch unhintertreiblich, daß die Flüſſe, Seen und Meere nicht unnöthiger Weiſe, das iſt, zu viel Platz auf der Erdfläche einnehmen; ſondern daß ſich auch darin die weiſeſte Verſehung des Schöpfers offenbaret, da er das Maß der natürlichen Urſachen ſo genau nach dem abgezielten Nutzen, auf alle künftigen Zeiten, abgewogen. Wenn alſo das Waſſer in eine engere Oberfläche eingeſchränkt wäre: ſo würde zu wenig ausdünſten, folglich auch zu wenig Regen, Schnee oder Thau fallen, mithin würde der Erdboden an ſehr vielen Orten dürre und unfruchtbar werden, ſo wie er gegentheils, bei dem Mangel der Berge, einer ſchlammichten Ueberſchwemmung bloßgeſtellt geweſen wäre. Er würde alſo in beiden Fällen unwohnbar ſein; und die Menſchen verrathen ihren Unverſtand, welche eben das, was ihnen ſelbſt und anderen Thieren gut und höchſt nöthig war, für böſe und überflüſſig erklären. Zu geſchweigen, daß der Schöpfer in den Meeren ſelbſt, nach ſeinem großen Zwecke, deſto mehr Lebendige, und mehr, als auf dem Lande ſein können, unterhält. Gewiß haben wir Menſchen noch nicht zu klagen, daß nicht Raum genug für uns auf der Erdoberfläche geblieben ſei. Denn es könnten noch weit mehr Menſchen darauf wohnen und Nahrung finden.

§. 3.

Es iſt ferner eine ungegründete Klage des Lucretius wider die Natur, oder vielmehr wider die Vorſehung, daß die übergebliebene Erdfläche uns nicht von ſelbſt Früchte darreiche, ſondern mit Dornen und Büſchen überzogen ſei, ſo daß ſie erſt mit ſchwerer Arbeit bereitet werden müßte; dabei dennoch die hoffnungsvolle Saat entweder von Hitze oder Regen, oder Kälte, oder Sturmwinden verdürbe *).

Wie ſchlecht kennet doch Lucretius der Menſchen Natur! Wie wenig weiß er den Werth der Arbeit zu ſchätzen! Wenn uns alle Früchte ohne Bemühung in den Mund wüchſen: ſo würde eine allgemeine Faulheit, und ein durchgängiger Müßiggang entſtanden ſein, weil Niemand für ſeine Nothdurft zu ſorgen gehabt hätte. Eine ſolche Lebensart würde alle edleren Kräfte der Menſchen einſchläfern und erſticken, daß ſie auf keine Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften dächten, weil ſie dazu nicht einmal den erſten Trieb von der Nothdurft empfingen. Das Band menſchlicher Geſellſchaft, die Stände und die Abhängigkeit eines von dem andern, würde aufgehoben werden weil ſelbſt die Kinder ihre Nahrung nicht mehr von dem Fleiße ihrer Aeltern erwarten dürften, vielweniger nachmals anderer Menſchen nöthig hätten, ſondern ein Jeder für ſich leben könnte, ohne dem andern gehorſam, gefällig und dienſtfertig zu werden. Es würde mithin das ganze menſchliche Geſchlecht in eine rohe, wilde und viehiſche Lebensart verfallen ſein, und ein jeder, wie bei den Thieren geſchieht, wenn ſie der Muttermilch entwachſen ſind, und der Fütterung der Aeltern nicht mehr bedürfen, für ſich in die Welt hinlaufen, ja von den Aeltern ſelbſt weggewieſen werden.

Wir haben es der Nothdurft allein zu verdanken, daß ſich die menſchlichen Vorzüge in uns hervor gethan, daß unſer Witz zur Erfindung erweckt worden, und daß wir nun theils im Aeußerlichen bequemer leben, und mehr ſinnliches Vergnügen genießen, als das Vieh; theils auch, daß wir geſellig, vernünftig und ſittſam geworden ſind, und daß Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften unter uns blühen. Die Arbeitſamkeit iſt überhaupt dem Menſchen gut, heilſam und nöthig. Wenn ſeine regen Kräfte ſich mit nichts beſchäftigen, ſo iſt er ſich ſelbſt eine Laſt, ſo wird ihm die Zeit lang, ſo verfällt er in eine dumme Unwiſſenheit, in eine faule und niederträchtige Wolluſt und allerlei andere Laſter. Eine Arbeit hingegen iſt ſeinem natürlichen Bemühen gemäß, und vergnüget ihn, wenn ſie geräth und Nutzen ſchaffet; ja deſto mehr, je mehr Schwierigkeiten dabei zu überwinden ſind, und je mehr Kunſt, Witz, Nachdenken, Vorſicht, Wiſſenſchaft dabei angewandt worden.

Was inſonderheit die Landarbeit beim Acker-, Garten- und Weinbau, oder bei der Viehzucht betrifft: ſo dürfen ſich die wenigſten Menſchen damit bemühen. Es iſt durch Witz und Ordnung dahin gebracht worden, daß die Arbeit eines kleinen Theiles der Menſchen zureichet, für das ganze Geſchlecht genugſame

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*) Lucretius V. 196 seq.

*) Lucretius V. 207 seq.

Lebensmittel zu ſchaffen, und daß die übrigen ſich mit andern guten Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften beſchäftigen können. Unterdeſſen haben ſich die edelſten Gemüther aus der Landwirthſchaft eine Luſt gemacht: der Bauer ſelbſt hat auch ſeine Freude, und ſieht ſeinen Fleiß mit Vergnügen gedeihen. Die jugendliche Gewohnheit macht ihm die grobe Arbeit leicht, und wir, die wir dergleichen nimmer angreifen, legen demſelben die Empfindung, welche wir davon haben würden, fälſchlich bei. Wenn nicht manche Bauern faul und dumm wären, und ſo ſehr an der alten Gewohnheit hingen, als daß ſie allerlei Verſuche zur Verbeſſerung machen ſollten: ſo würden ſie auch die Früchte ihres Fleißes reichlicher ſammeln. Die Witterung und andere Zufälle, welche dem Landmanne oft zuwider ſind, haben ſonſt in der Verbindung der Dinge ihren großen Nutzen, und wenn ſie das Wachsthum auf der einen Erdart hindern, ſo fördern ſie dagegen daſſelbe auf andern. Dadurch wird die Fruchtbarkeit überhaupt durch alle Länder und Landarten, und für das ganze menſchliche Geſchlecht, zur Gleichheit gebracht: der Mißwachs hält auch in jedem Striche ſeinen Kreislauf, da man ein Jahr in's andere rechnen muß. Und überhaupt wäre es nicht gut, wenn nicht etwas von der Arbeit verloren ginge, und wenn die Natur das Bemühen des Landmannes, nach ſeinem Wunſche, ſo gar ergiebig vergölte. Wie würde er denn nicht ſelbſt klagen, daß das Korn und die Früchte zu wohlfeil wären!

§. 6.

Lucretius beſchweret ſich weiter über die Vorſehung, daß ſo viele dem Menſchen ſchädliche Thiere in der Welt ſind; daß wir nackend, weinend, ohne Waffen und ohne Vermögen, uns ſelbſt zu erhalten, auf die Welt kommen, und noch vieles Unglück im Leben auszuſtehen haben; dagegen die Thiere ihre beſtändigen Kleider und Waffen mitbringen, keines Spielzeuges, keines liebkoſenden Lallens der Ammen, keines Wechſels der Kleidung, keiner Mauern und Städte bedürfen, und ihr Futter bereitet vor ſich finden *).

Aber darum ſind ſie auch unvernünftig Vieh, und bleiben in den engen Schranken einer niedrigen Glückſeligkeit ſtehen. Uns hingegen war die natürliche Bedürfniß nöthig, daß wir geſprächig, vernünftig, künſtlich, weiſe, geſellig, umgänglich, liebreich, tugendhaft und vorzüglich glücklich würden, und in aller Vollkommenheit immer höher ſteigen möchten. Hätten wir nach der Muttermilch keiner weiteren Handreichung und Hülfe nöthig: ſo würden wir, wie die Thiere, für uns leben, keine Sprache lernen, und ohne dieſelbe keinen Gebrauch unſerer Vernunft machen, noch Unterricht genießen können; folglich auch kein deutliches Bewußtſein, kein Erkenntniß von uns und andern Dingen, keine Kunſt oder Wiſſenſchaft, keine Bequemlichkeit des Lebens, kein höheres Vergnügen des Gemüthes erhalten; vielweniger zu irgend einer Sittlichkeit erzogen werden. So aber macht der hülfsbedürftige Zuſtand der Kinder, daß ſich die Alten aus Liebe und Mitleid ihrer annehmen, und daß ſich die Kinder, aus Empfindung ihres Mangels und aus Furcht vor Gefahr zu den Aeltern halten, und ſich nach ihrem Beiſpiele und nach ihrer Vorſchrift zur Sprache, zum Gebrauche der Vernunft, und zur Sittlichkeit gewöhnen, daß ſie in allem guten Erkenntniß Unterricht empfangen, tüchtige Menſchen und Bürger werden, und in einer anſtändigen Lebensart ihr eigen Glück bauen und auf ihre Kinder fortpflanzen.

Sie können dabei alles deſſen, was die Thiere voraus zu haben ſcheinen, gerne entbehren. Sie brauchen weder angeborne Haare, noch Federn zur Kleidung, weder Zahn noch Klaue, oder Schnabel, zur Wehre und Waffen, weder ſchärfere Sinne, noch eine gewiſſe angeerbte Kunſt zu ihrer Nahrung und Erhaltung. Sie würden vielmehr durch ſolche Naturgaben nur in einen niedrigen Grad ſinnlicher Vollkommenheit eingeſchränket ſein. Ihre Sinnen, ihr Verſtand und ihre Hände ſind allein genug, Kleider, Waffen, Häuſer, Nahrung, Werkzeuge, nicht nur zur Nothdurft und Sicherheit, ſondern auch zur Gemächlichkeit und Ergötzung, zum Wohlſtande und zum Ueberfluſſe zu verſchaffen; alle mögliche Geſchicklichkeit und Wiſſenſchaft zu erhalten; alles was in den Reichen der Natur iſt, ſich zu Nutze zu machen, und unter einander Geſelligkeit, Umgang, Geſpräch, Freundſchaft und Vergnügen zu ſtiften.

Demnach iſt eben der Mangel, worüber Lucretius die Vorſehung anklaget, der wahre Grund unſerer vorzüglichen Glückſeligkeit, und das beſte Mittel, was die göttliche Weisheit und Güte erwählen konnte, die menſchlichen Fähigkeiten zu ihrem eigenen Wohl zu treiben. Wenn alle Menſchen ihre Fähigkeit nach dieſer Abſicht gebrauchten: ſo würde von hundert jetzigen Elenden kaum ein Paar überbleiben, welche die Schuld ihres Unglücks mit Recht von ſich abwälzen, und auf ihr Schickſal ſchieben könnten; oder deren übrige Widerwärtigkeiten nicht durch weit mehr Gutes verſüßet, und dadurch das Leben erträglich und angenehm gemacht würde.

Ich muß hierbei überhaupt anmerken: daß, wenn auch eine mehrere Vollkommenheit, als jedem Dinge nach ſeinen weſentlichen Schranken, jedem Thiere nach ſeiner Art des Lebens zukömmt, möglich wäre, dieſelbe ihm dennoch vielmehr ſchaden würde; und alſo der Mangel einer mehreren Vollkommenheit ſo ferne nichts Böſes, ſondern was Gutes ſei.

Ein Hund iſt jetzt, bei ſeinem Hundesverſtande, vergnügt mit dem Brocken, die von des Herrn Tiſche fallen: er ſuchet ſie wohl gar aus dem Sande und Staube begierig heraus. Es hindert nicht, daß er draußen liegen muß, daß er durch Schläge gewöhnt wird, dem Befehle zu gehorchen: er iſt gleich munter, und freuet ſich ungemein zu ſeinem Herrn, und zu einer guten Mine, die er bekommt. Gebet ihm aber Menſchenverſtand, und ſehet, wie alle ſeine Glückſeligkeit verſchwinden wird. Was denkt er? ich ſoll die ganze Nacht über wachſam ſein, und muß dabei frieren? alles im Hauſe ſchläft auf weichen Betten, ich allein muß mich auf hartem Holze und Steinen behelfen? ich diene, ohne Lohn und Kleidung zu bekommen, für die bloße Koſt, und kaum giebt man mir ſo viel als zur Sättigung, oder wenn ich ja was bekomme, ſo muß ich als Gnadenbiſſen annehmen, was andere nicht mögen, und was ſie im Sande und Unflath herumgekehrt haben? ich thue mein Beſtes, jeden zu liebkoſen, und doch muß ich mich unverſchuldet nach dem Eigenſinne der Kinder und des Geſindes rupfen und prügeln laſſen? das iſt nicht länger auszuhalten. Kurz, er läuft davon: er kehrt in zehn Häuſer ein, und wird aus zehn Häuſern wieder weggejagt: wo man ihn aber noch aus Barmherzigkeit aufnimmt, da findet er's allenthalben noch ſchlechter. Er läuft nunmehr ohne Herrn allenthalben herum, und ſtiehlt ſein Brodt, ſo gut er kann, wird aber darüber bald lahm geprügelt. Ja, daß ich doch Hände, daß ich doch Sprache hätte! denket er, ich wollte mich ſo nicht placken laſſen. Er fluchet auf ſein Schickſal, das ihn ſo hat laſſen geboren werden, er ſtirbt vor Hunger und Verdruſſe mit ſeinem Menſchenverſtande.

Sehet hierin, was wir machen, wenn wir die Welt, und jedes Ding darin, wollen beſſer haben, als wie es ſein kann, und wie es die göttliche Vorſehung geordnet hat. Es iſt bloß ein irriger Wahn und eine Schwachheit des Verſtandes. Das was wir beſſer heißen, würde gerade dasjenige ſein, welches den Zuſtand der Dinge verdürbe: und was uns eine Unvollkommenheit oder etwas Böſes zu ſein dünket, iſt eben dasjenige, was zur Vollkommenheit der Dinge gehöret, und nach reiferer Einſicht gut zu nennen iſt.

§. 7.

Ich könnte noch mehrere dergleichen Vergehungen namhaft machen, da man dieſes und jenes in der Welt mit böſen Augen anſieht, das doch in der That untadelich und nach den Regeln der höchſten Weisheit und Güte beſtimmt iſt. Allein, wer ſich die Dinge nicht willkürlich verkehrt vorſtellen will, der kann nach obiger Anleitung entweder leicht einſehen, was zur weſentlichen Vollkommenheit der Dinge gehöre, und was für Gutes darin liege, oder, ſo es ihm an ſolcher Einſicht mangelt, ſo wird er ſich auch beſcheiden, daß er aus ſeiner Unwiſſenheit keinen widrigen Schluß ziehen könne, der ſo vielen klar erkannten Wahrheiten widerſpricht.

Jetzt will ich einen ſehr gemeinen Irrthum bemerken, welcher den Menſchen noch bis auf den heutigen Tag die Werke der Schöpfung und Vorſehung ganz verſtellt. Sie ſetzen ihr Geſchlecht, ja jeder ſich allein, zum allgemeinen Mittelpunkte und äußerſten Ziele aller übrigen Dinge. Was ihnen denn nicht offenbar und unmittelbar vortheilhaft iſt, das dünket ihnen überflüſſig und unnütze zu ſein: und was nicht mit ihren Wünſchen übereinſtimmet, das erklären ſie für unordentlich und böſe.

Daher kömmt es denn inſonderheit, daß ſie ſich nicht darein finden können, warum ſo viele verächtliche Würmer, Inſecten und Geſchmeiß, ja ſo viele unbequeme, giftige und ſchädliche Thiere in der Welt ſind; warum ſie nicht allein einander freſſen, ſtechen, fangen, und ihr Leben auf Unkoſten anderer erhalten müſſen, ſondern auch den Menſchen zur Laſt fallen, ihre Arbeit und Mühe vernichten, ihnen Unluſt und Schmerzen verurſachen, oder wohl gar gefährlich werden. Anderer Dinge und Begebenheiten in der Welt, die ihren Abſichten entgegen ſind, zu geſchweigen.

Wenn wir Menſchen aber allein die unermeßliche Größe der göttlichen Abſichten erfüllen könnten; allein verdienten, daß um unſertwillen eine Welt erbauet würde; allein verlangen könnten, daß ſich alles Mögliche nach uns richten ſollte; ſo möchten wir mit einigem Schein des Rechtens viele Dinge aus der Natur verbannen, und eine andere Einrichtung nach unſerm Eigenſinne machen. Aber das iſt nicht der rechte Geſichtspunkt, worin wir uns zur Betrachtung der Welt ſtellen, darin muß uns nothwendig vieles unordentlich und verkehrt vorkommen. Das Daſein

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*) Lucretius V. 222 seq.

anderer möglichen Lebendigen hat einerlei Grund mit dem unſrigen in der großen Abſicht des Schöpfers; es trägt das Seinige gleichfalls zur Vollkommenheit des Ganzen bei, und machet, daß der Erdboden, daß die Welt allenthalben mit reger Kraft und Empfindung erfüllet wird. Die Kette der möglichen Lebendigen, der Zuſammenhang der Dinge, kann keine Lücken leiden, kann nicht zerrüttet und zerriſſen werden: und wenn wir es recht betrachten, ſo iſt in dem Weltgebäude kein Stern umſonſt, nichts ſo geringe und niedrig, das nicht zur Vollkommenheit des Ganzen gehörte, und demnach nicht auch, wenigſtens mittelbar, mit jeder Dinge Daſein und Wohl übereinſtimmete.

Wie? wenn ein vornehmer und bemittelter Mann ſich in einer großen Stadt niederließ, um da recht bequem und vergnügt zu leben; würde er vernünftig, billig und bei ſich ſelbſt wohl handeln, wenn er ſich einbildete, daß um ſeinetwillen alles in der ganzen Stadt da ſein oder nicht da ſein müßte? Auf die Weiſe möchte er etwa von den Gelehrten denken: was ſollen die unnützen Grillenfänger in einem Staate? ſie zanken ſich nur unter einander um nichts; ſetzen den Leuten allerlei neue Meinungen in den Kopf, und wollen dabei allen vorgezogen ſein. Bei den Kaufleuten und Krämern, möchte ihm das Gedränge, da einer dem andern den Gewinn vor dem Maule wegzunehmen und ihn zu übervortheilen ſuchet, zuwider ſein. Das ewige Getöſe und Geklapper ſo vieler Handwerker und Arbeiter, das grobe Geſchrei ſo vieler Bauern, und anderer, die ihre Waare öffentlich feilbieten, würde er vielleicht aus ſeiner Nachbarſchaft und aus der Stadt wünſchen. Schmierige und ſchmutzige Handthierungen, oder die Dampf und Geſtank machen, wären ihm vollends verhaßt und abſcheulich: Lumpenſammler, Scherenſchleifer, Tablittenkrämer, Obſtweiber, Matroſen und dergleichen, möchte er für unnütz und verächtlich Bettelvolk anſehen. Saget mir, würde ein ſolcher Mann die Vollkommenheit dieſer Stadt aus dem rechten Geſichtspunkte betrachten, und ſich ſeinen Aufenthalt darin ſelbſt vergnügt machen? Vernünftiger dächte er ſo: hier iſt alles fein lebendig, munter und voller Menſchen: ſie müſſen doch leben können. Wie finden ſo viel tauſend und tauſend Leute von allerlei Stande und Lebensart an einem Orte ihr Auskommen! Es iſt ein Vergnügen, zu ſehen, wie emſig ein jeder iſt, ſein Brod zu verdienen, und wie er ſich befleißt, es dem andern zuvor zu thun. Da kann ja wohl nichts auf der Welt erdacht werden, was hier nicht zu haben wäre. Das muß ein weiſer Regent ſein, der alle möglichen Waaren, Handthierungen, Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften in einem Staate zu verbinden gewußt; darin ein jeder dem andern dienet, und von dem andern ſeinen Unterhalt und ſeine Bequemlichkeit erhält.

Dieſes iſt auch der rechte Geſichtspunkt, in welchem wir die Vollkommenheit der Welt einſehen können. Wir wohnen in einer großen Stadt Gottes, die um ſo viel blühender zu achten, je volkreicher ſie iſt, und je weniger darin ein Stand, eine Lebensart und Handthierung mangelt. Die gütigſte Vorſehung des weiſeſten Regenten erſtrecket ſich über alle: er hat ſie alle herein geſetzt, und ihnen das Bürgerrecht gegeben. Die Anlage der Wohnungen, die Geſetze und Verordnungen, die Nahrung und Zufuhr ſoll allen zu ſtatten kommen, und eines dem andern nützlich ſein. Wir Menſchen ſind in dieſer Stadt mittleren Standes, ja in unſerm Sprengel die Vornehmſten. Wir müßten aber ſchlechte Bürger ſein, und an dem allgemeinen Wohl keinen Theil nehmen, folglich uns auch von den edelſten Abſichten unſers gemeinſchaftlichen Regenten ſehr entfernen, wenn wir nicht leiden könnten, daß ſo viele geringere Mitbürger neben uns wohnen, ſich nähren, fortpflanzen und nach ihrer Art fröhlich ſind. Wenn man bedenket, wie viele und große Wohnplätze Gott für die Lebendigen in den Weltkugeln angeleget; wie viele und mancherlei Einwohner er in dieſer großen Stadt erhalte und regiere; wie er allen und jeden Liebe und Luſt zum Leben eingepflanzet; wie er allen, bis auf die niedrigſten, rege Leibeskräfte, allerlei Kitzel der Sinne, Nahrung mit Wohlſchmack, Neigung zum Gatten, Vergnügen an ihren Jungen, manchen auch noch höhere Ergötzungen gegeben: ſo wird man nicht zweifeln, daß in allen möglichen Arten des Lebens auch alle mögliche Luſt genoſſen werde. Wenn gleich nicht ein jedes Geſchöpf aller Arten und Stufen der Luſt fähig iſt, ſo weiß es auch von keiner beſſern, es iſt mit derjenigen, die ſeiner Natur gemäß iſt, zufrieden und erfüllet ſeine Triebe in ſüßer Beſchäftigung.

Ich habe oft meine Betrachtung über die geringſten Thiere, ſo ferne ſie auch Leben und Empfindung haben, und nach ihrer Art einer Luſt und Glückſeligkeit fähig ſind. Wenn ein Schwarm Mücken unter einander ſpielet; wenn die Bienen durch Blumen und Heide emſig herumflattern, um Honig und Wachs zum gemeinen Beſten des Stockes zu ſammeln; wenn die Vögel durch Büſche und Bäume rauſchen, zwitſchern, oder eine Gattin locken; wenn der Hund über ſeines Herrn Ankunft, oder im grünen Felde, von tauſend Freuden außer ſich, zehnmal hin und wieder läuft, wenn ein Kätzlein mit dem andern in hunderterlei artigen Stellungen, Springen und Haſchen, ſcherzend die Zeit vertreibt; wenn eine Sau ſich ſo willig hinleget, und ſich von ihren ſaugenden Ferkeln zerwühlen läßt: ſo ergötze ich mich an der unſchuldigen Luſt der Thiere, und ſtelle mir die Vielheit und Mannigfaltigkeit derſelben, wie ſie von der unzählbaren Menge und Verſchiedenheit der Lebendigen auf dem ganzen Erdboden, ja allenthalben in den großen Weltkörpern empfunden wird, mit Entzücken vor. Ich denke an den großen Schöpfer, der aller ſeiner Geſchöpfe Luſt mit anſchauendem Erkenntniſſe gegenwärtig vor ſich hat, und in derſelben den erhabenen Zweck ſeiner Schöpfung nicht ohne eigene Luſt bewirket ſieht. Ich ſchwinge mich in dieſe göttliche Vorſtellung, als den wahren und einzigen Geſichtspunkt, aus welchem ſich die Welt in ihrem ganzen Zuſammenhange und in ihrer rechten Vollkommenheit zeiget. Ich gönne nun allen, auch den niedrigſten Geſchöpfen, das Leben, und ſehe, daß, wie wir Menſchen im Zuſammenhange des Möglichen auf einer mittleren Stufe der Vollkommenheit ſtehen, jedoch ſelbſt noch einer höheren fähig ſind und von Natur darnach ſtreben, ſo Millionen andere Geſchöpfe von noch höherer Vollkommenheit und Luſt in der Welt ſein müſſen, die nichts in der göttlichen Abſicht leer laſſen, und aller noch über unſern jetzigen Zuſtand möglichen Glückſeligkeit, außer der unendlichen, genießen.

§. 8.

Wir würden aber auch unſer eigen Beſtes in der Verknüpfung der Dinge nicht einſehen, wenn wir nur mit denen wenigen Thieren, die uns unmittelbar Nutzen ſchaffen, und zu Dienſte ſind, allein in der Welt ſein wollten. Denn wie in einer Stadt ein Handwerk ohne das andere, und das andere ohne ein drittes, und das dritte ohne ein viertes, und endlich keines ohne alle, zu ſeiner Vollkommenheit gelangen kann; ſo daß jedes der geringſten, bis auf den Gaſſenfeger, Weißgerber und Schinder, dennoch ſeinen Einfluß in das gemeine und beſondere Beſte giebt: ſo trägt auch eines jeden Thieres Daſein, in der Verknüpfung der Dinge, nicht nur zur Vollkommenheit des Ganzen, ſondern auch zur Erhaltung und Bequemlichkeit anderer, theils unmittelbar, theils mittelbar, am meiſten aber für uns Menſchen, bei, die wir über alle herrſchen, und uns alle wiſſen zu Nutze zu machen.

Wie ſchlecht würde der die Verbindung unter uns Menſchen ſelbſt überſehen, der da meinete, er hätte nur ſeiner Nachbaren allein nöthig, die andern könnten ſeinethalben aus der Welt ſein. Nein: dort in Amerika pflanzet, wartet und preſſet jetzt ein Mohr das Zuckerrohr für dich: dort gräbt ein Sklav in Braſilien das Gold und Silber, welches du brauchen wirſt: dort bereitet ein Ruſſe die Juchten zu deinen Stühlen: dort fährt ein Bergmann in Schweden nach ſeiner Grube, Eiſen und Kupfer zu deinem Hauſe und Geräthe zu holen. Der Chineſe iſt emſig, dir den feinſten Thee und Porzellan zu ſchaffen. Der Indianer nimmt mit Reis vorlieb, damit er deine Speiſen mit allerhand Gewürze ſchmackhaft mache. Der Grönländer, der Matroſe ſchlägt die Robben, fängt die Wallfiſche mit ſeiner Mühe und Gefahr zu deinem Gebrauche, ohne daß du es bedenkeſt und weißt. Und ehe du nur dein Schälchen Thee und Kaffee mit einer Pfeife Toback trinken kannſt, ſo hat die Hälfte des menſchlichen Geſchlechtes nicht nur der jetzt, ſondern auch der vormals Lebenden, müſſen da und beſchäftiget ſein.

Laſſet uns denn auch vernünftig bedenken, daß der Schöpfer, welcher eine ſo genaue Verbindung unter dem ganzen menſchlichen Geſchlechte, ohne ihr Denken, zu aller Vortheile geſtiftet hat, auch unſere Nebengeſchöpfe nicht umſonſt mit uns auf einem Erdboden beſchloſſen habe. Auch dir ſammlet die Biene, und ſpinnet der Seidenwurm, für dich nähret ſich die Cochenille, die Ameiſe, die ſpaniſche Fliege und jenes Inſect, das die Feigen zur Reife bringet. Wenn du gleich andere Mücken, Würmer und Inſecten nicht ſelber iſſeſt oder braucheſt, ſo ſpeiſet ſie doch der Vogel, der dir ſingt, oder auf deinen Tiſch kommt, und der Fiſch, der deine Mahlzeiten angenehmer machet, ja manches Schwein, das zu deiner Tafel in die Maſt getrieben wird, oder der Wallfiſch, der dir ſein Fett und ſeine Baren hergiebt. Du beherrſcheſt und beſtreiteſt ſie alle, und dein Verſtand kann aus allen Vortheil ziehen. Wenn du aber auch ſonſt keinen Nutzen von ihnen zu erzwingen weißt, ſo laß ſie dich, durch Betrachtung ihrer wunderbaren Bildung, Bewegung, Triebe, Nahrung, Fortpflanzung, des großen Schöpfers unendliche Weisheit und Güte lehren. Gönne denen das Leben, die es aus einer Hand haben, woraus du das deine empfangen, die die Welt, durch ihre Luſt und Freude, mit mehreren Vollkommenheiten erfüllen, ja, die dich ſelbſt weiſer und klüger machen, wenn ſie dir ein Spiegel der Gottheit werden.

§. 9.

Ja, denket wohl mancher, die andern Thiere möchten immerhin in der Welt ſein, wenn ſie dem Menſchen nur nicht zum Theil Verdruß und Schaden thäten. Wozu aber ſo viel Geſchmeiß, das Saat, Gewächſe, Eßwaaren, Kleider und Häuſer verdirbt? das uns ſticht und uns das Blut ausſauget? wozu ſo viele giftige Schlangen, Kröten und Scorpionen? wozu die wilden reißenden Wölfe, Bären, Löwen, Tiger und dergleichen, die uns entweder ſelbſt, oder dem uns nützlichen Viehe, gefährlich oder ſchädlich ſind.

So vernünftig auch die Frage, und die darunter ſteckende Beſchwerde über die Einrichtung und Verknüpfung der Dinge, ſcheint: ſo beruhet ſie dennoch auf eben denſelben Fehlern der Unbilligkeit, und des Mangels der Einſicht, welche vorhin bemerkt ſind. Beides äußert ſich darin, daß wir in der Welt, das iſt, in einem Wohnplatze aller möglichen Lebendigen, ſein, und doch die Welt für uns allein haben, und nicht das geringſte Ungemach von unſern Nachbarn erdulden wollen; ingleichen, daß wir wegen des Ungemachs, das uns etwa in die Sinne fällt, den Nutzen und die Nothwendigkeit der Dinge leugnen, weil dieſelbe uns ſo offenbar nicht ſind. Dieſes gleicht der Beſchwerde jenes reichen Mannes, der in einer volkreichen Stadt wohnen will, da alles zu haben iſt, und alle mögliche Handthierungen ſind; aber da keiner von den Einwohnern ſeine Ruhe und Bequemlichkeit ſtören ſoll. Er will eiſerne und kupferne Gefäße haben, aber das Getöſe der Schmiede kann er nicht vertragen; er will allerlei Eßwaaren vor der Thüre kaufen, aber das Geſchrei der Bauern, welche ſie feil bieten, kann er nicht leiden; die Fleiſchbank ſoll in der Nähe ſein; Butter Hering, Stockfiſch, Klippfiſch, Zucker läßt er zwar von ſeinen Nachbarn holen, aber den Geſtank, Dampf und Schmauch, der damit verknüpfet iſt, verabſcheuet er; die Gaſſen ſollen rein ſein, aber der ſchmutzige Dreckfeger ſoll vor ſeinen Augen den Koth und Staub nicht auskehren; die Kaufleute und Krämer ſollen ihn mit allerhand Waaren verſorgen, aber ſie müſſen keinen Vortheil von ihm nehmen. Die Betrüger und Diebe müßten gar ausgerottet ſein, in Feuersgefahr müßte ihn niemand ſehen, die Dachziegeln müßten nirgend herunter wehen u. ſ. w.

Es iſt ſchon ausführlich gezeiget worden, daß die Welt um der Lebendigen willen ihr Daſein hat, und daß in dieſer Naturkette keine Lücke ſein kann, ſondern, wenn eins und anderes ſein ſoll, daß auch alles Mögliche in dem Zuſammenhange der Dinge ſein müſſe, und daß dieſes den Vollkommenheiten des Schöpfers ſowohl, als der Welt, gemäß ſei. Wer alſo in der Welt ſein will, der muß auch wollen, daß alle anderen möglichen Dinge, welche einerlei Grund ihrer Wirklichkeit mit ihm ſelbſt haben, neben ihm ſind. Daß wir alſo mit einigen wenigen Thieren, die uns anſtehen, allein eine Welt ausmachen wollten, iſt ſo unverſtändig als unbillig. Alle die uns verachteten und verhaßten Thiere gehören mit zu den möglichen Lebendigen; denn wir ſehen, daß ſie wirklich ſind. Sie gehören alle mit zur Welt, als einem Syſtem aller möglichen Lebendigen, und zu deren Vollkommenheit. Ein jedes derſelben will auch leben, und hat Luſt von ſeinem Leben, ſowohl als wir. Wenn nun ihre Verbindung mit uns in einem Wohnhauſe, oder einer großen Stadt, vermöge unſerer weſentlichen Schranken, einiges Ungemach mit ſich bringet, wie wollen wir uns mit Recht beſchweren, daß wir durch das Daſein ſo vieler andern und ganz verſchiedener Thiere in einiges Gedränge und einige Ungelegenheit kommen.

Wir Menſchen haben bei dieſer göttlichen Ordnung im Reiche der Thiere am allerwenigſten zu klagen, indem wir ſelbſt eins von den allergefräßigſten Thieren ſind, und alle übrigen Thiere leicht abwehren, vertreiben, übermeiſtern, fangen, zähmen und zu beliebigem Nutzen anwenden. Wenn wir alſo nicht unverſtändig und undankbar ſind, ſo müſſen wir eine beſondere und gütige Vorſehung Gottes für uns erkennen, da er uns, bei der wehr- und waffenloſen Bildung unſeres Leibes, genugſam Verſtand und Witz gegeben hat, alle Mittel zur Beherrſchung anderer Thiere zu erfinden, und Hände womit wir die nöthigen Werkzeuge bereiten können. Wir gebrauchen uns demnach ſo mancher Thiere zum pflügen, ziehen, tragen, reiten, jagen, mahlen, dreſchen, ſtreiten; wir halten, fangen, fiſchen und ſchießen ſie zu unſerer Nahrung; wir bedienen uns ihrer Haare, Federn, Wolle, Felle und Seide zu unſerer Kleidung; wir unterhalten ſie zu unſerm Zeitvertreibe und Vergnügen; wir betrachten ihr Auswendiges und Inwendiges zu unſerer Belehrung im Erkenntniſſe der Natur und unſer ſelbſt, ja unſers gemeinſchaftlichen Schöpfers.

Was beſonders die ſchädlichen Thiere betrifft: ſo haben die Menſchen den Vortheil, daß ſie ſich zu aller Luft und Speiſe gewöhnen, und folglich den ganzen Erdboden beſitzen können; da denn die großen reißenden Thiere weichen und verjagt, andere gar ausgerottet werden. Die allermeiſten derſelben haben einen natürlichen Scheu vor einem Menſchen, man kann ſie mit Gewehr erlegen, oder ihrer auch mit Liſt und leichten Mitteln los oder habhaft werden, und es iſt ein ſehr ſeltener Fall, daß ein Menſch das Unglück hat, den reißenden Thieren in die Klauen zu gerathen. Es iſt ein großer Beweis der göttlichen Vorſehung in dieſem Stücke, daß ſich ſolche Thiere nicht ſtark vermehren, daß ſie lange hungern können, daß ſie ſelbſt einander aufreiben, und in gebührenden Schranken halten. Von den giftigen Thieren wird mehr Geſchrei gemacht, als es in der That iſt, und ich werde nicht wider die Wahrheit reden, wenn ich ſage, daß ſich ſolche Leute am meiſten darüber beſchweren, die wohl ihr Lebtage keine giftige Schlange und keinen Scorpion lebendig geſehen haben, und höchſtens von einem Flohe, einer Mücke oder Weſpe geſtochen ſein mögen.

Die Inſecten, Vögel und Mäuslein thun allerdings den Früchten und der Saat Schaden. Aber wenn ſie nicht wären, ſo würde manches andere Thier nicht leben können, welches denen Menſchen zu Nutze kömmt. Wenn alle Saat unbeſchädigt aufwüchſe, und unverzehndet in die Scheune und zum Verkaufe käme; ſo würde der Bauer über die allzureiche Erndte und den wohlfeilen Preis klagen. Wenn alle Blüthe an den Bäumen zur reifen Frucht gediehe, ſo würden ſie den Baum entkräften, und viel zu klein und unbrauchbar werden. Siehe, das Ueberflüſſige iſt, nach der göttlichen Vorſehung, für die Mäuslein, Vögel, Würmer und Raupen gewachſen; es bleibt für die Menſchen ein zureichender Vorrath nach; der Preis bleibt mäßig und lohnet ſeinen Arbeiter; die Frucht wird nun größer und ſchmackhafter. Wenn Menſchen vorausſehen könnten, und ihr Beſtes verſtänden, ſo würden ſie ſelbſt auf manchen Baum Raupen hinauf tragen, und zuweilen Mäuſe und Vögel in's Land einladen, daß ſie ihnen den Ueberfluß der Natur verzehren hülfen. Es iſt ihnen gut und heilſam, daß ſie in beſtändiger Emſigkeit und Vorſicht erhalten werden, und daß ſie nicht mit allzuweniger Arbeit ſo viel ſchaffen und gewinnen. So ſchädlich es für uns ſein würde, wenn des Goldes und Silbers zu viel in der Welt wäre, ſo viel Unordnung würde auch entſtehen, wenn aller Reichthum der Natur den Menſchen zu Nutzen käme, und wenn der Landmann mit eines Jahres Arbeit mehrerer Jahre Vorrath gewönne. Die weiſeſte Vorſehung hat dieſes allein zum Gleichmaße bringen können, und gute und ſchlechte Jahre ſo unter einander zu miſchen gewußt, daß die Menſchen in ſteter Arbeit unterhalten werden, aber daß es auch den Fleißigen an Belohnung, und überhaupt allen an Nahrung nicht gebricht. Darin müſſen wir auch die milde Fügung mit der Witterung bewundern, daß, wenn einmal das Ungeziefer von Heuſchrecken, Mäuſen und dergleichen einem Lande die äußerſte Verheerung zu drohen ſcheint, dabei alle menſchliche Vorſicht unzulänglich ſein würde, die künftige Brut auf's folgende Jahr auszurotten, bald darauf eine ſolche Witterung kömmt, welche alles Geſchmeiß verjaget, alle Brut erſticket, und, ſo zu reden, ausfeget. So ſehen wir jährlich bei allen Inſecten in Gärten und Feldern, daß bald dieſe, bald jene Art überhand nimmt, die hingegen im nächſten Jahre durch eine andere Witterung unterdrückt und in engere Schranken gebracht wird.

§. 10.

So ſehr wir Menſchen aber wider den Schaden von andern Thieren durch die göttliche Vorſehung verwahret ſind, ſo ſehr möchte man ſich wundern, wie es der Güte des Schöpfers gefallen mögen, unter den Thieren ſelbſt eine ſolche natürliche Ordnung zu ſtiften, daß eins von dem andern ſeine Nahrung ſuchen, und alſo das andere verzehren muß. Warum ſind nicht alle Thiere unſchädlich? Warum iſt ihre Natur nicht ſo beſchaffen, daß ſie ihre Nahrung von lebloſen Dingen ſuchen? Warum muß ein beſtändiger Krieg, lauter Mord und Blutvergießen unter ihnen ſein? Es kann ſein, daß dieſes einigen Menſchen gar keinen Anſtoß giebt, die gegen ihre Nebengeſchöpfe gar zu unempfindlich, oder wohl grauſam ſind, aber vielleicht haben auch andere ein gar zu zärtliches Herz gegen die Thiere, ſo ferne ſie ſich dieſelben als empfindende Weſen vorſtellen, und ſich ihren Schmerz und Tod in Gedanken anmaßen. Wir müſſen aber nicht das Herz und deſſen angenommene Neigung, ſondern die Vernunft hierüber urtheilen laſſen.

Wenn man ſich eine ſolche Ordnung vorſtellete, daß alle Thiere auf dem ganzen Erdboden von lauter lebloſen Dingen ihre Nahrung haben ſollten: ſo iſt offenbar, daß nicht der zehnte Theil von Lebendigen bei uns ſein könnte, und daß ſie doch alle, eben ſowohl wie jetzt, endlich ſterben müßten. Das erſtere erhellet aus der Menge der Raubthiere, unter den Inſecten, Vögeln, Vierfüßigen und inſonderheit unter den Fiſchen. Denn entweder müßten dieſe alle fehlen, oder, wenn an deren Statt andere Arten ſein ſollten, die ſich bloß mit Kräutern und Wurzeln behülfen, ſo würde folgen, daß ſie den ganzen Erdboden verwüſteten und kahl macheten. Gewiß, was jetzt auf Wieſen, Aeckern, Bäumen und Stauden wächſt, dienet Alles, theils Menſchen, zahme und wilde Thiere, Vögel und Inſecten zu nähren, theils die Pflanzen und deren Früchte zu decken. Sollten nun auch die Raub- und reißenden Thiere an gleiches Futter gewieſen ſein, ſollten die großen Raubvögel bei Tage und bei Nacht auf unſere Saatäcker, Küchen- und Fruchtgärten fallen, ſo würde keine Erndte für uns überbleiben, ſo würden alle Pflanzen verzehret, oder wenigſtens ihrer Blätter, Blüthen und Früchte beraubt werden, und in einigen Jahren ganz vergehen, mithin auch eine allgemeine Hungersnoth und Sterben unter den Thieren erfolgen. Die Menſchen würden auch für ſich die größte Noth haben, ſich zu erhalten, wenn ſie nicht nebſt den Erdgewächſen auch andere Thiere eſſen ſollten, und wenn die, welche ſie eſſen, ſich nicht zuvor von andern Thieren genähret hätten. Und wie würden vollends die zahlreichen Schaaren der Fiſche und Inſecten von dem wenigen Mooſe und Kraute, das im Waſſer wächſt, unterhalten werden können?

Es iſt alſo offenbar, daß der Erdboden in allen ſeinen Elementen viel öder, und des größten Theils ſeiner Einwohner beraubt ſein würde; welches der Vollkommenheit der Welt und dem Endzwecke der Schöpfung entgegen iſt. Und dennoch würde für die überbleibenden Thiere nichts bei ſolcher Ordnung gewonnen. Denn ſie müßten doch natürlicher Weiſe alle ſterben, weil nach den ordentlichen Geſetzen der Bewegung eine ſolche Maſchine eines organiſchen Körpers, als die Thiere haben, nicht ewig beſtehen kann, und ſie würden eines natürlichen Todes nur viel langſamer und ſchmerzhafter ſterben, als wenn ſie auf einmal von ihren Feinden hingerückt und überwältigt werden. Ja, aus dem natürlichen Tode würde noch ein neues Ungemach für die Nachbleibenden entſtehen, wenn die hin und wieder umgefallenen Aeſer der Landthiere, und die herumtreibenden todten Fiſche Luft und Waſſer mit ihrem Geſtanke und mit ihrer Fäulung anſteckten, indem ſie von keinem fleiſchfreſſenden Thiere verzehret würden: woraus denn nothwendig unter den lebendigen Ekel, Krankheit und Peſt entſtehen müßte.

Es iſt alſo eine weiſe und gute Ordnung in der Natur, daß ſich manche Thiere von andern nähren. Die Welt wird dadurch mit einer weit größern Mannigfaltigkeit und Menge von Lebendigen, und ſodann mit allerhand Art von Luſt und Vergnügen erfüllet; welches ſie deſto vollkommener machet. Die Nahrung iſt nunmehr für alle zureichender, da ſie nicht bloß in dem Pflanzenreiche geſuchet werden darf. Eine jede Thierart wird, vermittelſt dieſer Ordnung, in gemäßigten Schranken gehalten, daß bloß ihr Ueberfluß beſchnitten wird, und ſie weder zu ſehr zunehmen, noch auch vertilget werden kann. Den leidenden Thieren geſchieht dadurch nicht mehr Böſes, als daß ſie ſterben; welches ihnen doch nach dem Laufe der Natur hätte begegnen müſſen, und welches ihnen auf die Art noch weit ſchmerzhafter geweſen wäre. Sie genießen unterdeſſen ihres Lebens, ſo lange ſie es haben, ohne alle Beſorgniß und Furcht des Zukünftigen. Der bevorſtehende Tod benimmt ihrer Zufriedenheit nichts, weil ſie durch keine Vorſtellung des zukünftigen Endes oder der Gefahr beunruhiget werden; ſie ſterben, ohne zu wiſſen, daß ſie ſterben. Ihr entſeelter Leichnam bleibt nicht zum Geſtanke und Scheuſale anderer liegen, ſondern wird bald auf's neue wieder beſeelt, indem er alſobald durch die Nahrung in die Gemeinſchaft des Lebens tritt. Unterdeſſen erneuert und vervielfältiget ſich eine jede Art der Sterblichen im beſtimmten Verhältniſſe durch die Erzeugung neuer Geſchlechter, und die Welt bleibt nicht allein ſtets gleich lebhaft an Thieren, ſondern die edlern, nämlich die Menſchen, und die unſchädlichen zahmen und wilden, nehmen zu, und die Welt wird noch vollkommener als ſie geweſen.

Man muß dabei die unendliche Vorſicht des Schöpfers bewundern, der den Raubthieren nicht mehr Fruchtbarkeit, Waffen, Stärke, Liſt, Geſchwindigkeit und Fraß beigeleget, als zur Verzehrung des Ueberfluſſes anderer Geſchlechter und der Aeſer ihrer Todten nöthig war; hingegen aber die leidenden und unſchädlichen, wo nicht mit Waffen und Stärke, dennoch mit ſo viel Furchtbarkeit, Liſt oder Geſchwindigkeit verſehen hat, daß allezeit ſo viele der Gefahr entgehen, als zum gebührenden Verhältniſſe der Thiere unter einander gehöret. Keine Art wird demnach zu ſehr verdränget, vermindert oder gar ausgerottet, keine nimmt zum Untergange anderer überhand.

Dieſes beweiſt eine Vorſehung, welche die Begebenheiten, in der Folge der Dinge, nicht bloß unbeſtimmt, und insgemein überdacht, ſondern alle einzelnen Fälle aller künftigen Zeiten, nach den natürlichen Wirkungen, genau abgewogen und berechnet hat: wie viele und welche Thiere jeder Art, an jedem Orte und zu jeder Zeit, nach dem gegebenen Maße ihrer Vermehrung, Kräfte, Waffen, Liſt oder Geſchwindigkeit, in der Verknüpfung der Dinge, ihren Feinden entkommen würden, damit ein beſtändiges Verhältniß unter allen bliebe. Wäre nicht jeder einzelner Fall in dem allgemeinen vorausgeſehen: ſo würde der beſondere wirkliche Erfolg der Begebenheiten einem blinden Zufalle überlaſſen ſein, und ſo wäre das Gleichgewicht in dem Thierreiche längſt geſtöret und aufgehoben, und manche Art würde zu volkreich, manche zu gering geworden und vergangen ſein.

§. 11.

Gleichwie wir Menſchen nun eine beſondere Vorſehung des Schöpfers über uns erkennen müſſen, daß er uns ſo viele Vorzüge vor den Thieren zugeſtanden hat, nicht aber verlangen können, daß die Welt allein um unſertwillen ſein ſollte: ſo wäre es auch eine unbedachtſame Forderung, daß wir lauter gute Tage in der Welt haben, und ſonſt keine Vorſehung über uns erkennen wollten. Denn eine ſolche Welt und Lebensart, darin dem Menſchen nichts Widriges, ſondern lauter Luſt und Freude begegnete, wäre nicht allein unmöglich, ſondern uns auch ſelbſt nicht zuträglich.

Laſſet uns einmal eine beſſere Welt für uns, wenigſtens in Gedanken, bauen, und ſehen, ob ſie für ſich und mit unſerm Wohl beſtehen könne. Es ſoll uns darin kein Blitz, kein Sturm, kein Erdbeben, keine Ueberſchwemmung treffen oder ſchrecken. Nicht Hitze, nicht Kälte ſoll zu unſerer Beläſtigung zunehmen, ſondern allerwärts und allezeit ſoll angenehmes Wetter ſein, regnen und wehen, wenn und wie wir es verlangen. Auf der Erde finden ſich nun keine Wüſten, Sand, Moor, Haide, Felſen, die Berge laſſen ſich herunter, Unkraut, Dornen und Diſteln verſchwinden, der Boden wird überall eben und fruchtbar, ſo, daß er ſeine Einwohner mit wechſelnder Schönheit anlachet. Man weiß von keinem Mißwachſe, ſondern alle Jahre bezahlen uns die Einſaat und Pflanzung mit dem reichſten Wucher. Wenn wir ja das Ungeziefer, nebſt den giftigen und reißenden Thieren, dulden, ſo wollen wir ſie in eine große Inſel verweiſen. Menſchen und Vieh müſſen keinen Fehl oder ſchwache und ungeſtalte Körper gebären. Ueber Armuth, Schmerz und Krankheiten werden keine Klagen geführet, ſondern was nur irgend Sinne und Gemüth ergötzen kann, das wird allenthalben in ſteter Geſundheit, Luſt und Ueberfluſſe genoſſen. Die Vorſtellung des Todes ſoll uns auch nicht quälen: man kann nach eigenem Gefallen entweder beſtändig hier leben oder ſanft einſchlafen. Ich weiß nicht, ob ich auch die heftigen Leidenſchaften und Laſter aus der Welt verbannen ſoll, und ſtatt deren lauter Tugend einführen: denn vielleicht möchten, nach Manches Sinne, jene eher, als dieſe, zur beſten Welt und zu den güldenen Zeiten gehören.

Allein, träumen wir denn nicht, wenn wir ſo denken? Nehmen wir nicht lauter widerſprechende Dinge für Möglichkeiten an? Die Erde kann ja nicht eben ſein, und doch mit fließenden Bächen und Strömen gewäſſert werden: ſie kann nicht einerlei fruchtbaren Boden haben, und doch allerlei Kräuter, Pflanzen, Bäume und Früchte tragen. Sie kann nicht Leimen, Sand, Kreide, Torf, Kohlen, Salz, Steine, Kalk, Kieß, Schwefel, Vitriol, Mineralien, Metalle, Geſundbrunnen und Bäder hergeben, ohne daß ſie aus verſchiedenen Theilen und Schichten zuſammengeſetzt ſei, und daß ſich hier und da eine Gährung und Entzündung äußere, welche ein Erdbeben nach ſich zieht. Sie kann nicht mit einem Luftkreiſe umgeben ſein, und doch keine Ausdünſtungen aufſteigen laſſen, welche Blitz, Wind und allerlei Wetter verurſachen. Wollen wir vom Monde Licht, nebſt Ebbe und Fluth, genießen, ſo müſſen wir auch von ſeinem Drucke oder Anziehen Stürme und Ueberſtrömungen annehmen. Soll die Sonne auf- und untergehen, Frühling, Sommer und Herbſt machen, und die Erde allenthalben wohnbar ſein, wie können wir einerlei Wärme und Wetter verlangen? Wie ſoll zu gleicher Zeit für die Wäſcherin die Sonne ſcheinen und für den Landmann Regen fallen? für das magere Land ein feuchtes, für das fette ein trockenes Jahr werden? für den auslaufenden Schiffer ein Oſtwind, für den einkommenden ein Weſtwind wehen?

Wir aber ſelbſt können ja nicht Menſchen, und doch von Natur unſterblich ſein; einen organiſchen Leib zu unſerm Werkzeuge brauchen, ohne daß er den mechaniſchen Geſetzen, dem Mißwachſe, der Schwäche und Krankheit, dem Tode und der Verweſung unterworfen wäre: wir können nicht zugleich Menſchen- und Mückenaugen haben, die zugleich ein Mikroſkopium und ein Fernglas wären; nicht Ohren, die Alles von Ferne und doch ohne Verwirrung hörten. Wie reimten ſich unſere zarten Empfindungen und geſchlanken Glieder mit einer eiſenharten Unempfindlichkeit gegen allen Schmerz und alle Verletzung?

Geſetzt aber, daß dergleichen Welt- und Lebensart möglich wäre: würde dieſer Zuſtand für uns gut ſein? Ich zweifele daran ſehr. Man wünſchet die Erde ſo ſchön, daß ſie vor Schönheit unwohnbar ſein würde. Das beſtändige angenehme Wetter, ohne Blitz, Sturm und Fluthen, wird Luft und Waſſer anſtecken, daß keine lebendige Seele dauren kann, und wird alle Pflanzen übertreiben und erſticken, daß keine Frucht oder Saat zur Reife gedeihet. Die ebene Erdfläche wird ein artiger Moraſt werden, weil man die Berge, Felſen und Gletſcher verwünſcht hat. Dem fruchtbaren Boden wird es an tauſenderlei nöthigen Pflanzen und Bäumen, an Haide, Torf, Kohlen Sand, Leimen, Kreide, Kalk, Steinen und allen Mineralien gebrechen. Und wo will man endlich mit allem Ueberfluſſe hin, der die Menſchen träge, wollüſtig und viehiſch machet? Warum will man Dürftigkeit und Armuth verbannen, da ſie doch das feſteſte Band der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft knüpfen, und ohne ſie aller Unterſchied der Stände aufhören, Keiner dem Andern dienſtbar ſein, Keiner auf Erfindungen und Künſte denken, das iſt, Alle arm und elend ſein würden.

Stete ſinnliche Luſt iſt der menſchlichen Natur eben ſo wenig gemäß: ein täglicher Zucker höret auf, ſüß zu ſchmecken, und erwecket bald Ekel und Unluſt: die körperlichen Nerven können den anhaltenden Kitzel nicht vertragen, und werden dadurch geſchwächt: das Gemüth aber wird inſonderheit dadurch entkräftet und in fauler Wolluſt begraben. Wir können jetzt kaum die guten Tage vertragen, da noch Regen mit dem Sonnenſcheine wechſelt: wie viel weniger würde uns eine lautere Heiterkeit dienen! Müßiggang, Trägheit, Schwelgerei, Geilheit, Dummheit, Unwiſſenheit, Thorheit, Uebermuth, Stolz, Zank und Unverträglichkeit würden die Folgen eines ſolchen Lebens ſein. Arbeit, Mühe, Widerwärtigkeit ſtärken und ſchärfen hingegen unſere Kräfte des Leibes und Gemüthes, und halten uns von mancher Ausſchweifung und Laſtern ab. Die Unluſt, welche ſich in unſere Fröhlichkeit miſchet, erhöhet ſogar ihre Empfindung, wie der Winter den Frühling, das Gewitter den Sonnenſchein, der Schatten die Farben, der Uebelklang die Uebereinſtimmung der Töne. Oft iſt ſie auch eine zwar bittere, doch heilſame Arzenei, die uns zur Geſundheit gereichet und unſere Begierden wieder in Ordnung bringet. Wenn wir uns nur ſelbſt kein Böſes zuziehen, und weiſe ſind, ſo wird bei allem Wechſel von Leid und Freude eine ſolche Miſchung bleiben, die uns das Leben nicht einmal erträglich, ſondern auch angenehm machet.

§. 12.

Diejenigen, welche überhaupt dem menſchlichen Leben ein überwiegendes Elend zuſchreiben, ſcheinen mir deſſen Werth nach den Wünſchen einer übertriebenen oder weichlichen Wolluſt zu ſchätzen, welche immer in vollem Kitzel der Sinne ſein will, und ſobald derſelbe aufhöret, oder durch ein kleines Ungemach geſtöret wird, ſchon heftig zu klagen anfängt. Sie ſcheinen die ſanfte Ruhe und Ergötzung nicht zu kennen, welche von der Beſchäftigung mit einer nützlichen Arbeit, von der Betrachtung der Natur und der darin offenbarten Weisheit und Güte ihres Urhebers, von der Einſicht der Wahrheit, von Witze und Erfindung, von einer weiſen und klugen Aufführung und von der Zufriedenheit des Gewiſſens über die Erfüllung ſeiner Pflicht entſteht. Sie ſcheinen nichts von der Hoffnung eines noch beſſeren Lebens in den Genuß des gegenwärtigen einfließen zu laſſen, und, da ihnen dieſes Leben, nach ihrer Natur, nicht volle Genüge thun kann, daſſelbe gar zu verachten.

Man beziehet ſich gegentheils, wie mich dünket, mit Unrecht auf aller Menſchen Urtheil und Empfindung, weil Keiner ſein voriges Leben noch einmal anzufangen verlangen würde, wenn er eben das Uebel, welches er ausgeſtanden, von Neuem wieder ausſtehen ſollte. Denn eines Theils iſt dieſes, was zum Grunde geleget wird, der Wahrheit nicht gemäß, andern Theils wird fälſchlich daraus geſchloſſen.

Vernunft und Erfahrung laſſen uns nicht anders denken, als daß die meiſten Menſchen ihr voriges Leben gern wieder anfangen würden, wenn ſie ſolches als möglich vorſtellten. Denn die Natur hat einem Jeden eine ſtarke Liebe zum Leben eingepflanzet; ſo daß wohl Einige deſſen Erhaltung mit vielem Schmerze erkaufen würden, wenn es ihnen frei ſtünde. Da nun die meiſten Menſchen ihr Leben in einem mittelmäßigen und erträglichen Zuſtande zubringen, Viele auch glücklich, reich, geehrt, geſund geweſen ſind: was ſollte ſie menſchlicher Weiſe bewegen, ihr voriges Leben ſo ſehr zu haſſen? Die fröhlichen Jugendjahre und die vollen Kräfte des mittlern Alters wünſchen ſich ja Viele wirklich wieder, ungeachtet ſie ihres eingemiſchten Leidens nicht vergeſſen haben: und ſelbſt diejenigen, denen im höheren Alter das ganze menſchliche Leben ſo elend, eitel und betrübt vorkömmt, würden es vielleicht, wenn der Tod ſie im Ernſte erlöſen wollte, ſo machen, wie jener Holzträger in der Fabel. Es giebt ja, leider! Viele, die kein zukünftiges Leben glauben, oder nicht daran gedenken: warum entleiben ſich die denn nicht Alle, wenn ſie es für beſſer halten, todt zu ſein, als zu leben? warum ſehen ſie vielmehr den Tod als das Allererſchrecklichſte an?

Aber ich will zugeſtehen, daß es einige Menſchen giebt, die ihr voriges Leben nicht wieder verlangen würden: dennoch folgere daraus nicht, daß ſie es darum thäten, weil ſie eine genaue Berechnung von aller empfundenen Luſt und Unluſt gemachet, und die Unluſt weit größer gefunden hätten. Etliche können wohl im Affecte bei gegenwärtiger Empfindung oder Erinnerung eines gewiſſen Leides und Verdruſſes in eine ſtarke Verwünſchung ihres Lebens ausbrechen: aber, wenn ſich die ungeſtüme Bewegung geleget hat, ſo ſind ſie anderes Sinnes. Andere haben, ihrer Meinung nach, noch eine gute Zeit zu leben vor ſich, und richten alsdenn, wenn ſie darauf ſehen, ihr Verlangen mehr auf das Zukünftige und auf die Hoffnung des Beſſeren. Denn wir ſuchen und hoffen, nach unſerer Natur, immer vollkommener und glücklicher zu werden; und in der Betrachtung iſt leicht zu begreifen, daß ein Menſch die niederen Stufen nicht gern noch einmal ſteigen will. Es geht ſolchen wie den Reiſenden, die noch manchen ſchönen Ort zu beſuchen vor ſich haben. Die werden bei der Begierde nicht gern umkehren und die vorigen Oerter noch einmal durchreiſen wollen. Aber daraus folget nicht, daß ihnen ihre vorige Reiſe mißfallen habe. Dieſes iſt noch vielmehr von denen zu ſagen, welche an dem Ende ihrer Zeitlichkeit einen ernſtlichen Blick in jene frohe Ewigkeit thun, und, in Vergleichung beider, die bevorſtehende lautere und höhere Freude mit einer vermiſchten und niedrigen nicht wieder vertauſchen wollten.

Wenn man die Glückſeligkeit des menſchlichen Lebens nicht ſowohl nach dem äußerlichen Glanze der Mittel und Ehre, als nach der Empfindung der Luſt, mißt: ſo iſt unter den Menſchen, wes Standes und welcher Umſtände ſie auch ſonſt ſein mögen, kein großer Unterſchied. Geringe und Arme eſſen und trinken ihre wohlfeile Koſt mit eben ſo vielem Wohlgeſchmacke, als der Reiche und Vornehme ſeine theuren Leckerbiſſen; ſie freuen ſich über Kleinigkeiten ja ſo ſehr, als ein König über Siege und eroberte Länder. Die Gewohnheit machet ihnen Arbeit und Mühe leicht, welche Andern ſo ſauer wird, und ſelbſt die Widerwärtigkeiten ſchärfen und erhöhen eine geringe Luſt, welche dazwiſchen kömmt. Was iſt daran gelegen, ob ſie ihre Luſt und ihr Vergnügen aus prächtigen und koſtbaren, oder aus ſchlechten und täglichen Dingen ſchöpfen, wenn ſie nur eben ſo viel Luſt und Vergnügen haben können, als der Glücklichſte?

Die Weisheit giebt allein, bei ſolcher Gleichheit der Menſchen, einen Vorzug. Weil wir nämlich, nach unſerer Natur, nicht anders, als durch niedrige Stufen, zu einer höheren Vollkommenheit und Glückſeligkeit kommen können: ſo verachtet und vergällt ein Weiſer das jetzige Leben und ſeinen Stand nicht durch thörichte Erfindungen zur Betrübniß und Klage. Er weiß, er iſt in der natürlichen Empfindung der Luſt nicht ſchlimmer daran, als die Größten und Reichſten; er genießt alſo des gegenwärtigen Guten und ſtöret ſich den Genuß nicht mit neidiſcher oder voreiliger Vorſtellung eines größeren Gutes, das er nicht beſitzt oder das Andere beſitzen. Er verachtet ſelbſt die ſinnlichen Ergötzungen nicht, aber er weiß ſie, durch klugen Gebrauch, unſchädlicher, ſchmackhafter und feiner zu machen: er bemühet ſich jedoch, vornehmlich die Vollkommenheiten in andern Menſchen, in der Natur und in deren großem Urheber einzuſehen, und darnach ſeinen Verſtand zum wahren und feſten Erkenntniſſe nützlicher Wahrheiten und ſein Herz zur Liebe, Tugend und Zufriedenheit zu bilden. Und dieſes ſichert ihn vor Thorheiten, Verdruſſe und Reue; es beglücket ſein Leben mit einem höheren und reineren Vergnügen, das niedrigen Seelen unbekannt bleibt; es ſetzet ihn über die widrigen Zufälle ſeiner zerbrechlichen Natur, und gönnet ihm, unter ſteter Verſicherung von der weiſeſten und gütigſten Obhut des allerhöchſten Weſens, einen Vorſchmack von einer künftigen größeren Glückſeligkeit, dazu er beſtimmet iſt.

§. 13.

Ein Weiſer wird aber keine wunderthätige Vorſehung in der Welt von Gott erwarten oder verlangen, noch ſich daran ſtoßen, wenn es das Anſehen hat, daß auch die Frommen einigen widrigen Zufällen in der Verknüpfung der Dinge unterworfen ſind; oder, daß die Laſterhaften nicht gleich auf der Stelle geſtraft werden, ſondern wohl gar vor Andern glücklich zu ſein ſcheinen. Er weiß fürs Erſte, wie oft man ſich in ſolchen Begebenheiten trüge, als ob es den Frommen ſo häufig übel und den Gottloſen wohl gehe; und in den ſeltenen Fällen, wo es Wahrheit hat, erkennet er doch, daß die Zulaſſung ſolcher widrigen Begebenheiten der weiſeſten Vorſehung gemäß ſei und von derſelben zum Guten gelenket werde.

Wer die Menſchen und ihre Zufälle genauer unterſuchet, der wird finden, daß von der meiſten Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit, Aufführung und Zuſtande falſch geurtheilet wird. Sie ſind mehrentheils entweder nicht fromm, oder ſelbſt ſchuld an ihrer Widerwärtigkeit, oder auch in der That nicht unglückſelig.

Wenn wir ſehen, daß ein wunderlicher Heiliger mit ſeinen Grillen oder mit ſeinem unzeitigen Eifer anläuft; daß ein unruhiger Kopf ſeine vermeintlich gerechte Sache, zu ſeinem Schaden, zu weit treibt; daß Mancher, ohne Fleiß, Vorſicht, Geſchicklichkeit und ordentliche Haushaltung, blos mit Beten, Leſen, Kirchengehen ſeine Nahrung vergeblich ſuchet; daß ein Anderer, bei ſeiner Einfalt und Unwiſſenheit, ohne Beförderung bleibt; daß dort ein Eigenſinniger, Mürriſcher, Zankſüchtiger viele Feinde hat: werden wir ſolchen Leuten eine hohe Frömmigkeit und Tugend beilegen und ihren Klagen Recht geben können, daß ſie unverſchuldet leiden?

Die meiſten Menſchen ſind blind gegen ihre Fehler, und daher geneigt, ihre eigene Schuld von ſich ab und auf Andere, oder aufs Unglück, auf ein Schickſal, auf die Vorſehung zu wälzen; dagegen aber ſich fälſchlich alle Fähigkeit, Vollkommenheit und Tugend, inſonderheit die Frömmigkeit, zuzueignen. Allein, ſie haben mehrentheils einen irrigen Begriff von dieſer großen Pflicht und deren Belohnung. Denn ſie bilden ſich ein, daß entweder der äußerliche Gottesdienſt, oder doch die Verehrung Gottes, Alles ausmache, was Gott von ihnen fordert, und daß ſie dadurch ſchon an ſich allen Segen verdienten, ſie möchten ſich übrigens betragen, wie ſie wollten. Die göttliche Ordnung erheiſchet aber auch die Pflichten gegen andere Menſchen und gegen uns ſelbſt; und zwar, was uns ſelbſt betrifft, daß wir nicht allein unſern Willen, ſondern auch unſern Verſtand und äußerlichen Zuſtand beſſern; daß wir vernünftig, weiſe, klug, vorſichtig werden, was Rechtſchaffenes meiſterlich lernen, emſig und fleißig ſind und uns andern Menſchen nütze und gefällig machen. Wer dieſes verſäumet, oder auch das Gegentheil thut, der kann nicht ſagen, daß er ſich der göttlichen Ordnung gemäß bezeige, und ſo ferne Gott ſeinen Gehorſam, Furcht oder Dienſt leiſte. Was Wunder iſt es denn, daß ihr Betragen ſeine natürlichen Folgen hat? oder wie kann man ſolche Begebenheiten unter diejenigen zählen, welche einen Anſtoß gegen die göttliche Vorſehung geben?

Können ſich aber die Menſchen nicht eben ſowohl in dem Urtheile, daß Einer laſterhaft und gottlos ſei, irren, als ſie der Schein einer Frömmigkeit, oder ihre Eigenliebe, trügt? Es wäre zu wünſchen, daß nur der Pöbel alle diejenigen, welche weltlichen Standes ſind, für Weltlichgeſinnte, alle Juriſten für böſe Chriſten, alle Naturforſcher für Naturaliſten, alle Mathematiker für Atheiſten, alle Reiche und Vornehme für ungerecht und gottlos hielte. Allein, vielleicht ſind auch Klügere nicht gänzlich von ſolchen Vorurtheilen frei, und oft miſchet ſich ein Neid oder eine beſondere Zwiſtigkeit mit in das liebloſe Urtheil ein. Geſetzt aber, man kann ſolche Leute, denen es wohl geht, nicht eben unter die Frommen und Tugendhaften rechnen: ſind ſie darum alſobald gottlos und laſterhaft zu nennen? Es giebt einen mittlern Zuſtand in der ſittlichen Vollkommenheit und Unvollkommenheit. Manche Menſchen ſind nicht völlig gut, aber auch nicht völlig böſe zu nennen; und ſolche können doch viel natürliches Gutes und viele Geſchicklichkeit, Klugheit, Emſigkeit, Dienſtfertigkeit und dergleichen löbliche Eigenſchaften an ſich haben. Sollen ſie darum alle natürliche Belohnung verlieren, weil ſie nicht alle Tugenden, und beſonders die höchſte, beſitzen? oder kann man ſie mit Recht zum Beiſpiele der Gottloſen ſtellen? oder kann Gott, nach ſeiner weiſen Vorſehung, eines ſeiner Kinder, wenn es nöthig thut, nicht mit Schärfe ziehen, das andere mit der Güte lenken?

Hierzu kommt noch, daß Viele ſich von der Glückſeligkeit und Unglückſeligkeit eine falſche Vorſtellung machen, als ob es auf den äußerlichen trüglichen Schein, und nicht auf das Vergnügen des Gemüthes, ankäme. Wer die Glückſeligkeit auf großen Reichthum, Pracht, Ehre, vornehmen Stand oder Wohlleben ſtellet, der machet Andere in ſeinen Gedanken glücklich, die es bei allem Ueberfluſſe der äußerlichen Glücksgüter, dennoch wegen Mangels der Zufriedenheit und wegen vieler Unruhe und Mißvergnügens, in der That nicht ſind: ſich ſelbſt aber machet er unglücklich, wenn er nicht Alles nach ſeinem Wunſche erhält: zumal, wenn er es meinet, mehr als Andere verdient zu haben, und dagegen das Gute, was er in ſeinem mittelmäßigen Zuſtande beſitzt, nicht erkennet oder genießt, ungeachtet ihm die Vorſehung ſo viel gegönnet, daß er könnte zufrieden ſein, und keine Urſache hätte zu klagen.

Aber ſelbſt das vermeinte Böſe, was dem Menſchen begegnet, verdienet ſo ferne den Namen nicht, als es ihm entweder den Weg zum Glücke bahnet, oder als eine bittere Arzenei heilſam und nöthig iſt, daß er ſich nicht überhebe und ausſchweife. Wie Mancher wäre nicht glücklich geworden, wenn er nicht unglücklich geweſen wäre! Hingegen bezeuget alle Geſchichte, daß vielen Laſterhaften ihr anſcheinendes Glück nur zum Falle gereichet habe, und ſo ferne nicht für ein Glück zu achten ſei. Wenn wir auch wiſſen ſollten, mit welcher unempfindlichen Gewohnheit die Meiſten ihre Glücksgüter genießen; wie hochmüthig, üppig, wollüſtig ſie durch ſtete gute Tage, und wie zärtlich ſie gegen die geringſte Unluſt werden; wie viel Verdruß ſich verborgener Weiſe auch in die Palläſte einſchleicht, und wohl gar bis zu den Thronen klimmet; mit welcher inneren Unruhe, Scham, Reue und Furcht das böſe Zeugniß des Gewiſſens die Laſterhaften züchtiget: ſo würden wir ihnen gewiß ſolche trügende Glückſeligkeit nicht mißgönnen.

§. 14.

Was aber die Fälle betrifft, da den wirklich Unſchuldigen und Frommen etwas wahrhaftig Böſes, den wirklich Laſterhaften und Gottloſen etwas wahrhaftig Gutes begegnet: ſo kann man dabei vernünftiger Weiſe keine wunderthätige und übernatürliche Vorſehung verlangen, ſondern höchſtens nur daraus ſchließen, daß beide widrige Begebenheiten zugelaſſen, weislich zum Guten gelenket und zu ſeiner Zeit nach Verdienſte vergolten werden.

Es giebt viele Menſchen, die ſich ſolchen Begriff von der beſonderen Vorſehung machen: Gott müßte, ſo oft die Unſchuldigen und Frommen in der Verknüpfung der Dinge mit einem Unfalle bedrohet würden, denſelben außerordentlich von ihnen abkehren und ihnen dagegen lauter Gutes widerfahren laſſen: die Laſterhaften aber müßte er alles Glückes berauben und mit gegenwärtiger Strafe belegen. Allein, eine ſolche Vorſehung wäre Beides, den Vollkommenheiten Gottes und ſeiner Werke entgegen und den Menſchen ſelbſt nicht zuträglich.

Würde Gott, in der Zeit, um einzelner Menſchen willen, etwas in der einmal beliebten Ordnung der Natur ändern: ſo müßte er nicht Alles voraus geſehen und überleget haben; ſo müßten ſeine erſteren oder letzteren Einſichten und Rathſchlüſſe nicht die beſten ſein, und er würde aus Mangel des Verſtandes oder des Willens eine Ordnung beliebt haben, die täglich an allen Orten einer Verbeſſerung bedürfte. Das widerſpricht aber der Unendlichkeit ſeiner Vollkommenheiten. Zudem, ſo würde durch die Veränderung der weiſeſten Einrichtung und Naturgeſetze weit mehr Gutes verhindert, und ſtatt eines Böſen weit mehr Böſes eingeführet werden. Denn man darf nicht gedenken, daß etwas der Natur und dem Weſen eines Dinges entgegen geſchehen könne, deſſen Aenderung ſich nicht weiter erſtreckte, als auf den kleinen Theil, worin es geſchähe. Es hängt Alles in der Welt zuſammen, und eine Veränderung muß die andere, ja viele mehrere nach ſich ziehen. Wenn nun die Kräfte und das Weſen der lebendigen und lebloſen Dinge die Mittel ſind, wodurch ſo viel Gutes in der Welt geſtiftet wird: ſo folget auch, daß eine außerordentliche Veränderung in den Begebenheiten der Natur, die dem erſten Zwecke nicht gemäß iſt, viel Gutes aufhebet, und dagegen mehr Böſes einführet, als dadurch verhindert würde. Je öfterer aber die Ordnung der Natur zerrüttet und geſtöret würde, deſto mehr würde auch die Uebereinſtimmung und Vollkommenheit der Welt geſchmälert. Nicht anders, als wie in einer bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft keine Ausnahme von den Geſetzen, bei dieſer oder jener einzelnen Perſon, geſchehen kann, ohne daß es Folgen nach ſich ziehet, und öftere Ausnahmen den Geſetzen ſelbſt ihre Kraft benehmen und die ganze Verfaſſung des Staats umkehren.

Wie? wenn denn nach eben den Regeln, wodurch ſo viele geſunde Körper gebildet werden, unter etlichen hundert Geburten, zufälliger Weiſe, ein Preßhafter, unter vielen tauſenden eine Mißgeburt hervorkommen wollte; wenn ein unſchuldig Kind durch Verwahrloſung ſeiner Wärterin Schaden leiden oder erdrückt werden würde; wenn ein frommer Mann von einem herabfallenden Ziegel gequetſchet, von einem tollen Ochſen geſtoßen, durch eine Feuersbrunſt ſeiner Güter beraubet, von einem Feinde verwundet, vom Blitze erſchlagen, von der See verſchlungen werden möchte: ſollte denn Gott alſobald in die Natur gewaltſam einbrechen, die Regeln, wornach ſo viele geſunde Körper gebildet werden, wodurch das Wachsthum und Leben der Menſchen und Thiere befördert wird, wornach ſich alle mechaniſche Bewegung in der Welt und der freie Wille richtet, hemmen, ſtören, ändern? Dadurch würde das Weſen und die Natur der Dinge ſelbſt aufgehoben und für ein Uebel Millionen geſtiftet.

§. 15.

Aber, wenn es auch die Vollkommenheit Gottes und ſeiner Werke zuließe, daß Gott eine ſo wunderthätige Vorſehung über die Frommen und Gottloſen äußerte: ſo würde es doch den Menſchen ſelbſt nicht erſprießlich, noch ihrer Vollkommenheit und Tugend förderlich ſein. Selbſt die Meinung, daß eine ſolche wunderthätige Vorſehung ſei, iſt den Menſchen höchſt ſchädlich: was würde nicht die Sache an ſich ſein? Denn wie Viele ſchöpfen nicht aus ſolcher falſchen Einbildung ein unzeitiges Vertrauen zu der göttlichen außerordentlichen Hülfe und Obhut, daß ſie die natürlichen Mittel der Weisheit, Klugheit, Behutſamkeit, ja Pflicht und Tugend in ihren Handlungen darüber verſäumen! Bei aller ihrer Nachläſſigkeit, Unvorſichtigkeit und Thorheit verlaſſen ſie ſich dennoch auf den göttlichen Segen und Beiſtand; welches nichts Anderes iſt, als glauben, daß Gott ihrenthalben alle Augenblicke Wunder thun werde. Solche Leute ſchließen auch wohl umgekehrt: es geht mir beſonders wohl, es gelingt mir dies und das; alſo hat es Gott um meinetwillen außerordentlich ſo gefüget, alſo muß ihm mein Wandel gefallen; da doch aus ihren Handlungen ſelbſt nichts weniger zu urtheilen iſt, als daß ſie den göttlichen Vorſchriften gemäß leben ſollten. Man kann denn auch leicht gedenken, wie unvernünftig und lieblos dergleichen Menſchen von andern urtheilen, wenn ihnen etwa widrige Begebenheiten zuſtoßen. Aus eben der irrigen Vorſtellung von der beſondern Vorſehung geſchieht es, daß einige ſonſt nicht böſe Menſchen mit ihrem Gebete, ſo zu reden, den Himmel zu ſtürmen gedenken und Gott andere Rathſchlüſſe gläubigſt abzwingen wollen, als ſeine ewige Weisheit feſtgeſetzet hat; da ſie vielmehr ihre Pflicht ſorgfältig thun und den Erfolg der göttlichen Vorſehung in gelaſſenem Vertrauen empfehlen ſollten.

Hieraus ſieht man ſchon, wenn eine ſolche wunderthätige Vorſehung wirklich wäre, als ſich Manche träumen laſſen, daß ſie nichts Gutes unter den Menſchen ſtiften würde. Wenn mit der Frömmigkeit lauter gute Tage, Geſundheit, Wohlſtand, Ehre, Freundſchaft und Glück, mit der Gottloſigkeit hergegen ſtets Krankheit, Armuth, Schande, Feindſchaft, Haß und alles Unglück verknüpft wäre: ſo würden die, welche ſonſt noch tugendhaft werden möchten, aus allzugroßem Vertrauen auf ſolche Vorſehung, ihre natürliche Fähigkeit, ſich vollkommen und glücklich zu machen, nicht gebrauchen, ihre Pflicht verſäumen und übertreten, in ihren Handlungen und Gebete verwegen werden, wenigſtens die Tugend nicht ſowohl um ihres innern Werthes, als um des äußeren Lohns willen, lieben und üben. Dagegen würden die, welche ein böſes Herz haben, zwar vielleicht durch Furcht einer gegenwärtigen außerordentlichen Strafe von ihrer Büberei abgeſchrecket; aber ihr Wille und Gemüth würde nicht geändert oder gebeſſert, ſondern nur unter beſtändiger Furcht gehalten. Durch Beides aber würde die aufrichtige willige Neigung zur Pflicht und Tugend, die innere Vollkommenheit der Menſchen, und aller Unterſchied zwiſchen Tugendhaften und Laſterhaften aufgehoben.

Die lockere Verbindung der äußerlichen Belohnungen des Glückes und der äußerlichen Strafen des Unglückes mit Tugenden und Laſtern iſt demnach weiſe und gut, damit die Menſchen ihre Pflicht nicht knechtiſch thun, ſondern Tugend als Tugend, um ihres inneren Werthes willen, hauptſächlich lieben, Laſter als Laſter, wegen ihrer inneren Häßlichkeit, vornehmlich haſſen möchten. Es iſt auch nicht zu beſürchten, daß ſolche Verknüpfung der Dinge, welche die Frommen vom Unglücke nicht ganz frei machet, und den Gottloſen nicht alles Glück abſchneidet, die Menſchen vom Guten abſchrecken und zum Böſen reizen könne. Denn weil das Unglück, eben darum, daß es nur ein Unglück iſt, nicht für eine Folge und Wirkung tugendhafter Handlungen angeſehen werden kann: ſo giebt es auch keinen Bewegungsgrund, die Tugend zu meiden. Und weil das Glück, eben darum, daß es ein bloßes Glück iſt, nicht in der Gewalt des Laſterhaften ſteht: ſo kann Niemand denken, wenn ich ein Schelm werde, ſo müſſen mir lauter Gewinne in Lotterien und gute Erbſchaften zufallen.

§. 16.

Hieraus iſt genugſam zu erkennen, daß es auf alle Weiſe der höchſten Weisheit und Güte gemäß geweſen, die widrigen Begebenheiten des Glückes und Unglückes in der Verknüpfung der Dinge zuzulaſſen; in ſo ferne durch deren außerordentliche Aenderung unendlich mehr Böſes in die Natur und unter die Menſchen ſelbſt würde eingeführet werden. Es erhellet alſo auch, daß dieſes mit Gottes allgemeiner und beſonderer Vorſehung gar wohl beſtehe und ihr gar nicht zur Laſt gereiche.

Der eigentliche Zweck Gottes iſt nicht, weder ſeinen lebendigen Geſchöpfen überhaupt Böſes widerfahren zu laſſen, und beſonders die frommen Menſchen unglücklich, die Gottloſen glücklich zu machen, die Tugend zu unterdrücken, die Laſter zu reizen, oder zu verſtatten, daß es Einer ſo gut habe wie der Andere. Es iſt auch nicht mehr Böſes in der Welt zugelaſſen, als was die weſentlichen Schranken endlicher Dinge in der vorſichtigſten Verknüpfung unvermeidlich nach ſich ziehen, und ohne welches Zulaſſung nur mehr Gutes gehindert, mehr Böſes befördert ſein würde. Dagegen liegt in der Hervorbringung aller möglichen Lebendigen, und in der Uebereinſtimmung aller Einrichtung, Kräfte und Regeln mit dem Wohl der Lebendigen, der wahre Zweck des Schöpfers vor Augen: daß ſo viel und ſo mancherlei Vollkommenheit, Gutes, Luſt und Glückſeligkeit in der Welt geſtiftet und genoſſen werden ſoll, als nur möglich iſt. Alles, was von Gott zur Wirklichkeit gebracht iſt, geht gerade auf dieſen Zweck. Der ganze Bau der Welt, die Vertheilung der Materie in eine Menge lichter und finſterer Kugeln, die Bewegung der himmliſchen Körper, die Abwechſelung von Tag und Nacht, von Jahren und Jahreszeiten, die Mannichfaltigkeiten der Erden und Erdgewächſe, die Fruchtbarkeit der Pflanzen und Thiere, die mechaniſchen Kräfte und Regeln, die Bildung der thieriſchen Körper und ihrer ſinnlichen Werkzeuge, die Triebe, Fertigkeiten und Künſte, welche ihren Seelen eingepflanzt ſind: Alles iſt gerade auf die Erhaltung und auf die Luſt der Lebendigen gerichtet. Alles iſt nicht allein untadelich, ſondern unverbeſſerlich.

Des Menſchen Natur iſt beſonders gemacht, den ganzen Erdboden zu bewohnen, alle Thiere zu beherrſchen, Alles zu ſeinem Nutzen und Vergnügen anzuwenden. Er genießt nicht allein derſelben ſinnlichen Luſt, welche die Thiere genießen, ſondern er kann ſie auch durch ſeinen Witz vervielfältigen, ſchärfen und erhöhen: er hat vor Andern eine Einſicht und Empfindung von Ordnung, Proportion, Uebereinſtimmung, Vollkommenheit, Schönheit, Weisheit, Kunſt, Geſelligkeit, Menſchenliebe, Tugend, Sittlichkeit und Religion: die natürlichen Regeln ſeines Verſtandes bringen ihn auf den Weg der Wahrheit; die natürlichen Regeln ſeines Willens führen ihn zu nichts, als zum Guten und zur Glückſeligkeit, und er hat ein Vermögen und Verlangen, immer bis ins Unendliche vollkommener und glücklicher zu werden.

Nun iſt es des Menſchen Sache, ſich deſſen auch ſo viel zu gebrauchen, als es möglich iſt. Bewegungsgründe dazu hat der Schöpfer ſchon genug in ſeine Seele geleget. Mit dem Erkenntniſſe der Wahrheit und Vollkommenheit, mit der Ausübung von Pflicht und Tugend, hat er ein ſüßes Vergnügen, und eine innere Beruhigung und Zufriedenheit, als eine eigenthümliche Belohnung, verknüpft, welche über Alles geht und ihm nimmer fehlſchlägt. Ueberdem iſt eine ſolche Verknüpfung in der Natur und unter den Menſchen ſelbſt gemachet, daß ſolche Bemühungen, welche der göttlichen Abſicht gemäß ſind, nämlich Erkenntniß, Weisheit, Kunſt, Mäßigkeit, Fleiß, Treue, Liebe, Dienſtfertigkeit, Frömmigkeit u. ſ. w., an ſich ſelbſt, nothwendig, angenehme Folgen und Wirkungen von Geſundheit, Wohlſtand, Ehre, Freundſchaft haben müſſen, welche wir als äußere Belohnungen guter Handlungen anzuſehen haben, die uns die Vorſehung, mit Abſicht auf unſer Beſtes, beſtimmet hat, und die ſelten ausbleiben.

Wir können alſo nicht anders denken, als daß auch Glücks- und Unglücksfälle, welche nicht von unſern Handlungen, ſondern von Gottes allgemeiner Verknüpfung der Dinge entſtehen, wenn ſie gleich widrig ſcheinen möchten, dennoch, nach eben der weiſen und gütigen Vorſehung des Schöpfers, eine Verbindung mit unſerm Betragen, und zwar zu unſerm Wohl, haben müſſen. Denn es kann in dem Laufe der Natur nichts ſo geringe ſein, das Gott nicht vorhero geſehen und beliebt hätte; und er kann nichts belieben, als was Gutes, oder auch nur zulaſſen, als aus guter Abſicht. Demnach muß auch die Verknüpfung der Glücks- und Unglücksfälle mit verſchiedener Menſchen Betragen was Gutes zur Abſicht haben und zum Mittel deſſelben angewandt ſein. Und es folget umgekehrt, daß alles Gute, was aus der Verknüpfung des Glückes und Unglückes mit verſchiedener Menſchen Betragen entſteht oder entſtehen kann, göttliche Abſicht ſei.

§. 17.

Wir mögen uns demnach eines Theils nur ſelber fragen, was für Vortheile aus den Glücks- und Unglücksfällen entſtehen oder entſtehen können: ſo werden wir die Abſichten Gottes ſo ferne erreichen. Uebrigens aber müſſen wir uns, vornehmlich in beſondern Fällen, erinnern, daß wir Menſchen nicht vermögend ſind, den Zuſammenhang jeder Begebenheit mit dem Nutzen einzelner oder mehrerer, oder gar aller Menſchen einzuſehen; und wir haben dennoch nicht Urſache, anders zu denken, als daß ſie nach weiſem Rathe und Fügung zum Beſten verhängt oder zugelaſſen ſind. Denn wir müſſen dieſe Begebenheiten billig ſo betrachten, als die Werke der Natur, weil ſie von einem und demſelben Urheber, nach einerlei Abſicht und Regeln der Weisheit, entſtanden ſind. Da lehret uns nun Erfahrung und Vernunft in tauſend Beiſpielen, daß die Theile der Thiere, Pflanzen, und des ganzen Erdbodens, die Naturkräfte und Geſetze der Bewegung, die Einrichtung und Zuſammenfügung der großen Weltkörper, die Ordnung und der Lauf der Veränderungen in der Welt, nicht umſonſt ſei, ſondern Alles ſeinen Nutzen für die Lebendigen habe. Wenn wir aber den Gebrauch und Nutzen eines Theiles der Pflanzen und thieriſchen Körper, oder einer andern Sache und Geſchichte in der Natur nicht errathen können: was denken wir denn vernünftiger Weiſe? ſchließen wir, daß die Sache deswegen gar keinen Nutzen habe, weil wir ihn nicht wiſſen und einſehen? Nein, wir ſetzen vielmehr zur Regel: in der Natur iſt und geſchieht nichts umſonſt; Alles hat ſeinen Nutzen, ob wir ihn gleich nicht wiſſen. Nun gehen ja die Glücks- und Unglücksfälle auch natürlich zu, und ſie ſind nicht anders, als Begebenheiten der Natur anzuſehen. Wir heißen ſie nur Glück und Unglück, wegen unſerer Unwiſſenheit, weil wir ſie nicht vorausſehen, oder ihre Verknüpfung mit den Urſachen und Abſichten wiſſen. Vor Gott iſt aber nichts Glück oder Unglück, ſondern Alles in ſeiner Vorwiſſenheit ſo gewiß, als die Sonnen- und Mondfinſterniſſen, Jahreszeiten und Witterungen ſind. Müſſen ſie denn nicht eben ſo, wie dieſe Begebenheiten, in dem göttlichen Rathſchluſſe zureichenden Bewegungsgrund, Abſicht, Regel und Nutzen haben?

Ich brauche nicht viel von den Glücks- und Unglücksfällen zu ſagen, da Fromme Gutes und Gottloſe Böſes trifft: denn die geben der Vorſehung gar keinen Anſtoß, ſondern beſtätigen ſie vielmehr. Unterdeſſen machen ſich diejenigen hauptſächlich dergleichen Fälle zu Nutze, die das Gute nicht als ein Ungefähr, ſondern als ein Gnadengeſchenk ihres Schöpfers annehmen, das ſie zur Dankbarkeit, Liebe und Gehorſam gegen ihn, zu mehrerer Gutthätigkeit gegen andere Menſchen und zum beharrlichen Vorſatze der Tugend ermuntern ſoll. Die Unglücksfälle hingegen machen ſich die zu Nutze, welche ſie für eine göttliche Züchtigung und Warnung anſehen und ſich forthin ſeinen Abſichten gemäßer zu leben entſchließen.

So werden wir auch diejenigen Fälle leichtlich mit der beſondern Vorſehung zuſammen reimen, da eben das Unglück den Frommen ein Mittel zum Glücke, das Glück hingegen den Gottloſen zum ſchwereren Falle gediehen iſt. Denn wenn uns gleich ſolche Begebenheiten anfänglich wunderbar und widrig ſcheinen, ſo kann doch die Auflöſung und das Ende ſolcher Geſchichte, wenn wir es abſehen können, nicht anders, als gefallen. Ein fremder nimmt an ſolchem Ausgange, ſogar auf der Schaubühne, geſchweige in den wirklichen Begebenheiten, mit Freuden Theil, wenn er die Tugend endlich belohnet und die Laſter dennoch zuletzt geſtraft ſieht. Was muß es aber nicht für eine innere Genugthuung für denjenigen ſelbſt ſein, der mitten im Unglücke Pflicht und Gewiſſen ſtandhaft beobachtet und ſein Vertrauen zu der göttlichen Vorſehung nicht weggeworfen hat; wenn endlich die Beſtändigkeit ſeiner Tugend deſto reichlicher gekrönet wird.

§. 18.

Was kann aber das Böſe für Nutzen haben, ſo ferne es, ohne folgende Vergütung, Unſchuldige und Fromme trifft? Mich dünket, wer die Verknüpfung in der Welt und die Natur der Menſchen nur ein wenig mit Bedacht betrachtet hat, der muß leicht einſehen können, daß das Böſe, welches den Schranken der Dinge anhängt, in der Ordnung und dem Laufe der Natur allenthalben zum Mittel des Guten angewandt ſei.

So unzählig verſchiedene Dinge, mit verſchiedenen Kräften und Bemühungen, müſſen nothwendig einander alle Augenblicke entgegen arbeiten. Sie ſind aber in eine ſolche Verbindung gebracht, wie von einem geſchickten Baumeiſter die Steine eines Gewölbes zuſammen gefüget werden, daſelbſt eines jeden Steines Neigung zum Sturze und Falle die Feſtigkeit des Gewölbes und ganzen Gebäudes machen hilft. Das Bemühen eines jeden Stäubchens, Tropfens und Luftkügelchens, ſich nach einem und demſelben Punkte zu bewegen und ſeine Nachbarn zu verdrängen, giebt der Erde ihre Figur und Feſtigkeit, dem Waſſer ſeine Waſſerwageregel, der Luft ihren uns ſo nützlichen Druck. Die ſtreitenden Bemühungen der Planeten, auf die Sonne zu fallen, und der Sonne, ſie abzuhalten, verurſachet und erhält ihre richtige Wirbelung und ihren ordentlichen Lauf. Das Toben der Elemente in unſerm Luftkreiſe, welches nothwendig von den verſchiedenen Ausdünſtungen entſtehen mußte, geht mit der folgenden fruchtbaren Witterung ſchwanger. Die Vergänglichkeit der organiſchen Körper von Pflanzen und Thieren wird zur Erzeugung und Erhaltung anderer angewandt. Alles iſt ſeiner Natur nach verweslich und verderblich, aber in der ganzen Natur verdirbt nichts umſonſt.

Wir Menſchen ſind insbeſondere ſo geartet, daß uns unſere Unvollkommenheit eine Stufe zur Vollkommenheit werden muß, die entweder dem ganzen menſchlichen Geſchlechte, oder einzelnen Perſonen, erſprießlich iſt. Wir kommen nackt, ohne Waffen, Wiſſenſchaft und Vermögen, uns zu erhalten, auf die Welt; aber eben dieſer Mangel wird das Mittel der Geſelligkeit, Sprache und Uebung der Vernunft. Erſt mußten die Menſchen Noth und Kummer leiden, ehe ſie zur Erfindung der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften erweckt werden konnten: erſt rohe und wild gegen einander verfahren, ehe ſie ſich ein friedfertiges, ſittſames und bürgerliches Leben beſſer gefallen ließen. Barbarei, Aberglauben, Religionsverfolgung, Hexenproceſſe über Unſchuldige und dergleichen mußten zuvor aufs Höchſte ſteigen, ehe ſie Allen konnten zum Abſcheue werden. Hätte ſich nicht ſo Mancher, zu ſeinem Schaden, in die See und unter die Erde gewaget, ſo wären uns noch Schifffahrt und Handlung, Eiſen und alle Reichthümer der Erde verborgen. Noch müſſen wir manche Abwege der Irrthümer durchwandern, ehe wir den rechten Weg der Wahrheit finden: erſt durch viele Beiſpiele der Unbehutſamkeit gewarnet werden, ehe wir die Mittel der Vorſicht brauchen, erſt manchen Schaden erdulden, ehe wir den gewünſchten Vortheil ziehen können. Wenn wir überhaupt alles Gute bedenken, was jetzt in Wiſſenſchaften, Künſten, Geſetzen, Polizei, Landwirthſchaft, Handlung und Bequemlichkeit des Lebens den Menſchen zu ſtatten kömmt: ſo werden wir finden, daß es faſt durchgehends eine Frucht des vorhergegangenen Böſen ſei. Und es iſt kein Zweifel, daß noch viel Böſes unter uns waltet, welches noch mit einem verborgenen allgemeinen Guten ſchwanger geht.

Es werden zuweilen preßhafte Kinder, ja Mißgeburten erzeuget. Aber zu geſchweigen, daß ſie uns Manches in der Zergliederungskunſt und von dem Gebrauche der Theile entdeckt haben; ſo würden wir auch ohne ſolche Fälle meinen, die geſunde Bildung könne nicht anders ſein. Nun lernen wir, daß auch Regeln möglich ſind, nach welchen lauter Mißgeburten entſtanden, daß die Natur nichts ſchlechterdings Nothwendiges ſei, und daß wir unſere Geſundheit einem weiſen Schöpfer zu danken haben, der uns ſo vollkommen gebildet. Es ſteht dahin, ob nicht die Menſchen einmal daraus lernen werden oder lernen ſollen, daß es beſſer wäre, ſolche Mißgeburten, die ſich nur ſelbſt zur Qual und Andern zum Scheuſale leben würden, nicht zu erziehen, ſondern, nach obrigkeitlichem Urtheile, in der erſten Kindheit, wenn ſie noch von ſich ſelbſt nicht wiſſen, durch einen ſanften Tod wieder einſchlafen zu laſſen. Manches Kind wird von ſeiner Amme oder eigenen Mutter im Schlafe erdrückt, von der Wärterin verwahrloſet oder durch unnöthigen Zwang der Glieder verrenket und verletzt. Was klagen wir aber die Vorſehung an, daß ſie die Luft dem Menſchen zum Leben ſo nöthig gemachet, oder daß ſie die ſorgloſen Ammen und Mütter nicht übernatürlich erwecket, oder daß ſie den Wachsthum des Leibes nicht gegen den unnatürlichen Zwang bewahret? Laſſet uns vielmehr lernen, behutſamer und ſorgfältiger zu werden. Laſſet uns ein Schutzmittel für die Kinder gegen die Schläfrigkeit ihrer Säugerinnen erfinden, oder vielmehr, was ſchon erfunden iſt, einführen und gemeiner machen. Laſſet uns der Natur in ihrem Wachsthume keine unnöthige Pflege und thörichte Feſſel anlegen, da wir offenbar ſehen, daß bei den Ständen und Völkern die zarten Leiber am ſtärkſten und geſundeſten aufwachſen, bei welchen ſie die wenigſte Wartung und den wenigſten Zwang haben.

Die göttliche Vorſehung iſt zwar ſo gütig gegen die Menſchen geweſen, daß ſie eine ſolche Verknüpfung unter ihnen gemachet, wo ſelbſt ihre Vergehungen, Thorheiten und Laſter dem ganzen Geſchlechte, oder der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft, zum Vortheile gereichen müſſen. Die bloße Eigenliebe eines jeden Mitgliedes muß, wenn Einer nur die geringſte Vernunft dabei brauchet, eben ſolche Handlungen hervorbringen, welche er auch aus Menſchenliebe und bürgerlicher Pflicht hätte thun ſollen; weil er wohl einſehen kann, daß er ſein Wohl durch keine andere Mittel in der Geſellſchaft zu befördern fähig ſei, als durch ſolche, wovon auch andere Menſchen Nutzen haben. Selbſt die Laſter, als Wolluſt, Ueppigkeit, Eitelkeit, Verſchwendung, Geiz, Dieberei u. ſ. w., ernähren die Hälfte des menſchlichen Geſchlechtes, nicht ſoferne es Laſter ſind, oder weil an ſich eine bürgerliche Geſellſchaft ohne Laſter nicht beſtehen könnte, und ohne dieſelbe nicht noch beſſer daran ſein ſollte, ſondern weil Gott die Verknüpfung unter den Menſchen ſo weislich gemachet, daß ſelbſt ihr unſinniges Betragen, wider ihren Dank und Willen, denen Nebenmenſchen zum Guten gereichen muß. Allein, die Menſchen müßten auch, nach göttlicher Abſicht, ſelbſt das Ihrige thun und aus dem Böſen Vortheil ziehen lernen; ſo weit es in ihrer Macht iſt; das iſt, auf ſolche Verordnungen und Mittel ſinnen, wodurch, ohne ſolch Böſes, eben derſelbe und noch weit größerer Vortheil erwüchſe. Es iſt auch faſt kein Zweifel, daß durch weiſe Regenten und Landesväter dergleichen immer mehr wird veranſtaltet werden, wodurch dem Müßiggange, der Bettelei und Dieberei, dem Betruge, der Lüderlichkeit und andern Laſtern zeitiger geſteuret, eine beſſere Erziehung und Sittlichkeit eingeführet, und den Unterthanen, ohne ſclaviſchen Zwang und Unterdrückung, mehrere Gelegenheit zum Wohlſtande gegeben werden möge. Denn unter Allem, was der Menſchen wahrer Glückſeligkeit in der Welt entgegen iſt, machet unſtreitig dasjenige den allergrößten Theil aus, was aus der Menſchen eigener Thorheit entſteht, oder da ein Menſch dem andern ſchadet, welches beides der Vorſehung nicht zur Laſt fallen kann.

§. 19.

Bisher habe ich gezeigt, wie das Böſe, durch göttliche Vorſehung, zum Mittel des allgemeinen Guten angewandt werde. Nun will ich noch mit wenigem zeigen, was einzelne Menſchen ſelbſt von dem Böſen, das ſie wider ihr Verſchulden trifft, für Nutzen haben oder haben können: dabei ich jedoch überhaupt erinnern muß, daß das eine Unglück mehr dieſen, das andere mehr jenen Nutzen verſchaffe.

Der erſte Nutzen äußert ſich im Verſtande des Menſchen. Unglück, Noth, Armuth, Elend machen klug, weiſe, vorſichtig, erfinderiſch, kunſtreich: wie hergegen das Glück träge, unwiſſend, unverſtändig, thöricht.

Der zweite Nutzen betrifft den Willen. Es bewahret vor Hochmuth, Stolz, Verachtung Anderer, Ueppigkeit, Wolluſt, Faulheit und allerlei Ausſchweifungen: und machet dagegen arbeitſam, ordentlich, mäßig, geduldig, umgänglich, demüthig, dienſtfertig, mitleidig.

Der dritte Nutzen zeigt ſich in der Zufriedenheit des Gemüthes. Unglück und Elend verurſachen, daß wir das Gute im Leben, wenn es auch geringe iſt, deſto mehr ſchmecken und empfinden, aber gegen die widrigen Zufälle hart werden. Dagegen das Glück Gelegenheit giebt, daß Menſchen das viele Gute nur in unempfindlicher Gewohnheit genießen und gegen die geringſte Unluſt deſto zärtlicher werden. Es ſteht dahin, ob Manche, zumal Laſterhafte, den Ueberfluß ſo mancher Glücksgüter mit eben ſo großem Vergnügen und ungeſtörter Zufriedenheit genießen, als ein Weiſer und Tugendhafter ſelbſt von der Linderung ſeines Schmerzes und Elendes gerühret wird oder ſich an Kleinigkeiten zu ergötzen weiß, ohne der Vortheile zu gedenken, die ihm ſeine Weisheit, Tugend, ſein gutes Gewiſſen und die Religion an ſich gewähret.

Der vierte Vortheil beziehet ſich auf die menſchliche Geſellſchaft. Die Leute, die Allerlei verſuchet haben und durch manche Noth geübt ſind, werden die beſten Bürger, weil ſie nämlich arbeitſam, ordentlich, mäßig, geduldig, verträglich, demüthig, mitleidig, dienſtfertig geworden ſind. Und dieſes ſind Tugenden, die nicht allein Andern gute Beiſpiele geben und dem gemeinen Weſen erſprießlich ſind, ſondern die auch dem, welcher ſie an ſich hat, Liebe, Mitleid, Gunſt, Lob und Beiſtand verſchaffen, weil er ſich, ſelbſt im Unglücke, klug, vernünftig und tugendhaft beweiſt.

Ich will fünftens noch mancherlei anderen Nutzen des Unglückes zuſammen faſſen; daß es Tugendhafte von Laſterhaften unterſcheidet; daß ſie die Belohnung der Tugend nicht im Aeußerlichen, ſondern in der Tugend ſelbſt, in der Pflicht und dem guten Gewiſſen ſuchen; daß ſie deſto fleißiger an Gott denken und ihr Vertrauen auf ſeine weiſe Führung ſchärfen; daß ſie ihre Gedanken und Hoffnung deſto eifriger auf ein beſſeres Leben richten, deſto weniger furchtſam ſind vor dem Tode, deſto williger ſterben.

Ueberhaupt iſt gewiß, daß es uns Menſchen, in dieſem Zuſtande, nicht erſprießlich ſein würde, wenn wir lauter reines Glück und gute Tage hätten. Wie aber gar Wenige in einem hohen Grade glücklich zu nennen ſind: ſo ſind hergegen auch ſehr wenige Menſchen, die in einem hohen Grade und ohne ihre eigene Schuld und Verſehen unglücklich wären. Der meiſten Menſchen Zuſtand iſt mittelmäßig und gemiſcht, und den muß man, was das Vergnügen betrifft, nicht nach dem äußerlichen Scheine der Geburt, des Standes, Ranges, Reichthumes u. ſ. w. ſchätzen. Es iſt eine große Wahrheit, die ſowohl zur Vertheidigung der göttlichen Vorſehung, als zum Troſte der Niedrigen dienet, daß, ſo ungleich die äußerlichen Glücksgüter ausgetheilet ſcheinen, dennoch die Luſt und das Vergnügen Allen und Jeden am wohlfeilſten und in ziemlich gleicher Maaße dargeboten werde. Da heißt es in Wahrheit, wie von dem Manna der Iſraeliten: der hatte nichts über, der viel geſammlet hatte, und der nichts drunter, der wenig geſammlet hatte; ſondern ein jeglicher hatte geſammlet, ſo viel er für ſich eſſen konnte. Die Weisheit allein giebt wahren Geſchmack der Süßigkeit und das Uebermaaß des Vergnügens, das auch die eingemiſchten Bitterkeiten dämpfen kann.

§. 20.

Unterdeſſen will ich nicht leugnen, daß es einige ſeltene Fälle eines großen Unglückes giebt, da ein Menſch, welchen es trifft, ein wenig zeitiger denken muß, was wir Alle im Alter und gegen das Ende des Lebens zu denken erinnert werden, daß wir nicht hauptſächlich für dieſes Leben gemacht ſind. Denn wir mögen noch ſo lange und noch ſo glücklich gelebet haben, ſo finden wir doch, wenn es vorbei iſt, daß es vorbei und einem bloßen Traume ähnlich ſei. Unſere Augen ſehen natürlicher Weiſe vorwärts ins Weitere, unſere Begierden erſtrecken ſich aufs Zukünftige, und dieſes um ſo viel mehr, je weniger uns das Gegenwärtige befriedigt. Wenn alſo die Tage kommen, die einem nicht gefallen, es ſei wegen ſchwächlichen Alters, oder wegen eines empfindlichen Unglücks: ſo kann doch die Hoffnung eines beſſeren und dauerhafteren Lebens das gegenwärtige Leid verſüßen. Hat uns nun die Vorſehung dazu beſtimmt, und wird ſie denen beſonders, welche hier einen ſchweren Stand gehabt, für ihre Geduld und Treue Rechnung halten: ſo haben wir in keinen, auch den ſchlimmſten Zufällen über die Vorſehung zu klagen, als Menſchen, die keine Hoffnung haben: ſo wenig, als wir die Laſterhaften in ihrem kurzen Glücke beneiden dürfen, da ſie zu einer deſto größeren Strafe aufbehalten ſind.

Wenn ſich Menſchen ihre Unſterblichkeit aus dem Sinne zu reden bemühen, ſo zeigen ſie ſchon dadurch, daß ſie laſterhaft ſind und unnatürlich denken. Denn wenn ſie das böſe Gewiſſen nicht mit künftiger Strafe bedrohete, ſondern ſie ſich vielmehr nach ihrer Aufführung eine unaufhörliche Seligkeit verſprechen könnten: ſo möchten ſie ja wünſchen, daß die Seele unſterblich wäre. Wenn ſie aber bedächten, daß das Verlangen nach einer unaufhörlichen Glückſeligkeit, bei einer Kreatur, welche Vernunft hat und ſich vermöge derſelben ihre zukünftige Dauer vorſtellen kann, aus den eingepflanzten Regeln des Verſtandes und Willens nothwendig fließe: ſo würden ſie einſehen, daß ſolch Verlangen nichts anders, als den Zweck des Urhebers unſerer Natur vorſtelle, und beides deſſen Vollkommenheiten als unſerm Weſen und ganzen Bemühen gemäß ſei. Sind Andere, welche den Laſtern und der Sinnlichkeit nicht ſo ſclaviſch dienen: ſo wünſchen ſie doch wenigſtens von dieſer Wahrheit überzeugt zu ſein, und fühlen in ſich die Stimme der Natur, welche ſie ihre Begierden über das Ziel dieſes Lebens ins Unendliche erſtrecken heißt: indem ihnen alle Ergötzlichkeiten der Welt, und ſelbſt die vernünftigſten, ſo oft ſie an ihr Ende gedenken, nicht Genüge thun wollen, ſondern vielmehr bitter werden.

Es wird demnach meine Pflicht ſein, daß ich dieſe Wahrheit klar und deutlich erweiſe, welche nicht allein unſer gegenwärtiges Leid verſüßet und verkürzet, ſondern auch alle unſere Glückſeligkeit, deren wir in dieſem Leben zu genießen fähig ſind, reiniget und erhöhet, alle Religion verſiegelt und uns auch im Tode getroſt machet.

Georg Reinbeck,

geboren am 11. October 1768 zu Berlin, wurde nach zurückgelegten Studienjahren Hauslehrer zu Petersburg, 1795 Profeſſor der Aeſthetik und deutſchen Sprache an der daſigen deutſchen Hauptſchule und kurze Zeit darauf Mitdirector und Regiſſeur des neu errichteten deutſchen Theaters. Im Jahre 1805 bereiſte er Deutſchland, ließ ſich 1807 in Stuttgart nieder und ward 1811 württembergiſcher Hofrath und Profeſſor der deutſchen Sprache und Litteratur am Obergymnaſium zu Stuttgart, ſowie ſpäter Oberbibliothekar daſelbſt.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Schauſpiele. Leipz. 1805.
Flüchtige Bemerkungen auf einer Reiſe von Petersburg nach Deutſchland. 2 Th. Leipz. 1806.
Erzählungen. Leipz. 1808. Neue Aufl. 1817.
Heidelberg und ſeine Umgebungen. Tübingen 1808.
Winterblüthen. 2. Aufl. Leipz. 1817.
Blüthen der Muſe. 16 Bdchn. Eſſen 1813.
Handbuch der Sprachwiſſenſchaften. 2. Aufl. 4 Th. Eſſen 1819 ff.
Sämmtliche dramatiſche Werke. 6 Th. Heidelberg und Koblenz 1817—22.
Gedichte. Leipz. 1819.
Deutſche Sprachlehre. 5. Aufl. Stuttg. 1821.
Abendunterhaltungen. 2 Th. Eſſen 1822.
Regellehre der deutſchen Sprache. Eſſen 1821.
Vorhalle zum deutſchen Schriftenthum. Stuttg. 1827.
Lebensbilder. 3 Th. Eſſen 1829.
Abriß der Geſchichte der deutſchen Dichtkunſt und ihrer Litteratur. Eſſen 1830.

Innige Gemüthlichkeit, Geſundheit der Empfindung, Eifer für Wahrheit und Recht, Klarheit und Anmuth der Darſtellung zeichnen die poetiſchen Arbeiten dieſes trefflichen Mannes vortheilhaft aus, obwohl die meiſten ſich nur in der Sphäre des täglichen Lebens bewegen. Als Grammatiker hat er ſich gleichfalls einen geachteten Namen erworben.

Franz Volkmar Reinhard,

eines Predigers Sohn, geboren am 12. März 1753 zu Vohenſtrauß bei Sulzbach, ſtudirte, nachdem er ſich im älterlichen Hauſe und darauf auf der Schule zu Regensburg für die Univerſität vorbereitet hatte, von 1773 zu Wittenberg, woſelbſt er auch 1777 Magiſter und 1780 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie wurde. Der große Beifall, welchen ſeine Vorleſungen fanden, verſchafften ihm in Kurzem auch die ordentliche Profeſſur, und ſein ſeltenes Talent für Kanzelberedſamkeit veranlaßte die ſächſiſche Regierung, ihn im Jahre 1792 als Oberhofprediger, Kirchenrath und Oberconſiſtorialaſſeſſor nach Dresden zu berufen. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. September 1812. Sein Leben beſchrieb K. A. Böttiger (Dresden 1813, 2. Aufl. 1816), F. A. Köthe (Jena 1812), K. L. H. Pölitz (2 Th. Dresden 1813—15) u. A.

Die wichtigſten ſeiner Schriften ſind:

Verſuch über den Plan, den der Stifter der chriſtlichen Religion zum Beſten der Menſchen entwarf. Wittenberg u. Zerbſt 1781 u. ö.

Predigten. 2 Th. Wittenberg u. Zerbſt 1786.

Predigten von 1795—1812. 35 Th. Sulzbach 1796—1813 u. ö.

Beiträge zur Schärfung des ſittlichen Gefühls. 2. Aufl. Leipz. 1813.

Predigten zur häuslichen Erbauung. Herausgeg. von Hacker. 4 Th. Sulzbach 1813.

Sämmtliche Reformationspredigten. Herausgeg. v. Berthold und Engelhard. 3 Th. Sulzbach 1821—24.

Syſtem der chriſtlichen Moral. 5 Th. Wittenberg 1788—1815 u. ö.

Geſtändniſſe, meine Predigten und Bildung zum Prediger betreffend. Sulzb. 1810; 2. Aufl. 1811.

Ueber das Wunderbare und die Verwunderung. Wittenberg 1782.

Ueber den Kleinigkeitsgeiſt in der Sittenlehre. N. A. Meißen 1817.

Der berühmteſte deutſche Kanzelredner ſeiner Zeit und einer der bedeutendſten Verfechter des älteren Rationalismus. Seine Predigten zeichnen ſich durch ſtreng logiſche Anordnung, klare, lebendige, allgemein faßliche Darſtellung, Würde und Kraft, neben inniger Wärme ſo glanzvoll aus, daß ſie ſtets als Muſterbilder gelten werden.

Von der Erfahrung, daß man den beſten Menſchen gewöhnlich erſt dann volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren läßt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat. —

Eine Predigt von F. V. Reinhard.

Am Sonntage Cantate *).

Evangelium: Joh. 16. V. 5—15.

Wenn die Geſchichte Jeſu, unſers Herrn, irgend etwas auffallen und befremden muß, M. Z., ſo iſt es gewiß ſein frühes, und zwar vorſätzliches Scheiden. Es vereinigt ſich bei demſelben Alles, was man unerwartet und räthſelhaft nennen kann. Daß Jeſus ſeinem Tode freiwillig entgegenging, und ihn gleichſam ſuchte, iſt unſtreitig. Er hätte ihm ausweichen können, wenn er gewollt hätte; noch in der Nacht, in der man ihn verhaftete, war es in ſeiner Macht, zu entfliehen, und den Anſchlag ſeiner Feinde, nebſt der Verrätherei ſeines treuloſen Jüngers zu vereiteln. Aber er ſagt es ſeinen Jüngern ausdrücklich: ſeine Stunde ſei nun gekommen, und er gehe zum Vater; er begiebt ſich wohlbedächtig an den Ort, wo ihn der Verräther mit ſeiner Schaar anzutreffen hofft, und überläßt ſich denſelben ohne allen Widerſtand. Und doch befand er ſich in den Jahren der munterſten Kraft und blühendſten Geſundheit; doch hatte er für ſeinen Endzweck nicht länger, als drei Jahre lang, öffentlich gewirkt; das, was er ausgerichtet hatte, konnte man kaum eine Vorbereitung, kaum eine Anregung der unermeßlichen Veränderung nennen, die er hervorbringen wollte; ſeinen Mitbürgern war er entweder gleichgültig, oder ein Räthſel, und der übrigen Welt noch völlig unbekannt; er wußte es, daß es ihm noch nicht einmal bei ſeinen vertrauteſten Freunden gelungen war, ſich verſtändlich zu machen, und Sinn und Gefühl für die Sache, mit der er umging, in ihnen zu wecken. War es bei ſolchen Umſtänden rathſam, abzutreten, und ſich auf immer zu entfernen? Konnte die Ausführung ſeiner Unternehmung Männern überlaſſen werden, die nicht einmal wußten, was er eigentlich gewollt habe? Hätte er nicht, ſo lang es möglich, ſelbſt wirken, und wenigſtens die Fortſetzer ſeiner Sache zweckmäßiger bilden ſollen? War es bei der Eilfertigkeit, mit der er ſein Ende beſchleunigte, und bei den mißlichen Umſtänden, in welchen er ſeine Angelegenheiten zurückließ, denn auch berechtigt, im Gebete zu Gott zu ſagen: ich habe dich verklärt auf Erden, und vollendet das Werk, das du mir gegeben haſt, daß ichs thun ſollte?

Der Erfolg, das läßt ſich nicht läugnen, M. Z., der Erfolg hat Jeſum gerechtfertigt; nimmermehr würde ſeine Sache ſo ſchnell und glücklich geſiegt und die Allgemeinheit und die Ausbreitung gewonnen haben, durch die ſie ſich auszeichnet, wenn er ſich länger auf Erden verweilt hätte; eben dieſer, wie es ſchien viel zu frühe, und ſeine Unternehmung vernichtende Tod, war das wirkſamſte Beförderungsmittel derſelben: und er hatte vollkommen recht, wenn er das Werk, das ihm für ſeine Perſon und zu eigener Ausführung gegeben war, für vollendet erklärte, als er ſcheiden wollte. Niemand glaube, es ſei ein glücklicher Zufall geweſen, daß alles ſo gut ging, haltbare Gründe, warum er ſich dem Tode ſo früh und unerwartet preisgab, habe Jeſus eigentlich doch nicht gehabt. Die evangeliſchen Texte, mit deren Erklärung wir uns bis zu dem bevorſtehenden Pfingſtfeſte beſchäftigen, ſind im Grunde nichts anderes, als eine weitläuftige Auseinanderſetzung der Urſachen, warum er ſeine Freunde jetzt ſchon verlaſſen, warum er zu einer Zeit ſterben müſſe, wo ihnen ſeine Gegenwart ſo unentbehrlich ſcheint. Und wie wichtig ſind dieſe Urſachen, M. Br., wer kann ſie unparteiiſch erwägen, ohne ſie entſcheidend zu finden; wer kann ihn ſprechen, wer kann ihn ſeine Abſichten, Geſinnungen und Erwartungen enthüllen hören, ohne von Ehrfurcht und Bewunderung ergriffen zu werden, ohne gerade in dieſem frühen, ſchnellen und vorſätzlichen Scheiden die tiefſte Weisheit, den reinſten Eifer für die Sache des Guten, das großmüthigſte Wohlwollen gegen die Menſchen und den wichtigſten Gehorſam gegen Gott, ſeinen Vater zu erkennen.

Unter den mannichfaltigen Gründen ſeines Entſchluſſes, die er in der letzten vertraulichen Unterredung mit ſeinen Jüngern entwickelt, verdient der, welchen das heutige Evangelium enthält, eine vorzügliche Aufmerkſamkeit. Er ſagt es nehmlich ſeinen Freunden frei heraus, er würde nichts dabei gewinnen, wenn er länger in ihrer Mitte, und vor den Augen ſeines Volks bleiben wollte; volle Gerechtigkeit werde man ihm erſt dann widerfahren laſſen, erſt dann werde man ihn richtig verſtehen, gebührend ſchätzen und mit Dankbarkeit benutzen, wenn man ihn nicht mehr haben werde. Er iſt auffallend, beim erſten Anblicke noch befremdend, dieſer Gedanke, m. Z.; aber wie wahr iſt er, wie ſo ganz aus der Erfahrung und einer tiefen Kenntniß der menſchlichen Natur geſchöpft; wie häufig, ich möchte faſt ſagen, wie traurig ſehen wir ihn noch immer durch die Beiſpiele aller derer beſtätigt, deren die Welt gleichſam nicht werth iſt; die ſich durch die Größe ihres Geiſtes, durch die Wohlthätigkeit ihrer Plane, durch ihren Eifer für das Gute über das Alltägliche und Gemeine erheben, und in die Fußtapfen treten, die Jeſus Chriſtus gelaſſen hat. Ach, ſie werden gewöhnlich verkannt, wie ihr Herr und Meiſter, ſo lange ſie da ſind; wohl gar gehaßt und verfolgt, wie er; und man wird erſt billig gegen ſie, man kommt erſt von ſeinem Irrthume zurück, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat. Sie mag traurig, ſie mag demüthigend für unſer Herz ſein, die Betrachtung, m. Br., auf die uns das heutige Evangelium führt; aber ſie iſt nöthig und nützlich; ſie iſt erweckend für Alle, die ſich's bewußt ſind, daß ſie Chriſti Geiſt und Sinn haben; ſie iſt belehrend und warnend für die, welche unbillig oder leichtſinnig genug ſind, dieſen Geiſt und Sinn zu verkennen. Urſachen genug, warum wir dieſe Stunde dazu anwenden ſollen, dieſe Betrachtung fortzuſetzen. Er, der auch beim Scheiden keinen andern Endzweck hatte, als unſere Rettung und Seligkeit, ſei mit uns, und ſegne unſer Vorhaben. Wir flehen darum in ſtiller Andacht.

Evangelium: Joh. 16. v. 5—15.

Wahres Zutrauen, gerechtes Anerkennen ſeiner Unſchuld und Würde, wirkliches Gelingen ſeiner großen Sache erwartet Jeſus nach dem vorgeleſenen Evangelio erſt dann m. Z., wenn man ihn nicht mehr haben werde; dieß iſt der Hauptgedanke, der in dieſem ganzen Abſchnitte ſeiner Abſchiedsrede herrſcht. Ich ſage euch die Wahrheit, ſpricht er zu ſeinen Jüngern, es iſt euch gut, daß ich hingehe, denn ſo ich nicht hingehe, ſo kommt der Tröſter nicht zu euch; ſo ich aber hingehe, will ich ihn zu euch ſenden. Für unmöglich hält er es alſo, daß ſeine Freunde, ſo lange ſie ihn vor Augen hätten, ſo lange ſie wüßten, er ſei noch auf Erden, zu jenen richtigen Einſichten von ihm und ſeiner Sache gelangen könnten, die ihnen der Geiſt Gottes nach ſeinem Abſchiede geben würde; er erklärt ſeine Entfernung von ihnen für die einzige Bedingung ihrer wahren Erleuchtung. Und was erwartet er den

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*) Aus Reinhard's Predigten aus dem Jahre 1800. Sulzbach 1800.

dem neuen Geiſt, den ſie dann erhalten ſollten, der ſie in alle Wahrheit leiten würde? Und wenn derſelbige kommt, ſagt er, der wird die Welt ſtrafen um die Sünde, und um die Gerechtigkeit, und um das Gericht. Um die Sünde, daß ſie nicht glauben an mich; nun wird man erſt einſehen lernen, will er ſagen, wie unrecht man daran that, mich und meine Lehre zu verwerfen. Um die Gerechtigkeit aber, fährt er fort, daß ich zum Vater gehe, und ihr mich fort nicht mehr ſehet; auch meine Unſchuld wird nun klar werden; weil man es nicht länger wird läugnen können, ich ſei bei Gott, und von ihm zur Herrlichkeit erhoben. Um das Gericht, ſetzt er endlich hinzu, daß der Fürſt dieſer Welt gerichtet iſt; nun wird auch meine Sache ſiegen, und die Macht des Böſen auf Erden geſtürzt werden. Wundert euch nicht, m. Z., daß er den Hingang, von welchem er hier redet, daß er ſeinen Tod anderwärts ſeine Verklärung nennt; es iſt offenbar, erſt dann, wenn er nicht mehr da ſein werde, erwartete er volle Gerechtigkeit; er war überzeugt, erſt dann werde man ihn für den erkennen, der er ſei. Wie wahr und richtig dieſe Vorherſagung war, iſt am Tage; ſie iſt mit einer Genauigkeit erfüllt worden, die alle Erwartungen übertraf. Sie erinnert aber auch daran, daß dieß mehr und weniger das Schickſal aller derer iſt, die Gutes auf Erden wirken; und ich habe ſchon geſagt, daß ich dieſer wichtigen Betrachtung die gegenwärtige Stunde widmen würde. Von der Erfahrung, daß man den beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich erſt dann volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren läßt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat, werde ich nämlich dießmal reden. Laſſet uns zuerſt den Inhalt dieſer Erfahrung erwägen, und ſehen, worin ſie beſteht. Laſſet uns ſodann nach ihren Urſachen forſchen, und unterſuchen, woher dieſes widerſinnige Verhalten der Menſchen rühren mag. Zuletzt laſſet uns über die Wichtigkeit dieſer Wahrheit nachdenken, und den Gebrauch beſtimmen, welchen wir davon machen ſollen.

Es iſt bekannt, man ſieht es als etwas an, das ſich unaufhörlich bewährt, daß man den beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich erſt dann volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren läßt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat, wenn man entweder von ihnen getrennt iſt, oder ſie durch den Tod auf immer verliert. Aber man überlegt nicht immer, was dieſe Erfahrung eigentlich ausſagt, und wie vielbefaſſend ihr Inhalt iſt, und es iſt daher nöthig, daß wir vor allen Dingen dieſen Inhalt genau erwägen. Wenn wir nämlich behaupten, volle Gerechtigkeit laſſe man den beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich erſt dann widerfahren, wenn man ſie nicht mehr habe, ſo ſoll dieß anzeigen, man pflege ſie erſt nach der Trennung von ihnen, erſt nach ihrem Tode, richtig zu verſtehen, gebührend zu ſchätzen und dankbar zu benutzen. Laſſet mich dieſe drei Punkte nur mit Wenigem erläutern.

Es iſt nur allzuwahr, daß man die beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich dann erſt richtig verſtehen lernt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat. Wie ſehr dieß bei Jeſu der Fall war, beweiſet ſeine ganze Geſchichte. Der großen Menge ſeiner Mitbürger war faſt Alles räthſelhaft und befremdend, was er vortrug; mit ſehenden Augen, ſagte er von ihnen, ſehen ſie nicht, und mit hörenden Ohren hören ſie nicht; denn ſie verſtehen es nicht. Die Gelehrten ſeiner Nation fanden ſeine Lehre ſogar anſtößig; ſie konnten ihn noch weit weniger faſſen, als die Ununterrichteten und Unbefangenen. Ich bin zum Gericht auf die Welt kommen, rief er daher mit einer Art von edlem Unwillen, auf daß, die da nicht ſehen, ſehend werden, und die da ſehen, blind werden. Selbſt über ſeine Vertrauten, ſelbſt über die, die er ſo ſorgfältig unterrichtet hatte, kam der Geiſt der Wahrheit nicht eher, als bis er zum Vater gegangen war. So ich nicht hingehe, ſagt er im Evangelio, ſo kommt der Tröſter nicht zu euch; wenn aber jener, der Geiſt der Wahrheit kommen wird, der wird euch in alle Wahrheit leiten. Und in der That, erſt nachdem der Tod Jeſu dem Geiſte ſeiner Freunde eine andere Richtung gegeben, erſt nachdem ſeine Abweſenheit ſie genöthigt hatte, ſelbſt nachzudenken, und ſeine Aeußerungen, und ſeine Geſchichte in genauere Ueberlegung zu nehmen: nun erſt ging ihnen ein Licht auf, nun erſt lernten ſie einſehen, was er gewollt habe, nun erſt wurden ſie fähig, in ſeine Abſichten einzugehen, und die Fortſetzer ſeines großen Werkes zu werden. Wo iſt in der ganzen Geſchichte ein weiſer Mann, ein Zeuge der Wahrheit, ein Wohlthäter ſeiner Brüder, dem nicht etwas Aehnliches widerfahren wäre? Hätten gerade die, welche den Umfang der menſchlichen Erkenntniß erweiterten und neue Wahrheiten lehrten, zu allen Zeiten ſo viel Widerſpruch finden, hätten ſie ſo angefeindet und verläſtert, hätten ſie wohl gar zu Schlachtopfern des Aberglaubens und eines blinden Eifers gemacht werden können: wenn man ſie, ſo lange ſie da waren, gehörig verſtanden hätte, hat man nicht den meiſten von ihnen erſt dann gehuldiget, und ihren Unterricht angenommen, wenn ſie nicht mehr vorhanden waren? Werden die wichtigſten Erinnerungen, die weiſeſten Rathſchläge, die heilſamſten Warnungen nicht gewöhnlich mit Gleichgültigkeit aufgenommen, wohl gar verſchmäht und verſpottet; und oft erſt dann, wenn der Mund derer, die ſie gaben, ſchon lange verſtummt iſt, richtig eingeſehen und empfunden? Nehmet eure eigene Erfahrung zu Hülfe; ſollte euch in eurer Jugend von euern Eltern, von euern Lehrern und Freunden, von andern Menſchen, die eurer Achtung werth waren, nicht Manches geſagt, nicht mancher Wink ertheilt, nicht manche Regel gegeben worden ſein, bei der ihr lange nichts denken konntet, die euch wohl gar falſch und widerſinnig vorkam? Iſt es euch aber in der Folge bei zunehmenden Einſichten und Erfahrungen nicht oft auf einmal klar geworden, wie bedeutend jene Winke, wie heilſam jene Regeln waren; habt ihr es nicht mit Beſchämung erkannt, wie unrecht ihr hattet, ſie zu bezweifeln, oder zu verachten; habt ihr es denen, die ihr lange mißverſtanden hattet, nicht oft im Grabe noch gedankt, daß ſie euch ſo Manches mittheilten, das ihr jetzt erſt einleuchtend und wahr findet? Schon darum läßt man den beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich erſt dann volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat, weil man alsdann erſt anfängt, ſie richtig zu verſtehen.

Und mithin auch gebührend zu ſchätzen. Wie wenig man Jeſu die Achtung bewies, die ihm gebührte, ſo lange man ihn mit Augen ſah, wiſſet ihr Alle. Mußte er nicht das größte Widerſprechen von den Sündern erdulden? Sah der Stolz der Vornehmen und Gelehrten nicht mit Verachtung auf ihn herab? Ueberhäufte Neid und Verläumdung ihn nicht mit Läſterungen aller Art? Vergoß ſein undankbares Vaterland nicht zuletzt ſein Blut, und behandelte ihn als einen Miſſethäter? Freilich war dieß der Weg zu ſeiner Verklärung. Die Welt wurde nun geſtraft, wie es im Evangelio ausgedrückt iſt, um die Gerechtigkeit. Sein Blut war kaum gefloſſen, er war kaum verſchwunden aus der ſinnlichen Welt: ſo lernte man einſehen, wie ſehr man ſich geirrt hatte; ſo erkannte man mit Beſchämung und Reue ſeine Unſchuld und Würde; ſo ſanken unzählige von denen, die ihn geläſtert hatten, anbetend vor ihm nieder, und verehrten in ihm ihren Heiland und Retter. Aber war es nicht demüthigend für Alle, die ſo unrichtig geurtheilt hatten, daß er erſt ſterben, erſt das bedauernswürdigſte Schickſal erfahren mußte, ehe man ſeinen Werth ſchätzen, ehe man ſeine unendliche Würde fühlen lernte? War dies das Loos des Sohnes Gottes, das Loos deſſen, der Alles in ſich vereinigte, was die innigſte Achtung einflößen und die tiefſte Ehrfurcht erwecken konnte: werden gewöhnliche Menſchen, wie gut ſie auch ſein, welche Verdienſte ſie ſich auch erwerben mögen, etwas Anderes erwarten dürfen? Ach, euch wirklich hochachten, euern Vorzug, euern wohlthätigen Einfluß, eure Unentbehrlichkeit ganz empfinden, ihr Alle, die ihr jetzt Gutes wirket, wird man erſt dann, wenn ihr nicht mehr da ſein werdet; wenn das fehlen und vermißt werden wird, was ihr jetzt leiſtet; wenn man Gelegenheit haben und genöthigt ſein wird, euch mit Denen zu vergleichen, die an eure Stelle treten und euch erſetzen ſollen! Wie viel achtungswerthe treue Gatten, wie viel edelgeſinnte Freunde, wie viel wohlthätige Lehrer und Rathgeber, wie viel weiſe und unermüdete Geſchäftsmänner, wie viel gerechte, ordnungsliebende Regenten ſind mit Gleichgültigkeit und Kälte, wohl gar mit Verachtung und Widerwillen betrachtet worden, ſo lange man ſie vor ſich hatte, und ihren Einfluß fühlte. Aber wie manche ſpäte Thräne iſt euch gefloſſen, ihr Verkannten; in welche Lobſprüche hat ſich nach eurem Tode der Tadel verwandelt, der euer edles Herz ſo oft kränkte; wie ſchwer hat man dafür gebüßt, daß man das Glück, euch zu haben, ſo wenig empfand; mit welcher Demüthigung und Wehmuth hat man den Unterſchied wahrgenommen, der ſich zwiſchen euch und ſo vielen findet, die an eure Stelle getreten ſind! Es iſt nichts gewöhnlicher, als daß man gute Menſchen erſt gebührend ſchätzen lernt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat.

Und ſo iſt es denn kein Wunder, daß man ſie endlich auch dann erſt dankbar zu benutzen anfängt. Erſt nach dem Hingange Jeſu zum Vater ſoll der Geiſt der Wahrheit nach unſerm Evangelio ſtrafen um das Gericht; dann ſoll es erſt klar werden, daß die Gewalt des Böſen zerſtört ſei, und das Gute den Sieg erhalte. Ihr wiſſet, wie pünktlich dieß erfüllt worden iſt. Wie wenig konnte Jeſus ausrichten, ſo lange er noch ſelber lehrte; wie wenig war man geneigt, ſich durch ihn beſſern zu laſſen, und das Heil anzunehmen, welches er darbot! Aber wurde die Menge derer, die nach ſeinem Tode auf ſeine Seite traten, nicht bald unzählbar; empfand man es nun nicht deſto lebhafter, was man ihm zu danken hatte; wurden ihm nun nicht gläubige Bekenner geboren, wie der Thau aus der Morgenröthe? Merket auf den Gang der Dinge, ihr werdet überall Wohlthäter der Menſchen antreffen, die ſich vergeblich anzuſtrengen ſcheinen, ſo lange ſie da ſind, die mit Allem, was ſie mühſam erringen, faſt gar keinen Nutzen ſchaffen. Aber wartet die Zeit ab, wo ſie zu dem zurückgekehrt ſein werden, der ſie geſandt hatte, und ihr werdet wahrnehmen, daß man die Rathſchläge endlich billigt und befolgt, die ſie lange tauben Ohren gepredigt hatten; daß man von den Erfindungen endlich Gebrauch macht, die man ſonſt nicht achtete, oder wohl gar geringſchätzte; daß man nach den Vortheilen und Bequemlichkeiten endlich greift, die ſie nachgewieſen, oder herbeigeſchafft haben; daß man die Einrichtungen und Anſtalten endlich unterſtützt und fortſetzt, die von ihnen getroffen worden ſind; daß man endlich unparteiiſch, redlich und vernünftig genug wird, ihr wohlthätiges Daſein für das zu erkennen, was es war, und die Segnungen zu genießen, die ſie zurückgelaſſen haben. Und ſo iſt es denn eine Erfahrung, die ſich unaufhörlich beſtätigt, daß man den beſten Menſchen volle Gerechtigkeit gemeiniglich erſt dann widerfahren läßt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat.

Unerwartet und widerſinnig, das läßt ſich unmöglich läugnen, iſt das Verhalten, m. Z., welches ich bisher beſchrieben habe. Aber um ſo mehr dringt ſich die Frage auf, woher es wohl rühren, welche Urſachen es haben mag? Dieſe Urſachen ſind nun zwar theils ſehr mannichfaltig und abwechſelnd, theils ungemein zahlreich. Die meiſten liegen jedoch in der Unfähigkeit, die ſolchen Menſchen nicht ſogleich folgen kann; in den Vorurtheilen, mit welchen man ſie anſieht, und in den Leidenſchaften, welchen ſie im Wege ſind, ſo lange ſie leben.

Ja, m. Br., ſchon aus Unfähigkeit, weil man ihnen nicht ſogleich folgen kann, läßt man den beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich erſt dann volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat. So ſehr ſich auch Jeſus herabließ, ſo ſehr er auch jedes Mittel anwendete, ſeinen Mitbürgern faßlich zu werden: wer, ſagt es ſelbſt, wer hatte unter dieſem unwiſſenden, verblendeten Volke die Kraft, die Wahrheit, welche er vortrug, ſogleich zu verſtehen und aufzunehmen; wer war in dieſem laſterhaften, verſunkenen Zeitalter fähig, ſich ſogleich zu der ſittlichen Hoheit und Würde emporzuſchwingen, auf die er hinzeigte? Selbſt ſeinen Vertrauten, an deren Bildung er ſo lange gearbeitet hatte, muß er im Evangelio freimüthig bekennen: ich habe euch noch viel zu ſagen, aber ihr könnets jetzt nicht tragen. Wie noch weit größer war dieſe Unfähigkeit bei denen, die ihn weniger kannten, die ſeinen Unterricht nur zuweilen hörten, zu denen er blos in Gleichniſſen reden konnte, um nicht mißverſtanden zu werden! Ach, es iſt offenbar, m. Br., die beſten Menſchen haben mehr oder weniger etwas an ſich, was der großen gemeinen Menge auffallend und fremde ſein muß, eben darum, weil ſie beſſer ſind, als andere, paſſen ſie nicht in die gewöhnlichen Verhältniſſe; man verſteht ſie nicht, weil ſie ſich auf einer Höhe befinden, die man nicht erreichen kann. Habt ihr nicht ſelbſt ſo manchen eurer Lehrer, ſo manchen eurer Wohlthäter, ſo manchen ausgezeichneten Menſchen blos darum lange verkannt, und ihn viel zu wenig oder gar nicht geſchätzt, weil ihr noch zu ſchwach waret, ihn zu faſſen, und den Werth deſſen zu fühlen, was er für euch that? Aber bei Tauſenden, m. Z., bei Tauſenden verliert ſich nach und nach dieſe Unfähigkeit; man erholt ſich allmählig von dem erſten widrigen Eindruck, den die ungewohnte Größe guter Menſchen auf das Heer der Schwachen macht; man fängt an ſich zu beſinnen, und bei geſtärkten Kräften, bei zunehmender Reife Alles anders zu finden, als zuvor. Dann kommt die Zeit, m. Br., wo der Geiſt der Wahrheit die noch immer verklärt, welche verkannt wurden, wie Jeſus; dann möchte man Manchen, den man im Leben wenig geachtet, oder wohl gar beleidigt hatte, gern mit Thränen um Verzeihung bitten, wenn man nur könnte; dann wundert man ſich zuweilen ſelbſt darüber, wie man mißverſtehen, was ſo deutlich, wie man geringſchätzen, was ſo wichtig, wie man ungenützt laſſen konnte, was ſo heilſam war?

Doch noch weit wirkſamer und ſchädlicher, als dieſe Unfähigkeit iſt, ſind die Vorurtheile, mit welchen man die beſten Menſchen anzuſehen pflegt. Sie denken anders, als man gewöhnlich denkt, und widerlegen die herrſchenden Irrthümer; ſie fühlen anders, als man gewöhnlich fühlt, und beſchämen den herrſchenden Eigennutz; ſie handeln anders, als man gewöhnlich handelt, und verurtheilen die herrſchenden Laſter. Iſt es alſo zu verwundern, daß man ſie ſonderbar, unbegreiflich, wohl gar anſtößig findet, daß Alles wider ſie eingenommen iſt, was nach den einmal geltenden unrichtigen Meinungen urtheilt, empfindet und handelt? Und dabei bemerket, auch bei den beſten Menſchen giebt es Umſtände, die ihnen in den Augen der großen Menge nachtheilig werden, ſo unſchuldig ſie auch ſein mögen. Mußte nicht der Sohn Gottes ſelber rufen: ſelig iſt, der ſich nicht an mir ärgert, der ſich nicht an meine Niedrigkeit und Armuth ſtößt! Iſt es nicht dieſe Niedrigkeit, dieſer Mangel an Anſehen; iſt es nicht der Unterſchied des Standes, des Volks, der Religion und Schule; ſind es nicht die tauſend Kleinigkeiten, über die man wegſehen, die man gar nicht in Berechnung bringen ſollte, was oft die beſten Menſchen noch immer um allen Einfluß bringt, ſo lange ſie leben, was ſie Allen verächtlich macht, die Vorurtheilen ergeben ſind? Setzet noch hinzu, daß auch der Beſte nicht ganz tadelfrei iſt; daß auch die ehrwürdigſten Menſchen manche auffallende Eigenheit, manche kleine Schwachheit, manchen wirklichen Fehler an ſich haben, und daher denen, die ſich nicht über jedes Vorurtheil wegſetzen können, anſtößig bleiben, ſo lange ſie Alles mit Augen ſehen. Aber kein Vorurtheil, m. Z., hält die ſchwere Probe der Zeit aus; wird man alſo die, welche man aus Vorurtheil verkannte, nicht mit der Zeit ſchätzen lernen! Die auffallenden äußern Umſtände, durch welche gute Menſchen dem Parteiiſchen und Eingenommenen anſtößig ſind, ſo lange ſie leben, verlieren alle Kraft, wenn die Entfernung, oder der Tod ſie vernichtet; wird man alſo dann nicht anfangen, freier zu urtheilen, und von der ehemaligen Verblendung zurückkommen? Die Schwachheiten und Fehler endlich, die auch guten Menſchen noch anhängen, verſchwinden gleichſam aus den Augen, ſobald das Grab ſie aufnimmt; dann bleibt blos das reine, unvergängliche Bild ihrer Tugend und wohlthätigen Wirkſamkeit übrig; es wird alſo immer leichter, ihnen Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu laſſen; auch nicht einmal durch die kleinen Flecken wird man dann weiter geſtört, die ein verwöhntes Gefühl ſonſt beleidigten.

Aber mehr noch als Unfähigkeit und Vorurtheile verurſachen die Leidenſchaften, welche guten Menſchen im Wege ſind, ſo lange ſie leben, daß man ſie gemeiniglich erſt ſchätzt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat. Was that nicht der Stolz der Schriftgelehrten, den Jeſus beſchämte, die Heuchelei der Phariſäer, die er entlarvte, die Selbſtſucht der Prieſter und Oberſten, die er beſtrafte, die Laſterhaftigkeit und Sinnlichkeit der großen Menge, die er angriff, was verſuchten und wagten dieſe Leidenſchaften nicht, ihn verdächtig und verhaßt zu machen, ſo lange er öffentlich wirkſam war; hörte man auf, ſich ihm zu widerſetzen, hörte man auf, Anſchläge der Unterdrückung wider ihn zu machen, bis man ſeinen Zweck erreicht und ihn ans Kreuz gebracht hatte? Laſſet uns eingeſtehen, m. Br., gute Menſchen ſind, ſo lange wir ſie in unſrer Mitte haben, ſo lange ſie auf uns wirken können, uns bald läſtig durch ihren Ernſt, bald hinderlich bei unſern Abſichten, bald nachtheilig für unſern Ehrgeiz, bald beſchämend für unſere Sinnlichkeit, bald drückend durch ihre Größe; unſerer Unvollkommenheit uns bewußt, iſt uns in ihrer Gegenwart, gleichſam nicht wohl, und wir wiſſen uns nicht anders zu helfen, als daß wir uns gegen ihre Vorzüge verblenden, als daß wir ſie mit Gleichgültigkeit und Kälte, oder wohl gar mit Verachtung und Widerwillen behandeln. Aber wenn ſie nun aufhören, unſern Leidenſchaften weiter im Wege zu ſein, wenn ſie aus allen irdiſchen Verbindungen herausgenommen, nichts weiter zurücklaſſen, als ihr ehrwürdiges Beiſpiel, als die heilſamen Folgen ihrer Tugend, als die wohlthätigen Veränderungen und Anſtalten, die durch ihre Anſtrengung zu Stande gekommen ſind; wenn wir nichts mehr von ihnen zu fürchten haben, aber wohl durch ſie gewinnen können: werden wir auch dann noch fortfahren, ſie anzufeinden; verwandelt ſich dann nicht oft plötzlich die vorige Geringſchätzung in reine Achtung, der vorige Tadel in lautes Lob, der vorige Widerwille in Dankbarkeit und Rührung? Es iſt begreiflich, m. Br., es iſt ſehr begreiflich, wie es zugeht, daß man ſelbſt den beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich erſt dann volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren läßt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat; oft wird man nur langſam und ſpät fähig, ſie zu verſtehen, und ſie zu ſchätzen; und zu mächtig ſind unſere Vorurtheile und Leidenſchaften, als daß wir nicht Zeit nöthig hätten, uns von ihrem Einfluſſe loszureißen und unſer Urtheil über Menſchen, die beiden ſo anſtößig ſind, zu berichtigen.

Es iſt nicht zu verkennen, daß uns die Erfahrung, deren Inhalt und Urſachen wir bisher erwogen haben, in mehr als einer Hinſicht wichtig ſein muß; laſſet mich über den Gebrauch, welchen wir davon machen ſollen, das Nöthige noch beifügen.

Zu unſerer Demüthigung, das fällt ſogleich in die Augen, zu unſerer Demüthigung müſſen wir ſie anwenden, wir müſſen es mit Beſchämung und Rührung erkennen, wenn wir uns ſelbſt an guten Menſchen ſo verſündigt haben, oder noch verſündigen. Daß Jemand unter uns wäre, der nie Gelegenheit gehabt hätte, in der Nähe von Menſchen zu ſein, die ſeine Achtung verdienten, und ihm Gutes thaten; von denen er lernen, deren Rath er befolgen, deren Werth er erkennen ſollte: nein, das kann ich nicht glauben; es denke nur Jeder zurück an die Verbindungen, in welchen er von Jugend auf geſtanden hat; es ſehe ſich nur Jeder in denen um, in welchen er noch ſteht, ſie werden ihm bald in die Augen fallen, die weiſen Führer, die Gott ihm gab, die ehrwürdigen Muſter, die Gott ihm zeigte, die menſchenfreundlichen Wohlthäter, die ſich ſeiner annahmen, oder annehmen wollten, die edlen, merkwürdigen Menſchen, die ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit an ſich riſſen, deren ausgezeichnete Größe auch auf ihn Eindruck macht. Aber wie haben wir euch angeſehen, ihr Alle, deren heiliges Bild ſich unſerm Geiſte darſtellt, wie haben wir uns gegen euch verhalten, was ſind wir durch euch geworden? Sind wir immer fähig geweſen, euch zu verſtehen, oder iſt uns eure Weisheit, euer heilſamer Rath, eure gutgemeinte Warnung lange Thorheit geblieben? Sind wir immer billig genug geweſen, euch zu ſchätzen, oder hat unſer Leichtſinn euch verachtet, unſere Unbeſonnenheit euch betäubt, unſere Widerſpenſtigkeit euch wohl gar gekränkt? Sind wir willig genug geweſen, euch zu benutzen; oder war Alles vergeblich, was ihr für uns thatet; ſchien Alles verſchwendet, was ihr uns erzeigtet; mußte ſich euer thränenvolles Auge ſchließen, mußte euer bekümmertes Herz brechen, ehe ihr unſere Beſſerung ſahet, ehe wir euch Gerechtigkeit widerfahren ließen? Ach! es unterſuche doch Jeder, wie ſein Gewiſſen dieſe Fragen beantwortet! Ich fürchte, es wird Keinen ganz frei ſprechen; es wird Jedem Gräber nachweiſen, die er mit Thränen der Wehmuth und Reue benetzen ſollte, weil ſie Edle verſchließen, an denen er ſich verſündigt hat, deren Werth er nun erſt einſieht und anerkennt. Denn ſoll nicht jeder Fehler dieſer Art uns tief beugen, m. Br., hat er nicht allezeit Urſachen, die demüthigend für uns ſind? War es unſere Unfähigkeit, was uns gegen gute Menſchen gleichgültig machte, ſo lange ſie in unſerer Mitte waren: ſollen wir einer ſolchen, faſt immer verſchuldeten Schwachheit uns nicht ſchämen? Waren es Vorurtheile, was uns über den Werth guter Menſchen verblendete, und uns wider ſie einnahm: ſollen wir eine ſo traurige, durch unſere Nachläſſigkeit entſtandene Verblendung nicht innig bedauern? Waren es vollends Leidenſchaften, was uns unbillig und undankbar gegen gute Menſchen werden ließ, was uns noch immer verleitet, ungerecht und boshaft gegen ſie zu verfahren: haben wir dann nicht die größte Urſache, über uns ſelbſt zu erſchrecken, und es mit der tiefſten Wehmuth zu erkennen, daß wir nichts weniger in uns wahrnehmen, als den Sinn wahrer Bekenner Jeſu? Zu unſerer Demüthigung, zu unſerer Beſchämung ſoll uns die Erfahrung dienen, daß man den beſten Menſchen gemeiniglich erſt dann volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren läßt, wenn man ſie nicht mehr hat.

Allein ſie muß uns auch Troſt und Ermunterung werden, wenn wir uns bei unſerm Eifer für das Gute verkannt und mißverſtanden ſehen; denn wie ſchmerzhaft und traurig ſie auch beim erſten Anblick iſt, dieſe Erfahrung: wie wehe es auch guten Menſchen thun mag, bei allem Eifer für das Gute weder gehörig gefaßt, noch richtig geſchätzt, noch dankbar benutzt zu werden, und die Welt verlaſſen zu müſſen, ohne noch Gerechtigkeit gefunden zu haben: erwäget ſie ruhig und genauer, dieſe niederſchlagende Erfahrung, ihr Alle, die ihr in dem Falle ſeid, ſie bei euch ſelbſt beſtätigt zu finden, erwäget ſie ruhig und genauer, und ſie wird eine Quelle der Ermunterung und des Troſtes für euch werden. Wie! es ſollte nicht herzerhebend und beruhigend für euch ſein, daß ihr euer Schickſal mit den weiſeſten und beſten Menſchen, die jemals auf Erden gelebt haben, daß ihr es mit dem Sohne Gottes ſelbſt gemein habt? Sind die Edelſten unſeres Geſchlechts nicht in eben dem Grade mißverſtanden, gering geſchätzt, wohl gar verfolgt worden, in welchem ſie groß waren, und über das Gemeine ſich erhuben; hat man den Sohn Gottes nicht ſo verkannt, daß man ihn als einen Miſſethäter an das Kreuz ſchlug? Wolltet ihr aber in dieſer Geſellſchaft nicht lieber leiden, als ohne innern Werth unangefochten und glücklich ſein? Und iſt denn Jedermann unbillig gegen euch? Giebt es nicht ſchon jetzt eine Zahl veränderlicher Menſchen, die euch verſtehen und faſſen, die euch ſchätzen und lieben, die durch euch beſſer und glücklicher werden? Läßt euch der, welcher euch würdigt, in der Gemeinſchaft ſeines Sohnes Gutes auf Erden zu ſchaffen, nicht ſchon hier manche Frucht eurer Anſtrengungen ſehen, nicht ſchon hier ſo Manchen finden, der mit Achtung und Zärtlichkeit an euch hängt, von dem ihr wenigſtens hoffen könnt, er werde zu ſich ſelber kommen; der gute Saame, den ihr in ſein Herz werfet, werde künftig keimen und Früchte bringen? Muß euch endlich nicht die Zukunft tröſten? Sehet ihr nicht, daß man nicht immer ungerecht bleibt; daß eine Zeit kommt, wo man verſtändiger, billiger und dankbarer wird, daß ihr noch nützen, daß ihr dann am meiſten wirken werdet, wenn man euch nicht mehr haben wird: ſoll es euch nicht rühren, daß man euer Andenken am innigſten ehren, daß man einſt mit Thränen der edelſten Wehmuth und der größten Erkenntlichkeit an eurem Bilde hängen wird, wenn man Euch im Leben verkannt hat, und unbillig gegen euch geweſen iſt? Fahret fort, Gutes zu thun und nicht müde zu werden; richtet eure Augen auf den Anfänger und Vollender eures Glaubens, dem eben die Welt, die ihn verachtet, und an das Kreuz geſchlagen hatte, anbetend zu Füßen ſank, ſobald er zum Vater gegangen war. Wohl euch, wenn ihr ihm folget; dann wird es euch und denen, auf die ihr wirket, gut ſein, daß auch ihr hingehet; denn wird auch in eure Sache der Geiſt der Wahrheit kommen, und euch verklären, und euch die Gerechtigkeit verſchaffen, die euch jetzt verſagt wird. Selig, ſelig ſind die Todten, die ſo ſterben; denn ſie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit, und ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach. Amen.

Karl von Reinhard,

geboren am 20. Auguſt 1769 zu Helmſtädt, ſtudierte zu Helmſtädt und Göttingen, wurde hierauf Hofmeiſter des Grafen Stolberg-Wernigerode und lebte dann ſeit 1792 als Privatdocent, ſpäter als Aſſeſſor der theologiſchen Facultät zu Göttingen. Im J. 1806 ward er herzoglich ſächſiſcher Hofrath, hielt ſich ſodann in Ratzeburg, Hamburg und Altona auf und privatiſirte ſeit 1824 in Berlin. Später zog er ſich nach Zoſſen zurück, wo er am 25. Mai 1840 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Ueber die jüngſten Schickſale der alexandriniſchen Bibliothek. Göttingen 1792.
Gedichte. 2r Th. Göttingen 1794. 3r Th. Münſter 1803.
Neue Gedichte. Altona 1819.
Göttinger Muſenalmanach für 1795 — 1805.
Entwurf der Theorie und Litteratur des deutſchen Stils. Göttingen 1797.
Romanenkalender. Göttingen u. Leipzig 1798—1803.
Polyanthia. Taſchenbuch für 1807. Münſter. N. A. 1812.
Idyllen und ländliche Erzählungen von Perigny, geb. Levesque. Aus dem Franz. 2 Th. Lübeck 1807. N. A. 1812.
Ratzeburger litterariſche Blätter. 1808 — 1810.
Den Manen Klopſtock's. Aus d. Latein. des Grafen F. L. v. Moltke. Altona 1803.
Deutſches Fremdwörterbuch. 3 Bde. N. A. Altona 1817.
Neue Erzählungen. Altona 1821.
Romane, Erzählungen und Novellen. 2 Theile. Berlin 1829.
Handbuch der allgemeinen Weltgeſchichte. 4 Th. Berlin 1829.

R. gehört zu den jüngeren Anhängern des Göttingiſchen Dichterbundes und ſchritt auf dem von dieſem eingeſchlagenen Pfade nicht ohne Erfolg fort. Leichtigkeit, Innigkeit und Natürlichkeit zeichnen vorzüglich ſeine lyriſchen Poeſieen, ſowie Klarheit, Eleganz und Geſchmack ſeine proſaiſchen Leiſtungen aus. Auch als Aeſthetiker und Litterärhiſtoriker hat er ſich mannichfache Verdienſte erworben.

Karl Friedrich Graf von Reinhardt,

geboren am 2. September 1761 zu Schernberg im Würtembergiſchen, eines Predigers Sohn, ſtudirte zu Tübingen Theologie und Philologie und wurde, nachdem er kurze Zeit zu Balſtingen vicarirt hatte, Hauslehrer in einem Handelshauſe zu Bordeaux, dann Secretär im Miniſterium der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten zu Paris. Im Jahre 1796 ward er franzöſiſcher Geſandter in Hamburg, Lübeck und Bremen, 1797 in Florenz und 1798 Miniſter der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten unter Napoleon. Im Jahre 1799 wurde er Geſandter in der Schweiz, 1802 wiederholt in Hamburg und ſeit 1817 in Kaſſel bei dem Könige von Weſtphalen und in den Adelsſtand erhoben. Unter Ludwig XVIII. hatte er einige Zeit das Directorium in Talleyrand's Miniſterium der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten, flüchtete aber nach Napoleon's Rückkehr von Elba auf ſein in der Nähe von Köln belegenes Gut und wurde nach dem zweiten pariſer Frieden Graf und Geſandter bei dem Bundestage zu Frankfurt am Main. Dieſen Poſten verlor er im Jahre 1829, weil er Proteſtant war, wurde aber dafür nach der Julirevolution 1830 Geſandter in Dresden. Er ſtarb zu Paris am 25. December 1837.

Außer mehrfachen Journalbeiträgen haben wir von ihm:

- Gedichte des Tibull, nebſt einer Probe aus Properz, den Kriegsliedern des Tortäus und einem Anhang eigner Gedichte. Zürich 1783.
- Epiſteln von Reinhardt und Lenz. Zürich 1785.

R's wahre Verdienſte ſind auf einem anderen Felde zu ſuchen und fallen der Weltgeſchichte anheim. — In ſeinen poetiſchen Jugendarbeiten zeigt ſich Feinheit des Geſchmacks, Klarheit, Anmuth der Darſtellung und warmes Gefühl.

Chriſtian Ernſt Gottlieb Jens Reinhold,

geboren am 18. October 1793 zu Jena, Sohn von K. L. Reinhold, wurde im Jahre 1819 Privatdocent zu Jena, 1820 Subrector am Gymnaſium zu Kiel. Im Jahre 1822 habilitirte er ſich daſelbſt als Privatdocent, erhielt 1824 einen Ruf als ordentlicher Pofeſſor der Logik und Metaphyſik zu Jena und ward 1829 weimariſcher Hofrath und im Jahre 1818 geheimer Hofrath.

Er ſchrieb u. A.:

- Verſuch einer Begründung und neuen Darſtellung der logiſchen Formen. Leipzig 1819.
- Berichtigung von Mißverſtändniſſen in Fries' Vertheidigung ſeiner Lehre von der Sinnenanſchauung. Leipzig 1820.
- Grundriß eines Syſtems der Erkenntniß- und Denklehre. Schleswig 1823.
- K. Leonhard Reinhold's Leben und litterariſches Wirken. Jena 1825.
- Logik. Jena 1826.
- Beitrag zur Erläuterung der Pythagoräiſchen Metaphyſik. Jena 1827.
- Handbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte der Philoſophie. 2 Th. Gotha 1828—29.
- Die Wiſſenſchaften der praktiſchen Philoſophie im Grundriſſe. 3 Abth.: a) Philoſophiſche Rechtslehre; b) Ethik und c) Religionsphiloſophie. Jena 1837.
- Lehrbuch der Geſchichte der Philoſophie. 2te Aufl. Jena 1839.
- Lehrbuch der philoſophiſch-propädeutiſchen Pſychologie und der formalen Logik. 2te Auflage. Jena 1839.

Ein äußerſt ſcharfſinniger und gründlicher Denker, der unabhängig ſeinen eigenen Weg einſchlug auf dem Gebiete der Philoſophie und trotz den Anfeindungen der Schulphiloſophen beharrlich auf demſelben weiter ſchritt. Was er Neues durch ſeine Forſchungen und Unterſuchungen zu Tage förderte, iſt hier zu entwickeln nicht der Ort; es muß genügen, darauf hinzudeuten, daß er mit jenen oben gerühmten Eigenſchaften eine überaus klare, lichtvolle, allgemein verſtändliche und ſeinem Gegenſtande höchſt angemeſſene Darſtellungsweiſe verbindet und auch hier manchem Gefeierten des Tages als Vorbild dienen könnte.

K. L. Reinhold's Theorie des Vorſtellungsvermögens *).

Nachdem Reinhold zur Empfehlung der Kritik der reinen Vernunft, zur Beförderung des Verſtändniſſes ihrer Bedeutung, und demnach zur Einführung der von dieſem unvergänglichen Denkmale des deutſchen Tiefſinnes ausgehenden neuen Periode in der Philoſophie ſo erfolgreich zu wirken begonnen, war er auch der Erſte, welcher auf der von Kant eingeſchlagenen und dem damaligen Zeitalter vorgezeichneten Bahn der ſpeculativen Forſchung einen Fortſchritt unternahm. Zu einer Zeit, da es noch für ein rühmliches Verdienſt gelten durfte, den Zuſammenhang der Kantiſchen Lehrbegriffe und ihr Verhältniß zu den früheren Philoſophemen mit Klarheit zu durchſchauen, verſuchte Reinhold zuerſt, mehr als dies zu leiſten, und die von ihm mit muſterhafter Schärfe und Beſtimmtheit aufgefaßten transcendentalen Beſtimmungen Kant's, den Erforderniſſen des vollendeten Vernunftſyſtemes gemäß, tiefer zu begründen und aus einem oberſten Principe mit ſtrenger Folgerichtigkeit abzuleiten.

Er bildete nämlich bei dem Nachdenken über die Urſachen der mancherlei Mißverſtändniſſe, auf denen nach ſeinem Dafürhalten die Einwürfe gegen die Kritik der reinen Vernunft größtentheils beruhten, die Anſicht in ſich aus: Kant habe zwar die in dem menſchlichen Erkennen zuſammenwirkenden Grundthätigkeiten und deren Geſetze entdeckt, aber in Bezug auf die Gültigkeit ſeiner Annahmen und Folgerungen eine wichtige Frage unbeantwortet gelaſſen, die doch zur Entſcheidung gebracht werden müſſe, bevor dieſe Gültigkeit eine allgemeine Anerkennung finden könne. Die Kritik gehe von der zweifelloſen Thatſache aus, daß ſowohl reine Vernunfterkenntniſſe, als Erfahrungserkenntniſſe in uns vorhanden ſind, und mache es ſich zur Aufgabe, die Möglichkeit beider Erkenntnißarten zu erklären, um ihre Beſchaffenheit, ihren Umfang und ihre Beziehung auf einander vermöge einer ſolchen Erklärung feſtzuſetzen. Sie zeige, wie die Erfahrung in uns nur dadurch möglich ſei, daß ein vermittelſt Anregung unſerer Sinnlichkeit uns gegebener Wahrnehmungsſtoff durch die Selbſtthätigkeit des Verſtandes nach gewiſſen Geſetzen zu einer geordneten Erſcheinungswelt geſtaltet werde, und ſie beſtimme hiernach das Eigenthümliche der mathematiſchen und der philoſophiſchen reinen Erkenntniß, und ihr wahres Verhältniß zu der empiriſchen. Hierbei befolge ſie zur Hervorbringung des reinen transcendentalen Wiſſens, welches ihren Inhalt ausmache, die Methode, daß ſie die in unſerem Inneren vor aller Erfahrung vorhandenen urſprünglichen Vermögen und Weiſen des Erkennens in einer Abſtraction von den Verſchiedenheiten des zufälligen Inhaltes unſerer Vorſtellungen und in einer Reflexion auf die zurückbleibende gleiche und nothwendige Form derſelben auffaſſe. Nun gehe ſie bei allen ihren Unterſuchungen von der Vorausſetzung aus, daß überhaupt kein anderer objectiv exiſtirender Gegenſtand für unſer theoretiſches Erkennen vorhanden ſein könne, als ein ſolcher, deſſen Stoff durch die Affection der Sinnlichkeit uns dargeboten werde. Aber eben dieſe Grundannahme ſei bei Kant eine unbewieſene Hypotheſe geblieben. Die Frage: „warum dies ſich ſo verhalte," oder die hier gleichbedeutende: „woher wir es denn mit Zuverläſſigkeit wiſſen, daß unſer Geiſt in allem ihm erreichbaren Erkennen objectiv realer Gegenſtände an einen ſinnlichen Stoff und an die von Kant entdeckten Formen der Sinnlichkeit und des Verſtandes gebunden ſei," dürfen wir keineswegs für eine ſchon genügend in der Kritik beantwortete halten, weil dieſe hierauf nur die Erwiederung ertheile, daß allein in einer ſolchen Weiſe die wirkliche Erfahrung für den Menſchen Möglichkeit beſitze. An dieſer Erwiederung, wenn ſie

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*) S. Reinhold „Handb. d. allgem. Geſch. d. Philoſophie" (S. 180 ff.).

als ein Beweis für die Zuverläſſigkeit der Kantiſchen Theorie geltend gemacht werden ſollte, würde der logiſche Fehler der ſogenannten Erſchleichung unverkennbar ſein. Daher trete uns in jener Frage ein durch die Kantiſche Zergliederung des Erkenntnißvermögens nur vorbereitetes und noch nicht aufgelöſtes Problem entgegen, deſſen Löſung der Endpunkt ſei, zu welchem die philoſophirende Vernunft auf dem Wege der analytiſchen Unterſuchung gelangen könne. Obgleich Kant auf eine keiner Berichtigung fähige Weiſe den Umfang des menſchlichen Erkennens aus den in unſerem Inneren verborgenen Bedingungen deſſelben abgeleitet, ſo ſei dennoch den Erforderniſſen der wiſſenſchaftlichen Darſtellung der Erkenntnißtheorie von ihm nicht Genüge geleiſtet, ſo habe er denjenigen, welche ſein großes Unternehmen nicht blos dem Buchſtaben nach, ſondern dem Geiſte nach zu würdigen verſtehen, ein nicht unwichtiges Geſchäft in der Vollendung ſeines Syſtemes übrig gelaſſen. Der angegebene Punkt, welcher von ihm zwar mit Recht, jedoch ohne Erweis, angenommen worden, und der nur in den Augen der Wenigen, die nach ſeinem Vorgange durch den mühſamen Weg der Analyſis glücklich ſich hindurchgearbeitet, gleiche Evidenz, wie für ihn ſelbſt, enthalten könne, müſſe zum Folgeſatz unbeſtreitbarer Prämiſſen gemacht, kurz, die letzten Gründe, von denen Kant, ohne daß ſie in ihm zum deutlichen Bewußtſein gelangten, bei ſeinen transcendentalen Lehren geleitet worden, müſſen aufgeſucht und in oberſten Grundſätzen ausgeſprochen werden. Alsdann werde es allen Denkern gelingen, auf dem viel leichteren, auf dem ſynthetiſchen Weg, ausgehend von den höchſten Principien der philoſophiſchen Selbſterkenntniß, die befriedigende Einſicht in die Wahrheit der Kantiſchen Erkenntnißlehre zu gewinnen. Hierdurch ſei die Idee einer Wiſſenſchaft hervorgehoben und feſtgeſtellt, welche dieſe höchſten Principien aus dem menſchlichen Geiſt entwickle und die Lehrſätze ſowohl der theoretiſchen, als der praktiſchen Philoſophie aus ihnen ableite*). Dieſe Wiſſenſchaft, die „Theorie des Vorſtellungsvermögens,“ werde die eigentliche „Elementarlehre oder Fundamentallehre der geſammten Philoſophie“ ſein, während die Kritik der reinen Vernunft nach dem Plan ihres Verfaſſers nur als eine Propädeutik der Metaphyſik ſich geltend machen wolle **).

Alles, behauptet die Reinholdſche Theorie des Vorſtellungsvermögens, was die Kritik der reinen Vernunft über den Unterſchied zwiſchen dem Transcendentalen und dem Empiriſchen in der Erkenntniß, und zwiſchen den verſchiedenen Arten der Vorſtellungen lehrt, muß zu dem richtigen Begriffe der „Vorſtellung überhaupt“ führen, der hierbei undeutlich vorausgeſetzt wird. Es iſt erforderlich, daß die Gattungsmerkmale der Vorſtellung deutlich von uns gedacht ſein, ehe die Merkmale der Hauptarten unſeres Vorſtellens, alſo der Sinnlichkeit, des Verſtandes und der Vernunft, mit hinlänglicher Genauigkeit und Sicherheit von uns feſtgeſtellt werden können. Zunächſt iſt alſo die Beſchaffenheit der „bloßen Vorſtellung,“ in ihrer Unabhängigkeit von der Beſchaffenheit des vorſtellenden Ichs und der vorgeſtellten Gegenſtände, zu beſtimmen. Wenn gleich die Sinneswahrnehmungen, die Verſtandesbegriffe und die Vernunftideen nicht in Rückſicht deſſen, was ſie gegenſeitig von einander unterſcheidet, aus der „Vorſtellung überhaupt“ ſich ableiten laſſen, ſo iſt doch ihr gemeinſchaftlicher Charakter, durch welchen ſie eben Vorſtellungen ſind und der keineswegs von ihrer beſonderen Eigenthümlichkeit abhängt, nur aus dem allgemeinen Weſen der Vorſtellung erklärbar. Gerade nun dieſer gemeinſchaftliche Charakter muß erfaßt werden, um aus ihm die Nothwendigkeit des großen Hauptreſultates der Kritik: „daß die Dinge an ſich nicht erkennbar ſind“ und der daſſelbe herbeiführenden Lehren vom Raum und von der Zeit, von den Kategorieen und von den Formen der Ideen zu deduciren ***).

Die Vorſtellung kommt urſprünglich nur im Bewußtſein und durch das Bewußtſein vor. Dieſes zeigt ſich daher als die Quelle, zwar nicht der Vorſtellung ſelbſt, aber doch des richtigen urſprünglichen Begriffes von ihr. Es iſt derjenige Zuſtand des Gemüthes, welcher für jede Erkenntniß, Einſicht und Ueberzeugung eine Bedingung und einen Beſtandtheil ausmacht, und muß deshalb unter den Ueberzeugungen, welche Thatſachen ſind, für die erſte und allgemeinſte gelten. Die Begriffe des reinen und erfahrungsmäßigen Bewußtſeins unſer ſelbſt und der Außenwelt ſetzen den Begriff des „Bewußtſeins überhaupt“ voraus, wenn ſie ſowohl in ihrem Zuſammenhange, als in ihrem Unterſchiede richtig gedacht werden ſollen *).

In dieſem ganz allgemeinen Begriffe wird theils etwas gedacht, welches ſich bewußt iſt, das „Subject des Bewußtſeins,“ theils etwas, deſſen ſich jenes bewußt iſt, das „Object des Bewußtſeins,“ theils endlich etwas, wodurch das Subject des Objectes ſich bewußt iſt, die „Vorſtellung.“ Hiernach lautet derjenige Satz, welcher unmittelbar die Thatſache ausdrückt, die im Bewußtſein vor ſich geht: im Bewußtſein wird die Vorſtellung durch das Subject vom Subject und Object unterſchieden und auf beide bezogen. Aus ihm ergeben ſich die urſprünglichen Begriffe der Vorſtellung des Objectes und des Subjectes. Die Vorſtellung erſtlich iſt hiernach dasjenige, wodurch das Subject ſich eines Objectes bewußt, und was daher im Bewußtſein vom Object und Subject unterſchieden, aber auf beide bezogen wird. Das Object zweitens iſt das im Bewußtſein durch das Subject von dem Subject und von der Vorſtellung Unterſchiedene, worauf die letztere, inſofern ſie vom Subject unterſchieden worden, ſich bezieht. Endlich das Subject iſt das durch ſich ſelbſt im Bewußtſein von der Vorſtellung und von dem Object Unterſchiedene, und als Gegenſtand der von dem Object unterſchiedenen Vorſtellung Anerkannte. Das Vermögen, aus welchem die Möglichkeit der bloßen Vorſtellung entſpringt und welches in der Urſache der Vorſtellungen, alſo in demjenigen, was den Grund ihrer Wirklichkeit enthält, vor allem Vorſtellen vorhanden ſein muß, iſt „das Vorſtellungsvermögen überhaupt.“ Es kann zwar nicht außerhalb der vorſtellenden Kraft und außerhalb der Sinnlichkeit, des Verſtandes und der Vernunft vorhanden ſein. Aber ſein Begriff läßt ſich nicht aus dieſer Kraft, ſondern blos aus ihrer Wirkung, nämlich aus der bloßen Vorſtellung, und zwar nur aus dem durch den Satz des Bewußtſeins beſtimmten Charakter derſelben ableiten **).

Die bloße Vorſtellung muß aus etwas beſtehen, wodurch ſie ſich auf das Object und das Subject beziehen und von beiden unterſcheiden läßt. Beide werden aber außerdem gegenſeitig von einander im Bewußtſein unterſchieden. Folglich kann auch in der Vorſtellung nicht Eins und Daſſelbe den Grund ihrer Beziehung auf das Object und auf das Subject enthalten. Hieraus ergiebt ſich, daß in ihr zwei verſchiedene Beſtandtheile vereinigt ſein müſſen, auf deren Unterſchied und Zuſammenhange die „Natur oder das Weſen einer bloßen Vorſtellung“ beruht. Das Eine, was ſich in ihr und wodurch ſie ſich auf das Object bezieht, heißt ihr „Stoff.“ Das Andere dagegen, was ſich in ihr und wodurch ſie ſich auf das Subject bezieht, heißt ihre „Form.“ Für jede Vorſtellung muß der Stoff dem Subjecte gegeben und die Form durch das Subject hervorgebracht ſein; daher wird durch die Möglichkeit der Vorſtellung überhaupt eine „Receptivität“ und eine „Spontaneität“ im Subjecte vorausgeſetzt ***). Die Vorſtellung ſelbſt iſt hiernach weder blos dem Menſchen gegeben, noch blos von ihm hervorgebracht, ſondern ſie iſt vermöge ſeiner Receptivität und Spontaneität von ihm erzeugt. Wenn die Unterſcheidung des Vorſtellenden und des Vorgeſtellten durch die Vorſtellung im Bewußtſein möglich ſein ſoll, ſo muß der Stoff der Vorſtellung ein „Mannigfaltiges“ und die Form der Vorſtellung „Einheit des Mannigfaltigen“

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*) Reinhold's erſter Verſuch, die angegebene Idee einer wiſſenſchaftlichen Vollendung des Kriticismus auszuführen, war ſeine 1789 erſchienene Theorie des menſchlichen Vorſtellungsvermögens. In den folgenden Jahren, bis er ſpäter ſelbſt von der Unhaltbarkeit dieſer Theorie ſich überzeugte, war er bemüht, ſie theils von mehreren bald an ihr wahrgenommenen Mängeln zu reinigen und ſie vollſtändiger auszuführen, theils ſie gegen die Angriffe zu vertheidigen, welche von vielen Seiten, von Anhängern und Gegnern der Kantiſchen Lehre gegen ſie gerichtet wurden. Die zu dieſem Zwecke von ihm verfaßten Schriften ſind: 1) der erſte Band ſeiner Beiträge zur Berichtigung bisheriger Mißverſtändniſſe der Philoſophen, 1790; 2) über das Fundament des philoſophiſchen Wiſſens, 1791; 3) der zweite Band der genannten Beiträge, 1794.

**) Verſ. einer neuen Theorie des Vorſtellungsv. Vorrede S. 58—68. Vergl. ferner „Ueber das Bedürfniß, die Möglichkeit und die Eigenſchaften eines allgemein geltenden Grundſatzes der Philoſophie,“ in den Beiträgen zur Berichtigung u. ſ. w. 1r Bd. S. 119—142. Ueber den gegenwärtigen Zuſtand der Metaphyſik, im 2. Th. der vermiſchten Schriften, S. 140—257.

***) Verſ. einer neuen Theorie des menſchl. Vorſtellungsv. 1r Bd. §. V. Verm. Schriften. 2r Th. S. 237. Beiträge zur Berichtigung u. ſ. w. 1r Bd. S. 142—166.

*) Verm. Schriften. 2r Th. S. 237—250. Beitr. zur Berichtig. u. ſ. w. 1r Bd. S. 159—182.

**) Neue Darſtellung der Hauptm. d. Elementarph. in d. Beitr. zur Bericht. u. ſ. w. S. 167—176. Verm. Schriften. 2r Th. S. 250—261.

***) Reinhold gibt für dieſen Hauptſatz ſeiner Theorie folgenden Beweis. In der Vorſtellung iſt der Stoff dasjenige, wodurch ſie dem Object als dem Vorgeſtellten entſpricht, und die Form dasjenige, wodurch ſie dem Subject als dem Vorſtellenden angehört. Der Stoff muß alſo von der Form in dieſer Eigenſchaft ſich unterſcheiden. Die Form muß Eigenthum des Subjectes ſein, inwiefern daſſelbe im Bewußtſein als die Urſache der Vorſtellung ſich verhält, und der Stoff kann dem Vorſtellenden in dieſer Beziehung nicht zukommen. Jene iſt eine Wirkung des Vorſtellenden, was dieſer nicht iſt. Gleichwohl muß der Stoff in jeder Vorſtellung nothwendig vorkommen, und muß daher dem vorſtellenden, an ihm die Form hervorbringenden Subjecte gegeben ſein. Die Vorſtellung wird im Bewußtſein auch auf das Subject bezogen, kann aber demſelben unmöglich in gleicher Weiſe rückſichtlich auf Stoff und auf Form angehören. Der Stoff kann dem Subjecte nur als etwas auf das Object ſich Beziehendes, und inſofern dem Subjecte nicht urſprünglich Eigenes, ſondern Gegebenes beigelegt werden; die Form hingegen, [illegible] dasjenige, wodurch aus dem Stoffe die Vorſtellung geworden iſt, muß ein urſprüngliches Eigenthum des Subjectes ſein, welches kein vorſtellendes genannt werden dürfte, wenn es nicht Vorſtellungen in ſich erzeugte. Demzufolge beruht die Möglichkeit des Bewußtſeins, als des doppelten Bezogenwerdens der Vorſtellung auf das Object und auf das Subject, darauf, daß der Stoff in der Vorſtellung, als das Gegebene, von der Form, als dem Hervorgebrachten, ſich unterſcheide.

ſein. Denn nur zufolge ihres Stoffes bezieht ſich die Vorſtellung auf das im Bewußtſein durch ſie zu Unterſcheidende, auf das Object, und nur zufolge ihrer Form auf das im Bewußtſein durch ſie Unterſcheidende, auf das Subject. Mithin iſt es die in der Vorſtellung dem Stoff als ſolchem angehörige Beſchaffenheit, welche den Grund für die Möglichkeit der Unterſcheidung des Objectes von dem Subject enthalten muß. Nun kann aber der Grund für die Möglichkeit einer Unterſcheidung lediglich in der Mannigfaltigkeit liegen, und ſo kommt dieſe dem Stoffe der Vorſtellung mit Nothwendigkeit zu. Ferner muß der Stoff von der Form, das Hervorgebrachte von dem Gegebenen, das auf das Object Bezogene von demjenigen, was ſich auf das Subject bezieht, weſentlich verſchieden ſein. Aber von dem Mannigfaltigen überhaupt unterſcheidet ſich nur die Einheit. Deshalb beſteht die Form der Vorſtellung nothwendig in der Einheit des Mannigfaltigen. Hiernach bezieht ſich die Vorſtellung von der Seite der in ihr hervorgebrachten Einheit auf das Subject, auf dasjenige, was im Bewußtſein als das Unterſcheidende, als das blos Thätige auftritt, und von der Seite des in ihr gegebenen Mannigfaltigen auf das Object, welches im Bewußtſein als das vom Subject Unterſchiedene ſich verhält, dem der beſtimmbare Stoff der Thätigkeit angehört *). Die Receptivität iſt die Fähigkeit, ein Mannigfaltiges zu empfangen. Im Vorſtellungsvermögen iſt die Mannigfaltigkeit des Stoffes als diejenige Eigenſchaft deſſelben beſtimmt, welche allein es möglich macht, daß er empfangen werden kann. Sie heißt die „Form der Receptivität“ und macht das Weſen der Receptivität als eines Beſtandtheiles des Vorſtellungsvermögens aus. Dagegen beſteht die Spontaneität in der Fähigkeit, an dem gegebenen Mannigfaltigen Einheit hervorzubringen, alſo daſſelbe zu verknüpfen. Die im Vorſtellungsvermögen beſtimmte und im Verknüpfen ſich äußernde Handlungsweiſe heißt die „Form der Spontaneität,“ und macht das Weſen der Spontaneität als eines Beſtandtheiles des Vorſtellungsvermögens aus. Beide Formen ſind für das vorſtellende Subject in und mit dem Vorſtellungsvermögen, deſſen Weſen ſie bilden, gegeben und folglich vor aller Vorſtellung vorhanden **).

Die Veränderung, welche in dem Subjecte dadurch vorgeht, daß ſeiner Receptivität ein Stoff gegeben wird, heißt das „Afficirtwerden,“ und die Handlung, durch welche der Stoff dargeboten wird, heißt das „Afficiren.“ Der Stoff iſt „ſubjectiv beſtimmt,“ indem er durch die Form der Receptivität, und er iſt „objectiv beſtimmt,“ indem er durch das Object, dem er in der Vorſtellung entſpricht, ſeine Beſtimmung erhält. Wenn ſeine objective Beſchaffenheit in der Receptivität lediglich von dem Afficirtwerden abhängt, ſo wird er hierdurch „beſtimmt;“ wenn dagegen ſein bloßes Vorhandenſein in der Receptivität von dem Afficirtwerden abhängt, ſo wird er hierdurch „gegeben.“ Iſt er nicht nur hinſichtlich auf ſein Vorhandenſein in der Receptivität als Stoff, ſondern auch hinſichtlich auf ſeine objective Beſchaffenheit durch das Afficirtwerden beſtimmt, ſo heißt er ein „empiriſcher,“ und die aus ihm entſtandene Vorſtellung heißt gleichfalls eine „empiriſche.“ Der empiriſche Stoff iſt entweder ein „ſubjectiver,“ wenn er ſeiner Beſchaffenheit nach durch ein Afficirtwerden von innen, alſo durch eine Handlung des ſeine Receptivität afficirenden Subjectes, oder er iſt ein „objectiver,“ wenn er durch ein Afficirtwerden von außen, durch etwas vom Subjecte Verſchiedenes, beſtimmt iſt. Derjenige Stoff, der rückſichtlich auf ſeine objective Beſchaffenheit nicht durch ein Afficirtwerden, ſondern durch das Vorſtellungsvermögen, und welcher blos rückſichtlich auf ſein Vorhandenſein in der Receptivität durch das Afficirtwerden von innen beſtimmt iſt, heißt der „reine, a priori beſtimmte“ Stoff, und die aus ihm entſtandenen Vorſtellungen, welche die Formen der Vorſtellungen zu ihrem Gegenſtande haben, heißen „reine oder aprioriſche“ Vorſtellungen ***).

Das Bewußtſein überhaupt beſteht im Bezogenwerden der Vorſtellung durch das Subject auf Object und Subject, und iſt von dem Vorſtellen unzertrennlich. Es iſt „klar,“ inſofern es ein Bewußtſein der Vorſtellung iſt, „dunkel“ dagegen, wenn man ſich einer Sache bewußt wird, ohne der Vorſtellung, durch welche dies geſchieht, insbeſondere und als einer ſolchen ſich bewußt zu werden, es iſt „deutlich,“ inſofern es Bewußtſein des Vorſtellenden als eines ſolchen, mithin Selbſtbewußtſein iſt. Das Bewußtſein heißt „Erkenntniß,“ wenn ſein Object weder eine bloße Vorſtellung, noch das Vorſtellende, ſondern ein von beiden unterſchiedenes Vorgeſtelltes iſt *).

Zur Erkenntniß gehören zwei verſchiedene Arten von Vorſtellungen, die eine, welche unmittelbar, und die andere, welche vermittelſt jener auf den Gegenſtand bezogen wird. Die erſte heißt „Anſchauung,“ und die zweite „Begriff.“ Wenn der Stoff der Anſchauung ſeiner objectiven Beſchaffenheit nach durch die bloße Affection in dem Vorſtellenden beſtimmt iſt, ſo heißt ſie eine „ſinnliche,“ wenn er dagegen nach dieſer Beſchaffenheit nur durch das Vorſtellungsvermögen beſtimmt iſt, ſo heißt ſie eine „intellectuelle.“ Sie iſt eine „äußere,“ inſofern ſie durch eine Affection von außenher entſteht. Dann bezieht ſie ſich auf einen Gegenſtand, der weder als eine Vorſtellung noch als das Vorſtellende, ſondern nur als ein von beiden unterſchiedenes Object aufgefaßt werden kann. Jede äußere Anſchauung iſt ſinnlich und das Vermögen derſelben heißt der „äußere Sinn.“ Die „innere Anſchauung“ nimmt aus einer Affection von Innen ihren Urſprung. Beſteht ihr Stoff in dem Afficirtwerden ſelbſt, ſo heißt ſie eine „innere ſinnliche Anſchauung“ und bezieht ſich auf einen Gegenſtand, der nur als eine Vorſtellung von uns aufgefaßt werden kann. Das Vermögen ſolcher Anſchauungen iſt der „innere Sinn.“ Wir ſtellen uns Alles im Raume vor, was als außerhalb unſer ſelbſt erſcheint, und Alles in der Zeit, was wir als von außen her gegeben in uns aufnehmen. Unſeren Leib betrachten wir als ein Außending, indem wir ihm zuſchreiben, daß er einen Theil des Raumes erfüllt, und unſer eigenes empiriſches Wirken und Leiden vermögen wir nur als eine erfüllte Zeit, als eine Veränderung in uns ſelbſt anzuerkennen. Die Receptivität unſerer reinen Sinnlichkeit beſteht in dem Vermögen, durch ein Mannigfaltiges unter der Form des Außereinanderſeins angeregt zu werden, und ihre Spontaneität in dem Vermögen, Einheit in dieſes Mannigfaltige zu bringen, und alſo die Stetigkeit zu erzeugen. Die „reine Form der ſinnlichen Vorſtellung überhaupt“ iſt die Einheit des außereinander befindlichen Mannigfaltigen; die „Form der Vorſtellung des äußeren Sinnes“ iſt die Einheit der im Außereinanderſein beſtehenden Form des Mannigfaltigen, inſofern es von außen her gegeben iſt, alſo die Stetigkeit nach allen drei Dimenſionen, „der bloße Raum;“ die „Form der Vorſtellung des inneren Sinnes“ iſt die Einheit der im Außereinanderſein beſtehenden Form des Mannigfaltigen, inſofern es durch Auffaſſung dem Subjecte gegeben iſt, alſo die Stetigkeit in der Aufeinanderfolge, „die bloße Zeit.“ Der Gegenſtand einer empiriſchen Anſchauung, welcher nur unter den a priori in unſerer Seele beſtimmten und folglich nur unſerer Subjectivität und nicht dem Ding an ſich eigenthümlichen Formen der Anſchauung vorgeſtellt werden kann, heißt die „Erſcheinung.“ Uns ſind hiernach nichts als Erſcheinungen empiriſch erkennbar, und Raum und Zeit ſind weſentliche Bedingungen aller Erſcheinungen, aber nicht der Dinge an ſich **).

Die urſprünglich aus ſchon vorhandenen ſinnlichen Vorſtellungen durch die Thätigkeit des Subjectes erzeugte Vorſtellung iſt der „Verſtandesbegriff.“ Sein Stoff iſt das durch Sinnlichkeit bereits vorgeſtellte Mannigfaltige, und ſeine Form die Einheit deſſelben, welche als Einheit des Vorgeſtellten die „objective Einheit“ heißt. Die ſinnliche Vorſtellung hat zwar ein Object, jedoch wird dieſes im Bewußtſein nicht als ſolches vorgeſtellt. Denn als Anſchauung auf ihr Object bezogen, wird die ſinnliche Vorſtellung in unſerem Bewußtſein von ihm nicht unterſchieden. Deshalb kann aus ihr allein, ohne das Hinzutreten des Begriffes, keine Erkenntniß hervorgehen. Das Vermögen des Subjectes, ſich bloßer Objecte als ſolcher bewußt zu werden, iſt der „Verſtand.“ Inwiefern mit dem Ausdruck „Object“ die durch Verbindung des vorgeſtellten Mannigfaltigen hervorgebrachte Einheit bezeichnet wird, inſofern ſetzt der Verſtand ſelbſt durch die allgemeine Form ſeiner Vorſtellung die Objecte. Aber er thut dies nur, indem er bereits vorhandene Vorſtellungen, und zwar ſolche verknüpft, zu denen uns der Stoff von außen her gegeben ſein muß. Er hängt demnach rückſichtlich auf die bloße Möglichkeit, ein Object als außer uns befindlich vorzuſtellen, von der Sinnlichkeit ab. Die ihm eigenthümlichen beſonderen Verknüpfungsarten, die in ihm ſelbſt gegründeten Modificationen der objectiven Einheit, „die Kategorieen,“ beſitzen aus dieſem Grunde nur durch die reine Sinnlichkeit und durch die Beziehung auf unſeren empiriſchen Zuſtand, welche in den Schematen vermittelt wird, eine objective Realität ***).

Die Vorſtellung, welche durch Vereinigung von Verſtandesbegriffen erzeugt wird, iſt die „Idee,“ und das Vermögen, Ideen zu erzeugen, heißt die „Vernunft.“ Der unmittelbare

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*) Als Beſtätigung, fügt Reinhold hinzu, mag noch Folgendes dienen. Wenn ein Gegenſtand erkannt werden ſoll, muß er ſich von anderen Gegenſtänden unterſcheiden laſſen. Dies iſt nur dadurch möglich, daß er verſchiedene Beſtimmungen enthält, daß er ein Inbegriff mannigfaltiger Merkmale iſt. Es muß ihm alſo in der Vorſtellung, durch die er erkennbar ſein ſoll, ein Mannigfaltiges entſprechen. Das, was dem Gegenſtand in einer Vorſtellung entſpricht, iſt aber der Stoff; dieſer kann folglich nur ein Mannigfaltiges ſein.

**) Beitr. zur Berichtig. S. 196—204.

***) A. a. O. S. 209—213.

*) A. a. O. S. 218—223.

**) A. a. O. S. 223—[illegible]. Verm. Schriften. 2r Bd. S. [illegible]—[illegible]. Theorie des Vorſtellungsv. III. Bd. § LII — LXVI.

***) Verm. Schriften. 2r Bd. S. [illegible]—[illegible]. Theorie des Vorſtellungsv. III. Bd. § LXVII — LXXVII.

Stoff der Ideen beſteht aus dem Mannigfaltigen, welches in der Form des Verſtandes und durch dieſelbe gegeben iſt. Dieſes findet unabhängig von dem Mannigfaltigen ſtatt, welches ſowohl in den ſinnlichen Vorſtellungen, als in den Begriffen enthalten iſt, und unterſcheidet ſich weſentlich von Beiden, indem es auf den bloßen Verknüpfungsarten des Verſtandes beruht. Daher iſt die „Form der Idee" die abſolute, von allen außerhalb der Spontaneität befindlichen Bedingungen unabhängige Einheit. Die Verknüpfungsarten des Verſtandes, welche die Vernunft auf Einheit bringt, werden entweder vermittelſt der Sinnlichkeit auf den empiriſchen Zuſtand des Subjectes, auf die Materie der Erfahrung, bezogen, in welchem Falle die Ideen „empiriſche" heißen, oder ſie werden als Handlungsweiſen des Subjectes lediglich auf das reine Subject bezogen, in welchem Falle die Ideen „reine" genannt werden. Durch reine Vernunft werden keine realen Objecte vergegenwärtigt. Die Vorſtellung dieſer Objecte kommt als ausſchließlich eigenthümliches Geſchäft dem mit der Sinnlichkeit zuſammenwirkenden und an die Sinnlichkeit gebundenen Verſtande zu. Deswegen verſtatten die Ideen, welche nur vermittelſt der Vorſtellungen des Verſtandes auf ſolche Gegenſtände ſich beziehen, keinen die Gegenſtände der Wirklichkeit ſelbſt im Bewußtſein „conſtituirenden," ſondern blos einen die Erkenntniſſe „regulirenden" Gebrauch *).

Es gibt noch ein beſonderes Selbſtbewußtſein, durch welches ſowohl das reine, als das empiriſche vorausgeſetzt wird, während es nicht blos aus der Verbindung beider beſteht, das „moraliſche Selbſtbewußtſein" oder das „Gewiſſen." Dieſes enthält die Forderung der Vernunft an das empiriſche Subject: die bloße Vernunftmäßigkeit als den Grund der Befriedigung, und die Vernunftwidrigkeit als den Grund der Nichtbefriedigung der Begierden anzunehmen und geltend zu machen. Durch daſſelbe ſind wir uns des Sollens bewußt, was ohne Willensfreiheit unmöglich wäre. Das Vermögen, dieſem Geſetz entweder gemäß oder zuwider zu handeln, und folglich die Vernunft entweder als Zweck oder als bloßes Mittel der Begierden zu gebrauchen, iſt von der Selbſtthätigkeit der Vernunft verſchieden. Die letztere hat nur eine einzige und innerlich nothwendige Handlungsweiſe, die Form der abſoluten Einheit; jenes hingegen übt zwei ihm gleich mögliche Handlungsweiſen, beſtimmt ſich alſo ſelbſt nicht blos zum wirklichen Handeln, ſondern auch zu der Art ſeines Handelns und iſt deshalb allein im ſtrengſten Sinne des Wortes die „Freiheit des Willens" zu nennen. Ohne ſie würde das reine Subject blos als Vernunft denkbar ſein, welche ſich ſelbſt vorſtellen würde, weil ſie als reine Vernunft ſich ſelbſt vorſtellen muß, während ſie an dem reinen Verſtand und der reinen Sinnlichkeit nur das Verhältniß derſelben zum empiriſchen Vorſtellungsvermögen anerkennt. Aber indem dem Subjecte die Freiheit zukommt, iſt daſſelbe nicht bloße Vernunft, ſondern hat es Vernunft. Als Subject der Willensfreiheit muß es nicht nur reine, ſondern auch empiriſche Vernunft und die übrigen Vermögen beſitzen, welche von dieſer vorausgeſetzt werden. In theoretiſcher Rückſicht iſt das reine Subject blos dadurch ein reales, daß es in ſeinem Zuſammenhange mit dem empiriſchen dem Selbſtbewußtſein zu Grunde liegt. Der Geiſt wird nur als Seele, und dieſe wird nur in ihrem Verhältniſſe zum Leibe theoretiſch erkennbar. In praktiſcher Rückſicht dagegen iſt das Subject, durch ſeine zufolge des Sittengeſetzes ihm gewiß werdende Freiheit, zwar nicht im Daſein, aber im Handeln von dem Zuſammenhange mit einem Leib unabhängig, ſetzt zur Erfüllung des Sittengeſetzes die endloſe Fortdauer dieſes Zuſammenhanges voraus, und kann ſich nur als „unſterbliche Seele" denken. In theoretiſcher Hinſicht iſt kein anderes abſolutes Subject erkennbar, als die reine Vernunft, und dieſe wird lediglich in der Eigenſchaft des transcendentalen Vorſtellungsvermögens und folglich in ihrer Verbindung mit dem empiriſchen Geiſtesvermögen erkannt. Daher iſt auch aus dem theoretiſchen Geſichtspunkte keine Ueberzeugung von Gott möglich. Hingegen in praktiſcher Hinſicht hört die Vernunft auf, das Subject ſelbſt zu ſein, und überläßt dieſen Rang der Willensfreiheit. Nun iſt das Subject nur in Rückſicht auf die Richtung ſeines Willens frei und bedarf der empiriſchen Materialien ſeines Handelns. Folglich wird durch die äußere Möglichkeit der Erfüllung des Sittengeſetzes eine durchgängige und keineswegs von der Freiheit des Subjectes abhängige Uebereinſtimmung der phyſiſchen Geſetze mit den moraliſchen, und mithin ein moraliſcher Urheber der Natur vorausgeſetzt. So erhält die Vernunft durch das Bewußtſein des Sittengeſetzes den Charakter eines freien und endlichen Weſens, welches in Anerkennung des Verhältniſſes zwiſchen ſeiner Endlichkeit, ſeiner Freiheit und ſeiner Vernünftigkeit nicht umhin kann, das Daſein eines unendlichen freien und vernünftigen Weſens anzunehmen **).

Wenn man, wie es ſich gebührt, das Verdienſtvolle und für die Fortbildung der Philoſophie Förderliche dieſer Theorie in der oben bereits angedeuteten Hinſicht erwägt *), ſo erſcheint es dadurch nicht aufgehoben oder auch nur geſchmälert, daß Reinhold ſpäter ſich ſelbſt von ihrer Unhaltbarkeit überzeugte und mit der Wahrheitsliebe und Selbſtverläugnung, die eines Philoſophen würdig iſt, dies öffentlich erklärte. Die Einwürfe, welche von mehreren achtungswerthen Denkern gegen dieſelbe vorgebracht wurden, unter denen die bedeutendſten von G. E. Schulze in deſſen anonym erſchienenem „Aeneſidemus" **) herrühren, veranlaßten Reinhold nur zu dem Beſtreben, den an ihr gerügten Mängeln abzuhelfen, und führten ihn keineswegs zu einem gänzlichen Aufgeben ſeines Unternehmens. Hierzu bewog ihn Fichte's 1794 in ihrer erſten Grundlage an das Licht getretene Wiſſenſchaftslehre, welche ihm als der wirklich gelungene Verſuch erſchien, die von Kant aufgeſtellten transcendentalen Formen und Geſetze des Erkennens aus einem ihnen angemeſſenen Princip ſyſtematiſch abzuleiten. Reinhold überzeugte ſich, indem er die Gültigkeit jener Formen und Geſetze noch immer nicht in Zweifel zog, daß der ſeiner Elementarlehre mit der Kritik der reinen Vernunft gemeinſchaftliche Grundfehler durch die Fichteſche Begründung der letzteren glücklich gehoben worden ſei. Dieſen Fehler erblickte er darin, daß bei der Deduction der Formen der Sinnlichkeit und des Verſtandes das auf Anregung der Sinnlichkeit beruhende Gegebenſein des Wahrnehmungsſtoffes vorausgeſetzt, und demnach die Bedeutung aller transcendentalen Beſtimmungen auf eine mit dem Widerſpruche behaftete Weiſe von einer blos empiriſchen Thatſache abhängig gemacht worden war. Denn es konnte hiernach ſowohl in ſeiner eigenen, wie in der Kantiſchen Theorie, die Hypotheſe eines auf die Sinnlichkeit einwirkenden „Dinges an ſich" nicht entbehrt und dennoch mit Folgerichtigkeit nicht zugelaſſen werden. Nahm man das Anregende für ein bloßes Noumenon, für ein Gedankending, ſo konnte es nicht als die wirkliche Urſache der in uns hervorgebrachten Empfindungen betrachtet werden. Hielt man es dagegen für etwas in der That außer uns Vorhandenes und ſchrieb man ihm Eindrücke auf die Sinnlichkeit zu, ſo mußten ihm die Prädicate der Exiſtenz und der Cauſalität beigelegt werden, welche doch bloße Formen unſeres Denkens des Wahrgenommenen und allein auf Erſcheinungen anwendbar ſein ſollen ***). Dergeſtalt wurde Reinhold von dem Standpunkte ſeiner Elementarlehre zu dem der Fichteſchen Wiſſenſchaftslehre hingezogen, weil er in der letzteren diejenige Vollendung der kritiſchen Philoſophie fand, um die es ihm ſeit dem Beginne ſeiner Bearbeitung der Theorie des Vorſtellungsvermögens einzig zu thun geweſen war, und weil ihm dieſe Vollendung für nichts Geringeres galt, als für die Vollendung des einzig gültigen philoſophiſchen Syſtemes †). Doch zeigte er ſich nicht als einen unbedingten Anhänger der Fichteſchen Vorſtellungsart, und gab ſich ihr keineswegs mit Verläugnung der Eigenthümlichkeit ſeines Geiſtes hin. Er behauptete dieſe auch damals auf eine ſeines Kopfes und ſeines Herzens würdige Weiſe, indem er eine mittlere vergleichende Stellung zwiſchen der Fichteſchen Wiſſenſchaftslehre und der Jacobiſchen Glaubenslehre einnahm, und zwar den transcendentalen Standpunkt Fichte's für den einzig möglichen zum Behufe der Entwicklung der reinen Vernunfterkenntniß, den antidogmatiſchen Jacobi's aber für den urſprünglichen der natürlichen lebendigen Ueberzeugung des Gewiſſens hielt, in der Meinung, daß der eine den anderen nicht entbehrlich mache, ſondern daß jeder für ſich einſeitig nur einen Theil der intellectuellen Bedürfniſſe des Menſchen berückſichtige und befriedige, und den anderen zum vollſtändigen Bewußtſein der überſinnlichen Verhältniſſe ergänze. Gleich Anfangs nämlich verkannte Reinhold nicht das Unbefriedigende des Fichteſchen Lehrbegriffes in Bezug auf die Ableitung der Grundwahrheiten der Religion. Aber ſein Begriff blieb noch eine Zeitlang befangen von den Kantiſchen Anſichten über die Zeit und den Raum, über die Kategorieen und ihren Schematismus; ihm galten daher noch die in dem menſchlichen Bewußtſein vernommenen Beſtimmungen des Seins für etwas nur Subjectives, für bloße Modificationen unſerer Erkenntnißthätigkeit. Deshalb hatte jene Anerkennung, ſo lange ſeinem Begriffe dieſe Befangenheit blieb, keine andere Folge, als daß er in Hinſicht der Vorſtellungen von Gottes Sein und von Gottes Verhältniſſe zur Welt und Menſchheit einen unvermeidlichen Gegenſatz zwiſchen der erworbenen künſtlichen Denkweiſe der Speculation und zwiſchen der urſprünglichen natürlichen Denkart des Gewiſſens annahm. Für unſeren philoſophiſchen Vernunftgebrauch, dachte er mit Fichte, erſcheine nichts in der Eigenſchaft eines Realen, als was ſich durch ihn wiſſen und begreifen laſſe, folglich nichts, als unſere eigene Geiſtesthätigkeit. Daher könne in dem ſpeculativen Denken der Glaube an Gott nur als Glaube an die moraliſche Weltordnung aufgefaßt und erklärt werden, welcher aus unſerem nothwendigen Bewußtſein unſerer inneren Freiheit und der für dieſe Freiheit gegebenen Zweckmäßigkeit unſeres Handelns entſpringe. Gott, als Realgrund alles Endlichen und durch die Speculation Erklärbaren, als Schöpfer der Natur und der moraliſchen Weltordnung, als Urquell des Lebens und aller Wirkſamkeit, ſei aus dem transcendentalen Geſichtspunkte nicht denkbar und könne aus ihm nicht von dem Menſchen erfaßt werden. Demzufolge aber nahm Reinhold mit Jacobi an, die Vernehmung des Göttlichen liege in der Region eines dem philoſophiſchen Wiſſen, wie allem Wiſſen überhaupt, ſchlechthin unzugänglichen, von der Allmacht ſelbſt auf eine uns unbegreifliche Weiſe in uns bewirkten Glaubens. In der Seele des wahren Philoſophen, dachte ſich nun Reinhold in ſeiner Vermittlung des Gegenſatzes zwiſchen der Wiſſenſchaftslehre Fichte's und der Glaubenslehre Jacobi's, beſtehe das ſpeculative Wiſſen und der religiöſe Glaube ganz unabhängig von einander und dennoch in vollkommener Harmonie und in einem nahen gegenſeitigen Verhältniſſe. Das Wiſſen habe von dem Glauben alle vernunftwidrige Zuſätze und blos ſcheinbare rationale oder empiriſche Beweiſe abzuhalten, und ihn, ſoweit er erklärlich ſei, aus dem Weſen der Sittlichkeit abzuleiten. Da aber die moraliſche Weltordnung ſelbſt ohne eine gläubige und gewiſſenhafte Geſinnung als ein bloßes Ideal, als ein Product der Imagination erſcheinen müſſe, ſo werde durch den Glauben das philoſophiſche Erkennen über den Charakter der leeren Speculation erhoben und mit der ihm zukommenden Realität ausgeſtattet *).

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*) Verm. Schriften. 2r Th. S. [illegible]—275. Theorie des Vorſtellungsv. III. Bd. § LXXVII — LXXXVI.

**) Verm. Schriften. 2r Th. S. [illegible]—274. Vergl. Theorie des Vorſtellungsv. III. Bd. § LXXXVI — LXXXVIII.

*) Mit Recht wies in der damaligen Zeit Schelling darauf hin, wie wichtig es geweſen ſei, die Hauptfrage der Kantiſchen Kritik, die Möglichkeit der ſynthetiſchen Urtheile a priori betreffend, in der höheren Abſtraction aufzufaſſen, in welcher der Reinholdiſche Elementarlehre ſie gefaßt und zu beantworten geſucht, und bemerkte dabei, daß man ſehr wenig Einſicht in den nothwendigen Gang aller Wiſſenſchaften verrathen würde, wenn man dieſes Verſuches auch dann, wenn die Philoſophie weiter vorgerückt ſei, nicht mit der größten Achtung gedenken wollte. S. Schelling „Vom Ich als Princip der Philoſophie" a. l. m. § 3. Anm. Im gleichen Sinne äußerte Fichte, daß nach dem genialiſchen Geiſte Kant's der Philoſophie kein höheres Geſchenk hätte gemacht werden können, als durch den ſyſtematiſchen Geiſt Reinhold's, deſſen Elementarlehre immer einen ehrenvollen Platz behaupten werde auch bei den weiteren Fortſchritten, welche die Philoſophie nothwendig machen müſſe. S. Fichte „über den Begriff der Wiſſenſchaftslehre" a. l. m. Vorrede.

**) Aeneſidemus oder über die Fundamente der von dem Hrn. Profeſſor Reinhold in Jena gelieferten Elementarphiloſophie, nebſt einer Vertheidigung des Skepticismus gegen die Anmaßungen der Vernunftkritik. 1792.

***) Verm. Schriften. 2r Th. S. 272—323.

†) In der Abhandlung „über den gegenwärtigen Zuſtand der Metaphyſik und der transcendentalen Philoſophie überhaupt," welche den größten Theil des 1797 herausgekommenen zweiten Bandes der Auswahl ſeiner vermiſchten Schriften einnimmt, und in dem Vorberichte zu dieſem Bande ſprach Reinhold ſeine Anerkennung der Unzulänglichkeit ſeiner Elementarlehre und der Gültigkeit der Wiſſenſchaftslehre in der Eigenſchaft eines Fundamentes des theoretiſchen und praktiſchen Theiles der Kantiſchen Philoſophie aus.

Die ſpäteren philoſophiſchen Beſtrebungen Reinhold's, ſo achtungswürdig ſie auch in jeder Hinſicht ſind, eignen ſich zu keiner genauern Darſtellung in dem Zuſammenhang unſerer Schilderung. Denn ſie haben nicht zu dem Reſultat eines gereiften Syſtemes, ſondern nur zu Andeutungen und Keimen eines eigenthümlichen erkenntnißtheoretiſchen und metaphyſiſchen Lehrbegriffes geführt, welcher erſt eine ihm angemeſſene Ausbildung durch einen in ſeine Sphäre eingeweihten und der Sache gewachſenen Denker erhalten muß, bevor er darauf Anſpruch machen kann, an die Reihe der philoſophiſchen Verſuche von höherer Bedeutung ſich anzuſchließen. Was Reinhold für die Mittheilung deſſelben gethan, iſt aus manchen Gründen ohne irgend eine ſichtbare Einwirkung auf das Zeitalter und von den Meiſten unter ſeinen philoſophirenden Zeitgenoſſen unverſtanden, ja unbeachtet geblieben. Wir geben daher hier nur anhangsweiſe eine kurze Ueberſicht des Ganges, den ſeine philoſophiſchen Unterſuchungen ſeit der Herausgabe der angeführten „Sendſchreiben" genommen und bis an ſein Lebensende behauptet.

In ſeiner von uns bemerkten Annahme einer Offenbarung Gottes für das menſchliche Wahrheitsgefühl, welche der Erklärung und Begründung durch den Kantiſch-Fichteſchen Idealismus nicht zugänglich ſei, blickt augenſcheinlich eine nur noch nicht zur Deutlichkeit gelangte Wahrnehmung des Ungenügenden in dieſem Löſungsverſuche der philoſophiſchen Probleme durch. Es bedurfte daher nur der Ausſicht auf die Möglichkeit, die er lange als Anhänger der kritiſchen Philoſophie verkannt hatte, die Vernunftforſchung vermittelſt einer bisher verborgen gebliebenen wiſſenſchaftlichen Methode über den Standpunkt der auf objective Erkenntniß verzichtenden Subjectivität zu erheben, um in ihm Zweifel an der Gültigkeit der Kantiſchen Erkenntnißlehre zu erwecken und ihn zu der neuen Bahn der philoſophiſchen Speculation hinzuleiten. Noch vor dem Schluſſe des vorigen Jahrhunderts, im Spätherbſte 1799, gelangte er zur Kenntniß des vor Kurzem herausgekommenen „Grundriſſes der erſten Logik" von C. G. Bardili. So unzufrieden er auch mit dem Ton und der ganzen Darſtellungsweiſe dieſes Buches war, ſo erregte doch in hohem Grade ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit der Hauptgedanke deſſelben und erſchien ihm, je mehr er ihn erwog, in einem deſto helleren Licht als wahr und wichtig, ein Gedanke, dem er ſchon ſehr nahe gekommen war durch ſeine in den beiden „Sendſchreiben" ausgeführte Behauptung, daß in dem menſchlichen Weſen eine Kraft ſei, das über die Natur erhabene Sein Gottes auf eine über die Selbſtthätigkeit unſerer individuellen Vorſtellung erhabene Weiſe zu vernehmen. Er fand nämlich, daß die Beſtimmungen der Bardili'ſchen Logik auf die Anſicht hindeuteten: die Vernunft an ſich ſelbſt oder die allgemeine Denkthätigkeit ſei die Manifeſtation Gottes und das Princip alles Seins und Erkennens. Sie äußere ſich ſowohl in dem Sein der Dinge, als in unſerem Bewußtſein, wo ihre Aeußerung durch das ſinnliche Vorſtellen bedingt werde und mit demſelben verbunden den Charakter des menſchlichen Denkens annehme, zunächſt durch das Ordnen des Mannigfaltigen, durch Ableitung des Vielen aus der quantitativen Einheit, der Folgen aus den Gründen, der Wirkungen aus den Urſachen und Zwecken, der Handlungen aus den Abſichten, und hierauf durch Unterordnung der quantitativen Einheit unter die abſolute Einheit, der Gründe unter den Urgrund, der Urſachen unter das Urweſen, der Abſichten und Zwecke unter den Endzweck, alſo des geordneten Weltganzen unter das ſchlechthin einzige und unvergleichbare Eine, in welchem und durch welches Alles berechnet, begründet, beabſichtigt und bewirkt ſei. Hiernach müſſe dem „Idealen" oder demjenigen, was in unſerem Denken als das Unbedingte, Nothwendige und Allgemeine ſich kundgibt, das wandelloſe „Reale" oder die ewige Ordnung des wahren Seins vollkommen entſprechen, und es ergebe ſich für die philoſophiſche Wahrheitsforſchung das Problem, in einer Analyſis der reinen Vernunftideen die allgemeinen unwandelbaren Eigenthümlichkeiten und Verhältniſſe des Seins mit Deutlichkeit zu entwickeln. Das auf dieſer Analyſis beruhende metaphyſiſche Syſtem, zu welchem Bardili den erſten leitenden Gedanken hergegeben und welches Reinhold mit dem Namen des „rationalen Realismus" bezeichnete, ſuchte letzterer in verſchiedenen Darſtellungen, die er in ſeinen Beiträgen zur leichteren Ueberſicht des Zuſtandes der Philoſophie bekannt machte, mit immer größerer Genauigkeit und Folgerichtigkeit der Begriffe auszubilden. Später fand er, ohne jedoch die ſeinem rationalen Realismus eigenthümliche Auffaſſung des Verhältniſſes zwiſchen dem Denken und dem Sein deshalb aufzugeben, daß ihm jene Darſtellungen aus dem Grunde mißlungen ſein, weil er das Charakteriſtiſche der verſchiedenen Bedeutungen, welche eine und dieſelbe Begriffsbezeichnung in der Sprache der formalen Logik, der Metaphyſik und des erfahrungsmäßigen Denkens beſitze oder doch beſitzen müſſe, nicht gehörig unterſchieden habe. Er bemerkte eine Vieldeutigkeit derjenigen gleichnamigen Begriffe, welche in den drei angegebenen Sphären ihres Gebrauches die allgemeinſte und wichtigſte Bedeutung beſitzen, nebſt einer hiermit zuſammenhangenden Unbeſtimmtheit der ſinnverwandten philoſophiſchen Begriffe, und er glaubte, den wahren Sinn und den wahren Zuſammenhang der metaphyſiſchen Ideen nur dadurch feſtſtellen zu können, daß er jene Vieldeutigkeit und Unbeſtimmtheit aufdecke und durch genaue Unterſcheidungen aufhebe. In dieſer Abſicht ſchrieb er ſeine „Grundlegung einer Synonymik für den allgemeinen Sprachgebrauch in den philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften," welche in enger Verbindung mit einer allgemeinen Kritik der philoſophiſchen Terminologie überhaupt aus dem Geſichtspunkte der Sinnverwandtſchaft der Wörter und der Gleichnamigkeit der Begriffe, und mit einer Aufſtellung der wichtigſten Claſſen ſinnverwandter Wörter und gleichnamiger Begriffe in der Logik und Metaphyſik eine neue Ausführung der ihm ſeit ſeiner Bekanntſchaft mit der Bardili'ſchen Denklehre vorſchwebenden Idee eines Syſtemes der reinen Vernunftideen enthält. Ein innerer Grund der Unverſtändlichkeit und Wirkungsloſigkeit dieſes einen ſehr werthvollen Gehalt in einer unſcheinbaren Hülle verbergenden Werkes liegt darin, daß in ihm die metaphyſiſchen Begriffsbeſtimmungen nur in der Geſtalt von Namenerklärungen gegeben, und die analytiſchen Nachweiſungen, wie der menſchliche Geiſt zu den hier aufgeſtellten metaphyſiſchen Begriffen gelange und gelangen müſſe, vernachläſſigt worden ſind. Zur näheren Erörterung der erkenntnißtheoretiſchen Anſichten, die in der Synonymik überall vorausgeſetzt und nur hier und da angedeutet worden waren, gab Reinhold einige Jahre ſpäter ſeine „Unterſuchung und Beſchreibung des menſchlichen Erkenntnißvermögens" heraus. In dieſer Schrift iſt die Meinung zu Grunde gelegt, daß durch die Sprache derjenige Zuſammenhang zwiſchen der Sinnlichkeit und zwiſchen dem Denkvermögen in der menſchlichen Seele vermittelt werde, auf welchem das uns eigenthümliche Erkennen beruhe, und hiernach werden in ihr die Functionen des ſinnlichen Wahrnehmungsvermögens und die verſchiedenen Modificationen des Denkens geſchildert, inſofern daſſelbe theils in der Erfahrung, theils im Gewiſſen, theils im Streben nach dem philoſophiſchen Wiſſen ſich

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*) Die bezeichnete Vermittelung der Anſichten Fichte's und Jacobi's wurde von Reinhold ausgeſprochen in der Abhandlung „über die Paradoxien der neueſten Philoſophie," Hamb. 1799, und in den beiden „Sendſchreiben an Lavater und an Fichte über den Glauben an Gott," welche in dem nämlichen Jahre erſchienen.

äußert. Aber es fehlte die zureichende Auseinanderſetzung der Art und Weiſe, wie jener Zuſammenhang durch die Sprache vermittelt wird, es mangelt die erſchöpfende Zergliederung der menſchlichen Erkenntnißthätigkeiten und die Conſtruction derſelben aus ihren durch Zergliederung gefundenen Elementen. Demzufolge ſind in dieſem Buche die erkenntnißtheoretiſchen Annahmen und Beſtimmungen nicht gehörig abgeleitet und bewieſen, weshalb es auch nicht recht dazu geeignet war, die Aufmerkſamkeit des philoſophiſchen Publicums auf die ſchon in der Synonymik mitgetheilten Hauptreſultate der Forſchungen Reinhold's zu lenken. Seine letzte Schrift, welche den Titel führt: „die alte „Frage, was iſt die Wahrheit? bei den erneuerten Streitigkeiten über die göttliche Offenbarung und die menſchliche Vernunft in nähere Erwägung gezogen *),“ enthält zwar in wiſſenſchaftlicher Beziehung nichts Anderes, als was in der Synonymik bereits zur Sprache gebracht worden. Aber ſie legt die aus dieſem Werke hervorgehenden Grundſätze rückſichtlich auf das Weſentliche der Religion und Moral in gemeinfaßlichen Erörterungen dar, ſie zeigt, daß die Frage über das Verhältniß unſerer Vernunft zu der göttlichen Belehrung des Menſchengeſchlechtes nur gelehrte Streitpuncte betreffe, die nicht vor das Volk zu ziehen ſeien, und ſie giebt über die allgemeine, innere Offenbarung Gottes in dem menſchlichen Gemüth und Geiſt einen lehrreichen Aufſchluß, durch welchen auf der einen Seite die Bedeutung und Gültigkeit der ſogenannten poſitiven, in der Erfahrung durch geſchichtliche Thatſachen und durch heilige Bücher vermittelten Offenbarung, und auf der andern Seite die Bedeutung und Gültigkeit der Vernunftthätigkeit zum Behuf der reinen Auffaſſung und Bewahrung der Religionswahrheiten auf eine ſehr anſprechende und befriedigende Weiſe feſtgeſtellt und einleuchtend gemacht wird.

Karl Leonhard Reinhold,

geboren am 26. October 1757 zu Wien, trat ſchon im Jahre 1772 als Novize in das Jeſuitencollegium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und im Jahre 1774, nachdem jener Orden aufgehoben, in das Benedictinerkloſter. 1780 ward er Novizenmeiſter und Lehrer der Philoſophie und Mathematik, doch ſchon im Jahre 1783 entledigte er ſich der ihn drückenden Feſſeln und floh nach Leipzig. Im folgenden Jahre begab er ſich nach Weimar, wo er mit Wieland in die engſte Verbindung trat und Mitredacteur des Mercur wurde. 1785 erhielt er vom Herzoge das Prädicat Rath und 1787 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie zu Jena, worauf er 1791 als ordentlicher Profeſſor einrückte. Im Jahre 1794 folgte er einem ehrenvollen Rufe nach Kiel. 1816 wurde er zum Etatsrathe ernannt. Er ſtarb am 10. April 1823. Seine Biographie gab ſein Sohn Chriſtian Ernſt Gottlieb Jens Reinhold 1825 zu Jena heraus.

Von ſeinen zahlreichen Schriften nennen wir:

Allgemeine Damenbibliothek. 6 Th. Leipz. 1785 — 89.
Herzenserleichterung über Lavater's Glaubensbekenntniß. Leipzig 1785.
Die hebräiſchen Myſterien. Leipzig 1785.
Ueber die nähere Betrachtung der Schönheiten eines epiſchen Gedichts. Jena 1788.
Verſuch einer neuen Theorie des Vorſtellungsvermögens. 2. Ausg. Jena 1795.
Briefe über die Kantiſche Philoſophie. 2 Th. Leipz. 1790 u. 1792.
Beiträge zur Berichtigung bisheriger Mißverſtändniſſe der Philoſophie. 2 Th. Leipzig 1790 u. 91.
Auswahl vermiſchter Schriften. 2 Bde. Jena 1796.
Verhandlungen über die Grundbegriffe und Grundſätze der Moralität. Lübeck 1798
Ueber die Paradoxien der neuſten Philoſophie. Leipzig 1799.
Sendſchreiben an Lavater und Fichte. Leipzig 1799.
Beiträge zur leichtern Ueberſicht des Zuſtandes der Philoſophie. 6 Hfte. Hamburg 1801—1803.
Bardili's und Reinhold's Briefwechſel. München 1804.
Grundlegung einer Synonymik für den allgemeinen Sprachgebrauch in der Philoſophie. Kiel 1812.
Das menſchliche Erkenntnißvermögen. Kiel 1816.
Was iſt Wahrheit. Alt. 1820.
Ueber Religion, Glauben, Wiſſen ꝛc. Hamburg 1828.

Was der ältere Reinhold als Anhänger Kant's für die Verbreitung und weitere Ausbildung des Syſtems ſeines Meiſters wirkte, wird von ſeinem Sohne ausführlich in deſſen Geſchichte der Philoſophie (Gotha 1830. Th. II. H. II. S. 140 flg.) dargelegt und iſt, dem vorigen Artikel beigefügt worden. — Wir müſſen hier um ſo mehr darauf verweiſen, als die uns gezogenen Schranken, jedes tiefere Eingehen in Gegenſtände dieſer Art, verwehren. — Unermüdliches Forſchen nach dem Wahren, tiefe Redlichkeit, geiſtvolle Auffaſſung und eine klare, verſtändliche Darſtellung weiſen, abgeſehen von ſeinen ſtreng philoſophiſchen Leiſtungen, Reinhold einen hohen Rang unter den Schriftſtellern unſerer Nation an. Daß er mehr receptiv als productiv war und in ſeinem Syſteme ſchwankend, ſich ſpäter zu Fichte und Bardili wandte, lag gerade in ſeinem unermüdlichen Streben, das Rechte zu finden, und darf ihm nicht zum Vorwurf gemacht werden. — Seine rege Thätigkeit erlahmte ſelbſt in ſeinem hohen Alter nicht, und es giebt wenige öffentliche Lehrer, die durch Rede und Schrift ſo lange ſegensreich gewirkt haben, wie er. Wir theilen hier eine weniger bekannte freimaureriſche Rede des trefflichen Mannes mit, welche ſeinen reinen Charakter eben ſo klar wie ſeine ausgezeichnete Darſtellungsweiſe zur Anſchauung bringt.

Rede am Feſte Johannis des Täufers 1809 in der □ Amalia, im Orient von Weimar gehalten von dem Bruder Reinhold aus Kiel.

Mit allen über der ganzen Erde zerſtreuten Brüdern ſind wir heute verſammelt, um nach Vorſchrift und Herkommen das Feſt unſeres Bundes zu feiern; und mit den Auserwählten unter der Menge der Berufenen feiern wir daſſelbe im Geiſte und in der Wahrheit dadurch, daß wir uns den Endzweck unſeres Bundes ausdrücklicher ins Gedächtniß zurückrufen, heller mit dem Verſtande auffaſſen und inniger zu Herzen nehmen.

Eine merkwürdige Beziehung auf dieſen Endzweck geht ſchon aus dem Umſtande hervor, daß unſre Stiftungsfeier am Feſttage Johannes des Täufers begangen wird. Unverkennbar iſt dadurch der Vorläufer Jeſu als Vorbild unſers eigenthümlichen Berufes als Freimaurer aufgeſtellt, und iſt das Verhältniß, in welchem das Weſen der Freimaurerei zum Weſen der Menſchheit ſtehen muß, durch das Verhältniß angedeutet, in welchem dieſer große Mann zu jenem göttlichen Manne geſtanden hat, durch deſſen Leben, Lehre und Tod in der ſeligmachenden Wahrheit: „daß das Weſen der Menſchheit in der Verwandtſchaft mit der Gottheit beſtehe, das wichtigſte aller Geheimniſſe geoffenbart worden iſt. Gleichwie der erſte Zeuge und Verkündiger des Erſtgebornen unter den Kindern des himmliſchen Vaters,“ ſo ſoll auch der Freimaurer ſich von der Welt abſondern, durch welche das Weſen der Menſchheit verkannt und verläugnet wird; und er ſoll daſſelbe in der Abgeſchiedenheit von den Kindern dieſer Welt durch Kopf und Herz erkennen, und durch Wort und That bekennen lernen.

Die Freimaurerei iſt keineswegs jenes Weſen ſelbſt, welches vor ihr geweſen iſt, und welchem ſie ſich ſelbſt, nicht weniger als alles Uebrige unterordnet. — Aber ſie ſoll der lebendigen Anerkennung deſſelben den Weg bereiten. In dieſer Anerkennung beſteht das Licht, welches die Freimaurerei ihren Eingeweihten ſehen läßt, das Licht, welches den wahren Menſchen erleuchtet, und der Welt unbekannt iſt; und das Wort Menſchheit, das durch den Mißbrauch, den die Weltklugen und Weltweiſen damit zu treiben gewohnt ſind, ſeine wahre und weſentliche Bedeutung verloren hat, iſt das geheimnißvolle Wort, welches der Freimaurer ſuchen und finden ſoll.

Der wahre Menſch iſt etwas ganz Anderes, als was insgemein unter dieſer Benennung verſtanden wird. Es iſt die eigenthümlichſte Eigenthümlichkeit der wahren Menſchheit, daß ihr der Unterſchied und Zuſammenhang des Ueberſinnlichen mit dem Sinnlichen, des Inneren mit dem Aeußern, und des Endzweckes mit den Mitteln nicht nur nicht fremd iſt, ſondern daß ihr derſelbe als das heilige Verhältniß am Herzen liege, in welchem die Wahrheit des Erkennens und des Seins und die Rechtſchaffenheit des Wollens und des Handelns beſteht. Hingegen iſt es der Gemeinheit der insgemein ſogenannten Menſchen eigenthümlich, daß ihr das beſagte Verhältniß entweder gänzlich unbekannt bleibt, oder daß ſie daſſelbe verkennt und mißdeutet. Inwiefern ſie überhaupt nur für das Sinnliche ohne das Ueberſinnliche, nur für das Aeußere ohne das Innere, nur für Mittel und untergeordnete Zwecke, ohne den Endzweck, Sinn und Verſtand hat, und inwiefern ſie in ihrer Befangenheit durch das Eine und in ihrer Achtloſigkeit gegen das Andere unverſchleiert und ungeſchmückt in dem Pöbel aller Stände hervortritt; in ſofern iſt ſie die ungebildete, rohe, gemeine Gemeinheit. Inwiefern ſie aber das Eine und das Andere, bald unter dem Scheine daſſelbe zu unterſcheiden, trennt, oder in Widerſpruch ſetzt, und bald unter dem Scheine daſſelbe zu vereinigen, gleichſetzt oder vereinerleit; in wiefern ſie die feineren Eigenthümlichkeiten des Sinnlichen für das Ueberſinnliche, die weniger handgreiflichen Merkmale des Aeußeren für das Innere, und untergeordnete Zwecke für den Zweck aller Zwecke annimmt; und in wiefern ſie durch den erkünſtelten Schein des Ungemeinen ſich verſchleiernd und zierend in der gelehrten und in der feinen und großen Welt ſich hervorthut: in ſofern iſt ſie die verbildete, vornehmthuende, ungemeine Gemeinheit.

Sonach beſteht das Weſen der Gemeinheit überhaupt in der Denkart und Geſinnung derjenigen, welche nur dem Handgreiflichen und Sichtbaren ausſchließend wirkliches Sein einräumen, und die ſchon vom Platon, im Theätet, unter dieſem Charakter beſchrieben, und mit dem Namen der Uneingeweihten, Unheiligen, Profanen, bezeichnet worden ſind. Nicht nur da, wo der ſogenannte gemeine Mann, erſchöpft durch die dringende Sorge für den lebendigen Leib, nichts Höheres zu fühlen und zu denken vermag, als daß er ſich nähren, kleiden, beherbergen, oder was in ſeiner Sprache daſſelbe heißt, daß er leben müſſe, iſt das Gemeine und Profane einheimiſch. Daſſelbe iſt auch dort, und zwar noch tiefer eingewurzelt, anzutreffen, wo die Verfeinerung, Vervielfältigung, Verzierung, und ſelbſt die Verſchönerung der ſinnlichen Bedürfniſſe und Genußmittel die einzige, oder doch die hauptſächlichſte Angelegenheit ausmacht, wo die Erfindung und Vervollkommnung der Werkzeuge und Gegenſtände des Genuſſes für die eigenthümlichſte Veredlung des menſchlichen Lebens gilt, und die ſchwelgeriſche Muße des Reichbegüterten das hohe Leben genannt wird.

Am tiefſten iſt das Gemeine und Profane dort eingewurzelt, wo daſſelbe auf das Ungemeine und Höhere die lauteſten und ſtolzeſten Anſprüche macht, wo der Feldherr und der Staatsmann in der Kenntniß und Geſchicklichkeit Völker durch Feuer und Schwert zu überwältigen, und durch Liſt und Gewalt zu beherrſchen, den erhabenſten Beruf eines Menſchen zu finden und auszuüben glaubt, — wo der Gelehrte das beſondere Fach des Wiſſens, welches er eben zu bedienen hat, mit Herabſetzung der übrigen für das wichtigſte unter allen hält und geltend macht, — wo der Virtuoſe, im ſtolzen Genuſſe ſeiner Wirkſamkeit und ſeines Ruhms, das höchſte Leben der Menſchheit zu leben wähnt, und auf den Gelehrten, den Staatsmann und den Feldherrn mitleidig herabſieht, — wo der Künſtler und der Kunſtfreund den Tempel des Geſchmacks, der nur den Vorhof zum innerſten Heiligthume der Humanität iſt, für dieſes Heiligthum ſelber, Religion und Moralität für bloße Aufgaben zu unterhaltenden Compoſitionen, und das Weſen der Wahrheit aufs höchſte für die Seele einer Grazie anſieht, die keine andere Beſtimmung habe, als die Reize eines ſchönen Leibes zu beleben, — wo endlich der Weltweiſe von Profeſſion denjenigen Schein der Wahrheit, der eben ſeinem Eigendünkel am meiſten ſchmeichelt, und durch den er am meiſten zu glänzen hofft, für das Weſen der Wahrheit annimmt, durch Witz und Scharfſinn in einem blendenden Lehrgebäude verarbeitet, und zum ewigen Denkmal der Ueberlegenheit ſeines ſpeculirenden Ichs über jedes Andere aufſtellt.

Ueberhaupt macht Entfernung von dem Weſen der Menſchheit den gemeinſchaftlichen Charakter aller, noch ſo verſchiedener, Erſcheinungen der gemeinen und der vornehmen Gemeinheit aus; und wenn es dem Taglöhner, dem Landbauer, dem Handwerker, dem gemeinen Soldaten, dem Dienſtboten an Zeit, Gelegenheit und Antrieb gebricht, um ſich zum Gefühle und Begriffe jenes Weſens zu erheben: ſo bleiben hinter dieſem Ziele, und zwar mehr aus Willkür als aus Noth, auch diejenigen zurück, welche ſich durch äußere Umſtände begünſtigt, über die gemeine Menſchheit erhaben dünken, und in deren Perſonen dem Feldherrn, dem Staatsmanne, dem Gelehrten, dem Künſtler, dem Weltweiſen — das Weſen der Menſchheit untergeordnet oder, da ſich daſſelbe nicht unterordnen läßt, aufgeopfert wird.

Das Weſen der Menſchheit offenbart ſich an den Individuen, welche für daſſelbe reif geworden, und dadurch zum wahren Menſchenleben erwacht ſind, zunächſt in demjenigen Beſtreben nach Wahrheit und Recht, welchem jedes Andere, folglich auch das Beſtreben nach Schönheit, Wohlthätigkeit und Gemeinnützigkeit nicht zwar aufgeopfert, aber ausdrücklich und abſichtlich untergeordnet iſt.

Die Wahrheit wahrhaftig erkennen, und in Kraft dieſer Erkenntniß, das heißt, recht handeln, iſt die erſte Angelegenheit des wahren Menſchen als ſolchen; und dieſer glaubt und bekennt daher durch Denkart und Geſinnung, Wort und That: daß das Streben nach Wahrheit und Recht das Einzige ſei, was in und durch ſich ſelber und unter allen Umſtänden und ohne alle Ausnahme gut iſt; das Einzige, was durch keinen Zufall weder gegeben, noch genommen, durch keine Freigebigkeit der Natur und des Glückes vermehrt, und durch keine Kargheit von Beiden vermindert werden kann; das Einzige, dem alle Gaben der Natur und des Glückes ihren wahren Werth verdanken, und wodurch die ganze Stufenleiter des Wünſchenswerthen und Wiſſenswürdigen beſtimmt wird; das Einzige, das den Zweck aller Zwecke, den Endzweck, ausmacht, dem Genuß und Arbeit, Beſitz und Erwerb, Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft, — wenn dieſes Alles nicht gemißbraucht werden ſoll, — als bloßes Mittel untergeordnet werden muß; das Einzige, wodurch dem Menſchen das wahre Wohlbefinden zugeſichert, jedes Unglück unſchädlich und heilſam gemacht, und jedes Glück zur Glückſeligkeit erhoben wird; das Einzige, wodurch ſich der Menſch ſeiner Verwandtſchaft mit dem denkenden Urweſen unmittelbar bewußt wird, in dem Schöpfer und Beherrſcher des Weltalls ſeinen Vater, und in den vernünftigen Bewohnern aller Weltkörper ſeine Brüder erkennt; das Einzige endlich, wodurch ihm bei ſeiner Sterblichkeit als Bewohner dieſer Erde ſichere und heitere Ausſicht auf ein Leben jenſeits des Grabes eröffnet wird, welches für ihn ſchon dieſſeits durch die wahre, und eben darum ewige, Liebe der Wahrheit und des Rechtes angefangen hat.

Die durch dieſes Glaubensbekenntniß ſich ausſprechende, und in der Einhelligkeit der Gefühle und der Begriffe beſtehende, lebendige Ueberzeugung iſt der ſeligmachende Glaube des reifen Menſchen, das Lebenslicht und die Lebenswärme ſeines unſterblichen Geiſtes. Der Gewiſſenhafte findet dieſe Ueberzeugung im Gewiſſen, das heißt, in demjenigen Bewußtſein, welches vor jedem andern wahre Gewißheit hat, weil es durch die Wahrheit, die in demſelben von ſich ſelbſt zeuget, unmittelbar gewiß iſt. Der Stifter des Chriſtenthums hat der Erſte dieſe Ueberzeugung in ihrer Lauterkeit und Lebendigkeit öffentlich verkündigt, und insbeſondere in den Ausſpruch zuſammengefaßt: Selig ſind, die reines Herzens ſind, denn ſie werden Gott anſchauen. Die Philoſophie, welche kein erkünſtelter Wahn des Eigendünkels iſt, maßet ſich keineswegs an, dieſe Ueberzeugung zu begründen, die eher iſt, als ſie ſelber, und die von dem Gefühle der Wahrheit ausgeht, zu welchem der Begriff erſt hinzu kommen kann. Aber es iſt die eigenthümlichſte Beſtimmung und das erhabenſte Geſchäft der wahren Philoſophie, die Gefühle des Ueberſinnlichen gegen die Verdunklung und Mißdeutung durch Begriffe zu verwahren, den Unterſchied des Glaubens des Gewiſſens von Aberglauben und Unglauben wiſſenſchaftlich darzuthun, die Eintracht des Kopfes mit dem Herzen durch deutliche Erkenntniß ſicher zu ſtellen, und ſonach zwar nicht die Grundfeſte, aber die Schutzwehr des Einen zu ſein, das der Menſchheit Noth iſt.

Es verſteht ſich alſo von ſelbſt, daß auch die Freimaurerei keineswegs im ausſchließenden Beſitze dieſes Einen ſich befinden, und daß durch dieſelbe weder das Chriſtenthum noch die Philoſophie, welche über dieſes Eine vollkommen einverſtanden ſind, entbehrlich werden können. Die dem Freimaurer eigenthümlichen Kenntniſſe, können weder über den Inhalt der Ueberzeugung, durch welche das Weſen der Menſchheit ſich offenbart, hinausgehen, noch hinter denſelben zurückbleiben; und ſie können weder in einer Anſicht des Chriſtenthums beſtehen, welche der wahren Philoſophie, noch in einem angeblich philoſophiſchen Wiſſen, das dem wahren Chriſtenthume widerſpricht. Für den Fanatismus des Aberglaubens iſt die Freimaurerei eine geheime Pflanzſchule der Kunſt, das Unbegreifliche zu begreifen, das Unſichtbare zu ſehen, und das Unmögliche wirklich zu machen. Für den Fanatismus des Unglaubens iſt ſie eine geheime Pflanzſchule derjenigen Aufklärung, welche den Glauben des Gewiſſens mit dem Aberglauben verwechſelt und verwirft. Für den Indifferentismus, welchem Glaube, Aberglaube und Unglaube für Einerlei gilt, iſt ſie nichts weiter als eine Club-Geſellſchaft, die ſich von den Uebrigen durch ihr geheimnißvolles Anſehen, durch Almoſengeben, und durch die ausgebreiteten Bekanntſchaften, die ſie veranlaßt, auszeichnet. Aber für den geſunden Verſtand des gewiſſenhaften Mannes kann ſie nichts Geringeres und nichts Höheres ſein, als eine Anſtalt zur Erweckung, Belebung und Fortpflanzung des Glaubens, der vom Weſen der Menſchheit ausgeht und auf daſſelbe zurückführt.

In dieſer allein und wahrhaft ehrwürdigen Eigenſchaft unterſcheidet die Freimaurerei das beſagte Weſen abſichtlich und ausdrücklich von allen den Zufälligkeiten, durch welche daſſelbe im gemeinen Leben unkenntlich und unwirkſam wird. Ihre Myſterien beſtehen lediglich in der äußeren Darſtellung der Erhabenheit des Berufes vor Allem nach Wahrheit und Recht zu ſtreben, folglich ein wahrer Menſch zu werden, über alle beſonderen Berufsarten, welche nur unter Jenem, und durch Jenen allein, proberhaltige Schätzbarkeit, inneren Werth und wahre Würde annehmen und behaupten können. Der Tempel, den ſie baut, bewohnt, und bewahrt, iſt der Anerkennung, dem Genuſſe und dem Bekenntniſſe derjenigen brüderlichen Gleichheit geheiliget, welche unter allen wahren Menſchen durch ihren gemeinſchaftlichen Beruf ſtattfindet, und welche nur in dem Auge der gemeinen und vornehmen Gemeinheit, oder was daſſelbe heißt, im Urtheile der Welt, theils durch die bürgerlichen Unterſchiede der Stände, theils durch die natürlichen Unterſchiede der Glücksgüter, und der Fähigkeiten und Geſchicklichkeiten des Kopfes aufgehoben iſt.

Dieſe nichts weniger als gemeine Freimaurerei ſetzt freilich ſchon Männer voraus, denen das Weſen der Menſchheit am Herzen liegt, Männer, deren Bewußtſein bereits zu klaren Gefühlen und richtigen Begriffen des wahren Menſchenwerthes erwacht iſt. — Wozu alſo erſt eine beſondere Erziehungsanſtalt für dieſe Mündigen? Wozu ein beſonderes Bündniß, wozu Zeichen und Symbole, um eine Ueberzeugung zu unterſtützen, welche jeder Verbündete ſchon mit ſich in den Bund bringen muß, und die nur aus ſeinem eigenen Gewiſſen hervorgehen kann? — Dazu, meine Brüder, auf daß dieſe Ueberzeugung, welche von außenher auf ſo mannichfaltige Art erſchwert, angefochten, erſchüttert wird, auch von außenher erleichtert, angeregt, feſtgehalten werde. — Dazu, meine Brüder, auf daß auch die Anerkennung des Weſens der Menſchheit durch eine ihr angemeſſene Aeußerung ſich abſichtlich und ausdrücklich ausſpreche; da es überhaupt für den Menſchen kein Inneres ohne ein Aeußeres, keinen Geiſt ohne Buchſtaben, keinen Gedanken ohne Wort giebt.

Wenn die rohe Gemeinheit nichts als das Aeußere kennt und liebt, den Geiſt über dem Buchſtaben verliert, und mit Worten ohne Gedanken ſpielt; ſo zeichnet ſich die verbildete dadurch aus, daß ſie im Wahne ihres Eigendünkels auch wohl das Innere ohne das Aeußere wahrnehmen, den Geiſt ohne Buchſtaben auffaſſen und feſthalten, das Ueberſinnliche ohne Bilder anſchauen, und ohne Worte denken zu können wähnt. Darum werden dieſelben Aufklärer und Aufgeklärten, welche theils die Religion überhaupt für einen Wahn des Pöbels anſahen, der durch Symbole und Ceremonien dem Aberglauben huldigt, theils aber nur eine angebliche Religion der Mündigen anerkennen, die in dem Entbehren und Verwerfen aller Symbole und Ceremonien ihr Weſen hat, — auch die Freimaurerei mit den Mißbräuchen der Freimaurer vereinerleien, und die derſelben eigenthümliche ſymboliſche Darſtellungen des Weſens der Menſchheit theils als Thorheiten, theils als Aergerniſſe verſchreien. Der wahrhaft aufgeklärte Menſch hingegen verſteht ſich auf den Unterſchied und Zuſammenhang des Geiſtes und des Buchſtabens, durch die Unterordnung des Buchſtabens, als des Mittels, unter den Geiſt, als den Endzweck; und er weiß, daß das Ueberſinnliche Weſen der Menſchheit ſich ſo wenig, als irgend ein anderer überſinnlicher Gegenſtand, nicht ohne eine beſondere ſinnliche Bezeichnung anerkennen läßt. Je näher ihm jenes Weſen am Herzen liegt, deſto lebendiger fühlt er das Bedürfniß, ſich daſſelbe auch durch den vernunftmäßigen Gebrauch der Einbildungskraft in zweckdienlichen Bildern zu vergegenwärtigen, und durch immer wiederkehrende Anregung von außen nicht weniger, als durch fortwährende Erneuerung im Innern, ſeinen Glauben und ſeine Liebe gegen die Verdunklung und Verkältung zu verwahren, denen beides in der ſogenannten Welt unvermeidlich ausgeſetzt und unterworfen iſt. Indem er endlich ſeine Anſicht der Wahrheit, als die ſeinige, von der Wahrheit, als ſolcher, zu unterſcheiden beſcheiden genug iſt, indem er die Täuſchungen durch die Selbſtliebe nicht weniger kennt und fürchtet, als er der Wahrheit glaubt und vertraut, wird es ihm zu einem dringenden Bedürfniſſe, ſeine individuelle Denkart und Geſinnung durch Mittheilung und Theilnehmung an der Denkart und Geſinnung anderer wahrer Menſchen zu veredeln, und das Licht ſeines Geiſtes und die Wärme ſeines Herzens durch die heller und höher auflodernde Flamme zu verſtärken, die aus den vereinigten Gemüthern gleichdenkender und gleichgeſinnter Freunde der Wahrheit und des Rechtes emporſteigt.

Durch dieſes gemeinſchaftliche Bedürfniß angetrieben, werden ſich dieſe Geiſtesverwandten zu allen Zeiten einen ſtillen Zufluchtsort aufſuchen müſſen, wo ihr Glaube und ihre Liebe ungeſtört, und ungeſcheut und vollſtändig ſich ausſpreche, und durch dieſes Ausſprechen ſich verkläre, verdeutliche und verſtärke. Am unentbehrlichſten aber wird ihnen ein ſolcher Zufluchtsort in einem Zeitalter werden müſſen, in welchem der Egoismus, nachdem er im Schooße der ſinnlichen Cultur zur vollen Reife gelangt iſt, ſich ausdrücklicher als je für das Weſen der Menſchheit ausgiebt, — wo das Unrecht ſeine Uebermacht durch Liſt und Gewalt, und die Lüge ihr Blendwerk durch Schmeichelei gegen das Glück und Verläumdung des Unglücks öffentlicher als je ausſpricht, — und die Gefahr der Menſchen, an der Menſchheit irre zu werden, aufs höchſte geſtiegen ſcheint.

Während der beiſpielloſen Periode der neueſten Weltgeſchichte, welche mit der franzöſiſchen Revolution begonnen hat, und nur mit der europäiſchen ſich endigen kann, ſind die Denkarten und Geſinnungen, ſo weit ſich dieſelben durch die öffentlichen Meinungen und Handlungen ankündigen, zugleich mit den bisherigen Verfaſſungen und Verwaltungen der Staaten, mehr oder weniger vom Grunde aus erſchüttert worden. Die Bande des Herkommens und der Gewohnheiten, durch welche die Anſichten und Leidenſchaften an die vorige Ordnung der Dinge gebunden waren, ſind durch die unwiderſtehliche Macht der ſiegenden Gewalt zerriſſen worden, und das dem Kriege eigenthümliche Recht des Stärkern iſt eine geraume Zeit hindurch der einſtweilige Beſtimmungsgrund der menſchlichen Schickſale und die Triebfeder geworden, welche die Gemüther durch Furcht und Hoffnung in Bewegung ſetzt. Dadurch und durch den gewaltſamen Tod, die Verſtümmlung, die Beraubung, die Mißhandlung, die Bedrückung von Millionen, mit Einem Worte, durch die Uebel, welche vom Menſchen dem Menſchen zugefügt, vorzugsweiſe die Gräuel ſind und heißen, ſind nach und nach die Gefühle des Menſchenwerths abgeſtumpft und verkältet, und die Begriffe des Menſchenwerths verwirrt und verdunkelt worden. Dieſer Erfolg war um ſo unvermeidlicher und ausgebreiteter, weil die Ereigniſſe, welche ihn herbeiführten, in der Zeit eintraten, da Europa den höchſten Grad ſeiner bisherigen Cultur erreicht hatte. Insbeſondere hatte ſich für die deutſche Sprachgenoſſenſchaft während des Friedens nach dem ſiebenjährigen Kriege, jene Epoche der verbeſſerten Sprache und Litteratur eingefunden, welche mit den goldenen Zeitaltern der Italiener, Franzoſen und Engländer wetteiferte, und jedes derſelben ſchon darum übertreffen mußte, weil ſie ſich die Erzeugniſſe Aller zu Nutzen machte. Daß in dieſem glänzenden Zeitraume auch bei uns die Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften vielmehr als Werkzeuge der Geſchicklichkeit, als der Sittlichkeit bearbeitet worden, war um ſo weniger bemerklich, je mehr man dieſe beiden Arten der Cultur unter dem gemeinſchaftlichen Namen der Aufklärung verwechſelte. Daher jene übertriebene Schätzung der Beſchaffenheit und des Grades der höheren Geiſtesbildung der Deutſchen, und jene ungemeſſenen und vermeſſenen Erwartungen, welche durch die bald darauf plötzlich hereinbrechende Gewalt erſchütternder Begebenheiten niedergeſchlagen, der Hofnungsloſigkeit, der Verzweiflung und der gefühlloſen Gleichgültigkeit Platz gemacht haben. An die Stelle des noch vor Kurzem ſich ſo ſtolz ankündigenden Vertrauens theils auf die fortſchreitende Veredlung der Menſchheit, theils auf den beſondern Beruf der deutſchen Rechtlichkeit und Gründlichkeit, dieſe Veredlung auf eine ausgezeichnete Weiſe zu befördern, herrſcht gegenwärtig unter den Deutſchen theils die bange, jedes höhere Intereſſe verſchlingende, Sorge für bedrohtes Leben und Eigenthum, theils das entnervende Gefühl der Ohnmacht und Wehrloſigkeit eines beſiegten Vaterlandes, theils aber auch das Beſtreben, aus den Zeitumſtänden Vortheil zu ziehen, und an der Beute, der Macht und dem Glanze der Sieger Theil zu nehmen. Während die Lenker der öffentlichen Ueberzeugung im Lehrſtande immer allgemeiner und lauter dem Glücke huldigen, die Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften immer auffallender nach dem Sinne der neuen Brodherrn der Künſtler und Gelehrten ſich ausdrücken lernen, und ſelbſt Religion und Moralität als Werkzeuge und Verzierungen der Gewalt auftreten müſſen: greift unter allen Ständen das ſchlimmſte und gewiſſeſte Kennzeichen des Abfalls der menſchlichen Individuen vom Weſen der Menſchheit immer weiter um ſich, der Indifferentismus, welcher der höchſten Stufe der Verbildung mit der unterſten der Rohheit gemein iſt, in dem Nichtachten des ewigen Unterſchiedes zwiſchen Recht und Gewalt, Pflicht und Zwang, Gott und Natur, Vernunft und Sinnlichkeit beſteht, und der als der populäre Indifferentismus in der Unwiſſenheit jenes Unterſchiedes, als die ſpeculative Indifferenzlehre der modernen Weltweisheit in der eingebildeten Anſchauung des Nichtunterſchiedes ſein Weſen hat.

Allein ſo gewiß als der beſagte Unterſchied ewig iſt, und das Weſen der Wahrheit ſelbſt ausmacht, und ſo gewiß das denkende Urweſen über dem Weſen der Dinge und dem Wechſel ihrer Erſcheinungen waltet: eben ſo gewiß iſt auch der gegenwärtigen, theils wilden, theils methodiſchen Verwirrung aller nicht in die Sinne fallender, aber der Vernunft weſentlicher Unterſchiede ein Ziel geſetzt, welches ſelbſt durch die Größe der Verwirrung ſchneller herbei geführt wird. In den Gemüthern der Wenigen, deren Glaube an Wahrheit und Recht die ſchwere Probe dieſer

Zeit überſtanden, und eben darum an Feſtigkeit, Lauterkeit und Lebendigkeit gewonnen hat, iſt die ſicherſte Bürgſchaft und die wirkſamſte Gewährleiſtung der beſſeren Zukunft aufbewahrt. Ungeblendet ſowohl durch die finſteren Erſcheinungen des Unglücks, als auch durch die glänzenden des Glücks haben dieſe Erprobten und Treubefundenen das Wandelbare beſtimmter als je von dem Unwandelbaren unterſcheiden und demſelben unterordnen gelernt, und mit unerſchütterlichem Vertrauen erwarten ſie den Sieg der Wahrheit und des Rechtes über Täuſchung und Willkür, den ihre Ueberzeugung und Redlichkeit herbeiführen hilft. Bei dem ſo ſchneidend hervorgetretenen Contraſte des durch Eigendünkel und Gewaltſamkeit herrſchenden Egoismus haben ſie ſich einander in ihrer gemeinſchaftlichen Denkart und Geſinnung, auch ohne ſich perſönlich zu kennen, beſtimmter als je von den Weltleuten unterſcheiden, und inniger achten und lieben gelernt. Wie konnten ſie ſäumen, einander aufzuſuchen, und ausdrücklich den Bund für Wahrheit und Recht zu ſchließen, der, indem er ſich jetzt mehr als je durch Wort und That äußern muß, nicht mehr bloß ſtillſchweigend unter ihnen beſtehen kann, der den Anmaßungen der Selbſtſucht die beſcheidene und ruhige Kraft der Ueberzeugung und der Redlichkeit entgegengeſtellt, und der ſelbſt den Weltleuten unverdächtig bleiben muß, weil er es ihnen ausſchließend überläßt, Gewalt durch Gewalt und Täuſchung durch Täuſchung zu bekämpfen. Im ſtillen Heiligthume dieſes Bundes erhebt und entwickelt ſich das höhere Menſchenleben, welches im Gewühle und Geräuſche des gemeinen Weltlebens verloren geht, eröffnet ſich eine unverſiegbare Quelle des Troſtes und der Erheiterung für eine troſtloſe und dunkle Gegenwart, und ſammelt ſich ein unverlierbarer Schatz gereinigter Gefühle und berichtigter Begriffe, zum Behufe einer tröſtlichen und heitern Zukunft. — Mit Einem Worte, meine Brüder! Dieſer Bund der Einverſtandenen über Wahrheit und Recht iſt, was die Freimaurerei vernünftigerweiſe ſein kann und ſoll, und was dieſelbe werden muß, wenn ſie nicht, der rohen und verbildeten Gemeinheit überlaſſen, immer tiefer unter die Werkzeuge der Entartung und Verſchlimmerung herabſinken, ſondern zum Werkzeuge der Verbeſſerung und Veredlung verbeſſert und veredelt werden ſoll.

Insbeſondere kann allein der beſchriebene Bund den klar und deutlich gedachten Endzweck erkennen, durch welchen ſich die E. E. M. Große Provinzial □ in Hamburg und die unter ihr vereinigten Schweſter □□ von den Syſtemen, die entweder wirklich andere Zwecke haben, oder denen der beſagte Endzweck nur dunkel und verworren vorſchwebt, zu unterſcheiden ſtreben. Nur als ein Mitglied jenes Bundes weiß der Freimaurer wirklich, was er will, und will auch wirklich, was er weiß, und weiß und will nichts Geringeres und nichts Größeres, als daß er berufen ſei, das Ebenbild der Gottheit im Weſen der Menſchheit zu offenbaren, in dieſem Sinne wahrer Menſch zu werden, und das wahre Menſchwerden befördern zu helfen; ſo daß von ihm gelten könne, was im Evangelium des heutigen Feſttages von Johannes dem Täufer geſchrieben ſteht: „Du wirſt ein Prophet des Höchſten genannt werden, denn du wirſt einhergehen vor demſelben, daß du ſeinen Weg bereiteſt, und die Erkenntniß des Heils gebeſt ſeinem Volke.“

So wachſe denn auch unter dem Segen des höchſten Baumeiſters die in dieſem Geiſte wiedergeborne Ehrwürdige □ Amalia im Oriente von Weimar, werde immer ſtärker in dieſem Geiſte, und bleibe in ihrer Abgeſchiedenheit nicht weniger von dem gemeinen freimaureriſchen als von dem übrigen profanen Volke, bis endlich das Weſen der Menſchheit aufgehört haben wird, den Weiſen und Mächtigen dieſer Welt ein Geheimniß zu ſein.

Heinrich Friedrich Ludwig Rellſtab,

geboren zu Berlin am 13. April 1799, Sohn eines Muſikalienhändlers, ging 1813 als Freiwilliger in preußiſche Kriegsdienſte, ward ſpäter Grenadier-Officier, nahm aber 1824 ſeinen Abſchied, und lebt ſeitdem als Schriftſteller und Theilhaber der Laue'ſchen Buchhandlung in Berlin.

Außer vielen Journalartikeln ſchrieb er theils unter dem pſeudonymen Namen Freimund Zuſchauer, theils unter ſeinem wirklichen:

Griechenland's Morgenröthe in neun Gedichten. Heidelberg 1822.
Karl der Kühne. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1824.
Sagen und romantiſche Erzählungen. Berlin 1825—1829, 3 Bdchen.
Ueber das Leben und die Werke Walter Scott's. Berlin 1826.
Henriette oder die ſchöne Sängerin. Leipzig 1826.
Gedichte. Berlin 1827, 14 Bdchen.
Ueber mein Verhältniß als Kritiker zu Spontini. Leipzig 1827.
Algier und Paris im Jahre 1830. Berlin 1830—1831, 3 Bde.
Erzählungen, Skizzen und Gedichte. Berlin 1833, 3 Bde.
Der Wildſchütz. Roman. Berlin 1835.
1812. Hiſtoriſcher Roman. 2te Aufl. Leipzig 1835, 4 Bde.
Genre- und Fresco-Skizzen aus Berlin und Athen. Leipzig 1836.
Blumen- und Aehrenleſe aus meinem jüngſten Arbeits-Luſtrum. Leipzig 1836, 2 Thle.
Empfindſame Reiſen. Leipzig 1836.
Berlin. Eine Wochenſchrift. 1r Jahrg. Berlin 1835.
Berlin und Athen. Eine Zeitſchrift. 1r Jahrgang. Berlin 1836.
Iris im Gebiete der Tonkunſt. 1r—7r Jahrgang. Berlin 1830—1836.
Scherz und Ernſt. Leipzig 1837.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Journalen u. ſ. w.

R. hat ſich ſowohl als gründlicher und geſchmackvoller Kritiker auf dem Gebiete der Muſik, wie als talentvoller und geiſtreicher Erzähler und Humoriſt einen geachteten Namen erworben. Lebendigkeit der Auffaſſung guter Charakterzeichnung, gefällige und elegante Darſtellung ſind ihm eigen, doch vermißt man, namentlich in ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Romanen Eins, deſſen Mangel, trotz allen anderen ihm verliehenen Gaben, ſtets fühlbar bleibt, und das Menzel (deutſche Litteratur Nr. 306) ſehr richtig mit den Worten bezeichnet: „die tiefen Schatten der Leidenſchaften fehlen.“

Der Goldſchmied von Augsburg*).

Eine Erzählung.

1.

In einer Weinſtube zu Nürnberg, die die Fenſter gerade nach der Hauptthür der St. Sebaldus-Kirche hinaus hatte, ſaßen im Maien des Jahres 1495 etliche muntere Geſellen beim Becher edlen Steinweins, und zwar am Oſterſonntag und noch dazu während der Meſſe; denn auch damals waren weder die Weinwirthe noch ihre Gäſte die frömmſten Leute in der Stadt. Unter ihnen befand ſich ein Fremder, ein gar reicher und ſtattlicher junger Mann aus Augsburg, Namens Bernhard, der die edle, damals viel höher als jetzt geſchätzte Kunſt der Gold- und Silberſchmiederei trefflich verſtand. Er war nach Nürnberg gekommen, um etliche koſtbare Stücke ſeiner Arbeit zu verkaufen, dagegen aber auch Edelſteine, Gold und Elfenbein einzuhandeln, die er in Nürnberg beſſer haben konnte, als in Augsburg; denn damals verkehrten die Nürnberger noch viel mit den Venetianern, und von allem, was Arabien und Indien Koſtbares lieferte, traf man bei ihnen den reichſten Markt. Das war alſo die Urſache, warum der Herr Bernhard die Reiſe nach Nürnberg gethan hatte; in's Weinhaus war er aber gegangen, um auf einen abgeſchloſſenen Handel mit einem Juwelenhändler, Namens Herbert, einen Becher Firnewein zu trinken. Herbert ſaß ihm zur Seite, und beide ſchauten abwechſelnd bald in's Glas, bald durch's Fenſter nach der Kirchthür. Jetzt ſchlug die Thurmuhr eilf, die Thür öffnete ſich, und die fromme Menge drängte ſich dann daraus hervor.

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*) Aus Rellſtab's Sagen und Erzählungen. 3 Bdchen. Berlin 1829.

„Der Daus,“ rief Bernhard, „ich weiß mir wahrhaft kein beſſ'res Vergnügen, als an einem Sonntage die geputzten Mädchen und Frauen aus der Kirche kommen zu ſehn. Und wenn noch dazu die Sonne ſo hell am blauen Himmel ſcheint wie heut, und die Bäume ſo friſch grün an der alten Mauer ſtehen, und die Luft ſo milde iſt, und die Glocken ſo hell läuten, da möcht' ich, bei meinem Schutzpatron! vor Vergnügen tanzen. — Noch eine Flaſche Steinwein!“

„Gelt?“ ſchmunzelte der alte Herbert, „Augsburg iſt eine ſchöne Stadt, aber Nürnberg hat hübſchere Mädchen!“

„Pah!“ entgegnete Bernhard, „die Augsburgerinnen ſind auch nicht von Holz! Da iſt zum Beiſpiel ...“

„Halt!“ rief Herbert dazwiſchen, „nennt mir keine, denn es werden nicht fünf Minuten verſtreichen, ſo reut es Euch. Hier neben an wohnt ein Mädchen, ſie muß auch gleich aus der Kirche kommen, wenn Ihr die geſehen habt, ſo ſchwört Ihr, daß die Augsburgerinnen Zigeunerinnen ſind; darauf verwett' ich ein Ohm Steinwein.“

„Ihr meint die ſchöne Eliſabeth, nicht ſo, Herr Herbert?“ ſprach der Schenkwirth dazwiſchen, „die Tochter von meinem Nachbar dem Schmied? Das glaub' ich! das iſt ein Mädel! Aber aufgepaßt, eben tritt ſie aus der Kirchthür. Die mit dem nußbraunen Haar, im ſchwarzen Corſett, mit dem goldnen Kreuz am Kettlein um den Hals! Seht Ihr, Herr Bernhard?“

„Die mit dem Gebetbuch in der Hand?“ fragte der Augsburger.

„Richtig! Nun?“ rief Herbert.

„Je nun,“ erwiederte Bernhard, der in's Fenſter getreten war, „ſie iſt nicht häßlich! — Sie iſt recht hübſch! — Der Tauſend das ſind ein paar Augen! Und ein Wuchs! — Jetzt da ſie näher kommt, ſieht man's erſt! — Meiner Treu ſie iſt ſchön! Und wie ſie ſich hält! So ſittſam und doch ſo frei! — Und nun bemerk' ich's erſt recht, die Purpurlippen! Und wie ſie damit lächeln kann! Jetzt eben, als ſie die alte Here grüßte, die vorüber ging, habt Ihrs geſeh'n?“ Um die ſchöne Nürnbergerin weiter zu verfolgen, lehnte ſich Bernhard zum Fenſter hinaus.

„Der iſt weg!“ ſprach Herbert leiſe und lächelte den Wirth pfiffig an.

„Glaub's auch,“ bekräftigte dieſer, „ich bin ordentlich ſtolz auf die Nachbarſchaft des alten Schmieds!“ Indem drehte ſich Bernhard um, und fragte: „Wohnt ſie in dem Hauſe, wo ſie hineingegangen iſt?“ „Freilich,“ erwiederte der Wirth, „ſie iſt die Tochter eines Waffenſchmieds, der ſich Meiſter Reinhold nennt.“ Während der Wirth die Antwort gab, hatte Bernhard ſchon ſein Barett aufgeſetzt, und machte Miene, der Schönen gleich einen Beſuch zu machen. Allein der alte Herbert hielt ihn feſt und fragte: „Seid Ihr toll, Herr Brenhard? Der alte Schmied würde Euch zur Werkſtätte hinaus führen! Ich ſtehe nicht dafür, daß er Euch nicht für einen Amboß nähme, und ſeinen ſchwerſten Hammer auf Euch probirte. Sacht, ſacht! Iſt das bei Euch in Augsburg ſo Sitte, daß man den Mädchen, die aus der Kirche kommen, in die Kammer nachgeht?“

„Geht zum Teufel!“ fuhr Bernhard auf, „wie ſoll man ſie denn kennen lernen?“

„Nur Geduld,“ fuhr Herbert gelaſſen fort, „dazu ließe ſich wohl noch anderer und beſſerer Rath erſinnen. Heut' iſt Sonntag, da wird ſie mit ihrem Vater ſpazieren gehen, entweder auf der Vogelwieſe, oder vielleicht am Dutzendteich, oder hinaus auf die Straße nach Fürth oder ...“

„Daß Euch der Teufel hole mit Eurem Oder! Oder, oder, oder! Ich kann mich doch nicht in ſieben und ſiebenzig Arme ſpalten, wie ein Polyp, und überall umher kreuzen? Und ſehen will ich ſie, darauf verpfänd' ich meinen Handſchlag.“

„Ich wüßte einen Vorſchlag,“ ſprach der Wirth; „nehmt Euer Mittagsmahl hier bei mir ein, und nach Tiſche ſetzen wir uns vor die Thür, auf die ſteinerne Bank. Wenn dann Meiſter Reinhold mit der Tochter aus dem Hauſe tritt, ſo wollen wir ſchon ſehen, welchen Weg ſie einſchlagen, und dann ſchlendert Ihr ſo von weitem ſacht hinter her!“

„Topp,“ rief Bernhard, „ich bin's zufrieden; und Ihr ſeid mein Gaſt, Herr Herbert!“ — So geſchah's. Die Mahlzeit war nach Art der luſtigen Zechbrüder laut und fröhlich; mancher Scherz auf den verliebten Augsburger ging beim Wein mit unter. Doch ſchien es, als ſei Herr Bernhard ernſthafter als gewöhnlich; er brach auch gegen ſeine Gewohnheit die Tafel früher ab, und kränkte dadurch den alten Herbert, der bei einer Flaſche noch gern ein Weilchen geſeſſen hätte. Aber Bernhard wollte vor der Thür ſitzen. Es war das ſchönſte Wetter von der Welt, und kein Zweifel daran, daß Meiſter Reinhold einen Spaziergang machen werde. Nur ſäumte er dem ungeduldigen Augsburger ein wenig zu lange. Rechts und links traten ehrbare Bürger mit ihren geputzten Töchtern heraus und gingen vorüber. Sie grüßten freundlich, und die Mädchen ſahen ſich wohl verſtohlen noch einmal nach dem ſtattlichen Fremden um, deſſen grünſammtnes Wamms mit weißer Seide geſchlitzt und reich mit Gold geſtickt war. Allein Bernhard, der ſonſt den Blicken artiger Kinder wohl zu begegnen wußte, ſchaute jetzt nur nach der Thür des alten Schmieds. Endlich ging ſie auf, und ein ſtattlicher großer Mann mit ſchwarzem Bart und Haar trat, von einem ſchlanken Mägdlein begleitet, hervor. Es waren Meiſter Reinhold und ſeine Tochter Eliſabeth. Der Vater, zugleich Rathsherr, trug ſich nach Art der Nürnberger Bürger ſchwarz, mit einem Mantel von gleicher Farbe. Ein breiter Spitzenkragen zierte ſeinen Hals; an den Stiefeln hatte er, ſonſt gegen die Sitte der Bürger, Spornen; allein er war früher Reiter geweſen, und wollte deshalb nicht von der Gewohnheit laſſen, ſo ſehr auch die Rathsherren von Nürnberg ihre Naſen rümpften. Es hatte ſogar einmal einer ein Wort darüber geſagt, allein Meiſter Reinhold wußte dem ſpitzen Redner mit Geſchicklichkeit einen ungeſchickten Tritt auf den Fuß beizubringen, und ihm dabei mit dem Spornrade das Fußblatt ſo zu ritzen, daß das helle Blut über den Strumpfſchaft lief. Seit der Zeit ſchmähte Niemand mehr auf des Schmieds Spornen, denn die Spornen ſchienen doch zu beißend worden. In dieſer halb kriegeriſchen Tracht ſchritt der Meiſter vorüber, ſeine Tochter am Arm, die den Gruß der Bürger mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen erwiederte.

„Sie gehen nach der Vogelwieſe,“ raunte Herbert dem Augsburger in's Ohr, „ſonſt hätten ſie ſich rechts gedreht.“

„So laßt uns nach,“ erwiederte Bernhard, und ſetzte ſein Barett mit dem neuen Federſchmuck zurecht.

„Hütet Euch nur mit dem Schmiede Händel anzufangen,“ warnte der vorſichtige Juwelenhändler, „er iſt ein Teufelskerl und ſtolz auf ſeine Schmiedearbeit, als wenn das die erſte Beſchäftigung in der Welt wäre.“

„Laßt mich nur machen,“ erwiederte Bernhard, zupfte ſeinen Kragen zurecht, und hing ſich an Herberts Arm. Sie gingen.

2.

Eliſabeth war der Stern, nach dem die beiden Abenteurer ihr Steuerruder richteten. Sie leuchtete wirklich in dem Sonntagsſtaat recht lieblich blinkend vor ihnen her. Das kirchlich ſchwarze Gewand hatte ſie abgelegt, und war jetzt in heiteren Farben gekleidet. Ein Paar der feinſten Saffianſchuhe, nach damaligem Gebrauch mit Perlen geſtickt, zierten den netten Fuß, der die ſchlankeſte Geſtalt trug, die je über die Gaſſen von Nürnberg gegangen war. Den Leib umſchloß ein knappes Mieder von violetter Seide, mit feinen, goldenen Schnüren beſetzt, das gegen ihr blendend weißes, leinenes Gewand, wozu ſie ſelbſt den Faden geſponnen, wohlkleidend abſtach. Den weißen Nacken umgab ein feiner Spitzenkragen, aus dem das Köpfchen ſo zierlich hervor ragte, wie ein Tauſendſchönchen aus dem grünen Raſenbeet. Nach der Sitte der Zeit trug ſie ein breites, goldenes Stirnband, unter dem das Haar geſcheitelt war; hinten aber hatte ſie die reichen Zöpfen aufgebunden, und mit einer künſtlich gearbeiteten, goldenen Nadel in Geſtalt eines Pfeils befeſtigt. So ſorgfältig, ſonntäglich geſchmückt, ging ſie ſittig neben dem Vater. — Bernhard ſprach leiſe zu Herbert: „Sie iſt ein Engel, und ſo nett gekleidet, wie ein Edelfräulein auf dem Turnier.“ Der Alte nickte beifällig, legte den Zeigefinger, Stille gebietend, auf den Mund, und verzögerte Bernhards beſchleunigten Schritt. Aber nicht ſie allein fanden Eliſabeth's Anzug zierlich, ſondern auch alle Nürnberger, die an ihr vorüber gingen, betrachteten ſie mit halb erſtaunten, halb verlangenden Blicken. Denn Meiſter Reinhold hatte viele blanke Kronthaler im Seckel, und Eliſabeth war ſein Stolz und ſein Augapfel. Wenn er ihr alſo eine Freude machen, und zugleich ſich ſelbſt daran erquicken konnte, ſparte er die blanken Thaler nicht, und es war faſt keine Kaufmannstochter in der ganzen reichen Stadt Nürnberg, die nicht mit Eliſabeth, der ſchönen Schmiedstochter, die Kleidung getauſcht hätte; — vollends aber das Geſicht nebſt Zubehör. — So gelangte man an's Thor. Draußen war ſchon alles bunt und laut von Spaziergängern; denn keiner wollte den ſonnigen Maitag, der ſich heiter unter dem blauen Himmel lagerte, vorüber ziehen laſſen, ohne ihn zu begrüßen. — Als Bernhard die bunte, wogende Menge ſah, rief er: „Freund Herbert, ich bin vergnügt, wie der Kaiſer! Aber jetzt laßt uns auch klug ſein, damit wir dem alten Schmiede näher kommen, — ſonſt, hol' mich der Geier, ſeh' ich mich hier nach einer andern hübſchen Dirne um.“

„Seht Euch nur um,“ entgegnete Herbert ruhig, „wenn ihr eine findet, die mit Jungfer Eliſabeth Stich halten kann, ſoll mir's lieb ſein. Aber mit dem Meiſter Reinhold geht die Sache ſo geſchwind nicht; auf der Vogelwieſe wollen wir ſehn was zu thun iſt.“

„Ich wollte, daß ...“ fuhr Bernhard auf. „Ihr ſeid ſo vorſichtig, als wenn wir um Juwelen handelten!“

„Handeln auch darum,“ erwiederte Herbert noch halsſtarriger und ſtrich ſich den Bart, „ſo leicht iſt der Abſchluß nicht gemacht. Seht einmal, Jungfer Eliſabeth iſt nicht ein Juwel, ſie iſt ein wahres Schmuckkäſtchen. Ihre Augen ſind ein paar Sapphire, Rubinen von beſſerm Feuer als ihre Lippen hab' ich noch nicht geſehen, Perlen wie ihre Zähnchen ſind hoch im Preiſe, und wenn ſie gar ein Thränchen vergießt, ſo weint ſie Diamanten von einem Waſſer . . .“

„[illegible] Eis, ſeid Ihr,“ ſchrie Bernhard auf. „Ihr Nürnberger Poet! Was iſt das für eine Weiſe? Etwa die güldene Ehren-Weis oder die Veilchen-Weis, oder die geblümte Paradeis-Weis?“

„Meine Weiſe, und hier iſt die Vogelwieſe, die Poeſie habe ich in Spanien gelernt,“ erwiederte Herbert trocken. „Spaniſch kam ſie mir auch vor, bei St. Sebaldus! Doch Gott ſei Dank, daß wir auf dem Platze ſind.“

„Und nun?“

„Nun wollen wir ein wenig umher ſchlendern und dann dem Alten ganz zufällig begegnen. Ich will Euch als einen Fremden mit ihm bekannt machen, dann ein Geſpräch mit ihm anfangen, und es Euch überlaſſen mit der ſchönen Tochter auch ein Wörtchen zu reden.“ So geſchah es. — Man hatte Zelte im Freien aufgeſchlagen, wo Wein und mancherlei andere Erfriſchungen feil geboten wurden; denn die Nürnberger liebten damals das Faſten eben ſo wenig als jetzt irgend eine andere Nation oder Stadt. Vor den Zelten ſtanden Bänke, Seſſel und Tiſche, an denen ſich das bunte Gewühl vorbei trieb. Dort hatte auch Meiſter Reinhold Platz genommen, und ſah vergnügt die Leute an, ob ſie ſeine Tochter recht wieder anſähen. Und wenn ſich ſo Einer oder der Andere zwei-, dreimal nach Eliſabeth umſchaute, dann ſchmunzelte er und dachte ſein Theil. Jetzt kamen auch unſere beiden Spaziergänger heran.

„Gott grüß' Euch Meiſter Reinhold!“ hub er an. „Wie geht's? Finden wir wohl hier noch ein Plätzchen?“

„Ei was ſolltet Ihr nicht,“ erwiederte der Schmied, „wir rücken ein wenig zuſammen.“

„Ich mache Euch Platz,“ ſprach ein ältlicher Mann, der neben Reinhold geſeſſen hatte, und ſtand auf. Herbert nahm die verlaſſene Stelle ein, und ſaß dem Schmied zur Linken; rechts hatte dieſer die Tochter, die dem Vater ein wenig näher gerückt war. Dadurch hatte ſich ein Plätzchen für unſern Augsburger geöffnet, und wie der Blitz ſchoß er darauf zu und ſaß jetzt an Eliſabeths rechter Hand. Der dadurch abgeſchnittene Nachbar der ſchönen Nürnbergerin ſtand, ſichtlich verdrießlich, auf und ging fort. — Jetzt konnten die Plätze nicht beſſer vertheilt ſein. Herberts Geſpräch mußte nun die Augen des Vaters abwärts ziehen, und Bernhard konnte ungeſtört mit der Tochter plaudern. Zuvor machte der Juwelenhändler ihn indeſſen mit dem Schmiede bekannt, und ſprach: „Seht hier, Meiſter Reinhold, einen Genoſſen Eurer Kunſt, nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß er in Gold, und Ihr in Eiſen arbeitet. Der Herr iſt aus Augsburg und nennt ſich Meiſter Bernhard.“

„Es freut mich, Euch kennen zu lernen,“ ſprach Reinhold; „gehört hab' ich ſchon von Euch, wiewohl ich mich ſonſt um die feinen Arbeiten in Gold wenig bekümmere. Ich denke immer, es iſt männlicher mit Stahl und Eiſen zu thun zu haben; doch Eure Kunſt in Ehren.“ Bernhard ließ nicht gern auf ſeine Beſchäftigung ſchelten, doch nahm er's diesmal nicht ſo genau und ſprach: „Wohl wahr! Eure Arbeit iſt für den Krieg und für die Männer; unſere mehr für den Frieden und für die ſchönen Frauen.“ Dabei warf er einen Blick auf Eliſabeth, die, leicht erröthend, ihr Auge von ihm auf den Boden wandte.

„Sagt mir doch, Meiſter Reinhold,“ begann jetzt Herbert, der des Alten Schwächen kannte, „iſt es denn wahr, daß ein Türkenkrieg ausbrechen ſoll? Ihr ſeid im Rath und überdies ein Mann, der viele Leute kennt, und oft die erſten Neuigkeiten erfährt; erzählt mir doch ein wenig; rüſtet ſich der Kaiſer Maximilian wirklich, und wird er bei uns durchreiſen, wie man ſpricht?“

„Davon läßt ſich viel ſagen,“ erwiederte Reinhold, indem er ſich den Bart ſtrich, begann zu reden, und ſagte auch wirklich viel. Wir wollen es aber alles überhören, und uns einmal hinter Eliſabeth und Bernhard ſtellen, um zu erfahren, ob ſie auch ſo viel ſprachen. Wenn es auch nicht viel Worte waren, ſo ſagten die Worte doch viel, und noch mehr wußte Bernhard mit Blicken anzubringen, worauf Eliſabeth eigentlich nichts erwiederte, aber doch nicht erzürnt darüber ſchien. Ihr Geſpräch nahm etwa folgenden Gang.

3.

Bernhard. Ihr werdet auf mich zürnen, ſchöne Jungfrau Eliſabeth, daß ich Euch von Eurem Nachbar getrennt habe. Der Zufall hat es für mich ſo glücklich eingerichtet . . .

Eliſabeth. Ich kannte den Mann gar nicht, der hier neben mir ſaß, und wenn auch, ſo würde ich doch deshalb nicht zürnen, daß Ihr Euch zu uns ſetzt. Aber Ihr wollt gewiß gern neben dem Vater ſitzen; wir können ja tauſchen. Männer reden gern mit ihres Gleichen.

Bernhard. Bewahre mich mein Schutzpatron! Ich kümmr're mich wenig um Kaiſer und Reich, ſchöne Eliſabeth; ſo wie meine Arbeit nur für die Frauen beſtimmt, ſo zieht mich mein Sinn auch mehr zu der Unterhaltung mit ihnen, als mit Männern.

Eliſabeth. An mir werdet Ihr wenig Freude haben, ich weiß von nichts zu reden. Ich verlaſſe ſelten das Haus, und da erfährt man nicht viel. Ihr ſeid wohl gereiſt?

Bernhard. In Süden und Norden. Zuletzt hat mir's aber in der Mitte zwiſchen beiden am beſten gefallen.

Eliſabeth. Da könnt Ihr gewiß viel erzählen, was Ihr alles Schönes geſehen habt.

Bernhard. Mancherlei! Aber das Schönſte hier in Nürnberg.

Eliſabeth. Gewiß St. Sebaldus Grab.

Bernhard. Nein, aber nahe dabei.

Eliſabeth. Die neuen Apoſtel vom Meiſter Albrecht?

Bernhard. Auch nicht.

Eliſabeth. Jetzt hab' ich's, das Bild der Jungfrau Maria.

Bernhard. Nein, die Jungfrau Eliſabeth.

Eliſabeth. Eliſabeth? die heilige Eliſabeth?

Bernhard. Nicht die heilige Eliſabeth meine ich, ſondern die fromme.

Eliſabeth. Die fromme?

Bernhard. Nun ja, ſie geht fleißig in die Meſſe. Heut war ſie in St. Sebaldus.

Eliſabeth. O geht, Ihr ſpottet!

Bernhard. Gewiß ich kenne nichts Schöneres! — Bei dieſen Worten wollte Bernhard die Hand ſeiner Nachbarin faſſen, allein ſie ließ gerade einen Strauß von Maiblumen, mit dem ſie geſpielt hatte, fallen, und bückte ſich darnach. Bernhard aber hatte ihn geſchwinder.

Bernhard. Jetzt geb' ich Euch den Strauß nicht wieder!

Eliſabeth. O, Herr Bernhard, Ihr müßt!

Bernhard. Wenn er mir aber gar zu lieb wäre?

Eliſabeth. Er welkt ſchon, — wenn er friſcher wäre . . .

Bernhard. So wolltet Ihr mir ihn ſchenken?

Eliſabeth. Gebt ihn nur erſt wieder.

Bernhard. Da iſt er! Aber nun bitt' ich etwas.

Eliſabeth. Und das wäre?

Bernhard. Zweierlei. Erſtlich, daß Ihr bis morgen den Strauß aufbewahrt; und dann — gönnt mir das Veilchen, das Ihr am Buſen tragt.

Eliſabeth. Warum ſoll ich ihn bis morgen bewahren?

Bernhard. Ich habe einen Zauber darüber geſprochen. Morgen blüht in der Mitte ein wunderſeltenes Blümchen heraus auf. Aber nicht eher als morgen; und Ihr müßt ihn ſorgfältig tragen, daß die Blüthen immer oben bleiben. Und meine andere Bitte?

Eliſabeth. Ihr ſcherzt wohl. Ein Wunderblümchen?

Bernhard. Und meine andere Bitte?

Eliſabeth. Wenn das mit dem Wunderblümchen gewiß wäre!

Bernhard. Gebt nur Acht. Ich habe den Samen dazu hineingehaucht. Wenn Ihr aber den Strauß verkehrt tragt, ſo verſtreut er ſich. Vor morgen dürft Ihr auch nicht hineinſehen, ſonſt wird aus Allem nichts. Das Veilchen?

Eliſabeth. Ihr ſeid ein wunderlicher Herr; was ihr nur für Scherze treibt! Ihr denkt wohl, ich glaube daran?

Bernhard. Nur bis morgen gedultet Euch, mir zu Gefallen. Es iſt ein Kunſtſtück, das ich in Italien lernte. Ich zahlte einen hohen Preis zum Lohn dafür, darum mach' ich's auch nicht wohlfeil. Zahlt mir das Veilchen!

Eliſabeth nahm es mit einem anmuthigen Erröthen lächelnd von der Bruſt und reichte es ihm; er nahm es und wußte dabei geſchickt die Hand des ſchönen Mädchens zu drücken.

„Daß dich der Donner!“ fuhr der Schmied auf, und Eliſabeth erſchrack wie vom Blitz getroffen, „daß dich der Tauſend! So reich ſind die Herren Fugger? Was Ihr ſagt! Geht, Ihr ſcherzt wohl!“

„Fragt Meiſter Bernhard, der iſt ja von Augsburg,“ entgegnete Herbert, und Bernhard, froh, daß der Ausruf nicht ihm und der Tochter gegolten, erwiederte raſch ohne zu wiſſen, was Herbert behauptet hatte:

„Ja, ja, Meiſter Reinhold, ſo iſt's, die Herren Fugger ſind ganze Leute. Von ihren Schätzen könnte man einen halben Tag erzählen. Und wenn Ihr erſt die Fuggerei ſehn ſolltet! Das iſt ein Gebäude, in dem die halbe Stadt Nürnberg wohnen kann.“

„Hm“ brummte der Schmied, „Nürnberg iſt doch auch kein Dorf! Aber das müßt Ihr mir einmal ausführlich beſchreiben. So etwas höre ich für mein Leben gern!

„Bei einer Flaſche Steinwein, Meiſter Reinhold, könnte ich das noch heut Abend thun, wenn Ihr mein Gaſt ſein wollt,“ erwiederte Bernhard. „Im Haus zur goldnen Traube iſt der Wein nicht übel.“

„Topp!“ rief der Schmied, „ich komme. Der Traubenwirth iſt mein Nachbar, der darf uns keinen ſchlechten Wein vorſetzen.

„Das laßt meine Sorge ſein,“ rief Bernhard, „fragt einmal unſern Freund Herbert, ob wir auf den Handel gut oder ſchlecht getrunken haben.“

„Gut, ſehr gut,“ ſprach Herbert ernſthaft, „drum hoffe ich, daß wir heut Abend beſſer, viel beſſer trinken werden. Aber jetzt laßt uns noch ein wenig auf und abgehen, bis die Sonne Ade ſagt. Sind die Leute ſo lange bei uns vorbei gegangen, können wir's ihnen auch einmal zu Gefallen thun, und uns begaffen laſſen.“

Sie gingen. Bernhard wäre gern neben Eliſabeth hinter den beiden Alten hergegangen, allein dieſe hatte ſich an den Vater angeſchloſſen, dem ſich Herbert auf der andern Seite in den Arm hing. Natürlich zog ſich Bernhard auf die Seite der ſchönen Tochter, aber im Gedränge konnte man oft nicht gut zu Dreien gehen und ſo wurde er häufig abgeſchnitten. Daher konnte er auch das Geſpräch, das einmal ſo gut im Gange geweſen war, nicht wieder recht in den alten Fluß bringen. Doch bemerkte er wohl, daß die ſchöne Nachbarin nicht unwillig auf ihn ſei, und als ein Mann, der mit dem andern Geſchlecht im Vaterlande wie in der Fremde viel umgegangen war, wußte er wohl, daß es ſchon viel iſt, wenn ein Mädchen bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten nicht ausweicht. Daher war er guten Muths und dachte, haſt du nur erſt einen Anker feſt, die andern ſollen ſchon Grund faſſen. Wir wollen ſehen, wie es ihm damit ging. —

Die Sonne ſchimmerte jetzt ſchon mit dunkelrothen Strahlen durch die Büſche, die Schatten der Bäume fielen lang und ſanftblau über die warmen Matten der Vogelwieſe, und die luſtigen Leute verzogen ſich allgemach, weil die altbürgerliche Sitte um ſieben Uhr ſpäteſtens die Rückkehr nach Hauſe verlangte. Dazu ſchickten ſich auch unſere Bekannten an. Vor der Thür des Schmieds trennten ſie ſich; denn Meiſter Reinhold nahm ſein Nachteſſen erſt mit der Tochter und den Geſellen ein, bevor er in die Traube kam. Als Eliſabeth hinter dem Vater in die Hausthür trat, ſah ſie ſich noch einmal nach dem Fremden um, der ihr nur zu wohl gefallen zu haben ſchien. Bernhard war nicht der Mann, der ſo etwas unbemerkt ließ, oder gar unbenutzt. Darum hob er mit einem bedeutenden Blick das Sträußchen hoch und führte es an die friſchen Lippen; aber Eliſabeth drehte raſch und hocherröthend das Köpfchen weg, und zog die Hausthür hinter ſich zu. —

„Die iſt mein!“ rief Bernhard frohlockend und ſprang hoch in die Luft.

„Wenn der Alte ſie Euch giebt,“ entgegnete Herbert trocken.

„Das müßte doch mit dem Teufel zugehen,“ fuhr der Augsburger auf; „warum ſollte er ſie mir abſchlagen?“

„Warum? Ich weiß nicht, aber er wird wohl Urſache finden, wenn er will.“

„Nun laßt ihn mich nur erſt beim Becher haben, dann wollen wir weiter ſehn.“ Mit dieſen Worten traten ſie in's Gaſtzimmer der goldenen Traube, und brachen vor der Hand das Geſpräch ab.

4.

In der Ecke des Zimmers nahmen ſie Platz an einem ſaubern, mit Holz ausgetäfelten Tiſche, um den ſich im halben Kreiſe eine eichene Bank zog. Der Abend war lau, und die Luft mit ſüßem Frühlingsduft erfüllt. Daher ließen ſie die Fenſter öffnen, um recht im friſchen Zuge des leichten Abendwindes zu ſitzen; denn beſonders Bernhard fand es unbeſchreiblich heiß. Eben deshalb ließ er auch eiligſt einen kühlen Trunk edlen alten Weins bringen, der die Lippen recht duftig und friſch benetzte. Nach kurzer Zeit kam auch der Schmied, dem der Abendtiſch zu Hauſe heut nicht ſo behaglich geweſen ſein mochte als ſonſt, wo er Sonntags wohl eine, auch zwei Stunden mit ſeinen Geſellen beim Becher zu verſchwatzen pflegte. Aber heut reizten ihn die Erzählungen des Fremden, und beſonders hörte er gern von großen Schätzen, prächtigen Schlöſſern und dergleichen mehr, obwohl er eben nicht habſüchtig war; — ſprach er aber ſelbſt, ſo war es immer von ſeinen Abenteuern als Reiter, von der edlen Waffenſchmiedekunſt und der Würde eines Rathsherrn von Nürnberg. — Die drei Zecher waren ziemlich laut an ihrem Tiſche. Bernhard erzählte von Augsburg, von den Fuggers, von ihren Fabriken, Gebäuden, Waarenlagern und dergleichen, was Reinhold gern hörte, der einmal über das andre ausrief: „Der Tauſend! Potz alle Welt! Iſt's möglich! Bei St. Georg! Unerhört!“ und dergleichen Redensarten der Verwunderung mehr. Herbert dagegen ſchlug häufig auf den Tiſch, und betheuerte die Wahrheit der Erzählung ihres Wirthes. Noch häufiger indeß hoben alle Drei die Gläſer an den Mund und tranken, der Eine, um ſich zum Erzählen, der Andre zum Bekräftigen, und der Dritte zum Verwundern zu ſtärken. Wie Bernhard aber gar vortrug, daß der Kaiſer Maximilian nächſtens nach Augsburg kommen und bei den Herren Fugger wohnen werde, da rief der Schmied aus: „Nun bei St. Sebaſtian! ſolch' einen Kaufmann laß ich gelten; ja, wenn man's ſo treibt, ſo iſt's ein edler Stand.“

„Er ſoll leben!“ rief Herbert, „hoch!“ Die Gläſer klangen, und der Jubelruf ſchallte durch das Zimmer. Jetzt, meinte Bernhard, ſei der rechte Zeitpunkt nahe, wo er auf den Buſch klopfen dürfe. Er fing alſo an. „Nicht wahr, Vater Reinhold, wenn ſo ein Freier käme, dem ſchlügt Ihr Eure Tochter nicht ab?“

„Hm!“ entgegnete der Alte, indem er ſich das bärtige Kinn ſtrich, „lieber wär' mir's doch, wenn ein tüchtiger Waffenſchmied käme!“ Dieſe Antwort hatte Bernhard nicht vermuthet, daher fuhr er heftig auf: „Ich glaube, Ihr ſeid toll! So ein Mann und ein Schmied!“

„Hört einmal!“ fuhr der Alte auf „kommt mir nicht zu nah'! Wißt Ihr, daß die Schmiede vor Zeiten die angeſehenſten Leute nach dem Könige waren? Habt Ihr von dem Schmied Aſmunder geleſen? Das war ein Mann ...“

„Fabeln, alte Mährchen und Hiſtörchen!“ lachte Bernhard auf; doch Herbert ſtieß ihn in die Seite, daß ihm der Athem ſtockte.

„Fabeln?“ ſprach der Schmied, „und wenn auch; deswegen bleibt der Stand doch der erſte unter allen Ständen. Denn was iſt das Beſte, was ein Ritter, und wenn er der Kaiſer wäre, hat? Antwort: Sein Schwert, und das mache ich!“

„Nein!“ rief der erhitzte Bernhard, „Seine Krone, und die mach' ich!“

„Ihr!“ rief Reinhold im gedehnten Tone, „Ihr — Ihr werdet doch Eure Firlefanz-Arbeit für Frauenzimmer-Ohren und Hälſe nicht mit unſ'rer Männerarbeit vergleichen! Was machen wir? Schwerter, Schilde, Helme ...“

„Und Hufeiſen!“ rief Bernhard erhitzt.

„Ja,“ fuhr der Schmied auf, „für das edelſte Thier in der Welt, für das Kriegsroß!“

„Oder für den Mauleſel [illegible] Krämers,“ lachte Bernhard.

„Mauleſel?“ ſchrie der Schmied, „daß dich der Donner! Mauleſel! das hat mir noch kein Menſch geſagt!“ Herbert, der vergeblich dem vom Wein erhitzten Bernhard unterm Tiſche faſt die Fußzehen entzwei geſtampft hatte, legte ſich dazwiſchen und ſprach: „Halt, halt, halt! Liebe Freunde, was erhebt Ihr für einen Lärmen und Streit? Muß der Wirth nicht denken, ſein Wein ſei zu gut, wenn ein paar Becher euch ſo in's Feuer jagen? So alte Trinker ſollten doch vorſichtiger ſein! Und um was ſtreitet Ihr denn? Giebt es beim Becher Rang und Stand? Ihr ſeid Meiſter Reinhold, das iſt Meiſter Bernhard, und ich bin Meiſter Herbert. Damit Punctum. Ob wir in Gold, Kupfer, Zinn, Eiſen, Holz oder Leder arbeiten, das dürfen wir gar nicht wiſſen, ſo lange der Wirth Wein im Keller hat. He, die Becher hoch! Es ſollen die ſchönen Mädchen leben, das iſt der erſte Stand in der Welt!“

„Recht ſo,“ rief Bernhard, der ſich jetzt wieder beſonnen hatte, „und vor allem Eure Tochter, Meiſter Reinhold, das iſt wieder die erſte in ihrem Stande!“ Der Schmied ſah noch etwas mürriſch aus, allein er nahm den Becher in die Hand, und ſtieß mit an. Schon beim Klange des Weingrußes glättete ſich eine kleine Falte ſeiner Stirn. Als er aber erſt den Rand des Pokals an den Mund gebracht hatte, und langſam, bedächtig auf Bernhards Ruf: „ausgetrunken,“ die Tiefe des Gefäßes zu ergründen begann, da verzog mit jedem Schluck eine Stirnfalte zu einer Wangenfalte, ſo daß es faſt ausſah, als theile die goldne Sonne des Weins die Wolken auf dem Himmel ſeines Geſichts, und lache freundlich in der Mitte, während ſich die ſchwarzen Nebelſtreifen an dem Horizont ſeiner Wangen lagerten. Als er den Becher abſetzte, war die Stirn glatt wie ein Spiegel, und der Mund lächelte in ziemlicher Weite.

Bernhard hatte dem Steigen des Barometers mit ſichtlichem Vergnügen zugeſehen. Jetzt, dachte er, iſt gut Wetter geworden, und du kannſt deine Freiersreiſe noch einmal antreten. Er begann vorſichtig einzuleiten, ſprach von ſeinem Anſehn und Vermögen in Augsburg, erwähnte, wie man ihm hier und da in ſeiner Vaterſtadt zu verſtehen gegeben habe, daß man ihm eine hübſche Tochter oder Schweſter wohl zur Frau geben würde, und dergleichen mehr.

„Ei, aber warum heirathet Ihr denn nicht, Ihr wilder Junggeſell?“ rief der Schmied, „es thäte Euch gut, glaubt mir das. Seht, ich war auch ſo ein Spring-durch-die-Welt, aber ich hab' es mein Tag' nicht bereut, daß ich meine ſelige Eliſabeth genommen habe; es war eine Frau wie ein Engel. Drum friſch dran junger Geſell, und lieber heute als morgen!" Als Bernhard den Alten in dieſem Tone reden hörte, ſchlug ihm das Herz vor Luſt, denn nichts war klarer, als daß der Schmied ihm halben Weges entgegen kam. Daher fuhr er in ſeiner Freude heraus, und bemerkte es gar nicht, daß der ungeſchickte Herbert ihn wieder auf den Fuß trat.

„Es iſt wahr, Ihr habt Recht; und da Ihr mir ſelbſt ſo zuredet, und eben Eure ſelige Hausfrau ſo hoch gerühmt habt, wie wäre es, Vater Reinhold, wenn Ihr mir die Tochter einer ſo braven Mutter gäbet?" Dabei wollte er dem Schwiegervater um den Hals fallen, allein der ſtand auf, und fragte mit einem langen Geſicht, daß wieder alle Falten oben auf der Stirne ſaßen:

„Tochter? Welche Tochter? Meine Tochter? Sachte, mein Freund! So raſch gäbe ich ſie Keinem in der Welt; aber Ihr, nichts für ungut, bekommt ſie gar nicht. Meine Tochter darf nicht unter ihrem Stande heirathen, ſie muß einen Waffenſchmied haben, oder geht in's Kloſter. Jetzt legt Euch nieder und ſchlaft Euren Rauſch aus. Gute Nacht!" Damit ſetzte er ſeinen Becher nieder und ſein Barett auf, und drehte ſich nach der Thür. Bernhard ſtand wie vom Blitze getroffen; allein Herbert erhob ſich von ſeinem Sitz, begleitete den Schmied bis an die Thür, und ſagte halb laut, daß es Bernhard hören konnte: „Das habt Ihr recht gemacht, Altmeiſter und Rathsherr; der junge Burſch iſt etwas eitel, da muß man ihn ablaufen laſſen. Nun ſchlaft wohl, und grüßt Jungfer Eliſabeth; wenn Ihr's ihr erzählt, wird ſie gewiß von Herzen über den Augsburger lachen." Dabei ging der Schmied hinaus, und Herbert wandte ſich zu Bernhard um. Der fand eben ſeine Sinne wieder, und fuhr auf den Juwelenhändler los.

„Wart, Du alter Spitzbube! Meinſt Du, ich hätte nicht gehört, was Du eben zu dem verteufelten Narren von Schmied geſagt haſt? Aber Du ſollſt es bereuen!" Bei dieſem Worte wollte er ihn faſſen; allein Herbert ſtemmte die Arme in die Seite und ſchlug ein helles Gelächter auf. Das brachte den Augsburger wieder außer Faſſung, und er ſtand zum zweiten Mal vor dem lachenden Alten, wie wenn er von Stein geweſen wäre. Endlich ſchöpfte dieſer Athem und fing an: „Ihr ſeid doch noch ein Neuling in der Welt, trotz Eurer Reiſen. Könnt Ihr Euch denn einbilden, daß ich dem Schmied Recht gebe? Und wenn ich's auch thäte, daß ich's ſo vor Euren Ohren thun würde, daß mir nachher um meine Ohren bang ſein müßte? Wenn ich das dem alten Narren nicht geſagt hätte, ſo traute er mir nicht mehr über die Schwelle. So aber denke ich Euch wohl noch nützlich zu werden, und wo möglich dem Schmied eine Naſe zu ſchmieden, die er ſich nicht Sonntags zum Staat aufſetzen wird. Kommt einmal her, und laßt uns bei dem Reſt der Flaſche noch ein Wörtchen reden." Das thaten ſie. — Wir wollen indeß nicht zuhören, ſondern uns zu der ſchönen Eliſabeth begeben, und ſehen, womit ſie ſich, indeſſen ſie ſo allein war, die Zeit verkürzt haben mag.

5.

Mit ſichtlicher Zerſtreutheit hatte Eliſabeth den Abendtiſch des Vaters beſorgt; ſie, die ſonſt nie etwas fehlen ließ, war heut vergeßlich und unaufmerkſam. Als ſie die Schüſſel aufgetragen hatte, und das Gebet geſprochen war, ergab ſich's, daß Meſſer und Gabel fehlten, und als der Alte den Wein aus ſeiner Kanne einſchenken wollte, war ſie leer. Unangenehmer konnte man ihn nicht überraſchen. Er fuhr mit einem erſtaunten: „Was zum Geier!" wie erſchrocken vor dem leeren Gefäß zurück, und Eliſabeth erröthend bis an die Augen, ſprang raſch wie ein Reh auf, und flog in den Keller, um es zu füllen. Auf dem Rückwege weiß ich nicht, weshalb ſie den Maienblumenſtrauß, den ſie in einem zierlichen Glas mit Waſſer auf das Fenſter geſtellt hatte, mit halbgewendetem Geſicht betrachtete. Allein ſie that es, und ſo geſchah es, daß ſie nicht recht auf ihren Weg achtete, mit dem zierlichen Füßchen an einen Stuhl ſtieß, und ſicherlich gefallen wäre, hätte ſie nicht Ehrenfried, der Altgeſell, gehalten. Zum Dank dafür erhielt er auch den Wein, der für den Vater beſtimmt war, denn Eliſabeth beſchüttete ihn damit ſo, daß er aufſtehen und das Wamms wechſeln mußte. Dieſer Unfall ſchien ſie ſo in Verwirrung geſetzt zu haben, daß ſie während des ganzen Nachteſſens die Gedanken nicht recht beiſammen hatte, denn unter andern Antworten, die ſie halb und verkehrt gab, erwiederte ſie auch dem Vater, der ſie dreimal fragte: „Was iſt das für Wein?" endlich „Ein Augsburger." Hat man wohl ſein Lebtag von dieſer Sorte gehört? — Niemand war froher als ſie, da die Mahlzeit geendet, und ſie allein war. Jetzt ging ſie in ihr Stübchen hinauf, das in den mit alten Linden bepflanzten Hof ſah, und ſetzte ſich dort am offenen Fenſter mit ihrem Spinnrade nieder. Vor ihr ſtand in einem zierlichen Glaſe der Maienblumenſtrauß.

„Warum ſoll ich ihn denn erſt morgen genau betrachten?" ſprach ſie zu ſich ſelbſt, und ſah ihn ziemlich ſcharf an, „ich glaube doch nicht an das Kunſtſtück. Solche gereiſte Leute haben uns einfältige Bürgermädchen immer zum Beſten, und halten uns noch für leichtgläubiger, als wir ſind. — Wenn ich nur wüßte, ob der Fremde auch ſo iſt? Er hatte doch ſo etwas Redliches in ſeinen Augen, und lächelte gar nicht ſtolz, ſondern recht gutmüthig. — Aber wie ungleich ſpinn' ich heut; ach und wie wenig iſt erſt fertig! Nun geſchwind, jetzt will ich einmal recht fleißig ſein; eben ſchlägt die Thurmuhr von St. Sebaldus die ſiebende Stunde an. Um acht muß ich fertig ſein; ſo lange kann ich auch noch ſehen. Die Sonne geht zwar ſchon unter, denn die Thurmſpitze und das Zifferblatt ſind glühend roth, aber ich muß doch noch fertig werden, und dann — ſeh' ich den Strauß an!" Jetzt drehte ſich das Rädchen flink und ſchnurrend um, und Eliſabeths kleiner Fuß hob ſich im raſchen Takt dazu; man ſah ihr recht die Freude an, wie das Flachsſeil immer weniger wurde; und doch war ihre Ungeduld zuletzt faſt unüberwindlich, denn ſie wurde gar zu begierig zu ſehen, was der Fremde mit dem Blumenſtrauß gemacht hätte, wollte aber doch ihr Wort ſich ſelbſt nicht brechen. Um ſich die Zeit zu verkürzen, ſang ſie, als es dunkler wurde, ein Spinnerliedchen, das ſo lautete:

Hör mir zu, mein liebes Rädchen!
Frage dich:
Drehte wohl jetzo dich ein Mädchen
Raſch wie ich?
Sonſt ſchalt Mütterchen mich läſſig,
Oft warſt du mir ſelbſt gehäſſig,
Iſt's denn jetzt der Fleiß allein,
Der mich heißt ſo emſig ſein? —

Dreh dich ſchneller, liebes Rädchen,
Schneller um!
Fragſt: „Warum ſo eilig, Mädchen?
Ja, warum?
Magſt du mich nur immer fragen,
Ach, ich kann es dir nicht ſagen,
Kenne ſelbſt nicht, was mir fehlt,
Nicht die Urſach', die mich quält.

Horch einmal mein liebes Rädchen!
Ohne Scherz,
Sprich, ſchlug je wohl einem Mädchen
So das Herz?
Wie mein Herz mit ſtarken Schlägen,
Müſſen Hand und Fuß ſich regen;
Ach, an aller Ungeduld,
Glaub ich, iſt das Herzchen ſchuld!

Nun genug, mein liebes Rädchen!
Stehe ſtill!
Weißt du, was ich kindiſch Mädchen
Jetzo will?
Nicht mich freu'n an Garnes Glanze,
Nicht zur Nachbarin, zum Tanze —
Wunderlich bin ich bethört,
Träumen will ich ungeſtört.

Mit dem Glockenſchlag acht ſang ſie den letzten Ton des Liedes, und wand das letzte Garn ab. Nun griff ſie nach den Blumen, und bog mit einer halben Ahnung deſſen, was ſie finden würde, die weißen Blüthen auseinander. Wirklich glänzte es ihr aus der grünen Dämmerung mit wunderbarem Schimmer entgegen.

„Wär' es möglich," dachte ſie, „ſollte er ein ſolcher Schwarzkünſtler ſein?" Sie löſte haſtig das Band, mit dem der Strauß gebunden war, um die Wunderblume zu ergreifen. Doch ſie täuſchte ſich, denn ſie fand nichts; aber indem ſie die Stengel los ließ, hörte ſie etwas auf den Boden fallen. Eiligſt bückte ſie ſich darnach, konnte es aber, da es ſchon dunkel wurde, nicht auffinden. Sie mußte wiſſen, was es war. Daher ging ſie geſchwind hinab, zündete die Lampe an, und durchſuchte das ganze Kämmerchen; endlich fand ſie am Fuß ihres Spinnrades zu ihrem Erſtaunen einen prachtvollen Ring mit einem köſtlichen Rubin. Darüber gerieth ſie in nicht geringe Verlegenheit, denn das durfte ſie doch dem Vater nicht verſchweigen, und eine leiſe Ahnung ſagte ihr, daß der nicht ſonderlich vergnügt über den Fund ſein werde. Sie betrachtete daher das wunderbar ihr zugekommene Kleinod mit einem Gemiſch von Freude, Bangigkeit und Wehmuth, und endlich trübte eine Thräne ihr blaues Auge. In dem Augenblick raſſelte ein Schlüſſel in der Hausthür; ſie vermuthete mit Recht den Vater, löſchte, der Himmel weiß aus welchem dunklen Antriebe, ihre Lampe aus, und ging leiſe zu

Bett. Aber ſie konnte lange nicht einſchlafen, und ſagte einmal über's andere: „Gewiß iſt die laue Frühlingsnacht Schuld daran, daß mich der Schlaf flieht; mir iſt auch gar zu warm.“ Was mich betrifft, ſo will ich das glauben, und die gutmüthigen Leſerinnen glauben es gewiß auch. Ein kleiner Theil ihrer Unruhe aber, das kann ich doch nicht verſchweigen, kam davon her, daß ſie darüber nachſann, wie ſie wohl auf die beſte Weiſe ihrem Vater den Fund des Ringes beibringen möchte, denn ſie hatte nicht Luſt, ihm das ganze Geſpräch mit Bernharden zu wiederholen, was auch gewiß für ſie eben ſo langweilig geweſen wäre, als es für die Leſer ſein möchte, wenn ich es thäte. Es iſt daher ein wahres Glück, daß ſie es anders anfing; wie? erfahren wir im nächſten Capitel.

6.

Als ſie am andern Morgen aufſtand, war man in der Schmiede ſchon geſchäftig. Die Hammerſchläge ſchallten hell herauf, und ein ſchwarzer wolkiger Rauch zog am Sebaldus-Thurm vorüber. Das erinnerte Eliſabeth daran, daß es wohl Zeit ſein möchte, dem Vater und den Geſellen den Frühtrunk hinunter zu bringen. Sie füllte daher einige Becher mit Wein, legte Brod dazu, und ſtellte alles auf einen großen ſilbernen Teller, den der Vater ſehr in Ehren hielt, weil ihm darauf die ſelige Frau am Hochzeitmorgen den erſten Frühtrunk gebracht hatte. Außer dieſen Zubereitungen vergaß ſie aber nicht, ſich den Maiblumenſtrauß vorzuſtecken, und den Ring wieder zwiſchen die Blüthen zu verbergen. Jetzt nahm ſie den Teller mit den Bechern, und ging hinunter in die Schmiede. — Wenn die Arbeiter ſie von weitem über den Hof kommen ſahen, freuten ſie ſich, nicht bloß weil jetzt eine Pauſe in der Arbeit gemacht wurde, und ein guter Trunk ſie erquickte, ſondern auch, weil ſie Alle gar zu gern von der ſchönen Eliſabeth den Morgengruß erhielten. Es war ſtets ein förmlicher Streit unter ihnen, wer den freundlichſten Blick des ſchönen Mädchens bekommen hatte; denn Jeder behauptete Abends, er ſei es geweſen. Eigentlich aber war keiner ausgezeichnet worden, ſondern Eliſabeth ſah nur immer ſo unbeſchreiblich gütig und wohlwollend aus, daß Einer leicht glauben konnte, er werde vor Allen ausgezeichnet, wenn er auch nicht zu den eitlen Männern gehörte. Diesmal aber war es unverkennbar, daß Ehrenfried, der Altgeſell, wegen des geſtrigen Unfalls mit beſonderer Güte bedacht wurde; ja Eliſabeth ſprach ſogar einige Worte mit ihm, obwohl ſie aus natürlicher Scheu von dem Vorfall ſelbſt nichts erwähnte. Wer es nicht gewußt hätte, und eine Minute ſpäter in die Schmiede getreten wäre, müßte übrigens blind geweſen ſein, wenn er nicht bemerkt hätte, daß Ehrenfried vergnügt wie ein König gegen ſeine Kameraden ausſah. Allein dieſe Freude verkehrte ſich bald in Verdruß und Zank. Der alte Reinhold fragte nämlich ſeine Tochter: „Ei wie kommt es denn, Eliſabeth, daß Du einen welken Strauß am Mieder haſt? Hätteſt doch auch wohl ein paar friſche Blumen vorſtecken können.“ Dieſe Frage hatte Eliſabeth voraus geſehen, denn ſie pflegte jeden Tag im Sommer einen friſchen Strauß zu tragen. Allein das war es gerade, was ſie wollte. Sie ſah aber wie befremdet auf den Buſen herab, und ſprach:

„Friſche Blumen? Ja ſo, das habe ich ganz vergeſſen!“ Indem ſtreifte ſie die Glöckchen mit den zarten Fingern ab, und ſagte: „Es iſt wahr, ſie ſind ganz welk, ich will mir gleich andere pflücken.“ Plötzlich aber rief ſie verſtellt erſtaunt aus: „Ei mein Himmel, was iſt denn das? Das iſt ja gar ein Ring!“

„Ein Ring!“ brummte der Vater, „wie käme der in den Strauß?“

„Ach ich beſinne mich,“ fuhr Eliſabeth verſtellt fort, „geſtern ſah ich dieſen Ring am Finger des Herrn von Augsburg. Er ſpielte öfters damit. Gewiß hat er ihn, als er mir meinen Strauß, den ich einmal fallen gelaſſen, aufhob, unverſehens hineinfallen laſſen. Ein Glück, daß er nicht verloren gegangen iſt.“ Der Schmied hörte erſtaunt zu, ſchien aber die Wahrheit, oder gar noch mehr zu ahnen. Doch fragte er, ohne ſich zu verrathen, weiter. „Unverſehens? Hinein fallen laſſen? Das wäre ja ſehr ſeltſam! Zeig' doch einmal her.“ Eliſabeth reichte ihm den Ring nicht ohne ſichtliche Verwirrung. Alle Geſellen waren aufmerkſam geworden, vorzüglich Ehrenfried. Als Reinhold den Ring in der Hand hatte, griff er nach einem ſchweren Hammer, legte den Ring auf den Amboß, und ſchlug darauf, daß er in kleine Stücke ſprang. Alle verwunderten ſich, aber Eliſabeth rief unwillkührlich aus: „Um Gotteswillen, Vater, was thut Ihr!“ Aber der Schmied ſchien durch den Schlag plötzlich in die heftigſte Wuth verſetzt zu ſein.

„Du unverſchämte Dirne,“ ſchrie er ſeine Tochter an, daß ſie zuſammenſchreckte, „meinſt Du, ich merke nicht, was dahinter ſteckt? Aber ich will Dir ſolche Streiche austreiben, und ſollte es mit dem Hammer hier geſchehen!“ Dabei hob er den ſchweren Hammer drohend empor, und Eliſabeth halb ohnmächtig vor Schreck, ſank weinend vor ihm nieder; Ehrenfried aber, dem der holdſelige Blick des ſchönen Mädchens noch wie Feuer im Blute lag, ſprang dazwiſchen, und riß dem Meiſter den Hammer weg und rief: „Seid Ihr raſend geworden?“ Das brachte den Schmied vollends außer Faſſung. Wüthend riß er ſich von Ehrenfried los, griff nach einem eben fertig gewordenen Schwert, das auf dem Tiſche lag, und rief: „Unverſchämter Burſch! Du willſt Hand an Deinen Meiſter legen? Dich ſoll ja! —“ und dabei holte er mit dem Schwerte aus, daß es wahrlich nicht wie Scherz ausſah. So verſtanden es auch die beiden andern Gehülfen nicht, die in der Schmiede waren, ſondern ſprangen hinzu, fielen ihm von hinten in den Arm, und entwanden ihm das gefährliche Werkzeug. Die arme Eliſabeth war einer Ohnmacht nahe; weinend wollte ſie ſich an den Hals des Vaters werfen, doch er ſtieß ſie unwillig zurück, und rang mit denen, die ihn hielten. Allein dieſe verſicherten, ſie würden ihn nicht eher loslaſſen, bis er verſprochen hätte, ſich ruhig zu verhalten. Das that er denn endlich und wurde nun frei. Als er jetzt losgelaſſen war, ſchien ſeine augenblickliche Wuth zwar gedämpft, allein deſto tiefer der Grimm bei ihm Wurzel geſchlagen zu haben.

„Den Augenblick hinaus auf Deine Kammer!“ ſprach er rauh zu der Tochter. Dieſe hielt es jetzt für das Beſte, dem Zürnenden auszuweichen. Unter heftigem Weinen verließ ſie daher die Schmiede, in der es plötzlich ſo todtenſtill war, daß man ihr unterdrücktes Schluchzen wohl hören konnte. Als ſie hinaus war, ſprach der Schmied lange kein Wort. Endlich aber ſagte er: „Mit Geſellen, die ſich an ihrem Meiſter vergreifen, mag ich nichts zu thun haben. Ihr geht Alle augenblicklich fort, und ich rathe Euch wohlmeinend, daß ſich Keiner mehr in meinem Hauſe ſehn laſſe, ſonſt möchte ich ihn mit Unglimpf vor die Thüre bringen.“ Keiner erwiederte ihm etwas, ſondern ſie gingen ſchweigend hinaus auf ihre Kammern und nahmen ihre Sachen zuſammen, um ſogleich auf die Wanderung zu ziehn. Doch gingen ſie ungern, denn außerdem daß es ihnen bis jetzt im Hauſe wohl ergangen war, und ſie ſich auch gut mit dem Meiſter geſtanden hatten, wurde ihnen Allen das Herz traurig, wenn ſie bedachten, daß ſie nun auf immer von dem freundlichen Morgengruß der holdſeligen Eliſabeth ſcheiden ſollten. Ehrenfried ſah ſogar mehrmals nach ihrem Fenſter hinüber und fuhr ſich dann mit der Hand über die Augen: vermuthlich hatte ihn die Sonne geblendet. Er pfiff hierauf eine Weiſe, und packte endlich ſein Bündel. Endlich waren ſie alle drei fertig, nahmen den Reiſeſack auf den Rücken, und gingen hinunter in den Hof. Als ſie vor der Schmiede vorbeigingen, ſaß Reinhold auf dem Herde, und blickte verdrießlich vor ſich hin. Das Feuer war erloſchen; der Ort, der vor einer Stunde noch ſo lebendig von munterer Arbeit geweſen war, ſah faſt öde aus. Sie konnten es doch nicht laſſen und riefen ihm zu: „Lebt wohl, Meiſter Reinhold!“

Er antwortete: „Glückliche Reiſe!“ Es war, ſo ſchien es, ihm auch nicht fröhlich zu Sinne. Jetzt waren ſie unter Eliſabeths Fenſter; da dachte Ehrenfried bei ſich: „So ganz ohne Abſchied fortgehn, das wäre doch zu unfreundlich!“ Er faßte ſich daher ein Herz, und rief hinauf: „Grüß' Euch Gott, Jungfer Eliſabeth, lebt herzlich wohl!“ So thaten auch die Andern. Eliſabeth kam an's Fenſter, ſah mit verweinten Augen hinaus, und fragte erſtaunt: „Wo wollt Ihr denn hin, guter Ehrenfried?“

„Wir gehen auf die Wanderſchaft,“ rief er hinauf, „lebt recht herzlich wohl!“ „Lebt wohl!“ riefen auch die beiden Andern. Aber Eliſabeth konnte vor Thränen nicht antworten, ſondern winkte nur mit dem Tuche, und hielt ſich die Augen mit der Hand zu. Der jüngſte Geſell aber ſtimmte das Lied an:

Es ritten drei Reiter zum Thore hinaus!
Ade!

Und ſo zogen ſie ſingend davon, und die Töne drangen wehmüthig noch aus der Ferne in Eliſabeths Ohr.

7.

Bis es Zeit wurde, das Mittagsmahl zu bereiten, blieb Eliſabeth traurig in ihrem Kämmerlein; dann ging ſie endlich ſchüchtern hinunter in die Küche. Im Hofe begegnete ſie dem Vater, der ſie finſter anſah und ſprach: „Wir eſſen heut Beide allein!“ Mit dieſen Worten ging er in die Schmiede, und ſah ſich weiter nicht um. Eliſabeth beſchäftigte ſich nun mit der Anordnung des Mittagstiſches, und bemühte ſich vor der Magd ruhig zu erſcheinen, damit die vielen Fragen der gutmüthigen Alten ſie nicht quälen möchten. Nach einiger Zeit ſchellte es an der Hausthür; es war Herr Herbert, welcher herein trat. Eliſabeth erſchrak faſt, doch wußte ſie ſich kaum einen Grund davon anzugeben; dennoch war ſie ſehr unruhig, als ſie ſah, daß der alte Kaufmann zu ihrem Vater in die Schmiede hinab ging, und dort lange mit ihm ſprach. Endlich kamen Beide Arm in Arm zurück, und der Vater ſah wieder ziemlich freundlich aus; das ſchien ein gutes Zeichen, und war der Tochter in jedem Falle lieb. Aber ach! diesmal hatte er keine erfreuliche Urſache, denn was den Vater heiter machte, machte die Tochter betrübt. Herbert hatte mit faſt höhniſchem Lachen dem alten Schmied erzählt, daß der Augsburger Sauſewind heut in aller Früh verdrießlich davon geritten ſei. Als jetzt beide Männer durch die Hausflur an der Küchenthür vorüber gingen, rief Herbert hinein: „Guten Morgen, Jungfer Eliſabeth! Der Herr aus Augsburg läßt Euch grüßen; heut iſt er abgereiſt.“ Dazu lachte er auf eine Weiſe, daß Eliſabeth kaum ihren Unwillen und ihre Thränen unterdrücken konnte; doch nahm ſie ſich zuſammen, und erwiederte möglichſt gleichgültig: „Schönen Dank für den Gruß.“ Darauf wendete ſie ſich ſchnell um, und machte ſich in der Küche ein Geſchäft. Herbert ging.

So kam nach gerade der Mittag heran, den weder Vater noch Tochter herbei zu wünſchen ſchienen. Sie ſaßen einander ſtill gegenüber, Reinhold verdrießlich, Eliſabeth traurig; aber Keines ſprach von dem Vorfallenen, weil der Eine nicht Luſt dazu, die Andere nicht den Muth hatte.

Auf dieſe Weiſe verſtrichen einige Wochen, während welcher Eliſabeth viel an den ſchönen Mann aus Augsburg dachte, und ſich innerlich grämte, daß er ſo ſchnell abgereiſt war, und ſie kaum eines Grußes gewürdigt hatte. „So iſt er alſo auch von der leichten, flatterhaften Weiſe, wie die meiſten ſind, die weit in der Welt herum kommen,“ ſeufzte ſie bei ſich, und wollte die Gedanken an ihn verbannen. Aber vergeblich; ja ſie konnte es ſogar nicht laſſen, wenn ſie aus der Meſſe kam, die ſie täglich beſuchte, hinüber nach den Fenſtern des Wirthshauſes zur goldnen Traube zu blicken, ob er nicht vielleicht dort ſtände. Indem ſie dies eines Nachmittags that, und zwar ſo, daß es bemerkt werden konnte, ſagte plötzlich eine Stimme neben ihr: „Er iſt nicht hier, aber er läßt Euch grüßen!“ Eliſabeth erſchrack; Herbert ſtand vor ihr. Er zog ein Blättchen aus dem Buſen und fragte: „Könnt Ihr ſchweigen und leſen, ſo will ich Euch dies Blättchen zuſtellen, wo nicht, ſo behalt' ich's.“ Eliſabeth ſprach: „Wenn nichts Böſes darin ſteht, Herr Herbert, ſo kann ich ſchweigen; und leſen hat mich die Aebtiſſin des Kloſters, wo ich erzogen bin, gelehrt.“

„So ſeid aufmerkſam auf Alles, was zu Euch in's Haus kommt,“ ſagte Herbert, grüßte und ging vorbei. Gegen Abend ſchellte es an der Thür. Ein kleiner Knabe bot Waldbeeren feil. Eliſabeth ließ die Magd davon ausnehmen. Während deſſen zog der Knabe ein Tüchlein aus dem Buſen, und warf dabei ein Blättchen auf die Erde, das er nicht aufhob. Eliſabeth trat näher und ſtellte den Fuß darauf; der Knabe winkte ihr zu. Während die Magd damit beſchäftigt war, den gewandten Boten abzufertigen, bückte ſich Eliſabeth unvermerkt hinunter, als drückte ſie der Schuh, und hob das Blättchen auf, das ſie einſam in den Buſen verbarg. Kaum konnte ſie die Zeit erwarten, daß ſie heimlich in ihrem Kämmerchen war. Dort zog ſie mit bebendem Verlangen das Blättchen hervor und las. Es war ein Brief Bernhard's an Herbert, aus dem wir nur die Stelle ausſchreiben, wegen welcher er wichtig für Eliſabeth war. Es hieß nämlich:

„Wenn Ihr die ſchöne Eliſabeth ſeht, ſo grüßt ſie auf's innigſte von mir. Ihr Bild ſchwebt beſtändig vor meinen Augen, ihre Stimme tönt noch in meinem Ohr. O, wenn ich wüßte, daß ſie mir nicht zürnte, ſo würde ich Euch bitten, guter Herbert, ihr zu ſagen, daß ich ſie auf's herzlichſte liebe, und wenn ſie mir nur halb ſo viel Gegenliebe ſchenkte, ſo wollte ich mich wohl getrauen, ihre Hand zu erwerben, trotz dem, daß ihr Vater ſie mir ſchon verſagt hat. — Aber ach, was ſchwatze ich, und ſchreibe da! Wie wäre es denn möglich, daß die Holdſelige mich liebte! Sagt ihr lieber nichts, und laßt mich meinen Schmerz und meine Trauer allein tragen.“

Hundertmal las Eliſabeth die Zeilen von neuem, und jedes Mal pochte das Herz ihr ſtärker dabei, und wenn ſie an die Stelle kam: „Wie wäre es denn möglich, daß die Holdſelige mich liebte!“ drangen ihr die Thränen in's Auge, und ſie ſeufzte für ſich: „Ach, und wie lieb hab' ich ihn gewonnen!“ Jetzt hätte ſie Alles um ein Geſpräch mit Herbert gegeben. Tauſend Fragen hatte ſie zu thun, tauſend Grüße wollte ſie ſagen; vorzüglich aber drängte es ſie zu wiſſen, was es mit der Werbung und dem Verſagen ihrer Hand durch den Vater, für eine Bewandtniß habe.

Dieſe Unruhe trug Eliſabeth über vier Wochen, denn Herbert ließ ſich weder im Hauſe ſehen, noch traf ſie ihn an, wenn ſie in die Meſſe ging oder zurückkehrte. So kam der Pfingſtſonntag heran. An dieſem Tage war ſie gewiß, mit ihrem Vater einen Spaziergang, entweder auf die Vogelwieſe, oder an den Dutzendteich, oder nach Fürth, oder wohin ſonſt der vergnügliche Nürnberger geht, zu machen. Da, hoffte ſie, werde ihr Herbert gewiß begegnen. So geſchah es auch. Er kam ihnen auf dem Marktplatze entgegen, und grüßte den Meiſter Reinhold freundlichſt. Dann redete er ihn an, und ſprach: „Wollt Ihr, Meiſter, heut Abend bei mir mit einigen alten Freunden ein neues Faß alten Weins anzapfen helfen, ſo ſollt Ihr mir willkommen ſein. Man muß doch das Pfingſtfeſt feiern.“ Reinhold pflegte zu dergleichen Einladungen niemals Nein zu ſagen, und verſprach daher zu kommen. — Ein Blick des alten ſchlauen Mannes belehrte Eliſabeth, daß dieſe Einladung ſie auch ein wenig angehe, und voller Erwartung und Hoffnung ging ſie mit dem Vater weiter. — Der Vater vermied den Weg nach der Vogelwieſe, und zog ſich mit einem Strom der bunten Menge nach dem Dutzendteich, der ſchon damals als Spaziergang beliebt war. Doch ſo gern Eliſabeth ſonſt an ſolchen Orten verweilte, ſo wenig kümmerte ſie ſich heute darum, daß alle junge Leute ſich drängten, ſie zu ſehen, und wieder von ihr geſehen zu werden. Zwar grüßte ſie freundlich, wie immer, allein ſie wußte kaum wen, ſo wenig gab ſie darauf Acht. Doch der Vater war wiederum ſtolz auf ſeine Tochter, und freute ſich, daß ſich ſo viele Köpfe nach ihr umdrehten. Er konnte es endlich nicht unterlaſſen zu ſagen: „Ich lobe mir doch unſ're Nürnberger; es ſind die ſchmuckſten jungen Leute in ganz Deutſchland; Schade nur, daß ich keinen weiß, der ein tüchtiger Waffenſchmied iſt, dem wollte ich ...“

„Was wolltet Ihr?“ fragte Eliſabeth ängſtlich.

„Je nun,“ antwortete der Schmied, „dem wollte ich recht gern ... aber der Tauſend,“ unterbrach er ſich, „es wird ſpät, — laß uns eilen, daß wir nach Haus kommen, ſonſt komme ich zu ſpät zu dem alten Herbert.“ — So kehrten ſie um, und Eliſabeth erfuhr doch nicht, was der Vater mit einem jungen tüchtigen Waffenſchmied wollte; aber ſie errieth es ſo gut, wie jede Leſerinn. Daher brauche ich's wohl nicht erſt zu ſagen.

X.

Sie kamen nach Haus; der Vater nahm eiligſt das Nachteſſen ein, und ging dann, wohin er geladen war. Eliſabeth mußte eine halbe Ahnung von dem haben, was geſchehen ſollte, denn ſie horchte ängſtlich hinter dem Fenſtervorhang auf jeden Fußgänger, der auf der Straße ſich hören ließ, in der Erwartung, es werde an ihrer Thür pochen. Endlich kam etwas mit raſchem Jünglingsſchritt. Ihr ſchlug das Herz, denn gerade ſo war er gegangen; ſie lauſchte. Es ſchellte, aber ſo ſtark, daß die Glocke ſich noch nicht wieder beruhigt hatte, als Eliſabeth ſchon den öffnenden Schlüſſel umdrehte. Das ſah ihm doch nicht ähnlich. Im Aufſchließen dachte ſie: „Wenn er's iſt, ſo läßeſt du ihn doch nicht ein, denn der Vater iſt nicht zu Haus.“ Bebend öffnete ſie. Ein ſchlanker Mann von Bernhard's Geſtalt ſtand in der Dämmerung vor ihr; ſchon glaubte ſie ſicher zu ſein, als ſich plötzlich eine rauhe, fremde Stimme hören ließ, die nach ihrem Vater fragte. Sie war ſo überraſcht, daß ſie faſt nicht die Worte heraus bringen konnte: „Der Vater iſt nicht daheim.“ Das ſchien den Fremden zu verdrießen; er drehte ſich ſeitwärts, und ſchien ſich zu beſinnen, was er thun ſollte. Dabei hatte Eliſabeth Gelegenheit zu bemerken, daß er zwar ein junger Mann, aber doch viel älter als Bernhard, auch größer und kräftiger war. Uebrigens hatte er in der Geſtalt wirklich einige Aehnlichkeit mit ihm; doch ſein Weſen war ganz ein anderes, denn er betrug ſich rauh, und ſchien ſich auf den großen ſchwarzen Bart, den er trug, etwas einzubilden.

„Alſo nicht zu Haus!“ brummte er. „Wo treff' ich ihn denn an?“ Eliſabeth wollte antworten, als der eben hinzu tretende Herbert ihr die Mühe abnahm; denn er fing die Rede auf, und erwiederte: „Wenn Ihr morgen in der Frühe hier anſprecht, ſo iſt der Meiſter für Euch zu Hauſe; heut am Feiertag könnt Ihr Ihn nicht ſprechen.“ Der Unbekannte ſah ſich um, und ſprach: „Nun wohl, ſo komme ich morgen; gute Nacht, Meiſter.“ Daraus konnte man ſehn, daß er Herbert für den Schmied hielt. Eliſabeth war eigentlich unangenehm durch Herbert's Kommen überraſcht, denn ſie hatte noch immer in der Stille gehofft, Bernhard ſelbſt werde ſich zeigen. Anderer Seits freute ſie ſich aber, daß ihre Tugend mit der Verſuchung verſchont geblieben war, denn ſie fühlte doch, daß ſie ſchwerlich widerſtanden haben würde. Den Eintritt des alten Herbert konnte ſie, ohne ihren Ruf zu gefährden, wohl geſtatten. Der hinterbrachte ihr denn nun Alles, was zwiſchen Reinhold und Bernhard vorgefallen war und wir bereits wiſſen, und ſo erklärte ſich ihr der Jähzorn des Vaters. Um ſo weniger ſah ſie aber die Möglichkeit ein, daß ſich jemals ein glückliches Verhältniß für ſie entwickeln werde. Doch Herbert tröſtete und verſprach ſeinen Beiſtand. „Und ein gewiſſer Jemand,“ fügte er lächelnd hinzu, „iſt auch nicht gar weit, und läßt vor der Hand ſo von ſich hören.“ Dabei nahm er ein Päckchen aus dem Buſen, das er Eliſabeth überreichte. Sie zögerte es anzunehmen, doch Herbert's Gründe und ſeine Behauptung, daß eine ehrliche Werbung von jedem Mädchen angenommen werden dürfte, wenn der Vater auch Anfangs die Stirn darüber runzle, bewogen ſie endlich. Sie entfaltete das

Papier, in dem das Päckchen eingeſchlagen war, und fand ein zierliches Schmuckkäſtchen, in welchem ein goldener Ring, ein Kettchen und eine Buſennadel lagen, alles auf's feinſte gearbeitet, wie es eine Edelfrau nicht beſſer wünſchen konnte. Das Beſte war aber ein Brieſchen auf gerändeltem Pergament zierlich geſchrieben. Wir betrachten die Sächelchen nachher, und leſen dazu was auf dem Pergament ſtand. Vor der Hand genüge uns Herberts Nachricht, daß Bernhard in wenigen Tagen wieder nach Nürnberg kommen werde, und Eliſabeth auf's herzlichſte bitte, ihm ein Geſpräch nicht zu verſagen. Doch dazu konnte ſie ſich nicht entſchließen; Herbert mußte gehn, ohne die Verſicherung dazu erhalten zu haben, nahm aber doch mit den Worten Abſchied: „Wenn er nun aber zu Euch käme, ſchöne Eliſabeth, würdet Ihr ihn dann verrathen?" Eliſabeth ſchlug die Augen erröthend nieder und ſprach: „Lieber Herbert, quält und ängſtigt mich nicht. Ihr wißt wohl recht gut, wie die Liebe ein armes Mädchen ſo leicht zum Unrecht verführen kann. Helft meinen Vater erweichen, aber beredet mich nicht zu einer That, die alle Fähigkeit der Liebe verbittern könnte. Herrn Bernhard aber grüßt von mir, und ſagt ihm, daß mein Herz ...." Hier ſtockte ſie, und verhüllte die ſchönen blauen Augen mit ihrem Tüchlein. — Herbert ging. Als Eliſabeth allein war, brach ſie in Thränen aus, von denen ſie nicht wußte, ob ſie ſie ſüß oder ſchmerzlich nennen ſollte; ſie waren beides. Endlich wurde ſie etwas ruhiger, und betrachtete nun die Geſchenke, die ihr der Geliebte geſendet hatte. Es war ein feines Goldkettchen, wie man ſie damals nur in der berühmten, kunſtreichen Stadt Venetia verfertigen konnte, ein Ring mit einem herzförmigen Rubin und eine Buſennadel, deren Knopf durch ein Vergißmeinnicht gebildet wurde. Dazu hatte Bernhard auf das Pergament einen Gruß an ſein holdes Liebchen geſchrieben, der ſo lautete:

Schüchtern ſend' ich Dir das gold'ne Spielwerk,
Hoffe kaum, daß Du's betrachten werdeſt.
Doch die Hoffnung ſchmeichelt mir ſo lieblich,
Will nicht von mir weichen, drängt ſich immer
Neu verſuchend nahe mir zum Herzen,
Daß ich ihrer Lockung endlich glaube,
Wiſſend wohl, daß ſie mich täuſchen möchte.
Denn wie ſcheu ſie iſt, und furchtſam zagend,
Will ſie doch den Muth nicht ſinken laſſen.
Wie ein Flämmchen vor dem rauhen Winde
Ewig flieht und ewig wiederkehret,
So entflattert ſie und kehrt mir wieder,
Hängt an meiner Liebe treuem Glühen,
Wie der Schmetterling an zarter Roſe,
Die er, oft geſcheucht, ſtets wieder ſuchet. —
Und ſie redet ſchmeichleriſch betrügend,
Weiß mir holde Bildchen vorzuzaubern,
Daß das Herz in ſehnſuchtsvoller Wehmuth
Endlich glaubt, was ſie ſich gaukelnd träumet.
Und ſo ſpricht ſie: „Wenn Du Liebchen ſäheſt,
„Wie ſie mit den ſanften holden Augen
„Freundlich auf den kleinen Gaben weilet,
„Prüfend ſie mit zartem Finger rühret,
„Und dann lieblich lächelt, wie zufrieden —
„O Du würdeſt ſchnell den Ring, das Kettlein,
„Auch die Buſennadel ſchnell ihr ſenden,
„Nicht mehr zögernd ſtehn und dich bedenken.
„Wär' ich eins der kleinen gold'nen Dinge,
„Wahrlich unverſöhnlich würd' ich zürnen,
„Ließeſt Du mich einſam, trauernd liegen,
„Gäbſt mir keine ſchöne, liebe Herrin.
„Soll das Kettchen ſüßer Luſt entbehren,
„Um den ſchlanken Hals ſich ihr zu legen?
„Liebend treu ihr an das Herz zu ſinken,
„Um zu horchen, ob's für dich wohl poche?
„Warum ließ der Ring von rauhen Händen
„Willig ſich, doch ſtets unwillig, krümmen!
„Warum ſcheute er nicht ſchwere Hämmer,
„Selber nicht des Feuers heiße Gluthen,
„Hätt' er nicht gehofft auf weichem Kiſſen
„Ihrer Hand zuletzt belohnt zu ruhen;
„Dankbar bückt' er dort gewiß auch deiner,
„Böte ſeine Dienſte deinem Liebchen,
Schaute ſie bedeutſam an, und ſpräche:
„„Weißt Du, Herrin, wohl, wozu ich diene?
„„Bin ich nicht das Pfand getreuer Liebe,
„„Ihres Bundes heilig dauernd Zeichen?""
„Und wie könnteſt du's ihm jemals lohnen,
„Wenn die Holde endlich ſpräche: „„Ringlein,
„„Wohl biſt du des Bundes heilig Zeichen,
„„Darum trag' ich dich an meiner Linken,
„„Die zunächſt erfähret von meinem Herzen."" —
„Und nun hör' ich gar die Buſennadel
„Traurig fragen: „„Haſt mich ſelbſt gebildet
„„Aus dem Blümchen mit dem holden Namen,
„„Und doch willſt Du meiner nicht gedenken,
„„Willſt, Du ſelber, mein zuerſt vergeſſen,
„„Mich nicht ſenden an Dein ſüßes Liebchen? —
„„Sende mich nur immer, o gewißlich
„„Weiſ't ſie mich nicht ab, wenn ich erſcheine;
„„Ring und Kettlein, das ſind Liebesboten,
„„Aber ich bin eine Liebesbitte,
„„Und die Bitte findet milde Herzen.
„„Dicht an ihrem Herzen will ich wohnen,
„„Flüſternd will ich's täglich zu ihr ſagen,
„„Was mein Name Liebes, Holdes flehet,
„„Und will lauſchen, ob's dann ſtärker klopfet.""

Alſo ſpricht die Träumerin, die Hoffnung.
Und wie leicht mag ſie mein Herz bereden,
Daß ſie weiß, was es ſo gerne möchte,
Daß es ihrem Schmeichelworte trauet!
Darum, glaubend bald, und bald verzagend,
Thu' ich endlich, wie ſie ſtets mich reizet.
Doch hab' ich gefehlt und ſie geirret,
So verklage ich die böſen Sterne,
Daß ſie mich auf falſchen Pfad geleitet.
Nein, ich will's nicht glauben, will's nicht denken! —
Der Pilot ſchaut nach den Zwillingsſternen,
Und ſie leiten ihn durch wüſte Meere;
Sollten mich zwei treue, holde Sterne,
Die ſo freundlich, die ſo lieblich blinken,
Heller als das Gold und edle Steine,
Die in Ring und Kettlein glänzend ſchimmern,
Heller ſelbſt als jene an dem Himmel,
Die der Schiffer Nachts beruhigt anblickt,
(Denn ſie täuſchen nicht, weil er vertraut)
Sollten ſie mich in die Wüſte locken,
Daß ich einſam ſeufzend dort verſchmachte?

Voller Freude über die Zeilen, die ihr Liebe und Zartheit zugleich auszudrücken ſchienen, las ſie das Brieſchen einmal über's andere. Dann zündete ſie die Lampe an, und ſetzte ſich vor einen kleinen Spiegel, den ſie von ihrer Mutter geerbt hatte, um zu verſuchen, ob ihr die Geſchenke wohl gut ſtehen würden. Sie warf das Halstuch ab, und enthüllte den ſchlanken, blendend weißen Nacken, den ſie mit dem goldenen Kettchen umſchlang, das in zarten Linien auf dem weißen, weichen Grunde ſich hinſchlängelte. Hierauf, als wollte ſie ſich zu einer Hochzeit putzen, legte ſie ihr feinſtes Tüchlein um, aber ließ es nur eben über die Schultern fallen, damit der goldne Halsſchmuck nicht verſteckt würde, und befeſtigte es vorn mit der zierlichen Nadel. Dann ſteckte ſie den Ring an den Finger, und zupfte nun mit dieſer Hand bald das Kettchen, bald das Tuch zurecht, während ſie ſich mit der andern dazu beleuchtete. Geſchickt brachte ſie bald den Rubin mit der Nadel, bald dieſe mit der Kette, bald alle drei Kleinodien zuſammen, um zu verſuchen, wie eines durch das andere gehoben würde; und wenn es recht glänzte und blitzte, lächelte ſie ſo lieblich und freudig dazu, daß ich die ganze Erzählung darum gäbe, wenn mir ein Maler ein Bildchen davon machen wollte. Aber für ſo ſchlechten Preis arbeitet mir das gewiß Keiner. Doch die Thurmuhr von St. Sebaldus ſchlug zehn Uhr, und erinnerte die ſchöne Nürnbergerin, daß es endlich Zeit ſei, ſich zur Ruhe zu begeben, beſonders damit dies Capitel geſchloſſen werden könne.

9.

Am andern Morgen hörte Eliſabeth ihren Vater im Hofe mit Jemand ſprechen, deſſen Stimme ihr bekannt zu ſein ſchien. Sie horchte ſchärfer, und erkannte endlich den Fremden von geſtern Abend. „Vermuthlich ein Geſell," dachte ſie, „der bei uns in Arbeit treten will," und irrte ſich nicht. Meiſter Reinhold hatte jetzt nämlich ſechs Wochen allein arbeiten müſſen, denn da er ſeine Geſellen ſämmtlich fortgeſchickt hatte, waren ſo ſchnell gute Arbeiter nicht wieder aufzufinden geweſen. Daher kam es ihm ſehr gelegen, daß der Zufall ihm einen tüchtigen Gehülfen zuführte. Der neue Geſell nannte ſich Walther; er war auf der Landſtraße zufällig dem wandernden Ehrenfried begegnet, und von dieſem brachte er einen Gruß. Das freute den alten Schmied doppelt, denn er hatte den Ehrenfried ungern verloren. Daher nahm er den Ankömmling mit Freuden auf. Doch Walther ſagte zu ihm: „Im Anfang Meiſter, werdet Ihr Nachſicht mit mir haben müſſen, denn ſeht, es iſt wohl drei oder vier Jahre her, daß ich nicht gearbeitet habe. Ich befand mich damals gerade in Böhmen; es gab Krieg mit den mähriſchen Nachbarn, ich hatte mich eben mit meinem Meiſter erzürnt, und dachte: Ei, man muß allerlei verſuchen, und ward Reiter. Das bin ich denn bis vor kurzem geweſen, und dabei, wißt Ihr wohl, geht die Kunſt nicht vorwärts. Ich verlange daher auch keinen Lohn, ſondern will mich auf ein halbes Jahr umſonſt bei Euch verdingen." Der Schmied war froh, einen Kriegskameraden zum Geſellen zu bekommen, und meinte daher, es werde ſich bald mit der Arbeit wieder finden, man müſſe nur von vorn herein wieder lernen. So ſchloſſen ſie ihren Handel, Walther legte den Ranzen ab, und faßte den Hammer, und in wenigen Minuten arbeiteten Beide ſchon rüſtig zuſammen. Der neue Geſell ſchien ſein Handwerk zwar zu verſtehen, allein es gebrach ihm, wie natürlich, an Fertigkeit in der Ausführung. Doch da Reinhold Nachſicht hatte, war er gutes Muths und rief: „Meiſter, ich fühle ordentlich, wie ich's mit jedem Hammerſchlag gewohnter werde. Laßt ſechs Wochen vorbei ziehen, ſo bin ich wieder der Alte; ich will ein reifer Schmiedegeſell ſein, ehe das Korn reif wird!"

Die Frühſtücksſtunde kam heran. Der Schmied ſprach: „Halt! Jetzt wird ein wenig ausgeruht." Dann trat er vor die Schmiede hinaus, und rief: „Eliſabeth, Frühſtück für unſere zwei!"

„Aha," ſprach Walther, „jetzt werde ich doch auch Eure weit berühmte Tochter zu ſehen bekommen!"

„Berühmt?" ſchmunzelte der Schmied, „der Ehrenfried wird Euch wohl davon erzählt haben; ſonſt wüßt ich nicht, wo der Ruhm herkommen ſollte."

„Der Ehrenfried? Erzählt?" entgegnete Walther: „Das war der Letzte, der mit mir davon ſprach. In ganz Schwaben, Franken und Baiern kennt jeder Schmiedegeſell den Meiſter Reinhold und ſeine ſchöne Tochter Eliſabeth."

„Das wäre!" rief der Alte vergnügt.

„Freilich," antwortete Walther: „glaubt Ihr denn, daß hier ein wandernder Geſell anſpricht, der nicht im Reich weiter davon erzählte? Ein Mädchen wie die ſein ſoll, ſieht man nicht alle Tage! Da kommt ſie, das muß ſie ſein, bei meinem Reiterſchwert!" Eliſabeth trat in die Schmiede; ſie trug den Frühtrunk. Den Vater grüßte ſie freundlich, doch den Fremden nur höflich; ſie hatte noch einen kleinen Groll von geſtern auf ihn, weil er ſie ſo getäuſcht hatte, auch mißfiel ihr ſein rauhes Kriegsweſen. Daher ſah ſie ihn nur halb an, und verließ die Schmiede geſchwind wieder. Kaum war ſie fort, ſo rief Walther: „Nun, Meiſter, geſchwind an's Werk; ſo ein Anblick ſtärkt mehr wie alter Wein; jetzt ſollt Ihr ſehen, wie die Arbeit von Statten gehen wird." Wirklich fing er auch an, mit dem ſchwerſten Hammer ſo raſch und gewaltig zu arbeiten, daß Reinhold ſagte: „Der Tauſend, Ihr ſeid ein ſtarker Burſch! Den Hammer könnte ich kaum ſo leicht führen. Wenn Ihr nur erſt etwas wieder in die Uebung kommt, da müßt Ihr ein tüchtiger Arbeiter werden."

Der Mittag kam heran; in den wenigen Stunden war Walther dem Meiſter ſchon ordentlich lieb geworden. Daher ſprach er bei Tiſch zur Tochter: „Höre, Eliſabeth, wir haben ſo lang allein gegeſſen, ich bin ordentlich froh, daß ich wieder einen tüchtigen Gehülfen bei mir habe. Hol' uns doch eine Kanne Firnewein: wir wollen uns zum Willkommen etwas zu gute thun." Eliſabeth that es, credenzte den Wein, ſetzte ſich aber dann ſeitwärts an ihrem Spinnrade, und hing ihren Gedanken nach. Von Zeit zu Zeit warf ſie einen Blick auf Walther, und ſuchte heraus zu bringen, was ihr ſo bekannt an ihm vorkomme. Endlich fand ſie, daß er eine entfernte Aehnlichkeit mit Bernhard auch in den Geſichtszügen habe. Nur war bei ihm alles viel gröber und koloſſaler, und das ganze Weſen des Menſchen hatte etwas unheimlich Rauhes, ja Rohes, wiewohl er gutmüthig ſchien. Seine braune, ſonnverbrannte Geſichtsfarbe, ſein ſtruppiger Bart und Augenbraunen, und die wilden Augen ſelbſt gaben ihm ein mehr furchtbares, als männliches Anſehen; und wie aus ſeinen Zügen, ſo ſchien auch aus ſeiner rauhen Sprache, ſeinem lauten Gelächter eine durch den Krieg und deſſen Grauſamkeit ſehr verwilderte Seele hervor zu gehen. Der Eindruck war nicht gerade unangenehm, doch ſchreckte er zurück. Bei dem Vater ſchien es ſich aber umgekehrt zu verhalten, und es kam Eliſabeth vor, als wäre der neue Ankömmling ihm lieber, je wilder er ſich äußerte. Er erzählte eben von ſeinen Feldzügen; und obwohl er nicht prahlte, wußte er doch manchen Umſtand einzuſtreuen, der deutlich zu erkennen gab, daß er das Schwert nicht ohne Glück und Muth geführt habe. Der alte Schmied wurde endlich ganz begeiſtert, hob den Becher auf, und ſtieß mit dem Geſellen an: „Auf das Wohl der Kriegsknechte und Feldkameraden!" Walther that aus dem vollen Becher Beſcheid, ſetzte aber hinzu: „und auf das Wohl der ſchönen, tugendhaften Jungfrauen," und ſah dabei Eliſabeth mit einem verſtohlnen Blick an. Das machte ihr wenig Freude, und es iſt ſchwer zu beſtimmen, ob ſie aus Scham oder Verdruß roth wurde. Es ſchien ihr ſehr keck von dem Fremden, daß er gleich ſo vertraut auftrat, als ſei er ſchon lange Jahre im Hauſe; doch der Vater fand die Geſundheit äußerſt paſſend, leerte einen Becher und umarmte den neuen Geſellen; das hatte er noch mit keinem gethan. Eliſabeth fing an ſehr bange zu werden; denn wenn der Vater einmal einen Liebling hatte, wer weiß, was ihr dann bevorſtand! — Viele Leiden ſtanden ihr bevor, denn was ſie fürchtete, traf ein. — Der Vater gewann mit jedem Tage den neuen Geſellen lieber, und äußerte dies ſo oft und ſo bezüglich gegen Eliſabeth, daß dieſe ganz außer Zweifel darüber war, daß er die Abſicht hege, ihr den wilden Geſellen zum Eheherrn zu geben. Ja, die ganze Zeit ließ ſich auch weder Herbert, noch Bernhard vernehmen, ſo daß die Arme ſehr traurig wurde. So ſaß ſie eines Abends bei'm Spinnrade in der Ecke des Zimmers, während der Vater auf und nieder ging, wie es ſchien, in der Abſicht etwas zu ſagen, wozu er ſich Worte und Gedanken erſt gehörig ordnete. Endlich fing er an: „Der Walther iſt doch ein wackerer Menſch; er arbeitet ſo eifrig, wie ich noch nie geſehen habe. Arm iſt er auch nicht, er hat im Kriege eine hübſche Beute gemacht; es kann ihm nicht fehlen, er wird einmal eine Frau ſtattlich erhalten können." Eliſabeth bückte ſich, um eine Thräne zu verbergen. Der Vater bemerkte es nicht, oder wollte es nicht bemerken, denn er fuhr fort: „Wenn ich mir einen Schwiegerſohn wünſchte . . ." In dem Augenblick ſchallte ein Trompetenſtoß auf dem Markte, und Walther kam eiligſt herein: „Meiſter, wißt Ihr was Neues? der Kaiſer Maximilian kommt morgen hier an. Er reiſt hier durch, nach Augsburg."

„Nach Augsburg?" fragte Eliſabeth raſch, und ſchwieg erſchrocken.

„Freilich Jungfer," erwiederte Walther, „dort wird er bei den Herren Fugger wohnen!" Der Schmied war über die wichtige Nachricht anfangs ganz erſtaunt, beſonders da ſie ihm wie ein Kanonenſchuß in die Flanke ſeiner Operationen gefahren war. Jetzt aber überſah er die Wichtigkeit der Sache, und ſprach gravitätiſch: „Nun wird es für die Rathsherren von Nürnberg was zu denken geben! Wann kommt der Kaiſer?"

„Morgen, zu Mittag, zu Abend, wer weiß; eben ſind etliche Reiter angekommen, die es der Stadt anzeigen."

„So muß ich in den Rath," ſagte der Schmied, und langte nach ſeinem Feiertagswamms. Walther aber rief: „Und ich will auf den Markt, um die Reiter zu ſehen; vielleicht kenne ich einen davon." So verließen Beide das Haus.

10.

Eliſabeth ſaß nun allein, und überließ ſich allen traurigen Gedanken, die aus ihrer Lage entſprangen; darüber wurde es dunkel, ſie ging hinauf in ihre Kammer. Dort langte ſie die Geſchenke Bernhard's hervor, und betrachtete ſie wehmüthig. Durch die Zweige einer alten Linde, die im Hofe gerade vor ihrem Fenſter ſtand, konnte ſie hinüber nach Walther's Fenſtern ſehen, in denen ſie Licht erblickte. Verwunderlich, dachte ſie, denkt er ſpät nach Hauſe zu kommen, und hat ſich die Lampe angezündet. Ach, wenn er doch nicht wieder kommen wollte! Es war ihr, als müßte ihr im Dunkeln wohler ſein; daher löſchte ſie das Licht aus, ſetzte ſich an's Fenſter, und ſah, das Haupt in die Hand ſtützend, traurig in die duftenden blühenden Zweige der Linde hinein, hinter der das Licht gegenüber ſchimmerte. Plötzlich tönte es leiſe aus dem belaubten Dunkel des Baumes, wie wenn Jemand in eine Laute greift. Eliſabeth erſtaunte. Aber wer beſchreibt ihre Empfindung, als ſie auch ihren Namen leiſe rufen hört, und da ſie ſchüchtern fragt: „Ruft mich Jemand?" Bernhard's wohl erinnerliche Stimme ihr entgegen tönt, die ſie mit ſanftem Laut anredet: „Holde Eliſabeth, wacht Ihr noch? O laßt mich nur wenige Worte zu Euch ſprechen." Noch ehe ſie geantwortet hatte, ſah ſie ihn ſchon auf dem ſchwankenden Zweige vor ihrem Fenſter. Doch er ſchwebte in augenſcheinlicher Gefahr hinab zu ſtürzen, da die Laſt dem Zweige zu ſchwer war, und dieſer ſich daher hinab beugte, daß Bernhard kaum zu Eliſabeth hinauf reichen konnte. In der Beſorgniß, ihn verunglücken zu ſehen, reichte ſie ihm beſtürzt ihre Hand, die er heftig ergriff, ſich mit der andern um das Kreuz des Fenſters klammerte, und ſo, ohne um fernere Erlaubniß zu bitten, ſich auf den äußerſten Rand deſſelben ſchwang.

„Um Gottes willen," rief jetzt Eliſabeth, „was thut Ihr? Wenn Euch Jemand hier erblickt, ſo wäre ich verloren; entfernt Euch ſchnell, und naht mir niemals wieder auf dieſe Weiſe." Bernhard erwiederte: „Süße Eliſabeth, zürnt mir nicht, ſondern bedenkt, in welcher Angſt die verzweifelte Liebe iſt. Euer Wort kann mich jetzt ſelig machen, oder zur Verzweiflung bringen. Laßt mich einen Augenblick zu Euch ein, denn gegenüber erblickte ich noch Licht, und würden wir entdeckt, es wäre Euer Verderben wie das meine." Ehe das unſchlüſſige Mädchen entſcheiden konnte, war er ſchon eingedrungen, und lag, Verzeihung flehend, zu ihren Füßen, indem er ihre Hand, die er noch immer feſt hielt, mit tauſend glühenden Küſſen bedeckte. Dann erzählte er, wie er mit Lebensgefahr über das Dach des Nachbarhauſes (es war der Gaſthof zur goldenen Traube) auf die Linde und von dort herab gekommen ſei. Doch die Liebe habe ihm Muth gegeben, denn die äußerſte Nothwendigkeit fordre, ſich ihr zu nahen, da ſowohl Herbert, als der Wirth zur Traube ihm geſagt hätten, daß ſich ihr Vater laut geäußert habe, er werde ſeine Tochter mit nächſtem einem Waffenſchmied, der jetzt bei ihm arbeite, vermählen.

„Iſt das wahr, Eliſabeth? Willſt du einem Andern Deine Hand reichen? Rührt Dich meine innige aufrichtige Liebe nicht?" Eliſabeth weinte heftig, ließ ihm die Hand, die er an ſeine Lippen preßte, und widerſtrebte nur leiſe, als er ſeinen Arm um die ſchöne Geſtalt legte, und ſie feſt an ſich drückte. Jetzt bot Bernhard alle Künſte der Ueberredung auf, um ſie zu bewegen, mit ihm zu entfliehn. Doch die kindlich fromme Eliſabeth widerſtand mit unüberwindlicher Feſtigkeit, und ſetzte allen ſeinen dringenden Beſtürmungen nur die ſanften, unter tauſend Thränen mühſam gewonnenen Worte entgegen: „Ich will Dich lieben, treu und rein, aber meinen Vater kann ich nicht verlaſſen!" Endlich gab Bernhard die Hoffnung auf, ſeinen Zweck zu erreichen, und ſprach finſter vor ſich hin: „So hätt' ich denn nichts mehr zu hoffen in der Welt! Nun iſt mir auch Alles gleich, Vaterland und Haus und Hof und Freunde. Morgen kommt der Kaiſer, mit dem will ich in den Türkenkrieg ziehn. Meine Mutter hat Unglück mit ihren Söhnen; mein Bruder iſt auch in die Welt gezogen, weil ſein wilder Sinn ihm nach Abenteuern ſtand; er iſt nicht wieder gekommen, — ich will auch nicht heimkehren. Lebt wohl, Eliſabeth! Wenn Ihr froh auf der Hochzeit tanzet, dann gedenkt meiner; vielleicht bohrt mir dann gerade ein feindlicher Reiter das Schwert in die Bruſt. Ach, Ihr thut meinem Herzen noch viel weher!" Damit ſchwang er ſich zum Fenſter hinaus auf den Baum, ſtieg immer höher in den Gipfel, und verſchwand bald aus Eliſabeths Augen. Sie aber ſetzte ſich auf's Bett, und weinte bitterlich. Nach einigen Minuten hörte ſie die Hausthür öffnen; Walther trat ein, und ging nach ſeiner Kammer hinauf. — Er ſchien ſehr vergnügt, denn er ſummte ein Liedchen für ſich, und ſtieg munteren Schritts die Treppe hinan. Bald kam auch der Vater zurück; dann wurde Alles ſtill.

Am andern Morgen war die ganze Stadt Nürnberg in froher Bewegung. In allen Werkſtätten ruhte man, denn die Ankunft des Kaiſers war ein Feiertag. Meiſter Reinhold hatte ſich ſtattlich herausgeputzt, und rief Walthern und ſeine Tochter, um ihn hinaus vor's Thor zu begleiten, wo er den Kaiſer als Rathsherr empfangen helfen mußte. Die Straßen wogten vom Gedränge der Menſchen. Aus den Häuſern hingen Teppiche und Blumenkränze herab; fröhliche Geſichter guckten aus allen Fenſtern, beſonders aber aus den Häuſern auf dem Marktplatz, wo ein Kopf ſich über den andern drängte, um die Anſtalten, die zum Empfang des hohen Gaſtes gemacht waren, zu ſehen. Ein brauſendes Gemurmel verworrener Stimmen rauſchte durch die Straßen, Reiter ſprengten auf und nieder, Kinder jubelten, Mädchen lachten und neckten ſich mit ihren Freiern; Alles war in lautem Getümmel und losgelaſſener Freude. Nur Eliſabeth ging ſtill, blaß und traurig neben ihrem Vater her, der vor Eifer und Wichtigkeit indeß von ihrer Stimmung nichts gewahr wurde. Sie ſah vor ſich hin, und mochte gar nicht daran denken, daß der gefürchtete Liebling ihres Vaters an ihrer Seite ging. Endlich fing dieſer, da manche Bemerkung über den Jubel des Feſtes von Eliſabeth überhört worden war, folgender Maßen an: „Seht, Jungfer Eliſabeth, das iſt heut Alles recht fröhlich und munter, und in zwei Monaten, wenn der Krieg ausbricht, wer weiß, wie viele Mädchen, die jetzt mit lachenden Geſichtern aus den Fenſtern ſehen, alsdann mit thränenden Augen ſtill im Kämmerchen ſitzen werden. Damals als ich in's Feld zog, war zu Prag auch zuvor ein Volksfeſt; da hättet Ihr aber ſehen ſollen, wie die Stadt ſich in einer Woche geändert hatte. Wenn unſer Eins ſo in die Welt hinaus zieht, und alles verläßt, es thut wohl weh; aber wer daheim bleibt, hat's doch oft noch ſchlimmer." Darauf ſummte er ein Reiterlied und guckte nach dem Fenſter eines Hauſes hinauf, aus dem lauter fröhliche Augen hübſcher Mädchen blickten. Eliſabeth hatte ſich durch ſeine Rede wunderbar getroffen gefühlt, denn ſie dachte an das, was geſtern Bernhard geäußert. Fragenden Blicks ſah ſie daher an Walther hinauf, und plötzlich leuchtete es ihr wie ein Blitz in die Seele: „Es iſt ſein Bruder!" Sie prüfte ſeine Geſichtszüge ſcharf, und fand jetzt die größte Aehnlichkeit mit Bernhard, ſo auffallend, daß ſie nicht begriff, wie ſie es nicht ſchon früher geſehen; ja wenn ſie ſich den Bart und das Verwilderte der Züge wegdachte, und ein paar Jahre abrechnete, ſo kam es ihr vor, als könnten ſie Beide verwechſelt werden. Das ſchoß ihr wie ein Stein auf's Herz; ſie wußte nicht, ſollte ſie ſich freuen, oder erſchrecken. Schon hatte ſie die Frage nach Bernhard auf den Lippen, allein ihre jungfräuliche Scheu hielt ſie zurück, und ſie verwandelte ihre Worte in die ſcheinbar gleichgültige Erkundigung: woher er gebürtig ſei? Er ſchien nicht darauf zu hören, daher fragte ſie ängſtlicher zum zweiten Mal. Da drehte er ſich um, ſah ſie finſter an und ſprach: „Fragt nicht darnach, ich möchte es am liebſten ſelbſt vergeſſen."

„Guten Morgen, Kinder," rief eine Stimme dazwiſchen; „nun wie ſteht's, wie geht's? Was habt Ihr für Anſtalten zum Empfang des Kaiſers getroffen?" Es war Herbert. Eliſabeth erſchrak vor ſeinem Anblick und wagte kaum, ihn anzuſehen. Doch er fuhr munter fort, dies und jenes zu ſprechen, Scherze zu machen, kurz ſich ganz in der Weiſe zu betragen, wie der Tag alle übrigen Bewohner Nürnbergs geſtimmt hatte. Während des Geſprächs kamen ſie aber unerwartet immer mehr in's Gedränge, ſie wurden hier und dort geſtoßen, gedrückt, geſchoben, ſo daß ſelbſt das Anſehen des Meiſter Reinhold, der unaufhörlich rief: „Bürger, laßt doch Euren Rathsherrn auf ſeinen Poſten!" ihm keine Bahn mehr verſchaffen konnte. Als ſich Eliſabeth jetzt nach Walther umſehen wollte, da war er, vermuthlich durch die treibende Menge abgedrängt, verſchwunden. Sie befanden ſich ſchon nah' am Thore, wo der Schmied auf einer Erhöhung nebſt den übrigen Rathsherrn Platz nehmen ſollte. Deshalb fragte auch er jetzt nach Walther, den er nicht ohne Nebenabſichten zum Begleiter Eliſabeths mitgenommen zu haben ſchien. Es kam ihm ſehr ungelegen, daß er verſchwunden war. Doch Herbert bot ſich zum Führer und Beiſtand des ſchönen Mädchens an, und dieſe, obwohl ſie bemerkte, daß er nicht zufällig mit ihr zuſammen gekommen ſei, wußte doch nicht, wie ſie das vermeiden ſollte, obgleich es ſie ängſtigte. So empfing ſie denn ſeinen dargebotenen Arm, und ließ ſich von ihm geleiten, während ihr Vater ſeinen Ehrenplatz einnahm.

11.

Er führte ſie vor das Thor hinaus, wo die Menge ſich freier verbreitete. Kaum waren ſie ein wenig aus dem Gedränge, auf einen Hügel an der Seite getreten, als er auch ſchon begann: „Kind, Kind, was machſt Du für Dinge! Du ſtürzeſt einen armen Menſchen aus reinem Eigenſinn in's Unglück. Weißt Du, daß der junge, reiche, ſchöne Mann in den Türkenkrieg will? Gleich heut früh hat er ein Pferd gekauft, um dem Kaiſer entgegen zu reiten, und ihn um einen Ritterdienſt zu bitten. Es wird dich reuen, wenn einmal die Nachricht kommt, daß er von einem Muſelmanne niedergehauen, oder was noch ſchlimmer, gefangen iſt, und ſein Leben in Ketten verſchmachten muß. Dann wirſt Du ſagen: Wäre ich doch lieber nachgiebig geweſen! Der Vater würde ſich ja wohl haben verſöhnen laſſen! — Töchterchen, ich glaube, Du haſt übel gethan!" Eliſabeth brach in helle Thränen aus, und konnte nicht antworten. Da rief Herbert plötzlich: „Sieh, ſieh, da kommt er!" Wirklich erblickte ſie in einiger Ferne einen ſtattlichen Reiter, der hoch aus dem Volke hervorragte. Als er näher kam, erkannte ſie, daß es Bernhard ſei. Er trug einen reich verzierten Helm mit dunklem Roßſchweif, ein Reiterwamms mit Gold geſtickt, einen blanken Bruſtharniſch, ein breites, langes Schwert, und eine ſtattliche Lanze. Kein Ritter konnte prächtiger ausſehen. Das ſchöne Pferd ging ſtolz unter ihm, doch er hielt die Zügel nur nachläſſig in der Hand, und ſah ſtumm und traurig vor ſich nieder. Daher bemerkte er auch weder Herbert noch Eliſabeth, ſondern ritt ohne ſich umzuſehen vorbei, die Straße hinauf, die der Kaiſer kommen mußte. Doch Herbert rief ihm nach: „Guten Morgen, Herr Bernhard! Ei wohin denn?" Da ſah er ſich langſam um, und als er Eliſabeth erblickte, fuhr er mit der Hand über die Augen, warf das Helmviſir hinunter, gab dem Roſſe die Spornen und ſprengte raſch davon. Eliſabeth war einer Ohnmacht nahe. Die Angſt um den Geliebten, die Entdeckung, die ſie gemacht zu haben glaubte, der Streit zwiſchen Pflicht und Gefühl, alles zuſammen bedrängte ſie ſo, daß ſie faſt unterlegen wäre. Doch nahm ſie alle Kräfte zuſammen, und bat Herbert nur, ſie ein wenig abwärts zu führen. In einem Gebüſch am Wege ſetzte ſie ſich auf den Raſen. Herbert, der von ihrem Unglück gerührt war, ſprach ihr tröſtend und ermuthigend zu, und verſprach ihr, Bernhard innigſt zu bitten, daß er nicht in den Krieg ziehen ſolle. Sie bedachte ſich, ob ſie Herbert ihre Vermuthungen wegen Walthern geſtehen ſollte; doch ſchienen ſie ihr noch zu ungewiß, als daß ſie davon zu ſprechen wagen dürfte. — Gegen Mittag kam der Kaiſer. Er wurde mit unermeßlichem Jubel empfangen. Jauchzend umringte das Volk ſein Pferd; die Mädchen bewarfen ihn mit Blumen, und alles rief fortwährend: „Es lebe Maximilianus, unſer Herr und Kaiſer!" Selbſt Eliſabeths beklemmte Bruſt erweiterte ſich in dieſem großartigen Gefühl der Freude und allgemeiner Liebe zu dem verehrten Herrſcher, und ſie fühlte, daß eine große Theilnahme am Vaterlande, ſelbſt bei einem tiefen Schmerz, und ſogar in der Frauenbruſt, eine heilende Kraft übe. — Herbert geleitete ſie nach Hauſe zurück. Nach einer kurzen Zeit kam auch ihr Vater; Walther aber hatte den Meiſter gebeten, den Feiertag für ſich nutzen zu dürfen, und ließ ſich daher nicht ſehen. Reinhold war zu voll von der Begebenheit des Tages, als daß er für etwas anderes Sinn oder Aufmerkſamkeit gehabt hätte. Daher bemerkte er von Eliſabeths Stimmung nichts, und ſie ſelbſt war zu furchtſam und weiblich ſcheu, als daß ſie von etwas hätte ſprechen ſollen, das doch nur in ihrer Vermuthung, wenn auch noch ſo wahrſcheinlich, beſtand. Nach Tiſch ging der Schmied in den Rath, weil über die Ehrenbezeigungen, die beim Abſchied des Kaiſers Statt finden ſollten, noch geſprochen werden mußte. Eliſabeth begab ſich daher auf ihr Stübchen, um dort ganz ungeſtört ihren Gedanken nachzuhängen. Als ſie die Thür öffnete, ſah ſie auf ihrem Seſſel ein weißes Blatt; es war ein Brief. Sie entfaltete ihn, und las mit Erſtaunen:

„Ihr werdet vielleicht böſe ſein, Jungfer Eliſabeth, wenn ich Euch frei herausſage, wie mir's um's Herz iſt. Ich liebe Euch herzinnig, und ſo Gott mir helfe, getreu. Viel Worte ſind nicht mein Weſen, aber ich glaube nicht, daß Ihr Vorwand ſuchen werdet, einen Freier abzuweiſen, der die Gunſt Eures Vaters beſitzt, und der es von Herzen wohl mit Euch meint. Werdet meine liebe Hausfrau und Ehegenoſſin! Ihr könnt einem Mann manches Leid ſeiner Jugend, das ihn von Haus und Hof, von Vater, Mutter und Geſchwiſter hinaus in die Fremde getrieben, verſüßen. Bedenkt Euch drei Tage, und entſcheidet dann, aber nicht eher.

Walther."

Dieſe Zeilen ſteigerten Eliſabeths Unglück auf das Höchſte, denn ſo konnte er nicht ſchreiben, wenn die Einwilligung ihres Vaters nicht gewiß war, und ſo ſicher wie er dieſe hatte, wurde es ihr jetzt, daß er der unglückliche Bruder Bernhards ſei. Was ſollte ſie nun thun? Sie überdachte hin und her, wie ſie das bittre Leid verhüten oder doch wenigſtens mildern ſolle; allein vergeblich; ſie fand keinen Ausweg. Während ſie noch in trübe Betrachtungen verloren darüber nachſann, rauſchte es plötzlich in den Blättern der Linde, und ſiehe, ein Blumenſtrauß fiel in die Zweige dicht vor ihr Fenſter. Ahnend langte ſie ihn herein; ſie fand ihn mit einer Bleikugel beſchwert, vermuthlich damit er ſicherer fallen ſollte, und darin wie ſie richtig muthmaßte, ein Briefchen von Bernhard. Ach wie ſahen dieſe Züge ſie ſo ganz anders an, als was ihr Walther geſchrieben. Sie las bebend und mit ſtrömenden Thränen:

„O meine über Alles geliebte Eliſabeth, was verlangſt Du von mir! Wo ſoll ich bleiben, da Du mich zurückweiſeſt, wenn es nicht in der weiteſten Ferne iſt? Glaube mir, wenn ich Dich nicht beſitzen kann, iſt das Leben kein Glück für mich. Laß mich nur fallen, in unbekannter Fremde; es wird dort, wie hier, niemand um mich weinen, denn es liebt mich niemand. Aber doch, Du biſt mir wohl gut, Du ſchenkſt mir vielleicht eine Thräne. Während ich das ſchreibe, dämmert mir noch einmal die Hoffnung auf, daß Du mich lieben könnteſt. Drei Tage will ich Deines Beſcheides harren; ſchweigſt Du aber bis dahin, oder wiederholſt Du, was mir das Herz bricht, ſo lebe dann auf ewig wohl, und laß mich ſterben: das iſt mir am beſten.

Dein heiß liebender Bernhard."

Welch eine Glut der Liebe ſprach aus dieſen Worten, gegen den rauhen, obwohl gutherzigen Brief Walthers. Tauſendmal las, küßte, benetzte ſie das Blatt mit Thränen. Was ſollte ſie antworten? Unten ſtand angemerkt, ſie möge ihre Antwort, ſobald es zu dunkeln anfinge, in demſelben Blumenſtrauß an die Hausthür legen. Bis Abend ſann ſie darüber nach, was ſie thun ſollte. Endlich ſchrieb ſie mit zitternder Hand:

„Mein ganzes Herz iſt Dein, warum willſt Du es auf den Tod betrüben? O ziehe nicht fort, bleibe hier, verlaß mich nicht in großer Bedrängniß! Es wirbt ein Anderer um mich, der, den Du und der gute Herbert vermuthen; was mich aber auf den Tod ängſtigt — ich fürchte, es iſt Dein verlorner Bruder. In dreien Tagen ſoll ich mich entſcheiden. Das verſprech' ich Dir, ich will meine Hand nicht an den verſchenken, den ich nicht liebe, aber folgen kann ich Dir nicht. Rede Du noch einmal zum Vater, gewiß wirſt Du ihn erweichen, und meine Thränen ſollen Dir beiſtehen. Vor allem aber forſche nach, ob der Dein Bruder iſt, der um mich freit, und gieb mir bald, bald Antwort. Bis dahin bleibe ich Dir ſchweigend getreu! Ich bitte den Himmel um eine milde Löſung dieſer bangen Verwirrungen.

Deine treu liebende
Eliſabeth."

Sie wickelte den Brief in die Blumen, und legte ihn vor die Hausthür. Bald darauf kam der Vater nach Hauſe. Kaum hatte dieſer die Thür hinter ſich geſchloſſen, als es heftig daran pochte. Eliſabeth erſchrak, denn ſie fürchtete etwas Böſes; ſelbſt der Vater war verwundert. „Hm! Wer mag das ſein," murmelte er für ſich, indem er ſich umwendete, „wer mag denn noch ſo ſpät kommen?"

12.

Als er die Thür geöffnet hatte, ſtand ein kaiſerlicher Reitersmann vor ihm, der ein großes, prächtiges Schwert in der Hand hatte. Der grüßte den Schmied höflich und ſprach: „Ihr werdet zürnen, Meiſter, daß ich Euch noch am ſpäten Abend ein Stück Arbeit bringe; aber dießmal dürft Ihr's ſchon nicht abſchlagen, da es für unſern Herrn und Kaiſer iſt. Seht, das iſt ſein Prachtſchwert, das er zu Augsburg nothwendig braucht. Das lag auf dem Rüſtwagen. Der iſt aber geſtern umgeſtürzt, und dabei iſt dieß Schwert gebrochen. Ihr müßt uns daher ſchon bis morgen früh eine neue Klinge von gleicher Schönheit einſetzen, oder dieſe zuſammen ſchweißen, daß ſie bis Augsburg hält. Der Kaiſer hat beſonders verlangt, daß Ihr die Arbeit übernehmen ſollt, weil ihm Eure Geſchicklichkeit gerühmt worden iſt. Macht Eure Sache gut, dann wird Euch Euer Lohn nicht entgehen, denn er iſt ein freigebiger Herr, und hält auf ſchöne Waffen."

„Nicht um des Lohnes willen, um des Kaiſers und meiner Schuldigkeit willen werde ich die beſte Arbeit machen," rief der Schmied. „Seid nur morgen bei Zeiten hier, es ſoll alles fertig ſein!"

„So gehabt Euch wohl," entgegnete der Kriegsmann und ging. Dem Schmied war der Auftrag höchſt ehrenvoll. Davon konnte er doch noch ſeinen Kindeskindern erzählen, und wenn er fragte: „Wer hat die Klinge in Kaiſer Maximilians Prachtſchwert gemacht?" ſo mußten ſie antworten: „Unſer Großvater, Meiſter Reinhold, der Rathsherr und Waffenſchmied." Bei dem Gedanken ſprang er vor Freuden in die Höhe.

„Eliſabeth," rief er, „geſchwind beſorge mir einen guten Nachttrunk, den brauch' ich zur Arbeit; hol' aber vom beſten Wein; dann magſt Du immer ſchlafen gehen!" So geſchah es. Der Meiſter zündete Kohlen an, ſetzte die Bälge in Bewegung, und legte den beſten Stahl, den er hatte, in die Flamme. Während er ſo beſchäftigt war, kam Walther nach Hauſe; der verwunderte ſich nicht wenig, den Meiſter bei der Arbeit zu finden. Als er aber hörte, weshalb, da war er gleich bereit, Hülfe zu leiſten. Zuvor betrachtete er aber das Schwert des Kaiſers und ſprach: „Meiſter, das wird ein bös Stück Arbeit ſein, die Klinge iſt damascirt und ganz mit Silber eingelegt; Ihr habt ſie wohl noch nicht betrachtet?" Jetzt trat der Schmied näher, und ſah nun erſt das Wunder von Arbeit.

„Bei St. Sebaſtian," rief er, „das weiß ich nicht zu machen, und zuſammen ſchweißen läßt ſich das auch nicht. Hier hat ja der Silberſchmied mehr zu thun als der Waffenſchmied."

„Ja," erwiederte Walther, „das iſt eine morgenländiſche Arbeit, von der wir Deutſche wenig verſtehen. Etwas habe ich zwar auch davon gelernt, in Venedig, wo ein Meiſter war, der das verſtand; doch hab' ich's nicht geübt, weil uns das ſo ſelten vorkommt." Nun ſtand der Schmied und rieb ſich die Stirn; die ganze Hoffnung, daß der Kaiſer eine Klinge von ſeiner Hand führen würde, war zu Waſſer geworden. Endlich ſprach Walther: „Je nun, Meiſter, ich will's verſuchen. Schmiedet Ihr eine Klinge von reinem Stahl, ich will indeß eine mit Silber einlegen. Zwar brauche ich Stempel, um die Figuren einzuſchlagen, allein die will ich mir zu verſchaffen ſuchen." Niemand war froher, als der Schmied, er fiel dem Geſellen um den Hals und rief: „Wenn du mir das zu Stande bringſt, ſo gebe ich Dir was Du forderſt, und wenn es mein halbes Vermögen wär."

„Je nun," erwiederte Walther, „eine Bitte hätte ich ſchon, wenn Ihr nicht bös würdet."

„Gerad heraus! Machſt Du mir die Klinge, ſo erfülle ich ſie, — wenn ich kann, verſteht ſich, — oder ich will nicht wieder ehrlich im Rath zu Nürnberg ſitzen. Nun was iſt's?"

„Meiſter," ſprach jetzt Walther, „Eure Tochter gefällt mir wohl; ich bin ihr von Herzen gut. Ich glaube, ſie iſt mir auch nicht böſe; mein Handwerk verſteh' ich, arm bin ich nicht." Hier unterbrach ihn der Schmied und rief: „Du ſollſt ſie haben, auf mein Wort, und morgen will ich Euch verloben!"

„Topp!" rief Walther und ſchlug ein, „ſo ſchaffe ich Euch die Klinge, und ſollt' es mein Leben koſten." Darauf umarmte er den Schwiegervater, und ging dann eiligſt fort, um ſich die nöthigen Werkzeuge zu ſchaffen. In einer Viertelſtunde kam er wieder, hatte mehrere Stempel bei ſich, und rief frohlockend: „Meiſter, beſſer konnte es nicht glücken; hier habe ich von einem Goldſchmied den Stempel zu des Kaiſers Wappen, und den doppelten Reichsadler bekommen. Was paßt beſſer auf ein Kaiſerſchwert? Nun fröhlich an die Arbeit." Jetzt hämmerten beide freudig darauf los. Reinhold eine Hohlklinge vom beſten Stahl für den Nothfall, Walther was er verſprochen hatte. Dem Letztern gerieth die Arbeit nach Wunſch, und als der Tag graute, hatte er eine Klinge fertig, die nicht ſchöner gewünſcht werden durfte. Der Schmied umarmte ihn voller Freuden, und erneuerte ſein Verſprechen.

„Damit,“ rief er aus, „wollen wir die Eliſabeth überraſchen, wenn wir von dem Abſchiedsgeleit des Kaiſers zurück kommen. Die wird ein paar Augen machen! Der alte Herbert muß auch dabei ſein, und noch ein paar Zeugen, außer dem Herrn Pfarrer! Juchhe! Das ſoll ein luſtiger Tag werden.“ Das Einſetzen der Klinge ließ ſich aber Meiſter Reinhold nicht nehmen; etwas wollte er doch ſelbſt dabei gethan haben. Als er ſie nochmals betrachtete, ſah er, daß in einem verſchlungenen Kranze der Name Reinhold ſtand, den Walther beſcheiden ſtatt des ſeinigen eingeſchlagen. Das freute ihn doppelt, und er lobte den wackern Schwiegerſohn deshalb nochmals insbeſondere; dann ging er an's Werk. Aber, o weh! die Freude verkehrte ſich in Leid, denn wie er mit dem goldnen, mit Edelſteinen beſetzten Griff etwas unſauber nach Art der Schmiede verfuhr, da brach er unverſehens einige Edelſteine aus der Faſſung. Jetzt war guter Rath theuer, denn der Bothe, der das Schwert abholen ſollte, konnte jede Minute kommen, und welcher Goldſchmied hätte ihm das ſo ſchnell in Nürnberg gemacht, beſonders da er mit allen nicht freundſchaftlich ſtand. Walther beſah den Schaden, ſchüttelte bedenklich den Kopf, und ſprach endlich: „Ich will noch einmal meine Kunſt verſuchen; als Knabe habe ich der Arbeit oft zugeſehen, aber was hilft das, wenn man die Handgriffe nicht kennt. Zufällig habe ich von da, wo ich die Stempel geliehen, auf den Nothfall, zum Glück auch eine feine Zange mitgebracht. Kaum glaub' ich aber, daß ich damit zu Stande komme.“

„Beſter Walther,“ ſprach der Schmied liebkoſend, „gib Dir nur rechte Mühe, dann ſoll auch die Hochzeit ſein, wenn Du willſt; nur dießmal laß uns nicht ſtecken.“ Walther ſetzte ſich dabei; er ſchien zu Allem Geſchick zu haben, denn auch dieſe Arbeit glückte ihm ſo, daß er nach einer halben Stunde aufſtand, dem ängſtlich zuſehenden Schmied auf die Schulter klopfte und ſagte: „Gott ſei Dank, Vater, es iſt geglückt; nun ſind wir fertig!“ Der Schmied fiel ihm um den Hals, und rief: „Du biſt ein Tauſendkünſtler, ein Goldjunge, ein Diamant von Schwiegerſohn! Ob ich's der Eliſabeth gleich ſage?“

„Nein, um's Himmels willen nicht,“ rief Walther, „wir müſſen ſie mit der ganzen Feſtlichkeit überraſchen. Erſt geleiten wir den Kaiſer, dann holen wir den Herrn Pfarrer und die Zeugen ab, führen ſie vorn in Euer Zimmer, und dann erſt rufen wir ſie aus der Küche, oder ihrer Kammer, oder wo ſie ſonſt ſtecken mag, und ſie tritt ganz überraſcht in die Verſammlung, vor der ſie mir verlobt werden ſoll. Meint Ihr nicht auch ſo, Vater?“

„Wie Du willſt, Herzensjunge,“ rief der Schmied, „ja ſo iſt's auch am beſten.“ — Man ſieht wol, daß Walther kein rechtes Zutrauen hatte, ſondern die arme Eliſabeth durch eine Ueberraſchung am ſicherſten zu gewinnen dachte. Jetzt pochte es an die Thür; es war der Kriegsknecht. Er ſtaunte über die herrliche Arbeit, und rief aus: „Wahrlich, das hätte ich in Deutſchland nicht erwartet; das wird Euch Lobſprüche von unſerm Herrn und Kaiſer eintragen, Meiſter Reinhold.“ Reinhold wollte ehrlich geſtehen, wer die Arbeit gemacht habe, allein Walther fiel ihm in's Wort, und meinte, er dürfe nicht länger ſäumen, ſondern müſſe ſich in ſein Feiertagswamms werfen, um auf ſeinen Poſten als Rathsherr zu gehen. Das geſchah denn auch ſogleich. Ganz Nürnberg war ſchon wieder in Bewegung, um den Kaiſer abreiſen zu ſehen. War auch die Luſt nicht ſo groß, wie beim Empfang, ſo hatte doch auch das Geleite etwas feierlich Freudiges. Alle Glocken tönten, Fahnen wehten von den Thürmen, das Volk wogte auf den Straßen, die Fenſter waren überfüllt mit Zuſchauern, und in jedem Auge las man Segenswünſche für den guten Kaiſer, der das Schwert gegen den Erbfeind des Reichs ziehen wollte. Am Thore überreichte der Magiſtrat durch die Hände des Bürgermeiſters dem fürſtlichen Herrſcher ein Gedicht, von einem reimzünftigen Nürnberger Meiſterſänger verfaßt, worin das Heil der Stadt geſchildert wurde, das ihr durch die Beherbergung des Kaiſers geworden ſei. Der Kaiſer dankte mit freudiger Huld, und fragte dann: „Wo iſt Meiſter Reinhold, der Waffenſchmied?“ Meiſter Reinhold nahm ſein Barett ab, und verneigte ſich ehrfurchtsvoll.

„Ihr habt mir ein ſchönes Schwert gefertigt, Meiſter Reinhold, nehmt meinen Dank und dies Andenken dafür,“ ſprach der Kaiſer, hing dabei dem vor Ueberraſchung und Verwunderung ganz ſtumm gewordenen Meiſter eine goldene Kette um, und ritt von dannen, bevor der Schmied noch danken und erzählen konnte, wer eigentlich der Verfertiger der Klinge geweſen.

Alle Rathsherren umringten den Collegen, und wünſchten ihm Glück zu dem Zeichen der kaiſerlichen Huld. Reinhold wußte kaum, wo er vor Freuden bleiben ſollte. Er dachte jetzt nur an den Lohn, den er dem wackern Walther verſprochen, und eilte, um ihn damit zu erfreuen. Er hatte gehofft, ihn unter der Menge zu finden, allein vergeblich; doch ſtieß er auf Herbert und den Wirth zur goldnen Traube, die er Beide zu ſich nach Haus zur Verlobung einlud. Herbert machte ein paar erſtaunte Augen, und wurde dann ſichtlich verdrießlich. Als Reinhold nach der Urſache fragte, ſagte er: „Es freut mich zwar, daß Eure Tochter Hochzeit macht, und einen ſo wackern Mann bekommt; allein ich muß Euch nur ſagen, heut früh war Bernhard von Augsburg bei mir, der mich ſehr dringend gebeten hat, doch ein Wort für ihn bei Euch zu ſprechen, da er Eure Tochter ſo herzinniglich liebt.“

„Was!“ rief der Schmied, „geht mir mit dem Pfuſcher, dem Ringdreher! Was kann ſo ein Goldarbeiter für ein Mann ſein? Seht hier die Kette an; ſolche Leute dürfen um meine Tochter freien, die eine ſolche Kette vom Kaiſer durch ihre Arbeit erwerben können, aber nicht ſo ein Frauenzimmerheld, der dergleichen Arbeit macht. Nein, daraus wird nichts, das ſagt dem Herrn nur.“

„Sagt's ihm ſelbſt,“ erwiederte Herbert, „eben kommt er auf uns zu, und ich wette, er redet Euch an.“ Kaum waren dieſe Worte geſprochen, als der junge Bernhard mit einem Geſicht, auf dem ſich Bangigkeit und Unruhe nur zu deutlich malten, vor den Schmied hintrat und ihn anredete: „Meiſter ich bitt' Euch um Gottes Willen, gönnt mir ein paar Worte!“

„Geht mir!“ rief der Schmied, „ich weiß ſchon, was Ihr wollt. Daraus kann ein für allemal nichts werden; meine Tochter iſt ſchon verſagt. Sie bekommt einen wackern Mann, der eine Ehrenkette vom Kaiſer verdient, die Ihr — nun ich will Euch nicht kränken, aber das merkt Euch, mit Eurem Anliegen iſt es nichts. Heute iſt Verlobung, und über acht Tage, oder wann mein Schwiegerſohn will, Hochzeit. Geht, und ſeht Euch wo anders um; Ihr ſeid überhaupt noch viel zu jung zum Heirathen.“

„Aber Eure Tochter liebt mich ...“

„Das iſt nicht wahr,“ fuhr der Schmied auf, „das kann nicht wahr ſein, das darf nicht wahr ſein! Ihr denkt, weil Ihr Euern Ring da nicht zurück bekommen habt? Das Ding da hängt wo anders; den hab' ich mit meinem ehrlichen Hammer zerſchlagen, und das hat meine Tochter gut geheißen!“

„Wenn Ihr mir Eure Tochter nicht gebt, ſo ſtürze ich mich in's Waſſer!“ rief Bernhard mit der Miene eines Verzweifelten, und faßte den Schmied hart an die Schulter. Der ſtieß ihn kräftig zurück, und rief: „Thut nach Belieben, das Bad wird Eure Fieberhitze abkühlen; aber mich laßt ungeſchoren.“ Dabei machte er ſich von ihm los, und ging zu ſeinen Gefährten. Bernhard aber eilte verſtörten Geſichts die Straße hinab.

„Er verdirbt mir ordentlich die gute Laune, der Hans Haſenfuß,“ brummte der Schmied, und Herbert ſtimmte ein: „Freilich ein Windbeutel ſcheint er mir auch, und ich glaube, er wird ſich raſch genug faſſen; aber ein guter Kerl iſt er doch!“

„Pah!“ rief der Traubenwirth, „den kenne ich beſſer! Wenn der nicht heute Abend beim Becher noch vergnügter iſt als wir, ſo will ich keinen Gaſt mehr in meinem Hauſe ſehen. Darüber laßt Euch kein graues Haar im Bart wachſen, Meiſter Reinhold.“ Das ſtellte die gute Laune des Nürnberger Altmeiſters wieder her, und die drei Kumpane gingen nun fröhlich nach der Pfarrerwohnung. Dort holten ſie den geiſtlichen Herrn ab, der bei der Verlobung, wenn auch nicht von Amts wegen, doch nach altem Gebrauch zugegen ſein mußte. Er warf ſich in ſeinen Ornat, und folgte mit Vergnügen, denn er war Freund und Kenner des alten Weins, den der Schmied bei feſtlichen Gelegenheiten nicht ſchonte. Vor der Thür ſtießen ſie auf Walther, der eben vorbeiging.

„Das trifft ſich ja herrlich!“ jubelte Reinhold. „Nun laßt uns nach Hauſe gehen; ich bin ordentlich närriſch vor Neugier, was die Eliſabeth für Augen machen wird.“ Die Männer kamen in des Schmieds Wohnung an; Eliſabeth war auf ihrer Kammer. Der Vater rief ſie hinunter. Als ſie ins Zimmer trat, und den geiſtlichen Herrn erblickte, wurde ſie ein wenig blaß, aber ein Blick auf Herbert gab ihr Muth und Farbe wieder. Doch wußte ſie nicht recht, was ſie zu dem ſeltſamen Geſicht des Vaters ſagen ſollte, der ſie von oben bis unten betrachtete, und dann beim Kopfe nahm und küßte. Seine Worte endigten ihre Ungewißheit nur zu ſchnell.

„Töchterchen,“ ſagte er, „heut iſt Deinem Vater Freude und Ehre widerfahren, und ſo Gott will, ſoll's Dir auch ſo werden. Sieh' hier unſer wackrer Walther hat mir durch ſeine Beihülfe dieſe goldene Kette verdient, die mir der Kaiſer eigenhändig umgehangen. Dafür habe ich ihm auch etwas verſprochen, — nun rathe einmal was?“

„Wie könnte ich das,“ entgegnete Eliſabeth zitternd.

„Ein Bild habe ich ihm verſprochen,“ lächelte er, ein Bild, ſo hübſch Meiſter Albrecht jemals eins auf Gold gemalt hat. Schau her!“ dabei faßte er die Tochter, und drehte ſie ſo vor den Spiegel, daß ſie ſich erblicken mußte. Aber in dem Augenblicke, wo ſie ſich ſah, erblaßte ſie und ſank ohnmächtig in die Arme des Vaters zurück. Walther ſprang hinzu, der Pfarrer faßte nach einem Stuhl, Herbert rief nach kaltem Waſſer, kurz alles kam ihr zu Hülfe. Nach einigen Minuten erholte ſie ſich, ſah umher und brach dann in einen Strom von Thränen aus, der alle ihre Bemühungen zu ſprechen vereitelte. Jetzt wurde dem Schmied doch etwas bange zu Muthe, und er fing an zu merken, daß ſeine Wünſche nicht die der Tochter waren. Doch hatte er noch die leiſe Hoffnung, daß alles nur eine unvermuthete Folge der Ueberraſchung ſei. Daher rief er einmal übers ander: „Nun ſo ſprich doch Mädchen, freuſt Du Dich denn nicht?“ Endlich gewann ſie Athem zur Rede und brachte mühſam die Worte hervor: „Liebſter Vater, wenn Ihr mich nicht ganz unglücklich machen wollt, ſo zwingt mich nicht zu dieſer Heirath.“

„Was,“ rief der Schmied, „unglücklich machen? Heißt das unglücklich werden, wenn man einen wackern Mann bekommt? Will Dich der unglücklich machen, der die Freude und das Glück Deines Vaters gemacht hat? Du Undankbare! Soll ich wortbrüchig werden?“ Eliſabeth wollte ihm zu Füßen ſinken, doch Walther hielt ſie zurück und ſprach: „Nein, Jungfer, unglücklich machen will ich Euch nicht; aber geſteht nur, daß Ihr einen Andern lieber habt.“ Eliſabeth nannte unter Thränen Bernhards Namen. Darüber gerieth Reinhold in den heftigſten Zorn, und machte ſich in Verwünſchungen gegen den Goldſchmied Luft. Walther aber hemmte ihn darin, und ſprach: „Meiſter, ich muß Euch ſagen, der Mann, den Eure Tochter genannt hat, iſt mir ſehr nahe verwandt, und es thut mir leid, daß ich ſeinem Glück im Wege bin. Doch gebe ich Euch Euer Wort noch nicht zurück, und frage Euch hiemit feierlichſt noch einmal, ob Ihr mir Eure Tochter mit Wort und Handſchlag gelobt, wenn es mir gelingt, ihre Gunſt von dem Goldſchmied Bernhard ab und auf mich zu wenden?“

„Hofft das nimmermehr!“ rief Eliſabeth; und der Vater: „Darauf habt Ihr mein Wort, und ich rufe dieſe Herren als Zeugen auf!“ Der Handſchlag befeſtigte den Bund. Walther aber wandte ſich zu der weinenden Eliſabeth und ſprach: „Wenn Ihr nicht gern einwilligt, meine Hausfrau zu werden, ſo gebe ich Eurem Vater ſein Wort zurück, nehmt darauf meinen Handſchlag auch; und ein Schuft, der ſein Verſprechen, unter welchem Vorwande es ſei, nicht hält.“ Eliſabeth reichte ihm die Hand, und ſah ihn durch ihre Thränen recht freundlich an. „Gut, ſo wäre alles in Ordnung,“ ſprach jetzt Walther; „nun will ich Euch ſagen, wie ich mit Herrn Bernhard aus Augsburg verwandt bin.“

„Ihr ſeid ſein Bruder!“ fiel Eliſabeth raſch ein.

„Nicht ganz,“ erwiederte Walther, „ſondern ich bin ihm noch etwas näher verwandt, denn — ich bin es ſelbſt.“ Dabei nahm er ſeinen Bart und ſeine Perücke ab, und änderte plötzlich die rauhe Sprache.

„Dieſe Herren hier,“ auf Herbert und den Traubenwirth zeigend, „waren im Einverſtändniß, und hier draußen ſteht noch Jemand, dem ich mein Bischen Schmiedekunſt verdanke.“ Er öffnete die Thür, und Ehrenfried, der wohlbekannte Altgeſell, ſtand vor dem erſtaunten Meiſter, der ſich die Augen mit beiden Händen rieb, und gar nicht wußte, wie ihm geſchah. Eliſabeth wurde vor Ueberraſchung, Freude und banger Erwartung bald roth, bald blaß; aber Bernhard trat auf ſie zu, und ſprach: „Vergiebſt Du mir den Betrug, durch den ich Dich gewonnen habe? Ich mußte Dir ſchon ein paar bange Stunden machen, um Dich recht ſicher zu gewinnen.“ Eliſabeth ſtand zögernd und blickte auf den Vater. Der aber rief plötzlich: „Nun, Mädchen, ſo fall ihm doch um den Hals, ehe er ſich wieder verwandelt, der Teufelskerl; Dir iſt er ja ſo doch lieber!“ Die Liebenden lagen einander in den Armen; der Schmied nahm Beide beim Kopf und küßte ſie ungeſtüm. Herbert und der Traubenwirth tanzten vor Vergnügen, und Ehrenfried lächelte ſelbſtzufrieden dazwiſchen. Endlich fragte Herbert: „Iſt ein Goldarbeiter auch ein braver Kerl?“

„Ja!“ rief der Schmied. Dann fragte der Wirth: „Habe ich meine Wette gewonnen, daß Der heut vergnügter beim Becher ſitzt, als wir?“

„Ja!“ rief der Schmied noch lauter und fröhlicher. Darauf fragte Ehrenfried: „Darf ich wieder bei Euch arbeiten, Meiſter?“

„Ja!“ rief der Schmied aus voller Bruſt, und nahm ihn beim Kopf und küßte ihn. Endlich fragte auch das Pärchen: „Wollt Ihr uns Euren Segen geben, Vater?“ Und der Schmied rief dreimal, was ſeine Bruſt aushalten konnte: „Ja, ja, ja!“

Julius Auguſt Renner,

geboren zu Braunſchweig im Jahre 1736, war daſelbſt Profeſſor und Director des Intelligenzweſens, ſeit 1787 aber braunſchweigiſcher Hofrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Statiſtik zu Helmſtädt. Er ſtarb am 26. Auguſt 1803.

Er hinterließ außer mehreren Ueberſetzungen:

Geſchichte des Papſtthums. Braunſchweig 1770.
Handbuch der Geſchichte neuerer Zeiten. Braunſchweig 1771.
Ausführliches Handbuch der ältern Geſchichte. Braunſchweig 1775, 1795.
Amerikan. Archiv. Braunſchweig 1777, 1778.
Handbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte. 3 Thle. 4te Aufl. Braunſchweig 1802.
Lehrbuch der Staatskunde. Braunſchweig 1786.
Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte. Halle 1800.

Ein fleißiger, treuer und gewiſſenhafter Hiſtoriker, bemühte ſich R. mit der Darſtellung der politiſchen Geſchichte zugleich die der Bildungsgeſchichte der Menſchheit zu vereinigen; es fehlte ihm aber hierzu das tiefere, geiſtige Eindringen in ſeinen Stoff, und ſeine Leiſtungen blieben daher unzureichend.

Kaspar Friedrich Renner,

geboren am 20. März 1692 zu Münden, Sohn eines dortigen Arztes, wurde 1717 hannöverſcher Intendant und 1733 Stadtvoigt in Bremen. Seine litterariſchen Arbeiten erſchienen unter dem pſeudonymen Namen: Franz Heinrich Sparre. Er ſtarb am 21. Mai 1772.

Er ſchrieb:

Hennynk de Han (Fortſetzung des Reinecke Fuchs) 1732, wieder abgedruckt in ſeiner Sammlung von Gedichten. 1752. Auch gab er das altdeutſche Gedicht aus den Zeiten der Minneſänger:
Die Winsbeckin, 1760 heraus.

Ein witziger Kopf, deſſen Hennynk de Hahn, als Fortſetzung des Reineke Fuchs, ſich würdig ſeinem Vorbilde anreiht, und von äußerſt glücklichem Talent und lebendiger Auffaſſungsgabe zeigt.

Friedrich Gabriel Reſewitz,

geboren im Jahre 1725 zu Berlin war Anfangs Prediger zu Quedlinburg, kam 1767 als Prediger an die (deutſche) Petrikirche nach Kopenhagen, und ward 1774 Abt des Kloſters Bergen, Conſiſtorialrath und Generalſuperindentent zu Magdeburg. Er ſtarb am 29. October 1806.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Conybare, Vertheidigung der geoffenbarten Religion gegen die Einwendungen eines anonymen Schriftſtellers. Aus dem Engliſchen. Berlin 17[illegible].

Ueber die Erziehung des Bürgers. Kopenhagen 1773.

Vorſchläge, Gedanken und Wünſche zur Verbeſſerung der öffentlichen Erziehung. Berlin 1777—1785, 5 Bde.

Praktiſche Logik. Berlin 1785.

Predigten. Neue Aufl. Kopenhagen und Leipzig 1785, 4 Bde.

Predigten für die Jugend. Leipzig 1779—82, 2 Thle.

R. zeichnete ſich ſowohl als Pädagog wie als Kanzelredner zu ſeiner Zeit höchſt vortheilhaft aus. Einfachheit, Klarheit und Verſtändlichkeit, zu denen ſich in ſeinen Predigten noch Wärme des Gefühls und edle Würde geſellen, ſind allen ſeinen Schriften eigen.

Joſeph Friedrich Freiherr von Retzer,

geboren am 25. Junius 1754 zu Krems im Oeſterreichiſchen, erhielt ſeine Jugendbildung auf dem Thereſianum zu Wien und wurde 1774 Hofkammerconcipiſt. Kurze Zeit nachher erhielt er die Stelle eines Hofconcipiſt bei der Hofſtelle, wurde 1782 Cenſor der ausländiſchen Litteratur und 1788 Präſidial- und Hofſecretär. Er ſtarb am 17. October 1824 zu Wien.

Von ſeinen Schriften ſind zu nennen:

Gedichte aus dem k. k. Thereſianum. Wien 1774.

Metaſtaſio. Eine Skizze. Wien 1782.

Der Beichtvater und der junge Geiſtliche als Beichtkind. Wien 1785.

Sieben Gedichte. Berlin 1806.

Ein feinſinniger, geſchmackvoller Mann, deſſen ſchriftſtelleriſche und poetiſche Arbeiten ſich um dieſer Eigenſchaften willen bedeutend vor den Leiſtungen ſeiner gleichzeitigen Landesgenoſſen auszeichnen.

Adam Reuſner,

ein Schüler Reuchlin's, ward im Jahre 1471 geboren, ſtand eine lange Reihe von Jahren vielen Hof- und Gerichtsämtern vor und lebte ſpäter als Privatmann zu Frankfurt a. Main. Er ſtarb 1563.

Er ſchrieb:

Beſchreibung der Stadt Jeruſalem. Straßburg 1525. Augsburg 1536, 1544. Fol. (Im dritten Bande befindet ſich das Kirchenlied: In dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr!)

Eine für ſeine Zeit wackere und tüchtige Arbeit, welche von unſeren Vätern gern und viel geleſen wurde. Noch länger als dieſelbe hat jedoch das eben angeführte geiſtliche Lied den Namen des Verfaſſers im Andenken erhalten.

Leonhard Reynmann,

lebte in der erſten Hälfte des ſechszehnten Jahrhunderts, und iſt Verfaſſer von:

Wetterbüchlein. Augsburg 1511, 4.

Nativitätskalender. Nürnberg 1515, 4.

Rhabanus Maurus,

geboren 776 zu Mainz, Schüler Alkuin's, war Anfangs Abt im Kloſter Fulda, ſpäter Erzbiſchof von Mainz. Er hat großes Verdienſt um das Schulweſen und die Ausbildung der deutſchen Sprache. Er ſtarb 856.

Er ſchrieb ein:

Lateiniſch-deutſches Gloſſar über das alte und neue Teſtament (S. Eccard. Comment. II. p. 950—76. — Spec. gloss. lat. ed. Diecmann. Brem. 1721. — Docen Miscell. Th. I. S. 153 flg.).

Glossae latino-barbaricae de partib. hum. corp. in Goldast Scriptor. rer. alem. T. II. p. 66 seq.

Johann Gottlieb Rhode,

im Jahre 1762 in der Gegend von Halberſtadt geboren, war nach abſolvirten Studienjahren Privatlehrer in Braunſchweig, ging 1789 als Hofmeiſter nach Altharm in Eſthland und errichtete darauf ein Erziehungsinſtitut zu Reval. Im Jahre gab er daſſelbe auf und ließ ſich nach einer größeren durch Deutſchland in Berlin nieder. 1800 ging er Hauslehrer nach Breslau, wurde 1804 Schauſpieldi- daſelbſt, 1809 Profeſſor an der Kriegsſchule und cteur der Korn'ſchen Zeitung und ſtarb den 18. April

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir:

ragmatiſche Geſchichte des Religionszwanges unter den Proteſtanten in Deutſchland. Frankfurt u. Leipzig 1790.
r meine Zeitgenoſſen. Reval 1790.
pielereien von Maler Anton. Alt. 1798.
eiſe durch einen Theil Rußlands und Deutſchlands. Alt. 1798.
ſſian's Gedichte. 3 Th. N. A. 1817.
ber das Alter des Thierkreiſes. Breslau 1809.
eber Alter und Werth einiger morgenländiſchen Urkunden. Breslau 1817.
eiträge zur Alterthumskunde. 2 H. Berl. 1819.
ber den Anfang unſrer Geſchichte. Bresl. 1819.
ie heilige Sage der Baktrer, Meder und Perſer. Frankfurt 1820.
eiträge zur Pflanzenkunde der Vorwelt. 2 H. Breslau 1821.
ber religiöſe Bildung, Mythologie und Philoſophie der Hindus. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1824.

Durch die Richtung der romantiſchen Schule in ſchland vorzüglich angeregt, wandte ſich R. beſonders ſchungen über die älteſte Sagengeſchichte der Menſchheit und förderte hier, von gründlichem Wiſſen und ſeltenem arſſinn unterſtützt, Bedeutendes zu Tage, doch ſind kühnen Hypotheſen nicht immer haltbar, und er geht in n Combinationen mitunter viel zu weit. Eleganz, rbe der Darſtellung und Geſchmack ſind auch ſeinen gen Werken eigen. Vortrefflich iſt ſeine Ueberſetzung Oſſian.

cke auf die Geſchichte der heiligen Sage und Religion des Zendvolks überhaupt, nach Antung der Zendſchriften; und allgemeine Verleichung der Hauptlehren des Hinduſyſtems mit dem Zendſyſtem*).

Wir haben im vorigen Abſchnitt die Wohnſitze des Zend- s, wo, und die vornehmſten Naturbeſchaffenheiten derſelben, er welchen das Sagenſyſtem dieſes Volks ſich ausbildete, en gelernt. Noch eine vorbereitende Unterſuchung iſt nöthig, wir uns an die Aufſtellung und Beleuchtung der heiligen e ſelbſt wagen dürfen.

Woher hat das Zendvolk ſeine heiligen Sagen und das ganze, uf gebaute Religionsſyſtem? Hat ſich dies Alles unter dem e urſprünglich ſelbſt entwickelt, oder iſt es entlehnt? Wer der erſte Verkündiger der Ormuzdlehre? Wo und wann er auf? Was hat Zoroaſter für Einfluß auf dies Reliſyſtem? Wo und wann begann er die Reformation deſſel-? Es leuchtet ein, wie wichtig die Beantwortung dieſer Frage den Zweck unſerer Unterſuchung iſt.

In den Zendbüchern wird das alte Religionsſyſtem der muzddiener, das erſte Geſetz, oft und beſtimmt von dem ngern, vollkommnern, durch Zoroaſter gegebenen Geſetz, erſchieden. Die Bekenner des ältern Geſetzes heißen Peiſchdians oder Porriodkeſchans[1]) und werden als unldige, gottfürchtende Menſchen beſchrieben, welche die Ofbarung Ormuzd durchs Ohr empfingen[2]), d. i. durch mündUeberlieferung, weil erſt Zoroaſter das ſchriftliche Geſetz achte.

Wenn die Zendbücher nun auch den Unterſchied zwiſchen ältern und jüngern Geſetz nicht deutlich angeben, ſo verg doch der aufmerkſame Leſer ihn wohl aufzufinden. Bei fortgeſetztem Forſchen entdeckt er, daß in jenen Schriften eigentlich ſelbſt in Bezug auf den bloßen Naturdienſt, zwei Syſteme neben einander liegen; eines, welches die Spuren des höchſten Alterthums in ſich trägt, welches faſt blos ſinnlich, auf das Anſchauen des Himmels, die Beobachtung des Wechſels von Licht und Dunkelheit; des Laufs der Geſtirne und der damit eintretenden Erſcheinungen der Natur in jenen Länderſtrichen u. ſ. w. gegründet iſt; und ein zweites, offenbar jüngeres, allegoriſch-ſymboliſches Syſtem, wodurch das ältere, erklärt, verfeinert und überall zu einer moraliſchen Tendenz hingeführt wird. Wir werden in der Folge bei der Entwicklung einzelner Sätze und Lehren für das hier Geſagte überzeugende Beweiſe beibringen.

Die Fragen: ob die heiligen Sagen und das darauf gegründete höhere Religionsſyſtem, ſich urſprünglich unter dem Zendvolk gebildet haben; ob ſie von andern Völkern entlehnt, oder mit andern uns bekannten Sagenſyſtemen verwandt ſind? läßt ſich erſt mit Gewißheit entſcheiden, wenn wir die gleichzeitigen heiligen Sagen, z. B. der Hindu und Chineſen auf eine ähnliche Weiſe erforſcht und aufgeſtellt haben. Jetzt wollen wir uns allein an das Zendvolk halten und unterſuchen: durch wen, wo und wann wurde dieſem Volk ſowohl das ältere als das jüngere, vollkommnere Geſetz bekannt gemacht? — Entblößt von allen übrigen Hülfsquellen, ſind wir hier allein auf den Inhalt der noch übrigen Zendſchriften beſchränkt, die, ihre religiöſen Zwecke verfolgend, nur nebenher hiſtoriſche Notizen enthalten; doch fehlt es gerade über dieſen Gegenſtand nicht an beſtimmten Winken.

Der erſte, welcher dem Zendvolk die Offenbarung Ormuzd, das Lichtgeſetz bekannt machte, war der Prophet Heomo, oder Hom, welcher ſchon zu Zoroaſter's Zeiten eine große Verehrung genoß und höchſt wahrſcheinlich der Homanes iſt, von dem die Griechen uns als von einem bei den Perſern verehrten Dämon Manches erzählen. „Du biſt erſter, o Großer Heomo, ſagt Zoroaſter, dem Ormuzd Evangoin und Sadere, Kleider des Heils vom Himmel gekommen, mit dem reinen Geſetz, der Mazdeiesnans (Ormuzddiener) gegeben hat[3])." Heomo wird hier ſchlechthin als der erſte Prophet, der erſte Lehrer des Ormuzdgeſetzes dargeſtellt.

Wer war nun dieſer Heomo oder Hom, und wo trat er als erſter Lehrer des Lichtgeſetzes auf? Nach der geographiſchen Lage der Urſitze des Zendvolks und der ſich darauf gründenden hiſtoriſchen Anſicht, welche wir im erſten Abſchnitt gegeben haben, müſſen wir uns dies Volk in den hohen Thälern des mittlern Aſiens und auf den daran grenzenden Hochflächen, noch vielleicht mit den Brahmanen und wer weiß mit wie viel Urſtämmen anderer Völker, als ein Volk denken, das urſprünglich eine Sprache redete und eine Religion hatte. Mit der Zeit trennte ſich das Volk in Völker, die Sprache theilte ſich in immer mehr abweichende Dialekte; die Religion zerfiel in Religionen; mehr oder minder von einander abweichend, je nachdem in den verſchiedenen Länderſtrichen, wohin die Völker ihre Wohnſitze verlegten, die Erſcheinungen der Natur und die Einwirkungen der Naturkräfte einen verſchiedenen Charakter annahmen. Hier war nun Heomo der erſte, der unter dem Zendvolk als Prophet des Ehere mezdao, d. i. des großen Herrn der Natur auftrat, und der Religion ſeines Volks ihren eigenthümlichen Charakter gab. Nach den Zendſchriften war er ein Arier im engern Sinn und in Eriene-Veedjo geboren. Manche Ausleger der Zendſchriften ſind anderer Meinung. Herder's Hypotheſe, welcher Hom für eins mit dem angeblichen ältern Zoroaſter hält, und in dieſem überhaupt nur ein religiös-bürgerliches Symbol findet, werden wir bei der Unterſuchung über Zoroaſter widerlegen. Aber ſelbſt Anquetil du Perron und Kleuker ſind nicht einig mit ſich ſelbſt, ob ſie den Hom für einen Menſchen oder einen höhern Genius halten ſollen. Bald nennt ihn Kleuker „einen patriarchaliſchen Weiſen[4])," bald einen „Schutzgeiſt[5])." Nach den unzweideutigen Zeugniſſen der Zendſchriften aber, die hier allein entſcheiden müſſen, war Heomo ein bloßer Menſch. Er heißt zwar „der vom Himmel Herabgekommene," der „Ormuzdgeborne[6])," allein dieſe Benennungen bezeichnen ihn noch keineswegs als ein höheres Weſen. Die Ferwers aller Menſchen ſind Ormuzdgeborne, und alle ſteigen vom Himmel herab, um ſich mit dem menſchlichen Körper zu vereinigen, wie wir nachher zeigen werden.

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*) Aus Rhode's: Die heilige Sage der Baktrer u. Frankfurt a. M. 1820.

[1] Zend-Avesta von Kleuker. B. II. S. [illegible]

[2] Zend-Avesta. Kl. B. I. S. [illegible] Izeſchne Ha I.

[3] Izeſchne Ha IX. Z.-A. B. 1. S. 118.

[4] Anhang zum Zend-Avesta. B. 2. S. 121.

[5] Anh. zum Z.-A. Th. 1. S. [illegible]

[6] Jeſcht-Mithra. C. 23. Z.-A. B. 2. S. 231.

Im Vendidad wird Heomo auf eine entſcheidende Weiſe mit Zoroaſter völlig gleich geſtellt. „Hom," heißt es, „war anfänglich Mittel gegen phyſiſches und moraliſches Uebel; in den letzten Zeiten iſt es Zoroaſter durch ſeine Sendung [7])." Dieſe Stelle iſt von großer Wichtigkeit; nicht allein, daß Hom darin als ein Zoroaſter völlig gleicher Lehrer und Prophet charakteriſirt wird, ſondern weil ſein Prophetenamt und der Zweck ſeiner Sendung deutlich ausgeſprochen wird. Er ſollte ein Mittel gegen phyſiſches und moraliſches Uebel ſein. Alles phyſiſche Uebel in der Welt, iſt nach den Zendbüchern Folge des moraliſchen Uebels und rührt von Ahriman und ſeinen Devs her, ſelbſt alle körperlichen Krankheiten des Menſchen. Der Prophet Ormuzd, welcher die Devs bezwang, mußte auch die von ihnen herrührenden Krankheiten heilen können: wir werden dieſen Gegenſtand in der Folge weiter ausführen.

Offenbar läßt ſich Kleuker durch den großen Wirkungskreis, welcher Hom beigelegt wird, verleiten, ihn für ein höheres Weſen zu halten. Er iſt der Prieſter Ormuzd, der auf Albordj, d. i. in Ormuzd Reſidenz, Lobgeſänge zu Ormuzd und Bahmans Ehre anſtimmt [8]). Er iſt der Schutzgeiſt und goldglänzende König Albordjs [9]). Der Schutzgeiſt der Waſſer, die er von Albordj ausfließen läßt, der Schutzgeiſt aller Waſſer [10]). Alles dies wird uns begreiflich, wenn wir aus Bun-Dehesch lernen, daß man allen Provinzen von Iri, verſtorbene Menſchen, Helden und Propheten als Schutzgeiſter vorſetzte, und ſelbſt Zoroaſter nach ſeinem Tode als das Haupt und der oberſte aller dieſer Schutzgeiſter verehrt wurde [11]). Eben ſo wurde Hom nach ſeinem Tode als Schutzgeiſt der Berghöhen, wo er ſeine Lehre predigte, ſelbſt als Schutzgeiſt des Albordj verehrt, weil dieſer der höchſte Gipfel jener Höhen war. Man betrachtete ihn als den Schutzgeiſt aller Waſſer; weil alle bedeutenden Ströme jenes Landes von jenen Gebirgen herabfloſſen. Daß er als der erſte Lehrer des Ormuzdgeſetzes, als ein beſonderer Prieſter dieſes Gottes, der bei ihm vorzüglich in Gnaden ſtand, auch von dem Volk vorzüglich angerufen und verehrt wurde, fließt aus dem ganzen Syſtem von ſelbſt.

Erklärt man im Geiſt der Zendbücher, was weiter von Hom geſagt wird, ſo verliert er das Wunderbare und Auffallende. „Du giebſt," heißt es von ihm im Viſpered, „Sieg und Größe dem Haupt (König), erhebſt den Gottgeſinnten des Gewiſſen, daß groß gemacht alle, die nicht mehr ſind und wirſt groß machen alle, die noch kommen; machſt groß alle Izeds und Amſchaſpands, die reinen Könige, die leben in Ewigkeit und wohlthun in Ewigkeit und unter Bahmans Schutze ruhn [12])."

Aus Ormuzd Wort, dem reinen Geſetz des Lichts, fließt alles Heil, alles Glück. Hom lehrte dies Geſetz zuerſt, und ſo wird alles Gute, alles Heil durch ihn. So macht er groß alle, die geweſen ſind und wird groß machen, die noch kommen werden, durch ſeine Lehre; ſo machte er groß alle Amſchaſpands und Izeds, weil er zuerſt unter den Menſchen die Verehrung derſelben verbreitete. Daß die Wirkungen, welche Hom hier zugeſchrieben werden, keinen andern Sinn haben, geht aus dem ganzen Geiſt der Zendlehre, den wir bald näher kennen lernen werden, von ſelbſt hervor. Der Ormuzddiener betet zu der Erde, weil ſie ihn durch ihre Früchte nährt, er betet zu dieſen Früchten, weil er Nahrung aus ihnen zieht; er betet zum Waſſer, weil es die fruchttragenden Pflanzen nährt, und zu dem Schutzgeiſt des Waſſers, weil er es vom Albordj herabfließen läßt; aber in allem betet er nur Ormuzd an, der das Alles ſelbſt, und der Träger des Alles zugleich iſt [13]); gleichwohl ſieht er in Ormuzd ſelbſt nur ein Werkzeug, oder das ſichtbare, erkennbare Werkzeug des Unendlichen!

Eben ſo erklärlich iſt die ſonderbare Verwechſelung oder myſtiſche Zuſammenſchmelzung des Propheten Hom mit der Pflanze Hom [14]). Der Prophet war vermöge ſeines Amts, wie wir oben geſehen haben, auch Mittel gegen phyſiſches Uebel, d. i. Arzt. Außer dem Wort Ormuzd, das bei Krankheiten als ein wirkſames Heilmittel betrachtet wurde, bediente man ſich auch wirklicher Arzneien. Dieſe ſcheint der Prophet Hom vorzüglich aus einer Pflanze bereitet zu haben, die nach ſeinem Tode ſeinen Namen erhielt, als heilig betrachtet und als Baum und Quell des Lebens verehrt wurde. Jeder Körper hat nach der Zendlehre ſeinen Schutzgeiſt, der ihn durchdringt, beſeelt, und von dem ſeine Kraft und Erhaltung abhängt. So wurde Hom nach ſeinem Tode als der Schutzgeiſt der nach ihm genannten heiligen Pflanze verehrt, und es wird verſtändlich, wenn er zu Zoroaſter redend eingeführt wird und ſagt: „ich bin der reine Hom, der dem Leben Dauer giebt [15]), wer zu mir redet, wer mich iſſet, mit Feuerbrunſt zu mir ruft, und demüthiges Gebet mir opfert, der nimmt von mir die Güter dieſer Welt [16])." Die Forderung der Anrufung und des Gebets liegt in dem Geiſt des Syſtems, das zu der ganzen Natur zu beten befiehlt; wo jeder zu allen Feruers und den Seelen aller Verſtorbenen betet [17]). Der Schutzgeiſt Hom giebt und iſt ſelbſt die Heilkraft der Pflanze Hom; das Verſprechen der Güter dieſer Welt bezieht ſich vorzüglich auf das Waſſer, deſſen Schutzgeiſt Hom auf Albordj iſt, und dem man die Gewährung aller Güter und Reichthümer zuzuſchreiben pflegte [18]).

So unbezweifelt Hom in den Zendbüchern als ein Menſch, und erſter Lehrer der Zendbücher erſcheint, ſo iſt es doch kein Wunder, daß die mit den Eigenthümlichkeiten der Zendlehre ſo wenig bekannten Griechen, etwas ganz Anderes und einen Dämon daraus machen. Alles, was der Grieche anbetete und angebetet ſahe, war ihm eine Gottheit oder Dämon, alſo auch der vielverehrte Hom. Daß aber Anquetil du Perron und Kleuker, ſchon bekannt mit den Zendſchriften, jene Ideen griechiſcher Schriftſteller in die Zendbücher hineinzutragen ſuchten und aus dem Propheten Hom ein, dem Geiſt der Zendlehre völlig fremdes Weſen machen, iſt in der That kaum begreiflich. Die Griechen nennen den Heomo (im Zend) oder Hom (im Parſi) Homanes; die Identität dieſer Namen iſt von allen Auslegern anerkannt. Strabo iſt der erſte Grieche, der des Homanes gedenkt. Er ſpricht von Gebräuchen, welche vorzüglich in dem Tempel der Anaïs und des Homanes beobachtet würden, und ſetzt hinzu: daß das Bildniß des Homanes in feierlichen Aufzügen getragen werde [19]). An einem andern Ort ſpricht er von einem Tempel der Saker in Kappadokien, der den perſiſchen Dämonen: Anaïs, Homanes und Anandrates geheiligt war, die hier einen gemeinſchaftlichen Altar hatten [20]).

Strabo nimmt hier die ihm ganz fremden Gegenſtände nach griechiſchen Begriffen und Vorſtellungsarten. In Griechenland hatte jede Gottheit ihren Tempel und jeder Tempel ſeine Gottheit. Eben ſo glaubte der Grieche es auch in Perſien zu finden, ob es gleich mit dem Geiſt der Perſerreligion in wahrem Widerſpruch ſteht, daß irgend ein höheres Weſen, ſo ſehr es auch verehrt wurde, einen beſondern Tempel habe. In den Pyräen oder Feuertempeln wurde vor dem heiligen Feuer zu allen Weſen des Himmels und der Erde, zu der ganzen Natur gebetet, wie die im Zend-Aveſta vorhandenen vielen Liturgien unwiderleglich beweiſen. Daß alſo drei höhere Weſen, oder Genien einen Altar hatten, nach der Anſicht der Griechen, kann nicht auffallen; ſie hatten eigentlich gar keinen, denn der Altar gehörte dem heiligen Feuer, vor dem zu allen Mächten gebetet wurde. Es kann indeß wohl möglich ſein, daß an den Grenzen anderer Völker, wo mit der Zeit Sprache, Gebräuche und Begriffe in einander fließen, auch die Religionsgebräuche ſich näherten und Perſer ihre Pyräen außer dem heiligen Feuer auch beſondern Gottheiten geweiht haben können. Strabo's Nachricht vom Homanes, deſſen Bild in einem Tempel aufbewahrt wurde, ſcheint dies zu beſtätigen. Bildniſſe der Götter, in griechiſchem Sinn, nämlich der Verehrung aufgeſtellt, hatten die Perſer gewiß nicht, obwohl die Mauern zu Perſepolis beweiſen, daß ſie Abbildungen höherer Weſen als ſinnvolle Zierrathen liebten.

Es ſcheint nun zwar ganz natürlich, die Nachrichten des Strabo auf dieſe Weiſe aus dem Geiſt der alten Perſerreligion zu erklären und zu berichtigen; allein Anquetil du Perron und Kleuker ſind ganz anderer Meinung. Nicht die Zendbücher werden hier zu Rathe gezogen, ſondern die frühern Ausleger der Griechen; große, gelehrte Männer, die aber die Zendſchriften nicht kannten, und den ganzen Magismus nur durch die Augen der Griechen und der noch ſpätern Römer betrachteten. Da bringt denn endlich Kleuker mit Voſſius heraus: Homanes ſei ein Symbol der Sonne, eine Art von Apoll, oder die männliche Urkraft des Feuers u. ſ.

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[7] Vendidad Farg. XX. Z.-A. B. 2. S. 381.

[8] Jescht-Mithra C. 23. Z.-A. B. 2. S. 231.

[9] Izeſchne Ha LIV—LXVI.

[10] Ebendaſelbſt.

[11] Bun-Dehesch XXIV. Z.-A. B. 3. S. [illegible]

[12] Viſpered [illegible] X. Z.-A. B. 1. S. [illegible]

[13] Siehe den ganzen Jeſcht-Ormuzd.

[14] Wahrſcheinlich [illegible] der Griechen.

[15] Im Zend heißt es: [illegible]. Kleuker überſetzt: [illegible] — nämlich: dem Leben, Sein, Dauer gebend.

[16] Izeſchne Ha IX. Z.-A. B. 1. S. 114.

[17] Siehe den ganzen Jeſcht-[illegible] Z.-A. B. 2. S. [illegible]

[18] Siehe den Jeſcht-Taſchter (Ized des Waſſers). Z.-A. B. 2. S. 193.

[19] Strabo Geogr. lib. XV. — [illegible] —

[20] Strabo Geogr. lib. XI.

w. 21). Meinungen, welche bei der richtigen, ſo klar aus den Zendſchriften hervorgehenden Anſicht, von ſelbſt ohne weitere Beleuchtung wegfallen. Die genannten Erklärer geben ſich auch viele Mühe mit den beiden andern von Strabo angeführten Namen, Anaïs und Anandrates. — Anaïs bezeichnet den Planeten Venus, wie wir in der Folge ſehen werden; Anandrates ſcheint uns vielleicht nur eine Verſtümmelung oder Umänderung von dem ſo oft in den Zendbüchern vorkommenden Avan (des Waſſers) zu ſein. Wenigſtens findet ſich die Zuſammenſtellung dieſer drei Weſen, des Mithra (Anaïs) als Princip der Fruchtbarkeit, des Hom (Homanes) als Schutzgeiſt des Waſſers, und des Avan (des Waſſers) ſelbſt, in den Zendbüchern ſehr oft 22).

Wir kehren zu unſerm Gegenſtande zurück. Auch die Zeit, wann Hom ſeine Lehre verkündigte, wird im Allgemeinen in den Zendbüchern angegeben. „Wer iſt, o Hom, fragt Zoroaſter, der erſte Sterbliche, der in der geſchaffnen Welt durch Anrufung und Demüthigung vor dir, bekommen hat, wonach er ſich ſehnte? Hom antwortete: Vivengham, der Vater Dſjemſchids war der erſte Sterbliche, der u. ſ. w. 23).“ Alſo unter Vivengham, vor der Auswanderung des Volks unter Dſjemſchids wurde Homs Lehre angenommen. Dadurch iſt zugleich der Ort, wo Hom lehrte, beſtimmt. Doch dieſer Ort wird noch genauer angegeben. „Nachdem du dich, heißt es, mit Evanguin umgürtet hatteſt (d. i. dich als Prieſter Ormuzd ankündigteſt), verkündigteſt du auf erhabenen Gebirgen das Wort 24).“ In dem hohen Gebirgslande alſo, ehe Dſjemſchid und das Volk in die niedrigern Thäler und Flächen auswanderten, wurde durch Hom das erſte Geſetz verkündigt. Dadurch wird nun begreiflich, daß ſein Name ſich auch in den indiſchen Sagen und Gebräuchen erhalten konnte und als eine myſtiſche Gebetsformel ſowohl bei den Tibetanern als Brahmanen und ſelbſt entfernten tatariſchen Stämmen bis auf den heutigen Tag in Gebrauch iſt 25).

Hom ſcheint ganz vorzüglich die feierliche Anrufung der Natur und der lebendigen Naturweſen insbeſondere unter dem Zendvolk gelehrt zu haben. Dies ſcheint aus einer Stelle im Izeſchne hervorzugehn, wo Zoroaſter ſagt:

> „Das Wort, das Du (Hom) geſprochen, iſt hochberühmt: Ich bitte die Geſchöpfe des Lebens, damit die Geſchöpfe des Lebens mich wieder bitten; ich rede zu den Geſchöpfen des Lebens und rufe ihnen mit Größe. Ich nähre die Geſchöpfe des Lebens, und halte ſie in gutem Stand. Sie ſind es, die mir Nahrung geben und Lebenselemente 26).“

Dies hochberühmte Wort Homs, das ſich vielleicht als ein religiöſes Lied im liturgiſchen Gebrauch bis auf Zoroaſter erhalten hatte, iſt ein ſchöner Ueberreſt des höchſten Alterthums, der zugleich einen ſprechenden Charakterzug der Lehre Homs giebt. Nichts leuchtet daraus hervor, als Verehrung der Natur, wie ſie die Grundlage des Naturdienſtes der Zendbücher iſt, in ihrer erſten kindlichen Einfalt, doch nicht ohne ſymboliſche Deutung.

Hom ſcheint auch dem äußern Gottesdienſt, wie die heilige Sage ihn fordert, und den mannigfachen religiöſen Gebräuchen zuerſt eine beſtimmte Form gegeben zu haben. Daß er zuerſt die prieſterliche Kleidung trug, geht daraus hervor, daß es heißt: Ormuzd habe ſie ihm vom Himmel gebracht. Auch die Feueraltäre, wenn ſie nicht noch älter waren, ſcheinen ihm ihre Einrichtung zu verdanken; denn ſchon Dſjemſchid führte bei ſeiner Einwanderung überall die rothglänzenden Feuer ein; daß auch die Liturgien von ihm eingerichtet wurden, ſcheint obiges Fragment anzuzeigen. Wie weit ſein Einfluß ſich auf die Ceremonien beim öffentlichen Gottesdienſt, bei Reinigungen, Opfern u. ſ. w. erſtreckte, iſt nicht zu beſtimmen, da vieles davon unſtreitig ſchon älter iſt, als Hom, wie die Uebereinſtimmung mit den Gebräuchen der Hindu beweiſet.

Hom ſcheint indeß über dies alles nichts ſchriftlich verfaßt zu haben, weil es ausdrücklich heißt: daß alle, die unter dieſem erſten Geſetz gelebt haben, die Offenbarung Ormuzd durchs Ohr empfingen 27). Dies war auch wohl für die unſchuldigen, gottgeſinnten Menſchen, wie die Zendbücher ſie nennen, die mit ihren Heerden auf den Höhen Aſiens herumzogen, hinreichend; allein mit der Auswanderung Dſjemſchids trat eine ganz andre Lage der Dinge ein. Das Volk ging von dem einfachen Hirtenleben durch Ackerbau und feſte Wohnſitze zur Civiliſation über, und ſo entwickelten ſich in dem Zuſammenleben in Dörfern und Städten neue Bedürfniſſe, neue Anſichten, neue Laſter, und daher mochte ſich eine neue, erweiterte Geſetzgebung als höchſt nöthig aufdringen. Daher läßt Zoroaſter, im Anfange des Vendidad, Ormuzd ſchon dem König Dſjemſchid als dem Stifter der neuen Lebensform des Volks, den Auftrag geben: das vollkommnere Geſetz einzuführen; allein der große König fand ſich zu dieſem erhabenen Geſchäft zu ſchwach, und ſo blieb es bei der erſten unvollkommnen Geſetzgebung des Hom, bis Zoroaſter durch ſeine Sendung die Mängel derſelben ergänzte und ſeine Lehre durch ſchriftliche Abfaſſung befeſtigte.

Wer war nun, unwillkührlich dringt ſich dieſe Frage auf, Zoroaſter? Wo und wann trat er als Prophet, als Erweiterer und Reformator der von Hom gelehrten Religion Ormuzd auf? Die Beantwortung dieſer Frage iſt mit nicht geringen Schwierigkeiten verknüpft. Bekanntlich läugnen einige Gelehrte, wie Herder, ſelbſt das Daſein eines Zoroaſter, und finden in ſeinem Namen nur ein religiös-bürgerliches Symbol 28). Andre nehmen nach den verſchiedenen Angaben der Griechen, zwei oder mehrere Zoroaſter an, wie Anquetil du Perron, Foucher, Kleuker 29) und Andere. Der Ort, wo er auftrat, wird eben ſo verſchieden angegeben, als die Zeit, wann er auftrat.

Ehe wir uns mit den Beurtheilungen dieſer verſchiedenen Meinungen beſchäftigen, wollen wir uns bemühen, zu beſtimmen: wer und was war Zoroaſter nach den ihm ſelbſt zugeſchriebenen Zendbüchern? Im Vendidad, einem unbezweifelt alten Zendbuche, wird Zoroaſter immer in der dritten Perſon, redend und im Geſpräch mit Ormuzd begriffen, dargeſtellt. Er fragt Ormuzd um alle religiöſen und bürgerlichen Einrichtungen ſeines Volks, und erhält auf ſeine Fragen die ausführlichſten Antworten. Endlich giebt Ormuzd ihm den Befehl: dieſen Vendidad, d. i. dieſe ihm gegebene Offenbarung, in dem geſetzdurſtigen Ariema bekannt zu machen. — Nach allen innern und äußern Merkmalen dieſes Buchs, iſt eben der Zoroaſter, der ſich ganz der Sitte des Orients gemäß in der dritten Perſon nennt, ſelbſt Verfaſſer deſſelben; auch wurde er von dem Volk, unter welchem dieſes Buch als Geſetzbuch galt, und von den Nachkommen deſſelben bis auf den heutigen Tag, als Verfaſſer deſſelben anerkannt.

Dieſem zufolge war Zoroaſter ein Arier, der ſeinen Landsleuten eine, von Ormuzd empfangene Offenbarung bekannt machte. Eben dies wird von ihm in den übrigen Zend- und Pehlwiſchriften übereinſtimmend und unzählige Mal wiederholt, beſtätigt und durch manche Umſtände erweitert. Seine Eltern, ſeine Weiber und Kinder, der König, unter welchem er lebte, und mehrere ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen werden ſehr häufig mit Namen genannt.

Wenn Herder unter den Zendſchriften einen großen Unterſchied macht, und nur den Vendidad als älter anerkennen will, alles Uebrige aber in und unter die Zeit der Saſſaniden herabſetzt 30), ſo iſt dies nur ein Beweis von dem flüchtigen, unaufmerkſamen Blick, mit welchem er jene Schriften durchlief, ohne in ihren Geiſt einzudringen. Als Grund für dieſe Meinung behauptet er: Zoroaſter erſcheine im Vendidad noch ganz anders, als in den Liturgien; hier ſei er noch ein einfacher Prophet, dort ſei er ſchon canoniſirt, und mit dem Schimmer der Heiligkeit umgeben. Dieſe Behauptung iſt unrichtig, denn nirgend wird Zoroaſter in den Liturgien ſo hoch geſtellt, als im Vendidad ſelbſt. „Der überſtolze Ahriman, heißt es, wollte mir (Ormuzd) ins Antlitz ſprechen. Er hatte noch nicht geſehen den heiligen Zoroaſter, mit Glorie um und um. Dieſer Höllenbar, des argen Geſetzes Vater, ſahe Zoroaſter nur mit einem Gedankenblick, und fuhr zuſammen; daß Zoroaſter ihn unter die Füße treten, und als Sieger reich einher gehen würde, das ſah er 31).“ Auf dieſe Darſtellung Zoroaſters, als des glorreichen Beſiegers und Zertreters Ahrimans, durch ſeine Heiligkeit und die empfangene Offenbarung gründen ſich alle Erhebungen und alle Lobſprüche, welche ihm in den Liturgien beigelegt werden. Wir begeben uns übri-

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21) Anhang zum Zend-Avesta B. 2. S. 60. [illegible] im Grunde eines mit Mithra, der nach [illegible] Hermias gleichfalls die männliche Kraft des Feuers sein soll.

22) Jescht-Mithra. Jescht-Avan; auch Izeschne Ha IX.

23) Izeschne Ha IX. Kleuker hat diese Stellen übersehen, wenn er (Zend-Avesta B. II. S. 10.) behauptet: Hom sei der Lehrmeister und Gesetzgeber Dſjemſchids gewesen. In allen Zendschriften findet sich kein Grund für diese Behauptung.

24) Izeschne Ha IX. Z.-A. B. 1. S. 110.

25) Abhandlungen über die Geschichte und Alterthümer Irans. Aus dem Engl. v. Kleuker. B. 1. S. 67.

26) Izeschne Ha X. Z.-A. B. 1. S. [illegible]

27) Zend-Avesta B. 1. S. [illegible]

28) Persepolitanische Briefe. Zu Zoroaster S. [illegible] und zu Hom S. [illegible]

29) Die erste Veranlassung zu dieser Meinung giebt Plinius (Hist. nat. L. XXX. c. 1.) durch eine kurze Bemerkung. — Sed unus hic (Zoroaster) fuerit, an postea et alius, non satis constat. —

30) Persepolitanische Briefe. S. [illegible] — [illegible]. Die Bildung des Vendidad [illegible]

31) Vendidad Farg. XIX. Z.-A. B. 1. S. [illegible]

gens hier auf das, was über dieſe Schriften in der Einleitung geſagt worden iſt.

Die durch Zoroaſter gegebene Offenbarung oder Erweiterung einer ſchon aus Homs Zeiten vorhandenen Offenbarung, die gegen die ältere Religion Homs in einem ähnlichen Verhältniß, wie das Chriſtenthum zum Judenthum ſteht, wurde von einem großen und mächtigen Volk angenommen, welches Zoroaſter als einen göttlichen Lehrer verehrte; die von ihm gelehrte Religion dauerte als Zoroaſters Lehre durch Jahrtauſende, und erhält ſich unter den Ueberreſten jenes Volks noch bis auf den heutigen Tag.

Alles, was die Zendbücher nun von Zoroaſter in Bezug auf die Ormuzdreligion ſagen, wird durch die unverdächtigſten Zeugniſſe griechiſcher Schriftſteller beſtätigt. Denn ſo ſehr dieſe auch in einzelnen Umſtänden von einander abweichen, ſo ſtimmen ſie doch im Allgemeinen und in der Hauptſache mit den Zendbüchern auf das vollkommenſte überein, und erkennen im Zoroaſter den großen Lehrer der alten Perſerreligion. Kleuker hat in ſeinem Anhange zum Zend-Aveſta faſt alle Zeugniſſe von Zoroaſter geſammelt. Und liegt etwa in dem Allen was Unwahrſcheinliches? Etwas, das mit dem Geiſt des Alterthums und des alten Morgenlandes insbeſondre ſtritte? Keinesweges, und hier ſprechen gerade die innern Gründe für die Wahrheit des Geſagten am lauteſten, wie ſich nach der Entwickelung des Syſtems ſelbſt vollſtändig offenbaren wird.

Gleichwohl kann ein Schriftſteller wie Herder in den oben angeführten Briefen behaupten: „Ein Zoroaſter, wie die Zendbücher ihn darſtellen, wie die Griechen von ihm reden, hat nie gelebt. Ein Magier, Namens Sapetman, mußte unter dem Darius Hyſtaspis das Inſtitut der Magier, und die alte Perſerreligion reformiren, und erhielt daher den Beinamen: Zoroaſter, d. i. Glanzſtern. Dieſer Name wurde zugleich auf ein viel älteres Weſen, auf Hom, dem Homanes der Griechen übertragen. Dies war eigentlich der alte Zoroaſter. Allein ſo wie die Zendbücher von dieſem Hom reden, hat er nie gelebt. Er war vielleicht der erſte Lehrer des Magismus, wurde aber in ein religiös-bürgerliches Symbol verwandelt, u. ſ. w. [32]).“

Fragen wir nach den Gründen dieſer auffallenden Behauptungen, ſo fließen ſie mehr aus den Anſichten unſeres philoſophirenden Zeitgeiſtes, als aus der Geſchichte; ja noch mehr, ſie ſtehen mit der wirklichen Geſchichte in mancherlei Widerſprüchen.

Es gehört zum Ton unſerer neueſten Hiſtoriker, mit leichtſinniger Willkühr das Heiligthum der alten Geſchichte zu entweihen. Nach vorher entworfenen Planen conſtruirt man die Vorwelt, und alles, was ſich nicht fügen will, was im höchſten Alterthum uns ſchwer wird zu verſtehen, was nur mit Mühe und tiefer Kenntniß der Vorwelt ſich in Gedanken und Sprache unſerer Zeiten übertragen läßt, iſt Hieroglyphe, Allegorie, Symbol. Leicht und mühelos iſt dieſe Erklärungsart freilich. Wir haben dabei nur nöthig, nach unſerer eigenen Denk- und Beobachtungsart zu ſchließen, ohne uns darum zu bekümmern, wie man in den entfernteſten Jahrhunderten dachte und beobachtete. Denn man wird doch in der That leicht fertig, wenn man in der alten Perſerreligion, in dem, vom ganzen Alterthum bewunderten, Magismus, nichts findet als einen — Kalender, und in dem hochberühmten Weltherrſcher Dſchemſchid nichts, als eine Hieroglyphe des Sonnenjahrs [33]). Was berechtigt uns aber zu dieſem willkührlichen Verfahren? Wenn in der alten Zendſage Dſchemſchid über die ganze Erde herrſcht, weil damals Iri für ſeine Bewohner noch die ganze Erde war; weil ſpätere Dichter das Leben dieſes alten Königs mit fabelhaften Erzählungen und orientaliſchen Mährchen ausſchmückten; hat er deswegen gar nicht gelebt? Weil auswärtige Schriftſteller (Griechen) das Zeitalter Zoroaſters ſo ſehr verſchieden und widerſprechend angeben, weil gleichfalls neuere Dichter ſein Leben in Gedichten beſungen und mit Fabeln und Wundern überladen haben, hat er deshalb gar nicht gelebt? iſt nur ein Symbol?

Wir haben oben geſagt: was in Herders Gründen hiſtoriſch ſei, ſtehe mit der wirklichen Geſchichte im Widerſpruch, dies müſſen wir noch beweiſen. „Guſtasp — der König, unter dem Zoroaſter lebte, heißt Pferdebeherrſcher, und dies iſt eine deutliche Anſpielung auf Darius Hyſtaspis. Daß nur dieſer unter dem Ke-Guſtasp zu verſtehen ſei, geht aus dem Ganzen hervor. Nur dieſer König konnte ein ſo großes Intereſſe daran haben, das Inſtitut der Magier und die alte Religion der Perſer zu reformiren. Deshalb wird in den Zendſchriften die Sage des alten Dſchemſchid ſo herausgehoben, und vieles auf ihn zurückgeführt, weil Darius behauptete: aus dem Stamme Dſchemſchids (der Achämeniden) zu ſein.“

Wir bemerken hier zuerſt, daß der Name Guſtasp ganz willkührlich als Pferdebeherrſcher überſetzt iſt, um darin eine Anſpielung auf Darius Hyſtaspis zu finden. Der Name Guſtasp, eigentlich Veſchtasp, iſt aus den Wörtern: vaesh, der da weiß, oder: verſtändig, und: asp, aspo, Pferd, zuſammengeſetzt, und heißt alſo buchſtäblich: ein Pferdeverſtändiger, Pferdekenner. Faſt auf allen Seiten der Zendſchriften ſtoßen wir auf Namen, die mit asp, Pferd, zuſammengeſetzt ſind; wir erinnern hier an Lohrasp, den Vater des Veſchtasp, an Guerſchasp, Diamasp und eine Menge anderer, welche alle nichts beweiſen, als die allgemeine Gewohnheit, Namen von Pferden herzunehmen, welches auf den großen Werth hindeutet, welchen dieſe Thiere bei dem kriegeriſchen Nomadenvolk hatten. Wir wiſſen wohl, was Anquetil du Perron und Andere für die Meinung geſagt haben: Zoroaſter habe unter Darius Hyſtaspis gelebt und Ke-Guſtasp ſei alſo kein Anderer, als eben Darius Hyſtaspis; allein alle ihre Gründe heben den Widerſpruch nicht auf, in welchem dieſe Meinung mit den Zendbüchern ſteht. Darius war aus dem Geſchlecht Dſchemſchids, oder gab vor, daraus herzuſtammen; Ke-Guſtasp wird wiederholt als „ein Zweig der Keans, als ein Keanier“ geprieſen [34]) und gehörte alſo zu der zweiten Dynaſtie der Perſer.

Die Zuſammenſchmelzung eines ältern Zoroaſter mit Hom gehört eigentlich Anquetil du Perron, der ſie in ſeiner Abhandlung über das Zeitalter Zoroaſters verſucht [35]), und von ihm haben ſie Kleuker und Herder entlehnt. Der einzige Grund, worauf dieſe Behauptung ſich ſtützt, iſt die große Verſchiedenheit in den Angaben alter Schriftſteller über das Zeitalter Zoroaſters, und die Unmöglichkeit, manche Erzählung von dieſem Weiſen mit irgend einem beſtimmten Zeitraum, am wenigſten mit der Regierung des Darius Hyſtaspis, unter dem nun Zoroaſter durchaus gelebt haben ſoll, zu vereinigen. Da bot nun der Homo der Zendbücher eine, lange vor Zoroaſter bekannte, Perſon dar, auf die man glaubte einen Theil der Angaben beziehen zu können. Homo oder Hom, führt im Zend zuweilen den Beinamen Zéré, der Goldne oder Goldglänzende; und ſo glaubt Anquetil, daß wohl die Griechen dies Zéré mit dem Zeretoschtro (Zoroaſter) verwechſelt haben könnten, doch giebt er das Ganze nur für „eine Vermuthung, die auch falſch ſein könne.“ Allein Herder und Kleuker nehmen dieſe Vermuthung, ohne irgend einen neuen Grund anzuführen, als Gewißheit; denn ein Grund iſt es doch wohl nicht, wenn Kleuker ſagt: „weil der „Name Zoroaſter den Griechen das höchſte Namzeichen des „perſiſchen Propheten, Geſetzgebers und Bildners ſeines Volks „war, ſo nannten ſie den Erſten wie den Letzten [36]).“

Wir müſſen hier noch einige Bemerkungen über den Namen Zoroaſter ſelbſt folgen laſſen, weil Herder aus einer unrichtigen Erklärung deſſelben Gründe für ſeine Behauptungen herzuleiten ſucht. Der Zendname des Propheten iſt: Zeretoschtro oder Zeretoschtré, woraus im Pehlwi Zeratoscht oder Zertoscht, im Parſi Zerduscht und von den Griechen Zoroastres, Zabratas, Zoroades und Zaratas gemacht wurde. Anquetil erklärt den Namen aus den beiden Zendwörtern Zéré, Gold, und taschtré oder taschtre, ein Stern, alſo Goldſtern; Herder, für deſſen ſymboliſirende Ideen dieſe Erklärung nicht unwichtig war, nahm ſie ohne weitere Unterſuchung als erwieſen an, gleichwohl iſt ſie durchaus unrichtig. Zéré heißt zwar Gold, aber keineswegs taschtré, oder wie es eigentlich heißt: tastrehétscheh, ein Stern. Das Wort kommt freilich als Eigenname von einem Sterne oft vor, aber Anquetil ſelbſt überſetzt es hier durch: Läufer [37]). Wie iſt es nun möglich, dieſes nomen proprium eines Sterns, für ein Appellativum, für Stern überhaupt zu nehmen? Wäre das taschtré in dem Namen mit tastrehétscheh wirklich gleichbedeutend, ſo müßte doch überſetzt werden: Goldläufer, woraus ſich für den alten Seher eigentlich kein Sinn ergiebt, und es ſcheint, daß Anquetil beide Worte ohne Grund als gleichbedeutend angenommen habe.

Nehmen wir nun keine Rückſicht auf die Abweichungen in den Angaben der Zeit Zoroaſters, wovon in der Folge mehr geſagt werden wird, und worauf im Grunde ſich alle Annahmen von mehreren Perſonen, die den Namen Zoroaſter führen ſollen, ſtützen, was bleiben für Gründe übrig? Die Zendbücher kennen ſchlechterdings nur einen Zoroaſter, und die Griechen, welche ſeiner gedenken, ſo ſehr ſie auch in der Zeit und einigen andern Dingen von einander abweichen, reden doch immer von ihm, als von einem Lehrer des Magismus, ſo wie die Zendbücher ihn ſchildern. Die Griechen, welche des Homo als Homanes erwähnen, unterſcheiden ihn ſorgfältig vom Zoroaſter; dieſer iſt ihnen ein bloßer Menſch und Weltweiſer, jener ein Dämon.

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[32] Siehe Herders Perſepolitaniſche Briefe an Hom und an Zoroaſter.

[33] Herder in den oben angeführten Briefen.

[34] Izeſchne Ha XLV. Z.-A. B. I. S. 166.

[35] Anhang zum Zend-Aveſta B. I. S. 138. u. B. I. [illegible]

[36] Zend-Aveſta. B. II. S. [illegible]

[37] Zend-Aveſta. B. I. S. [illegible]

Alles zuſammengenommen ließen ſich alſo die Fragen: wer und was war Zoroaſter, allerdings beſtimmt und ſo beantworten: Er war ein Arier, der während der Regierung des Königs Guſchtasp unter ſeinem Volk in Ari als ein Prophet Ormuzd auftrat, und die früher von Hom gelehrte Religion erweiterte und reformirte. Nehmen wir die Familiennachrichten dazu, welche in den übrigen Zendbüchern enthalten ſind, ſo hieß ſein Vater Poruſchasp, deſſen Geſchlecht in einer, dem Bun-Dehesch angehangenen Genealogie auf zwölf Generationen hinaufgeführt, und Zoroaſter als ein Zweig der Familie der alten Könige von Ari dargeſtellt wird, eine Nachricht, die in Bezug auf Juſtin nicht ganz unbedeutend iſt, weil dieſer Geſchichtſchreiber den Zoroaſter einen König von Baktra nennt [38]. Seine Mutter hieß Dogdo; er hatte drei Frauen, und von den beiden erſten drei Söhne und drei Töchter, die alle mit Namen genannt werden [39]. Legen wir auf das eben genannte Geſchlechtsregiſter im Bun-Dehesch einigen Werth, ſo lebte Zoroaſter etwa vierhundert Jahre nach Hom.

Obwohl der Geburtsort Zoroaſters ziemlich gleichgültig iſt, ſo wollen wir doch einige Blicke auf dieſen Gegenſtand werfen, weil es doch auf ſeine ganze Bildung Einfluß haben konnte, in der Nachbarſchaft welcher Völker er erzogen wurde. Alle Nachrichten kommen darin überein, daß er in Ari geboren ſei. Im Jeſcht-Farfardin heißt es: „Zoroaſter iſt gebildet mitten in den Provinzen Irans“ (Ariés) [40]. Man wußte alſo nichts von einer Reiſe in auswärtige Länder, z. B. nach Babylon, wo Kleuker ihn zu den Chaldäern in die Schule ſchickt. Im Bun-Dehesch wird ſein Vaterland genauer angegeben. „Poruſchasp, heißt es, zeugte Zoroaſter in Heedinesch [41].“ Heden, oder Heedinesch iſt der alte Name einer Provinz des Zendreichs, deren geographiſche Lage nicht genau beſtimmt iſt. Anquetil du Perron bringt dieſelbe durch folgenden Schluß heraus: In einem andern Fragment des Bun-Dehesch wird geſagt: Zoroaſter ſei in Eeriene-Veedjo geboren. Nun lag dies ſeiner Meinung nach in Georgien, zwiſchen den Flüſſen Araxes und Cyrus; da Zoroaſter zugleich in Heden geboren ſein ſoll, ſo mußte dieſe Provinz zu Eeriene-Veedjo gehören, und kann folglich nur in Aderbedjan geſucht werden [42]. Daß dies wirklich die wahre Lage iſt, meint er, gehe daraus hervor, daß Urmi, die wirkliche Vaterſtadt Zoroaſters, in Aderbedjan liegt. Da nun aber, wie wir gezeigt haben, Eeriene-Veedjo nicht in Georgien liegt, kann auch Heden, wenn es einen Theil deſſelben ausmachte, nicht in Aderbedjan liegen, und Urmi kann nicht die Vaterſtadt Zoroaſters ſein.

Für die Meinung, daß Urmi die Vaterſtadt Zoroaſters ſei, ſtellt Anquetil du Perron mehrere Gründe auf, und Kleuker, Herder und Heeren nehmen dieſe Beſtimmung als richtig an. Den Werth der neuern Zeugniſſe, worauf er ſich mit Hyde und Beauſobre beruft, haben wir ſchon bei der Beſtimmung von Eeriene-Veedjo kennen gelernt. Noch weniger kann die von ihm, aus Zerduſt-Nameh angeführte Reiſe des Propheten nach Balkh hier beweiſen. Die Lage dieſer Stadt, glaubt er ferner, macht es erklärlich, warum die Alten Zoroaſter bald einen Meder, bald einen Perſer, oder Medo-Perſer nennen. Es möchte doch ſchwer fallen, dieſe verſchiedenen Benennungen aus der Lage von Urmi befriedigend zu erklären, da ſie ſich aus der von uns aufgeſtellten Ableitung und Verwandtſchaft dieſer Völker von ſelbſt verſtehn.

„Ariema, Urmia, oder Urmi und Arimat oder „Arima, ſagt Anquetil ferner, ſind daſſelbe; der Unterſchied liegt nur in den Vokalen, die willkührlich umgewechſelt werden.“ Wir wollen gar nicht läugnen, daß der Name Urmi im Grunde einerlei iſt mit Ari, oder Ariema; aber was folgt daraus? Billig hätte Anquetil dabei bemerken ſollen, daß dieſer Name als Urmi eine Stadt in Aderbedjan, aber als Ariema ein großes Land bedeutet; wodurch faſt alle Gründe von ſelbſt wegfallen, welche vorzüglich Herder aus dieſer Gleichheit der Namen herleitet. Wenn am Schluß des Vendidad Zoroaſter in das [illegible] Ariema gerufen wird, ſo verſteht darunter auch Herder die Stadt Urmi, weil in dieſer Stadt ein berühmtes Inſtitut der Magier exiſtirte [43]. Allein das Ariema, wohin Zoroaſter geſendet wird, iſt keine Stadt, ſondern ganz gleichbedeutend mit Ari (Iran oder Irman), das ganze von dem Zendvolk bewohnte Land, wie eine Stelle im Izeſchne außer allen Zweifel ſetzt, wo es heißt: „Schütze Ariema, dieſes Land, „dein Eigenthum [44])!“

Heedenesch oder Heden liegt alſo nicht in der Gegend der Stadt Urmi, und ſcheint im Bun-Dehesch wirklich für gleichbedeutend mit Eeriene-Veedjo genommen zu werden; da wir nun die Lage deſſelben beſtimmt haben, ſo iſt es auch die von Heden. Kleuker macht bei dieſem Heden auf die Aehnlichkeit mit dem Eden des Moſes aufmerkſam. Eden heiße Luſt, Anmuth; Heden im Perſiſchen und im Arabiſchen gleichfalls. Heedenesch iſt alſo ein Ort der Ruhe, der Anmuth. In der That ſcheint das Heden der Zendbücher mit dem Eden des Moſes verwandt zu ſein, und erinnert von ſelbſt durch den Namen an die Beſchreibung von Eeriene-Veedjo im erſten Fargard des Vendidad.

Wir gehen jetzt zu einer andern, wichtigern Frage über: wann lebte Zoroaſter? Die Zeugniſſe der Griechen, welche Anquetil du Perron, Kleuker und Bailly [45]) geſammelt haben, geben die Zeit ſo verſchieden an, daß nichts daraus zu ſchließen iſt, als die Ungewißheit, in welcher man ſchon in den früheſten Zeiten über dieſen Gegenſtand war. Nach Plinius ſetzt Eudoxus den Zoroaſter 6000 Jahr vor den Tod des Plato; alſo 6348 Jahr vor unſerer Zeitrechnung; und Hermodor, der Platoniker, und Hermipp 5000 Jahr vor den trojaniſchen Krieg, alſo 6209 Jahr vor unſerer Zeitrechnung [46]. Diogenes Laertius läßt ihn 600 Jahr vor dem Feldzuge des Xerxes, alſo 1080 Jahr vor unſerer Zeitrechnung leben. Suidas ſetzt ihn 500 Jahr vor den trojaniſchen Krieg, alſo 1709 Jahr vor Chriſtus [47]. Zeigen alle dieſe verſchiedenen Angaben etwas Anderes, als daß Zoroaſter in einer ſehr frühen, unbeſtimmten Zeit gelebt habe? Nichts läßt ſich aus dieſen großen, abweichenden Zahlen mit Gewißheit ſchließen, als eben dies.

Wer Luſt hat, mehreres, was über dieſen Gegenſtand bei den Alten vorkommt, verglichen mit den Erklärungen und Hypotheſen der neuern Geſchichtſchreiber zu leſen, findet in Anquetil du Perrons Abhandlung über das Zeitalter Zoroaſters das Wichtigſte geſammelt [48]. Es liegt indeß ganz außer unſerm Zweck alle dieſe verſchiedenen Meinungen zu prüfen; nur auf einige müſſen wir Rückſicht nehmen, um unſere eigne Erklärung begründen zu können. Wir nehmen daher mit Heeren und dem klaren Sinn der Zendbücher gemäß, nur einen Zoroaſter an, nämlich den Reformator der ältern Perſerreligion, dem die Abfaſſung der Zendſchriften zugeſchrieben wird.

Bailly, nach ſeiner eignen willkührlichen Methode, die Jahre der alten Schriftſteller, bald als wirkliche Jahre, bald als Vierteljahre, bald als Monate, Tage oder halbe Tage zu nehmen, bis die Zahl herauskommt, welche er wünſcht, bringt für Zoroaſter aus den großen Zahlen der Griechen auch glücklich das Jahr 2459 vor unſerer Zeitrechnung heraus, welches eben in ſeine Hypotheſe paßt [49].

Hyde ſetzt Zoroaſter unter die Regierung des Darius Hyſtaspis; Anquetil du Perron iſt derſelben Meinung und bringt mit einem Aufwande von Gelehrſamkeit aus orientaliſchen Quellen das Jahr 589 vor Chriſtus als das Geburtsjahr Zoroaſters heraus. Kleuker und Herder treten dieſer Meinung bei, wie auch Johannes Müller in ſeiner Vorrede zu Herders Denkmalen der Vorwelt [50]. Mit mehr hiſtoriſcher Kritik verſteht Foucher unter Kai-Guſtasp, dem Zoroaſter ſein Geſetz überreicht, Cyaxares den erſten, und widerlegt die Meinung: daß Kai-Guſtasp und Darius Hyſtaspis eine Perſon ſei, mit treffenden Gründen [51]. Dieſe Meinung tritt Tychſen bei und im Ganzen auch Heeren. Nachdem dieſer ſcharfſinnige Geſchichtsforſcher gezeigt hat, „daß es alle hiſtoriſche Probabilität läugnen heiße,“ wenn man Zoroaſter zum Zeitgenoſſen des Darius Hyſtaspis mache, findet er es wahrſcheinlich, daß unter Kai-Guſtasp Cyaxares I. zu verſtehen ſei, „wenn man nicht das Zeitalter Zoroaſters in eine Periode hinaufrücken wolle, welche gänzlich außer den Grenzen der bekannten Geſchichte liege[illegible].“

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[38] Juſtin. Lib. I. c. 1.

[39] Bun-Dehesch XXXIII.

[40] Zend-Avesta. Th. II. S. 19.

[41] Bun-Dehesch XXXIII. Z.-A. Th. I. S. 110.

[42] Zend-Avesta. Th. I. S. [illegible]

[43] Herders Werke zur Philoſ. und Geſchichte. Th. I. S. [illegible]

[44] Izeſchne Ha XLVII. Z.-A. Th. I. S. [illegible]

[45] Geſchichte der alten Sternkunde. Th. I. S. [illegible]

[46] Plinius H. natur. lib. XXX. 1.

[47] [illegible]

[48] Zend-Avesta. Th. I. S. [illegible]

[49] Baillys Geſchichte der alten Sternkunde. Th. I. S. [illegible]

[50] Herders Werke zur Philoſ. und Geſchichte. Th. I. S. X.

[51] Anhang zum Zend-Avesta von Kleuker. Th. I. S. [illegible]

Nach einer wiederholten Prüfung aller hier in Betracht kommenden Gründe, müſſen wir, was Heeren hier nur als problematiſch andeutet, als Reſultat aufſtellen und behaupten: daß Zoroaſter nicht unter der Regierung Cyaxares des Erſten gelebt haben könne, ſondern höher hinauf, in eine, unſerer Geſchichte bisher unbekannte Periode geſetzt werden müſſe. Vorläufig nehmen wir noch mit Heeren an, daß Guſtasp, unter welchem Zoroaſter auftrat, in Baktra (Balkh) regierte und hier alſo eigentlich von einem baktriſchen Reich die Rede iſt. In der That ſind hier alle Zeugniſſe der ältern und neuern Orientalen, mit den Angaben der Zendbücher ſelbſt ſo übereinſtimmend, daß man dieſen Punkt wohl als entſchieden anſehen kann.

Es kommt nun vorzüglich darauf an, zu unterſuchen, ob die in den Zendbüchern enthaltenen Nachrichten und Thatſachen, wie die ganze Anſicht des geſelligen Lebens, welche in denſelben herrſcht, mit den Nachrichten, welche wir von Cyaxares I. haben, und ſeinem Zeitalter, ſo wie wir es durch die Griechen kennen, in Uebereinſtimmung zu bringen ſind? Wir machen hier noch einmal auf die ſchon angedeuteten Punkte aufmerkſam:

1) auf den Umſtand, daß in den Zendſchriften die Namen Meder, Perſer, oder Medien und Perſis gar nicht vorkommen. Wenn auch hie und da Provinzen vorkommen, wie im erſten Fargard des Vendidad, ſo iſt keine darunter, auf welche irgend das Verhältniß angewendet werden könnte, welches zwiſchen Medien und Perſis ſtattfand. Wie wollte man dies Stillſchweigen erklären, wenn Zoroaſter unter Cyaxares I. auftrat, wo Meder und Perſer in dem Verhältniß eines herrſchenden Volks und eines beherrſchten gegen einander ſtanden? Das Volk, unter dem die Verfaſſer der Zendbücher lebten, war eins, es waren Arier, das Volk Ormuzds.

2) Die Zendſchriften ſind überall mit Zügen aus der frühern Geſchichte des Volks, unter welchem die Verfaſſer lebten, angefüllt. Aber dieſe Züge und Anführungen wichtiger Begebenheiten werden nie ihrer ſelbſt wegen erzählt, ſondern die Verfaſſer haben dabei ganz andre, und immer religiöſe Zwecke. Die älteſten Bruchſtücke im Vendidad ſind Ormuzd ſelbſt in den Mund gelegt als Beweiſe ſeiner Sorge für das Volk; überhaupt wird durch die Geſchichte nur die Güte, Macht und Weisheit der Gottheit anſchaulich gemacht; daher iſt jeder Schriftſteller voll von der Geſchichte ſeines Volks, weil ſie ihn in ſeinem Glauben ſtärkt und ſeine Hoffnung belebt, und in jeder Schrift ſind daher Anſpielungen auf alle Hauptbegebenheiten des Volks zu finden. So heißt es im Jeſcht-Avan: „Lobpreis „dem Waſſer, Dſjemſchids Wohlthäter — der eines großen „Volks Krone war, das ihn zum Gipfel des Glanzes erhob“ — „Lobpreis dem Waſſer das Zohak — hundert treffliche Roſſe, „tauſend Rinder u. ſ. w.“ — — „Lobpreis dem Waſſer, das alle „Wünſche Feridans des Starken erfüllt hat u. ſ. w.“ Eben ſo wird an mehren Stellen aller frühern Könige und Helden des Volks gedacht[illegible]) und alle dieſe Namen, mit Anſpielungen auf die Begebenheiten, in welche ſie verwickelt waren, kommen wiederholt und in den verſchiedenſten Wendungen vor[illegible]). Von den Zeitgenoſſen der Verfaſſer wird noch häufiger und in den mannigfaltigſten Beziehungen geredet, jedoch faſt immer im Gebet, um von Ormuzd Gnade und Segen für ſie zu erflehen[illegible]).

Bei dieſer augenſcheinlichen Beſchaffenheit der Zendſchriften, iſt das gänzliche Stillſchweigen von der großen Nationalbegebenheit, die unter Cyaxares dem Erſten noch in ſo friſchem Andenken ſein mußte, die Abſchüttlung des Jochs der Aſſyrer, allerdings von Wichtigkeit. Dem Geiſt jener Schriften zufolge hätten die Verfaſſer derſelben, als einer Wohlthat Ormuzds erwähnen müſſen, wenn ihnen dieſelbe bekannt geweſen wäre. Endlich

3) Cyaxares I. reſidirte in dem, von ſeinem Großvater erbauten Ekbatana; Guſtasp iſt der Vierte in der Dynaſtie der Kaianier; Cyaxares der dritte vom Geſchlecht des Dejoces; welche Widerſprüche! Ehe wir verſuchen, ſie aufzulöſen, wollen wir noch einige Blicke auf die Anſicht des Lebens überhaupt, ſo wie ſie aus den Zendſchriften hervorgeht, werfen, und ſie mit den uns bekannten Nachrichten von Cyaxares I. vergleichen.

Der Grad der geſelligen Kultur eines Volks ſpricht ſich vorzüglich in ſeinen Begriffen von Reichthum aus. Wenn ein Volk von dem umherſchweifenden Nomadenleben zu feſten Wohnſitzen übergeht, und ſo Jagd und Viehzucht zum Theil mit dem Ackerbau vertauſcht, wie dies bei dem Zendvolk offenbar der Fall war, ſo müſſen ſeine Begriffe von Reichthum eine große Veränderung erleiden. Der Nomade kennt keinen andern Reichthum, als ſeine Heerden. Die Menge ſeiner Kameele, Pferde, Rinder, Schaafe u. ſ. w. und der Reichthum ſeiner Gefilde an Wild machen ſein Vermögen aus. So wie er ſich feſtſetzt, nehmen nach und nach Häuſer, Grundſtücke, Gold und Silber die erſte Stelle ein. Nicht mehr nach der Zahl ſeiner Heerden, ſondern nach der Pracht und Größe ſeiner Paläſte, nach ſeinen Gütern und Kapitalien wird ſein Reichthum beſtimmt. Dieſe Anſichten ſind zu deutlich durch ſich ſelbſt, als daß ſie einer weitern Ausführung bedürften.

Sehen wir nun in dieſer Hinſicht die Zendſchriften an, ſo lebten ihre Verfaſſer offenbar in einer Periode, wo das Volk noch faſt keine andere Art des Reichthums kannte, als der in Viehheerden, ſchönen Teppichen und Kleidern beſtand. Wie ſchön paßt dazu Strabo's Nachricht von den alten Baktriern und Sogdianern, daß in alten Zeiten ihre Gewohnheiten in nichts von den Gewohnheiten der Nomaden verſchieden geweſen[illegible]). Nie wird der Reichthum oder die Wohlhabenheit eines Mannes anders geſchätzt, als nach der Zahl ſeiner Heerden und der Menge des Wildes auf ſeinen Gefilden. Zwar iſt ſchon ſeit Dſjemſchids Zeiten die Rede von feſten Wohnſitzen, Dörfern und Städten, ſelbſt von einer großen Stadt, der Reſidenz Guſtasps, aber ſelbſt in den Städten ſcheinen die Bürger noch vorzüglich von der Viehzucht gelebt zu haben; weil nie von einem andern Reichthum die Rede iſt, als der nach dieſem Maßſtabe geſchätzt wird. Daher verſpricht Ormuzd Zoroaſter im Vendidad: „diene mit Ehrfurcht dem Reinen, Heiligen und Guten, und „ich will dir ſtündlich ſchenken tauſend ſtarke Kameele mit breiter Bruſt.“

„Diene mit Ehrfurcht dem Reinen, Heiligen und Guten, „und ich will dir ſtündlich ſchenken tauſend fette Ochſen, die „dich tragen ſollen auf deinen Reiſen.“

„Diene mit Ehrfurcht u. ſ. w. — ich will dir ſtündlich „ſchenken tauſend junge und ſchwangere [illegible][illegible]).“

„Diene mit Ehrfurcht u. ſ. w. — ich will dir in reichem „Ueberfluß geben Korn und vollfließende Bäche[illegible]).“

Alles deutet hier noch auf einen Zuſtand hin, wo das Volk noch ſehr an dem Nomadenleben hängt. Große Reiſen werden noch mit der ganzen Habe gemacht, und Ochſen dienen zur Fortſchaffung.

Dieſe Begriffe von Reichthum und Wohlhabenheit kommen überall zum Vorſchein. Man leſe die Bitten um Reichthum, und die Beſchreibung deſſelben im Jeſcht-Avan. Avan ſchenkt Dſjemſchid hundert treffliche Pferde, tauſend Rinder und zehntauſend kleine Thiere. Eben dieſer Reichthum wird Feridun, Guſtasp, und Kei-Kaus zu Theil, und, ſagt der Betende hinzu, „gieb mir von jetzt an gleiches Glück[illegible])!“ Noch mehr wird die Idee von Reichthum in der ſchönen Stelle dieſes Jeſcht entwickelt, wo es heißt: „Vollende meine Wünſche! „mir werde reiner Sold und alles Nöthige! [illegible] große [illegible] „des Goldes wie die Decken der Kameele! Gieb zehntauſend „ſchön gemachte Kleider! Sei Mehrer der Geſchöpfe, der männ„lichen und weiblichen — des Stiers — daß [illegible] „[illegible]! Sei gütig in Geſchenken von zehntauſend Kamee„len! Gieb Ueberfluß an [illegible], die ſich mehren u. ſ. w.“ — In allen dieſen iſt die Anſicht des Nomaden vorherrſchend. Schön gemachte Kleider, glänzende Teppiche, große Heerden und Geſundheit — weiter erſtrecken ſich ſeine Wünſche nicht. Wie eng iſt noch der Kreis der Bedürfniſſe gezogen! und nirgend findet ſich in den Zendſchriften ein Widerſpruch mit dieſen Begriffen; ſie kommen überall zum Vorſchein, wo die Gelegenheit es fordert.

Noch bezeichnender ſind in dieſer Hinſicht die Geſetze eines Volks, und hier öffnet ſich für unſre Unterſuchung im Vendidad, dem religiöſen und bürgerlichen Geſetzbuche, eine reiche Quelle. Die Geſetze, wodurch das Volk gebildet und regiert werden ſollte, müſſen nothwendig ſeinem Zuſtande angemeſſen ſein und ein treues Bild ſeines geſelligen Lebens geben.

Der Vendidad, als Geſetzbuch, zerfällt von ſelbſt in drei Abſchnitte, die von dem Verfaſſer zwar angedeutet, aber weder ſyſtematiſch geordnet, noch ſcharf von einander getrennt ſind.

Erſte Abtheilung: Geſetze in Beziehung auf Lebensweiſe und Erwerbmittel des Volks überhaupt. Fargard III. Wir werden in der Folge zu zeigen ſuchen, daß dies, aus zehn Capiteln beſtehende Hauptſtück älter iſt, als Zoroaſter und die

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[illegible] Heeren's Ideen [illegible] u. ſ. w. B. 1. S. [illegible].

[illegible] Zend-Avesta. Th. 1. S. 177 u. ſ. w.

[illegible] Zend-Avesta. Th. 1. S. 156, 158, 167. u. ſ. w.

[illegible] Zend-Avesta. Th. 1. S. 160, 158. u. ſ. w.

[illegible] Strabo Geogr. lib. XI. p. 517. ed. Cas.

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Vendidad Farg. XXII. [illegible]

[illegible] Zend-Avesta. Th. 1. S. [illegible]

Abfassung des Vendidad; daß ſie aber hier als ein altes ſchon vorhandenes Geſetz die erſte Stelle einnimmt.

Zweite Abtheilung: Geſetze in Beziehung auf geſellige und bürgerliche Pflichten, vorzüglich Fargard IV.

Dritte Abtheilung: Religiöſe Vorſchriften in Beziehung auf Reinigungen des Körpers und alles deſſen, was den Körper umgiebt und womit er in Berührung kommt u. ſ. w. Dieſe machen den größten Theil dieſes Buchs aus.

Der Zweck aller Geſetze des erſten Abſchnitts iſt klar ausgeſprochen: das Volk ſoll Ackerbau und die damit verbundene Viehzucht treiben. Die hier gegebenen Vorſchriften beziehen ſich ſämmtlich auf die erſte Urbarmachung eines noch unangebauten Landes. Daher iſt das erſte Geſetz: „die „Erde zu ebnen, Getreide, Kraut und Bäume in ſie zu pflanzen, „dem Erdreich, das kein Waſſer hat, welches zu geben, und das „zu trocknen, welches zu viel hat;“ und das zweite Geſetz iſt: „auf der gebaueten (urbar gemachten) Erde, Thiere des Hauſes „und des Feldes ſich in Fruchtbarkeit mehren zu laſſen.“ Daher iſt der nächſte Punkt des Geſetzes: „ſtarken Saamen in die „Erde ſtreuen,“ und wer dies thut: „hat den weiten Umfang „des Geſetzes erfüllt.“ Doch heißt es auch: „daß Dörfer und „Flecken vergrößern, ein Werk ſei, das eines Menſchen von gu„tem Verſtande würdig und nützlich iſt [60]).“

Wenn wir auch annehmen, daß dieſe Haustafel von zehn Geboten älter iſt, ſo mußte ſie doch zu Zoroaſters Zeiten nicht allein noch paſſend, ſondern auch nöthig ſein, weil er ſie an die Spitze aller Geſetze ſtellt.

Die Geſetze des zweiten Abſchnitts beſtehen in den einfachſten Vorſchriften des bürgerlichen Lebens. „Wenn jemand ſein „Wort giebt und nicht hält; wenn er die Hand darauf giebt, „und doch nicht hält — wenn er undankbar gegen ſein [illegible] iſt „— wenn er ſeinen Lehrer nicht belohnt — wenn er den Vor„ſatz hat, einen Andern zu ſchlagen; wenn er ihn wirklich ſchlägt; „wenn er ihn blutig ſchlägt, wenn er ihm ein Glied zerbricht „u. ſ. w.“ Alle dieſe Verbrechen haben ihre beſondern Benennungen und werden in dieſem Leben mit Streichen von Riemen, aus Kameel- oder Pferdehäuten, beſtraft, die oft über tauſend ſteigen; aber auch durch eben ſo viele Derems abgekauft werden können [61]); oder nach dem Tode durch eben ſo viele Jahre Höllenſtrafe. Welche Einfachheit! Keine Anſpielung auf Verhältniſſe, welche eine höhere Kulturſtufe nothwendig macht. Selbſt der Eid ſcheint dem Geſetzgeber noch ganz unbekannt geweſen zu ſein; ſo wie der Gebrauch der Schrift im geſelligen Leben.

Einen ſehr intereſſanten Blick in den bürgerlichen Zuſtand des Volks überhaupt gewähren die Vorſchriften für Aerzte. Der Arzt bildet ſich ſelbſt. Dreimal muß er ſeine Kunſt an Leuten verſuchen, die nicht Ormuzddiener ſind. Sterben alle drei Patienten, oder werden auf ſeine Mittel nur noch kränker, ſo darf er bei Todesſtrafe nicht weiter kuriren. Werden die drei Kranken geſund, ſo darf er nun auch Ormuzddiener heilen, und ſeine Belohnung iſt durch das Geſetz genau beſtimmt. Heilt er einen Prieſter, ſo muß dieſer blos ein feierliches Gebet für ihn thun. Der gemeine Hausvater giebt ihm ein kleines Thier, der Vorſteher einer Straße ein Mittelthier, der Vorſteher einer Stadt ein großes Thier, und das Haupt einer Provinz zahlt viermal ſo viel. Heilt er die Frauen der genannten Perſonen, ſo ſteigt ſeine Belohnung von einem Eſel bis zum Kameel. Auch Thiere muß er heilen, wenn ſie krank ſind, und da ſinkt ſeine Belohnung nach der Wichtigkeit des Thiers bis auf „ein Stück „Fleiſch“ herab.

Außer dem Blick in die bürgerliche Verfaſſung, wo es Häupter und Vorſteher der Provinzen, Städte, Dörfer und einzelner Straßen giebt, bemerken dieſe geſetzlichen Beſtimmungen überhaupt noch, daß das Geld oder Metall noch nicht als gewöhnliches Tauſchmittel unter dem Volk eingeführt war. Noch entſcheidender geht dies aus folgenden Beſtimmungen hervor. Zur Sündentilgung wird unter Umſtänden ein Ochs gegeben, der eine ſilberne Glocke am Halſe trägt; auch nach den Umſtänden eine goldene Glocke. Der Werth dieſer Glocken wird ſo beſtimmt: die ſilberne muß den Werth eines ſchönen jungen Pferdes, die goldene den Werth eines jungen ſchönen Kameels haben [62]). Das Hausthier nach ſeiner Brauchbarkeit, giebt alſo ſelbſt den Maßſtab, den Werth des Metalls zu beſtimmen; ob man gleich Geld kannte, und zuweilen ſtatt des Viehs annahm, doch ohne eine gewiſſe Beſtimmung des Metallwerths; denn wer keine Thiere geben kann, heißt es, giebt Geld, ſo viel ſeine Umſtände leiden [63]).

Bei dieſer großen Einfachheit ſieht man die Keime der aufblühenden Kultur. Man hat Eiſen- und Kupferſchmiede, Zinngießer, Gold- und Silberarbeiter; man hat goldene, ſilberne und irdene Gefäße; Dolche, Schwerdter und Panzer; geputzte Sättel mit ſilbernen Knöpfen und dreißig Dingen verziert; Bogen mit Steinen und Verzierungen u. ſ. w. [64]). Das Bild, welches durch dies alles von dem Zuſtande des Volks entworfen wird, iſt zu ſprechend, als daß wir nöthig hätten, es noch weiter auszumalen. Vergleichen wir daſſelbe mit der Stufe der geſelligen Bildung unter Cyaxares I., ſo zeigt ſich eine große Verſchiedenheit. Nach Kteſias fanden es die Aſſyrer in Baktrien ſchon ganz anders. Die Hauptſtadt war groß und ſtark befeſtigt, die Einwohner reich an Gold und Silber [65]). Nachdem das Volk die Herrſchaft der Aſſyrer abwarf, leſe man beim Herodot die Einrichtungen, welche Dejoces nach der Erbauung von Ekbatana traf, und ſie verrathen gleichfalls eine ganz andre Lebensanſicht, einen ganz andern bürgerlichen Zuſtand des Volks [66]). Alles hängt ſchon an feſtem Eigenthum und zeigt einen ganz andern erweiterten Geſichtskreis.

Es kommen ferner in den Zendbüchern häufig Anſpielungen auf die Verhältniſſe des Staats zu ſeinen Nachbarn, und Nachrichten von Kriegen und Schlachten. Aber nur von den Turaniern, gegen Norden, und von den Indiern, über den Indus hin, iſt die Rede; auch der Tazians wird oft gedacht; doch kommt nirgend eine Anſpielung vor, daß in der Gegend über den Tigris und Euphrat hin große Staaten vorhanden geweſen; nirgend wird der mächtigen Ninive, noch des weltberühmten Babylons gedacht. Wie war dieſe Uebergehung möglich, wenn damals dieſe Städte und Reiche ſchon vorhanden waren?

Was man hier entgegen ſetzen könnte, ſind die hie und da in den Zendſchriften und im Bun-Dehesch eingeſtreuten Nachrichten von Zohak dem Tazian, der über zehntauſend Provinzen herrſchte, tauſend Kräfte hatte u. ſ. w. und den die neuperſiſchen Schriftſteller zu einem Araber machen. Dieſer müßte dann, wenn die Angabe richtig wäre, bis an den Euphrat und Tigris hin ein großes arabiſches Reich beherrſcht haben, und man könnte auf die Idee kommen, in ſeinem Reich das alte aſſyriſche Reich zu ſuchen, da er, wie die Aſſyrer, ſich das Zendreich eine Zeit lang unterwarf. Wir wollen ſehen, was die Zendbücher darüber enthalten.

Der Name Zohak kommt in den Zendbüchern und Bun-Dehesch offenbar in mehrfacher Bedeutung vor. Er ſcheint

1) einen wirklichen Fürſten und Beherrſcher der Tazians zu bezeichnen, der ſehr mächtig war, das Zendvolk angriff und glücklich war, bis er von Feridun geſchlagen wurde. Wenn

2) von Zohak im Bun-Dehesch, wie von neuperſiſchen Schriftſtellern geſagt wird, daß er tauſend Jahr regiert habe, ſo wollen die Ausleger unter Zohak eine ganze Dynaſtie verſtehen, welche tauſend Jahre über Perſien geherrſcht habe. Uns ſcheint die Sage von der tauſendjährigen Regierung Zohaks einen ganz andern Grund zu haben. In dem letzten, in Pehlwi geſchriebenen Aufſatz des Bun-Dehesch werden die zwölf Zeichen des Thierkreiſes aus der Geſchichte der Welt und der Perſer erklärt. Die zwölftauſend Jahre der Weltdauer ſind in den zwölf Zeichen abgebildet, und ihren Hauptbegebenheiten nach, in den Bildern ſymboliſch dargeſtellt. Der Scorpion bezeichnet hier Zohak, und da dies Zeichen nun tauſend Jahre umfaßt (regiert) ſo muß auch Zohak tauſend Jahre regieren. Die Uebertragung der ſymboliſchen Regierung des himmliſchen Zeichens auf die Geſchichte, fällt hier deutlich in die Augen und giebt zu richtiger Erklärung ähnlicher Behauptungen Anlaß.

Wenn es nun 3) von Zohak heißt: „daß er drei Münde, „drei Köpfe, ſechs Augen und tauſend Kräfte habe; daß er „an Gewalt und Grauſamkeit über den Devs, grundböſen Da„rudjs und Darvands dieſer Welt ſtehe; daß Feridun ihn „zwar zertreten habe [67]), ihn aber nicht tödten konnte, daß er „ihn nur am Gebirge Damavand, (oder Darnavand) feſſelte, wo „er bis ans Ende der Welt lebendig bleibe [68]),“ ſo iſt wohl klar, daß der Name hier eine ſymboliſche Bedeutung haben müſſe.

Es wäre überflüſſig, die Märchen aller neuperſiſcher und arabiſcher Dichter und Schriftſteller, welche aus dieſer Ueberlieferung entſprungen ſind, hier anzuführen und zu widerlegen. Sie laſſen alle Zohak aus Arabien kommen. Der Teufel, der ſich als Koch bei ihm vermiethete, küßte ihn einſt auf beide Achſeln, und nun wuchs aus jeder ein Schlangenkopf hervor, der mit Menſchengehirn gefüttert werden mußte. Dieſer Zohak, der nun freilich drei Münde und ſechs Augen hatte — wobei man aber doch nicht einſieht, wie er die drei Gürtel getragen habe — griff den von Ormuzd abgefallenen Dſjemſchid an (von dieſem Abfall wiſſen die Zendbücher gleichfalls nichts) verjagte ihn, tödtete ihn endlich und beherrſchte Perſien tauſend Jahre. Nun ſtand Feridun auf, beſiegte und feſſelte ihn am Gebirge Damavand, wo er bis zum Ende der Welt lebendig liegt.

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[60] Farg. III. Z.-A. 2. Th. S. 309—311.

[61] Was eigentlich ein Derem iſt, iſt nicht zu beſtimmen. Die jetzigen Parſen halten es damit für ein [illegible]-Gewicht, [illegible] Geld [illegible] nicht [illegible]. In im Commentar, [illegible] des Geſetzes und Zuſtand [illegible] nach dem [illegible] wird, [illegible] worden war.

[62] Vendidad Farg. XV. Z.-A. 2. Th. S. 363.

[63] Vendidad Farg. IX. Es wäre auch hier noch zu unterſuchen, ob das Wort der Urſchrift wirklich Geld bedeutet, und in dem Sinne, wo es als Tauſchmittel gebraucht wird.

[64] Vendidad Farg. XIV. Z.-A. 2. Th. S. 363.

[65] Diodor lib. II. 7.

[66] Herodot. I. 98.

[67] Zend-Aveſta. Th. 1. S. 113. 178 u. ſ. w.

[68] Zend-Aveſta. Th. 1. S. 147.

Dieſe neuern Dichter ahneten gar den Sinn der alten Ueberlieferung nicht, und deuteten ſie ganz willkührlich. In den Zendſchriften findet ſich nicht die leiſeſte Anſpielung, daß Zohak Schlangenhäupter gehabt habe. Die ganze Fabel ſetzt auch den Fall Dſjemſchids voraus, dem, wie wir ſchon geſehn haben, die Zendbücher geradezu widerſprechen.

Zohak mit drei Münden, ſechs Augen, drei Gürteln, tauſend Kräften u. ſ. w. iſt offenbar nichts, als das Symbol der Brahmanenlehre, die Abbildung der indiſchen Trimurtas, wie ſie in den alten Felſentempeln zu Elephanta noch jetzt zu ſehen iſt [69]). Ja ſelbſt die Idee der beiden Schlangenköpfe, die der Fabel nach auf Zohaks Schultern ſtanden, kann von jenen indiſchen Abbildungen entlehnt ſein. Mit Recht bemerkt Heeren, daß in den älteſten Zeiten im nördlichen Indien und gegen den Indus hin, vorzüglich Schiven verehrt worden ſein müſſe, welches die Bildwerke bei Niebuhr außer Zweifel ſetzen [70]). Nun ſind Schlangen das allgemeine Symbol des Schiven und auf der unten angeführten Platte bei Niebuhr, hält der Gott in jeder Hand eine Schlange gegen die Schultern empor, ſo, daß ſein Kopf zwiſchen zwei Schlangenköpfen ſteht, gerade, wie die Fabel vom Zohak ſagt. Die drei Gürtel bekommen durch dieſe Deutung gleichfalls einen Sinn. Sie ſind entweder die Gürtel, wie ſie jede indiſche Gottheit, wie jeder Brahmin trägt, oder ſie bezeichnen die drei Gürtel, welche Schiven allein trägt, wobei man das Bild dieſes Gottes dann für die Abbildung der Trimurtas überhaupt genommen hätte. Schiven trägt, außer dem allgemeinen Gürtel noch einen zweiten, aus Todtenköpfen zuſammengeſetzt, über die Schulter (Zohaks Schlangenhäupter nähren ſich mit Menſchenhirn) und einen dritten um den Leib, der ihm auch nackt nie fehlt [71]). Zohak, der Tazian, ſcheint auf ſeinem Zuge in das Land des Zendvolks, die Lehre Brahma's, die Verehrung der dreihauptigen Gottheit, verbreitet zu haben; Feridun ſchlug ihn, wehrte der weitern Verbreitung derſelben, feſſelte dies Bild Zohaks; doch bleibt er lebendig bis ans Ende der Welt; nämlich in der Verehrung Brahmas.

An welche Grenze des Zendreichs nun Zohak und ſeine Tazians zu ſetzen ſind, geht aus dieſer Erklärung von ſelbſt hervor [72]).

Da nun die letzte Spur eines von Iri nordweſtlich gelegenen Reichs wegfällt, wollen wir ſehen, wie die übrigen Nachrichten der Zendbücher, mit den Nachrichten der Griechen und Hebräer zuſammenſtimmen. Die Zendbücher verbreiten Licht genug über das Volk, unter welchem ihre Verfaſſer lebten, um dieſe Vergleichung anſtellen zu können. Die Geſchichte dieſes Volks wird von der erſten Bildung deſſelben an, zwar nicht ausführlich, oder in fortlaufender Erzählung, aber doch in gewiſſen Hauptzügen, einfach und mit innerer Wahrſcheinlichkeit erzählt. Alles, was von der Gründung des Staats unter Dſjemſchid an, bis auf die Zeit, in welcher die Verfaſſer leben, in jenen Zügen ſichtbar wird, es betreffe nun innere Einrichtungen und Geſetze oder äußere Verhältniſſe des Staats, ſtimmt unter einander auf das vollkommenſte überein.

Welch ein Räthſel — wir müſſen dieſe Fragen noch einmal wiederholen —, daß in allen dieſen Schriften, weder die großen Städte Ninive und Babel, noch die mächtigen Reiche, die hier vorhanden geweſen, irgend erwähnt werden! Welch ein Räthſel, daß die Namen: Meder und Perſer gar nicht vorkommen, ſondern daß zu jener Zeit offenbar beide Völker in ein Volk vereinigt, unter eingebornen Königen leben, die aber weder in Medien, noch Perſis, ſondern in Baktra reſidiren! Kann man ſichs bei der augenſcheinlichen Beſchaffenheit der Zendſchriften, die wir oben gezeigt haben, nur als möglich denken, daß die Trennung dieſes Volks in Meder und Perſer, deren Sprachen in verſchiedene Dialekte ausgeartet waren, daß die Vernichtung des mediſchen und baktriſchen Reichs durch die Aſſyrer, die damit verbundene Unterjochung des ganzen Volks, die Abſchüttlung dieſes Jochs und die Wiederherſtellung der Freiheit, die Theilung in mediſche und perſiſche Reiche, der Kampf beider und die Gründung der eigentlichen Perſerherrſchaft überhaupt ſchon geſchehen ſein konnten, ohne daß in den Zendſchriften die geringſte Anſpielung darauf vorkäme? Konnten die Verfaſſer bei dem ganz unleugbaren Zweck, bei jeder Gelegenheit die Religion durch die Geſchichte des Volks zu unterſtützen, dieſe höchſt wichtigen Begebenheiten unberührt laſſen? Vergleicht man nun mit unpartheiiſcher Prüfung die in den Zendbüchern enthaltene Geſchichte mit den Nachrichten des Kteſias und Herodot und aller übrigen alten Geſchichtſchreiber, ſo wird man ſchlechthin gezwungen, anzunehmen:

> daß die Verfaſſer der Zendſchriften in dem alten baktriſchen Reiche lebten, und die Geſchichte ihres Volkes erzählen, ehe es von den Aſſyrern unterjocht wurde.

Es fällt in die Augen, daß unſre älteſte Geſchichte durch die Zendurkunden eine ganz andere Geſtalt erhält und, wenn man auch, und zwar mit Recht, alle Sagen der neuperſiſchen Schriftſteller für dieſe älteſte Geſchichte verwirft, dieſelbe doch zu einer erſtaunlichen Höhe hinaufſteigt. Bemerkt zu werden verdient dabei, daß bei dieſer alten Geſchichte des Zendvolks an die fabelhaften Zahlen der Chineſen und Hindu gar nicht gedacht werden kann. Wenn die Zendſchriften auch nicht auf die Zeitrechnung in der Geſchichte hindeuten, was ganz außer ihrem Zwecke lag, ſo geht doch ſo viel aus dem Religionsbegriff derſelben mit Beſtimmtheit hervor: daß die Verfaſſer dieſer Schriften im dritten Jahrtauſend, nach der Werdung des Menſchengeſchlechts zu leben glaubten; denn mit dem Anfange des dritten Zeitalters, welches aus dreitauſend Jahren beſteht, traten die Menſchen in die Welt. In dieſen dreitauſend Jahren herrſchen Ormuzd und Ahriman gemeinſchaftlich, und dieſe gemeinſchaftliche Herrſchaft dauerte noch fort; folglich waren die dreitauſend Jahre des Zeitalters noch nicht verfloſſen. Selbſt die Chronologien der neuern Perſer, ſo ſehr ſie geſchichtlich von den Zendbüchern abweichen, zählen ſelten von

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69) Niebuhrs Reiſe. Th. II. S. 35 und Pl. V.

70) Heerens Zuſätze zur 2ten Ausgabe ſeiner Ideen. Th. 1. S. 28 u. ſ. w.

71) Niebuhrs Reiſe Th. II. Pl. V. VI. VII. VIII. IX. X. u. XI.

72) Da dies lange geſchrieben war, erhielten wir die Geſchichte der engliſchen Geſandtſchaft an den Hof von Kabul im Jahr 1808 von M. Elphinſton (überſetzt von Rühs. Weimar 1817.). Hierin findet ſich B. I. S. 261 folgende merkwürdige Notiz, wodurch unſere obige Behauptung von Zohaks Vaterland ſehr beſtätigt wird. „Einige (Afghanen) welche die Gebirge von Ghor bewohnten, behaupteten ihre Unabhängigkeit und wurden von einem Könige aus ihrem Stamme beherrſcht, der „ſeine Abkunft durch eine lange Reihe von Königen vom Zohak, einem „der früheſten Beherrſcher Perſiens, herleitete." Daß dieſer Zohak mit dem Zohak der Zendbücher eins iſt, iſt daraus klar, daß auch die neuperſiſchen Schriftſteller den Zohak zu einem Tyrannen und wirklichen König von Perſien machen, obwohl die Zendſchriften das Gegentheil ſagen. Zohak [illegible] in der Gegend, wo ſeine Herrſchaft blühte, eben den Ruhm, wie Dſjemſchid in Iran, weil die Fürſten jener Gegend eben ſo ihr Geſchlecht von ihm herzuleiten ſuchten, wie die ſpätern Könige von Perſien von dem Weltherrſcher Dſjemſchid.

Wenn Elphinſton unmittelbar nach den oben angeführten Worten fortfährt: „Dieſe Genealogie (von Zohak) obgleich von Mirkond angeführt, und von Feriſchta beſtätigt, kann wenigſtens als zweifelhaft betrachtet werden. Aber iſt es gewiß, daß die Fürſten von Ghor, zu dem „Afghanenſtamme der Suri gehörten und daß man im eilften Jahrhundert „jener Dynaſtie ein hohes Alter zuſchrieb," ſo iſt dabei merkwürdig, daß ganz in der Nähe der Gegend, wohin wir im vorigen Abſchnitt das Sur der Zendbücher ſetzten, noch jetzt ein Afghanenſtamm, unter dem Namen der Suri vorhanden iſt.

In Bezug auf das Volk der Tazians der Zendbücher findet ſich in jenem Werk eine nicht minder wichtige Notiz. Von dem, in eben den Gegenden, wohin wir die Tazians ſetzten, noch itzt lebenden Volke der Tadſchiks, ſagt Elphinſton: „Die Tadſchiks ſind nicht, wie die meiſten andern Völker, in ein Ganzes vereinigt, oder auf ein Land beſchränkt, ſondern ſie ſind „[illegible] und mit den Uſbeken „in dem größten Theil ihrer Wohnungen vermiſcht, auf dieſelbe Art wie mit „den Afghanen." — „Man findet ſie auch im chineſiſchen Turkiſtan, und ſie „haben unabhängige Regierungen in den gebirgigen Ländern von Karrateghin, Derwas, Wackhan und Badakſchan. Außer in dieſen Ländern „und einigen wenigen abgeſonderten Dörfern, findet man ſie nie in beſondern „Gemeinden, ſondern mit dem herrſchenden Volke in dem Lande, das ſie bewohnen, vermiſcht; und gewöhnlich tragen ſie die Kleidung und haben die „meiſten Gebräuche derſelben." (Siehe B. I. S. 480.) —

Sollten dieſe Tadſchiks nicht die Nachkommen jener alten Tazians ſein? Sind ſie vielleicht ein ſich früh von dem Hauptſtamm abſondernder Stamm der Afghanen, da alle Afghanenfürſten ihre Herkunft von Zohak, dem Tazian, ableiten? Der Charakter des Volkes, wie Elphinſton ihn ſchildert, gleicht dem der alten Tazians ſehr. [illegible] Sie hatten ſich einmal über die [illegible] Irans verbreitet, wurden aber wieder heraus getrieben u. ſ. w. [illegible] der Schöpfung der Menſchen an bis auf Zoroaſter über dreitauſend Jahre.

Wir können uns hier nicht auf eine Widerlegung der faſt allen neuern Geſchichtſchreibern eigenen Meinung einlaſſen: die Piſchdadians der Perſer in Ninive, unter den aſſyriſchen Königen zu ſuchen; eine Meinung, die ſich ſchon dadurch widerlegt, daß auch nicht ein Name oder eine Begebenheit nachgewieſen werden kann, die eine Wahrſcheinlichkeit begründete. Alles, worauf ſie ſich ſtützt, iſt, daß man den Nachrichten des Moſes zu Folge, keine ältere Könige glaubten annehmen zu dürfen, obgleich alle Nachrichten der Griechen bezeugen: daß in Baktra ein älteres Reich beſtand, welches von den Aſſyrern erobert wurde. Auch über die entgegengeſetzte Meinung, welche W. Jones nach einer mündlichen Erzählung aus dem Dabiſtan des Mohſan mittheilt, daß nämlich ſchon vor den Piſchdadians in Iran eine mächtige Dynaſtie geherrſcht habe, können wir nur im Allgemeinen bemerken: daß ſie höchſt wahrſcheinlich auf einem bloßen Irrthum beruht. W. Jones ſetzt die Piſchdadians ſchlechthin nach Ninive; folglich mußte vor ihnen ſchon (in Baktra oder Iran) eine mächtige Dynaſtie herrſchen, die aber, wie aus den Zendbüchern klar hervorgeht, wohl nur die wahren Piſchdadians und Keans ſelbſt ſind [73]). Auch die ſchwierigere Frage läßt ſich auflöſen, woher es komme, daß die Zeit der aſſyriſchen Herrſchaft, in der perſiſchen Geſchichte als eine völlige Lücke erſcheint? Eigene hiſtoriſche Werke ſcheinen die alten Perſer nicht gehabt zu haben. Ihre Geſchichte lag in den Tagebüchern und Annalen ihrer Könige, von welchen uns überall nichts übrig geblieben iſt, als was aus denſelben in die heiligen Bücher überging. Aber der Kanon dieſer wurde ſchon vor, oder wenigſtens mit dieſer Eroberung geſchloſſen und ſo das einzige Mittel abgeſchnitten, wodurch uns Nachrichten hätten zufließen können [74]). Die älteſten Annalen gingen wahrſcheinlich ſchon bei der Eroberung durch die Aſſyrer verloren; was aus den jüngern ſich erhalten hat, finden wir in den aus Kteſias geſchöpften Nachrichten (die uns den Verluſt jener Quellen um ſo mehr bedauern laſſen, da wir durch nähere Bekanntſchaft mit dem alten Morgenlande dieſe Nachrichten immer mehr ſchätzen lernen) und im Herodot; die Annalen ſelbſt ſcheinen in dem Brande von Perſepolis, oder überhaupt bei dem Zuge Alexanders verloren gegangen zu ſein.

Die neuern Perſer fanden von ihrer frühern Geſchichte nun nichts, als was in den Zendſchriften enthalten iſt, und was von jüngern Zeiten in Volksſagen ſich erhalten, oder aus fremden Schriftſtellern wieder zu ihnen herüber kam. Hier ſind vorzüglich die Nachrichten der Hebräer wichtig, die ihnen, obwohl in der Umwandlung durch die Araber, mit dem Islam zukamen, und von ihnen, wie von den Chriſten, als Grundlage aller alten Geſchichte betrachtet wurden. Selbſt der Inhalt der Zendbücher — deren Sprache man nicht mehr verſtand — geſtaltete ſich als Sage, und ſo bildete ſich das unzuſammenhängende Gemiſch von Geſchichte, Sage und Fabel, was in den neuperſiſchen Schriften und Gedichten zu finden iſt.

Vergleichen wir nun die Nachrichten der Zendbücher mit den Nachrichten der Griechen, ſo reihen ſie ſich ſo natürlich an einander, und bilden eine ſo zuſammenhängende Geſchichte, daß hier in der That mehr als Zufall, daß innere Wahrheit den erzählten Begebenheiten zu Grunde zu liegen ſcheint. Alles zuſammengenommen, läßt die Geſchichte des Volks ſich in folgende Hauptpunkte zuſammenfaſſen.

1) Dſjemſchid gründete den Staat Iran, und baute die große Herrſcherburg in Ver (Perſis).

2) Hier ſcheinen ſeine Nachfolger, die erſte Dynaſtie, oder die Piſchdadier reſidirt zu haben; wenigſtens wurde, wie wir oben geſehn haben, Feridun hier noch geboren.

3) Feridun hatte mehre Kinder, ſie wurden uneins, und das große Reich zerfiel in zwei Reiche, welche durch den Oxus von einander getrennt wurden; in Tur, Turan, von Tur, dem älteſten Sohne Feriduns ſo genannt, welches jenſeits dieſes Fluſſes lag, und Iran, welches dieſſeits gelegen war. Anfänglich ſcheint Turan das mächtigere Reich geweſen zu ſein und Iran in Abhängigkeit erhalten zu haben. Nach einer jüngern Pehlwiſchrift ermordete Tur ſeinen Bruder Irets, der in Iran herrſchte, und alle ſeine Söhne; allein eine Tochter war entkommen; von der ſtammte Minotſcher her, ein berühmter Held unter den Piſchdadians, der den Tur ſchlug und das Reich Iran wieder herſtellte [75]). Beide Reiche beſtanden nun neben einander, aber in beſtändigen Fehden begriffen, wovon unzählige Anſpielungen in den Zendſchriften vorkommen.

4) Gleich nach Minotſcher tritt in Iran mit Ke-Kobad die Dynaſtie der Keans auf, ohne daß ſich aus den Zendſchriften beſtimmen läßt, wie ſie auf die Piſchdadians folgen. Vielleicht ſtammen ſie von Minotſcher, alſo nur in weiblicher Linie von Dſjemſchid ab; vielleicht liegt der ganze Unterſchied nur in dem Titel Ke (König) den von Kobad an alle Beherrſcher Irans führen. Unter Ke-Veſchtaſp, dem fünften Kean, lebte Zoroaſter und theils mit, theils nach ihm die übrigen Verfaſſer der Zendſchriften.

Nun enden die Nachrichten dieſer Bücher, und die Nachrichten der Griechen ſchließen ſich daran. Es vereinigt

5) Ninus die Völker — welche vielleicht vom Kaukaſus herabkomen — am Tigris, erbaut Ninive und ſtiftet einen erobernden Staat. Das ganze Vorderaſien, endlich das große Zendreich ward unterjocht. Jedoch koſtete dies große Anſtrengungen; die Aſſyrer fanden in Baktrien einen eingerichteten Staat, tapfere Heere und eine befeſtigte Hauptſtadt, Baktra oder Balkh. Da dieſe endlich fiel, war die Beute an Gold und Silber ſehr groß. So wie die Zendbücher das Volk ſchildern, mußte es bald zu der Stufe von Macht und Bildung emporſteigen, auf der die Aſſyrer es fanden.

6) Die Eroberer theilten das große Reich in drei Provinzen, Baktrien, Medien und Perſis; jede bekam ihren beſondern Statthalter oder Satrapen, der ſie unabhängig von den andern regierte. Nach Kteſias dauerte dieſer Zuſtand der Theilung eintauſenddreihundert, nach Herodot fünfhundertundzwanzig Jahre [76]), immer lange genug, eine Trennung in verſchiedene Völker, die wahrſcheinlich ſchon durch verſchiedene Dialekte vorbereitet war, zu vollenden; ſchon phyſiſch ſind dieſe drei Theile durch bedeutende Bergketten von einander getrennt.

7) Die Bewohner dieſer drei Provinzen warfen das aſſyriſche Joch wieder ab, und erkämpften ihre Unabhängigkeit zurück.

8) Die Baktrier und Meder ſchmolzen bei dieſer Revolution wieder in ein Volk zuſammen. Der neue Beherrſcher war ein Meder und die Reſidenz wurde nach Ekbatana verlegt; eine Maßregel, welche die Lage des Staats wohl nothwendig machte.

9) Die Perſer trennten ſich von den übrigen, um, wie es ſcheint, einen Staat für ſich zu bilden, wurden aber bald von den mediſchen Königen bezwungen.

10) Durch Kyros wurden die Perſer das herrſchende Volk, und von nun an iſt die Geſchichte zuſammenhängend.

Vergleichen wir nun den ganzen Inhalt der Zendbücher und insbeſondere die bürgerliche Geſetzgebung im Vendidad, mit dem Zuſtande des Volks unter den eigentlichen Perſermonarchen, welch ein ungeheurer Abſtand! Wer kann ſich dieſen Vendidad mit ſeinen einfachen, treuherzigen Geſetzen, die alle ſich entweder auf religiöſe Gebräuche, oder auf die einfachſten Verhältniſſe der Menſchen beziehen; wo nicht die geringſte Spur von Verhältniſſen vorkommt, die ſonſt Luxus und Armuth unter allen Völkern ſo bald hervorbringen, wer kann ſich dieſen Vendidad als ein Geſetzbuch unter Darius Hyſtaspis denken? Man vergleiche die Reden der Staatsmänner vor der Thronbeſteigung des Darius, wie Herodot ſie aufbewahrt hat, mit dieſem Vendidad, und wir wiederholen noch einmal: welch ein ungeheurer Abſtand [77])! Daß dieſe Vergleichung mit dem Zuſtande des Volks unter den Meder-Königen nicht beſſer ausfällt, haben wir ſchon oben geſehn.

Nach dieſer Unterſuchung erhalten die Zendſchriften und Zoroaſter, dem ein Theil derſelben zugeſchrieben wird, ein ſehr hohes Alter, und ſteigen ſelbſt fünf — bis ſechshundert Jahre über Moſes hinauf. Zoroaſter kommt dann in der That dem Zeitpunkt näher, den ſo viele griechiſche Schriftſteller ihm anweiſen; und warum, fragen wir hier wieder, ſollte dies nicht möglich ſein? Sind etwa die Grenzen ſo genau beſtimmt, über welche hinaus ſchriftliche Urkunden nicht reichen können? Liegt irgend etwas in den ächten Zendſchriften, was dieſem hohen Alter widerſpräche? Gewiß nicht. Es athmet aus ihnen der Geiſt des höchſten Alterthums; wir finden darin den Gang der früheſten Entwicklung des menſchlichen Geiſtes und deutliche Aufſchlüſſe über die Bildung mancher alten Religionsbegriffe, worüber uns ſelbſt Moſes im Dunkeln läßt.

Das eigentliche Zeitalter Zoroaſters läßt ſich indeß auch jetzt nur negativ beſtimmen. Giebt man den Zendſchriften, den

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[73]) Abhandlungen über die Geſchichte und Alterthümer Aſiens — [illegible] W. Jones, überſetzt von Kleuker B. 1. S. [illegible] mit B. 2. S. [illegible] [illegible] engliſchen Nachrichten zufolge, bald eine engliſche Überſetzung des Dabiſtan zu erwarten haben, wird dieſe Frage leicht entſchieden werden können.

[74]) Die neuern Gebete und einige Bruchſtücke [illegible], welche von den heutigen Parſen als zu den heiligen Büchern gehörig betrachtet werden, [illegible] nicht enthalten.

[75]) Zend-Aveſta. B. 1. S. [illegible]

[76]) Herodot I. 95. Siehe auch Gatterers Chronol. Verſuche, S. 11.

[77]) Herodot III. [illegible] Daß Herodot dieſe Reden nicht erdichtet hat, können wir ſeiner Verſicherung glauben; [illegible] Darius [illegible]

Nachrichten des Herodot, Kteſias und Diodor für jene frühen Zeiten einigen hiſtoriſchen Werth, ſo kann Zoroaſter nicht nach dem Jahre 2126 vor unſerer Zeitrechnung (wenn man die gewöhnliche Chronologie gelten läßt —) d. i. nicht nach der Gründung des aſſyriſchen Reichs gelebt haben.

Wir haben geſehn, wie uns faſt Alles bei dieſem Zendvolk, ſeine Sprache, ſeine erſten Wohnſitze, ſeine früheſten Kriege u. ſ. w. in die Nachbarſchaft der Hindu hinweiſt. Sollten ſeine heiligen Sagen, ſein ganzes darauf gebautes religiöſes Syſtem, nichts Gemeinſames mit den Sagen und dem Syſtem der Brahmanen haben? Die Frage drängt ſich von ſelbſt auf, und zum Glück fehlt es nicht an Hilfsmitteln, dieſe Vergleichung anzuſtellen, deren Reſultate überhaupt für unſere Unterſuchung von großem Werth ſein müſſen, und in der Entwicklung des Zendſyſtems ſelbſt, bei der fragmentariſchen Beſchaffenheit der Quellen, zu wichtigen Aufſchlüſſen führen können.

Schöpften vielleicht beide Völker ihre heiligen Sagen und ihr religiöſes Syſtem aus einer ältern Quelle oder borgte eins von dem andern? Was haben ſie in ihren Syſtemen Gemeinſames, wie ſind ſie verſchieden? Dieſe Fragen müſſen unterſucht werden. Wir nehmen dabei die Religionsſyſteme, wie ſie in den uns bekannten Schriften der Brahmanen offen da liegen und klar aus dem Zend-Aveſta hervorgehn, ohne uns vorläufig auf die Unterſuchung einzulaſſen, ob in Hinſicht des Zendſyſtems die Lehren ſchon in dem erſten Geſetz lagen, oder ob ſie erſt von Zoroaſter eingeführt wurden; eine Frage, die in der Folge, bei einzelnen Lehren oft unterſucht werden wird. Eben ſo werden wir bei dem Syſtem der Hindu vor jetzt die Frage nicht berühren: ob eine Lehre ſchon in den älteſten heiligen Schriften der Hindu enthalten ſei, oder ob ſie ſich erſt in ſpätern Zeiten daraus entwickelte? Genug, wenn ſie ſich wirklich, als auf die Vedas gegründete Lehre erweiſen läßt.

Jedes Religionsſyſtem hat gewiſſe Hauptlehren, die als Pfeiler betrachtet werden können, auf welchen das ganze Gebäude ruht. Nur dieſe Hauptpunkte ſind es, die in einer Vergleichung, wie wir ſie jetzt zwiſchen den beiden Syſtemen anſtellen wollen, neben einander geſtellt werden müſſen, denn nur ſie können über die innere Verwandtſchaft zweier Syſteme entſcheiden. Man wird in den hier aufgeſtellten Punkten die Grundpfeiler aller geoffenbarten Religionen überhaupt erblicken und ſich von der Wichtigkeit der Erkenntniß jener Urſyſteme, aus denen ſich ſo ſichtbar alle neuern Religionsſyſteme entwickelt haben, überzeugen.

Erſte Hauptlehre.

Es iſt ein ewiges, höchſtes, nothwendiges, heiliges, allmächtiges Weſen, Brahma oder Zervane Akerene, d. i. der Ewige, Anbeginnloſe genannt, von dem alles, was da iſt, ſeinen Urſprung, in dem alles ſeinen letzten Grund hat.

Dieſe Lehre liegt klar und unwiderleglich in beiden Syſtemen. Für das Hinduſyſtem bedarf es wohl keines ausführlichen Beweiſes, für das Zendſyſtem werden wir ihn in der folgenden Abtheilung ausführlich liefern. In den Schriften beider Völker tritt in einer ſich ſpäter entwickelnden Anſicht der Pantheismus hervor. Klarer in den Hinduſchriften; doch auch ſehr entſchieden in den Zendſchriften, vorzüglich in dem vortrefflichen Jeſcht-Ormuzd. In Ormuzd offenbart ſich nun Zervane Akerene, und Ormuzd ſagt von ſich: „ich bin das „All und der Träger des Alls."

Zweite Hauptlehre.

Das unendliche Weſen brachte im Urbeginn mehre große göttliche Weſen hervor, denen es ſoviel von ſeiner Größe, ſeinen Eigenſchaften, ſeiner Macht und Herrlichkeit mittheilte, als möglich war.

Dieſe Lehre macht einen Hauptpunkt in beiden Syſtemen aus, und es iſt von der höchſten Wichtigkeit, den Gang zu verfolgen, wie in jedem Syſteme in der Bildung dieſer Lehre ſich ſein unterſcheidender Charakter ausſpricht. Es wird darin ſichtbar, wie jenes Syſtem urſprünglich von ſinnlichen Anſchauungen und Verehrung von Naturweſen, zu allgemeinen höhern und geiſtigen Ideen übergeht und in dieſem Uebergange eins von dem andern ſich trennt.

Der Hauptgegenſtand der Verehrung beider Völker, war die Sonne. Beim Zendvolk entwickelte ſich — wie wir in der Folge zeigen werden — in der Verehrung derſelben die Idee von Ormuzd, als Princip des Lichts, das in einer zweiten, höhern Anſicht auch Princip des Guten wurde. Nun trat durch den Gegenſatz in der Natur, Licht und Finſterniß, Gut und Böſe, der Dualismus hervor, und man nahm zwei große Weſen an, Ormuzd, Princip des Lichts und des Guten, und Ahriman, Princip der Finſterniß und des Böſen, denen ſich nun alles unterordnen mußte. Nicht ſo bei den Hindu. Hier wurde die Sonne — wie aus den von Colebrooke überſetzten Stücken des Rigveda *) klar hervorgeht — als Princip des Lichts, als Brahma verehrt. Allein in der zweiten, höhern Anſicht, wurde Brahma, nicht als Princip des Guten, ſondern als Princip, oder vielleicht richtiger als Symbol des Verſtandes betrachtet. In dieſer erſten Abweichung in Bezug auf die Sonne, liegt die Wurzel aller übrigen Abweichungen und Verſchiedenheiten beider Syſteme.

Nach der Sonne wurde von beiden Völkern die Luft verehrt. Im Zendſyſtem nimmt ſie als Seroſch in gewiſſer Hinſicht den zweiten Platz nach Ormuzd ein, doch demſelben weit untergeordnet. Nicht ſo bei den Hindu. Hier nimmt die Luft, Viſchnu, als Princip der Erhaltung aller Dinge, als erhaltende Naturkraft einen höhern Rang ein, als Brahma ſelbſt. Das dritte Naturweſen, das von beiden Völkern allgemein verehrt wurde, war das Feuer. Im Zendſyſtem nimmt es zwar einen hohen, aber doch als bloße Körperhülle des Lichts — Ormuzd — oder als „Sohn Ormuzd" einen dieſem ſehr untergeordneten Platz ein. Nicht ſo bei den Hindu. Hier verband man mit dem Feuer, Schiven, das Princip der Wärme. Daher iſt dieſer Gott, als Feuer, Princip der Zerſtörung, als Wärme, Princip aller Fruchtbarkeit. Daher heirathet in der Mythologie Schiven (das Feuer) die Bavani, die große Göttermutter, nachdem ſie in der Welt körperlich erſcheint; das heißt: die Liebe, welche dem Unendlichen beiwohnt, durch welche er alle Weſen hervorbrachte, offenbart ſich in der Körperwelt als Wärme im Feuer. Nach dieſer Anſicht treten bei den Hindu drei große göttliche Weſen, als Dreiheit, als Trimurtas auf.

Dritte Hauptlehre.

Eins oder mehre der erſtgeſchaffnen Weſen, fielen durch Mißbrauch ihrer Freiheit von ihrem Schöpfer ab, wurden böſe und Urquell alles Böſen in der Welt.

Die Grundidee: alles moraliſche und phyſiſche Uebel, urſprünglich von dem freiwilligen Abfall höherer Geiſter herzuleiten, iſt in beiden Syſtemen herrſchend, nur nach der ſchon angedeuteten verſchiedenen Richtung eines jeden auch verſchieden ausgebildet. In dem Zendſyſtem fällt Ahriman allein ab, und bringt nun das ganze Heer der böſen Geiſter, Devs oder Teufel hervor; ſo wie alle guten Geiſter von Ormuzd geſchaffen wurden. Im Syſtem der Hindu bringt der Ewige ſelbſt die ganze Geiſterwelt hervor, die in unendliche Schaaren getheilt, und gewiſſen Oberhäuptern untergeordnet iſt. Von dieſen Oberhäuptern fällt nun eins, Moiſaſur mit Namen, ab, und verführt zugleich die ganze unter ihm ſtehende Schaar der Geiſter; alle werden Teufel.

Vierte Hauptlehre.

Das unendliche Weſen beſchloß nun die ſichtbare materielle Welt durch ſeine erſten Machthaber ſchaffen zu laſſen, und ſie wurde geſchaffen.

In beiden Syſtemen geht der Körperwelt, die erſt in einer beſtimmten Zeit eintritt, ein lange vorher dauernder Geiſterſtaat Gottes voraus, in welchem die Gründe zur Schöpfung der Körperwelt ſich entwickeln. Denn ſo folgt nun die

Fünfte Hauptlehre.

Der Zweck der Schöpfung der Körperwelt iſt kein anderer, als durch ſie die von ihrem Schöpfer abgefallenen Weſen

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*) Asiat. Res. Vol. VIII. p. 377. sqq.

wieder zurück zu führen, ſie wieder gut, und dadurch alles Böſe auf ewig verſchwinden zu machen.

Dieſe wichtige Lehre, die theils umſtändlich entwickelt und ausgeſprochen wird, wie im Schaſtah des Brahma, theils angedeutet, wie in den jetzt noch vorhandenen Zendſchriften, liegt offenbar in beiden Syſtemen als Baſis des eigenthümlichen Religionsgebäudes zu Grunde. Die Körperwelt iſt nur der Kampfplatz zwiſchen Gut und Böſe; überall reibt das Böſe ſich dadurch, daß es ſeinen Gipfel erreicht, ſich ſelbſt auf, und das Gute ſiegt endlich. Mit Erreichung des Zwecks, mit Vernichtung des Böſen hört auch das Mittel, die Körperwelt, wieder auf; ſie wird vernichtet und alles kehrt in das ewig ſelige Reich der Geiſter zurück; doch modificirt durch die Lehre von der Wiederbringung aller Dinge, in einer neuen geiſtigern Welt, die aus der vernichteten hervorgeht, welche Lehre vorzüglich im Zendſyſtem hervortritt.

Sechſte Hauptlehre.

Der Ewige hat zur Dauer der Körperwelt einen Zeitraum von zwölftauſend Jahren beſtimmt, welcher in vier Zeitalter abgetheilt iſt. In dem erſten Zeitalter herrſcht das gute (erhaltende) Princip allein; im zweiten wird das böſe (zerſtörende) Princip ſchon wirkſam, doch untergeordnet; im dritten herrſchen beide gemeinſchaftlich; im vierten hat das böſe (zerſtörende) die Oberhand, und führt das Ende der Welt herbei.

Dieſe Lehre liegt in beiden Syſtemen, doch iſt ſie in jedem etwas verſchieden beſtimmt. Die Perſer machen jedes Zeitalter dem andern gleich, und ſetzen alſo jedes auf dreitauſend Jahre; wobei ſie nach gewöhnlichen Sonnenjahren rechnen. Die Hindu ſetzen das Verhältniß der Zeitalter gegen einander, wie die Zahlen: 4. 3. 2. 1. ſo, daß das letzte nur ein Viertel des erſten ausmacht, und rechnen dabei nach Jahren der Devta (Götter), in welchen ein irdiſches Sonnenjahr nur ein Tag iſt.

Siebente Hauptlehre.

Die Regierung der Welt hängt zwar im Allgemeinen von dem unendlichen Weſen ab, das alles nach ſeiner Weisheit durch ſeinen Rathſchluß beſtimmt; die beſondere Verwaltung iſt aber zunächſt den erſten großen Weſen, und von dieſen wieder einer Menge vermittelnder Weſen, Erzengeln, Engeln und Schutzgeiſtern übertragen, die einander zu- und untergeordnet ſind, und in denen ſich oft Naturweſen und Naturkräfte nicht verkennen laſſen.

Dieſe, beiden Syſtemen gemeinſchaftliche Lehre, führt in der nähern Ausbildung die größten Verſchiedenheiten und Eigenthümlichkeiten herbei; und der einfache Ernſt des Zendvolks macht mit dem lichten, phantaſtiſchen Wortgepränge der Hindu, einen auffallenden Contraſt. In beiden Syſtemen kommt dabei, wenn man ſich ſo ausdrücken darf, eine phyſiſche Anſicht zum Vorſchein, und durch die erhabene Offenbarungsſage ſchimmert der ältere einfache Naturdienſt hervor. Wir werden in der Folge unſerer Unterſuchung dieſen Gegenſtand ausführlich abhandeln.

Achte Hauptlehre.

Die Seelen der Menſchen ſind vom Anfange der Schöpfung an als geiſtige, ſelbſtſtändige, freihandelnde Weſen vorhanden. Sie müſſen ſich bloß auf der Erde mit einem Körper vereinigen, um eine Prüfungswanderung im Kampf gegen das Böſe zu machen. Nach dem Tode, wo ſie ewig fortleben, werden die Guten in den Wohnungen der ewig ſeligen Geiſter belohnt, die Böſen in den Wohnungen der Teufel, der Hölle beſtraft.

Dieſe Grundidee vom Menſchen gehört zu den Hauptpfeilern beider Syſteme, worauf ſich vorzüglich ihre ſtrenge, alles umfaſſende Moral gründet; doch iſt ſie in jedem Syſteme völlig verſchieden ausgebildet. In der Hindulage ſind es die gefallenen Geiſter ſelbſt, welche auf der Erde mit Körpern ſich verbinden müſſen, um ſich zu reinigen, ihre Prüfung zu beſtehen und ſo gebeſſert zu ihrem Schöpfer zurück zu kehren. In der Zendlage ſind es reingebliebene Geiſter, Ferwers, welche bloß in die Körper ſich einſchließen, um in dem Kampf gegen das Böſe ſich zu verherrlichen; oder wenn ſie unterliegen und ſelbſt böſe werden, durch die ſie treffende Strafe ſich bekehren und zum Guten zurückkehren.

Neunte Hauptlehre.

Was den Menſchen ihren Kampf auf der Erde erſchwert, ſind die Devs, Teufel oder böſen Geiſter, welche ſie Tag und Nacht umlauern, um ſie zum Böſen zu verführen. Aber der Schöpfer hat ſich des ſchwachen Menſchen erbarmt, und ihm ſeinen Willen in einer, von erleuchteten Propheten ſchriftlich verfaßten Offenbarung kund gethan. Befolgt der Menſch dieſen Willen ſeines Schöpfers, ſo gewinnt er dadurch Kraft, nicht allein den Verführungen der Teufel zu widerſtehen, ſondern ſich auch durch Heiligkeit ſchon in dieſem Leben zu einer innigen Vereinigung mit der Gottheit zu erheben.

Dieſe Lehre wird faſt auf allen Seiten der Hindu- und Zendſchriften, mit aller Kraft der Ueberzeugung vorgetragen und völlig ſo dargeſtellt, wie in den Schriften des neuen Teſtaments.

Zehnte Hauptlehre.

Im letzten Zeitraum, gegen das Ende der Welt, wo das böſe Princip die Oberhand hat, und das Gute ganz von der Welt zu verſchwinden ſcheint, wird Gott den Menſchen einen Erlöſer ſenden, der dem Böſen wehrt, Tugend und Gerechtigkeit wieder herrſchend macht und das Reich der böſen Geiſter zerſtört, indem er das Reich Gottes verherrlicht.

Dieſer tröſtende Glaube gehört beiden Syſtemen an. Die Hindu erwarten dieſen Heiland in der zehnten Avatar, oder Menſchwerdung des Viſchnu, in der Geſtalt des Calci; die Parſen in dem Propheten Soſioſch. Wir werden die Lehre und die Weiſſagungen von Letzterem in der Folge unſrer Unterſuchung umſtändlich prüfen.

Eilfte Hauptlehre.

Sind die zur Weltdauer beſtimmten zwölftauſend Jahre verfloſſen, ſo wird die Erde durch Feuer vernichtet werden, aber eine neue, ſchönere, geiſtigere Erde tritt an ihre Stelle.

Auch dieſe Lehre iſt beiden Syſtemen gemein, doch in jedem verſchieden ausgebildet. Nach der Meinung der Hindu folgen mehre Schöpfungen auf einander, zwiſchen welchen die Erde jedesmal vernichtet oder in Atome aufgelöſt wird. Dieſe Auflöſungen geſchehen wechſelsweiſe, einmal im Waſſer, das andremal im Feuer. Die vorige Auflöſung wurde durch Waſſer bewirkt, die nächſte geſchieht im Feuer. Die Zendſchriften weichen von dieſen Vorſtellungen ab und bleiben der Idee von dem Zweck der Körperwelt getreuer. Die Körperwelt wird nur einmal geſchaffen und nur, wenn ihr Zweck erreicht und das Böſe durch ſie vernichtet iſt, einmal wieder zerſtört, und dies geſchieht durchs Feuer. Die neue Erde, welche dann an ihre Stelle treten wird, iſt eigentlich nicht mehr irdiſch: ſie iſt vollkommen, ohne Mängel, ganz Licht und ohne Schatten, und wird den, auch dem Körper nach auferſtandenen Menſchen und wiederbekehrten Geiſtern zum ewig ſeligen Wohnſitz dienen.

Betrachten wir nun die hier aufgeſtellten Grundlehren beider Syſteme, und die Hindeutungen auf die verſchiedene Ausbildung derſelben genauer; ſo ergiebt ſich klar: daß die heiligen Sagen beider Völker, und die Grundlehren, welche daraus herfließen, aus einer Quelle gefloſſen ſind; daß aber beide, unter den Völkern, welche ſie bewahren, unabhängig von einander, eine eigenthümliche Ausbildung erhalten haben. In manchen dieſer Eigenthümlichkeiten ſpiegelt ſich das Land, der Himmelsſtrich, unter welchem jedes dieſer Völker ſich ausbildete, und tauſend davon abhängende Oertlichkeiten ſo klar und bezeichnend, daß keine anderen Urſachen hier eingewirkt zu haben ſcheinen.

Wenn nun das Urſyſtem, aus welchem beide Völker ſchöpften, vorzüglich nur in den Grundſtämmen das enthielt, was beiden Syſtemen gemeinſchaftlich geblieben iſt, ſo muß man erſtaunen über das Erhabene und Tiefe, womit das ganze, moraliſche Sein des Menſchen aufgefaßt, die Fragen ſeines Verſtandes genügend beantwortet, ſein Sehnen in endloſe Zukunft geſtillt, und er ſelbſt durch ſeinen Glauben über die ganze Körperwelt erhoben wird! Alles, was ihn hier bewegt, beläſtigt und plagt, iſt ja nur ein Mißklang in der ewigen Harmonie des Guten, der bald verklingen wird! Nur Prüfung, nur Kampf iſt dies Alles, aber ein herrlicher Sieg gewiß. Woher, ſo muß man mit Staunen fragen, hatte jenes rohe Urvolk dieſe heilige Sage, die durch alle folgenden Geſchlechter ſich hinziehend, bald trüber, bald heller, aber immer den Menſchen belehrend, tröſtend, erhebend und beſſernd erſcheint? Mag der Philoſoph dies Räthſel zu löſen wagen; der Geſchichtsforſcher wird es ſchwerlich erreichen.

Konrad Gottlieb Ribbeck

wurde am 21. März 1753 zu Stolpe in Hinterpommern geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle Theologie und erhielt im Jahre 1779 eine Lehrerſtelle am Cadettencorps ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Im Jahre 1781 wurde er Prediger zu Wiſchleben bei Halberſtadt, 1786 daſſelbe an der Heiligen-Geiſtkirche zu Magdeburg, 1801 Conſiſtorialrath, 1805 Oberſchulrath, Propſt und Inſpector der Nikolaikirche zu Berlin und 1806 Doctor der Theologie. Er ſtarb am 3. Juli 1826.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Predigten. 6 Th. Leipzig 1789—1804.
Predigten über Unſterblichkeit. Magdeburg 1790.
Magazin neuer Feſt- und Caſualpredigten. 10 Th. Magdeburg 1799—1806.
Predigten für Familien. 3 Th. Magdeburg 1796—1800.
Reden bei Schulprüfungen. Magdeburg 1802.
Neues Magazin von Feſt- und Gelegenheitspredigten (mit Hanſtein). 5 Th. Magdeburg 1809—1814.
Predigt zum Gedächtniß Hanſtein's nebſt einer Elegie. Berlin 1821 ꝛc.

Einer der vorzüglichſten Kanzelredner ſeiner Zeit, vereinte R. in ſeinen Vorträgen Wärme und Tiefe des Gefühls, innige Empfindung, Klarheit der Begriffe und eine eben ſo correcte wie elegante Diction.

Michael Richey,

geboren am 1. October 1678 zu Hamburg, ſtudirte zu Wittenberg, wurde 1704 Rector des Gymnaſiums zu Stade, gab dieſes Amt jedoch im Jahre 1713 auf und erhielt 1717 die Profeſſur der Geſchichte und griechiſchen Sprache an dem akademiſchen Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Er ſtarb am 10. Mai 1761.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Deutſche Gedichte. Herausgeg. von G. Schütz. 3 Bde. Hamburg 1764.
Idioticon Hamburgense. 2. Auflage. Hamburg 1755.

R. gehörte zu den Nachfolgern der zweiten Schleſiſchen Schule in Niederſachſen und fröhnte im Allgemeinen demſelben falſchen Geſchmacke, doch war er nicht ohne Talent in der Behandlung der Form, und ſeine ziemlich correcten Poeſien athmen im Ganzen mehr geiſtige Geſundheit und Mäßigung als die Leiſtungen ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen. Sein Hamburgiſches Idiotikon iſt eine fleißige Arbeit.

Chriſtoph Gottlieb Richter,

geboren am 17. Sept. 1717 zu Nürnberg, ſtudirte zu Altorf und Marburg, wurde im Jahre 1743 Licentiat der Rechte und practicirte und ſchriftſtellerte nun zu Nürnberg und Regensburg. Nachdem er wegen einer von ihm ausgeſtellten falſchen Urkunde einige Jahre im Zuchthauſe zugebracht hatte, lebte er zu Fürth und zuletzt in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Er ſtarb am 23. September 1774.

Er ſchrieb unter Andern:

Die Bücher der Chronika von den Kriegen der Franzoſen mit Thereſia. Prag 1774.
Die Bücher der Chronika der Könige von England. 1744.
Chronika der Königin zu Ungarn. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1744.
Die Bücher der Chronika Herzogs Karl von Lothringen. Frankfurt 1744.
Die Bücher der Chronika Friedrichs, Königs von Preußen. 1744.
Das Buch Joſua, des Erretters der Königin von Ungarn. 1745.
Chronika Joh. Adolphs. 1745.
Lebens- und Staatsgeſchichte Maria Thereſia's. 5 Th. Nürnberg 1743—47.
Jedithuns Geſchichte der Kinder von Preußen. 1746.

R. zeichnete ſich dadurch aus, daß er den von Luther für die Bibel eingeführten Stil in ſeinen Schriften nachahmte, was ihm zwar viele Leſer gewann, ihn aber doch nicht davor ſchützte, ſehr bald in gänzliche Vergeſſenheit zu gerathen.

Johann Andreas Lebrecht Richter,

geboren am 9. November 1772 zu Deſſau, ſtudirte in Leipzig und Jena Theologie und Mathematik, hielt an der Univerſität letzterer Stadt ſeit 1794 Vorleſungen, kehrte jedoch 1796 nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt zurück und wurde im Jahre 1800 Subrector, im Jahre 1808 Conrector und 1826 Rector an der Hauptſchule daſelbſt.

Er ſchrieb:

- Neues Realſchullexikon. Herausgeg. v. C. P. Funke. 5 Th. Braunſchweig 1800 — 5.
- Phantaſieen des Alterthums. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1808. N. Aufl. 5 Bde. 1816 — 20.
- Ueber den animaliſchen Magnetismus. Leipz. 1818.
- Das Chriſtenthum und die älteſten Religionen des Orients. Leipzig 1819.
- Ueber den Einfluß der Aſtronomie auf die Kultur der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft. Leipzig 1822.

Ein geiſtvoller Gelehrter, der durch ſeine feine und geſchmackvolle Auffaſſung und Behandlung antiker Mythen ſich einen ſehr geſchätzten Namen in der litterariſchen Welt erworben hat.

Johann Gottfried Richter,

geboren am 26. November 1763 zu Leipzig, hielt ſich ſeit 1784 als Hauslehrer und Privatgelehrter in Moskau auf, ward ruſſiſcher Rath, kehrte 1804 nach Sachſen zurück und lebte nun als weimariſcher Hofrath abwechſelnd in Leipzig und Dresden, bis er ſich 1808 in Eilenburg niederließ. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1829.

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir:

- Moskwa. Eine Skizze. Riga 1799.
- Briefe eines reiſenden Ruſſen, von Karamſin. Ueberſ. 6 Th. Leipzig 1799 — 1802.
- Karamſin's Lobrede auf Katharina II. Riga 1802.
- Ruſſiſche Miscellen. 3 Th. Leipzig 1803 u. 1804.
- Karamſin's Erzählungen. Ueberſ. Leipzig 1800.
- P. Sumarokoff's Reiſe durch die Krimm u. Beſſarabien im Jahre 1799. Leipzig 1802.
- Mährchen, oder geheime Geſchichte des Hofes zu Hebeh. Leipzig 1802.
- Sitten, Kleidungen und Gebräuche der Ruſſen aus den niedern Ständen (mit J. G. H. Geißler). 2 H. Leipzig 1805.
- Spiele und Beluſtigungen der Ruſſen aus den niedern Volksclaſſen. Leipzig 1805.
- Maleriſche Darſtellungen der Sitten, Gebräuche und Luſtbarkeiten bei den ruſſiſchen, tartariſchen, mogoliſchen und andern Völkern des ruſſiſchen Reichs. 4 H. Leipzig 1806.
- Strafen der Ruſſen. Leipzig 1807.
- Anſichten und Beſchreibungen von St. Petersburg und Moskwa. Leipzig 1810.
- Altruſſiſche Mährchen. Leipzig 1817.

Richter erwarb ſich vielfache Verdienſte um die nähere Kenntniß des ruſſiſchen Reiches und der ruſſiſchen Litteratur in Deutſchland, ſowohl durch eigene wackere Arbeiten, wie durch gute Ueberſetzungen.

Joſeph Richter,

geboren am 1. März 1740 zu Wien, Profeſſor und zuletzt Privatgelehrter daſelbſt, ſtarb am 16. Juni 1813.

Er ſchrieb unter Andern:

- Gedichte zweier Freunde. Wien 1775.
- Reiſe von Wien nach Paris. Wien 1781.
- ABC-Buch für große Kinder. Wien 1782.
- Bildergallerie katholiſcher und klöſterlicher Mißbräuche. 2 Th. Frankfurt und Leipzig 1784.
- Neue Legenden der Heiligen. 2 Th. Salzb. 1784.
- Die Brieftaſche. 50 St. Wien 1783 — 84.
- Briefe eines Eipeldauers an ſeinen Vetter in Krakau. Wien 1785.
- Leben Friedrichs II. 4 Th. Wien 1789.
- Der deutſche Gevatter Matthies. Leipzig 1791.
- Theaterſtücke. Wien 1792.
- Briefe eines Eipeldauers über d' Wienſtadt. 16 H. Wien 1794.
- Gedichte. 3 Bdch. Wien 1794. 1795.
- Luſtſpiele. Wien 1802.
- Friedenspredigt, im Ton des Abraham a St. Clara. Wien 1809.

Ein froher und geiſtloſer Satiriker, deſſen Schriften wohl ein vorübergehendes Aufſehen erregten, der aber wegen ſeiner boshaften Angriffe ſchon bei Lebzeiten ſehr verachtet und nach ſeinem Tode bald vergeſſen wurde.

Johann (Jean) Paul Friedrich Richter

ward am 21. März 1763 zu Wunſiedel geboren, wo ſein Vater Tertius und Organiſt war, fand, nachdem derſelbe als Prediger von Joditz nach Schwarzenbach an der Saale verſetzt worden war, frühzeitig Gelegenheit, ſeine ſehr bald erwachte große Wißbegierde zu befriedigen, indem ihm ein benachbarter Landgeiſtlicher bereitwilligſt ſeine nicht unbedeutende Bibliothek zur Benutzung überließ. Von ſeiner vielſeitigen Polyhiſtorie zeugen ebenſowohl ſeine früheren als ſpäteren Schriften hinlänglich. Im Jahre 1779 bezog er das Gymnaſium zu Hof, und ſchon im folgenden Jahre wandte er ſich nach Leipzig und widmete ſich dem Studium der Theologie, an welchem er jedoch wenig Vergnügen fand. Nach Beendigung ſeiner akademiſchen Laufbahn erhielt er eine Hauslehrerſtelle zu Töpen bei Hof, die er indeſſen bald wieder aufgab und zu ſeiner Mutter nach Hof ging, mit dem feſten Vorſatze, ſich nun ferner ausſchließlich der ſchriftſtelleriſchen Laufbahn zu widmen. Das Erſcheinen ſeiner „unſichtbaren Loge," Berlin 1793, verſchaffte ihm die Achtung und Freundſchaft eines Gleim, Herder, J. H. Jacobi, G. Ch. Otto u. A., und es eröffneten ſich ihm nun auch für ſein häusliches Glück erfreuliche Ausſichten, als er ſich nach einem längern Aufenthalte zu Berlin, im Jahre 1800 und 1801, mit Karoline Mayer, der Tochter des geheimen Rathes und Profeſſors der Medicin, ehelich verbunden hatte. Er lebte nun abwechſelnd in Koburg, Meiningen, Weimar und andern Orten, bis er ſich endlich Bayreuth zu ſeinem feſten Wohnſitz erkohr. Der Herzog von Hildburghauſen verlieh ihm den Titel eines Legationsrathes, und der Fürſt Primas, Freiherr von Dalberg, ertheilte ihm eine nicht unanſehnliche Penſion, welche in der Folge der König von Baiern auszuzahlen übernahm. Seine ununterbrochene literariſche Thätigkeit ſtörte im Jahre 1824 eine bedeutende Augenſchwäche, zu welcher ſich überdieß eine große Abnahme ſeiner phyſiſchen Kräfte geſellte, in Folge deren er am 14. November 1825 ſtarb. Als Schriftſteller führte er den Namen Jean Paul.

Seine Schriften, von welchen im Jahre 1826 bei Reimer in Berlin eine Geſammtausgabe in 60 Bänden und im Jahre 1840 eine mit Genauigkeit beſorgte neue Auflage erſchien, ſind nach der chronologiſchen Folge ihres erſten Erſcheinens folgende:

Grönländiſche Proceſſe. 2 Th. Berlin 1783—85.
Auswahl aus des Teufels Papieren. Gera 1789.
Die unſichtbare Loge. 2 Th. Berlin 1793.
Heſperus. 4 Th. Berlin 1795.
Leben des Quintus Fixlein. Berlin 1796.
Blumen-, Frucht- und Dornenſtücke. 2 Th. Berlin 1796—98.
Das Campanerthal. Erfurt 1797.
Der Jubelſenior. Leipzig 1797.
Der Traum und die Wahrheit. 1797.
Biographiſche Beluſtigungen. 2 Th. Berlin 1796.
Palingeneſien. 2 Th. Gera 1798.
Briefe und bevorſtehender Lebenslauf. Gera 1799.
Titan. 4 Th. Berlin 1800—3.
Das heimliche Klagelied der jetzigen Männer. Bremen 1801.
Kleine Schriften. 2 Th. Jena 1804.
Flegeljahre. 4 Th. Stuttgart 1804—5.
Vorſchule der Aeſthetik. 3 Th. Hamburg 1804.
Freiheitsbüchlein. Stuttgart 1805.
Levana. 2 Th. Braunſchweig 1807.
Friedenspredigt an Deutſchland. Heidelberg 1808.
Des Feldpredigers Schmelzle Reiſe nach Flätz. Stuttgart 1808.
Dr. Katzenbergers Badereiſe. 2 Th. Heidelberg 1809.
Dämmerungen für Deutſchland. Stuttgart 1809.
Herbſtbluminen. 3 Th. Stuttgart 1810—20.
Leben Fibels. Nürnberg 1812.
Mars und Phöbus Thronwechſel. Stuttg. 1814.
Muſeum. Stuttgart 1814.
Politiſche Faſtenpredigten. Stuttgart 1817.
Ueber die deutſchen Doppelwörter. Stuttg. 1820.
Nikol. Marggraf. 3 Th. Berlin 1820—22.
Kleine Bücherſchau. 2 Th. Breslau 1825.
Nachſchule der Aeſthetik. Breslau 1825.
Selina. 2 Th. Stuttg. 1826.
Politiſche Nachklänge. Herausgegeben v. E. Förſter. Heidelberg 1832.

Eins der beſten Urtheile, welche je über dieſen eigenthümlichen und bedeutenden Geiſt gefällt worden, ſpricht Menzel in ſeiner deutſchen Litteratur (Th. IV. S. 63) in folgenden Worten aus, die wir hier deshalb ganz folgen laſſen, weil wir einige geringfügige Nebenſachen abgerechnet, mit anderen Ausdrücken nur daſſelbe zu ſagen wußten, ſo ſehr ſtimmen wir in unſerer Anſicht mit der ſeinigen überein: Ein ihm (Hippel, ſ. d. A.) nahe verwandter Geiſt, den aber ein noch reicheres und glänzenderes Talent begünſtigte, war der ſo allgemein von den Deutſchen geliebte Jean Paul, neben Göthe unſtreitig das größte Talent für Darſtellung des modernen Lebens. Göthe und Jean Paul ſind die eigentlichen Dioskuren der modernen Gattung. Beide ſchildern das Leben, in dem ſie ſelber leben, aber nach zwei verſchiedenen Anſchauungsweiſen. Goethe beliebäugelte, billigte, pries dieſes Leben, und faßte daſſelbe in ſeiner Einheit als ein Ganzes auf; Jean Paul dagegen ſah es humoriſtiſch, bald mit Wehmuth, bald mit Spott an, und faßte es in ſeiner Zerriſſenheit, in dem unendlichen Widerſpruch auf, der durch daſſelbe hindurchgeht, und der eben unſere Zeit ſo ſehr von dem in ſich ſichern und befriedigten Mittelalter unterſcheidet. Auch darin ſtimmen beide Dichter überein, daß ſie ſo vielſeitig waren und gern ihre Perſönlichkeit vorwalten ließen, ſich ſelbſt gern zum Gegenſtande ihrer Darſtellung machten. Göthe war vielſeitig, weil es das Talent iſt, und ſtellte ſich in ſeinen Liebhabern und Helden gern ſelbſt dar, weil alle Virtuoſen ſich gern im Spiegel beſehn. Jean Paul war vielſeitig, weil die humoriſtiſche Weltanſicht durch alles hindurchdringt, und er zeichnete gern ſich ſelbſt, weil in der Selbſterkenntniß der Schlüſſel zu aller Menſchenkenntniß liegt, und weil er als ächter Humoriſt die tragikomiſche Doppelnatur der Außenwelt nur die ſeines eigenen Innern wiederſpiegeln ſah.

Dieſe Doppelnatur iſt das Unterſcheidende bei Jean Paul. Ihr erſtes Moment iſt die Senſibilität, die leidende Empfindung, die wieder doppelt, theils zur tragiſchen Wehmuth und erhabenen Klage ſich ſteigert, theils in idylliſcher Empfindſamkeit und kindlicher Rührung ſich beſänftigt. Hierin ſpricht ſich ein ächt muſikaliſches Steigen und Fallen der Empfindung aus. Bald vernehmen wir bei Jean Paul die Klage und den tiefen Schmerz über die Schwäche der menſchlichen Natur, über das irdiſche Elend, über das Laſter und die Unnatur, beſonders der verderbten geſelligen Verhältniſſe, und er ſchildert jede Art des modernen Jammers und der modernen Verruchtheit, mit den lebendigſten und wahrſten Farben und mit der innigſten Empfindung. Bald geht ſein heißer Schmerz in ſanfte Wehmuth über und er rettet ſein beleidigtes Zartgefühl in die Unſchuldswelt, welche dicht an der wilden Heerſtraße des Lebens noch immer ihre kleinen idylliſchen Gärten baut. Er ſchildert unverdorbene Seelen, Kinder, reine Menſchen, das Land- und Stillleben. Doch herrſcht auch in dieſen Schilderungen immer ein Zug entweder von Wehmuth, oder in der andern Richtung, von ſcherzender Ironie.

Das zweite Moment jener Doppelnatur iſt der Spott, der mehr männlicher Natur ſich über die Welt und den eignen Schmerz erhebt, und dieſelben Mängel und Laſter, die dem Dichter ſolche wehmüthige Empfindungen aufgedrungen, mit den Waffen des Witzes thätig angreift. Auch in dieſem Spott unterſcheiden wir eine ſteigende und fallende Bewegung. Bald verſteigt ſich der Dichter bis zum bitterſten Sarkasmus, bis zu einer auf die Knochen brennenden Satire, bald ſpielt er nur mit heiterer Ironie. Jener Sarkasmus iſt am häufigſten mit ſeinem tragiſchen Schmerz, dieſe Ironie am häufigſten mit jener idylliſchen Empfindſamkeit gepaart.

Beide Momente durchdringen ſich faſt in allen Darſtellungen Jean Paul's dergeſtalt, daß er oft auf derſelben Seite die rührendſten Schilderungen mit den lächerlichſten wechſeln läßt. Man hat ihm dies zum Vorwurf gemacht, ohne zu bedenken, daß gerade hierin die Wahrheit des Humors und ſeine größte Wirkung beſteht. Scheidet man die Doppelnatur des Humors, ſo hört ſein Weſen auf. Im Humor durchdringen ſich die beiden Gegenſätze ſo innig, daß die Sprache nicht einmal im Stande iſt, dieſe innige Verbindung oder den ſchnellen Wechſel der Empfindungen treu genug auszudrücken.

Mit größerem Rechte macht man Jean Paul den Vorwurf, ſeine Darſtellung ſei da, wo ſie doch objectiv ſein ſolle, zu wenig objectiv, namentlich in der Wahrheit und Haltung ſeiner Charaktere. Es iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß manche ſeiner Helden und Heldinnen, beſonders die ernſthaften und rührenden oder idealiſirten, und wieder beſonders im Titan, zu wenig innere Wahrheit und Natürlichkeit haben, zu auffallend blos gedichteten, nicht wirklichen Weſen ähnlich ſehen; aber auch hier kann man den Dichter entſchuldigen. Es lag nicht in ſeinem Plane und nicht im Weſen ſeiner Poeſie, Einheiten zu geben. Wo ſie bei ihm vorkommen, erſcheinen ſie nur als äußere Rahmen für die Fülle ſeiner Sentiments und Witze. Dieſe ſind die Hauptſache. Der Humor verfährt überall analytiſch, und zerſetzt die gegebene Einheit des Lebens, wie der Charaktere. Er dringt mit der Empfindung in die tiefſten Falten der feinſten Theile ein. Nur indem Jean Paul die äußere Haltung aufgiebt, kann er in ein pſychologiſches Detail eingehen, und wenn er wirklich ſeine Charaktere gehörig hätte abrunden und in die Anordnung ſeiner Romane mehr Symmetrie und Proportion bringen wollen, ſo würde er von ſeinem ſchönſten und reichſten Detail, von ſeinen Ausſchweifungen und Epiſoden gerade das Beſte haben wegſchneiden müſſen. Ueberdem herrſcht im Humor die ſubjective Anſicht durchgängig vor, und es wäre einfältig, zu den Schönheiten, welche ſie darbietet, noch andere zu verlangen, welche mit ihr im Widerſpruche ſtehen, und welche wir bei andern Dichtern ſuchen und finden können. Was man übrigens von der Fehlerhaftigkeit ſeiner allzu häufigen und gelehrten Metaphern geſagt hat, ſo kann man dieſelbe wohl zugeben, ohne ſich allzuſehr daran zu ſtoßen. Wir würden gern jedem ſeine Manier verzeihen, wenn er nur ein Jean Paul wäre, und ein Fehler des Reichthums iſt immer beſſer, als einer der Armuth.

Das Rühmlichſte, was wir Jean Paul nachſagen müſſen, und was ihn mit den edelſten Männern der Nation in eine Reihe ſtellt, iſt der Adel ſeiner Geſinnung, ſeine reine Tugend und das Feuer edler Leidenſchaft, der ethiſche Ingrimm gegen das Laſter, jene erhabenen Eigenſchaften des Charakters, die er vorzüglich mit Schiller getheilt hat. Auch Jean Paul ſtellt wie Schiller überall die Unſchuld dem Laſter gegenüber, und das Recht dem Unrecht. Es iſt faſt kein Gebrechen der Zeit, das ſein Scharfblick nicht entdeckt, vor dem ſein liebevoller Sinn nicht freundlich gewarnt, oder das ſein geiſtreicher Spott nicht treffend gegeißelt hätte. Es iſt aber auch nichts Unſchuldiges und Schönes und keine Tugend dieſer Zeit, die Jean Paul nicht erkannt und in rührenden Bildern zu Muſtern aufgeſtellt hätte. Er fand an Allem die lichte und die dunkle Seite heraus, und es giebt wenige Zeitgenoſſen, die ihre Zeit ſo fein beobachtet und ſo richtig gewürdigt haben.

Manche finden dieſen liebenswürdigen Dichter zu weich und zu weiblich, und ärgern ſich an ſeinen zu häufigen Rührungen. Es iſt wahr, ſein weiches Herz ſchwärmt zuweilen, und ſeine Empfindung leidet nicht ſelten an übertriebner krankhafter Reizbarkeit; doch überläßt er ſich dieſer ſüßen Melancholie nur dann, wenn er ungeſtört für ſich empfindet, und ſie weicht einer tüchtigen männlichen Erhebung ſogleich, wenn ihn eine höhere Idee aufruft, zu belehren oder zu ſtrafen. Von Natur weich geſchaffen, wird er doch männlich ſtark durch jede fromme und ſittliche Idee, und dann fehlt ihm nie die Leidenſchaft der Jugend, die edle Zornesgluth und die rückſichtsloſe Wahrheitsliebe. Die ihm angeborne Sanftmuth aber erzeugt bei ihm eine Toleranz, wie ſie in unſerer Zeit ſehr ſelten geworden iſt, jene Duldung nämlich, die ohne indifferent zu ſein, doch über alle Parteiungen hinweg ſieht und das Gute überall anerkennt, wo es auch gefunden werden mag. In dieſer Duldung kommt Jean Paul dem großen Herder am meiſten gleich. Trotz ſeines unermeßlich reichen Witzes, mißbraucht Jean Paul dieſe gefährliche Waffe doch niemals, und ſeine Gewiſſenhaftigkeit iſt deßfalls nicht genug zu rühmen. Er iſt der friedfertigſte, loyalſte unter unſern Dichtern, und doch zugleich derjenige, der das unvergleichlich reichſte Arſenal von Witz und Dialektik für die Polemik beſaß. Von ihm, der Alles hatte, um in dieſer Zeit der wahre advocatus diaboli zu ſein, müſſen wir ſagen, er war der ſanfteſte und unſchuldigſte unter allen unſern Dichtern. Keiner hätte ſolch ein Teufel ſein können, und keiner war ſo ein frommer kindlicher Engel, wie er.

Auch war es offenbar nur die Liebe, die Ueberfülle des wärmſten Gemüths, die ſeine Phantaſie beſtändig elektriſirte. Alles glänzte an ihm, weil er alles mit Liebe anſah, wie der Bräutigam die Braut. Sein ewig loderndes Feuer dämpfte ſelbſt das Alter nicht. Seine Seele war ein Prisma, das überall, im Sumpf wie auf den Sonnenhöhen des Lebens vielfarbige Regenbogen um ſich zauberte, immer gleich bunt, lebhaft, blühend und kräftig. Auch auf dem geringſten Zettel von ihm über die geringſten Gegenſtände haben die Schmetterlingsflügel ſeiner Phantaſie ihren bunten Glanz abgedrückt. Alles geſtaltete ſich ihm zu einem poetiſchen Bilde oder zu einer witzigen Antitheſe. Was ihn nur berührte, entlockte ihm den elektriſchen Götterfunken des Genies.

In beinahe allen Werken Jean Paul's tritt ein ächt deutſcher Zug charakteriſtiſch hervor. Gutmüthigkeit, mit hoher und reicher Bildung gepaart, aber unpraktiſch und in tauſend Verlegenheiten des gemeinen Lebens. So wie in Göthe's Werken überall der Held ein ſentimentaler Don Juan iſt, der die Damen mit hohem Gefühle doch nur wie Pferde dreſſirt und abgefeimt in allen Künſten des Egoismus iſt, eben ſo begegnet uns in den Werken Jean Paul's ſein Gegenbild, ein unſchuldiger, ſchüchterner Jüngling, voll Seele, die aber, wie eine Senſitive, vor jeder Berührung zuſammenfährt, voll Geiſt, den er aber nicht, oder nur an unrechten Orten anzubringen weiß. Dort der frühgeſchulte frankfurter Patrizier, hier der naive Knabe vom Fichtelgebirge. Dort franzöſiſche Kochkunſt, hier die ächt deutſche Genügſamkeit.

Es iſt etwas unendlich Rührendes um dieſe treuherzigen Jean Paul'ſchen Jünglinge, die ſich ſo oft lächerlich machen. Es iſt ſo viel Wahres daran. Sie haben ſo viele Vorbilder in der Wirklichkeit, wenigſtens gehabt. Bei frommer und ſittlicher Erziehung, bei beſcheidener Armuth war dieſe Jungfräulichkeit einem großen Theil unſerer Jugend eigen und iſt noch jetzt häufig zu finden. Das kriegeriſche Element fehlte, keine ſchmetternde Trompete rief den Jüngling ins öffentliche Leben, keine freudige Luſt. Im engen Familienkreiſe aufgewachſen, an einſame Studien gewieſen, durch die Willkür der Gewalt, durch das Uebergewicht der Gunſt über das Verdienſt, durch die ariſtokratiſchen Sitten überall zurückgeſchreckt und eingeſchüchtert, gutmüthig von Natur und gern im Herkömmlichen ein göttliches Geſetz verehrend, gab es wirklich eine Menge gebildeter, tiefgemüthliche Jünglinge, die ganz ſo waren, wie Jean Paul ſie ſchildert, und die wenigſtens beweiſen, daß die urſprünglich edle deutſche Natur trotz aller politiſchen Demoraliſirung, trotz aller Verweichlichung und ſyſtematiſcher Entnervung ſich doch immer zu behaupten weiß. Unſchuld, Scham, richtiges Gefühl für das Große und Schöne, tiefe Scheu vor dem Gemeinen wird immer neu geboren, iſt wie von ſelber da, und gehen dieſe guten Eigenſchaften der Jugend auch am Ende in die ſchlechtern des Alters über, werden ſie am Ende von der Uebermacht der herrſchenden Gemeinheit verſchlungen, ſo bedarf es doch nur einer großen Anregung von Außen, um das zarte Gefühl für Scham und Ehre, was lange Zeit, wie bei den Jean Paul'ſchen Jünglingen, nur weiblich, ſcheu, ja furchtſam erſchien, plötzlich in eine männliche Begeiſterung und in kriegeriſchen Zorn zu verwandeln.

Meine Chriſtnacht*).

Was mich geſtern ſo ſanft anklang wie das gewöhnliche Feſteinläuten, waren drei fremde Kinder, die ich betrog. Ich geſteh' es Recenſenten und Kritikern, ich beſtärkte die drei gläubigen Jünger, ſo ſehr ich konnte, im erwieſenen Irrthum eines exiſtirenden — Chriſtkindleins; es fliege doch und golden (macht' ich ihnen weiß) über die Häuſer und ſchaue herab auf gute und böſe Thaten der Kinder und belohne jene und beſtrafe dieſe. Ich zeigte ihnen ohne Bedenken eine entfallene Pfauenfeder (wie man in mittlern Zeiten des Erzengels Michael Federkiele wies), da es auf der umkreiſenden Thurmfahne die Schwingen ausdehnte und wieder zuſammenfaltete....

Es iſt ſündlich und pedantiſch, aus Kindern freudige Irrthümer auszujäten, die nur Roſenabſenker und keinen Neſſelſaamen tragen können. Jagt den Ruprecht fort, aber laſſet das magiſche Chriſtkind mit grüngoldenem Gefieder zwiſchen den wiedererſcheinenden Dezemberwolken ziehen; denn jener richtet ſich einmal grimmig mit gezähnten Zacken im Fieber auf, aber dieſes fliegt einmal vergoldend und entzückend durch einen dunkeln Traum und durch die letzten Abendroth auf dem Sterbebette und durchbricht mit hellen laufenden Goldpunkten das finſtere Dunkel. —

Der hohe Glaube der Kinder an ein Wunderkommen und alſo ihre Bereitwilligkeit, große Täuſchungen gläubig anzunehmen, iſt ſo groß, und ſo thätig als ihre — herumgreifende Aufmerkſamkeit, die das gemalte blinde Thor der Täuſchung trotz der Thorpoſten öffnen will; — und daher kömmt es, daß der Verfaſſer des Jubelſeniors, als er noch Huſar (ich meine im Huſarenpelz) war, nicht vermochte, aus allen gepackten Körben und aus allen Zubereitungen zum Chriſtgeſchenk und aus allen

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*) Jean Paul's Werke. Erſtes Bändchen.

Gerüchen des angemalten Spielzeugs und des heißen Backwerks und aus dem Augenſchein ſelber (da er wirkliche Menſchen beſcheeren ſah) herauszubringen, daß niemand weiter die Hand in dieſem glücklichen Spiele habe, als eben Menſchen; ich nahm wenigſtens gleich einem Theologen an, daß Chriſtuskind greife, da ich die unmittelbare Einwirkung aufgehoben ſah, zur mittelbaren und ſchenke durch fleiſcherne Erdenhände. Und dann, als auch dieſer bunte Nebel zu Waſſer wurde, ſo gab ich keinen Groſchen für's ganze Geſchenk. Ich erinnr' mich noch wohl meiner dermaligen erſchlaffenden öden — Entzauberung... und ſo wird mein Geiſt und jeder Geiſt, auf den die unſichtbare Luftſäule des Lebens in unſerer Erdentiefe herunter drückt, ewig ſeine Arme und Flügel nach einem höhern Aether ausſtrecken — ewig wird unſer armes in die Klauſur der Bruſt, in den Block des ſchweren Erdenblutes, in die Laufbänder der Nerven gefeſſeltes dumpfes Herz ſich ſträubend und ſchwellend und oft brechend gegen das Element aufſchließen, in dem es ſchlagen ſoll — denn die Unermeßlichkeit iſt unſer Ort, und die Ewigkeit iſt unſere Zeit, und das Geſchöpf iſt nur der Vorläufer unſers geliebten Schöpfers. — —

O daher verliert jene Jugendzeit, wo die Wirklichkeit größer und lichter war als der gedrückte enge Wunſch in der Kinderbruſt, niemals ihren Schein; dort war es ſchön, da über den kleinen Kopf ſich noch kein größerer Himmel wölben konnte, als der über ihm ſtand, und da wir noch aus der Morgenluft (unſerer Lebensluft) unſere Luftſchlöſſer d. h. unſere Luſtſchlöſſer bauen durften ... dort war es ſchön, wo uns noch der Schlafrock des Vaters ſo warm und dicht umhüllte wie der Mantel des Schlafes, wo die Erde noch die Phantaſie, nicht dieſe jene bevölkerte, und wo wir uns ſtatt der Ewigkeit nichts wünſchten als Jahre und nichts Höheres ſein wollten als Aeltern ...

Daher grub ich mir geſtern, als die Nacht meinen Luſtgang und Himmelsweg der Gaſſe ſperrte, auf den Stubendielen das verfahrene Gleis von neuem auf, das der Laufwagen meiner kindiſchen Jahre mit den Ezechielsrädern eines Himmelswagens gezogen hatte. Alles ruhte neben mir und in mir, — überall ſetzte ich, gewiſſer als ſonſt, beglückte Sterbliche voraus — das Treiben der häuslichen Arbeit hatte aufgehört, die weiblichen Brandungen waren geglättet, die Fenſter- und Bettvorhänge hingen und gleißten, der Meeresboden der ſandigen Stube blinkte, die Mehl-Garben oder geknäteten Backöfen und Weltbäume rauchten aus und wurden kalt, alles Geliebte ſaß um mich und hoffte — ich lief und hoffte — ja ich ſah den Paradiesvogel der Freude neben dem Abendvogel*) fliegen und uns mit dem regen ſchillernden Gefieder blenden. — —

In einem ſolchen Enthuſiasmus war mir's unmöglich, ein geringeres Buch zu ergreifen als die — Fibel. Wenige Bücher, die ich kaufe oder mache, leſ' ich mit ſolchem Entzücken als dieſes am häufigſten aufgelegte Werklein dieſer vergoldete Thürgriff an allen Univerſitäts- und Lehr- und Lerngebäuden. Ich mache mir mein Entzücken dadurch begreiflich, daß ich es aus dem großen alten ableite, womit ich das erſte Abc-Buch mit ſeiner goldnen Metallſchrift auf der hölzernen bunten Flügeldecke in meinen kindlichen Händen glänzen ſah. Schon das Innere des Buchs, nämlich die 24 Buchſtaben ſind mir nicht gleichgültig, da ich von ihnen lebe, indem ich ſie blos gehörig wie Karten oder Looſe miſche; aber doch zieht mich das Werkchen ſtärker an, wenn es zu iſt und ich das goldne Abc aus meinem goldnen Zeitalter auf dem Letterholz der Schaale vor mir flimmern ſehe wie einen zerbrochenen illuminirten Namenszug auf einem Ehrenbogen. — Aber da ich geſtern die mit Goldfarbe aufgeſtrichenen Trümmer der Vergangenheit beſchaute, ſo wurde mir plötzlich wie einem, der aus einem langen Schlaf erwacht und mir kam vor, ich hätte nur eine Stunde geſchlafen, nämlich gelebt. — Ich fragte mich, kann denn die Zeit ſo weit zurückgeſunken ſein, deren Grabſchrift in erhabenen metallenen Lettern ſo hell vor und in die Nähe. — iſt denn der Tag des Lebens nicht blos wie der Chriſtabend, ſo dunkel und kalt, ſondern auch eben ſo kurz. — —

Aber ich gab mir ſelber ein Trauerreglement und ließ, um meine vier Gehirnkammern nicht ſchwarz auszuſchlagen, über dieſe, wie über eine dunkle Kammer die gefärbten lebendigen Morgenbilder aller der Freuden ziehen, die jetzt um andere Länder flattern. Ich verſetzte mich, ſtatt in alle Gaſſen, nun in alle Zonen. Ich konnte mit Gewißheit zu mir ſagen: in dieſer Stunde raſten tauſend Mütter — tauſend Säuglinge ſchlummern trunken an den ſanft herüberſinkenden Müttern ein — jetzt ſteigt die Sonne wie das Haupt des Meergottes aus dem entzündeten Meere und wirft Roſen auf Inſeln und dieſe beſchauen ihre bekränzten Ufer im Zauberwaſſer — und in dieſer Minute weicht ſie von den [illegible] andere Länder und verſteckt ſich hinter Orangenwipfel, dann hinter Waizenähren und zuletzt hinter drei Roſen voll Laub und ſtrahlt endlich verſchleiert nur in der gerührten Seele eines nachblickenden Dichters fort. — Wie viel Liebende fallen in dieſer Stunde einander an's Herz! Wie viele Getrennte erblicken ſich wieder! Wie viele Kinder ſchlagen jetzt unter unſern Wolken zum erſtenmale die Augen auf und ihre Aeltern lächeln ſtatt ihrer! Welchen ſchönen Perlenbach von Freudenthränen ſieht jetzt der glückliche Genius der Erde unter Nachtigallentönen und Freudenfeſten niederfallen! — Ach wie freudig ſeh' ich die bunte Roſen- und Blumenkette heller abgetrockneter Augen und wonnevoller Herzen um die Erde gehen! Und o du guter Genius, gehör' ich denn, indem ich's ſehe, nicht auch dazu?" —

Ach, ich riß mich bald vom bekränzten Zuge ab, weil meine aufgerüttelte Phantaſie mir auch einen zweiten parallelen Trauernden zeigte, der geſenkt und in Flor gehüllt, ſchweigend oder klagend durch das enge Theater geht. Aber ich will euch nicht in das dunkle Trauerbilder-Kabinet hineinführen, das ich mit den Nachtſtücken des Trauergefolges dieſer Stunde behing, und worin ich es malte, wie viele Wunden und Gräber in dieſer Minute gemacht werden — wie viele Seufzer ſteigen — wie viele unſerer Geſchwiſter erbleichen — wie viele geſchieden, verlaſſen, verachtet, zertreten und durchbohrt werden....... Nein, dieſe Trophoniushöhle, dieſen düſtern Trauerſaal ſchließe die Hoffnung zu. — Aber in dieſer aus Schmerz und Wonne zuſammengemiſchten Wehmuth, die, bald kraftlos, gegen die tiefen Gewitterwolken der Leiden, wie gegen die phyſiſchen, kein Mittel auf dem Lebenswege kennt, als ſich hinzulegen in die ſicherſte und letzte, aber kälteſte und engſte Höhle, bald aber ſich lieber mit lächelnden Schmerzen aufrichtet und im Gewölke des Grams das Bild des Unendlichen und ſeines Himmels leichter erkennt, wie wir die kleinere Sonne nur im überflorten Spiegel betrachten, — — in dieſem vermengten Zuſtande voll kämpfender Träume ſucht' ich Schlummer auf, der mit einem leichten kürzern Traume den Zwiſt der andern ſchlichtet.

Aber ich fand ihn nicht. Die Winterſtunden zogen träge mit ihren langen Schatten vorüber. Meine innern Bilder wurden von elektriſchen Funken lichter und reger und bewegten ſich endlich im ſchwarzen Raum der Nacht, anfangs vor den geſchloſſenen Augen, dann vor den geöffneten. Ich ſah ſehnlich der erleuchtenden Morgenſtunde des heutigen Tages wie einem bethaueten Frühling entgegen.

Ich ging an's Fenſter, um den Nachtfroſt als Alpenſchnee in den heißen Zaubertrank meiner Phantaſien zu werfen; auch wollt' ich die nahe gewöhnliche Chriſtnachtsmuſik, die vom umwehten eiſernen Thurmgeländer über taube Häuſer geblaſen wird, näher und voller austrinken. Unten vor mir lag eine ſchlafende Gaſſe erloſchener Weinhäuſer — über die Bleiche aus Schnee zog die ſchwarze Trauerſchleppe des geſchmolzenen Stromes den langen Faltenwurf — nackte Bäume vergitterten die weiße Ebene mit ihren ſchwarzen Gerippen, und der breite Trauerrand düſterer Wälder endigte die beiden Hügel — über den blauſchwarzen Himmel wurde aufgelöſtes Gewölke, gleichſam vergrößerte Schneeflocken, getrieben und um die ewigen tiefen Sonnen gaukelte der flatternde Dunſt der Erde.

Als der Nachtwind, der einzige lebendige Athem der Natur, meine erhitzte Stirn und meine geſchloſſenen Augen fächelnd überſpielte und ſich wie Frühlingslaub um Träume aufblätterte, ſo kamen wahre Träume und der ſtarke Schlaf.

Der Traum und das Alter ſpielen den Menſchen in die Kindheit zurück, und in der kalten Nacht von beiden überkriecht das lichtſcheue Erdgewürm des kindlichen Wahnes wieder das Herz. — Mir träumte, ich ſtiege auf den höchſten Eisberg der Erde, um auf ſeinem Gipfel ſtehend mein Ohr an das verſchloſſene Kirchen- und Gottesackerthor der Zukunft dieſes Jahres zu legen und ſie zu belauſchen. Unter dem Eisberge lagen die Städte und Kirchhöfe der Erde weit umher in dämmernder Tiefe; Alles ſchlief, nichts leuchtete, nichts regte ſich, und die ganze Erde war von einer Stadt zur andern, wie vom Krater des Grabes, mit ſtiller Aſche hoch beſchneit.

Aber als ich gen Himmel ſah, ſo zogen die zuckenden Sternbilder und verfolgten einander. Jedes Bild malte mit zuſammenſchießenden Strahlen, wie mit ſprühenden Gewitterwolken, ſeinen lichten Umriß in's Blaue. Der Himmel bewegte ſich unter dem Kampf der funkelnden regen Geſtalten. Der Drache zog am Gipfel des Himmels herauf und verſchlang die Sonnen ſeiner Bahn und den Polarſtern. — Am erhabenen Orion lagen nagend der Skorpion und der Hund, und der Krebs durchbohrte mit ſeinen zwei Scheeren die Zwillinge, und auf der Jungfrau hackte der Rabe, und die Waſſerſchlange hielt ſich aufgebäumt auf der Nacht zurück.

Die Geiſterſtunde rückte immer näher. Unaufhörlich ſprachen die Glocken unter mir und [illegible] jede Minute [illegible]

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*) Die Abendvogel [illegible]

Stunde. Ich ſchaute furchtſam nur auf die entſchlummerte, eingeſchattete Ebene nieder. Endlich ſchlugen alle Uhren die ſechzigſte Minute aus, und die Geiſterſtunde ging an. Da fuhr ein Sturm unter der Erde am Horizont herauf, und erſchütterte die aufgehenden Sternbilder und trieb ſie auf die Erde herein, und die Todtenaſche hebte ſich auf, und die wandelnden Bilder blitzten durch das Aſchegeſtöber, — und die lichten Geſtalten waren Geiſter — und beſtanden aus Augen.

Die Lichtgeiſter zogen die Todtenaſche an und verhüllten ſich in ſie und formten Menſchenkörper heraus und Geſtalten, die ich kannte. Sie ſpielten das Getümmel des Lebens nach; — die Geiſter im Staube weinten wie die ſchlafenden Menſchen, und andere lachten mit den Aſchenlippen; ſie machten Gräber und legten Kindergeſtalten hinein, andere hielten Mutterarme auf und drückten kleine Weſen an die kalte Bruſt. — Dann trieb eine neue Windsbraut die Todtenſtaubwolke aus den weiten, dürren Schlachtfeldern der vorigen Jahre heran. Und die blinkenden Geiſter wickelten ſich in den Heerrauch und ſpielten verkörpert mit altem ruhenden Staube grimmig die künftigen Schlachten vor, und die fallenden Krieger ſtäubten nur im Fallen, aber aus der Aſche floſſen keine Thränen und kein Blut.

Und da ich voll Klage meine Augen auf zum Himmel hob und betete: O Vater des Troſtes, gib den armen wahnſinnigen Menſchen „Friede und Liebe," ſo ſah ich den geſtirnten Drachen zwiſchen dem Arkturus und Kynoſura die Flügel wie Wolken aufſchlagen und herunterziehen; — und wie er glühend tiefer ſank, ſo fiel der Berg aus Eis geſchmolzen ein, und die nahe Aſche flatterte um mich, und eine ſpielende Geſtalt wollte in meinen Körper dringen, um mein Vergehen nachzuſpielen, und die nahe Erde, dieſer Aſchenzieher unſers warmen Staubes, ergriff mich, und dem hängenden Drachen entfiel auf mein Herz ein glühender Stern. — Da war mein Geiſt befreit und loderte empor über zerbrochenes, auf die Erde gebautes Gewölb. — Ich ſchwebte feſt und unbewegt über den Strudeln der rollenden Erde, und die umlaufende Welt führte ihre Länder und Völker unter mir vorbei. O wie viel Jammer und wie viel Wonne flogen vorüber! Bald wälzte die Kugel ein ſtürmendes ſchreiendes Meer und taumelnde Schiffe mit angefrornen nachſinkenden Särgen vorbei, — bald ein perſiſches Thal, glühend von Nelken und Lilien und Narciſſen und hängenden Blumengärten auf Pfirſichſtämmen; — Schlachtfelder voll umklammernder Würgengel verfolgten duftende Gärten mit umarmenden weichen Geliebten; — bald kamen zwei Arme, die das ſtammelnde Entzücken, bald zwei andere, die der Jammer aufhob; — und die Kugel zeigte mir auf ihren weichen Blumen den glücklichen Schäfer, und unter ihm den liegenden, gleich wie einen lebendig beerdigten Leiche arbeitenden Bergmann und Minenkrieger; — Regenbogen auf erkälteten Gewittern und auf erbebenden Waſſerfällen, niederbrennende Städte unter Donnerwettern, und ſchillernde im Morgenthaue; die Todtenglocke ſummte in das Freudengeläute, das Morgenroth zerfloß in's Abendroth, und die rollende Kugel rückte das an ihr hängende Menſchengeſchlecht, Alles, ſeine verwundeten, erhabenen, zerdrückten, verweinten Geſtalten, und alle unſere Thränen und Kränze und Siegbetten und Spiele zuſammen, und der Schmerz und die Seligkeit riefen neben einander, flehend: ich bin ewig. —

Da ſtand in meinem Geiſte der Stolz und die Kraft der Unſterblichkeit auf, und er ſagte: Gib hinab, ſchmutzige Kugel, mit deinen geflügelten Freuden; du biſt viel zu vergänglich für einen Unſterblichen!

Als aber der wegziehende Erdkreis ſeine Sonnen hinter ſich, — und als mein gerührtes Auge um die andern Sonnen tauſend Erden ſchwimmen und alle dunkeln Klumpen mit der umgewälzten Nachbarſchaft der Paradieſe und der Gräber, des Jammers und des Jubels eilen ſah, ſo brach meine Bruſt unter der Verzweiflung, und ich rief aus: „Unendlicher, ſind denn deine Endlichen nirgends glücklich! O wann wird denn die erwachende Seele geſättigt?"

Ein ſanftes Ahnen antwortete: „Auf deiner Erde — aber nach dem Sterben — bei der unendlichen Liebe, bei der unendlichen Weisheit." — Und hier kehrte die Erde von ihrem Jahre zurück und flog eben von der Sonne herab, und das Ahnen ſang ſchöner und leiſer nach: „Gehe auf deine Erde, du biſt noch nicht geſtorben." Und hier wurde aus allen in der Tiefe fliegenden Welten ein zitterndes Glockenſpiel, und meine getröſtete Seele ſtieg der alten niederfallenden Erde ſanft gravitirend entgegen, — und ein funkelnder Zirkel aus zwei verſchlungenen Regenbogen war um ihr rauhes Ufer gelegt; — und ſie riß mich erſchüttert zu ſich, und ich wachte auf . . . . .

Um den Thurm flogen die heiligen Töne des Chriſtmorgens und der Morgenwind brachte ſie ſchwingend — unter mir ging der ſchwere Strom mit ſeinen alten Wellen und mit ewigen Tönen — die Sternbilder des Himmels ſtanden feſt und ſtill, die Wolken lagen vom Nachtwind erhöhet und von der tiefen heraufgehenden Sonne geröthet, bergig im Oſten — und in einigen der nächſten Häuſer waren ſchon die Frucht- und Zuckerbäume angezündet, und die von der Muſik zu bald geweckten Kinder hüpften um die brennenden Zweige und um das verſilberte Obſt.

Ueber das Immergrün unſerer Gefühle *).

„Wie enge iſt das warme Leben, und wie breit ſeine Winterſeite! Kannſt du die Entzückungen, welche überwältigend und mit dem Verſprechen der Unſterblichkeit in deinem Herzen geherrſcht, in den nächſten Tag wieder zurückführen, wenn ſie dem Gegenſtande nachgeflohen ſind? Wie viel bleibt dir von der Seligkeit, welche dir eine Landſchaft, ein Glück, eine Muſik, eine Stunde der Freundſchaft und Liebe gegeben, in deiner Erinnerung zurück? Höchſtens warme Schatten deiner Vergangenheit; ein mattes Nachſchimmern hängt ſich an den erneuerten Gegenſtand, und die Entzückung, die vorher ſo gewaltſam dein Herz erſchütterte, erregt nur ein leiſes Nachzittern voll Sehnſucht, die eben der lebendige Beweis iſt, wie wenig du behalten haſt. Da wir für die äußere Welt der Sinnen, für die innere der Vorſtellungen ein ewiges Repetirwerk am Gedächtniß beſitzen, und da die Bilderreihen des Kopfs ihren Nebenregenbogen haben, ſo bilden wir uns ein, auch die Flammen des Herzens würfen, gleich dunkeln Körpern, Schatten von ſich und Schattenriſſe. Allein wenn uns aus einem ganzen feurigen Frühling des Lebens, eine in drei Minuten zuſammengepreßte Erinnerung und nicht vielmehr Reichthum des Nachgefühls übrig bleibt, als aus den Paradieſen des magnetiſchen Schlafs nach dem Erwachen, ſo gehört: das Herz hat kein Echo. Nur ſtarkes Schmerzgefühl wiedererzeugt ſich ſelbſt mit aller Größe in der Erinnerung; die Locke und das Kleid eines Verlornen bringt dir vielleicht die erſte Trauer in voller Stärke wieder, obgleich die Locke und das Kleid eines geliebten Menſchen wenig von der vergangenen Entzückung erneuert, vielleicht darum, weil außerhalb der Kunſt der geiſtige Schmerz ſtärker und häufiger iſt, als der geiſtige Zauber, wie die körperliche Pein des Gefühls [illegible], als jede Luſt deſſelben. Und ſo dauert denn ſo oft unſer Nachwinter länger, als unſer Nachſommer."

— Man wird leicht nach den „Gänſefüßen oder Anführungszeichen" erwarten, daß ich alles dieſes widerlegen werde, aber ich unterſchreib' es vielmehr und füge ſogar noch Folgendes dazu: Wenn der Menſch den durchflogenen Geſtirnhimmel auch nur Eines Tages rein wieder nachbauen und aufwölben könnte im Kopfe, ſo könnten ihm in einem Jahre ſo viel Himmel offen, als der Augur Tauſendes annehmen, nämlich 365; und dann könnte der Gegenſtand, der den erſten Himmel ſchaffen mußte, ſo entbehrlich ſeyn, als der Lehrer die bei dem Fortgewinnen einer Wiſſenſchaft, die er dir zum erſtenmal gegeben. — Vielleicht auch gehört es eben zu den unüberwindlichen Siegen der höhern, zärtern Liebe, daß der Geliebt-Liebende auch in der Entfernung vom Gegenſtande und ohne Malerei der Erinnerung noch ein linderes laues Fortwehen der Feierſtunden am Herzen verſpürt, wie zuweilen in manchen himmliſchen Abenden des Frühlings alle Gaſſen der Stadt, in welchen kein Garten wächſt, ein Blüthenduft durchzieht, den die ganze warmblühende Umgegend zuhaucht. Dieſes ſanfte, der Liebe eigene Fortfühlen, ohne den Gegenſtand und ohne die heißen Sonnenblicke der Entzückungen, iſt wie das fortdauernde Umſpülen der Bruſt durch einen ätherblauen Tag und eine friſchgrüne unabſehliche Landſchaft.

Gleichwohl kann ich allen vorigen Klagen über das Nachdenken der Gefühle einen Troſt zur Antwort geben, den Troſt ihrer Auferſtehung durch die Kunſt. Wenn der Gegenſtand entwich und ihm dann nachſtarb die begeiſterte Stunde, die er gegeben, ſo tritt die Kunſt zu uns und weckt das Geſtorbene auf; die Malerei giebt uns den Gegenſtand zurück und damit die begeiſterte Stunde, — die Tonkunſt giebt die Begeiſterung und damit den Gegenſtand, — die Dichtkunſt giebt beide wechſelnd.

Wenn die Malerei das Laufwerk der Augenblicke anhält zum Feſtſtehen: ſo blickt die Zauberlandſchaft, das Zauberauge, die Zaubermiene dich unaufhörlich an, und jeden Tag kehren ſeine höchſten Freuden um, und die Sonne ſteht vor dem Maler (anders als vor dem ſiegenden Joſua) nur ſtill, um dem wärmern Leben fortzuwandeln.

Welche Stunden und Sonnen und Körper müßten ſich an einander reihen, um dir nur eine einzige Tonnacht zu brennen, welche du von unſichtbaren Händen empfängſt! Habe groß und heilig geweint, wie du nur willſt: die Tonkunſt bricht dir dein Herz noch und bringt dir alle Thränen wieder.

Und dann endlich giebſt du, gute Dichtkunſt — mit dem ganzen Reichthum beider Schweſterkünſte — die Menſchen und die Entzückungen verklärt lebendig zurück, die jede Erinnerung

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*) Jean Paul's Werke. [illegible]

nur todt wiedergebären kann, und in deinem Spätroth kehrt jedes Frühroth des Lebens um. Dem Menſchen, welcher große Stunden des Lebens dunkel in der Bruſt trägt, aber ohne die Kraft, ſie wieder zu beleben und zu erleuchten, wiederholt ſie die Geſtalten, die ihn ergriffen, die Töne, die er nie vergeſſen wollte, und die Erde und den Himmel, welcher nur Einmal ſo für ihn dageſtanden.

In ihren Umriſſen des Lebens verſchwinden die Ungleichheiten deſſelben wie der Erdſchatten am Monde ſich rundet und ſeine Berge verbirgt. Ja, ſie thut nicht die alten Paradieſe, die ſich hinter uns zugeſchloſſen, ſondern auch neue auf, in die wir gehen können, und auf ihren leichten Wolken finden unſere Seelen, wie Oſſians Geiſter auf ihren, einen Himmel wieder. So klage denn nicht über die Flüchtigkeit der Freuden, da ihnen die Kunſt ihre Ewigkeit leiht. Oder wenn du noch klagſt, daß die Entzückung und die Begeiſterung nur ſo lange dauere, als der Gegenſtand, der ſie ſchafft, verweilt: ſo erfreue und begeiſtere dich an einem Gegenſtand, der niemals von dir weichen kann, er iſt zugleich auch der größte und der ſchönſte, und hat dir Alles gegeben, dich und ſich.

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Eine andere verwandte Klage über das Alter der Gefühle durch Jahre widerleg' ich gern, ſo wie jede unnütze Furcht der Menſchen; und ich gewinne gern, wo es nur angeht, allen Menſchen unſers Lebens die Sonnenſeite ab.

Nur ein enges Herz welkt nicht, aber ein weites wird größer; jenes verengen die Jahre, dieſes dehnen ſie aus. Nur irrt der Menſch zweimal über die warme Tiefe ſeiner Gefühle.

Das eine Mal iſt, wenn ſie da ſind in aller Kraft, aber zugleich in Ruhe. Empfindeſt du wohl für deine Kinder im Treiben des Wochenlebens, im [illegible] durch Gebote, und vielleicht durch Rügen und Fürſorgen und in den tagelangen Entfernungen oder im Vergleichen des einen Kindes mit dem andern, empfindeſt du jene Liebesgluth für ſie, welche aus der ausgeſtreuten Aſche des Alltagslebens ſogleich in helle Flamme vorbricht, wenn dein Kind unſchuldig leiden muß oder ſterben will? — Aber dann war deine Liebe ja früher da, als der Schmerz des Kindes und deiner. Wie erſcheint in der Ehe und in der Freundſchaft das Herz, das im gewöhnlichen Nebeneinanderleben nur heimlich ſchlägt und wärmt, in den beiden Stunden, worin wie der Menſch am meiſten gefällt, bei dem Abſchiede und bei der Ankunft, mit aller ſchönen Gewalt der langgenährten Gluth, ſo wie die Gletſcher — wenn ein ſolches poetiſches Gleichniß verſtattet iſt — nur bei Sonnenauf- und bei Untergange durchſichtig und roſenroth lodern, im Taglichte aber dunkel und grau bleiben.

Vielleicht liebt ſogar der Menſchenfeind, ja der größte Selbſtſüchtige unbewußt; man entrücke ihm die ganze Menſchenwelt bis auf das kleinſte Kind, und frage dann ſein Herz. Verwechſelt man nicht immer ſo voreilig Erkältung gegen einen, gegen zehn, gegen viele, mit Erſtarrung gegen alle.

Und ſo liegt denn ein Goldſchatz von Liebe wenig ſichtbar als bis auf ein kleines Flämmchen in der Bruſt, bis ihn endlich ein Geiſterwort hebt und der Menſch den alten Reichthum entdeckt. Auch freuet es mich noch recht, daß das Herz gerade durch die Gewohnheit des Beiſammenſeins — ſie, die ſonſt alle Reize und Genüſſe entblättert und kahl macht — im Stillen Nahrung zur Liebe ſammelt, wie der Diamant auch unter dem Waſſer Licht zum Ausſtrahlen einſaugt, und daß die Liebe gerade durch die Zeit, die den Haß abſtumpft, ſo lange unſcheinbar erſtarkt, bis ſie mit allem Glanze in der Gefahr einer Trennung auf einmal ihren Zuwachs zeigt; denn die Gewohnheit trägt die Farben der Liebe auf, wie die Kalkmalerei die ihrigen; eine nach der andern wird eingeſogen und verſchwindet, und auf die unſichtbare kommt wieder eine, bis zuletzt ein dauerhaftes Glanzbild aufersteht und vortritt.

Ein andermal glaubt der Menſch ſich vom Alter erkältet, weil er in ihm blos für höhere Gegenſtände entbrennen kann, als ſolche, die ihn früher erwärmten. Es iſt aber gar nicht wahr, was doch zuweilen der Landſchaftsfreund, der Prediger, der Dichter, der Schauſpieler, der Tonkünſtler klaget, daß an den Jahren ihre Empfindung für Natur, Kunſt und Herz erlahme, blos weil ſie von den Gegenſtänden ihrer jungen Jahre ſchwächer ergriffen werden in ihren alten. Du meinſt freilich ſogar, wie ich, kälter im Schauſpiel und vor der Romane als ſonſt; aber gebt uns das rechte Gedicht, und gebt mir eine in Mannheim dargeſtellte Scene von [illegible], ſo will ich mich loben, wenn ich eben ſo viel Gewalt über meine Rührung bekomme, als vorher über mich. Die Jugend iſt noch dunkles Gewölk, das ſchon vor langen Sonnenſtrahlen zerfließt, indeß das weißgemachte von ihnen kaum erglimmt. Der reife und überreife Mann liebt ſogar die Thräne, die der Jüngling flieht; aber nur weil ſie zu heiß aus ihm dringt und zu langſam trocknet.

Eben ſo wähle, guter Himmel, einen Menſchen von meinem Alter und meinem Herzen und meiner lebenlangen Armuth an erhabenen Landſchaften, und führe ihn in die rheiniſchen, und bringe ihn auf das ziehende lange Meer des Rheins, der zwiſchen zwei Weingebirgen, wie zwiſchen geſegneten Welttheilen, nur luſtige wallt und ſich Eilande zum Umarmen ſchafft, und laſſe ſogar noch den Nachflor des Abendroths in ihm blühen: wahrlich, in dem alten Menſchen wird wieder die Jugend ſpiegeln und das ſtille Meer der Unendlichkeit, die uns in den reichſten und größten Himmel hinunter ſehen läßt. Oder wenn ein gütiges Schickſal einen Mann von ſo vielen Jahren und von ſo wenigen Kunſtkenntniſſen, als ich habe, und von derſelben Phantaſie in das altdeutſche Bilderkabinet der kunſtgaſtfreien Gebrüder Boiſſerée einführte, und wenn er darin (noch dazu hat er vorher zur Einweihe die ſterbende Marie des van Eyk geſehen) das Gottbild ſeines Sohnes, den Chriſtuskopf, vor das Auge bekommen, und wenn er nun in das Uebermenſchliche des Bildes ſo nahe blicken müßte, deſſen Augen Weltrichter ſind und deſſen Züge nur menſchenverwandt, aber nicht völkerähnlich, ſondern völkerbeherrſchend, und wie er erſt nach der Demüthigung vor der göttlichen, im Künſtlergeiſte zum zweitenmale Menſch gewordenen Geſtalt endlich den Troſt genommen hätte, in die tiefen Liebequellen der Augen und Lippen zu ſchauen: ſo weiß ich, wie dem Glücklichen eine bloße Farbenfläche das Herz erſchüttern und dann zerſchmelzen würde; denn ich war ein ſolcher Glücklicher.

Gedächtniß, Witz, Phantaſie, Scharfſinn können ſich im Alter nicht verjüngen, aber das Herz vermag es mit ſich; und damit ihr's glaubt, denkt daran, wie Dichterherzen noch in ihrem Herbſt und Winter glühen, ein Klopſtock, Herder, Gleim, Wieland, Rouſſeau.

Der Name Rouſſeau erinnert noch an die Liebe im engern Sinn. Und dieſe tröſtet und wärmt vielleicht öfter ein altes Herz, als ſie ſich ausſpricht, was auch nicht immer zur Liebe nöthig iſt. Wer im Alter ganz die Liebe miſſen kann, hatte in der Jugend die rechte nicht, für welche es keine Jahre giebt, ſowie im Winter nur vertrocknete Zweige, aber nicht Sprößlinge ſich mit Eis überziehen. Schmerzhaft ſchlägt auch Jedem das liebende Herz, wenn er denken müßte, es ſchlag' der Erkaltung entgegen, nur einige Jahrzehende blüh' es und ſterbe darauf in langen Jahrzehenden kalt fort. Aber die Liebe wird ſich oft verhehlen und einen Theil ihrer Wärme verſchämt hinter Kindern und Enkeln verbergen; und die letzte Liebe iſt vielleicht ſo verſchämt als die erſte.

Aber ſoll denn Liebe im Alter, ſobald ſie auf keine äußern Vorrechte der Jugend Anſpruch macht, immer nur lächerlich ſein? Warum ſoll das Liebeleben, das bei den beſſern Menſchen ſtets nur geiſtig und mit dem Innern anfängt, nicht auch mit dem Innern ſchließen dürfen? Iſt es denn ſo lächerlich, wenn ein veraltetes Auge ſehnend anblickt, und die Erinnerungen aller Frühlinge errathen läßt? Ja, wenn es ſogar [illegible] würbe, aber nicht zu ſehr, ſondern nur aus halber Freude und aus halbem Nachgefühl, warum nicht auch dieß zu vergeben? Und darf denn keine alte Hand eine junge drücken, wenn ſie [illegible] kein anderes Zeichen geben will, als dieß: auch ich war in Arkadien, und auch Arkadien blüht in mir? Denn die Jugend des Geiſtes iſt ewig, und die Ewigkeit iſt Jugend; die Liebe gebe, wie der Amorette der alten Dichtung, ſtärkſte Kraft und Unſterblichkeit zugleich. Der Körper iſt der Blumentopf der Liebe; aber nur der Topf, nicht die lebendige Blume vermodert im irdiſchen Boden.

Wenn indeß die Gefühle jedem Alter gerettet bleiben: ſo behalten doch nicht alle Zeichen derſelben die nämliche Freiheit, ob ich gleich zu den Menſchen ſagen möchte: „Schonet jede wahre Liebe, unter welchen Zeichen ihr ſie auch antrefft, und verlacht die Ausdrücke eines feurigen Herzens nicht ſtrenger, als ihr es bei denen eines jammernden wagt.“ Da dem gemeinen Menſchen eigentlich alle Zeichen einer Liebe, wovon er nur Zuſchauer und nicht Gegenſtand iſt, ſchon in der rechten Blüthezeit des Lebens lächerlich und tadelhaft erſcheinen: ſo ſchenke er ſich doch mehr Recht zu ſeiner lachenden Kälte zu, wenn er außer der gewöhnlichen Jahrzeit die Vergißmeinnicht der Liebe antrifft. —

Erinnerungen
aus den
ſchönſten Stunden für die letzten *).

„Ich will, wie in den abgemattetſten Jahren der Krankheit Herder ſeinem Sohne, einen großen Gedanken, womit ich mich

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*) Jean Paul's Werke. Erſtes Bändchen.

erquickt!" — Was aber halten wir gewöhnlich den liegenden [illegible] dunkeln Krankenbette vor, wenn vor ihnen der Glanzgrau [illegible] ihrem Leben dunkelgrau geworden? Nichts, als noch einige Schreckbilder mehr, ſtatt erhellender Sternbilder. Seltſam und hart iſt es freilich, daß ſich gerade um den Todtkranken Klagen und Rührungen verſammeln und frei ausſprechen, welche man ſonſt dem Geſunden bei ſeiner Stärke verhehlt; ordentlich, als ſolle der Sterbende die Geſunden aufrichten. Da ſitzt im ſchwülen Krankenzimmer keine Seele vor dem kraft- und lebenloſen Geſichte, die auf ihm ein heitres Lächeln erweckte, ſondern Beichtväter und Rechtsgelehrte und Aerzte, die alles [illegible], und Verwandte, die alles bejammern. Da ſteht kein [illegible]tiger, über die eigene Trauer erhöhter Geiſt, der in die niederliegende, nach Freudenlabung durſtige Seele die alten [illegible]gewäſſer froher Erinnerung leitete, und dieſe mit den letzten Verzückungen vermählte, welche in Sterbenden das Heranſchweben eines andern Lebens vorbedeuten; ſondern da wird das Krankenbette zum deckelloſen Sarge eingeengt; das Leben wird dem, der aus ihm ſcheiden ſoll, durch weinende Lügen der Geneſung, oder durch Worttrauer höher, und die Bahre als ein Blutgerüſt aufgeſtellt, — und in die Ohren, welche noch lebendig bleiben, wenn die Augen ſchon geſtorben ſind, werden die ſcharfen Mißtöne des Lebens nachgeſchickt, anſtatt daß das Leben nur wie ein Echo, in immer tiefere, aber weichere Töne verrauchen ſollte. Und doch hat der Menſch *das* Gute in ſich, daß er ſich der kleinſten Freude, die er einem Sterbenden mitgab, lieber erinnert und rühmt, als vieler größern, die er an Geſunde austheilte; vielleicht auch noch darum, weil er nur im letzten Falle noch zu verdoppeln und nachzuholen vermag, wiewohl der Sterbliche beherzigen ſollte, wie leicht jede Freude könne als die letzte gegeben oder empfangen werden.

So wäre alſo unſer Lebensaustritt viel ſchmerzlicher ſein als unſer Eintritt, wenn nicht die gute Mutter Natur, wie überall, ihn gelindert hätte, um ihre ſchlaftrunknen Kinder auf ihren wiegenden Armen ſanft aus einer Welt in die andere zu tragen. Denn in den vorletzten Stunden läßt ſie um den Verſcheidenden einen Panzer von Gleichgültigkeit gegen die zurückbleibenden Menſchen gefrieren, und in den nächtlichten umſchwimmen und umſpülen das Gehirn — wie die Nachrichten der erweckten Scheintodten, und die Mienen und Töne vieler Sterbenden beſtätigen — weiche Wonnewogen, welche auf der Erde mit keinen andern ſo viele Aehnlichkeit haben, als mit den Frohgefühlen, womit die magnetiſchen Kunſttodten ſich geneſend haben. [illegible] wiſſen wir nicht einmal, wie hoch ſich die Sterbewonnen, die wir ſie nicht in ihrer Vollendung, ſondern durch [illegible] Scheintodte, und alſo nur in ihrer Unterbrechung kennen, noch zu ſteigern vermögen, und ob nicht eben fortwachſende Entzückungen und Verzückungen, die mehr Leben verbrauchen, als die Zuckungen des Schmerzes, in einem unbekannten Himmel das unſterbliche Leben löſen von dem gemeinen hieſigen. Es gibt eine [illegible]ichtige ungeheure Weltgeſchichte, die der Sterbenden; aber auf der Erde werden uns ihre Blätter nicht aufgeſchlagen. — —

Im [illegible] Heim wohnte Gottreich Hartmann bei ſeinem alten Vater, einem Geiſtlichen, den er glücklich machte, ob dieſer ſich alles, was er geliebt, überlebt hatte. Gottreich verwaltete für ihn das Predigeramt, nicht ſowohl, um ſeinen [illegible] Kräften beizuſtehen, als um der eigenen [illegible] Luſt, und dadurch dem Greiſe die eigenthümliche Freude zu machen, [illegible] der Sohn den Vater erbaute.

Im [illegible] drängte und klopfte nur ein Geiſt, der dichteriſch bilden wollte; er war aber nicht, wie die meiſten dichteriſchen Jünglinge, ein Knollengewächs, das einige dichteriſche Blumen treibt, und nach deren Abfallen, unter der Erde unſcheinbare große Früchte anſetzt: ſondern er war ein Baum, der ſeine [illegible] Blüthen mit ſüßen Früchten krönte, und dieſe Blüthen noch von der Wärme der neuen Dichtermonate [illegible].

Sein Vater war von ähnlichen Kräften zum Dichter berufen, aber nicht von der Zeit begünſtigt; denn in der Mitte des vorigen Jahrhunderts mußte mancher Kunſtgeiſt, der fliegen konnte, [illegible] auf der Kanzel, oder auf dem Lehr- und auf dem [illegible] bleiben und haften, weil der älterliche Bürgerſtand ſeine Kinder auf jeder Ebene und in jedem Thale beſſer zu weiden glaubte, als auf dem ſpitzen Muſenberge. Jedoch zurückgedrängter Dichtergeiſt wendet ſich, wenn er nicht in Schöpfungen ſich verbrauchen darf, deſto inniger, tiefer und ſchmückend auf das eigene Herz zurück; die unausgeſprochenen Gefühle reden, wie Stimmen, lebendiger durch Bewegung, und die Thaten bilden Bilden [illegible]. Auf dieſe Weiſe lebt der Dichter [illegible] ſo lange, wie der [illegible] ſich ſelber, der zu deſſen Geſchöpfe und Stoffe wird. [illegible] der weiche furchtſame Schmetterling — wie früher [illegible] — den langen harten Winter, wenn er im Sommer nicht [illegible] zeugen können.

[illegible] widerfuhr dem alten Hartmann, aber ſchöner, weil die jungfräuliche Dichterſeele in der Kanzel, als ihrer Nonnenzelle, wohnen durfte, und die Zwillingsſchweſtern, Religion und Dichtkunſt, einander ſo nahe und helfend beiſammen leben konnten. Wie rein und ſchön iſt die Stelle eines Geiſtlichen! Alles Gute liegt um dieſe herum: Poeſie, Religion, Seelenhirtenleben, indeß andere Aemter dieſe Nachbarſchaft ſo dunkel verbauen.

Sohn und Vater lebten ſich ſo immer tiefer in einander hinein, und auf der Stelle der kindlichen und väterlichen Liebe erwuchs eine ſeltne Freundſchaft eigner Art. Denn nicht blos mit der Wiedergeburt der verlornen Dichterjugend erquickte ihn der Sohn, ſondern mit der andern noch ſchönern Aehnlichkeit des Glaubens. In frühern Zeiten konnte ein Greis, der ſeinen Sohn in die theologiſchen Hörſäle hinaus ſchickte, niemand zurück erwarten, als einen Bilder- und Himmelsſtürmer alles deſſen, was er in ſeinem Amte auf dem Altare bisher altgläubig angebetet hatte; der Sohn kam als Heidenbekehrer oder Antichriſt des Vaters nach Hauſe. Es mag damals väterliche Leiden gegeben haben, welche, obwohl verſchwiegener, doch tiefer waren, als mütterliche. — Jetzt iſt es zuweilen beſſer. Gottreich war, ob er gleich mit der gewöhnlichen, kleinen, üppigen Freigeiſterei des Vorjünglings auf die hohe Schule ging, — doch mit dem Glauben ſeiner Väter und ſeines Vaters von den jetzigen Lehrern zurückgekommen, welche die Gefühle der alten Theologie vor den Auflöſungen der Aufklärer bewahren lehrten, ſie nur dem Lichte, das bei Menſchen, wie Gewächſen, und dem äußern Wachſen dienlich iſt, nicht aber die Wurzeln ſchädlich entblößten.

So fand nun der alte Vater ſein altes chriſtliches Herz an der Bruſt ſeines Gottreichs mit jüngern Schlägen wieder, und die Rechtfertigung ſeiner lebenslangen Ueberzeugungen und ſeiner Liebe zugleich. Wenn es weh thut, zugleich zu lieben und zu widerſprechen, und den Kopf abzukehren, indem man ſich mit der Bruſt zuneigt, ſo iſt es deſto lieber, ſich und ſeinen Glauben durch eine jüngere Zeit fortgepflanzt zu finden. Das Leben wird dann eine ſchöne Sternennacht, wo kein altes Geſtirn untergeht, ohne daß ein neues aufſteigt.

Gottreich hatte ein Paradies, in dem er blos als Gärtner deſſelben für den Vater arbeitete, und dieſem zugleich Gattin, Bruder, Freund Alles war, was ein Menſch zu lieben hat.

Jeder Sonntag brachte ihm eine neue Freude, nämlich eine neue Predigt, die er vor dem Vater halten konnte. So viele Kräfte, beſonders poetiſche, bot er im Kanzelvortrage auf, daß er faſt mehr für die Erhebung und Rührung des Vaters, als für die Erleuchtung der Gemeinde zu arbeiten ſchien; wiewohl er doch nicht ganz mit Unrecht annahm, daß dem Volke, wie den Kindern, höhere Zumuthungen des Verſtehens gedeihlich ſind, und forthelfen, *und daß man nur am Unerſtiegenen ſteigen lerne*. Ein naſſes Auge, oder ſchnell betendes Händefalten des Greiſes, machte den Sonntag zu einem Feſte der Himmelfahrt; und im ſtillen kleinen Pfarrhauſe wurden oft Freudenfeſte begangen, deren Feier Niemand verſtand und Niemand vernahm. Wer Predigten halten oder hören für eine matte Freude anſieht, wird freilich noch weniger die andere begreifen, mit welcher beide Freunde ſich über die gehaltene und über die nächſte unterhielten, als wäre eine Kanzelkritik ſo wichtig, wie eine Bühnenkritik. Der Beifall und die Liebe eines kräftigen Greiſes, wie Hartmann, welchem auf den kalten Höhen der Jahre nicht die geiſtigen Glieder erſtarrten, mußten einen Jüngling, wie Gottreich, ſtark ergreifen, welcher, leiblich und geiſtig zärter und dünner gebaut, in hellerer und höherer Flamme aufſchlug.

Zu dieſen beiden Glücklichen trat noch eine Glückliche. *Juſta*, eine doppelte Waiſe — Herrin ihres Vermögens und aller ihrer Verhältniſſe — hatte das [illegible] älterliche Kaufhaus in der Stadt verlaſſen und verkauft, und war in's obere Stockwerk des ſchönſten Bauerhauſes gezogen, um dem Lande nicht halb, ſondern ganz zu leben. Juſta [illegible] Alles in der Welt *ganz*, nur aber manches noch mehr, als ganz, nämlich etwas darüber, wenigſtens da, wo [illegible] anzubringen war. Das erſte, was ſie im Dörfchen [illegible] vernahm, nachdem ſie den ſanften Gottreich und deſſen [illegible] Dichteraugen geſehen, und vier oder fünf Kanzelpredigten [illegible] angehört hatte, war, daß ſie ihm ihr [illegible] Herz [illegible] gab, doch aber die Hand bis auf die Zeit zurückbehielt, wo mit dem großen Weltfrieden zugleich ihr Bund geſchloſſen werden konnte. Ueberall that ſie lieber das Schwere, als das Leichte. Ich wünſchte, es wäre hier der Ort, das Wunder [illegible], das in dem niedrigen Pfarrhauſe neben dem [illegible] Kirchthurme unter Juſta's Händen blühte, — die Morgen, wo ſie aus ihrem Häuschen zur Anordnung des Tages in das Pfarrhaus flog, — die Abende im Pfarrgärtchen, das nur zwölf Beete in ſich hatte, ſondern auch eine Menge [illegible] Auen um ſich, der ſeinen Hügel und Sterne gar nicht [illegible], — das Zuſammenſpielen dreier Herzen, wovon keines in ſo reinen und engen Umgebungen etwas anders kennen und fühlen konnte, als nur allein das Schönſte, und bei denen Gut- und Frohſinn bloß zum täglichen Lebenswandel gehörte. Jeder Sitz war ein Kirchenſtuhl und Alles geiſtlich, und der Himmel bloß ein größeres Kirchengewölbe.

In manchem Dörfchen, in manchem Hauſe mag ſich ein wahres Eden verſtecken, das nie genannt und geſchildert ward, weil die Freude ihre zarteſten Blumen gern überlaubt und zudeckt. Gottreich ruhte in einer ſolchen Dichterfülle der Wonne und Liebe — der Dichtkunſt und der Frömmigkeit — des Frühlings und der Vergangenheit und der Zukunft, daß er ſich heimlich fürchtete, ſein Glück anders auszuſprechen, als betend. Nur im Gebete, dachte er, darf der Menſch Alles ſagen, ſein Glück und ſein Unglück. — War denn nicht ſogar der Vater beglückt und bekam ein warmes Alter, keinen Winterabend, ſondern einen Sommerabend ohne Finſterniß und Froſt, obgleich die Sonne ſeines Lebens ziemlich tief hinter dem Grabhügel geſunken war, unter welchem ſeine Gattin ſich ſchlafen gelegt hatte.

Nichts erinnert einen edlen Jüngling ſo leicht an die letzten Stunden des Lebens, als gerade die ſchönſten, die innig froheſten. Gottreich mußte in einem ſo ſeltenen Zuſammenduften und Zuſammenglänzen aller Freudenblumen, gerade in der friſchen thauigen Morgenzeit des Lebens, ſchon unter dem Morgenſterne des Lebens daran denken, daß ihm dieſer einmal als Abendſtern deſſelben erſcheinen werde. Da ſagte er zu ſich: „Alles ſteht jetzt ſo klar und feſt vor mir, Schönheit und Seligkeit des Lebens, — der Glanz des Weltalls, — der Schöpfer, — der Werth und die Größe des Herzens, — die Sternbilder ewiger Wahrheiten, — der ganze geſtirnte Ideenhimmel, der den Menſchen beſtrahlt und zieht und hält. — — Wenn ich nun aber einmal alt bin und im matten Sterben, wird mir nicht Alles anders, ergraut und ſtarr erſcheinen, was jetzt ſo lebendig und blühend vor mir rauſcht? — Denn gerade, wenn der Menſch nahe an dem Himmel iſt, in welchen er ſo lange geſchaut hat, hält der Tod den matten Augen das Sternrohr verkehrt vor, und läßt ſie in einen leeren, fernen, ausgelöſchten ſehen. Aber iſt dies denn recht und wahr? Ergreifen meine blühenden, oder meine welkenden Kräfte richtiger und feſter die Welt? — Werde ich künftig mehr Recht haben, wenn ich nur mit halbem Leben empfinde und denke und hoffe, jedes ſcharfen Blickes und heißen Gefühls unfähig; oder habe ich jetzt mehr Recht, wo mein ganzes Herz warm iſt, mein ganzer Kopf heiter, alle Kräfte friſch? — Daß ich jetzt mehr Recht habe, erkenne ich, und gerade wieder dies erkenne ich jetzt am gewiſſeſten. So will ich dieſe herrliche Tagzeit der Wahrheit aufmerkend durchleben, und ſie hinübertragen in die dunkle Abendzeit, damit ſie mein Ende erleuchte!"

In den ſchönſten Maiſtunden, wo Himmel und Erde und ſein Herz zu einem vollen Dreiklange zuſammenſchlugen, gab er daher den feurigen Gefühlen feurige Worte, um ſie ſchriftlich feſt zu behalten und aufzubewahren, unter der Aufſchrift: Erinnerungen aus den ſchönſten Stunden für die letzten. Mit dieſen Anſichten ſeines ſeligſten Lebens wollte er ſich einmal auf dem letzten Lager erquicken, und in das Jugendfrühroth aus dem Spätroth hinüberſehen.

So wohnten die drei Menſchen, ſich immer inniger an einander erfreuend, in ihrem warmen Glücke, als endlich die Streit- und die Siegeswagen des heiligen Krieges anfingen über die Erde zu rollen. Jetzt ward aus Gottreich ein verwandelter Menſch; gleichſam ein junger Zugvogel, welcher, obwohl mit heißen Ländern unbekannt, ſich ſehnſüchtig abarbeitet in ſeinem warmen Gefängniſſe, weil er den ältern Zugvögeln nachzufliegen angetrieben iſt. Die thätigen Kräfte in ſeiner Natur, die bisher nur ſtill ſeinen poetiſch-redneriſchen hatten zuhören müſſen, ſtanden auf, und es war ihm, als ſuchten die Flammen der Begeiſterung, die bisher, wie die aus einem Naphthaboden, vergebens in die leere Luft geſtiegen waren, einen Gegenſtand zum Ergreifen. Nur wagte er nicht, dem Vater die Trennung vorzutragen, ſondern er quälte und labte ſich bloß innerlich mit der Vorſtellung ſeines Mitziehens und Mitkämpfens. Allein ſeiner Juſta vertraute er den Wunſch; aber ohne ihn von ihr gebilligt zu hören, weil ſie die Einſamkeit des Vaters zu hart fand. Dieſer aber, begeiſtert wie Sohn und Braut für den Krieg, ſagte, Gottreich möge hinziehen, der es ſchon lange gewollt, und nur aus Liebe ihn geſchont. Er hoffe ſchon mit Gottes Hülfe auf ein Jahr ſein Predigtamt verſehen zu können; — und ſo thue er ſelber doch auch noch etwas für das Vaterland.

Gottreich flog fort, im Vertrauen auf den Herbſtflor von Kräften in ſeines Vaters Leben. Er war gemeiner Krieger, und, wo er konnte, Prediger zugleich. Eine neue Laufbahn erneuert zugleich die Kräfte, und Jeder bezeichnet ſie mit größern Schritten. Ob nun gleich dem Jüngling das Schickſal die Wunde verweigerte, die er ſo gern in den künftigen Frieden ſeines Standes gleichſam als einen Brennpunkt der ſchönen heißen Jugendtage mitgebracht hätte, ſo war es doch Glück genug, an den Kämpfen Theil nehmen zu können und gleichſam wie ein alter Republikaner mit einem ganzen Volke für gemeinſchaftliche Zwecke mitzuſtreiten.

Als endlich der ſchönſte Mai, den jemals Deutſchland mit Siegen erwarb, in Siegs- und Friedensfeſten mehr als eines Volkes gefeiert ward, ſo wollte der Jüngling dieſe Feiertage nicht ſo fern von ſeinen liebſten Menſchen begehen, ſondern in ihrer Nähe, ſeine Freuden durch ihre verdoppeln. Er begab ſich auf den Weg nach Heim. Tauſende haben hinter und vor ihm damals die Reiſe gemacht, welche durch befreite Länder aus einer beglückten Vergangenheit in eine beglückte Gegenwart zogen; aber wohl nicht Viele ſahen, wie Gottreich, unterwegs einen ſolchen reinblauen Himmel auf den Bergen ihrer Heimathsthäler, in welchem auch kein altes Sternchen fehlte, ſondern jedes blitzte. Juſta hatte ihm früher die kleinen Zeitungen des Pfarrhauſes geſchickt, wie ſie ſich ſehne und der Vater ſich freue, und wie der Greis die Arbeiten des Amtes unverſehrt überſtanden, manche Predigten ſogar ihm nachzuhalten geſucht, und ſo weiter; und wie ſie ihm noch ſchönere Freudengeheimniſſe aufbewahre. Unter dieſe gehörte vielleicht eins, das er nicht vergeſſen hatte, nämlich ihr Verſprechen, ihm nach dem großen Frieden ihre Hand zu geben.

Mit ſolchen Ausſichten genoß er vom Pfingſtfeſte ſchon den heiligen Abend, wo er vor Sonnenuntergang in Heim eintreffen wollte, um dem alten Manne unerwartet alle Geſchäfte abzunehmen, und die ruhigſten Feſttage zu bereiten.

Da er ſich ſo das heutige Wiederſehn dachte, und die Berge des Vaterdorfes, in welchem er nach wenigen Stunden ſeine beſten Herzen an das ſeinige ſchließen ſollte, immer deutlicher in dem blauen Himmel ſtanden, ſo klangen ſeine „Erinnerungen aus den ſchönſten Stunden für die letzten" wieder ſeiner Seele vor, und er konnte ſich nicht enthalten, noch unterwegs unter ſie das hieſige Wiederſehn der Menſchen zu malen.

Ihm nach zog ein mehr weißes als feuerſchwangeres Gewitter aus Oſten ſeiner Heimath zu, vor welchem er ſich — zumal da ihn der Feldzug durch die Donnerwolken auf dem Erdboden mit den ſchönern am Himmel ausgeſöhnt und befreundet hatte — als ein froher Bote vorauszugehen ſchien, weil nach den Waſſern der warmen Wolken der zerlechzte Boden, die umgebogenen Blumen, die vergelbenden Kornſpitzen ſo lange durſtend geſchmachtet hatten. Ein Eingepfarrter aus Heim, der in der Ferne ackerte, drückte durch Gruß und Zeichen ſeine Freude aus, daß endlich ſowohl er, als ein Regen komme.

Nun ſah er ſchon den kurzen Kirchthurm aus der Erde keimen, und er trat in die Küſte des Thales, worin das Pfarrhaus lag, von der Abendſonne hell erleuchtet. An jedem Fenſter hoffte er ſeine Braut zu ſehen, die den Sonnenuntergang, ehe ſich das Gewitter über ihn hing, anſchauen würde; in der Nähe hoffte er die Fenſter offen, und in der Feſtſtube Pfingſtbirken zu erblicken; aber er fand nichts.

Endlich trat er in das ganz ſtille Pfarrhaus, und öffnete langſam die vertraute Thüre. Das Zimmer war leer, aber über ſich hörte er Bewegung. Als er das mit Abendglanz gefüllte obere Zimmer aufmachte, kniete Juſta betend am Bette ſeines Vaters, welcher halb aufrecht mit dem hagern, ſtarkknochigen Angeſichte der Abendſonne entgegen gerichtet ſaß, in ſeltſamer Anfärbung der Krankenbläſſe. Ein Sturz der Geliebten an ſein Herz und ein Ach war der ganze Empfang. Der Vater aber reichte ihm langſam die gelbe dürre Hand entgegen und ſagte abgemattet: „Du kommſt eben zu der rechten Zeit," ohne zu beſtimmen, ob er Predigen oder Scheiden meine.

Juſta erzählte mit wenigen Worten, wie dem alten Manne, der ſich durch Arbeiten übernommen hatte, auf einmal Körper und Geiſt zuſammengeſunken ſei, und wie er an nichts Theil nehme, und ſich doch ſehne nach Theilnehmern, und wie er mit abgeſchnittenen Flügeln auf dem Boden, wie ein dürftiges Kind, aufblickte, um Erhebung flehend. Das ſchwere Gehör des Alten hatte ihr dieſen Bericht in ſeiner Gegenwart erlaubt.

Gottreich erfuhr die Beſtätigung bald ſelber. Er hätte, da er mit dem Nachglanze der Schlachtfeuer in der Bruſt gekommen war, gern die Siegesfeier, die als rothe Abendwolken den ſchönen Tag Europa's verkündigten, vor das alte, ſonſt ſo ſtarke, Herz gerückt; aber er hörte keine Frage und keinen Wunſch darnach. Der Greis hielt ſein Auge an der Sonne feſt, bis dieſe endlich vom Gewitter überfluthet wurde. Auch der Krieg am Himmel ergriff, wie es ſchien, ihn wenig, und durch das bisher werdende Eis des Sterbens brach der Glanz des Lebens nur trübe. Der Sterbende kannte keine Gegenwart, nur Zukunft und Vergangenheit.

Plötzlich ward die ganze Gegend ſtiller, alle Lüfte ſtockten, gebückt wartete die Erde. Da fiel ein Regenſturz und ein

Donnerſchlag. — Feuer hatte um den Greis geſtrahlt, und er ſah verändert und verwundert umher. — „Ich höre, ſagte er, ja den Regen wieder. — Sprecht ihr Kinder bald; denn ich werde bald gehen.“

Vielleicht hatte die Donnererſchütterung ſein Gehör wieder geſtimmt; aber noch wahrſcheinlicher hatte der Blitz durch einen Streifſchlag ſein ganzes Weſen, wie Magnetpole, umgeſchaffen, und ſeinen Körper der Auflöſung, wie ſeinen Geiſt der Vollendung genähert. Beide Kinder umſchlangen ihn; aber er war zu ſchwach, ſie zu umarmen.

Als jetzt die warmen Heilquellen der Wolken die kranke Erde badeten, vom ſtrömenden Baume bis zum Gräschen herab, und als der leuchtende Himmel nur mild ſchimmerte, wie eine Freudenthräne, und die Donner nur auf den fernen Gebirgen einander bekriegten, ſo zeigte der Kranke hinauf und ſagte: „Siehe die Herrlichkeit Gottes. — Ach, mein Sohn, ſtärke jetzt zu guter Letzt meinen matten Geiſt mit etwas Geiſtlichem. Aber keine Bußermahnungen; ich bin mit meinem Gott in Richtigkeit. Sage mir etwas recht Liebreiches von dem Allmächtigen und von ſeinen Werken, wie in deinen Frühlingspredigten.“

Da gingen dem Sohne die Augen ſchmerzlich über, weil ihm der Gedanke kam, daß er ſeine „Erinnerungen aus den ſchönſten Stunden für die letzten,“ welche er bloß für ſein eigenes Sterben aufbewahrt hatte, am Sterbebette ſeines Vaters vortragen ſollte. Und als er dieſes ihm geſagt, antwortete der Greis: eile, Sohn! Und dieſer fing an mit bebender Stimme:

„Denke daran in der dunklen Stunde, daß der Glanz des Weltenalls einſt deine Bruſt gefüllt, und daß du erkannt haſt die Größe des Seins. Haſt du nicht in die helle Unendlichkeit hinein geſehen, in den geſtirnten Himmel, und am Tage in die andere? Denke den nichtigen Raum weg, und deine verdeckende Erde; ſo umwölben dich, wie einen Mittelpunkt, Welten über dir, um dich, unter dir, — alle treibend und getrieben, — Glanz in Glanz, — Größe an Größe gedrängt, — alle Sonnen zu einem Sonnenball an dich heran gepreßt, — dränge dich und reiße dich Ewigkeiten lang durch die Allſonne, du kommſt nicht heraus in leeren und finſtern Raum. Das Leere wohnt nur zwiſchen den Welten, nicht um die Welt.“

„Denke daran in der dunkeln Stunde, an die Zeiten, wo du in der Entzückung zu Gott beteteſt, und wo du ihn dachteſt, den größten Gedanken der Endlichen, den Unendlichen.“ —

Der Greis faltete ſeine Hände und betete ſtill.

„Haſt du nicht das Weſen erkannt und gefühlt, deſſen Unendlichkeit nicht nur in Macht und Weisheit und Ewigkeit beſteht, auch in Liebe und Gerechtigkeit? Kannſt du vergeſſen die Tage, wo ſich der blaue Taghimmel und der blaue Nachthimmel dir als die blauen Augen aufthaten, mit welchen der ſanfte Gott dich anblickte? — Haſt du nicht die Liebe des Unendlichen empfunden, wenn ſie ſich in ihrem Widerſchein verbarg, in liebenden Menſchenherzen; wie die Sonne ihren hellen Tag nicht nur auf den nahen Mond für unſere Nächte wirft, ſondern auch auf den Morgen- und Abendſtern, und auf die fernſten Wandelſternchen der Erde?“

„Denke daran in der dunklen Stunde, wie dir im Frühling deines Lebens die Gräber nur als die Bergſpitzen einer fernen neuen Welt erſchienen, und wie du, mitten in der Fülle des Lebens, den Werth des Todes erkannteſt. Die Erfrornen des Lebens wärmt der Schneehügel des Grabes in ein neues Leben auf. Wie ein Schiffer von dem kalten, winterlichen, öden Meere plötzlich auf einer Küſte ausſteigt, die im warmen, vollen Frühlinge blüht, ſo landen wir, durch einen einzigen Stoß unſeres Schiffes, nach unſerm Winter auf einmal im ewigen Frühlinge an.“

„Freue dich in der dunkeln Stunde, daß dein Leben im großen weiten Leben wohnt. Der Erdkloß des Erdballs iſt göttlich angehaucht. Nun wimmelt eine Welt, und jedes Baumblatt iſt ein Land der Geiſter. Jedes kleine Leben würde erfrieren und ſinken, würde es nicht vom ringsum wallenden Leben gewärmt und getragen. Das Meer der Zeit leuchtet, wie das Meer der Räume, durch zahlloſe lichte Weſen; und Sterben und Entſtehen ſind nur die Feuerthäler und Feuerberge des ewig wogenden Ozeans. Es gibt kein Todtengerippe; was ſo ſcheint, iſt nur ein anderes Leben. Ohne allgemeines Lebendigſein gäbe es nur einen weiten unendlichen Tod. Zu den Alpen der Natur ſtehen wir als Mooſe, die an ihren hohen Wolken ſaugen; der Menſch iſt der Schmetterling, der auf dem Chimboraſſo flattert, und doch über dem Schmetterlinge ſchwebt der Condor; aber gleich viel, klein oder groß, die Ameiſe und das Kind, wandeln ſie frei in Einem Garten, und die Eintagsfliege führt ihre unendlich lange Ahnenreihe durch alle Stürme und Feinde bis zu den Voreltern zurück, die einſt über den Flüſſen des Paradieſes vor der Abendſonne ſpielten. — Vergiß den Gedanken nie, der ſich jetzt vor dir ſo weit ausbreitet, daß das Ich die grimmigſten Geiſterleiden, die glühendſten Geiſterfreuden unverſehrt ausdauert, indeß der Leib unter großen Körperſchmerzen und Reizen auseinander bricht. So gleichen die Seelen den Irrlichtern, welche im Sturme und Regenwetter ſich unverloſchen bewegen.“

„Kannſt du es vergeſſen in der dunkeln Stunde, daß es große Menſchen gab, und daß du ihnen nachziehſt? Erhebe dich durch die Geiſter, welche auf ihren Bergen ſtanden, und die Gewitter des Lebens nur um, nie über ſich hatten! Rufe dir zurück die Thronfolge der Weiſen und der Dichter, welche Völker nach Völkern begeiſtert und erleuchtet haben.“

„Sprich von unſerm Erlöſer,“ ſagte der Vater.

„Denke an Jeſus Chriſtus in der dunkeln Stunde, der ſie auch gehabt, an dieſen ſanften Mond der unendlichen Sonne für die menſchlichen Nächte. Das Leben ſei dir heilig und das Sterben; denn er hat beides mit dir getheilt. Seine milde und hohe Geſtalt blicke dich an im letzten Dunkel und zeige dir ſeinen Vater.“

Ein ſanftes Donnern wandelte jetzt über die dämmernden lichtern Wetterwolken, und die Abendſonne füllte allmählich das Gewölke mit ſchönerm Feuer.

„Denke daran in der letzten Stunde, wie das Herz des Menſchen lieben kann; — kannſt du vergeſſen die Liebe, worin ein Herz Millionen Herzen erſetzt, und die Seele ein Leben lang ſich von einer Seele nähret und belebt, wie die hundertjährige Eiche dieſelbe Stelle mit ihren Wurzeln feſthält, und aus ihr hundert Frühlinge hindurch neue Kräfte und Blüthen ſaugt.“ —

Meinſt du mich auch? ſagte der Vater. —

„Auch ich denke an meine Mutter,“ ſagte der Sohn. Juſta zerſchmolz in ihren Thränen, weil ſie hörte, wie der Geliebte mit ihren Tagen der Liebe ſich in ſeinen letzten Stunden erfreuen wollte; und der Vater ſagte leiſe, an ſeine Gattin denkend: „Wiederſehn, Wiederſehn!“

„So denke daran,“ fuhr er fort, „in den letzten Stunden an die unſterblichen, wo das Leben ſchön und groß war, — wo du freudig im Frühlinge weinteſt, wo du emporgehoben beteteſt, und wo dir Gott erſchien, — wo du das erſte und das letzte Herz der Liebe fandeſt, — und ſchließe froh das Auge zu!“

Plötzlich zerſpaltete ſich das Gewitter in zwei hohe ſchwarze Berge, und die tiefe Sonne ſah dazwiſchen, wie aus einem Thal zwiſchen Felswänden, liebreich mit ihrem freudeglänzenden Mutterauge die Erde wieder an. Da ſagte der erſterbende Greis: „welche Blitze!“

„Es iſt die Abendſonne, mein Vater!“

— „Ja, ich ſehe ſie wieder und noch heute“ — fuhr der Vater fort, meinte aber die lang entſchlafene Gattin. Jetzt war der Sohn vor Bewegung nicht vermögend, die Seligkeit des irdiſchen Wiederſehns, welche er heute unterwegs vorausgenoſſen und beſchrieben hatte, dem Vater auszumalen, und es zu ſagen, wie das Wiederſehn die Liebe auf höherer Stufe neu anfängt, und, wenn das erſte Sehen nur in eine Zukunft verſchwamm, der Wiederblick in die Blüthen der Zukunft die Früchte der Vergangenheit in einen Strauß zuſammen bindet. Wie hätte er den Reiz des irdiſchen Wiederſehens dem Sterbenden zeigen können, welcher ſchon den Glanz des Ueberirdiſchen zu ſchauen anfing!

Erſchrocken fragte er: Vater, wie iſt dir? — „Ich denke daran in der dunkeln Stunde, — ja daran, und daran, — und das Sterben iſt auch ſchön, und das Abſcheiden in Chriſto,“ murmelte für ſich der Greis, und griff nach Gottreichs Hand, doch ohne ſie zu drücken; denn es war nur das gewöhnliche Flockenleſen der Scheidenden. Er glaubte immer den Sohn noch reden zu hören, und ſagte immer verklärter und entzückter: „O du mein allgütiger Gott!“ Die Nebenſonnen des Lebens waren ausgelöſcht und nur die Sonne ſelbſt ſtand noch in ſeiner Seele, — Gott!

Auf einmal erhob er ſich, und breitete mit Kraft die Arme aus und rief: „Dort ſtehen die drei ſchönen Regenbogen über der Abendſonne; ich muß der Sonne nach, und auch mit hindurchgehen.“ Da ſank er zurück, und war vorüber und hindurch. Erſt jetzt ging die Sonne unter, und ſchimmerte noch im Sinken in einem weiten Regenbogen im Morgen. —

„Er iſt doch,“ ſagte Gottreich mit ſtockender Stimme zu Juſta, „unter lauten großen frommen Freuden von uns zu ſeinem Gott gegangen; weine alſo nicht zu ſehr, Juſta!“ Aber nun entſtürzten ihm ſelber alle nur bisher feſtgehaltenen Thränen in Strömen, und er drückte die Hände des Todten auf ſeine heißen Augen. Es wurde dunkel, und ein warmer Regen träufelte leiſe auf die dämmernde Erde. Beide Liebende verließen die ſtille Geſtalt, und weinten ſanfter ihrer Sonne nach, bis aus den Gewitterwolken des Lebens mit freundlichen Klängen zu einem andern Morgen gezogen war.

Die Vernichtung*).

Eine Viſion.

Jede Liebe glaubt an eine doppelte Unſterblichkeit, an die eigne und an die fremde. Wenn ſie fürchten kann, jemals aufzuhören, ſo hat ſie ſchon aufgehört. Es iſt für unſer Herz einerlei, ob der Geliebte verſchwindet, oder nur ſeine Liebe. Der Zweifler an unſerer Ewigkeit leihet, wenn ein ſchönes Herz vor ihm auf ewig auseinander bricht, wenigſtens der Vollkommenheit deſſelben, um es fortzulieben, in einem höchſten Weſen Unvergänglichkeit, und findet den Liebling, der unter der dunkeln Erde zuſammenſinkt, in einem durchbrochenen Sternbilde am Himmel wieder.

Der Menſch, der ſich immer zu ſelten und Andere zu oft befragt, hegt nicht nur heimliche Neigungen, ſondern auch heimliche Meinungen, deren Gegentheil er zu glauben wähnt, bis heftige Erſchütterungen des Schickſals oder der Dichtkunſt vor ihm den bedeckten Grund ſeines Innern gewaltſam entblößen. Daher wird es uns leicht, die Ueberſchrift dieſes Aufſatzes kalt zu leſen, oder gar die Vernichtung anzunehmen und zu begehren; aber wir zittern, wenn unſer Herz uns den grauſamen Inhalt des Wahns aufdeckt, daß die Erde, in die wir alle unſer geſunkenes Haupt zur Ruhe legen wollen, nichts ſei, als der breite Enthauptungsblock der blaſſen, gebückten Menſchen, wenn ſie aus dem — — Gefängniß kommen. Alsdann zündet (wie öfter) die Wärme des Herzens wieder Licht in der Nacht des Kopfes an, ſo wie Thiere, die das Leben durch einen elektriſchen Funken verloren, der in den Kopf ſprang, es durch einen zweiten wieder finden, den man in die Bruſt leitete! **) — —

Ottomar lag im äußerſten Hauſe eines Dorfs, aus dem man die Ausſicht auf ein noch unbegrabnes Schlachtfeld hatte, an einem giftigen Faulfieber ohne Hoffnung darnieder. In jeder Nacht trieb ſein heißes, erſchüttertes Herz das aufgelöſte Blut, wie einen Höllenfluß voll zerriſſener, ungeheurer Bilder vor ſeinem Geiſte vorbei, und der dunkle, reißende Strom aus Blut ſpiegelte den durchwühlten Nachthimmel, und zerſtückte Geſtalten und zerrinnende Blitze ab. Wenn der Morgen kühlend wieder kam, und wenn das Gift des Fieber[illegible] aus dem müden Herzen verflogen war, ſo tobte vor ihm das unbewegliche Gewitter des Kriegs mit unaufhörlichen Blitzen und Schlägen; und dieſe blutigen, durchbohrten Bilder ſtanden dann in ſeinen mitternächtigen Phantaſien vor ihm als Leichen auf.

In der Mitternacht, die ich jetzt beſchreiben will, erreichte ſein Fieber die kritiſche und ſteile Höhe zwiſchen dem Grabe und dem Leben. Seine Augen wurden Vergrößerungsſpiegel in einem Spiegelzimmer, und ſeine Ohren Hörröhre in einem Sprachgewölbe — ſein Krankenwärter ſtreckte Rieſenglieder vor ihm aus — die wimmelnden Geſtalten des übermalten Bettvorhangs wurden dick und blutroth, und ſchoſſen auf, und fielen in einem Schlachtgetümmel einander an — eine ſiedende Waſſerhoſe zog ihn in ihren ſchwülen Qualen hinauf, und rückte ihn brauſend und wetterleuchtend über Meere weiter — und unten aus dem tiefſten Innern krochen kleine ſcharfe Geſpenſter, die ihn ſchon in dem Fieber der Kinderjahre verfolgt hatten, mit klebrigen kalten Krötenfüßen an der warmen Seite herauf und ſagten: wir quälen dich allemal! —

Plötzlich, als das verfinſterte Herz ſich aus dem heißen Krater des Fiebers zurückrollend hinauf arbeitete, überzog die Stubendecke der gelbe Wiederſchein einer nahen Feuersbrunſt. Sein trocknes heißes Auge ſtarrte halbgeſchloſſen die durchſichtigen Bilder ſeines Vorhangs an, die mit der fernen Lohe flatterten. Auf einmal dehnte eine Geſtalt ſich unter ihnen aus mit einem leichenweißen und unbeweglichen Angeſichte, mit weißen Lippen, mit weißen Augenbraunen und Haaren. Die Geſtalt ſuchte den Kranken mit gekrümmten, langen Fühlhörnern, die aus den leeren Augenhöhlen ſpielten. Sie wiegte ſich näher und die ſchwarzen Punkte der Fühlhörner ſchoſſen, wie Eisſpitzen, wehend um ſein Herz; hier trieb es ihn mit kalten Anhauchen rückwärts, und rückwärts durch die Mauern und Felſen, und durch die Erde, und die Fühlhörner zuckten wie Dolche um ſeine Bruſt; aber wie er rückwärts ſank — brach die Welt vor ihm ein — der Scherben zerſchlagener Gebirge, der Schutt ſtäubender Hügel fiel darnieder — und Welten und Monde zerfloſſen, wie fallender Hagel, im Sinken — die Welten fuhren in Bogenſchüſſen über die leichenweiße Geſtalt herab, und Sonnen, von ergriffenen Erden umhangen, ſanken in einem langen, ſchweren Fall hernieder — und endlich ſtäubte noch lange ein Strom von Aſche nach.

Weiße Geſtalt, wer biſt du? fragte endlich der Menſch. „Wenn ich mich nenne, ſo biſt du nicht mehr," ſagte ſie, ohne die Lippen zu regen, und kein Ernſt, keine Freude, keine Liebe, kein Zorn war noch auf dem marmornen Geſichte geweſen, und die Ewigkeit ging vorüber und veränderte es nicht. Sie drängte ihn auf einen engen Steig, der aus den Erdſchollen gemacht war, die unter das Kinn der Todten gelegt worden; der Weg durchſchnitt ein blutiges Meer, aus welchem graue Haare und weiße Kinderfinger, wie Blüthen an Waſſerpflanzen, blickten, und er war mit brütenden Tauben und naſſen Schmetterlingsflügeln, und Nachtigalleneiern und Menſchenherzen überdeckt. Die Geſtalt zerquetſchte alle durch Darüberſchweben, und ſie zog ihren langen, grauen, auf dem weiten Blute ſchwimmenden Schleier nach, der aus den naſſen Schleiern gemacht war, die über den Augen der Todten gelegen. — Die rothen Wogen ſtiegen um den bangen Menſchen auf, und der einkriechende Weg ging nur noch über kalte, glatte Erdſchwämme, und endlich bloß über eine lange, kühle, glatte Natter.

Er glitt herab, aber ein Wirbelwind wandte ihn herum, vor ihm breitete ſich unabſehlich eine ſchwarze Eisſcholle aus, auf der alle Völker lagen, die auf der Erde geſtorben waren, ſtarre, eingefrorne Leichenheere — und tief unten im Abgrund läutete ein Erdbeben ſeit der Ewigkeit ein kleines geborſtenes Glöckchen; es war die Todtenglocke der Natur. — — „Iſt das die zweite Welt?" fragte der troſtloſe Menſch. Die Geſtalt antwortete: „Die zweite Welt iſt im Grabe zwiſchen den Zähnen des Wurms." — — Er blickte auf, um einen tröſtenden Himmel zu ſuchen, aber über ihm ſtand ein feſter, ſchwarzer Rauch, das ausgebreitete Bahrtuch, das zwiſchen den Weltenhimmel und zwiſchen dieſe düſtere, froſtige Lücke der Natur gezogen war; und der Schutthaufen der Vergangenheit dampfte aus der Tiefe auf, und machte das Leichentuch ſchwärzer und breiter. — — Jetzo lief der Wiederſchein einer herabfallenden, entzündeten Welt mit einem rothen Schatten über die finſtere Decke, und eine ewige Windsbraut verwehte ſinkende Klagſtimmen herein.

„Wir haben gelitten, wir haben gehofft; aber wir werden gewürgt. — Ach, Allmächtiger, ſchaffe nichts mehr!"

Ottomar fragte: wer vernichtet ſie denn? — Ich, ſagte die Geſtalt, und trieb ihn unter die eingefrornen Leichenheere, unter die Larvenwelt der vernichteten Menſchen. Wenn die Geſtalt vor einer entſeelten Maske vorüber ging, ſo ſpritzte aus dem zugefallenen Auge ein blutiger Tropfen, wie ein Leichnam blutet, wenn ihm der Mörder nahe tritt. Er wurde unaufhaltſam durch das ſtumme Trauergefolge der Vergangenheit hindurch geführt, durch die morſche Weſenkette, durch das Schlachtfeld der Geiſter. Da er ſo vor allen eingeäſcherten Geſchwiſtern ſeines Herzens vorbei ging, in deren Angeſicht noch die zerriſſenen Hoffnungen der Vergeltung ſtanden — und vor den armen Kindern mit glatten Roſenwangen, und mit dem erſtarrten erſten Lächeln, und vor tauſend Müttern, mit den eingeſargten Säuglingen auf dem Arm — und da er ſah die ſtummen Weiſen aller Völker, mit der erloſchenen Seele und mit dem erloſchenen Licht der Wahrheit, die unter dem über ſie geworfenen Leichentuche verſtummt, wie Singvögel, wenn wir ihr Gehäuſe mit einer Hülle verfinſtern — und da er ſah die verſteinerten Leidtragenden des Lebens, die Unzähligen, welche gelitten, bis ſie ſtarben, und die Andern, die ein kurzes Entſetzen zerriß — und da er ſah die Angeſichte derer, die vor Freude geſtorben waren, und denen noch die tödtliche Freudenthräne hart im Auge hing — und da er ſah alle Frommen der Erde ſtehen mit den eingedrückten Herzen, worin kein Himmel und kein Gott und Gewiſſen mehr wohnte — und da er ſah wieder eine Welt herunter fallen, und ihre Klagſtimmen herüber wehten: „O wie vergeblich, wie ſo nichtig iſt der Jammer und der Kampf und die Wahrheit und die Tugend des Lebens geweſen!" — und da endlich ſein Vater mit der eiſernen Kugel erſchien, welche die Leichen des Weltmeers einſenkt, und da er aus dem weißen Augenliede eine Blutzähre drückte, ſo rief ſein zu kaltem Grimm gerinnendes Herz: „Geſtalt aus der Hölle, zertritt mich nur bald; das Vernichten iſt ewig, es leben nur Sterbende und du. — Leb' ich noch, Geſtalt?"

Die Geſtalt trieb ihn fort an den Rand des immer weiter gefrierenden Eisfelds. In der Tiefe ſah er den Schutt von Gehäuſen zerdrückter Thierſeelen, und in den Höhen hingen zahllos die Eisſtrecken, mit den Vernichteten aus höhern Welten, und die Leiber der todten Engel waren oft aufrechte Sonnenſtrahlen, oft ein langer Ton, oder ein unbeweglicher Duft. — Bloß über der Kluft, nahe dem Todtenreiche der Erde, ſtand allein auf einer Eisſcholle ein verſchleiertes Weſen — und als die weiße Geſtalt vorüber zog, hob ſich ſelber der Schleier auf — es war der todte Chriſtus, ohne Auferſtehung, mit ſeinen Kreuzeswunden, und ſie floſſen alle wieder, wegen der Nähe der weißen Geſtalt! — —

Ottomar ſtürzte auf die brechenden Knie, und blickte auf zum ſchwarzen Gewölbe und betete: „O großer Gott, bringe mich wieder auf meine gute Erde, damit ich wieder vom Leben träum.'" und unter dem Beten flogen die rothen, blutigen Schatten geſtürzter Erden über das weite Leichentuch aus feſtem Raum. Jetzt ſtreckte die weiße Geſtalt ihre Fühlhörner verlängert wie Arme gen Himmel und ſagte: „Ich ziehe die Erde herab, und dann nenne ich mich dir." —

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*) Jean Paul's Werke. Erſtes Bändchen.

**) Bekanntlich [illegible]

Indem die Fühlhörner mit ihren ſchwarzen Enden immer höher ſtiegen und zielten, wurde ein kleiner Spalt des Gewölkes licht; dieſer riß endlich aus einander, und unſere taumelnde Erde ſank fliehend hindurch, gleichſam zum ziehenden, greifenden Rachen einer Klapperſchlange herab. Und indem die umnebelte Kugel näher fiel, regnete es Blut und Thränen in ihr rothes Meer, weil Schlachten und Martern auf ihr waren.

Die graue, enge Erde ſchwankte durchſichtig, mit ihren regen, jungen Völkern, nahe über den ſtarren, todten Völkern — ihre Axe war ein langer Sarg aus Magnetſtein, mit der Ueberſchrift: Die Vergangenheit; und im Erdkern ſchwebte ein rundes Feuer, das den Schlüſſel des langen Sarges ſchmolz; — die Lilien- und Blüthenbeete der Erde waren Schimmel — ihre Fluren waren die grüne Haut auf einer feſten Moderlache — ihre Wälder waren Mooſe und ihr ſteiler Alpengurt ein Stachelrad, ihre Uhren ſchlugen in einem fort aus, und die Stunden wurden eilig Jahrhunderte, und kein Leben dehnte die Zeit aus — man ſah die Menſchen auf der Erde wachſen, und dann roth und lang werden, und dick und grau ſich bücken und hinlegen. Aber die Menſchen auf der Erde waren ſehr zufrieden. — Auf ihr ſprang wohl der Todesblitz regellos unter den ſorgloſen Völkern umher, bald auf das heiße Mutterherz, bald auf die glatte, runde Kinderſtirn, bald auf die kalte Glatze, oder auf die warme Roſenwange. Aber die Menſchen hatten ihren ſanften Troſt; die ſterbenden Geliebten, die begrabenden und die weinenden Augen hingen leicht an den brechenden, Freund an Freund, Aeltern an Kindern, und ſie ſagten: ſo zieht nur hin, wir kommen ja wieder zuſammen hinter dem Tode und ſcheiden nicht mehr!

„Ich will dir zeigen, ſagte die Geſtalt, wie ich ſie vernichte." Ein Sarg wurde durchſichtig — im weichen Gehirn des darin zuſammen fallenden Menſchen blickte noch das lichte Ich, vom Moder überbaut, von einem kalten, finſtern Schlaf umwickelt und vom zerſprungenen Herzen abgeſchnitten. Ottomar rief: „Lügende Geſtalt, das Ich glimmt noch, — wer zertritt den Funken?" — Sie antwortete: „Das Entſetzen! — Sieh' hin!" Eine Dorfkirche hatte ſich geſpaltet; ein bleierner Sarg ſprang auf, und Ottomar ſah ſeinen Körper darin abbröckeln und das Gehirn berſten; aber kein lichter Punkt war im offenen Haupte. Nun machte die Geſtalt ihn ſtarr, und ſagte: „Ich habe dich aus dem Gehirn herausgezogen — du biſt ſchon lange geſtorben," — und umgriff ihn ſchnell und ſchneidend mit den kalten, metallenen Fühlhörnern und lispelte: „Entſetze dich und ſtirb, ich bin Gott."

Da ſtürzte eine Sonne herein, die den weiten Himmel einnahm, zerſchmelzte die Eiswüſte und das Larvenreich, und flog ihren unendlichen Bogen brauſend weiter, und ließ eine Fluth von Licht zurück, und der durchſchnittene Aether klang mit unermeßlichen Saiten lange nach. Ottomar ſchwamm im Aether, rings mit einem undurchſichtigen Schneegeſtöber aus Lichtkügelchen übergoſſen; zuweilen ſchnitt der Blitz einer fliegenden Sonne durch die weiße Nacht hinab, und eine ſanfte Gluth webte dann vorüber. Der dichte weite Lichtnebel wallete auf den Tönen des Aethers, und ſeine Wogen bewegten den Schwebenden. Endlich ſank der weiße Nebel in Lichtflocken nieder — und Ottomar ſah die ewige Schöpfung rings um ſich liegen, über ihm und unter ihm zogen Sonnen, und jede führte ihre blumigen Erdenfrühlinge an ſanften Strahlen durch den Himmel.

Der zuſammengeſunkene Sonnenduft wallete ſchon weit im Aether als eine blitzende Schneewolke hinab, aber den Sterblichen hielt noch im Himmelsblau ein langer Lautenton auf ſeinen Wellen empor; da hallete es plötzlich durch den ganzen grenzenloſen Aether hindurch, als liefe die allmächtige Hand über das Saitenſpiel der Schöpfung hinüber. In allen Welten war ein Nachklang wie Jauchzen; unſichtbare Frühlinge flogen mit ſtrömenden Düften vorüber; ſelige Welten gingen [illegible], mit dem [illegible] einer übervollen Wonne nahe vorbei; neue Flammen flatterten in die Sonnen; das Meer des Lebens ſchwankte, als hebe ſich ſein unermeßlicher Boden: ein warmer Sturm wühlte Sonnenſtrahlen und Regenbogen, Freudenklänge und Wolken aus Roſenblüthen unter einander. — Auf einmal wurd' es in der Unermeßlichkeit ſtill, als hörte die Natur an einem Entzücken — ein weiter Glanz, als wenn der Unendliche durch die Schöpfung ginge, lief über die Sonnen, über die Abgründe, über den blaſſen Regenbogen der Milchſtraße und über die Unermeßlichkeit — und die ganze Natur bewegte ſich in einem ſanften Wallen, wie ſich ein Menſchenherz bewegt und hebt, wenn es vergehen will. — Da that ſich vor dem Sterblichen ſein Innerſtes, wie ein hoher Tempel auf, und im Tempel war ein Himmel, und im Himmel eine Menſchengeſtalt, die ihn anblickte, mit einem Sonnenauge voll unermeßlicher Liebe. Sie [illegible] ihn und ſagte: „Ich bin die ewige Liebe, du ſollſt nicht vergehen;" und ſie ſtärkte das zitternde Kind, das vor Wonne ſterben wollte. Der Sterbliche ſah durch heiße Freudenthränen dunkel die unnennbare Geſtalt — ein nahes, warmes Wehen ſchmelzte ſein Herz, daß es zerfloß in lauter Liebe, in grenzenloſe Liebe — die Schöpfung drang erblaſſend, aber nah, an ſeine Bruſt — und ſein Weſen und alle Weſen wurden eine einzige Liebe — und durch die Liebesthränen ſchimmerte die Natur als eine blühende Aue herein, und die Meere lagen darauf wie dunkelgrüner Regen, und die Sonnen wie feuriger Thau — vor dem Sonnenfeuer des Allmächtigen ſtand die Geiſterwelt als Regenbogen, und die Seelen brachen von einem Jahrtauſend in's andere tropfend, ſein Licht in alle Farben, und der Regenbogen wankte nie, und wechſelte nur die Tropfen, nicht die Farben. —

Der Alliebende ſchaute an ſeine volle Schöpfung, und ſagte: „ich lieb' euch alle von Ewigkeit — ich liebe den Wurm im Meer und das Kind auf der Erde, und den Engel auf der Sonne. — Warum haſt du gezagt? Hab' ich dir nicht das erſte Leben ſchon gereicht, und die Liebe, und die Freude, und die Wahrheit? Bin ich nicht in deinem Herzen?" —

Da zogen die Welten mit ihren Todtenglocken vorüber, aber wie mit einem Kirchengeläute von Harmonikaglocken zu einem höheren Tempel, und alle Klüfte waren mit Kräften, und jeder Tod mit Schlaf gefüllt.

Nun dachte der Ueberglückliche, ſein dunkles Erdenleben ſei auch geſchloſſen; aber tief unten ſtieg die in Gewölk gekleidete Erde herauf, und zog den Menſchen aus Erde wieder in ihre Wolken hinein. Der Alliebende hüllte ſich wieder in das All. Aber ein Schimmer lag noch auf einem langen Eisgebirge weit hinter den Sonnen. Die hohen Eisberge floſſen am Schimmer ſtrahlend aus einander, gebückte Blumen flatterten angeweht über die zerſchmolzene Mauer auf, ein unabſehliches Land lag aufgedeckt im Mondlicht, weit in's Meer der Ewigkeit hinein, und er ſah nichts darin, als unzählige Augen, die herüber blickten und ſelig weinend glänzten, wie ein Frühling voll warmen Regens unter der Sonne funkelt, und er fühlte am Sehnen und am Ziehen ſeines Herzens, daß es Alle ſeine, daß es Alle unſere Menſchen waren, die geſtorben ſind.

Der Sterbliche blickte, ſchneller auf die Erde zufallend, mit erhobenen, betenden Händen nach der Stelle im Himmelblau empor, wo der Unendliche ſeinem Herzen erſchienen war — und ein ſtiller Glanz hing unverrückt an der hohen Stelle. Und als er noch ſchwerer den erleuchteten, weichenden Dunſt unſerer Kugel betrat und zertheilte, ſtand noch immer der Glanz im Aether feſt, nur tiefer an der umrollenden Erde . . .

Und da er unſern kalten Boden berührte, erwachte er; aber der feſte Glanz ſtand im blauen Oſten noch, und war die — Sonne.

Der Kranke ſtand unten im Garten, der erſte herbe, giftig Traum hatte ihn hinab gedrängt — die Morgenluft wehte — das Feuer war gelöſcht — ſein Fieber war geheilt, und ſein Herz in Seelenruhe.

Und wie die Qual des Fiebers den höllischen, und der Sieg der Natur den himmliſchen Traum geboren, und wie wieder der folternde Traum den Scheidepunkt, und der labende die Geneſung beſchleunigt hatte, ſo werden auch unſere geiſtigen Träume unſere Seelenfieber nicht blos entzünden, ſondern auch kühlen und heilen, und die Geſpenſter unſeres Herzens werden verſchwinden, wenn wir von ſeinen Gebrechen geneſen.

Der doppelte Schwur der Beſſerung*).

Heinrich war ein funfzehnjähriger Jüngling, das heißt, voll guter Vorſätze, die er ſelten hielt, und voll Fehler, die er täglich bereuete; er hatte ſeinen Vater und ſeinen Lehrer innig lieb, aber ſeine Vergnügungen oft ſtärker; er wollte gern das Leben für beide aufopfern, aber nicht ſeinen Willen; und ſeine aufbrennende Seele entriß denen, die er liebte, nicht mehr Thränen, als ihm ſelber. So irrte ſchmerzlich ſein Leben zwiſchen Bereuen und Sündigen umher; und zuletzt nahm ſein langer Wechſel zwiſchen guten Entſchlüſſen und verderblichen Fehltritten ſeinen Freunden und ſogar ihm die Hoffnung der Beſſerung.

Jetzt kam dem Grafen, ſeinem Vater, die Sorge nicht mehr aus dem zu oft verwundeten Herzen, daß Heinrich auf der Akademie und auf Reiſen, wo die Irrwege des Laſters immer blumiger und abſchüſſiger werden und wohin keine zurückziehende Hand keine zurückrufende Stimme des Vaters mehr reicht, von Schwäche zu Schwäche ſinken und endlich mit einer befleckten, entnervten Seele wiederkehren werde, die ihre reinen Schönheiten und Alles verloren, ſogar den Wiederſchein der Jugend, die Reue.

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*) Jean Paul's Werke. Zweites Bändchen.

Der Graf war zärtlich, ſanft und fromm, aber kränklich und zu weich. Die Gruft ſeiner Gemahlin ſtand gleichſam unter dem Fußboden ſeines Lebens und unterhöhlte jedes Beet, wo er Blumen ſuchte. — Jetzt wurd' er an ſeinem Geburtstag und vielleicht durch dieſen krank, ſo wenig ertrug die gelähmte Bruſt einen Tag, wo das Herz ſtärker an ſie ſchlug. Da er von Ohnmacht in Ohnmacht ſank, ſo ging der gequälte Sohn in das engliſche Wäldchen, worin das Grabmal ſeiner Mutter und das leere war, das ſein Vater ſich in der Leichenklage hatte bauen laſſen; und hier gelobte Heinrich dem mütterlichen Geiſte den Krieg mit ſeinem Jähzorn und mit ſeinem Heißhunger nach Freuden an. Der Geburtstag des Vaters rief ihm ja zu: „Die dünne Erde, die deinen Vater hält und ihn vom Staube deiner Mutter abſondert, wird bald einbrechen, vielleicht in wenig Tagen und dann ſtirbt er bekümmert und ohne Hoffnung, und er kommt zu deiner Mutter und kann ihr nicht ſagen, daß du beſſer biſt." O da weint' er heftig; aber, unglücklicher Heinrich, was hilft deine Rührung und dein Weinen ohne dein Beſſern?

Nach einigen Tagen erhob ſich der Vater wieder und drückte im kränklichen Uebermaße von Rührung und Hoffnung den reuigen Jüngling an die fieberhafte Bruſt. Heinrich berauſchte ſich in der Freude über die Geneſung und über den Kuß — er wurde froher und wilder — er trank — er verwilderte mehr — ſein Lehrer, der die ſtolze Weichheit des Vaters durch kraftvolle Strenge gut zu machen ſuchte, beſtritt das Ausſchweifen des Freudentaumels — Heinrich wurde glühend den Geboten ungehorſam, die er für keine weichen, väterlichen hielt — und da der Lehrer ſie feſt, ſtark und nothwendig wiederholte, verletzte Heinrich im Taumel das Herz und die Ehre des ſtrengen Freundes zu tief — und da flog auf das ſo oft getroffene kranke Herz des hoffenden Vaters der Aufruhr gegen den Lehrer wie ein giftiger Pfeil, und der Vater unterlag der Wunde und ſank auf das Krankenbette zurück.

Ich will euch, liebe Kinder, weder Heinrichs Gram, noch Schuld abmalen; aber ſchließet in das ſtrenge Urtheil, das ihr über die ſeine ſprechen müßt, auch jede ein, die ihr vielleicht auf euch geladen. Ach, welches Kind kann an das Sterbebette ſeiner Aeltern treten, ohne daß es ſagen muß: „Wenn ich Ihrem Leben auch keine Jahre nahm, o! ſo koſt' ich ihnen doch Wochen und Tage! — Ach die Schmerzen, die ich jetzt lindern will, hab' ich vielleicht ſelber gegeben oder verſtärkt, und das liebe Auge, das ſo gern noch eine Stunde lang in's Leben blicken möchte, drücken ja blos meine Fehler früher zu!" — Aber der wahnſinnige Sterbliche begehet ſeine Sünden ſo kühn, blos weil ſich ihm ihre mörderiſchen Folgen verhüllen; — er ſetzet die in ſeine Bruſt eingeſperrten, reiſſenden Thiere los, und läßt ſie in der Nacht unter die Menſchen dringen, aber er ſieht es nicht, wie viele Unſchuldige das losgebundene Unthier ergreift und würgt.

Leichtſinnig wirft der wilde Menſch die glimmenden Kohlen ſeiner Sünden umher, und erſt, wenn er im Grabe liegt, brennen hinter ihm die Hütten auf von ſeinen ausgeſäeten Funken, und die Rauchſäule zieht als eine Schandſäule auf ſein Grab und ſteht ewig darauf.

Heinrich konnte, ſobald die Hoffnung der Geneſung verſchwand, die zerfallende Geſtalt des guten Vaters vor Qualen nicht mehr anſchauen; er hielt ſich blos im nächſten Zimmer auf und horchte, während Ohnmachten mit dem väterlichen Leben ſpielten, wie ein Miſſethäter ſtill und mit verbundenen Augen vor der Zukunft und vor dem zerſchmetternden Schrei: Er iſt todt! —

Endlich mußt' er vor den Kranken kommen, um Abſchied zu nehmen und die Vergebung zu empfangen; aber der Vater gab ihm nur ſeine Liebe, aber nicht ſein Vertrauen wieder und ſagte: „Beſſere dich, Sohn, aber verſprich es nicht."

Heinrich lag niedergedrückt von Schaam und Trauer im Nebenzimmer, als er wie erwachend ſeinen alten Lehrer, der auch der Lehrer ſeines Vaters geweſen, dieſen einſegnen hörte, als ginge ſchon die längſte Nacht um das letzte Leben: „Schlummere ſüß hinüber," ſagte er, „du tugendhafter Menſch, du treuer Schüler! Alle guten Vorſätze, die du mir gehalten, alle deine Siege über dich und alle deine ſchönen Thaten müſſen jetzt wie heitere Abendwolken durch die Dämmerung deines Sterbens ziehen! Hoffe noch in deiner letzten Stunde auf deinen unglücklichen Heinrich, und lächle, wenn du mich hörſt und wenn in deinem brechenden Herzen noch eine Empfindung iſt."

Der Kranke konnte ſich unter dem Schauern über ihn gewälzten Fluth der Ohnmacht nicht ermannen, die zerrinnenden Sinnen hielten die Stimme des Lehrers für die Stimme des Sohnes und er ſtammelte: „Heinrich, ich ſehe dich nicht, aber ich höre dich; lege deine Hand auf mich und ſchwöre es, daß du beſſer wirſt." Ein Seufzer brach zum Schwure; aber der Lehrer [illegible] ihm und [illegible] das erkaltende Herz und ſagte leiſe: ich ſchwöre in Ihrem Namen.

Aber plötzlich fühlt' er das Herz geſtorben, und ausruhend von der langen Bewegung des Lebens. „Ach, Unglücklicher," ſagt' er, „er iſt ohne Hoffnung geſtorben."

Heinrich floh aus dem Schloß. O wie hätt' er eine Trauer ſchonen oder theilen dürfen, die er ſelber über die väterlichen Freunde gebracht? Er ließ ſeinem Lehrer blos das Verſprechen und die Zeit der Wiederkehr zurück. Schwankend und laut weinend kam er in's engliſche Wäldchen, und ſah die weißen Grabmäler wie bleiche Geiſter die grüne Umkleidung durchſchneiden. Aber er hatte nicht den Muth, die leere, künftige Schlummerſtätte des Vaters zu berühren; — er lehnte ſich blos an die zweite Pyramide, die ein Herz bedeckte, das nicht durch ſeine Schuld geſtorben war, das mütterliche, das ſchon lange ſtille ſtand im Staube der zerfallenden Bruſt. Er durfte nicht weinen, und nicht geloben, ſchweigend, gebückt und ſchwer trug er den Schmerz weiter. Ueberall begegneten ihm Erinnerungen des Verluſtes und der Schuld — jedes Kind war eins, das dem Vater mit der hoch einhergetragenen Lebensluſt entgegen lief — jedes Geläute kam aus einer Todtenglocke — jede Gruft war ein Grab — jeder Zeiger wies, wie auf jener königlichen Uhr*), nur auf die letzte väterliche Stunde.

Heinrich kam an. Aber nach fünf dunkeln Tagen voll Reue und Pein ſehnt' er ſich zum Freunde des Vaters zurück und ſchmachtete, ihn durch die Erſtlinge ſeiner Veränderung zu tröſten. Der Menſch feiert ſeinen Geliebten ein ſchöneres Todtenfeſt, wenn er fremde Thränen trocknet, als wenn er ſeine vergießet, und der ſchönſte Blumen- und Cypreſſenkranz, den wir an theure Grabmäler hängen können, iſt ein Fruchtgewinde aus guten Thaten.

Er wollt' erſt Nachts mit ſeiner Schaamröthe in die Trauerwohnung treten. Als er durch das Wäldchen ging, ſtand die weiße Pyramide des väterlichen Grabes ſchauerhaft zwiſchen dem lebendigen Zweig, wie im Blau des reinen Himmels die graue Dampfwolke eines zuſammengebrannten Dorfes ſchwimmt. Er lehnte das ſinkende Haupt an die harte, kalte Säule und konnte nur dumpf und ſprachlos weinen, und im dunkeln mit Martern angefüllten Herzen war kein Gedanke ſichtbar. Hier ſtand er verlaſſen, keine ſanfte Stimme ſagte: weine nicht mehr! — Kein Vaterherz zerſchmolz und ſagte: Du biſt genug geſtraft. Das Rauſchen der Wipfel ſchien ein Zürnen und die Dunkelheit ein Abgrund. Dieſes ſo Unwiederbringliche im Verluſte lagerte ſich wie ein Meer weit um ihn, das niemals ruht und niemals ſtillt.

Endlich erblickte er nach dem Fall einer Thräne einen ſanften Stern am Himmel, der milde, wie das Auge eines himmliſchen Geiſtes, zwiſchen die Wipfel hereinblickte; da kam ein weicherer Schmerz in die Bruſt, er dachte an den Schwur der Beſſerung, den der Tod zerriſſen hatte, und nun ſank er langſam auf die Knie und blickte zum Sterne hinauf und ſagte: „O Vater, Vater!" (und die Wehmuth erdrückte lange die Stimme) „Hier liegt dein armes Kind an deinem Grabe und ſchwört dir. — Ja, reiner, frommer Geiſt, ich werde anders werden; nimm mich wieder an! — — Ach könnteſt du ein Zeichen geben, daß du mich gehöret haſt."

Es rauſchte um ihn; — eine langſame Geſtalt ſchlug die Zweige zurück und ſagte: „Ich habe dich gehört und hoffe wieder!" Es war ſein Vater.

Das Mittelding zwiſchen Tod und Schlaf, die Schweſter des Todes, die Ohnmacht, hatte wie ein gehemmter, tiefer Schlummer ihm das Leben wieder beſchieden, und er war dem Tode wieder entgangen. Guter Vater! und hätte der Tod dich in den Glanz der zweiten Welt getragen, dein Herz hätte nicht froher glühen und ſüßer überſtrömen können, als in dieſer Auferſtehungsminute, wo dein vom ſchärfſten Schmerze umgeänderter Sohn mit dem beſſern an deinem ſank und dir die ſchönſte Hoffnung eines Vaters brachte! —

Aber, indem der Vorhang dieſer kurzen Scene fällt, ſo frag' ich euch, geliebte junge Leſer: habt ihr Eltern, denen ihr die ſchönſte Hoffnung noch nicht gegeben habt? O dann erinnere ich euch wie ein Gewiſſen daran, daß einmal ein Tag kommen wird, wo ihr keinen Troſt habt und wo ihr ausruft: „Ach ſie haben mich am meiſten geliebt, aber ich ließ ſie ohne Hoffnung ſterben, und ich war ihr letzter Schmerz!"

Die Neujahrsnacht eines Unglücklichen**).

„Ein alter Menſch ſtand in der Neujahrsmitternacht am Fenſter und ſchauete mit dem Blick einer langen Verzweiflung auf zum unbeweglichen ewig blühenden Himmel und herab auf die ſtille, reine, weiße Erde, worauf jetzt Niemand ſo freuden- und ſchlaflos war, als er. Denn ſein Grab ſtand nahe an ihm, es war blos vom Schnee des Alters, nicht vom Grün der Jugend verdeckt, und er brachte nichts mit aus dem ganzen reichen Leben, nichts mit als Irrthümer, Sünden und Krankheit, einen verheerten Körper, eine verödete Seele, die Bruſt voll Gift und ein Alter voll Reue. Seine ſchönen Jugendtage wandten ſich heute als Geſpenſter um und zogen ihn wieder vor den hellen Morgen hin, wo ihn ſein Vater zuerſt auf den Scheideweg des Lebens geſtellt, der rechts auf der Sonnenbahn der Tugend in ein weites, ruhiges Land voll Licht und Erndten und voll Engel bringt, und welcher links in die Maulwurfshügel des Laſters hinabzieht, in eine ſchwarze Höhle voll heruntertropfendem Gift, voll zielender Schlangen und finſterer, ſchwüler Dämpfe.

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*) [illegible]

**) Jean Paul's [illegible]. [illegible]

„Ach die Schlangen hingen um ſeine Bruſt und die Gifttropfen auf ſeiner Zunge und er wußte nun, wo er war.

„Sinnlos und mit unausſprechlichem Grame rief er zum Himmel hinauf: Gib mir die Jugend wieder! O Vater, ſtelle mich auf den Scheideweg wieder, damit ich anders wähle!

„Aber ſein Vater und ſeine Jugend waren längſt dahin. Er ſah Irrlichter auf Sümpfen tanzen und auf dem Gottesacker erlöſchen, und er ſagte: es ſind meine thörichten Tage! — er ſah einen Stern aus dem Himmel fliehen und im Falle ſchimmern und auf der Erde zerrinnen: das bin ich, ſagte ſein blutendes Herz und die Schlangenzähne der Reue gruben darin in den Wunden weiter.

„Die lodernde Phantaſie zeigte ihm ſchleichende Nachtwandler auf den Dächern und die Windmühle hob ihre Arme drohend zum Zerſchlagen auf, und eine im leeren Todtenhauſe zurückgebliebene Larve nahm allmälig ſeine Züge an.

„Mitten in dem Krampf floß plötzlich die Muſik für das Neujahr vom Thurm hernieder wie ferner Kirchengeſang. Er wurde ſanfter bewegt — er ſchauete um den Horizont herum und über die weite Erde und er dachte an ſeine Jugendfreunde, die nun, glücklicher und beſſer als er, Lehrer der Erde, Väter glücklicher Kinder und geſegnete Menſchen waren, und er ſagte: O ich könnte auch wie ihr dieſe erſte Nacht mit trocknen Augen verſchlummern, wenn ich gewollt hätte. — Ach ich könnte glücklich ſein, ihr theuern Aeltern, wenn ich eure Neujahrs-Wünſche und Lehren erfüllet hätte.

„Im fieberhaften Erinnern an ſeine Jünglingszeit kam es ihm vor, als richte ſich die Larve mit ſeinen Zügen im Todtenhauſe auf — endlich wurde ſie durch den Aberglauben, der in der Neujahrsnacht Geiſter und Zukunft erblickt, zu einem lebendigen Jüngling, der in der Stellung des ſchönen Jünglings vom Kapitol ſich einen Dorn auszieht und ſeine vorige blühende Geſtalt ward' ihm bitter vorgegaukelt.

„Er konnt' es nicht mehr ſehen — er verhüllte das Auge — tauſend heiße Thränen ſtrömten verſiegend in den Schnee — er ſeufzete nur noch leiſe, troſtlos und ſinnlos: komme nur wieder, Jugend, komme wieder!" . . . .

— Und ſie kam wieder; denn er hatte nur in der Neujahrsnacht ſo fürchterlich geträumt; — er war noch ein Jüngling. Nur ſeine Verirrungen waren kein Traum geweſen; aber er dankte Gott, daß er, noch jung, in den ſchmutzigen Gängen des Laſters umkehren und ſich auf die Sonnenbahn zurück begeben konnte, die in's reine Land der Erndten leitet.

Kehre mit ihm, junger Leſer, um, wenn du auf ſeinem Irrweg ſtehſt! Dieſer ſchreckende Traum wird künftig dein Richter werden; aber wenn du einſt jammervoll rufen würdeſt: komme wieder, ſchöne Jugend — ſo würde ſie nicht wieder kommen.

Der Traum einer Wahnſinnigen *).

Linda — eine Jungfrau, Dichterin, Schweſter und Braut — hatte in das Kriegsfeuer hinein Alles ziehen ſehen müſſen, was ihr theuer geweſen, zwei Brüder und den Bräutigam. Leicht iſt's dem Manne, im feurigen Getümmel aller Sinnen und Kräfte und im allgemeinen Zornrauſche ſeine oft erſt nachgefühlten Wunden auszuhalten, oder im weiten Sterben mitzuſterben; die Mutter aber, die zu Hauſe bleibt, und die Schweſter und die Geliebte, welche alle ſich mit ſtarren Augen und Körpern vor die Pfeile des Unglücks ſtellen müſſen, und welche warten ohne Erwartung, dieſe bluten ungeſehen und ungeheilt in allen Kriegen viel ſchmerzhafter. Wenn der künftige Tod mit ſeinen Siegs- oder Pulverwagen vor ihren Fenſtern vorüberzieht, wenn die Feldmuſik des Feindes vorüberjubelt; wenn die Waffen, welche die geliebte Bruſt durchſtoßen ſollen, geſchliffen in die naſſen Augen blenden, und wenn endlich ein feindlicher Donner dem andern begegnet, dann iſt kein fernes Herz mehr glücklich, als ein todtes, dann gehen alle Kugeln, die das geliebte nicht treffen, vom Schlachtfelde her durch das liebende; und die ganze Zeit iſt nur Ein Schmerz, den kein Sieg abwendet, ſondern verdoppelt; denn jede gleichſam blutſchwarz geſiegelte Zeitung enthält nur namenloſen Tod. Werfe die Liebende immer die Zeitungen weg, ihr Nachttraum bringt ihr doch wahre oder falſche, aber meiſtens blutige.

Linda bekam ſolche Nachtblätter früher als die Tagblätter; jeder Traum tödtete eine Freude in ihrem Herzen. Nach drei ſchwarzen Weiſſagungen kam Eine Erfüllung: ihr älteſter Bruder war geſtorben, obwohl nicht getödtet. Ihr Schmerz ließ ihr noch zwei Hoffnungen. Aber bald wurde ihr wieder eine ausgelöſcht: ihr zweiter Bruder, der Waffengenoß ihres Bräutigams, war gefallen auf dem Schlachtfelde, dem rechten Saatfelde des Todes, worauf ſelten mehr geerndtet wird, als ein kümmerlicher, ſeufzender Friede.

Jetzt ſchloß das zweimal getroffne Herz das Wundenblut in ſich ein und kochte es zu Feuergift. „Der Dritte iſt auch todt, ſagte ſie, er ſtirbt ja jede Nacht einmal vor mir; denn aller guten, aller böſen Dinge ſind drei." Der Wahnſinn zog ſie in ſeine Strudel unter ſeine Furienlarven hinunter. O gäb' es doch eine Kunſt, für das geängſtete Leben nur einen roſenfarbnen Wahnſinn zu erfinden! Warum muß, wenn die Wirklichkeit alle Güter niedergebrannt hat, noch der Traum über uns einen fortflammenden wilden Nordſchein entzünden, und das Meduſenhaupt des Wahnſinns die Wunde verſteinern? —

Das Sonderbare an Linda's Wahnſinn war, daß bei ihr, welche im Wachen mehr ſtill und matt umſchlich, erſt im Traum, der ſelber ein täglicher Wahnſinn iſt, ſich ihr Bangen verdoppelte. Ihr Stöhnen, ihre Wehworte und Geſichtszuckungen im Schlafe ſagten deutlich an, welche greuliche in einander geworfene Geſtalten der Traum aus den Fluthen heraufſpiegle, die ſo tief ihr Leben bedeckten. Sie erwachte ſtets bei Sonnen-Untergang wie eine Nachtviole, ſie mochte viel oder wenig geſchlafen haben. Die Nacht brachte ſie damit zu, daß ſie andern, oder auch nur ſich ihre grauſen Dichterträume erzählte. Leider warf dann der Traum ſeine Schattenſpiele weit in's Leben heraus, und ſie ſah bald den Bräutigam, bald die Brüder vor ſich ſtehen. Am meiſten wurde ſie gequält und verwirrt, daß ſie den dritten Todten, den Bräutigam, nicht beweinen konnte; ſtundenlang ſah ſie ihr heiß trocknes Auge vor dem Spiegel an, in der Hoffnung auf einen einzigen labenden Tropfen. Oft rief ſie im Traume, „nur noch eine Thräne, o Gott! Nur noch dieſe gib dem Auge, denn verwelk' es — ach ich habe ja wahrlich nur zweimal geweint."

Aber das Schickſal dachte ihr eine ſüßere Thräne zu; nämlich ihr geliebter Alexander kehrte blühend aus dem vulkaniſchen Herde des Krieges zurück. Er wollte der Braut ſein erbeutetes Leben mitbringen und weihen; aber wie ſollte er den wahnſinnigen Augen wahrhaft erſcheinen, denen er bisher ſo oft blos nachgemacht vorgeſpiegelt worden? Sie kann ja, ſagte die Mutter, bei ſeinem Anblicke ſchreien, ich ſehe meinen Bräutigam und einen Bruder, wo iſt denn der dritte? Die Mutter führte (zum Beweiſe) jene Schauergeſchichte an, daß eine Wahnſinnige, die immer ihre verlorne Freundin als Wiederkömmlingin des Todes am Tiſche ſitzen ſehen, auf einmal mit dem Schrei: da ſind zwei! todt niedergefallen, als man ein lebendiges Ebenbild der Freundin ihr vor die Augen gebracht hatte. Aber der Liebhaber ſagte, „wagen muß man auch im Frieden — man ändere nur ihre Träume — und wie? — durch Muſik, die ſie ja ſonſt ſo liebte. Sie erwache in den ſchönſten Umgebungen. Ich will Alles anordnen. Dann tret' ich an der Hand der theuern Mutter vor ſie. Man hat die Unglückliche ja bisher ſchlafen und träumen laſſen, wie ſie gewollt. Alſo, ohne Umſtände! Bei Gott, ich traue ſie."

Die Mutter gab das milde Vorbereiten zu. Einige Stunden vor Sonnenuntergang ſank Linda in Schlaf. Man trug ſie in ein Zimmer, welches der Abendhimmel mit allen ſeinen Roſen füllen konnte. In drei Zimmern hinter einander wurden Flöten, Harfen, Singſtimmen ſo verlegt, daß ſie durch bloße Fernen ſich einen gegenſeitigen Widerhall zuſpielten. Sie durften mit ihren Zaubermitteln nicht ausſetzen, weil eben die Muſik in ihre reine ſelige Unendlichkeit am leichteſten die Unendlichkeit unſerer Qualen auflöſet, und der Ton von jeher die reißenden Thiere des Wahnſinns und Weh's bezwang. Das Schlafzimmer wurde mit Blumen ausgelegt, Schmetterlinge ließ man hin und her fliegen, und Nachtigallen draußen ſpielten von ſelber mit ihrem Liebesjubel in das Menſchengetön. Nur die Spiegel wurden als die Hintergründe und Wohnſtätten von Scheinerſcheinungen abgenommen. Bei Sonnen-Untergang wollte nun Alexander, ſobald Linda's Geberde und Rede die beruhigtere Seele anſagte, an der Hand der Mutter, als der Bürgin der Wirklichkeit, vor ſie treten und ſagen, daß er noch lebe und liebe.

Als die Hörſtumme die erſten Töne vernahm, ſchien ſie mit

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*) Jean Paul's Werke. Drittes Bändchen.

beiden Händen dieſe oder ihr Geträumtes von ſich abzuwehren; dann kam Krieg in's blaſſe thränenloſe Angeſicht — ein Schmerz nach dem andern zog ſeine Furche auf der zarten Schönheit und wühlte in den Lilien ihres Angeſichts. Einmal ſagte ſie: o wohl mir, daß ich weine, und trocknete das Auge; aber es war keine Thräne darin, ſondern nur die Mutter und der Geliebte weinten. — Endlich aber rief ſie: „o ſag' das zu mir wieder, Alexander! Heile, heile, wunde Seele!" da löſete ſich ihre harte Wetterwolke in ſanften warmen Regen und die Thränen überfloſſen das ganze Angeſicht, aber ſie bewegte keine Hand, ſie abzutrocknen. Dann ſang ſie, könnt' ich droben ſterben und mit Euch ſingen! — und wußte nicht, daß ſie ſchon ſang.

Als endlich die Sonne verſank, ſchlug ſie die Augen auf und ſagte, ob ſie gleich ihre Hand zugeſchloſſen hielt: „Alexander, ich halte deine Hand in meiner." Er trat ſchnell vor ſie, und faßte ihre Hand in ſeine, und die Mutter nahm die andere, und er ſagte: ſieh deinen Freund und deine Mutter an, Geliebte! — — Sie blickte ſtarr in's Abendroth — dann auf die Menſchen — hörte die Flöten — weinte ſehr, aber lächelnd — und ſank an den Geliebten! — und fragte, iſt denn der Traum erfüllt? — und dann ſank ſie an die Mutter und ſagte: ich glaube, er iſt erfüllt. — „Bei Gott!" ſagte Alexander, der einen ſchönen errieth.

Nachdem die erſten Entzückungen über ihre Geneſung vorüber waren, erzählte ſie den wunderbaren Traum, bat aber, daß unter dem Erzählen die Töne aufhörten, da ſie doch immer noch krank ſei, und die Töne im Wachen ſo tief eindrängen.

Sie erzählte, der Traum kennt nicht Land und Zeit; ich war eben da. Aber wie? Drei Höllenflüſſe ſchlängelten ſich ſteilrecht unter der Sonne hinauf. — Weit hinter unſerm Himmel ſtand ein ganz ätherſchwarzer Himmel voll feſtgehaltener Welten, die noch nicht gingen, ſie nannten es die Vor-Ewigkeit. Mir war, als umkreiſete im Finſtern der Jammer und ſein Geſpenſt mich immer näher. Da ging die hieſige Sonne auf, und hatte eine Furienmaske und hinter ihr kam das erſte Mondsviertel als Schlangenkamm; ſogleich flogen und ſpielten geflügelte Eintags-Menſchen im Morgenſtrahl, und ſanken ſo wie die Geſtirne ſtiegen. Ich ſah das Thor der Ewigkeit, ein ſchöner Jüngling, den ich von ferne lieben mußte, trat hinan, man brachte ihm den Thorſchlüſſel, ſogleich fiel er verſtäubend danieder und dann ging er hinein in die Ewigkeit. Darauf kam der ordentliche große Tod auf vier kleinen bunten Schmetterlingsflügeln und ſagte, er halte ſeine Elephantenjagd nach Welten; aber er warf Sonne nach Sonne wie Früchte ganz herab, und nur ihre Erden zerſtäubten ſchon unterwegs. —

Da kamen plötzlich meine Brüder, und grüßten mich nicht, ſondern der eine ſagte ſehr ernſt, hörſt du nichts? Jetzt hört' ich aus dem Boden herauf, der ein Gottesacker voll lebendig Begrabener war, ein verworrenes Gemurmel und Durcheinanderſtöhnen von Scheinleichen, und oben auf den Bergen umher ſtanden unzählige Zwerge, und lachten laut über Alles, und tanzten lebhaft zuſammen. „Sieh dich doch endlich um!" ſagte der zweite Bruder ganz zornig. Hinter mir ſtanden viele Schatten, und tranken mir aus Aſchenkrügen zu, ſie hatten aber keine Kraft zur Stimme, ſondern warteten auf den großen Aſchenregen, worin ſie mit der Zunge ihre Gedanken leſerlich ſchreiben wollten. Da ſtrich ſchnell durch die weichen Schatten eine hohe Jünglingsgeſtalt, aber ganz eingeſchleiert, ſogar Hände und Füße, und hielt ein Buch. „Welche Zeit iſt's, Freunde?" fragte die Geſtalt mit ſüßer Stimme meine Brüder . . . . .

„Alle Sonnenuhren ſind rückwärts gegangen und zeigen auf Null," rief ein ſpringender Zwerg auf einem ganz fernen Gebirge. „Es iſt nicht wahr," ſagte die Geſtalt, und der Zwerg ſtürzte vom Gebirg.

„Du armes Herz," ſagte ſie dann wie ein Lautenton zu mir, „du haſt jetzt einen ſchweren Traum; aber hier hab' ich das Traumbuch; Träume bedeuten ſtets ihr Gegentheil; bitte Gott um die ſchlimmſten, ſo wird es dir wohlgelingen, beim Erwachen." — Ach du, ach du! ich kenne dich gewiß! rief ich. — „Nenne keine Namen, befahl ſie ſtark, ſonſt erwacht Alles, vorzüglich der Teufel." — Die Schatten ſchienen verſchwunden, meine Brüder ſchritten weit von mir auf Felſenſpitzen aufeinander zu, und konnten ſich nirgends erlangen und traten rückwärts, und die meiſten Zwerge wurden erquetſcht. Wir beide weinten ſchwer und ſchwerer; das Ungeheuere oder das Nichts umgriff, durchgriff mein Leben, und ich weinte beklommen, aber immer nur ſchwül in's anſchwellende Herz zurück. „Ich höre endlich das böſe Gruben-Alpenhorn, aber du noch nicht; o ſchön! ſchön geträumt nach dem Traumbuche!" ſagte die Geſtalt, und ihr Schleier ſchleppte immer länger und weiter um ſie. Neugeborne Kinder mit Kränzen aus Giftblumen lagen am Wege. „O vielverſprechend!" ſagte die Geſtalt. In einem Garten machten Kinder Blasmuſik und die Greiſe mußten darnach tanzen und zwar in ihre Gräber hinein, bis man nur noch den darin hüpfenden Kopf wahrnahm, und endlich gar nur das Verweſende, das, ſo gut es konnte, ſtäubend fortwirbelte. — „Sehr gut, ſagte die Jünglingsgeſtalt zu mir, nur weinſt du mir nicht genug; richte dich doch genauer nach dem Traumbuch; etwas anders und gefährlicheres wären Freudenthränen!"

Darauf fanden wir in einem Thale zwei mit Dolchſpitzen gekrönte Tyrannen an den beiden Felswänden langgeſtreckt herunter liegen, welche ſich mit einander freundlich beſprachen; aber jedes Wort wurde ein lebendiges Thier und fuhr herunter bald als ein Wolf, als ein Tiger, als eine Kröte oder als ein Geier. Sie lagen auf zwei durchſichtigen Bergen, deren Goldadern und Silberadern zerſprangen, ſo daß aus den einen Blut, aus den andern Thränen floſſen. Endlich ſchüttelten ſich beide Tyrannen die Hände, aber jeder that es mit einer fremden abgehauenen Hand, der eine hatte die weiße eines weißen Mohren, der andere die ſchwarze eines Blaufärbers. Jetzt [illegible] mich der Jüngling aus der Bergkluft und ſagte: „Da iſt's!" Ich ſah einen ſchwarzen Bühnenvorhang, der vom Himmel auf die Erde hing, und eine Hölle war künſtlich darauf gemalt; um ihn gaukelte emſig der Sturmſchmetterling und verlangte durchaus hinein.

Jetzt hörte auch ich das böſe Alpgruben-Horn und der Vorhang fuhr gen Himmel.

Auf einer unabſehlichen Ebene ſtanden zwei Kriegsheere einander ſtill gegenüber; ſie beſtanden aber blos in den aus den Siegesheeren der Erde nach Hauſe ziehenden Verſtümmelten, nur lauter Menſchen mit einem Arme, einem Auge, mit weiten Wunden; und ich ſah durch tauſend hinter einander geſtellte Wunden die Sterne deutlich blitzen. Jetzt begannen ſie die ſogenannte ſtumme Schlacht mit Windbüchſen — man hörte nichts, nur Geſtalt nach Geſtalt ſtürzte um, und jede drückte ſich ſelber mit ihrer Hand die Augen zu. Aus einer lieblich-hellen Wolke bot ein Arm ſich wie zur Hülfe an, aber er war dreimal zerbrochen und blutete. Die Sternenflecken waren weiße Flecken des Himmelstigers und hoch oben auf der Sonne ſtand ſtill der alte Baſilisk hinter einem Iſis-Schleier. Aengſtlich blickten alle hinauf, weil ſie ſtarben, ſobald er ſich aufdeckte, und die Welt anſah. Da trat in meiner Bangigkeit der Ur-Teufel vor mich, der taubſtumm war; mit den Grauslauten der Stummen, mit ihren wilden Geberden quälte er ſich vergeblich ab, um mir unſäglichen Jammer deutlich anzuzeigen; und winkte immer zum Baſilisken hinauf, um ſich faßlich zu machen; endlich da ich noch nicht genug verzweifelte, griff er mit einer Kralle, die ſich unaufhörlich verlängerte, hinauf zum verſchleierten Drachen, um den Schleier von deſſen alltödtenden Augen zu reißen.

„Linda, nun biſt du erlöſet, wach' auf!" ſagte der Jüngling. Und ich träumte, daß ich erwachte. Im Scheinerwachen ſtand er noch bei mir, aber ohne Schleier, und ich erkannte ihn längſt. Wir ſtanden beide auf einer kryſtallenen Gondel, die ſich auf einem Meere von weichen Tulpen wie auf Wogen bewegte, und zwei große Schmetterlingsflügel wehten als Segel, und Flötentöne hauchten uns auf den Blumenglocken weiter.

„Leid' ich oder du?" ſagt' ich. „Du und ich (ſagte der Jüngling), heile, heile, wunde Seele!" — O ſag' es immer fort, rief ich; er ſagte es fort, aber ſeine Laute ſenkten mich in ſüßes tiefes Sterben hinunter, und immer ſüßer und tiefer; meine Augen ſchloß ſein Tönen, aber ich ſah ihn durch die Augenlieder — ich that ſie auf voll Freudenthränen; aber ich ſah ihn durch die Thränen; — ich trocknete ſie, da war ſein Blick mein Kuß. Der Himmel über uns war geſtirnt blos mit weißen Perlen, nur das Zwillingsgeſtirn blickte immer heller und lebendiger, und ſah mich am Ende mit vier alten Brüder-Augen an, und vor dem Monde zog eine weiße Aurora voraus. Wir flogen, wir glitten zwiſchen Inſeln hin, und ich ſang im Fliegen: hätt' ich tauſend Herzen, hätt' ich tauſend Leben, nur Einem Herzen, Einem Leben gäb' ich Alle hin, und der Jüngling ſah mich an und ſagte: „könnt' ich deine Hand jetzt nehmen! Aber auf dem Meere iſt es uns verboten, warte auf das feſte Land" — Wir eilten nun zwiſchen den Paradiesinſeln hindurch. Auf einer wohnten Roſen, und feierten ihr Roſenfeſt und opferten die Dornen. — Auf einer ſangen Nachtigallen auf Flötenzweigen ruhend, und die Flöten klangen ihnen von ſelber nach und die Adler ſchlugen ſtark die Lauten mit Flügeln. — Auf einer herrſchten die Blumen, und Marienblumen führten die Kinder, und Lilien die Jungfrauen. — Eine Inſel voll Wonneſeufzer kam, aber ſie ſchwamm ſelber vor uns vorüber; ihr floſſen lange weiße Roſenwogen nach, und rothe wallten ihr entgegen, und endlich ſtand ſie überbauet als Roſenlaube, mitten im Meere feſt.

Als wir vor einem Vorgebirge mit ewigem Schnee vorüber waren, fiel plötzlich auf den ganzen Himmel ein bunter Glanzthau.

Wo iſt denn die Sonne dazu? fragt' ich. „In der Bruſt, ſagte der Jüngling, iſt die Urſonne; ſieh wie ſich in der Nacht die Urſonnenblumen nach deinem Herzen wenden." Und die Vergißmeinnicht auf ſeiner Bruſt bewegten ſich heftig nach den Schlägen meines Herzens.

„O wie meine Blumen nachzittern! (ſagte der Jüngling)

Warum zittert denn dein Herz ſo ſehr?“ Ich antwortete: es zittert nur als eine Saite, die ſich unſichtbar macht, um lange wohlzulauten, wenn die Hand der Harmonie ſie hart anſchlägt. Da ſah mich der Jüngling ſeltſam an, aber ſchön, und eine Thräne kam aus ſeinem Auge, aber ſie fiel nicht weiter, ſondern hob ſich in den Himmel und wurde groß und hing als Silberwölkchen im Blau. Was ſah ich droben? Da richteten ſich alle Wolken am Horizont als menſchliche Geſtalten auf und ſtanden als weiße Bräute am Himmel und gleichſam wie Memnonsbilder ſangen alle Bräute hernieder als ſie roth beglänzt wurden, und ſie löſten das bange Herz. „O könnt' ich droben ſtehen und mitſingen, und mit den andern Wolken ſonnig und thauig aus einander fließen,“ rief ich. „O das nicht, Linda! ſagte der Jüngling; ſieh doch lieber dort das lange Ufer grünen, wo ich deine Hand berühren darf.“ Da flog plötzlich von dem langen Ufer eine Lerche auf uns her und ſang ihr altes Erdenlied, ob wohl im Ewigkeitsblau; nun ſchwanden mir Himmel und Inſeln; denn die Lerche ſang unſere Erden-Frühlinge zurück und voraus, und das Herz brannte in einheimiſchem Leben und die älteſten Freuden kehrten um.

Und auf dem Ufer, woher die Lerche kam, regnete es Blumendüfte, und aus dem Hintergrund hob ſich ein Regenbogen immer ſchneller, unter welchem das Bild eines erhabnen Angeſichts wie unter einem Siegesbogen ſtand. „Siehſt du nicht das Pfauenrad des Paradiesvogels höher ſteigen, und wie es Kolibri als Funken ausſpritzt? (ſagte der Jüngling.) Stürz' mit nach in's Meer aus Roſenöl und eile an's Ufer, eh' der ſteigende brennende Kreis des Erdenvogels uns blendet.

Und ich ſtürzte nach, und wir ſchwammen und meine Freudenthränen glitten mit im Roſenöle ſchimmernd nach. — Als wir an das Ufer ſtiegen, ſtand der Bogen als eine runde Sonne da, die den halben Himmel bedeckte; Glanz auf Glanz überſchleierte den Jüngling: er aber faßte meine Hand und ich erwachte, da faßte er meine Hand.

Leben
des vergnügten Schulmeiſterleins Maria Wuz in Auenthal *).

Eine Art Idylle.

Wie war dein Leben und Sterben ſo ſanft und meerſtille, du vergnügtes Schulmeiſterlein Wuz! Der ſtille blaue Himmel eines Nachſommers ging nicht mit Gewölk, ſondern mit Duft um dein Leben; deine Epochen waren das Schwanken und dein Sterben war das Umlegen einer Lilie, deren blätteraufſtehende Blumen aus einander flattern — und ſchon außer dem Grabe ſchliefeſt du ſanft.

Jetzt aber, meine Freunde, müſſen vor allen Dingen die Stühle um den Ofen, der Schenktiſch mit dem Trinkwaſſer an unſre Kniee gerückt und die Vorhänge zugezogen und die Schlafmützen aufgeſetzt werden und an die grand monde über der Gaſſe drüben und an's palais royal muß keiner von uns denken, blos weil ich die ruhige Geſchichte des vergnügten Schulmeiſterleins erzähle — und du, mein lieber Chriſtian, der du eine einathmende Bruſt für die einzigen dephlogiſtiſirten und ſtärkenden Freuden des Lebens, für die häuslichen haſt, ſetze dich auf den Arm des Stuhls, aus dem ich heraus erzähle und lehne dich zuweilen ein wenig an mich! du machſt mich gar nicht irre.

Seit der Schwedenzeit waren die Wuze Schulmeiſter in Auenthal, und ich glaube nicht, daß Einer vom Pfarrer oder von ſeiner Gemeinde verklagt wurde. Allemal acht oder neun Jahre nach der Hochzeit verſahen Wuz und Sohn das Amt mit Verſtand — unſer Maria Wuz dozirte unter ſeinem Vater ſchon das ABC, in der er das Buchſtabiren erlernte, das nichts taugt. Der Charakter unſers Wuz hatte wie der Unterricht anderer Schulleute etwas Spielendes und Kindiſches, aber nicht im Kummer, ſondern in der Freude.

Schon in der Kindheit war er ein wenig kindiſch. Denn es gibt zweierlei Kinderſpiele, kindiſche und ernſthafte — die ernſthaften ſind Nachahmungen der Erwachſenen, das Kaufmanns-Soldaten-Handwerks-Spielen — die kindiſchen ſind Nachäffungen der Thiere. Wuz war beim Spielen nie etwas Anderes als ein Haſe, eine Turteltaube oder das Junge derſelben, ein Bär, ein Pferd, oder gar der Wagen daran. Glaubt mir; ein Seraph findet auch in unſern Kollegien und Hörſälen keine Geſchäfte, ſondern nur Spiele und, wenn er's hoch treibt, jene zweierlei Spiele.

Indeß hatt' er auch, wie alle Philoſophen, ſeine ernſthafteſten Geſchäfte und Stunden. Setzte er nicht ſchon längſt — eh' die brandenburgiſchen erwachſenen Geiſtlichen nur fünf Fäde von buntem Ueberzug umhatten — ſich dadurch über große Vortheile weg, daß er eine blaue Schürze, die ſeltner der geiſtliche Ornat als der in ein Amt tragende Dr. Fauſt's Mantel guter Kandidaten iſt. Vormittags über ſich warf und in dieſem kouleurten Meßgewand der Magd ſeines Vaters die vielen Sünden vorhielt, die ſie um Himmel und Hölle bringen konnten? — ja er griff ſeinen eigenen Vater an, aber Nachmittags, denn wenn er dieſem Kober's Kabinetsprediger vorlas, war's ſeine innige Freude, dann und wann zwei, drei Worte oder gar Zeilen aus eigenen Ideen einzuſchalten und dieſe Interpolation mit weg zu leſen, als ſpräche H. Kober ſelbſt mit ſeinem Vater. Ich denke, ich werfe durch dieſe Perſonalie vieles Licht auf ihn und ein Spaß, den er ſpäter auf der Kanzel trieb, da er auch Nachmittags den Kirchengängern die Poſtille an Pfarrers Statt vorlas, aber mit ſo viel hineingeſpielten eigenen Verlagsartikeln und Fabrikaten, daß er dem Teufel Schaden that und deſſen Diener rührete. „Juſtel, ſagt' er nachher um 4 Uhr zu ſeiner Frau, was weißt du unten in deinem Stuhl, wie prächtig es einem oben iſt, zumal unter dem Kanzelliede.“

Wir können's leicht bei ſeinen ältern Jahren erfragen, wie er in ſeinen Flegeljahren war. Im December von jenen ließ er allemal das Licht eine Stunde ſpäter bringen, weil er in dieſer Stunde ſeine Kindheit — jeden Tag nahm er einen andern Tag — rekapitulirte. Indem der Wind ſeine Fenſter mit Schneevorhängen verfinſterte und indem ihn aus den Ofenfugen das Feuer anblickte, ſo drückte er die Augen zu und ließ auf die gefrornen Wieſen den längſt vermoderten Frühling niederthauen; da baute er ſich mit der Schweſter in den Heuſchober ein und fuhr auf dem architektoniſch gewölbten Heugebirge des Wagens heim und rieth droben mit geſchloſſenen Augen, wo ſie wohl nun fahren. In der Abendkühle, unter dem Schwalben-Scharmuziren über ſich, ſchoß er, froh über die untere Entkleidung und das Dishabillé der Beine, als ſchreiende Schwalbe herum und mauerte ſich für ſein Junges — ein hölzerner Weihnachtshahn mit angepichten Federn war's — eine Koth-Rotunda mit einem Schnabel von Holz und trug hernach Bettſtroh und Bettfedern zum Neſt. Für eine andere palingeneſirende Abendſtunde wurde ein prächtiger Trinitatis (ich wollt' es gäbe 365 Trinitatis) aufgehoben, wo er am Morgen im tönenden Dom um ihn und in ihm, mit läutendem Schlüſſelbund und durch's Dorf in den Garten ſtolzirte, ſich im Thau abkühlte und das glühende Geſicht durch die tropfende Johannisbeerſtaude drängte, ſich mit dem hochſtämmigen Graſe maß und mit zwei ſchwachen Fingern die Roſen für den H. Senior und ſein Kanzelpult abdrehte. An eben dieſem Trinitatis — das war die zweite Schüſſel an dem nämlichen December-Abend — quetſchte er, mit dem Sonnenſchein auf dem Rücken, den Orgeltaſten den Choral „Allein Gott in der Höh' ſei Ehr“ ein oder ab (mehr kann er noch nicht) und ſtreckte die kurzen Beine mit vergeblichen Approchen zur Parterre-Taſtatur hinunter und der Vater riß für ihn die richtigen Regiſter heraus. — Er würde die ungleichartigſten Dinge zuſammenſchütten, wenn er ſich in den gedachten zwei Abendſtunden erinnerte, was er im Kindheits-Dezember vornahm; aber er war ſo klug, daß er ſich erſt in einer dritten darauf beſann, wie er ſonſt Abends ſich auf's Zuſchließen der Fenſterläden freuete, weil er nun ganz geſichert vor allem in der lichten Stube buckte, ob er ſich gleich vor der äußern Perſpektive des die Stube abſpiegelnden Fenſters in Acht nahm; wie er und ſeine Geſchwiſter die abendliche Kocherei der Mutter ausſpionirten, unterſtützten und unterbrachen, und wie ſie mit zugedrückten Augen und zwiſchen den Bruſtwehr-Schenkeln des Vaters auf das Blenden des kommenden Lichts ſich ſpitzten und wie ſie, in dem aus dem unabſehlichen Gewölbe des Univerſums herausgeſchnittenen oder hineingebauten Kloſet ihrer Stube ſo beſchirmet waren, ſo ſatt, ſo wohl . . . . Und alle Jahre, ſo oft er dieſe Retourfuhre ſeiner Kindheit und des Wolfsmonats darin, veranſtaltete, vergaß und erſtaunt' er — ſobald das Licht angezündet wurde — daß in der Stube, die er ſich wie ein Loretto-Häuschen aus dem Kindheits-Kanaan herüber holte, er ja gerade jetzt ſäße. — So ſchreibt er wenigſtens ſelber dieſe Erinnerungs-Hoben-Opern in ſeinen Rouſſeauiſchen Spaziergängen, die ich da vor mich lege, um nicht zu lügen. . . . .

Allein ich ſchnüre mir den Fuß mit lauter Wurzelngeflecht und Dickicht ein, wenn ich's nicht dadurch wegreiße, daß ich einen gewiſſen äußerſt wichtigen Umſtand aus ſeinem männlichen Alter herausſchneide und ſogleich jetzt aufſetze; nachher aber ſoll ordentlich a priori angefangen und mit Schulmeiſterlein langſam in den drei aufſteigenden Zeichen der Altersſtufen hinauf und auf der andern Seite in den drei niederſteigenden wieder hinabgegangen werden — bis Wuz am Fuße der tiefſten Stufe vor uns in's Grab fällt.

Ich wollte, ich hätte dieſes Gleichniß nicht genommen. So oft ich in Lavater's Fragmenten oder in Comenii orbis pictus oder an einer Wand das Stuf- und Trauergerüſte der ſieben Le-

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*) Jean Paul's Werke. Drittes Bändchen.

denominationen beſah — ſo oft ich zuſchaute, wie das gemalte Geſchöpf, ſich verlängernd und ausſtreckend, die Ameiſen-Pyramide aufklettert, drei Minuten droben ſich umblickt und einkriechend auf der andern Seite niederfährt und abgekürzt umkugelt auf die um dieſe Schädelſtätte liegende Vorwelt — und ſo oft ich vor das athmende Roſengeſicht voll Frühlinge und voll Durſt, einen Himmel auszutrinken, trete und bedenke, daß nicht Jahrtauſende, ſondern Jahrzehnde dieſes Geſicht in das zuſammen geronnene zerknüllte Geſicht voll überlebter Hoffnungen ausgedörret haben . . . . oder indem ich über Andere mich betrübe, heben und ſenken mich die Grüfte ſelber, und wir wollen einander nicht ſo traurig machen!

Der wichtige Umſtand, bei dem uns, wie man behauptet, ſo viel daran gelegen iſt, ihn voraus zu hören, iſt nämlich der, daß Wuz eine ganze Bibliothek — wie hätte der Mann ſich eine kaufen können — ſich eigenhändig ſchrieb. Sein Schreibzeug war ſeine Taſchendruckerei; jedes neue Meßprodukt, deſſen Titel das Meiſterlein anſichtig wurde, war nun ſo gut als geſchrieben oder gekauft, denn es ſetzte ſich ſogleich hin und machte das Produkt und ſchenkt es ſeiner anſehnlichen Bücherſammlung, die wie die heidniſchen, aus lauter Manuſkripten beſtand. Z. B. kaum waren die phyſiognomiſchen Fragmente von Lavater da, ſo ließ Wuz dieſem furchtbaren Kopfe dadurch wenig voraus, daß er ſein Konzeptpapier in Quarto brach und drei Wochen lang nicht vom Seſſel wegging, ſondern an ſeinem eigenen Kopfe ſo lange zog, bis er den phyſiognomiſchen Fötus heraus hatte — (er bettete den Fötus auf's Bücherbret hin) — und bis er ſich den Schweizer nachgeſchrieben hatte. Dieſe Wuziſchen Fragmente übertitelte er die Lavaterſchen und merkte an, „er hätte nichts gegen die gedruckten, aber ſeine Hand wäre hoffentlich eben ſo leſerlich; wenn nicht beſſer als irgend ein Mittel-Fraktur-Druck.“ Er war kein verdammter Nachdrucker, der das Original hinlegt und oft das Meiſte daraus abdruckt, ſondern er nahm gar keines zur Hand. Daraus ſind zwei Thatſachen vortrefflich zu erklären, erſtlich die, daß es manchmal mit ihm haperte und daß er z. B. im ganzen Feder'ſchen Traktat über Raum und Zeit von nichts handelte, als vom Schiffs-Raum und der Zeit, die man Menses nennt. Die zweite Thatſache iſt ſeine Glaubensſache; da er einige Jahre ſein Repoſitorium auf dieſe Art vollgeſchrieben und durchſtudirt hatte, ſo nahm er die Meinung an, ſeine Schreibbücher wären eigentlich die kanoniſchen Urkunden, und die gedruckten wären bloße Nachſtiche ſeiner geſchriebenen; nur das, klagt' er, könn' er — und böten die Leute ihm Balleien dafür an — nicht heraus kriegen, wienach und warum der Buchführer das Gedruckte allzeit ſo ſehr interpolire und umſetze, daß man wahrhaftig ſchwören ſollte, das Gedruckte und das Geſchriebene hätten doppelte Verfaſſer, wüßte man's nicht ſonſt.

Es war einfältig, wenn etwa ihm zum Poſſen ein Autor ſein Werk gründlich ſchrieb, nämlich in Querfolio — oder witzig, nämlich in Sedez; denn ſein Mitmeiſter Wuz ſprang den Augenblick herbei und legte ſeinen Bogen in die Quere hin oder krempte ihn in Sedezimo ein.

Nur ein Buch ließ er in ſein Haus, den Meßkatalog; denn die beſten Inventarienſtücke deſſelben mußte der Senior am Rande mit einer ſchwarzen Hand beſtempeln, damit er ſie hurtig genug ſchreiben konnte, um das Oſtermeß-Heu in die Banſe des Repoſitoriums hinein zu mähen, eh' das Michaelis-Grummet herausſchoß. Ich möchte ſeine Meiſterſtücke nicht ſchreiben. Den größten Schaden hatte der Mann davon — Obſtruktion zu halben Wochen und Strangurie auf der andern Seite — wenn der Senior (ſein Friedrich Nikolai) zuviel Gutes, das er zu ſchreiben hatte, anſtrich und ſeine Hand durch die gemalte anſpornte; und ſein Sohn klagte oft, daß in manchen Jahren ſein Vater vor literariſcher Geburtsarbeit kaum nieſen konnte, weil er auf einmal Sturm's Betrachtungen, die verbeſſerte Auflage, Schiller's Räuber und Kant's Kritik der reinen Vernunft, der Welt zu ſchenken hatte. Das geſchah bei Tage; Abends mußte der gute Mann nach dem Abendeſſen noch gar um den Südpol rudern und konnte auf ſeiner Kookiſchen Reiſe kaum drei geſcheute Worte zum Sohne nach Deutſchland heraufreden. Denn da unſer Encyklopädiſt nie das innere Afrika oder nur einen ſpaniſchen Mauleſel-Stall betreten oder die Einwohner von beiden geſprochen hatte, ſo hatt' er deſto mehr Zeit und Fähigkeit, von beiden und allen Ländern reichhaltige Reiſebeſchreibungen zu liefern, — ich meine eine ſolche, worauf der Statiſtiker, der Menſchheits-Geſchichtsſchreiber und ich ſelber fußen können, — erſtlich deßwegen, weil auch andere Reiſejournaliſten ihre Beſchreibungen ohne die Reiſe machen, — zweitens auch, weil Reiſebeſchreibungen überhaupt unmöglich auf eine andere Art zu machen ſind, angeſehen noch kein Reiſebeſchreiber wirklich vor oder in dem Lande ſtand, das er ſilhouettirte; denn ſo viel hat auch der Dümmſte noch aus Leibnitzens vorherbeſtimmter Harmonie im Kopfe, daß die Seelen, z. B. die Seele eines Förſters, Brydone, Björnſtähls, insgeſammt ſeßhaft auf dem Iſolirſchemel der verſteinerten Zirbeldrüſe — ja nichts anders von Südindien oder Europa beſchreiben können, als was jede ſich davon ſelber erdenkt und was ſie, bei'm gänzlichen Mangel äußerer Eindrücke, aus ihren fünf Kanker-Spinnwarzen vorſpinnt und abzwirnt.“ Wuz zerrete ſein Reiſejournal auch aus niemand anders als aus ſich.

Er ſchrieb über Alles, und wenn die gelehrte Welt ſich darüber wundert, daß er fünf Wochen nach dem Abdruck der Wertherſchen Leiden einen alten Flederwiſch nahm und ſich eine harte Spule auszog und ſtehenden Fußes ſie ſchrieb, die Leiden, ganz Deutſchland ahmte nachher ſeine Leiden nach —, ſo wundert ſich Niemand weniger über die gelehrte Welt, als ich; denn wie kann ſie Rouſſeau's Bekenntniſſe geſehen oder geleſen haben, die Wuz ſchrieb und die dato noch unter ſeinen Papieren liegen? In dieſen ſpricht aber J. J. Rouſſeau oder Wuz (das iſt einerlei) von ſich, allein mit andern Worten: „Er würde wahrhaftig nicht ſo dumm ſein, daß er Federn nähme und die beſten Werke machte, wenn er nichts brauchte als bloß den Beutel aufzufinden und ſie zu erhandeln. Allein er habe nichts darin als zwei ſchwarze Hemdknöpfe und einen kothigen Kreuzer. Woll' er mithin etwas Geſcheutes leſen, z. B. aus der praktiſchen Arzneikunde und aus der Kranken-Univerſalhiſtorie, ſo müſſ' er ſich an ſeinen triefenden Fenſterſtock ſetzen und den Bettel erſinnen. An wen wollt' er ſich wenden, um den Hintergrund der Freimaurergeheimniſſe auszuhorchen, an welches Dionyſius-Ohr mein' er, als an ſeine zwei eigenen? Auf dieſe, an ſeinen eigenen Kopf angehörten, hör' er ſehr, und indem er die Freimaurer-Reden, die er ſchreibe, genau durchleſe und zu verſtehen trachte, ſo merk' er zuletzt allerhand Wunderdinge und komme weit und rieche im Ganzen genommen Lunten. Da er von Chemie und Alchemie ſo viel wiſſe, wie Adam nach dem Fall, als er Alles vergeſſen hatte, ſo ſei ihm ein rechter Gefallen geſchehen, daß er ſich den annulus Platonis geſchmiedet, dieſen ſilbernen Ring um den Blei-Saturn, dieſen Gyges-Ring, der ſo vielerlei unſichtbar mache, Gehirne und Metalle, denn aus dieſem Buche dürft' er, ſollt' er's nur einmal ordentlich begreifen, frappant wiſſen, wo Bartel Moſt holt.“ — Jetzt wollen wir wieder in ſeine Kindheit zurück.

Im zehnten Jahr verpuppte er ſich in einen mulattenfarbigen Alumnus und obern Quintaner der Stadt Scherau. Sein Examinator muß mein Zeuge ſein, daß es keine weiße Schminke iſt, die ich meinem Helden anſtreiche, wenn ich's zu berichten wage, daß er nur noch ein Blatt bis zur vierten Deklination zurückzulegen hatte und daß er die ganze Geſchlechts-Exception thorax caudex pulexque vor der Quinta wie ein Wecker abrollte — blos die Regel wußt' er nicht. Unter allen Niſchen des Alumneums war nur eine ſo geſcheuert und geordnet, wie die Prunkküche einer Nürnbergerin; das war ſeine: denn zufriedene Menſchen ſind die ordentlichſten. Er kaufte ſich aus ſeinem Beutel für zwei Kreuzer Nägel und beſchlug ſeine Zelle damit, um für alle Effekten beſondere Nägel zu haben. — er ſchichtete ſeine Schreibbücher ſo lange, bis ihre Rücken ſo bleirecht auf einander lagen, wie eine preußiſche Fronte, und er ging bei'm Mondſchein aus dem Bette und viſirte ſo lange um ſeine Schuhe herum, bis ſie parallel neben einander ſtanden. — War alles martiſch, ſo rieb er die Hände, riß die Achſeln über die Ohren hinauf, ſprang empor, ſchüttelte ſich faſt den Kopf herab und lachte ungemein.

Eh' ich von ihm weiter beweiſe, daß er im Alumneum glücklich war, will ich beweiſen, daß das kein Spaß war, ſondern eine herkuliſche Arbeit. Hundert ägyptiſche Plagen hält man für keine, blos weil ſie uns nur in der Jugend heimſuchen, wo moraliſche Wunden und komplizirte Frakturen ſo hurtig zuheilen, wie phyſiſche — grünendes Holz bricht nicht ſo leicht wie dürres entzwei. Alle Einrichtungen legen's dar, daß ein Alumneum ſeiner älteſten Beſtimmung nach ein proteſtantiſches Knaben-Kloſter ſein ſoll; aber dabei ſollte man es laſſen, man ſollte ein ſolches Präſervations-Zuchthaus in kein Luſtſchloß, ein ſolches Miſanthropin in kein Philanthropin verwandeln wollen. Müſſen nicht die glücklichen Inhaftaten einer ſolchen Fürſtenſchule die drei Kloſtergelübde ablegen? Erſtlich das des Gehorſams, da der Schüler-Guardian und Novizenmeiſter ſeinen ſchwarzen Novizer das Spornrad der häufigſten, widrigſten Befehle und Mortificationen in die Seite ſticht. Zweitens das der Armuth und der Enthaltſamkeit, da ſie nicht Kruditäten und übrige Brocken, ſondern Hunger von einem Tage zum andern aufheben und übertragen; und Karminati vermöchte ganze Invalidenhäuſer mit dem Supernumerär-Magenſaft der Konviktorien und Alumneen auszutheilen. Das Gelübde der Keuſchheit thut ſich nachher von ſelbſt, ſobald ein Menſch den ganzen Tag zu laufen und zu faſten hat und keine Bewegungen entbehrt als die periſtaltiſchen. Zu wichtigen Aemtern muß der Staatsbürger erſt gehänſelt werden. Verdient denn aber blos der katholiſche Novize zum Mönch geprügelt, oder ein elender Ladenjunge in Bremen zum Kaufmannsdiener geräuchert, oder ein ſittenloſer Südamerikaner zum Kaziken durch beides und durch mehre in meinen Exzerpten stehende Qualen appretirt und sublimirt zu werden? Iſt ein lutheriſcher Pfarrer nicht eben ſo wichtig und ſind ſeiner künftigen Beſtimmung nicht eben ſo gut ſolche übende Martern nöthig? Zum Glück hat er ſie; vielleicht mauerte die Vorwelt die Schulpforten, deren Konklaviſten insgeſammt wahre Knechte der Knechte ſind, blos ſeinetwegen auf, denn andern Fakultäten iſt mit dieſer Kreuzigung und Radbrechung des Fleiſches und Geiſtes zu wenig gedient. — Daher iſt auch das ſo oft getadelte Chor-, Gaſſen- und Leichenſingen der Alumnen ein recht gutes Mittel, proteſtantiſche Kloſterleute aus ihnen zu ziehen — und ſelbſt ihr ſchwarzer Ueberzug und die kanoniſche Mohren-Enveloppe des Mantels iſt etwas Aehnliches von der Mönchskutte, daher ſchießen in Leipzig um die Thomasſchüler, weil einmal die Geiſtlichen die Perücken-Wammen anhängen müſſen, wenigſtens die Herzblätter eines aufkappenden Perückchens herum, das wie ein Pultdach oder wie halbe Flügeldecken ſich auf dem Kopfe umſieht. In den alten Klöſtern war die Gelehrſamkeit Strafe; nur Inkulpaten mußten da lateiniſche Pſalmen auswendig lernen oder Autores kopiren — in guten Armenſchulen wird dieſes Strafen nicht vernachläſſigt und ſparſamer Unterricht wird da ſtets als ein unſchuldiges Mittel angeordnet, den armen Schüler damit zu züchtigen und zu mortifiziren . . . .

Blos dem Schulmeiſterlein hatte dieſe Kreuzſchule wenig an; den ganzen Tag freuete er ſich auf oder über etwas. „Vor dem Aufſtehen," ſagt er, freu' ich mich auf das Frühſtück, den ganzen Vormittag auf's Mittagseſſen, zur Veſperzeit auf's Veſperbrod — und ſo hatte der Alumnus Wuz ſich ſtets auf was zu ſpitzen." Trank er tief, ſo ſagt' er: „das hat meinem Wuz geſchmeckt," und ſtrich ſich den Magen. Nieſete er, ſo ſagt' er: „helf dir Gott, Wuz!" — Im fieberfroſtigen Novemberwetter ſetzte er ſich auf die Gaſſe mit der Vormalung des warmen Ofens und mit der närriſchen Freude, daß er eine Hand um die andere unter ſeinen Mantel wie zu Hauſe ſteckte. War der Tag gar zu toll und windig — es gibt für uns Wichte ſolche Hatztage, wo die ganze Erde ein Hatzhaus iſt und wo die Plagen wie ſpaßhaft gehende Waſſerkünſte uns bei jedem Schritte anſpritzen und einfeuchten — ſo war das Meiſterlein ſo pfiffig, daß es ſich unter das Wetter hinſetzte und ſich nichts darum ſchor; es war nicht Reſignation, die das unvermeidliche Uebel aufnimmt, nicht Apathie, die das ungefühlte trägt, nicht Philoſophie, die das verdiente verdauet, oder Religion, die das belohnte verwindet, ſondern der Gedanke an's warme Bett war's. „Abends, dacht' er, lieg' ich auf alle Fälle, ſie mögen mich den ganzen Tag zwicken und hetzen, wie ſie wollen, unter meiner warmen Zudeck' und drücke die Naſe ruhig an's Kopfkiſſen, acht Stunden lang." — Und kroch er endlich in der letzten Stunde eines ſolchen Paſſionstages unter ſein Oberbett, ſo ſchüttelte er ſich darin, krempte ſich mit den Knieen bis an den Nabel zuſammen und ſagte zu ſich: „Siehſt du, Wuz, es iſt doch vorbei."

Ein anderer Paragraph aus der Wuziſchen Kunſt, ſtets fröhlich zu ſein, war ſein zweiter Pfiff, ſtets fröhlich aufzuwachen — und um das zu können, bedient' er ſich eines dritten, und hob immer vom Tage vorher etwas Angenehmes für den Morgen auf, entweder gebackne Klöſe oder eben ſo viel äußerſt gefährliche Blätter aus dem Robinſon, der ihm lieber war als Homer — oder junge Vögel oder junge Pflanzen, an denen er am Morgen nachzuſehen hatte, wie Nachts Federn und Blätter gewachſen.

Den dritten und vielleicht durchdachteſten Paragraphen ſeiner Kunſt, fröhlich zu ſein, arbeitete er erſt aus, da er Sekundaner war:

er wurde verliebt. —

Eine ſolche Ausarbeitung wäre meine Sache . . . . Aber da ich hier zum erſtenmale in meinem Leben mich mit meiner Reißkohle an das Blumenſtück gemalter Liebe mache, ſo muß auf der Stelle abgebrochen werden, damit fortgeriſſen werde Morgen um 6 Uhr mit weniger niedergebranntem Feuer. —

Wenn Venedig, Rom und Wien und die ganze Luſtſtädtebank ſich zuſammenthäten und mich mit einem ſolchen Karneval beſchenken wollten, das dem beikäme, welches mitten in der ſchwarzen Kantorsſtube war, wo wir Kinder von 3 bis 11 Uhr forttanzten (ſo lange währte unſre Faſchingszeit, in der wir den Appetit zur Faſtnachts-Hirſe verſprangen); ſo machten ſich jene Reſidenzſtädte zwar an etwas Unmögliches und Lächerliches — aber doch an nichts ſo Unmögliches, als wenn ſie den Alumnus Wuz den Faſtnachtsmorgen mit ſeinen Karnevalsluſtbarkeiten wiedergeben wollten, da er als unterer Sekundaner auf Beſuch, in der Tanz- und Schulſtube ſeines Vaters am Morgen gegen 10 Uhr ordentlich verliebt wurde. Eine ſolche Faſchingsluſtbarkeit — trautes Schulmeiſterlein, wo denkſt du hin? — Aber er dachte an nichts hin als zur Juſtina, die ich ſelten oder niemals wie die Auenthaler Jußel nennen werde. Da der Alumnus unter dem Tanzen (wenige Gymnaſiaſten hätten mitgetanzt, aber Wuz war nie ſtolz und immer eitel) den Augenblick weg hatte, was — ihn nicht einmal eingerechnet — an der Jußel wäre, daß ſie ein hübſches gelenkiges Ding und ſchon im Briefſchreiben und in der Regel de Tri, in Brüchen und die Pathin der Frau Seniorin und in einem Alter von funfzehn Jahren und nur als eine Gaſttänzer ſeines Orts, was in ſolchen Fällen zu thun iſt, er wurde, wie geſagt, verliebt, — ſchon bei'm erſten Schleifer flogs wie Fieberhitze an ihn, — unter dem Rangiren zum zweiten, wo er ſtillſtehend die Inlage ſeiner rechten Hand bedachte und befühlte, ſtiegs unverhältnißmäßig, — er tunkte ſich augenſcheinlich in die Liebe und in ihre Gerne hinein, — als ſie noch dazu die rothen Haubenbänder aus einander fallen und ſie ungemein nachläſſig um den nackten Hals zurückflattern ließ, ſo vernahm er die Baßgeige nicht mehr — und als ſie endlich gar mit einem rothen Schnupftuch ſich Kühlung vorwehete und es hinter und vor ihm fliegen ließ, ſo war ihm nimmer zu helfen, und hätten die vier großen und die zwölf kleinen Propheten zum Fenſter hineingepredigt. Denn einem Schnupftuch in einer weiblichen Hand erlag er ſtets auf der Stelle ohne weitere Gegenwehr, wie der Löwe dem gebrechten Wagenrade und der Elephant der Maus. Dorfkoketten machen ſich aus dem Schnupftuch die nämliche Feldſchlange und Kriegsmaſchine, die ſich die Stadtkoketten aus dem Fächer machen; aber die Wellen eines Tuchs ſind gefälliger, als das knackende Truthahns Radſchlagen der bunten Streitkolbe des Fächers.

Auf alle Fälle kann unſer Wuz ſich damit entſchuldigen, daß ſeines Wiſſens die Oerter öffentlicher Freude das Herz für alle Empfindungen, die viel Platz bedürfen, für Aufopferungen, für Muth und auch für Liebe weiter machen; — freilich in den armen Amts- und Arbeitsſtuben, auf Rathhäuſern, in geheimen Cabinetten liegen unſere Herzen wie auf eben ſo vielen Welkböden, Darröfen und runzeln ein.

Wuz trug ſeinen mit dem Gas der Liebe aufgefüllten und emporgetriebenen Herzballon freudig in's Alumneum zurück, ohne jemand eine Sylbe zu melden, am wenigſten der Schnupftuch-Fahnenjunkerin, nicht aus Scheu, ſondern weil er nie mehr begehrte als die Gegenwart, er war nur froh, daß er ſelbſt verliebt war und dachte an weiter nichts. . . . .

Warum ließ der Himmel gerade in die Jugend das Luſtrum der Liebe fallen? Vielleicht weil man gerade da in Alumneen, Schreibſtuben und andern Gifthütten keucht, da ſteigt die Liebe wie aufblühendes Geſträuch an den Fenſtern jener Marterkammern empor, und zeigt in ſchwankenden Schatten den großen Frühling von außen. Denn er und ich, mein Herr Präfektus und auch Sie, verdiente Schulmeiſter des Alumneums, wir wollen mit einander wetten. Sie ſollen über den vergnügten Wuz ein Härenhemd ziehen (im Grunde hat er eins an) — Sie ſollen ihn Ixions Rad und Sisyphus Stein der Weiſen und den Laufwagen Ihres Kindes bewegen laſſen — Sie ſollen ihn halb todt hungern oder prügeln laſſen — Sie ſollen einer ſo elenden Wette wegen (welches ich ihnen nicht zugetraut hätte), gegen ihn ganz des Teufels ſein; Wuz bleibt doch Wuz und praktizirt ſich immer ſein Bißchen verliebter Freude in's Herz, vollends in den Hundstagen! —

Seine Kanikularferien ſind aber vielleicht nirgends deutlicher beſchrieben als in ſeinem „Werther's Freuden," die ſeine Biographen faſt nur abzuſchreiben brauchen. — Er ging da Sonntags nach der Abendkirche heim nach Auenthal und hatte mit den Leuten in allen Gaſſen Mitleiden, daß ſie da bleiben mußten. Draußen dehnte ſich ſeine Bruſt mit dem aufgethauten Himmel vor ihm aus, und halb trunken im Concertſaal aller Vögel horcht' er wollüſtig bald auf die gefiederten Sopraniſten, bald auf ſeine Phantaſieen. Um nur ſeine über die Ufer ſchlagenden Lebenskräfte abzuleiten, galopirte er oft eine halbe Viertelſtunde lang. Da er immer kurz vor und nach Sonnenuntergang ein gewiſſes, wollüſtiges trunknes Sehnen empfunden hatte, — die Nacht aber macht wie ein längerer Tod den Menſchen erhaben und nimmt ihm die Erde, — ſo zaudert er mit ſeiner Landung in Auenthal ſo lang, bis die zerfließende Sonne durch die letzten Kornfelder vor dem Dorfe mit Goldfäden, die ſie gerade über die Aehren zog, ſein blaues Röckchen ſtickte und bis ſein Schatten an dem Berg über den Fluß wie ein Rieſe wandelte. Dann ſchwankte er, unter dem wie aus der Vergangenheit herüberklingenden Abendläuten in's Dorf hinein und war allen Menſchen gut, ſelbſt dem Präfektus. Ging er dann um ſeines Vaters Haus und ſah am obern Kapfenſter den Wiederſchein des Mondes und durch ein Parterre-Fenſter ſeine Juſtina, die da alle Sonntage einen ordentlichen Brief ſetzen lernte . . . . o wenn er dann in dieſer paradieſiſchen Viertelſtunde ſeines Lebens auf funfzig Schritte die Stube und die Briefe und das Dorf von ſich hätte wegſprengen und um ſich und die Briefſtellerin blos ein einſames Tempe-Thal hätte ziehen können, — wenn er in dieſem Thale mit ſeiner trunkenen Seele, die unterwegs um alle Weſen ihre Arme ſchlug, auch an das ſchönſte Weſen hätte fallen dürfen und er und ſie und Himmel und Erde zurückgeſunken und zerfloſſen wären vor einem flammenden Augenblick und Fülle unendlicher Entzückung . . . .

Indeſſen that er's wenigſtens Nachts um eilf Uhr, und vorher ging's auch nicht ſchlecht. Er erzählte dem Vater, aber im Grunde Juſtinen, ſeinen Studienplan und ſeinen politiſchen Einfluß; er ſetzte ſich dem Tadel, womit ſein Vater ihre Briefe korrigierte, mit demjenigen Gewicht entgegen, das ein ſolcher Kunſtrichter hat, und er war, da er gerade warm aus der Stadt kam, mehr als einmal mit Witz bei der Hand, — kurz unter dem Einſchlafen hörte er in ſeiner tanzenden taumelnden Phantaſie nichts als Sphärenmuſik.

Freilich du, mein Wuz, kannſt Werthers Freuden aufſetzen, da allemal deine äußere und deine innere Welt ſich wie zwei Muſchelſchalen an einander löthen und dich als ihr Schalthier einfaſſen: aber bei uns armen Schelmen, die wir hier am Ofen ſitzen, iſt die Außenwelt ſelten der Ripieniſt unſerer innern fröhlichen Stimmung, — höchſtens dann, wenn an uns der ganze Stimmſtock umgefallen und wie knarren und brummen oder in einer andern Metapher, wenn wir eine verſtopfte Naſe haben, ſo ſetzt ſich ein ganzes mit Blumen überwölbtes Eden vor uns hin, und wir mögen nicht hineinriechen.

Mit jedem Beſuche machte das Schulmeiſterlein ſeiner Johanna-Thereſe-Charlotte-Mariana-Klariſſa-Heloiſe-Juſtel auch ein Geſchenk mit einem Pfefferkuchen und einem Potentaten; ich will über beide ganz befriedigend ſein.

Die Potentaten hatt' er in ſeinem eigenen Verlage; aber wenn die Reichshofraths-Kanzlei ihre Fürſten und Grafen aus ein wenig Dinte, Pergament und Wachs macht, ſo verfertigte er ſeine Potentaten viel koſtbarer, aus Ruß, Fett und hundert Farben. Im Alumneum wurde nämlich mit den Rahmen einer Menge Potentaten eingeheizet, die er ſämmtlich mit gedachten Materialien ſo zu kopiren und zu repräſentiren wußte, als wär' er ihr Geſandter. Er überſchmierte ein Quartblatt mit einem Endchen Licht und nachher mit Ofenruß — dieſes legte er mit der ſchwarzen Seite auf ein anderes mit weißen Seiten — oben auf beide Blätter that er irgend ein fürſtliches Portrait — dann nahm er eine abgebrochene Gabel und fuhr mit ihrer drückenden Spitze auf dem Geſichte und Leibe des regierenden Herren herum — — dieſer Druck verdoppelte den Potentaten, der ſich vom ſchwarzen Blatt auf's Weiße überfärbte. So nahm er von allem, was unter einer europäiſchen Krone ſaß, recht kluge Kopien; allein ich habe niemals verhehlet, daß ſeine Okulir-Gabel die ruſſiſche Kaiſerin (die vorige) und eine Menge Kronprinzen dermaßen aufkratzte und durchſchnitt, daß ſie zu nichts mehr zu brauchen waren als dazu, den Weg ihrer Rahmen zu gehen. Gleichwohl war das ruſſiſche Quartblatt nur die Bruttafel und Ätzwiege glorwürdiger Regenten, oder auch der Streich- oder Laichteich derſelben, — ihr Streckteich aber, oder die Appreturmaſchine der Potentaten war ſein Farbkäſtchen, damit illuminirte er ganze regierende Linien und alle Muſcheln kleideten einen einzigen Großfürſten an, und die Kronprinzeſſinnen zogen aus der nämlichen Farbenmuſchel Wangenröthe und Schminke. — — Mit dieſen regierenden Schönen beſchenkte er die, die ihn regierte und nicht wußte, was ſie mit dem hiſtoriſchen Bilderſaal machen ſollte.

Aber mit dem Pfefferkuchen wußte ſie es in dem Grade, daß ſie ihn aß. Ich halt' es für ſchwer, einer Geliebten einen Pfefferkuchen zu ſchenken, weil man ihn oft kurz vor der Schenkung ſelber verzehrt. Hatte nicht Wuz die drei Kreuzer für den erſten ſchon bezahlt? Hatte er nicht das braune Rektangulum ſchon in der Taſche? war er nicht damit ſchon bis eine Stunde vor Auenthal und vor dem Adjudikationstermin gereiſet? ja wurde die ſüße Votiv-Tafel nicht alle Viertelſtunde aus der Taſche gehoben, um zu ſehen, ob ſie noch viereckig wäre? das war eben das Unglück, denn bei dieſem Beweis durch Augenſchein, den er führte, brach er immer wenige und unbedeutende Mandeln aus dem Kuchen — dieſes that er öfters — darauf machte er ſich (ſtatt an die Quadratur des Zirkels) an das Problem, den quadrirten Zirkel wieder rein herzuſtellen und biß ſauber die vier rechten Winkel ab und machte ein Achteck, ein Sechzehneck, — darauf war nach dieſen mathematiſchen Elaborationen das Viereck vor ſeinem Mädchen mehr zu produziren, — darauf that Wuz einen Sprung und ſagte: „ach ich eſſ' ihn ſelber" und heraus war der Seufzer und hinein die geometriſche Figur. — Es werden wenige ſchottiſche Meiſter, akademiſche Senate und Magiſtranten leben, denen nicht ein wahrer Gefalle geſchähe, wenn man ihnen zu hören gäbe, durch welchen Maſchinengott ſich Wuz aus der Sache zog, — — durch einen zweiten Pfefferkuchen that er's, den er allemal als einen Wand- und Taſchennachbar des erſten mit einſteckte. Indem er den einen aß, landete der andere ohne Läſionen an, weil er allzeit eine Doublette kaufte, damit ſie als Brandmauer und Kronwache den andern beſchützte. Das aber ſah er in der Folge ſelber ein, daß er — um nicht einen Torſo oder Atom nach Auenthal zu transportiren — die Krontruppen oder Pfefferkuchen von Woche zu Woche vermehren müſſe.

Er wäre Primaner geworden, wäre nicht ſein Vater aus unſerem Planeten in einen andern oder in einen Trabanten gerückt. Daher dacht' er die Melioration ſeines Vaters nachzumachen und wollte von der Sekundanerbank auf den Lehrſtuhl rutſchen. Der Kirchenpatron, Herr von Ebern, drängte ſich zwiſchen beide Gerüſte und hielt ſeinen ausgedienten Koch an der Hand, um ihn in ein Amt einzuſetzen, dem er gewachſen war, weil es in dieſem eben ſo gut wie in ſeinem vorigen, Spanferkel*) todt zu peitſchen und zu apportiren, aber nicht zu eſſen gab. Ich hab' es ſchon in der Reviſion des Schulweſens in einer Note erinnert und H. Gedike's Beifall davon getragen, daß in jedem Bauernjungen ein ausgewachſener Schulmeiſter ſtecke, der von einem Paar Kirchenjahren groß zu paraphraſiren ſei, — daß nicht bloß das alte Rom Welt-Konſuls, ſondern auch heutige Dörfer Schul-Konſuls vom Pfluge und aus der Furche ziehen können, — daß man aber ſo gut von Leuten ſeines Standes hier unterrichtet, als in England gerichtet werden könne, und daß gerade der, dem jeder das meiſte Scibile verdanke, ihm am ähnlichſten ſei, nämlich jeder ſelbſt, — daß wenn eine ganze Stadt (Norzia an dem appenniniſchen Gebirge) nur von vier ungelehrten Magiſtratsgliedern (li quatri illiterati) ſich beherrſchen laſſen will, doch eine Dorfjugend von einem einzigen ungelehrten Mann werde zu regieren und zu prügeln ſein — und daß man nur bedenken möchte, was ich oben im Texte ſagte. Da hier die Note ſelber der Text iſt, ſo will ich nur ſagen, daß ich ſagte, eine Dorfſchule ſei hinlänglich beſetzt. Es iſt da 1) der Gymnaſiarch oder Paſtor, der von Winter zu Winter den Prieſterrock umhängt und das Pädagogium beſucht und erſchreckt; — 2) ſteht in der Stube das Rektorat, Konrektorat und Subrektorat, das der Schulhalter allein ausmacht; — 3) als Lehrer der untern Klaſſen ſind darin angeſtellt die Schulmeiſterin, der, aber keinem Menſchen die Kallopädie der Töchterſchule anvertraut werden kann, ihr Sohn als Terzius oder Lümmel zugleich, dem ſeine Eleven allerhand legiren und ſpendiren müſſen, damit er ſie nicht aufſagen läſſet, und der, wenn der Regent nicht zu Hauſe iſt, oft das Reichsvikariat des ganzen proteſtantiſchen Schulkreiſes auf den Achſeln hat; — 4) endlich ein ganzes Raupenneſt Kollaborateurs, nämlich Schuljungen ſelber, weil da, wie im halliſchen Waiſenhauſe, die Schüler der obern Klaſſe ſchon zu Lehrern der untern groß gewachſen ſind. — Da man bisher aus ſo vielen Studirſtuben heraus nach Realſchulen ſchrie, ſo hörten's Gemeinden und Schulhalter, und thaten das Ihrige gern. Die Gemeinden laſen für ihre Lehrſtühle lauter ſolche pädagogiſche Stücke aus, die ſchon auf Schneiders-Schuſters-Schemeln ſeßhaft waren und von denen alſo etwas zu erwarten war — und allerdings ſetzen ſolche Männer, indem ſie vor dem aufmerkſamen Inſtitute Röcke, Fiſchreuſen und Atlas machen, die Nominalſchule leicht in eine Realſchule um, wo man Fabrikate kennen lernt. Der Schulmeiſter treibt's noch weiter und ſinnt Tag und Nacht auf Real-Schulhalten; es giebt wenige Arbeiten eines erwachſenen Hausvaters oder ſeines Geſindes, in denen er ſeine Dorfſtoa nicht beſchäftigt und übt, und den ganzen Morgen ſieht man das expedirende Seminarium hinaus und hinein jagen, Holz ſpalten und Waſſer tragen u. ſ. w., ſo daß er außer der Realſchule faſt gar keine andere hält, und ſich ſein Bischen Brod ſauer im Schweiße ſeines — Lyzeums verdient ... Man braucht mir nicht zu ſagen, daß es auch ſchlechte und verſäumte Landſchulen gäbe; genug, wenn nur die größere Zahl alle die Vorzüge wirklich aufweiſet, die ich ihr jetzt zugeſchrieben.

Ich mag meine Fixſternaberration mit keinem Wort entſchuldigen, das eine neue wäre. Herr v. Ebern hätte ſeinen Koch zum Schulmeiſter inveſtirt, wenn ein geſchickter Nachfahrer des Kochs wäre zu haben geweſen, er war's aber nicht, und da der Gutsherr dachte, es wäre vielleicht gar eine Neuerung, wenn er die Küche und die Schule durch Ein Subjekt verſehen ließe, — es war vielmehr die Trennung und Verdopplung der Schul- und Herrendiener eine viel größere und ältere, denn im neunten Sekulum mußte ſogar der Pfarrer der Patronatskirche zugleich dem Kirchenſchiffspatron als Bedienter aufwarten und ſatteln rc.**) und beide Aemter wurden erſt nachher, wie mehrere, von einander abgeriſſen, — ſo behielt er den Koch und vozirte den Alumnus, der bisher ſo geſcheidt geweſen, daß er verliebt geblieben.

Ich ſteuere mich ganz auf die rühmlichen Teſtimonien, die ich in Händen habe, und die Wuz vom Superintendenten auswirkte, weil ſein Examen vielleicht eines der rigoröſeſten und glücklichſten war, die ich in neueren Zeiten noch gehört. Mußte nicht Wuz das griechiſche Vaterunſer vorbeten, indeß das Examinationskollegium ſeine ſammtnen Hoſen mit einer Glasbürſte auskämmte? — und hernach das lateiniſche Symbolum Athanaſii? konnt' er nicht die Bücher der Bibel richtig und Mann für

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*) Die bekanntlich beſſer ſchmecken, wenn man ſie mit Kupfermünzen ſiedet.

**) Lange's geiſtliches Recht, S. 334

Mann vorzählen, ohne über die gemalten Blumen und Taſſen auf dem Kaffeebrete ſeines Examinators zu ſtolpern? mußt' er nicht einen Betteljungen, der bloß auf einen Pfennig auffah, herumkatechiſiren, obgleich der Junge gar nicht wie ſein Unterexaminator beſtand, ſondern wie ein wahres Stückchen Vieh? mußt' er nicht ſeine Fingerſpitzen in fünf Töpfe warmes Waſſer tunken, und den Topf ausſuchen, deſſen Waſſer warm und kalt genug für den Kopf eines Täuflings war? und mußt er nicht zuletzt drei Gulden und ſechsunddreißig Kreuzer erlegen?

Am 13. Mai ging er als Alumnus aus dem Alumneum heraus und als öffentlicher Lehrer in ſein Haus hinein, und aus der zerſprengten ſchwarzen Alumnuspuppe brach ein bunter Schmetterling von Kantor in's Freie hinaus.

Am 9. Junius ſtand er vor dem Auenthaler Altar und wurde kopulirt mit der Juſtel.

Aber der eliſäiſche Zwiſchenraum zwiſchen dem 13. Mai und dem 9. Junius! — für keinen Sterblichen fällt ein ſolches goldnes Alter von acht Wochen wieder vom Himmel, bloß für das Meiſterlein funkelte der ganze niedergethauete Himmel auf geſtirnten Auen der Erde, — du wiegteſt im Aether dich und ſaheſt durch die transparente Erde dich rund mit Himmel und Sonnen umzogen und hatteſt keine Schwere mehr; aber uns Alumnen der Natur fallen nie acht ſolche Wochen zu, nicht eine, kaum ein ganzer Tag, wo der Himmel über und in uns ſein reines Blau mit nichts kolorirt, als mit Abend- und Morgenroth, — wo wir über das Leben wegfliegen und Alles uns hebt, wie ein freudiger Traum, — wo der unbändige ſtürzende Strom der Dinge uns nicht auf ſeinen Katarakten und Strudeln zerſtößet und rüttelt und rädert, ſondern auf blinkenden Wellen uns wiegt und unter hineingebognen Blumen vorüberträgt, — ein Tag, zu dem wir den Bruder vergeblich unter den verlebten ſuchen, und von dem wir am Ende jedes andern klagen: ſeit ihm war keiner wieder ſo.

Es wird uns allen wohlthun, wenn ich dieſe acht Wonnewochen oder zwei Wonnemonate weitläufig beſchreibe. Sie beſtanden aus lauter ähnlichen Tagen. Keine einzige Wolke zog hinter den Häuſern herauf. Die ganze Nacht ſtand die rückende Abendröthe unten am Himmel, an welchem die untergehende Sonne allemal wie eine Roſe glühend abgeblühet hatte. Um ein Uhr ſchlugen ſchon die Lerchen, und die Natur ſpielte und phantaſirte die ganze Nacht auf der Nachtigallen-Harmonika. In ſeine Träume tönten die äußeren Melodien hinein, und in ihnen flog er über Blüthenbäume, denen die wahren vor ſeinem offnen Fenſter ihren Blumenathem liehen. Der tagende Traum rückte ihn ſanft wie die liſpelnde Mutter das Kind, aus dem Schlaf in's Erwachen über, und er trat mit ſaugender Bruſt in den Lärm der Natur hinaus, wo die Sonne die Erde von neuem erſchuf und wo beide ſich zu einem brauſenden Wolluſt-Ozean in einander ergoſſen. Aus dieſer Morgengluth des Lebens und Freuens kehrte er in ſein ſchwarzes Stübchen zurück und ſuchte die Kräfte in kleinern Freuden wieder. Er war da über Alles froh, über jedes beſchienene Fenſter, über die ausgefegte Stube, über das Frühſtück, das mit ſeinen Amtsrevenüen beſtritten wurde, über ſieben Uhr, weil er nicht in die Sekunda mußte, über ſeine Mutter, die alle Morgen froh war, daß er Schulmeiſter war und ſie nicht aus dem vertrauten Hauſe mußte.

Unter dem Kaffee ſchnitt er ſich außer den Semmeln die Federn zur Meſſiade, die er damals, die drei letzten Geſänge ausgenommen, gar ausſang. Seine größte Sorgfalt verwandte er darauf, daß er die epiſchen Federn falſch ſchnitt, entweder wie Pfähle, oder ohne Spalt, oder mit einem zweiten Extraſpalt, der hinaus nieſete; denn da Alles in Hexametern, und zwar in ſolchen, die nicht zu verſtehen waren, verfaſſet ſein ſollte, ſo mußte der Dichter, da er's durch keine Bewegung zur geringſten Unverſtändlichkeit bringen konnte, — er faſſete allemal den Augenblick jede Zeile und jeden Fuß, — aus Noth zum Einfall greifen, daß er die Hexameter ganz unleſerlich ſchrieb, was auch gut war. Durch dieſe poetiſche Freiheit bog er dem Verſtehen ungezwungen vor.

Um eilf Uhr deckte er für ſeine Vögel, und dann für ſich und ſeine Mutter den Tiſch mit vier Schubladen, in dem mehr war, als auf ihm. Er ſchnitt das Brod, und ſeiner Mutter die weiße Rinde vor, ob er gleich die ſchwarze nicht gern aß. O, meine Freunde, warum kann man im hôtel de Bavière und auf dem Römer nicht ſo vergnügt ſpeiſen, als am Wuziſchen Ladentiſch? — Sogleich nach dem Eſſen machte er nicht Hexameter, ſondern Kochlöffel, und meine Schweſter hat ſelber ein Dutzend von ihm. Während ſeine Mutter das wuſch, was er ſchnitzte, ließen beide ihre Seelen nicht ohne Koſt; ſie erzählte ihm die Perſonalia von ſich und ſeinem Vater vor, von deren Kenntniß ihn ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn zu entfernt gehalten — und er ſchlug den Operationsplan und Bauriß ſeiner kräftigen Haushaltung beſchrieben vor ihr auf, weil er ſich an dem Gedanken, ein Hausvater zu ſein, gar nicht ſatt käuen konnte. „Ich richte mir — ſagte er — mein Haushalten ganz vernünftig ein, — ich ſtell' mir ein Saugſchweinchen ein auf die heiligen Feiertage, es fallen ſo viele Kartoffeln- und Rübenſchalen ab, daß man's damit fett bringt, man weiß kaum wie, — und auf den Winter muß mir der Schwiegervater ein Füderchen Büſchel (Reisholz) einfahren, und die Stubenthür muß total gefüttert und gepolſtert werden, — denn, Mutter! unſereins hat ſeine pädagogiſchen Arbeiten im Winter, und es hält da keine Kälte aus." — Am 29. Mai war noch dazu nach dieſen Geſprächen eine Kindtaufe, — es war ſeine erſte — ſie war ſeine erſte Revenüe und ein großes Sportularium hatte er ſich ſchon auf dem Alumneum dazu geheftet, — er beſah und zählte die paar Groſchen zwanzigmal, als wären ſie andere, — am Taufſtein ſtand er in ganzer Parüre, und die Zuſchauer ſtanden auf der Empor und in der herrſchaftlichen Loge im Alltagsſchmutz; — „es iſt mein ſaurer Schweiß," ſagt' er eine halbe Stunde nach dem Aktus, und trank vom Gelde zur ungewöhnlichen Stunde ein Nöſel Bier. — Ich erwarte von ſeinem künftigen Biographen ein paar pragmatiſche Fingerzeige, warum Wuz bloß ein Einnahme- und kein Ausgabebuch ſich nähte und warum er in jenem oben Thaler, Groſchen, Pfennige ſetzte, ob er gleich nie die erſtere Münzſorte unter ſeinen Schulgefällen hatte.

Nach dem Aktus und nach der Verdauung ließ er ſich den Tiſch hinaus unter den Weichſelbaum tragen, und ſetzte ſich nieder und beſſerte noch einige unleſerliche Hexameter in ſeiner Meſſiade. Sogar während er ſeinen Schenkelknochen als ſein Souper abnagte und abfeilte, befeilte er noch einen und den andern epiſchen Fuß, und ich weiß recht gut, daß des Fettes wegen mancher Geſang etwas geölet ausſiehet. Sobald er den Sonnenſchein nicht mehr auf der Straße, ſondern an den Häuſern liegen ſah, ſo gab er der Mutter die nöthigen Gelder zum Haushalten und lief in's Freie, um ſich es ruhig auszumalen, wie er's künftig haben würde im Herbſte, im Winter, an den drei heiligen Feſten, unter den Schulkindern und unter ſeinen eignen.

Und doch ſind das bloß Wochentage; der Sonntag aber brennt in einer Glorie, die kaum auf ein Altarblatt geht. — Ueberhaupt ſteht in keinen Seelen dieſes Jahrhunderts ein ſo großer Begriff von einem Sonntage, als in denen, die die meiſten Schulmeiſter haben; mich wundert's gar nicht, wenn ſie an einem ſolchen Sonntage nicht vermögen, beſcheiden zu verbleiben. Selbſt unſer Wuz konnte ſich's nicht verſtecken, was es ſagen will, unter tauſend Menſchen allein zu orgeln, — ein wahres Erbamt zu verſehen und den geiſtlichen Krönungsmantel dem Senior über zu henken und ſein Valet de fantaisie und Kammermohr zu ſein, — über ein ganzes von der Sonne illuminirtes Chor Territorialherrſchaft zu exerziren, als amtirender Chor-Maire auf ſeinem Orgel-Fürſtenſtuhl die Poeſie einer Parochie noch beſſer zu beherrſchen, als der Pfarrer die Proſa derſelben kommandirte — und nach der Predigt über das Geländer hinab völlige fürſtliche Befehle sans façon mit lauter Stimme weniger zu geben, als abzuleſen. . . . . Wahrhaftig, man ſollte denken, hier oder nirgend thät' es Noth, daß ich meinem Wuz zuriefe: „bedenke, was du vor wenig Monaten wareſt! Ueberleg', daß nicht alle Menſchen Kantores werden können, und mach' dir die vortheilhafte Ungleichheit der Stände zu Nutze, ohne ſie zu mißbrauchen und ohne darum mich und meine Zuhörer am Ofen zu verachten." — — Aber nein! auf meine Ehre, das gutartige Meiſterlein denkt ohnehin nicht daran, die Bauern hätten nur ſo geſcheidt ſein ſollen, daß ſie dem ſchnackiſchem, lächelndem, trippelndem, händereibendem Dinge in's gallenloſe überzuckerte Herz hineingeſehen hätten, was hätten ſie da ertappt? Freude in deinen zwei Herzenskammern, Freude in deinen zwei Herzensohren. Du numerirteſt bloß, gutes Ding! das ich je länger je lieber gewinne, deine künftigen Schulbuben und Schulmädchen in den Kirchenſtühlen zuſammen und ſetzteſt ſie ſämmtlich in deine Schulſtube und um deine winzige Naſe herum und nahmeſt dir vor, mit der letzten täglich Vormittags und Nachmittags einmal zu nieſen und vorher zu ſchnupfen, bloß damit dein ganzes Inſtitut wie beſeſſen auffahre und zurief: Helf Gott, Herr Kantor! die Bauern hätten ferner in deinem Herzen die Freude angetroffen, die du hatteſt, ein Setzer von Foliozifern zu ſein, die ſo lang ſind, wie die am Zifferblatte der Thurmuhr, indem du jeden Sonntag an der ſchwarzen Liedertafel in öffentlichen Druck gabſt, auf welcher Pagina das nächſte Lied zu ſuchen ſei — wir Autores treten mit ſchlechterem Zeuge im Drucke auf; — ferner die Freude, deinem Schwiegervater und deiner Braut im Singen vorzureiten, und endlich deine Hoffnung, den Bodenſatz des Kommunionweins einſam auszuſaufen, der ſo fatal ſchmeckte. Ein höheres Weſen muß dir ſo herzlich gut geweſen ſein wie das referirende, da es gerade in deinen achtwöchentlichen Eden-Luſtrum deinen gnädigen Kirchenpatron kommuniciren ließ, denn er hatte doch ſo viel Einſicht, daß er an die Stelle des Kommunionweins, der Chriſti Trank am Kreuz nicht unglücklich nachbildete, Chriſti Thränen aus ſeinem Keller ſetzte; aber welche Himmel dann nach dem Trunk des Bodenſatzes in alle deine Glieder zogen. . . . Wahrlich jedesmal will ich wieder in Exklamationen verfallen — aber warum macht mir und vielleicht Euch dieſes ſchulmeiſterlich vergnügte Herz ſo viel Freude? Ach es muß daran liegen, daß wir ſelber ſie nie ſo voll bekommen, weil der Gedanke der Erdeneitelkeit auf uns liegt und unſern Athem drückt und weil wir die ſchwarze Gottesackererde unter den Raſen- und Blumenſtücken ſchon geſehen haben, auf denen das Meiſterlein ſein Leben verhüpft! —

Der gedachte Kommunionwein mouſſirte noch Abends in ſeinen Adern, und dieſe letzte Tageszeit eines Sabbaths hab' ich noch abzuſchildern. Bloß am Sonntag durft' er mit ſeiner Juſtine ſpazieren gehen; vorher nahm er das Abendeſſen beim Schwiegervater ein, aber mit ſchlechtem Nutzen, ſchon unter dem Tiſchgebet wurde ſein Hundshunger matt und unter den Allotriis darauf gar unſichtbar. Wenn ich's leſen könnte, ſo könnt' ich das ganze Konterfei dieſes Abends aus ſeiner Meſſiade haben, in die er ihn ganz wie er war, im ſechsten Geſang hineingeflochten, wie alle große Skribenten ihren Lebenslauf, ihre Weiber, Kinder, Aecker, Vieh in ihre opera omnia ſtricken. Er dachte, in der gedruckten Meſſiade ſtände der Abend auch. In ſeiner wird es epiſch ausgeführet ſein, daß die Bauern auf den Rainen wateten und den Schuß der Halme maßen und ihn über das Waſſer herüber als ihren neuen wohlverordneten Kantor grüßten, — daß die Kinder auf Blättern ſchalmeiten und in Baden-Flöten ſtießen und daß alle Büſche und Blumen- und Blüthenkelche vollſtimmig beſetzte Orcheſter waren, aus denen Allen etwas herausſang oder ſumſete oder ſchwirrte — und das Alles zuletzt ſo feierlich wurde, als hätte die Erde ſelber einen Sonntag, indem die Höhen und Wälder um dieſen Zauberkreis rauchten und indem die Sonne gen Mitternacht durch einen illuminirten Triumphbogen hinunter, und der Mond gegen Mittag durch einen blaſſen Triumphbogen herauf zog. O du Vater des Lichts! mit wie viel Farben und Strahlen und Leuchtkugeln faſſeſt du deine bleiche Erde ein! — Die Sonne kroch jetzt ein zu einem einzigen rothen Strahle, der mit dem Widerſchein der Abendröthe auf dem Geſichte ſeiner Braut zuſammenkam; und dieſe, nur mit ſtummen Gefühlen bekannt, ſagte, daß ſie in ihrer Kindheit ſich oft geſehnet hätte auf den rothen Bergen der Abendröthe zu ſtehen und von ihnen mit der Sonne in die ſchönen rothgemalten Länder hinunter zu ſteigen, die hinter der Abendröthe lägen. Unter dem Gebetläuten ſeiner Mutter legt' er ſeinen Hut auf die Knie und ſah ohne die Hände zu falten an die rothe Stelle am Himmel, wo die Sonne zuletzt geſtanden, und hinunter in den ziehenden Strom, der tiefe Schatten trug; und es war ihm als läutete die Abendglocke die Welt und noch einmal ſeinen Vater zur Ruhe — zum erſten und letzten Male in ſeinem Leben ſtieg ſein Herz über die irdiſche Sonne hinaus — und es rief, ſchien ihm, etwas aus den Abendtönen herunter, er würd' jetzt vor Vergnügen ſterben .... Heftig und verzückt umſchlang er ſeine Braut und ſagte: „Wie lieb hab' ich dich, wie ewig lieb!“ Vom Fluſſe klang es herab wie Flötengetön und Menſchengeſang zog näher, außer ſich drückt' er ſich an ſie an und wollte vereinigt vergehen und glaubte, die Himmelstöne hauchten ihre beiden Seelen aus der Erde weg und dufteten ſie wie Thaufunken auf den Auen Edens nieder. Es ſang:

O wunderſchön iſt Gottes Erde
Und werth, darauf vergnügt zu ſein!
D'rum will ich, bis ich Aſche werde,
Mich dieſer ſchönen Erde freu'n.

Es war aus der Stadt eine Gondel mit einigen Flöten und ſingenden Jünglingen. Er und ſie gingen am Ufer mit der ziehenden Gondel, und hielten ihre Hände gefaßt und Juſtine ſuchte leiſe nachzuſingen, und der Himmel und die Entzückung gingen neben ihnen. Als die Gondel um eine Erdzunge voll Bäume herumſchiffte, hielt Juſtine ihn ſanft an, damit ſie nicht nachkämen, und da das Fahrzeug dahinter verſchwunden war, fiel ſie ihm mit dem erſten erröthenden Kuſſe um den Hals .... O unvergeßlicher erſter Junius! ſchreibt er. — Sie begleiteten und belauſchten von weitem die ſchiffenden Töne; und Träume ſpielten um Beide, bis ſie ſagte: es iſt ſpät und die Abendröthe hat ſich ſchon weit herum gezogen, und es iſt Alles im Dorfe ſtill. Sie gingen nach Hauſe; er öffnete die Fenſter ſeiner mondhellen Stube und ſchlich mit einem leiſen Gutenacht bei ſeiner Mutter vorüber, die ſchon ſchlief. —

Jeden Morgen ſchien ihn der Gedanke wie Tageslicht an, daß er dem Hochzeittage, dem achten Juni, ſich um eine Nacht näher geſchlafen; und am Tage lief die Freude mit ihm herum, daß er durch die paradieſiſchen Tage, die ſich zwiſchen ihn und ſein Hochzeitbett geſtellt, noch nicht durch wäre. So hielt er wie der metaphyſiſche Eſel den Kopf zwiſchen beiden Heubündeln, zwiſchen der Gegenwart und Zukunft, aber er war kein Eſel oder Scholaſtiker, ſondern graſete und rupfte an beiden Bündeln auf einmal .... Wahrhaftig die Menſchen ſollten niemals Eſel ſein, weder indifferentiſtiſche, noch hölzerne, noch bileamitiſche, und ich habe meine Gründe dazu .... Ich breche hier ab, weil ich noch überlegen will, ob ich ſeinen Hochzeittag abzeichne oder nicht. Daten hab' ich übrigens dazu ganze Stöße. — —

Aber wahrhaftig, ich bin weder ſeinem Ehrentage beigewohnt, noch einem eigenen; ich will ihn alſo beſtens beſchreiben und mir — ich hätte ſonſt gar nichts — eine Luſtparthie zuſammen machen.

Ich weiß überhaupt keinen ſchicklichern Ort oder Bogen als dieſen dazu, daß die Leſer bedenken, was ich ausſtehe die magiſchen Schweizergegenden, in denen ich mich lagere, — die Apollo's und Venusgeſtalten, denen ſich mein Auge anſaugt — das erhabene Vaterland, für das ich das Leben hingebe, das es vorher geadelt hat, — das Brautbett, in das ich einſteige, Alles das iſt von fremden oder eigenen Fingern blos — gemalt mit Dinte oder Druckerſchwärze; und wenn nur du, du Himmliſche, der ich treu bleibe, die mir treu bleibt, mit der ich in arkadiſchen Juliusnächten ſpazieren gehe, mit der ich vor der untergehenden Sonne und vor dem aufſteigenden Monde ſtehe und um deren willen ich alle deine Schweſtern liebe, wenn nur du — wärſt; aber du biſt ein Altarblatt und ich finde dich nicht.

Dem Nil, dem Herkules und andern Göttern brachte man zwar auch wie mir nur nachbosſirte Mädchen dar; aber vorher bekamen ſie doch reelle.

Wir müſſen ſchon am Sonnabend in's Schul- und Hochzeithaus gucken, um die Prämiſſen dieſes Rüſttags zum Hochzeittag ein wenig vorher wegzuheben, am Sonntag haben wir keine Zeit dazu; ſo ging auch die Schöpfung der Welt (nach den älteſten Theologen) darum in fünf Tagwerken und nicht in Einer Minute vor, damit die Engel das Naturbuch, wenn es allmählig aufgeblättert würde, leichter zu überſehen hätten. Am Sonnabend rennt der Bräutigam auffallend in zwei corporibus piis aus und ein, im Pfarr- und Schulhaus, um vier Seſſel aus jenem in dieſes zu ſchaffen. Er borgte dieſe Geſtelle dem Senior ab, um den Kommodator ſelbſt darauf zu weiſen als ſeinen Hierarchen, und die Seniorin als Frau Pathin der Braut, und den Subpräfektus aus dem Alumneum und die Braut ſelbſt. Ich weiß ſo gut als Andere, in wie weit dieſer miethende Luxus des Bräutigams nicht in Schutz zu nehmen iſt, allerdings papillotirten die gigantiſchen Miethſtühle (Menſchen und Seſſel ſchrumpfen jetzt ein) ihre falſchen Rindshaar-Touren an Lehne und Sitz, mit blauem Tuch, Milchſtraßen von gelben Nägeln ſprangen auf gelben Schnüren als Blitze herum und es blieb gewiß, daß man ſo weich auf den Rändern dieſer Stühle aufſaß, als trüge man einen Doppelſteiß, — wie geſagt, dieſen Steiß-Luxus des Gläubigers und Schuldners hab' ich niemals zum Muſter angeprieſen; aber auf der andern Seite muß doch jeder, der in den „Schutz von Paris“ hineingeſehen, bekennen, daß die Verſchwendung im Palais royal und an allen Höfen offenbar eben ſo groß iſt. Wie werd' ich vollends ſolche Methodiſten von der ſtrengen Obſervanz auf die Seite des Großvater oder Sorgenſtuhls Wuzens bringen, der mit vier hölzernen Löwentatzen die Erde ergreift, welche mit vier Querhölzern — den Sitz-Konſolen munterer Finken und Gimpel — geſponzelt ſind, und deſſen Haar-Chignon ſich mit einer geblümten ledernen Schwarte mehr als zu prächtig beſohlt, und welcher zwei hölzerne behaarte Arme, die das Alter wie menſchliche, dürrer gemacht, nach einem Inſaß ausſtreckt? .... Dieſes Fragezeichen kann manchen, weil er die langen Perioden vergeſſen, frappiren.

Das zinnerne Tafel-Service, das der Pädagog noch von ſeinem Fürſtbiſchof hatte, kann das Publikum bei'm Auktionsproklamator, wenn's anders verſteigert wird, beſſer kennen lernen, als bei mir; ſo viel wiſſen die Hochzeitgäſte, die Saladiere, die Sauciere, die Aſſiette zu Käſe und die Senfdoſe war ein einziger Teller, der aber vor jeder Rolle einmal abgeſcheuert wurde.

Ein ganzer Nil und Alpheus ſchoß über jedes Stubenbret, wovon gute Gartenerde wegzuſpülen war, an jede Bettpfoſte und an den Fenſterſtock hinan, und ließ den gewöhnlichen Bodenſatz der Fluth zurück — Sand. Die Geſetze des Romans würden verlangen, daß das Schulmeiſterlein ſich anzöge und ſich auf eine Weile unter eine wogende Zudecke von Gras und Blumen ſtreckte, und dadurch einen Traum der Liebe nach dem andern hindurch ſänk' und brächte — allein er rupfte Hühner und Enten ab, ſpaltete Kaffee- und Bratenholz und die Braten ſelbſt, kredenzte am Sonnabend den Sonntag, und dekretirte und vollzog in der blauen Schürze ſeiner Schwiegermutter funfzig Kuchen-Reglements und ſprang, den Kopf mit Papilloten gehörnt und das Haar wie einen Eichhörnchenſchwanz emporgebunden, hinten und vorn überall herum, „denn ich mache nicht alle Sonntage Hochzeit“ ſagte er.

Nichts iſt widriger als hundert Vorläufer und Vorreiter zu einer winzigen Luſt zu ſehen und zu hören; nichts iſt aber ſüßer, als ſelber mit vorzureiten und vorzulaufen, denn Geſchäftigkeit, die wir nicht bloß ſehen, ſondern theilen, macht nachher das Vergnügen zu einer von uns ſelbſt geſäeten, beſprengten und aufgezogenen Frucht, und obendrein befällt uns das Herzgeſpann des Paſſens nicht.

Aber, lieber Himmel, ich brauchte einen ganzen Sonnabend, um dieſen nur zu rapportiren, denn ich that nur einen vorbeifliegenden Blick in die Wuziſche Küche — was da zappelt! was da raucht! — Warum iſt ſich Mord und Hochzeit ſo nahe, wie die zwei Gebote, die davon reden? Warum iſt nicht bloß eine fürſtliche Vermählung oft für Menſchen, warum iſt auch eine bürgerliche für Geflügel eine Pariſiſche Bluthochzeit?

Niemand brachte aber im Hochzeithaus dieſe zwei Freudentage mißvergnügter und ſatirer zu, als zwei Stechfinken und drei Gimpel, dieſe inhaftirte der reinliche und vogelfreundliche Bräutigam ſämmtlich — vermittelſt eines Treibjagens mit Schürzen und geworfenen Nachtmützen — und nöthigte ſie, aus ihrem Tanzſalon in ein paar Drathkarthauſen zu fahren und an der Wand in Manſarden ſpringend herabzuhängen.

Wuz berichtet ſowohl in ſeiner „Wuziſchen Urgeſchichte“ als in ſeinem „Leſebuch für Kinder mittlern Alters,“ daß Abend um ſieben Uhr, da der Schneider dem Hymen neue Hoſen und Gilet und Rock anprobirte, ſchon Alles blank und metriſch und neugeboren war, ihn ſelber ausgenommen. Eine unbeſchreibliche Ruhe ſitzt auf jedem Stuhl und Tiſch eines neugeſtellten brillantirten Zimmers! In einem chaotiſchen denkt man, man müßte noch dieſen Morgen ausziehen aus dem aufgekündigten Logement.

Ueber ſeine Nacht (ſo wie über die folgende) fliegen ich und die Sonne hinüber und wir begegnen ihm, wenn er am Sonntage, geröthet und elektriſirt vom Gedanken des heutigen Hymens, die Treppe hinaufläuft in die anlachende Hochzeitſtube hinein, die wir alle geſtern mit ſo vieler Mühe und Dinte aufgeſchmückt haben, vermittelſt Schönheitwaſſers — mouchoir de Vénus und Schminklappen (Waſchlappen) — Puderkappen (Topf mit Sand) und anderem Toiletten-Schiff und Geſchirr. Er war Nachts ſiebenmal aufgewacht, um ſich ſiebenmal auf den Tag zu freuen, und zwei Stunden früher aufgeſtanden, um beide, Minute für Minute, aufzueſſen. Es iſt mir, als ging ich mit dem Schulmeiſter zur Thür hinein, vor dem die Minuten des Tages hinſtehen wie Honigzellen, — er ſchöpft eine um die andere aus und jede Minute trägt einen weitern Honigkelch. Für eine Penſion auf Lebenslang iſt dennoch der Kantor nicht vermögend, ſich auf der ganzen Erde ein Haus zu denken, in dem jetzt nicht Sonntag, Sonnenſchein und Freude iſt; nein. — Das zweite, was er unten nach der Thüre aufthat, war ein Oberfenſter, um einen auf- und niederwallenden Schmetterling — einen ſchwimmenden Silberflitter, eine Blumenfolie und Amors Ebenbild — aus Hymens Stube fortzulaſſen. Dann fütterte er ſeine Vogelkapelle in den Bauern zum Voraus auf den lärmenden Tag, und fiedelte auf der väterlichen Geige die Schleifer zum Fenſter hinaus, an denen er ſich aus der Faſtnacht an die Hochzeitnacht herangetanzt. Es ſchlägt erſt fünf Uhr, mein Trauter, wir haben uns nicht zu übereilen! Wir wollen die zwei Ellen lange Halsbinde (die du dir auch, wie die Braut antanzteſt, indem die Mutter das andere Ende hält) und das Zopfband glatt um haben noch zwei völlige Stunden vor dem Läuten. Gern gäb' ich den Großvaterſtuhl und Ofen, deren Aſſeſſor ich bin, gratis hin, wenn ich mich und meine Zuhörerſchaft jetzt zu transparenten Sylphiden zu verdünnen wüßte; damit unſere ganze Brüderſchaft dem zappelnden Bräutigam ohne Störung ſeiner ſtillen Freude in den Garten nachflöge, wo er für ein weibliches Herz, das weder ein diamantenes, noch ein welſches iſt, auch keine Blumen, die es ſind, abſchneidet, ſondern lebende, — wo er die blitzenden Käfer und Thautropfen aus den Blumenblättern ſchüttelt und gern auf den Bienenrüſſel wartet, der zum letztenmal der mütterliche Blumenbuſen ſäugt, — wo er an ſeine Knaben-Sonntagsmorgen denkt und an den zu engen Schritt über die Beete und an das kalte Kanzelpult, dem der Senior ſein Bouquet gab. Gehe nach Haus, Sohn deines Antezeſſors, und ſchaue am achten Junius dich nicht gegen Abend um, wo der ſtumme ſechs Fuß dicke Gottesacker über manchen Freunden liegt, ſondern gegen Morgen, wo du die Sonne, die Pfarrthüre und deine hineinſchlüpfende Juſtine ſehen kannſt, die die Frau Pathe mit ausfriſiren und einſchnüren will. Ich merk' es leicht, daß meine Zuhörer wieder in Sylphiden verflüchtigt werden wollen, um die Braut zu umflattern; aber ſie ſieht's nicht gern.

Endlich lag der himmelblaue Rock — die Leibfarbe der Müller und Schulmeiſter — mit geſchwärzten Knopflöchern und die plättende Hand ſeiner Mutter, die alle Brüche hob, am Leibe des Schulmeiſterleins und es darf nur Hut und Geſangbuch nehmen. Und jetzt — ich weiß auch, was Pracht iſt, fürſtliche bei fürſtlichen Vermählungen, das Kanoniren, Illuminiren, Exerziren und Friſiren dabei; aber nur mit der Wuziſchen Vermählung muß man dergleichen nie zuſammenſtellen, ſehet doch dem Mann hintennach, der den Sonnen- und Himmelsweg zu ſeiner Braut jetzt geht, und auf den andern Weg drüben nach dem Alumneum ſchaut und denkt: „wer hätt's vor vier Jahren gedacht;“ ich ſage, ſehet ihm nach; thut es nicht auch die Auenthaler Pfarrmagd, ob ſie gleich Waſſer trägt, und hängt einen ſolchen prächtigen vollen Anzug bis auf jede Franze in ihren Gehirn- und Kleiderkammern auf? Hat er nicht eine gepuderte Naſen- und Schuhſpitze? Sind nicht die rothen Thorflügel ſeines Schwiegervaters aufgebrecht, und ſchreitet er nicht durch dieſe ein, indeß die von der Haarkräuslerin abgefertigte Verlobte durch das Hofthürchen ſchleicht? Und ſtoßen ſie nicht ſo meublirt und überpudert auf einander, daß ſie das Herz nicht haben, ſich guten Morgen zu bieten? Denn haben Beide in ihrem Leben etwas Prächtigeres und Vornehmeres geſehen, als ſich einander heute? Iſt in dieſer verzeihlichen Verlegenheit nicht der lange Spahn ein Glück, den der kleine Bruder zugeſchnitzt und den er der Schweſter hinreckt, damit ſie darum wie um einen Weinpfahl die Blumenſtaude und Geruchsquaſte für des Kantors Knopfloch winde und gürte? Werden neidſüchtige Damen meine Freunde bleiben, wenn ich meinen Pinſel eintunke und ihnen damit vorkolorirte die Parüre der Braut, das zitternde Gold ſtatt der Zitternadel im Haar, die drei goldenen Medaillons auf der Bruſt mit den Miniaturportraits der deutſchen Kaiſer *) und tiefer die in Knöpfe zergoſſenen Silberbarren? .... ich könnt' aber den Pinſel faſt Jemand an den Kopf werfen, wenn mir beifällt, mein Wuz und ſeine gute Braut werden mir, wenn's abgedruckt iſt, von den Koketten und anderem Teufelszeuge gar ausgelacht; glaubt ihr denn aber, ihr ſtädtiſchen deſtillirten und tättowirten Seelenverkäuferinnen, die ihr Alles an Mannsperſonen meſſet und liebt, ihr Herz ausgenommen, daß ich oder meine meiſten Herren Leſer dabei gleichgültig bleiben könnten, oder daß wir nicht alle eure geſpannten Wangen, eure zuckenden Lippen, eure mit Witz und Begierde ſengenden Augen und eure jedem Zufall gefügigen Taillen, mit Spaß hingeben für eine einzige Scene, wo die Liebe ihre Strahlen in dem Morgenroth des Schämens bricht, wo die unſchuldige Seele ſich vor jedem Aug' entkleidet, ihr eignes ausgenommen, und wo hundert innere Kämpfe das durchſichtige Angeſicht beſeelen, und kurz, worin mein Brautpaar agirte, da der alte luſtige Kauz von Schwiegervater beider gekräuſelten und weißblühenden Köpfe habhaft wurde und ſie geſcheut zu einem Kuß zuſammen lenkte? Dein freudiges Erröthen, lieber Wuz! — und dein verſchämtes, liebe Juſtine! —

Wer wird überhaupt dieſen und dergleichen Sachen kurz vor ſeinen Sponſalien ſchärfer nachdenken und nachher delikater agiren als gegenwärtiger Biograph ſelbſt?

Der Lärm der Kinder und Büttner auf der Gaſſe und der Recenſenten in Leipzig hindern den Biographen, alles ausführlich herzuſetzen, die prächtigen Eckenbeſchläge und dreifachen Manſchetten, womit der Bräutigam jede Zeile des Chorals verſah — den hölzernen Engelsſittich, worein er ſeinen Kurhut zum Chor hinaus hing — den Namen Juſtine an den Pedalpfeifen — ſeinen Spaß und ſeine Luſt, da ſie einander vor der Kirchenagende (der goldenen Bulle und den Reichsgrundgeſetzen des Eheregiments) die rechten Hände gaben, und da er mit ſeinem Ringfinger ihre holde Hand gleichſam hinter einem Bettſchirm neckte — und den Eintritt in die Hochzeitſtube, wo vielleicht die größten und vornehmſten Leute und Gerichte der Erde einander begegneten, ein Pfarrer, eine Pfarrerin, ein Subpräfektus und eine Braut. Es wird aber Beifall finden, daß ich meine Beine auseinander ſetze und damit über die ganze Hochzeittafel und Hochzeittrift und über den Nachmittag wegſchreite, um zu hören, was ſie Abends angegeben — einen und den andern Tanz giebt der Präfektus an. Es iſt im Grunde ſchon Alles außer ſich — ein Tabaks-Heerrauch und ein Suppendampfbad wogt um drei Lichter und ſcheidet einen vom andern durch Nebelbänke — der Violonzelliſt und der Violiniſt ſtreichen fremdes Gedärm weniger als ſie eignes füllen — auf der Fenſterbrüſtung guckt das ganze Auenthal als Gallerie zappelnd hinein und die Dorfjugend tanzt draußen dreißig Schritte von dem Orcheſter entfernt, im Ganzen recht hübſch — alte Dorf-La Bonne ſchreiet ihre wichtigſten Perſonalien der Seniorin vor und dieſe nieſet und huſtet die übrigen los, jede will ihre hiſtoriſche Nothdurft verrichten und ſieht ungern die andere auf dem Stuhle ſeßhaft — der Senior ſieht wie ein Schoßjünger des Schoßjüngers Johannes aus, welchen die Maler mit einem Becher in der Hand abmalen, und lacht lauter, als er predigt — der Präfektus ſchleifet als Elegant herum und iſt von Niemand zu erreichen — mein Maria plätſchert und fährt unter in allen vier Flüſſen des Paradieſes, und des Freudenmeers Wogen heben und ſchaukeln ihn allmächtig — bloß die eine [illegible]führerin (mit einer zu zarten Haut und Seele für ihren ſchwielenvollen Stand) hört die Freudentrommel wie von einem Echo gedämpft und wie bei einer Königsleiche mit Flor bezogen, und die ſtille Entzückung ſpannt in Geſtalt eines Seufzers die einſame Bruſt — mein Schulmeiſter (er darf zweimal im Küchenſtück herumſtehen) tritt mit ſeiner Trauungshälfte unter die Hausthür, deren dessus de porte ein Schwalben-Globus iſt, und ſchauet auf zu dem ſchweigenden glimmenden Himmel über ihm und denkt, jede große Sonne guckt herunter wie ein Auenthaler und zu ſeinem Fenſter hinein .... Schiffe fröhlich über deinem

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*) In manchen deutſchen Gegenden tragen die Mädchen drei Dukaten am Halſe.

verdunſteten Tropfen Zeit, du kannſt es; aber wir können's nicht alle, die eine Brautführerin kann's auch nicht — ach wär' ich wie du an einem Hochzeitmorgen dem ängſtlichen, den Blumen abgefangenen Schmetterling begegnet, wie du der Biene im Blüthenkelch, wie du der um ſieben Uhr abgelaufenen Thurmuhr, wie du dem ſtummen Himmel oben und dem lauten unten, ſo hätt' ich ja daran denken müſſen, daß nicht auf dieſer ſtürmenden Kugel, wo die Winde ſich in unſre kleinen Blumen wühlen, die Ruheſtätte zu ſuchen ſei, auf der uns ihre Düfte ruhig umfließen, oder ein Auge ohne Staub, ein Auge ohne Regentropfen, die jene Stürme an uns werfen — und wäre die blitzende Göttin der Freude ſo nahe an meinem Buſen geſtanden, ſo hätt' ich doch auf jene Aſchenhäufchen hinüber geſehen, zu denen ſie mit ihrer Umarmung, gebürtig aus der Sonne und nicht aus unſern Eiszonen, ſchon die armen Menſchen verkalkte — und o wenn mich ſchon die vorige Beſchreibung eines großen Vergnügens ſo traurig zurückließ, ſo müßt' ich, wenn erſt du, aus ungemeſſenen Höhen in die tiefe Erde reichende Hand! mir eines, wie eine Blume auf einer Sonne gewachſen, hernieder brächteſt, auf dieſe Vaterhand die Tropfen der Freude fallen laſſen und mich mit dem zu ſchwachen Auge von den Menſchen wegwenden ....

Jetzt, da ich dieſes ſage, iſt Wuzens Hochzeit längſt vorbei, ſeine Juſtine iſt alt und er ſelber auf dem Gottesacker; der Strom der Zeit hat ihn und alle dieſe ſchimmernden Tage unter vier-, fünffache Schichten Bodenſatz gedrückt und begraben; — auch an uns ſchlägt dieſer beerdigende Niederſchlag immer höher auf, in drei Minuten erreicht er das Herz und überſchichtet mich auch noch.

In dieſer Stimmung ſinne mir keiner an, die vielen Freuden des Schulmeiſters aus ſeinem Freudenmanuale mitzutheilen, beſonders ſeine Weihnachts-, Kirchweih- und Schulfreuden — es kann vielleicht noch geſchehen in einem Poſthumus von Poſtſkript; das ich nachliefere, aber heute nicht! heute iſt's beſſer, wir ſehen den vergnügten Wuz zum letztenmal lebendig und todt und gehen dann weg.

Ich hätte überhaupt — ob ich gleich dreißigmal vor ſeiner Hausthür vorübergegangen war — wenig vom ganzen Manne gewußt, wenn nicht am 12. Mai vorigen Jahres die alte Juſtine unter mir geſtanden wäre und mich angeſchrieen hätte: „ob ich keine Bücher machte?“ — „Warum nicht, ſagt' ich, dem deutſchen Publiko ſchenk' ich deren immer.“ — „Wenn ich nur eine Stunde zu ihrem Alten herein kommen möchte, mit dem's ſo ſchlecht ausſähe.“

Der Schlag hatte dem Alten, vielleicht weil er eine Flechte, Thalers groß, am Nacken hinein geheilet, oder vor Alter die linke Seite gelähmt. Er ſaß im Bette an einer Lehne von Polſtern und Unterröcken und hatte ein ganzes Waarenlager das ich ſogleich ſpezifiziren werde, auf dem Deckbette vor ſich. Ein Kranker thut wie ein Reiſender — und was iſt er anders — ſogleich mit Jedem bekannt, ſo nahe mit dem Fuße und Auge an erhabenern Welten macht man in dieſer räudigen keine Umſtände mehr. Er klagte, es hätte ſich ſeine Alte ſchon ſeit drei Tagen nach einem Bücherſchreiber umſchauen müſſen, hätt' aber keinen ertappt außer jetzt: „er müßt' aber einen haben, der ſeine Bibliothek übernähme, ordnete und inventirte und der an ſeine Biographie, die in der ganzen Bibliothek wäre, ſeine letzten Stunden, falls er ſie jetzt hätte, zur Komplettirung gar hinanſtickte, denn ſeine Alte wäre keine Gelehrtin und ſeinen Sohn hätt' er auf drei — Wochen auf die Univerſität Heidelberg gelaſſen.“

Seine Runzeln-Ausſaat gab ſeinem runden, kleinen Geſichtchen äußerſt fröhliche Lichter; jede Runzel ſchien ein lächelnder Mund; aber es gefiel mir und meiner Semiotik nicht, daß ſeine Augen blitzten, ſeine Augenbraunen und Mundecken ſo zuckten und ſeine Lippen ſo zitterten.

Ich will mein Verſprechen der Spezifikation halten; auf dem Deckbette lag eine grünſeidne Kinderhaube, wovon das eine Band abgeriſſen war, eine mit abgeriſſenen Goldflitterchen überzogene Kinderpeitſche, ein Fingerring von Zinn, eine Schachtel mit Zwergbüchelchen in 12. Format, eine Wanduhr, ein beſchmutztes Schreibbuch und ein Finkenkloben fingerslang. Es waren die Rudera und Spolien ſeiner verſpielten Kindheit; die Kunſtkammer dieſer ſeiner griechiſchen Alterthümer war von jeher unter der Treppe geweſen, — denn in einem Haus, das der Blumenkübel und Treibkaſten eines einzigen Stammbaumes iſt, bleiben die Sachen Säkula lang in ſeiner Stelle ungerückt — und da es von ſeiner Kindheit an ein Reichsgrundgeſetz bei ihm war, alle ſeine Spielwaaren in chronologiſcher Ordnung aufzuheben, und da kein Menſch das ganze Jahr unter die Treppe guckte, als er, ſo konnt' er noch am Rüſttage vor ſeinem Todestage dieſe Urnenkrüge eines ſchon geſtorbenen Lebens um ſich ſtellen und ſich zurückfreuen, da er ſich nicht mehr vorausfreuen konnte. Du konnteſt freilich, kleiner Maria, in keinen Antikentempel zu Sansſouci eintreten und darin vor dem Weltgeiſt der ſchönen Natur der Kunſt niederfallen; aber du konnteſt doch in deine Kindheits-Antiken-Stiftshütte unter der finſtern Treppe gucken und die Strahlen der auferſtehenden Kindheit ſpielten, wie des gemalten Jeſuskindes ſeine im Stall, an den düſtern Winkeln! O wenn größere Seelen als du, aus der ganzen Orangerie der Natur ſo viele ſüße Säfte und Düfte ſögen, als du aus dem zackigen grünen Blatte, an das dich das Schickſal gehangen, ſo würden nicht Blätter, ſondern Gärten genoſſen, und die beſſern und doch glücklichern Seelen wunderten ſich nicht mehr, daß es vergnügte Meiſterlein geben kann.

Wuz ſagte, und bog den Kopf gegen das Repoſitorium hin, „wenn ich mich an meinen ernſthaften Werken matt geleſen und korrigirt, ſo ſchau ich ſtundenlang dieſe Schnurrpfeifereien an, und das wird hoffentlich einem Bücherſchreiber keine Schande ſein.“

Ich wüßt' aber nicht, womit der Welt mehr gedient iſt, als wenn ich ihr den räſonnirenden Katalog dieſer Kunſtſtücke und Schnurrpfeifereien zuwende, den mir der Patient zuwandte. Den zinnernen Ring hatt' ihm die vierjährige Mamſell des vorigen Paſtors, da ſie mit einander von einem Spielkameraden ehrlich und ordentlich kopulirt wurden, als Ehepfand angeſteckt, — das elende Zinn löthete ihn feſter an ſie, als edlere Metalle edlere Leute, und ihre Ehe brachten ſie auf vier und funfzig Minuten; oft wenn er nachher als geſchwärzter Alumnus ſie mit nickenden Federnſtandarten am dünnen Arm eines geſprenkelten Elegant ſpazieren gehen ſah, dacht' er an den Ring und an die alte Zeit. Ueberhaupt hab' ich bisher mir unnütze Mühe gegeben, es zu verſtecken, daß er in Alles ſich verliebte, was wie eine Frau ausſah; alle Fröhliche ſeiner Art thun daſſelbe, vielleicht können ſie es, weil ihre Liebe ſich zwiſchen den beiden Extremen von Liebe aufhält und beiden abborgt, ſo wie der Buſen der Uebergang, das Band und der Krepis der platoniſchen und der epikuriſchen Reize iſt. — Da er ſeinem Vater die Thurmuhr aufziehen half, wie vor Zeiten die Kronprinzen mit den Vätern in die Seſſionen gingen, ſo konnte ſo eine kleine Sache ihm einen Wink geben, ein lackirtes Käſtchen zu durchlöchern und eine Wanduhr daraus zu ſchnitzen, die niemals ging; inzwiſchen hatte ſie doch, wie mehre Staatskörper, ihre langen Gewichte und ihre eingezackten Räder, die man dem Geſtelle nürnbergiſcher Pferde abgehoben und ſo zu etwas Beſſerem verbraucht hatte. — Die grüne Kinderhaube, mit Spitzen gerändert, das einzige Ueberbleibſel ſeines vorigen vierjährigen Kopfes, war ſeine Büſte und ſein Gypsabdruck vom kleinen Wuz, der jetzt zu einem großen ausgefahren war. Alltagskleider ſtellen das Bild eines todten Menſchen weit inniger dar, als ſein Portrait, — daher beſah Wuz das Grün mit ſehnſüchtiger Wolluſt und es war ihm, als ſchimmere aus dem Eiſen des Alters eine grüne Raſenſtelle der längſt überſchneiten Kindheit vor; „nur meinen Unterrock von Flanell ſollt' ich haben, der mir allemal unter den Achſeln umgebunden wurde.“ — Mir iſt ſowohl das erſte Schreibbuch des Königs von Preußen, als das des Schulmeiſters Wuz bekannt und da ich beide in Händen gehabt, ſo kann ich urtheilen, daß der König als Mann und das Meiſterlein als Kind ſchlechter geſchrieben: „Mutter, ſagt' er zu ſeiner Frau, betracht' doch, wie dein Mann hier (im Schreibbuch) und wie er dort (in ſeinem kalligraphiſchen Meiſterſtück von einem Lehrbrief, den er an die Wand genagelt) geſchrieben: ich freſſ' mich aber noch vor Liebe, Mutter!“ Er prahlte vor Niemand, als vor ſeiner Frau; und ich ſchätze den Vortheil ſo hoch, als er werth iſt, den die Ehe hat, daß der Ehemann durch ſie noch ein zweites Ich bekommt, vor dem er ſich ohne Bedenken recht herzlich loben kann. Wahrhaftig, das deutſche Publikum ſollte ein zweites Ich von uns Autoren abgeben! — Die Schachtel war ein Bücherſchrank der lilliputiſchen Traktätchen in Fingerkalender-Format, die er in ſeiner Kindheit dadurch edirte, daß er einen Vers aus der Bibel abſchrieb, es heftete und blos ſagte: „abermals einen recht hübſchen Kober*) gemacht!“ andere Autores thun das auch, aber erſt wenn ſie herangewachſen ſind. Als er mir ſeine jugendliche Autorſchaft referirte, bemerkt' er, als ein Kind iſt man ein wahrer Narr; es ſtach aber doch ſchon damals der Autortrieb heraus, nur freilich in einer unreifen und lächerlichen Geſtalt,“ und belächelte zufrieden die jetzige. — Und ſo ging's mit dem Finkenkloben auch; war nicht der fingerslange Finkenkloben, den er mit Bier beſtrich und auf dem er die Fliegen auf den Beinen fing, der Vorläufer des armslangen Finkenklobens, hinter dem er im Spätherbſt ſeine ſchönen Stunden zubrachte, wie auf ihm die Finken ihre häßlichſten? Das Vogelſtellen will durchaus ein in ſich ſelbſt vergnügtes ſtilles Ding von Seele haben.

Es iſt leicht begreiflich, daß ſeine größte Krankenlabung ein alter Kalender war, und die abſcheulichen zwölf Monatskupfer deſſelben. In jedem Monate des Jahres machte er ſich, ohne vor einem Gallerieinſpektor den Hut abzunehmen oder an ein Bilderkabinet zu klopfen, mehr maleriſche und artiſtiſche Luſt, als andere Deutſche, die abnehmen und anklopfen. Er durchwanderte nämlich die eilf Monats-Vignetten — die des Monats, worin er wanderte, ließ er weg — und phantaſirte in die Holzſchnittsformen Alles hinein, was er und ſie brauchten. Es mußte ihn freilich in geſunden und kranken Tagen letzen, wenn er im Jänner-Winterſtock auf dem abgerupften, ſchwarzen Baum herumſtieg und ſich (mit der Phantaſie) unter den an der Erde aufdrückenden Wolkenhimmel ſtellte, der über den Winterſchlaf der Wieſen und Felder wie ein Betthimmel ſich herüberkrümmte, — der ganze Junius zog ſich mit ſeinen langen Tagen und langen Gräſern um ihn herum, wenn er ſeine Einbildung den Juniuslandſchafts-Holzſchnitt ausbrüten ließ, auf dem kleine Kreuzchen, die nichts als Vögel ſein ſollten, durch das graue Druckpapier flogen und auf dem der Holzſchneider das fette Laubwerk zu Blätterſkeletten mazerirte. Allein wer Phantaſie hat, macht ſich aus jedem Fetzen eine wunderthätige Reliquie, aus jedem Eſelskinnbacken eine Quelle; die fünf Sinne reichen ihr nur die Kartons, nur die Grundſtriche des Vergnügens oder Mißvergnügens.

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*) Kober's Kabinetsprediger — in dem mehr Geiſt ſteckt (freilich oft ein närriſcher) als in zwanzig jetzigen ausgeglaubten Predigtbänden.

Den Mai überblätterte der Patient, weil der ohnehin um das Haus draußen ſtand. Die Kirſchblüthen, womit der Wonnemond ſein grünes Haar beſteckt, die Maiblümchen, die als Vorſteckroſen über ſeinem Buſen duften, beroch er nicht — der Geruch war weg, — aber er beſah ſie und hatte einige in einer Schüſſel neben ſeinem Krankenbette.

Ich habe meine Abſicht klug erreicht, mich und meine Zuhörer fünf oder ſechs Seiten von der traurigen Minute wegzuführen, in der vor unſer Aller Augen der Tod vor das Bett unſers kranken Freundes tritt und langſam mit eiskalten Händen in ſeine warme Bruſt hinein bringt und das vergnügt ſchlagende Herz erſchreckt, fängt und auf immer anhält. Aber endlich kommt die Minute und ihr Begleiter doch.

Ich blieb den ganzen Tag und ſagte Abends, ich könnte Nachts wachen. Sein lebhaftes Gehirn und ſein zuckendes Geſicht hatten mich feſt überzeugt, in der Nacht würde der Schlag ſich wiederholen; es geſchah aber nicht; welches mir und dem Schulmeiſterlein ein weſentlicher Gefallen war. Denn es hatte mir geſagt — auch in ſeinem letzten Traktätchen ſteht's — nichts wäre ſchöner und leichter, als an einem heitern Tage zu ſterben, die Seele ſähe durch die geſchloſſenen Augen die hohe Sonne noch und ſie ſtiege aus dem vertrockneten Leib in das weite blaue Lichtmeer draußen; hingegen in einer finſtern brüllenden Nacht aus dem warmen Leibe zu müſſen, den langen Fall in's Grab ſo einſam zu thun, wenn die ganze Natur ſelber da ſäße und die Augen ſterbend zuhätte — das wäre ein zu harter Tod.

Um halb zwölf Uhr kamen Wuzen's zwei beſte Jugendfreunde noch einmal vor ſein Bette, der Schlaf und der Traum, um von ihm gleichſam Abſchied zu nehmen. Oder bleibt ihr länger, und ſeid ihr zwei Menſchenfreunde es vielleicht, die ihr den ermordeten Menſchen aus den blutigen Händen des Todes holt und auf euern wiegenden Armen durch die kalten unterirdiſchen Höhlungen mütterlich traget in's helle Land hin, wo ihm eine neue Morgenſonne und neue Morgenblumen in waches Leben hauchen?

Ich war allein in der Stube — ich hörte nichts, als den Athemzug des Kranken und den Schlag meiner Uhr, die ſein kurzes Leben wegmaß, — der gelbe Vollmond hing tief und groß im Süden und bereifte mit ſeinem Todtenlichte die Maiblümchen des Mannes und die ſtockende Wanduhr und die grüne Haube des Kindes, — der leiſe Kirſchbaum vor dem Fenſter malte auf dem Grund von Mondslicht aus Schatten einen bebenden Baumſchlag an die Stube, — am ſtillen Himmel wurde zuweilen eine fackelnde Sternſchnuppe niedergeworfen und ſie verging wie ein Menſch — es fiel mir bei, die nämliche Stube, die jetzt der ſchwarz ausgeſchlagene Vorſaal des Grabes war, wurde morgen vor drei und vierzig Jahren am 13. Mai vom Kranken bezogen — und am dieſem Tage gingen ſeine närriſchen Acht-Wochen an, — ich ſah, daß der, dem damals dieſer Kirſchbaum Wohlgeruch und Träume gab, dort im drückenden Traume geruchlos liege und vielleicht noch heute aus dieſer Stube ausziehe, und daß Alles, Alles vorüber ſei und niemals wieder komme .... und in dieſer Minute fing Wuz mit dem ungelähmten Arme noch etwas, als wollt' er einen entfallenden Himmel erfaſſen — und in dieſer zitternden Minute kniſterte der Monatszeiger meiner Uhr und fuhr, weil's zwölf Uhr war, vom zwölften Mai zum dreizehnten über .... Der Tod ſchien mir meine Uhr zu ſtellen, ich hörte ihn den Menſchen und ſeine Freuden käuen, und die Welt und die Zeit ſchien in einem Strom von Moder ſich in den Abgrund hinab zu bröckeln! ....

Ich denke an dieſe bebende Minute bei jedem mitternächtlichen Ueberſpringen meines Monatszeigers; aber ſie trete nie mehr unter die kurze Reihe meiner übrigen Minuten.

Der Sterbende — er wird kaum dieſen Namen lange mehr haben — ſchlug zwei lodernde Augen auf und ſah mich lange an, um mich zu kennen. Ihm hatte geträumt, er ſchwankte als ein Kind ſich auf einem Lilienbette, das unter ihm aufgewallet — dieſes wäre zu einer emporgehobenen Roſenwolke zuſammengefloſſen, die mit ihm durch goldene Morgenröthen und über rauchende Blumenfelder weggezogen wäre, — die Sonne hätte mit einem weißen Mädchenangeſicht ihn angelächelt und angeleuchtet, und wäre endlich in Geſtalt eines von Strahlen umflogenen Mädchens ſeiner Wolke zugeſunken und er hätte ſich geängſtigt, daß er den linken gelähmten Arm nicht um und an ſie bringen können, — darüber ward' er wach aus ſeinem letzten oder vielmehr vorletzten Traum, denn auf den langen Traum des Lebens ſind die kleinen bunten Träume der Nacht wie Phantaſieblumen geſtickt und gezeichnet.

Der Lebensſtrom nach ſeinem Kopfe wurde immer ſchneller und breiter, er glaubte immer wieder vergnügt zu ſein; den Mond hielt er für die bewölkte Sonne; es kam ihm vor, er ſei ein fliegender Taufengel, unter einem Regenbogen an eine Dotterblumen-Kette aufgehangen, in unendlichen Bogen auf- und niederwogend, von der vierjährigen Ringgeberin über Abgründe zur Sonne aufgeſchaukelt .... Gegen vier Uhr Morgens konnte er uns nicht mehr ſehen, obgleich die Morgenröthe ſchon in der Stube war, — die Augen blickten verſteinert vor ſich hin — eine Geſichtszuckung kam auf die andere — den Mund zog eine Entzückung immer lächelnder auseinander — Frühlings-Phantaſien, die weder dieſes Leben erfahren, noch jenes haben wird, ſpielten mit der ſinkenden Seele — endlich ſtürzte der Todesengel den blaſſen Leichenſchleier auf ſein Angeſicht und hob hinter ihm die blühende Seele mit ihren tiefſten Wurzeln aus dem körperlichen Treibkaſten voll organiſirter Erde .... Das Sterben iſt erhaben; hinter ſchwarzen Vorhängen thut der einſame Tod das ſtille Wunder und arbeitet für die andere Welt und die Sterblichen ſtehen da mit naſſen, aber ſtumpfen Augen neben der überirdiſchen Scene ....

„Du guter Vater, ſagte ſeine Wittwe, wenn dir's Jemand vor drei und vierzig Jahren hätte ſagen ſollen, daß man dich am dreizehnten Mai, wo deine Acht-Wochen angingen, hinaustragen würde." — „Seine Acht-Wochen, ſagt' ich, gehen weiter an und währen länger."

Da ich um eilf Uhr fortging, war mir die Erde gleichſam heilig und Todte ſchienen neben mir zu gehen; ich ſah auf zum Himmel, als könnt' ich im endloſen Aether nur in Einer Richtung den Geſtorbenen ſuchen; und da ich oben auf dem Berge, wo man nach Auenthal hineinſchaut, mich noch einmal nach dem Leidenstheater umſah, und da ich unter den rauchenden Häuſern bloß das Trauerhaus unbewölkt daſtehen und den Todtengräber oben auf dem Gottesacker aushauen ſah, und da ich das Leichenläuten ſchwerwogen hörte, und daran dachte, wie die Wittwe im ſtummen Kirchthurm mit rinnenden Augen das Seil unten reiße, ſo fühlt' ich unſre aller Nichts, und ſchwur, ein ſo unbedeutendes Leben zu verachten, zu verdienen und zu genießen.

Wohl dir, lieber Wuz, daß ich — wenn ich nach Auenthal gehe und dein verraſetes Grab aufſuche, und mich darüber kümmere, daß die in dein Grab beerdigte Puppe des Nachtſchmetterlings mit Flügeln heraus kriecht, daß dein Grab ein Luſtlager bohrender Regenwürmer, rückender Schnecken, wirbelnder Ameiſen und nagender Räupchen iſt, indeß du tief unten allen dieſen mit unverrücktem Haupte auf deinen Hobelſpähnen liegſt und indeß keine liebkoſende Sonne durch deine Breter und deine mit Leinwand zugeleimten Augen bricht — wohl dir, daß ich dann ſagen kann: „Da er noch das Leben hatte, genoß er's fröhlicher, wie wir alle."

Es iſt genug, meine Freunde, — es iſt zwölf Uhr, der Monatszeiger ſprang auf einen neuen Tag und erinnerte uns an den doppelten Schlaf, an den Schlaf der kurzen und an den Schlaf der langen Nacht ....

Theodor Friedrich Maximilian Richter,

geboren am 2. December 1784 zu Limbach bei Dresden, lebt gegenwärtig als Sprachlehrer zu Dresden, nachdem er ſeit 1806 mehrere ſehr bedeutende Seereiſen gemacht, dann in Meſſina Handelsgeſchäfte getrieben und zuletzt bei dem engliſchen Commiſſariat auf der Inſel Malta angeſtellt geweſen war.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Reiſen zu Waſſer und zu Lande. Dresden 1806—17. Für die Jugend bearbeitet. 10 Bde. Dresden 1821—29. Taſchenausgabe. 10 Bde. Dresden 1830.

Die von ihm gelieferten Reiſebeſchreibungen haben das Verdienſt einer ſehr anſchaulichen und lebendigen Darſtellung, ſo daß ſie ein großes Publicum fanden, und ihre Bearbeitung für die Jugend dieſer eine treffliche Unterhaltung darbot.

Julie Freiin von Richthofen,

geboren am 2. März 1785 zu Pillau in Oſtpreußen, Tochter des damaligen Hauptmanns zu Pillau, nachherigen geheimen Rathes und Regierungsdirectors zu Küſtrin (geſtorben 1807), vermählte ſich im Jahre 1802 mit dem Baron von Richthofen zu Küſtrin und bezog darauf mit ihm ſeine Güter bei Danzig. Gegenwärtig lebt ſie in Danzig.

Sie ſchrieb:

Die Katalonierin. 2 Bde. Berlin 1813.
Der Geiſterrath. Berlin 1813.
Helas und Helianor. 2 Bde. Danzig 1824.
Die Orientalin. Breslau 1825.
Operinen. 2 Th. Breslau 1825 u. 26.
Emilie von Rellow. 2 Th. Leipz. 1827.
Janina. Leipz. 1827.
Die Verſtoßene. Königsberg 1828.
Der Onkel. 2 Th. Leipzig 1828, u. ſ. w.

Eine reiche Erfindungsgabe, Wärme des Gefühls, feine Menſchen- und Weltkenntniß und eine gelungene Darſtellung haben den Romanen dieſer Dame, vorzüglich der Katalonierin und Janina, viele Freunde erworben.

Friedrich Reinhard Ricklefs,

geboren am 26. October 1769 zu Ovelgönne im Herzogthum Oldenburg, war Anfangs Profeſſor, ſpäter Rector des Gymnaſiums zu Oldenburg und ſtarb am 11. Februar 1827.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Darſtellung der Menſchengeſchichte ꝛc. 2 Bde. Oldenburg 1806—14.
Erläuterungen zur Darſtellung der ältern Menſchengeſchichte. 2 Bde. Oldenburg 1807 u. 1810.
Germania, Zeitſchrift für Deutſchlands Gemeinwohl. 3 Bde. Oldenb. 1813—15.
Chronologiſche Tabellen über alle 4 Welttheile. Hannover 1818.
Schulreden. Oldenburg, 1821.

Ein tüchtiger Schulmann, deſſen Reden zu den beſten Leiſtungen auf dieſem Gebiete gehören, und deſſen hiſtoriſche Arbeiten ſich durch Gründlichkeit und Fleiß auszeichnen.

Friedrich Juſtus Riedel,

geboren am 10. Julius 1742 zu Vieſelbach ohnweit Erfurt, widmete ſich zu Jena, Leipzig und Halle dem Studium der Rechte, beſchäftigte ſich jedoch vorzugsweiſe mit der Philoſophie, und erhielt im Jahre 1768 die Stelle eines Profeſſors der Philoſophie zu Erfurt. 1772 ging er als Lehrer der Eleven der Kunſtakademie, unter dem Titel kaiſerlicher Rath, nach Wien, verlor jedoch durch ſein ungeregeltes Leben dieſe Stelle bald wieder. Nach dem Tode der Kaiſerin Maria Thereſia ward er Vorleſer des Fürſten Kaunitz. In Folge ſeiner frühern Ausſchweifungen verfiel er in Wahnſinn und ſtarb im Hospital am 2. März 1785.

Er ſchrieb:

Satiren, Epiſteln, komiſche Gedichte, Dramen u. ſ. w. Theorie der ſchönen Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften. Jena 1767. N. A. Wien und Jena 1774. Seine ſämmtlichen Schriften erſchienen in 5 Theilen zu Wien in den Jahren 1786 u. 1787.

R. war als Kritiker und Philoſoph eigentlich nur Eklektiker, aber ein witziger und ſcharfſinniger Kopf, voll Geiſt und Geſchmack, nur zu oberflächlich und flüchtig, und zu ſehr zu einem leichten, witzelnden Vortrage geneigt, durch den er die Wirkung ſeiner vielen guten Bemerkungen und Anſichten über das Schöne und über Gegenſtände der Kunſt ſelbſt wieder lähmte und zerſtörte. Seine Theorie der ſchönen Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften bleibt ſeine beſte Leiſtung, und verdiente noch jetzt, um der geiſtigen Geſundheit willen, die in derſelben vorherrſcht, nicht ganz in Vergeſſenheit zu gerathen. — Als Dichter iſt R. dagegen unbedeutend.

Sechſter Brief.

An den Herrn Geheimen-Rath Klotz*)

(Ueber die Satire.)

Ein Beſuch vom Apoll mit allen ſeinen Muſen wäre mir nicht ſo lieb geweſen, als mir der Ihrige war, Ihre Muſe mit dazu gerechnet, mein Theuerſter Freund! Glauben Sie ja nicht, daß ich immer ſo vergnügt bin, als Sie mich in dieſen glücklichen acht Tagen geſehen haben. Verſcheucht wurde mein böſer Dämon durch Ihre Gegenwart; aber er lauſchte im Winkel, um mich zu überraſchen, ſobald Sie ſich in den Wagen geſetzt hatten und fortgefahren waren. Jetzt beſitzt er mich wieder wie vorher und ich kann ihn nur dadurch auf eine Zeitlang fortjagen, daß ich zuweilen mit Herrn Meuſel und Herel über die böſen Skribenten lache, zuweilen die Geſellſchaft in dem Hauſe des Herrn B. beſuche, in welcher wir ſo vergnügt waren, und wenn ich allein bin, entweder an Sie und meine andern Freunde denke und ſchreibe, oder den Kunſtrichtern dieſe kritiſchen Briefe hinwerfe, in welchen ich alles ſage, was ich ſeit einigen Jahren nur zu denken gewagt habe. Bei dieſen Briefen begnüge ich mich bloß mit dem Vergnügen, welches uns die Zeugung geiſtiger Kinder verſchafft; übrigens gebe ich ihnen meinen väterlichen Segen und überlaſſe ſie dem Schickſale, was ſie verdienen.

Wenn ich nicht daran dächte, daß dieſer Brief ſollte gedruckt werden und daß dem Publicum mit Privatangelegenheiten der Schriftſteller wenig gedient iſt; ſo würde ich mit Ihnen von nichts als von unſerer Freundſchaft reden, die mir ohngefähr ſeit einem Jahre (denn ſo lange iſt es, wo ich nicht irre) meine Tage verſüßt hat. Jetzt bereue ich erſt die Zeit, die ich vor acht Jahren an einem Orte mit Ihnen ohne Sie zugebracht habe, ohne Sie anders als von Perſon und durch Ihre Schriften zu kennen; und ich ärgere mich, dasjenige ſieben Jahre entbehrt zu haben, was ich erſt ſeit Einem Jahre genieße.

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*) Aus Riedel: Ueber das Publicum. Briefe an einige Glieder deſſelben. Jena 1768.

Gern wollte ich, um Ihnen keinen leeren Brief zu ſchreiben, einen kleinen Amor mit einſchließen, von der Art, wie Herr Gleim und unſer Jacobi einander ſie zuſchicken. Aber ſie wiſſen es ſelbſt, wie wenig dieſer loſe Gott für mich gemacht iſt und wie ſehr er für meinem Schreibetiſche erſchrickt, wo er lauter Gegenſtände antrifft, die für einen ſo leichtſinnigen Buben nicht gemacht ſind.

Vor mir, mit meinem Hutcheſon,
Mit Lamberts tiefem Organon,
Mit meinem lieben Mendelsſohn
Und Lock und Abbt und Iſelin
Muß jeder kleine Amor fliehn,
Fliehn zu Jacobi, oder Gleim;
Und flöh er nicht zu dem, ſo flöh mich auch der Reim.

Aber ſtatt des Amors ſchicke ich Ihnen einen kleinen Satyr, zur Geſellſchaft des größern, der Sie immer begleitet. Ich kann ihn, ſeitdem ich eine philoſophiſche Bibliothek ſchreibe, nicht weiter brauchen; aber Sie wird er vielleicht mit ſeinen drolligten Sprüngen bei müßigen Stunden beluſtigen. Ein Tauſendkünſtler iſt er; geſchickt, ſich alle möglichen Geſtalten zu geben und zu ſein, wie man ihn haben will.

Oft hat er's Bandeln nachgemacht;
Oft Schönaichs Hermann ausgelacht;
Oft ſpielt er den Antikritikus,
Und (mit Erlaubniß) auch manchmal den Kritikus,
Und oft den Metaphyſicus.
Trotz Wagnern, kann er demonſtriren;
Wie Hudemann, durch Trauerſpiele rühren;
Trotz Bodmern antikritiſiren;
Wie Schwarz, Virgile traveſtiren;
Und, wie der ander Schwarz in Lauten, recenſiren.

„Auch ſchlechte Verſe ſchmieren!" werden Sie ſagen. Mag ich doch! Genug den Satyr ſollen Sie behalten, Sie mögen wollen, oder nicht. Aber nicht ihn allein ſchicke ich; damit Sie ihn beſſer kennen lernen, ſo ſende ich Ihnen zugleich ſeine ganze Genealogie; an ſeine Anverwandten, die Sie ohnehin ſchon kennen, darf ich Sie nur wieder erinnern.

Seine Vorfahren waren anfangs wild und ſchwärmten in den Wäldern herum. Die ärgerliche Chronik der damaligen Zeiten beſchuldiget ſie, daß ſie den Nymphen nachgegangen wären, wovon aber meine Nachrichten nichts Zuverläſſiges melden. Das weiß ich, daß ſie, ohngefähr im dreißigſten Jahrhunderte der Welt, mit den Muſen eine Bekanntſchaft errichteten, die ſo vertraulich war, daß ſie das Vorurtheil widerlegte, als wären dieſe Frauenzimmer beſtändige Jungfern geblieben. Ihre Winkelehen waren ſehr fruchtbar und die meiſten von den erzeugten Kindern, die gerade Mitteldinge zwiſchen der Rauhigkeit ihrer Väter und der Artigkeit ihrer Mütter waren, geſellten ſich zu den Menſchenkindern, wandelten unter ihnen und verſpotteten ſie. Das letzte thaten ſie durch ihre Freunde, die ſie ſich, ſo ſehr ſie auch noch Bockfüßler waren, mit ihrer einſchmeichelnden Drolligkeit allemal zu erwerben wußten. Der Genius, welcher dem Sokrates immer gegenwärtig war und ihm ſeine Einfälle ins Ohr ſagte, war, wie ich gewiß weiß, nichts anders, als ein kleiner Satyr, welchen ſein Vater, deſſen Namen ich in meinen Papieren nicht finde, mit der Muſe Erato gezeugt hatte. Sokrates gewann ihn lieb, weil er ein guter Knabe war, leichtfertig ohne Bosheit, luſtig ohne Ausgelaſſenheit, ſpöttiſch, um zu beſſern, nicht um zu beleidigen. Ein anderer von dieſem Geſchlechte, welchen Thalia geboren hatte, verband ſich auf eine geiſtige Weiſe mit dem Ariſtophanes und lehrte dieſem das grobe Komiſche, womit er uns manche Grille, und manchem ernſthafteren Manne Wehklagen abtreibet. Ein dritter, Calliopens Sohn, wagte es, den erhabenen Homer umzuſchaffen und ſeine Leyer zu Scherz und Laune herabzuſtimmen. Es gelang ihm und Homer ſang, mit Erlaubniß aller Kunſtrichter, die das Gegentheil ſagen, nach dem Zorne des Achills den Krieg der Fröſche mit den Mäuſen. Ein vierter, der Sohn der Euterpe, verbarg ſich lange, um die Welt ungeſehen betrachten zu können, bis es ihm endlich einfiel, ſich mit einem Römer zu verbrüdern. Er war es, welcher dem Lucilius die Verſe vorſagte, die dieſer für ſeine eigene Arbeit ausgab; und wenn dieſe Verſe ſchlecht ſind, ſo muß man bedenken, daß es die Uebungsſtücke eines Satyrs waren, der jetzt erſt anfing, eine menſchliche Sprache zu reden.

Dies ſind die vier Stammväter unſers ganzen heutigen ſatyriſchen Geſchlechts, deren Abkömmlinge ſich durch alle poetiſche Welttheile verbreitet haben. Diogenes, Ariſtipp, Petronius, Lucian, Apulejus, Julian, Rabelais, Scarron, Cervantes, Butler, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Voltäre, la Fontäne, und von unſern Landsleuten Schupp, Moſcheroſch, Liscow, Rabener und Wieland — dies ſind die glücklichen Sterblichen, mit welchen ſich die Kinder und Kindeskinder des Sokratiſchen Dämons verbrüderten, unter welchen einige die erſte Geſtalt ihres Ahnherrn unverändert behielten, andere aber ſie unter verſchiedenen Mummerien verſteckten. Vom Satyr Lucilius wurden gezeugt Horaz, Perſius, Juvenal, Regnier, Boileau, Churchill, Rachel, Caniz, Haller, und unter ſeine Angehörigen rechnen ſich auch Catull, Martial, Owen, Wernike, Käſtner und Leſſing. Taſſo, Pope, Zachariä und Duſch kommen aus den Lenden des luſtigen Homeriſchen Genius. Und Menander, Plautus, Terentius, Moliere, Goldoni, Weiße und eine Menge anderer Namen ſind durch den Satyr des Ariſtophanes berühmt worden, deſſen Nachkommen unter der Zucht dieſer Männer verfeinert und zur guten Lebensart gewöhnt worden.

Alle Catonen und ernſthafte Weiſe mit Bärten und ohne Bärte, die Zenonen, die Chryſippe, die Seneca und, mit Erlaubniß, auch die Baſedowe bitte ich um Vergebung, daß ich es gewagt habe, den cyniſchen Diogenes in die Sokratiſche Geſellſchaft zu bringen und ſeine hündiſche Laune als ein Erbſtück des weiſeſten unter allen Sterblichen zu betrachten. Wenn man viel Witz haben muß, um die Menſchen auf eine ſolche Art anzubellen, wie Diogenes, ſo gehört zugleich viel Selbſtverleugnung dazu, in eine ſolche Lage ſich zu verſetzen, wo man gewiß weiß, daß das erſte Gelächter nothwendig auf uns ſelbſt zurückfallen muß. Von beiden Seiten iſt mir Diogenes ein merkwürdiger Mann, wenn gleich ſein Satyr zuweilen auf dem Karren des Theſpis herum fuhr, wenn er gleich gute Sitten verwarf, um Tugend zu predigen, wenn gleich unter ſeinem zerriſſenen Mantel eine ehrgeizige Seele gewohnt und er den Hochmuth des Plato nur durch einen andern Hochmuth mit Füßen getreten hätte; oder mit andern Worten; wenn er gleich bei aller ſeiner Laune und Philoſophie noch ein Menſch war, mit einem menſchlichen Herzen und mit menſchlichen Fehlern.

Wer aber den Bettler nicht ſehen mag, dem wird vielleicht der Philoſoph nach der Mode, der Hofmann, der Kenner der feinen Welt, dem wird Ariſtipp unſtreitig beſſer gefallen, der Diogenes im ſeidenen Rocke, ſo wie Diogenes ein Ariſtippus im Schmutze war. Wenn verſchiedene Wege nach einem Orte führen, ſo wählet ſich ein jeder denjenigen, welcher für ihn nach ſeiner beſondern Neigung und Denkungsart der bequemſte iſt und welchen ihm ſeine Umſtände am erſten erlauben.

Der wehrt den Fliegen mit dem Stock, und jener mit dem Fächer;
Der trinkt ſein Waſſer aus der Hand, der Wein aus ſeinem Becher.

Diogenes war zu unbiegſam, zu wenig zum Zwange geſchaffen, um ſeine Lebensart in die Falten des Hofs, der Mode und des willkürlichen Wohlſtandes zu bringen. Ariſtipp war zu zärtlich gebildet, um auf dem Markte, oder in einer Halle zu übernachten und die Schimpfreden des niedrigen Pöbels und die Verachtung des Vornehmern zu ertragen. Beide hatten vielleicht im Grunde ein gutes Herz, welches noch immer mit einer, oft ſelbſt ausſchweifenden, Ehrbegierde vergeſellſchaftet ſein kann. Dieſe trieb beide, ſich hervorzuthun, und jenes, ihre Mitbürger zu beſſern und Gutes zu ſtiften. Der eine wählt ſich zum Schauplatz den Hof des Dionyſius und der andere ſein Faß. Die Laune eines jeden Menſchen iſt ein Chamäleon, welches von den umliegenden Gegenſtänden eine Farbe annimmt; ſie wird alſo auf der Oberfläche eine Verſchiedenheit zeigen, da ſie doch im Grunde einerlei iſt.

Dies iſt die Urſache, weswegen launiſche Schriften vielleicht unter allen am ſchwerſten zu beurtheilen ſind. Humor iſt überhaupt thörichte Weisheit; und was uns andern oft der größte Fehler ſcheint, das iſt vielleicht in Rückſicht auf die Lage des Verfaſſers zweckmäßig und bei ihm die größte Schönheit.

Man hat den Petronius wegen der ſchlüpfrigen Bilder und Erzählungen getadelt, die ſein Buch für die Jugend gefährlich machen. Ein billiger Richter wird dieſen Autor leicht entſchuldigen, der mitten in dem Getümmel der Höflinge eines einfältigen Claudius und eines viehiſchen Nero lebte, der ſelbſt eine Zeitlang der Aufſeher über die Luſtbarkeiten des Hofs war und der noch weit unreiner müßte geſchrieben haben, um ſeine Schilderungen den Originalen völlig ähnlich zu machen. Für uns mag immer ſein Buch allzu unzüchtig ſein; der unterſte Kammerjunker in Nerons Gefolge wird geurtheilt haben, daß es viel zu züchtig ſei.

Vergleichen Sie, mein Freund, drei Schriftſteller mit einander, die über ähnliche Sachen, oder in einer ähnlichen Laune geſchrieben haben; den Eſel des Apulejus mit dem Eſel von Lucian, und die Geſpräche des letztern mit Julians Kayſern. Apulejus, erſt in den Geheimniſſen der abergläubiſchen Prieſter eingeweiht, dann Sachwalter zu Rom, gab ſeinen Schriften aus der heiligſeinſollenden Mythologie der heidniſchen Pfaffen und dem Advocatengeſchmacke der Römer, eine vermiſchte Tinktur, die durch den Mechanismus ſeines eigenen Kopfs ziemlich original ward. Daher ſeine dämoniſchen Erzählungen vom Sokratiſchen Genius im Ernſte, und ſeine Hexenmährchen im Scherze;

daher die Weitſchweifigkeit im Denken und im Schreiben; daher endlich auch einige Chicanerien im Schlieſſen, die ich für nichts anders als für Advocatenſtreiche annehmen kann. Ein plumper Scribent ſcheint er uns allemahl, wenn wir ihn mit dem Samoſatenſer vergleichen, der ſich frühzeitig gute Einſichten in die feinern Künſte erworben, ſtatt hieroglyphiſcher Mummereien die beſſern Werke des Alterthums und die Welt ſtudirt und dadurch ſeinen Geſchmack ausgebildet hatte. Eben die Fabel, welche dem Apulejus Stoff zu einem ziemlichen Bande gegeben hatte, erzählt Lucian auf einigen Blättern, weniger verwickelt, aber auch weniger ermüdend und mit mehrerm Salze. Julian hat ihn unſtreitig gut nachgeahmt; allein Julian war nicht blos Schriftſteller, der ſeine Kayſer von fern betrachtete, er war das ſelbſt, was jene geweſen waren; ein anderer hätte das Geſpräch nicht ſchreiben können, nicht ſchreiben dürfen. Er urtheilt alſo gerade zu, wo ſich Lucian hinter die Ironie würde verſteckt haben, und ſtreut hiernächſt Erläuterungen und Lehren ein, die jener uns würde hinzudenken laſſen. Ich zweifle, ob der Merkur in der Feder des Samoſatenſers den pathetiſchen Ausdruck würde genommen haben, mit welchem er ſich dem Julian empfiehlt: *Σοι δε δαιμονα τον πατριον Μιθραν ἐπηγωνων· συ δε αυτου των ἐντολων ἐχου, πεισμα και ὁρμον ασφαλη ζωντι τε σεαυτῳ παρασκευαζων, και ἡνικα ἀν ἐντευθεν ἀπιεναι δεῃ, μετα της ἀγαθης ἐλπιδος, ἡγεμονα θεον ἐυμενη καθιστας σεαυτῳ.*

Immer einen kleinen Sprung, den kleinſten, den ein Briefſchreiber machen kann, vom Julian und Lucian herunter zum Rabelais. Wenigſtens iſt es gewiß, daß kein Lucianiſcher Eſel poßirlicher ſein kann, als der groſſe Gargantua und Meiſter Janot von Braccamado. Wer anders zu den Zeiten des Rabelais durfte es wohl wagen die Pedanterey der Gelehrten, den Stolz der Herren vom Schlüſſel und vom Degen, das lächerliche verſchiedener Moden und andere Ungereimtheiten in ihrer wahren Geſtalt zu zeigen, als der luſtige Doctor Franz, der gern andere über ſich lachen ließ, um deſto ſicherer über ſie zu lachen *)? Scarron iſt gewiß weit unter ihm; ſeine ſchöne Frau und ſein häßlicher Körper waren zwei Dinge, die er ſehr nöthig hatte, um andere zu beluſtigen, und in ſeinen Schriften iſt er derjenige Scarron nicht, der wie eine Marionnettencaricatur auf dem Tiſche ſaß und mit Marquis umgeben war. So lange bis die Franzoſen einen beſſern bekommen, ſoll immer Rabelais ihr Cervantes ſein. Der Spanier iſt regelmäßiger, weniger ausſchweifend, correcter; ſeine Ironie iſt feiner, gleichförmiger, witziger und ſein Held wahrſcheinlicher, als der abentheuerliche Gurgelſtroſſa. Dafür hat der Franzoſe mehr Feuer; ſeine Phantaſie iſt lebhafter und ſelbſt in ihren Ausſchweifungen ergötzend, und die Drolligkeit ſeiner Schreibart hat eigne Reitze für den, welcher die Sprache verſteht. Ich möchte ihn mit Buttlern vergleichen, wenn ich doch einmal vergleichen ſoll; Sie aber, mein Freund, wiſſen meine Prädilection für den Hudibras, die leicht bei einer Parallele dem Pantagruel ſchaden möchte. Sie wiſſen, wie lange ich ſchon an einer deutſchen Versart gekünſtelt habe, durch welche man denjenigen Ton ausdrücken könnte, den ich nicht anders als den Hudibraſtiſchen zu nennen weiß. Aber auch das wiſſen Sie, daß es mir nicht gelungen iſt; die Strophen, welche ich vor einiger Zeit Ihnen zuſchickte, ſind zu nichts nütze und ich bitte Sie, das Ding ganz zu unterdrücken. Vielleicht waren nur die drei Zeilen erträglich:

Indeß poſaunt der Pfaff ins Land,
Und ſchlägt die Trommel mit der Hand
Auf ſeinem Kanzelpult.

Aber auch hier iſt der Sinn des Originals nicht vollkommen übergetragen; und der Ton der Kriegslieder iſt nicht der, in welchen die Buttleriſche Muſe deutſch ſingen muß. Vielleicht wären zu dieſer Abſicht unſere Knittelverſe am meiſten geſchickt; allein der Deutſche iſt zu delicat und wer würde unter uns ein Werk leſen wollen, welches aus zwölftauſend Knittelverſen zuſammengeſetzt wäre. Caſtriren müßte man den Dichter ohnehin, damit der feinere Geſchmack und der Wohlſtand nicht beleidiget würde. Aber denn wäre unſer Ritter nicht Hudibras mehr, wenn man ihm z. B. das Pack von ſeinen Hintern nehmen wollte, welches er auf dem Rücken trug, oder ſeine Speiſekammer, die ich nicht nennen mag, und in welcher er ſo viele und mancherlei Lebensmittel verbarg, daß es uns bei der Erzählung ganz ſchlimm wird.

Den unſterblichen Swift hat jemand den engliſchen Rabelais genannt; ein anderer hat es übel genommen; nun kann ein dritter kommen und den erſten vertheidigen. Freilich war der Dechant nicht der Luſtigmacher in Geſellſchaften wie der Doctor; jener iſt reicher an mannichfaltigen Erfindungen, beiſſender in ſeinen Satiren, tiefer und eindringender, weniger pöbelhaft und überhaupt klaſſiſcher. Aber bei beiden iſt, im Groſſen betrachtet, einerlei Wendung des Kopfes, die Dinge immer von der lächerlichen Seite zu betrachten, und eine Laune, für welche auch die unwichtigſten Dinge wichtig werden. Nur lacht Rabelais faſt immer ſelbſt; Swift aber ſieht ſein einfältig ernſthaft aus und läßt ſeine Leſer lachen.

Mein Steckenpferd darf ich nicht vergeſſen, wenn Sie gleich nicht völlig damit zufrieden ſind, meinen lieben Sterne. „Aber der Triſtram Shandy iſt ein abentheuerliches Buch.“ — Gut! laſſen Sie mir einmal einen Menſchen alle ſeine Einfälle, ſeine Projekte, ſeine Gedanken, ſeine Wünſche, ſeine Luftſchlöſſer aus ſeiner Seele abſchreiben; zur Probe nur einige Wochen — und ſagen Sie dann, ob Sie nicht einen neuen Triſtram haben werden, nur freilich auf eine andere Art. Aus dieſem Geſichtspuncte betrachte ich das Buch: es iſt ein Beitrag zu einem Regiſter über das menſchliche Herz, und ich kenne Leute, die mehr Pſychologie daraus wollen gelernt haben, als aus dicken Bänden, in welchen man die Empfindung vorher tödtet, um ſie hernach mit mehrerer Muße zu anatomiren. Ein jeder Humoriſt ſetzt bei dem Leſer gewiſſe Stunden voraus, in welchen er muß geleſen werden, um zu gefallen. Swift ſelbſt macht mich zu gewiſſen Zeiten ernſthaft; und Sternen nehme ich denn zur Hand, wenn ich ſo mürriſch bin, daß ſelbſt Buttler mich nicht bis zum Lachen kitzeln kann. Bin ich wieder aufgeheitert, ſo iſt Fielding für mich ein vortrefflicher Mann, und ich finde in ihm oft die Räder von der Uhr, deren Zifferblatt mir Sterne gewieſen hatte; oft iſt es umgekehrt; oft iſt der eine der Commentar über den andern, und oft ſind ſie nur dadurch verſchieden, daß Sterne die kleinen Thorheiten, Fielding aber die gröſſern abſchildert, welche auf das ganze Glück und Unglück des Menſchen einen Einfluß haben. Der Romandichter vergröſſert die Tugenden und der Satiricus die Laſter der Menſchen. Fielding erwählt den Mittelweg und giebt uns das menſchliche Herz, ſo wie es iſt, in ſeiner wahren Geſtalt, mit allen ſeinen Mängeln, ohne das Gute zu verſchweigen, was ſich noch immer daran befindet. Pamela rühret mich, aber ſie beſſert mich nicht, weil ich faſt die Unmöglichkeit fühle, ſie zu erreichen. Ueber den Ritter von der traurigen Geſtalt lacht man; aber nur ſelten denkt man die Beziehung, welche die Satire auf uns haben kann, und mancher iſt ſelbſt Donquichotte, der Donquichotten verlacht. Aber Tom Jones rührt, beluſtiget uns zuweilen und thut, weil wir ihn überall mit unſerm Gefühl begleiten können, eine weit dauerhaftere Wirkung auf unſer Herz; er kann es beſſern.

Wenn die Franzoſen keinen Sterne, keinen Fielding haben, vielleicht nicht haben können, ſo wollen wir ihnen dafür ihren Lafontäne laſſen, mit dem der Engländer keinen Landsmann vergleichen kann. Fontänens Laune ein bloſſes Werk und Meiſterſtück der Natur, gefällt, ohne gefallen zu wollen. Er verbirgt Weisheit unter Einfalt, wird oft ernſthaft, wo er nur ſpielen will, und luſtig, wo er die ernſthafte Miene annimmt; er ſpottet, ohne es ſich vorgeſetzt zu haben, und ſatiriſirt, ohne zu beleidigen. Ihn nachahmen, ohne ſeine natürliche Laune zu haben, das heißt mit einer männlichen Geſtalt und Stellung die Poſituren eines Kindes am Gängelwagen nachmachen.

Wer Voltärens Candide noch nicht geleſen hat, der ſoll ihn leſen, um ſich zu überzeugen, daß auch ein Franzoſe eine Art von brittiſcher Laune haben kann. Hierzu ſeinen jungen Huronen, ſeinen Babe und andere Produkte ſeines unerſchöpflichen Genies! Aechte Ironie, Sokratiſche Würze und attiſches Salz kann man einem Voltäre nicht abſprechen, ohne zu verrathen, daß man es ſelbſt nicht kennt. Seine Charaktere ſind gewiß nicht unnatürlich, wenn man das Uebertriebene abziehet, welches der Satiricus hinzuzuſetzen befugt iſt.

Ob aber auch die Deutſchen Laune haben? dieſe Frage ſcheint ziemlich überflüſſig zu ſein, nachdem wir die Schriften der Liscowe, der Rabener, der Wielande, der Möſer, von Thümmel, Hermes und anderer bekommen haben. Allein ich getraue mir die Frage dennoch mit ja zu beantworten, geſetzt auch, dieſe unſterblichen Werke wären niemals erſchienen. Der Deutſche hat wenige Laune im Charakter; dafür aber iſt er der biegſamſte Menſch und der gelenkigſte Nachahmer.

Ut laus est cerae, mollis cedensque sequatur.

Leicht wird es ihm alſo, ſich in einen fremden Charakter zu ſetzen und Humoriſt als Schriftſteller zu werden, wenn er es als Menſch auch nicht iſt. In einem Verzeichniß ſatiriſcher Schriften finde ich einige hundert deutſche Scribenten, die faſt niemand mehr nennt, und unter dieſen manche, die nicht zu verachten ſind *). Hans Michael Moſcheroſch von Wilſtädt ſah wunderliche und wahrhaftige Geſichte, in welchen aller Welt Weſen, aller Menſchen Händel, mit ihren natürlichen Farben der Eitelkeit, Gewalt, Heuchelei, Thorheit bekleidet, öffentlich auf die Schau geführt, als in einem Spiegel dargeſtellt und geſehen werden. Und Johann Balthaſar Schupp, welches wir wohl merken wollen, eifriger Seelſorger zu Hamburg ſchrieb Satiren, welche viele Kenntniß der damaligen Welt, ziemliche Gelehrſamkeit und Erfahrung, einen guten Witz und oft eine ſehr urſprüngliche Laune verrathen. Von dieſen Materien rede ich weitläufiger in der Geſchichte der Laune, die ich Ihnen, mein Freund, vor einiger Zeit verſprochen habe.

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*) Gegen Fiſcharts deutſche Ueberſetzung des Rabelais iſt mit vieler Laune gemacht; nämlich Laune wie wir ſie von Huldreich Elloposcleron im Jahre 1617 verlangen können. Ich wünſchte, daß der deutſche Ueberſetzer des Hudibras dieſe affentheurliche, naupengeheurliche Geſchichtklitterung geleſen und ſtudirt hätte; der deutſche Buttler würde noch einmal ſo komiſch geredet haben, als er jetzt ſpricht.

*) Das Buch heißt: Schreiben eines guten Freundes an ſeinen guten Freund, worinnen er ihm einen Beitrag zu ſeiner obſcuren Bibliotheca anonymo-moralis mittheilet. 1746.

Lucilius hob eine neue Epoche der Satire an.

> Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
> Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
> Criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.
> Inde irae et lacrimae.

Mag ihn doch immer Horaz geſcholten haben; wir lieben ihn, ohne ihn ſehr zu kennen, weil ohne ihn vielleicht ſelbſt Horaz, als Satiricus, ein Unding wäre. Und den wollen wir nicht entbehren, den Mann mit dem philoſophiſchen Kopfe, mit dem feinen Scherze und der Sokratiſchen Laune, der oft in einem ſchleichenden Tone uns unſre Wahrheiten wie im Vorbeigehen ſagt. Vielleicht leſen wir eben ſo gern den Perſius, wenn wir nur von allen den kleinen Anekdoten unterrichtet wären, auf die er anſpielt, und von Roms ärgerlicher Chronik, die er immer im Sinne zu haben ſcheint. Es iſt zu bewundern, daß dieſer Autor ohne einen ſolchen Commentar, wie der über die Duncias, auf die Nachwelt gekommen iſt; denn perſönliche Satiren pflegen ſonſt zu verſchwinden und bald unterzugehen, ſo groß auch die Begierde war, mit welcher ſie anfänglich geleſen wurden. Mit einer ſolchen Erklärung aber würden wir ihn höher ſchätzen und vielleicht ihm eine Stelle neben unſerm Horaz einräumen. Juvenal iſt für mich kein Satiricus; er iſt ein aufgebrachter Prediger, der ſehr oft wider ſolche Laſter ſchreit, die für den bürgerlichen Richter, nicht für das Forum des Satiricus gehören. Die Geißel der Satire ſei eigentlich das Supplement der ordentlichen geſetzlichen Strafen; wo dieſe aufhören, dort fange jene an. Ueberhaupt wollen wir über Thoren uns nicht eben ärgern; wir wollen über ſie lachen.

Wenn es gewiß iſt, was einige franzöſiſche Kunſtrichter uns verſichern, ſo haben ſie an ihrem Boileau, mehr als die Römer an allen ihren Satirenſchreibern zuſammengenommen. Ich vermiſſe an ihm die Philoſophie und die feine Laune des einen, das Körnige und Nachdrückliche des andern, und das Feuer des dritten. Was ihm übrig bleibt, iſt die feine Verſification, durch welche er Sentenze in Einen oder wenige Verſe einſchließt, denen die Nation in der Folge das Bürgerrecht unter ihren Sprüchwörtern ertheilt hat, und nächſt der Verſification der gute geſunde Menſchenverſtand in den Urtheilen, die er über die Gegenſtände ſeiner Satiren, beſonders die elenden Poeten, ergehen läßt. Regnier war vielleicht ein größerer ſatiriſcher Kopf als Boileau, nur der Mangel an kritiſchen Freunden und das noch unaufgeklärte Seculum hinderten ihn, ein größerer Schriftſteller zu werden.

In dieſem Jahrhunderte haben wir unter unſern brittiſchen Nachbarn einen Dichter geſehen, deſſen erſte Verſuche in der ſchildernden Dichtkunſt nichts weniger als einen zweiten Horaz ankündigten, und der nach einiger Zeit mit ſo ſtarken Schritten auf der Horaziſchen Laufbahn forteilte, daß er ſeinen Vorläufer einholte und, wie einige wollen, überlief. Es iſt Pope, der unter allen Gattungen der Dichtkunſt, in welchen er gearbeitet hat, gewiß nächſt der lehrenden, in dieſer am meiſten Pope iſt; nicht ſo attiſch, wie Horaz, aber philoſophiſcher als dieſer, tiefdenkender und ein beſſerer Verſificateur. Churchill übertrifft ihn nur an Galle und an Verwegenheit; und dieſe Eigenſchaften können leicht das Gute, was er wirklich hat, mit in die Vergeſſenheit hinabſchleppen.

Schade für unſern Rachel, daß er nicht in dieſen Zeiten zu leben beſtimmt war, in welchen der Geſchmack der Deutſchen ſeine Bildung erhalten hat. Für unſern Regnier hat man ihn erkannt; er konnte mehr als Boileau werden, wenn er in beſſere Tage gekommen wäre. Jetzt muß uns Canitz ſtatt aller ſein: denn Haller ſatiriſirt als Lehrdichter nur im Vorbeigehen und die Satire iſt ihm das, was dem Satiricus die moraliſche Sentenz iſt; Löwen iſt in einem andern Fache glücklicher und ſcheint überhaupt ſeinen Satyr verabſchiedet zu haben; und von jüngern Dichtern müſſen wir es erſt erwarten, ob ſie durch beſſere Werke die gute Meinung beſtätigen werden, die wir durch das günſtige Urtheil der Kunſtrichter von ihnen zu faſſen ſind bewogen worden.

Wir wollen immer in dieſe ſatiriſche Legion auch die Epigrammatiſten rechnen. Denn ihre meiſten Einfälle ſind beißend [illegible] non possunt, nisi pruriant, placere. Vielleicht können es hier die Deutſchen am erſten mit den Ausländern, ſelbſt vielleicht mit den Alten, aufnehmen. Die Anthologie enthält unter vielen vortrefflichen Stücken auch viele mittelmäßige. Catull iſt vielleicht der naivſte Sinndichter; aber oft wird ſeine Naivete Grobheit und er unternimmt es umſonſt, ſich durch den ſophiſtiſchen Unterſchied zwiſchen der Keuſchheit des Dichters und des Gedichts zu vertheidigen. Ihm zu Ehren verbrannte Naugerius den Martial; in meinem Schranke ſtehen ſie beide neben einander und vertragen ſich gut. Dagegen habe ich den Owen hinweggeworfen, in welchem man zu viel Wortſpiele und ſchlechten Witz durchwaten muß, um etwas zu finden, was die Mühe belohnet. Wenn ich nun dieſe in die Eine Wagſchale lege und noch das hinzu, was die Franzoſen und Italiäner Erträgliches haben, dann in die andere unſern Logau, Wernicke, Käſtner, Leſſing, Ewald und verſchiedene andere, ſo denke ich ein ziemliches Gleichgewicht zu erhalten.

Ich verlaſſe dieſe Geſellſchaft; denn ich höre in Gedanken eine Stimme, die mir in einem feierlichen Tone zuruft!

> *Δηριν ἀπειρεσιην, πολεμοκλονον ἐργον Ἀρηος*
> *Ἐυχομενος μεροπεσσιν ἐς οὐατα πασι βαλεσθαι,*
> *Πως μυες ἐν βατραχοισιν ἀριστευσαντες ἔβησαν,*
> *Γηγενεων ἀνδρων μιμουμενοι ἐργα γιγαντων.*

Nämlich Homer, nachdem er den Zorn des Achilles, und Ulyſſes Abentheuer beſungen hatte, ward ernſthafter Geſänge überdrüßig; er ließ alſo die Leyer zwar, wie ſie vorher geſtimmt war, ſang aber, auf Anrathen des Satyrs, der ſich zu ihm geſellte, ſtatt erhabener Thaten, Kleinigkeiten und unwichtige Begebenheiten hinein: und ſo entſtand die komiſche Epopöe. Ich weiß nicht, ob die Batrachomyomachie allegoriſch iſt; das weiß ich, daß ſie es in dem Verſtande, wie ſie Herrmann von der Hardt erklärt hat, gewiß nicht iſt: ich ſehe das Gedicht für ein Spielwerk des Poeten an, welches er gemacht hat, da ſeine epiſche Muſe ausruhte und der kleine ſcherzende Satyr ihre Stelle vertrat. Was unterdeſſen von der Hardt über den Homer ſagt *), das gilt mit beſſerm Rechte vom Taſſoni. Das geraubte Siegel, welches den Streit zwiſchen den zwei kleinen italiäniſchen Republiken verurſachte, hat Smollet geſehen; es wird als ein Siegeszeichen und Palladium aufbewahrt. Ein Siegel und ein Eimer heißen beide Secchia; dies gab dem Dichter Anlaß zu ſeiner komiſchen Erfindung, und ſein ganzes Stück ward allegoriſch. Der Pult hingegen von Boileau iſt wieder nur eine einfache Handlung, bloß mit Maſchinerien verziert, und ohne fernere Bedeutung. Vielleicht aber war Despreaux zu etwas anders als zur ſcherzhaften Epopöe geſchaffen. Seine Maſchinen ſind gezwungen, die ganze Ausführung ermüdend und der Scherz nicht ſelten ſteif. Verſchiedene Männer von Geſchmack haben mich verſichert, daß es ihnen unmöglich ſei, den Lutrin ganz zu leſen; mir geht es, im Vertrauen geſagt, beinahe eben nicht beſſer.

Pope iſt hier wieder Original, ſoviel man es ſein kann. Selbſt ſeine Maſchinen ſind neu, ſein Plan vortrefflich, ſein Scherz trägt das Gepräge der guten Lebensart und iſt höflich, ohne matt zu werden. Zachariä und Duſch haben dieſen Weg unter uns betreten und nebſt der Anlage größtentheils auch die Popiſche Maſchinerie beibehalten. Der eine hat ſein gebührendes Lob ſchon von andern erhalten; der zweite iſt vielleicht zu ſtreng beurtheilt worden: und beide haben durch mehrere Werke des Witzes ſich ſo viele Verdienſte um unſere Litteratur erworben, daß ihr Ruhm nicht eben auf einigen gelungenen oder mißlungenen Scherzen beruhet.

Der dramatiſche Satyr unterſcheidet ſich noch auf verſchiedene Weiſe von den bisher beſchriebenen Geſchlechtern. Aus den Händen des Cratinus und Eupolis empfing ihn Ariſtophanes, zog ihn groß und gab ihm einige Sitten, ob er gleich noch immer Spuren ſeiner Ausgelaſſenheit zeigte. Mit Gunſt der Herren Cicero, Plutarch, Rapin, Brumoy und anderer, möchte ich doch wohl den Ariſtophanes wider die meiſten Vorwürfe vertheidigen, die man ihm zu machen pflegt.

Ich finde ſeine Schreibart den Sachen überaus angemeſſen, wenn ſie gleich Plutarch ſtrotzend und ſchwankend nennt. Madame Dacier, als Frauenzimmer, mochte behaupten, man könne ihn kaum ohne Beleidigung der Ehrbarkeit und Schamhaftigkeit überſetzen; konnte der heilige Chryſoſtomus ihn leſen, warum wir nicht? Daß ſeine Satiren perſönlich ſind, verdenke ich ihm deſto weniger, weil er in dieſem Puncte der damaligen Gewohnheit folgte. Sein

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*) Cantat Homerus hoc ridiculo Carmine Graecorum bellum, Myonesios inter et Trachinios. — Pro familiari veteris aevi allusione, quos — ex nominum sono — elegantem signaret appellationem, Μυωνεσ[illegible], Myonesios a Poeta vocari μυες, mures; Τραχινιους nominari βατραχους, [illegible] — ut quondam [illegible], qui barbariem [illegible] ranarum. Eine feine Erklärung, die dem Homer, wenn ſie wahr wäre, gerade ſo viele Ehre machen würde, als ſie jetzt dem Geſchmacke ihres Erfinders macht!

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ,

vergebe ich ihm auch; was andere ſcurriliſch nennen, das dünkt mir das ſtarke komiſche zu ſein, und ſo bliebe mir nur allenfalls ſein Ausfall auf den Sokrates noch zu rechtfertigen übrig, den ich aber nicht rechtfertigen mag, ob ich gleich in den Wolken noch immer viele Züge finde, für die ich den Verfaſſer küſſen möchte. Wenn z. B. im zweiten Auftritte Strepſiades, nachdem er das ganze Syſtem von der Flohmuſik angehört hat, daraus den naiven Schluß ziehet:

Σαλπιγξ ὁ πρωκτος ἐστιν ἀρα των ἐμπιδων;

ferner einen Ausruf von der Glückſeligkeit desjenigen hinzufügte, der dieſes Inſtrument finden würde und endlich alles auf ſeine eigenen Umſtände anwendet: ſo möchte ich den Cato ſehen, den dieſe Stelle nicht zum Lachen bewegen könnte. Ariſtophanes iſt beißend, aber faſt immer auf eine luſtige Art; lächerliche Gegenſtände weiß er von der lächerlichſten Seite vorzuſtellen und, welches man faſt allein mit Grund an ihm tadeln möchte, oft ſolchen Dingen ein komiſches Anſehn zu leihen, die an ſich wichtig und ernſthaft ſind. Wenn ſeine Stücke nicht nach den Regeln des Hedelin gebildet ſind, ſo muß man bedenken, daß Ariſtophanes einige Jahre vor dieſem gelebt hat und alſo genöthigt war, der bloßen Natur zu folgen.

Die Zeugniſſe der Alten von Menander betreffend, wie ſie Clericus geſammelt hat, geben mir wenig an; aus ſeinen Fragmenten zu urtheilen, war er correcter, moraliſcher, regelmäßiger, als Ariſtophanes, reicher an Sentenzen, vielleicht aber ärmer an Genie. Wenn Ariſtophanes ſeine Bemerkungen aus den Tiefen des menſchlichen Herzens heraushebt, ſo gaukelt mir dafür Menander nach Antitheſen, die oft ſeicht oben abgeſchöpft, oft ganz falſch ſind. Folgende Maxime fällt mir ſogleich in die Augen, da ich das Buch aufſchlage:

Πρωτος ἑυρων διατροφην πτωχῳ τεχνην,
Πολλους ἐποιησεν ἀθλιους. ἁπλουν γαρ ἠν
Τον μη δυναμενον ζην ἀλυπως, ἀποθανειν.

Es iſt alſo beſſer, wir ſterben alle, weil wir doch einmal Menſchen ſind, die niemals ohne alles Ungemach leben können.

Im ganzen Scaliger habe ich kein geſchmackvolleres Urtheil geleſen, als das über den Plautus und über den Terenz. Man betrachtet ihre Werke entweder von der Seite der komiſchen Kunſt, oder der Schreibart. Wir, die wir das Genie eines Verfaſſers in ſeinen Schriften ausgedrückt leſen wollen, werden allemal den Plautus bewundern, in der Anlage und Ausbildung ſeiner Fabel, in den Charaktern, ſelbſt im Dialog; Terenz muß bei einer Vergleichung, die aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte angeſtellt wird, nothwendig verlieren. Wenn wir aber Latein lernen wollen, ſo ſind wir genöthigt, den ganzen Sprachſchatz aus den alten Schriftſtellern zuſammen zu betteln, und dann iſt der correcte Terenz freilich mehr werth, als Plautus mit ſeinem Geize, welches oft für uns unſchmackhaft iſt. Quantum propter animi voluptatem tribuerent Plauto prisci, tantum aetas nostra ob linguae cultum Terentio. Ille igitur illorum secunda fortuna commendatus, hic nostra miseria magnus factus est. Nam equidem Plautum ut Comicum, Terentium ut loquutorem admirabor. Quamquam ne Plauto quidem quicquam est, quod obiicias praeter antiquitatem. Sui namque temporis hominibus fabulas dedit ille. Terentius vero, ne abscederet ab illa, quam affectavit, puritate; discessit ab ea, quam praestare oportuit, comitate: ut rebus verba Plautus, hic res verbis accommodasse videatur.

Faſt möchte ich eine ähnliche Parallele ziehen zwiſchen Moliere und ſeinen Nachfolgern auf dem franzöſiſchen Theater, zwiſchen Shakſpeare und gewiſſen correctern engliſchen Dichtern. Mit Boileau's Erlaubniß, ſelbſt Scapin mit ſeinem Sacke gefällt mir, und ich wage es nicht, deswegen einen Poeten zu tadeln, der unter andern Abſichten auch die haben muß, populo ut placeret. Was der deutſche Hanswurſt auf eine ſo launiſche Art zur Vertheidigung ſeiner Pritſche und ſeines Steckenpferdes, des Groteskkomiſchen geſagt hat, zu einer Zeit, da ihn Gottſched aus den Provinzen Deutſchlands in die Hauptſtadt verwieſen und dafür ſeinen Afterbruder mit Bedientenmontur auf das Theater gebracht hatte; damit rechtfertige ich ſeinen Großvater Scapin und ſeinen nahen Anverwandten Falſtaff, der ſich fürchtete, in der Themſe aufzuſchwellen und ein Berg von Menſchenfleiſch zu werden. Hanswurſt iſt gerade der Diogenes, der ſich närriſch ſtellt, um die Thorheiten anderer deſto lebhafter zu malen, wie ein kluger Vater die unanſtändigen Poſituren ſeines Kindes nachmacht, damit es wie im Spiegel ſich ſehe und beſſere. „Wollte Gott, daß Hanswurſt ſeine Perſon allein auf dem Theater vorſtellte! Aber wie viele große Aufzüge auf dem Schauplatze der Welt hat man nicht in allen Zeiten mit Hanswurſt, oder welches noch ein wenig ärger iſt, durch Hanswurſt, aufführen geſehen!“ — Warum ſoll nun der arme Harlekin nicht auf der Schaubühne erſcheinen, da er auf dem Theater der Welt eine ſo hervorſtechende Rolle ſpielet.

Wenn wird einmal der deutſche Moliere, oder Goldoni aufſtehen? Oder, wenn er aufſtehen ſollte, wie bald wird er durch unſere fehlerſuchende, allzudelicate und allzukritiſche Kritik wieder zu Boden gedrückt werden? Gellert, Schlegel, Leſſing, Weiße, Löwen, Krüger ſtehen nahe am Ende der Laufbahn; aber was ſind ihre wenigen Stücke gegen die Heere unſerer Nachbarn? Dagegen haben wir aber, dem Himmel ſei Dank, andere Schätze, deren keine Nation außer der unſrigen ſich rühmen kann, politiſche Schauſpiele und theatraliſche Schriften von Johann Jacob Bodmer. —

Hier haben Sie, mein Freund, die ganze Sippſchaft des kleinen Satyrs, den ich Ihnen überſende; fragen Sie ihn ſelbſt, zu welcher Linie er gehöret. Er iſt ein feiner geſchmeidiger Junge, nimmt allerlei Geſtalten an, wie der Amor, deſſen Geſchichte Sie ſo unnachahmlich beſchrieben haben: macht bald eine ernſthafte Mine, als wenn er predigen wollte, und niemand glaubt, daß es ſein Ernſt ſei; bald ſcherzt er ſanft, aber mit einem ſchalkhaften Lächeln; bald zeigt er ein Carricaturgeſicht, wie der Oncle Tobi, und bald bringt er ſich in die Gemeinde der Thoren, deckt die Augen zu, peitſcht mitten unter ſie und lacht, wenn einer ſchreit, der ſich getroffen fühlt. Machen Sie nun aus ihm, was Sie wollen.

Sind Sie froh, daß ich mit meiner Rhapſodie von einem Briefe zu Ende bin? Vermuthlich haben Sie in Landshut angenehme Geſellſchaft; denn ſeit vierzehn Tagen habe ich keine Zeile von Ihnen geſehen. Vergeſſen Sie mich nicht und leben Sie wohl!

Friedrich Riederer

lebte um's Jahr 1493 und ſchrieb die beiden älteſten bekannten rhetoriſchen Werke unter dem Titel:

Spiegel der wahren Rhetorik. Freiburg 1493. Fol. Straßburg 1509, 1517. Fol.

Riedeſel

ſtarb nach dem Jahre 1341 und ſchrieb eine

Heſſiſche Chronik, welche ſich nach Gerſtenbergers Auszug in J. G. Schmincke's Moniment. hassiac. T. I u. II. findet.

Georg Riegler,

geboren am 21. April 1778 zu Hochſtädt an der Aiſch, wurde im Jahre 1807 Kaplan zu Aub bei Ochſenfurt, 1816 Cooperator an der St. Burkardskirche zu Würzburg und 1823 Profeſſor der bibliſchen Exegeſe am königlichen Lyceum zu Bamberg.

Von ſeinen Schriften ſind zu nennen:

Buch Ruth. Ueberſ. Würzburg 1812.
Klagelieder des Jeremias. Erlangen 1814.
Sechs Faſtenpredigten. Bamberg 1818.
Feſt- und Gelegenheitspredigten. Bamberg 1818, 2 Hefte.
Kritiſche Geſchichte der Vulgata. Sulzbach 1820.
Evangel. Hülfsmittel in menſchlichen Uebeln. Sulzbach 1822.
Gebetbuch für katholiſche Chriſten. Sulzbach 1824.
Chriſtliche Moral. Augsburg 1824—27, 4 Thle.

Aechte Aufklärung, auf Vernunft und Wärme des Gefühls begründeter Liberalismus, Scharfſinn und wiſſenſchaftliche Tüchtigkeit weiſen dieſem wackern Manne einen ausgezeichneten Rang unter den deutſchen katholiſchen Theologen an.

Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer,

geboren am 19. April 1774 zu Glatz, erhielt ſeine Bildung in Breslau, ging mit Wilhelm von Humboldt als Erzieher nach Italien, kehrte mit Fernow zurück, ward bei Goethe Erzieher und nach neunjährigem Aufenthalte in deſſen Hauſe im Jahre 1812 Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Weimar. Im J. 1820 legte er jedoch ſeine Stelle wieder nieder, um ſich als Privatgelehrter ganz dem Studium der griechiſchen Sprache und der Poeſie zu widmen, und ward dann Oberbibliothekar und G. S. Hofrath.

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir:

Blumen und Blätter (unter dem pſeudonymen Namen Silvio Romano). Leipzig 1816—19, 2 Bde.
Gedichte. Jena 1826, 2 Thle.

Warmes Gefühl, Anmuth und Kraft, ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, verbunden mit treffendem Witz und ſtrenger Correctheit, geben R's lyriſchen Poeſien, vorzüglich in den mit dem glücklichſten Erfolge behandelten ſüdlichen Weiſen, einen bleibenden Werth.

Sonettenkranz*).

I.

So lebt mit Lippe Liebe treu im Bunde,
Wie Zwillingsſchweſtern ſtät zuſammenhalten:
Und ging die Eine liebevoll zu Grunde,
Würd' liebevoll die andre mit erkalten.

In ihrer Freundſchaft trauter Dämmerſtunde
Mag Liebe gern ihr Wohl und Weh entfalten;
Die Lippe ſchafft, daß jene bald geſunde
Und will ſo Wonn', als Leid, zum Laut geſtalten.

Es kann die Muſe wohl zuerſt bezeugen,
Wie Liebe ſich und Lippe treu vermählen:
Sind ſie es nicht, die je ein Lied erbauten,

Wo Seel' und Leib ein neues Daſein zeigen?
So mag mit Lieb' und Lippe ſie erzählen:
Wie holder Einklang lebt in ihren Lauten.

II.

Wie holder Einklang lebt in ihren Lauten,
Einhällig ſo in ihrem Thun und Laſſen
Sind Lieb' und Lippe, ſchweſterliche Trauten,
Die in Geſtalt und Ton zuſammenpaſſen.

So ſollten Seel' und Leib ſich auch erfaſſen,
Als einſt Dämonen ſie zuſammentrauten,
Und eher nicht eins von dem andern laſſen,
Bis ſie zugleich am Lebensziel ergrauten.

Als treue Freundin ſuchet drum zur Stunde
Der Liebe Willen Lippe auszurichten,
Mit Wort und That zu dienen iſt ihr Trachten;

Und Liebe lebt auf ihren Dienſt zu achten,
Und lauſcht entzückt, was jene will berichten:
Die Lippe giebt der Liebe liebſte Kunde.

III.

Die Lippe giebt der Liebe liebſte Kunde,
Wo wäre der ein Zeugniß jemals lieber?
Sie ſiegelt's ja mit ihrem Roſenmunde
Und deckt es warm bis in die zartſte Fiber.

Auch in ſo manche ſtille Seelenwunde
Fließt von der Lippe Troſtesbalſam über:
Daß Herz vom Schmerz, vom Unmuth Muth geſunde,
Flößt Lippe Zauber-Wort und -Trank hinüber.

Wie Augen glauben nur, was Augen ſchauten,
Giebt Lippe ſo der Liebe Ueberzeugung,
Wenn Wort um Wort und Gunſt um Gunſt ſie tauſchte:

Denn heiſchen ewig ſie Zuſammenneigung:
Die Lippe fühlt, was Liebe für ſie dachte,
Die Liebe liebt die Lippe zur Vertrauten.

IV.

Die Liebe liebt die Lippe zur Vertrauten,
Das Liebſte ſoll die Liebſte nur erfahren;
Hätt' ein Geheimniß wohl ſie vor der trauten,
Der eingeweihten Schweſter zu bewahren?

Das holde Licht des innerlich Geſchauten,
Die ſüßen Strahlen, die ihr widerfahren,
Die Wonnezähren, die ihr Herz bethauten,
Das mag der Lippe ſie gern offenbaren.

Sie kündet's ihr in lauter Pulſe Schlägen,
Sie flüſtert's ihr in leiſen Seufzerhauchen,
Sie ſpiegelt's ihr in ſtiller Träume Runde;

Und allen Stunden weiß ſie's einzuhauchen,
Dem Tag, der Nacht, dem Sonnenſchein, dem Regen,
Was Liebe lebt im ſtillen Herzensgrunde.

V.

Was Liebe lebt im ſtillen Herzensgrunde,
Vergleicht ſich nur den höchſten Wundermächten:
Der Perlen Thau im tiefen Meeresſchlunde,
Juwelenblüth' in finſtern Bergesſchächten,

Der Iris Farbduft in des Aethers Runde,
Dem Licht des Pols in hehren Mitternächten,
Dem Sphärenklang in Arions Munde,
Dem ew'gen Kriegen, den die Sterne fechten!

Doch was nur ſchon entblickt des Auges Pforten,
Wenn Gegenblicke forſchend es erſchauten,
Was auf die Wange ſteigt in höhern Gluthen,

Was ſich entzieht Gedanken, ſo wie Worten,
Und nur erſcheint als Hoffen, Ahnen, Muthen,
Das labt die Lippe leiſe zu verlauten.

VI.

Das labt die Lippe leiſe zu verlauten,
In ihrer Sprach' und Weiſe auszudrücken,
Was früher ſtill mit Winken und mit Blicken
Die Augen ſichtbar unſichtbar vertrauten;

Ja was die Arme ſich noch kaum getrauten,
Des Feſtumfangens brünſtiges Entzücken
Darf Lippe flugs von Lippe kühner pflücken,
Wie ſich Gelegenheit und Gunſt erſchauten.

Und dieſer harrt ſie unter leiſem Spähen
Und oft durchzuckt von wonnereichem Beben,
Als ſchwebte ſie an jähen Abhangs Schlunde;

Nicht eher öffnet ſich ihr ſtummes Flehen,
Nicht eher tritt ihr heißer Wunſch in's Leben,
Bis Lieb' und Lippe Eins zur guten Stunde.

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*) Aus Riemer's Gedichten.

VII.

Bis Lieb' und Lippe Eins zur guten Stunde,
Nicht eher kann die Glorie erſcheinen,
Wo zu der Seligkeiten Vorempfunde
Sich Huld und Gegenhuld zugleich vereinen.

Nicht anders iſt's in der Geburten-Stunde:
Es müſſen Erd' und Himmel günſtig meinen,
Geſtirne hold und mild zuſammenſcheinen,
Daß ſich ein freundlich Daſein glücklich runde.

O hohes Wunder, Gipfel der Geſchicke!
Nicht können Wort und Ton dich wiedergeben,
Zu irdiſch iſt Geliſpel noch von Lauten:

Wenn ſo die Seelen in einander ſchweben,
Wenn Lieb' und Lippe wie im Silberblicke
Im holden Kuſſe ſtumm zuſammenlauten.

VIII.

Im holden Kuſſe ſtumm zuſammenlauten
Sich Lieb' und Lippe, wie mit Blitzesſtrahle,
Und [illegible] die Göttermahle
In ſprechender Geberd', in ſtummen Lauten!

Es gleicht der Kuß lebendigem Pokale
Der Traube, der von Schöpferhand gebauten,
Ein Labetrank, den Elemente brauten,
Mit Purpurnektar Eins die Purpurſchale!

O heil'ge Knoſpe, Blume, Frucht der Liebe,
Wen ſchwingſt du nicht zum Olymp der Wonnen,
Ob er nur einmal deinen Zauber nippe!

In dir verklären ſich die ſchönſten Triebe:
Was je nur Herz empfunden, Geiſt geſonnen,
Was Liebe Liebliches nur lobt der Lippe.

IX.

Was Liebe Liebliches nur lobt der Lippe,
Nicht Worte ſprechen's, ſtreng begrenzt in Tönen:
Sind Worte anders, als ein nackt Gerippe
Für jenes Urbild ſelbſt des Guten, Schönen?

Mehr, als des Baumes blätterlos Geſtrippe,
Statt goldner Früchte, die ihn ſchmückend krönen?
Begeiſtrung ſelbſt vom Quell der Aganippe,
Spricht nicht der Liebe namenloſes Sehnen.

Denn was von keinem Sinne wird beſchrieben,
Doch jedem Sinn iſt zu Genuß und Spiele:
Dem Auge Farb' und Licht, und Klang dem Ohre,

Und Duft, Geſchmack und wonnige Gefühle,
Das alles, einzeln und vereint zum Flore,
Das liebt auch lipplich Lippe zu gelieben.

X.

Das liebt auch lipplich Lippe zu gelieben,
In nächſter Näh' ihm an ſich zugeſellen,
Es zu umſpielen mit erneuten Wellen,
Was je die Lieb' ihr Liebliches beſchrieben.

O allbeglückendſter von unſern Trieben!
Aus dem allein des Daſeins Freuden quellen:
Was iſt das Leben, als ein Angeſellen,
Im Mitgenießen, wie im Mitbetrieben?

Wie Körper ſich dem Körper angewinne,
Iſt aller Weſen liebevolles Streben:
Was iſt und wirkt, umfaßt ein Leib auf Erden.

Drum auch der Lippe ſoll Erſehntes werden,
Dem Geiſtigen ſich Grenze ſichtbar weben,
Daß wie ſie leiblich iſt, auch leiblich minne.

XI.

Daß wie ſie leiblich iſt, auch leiblich minne,
Iſt holder Lippe ſehnliches Verlangen:
Der Roſe gleicht ſie an Geſtalt und Prangen,
So deutet auch die Roſe ſie im Sinne.

Iſt Roſe nicht ein treues Bild der Minne?
Was tief in ihrem Innern aufgegangen,
Errötend widerſcheint von zarten Wangen,
Iſt's nicht die Gluth, die wohnt dem Buſen inne?

Liebt Roſe nicht das Lippenſpiel zu üben,
Wenn ſie zum Kuß die junge Blüthe mündet
Und ſo dem Weſt ihr innig Selbſt verkündet?

Wie aus der Bruſt der ſüße Athem ſteiget,
Ihr holder Mund ſich nach dem ſeinen neiget,
So wird zu Lippe Liebe ſtets getrieben.

XII.

So wird zu Lippe Liebe ſtets getrieben,
Daß ſie in ihr ſich ſelber will ergreifen:
In ihr allein kann Frucht der Blüthe reifen,
Hier iſt der Gipfel der Natur beſchrieben.

In Euch, Ihr Lippen, roſ'ge Zauberreifen,
Steht feurig alles Lebens Wort geſchrieben!
Mit Eurer Züge magiſchen Getrieben
Knüpft Herz an Herz ſich durch lebend'ge Schleifen.

Zu Ihr, des gleichen Blutes holder Lippe,
Geht all der Liebe Sinnen, Sehnen, Trachten,
In ihr ſich ſelbſt und all ihr Glück zu finden.

So holder Leib muß ſich mit ihr verbinden,
Sie würde ſtets in eignen Qualen ſchmachten,
Verſagt der Liebe liebſten Dienſt die Lippe.

XIII.

Verſagt der Liebe liebſten Dienſt die Lippe,
Der Seelen Tauſch und geiſtiges Umarmen,
Soll eins am andern ſtärker nicht erwarmen;
Wird Lippe noch zuletzt der Liebe Klippe!

Dann komme Genius mit der ſtrengen Hippe!
Damit ſie einſam nicht an Troſt verarmen,
Gieb beiden dann mit gleichem Huld-Erbarmen
Das treue Loos von Odoard und Gilhippe!

Denn was auch Parze in den Faden ſpinne,
Von Glück und Macht und Ehr- und Ruhmgepränge,
Schaum iſt doch alles nur und nicht'ger Dunſt.

Zum Leben macht's allein der Lippe Gunſt,
Und ohne die, auch bei Tithonus Länge,
Wird Lieb' und Lippe nie ſich Lebens inne.

XIV.

Wird Lieb' und Lippe nie ſich Lebens inne,
Dann iſt's, als wären beide nicht geboren,
Für ſich, für alles lebenlos verloren
Kommt keine je der andern zu Gewinne.

Denn wie die Seele hat zum Dienſt die Sinne,
Fünf treue Diener, ſich zunächſt erkoren —
Sie gehet aus und ein in dieſen Thoren
Und thront in des Palaſtes höchſter Zinne —

So iſt die Liebe gleich des Leibes Seele,
Und Lippe gleich dem dienſtgewohnten Leibe,
Durch den ſie ſo verkünde, wie erkunde:

Daß ſolcher Seele nun der Leib nicht fehle,
Und ſolchem Leibe treu die Seele bleibe;
So lebt mit Lippe Liebe treu im Bunde.

XV.

Meiſter-Sonett.

So lebt mit Lippe Liebe treu im Bunde,
Wie holder Einklang lebt in ihren Lauten:
Die Lippe giebt der Liebe liebſte Kunde,
Die Liebe liebt die Lippe zur Vertrauten.

Was Liebe lebt im ſtillen Herzensgrunde,
Das lebt die Lippe leiſe zu verlauten,
Bis Lieb' und Lippe Eins zur guten Stunde
Im holden Kuſſe ſtumm zuſammenlauten.

Was Liebe Liebliches nur lobt der Lippe,
Das liebt auch lipplich Lippe zu gelieben,
Daß wie ſie leiblich iſt, auch leiblich minne.

So wird zu Lippe Liebe ſtets getrieben;
Verſagt der Liebe liebſten Dienſt die Lippe,
Wird Lieb' und Lippe nie ſich Lebens inne.

Johann Riemer,

geboren am 11. Februar 1648 zu Halle, ſtudirte zu Jena Theologie, wurde im Jahre 1678 Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Weißenfels, darauf Paſtor zu Oſterwiek, 1690 Superintendent zu Hildesheim und im Jahre 1704 Hauptpaſtor zu St. Jakob in Hamburg. Er ſtarb am 10. September 1714.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Reime dich oder ich freſſe dich. Nordhauſen 1673.
Der Erzverläumder und Eheteufel von Schottland. Weißenfels 1679.
Der Regenten beſter Hofmeiſter oder luſtiger Hofparnaſſus. Leipzig 1679—81. Weißenfels 1712.
Luſtige Redekunſt. Merſeburg 1681. Leipzig 1717.
Luſtredner. Merſeburg 1689.
Sternredner. Merſeburg 1690.

Ein talentvoller Kopf, der ſich jedoch in der Wahl ſeiner Mittel vergriff, und in ſeinen ernſten Schriften durch Schwulſt und Uebertreibung zu ſehr dem falſchen Geſchmack ſeiner Zeit huldigte; weit glücklicher iſt er in ſeinen ſatiriſchen Leiſtungen.

Georg Wilhelm Otto von Ries,

geboren im Jahre 1763 zu Hanau, lebte Anfangs in Kopenhagen, ſeit 1808 zu Rumbeck bei Halle, worauf er königlich däniſcher Hauptmann und Adjutant des Kronprinzen, auch Kammerherr zu Altona wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. Herausgeg. von A. Friedrichſen. Kopenhagen 1792.
Balladen, Gedichte und kritiſche Verſuche. Kopenhagen 1817.
Adolph Stelzfuß. Gedicht. Altona 1818.
Die Sage vom Meiſter im Oſten. Gedicht. Altona 1821.
Knittelgedichte, Erzählungen, Schwänke und ernſte Balladen. Altona 1822.

Ein leichtes und gefälliges Talent voll Witz und Laune, das ſich mit dem meiſten Glücke in komiſchen und ſatiriſchen Poeſieen zeigte.

Freude und Schmerz *).

„Sag' mir doch mein liebes Bübchen:
Biſt du dieſer Leute Kind?
Nimm den Kringel, lieber Knabe!
Sprich, wer deine Aeltern ſind?
Mir iſt's, als fänd' ich in dieſen Zügen,
Was längſt ich geſucht und eher geſehn;
Wenn Hoffnung und Ahnung mich nicht trügen,
So ſollſt nicht mehr auf dem Seile du gehn.“

„Guter Mann, will dir's vertrauen;
Bin nicht dieſer Tänzer Kind: —
Aber ach! — ich werd' geſchlagen,
Sag' ich, wer die Aeltern ſind.
So muß ich tanzen und muß mich verdrehen,
Dazu muß ich lächeln und freundlich ſein:
Und fall' ich und kann auf dem Seile nicht gehen,
So krieg' ich Schläge und darf nicht ſchrein.

„Bazzo hebt mich bei den Haaren,
Daß ich ſpringe in die Höh'
Roſa kneift mich, wenn ich ſchwankend
Auf der glatten Kugel ſteh',
Und hab ich am Abend etwas vergeſſen,
Und klatſcht man mir mit den Händen nicht,
So krieg' ich nur hartes Brod zu eſſen,
Und eine Trommel über's Geſicht.

„Doch wenn ich zum Teller ſammle,
Und es hat was eingebracht,
Giebt man mir ein Schälchen Kaffee,
Darf ich in das Bett zur Nacht. —
Sonſt ſpart' mir die Mutter die ſchönſten Biſſen
Und wiegte auf ihrem Schooße mich ein,
Und küßt' mich mein Vater und konnt' mich nicht miſſen,
Und gab mir aus ſeinem Glaſe den Wein.

„Wenn's die gute Mutter wüßte,
Wie ich oft ermüdet bin,
Meine Mutter würde weinen!
Ach, ſie ſtürb' vor Jammer hin!
Und ſollt' es mein lieber Vater vernehmen,
Was man noch heut' ſeinem Fränzel gedroht,
Er würde die Büchſe vom Balken nehmen,
Er käme gewiß, und ſchöſſe ſie todt!

„Wenn Ihr mich nicht wollt verrathen:
Vater wohnt am tiefen See;
Vater hat wohl ſchöne Kleider,
Und vier Betten, weiß wie Schnee.
Und wird des Sonntags zur Kirche gegangen,
Gehn Bruder und ich mit dem grünen Rock,
Und Mutter geht mit güldenen Spangen,
Und Vater mit ſilbernem Knopf auf dem Stock.

„Und am Tag', wo wir geboren,
Leget ſie die Kette an,
Die der Vater mit der Büchſe,
Bei dem Hirſche ihr gewann.
Und alle Jahre zum Scheibenſchießen
Kriegt Bruder und ich ein neues Kleid;
Und wenn ſie den Vater als König begrüßen,
Dann“ — „Kind, du macheſt die Freude mir leid!“ —

„Sieh! ich ging aus Vaters Garten,
Suchte Steinchen mir am See,
Und da fiel ich in die Tiefe,
Nur mein Hut blieb in der Höh'!
Da bin ich im Waſſer in Schlaf geſunken,
Und wie ich erwachte, da war ich am Land.
Sie ſagten: weil ich aus dem See getrunken,
Gehört' ich ihnen, ſei ihnen verwandt.

„Vater ſei ſchon längſt geſtorben,
Mutter lebe auch nicht mehr,
Und ich ſei wohl hundert Meilen
Aus dem fremden Lande her.
Thu' ich mich um Vater und Mutter betrüben,
So machen ſie Beide ein ſchrecklich Geſicht,
Und ſagen: ich müſſe ſie Beide lieben,
Ich hab' keinen Vater und Mutter nicht.“

„Grün und roth will ich dich kleiden,
Wie ich dich im Bild' geſehn,
Und wir fahren ſieben Meilen;
Sollſt mit mir zum Vater gehn.
Doch Eins, mein Bübchen, das mußt du verſprechen;
Dein Bruder iſt todt, dein Vater iſt krank,
Drum, nenn nicht den Bruder! — Das Herz möcht' ihm brechen; —
Dann lobt dich die Mutter und weiß es dir Dank.“ —

Sieh da liegt am See das Städtchen,
Und der Knabe ſpringt voraus.
Wie in's alte Neſt der Vogel,
Schlüpft er in des Vaters Haus.
Herr Walter ſieht's und ſtürzt auf die Diele!
Die Mutter giebt einen lauten Schrei! —
War's Freude? War's Schmerz? Warens beid' Gefühle?
Und brach es Herrn Walters Herz entzwei?

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*) Aus v. Ries „Balladen, Gedichte ꝛc.“

Zitternd leget ſie den Knaben
An's noch noch warme Vaterherz,
Und erweckend und erweichend,
Wirkt es Freude hier und Schmerz.

Zum erſten Mal ſeit jenem Tage
Strahlt aus dem Aug' ihm ein freundlicher Blick:
Zum erſten Mal kehrt erleichternde Klage
Und Thräne und Wort Herrn Walter zurück.

Kaspar Riesbeck,

geboren am 19. Mai 1749 zu Höchſt bei Mainz, ſtudirte zu Mainz und Gießen Jurisprudenz und lebte nun bald in Frankfurt, Hanau, Mainz, Darmſtadt, bald an andern Orten. Hierauf wurde er eine Zeitlang Schauſpieler, ging im Jahre 1779 nach Zürich, ſich von Schriftſtellerei nährend, und wandte ſich endlich 1783 nach Aarau im Kanton Bern, woſelbſt er auch am 9. Februar 1786 ſtarb.

Außer mehreren Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen und Franzöſiſchen beſitzen wir von ihm:

Briefe eines reiſenden Franzoſen über Deutſchland. Zürich 1783, 2te Aufl. 1784, 2 Thle.

Briefe über das Mönchsweſen. 2r, 3r und 4r Bd. (1r Bd. von la Roche und Brechter.) Zürich 1779—81. Neue Aufl. 1787.

Ein mit Geiſt und Witz begabter Mann, der in ſeinen Schriften auf angemeſſene Weiſe das Nützliche mit dem Angenehmen zu verbinden wußte.

Franz Joſeph Sigmund Graf von Rieſch,

geboren am 1. Januar 1794 zu Dresden, lebt als königl. preußiſcher Kammerherr abwechſelnd in Wien und Berlin.

Er ſchrieb außer vielen Beiträgen für Zeitſchriften, in welchen er den Namen Franz Seewald annahm:

Germanicus. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1818.

Blüthenkränze der Phantaſie. Berlin 1819.
Bühnenſpiele. Wien 1820, 4 Thle.

Eine lebhafte Phantaſie, gute Charakterzeichnung, geiſtige Feinheit und richtige Auffaſſung des Lebens, verbunden mit correcter und eleganter Diction, haben den Leiſtungen dieſes talentvollen Schriftſtellers viele Freunde erworben.

Thüring von Ringolfingen,

aus Bern gebürtig, bearbeitete im Jahre 1456 nach dem Franzöſiſchen die Meluſine, gedr. o. O. u. J. Fol.; Augsburg 1474, Fol.; o. O. 1478, Fol.; Heidelberg 1491, Fol.; Straßburg 1506, Fol.; Straßb. 1577, 8. u. öft.

Bartholomäus Ringwaldt,

geboren im Jahre 1531, wurde um 1578 Prediger zu Langfeld in der Mark Brandenburg und ſtarb nach 1595.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Die lautere Wahrheit. Frankf. a. d. O. 1585 u. öft. N. A. von J. W. Brodkorb, Langenſalza 1700.
Chriſtliche Warnung des treuen Eckarts. Frankfurt a. d. O., 1588 u. ö. N. A. Berlin 1738. Nieſächſiſch, Hamburg 1598.
Epithalamium vom Zuſtande eines betrübten Wittwers. Frankfurt 1595. N. A. v. C. F. Eberhard, Leipzig 1797.
Zuſtand des Himmels und der Höllen. Hamburg 1591, 1597.
Handbüchlein geiſtlicher Lieder. Nürnberg 1598, 12.

Geiſtige Geſundheit, tüchtige Geſinnung, Kraft und Lebendigkeit des Vortrags, eine naive Weltanſicht und Talent in Behandlung der Form zeichnen dieſen Dichter aus, deſſen didaktiſche Poeſieen unbedingt als die beſten jener Zeit zu betrachten ſind; namentlich wurde „die lautere Wahrheit“ von unſern Voreltern viel geleſen und hochgeſchätzt. Als geiſtlicher Liederdichter iſt R. weniger glücklich, doch haben mehrere ſeiner Lieder bis auf den heutigen Tag in den Geſangbüchern der evangeliſch lutheriſchen Gemeinden ihre Stelle erhalten.

Die 9. Gebür eines KriegsMannes, als nemlich, daß er ſich nicht voll ſauffen ſoll.

Du KriegsMann merck auch eben das,
Das du nicht ſeyſt ein Bruder naß,
Der ſtets wie ein verſoffne Flieg,
Am BierFaß für dem Zapffen lig,
Vnd nicht kan eh recht luſtig ſeyn,
Er ſtecke denn voll Bier vnd Wein.

O nein mein KriegsMann thu das nicht,
Sondern bedenck dein Ordens Pflicht,
Vnd wiß daß kein beſchanckter Mann
Vernünfftiglich gebähren kan.

Ein Voller iſt vngeſchickt.

Dann wann ein Menſch ſich hat beſoffn,
So ſtehn all ſein Gebrechen offn,
Weiß ſelber nicht von von ſeinem Sinn,
Vnd redt ohn all Bedacht dahin.

Darzu ſo iſt er vngeſchickt,
Vnd im Verſtande gar verrückt,
Zu ſchaffen mit beſcheidnem Muth,
Was wol ſein Ampt erfordern thut.

Man ſoll den Trunck meiden.

Darumb vermeid den harten Trunck,
Daß du nicht thuſt ein NarrenSprung,
In Wort vnd Wercken vberfahreſt,
Vnd dein Verbrechen offenbarſt:

Oder kömpſt wider deinen Danck,
Mit Leuten etwa in ein Zanck,
Oder durch Vnfall mancherley,
Brechſt Schenckel oder Arm entzwey.

Die Türcken ſauffen ſich nicht voll.

Die ſchlimmen Türcken weiſt du wol,
In Bier noch Wein ſich ſauffen voll,
Sondern ſich deſſen Laſter ſchemn,
Viel mehr ihr Sach in achtung nemn,

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*) Aus B. Ringwaldt's: die lautere Wahrheit. Erfurt (161

Vnd trachten, wie ſie mit Verſtandt,
Dem Feind begegnen in dem Sand.

Vermahnung an die Teutſchen.

Das thut jhr frommen Teutſchen auch,
Begebet ewern böſen Brauch,
Mit dem Geſäuff, vnd bettt liedr,
Als abgeſandte KirchenGliedr.

Die da den Türcken mit den Waffn,
Im VngerLande ſollen ſtraffn,
Vnd ſeim vermeſſnen Widerſprechn,
Erlegen vnd zu Boden brechn.

Wo jhr nun werdet wie die Chriſtn,
Euch widern Feind bedächtig rüſtn,
Fein nüchtern leben, fleiſſig betn.
Vnd vnerſchrockn an jhn trettn.

Als werdet jhr an allen Seiten
Mit Chriſto gar gelücklich ſtreitn,
Vnd ewre Feind, das mag ich ſagn,
Für Leide in ein BockHorn jagn.

Wo aber jhr das Sauffen noch,
Antreiben werdet durch die Woch,
Flugs in euch gieſſen wie die Schwein,
Vnd wenig Abend nüchtern ſeyn.

So werdet jhr mit ſolchem Schlingn,
Geringe Ehr vom Türcken bringn,
Vnd euch nur ſelber mit dem Lebn,
Dem Feind in ſeine Hand begebn.

Dann jhr beſchemt nur ewren Gott,
Verachtet willig ſein Gebot,
Vnd mit dem Sauffen jhn zuplagt,
Das er euch alle Hülff verſagt.

Klage vber der Teutſchen Geſäuffe.

Ach wenn die Teutſchen Knecht vnd Herrn,
Nicht leider ſo verſoffn wern,
So wer kein ſchöner Nation,
Vnter des weiten Himmels Thron.

Aber das Sauffen macht ſie gar
Zu Narren, das ſie Gott bewahr.
Das ſie nicht kennen jhre Krafft,
Nach angeborner Leidenſchafft.
Beweiſen, noch mit jhrem Degn,
(Als wol vor zeiten) Ehr einlegn.

Sondern das Sauffen (wie man hört)
Sie offt im Kopffe ſo bethört,
Das ſie einander ſelber ſchwechn,
Verlähmen vnd zu tode ſtechn.

Vnd weil das Sauffen (wie jhr wiſt)
Ein Mutter aller Laſter iſt,
Daraus viel HertzenLeidt entſpringt,
Wie die Erfahrung mit ſich bringt,
Als rath ich einem Jederman,
Von ſolcher Sünden abzuſtan,
Eh dann jhm eins in voller Weiß,
Der Teuffel einen Poſſen reiß.

Die 9. Application,

darinnen vermeldet, was die Vollheit für Früchte trage.

Vnd damit mög ein jeder wiſſn,
Was aus der Vollheit kann entſprieſſn,
Vnd was ſie wol bey hellem Tag,
Vnd bey der Nacht für Früchte trag.

Als wil ich hie mit ernſter Trew,
Eim Jederman zu einer Schew,
Dieſelben Schäden vnd Gefahr,
Beſchreiben vnd erzehlen gar.

Was Vollſauffen wircke.

Vollſauffen Leibes Krafft zubricht,
Wirckt Ohrenklang vnd roth Geſicht,
Erweckt die Flüß, beſchwert das Häupt,
Vernunfft vnd alle Sinn betäubt,
Bringt HändeBeben, dicke Bein,
Darr, WaſſerSucht vnd Zipperlein,
Vnd ſetzt ins Hauß mit SeelGefahr,
Ein vnverſehne TodtenBahr.

Item, Es gibt viel Zänckerey,
Gottslöſtern, Wunden, Hurerey,
Daneben groß Vergeſſenheit,
Viel Vnluſt vnd Leichtfertigkeit.

In Summ: Es gibt groß Vnbedacht,
Ein Chriſten zu eim Heiden macht,
Das er des Betens gar vergiſt,
Vnd ein Figur des Teuffels iſt,
Wie ich euch das mit Worten klar,
Genung wil machen offenbahr.

Beſchreibung

eines rechten Vollſäuffers, wie er es pfleget zu treiben.

Ein Säuffer der den gantzen Tag,
Mehr hat geſoffen, dann er mag,
(Verſteh nach Fordrung der Natur)
Der iſt ein arme Creatur.
Dann er ſein ſelbſt zu keiner Friſt,
In Wort vnd Wercken mächtig iſt,
Schnaubt wie ein Saw, bald wie ein Rind,
Geht in die quer, als wer er blind.
Deßgleichen iſt der Eſel ſtoltz,
Grob mit dem Maul, ſtarrt wie ein Holtz,
Leſt ſich nicht weiſen, noch was ſagn,
Sondern wil einen jedern ſchlagn.
Darumb er auch gewaltig flucht,
Siht wie der Teuffel, ſchnarcht vnd pocht,
Oder ja wider Ehr vnd Zucht,
Im Finſtern ſeines gleichen ſucht.
Vnd wann er ſich dann auff die letzt,
Wie ein Beſeſſner niderſetzt,
Oder gar auff ſein Lager fällt,
Mit Gott ein gering Geſpräch helt.
Sondern dem Bacho wolgemuth,
Ein Zimmetrinden opffern thut.
Von manchen Stücken groß vnd klein,
Aus ſeinem edlen Magen rein.
Daſſelbig ſchütt er bunt vnd krauß,
(Mit Zähren) hauffenweiß heraus,
Vnd ſtöhnt in ſolcher Huckeley,
Als wer jhm Halß vnd Bauch entzwei.
Darauff ſo ſchläfft er wie ein Schwein,
Mit hartem Schnarchen ſauber ein,
Vnd reucht ſo niedlich vmb den Kopff,
Wie in dem Neſt der Wiedehopff.
Vnd wenn er wieder aufferwacht,
Des ſchönen Handels ſelber lacht,
Macht ſich aus ſeinem Stanck herfür,
Vnd geht ſich waſchen an die Thür.
Da er denn kreiſtet, ſpützt vnd huſt,
Beklaget ſeine liebe Bruſt,
Dazu die Knochen in gemein,
Vnd hette gerne BrandtenWein.
Darnach ſo geht er was ſpaciern,
Was er gethan zu meditirn,
Vnd wie er ſeine Zohten wol
Entſchüldign vnd beſchönen ſoll.
Vnd eben, weil er ſolchs erforſcht,
Bekömpt er einen harten Dorſt,
Den er ein etlichmal beklagt,
Vnd endlich zu dem Wirte ſagt.
Ach gebt mir doch ein Biſſen Brodt,
Ich leid von Durſt gewaltig noth,
Der Kopff der wil mir immer nidr,
Mir wird nicht baß, ich ſauff denn widr.
Vnd wenn mans bringt, ſo nimpt er bald,
Ein etlich Mund voll Speiſe kalt,
Vnd thut darauff ein Träncklin klar,
Das jhm die Augen trieffen gar.
Vnd ſpricht, Aha der gieng wol ein,
(Auff dein verſoffen Hertz ich mein,)
Pfu dich, ſolt du ein Chriſte ſeyn.
Das geht darnach ſo wider an,
Bey manchem wolgeachten Mann,
Vnd wehret offt drei Tag vnd Nacht,
(Meinſt du das Chriſtus drüber lacht.)

Mancher ſpeyet, und ſeuffet wider an.

Gar mancher iſt denn ſo verruckt,
Daß, wenn er hat zu viel geſchluckt,
So geht er nauſſen vnd ſich zwingt,
Daß all Materi von jhm ſpringt,
Die er hat vbrig eingenommn,
Vnd thut darnach fein wiederkommn,
Sezt ſich zu Tiſch, ſäufft wieder an,
Wie ein beſchmutzter naſſer Han,
Der gröber iſt als eine Kuh,
Vnd bring ein andern auch darzu.

O du recht garſtig loſe Saw,
Verheerſt du alſo Gottes Baw,
Den Tempel der Dreyeinigkeit,
Mit deiner Vnbeſcheidenheit.

Befürchtſt du nicht, daß dieſen Spott
An dir einmal der fromme Gott,
Möcht vnverſehns erſchrecklich rechn,
Vnd dir die Gurgel lahn zuſtechn.

Ach lieber Gott was macht die Welt,
Daß ſie groß Schand für Ehre helt,
Vnd was wol gut vnd Chriſtlich wer,
Verachtet, als ein Weiber Mähr.

Wie man am Sauffen das erſicht,
Welchs hin vnd her wird auffgericht,
Vnd hochgerühmt von Jederman,
Wer das nicht kan, iſt außgethan.

Vollſauffen iſt die gröſte Kunſt.

Wenn jetzt die Leut zuſammen komn,
So wird das Sauffen fürgenomn,
Das muß bey allen in gemein,
Die aller gröſt Verehrung ſeyn.

Da mancher denn wird ſo verheert,
Daß er ſchier weder ſiht noch hört,
Darzu die Bein nicht kan erhebn,
Noch mit der Zungen Antwort gebn.

Des Morgens wirds mit aller Macht,
Vom Wirt gepreiſet vnd belacht,
Daß er dem Gaſt gantz wolgeacht,
Ein guten Rauſch hab beygebracht.

Wenn aber das dem Gaſt gelingt,
Daß er den Wirt zu Boden ſchlingt,
So kutzelt er ſich gleich damit,
Vnd rühmt ſich offt in ſeinem Ritt.

Sih alſo iſt in allem Ordn,
Das Sauffen ein Gewohnheit wordn,
Daß man es auch im Hertzen ſtill,
Für keine Sünd mehr halten wil.

Sondern einander vberall,
Diß Laſter treiben zu gefall,
Vnangeſehn daß Paulus ſpricht,
Kein Trunckenbolt den Himmel ſicht.

D. Philip. Melanthon. Spruch.

Darumb denn auch Philippus klar,
Rechtſchaffen hat geredet war,
Daß er gar manchmal vngebrochn,
Hat dieſe dürre Wort geſprochn,

Die Teutſchen (daß es Gott erbarm)
Die freſſn vnd ſauffn einander arm,
Darzu gebrechlich, kranck vnd todt,
Vnd aus der Welt in jene Noth.

Welchs in der Warheit wol geredt,
Wenn man den Worten gläuben thet,
Aber die Welt hat jhre Art,
Ohn all Bedacht des Sauffens wart,
Vnd wenn ſie drüber Gut vnd Lebn,
Vnd dort den Himml ſolt vbergebn.

Du Chriſt merck aber ſolches wol,
Vnd ſey ja nimmermehr ſo toll,
Daß du dir wolſt mit jhrem Schein,
Die Geſellſchafft laſſen lieber ſeyn,
Als Leibs Geſundheit vnd darzu
Dein Nahrung vnd des Himmels Ruh.

Sondern vielmehr mit allem Fleiß,
Augen, Hand vnd Fuß von dir reiß,
Vnd halts mit Gott dem beſten Freund,
Der alle Ding von Hertzen meynt.

Aus Vollſauffen kömpt nichts Guts.

Daß aber lieber Bruder fromm,
Kein Gutes aus dem Sauffn komm,
Das wil ich dir in allem gar,
Jetzt ferner machen offenbar.

Vollſauffen bringt Armut.

Zum erſten, bringt es dir Beſchwer,
Es macht Taſch, Küch vnd Keller leer,
Vnd wirfft gewaltig aus dem Hauß,
Bett, Keſſel, Kann vnd Schüſſel aus.

Zum andern löcherts auch das Dach,
Verfäult die Wend vnd all Gemach,
Erduldet weder Ochs noch Pferd,
Vnd ſchafft ein kalten Fewer Herd.

Item wie ich geſehen hab,
So zeucht es gute Kleider ab,
Gibt hänffen Schauben, böſe Schuh,
Verachtung vnd viel Spott darzu,
Vnd endlich dieſen harten Klapp,
Ein KuhStrick oder BettelStab.

Trunckenheit eröffnet Heimligkeit.

Ja die vergeſſne Trunckenheit,
Eröffnet Hertzens Heimligkeit,
Vnd alles was darinnen ſteckt,
An Gut vnd Böſem auffentdeckt.

Manch guter Mann recht Ehrenveſt,
Beym Trunck ein Wörtlein fahren leſt,
Welchs jhn hernach zur nüchtern Zeit,
In ſeinem Hertzen ſehr gerewt.

Ein Menſch wird in voller Weiſe erkandt

Beym Trunck ſo wird nach aller Hand,
Eins Menſchen Eigenſchafft erkandt,
Da hört, vernimpt vnd merckt man frey,
Wozu er wol geneiget ſey.

Vnd wer wil wiſſen vnd erfahen,
Was mancher trag in ſeinen Haarn,
Vnd was er wol auff ſein Manier,
Verborgen in dem Schilde führ.

Der mach jhn nur rechtſchaffen voll,
So wird er bald vermercken wol,
Was in jhm ſteckt zu guter Maß
Ob er ein Fuchs ſey, oder Haß.

Wol aber dem, der das verſteht,
Dem Bacho aus dem Wege geht,
Vnd wider (wenn er Hitze fühlt)
Mit abſpacieren ſich erkühlt,
Oder bei Zeit ſich macht zu Beth,
Vnd ſein Gebrechen nicht verrhät,
Denn ohn Gebrechen Weib noch Mann,
Auf dieſer Erden leben kan.

Mancher iſt nüchtern fein beſcheiden, aber in voller Weiſe ſehr vergeßlich.

Gar mancher weiß zur nüchtern Zeit,
Von ſich zu geben gut Beſcheid,
Iſt trew, verſtendig, fromm vnd gut,
Den Jederman liebkoſen thut.

Wenn aber jhn der Trunck erſchleicht,
All ſein Verſtändniß von jhm weicht,
Redt ſehr vergeſſen, ſpringt vnd ſchreyt,
Geberet närriſch, maledeyt,
Vnd ſchlägt gefährlich vmb ſich her,
Als wenn kein Gutes in jhm wer.

Ein ſolcher Menſch ſoll ſonderlich,
Der Vollerey enthalten ſich,
Vnd dran gedencken wie es geh,
Wenn er jhm thu mit Trincken weh.

Auff daß er nicht in voller Weiß,
Für Leuten ſeine Ehr beſchmeiß,
Noch kommen möcht in ſolch Gefahr,
Die jhm köndt ſchaden manches Jahr.

Ihr etliche trincken einander auf der Herren Geſundheit zu.

Ihr viel ſich auff das Sauffn legn,
Der Herrſchaft jhr Geſundheit wegn,
Vnd ſolche Ding ſo hart betreibn,
Daß etlich drüber ſitzen bleibn.

Welch Thorheit vnd hoch Vngeberd,
Ein groſſe Sünd iſt auff der Erd,
Die billich alle Potentatn,
Den Ihren ſollen widerrahtn.

Denn Gott allein eim jederman,
(Vnd nicht der ſo wol ſauffen kan,)
Das Leben vnd geſundes Blut,
Verleihen vnd erhalten thut.

Darumb jhr Hoffleut Ehren werth,
Einander nicht mehr ſo beſchwert,
Mit Söffen, als wohl offt geſchehn,
Daß mancher nicht hat können ſtehn.

Sondern (was einen jedern dünckt)
Euch bey einander fröhlich trinckt,
Halt fein Geſpräch, vnd geh darnach,
Ein jederman in ſein Gemach.

Als werdet jhr nach meinem Schreibn,
Gar lang geſund vnd einig bleibn,
Darzu den Herren in allen Fälln,
Das jhr zu rechter Zeit beſtelln.

Von mancherley Art der Truncknen.

Mancher iſt naſenweiſe.

Gar mancher wenn er truncken ſitzt,
Daß er davon wird recht erhitzt,
So vberkömpt er rechte Finn,
Vnd wird gar klug in ſeinem Sinn.

Vnd wil als denn viel jrrig Sachn,
Bey Bier vnd Wein zu rechte machn.
Sitzt ſtacheln als ein neidiſch Hund,
Vnd plaudert recht von Hertzen Grund.

Ja was er lang bey ſich getragn,
Das thut er heuffig von jhm ſagn,
Mit vielem Laſter mannigfalt,
Vnd dräwet auch zu ſchlagen bald.

Eim ſolchen Narren vnd vollen Zapffn,
Solt man bißweilen die Naſen klappn,
Daß er nicht mehr mit Vnbedacht,
So vnverſchempt die Leut ausmacht.

Mancher rühmet ſeine Schande.

In Vollheit giebt ſich mancher bloß,
Beicht tapffer vngemartert loß,
Von vielen groſſen BubenStücken,
Die er nach ſeinen argen Tücken,
An manchen Orten früh vnd ſpat,
Vergeſſner Weiß geübet hat.

Mit welchen Worten dieſer Heldt,
Sich ſelber für den Leuten fellt,
Vnd öffentlich bekennet frey,
Was wol von jhm zu halten ſey.

Mancher diſputiret.

Etlicher wird denn ohne Fug,
In ſeiner vollen Weiſe klug,
Daß er anhebt ein groß Geſchrey,
Zu diſputiren mancherley.
Vnd wil mit groſſem Jubiliren,
Ein jederman zu Waſſer führen.

Da doch der Doctor hoch vermeſſn,
Gar offtmals wenig hat vergeſſn.
Von Sachen, die ſein ſtoltzer Muth,
Verfechten oder ſtraffen thut.

Mancher leuget.

Ein ander wenn er hat geſeſſn,
Helt jmmer ſeine Klapper offn,
Sitzt ſich berühmen fort vnd fort,
Vnd felt eim jedern in das Wort.

Darnach ſo procedirt er fein,
Leugt weidlich in das Reich hinein,
Vnd ſagt in ſeinem dicken Bart,
Von groſſen Streichen mancher Art.

Als nemlich daß er hat geſtrittn,
Zu Land vnd Waſſer viel erlitten,
Vnd eins bey Nacht in ſtillen Sittn,
Sey vmb Venedig hingerittn.

So wol auch bey den ſchwartzen Morn,
In Winters Zeiten bald erfrorn,
Als er mit einem groſſen Hauffn,
Von jhnen vbers Eiß gelauffn.

Item, in Portugallen,
Schweitz, Engeland vnd Italien,
Bey manchem Herrn am Tiſch geſeſſn,
Mit jhm vom wilden Kater geſſn,
Vnd drauff getruncken Linſen Bier,
(Je leug daß dich die Hunde rühr.)

Ein ſolchen weit verſuchten Mann,
Der ſo gewaltig ſchieſſen kan,
Solt man aus vnbekandtem Weiſſn,
Den Juncker von Montiris heiſſn.

Etlicher ſtocket vnd tribulirt die Leute.

Etlicher ſtockt denn bey dem Bier,
Nimpt einen nach dem andern für,
Efft einen hie, den andern da,
Und kömpt gar manchem eben nah.

Zu dem hat er ein garſtig Maul,
Redt vnverſchempt von Zothen faul,
Verſchonet weder Groß noch Klein,
Vnd achtets jhm ein Ehr zu ſeyn.

Mit welchem ſeinem groben Mund,
Er offt viel gute Leut verwundt,
Vnd auff die letzt zuwegen bringt,
Daß Hadder vber Tiſch entſpringt.

Darumb man auch den Vnvernunfft,
Nicht bitten ſoll in eine Zunfft,
Wo gute Leut im HErren ſein,
Gedencken guter Ding zu ſeyn.

Etlicher gibt Frevens für.

Etlicher wil denn Hochzeit machn,
Schafft guten Leuten was zu lachn,
Setzt ſich zur Jungfraw guter maß,
Vnd mit derſelben löffelt was.

Da er ſich denn gar lieblich ſtellt,
Sie jmmer bey den Händen helt,
Ihr auch zu Ehren ein Liedlein ſingt,
Vnd rückt den Zecken, daß es klingt.

Ja er ſpricht jhr gar freundlich zu,
Erſeufftzet hart in einem Nu,
Vnd vnterm Reden wol geſchickt,
Ihr offtmals in die Augen blickt.

Vnd ſpricht mein liebes Jümpferlein,
Ihr gefalt mir ja ſo mächtig fein,
Nach aller Luſt im Hertzen mein,
Ich wolt, daß jhr möcht meine ſeyn.

In Summ, er iſt der ſchönſte Han,
Wil niemand mehr zur Jungfraw lan,
Sondern mit jhr nur tantzt allein,
Vnd will nun balder Bräutgam ſeyn.

Des Morgens aber leſt ers bleiben,
Thut wieder einer andern ſchreibn,
Wenn er getruncken als ein Freund,
Vnd keine doch mit Hertzen meint.

So was thet ſolchem Ebentheuwr,
Vnd liederlichen AbendFewr,
Der gute Leut in ſeinem Muth,
Wie in Vergeſſner äffen thut.

Als halt bei Nacht ein gute Haut,
In voller Weiſe angetrawt,
Daß er nicht mehr in ſeinem Mund,
Gutherzig Leut verirren kundt.

Wie er denn auch zu letzt ein Frucht,
Bekömpt, die ziemlich iſt verſucht,
Denn wer die Leut mit Spott bemahlt,
Der wird mit gleicher Müntz bezahlt.

Etlicher ſtellet ſich wie ein Aff.

Etlicher wenn er hat getruncken,
Redt wie ein StockFiſch nach gedunckn,
Weiß ſich mit Gauckeln, Tantzn, Reign
Gleich wie ein Affe zu erzeign,
Jetzt läuft er hin, jetzt wider her,
Siht uber Achſel, in die quer,
Vnd wie ein rechter Haſe friſch,
Springt uber Diebel, Banck vnd Tiſch,
Mit welchen Poſſen er die Leut,
Vielmehr im EhrGelach erfrewt,
Als wol ein Pfeiffer mit dem Sack,
In ſeiner beſten Kunſt vermag.

Etlicher iſt beym Trunck andächtig.

Ein ander denn in voller Weiß,
Andächtig zu erſeufftzen weiß,
Redt viel von Gott, vnd thut darnebn,
Die Hände gegen Himmel hebn,
Als wer er voller Heiligkeit,
Vnd iſt Bier vnd Barmhertzigkeit.

Item, er iſt denn nichtes feſt,
Den ZitterPfennig fahren leſt,
Vnd gibts heraus nach aller Ehr,
Des Morgens aber rewts jhn ſehr.

Deßgleichen redt er ohne Liſt,
Sagt alles rauß, was in jhm iſt,
Vnd alle Ding ſo hertzlich meynt,
Daß er darüber Thränen weint.

Welchen ich für den beſten halt,
Vnter den Truncknen mannigfalt,
Denn er zu letzt gleich wie ein Schaaff,
Gedültig ſinckt in einen Schlaff.

Etlicher Voller gehet mauſen.

Etlicher ſchleicht denn aus ſpacirn,
Gefaßte Luſt zu deponirn,
Verirt ſich auff der rechten Straß,
Vnd hette gern, ich weiß nicht was.

So was thet einer ſchlimmen Katzn,
Im Speck verſchneiden jhre Tatzn,
Die jhrer rechten Speiß vergiſt,
Vnd gern von frembdem Fleiſche friſt.

Alſo ſolt man auch dieſem Thorn,
Der hin kreucht, wo er nichts verlohrn,
Vnd etwa wil vom Braten naſchn,
Sein LeckerMaul mit Rangen waſchn.

Auf daß er werde fein bewogn,
(Als einer, der wol abgezogn)
Ein andermal das abzuſtehn,
Vnd vom Gelach nach Hauß zu gehn.

Etlicher iſt in voller Weiſe ein Löwe.

Etlicher wird denn gar verkehrt,
Verhält ſich nach der Löwen Art,
Will einen jedern Menſchen freſſn,
Vnd thut gleich wie er wer beſeſſn.

Da er denn auch zuwegen bringt,
Daß mancher zu jhm nauſſen ſpringt,
Vnd an jhn ſetzt ſein beſte Krafft,
Daß runter fleuſt der rothe Safft.

Ja, man weiß daß dergleichen Thier,
Einander mit Büchß vnd Rappier,
In voller Weiß, ohn all Gebet,
Erwürget haben auf der Stätt.

Schaw dieſe Schandfleck vngeſtalt,
Jetzt nach einander her gezahlt,
Die kommen all vom Sauffen, her,
Iſt ſolches nicht ein Laſter mehr?

Darumb vermeid du frommer Chriſt,
Diß Laſter, wo du witzig biſt,
Vnd laß dich keinen Mann erkauffn,
Jhm zu gefalln dich voll zu ſauffn.

Damit der Feind durch dieſes Mittl,
Dir nicht verehe ein plagen Kittl,
Noch etwa ſonſt zur Vngebür,
Dich in ein groß Betrübnis führ.

Martin Rinkart

oder Rinckhard ward am 27. April 1586 zu Eilenburg geboren, war Anfangs Prediger zu Eisleben und Erdeborn und zuletzt Archidiaconus zu Eilenburg. Er ſtarb am 8. December 1649. Seine Biographie lieferte Profeſſor Plato (Leipzig 1829).

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir nur:

Der eislebiſche chriſtliche Ritter. Drama. Eisleben 1613.
Der Münzeriſche Bauernkrieg. Tragödie. Leipzig 1625.
Viele geiſtliche Liederſammlungen u. ſ. w.

Seine dramatiſchen Arbeiten ſind nicht ohne innere Kraft, aber es fehlt ihm an Gewandtheit und Leichtigkeit, den Stoff zu handhaben und zu beherrſchen. Glücklicher war er in ſeinen geiſtlichen Liedern, von denen manche noch jetzt in der proteſtantiſchen Kirche geſungen werden.

Johann Riſt

ward am 8. März 1607 zu Ottenſen geboren, ſtudirte zu Rinteln, Roſtock, Leipzig, Utrecht und Leyden Theologie und beſchäftigte ſich nebenbei auch mit den mathematiſchen und medicinischen Wiſſenſchaften, nachdem er ſeinen Schulcurſus zu Hamburg und Bremen gemacht hatte. Er ward hierauf Prediger zu Wedel an der Elbe, herzoglich mecklenburgiſcher Kirchenrath, Pfalzgraf und gekrönter Dichter. Im Jahre 1660 ſtiftete er den Schwanenorden. Er ſtarb am 31. Auguſt 1667.

Er ſchrieb:

Musa teutonica. 3 Th. Hamburg, 1640.
Himmliſche Lieder. Lüneburg, 1644, 1652.
Das Friede wünſchende Deutſchland. Hamburg 1647.
Neue himmliſche Lieder. Lüneburg, 1651.
Sabbathiſche Seelenluſt. Lüneburg, 1651.
Das Friede jauchzende Deutſchland. Schauſpiel. Nürnberg, 1653.
Luſt- und Freudenſpiel. 1654, o. O.
Frommer und gottſeliger Chriſten alltägliche Hausmuſik. Lüneburg, 1654.
Muſikaliſche Feſtandachten. Lüneburg, 1655.
Muſikaliſches Seelenparadies. 2 Th. Lüneburg 1662.
Hochheilige Paſſionsandachten. Hamburg, 1664.
Deutſcher Parnaß. Kopenhagen, 1668.

Streng genommen war R. nicht mehr als ein Reimer, der das Talent beſaß, gewöhnliche alltägliche Gedanken in correcte und fließende Verſe zu bringen. Seine Muſter waren die Holländer, die er ſehr hoch verehrte und denen gleich zu kommen er ſich vor allen Dingen beſtrebte. Aber ſelbſt hinter dieſen ſteht er durch noch größere Breite der Darſtellung und Plattheit zurück. — Seine Fruchtbarkeit und ſeine Verbindungen machten ihn zu ſeiner Zeit berühmt; jetzt iſt er ſchon lange gänzlich vergeſſen und nur Litterärhiſtoriker erwähnen ſeiner als Stifter der Sprachgeſellſchaft „der Schwanenorden an der Elbe,“ welche jedoch nicht lange beſtand.

Schrecken der Ewigkeit*).

O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort!
O Schwert, das durch die Seele bohrt!
O Anfang ſonder Ende!
O Ewigkeit, Zeit ohne Zeit,
Ich weiß für großer Traurigkeit
Nicht, wo ich mich hinwende;
Mein ganz erſchrocknes Herz erbebt,
Daß mir die Zung' am Gaumen klebt.

O Ewigkeit, du machſt mir bang.
O Ewig, Ewig iſt zu lang',
Hie gilt fürwahr kein Scherzen.
Drum, wenn ich dieſe lange Nacht
Zuſammt der großen Pein betracht',
Erſchreck' ich recht von Herzen;
Nichts iſt zu finden weit und breit
So ſchrecklich als die Ewigkeit.

Was acht' ich Waſſer Feu'r und Schwerdt?
Dieß alles iſt kaum nennenswerth,
Es kann nicht lange dauren.
Was wär' es, wenn gleich ein Tyrann,
Der funfzig Jahr kaum leben kann,
Mich endlich ließ vermauren?
Gefängniß, Marter, Angſt und Pein,
Die können ja nicht ewig ſein.

Wenn der Verdammten große Qual
So manches Jahr, als an der Zahl
Hie Menſchen ſich ernähren,
Als manchen Stern der Himmel hegt,
Als manches Laub die Erde trägt,
Noch endlich ſollte währen:
So wäre doch der Pein zuletzt
Ihr recht beſtimmtes Ziel geſetzt.

Nun aber, wenn du die Gefahr
Viel hundert tauſend, tauſend Jahr
Haſt kläglich ausgeſtanden,
Und von den Teufeln ſolcher Friſt
Ganz grauſamlich gemartert biſt,
Iſt doch kein Schluß vorhanden;
Die Zeit, die niemand zählen kann,
Die fänget ſtets von neuem an.

Ach Gott, wie biſt du ſo gerecht!
Wie ſtrafſt du einen böſen Knecht
So hart im Pfuhl der Schmerzen
Auf kurze Sünden dieſer Welt
Haſt du ſo lange Pein beſtellt!
Ach, nimm dieß wohl zu Herzen,
Betracht' es oft, o Menſchenkind:
Kurz iſt die Zeit, der Tod geſchwind!

Ach fliehe doch des Teufels Strick!
Die Wolluſt kann ein'n Augenblick
Und länger nicht ergötzen.
Dafür willt du dein' arme Seel'
Hernachmals in des Teufels Höll',
O Menſch, zu Pfande ſetzen?
Ja ſchöner Tauſch! Ja wohl gewagt,
Das bei den Teufeln wird beklagt!

So lang' ein Gott im Himmel lebt
Und über alle Wolken ſchwebt,
Wird ſolche Marter währen.
Es wird ſie plagen Kält' und Hitz',
Angſt, Hunger, Schrecken, Feu'r und Blitz,
Und ſie doch nie verzehren;
Dann wird ſich enden dieſe Pein,
Wenn Gott nicht mehr wird ewig ſein.

Wach' auf, o Menſch, vom Sündenſchlaf;
Ermuntre dich, verlornes Schaf,
Und beſſre bald dein Leben!
Wach' auf! es iſt doch hohe Zeit;
Es kommt heran die Ewigkeit,
Dir deinen Lohn zu geben.
Vielleicht iſt heut der letzte Tag;
Wer weiß noch, wie man ſterben mag?

O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort!
O Schwerdt, das durch die Seele bohrt!
O Anfang ſonder Ende!
O Ewigkeit, Zeit ohne Zeit!
Ich weiß für großer Traurigkeit
Nicht, wo ich mich hinwende.
Nimm du mich, wenn es dir gefällt,
Herr Jeſu, in dein Freudenzelt!

Auguſt Heinrich Ritter,

geboren 1791 zu Zerbſt, ward außerordentlicher Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Berlin, ſpäter ordentlicher Profeſſor zu Kiel, und ging dann in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Göttingen.

Schriften:

Welchen Einfluß hat die Philoſophie des Carteſius auf die des Spinoza gehabt ꝛc.? Leipzig 1817.
Geſchichte der ioniſchen Philoſophie. Berlin 1821.
Geſchichte der Pythagoriſchen Philoſophie. Hamburg, 1826.
Die Halbkantianer und der Pantheiſmus. Berlin 1827.
Logik. 2. Aufl., Berlin 1829.
Geſchichte der Philoſophie. 4 Th., Hamb. 1829 fgde.
Ueber die Erkenntniß Gottes in der Welt. Hamburg 1836.
Kleine philoſophiſche Schriften. Kiel 1839.
Ueber das Böſe. Kiel 1839.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Recenſionen u. ſ. w.

Gründliche und beſonnene Forſchung, klare und lichtvolle Darſtellung, eine ruhige und milde, aber ſcharfſinnige Beurtheilung und reiches ausgebreitetes Wiſſen haben R. namentlich für ſeine Arbeiten in der Geſchichte der Philoſophie einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben, der für manche Theile dieſer Wiſſenſchaft beginnt als Autorität zu gelten, während ſeine ſpeculativen Unterſuchungen hin und wieder entſchiedene Gegner fanden.

---

*) Aus Riſt's neuen himmliſchen Liedern.

Johann Daniel Ritter,

geboren am 16. October 1709 zu Slanz bei Breslau, ſtudirte zu Leipzig Jurisprudenz, ward daſelbſt 1735 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, 1742 Profeſſor der Geſchichte und 1754 des Staatsrechts, Hof- und Juſtizrath zu Wittenberg. Er ſtarb am 15. Mai 1775.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Geſchichte des oriental. Kaiſerthums. Leipz. 1768.
Geſchichte und Nachrichten von Numidiern, Mauritaniern ꝛc. Leipzig 1772.
Geſchichte der alten Gallier. Leipzig 1774.
Aelteſte meißniſche Geſchichte bis auf Heinrich den Erlauchten. Herausgegeben von Schröckh. Leipz. 1780.
Geſchichte der germaniſchen Völker. Leipzig 1783.

Gründlichkeit und Fleiß, aber Mangel an Geiſt und Geſchmack ſind ſeinen Schriften eigen, und weiſen ihm daher nur einen untergeordneten Rang unter den deutſchen Hiſtorikern an.

Karl Ritter,

geboren zu Quedlinburg im Jahre 1779, ſtudirte 1797 und 98 zu Halle, lebte erſt eine Zeitlang zu Schnepfenthal, ward darauf Erzieher im Bethmann'ſchen Hauſe zu Frankfurt a. M. und beſuchte als ſolcher mit ſeinen Zöglingen die Univerſität und mehrere Länder. Im Jahre 1809 ward er Adjunct, 1818 Profeſſor der Geſchichte am Gymnaſium zu Frankfurt und 1820 Profeſſor der Geographie und Studiendirector am Cadettencorps zu Berlin.

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir nur:

Europa, geogr. ſtatiſt. Gemälde. Frankf. 1804—7. Neue Aufl. 1811.
Die Erdkunde im Verhältniß zur Natur und zur Geſchichte des Menſchen. Berlin 1817—18 fgde. 8 Thle. 2te Aufl. einzelner Bde 1822 fgde.
Vorhalle europäiſcher Völkergeſchichte. Berlin 1820.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Karten mit erklärendem Texte u. ſ. w.

Durch ſeine kühne und geiſtvolle Behandlung der Erdkunde, welche er mit den Naturwiſſenſchaften und der Geſchichte in enge Verbindung brachte, hat R. der Behandlung dieſer Wiſſenſchaft eine neue Bahn in Deutſchland gebrochen und ſich außerordentliche Verdienſte um dieſelbe erworben.

Thaddäus Anſelm Rixner

ward am Ende des vorigen Jahrhunderts in Baiern geboren, war früher Profeſſor am Lyceum zu Paſſau, und iſt gegenwärtig in gleicher Function zu Amberg angeſtellt.

Er ſchrieb:

Verſuch einer neuen Darſtellung der uralten indiſchen All-Eins-Lehre. Nürnberg 1808.
Aphorismen der geſammten Philoſophie. Sulzbach 1818, 2 Bde.
Leben und Meinungen berühmter Phyſiker am Ende des ſiebenzehnten Jahrh. (mit T. Siber). Sulzbach 1819—26, 7 Hefte.
Handbuch der Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Sulzbach 1822. Neue Aufl. 1829, 3 Thle.
Weisheitsreden und Witzſprüche aus Hamann's und Kant's Schriften. Amberg 1829.
Dieſelben aus Hippel und Jean Paul. Amberg 1834.
Geſchichte der Studienanſtalt zu Amberg. Sulzbach 1832.

Ein Schüler Schelling's, zeichnete ſich R. durch ſyſtematiſche Darſtellung und gründliche ſelbſtſtändige Forſchungen, namentlich in dem Gebiete der Geſchichte der Philoſophie rühmlich aus.

Ernſt Friedrich Ludwig Robert,

geboren am 16. December 1779 zu Berlin, von jüdiſchen Aeltern, ein Bruder der berühmten Rahel, ſtudirte daſelbſt und zu Halle und machte nach zurückgelegten Univerſitätsjahren eine Reiſe durch Holland und Frankreich, worauf er als Privatgelehrter anfangs in Karlsruhe, ſpäter in Berlin lebte, und dann wieder nach Karlsruhe ging, wo er 1832 ſtarb.

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir:

Die Sylphen. Oper. Leipzig 1804.
Omaſis oder Joſeph in Aegypten. Hiſtoriſches Drama aus d. Franzöſiſchen des Baour-Lormian. Berlin 1806.
Kämpfe der Zeit. Gedichte. Tübingen 1817.
Die Macht der Verhältniſſe. Trauerſp. Tüb. 1819
Die Tochter Jephtha's. Trauerſp. Tübingen 1820.
Kaſſius und Phantaſus. Erzromantiſche Komödie. Berlin 1824.
Staberl in höhern Sphären. Poſſe. Karlsruhe 1826.
Der Berliner in Spanien. Luſtſpiel. Berlin 1829.
Einzelne Erzählungen, Luſtſpiele, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Almanachen, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein ſehr glückliches und gewandtes Talent, voll Geiſt und Leben, das ſich vorzüglich der ſatiriſchen und epigrammatiſchen Richtung zuwandte, mit reichem Witz und ſprudelnder Laune, die Gebrechen des Tages geißelte, aber auch ernſtere Gegenſtände mit Gefühl und Wärme zu behandeln verſtand. In ſeinen Kämpfen der Zeit weht echte, männliche Begeiſterung für eine große Sache, gehoben durch Phantaſie und treffliche Behandlung der Form. Seine Tragödie „Die Macht der Verhältniſſe" gehört zu den beſten deutſchen bürgerlichen Trauerſpielen, und hat ſich mit Beifall auf der Bühne erhalten. Auch im Gebiete der Erzählung hat er manches Gelungene hinterlaſſen.

Das ſchwarze Käſtchen.

Eine wunderbare Hiſtorie von Ludw. Robert.

Dreißig Jahre waren kaum verfloſſen, ſeitdem Vasco de Gama, der berühmte Seefahrer, die neue Straße nach Indien aufgefunden hatte, als man ſchon anfing, eine der herrlichſten Wirkungen dieſer Entdeckung in unſerm Welttheile zu verſpüren. Der indiſche Handel nämlich ſteuerte dem verderblichen Luxus mit großer Staatsklugheit, indem er ſich menſchenfreundlich bemühte, Ueberfluß und Pracht in das gemeinſte, unentbehrlichſte Bedürfniß zu verwandeln.

Unter den portugieſiſchen Schiffen, welche damals nach dem ſüdlichen Aſien fuhren, zeichnete ſich eines durch ſeine neu erfundene, gute Bauart und eine noch nie geſehene Größe beſonders aus. Es war von einer Geſellſchaft der reichſten Kaufleute in Liſſabon ausgerüſtet und mit Erzeugniſſen europäiſchen Kunſtfleißes beladen, um dafür köſtliche Gewürze und prächtige Stoffe von den fernen Ufern des Ganges zurück zu holen. Mit günſtigem Winde ſahen es die Beſitzer aus dem Hafen laufen, blieben auf den Werften ſtehen, bis ſich die ſchimmernden Segel in blauer Ferne verloren, gingen dann nach Hauſe, und träumten in der Nacht nach ihren verſchiedenen Temperamenten, der Eine von Sturm, der Andere von Sonnenſchein. Unterdeſſen war das Schiff ſchon viele, viele Meilen in See, der Himmel heiter, der Wind günſtig und Alles froh und guter Dinge, bis auf einen jungen Abenteurer, einen wunderſchönen Jüngling, der vielleicht zum erſten Male in ſeinem Leben nichts als Himmel und Waſſer ſahe, und dem daher von der Seekrankheit gar übel zugeſetzt wurde. Des Jünglings Diener, ein rühriger Greis von mehr als ſechzig Jahren, mit langem, weißem Barte, und ſonderbar phantaſtiſch gekleidet, ſahe ſeinen Herrn nicht ſobald krank, als er flugs in allen ſeinen Taſchen geſchäftig ſuchte, endlich zwei alte Münzen hervor brachte, eine goldene und eine von Blei, einen kryſtallenen Becher mit Seewaſſer füllte und ſich mit dieſen Utenſilien, ſammt einer brennenden Ampel, in ein kleines Kämmerlein des Schiffes begab, indem er nicht verſäumte, die Thür hinter ſich feſt zu verſchließen. Was er da unten vornahm, iſt nicht bekannt, aber man hörte bald ein Brauſen aus der Kammer herauf ſchallen, ein Kniſtern und Knallen, als ob ein Wald junger Bäume in Brand gerathen wäre. Eine Stunde lang mochte dieſer Lärmen gedauert haben: als Alles mit einem Mal todtſtill wurde, der Alte die Thüre aufſchloß und die ſchmalen Stiegen des Schiffes mühſam herauf ſchritt. In der linken Hand hielt er den Becher voll Seewaſſer, in der Rechten die beiden alten Münzen, und trat ſo feierlich vor ſeinen bleichen Gebieter. — „Hier iſt ein Tropfen Stärkung!“ ſprach er und reichte dem Jüngling das Kryſtallgefäß. Stillſchweigend nahm es dieſer; der Greis berührte die Flüſſigkeit mit den beiden Münzen, und zwei helle Flammen, eine rothe und eine blaue flatterten hoch aus dem Becher hervor, den nun der ſchöne Jüngling, ohne ſich darüber nur im Geringſten zu verwundern, zum größten Erſtaunen des umſtehenden Schiffsvolks bis auf den letzten Tropfen leerte.

In weniger als zwei Minuten blühten die Roſen der Geſundheit auf den Wangen des Geheilten, der nun froh und fröhlich auf dem Verdecke wie ein junges Reh umher ſprang und mit den geübteſten Schiffbuben um die Wette in die hohen Maſtkörbe kletterte.

Seit dieſem Vorfalle bekam man auf dem Schiffe einen gewiſſen Reſpekt vor den beiden Reiſenden, wozu der Umſtand nicht wenig beitrug, daß Keiner weder ihren Namen noch ihr Vaterland zu nennen wußte. Zwar wollte ein alter Matroſe behaupten, er habe den Greis ſchon ehemals in Indien geſehen; der Oberſteuermann ſchwor bei allen Heiligen, der Jüngling wäre ein ſchottiſcher Prinz und aus ſeinem Vaterlande verbannt, worin ihm auch der Kapitän beipflichtete; nur wollte dieſer wiſſen, daß ihn die Liebe aus Schottland vertrieben und daß er das Bild ſeiner Prinzeſſin an diamantener Kette auf bloßer Bruſt trüge; im Grunde aber wußte Keiner, was an der Sache recht war, daher man ſich, wie überall in ſolchen Fällen, mit Hypotheſen begnügen mußte.

Das Schiff war mit ſo ununterbrochen günſtigen Winden geſegelt, daß es ſich eines Abends, ehe man es vermuthete, ſchon auf der Höhe des grünen Vorgebirges befand; und auch dieſer Abend war ſo heiter, daß, bevor noch der Vollmond ſeine Silberſtrahlen ſenkrecht auf die wallende Meerfluth warf, Kapitän und Steuermann und Matroſen, ſammt dem ſchönen Unbekannten, ſich des Schlafs in den wiegenden Hangematten erfreuten. Nur der Unterſteuermann ſtand ruhig am Ruder; zwei Matroſen bewachten die Segel und der alte Diener des Jünglings ſaß auf dem Verdecke und las bei Mondenſchein in einem großen Buche, indem er von Zeit zu Zeit bald nach den Sternen im Norden, bald, über Bord gelehnt, in die See ſchaute. Mit einem Male ſprang er haſtig auf und rief den Matroſen ängſtlich zu: „Weckt mir den Kapitän, gleich, gleich! weckt mir den Kapitän!“ — Die Matroſen gehorchten ſtumm und augenblicklich, ſo ſehr war ihnen der ängſtliche Blick und die zitternde Stimme des ſonſt ſo ruhigen Greiſes ans Herz gedrungen. — „Könnt' ich Euch den Sinn hier dieſer Zahlen und Zeichen verſtehen lehren,“ ſo ſprach der Alte zu dem Kapitän, der halb ärgerlich, halb verwundert, ihm nun gegenüber ſtand: „ſo würdet Ihr ſchnell und pünktlich thun, was ich Euch rathen werde; unmöglich iſt dieß, und ich kann Euch alſo nur bitten, nur bei Eurer eigenen Wohlfahrt Euch beſchwören, meinen Worten Glauben beizumeſſen. — Schaut dort hin, vom Siebengeſtirn nordweſtlich, wo das Gewölk die Fluth berührt. Seht Ihr dort den blaßgelben, ſichelförmigen Streif? Sind ſieben Mal ſieben Minuten ſieben Mal verſtrichen: ſo iſt der Sturm hier, der dort ſchon wüthet und der Sonne entgegen raſ't. Nicht Arbeit, nicht Wiſſenſchaft, nicht Gebet kann Euch alsdann vom Untergange, vom Tode erretten. Seit ſiebenhundert Jahren hat die See nie ſolch ſchrecklich wirbelnden Orkan hinſtürmend über ihren bebenden Rücken gefühlt, und ſieben Tage wird er ununterbrochen heftig wüthen. Nun hört meinen Rath. Lenkt Euer Schiff ſüd-öſtlich und ſteuert dem Lande zu, noch iſt es Zeit, in fünf Stunden können wir die Küſte erreicht und in einer Bucht, die ich kenne, die Anker geworfen haben, um alldort in Sicherheit ſieben Tage zu harren, bis das Unwetter ſich gelegt.“ — „Seid Ihr verrückt?“ ſagte der Kapitän. „Ich mache jetzt zum dritten Male die Reiſe nach Indien und habe nie ſolch guten günſtigen Himmel gehabt. Lebt wohl! Ich gehe zu Bette und verzeihe Euch Eure Grillen Eures Alters wegen.“ — „So geht mit Gott!“ ſprach Jener; „aber nach der Küſte des grünen Vorgebirges kommt Ihr doch nur 58 Minuten ſpäter.“ — „Wie das?“ fragte der Kapitän; und „als Leiche!“ gab ihm der ernſte Greis ſchauerlich zur Antwort.

Das Wort Leiche verſteinerte den Seehelden einiger Maßen, und daher wollte er eben den Mund öffnen und den Droher fragen, ob er unter Leiche eine wirkliche, kalte, weiße Leiche verſtände, die ſich ohne Widerrede müſſe begraben laſſen, als Jener ihm zuvorkam und alſo begann: „Um wie viel iſt Euch Euer kleinſtes Schiffsboot feil? Fordert, und ich gebe Euch noch ein Mal ſo viel, als Ihr verlangt.“ — Da verſtand der Schiffspatron gar wohl, wozu der großmüthige Käufer das Boot gebrauchen wolle, und ohne ihm zu antworten, lüfte er den Saum ſeines blauen Gewandes, ließ ſeine Pfeife drei Mal gellend erſchallen und flugs kam alles Schiffsvolk, jung und alt, die Stiegen hinauf geſtolpert, und ſtand in Reihe und Glied, Befehle erwartend. Das Schiff wurde gewendet, alle Segel aufgezogen, und pfeilſchnell flog es gen Oſten. Vier Stunden ungefähr mochte es die ſchäumenden Fluthen rauſchend durchſchnitten haben, als die Sonne heiter aufging und man bei ihren erſten Strahlen ſchon die Farben der afrikaniſchen Küſte mit bloßem Auge unterſcheiden konnte. „Zieht die Segel ein!“ rief der Kapitän; „wir werden auf den Strand getrieben!“ und „Zieht die Segel nicht ein!“ ſagte ruhig der Alte, ergriff das Steuer und regierte zu Aller Verwunderung das Schiff mit ſolcher Geſchicklichkeit, daß man, ehe eine Stunde verging, ſchon in einer geräumigen Bucht, von hohen Felſen gegen den Wind geſchützt, die Anker geworfen hatte.

Der ſchöne Jüngling lag während aller dieſer Ereigniſſe ruhig in ſeiner Hangematte, entweder in goldnen Träumen von dem nahen Glücke, welches ihm ſein weiſer Diener verheißen hatte, oder betrachtete auch wohl das ſchöne Bild, welches, der Sage nach, an diamantener Kette hangen ſollte; da es aber auf dem Schiffe andere Dinge zu thun gab, als ihn zu belauſchen, ſo iſt hierüber nichts Gewiſſes zu berichten. Jetzt erſchien er auf dem Verdecke und wunderte ſich eben ſo wenig über die unerwartete Landung, als er früherhin ohne das geringſte Zeichen von Erſtaunen den brennenden Becher geleert hatte.

Man ſtieg auf den Rath des Alten ans Land, weil er verſicherte, das Schiff würde nicht gefährdet werden, und es beſſer ſei, den ſiebentägigen Sturm in einer bequemen Felshöhle abzuwarten, die, ſeinem Vorgeben gemäß, kaum tauſend Schritte vom Strande entfernt ſein ſollte. Als der Kapitän den Matroſen befahl, ſich mit Lebensmitteln zu verſehen, verbot es der Alte und ſagte, es würde ſich dort ſchon Alles finden. — Drauf führte er die Geſellſchaft durch enge Felswege ins Land hinein, und ehe ſich noch irgend Einer die ängſtliche Frage: wohin dieſer öde Weg führen möchte, beantworten konnte, war man in einem lieblichen Thale angelangt, das von Orangen- und Mandelblüthen duftete. In der Mitte deſſelben ſtand ein himmelhoher Obelisk von ſchwarzer Lava; rechts am Fuße deſſelben ſaß eine weibliche Geſtalt auf einem Thron; links ſtand ein Landmann in ſchottiſcher Bauerntracht, welcher einen Pflug, mit mächtigen Stieren beſpannt, führte. Beide Statuen waren vom ſchönſten, weißen Marmor; ein mächtiges Neſt aber, woraus ein Storch mit langem Halſe hervor ſchaute, und welches, ſtatt des Knaufes, die hohe Spitze des Obelisken zierte, war von gediegenem Golde. Mehr als tauſend Schritte im Umkreiſe war das Denkmal mit einem künſtlich gearbeiteten Gitterwerke umgeben, daran weder ein offener Eingang noch eine Thüre zu ſehen war. Dennoch hatte der Greis ſeine Reiſegefährten dicht vor dieſes Gitter hingeführt. Er holte wieder ſeine alten Münzen hervor, nahm in jede Hand eine, berührte mit beiden die Stäbe des Geländers, welches ſogleich, laut klingend, in die Erde ſank, ſo daß keine Spur mehr davon zu ſehen war. Darauf trat er an das achteckige Fußgeſtell, holte ein Hämmerlein hervor und ſchlug mit demſelben gegen die klingende Säule. Der helle Silberton war noch nicht verhallt, als ſich die eine Seite des Achtecks, gleich einer ſteinernen Thür, leiſe aufthat, aus welcher ein Greis, ihm ähnlich wie ein Zwillingsbruder, gerade ſo gekleidet wie er, hervor ging, ihn umarmte, indem er freudig ausrief: „Friede ſei mit Dir! Deine Ankunft geſegnet! Du bringſt ihn, welches Feſt erwartet Euer an den Ufern des Glutſtroms!“ „Heil! Heil!“ erſcholl es aus dem Gewölbe empor. Der Jüngling war indeß vor der Statue des pflügenden Bauern auf die Knie geſunken, und der nebenſtehende Oberſteuermann behauptete, daß er dabei ausgerufen habe: „Sei mir gegrüßt, Bild meines königlichen Stammherrn!“ wodurch er nun völlig in der Meinung beſtärkt wurde, daß der ſchöne Abenteurer ein Prinz aus dem königlichen Blute der Beherrſcher Schottlands ſein müßte, obgleich der Verfaſſer dieſer Blätter, der auch nicht weit davon ſtand, und von dem bald die Rede ſein wird, ſehr daran zweifelt. Die reſpektvolle Schiffsgeſellſchaft ſtand noch in höchſter Verwunderung mit ungeſchloſſenem Munde da, indem der Eine in die dunkle Oeffnung des Obelisken, der Andere nach dem wunderbaren Storchneſte blickte, als ſich die Sonne ſo plötzlich verfinſterte, als ob ihr uraltes Goldlicht für immer verlöſchen ſollte; Regen rauſchten, Blitze zuckten, Donner brüllten und Winde heulten ſo fürchterlich, daß auch, ohne den ladenden Wink des Alten, gewiß Jeder ſeinem Inſtinkte gefolgt wäre, um ſich in dem geräumigen Monumente vor den ergürnten Elementen zu verbergen.

Doppelt groß war daher die Freude, als ein halbes Dutzend Mohren, in Goldſtoff und grünem Sammet prächtig gekleidet, Jeder mit einer brennenden Fackel in der Hand, erſchienen, und der Geſellſchaft ehrerbietig vorleuchteten, bis auf breiten, bequemen Marmorſtufen ungefähr zwanzig Klafter tief in ein unterirdiſches Bauwerk hinab ſtiegen, das man eher eine Stadt, als einen Palaſt nennen konnte. Durch Säulengänge von den koſtbarſten Steinen, über Brücken von edlen Metallen war man gemächlich geſchritten, als man ſich endlich auf einem freien Platze befand, der tauſendfarbig erleuchtet war, ohne daß man irgend eine Fackel oder Ampel ſahe, die dieſen ſonnenhellen Glanz von ſich geſtrahlt hätte. Der Platz war rings mit Gebäuden umgeben und mit einer doppelten Reihe von Bäumen umpflanzt, die ſelbſt der weit gereiſte Naturkundige Don Maria de Tolibrados, der Schreiber dieſer Zeilen, ein Zwerg von edler Geburt und Zeuge dieſer wunderbaren Auftritte, nicht zu nennen weiß. Die Blätter dieſer palmenartigen Gewächſe ſchienen von Smaragd, die Früchte von Gold zu ſein, waren es aber nicht, denn man konnte ſowohl die einen, als die andern genießen und mit ihrem aromatiſchen Geſchmack den Gaumen erfreuen und das Herz ſtärken. Unſere Reiſenden waren ſchon ſo ſehr an ſeltſame Erſcheinungen gewöhnt, daß ſie ſich über alle dieſe Herrlichkeiten gar nicht mehr verwunderten, ſo wenig, als ein Landmann ſtaunt, wenn aus einem Olivenkern ein Oelbaum wird, oder ein Heiligenbild die Augen verdreht. Daher machte es wenig Eindruck auf ſie, als jetzt ein ungeheures, elephantenartiges Thier, auf deſſen mächtigen Rücken ein gewaltiger Rieſe als Lenker ſaß, mit langſamen Schritten zwar, aber vermöge der haushohen Beine doch ſchneller, als das ſchnellſte Roß heran gegangen kam. Es zog ein Gebäude hinter ſich her, groß wie eine Kirche, aus unbekannten Stoffen zuſammen gefügt, und ſtand mitten auf dem Platze, auf Befehl ſeines Reiters, ſtill.

Sechs Edelknaben, in blauem Sammet mit Silber verbrämt, traten aus dem ſchön verzierten Portale des ambulanten Palaſtes hervor, ſtanden ehrerbietig da und ſchienen Befehle zu erwarten. Da erhob der graue Diener des ſchönen Jünglings das Wort und ſprach alſo: „Werthe Reiſegefährten und Euch beſonders, Herr Kapitän, grüße ich hiermit zum Abſchied und ſage Euch Dank, daß Ihr mich, ſammt meinem Gebieter an den Ort unſerer Beſtimmung gebracht habt. Wartet den ſiebentägigen Sturm hier ab; Ihr werdet bewirthet werden, ſo gut es in einem, hundert Meilen von der Hauptſtadt gelegenen Gränzflecken möglich iſt; am achten Tage Morgens mögt Ihr Eure Fahrt fortſetzen, und hoffentlich wird ſie dann glücklich und geſegnet ſein. — Was Eure Mühe betrifft, ſo habe ich ſie reichlich bezahlt, indem ich Euch das Leben gerettet, welches Ihr, ohne meinen Rath, unvermeidlich in dem fürchterlichen Sturme, der jetzt wüthet, würdet verloren haben; wollt Ihr aber überdieß ein reiches Frachtlohn gewinnen, ſo führt den Auftrag aus, den Euch mein Bruder hier vor Eurer Abreiſe anvertrauen wird. — Ich würde Euch noch manches höfliche Wort ſagen, aber die Zeit iſt mir knapp zugemeſſen. Ich muß ſchon heute Abend in der Reſidenz ſein. Alſo lebt wohl!“

Dieß geſagt, nahm er den Jüngling bei der Hand, führte ihn in das Portal des koloſſalen Reiſewagens, die Pagen folgten, der Rieſe ſtachelte das Thier mit einer goldenen Lanze, es ſetzte ſich in Galopp, und ſchnell und ohne Geräuſch glitte der mächtige Palaſt auf dem ſpiegelglatten Kryſtallpflaſter dahin und war den Umſtehenden aus den Augen, als ob er verſchwunden wäre.

Einem Jeden wurde nun von dem freundlichen Alten, der kaum von ſeinem Bruder zu unterſcheiden war, ein beſonderes Haus auf dem großen Platze zur Wohnung angewieſen. Die Schiffsequipage beſtand aus drei und vierzig Mann, und zwei und vierzig waren bereits in den zwei und vierzig Häuſern, die den Platz umgaben, einquartiert, als der Alte zu ſeinem großen Aerger ſahe, daß man den Verfaſſer dieſer Schrift, ſeiner Kleinheit halber überſehn hatte. — „So hat ſich mein Bruder doch geirrt,“ ſagte er ärgerlich; ſo geht's, wenn man nicht nach Allem ſelbſt eigenhändig ſieht. Auf den Platz Nr. 43 hätten wir hingehört, was ſoll ich nun mit Euch Maikäferkönig anfangen? — „Laßt Euch deßhalb kein graues Haar wachſen!“ entgegnete der Zwerg dem Greiſe. „Ich will ſchon Unterkommen finden; der Kapitän iſt mein Freund und wird mir gewiß in dem ungeheuern Palaſt dort drüben ein paar Dutzend Stuben zu meiner Bequemlichkeit überlaſſen.“ „Das iſt bei uns nicht Sitte,“ ſprach der Alte; „lieber will ich mich für ein paar Tage einſchränken und Euch in meinem Hauſe bewirthen.“

Drauf nahm er den Verfaſſer raſch auf den Arm, ſtampfte drei Mal auf den Boden, und ſie ſanken Beide, wohl eine kleine Viertelſtunde lang, einen dunklen Schlund hinunter. Der Zwerg war von der ſanften Bewegung und von wunderſamen Tönen, die er klingen hörte, wie ein Kind auf dem Arm ſeiner Mutter, eingeſchlafen, und als er aufwachte, befand er ſich in einer goldenen Wiege, die von einer ſchönen, weiblichen Geſtalt geſchaukelt wurde und in einem Kabinette ſtand, das bei aller Pracht und Zier doch nur heimlich und behaglich ſchien.

„Hier zu Lande muß es keine Zwerge geben,“ dachte der Kleine bei ſich ſelbſt, „und ſo hat man mich für ein Kind gehalten, in eine Wiege gelegt und mir eine Amme zugeſellt, die mir vermuthlich Küche und Keller ſein und alle meine kindiſchen Bedürfniſſe befriedigen ſoll.“ Während dieſer Gedanken und noch anderer ſah er die Amme ununterbrochen an, die immerfort wiegte, mit ſüßer Stimme ein naives Eia Popeia ſang und ſo ſchön war, daß ſie bei dem Zwerge Gefühle erregte, wie ſie wohl noch nie ein Kind für ſeine Amme empfunden hat. Er wollte eben eine förmliche Liebeserklärung herſtottern, als es ihm einfiel, daß ſich die Amme darüber erſchrecken, das Kind für toll halten und um Hülfe rufen könnte; daher beſann er ſich eines Beſſern und ſprach mit feiner, kleiner Stimme: „Liebe Amme, willſt Du mir nicht die Bruſt geben?“ Aber die ſchöne Geſtalt ſchien nicht darauf zu achten, verſtand ihn nicht oder wollte ihn nicht verſtehen. So oft auch der ſchlaue Zwerg fein: „Liebe Amme, willſt Du mir nicht die Bruſt geben?“ wiederholte, ſie hörte nicht darauf und ſang und wiegte fort. Da verlor er endlich die Geduld und kroch mühſam aus der hohen Wiege heraus, um nach den neueſten Grundſätzen der älteſten Kunſt, nämlich der zu lieben, dasjenige zu erhalten, was man ihm zwar nicht gewähret, aber auch eben nicht abgeſchlagen hatte. Er näherte ſich der hohen Geſtalt, der er kaum bis an das Knie reichte und: „Nimm mich auf den Schooß, liebe Amme, ich bin müde!“ ſagte er. Da die Schöne aber immer fort wiegte und ſang, ſo zupfte er ſie erſt leiſe, dann etwas heftiger am Rock, wodurch ſie ſich aber nicht im Geringſten von ihren Verrichtungen ſtören ließ. „Kurios!“ dachte der Zwerg, ſchob mit großer Mühe einen Lehnſtuhl heran und kroch mit deſſen Hülfe auf ihren Schooß, hätſchelte und ſtreichelte ſein Liebchen auf mannichfache Weiſe, welches ſich dieſe aber ſo ruhig gefallen ließ, daß ſich dadurch die zudringliche Liebe ihres feurigen Schooßkindes merklich abkühlte. Er konnte nicht begreifen, wie man ſo kalt gegen ihn ſein könne und rief endlich ärgerlich: „Ei, ſinge ein anderes Mal weiter!“ indem er der Dame mit flacher Hand den ſchönen Mund zuhielt. Plötzlich ſaß die Figur ſtarr und ſteif da. Der Zwerg hatte die Feder an der Oberlippe des künſtlichen Werks berührt, und wurde nun zu ſeiner großen Beſchämung gewahr, daß er ſein leicht zu entflammendes, leider nur allzu gefühlvolles Herz einem Automaten geſchenkt hatte. Mißmuthig rannte er nun die Stube auf und ab, ſchimpfte ſich laut aus, pfiff und fluchte und tröſtete ſich endlich damit, daß er nicht der Erſte ſei, der in eine Maſchine ſeine ſchönſten Hoffnungen geſetzt hätte, und auch vermuthlich nicht der Letzte ſein würde, der eines ſolchen Irrthums halber büßen müſſe. Geſunde Menſchen bekommen nach einem bedeutenden Aerger Appetit; es war daher nicht zu verwundern, daß der Kleine jetzt heftig eine Schnur zog, um ſich einen Diener herbei zu ſchellen. Auch trat ſogleich ein Page herein, der, wie die oben erwähnten, in blauen Sammet und Silber gekleidet war und einen goldenen Trichter mit der rechten Hand in das linke Ohr hielt. — „Frühſtück haben!“ rief lakoniſch der Zwerg, und ſchnell wandte ſich der Page und kam mit vier andern zurück, die in prächtigen Gefäßen allerlei Erfriſchungen herbei trugen und ſie auf einem niedlichen Tiſchchen ordneten, welches zwei Heiducken herein getragen hatten; ein Lehnſtuhl wurde herangeſchoben und der unglückliche Liebhaber aß und trank wie ein Verzweifelter. Er langte eben zum dritten Male nach dem Pokale, als der blaue Greis eintrat, ihn freundlich grüßte, ſich neben ihn ſetzte und höflich begann: „Ich ſtöre doch nicht; ich ſahe die Diener im Hauſe hin und her laufen und vermuthete daher, daß Ihr ſchon wach wäret.“ „Zu Befehl!“ ſagte der Eſſer und wollte ſeinem Wirthe durch den kalten barſchen Ton zeigen, daß er eben nicht ſehr mit ihm zufrieden ſei. Aber dieſer nahm ſeine Rede buchſtäblich und ſagte gutmüthig: „Hier in dieſem Lande wird nicht befohlen.“ „Das thut mir leid,“ erwiederte der Zwerg; „denn ſonſt würde ich Euch befehlen, mir zu ſagen, weshalb man mich ſo ſchnöde vexirt hat? Heißt das Achtung vor den Wiſſenſchaften haben, mir, einem Gelehrten, einen Automat zur Amme oder zu Gott weiß was zu geben?“ — „Habt Ihr die Maſchine für etwas Anderes genommen, als wozu ſie beſtimmt iſt,“ entgegnete der Alte, „ſo iſt das Eure Schuld; ich habe das Uhrwerk noch geſtern erſt unterſucht und ich bin überzeugt, daß nach dem Takte gewiegt und keine Note verfehlt wurde. Ueberdieß hättet Ihr Euch in der Anſchauung der ſchönen Geſtalt, die von dem geſchickteſten Bildner des Reiches verfertigt iſt, genugſam ergötzen können.“ —

„Schon gut, lieber Herr Plato,“ ſagte der Zwerg, „laſſen wir dieſen Wettſtreit ruhen; Ihr habt Euch über mich luſtig machen wollen, und es iſt Euch gelungen; aber ich werde Euch ſchon zeigen, wie ein Gelehrter ſolche unwürdige Behandlung durch Wort und Schrift zu rächen weiß!“

„Wollt Ihr beſſer als der König bedient ſein?“ ſagte ruhig der Greis; und: „Muß ſich Euer König mit Automaten behelfen?“ erwiederte höhniſch der Zwerg, „mit kalten Automaten, wenn er Menſchen nöthig hat?“

„Die Menſchen werden in dieſem Lande der Weisheit zu ſehr geachtet,“ hob der Alte jetzt gravitätiſch an, „als daß wir ſie zu Sklavendienſten erniedrigen ſollten. Unſer ganzes Volk beſteht aus Gelehrten und Künſtlern; Prieſter iſt Jeder, und das Recht üben Alle. Darum werdet Ihr Pfaffen und Richter umſonſt unter uns ſuchen; und da die Thiere des Landes bekämpft, ſeine Grenzen geſichert ſind, und Friede und Glück im Innern herrſchen, ſo iſt das Wort Krieger ein bedeutungsloſer Klang bei uns geworden. Staatsdiener ſind die Weiſeſten und Geſchickteſten des Reiches, und der Weiſeſte unter den Weiſen iſt König, ſo wie die Schönſte der ſittſamen Weiber ſeine Gattin wird, wenn ſie vorher einen Beweis uneigennütziger Liebe an den Tag gelegt hat. Was Ihr in Eurem Lande das Volk nennt, und welches Ihr, wenn Ihr die Hand auf's Herz legt, als den Uebergang vom Thiere zum Menſchen betrachtet, die unglückliche Klaſſe der Laſttragenden, die im Schweiße des Angeſichts kaum ſo viel täglich gewinnt, um den folgenden Tag wieder fortarbeiten zu können; die unglücklichen Feldbauer, die noch unglückſeligern Handwerker, die Ihr, um ſie zu tröſten, zuweilen auch Künſtler nennt; endlich das Heer der Kopiſten, die ſich bald für Staatsdiener, bald für Autoren halten, ſammt den Gefährten ihrer mechaniſchen Lebensweiſe, die Banden der Domeſtiken und Sklaven; alle dieſe Halbmenſchen ſind in unſerm Staate entbehrlich geworden, weil wir die Kunſt erſonnen haben, ſie durch Maſchinen zu erſetzen. Automate pflügen und ſäen bei uns; Automate ſchmieden und zimmern und wirken und nähen; Automate kalkuliren auf der Oberrechnungskammer, und Automate warten uns mit unermüdlicher Sorgfalt auf, widerſprechen nie und ſchicken ſich in unſre Launen, denen auch leider der Weiſeſte unterworfen iſt.“ Bei dieſen Worten drehte ſich der Deklamator ſchnell um, gab dem hinter ihm ſtehenden Heiducken eine derbe Maulſchelle, wodurch ſich die linke Bruſt deſſelben, wo das Herz liegt, öffnete, und der lächelnde Zwerg wurde durch dieſe oft gewünſchte Thür das unendlich künſtliche Räderwerk der Maſchine gewahr, wovon er nicht das Geringſte begriff und es daher mit hergebrachten Redensarten höchlich bewunderte.

„Wenn ich auch,“ ſagte er kurz darauf, „Vieles von Euren Lobeserhebungen des Staats abrechne, indem gewiß die Vaterlandsliebe großen Theils Euch zu Eurem preiſenden Stil verholfen hat: ſo muß es dennoch gar nicht übel in Eurem Reiche ausſehen, und ich wünſchte es wohl ein paar Jahre lang zu bereiſen, wenn Ihr mir verſprächet, mich nach Verlauf derſelben geſund und wohlbehalten nach Portugal zurück zu bringen; ich könnte alsdann die Verfaſſung Eures Staatskörpers beſchreiben und leichtlich Nutzen ſtiften und ſchweres Geld verdienen.“

Aber dieſes Geſuch wurde ihm in Gnaden abgeſchlagen, indem ein Landesgeſetz jedem Fremden verbot, über zwanzig Meilen weit ins Land zu reiſen. Er forderte menſchliche Geſellſchaft, aber auch dieſe wurde ihm nicht bewilligt, indem man ihn verſicherte, daß er mit den ſublimirten Einwohnern dieſes Reichs ſich eben ſo wenig unterhalten würde, als er ihnen nothwendiger Weiſe Langeweile erregen müßte. Was war zu thun? Er unterwarf ſich ſeinem Schickſale, aß und trank, ließ ſich wiegen und ſchlief. Die ſchöne Amme aber hatte er vorſichtiger Weiſe mit einem Tafeltuche verhangen, um nicht aufs Neue verſucht zu werden. Aber da der Menſch nicht immer eſſen, trinken oder ſchlafen kann, ſo ſchrieb der Verfaſſer zu ſeiner Erholung in den ſieben einſamen Tagen, die er hier verleben mußte, ſeine Reiſegeſchichte ſo auf, wie ſie der Leſer wahrſcheinlich eben geleſen hat, ohne jedoch die wunderbaren Zimmer oder den noch mehr wunderbaren Garten des Palaſtes weitſchichtig zu beſchreiben, von welchem letztern er bloß ſagen will, daß er wenigſtens zehn Mal ſchöner, als alle beſchriebenen war.

Am Morgen des achten Tages, als die Alabaſterlampen des Schlafzimmers eben anfingen, einen roſenfarbigen Schimmer von ſich zu ſtrahlen, zum Zeichen, daß jetzt Aurora die Nacht überwunden habe, lag der Zwerg ſchon mit offenen Augen in ſeiner Wiege und horchte der ſüßen Stimme ſeiner herzloſen Sklavin; ſchon wollte er ihr im ſeligen Entzücken das übergeworfene Tuch vom Antlitz nehmen, ſo ſehr hatte der Verſucher wieder ſeine Vernunft umnebelt, als die Thür aufging und der blaue Alte herein trat. „Auf, auf!“ rief er, „die Gefährten warten ſchon; der Sturm iſt vorüber, Eures Bleibens iſt nicht länger hier!“ Der Schläfer gähnte, reckte ſich, drehte ſich auf den weichen Pfühlen, aber da traten die Pagenmaſchinen ein, hoben ihn unbarmherzig aus den Federn, kleideten ihn im Nu an und reichten ihn dem Greiſe, der ihn auf den Arm nahm und davon trug. Sie waren durch manche Zimmer endlich in eine römiſche Küche gekommen, in deren Mitte ein Feuerherd, von einem einzigen glänzenden Rubin gehauen, ſtand. Auf dieſen ſtieg der Alte, den Kleinen im Arm, und nachdem er drei Mal mit dem Fuße geſtampft hatte, gelangten ſie den Schornſtein hinauf und auf denſelben Platz, wo ſie vor ſieben Tagen verſunken waren.

Die Gefährten ſtanden ſchon reiſefertig und der Zug ging rückwärts denſelben Weg über Brücken und unter Säulengängen, und aus der ſteinernen Thüre des Monuments gerade ſo hinaus, wie ſie herein gekommen waren. Als ſie ſich jetzt zwiſchen dem Denkmale und dem ſilbernen Gitterwerke befanden, rief eine laute Stimme: „Halt!“ und wie ſie ſich umſahen, war es der Alte, der in dem goldenen Storchneſte auf der Spitze des Obelisken ſtand. Er hielt in der einen Hand ein Käſtchen von Ebenholz und in der andern eine hohe und verhältnißmäßig dicke Goldſtange. „Es verſpreche der Kapitän,“ rief er, „dieſes Käſtchen an ſeine Adreſſe abzuliefern, ohne es zu eröffnen: ſo wird ihm dieſe Goldſtange zum Lohne, der Tod aber, wenn er es öffnet oder verliert.“ — „Danke gehorſamſt,“ erwiederte derſelbe, „auf dieſe Bedingung nehme ich keine Fracht ein; ich bin ein ehrlicher Mann und daher iſt mir mein Leben lieb.“ — „Wer will die Fracht verdienen?“ rief der Alte, und da Alles ſchwieg, erbot ſich endlich der kühne Verfaſſer, das Wageſtück zu beſtehen. Darauf ließ der Alte das Käſtchen ſammt der Goldſtange an einem blauen, ſeidenen Tau herunter, und kaum hatte er „Lebe wohl!“ geſagt, als der Obelisk, die beiden Statuen und das Gitterwerk in die Erde verſunken waren, ſo daß von allen dieſen Wunderwerken auch nicht eine Spur mehr übrig blieb. Vier willfährige Matroſen boten ſogleich dem reichen Zwerge ihre Dienſte an und trugen auf breiten Schultern den ſchweren goldenen Schatz nach dem Strande; das leichtere Käſtchen aber hatte der kleine Gelehrte ſelbſt unter den Arm genommen und watſchelte keuchend dicht hinter den Trägern nach der Felsbucht, wo das Schiff unbeſchädigt vor Anker lag.

Ein friſcher Wind vom Lande wehte günſtig in die ſchwellenden Segel und man hatte die grünen Vorgebirge bereits aus den Augen verloren, als der Kapitän ſeinen winzigen Paſſagier freundſchaftlich bei der Hand nahm und ihn vertraulich fragte: „Ob man wohl wiſſen dürfte, für welchen europäiſchen Potentaten das Käſtchen denn eigentlich beſtimmt wäre?“ Da ſchlug ſich das Männchen vor die breite Stirn und ſagte wehmüthig: „Ich fürchte, ich fürchte, — ich habe mich in einen böſen Handel eingelaſſen; denkt Euch nur, es iſt auf dem Teufelskäſtchen weder eine Aufſchrift zu leſen, noch ein Brief daran gehängt, der mir anzeigte, wo ich das Ding abzugeben habe.“ — „Ihr ſeid zu bedauern!“ ſagte der Kapitän und ſtrich ſich, froh und über ſeine Klugheit ſelbſt zufrieden, das Kinn. „So geht's Euch Gelehrten,“ fuhr er fort; „Ihr ſteckt in Euren Stuben, ſpintiſirt es aus, an welcher Krankheit eine ägyptiſche Mumie geſtorben ſei, oder was der grauſame Kaiſer Nero gedacht haben mag, als er den ſchönen Alcibiades zum Tode verurtheilte, und wißt dergleichen theoretiſches Zeug Euch perfekt an den Fingern herzuzählen; aber in der wirklichen Welt? ja da heißt es praktiſch ſein, geſunden Menſchenverſtand haben; doch davon verſteht ihr ſo wenig, als ich von Muſik!" Bei dieſen Worten ging er an das Steuer, Befehle zu geben, und verdutzt und melancholiſch blieb der Zwerg ſtehen, der, weil er eben in Sorge und Noth war, den Gemeinplatz des Kapitäns nicht ſo ſchlecht fand, als vielleicht der ruhige Leſer. Im Gegentheil — er nahm ſich die Sache ſehr zu Herzen, konnte vor Angſt weder eſſen, noch trinken, noch ſchlafen, und wäre, aus Furcht zu ſterben, vielleicht gar geſtorben, wenn ihn nicht dieſe Furcht vor dem Tode glücklicher Weiſe vom Tode gerettet hätte.

In einer Nacht nämlich, als er den tröſtenden Schlaf vergebens herbei wünſchte, als er mit offenen Augen furchtbare Dinge von ſeinem nahen Tode träumte, ſprang er endlich haſtig auf, holte das Käſtlein unter ſeinem Kopfkiſſen hervor, nahm ſein Mikroſkop und betrachtete das Corpus delicti von allen Seiten, um mit Hilfe des Glaſes die gewünſchte Adreſſe zu finden, die er mit unbewaffneten Augen ſchon ſo oft vergeblich geſucht hatte. Aber eine doppelte Schwermuth befiel ihn, erſtlich, weil er mit aller erſinnlichen Mühe nichts gefunden, und zweitens, weil er ſich auf den Einfall, mit dem Mikroſkop zu ſuchen, nicht wenig eingebildet hatte. Dennoch glaubte er auf der Mitte des Deckels ein kleines Silberpünktchen gewahr zu werden, welches das Glas nicht größer, als ein glänzendes Sonnenſtäubchen ſehen ließ. Für ein ſolches hielt er es auch und wollte, weil er, wider die Gewohnheit ſeiner Landsleute, die Reinlichkeit ſehr liebte, es wegwiſchen. Allein kaum berührte er dieſe geheime Feder, als eine tiefe Baßſtimme laut und vernehmlich aus dem Kaſten heraus rief: „An den P. P. Bauer John Smith in dem letzten nördlichen Hauſe des Königreichs Schottland, zum Lohne für den im Storchenneſte gefundenen Knaben eigenhändig zu übergeben!" — Der Zwerg wollte ſeinen eigenen Ohren nicht trauen, drückte noch ein Mal an die Feder, allein das Uhrwerk war vermuthlich abgelaufen, der Kaſten ſchwieg mäuschenſtill. Da holte der vorſichtige Kleine ſeine Brieftaſche hervor, ſchrieb ſich die Adreſſe genau auf und bewahrte ſie eben ſo ſorgfältig, aber glücklicher Weiſe unter minder ſchwierigen Umſtänden, als Camoens das Manuſcript ſeiner Luſiade. Um aber den Kapitän zu ärgern, nahm er weißen Farbeſtoff, ſchrieb damit zierlich auf das Käſtchen: An den kühnen, kleinen Gelehrten Don Maria de Solibrades und verſicherte, herrliche Schätze darin gefunden zu haben, die er aber, ſo gern er es auch wollte, nicht zeigen dürfe.

Das Schiff vollendete nun, wie es der Alte prophezeit hatte, glücklich ſeine Reiſe und lief nach dreißig Wochen, reich beladen, in den Hafen von Liſſabon ein, zu großer Freude ſämmtlicher Theilhaber, beſonders aber der melancholiſchen, die ſich nun, nachdem ſie ihre Waaren in Sicherheit gebracht hatten, mit dem größten Vergnügen über ihre unnütze Angſt auslachen ließen.

Während der ganzen Reiſe fiel nichts Bemerkenswerthes vor, außer demjenigen vielleicht, was wir ſo eben erzählt haben, und überdieß noch zwei andere Kleinigkeiten, die wir berichten wollen. Die erſte iſt: daß in den langen Nächten der Zwerg oft Stunden lang in ſeiner Hangematte lag und nicht einſchlafen konnte, und daß er ſich in ſolchen trübſeligen Momenten gar oft das ſchöne Automat zurück wünſchte, woraus der Vernünftige lernen kann, zu welcher Genügſamkeit es der Menſch bringen kann, wenn ein heilſames Mißgeſchick ihn in die Schule der Entbehrung nimmt. Die zweite Kleinigkeit iſt dieſe: daß ſich Don Maria in Indien eine gäliſche Grammatik kaufte und auf der Rückreiſe dieſe Sprache ſtudirte, um mit dem Bauer John ſchottiſch ſprechen zu können; ein Umſtand, der für die Geſchichte von den wichtigſten Folgen ſein wird.

Zwei volle Monate brauchte nun der gelehrte Solibrades, um verſchiedene Geſchäfte in ſeinem Vaterlande in Ordnung zu bringen. Er mußte nämlich ſeine Goldſtange ausprägen laſſen, ſich dafür Paläſte und Rittergüter kaufen, hie und da einige arme Verwandte beſchenken, und weil er zum Mitgliede verſchiedener gelehrter Geſellſchaften gewählt wurde, ſeine Antrittsreden in den Hörſälen halten und dem innern Ausſchuß dieſer Akademien große Gaſtereien geben.

Als er alle dieſe verdrießlichen Geſchäfte vollendet hatte, ließ er einen bequemen Reiſewagen vor die Thür kommen und fuhr mit einem großen Gefolge aus ſeiner Vaterſtadt, indem er nicht vergeſſen hatte, das Käſtchen wohl zu bewahren, und mehr Empfehlungsbriefe bei ſich hatte, als Tage im Jahre ſind. Es ging gerade auf Madrid los, und da der Ruf ſeines ſeltenen Werthes ihm ſchon voraus geeilt war, ſo hätte er nicht einmal die Empfehlungsbriefe nöthig gehabt, um von dem König von Kaſtilien zur Würde eines Granden von Spanien erhoben zu werden. Als man ihm die Kette des goldenen Vließes umhing, bemerkte der Verfaſſer, daß er die Er-heit davon ſehr theuer bezahlt habe, und machte während dieſer Gedanken ein ſo albernes Geſicht, daß er ſelbſt gleichſam wie das Lamm ausſah, dem man das Fell über die Ohren gezogen hatte. „Das ſoll der letzte dumme Streich ſein, den ich gemacht habe!" ſagte er zu ſeinem Kammerdiener, der ihn des Abends auskleiden half und mit großer Bewunderung die Ordenskette in der Hand hielt. „Morgen reiſen wir ab und zwar incognito, daß ſich Keiner von Euch unterſteht, mich auf der Reiſe Excellenz zu nennen; ich kann mein Geld beſſer brauchen."

Wie geſagt, ſo gethan. Den andern Morgen reiſte er in aller Stille von Madrid ab und über Frankreich und England nach Schottland, ohne daß ihm auf der ganzen Reiſe auch nur das Geringſte von Bedeutung begegnet wäre, indem er überall nur die gute Geſellſchaft ſah.

Alſo ohne irgend ein Abenteuer zu beſtehen, gelangte er endlich an die nördliche, äußerſte Spitze von Schottland. Eine Reihe hoher Granitfelſen ſchützet dort das Land gegen die Angriffe der ſtets vom Nordwinde aufgereizten Meeresfluth; der höchſte dieſer Felſen ſtreckt ſeinen vor Alter gebogenen Rücken weit über die See hin, und auf dem Gipfel desſelben ſtand ein reinliches Häuschen, welches man dem kleinen Herrn mit allem Rechte als das nördlichſte des Königreichs beſchrieben hatte.

Er ließ den Wagen unten halten, ſtieg mit Mühe einen in Felſen gehauenen Weg hinauf, klopfte an die Hausthür und ein junges, roſenwangiges Mägdlein, kaum 17 Jahre alt, öffnete und trat einige Schritte ſchon zurück, als ſie den ganz in Goldſtoff gekleideten Zwerg, mit dem ſchwarzen Käſtchen unter dem Arm, erblickte.

„Wohnt hier der P. P. Bauer John Smith?" fragte der Verfaſſer auf gut gäliſch, und: „So heißt mein Vater!" antwortete das ſchöne Mädchen, nachdem ſie tief Athem geholt und ſich dadurch etwas von ihrem Schrecken erholt hatte, welches Athemholen aber das eitle Männchen, das ſich einbildete, die Weiber von 1 bis 3 zu kennen, für ein ſehr gutes Omen nahm. „Fürchte Dich nicht, Ebenbild der ſchaumentſtandenen Göttin," ich bin ein ehrlicher, reicher Mann und wünſchte, Deinen Vater zu ſprechen."

„Der iſt in die Stadt gegangen, um ſeine Fiſche zu verkaufen," antwortete die Schöne; „aber wenn Ihr in einer Stunde wieder vorfragen wollt: ſo werdet Ihr ihn gewiß zu Hauſe treffen."

„Alſo ein Fiſcher!" ſagte der Gelehrte. „Willſt Du mir nicht erlauben, vierte der Grazien, ihn hier im Hauſe zu erwarten, der Nebel hier im Freien greift mir die Bruſt an!" Und als das Mädchen meinte, daß es ſich nicht zieme, einen fremden Mann in Abweſenheit ihres Vaters zu beherbergen, lachte der Zwerg vor Freude laut auf und verſicherte bei ihren ſchönen Augen, daß er keines Weges zu den gefährlichen Männern gehöre; meinte aber in ſeinem Sinne, eben durch dieſe Beſcheidenheit recht gefährlich zu werden; doch die Schöne ſah, daß der Mann Recht hatte und führte ihn ohne weitere Umſtände ins Haus. Hier entſpann ſich zwiſchen Beiden ein Geſpräch, worin der galante Zwerg nicht verſäumte, die ſchöne Jungfrau mit allen Göttinnen, Halbgöttinnen und Nymphen zu vergleichen, die ſich in der heidniſchen Geſchichte nur irgend einen Ruhm erworben, da aber das Mädchen von der Mythologie nichts verſtand und ganz gleichgültig bei ſeinen ſchönen Phraſen blieb: ſo erklärte er ſie in ſeiner Seele für kalt und unempfindlich, und meinte, es wäre doch Schade, daß er immer mit Automaten zuſammen träfe. Er mußte ſich nun bequemen, von gleichgültigen Dingen zu reden und erfuhr unter Andern, daß die Mutter des Mädchens ſchon ſeit 10 Jahren begraben und ſie nun die einzige Stütze ihres armen Vaters ſei, beſonders ſeitdem ihr Milchbruder, eine arme Waiſe, die der Vater aus Mitleiden ins Haus genommen habe, vor 12 Monaten, 45 Wochen, 6 Tagen, weniger 5 Minuten auf und davon gegangen wäre.

Die letzte chronologiſche Genauigkeit befremdete den kleinen Gelehrten und er unterließ nicht, ſeine ſchöne Wirthin ihres vortrefflichen Gedächtniſſes wegen zu loben, indem er ihr anrieth, Geſchichte zu ſtudiren, da es in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft hauptſächlich auf ein gutes Memorium ankomme. Doch das Mädchen meinte, daß ſie ſonſt eben keine ausgezeichnete Erinnerungskraft beſäße, daß es doch aber ganz natürlich wäre, die Minute zu wiſſen, in welcher ihr Liebhaber ſie verlaſſen habe. — „Dein Liebhaber?" rief der verwunderte Zwerg aus; „wahrhaftig, ich glaubte Dich nicht fähig zu lieben." — „Wie kommt Ihr mir vor!" erwiederte das muntere Mädchen. — „Ich werde auf Pfingſten 17 Jahr; ich liebe ſchon ſeit länger als 10 Jahren und ſeit 2 Jahren weiß ich's, daß ich liebe, und recht herzlich."

„Wenn dem ſo iſt," entgegnete Zwerg, „wie ich's für einen Moment annehmen will: ſo möcht' ich Dich faſt fragen, wie Du, ein verliebtes Weſen, in Abweſenheit der liebſten

Hälfte Deines Selbſt, es über Dein fein fühlendes Herz zu vermögen im Stande biſt: ſo ſehr durch —"

„Ich weiß ſchon, was Sie ſagen wollen," fiel die Schöne ein; „ich war auch, ſeit der Zeit mein Liebſter in der Welt mich verlaſſen hat, eben nicht ſehr munter; aber heute iſt ein großer Feſttag für mich; denn als mein Kaly mich beim Abſchiede das erſte Mal in ſeine Arme ſchloß und dann zu Pferde ſtieg, rief er mir noch vom fliehenden Roſſe zurückgewendet zu: Sind ſieben Mal ſieben Wochen zwei Mal verſtrichen: ſo bekommt meine Braut Nachricht von mir; nun werdet Ihr wiſſen, daß ſieben Mal ſieben Wochen zwei Mal genommen 686 Tage oder 12 Monate, 46 Wochen und 6 Tage ſind. So lange iſt es her, daß mein Bräutigam fort iſt, und es kann nicht zwei Minuten mehr dauern: ſo muß ich von ihm Nachricht haben; denn pünktlich ſein Wort zu halten hat er nie in ſeinem Leben —" Sie wollte eben das Wort verfehlt ausſprechen, als ein bräunlicher Mann von einigen und vierzig Jahren, mit einem leeren Fiſchernetz auf den Schultern, in die Stube trat, auf welchen ſie freudig los ſprang und ihn mit der Frage: ob er ihr Nachricht von ihrem Kaly bringe, herzlich umarmte.

„Du wirſt noch über Deine Rechnerei den Verſtand verlieren, närriſche Dirne!" erwiederte der Fiſcher. „Wer weiß, wo den Wildfang der Wind hingeführt hat; à propos," fuhr er fort und holte aus ſeiner Taſche eine Wurſt hervor, „Mosje David, des Schlächters älteſter Sohn, läßt Dich fein höflich grüßen und ſchickt Dir hier Etwas zum neuen Jahr; er wird morgen ſelbſt vorfragen, denn er muß hier vorbei, wenn er nach Loch Katrine geht, Schweine zu kaufen."

Während dieſer Rede war das Mädchen in einen Winkel geſchlichen und ſaß da und weinte bitterliche Thränen, und als der Fiſcher ärgerlich auf ſie los ging, trat der kleine Fremde zwiſchen Beide und redete den grauſamen Vater, der ſich höchlich über den goldenen Zwerg verwunderte, alſo an: „Allem Vermuthen nach ſeid Ihr der P. P. Bauer John Smith." — „Ja," antwortete dieſer, „der bin ich! Was ſteht zu Befehl?" — „Das werde ich Euch gleich ſagen," ſprach der Verfaſſer, „wenn Ihr mir erſt werdet bewieſen haben, daß Ihr ein Bauer ſeid: denn bis jetzt bin ich gezwungen, Euch für einen Fiſcher zu halten." — „Ich bin kein Bauer," erwiederte der Fiſcher, „allein ich werde in der Gegend der Bauer Smith genannt, weil ich hier am Strande dieß hölzerne Haus und zwar mit eigenen Händen, ohne die geringſte fremde Hilfe, erbaut habe." — „So führt Ihr einen großen Titel," ſprach lächelnd der Zwerg, „Bauer, Fiſcher und Schmidt, und ich weiß nun, worauf ſich das P. P. in Eurer Adreſſe bezieht." Und mit dieſen Worten überreichte er ihm das ſchwarze Käſtchen eigenhändig, wie es die Baßſtimme befohlen hatte. Der Fiſcher wollte wiſſen, von wem dieß Geſchenk komme; der Zwerg aber entſchuldigte ſich ſehr höflich, daß er dieß nicht zu ſagen wiſſe, erzählte aber ſeinem Wirthe eine Geſchichte, die wir nothwendiger Weiſe dem Leſer auch berichten müßten, wenn es nicht zum Glück dieſelbe wäre, die er auf den umgeſchlagenen Blättern ſo eben geleſen hat.

Als der Zwerg ſeine Erzählung vollendet hatte, weinte das roſige Mädchen noch immer, aber Thränen der Freude, denn ſie hatte endlich in der Beſchreibung des ſchönen Jünglings ihren Kaly erkannt, und auch den blauen Alten wußte ſie zu deuten, obgleich ihr Vater nie etwas von dem Letztern gehört hatte, und auch nicht im Geringſten vermuthete, daß die Schatulle von ſeinem Pflegeſohn käme.

„Wir müſſen doch zuſehen, was in dem Dinge iſt!" fing er endlich an. Aber alle Mühe war vergebens, das Käſtchen ging nicht auf; man wollte eben zum Brecheiſen ſeine Zuflucht nehmen, als die ſchlaue Liebende freudig ausrief: „Da liegt ja ein Schlüſſel unter dem Tiſche, vielleicht paßt der." Dieſes goldene Schlüſſelchen hatte ihr beim Abſchiede der Jüngling zum Andenken gelaſſen und ſie es ſeit der Zeit nie von ihrem Buſen; aber jetzt lag es unter der Tafel, und unbefangen und gleichſam verwundert holte ſie es hervor. Der Zwerg, der nicht umhin konnte, zu ſehen, wie ſie es unter den Tiſch geworfen, war ſo artig, es nicht bemerken zu wollen, und ſagte nur bedeutend lächelnd, als der Schlüſſel paßte und das Käſtchen aufging, einen Witz, welcher nicht der Mühe werth iſt, wiederholt zu werden. Das Erſte, was man in dem zierlichen Behältniſſe erblickte, war ein Blatt, das auf einem weißen Gewande lag und worauf ſtand: Für meine Braut, die ich, wenn ſieben Mal ſieben Wochen zwei Mal verſtrichen ſind, heim hole, unterzeichnet: Kaly. Als die Schöne dieß geleſen, fiel ſie auf ihre Kniee, dankte mit einem frohen Blicke dem Himmel, und im Taumel der Entzückung umarmte ſie in dieſer Stellung den nebenſtehenden Zwerg, der vor Freude über dies ſo unerwartete Glück in eine tiefe Ohnmacht ſank, worauf ihn aber der Fiſcher bald erweckte, indem er ihm einen Kübel voll Waſſer mit allen kleinen Fiſchen, die darin zum Mittagsmahl aufbewahrt wurden, über den Kopf goß.

Nach dieſer ſentimentalen Epiſode ſchritt man zu weiterer Unterſuchung des Käſtchens und fand unter dem Titel: Brautſtaat, einen vollſtändigen Frauenanzug. Es fehlte nicht das Geringſte, und vom Oberkleide an, das von den herrlichſten Spitzen gearbeitet war, bis zu den geſtickten Strumpfbändern herab, lag Alles ſauber geordnet da, Ohrringe, Hals- und Armbänder von Diamanten waren nicht vergeſſen; aber was am meiſten auffiel und die arme Braut ſelbſt erſchreckte, war eine Königskrone von Edelſteinen, die ihr tauſenfarbig in die verſchämten Augen blitzte.

Nun kam die Reihe an den Fiſcher. Sein Geſchenk beſtand in einem ledernen Beutel, auf deſſen Etikette ſtand: An meinen Pflegvater, Koſtgeld für 19 Jahre, und in demſelben fand man lauter kleine, goldene Fiſche mit diamantnen Augen, wohl tauſend an Zahl. Damit war der Kaſten aber noch nicht leer. Unter dem Beutel lag ein Brief an den P. P. Bauer John Smith; unter dem Briefe ein Manuſcript mit der Aufſchrift: Geſchichte des ſchottiſchen Landmanns Edwin und des Storchs, und unter dieſem ein großer Stoß Papiere unter dem Titel: Beſchreibung einiger nützlichen Maſchinen; darauf kam der Boden des Kaſtens.

Als man ſich jetzt genugſam gewundert hatte; der Bauer Smith über die goldenen Fiſche, und ſeine ſchöne Tochter über die Königskrone, indem ſie verſchämt ſchwieg; der Vater aber gar nicht aufhören konnte, den braven Jungen, den dankbaren Kaly, zu loben, meinte der gelehrte Goldbrabes, daß der Bauer den Brief erbrechen und leſen ſollte, was ihm ſein Pflegeſohn ſchreibe; und da der Fiſcher dieſen Rath ſehr vernünftig fand, löſte er das Siegel, ſah in das Schreiben und reichte es dann ſeiner Tochter, indem er ihr ſagte: „Da lies mir das Zeug vor, Du haſt ja dergleichen gelernt." Dieſe aber hatte nicht ſobald die ſchönen Augen auf das Blatt geheftet, als ſie ſeufzend erklärte, daß dieß nicht die Hand ihres geliebten Freundes wäre; dennoch aber fing ſie an, folgender Maßen zu leſen:

„Wir, durch die Weisheit und Gnade Gottes, König der Könige, Beherrſcher des Aermels der Welt und ohne unſere anderen Provinzen zu nennen, Fürſt unſerer weiſen Republiken Sa, Ri, Lo, Fa und Ru, thun dem Fiſcher und Bauer John Smith Folgendes kund und zu wiſſen: Für die treue Pflege, ſo er einem uns theuern Freunde, dem Jüngling Kaly, hat angedeihen laſſen, mag er ſich des guten Fiſchfangs in dem ledernen Beutel erfreuen, und hoffen, daß wir alle ſieben Jahre ihm einen ſolchen kleinen Nothpfennig bis ans Ende ſeines Lebens werden zukommen laſſen. Dagegen heiſchen wir aber, daß er das Haus, welches er jetzt bewohnt, nicht eher verlaſſe, als bis ſieben Mal ſieben Wochen zwei Mal verſtrichen ſein werden. An dem letzten Tage dieſer beſtimmten Zeit ſoll ſeine Tochter am frühen Morgen ihren ſchönen Leib in der See baden, darauf den überſendeten Brautſchmuck anlegen, die Königskrone auf ihr Haupt ſetzen und in Demuth ihr Schickſal und ihre Prüfung, vielleicht ihr Glück erwarten. David, des Schlächters Sohn, ſoll aber nie wieder in ihrer Gegenwart genannt werden. — Die Geſchichte des ſchottiſchen Landmanns Edwin und des Storches mag Euch, jedoch ſteht ſolches in Eurem freien Belieben, die langen Abendſtunden verkürzen. — Was aber die andern verſiegelten Schriften, unter der Aufſchrift: Beſchreibung einiger nützlichen Maſchinen, betrifft: ſo verbieten wir Euch bei unſerm königlichen Zorne, ſie zu leſen oder auch nur zu erbrechen. Ihr werdet ſie in das Käſtchen verſchließen und ſolches vom Meere 40 Ruthen weit, 40 Schuhe tief heimlich vergraben, auf daß dieſes Saatkorn zu ſeiner Zeit herrliche Früchte trage. — Bedenkt, daß der Arm des Königs der Könige weit reicht, und thut, wie ich Euch geboten. Worauf wir Euch in die Gnade des Himmels empfehlen wollen. Gegeben zu Sa in unſerm königlichen Palaſte an den Ufern des Glutſtroms, im Jahre der Weisheit 18507 und der Beſiegung der Schlange des 19ten."

Der Name des Fürſten war ſo undeutlich geſchrieben, daß ihn weder das Mädchen, noch der Zwerg zu entziffern vermochten.

Ehrfurchtsvoll und mit gefalteten Händen hatte der Fiſcher das königliche Mandat angehört, welches ihm ſeine Tochter mit möglichſt pathetiſcher Stimme vorgeleſen hatte; beſonders wurde die Stelle, wo von dem Schlächtersſohne die Rede war, ungemein diktatoriſch vorgetragen, ſo daß Smith den Himmel zum Zeugen nahm und ſich höchlich verſchwor, Alles genau zu halten und zu vollführen, was ihm der gnädige Fürſt verboten habe. — Vater und Tochter umarmten ſich herzlich und der gutmüthige Verfaſſer war eben in ſüßen Betrachtungen über die Kindesliebe vertieft, als ſich ein neuer Streit unter den friedlichen Seelen erhob.

Das neugierige Mädchen nämlich ſtand vor dem Käſtchen und blätterte ein wenig in der Geſchichte des ſchottiſchen Landmanns und des Storches, als ihr der ſtrenge Bauer die Rolle aus den Händen nahm und ſie fragte: „Wie oft er es ihr noch verbieten ſolle, Romane zu leſen?“ Alle Ausflüchte halfen nichts; zum Beiſpiel, daß dieß eine wahre Geſchichte und kein Roman ſei; oder daß ihr Bräutigam ſelbſt ihr die Schrift zur Zeitverkürzung geſchickt hätte, oder ſonſt dergleichen. Der eigenſinnige Bauer holte aus, warf, und ſicher wäre die koſtbare Rolle ins Feuer geflogen, wenn der kleine Grande, der am Kamine ſtand, ſolche nicht glücklicher Weiſe, gleichſam aus gelehrtem Inſtinkte, aufgefangen hätte. „Die Schrift iſt mein!“ rief jetzt freudig der kleine Gelehrte, indem er dieſe Pergamentrolle gleich einem Feldherrnſtabe bewegte; „die koſtbare Handſchrift iſt mein, das will ich aus ein und zwanzig Rechtsgründen demonſtriren. Erſtlich habe ich ſie aus unvermeidlichen Flammentode errettet; zweitens ſagen die Pandekten“ ... — „Ich ſchenke Euch Eure Beweiſe,“ unterbrach ihn der Fiſcher, „und den Roman obendrein; derlei leidige Liebesgeſchichten ſind nichts, als hölliſche Reuſen, worin der Satan die Unſchuld fängt.“ Die ſchöne Jungfrau vertheidigte nun Dichtkunſt und Liebe, berief ſich auf das königliche Mandat, und hemmte nur dann erſt den Fluß ihrer begeiſterten Rede, als Don Maria ihr durch einen heimlichen Wink verſprach, daß ſie die Geſchichte Edwins noch vor ſeiner Abreiſe leſen ſollte.

Der frühe Winterabend vergoldete indeſſen die Landſchaft, und ſchon fing es an, dunkel im Zimmer zu werden, als man Anſtalt zum ungewöhnlich ſpäten Mittagsmahle machte. Der Zwerg wurde gaſtlich gebeten, die Nacht in der Hütte zu verbringen, indem der Weg nach dem nächſten Weiler ſehr gefährlich, der Dunkelheit, der Wölfe und der Spitzbuben halber, wäre, welches Anerbieten auch der furchtſame Kleine freudig annahm.

Man ging früh zu Bette. Der Bauer ſchlief und träumte von ſeinen goldenen Fiſchen; der kleine Gelehrte ſchlief und träumte gar nicht, und die Schöne ſaß in ihrem Kämmerlein und las mit großem Vergnügen die Geſchichte Edwin's und des Storches.

Am frühen Morgen beurlaubte ſich der Zwerg, dem es in dem rauhen Klima gar nicht behagen wollte, und erhielt, nachdem er verſprochen hatte, nicht wieder in Ohnmacht zu fallen, von den Roſenlippen der Jungfrau einen Abſchiedskuß. Der Bauer begleitete ihn bis an den Wagen, drang ihm einen goldenen Fiſch zum Andenken auf und ging, weil es noch früh am Morgen und kein Menſch in der Gegend wach war, nach dem Strande, um die Schriften und das Käſtchen, wie es ihm befohlen war, heimlicher Weiſe zu vergraben.

Ohne irgend ein glückliches oder unglückliches Ereigniß gelangte Don Maria nach langer, langweiliger Reiſe in Liſſabon an, ſchloß ſich vier Monate lang in ſein Studirzimmer ein, ohne daſelbſt eine menſchliche Seele vor ſich zu laſſen, überſetzte in dieſer Zeit mit Hülfe ſeiner Grammatik die Geſchichte Edwin's aus dem Gaeliſchen in's Portugieſiſche, und nachdem er ſie dem Könige ſelbſt in einem glänzenden Abendzirkel vorgeleſen hatte, ſchenkte er das Manuſkript in die berühmte Bibliothek des ſpaniſchen Herzogs Levojamas.

Mit dieſen Worten beſchließt der gelehrte Don Maria de Salbrabos, Grande von Spanien und Ritter des goldenen Vließes, ſeine Reiſegeſchichte, in welche ein großer, irdener Topf voll Mallagatrauben eingeſchnürt war, den ſich ein deutſcher Diplomat im Jahre 1790 von Madrid verſchrieben hatte. Sein Hauslehrer, der deutſche Ueberſetzer dieſer wunderbaren Begebenheiten war ſo glücklich, durch ſolches Makulaturfatum dieſen alterthümlichen Schatz für Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft zu entdecken. Seine antiquariſche Leidenſchaft ſteigerte ſich bei jeder Zeile, die er las. Er mußte zu der Geſchichte Edwin's kommen, es koſte, was es wolle: außer Geld: denn das hatte er nicht, und baare Unterſtützung für ſeine gelehrten Zwecke fand er eben ſo wenig. Dennoch korreſpondirte er — das Porto nämlich war damals faſt ſo wohlfeil, als es jetzt unerſchwinglich iſt — zehen ganzer Jahre lang nach dem fernen Madrid. Aber vergebens! Endlich, als ein unermüdlicher Handlanger der Kunſt, überwältigte er die falſche Scham, ſchnürte ſein Bündel, und kam fechtend, nämlich ohne Schwert, wie die Handwerksburſchen, nach Hiſpaniens berühmter Hauptſtadt. Die Reiſe dauerte länger, denn zwei, die Nachſuchungen in der Bibliothek des Herzogs Levojamas drei, und in andern viele andere Jahre. Alles umſonſt! Er durchreiſte ganz Spanien, hatte komiſche Schickſale, aus welchen er eine Tragödie machen wird, und ward endlich vor einigen Jahren Soldat in der Glaubensarmee. Hier war es nun, wo er wieder ſein altes Makulaturglück fand. Er wurde nämlich in ein Kloſter zum Patronenmachen kommandirt; und man denke ſich ſein Erſtaunen, als ihm bei dieſer Gelegenheit die langerſehnte Geſchichte Edwin's in die Hände fiel. Statt Patronen zu wickeln, las er, empfing dafür freudig die gebührende Züchtigung, rettete aber die koſtbare Makulaturgeſchichte, die er hiermit dem deutſchen Leſer in einer getreuen Ueberſetzung ehrfurchtsvoll darreicht.

Geſchichte des ſchottiſchen Landmanns Edwin und des Storches.

Ich heiße Edwin und bin der einzige Sohn eines bemittelten Landmanns, der in der nördlichen Gegend von Schottland ein kleines Grundeigenthum beſaß, welches ihn und ſeine Gattin reichlich genug ernährte, um bei mäßiger Arbeit nie Mangel zu leiden. Als ich fünf Jahr alt war, ſtarb meine Mutter in der Blüthe ihrer Jahre, eh' ſie noch einer Tochter das Leben geſchenkt hatte, die mit ihr begraben wurde, und in kurzer Zeit verſchied auch mein Vater und wurde auf freiem Felde verſcharrt, weil man in unſerm Weiler behauptete, er habe ſich aus Gram ein heimliches Leid angethan.

Drei weitläuftige Verwandte prozeſſirten nun um die Ehre, mein Vormund zu werden, und die Prozeßkoſten betrugen in kurzer Zeit ſo viel, daß ſich die Gerichte genöthigt ſahen, mein kleines Gütchen für Rechnung ihrer Sportelkaſſe an den Meiſtbietenden zu veräußern und die drei ſtreitenden Theile dergeſtalt zu kondemniren, daß der eine für meine Wohnung, der Andere für meine Kleidung und der Dritte für meine Ernährung ſorgen mußte, welchem gerichtlichen Befehle die drei Verwandten auch dergeſtalt nachlebten, daß es mir bei dem Erſten nie an einem friſchen Bunde Stroh monatlich fehlte; bei dem Andern nur ſelten an Gerſtenbrod und Waſſer gebrach, und auch der Dritte es nimmer verſäumte, mir am Neujahrstage ſeine abgetragene Jacke und ſeine eigene alte, hirſchlederne Fußbedeckung zu ſchenken. — Schimpfworte und Prügel bekam ich aber von allen Dreien, ſo oft ich mich nur ſehen ließ. Eine ſolche unwürdige Behandlung hätte den Keim des Böſen, der in allen Erdgebornen liegt, leichtlich in mir entwickeln und mich zu einem unglücklichen Böſewichte reifen können, wenn die allgütige Natur nicht ſo unendlich liebreich für mich armen Verlaſſenen geſorgt hätte. Unverſchuldetes Leid, Erniedrigung und Schmach lenkten mein weiches Herz zu ſtiller Demuth und ſanfter Liebe. Ein zartes Kind noch wälzte ich Steine aus dem Fahrwege, pflückte nie eine unreife Frucht und theilte öfters das Abendbrod mit meinen Schlafgenoſſen, den Ziegen, die mir ganz vorzüglich zugethan waren.

Ich war nun neun Jahr alt, als man mich auf Fürſprache einiger mitleidiger Weiber zum Ziegenhirten erwählte, wodurch mir mein armſeliges Leben um etwas erleichtert wurde. Aber ich hatte ſaure Arbeit, mit den Thieren auf den Felſen umher zu klettern, die eben nicht ſehr ergiebig an nährendem Graſe waren. Kam irgend einmal eine Ziege dem Pferdehirten oder Rindviehhüter in's Gehege, ſo wurde das arme Thier mißhandelt und ich ausgeſcholten und verklagt. Daher geſchah es, daß ich mich am Ende genöthigt ſahe, meine Heerde wohl zwei Stunden weit vom Weiler wegzutreiben, und ein glücklicher Zufall ließ mich hier ein heimliches Thälchen finden, das mit den herrlichſten Kräutern dicht bedeckt und den Dorfbewohnern ganz unbekannt war. Auch hütete ich mich wohl, mein ſchönes Geheimniß zu verrathen, obgleich ſich Jedermann verwunderte, wie herrlich die Heerde unter meinen Händen gedieh.

Das Thal war mit mäßig hohen Felſen rings umgeben; auf dem höchſten derſelben ſtand ein alter, verfallener Thurm, und außer dem fetten Graſe, welches der Boden erzeugte, war die Landſchaft rauh und öde.

Eines Morgens, als ich auf einem Steine ſaß und mein Frühſtück verzehrte, ward ich mit einem Mal mitten unter meinen Ziegen zwei ſchöne Stiere gewahr, die ruhig im Graſe lagen und wiederkäuten; ich wollte eben näher hinzugehen und nachſehen, ob ſie aus unſerm Weiler wären, als ein bejahrter Mann, ganz in Grau gekleidet, vor mir ſtand und mich fragte, wer mir erlaubt hätte, auf ſeiner Wieſe zu weiden? und als ich mich entſchuldigte und verſicherte, daß ich nicht gewußt hätte, daß dieſe Weide fremdes Eigenthum ſei, nahm er mich lächelnd bei der Hand und ſprach: „Sei gutes Muthes, liebes Kind; ich weiß, daß Dir's nicht zum Beſten geht, aber Du biſt zu Deinem Glück hierher gekommen. Wenn Du willſt,“ fuhr er fort, „ſo bleibe bei mir, ich bin alt und brauche eines Sohnes Hülfe; Du aber ſollſt in mir einen liebenden Vater finden.“

Die Stimme des Greiſes war ſo rührend und eine gütige Behandlung mir ſo fremd, daß ich vor ihm niederſank und ſeine Hände mit Thränen des Dankes benetzte. Ich trieb auf ſeinen Rath meine Heerde wieder zurück, und noch in derſelben Nacht nahm ich Abſchied von meinem Geburtsort und ſchlich, halb beklommen, halb freudigen Herzens, zu meines neuen Vaters Wohnung, welche das verfallene Felsſchloß war.

Ein friedlich ſtilles Glück hatte ſeinen Sitz in den Trümmern des ehemaligen Kriegsgebäudes aufgeſchlagen; in den Wandſchränken, wo ſonſt Schilde und Helme, Lanzen und Schwerter verwahrt wurden, ſtanden nun in langen Reihen Werke der Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft, Früchte entſchwundener Jahrhunderte; wo der Wächter ſonſt dem erſchreckten Bewohner den nahenden Feind verkündigte, auf der Warte, ſah man Geräthe, den Lauf des wechſelnden Mondes und der kreiſenden Sterne zu beobachten. Mit inniger Wehmuth denke ich jetzt an dieſen rührenden Anblick zurück, den mein kindiſcher Sinn damals nicht zu deuten vermochte.

Mein neuer Vater unterrichtete mich in mannigfachen Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften, lehrte mich die Sprachen entfernter Völker, zeigte mir die Bahnen der nächtlich glänzenden Welten und weihete mich in die Liebe Gottes ein, die er den Gipfel aller Wiſſenſchaft zu nennen pflegte. „Doch überhebe Dich nie!" pflegte er öfters zu ſagen. „Wenn Dein Blick zum Himmel ſchweift und im unendlichen Aether den Vater findet, lenke ihn auch wieder herab zur Mutter, zur Alles ernährenden Erde und freue Dich ihrer in werkthätiger Liebe!" Ich wartete die Früchte des Gartens, beſtellte den Acker, bildete Geiſt und Herz und war glücklich.

Sieben Mal hatte der Apfelbaum Blüthen getragen, und ich darf ſagen, daß ich mit Jedem neuen Frühjahre die Welt um mich ſelbſt inniger ergriffen hatte; da geſchah es, daß ich in meinem ſiebenzehnten Jahre Zeuge eines Schauſpiels wurde, welches, ohne daß ich es ahnen konnte, mein ganzes künftiges Leben beſtimmte.

Ich beſtellte nämlich an einem ſchönen Herbſtmorgen unſer Feld und ging ruhig hinter meinem Pfluge her, als meine beiden Stiere plötzlich ängſtlich ſtill ſtanden und zu gleicher Zeit über meinem Haupte ein ſeltſames Geräuſch erſcholl. Ich ſah auf, da erblickt' ich über mir in den Lüften einen Storch, der furchtſam vor einer geflügelten Schlange floh, die ihn unabläſſig verfolgte, er wendete ſich ſtets im Kreiſe herum, und ſo ſehr ihm die mächtige Schlange überlegen ſchien, ſo fuhr ſie doch ſtets ſcheu zurück, ſo oft ihr der Storch ſeinen langen Schnabel drohend entgegenſtreckte.

Ich hatte dem ſonderbaren Kampfe kaum eine Minute lang zugeſehen, als ein mächtiger Stein dicht zu meinen Füßen ſo heftig zur Erde fiel, daß ich und meine Stiere ängſtlich zur Seite ſprangen. In demſelben Augenblicke umwickelte die furchtbare Schlange den Storch und floh mit ihm gen Norden pfeilſchnell davon.

Als ich mich von meinem Erſtaunen erholt hatte, hob ich den herab gefallenen Stein auf und erkannte ihn für einen gewöhnlichen Magnetſtein, wie ich ihn ſelbſt nicht ſelten in den Gebirgen gefunden hatte. Ein einfacher Ring von Stahl haftete an demſelben, den ich nur mit äußerſter Anſtrengung von dem Magnete trennen konnte. Schnell lief ich nach Hauſe, um meinem Vater dieſes Abenteuer zu erzählen; aber ich fand ihn weder in dem Garten, den er gewöhnlich um jene Zeit zu beſtellen pflegte, noch in ſeiner Arbeitskammer, noch in irgend einem Gemache des Gebäudes. Mit beklommenem Herzen ſtieg ich endlich die ſchmalen, ſteinernen Treppen des Thurmes hinan; es war die Warte, der einzige Ort in unſerer Wohnung, den ich noch nicht durchſucht hatte. Aber ſchon früher, eh' ich ſie erreichte, fand ich ihn. Rechts in der Mauer nämlich wurde ich eine Pforte gewahr, die ich früher für eine Blende gehalten. Ein großer, behauener Stein, welcher die Thür bildete, war nicht geſchloſſen, ſondern nur angelehnt. Schnell trat ich hinein; aber wie geblendet wankte ich zurück, als ich mich in einem erleuchteten Gewölbe befand, und meinen Vater vor einem ſchön in Stein gehauenen Altar knien ſah, über welchem in Lebensgröße das Bild einer überirdiſch ſchönen, weiblichen Geſtalt hing, ſo ſonderbar künſtlich von farbigen Lampen umſtrahlt, daß ſie, von Schmelz und Glanz umfloſſen, in Aetherduft zu wallen ſchien. Wie lange ich feſt am Boden gewurzelt ſtand und mit unverwandten, gierigen Blicken das ſchöne Bild in meine Seele ſog, weiß ich nicht zu ſagen; aber wonnetrunken ſtand ich noch da, als mein Vater, der mir bis jetzt den Rücken zugekehrt hatte, ſich langſam empor hob und ſich heftig entſetzte, als er mich hier ihm ſo nahe gewahr wurde; doch faßte er ſich ſchnell, ergriff meine Hand, und nachdem er mich ſtillſchweigend aus dem Gewölbe geführt und die mächtige Thür hinter ſich verſchloſſen hatte, ſprach er mit ſanfter Stimme: „Vergiß, was Du dort geſchaut, und wenn ich je Dir wohlgethan, ſo frage nie, was es bedeutet."

Nachdem ich mich nun wegen dieſes Zufalls entſchuldigt hatte, erzählte ich ihm, was mir ſo eben begegnet war; doch er ſchalt mich unvorſichtig, daß ich nur den Ring und nicht auch den Stein mitgebracht habe. „Wir können ihn noch holen," antwortete ich, „er liegt bei dem Pfluge, wo ich ihn hinwarf;" und mit dieſem Worte kehrten wir Beide eilig nach dem Felde zurück.

Hundert Schritte ungefähr waren wir jetzt von dem Orte entfernt, wo mir dieß wunderbare Abenteuer begegnet war, da gelüſtete es uns nicht, näher hin zu gehen, denn die furchtbare Schlange kroch klappernd auf dem Boden umher und ſchien den entfallenen Ring zu ſuchen; neben ihr ſtand der Storch zahm und geduldig. Wir wollten eben leiſe zurückſchleichen, doch die Schlange, die uns in demſelben Moment gewahr wurde, ſchoß wüthend auf meinen väterlichen Freund los. Wie aus Inſtinkt trat ich ſchützend vor ihn und ſtreckte dem aufgereizten Thiere meine unbewaffneten Hände drohend entgegen; da fuhr ſie ziſchend zurück, umſchlang mit vielfachen Ringen den wehrloſen Storch und flog mit ihm auf und davon, ſchnurſtracks gen Süden. Welche Freude ich empfand, meinen Vater gerettet zu haben, und wie er mir dankte, iſt unbeſchreiblich.

Nachdem wir uns für verſichert hielten, daß die Schlange nicht wiederkehren würde, begannen wir den Stein zu ſuchen; aber alle Mühe war vergebens. Statt deſſen aber, als ich auf dem Felde umher irrte, fand ich ein junges Störchlein, welches beide Beine gebrochen und an dem Halſe eine tiefe Wunde hatte, an welcher man deutlich die Spuren ſpitziger Zähne bemerken konnte. Ich hob das zarte Thier auf, wuſch den Schlangenbiß ſauber mit Quellwaſſer aus, träufelte heilſame Kräuterſäfte in die Wunde, verband die beſchädigten Beine, nachdem ich die gebrochenen Röhren behutſam an einander gefügt hatte, und pflegte und wartete das arme Thierchen mit ſo glücklicher Sorgfalt, daß es, ehe noch ein Monat verging, völlig geſund ward und mich auf Tritt und Schritt, wie eine treue Taube, flatternd begleitete. Den Ring aber ließ ich nicht von meinem Finger, denn mein weiſer Vater hatte ihn ſogleich für einen Talisman erkannt, und meinte, daß er mir einſt von großem Nutzen ſein könne, obgleich er beſcheiden geſtand, nicht hinreichende Kenntniſſe in der Magie zu beſitzen, um die Tugenden dieſes Zauberringes erforſchen zu können.

Der rauhe Herbſt und der ſtrenge Winter waren unter mannichfachen Beſchäftigungen und ernſten Studien vorüber gegangen, und obgleich ich das Gebot meines Vaters ſtrenge befolgt und nie des Ereigniſſes im Thurme auch nur entfernt erwähnt hatte, ſo war mir doch das Bild jenes überirdiſchen Weſens nie aus der Seele gewichen; wachend und träumend umſchwebte es mich, und in wehmüthig ſtiller Sehnſucht ſah ich in jeder Welle des Baches, in jeder wallenden Wolke die himmliſch ſüße Geſtalt. Jetzt in der neuen Frühlingsſonne floſſen die Quellen wieder und milde Strahlen lockten das junge Gras aus dem erwärmten Boden hervor, da baute ich meinem Storche auf dem höchſten Fichtenbaume in der Gegend ein bequemes Neſt, in der Abſicht, daß die wiederkehrende Mutter ihr todt geglaubtes Junges dort finden möchte; auch kam mancher Bewohner ſüdlicher Lüfte geflattert, um den armen Menſchen des Nordens den wiederkehrenden Lenz zu verkünden, doch keiner wollte ſich zu meinem verlaſſenen Gefieder geſellen; das kleine Thier blieb einſam und ward mir doppelt lieb. Den ganzen Sommer über, auf dem Felde, bei meinen Büchern, ja wenn ich mitten in der Nacht auf der einſamen Warte die Bahnen der ſchweigenden Sterne maß, war mir das dankbare Thierchen ſtets ein treuer Begleiter, und ſchien ſich zu grämen, wenn ich von Zeit zu Zeit nicht mit ihm tändelte, wie es gewohnt war.

Aber auch ich hatte mein Störchlein lieb gewonnen, daß es mich Thränen koſtete, als ich es verlor: Mein liebes Federſpiel ward mir weder von der grauſamen Schlange, noch durch ſonſt irgend ein außerordentliches Ereigniß geraubt; es folgte ſeinem angebornen Inſtinkte, flog bei heran nahendem Herbſte, nachdem es mich einmal über das andere gleichſam dankbar angeblickt hatte, nach glücklichern Zonen und kam nie wieder.

Ich hatte nun mein zwanzigſtes Jahr erreicht und meinen Storch längſt vergeſſen, als mich mein Vater eines Morgens vor ſein Lager rief und mit ſchwacher, kranker Stimme alſo anredete: „Ich habe heute Nacht einen ſchweren Traum gehabt, der mir den Tod und Dir nahes Glück verheißt. — Sie iſt nicht mehr, ich habe ſie geſprochen. — Sobald ich geendet habe, zieh' unverzüglich nach Süden; erkämpfe dort, was mir geraubt wurde, und ſei geſegnet. In jenem Schranke wirſt Du einen Beutel mit Gold finden. — Nach Süden unverzüglich! Ununterbrochen! Der Himmel ſegne Dich!" Mit den letzten Worten war er verſchieden. Ich benetzte ſeine kalten Hände mit Thränen, beſtattete ihn zur Erde, und nachdem ich überall und lange, aber vergebens, mein geliebtes Bild geſucht hatte, gedachte ich des letzten Gebots meines väterlichen Freundes, und zog, wie von unſichtbarer Macht wunderbar geſtärkt, von dannen. Ich lernte Länder und Völker kennen, hatte freudevolle und trübe Stunden, und übergehe jene kleinen Begebniſſe, die ich, wie jeder andere Reiſende, auf meiner Fahrt erlebte. Noch weniger will ich erzählen, wie erſt mein junges Herz den Menſchen mit Liebe entgegen kam; wie ich dann Gefahr lief, ſie haſſen zu müſſen, und endlich die Menſchheit lieben lernte. Ich will nur ſagen, daß, trotz ſo mancher verführeriſchen Lockung, meine Bruſt vor Frauenliebe geſtählt blieb, geſtählt durch jenes wundervolle Bild, das wie aus fernen Wolken winkend, immer und immer vor meiner trunkenen Seele ſchwebte.

So ſtand es mit Geiſt und Herzen, als mir in Venedig das letzte Goldſtück aus meinem Beutel ging, und die eiſerne Nothwendigkeit mich zwang, an Erwerb zu denken. Auf einem Kriegsſchiffe, welches die Republik gegen die ungläubigen Piraten der afrikaniſchen Küſten ausgerüſtet hatte, wurde ein Arzt verlangt, und ich nahm dieſe Stelle, nachdem ich Proben meiner Geſchicklichkeit abgelegt hatte, unter billigen Bedingungen an. Aber wir waren noch nicht vier und zwanzig Stunden in See, als unſer Schiff von drei afrikaniſchen Schebecken genommen und die Mannſchaft als Sklaven davon geführt wurde. Ich verſtand die Sprache unſerer Ueberwinder und wurde daher milder, als meine Unglücksgefährten behandelt.

Auf dem Markte zu Tunis ließ ich mich als Gärtner ausſtellen, weil ich einen unwiderſtehlichen Hang zu den Beſchäftigungen meiner Kindheit fühlte, und ein reicher Grundherr kaufte mich um einen hohen Preis, führte mich nach ſeinen Beſitzungen, die tief im Lande lagen, und machte mich zum Oberaufſeher ſeiner Gärten. Funfzig Sklaven ſtanden unter meinen Befehlen; was ich anordnete, wuchs und gedieh und erwarb mir das Wohlwollen meines Herrn, an deſſen ſanfte Tugend ich noch jetzt mit dem tiefſten Mitleid zurück denke. Und ſo hätte ich in dieſer ſtillen Beſchränkung das Ende meiner Tage ruhig erwartet, wenn es das Schickſal nicht anders mit mir gewollt hätte.

Eines Abends nämlich, als ich in der Abendkühle den Garten durchwandelte und mich mit den ſüßen Blumendüften und dem goldenen Himmel erfreute, fand ich meinen Herrn mit geſenktem Haupte, laut weinend, im Graſe ſitzen; er war mir gut, liebte mit mir zu ſprechen, und ſo nahm ich mir ein Herz und fragte, was ihn zu ſo heftigen Schmerzen bewege.

„Die ſchönſte Blüthe meines Lebens hat der Sturm gebrochen!“ rief er verzweiflungsvoll, rang die Hände und weinte fort. Ich ſprach ihm Worte des Troſtes ein, und erfuhr, daß die Aerzte ſeiner einzigen Tochter, einem Mädchen von ſiebenzehn Jahren, das Leben abgeſprochen hatten.

„Euer treuer Knecht,“ erwiederte ich, „iſt in der Heilkunde nicht unerfahren, und wenn Ihr mich würdiget, die Kranke zu ſehn, wenn die Geſetze des Landes einem Jüngling erlauben“ —

Er ließ mich nicht ausſprechen, ſprang ſchnell auf, ergriff mich krampfhaft bei der Hand und führte mich in das Krankenzimmer. — Dort hatte ich meine Noth mit den aufwartenden Weibern, die meiner großen Jugend halber mir alle Kenntniſſe abſprachen und es für unerhört und aller Sitte zuwider hielten, wenn ich bald der Kranken den Schleier aufhob und ihr mit forſchendem Blicke in die Augen ſahe, bald meine Hand auf ihre Stirn legte, um den Umlauf des Blutes zu erkunden; ja, mein Herr mußte ihnen ſogar mit harten Strafen drohen, auf daß ſie mir nur die Fragen beantworteten, die ich nothwendiger Weiſe machen mußte und auf die mir die ſchöne Kranke ſelbſt keinen Beſcheid geben konnte, indem das Fieber ihre Sinne verwirrt hatte und ſie unzuſammenhängend ſprechen ließ.

Ich kam drei Tage und drei Nächte nicht von ihrem Lager. Vergebens! Hier ſcheiterte meine Kunſt; was ich auch thun, welche kräftige Mittel ich auch zuſammenſetzen mochte, das Uebel wich nicht von der Stelle, und wenn ich auch den allzu freudigen Vater über die nahe Todesgefahr ſeines Kindes beruhigen konnte, ſo war ich doch in meiner Seele um ſo beſorgter, da ſich das brennende Fieber in eine ſchleichende Krankheit verwandelt hatte. — Die irdiſchen Hülfsquellen der Kunſt waren erſchöpft, da dachte ich der himmliſchen Kräfte, die auf des Menſchen Seele einwirken: der geheimnißreichen Sympathie; und es gelang. Ich gab den wachenden Frauen einen Schlaftrunk, kam ungehindert an das Bett der Kranken, weckte ſie behutſam, verſprach ihr Geneſung, wenn ſie mir folgen würde; und ſie, mit thränenden Blicken des Danks, ſchwieg und erwartete geduldig ihr Schickſal. Da begann ich Zirkel durch Zirkel zu ſchlingen, folgte mit kreiſenden Händen den Lineamenten, band die leidende Schöne in magiſchen Schlummer, und erfuhr, was mir die Wiſſenſchaft nicht zu ſagen vermochte. Nachdem ich mich während eines Monats nur Minuten lang aus ihrem Zimmer entfernt hatte, führte ich jetzt dem unbegrenzt glücklichen Vater die blühende Tochter in die Arme. —

Von nun an ſah ich die ſchöne Leila oft; ſie durfte jetzt den Garten beſuchen; dort fiel es nicht auf, wenn ſie mit mir ſprach, und auch im Palaſte wurde mir ihr Anblick gewährt, da ich meine Freiheit erhalten hatte und oft zur Tafel gezogen wurde.

So ſchön, ſo reizend ſie aber auch war, ſo rührend auch ihr dunkler, brennender Blick mir Liebe um Liebe verſprach; es ſtand ein anderes Bild vor meiner Seele und ich vermochte nicht, Empfindungen zu erwiedern, die ich unſeliger Weiſe in dem jungfräulichen Buſen des feurigſten Mädchens erweckt hatte.

„Du weichſt mir aus,“ ſprach ſie eines Tages (ſie ſaß auf einer Raſenbank und ich ſtand im Geſpräch ehrerbietig vor ihr), „Du weichſt mir aus, und zwingſt mein ſchüchternes Herz, daß es hoch und höher ſchlage und bebend erbange! Oder zweifelſt Du vielleicht? Verlangt Dein ſtolzer Sinn ein Wort zu hören, das dieſes verwandelte Herz umſonſt zu verbergen ſtrebt? Nun ſo möge auch die Lippe dieß verkünden, daß ich Dich liebe, einzig, ewig und mehr als mich ſelbſt! Du ſenkſt Deine Augen, meine Sonne? Deine himmliſch Antlitz färbt ein verſchämtes Roth? Sieh', und ich blicke Dich noch ein Mal feſt an und wiederhole es: ich liebe Dich! Du biſt die Jungfrau und ich bin der Jüngling, der um Dich wirbt; ja ſo ganz hat die Liebe mich verwandelt! O, daß es auch die Liebe wäre, die Dich Kühnen, Weiſen, Schönen, wie ein ſchüchternes Mädchen verſtummen läßt!“ Sie ſank vor mir nieder, ergriff meine Hand, drückte ſie an ihre brennenden Lippen und zerfloß in Thränen.

„Schöne Leila,“ begann ich verwirrt, als ſie mich jetzt mit feuchtem Blicke forſchend anſchaute, „ſo ſehr ich auch Deine beneidenswerthe Gunſt —“ „Nicht weiter,“ fiel ſie raſch ein; „ich hab' es geahnet! O ich Unglückſelige!“ rief ſie laut weinend, rang die Hände und floh. Ich wollte ihr folgen, aber ein furchtbar drohender Blick befahl mir, zu bleiben; ich ſtand wie feſtgewurzelt, und ſie entſchwand meinen Augen.

Die widerſprechendſten Empfindungen wechſelten ſeit jener Stunde in meinem Buſen, und ſchneidende Gefühle durchkreuzten ſich in meiner Seele; ich kämpfte einen ſchweren Kampf.

Vierzehn ſorgenvolle Tage waren mir alſo vergangen, und da ich das unglückliche Mädchen ſeit dieſer Zeit nicht wieder geſehn hatte: ſo dachte ich, daß ſie mich vermeiden und auf dieſe Weiſe ihr Herz bekämpfen wolle. Ihr in dieſem Vorhaben durch ſchnelle Flucht zu Hülfe zu kommen, hielt ich für Pflicht; ich vertraute einem treuen Sklaven mein Geheimniß, bereitete mit deſſen Beiſtande mein Reiſebündel, gab ihm ein Schreiben für unſeren Herrn, und entfloh bei Nacht und Nebel aus einer Gartenthüre, die auf's Feld führte.

Wie froh war ich, als ich mich am andern Morgen fern von meiner ehemaligen Wohnung befand, fremde Gegenſtände und fremde Menſchengeſichter ſahe. — Ich ſog die friſche Morgenluft mit tiefen Zügen ein, und mein Herz war neu belebt und geſtärkt, — den ganzen Tag über wanderte ich ununterbrochen fort gen Süden, der Lehre meines verſtorbenen Vaters eingedenk, und kehrte ſpät Abends in ein einzelnes Haus ein, das in einem anmuthigen Thale, am Ufer eines kleinen Flüßchens ſtand, und woſelbſt ich von einem alten Ehepaar gaſtlich aufgenommen wurde. Wir verzehrten ein ländliches Abendmahl, und da die Nacht ſchon weit vorgerückt war, wurde ich in ein ſtilles Kämmerlein geführt, wo Einſamkeit und ein reinlich bereitetes Lager dem ermüdeten Wanderer Ruhe verhießen. Als ich aber mein Reiſegeräth öffnete, um meine Kleider zu wechſeln, fand ich gleich oben auf ein Schreiben, welches mir eine Begebenheit verkündete, an welche ich noch jetzt, im Schooße des Glücks, nur mit der innigſten Wehmuth zurück denken kann. Auf der äußern Seite des Blattes ſtand: „Für Edwin von ſeiner Leila,“ und als ich's zitternd entfaltet, las ich folgende Worte: „Was ich immer ahnete und immer mir verhehlte; was ich niemals begriff, weil es mir ſtets entſchwand, wenn ich es deutlich denken wollte; nicht meine Schmach, Edwin, mein Unglück, es ſtehet nun wirklich vor mir da, in ſtarrender Gewißheit und ſtiert mich an und faßt und drückt mich zu Tode. — Nicht wahr, mein Arzt, dieß Uebel iſt unheilbar? — O ich fühl es wohl, ſo gern Du auch möchteſt, dieß Mal kannſt Du mir nicht helfen! — Du liebſt! — Läugne es ja nicht; ich weiß es; oder meinſt Du, ich hätte den Ring vor Thränen nicht ſehen können, als ich damals Deine Hand an meine glühenden Lippen drückte? Ich ſahe ihn wohl; er war von hartem Stahl und hell geſchliffen. Nicht Deine Schuld iſt dieſer Mord! Es iſt der harte, ſcharf geſchliffene Stahl, der mir das Herz durchſchneidet. Ich ſegne Dich und ſterbe!“ —

Ich war von der ungewohnten Fußreiſe, von manchen anſtrengenden Geſchäften des vorigen Tages, von hundert ſtreitenden Gedanken und Empfindungen bis auf den Tod ermattet. Als ich die letzten, erſchütternden Worte dieſes traurigen Schreibens las, ſchwanden mir die Sinne und ich ſank bewußtlos zu Boden. Wie ich wieder erwachte, war meine Lampe erloſchen, und eine weibliche Geſtalt, in einem Schleier gehüllt, ſtand leuchtend vor mir. Aus ihrem Gürtel ragte ein glänzender Stahl hervor und auf dem Gewande waren Spuren von Blut zu ſehen. Ich ſank ſchaudernd zurück, aber die Geſtalt näherte ſich und ergriff mich leiſe mit weicher, warmer Hand.

„Leila!“ rief ich; ſie lächelte ſchmerzlich, winkte, ſchritt fort, und ich, unwiderſtehlich, mußte fort mit ihr, die Stiegen hinab, zum Hauſe hinaus in's Freie. Sie hielt mich feſt bei der Hand. Durch Feld und Thal, über Fluß und Hügel ſchwebten wir fort; ich berührte den Boden nicht. Die Sterne erblaßten ſchon, wir waren in einem dichten Wald, da ſtand ſie ſtill, ließ meine Hand fahren, ſeufzte ſchwer auf und zerfloß wie leichter Nebel vor der Morgenſonne. Ich ſtreckte meine bebenden Arme nach ihr hin, da wankte der Boden, die Erde wich unter mir und ich fiel hinunter. — Als ich die Augen aufſchlug, ſah ich beim Schimmer einer brennenden Ampel, die vom Gewölbe herab hing, eine furchtbare Löwin raſch auf mich los gehn. Schon ſprang ich zurück, ergriff einen Kieſel und ſchleuderte ihn auf das brüllende Thier; aber wie groß war mein Erſtaunen, als daſſelbe plötzlich ſtill ſtand, mich mit großen Augen anſahe und ſich mit Kopf und Vorderpfoten demüthig zur Erde ſtreckte, gleichwie ein gehorſamer Jagdhund ſeinen Herrn zu grüßen pflegt.

Mein Erſtaunen vermehrte ſich, als jetzt die Löwin langſam näher ſchritt und ſich zahm ſchmeichelnd feſt an mich ſchmiegte. Ich wagte es, ihr den Rücken zu ſtreicheln; ſie ſchien erfreut darüber, und wir wurden bald gute Freunde. So ſchritt ich nun dem Thiere nach, das tiefer und tiefer in die Höhle hinein ging und ſich von Zeit zu Zeit umſahe, ob ich ihm auch folge; und ſo führte es mich nach einem weichen Lager von Moos, auf welches ich wider Willen kraftlos niederſank und, meiner ſelbſt nicht mächtig, entſchlief. Noch ſchien es mir Nacht zu ſein, da weckte mich die Löwin, ging im Kreiſe um mich herum und war unruhig; ich liebkoſte ſie, aber es kümmerte ſie wenig, ſie ſchien Etwas zu verlangen und hörte nicht auf, mich zu beläſtigen; ich konnte ſie nicht verſtehn, wurde des Spiels überdrüſſig, wendete mich weg und that, als ob ich ſchliefe; aber die Löwin ließ ſich nicht ſtören und hörte nicht auf, mich zu beunruhigen; ich ſtieß ſie ſanft mit vorgehaltener Rechten zurück, da faßte ſie meine Hand mit ihren gewaltigen Zähnen und biß mich ſo heftig, daß das helle Blut hervor quoll. Ich ſprang erſchrocken auf und flüchtete mich in einen Winkel, aber die Löwin folgte mir langſam und ſtellte ſich ruhig in demüthiger Stellung vor mich hin. Da gewann ich wieder Muth, ſchlich nach dem Mooslager, zerriß den leinenen Bund meines Turbans und verband die Wunde, ſo gut ich vermochte. Die Löwin hatte es bis dahin nicht wieder gewagt, mir nahe zu kommen; ſie hatte ſich in einem Winkel hingeſtreckt, ohne ein Auge von mir zu laſſen; als ſie aber die Wunde verbunden und mich ruhig ſah, kam ſie ſchüchtern näher, indem ſie von Zeit zu Zeit ſtill ſtand, den Kopf ruhig auf die Erde ſtreckte und endlich wenige Schritte von mir in dieſer demüthigen Stellung ſtehen blieb.

Dieſe liebenswürdige Gutmüthigkeit in einem ſo gewaltig ſtarken Thiere rührte mich dermaßen, daß ich, trotz des heftigen Schmerzes meiner Wunde, aufſtand und ihm beruhigend Kopf und Rücken ſtreichelte. Aber wie grenzenlos war mein Erſtaunen, als plötzlich, indem ich zum dritten Male mit meiner unbeſchädigten Linken vom Kopfe der Löwin über ihren Rücken herunter fuhr, das Thier verſchwunden war, und ich ſtatt deſſen eine königlich geſchmückte, edle, weibliche Geſtalt gewahr wurde, deren Antlitz von einem undurchſichtigen Schleier verhangen war.

Ich ſtand noch gebeugt und ſtumm vor ihr, da ſprach ſie: „Hab' Dank, Edwin, mein Schutzgeiſt, mein Erretter!" ſie ſchlug ihren Schleier zurück, ſah in meine Augen; ſie war's, die ich immer gedacht hatte. „Wir kennen uns ſchon ſeit lange," ſagte ſie jetzt; und — „Seit ich lebe," rief ich, „ſeit ich liebe, umſchwebt mich Dein Bild!" — „Du haſt mich nicht gänzlich verſtanden, Edwin," fuhr ſie fort, „ich dächte, wir hätten ſchon ein rundes Jahr mit einander verlebt!" Und als ſie bei dieſen Worten meinen ſtaunenden Blick bemerkte, entblößte ſie ihren ſchönen Hals und zeigte mir nahe der Schulter einen weißen, glänzenden Flecken, als ob der Wind einen Schneeflocken an eine Alabaſterſäule geweht hätte. — „Dieß war eine tödtliche Wunde," ſprach ſie; „und hätteſt Du Dich nicht des mutterloſen Störchleins damals erbarmt: ſo würde ich unfehlbar geſtorben ſein. Ja, Edwin, unter der Geſtalt eines Storches haſt Du Deiner Dilara das Leben gerettet und ſie ein Jahr lang gepflegt." Das Wort auf der Lippe erſtarb mir in ſtaunendem Entzücken; ich ſank an ihren Hals und küßte das Denkmal meines Glücks. Als ich ſie wieder anblickte, ſprach ſie lächelnd: „Ich habe Dir Deine liebevolle Sorgfalt ſchlecht belohnt," und zeigte auf meine verwundete Hand; „aber ſchreibe dieſes Ungemach nicht mir, ſondern Deiner üblen Gewohnheit zu, die Dich Alles mit der rechten Hand thun läßt; ich konnte mir nicht anders helfen, ich mußte ſie lähmen, auf daß ich von Dir mit der Linken berührt würde, an welcher Du den Wunderring trägſt, der meine Entzauberung bewirkt hat. Aber ich will nun auch für Dich ſorgen und Dich pflegen und warten, daß, ehe der Mond wechſelt, keine Spur von der Wunde zu ſehen ſein ſoll." Ich verſicherte ihr, daß ſolche ſinnreiche Liſt nur einer Löwin mit einem Löwen hätte einfallen können, und ſcherzte noch über dieſen ſonderbaren Vorfall, als ſie mich fragte, welches glückliche Ungefähr mich in dieſe unzugangbare Höhle geführt habe? Da ſprach ich: „Friede ſei Deiner edeln Seele, unglückliche Leila!" Und wieder kniete ich und flehete um Ruhe für ihren Schatten, um Gnade und Lohn für ihre Liebe und Großmuth.

Dilara wollte wiſſen, von wem ich ſpräche, und ich erzählte ihr mit kurzen Worten die Geſchichte des armen, unglücklichen Mädchens. — Thränen des Mitleids ſtanden in den Augen meiner Geliebten, und als ich geendet hatte, ſprach ſie: „Laß uns ihr Andenken ehren und für die Ruhe ihres Geiſtes drei Tage noch in dieſer Höhle bleiben, und jedes liebevollen Worts enthalten und von Wurzeln des Waldes und dem Waſſer des Bergquells nähren."

Dieſer Gedanke war mir aus meiner Seele genommen; ich winkte ihr Beifall zu. Wir blieben drei Tage in der Höhle, nährten uns von Wurzeln und klarem Waſſer, und kein Wort von Liebe kam über unſere Lippen. Ich erzählte meiner Dilara während dieſer Zeit die Geſchichte meiner Jugend und ſie mir die ihre ſammt den Schickſalen ihrer Mutter, die ich, theuren Verſtorbenen zum Gedächtniß, hier aufſchreiben will.

„Meine Mutter," hob Dilara an, „war die einzige Tochter Ibrahim's, Königs der fünf vereinigten Republiken Ca, Lo, Mi, Fe und Ku. Ihre Jugend floß ungeſtört, unter ſchuldloſen Freuden dahin, und ſie hatte ihr ſiebenzehntes Jahr noch nicht völlig erreicht, als ſchon der Ruf ihrer Schönheit ſowohl, als ihres ausgezeichneten Geiſtes durch das ganze Land und über ſeine Grenzen hinaus erſchollen war. Da ſie nun überdieß mit ihrer Hand eine Königskrone zu verſchenken hatte: ſo wird es Dich nicht wundern, daß es ihr weder unter den Großen des Landes, noch unter den fürſtlichen Reiſenden, die den Hof beſuchten, an Bewerbern fehlte, und daß dieſe kein Mittel unverſucht ließen, ihr Herz zu gewinnen. Vergebens! es gehörte ihr nicht mehr; Sadi, der Sohn Kalafs des Weiſen, hatte ihr bereits Liebe geſtanden und ſie ihm ewige Treue geſchworen. Aber die Prüfungsjahre des Jünglings und ſeine Erziehung in den Myſterien des Staats waren noch nicht vollendet, und ſo mußte dieſe Liebe vor aller Welt ein Geheimniß bleiben; obgleich die Prinzeſſin zu keiner Heirath gezwungen werden durfte, indem es ihr nach den Reichsgeſetzen frei ſtand, ihre Hand jedem Eingeweihten zu ſchenken, ſobald ſie die Probe ſeiner Liebe beſtanden hatte."

„Während ſich nun in dieſer Zeit das glückliche Paar nur auf Augenblicke und verſtohlner Weiſe ſehen konnte, um ſich über die Pläne ihrer künftigen Verbindung zu beſprechen, war Ratnator, genannt der Schlangenkönig, der Beherrſcher eines nahe gelegenen, mächtigen Reiches, am königlichen Hofe zu Ca erſchienen, und verhehlte ſorgfältig ſeine Abſichten auf die Erbprinzeſſin, weil er nur zu wohl wußte, daß er in dem Rufe eines böſen Zauberers ſtand, und daher von dem tugendhaften König Ibrahim nicht gut gelitten war, obgleich man ihm in der Reſidenz alle Ehre erwies, indem man die große Macht des Rachſüchtigen fürchtete. Bloß die Gier, ſeine Grenzen zu erweitern und durch die Hand der Königstochter mit guter Art auf den Thron der Republik zu kommen, hatte ihn nach Ca geführt; aber kaum hatte er die ſchöne Prinzeſſin dort geſehen, als auch eine wilde, thieriſche Liebe Triebfeder ſeines Thuns wurde. Sie hatte das welke Herz des Wütherichs in einen glühenden Kieſel verwandelt, und in heißer Wolluſtgier kochte ſein Blut, wenn er dem Sonnenglanz der ſchönen Jungfrau zu nahe kam, um welchen er, wie ein nächtliches Inſekt um eine Fackel, taumelnd ſchwirrte. Aber wie oft er es auch mit flammenden Blicken, bald abgebrochenen Worten und frechen Späßen verſucht hatte, ſeine ſtürmende Leidenſchaft eindringlich an den Tag zu legen: ſo ſah er doch nur zu deutlich, daß alle ſeine Bemühungen die entgegengeſetzte Wirkung auf die ſchöne Fürſtin hervorbrachten, die voller Furcht und Abſcheu dem quälenden Verfolger, ſo weit es der Wohlſtand erlaubte, ſorgfältig aus dem Wege ging. Dennoch verlor er die Hoffnung nicht; denn da es ihm um eine freie, ſelbſt gewählte Hingebung ihres jungfräulichen Herzens eben nicht ſehr zu thun war, ſo nahm er zu böſen Künſten ſeine Zuflucht, miſchte ihr manchen magiſchen Trank, zog um die Stunde der Geiſter manchen zauberiſch flammenden Kreis und beſprach den Mond und die Larven der Hölle."

„Als er aber ſahe, wie alle ſeine Mittel, die kräftigſten ſelbſt, fehlſchlugen; als auch das letzte, ein Feuertrank, der ein Eisgebirge hätte entflammen können, ohne Wirkung geblieben war, ward er wüthend, raſte, tobte und fluchte dem unbekannten Verführer, der ihm ſein beſtes Kleinod rauben durfte. Denn da die Jungfrau ſeinen Künſten widerſtanden hatte, ſo war ihm dies ein ſicheres Zeichen, daß ſie bereits liebte, daß dieſe reine Liebe ſie beſchützte; und Eiferſucht peitſchte ſein Blut und trieb's in die rollenden Augen. Sein Entſchluß war ſchnell gefaßt. Noch an demſelben Tage, als er meine Mutter einſam, ihren Gedanken nachhängend, in dem königlichen Garten luſtwandeln ſahe, ſchlich er leiſe nach und warf ihr einen grauen Schleier über, der ſie vom Haupte bis zu den Füßen bedeckte; ſie erſchrak, wollte ſich los machen, verwickelte ſich feſter und feſter; der Schleier wuchs, zerfloß, ſchwebte vom Boden auf, und in eine dichte Nebelwolke gehüllt ward ſie davon getragen."

„Wie es wieder Licht vor ihren Augen wurde, befand ſie ſich in einem hell erleuchteten, prächtig geſchmückten Saale, auf weichen Kiſſen gelagert, von [illegible] Blumen umringt, ahnete, was mit ihr geſchehen war und ſank ſchaudernd zurück. —

Sie befand ſich in der Reſidenz und in dem Schloſſe des Unholds, der ſich bald demüthig nahte, ſeine Kühnheit der gränzenloſen Liebe zuſchrieb, ihr Herz und Thron anbot, ſie unabläſſig quälte und immer wiederkehrte und immer flehte, um ſtets hoffnungsloſer davon zu gehen. Denn daß die gütige Natur auch dem mächtigſten Magiker keine Macht über eine ſchuldloſe Seele giebt, wirſt du wohl wiſſen, mein Edwin. Daher ließ er es nicht an freundlichen Worten fehlen, ſpielte den Gutmüthigen, ſo gut er es vermochte, that, was er ihr an den Augen abſehen konnte, und ließ ſich ſelbſt Erniedrigungen gefallen, um nur in ihre Gunſt zu kommen. Er ging ſo weit, ihr zu geſtehen, daß ſeine größte Macht in der Kraft eines Ringes läge, den er von ſeinem Vater geerbt, und an welchem der König der Genien mit ſiebenzehn Gehülfen hundert Jahre lang gearbeitet hätte, daß er dieſen Ring alle ſieben Jahre nur Einmal vom Finger ließe, um ihn auf der Warte ſeines Schloſſes in dem Blute eines eben geborenen Kindes beim Mondenſcheine zu kochen. Er erzählte ihr auch noch von einigen andern Eigenſchaften dieſes Talismans, durch welchen er ihr bald die herrlichſten Freuden verſprach, bald auch, ſo oft ſie ihm widerſtand, bedrohte."

„Wie lange meine Mutter in der peinigenden Lage blieb, von dem Verhaßten mit widerwärtiger Zärtlichkeit gequält zu werden, wie lange ihr Herz indeß den theuren Geliebten entbehren mußte, weiß ich Dir, mein Freund, nicht genau zu ſagen, eben ſo wenig, wie dieſer ſie ausfundſchaftete, und welche Mittel ihn die Liebe lehrte, ſie zu ſehen und zu ſprechen. Es ſei Dir genug, zu wiſſen, daß bittre Reue einer vertraulichen Stunde folgte; die Liebenden ſchwuren beſchämt zu büßen, ſich nimmer wieder zu ſehen! Gabi ging und ſeine Geliebte blieb und weinte. Vor aller Welt verborgen, ſchloß ſie ſich in ihr Gemach ein und ließ keine Seele vor ſich, eine junge Sklavin von dreizehn Jahren ausgenommen, deren Mutter ſie einſt vor grauſer Todesſtrafe gerettet hatte, und die ihr deßhalb gar ſehr zugethan war."

„Mit bewundernswürdiger Geduld hatte Katuator drei volle Monate geharrt und nicht verſäumt, jeden Morgen an die verſchloſſene Thür zu kommen, gutmüthig um Eintritt bittend; und meine Mutter ſelbſt geſtand, daß dieſe ungemeine Mäßigung ſie damals herzlich gerührt habe. Aber ſo gern ſie auch jetzt ſein ſtilles Benehmen gelohnt und ihn zu ſich eingelaſſen hätte, ſo durfte ſie es doch in ihrer Angſt nicht wagen, da es nicht mehr zu verhehlen war, daß ſie ein Pfand unglücklicher Liebe, mich, unter dem Herzen trug. Jetzt, im erſten Viertheil des Neumondes, kam er wieder und ſprach: „Drei Monate hab' ich geduldig geharrt! Hat mich die Liebe bisher zum Thoren gemacht; heut' iſt es vorbei! heut' muß ich ein!" Und da ſich meine Mutter ſtandhaft weigerte, ſtieß er wüthend die Thür ein und ſtand vor ihr. Sie erbleichte, er auch, und ein fürchterliches Schweigen folgte auf den heftigen Wortwechſel; Beide zitterten heftig: er aus Zorn, ſie vor Angſt. Katuator brach zuerſt die grauſe Stille, und mit kalter, verbiſſener Wuth ſprach er athemlos alſo: „Schönen Dank, keuſche Seele, Dein Geſchenk kommt mir eben recht. Sei ſo gut, heb' mir's auf, einen Monat noch, dann hol' ich's mir. Ein neugebornes Kind, Du weißt doch noch, wozu ich's brauche? Warum ſo bleich? Munter, junge Frau! Ich laß Dich jetzt allein! Ein und dreißig Tage bleibe ich aus. Denk' mein, und thu' Dir was zu Gute bis dahin." Die Unglückliche fiel ihm zu Füßen, er ſtieß ſie von ſich und ging."

„Was für Tage herzzerſchneidender Angſt die arme Gefolterte nach dieſer furchtbaren Drohung verlebt hat, brauch' ich Dir wohl nicht zu ſagen; Dein ſtarrer Blick bezeugt es mir, daß Du es ahneſt. Unglücklicher war nie eine Mutter, als die meine; und denke ich an die qualvolle Kette ihrer irdiſchen Tage zurück, ſo muß ich die dunkle Stunde ſegnen, in welcher es dem Himmel gefiel, ſie zu ſich zu nehmen!"

„Zwanzig kummervolle Tage und eben ſo viele bange durchwachte Nächte waren langſam vorübergegangen, und ſie ſaß eines Morgens bleich und entſtellt auf ihrem Ruhebette, da trat die Sklavin, der ſie das Leben gerettet hatte, mit ihrer jungen Tochter ein und überreichte ihr einen goldenen Schlüſſel. „Vielleicht, verehrte Gebieterin," ſprach ſie, „iſt es meinem Kinde vergönnt, Euch das vergelten zu können, was Ihr ſo großmüthig an mir verübt habt. Es fand dieſen Schlüſſel in einem Gewande Eures grauſamen Räubers. Der Himmel ließ ihn dieſe Unvorſichtigkeit begehen und öffnet Euch den Eingang in ſein geheimes Arbeitszimmer, das keine menſchliche Seele noch betreten hat. Hier auf meinen Knieen beſchwöre ich Euch, verachtet, erhabene Fürſtin, dieſen Fingerzeig des Schickſals nicht, das vielleicht mein unſchuldiges Kind zum Werkzeuge Eurer Rettung auserſehen hat. Sie küßte das Gewand ihrer Herrin, und dieſe, mehr um die guten Menſchen nicht zu kränken, folgte ihnen in das geheime Gemach. Mancherlei Geräth war hier aufgeſtellt und Werkzeuge und Maſchinen, die wunderſam anzuſchauen waren. In der Mitte des Gewölbes ſtand ein mächtiger Schmelzofen und in Wandſchränken, ſauber geordnet, lag alter Hausrath, der nicht der Mühe werth ſchien, ſo ſorgfältig aufbewahrt zu werden: eine eiſerne Kette, ein kupferner Löffel, ein lederner Handſchuh hier, dort ein durchlöcherter Hut, ein zinnerner Becher, ein Sieb, ein Tau und tauſend dergleichen.

„Das ſind lauter Schätze," ſprach die alte Sklavin, „Ihr könnt mir's glauben, gnädige Fürſtin, und Euch wäre ſicher geholfen, wenn Ihr ſie nur gehörig anzuwenden verſtündet! Aber vielleicht hilft Euch der Himmel!"

„Während ſie dieſes ſprach, hatte meine Mutter einen kleinen Spiegelſcherben, der ihr aufgefallen war, aus einem Schranke herausgenommen, und da ſie in ihrer Jugend von Zauberſpiegeln gehört hatte, in welchen man ſehen könne, was man wolle: ſo wünſchte ſie ihren Vater zu ſehen, ſahe ihn im Rathe der drei Weiſen des Reichs ſitzen und war zum erſten Male ſeit manchem betrübt verfloſſenen Jahre wieder erheitert. „Laßt uns gehen, ich habe genug," ſprach ſie, und trotz dem die Alte ſie dringend bat, indem ſie meinte, daß der Spiegel zu Nichts helfen könne, ſo befahl die Fürſtin doch, das geheime Gemach zu ſchließen, den Schlüſſel wieder an den Ort zu verbergen, wo man ihn gefunden hatte, und ging mit ihrem Schatze wehmüthig froh nach ihrem Gemache."

„Hier ſchloß ſie ſich feſt ein, und als ſie vor aller Zudringlichkeit ſich geſichert fand, befragte ſie in ängſtlicher Eil' den Spiegel um ihren geliebten Gabi. Denn ihre Beſorgniß war in den letzten Tagen groß geweſen; ſie fürchtete, daß Katuator ihr Geheimniß erfahren habe, und dem Nebenbuhler nachſetze, um Rache an ihm zu nehmen. Aber der Spiegel zeigte ihr ein Schiff mit ſchwellenden Segeln und am Maſte ſtand Gabi und ſchien, in Sehnſucht vertieft, nach der ſchwindenden Küſte zu ſchauen. „Geſegnet ſei Deine Fahrt!" ſprach ſie leiſe, indem ſie den flehenden Blick wie im Gebet zum blauen Himmel emporhob. Und wie ſie ſo in die Höhe ſchaute, zog ein Flug Störche vorüber, die der bald eintretende Regenmond in Frühlingsgegenden trieb. — „O ihr Glücklichen!" rief ſie wehmuthsvoll, „ihr ſeid zu beneiden. O wär' ich Eine von euch, und könnt' ich mit, über Berg und Thäler, und meinen Gabi, ein Stück weiſſagender Vogel, begleiten! Aber ach des armen Menſchen, der am niedern Boden klebt, der, der Ameiſe gleich, von Ort zu Ort ſich hinſchleppt!" Sie blickte verächtlich auf ſich herab."

„Aber denke Dir die Verwunderung, als ſie ihren Wunſch erhört und ſich in einen Storch verwandelt ſah, der auf einem Fuße ſtand und in dem andern den magiſchen Spiegelſcherben hielt. — Ein unwiderſtehlicher Trieb bemächtigte ſich ihrer Gedanken und zu dem offenen Fenſter hinaus folgte ſie dem fliegenden Schwarm."

„Ob es die Liebe war, oder ſonſt eine gütig waltende Gottheit, die ihr den Geliebten finden ließ, weiß ich Dir, mein Freund, nicht zu ſagen; genug, ſie holte ihren Gabi gerade in dem Momente ein, als ſein landendes Schiff in einen fernen Hafen, den ich Dir nicht nennen kann, einlief. Von dem Augenblicke an verließ ſie ihn nicht wieder, flog vielfach hin und zurückkehrend über das theure Haupt hin, und begleitete ihn viele Monate lang in ein weit entlegenes nördliches Land. Er richtete, fern von Menſchen, in einer heimlichen Gegend ſeine Wohnung ein, und ſie nicht weit davon baute in einem Walde ihr Neſt, brütete und brachte mich in Geſtalt eines jungen Störchleins zur Welt. Nun pflegte und wartete ſie mein, ſahe ihren Gabi jeden Tag, und hätte ſich in dieſem beſchränkten Zuſtande vielleicht glücklich gefühlt, wenn nicht beim Anblick meiner thieriſch dunkeln Hülle immer der peinlichſte Gedanke in ihr erwacht wäre. Denn wie oft ſie es auch verſucht hatte, durch die Kraft des magiſchen Spiegels ſich ſelbſt oder mir menſchliche Geſtalt wiederzugeben, ſo waren doch ihre häufigen Verſuche ſtets fruchtlos geblieben; und ſie hatte bereits alle Hoffnung aufgegeben, als ſie einſt, ich weiß nicht, aus welcher Urſache, den Katuator zu ſehn verlangte, und dieſen ſogleich in ſeinem geheimen Gemache gewahr wurde, wo er ein kaum geborenes Kind bei den Beinen an das Gewölbe heftete, ein Meſſer in ſein Herz ſtieß und das Blut in ein kupfernes Gefäß auffing. Schaudernd wandte ſie ſich ab; aber ein Lichtgedanke durchzuckte ihre Seele. Sie ließ mich allein und zog ſchnellen Fluges davon. Ohne zu raſten, Tag und Nacht, durchſchnitt ſie die Lüfte, legte in kurzer Zeit das Drittheil der Erdbreite zurück und ſchwebte mit Eintritt des Vollmonds über dem Schloſſe des Schlangenkönigs."

„Dort auf ſeiner Warte ſtand Katuator zwiſchen vielen künſtlich geordneten Spiegeln und kochte an den aufgefangenen Silberſtrahlen der nächtlichen Sonne ſeinen Ring in dem Blute des gemordeten Kindes."

„Jedwede Verzauberung, wie feſt ſie auch ſei, löſt bei dreimaliger Berührung des Rings inwohnende Kraft; das hatte der Zauberer ſelbſt in traulicher Stunde meiner Mutter offenbart, deßhalb auch war ſie nach der Burg des Verhaßten ge eilig zurückgekehrt, ſchwebte jetzt mit forſchendem Auge hoch über ihm in den Lüften, nahm den Augenblick wahr, ſtieß, während er umſchaute, einem Falken gleich hinab, holte mit langem Schnabel den Talisman aus dem Blutgefäße und flog im ſelben Momente pfeilſchnell davon."

„Dieſem gefahrvollen Unternehmen mütterlicher Kühnheit verdankt ich mein beſſeres, mein eigentliches Leben. — O, der theuren Entſchlafenen, die zärtlicher liebte, als je eine Mutter! Geſegnet ſei ihr Gedächtniß!"

„Nahe Dir und dem Pfleger Deiner Jugend, meinem tugendreichen Vater, den nie wieder zu ſprechen ſie als Buße gelobt hatte, verlebten wir glückliche Tage, umſchwebten Euch oft, in Eurem Anſchauen zufrieden, ohne daß Ihr ahnen konntet, wie nahe Euch liebende Freunde wohnten. Denn nur wenige Stunden im Tage, die meinem Unterrichte gewidmet waren, nahmen wir menſchliche Geſtalt an; die übrige Zeit verbrachten wir, unſerer Sicherheit halber, ein glückliches Geſieder, in Gottes freier Luft."

„Unterdeſſen hatte Katuator, ſeines köſtlichſten Schatzes beraubt, manches Mittel vergebens angewendet, um ihn wieder zu erhalten; manches andere, um den Aufenthalt der Entflohenen zu erſpähen; da er aber nicht mehr im Beſitz ſeines verſchwundenen Zauberſpiegels war: ſo wurde ihm erſt nach dreizehn langen Jahren, die er in ununterbrochener Arbeit in ſeinem geheimen Gemache zubrachte, unſer Aufenthalt bekannt, und zu gleicher Zeit, wer ihm den Wunderring entwendet habe. Doch dieſer war mit keiner erdenklichen Macht ſeinem Beſitzer zu rauben; denn ſo lange ihn derſelbe trägt, iſt er von ſeinem Leben unzertrennlich und dieſes unantaſtbar."

„Ein volles Jahr quälte ſich Katuator vergeblich, und ſann auf Zaubermittel, die alle fehlſchlugen, bis er endlich auf ein natürliches Mittel verfiel, ſich einen ſcharfziehenden Magnetſtein verſchaffte, deſſen Kraft er durch geheime Kunſt ſchärfte, und mit Hülfe deſſelben ſeinen Schatz wieder erlangte. Ich durchſtrich nämlich mit meiner Mutter vergnüglich die Luftreviere, da kam der Wüthrich, in eine geflügelte Schlange verwandelt, herangeſchoſſen und begann Kampf. Sie erkannte ihn, da aber keine Zeit mehr zu entfliehen war: ſo holte ſie mit dem Schnabel den unter ihrem Flügel verborgenen Ring hervor und hielt denſelben keck dem Feinde entgegen; denn ſie wußte wohl, daß er vor deſſen Anblick entfliehen müſſe. Doch dieſer, darauf vorbereitet, ſtreckte ihr ebenfalls den mächtigen Magnet entgegen, und ſo wurde ſie bald angezogen, bald er zurückgeſtoßen, bis die Arme endlich ermattete, und der Ring mit ſo heftiger Gewalt gegen den Stein anflog, daß beide den Klauen des Ungeheuers entfielen. Darauf packte er die Wehrloſe und flog mit ihr nach dem Neſte, den Spiegel zu holen; und wie ich meiner Mutter ängſtlich zur Seite flog, faßte er mich mit ſeinen ſpitzigen Zähnen in den Hals und ſchleuderte mich zu Boden, daß ich für todt liegen blieb. Wie glücklich war ich, als ich auf Deinem Schooße erwachte, von Deinen Händen gepflegt und geheilt wurde und nun in der Wohnung meines Vaters leben durfte, da mir meine Mutter geraubt war. Mein Schmerz um die Theure ward zwar von dem allheilenden Balſam der Zeit gelindert, von der aufkeimenden Liebe zu Dir bewältigt; dennoch aber zwang mich bei herannahendem Winter ein unwiderſtehlicher Trieb, die Mutter und den Frühling zu ſuchen, und gegen meinen liebſten Willen verließ ich Dich und zog mit [illegible] dunklem Hange gen Süden."

„Katuator mußte wohl durch ſeinen Spiegel erfahren haben, daß ich noch lebte und wo ich zu finden ſei; denn als ich ſchon weit über Berge und Meere gezogen war, und mir eines Abends ermüdet eine Ruheſtelle für die Nacht ſuchte, kam hurtig die gekrönte Schlange herangeklappert, umwand mich mit ſtemmenden Ringen und trug mich Geängſtigte ſchnell durch die dunkle Nacht nach dem Zauberpalaſte. Hier in ſeinem geheimen Gemache band mich Katuator, nachdem er ſich entwandelt hatte, mit ſeidenen Schnüren auf einen Altar von Schieferſtein; hinter meinem Haupte brannte die Opferflamme; zu meiner Rechten legte er ein ſcharf geſchliffenes Meſſer; links ſtellte er die Gefäße, das Blut aufzufangen; zu beiden Seiten des Altars aber ſtanden zwei purpurne, mit Gold geſtickte Seſſel, wovon auf dem einen Krone und Scepter lagen; auf dem andern das königliche Kleid hing, welches ich hier trage. Als er jetzt Alles gehörig geordnet hatte, ſchlug er drei Mal mit einem Hammer auf eine gewaltige Glocke, und mit dem letzten Schlage öffnete ſich eine Thür und meine arme Mutter trat mit verbundenen Augen, von zwei Sclaven geführt, ein."

„Freches Weib," hob er an, nachdem er ſie dicht vor den Altar hingeſtellt hatte, „unzüchtige Verhöhnerin, die meiner Langmuth ſpottet, ſchaue hier die Frucht Deiner Schande!" Er riß ihr die Binde vom Haupte. — „Weh' mir!" rief die Unglückliche, und: „Siehſt Du Dein Kind, Weib?" fuhr der Wüthrich fort: „ſo ſoll mir's lieb ſein; denn gebauet auf dieſer Liebe Kraft hab' ich den Flammenwunſch, der mir das Blut verzehrt. Lange genug hab' ich gefleht; wie ein Gott Dich geſchont! Dürre Worte red' ich nun; merke ſie Dir! Mit dieſem Meſſer ſchlacht' ich Dein Kind, in Deiner Gegenwart, gleich! wenn Du frech länger noch meinem Willen trotzeſt; aber ſchwörſt Du mir, willig das Bette mit dem Schlangenkönig zu theilen, bei dem Leben Deines Kindes, dann löſ' ich den Bann und kleide die Tochter in fürſtlichen Schmuck hier und laß ihr als Erbtheil Krone und Scepter. Wähle und ſprich!" — Aber ſchon bekannt mit ſeinen Höllenkünſten, erwiederte meine Mutter ganz kalt, daß ſie wenig Antheil an dem Leben eines Storches nähme, und daß ſie ſich zu nichts entſchließen könne, bevor ſie nicht überzeugt wäre, daß jener arme, gebundene Vogel wirklich ihr Kind ſei."

„Sie hatte noch nicht ausgeſprochen, als Katuator ein kryſtallenes Glöcklein um meinen Hals hing und mit einem ſilbernen Stäbchen einige Mal daran ſchlug, indem er ausrief: „Sage Deiner Mutter, wer Du biſt, ehe der Glockenklang verhallt." — Ich fühlte, daß ich ſprechen konnte, und ſchnell begann ich mit verſtellter Stimme: „Opfere Dich nicht auf, ich bin ein Höllenblendwerk!" — „Es iſt mein Kind!" rief die Mutter: „ſo lügt die Hölle nicht!" und mit dieſen Worten ſtürzte ſie dem Grauſamen zu Füßen und flehte um mein Leben. Er wiederholte ihr kaltſinnig erneut ſeine Bedingungen, und die Geängſtete ſchwor endlich, ſein Lager zu theilen, nachdem er bei der Demantkrone ſeines Schlangenhauptes gelobt hatte — und dies war ein Eid, den er nicht brechen konnte — mich zu entwandeln und nimmermehr mein Leben anzutaſten."

„Drauf band er mich los, hing mir dieſe königlichen Kleider um, trug mich auf ein Ruhebett, wiegte mich durch magiſche Berührungen in Schlaf, und wie ich wieder erwachte, befand ich mich entwandelt in den Armen meiner geliebten Mutter."

„Der Abend graute jetzt, da trat der Wüthrich ein und ſprach: „Nun, ſchöne Braut! ich hielt mein Wort, haltet das Eure auch, die Nacht naht; kommt, daß ich mich Eures Schwanenleibs erfreue!" — Aber die Keuſche erwiederte gefaßt: „Ich ſchwor Dir, meineidig zu ſein. Hielt ich dieſen Eid: ſo bräche ich ihn; ich breche ihn alſo, um ihn zu halten. Hoffe nimmermehr, dieſen Leib zu berühren, der meinem Gatten gehört! Eh' ſoll dieſer Stahl mein oder Dein Herz —" „Dein Herz!" rief der Schändliche, riß ihr den Dolch aus der Hand und ſtieß ſie wüthend nieder."

Die letzten Worte hatte Dilara, von Thränen erſtickt, kaum vernehmbar geſprochen. Nach einer langen Pauſe begann ſie wehmüthig alſo:

„Was weiter geſchehen iſt, weiß ich Dir, mein geliebter Freund, nicht zu berichten; denn als ich meine Mutter fallen ſah, ſchwanden mir die Sinne, und in eine Löwin verwandelt, erwachte ich in dieſer grauſen Höhle. Seit vier Jahren leb' ich hier und habe in dieſer Zeit, des Sonnenlichts beraubt, das qualenvolle Leben meiner unglückſeligen Mutter beweint, deren heiliger Schatten jetzt in der unendlichen Liebe des Weltenſchöpfers lebt und ſelig iſt. Aber auch Deiner gedachte ich; und Dank der gütigen Gottheit, die den heimlichſten Wunſch meines Herzens, den liebſten, erhört hat!"

„Und Dank," rief ich aus, als meine Dilara hier die Geſchichte ihrer unglückſeligen Mutter geendet hatte, „Dank dem waltenden Schickſale, welches Dein ſüßes Leben der Macht jenes Ungeheuers entrückt hat! Dank dem verſöhnten Schatten der edlen Lelia, die mich in dunkler Erde das Licht meines Lebens finden ließ."

Der Abend des dritten Tages warf einen matten Purpurſchein in die Höhle; unſer Gelübde war vollbracht und ich drückte einen feierlichen Kuß auf die jungfräuliche Stirn meiner ſchönen Geliebten.

„So laß uns denn der ſchaurigen Höhle entſteigen," ſprach Dilara am folgenden Morgen zu mir, „und nach dem Reiche Ibrahim's, meines königlichen Großvaters, ziehn; er wird die Züge ſeiner Tochter in meinem Antlitz wiederfinden, die Stunde meiner Ankunft feiern und unſere Einigung ſegnen. Wir verließen das unterirdiſche Gewölbe und ſtanden in dem Wald. Aber da war es rings umher dicht verwachſen, mit Strauchwerk und Geſtrüpp und Paraſitengewächſen, die von Baum zu Baum ſich rankten; Alles wild und bahnlos, nirgends ein Ausgang zu finden; unſere Lage war ängſtlich.

„Kann uns der Ring vielleicht helfen?" fragte ich Dilaren; wir verſuchten es, drehten ihn auf mannichfache Weiſe, ſchrieben Kreiſe in den Sand, wünſchten uns in dem Reiche Ibrahim's zu ſein, oder ein Wolkengeräth, das uns dahin tragen könne; aber da wir weder den Gebrauch, noch die Eigenſchaften des Talismans kannten: ſo war unſere Mühe umſonſt, und wir mußten uns, nach manchem vergeblichen Wunſche, endlich bequemen, ein natürliches Mittel zu unſerem Fortkommen zu ergreifen.

„So iſt der Menſch,“ ſprach ich lächelnd, indem ich die wilden Ranken mit meinem Dolche trennte, und uns einen Weg durch das Dickicht bahnte, „ſo iſt der Menſch, der an eigene Kraft immer zuletzt denkt. Der Weiſeſte ſelbſt hat zehn Wünſche gegen einen Entſchluß und zehn Entſchließungen gegen eine Handlung;“ und: „Schelte die Wünſche nicht,“ verſetzte Dilara, „ſie ſind die Kinder der Hoffnung; in der Jugend des Menſchen die feurigen Roſſe der Morgenröthe, die ihm das Licht herauf bringen, in ſeinem Alter die winkenden Sterne des nächtlichen Himmels. Wird doch im mittleren Leben, am brennenden Tage, der Menſch genugſam gereiſt und muß ſich entſchließen und handeln.“

„Wir ſchlichen mühſam fort gen Süden, und waren kaum eine Stunde gegangen, als wir plötzlich auf eine breite, ebene Heerſtraße gelangten, die unabſehbar, ſchnurgerade aus dem Walde hinaus lief. Wir gingen ununterbrochen weiter; eine Stunde nach der andern floß vorüber; die Sonne ſtand hoch am Himmel und brannte unerträglich; aber wir hatten noch immer keiner menſchlichen Seele begegnet, und weder ein Frucht tragender Baum, noch ein rieſelnder Quell war in der öden Gegend zu ſehen, ſo ſehr auch Hunger und brennender Durſt uns quälten.

Wir wollten uns eben ermattet in den Schatten eines breiten Cedernbaumes niederwerfen, als Dilara von fern eine Geſtalt gewahr wurde, die mitten auf der Heerſtraße uns langſam entgegen ſchritt, und es währte nicht lange: ſo ſahen wir, daß es ein mäßig beladenes Dromedar war, auf deſſen hohem Rücken ein rüſtiger Landmann gemächlich ſaß und ſich mit einem Sonnenſchirm gegen die heißen Strahlen des Mittags ſchützte. — Wie er uns gewahr wurde, grüßte er freundlich nach ländlicher Sitte und wollte ſeine Straße vorbeiziehen; aber ich trat ihm an und fragte ihn, wie weit es noch dem nächſten Flecken wäre — und: „Da wollt Ihr heute noch hin?“ erwiederte er; „wißt Ihr wohl, daß Ihr auf dieſer ſandigen Straße noch zehn Stunden ſpazieren könnt, ehe Ihr nur an ein einzelnes Haus, geſchweige denn an einen Flecken kommt?“ — Aber was ſollen wir denn nun anfangen?“ fragte Dilara, und: „Das müßt Ihr beſſer wiſſen, als ich, ſchöne Dame!“ entgegnete trocken der Landmann. Ich ſchlug ihm vor, uns auf ſein Thier zu laden, indem wir ſehr ermüdet wären, und den Weg rückwärts mit uns zurück zu machen, wo er hergekommen wäre; doch er lächelte und meinte, daß dies unmöglich mein Ernſt ſein könne, und was ſeine Frau und Kinder dazu ſagen würden, wenn er ſo lange ausbliebe. Als Dilara aber eine blendende Perlenſchnur aus ihren Haaren löſte und ſie ihm als Lohn für ſeine Mühe verſprach, zog er andere Saiten auf und verſprach, uns behülflich zu ſein.

„Nun das muß ich loben,“ fuhr er fort, „Ihr ſeid eine edle Herrſchaft, in der größten Noth noch ſo großmüthig zu ſein, das will was ſagen; ich gebe Euch mein Wort, Ihr hättet in dieſer wüſten Gegend umkommen müſſen, wenn Ihr mich nicht gefunden. Aber die Sonne ſteht noch gar hoch; ich dächte, wir ruheten hier unter der Ceder einige Stunden, bis die größte Hitze vorüber iſt; an einem Trunke Wein und reifen Früchten ſoll es nicht fehlen; mir dünkt, Ihr hättet eine kleine Erquickung ſehr vonnöthen.“ Mit dieſen Worten ging er zu ſeinem Kameel, ſchnallte ein Bündel los, tiſchte uns Speiſe und Trank auf, und wir ließen es uns, unter den ſchattenreichen Aeſten des Baumes gelagert, trefflich ſchmecken, indeß uns unſer Wirth mit mancher, drollig erzählten Geſchichte ſeines kleinen Hausweſens zu beluſtigen ſuchte.

Die Sonne ſank jetzt; da meinte der Kameeltreiber, daß es Zeit wäre, ſich auf den Weg zu machen, bereitete uns gemächliche Sitze auf dem Rücken ſeines Thieres, half uns aufſitzen, beſtieg ſelbſt den mächtigen Hals des Dromedars und führte uns mäßig ſchnell den Weg zurück, den er gekommen war.

„Wir bekommen heute Vollmond,“ ſprach er, „es wird ſich ganz herrlich in der kühlen Nacht reiten laſſen; ich liebe nichts ſo ſehr, als eine kühle, helle Nacht, und ich habe gar oft mit meinem dummen Verſtande gedacht, ob's nicht viel beſſer wäre, wenn der Mond lieber bei Tage ſchiene; die Hitze würde Einem alsdann bei der Arbeit nicht beſchwerlich fallen, und wenn nun bei einbrechendem Abend die Sonne aufginge, könnte man die Hitze der Nacht verſchlafen; ich habe dieſe Idee auch ſchon dem Derwiſch unſeres Dorfes mitgetheilt; aber der gottesfürchtige Mann ſagte, ich ſollte nicht läſtern, und wenn ich auch mit menſchlichem Verſtande nicht ganz Unrecht hätte, ſo habe doch die himmliſche Weisheit es anders eingerichtet, und es müßte daher ſo ſein und bleiben; wogegen ich freilich Nichts weiter einwenden konnte.“ Dergleichen ungereimtes Zeug floß ununterbrochen und Stunden lang von den waſſerreichen Lippen unſeres Führers, bis er endlich, von ſeiner eigenen Rede gelangweilt, in einen tiefen Schlaf verfiel und mich und meine Geliebte dem ſtillen Glücke überließ, uns der wallenden Nacht und des geſtirnten Himmels zu erfreuen.

Als am folgenden Morgen Dilara, an meine Bruſt gelehnt, erwachte, hatte bereits die aufgehende Sonne den vierten Theil ihrer Bahn an einem unbewölkten Himmel zurückgelegt, wir waren noch immer auf der breiten, ſandigen Heerſtraße und die Hitze drückte gewaltig. „Ich verſchmachte!“ ſagte Dilara, und: „Wie weit haben wir noch bis zu dem bezeichneten Hauſe?“ fragte ich den Landmann. — „Wenn Ihr ein gutes Auge habt,“ entgegnete Jener: „ſo müßt Ihr ganz am Ende der Straße da eine Zugbrücke ſehen; die führt über einen breiten Strom in eine weite Ebene und dort auf einem Hügel ſtehet eine kleine Stadt erbaut; es dauert keine Stunde mehr, ſo ſind wir da. Aber ſo nehmt doch hier meinen Sonnenſchirm und ſchützet Euch und die ſchöne Dame gegen die brennenden Strahlen! ich brauche ihn nicht, mein breiter Hut deckt mich genug!“

Wir nahmen das freundliche Anerbieten unſeres Führers an, ſchlugen den Schirm auf und zogen unter deſſen Schutze unſere Straße weiter.

Endlich wurde ich die Brücke von fern gewahr und ich bat unſern Mann, ſein Thier zu ſtacheln, weil wir nach einem Trunke aus dem kühlen Fluß lechzten; er that es, und wir ſtanden bald an dem breiten Strom; das Kameel ſcheute und der Landmann ſtieg ab und zog es mit Macht über die lange, ſchmale Brücke, deren Aufzug ſchnell aufflog, als wir hinüber waren. „Bleibt nur ruhig ſitzen,“ ſagte er, „ich hole Euch einen Trunk friſchen Waſſers.“ Mit dieſen Worten nahm er einen Becher aus ſeinem Gewande, ſtieg an das Ufer nieder und brachte ihn gefüllt zurück. Aber anſtatt uns das Gefäß zu reichen, goß er es wüthend über unſere Häupter aus, und in demſelben Augenblicke rollte ein eiſernes Netz von dem Schirm, der uns bedeckte, in die Erde wurzelnd hinab; das Kameel war verſchwunden, und wir in einem durchſichtig ehernen Kerker gefangen.

„Ihr ſeid in dem Lande des Schlangenkönigs!“ rief unſer Führer, „und ſeht ihn ſelbſt!“ fuhr er fort, indem er ſein ländliches Gewand und den breiten Hut von ſich warf, und nun, mit ſeiner Demantkrone geſchmückt, ein ſchwarzes Scepter in der Hand, vor uns ſtand. „Meinen Schatz, meinen Ring, gebt mir wieder, oder ſchmachtet in brennender Hitze unter dieſem eiſernen Netze zu Tode.“ — „Elender Heuchler!“ ſchrie ich ihm zornig zu, „ich trotze Deiner Höllenangſt!“ ſchnell berührte ich drei Mal mit dem Ringe das eiſerne Gitterwerk; es zerfloß in Luft und drohend ging ich mit vorgeſtreckter Linken ihm entgegen. Er floh in weiten Kreiſen vor der Macht des Talismans, wußte ſich aber ſo geſchickt zu drehen, daß er, ehe ich es verhindern konnte, Dilara erreichte und ſie mit ſeinem Scepter berührte, worauf ſie augenblicklich verſchwand. Jetzt ſtand er ſtill und rief mir zu: „Willſt Du Dein Liebchen wieder: ſo gieb mir meinen Ring; wo nicht: ſo bleibt ſie mein!“ Schon wollte ich den Ring von meinem Finger ziehen, als ein blauer Schmetterling zahm um meine Hand, wie um eine Blume, flatterte, und ehe ich noch das zierliche Thierchen genau angeſehen hatte, lag Dilara entwandelt in meinen Armen. — „Ihr entgeht mir nicht!“ brüllte der Wüthende und ging haſtig auf uns los; aber ich ſtreckte ihm meine mit dem Ringe bewaffnete Linke entgegen, indem ich mit der Rechten meine Geliebte ſchützend umſchlang. — „Ihr entgeht mir nicht!“ rief er nochmals, trat zurück, zerriß die Perlenſchnur, die ihm Dilara gegeben hatte, und warf den Schmuck, ein Kugelregen, über unſere Häupter hin; ich umfing die weichende Luft, Dilara war meinen Armen aufs Neue entſchwunden.

Außer mir vor Verzweiflung lief ich jetzt auf den Schändlichen los, ballte meine Hand und hätte ihm gewiß mit nervigem Arme den Schädel zertrümmert, wenn er nicht, gleichwie mit einem Schilde, den Schlag mit ſeinem Magnet aufgefangen hätte, ſo daß meine Hand, vermöge des Ringes, feſt an dem Stein haften blieb und mit keiner erdenklichen Macht loszureißen war. „Du biſt in meiner Macht!“ ſagte das Ungeheuer, indem er meine andere Hand mit eiſerner Fauſt packte und ſie mit übermenſchlicher Kraft feſthielt. „Du biſt jetzt in meiner Macht; aber ich will mild mit Dir ſprechen und Dir die Wahrheit ſagen, weil ich heute bei guter Laune bin. Wiſſe alſo, daß ich weder über Dein Leben Macht habe, ſo lange Du dieſen Ring trägſt, noch das Leben Deiner Geliebten antaſten darf, weil ich daſſelbe bei meiner Schlangenkrone verbürgt habe.“ — „Das weiß ich; zur Sache!“ rief ich, und: „Gemach!“ antwortete Katuator; „ſchweig' und höre! Was nützt Dir ein Schatz, den Du nicht zu gebrauchen verſtehſt; gieb mir meinen Ring und ich gebe Dir Deine Geliebte; ja, was noch mehr iſt, ich ſchaffe Euch Beide, und heute noch, wohlbehalten in das Reich Ibrahims; ſchwöre überdieß, Deine Tage zu ſchonen, auch dann ſelbſt, wenn der kraftvolle Ring nicht mehr

Dein Leben beſchützt, und will darob jenen Eid ablegen, den ich nicht brechen darf."

Ich befand mich in der Macht des Ungeheuers, dachte, daß vielleicht mit jedem Momente der Zögerung Dilara unendlich leiden möchte, und nahm alſo den Vorſchlag des Grauſamen an. Nachdem er die Bedingungen bei der Demantkrone ſeines Schlangenhauptes beſchworen hatte, löſchte er eine Hieroglyphe von dem Magnetſteine und ich zog meine Hand mit leichter Mühe von demſelben los; darauf ſuchte er lange im Graſe, bis er eine Perle fand, und nachdem ich dieſelbe drei Mal mit dem Ringe berührt hatte, ſtand Dilara mit verweinten Augen vor mir. — In denſelben Schleier gehüllt, von derſelben Nebelwolke getragen, welche die unglückſelige Mutter meiner Dilara ihrem väterlichen Lande entführt hatte, gelangten wir alle Drei nach zwei Stunden vor Sonnenuntergang an das hohe Säulenthor der königlichen Reſidenzſtadt Sa. Hier übergab ich, wie ich es beſchworen hatte, dem [illegible] ſeinen Ring, und mit den Worten: „In neunzehn Monden komme ich wieder!" war er verſchwunden.

Nie hatte meine Geliebte das Land ihrer Väter betreten, und in ſtummem Entzücken ſtand ſie noch da und ſahe zu den hohen Obelisken und Säulen hinauf, als wir ſchon von einer Kriegerſchaar umringt waren, in angelaufenem Stahl geharniſcht, und die Helme mit Zeichen der Trauer, mit ſchwarzen Binden, umwunden.

Stillſchweigend winkte uns der Anführer, zu folgen, und zwiſchen den blitzenden Schwertern der Leid tragenden Krieger wurden wir in die Stadt geführt. Durch prächtige, breite Straßen, unter Hallen und Säulengängen, über ſchöne Plätze und Brücken wurden wir fortgeführt; und das reizende Ebenmaß, der feſte Zuſammenhang dieſer ſinnig erbauten Stadt, die das Werk eines einzigen Meiſters, das Produkt einer Rieſenſeele zu ſein ſchien, beruhigte und erfreute meine Seele dermaßen, daß ich kaum die unzählige Menge der Neugierigen bemerkte, die Alle in Schwarz gekleidet, und ſtumm und, wie es ſchien, mitleidig folgten. — Wir traten jetzt um eine Ecke und ſtanden auf einem freien Platze, in deſſen Mitte ein koloſſales Gebäude in Ruinen lag. Ein einziges Gewölbe des ehemaligen Prachtgebäudes ſchien erhalten zu ſein; ſein hoher Eingang war mit einer ſchwarzen Decke verhangen und wir wurden durch denſelben in einen mächtig großen Saal geführt, der mit einer kryſtallenen Kuppel bedeckt, von den Purpurſtrahlen der eben untergehenden Sonne erleuchtet wurde. Am Ende des Saales ſaß auf einem ſchwarzen Throne ein ſteinalter Mann, zu ſeinen Seiten zwei andere Greiſe, und längs den Wänden auf ſchwarzen Sitzen minder bejahrte, ehrwürdige Männer; Alle in tiefer Trauer, vom Turban bis zu den Füßen ſchwarz gekleidet.

„Wißt Ihr, in welchem Lande Ihr Euch befindet?" begann der Greis, welcher auf dem Throne ſaß; und als ich ihm ſagte, daß wir in dem Königreiche Sa zu ſein glaubten, erwiederte er: „Wohl denn, ſo habt Ihr den Tod verdient und müßt ſterben! — Ein Geſetz des jüngſt verſtorbenen, weiſeſten und tugendhaften Königs Ibrahim verbietet jedem Fremden, über zwanzig Meilen tief ins Land zu dringen; es muß Euch ſolches an den Gränzen angekündigt worden ſein, Ihr habt der Warnung nicht geachtet, darum bereitet Euch zum Tode." Ich blickte ängſtlich nach Dilara; doch dieſe nahm unerſchrocken das Wort und ſprach alſo: „Ehrwürdiger Herr! vergönnt mir eine Frage: So viel ich weiß, kann das Geſetz, welches uns zum Tode verdammt, nicht über dreißig Jahre alt ſein; ich möchte wiſſen, was den weiſen Ibrahim bewegen konnte, ein ſo grauſames Geſetz zu erlaſſen, und was Euch verpflichtet, es ſo ſtreng zu halten?" — „Seit jenem Tage, als die einzige Tochter dieſes großen Königs, die Erbin unſeres weiten Reiches, den Armen ihres grauen Vaters entriſſen wurde, beſteht dies Geſetz," erwiederte der Alte; „und nach dem Tode unſeres tugendhaften Beherrſchers will es die Wohlfahrt des Reiches, daß es dauere, und Kalaf wird es nimmer brechen." — „Kalaf?" rief Dilara. „So frag' ich Euch denn, Kalaf, Weiſer des Reichs! befolget Ihr als unbeſtochener Richter dies Geſetz oder wollt Ihr durch unſern Tod Euern Sohn, Euern verlorenen Sadi, rächen?" — „Wer biſt Du, die mich alſo fragt?" erwiederte ruhig der Greis. — Und: „Die Tochter Eures Sohnes!" entgegnete Dilara, indem ſie ihr Knie beugte und das Gewand des ehrwürdigen Greiſes küßte, der jetzt mit bewegtem Tone nach dem Namen ihrer Mutter fragte. Als aber nun Dilara dieſen Namen kund gab, und den weiſen Ibrahim als ihren königlichen Ahn nannte, ſtand die ganze Verſammlung auf und rief im Chore: „Heil, Heil!" Darauf wurde eine verſiegelte Schrift herbei geholt, und der alte Kalaf ſprach alſo: „So ſind denn die letzten Worte des ſterbenden Königs erfüllt. Aus fernem Lande iſt die verkündete Jungfrau gekommen, die ſeiner Tochter Kind ſich nennt, indem ſie mir Kunde von meinem längſt entflohenen Sohne giebt. Die Zeit der Trauer iſt vorüber, die dem Verſtorbenen heilig war. Aus dieſen Trümmern ſeines Palaſtes wird ſich ein Thron, ein nie geſehenes Werk der Kunſt erheben, daß ſtaunen die Völker und glücklich ſein werden." — „Das Land wird aber untergehen!" rief Einer aus der Verſammlung. — „Zu ſeinem Heile!" antwortete Kalaf. — „Durch die Liſt eines Fremden!" rief ein Anderer; und: „Zu ſeinem Heile!" antwortete abermals Kalaf.

Nun durfte die Rolle, welche den letzten Willen des weiſen Ibrahim enthielt, geöffnet werden, und da dieſen kein Ungeweihter hören durfte, wurde ich mit meiner Geliebten in ein fern gelegenes Gemach geführt, wo Dilara freundliche, tröſtende Worte umſonſt verſchwendete, um eine Schwermuth zu bekämpfen, die ſich unwiderſtehlich meines ganzen Weſens bemeiſtert hatte.

Es war ſchon ſpät in der Nacht, als wir wieder in den hell erleuchteten Saal geführt wurden, und feierlich, nach Brauch und Sitte, wurde es Dilaren hier angekündigt, daß ſie die rechtmäßige Erbin des Thrones ſei; daß ſie aber denſelben nicht eher beſteigen könne, bis ſie unter den Bewohnern des Landes ſich einen Gemahl erkoren, der alsdann die ſchwere Bürde der Regierung auf ſein Haupt nehmen müſſe. Dilara, die, während uns dieſes verkündet wurde, ſich näher an mich gedrängt hatte, umfaßte jetzt, da eine feierliche Stille herrſchte, meinen Arm und nahm den Himmel zum Zeugen, daß ſie mir den Schwur der Treue nie brechen würde, indem ſie mich ihren Erretter, ihren geliebten Gatten nannte. Auch ich mußte jetzt mein Vaterland und meine Herkunft angeben, und da ich mich den Pflegeſohn Sadi's nannte, erregte ich Theilnahme in dem Herzen des alten Kalaf's, der es nun durch ſein Anſehen dahin zu bringen wußte, daß mein Todesurtheil zurückgenommen und beſchloſſen wurde, es den Göttern anheim zu ſtellen, was mit mir geſchehen ſolle. Indeſſen wurde ich von Dilara getrennt und in ſtrenge, aber freundliche Gewahrſam gebracht. — Hier blieb ich drei Tage lang. Am vierten Morgen trat der alte Kalaf ein und kündigte mir an, daß ich nicht nur begnadigt, ſondern auch beſtimmt ſei, in die Lehren des Staats und des Tempels eingeweiht zu werden. Er führte mich ſtillſchweigend fort und durch unterirdiſche Gänge gelangten wir in den Tempel. Hier wurde ich eingekleidet, beſtand die Proben, wurde unterrichtet und war während eines langen Jahres meiner Geliebten beraubt; denn erſtlich durfte kein Weib das Heiligthum betreten, noch ein Lehrling es verlaſſen, und überdieß ſollte Dilara in dieſer Zeit, entfernt von mir, in treuer Liebe geprüft werden, ohne welche die Königstöchter dieſes Landes ihre Hand nicht vergeben dürfen. Weder Eid, noch Pflicht verbieten mir, von unſern heiligen Lehren zu ſprechen, im Gegentheil, es wird uns befohlen, ſie zu verbreiten. Aber der Weg von der Erde bis zum Licht iſt lang und gehört nicht hierher, wo ich blos meine äußern Schickſale beſchreiben will.

Ich will nur ſo viel ſagen, daß ich nicht ganz als Neuling die Hallen des Tempels betrat, indem ich ein Schüler Sadi's war, welcher das Heiligſte erſchaut hatte, und ſo übergehe ich den Zeitraum eines Jahres, in welchem ich von Stufe zu Stufe immer höher bis zur höchſten ſchritt. Dilara verlebte dieſe Zeit in einſamer Abgeſchiedenheit, die Stunden des Jahres wehmuthsvoll zählend. Denn ein Jahr lang ſollte ſie ihr Herz prüfen, und nur, wenn ſie es unwandelbar befunden, dann erſt durfte ſie mir in fremde Lande folgen, wohin man ihr ſagte, daß ich gezogen ſei, um mein Leben zu retten.

Feſtlich ſchmückte ſie ſich, als nach zwölf Monden dieſer lang erſehnte Tag erſchien, entwand ſich weinend den Armen ihres grauen Vaters und gedachte, das Land, deſſen Königin ſie war, zu verlaſſen, um mir, den ſie liebte, dem armen verſtoßenen Fremdling zu folgen. Aber man führte ſie in den Verſammlungsſaal, wo ich jetzt, im blauen Gewande, unter den Dienern des Staats meine Stelle eingenommen hatte; und hier wurde ihr erklärt, daß ſie ihre Probe überſtanden habe, daß es ihr jetzt frei ſtände, entweder einen Eingeborenen des Landes zum Gatten zu wählen, um mit dieſem die Herrſchaft des Reiches zu theilen, oder auf den Thron Verzicht zu leiſten, um mir, dem Fremden, ihre Hand zu verleihen. Dilara ſchwor, ſtatt aller Antwort, feierlich ihre Anſprüche auf die Thronfolge ab; unſere Ehe wurde feſtlich vollzogen und unſer gegenſeitiges Glück für immer gegründet.

Das Reich wurde nun durch die drei Weiſen und den hohen Rath, zu welchem ich gehörte, in derſelben Form, wie ſeit dem Tode Ibrahim's, weiter fort verwaltet, und es herrſchte tiefer Frieden im Lande als ich eines Nachts durch einen Traum geſchreckt wurde, der auf künftige, ſchwere Bedrängniß des Staats zu deuten ſchien.

Mir war nämlich, als ſtände ich auf einem großen Platze unſerer Hauptſtadt; allda ſchoß beim Scheine des Mondes aus den Ruinen des ehemaligen königlichen Palaſtes ein mächtiger Dornbaum empor; der Stacheln wurden immer mehr und ſein

Stamm wurde zuletzt ſo gewaltig hoch und dick, daß er den ganzen Platz ausfüllte und bis zum Himmel reichte. Plötzlich verfinſterte ſich der Mond und an den Wurzeln des Baumes erſchienen mit feuriger Schrift die Worte: „In neunzehn Monden komme ich wieder!“ Eine ſo ſame Angſt befiel mich, als ich dieſe leuchtenden Züge gewahr wurde; ich eilte hinzu, ſie zu löſchen, aber indem ich mein Gewand darüber deckte, ergriffen es die Flammen; und wie ich ſelbſt, der Baum und die ganze Gegend umher in Flammen ſtand, erwachte ich erſchreckt aus dem ängſtlichen Traume. Ich verfehlte nicht, in der Verſammlung des nächſten Tages die nächtliche Erſcheinung zu verkündigen, indem ich zu wiederholten Malen bat, auf die Drohung des Schlangenkönigs ein aufmerkſames Auge zu richten; denn ſchon hatte ich, als ich noch Lehrling im Tempel war, mein Zuſammentreffen mit Katuator und dieſe, ſeine letzten Worte erzählt und nachdrücklich um Vorſichtsanſtalten, aber umſonſt, gebeten. Mein Traum that mehr Wirkung, als der Bericht jenes wirklichen Ereigniſſes. Einmüthig wurde nun beſchloſſen, die Götter um Rath zu fragen, die ſelbſt uns vor Unglück zu warnen ſchienen, und die Stimme des Tempels antwortete alſo: „Vom Untergange errettet Euch der Untergang, und ſiegen werdet Ihr, wenn Euch das Schwert entwunden wird, dann aber gebt das Glied dem Körper wieder; denn wenn ſich Fleiſch und Stahl und Feuer miſchen: ſo muß der Qualen viel ein Königsſohn erdulden.“ Als man dieſe Worte nach Brauch und Sitte dem Volke verkündigte, ward es von Angſt und Schrecken erfüllt, denn nicht gewohnt war man, vieldeutig dunkle Worte aus dem heiligen Munde des Tempels zu hören. Wurden in bedrängten Zeiten die Götter um Rath gefragt, ſo geboten ſie dies und jenes, und ihre Antwort war klar, wie die Sonne. Daher die Furcht des Volks und die Verlegenheit der Regierenden. — Nur Kalaf blickte vertrauend zum Himmel und hielt dann mit feſter Stimme eine eindringliche und begeiſterte Rede. Er wies es deutlich nach, wie dieſer letzte Orakelſpruch ſchon mit einem früheren zuſammentreffe, worin geſagt war, daß das Land durch die Liſt eines Fremden zu ſeinem Heile untergehen würde; und nachdem er bündig bewieſen hatte, daß dieſer Fremde kein Anderer, als ich ſelbſt ſei, ſchloß er alſo: „Nun höret die Stimme der Gottheit, die aus mir ſpricht; ja, die Stimme der Gottheit, ich darf es kühn behaupten; denn umleuchtet vom ewigen Lichte ſtrebt mein Geiſt auf. Der Himmel will es, befiehlt es durch mich, wehe dem, der ſein Gebot bricht! Edwin allein vermag uns zu erretten, und ich ernenne ihn jetzt in unſerem und des Himmels Namen zu unſerm königlichen Herrn und Herrſcher.“ Mit den letzten Worten hatte er ſich mir genaht, mich auf den Thron geführet, den Saum meines Gewandes geküßt, und ehrerbietig kniete das verſammelte Volk. Man legte mir den Purpur an, führte mich in den Tempel, ich wurde geſalbt und gehuldigt und im ganzen Lande als König ausgerufen.

Meine erſte Sorge war Katuator's Drohung, meine erſte Bemühung, des warnenden Orakelſpruchs eingedenk zu ſein. Dem zu Folge berief ich die Kundigen der irdiſchen Natur, die Meiſter makrokosmiſcher Kräfte; und mit ihrer Hilfe erſann ich, um der Stimme des Tempels buchſtäblich nachzukommen, den ungeheuren Verſenkungsplan. Die nähere Beſchreibung dieſes rieſenhaften Unternehmens gehört nicht hierher. Wer jenen Wiſſenſchaften ſich geweihet hat, mag dieſes Kapitel in den Annalen des Reichs nachleſen, wo er die künſtlichen Maſchinen, die bei der Verſenkung angewendet wurden, die ſinnreichen Waſſerwerke und die noch ſinnreicheren Ventilatoren und Licht- und Wärmeleiter ausführlich beſchrieben findet. Hier ſei nur geſagt, daß eines Theils die Städte des Reiches verſenkt, andern Theils, wo uns die Oertlichkeit begünſtigte, Gebirgsthäler und Keſſel überbaut wurden, daß wir, vermöge der Luft- und Lichtleiter, die in der hoch über uns gewölbten Erddecke angebracht ſind, unter einem ſtets klaren Himmel leben, indem die Waſſerwerke alle aufſteigenden Dünſte einfangen und als befruchtenden Regen wieder herabſenden, ohne das erfreuliche Blau mit dunkelm Gewölke zu trüben. Dabei wird uns durch ein anderes künſtliches Werk gerade ſo viel Wärme heruntergeleitet, um in fortwährender Frühlingsluft zu leben und reife Früchte von ſtets in Blüthen ſtehenden Bäumen zu pflücken.

Ein ſolches Werk begann ich; allein trotz aller vorhandenen und längſt erfundenen Hilfsmittel war es dennoch unmöglich, dieſen Rieſenplan binnen ſechs Monden auszuführen, und nur ſechs Monde fehlten noch zum beſtimmten Tage, an welchem wiederzukehren Katuator gedroht hatte. Dennoch war ein Theil der Hauptſtadt ſammt dem königlichen Reſidenzſchloſſe bereits verſenkt und das Letztere von einem glühenden Strome geſchmolzener Erdeingeweide ſieben Mal mit in einander geführten Spiralkreiſen umſchlungen. Zu gleicher Zeit ward an den äußerſten Gränzen des Landes gearbeitet, als Katuator jetzt mit einem unzählbaren Kriegsheere in das Reich einfiel, einen großen Theil der wehrloſen Arbeiter tödtete und die übrigen aus einander ſprengte. Ein Eilbote überbrachte mir die Nachricht dieſes unglücklichen Ereigniſſes; ich entriß mich den Armen meiner Dilara, die ein Pfand unſerer Liebe unter ihrem Herzen trug, ſtellte mich an die Spitze eines kleinen, aber muthbeſeelten Heeres und ging dem Zauberer entgegen. In einem breiten Thalgrunde machte ich Halt, theilte mein kleines Heer in verſchiedene Haufen, die ich in enge Gebirgspäſſe verſteckte und erwartete ſo, zum Entſcheidungskampf bereitet, den mächtigen Feind.

Mit der aufgehenden Sonne des dritten Tages rückte er heran; drei meiner Haufen griffen ihn an, zogen ſich zum Scheine zurück, und wie er ihnen unbeſiegt eilig folgte, fiel ihm mein Hinterhalt in den Rücken. Aber wie tapfer wir auch fochten: ſo war hier mit menſchlicher Kraft Nichts zu vollbringen. Tauſende ſeiner Krieger fielen unter unſeren tapfern Schwertern; aber je mehr dahin ſanken, deſto mehr ſtanden auf; und war ein Haufen durchbrochen, ſo ſtand ein anderer Haufen da, und floh auch dieſer, ſo rückte ein neuer heran; und wie die Gewäſſer des Bergſtroms nur ſchäumender fluthen, wenn ihrem Sturze ſich ein Felſen entgegenſtellt, ſo ward nur wüthender des Feindes Heer, je feſter wir, tapfer fechtend, ſtanden. — Wir erlagen endlich der Uebermacht, und bei einbrechender Nacht entfloh ich mit zwanzig Reitern, dem Ueberreſte meines Heeres, indem Katuator, auf einem mächtigen Elephanten ſitzend, mir nachrief: „Danke Dein Leben einem Schwure, den ich nicht brechen darf!“ — Die Müdigkeit unſerer Roſſe, die von der Arbeit des Tages bis auf den Tod ermattet waren, erlaubte uns nicht, die nahe gelegene Landſtadt zu erreichen. Auf einem geräumigen Waldplatze angelangt, ſtiegen wir von unſern Pferden; die Thiere weideten, meine Gefährten lagen im hohen Graſe feſt vom Schlafe umfangen, und nur ich allein ſaß ſchlaflos da und wiederholte laut und in bitterer Zerknirſchung die dunkeln Worte des Orakels: „Vom Untergange errettet Euch der Untergang, und ſiegen werdet Ihr, wenn Euch das Schwert entwunden wird, dann aber gebt das Glied dem Körper wieder; denn wenn ſich Blut und Stahl und Feuer miſchen: ſo muß der Qualen viel ein Königsſohn erdulden.“ „Ich begreife die Winke des Himmels,“ rief ich jetzt freudig aus; „mein, ja mein Untergang iſt es, der das Land erretten ſoll; nur wenn mir, wenn dem Könige das Schwert entwunden wird, ſoll mein Volk ſiegen. Ich verſtehe Dich, Stimme des Tempels! Katuator muß mich erlegen, mich unerkannt tödten, auf daß er ſeinen Schwur breche und die Strafe des Meineids ihn treffe. Ja, Edwin, das iſt die That, die das Geſchick von dir fordert! Auf, auf, und vollbringe ſie redlich und rühmlich!“

Alſo mit ſchwacher, menſchlicher Vernunft die Stimme der Gottheit deutend, ſtand ich leiſe auf, warf den königlichen Purpur von mir, bedeckte mein Haupt mit einem gemeinen Reiterhelm, warf einen ſchlichten Mantel um die Schultern und eilte davon. Es war eine Stunde nach Mitternacht, als ich die geheimen Pfade des Gebirges zurückgelegt hatte und jetzt in eine weite Ebene eintrat, allwo Katuator das Lager ſeines unzählbaren Heeres aufgeſchlagen hatte. Die Dunkelheit begünſtigte mein Unternehmen und ich ſchlich mich unbemerkt den Wachen vorüber, in das Zelt ihres Feldherrn. Es war hell erleuchtet; tief ſchlafend auf einem goldenen Ruhebette lag der Zauberer, neben ihm ſein nacktes Schwert, ein Dolch ſteckte in ſeinem Gürtel. Lange ſtand ich unentſchloſſen da, ein inniger Schauer ergriff mich, denn nicht mehr fern dacht' ich die Stunde meines Todes. — Und wie ich jetzt zum letzten Male zu beten wähnte und meine Seele der allwaltenden Liebe empfahl, da rauſchten die ſeidenen Vorhänge des Zeltes, ich glaubte mich verrathen, ſchaute erſchreckt um; es war die wehende Nachtluft. Nun aber, um keine Zeit mehr zu verlieren, nahte ich mich leiſe mit geſchloſſenem Viſire dem furchtbaren Schläfer, und ein Gott muß es mir eingegeben haben, daß ich das nackte Schwert, welches neben ihm lag, wegnahm und behutſam verbarg; denn nicht aus Vorſicht that ich's; mich unerkannt tödtend ſollte er ja ſeinen Schwur brechen; ich war dem Tode geweihet und zum Sterben bereitet. Oder konnte ich etwa hoffen, den Zauberer zu erlegen, ſo lange er den ſchützenden Ring an ſeiner Hand trug? Dennoch trieb es mich, auch jetzt den Dolch aus ſeinem Gürtel zu ziehen; aber ich weckte den Schläfer. — Heftig ſprang er auf, ich ſchrak zurück, der Stahl entfiel meinen Händen; ich zog mein Schwert, doch ſchon hatte mich der Wüthende erreicht und mit eiſernen Armen meinen Leib ſo heftig drückend umfaßt, daß ich nicht mehr zu athmen vermochte. Er hielt mich ſchwebend in der Luft und wollte mich eben zu Boden ſchleudern, da hob ich mit beiden Händen mein Schwert auf, ſein ſchwarzes Herz zu durchſtoßen; aber ſchneller, als ich, griff er hinein und entriß mir die Waffe. — Ich lag am Boden, der Helm war mir entfallen und eben wollte der Wüthrich mit erhobenem Stahl den letzten Streich vollführen, als er plötzlich, gleich einer Bildſäule, in dieſer drohenden Stellung ſtehen blieb und das Ruhebette, das Zelt, das ganze Lager verſchwunden war. Die Morgenſonne ging eben auf und ich lag unverwundet unter freiem Himmel im hohen, ſchwellenden Graſe, indem ich ſtaunend zu der Geſtalt des rieſigen Zauberers empor ſah, die mit gezücktem Schwerte unſchädlich, unbeweglich, ſtumm über mir daſtand. Nachdem ich mich erhoben hatte, betrachtete ich das Wunder näher, betaſtete die ſtarren Gelenke, und wie ich mein Schwert ſeiner krampfhaft geſchloſſenen Rechten entwinden wollte, ſah ich, welch' glückliches Geſchick es war, das mich von unvermeidlichem Tode errettet hatte. — Es fehlte nämlich dieſer ſeiner rechten Hand der Zeigefinger ſammt dem Zauberringe, den er an demſelben trug; und er ſelbſt hatte ihn von ſeinem Körper getrennt, als er in mein Schwert greifend, mir daſſelbe entriß, um denjenigen zu tödten, deſſen Leben zu ſchützen er unwiderruflich beſchworen hatte. Freudig hob ich jetzt den neben mir im Graſe liegenden Zeigefinger ſammt dem daran haftenden Talisman auf; da erſcholl aus der Ferne Cymbeln- und Paukenklang; immer näher tönte die Kriegsmuſik, und endlich um eine Waldecke bog, fröhlich die Fahnen ſchwingend, mein todt geglaubtes, tapferes Heer. Denn in demſelben Moment, als Katnatar ſeinen Ring verlor, war der Zauber gelöſt, die Phantome, die er anführte, waren verſchwunden und meine gefallenen Krieger aus ihrem todähnlichen Schlafe erwacht.

Nachdem ich jetzt einen Eilboten abgefertigt hatte, um Dilara meine wunderbare Rettung zu berichten, ließ ich meinen entzauberten Gegner in feſte Bande ſchlagen; denn obgleich unbeweglich, ſo lebte er doch; das Blut ſtrömte heftig aus den zerſchnittenen Schlagadern ſeiner Hand, und fürchterlich rollten vor Schmerz und Zorn die funkelnden Augen. Ich ließ ſeine Wunde verbinden, und in eine Sänfte geſetzt und von zahlreichen Wachen umgeben, folgte er langſam unſerem Zuge nach der Hauptſtadt. Eine Tagereiſe vor derſelben kam mir Dilara entgegen, und womit ſoll ich das Entzücken vergleichen, mit welchem die Treue in die Arme ihres ſchon als todt beweinten, wiedergefundenen Gatten ſtürzte? Wer an der Seite eines liebenden und geliebten Weibes, nach peinlich verzehrendem Fieber, im jungen Frühling die Wonne der Geneſung doppelt gefühlt hat, ahnt, was wir empfanden!

Im Triumph wurden wir in die Stadt geführt und einen vollen Monat währten die Feſte, die man zum Gedächtniß des Sieges und den ſchützenden Göttern zum Danke freudig beging. — Indeſſen hatte ich nicht der warnenden Stimme des Tempels vergeſſen, die uns geboten hatte, das Glied dem Körper wiederzugeben, und ich ließ zu dieſem Endzwecke den hohen Rath, die Prieſter und das Volk zu einer feierlichen Verſammlung auf einem freien Platze vor meinem Palaſte an den Ufern des Glutſtroms laden, und nachdem auch der Zauberer herbeigebracht war und ich die verſammelte Menge an das Gebot der Götter erinnert hatte, weckte ich ihn durch dreimalige Berührung mit dem Ringe aus ſeiner Verzauberung. Hierauf ward ihm verkündet, wie ich nicht geſonnen ſei, meine Hände mit ungerechtem Gute zu beflecken und daß ich ihm daher ſeinen Ring wieder zurückgeben wolle, jedoch nur unter der Bedingung, daß er vorher bei der Krone ſeines Schlangenhauptes ſchwören müſſe, das Reich der fünf Republiken nicht nur nicht zu gefährden, ſondern ſelbſt im Fall der Noth mit allen ſeinen Kräften zu ſchirmen und zu ſchützen. Aber der Wütherich antwortete: daß er wohl wiſſe, was die Götter uns geboten, und daß ſie ſelbſt beſchloſſen hätten, das Reich zu verderben; denn würde ihm der Ring gegeben, ſo ſollte die Rache nicht ausbleiben, und würde ihm derſelbe vorenthalten: ſo hoffe er Alles vom Zorne der beleidigten Götter. — Beſtürzt verſtummte das Volk; doch ich verlor die Faſſung nicht und nahm alſo das Wort: „Frohlocke nicht zu früh, verruchte Ausgeburt der Hölle, denn wiſſe, daß ich auch ohne Deinen Schwur des Himmels Spruch erfüllen und das Glied ſeinem Körper wiedergeben kann. Ehe noch die Sonne untergeht, ſollſt Du ſammt Deinem Ringe und Deinem Finger in einem Grabe ruhn.“ — Da erblaßte der Wütherich, und mit verbiſſenem Grimme ſprach er: Du biſt doppelt mein Sieger, in That und Wort, und ich ergebe mich dem Starken!“ Darauf beugte er ſein Knie vor mir und that wirklich den vorgeſchriebenen Schwur. Doch als ich ihm jetzt ſeinen Ring wiedergegeben hatte, ſprang er hoch auf vor Freude und rief kreiſchend: „Nun bleibt die Rache doch nicht aus, denn wie ich Fleiſch und Stahl und Feuer miſche, ſo ſäe ich großes Unglück aus, das über drei Mal ſieben Jahren aufgehen wird in dieſem Lande! So räch' ich mich in meiner letzten Stunde!“ Mit dieſen Worten warf er ſeinen Finger mit dem daran haftenden Stahl in den Glutſtrom und fiel rückwärts an deſſen Strande entſeelt zu Boden. Blaue Blitze zuckten in demſelben Momente aus dem glühenden Flußbett empor, die Erde erzitterte und in ihren Tiefen krachte es donnernd. Und noch war der Verwirrung und des rollenden Donners kein Ende, als Konon, der fürſtliche Oberprieſter, den heiligen Stab erhob und das Volk zur Ruhe ermahnte. „Laßt uns,“ rief er, „laßt uns der Götter Willen, ſo weit es ſchwache Sterbliche vermögen, demüthiglich erfüllen!“ So redend ging der ſiebenzigjährige Greis, und kühnen Eifers voll ergriff er des Katnatar's rieſenhaften Leichnam und wälzte ihn in die flammenden Wellen, indem er mit zum Himmel erhobenem Blicke ſprach: „Wie Ihr geboten, mögen Glied und Körper in Einem Grabe vereint ruhen!“

Gnädiglich hörten die Götter die Stimme ihres getreuen Dieners, die Elemente waren beſänftigt und auf das grauſe Getöſe erfolgte eine feierliche Stille.

Da ſtimmte Konon das heilige Lied an, und umgeben von ſeinen Prieſtern, führte er uns unter lautem Gebet in den Tempel. Denn die Stimme des Tempels mußte befragt werden, was bei ſo unerwarteten Ereigniſſen zu thun ſei; und nachdem die heiligen Gebräuche vollbracht waren, antwortete ſie gnädiglich alſo:

„Große Gefahren drohen dem Reiche, und der ſie abwenden kann, ſoll noch geboren werden. Aber getroſt, mein Volk! es wird ſich der Retter herrlich verkünden mit Worten, die kein Sterblicher ihn lehrte, und wenn er ſpricht, dann aus dem Hauſe, wo ſeiner Mutter Mutter wiederkam, verjaget die fremden Bewohner und führt das Knäblein in das Land ſeiner Väter.“

Großer Jubel war unter dem Volke, als es die tröſtenden Worte aus dem Munde des Tempels vernahm, die unzweideutig gewiſſe Rettung verſprachen; aufs Neue wurden Dank- und Siegesfeſte gefeiert und des Glücks und der Luſt war kein Ende.

Die Feierlichkeiten waren jetzt vorüber, da ſandte ich ein ſtarkes Heer nach dem Reiche Katnatar's, ließ ſolches in meinem Namen in Beſitz nehmen und unſerer Republik einverleiben. Auch erfüllte ich zu gleicher Zeit einen alten Wunſch meiner Gattin, indem ich den Leichnam ihrer königlichen Mutter von dort her nach unſerem Lande herüberſchaffen und ihr zu Ehren das prächtige Grabmal aufrichten ließ, welches zugleich das weſtliche Thor des Reiches bildet und zu den ſiebenzig beweglichen Gebäuden gehört. Denn nur vier Thore hat das Reich, nach den vier Himmelsgegenden benannt, und außer dieſen ſind noch ſechs und ſechzig Gebäude ſo beweglich gebaut, daß ſie durch ein Räderwerk in kurzer Zeit auf die Oberfläche der Erde hinaufgeſchoben werden können; und dieſes Grabmal iſt unſer weſtliches Thor; ein goldenes Storchneſt krönt ſeine Spitze und meine Gattin und ich ſelbſt in ſchottiſcher Bauerntracht ſtehen, von weißem Marmor gebildet, am Fuße deſſelben.

Dabei verſäumte ich nicht, mein angefangenes Werk fortzuführen, und es wurde unabläſſig an der Verſenkung des Landes gearbeitet. Während dieſer und anderer Geſchäfte waren bereits ſechs Monate verfloſſen, als meine Gattin die Stunde ihrer Entbindung nahe fühlte. Der Oberprieſter und die Großen des Reiches verſammelten ſich, und in ihrer Gegenwart (aber durch einen leichten Purpurvorhang ihrem Anblicke entzogen) genas ſie glücklich von einem Sohne, und wäre ich nicht ſelber Zeuge der Begebenheit geweſen, die ich ſogleich erzählen will, ich würde es nimmer geglaubt haben. Als man nämlich nach Brauch und Sitte das neugeborne Kind dem Oberprieſter überreichte, ſprach der Knabe laut und vernehmlich: „Ich bins, der Euch verkündet, denn jagt aus dem Hauſe, wo meine Mutter ward geboren, die Fremdlingsbrut heraus und legt mich hinein!“ — „Wer biſt Du, Kind der Götter?“ ſprach Konon; „verkünde uns ein Wahrwort!“ — Aber der Knabe ſprach nicht mehr, ſondern geberdete ſich wie andere Kinder, ſchrie erbärmlich und ward nur erſt an der Bruſt ſeiner Mutter beruhigt.

Das Volk, dem die näheren Schickſale meiner Gattin unbekannt waren, pries mich als einen glücklichen, Gott geliebten Mann, während die Wenigen, denen ich unſere Lebensgeſchichte vertraut hatte, mich einen unglücklichen Vater nannten; denn nur zu deutlich wurden jetzt die Worte des Tempels. In ſeiner Väter Land mußte der Knabe geführt und in daſſelbe Neſt, in welchem ſeine Mutter geboren worden, hineingelegt und ſeinem Schickſale überlaſſen werden; ſo deuteten es die Prieſter und ſo vollführte ich es in ſtiller Unterwerfung, in welcher mich Dilara nicht nur nicht wanken machte, ſondern voll vertrauender Demuth mächtig beſtärkte. Meinem treuen Diener Zoroander vertraute ich den neugebornen Knaben; er war es, der mit frommen Händen den Willen der Himmliſchen pünktlich erfüllte, indem er allein mit dem Kinde die weite, beſchwerliche Reiſe unternahm. Fremde Brut hatte in dem beſchriebenen Neſte ſeine Wohnung eingerichtet; junge Adlerbrut. Sie wurde herausgetrieben, das Kind hineingelegt und ſeinem Schickſale überlaſſen. Denn alſo wollten es die Prieſter; nicht länger durfte er wollen und Sorge um das Knäblein tragen, allein wollte der Himmel ſich deſſen erbarmen.

Aber nach Jahresfriſt erlaubte mir die Stimme des Tempels, Erkundigungen über mein Kind einzuziehen; ich erfuhr, daß ein Landbewohner ſich ſeiner erbarmt hatte, und von der Zeit an erhielt ich alljährlich Nachricht von meinem Knaben.

Morgen werden es zwanzig Jahre, daß ich von meinem Sohne getrennt ward, und morgen iſt der geſegnete Tag, an dem uns glücklichen Aeltern das lange erſehnte Kind, das einzige, wieder geſchenkt wird. Dank, ihr Himmelsmächte, Dank für dieſe jugendliche Freude im Herbſte meines Lebens! Und ſeht, ich klage nicht, daß ſchwere Leiden ſeiner warten — denn euer Wille iſt es, daß Mißgeſchick unſer Herz erweichend ſtärke, auf daß wir in Thränen aufwärts ſchauen und lieben lernen in Schmerzen die waltende Weisheit der gütigen Götter.

Mit dieſen frommen Worten endigt der König von Ga ſeine Lebensbeſchreibung, ſo wie der gelehrte Don Maria de Gollibrados deren Ueberſetzung. Beide aber laſſen, zu ungemeinem Mißvergnügen des deutſchen Translators, eine Menge angedeuteter Dinge in einem unangenehmen Helldunkel. Kein Wort, wer der blaue Alte war, der den ſchönen Jüngling zurückbrachte, oder deſſen angeblicher Bruder, der den kleinen Grande empfing. Eben ſo undeutlich iſt die Hiſtorie über die Automate, und ſcheint hier ſogar, wie überall, wo vom Staate, Tempel und Kriegsheere die Rede iſt, ſich zu widerſprechen. Auch fallen die Perſonen zuweilen aus ihrem Charakter. Wie z. B. kann ein ſo weiſer König einem ſo einfältigen Bauer ſeine Lebensgeſchichte zuſchicken, und weshalb gebeut er ihm ſo drohend, die Beſchreibungen der Maſchinen zu vergraben? — Ueber letztern Umſtand jedoch möge man eine Conjectur erlauben. Es ſcheint nämlich — und die neuliche Verſenkung des Thurms an der londoner Brücke bringt darauf — es ſcheint nämlich, daß der König Edwin jene Beſchreibungen lediglich aus angeſtammter Vaterlandsliebe nach Großbritannien ſchickte und ſie in unruhigen Zeiten dort weislich vergraben ließ. Nun hat man das Käſtchen wahrſcheinlich ſpäter aufgefunden und aus demſelben gehen jetzt alljährlich die neuen Erfindungen der Engländer hervor, die auch das Feſtland, nur etwas ſpäter, benutzt — als da ſind: Dampfſchiffe, Dampfwagen, die ultima ratio des Dampfes, nämlich Dampfkanonen nebſt dazu gehörigen Dampf-Staatspapier-Mühlen: ferner Dampfpreſſen, durch welche auch Setzer und Schreiber getrieben werden, Gasbeleuchtung für Fabriken und Univerſitäten, Moß- und Romanſpinnereien ſammt angehängten Ueberſetzungsmaſchinen und dergleichen mehr, was wir auf dem Continent hier immer noch für intellectuell halten, und welches jenes gewaltige Inſelvolk ſchon durch niedere mechaniſche Kräfte hervorbringt.

Was nun aber die fernere Geſchichte des im Storchneſte gefundenen Prinzen und der ſchönen Fiſcherstochter betrifft: ſo war dieſelbe durchaus nicht aufzufinden, und kann die eifrigſte Leſerin hierüber nicht ſo ungehalten ſein, als es dem deutſchen Ueberſetzer in tiefſter Seele ſchmerzt, daß er hier leider nur ein Bruchſtück geben konnte. Er würde, um ſolchen Uebelſtand zu beſeitigen, ſich ſogar entſchloſſen haben, dieſe wunderbare Hiſtorie aus eigenen Mitteln zu vollenden, wenn ihm die Muſen nur jene ſchöpferiſche und heut' zu Tage ſo vielen Tauſenden verliehene Dichtergabe nicht gänzlich verſagt hätten. In dieſem beſchämenden Gefühle beiſpielloſer Verwahrloſung bleibt ihm nur Ein Troſt, nur Eine Hoffnung. — In Haiti nämlich, in jenem allerchriſtlichen Lande, wo man auch den ſchwarzen Nächſten liebt, wohnt dem Ueberſetzer ein Gaſtfreund, oder vielmehr, er wohnt jetzt nicht da, indem er auf einer Reiſe im Innern Afrika's begriffen iſt. Dieſer Neger, ehemaliger Kammerhuſar jenes Diplomaten, deſſen Sohn Ueberſetzer erzog, ſchreibt demſelben aus Gani, einer noch unbekannten, afrikaniſchen Stadt, einen äußerſt merkwürdigen Bericht, der die Ueberzeugung giebt, daß ſich dieſer ſchwarze Staatsdiener nicht nur in dem unterirdiſchen Reiche Ga befindet, ſondern auch in dem dortigen Tempelarchive der Lebensbeſchreibung des Königs Kaly und der Fiſcherstochter bereits auf der Spur iſt. Sobald nun, wie kaum zu zweifeln, die ſeltene Handſchrift eingehen wird, ſo ſoll auf der Stelle, und noch ſchneller, als man den großen Unbekannten verdeutſcht, eine Verdolmetſchung derſelben erſcheinen, indem Ueberſetzer ſich rühmen kann, die Sprachen und Schriften aller Völker zu verſtehen: vom Franzöſiſchen an, das Jedweder parlirt, bis zur perſepolitaniſchen Keilſchrift, die noch Niemand entziffert hat. Mit welcher Verſicherung ſich der Schreiber dieſer Blätter ſeinen Landsleuten ehrerbietig empfehlen will.

Robert Roberthin,

geboren zu Königsberg im J. 1600, ward brandenburgiſcher Rath und Oberſecretair bei der Regierung zu Königsberg in Preußen. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 7. April 1648.

Seine **Gedichte** größtentheils mit dem pſeudonymen Namen **Berintho** unterzeichnet, finden ſich in H. Albert's Arien etlicher theils geiſtlicher, theils weltlicher Lieder zum Singen und Spielen. 5 Thle. Fol. Königsb. 1638—50. Eine Auswahl derſelben in Herder's Stimmen der Völker. 2 Th. Leipzig 1778, u. in Müller's Bibliothek. Th. 5.

Ein Anhänger der erſten ſchleſiſchen Schule ſuchte ſich R. vorzüglich nach Opitz und ausländiſchen Dichtern zu bilden und verſtand es namentlich Form und Sprache mit Gewandtheit und Correctheit zu behandeln.

Marie Sophie von la Roche,

geboren am 6. December 1731 zu Kaufbeuern, Tochter des berühmten Arztes von Gutermann, Wieland's vertraute Freundin, verheirathete ſich 1754 mit dem kurmainziſchen Hofrathe Georg Max von la Roche, welcher ſpäter kurtrierſcher Staatsrath in Koblenz war. Nachdem er in Ungnade gefallen, lebte er mit ſeiner Familie ſeit 1780 in Speier und ſpäter in Offenbach, woſelbſt er auch 1789 ſtarb. Auch nach ihres Gatten Tode wohnte Sophie v. la R. an dieſem Orte und ſtarb daſelbſt am 18. Febr. 1807.

Ihre Schriften ſind:

Geſchichte des Fräuleins von Sternheim. Herausgegeben von Wieland. 2 B. Leipz. 1771.
Roſaliens Briefe. 4 Bde. Altenb. 1779—81.
Moraliſche Erzählungen. 2 Sammlungen. Mannh. 1782—84; 3. A. 1823.
Briefe an Lina. 3 Bde. Mannh. u. Leipz. 1785—97. N. A. 1807.
Neuere moraliſche Erzählungen. Altenb., 1786.
Nachleſe. Mannh. 1787.
Miß Lony. Gotha 1789.
Schönes Bild der Reſignation. 2 Th. Leipz. 1795 u. 96; 2 A. 1801.
Erſcheinungen am See Oneida. 3 Th. Leipz. 1797 u. 98.
Mein Schreibtiſch. 2 Th. Leipz. 1799.
Schattenriſſe abgeſchiedener Stunden in Offenbach ꝛc. 1800.
Fanny und Julie. Leipz. 1802.
Liebehütten. 2 Th. Leipz. 1803.
Herbſttage. Leipzig 1805.
Meluſinens Sommerabende. Herausg. v. Wieland. Halle 1806.

Dieſe vortreffliche Frau wirkte zu ihrer Zeit durch ihre Schriften höchſt günſtig auf die weibliche Bildung in Deutſchland, da ſie mit Zartheit und Innigkeit einen großen Reichthum von Erfahrungen und eine klare, faßliche Darſtellung verband. Dichteriſche Energie und ſchöpferiſche Einbildungskraft darf man dagegen nicht von ihr verlangen; ſie ſuchte dieſen Mangel durch Sentimentalität, wie ſie damals ſehr an der Tagesordnung war, zu erſetzen, wird aber eben dadurch nicht ſelten weitſchweifig und ermüdend. Ihre beſte Leiſtung iſt die Geſchichte des Fräuleins von Sternheim. —

Friedrich Rochlitz,

geboren am 12. Februar 1770 zu Leipzig, bildete ſich auf der Thomasſchule und der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt, indem er ſich dem Studium der Theologie widmete. Später gab er die Theologie auf und wandte ſich nun ganz der Dichtkunſt und muſikaliſchen Theorie und Kritik zu. Er lebt als Privatgelehrter zu Leipzig, führt ſeit dem Jahre 1809 den Titel eines weimariſchen Hofraths, und iſt Ritter des großherzoglich ſächſiſchen Falkenordens.

Von ſeinen Schriften ſind zu nennen:

Zeichnungen von Menſchen nach Geſchichte und Erfahrung. Hamb. 1794.
Blicke in das Gebiet der Künſte und der praktiſchen Philoſophie. Gotha 1796.
Einige Ideen über Anwendung des guten Geſchmacks. Leipzig 1796.
Erfahrungen. 2 Th. Leipz. 1796 u. 97.
Amaliens Freuden und Leiden. 2 Bde. Leipz. 1798.
Erinnerungen. 4 Th. Züllich. 1799 u. 1800.
Charaktere intereſſanter Menſchen. 4 Th. Züllich. 1799 ff.
Familienleben. 2 Th. Frankf. 1801 f.
Glycine. 2 Th. Frankf. 1806.
Kleine Romane und Erzählungen. 3 Th. Frankf. 1807.
Denkmale glücklicher Stunden. 2 Th. Züllich. 1810.
Neue Erzählungen. 2 Th. Züllich. 1816.
Erfahrungen. 2 Th. Leipz. 1816.
Auswahl des Beſten aus ſämmtlichen Werken. 6 Th. Züllich. 1821 ff.
Für Freunde der Tonkunſt. 3 Th. Leipz. 1825 ff.
Für ruhige Stunden. 2 Th. Leipz. 1828.

Außer dieſen Schriften ſchrieb er mehrere Luſtſpiele, Opern ꝛc. und gab heraus:

Muſikal. Zeit. 1798 — 1818.
Journal für deutſche Frauen. 1805 — 8.
Selene. 1807 — 8.
Leipz. Taſchenb. 1816 — 20.
Jährl. Mittheilungen. 1821 ff.

Ein überaus angenehmer und gemüthlicher Erzähler, voll Innigkeit des Gefühls und Wärme der Geſinnung, iſt R. beſonders glücklich in der meiſterhaften und conſequenten Zeichnung der von ihm erfundenen Charaktere und in der Durchführung der trefflich angelegten Situationen, bei denen ihn ſeine tiefe Kenntniß der Menſchen und des Lebens und eine wahrhaft fromme Geſinnung unterſtützen. Seine ſämmtlichen dahin gehörenden Schriften können daher als eine eben ſo belehrende wie anmuthige Lectüre nicht genug empfohlen werden. Gleich bedeutende Verdienſte erwarb er ſich um die Behandlung und Ausbildung der Tonkunſt, durch ſeine theoretiſchen Arbeiten über dieſelben, in welchen er den feinſten Geſchmack mit gediegener Gründlichkeit vereinigt, und durch welche er ſich den Ruhm erworben hat, zu den bedeutendſten muſikaliſchen Kritikern zu gehören.

Lebenstag des Tonkünſtlers*).

Morgen.

Auf nacktem Felſen lieg' ich hier,
Und über mir, in ungemeſſner Ferne,
Zieht hin der Mond, ziehn hin die Sterne:
Doch keiner, keiner blickt nach mir!
Mag ich ſchlafen, mag ich wachen,
Mag ich weinen, mag ich lachen:
Sie wallen ruhig ihre Bahn
Himmelab und himmelan —
Wie der Menſch in Nacht auch fleht:
Sie laſſen ihn ſeinem trüben Sinnen!
Was über Wolken geht
Sieht zu tief das irdiſche Beginnen!

Doch es vernimmt mein Geiſt in heilger Regung
Die Ordnung ihrer himmliſchen Bewegung. — —

Die Sterne ſind hinabgeſunken,
Die kühlen Winde eilen daher
Und wühlen trunken
Im Nebelmeer;
Und alles harrt, verſtummend in Wonne,
Der Königin des Tags, der hehren Sonne. — —

Sieh! es ſchlägt ihre Hand
Zurück das roſenfarbne Gewand;
Sie bricht hervor mit Allgewalt,
Die hellſtrahlende Göttergeſtalt!
Die neidiſchen Nebel entweichen;
Die Blumen ſich vor ihr beugen;
Und ſie, der Demuth zum Lohne,
Schmückt jedes gebeugte Haupt,
Das an ihre Mutterliebe glaubt,
Mit diamantener Krone — —

Da brechen die muntern Vögel das Schweigen:
Mit tauſend Melodie'n
Sie durch die Lüfte ziehn,
Und gaukeln und ſcherzen — —
Ach, nur im innerſten Herzen
Fühl' ich die Melodie'n!
Sie eilen, ſie fliehn,
Ich kann ſie nicht erfaſſen,
Muß, wie die Luft, ſie verwehen laſſen! —

Doch es vernimmt mein Geiſt in froher Regung
Den zarten Sinn melodiſcher Bewegung. — —

Der Menſch erwacht. Die Mühe tritt hervor
Und treibt den Mann aus ſeiner Hütten Thor.
Des Weibes ſoll er und des Kinds vergeſſen;
Soll dort mit leichtem, ſchwankenden Kahn
Die gefahrenvolle Bahn
Auf tückiſchgleißender See durchmeſſen,
Im Schweiß des Angeſichts ſein Brod zu eſſen.

Die Lieben ſind daheim, doch nicht geborgen;
Es ſitzen die alten Sorgen
Mit in dem ſtillen Kreiſe,
Und flüſtern ängſtend und ſtöhnen leiſe —

Denn mit Göttermacht
Iſt der Sturm erwacht.
Zerriſſen ſirren
Des Weinſtocks Ranken;
Mit dumpfen Aechzen
Die Pappeln ſchwanken;
Gleich kämpfenden Rieſen die Wolken eilen.
Sturm faſſet die Eichen,
Es brauſen die Wipfel;
Sturm faſſet die Hütten,
Es ſtürzen die Giebel:
Die liebende Sonne nicht mag verweilen.
Die See ſteigt ſchäumend
In Wellen empor;
Er wirft ergrimmt ſie nieder;
Die Donner rollen
Zürnend hervor:
Er hallt ſie äffend wieder:
Ich hör' ihn ſein höhnendes Siegeslied heulen!
Und wie er höhnt,
Zerſtörung dröhnt

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*) Aus „Glycine" von Friedrich Rochlitz. Erſter Theil.

Herauf vom Thal —
Ein herzzerreißender Weltchoral! —

Doch ſelbſt an des Schreckens Töne
Kettet die Natur das Schöne,
Schmerz zu mildern ewig wach;
Hallt des Sturms, des Donners Weiſe,
Tönet ſanft und tönet leiſe
Des Accordes Wohllaut nach.

Und es vernimmt mein Geiſt in ernſter Regung
Den tiefen Sinn harmoniſcher Bewegung. — —

Doch die Natur kann nicht die Sehnſucht ſtillen,
Nicht in der Bruſt die öde Leere füllen.
Die Schönheit ſucht, verſchleiert, ihre Kinder:
Sie ſind, dem — Müden ſeinen Fleiß zu lohnen,
Getrennt, zerſtreut in alle Zonen,
Wo Menſchen wohnen;
Und nimmer wird, ſie zu vereinen,
Der Tag des Segens hier erſcheinen,
Wo Menſchen weinen! —

Nimm du mich wieder auf, verborgne Kammer,
Wohin nicht irdſche Freude blickt,
Nicht irdſcher Jammer.
Gern kehr' ich wieder zu dir — erquickt,
Gekräftiget, obwohl ohn' innern Frieden.
Gern bin ich hier von aller Welt geſchieden
Und ſink' in mich zurück:
Blüht doch kein beſſres Glück
Mir hienieden!

Was erhebt mir die Bruſt
Mit fremder, beklemmender Luſt!
In Abgrund ſinken die Geſtalten;
Es drängt mich empor
Zum himmliſchen Chor —
Wer kann, wer wird den Schwindelnden halten?

Hier ſchwebet in Frieden
Und ſeligem Leben,
Was dort verhüllt iſt und geſchieden:
Ich wag' es den Schleier der Göttin zu heben!
Sie winkt herauf die neue Welt,
Wo Rhythmus, wo harmon'ſcher Klang
Melodiſchen Geſang
Auf ewig feſt umſchlungen hält —
Ihr Götter! nicht allein laßt mich den ſüßen
Quell der Bezauberung genießen!
O ſteht mir bei, was ihr verliehen,
Aus meiner Bruſt hervorzuziehen!
Laßt vor dem trunknen Geiſt es lang verweilen:
Gern möcht' ich, was ihr gabt, mit meinen Brüdern theilen!

Mittag.

Heilige Stille,
Die meinen Sinn beſingt,
Mächtige Fülle,
Die mir den Buſen engt,
Frohe Erhebung,
Milde Belebung,
Wie mir von oben, werdet ihr Andern geſchenkt! —

Mit des Donners wachſenden Schlägen
Halle die Pauke euch wirbelnd entgegen,
Und verhall' in ängſtendes Nichts.
Feierlich und leiſe ſchwebe
Nun der Ton der tiefſten Saiten,
Daß aus ihm das Bild ſich webe
Und aus Funken des vom weiten
Dämmernden, melod'ſchen Lichts — —

Auf der Dominante Säulen
Laßt uns hoffend hier verweilen,
Athem ſchöpfen zu höherer Luſt.
Der du Freud' uns ahnen laſſen,
Lichtſtrahl, laß dich nun erfaſſen,
Hebe leichter die wogende Bruſt!
Mit des Mittags hellem Flimmer
Glänze deiner Schönheit Schimmer,
Vielgefärbt, wie der Demant ſpielt;
Auf des raſchen Allegro Flügen
Leuchte du uns mild entgegen:
„Glücklich, wer für Töne fühlt! —"
Doch du ſtammſt vom hohen Himmel:
Sinke nie zum Luſtgetümmel,
Das der Rohheit nur gefällt!
Ernſter ſoll auch Freude glühen,
Darum werden, Melodieen,
Tiefverborgne Harmonieen
Eurem Wechſel zugeſellt.
Wie, den Frühling zu gebären,
Auf den ſegenerwartenden Fluren
Sich die feindlichen Naturen,
Wärm' und Kält' umarmen müſſen:
So laß' ich euch nun gewähren;
Beide ſollt zum Ziel ihr fliegen,
Keine dienen, keine ſiegen,
Sollt euch, mild befruchtend, küſſen. —

Und ſie ſchweben empor
Enger und froher umſchlungen,
Und die eitlen, kränkenden Leiden
Meines Herzens ſind bezwungen.
Wie die Sonn' auf ihrem Lauf
Ruhig den irdiſchen Wechſel ſchaut;
Wie dem Bräutgam, eilt er zur Braut,
Nicht vor dem Sturm, vor dem Räuber graut,
Schwebt auf dem Fittig des Wohllauts auf,
Wer ſeinem Fluge ſich anvertraut. — —

Der Mittag legt ſein ſtrahlenreiches Haupt
Noch brünſtiger an die heiße Bruſt der Erde.
Ihr ſtillſtes Kind, die Blume, ſinkt, beraubt
Der Jugendkraft, und harrt, und glaubt,
Daß ſie nicht ſterben, daß ſie neu erquicket werde.
Der Vogel ſchlüpft in ſeines Neſtes Schatten,
Das Wild ſucht in der Felſenkluft den Gatten:
Zu allen neigt ſich ſanft die Ruh.
Der Menſch allein darf nicht ermatten,
Er ſchließet nicht das müde Auge zu.

Schwind' auch mir nicht dahin,
Kraft, die das Schöne erzeugt;
Rege linder den Fittig,
Pſyche, aber nicht hemme den Flug.

Des Adagio Bahn
Schlinge ſich ebner dahin:
Wie der labenden Quelle
Fließend Kryſtall über Perlen ſchleicht.

Zartere Melodie
Beuge des Hörers Gemüth
Zu der Schwermuth Gefühlen;
Wähn' ihn, er ſei noch der Erde verwandt.

Klage, du Flötenlaut,
Klage, du milder Fagott,
Und die ſchwirrende Geige
Wage gedämpft nur zu wechſeln mit euch.

Lebensmuth, willſt du verſinken? —
Laß den Weichling Thränen trinken,
Bis das matte Herz ihm bricht!
Kunſt im Land der Liebe thronet,
Wo des Lebens Herold wohnet,
Nicht, wer Todtenkränze flicht!
Heiter iſt der Gott der Spiele;
Dornen hat die Roſ' am Ziele,
Aber ſie verletzen nicht.

Leichter Sinn,
Tändle dahin
Durch das Rondo, wie durch's Leben;
Wecke das Herz
Zu flüchtigem Scherz:
Wolle nicht tiefer, nicht höher ſtreben.
In den Wolken
Spielen Farben
Zwecklos — und doch, wie ſchön erglühend
Auf den Wieſen
Lächeln Blumen
Fruchtlos — und doch, wie lieblich blühend
Es ſinkt die Sonne,
Es ſchmilzt in Grau,
Ihr geſpaltenes, buntes Licht;
Die Schäfrin
Im flüchtigen Tanze
Zertritt die Blumen —
Weiter ins Leben! das kümmre dich nicht!
Wenig Stunden —

Sieh, die Wolken
Erglühen vom neuen;
Wenig Stunden —
Sieh, die Blumen
Erblühen vom neuen:
Magſt dich ihrer auch wieder erfreuen!

Alſo flattre auch du,
Leicht beſchwingetes Lied,
Immer neu, und immer
Das lieb gewordene Alte!
Keiner der Hörenden frage,
Was er in dir vernommen:
Leicht kehr' er zurück
In das ſchwere Leben,
Er, der mit trüben Ernſt
Aus dem ſchweren Leben gekommen. —

Ja, ich darf mich dein erfreuen,
Meiner Liebe jüngſter Sohn!
Andern Roſen hinzuſtreuen
Sei dein Glück und ſei mein Lohn.
Bald wirſt du vielleicht vergeſſen,
Bald wirſt du vielleicht verdrängt:
Nur nach irdiſchem Ermeſſen
Wird, was iſt, in Zeit beſchränkt!
Mag der Lebende vergehen:
Leben — Leben muß beſtehen!
Es wechſeln die Stunden der Erdenwelt:
Doch die ſie ſchaffen in endloſer Ferne,
Stehn ohne Wandel — die ſtrahlenden Sterne —
Am alles umſpannenden Himmelsgezelt! —

Abend.

Der Tag verliſcht im dunkelglühenden Meere,
Die Dämmerung waltet auf der ſtillen Au;
Hernieder ſteigt die Mutter Nacht, die hehre,
Die müde Tochter labt ihr kühler Thau.
Daß uns der Farben Spiel nicht mehr bethöre,
Malt die Natur ſich in ein einfach Grau.
Der Schlummer löſ't des Trauernden Gedanken,
Geneſung gaukelt um das Haupt des Kranken.

Doch du, mein Geiſt, auch du willſt ſchon ermatten!
Die Nacht hüllt ja für dich die Erde ein!
O daß du dich vom Spiele trüber Schatten
Erhöbeſt zu der ſel'gen Geiſter Reihn!
Wo mit der Ewigkeit ſich Zeiten gatten,
Da ſollte — da, jetzt deine Heimath ſein.
Blick' auf, und ſieh mit heiligem Entzücken,
Wie Gottes Tempel tauſend Sterne ſchmücken!

Dort, wo Orions mächt'ge Sonnen glühen,
Kein Wechſel Brüder trennt, die ſich vereint,
Der Unſchuld Schwan die Silberbahn zu ziehen
Durch ſtille, nie beſtürmte Meere ſcheint:
Dorthin von Erdeneitelkeit zu fliehen,
Zu lauſchen, wen der Sphären Wohlklang meint —:
O daß ein Seraph mich dazu erfriſchte,
Und würdig mein Geſang ſich ſeinem miſchte! — —

Wie durch die Ulme feſtgehaltne Reben,
Sonſt ſchwankend, frei nun auf zum Himmel ſehn;
Wie, von den zarten Ranken leis umgeben,
Der Ulmen Schäfte nun verſchönert ſtehn:
So ſoll der Tonkunſt ſchöner Engel neben
Des Dichters heiliger Muſe liebend gehn!
Erſcheint mir Davids, Klopſtocks Lichtgeſtalten:
Den Schwächern würdigt, der euch ſchmückt, zu halten!

Unendlicher*),
Der Welten Herr,
Deß Namen laut genannt von Himmeln werden,
Dich darf auch nennen ich, der Sohn der Erden!

Des Säuglings Lächeln und des Kindes Lallen
Läßt deine Vaterhuld ſich wohlgefallen;
Denn Unſchuld nur vermag dein Reich zu gründen,
Durch Unſchuld ſtürzt allein der Thron der Sünden! —

Wenn ich erſtaunt dein ewig Werk betrachte,
Auf deiner Himmel Heer in Demuth achte:
Was iſt mir dann der Menſch, daß du gedenkeſt?
Der Erdenſohn, daß du ſein Schickſal lenkeſt?

Doch du erhebſt ihn hoch! Genoſſen deiner Geiſter,
Haſt du mit Ehr' und Zier ihn ausgeſchmückt;
Von dir geſetzt zum unbeherrſchten Meiſter,
Zu ſeinen Füßen er die Erd' erblickt.
Nicht nur das ſanfte Lamm, der ruh'ge Stier —
Ihm beugt ſich auch des Löwen Mordbegier!
In Meeren regen ſich der Ungeheuer Heere:
Er bahnt ſich ſichre Wege durch die Meere!
Unendlicher,
Der Welten Herr,
Deß Namen laut genannt von Himmeln werden:
Heil! dich darf nennen auch der Sohn der Erden! —

Faustina Haſſe*).

(Ein Portrait.)

Der würdige Mann, der ſchon meine Kindheit zur Tonkunſt hinleitete, meiner Jugend freundlich mittheilte, was in dieſer Kunſt mitgetheilt werden kann und ich aufzunehmen vermochte, der ſpäterhin, noch als ein heiterer, lebensmuthiger Greis, mein Freund war — Johann Friedrich Doles, hatte in ſeiner früheſten Zeit als Sänger an den glänzenden Feſten Theil genommen, die der Muſik vom letzten der ſächſiſchen Könige von Polen in Dresden gefeiert wurden. Die Fürſtin dieſer Feſte, und beſonders der weltberühmten, damals wahrhaft großen Oper — Fauſtina Haſſe, hatte den erwachenden Jüngling zuerſt zu dem Bewußtſein gebracht, er habe ein Herz. Er huldigte ihr, wie der Schwärmer dem Monde, der, ohne von ihm zu wiſſen, ſeine ſüßen Schimmer auch ihm zuwirft, weil er nun eben unter der Menge mit da iſt. Doles durfte ſie hören, ſie betrachten, ihr huldigen, und dadurch ſich ihr — wenigſtens näher träumen, daß er ſein Leben derſelben Göttin weihete, welche Fauſtinen unter ihre Prieſterinnen aufgenommen hatte. Späterhin, als Mann, hatte er Gelegenheit und Faſſung, ſie ruhiger zu beobachten: da verblich freilich die Glorie um ihr Haupt, aber ſie verwandelte ſich doch in einen ſehr ſchönen Schleier, ſo daß er auch als Greis nie ohne Begeiſterung und Jugendfeuer von der ſeltenen Frau ſprach. Mehr um ihn, als um mich zu befriedigen, ließ ich mir oft von dieſer Juno-Fauſtina erzählen, und es liegt nicht an ihm, wenn nicht ihr vollkommen getroffenes Bild in vollem Leben vor meiner Seele ſchwebt.

Als ich vor mehrern Jahren zum erſtenmal in das Paſtellzimmer der Dresdner Gallerie trat, wo die intereſſanteſten Weiber vom Hofe der Auguſte, meiſtens durch die Kunſt der Roſalba, in ewigem Frühling blühen, erinnerte ich mich jener bedeutenden Frau, und deſſen, was ich von ihr wußte. —

Iſt die Haſſe unter dieſen Weibern? fragte ich meinen Gefährten.

Allerdings! —

Zeigen Sie mir ſie nicht: ich will verſuchen, ſie ſelbſt aufzufinden.

Ich ſuchte: endlich fielen meine Augen auf ein Portrait, das mich feſthielt und mir ins Gedächtniß brachte, was dort Leſſing ſeinen Prinzen vom Bilde der Orſina ſagen läßt: „O ich kenne ſie, dieſe ſtolze, höhniſche Miene, die auch das Geſicht einer Grazie entſtellen würde! Ich leugne nicht, daß ein ſchöner Mund, der ſich ein wenig ſpöttiſch verziehet, nicht ſelten um ſo viel ſchöner iſt. Aber, wohl gemerkt, ein wenig. — — Auch müſſen Augen über den wollüſtigen Spötter die Aufſicht führen — Augen, wie ſie die gute Gräfin nun gerade gar nicht hat —.“ Wie ſie aber dieſe Fauſtina hat!

Das iſt die Haſſe, ſagte ich; oder ich bin ſchlecht unterrichtet.

Sie haben recht, es iſt die Haſſe, antwortete mein Gefährte. —

Die Wiederholung deſſen, was ich von ihr wußte, machte mir nun viel Vergnügen: vielleicht vermag ich's, wenigſtens einen Theil deſſelben dem Leſer zuzuwenden, zumal da ich ihm Einiges erzählen kann, was öffentlich niemals bekannt worden iſt. Hierunter möchte vielleicht ſchon folgender, in dieſe Vorrede gehörender Zug ſein.

Die talentvolle Roſalba hatte die meiſten Schönheiten jenes Hofs ſchon gemalt; man wünſchte, daß auch Fauſtina ihr ſitzen möchte: dieſe verſchmähete es immer. — Ich will von keinem Weibe gemalt ſein! ſagte ſie. Die Maler an Auguſts Hofe waren ihr aber auch nicht recht; gezierte Lecker, nannte ſie ſie. Endlich, in nicht mehr ganz jugendlichen Jahren, gab ſie der Künſtlerin nach. Faſt alle Weiber hatten ſich irgend einen poetiſchen Charakter geben laſſen: die eine ließ ſich als Frühling, die andere als Muſe u. dergl. aufführen. — Als was wünſchen Sie dargeſtellt zu ſein? fragte die Roſalba. Als was —! erwiederte jene ſtolz: als Fauſtina Haſſe! —

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*) Nach dem achten Pſalm Davids.

*) Aus „Glycine“ von Fr. Rochlitz. Zweiter Theil.

Sie war zu Venedig im Jahre 1700 geboren. In ihrer nicht gemeinen und wohlhabenden Familie erhielt ſie von früher Kindheit an die beſte, wenigſtens die feinſte Erziehung. Schon in dem Kinde keimte ein ausgezeichnetes Talent für die Tonkunſt empor, und gar bald erweckte dies Talent überall Aufmerkſamkeit, ſelbſt in jenem Vaterlande muſikaliſcher Talente. Die Aeltern ließen ſie nun für eine Laufbahn bilden, auf welcher damals mehr als je Bedeutſamkeit, Ruhm und Gewinn zu finden war: man erzog ſie für den dramatiſchen Geſang. Fauſtina bekam die vortrefflichſten Lehrer. Unter der gründlichen und ſtrengen Leitung derſelben bereitete ſie ſich, mit größtem Eifer und doch ohne Haſtigkeit, auf jene Laufbahn vor; unter der ſchmeichelnden Leitung ihrer geheimern Neigungen aber auch auf ein lyriſches Leben in anderm Sinn. Das erſte Theater ihrer Vaterſtadt drang mit den anſtändigſten Erbietungen in ſie und in die Aeltern, daß ſie ſchon jetzt in einigen bedeutenden Kinderrollen auftreten möchte: Fauſtina war durchaus nicht dahin zu bringen; ſie wollte ruhig die Zeit abwarten, wo die Knospe eigene Kraft geſammelt haben würde, die verdeckende Hülle zu durchbrechen und in blendendem Purpur ſich der Sonne zuzuwenden.

Nicht eher, als in ihrem ſechzehnten Jahre trat Fauſtina zum erſtenmal öffentlich auf — aber dann auch gleich als Heldin in einer heroiſchen Oper. Vielleicht hat Venedig nie ein glänzenderes Debüt geſehen. Ihre jugendliche Schönheit eroberte die Herzen der Anweſenden; ihr trefflicher Geſang, unterſtützt durch edles Spiel, ſicherte ihr die Eroberung. Man überſah um ihretwillen, was man bis dahin verherrlicht hatte — wenigſtens that es die Jugend Venedigs: bei ihr hatte Fauſtina keine Nebenbuhlerin. Nur Ein Kennerohr war mit ihr unzufrieden, und ſetzte ſie, in Abſicht auf Stimme, und noch mehr in Abſicht auf Kunſt und Erfahrenheit der bisherigen erſten Sängerin nach; und dies Kennerohr war — ihr eigenes. Du kannſt dich mit ihr nicht meſſen, ſagte ſie zu ſich ſelbſt; du mußt ſie verdunkeln!

Sie trat eine geraume Zeit nicht wieder auf; wählte in der Stille die damals neue, freiere Methode des Bernacchi, wendete den unermüdlichſten Fleiß auf ſie, und auf das von der [illegible], nach italieniſcher Sitte, vernachläſſigte Recitativ; zeigte ſich nun erſt dem Publikum wieder, und als eine ganz neue Geſtalt —: da errang ſie denn den Sieg, mit welchem ſie ſelbſt zufrieden war. Dieſe von ihr gewählte Methode wurde nun die herrſchende, bald darauf die einzige.

Häusliche Verhältniſſe, ihre von Kindheit an gehegte Sehnſucht, die Welt zu ſehen, und die erwachende Ahnung, ſie gehöre an einen Hof, machten, daß ſie bald von Venedig weg, in das glänzende Florenz ging. Ihr Auftreten war Fortſetzung ihres Triumphs in der Vaterſtadt. Sonette regneten auf ſie herab *), Denkmünzen ließ man auf ſie ſchlagen, die vornehmſte florentiniſche Jugend lag zu ihren Füßen: ſie nahm das alles mit Wohlgefallen, doch als gebühre ſich's und verſtehe ſich von ſelbſt, auf, hielt ihre Anbeter, und die vornehmſten beſonders, in wohlabgemeſſener Entfernung, und beglückte ſie nur durch ihre Kunſt und ihre bezaubernden geſelligen Tugenden.

Ich weiß nicht, was ihr auch dieſen reizenden Aufenthalt nach einigen Jahren verleidete. Vielleicht war es nur das: ſie kannte nun Italien und wurde von Italien gekannt, der Huldigungen daſelbſt war ſie gewohnt, ſie wünſchte ihren Ruhm auch unter andere Nationen verbreitet und ſich von ihnen verherrlicht zu ſehen. Nicht unerwünſcht kam ihr daher ein Ruf nach Wien, und die funfzehntauſend Gulden jährlichen Gehalts mochten ihr wohl auch nicht unerwünſcht kommen. Doch begnügte ſie ſich mit dieſen nur unter manchem Vorbehalt, wodurch ſie ſich dem Publikum ſelten machen konnte. Sie war vier und zwanzig Jahre alt, als ſie nach Wien kam; man pries ihre Kunſt, man huldigte ihrer Schönheit: aber ſie fand doch auch Weiber, die ſie in beiden Vorzügen, wenn auch nicht vereint, übertrafen. Fauſtina gefiel Allen, aber nicht ſich ſelbſt; es gab Gegenparteien, und ſelbſt der Enthuſiasmus ihrer Freunde war deutſcher Enthuſiasmus — er brannte, gleich einer entzündeten Eiche, in ruhigem, anhaltendem Feuer, nicht wie in Italien, gleich dem Weine dieſes Landes, in wilden Exploſionen. Fauſtina mochte ſich daran nicht gewöhnen, wurde verſtimmt, und ging nach zwei Jahren nach London, im Vertrauen auf die viel gerühmte kühne Kräftigkeit der Inſulaner.

In London gab es eben gewaltig viel Lärmen, und gewaltig viel Guineen. Durch eine ungeheuere Subſcription hatte man die große Nationaloper auf dem Haymarket zu Stande gebracht. Der muſikliebende König, als erſter Subſcribent, hatte ihr Anſehen, der große Händel, als Direktor, Werth verſchafft. Der Zulauf und der Jubel, ein neues glänzendes Nationalprodukt geliefert zu haben, war ſo groß, daß es etwas Gewöhnliches wurde, Ohnmächtige oder Verwundete aus den Vorſtellungen zu tragen.

Die vortreffliche italieniſche Oper, deren Direktor der zarte Buononcini war, war gezwungen, alle Kräfte aufzubieten, um der engliſchen die Wage zu halten. Buononcini entzückte durch Innigkeit und ſüße Melodieen den feinern, Händel begeiſterte durch Kraft und gewaltige Harmonieen den lebhaftern Theil des Publikums: Händel ſiegte. Buononcini nahm den erſten Kaſtraten der Welt, den nachmaligen Herzog Farinelli, unter ſeine Geſellſchaft; Händel ſetzte dieſem den vortrefflichen Seneſino und die reizende Cuzzoni, ſchlechthin der Engel genannt *), entgegen: Händel ſiegte. Buononcini trieb zwei Italienerinnen auf, die an Vorzügen der Cuzzoni wenig nachgaben; Händel ließ Fauſtinen auftreten: Händel ſiegte.

Wodurch nun aber zwei Weiber, wie Fauſtina und die Cuzzoni, friedlich neben einander erhalten? und wie ihre Partieen im Publikum? Das überſtieg menſchliche Kräfte, und brachte ſelbſt den eiſenfeſten Händel zur Verzweiflung. Mit ſeiner durchgreifenden Derbheit trieb er zwar jede von dieſen Damen einzeln in die Enge, brachte es aber endlich dahin, daß ſie, die nie einig waren, es doch dann wurden, wenn es gegen ihn ging. Die ſchöne Welt von London theilte ſich und war glatt abgeſchnitten in Cuzzoniten und Fauſtinianer. (Ich kann nicht dafür, wenn meine Erzählung hier, ſelbſt bis auf die Namen, ein Stück aus der Ketzerhiſtorie der mittlern Zeit ſcheint). Die erſten begnügten ſich nicht damit, ihrer Göttin den Vorzug einzuräumen, ſondern wollten die Göttin der zweiten ganz vernichten. Dieſe thaten ein Gleiches. Die Gemeinen ſchlugen, nach engliſcher Weiſe, mit Fäuſten drein; die Feinern forderten ſich, nach vornehmern Sitten, auf Degen und Piſtolen. An die Spitzen der Kämpfenden ſtellten ſich endlich zwei Prinzen. Der junge Herzog von Bedfort reiſete dem Sohne des Herzogs von Orleans ſogar über den Kanal nach, und brachte triumphirend auf der Spitze ſeines Degens den Beweis zurück, ſein Gegner ſei ein Prinz von — Geblüt, und Fauſtina ſei der eigentliche, wahre Engel. Dieſer Handel hatte zu viel Aufſehen gemacht: der Hof mußte ſich darein legen, und die Nationaloper ging zu Grunde. Sie würde unter ſolchen Umſtänden auch zu Grunde gegangen ſein, wenn ſich der Hof nicht darein gelegt hätte.

Fauſtina verließ London nach dem kurzen Aufenthalte von noch nicht vollen zwei Jahren, und verließ es, ohngeachtet aller Fehden, ihr zu Ehren, und aller Guineen, ihr zum Vortheil, mit lebhaftem Widerwillen gegen England. Nicht einer von denen, ſagte ſie noch ſpät in Wien — die mir ihr Geld boten und ſich um mich rauften, hat Sinn gehabt für irgend etwas, das ich mir ſelbſt als Verdienſt anrechnen darf. Man lärmte um meinetwillen, weil man eben nichts Anderes hatte, und doch lärmen wollte. Des tumultuariſchen Lebens endlich überdrüßig und mit erwachender Ahnung, es gebe ein ſtilleres und dauerhafteres Glück, kehrete ſie in ihre Vaterſtadt zurück, und lebte da eine Zeit lang in anſtändiger Zurückgezogenheit. Sie trat nicht öffentlich auf, ſondern gewährete nur auserleſenen Zirkeln gebildeter Menſchen den Genuß ihrer Talente.

Sie hörte in dieſen Zirkeln viel Angenehmes von einem jungen, ſchönen, edlen und talentvollen Sachſen, der, ſeine Kunſtbildung zu vollenden, von Neapel zurückgekehrt ſei, und nun in Venedig, zwar arm, doch ſehr anſtändig lebe, und ſeine Bekannten durch bezaubernden Geſang, durch geiſtreiches Klavierſpiel, und auch durch manche feurige und gemüthliche Kompoſition erfreue. *Il Saſſone! il caro Saſſone!* wiederholten beſonders die Damen unaufhörlich. Man ſagte Fauſtinen, auch ſie müſſe ihn nothwendig kennen lernen. Sie ließ ſich's gleichgültig gefallen. Man lud eine Geſellſchaft, und ihn unter dieſer. Beſcheiden, wie ein Deutſcher, und im einfachſten Aufzuge, wie ein Mann, der innern Werth kennet und beſitzt, erſchien er; vom Schimmer der Geſellſchaft geblendet, trat er muthlos zurück, bis man ihn an's Klavier führte. Er ſetzte ſich, ſeine Phantaſie erhob ihn über die einengende konventionelle Welt, er ſchien ganz ein Anderer; er ſpielte und ſang zum Entzücken. In ſich und ſeine Kunſt verſunken, bemerkte er nicht, was um ihn her vorging — am wenigſten, wie die glänzende Fauſtina unverwandt und bezaubert neben ſeinem Stuhle ſtand, und wie alle Gefühle, die er ſeinem Inſtrumente mittheilte, von ihrem ausdrucksvollen Geſicht wiederſtrahlten. Er beſchloß, — ſie ſagte kein Wort, aber ſie fuhr mit dem Entſchluß nach Hauſe: dieſer Haſſe wird dein Gemal, oder Keiner! —

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*) In einem noch aufbehaltenen Sonette machen ihre Verehrer ihr das ſonderbare, für ſelbſt das ſchmeichelhafte Kompliment, ſie als Circe aufzuſtellen! In einem andern heißt es: der alte Pedant wird zum hüpfenden Kinde, der Philoſoph (der italieniſche —!) wirft Zirkel und Triangel weg, bekränzt ſich mit Roſen; die Sterne weichen aus der gewöhnlichen Bahn [illegible], und fragen einander, wenn Fauſtina beſchloſſen hat (und ſie folglich wieder zu Verſtande kommen): ſagt, wo ſind wir?

*) Es giebt aber gute und böſe Engel! Unbeſchreiblich reizend, als Weib und Künſtlerin, war die Cuzzoni; aber der verwünſchteſte weibliche Kobold war ſie auch. Nur an Händel fand ſie ihren Mann, denn der [illegible] noch tumultuariſcher Grimm. Sie iſt dieſelbe, welche der leibhafte Händel einmal zum Fenſter hinab werfen wollte, weil ſie eine ſeiner Arien zu ſingen ſich aus Kaprize weigerte. Madame, oh Madame, ſchrie Händel, und hielt die Dame, wie Herkules den feuerſchnaubenden Kakus, hoch in die Luft — je ſais bien, que vous êtes une véritable Diableſſe; mais je vous ferai ſavoir — moi! moi! — que je ſuis Beelzebub, le chef des Diables! —

Und er ward' es, und ſein Glück — wenigſtens, was man die Welt ſo nennet — war auf immer gegründet. Man gab ihm eine Stelle als Kapellmeiſter; er konnte nun ſorgenfreier arbeiten, die Liebe und ſein königliches Weib begeiſterten ihn — er lieferte Werke, die ſeinen Ruf in alle Welt verbreiten mußten.

König Auguſt, der ſo gern um ſich verſammelte, was Künſtler war und als Künſtler Aufſehen machte, berief ihn als Oberkapellmeiſter, und ſeine Gattin als erſte Sängerin, nach Dresden; Beiden wurde ein ſehr großer Gehalt zugeſichert. Fauſtina, die den jungen Gemal gern verherrlicht ſehen wollte, die des zurückgezogenen Lebens denn doch überdrüßig zu werden anfing, und die vielleicht im geheim auch nach ſo Manchem lüſterte, was ihr an jenem Hofe der Freude und des feinern Genuſſes zu Theil werden konnte, und was man in Contrakten eben nicht zu ſpezificiren pflegt —: Fauſtina ermunterte ihren Gatten, dem Rufe zu folgen; er war ihr ſo ganz ergeben, daß alle ſein Thun von ihren Wünſchen abhing. — Sie gingen 1731 nach Dresden. Ein ausgezeichneter Empfang und der ehrenvollſte, immer zunehmende Beifall von Seiten des Hofs, wie des Publikums, überzeugten Beide, hier ſei ihr Platz und hier müſſe ihre Heimath bleiben.

Allzuglänzendes Sonnenlicht verkündigt aber Ungewitter. Es fand ſich wirklich gar Manches für Fauſtinen, was im Contrakte nicht ſtipulirt war. Der Kampf des beſſern, aber früh ſchon gebrochenen Willens mit alle dem, was ihm der luxuriöſeſte Hof entgegenſetzte, war zu ungleich. — Man ließ den guten, lieben Haſſe wieder nach Italien reiſen, und ſieben Jahre daſelbſt verweilen. — —

Sieben Jahre, eine Ewigkeit für das Glück einer fürſtlichen Geliebten, waren vorbei, und nun änderte ſich, was ſich bei tauſend ſchönen Weibern weit früher hätte ändern müſſen. Fauſtina ſelbſt zog ſich aus gewiſſen Verhältniſſen zurück, ehe ſie ganz die Macht verlor, ſie, wenn ſie gewollt hätte, noch länger zu erhalten; ſie klagte nie, auch mit keinem Blick; ſie änderte nichts ab in dem, was Andern in die Augen fiel; ſie blieb geachtet, gefürchtet ſogar, auch wo man ſie nicht mehr liebte: alles ſchien, wie vorher, und nur ihr Herz geändert. Jetzt gedachte ſie endlich mit liebender Theilnahme, und bald ſogar mit inniger Sehnſucht des lang entbehrten, nicht glücklichen Freundes. Sie ſchrieb ihm, bat ihn ſo herzlich, ſo ſchmeichelnd, zurückzukommen: er kam zurück. Sie wußte ſeinen Empfang auf das ſorgſamſte vorzubereiten: alles bezeigte ihm Achtung und geneigtes Entgegenkommen; er wurde in ausgezeichnete und erwünſchte Thätigkeit geſetzt, wurde für ſeine Arbeiten mit Beifall, Gunſt und Ruhm belohnt, und auch ſein häusliches Leben hatte alle — Merkmale der ſchönſten Familienverhältniſſe.

Ob er glücklich war —? Wer könnte ſo fragen! Antwortet Einem das Herz, antwortet ihm die Ehre nicht, hat er aber ein geübtes Auge: ſo verweiſe ich ihn an Haſſe's, nach dem Zeugniß aller, aufs vollkommenſte getroffene Portrait von dem trefflichen Mengs in der Dresdner Sammlung Miniaturgemälde. Er wird finden, daß Haſſe in ſeinem ganzen Geſicht, beſonders auch über dem Auge des ſchwärmeriſch genießenden Muſikers, einen Zug hat, der deutlich ausſagt: dieſer Mann iſt im Geheim ſehr unglücklich. — einen Zug, der ganz etwas anders iſt, als der Ausdruck jener ewig unbefriedigten Sehnſucht, jener nie ganz geſtillten Trauer in dem Herzen des wahren Dichters oder Künſtlers. — — Daß aber Haſſe durch ſeine Gattin ſo glücklich war, als ſie ihn nun machen konnte, läßt ſich leicht denken. Er ſchrieb die glänzendſten Rollen ſeiner Opern für ſie und nahm innigen Antheil an der Bezauberung, in welcher ſie das Publikum noch lange erhielt: ſie war erkenntlich. Sie hatte den äußern Anſtand nie verletzt, behandelte nun das Ehrgefühl und die zartere Sinnesart des Gemals mit größter Schonung und Delikateſſe, verſchaffte ſeinen Arbeiten durch Aufbietung alles ihres Kunſtvermögens fortdauernden Glanz: er war erkenntlich. Blickte ſie dann auch zuweilen umher mit einem

Ast ego; quae Divûm incedo regina Jovisque
Et soror et conjux —

ſo war er der erſte, der erkannte, wie ſich ihr Stolz auf wahres Verdienſt gründe, und ihr huldigte; ſchwärmte er zuweilen etwas hypochondriſch über das Vergangene und auch über manches Drückende ſeiner gegenwärtigen Verhältniſſe, ſo zerſtreute ſie durch die feinſten Aufmerkſamkeiten, durch überraſchende Gefälligkeit, durch das Hinreißende ihrer Unterhaltungsgabe die Wolken, und brachte ihn wenigſtens ſo weit, auch das Glückliche ſeiner Lage nicht zu verkennen und es zu genießen. Je weiter Beide in Jahren und Erfahrungen zunahmen, jemehr ſich beider Phantaſie kühlte, beider Leidenſchaftlichkeit milderte; je mehr die gegenſeitige Achtung zurückkehrte und die Vergangenheit verdeckte; die einſchmeichelnde Gewohnheit ſie einander näher brachte, ihre Herzen, auch in den kleinern Wünſchen, aufſchloß: deſto mehr, deſto werther, deſto unentbehrlicher wurden ſie einander, bis endlich in ſpäterm Alter und anſtändiger Ruhe der Freund die Freundin, die Freundin den Freund wirklich ſehr glücklich machte.

Dieſe Ruhe wurde ihnen und dem gedrückten Sachſen zugleich zu Theil, als der ſiebenjährige Krieg ſein Ende erreichte. Die nun allzunöthige Einſchränkung des Hofs ſetzte ſie, wie die meiſten bisherigen Günſtlinge, außer Thätigkeit. Sie genoſſen aber eines beträchtlichen Gehalts, gingen eine Zeitlang nach Wien, und beſchloſſen ihre Tage in Fauſtinens Vaterſtadt.

Der Charakter dieſer bedeutenden und in gar manche wichtige Dinge tief, weit tiefer als die Staatsgeſchichte bemerken wird, eingreifenden Frau geht ſchon aus dieſer kurzen Erzählung der Begebenheiten ihres Lebens hervor. Stolz, begründet auf große Naturgaben und auf errungene, wahre Verdienſte; lebhafte Sinnlichkeit, im Innern gehalten von unwandelbarem Sinn für Anſtand und äußere Ehre und Würde; Eiferſucht, erzeugt durch Gefühl von Ueberlegenheit und Kraft des Geiſtes, und keine Beſchränkung duldend, außer der freiwilligen; drückender Despotismus gegen die, welche ihr von irgend einer Seite gefährlich werden wollten, ohne ihr wirklich überlegen zu ſein; Treue, bis zur Aufopferung alles eigenen Intereſſes, gegen die, welche ſich ihre Achtung und vertrautere Freundſchaft zu erwerben wußten, — ja zuweilen ſelbſt feſte Verwegenheit, die die ganze Gegenwart aufs Spiel ſetzte, zu deren Gunſten; großer und umfaſſender Verſtand, in gleichem Gegengewicht mit Energie des Temperaments und Gluth der Einbildungskraft; periodiſche Geneigtheit zu Verirrungen, mehr aus Neugier, Laune und Lüſternheit, denn aus Trieb, aber ſelbſt bei dieſen ein wahrhaft vornehmer, ein adeliger Geiſt —: dies charakteriſirt ſie, als Weib.

Einige dieſer Züge, die aus jener Schilderung nicht unmittelbar hervorgehen, mögen durch folgende Anekdoten belegt werden.

Bald nach Fauſtinens Zurückkunft aus London in ihre Vaterſtadt wendete ſich ein junger Virtuos an ſie, der hernach ſehr berühmt wurde, damals aber durch Unglücksfälle in die hülfloſeſte Armuth verſetzt war. Sie wurde durch ſein Schickſal und noch mehr durch ſeine Verzweiflung gerührt. Ich helfe Ihnen! entſchied ſie kurz und beſtimmt. Der Unglückliche war ſo oft getäuſcht worden, und wagte nicht, ihrem Worte ganz zu glauben. Zutrauen oder Entfernung — verlangte Fauſtina beleidigt. Ich empfehle Sie den hieſigen erſten Häuſern. Sie dürfen nicht Almoſen nehmen — das erniedrigte Sie auf immer; aber jene ſollen Sie hören und belohnen! — Sie ſchrieb kurze Empfehlungen, gab ſie ihm, und verlangte, er ſolle ihr ſogleich den Erfolg melden. Fauſtinen hatte ihr Stolz betrogen: jene Vornehmen nahmen ihre Empfehlungen als Zudringlichkeiten auf; ſie waren ohnehin mit der Künſtlerin, die ihren Launen nicht diente, nicht zufrieden, — kein Einziger hatte Luſt, den Unglücklichen zu hören. Er kam zurück und brachte dieſen Beſcheid. Fauſtina war bei der Toilette und ſchmückte ſich eben zu einem Feſte. Sie hörte ernſthaft zu, ſchwieg einige Sekunden, band ruhig die koſtbaren diamantnen Armbänder los und reichte ſie dem Erſchrockenen: Nehmen Sie! ich habe verſprochen Ihnen zu helfen! Nehmen Sie: es iſt kein Almoſen, ſondern das gutgemeinte Geſchenk einer Freundin und Kunſtverwandten! — —

König Auguſt unterhielt ſich einſt — nach jenen ſieben Jahren — während der Oper, in welcher Fauſtina ſang, mit einer fremden intereſſanten Fürſtin ſehr angelegentlich. Fauſtinens Feuerblick bemerkte es, und ich weiß nicht, ob ſie mehr als Künſtlerin oder als Weib darüber empfindlich wurde. Sie hatte als Heldin des Stücks im Recitativ eben die Worte zu ſprechen: Schweigt, ich befehl' es! — und Fauſtina ſprach ſie, ohne nur einen halben Blick von den Mitſpielenden zu verwenden, mit ſolcher Hoheit, daß jenes Geſpräch augenblicklich ſtockte und während der ganzen Oper nicht wieder in voriger Gemächlichkeit fortgeſetzt werden konnte.

Die allmächtige Hofpartei, die den weichlich gütigen und ſorglos zutraulichen Auguſt in der unſeligen Täuſchung zu erhalten wußte, in ſeinem ganzen Lande ſei man ſo froh und glücklich, wie an ſeinem Hofe, war durch ein kühnes Wageſtück eines edlen Ausländers, ſo unerwartet, wie durch einen Donner vom heiterſten Himmel, aufgeſchreckt; der König bebte vor Unruhe — etwa zwei Stunden. So geheim der Streich vorbereitet, ſo tödtlich er geführt, ſo gut alles vor dem Publikum verdeckt worden war: ſo ſchnell pflanzte ſich doch der lähmende, elektriſche Schlag durch Alle fort, die nah oder fern an jener Kette hingen. Auch Fauſtina erfuhr augenblicklich, was vorgehe, und beſprach ſich eben mit ihrem Gatten darüber, als ihr ein Billet von nur allzubedeutender Hand zukam: ſie möchte alle ihre Zaubereien in der heut'gen Oper aufbieten. Adolph, rief ſie ihrem Mann' in Begeiſterung zu: ich ſinge heute gar nicht! Haſſe trat erſchrocken zurück. Unſre Herrlichkeit hier kann darüber zu Grunde gehen, fuhr ſie fort; aber wir werden beitragen, tauſend Klagende zu tröſten. Dann nimmt die ganze Welt uns auf! — Alles Zureden des ängſtlichern Mannes war vergebens, ſie blieb bei ihrem Vorſatze, bis ſie nach einigen Stunden erfuhr, der Ausländer ſei für einen Getäuſchten erklärt, ſeine Papiere ſeien vernichtet, er ſelbſt habe ſogleich die Stadt verlaſſen, und alles ſei wieder im alten Geleiſe. Da ſang ſie denn, und alles blieb auch im alten Geleiſe. — —

Als Sängerin war ſie nicht ganz das, was wir heutiges Tages groß nennen; aber das, was man zu allen Zeiten vortrefflich nennen wird. Was ſie leiſtete, leiſtete ſie ganz vollkommen; ſie beſaß Verſtand und Mäßigung genug, nichts zu verſuchen, was ihr nicht unübertrefflich gelang. Ihre Stimme war mehr voll, als ſtark, mehr nachdrücklich, als hell — der eindringendſte, hinreißendſte Mezzo-Sopran. Der Umfang derſelben überſtieg nicht die zwei Oktaven vom ungeſtrichenen bis zweigeſtrichenen a; letzteres, ſo wie noch etwa einen Ton der Höhe, gab ſie ſchon ungern an, weil ſie ſich durchaus nichts abzwang. Sie verachtete alle Künſteleien, die nichts ausſagen und nichts bewirken, als höchſtens einen augenblicklichen Ohrenkitzel, oder das Behagen, das man fühlt, wenn ein Seiltänzer nach dem gefährlichſten Luftſprung den Hals nicht gebrochen hat. Aber jene Töne ſtanden ihr auch zu Gebote, wie ſie nur immer dem geſchickteſten Violiniſten zu Gebote ſtehen können. Vollkommene Gleichheit, vollkommene Reinheit, vom ſchwächſten bis zum ſtärkſten, in ſo langgehaltenen Noten, daß ſie eine ſchwächere Bruſt geſprengt haben würden, wie in den allerſchnellſten Läufen, und dieſe in jeder Form, welche ſelbſt die Laune des Komponiſten oder die Stimmung des Moments nur wünſchen konnten; Uebergänge durch Theile eines halben Tons, für die die Kunſtſprache noch keine Benennungen hat, wie die entlegenſten, überraſchendſten Sprünge —: alles dies hatte ſie ſich durch unabläſſigen Fleiß, von Kindheit angefangen und täglich fortgeſetzt, in größter Vollkommenheit zu eigen gemacht; [illegible] dies ſchien ihr ein leichtes Spiel, und ließ in dem Zuhörer [illegible] Ahnung von der ungeheuern Schwierigkeit aufkommen, die ihn in dem ſchönen Genuſſe geſtört hätte. — Ihr Allegro war feurig und glänzend, ihr Andante bezaubernd. — Adagio, wie man es damals ſchrieb, ſang ſie nicht gern. Ihr Gedächtniß war das zuverläſſigſte, und ihre gründlichen Kenntniſſe ſetzten ſie in den Stand, durch ſtets neue und ſtets paſſende Veränderungen ſelbſt ſtets neu zu bleiben. Dabei ſprach ſie die Worte, nicht nur im Recitativ, ſondern auch in der Arie, ſo deutlich aus, daß ſie in den entfernteſten Plätzen der größten Theater von Europa, wo ſie auftrat, vollkommen verſtanden werden konnte.

Aber alle dieſe Vorzüge wurden noch weit mehr dadurch gehoben, daß ſie zugleich eine vortreffliche Schauſpielerin war. Heldinnen nicht nur, wo ſie ſich mehr ihrer Individualität überlaſſen durfte, ſondern auch edle Liebhaberinnen ſtellte ſie meiſterhaft dar, und begeiſterte ihren Freund, Metaſtaſio, zu dieſen Charakteren noch öfter, als er ſie. Dagegen ſchmälte ſie dieſen aus, daß er ſeine in Zärtlichkeit zerfließenden oder gezierten naiven Weiber nicht eben ſo verachte, wie ſie ſelbſt es that. Im Ganzen war ihre Darſtellungsweiſe — um es kurz zu ſagen — die franzöſiſche, aus den beſten Zeiten der großen Tragödie, worüber uns die Fauſtinen in vielem Betracht ähnliche Clairon ſo manches Intereſſante geſagt hat: ſie ſpielte aber mit mehr Gemüth und weniger Geſchraubtheit, als die Franzöſinnen. Ihr feiner Sinn für alles Schöne und auch für alles Schickliche, ihre gute Erziehung, ihr Umgang mit den gebildetſten, und auch mit den vornehmſten Perſonen, ihre immer rege Beobachtung, der edle Anſtand, die einnehmenden Sitten, die ihr zur Natur geworden waren —: dieſes Alles erleichterte ihr, in jenen ſchweren Fächern wahrhaft groß zu ſein.

Allerdings trug nun auch ihre von der Natur ſo ſorgſam gebildete, hohe Geſtalt viel dazu bei, jene Vorzüge überall geltend zu machen. Sie war von königlichem Wuchs; alle Theile nicht nur in ſchönem Ebenmaß, ſondern auch in ſeltener Uebereinſtimmung zu einander. Ihre Geſichtsbildung war nicht ausgezeichnet ſchön, noch weniger fein: aber imponirende, und doch nicht zurückſcheuchende, beſtimmte, ſtarke Züge gaben auch dieſer einen großen Reiz; und die ſeelenvollſten Augen von der Welt, mit denen ſie alles zu machen nur gar zu wohl verſtand, drangen tief in das Herz und entzündeten eine edle Begeiſterung — keine gemeine edle Begeiſterung — keine gemeine, ſinnliche Lebendigkeit — bei allen, die nicht dieſer allein fähig waren.

Noch in den ſiebziger Jahren, als ſie ſich längſt in Stille und Häuslichkeit zurückgezogen hatte, war ſie eine ſchöne Matrone. Im Umgang flößte ſie damals Achtung, Ernſt und Anſtand ein, ohne daß ſie darum aufgehört hätte, die munterſte Geſellſchafterin zu ſein, die auch in weißen Locken noch entzücken konnte, beſonders wenn ſie erzählte, ſchilderte oder — ſpöttelte. Sie erwartete ihr langſam nahendes Ende mit Faſſung und Ruhe. Sie ſtarb mit faſt eben ſo vielem Anſtand, als ſie ſo oft auf der Bühne geſtorben war.

Friedrich Eberhard von Rochow,

geboren am 11. October 1734 zu Berlin, trat ſehr jung in den preußiſchen Militairdienſt, wurde aber wegen einigen erhaltenen Wunden bald genöthigt, ſeinen Abſchied zu nehmen. Er lebte nun als Erbherr auf ſeinem Gute Rekahn im Brandenburgiſchen, war Domherr zu Halberſtadt und ſtarb am 16. Mai 1805.

Schriften:

Verſuch eines Schulbuchs für Kinder der Landleute. Berl. 1772 u. ö.
Stoff zum Denken über wichtige Angelegenheiten des Menſchen. Braunſchw. 1775.
Der Kinderfreund. 2 Th. Berl. u. Leipz. 1776 u. ö.
Vom Nationalcharakter durch Volksſchulen. Leipz. 1779.
Handbuch für Lehrer. Halle 1783.
Katechismus der geſunden Vernunft. Berlin 1786 u. ö.
Verſuch über Armenanſtalten. Berlin. 1789.
Berichtigungen. Braunſchw. 1793 u. 94.
Geſchichte meiner Schulen. Schlesw. 1795.
Summarium. Schlesw. 1796.

Rochow's Verdienſte um die Erziehung und Bildung des Volkes, zu einer Zeit, als das Schulweſen noch ſehr im Argen lag, können nicht ehrend genug anerkannt werden. Praktiſch wie theoretiſch wußte er, mit unermüdlichem Eifer, durch ſeine Schriften wie durch die von ihm angelegten Muſterſchulen zu wirken, und ſein Name wird ſtets ſegnend genannt werden, ſo lange es gilt, auf der ſchönen Bahn, die für das Volksſchulweſen vorzüglich durch ihn in Deutſchland eingeſchlagen wurde, fortzuſchreiten.

Samuel Rodigaſt,

geboren am 19. October 1649 zu Gröben bei Jena, ſtudirte zu Jena, wurde daſelbſt Adjunct der philoſophiſchen Facultät und ging 1680 als Conrector am grauen Kloſter nach Berlin. Im Jahre 1684 ward er Rector am berliniſchen Gymnaſium; er ſtarb daſelbſt im März 1708.

Wir verdanken ihm unter andern geiſtlichen Liedern auch das berühmte:

Was Gott thut, das iſt wohl gethan ꝛc.

welches ſich in faſt allen Geſangbüchern evangeliſcher Gemeinden findet und ſeinen Ruf für die religiöſe Lyrik beurkundet.

Johann Heinrich Röding,

geboren zu Hamburg am 20. November 1732, verwaltete, nachdem er ſich vortreffliche Kenntniſſe von Sprachen und Wiſſenſchaften erworben hatte, mehrere niedere Schulſtellen, bis er endlich im J. 1768 eine Lehrerſtelle an der Jakobiſchule in Hamburg erhielt, mit welcher er zugleich ein Privatinſtitut verband. Er ſtarb am 28. Decbr. 1800.

Von ſeinen Schriften ſind zu nennen:

Geiſtliche Lieder und Gebete für Kinder. Hamburg 1774.
Wochenblatt für Kinder. 6 Bde. Hamburg 1775 — 77.
Kleine Spiele und Geſpräche für Kinder. 2 Th. Hamb. 1777 u. 80.
Der Zögling. 4 Bde. Hamb. 1778 u. 79.
Geiſtliche Lieder. Hamb. 1784.
Auswahl von Gedichten. Hamb. 1800.

Ein wackerer Schulmann, der durch ſeine pädagogiſchen Schriften, wie durch ſeine herzlichen und einfachen geiſtlichen Lieder, zu ſeiner Zeit viel Gutes ſtiftete.

Johann Friedrich Röhr,

geboren am 30. Julius 1777 zu Roßbach bei Naumburg, beſuchte die Schule zu Pforta und ſtudirte dann zu Leipzig Theologie. Im Jahre 1800 wurde er Veſperprediger an der Univerſitätskirche zu Leipzig, 1802 Adjunctus zu Pforta, 1804 Pfarrer zu Oſtrau bei Zeitz und 1820 Oberconſiſtorialrath, Generalſuperintendent und Oberhofprediger zu Weimar, ſpäter Vicepräſident des Oberconſiſtoriums und Commenthur des Falkenordens.

Schriften:

Chriſtliche Feſt- und Gelegenheitspredigten vor einer Landgemeinde. 3 Th. Zeitz 1812 — 20. N. A. 1826 u. 27.
Letzte Predigten und Reden vor ſeiner Landgemeinde. Zeitz 1820.
Predigten in der Hofkirche zu Weimar. 3 Th. Neuſtadt 1822 — 26.
Briefe über den Rationalismus. Zeitz 1812.
Paläſtina. Zeitz 1816; 5 A. 1829.
Anthropologie. Zeitz 1816. N. A. 1819.
Luther's Leben und Wirken. Zeitz 1818.
Die Jeſuiten, als Vermittler einer proteſtantiſchen Kirchenagende. Neuſtadt 1825.
Predigten über die neuen weimariſchen Evangelien. Neuſt. 1831.

Außerdem gab er folgende Zeitſchriften heraus:

Predigerliteratur. 3 Bde. Zeitz 1810 — 14.
Neue Predigerliteratur. Zeitz 1816 — 17.
Neueſte Predigerliteratur. Zeitz 1818 — 19.
Kritiſche Predigerbibliothek. Neuſt. 1820 — 30.
Magazin von Feſtgelegenheits- und andern Predigten und kleinen Amtsreden (mit F. Schleiermacher u. J. Schuderoff) 6 Bde. Magdeburg 1823 — 28.
Magazin für chriſtliche Prediger. 3 Bde. Hanover 1828 — 30.

Eben ſo ausgezeichnet durch gründliche Gelehrſamkeit, wie durch Adel der Geſinnung und feſte Beharrlichkeit, hat Röhr ſowohl durch ſeine praktiſche Amtsführung, wie durch ſeine lichtvollen Schriften, außerordentlich für die Verbreitung klarer und vernünftiger Glaubensanſichten in Deutſchland gewirkt, und wird mit Recht als eine der Hauptſtützen des rationaliſtiſchen Chriſtenthums in der lutheriſchen Kirche betrachtet und verehrt. Als Kanzelredner zeichnet er ſich durch Energie, Klarheit, ſtreng logiſche Entwickelung, unerſchütterliche Feſtigkeit und ſeltene Correctheit nicht minder rühmlich aus, und gilt auch hier allgemein als Vorbild.

Predigt am 20. Sonntag nach Trinitatis.

Der Gott des Friedens heilige euch durch und durch und euer Geiſt ſammt Seele und Leib müſſe rein und unſträflich behalten werden bis auf den Tag unſeres Herrn Jeſu Chriſti. Amen.

Evangel. Luk. 20, 27 — 39.

„Da traten etliche der Sadducäer zu Jeſu, welche da halten, es ſei keine Auferſtehung, und fragten ihn: Meiſter, Moſes hat uns geſchrieben: So Jemandes Bruder ſtirbt, der ein Weib hat, und ſtirbt erblos, ſo ſoll ſein Bruder das Weib nehmen und ſeinem Bruder Nachkommen erwecken. Nun waren ſieben Brüder. Der erſte nahm ein Weib und ſtarb erblos. Und der andere nahm das Weib und ſtarb erblos. Und der dritte nahm ſie, deſſelbigen gleichen alle ſieben und ließen keine Kinder und ſtarben. Zuletzt nach Allen ſtarb auch das Weib. Nun in der Auferſtehung, welches Weib wird ſie ſein unter ihnen? Denn alle ſieben haben ſie zum Weibe gehabt. Und Jeſus antwortete: Die Kinder dieſer Welt freien und laſſen ſich freien; welche aber würdig ſein werden, jene Welt zu erlangen und die Auferſtehung von den Todten, die werden weder freien, noch ſich freien laſſen; denn ſie können hinfort nicht ſterben, denn ſie ſind den Engeln gleich und Gottes Kinder, dieweil ſie Kinder ſind der Auferſtehung. Daß aber die Todten auferſtehen, hat auch Moſes angedeutet bei dem Buſch, da er den Herrn heißet Gott Abrahams, Iſaaks und Jacobs. Gott aber iſt nicht der Todten, ſondern der Lebendigen Gott, denn ihm leben ſie Alle. Da antworteten etliche der Schriftgelehrten und ſprachen: Meiſter, du haſt recht geſagt. —“

Der Auftritt, von welchem unſer Evangelium berichtet, gehört zu den beachtungswürdigſten der ganzen evangeliſchen Geſchichte, a. 3. Denn während wir unſern Herrn ſonſt nur damit beſchäftigt finden, die religiöſen Irrthümer und Vorurtheile ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen zu berichtigen und ihnen in Bezug auf die erhabenen Gegenſtände der überſinnlichen Welt ſtatt des Falſchen das Wahre darzubieten: verhandelt er hier mit einer Klaſſe derſelben, welche das Daſein dieſer überſinnlichen Welt ſelbſt, wenigſtens theilweiſe, in Abrede ſtellte. Es waren die Sadducäer, von denen es heißt, daß ſie keinen Glauben an die Auferſtehung, an die Fortdauer des Menſchen nach dem Tode hatten und, wie wir anderwärts finden, auch Engel und Geiſter oder die Wirklichkeit aller höheren, nicht ſinnlichen Weſen läugneten und ſich mit ihren Anſichten, Wünſchen und Hoffnungen nur auf den engen Kreis der gemeinen Sinnenwelt beſchränkten. Sie hatten deſſen ſo wenig Hehl, daß ſie ſich gegen Jeſum gleichſam darüber rechtfertigen wollten und durch Geltendmachung des Falles, daß man ſich ein, im Leben nach und nach mit ſieben Brüdern vermähltes, Weib Jenſeits weder als ihnen Allen, noch als einem Einzelnen derſelben angehörig denken könne, dieſes Jenſeits ſelbſt als etwas Widerſinniges darzuſtellen ſuchten. Darauf erwiederunſer Herr, dieſer Widerſinn liegt nicht in der Sache, ſondern nur in ihnen ſelbſt, nur darin, daß ſie die Verhältniſſe dieſer ſinnlichen Welt auf jene überſinnliche übertrugen, wo der Menſch den Engeln gleich oder zur Würde körperloſer Geiſter erhoben ſein werde; daß Daſein dieſer überſinnlichen Welt ſelbſt aber, als eines Wohnplatzes ſeliger Geiſter, könne nur der bezweifeln, der nicht bedenke, was ſchon Moſes ſage, daß Gott nicht ein Gott der Todten, ſondern der Lebendigen ſei, oder daß er kein einmal mit Leben von ihm beſeeltes, vernünftiges Geſchöpf wieder in das Nichts zurückfallen laſſe. Wie kräftig und ſchlagend damit der ſadducäiſche Unglaube an das Ueberſinnliche zurückgewieſen war, fühlten ſelbſt die jüdiſchen Schriftgelehrten, welche ſonſt auf Jeſu Wort nicht viel gaben, denn ſie bekannten von der Wahrheit ſeiner Rede ergriffen: Meiſter du haſt recht geſagt. —

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*) Aus Röhr's Magazin für chriſtliche Prediger. Hannover, [illegible]. II. 1. S. [illegible] folg.

Die Sadducäer, mit welchen unſer Herr zu thun hatte, ſind dahin, aber ihr Unglaube an das Ueberſinnliche iſt nicht mit ihnen verſchwunden, ſondern hat ſelbſt im Schooße der Chriſtenheit zu jeder Zeit ſeine Anhänger und Vertheidiger gefunden. Denn nimmer fehlte es in ihm an Menſchen, welche es für das Zeichen eines ſtarken, von Vorurtheil und Irrthum freien Geiſtes angeſehen wiſſen wollten, Nichts für wahr zu halten, wofür ſich nicht im Reiche der Sinne eine ſicht- und hörbare Beſtätigung finde, und das Vorhandenſein einer überſinnlichen Welt ſchlechthin in Abrede zu ſtellen. Was der, der ſelbſt vom Himmel kam, von himmliſchen Dingen kund that, erſchien ihnen als ungewiß und zweifelhaft. Die Lehren und Wahrheiten, durch welche er ſeinen Brüdern über die engen Schranken des Irdiſchen hinaus einen Blick in das Gebiet des Ueberirdiſchen öffnete, betrachteten ſie als nichtige Träumereien einer ungezügelten Einbildungskraft, und alle die herrlichen Aufſchlüſſe, welche ſein Evangelium über Gott und ſein Verhältniß zur Welt, über die höhere Beſtimmung des Menſchen und ſeine Ausſichten in die Ewigkeit ertheilte, erklärten ſie für Wahn und Trug. Und noch in unſern Tagen giebt es nicht Wenige, welche ſich des Glaubens an das Ueberſinnliche ſtill oder offen entäußern und eben in der beſondern Eigenthümlichkeit der jetzigen Zeit vielfältigen Reiz und Anlaß dazu finden. Denn wo, wie jetzt, ſich jedes Gebiet des menſchlichen Wiſſens von Tage zu Tage erweitert, wo Alles, was im ſichtbaren Bereiche der Natur und Menſchenwelt nur immer erforſchbar iſt, auch wirklich der Erforſchung unterliegt: da treten für Viele die Gegenſtände der unſichtbaren Glaubenswelt gleichſam in den Hintergrund, und was ſich nicht ſinnlich erkennen, berechnen, begreifen und wiſſen, ſondern nur aus vernünftigen Gründen für wahr halten läßt, ſcheint ihnen ihres Beifalls unwerth zu ſein. Und verbindet ſich damit der, jetzt ſo allgemeine und überwiegende Hang zu einem in ſinnlicher Genußſucht aufgehenden, ſittlich wüſten Leben, zu einem Denken, Sinnen und Streben welches in dem Irdiſchen ſeine volle Befriedigung findet: ſo muß ja wohl Tauſenden Alles, was über dieſes Irdiſche hinaus ihr Glauben und Hoffen in Anſpruch nimmt, als völlig gleichgiltig erſcheinen.

Wie nun, A., wofür ſoll uns dieſer ſadducäiſche Unglaube an das Ueberſinnliche, dieſe Geneigtheit, die Ueberzeugungen und Wahrheiten, welche ſich auf Gott und göttliche Dinge beziehen, entweder geradezu abzuläugnen, oder zu bezweifeln, oder auch nur als unentſchieden auf ſich beruhen zu laſſen, gelten? Unfehlbar für das Unheilbringendſte und Troſtloſeſte, was es für Menſchen geben kann; denn ſo und nicht anders ſtellt er ſich uns bei unbefangener und ernſter Betrachtung dar. Und eben zu dieſer Betrachtung laßt uns die heutige Andachtsſtunde nutzen und uns

> das Elend Derer, die keinen Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche haben, in lebendigem und warnendem Bilde vor Augen halten! —

Dieſes Elend derſelben kann aber keinem Zweifel unterliegen, wenn wir zunächſt erwägen, wie ſehr ſie durch ihren Mangel an Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche ſich unter ſich ſelbſt herabwürdigen und ſich in ihrer menſchlichen Natur und Eigenthümlichkeit gleichſam vernichten. Entſchiedener kann nämlich wohl Nichts ſein, als daß nur eben dem Menſchen durch Gottes Gnade das Vermögen zu Theil wurde, ſich zum Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche zu erheben und daſſelbe in ſeinen geiſtigen Geſichtskreis zu ziehen, während der beſchränkte Blick aller übrigen irdiſchen Geſchöpfe nur an dasjenige geheftet iſt, was ihre Sinne berührt. Was ſich nicht ſehen, hören, ſchmecken und fühlen läßt, iſt für dieſelben nicht vorhanden, und eine Welt, welche etwas Mehr und Anderes iſt, als die, in welcher ihr Fuß wandelt und thieriſches Bedürfniß ſeine Befriedigung findet, fällt nicht von fern in den Kreis ihrer Ahnung. Aber für das geiſtige Auge des Menſchen iſt dieſe höhere Welt aufgeſchloſſen, und ſchon als Bürger der Erde ſchaut er zum Himmel empor und macht ſich als vernünftiges Weſen mit ſeinem Glauben und Hoffen in ihm einheimiſch. Das Sichtbare iſt nur Anlaß, ſich ein Unſichtbares zu denken, von den Erſcheinungen der Sinnenwelt auf einen letzten und ewigen Grund derſelben im Ueberſinnlichen zu ſchließen, und durch die gläubige Annahme eines über Welt und Zeit erhabenen Weſens, in welchem alles Vorhandene ſeinen Stütz- und Mittelpunkt findet, Zuſammenhang und Einheit in daſſelbe zu bringen. Und wirft er einen Blick in ſich ſelbſt, auf das ihm in das Herz geſchriebene Geſetz, nach deſſen Ausſpruche er das Gute erwählen und das Böſe verwerfen ſoll: ſo dringt ſich ihm auch dadurch der Glaube an eine höhere, unſichtbare Weltordnung auf; und je tiefer er ſich durch Folgſamkeit gegen jenes Geſetz in dieſelbe hineinlebt, deſto gewiſſer wird ihm, daß ſie ihn nicht nur für dieſes Sinnenleben, ſondern auch für alle Zukunft umfaßt und ihm die Bürgſchaft giebt, in ihr ohne Aufhören zu immer größerer Geiſtes- und Willenskraft heran zu reifen. Heißt es nun etwas Anderes, als ſich gleichſam ſelbſt aufgeben und ſeine Menſchenwürde von ſich werfen, wenn Einer ſich des, ihm nur durch ſich möglich werdenden, Glaubens an das Ueberſinnliche, an Gott, an Recht und Pflicht und eine ewige Fortdauer entäußert? Setzt er ſich nicht, indem er einzig das, was er mit Hülfe ſeiner Sinne in Erfahrung bringt, für wahr und zweifellos hält, und alles Ueberſinnliche für Träume und Täuſchung erklärt, mit gutem Bedachte dem Thiere gleich, welches nur ſinnlich anſchauen und empfinden kann? Spricht er damit nicht das wahnſinnige Urtheil über ſich aus, an den eigenthümlichſten Vorzügen des göttlichen Geſchlechts, zu deſſen Genoſſen ihn ſein Schöpfer machte, keinen Theil zu haben und haben zu wollen? Steigt er nicht dadurch auf der Stufenleiter der Weſen, welche ihm, wie der Pſalmiſt (Pſ. 8, 6.) ſpricht, ſeinen Rang neben Engeln und höheren Geiſtern anweiſt, freiwillig herab, um ſich ſeine Stelle neben Geſchöpfen zu wählen, welche vernunft- und darum auch glaubenslos ſind? Und thut er dieſes noch obendrein als Chriſt, welchem das Licht einer hellern Einſicht in das Ueberſinnliche leuchtet, als Zögling einer Lehre, welche uns Gott als den kennen lehrt, in dem wir leben, weben und ſind, und uns ermahnt, nicht nach dem, was auf Erden iſt, ſondern nach dem, was Droben iſt, zu trachten und das Jenſeits als unſere wahre, eigenthümliche Heimath anzuſehen: gilt dann nicht noch weit mehr von ihm, was der Apoſtel Paulus von den Heiden ſagt, die von der ihnen gewordenen natürlichen Erkenntniß göttlicher Dinge keinen Gebrauch machten, indem er ſpricht: ihr unverſtändiges Herz iſt verfinſtert, und indem ſie ſich für Weiſe hielten, ſind ſie zu Narren geworden? ſo wie das, wodurch ſie Petrus kenntlich macht, indem er ſie geradezu den unvernünftigen Thieren vergleicht, die von Natur dazu geboren ſind, daß ſie gefangen und geſchlachtet werden, weil ſie läſtern, wovon ſie nicht wiſſen? Fürwahr, wer ſich des Glaubens an das Ueberſinnliche ſchämt, deſſen er nur als Menſch fähig iſt, der ſchämt ſich auch, ein Menſch zu ſein, und mit der ſadducäiſchen Geneigtheit, die erhabenen Gegenſtände deſſelben entweder völlig oder auch nur theilweiſe für ein leeres Gebilde menſchlichen Wahns zu halten, verzichtet Jeder auf ſein eigenthümliches Weſen und vollzieht gewiſſer Maßen einen ſittlichen Selbſtmord an ſich. Schon das läßt uns das Elend derer, welche keinen Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche haben, klar genug erkennen. — Aber noch anſchaulicher wird uns daſſelbe, wenn wir ferner erwägen: daß ſie ſich durch den Mangel an dieſem Glauben des erhabenen und ſeligen Genuſſes berauben, welcher aus ihm quillt. Es iſt wahr, auch den thieriſchen Geſchöpfen, mit denen wir unſern Wohnplatz theilen, blühen ihre Freuden, und das Reich der Sinnlichkeit, auf welches ſie beſchränkt ſind, bereitet ihnen vielfachen Genuß; aber nur den gemeinen und niedrigen, welcher aus der Stillung ihres körperlichen Bedürfniſſes und aus der Befriedigung ihrer ſinnlichen Luſt hervorgeht. Schönere und edlere Freuden fielen dagegen uns als Menſchen zum Looſe, und zwar einzig dadurch, daß wir uns mit unſerm Empfinden, Denken und Hoffen über die Schranken der ſinnlichen Welt erheben und den Grund ihrer Erſcheinungen in etwas Ueberſinnlichem, in dem erhabenen Weſen, das unſere Sprache Gott nennt und vor dem wir uns als Herrn der Körper- und Geiſterwelt beugen. Die Schöpfung, welche uns umgiebt, erſcheint uns nicht als Inbegriff von Gegenſtänden, auf welche unſer leibliches Auge gleichgiltig hinblickt: entzückt erkennt unſer geiſtiges Auge einen Schöpfer darin, von welchem dieſelbe das Daſein hat. Die Welt, in der wir leben, ſteht nicht wie ein regelloſes Ganze vor uns da, das unſere äußeren Sinne verwirrt und betrübt: mit hoher Freude findet vielmehr unſer innerer Sinn einen weiſen Ordner in derſelben, welcher ſie trägt und hält und ihre Erſcheinungen regelt. Die Erde, auf der wir wandeln, hat für uns nicht das traurige Anſehen eines todten Kunſtwerkes, in welchem alle Veränderungen, die in und mit ihm vorgehen, maſchinenmäßig erfolgen: ſie nimmt vielmehr die erheiternde Geſtalt eines Schauplatzes für uns an, auf welchem Nichts geſchieht, was nicht die ewig wirkſame Kraft ihres erhabenen Urhebers veranſtaltet. Von ihm und ſeinem Walten zeugt uns Alles, was um uns her vorgeht, und fröhlich ſchlägt uns das Herz, indem wir dieſes Zeugniß vernehmen. Wir hören Ihn, wenn Sturm und Ungewitter daher brauſen; wir ſehen Ihn, wenn das Licht der Sonne ſeine Strahlen zu uns hernieder ſendet; wir fühlen ihn, wenn uns der milde Athem der Natur anweht; wir werden Seiner inne, wo uns irgend eine ſüße Gabe aus ſeiner Hand zufällt, und unſer Herz wird eine Stätte ſeliger Rührung und frohen Dankes, weil er uns in ſeiner Herrlichkeit immer und überall nahe iſt. Und werden wir uns dabei bewußt, in welchem innigen Verhältniſſe wir mit ihm durch Chriſtus ſtehen: wie unzweideutig er uns in der Sendung deſſelben ſein eigentliches Weſen offenbarte; welche gnädige Veranſtaltungen er durch ihn zu unſerem zeitlichen und ewigen Heile traf; welche frohe Ausſichten er uns nach einem im kindlichen Gehorſam gegen ihn verbrachten Leben in einer Welt eröffnete, wo unſer Glaube zum Schauen wird: welche unausſprechliche Freude bemächtigt ſich dann unſerer Seele, wie begeiſtert ſpricht unſer Mund dieſelbe mit den heiligen Männern aus, welche in der Schrift die Gefühle ihres gläubigen Herzens bei Betrachtung deſſen kund geben, was ſich auf Gott und göttliche und auf das unausdenkbare, ſchrankenloſe Gebiet des Ueberſinnlichen bezieht? Sie nun, dieſe beſeligende Freude, iſt es, was die Thoren, die da ſprechen: es iſt kein Gott und, wie die Sadducäer, weder an Auferſtehung, noch an Engel, noch an Geiſter glauben, verkehrter Weiſe verſchmähen und verachten. Sie geben in ihrem, nur dem Irdiſchen und Sinnlichen zugewandten, Sinne das Hohe für das Niedere, das Edle für das Unedle, das Heilige für das Unheilige hin, und ſind zufrieden mit den gemeinen unwürdigen Genüſſen, welche ihnen ein elender, flüchtiger Sinnenkitzel bereitet. Den hohen, edlen, des Menſchen allein würdigen, geiſtigen Genuß, welcher ihm als Folge ſeines Glaubens an das Ueberſinnliche ſchon hier einen Vorſchmack des Himmels bereitet, werfen ſie mit gutem Bedacht von ſich, und während ſie das, was das Herz fröhlich macht, nur in demjenigen ſuchen, was daſſelbe verödet und ihm Reue, Scham und Qual bereitet, bringen ſie nie in Erfahrung, wie wahr es iſt, wenn David ſpricht: dem Gerechten geht das Licht auf in Finſterniß und Freude dem frommen Herzen. Ganz unverkennbar tritt uns demnach auch in dieſem Bezuge das Elend derer vor Augen, welche keinen Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche haben. — Doch weiteren Zuwachs erhält daſſelbe nothwendiger Weiſe auch noch dadurch:

daß ihnen bei dem Mangel an dieſem Glauben der ſichere Leitſtern für ihr Wollen und Handeln abgeht und daß ſie ohne denſelben aller Unſittlichkeit fähig werden. Allerdings kann auch der entſchiedenſte Verächter deſſen, was im Gebiete des Ueberſinnlichen liegt und ſich auf Gott und Ewigkeit bezieht, das Geſetz in ſeinem Innern, welches ihn das Gute üben und das Böſe meiden lehrt, nicht hinwegläugnen oder zum Schweigen bringen, und fühlt ſich ſeiner Macht ſo lange unterworfen, als er nur an ſich ſelbſt glaubt. Aber wie ſchwach und unkräftig wird dieſelbe, wenn er jenes Geſetz nicht als Gottes Geſetz achtet und ihn nicht als den Vergelter ſcheut, welcher jede freventliche Uebertretung deſſelben hier oder dort unausbleiblich ahndet? Hat er ſich erſt von der gläubigen Gemeinſchaft mit ihm losgeſagt, dann wird es ihm auch leicht, ſich zu überreden, daß er in ſeinem Innern nichts weniger als den ernſten und heiligen Willen deſſelben, ſondern nur den bedeutungsloſen Nachhall der grämlichen Gebote vernehme, durch welche die Stimme ſeiner Aeltern und Erzieher die freie Regung ſeiner natürlichen Triebe und Neigungen zu dämpfen befliſſen ſind, und es koſtet ihm wenig oder nichts, ſich der unbändigſten Befriedigung derſelben hinzugeben. Erſcheint ihm eine höhere ſittliche Weltordnung, an deren Spitze ein Heiliger und Gerechter ſteht, um durch den Lohn, den er der Tugend darreicht, und durch die Strafe, womit er das Laſter zügelt, die Genoſſen derſelben zu ſittlicher Vollkommenheit zu erziehen, als ein gehalt- und wahrheitsloſer Traum, dann wird er auch ohne Bedenken ſeinen ſinnlichen Begierden und Lüſten den Zügel ſchießen laſſen, und ſich ſorglos mit den ſchändendſten Uebelthaten beflecken. Hält er den Gedanken an eine Fortdauer und eine vergeltende Zukunft für ein eitles Schreckbild ſchwacher Seelen, dann wird er auch ohne Furcht und Scheu das Wort des frechen Leichtſinnes: Laſſet uns eſſen und trinken, denn morgen ſind wir todt! zu ſeinem Wahlſpruche machen und ſein Leben mit frecher Sicherheit in ſchnödem Sündendienſte verbringen, bis ihn auf der Grenzſcheide zwiſchen dieſer und jener Welt, die zweifelloſe Gewißheit der kommenden Vergeltung grauſend ergreift. Das war die Weiſe eines großen Theiles der jüdiſchen Sadducäer, welche ſprachen, es ſei keine Auferſtehung, kein Engel, kein Geiſt; denn das Zeugniß der Geſchichte legt ihnen ein in ſinnlichen Genüſſen verbrachtes Leben vielfach zur Laſt, und die traurigen Folgen, welche ihr Unglaube an das Ueberſinnliche für ihr ſittliches Verhalten nach ſich zog, legten ſich ſo offen dar, daß unſer Herr in der Gleichnißrede von dem reichen Manne, welcher ſich jenſeits von den im Leben weggeläugneten Qualen der Hölle getroffen ſahe und darum wünſchte, ſeine noch lebenden, ihm gleich denkenden fünf Brüder durch einen Boten von Jenſeits eines Beſſern belehrt zu ſehen, aufs Eindringlichſte vor ihrem verführeriſchen und trügeriſchen Beiſpiele warnen zu müſſen glaubte. Solche Frucht trägt die Geneigtheit, Gott, Pflicht und Zukunft in Zweifel oder Abrede zu ſtellen, noch ſtets, und alle diejenigen, an denen ſie ſich findet, werden von den apoſtoliſchen Worten getroffen: da ſie nicht achten, daß ſie Gott erkennen, ſo giebt ſie Gott auch hin in ihren verkehrten Sinn, zu thun, was nicht taugt. Nicht ſo die, welche das heilige Kleinod des Glaubens an das Ueberſinnliche in ſich tragen. Er iſt der Quell, der Schirm und die Schutzwehr ihrer Tugend. Sie haben Gott vor Augen und im Herzen und ſo hüten ſie ſich, daß ſie in keine Sünde willigen, noch thun wider Gottes Gebot. Sie achten die Pflicht, wozu ſie das Gewiſſen treibt und Chriſti Wort und Beiſpiel ermahnet, für eine allen Genoſſen der Geiſterwelt von ihm geſtellte heilige Aufgabe, und ſo denken ſie bei jeder Verſuchung zur Untreu gegen dieſelbe: wie ſollt' ich ein ſo groß Uebel thun und wider den Herrn meinen Gott ſündigen? Sie ſind der feſten Zuverſicht, daß der, an den ſie glauben, ſeiner nicht ſpotten läßt, ſondern Jedem, der ihn ſucht, Vergelter ſein werde, und ſo ſäen ſie für den Tag der Ernte guten Samen und trachten mit Geduld in guten Werken nach dem ewigen Leben. Daher kann denn auch für ſie und alle ihnen Gleichgeſinnten Nichts entſchiedener ſein, als das Elend derer, welche keinen Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche haben, denn der Mangel daran tödtet wie ein giftiger Mehlthau jeden Keim des Guten in ihrem Herzen und giebt dieſelben aller Unſittlichkeit preis.

Vollendet wird aber ihr Elend noch endlich dadurch: daß ſie bei ihrem Unglauben an das Ueberſinnliche aller Zufriedenheit im Leben und aller Ruhe im Tode entbehren. Denn es iſt doch wohl klar, daß es keinen tröſtlicheren Gedanken geben könne, als den, hienieden einer Ordnung der Dinge anzugehören, welche von einem huld- und liebevollen Vater über uns getragen wird, und ſich als einen Gegenſtand ſeiner Aufſicht und Fürſorge betrachten zu dürfen. Wie es das Glück des Kindes ausmacht, ſich in einem Vaterhauſe einheimiſch zu fühlen, an deſſen mild und weiſe ſorgendes Oberhaupt es ſich in allen Lagen und Verhältniſſen vertrauungsvoll halten kann, ſo macht es auch das Glück des Gläubigen aus, der großen Familie einverleibt zu ſein, für welche die ewige Weisheit, Macht und Güte ſorgt und in einem von ihr geleiteten, das Hier und das Dort umfaſſenden, unermeßlichen Vaterhauſe ſeinen Wohnſitz zu haben. In ihm kann ſich weder im Ganzen noch im Einzelnen zutragen, was nicht von ihm beſtimmt und vorgeſehen wäre, und was ihm ſelbſt nur immer begegnen möge, das erſcheint ihm als eine weisheitsvolle und gütige Veranſtaltung des Herrn über Alles, und auch die Prüfungen, welche ihn treffen, gewinnen die Geſtalt von Schickungen, durch welche der unerforſchliche Rath deſſelben ſein wahres Beſte bezweckt. Und nahet ſich einſt der Gläubige dem Ziele ſeiner irdiſchen Laufbahn, ſo bewahret ihm auch dann die Zuverſicht, mit welcher er ſich an das Ueberſinnliche hält, die Ruhe, deren er dabei bedarf; denn mit demſelben ſteht ihm die Ueberzeugung feſt, daß er im großen Reiche der Schöpfung nur die Stelle wechſelt, welche er bis dahin einnahm, und daß ihm jenſeits eine andere und beſſere beſchieden iſt.

Mag aber dieſer heitere Sinn im Leben und im Tode denjenigen innewohnen, welche den Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche, in welchem er wurzelt, von ſich werfen? Wird ihnen nicht in dem Augenblicke, wo ſie dieſes thun, die Welt zu einem Werke des Zufalls, zu einem Spiele des Ungefährs, deſſen Launen ſie mit Allem, was ſie ſind und haben, preisgegeben ſind, und deſſen willkürliche Feindſeligkeit ſie jeder bangen Sorge, jedem ängſtigenden Kummer um das, was ihnen begegnen kann, bloßſtellt? Nimmt ſie dann nicht für ſie die traurige Geſtalt einer ihnen auf wenige Jahre geſtatteten Herberge an, in welcher es ihnen ſo wohl oder ſo übel ergeht, wie es ſich eben fügt, und aus welcher der endliche Ausgang nur in das grauſame Reich der Vernichtung, nicht aber in den Schooß deſſen führt, der nicht ein Gott der Todten, ſondern der Lebendigen iſt, und dem ſie Alle leben? Und um dieſen traurigen Preis ſollte der Unglaube an das Ueberſinnliche nicht viel zu theuer erkauft ſein? Nun, Troſtloſeres und Unſeligeres läßt ſich nichts denken, als er, und denjenigen, welche er beherrſcht, bleibt Nichts übrig, als ſich gedankenlos in alle Zerſtreuungen des Lebens zu ſtürzen, um wenigſtens auf Augenblicke zu vergeſſen, welch ein beklagenswerthes Schickſal ihnen fiel, oder ſich in völliger Stumpfheit des Geiſtes und Herzens gegen die Schläge, welche dieſes Daſein auf ſie führt, und gegen die bittere Gewalt des Todes ſie waffnen. — Von welcher Seite wir auch den Mangel an Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche betrachten mögen: das

Elend derer, bei denen er ſich findet, iſt entſchieden, und tritt uns nach dem Bisherigen in der lebendigſten Klarheit vor die Seele. —

Aber auch warnend kann und ſoll uns daſſelbe werden und uns zur weiſen Beachtung und zu treuem Gebrauche der Mittel veranlaſſen, durch welche wir uns an unſerm Theile vor ihm ſichern können.

Und ſo werden wir denn vor Allem darauf denken müſſen, daß wir uns nicht durch die vorherrſchende Gewalt unſerer ſinnlichen Begierden und Leidenſchaften zum Unglauben an das Ueberſinnliche verlocken und in die Blendwerke deſſelben verſtricken laſſen. Denn das iſt durch Geſchichte und Erfahrung ſattſam beſtätigt, daß dieſer Unglaube bei dem größten Theile derer, welche ihn hegten, weit weniger in der Schwäche oder Verbildung ihres Geiſtes, als vielmehr in der verkehrten Richtung ihres Herzens ſeinen Grund hatte. Sie gaben ſich demſelben nicht darum preis, weil ſie mit ihrer vernünftigen Denk- und Urtheilskraft die erhabenen Gegenſtände der überſinnlichen Welt nicht zu erfaſſen vermochten, ſondern weil ſie zu Folge ihrer verderbten Willensneigungen das Nichtvorhandenſein derſelben als etwas Erwünſchtes betrachteten, und mittelſt der Läugnung derſelben für ihre laſterhafte Denk- und Handlungsweiſe einen ſichern und bequemen Freibrief zu finden meinten. Sie wollten von dem, was über die Grenzen des Irdiſchen hinaus liegt, trotz der natürlichen und unwillkürlichen Richtung ihres Innern auf daſſelbe, mit gutem Bedacht nichts wiſſen, um ſich nicht ſelbſt in dem ungebundenen Genuſſe dieſes Irdiſchen beſchränken zu müſſen, und überredeten ſich von der Unentſchiedenheit des Daſeins Gottes, einer ſittlichen Weltordnung und der Gewißheit einer vergeltenden Zukunft durch Gründe, an deren Triftigkeit ſie ſelbſt nicht glaubten, damit der ernſte Gedanke daran ihre ſittliche Ungebundenheit und ihr wüſtes Sinnenleben nicht widrig ſtören möge. Darum muß uns denn auch die Bekämpfung unſerer ſinnlichen Begierden und Leidenſchaften, welche, wie immer, alſo auch hier die natürlich richtigen Anſichten unſeres Geiſtes verwirren und verrücken, und die gänzliche Unterwerfung derſelben unter die Herrſchaft der Vernunft und des Gewiſſens für ein mächtiges Verwahrungsmittel gegen den Unglauben an das Ueberſinnliche gelten und uns die Ueberzeugung feſt ſtehen, daß diejenigen, welche, wie Chriſtus will, ſich lieber das Auge ausreißen und Hand und Fuß abhauen, als ſich durch ſie zum Böſen verleiten laſſen, und, wie der Apoſtel gebietet, ihr Fleiſch kreuzigen ſammt den Lüſten und Begierden, nicht vor allem übrigen Verderben, welches der Saat aufs Fleiſch als Ernte folgt, ſondern auch vor dem vielfachen Elende derer geſichert ſind, deren Glaube nicht weiter reicht, als ihr Ohr und Auge, und deren Hoffen ſich in dem Bereiche dieſer ſichtbaren Welt ſeine Grenze ſteckt. Liegt uns daher daran, uns durch ein Glauben und Hoffen, welches, was noch kein Auge geſehen, kein Ohr gehört und kein Menſchenherz empfunden hat, umfaßt, uns unſerer menſchlichen Würde werth zu zeigen, in ihm die Quelle unſrer erhabenſten und reinſten Genüſſe zu finden, den ſichern Leitſtern unſeres Denkens und Handelns daran zu haben und uns dadurch für Leben und Tod, Zufriedenheit und Ruhe zu bereiten: ſo laſſet uns den Kampf des Geiſtes mit dem Fleiſche nicht ſcheuen, die ſinnlichen Neigungen und Begierden, welche in uns wohnen, durch die Kraft unſeres beſſeren Selbſt brechen und uns denſelben nie mit ſklaviſcher Fügſamkeit hingeben, damit ſie uns nicht das Höchſte und Theuerſte, was wir als Menſchen haben, unſern Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche auch nur verdächtig und zweifelhaft machen, geſchweige denn rauben. — Und da uns dieſe Gefahr nicht nur von Seiten unſerer ſinnlichen Begierden und Leidenſchaften, ſondern auch von Seiten Anderer kommt, mit denen wir Verkehr und Umgang haben: ſo erheiſcht die Sorge für das beſeligende Kleinod unſeres Glaubens an das Ueberſinnliche auch dieſes:

daß wir kein Ohr für die verführeriſche Rede Derer haben, welche daſſelbe in der Verkehrtheit ihres Sinnes von ſich werfen. Ach! wer das Leben kennt, und namentlich in der jetzigen Welt kein Fremdling iſt, der weiß, wie wenig es an Solchen fehlt, welche ſich mit jener ſadducäiſchen Weisheit brüſten, gegen welche unſer Herr im Evangelium kämpft; wie weit ſich unter allen Ständen und Gattungen der Menſchen die falſche und einſeitige Bildung verbreitet hat, welche ſich als Gegnerin alles frommen Glaubens geberdet, und wie zahlreich in Paläſten und Hütten die angeblich ſtarken Geiſter ſind, welche Gott, Tugend und Zukunft als ein leeres Traum- und Schreckbild gemeiner Thoren betrachten. Sie nur, ſie halte fern von dir, du Menſch von beſſerem Sinne wenn dir daran liegt, dir zu bewahren, was aller menſchlichen Weisheit Anfang, Ziel und Ende iſt, und was nur diejenigen geringſchätzen, welche nicht begreifen, wie hoch der Menſch dadurch geſtellt iſt, daß er da glauben kann, wo ihm das Wiſſen verſagt iſt. Wo demnach die Zunge derer von göttlichen Dingen frevelnd ſpricht: da waffne dich dagegen mit der Ehrerbietung, welche dem Göttlichen gebührt; wo ihre Lippen das Heilige ſchmähen und in den Staub herabziehen: da laſſe ſie die Verachtung empfinden, welche die Verächter des Heiligen verdienen; wo ſie verſpotten und lächerlich machen, was Millionen Troſt und Ruhe giebt und was nur der entſchiedenſte Feind ſeines eigenen Beſten von ſich weiſen kann: da wende dich mit Unwillen und Bedauern von ihnen hinweg, und laß dich über die Leere und Verkehrtheit des Gemüths, welches aus ihnen ſpricht, keinen Augenblick täuſchen! Wohl dem, ſagt der Pſalmiſt, der nicht wandelt im Rathe der Gottloſen, noch tritt auf den Weg der Sünder, noch ſitzet, wo die Spötter ſitzen. Die Wahrheit dieſes Wortes, das Treffende dieſer Mahnung, wie könnte es dir zweifelhaft dünken, wenn du dir das Elend derer, welche keinen Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche haben, lebendig vergegenwärtigeſt und wohl erwägſt, daß es vergeblich iſt, daſſelbe mit dem blendenden Scheine einer Freiheit von Vorurtheilen zu bedecken, welche, näher betrachtet, nur das Zeichen eines beſchränkten, befangenen, ſeine eigene Würde und Hoheit gänzlich verkennenden, nicht aber ſtarken Geiſtes iſt. — Dagegen nehmet vielmehr allen Bedacht:

euren Glauben an das Ueberſinnliche auf jede geeignete Weiſe zu nähren und zu ſtärken und ihn zu einer größeren Klarheit, Entſchiedenheit und Feſtigkeit zu erheben. Die welche im Evangelium der ernſten Rede des Herrn gegen die Sadducäer volle Aufmerkſamkeit ſchenkten und ſie mit der beifälligen Aeußerung lohnten: Meiſter, du haſt recht geſagt! leuchten euch darin vor, und ihr könnet euch als Menſchen und Chriſten nicht würdiger benehmen und nicht ſicherer für euer zeitliches und ewiges Heil ſorgen, als wenn ihr thut, wie ſie. Wo ihr demnach Gelegenheit findet, Geiſt und Herz vom Sinnlichen loszureißen und auf das Ueberſinnliche zu richten, da ſäumet nicht, ſie zu benutzen. Iſt es die Stimme der Natur, was euch auf einen Herrn im Himmel hinweiſt, deſſen unſichtbares Weſen an ſeinen Werken erſehen wird: ſo öffnet Euer Inneres gern, damit der fromme Glaube an denſelben immer tiefere Wurzel in ihm ſchlage. Iſt es der Lauf eurer irdiſchen Schickſale, was euch das Daſein eines mächtigen und gütevollen Lenkers derſelben erkennen läßt: ſo befreundet euch durch ſtilles Nachdenken darüber ſo innig mit ihm, daß der Gedanke an denſelben euch in keiner Lage des Lebens verläßt und fremd wird. Sind es die allgemeinen Ereigniſſe der Welt und Menſchheit, was euch den Glauben an eine Ordnung der Dinge aufdringt, welche in der Weisheit und Gerechtigkeit eines unſichtbaren Urhebers ihren Haltpunkt hat: ſo weichet der ernſten Betrachtung derſelben nie aus, damit die Scheu und Ehrfurcht vor ihm ſich eurer Seele immer lebendiger einpräge. Sind es die Lehren der Schrift und die Ausſprüche ihrer gotterleuchteten Verfaſſer über himmliſche Dinge, was euren religiöſen Sinn weckt und nährt, ſo gebet euch mit ganzer Seele an ſie hin, damit dieſer Sinn zur überwiegenden Herrſchaft über den irdiſchen in euch gelange. Und ſpricht euch das Wort des göttlichen Meiſters ſelbſt zum Herzen, welcher vom Himmel auf Erden kam, um alle Kinder derſelben zu ihrem himmliſchen Vater zu führen und ihrem Glauben Kraft, ihrem Willen Stärke und ihrem Hoffen Zuverſicht zu geben: ſo ſtellet euch als folgſame Lehrlinge deſſelben dar, damit er euch zum ſichern Führer durch das Vergängliche zum Unvergänglichen werde. Mag denn zu ſeiner Zeit das Vergängliche für euch aufhören: euer Glaube und eure Hoffnung auf das beſſere Jenſeits läßt euch nicht verzagen, denn nur die Welt vergeht mit ihrer Luſt, wer aber den Willen Gottes thut, der bleibet in Ewigkeit, und wer ſich ſelbſt das Zeugniß geben kann: ich habe einen guten Kampf gekämpfet und den Glauben gehalten, der darf auch freudig rufen: der Herr wird euch erlöſen von allem Uebel und aushelfen zu ſeinem himmliſchen Reiche, ihm ſei Ehre von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit! —

Georg Rollenhagen,

geboren am 22. April 1542 zu Bernau, beſuchte die Schulen zu Prenzlau, Mansfeld und Magdeburg und widmete ſich auf der Univerſität zu Wittenberg dem Studium der Theologie. Nach abſolvirten akademiſchen Studien wurde er Rector zu Halberſtadt und, als er ſeine Stelle aufgegeben und kurze Zeit abwechſelnd in Braunſchweig und Goslar privatiſirt hatte, 1567 Prorector, 1573 Prediger zu St. Nicolai und 1575 zugleich Rector der Domſchule zu Magdeburg. Er ſtarb am 9. Mai 1609.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Froſchmeuſeler, in 3 Büchern. Von Marx Hupfinsholtz von Meuſerich, der jungen Fröſche Vorſinger und Calmäuſer. Magdeburg 1595, 1596, 1600, 1608, 1621, 1637; Frankfurt 1683; Leipzig 1730; Tübingen 1817.

Ein ſehr glückliches ſatiriſches Talent, das mit großer Weltkenntniß eine lebendige Phantaſie, echten Humor, ſprudelnden Witz und gewandte Behandlung der Form verbindet. Sein Froſchmeuſeler iſt zwar urſprünglich der Batrachomyomachie entlehnt, aber durch die geiſtreiche Auffaſſung und Durchführung ein echt deutſches komiſches Gedicht geworden; der einzige Tadel, der es trifft, iſt die Breite, die freilich ſehr von dem Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit unterſtützt wurde.

Aus dem

Froſch-Meuſeler

von

Georg Rollenhagen.

Das V. Capittel.

Der Fröſch mancherlei Rüſtung.

Die Fröſch nahmen ihr Sach in acht,
Rüſten ſich auch mit aller Macht.
Mit Schilff ſie ihre Bein bekleidten,
Von Seeblumen Harniſch bereiten,
Ihr Schildt war ein rundes Seeblatt,
Ihr Spieß, ein Binz, die ein Spitz hat,
Ihr Helm ein buntes Schneckenhauß,
Alſo putzten ſie ſich herauß.
Und biß für den gemeinen Mann,
Die aber wolten vornen dran,
Und machten das den Mäuſen grawt,
Trugen ein Fiſch, oder Schlangen Haut,
Groſſe Keulen von Waſſernüſſen,
Da wollten ſie die Meuß mit grüſſen.
Auch ihr viel hatten auß Fiſchgreten
Flitzbogen künſtlich krum getretten,
Damit ſchoſſen ſie ſcharffe Spitzen,
So den Fiſchen am Rücken ſitzen,
Sie brachen auch fein in der Mitt,
Die Muſcheln auff lengliche Schnitt,
Wie ein zweyſchneidig Glaß gehert,
Das wurden ſcharff gleiſſende Schwert,
In einer Rohrwurtzel verwahrt,
War ein beſonder Scheiden artt.

Darnach warn ſie gar geſchwind,
Namen ſo geboren ſein blind,
Satzten ihnen auff ihren Kam,
Einen feinen hurtigen Hoffman,
Der ſeine Stang wol wuſt zu führen,
Ritterlich ſeine Pferdt zu regieren.

Für allen ſahe König Baußback,
Alſo, daß man für ihn erſchrack,
Das den Fröſchen für ihm ſelbſt grawt,
Er trug ein grün Eydechſen Haut,
Die von ſeim Häupt biß zur Erd,
Und war für Schöß und Stich bewert.
Darauff er ein Schlangenkron führet,
War für den Fall auch oft probirt,
Am Halß het er ein Perlen Kragen,
Ein Perlen Gürtel umb den Magen,
Ein Schwert von einer Perlen Mutter,
In einem langen Schneckenfutter.

Der Schildt ein gantze Perlen Schal,
Der man allzeit find zwey zu mahl.
Darin war künſtlich außgegraben,
Und mit Farben zierlich erhaben,
Ein Biber, der ſich ſehen ließ,
Als wer er zugleich, Hund, Froſch, Fiſch,
Weil ſein forder Fuß und Mundt,
Sich arten nach der Katz und Hund,
Die hinder Froſchfüß, und der Schwantz,
Sich Froſch und Fiſch vergleichen gantz.
Durch dieſes Bildt wird angedeut,
Die wunder Natur der Froſchleut,
Die beyd zu Waſſer und zu Land,
Mit ſchwimmen und hüpffen ſind bekant,
Und doch nicht ſtum ſind wie die Fiſch,
Sondern ruffen und bellen friſch.
Am Rand laß man Concordia,
Ein Häupt, ein Hertz, dem Theile.

Man zog ihm auch balde ſein Roß,
Schön bekleidet mit gülden Moß,
Von Widerthan, und Venus Haar,
Das voll kleiner Schneckenhäuslein war,
Wie ein Pantzer zuſam gebrecht,
Und rauſcht, wenn ſich das Pferd bewegt.
Darauff ſich der König Baußback ſatzt,
Und that drey Lufftſpring in dem Platz,
Nahm ſeinen langen Binzen Spieß,
Den er ſein Herold tragen ließ,
Sprach, wenn ich den Mäußkönig hett,
Und er mich gleich umb Gotteswillen bett,
Wolt ich ihn mit dem Spieß durchſtechen,
Und die Spitz im Hertzen abbrechen,
Desgleichen ſagten die andern Herren,
Sie wolten ſich als Mennlich wehren.

Das VI. Capittel.

Der Fröſche Schlacht-Ordnung.

Des Königs Rath ward auch bedacht,
Und die Schlachtordnung ſo gemacht,
Das in der Mitt die leichten Knaben,
Solten ihren Standt und angriff haben.
Zur Seiten aber die ſchwer gerüſten,
So die Mäuß zu bezwingen wüſten.
Häuptmann Rohrtantz ſolt vornen an,
Mit dreyen Fähnlein zum Angriff ſtahn.
Die alle Bogenſchützen waren,
Und im Steinwerffen wol erfahren,
Auß Hollandt und Seelandt ankommen,
Als ſie den newen Krieg vernommen,
Das Häuptfähnlein war ein Seeblatt,
Drey Heringsköpff das Wapen hat,
Mit dem Reim: Mit Ehr davon tragen,
So mußtu den Kopff daran wagen.
Damit trat Kälinger herfür,
Und war der andern Ehr und Zier.
Dem folgten in der Mitt die Schützen,
Die Steinwerffer zur Seit herſtürtzen.
Mit dem Befehl das den Vorman,
Die Steinwerffer erſt fingen an,
Den Feind erſt locken aus dem Vortheil,
Darnach die Schützen in der eil,
So bald die Feind wolten anlauffen
Gliedweiß abſchoſſen in den Hauffen,
Und die vorn ſtunden niederfielen,
Lieſſen die hindern auch abzielen.
Wenn das geſchehen, wider auffſpringen,
Den Feind mit newen Pfeilen empfangen,
Biß der Feind zu nechſt zu rück heran,
Als denn ſolten die letzten Mann,
Zu rück nach dem See hinab fliegen,
Zur lincken Seit wider außbiegen,
Sich an des Feindes Nachtrab machen,
Das dient zum Sieg in allen Sachen.
Fürſt Waſſerfrewd und ſolt ſie regieren,
Und zu den Feind an und ab führen.

Nach dieſen ſahe man ziehen an,
Zur Rechten den Feldoberſten Kan,
Vnd etlich tauſent Frölich Fröſch,
Deren ein jeder ſaß zu Roß,
Lang Spieß führten vnd kurtze Degen,
Hielten ſich wunderlich verwegen.
Ein weiß Milchtuch war jr Hauptfahn,
Das ein Kühmagd hat ſollen lan,
Da ſie im Graben wuſch die Gelten,
Darein ſie ſonſt die Milch einſchütten.
Das Wapen ein Kuhkeſſelein,
Der Reim: Fleugſt nicht, ſo biſtu mein.
Zur linken Hand zog auch daher,
Der Feldmarſchalck mit ſeinem Heer,
Fürſt Morder mit den Reuters Knaben,
Die angekommen waren aus Schwaben,
Führten Schwerter, Armbruſt vnd Hammer,
Wolten den Mäuſen bringen Jammer,
Ihr fürnehm Fahn war ein Schnuptuch,
Das ehemahls ein ſchön Mägdlein trug,
Vnd bei den kühlen Brunn vergaß,
Bei dem ſie mit jhrem Buhlen ſaß.
Das Wapen ein roth Regenwurm,
Der Reim; der Wurm erhebt den Sturm.

Hinter dieſen folgt die Kurfahn,
Gemahlt von einem weiſſen Schwan,
Darnach rückt der König daher
Mit ſeiner Garden vnd Guarden,
Drunter viel Schweitzer auffwarten,
Mit Degen vnd mit Hellebarten,
Die fürt Marton ein tapffer Mann,
Ein hübſcher Hüngger wolgethan.

Auch war da mit keulen beſtellt,
Aus Dietmarſen manch ſtarcker Held.
Darnach mit Gurtelbeil, vnd Krücken,
Die wohnen an der Weſſel brücken.

Endlich die Engelländiſche Schützen,
Mit jhren Wattmanniſchen Mützen,
Mit jhren Fenrich Frog genant,
Der führt ſie aus dem Schiff auffs Land,
Denn Seewaſſer mocht er nicht lecken,
Es wolt jhm gar zu ſaltzig ſchmecken,
Biß man die Oberſt Hauptfahn,
Auch für dem König ſahe hergahn,
Ein gülden haut von einer Schlangen,
Darein ſahe man ein Wapen hangen,
Drey gelbe Waſſerlilgen fein,
Im blawen felde mit dieſem Reim:
Wer dieſe Blumen friſch wil ſehen,
Der muß darnach ins Waſſer gehen.

Der König auch bewahret ward,
Von Fürſt Matrachs vnd Quadrat
So aus der Marck, Caſſuben, Wenden,
Vnd von des Havellandes enden,
Viel Reuter, vnd viel Knecht mitbrachten,
Vnd den König großmütig machten.
Führten ein gelb Marcomor Wapen,
Mit dreyen ſchwartzen Krötenquappen,
Ein Reym: Wir ſterben nicht vmbſonſt,
Mangelt die Gunſt, ſo brauchs keine Kunſt.

Zu letzt nach allem kam gelauffen,
Mancherley Volck bey groſſen hauffen,
Aus Brabant, Holland, Polen, Reuſſen,
Aus Liefland, Churland, vnd aus Preuſſen.
Die ſolten Spieß vnd Sabeln brauchen,
Die Meuß in das See Waſſer tauchen.
Biß daß ſie all würden vmbbracht.
So ward der Fröſch Ordnung gemacht.

Das VII. Capittel.

Von der Fröſch vnd Meuſe Kundſchafft.

Wie ſie hielten alſo am Raum,
Kamen zween Landfröſch von dem Baum,
Zeigten an das zur Linck am See,
Ein ſonderlichs weiß Kriegsvolck ſteh.
Ob es Freund oder Feinde ſein,
Wer zuvor zu erkunden fein.
Darauff Fürſt Quadrat von ſtund an,
Herunter ſchickt zween kluge Mann
Zaucker, vnd Kidderig mit Namen,
Die vnterm Waſſer darein kamen.
Da Friedlieb mit den ſeinen wacht,
Vnd ſein Sach hielt in guter acht.
Als nun Friedlieben Wacht geſehen,
Die Fröſchlein aus dem Waſſer gehen,
Im langen Graß heimlich herſchleichen,
Wil ſie nicht für jhnen entweichen,
Sondern ruckt ſich auch vnters Graß,
Vnd verlaufft jhn den Waſſerpaß.
Ergrifft ſie endtlich auch alle beyd,
Friedlieb erfehrt von jhn beſcheid,
Wie die Fröſch jhr Ordnung gemacht,
Wie ſie zu ſiegen ſein bedacht,
Leſt auch alles den König ſagen,
Daß er ſich nicht ſo bald ſol wagen,
Den flüchtigen Fröſchen zur nachjagt,
Das er nicht werd in noth gebracht.
Der König antwortet mit Spot,
Wenn nun gegenwärtig iſt die Noth,
So wil ich ſein bedencken fragen,
Er darff nicht vmmb Sorge tragen.
Das ließ Friedlieb auch ſo geſchehen,
Gedacht, wie er würcklich wolt ſehen,
Daß er den Fröſchen abbruch thet,
Vnd das Meußvolck aus noth errett.
Darumb er die Kundſchaffter mehr,
Ließ fragen, vnd plagen ſehr,
Biß er von jhnen alle Rath,
Aller Fröſch recht erfahren hat.
Inſonderheit war der Bericht,
Die Fröſche wolten zum Berge nicht,
Der am See gegen Abend lag,
Denn darauff noch am frühen tag
Viel Krän, Gehr, vnd Weihen gſeſſen
Als wolten ſie die Fröſch auffreſſen.
Es het auch zuvor die Schildwacht,
Geſehen in die dritte Nacht
Vom Berg abſtürtzen viel Fewerflammen,
Dabey ein groſſes Volck beyſammen,
Vnſichtlich auff einander rant,
Das erſchreckt das gantze Land.
Darumb bleiben ſie allzumahl,
Vnten am Berg im raumen Thal.
Alda der See zur lincken ſtand,
Aber der Berg zur rechten Hand.
Daher auch hernach weht der Wind,
Vnd die Sonn am Abend verſchwind,
Da wolten ſie des Feindes warten,
Vnd mit ihm wechſeln die Hellenbarten.

Indeß kamen die Meuß heran,
Vnzehlich viel der kleinen Mann.
Zogen von Morgen nach Mittag,
Zu verſuchen dieſen vorſchlag,
Wie ſie von da konten fortrücken,
Die Sonn behalten auff dem Rücken.
Den Berg zur Lincken gegen den Wind,
Das man ſie nicht vmbringen künt,
Daß ſie von der höh führen abe,
Denn Feind vmbſtieſſen in ein Trabe.
Den Vortheil doch die Fröſch nicht gern,
Auff jhrer ſeit wolten entberen,
Dürfften doch nicht den Berg angehen,
Auff dem ſie böß zeichen geſehen.
Mochten derhalben hin vnd her,
Zu warten, wies am beſten wer.

Biß das der Meußkönig abgeſand,
An den See zur Fröſche Stand,
Ein Trommeter ein Edlen Knaben,
Ließ auch ſechs Trabanten mit traben,
Zu fragen was Baußbach gemeint,
Mit denen ſo hernach vom Feind,
Gefenglich wurden angenommen,
Obs Blut güld, oder Rancionen.
Denn wie er wolt, ſo ſolt es ſein,
Die wahl wolt er jhm reumen ein.
Die Fröſch rieffen, hie iſt kein gnad,
Den Tod jeder zu gewarten hat.
Er wer geſchlagen oder gefangen,
Er ſol erſauffen oder hangen.
Wolan ſo gilts widerumb alſo,
Sprach der Knab vnd ward hertzlich froh.
Das er vngerauft von jhn kam.
Sein ritt er wider zurück nam.

Vnd ſeinen König bracht bericht.
Der ſprach, es ſol dem Böſewicht,
In ein par ſtunden bald gerewen,
Mit worten las ich mich nicht ſchewen,
Der am meiſten pocht, derſelb kroch
Gemeinlich zum erſten zu loch.

Damit ward des ſtaubs jmmermehr,
Als wenns ein dicker Nebel wer,
Vnd zog ein jeder Hauffen fort,
Erwehlet zu der Schlacht den Orth.
Gleich wie der Römer Pompejus,
Vnd ſein Schweher der Julius,
Ehemahls auch gegen ander ranten,
Damit die gantze Welt vmbwanten.
Die Frösch rückten vom Waſſer her,
Als wenns der Moſes ſelber wer.
Vnd von newen auff Gottes Befehl.
Durchs Meer führt das Volck Iſrael.
Da Mann, Weib, Kinder, Vieh, mit lieffen.
Wunderlich durch einander rieffen.
So machten ſie ein Lerman auch,
Wie die Kräen halten den brauch,
Wann ſie im Herbſt den Abend ſpath,
Auff den Aeckern wehlen die ſtath,
Das jede ſitzt bey jhren Mann,
Den ſie an der Stim kennen kan,
Vnd denn mit groſſem gſchrey vnd krachen.
Sich des abzugs halben ſprachen.

Die Mäuß aber giengen gar ſtill,
Vnd machten des Lermans nit viel.
Rauſchten nur heimlich mit den Wehren,
Gleich wie die wachſende Korn Ehren,
Wenn ſie der Wind hernieder ſchlegt,
Vnd die Strohalm wider auffregt,
Welchs gleich in ſolchem anblick felt,
Als wenn da lebt das gantze Feld.
Denn wo man die Augen hinwandt,
Da lebt vnd bebt das gantze Land,
Das auch die Vogel ſo vngefehr,
Am ſelben Ort zogen daher,
Dafür ſich entſatzten der maſſen,
Das ſie jhr Neſt muſten verlaſſen,
Vnd aus dem nechſten Wald mit grawen
Dieſem wunder handel zu ſchawen.

Rathſchlag der Berg, vnd Waſſer Geiſtre vber dieſen Krieg.

Des dritten Theiles erſtes Capittel.

Indem ſich nun bewegt das Land,
Zittert als ein bawfellig Wand,
Wenn groſſe Donnerwetter auffſtehen,
Oder laſtwagen fürüber gehen.
Darumb das lermet vberall,
Das Froſch vnd Meußvolk ohn zahl,
Funden ſich auff den Berg beyſamen,
Viel kleiner Mänlein ohne Namen,
Im weiſſen Hembdlein ſpitzign Kappen,
Als man gewohnt an den Bergknappen
Zu den kam aus der See geflogen,
Vnd in eim Nebel auffgezogen,
Die Waſſernixin wolgeſtalt,
Wie man die ſchöne Venus mahlt,
Im gelben Haar vnd nackend gantz,
Trug einen weiß Seeblumen Krantz,
Alſo waren auch anzuſchawen,
Ihre mitfolgende Jungfrawen,
Vnd ſprach zu Hertzen dem Bergman,
Wofür ſiheſtu diß Weſen an?
Wiltu deinen Mäuſen beyſtehen,
So muß ich zu den Fröſchen gehen.

Heintz antwortet vngern ich ſehe,
Das ſolch groß Blutſtürtzen geſchehe,
Drumb hab ich nun etliche Nacht,
Ein groß Kriegsgepolter gemacht,
Hab euch gezeigt viel Abenthewr,
Mit hinfallenden Liecht vnd Fewr,
Mit Blut ſo in des Königs Saal,
Auß einem todten Hirſchhorn quall,
Ob ſie wolten ſich ſchrecken laſſen,
Keinen Krieg anfahen dermaſſen,
Aber ich hab vorlängſt geſehen,
Diß Vnglück in den Sternen ſtehen,
Bin auch von den Engeln bericht,
Daß es durch verhengniß geſchicht.
Vnd was Gott ſchloß in ſeinem Rath,
Dawider hat kein Weißheit ſtath,
Es folgt auch niemandt guter Lehr,
Ob man jhn warnet noch ſo ſehr.
Mann muß gehen laſſen wie es gehet,
Biß das biß vnterſt oben ſtehet.
Vnd die Sünd jhr Straff hat empfangen,
Dafür ſie lang iſt ſicher gangen,
Mich daucht aber das nicht gar fein,
Das auß deiner Nixen gemein,
Ihr viel ſich brauchen zu den Sachen,
Vnd dieſen aufflauff helffen machen.
Denn daß der Froſch die Mauß erſeufft,
Vnd jedermann zum Krieg zuleufft:
Als wenn ſie weren raſend toll,
Das thut jhr Nixen ſchaffen wol,
Vnd wenn jhr davon nicht wolt laſſen,
Sondern euch der Schlacht auch anmaſſen,
So wollen wir vns auch nicht ſperren,
Ihr ſolt ein widerſtandt erfahren.
Ich bin ohn das den Fröſchen gram,
Vnd ſeß jhn lengſt gern auff dem Kam,
Das ſie mich offt machen bekant,
Wenn ich heimlich vmbſchleich im Landt.
Vnd der Menſch nicht in Ruhe kan bleiben,
Weil ſie das quackens ſo vil treiben.

Die Nixin gab darauff beſcheid,
Das mir diß auch ſey hertzlich leid,
Hab ich damit erklären wollen,
Das, da die Mauß erſauffen ſollen,
Nun etlich Nacht das Waſſer brandt,
Das Zeichen iſt nicht vnbekant,
Mein Jungfrawen ſeufftzen auch tieff,
Als wenn eins auß dem Waſſer rieff.
Damit zu deuten, das Gefahr,
Vnd groß Elendt verhanden war.

Ich hab auch nach Matthias Tag,
Als Berg, Thal, Feld, voll Schnee noch lag,
Vnd das Eyß all Waſſer beligt,
Ein ſolch Tawwetter erregt,
Als ſelten iſt zuvor geſchehen,
In dreiſſig Jahren nicht geſehen.
Die Schneeberg lieffen mit eim Wunder,
Bey Tag und Nacht ſchrecklich Berg vnter,
Riſſen Felſen, Klauſen mit abe,
Die Bäum kamen auch in eim Drabe,
Stieſſen Häuſer, Scheunen vnd Stall,
Vber ein Hauffen in dem Fall,
Weil auch gefroren war das Landt,
Das Waſſer nirgend ein Durchbruch fand,
Lieff auß dem Waldt, Acker vnd Awen,
Von groſſem Wind, Regen vnd Tawen,
In Quellen, Seen, Teichen, Flüſſen,
Zuſammen mit groſſen Güſſen,
Das die Eyßſchollen in eim krachen,
Allenthalbn ſich erhobn vnd brachen,
Steg vnd Brücken auff ſtücken riſſen,
Zaun, Wall, Wand, vnd Häuſer zerſchmiſſen
Das ſich Fiſch in den Kirchen funden,
Das all Keller voll Waſſer ſtunden,
Das die Leut auff den Boden ſaſſen,
Mit zittern das Jammerbrodt aſſen.
Der Fuchs vnd Wolff auff den Weyden,
Mit Krän vnd Weyhen hatten zu ſtreiten,
Das Viehe mit ſeim Hirten hinſchwam,
Vnd todt zu frembden Völckern kam.
Als ſolt eine newe Sündfluth werden,
Vnd alles erſäuffen auff Erden;
Damit warnte ich jedermann,
Sein Sachen wol in acht zu han.
Denn frembd Waſſer, frembd Völcker bringen,
Mit den gefehrlich iſt zu ringen.

Das aber meine Vnterthan,
Das Vnglück helffen ſtifften an,
Mag wol ſeyn, weil die Jung Frösch Knaben
Selbſt luſt zu jhrem Schaden haben.

Wer gerne tanzt, dem pfeifft man bald,
Den Willigen geſchicht kein Gewalt.
Ich weiß auch wol, daß keine Mauß,
Zu dem Krieg zög ins Feldt hinauß.
Wenn nicht ein Geiſt ſie führet hinan,
Das dein Volck auch meiſterlich kan.
Vnd wenn ich wolt meine Luſt büſſen,
Solt auch der Erbeit nicht verdrieſſen,
Daß ich die Mäuß ins Waſſer ſchmiß,
Vnd keine vnerſeufft ließ,
Darumb, daß ſie meinen Fröſchleuten,
Ihr Königs Todt ſo vbel deuten.

Dieweil ich aber gern vernommen,
Daß jhr jhm nicht wolt zu Hülff kommen,
So laß ich meine Fröſche auch bleiben,
Sie mögen jhrs gefallens treiben,
Biß Gott jhn ſetzet Ziel vnd Maß,
Vnd ſtewret jhrem Neyd vnd Haß.
Wir möchten vber jhren Sachen,
Vns ſelbſt Vngelegenheit machen,
Oder ſtärcker Geiſter erwecken,
Die vns vnfreundlich würden ſchrecken,
Auß dieſer Wohnung gar verjagen,
Oder durch Gottes Euffer plagen.
Wir wollen lieber beyderſeit,
Von hinnen zu ſchawen dem Streit.
Das ſagte ſie, die andern all,
Folgten jhr gern in dieſem Fall,
Vnd ſatzten ſich noch alſo fort,
Vnſchädiglich an jhren Orth.

Das II. Capittel.

Der Frösch vnd Meuſe Fußfall vnd Ermahnung an die Kriegesleut.

Bald kamen der Herolden zween,
Lieſſen erſt die Blutfahnen ſehen.
Die Mücken kamen auch gezogen,
Vber beyde Hauffen geflogen,
Hatten groſſe Poſaunen all,
Vnd blieſen darein mit groſſem Schall.
Das Wetter ſchlug auch tapffer drein,
Mit dem Donner vnd Blitzes Schein,
Welches gar ein böſes Zeichen war,
Vnd den Kriegern, deuten groß Gefahr.
Wie ſie aber waren ſo nahe,
Das ein Hauff den andern erſahe,
Thatn ein Fußfall die Mäuß gemein,
Das Gott ja wolt jhr Beyſtand ſein!
Darauff ſie denn Herr Zuckermundt,
Ihr Prieſter, wol vermahnen kunt.
Derhalben er auch ſelberitt,
Mit ſeinem Schimmel in ſein Glied,
Damit er nicht wurde verklagt,
Vnd außgeruffen als verjagt.

Der König aber eygner Perſon,
Führet auf der Sturmhauben ſein Kron,
Vnd ſprengt mit ſeinem Hengſt hinan.
Redet den hellen Hauffen an.
Lieben Heldt, lieben Kriegesleut,
Ewr Trew wolt jhr bedencken heut,
Den Feind angreiffen wie tapffer Mann,
Der Sieg vns gwiß nicht fehlen kan.
Gott meins Sohns Mord bezahlen ſol,
Weil ſie die Straff verdienet wol.
Habt nu wol in acht ewr Sach,
Rücket mir fein nach allgemach,
Biß das wir dem Feind ſo nahe ſeyn,
Als einer wurff mit einem Stein:
Denn ſetzt hernach mit aller Macht,
Mit eim Feldtgeſchrey das es kracht.
Denn ſenckt zuerſt die Spitz zum Stich,
Denn hebt die Bogen vber ſich,
Schieſt doch nicht ehe denn jhr möget ſehen,
Die gelen Ring in Augen ſtehen.
Gebt euch nicht bloß halt feſt zuſamen.
Laſt euch zur Seit nicht vbermannen.
Doch das die Schützen fein ſich theilen,
Zuſehn, daß ſie der Feind nicht fehlen,
So wollen wir vom Berg hinaben,
Mit gutem Vortheil vntraben,
Mit dem Gewaltigen zulauffen,
Nicht allein trennen jhren Hauffen,
Wie ein Sturmwind im dicken Wald,
Mit groſſem krachen nider felt,
Sondern allſampt ſo gar erſchrecken,
Daß man ſie erſchlug mit eim Stecken,
Ich will euch ſelbſt führen die Straſſen,
Vnd Leib vnd Leben bey euch laſſen,
Oder nach dem Sieg zum Herren machen,
Gott hilfft allzeit der Gerechten Sachen.
Sie rieffen all, wir folgen gern,
Wollen vns wie die Helden wehrn.

Die Frösch thaten dergleichen auch,
Streckten ſich auff den kalten Bauch,
Bathen, weil die Mäuß auß Hoffart,
Vnd böſer Teuffeliſcher arth,
Sie ohn ihr Schuldt worden ermorden,
Wie vom König berichtet worden,
Wolt er als ein gerechter Gott,
Ihr Vnſchuldt behüten fürm Todt,
Seine Creatur nicht verlaſſen,
Sondern die Räuber auff der Straſſen,
Die Diebſchen Mäuß ſchrecken vnd jagen,
Daß ſie die all möchten erſchlagen.
Ihr Pfarrer trabt ſie vnterwegen,
Sprach jhnen Abſoluz vnd Segen,
Von einem hohen Baum am Rand,
Dabey ſie außtraten auffs Landt,
Mit Gottesfurcht wars jhm kein Schertz,
Hat allein ein rein weiſſes Hertz,
Herr Laubfroſch mit ſeim grünen Kleide,
Kroch darnach in ein hole Weyde,
Darein wolt er die Horas leſen,
Bey Schlegen daucht jhm gut weſen.

Der König aber Baußback genant,
Mit Grünrock ſeinem Leutenant,
Vnd den Befehlichshabern mehr,
Zog herumb bey dem gantzen Heer,
Sprach auch der Krieger tapffer an,
Friſch auff ſprach er, Ihr lieben Mann,
Vnd faſſet einen Helden Muth,
Nun ſollen alle ſachen werden gut,
Ich hab kundſchafft daß vnſer Feind,
Gentzlich vnd gar alſo gemeint,
Das ſie vornen wollen einrennen,
Vnd alſo vnſer Ordnung trennen,
Darauff habt nun gar gute acht,
Das ihrs, wie ichs befohlen, macht,
Ihn fein locket zu vnſer See,
Da ſol ihm werden bang vnd weh,
Wir wollen jhm das Bad bereiten,
Daß er nicht luſt hab mehr zu ſtreiten.
Bleibt aber ſtill an ewren ort,
Vnd rücket nicht ein Füßlein forth,
Wendet euch auch nicht gegen den Wind,
Daher die Sonnenſtralen ſind,
Sonſt felt pfeil vnd ſtaub auff euch her,
Ewr Geſicht wird geblendet gar.
Sondern bleibt wie jhr jtzund ſeyd,
Theilt euch nun fein in die breit,
Vnd ſchlaget weidlich in den hauffen,
Das der Schelmen keine entlauffen,
Ich wil dazu der Linken Hand,
Mit meiner Guardy halten Stand,
Damit ich euch fein mag entſetzen,
Mein Spieß der Mauß im Rücken wetzen.
Sie ziehn da gleich zu vns heran,
Keiner ſoll bleiben vnbegabt,
Der ſich am Feind nur weidlich wagt.
Sie rieffen, Io, Iack, Ilk, Iack, Ia,
Darumb ſind wir jetzt alle da.

Das III. Capittel.

Des Meuſe Königs erbieten gegen die Frösch vnd jhren König.

Wie nu alſo in wenig ſtunden,
Die hauffen ſich gegn ander funden,
Vnd itzt wolten zuſammen gehen,
Stampfft mit den Füſſn vnd Freuſt die Händ,
Vnd ſeinen Feind veracht vnd ſchendt,
Als wenn zween Ochſen ſich erboſſen,
Vngeſtümb auff ein ander ſtoſſen,

Doch vor mit grimmigem Geſicht,
  Da ſtehn gegn einander gericht,
Die Erd ſcharren, die Hörner wetzen,
  Den Schwantz mit einem Brum auffſetzen,
Meſſen zu, wer erſt wird anfangen,
  Wie ſie den Feind wollen empfangen.
Da ſchickt der Meuß König heran,
  Vnd ließ den Fröſchen zeigen an,
Durch Friſchblut ſeinen Leutenant,
  Der mit Trommeten kam gerant,
Er hett mit allen Froſch Geſchlechten,
  Weder zu rechten, noch zu fechten,
Ihr König allein an dem Ort,
  Seinen lieben Sohn ermordt,
Wenn der ſeinen Sohn widerſtellt,
  Als ſeinen Rantzaun vnd Löſegeldt,
Daß der widerumb auch ſterben müßt,
  So wer die Miſſethat gebüßt,
Wer jhm das auch ſo nicht gelegen,
  So wer der Meußkönig zu gegen,
Wolt einen Kampff mit jhm darumb halten,
  Man ſolt ſie allein laſſen walten,
Was wolt ein Freund den andern ſpieſſen,
  Ohn Noth vnſchüldig Blut vergieſſen.
Ob dieſe Red gleich etlich achten,
  Das ſie billich wer zu betrachten
So rieff doch vnſinnig der Hauff,
  Immer forth, forth, nun renn, nun lauff,
Wirff, ſchlag, vnd ſtich den Schelmen Todt,
  Das er bekom Verräther Brodt.
Nun ſie verzagte Böſewicht ſein,
  Weren gern angeſchlagen heim,
Nun wollen ſie in vnſern Sachen,
  Auch Meuterey vnd Aulauff machen,
Mit Wäſcherey die Zeit verkürtzen,
  Das er muß Halß vnd Bein abſtürtzen.

Damit fieng ſich der lermen an,
  Jeder ſchoß vnd warff auff den Mann,
Das er mit Noth entrunnen kam,
  Vnd ſich zu ſeinem König ſtam,
Der auch ergrimt vnd ließ auffblaſen,
  Die Feind thaten auch gleicher maſſen.
Vnd griffen alſo beyde Heer,
  Mit groſſem getümmel zur wehr,
Die Meuß pfiffen vnd ziſchten all,
  Die Fröſch, quack, queck, quickten mit ſchall.
In einem ruck, ritt vnd zulauff
  Traffen Schützen, vnd Reuter zu hauff.
Schoſſen, ſtieſſen, ſtachn, ſchlugen, rungen,
  Daß ſtang vnd ſchwerdt gegen Himmel ſprungen,
War ſo erſchrecklich anzuſchawen,
  Als da Samſon fieng an zu trawen,
Gott von newen, vnd ſeinen Henden,
  Sich an die Häuptſäulen zu lenden,
Darauff des Heyden Tempelraſt,
  Rückt ſie zuſammen in der haſt,
Daß Mewren, Tach, Zimmer vnd Stein,
  König, Fürſten, Herren, Gemein,
Mit eim gepraß vnd mordgeſchrey,
  Für eim hauffen Kärtzen entgiengen,
Das vberwinder vnd vberwunden,
  Zu gleich lagen oben, vnd vnden.
Vnd Staub, Stim krachen, in die lufft prallt,
  So war das erſt treffen geſtalt.

Das IV. Capittel.

Wie die Fröſch vnd Meuſe zuſammentreffen.

Als ſich der lerm alſo anfieng,
  Das Kriegsvolck friſch zuſammen gieng.
Gleich wenn das Goß mit einem Knall,
  Im groſſen Sturm birſt vberall.
Vnd mit eim gepraſſel durchbricht,
  Da man ſichs am wenigſten verſicht,
So war Mohrtantz vnd ſeine Mann,
  Mit Stein und Pfeilen tapffer dran.
Warffen von ſich, ſchleuderten, ſchoſſen,
  Es fiel ſo dick als Hagelſchloſſen,
Vnd kam manch Mauß auff den Rücken,
  Das ſie die Naß ins Graß muſt bücken,

Das Spaniſche Weiſſfähnlein macht auch,
  Den Fröſchen einen böſen rauch.
Mit ſeinen ſtarcken Katzenbogen,
  Davon ſchwinde Boltzen flogen.
Aber das Schwartz Fehnlein blieb auß,
  Das koſtet manche ſtoltze Mauß.
Denn es hielt zwiſchen Pferd vnd Berg,
  Stieg gegen der lincken auff die Zwerg,
Vnd kont nicht brauchen ſein geſchoß,
  Welchs Milchramlecker ſehr verdroß.
Rieff, halt die Schild all vberwert,
  Das euch nicht das geſchoß gefehrt.
Eilt mutig auff den Feindt hinein,
  Sonſt wir allſamt verrathen ſein,
Damit lieff er zum Feind hinan,
  Fehnrich Stoltzer der kühne Mann.
Setzt mit den Doppelſoldern nach,
  Vnd hofft gar gewonnen ſach,
Inſonderheit weil ſie die Schützen,
  Da funden auf der Erden ſitzen,
Vnd jhr Armbruſt von newen ſpannen,
  Die konnten ſie bald vbermannen,
Stachen in ſie wie in die Hund,
  Ehe ſich einer auff richten kunt.

Wie das Mohrtantz erſt ward gewar,
  Sprach er nun hats kein gefahr,
Wir finden das wir han geſucht,
  Wendt euch, vnd nemt zum See die flucht.
Damit theilten ſich die Hoffleut,
  Pabran, vnd Morbar zu der ſeit,
Die Schützen flohen nach dem See,
  Das bracht den Meuſen groß weh.

Dem Milchramlecker kriegt ein Muth,
  Dieweil der anfang war ſo gut,
Vnd drang zun Fröſchen heftig ein,
  Wie auff die Hund ein zornig Schwein,
Forkling folgt auch in groſſer eil,
  Vnd acht es für beſonder Heil,
Das die Fröſch ſo bald die Flucht geben,
  Das die Hoffleut zogen darneben,
Als wenn ſie zun ſeiten außlieffen,
  Vnd zu keiner gegen wehr grieffen.

Als abr die Fröſch kamen an den See,
  Gefiel jhnen die Flucht nicht meh,
Sondern wichen zur lincken Hand,
  Hinder den Berg ins ſicher Land,
Vnd lieſſen der Meuß hellen hauffen,
  Vom Vfer biß ans Waſſer lauffen,
Da empfieng ſie der Hinderhalt,
  Das jhm das Hertz im Leib erkalt,
Rieffen Ihr Kuhemelcker willkommen,
  Ewr ankunfft habn wir gern vernommen
Nun trett mit frewden in das Bad,
  Darnach euch lang geſchwiget hat.

Ewrs Königs Sohn wundert ſich ſehr,
  Das jhr nicht kamt zu ſeiner Ehr,
Halfft jhn beſingen vnd begraben,
  Darauff wir langſt gewartet haben.
Vnd ſtachen damit auff ſie loß,
  Gaben jhn auch viel kräncken ſtoß,
Vnd hackten mit jhrem Hannbaum
  Ihnen erſchrecklich durch die Schwarten.

Vnd ob ſie gleich ſich gar verwegen,
  Wehrten, mit Helbarten vnd Degen.
Gieng es jhnen doch wie dem Hirſch,
  Der mit den Hunden kempffet friſch,
Stürtzt doch vnverſehns ins Netz,
  Das jhm der Jäger heimlich ſetzt.

Denn zu beyden ſeiten der Feindt,
  Es mit jhnen getrewlich meint,
Von hinden zu ſie hoch beſchwert,
  Ihr ſelbſt eigen Hoffleut vnd Pferd.
Für Augen hatten ſie den See,
  Das thet dem Milchramlecker weh,
Verſucht ob er zur lincken Hand,
  Dadurch die Fröſch ſchützen gerandt,
Nicht Nachfolgen kunt vnd durchbrechen,
  Fieng an grimig vmb ſich zu ſtechen,
Vnd ſtieß mit ſeines Degens Knopff,
  Dem Mohrtantz hinden auff den Kopff.

Das er ſich ſtrecket in den Sand,
   Solchs ſahe Morrangen Leutenant,
Vnd ſtach jhn wieder nach der Kehlen,
   Vermeint es ſolt der ſtich nicht fehlen,

Aber Milchenmeuler brach jhn bald,
   Mit ſeinem Schilde mit gewalt,
Vnd hieb den Froſch hindurch die Stirn,
   Das er verſchüt leben vnd Hirn.
Da lieffen die Fröſch mit den Beylen,
   Als die Vogel nach der Nacht Eulen,
Warffen vnd ſchlugen auff den Mann,
   Biß er ein hieb im Rücken bekam,
Darauß jhm Lung vnd Leber quall,
   Vnd gab ſein Leben auff im fall,
Lag im Kaut mit wehrloſen Henden,
   So muſt der groſſe Muth ſich enden;
Viel ander Meuß blieben auch Todt,
   Oder kamen in Waſſers noth.

Das ſichs nicht anders anſehn ließ,
   Die Fröſch hetten den Sieg gewiß.

Darumb etlich ſchon rieffen da,
   Quack, quock, quack, quack, quictoria!
Den Fehnrich Steigern mit dem trang,
   Der nachdruck in das Waſſer zwang,
Da jhn der Doppelſoldner ſein,
   Zum Schutz nit kont behülfflich ſein.
Die Fröſch aber griffen dapffer an,
   Tapten nach dem Fehnlein vnd Mann,
Der ſich noch wehrt wie ein Held,
   Vnd damit er würde gefelt,
Warffen ſie jhme Angeſicht vol Koth,
   Wie er nun ſahe die groſſe Noth
Wand er ſich in ſein Fehnlein gut,
   Zu ſterben wie ein trewes Blut.
Groſſe, tapffre, rühmliche thaten,
   Allzeit groſſe gefahr bey ſich hatten.

Roller ſ. Burchard.

Karl Franz Romanus,

geboren am 21. Auguſt 1731 zu Leipzig, ward kurſächſiſcher geheimer Kriegsrath zu Dresden und ſtarb am 20. April 1787 daſelbſt.

Er ſchrieb:

Komödien. Dresden 1767.
Die Verläumder. Luſtſpiel. Dresden 1778.
Der Unſchlüſſige. Luſtſpiel. Dresden 1778.

und überſetzte:

Voltaire's Allgemeine Weltgeſchichte. Dresden 1760—68, 4 Thle.
Voltaire's Vermiſchte Schriften. Dresden 1768—75, 6 Thle.

R. verſtand es, den dramatiſchen Knoten der Intrigue gut zu ſchürzen und die Entwickelung dem gemäß herbei zu führen, unterſtützt durch einen lebhaften und witzigen Dialog und gut erfundene Situationen. Seine Komödien ſind indeſſen als veraltet ſchon ſeit längerer Zeit von der Bühne verſchwunden, obwohl ſie mehr als manches andere Luſtſpiel früherer Tage eine zeitgemäße Umarbeitung verdienten.

Dietrich Chriſtoph von Rommel,

geboren am 17. April 1781 zu Kaſſel, wurde 1804 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Beredtſamkeit und griechiſchen Sprache, 1810 ruſſiſcher Hofrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der römiſchen Litteratur in Charkow, 1815 Profeſſor der Geſchichte in Marburg, 1820 Director des Hofarchivs zu Kaſſel, 1827 in den Adelſtand erhoben und 1829 Director des Muſeums und der Bibliothek daſelbſt.

Er ſchrieb unter Andern:

Ueber Philologie und philologiſche Erklärung der Klaſſiker. Marburg 1805.
Ueber Dr. Gall. Marburg 1806.
Theophraſt's Charaktere. Ueberſ. Leipzig 1809.
Rede zur Gedächtnißfeier Joh. v. Müller's. Marburg 1809.
Ariſtoteles und Roscius oder über die Kunſt. Leipzig 1809.
Ueber Geographie, Ethnographie und Statiſtik. Marburg 1810.
Beſchreibung der Völker des Kaukaſus. Weim. 1808.
Deutſche Chreſtomathie. Marburg 1813.
Kurze Geſchichte der heſſiſchen Kirchenreformation. Kaſſel 1818.
Geſchichte von Heſſen. Marburg 1820 ff. 3 Bde.
Wilhelm I., Kurfürſt von Heſſen. Kaſſel 1822.
Philipp der Großmüthige, Landgraf von Heſſen. Gießen 1830, 3 Bände.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Flugſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein überaus gründlicher und ſcharfſinniger Geſchichtsforſcher, der ſich ganz vorzüglich um die Geſchichte ſeines Vaterlandes außerordentliche Verdienſte erworben hat, und einen ſehr ehrenvollen Rang unter den deutſchen Hiſtorikern einnimmt.

Kaspar von der Rön, ſ. Minneſinger.

Roos, ſ. K. A. Engelhard.

Della Roſa, ſ. J. A. Gleich.

Adolph Roſe

lebte im ſechzehnten Jahrhundert und nannte ſich pſeudonym von Creuzheim.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Der Eſel-König. Ballenſtedt o. J. (1617, 1625 u. öft.).

Ein ſatiriſches, aber nicht eben ſehr bedeutendes Gedicht.

Kunz von Roſenheim, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Georg Roſenmüller,

geboren am 18. März 1736 zu Ummerſtädt im Hildburghauſiſchen, ſtudierte zu Nürnberg und Altdorf, wurde 1767 Nachmittagsprediger in Hildburghauſen, 1768 Pfarrer in Heßberg, 1772 Diaconus und adjungirender Superintendent in Königsberg, 1773 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie in Erlangen, 1779 Pfarrer an der altſtädter Kirche daſelbſt, 1783 erſter Profeſſor der Theologie, Superintendent, Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor und Stadtpfarrer in Gießen, 1785 Superintendent, Conſiſtorialaſſeſſor und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie zu Leipzig, 1793 Domherr zu Meißen und 1806 Prälat und Senior der theologiſchen Facultät, auch Decemvir der Univerſität zu Leipzig. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 14. März 1815.

Außer vielen Predigtſammlungen und andern Schriften beſitzen wir von ihm:

Religionsgeſchichte für Kinder. Leipz. N. A. 1804.
Chriſtliches Lehrbuch für die Jugend. Leipzig. N. A. 1812.
Morgen- und Abendandachten. Leipz. N. A. 1820.
Beicht- und Communionbuch. Leipzig. N. A. 1822.

Gedankenreichthum, Klarheit und Einfachheit, Wärme und Innigkeit des Gefühls und eine echt chriſtliche Geſinnung verleihen den Predigten und Erbauungsſchriften dieſes vortrefflichen Mannes einen bleibenden Werth.

Hans Roſenplüt, genannt der Schnepperer, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

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von Roſenroth, ſ. Knorr.

Dorothea Eleonore von Roſenthal,

aus Schleſien gebürtig, ſtarb im Jahre 1649.

Sie hinterließ:

Vermiſchtes Divertiſſement. Breslau 1641.

in welchem ſich einzelne, für die damaligen Verhältniſſe als ſehr gelungen zu betrachtende Poeſieen finden.

Roſenwall, ſ. Rauſchnick.

Johann Chriſtoph Roſt,

geboren am 7. April 1717 zu Leipzig, ſtudierte zu Leipzig die Rechtswiſſenſchaften, wurde nach zurückgelegten akademiſchen Studien Bibliothekar und Privatſecretär des Grafen Brühl und 1760 Oberſteuerſecretär zu Dresden. Er ſtarb daſelbſt im Jahre 1765.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Das Vorſpiel. Satir.-epiſches Gedicht. Dresden 1742. N. A. Bern 1772.
Schäfererzählungen. Berlin 1742, 1744.
Verſuch von Schäfergedichten. Dresden 1744, 1778.
Briefe. Frankfurt u. Leipzig 1766.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Leipzig 1769, Dresden 1770.

Mit einem gewandten und reichen Talente, voll Witz und Laune ausgeſtattet war Roſt einer der gefährlichſten und boshaften Gegner Gottſched's, den er wiederholt und immer mit Glück, namentlich in dem ſatiriſchen Epos das Vorſpiel angriff. In ſeinen Schäfergedichten, die nach franzöſiſchen Muſtern gebildet ſind, beurkundet er ebenfalls gute Anlagen, gefällt ſich aber zu ſehr in frivolen und laſciven Schilderungen, und wird dadurch unſittlich. Sein Gedicht, „die Braut-Nacht," in der Weiſe des Grecourt, gehört zu den verrufenſten Producten jener leichtfertigen Geſchmacksrichtung, obwohl es, mit ſeinen Vorbildern verglichen, noch beſcheiden zu nennen iſt.

Das Vorſpiel

Ein ſatiriſch-epiſches Gedicht in fünf Büchern *).

Erſtes Buch.

Ich, der ich ſonſt geglaubt, daß ich geboren wäre
Des Bacchus ächter Knecht, ein Prieſter der Zythere,

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*) Aus Roſt's vermiſchten Gedichten. D. D. 1770.

Voll, wie Anakreon, ſtark wie Ovid zu ſeyn,
Vergeſſe dießmal die Liebe und den Wein.
Ein Werk, wodurch ich mich zu den Virgilen ſchwinge,
Iſt jetzt mein Augenmerk. Es ſei gewagt! Ich ſinge.

Ich ſinge von der Frau, die um den Pleißenſtrand,
Den deutſchen Harlekin [1]) aus ihrer Zunft verbannt;
Sich ſelbſt bezwungen hat; die Bühne ſtets verbeſſert,
Kunſt, Beifall und Geſchmack, wie ihren Ruhm vergrößert;
Die Annens großen Thron [2]) durch Birons Huld erblickt,
Bis des Mäcenens Fall ſie wieder heimgeſchickt.
Jedoch ich ſinge nicht, ihr ganzes Lob zu ſingen:
Dieß mag ihr Lebenslauf der Nachwelt überbringen;
Nur eine That von ihr, erreiß ich aus der Zeit,
Und übergebe ſie der Unvergänglichkeit:
Den Sieg, doch nicht den Sieg geführter Liebeskriege;
Ich ſinge dießmal den ſchönſten ihrer Siege;
Wie ſehr ihr Vorſpielſcherz, den ſie ſelbſt ausgedacht,
Den hochgepriesnen Profeſſor klein gemacht,
Zur Luſt der Leipziger, ſo daß das Volk mit Haufen
In Zotens Hof [3]) gedrungen, und Niemand durchgelaſſen;
Daß der Profeſſor gar um Phöbus Ausſpruch bat,
Den aber doch Apoll zu Gottſcheds Schrecken that.
Ein Strahl, o Neuberin! Ein Strahl von deinem Feuer,
Durchdringe mir das Blut, und ſchein' auf meine Leier!
Der Vorzug deiner Kunſt, der Stellung Zauberkraft
Sei, da ich ſingen will, des Ausdrucks Eigenſchaft!
Soll mir mein Heldenlied, wie dir dein Sieg gelingen,
Wohlan, ſo wie du ſpielſt, wünſch ich auch mir zu ſingen!

Der Preuße, welcher erſt die Deutſchen deutſch gelehrt,
Von welchem Leipzig nie ein falſches Wort gehört,
Er ſpräche denn Latein; der Hannibal im Schreiben,
Durch deſſen Namen wir den Franzen ſchrecklich bleiben,
Dem Gottſched, welchem oft, als dem Magnifikus,
Der Oberſte des Raths den Vortritt laſſen muß;
Dem Bayle [4]), wenn er ſich verdeutſcht erblicken könnte,
Zwo Seiten und noch mehr in ſeinem G. vergönnte,
Er nimmt ſich väterlich der deutſchen Töne an,
Und hats dem Hallmann [5]) noch bei weitem vorgethan.
Ja ſelbſt Victoria, die ihn als Gattin küſſet;
Vier Sprachen ſchreibt und ſpricht, und wie ein Leibnitz ſchließet,
Hat ſich nebſt ihm bemüht, und es ſo weit gebracht,
Daß unſer Schauplatz ſelbſt die Franzen neidiſch macht.
Man giebt der Neuberin rein überſetzte Stücke;
Theilt ſelbſt die Rollen aus; lehrt Stellung, Minen, Blicke;
Sie danket, und gehorcht, zieht doppelten Gewinn;
Wer den Profeſſor hört, geht auch zur Neuberin.
Thalia, die du haſt den Streit vorausgeſehen,
Was konnte, ſag es mir, Victorien geſchehen,
Daß ſie aus Rache ſchwur: Geht auch der Schauplatz ein,
So wahr die Gomez [6]) lebt! das muß beſtrafet ſeyn.

Thalia! noch einmal! Wodurch ward Gottſched hitzig?
Er ſchrie: die Neuberin wird wahrlich aberwitzig!
Was hat, entdecke mirs, die gute Frau verübt?
Auf einmal haßt er ſie mehr, als er ſie geliebt.

Der bittre Neid, der Geiſt der Müllerſchen Bande,
Schwur längſt der Neuberin Fall, Bankerut und Schande.
Er hatte ſchon den Geiſt dreimal nach ihr geſpeyet,
Doch von der Schauſpielkunſt ward ſie dreimal befreyet.
Jetzt ſchwur er noch einmal bei ſeinen Schlangenhaaren:
„Da ſie der Macht entweicht, ſoll ſie die Liſt erfahren.“
Die Nattern züngelten, er ſchärfte ſich den Zahn
Und trat ſogleich den Weg nach Gottſcheds Wohnung an.
Bis in den Hörſaal war der Neid als Neid gekommen;
Allein jetzt ward ſein Werk mit Argliſt unternommen,
Darum verwandelte des Glückes Afterſohn
Sich vor der Stube noch, und wurde zum Baron [7]).

Hier ſaß Victoria auf ihrem Polſterſtuhle
Mit Ungeduld erfüllt, daß ihre Federſpule
Die Ueberſetzungen zu ſparſam fließen ließ
Und ſich nach Gottſcheds Wunſch nicht ſo geſchwind erwies.
Gleich dieſen Augenblick trat der Baron ins Zimmer.
Und für die Neuberin war dieſes deſto ſchlimmer!
„Frau, ſprach er, die du ſelbſt der Sylphen Reich verdankſt,
„Wie eine Sappho ſingſt, wie eine Daphne glänzſt;
„Du Ueberſetzerin der göttlichen Alzire!
„Ein freches Weib verlegt die wunderſchönen Schwänke;
„Alzire wird geſpielt, von jedem hochgeſchätzt,
„Und auf dem Zettel ſtund: von Stüven überſetzt.
„Heißt dieſes kein Betrug, ſo wird kein Menſch betrogen;
„Die? Stüven gleichgeſtellt [8])! Ja gar noch vorgezogen?
„Iſt wohl die Neuberin noch eures Schutzes werth?
„Wenn dein Gemahl mit ihr nicht dießmal ſcharf verfährt,
„So wird ſie künftig gar, Victorien zu quälen,
„Die Ueberſetzungen der Wieneriſchen wählen.“
Hier küßte der Neid der großen Frau die Hand;
Ward an der Thüre noch zweimal Baron genannt,
Ging, freute ſich der Liſt, und ſchickt' im Augenblicke
Die Schweſter des Betrugs, die Eiferſucht zurücke.
Die fand Victorien ganz anders als der Neid:
Der Kulmus Auge ſah erbittert und zerſtreut;
Mit Knirſchen drückte ſie den kleinen Mund zuſammen;
Ihr Athem war ein Hauch, ſo heiß wie Feuerflammen;
Drum hielt die Eiferſucht, eh ſich der Zorn verlor,
Ihr das Vergrößerungsglas zur rechten Stunde vor.
Hierwider konnte ſich die Neuberin nicht ſchützen.
Die wilde Göttin will Victorien erhitzen,
Und da die Wahrheit nicht hierzu behülflich iſt,
So greift ſie zum Kryſtall, erwählt Betrug und Liſt.
So hilft die Möglichkeit, ſo hilft der Schein betrügen;
So malt die Eiferſucht ein Bild mit falſchen Zügen;
Ihr Spiegel bildet nie die Wahrheit bloß und rein;
Was klein iſt, macht er groß; was groß iſt, macht er klein.
Drum konnt er leicht auch hier ein Blendwerk zubereiten,
Es ſah Victoria Gottſcheds Magiſterzeiten;
Bei ihm die Neuberin weit reizender geſchmückt,
Als für ein häuslich Weib ſichs ſonſt im Hauſe ſchickt.
Es ging, und wer? genug, es ging jemand nach Weine;
Mit dem Magiſter blieb die Neuberin alleine.
Kurz durch das falſche Bild von der Magiſterzeit
Verlor Victoria Kraft und Gelaſſenheit.
Sie öffnete den Mund, ich weiß nicht was, zu ſprechen!
Doch Schwindel, Uebelkeit und heftig Seitenſtechen
Erlaubten ihr noch kaum, ein kläglich: Ach Herr Ir . . . !
Sie ſprach das Wort nur halb, und fiel aufs Kanapee.
Die Mägde liefen zu, ſie klagte Seitenſchmerzen,
Die alte Köchin ſcherzt, als wär es Zeit zu ſcherzen;
„Es iſt ein Schmerzensſohn, ja Frau Profeſſorin,
„Man tauf ihn, wie man will, ich heiß ihn Benjamin.
Der ſchlaue Diener ſtund, und horchte vor der Thüre;
Wenn, dachte er, dieß mein Herr von mir zuerſt erführe:
So würde wenigſtens doch ein Dukaten mein,
Und der Profeſſor froh, und jetzt zufrieden ſeyn.
Auf dieſes ſpitzte ſich der Ausbund von den Dienern,
Und floh mehr, als er ging, ins Kloſter zum Paulinern [9])
Wo der Profeſſor ſaß, und gleich recht magnifik,
Dießmal dem Syndikus kein einzig Wort verſchwieg.
Was nun der frohe Knecht durchs Schlüſſelloch geſehen,
Sagt er dem Herren ins Ohr, ja mehr noch, als geſchehen.

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[1]) Frau Neuberin vertrieb dadurch, daß ſie des Harlekins Kleider in einem Schauſpiele angezogen hatte, den Harlekin ganz von der Bühne.

[2]) Der Ruf ihrer Geſchicklichkeit und Birons Vermittelung waren Urſache, daß ſie die Kaiſerin Anna nach Petersburg rief. Nach dem Tode dieſer Kaiſerin aber und der Veränderung mit Herzog Biron, ſah ſie ſich genöthigt, Petersburg zu verlaſſen, und wieder nach Leipzig zu kommen.

[3]) Das Neuberſche Theater war auf der Ritterſtraße, im ſogenannten Zotenshofe, und durch dieſen ein Durchgang, auf die Nikolaiſtraße. Alle durchgehenden Perſonen mußten nahe an der Thüre des Theaters vorbei.

[4]) Die Ueberſetzung des Bayle'ſchen Dictionnaire iſt bei Breitkopf herausgekommen. Herr Gottſched nahm ſich, ſeinem Eifer für die Ueberſetzungen gemäß, der Aufſicht darüber an. Er erinnert ſehr beſcheiden das deutſche Publikum an ſeine wenigen Verdienſte! Sein Sinngedicht auf Bayle, ſprechen ſeine Feinde, habe wenig Scharfſinniges.

„Was Baylens Fleiß und Witz durch dieſes Werk gewieſen,
„Das giebt den reichſten Stoff zu hundert Sinngedichten!

Allein ſeine Feinde bedenken nicht, daß auf einen Mann, wie Bayle, ſich nicht viel Scharfſinniges ſagen läßt.

[5]) Joh. Chriſt. Hallmann ſchrieb Trauerſpiele, Freudenſpiele, Schäferſpiele. Siehe Neumeiſters Specimen diſſert. hiſtorico-criticae de poetis Germanicis.

[6]) Mad. Gottſched ſchwört hier bei einem Beiſpiele, das ſie ſich zur Nachahmung vorſtellte. Jetzt hat ſie dieſer Franzöſin die fruchtbare Feder ſtreitig gemacht! Man ſagt, daß es unſerer deutſchen Gomez ganz natürlich geweſen ſei:

— Ihm ein Bein zu ſtrecken,
Vier Bogen voller nichts mit Zänkchen auszuhecken.

[7]) Man kann den Leſer verſichern, daß dieſer Gedanke bloß des Reims halben da ſteht.

[8]) Herr von Stüven, ein Hamburger, überſetzte ehemals verſchiedene Trauerſpiele. Und ſeine Ueberſetzungen erhielten damals den Beifall der Kenner.

[9]) Der Ort des akademiſchen Gerichts in Leipzig iſt im ehemaligen Paulinerkloſter.

Und lief, ſein Herr befahls, dem er nie widerſprach,
Sogleich voran zurück, diesmal ihm Gottſched nach.

Der weit geſpaltne Herr erreichte bald das Zimmer,
Er ſah Victorien, ſie ihn, die Noth ward ſchlimmer.
Wie? Half der Anblick nicht, daß ſie den Schmerz vergaß?
O nein! ſie dachte noch an das Vergrößrungsglas.
Was war ſein erſtes Wort? „Geduldig meine Schöne!
„So leicht gebiehrt man nicht gelehrter Männer Söhne!
„Es ſchmerzte das Haupt dem Zeus drei Monden lang,
„Bevor Tritonia aus ſeiner Stirne ſprang.
Hierauf gab er Befehl, mehr Frauen herzuholen,
Nein! ſchrie Victoria, viel lieber anbefohlen,
Daß dieſer Mägde Schwarm aus meinem Zimmer eilt,
Weil ſonſt mein Mund mit dir nicht ſein Geheimniß theilt.
Die Mägde gingen fort, das Zimmer ward verſchloſſen,
Doch außen ſtunden ſie und horcheten zum Poſſen.
„Geliebter! ſprach nunmehr die kluge Gottſchedin,
„Wofern ich deiner Gunſt nicht werth geweſen bin!
„Was nannteſt du mich 10) ein Bild der unbefleckten Jugend?
„Ein ſeltnes Meiſterſtück von Witz, Verſtand und Tugend?
„Der Künſte Sammelplatz, dein Leben und dein Licht?
„Warum bekannſt du dich noch in ſechs Jahren nicht?
„Und warum gönnteſt du mich nicht dem Weichſelſtrande?
„Hier lud ich mir zur Laſt und deinem Ruhm zur Schande,
„Die ſtolze Neuberin hat mich und dich verletzt;
„Hat mich, o Frevelthat! ſelbſt Stäven nachgeſetzt.
„Argens und Mauvillon, nun habt ihr Macht zu lachen,
„Da wir Alziren gar zur Niederſächſin machen,
„Ich habe ſelbſt dieß Spiel ins reinſte Deutſch gebracht,
„Der Mummelklingen iſts dennoch nicht recht gemacht.
„Du unverſchämtes Weib! du wirſt mich ſchreiben lehren!
„Kannſt du, dein Volk und du wohl unſrer Huld entbehren?
„Wir ſprachen: Werde groß, durch uns, durch uns allein
„Erhob ſich deine Kunſt! Nun werd auch wieder klein!
„Gieb uns nur Schönemann 11) von ſeiner Ehrfurcht Proben,
„So können wir auch ihn in unſern Schriften loben!
„Geliebter hat dein Herz mich mit Bedacht erwählt;
„Hat bald Germanien 12) von dir und mir erzählt;
„Gabſt du, mit Recht die Müh, die Kulmus zu gewinnen,
„Beſchimpft mein Name nicht dich und die Tadlerinnen,
„So zeige, daß auch ich dir purpurheilig 13) bin
„Und ſtraf und züchtige die wilde Neuberin.
„Allein, erlaubſt du ihr Victorien zu kränken:
„Was meinſt du, daß ich ſoll von deiner Sanftmuth denken?"
So herzhaft als kaum je die kluge Porcia
Den Brutus angeredt, ſprach hier Victoria.
Ein ſchöner Mund wirkt mehr als eine Götterſtimme;
Ein Auge das gefällt, reizt auch bei ſeinem Grimme;
Mit Bitten herrſcht die Frau und mit Befehl der Mann;
Die eine, wenn ſie will, der andre, wenn er kann.
Auch Gottſched mußte ſich als Ehmann hier bequemen,
Victoriens Partei aus Zärtlichkeit zu nehmen.
Sie zürnt, er wüthet ſchon, ſie droht, er bläſt zur Schlacht,
Zählt an den Fingern her, wie viel er klein gemacht.
Fängt vom Pikander an, der Schweizer unvergeſſen,
Bis auf dem Mauvillon die lange Reih zu meſſen.
Kurz, wie Terenzens Held zu ſeinem Gnatho ſpricht,
Sprach er; jedoch vielleicht gleicht Thraſo ihm noch nicht.
Vor allen Dingen wird dem Diener anbefohlen,
Drei Freunde, die man nennt, den Abend noch zu holen.
Er läuft, der eine liegt an der Cholik zu Bett 14),
Ein anderer ſitzt und reimt 15), verbeſſert ein Sonnet,
In ſeiner Monatsſchrift, in den Beluſtigungen,
Der dritte 16) kommt zwar gleich auf den Befehl geſprungen;
Doch die Geſellſchaft iſt für dieſesmal zu klein,
Drum ladet man auch ihn auf morgen wieder ein.
Der Abend und die Nacht verſtreichen wie die Stunden,
Die der Egerie mit dem Pompil verſchwunden.

Zweites Buch.

Kaum drang der Sonnenſtrahl in Gottſcheds Schlafgemach,
Als außen Schwabe ſchon mit dem Bedienten ſprach;
Der kleine Patriot, des Meiſters liebſter Jünger,
In deutſcher Proſa flink, im Reimen nicht geringer;
Zum Ueberſetzen ſchnell, zum Tadeln aufgelegt,
In dem Philippis 1) Geiſt ſich noch heroiſch regt.
Kein muthiger Pygmä iſt Schwaben zu vergleichen,
Wann für der Waffen Blitz die Kraniche ſchüchtern weichen;
Er ging weit keker noch im Zimmer auf und ab,
Eh der Profeſſor kam, und Audienz ihm gab.
Es ruhete diesmal ſein Meiſter viel zu lange,
Jedoch ein munterer Kopf weiß nichts vom Müßiggange;
Auch er verfertigte bei der Gelegenheit,
Den ſtolzen Leberreim auf Gottſcheds Schläfrigkeit:
Die Leber iſt vom Hecht, und nicht von einem Hummer;
Der Erde Phöbus wacht, der meine liegt im Schlummer.
Er fuhr ſchon weiter fort, die Leber iſt vom Hecht.
Doch über ihn Amarant 2) von des Bathylls Geſchlecht.
Ein Dichter aus der Zeit, die noch ein Wortſpiel ſchätzt;
Ein Tänzer, deſſen Tanz die Weiber ſonſt ergötzte,
Der redliche Corvin trat in das Vorgemach,
Ihm aber folgete der Drucker Breitkopf nach.
Was muß doch, ſprach Corvin, der Herr Profeſſor wollen,
Und was wir dreie nur, ſprach Breitkopf, wiſſen ſollen?
Ein jeder rieth, allein ob es errathen war,
War durch des Schickſalsſchluß noch keinem offenbar.
Doch endlich mußte ſich die Ungeduld verlieren,
Der Diener öffnete die beiden Stubenthüren.
Nicht einer wollte hier der allerletzte ſein,
Sie drangen alle drei zugleich ins Zimmer ein.
Hier ſaß das große Paar, Victoria gelaſſen,
Als könnte ſie den Schimpf ſich nicht zu Herzen faſſen;
Nur Gottſched ſchob vor Zorn die Federmütze krumm,
Er fing zu reden an, die andern blieben ſtumm.
Kurz, er erzählete die Neuberiſche Sache
Und fragte zum Beſchluß: Ihr Freunde, welche Rache?
Ihr Muſen machet mir den Beifall doch bekannt,
Den ſeine Redekunſt in dieſen Herzen fand!
Sie nahmen alle Theil an den Beleidigungen;
Und ſchrien: verwegnes Weib! dir iſts noch nicht gelungen!
Corvin erboßte ſich und ſchrieb im Geiſte ſchon
Der Neuberin zum Trotz, ein Schauſpiellexicon;
Er bat um bouts rimés, und ſprach: ich will es wagen,
Und ſie noch dieſe Nacht an Zetens Thorweg ſchlagen.
Doch dieſer Vorſchlag ſtarb, als er geboren ward:
Dergleichen Rache ſchien Victorien zu hart;
Drum dachte Breitkopf noch den beſten Rath zu geben,
Und rufte bürgerlich: Mein bißgen Witz ſoll leben!
Man klage dieſe Frau bei den Gerichten an,
Damit ſie ſchwören muß, ob ſies zum Schimpf gethan.
Ein ſchlauer Advokat wird ihr ſchon Koſten machen,
Mit Schaden wird ſie klug, und wer wehrt uns zu lachen?
Allein auch dieſes war der Thorheit allzunah;
Und Gottſched, ob er ſchon des Mannes Eifer ſah,
Verwarf doch ſeinen Rath, und wartete was Schwabe,
Der kleine Fabius, annoch zu rathen habe.
Der, deſſen träger Witz und langſamer Verſtand
Nie ſonder große Müh das, was er ſuchte, fand,
Stand auf, bückt, räuſpert ſich, ſchwieg noch beträchtlich ſtille.
Doch endlich brach er los: „Dein Wink Herr, iſt mein Wille!
„Wer kommt, Magnifice, dir wohl an Einſicht bei?
„Doch deine Gütigkeit giebt mir ein Urtheil frei.
„Die That der Neuberin erſchreckt die Biedermänner,

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10) Siehe Herrn Gottſcheds Verſuch einer kritiſchen Dichtkunſt für die Deutſchen. Zweite Auflage von 1737, den zweiten Theil, S. 502. Die Elegie an die Jungfer L. A. V. Kulmus geſchrieben im April.

11) Herr Schönemann war vorher ein Akteur bei der Neuberiſchen Truppe. Er errichtete eine neue. Herr Gottſched preiſt ihn in der Vorrede zu ſeiner Schaubühne, beſonders weil er der Gottſchedin überſetzte Alzire vorgeſtellt hatte.

12) Siehe die oben angeführte Elegie, in welcher Herr Gottſched das choleriſche und ſanguiniſche Temperament trefflich zu verbinden gewußt hat, da ihm unter den zärtlichſten Gedanken beifällt:

Daß unſre Flamme nicht in finſtern Winkeln brennt,
Daß bald Germanien von unſrer Liebe weiß.

Er ſagt kurz vorher, daß ihm wäre, als ob ihm ſtolz würde:

Mir iſt als wird ich ſtolz, daß uns ein jeder kennt!

13) Herr Gottſched ſchmückte die neue Auflage der vernünftigen Tadlerinnen mit einer Zueignungsſchrift an ſeine Freundin und Gehülfin.

14) Herr Coroinus, ein guter Freund deſſelben, war dieſer Krankheit ſehr unterworfen.

15) Herr M. Schwabe in Leipzig, jetzo extraordinärer Profeſſor, war der Sammler und Herausgeber des beliebten Journals: Beluſtigungen des Verſtandes und Witzes. Die Abſicht dieſes Wochenblatts war, den Ausländern zu beweiſen, daß die Deutſchen ihnen gleich denken könnten. Aber leider bewieſen ſehr viele Stücke, daß die Verfaſſer auch nicht denken können. Ihn haben auch viele reindeutſche Ueberſetzungen, beſonders der comiſchen Schriften der Mad. Beaumont berühmt gemacht.

16) Herr Breitkopf, Buchdrucker und Verleger ſeiner Schriften.

1) Auch damals gab es ſchon Wichmanns!

2) Unter dieſem Namen edirte Coroinus ſeine Gedichte.

„Befremdet ungemein der reinen Sprache Kenner.
„Durch mich, den Secretair, ſpricht die Geſellſchaft aus:
„Verjagt die Ketzerin! zerſtört ihr Schauſpielhaus?
„Selbſt ganz Germanien erſtaunt bei dieſer Sache.
„Die deutſche Sprache ſchreit nebſt dem Geſchmack um Rache.
„Und außerdem, ſo bricht der Undank allenfalls
„Der frechen Neuberin ſchon den verwirkten Hals.
„Wohlan laß deinen Kiel von ihren Fehlern ſchreiben,
„Dein Fluch wird ganz gewiß an dieſer Frau bekleiben;
„Ein Urtheil wurzelt ein, und gilt bei aller Welt,
„Das Breitkopf gründlich druckt und Gottſched zierlich fällt,
„Schreib! großer Dichter ſchreib! die ſtolze Frau zu ſtürzen;
„Du haſt ja Stoff genug, Satiren auch zu würzen!
„Dein Ausſpruch, dem die Welt bisher ihr Lob geglaubt,
„Beſitzt allein die Macht, daß er es wieder raubt.
„Was iſt ihr Glück? dein Ton; du kannſt ſie förmlich drücken
„Und wieder, wann du willſt, in einen Klumpen rücken,
„Drum ſtrafe, weil du kannſt, erniedrige das Weib;
„Was Schwabe rathen kann, iſt weiter nichts, als ſchreib!"
Der Rath erhielt ſogleich die Stimmen aller Viere;
Doch Gottſched fühlte ſich zu trocken zur Satire;
Drum trug er Schwaben auf mit Hülfe des Corvin
Sich für Victorien ſtatt ſeiner zu bemühn.
„Seit dem wir, ſprach der Mann, in ſchweren Aemtern ſitzen,
„Nebſt unſrer Profeſſur der Stadt als Rektor nützen,
„Schreibt unſer Kiel nicht mehr ſo fertig, als er ſchrieb,
„Wenn ihn ein Namensfeſt und ein Geburtstag trieb.
„Zudem ſo halten wir nicht viel vom Selbſterfinden;
„Die Kränze, die wir uns als Ueberſetzer winden,
„Sind Lorbern ohne Müh! die Welt gedenkt an mich,
„Denn meine Schriften ziert auch noch mein Kupferſtich.
„Ihr Freunde, Gottſched lebt in vielen Bücherbänden.
„Kann die Unſterblichkeit mir wohl ein Fall entwenden!
„Der große Bücherſchatz hebt meinen Namen auf
„Und Götten[3] ſelber ſchreibt ſchon meinen Lebenslauf."
Und alſo war dieß Werk für Schwabens Ruhm beſchieden?
Doch nein, Victoria war nicht damit zufrieden,
Sie fuhr ganz hitzig auf. „Werd ich ſo ſchlecht geliebt,
„Daß der Profeſſor ſich auch nicht die Mühe giebt?
„Und was entſchuldigt ihn? hält ihn die Furcht zurücke?
„Wie? oder fehlet es ihm etwan am Geſchicke?
„Wohlan, ihm war ein Kuß zu Dankbarkeit beſtimmt,
„Solls Schwabe ſein, der ihn von meinen Lippen nimmt?
„Du darfſt, Victoria, nicht an die Rache denken:
„Dein Liebſter ſcheut ſich ſelbſt, die Neuberin zu kränken."
Für Angſt fiel dem Corvin der neue Hut in Staub;
Selbſt Breitkopf zitterte für Furcht, wie Eſpenlaub;
Und Schwabe ſah verwirrt wie ſeine Deutſchlands Klage,
Die den Augen beweint, den Helden unſrer Tage.
Doch Gottſcheds Mund ging auf, drum fiel das Schrecken hin;
„Ich, ſprach er, züchtige nun ſelbſt die Neuberin,
„Nur Dint und Feder her! Ihr Freunde bis auf morgen!
„Für eingefeucht Papier wird ſchon mein Breitkopf ſorgen."
Kaum hat er dieß geſagt, ſo ſaß er ſchon und ſchrieb,
Und von den dreien war nur Schwabe, welcher blieb.
Wer Gottſcheds Art nicht kennt, der muß ihn gar nicht kennen;
Von ſeinem Kiel iſt nie die Fruchtbarkeit zu trennen;
Die Feder iſt von ihm mechaniſch abgericht:
Oft ſchreibt ſie von ſich ſelbſt, er aber denket nicht.
Und hieran hat ſich oft die Tadelſucht gerieben,
Doch Gottſched hat nicht ſchuld: er hat nie ſchlecht geſchrieben;
Was kann der Mann dafür, wenn ſich ſein Kiel verirrt
Und er, wie Phaeton des Zügels müde wird?
Kurz, ſeine Fertigkeit blieb jetzt auch nicht zurücke[4]
Er ſchrieb den Bogen voll in einem Augenblicke;
Und las ihn Schwaben vor, der darum bei ihm blieb,
Damit er lernete, wie ſchnell ſein Meiſter ſchrieb.
Es war die Stachelſchrift proſaiſch aufgeſetzet;
Recht wortreich was Catull an den Suffenen ſchätzet;
Er gab nun öffentlich der armen Neuberin
Gedächtnißfehler ſchuld, Brodneid[5] und Eigenſinn.
Sie war ſo klein gemacht, als ſie erſt groß geweſen,
Und dieß bekam die Welt im ſchönſten Druck zu leſen;
Selbſt Breitkopf ſetzte ſich in eigener Perſon,
Und als Verleger nahm er keinen Druckerlohn.
So war der Neuberin ihr Unglück zubereitet;
Ihr Zeiten merkt es euch, was Gottſcheds Zorn bedeutet.

Drittes Buch.

So, wie bei ſchwüler Luft, ſchwarzblauer Wolken Nacht
Den heitern Horizont auf einmal dunkel macht;
Des Tages Lieblichkeit in Sturm und Blitz verkehret
Und Schlag auf Schlag die Furcht der Sterblichen vermehret:
So, und weit ſchneller noch, fuhr auch der Neuberin
Des ſtarken Gottſcheds Zorn proſaiſch durch den Sinn.
Sie hätte nie geglaubt, um Stüven, um Alziren,
Zween Freunde, ja noch mehr, zween Gönner zu verlieren.
Die Schickung fügt es ſo; das wiederfährt uns oft,
Woran wir nie gedacht, worauf wir nie gehofft.
Wo ſie durch Annens Wink, noch einmal groß geworden.
Ihr Amazonen-Herz voll Großmuth und Geduld
Erinnerte ſich hier der abgeſtorbnen Huld.
O! ſprach ſie zu ſich ſelbſt, das Glück kann ich entrathen!
Ich wette, meine Kunſt erweckt noch Potentaten;
Mein Ruf bringt noch gewiß vor großer Fürſten Thron,
Im Geiſte dünkt es mich, Schach Nadir winkt mir ſchon.
Umſonſt, kein Nadir winkt, kein Fürſt ruft deine Bande;
Bleib und ernähre dich in deinem Vaterlande!
Auch hier ſtellt ſich vielleicht Neid und Verfolgung ein
Kein Menſch kann, eh er ſtirbt, des Glücks geſichert ſein.
Und lebſt du nun in Ruh? gefehlt, ergreif die Waffen!
Man untergräbt dein Glück, ein Feind macht dir zu ſchaffen;
Ein Feind, der an der Liſt dem Kunz von Kaufung gleicht,
Die Rach aufs höchſte treibt, und im Geheim erſchleicht.
Dein Glück iſt dir geraubt, wenn du den Ruhm verloren,
Die See thaut langſam auf, die jähling zugefroren.
Beſchimpft man dich einmal, ſo mache, was du willſt
Es gehen Jahre hin, eh du die Schmähſucht ſtillſt.
Doch dieſes konnte noch die Neuberin nicht denken;
Sie hatte keine Spur von des Profeſſors Ränken.
Sie dacht', er wäre noch jetzt, wie zuvor, ihr Freund,
Drum fürchtete ſie ihn auch nicht als einen Feind.
Indeß verkaufte ſchon Breitkopf die Satire;
Kein Bürger, kein Student, ging in dem Bär zu Biere[1]
Der auf dem Tiſche nicht die Spottſchrift liegen ſah;
Denn für die Gäſte lag ſie frei zu leſen da.
Er las ſie, nicht genug, er eilte, ſie zu kaufen.
Und auf der Treppe ſah man nur Satiren laufen.
Die Blätter gingen ab, bis auf ein Exemplar,
Das zu dem Nachſchuß noch zurück geleget war.

Ein Zufall ließ die Schrift in Suppigs Hände fallen.
Den ſchätzt die Neuberin von ihren Leuten allen,
Nur ihres Umgangs werth; den zieht ſie jedem vor,
So hub Eliſabeth den Eſſex kaum empor.
Nur Suppigen ſteht frei, da, wo ſie wohnt, zu wohnen;
Nach Kochen giebt ſie ihm die künſtlichſten Perſonen;
Wenn ſie Prinzeſſin iſt, erhebt ihn ihre Wahl,
Und Suppig wird ihr Prinz, ſo fügt ſichs allemal.
Doch bei dem Liebling iſt die Gunſt auch nicht verſchwendet,
Er hat ihr für dieß Glück ſich und ſein Herz verpfändet,
Er dienet ihr mit Luſt, thut, was ſie haben will,
Und ſchweigt, ſo bald ſie zürnt, ſogleich ſehr weislich ſtill.
Jetzt ſah ſein Auge kaum den unglückvollen Bogen,
Und ſeine Gönnerin ſo hämiſch durchgezogen;
So rückte ſeine Hand den tiefgeſetzten Hut,
Und Miene, Blick und Gang verriethen ſeine Wuth.
Indem er lief, die Schrift der Neuberin zu zeigen,
So konnte ſchon voraus ſein Biedermund nicht ſchweigen,
Er redet mit ſich ſelbſt. Vergebens grüßt man ihn,
Es fehlt ihm an der Zeit, den Hut herabzuziehn,
Ha! ſchrie er klar und laut ſchon in der Stubenthüre:
Da haben wir die Frucht! die bringet uns Alzire!
Und hiermit warf er nun der ſchönen Neuberin,
Die Schmähſchrift auf den Tiſch, und ſich im Lehnſtuhl hin!
Sie las ſie lächelnd durch, und ſtrafte ſein Betragen,
„Was iſt es, ſprach ſie, mehr? der Neid ſucht uns zu ſchlagen.
„Dieß Suppig, macht mich groß, und meinen Muth nicht klein,
„Was ſchlechtes kann an uns nicht zu beneiden ſein.

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[3] Siehe deſſelben jetztlebendes gelehrtes Europa.

[4] In hora saepe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.

[5] In den Vorreden zur deutſchen Schaubühne.

[1] Das Breitkopfiſche Haus, worinnen Herr Gottſched wohnte, führt einen goldnen Bär zum Schilde.

„Die Götter zittern nicht, wann Typhen Berge thürmet,
„Und aus Verwegenheit den Himmel ſelbſt beſtürmet;
„Ein Blitz des Jupiters, ein Pfeil des Delius,
„Mehr braucht die Gottheit nicht, daß Typhon ſtürzen muß!
„Iſt Gottſched unſer Feind, die Kunſt wird uns beſchützen,
„Die Kunſt, durch welche wir der Kenner Gunſt beſitzen.
„Was ſchadets, daß man uns hier fälſchlich Fehler zeigt,
„Genug, ſobald mein Fuß die Bühne nur beſteigt,
„So wird, wer Gottſcheds Freund und unſer Feind geweſen,
„Die abgeſchmackte Schrift mit großem Ekel leſen.
„Vergib, ſprach Suppig drauf, daß, was wir wol gethan,
„Iſt dieß, man dichtet uns ſogar den Brodneid an.
„Geſetzt, wir handelten auch öfters unbedächtig,
„So iſt doch dieſer Neid für uns zu niederträchtig.
„Der blinde Pöbel glaubts, und ziehet unſer Chor
„Noch mit genauer Noth dem ſtarken Manne vor.
„Iſt bei den Deutſchen nicht die Bühne gnug verachtet,
„Daß Gottſched ſie durch uns noch mehr zu ſtürzen trachtet?
„Iſt das der Dank, daß erſt durch dich ſein Trauerſpiel,
„Die Iphigenie der ganzen Stadt gefiel?
„Sein Cato[2]) hat durch dich den wahren Ruhm erworben,
„Und ohne dich war auch der Kulmus Fleiß verdorben.
„Du ſpielteſt, was ſie ſchrieb; was Wunder, wenn dein Lob,
„Die Ueberſetzungen der dürftigen Muſe hob!
„Nun giebt man dir den Lohn, nun ſchimpft man unſre Bande,
„Dein iſt der größte Schimpf, wir theilen nur die Schande.
„Nach dir benennt man uns; dein Nam iſt nur bekannt,
„Uns wird dadurch nichts mehr, als nur der Ruf entwandt.
Allein ihr Herz blieb groß, wie es zuvor geweſen,
Sie forderte das Blatt, es noch einmal zu leſen.
Doch, weil ihr Geiſt den Schimpf des Brodneids nicht ertrug,
Verſah es ihre Hand, daß ſie ein Schnippgen ſchlug.
„Zwar, ſprach ſie, ſollten wir zu dieſem Schimpfe ſchweigen,
„Doch laſſet uns einmal dem frechen Feinde zeigen,
„Daß allemal der Schimpf auf den zurücke fällt,
„Der ſich für groß genug, uns zu beſchimpfen hält.
„Mir koſtets wenig Müh, ihn lächerlich zu machen;
„Laß ſehn, wen Leipzig wird von uns zuerſt verlachen.
„Wohlan, ich werd einmal ſein Ariſtophanes,
„Vielleicht iſt Gottſched nicht ſo klug als Sokrates.
„Vielleicht gelingt es mir“ — hier ſchwieg ſie plötzlich ſtille,
Ihr Ernſt beſchämete die komiſche Grille.
Sie rührte keine Hand, ihr Auge war verrückt,
Ihr Geiſt durch einen Glanz der Götter Pracht entzückt.
Sie ſtirbt! ſchrie Suppig laut, die Ohnmacht iſt zu heftig,
Gleich Schauers Balſam her! — hier war kein Balſam kräftig,
Man bracht' ihm noch darzu ein Ungriſch Waſſerglas.
Mit beiden macht er ihr den Schlaf und Wirbel naß;
Er brach die Daumen aus, und jedes Gliedgen knackte,
Er griff ihr nach den Puls, er ſchlug im ſchönſten Takte.
Die Hände waren warm, der Körper war geſund,
Doch öffnete ſie erſt nach langer Zeit den Mund:
„Was macht ihr? fragte ſie, was ſoll der Balſam dienen?
„Mir iſt die Schauſpielkunſt in ihrer Pracht erſchienen.
„Von jenem Winkel her kam mir ein Schimmer nah!
„Und eh ich mich beſann, ſtand ſchon die Göttin da!
„Wie ſehr, wie ſehr war ſie nicht über mich erhaben!
„Im Anſehn, welches ihr erſt die Kothurnen gaben,
„Im Stralenkreiſe ſelbſt, womit ihr Haupt umkränzt.
„Wie Zephals Räuberin am frühen Morgen glänzt;
„Im Spiegel in der Hand, konnt' ich die Göttin kennen,
„Die wir Beſchützerin von unſrer Bande nennen.
„Sie zog die Larve weg; und ihr enthüllter Mund
„That eurer Neuberin den Willen alſo kund:
Wer meinen Prieſtern ſchmäht, den muß ich ſelber haſſen,
Wer mir Altäre weiht, den will ich nie verlaſſen;
In Deutſchland hab ich dir das Prieſterthum vertraut,
Wo mir dein Fleiß zuerſt den Tempel aufgebaut.
Die vor und neben dir, mir fälſchlich dienſtbar waren,
Die hab' ich nie erkannt, ich hielt ſie für Barbaren!
Dich hab' ich mir erwählt, räumt dir der Neid nichts ein:
Getroſt! Beweiß es ihm, ich will dein Zeuge ſein.
Auf treue Neuberin! den Vorſatz auszuführen!
Laß deinem Feind die Macht von meinem Schutze ſpüren!
Auf! weiſ' ihm nur das Bild der leeren Tadelſucht;
Der eigne Schatten treibt das Laſter in die Flucht.
Der volle Schauplatz ſoll zur Aehnlichkeit nicht ſchweigen,
Und iſt dein Feind dabei, mit Fingern auf ihn zeigen.
Kurz, wags und ſtell ihn vor, damit ihn jeder kennt,
Der deinen Tadel hört, und ihn auch Gottſched nennt.
Der Menſchen Thorheit wird am beſten vorgeſtellet,
Wenn ſich die Handlung ſelbſt dem Bilde zugeſellet;
Zu dieſem Vortheil hilft der Dichtkunſt meine Kraft,
Die dem, was ſie gemalt, das wahre Leben ſchafft.
Auf! Gottſcheds Bild der Welt entlarvet vorzulegen!
Mein Feuer ſoll ſich ſelbſt in deinen Adern regen.
Dieß will ich. Mein Befehl prägt dir noch dieſes ein:
Wer recht gehorchen will, muß gleich gehorſam ſein.
„Das Schrecken hatte mir die Zunge noch gebunden,
„Jedoch die Göttin war, ich weiß nicht wie, verſchwunden.
„Mein Geiſt erholte ſich, ich bin wie aufgewacht;
„Da ſeh ich, daß ihr euch mit mir zu ſchaffen macht.
„Der glückliche Befehl, den ich anjetzt vernommen,
„Soll mir zu keiner Zeit aus dem Gedächtniß kommen!“
Doch Suppig lächelte, und redete ganz frei.
„Was du geſehen haſt, halt ich für Phantaſei.
„Der Rath gefällt mir zwar, den du mir ſelbſt gegeben,
„Nur kann ich der Vernunft ſo ſtark nicht widerſtreben.
„Daß ich bekennen ſoll, daß Künſte Götter ſind:
„Ich ſah die Göttin nicht, und war doch auch nicht blind!“
O ſprach die Neuberin, anſtatt ſich zu erzürnen,
„Dein irdiſch Auge wird ſie noch erblicken lernen.
„Geduld! bis du genug von mir erzogen biſt,
„Vielleicht, daß dir alsdann die Göttin gnädig iſt.“
Das große Glücke war, daß Suppig dieſes ſagte:
Wer iſt, der ſich ſonſt ihr zu widerſprechen wagte?
Doch war es gut, daß gleich der Schneider Schulze kam,
Der ihr ein friſches Maß zu dem Jenenſer[3]) nahm.
Der Mann, ſo plump er ſcheint, iſt öfter recht poſſirlich,
Wenn ſeine Rolle kommt, ſo ſpielt er ſie manierlich;
Zuweilen braucht ſie ihn: er füllt die Lücke voll
Wenn einer fehlt, der nur ſechs Wörter ſagen ſoll.
Auch dem erzählte ſie: Mir iſt die Kunſt erſchienen,
Die Kunſt, der ich und du, jedoch beſonders dienen.
Ihr Mund verſchwieg ihm nichts, auch keine Kleinigkeit:
Auf Weiberlippen wohnt nicht die Verſchwiegenheit.
Er, welcher alles glaubt, hielt ſie dadurch für größer,
Und ſich, weil er ihr dient, auch ſelbſt für etwas beſſer.
Ihm ſtieg das Handwerksblut mit Ehrgeiz in die Bruſt;
Er ſchimpft auf Gottſcheds That mit pöbelhafter Luſt.
Die Einfaltstreue kann auch große Herzen rühren;
Der Mann ließ nicht umſonſt den blinden Eifer ſpüren;
Aus Großmuth warf ſie ihm den letzten Gulden hin,
Und ſprach: Vertrink das Geld aufs Glück der Neuberin.

Kaum war der Schneider weg, ſo rief ſie: „Laßt uns dichten;
„Was könnten wir anjetzt wohl herrlichers verrichten?
„Ein ungewohntes Feur flammt meine Geiſter an.
„Sonſt hats die Dichtkunſt auch, doch nie ſo ſtark, gethan.
„Wohlan, ein Vorſpiel ſoll den ſtolzen Tadler malen,
„Hier, Suppig, will ich ihn, wie ers verdient, bezahlen.
„Wer den Profeſſor kennt, und meinen Tadler hört,
„Soll, wenn er Gottſcheds Wind auch noch ſo eifrig ehrt;
„Des Bildes Aehnlichkeit dem Nachbar doch verrathen,
„Und ſagen: was man ſpielt, ſind wahrlich Gottſcheds Thaten.
Sie ſetzte ſich und ſchrieb, man ließ ſie ganz allein,
Es ſtellten zwar ſich bei ihr Gedanken ein;
Nur ſchien der Reim ſie noch verrätheriſch zu verlaſſen;
Er mußt', als Gottſcheds Freund, des Dichters Feindin haſſen.
Wie lange ſuchte ſie ein Reimwort auf Geduld,
Ihr Blick durchwanderte die Wörter: Pult, Schuld, Huld;
Umſonſt auch Huld[4]), will hier nicht dem Gedanken gleichen;
Sie ſchrieb die Zeilen hin, ſie wieder auszuſtreichen,
O rief ſie, Göttin gieb dem Eifer jetzt Gehör!
Was du mir aufgelegt, wird deiner Magd zu ſchwer.
Soll meine Schwachheit jetzt von deiner Größe ſingen,
So hilf mir dießsmal den ſpröden Reim bezwingen.
Kaum, als ſie dieß geſagt, ſo regte ſich ihr Kiel,
Aus dem ein Tintenklecks auf ihren Bogen fiel.
Und hierdurch ſchien ihr ſelbſt die Göttin zu entdecken,
Sie würde ganz gewiß des Feindes Ruhm beflecken.
Nun ſchrieb die Neuberin von Neuem wieder fort,
Der Reim war gleich bereit, auch auf das ſchwerſte Wort.

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[2] So ſchlecht er iſt, ſo erträglich gegen den Unſinn des hamanniſirenden Bodmer in ſeinen politiſchen Schauſpielen!

[3] In einem Luſtſpiele: Das Reich der Todten, ſtellte Frau Neuberin das Lächerliche von Leipziger, Wittenberger, Halliſchen und Jenaiſchen Studenten in eigener Perſon, und abgewechſelter Kleidung vor.

[4] Dieß war eins der Lieblingswörter der Frau Neuberin; beſonders in den kurzen Dankgedichten, die ſie bei dem Beſchluſſe der Schauſpiele herſagte.

Nun brauchte ſie nicht mehr dem Falſchen nachzueilen,
Er kam und hing ſich jetzt von ſelbſt an ihre Zeilen.
Und eh ein Tag verging, und eine Nacht verſtrich,
War auch das Vorſpiel da. Nun, Gottſched hüte dich!
So hoch war kaum die Kunſt im Attila getrieben,
Auf dem ſelbſt Boileau ein Sinngedicht geſchrieben.
Auf! große Neuberin, auf! zeige nun der Stadt
Ein Werk, in dem die Kunſt den Reim gebändigt hat.
Den letzten Angriff hat nur noch dein Mund zu wagen,
Den die geraubten Ruhm gedoppelt zu erjagen.

Viertes Buch.

Die Rollen wurden noch vor Abend ausgetheilt,
Und zu der Anſtalt nicht ein Augenblick verweilt.
Der gute Suppig hat, aus herzlich treuer Rache,
Erlaubt, daß ich ſelbſt hierbei den Tadler mache.
Jedoch, die Freude muß ihm diesmal vergehen.
Er ſoll, als die Vernunft der Kunſt zur Seiten ſtehen.
Dieß war die Neuberin. Was er ſich ausgebeten,
Erhielt Fabrizius, als Tadler aufzutreten.
Die andern wählte ſie durch Einſicht, durch das Loos,
Denn um die Rollen war das Drängen allzugroß.
Ein jeder lernte, das was er reden wollte,
Als ob die Ewigkeit ihn überhören ſollte;
Die Probe konnte ſelbſt ſchon ſehenswürdig ſein,
Denn in dieſelben ſchlich auch nicht ein Fehler ein.
So muthig kann kein Stier das Horn zum Streite wetzen,
Kein Löwe, den man will mit einem Tiger hetzen,
Gewaget ſo tapfrer Stolz, bevor der ſtarke Feind,
Des Ehrenkampfes werth, zum Widerſtand erſcheint.
Weit größer war der Muth, der in den Helden brannte,
Die hier die Neuberin zu dieſem Werk ernannte.
So gar Fabrizius, des Tadlers Ebenbild,
War ſelbſt mit Rach und Wunſch ihm gleich zu ſein erfüllt.
An allen Ecken war das Vorſpiel angeſchlagen,
Auch mußte noch dabei der Zettelträger ſagen:
Es ſei ein neues Stück. Die Liſt der Neuberin,
Schickt ihn zum Feinde ſelbſt mit einem Zettel hin;
Der ward ihm gleich, von wem? von Schwaben vorgeleſen;
Iſt Ganymed wohl je fern von dem Zeus geweſen?
Des Vorſpiels Neuigkeit, die er mit Furcht erblickt,
Der Zettel, den ſie ihm ſo liſtig zugeſchickt,
Und der Gewiſſenswurm begangner Frevelthaten,
Das ließ ihn ſchon voraus auf ihre Rache rathen.
„Er fragte zweifelsvoll: Victoria, wie nun?
„Ich weiß nicht, was mir ahndt, was räthſt du mir zu thun?
„Die Klugheit fordert zwar, dies Vorſpiel anzuſchauen,
„Doch trifft der Inhalt mich, wer darf dem Pöbel trauen?
„Nein! Nein, ich bleibe hier, Sie iſt des Ruhms nicht werth,
„Daß Gottſcheds Gegenwart den Schauplatz noch verklärt."
Allein Victoria fing höhniſch an zu lachen.
„Kann, ſprach ſie, dich das Weib auf einmal furchtſam machen?
„Weißt du nicht, was man noch zu Carpzovs[1]) Ehren ſpricht?
„Sein großes Herz wich auch den größten Feinden nicht?
„Was that er, als ſein Haus geſteinigt werden ſollte?
„Als ein Studentenheer die Fenſter ſtürmen wollte?
„Der große Mann verließ, doch nicht für Furcht, das Haus;
„Er ſchlich ſich unvermerkt zur Hinterthüre raus;
„Und ging, als wüßt er nichts von den Rebellenſtreichen,
„Auf dieſe Stürmer zu, ſein Wohnhaus zu erreichen.
„Hier ſtellt er ſich beherzt dem wilden Haufen dar,
„Als zu dem Steinigen ſchon ausgeholet war.
„Sein Anblick war genug, die Raſenden zu ſchrecken,
„Und bei den Schüchternen die Ehrfurcht zu erwecken.
„Die Felſen fielen gleich den Rieſen aus der Hand,
„Die nach dem Hute griff. Die Thorheit ward erkannt.
„Platz! Schrie ſie. Carpzov kommt! Ein jeder trat zurücke.
„Und wer nennt dieſe That nicht Carpzovs Meiſterſtücke?
„Wie? fuhr ſie weiter fort, hat ein Magnificus,
„Nicht Rang genug, daß er den Pöbel fürchten muß?
„Wer ſeine Feinde flieht, iſt leicht zu überwinden,
„Nein, deine Gegenwart muß ihr die Zunge binden;
„Sie muß, wenn ſie dich ſieht, gleich in ſich ſelbſt verirrt,
„Bedroht, gerührt, geſchreckt, beſtürzt, verzagt, verwirrt,
„Beſchämet und verſtummt vor dir die Flucht ergreifen,
„Und alſo Schimpf auf Schimpf und Schand auf Schande häufen."

Doch der Profeſſor willigte nach vielen Weigern ein,
Er wollte, wollte nicht, dabei zugegen ſein.
Nein, ja, jedoch, allein, doch zwar, ich darfs nicht wagen:
So ſprach ſein Zweifel noch, als es ſchon drei geſchlagen.
Bald ruft er den Pedell, bald ſah er nach der Uhr,
Bis endlich ein Wohlan von ſeinen Lippen fuhr.
„Wohlan, entſchloß er ſich, ich will der Frau nicht weichen,
„Ich muß doch meinen Zweck ihr noch zum Trotz erreichen.
„Geht, holt Corvinen her; gleich klopft jemand. Herein!
„Ach redlicher Corvin, erwünſcht ſtellſt du dich ein!
„Ein Vorſpiel drohet mir, und ſucht mich zu beſtreiten.
„Ich muß zugegen ſein, dein Fuß ſoll mich begleiten.
„Biſt du noch, wie zuvor, ein Feind der Neuberin,
„So ſtelle dich, o Freund, zu den Studenten hin!
„Und ſuchet mich das Weib zu lächerlich zu machen:
„So mußt du mit Gewalt vor Gottſcheds Ehre wachen.
„Ermanne deinen Muth, pfeif, fang zu ſcharren an,
„Dem Erſten hat es oft der Zweite nachgethan.
„Und ſtimmt der dritte bei, ſo folgt der ganze Haufen;
„So muß die Frau beſchimpft von ihrer Bühne laufen.
Der eifrige Corvin verſprach noch mehr als dieß,
Und unſrer Heldin Schimpf war ſchon bei ihm gewiß.
Sein Fechterſchritt verrieth durch drohende Geberden,
Die Luſt, im Alter noch ein Renommiſt zu werden.

Die vierte Stunde ſchlug, die rechte Schauſpielzeit,
Gottſched, Victoria und Schwabe war bereit,
Corvin vorausgeſchickt, auf den Studentenplätzen,
Den Poſten ſeines Amts bei Zeiten zu beſetzen.
Drei Sänften warteten an Gottſcheds Thüre ſchon,
Der that die Bitte noch an Phöbus Tochterſohn:
„Apoll und ihr von mir oft angerufne Schweſtern,
„Laßt euren Orpheus nicht von der Bacchantin läſtern,
„Geht, da mein Fuß, für euch, den Fechterplatz betritt,
„Mir eure Majeſtät zu der Begleitung mit."
So ward der ſchwere Weg nun endlich angetreten;
Doch dem Verhängniß kann kein Menſch entgegen beten.
Der Schauplatz wimmelte, die Logen waren voll,
Und eine blieb nur leer, die Gottſched haben ſoll,
Und hierin war auch noch die Neuberin zu loben,
Weil ſie den beſten Platz dem Dichter aufgehoben.
Von ſeiner Ankunft ward ihr gleich die Poſt gebracht,
Und zur Eröffnung auch die Anſtalt ſchon gemacht,
Der Vorhang zog ſich auf, das Spiel ward angefangen,
O Gottſched wäreſt du diesmal nicht hingegangen!
Kaum trat die Neuberin, als Schauſpielkunſt hervor,
So hob ihr Auge ſich ſchon ſiegreich ſtolz empor;
Als wenn es noch vorher dem Feinde rathen wollte,
Daß er durch ſchnelle Flucht die Rettung ſuchen ſollte.
Doch den Profeſſor ließ die Schickung nicht entfliehn,
Ehrgeiz, Victoria, und Schwabe hielten ihn.
Er dacht' es würde ſie ſein Anſehn noch bezwingen.
Wo nicht, ſo müßte doch der Streich Corvins gelingen.
Umſonſt, der Anſchlag fehlt. Der Tadler zeigte ſich,
Daß Gottſched bei ſich ſelbſt bekannte: das bin ich.
Er ſah ſich horchend um, und wo ein Mund ſich rührte,
Da dünkt ihm, daß man auch von ihm Geſpräche führte.
Sein Anſehn wagte nun ſein letztes Meiſterſtück;
Sein Auge waffnete noch einen großen Blick;
Kurz, ein verzognes Bild von den vier Fakultäten
War jetzo das Geſicht des grimmigen Poeten.
Sinkt nicht hierbei der Muth dem frechſten Feinde hin,
Vielleicht dem Mauvillon, nur nicht der Neuberin.
Die Rache war gerecht, drum mußte ſie geſchehen;
Sie wünſchte weiter nichts, als ihn beſtürzt zu ſehen.
Sein ſtrafendes Geſicht macht ihr bald offenbar,
Daß ihr des Tadlers Bild erwünſcht gelungen war.
Ihr Feind war ſchon beſiegt, jedoch zum Triumphiren,
Wollt ihr das Glück den Sieg, mit mehr Bezwungnen zieren.
Das Vorſpiel war faſt halb, als Gottſched durch den Stab,
Dem lauernden Corvin aus Angſt das Zeichen gab.
Dem war ſchon in der That um den Profeſſor bange,
Und zu der Kriegesliſt währt ihm die Zeit zu lange.
Kaum ſah er Gottſcheds Wink, ſo ſcharrte ſchon ſein Fuß;
So pfiff auch ſchon ſein Mund. Es ſprang Fabrizius,
Doch blieb er ungeſtört, und rieth nicht auf Corvinen:
Der trunkne Fiſcher[2]) that dieß ſonſt vor allen Bühnen.

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[1]) Paſtor an der St. Thomaskirche in Leipzig.

[2]) Bürger und Färber zu Leipzig, beſuchte meiſtens trunken die Schaubühne.

Allein, die Neuberin errieth die Argliſt gleich,
Doch ſie erwartete mit Großmuth dieſen Streich.
Sie fing zu reden an, man pfiff und ſcharrte wieder,
Und dießmal bekam Corvin zween treue Brüder,
Die lärmten mit. Wie kräht der Hühnermann allein,
Man hört, wo Hähne ſind, auch gleich mehr Hähne ſchreien.
Die Neuberin ſchwieg ſtill; ihr Auge ſchien zu fragen:
Hat niemand Herz genug, den Lärm zu unterſagen?
Ein Schauſpielpatriot, ein ſittlicher Student,
Der ſich bereits ſchon längſt die Hörner abgerennt
Jedoch entſchloſſen war, das freie Burſchenleben
Erſt durch den Tod einmal gezwungen aufzugeben;
Der jederzeit Geſchmack an dieſer Bühne fand,
Und ihr auch Tag vor Tag vier Groſchen zugewandt,
Rief überlaut: ſeid ſtill! und warnete Corvinen,
Zuerſt beſcheidentlich mit Worten und mit Mienen;
Allein umſonſt, Corvin nahm keine Warnung an,
Er lärmte fort, weils ihm noch keiner nachgethan,
Und that ſein tapfres Amt, zu dem er ſich verſchworen;
Doch dem Studenten ging hier die Geduld verloren.
Und da der größte Theil auf ſeiner Seite war,
Riß er er die Neuberin beherzt aus der Gefahr.
Er drang mit andern durch, bis zu den vollen Haufen.
Im Geiſte war Corvin zwar ſchon davon gelaufen.
Jedoch aus Angſt und Eil ließ er den Körper da,
Drum kam Gedräng und Stoß ihm unvermuthet nah.
Er ſtämmte ſich und rief: Mein Herr, was ſoll dieß heißen?
Will man die Kleider gar und von dem Leibe reißen?
Er dacht auch in der That anjetzt mehr an ſein Kleid,
Als an ſein vorig Amt, und Gottſcheds Sicherheit!
Doch ſtatt der Antwort ward ihm noch ein Stoß gegeben,
Und er fing wirklich an, ſchon in der Luft zu ſchweben.
Hier galt kein Widerſtand, weit weniger ein Wort,
Man drängte Herrn Corvin, nebſt ſeinem Häufgen fort;
Und ließ nicht eher nach, bis dieſe ſechs Barbaren,
Die ſich zu viel gewagt, mit Schimpf verjaget waren.
Durch dieß Scharmützel ward die Ruhe hergeſtellt,
Die Schönen, welchen ſtets der Muth am erſten fällt,
Belachten nun den Kampf der zwei erhitzten Heere,
Der Kunſt der Neuberin, und der Vernunft zur Ehre.
Nur dem Profeſſor blieb der Heldenmuth entwandt,
Wie Mizler [3] einſt erblaßt auf dem Catheder ſtand.
Als Priscian erſchien und ihn zur Rede ſetzte,
Warum er ſein Gebot ſo freventlich verletzte.
So bleich und ſo beſtürzt ſtand der Profeſſor da,
Doch weit betroffener ſchien noch Victoria;
Ihr größtes Schrecken war erſt bei des Vorſpiels Ende,
Da klopfte jedermann aus Beifall in die Hände.
Was ſollte Gottſched thun? — Erzürnt nach Hauſe gehn?
Die Klugheit wollt er nicht, die er doch lehrt, verſehn.
Er zwang ſich, denn ſonſt wärs um ſeinen Ruhm geſchehen,
Gar, aus Verſtellung noch das Vorſpiel anzuſehen.
Jedoch der Donner kommt oft ſpät dem Blitze nach,
Bei dem Beſchluß erſchien die Neuberin, und ſprach:
Daß, da ſie künftigemal den Cato ſpielen wollte,
Dieß Vorſpiel wiederum den Anfang machen ſollte.
Hier fiel der Vorhang zu, und Gottſched eilte fort,
Beeilte ſeinen Gang, verdammte dieſen Ort,
Und ſuchete nunmehr ſein Zimmer zu gewinnen,
Ein Mittel zum Verbot auf Morgen auszuſinnen.

Fünftes Buch.

Hier wartete Corvin, bis der Profeſſor kam.
Sein Herz war voller Angſt, ſein Körper lendenlahm.
Doch dieſes war ſein Troſt, daß er geſcharrt, gepfiffen,
Und eher nicht die Flucht, als erſt aus Zwang ergriffen,
Er ſtellt auf gutes Glück ſich dem Profeſſor dar,
Bei dem ſein redlich Herz ſchon längſt entſchuldigt war.
Er bat zum Ueberfluß, ihm nicht die Schuld zu geben;
„Wie konnt ich, ſprach Corvin, der Menge widerſtreben?
„Ein bäuriſcher Student ſtößt, ſchiebt und drängt mich fort,
„Mit nie gefühlter Kraft, und ohn ein einzig Wort.
„Der Nachſchub ließ mich nicht zum Widerſtande kommen,
„Die Preſſung hatte mir den Athem gleich benommen.
„Doch ſpitzt ich noch den Mund, allein er pfiff nicht ſehr,
„Zum Scharren traf mein Fuß den Boden auch nicht mehr.
„Mein Herz war wirklich groß, jedoch in dem Gedränge
„Ward ſein Behältniß nur in meiner Bruſt zu enge.
„Kaum weiß ich noch, wie ich hieher gekommen bin,
„Tyranniſcher Student! verdammte Neuberin!"
Zum Zeichen ſeiner Treu, und ſeinen Muth zu preiſen,
Wollt er Victorien die blauen Flecken weiſen.
Der rechte Hemdenknopf war auch ſchon aufgemacht,
Doch, was Corvin dießmal für Eifer nicht bedacht,
Vermied Victoria. Den bloßen Arm zu ſehn,
Ließ ihr die Gegenwart des Witzes nicht geſchehn.
Sie ſprach Corvinen zu, und lobte ſeinen Muth.
Und da die That gefehlt, hieß ſie den Willen gut.
Ihr ſtimmte Gottſched bei, ſie dankten ſeiner Treue,
Und alſo blieb Corvin ein Freund der erſten Reihe.
Doch der Profeſſor ſprach: „Ihr Freunde ſeyet euch,
„Iſt nicht den Schweizern ſelbſt die Frau an Schmähſucht gleich?
„Ein Alpenrieſe ſchimpft, in Sachſen wirds bekräftigt,
„O Phöbus biſt auch du zu meiner Rache faul,
„Wo nicht, ſo zeig es uns, ſpann einen Feuergaul
„Zu meinen Beſten aus, damit auf dieſem Pferde,
„Der Alpen Polyphem von mir beſtritten werde.
„Iſt Bodmer erſt bekämpft, ſo fällt der Neuberin
„Die Blindheit, die ſie ſchlägt, auch von den Augen hin.
„Jedoch, wen ruf ich an? den, der mich nicht erhörte,
„Mein Bitten ſelbſt verwarf, die Läſtrung nicht verwehrte?
„Ihr Freunde höret mich: Ich bin des Eifers ſatt,
„Der für Germanien bisher gefochten hat.
„Der Undank iſt zu groß, folgt mir geliebte Brüder!
„Hiermit leg ich das Amt des deutſchen Barden nieder;
„Dem Schickſal Griechenlands, der finſtern Barbarei,
„Geb ich ins künftige dieß Land gelaſſen frei.
„Der Deutſchen Klugheit mag den Franzen ſchätzbar bleiben,
„Mein Landesmann mag ſelbſt nicht orthographiſch ſchreiben.
„Man treff ein fremdes Wort in deutſchen Schriften an!
„Genug, ihr alle wißt, was ich umſonſt gethan.
„Verſtocktes Vaterland, behalt die Lorbeerkron!
„Mein Herz befriedigt ſich mit einem beſſern Lohne:
„Ein Riccoboni rühmt bei der franzöſiſchen Welt,
„Daß ihr mein Witz und Salz gewiß die Wange hält.
Hier nahm er ſeinen Kiel und kämpft ihn dreimal nieder,
Und ſchwur dreimal dabei, er ſchriebe nun nichts wieder,
Der gute Vorſatz war den Deutſchen vortheilhaft,
Allein für Schwaben nicht; der ſchrie aus aller Kraft:
„Umſonſt bemühſt du dich, die Feder wegzulegen!
„Laß dich doch mein Patron, durch Schwabens Bitte regen.
„Kann Deutſchland wohl dafür, daß ſich ein Weib vergeht?
„Vergib, mein Philoſoph, noch größerer Poet!
„Dein Zorn iſt übereilt; wie? willſt du nicht mehr ſchreiben?
„Bedenke, wo ſoll ich, wo deine Freunde bleiben?
„Wer nimmt ſich meines Ruhms bei meinen Schriften an,
„Hat Deutſchland auch gefehlt, was hab ich dir gethan?
„Jedoch, die Ehrfurcht ſoll von meinem Nutzen ſchweigen,
„Darf ich nur meine Hand dem treuen Breitkopf zeigen.
„Wünſcht keine Freundſchaft dem die Druckerpreſſen leer,
„So halt den harten Schwur, ſo dicht und ſchreib nicht mehr.
„Kein Hirte, wenn ihn auch ein frecher Wolf gebiſſen,
„Hat ſeinen Schäferſtock erzürnet weggeſchmiſſen.
„Schmerzt ihm die Wunde gleich, giebt er aus Ungeduld,
„Der Flur, die Wölfe nähret, doch nicht hiervon die Schuld.
„Die Heerd iſt ihm zu lieb, ſein Amt hierum zu haſſen,
„Und wegen eines Wolfs, ſie vielen frei zu laſſen.
„O Gottſched, denke nach, vergeht ſich hier mein Mund.
„So thut der deine mir das größte Schrecken kund.
„Laß deine Großmuth doch nicht allzufrüh verſchwinden.
„Es ſind noch Mittel da, der Frau das Maul zu binden.
„Jedoch, mein Rath greift nicht der Klugen Kulmus vor,
„Die niemals Herz und Geiſt in der Gefahr verlor."
„Soll, ſprach Victoria, ich kurz die Meinung ſagen,
„So iſt mein Rath, die Frau gerichtlich zu verklagen,
„Vor des Profeſſors Kiel iſt ſie noch viel zu klein,
„Die That muß bürgerlich an ihr gezüchtigt ſein.
„Man übergebe ſie den edlen Stadtgerichten,
„Durch ein geſchärft Verbot den Anſchlag zu vernichten,
„Womit der Nachmittag auf morgen uns bedroht."
Doch Gottſched ward ſogleich bei dieſem Schluſſe roth;
Er ſchüttelte den Kopf, und gab ihr zu verſtehen;
Ein Kluger müßte ſich nicht allzuſtark vergehen;
So ſtritten Dichter nicht, „denn, ſprach er, thut mein Mund,
„Daß ich getroffen bin, vor dem Gerichte kund.
„So hat die Neuberin nichts ſtrafbares geſaget,
„So hab ich ſelber mich, und nicht die Frau verklaget.
„Was Schwabe, meinſt du? Entdeck uns deinen Rath."
Er folgt, indem er es mit dieſen Worten that:
„Beſinnt ſich Gottſched nicht auf ſeine Zauberbuch?

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[3] Mizler hatte das Unglück, daß man ihm, als er öffentlich disputirte, [illegible] vorwarf.

„Apoll iſt uns geneigt; nur wir ſind ſeine Söhne.
„Ruf ihn poetiſch an, und ſing ein ſtarkes Lied,
„Das ihn vom Helikon in dieſes Zimmer zieht.
„Hier kannſt du im Vertrauen, mit dieſem Gotte ſprechen,
„Der wird der Neuberin den Vorſatz unterbrechen."
Der Rathſchlag machte gleich den Dichter wieder froh,
„Mein Schwabe, rief er aus, Sohn! mein Parmenio!
„Geſegnet ſei der Tag, da du zu mir gekommen!
„Geſegnet meine Wahl, die dich in Schutz genommen.
„Ihr Freunde bleibt und ſchweigt, ſprecht nicht ein lautes Wort!
„Zur Hippokrene ſteigt anjetzt mein Seufzer fort."
Hier fing der Dichter an, den Gott herabzubeten,
Er zog das Fenſter auf, vor das er hingetreten.
So zuverſichtlich hat noch kein Poet geträumt;
Und Gottſched noch niemals ſo wunderſchnell gereimt.
Und Pimpla ſelbſt noch nie ſich ſchäumender ergoſſen,
Als ihm jetzt Bild und Vers von ſeinen Lippen floſſen;
Jedoch: beſtürzter Mann, was für ein Ungemach!
Kein Phöbus, kein Apoll, zieht deinen Verſen nach.
Wer weiß, vielleicht hält ihn ein Liebeswerk zurücke,
Ein leerer Troſt für dich auf wenig Augenblicke!
Dein Herz iſt unverſchämt, wenn ſichs ſo viel verſpricht.
Ich halt es für dein Glück, daß Phöbus dich nicht kennet.
Der iſt dein Freund, der dir nicht die Erhörung gönnet.
Mich wunderts ungemein, daß dir beleſner Mann.
Kein Beiſpiel alter Zeit, die Augen öffnen kann.
Läßt wohl Ovidius dich ohne Zittern leſen,
Wie ſtreng Apoll einmal dem Marſias geweſen?
Doch Gottſched hielt ſein Glück für kleiner, als es war!
„Wie, ſprach er, Phöbus macht ſich noch nicht offenbar!
„Und mir, der ich ihn doch in Deutſchlands Tempel ehre,
„Wo ich bei dem Altar den Fliegen Frankreichs wehre.
„Mich, der ich mich für ihn zum Märtyrer gemacht!
„Mir, der ich ihn ſo oft in meinen Vers gebracht!
„Viel iſts, daß mich ohnlängſt ſein taubes Ohr bewogen,
„Daß ich mich ganz und gar von Deutſchland abgezogen."
Hier ſtützt er ſich ſein Haupt mit ſeiner rechten Hand,
Und ſeufzte noch einmal: Bethörtes Vaterland!
Victoria ſucht ihm noch klug zu widerſtreben,
Und Schwabe ſchämte ſich, daß er den Rath gegeben.
Corvin rief aber laut: „Mir fällt noch etwas ein,
„Ich wett' Apoll wird bald in dieſem Zimmer ſein.
„Gebt mir Befehl, den Gott juriſtiſch zu citiren;
„Der Stolze ſoll die Kraft von einer Sprache ſpüren,
„Wodurch der Advokat Aſträen ſelber rührt,
„Daß ſie oft übertäubt, die Wag und Schwert verliert.
„Iſts, fragt er, mir vergönnt?" Und als er ja vernommen!
Sprach er, der Kunſt gewiß: „Apollo ſei willkommen!
„Was maaßen, fing er an: ſich wider Gottſcheds Reich,
„Die Neuberin empört, das hat Apollo gleich,
„Als aller Dichter Gott, mit mehrern zu erſehen;
„Wann aber dieſes ſoll vor Morgen noch geſchehen,
„Mithin noch dieſe Nacht hierzu beraumet iſt:
„Als wollen wir, daß du Apoll nicht zaudernd biſt,
„Zur rechten frühen Zeit vom Helikon zu ſteigen,
„Um Klägern in Perſon ein Mittel anzuzeigen,
„Daß ihm, doch jetzt nicht mehr, durch gütlichen Vergleich,
„Beklagte weichen muß. Dieß fordert Gottſcheds Reich."
Die Lichter löſchten aus. Es bebt das ganze Zimmer,
Und durch die Fenſter drang ein ungewohnter Schimmer.
Den nie erblickten Gott ſah Gottſched offenbar,
Der aus dem Pomey ſchloß, daß es Apollo war.
Vor dieſem kniete der Dichter zitternd nieder,
Die Kulmus neben ihm. Was er ſprach, ſag ich wieder:
„Ich großer Muſenprinz, ein Dichter von Natur,
„Betrat von Jugend auf berühmter Männer Spur.
„Ich, der ich allemal den Muſen treu geweſen,
„Mehr Bücher ſchreiben kann, als ich kaum durchgeleſen,
„Ich, der den Scaliger, Bouhours und Fenelon,
„Horaz, Longin, Boſſü, Despreaux, Evremont,
„Corneille, Dacier, Perrault, Furetiere,
„Swift, Ariſtoteles, Pope, Addiſon, Voltaire,
„Mit größter Luſt durchſucht, die Welſchen überſetzt,
„Die Gallier verdeutſcht, und Deutſchland werthgeſchätzt,
„Es von dem Gothiſchen durch meinen Witz zu läutern,
„Der Sprache Horizont durch die Kritik zu heitern.
„Ich, der in Sachſen nicht der allerletzte blieb,
„Der eine Redekunſt und eine Dichtkunſt ſchrieb,
„Empfange nun den Lohn für Eifer und Bemühen,
„Daß Weiber emſig ſind, mich beißend durchzuziehen.
„Du weißt Apoll, wie ſich die Neuberin verging,
„Du weißts, warum ſie ſich an meine Feinde hing,
„Ihr Vorſpiel ſtach mich an, und hilfſt du mir nicht ſorgen,
„So hört ſie noch nicht auf und wiederholt es Morgen.
„Was that ich doch an ihr. Nunmehr bezahlt ſie mich,
„Sie malt mein Ebenbild und macht mich lächerlich.
„O Phöbus thue du an dieſer Frau ein Zeichen!
„Laß des Gedächtniß Kraft ſogleich von ihr entweichen.
„Und lähm' die Zunge ihr, damit ſie mit Verdruß,
„Vergeßlich und verſtummt, den Vorſatz ändern muß."
Hier hörte Gottſched auf. Des Phöbus Götterſtimme,
Erklärte folgendes aus ſehr gerechtem Grimme:
„So ſehr ſchränkt nicht Apoll der Bühnen Freiheit ein.
„Wer ſich getroffen findt, der mag getroffen ſein.
„Dein Lied drang, wie dein Ruhm, niemals zu meinen Höhen.
„Der Zephyr iſt befehlt, die Töne zu verwehen.
„Die mir ein kleiner Geiſt vergebens zugeſchickt.
„Wenn ſich ein Satyr auch nach einem Steine bückt,
„Den aufgeblähten Schwarm der Reimer zu zerſtreuen,
„So iſts ein Spiel, wobei ſich meine Muſen freuen.
„Verdien erſt meinen Schutz, ſonſt ſchrei mich nicht mehr an:
„Den Göttern wird ein Schimpf umſonſt nicht angethan.
„Und wirſt du noch einmal mich zur Erſcheinung zwingen,
„So komm ich ganz gewiß, die Strafe mitzubringen,
„So räch ich mich an dir, und auch dein Vaterland —"
Hier wich der Glanz zurück, der Muſen Gott verſchwand.
Und Gottſched blieb beſtürzt mit ſeiner Freundin knieen,
Bis Schwabe und Corvin ſehr laut nach Lichtern ſchrieen. —

Das Vorſpiel ward hierauf von neuem vorgeſtellt,
Und unſre Neuberin behielt den Sieg, das Feld.
Sie ſelbſt erfuhr es bald, daß er ſie angeklaget:
Ich weiß es nicht, wer ihr dieß alles wiedersagt,
Des Dichters Schwachheit ward auch auswärts kund gemacht;
Das Vorſpiel erſt berühmt, dann Gottſched ausgelacht.
Hieraus erkennen wir das Schickſal falſcher Größe;
Ein Lüftgen hebt ihr Kleid, und zeigt uns ihre Blöße.
Wer mehr bedeuten will, als er doch wirklich iſt,
Zuletzt aus Uebermuth ſich ſelbſt zu ſehr vergißt.
Wer ſich zu groß verliert, muß für die Hochmuthsſünden,
Mit Schaden klein genug ſich endlich wiederfinden.

Johann Leonhard Roſt,

geboren am 14. Februar 1688 zu Nürnberg, ſtudirte zu Altdorf, Leipzig und Jena Jurisprudenz und Mathematik, beſchäftigte ſich aber ſpäter, in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurückgekehrt, vorzüglich mit Aſtronomie und belletriſtiſcher Schriftſtellerei und führte den pſeudonymen Namen Meletaon. Er ſtarb am 27. März 1727.

Schriften:

Die unglückſelige Atalante. Frkf. u. Leipz. 1708.
Die liebenswürdige und galante Noris. Leipz. 1711.
Die türkiſche Helena. O. O. 1711.
Die durchlauchtige Prinzeſſin Tameſtris. Nürnberg 1712.
Die durchlauchtigſte Hermiontes. Nürnb. 1714.
Benda. Nürnb. 1715.
Die unvergleichliche Heldin, die ſchöne Holländerin. Nürnb. 1715.
Verliebter Eremit. Nürnb. 1721 u. 1741.

Ein ſchwülſtiger und geſuchter Stil, Uebertreibung und Breite bezeichnen ſeine galant-heroiſchen Romane, die längſt in verdiente Vergeſſenheit gerathen ſind und ähnlichen Leiſtungen jener Periode ſogar weit nachſtehen.

Roſtorf, ſ. F. v. Hardenberg.

Roswitha oder Helena von Roſſow,

Aebtiſſin des Kloſters Gandersheim um 980.

Sie ſchrieb:

Lateiniſche Gedichte, das Leben Otto's I., Legenden u. a. Gedichte. Opera ed. C. Celtes. Nürnb. 1501 seq. Neueſte Ausg. von H. L. Schurzfleiſch. Wittenberg 1707, 4.

und gilt mit Recht als eine höchſt ausgezeichnete Erſcheinung jener Zeit.

Gotthilf Sebaſtian Rötger,

geboren am 5. April 1749 zu Kleingermersleben bei Magdeburg, ward Propſt des Kloſters U. L. F., Mitglied des engern Ausſchuſſes der Landſtände im Herzogthum Magdeburg und Director des Pädagogiums. Er ſtarb am 16. Mai 1831.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Briefe eines unparteiiſchen Kosmopoliten über das deſſauiſche Philanthropin. Frankf. und Leipz. 1776.
Ueber Unterricht und Lehrmethode. Magdeb. 1791.
Ueber Kinderunzucht und Selbſtbefleckung. Züllich 1787.
Jahrbücher des Pädagogiums zu L. F. 12 St. Magdeb. 1793 — 1803.
Neue Jahrbücher. 12 St. Magdeb. 1804 — 18.
Kirchliche Gebetübungen. Bonn 1824.
Rückblicke ins Leben. Bonn 1827.

Ein höchſt verdienſtvoller Pädagog, der durch ſeine ſtreng ſyſtematiſche Behandlung des Erziehungsweſens, ſowohl theoretiſch wie praktiſch, während eines langen thätigen Lebens ſehr erfolgreich gewirkt hat.

Georg Michael Roth,

geboren am 12. Februar 1769 zu Frankfurt am Main, wurde 1799 Profeſſor am Lyceum zu Wetzlar und ſtudirte von 1802 — 1804 in Gießen die Rechte. Im Jahre 1804 ließ er ſich als prakticirender Advocat in Frankfurt am Main nieder und ward 1806 Profeſſor und Prorector an dem daſigen Gymnaſium. Er ſtarb am 3. Januar 1817.

Er ſchrieb:

Antihermes oder philoſophiſche Unterſuchung über den reinen Begriff der Sprache. Frankf. und Leipz. 1795.
Ueber die bisherige Unmöglichkeit einer Philoſophie des Bildes, der Muſik und der Sprache. Göttingen 1796.
Bruchſtücke aus der allgemeinen Theorie des Unterrichts. Wetzl. 1799.
Syſtematiſche deutſche Sprachlehre. Gieß. 1799.
Anfangsgründe der deutſchen Sprachlehre und Orthographie. Gieß. 1801. 2. A. 1814.
Grundriß der reinen allgemeinen Sprachlehre. Frankf. 1815.

Gründliche Forſchung, ſeltener Scharfſinn, ausgebreitetes Wiſſen und lichtvolle Darſtellung haben R's Schriften im Gebiete der Linguiſtik und ihrer philoſophiſchen Begründung großen und dauernden Ruf erworben.

Karl Johann Friedrich von Roth,

geboren am 23. Januar 1780 zu Vaihingen, ſtudirte zu Tübingen Jurisprudenz und wurde, nachdem er einige Zeit in Stuttgart privatiſirt hatte, Stadtſyndicus in Nürnberg. Im J. 1808 wurde er Oberfinanzrath in München, 1810 Steuer- und Domänenſectionsrath beim Finanzminiſterium, 1817 Miniſterialrath und 1828 Präſident des evangeliſchen Conſiſtoriums daſelbſt.

Von ſeinen Schriften ſind außer der von ihm beſorgten Ausgabe der Werke von Fr. H. Jacobi und Hamann zu nennen:

Lobſchrift auf Joh. v. Müller. Sulzb. 1811.
Ueber Thucydides und Tacitus. München 1812.
Zum Andenken Heinr. Schenk's. München 1813.
Bemerkungen über den Sinn und Gebrauch des Wortes Barbar. München 1814.
Hermann und Marboth. Stuttg. 1817.
Bemerkungen über die Schriften des Fronto und das Zeitalter der Antonine. Nürnb. 1817.
Von der Erziehung im Unterrichte. Rede. Nürnb. 182[illegible]
Ueber die fortdauernde Abhängigkeit unſerer Bildung von der claſſiſchen Gelehrſamkeit. Nürnberg 1826.

Scharfſinn, reiches Wiſſen, gründliche Behandlung der Gegenſtände, glänzende Beredſamkeit und Tiefe der Gedanken haben v. R. einen ſehr hohen Rang unter den didaktiſchen und oratoriſchen deutſchen Proſaikern angewieſen.

Johann Rothe, ſ. Minneſinger.

Rudolph von Rothenburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Wenzel von Rotteck,

geboren am 1. Junius 1775 zu Freiburg, bildete ſich auf der Schule und Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wurde daſelbſt Privatdocent und Aſſeſſor beim Stadtmagiſtrat, 1798 ordentl. Profeſſor der allgemeinen Geſchichte, 1817 Hofrath, 1818 Profeſſor des Vernunftrechtes und der Staatswirthſchaft und 1819 Abgeordneter der erſten Kammer der badenſchen Stände. 1831, bei dem neuen Landtage, ward er wieder Abgeordneter, und trat mit Welcker, als einer der beliebteſten Redner, für freiſinnige Ideen auf. Er erregte aber dadurch manchen Widerſtand der ariſtokratiſchen Partei; man machte ſeine loyalen Geſinnungen und redlichen Abſichten der Regierung verdächtig, und dies hatte ſeine Quiescirung und die Erklärung zur Folge, daß er in den nächſten 5 Jahren zur Uebernahme eines öffentlichen Amtes unfähig ſei. Dieſe und andere bittere Erfahrungen vermochten aber nicht ſeinen Sinn umzuändern; er blieb thätig für politiſche, moraliſche und intellectuelle Hebung der Menſchheit bis an ſeinen Tod, welcher am 26. November 1840 erfolgte.

Schriften:

Allgemeine Geſchichte. 9 Th. 7. Aufl. Freib. und Konſtanz 1830 ff.
Deutſche Blätter. 2 Abth. Freib. 1814.
Gedächtnißrede auf den Großherzog Karl Friedrich. Freib. 1811.
Gedächtnißrede auf J. G. Jacobi. Freib. 1814.
Ueber den wiener Congreß. A. d. Franz. des de Pradt. 2 Th. Freib. 1816.
Ueber ſtehende Heere und Nationalmiliz. Freib. 1816.
Für die Erhaltung der Univerſität Freiburg. Freib. 1817.
Ideen über Landſtände. Karlsr. 1819.
Archiv für landſtändiſche Angelegenheiten. 3 Bd. Karlsr. 1819 u. 21.
Hiſtoriſcher Bilderſaal. 50 Bdchen. Stuttg. 1828 ff.
Lehrbuch des Vernunftrechts. 2 Bde. Stuttgart 1829 u. 30.
Kleine Schriften. 3 Th. Stuttg. 1830.
Polit. Annalen. München 1830.
Geſchichte des badiſchen Landtages 1831. Hildburghauſen 1832.
Lehrbuch der ökonomiſchen Politik. Stuttg. 1835.
Mit Welcker gab er ſeit 1834 das Staatslexikon heraus.

Ueber von Rotteck urtheilt Menzel (deutſche Literatur II. 127) ſehr treffend mit folgenden Worten: R. trat mit den proteſtantiſchen Concurrenten kühn in die Schranken, da er in dem Zeitpunkt, in welchem die letzteren ſervil zu werden anfingen, ſeinerſeits deſto liberaler wurde. Immer blieb etwas an den katholiſchen Schriftſtellern übrig — und wenn ſie auch noch ſo aufgeklärt waren — was von Seiten der proteſtantiſchen als Unbehülflichkeit vornehm belächelt wurde. Es hatte ſich bereits ein gelehrter Adelſtolz unter den Proteſtanten gebildet, welcher den Katholiken die Ebenbürtigkeit nicht zugeſtehen wollte. Dieſe Hoffärtigen konnten nun nicht tiefer beſchämt werden als dadurch, daß ſie, je weiter der Zeitgeiſt voranſchritt, hinter dem Freiſinn der einſt von ihnen verachteten Katholiken zurückblieben. Stolz auf den Freiſinn ihrer Vorgänger, der Humaniſten und Reformatoren, glaubten ſie ewig in behaglicher Ruhe davon zehren zu dürfen. Die Katholiken hatten keine ſolchen Vorbilder, aber ſie wagten ſelbſt freiſinnig zu ſein. Hierin iſt Rotteck's großer Ruhm begründet. Als Forſcher ſteht er hinter der ſtupenden Gelehrſamkeit von Göttingen, Heidelberg, Berlin zurück, aber als Geſchichtsſchreiber für das Volk hat er Alle überflügelt. Seine Weltgeſchichte iſt in unzähligen Exemplaren überall verbreitet. — Warum? Weil er freiſinnig iſt, weil er es ungleich mehr iſt als alle Weltgeſchichtsſchreiber der Proteſtanten. Nicht die Gelehrſamkeit hat hier entſchieden, ſondern der Zeitgeiſt. Auch nicht der Geſchmack hat hier entſchieden, ſondern der Zeitgeiſt. Man kann an Rotteck's berühmtem Werke Mancherlei vom Standpunkt der Forſchung und des Geſchmacks mit Recht ausſetzen, aber der Verf. iſt durchdrungen von einem tiefen Rechtsgefühl, von einer lebendigen Liebe zur Freiheit, von einer heiligen Achtung alles Edeln im Menſchen und ſeiner Geſchichte. So will aber das Volk ſeinen Geſchichtsſchreiber.

Aus
Rotteck's Weltgeſchichte.

Nutzen der Geſchichte.

Es iſt ein *natürliches Gefühl*, faſt möchte man ſagen Bedürfniß, das uns zur Geſchichte hinzieht. Die Imagination weilt gerne bei den Bildern der Vergangenheit, und das Gemüth wird dadurch auf eine wohlthuende Weiſe gerührt. „Wenn der alte celtiſche Barde," bemerkt Ancillon ſehr ſchön, „den tiefen und ſüßen Eindruck ſchildern will, den die Muſik auf ſeine Seele macht, ſo ſagt er dies, ſie wirkt auf ihn, wie die Erinnerung an die Tage der Vorzeit." —

Woher wohl dieſer allgemeine Hang? — Er haftet tief in der empfindenden und moraliſchen Natur des Menſchen, die allenthalben, wo ſie unverdorben und in einiger Entwicklung erſcheint, durch ſympathetiſches Gefühl ſich äußert und ſich, wenn ſie der beſſern Stimme gehorcht, nicht in der Iſolirung der eigenen Perſon, ſondern in der Allgemeinheit des Geſchlechtes liebt und ſchätzt. Dieſes weitverbreitete Eine Geſchlecht, welchem wir angehören, zu kennen, ſein geiſtiges Leben, in deſſen Strom auch der eigene kleine Lebensnachen dahin ſchwimmt, zu verſtehen, Zweck und Ziel, wornach wir ſteuern, wenigſtens ahnen zu können — das muß wohl vom höchſten rein menſchlichen Intereſſe ſein. Und wo anders erſcheint uns die Menſchheit in ihrer wahren Geſtalt, in ihrem eigentlichen Leben, als in der Geſchichte? — In ihr, und in ihr allein erkennen wir, was unter ſo vielen zufälligen Geſtaltungen, unter den bunten Eigenthümlichkeiten von Zeit und Ort beharrliche, ewige *Menſchennatur* ſei. Zwar äußert ſich dieſe in vielfach wechſelnden Formen, iſt der Bildung und Verbildung, der Hemmung und Fortführung empfänglich: gleichwohl ſind allenthalben die nämlichen Anlagen und Kräfte vorhanden, dieſelben Neigungen und Leidenſchaften wirkſam. Das Gemeinwohl ſehen wir überall im Streit mit Privatintereſſen, aber dennoch gefördert durch dieſe, und bei dem mannigfaltigſten Gemiſche partieller Ereigniſſe einen allgemeinen Gang des Geſchlechts. — Sonach iſt, wer die Geſchichte nicht kennt, Fremdling auf der Erde und unter ſeinem Geſchlecht, und ſich ſelber fremd; nichts kümmern ihn die hohen Intereſſen, um welche die Menſchheit vom Anbeginn rang und kämpfte, und er mag — was auch ſonſt ſeine Fertigkeiten ſeien — an ihrem allgemeinen Leben nur paſſiv und maſchinenartig Theil nehmen, wie ein Rad, das nichts davon weiß, in welches Getrieb es eingreift.

Nicht nur iſt das wahre Leben der Menſchen blos in der Geſchichte *erkennbar*, es *beſteht* auch größtentheils nur in der Geſchichte. Ohne ſie ginge jede Generation ihren geſonderten Gang für ſich, und beträte den oft betretenen Pfad immer von neuem. Die Geſchichte ſchließt alle Generationen in eine Kette zuſammen. Sie iſt das fortwährende *Selbſtbewußtſein* der Menſchheit und der Völker. Die Erfahrung aller Jahrhunderte, und die Tradition mit allen ihren Schätzen iſt ihre. Die Kenntniſſe, Ideen, Erfindungen aller Zeiten und Völker, und was die Weiſen in grauer Vorwelt dachten und lehrten — theilt ſie den ſpäten Nachkömmlingen mit. Jetzt können dieſe beginnen, wo ihre Vorfahren aufhörten, und es iſt ihnen das Fortſchreiten zu ganz unbeſtimmbaren Graden der Vollkommenheit möglich.

Auch abgeſehen von dieſem hohen Standpunkt, von dieſer umfaſſenden Allgemeinheit des Begriffs der Geſchichte, iſt ſie eine fruchtbare Mutter von Erkenntniſſen. Nicht mit Unrecht ſchreibt man ihr die *größere Hälfte des menſchlichen Wiſſens* zu. Denn unermeßlich iſt der Umfang der eigentlich hiſtoriſchen Wiſſenſchaften, und auch die meiſten philoſophiſchen Disciplinen erhalten von ihr Materialien oder Data, erläuternde Beiſpiele und lichtvolle Beweiſe.

Nichts iſt demüthigender als das Gefühl eines Ignoranten in der Geſchichte, nichts kläglicher als ſeine Lage, wenn er über was immer für Dinge im Privat- oder öffentlichen Leben urtheilen ſoll. Kein Buch, kein Zeitungsblatt weiß er mit Verſtändniß und Nutzen zu leſen; allenthalben irrt er im Dunkeln; ihm iſt die Gegenwart ein Räthſel, und die Zukunft völlig verſchloſſen; Vorurtheile aller Art, der Erziehung und des Standes, des Orts und der Zeit, hemmen ſeine Geiſtesthätigkeit; das Gewöhnlichſte weiß er nicht zu deuten, und das Außergewöhnliche benimmt ihm die Faſſung. Wie überlegen ſteht einem ſolchen Jener gegenüber, der mit der Geſchichte vertraut iſt? — Vor ſeinen Blicken iſt eine weite und freie Ausſicht geöffnet; von erhabener Warte überſchaut er die Angelegenheiten der Menſchen, und ihr Thun und Treiben. Kein Ereigniß kann ihn befremden denn keines iſt ihm neu. Er entdeckt die geheimen Triebräder, und erräth die wahrſcheinlichen Folgen der Tagsbegebenheiten; denn die Vergangenheit enthält den Schlüſſel zur Gegenwart und den Spiegel der Zukunft. Er weiſt Allem die gebührende Stelle an, hegt weder für's Alte noch für's Neue, für's Einheimiſche noch für's Fremde eine parteiliſche Vorliebe, und läßt ſich nicht durch politiſches und nicht durch religiöſes Blendwerk täuſchen. Kein beſſerer Bürger, kein aufrichtigerer Gottesverehrer iſt, als Er, — denn er erkennt in dem Staat die Bedingung der Humanität, und die Gottheit erſcheint ihm in der Leitung der menſchlichen Schickſale, die Unſterblichkeit in der allgemeinen Ahnung der Völker: — aber er wird gleichgültiger für politiſche und religiöſe Formen, welche nur einzelnen Orten und Zeiten angehören, und tolerant gegen Jene, welche dieſelben ewigen Wahrheiten in verſchiedenem Gewande verehren.

So mannigfaltige Bereicherung der Erkenntniß muß nothwendig auch auf's Praktiſche einfließen, und die Geſchichte kann nicht anders als eine Lehrerin der Klugheit, des Rechtes und der Tugend ſein.

Erfahrung und Menſchenkenntniß ſind die beiden Hauptquellen der Klugheit; Geſchichte aber iſt die Summe der Erfahrungen und der Menſchenkunde. Für's Privat-, wie für's öffentliche Leben, für den einzelnen Menſchen wie für Staaten enthält ſie in warnenden und ermunternden Beiſpielen die wichtigſten, eindringlichſten Lehren, gleichförmig in ihren Gründen, wenn auch verſchieden in den Fällen und in der Anwendung. Denn was im Großen gilt, iſt meiſt auch für's Kleine wahr. Wer auf Einzelne, und wer auf Nationen wirken will, muß die Menſchen kennen, und es mag ein häusliches Glück wie jenes der Völker gedeihen und erſtarken durch Talent und Fleiß, Vorſicht und Mäßigung, oder zu Grunde gehen durch Unvernunft und Nachläſſigkeit, Vermeſſenheit und Uebertreibung.

Wenn die Lehren der Klugheit durch den Erfolg der dargeſtellten Handlungsweiſen eindringlich werden, ſo erhalten jene des Rechts und der Tugend ihre Kraft aus der Größe und Liebenswürdigkeit ihrer Vorbilder. Denn nicht immer iſt das Recht ſiegreich und die Tugend glücklich, und eben dieß erhöht ihre Würde. Selbſtverläugnung macht das Verdienſt aus. Dieß ſagt uns die allgemeine Moral; aber nur ſelten mag die abſtrakte Idee der Pflicht, die nicht durch Beiſpiele verſinnlicht wird, die Huldigung der Menſchen gewinnen. Dieſe erhebenden, Achtung und Liebe gebietenden Beiſpiele liefert die Geſchichte, und macht ſo aus einem trockenen Moralſyſtem ein lebendiges Gemälde handelnder Perſonen. Wer in dieſe Gallerie der großen und edlen Menſchen aller Zeiten tritt, deſſen Gemüth wird durchdrungen von der Würde der menſchlichen Natur, ſein Selbſtgefühl wird erhöht und ſeine Kraft zur Nacheiferung begeiſtert. Ob dieſer Vorbilder wenige ſeien, ſie erheben nicht minder: ja noch eindringlicher wird ihr Verdienſt durch den Kontraſt mit den Laſtern der Menge, und je größer dagegen die Zahl der Böſewichter, deſto abſchreckender ihre Rolle.

Unter den edlen Gefühlen, welche die Geſchichte weckt und nährt, ſind der auserleſenſten Pfleglinge Zwei, die unter ſich verwandt und Mütter der meiſten übrigen Tugenden ſind: Liebe des Vaterlandes und der Freiheit. Denn nicht nur iſt das Buch der Zeiten reicher an Beiſpielen derſelben, weil ſie mehr in's öffentliche Leben eingreifen, als andere, und häufiger Großthaten erzeugen: nach ihrer Natur ſind auch beide durch die Geſchichte gewiſſermaßen bedingt, oder erhalten wenigſtens durch ſie erſt ihre höchſte Ausbildung und Stärke. Wer Fremdling iſt in der Geſchichte, kann ſein Vaterland nur inſtinktartig lieben, denn er kennt dieß Vaterland nicht; und den Muth zur Freiheit mögen wir manchmal nur aus der Geſchichte ſchöpfen, die uns zeigt, daß Freiheit möglich, und wie ſie möglich ſei. Wie oft hat ſchon der Name eines Leonidas, eines Decius, eines Arnold von Winkelried zu Heldenthaten begeiſtert! Wie oft hat das Bild eines Cato den ſinkenden Muth edler Freiheitsvertheidiger erhalten, und wie oft hat Hermanns zürnender Schatten (deutſche Jünglinge — wenigſtens zu Selbſtvorwürfen gebracht! —)*) den Arm deutſcher Jünglinge geſtählt!

Nicht nur Lehrerin der Tugend, auch ſtrenge Richterin und unpartheiiſche Vergelterin iſt die Geſchichte; und ſie macht hierdurch manche Ungerechtigkeiten der Menſchen und des Schickſals gut. Zwar nur zu oft wird der Edle im Leben verkannt und verläumdet; nur zu oft gelingt es verſchmitzten und gewaltigen Böſewichtern, die Zeitgenoſſen zu täuſchen, ihr Lob zu erkaufen oder zu erpreſſen, und ihre Schmähungen niederzuſchlagen. Aber mögen einzelne Geſchichtſchreiber, mögen alle Zeitgenoſſen verblendet, erſchreckt, beſtochen ſein; die ſpätere Geſchichte iſt es nicht. Ohne Neigung und Leidenſchaft, ohne Furcht und Hoffnung prüft ſie die Zeugniſſe, richtet die Thaten, und theilt nach Verdienſt Ruhm und Schande zu. Zwar Manches entgeht ihr wegen Dürftigkeit oder Verluſt der Zeugniſſe; auch iſt es möglich, wiewohl ſchwer, daß ſie bisweilen ſich irre; aber immer forſcht ſie mit ſcharfem Auge, wägt mit ruhiger Hoheit, und ſpricht ein freies und bleibendes Urtheil. So lange Menſchen ſein werden, wird der Name eines Kritias, eines Kromwell mit Verwünſchung und Abſcheu, der Name eines Sokrates, eines Sidney mit Liebe und Segen von ihren Lippen tönen, und in ihren Herzen ſein. — Der Blick auf dieſe unerbittliche Vergelterin — dann das Verlangen des Nachruhms, wie jenes der Unſterblichkeit lebt in der menſchlichen Bruſt — hat ſchon manchmal des glücklichen Böſewichts Triumphe verbittert, hat ihn gegen ſeine Neigung zu guten, wenigſtens äußerlich guten Handlungen geſpornt, und den Muth des gekränkten Rechtes und der leidenden Unſchuld aufgerichtet.

Kaum ſcheint es nothwendig, nach Darſtellung dieſer hohen Würde der Geſchichte, auch noch ihre Brauchbarkeit für untergeordnete einzelne Zwecke zu erläutern. Eine flüchtige Anzeige davon mag unſerer Abſicht genügen. Allen Ständen und Klaſſen, welche auf höhere, intellektuelle und moraliſche Bildung Anſpruch machen, iſt ſchon deßwegen die Geſchichte unentbehrlich: aber die meiſten — einen ganz abſtrakten Metaphyſiker, einen blos calculirenden Mathematiker etwa ausgenommen — bedürfen ihrer noch aus ſpeciellen Gründen. Bei dem Staatsmanne macht ſie beinahe die Summe der erforderlichen Kenntniſſe aus. Denn die allgemeinen Grundſätze der Staatskunſt ſind das Reſultat der guten und üblen Erfahrungen der Völker in allen Zeiten; und die beſondern innern und äußern Verhältniſſe der einzelnen Staaten, auf welche jene Grundſätze angewendet werden ſollen, ſind gleichfalls hiſtoriſch. Der Feldherr, und ſelbſt der untergeordnete Krieger, findet in der Geſchichte die vortrefflichſten Muſter zur Nachahmung, die eindringlichſten Lehren, die warnendſten Beiſpiele. Dem Prieſter zeigt ſie die Wichtigkeit ſeines Berufes und die traurigen Folgen von dem Verkennen deſſelben, und von dem Mißbrauch ſeiner Macht; ſie flößt ihm liberale und tolerante Grundſätze ein, lehrt ihn die Schale vom Kern, die Hülle vom Weſen unterſcheiden, und verſieht ihn mit den überzeugendſten Beweiſen der göttlichen Vorſicht, und mit einem Schatz moraliſcher Beiſpiele. Dem Rechtsgelehrten flößt ſie Achtung für's (natürliche und geſchriebene) Recht, die Bedingung des wahrhaft menſchlichen Daſeins, die Baſis jedes geſellſchaftlichen Vereins ein, lehrt ihn den Geiſt der Geſetze und Verfaſſungen oder ihr Verhältniß zu dem jedesmaligen Zuſtand und Bedürfniß der Völker kennen, und reicht ihm in den ihr eigends angehörigen alten und fremden Geſetzen und Sitten die wichtigſten, lichtvollſten Vergleichungsgegenſtände mit den heutigen und eigenen dar. Auch dem Arzt muß die Geſchichte der Wanderungen, des ſucceſſiven oder periodiſchen Erſcheinens, des theilweiſen oder gänzlichen Verſchwindens, der glücklichen oder unglücklichen Heilarten von Krankheiten, auch die Bemerkung des Zuſammenhangs ihrer Entſtehung und Verbreitung mit mancherlei politiſchen Begebenheiten — als Krieg, Anſiedlung u. ſ. w., oder mit Einführung gewiſſer Gebräuche und Sitten — in Nahrung, Kleidung ꝛc. — von großer Wichtigkeit ſein. Daß der ſpeculative und praktiſche Philoſoph aus der Geſchichte den reichſten Stoff des Nachdenkens, die lichtvollſten Beiſpiele, die eindringlichſten Beweiſe ſeiner Lehren und Maximen, und den Unterricht aller vorangegangenen Weiſen ſchöpfe, iſt ſchon oben erwähnt. Eben ſo unerſchöpflich iſt das Magazin von Ideen, das ſie den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und der darſtellenden Kunſt anbietet. Die fruchtbarſte Imagination kann dieſen Vorrath von Materialien nicht erſetzen; auch mag der Dichter und Redner aus den klaſſiſchen Geſchichtſchreibern Regel und Beiſpiel für ſeine eigenen Produktionen ziehen, und jeder Freund der Literatur aus der Geſchichte die nöthigen Vorkenntniſſe zum Verſtändniß alter und neuer Schriftſteller ſchöpfen. Sollen wir noch bemerken, daß auch andere, nicht wiſſenſchaftliche Stände durch die Geſchichte gewinnen? So lernt der Kaufmann aus ihr den wichtigen Einfluß des Handels auf den Flor und die Kultur der Völker kennen, er ſieht in ihr, welches die unentbehrlichſten Tugenden, und die gefährlichſten Verirrungen für Handelsſtaaten ſeien, und wird durch dieſe Anſichten weit genug über den gewöhnlichen Krämergeiſt erhoben, um ſeine Privatſpekulationen dem Intereſſe des Vaterlandes unterzuordnen, und damit in Harmonie zu bringen. — Aehnliche Belehrung und Veredlung erhalten auch der mechaniſche Künſtler, der Fabrikant, der Oekonom, kurz ein Jeder aus der Geſchichte, der ſich belehren und veredlen laſſen will. Sie bietet Jedem, jedoch nur dann ihr Füllhorn dar, wenn er mit Sinn und Herz ihr naht.

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*) Veränderung in der neuen Ausgabe.

Spartas Verfaſſung.

Welches Urtheil iſt über dieſe Verfaſſung zu fällen? — Die größten Wunder hat ſie gewirkt, die ſtärkſten Naturtriebe unterjocht; ſie hat die heroiſchen Thaten erzeugt, die tapferſten Krieger, die enthuſiaſtiſcheſten Patrioten ſelbſt die heldenmüthigſten Weiber*) gebildet; ſie hat Sparta zum Haupte Griechenlands erhoben, und nach einer unerſchütterten Dauer von mehr als fünf hundert Jahren auch in ihrem Verfall und zuletzt in ihren Trümmern noch Ehrfurcht geboten. Gleichwohl hat ſie ihre Schattenſeite, und der unbefangenen Prüfung wird ſie eher monſtrös, als vortrefflich erſcheinen.

Für's Erſte hat Lykurgus Seele zur Anerkenntniß der Menſchenwürde und des Menſchenrechtes ſich nicht erhoben. Würde er ſonſt die Freiheit von 10,000 und den erträglichen Zuſtand von 30,000 Bürgern auf das Grab und die empörende Unterdrückung mehrerer Hunderttauſende gebaut haben? Die Schmach und harte Sklaverei der Heloten war unabtrennlich von einer Verfaſſung, welche dieſe Menſchengattung zum Eigenthum des Staates erklärte, auf ihrer Arbeit die Erhaltung der herrſchenden Race gründete, ihre Habe dem Muthwillen, und ihr Leben gleich jenem von Jagdthieren der Grauſamkeit einer kampfluſtigen Jugend preisgab. Auch bei andern Völkern treffen wir leider Sklaven und fernerhin ſogenanntes Sklavenrecht an: — aber nirgends wie hier war ſolches Attentat in die Konſtitution ſelbſt ſo innig verwebt, nirgends zu einer ſo ſchauderhaften Uebertreibung gebracht.

Vielleicht wird man dieſen häßlichen Flecken nicht auf Lykurgus Rechnung, ſondern auf jene des allgemeinen traurigen Vorurtheils ſeiner Zeit und ſeines Volkes legen; und freilich iſt es ſchwer, doch dem wahrhaft großen Mann angemeſſen, über ſolches ſich zu erheben. Aber wir fragen weiter: Was hat Lykurgus für das auserleſene freie Spartaniſche Volk gethan? — Hat er den wahren Zweck des bürgerlichen Vereins gefaßt, hat er ihn erreicht, hat er dafür nicht einen zu theuern Preis gefordert? — Jenes iſt die beſte Verfaſſung, welche die Entwicklung der menſchlichen Anlagen und Kräfte am meiſten befördert, und unter deren Schutz ein wahrhaft humanes Glück am ſicherſten gedeihen mag. Eine Verfaſſung, die zu ihrer Erhaltung alle Kräfte und Empfindungen der Bürger ausſchließend erfordert, die in der Eigenſchaft des Bürgers die Perſönlichkeit der Glieder völlig verſchlingt, die nicht nur die Unterordnung, ſondern die All-Aufopferung der ſchönſten natürlichen Gefühle, der edelſten, humanſten Triebe gebietet, iſt — wie groß auch der Name ihres Stifters ſei — eine unglückliche Verkehrtheit. Warum wurden dem Spartaner alle die Opfer, Kämpfe und Anſtrengungen auferlegt? — „Damit er die Freiheit und Gleichheit behaupte." Große, unſchätzbare Güter allerdings: aber für den Spartaner von keinem Werth, weil er zugleich allem Dem entſagen mußte, um deſſentwillen die Freiheit gewünſcht wird. Er konnte nicht Gatte, nicht Vater, nicht Sohn ſein. Der Staat war ſein Vater, die Mutter verläugnete ihn, wenn er den Schild verloren, ſein Kind gehörte dem Volke, ſeine Gattin dem rüſtigen Jungen, der Kinder mit ihr zu zeugen begehrte. Er ſelbſt nie ſich, nur immer dem Gemeinweſen an. Sonſt gründet und ſchützt der Staat das Eigenthum, erleichtert die Mittel zum vielfältigen Genuß, bahnt die Wege zur Erkenntniß und Wiſſenſchaft, belohnt den Fleiß und erweckt das Talent. Der Spartaner opferte dem Staat Eigenthum, Gemächlichkeit und wahren Lebensgenuß, er entſagte der bürgerlichen Emſigkeit, wie der häuslichen Freude, verſchmähte den Dienſt der Muſen, wie die Pflege rein menſchlichen Gefühles, und nahm zum Erſatz für Alles — ſoldatiſchen Stolz und patriotiſchen Schwindel. Hatte er ſo nicht den Zweck verſäumt, um des Mittels willen? Freilich beruht das Glück auf der Idee, und es iſt unſinnig, nach eigener Neigung und Weiſe das Wohlſein Anderer zu ermeſſen. Gleichwohl iſt einleuchtend, daß Kriegsübungen und patriotiſche Geſpräche des Menſchen Beſtimmung nicht erſchöpfen, und unverkennbar, daß der Spartaner bei der pünktlichen Befolgung von Lykurgus Geſetzen traurige Lücken in Kopf, Herz und Beſchäftigung fühlen, und daß die gewaltſam unterdrückte Natur früh oder ſpät ſich rächen mußte.

Sie hat ſich gerächt, und aus dem Schooße der Lykurgiſchen Verfaſſung ſind die ſchrecklichſten Auswüchſe hervorgegangen. Der folgende Zeitraum wird hiervon das Gemälde liefern.

Uebereinſtimmung aller Religionen.

Bei der verſchiedenen Richtung, die gleich anfangs die religiöſe Anlage in ihrer Entwicklung nach klimatiſchen und andern Umſtänden nahm, bei den fortwährend verſchiedenen Einflüſſen, welche in ſolcher Entwicklung die Völker durch mancherlei Zufälle von Außen und Innen und durch den allgemeinen Strom der Ereigniſſe erfuhren, bei den bald mehr bald minder egoiſtiſchen, politiſchen, oder liberalen Zwecken der Prieſter, bei der vielfältigen Miſchung und den unzähligen Abſtufungen ihres Talentes, ihrer Wiſſenſchaft oder Schwärmerei, bei den wechſelnden Verhältniſſen ihres Wirkungskreiſes und ihrer Macht, ihrer Abſonderung von den Laien, und ihrer innern Organiſation u. ſ. w. kann uns wohl die große Menge und bunte Verſchiedenheit der religiöſen Syſteme, ſowohl in den Dogmen als im Kultus, nicht befremden. Aber es iſt eine höchſt wichtige Wahrnehmung und die auf das heiligſte Anliegen der Menſchheit ein überraſchendes, ſtrahlendes Licht wirft, daß, bei aller dieſer Mannigfaltigkeit und bei allem Wechſel gleichwohl einige Hauptzüge gleichförmig und die Grundideen beharrlich erfunden werden. Hieraus geht für den philoſophiſchen Beobachter die deutlichſte Unterſcheidung der Schale von dem Kern, der Hülle von dem Weſen, und zugleich das intereſſante Erkennen der geheimſten Menſchennatur hervor.

Für's Erſte ſehen wir allenthalben den Menſchen, wiewohl auf die Sinnenwelt im Wirken und Leiden beſchränkt, dennoch über ihre Grenzen hinaus ahnend und verlangend blicken; höhere, lebendige, moraliſche Gewalten über den blinden Naturkräften anerkennen, bei dem Triumph übermächtiger Bosheit auf eine Zeit der Vergeltung hoffen, und, umgeben von Bildern der Verweſung, eine Fortdauer jenſeits des Grabes glauben. Dieſe hohen Gefühle — wenigſtens der Zunder dazu — in der gemeinſten Menſchen Bruſt, dieß unaustilgbare faſt inſtinktartige Sehnen nach einer Heimath, die Keines Auge ſah, wird für den unbefangenen Denker eine erhebende Betrachtung und vielleicht gewichtiger ſein, als die kleinmüthigen Zweifel der grübelnden Vernunft.

Aber dieſer Götterfunke in der menſchlichen Seele, ein Zeuge der höhern Abkunft, wie ſchlecht ſehen wir ihn meiſtens gepflegt! Seine Erweckung iſt das Werk des Zufalls, ungeläutert iſt ſeine Nahrung, Dummheit und Betrug erſticken ſeinen Glanz. Die hohen Ideen, die lebendigen Gefühle der natürlichen Religion, das koſtbarſte Angebinde unſeres Geſchlechtes, werden in todte Formeln verwandelt; das reine Gold iſt in Schlacken vergraben, und Menſchenſatzungen übertönen den himmliſchen Ruf. Oft vermögen wir kaum, unter den häßlichen Auswüchſen der übel gewarteten Pflanze, und bei den darauf geimpften, fremdartigen, manchmal giftigen Früchten noch die edle Wurzel zu erkennen.

Die Harmonie der Natur verkündet einen höchſten waltenden Geiſt. Aber der gemeine Verſtand vermag nicht, ſich zur Majeſtät eines Gottes aufzuſchwingen, welcher in allen Naturkräften lebet, und mit ſeiner Gegenwart Himmel und Erde füllt. Und wie ſollte er es wagen, ſeine kleinen perſönlichen oder auch Nationalanliegen vor den erhabenen Thron eines ſolchen allgemeinen Gottes zu bringen? — Auch ſcheint ihm ſchon die Miſchung des Guten und Uebeln auf der Welt eine Andeutung mehrerer, ſtreitender Himmelsgewalten zu ſein. Daher nimmt er gerne ſo viele Götter an, als er Naturkräfte kennt, alſo gute und böſe und auch beſondere Götter für jedes Land, wohl gar für jede Gemeinde und jedes Haus. Selbſt wo ihm durch die Lehre einzelner Weiſen oder aufgeklärter Prieſter Ein höchſter Gott verkündet wird, behält er den Glauben an Untergötter bei, und richtet vertrauensvoller an dieſe ſein Flehen.

Und unter welchem Bilde ſtellt der Menſch ſeinen Gott ſich vor? — Anfangs unter keinem, oder doch unter keinem beſtimmten, ſo lang er ſich nicht viel mit ihm beſchäftiget, und nur bei einzelnen Anläſſen ſeine Abhängigkeit von höhern Gewalten empfindet. Wenn er aber beim Fortſchreiten der Civiliſation mehr Muße und Geneigtheit zum Nachdenken erhält, wenn fortwährender Unterricht und ein feierlicher Kultus ſein Gemüth öfter zur Gottheit erheben, oder wenn er durch ſeinen Stand ſelbſt — als Prieſter — zur Spekulation aufgefordert wird: dann fühlt er das Bedürfniß, von den Weſen, die er verehrt, ſich deutlichere Begriffe und beſtimmtere Bilder zu entwerfen. Er nimmt ſie aus der Sinnenwelt, weil jenſeits derſelben der Flügelſchlag ſeines Geiſtes ermattet; alſo — wiewohl er an den Göttern moraliſche Eigenſchaften, Weisheit, Gerechtigkeit u. ſ. w. erkennt, — leiht er ihnen doch meiſtens eine körperliche Hülle; und da in dem ganzen Gebiete der Erfahrung keine edlere Geſtalt als die des Menſchen erſcheint, und zugleich kein würdigeres Emblem des göttlichen Geiſtes als der menſchliche erkommen werden mag; ſo ſehen wir den Begriff von Gott in keiner Volksreligion höher gebracht, als auf eine Steigerung menſchlicher Vollkommenheit. Aber bald nahm man nicht nur die Vorzüge der menſchlichen Natur, ſondern auch ihre Beſchränkungen und Mängel in den Begriff von Göttern auf, ſchrieb ihnen ſogar Leidenſchaften und Laſter zu, und hatte nun durchaus menſchenähnliche Götter. Dieſer Anthropomorphismus iſt in allen Religionen bemerklich, und treffend, was ein geiſtvoller franzöſiſcher Schriftſteller ſagt: „Wenn es wahr iſt, daß Gott den Menſchen nach ſeinem Ebenbilde geformet, ſo muß man geſtehen, daß der Menſch ihm Gleiches mit Gleichem vergolten.“ — Selbſt die Ideen von dem Verhältniß der Götter unter ſich wurden von menſchlichen Verhältniſſen entnommen, und in den Vorſtellungen von ihrer Rangordnung und von den Abſtufungen ihrer Macht treffen wir meiſtens einen Abdruck an von der bürgerlichen Verfaſſung jeder Nation, bei welcher jene Vorſtellungen galten.

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*) Zur Würdigung dieſer Spartaniſchen Weibertugend habe ich einige Data in einer früher gedruckten Abhandlung „Ueber die Spartanerinnen" geſammelt.

Der Nordamerikaniſche Freiheitskampf.

Das Beiſpiel Kaiſer Joſephs hatte gezeigt, wie tief gewurzelt in Europa die Saat des Böſen ſei. Die unumſchränkte, von Weisheit gelenkte, legitime Gewalt vermochte nichts oder wenig gegen ſie. Die Oppoſition des Kaſtengeiſtes, des Pfaffenthums, überhaupt der Engherzigkeit und Schlechtigkeit, verſchanzt auf dem Boden des hiſtoriſchen Rechtes, trug den Sieg davon über jene. Ein impoſanter Kampf, des National-Willens, gegen jenen der Privilegirten, ſtand bevor, um noch in einem letzten Verſuche zu zeigen, ob Europa zu retten ſei? Den Erfolg dieſes Verſuches in dem großen Trauerſpiel der franzöſiſchen Revolution zeigt der folgende Zeitraum. Indeſſen aber ging in Amerika, dem lange niedergetretenen, wenig beachteten Welttheil, die Sonne einer jugendlichen Freiheit auf. Dorthin — ſollte das Verhängniß drohen, daß Aſiatiſches Sklavenjoch über Europa komme — wendet ſich, Troſt und Hoffnung ſuchend, der edleren Menſchen Blick. Geräuſchlos, im ſtillen Gedeihen erhoben ſich Englands Colonien in Nordamerika, von Geſchlecht zu Geſchlecht an Menſchenzahl, Reichthum und Selbſtgefühl. Zwar lag über ihnen, wie über allen europäiſchen Colonien in beiden Welten, vielfache Bedrückung, welche das ſelbſtſüchtige Mutterland, theils aus Uebermuth der Gewalt, theils aus engherziger Handelspolitik, gegen ſie ausübte. Aber ſie genoſſen, im Gegenſatz der Spaniſchen und Portugieſiſchen Colonien, wenigſtens ein vergleichungsweiſes Glück, erzeugt einerſeits durch den von den politiſchen Grundſätzen des engliſchen Mutterlandes ausſtrömenden, freiſinnigeren Geiſt der Verwaltung, der ihnen ſelbſt den Segen einer der britiſchen Staatsverfaſſung nachgebildeten Provinzialverfaſſung gewährte, und andererſeits durch die der Entwicklung menſchlicher Kräfte günſtigere, weil minder freigebige Natur des kältern Landes. Durch beides begünſtigt hoben ſich in den meiſten dieſer Colonien Ackerbau, Künſte, Fleiß und Geiſtesbildung. Der Handel zwar, der auswärtige zumal, ſeufzte unter dem harten Geſetz, welches ihn Englands Vortheil dienſtbar machte, und es fühlten auch die Gewerbe und Manufakturen davon den verderblichen Einfluß. Dennoch erhielt er ſchon durch den innern Verkehr ein fruchtbringendes Leben; und ein weitgetriebener Schleichhandel vereitelte großentheils die Wirkſamkeit des engliſchen Zoll- und Prohibitions-Syſtems.

Der Pariſer Friede *), wodurch Canada an England kam, befreite die alt engliſchen Colonien von der gefährlichen Nachbarſchaft der franzöſiſchen Pflanzer. Von nun an bedurften ſie des brittiſchen Schutzes minder. Ihr Selbſtgefühl, ſo wie ihre Kraft, ſtieg ſeitdem zuſehends; und ſie trugen jetzt minder geduldig als zuvor die Handelsbeſchränkungen, welche das Mutterland ihnen auflegte. Der Schleichhandel ward daher mit ſteigender Kühnheit getrieben, welches die Engländer zu harten Zwangsmaßregeln bewog, die jedoch rückwirkend auch ihren eigenen Handel lähmten.

Schon jetzt brach das allgemeine Mißvergnügen in laute Klagen und mitunter in thätliche Widerſetzung aus.

Doch nicht allernächſt aus dieſer Quelle, wo das natürliche Recht offenbar auf Seite der Colonien war, ſondern aus einer viel zweideutigern entſprang der Bruch mit dem Mutterlande; und dieſes letztere nicht eigentlich wegen Tyrannei, ſondern blos wegen der Unnatürlichkeit des ganzen Verhältniſſes zwiſchen einem herrſchenden Mutterland und einer dienenden Colonie, verlor ſeine Gewalt einzig und allein durch die That des Mündigwerdens Amerika's.

Nichts konnte gerechter ſcheinen, als daß die Colonien ſelbſt den Aufwand trügen, welchen ihre Verwaltung und ihr Schirm erheiſchten. Auch mochte für billig erachtet werden, daß Amerika einen Theil der Schulden decke, mit welchen England zur Beſchützung ſeiner Colonien gegen die Bourboniſche Macht, im ſiebenjährigen Kriege ſich beſchwert hatte. Von dieſen Anſichten ausgehend, beſchloß das engliſche (Grenvile'ſche) Miniſterium unter Zuſtimmung des Parlaments, daß von verſchiedenen Einfuhrartikeln in Amerika eine Abgabe erhoben, und, bald darauf, daß daſelbſt das Stempelpapier ſolle eingeführt werden (1764 5ten April und 1765 22ſten März). Ja, man erklärte zugleich, daß der Ueberſchuß ſolcher Abgaben in die Schatzkammer des Königs nach England fließen ſolle.

Gegen dieſe Akten erſcholl lauter Widerſpruch in allen Colonien, obwohl von ihnen Maryland allein das anerkannte Recht hatte, nur durch ſich ſelbſt, nicht durch das engliſche Parlament beſteuert zu werden. Aber die Colonien beriefen ſich auf allgemeines Menſchenrecht und auf den allerdings triftigen politiſchen Grund, daß das angemaßte Recht des Parlaments nach ſeinem Begriff gar keine Beſchränkung zulaſſe, und daher den letzten Heller der Amerikaner gefährde. Sie ſetzten hinzu, daß ſie zwar von den engliſchen Staatsausgaben den ihnen mit Billigkeit zur Laſt zu legenden Theil übernehmen, jedoch nur nach ſelbſteigener Schätzung übernehmen wollten.

Die Whig'ſche Oppoſition im Parlament wurde alſogleich Wortführerin der Amerikaniſchen Sache, und die öffentliche Meinung in Brittannien ſprach ſich großentheils in demſelben Sinne aus. Hiedurch ward der Muth der Colonien erhöht, und nach dem Vorgang Virginiens widerſetzten ſich alle der Stempelakte. Gleichzeitig lud die Colonie Maſſachuſets-Bay alle übrigen zur Bildung eines allgemeinen Congreſſes ein, auf welchem dann der Grundſatz, daß das engliſche Parlament das Recht nicht habe, die Colonien zu taxiren, durch feierliche Erklärung bekräftigt ward *).

Fortwährende Tumulte in den Provinzen, thätlicher Widerſtand gegen jede Maßregel der Einführung, ja gewaltſame Zerſtörung alles Stempelpapiers, deſſen man habhaft werden konnte, hiernächſt die äußerſte Verwirrung oder Stockung in allen bürgerlichen, Juſtiz- und Verwaltungsgeſchäften, bewirkten endlich die Zurücknahme der Stempelakte **). Sie geſchah durch das Rockinham'ſche Miniſterium, welches an die Stelle des verhaßten Grenville'ſchen getreten. Aber ſie geſchah als ein Akt der blos freiwilligen Gewährung, und war begleitet von einer ausdrücklichen Behauptung des dem Parlament über die Colonien zuſtehenden Beſteurungsrechtes.

Daher befriedigte dieſe Zurücknahme die Colonien nicht. Sie erregte anſtatt Dankes Mißtrauen und tiefer wurzelnden Groll. Man ſchrieb die Aufhebung der Stempelakte der Schwäche oder der Furcht zu, und erkannte in dem Rechtsvorbehalt die fortdauernde Abſicht der bei günſtigerer Gelegenheit zu wiederkehrenden Bedrückung. Das erſte vermehrte den Muth, das zweite die Geneigtheit zum Aufſtand.

Das brittiſche Miniſterium zeigte bald, daß es den Rechtsvorbehalt nicht blos zum Scheine gemacht. Nicht nur erhöhte es die Forderungen der an die Soldaten in Newyork zu verabreichenden Naturalien, was jedoch wegen des Widerſtandes der Provinzialverſammlung ohne Erfolg blieb, ſondern es ſetzte, nach einer aufgegriffenen Unterſcheidung zwiſchen äußerer und innerer Schatzung wenigſtens die erſte als unbeſtreitbar darſtellend, im Parlament eine neue Akte durch, wornach auf Glas, Papier, Bleiweiß, Farbe und Thee eine Abgabe gelegt ward, die in den Colonien ſelbſt bei der Einführung ſolcher Waaren ſollte erhoben werden ***). Aber gleich entſchloſſen wie gegen den Stempel proteſtirten die Colonien gegen den neuen Zoll, und abermal rief Maſſachuſets-Bay alle übrigen zum gemeinſchaftlichen Widerſtreben auf. Man beſchloß, nicht nur den mit Zoll belegten, ſondern überhaupt allen irgend entbehrlichen engliſchen Waaren zu entſagen, ihre Stelle ſo viel als möglich durch einheimiſche Fabrikation zu erſetzen, ja man begann, als die Statthalter drohten, und England eine Verſtärkung der Kriegsmacht ſandte, ſich zur Vertheidigung zu rüſten. Maſſachuſets-Bay ging in allen dieſem voran, und hielt auch zuerſt eine Verſammlung gegen den Willen des Statthalters.

Das engliſche Miniſterium, ſeitdem Pitt, der Vertheidiger der Amerikaner, daſſelbe verlaſſen, und ſeinem Impuls gehorchend auch das Parlament, that jetzt eine große Erbitterung wider die Colonien kund. Man erklärte ſie für aufrühreriſch und verlangte vom König, daß er die barbariſchen Pönalgeſetze König Heinrichs VIII. wider dieſelben verhänge. Die Standhaftigkeit der Amerikaner und die Verſtärkung der Brittiſchen

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*) 1763.

*) 1765 19. Oktober.

**) 1766, 18. Mai.

***) 1767.

Kaufleute milderten jedoch dieſe Strenge wieder, und es erging eine neue Acte*), wodurch die auf die oben bemerkten Waaren gelegte Abgabe wieder aufgehoben wurde, nur jene auf den Thee ausgenommen. Hier handelte es ſich allerdings bloß um den Grundſatz des Beſteurungsrechtes. Denn man befreite den nach Amerika beſtimmten Thee von der in England darauf geſetzten Auflage eines Schillings, und wollte bloß von jedem Pfund vier Pence bezahlt haben, wodurch er daſelbſt bedeutend wohlfeiler wurde, als er früher geweſen. Allein die Amerikaner erkannten die Bedeutung dieſes Geſetzes, und hatten Verſtand und Gemeinſinn genug, um der Einführung auch des wohlfeilen Thees unter dieſer Bedingung zu widerſtreben.

In ſolcher Spannung blieben die Dinge mehrere Jahre hindurch. Ein der engliſch-oſtindiſchen Compagnie ertheiltes Recht der zollfreien Ausfuhr des Thees nach allen Ländern, mit der erneuerten Beſtimmung, daß der nach Amerika gebrachte Thee daſelbſt vier Pence für's Pfund bezahlen ſollte**), veranlaßte den Ausbruch. Amerika weigerte ſich entſchloſſen, beſteuerten Thee anzunehmen; man erklärte Jeden für ehrlos, der welchen kaufen würde; und es wurden in Boſton, allwo einige Theeſchiffe angelangt waren, von bewaffneten Einwohnern, die ſich in Mohawks-Indianer verkleidet hatten, dieſelben angegriffen und der Thee ins Meer geworfen***). Mehrere andere Küſtenſtädte ahmten dem Beiſpiel Boſton's nach.

Hierüber faßte das engliſche Parlament äußerſt harte Beſchlüſſe. Es ſollte der Hafen von Boſton bis zur völligen Schadloshaltung der oſtindiſchen Compagnie geſperrt bleiben; es ſollte der Provinz Maſſachuſetts-Bay der Freiheitsbrief König Wilhelms III. und damit ihre Verfaſſung entriſſen, alles Regierungsrecht der Krone oder den von ihr ernannten Dienern übertragen ſein; es ſollten ſtrenge Strafen gegen die Theilnehmer jeder Unruhe oder Empörung verhängt, dagegen die wegen Mordes oder Mißhandlung, die ſie zum Behuf der Stillung eines Aufſtandes begangen, Angeklagten nach England zur Aburtheilung geſchickt werden; es ſollte endlich die Provinz Quebek — weil deren Gehorſam zu ſichern unter dieſen Umſtänden beſonders wichtig ſchien — eine Einrichtung, die ſie unbedingt von der Krone abhängig machte, ähnlich derjenigen, die ſie unter franzöſiſcher Herrſchaft beſeſſen hatte, gegeben, und ihre Grenzen auf Unkoſten der alten Colonien bis an den Ohio und Miſſiſſippi und bis an das Land der Hudſons-Bay-Compagnie erweitert werden. Unter heftigem Widerſtand einer zwar wenig zahlreichen, aber geiſtig kräftigen, Oppoſition gingen dieſe gewaltthätigen Acten durch, und wurden vom Könige beſtätigt.

Alſo entbrannte der Krieg, und zeigte ſich der erſte Funke eines politiſchen Lebens in der neuen Welt. England vermeinte ihn mit einer Handvoll Soldaten zu erſticken. General Gage mit zwei Regimentern, welche von Halifax, und zwei andern, welche aus Irland gekommen waren, hoffte durch die Blockirung Boſton's†) die Unterwerfung der Provinz und mit ihr aller übrigen Colonien zu bewirken. Aber zum Erſtaunen der Welt und zur Demüthigung Englands iſt aus dem verachteten Funken eine weit über Land und Meer und bis herüber nach Europa leuchtende Kriegsflamme geworden, deren verzehrender Wirkung Großbrittannien ſelbſt, das ſtolze Mutterland, nach der äußerſten Anſtrengung nur durch endliches Nachgeben ſich entzog.

Freilich waren es nicht die Ideen allein, welche Amerika frei machten, und nicht die Kraft der über die Provinzen zerſtreuten, zwar zahlreichen, doch nur loſe verbundenen und von Hülfsmitteln des Krieges entblößten Freiheitsfreunde. Gott war es, welcher ſie ſchirmen und triumphiren machte, welcher Männer von hohem Geiſt in Rath und That erweckte und ihr Heldenthum ſegnete, welcher endlich die Weltlage dermaßen geſtaltet hatte, daß auch naturgemäß der Freiheit feindſelige Kräfte, daß die Despotenreiche Frankreich und Spanien für das Recht Amerika's und der Menſchen ſtreiten mußten. Ohne dieſes wäre die zarte Pflanze der amerikaniſchen Freiheit faſt unausbleiblich niedergeſchlagen worden durch Englands gewaltigen Dreizack, durch die ſeiner Civiliſation entſproſſene Maſſe tauſendfältiger Kräfte, durch ſeine auf Eiſen und Gold gebaute doppelt furchtbare Macht. Führte es doch nicht bloß ſeine eigenen wohlgeübten Streiter in den hartnäckigen Kampf, ſondern mit ihnen auch lange Züge im Ausland, zumal auf Teutſchem Boden, gekaufter Waffenknechte. Weiße Sklaven, welche, unglücklicher als die ſchwarzen, weil ihrer Menſchenwürde mehr bewußt und weil zu ſchrecklicherem Dienſt verurtheilt als dieſe, durch ihren Anblick und durch ihr Thun weit eindringlichere Lehren der neuen Welt verkündeten, als Rouſſeau und Payne ſie mit aller Kraft der Begeiſterung und der Wahrheit. Die ſtrengen Maßregeln Englands beugten den Geiſt der Colonien nicht; vielmehr entflammten ſie noch mehr ihren Zorn und ihren Muth. Gleich klug und beſonnen als ſtandhaft und kühn trafen ſie die Anſtalten des Widerſtandes; Eintracht, patriotiſche Hingebung, edler Feuereifer für die Freiheit, in allen Provinzen und in allen Klaſſen der Geſellſchaft vorherrſchend, ſtellten das amerikaniſche Volk dar als fähig und als würdig der Freiheit. Auf die erſte Nachricht von den harten Decreten beſchloß man in der Provinz Maſſachuſetts-Bay, und auf deren Aufforderung auch in den übrigen Provinzen, allen Handel und Verkehr mit Großbrittannien aufzuheben, bis jene Acten widerrufen wären. Man ordnete auf den 1ſten Junius, an welchem Tage die Sperrung des Hafens von Boſton beginnen ſollte, einen allgemeinen Faſt- und Bußtag in allen Colonien an, und ſtärkte alſo durch religiöſe Uebungen die Gefühle der Vaterlands- und Freiheitsliebe in den Gemüthern des Volkes. Alle Provinzen erklärten ihre Bereitwilligkeit und ihren Eifer, der bedrängten Stadt Boſton Beiſtand zu reichen, und es kam, durch kluge Einleitung der Provinzial-Verſammlungen und Ausſchüſſe, zumal jener von Maſſachuſetts-Bay, daß ein allgemeiner Congreß in Philadelphia zuſammen*), welcher außer Canada und Neuſchottland, (und anfangs noch Georgien) von allen (damals alſo zwölf) Provinzen beſchickt, ſofort die gemeine Sache mit freudig anerkannter Autorität lenkte, und durch gleich weiſe als muthige Beſchlüſſe das Werk der Befreiung förderte. Die Beſtätigung der Provinzialbeſchlüſſe über Aufhebung alles Verkehrs mit England, und über Bereitung von Vertheidigungs-Mitteln, ſodann nachdrückliche, vom edelſten Geiſt durchwehte Adreſſen an den General Gage, an den König von England und an die engliſche Nation, und eine andere an das Volk von Canada, um daſſelbe zur Theilnahme an der gemeinen Sache zu bewegen, endlich eine kraftvolle öffentliche Darſtellung der Rechte und Freiheiten des amerikaniſchen Volkes — das waren die wichtigſten Arbeiten des erſten Congreſſes des werdenden amerikaniſchen Freiſtaates.

Unter den edlen Proben des Gemeinſinnes, ohne welchen Amerika nimmer zur Freiheit gelangt wäre, laßt uns der patriotiſchen Erklärungen der Stadt Salem gedenken, welche vom engliſchen Parlement anſtatt Boſton's zur Hauptſtadt der Provinz, zum Sitz der Provinzialverſammlung, ſo wie zu jenem der [illegible], des Zollamts und des Handels gemacht werden ſollte. Aber ſie verſchmähte es, auf Unkoſten der Schweſterſtadt ſich zu bereichern, drückte die Uebereinſtimmung ihrer Geſinnungen mit jenen Boſton's aus, und zog die Ungunſt einer tyranniſchen Regierung den glänzendſten Vortheilen vor, welche ſie durch niederträchtige Dienſtbefliſſenheit ſich hätte erwerben mögen. Gleich edel benahmen ſich die Kaufleute in Boſton, welche eingeladen waren, durch Losſagung von der Sache der Mitbürger die Gnade der Regierung zu erkaufen. Hochherzig vergaßen ſie faſt alle die ſchnöden Intereſſen des Eigennutzes über den edlen des Vaterlandes, oder ſie waren wenigſtens verſtändig genug, einzuſehen, daß das Heil des Ganzen, daß die Befreiung des Vaterlandes auch für jeden Einzelnen wohlthätiger als irgend ein zeitlicher Privatgewinn ſei. Gebet dieſe patriotiſche Geſinnung oder dieſen richtigen Verſtand irgend einem europäiſchen Volk, und ihr habt es auf den Weg des Heils gebracht!

Weisheit und Mäßigung bezeichneten alle Schritte der Colonien. Die Provinzialverſammlungen, als die Statthalter ihre Zuſammenkunft verboten, oder ihren Beſchlüſſen die Genehmigung verſagten, empfahlen ihre gewählten Maßregeln bloß dem Volke, aber ſie enthielten ſich des Gebots. Dennoch wurden ſie allgemein und freudig befolgt. Die von der Gewalt geſetzten neuen Räthe und Richter wurden, wenn ſie die Stellen annahmen, für Volksfeinde geachtet. Es war ihnen unmöglich, ihr Amt zu üben. Aber ungeachtet der alſo eingetretenen Auflöſung aller geſetzlichen Autoritäten hielt Rechtsgefühl und Vaterlandsliebe die Bürger von Ausſchweifungen und Friedensbruch ab.

Noch war — ſo feindſelig die gegenſeitigen Anſtalten, Verordnungen und Verbote erſchienen — kein Blut gefloſſen. Der General Gage, als er von Boſton aus einige Häupter der Freigeſinnten, Hancok und Adams, zu Concord aufzuheben, und zugleich die daſelbſt befindlichen Kriegsvorräthe zu zerſtören ſich vermaß, veranlaßte dadurch die erſte blutige Waffenthat bei Lexington**). Sie war von zweifelhafter Entſcheidung, doch in ihren Wirkungen, da ſie den Muth wie die Erbitterung der Amerikaner erhöhte, der Sache der letztern günſtig. Eine anſehnliche Waffenmacht zog ſich zuſammen und rückte vor Boſton, während auch engliſche Verſtärkungstrup-

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*) 1770, 12. Apr.
**) 1773.
***) 16. Dec.
†) 1774, 1. Juni.

*) 5. Sept. 1774.
**) 1775, 19. Apr.

zahlreich und wohlgerüſtet, in dieſer anlangten, unter den Generalen Howe, Bourgoyne und Clinton. Das Treffen bei Bunkershill*), einer von den Amerikanern beſetzten Anhöhe unfern Boſton, verkündete die Entſchloſſenheit der republikaniſchen Streiter, und ließ die Schwere des kommenden Krieges ahnen.

Indeß hatte der Congreß nach ſeiner neuen Zuſammenkunft, zu welcher auch Georgien Deputirte ſandte — den General Waſhington zum Oberfeldherrn der geſammten amerikaniſchen Kriegsmacht ernannt**). In allen Provinzen athmete man Krieg. Die edelſte Begeiſterung durchdrang alle Klaſſen; ſelbſt Quäcker ſammelten ſich in Streithaufen. Alle waffenfähigen Jünglinge, alle noch wehrhaften Männer bereiteten ſich zum Kampf.

Aber die Thaten dieſes unſterblichen Krieges, ſo hohes Intereſſe anregend und auch ſo mannigfach lehrreich ſie ſeien, können gleichwohl nach dem Zweck dieſes Buches nur in allgemeiner Ueberſicht dargeſtellt werden.

Eine kleine Schaar von Freiwilligen hatte durch kühne Ueberraſchung die Feſten Ticonderago, Crownpoint u. a. eingenommen. Einige hundert Feuerſchlünde und große Vorräthe von Kriegsbedarf fielen damit in ihre Hände. Dieſes Glück ermunterte den Congreß, eine Unternehmung gegen Canada zu wagen. Von dort aus drohte England mit einem gefährlichen Einfall. Zuvorkommen ſchien räthlich; auch mochte der Ruf der Freiheit leicht die Canadier zu Bundesgenoſſen der bereits vereinigten Provinzen machen. Ein mäßiges Truppencorps, unter Montgommery's und ein anderes unter Arnolds Anführung, brachen in dieſes Land ein. Montgommery, unter ſiegreichen Gefechten, eroberte St. John und Montreal, und belagerte mit Arnold vereinigt Quebec. Aber im Sturm auf dieſe feſte Stadt verlor er ſein Heldenleben, wodurch Canada für England erhalten blieb.

Glücklicher, wiewohl minder blutig, war der Kampf in Virginien und Carolina geweſen. Die engliſchen Statthalter wurden aus beiden Provinzen vertrieben durch die tapfere Miliz; das Panier der Freiheit wehte ſiegreich in dem ſchönen Lande.

Schon jetzt bewarb der Congreß ſich um die Unterſtützung Frankreichs. Franklin, der durch Wiſſenſchaft, Bürgertugend und Jahre ehrwürdige Franklin, nachdem er fruchtlos die Sache ſeines Vaterlandes in England ſelbſt verfochten, und dadurch ſchwere Verfolgung ſich zugezogen hatte, durchfuhr jetzt abermal den Ocean, um am Hofe König Ludwigs XVI. um den Beiſtand der zur Schwächung Englands naturgemäß geneigten Krone zu werben. Aber der Anſtand ſchien nicht zu erlauben, mit aufrühreriſchen Unterthanen in offene Verhandlung zu treten. Doch ließ man's geſchehen, daß insgeheim Offiziere und Kriegsgeräthe nach Amerika gingen. Auch beförderte jene Weigerung den ſchon früher entworfenen, jetzt aber***) kühn ausgeſprochenen Beſchluß, wodurch der Congreß die vereinten Colonien für einen unabhängigen und ſouverainen Staat erklärte. Bald darauf†) wurden die Grundzüge der Föderativ-Verfaſſung der dreizehn vereinigten Staaten geſetzlich verkündet. Von jetzt alſo keine Möglichkeit des Rückſchrittes mehr. Amerika hatte ſich hingeſtellt zwiſchen Herrlichkeit und Verderben.

In dieſer verhängnißvollen Stellung bedurfte es eines großen Mannes, der ihm den Sieg erränge. Es fand ihn auch, ſtellte ihn an die Spitze, und zeigte ſich ſeiner werth. George Waſhington, der Sohn eines reichen Pflanzers in Virginien, hatte ſchon in früher Jugend edle Proben von Geiſt und Muth gegeben, zumal in dem engliſch-franzöſiſchen Krieg, der über die ſtreitigen Grenzen am Ohio ſich entſpann, und ſieben Jahre lang beide Welten verwüſtete. Doch noch vor deſſen Beendigung trat Waſhington in das ſtille Leben eines Pflanzers zurück, aus welchem ihn erſt die wider England ausgebrochenen Bewegungen riſſen. Voll patriotiſchen Eifers rief er jetzt die Virginiſchen Männer zur Fahne des Vaterlandes, und bildete, ſein eignes Vermögen dazu verwendend, eine anſehnliche freie Kriegsſchaar. Schon war ſein Verdienſt ſo anerkannt, daß der Congreß in Philadelphia ihn gleich 1775 einmüthig zum oberſten Feldherrn des vereinigten Heeres ernannte. Schwere Mühen, bittere Sorgen, harte Prüfungen begleiteten ſo verhängnißreichen Ruf. Mit friſch zuſammengebrachten, kaum gehörig bewaffneten Streitern, größtentheils ohne Kriegserfahrung und Disciplin, ja, als freiwillig dienend, wenig geneigt zur Subordination, beſtand er den Kampf gegen die beſtgeübten und beſtgerüſteten Truppen der Welt, unter kriegsgewandten Häuptern und verſehen mit allen Hülfsmitteln, welche ihnen zu verſchaffen dem reichen Brittannien leicht war, während Er, von Geldnoth gedrückt, den Seinigen oft nicht die Nahrung, noch öfter den Sold nicht reichen konnte, in fortwährender Gefahr, mit einem Schlage Alles zu verlieren, auch nicht ſelten vom Unglück verfolgt, in faſt verzweiflungsvoller Lage, doch ſtets hohen Muthes und ungebeugter Kraft der Seele, vorſichtig, wachſam, zu gelegener Zeit auch feurig und heldenkühn, doch niemals vermeſſen, niemals berauſcht durch's Glück. Durch Beſcheidenheit, Edelmuth, und die am Tapfern zehnfach ſchöne Milde erſchien der bewunderte Held auch werth der Liebe; und damit kein Ruhm ihm fremd bliebe, ſo verband er, wie die Gefeiertſten der großen Alten, mit den Talenten des Krieges auch jene des Staatsmannes, mit den öffentlichen Tugenden des Patrioten und Republikaners auch alle Privattugenden des edelſten Menſchen. So lange Civiliſation und Humanität ein Reich oder eine Stätte auf Erden haben, ſo lange die Ideen Freiheit und Vaterland einen Werth behalten und geſchichtliche Erinnerungen unter den Menſchen leben werden, ſo lange wird Waſhington's Name glanzvoll im Tempel des Ruhmes ſtehen.

Geängſtigt durch Waſhington's drohende Anſtalten verließ Howe, Gage's Nachfolger, im Frühling 1776 die Stadt Boſton und ſchiffte nach Halifax. Von hier aus, verſtärkt durch beträchtliche Truppenſendungen aus Europa, drang er mit 30,000 Mann in die mittleren Provinzen, während im Norden Bourgoyne von Canada aus gegen Newyork und im Süden Clinton gegen die Carolinen ihren Angriff richteten. Der wohlberechnete Plan jedoch gelang nur zum Theil. Bourgoyne eroberte ſchnell alles von den Amerikanern früher gewonnene Canadiſche Land wieder; aber der Angriff auf Newyork blieb wegen Langſamkeit der Zurüſtung bis tief in's folgende Jahr verſchoben. Auf der andern Seite war Clinton's Verſuch gegen Charlestown in Carolina durch den tapfern General Lee vereitelt worden, worauf drei Jahre hindurch die ſüdlichen Provinzen vom Kriegslärm frei blieben. Am meiſten Erfolg hatte der Oberbefehlshaber Howe Selbſt. Er ſegelte gegen die Mündung des Hudſonfluſſes, landete auf Longisland, ſchlug die Coloniſten auf den Whiteplains (28. Okt.), beſetzte Newyork und trieb Waſhington durch Neujerſey bis über den Delaware zurück. Jetzt begab ſich der Congreß von Philadelphia nach Baltimore. Die engliſch Geſinnten erhoben ſtolz ihr Haupt*). Muthloſigkeit riß ein im Amerikaniſchen Heere; mit etwas mehr Nachdruck und Schnelligkeit hätte Howe die Sache der Freiheit erdrücken oder doch äußerſt bedrängen mögen. Aber er nützte ſeine Vortheile wenig, ja er gab in ſeiner ſtolzen Nachläſſigkeit Blößen, welche der wachſame Gegner glücklichſt benützte. Am 25. December überfiel Waſhington einen heſſiſchen Heerhaufen in den Winterquartieren zu Trenton und hob ihn auf. Bald nachher**) zerſtreute er einige brittiſche Regimenter. Durch beide Vorfälle wurde der Muth der Provinzialen neu geſtärkt, die Flüchtlinge ſtellten ſich wieder bei ihren Fahnen ein, Philadelphia, welches dem engliſchen Angriff blos gelegen, war gerettet.

Aber die Gefahr kehrte zurück und noch dringender. Howe, wiewohl lange Zeit unthätig, erneuerte mit ſehr überlegener Streitkraft den Kampf wider Waſhington. Dieſer, für jetzt auf den Vertheidigungskrieg beſchränkt, trotzte durch treffliche Wahl der Stellungen allen Verſuchen des Feindes. Als dieſer aber, nach mehreren unentſcheidenden Gefechten, ſich entfernte und von Staateninſel aus ſein Heer nach Cheſapeak-Bay überſchiffte, eilte Waſhington zur Rettung herbei, erlitt jedoch bei Brandywine und bei Germantown***) einigen Verluſt, worauf Philadelphia, und, nach blutigem Kampf, auch die Mündung des Delaware†) in Brittiſche Gewalt kamen. Dieſe geringen Vortheile belohnten den Aufwand von Kraft und Zeit nicht, welchen ſie das große engliſche Heer gekoſtet: Waſhington, wiewohl in etwas der engliſchen Uebermacht weichend, erſchien, durch ſtandhaften Muth, und da er Schwereres glorreich abwandte, als Sieger.

Indeſſen hatte in Norden ein harter Schlag die Brittiſche Macht getroffen. Bourgoyne's Heer, aus 10,000 Mann Kerntruppen, Britten und Deutſchen, beſtehend, auf deſſen Fortſchritte die Königlichgeſinnten die ſtolzeſten Hoffnungen gebaut, war nicht mehr. Nach langwieriger Vorbereitung war dieſer Feldherr endlich in der Mitte des Sommers über den See Champlain gegangen, hatte mehrere Feſten, auch das wichtige Ticonderago, genommen, in verſchiedenen Gefechten die Amerikaner geſchlagen, und nach mühſeligem Marſch durch Neuenglands und Newyorks wüſte Grenzdiſtrikte den Fluß Hudſon

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*) 17. Juni.
**) 15. Juni.
***) 1776, 4. Juli.
†) 6. Auguſt.

*) 18. Dez.
**) 1777, 3. Jänner.
***) 4. Okt.
†) 15. Nov.

erreicht. Er ging auch über dieſen Fluß*), obſchon bereits mehrere Unfälle ſeine Stärke bedeutend vermindert hatten. Im Gefolge der Engländer befanden ſich verſchiedene Haufen Indianer, deren wilde Stämme zum Krieg gegen die Coloniſten waren aufgereizt worden. Mit unmenſchlicher Grauſamkeit, wie die Sitte dieſer Barbaren mit ſich brachte, führten ſie ſolchen abſcheulichen Krieg; doch verſtärkte die Furcht vor ihnen, während ſie weite Landesſtrecken verödeten, die amerikaniſchen Heerſchaaren mit vielen verzweiflungsvollen Streitern. Aber die Stunde der Entſcheidung nahte. Von allen Seiten zogen ſich um Bourgoyne's Heer republikaniſche Fahnen zuſammen. Der General Gates führte über ſie den Oberbefehl. Vergebens hoffte Bourgoyne auf Beiſtand vom engliſchen Hauptheer und insbeſondere vom General Clinton, welcher von Neuyork aus ihm die Hand reichen ſollte. Täglich ſtieg die Bedrängniß. Mehrere blutige Gefechte, wie jenes bei Stillwater, ſchwächten das Heer und zeigten die wachſende Furchtbarkeit des Feindes. Schon war jenem der Rückzug nach Canada abgeſchnitten, und ein abermaliges unglückliches Gefecht vernichtete die letzte Hoffnung. Alſo ergab ſich Bourgoyne bei Saratoga, nach einmüthigem Beſchluß des gehaltenen Kriegsraths, mit dem ganzen Heere gefangen**). Die Capitulation verſtattete dieſem die Rückkehr nach Europa, unter der Bedingniß, während des ganzen Krieges nicht mehr wider Amerika zu dienen. Aber der Congreß genehmigte ſolche Vergünſtigung nicht. Die Weigerung des engliſchen Miniſteriums, denſelben Vertrag — als mit einer rebelliſchen Autorität geſchloſſen — zu beſtätigen, gab einen Rechtfertigungsgrund, und das frühere, völkerrechtswidrige Betragen des Bourgoyne'ſchen Heeres noch einen zweiten dazu her. Das Heer blieb alſo gefangen.

Aber der mittelbare Vortheil, welchen Amerika aus dem Triumph bei Saratoga zog, war noch weit größer, als der ſofort in die Augen fiel. Jetzt erſchien nämlich ſeine Sache ſo wohl befeſtigt, daß Frankreich die Anerkennung des neuen Freiſtaates und die Verbindung mit ihm nicht länger bedenklich fand. Die Unterhandlungen Franklin's erreichten endlich ihr Ziel: es kam zuerſt ein Handelstraktat und darauf ein Bündniß mit Amerika zu Stande***), worauf Franklin als bevollmächtigter Miniſter der vereinigten Staaten würdevoll und verehrt am Hofe Ludwigs XVI. erſchien. Die Kriegserklärung gegen England, wenigſtens der wirkliche Krieg, welchen zu erklären jeder Theil noch behutſam zögerte, war die unmittelbare Folge davon. Eine franzöſiſche Flotte unter dem Grafen D'Eſtaing erſchien in Amerika als willkommene Hülfe. Doch lange vorher ſchon waren wackere franzöſiſche Krieger aus eigenem Antrieb, unter ſtillſchweigender Bewilligung der Regierung, dahin gegangen, unter ihnen der edle Marquis de la Fayette, welcher aus eigenen Mitteln ein Schiff für die amerikaniſche Sache ausrüſtete, Waſhington's würdiger Freund, gleich tugendhaft als tapfer, ganz menſchlich als weiſe, einer der herrlichſten Männer unſerer Zeit. Auch Deutſche, auch Polen, ſelbſt Engländer, reihten ſich an die republikaniſchen Streiter. Ganz Europa wandte der Sache Amerika's ſeine laute Theilnahme, ſeine Liebe zu.

Der Krieg erhielt von nun an einen weit ausgebreiteteren und vervielfachten Schauplatz. Vermöge des Familienpakts und zugleich aus näher liegenden Gründen — um Minorka und Gibraltar in Europa, Florida in Amerika wieder zu gewinnen — ſchloß Spanien ſich an Frankreich an. Die Kriegserklärung, auf ſehr unkräftige Gründe geſtützt, erſchien am 26. Juni 1779. Im folgenden Jahre ſah Großbritannien ſich genöthigt, an Holland zuvorkommend den Krieg zu erklären. Denn dieſe Republik, anſtatt die traktatenmäßige Hülfe dem von Frankreich angegriffenen England zu leiſten, bezeigte vielmehr den Feinden dieſer Macht eine parteiiſche Gunſt. Die Holländer führten unter dem Schirm der neutralen Flagge Englands Feinden Materialien zum Schiffbau zu, ſie leiſteten, meiſt bewogen durch den Einfluß der antioraniſchen, Frankreich befreundeten, Partei — England die ſchuldige Hülfe nicht; ja ſie ließen ſich in geheime Verhandlungen mit dem neuen amerikaniſchen Freiſtaat ein. Der Entwurf eines Freundſchafts- und Handelstraktats zwiſchen Holland und Amerika wurde auf einem von den Engländern aufgebrachten holländiſchen Schiffe gefunden, und diente zum Grund des gleich darauf von England an die Generalſtaaten erklärten Krieges†).

Kurz zuvor hatte England durch das von Rußland (meiſt auf Betreiben des Grafen Panin) aufgeſtellte Syſtem einer bewaffneten Neutralität*) eine empfindliche Benachtheiligung erfahren. Dieſes Syſtem, eine Abwehr der der neutralen Flagge durch die Anmaßungen der kriegführenden Gewalten, vor allen Englands, bisher widerfahrenen Beſchränkung, wurde ſofort von Dänemark, Schweden und Preußen angenommen; auch erklärten die Bourboniſchen Höfe, als welchen es äußerſt nützlich war, ihre volle Zufriedenheit mit deſſelben ausgeſprochenen Grundſätzen; wornach nämlich „frei Schiff, frei Gut" machen ſollte, mit alleiniger Ausnahme der Contrebandwaaren, deren Begriff jedoch nicht willkürlich auszudehnen, ſondern nur auf jene Waaren zu beziehen ſei, welche in einem frühern Handelstraktat (von 1766) zwiſchen Rußland und England als ſolche eigends erklärt worden. Auch Holland erkannte dieſes Syſtem, und faſt alle neutralen Mächte traten ihm bei. Zur Handhabung deſſelben aber rüſteten die nordiſchen Mächte Flotten aus. England verlor dadurch höchſt wichtige Früchte ſeiner, freilich ſehr mißbrauchten, Präpotenz zur See. Die neutrale Flagge mochte nun den Handel ſeiner Feinde decken, und die Bedürfniſſe des Schiffbaus ungehindert aus den nördlichen Ländern in die Bourboniſchen Häfen führen. Aber ſo hart England ſolchen Nachtheil empfand, ſo durfte es nicht wagen, die Zahl ſeiner Feinde durch entſchiedenen Widerſpruch zu vermehren. Nur in friedlichen Unterhandlungen, in Berufung auf ältere, mit einzelnen Mächten geſchloſſene Traktate, und in behutſamer Mäßigung des früher beobachteten Verfahrens, ſuchte es ſein Heil. Auch erloſch nach dem Frieden von 1783 die bewaffnete Neutralität von ſelbſt, und ihre Grundſätze geriethen in Vergeſſenheit.

Zu ſo vielfältiger Bedrängniß Englands kam endlich noch ein ſchwerer Krieg in Indien, welchen Hyder Ali, König von Myſore, und, ihm verbündet, das freie und ſtarke Volk der Maratten gegen die brittiſche Compagnie erhoben**). Nicht ohne gerechten Grund, da die Machthaber und Diener dieſer Compagnie, beſonders unter des Generalſtatthalters Haſtings Verwaltung (ſeit 1773) durch Gewaltthat und böſe Ränke ſie vielfach beleidigt hatten, und dabei noch aufgereizt, ermuntert durch Emiſſarien Frankreichs. Die Maratten eroberten vieles Land, und Hyder Ali drang ſiegreich in Carnatic vor.

Gegen ſo viele Feinde ſtritt England ohne einen Alliirten — die käufliche Hülfe einiger deutſchen Fürſten abgerechnet — mit einem Muth, einer Beharrlichkeit und einer Kraft, welche das Erſtaunen der Welt erregen, und, aller Unfälle ungeachtet, den Glanz des Reiches und den Ruhm der Nation noch erhöhen. In allen Welttheilen zu Waſſer und zu Land ward von nun an geſtritten: zahlloſe Gefechte, Schlachten, Heldenthaten, Siege und Niederlagen folgten ſich Schlag auf Schlag. Ein blutiger Tag zerſtört die Wirkung des andern, und ermüdet, betäubt von dem verworrenen Waffengetös, laſſen wir unſern Blick nur auf einigen Hauptſcenen oder folgereicheren Kataſtrophen weilen.

Die Erſcheinung der franzöſiſchen Flotte in Nordamerika veränderte plötzlich die Geſtalt des Kriegs. Noch immer, trotz Bourgoyne's Unglück, waren die engliſchen Waffen furchtbar; ihr Hauptheer unter Clinton, Howe's Nachfolger im Oberbefehl, hielt Philadelphia beſetzt, und drohte weithin. Jetzt aber, ſelbſt bedroht, verließ er dieſe Stadt, und führte durch einen gefahrvollen aber meiſterhaften Rückzug ſein Heer nach Neuyork***); D'Eſtaing aber griff Rhodeiſland an†). Nicht ſowohl der Admiral Howe (Bruder des Feldherrn), welcher der weit überlegenen und wohlgeführten Flotte leicht hätte erliegen mögen, ſondern ein plötzlicher Sturm, welcher die Schlacht verhinderte, rettete die Inſel. D'Eſtaing, durch ſolchen Sturm ſehr beſchädigt, ging nach Boſton, während Byron mit der erſehnten Hülfsflotte aus England anlangte und für jetzt die Gefahr beſchwor.

Um dieſe Zeit hatte England den Verſuch gethan, mit den Colonien ſich auszuſöhnen. Drei Commiſſarien gingen nach Amerika, gemäßigte Bedingungen den Provinzen anbietend. Aber der Congreß forderte vor aller Verhandlung die Anerkennung der Unabhängigkeit Amerika's und die Räumung ſeines Bodens. Hieran zerſchlug ſich das Friedenswerk. Die Commiſſarien, nach halbjähriger fruchtloſer Mühe, kehrten zurück.

Auch in Weſtindien, wohin D'Eſtaing ſich jetzt wandte, hatte er wenig Glück. So eben hatten die Britten St. Lucie erobert, und D'Eſtaing's Verſuch der Wiedereroberung wurde blutig vereitelt. Zu einigem Troſt gereichte Frankreich die Wegnahme von Dominique, welche ſchon früher, von Martinique aus, der Marquis von Bouillé vollbrachte. Im folgenden Jahre

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*) 13. Sept.
**) 16. Okt. 1777.
***) 1777, 8. Dez. und 1778, 6. Febr.
†) 1780, 20. Dez.

*) März 1780.
**) 1780.
***) 18. Juni 1778.
†) Aug.

nahm D'Eſtaing noch die Inſeln St. Vincent und Grenade, und ſchlug Byrons Flotte, welche ſie ihm wieder entreiſſen wollte.

Aber in Nordamerika erneuerten die Engländer ſchon 1778 den am Anfang des Kriegs verunglückten und ſeitdem nimmer wiederholten Angriff auf Georgien. Ein aus Neuyork abgeſandtes Corps des Clinton'ſchen Heeres unter Campbell von der Seeſeite, und andrerſeits General Prevoſt von Oſtflorida aus, drangen in dieſe weite Provinz. Eine Schaar von Loyaliſten aus den rückwärts gelegenen Landesſtrecken, und wirkſamer noch einige wilde Indianiſche Kriegshaufen, unterſtützten den Angriff. Schreckliche Verwüſtungen und unmenſchliche Grauſamkeit bezeichneten den Fußtritt dieſer durch Englands Gold bezahlten Barbaren. Zur Selbſtvertheidigung und zur Rache überließen bald auch die Republikaner ſich der gleichen Wuth; weithin, längs der Ufer des Susquehanna, herrſchte ſolches abſcheulichen Krieges Fluch. Vergebens ſuchte der amerikaniſche General Lincoln die Eroberung Georgiens zu hindern. Vergebens leiſtete D'Eſtaing ihm Hülfe. Jener wurde wiederholt, bei Briarcreek und bei Johns-Island geſchlagen, und dieſer, nach einem mißlungenen Angriff auf Savannah, kehrte nach Europa zurück. Ganz Georgien fiel in der Britten Gewalt *).

In Neuengland, wo die Hauptheere ſich gegenüber ſtanden, herrſchte zwei Jahre hindurch faſt völlige Waffenruhe. Clinton, durch mehrere Truppenabſendungen geſchwächt, enthielt ſich aller wichtigen Offenſive, und Waſhington, deſſen Heer geringer und mit allen Bedürfniſſen ſchlechter verſehen war als je, konnte aus der Schwäche ſeines Gegners wenig Vortheil ziehen. Seine Noth vermehrte ſich noch im folgenden Jahre **). Das baare Geld war verſchwunden, das Papiergeld hatte allen Credit verloren, das Heer, unbezahlt und ſchlecht genährt, ward mißmuthig. Einer ſeiner vorzüglichſten Generale, der tapfere Arnold, nahm davon den Anlaß zum gefährlichſten Verrath, und entrann, als der Plan entdeckt war, zu den Engländern. Erſt durch die Ankunft franzöſiſcher Hülfstruppen, welche, 6000 Mann ſtark, unter Rochambeau's Anführung zum Amerikaniſchen Heere ſtießen, und des franzöſiſchen Geldes, womit man die mißvergnügten Provinzialen bezahlte, ward die äußerſte Gefahr abgewendet.

Durch den Frieden, der jenen Freiheitskampf der Colonien mit dem herrlichſten Triumphe krönte, trat ein neuer, den Keim großer Dinge enthaltender, Staat in das Syſtem der civiliſirten politiſchen Welt ein. Europa ſchritt nach Amerika über. Augenblicklich empfand die Menſchheit davon die mannigfaltigſte Einwirkung, aber erſt die kommenden Jahrhunderte werden die Unermeßlichkeit der Folgen des großen Ereigniſſes entwickeln. Vor jetzt richten wir unſern Blick blos auf das Land der Freiheit ſelbſt, auf die allererſten Früchte, welche die errungene Selbſtſtändigkeit dem neuen Staate brachte.

Die dreizehn Provinzen, welche ihren Frieden mit England ſchloſſen, beherbergten damals auf einem Flächenraum von ungefähr 20,000 Quadratmeilen eine Bevölkerung von nicht mehr als 2½ Millionen freier Menſchen und etwa 600,000 Sklaven; aber ſie waren fähig, eine zehnfach ſtärkere zu ernähren. Eine unermeßlich lange Gebirgskette (die Alleghanniſchen Berge oder die Apalachen, nördlicher auch die blauen Berge genannt) nicht eben beſonders hoch, aber deſto breiter, weil oft in fünf, ſechs, ja zehn Reihen neben einander hinziehend, läuft von Georgien, oder von der Nähe des Merikaniſchen Meerbuſens bis in das nördliche Canada, und erfüllt einen Raum von wohl 7000 Quadratmeilen. In Oſten und Weſten dieſer Kette reicht die Abdachung oder anſtoßende Fläche bis ans Atlantiſche Meer, und dort bis zum König der Flüſſe, dem mächtigen Miſſiſſipi, welcher, aus unbekannten Quellen weit im Norden entſpringend, auf ſeinem wohl 400 deutſche Meilen langen Lauf ein ganzes Heer von Flüſſen aufnimmt, und die Gewäſſer von der Hälfte Nordamerika's dem Merikaniſchen Meerbuſen zuführt.

Das Gebirgsland ſowohl, als die im Weſten deſſelben ſich ausbreitende Fläche, war damals meiſt noch im Beſitz der wilden Indianiſchen Stämme. Nur die öſtliche Abdachung bildete das Hauptland der vereinigten Staaten. Ein großentheils fruchtbares, in ſeiner langen Ausdehnung von Süd nach Nord die Erzeugniſſe faſt aller Klimate beherbergendes Land, und welches durch die vielen ſchiffbaren Flüſſe, die es durchſtrömen, durch ſeine trefflichen Häfen und tief in's Land gehenden Buchten zum lebhafteſten Binnenhandel und zum Welthandel ganz eigens geſchaffen ſcheint. Der nördliche Theil dieſer Länderſtrecke umfaßt unter der allgemeinen Benennung Neuengland die Provinzen Vermont (welche jedoch erſt 1790 zum eigenen Staat erklärt ward), dann die für Freiheit vor Allen thätige Maſſachuſettsbay mit Maine, Neu-Hampſhire, das kleine, aber an Naturgaben reiche Rhode Island und Connecticut. Südlich und ſüdöſtlich an dieſen ſind die blühenden und weiten Gefilde von Neuyork, und Neujerſey und von Pennſylvanien, William Penn's, des edlen Schwärmers, durch weiſe Einrichtungen und den Segen der Natur ſo raſch aufblühender Colonie, daß von 4000 Menſchen, die ſie im Jahre 1680 zählte, bis zum Ende des Freiheitskampfes die Bevölkerung auf 400,000 geſtiegen. Die kleine Provinz Delaware iſt von geringerer Bedeutung. Von hier an, in Maryland, Lord Baltimore's geſegneter Stiftung, und in Virginien, allwo unermeßliche Tabakernten eine Hauptquelle des Reichthums ſind, mehr noch in den heißen Carolinen, reifen unter wärmerem Himmel koſtbare Südfrüchte. Doch dehnen ſich auch weite, theils nackte, theils mit Gras und Geſträuch bedeckte Sandfluren, Savannen, aus, welche noch tiefer im Süden, im heißen Georgien, unüberſehbare Strecken einnehmen, dem Anbau und der Bevölkerung eine engere Grenze ſetzend.

Nach glorreich errungenem Frieden wandte der Congreß und wandten alle Provinzialregierungen ihre Sorge der Beförderung der einheimiſchen Wohlfahrt zu. Waſhington, der große republikaniſche Held, trat in den Privatſtand zurück. Nur eine hochwichtige Angelegenheit blieb zu regeln übrig; die Verfaſſung des Geſammtſtaates. Denn nur loſe waren bis jetzt die dreizehn Staaten zum politiſchen Ganzen verbunden. Das Anſehen des Congreſſes ſchwand mit der dringenden Kriegsgefahr. Der öffentliche Credit, ſo wie die Sicherheit des ganzen Staates litten dadurch. Die aufgeklärten Patrioten erkannten das Uebel; Männer, wie Franklin und Paine, hatten durch Druckſchriften und praktiſche Entwürfe die Nation erleuchtet. Die Frucht davon war eine nach weiſen Grundſätzen beſtimmte Föderativ-Verfaſſung, welche im Jahre 1787 zu Stande kam, und im Jahre 1789 *) in's Leben trat. Sie ſuchte den Gefahren der Vereinzelung, wohin der loſe Föderalismus nach dem Unabhängigkeitsgeiſt der Provinzen leitete, und jenen der Despotie, wohin das Unitätsſyſtem durch Errichtung einer alleinigen Centralgewalt, und daher Zernichtung der Selbſtſtändigkeit aller einzelnen Provinzen naturgemäß führte, gleichmäßig vorzubeugen. Daher ward zwar Amerika nur zum Bundesſtaat oder Staatenſyſtem erklärt und den einzelnen Provinzen überlaſſen, ihren eigenen innern Staatshaushalt mit ſelbſtſtändiger Gewalt zu regeln. Aber alle großen Intereſſen der Geſammtheit, oder welche zum Vortheil Aller eine gleichmäßige Beſtimmung erheiſchen, alſo vorerſt die auswärtigen Verhältniſſe, Krieg, Frieden und Traktate, dann Land- und Seemacht, auch Handelsſachen und Zölle, Münze, Papiergeld, Anleihen, Poſten u. a. ſollten blos von der Centralgewalt, d. h. vom Bundescongreſſe ihr Geſetz und ihre Entſcheidung erhalten. Auch ſollten Richter für Streitigkeiten zwiſchen den Provinzen u. a. die Geſammtheit angehende Rechtsſachen vom Congreſſe ernannt werden. Dieſer Congreß ſollte beſtehen aus einem Haus der Repräſentanten und einem Senat. Das erſte wird gebildet durch Abgeordnete aller Provinzen (für je 30,000 — nach einer ſpätern Beſtimmung für 33000 — Wähler einer), welche alle zwei Jahre neu von dieſen Provinzen gewählt und ſodann am Congreſſe frei, als Repräſentanten der ganzen Nation, demnach ungebunden durch irgend eine Inſtruktion ihrer unmittelbaren Committenten, ſtimmen. In den Senat ſendet jede Provinz zwei Mitglieder, auf ſechs Jahre; die Erneuerung geſchieht jedoch von zwei zu zwei Jahren, jeweils zu einem Drittheil. Die Senatoren müſſen 30, die Repräſentanten 25 Jahre alt ſein. Geſetze und Verordnungen werden im Haus der Repräſentanten vorgeſchlagen und ausgearbeitet, vom Senat aber beſtätigt oder verworfen: „Kein Geſetz aber darf gegen die Religionsfreiheit, keines gegen die Preßfreiheit, und keines gegen das Petitionsrecht gegeben werden.“ — Die vollziehende Gewalt — in wichtigern Dingen nicht ohne Theilnahme des Senats — übt ein Präſident. Derſelbe hat das Recht, die von beiden Häuſern genehmigten Bill's durch ſeine Unterſchrift in Kraft zu ſetzen, oder ſie mit Gegenbemerkungen an die Kammer zurückzuſenden; beharren jedoch zwei Drittheile der Mitglieder beider Häuſer auf der Bill, ſo erhält ſie Geſetzeskraft. Dieſelbe erhält ſie auch, wenn der Präſident binnen 10 Tagen ſie nicht zurückſendet. Der Präſident iſt zugleich Oberbefehlshaber des Heeres, der Miliz und der Flotte; er nimmt die Geſandten an, ſchließt die vom Congreß beliebten Bündniſſe ab, verwaltet die öffentlichen Gelder und hat das beſchränkte Ernennungsrecht der Staatsbeamten. Sein Amt dauert vier Jahre. Er wird von Wählern, welche in jedem einzelnen Staat hiezu ernannt werden, und falls aus derſelben geſammelten Stimmen keine abſolute Mehrheit hervorgeht, von der Repräſentantenkammer (nach einigen nähern Beſtimmungen) gewählt. Ihm iſt ein Vicepräſident beigegeben, welcher auch den Senat präſidirt. Im Haus der Repräſentanten aber führt ein von demſelben Haus gewählter Sprecher den Vorſitz. Ein Staatsrath von Miniſtern ſteht dem Präſident zur Seite.

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*) 1779.

**) 1780.

*) 4. März.

In den einzelnen Staaten der Union iſt nach ähnlichen Grundſätzen die vollziehende Macht einem Statthalter mit einem ihm beigegebenen Staatsrath, die geſetzgebende aber einem Corps von meiſt jährlich neu gewählten Repräſentanten anvertraut. In allen Staaten, außer Vermont, beſteht dieſer geſetzgebende Körper aus zwei Häuſern. Der Antheil des Statthalters an der Geſetzgebung, zumal durch ein Veto, die Verhältniſſe der beiden Häuſer zu einander und zu den übrigen Autoritäten, auch die Ordnung der Gerichte u. ſ. w. ſind in den verſchiedenen Provinzen verſchieden beſtimmt. Ueberhaupt aber herrſcht in allen Provinzen Sicherheit des Eigenthums und der Perſonen, und eine vernünftige, geſetzmäßige Gleichheit und Freiheit (unter den wirklichen Bürgern, neben welchen aber zur Zeit noch Sklaven oder Unfreie in nicht beträchtlicher Anzahl vorhanden ſind); und man kennt dort wohl edle, berühmte, verehrte Namen, aber das die europäiſchen Völker niederdrückende Inſtitut des Adels nicht. Auch Gewiſſenszwang und Preßzwang kennt man in dem glücklichen Lande nicht. Endlich hat man auch kein ſtehendes Heer, kleine Stämme für die verſchiedenen Waffengattungen ausgenommen. Jeder Bürger vom 16ten bis zum 60ſten Jahr, iſt kriegspflichtig, ſobald das Vaterland ſeiner bedarf. Die Hauptforderungen einer reinen Theorie, welcher ſich in Europa ſo feindſelig das hiſtoriſche Recht entgegenſtellt, ſehen wir dort in bewunderungswerther Erfüllung.

Zum erſten Präſidenten des neuen Congreſſes ward Waſhington gewählt *). Unter ſeiner weiſen Verwaltung ſproßte aller Segen der Freiheit kräftig empor. Die Geſchichte kennt keinen Staat von ſo ſchnellem und ſo freudigem Gedeihen.

Motions-Rede für Abſchaffung des Zehenten.

(In der badiſchen zweiten Kammer von 1831).

Meine Herren!"

„Bis auf einige wenige Verſtockte oder völlig gedankenloſe Anhänger alles einmal Beſtehenden oder ſchon lange Beſtandenen erkennt heut zu Tage Jedermann die Heilloſigkeit des Zehents an und die Nothwendigkeit oder doch höchſte Erwünſchtheit der Zehent-Abſchaffung. Aber vielleicht nirgend mehr als hier ſtellt ſich — ſobald man der Sache näher tritt — der befriedigenden Löſung der Aufgabe die kläglichſte Begriffsverwirrung, eingewurzeltes Vorurtheil, und mehr oder minder verhüllte Engherzigkeit entgegen. Die Forderung des vernünftigen Rechts gegenüber dem Jahrhunderte, ja Jahrtauſende hindurch beſtandenen hiſtoriſchen Recht verſchafft ſich nur mühſam Gehör und ſeine Befriedigung erſchwert auch Wohldenkenden durch die allernächſt ſich darſtellende Koſtſpieligkeit derſelben. Die Aufgabe, welche ich mir gewählt, iſt wohl theoretiſch leicht — mir wenigſtens erſcheint ſie alſo — aber praktiſch ſchwer. Doch mich ermuntert und ſtärkt der Blick auf dieſe edle Verſammlung getreuer, erleuchteter und patriotiſcher Volksvertreter. In dieſem Saale verheiße ich mir den Sieg für den Hauptinhalt meines Antrags — jede Verbeſſerung durch Ihr ſachkundiges Urtheil wird auch außerhalb dieſer Mauern nicht ohne Wirkung bleiben."

„Meine Herren: Ich werde ſie nicht durch eine weitläufige Darſtellung der Heilloſigkeit des Zehents ermüden. Von derſelben ſind Sie wohl Alle durchdrungen, und die wiederholten Verhandlungen, welche bereits in unſern landſtändiſchen Kammern, theils über Ablöſung des Neubruch- und Blutzehents Statt fanden, laſſen für neue Betrachtungen nur noch wenig Raum. Sie Alle, meine Herren, wiſſen das reelle Gewicht dieſer abenteuerlichen Laſt zu ſchätzen, welche — nicht etwa von dem Reinertrag des Bodens, in welchem Falle ſie erſchwinglich wäre — ſondern von dem Brutto-Ertrag, dem mühe-gebornen und nebſt dem Schweiße des Landmanns noch mancherlei ſchwere Vorauslagen in ſich enthaltenden, den zehnten Theil hinwegnimmt und dadurch, je nach Verſchiedenheit des Bodens, der Creſcenzien, der Culturbeſchaffenheit, der Preiſe u. ſ. w. ſelbſt unter günſtigen Umſtänden leicht $\frac{1}{4}$ oder $\frac{1}{3}$, gar oft aber $\frac{2}{5}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{9}{10}$, ja das Ganze des Reinertrags und ſelbſt noch mehr als dieß dem Colonen raubt und hierdurch entweder ihn erdrückt, oder vom Anbau des fluchbeladenen Bodens abhält, in beiden Fällen alſo dem Gemeinwohl, welches eine blühende Landwirthſchaft, einen wohlhabenden Bauernſtand und einen hohen — das ſicherſte Steuercapital bildenden — Werth der Gründe fordert, nicht minder als es dem heiligen Recht eine ſchwere Wunde ſchlägt. Sie Alle kennen die großen Verluſte, welche durch die unvermeidlichen Unkoſten der Zehenterhebung (ohne Unterſchied, ob der Zehentherr ſelbſt oder ein Zehentpächter ſie beſtreite,) durch den Körner-Ausfall auf dem Felde, und durch mancherlei andere Umſtände entſtehen, ſo wie die vielen Hemmungen, Verdrüßlichkeiten und Plackereien, welchen neben der materiellen Beraubung der Zehentholde ausgeſetzt iſt. Sie Alle beſeufzen neben der erdrückenden Schwere auch noch die empörende Ungleichheit einer Belaſtung, welche, weil nach dem Brutto-Ertrage beſtimmt, gerade die guten (alſo eines geringeren Aufwandes beim Anbau bedürftigen) Gründe weit minder als die ſchlechtern (nur mit den ſchwerſten Vorauslagen an Arbeit, Dünger, Fuhrlohn u. ſ. w. zum Ertragniß zu bringenden) alſo in der Regel die reicheren weit weniger als die armen Beſitzer trifft, und die Niedertretung aller perſönlichen wie aller Eigenthums-Rechte, welche durch den unmittelbar vom Geſetz ausgehenden Anſpruch angeblich Berechtigter auf den zehnten Theil des Ertrags nicht nur des Grundes, ſondern alles Fleißes, wie aller pecuniären Vorauslagen eines ſo genannten Eigenthümers und freien Bürgers geübt wird."

„Ueberall, in allen Ländern, wo die Kenntniß des Bürger-Rechts und Bürger-Wohls auch nur aufdämmert — ſelbſt in dem hartnäckigſt dem hiſtoriſchen Recht anhängenden England — iſt die Forderung der Zehentabſchaffung erklungen: in Baden, dem Lande einer aufgeklärten Regierung und eines freigeſinnten Volkes, in dem Nachbarland des der ſchmachvollen Feudallaſten bereits entledigten und in ſolcher Entledigung allein ſchon den Erſatz für alle Opfer und Leiden der Revolution findenden Frankreich und im Nachbarland des ſolche Befreiung theilenden deutſchen linken Rheinufers, in unſerm Baden, worauf von fern und nahe jetzt alle Wohldenkenden ihre erwartenden Blicke richten, wird ſie nicht fruchtlos erklingen. — Aber welches wird die geeignete, die ausführbare, die den Prinzipien des Rechts wie der Politik am meiſten entſprechende Art der Abſchaffung ſein?" —

„In der Kammer von 1819 wurde die Verwandlung der Zehenten in eine nach dem Durchſchnittsertrag zu berechnende Geldrente vorgeſchlagen und von der Kammer gebilligt. In der Mangelhaftigkeit dieſes Antrages erkennen wir die damals noch ſchüchterne Jugend unſeres conſtitutionellen Lebens. Es iſt nämlich klar, daß man durch eine ſolche Verwandlung bloß eine Verhüllung der eigentlichen Natur des Zehents und damit ſeines Verwerflichkeitsgrunds bewirkt und daneben einen unverantwortlichen Raub an jedem zehentpflichtigen Grundeigenthümer würde begangen haben. Was ſeiner vorherrſchenden Natur nach eine perſönliche, d. h. vom Erwerb mittelſt Arbeit und Vorauslagen zu entrichtende Abgabe iſt, hätte die Eigenſchaft eines Grundzinſes erhalten, und es wäre dem Zehentpflichtigen nicht einmal mehr möglich geblieben, durch Unterlaſſung des Anbaues ſich von der Laſt zu befreien."

„Eine natürliche Folge jener Verwandlung würde die Ablösbarkeit oder gar die Ablöſungsſchuldigkeit der Zehentrente (analog der Ablöſung anderer Grundzinſe) geweſen ſein. Man würde dem Pflichtigen den Loskauf der Zehentrente mittelſt Darlegung der Capitalſumme ſeiner Schuldigkeit geſtattet oder geboten haben. Aber dergeſtalt hätte man das allerſchreiendſte Unrecht verübt, den Pflichtigen, welche vom Zeitgeiſt oder von den Fortſchritten der vernünftigen Rechtserkenntniß ihre ſicherlich nicht ferne, unentgeldliche Befreiung erwarten, hätte man die Verzichtleiſtung auf ſo wohl begründete Erwartung, nämlich die Vorausbezahlung der ungerechten Abgabe bis zum Ende aller Dinge zugemuthet, den Zehentherren ihren verlornen, dem nahen Untergang verfallenen Bezug für alle Ewigkeit geſichert, und alle Möglichkeit einer Realiſirung deſſen, was das Vernunftrecht in Anſehung des Zehenten fordert, für immer aufgehoben."

„Freilich ſind in mehreren Staaten Zehent-Ablöſungsgeſetze ſolchen oder ähnlichen Inhalts gegeben worden: aber es hat eben bei ihrem Entwurfe — wofern nicht wenigſtens der Ablöſungsfuß ein ſehr niederer, im Wege des Vergleichs etwa zu genehmigender war — jene Begriffsverwirrung und Rechtsunkunde, welche wir vorhin beklagten, vorgeherrſcht. Für Uns, für die badiſche Kammer von 1831, können ſie kein Gegenſtand der Nachahmung ſein. Das badiſche Volk — d. h. der politiſch mündige Theil deſſelben — ohne Unterſchied ob ackerbauend oder nicht — würde ein ſolches Geſetz mit Entrüſtung von ſich ſtoßen, es würde die Abgeordneten, die es votirten, nicht mehr als ſeine ächten Vertreter erkennen."

„Um jedoch den geeigneten, für's Recht befriedigenden Weg der Befreiung zu finden, müſſen wir einige vorläufige Punkte in's Klare ſetzen; wir müſſen die eigentliche Natur der Zehentlaſt und des Zehentrechts in's Auge faſſen."

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*) 1789.

„Ich ſage nun: 1) der Zehent iſt nach ſeinem Urſprung und nach dem fortbeſtehenden Titel der Schuldigkeit eine Steuer. Er gebührt demnach von Seite des Pflichtigen ewig dem öffentlichen Recht an. 2) Von Seiten des Zehentherrn erſcheint er zwar rückſichtlich dritter und insbeſondere nach den unmittelbaren Titeln der Erwerbung rückſichtlich der früheren Beſitzer oder Vorfahrer im Zehentrecht, mitunter auch gegenüber dem Staat als Verleiher, allerdings als Privatrecht: rückſichtlich des Zehentpflichtigen aber iſt durchaus kein Privatrecht zu erkennen, ſondern gleichfalls nur Ausfluß des öffentlichen Rechts."

„Einige wenige Worte werden zur Erläuterung und Bekräftigung dieſer Sätze dienen."

I. „Die Geſchichte der Zehenteinführung, welche nach ihren Hauptzügen jedem Unterrichteten bekannt iſt, aber auch die ganze Natur der im Allgemeinen als Regel geltenden, einen beſondern rechtlichen Akt zwiſchen Zehentherren und Zehenthold oder ihren Rechtsvorfahren durchaus nicht fordernden oder vorausſetzenden Laſt und endlich die in den Geſetzen ſelbſt vielfach ausgeſprochene Anerkennung ſtellen den Zehent als eine unmittelbar durch's Geſetz aufgelegte, alſo keineswegs auf einem privatrechtlichen Titel ruhende Laſt dar. „Jedes Grundſtück, das urbar iſt oder urbar wird, bringt auf ſeinen Inhaber die Schuldigkeit, einen beſtimmten Theil ſeiner Früchte zurückzulaſſen," ſagt L.-R. S. 710 aa. Und Aehnliches oder daſſelbe Beſtätigendes ſagen noch viele andere Artikel. So ſagt der Artikel 710 a. b. feſt: „Die Zehentpflicht lebt kraft Geſetzes wieder auf, wenn ein Gut aus den Händen des Zehentherrn in andere Hände kommt." So theilen die Artikel 710 c f. bis e l. den mehreren Zehentherren die verſchiedenen Gattungen der Creſcenzien nach freier Beſtimmung, wenn auch mit Rückſicht auf vorherrſchende Gewohnheit zu, disponiren alſo über Bezug oder Nichtbezug der Zehenten u. ſ. w. So verleihen andere Geſetze auch Zehentbefreiungen nach Gebäuden oder Gemarkungen für einige Zeit oder für immer, und jedenfalls unabhängig von der Einwilligung des Zehentherrn. Das poſitive und insbeſondere das badiſche Geſetz hat dergeſtalt auf's beſtimmteſte die geſchichtliche Wahrheit und die eigentliche Zehentnatur ausgeſprochen; wir ſtehen jetzt, wenn wir die öffentlich rechtliche Eigenſchaft des Zehents behaupten, nicht mehr auf dem Boden blos des rein vernünftigen, ſondern auch des poſitiven Rechts."

„Der Zehent iſt eine durch die Geſetzgebung oder die Staatsgewalt den Gründen oder vielmehr den Colonen entweder durch ausdrückliche und unmittelbare Statuirung oder auch durch Sanctionirung des entweder durch kirchliche oder Kriegsgewalt, oder durch factiſche Anmaßung der Stärkern Eingeführten, und zwar in der Regel für das Bedürfniß des Staats- oder Kirchendienſtes aufgelegte Laſt, und folglich, da jene von der Staatsgewalt an das Vermögen der Bürger gerichtete Forderung unter den allgemeinen Begriff der Steuer gehört, eine Steuer. Und zwar iſt er eine perſönliche oder Induſtrie-Steuer weit mehr als eine Grundſteuer, obſchon er zugleich als Grundlaſt vom poſitiven Geſetze behandelt wird. Denn eine Grundſteuer muß bezahlt werden vom möglichen oder gewöhnlichen Reinertrag oder auch vom Capitalwerth des Grundes, und der Nichtanbau deſſelben befreit nicht von ihrer Entrichtung, der Zehent dagegen wird blos entrichtet, wenn ein Anbau Statt fand und zwar von den Früchten dieſes Anbaues, d. h. der Arbeit und den Vorauslagen. Es iſt alſo eine Induſtrie-Steuer, wenn man ihn nicht lieber einen Zins der Leibeigenſchaft nennen will, indem er wirklich den Colonen zum Frohnknecht des Zehentherrn herabwürdigt, und dieſem eine Anweiſung auf die Produkte des Schweißes von jenem giebt. Dieſe urſprüngliche Natur hat der Zehent beibehalten, ſo viele Jahrhunderte ſeit ſeiner Einführung verfloſſen, und ſie wird ihm eigen ſein, ſo lange er beſteht. Was irgend für Veränderungen vorgefallen ſeien in Anſehung der Perſon, welcher der Pflichtige den Zehent zu entrichten hat, an wen immer der Staat den Zehentbezug verliehen, und in wie verſchiedene Hände der Wechſel der Ereigniſſe und der von der Geſetzgebung erlaubte Verkehr, mit dem Zehentrechte daſſelbe gebracht hat, den Zehenthold und ſeine Rechtslage geht alles dieſes nichts an. Er iſt den Zehent ſchuldig blos vermöge des Geſetzes, welches den Colonen zu deſſen Entrichtung verpflichtete, alſo blos vermöge öffentlichen Rechts, oder aber, wenn man lieber die Natur der Leibeigenſchaft an ihm anerkennt, blos vermöge factiſcher Unterdrückung, alſo vermöge gar keines Rechts."

II. „Freilich haben die heutigen Zehentherren und vielleicht ſchon eine lange Reihe ihrer Vorfahrer das Zehentrecht auf Wegen des Privatrechts erworben. Sie haben es gekauft, an Zahlungsſtatt oder zum Geſchenk erhalten, als Erbſtück erworben u. ſ. w., aber alles dies berührt den Zehentpflichtigen nicht. Alle die verſchiedenen Zehentherren, die auf einander folgen, ſind nur Steuererheber, welchen er, ſobald ſie als ſolche durch einen vom Staat dafür gültig erkannten Titel ſich darſtellen, ſeine Steuerſchuld zu entrichten hat. Seine rechtliche Lage kann durch Handlungen Dritter durchaus nicht verſchlimmert werden. Er gehorcht, wenn er den Zehent entrichtet, lediglich dem Staatsgeſetz, das ihm denſelben auflegte, und nimmt gar keine Notiz von der Beſchaffenheit der Titel, durch welche der Wechſel der Zehentherren Statt fand. Es iſt damit gerade ſo, als wenn z. B. die Erhebung oder der Bezug einer Accisgattung, oder des Ohmgeldes u. ſ. w. in einer Gegend irgend Jemanden etwa zum eigenen Nutzen verliehen, oder verkauft und von dieſem ſodann weiter verkauft, vertheilt, verpachtet u. ſ. w. worden wäre. Durch alles dieſes wird die Natur der dem Accis- oder Ohmgeld-Pflichtigen aufliegenden Schuld nicht verändert. Mag der Zehentherr vermöge jener Titel ſein Recht als Privatrecht geltend machen gegen die ganze übrige Welt: gegenüber dem Zehenthold tritt er blos vermöge öffentlichen Rechts als Forderungs- oder Bezugsberechtigter auf."

III. „Wenn aber dem alſo iſt, ſo iſt der Stab gebrochen über den Zehent, weil keine öffentliche Laſt, keine Steuer eine ungerechtere, eine abentheuerlichere, eine fluchwürdigere ſein kann, als er. Ich will davon, was jeder Verſtändige längſt eingeſehen, keinen weitern Beweis vor einer Verſammlung von aufgeklärten Volksvertretern führen, und beſchränke mich auf die unwiderlegliche Behauptung, daß zur Heilung des unendlichen Unrechts unſeres Zehents, welcher jetzo neben der Anzahl anderer neu eingeführter Steuer dem bedauernswerthen Landmann aufliegt, nur zwei Mittel gedenkbar ſeien, nämlich entweder Allgemeinmachung des Zehents oder völlige Abſchaffung deſſelben."

1) „Man mache zur Herſtellung der Gleichheit den Zehent allgemein. Der Staat dehne daher denſelben Anſpruch, welchen er längſt auf die Gründe und ihre Bebauer erhoben, auf alles fruchtbringende Beſitzthum und allen Erwerb aus, und fordere alſo auch vom Hauseigenthümer den zehnten Theil des (wirklich bezogenen oder ſelbſt verwohnten) Hauszinſes, vom Capitaliſten den zehnten Theil des Waarenerlöſes, vom Fabrikanten und Handwerker den zehnten Theil der Fabrikate und Arbeitsprodukte, das zehnte Stück Tuch, die zehnte Uhr, das zehnte Paar Schuh, ja auch vom Künſtler und Schriftſteller das zehnte Gemälde, das zehnte Buch oder das Honorar dafür, vom Arzt, vom Anwalt u. ſ. w. den zehnten Theil ihres Verdienſtes und ſo durch alle Zweige der Beſchäftigung. Wenn man dieſes thut, ſo wird man andere Steuern aufheben können, und der Landmann in ſolcher Aufhebung eine für ihn befriedigende Entſchädigung finden."

2) „Will man aber dieſes nicht, und es wird wohl außerhalb Bedlam keine Stimme dafür ſich erheben, ſo ſchaffe man den beſtehenden ländlichen Zehent ab, und ſtelle dergeſtalt die im Rechtsſtaat, alſo im conſtitutionellen Staat unabweislich geforderte Gleichheit der Belaſtung her."

„Durch ſolche Abſchaffung und zwar unentgeldliche, d. h. für den Zehentpflichtigen unentgeldliche Abſchaffung iſt in Anſehung des letztern die Sache geſchehen. Er hat ſich nicht weiter darum zu bekümmern, ob oder was dann noch weiter zu geſchehen hat. Er fordert die Befreiung, wie der Leibeigene ſie forderte, und überläßt es dem Staat, die aus ſolcher unerläßlichen Rechtsgewährung etwa weiter fließenden Verbindlichkeiten oder Nachtheile zu befriedigen oder zu heben."

„Wir freilich vom Standpunkt des Geſetzgebers dürfen nicht wegbleiben von jener mit der Zehentabſchaffung zu verbindenden weiteren Beſtimmung, und es kann nicht verkannt werden, daß mancherlei Schwierigkeiten ſich hier darbieten. Doch ſind ſie nicht unüberſteiglich, und wenn einmal die Ueberzeugung ſich feſtgeſtellt hat, es ſei eine Rechtsnothwendigkeit die Zehentpflichtigen zu befreien, ſo wird auch die Möglichkeit oder Ausführbarkeit ſolcher Befreiung nicht länger bezweifelt werden."

„Ich erlaube mir, die Artikel eines die allſeitigen Intereſſen möglichſt berückſichtigenden Geſetz-Vorſchlages, ſo wie nach meiner Anſicht ein ſolcher von Sr. Königl. Hoheit zu erbitten wäre, in einem ſummariſchen Entwurfe hier vorzulegen. Die Erläuterung oder Motivirung der einzelnen Artikel wird zugleich als Vervollſtändigung der allgemeinen Antragsbegründung dienen."

Artikel 1. „Aller Zehent iſt abgeſchafft. Vom Jahre 1832 an wird keiner mehr entrichtet."

„Die Begründung dieſes Artikels liegt in den früher aufgeſtellten Sätzen. Ich ſetze nichts weiteres bei. So wie die Leibeigenſchaftslaſten im Augenblick, da man ihre Ungerechtigkeit anerkannte, aufgehoben werden mußten: alſo auch die Zehentlaſt, ſobald man ihre Unvereinbarlichkeit mit den durch das Vernunftrecht und durch die Conſtitution geforderten Gleichheits-Rechten der Bürger einſieht. Eine Claſſe der Beſitzer, eine Claſſe der Gewerbtreibenden (denn der Landmann iſt auch ein Gewerbe und das für den Staat wohlthätigſte und unentbehrlichſte) mit einer für keinen andern Stand vorhandenen und der allerſchwerſten Laſt bedrückten, heißt Eigenthums- und perſönliches Recht verletzen und widerſtreitet dem Rechts-Staat.“

Art. 2. „Die bisherigen Zehentherren, inſofern ihnen ein gültiger Titel des Privat- oder des öffentlichen Rechts auf Entſchädigung zuſteht, erhalten ſolche in nachſtehendem Maaß und Weiſe.“

„Die große Aufgabe unſerer Zeit iſt: wie kann beſtehendes Unrecht abgeſchafft oder verletztes Recht wieder hergeſtellt werden, ohne anderen Rechten zu nahe zu treten? Sie findet auch bei der Zehent-Abſchaffung Statt. Sie iſt jedoch nicht identiſch mit der Frage: Wie kann eine Reform Statt finden, ohne daß irgend Jemand dadurch einen Verluſt leide? Nur Rechtsverletzungen hat die Reform zu vermeiden, blos factiſche Nachtheile aber, die für die Einen aus der Wiederherſtellung des Rechts der Andern oder überall aus der Verfügung des Geſetzes fließen, hat ſie nicht gut zu machen. Man ändert unbedenklich, wenn gute Gründe dafür vorliegen, die Erb-, die Hypothek- u. a. Geſetze, welche tief in die beſtehenden Anſprüche und Intereſſen von Tauſenden und Tauſenden eingreifen, und entſchädigt deßhalb die dadurch Benachtheiligten nicht. Wenn Zunftmißbräuche abgeſchafft werden, und ſollten ſie mehr als hundertjährigen Beſtand für ſich haben — wer denkt an Entſchädigung der dadurch in Verluſt gekürzten Zunftgenoſſen? — Als man Corporationen und Gemeinden den Bezug des Ohmgeldes oder anderer längſt beſeſſener ehr- und nutzbringender Rechte entzog, hat man ihnen überall eine Schadloshaltung ertheilt? — Wenn ungebührliche Steuer-Befreiungen, wenn abgeſchmackte Privilegien aufgehoben werden, kann da von Erſatz wohl die Rede ſein? — Als ſelbſt in Oeſtreich die ungemeſſenen Frohnden in gemeſſene verwandelt, einzelne Leibeigenſchaft-Laſten gemildert, Zehentbefreiung für gewiſſe Creſcenzien oder für Neubrüche verliehen wurden, da hat kein Berechtigter eine Entſchädigung weder empfangen noch angeſprochen. Werden die verfaulten Wahlflecken in England oder die bisher wahlberechtigten Familien, welche durch die Reformbill um ihre althergebrachten Befugniſſe kommen ſollen, eine Entſchädigung erhalten?? — Aber in Deutſchland hat ſich in der neueſten Zeit der ſonderbare Grundſatz aufgethan, daß wo immer durch zeitgemäße Reform nicht etwa den Angehörigen der gemeinen Bürgerclaſſe, wohl aber den vornehmen, insbeſondere den Standes- und Grundherren irgend ein Nachtheil zugeht, dafür aus den Mitteln der Geſammtheit der volle Erſatz müſſe geleiſtet werden; ein abentheuerlicher Grundſatz, welcher allgemein aufgeſtellt, die Geſetzgebung in Feſſeln ſchlägt und die auf einzelnen Perſonen oder Claſſen factiſch laſtenden, abgeſchmackteſten und rechtswidrigſten Bedrückungen in Geſammtverbindlichkeiten der ganzen Geſellſchaft verwandelt! — Dieſem Grundſatz kann eine frei gewählte und frei geſinnte Verſammlung von Volksvertretern nicht huldigen. Entſchädigung gebührt nur da, wo wirkliches Recht und in ſo fern es verletzt iſt. Billigkeit, Humanität, auch Politik mögen mitunter noch ein Mehreres fordern oder rathen, aber zur Schuldigkeit wird es darum nicht. Wir haben nun bei der Zehentabſchaffung zu unterſuchen, ob oder welche Titel der Entſchädigung für die bisher Berechtigten ſprechen?“

Art. 3. „Für die landesherrlichen Zehenten wird der Erſatz nach Maßgabe des Staatsbedürfniſſes aus der allgemeinen Steuercaſſe geleiſtet.“

„Dieſer Satz bedarf keiner weitern Begründung. Der Staat fordert, was er zu ſeinem Haushalt nöthig hat, von ſeinen Bürgern, und an die Stelle einer ungerechten Steuer, welche er aufhebt, ſetzt er eine andere und gerechte.“

Art. 4. „Für die kirchlichen Zehenten wird der Erſatz aus Staatsmitteln nach dem für andere Zehentberechtigte aufzuſtellenden Fuße geleiſtet. In ſo fern ſolcher Erſatz zur Beſtreitung der bisherigen oder nach Billigkeit zu regulirenden Pfarrbeſoldungen nicht hinreicht, wird die Ergänzung durch eine Gemeindeumlage gewonnen oder aus Gemeindemitteln geſchöpft, nöthigenfalls auch aus dem allgemeinen Religionsfond oder aus der Staatscaſſe.“

„In ſo fern den Zehentberechtigten ein Erſatz zugebilligt wird, ſo gebührt er der Kirche als Zehentherrin nicht minder als andern Zehentherren. Aber in dieſer Eigenſchaft gebührt ihr auch kein Mehreres. Was jedoch die auf den Zehentertrag bisher angewieſenen Pfarrbeſoldungen betrifft, ſo fließt der Anſpruch auf volle oder annähernd volle Entſchädigung aus den Dienſtleiſtungen der Pfarrer. Entſteht eine Inſufficienz der ihnen angewieſenen Einnahmsquelle, ſo muß ihnen eine andere angewieſen werden, und die im Artikel vorgeſchlagene ſcheint die anpaſſendſte, weil die Dienſte der Pfarrer den Gemeinden gewidmet ſind und billiger durch Beiträge der Geſammtheit als blos durch jene der Colonen, welche oft die Ärmſten der Gemeinde, oft Fremde oder Ausmärker ſind, belohnt werden.“

Art. 5. „Alle Privatzehentherren (mit Inbegriff der Standes- und Grundherren) erhalten eine in dem zehnfachen Betrag des Durchſchnitts-Netto-Ertrags der letzten 20 Jahre beſtehenden Entſchädigung aus der Staatscaſſe. Der Netto-Ertrag wird berechnet durch Abzug aller Verwaltungskoſten und Laſten vom Brutto-Ertrag.“

„Die Urſachen, warum ich nur den zehnfachen Jahresbetrag zur Entſchädigung vorſchlage, ſind nahe liegend. Für's Erſte hat der Staat, als er das Zehentrecht und zwar urſprünglich meiſt für geleiſtete Dienſte, welche längſt nicht mehr geleiſtet werden, verlieh, ſolcher Verleihung niemals die Zuſicherung, in keinem Fall eine verbindliche Zuſicherung beigefügt oder mit Rechtskraft beifügen können, das Zehentrecht bis an's Ende der Dinge in Kraft zu erhalten, woraus dann, wenn man es gleichwohl abſchaffte, eine Verpflichtung zum vollen Erſatze flöſſe. Und dann iſt das Zehentrecht, nach der bereits ziemlich allgemein herrſchenden Ueberzeugung, zur Forterhaltung durchaus nicht mehr geeignet. Von dem ungewiſſen Gang der Ereigniſſe hängt es ab, ob es ein paar Jahre früher oder ſpäter aufhöre: aber die nächſtkünftige Generation erlebt es wahrſcheinlich nicht .... Es dürfte klug von Seiten der Zehentherren ſein, die ihnen dargebotene Entſchädigung mit der Hälfte des Capitals der bisherigen Jahresrente anzunehmen.“

„Aber noch ein anderer Grund überzeugt mich von der Hinlänglichkeit der vorgeſchlagenen Entſchädigung. Ein bisher faſt unbeachtet gebliebener Grund: die Betrachtung nämlich, daß es von jedem Zehentholden ſelbſt abhängt, das Zehentrecht unwirkſam oder unfruchtbar für den Herrn zu machen. Er darf nur — und die Betrachtung, daß das reine Erträgniß des Anbaues größtentheils einem Fremden zufließt, kann leicht ihn dazu beſtimmen — er darf ſein Feld nur unbebaut — etwa zum Wald aufliegen — laſſen; dann iſt er von Zehententrichtung frei, und vermehrt — wofern das Feld nicht zur beſten Qualität gehört — dadurch gar leicht den Ihm Selbſt zum Guten kommenden Ertrag. Oder aber, er kann durch Veränderung des Anbaues, nämlich durch Anbau zehentfreier Creſcenzien oder auch nur ſolcher, die einen andern Zehentherrn haben, dem bisherigen Zehentbezieher die Berechtigung nutzlos machen. Eine Schuld aber, deren Wirkſamkeit von der freien Willkühr des Schuldners abhängt, iſt wohl an pecuniärem Werth nicht gleich zu ſchätzen einer unbedingten, von jedem Thun oder Laſſen des Schuldners unabhängigen Schuld.

Es iſt alſo ein Vergleich hier angezeigt, eine Zubilligung nach Maßgabe der wohlerwogenen allſeitigen Verhältniſſe und politiſchen wie Rechts-Gründe. Ich glaube, mein Vorſchlag dürfte bei unbefangener Prüfung als gerechte Mitte nicht fernliegend erſcheinen, und behalte mir vor, bei einer andern Gelegenheit (Motivirung meines Antrages auf Ungültigkeitserklärung der über ſtandes- und grundherrliche Rechte erſchienenen Declarationen) zu beweiſen, daß er auch mit dem 14ten Artikel der Bundesacte und den übrigen hier etwa anzuführenden Geſetzen gar wohl vereinbarlich ſei.“

Art. 6. „Zehentberechtigte Stiftungen und Corporationen erhalten — wenn ſie zugleich Staatsanſtalten oder wirklichen Staats- oder Humanitäts-Zwecken gewidmet ſind — den vollen Betrag der bisherigen Zehenteinkünfte als jährliche Rente aus der Staatscaſſe.“

„Dieſer Artikel ruht nicht mit Art. 3. auf einem und demſelben Grunde. Doch iſt's hier der Staat, welcher in der Regel die Entſchädigung zu leiſten hat, nicht aber die Gemeinde. Der Staat muß ſeine Anſtalten unterhalten und wird ihnen darum, weil er die Beraubung der Zehentholde aufhören macht, die Unterhaltungsmittel nicht entziehen. Auch wird er eine Pflicht der Gerechtigkeit nicht auf Unkoſten der Humanität üben. Der vernünftige Geſammtwille billigt, ja fordert für die milden Stiftungen den vollen Erſatz.“

Art. 7. „Die privatrechtlichen Inhaber des Zehentrechts, d. h. ſolche, deren Zehentrecht ſich auf einen erweislich vorliegenden, gegen den Zehentholden geltenden privatrechtlichen Titel gründet, erhalten die mit dem 15fachen Betrag des reinen Ertrags zu leiſtende Ablöſungsſumme vom einzelnen Zehentholden ſelbſt. Der letzte jedoch iſt nicht gezwungen zur Ablöſung, aber darf wenigſtens, wenn der Zehentherr ſie fordert, nur den zehnfachen Betrag entrichten.“

„Zehenten dieſer Art werden ſich ſchwerlich viele vorfinden. Denn wenn auch mitunter in noch vorhandenen Verkaufsurkunden der Vorbehalt des Zehentrechtes für den Verkäufer zu leſen ſein ſollte: ſo ſetzt ſolcher Vorbehalt doch in der Regel den wirklichen Beſtand und den Fortbeſtand der allgemeinen Zehentpflichtigkeit voraus, und ſtatuirt alſo nicht eigentlich über Errichtung eines Zehentrechtes, ſondern blos über die Perſon des künftigen Zehentempfängers. Noch andere Verträge, z. B. über Maß und Weiſe des Zehentbezugs u. ſ. w. ſind noch deutlicher auf jene Vorausſetzung — alſo auch Bedingniß — gebaut, und laſſen daher die urſprüngliche — öffentlich rechtliche — Natur des Zehents unangetaſtet. Auch die Aufführung der Zehentlaſt unter den Beſchwerden eines zu verkaufenden Grundes bewirkt keine Verpflichtung des Käufers, ſondern ſetzt ihn blos von der bereits factiſch beſtehenden Laſt in Kenntniß und befreit dadurch den Verkäufer von Haftung oder Erſatz. Nur wenn Jemand ein bisher zehentfreies (und zwar nicht blos wegen der Eigenſchaft des bisherigen Beſitzers, ſondern vermöge Real-Rechts freies) Feld unter der Bedingung des in Zukunft ihm zu entrichtenden Zehents veräußert, oder wenn einer auf ſeinen bisher freien Grund eine Zehentlaſt vertragsmäßig übernommen hätte, würde die rein privatrechtliche Natur zu erkennen ſein. Aber auch alsdann würde, nach der Natur des Vertrags, eine wucherliche Makel dagegen zu erheben ſein (der die Laſt übernahm, erkannte nicht, welche ſchwere Bürde man ihm auflud), und die Ablöſung mit dem 15fachen Jahresbetrag als nicht zu gering erſcheinen."

Art. 8. „Zur Dotation der Staatscaſſe behufs der Zehententſchädigungs-Leiſtung zahlt jeder Zehentpflichtige (oder jede Gemeinde als Inbegriff der zu einer Gemarkung gehörigen Pflichtigen) den fünffachen Betrag der vom zehentpflichtigen Grund oder von der Gemarkung nach einer Durchſchnittsberechnung bisher dem Zehentherrn zugekommenen Jahresnutzung, d. h. des Netto-Jahres-Ertrags des Zehents. Will ein Einzelner nicht zahlen, ſo ſteht die Gemeinde für ihn, erwirbt aber dadurch das Zehentrecht gegen ihn ſo lange als möglich iſt, um durch den Zehentertrag das vorgeſchoſſene Capital ſammt Zinſen zu tilgen. Die Taxation des Zehentertragniſſes einzelner Gründe und ſomit die Beſtimmungen des von jedem einzelnen an die Gemeindecaſſe oder unmittelbar an die allgemeine Entſchädigungscaſſe zu leiſtenden Beitrags geſchieht durch Repartition des ganzen reinen Zehentertrags auf ſämmtliche zehentpflichtige Gemarkungsgründe nach der Hauptunterſcheidung in Reb-, Acker- und Wieſen-Gründe und nach einer in jeder Gattung zu machenden Abtheilung in etwa drei Claſſen nach Maßgabe ihrer größern oder geringern Ergiebigkeit. Für Gründe, welche vermöge Vertrags oder Herkommens einen geringeren Zehent als andere oder ein beſtimmtes Zehent-Averſum zu zahlen haben, dient ſolcher Vertrag oder ſolches Averſum zur Taxation.

„Hier würde es zu weit führen, in eine Begründung der Einzelheiten einzugehen. Die Prüfung und Begutachtung, nöthigenfalls Verbeſſerung dieſer Vorſchläge bleibe Ihrer Commiſſion vorbehalten, wofern Sie den Hauptantrag einer ſolchen Prüfung würdig achten."

Art. 9. „Eine weitere Dotation wird durch Erhöhung der geſammten directen Steuern um jährliche 3 bis 5 kr. weiter auf hundert Gulden Steuercapital bewirkt."

„Von der Erhöhung des Steuercapitals der vom Zehent befreiten Gründe ſpreche ich hier nicht, weil ſie ſich von ſelbſt verſteht, und weil dagegen das bisherige Steuercapital der Zehentherren als ſolches wegfällt. Doch möchte billig jene Erhöhung eine größere Summe betragen als dieſe Verminderung (weil der befreite Zehenthold mehr gewinnt als der Zehentherr verliert), was dann allerdings einen Theil des Ausfalls deckt. Aber mein Antrag geht auf allgemeine Erhöhung der geſammten directen Steuer um 3 bis 5 kr. von 100 fl. Steuercapital; und hier iſt's, wo ich den meiſten Einwürfen entgegenſehe. Wie kann man den Bürgern ſammt und ſonders zumuthen, die Claſſe der Zehentpflichtigen auf ſelbſteigene Unkoſten befreien zu helfen? Sollen die reichen Grundbeſitzer noch reicher gemacht werden durch Ueberwälzung ihrer Zehentſchuld auf die Schultern von tauſend und tauſend armen Hausbeſitzern und Gewerbsleuten? — Und ſollen die ſchon früher mittelſt Loskaufs zehentfrei gewordenen Beſitzer und Gemeinden jetzt auch noch die übrigen loskaufen helfen? — Liegt nicht billig dem Zehenthold ſelbſt die Zahlung der Entſchädigungs- und Ablöſungs-Summe ob, durch welche der Capitalwerth ſeines — eben der Zehentlaſt willen von ihm wohlfeiler erkauften — Grundes erhöht wird?"

„Meine Herren! Alle dieſe Betrachtungen, wiewohl ſie vollkommen anwendbar waren auf den Geſetzvorſchlag über Abſchaffung einer Anzahl alter Abgaben, hat man damals für unwichtig geachtet; ſollten ſie gegen die Zehentabſchaffung haltbarer ſein? — Selbſt wenn wirklich der Zehent einer Grund-Steuer oder Grund-Gült zu vergleichen wäre, würde man ohne Inconſequenz nicht darauf zurück kommen können, da man bei den alten Abgaben, deren größte Zahl jene Eigenſchaft wirklich an ſich trug, derſelben nicht geachtet hat. Aber der Zehent iſt — wie ich früher ausführte — nicht eigentlich Grundſteuer, ſondern perſönliche Steuer, ein Tribut der Induſtrie oder ein Zins der Leibeigenſchaft. Auf ihn oder auf die aus ſeiner Abſchaffung fließenden neuen Geſammtlaſten paſſen alle jene Einwürfe nicht. Abſchaffung des Zehents als einer ungerechten Steuer, ja einer Art von Leibeigenſchaft, iſt eine abſolute Schuldigkeit des Staats; dem Zehentpflichtigen ſelbſt aber den Erſatz dafür auflegen, heißt nicht ihn abſchaffen, ſondern forterhalten. Wenn nun nach geſchehener Abſchaffung eine allgemeine Steuererhöhung Statt findet, ſo geſchieht ſolche nicht eigentlich um die Zehentpflichtigen zu erleichtern oder zu bereichern, ſondern weil überall die Schuldigkeit der Bürger iſt, die Mittel zur Beſtreitung des Staatshaushaltes aus dem Ihrigen nach Maßgabe des jeweils von der Geſetzgebung zu beſtimmenden, aber ganz vorzüglich eines den Principien der Gleichheit thunlichſt huldigenden Steuerſyſtems herbeizuſchaffen, und weil alſo bei Aufhebung irgend einer für ungerecht oder für ſchädlich erachteten Steuergattung, das dadurch entſtandene Deficit durch Einführung einer andern oder durch Erhöhung der allgemeinen Steuer gedeckt werden muß. Auch gewinnt bei der Zehentabſchaffung mit nichten blos der Bauer. Jeder Bürger für den Fall, daß er künftig einen Grund erwirbt, hat nun die Freiheit von einer ſeine Perſon und ſein Capital in Anſpruch nehmenden Laſt errungen, und die Erhöhung des Grundſteuercapitals, folglich des wichtigſten Theiles des Staatsvermögens, und die Ermunterung der Landwirthſchaft, der allgemeinen Nährmutter, iſt gleichfalls ein Gewinn für Alle. Endlich erhebt die Zehentabſchaffung alle andern Bürgerclaſſen der ſonſt an ſie mit Recht zu ſtellenden Forderung eines gleichmäßig zu entrichtenden Zehents von all ihrem Erzeugniß und Erwerb."

„Uebrigens iſt ſicherlich die unendlich größte Zahl der Zehentholde arm, und der Erleichterung wirklich bedürftig; was aber die wenigen Reicheren betrifft, ſo ſollen ſie ja durch Erhöhung der directen Steuern auch verhältnißmäßig in's Mitleid gezogen werden, und außerdem iſt klar, daß Forderungen des Armuths auch gegen die Reichen zu befriedigen ſind. Oder wie! ſollte z. B. die Aufhebung einer für ungerecht erkannten Acciſe darum unterbleiben, weil jene Acciſe auch von einigen Reichen entrichtet ward?"

„Haben ferner einige Einzelne oder Gemeinden ſich bereits früher durch Loskauf vom Zehent befreit, ſo könnten ſie dadurch die Rechtsklage aller andern Zehentpflichtigen wohl nicht verſchlimmern. Ihre Sache und ihr Schade iſt's, daß ſie zu ungeduldig oder kleinmüthig waren, um vom Zeitgeiſt die wahrhaft rechtmäßige Befreiung zu erwarten."

„Auch daß die Zehentlaſt beim Ankauf der Gründe in Berechnung kam, wird von geringem Gewichte ſein. Nicht nur rechtsgültige Schulden, ſondern auch blos factiſche Benachtheiligungen und ungerechte Bedrückungen, die mit einem Gut verbunden ſind, werden vom Käufer in Anſchlag gebracht; aber darum wird der Titel der Schuld oder der Bedrückung kein anderer. Der Anſpruch auf Befreiung geht mit der ungerechten Laſt auf jeden Acquirenten über; und außerdem ſind viele Güter ſeit Jahrhunderten im erblichen Beſitz derſelben Familien, und manche andere ſind erſt in neuerer Zeit durch Urbarmachung geſchaffen und wegen der Zehentlaſt mit nichten wohlfeiler geſchaffen worden."

„Endlich enthält mein Vorſchlag im Art. 8, welcher dem Zehenthold die Einwerfung des fünffachen Jahresbetrags in die Entſchädigungscaſſe auflegt, bereits das Höchſte, was etwa aus Billigkeitsgründen hier könnte gefordert werden."

Art. 10. „Was noch mangeln ſollte, wird durch eine Anleihe aufgebracht."

„Eine genaue Berechnung hierüber zu liefern, bin ich zur Zeit nicht im Stande. Man hat zwar im Jahre 1819 den allgemeinen Betrag der Zehenten in Baden auf drei Millionen geſchätzt, eine furchtbare Summe, und welche, wenn ſie richtig iſt, am eindringlichſten die unmäßige Bedrückung des Landmanns beweiſt, und die Nothwendigkeit der Abhülfe. Doch übertrieben ſcheint der Anſatz, und es ſind davon jedenfalls, weil man dabei ſicherlich den Brutto-Ertrag im Auge hatte, die Adminiſtrationskoſten und Laſten — wenigſtens zum größten Theile abzuziehen. Nehmen wir dafür ein Drittel, demnach eine Million an, ſo bleiben noch zwei Millionen übrig, wovon eine halbe Million, mehr als der doppelte Netto-Ertrag der Domänial-Zehenten (laut der im Jahr 1825 der hohen Kammer vorgelegten Anſätze) durch die angetragene Steuererhöhung gedeckt wird. Die übrigen 1½ Million im zehnfachen Betrag weiſen ein Capital von 15 Millionen aus, von welchen die Zehentpflichtigen die Hälfte, alſo 7½ Millionen, übernehmen, und wornach alſo — anſtatt der 60 Millionen, womit man uns im Jahr 1819 ſchreckte — höchſtens noch andere 7½ Millionen der Deckung mittelſt einer Anleihe bedürfen."

„Es vermindert ſich aber die Summe noch weiter in eben dem Verhältniß, als der oben bemerkte ſummariſche Anſatz von 3 Millionen Zehentertrag bei genauer Prüfung als zu hoch erſcheinen wird, eben ſo durch den Ueberſchuß der Steuercapitals-Erhöhung von den jetzt zehentfreien Gründen über das jetzt aufhörende Steuercapital der bisher Zehentberechtigten, und nebenbei könnte noch ein weiterer großer Theil der Anleihe vermieden werden, wenn den Standes- und Grundherren als Gegenrechnung für Zehententſchädigungs-Gelder die Allodification ihrer lehenbaren Güter gewährt oder angeboten würde. Was aber alsdann noch übrig bleibt, ſteht wohl in ganz und gar keinem Verhältniß zu dem unberechenbaren Gewinn, welchen neben der erfüllten Pflicht und dem Ruhm ſolcher Rechtsbefriedigung — der Staat auch in materieller Hinſicht nach Reichthum, Volkszahl, politiſcher Kraft und allgemeinem Gedeihen aus der Zehentabſchaffung ziehen würde. Durch dieſelbe würde — nicht nur das kataſtrirte Steuercapital, ſondern der wahre Capital-Werth der Gründe, ſomit die ſolideſte Grundlage der Steuerfähigkeit unermeßlich erhöht, diejenige Bürgerclaſſe, auf deren Kraft und Wohlſtand ganz vorzugsweiſe das Wohl eines ackerbauenden Staates beruht, ſolchen Wohlſtandes theilhaftig gemacht, den Bürgern aller andern Claſſen, und auch Fremden Luſt zum Ankauf der Ländereien, welche jetzt nicht mehr die Schmach der Leibeigenſchaft oder der geregelten Beraubung auf ihre Eigenthümer brächten, gegeben, dem Verſinken der minder ergiebigen Ländereien in Unbau vorgebeugt, der Culturverbeſſerung in allen Zweigen der Landwirthſchaft die wohlthätigſte Ermunterung verliehen, die Grundmaſſe der Bevölkerung zu freiheitſtolzen, glücklichen und darum zuverläſſigen, Fürſt und Vaterland liebenden Bürgern gemacht, und ein in weite Fernen wirkendes, den Namen Badens verherrlichendes Beiſpiel aufgeſtellt. Dieſes alles wäre doch, ſollte man meinen, nicht zu theuer erkauft mit der vorgeſchlagenen kleinen Erhöhung der directen Steuer und mit einer Anleihe von ein Paar Millionen."

Art. 11. „Der Neubruchzehent — und zwar auch von den bereits umgebrochenen, doch nicht in die wirkliche Zehententrichtung gefallenen Gründen — hört ohne Entſchädigung auf."

Art. 12. „Eben ſo der Blutzehent. Wo dieſer jedoch einen Theil einer Beſoldung ausmachte, da wird der Erſatz aus der Staatskaſſe oder aus Gemeindemitteln, je nachdem der Dienſt iſt, geleiſtet."

„In Rückſicht dieſer beiden Artikel darf ich mich der Kürze halber auf jenes beziehen, was bereits im Jahre 1822 über die Abſchaffung beider Zehenten, des Neubruchs nämlich und des Bluts dargeſtellt, anerkannt und gefordert worden."

„Ich darf auch auf meinen eigenen damals in der erſten Kammer gehaltenen Vortrag über den Neubruchzehenten mich beziehen, worin ich die doppelte und dreifache Verwerflichkeit des Neubruchzehents aus den Standpunkten des Rechts und der Staatswirthſchaft ſchilderte und die Einwürfe eines ſcharfſinnigen, mit Waffen der Gelehrſamkeit wie der Dialektik wider mich auftretenden Gegners nicht ohne Erfolg, wie ich meinte, weil mit der Kraft der Wahrheit, bekämpfte. Ohne Widerſpruch mit ſich ſelbſt, kann die hohe Kammer nicht anders als wiederholt und nachdrücklichſt auf völlige, für die Pflichtigen unentgeldliche Abſchaffung des Neubruchzehents und zwar, ohne daß dafür den Berechtigten eine Entſchädigung gewährt werde, antragen. Sie wird auch die Befreiung nicht nur für die erſt künftig urbar zu machenden Gründe fordern, ſondern auch für die bereits beurbarten, welche noch in den geſetzlichen Freijahren ſich befinden. Beides wegen des hier noch einleuchtender und unwiderſprechlicher als beim alten Zehent waltenden rein öffentlichen Rechts und der daher unbedingt freien Macht der Geſetzgebung."

„Beim Blutzehent kann einiger Erſatz, doch nicht von den einzelnen Pflichtigen, als deren Keiner ſchuldig iſt, Vieh der fraglichen Gattung zu ziehen, keiner alſo eine bleibende oder wahre Verpflichtung auf ſich hat, ſondern höchſtens von der Gemeinde verlangt werden, deren ſämmtliche Mitglieder nämlich, ſo viele deren etwa künftig in den Fall kommen, dem Blutzehent unterworfenes Vieh zu halten, durch die Abſchaffung die Freiheit erlangen; beſſer jedoch vom Staat, mit einigem Beitrag von Seite der Gemeinden, ungefähr nach denſelben Grundſätzen, die ich oben für den Hauptzehent aufſtellte."

Art. 13. „Die mit dem Zehentrechte in Verbindung oder Wechſelwirkung ſtehenden Geſetze, als über Kirchenbau u. ſ. w. werden einer der Zehentabſchaffung entſprechenden Reform unterworfen."

„Mit der Zehentabſchaffung, wenn ſie zu Stande kommt, werden freilich noch andere Beſtimmungen verbunden werden müſſen, welche den durch jene neu eingeführten Verhältniſſen entſprechen. Insbeſondere wird feſtzuſetzen ſein, wer alsdann die Laſten zu tragen habe, welche bisher der Zehentherr ganz oder zum Theil trug? — Da bei der Berechnung der Entſchädigung von der Summe des Zehentertrags alle Laſten wie alle Unkoſten in Abzug gebracht werden, ſo fragt ſich's: wer erbt nun die Laſten des Zehentherrn, und ganz insbeſondere, wer tritt nun in ſeine vorige Verpflichtung zum Kirchenbau ein?? — Naturgemäß — inſofern nicht eigene Mittel örtlichen Kirchenfonds vorliegen — diejenigen, für deren Gebrauch die Kirche erbaut oder erhalten wird, alſo die nähere Kirchengemeinde (worunter ohnehin die bisher Zehentpflichtigen enthalten ſind), und, wofern dieſelbe zu dürftig wäre, der allgemeine Kirchenfond und zuletzt der Staat. In ein genaues Detail hier einzugehen, würde jedoch zu weit führen. Die allgemeinen Prinzipien eines vernünftigen Rechts, angewandt auf die hier und dort vorhandenen beſondern Verhältniſſe, werden zur Richtſchnur dienen. Ihrer Commiſſion, meine Herren! und der hohen Regierung brauche ich durch eigene Vorſchläge nicht vorzugreifen. Iſt einmal die Hauptſache im Reinen, ſo darf uns vor der Schlichtung der Nebendinge nicht mehr bange ſein."

„Endlich erlaube ich mir noch einen eventuellen Antrag. Sollte nämlich, was mir jedoch kaum möglich ſcheint, die hohe Kammer noch Anſtand nehmen, auf unverzügliche Abſchaffung aller Zehenten einzugehen, oder ſollten außerhalb dieſer Mauern ſich Hinderniſſe dagegen aufthürmen: alsdann wäre doch wenigſtens dafür zu ſorgen, daß neben der jedenfalls zu verlangenden Abſchaffung des Neubruchs- und des Blutzehents — wirkſame Maßregeln ergriffen würden, um eine künftige vollſtändige Rechtsbefriedigung zu erleichtern. Dahin würde vor Allem eine Reviſion der in vielen Artikeln drückenden Beſtimmungen unſers Landrechts über die Zehenten gehören, und ſodann zumal ein geſetzlich auszuſprechendes Verbot der Verpachtung des Zehents, es ſei denn an den Zehentpflichtigen ſelbſt oder an die zehentpflichtige Gemeinde. Alles, was dem Zehentherrn den Bezug erleichtert oder lucrativer macht, erhöht für eine künftige Abſchätzung den Capitalwerth der Berechtigung und erſchwert demnach die Abſchaffung nicht minder als die Ablöſung, und es ſtreitet auch gegen alles natürliche Recht wie gegen Billigkeit und Humanität, den Zehentpflichtigen, welcher vielleicht noch von dem Ehrgefühl oder der Milde des Zehentherrn ſelbſt eine minder drückende Behandlung erwarten kann, der rückſichtsloſen, durch künſtliche Steigerung des Pachtpreiſes aufgeforderten oder beſchönigten, jedenfalls demüthigenden, oft empörenden Strenge oder Raubluſt eines geizigen Zehentpächters preis zu geben."

„Meine Herren! Im Namen der zahlreichen, dem Staat vor allen andern wohlthätigen und unentbehrlichen Claſſe der — gegenwärtig ſo hart bedrückten — Landleute, im Namen der Gerechtigkeit, der Humanität und der ächten Staatswirthſchaft fordere ich Sie auf, meinem Antrag jene Aufmerkſamkeit zu ſchenken, welche er ſeinem Gegenſtande nach anſpricht, ſo mangelhaft einzelne meiner Ideen auch ſein ſollten. Ich fordere Sie neben allen andern Gründen noch dazu auf im Intereſſe des öffentlichen Friedens und der geſetzlichen Ordnung. Die heutige Zeit, wer wird dieß läugnen? geht mit Umwälzungen ſchwanger; der politiſche Himmel hängt voll drohender Wolken. Wie beſchwören wir am ſicherſten jeden etwa möglichen Sturm? Der deutſche Bundestag hat kürzlich in friſch eingeſchärftem Preßzwang das Heilmittel zu finden geglaubt, und in der gegen das Volk jedes einzelnen Staates aufgebotenen Streitkraft der ſtehenden Truppen ſämmtlicher Bundesglieder. Aber, meine Herren! ſolche Mittel möchten etwa in China, nicht aber im heutigen Deutſchland von der erwarteten Wirkung ſein. Die edleren Völker Europa's in Ruhe erhalten, dazu giebt's nur ein Mittel, aber ein leichtes, nahe liegendes und zuverläſſiges. Es heißt: Rechtsbefriedigung. Nur hiedurch wird den Ruheſtörern die Waffe entwunden, nur hiedurch ihnen unmöglich gemacht, den rührigen Volksclaſſen einen lockenden Preis des Aufſtandes zu bieten. Je nachdem Umſtände eintreten, könnte allerdings die Loſung: „Frohndfreiheit! Zehentfreiheit!" verführeriſch auf die gedrückte Maſſe wirken. Gebt ihr darum zum vorhinein dieſe Freiheit, und dann wird ſie unzugänglich der Verführung ſein. Wahrlich! die Julitage in Frankreich hätten daſelbſt ganz andere Folgen gehabt, hätten alldort noch die Zehenten und Frohnden beſtanden. Nun aber die materiellen Bedrückungen längſt gehoben ſind, verlangt das Volk Ruhe, Geſetzlichkeit und Frieden. Rechtsbefriedigung und Anderes nicht iſt heut zu Tage das Beſchwörungswort der Revolution."

Vertheidigungs-Rede für die vorſtehende „Motion für Zehent-Abſchaffung."

„Meine Herren!"

„Die Urheber der früher verhandelten Hauptmotionen, — namentlich der über die Wiederherſtellung der Verfaſſung, über Preßfreiheit, über Abſchaffung der Herrenfrohnden — erfreuten ſich des Glückes, daß ihre Anträge einſtimmigen Beifall in der hohen Kammer und in den Commiſſionen einſtimmige Unterſtützung fanden. Sie durften ſich demnach bei der Discuſſion, welche ihnen nur beifällige Vorträge herbeiführte, jeder eigenen Vertheidigung oder Rechtfertigung ihrer Anträge enthalten, und ſich auf einen am Ende der Verhandlung anzuſtimmenden Ruf des Triumphs beſchränken."

„Nicht eben ſo glücklich iſt meine Stellung. Wiewohl nämlich bei der Motivirung mit lebhaftem Beifall aufgenommen, hat dennoch mein Antrag eine bedeutende Oppoſition ſowohl in der Kammer als außerhalb derſelben wider ſich entſtehen ſehen, und ein blos leidendes oder den Ausgang in Stille erwartendes Verhalten iſt mir nicht erlaubt.“

„Schon die Anträge der — wie ich freudig anerkenne, von dem edelſten Geiſte durchwehten — Commiſſion und des durch ſeinen vortrefflichen Bericht um die große Sache der Zehentabſchaffung hochverdienten Berichterſtatters weichen, wenn auch nicht in den Grundſätzen, worin ich vielmehr mit Stolz eine Beſtätigung der meinigen erblicke, doch in deren Anwendung, namentlich in dem Maßſtab der feſtzuſetzenden Entſchädigung von meinen Vorſchlägen bedeutend ab, und eine weit größere Abweichung iſt in dem von der aus zwei Mitgliedern beſtehenden Minorität erſtatteten Beivotum zu erkennen. Zwar dieſes Beivotum, deſſen Ton der Humanität des mit mir doch bereits in bitterer literariſcher Fehde geſtandenen Verfaſſers zur größten Ehre gereicht, und deſſen Richtung, als wenigſtens einen Vergleich zwiſchen entgegengeſetzten Anſichten anbietend, ein herrliches Zeugniß für die Macht der Wahrheit auf ein edles Gemüth iſt, greift mich nicht perſönlich an; aber es handelt ſich auch nicht um meine Perſon, ſondern um die Sache. Eben ſo hat der Herr Redner der Regierung mich nicht angegriffen, denn in ſeinem geiſtreichen Vortrage, dem wir mit geſpanntem Intereſſe zuhörten, hat er ſogar Zeugniß abgelegt für einen Hauptgrund meines Antrags; er hat — wenn auch nicht mit dem von mir gebrauchten und aus meiner Ueberzeugung hervorgegangenen Ausdruck die „Heilloſigkeit“ des Zehentes — doch wenigſtens ſeine vielfache Verderblichkeit und Gemeinſchädlichkeit in national-ökonomiſcher, moraliſcher und religiöſer Hinſicht laut ausgeſprochen und auf das Eindringlichſte erwieſen.“

„Ueber dieſen einen Hauptgrund meines Antrags darf ich mich daher jeder weitern Ausführung enthalten; allein der Herr Redner der Regierung iſt gegen meinen andern Hauptgrund, nämlich gegen die Rechtsfrage, ich möchte ſagen auf Leib und Leben mit mir in die Schranken getreten, und ein hochverehrtes Mitglied dieſer Kammer hat ſich in völliger Rüſtung über dieſen Punkt mir gegenüber geſtellt, — ein Mitglied, das ſelbſt manches ſcharfe Wort gegen mich fallen ließ, aber doch, wie ich von ihm überzeugt bin, mir die nämlichen freundlichen Geſinnungen zuwendet, wie ich ſie ihm aus innigſter und aufrichtigſter Empfindung bekenne.“

„Außerdem iſt ſeit dem Bekanntwerden meiner Motion eine Menge von Gegenſchriften erſchienen, von welchen wenigſtens ein Theil eine Beleuchtung anſpricht, in ſo fern er ſich nämlich dort an meine Motion anklammert, auch eines Theils durch die Befliſſenheit, welche die Austheilung der Schriften unter die Abgeordneten anordnete, andererſeits durch die zuverſichtliche Berufung der Minorität auf die darin enthaltene, wie behauptet wird, „ſiegreiche“ Widerlegung meiner Anſichten einen Einfluß auf unſere Berathung und Schlußfaſſung zu erringen droht.“

„Dagegen werde ich nicht berühren, weder den — nach der mir bekannten Perſönlichkeit einiger ſeiner Redactoren übrigens achtungswerthen — Badiſchen Mercur (deſſen einer Nummer die Schlußſtelle meiner Rede über die ſtandesherrlichen Verhältniſſe galt), noch weit weniger die Badiſche Quotidienne, d. h. die Mannheimer Zeitung, welche irrigerweiſe jene Schlußſtelle auf ſich bezog, deren ich aber meines Erinnerns früher noch niemals gedacht habe und auch niemals gedenken zu müſſen hoffe, auch nicht einige verwandte Artikel in mehreren Provinzialblättern und mehrere, nur einzelne Seiten der Zehentſache, ohne Berührung der Hauptfragen, in's Auge faſſende Schriften. Sondern ich beſchränke mich auf die drei Schriften, nämlich des Pfarrers Müller in Bettberg, des ungenannten Verfaſſers der Schrift: „Ueber den Urſprung der Zehenten,“ dem Vernehmen nach Profeſſor Birnbaum (ehedeſſen in Löwen und nunmehr in Bonn), und des geheimen Raths Zachariä in Heidelberg (über Aufhebung ꝛc. der Zehenten), und werfe auch auf dieſe nur einen flüchtigen Blick.“

„Der Pfarrer Müller in ſeinem „Sendſchreiben“ an den Antragſteller glaubt vorerſt, ich hätte Ihn gemeint, als ich am Eingang meiner Motivirung von den „verſtockten und gedankenloſen“ Anhängern des Zehents ſprach. Ihm diene zur Beruhigung — und deswegen allernächſt erwähne ich hier Seiner — daß ich damals ihn zu ſolcher Claſſe nicht zählen konnte, weil ich damals von ſeiner frühern Schrift noch keine Notiz hatte. In dem „Sendſchreiben“ treibt der für ſeinen Zehentbezug ſo „uneigennützig“ ſtreitende Pfarrer ſeinen Eifer ſo weit, daß er „in dem Zehent die allerheiligſte Abgabe erkennt, welche die Staatsweisheit erſinnen kann.“ Daß ich hiernach mit ihm über die Sache nicht ſtreiten könne, iſt klar, nur über die von ihm gegen mich (ſo wie über die von andern Seiten gegen die der Zehentabſchaffung geneigten Mitglieder der Kammer überhaupt) hingeworfene Anſpielung auf etwa bei ihnen mitwirkende eigennützige Motive bemerke ich, daß ich eine vierfache Abſtufung der hier in Sprache ſtehenden Geſinnung erkenne. Die erſte und oberſte iſt diejenige der reinen und aufrichtigen Ueberzeugung von der Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit deſſen, was man fordert und behauptet; — dieß iſt die Geſinnung, die in dieſem Saale wohnt, dieß iſt die Geſinnung, deren auch ich mit ſtolzem Selbſtgefühle mich rühme. Die zweite Stufe iſt die einiger unwillkürlichen Befangenheit für Intereſſen, die wir entweder ſelbſt theilen und deshalb auch genauer kennen, oder die wir als Intereſſen von uns enger verbundener Claſſen oder Bezirke lieben. Von dieſer Befangenheit ſich frei zu erhalten, ſoll unſer Streben ſein, wenn es auch den menſchlichen Schwächen nicht immer möglich iſt, ſolches Ziel vollkommen zu erreichen. Die dritte und tief unter beiden obigen befindliche Stufe iſt die des wiſſentlichen Verfechtens von eigenen Intereſſen oder von Intereſſen Anderer, der wiſſentlichen Parteinahme für dergleichen Intereſſen als Intereſſen, ohne Rückſicht auf Recht und Gemeinwohl; dieſe Geſinnung bleibe fern von uns und allen Genoſſen unſeres Strebens. Die vierte und tiefſte Stufe aber iſt diejenige, auf welcher ſich Jene befinden, die gar nicht einmal begreifen können, daß Anderen ein uneigennütziges Streben einwohne, die — wenn ſie auch achtbare Männer ein ſolches Streben äußern und irgend ein Ziel mit Eifer verfolgen ſehen, dafür gar keinen andern Schlüſſel finden, als eigennützige Motive. — Soviel von dieſer Schrift.“

„Von den beiden andern Schriften zeichnet die erſte (Birnbaums) durch rechtshiſtoriſche Gelahrtheit, und die zweite (Zachariä's) durch Scharfſinn und dialektiſche Kunſt ſich aus. Doch alle Gelahrtheit und alle Kunſt vermögen nichts gegen die ewigen Wahrheiten der Vernunft, und wer, wie Birnbaum, in dieſen mit Geringſchätzung betrachteten Wahrheiten nur „Declamationen“ erblickt, der iſt kein Geiſtesgenoſſe der heutigen Zeit, und wer ſchweigend an ihnen vorübergeht — wie Zachariä — der giebt den Standpunkt auf, von welchem allein ein Streit wie der vorliegende zu entſcheiden iſt.“

„Indeſſen anerkenne ich gleichfalls gern, daß die Schrift des geh. Raths Zachariä in demjenigen Tone der ruhigen, unbeleidigenden Unterſuchung geſchrieben iſt, welcher dem Gegner minder Achtung gebeut, als er für dieſen ſolche ausſpricht.“

„Fürchten Sie nicht, meine Herren, daß ich Sie mit einer umſtändlichen Widerlegung der beiden letztgenannten Schriften ermüde. Es möge dieß einer akademiſchen Disputation vorbehalten bleiben oder einer gelehrten Abhandlung. Nur in ſo fern die Anſichten der Minorität Ihrer Commiſſion auf die Ausführungen jener Schriften ſich ſtützen, und in ſo fern alſo eine Beleuchtung derſelben für unſere Schlußfaſſung entſcheidend ſein kann, werde ich mir eine ſolche erlauben.“

„Der Hauptſatz beider Schriften (ich will der Kürze halber von beiden mit einander ſprechen), aber auch der Hauptſatz der eben gehörten Vorträge des Hrn. Regierungs-Commiſſärs und unſeres Hrn. Alters-Präſidenten, beſteht in der Behauptung: die Zehenten ſeien nicht eine Steuer, überhaupt nicht aus dem öffentlichen Rechte entſprungen, ſondern ein Ausfluß des Privatrechts, eine Contractsbedingung, feſtgeſetzt bei der von Seite der Grundeigenthümer geſchehenen Ueberlaſſung des Nutzeigenthums an die Rechtsvorfahren der heutigen Colonen.“

„Zum Beweis dieſer Behauptung wird eine ziemliche Anzahl hiſtoriſcher Daten, Zeugniſſe, auch Geſetze oder Verordnungen aus uralten Zeiten und von den verſchiedenſten Völkern zuſammengebracht, und mit dem zuverſichtlichſten Tone, als „den Sieg jener Meinung ſichernd,“ aufgeführt. Ein voreiliges Triumphgeſchrei, wie aus nachfolgenden Betrachtungen hervorgeht:

1) „Ohne Anſtand wollen wir anerkennen, und haben es früher ſchon gethan, daß mehrere Zehentſchuldigkeiten aus rein privatrechtlicher Verpflichtung ihren Urſprung genommen. Aber dieſes iſt nicht die alleinige, und bei weitem nicht die vorherrſchende Quelle. Vielmehr kann, wenn man auch die ſpitzfindigſten Hypotheſen und Vermuthungen als hiſtoriſche Wahrheiten annehmen will, doch nur der allerkleinſte Theil der Zehenten dergeſtalt gegründet worden ſein, da in den Zeiten, woraus ſolcher Urſprung herrühren ſoll, nur der allerkleinſte Theil des Bodens bebaut war und aller weiter hinzugekommene Zehent Neubruchzehent iſt, welcher bloß nach einer geſetzlichen Verfügung oder nach als Geſetz geltendem Machtgebot oder eingeſchlichenem Herkommen eingefordert ward. Man ließ ihn ſich gefallen, weil der Zehent überall ſchon als Regel betrachtet ward, und weil überhaupt der Schwache damals rechtlos gegen den Starken war.“

„So viel oder wenig ſolcher privatrechtlich gegründeten Zehenten es jedoch geben mag, ſo können ſie niemals die Rechtseigenſchaft der anders entſtandenen abſtreiten, niemals als Regel gelten, niemals das etwa für ſich gültige Princip der Ablöſung auch auf alle andern übertragen. Vielmehr liegt jedem, der eine ſolche privatrechtliche Zehentherrlichkeit behauptet, der Beweis dafür ob. Denn aus dem im allgemeinen zugegebenen Satz, daß mitunter Zehentſchuldigkeiten durch Privatverträge gegründet worden, folgt mit nichten, daß gerade der Grund a oder b oder die Gemarkung c oder d mit ſolcher Schuldigkeit behaftet ſeien. Der privatrechtliche Urſprung der Zehenten kann überall nur auf beſtimmte, einzelne Gründe oder Strecken ſich beziehen; die allgemeine oder als Regel geltende Verpflichtung läßt bloß aus einer allgemeinen Quelle, alſo aus einem Geſetz oder dem Geſetze ähnlichem Machtgebot oder Herkommen ſich ableiten, und ſolche im allgemeinen auch durch die Geſchichte unwiderleglich bezeugte Gründung muß als Vermuthung oder Grundſatz für alle Ländereien gelten, in Anſehung deren Zehentpflicht nicht ein ſpezieller Titel nachgewieſen wird.

„Der geh. Rath Zachariä hat eingeſtanden, daß geſchichtlich feſt nur der Satz ſtehe: „„daß die Zehenten ihrem Urſprung nach, ſehr verſchiedener Art wären,““ alſo theils Kirchenſteuer, theils Staatsſteuer, theils Kriegstribut, theils Zins der Leibeigenſchaft oder bloßes Diktat der Herren-Gewalt, theils endlich auch — wie wir nicht leugnen wollen — privatrechtlich übernommene Laſt; dieſes letzte jedoch weitaus im kleinſten Maße und nirgends, oder faſt nirgends mehr deutlich erkennbar oder erweislich.“

„Mit dieſem Satze fällt nun der ganze künſtliche Apparat von einzelnen hiſtoriſchen Zeugniſſen zuſammen. Man kann für jede der oben angeführten Entſtehungsquellen und für noch andere mehr eine Menge von hiſtoriſchen Zeugniſſen oder Autoritäten auffinden (je nachdem man Muße und Luſt zu ſolchen Sammlungen hat), aber ſolche Autoritäten und Zeugniſſe zerſtören ſich wechſelsweiſe, ſobald man ſie für Mehreres als für Spezielles geltend machen will, und nur der allgemeine Geſchichtſtrom, wie er dem unbefangenen Forſcher klar und deutlich dahin fließt, nicht einzelne Waſſerfaden mögen die Entſcheidung geben. Die Zeugniſſe vom privatrechtlichen Zehenturſprung beweiſen gegen die allgemeine Quelle, welche im öffentlichen Recht oder Unrecht, oder in der kirchlichen oder bürgerlichen Beſteuerung zu erkennen iſt, nicht mehr, als z. B. gegen den allgemeinen Satz: „„der Schwarzwald iſt vorherrſchend aus Nadelholz beſtehend,““ die einzelnen Buchen- und Eichenwälder beweiſen würden, die man in verſchiedenen Gegenden des Schwarzwaldes auffindet. Indem enthalten die Urkunden und andere geſchichtliche Quellen meiner Gegner blos Verhandlungen und Diktate der Großen, der geiſtlichen und weltlichen Herren. Von den Zehentholden ſelbſt liegen keine Anerkenntniſſe vor. Was beweiſen alſo jene Urkunden? — Machtdiktate, Verträge über Rechte von Dritten — und ſonſt nichts. Und was beweiſt der ganze geführte Streit zwiſchen Kirche und Landesherren über die Zehentherrlichkeit? — Daß die Zehenten in der Regel eine kirchliche oder eine bürgerliche Steuer oder Tributpflichtigkeit ſeien, jedenfalls alſo eine öffentliche Laſt.“

2) „Aber noch mehr! Die von meinen Gegnern aufgeſtellten Beiſpiele von angeblich privatrechtlicher Zehentgründung ſind — wenn man ſie auch alle als wahr annehmen wollte — größtentheils für's Gegentheil zeugend, d. h. für die öffentlich rechtliche Zehentnatur. Freilich iſt der tief liegende Unterſchied zwiſchen dieſen beiden Hauptarten des Rechts nicht allen poſitiven Juriſten klar; denn nirgend weniger als im poſitiven Recht ſind die höheren Prinzipien für ſolche Unterſuchung zu finden, und es hat zumal die heilloſeſte Vermiſchung und Verwechslung des öffentlichen und des Privatrechts als eines der traurigſten Erbſtücke aus den barbariſchen Jahrhunderten bis auf die neueſte Zeit fortgedauert: aber das Vernunftrecht, welches den Stab zu führen hat bei dem Bauen der Staaten und Geſetze, unterſcheidet klar und beſtimmt zwiſchen den auf dem ſelbſteigenen Willen oder alleiniger Wechſelwirkung der Berechtigten und Pflichtigen (oder ihrer Rechtsvorfahrer) ruhenden und den aus dem Willen einer Geſammtheit oder auch eines Machthabers gefloſſenen Rechtsverhältniſſen, und nur auf der ſcharfen Unterſcheidung zwiſchen dieſen beiden Quellen und auf der Verdeutlichung der Rechtsfolgen ſolchen Unterſchiedes beruht die Hoffnung eines zu gründenden beſſeren Zuſtandes. Der Zehent nun fließt faſt durchgängig aus der letzten Quelle.“

„Wenn der geh. Rath Zachariä die Worte des Papſtes Innocenz III., der da zur Einſchärfung des Kirchenzehents das dominium, welches Gott über alle Länder des Erdballs zuſtehe, in Parallele ſetzt mit dem dominium der weltlichen Zehentherren, als der Anſicht der Entſtehung des Zehents aus dem Eigenthumsrecht der Herrn günſtig darſtellt, ſo vergißt er wohl oder will nicht gedenken der ſchon früher geſchehenen anmaßlichen Uebertragung des Wortes und Begriffs dominium und dominus aus der Sphäre des Privatrechts in jene des Staates; er vergißt, daß ſchon die römiſchen Kaiſer (zumal von Diokletian an) den ihre Despotengewalt bezeichnenden Titel „dominus“ führten und daß noch bis zu den neueſten Zeiten knechtiſche Juriſten oder Hofpubliziſten zu finden ſind, welche das Recht des Königs über Land und Volk aus einem gedichteten Eigenthumsrecht über das ganze Gebiet ableiten. Darum legt man auch ein ſo großes Gewicht auf den Titel „König von Frankreich“ und zieht ihn ſo gerne dem andern „König der Franzoſen“ vor, indem nach dem erſten der König als Eigenthümer des ganzen franzöſiſchen Bodens und mittelſt deſſen auch als Herr von deſſen Bewohnern — welchen er nämlich die Bedingungen des Aufenthalts feſtſetzen kann — erſcheint.“

„Eben ſo und noch allgemeiner entſtand aus dem Mißbrauch oder der Uebertreibung des Kriegsrechts die Idee des Eigenthums des Siegers über das eroberte Land und Volk. Und wenn demnach die Römer den unterworfenen Galliern und Bewohnern der decumatiſchen Länder in Deutſchland, und eben ſo wenn die Franken den beſiegten Sachſen u. A. den Zehent oder eine andere Quote auflegten: ſo war dieſes nichts anders, als ein Kriegs-Tribut, deſſen Natur die des öffentlichen, nicht des Privatrechts iſt.“

„Von ſolchen, bereits durch die Römer den Colonen eroberter Länder auferlegten, ſodann von den Franken als den Erben der römiſchen Herrſchaft für ſich ſelbſt in Anſpruch genommenen oder vermöge ähnlichen Rechts über andere Völker verhängten, wohl auch von den Königen und andern Kriegshäuptern unter Freunde und Vaſallen, Gewaltträger und Kirchen vertheilten, d. h. denſelben zum Selbſtbezug angewieſenen oder mit den Ländern übergebenen Tributen leiten nun meine gelehrten Gegner eine Maſſe von Zehenten ab, welche ihnen hiernach als Eigenthumsrechte vorkommen, mir aber rein als Kriegs- oder Herrſchaftsſteuern erſcheinen. Wahrlich, wenn wir, als Nachkommen und Rechtsnachfolger der gedrückten Colonen in den decumatiſchen Ländern oder der von den Franken beſiegten Alemannen, den Zehent an die Erben der römiſchen oder der fränkiſchen Herrſchaft zu entrichten haben, ſo iſt eines von beiden die Rechtslage der Zehentholde: entweder ſie ſehen ſich noch fortwährend von einem Kriegstribut gedrückt; es iſt alſo noch kein Friede geſchloſſen, und der bloß faktiſche Zuſtand der noch fortdauernden, aber durch Gegengewalt möglich zu löſenden Kriegsgewalt laſtet über ihnen; oder es iſt der Kriegsmeiſter zum Staatshaupt geworden, und zieht den ehevorigen Kriegstribut jetzt unter dem ſtaatsbürgerlichen Titel von Steuer ein, d. h. er bezieht ihn ſelbſt, theils läßt er ihn einheben durch Solche, welchen er in einzelnen Diſtrikten dazu die Bevollmächtigung, wohl auch die erbliche Anweiſung ertheilt hat, und welche hinwieder ihre erhaltene Anweiſung weiter an Andere (allerdings oft unter privatrechtlichen Titeln, die jedoch niemals gegen die Pflichtigen, ſondern nur zwiſchen Berechtigten unter ſich von Gültigkeit ſind) übertragen haben.“

„Mit faſt naiver Selbſtvergeſſenheit bemerkt Birnbaum (nach Savigny), daß das römiſche Colonat (das Verhältniß der Hörigkeit und Zehentpflichtigkeit der Landbauern gegen reiche und mächtige Herren) allmählig an die Stelle der Sklaverei getreten, alſo eine Art von Umſtaltung oder Milderung derſelben geweſen ſei, und daß in der ſpätern Kaiſerzeit auch viele ärmere Eigenthümer ihre Güter an Reiche abgetreten hätten unter der Bedingung, ſie doch noch als Colonen — folglich mit der Laſt der Zehentpflichtigkeit — bebauen zu dürfen. Dieſes iſt ein köſtliches Eingeſtändniß der Wahrheit unſerer Behauptung, daß nämlich der Zehent eine Art von Leibeigenſchaftslaſt, — folglich, da gegen eine ganze Claſſe verhängt, ein Ausfluß des öffentlichen Rechtes ſei. Auch die von demſelben Schriftſteller angeführte Benennung servi, welche Tacitus den zu Abgaben von Früchten oder Vieh pflichtigen deutſchen Colonen giebt, führt zu derſelben Anſicht. Nicht minder das Eingeſtändniß, daß im Mittelalter auch freie Menſchen ihre Allodialgüter häufig an Kirchen oder weltliche Herren übergeben haben, unter dem Vorbehalt, ſie gleichwohl noch als zehentpflichtige Colonen bebauen zu dürfen, ſpricht laut für uns. Denn warum entſagten jene freien Bauern ihrem freien Eigenthum? — Entweder aus Furcht vor der eiſernen Gewalt, welcher damals alles Recht der Schwachen erlag, oder gegen die Bedingung eines von den Starken zu erhaltenden Schutzes, überhaupt gegen Leiſtungen dieſer Starken, welche jetzt nicht mehr Statt finden, und alſo auch keine Forderung mehr begründen können. Ja! die gewaltſame oder durch Furcht bewirkte Herabwürdigung der urſprünglich freien Bauern zur Tributſchaft und perſönlichen Pflicht gegen anmaßliche Herrengewalt iſt die Hauptquelle aller derjenigen Zehenten, welche nicht als Staats- oder Kirchenſteuer auferlegt worden; und ſelbſt das wirklich unter Unfreie oder unter bloße Pächter oder Zinsbauern vertheilte Land war meiſt nur durch Kriegsgewalt oder Fauſtrecht in den Beſitz der Herren gekommen, im beſten Falle noch durch königliche Verleihung als Amtsgehalt für bürgerliche oder kriegeriſche Dienſte, die jetzt nicht mehr geleiſtet werden.“

3) „Aber, ſagt man, durch Verjährung iſt längſt alles dieſes geheilt worden, und trotz der Mangelhaftigkeit des urſprünglichen Titels beſteht jetzt das Privatrecht des Zehentherrn. Allerdings beſteht ſein Zehentrecht, d. h. ſein Recht zum Zehentbezug; doch ohne Veränderung der urſprünglichen oder als Regel erſcheinenden Natur des Rechts, d. h. noch jetzt als öffentliches Recht, nicht als Privatrecht, zumal nicht gegen den Zehentpflichtigen, gegen welchen als den blos durchs Geſetz oder durch Gewalt Verpflichteten oder Gezwungenen nie eine Privatverjährung lief, und nicht gegen die geſetzgebende Gewalt, gegen welche keine Verjährung gedacht werden kann, da ihr Recht wie ihre Pflicht für und für nur in Grundſätzen, nicht aber in frühern Beſtimmungen oder Duldungen Maß und Richtung findet. Wohl mag jetzt der Zehentbeſitzer als bona fide beſitzend betrachtet werden und gegen andere Zehentwerber — ſeien es Private oder Kirche oder Staat — ſeinen Beſitzſtand aus dem Titel der Verjährung behaupten; aber ſein Beſitzrecht wird gegenſtandlos, ſobald die ewig freie Geſetzgebung den zur Ungebühr eingeführten oder tolerirten Zehent im Allgemeinen wieder abzuſchaffen für gut findet. Umgekehrt könnte aber der Zehentholde — falls er etwa Abkömmling oder Rechtsnachfolger von wirklich bloßen Pächtern oder contractmäßig beſchränkten Nutznießern ſein ſollte — ſich auf die erwerbende Verjährung berufen, auf das nämlich durch den langen Anbau, und zwar unter dem vom Staat ihm verliehenen Titel als Eigenthümer fortgeſetzten Anbau erworbene Eigenthumsrecht über das vielleicht — doch erweislich — vor 1000 oder 1500 Jahren einem wahren privatrechtlichen Grundherrn zuſtändig geweſene Gut.“

„Aber noch mehr! Der Grundholde kann ſagen: Wenn Ihr hiſtoriſchen Rechtsfreunde ſo weit zurückgeht, nämlich bis in die Zeit der durch Kriegsgewalt und Fauſtrecht gegründeten Eigenthumsſprüche weniger Starken über das ganze Land; ſo erlaubt mir, noch einen Schritt weiter zurück zu ſchreiten. Dem Zuſtand ſolcher Anmaßung ging voraus jener des freien Eigenthums wie der freien Perſönlichkeit der Colonen oder Nationalglieder. Dieſer Zuſtand der Freiheit iſt der natürliche und demnach als Regel vorauszuſetzende, und unter den Vermuthungen über den Zehenturſprung verdient daher jene den Vorzug, welche nicht aus einem anmaßlichen oder erdichteten Eigenthumsrechte des Zehentherrn, ſondern aus einem allgemeinen (Steuer-) Geſetz, d. h. aus dem öffentlichen Recht ihn ableitet.“

4) „Doch verlaſſen wir den Boden der Geſchichte, worauf wir zwar für den Unbefangenen, für den nur die großen Maſſen in's Auge Faſſenden, Stoff zur Ueberzeugung genug, für den ein Parteiintereſſe Verfolgenden aber, oder für den des gelehrten Krams und der glänzenden Hypotheſen ſich Erfreuenden nur Stoff zum Streit und zur Verwirrung finden! Wir wollen deßhalb die Natur der Zehentlaſt in's Auge faſſen; dieſelbe iſt beweiſender als alle Geſchichtsklauberei und alle poſitive Jurisprudenz.“

„Aus dieſer Natur aber geht hervor, daß der Zehent, ſo wie er beſteht und ſeit Jahrhunderten beſtand, privatrechtlich gar nicht entſtanden ſein kann, und daß er alſo — mag auch die Verkehrtheit der poſitiven Geſetze und der poſitiven Juriſten ihn Privatrecht heißen — ein ſolches doch nie und nimmer iſt.“

„Welch ungeheure Dichtungsgabe gehört dazu, die überall, faſt in allen Ländern des chriſtlichen Europa herrſchenden Zehenten für Privatrecht zu erklären! anzunehmen, daß privatrechtlich allüberall ein ausſchließendes Eigenthum einiger weniger weltlicher und geiſtlicher Großen über den geſammten Grund und Boden entſtanden, und daß alle dieſe Herren unter ganz oder faſt gleichen Bedingungen die Stücke ihres Eigenthums an beſtändige Colonen vergabt hätten? — und zwar ohne Unterſchied, ob der Grund ſchlecht oder gut, von leichtem oder mühſamem Anbau, von reichem oder dürftigem Ertrag geweſen?“ —

„Wahr iſt's: die Claſſe der Bauern in germaniſchen Ländern (ſo wie auch z. B. in Aegypten und andern alten und neuen Staaten) iſt durch die Anmaßung der Claſſe der Starken factiſch in Unfreiheit und vielfache Tributpflichtigkeit verſetzt worden, nicht aber privatrechtlich, weil zwiſchen Claſſen und Claſſen keine privatrechtlichen Verhältniſſe, ſondern entweder blos factiſche oder unmittelbar geſetzliche Statt finden; alſo nur durch Gewalt oder durch öffentliches Recht oder vielmehr Unrecht.“

„Welcher Geſetzgeber hat denn die unendlich vielen Privatverträge, die da unſere Gegner vorausſetzen, geſammelt und gezählt, um hiernach ausſprechen zu können, „„Alles Land in dieſem Reiche iſt in der Regel zehentbar, Freiheit von der Zehentlaſt iſt Ausnahme und muß erwieſen werden.““ Wo giebt's irgendwo eine privatrechtliche Verpflichtung, die ſchlechthin vom Geſetz präſumirt und feſtgehalten wird, ohne Vorhandenſein ſpezieller Titel oder Beweiſe, ja, die ſo ſtrenge präſumirt wird, daß man ſelbſt eine Reihenfolge von Berechtigten — als Kirche, Grundherr, Landesherr — aufſtellt, von welchen einer beim Ermangeln des andern in die Berechtigung eintritt? — Man ſieht deutlich: der Staat oder das Machtgebot der Gewalt, oder des Aberglaubens, überhaupt der Anmaßung, hat, neben dem Eigenthumsrecht auf Grund und Boden, und zur allgemeinen Schmälerung deſſelben, ein phantaſtiſches Recht erſonnen auf den Bezug des zehnten Theiles der Früchte, und über dieſes ſelbſtgeſchaffene — für den Rechtsphiloſophen in ſolcher Geſtalt ganz undenkbare, von der poſitiven Jurisprudenz aber durch eine zweite Dichtung auf Grund und Boden radizirte — Recht disponirt und disponiren laſſen, nach Bedürfniß oder Laune, nach Umſtänden oder Politik.“

„Wo in aller Welt iſt eine wahre Contractſchuld, welche der Geſetzgeber nach Umſtänden und Staatsraiſon zu mehren oder zu mindern das unbeſtrittene Recht übe, und zwar nicht nur in Anſehung etwa zukünftiger Erwerber, ſondern auch in Anſehung der bereits im Beſitz befindlichen?“

„Ein ſolches Recht aber hat die Geſetzgebung in Anſehung der Zehenten ſchon allenthalben geübt. Sie hat ohne Zuthat oder Imploration der Betheiligten, Regeln aufgeſtellt über Maß und Erhebungsweiſe des Zehenten; ſie hat das Freijahr bewilligt, mancherlei Gattungen von Erzeugniſſen der Zehentlaſt entbunden, andere, nach Ermeſſen, den Herren des Groß- oder Klein-Zehents, zugetheilt, eine Fruchtgattung der andern ſubſtituirt u. ſ. w., ſie hat ganzen Claſſen von Perſonen gegenüber von andern die Zehentpflicht nachgelaſſen (z. B. Clericus Clericum non decimat) gewiſſe öffentliche Laſten (wie die Pfarrbeſoldungen, die Kirchen- oder Schulhaus-Baupflicht u. ſ. w.) auf das Zehentrecht gewälzt, und zumal über den Neubruchzehent mit wenig beſchränkter Machtvollkommenheit verfügt.“

„Wahrlich die ſo regulirte Zehentlaſt giebt gar keinen Rechtsbegriff, wenn ſie nicht als Ausfluß des öffentlichen Rechts betrachtet wird; und das ganze vom Zehenten handelnde Capitel unſeres Landrechts iſt eine Kette von Selbſtwiderſpruch und Verkehrtheiten, wenn man nicht das in §. 710 a. ausgeſprochene Anerkenntniß: „„Nur das Geſetz kann dergleichen Laſten erſchaffen““ in Verbindung mit §. 710 aa., worin jedem Grundſtück, als allgemeine Eigenthumsbeſchränkung, die Zehentlaſt auferlegt wird, als Prinzip der Rechtsbeurtheilung annimmt.“

„Ich behaupte, daß noch einleuchtender als bei den Herrenfrohnden und bei der Leibeigenſchaft (womit der Zehent übrigens manche unverkennbare Aehnlichkeit hat), bei dieſem Zehent die Natur öffentlichen Rechts erſcheint. Jene Frohnden nämlich, wie ausgebreitet ſie ſeien, beſtehen doch nur in einzelnen Gemarkungen oder Bezirken, nicht über das ganze Reich. Auch hat jede Gemeinde oder Frohndſchaar dafür ein eigenes, Gattung und Maß beſtimmendes beſonderes Geſetz. Die Frohnpflicht wird nicht vermuthet, oder als allgemein aufliegende Laſt behandelt, ſondern nur da anerkannt und geſchützt, wo beſondere Titel — ob auch nur Ortsherkommen oder Verjährung — vorliegen. Eben ſo die Leibeigenſchaft oder Hörigkeit. Der Zehent dagegen iſt eine vermöge allgemeinen Geſetzes aufliegende Laſt. Nicht die Zehentpflicht, ſondern die Zehentfreiheit muß erwieſen werden, und erſcheint hernach die Zehentlaſt rein als Ausfluß des öffentlichen Rechts des Staates, während die Frohndlaſt größtentheils nur Geſammtſchuldigkeit der Gemeinde iſt, nicht aber nothwendig entfloſſen dem Staatsgeſetz, wiewohl beſchirmt durch daſſelbe.“

„Demnach haben wir die als Regel anzuerkennende Eigenſchaft der Frohnden und der Leibeigenſchaft als dem öffentlichen Recht oder Unrecht entfloſſene Laſten behauptet. Um wie viel mehr werden wir es bei den Zehenten thun. Dort wie hier mögen manche Einzelne vermöge Contracts, überhaupt vermöge privatrechtlicher oder beſonderer Titel, pflichtig geworden ſein (die Leibeigenſchaft, als Folge des Verluſtes im Würfelſpiel oder als Folge der Kriegsgefangenſchaft, und die Frohndpflicht als Bedingung einer Gutsbenutzung ſind unbezweifelt vielfach vorhanden geweſen), aber dort wie hier iſt die Verpflichtung Einzelner allmählig ausgedehnt worden auf Viele, welche jene Titel nichts angingen, endlich auf Alle, die in einem gewiſſen Bezirke wohnten oder die einer gewiſſen Claſſe angehörten, und zuletzt hat ſelbſt das Geſetz, namentlich in Bezug auf die Zehentpflicht, ſolche allgemeine Ausdehnung ſanctionirt, oder vielmehr erſt durch eigene Autorität eingeführt.“

„Der Zehent iſt — wie auch Zachariä (S. 30) anzuerkennen ſich genöthigt fühlt — eine widernatürliche Beſchränkung, ja Zernichtung des Grund-Eigenthums, und welche daher durch die Benennung einer „„Dienſtbarkeit im Sinne des germaniſchen Rechts““ mit nichten einen wahren Rechtsboden gewinnt. Er iſt ein Inſtitut, welches höchſtens als Steuer — angewandt nämlich auf einen noch ganz einfachen Zuſtand der Staaten und demnach bei verändertem Zuſtand jeden Augenblick der Aufhebung preis — zeitlich ein rechtliches Daſein haben kann, als Inſtitut des Privatrechts dagegen dem Vernunftrecht widerſtreitet und eben darum von der poſitiven Geſetzgebung, welche allein es durch abgeſchmackte Dichtung und Gewaltmißbrauch auch als ſolches geltend macht, die Wiederabſchaffung dringend fordert.“

„Das poſitive Recht behandelt den Zehent als Grundlaſt; aber er iſt nach ſeiner Natur und Weſenheit ſolche Grundlaſt nicht. Denn der Grund ſelbſt bleibt bei dem Zehent frei, nur der Colone wird dadurch belaſtet. Der Grund, wenn er unbebaut iſt, oder in Unbau zurückſinkt, oder mit Gebäuden überdeckt wird, bleibt von der Anſprache frei; nur wenn der Pflanzer mit ſeinem Schweiß und ſeinen Vorauslagen ihm Früchte entlockt, tritt die Zehentforderung ein, welche hiernach nichts anderes iſt, als eine Beſteurung der ländlichen Induſtrie, oder eine dem — als Pflanzer, nicht als Beſitzer — auferlegte perſönliche Tribut- und Frohndpflicht. Von allem, was dieſer unglückliche Pflanzer in ſeinen Boden legt, oder zum Betrieb des Landbaues anſchafft, und von allen Früchten ſolcher Vorauslagen, gehört der zehnte Theil einem Fremden, und von zehn Arbeitstagen iſt einer für den Herrn verwendet. Seht hier die Frohndpflicht! Der Bauer iſt Frohndknecht des Zehentherrn, aber nebenbei noch ihm tributpflichtig mit all ſeiner dem Landbau zugewendeten Habe.“

„Der Zehent — wiederholt man hartnäckig — iſt ein Ausfluß des Eigenthumsrechtes des Zehentherrn, eine Bedingung des dem Colonen verliehenen Nutzeigenthums, neben welchem das wahre Obereigenthum des Zehentherrn noch immer fortdauert. Das Recht des Zehentherrn ſchmälern, iſt demnach Eigenthumsverletzung.“ — Meine Herren! Wo gerathen wir hin, wenn wir ſolchen Weg einſchlagen?? — Zu Folgerungen und Anſichten, vor welchen der geſunde Menſchenverſtand ſich entſetzt, ſo viele Mühe die an den Feſſeln der germaniſchen Rechtsdichtungen gefangen liegende Juriſterei ſich auch geben möge, ihn damit zu befreunden. Wer iſt denn am Ende der wahre Eigenthümer der Gründe, wenn alle nach jenen Dichtungen beſtehenden, und durch eine barbariſche Geſetzgebung gehandhabten ſogenannten Grundrechte Ausfluß des Grundeigenthums ſind? — Neben dem Zehentherrn erheben ſich mit ähnlichen und zum Theil mit weit beſſer begründeten Anſprüchen der Lehensherr, der Gültherr; oder auch der Leibherr, der Frohndherr, der Bannrechtsherr, der Drittheiligkeitsherr, der Landgarbenherr, und noch andere mehr. Ja, der Zehentherren ſelbſt gibt es oft über denſelben Baum oder über denſelben Acker, je nachdem zumal verſchiedene Erzeugniſſe darauf gepflanzt werden, zwei, drei oder vier und noch mehr! — So viele und vielerlei Eigenthümer verleiht die barbariſche Rechtsdichtung dem Grunde, und nur dem verſagt ſie das Eigenthum, welchem allein es in Wahrheit und vernunftrechtlich gebührt, d. h. demjenigen, welcher mit ſeinem Schweiße und mit ſeinen Vorauslagen den Grund urbar gemacht, und ihm ſomit die das Weſen des Eigenthumsrechts ausmachende Form aus dem Seinigen gegeben hat. Jene anmaßlichen Eigenthümer gehen ſtolz einher, perſönlich beſchirmt durch eine ungerechte Geſetzgebung, während der wahre Eigenthümer, und der ſelbſt unter dieſem Titel ſchwere Staatsſteuern und perſönliche Leiſtungen zu entrichten hat, als Rechtloſer und Sclave behandelt wird!!“ —

5) „Ich will jedoch, nach einem gemeinen Sprichwort, den Stier bei den Hörnern packen. Ich will den Zehent ſelbſt als Privatrecht anerkennen, nämlich einſtweilen annehmen, jedoch nicht zugeben, daß er Privatrecht ſei. Was folgt daraus? Ich ſage: Selbſt in der Vorausſetzung, er ſei Privatrecht, fordere ich ſeine Aufhebung, wenn auch etwa unter minder freigebigen Bedingungen, d. h. unter einer etwas ſtrengeren, dem Zehentpflichtigen aufzulegenden Erſatzſchuldigkeit. Wenn der Zehent durch Privatvertrag geſtiftet worden iſt, ſo iſt, wie gewiß Niemand läugnen wird, dieſer Vertrag der wucherlichſte, der ſich denken läßt; er hat eine ſo furchtbar wucherliche Eigenſchaft an ſich, daß das rechtliche Gefühl ihn nothwendig verwerfen muß, wenn er nach ſeiner ganzen Strenge behauptet werden wollte. Es iſt ein Vertrag, wie wenn Einer dem Andern eine Summe Geldes liehe mit der Bedingung, ihm jährlich 30 Procent als Zins davon zu bezahlen, und zwar mit der Clauſel der Unaufkündbarkeit des Capitals. Wird in dieſem Falle die Geſetzgebung das Recht nicht haben, den Vertrag zu zernichten, d. h. den Zins entweder herabzuſetzen, oder doch wenigſtens dem Pflichtigen das Recht zu verleihen, durch die Zurückgabe des wahren und urſprünglichen Capitals ſich von der Zinſenlaſt zu befreien? d. h. nicht des Capitals, von dieſen 30 fl., wenn man dieſe als Zinſe verrechnet, ſondern des Capitals, das er empfing? — Was iſt nun das urſprüngliche Capital des Zehentherrn? — Es kann jedenfalls kein höheres ſein, als der wahre Grundwerth, damals als der Grund und Boden übergeben ward, das Capital des reinen Ertrags jenes Grundes nach dem damaligen Zuſtand oft ſchon von dem Zehentholden durch den Zehentertrag eines einzigen Jahres bezahlt, und da wären fünf Jahresbeträge wohl ein genügender Erſatz. Es gibt keinen Rechtsgrund, dem Nachfolger jener Verleihung ein größeres Capital zuzutheilen, als urſprünglich beſtand, keinen Rechtsgrund, dem Rechtsnachfolger des urſprünglichen Empfängers ein größeres Capital zur Laſt zu legen, als er urſprünglich empfing. Man gab etwa eine ganze Markung gegen die Entrichtung des von den bereits beurbarten Gründen zu entrichtenden Zehents hin. Von den nicht beurbarten ward auch nichts gefordert. Der Beweis davon liegt darin, daß von unbebauten Stücken noch heute kein Zehent bezahlt wird, obgleich, freilich in der Vorausſetzung, der Zehent ſei ein Grundrecht, es vernünftig geweſen ſein würde, gerade von den Gründen, wo die Natur allein wirkt, den Zehenten vorzugsweiſe zu beziehen. Hiernach kann nur der Ertrag des damals urbaren Grundes und Bodens, der zur Nutznießung gegeben wurde, zu capitaliſiren ſein; der ſpätere Neubruch kann nicht in Anſchlag gebracht werden, d. h. die Zehententrichtung iſt nicht im erſten Vertrag enthalten, weil ſolcher Neubruch ſeinen Werth erſt durch dasjenige Capital erhielt, welches der Zehentholde ſelbſt hineinlegte, dieſes Capital alſo nicht dem Herrn gehört hat, und weil es doch gar zu unſinnig wäre, daß ein Grund, z. B. Weideplatz und Wald, welcher in ſeinem ungebauten Zuſtand als mein Eigenthum betrachtet ward (d. h. wovon ich die freie Benutzung, Weide- und Holz-Ertrag, genoß) gerade dann, wenn ich vernunftrechtlich wirklich Eigenthümer geworden bin (durch die Beurbarmachung nämlich oder Formgebung) jetzt nicht mehr mein, ſondern des Herrn ſein ſollte. Außerdem iſt noch gar Manches in dem neuern Zehentertrag, was in dem alten mangelte, namentlich auch die Produkte der künſtlichern und weit koſtſpieligern neuen Landwirthſchaft, die Erzeugniſſe der — ehedeſſen ruhenden — Brachfelder, welche jetzo die Erndten vermehren u. ſ. w., und auch hierauf bezieht der urſprüngliche Vertrag ſich nicht.“

„Weiter wäre die Bedingung, daß alle nachfolgenden Grundbeſitzer, wenn ſie ihren Schweiß und ihre Vorauslagen in Grund und Boden legen, den zehnten Theil des Ertrags den Nachfolgern des Verleihers geben ſollen, ſchon deswegen ungültig, weil keiner über den Fleiß und die Induſtrie nachfolgender Generationen disponiren kann, weil keiner auf alle Zukunft hin der Nationalökonomie Feſſeln anzulegen, und das höhere Eigenthum auf Grund und Boden, welches der Nation gehört, indem ſie aus deſſen Ertrag die Mittel ihrer eigenen Erhaltung zieht, zu verkümmern berechtigt iſt.“

„Das Capital iſt alſo blos der Reinertrag der damals urbaren Gründe, denn über ein Mehreres konnte nicht contrahirt werden, ſelbſt wenn wir den Verleiher als wirklich rechtlichen Eigenthümer betrachten. Um wie viel weniger, wenn wir den Titel ſeines angeblichen Eigenthums, Kriegsgewalt, gezwungene Ueberlaſſung von Seite des Colonen, oder reine Uſurpation, höchſtens etwa im Namen des Staates ausgeübtes Dominialrecht — überkommen als Dienſtgehalt, oder an ſich geriſſen durch Anmaßung — in's Auge faſſen? — Wenn ferner die Zehentholde, nach der Vorausſetzung unſerer Gegner, nicht Eigenthümer ſind, ſo würde wenigſtens ſo viel daraus fließen, daß der Staat oder der Zehentherr ihnen alles zurückerſetzen müßte, was ſie unter dem Titel als Eigenthümer ſeit Jahrhunderten an den Staat bezahlt haben, oder erſetzen, was ihnen ſpäter, noch neben der angeblich für die Nutznießung übernommenen Zehentpflicht gegen den Eigenthümer, an perſönlichen Leiſtungen und Tributen für noch andere angebliche Eigenthümer auferlegt ward, Laſten, deren Schwere ſie völlig um alle Früchte und allen Ertrag ihres Schweißes bringt. Durch ſolche billige Gegenrechnung würden ſodann die Zehentholde ſicherlich frei werden.“

„Aus dieſen Betrachtungen nun geht die Beantwortung der drei folgenden Fragen und damit auch die Widerlegung der gegen meine Anträge erhobenen Haupteinwendungen wie ich glaube mit befriedigender Klarheit hervor:

I. „Welches iſt die den factiſchen und Rechtsverhältniſſen angemeſſene Entſchädigung der Zehentherren?“

II. „Kann oder darf davon ein bedeutender Theil auf die Schultern der Geſammtheit gelegt werden?“ —

III. „Wird nicht dadurch zur Ungebühr der Zehentholde auf Unkoſten der übrigen Claſſen bereichert?“

I. „Der Entſchädigungsanſpruch kann auf Seite des zu Entſchädigenden nur ein privatrechtlicher ſein. Er wird aber, je nachdem man ſich den Zehent als eine von der Staatsgewalt ausgeſchriebene Steuer, oder als eine vom Zehenthold privatrechtlich übernommene Laſt denkt, entweder blos gegen den Staat, oder blos gegen den Pflichtigen gehen, und im Fall man über den Urſprung im Zweifel iſt, mag, im Sinne eines Vergleichs, die Entſchädigungsſchuldigkeit als getheilt zwiſchen Staats- und Zehenthold betrachtet werden. Welches iſt aber hier und dort ihr Maß? — Um es zu beſtimmen, müſſen wir den urſprünglichen Vertrag, wodurch nach einer Anſicht der Staat den Steuerbezug dem Rechtsvorfahrer des jetzigen Zehentherrn verlieh, oder, nach der andern Anſicht, wodurch die Zehentſchuld von dem Rechtsvorfahrer des jetzigen Zehentholden übernommen wurde, in's Auge faſſen. Urkundlich aber liegen dieſe Verträge nicht vor, oder wenn auch einzelne vorlägen, ſo könnten ſie doch nicht maßgebend für ſämmtliche Zehenten ſein. Vernünftige Muthmaßungen oder Annahmen müſſen hier den Mangel geſchriebener Beſtimmungen erſetzen. Geben wir nun jenen Verträgen den für die Berechtigten allergünſtigſten Inhalt, den nur immer geſunder Menſchenverſtand ſich denken kann, ſo wird doch niemals darauf ein bis zum Capitalwerth des jetzigen Bezugs oder factiſchen Jahresertrags anſteigender Entſchädigungsanſpruch zu bauen ſein."

„Es müßte nämlich, um ſolchen Anſpruch zu begründen, der Verleihungsvertrag von Seite des Staates alſo gelautet haben:

„„Ich verleihe dir den Zehentbezug in dieſem Bezirk auf ewige Zeiten. Ich verſpreche daher, dieſe Steuer nie und nimmer, auch wenn ſie bei veränderten Umſtänden völlig unrecht und heillos erſcheinen würde, aufzuheben, oder wenigſtens für den Fall ſolcher einſtmaligen Aufhebung dich mit dem vollen Capitalwerth — nicht nur des jetzigen im Augenblick dieſer Verleihung beſtehenden, ſondern mit dem vollen Capitalwerth desjenigen Ertrags zu entſchädigen, welchen der Zehent auch nach einer Folge von Jahrhunderten, ſo weit immer der Anbau der Ländereien bis zum Augenblick der Zehentabſchaffung voranſchreite, haben wird. Ich verſpreche dir ſolche, aus den Mitteln der Geſammtheit zu leiſtende Entſchädigung ohne Rückſicht auf den Preis, um welchen ich dir heute das Zehentrecht überlaſſe, oder auch obſchon ich den Bezug dir lediglich geſchenkt habe, oder endlich auch für den Fall, daß die von dir dafür übernommenen Gegenleiſtungen längſt ſollten aufgehört haben. Der höchſte Werth oder der höchſte Anſchlag des jetzigen Ertrags, der auch der Kaufpreis, um welchen etwa du in einiger Zeit dein Recht an einen andern überträgeſt, ſoll dabei gar nicht maßgebend ſein, ſondern blos der factiſche Ertrag im Augenblicke der Aufhebung, — dieſer ſoll dir durch Darlegung des vollen Capitals bis an's Ende aller Dinge gewährleiſtet ſein, und wenn er auch den urſprünglichen hundertfach überſtiege und zu 99 Hunderttheilen aus Gründen bezogen würde, welche jetzt völlig öde und werthlos ſind, und erſt in 100 oder 1000 oder 1500 Jahren durch das in ſie gelegte Capital eines künftigen Beſitzers zum Ertrag würden gebracht werden."

„Wir fragen: Läßt ein ſolcher Vertrag mit Vernunft ſich denken? — und wenn er wirklich dergeſtalt abgeſchloſſen worden wäre, von einer, jedenfalls doch durch die Geſetze des allgemeinen und ewigen Staatsrechtes beſchränkten Staatsgewalt, würde er dann gültig geweſen ſein?" —

„Und nun der Privatvertrag über Errichtung eines Zehents, wie müßte dieſer gelautet haben??" —

„„Ich, Eigenthümer — wenigſtens Beſitzer vermöge Kriegsgewalt oder vermöge Fauſtrechtes — dieſes ganzen Gaues oder Bezirkes verleihe Dir oder Euch und Euren Rechtsnachfolgern dieſen Diſtrikt, dieſe Gemarkung, oder dieſe ſo oder ſo begrenzte Flur zum Nutzeigenthum gegen die Bedingung des mir und meinen Rechtsnachfolgern davon in alle Ewigkeit zu entrichtenden Zehents; nämlich des Zehents vom Ertrage des bebauten Grundes nicht aber des unbebauten. Was die Natur allein hervorbringt ohne Euren Schweiß und Eure Vorauslagen — namentlich das Holz — davon verlange ich den Zehenten nicht, ſondern nur von dem durch Eure Arbeit und Verwendung von Geld oder Geldeswerth Erzeugten. Laßt Ihr das bereits urbare Land in Unbau ſinken oder zum Wald aufliegen, dann verlange ich nichts mehr; von allem Land aber, welches Ihr urbar macht, ſo mühſelig und koſtſpielig die Beurbarung ſei, muß mir der Zehente entrichtet werden, wie von demjenigen, welches ich ſelbſt beurbart habe und Euch daher in urbarem Stand übergebe. Sollte im Laufe der Jahrhunderte die Menge des beurbarten Grundes jene des von mir Euch in ſolchem Zuſtande übergebenen hundertfach überſteigen, ſollet Ihr und Eure Rechtsnachfolger den jetzigen Grundwerth durch fortſchreitende Beurbarung und Culturverbeſſerung um's Hundertfache vermehren, d. h. ſollte der Betrag des von Euch hineingelegten Capitals den Werth des Bodens verhundertfachen, ja ſollte der durch Vervollkommnung und Vertheurung des Ackerbaues unermeßlich geſteigerte Jahresertrag dieſes Bodens einſt das Zwanzigfache ſeines ganzen Capitalwerths ſein: in jedem Falle müßt Ihr mir den zehnten Theil ſolches Ertrages verabreichen, und eine Befreiung von ſolcher Laſt könnt Ihr nie anders erlangen, als indem Ihr meinem Rechtsnachfolger eine Summe bezahlet, deren Zinſen dem dereinſtigen, wenn auch factiſch hundertfach geſtiegenen Jahresbetrag des Naturalzehents gleich kommen, und welche daher für dieſe Rechtsnachfolger ſolchen Betrag zum vorhinein und ungeſchmälert bis an's Ende der Zeiten realiſiren. Alles dieſes ſoll auch Statt finden in Anſehung der Güter, welche jetzt zwar Euer wohlerworbenes und unbeſchränktes Eigenthum ſind, welche ich aber — da Ihr ſchwach ſeid und ich ſtark bin — unter jener Zehentbedingung unter meinen Schutz nehme. Es ſoll auch Statt finden in Anſehung aller benachbarten, jetzt etwa herrenloſen Ländereien, die Ihr in Zukunft durch Beurbarung Euch zueignen oder auch von einem andern Herrn, z. B. zu Lehen oder zum Erbbeſtand u. ſ. w. erhalten werdet. Alle dieſe Artikel ſetze ich endlich gleichmäßig feſt für meine ſämmtlichen Zehentholde, ſo viele ihrer ſeien, und ohne Unterſchied, ob ich mit dem A. B. oder C. einen ſchon beurbarten und guten Grund, oder einen ſchlechten, oder einen noch wüſten, einen des Anbaues leicht empfänglichen oder nur mit den ſchwerſten Koſten in Anbau zu ſetzenden verliehen oder von ihnen mir zum Schutz empfohlen erhalten habe. Dieſes iſt der Inhalt und Sinn unſeres Zehentcontractes."" —

„Wir fragen abermals: Läßt ein ſolcher Vertrag ſich denken? — oder läßt ſeine rechtliche Gültigkeit ſich denken, falls wirklich einerſeits Unverſtand oder Blödſinn oder Furcht, und andererſeits Uebermuth und Betrug oder freche Gewalt die Bedingungen angenommen oder dictirt hätten? — Darf die Staatsgewalt einen ſolchen Vertrag ſanctioniren und feſthalten?"

„Wie ſtellt ſich demnach das rechtliche Maß der Entſchädigungsforderung? — gebaut auf einen rechtlich ungültigen Vertrag?"

„Und dann überhaupt die Schätzung nach dem bloß factiſchen Zuſtand! Wer hat ein Recht auf ewige Fortdauer eines factiſchen Zuſtandes? Jeder Zehenthold kann, ſobald er nur will, das Recht des Zehentherrn unwirkſam machen, durch Unterlaſſung des Anbaues, oder nach Umſtänden auch ſchon durch Veränderung der Kultur. Alſo auch bei der Fortdauer des Zehentgeſetzes oder Zehentinſtituts bleibt deſſen Ertrag für den Herrn abhängig von dem Willen des Pflichtigen. Kein Einzelner ſonach iſt das Capital der zufälligen Jahresleiſtung ſchuldig, und ſonach iſt es auch die Summe der Pflichtigen nicht. Glaubt man ſodann wirklich, der Zehent werde fortbeſtehen bis zum Ende aller Dinge, oder es würden jemals die Zehentholde oder die Repräſentanten der Geſammtheit ſich zu einer, der Vorausſetzung ſolcher Fortdauer entſprechenden Vergütungsſumme bequemen? — Hofft man, das Licht des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts wieder auszulöſchen, und die durch die Fortſchritte der öffentlichen Meinung über ihr Recht belehrten, ſo wie durch den Stand der großen europäiſchen Dinge im Selbſtgefühl geſtärkten Zehentholde abermal zur gedankenloſen Paſſivität der Hörigen des Mittelalters zurückzubringen??" —

„Wahrlich! bei der unbefangenen und ernſten Abwägung aller jener rechtlichen Momente und dieſer factiſchen Verhältniſſe erſcheint die Ablöſung mit dem zehnfachen Betrage nicht zu gering, und meine eigene, innerſte Ueberzeugung hält dieſen gemachten Vergleichsvorſchlag noch fortan für billig. Mit jeder Erhöhung der Taxe erſchwert ſich das Geſchäft auf vielfache Weiſe und vermindert ſich der Werth wie der Ruhm der Ausführung. Indeſſen will ich dem, auf das Fünfzehnfache gehenden Antrag Ihrer Commiſſion, ſobald er die Billigung der Mehrheit in der Kammer findet, keinen längern Widerſtand entgegenſetzen, wiewohl die Einſtimmigkeit der Commiſſion, deren Erreichung als ein Hauptmotiv mit zu ſolcher Erhöhung wirkte, nun doch nicht erreicht ward wegen des ſpätern Widerrufs zweier Mitglieder. Nur wünſche ich, daß mein Antrag auf das Zehnfache nicht ohne Unterſtützung in der hohen Kammer bleibt, er zuerſt, und im Fall der Verwerfung der Antrag auf's Zwölffache und dann erſt jener auf's Fünfzehnfache zur Abſtimmung gebracht werde.

II. „Auch in Anſehung der Verweiſung ſolcher Entſchädigungsleiſtung zur Hälfte an die Zehentholde und zur Hälfte an den Staat bleibe ich meiner früheren Ueberzeugung getreu, und wünſche Abſtimmung darüber. Im Fall der Verwerfung jedoch werde ich mich gleichfalls dem Commiſſionsantrag anſchließen, der da den Pflichtigen ⅘ und dem Staate ⅕ davon zuweiſt."

„Aber wie iſt überall die Uebernahme eines Theiles der Ablöſungslaſt — ob größer oder kleiner — auf die Schultern der

Geſammtheit zu rechtfertigen?? — Zu meiner Betrübniß nicht minder als zu meinem Erſtaunen habe ich Bedenklichkeiten darüber ſelbſt von Männern aufwerfen hören, welche nichts Arges daran hatten, daß die ganze Ablöſungsſumme der Leibeigenſchaftsgefälle und mancher, den Gülten ähnlichen, ſogenannten alten Abgaben, wie Rauchhühner, Martiniſteuer, Schutzhafer, Vogtgeld u. ſ. w., dann auch der Bürgerannahmetaxen, der Judengelder, der vielnamigen Jagd- und Forſtgelder u. ſ. w. von der Geſammtheit übernommen ward, und daß eine Menge von Bezirksſchulden dem Staat zur Bezahlung überwieſen wurden. Ich kann mich jedoch nicht entſchließen zur Widerlegung ſo ſchwacher Einwürfe, dasjenige zu wiederholen, was ich bereits in der erſten Motivirung meines Antrags von den Rechts- und Billigkeitsgründen zu ſolcher Uebernahme geſagt habe. Der Hauptvortheil der Zehentabſchaffung kommt ja der Geſammtheit, durch Erhöhung des National-Steuercapitals, durch Emporbringung der Landwirthſchaft — der allgemeinen Nährmutter — durch Preisverminderung der Bodenerzeugniſſe (eine von der Minorität Ihrer Commiſſion ſelbſt behauptete Folge der Zehentabſchaffung) und endlich durch Befreiung von einem auf keine andere Weiſe zu tilgenden Gährungsſtoffe zum Guten. Und es erwerben dadurch alle Claſſen der Staatsbürger die Möglichkeit des genußreichen Grundbeſitzes ohne Uebernahme der ſchmählichen, der Leibeigenſchaft verwandten, und alle Freunde der Landwirthſchaft durch die Gehäſſigkeiten des geſetzlichen Zehentraubes aufhebenden Tributpflicht, und ſie befreien ſich dadurch von der ſonſt immer abzuweiſenden Forderung der Zehentholde, daß die Zehentlaſt, wenn man ſie nicht abſchaffen will, ganz allgemein gemacht, d. h. auf alle Gattungen des Beſitzes und Erwerbes ausgedehnt werde. Aber es erfüllt auch dadurch die Geſammtheit eine heilige, nur zu lang ſchon verſäumte, Gerechtigkeitspflicht gegen die unglücklichen Colonen, die ſeit Jahrhunderten um Befreiung rufen, und dabei auch gegen die Zehentherren, deren Recht, inſofern es Anerkennung verdient, nur gegen den Staat oder die Geſammtheit, nicht aber gegen die, bloß durch Machtgebot factiſch unterdrückten, Colonen geht.“

Wahrlich! Ich würde glauben, mich einer Beleidigung gegen die nicht ackerbauenden Claſſen ſchuldig zu machen, wenn ich an ihrer Bereitwilligkeit zur Erfüllung ſo evidenter Gerechtigkeitspflicht zweifelte; wenigſtens fühle ich mich ſo wenig geneigt als geeignet, Repräſentant oder Wortführer ſolcher Unbereitwilligen zu ſein.“

III. „Hiemit iſt auch ſchon beantwortet die gleichfalls vielſeitig erhobene Einwendung, daß der Zehentholde nicht auf Unkoſten der übrigen Claſſen dürfe bereichert werden.“

„Bereichert allerdings wird der Zehentholde werden durch die Zehentabſchaffung, doch meiſt nur vermittelſt des jetzt von ſeiner Laſt abgehenden Betrags der bei der bisherigen Naturalentrichtung durch Körnerausfall und durch die mannigfaltigen Verwaltungskoſten für die Nation und für die Zehentherren entſtehenden Verluſte, mithin inſofern ohne den Schaden von irgend wem. Von dem übrigen Theile der Laſt muß er dann, nach dem Commiſſionsantrag den neunfachen Jahresbetrag als Entſchädigung entrichten; weiter von dem jetzt zu erhöhenden Steuercapital ſeines Grundes auch erhöhte Steuer zahlen, und endlich auch an der etwa Statt findenden allgemeinen Erhöhung der Steuern ſeinen betreffenden Theil übernehmen. So ganz überſchwenglich iſt demnach die Bereicherung nicht; und wenn wirklich nach der Vorausſetzung des Commiſſionsberichts die Getreide- und Weinpreiſe in Folge der Zehentabſchaffung und der dadurch bewirkten Vermehrung des Anbaues ſich erniedrigen werden, ſo vermindert ſich in eben dem Maße wieder ſein Gewinn und erhöht ſich jener der übrigen Claſſen. Doch berechne man ſeinen Vortheil ſo viel man wolle; die Scheelſucht, die ihm ſolchen mißgönnt, iſt jedenfalls ſo klug, als es der Verdruß eines Bauers ſelbſt ſein würde über der Bereicherung ſeines eigenen Ackers. So wie dieſer das ihm zugewendete dem Eigenthümer mit Wucher zurückgiebt, ſo überhaupt die Landwirthſchaft oder die Claſſe des Landmanns ihrer Eigenthümerin, der Nation.“

„Was nennt Ihr übrigens bereichern? — Zu ſeinem Rechte gelangen; befreit werden von einer zur Ungebühr aufliegenden Laſt, heißt noch nicht reicher gemacht werden, ſondern nur der Plünderung entzogen. Und ſich der Beraubung enthalten, iſt bloße Schuldigkeit, und nicht Liberalität. Nicht Ihr, ſondern die Natur iſt's, die dem Landmann ihre Gaben ſpendet, auf die er mit ſeinem Schweiße den heiligſten Anſpruch ſich erwirbt, und die Ihr bis heute durch die ungerechteſten Geſetze und Gewalthandlungen ihm entriſſet.“

„Sodann iſt's nicht wahr, daß — wie man ewig wiederholt und was jedenfalls für die ſtrenge Rechtsfrage von keiner Bedeutung wäre — wegen der Zehentlaſt der Acker um ſo viel wohlfeiler erkauft wird. Mitunter, bei ganz altem Zehent wohl, mag man vergeſſen haben, wer der urſprünglich Beraubte geweſen. Aber jedenfalls iſt der jetzige Beſitzer deſſen Rechtsnachfolger, der Rechtsnachfolger nämlich desjenigen, welcher — ob vor kurz oder lang — durch urſprüngliche Beurbarung dem Boden erſt einen Capitalwerth gegeben, oder er iſt ſelbſt derjenige, welcher den Capitalwerth ſeiner Wirthſchaft zur Anſchaffung von koſtbarer Einrichtung und Vieh, durch neue Anlagen und Gebäude, durch Einführung theurer Methoden des Anbaues u. ſ. w. vermehrt hat und vermehrt, einen ganz aus dem Seinigen gekommenen Capitalwerth, deſſen Größe ganz abhängig von der Zehentlaſt und deſſen Verringerung durch den Zehentanſpruch eines Dritten, demnach eine reine Beraubung iſt. Von unſern zehentpflichtigen Gründen nun ſind wohl neunzehn Zwanzigtheile ſolche Neubrüche, und ſehr viele davon ſind noch in der Hand des Beurbarers ſelbſt oder ſeiner nächſten Erben. Viele derſelben, zumal die erſt in den neuern Kriegsjahren aus Noth beurbarten ſchlechten Gründe ſind kaum ſo viel werth, als das hineingelegte Capital, und endlich hat ja faſt jeder Bauer auch noch ein Capital der Einrichtung und des Betriebes aufzuwenden neben dem Kaufſchilling für den Grund. Auf dieſe Beraubten alle und auf dieſe Capitalien alle paßt alſo das Argument von dem wohlfeilern Ankauf nicht.“

„Doch alles dieſes iſt bereits in der Begründung meiner Motion geſagt worden, und nicht ein Argument dagegen habe ich vernommen, ſondern nur ewige Wiederholung des nackten Satzes: „aber ſo wird ja der Bauer reicher auf Unkoſten der übrigen Claſſen.“ —

„Meine Herren! In dieſem ehrwürdigen Hauſe, worin nur die edleren Geſinnungen aller Claſſen des Volks wiedertönen, fürchte ich nicht ſolchen nackten Ruf zu hören. Nur nach außen, woſelbſt die Gegner der Zehentabſchaffung unermüdet thätig ſind, Mißverſtändniſſe auszuſtreuen und die Begriffe zu verwirren, richte ich noch ein Wort der Widerlegung.“

„Ihr kargen Rechner, die ihr verlangt, der Bauer ſolle den Werth der Zehentbefreiung bezahlen, um derſelben theilhaft zu werden, erlaubt auch hinwieder dem Bauer eine Rechnung. Er, als Rechtsnachfolger der Colonen aller frühern Jahrhunderte, bis zurück in die Zeit, worin ſeine Bedrückung und Unterdrückung begann, darf wohl auch mit einer Gegenforderung auftreten, er darf die Vergangenheit mit der Gegenwart in Verbindung ſetzen. Denn wenn er in der Eigenſchaft als Grundbeſitzer dauernd pflichtig iſt, ſo wird er wohl in gleicher Eigenſchaft auch dauernd berechtigt ſein. Und er ſpricht alſo: „Habt Ihr im Laufe der Zeiten durch fortwährend geſteigerte Belaſtung mein Eigenthum geſchmälert, ja ſelbſt meine Perſönlichkeit durch die unerſättlichen Anmaßungen der Leibherrlichkeit erdrückt, ohne mir jemals einigen Erſatz für die mir zugefügte Beraubung zu geben? wie könnt Ihr jetzt einen ſolchen von mir fordern, da Ihr endlich mir einige Befreiung gönnt? — Die rohe Gewalt oder auch die ungerechte Geſetzgebung, für welche beide Ihr, als Geſammtheit, mit verantwortlich ſeid, hat aus einem freien Eigenthümer, der ich war, mich nach einander zum Tributpflichtigen, zum Hörigen, zum mißhandelten Knechte gemacht, ſodann hat die Staatsgewalt mich, als wäre ich dennoch frei, und mir wirklich ſolchen Namen gebend, auch zu ſtaatsbürgerlichen Leiſtungen verpflichtet, auf mein durch Herrenlaſt erſchöpftes Beſitzthum noch weitere Staatsſteuern gewälzt, aus meinem Schweiß und meiner ſauer erworbenen Habe zur Erleichterung der übrigen Claſſen den größten Theil des Geſammthaushalts beſtritten, und nimmer daran gedacht, mir für ſo gehäufte Opfer eine Entſchädigung zu reichen. Mit welcher Stirne kommt Ihr nun und wollt mir verkaufen, was Ihr mir ſchuldig ſeid, die Wiederherſtellung meines Rechtszuſtandes?“ —

„Meine Herren! Achten Sie das Verlangen der Zehentabſchaffung, welches ich ausgeſprochen habe im Namen von hunderttauſend Gedrückten, und welches bereits die lauteſte Unterſtützung gefunden hat in dem kräftigen Wiederhall aus vierhundert Gemeinden. Der Tag iſt gekommen, welcher ein großes Werk vollführen, welcher dem Volke die koſtbarſte Wohlthat gewähren, die heiß begehrte Rechtsbefriedigung endlich verleihen ſoll. Ein ſo günſtiger Moment wie heute kommt vielleicht lange nicht wieder; denn das böſe Princip ſchläft nimmer und könnte, wenn der Moment verſäumt würde, leicht von entgegengeſetzten Seiten Wolken aufthürmen zur Verhüllung der Hoffnungsſtrahlen, in denen wir jetzt uns ſonnen. Und ein Fehlſchlagen der einmal geweckten Hoffnung, auf dem Wege des Geſetzes zu erringen, was einmal dem geſunden Verſtande des Landvolkes als Recht erſcheint, das Recht nämlich, die Frucht des eigenen Schweißes und der Vorauslagen auch für Sich Selbſt zu beziehen, ohne andern Abzug, als was aus Staatsbürgerpflicht nach gerechter Beſteurung dem Staat, und was noch vorliegenden Titeln (nicht aus erdichteten) an Privatgläubiger zu entrichten iſt, — ein Fehlſchlagen dieſer auf die heiligſten Anſprüche geſtützten, vertrauend gehegten Hoffnung ſage ich — könnte früher oder ſpäter zu Folgen führen, woran der Patriot und Menſchenfreund nicht ohne Gram oder Schrecken denkt."

„Hiernach wiederhole ich meinen in der neunten öffentlichen Sitzung geſtellten Antrag, wenigſtens nach ſeinem Hauptinhalt, den von der Commiſſion in Bezug auf das Detail der Ausführung beſchloſſenen Modificationen jedoch großentheils beipflichtend. Noch immer meine ich, die Erſatzleiſtung mit dem zehnfachen Betrag, zur Hälfte von den Pflichtigen, zur Hälfte vom Staat gereicht, wäre den obwaltenden Verhältniſſen angemeſſen, ganz ſo wie bei den Herrenfrohnden, für deren Abſchaffung durchaus keine ſtärkeren Gründe als für jene der Zehenten ſprechen. Doch ſchließe ich auch für den Fall der Verwerfung einer niederen Taxation dem Antrag der Commiſſion auf den funfzehnfachen Betrag mich an. Aber niemals könnte ich meine Zuſtimmung zum achtzehnfachen Betrage geben, welchen die kleine Minorität Ihrer Commiſſion in Vorſchlag brachte, und die beredteſten Darſtellungen von mancher wohlthätigen Verwendung der Zehenten können meine Ueberzeugung hier nicht wankend machen. Den Zehentpflichtigen gehen jene Verwendungen, wie überhaupt alles, was ohne ſein Zuthun bloß auf Seite der Zehentherren oder des Staats geſchah, durchaus nichts an. Seine vernunftrechtlich anzuerkennende Schuldigkeit wird dadurch weder größer noch kleiner, und die geſetzlich geordnete Verwendung des Zehents zu Staats- oder Humanitätszwecken beweiſt eben am eindringlichſten ſeine, dem öffentlichen Recht oder der Steuerpflicht angehörige Natur."

„Eben ſo verwerfe ich unbedingt alles Verſchieben der Ausführung, alle Vertröſtung auf eine zukünftige Zeit, alle Plane der in's Lange geſponnenen Tilgung. Acht und dreißig Jahre verlangt Ihre Minorität zur Vollendung des von der Gegenwart mit Ungeſtüm geforderten Werks. Acht und dreißig Jahre, meine Herren! ſind ein langer Zeitraum. Ein Hinhalten auf ſo lange, eine ſo tropfenweiſe, in faſt unmerklichem Voranſchreiten gewährte Rechtsbefriedigung würde weder Freude noch Dank erregen, und daher ihres Hauptzweckes völlig verfehlen. Auch wäre es ein gewagter Verſuch, der da das hinfällige Leben des vom Zeitgeiſt verdammten Zehents noch auf eine nachfolgende Generation zu verlängern ſtrebt. Die ſchnell gereichte Gabe hat einen doppelten Werth, und auch für die Pflichtigen wird die einmalige Anſtrengung zur ſchnellen Freiheitserringung ein weit geringeres Opfer ſein, als ein noch langwieriges Dahinſchleppen einer wenn auch allmählig ſich vermindernden Laſt."

„Ich faſſe meinen Antrag in folgende Hauptpunkte zuſammen:

1) Neubruch- und Blutzehent werden noch auf dieſem Landtag unentgeltlich abgeſchafft.
2) Auch die Abſchaffung des alten Zehents aller Gattung werde ſofort ausgeſprochen, nach dem Grundſatz einer den bisherigen Zehentherren zur Hälfte vom Staat, zur Hälfte von den Pflichtigen zu leiſtenden, auf das zehn-, zwölf- oder höchſtens funfzehnfache des reinen Jahresertrags zu beſtimmenden Entſchädigung.
3) Zur Beſtreitung der vom Staat zu entrichtenden Entſchädigungsquote werden allererſt, was von den Ueberſchüſſen der wirklichen Staatseinkünfte, und von Erſparniſſen im Staatshaushalt nach Deckung des durch die Zehentabſchaffung in der Domainencaſſe entſtehenden Ausfalls, noch disponibel bleibt, verwendet und der Ueberreſt durch eine zu contrahirende Schuld gedeckt.
4) In Bezug auf die auf dem Zehenten haftenden Laſten werde der von der Commiſſion angenommene Grundſatz ausgeſprochen.
5) Der Vollzug dieſer allgemeinen Beſtimmungen mittelſt möglichſt zu beſchleunigender Liquidirung und Richtigſtellung werde — ſo wie ja auch bei der Abſchaffung der Leibeigenſchaftslaſten und der alten Abgaben geſchah — der hohen Regierung überlaſſen."

„Ich habe lange geſprochen, und muß die hohe Kammer dafür um Entſchuldigung bitten. Aber die Sache der Zehentholde, die ich ſeit 1819 mündlich und ſchriftlich verfochten, iſt meinem Herzen theuer. Von ihrer Vertheidigung ablaſſen am Tage der Entſcheidung wäre als Feigheit erſchienen. Ich konnte nicht kürzer ſein. Die Nachſicht aber, verehrte Herren und Freunde, womit Sie mich anhörten, ſoll mir als gute Vorbedeutung dienen. Mir ahnet ein günſtiger Beſchluß. Ja! wir werden heimkehren mit der Freudenbotſchaft: „„Frohndfreiheit, Zehentfreiheit!"" —

Johann Baptiſt Rouſſeau,

geboren am 31. December 1802 zu Bonn, lebte als Privatgelehrter und Mitredacteur der Oberpoſtamtszeitung zu Frankfurt am Main und ſpäter in verſchiedenen Städten am Rhein.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. Krefeld 1823.
Lieder vom kölner Dome. Köln 1823.
Poeſieen für Liebe und Freundſchaft. Hamm 1823.
Weſtdeutſcher Muſenalmanach. Hamm 1823 ff.
Buch der Sprüche. Hamm 1824.
Das niederrheiniſche Muſikfeſt von 1824. Köln 1824.
Aachener Modenzeitung. 1825 ff.
Michel Angelo. Trauerſpiel. Aachen 1825.
Hermione (mit H. Schulz). Hannover 1827 ff.
Göthe's Ehrentempel. 2 Thle. Hamm 1827—28.
Spiele der Muſe. 2te Aufl. Frankf. 1829.
Bernſteine. Dichtungen und Novellen. Frankf. 1831.
Kunſtſtudien. München 1834.
Dramaturgiſche Parallelen. 1r Bd. München 1834.
Poetiſche Reiſetabletten aus Italien, Tyrol, Deutſchland, dem Elſaß und der Schweiz. Frankfurt 1836.

Innigkeit, Reichthum der Bilder, Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form und Lebendigkeit der Darſtellung haben ſeinen Productionen und vorzüglich mehreren ſeiner lyriſchen Poeſieen viele Freunde verſchafft. Minder bedeutend ſind ſeine äſthetiſchen und litterarhiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen.

Rubyn, ſ. Minneſinger.

Rudolph der Schreiber, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karoline Chriſtiane Luiſe Rudolphi,

geboren im Jahre 1754 zu Berlin, verlebte ihre erſte Jugendzeit in ihrer Vaterſtadt, war dann mehrere Jahre Gouvernante und ſtiftete hierauf eine eigene weibliche Erziehungsanſtalt zu Hamm bei Hamburg. Im Jahre 1803 verlegte ſie dieſes Inſtitut nach Heidelberg, wo ſie am 15. April 1811 ſtarb.

Sie iſt Verfaſſerin folgender Schriften:

Gedichte. 2te Aufl. 1817. 2 Sammlungen.
Neue Sammlung von Gedichten. Leipz. 1796.
Gedichte. Berlin 1798.
Gemälde weiblicher Erziehung. Heidelb. 1807. 2 Thle. 2te Aufl. 1816.

Für die Erziehung und Bildung der weiblichen Jugend hat K. R. zu ihrer Zeit ſehr günſtig gewirkt, da ſie nicht allein den Geiſt, ſondern vor Allem auch das Herz ihrer Zöglinge zu pflegen und zu veredeln bemüht war. Dieſes Streben leuchtet vorzüglich auch in ihrem letztgenannten Werke hervor, nur daß ſie hier mitunter die Verhältniſſe etwas zu ſentimental und idealiſirt auffaßt und behandelt; es enthält jedoch einen Schatz von reichen und feinen Bemerkungen. Ihre Gedichte zeichnen ſich durch tiefes Gefühl, Wahrheit der Empfindung und eine ſehr gebildete Sprache vortheilhaft aus.

Danklied*).

Halleluja! bringet Ehre,
Preis und Ruhm, ihr Jubelchöre,
Ihr Beſeligte des Herrn.
Bringet Ruhm, ihr Erdenſöhne,
Singet eure Jubeltöne;
Er, der Herr, beglückt uns gern!

Sollten wir dem Herrn nicht ſingen,
Ihm nicht Freudenopfer bringen?
Er erſchafft und er erhält!
Tief im Staub verehrt ihn! Kinder,
Kinder heißt er uns, uns Sünder;
Er iſt Vater ſeiner Welt!

Zwar ſein Thron ſteht unerſchüttert,
Und die weite Schöpfung zittert
Tief gebeugt vor ihrem Herrn.
Wenn gleich unſre Lieder ſchweigen
Siehe die Millionen Zeugen;
Laut verkünden ſie den Herrn!

Aber unſre Seelen heben
Sich zum Glück der Engel, leben
Schon des Himmels Leben hier.
Welche göttlich hohe Freuden,
Welche Tröſtungen im Leiden,
Welche Ruhe fühlen wir!

Wenn der Geiſt zu ihm ſich waget,
Ein Gedank' dem andern ſaget:
Er iſt Vater ſeiner Welt;
Stillentzückend dem Gemüthe
Dann die Fülle ſeiner Güte
Sich zum großen Zeugen ſtellt!

Naht euch zu ihm, ſeine Kinder!
Zittert nicht, ſeid ihr gleich Sünder,
Sünder ihr, — die Lieb' iſt er!
Denkt den göttlichen Gedanken,
Fühlt die Wonne, ihm zu danken;
Groß und gnädig iſt der Herr!

Halleluja! bringet Ehre,
Preis und Ruhm, ihr Jubelchöre,
Ihr Beſeligte des Herrn.
Bringet Ruhm, ihr Erdenſöhne,
Singet eure Jubeltöne;
Er, der Herr, beglückt uns gern!

Friedrich Rückert,

im Jahre 1789 zu Schweinfurt geboren, ſtudirte in Jena Philologie und Belletriſtik, wurde 1811 Privatdocent daſelbſt, ging 1814 nach Stuttgart und übernahm bis 1816 die Redaction des Morgenblattes. Im Jahre 1817 reiſte er nach Italien und ließ ſich dann in Koburg als Privatgelehrter nieder, bis er 1826 als Profeſſor der orientaliſchen Sprachen einen Ruf nach Erlangen erhielt, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt. Als Dichter führt er den pſeudonymen Namen Freimund Raimar.

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Kranz der Zeit. Tübingen 1817, 2 Bde.
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Nal und Damajanti. Indiſche Geſchichte. Frankfurt 1828.
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Schi-King. Chineſiſches Liederbuch ꝛc. Altona 1833.
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Roſtem und Suhrab. Erlangen 1837.
Erlanger Muſenalmanach. Erlangen 1838.
Leben Jeſu. Stuttgart 1839.
Einzelne Gedichte in Taſchenbüchern, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Sehr treffend iſt R. von Menzel in ſeinem Werke, die deutſche Litteratur, 2te A. Th. IV. S. 184 mit folgenden Worten charakteriſirt worden: „Einer der kräftigſten Dichter jener Zeit (des Befreiungskrieges nämlich) war Friedrich Rückert, der unter dem Namen Freimund Raimar geharniſchte Sonette und kühne Freiheitslieder ſang. Doch er jubelte nicht nur, er drückte auch den tiefſten Schmerz über die Schande aus, die dem Siege vorherging. Seine Klagen ſind noch erhabener, als ſeine Triumphlieder. — Später hat Rückert das Schwert an die Wand gehangen und iſt hinausgegangen, ſich des gewonnenen Friedens zu freuen, in den Garten unter die Blumen, und in jeder Knoſpe ging ihm ein neues Lied auf, und unendlich mehrten ſich die Blumen und die Lieder und träumend ging der Dichter auf dem Blumenpfade fort und kam in ein wunderbares Land mit fremder, Alles überwuchernder Vegetation, und wieder in ein anderes, und Perſien, Indien, China ſtreuten ihren tauſendfarbigen Blumenregen über ihn aus, und jede Blume wird ihm wieder zum Liede, und ſeine Feder, wie die des Simurg, wird nicht müde, uns das Liebliche zu ſchreiben. — — Iſt wohl der Dichter glücklicher zu preiſen, der, wie Göthe, nichts ohne Ueberlegen und kühle Beſonnenheit ſchreibt, oder der andere, der wie F. R. ſich gern gehen läßt? Die Natur wollte Beides, darum hat ſie Beides zugelaſſen. Ohne jenes ſichere Bewußtſein deſſen, was man thut, ohne die ſchärfſte und kritiſcheſte Handhabung des Meißels, wären jene Werke unmöglich, die man claſſiſch nennt, und deren es zu allen Zeiten einige wenige gegeben hat; aber ohne dieſe kindliche Hingebung an die erſte poetiſche Aufwallung des Gemüthes wäre auch jene romantiſche Naivetät unmöglich, die uns die tiefſten und ſchönſten Geheimniſſe der menſchlichen Seele unwillkürlich enthüllt. Faſt alle Dichter gehören der einen oder andern der hier bezeichneten Gattungen an, und Shakſpeare allein, von dem man ſagen kann, daß er die Vorzüge beider wunderbar in ſich vereinigt, ſteht eben deshalb auch über beiden. — Rückert hütet ſich nicht, überläßt ſich dem Strome ſeiner Empfindungen, Gedanken und Bilder, und läßt ſeine Blumen ohne Wahl in einer lieblichen Unordnung aufblühen. Seinem reichen und üppig duftenden Garten ſcheinen nur Wege und eine Scheere zu fehlen, die blühende Vegetation hat Alles wild überwuchert: aber iſt das nicht eben das wahre menſchliche Gemüth? Kann auch die tropiſche Sonne in des Dichters Bruſt eine wohlgezirkelte franzöſiſche Gartenanlage matt beleuchten, muß ſie nicht vielmehr in einer holden Wildniß, wie in einem Urwald Braſiliens, Blume auf Blume aus dem dunkeln Traumſchlaf am uralten Baume wecken? Dieſe Dichtungsweiſe, uralt wie die Natur, zuerſt in Indien und Perſien, dann in der ſchwäbiſchen Minnezeit mit dem geiſtigen Frühling der Völker erwacht und gepflegt, hat in der neueſten Zeit, wenn nicht mehr ganz den eigenthümlichen Hauch der wildfreien Natur, doch noch prachtvollere Blüthen künſtlich aufgetrieben. An Bilder- und Gedankenfülle übertrifft in dieſer Weiſe F. R. alle Neueren, ja der Blumengeiſt in ihm verwandelt ſogar in Reim, Aſſonanz und Alliteration die Sprache ſelbſt in einen ungeheuern Blumenwald. Kein Dichter hat die Sprache je in dieſem Grade in der Gewalt gehabt. Er ſpielt mit den größten Schwierigkeiten und begeht nicht ſelten den Fehler, ſie ohne Noth aufzuſuchen, um nur das Vergnügen zu haben, ſie zu beſiegen. —

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*) Aus Karol. Rudolphi's Gedichten.

Liebesfrühling*).

Erſter Strauß.

I.

Unvergleichlich blüht um mich der Frühling,
In die Fenſter ſchlagen Nachtigallen,
Heiter blickt der Himmel her, die Sonne
In das Stübchen, wo ich ſitz' und dichte.
Mehr, als Blumen im Gefilde, ſproſſen
Lieder täglich unter meiner Feder.
Und vom Flore meiner Blätter blick' ich
Zwiſchenhin auf den des Frühlings drauſſen,
Lächl' ihm zu und ſeh' ihn wieder lächeln.
Jeder von uns beiden ſcheint zufrieden
Mit ſich ſelbſt und mit dem andern, jeder
Thut und läßt den andern thun das Seine.
Und, den Tag lang dichtend, denk' ich immer
An den Abend, wo, zu ſüßen Tagwerks
Süßem Lohn, ich geh' zu der Guten,
Die mit treuer anſpruchloſer Neigung
Mich beglückt, wie ich es nie mir träumte.
Hab' ich doch allein für ſie gedichtet,
Wie der Frühling ſich für ſie nur ſchmückte.
Und ſie freut ſich meiner Liederblüthen,
Wie der Kränze, die der Lenz ihr bietet,
Theilt ihr Lächeln zwiſchen beiden Freunden,
Die einander nicht den Antheil neiden.
Lieben, dichten und den Frühling ſchaun,
Dichten und den Frühling ſchaun und lieben —
Giebt es einen angenehmern Kreislauf,
Als in dem ich ſpielend mich bewege?
Und, den ſüßen Kelch mir ſcharf zu würzen,
Raſcher zum Genuß mich aufzufordern,
Steht der Abſchied winkend in der Ferne.
Näher treten ſeh' ich ihn bedeutſam,
Sprechend: alles dieſes mußt du laſſen.
Wie das Leben ſchön iſt, weil es endet,
Wie die Jugend lieblich, weil ſie fliehet,
Wie die Roſe reizend, weil ſie welket;
So empfind' ich heut' ein Glück gedoppelt,
Das mir morgen ſchon der Tod will rauben.
Angefangne Lieder möcht' ich enden,
Doch unendlich quellen ſie im Herzen.
Roſenknoſpen möcht' ich noch im Garten
Sich zur Blüth' erſchließen ſehn und brechen.
Und die Sonne dieſer tiefen Augen,
Die mit jedem Blick von Seelentreue,
Ew'ger Fülle der Empfindung ſprechen,
Möcht' ich ganz noch in die Seele trinken.
Laß, o Herz, dich nicht vom Drang verwirren,
Sondern nimm, was du noch darfſt, beſonnen:
Dieſe ungebornen Lieder alle,
All die Hoffnung dieſer Roſenknoſpen,
Dieſen Frühling, dieſen Liebeshimmel,
All dies Glück, o faß' es, wenn du ſcheideſt,
In ein liebendes Gefühl zuſammen,
Nimm es mit! wer kann's der Seele rauben?
Die Erinnrung wird davon ſich nähren,
Wenn die Gegenwart die ſüße Nahrung
Dir verſagt, woran dein Herz gewöhnt iſt.
Phantaſie und Liebe, deren Flügel
Nicht der Zeit, der Räume Trennung achtet,
Wird, wo du auf öden Steppen welkeſt,
Jeden Augenblick zurück dich tragen
In das Paradies, das du verlaſſen.

II.

Ich hab' in mich geſogen
Den Frühling treu und lieb,
Daß er, der Welt entflogen,
Hier in der Bruſt mir blieb.

Hier ſind die blauen Lüfte,
Hier ſind die grünen Aun,
Die Blumen hier, die Düfte,
Der blühnde Roſenzaun.

Und hier am Buſen lehnet
Mit ſüßem Liebesach
Die Liebſte, die ſich ſehnet
Den Frühlingswonnen nach.

Sie lehnt ſich an, zu lauſchen,
Und hört in ſtiller Luſt
Die Frühlingsſtröme rauſchen
In ihres Dichters Bruſt.

Da quellen auf die Lieder
Und ſtrömen über ſie
Den vollen Frühling nieder,
Den mir der Gott verlieh.

Und wie ſie, davon trunken,
Umblicket rings im Raum,
Blüht auch von ihren Funken
Die Welt ein Frühlingstraum.

III.

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich ſchwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du biſt die Ruh, du biſt der Frieden,
Du biſt der Himmel mir beſchieden.
Daß du mich liebſt, macht mich mir werth,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebſt mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geiſt, mein beſſres Ich!

IV.

Meinen Geiſt vermähl' ich deiner Seele,
Wie die Welt vermählet Mann und Weib.
Ewig lebt das Paar, das ich vermähle;
Sinkt dann ins Grab der morſche Leib.
Eile freudig deine Braut zu ſchmücken,
Dichtergeiſt, entflammter Bräutigam!
Theil', o Braut, des Bräutigams Entzücken,
Und er theile deinen ſtillen Gram!
Geiſt, durch Höll' und Himmel einſt verſchlagen!
Dieſe Kette hat dir noth gethan.
Seele du, verſunken im Entſagen!
Dieſer Flügel trägt dich himmelan.
Lebet in einander, o ihr beiden,
Geiſt beſeelt, begeiſtet Seele du!
Was Gott fügte ſoll der Menſch nicht ſcheiden,
Und dem Bund ſah Gott vom Himmel zu.

V.

O mein Stern!
Nah und fern
War mir mancher holde Strahl erſchienen;
Doch ich fand
Unbeſtand,
Und die Treu' allein in deinen Mienen.
O mein Stern,
Den ich gern
Laſſ' in meines Herzens Tiefe ſchauen!
Dir allein
Meine Pein,
Dir allein will ich mein Weh vertrauen.

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*) Aus Rückert's Gedichten. I. 23.

O mein Stern!
Zu dem Herrn
Fleh' ich, der mir dieſen Stral beſchieden,
Daß er mich
Sanft durch dich
Führ' aus meinem Kampf zu ſeinem Frieden.
O mein Stern,
Der vom Herrn
Wie an des Gemüthes Himmelsbogen
Ward geſetzt,
Ungenetzt
Von dem Giſchte ſturmbewegter Wogen!
O mein Stern,
Der ſich gern
Her zum Aufruhr meiner Seele neigt,
Eine Bahn
Dieſem Kahn
Durch die Nacht und durch die Klippen zeigt!
O mein Stern,
Soll ich fern
Deinen ſänftigenden Stralen ſchreiten?
Doch verſpricht
Mir dein Licht,
Mich auf allen Pfaden zu begleiten.

VI.

Die Liebſte ſprach: Wie dankbar einen Arzt man liebt,
Der Heilung oder Hoffnung nur der Heilung gibt,
So liebt man einen Dichter auch für einen Sang,
Der wie ein Hoffnungsſtral des Heils aus Himmeln drang.
So ſchlägt ihm dankbar manches Herz, das er nicht kennt,
So fühlt ihn manches, das von ihm die Ferne trennt.
Und wol entſchäd'gen muß ihn dieſe ſtille Lieb',
Ob ihm die Welt den Dank des Liedes ſchuldig blieb.

VII.

Die Liebe ſprach: In der Geliebten Blicke
Mußt du den Himmel ſuchen, nicht die Erde,
Daß ſich die beßre Kraft daran erquicke,
Und dir das Sternbild nicht zum Irrlicht werde.
Die Liebe ſprach: In der Geliebten Auge
Mußt du das Licht dir ſuchen, nicht das Feuer,
Daß dir's zur Lamp' in dunkler Klauſe tauge,
Nicht dir verzehre deines Lebens Scheuer.
Die Liebe ſprach: In der Geliebten Wonne
Mußt du die Flügel ſuchen, nicht die Feſſeln,
Daß ſie dich aufwärts tragen zu der Sonne,
Nicht niederziehn zu Roſen und zu Neſſeln.

VIII.

Ich war ein Bettler und bin ein Reicher geworden,
Solch einen Schatz hab' ich gefunden.
Ich war ein Sklave und bin ein König geworden,
Solch einen Thron hab' ich gefunden.
Ich war ein Verlorner und bin ein Sel'ger geworden,
Solch einen Himmel hab' ich gefunden.
Der Schatz, den ich errungen habe,
Der liegt in eines Weibes Bruſt.
Der Thron, den ich erſchwungen habe,
Iſt ihres Buſens reiche Luſt.
Der Himmel, den ich erſungen habe,
Deß bin ich mir in ihr bewußt.

IX.

Glaub' es, holdes Angeſicht,
Glaub' es nur und zweifle nicht,
Daß die Schätze, deren Glanz
Dich noch blendet, dein ſind ganz!
Fühl' es recht in deinem Sinn,
Daß ich ganz dein eigen bin,
Mit dem Beſten, was ich habe,
Mit der reichen Liedergabe,
Die der Himmel mir gegeben
Nur zum Schmucke deinem Leben.

X.

Dein Leben war mir ſchmucklos vorgekommen,
Ich glaubte mich berufen, es zu ſchmücken.
Erſt ſchien der ſchöne Schmuck dich zu beglücken,
Dann kam mir's vor, als mach' er dich beklommen.
So ſei der Schmuck dir wieder abgenommen;
Was ſoll er deinen zarten Buſen drücken?
Und unbarmherzig will ich ihn zerſtücken;
Dient er dir nicht, wozu könnt' er mir frommen?
Doch du erholſt dich ſchon von deinem Zagen,
Du fühlſt dich ſtark, den Himmel meiner Lieder
Nun auf dem Atlas deiner Bruſt zu tragen.
Die Sonnen, die Plejaden zieh' ich nieder,
Und ſchmiegen will ſich auch mit Wohlbehagen
Der Mond als Spang' um deine ſüßen Glieder.

XI.

Glaub' nur, weil ich von dir gehe,
Nicht, daß darum es geſchehe,
Weil ich ſuch' ein ſchöneres Glück, als hier!
Eben darum, weil ich keines
Such' im Stral des Sonnenſcheines,
Eben darum geh' ich fort von dir.

XII.

Ein Geliebtes leiden laſſen,
Stiller Neigung widerſtehn;
Was ans Herz du möchteſt faſſen,
Dem mit Froſt ins Auge ſehn!
O der Qual, die ich empfunden,
Die ich dich empfinden ließ,
Als ich mich dem Band entwunden,
Das den Himmel mir verhieß.

XIII.

Klage nicht, daß ich von dir
Gehe, denn ich bleibe hier;
Ja, indem mein Leib verreiſt,
Bleib' ich hier mit meinem Geiſt,
Bleib' ich hier mit meiner Liebe,
Ja, mit jedem Wurzeltriebe,
Den auf ewig tief genug
Meine Seel' in deine ſchlug.
Soll der ſüße Trieb dir Klagen —?
Nein, es ſoll nur Luſt — dir tragen.
Wenn er ſo dich kränken wollte,
Der dich ſo beglücken ſollte,
Bät' ich Gott: von ihrem Herzen
Nimm den herben Trieb der Schmerzen!
Doch der Himmel der hat laſſen
So den Trieb hier Wurzel faſſen,
Wird ihn laſſen nicht verwildern,
Sondern ſo ihn lieblich mildern,
Daß er trag' in deiner Bruſt
Dornenloſe Roſenluſt.

XIV.

Sind die Flügel nicht verliehn
Mir in's Ferne nachzuziehn?
Sind doch Flügel mir gegeben,
Dich aus Fernen zu umſchweben.
Denke, daß mein Dichtergeiſt
Ungeſehn dich hier umkreiſt,
Dir in dieſe ſtillen Räume
Führend Schaaren holder Träume?
Wenn dich grüßt ein Sonnenſtral
Oder eine Blum' im Thal,
Denke, — daß es dich erquicke —
Daß der Freund den Gruß dir ſchicke!
Wenn es in den Lauben rauſcht,
Wo der Freund dir einſt gelauſcht,
Denke, — daß es dich berauſche —
Denke, daß ich noch dir lauſche!
An den Stellen lieb und traut,
Wo in's Aug' ich dir geſchaut,
Wo du mir in's Auge ſchauteſt
Und mir ganz dein Herz vertrauteſt;
Wo der Freund nicht bei dir ſitzt,
Sitzt ſein Angedenken itzt,
Laß es nicht auf Dornenſpitzen,
Sondern weich auf Roſen ſitzen!
Wenn du denkeſt, daß im Raum
Blüht um mich dein Liebestraum,
Wenn du denkeſt, daß auf's neue
Ich durch dich der Welt mich freue;
O ſo wirſt du auch dich ſcheun,
Anders als dich mein zu freun;
Heiter unter Blüthenbäumen
Wirſt von deinem Dichter träumen.

XV.

Herr Gott! einen Engel
In dem Lande der Mängel,
Einen ſelig geſchmückten,
Doch zum Staube gedrückten,
Einen unerkannten
Himmelsabgeſandten,
Den du herabgeſendet,
Und der zu dir gewendet
Blickt auf zu allen Stunden,
Hab' ich allhier gefunden,
Habe mich ihm geſellet,
Mich ihm zu Dienſt geſtellet
Mit meiner Liedergabe,
Die auch von dir ich habe.
Ich hab' ihn mit Liebkoſen
Geſtreut auf die Pfade Roſen,
Ich habe mit meinen Tönen
Sein Leben wollen verſchönen,
Mit freundlichen Himmelsbildern
Der Erde Rauhheit mildern.
Der Engel hat angenommen
Meine Dienſte, die frommen,
Er ſchien ſich zu erfreuen
An ſeines Dieners Treuen;
Vor meines Liedes Fächeln
Scheint ihm die Welt zu lächeln;
Es macht ihm ſtill Entzücken,
Wie ſchön ich ihn kann ſchmücken.
Herr Gott! laß dieſen Engel,
Dieſen Lilienſtengel,
Blühen in deinem Thaue,
Zum Schmuck der Erdenaue!
Gieb ihm heitere Mienen,
Und mir gieb, ihm zu dienen
In einem Frühlingshauche,
Dem er zu zittern nicht brauche,
Dem er mit leiſem Schwanken
Das leiſe Spiel mag danken!
Nicht hab' ich gelebt vergebens,
Wenn dieſes Engellebens
Geſenkte Blüthen nach oben
Durch meinen Hauch ſich hoben.
Herr Gott! wenn dieſen Engel
Aus dem Lande der Mängel
Du einſt zum Himmel rufeſt,
Für welchen du ihn erſchufeſt;
Laß um des Dienſtes willen,
Den ich ihm weiht' im ſtillen,
O laß mich, um der ſtillen
Liebe des Engels willen,
O laß mich ohne Bangen
Mit ihm hinauf gelangen,
Vor deinem Thron vertreten
Von ſeinen Herzgebeten!

XVI.

Sie ſprach: Verſagt iſt mir ein glänzend Glück;
Doch wie mich jedes kleinſte Flitterſtück,
Das mir zum Schmuck, zum Spiel fiel in die Hand,
Freu'n kann, mein Freund! o wär' es dir bekannt!
Wie eine Erſtlingsblum' im Garten heut,
Und morgen einer Freundin Gruß mich freut;
Der Vogel, der mir guten Morgen ſingt,
Der Bote, der von fern den Gruß mir bringt;
Ob Morgens mir ein Hausgeſchäft gelang,
Und ob ich Abends that um's Thor den Gang;
Ob ich zur guten Stund' in gutem Buch
Fand einen meiner Seel' entſchriebnen Spruch;
Und ob mein Innres ſich in deinem Lied,
Wie in dem Spiegel, der verſchönert, ſieht —
Ein Wort, ein Blick, ein Hauch, ein Sonnenſtral,
Die einzlen Freudenfunken ohne Zahl,
Sie alle ſamml' ich ſtill an einem Platz,
Und ſtets im Wachſen iſt mein kleiner Schatz.
Ich ſprach, indem ich in den Arm ſie ſchloß:
Du nennſt die Schätze klein und fühlſt ſie groß.
Wer raubt dir das, was du ſo fühleſt dein?
Wie freut es mich, davon ein Theil zu ſein!
Nie ſei von unzufriednem Weltgewühl
Geſtört dein ſichres Eigenthumsgefühl!
Wenn eitle Größ' in Schutt und Trümmer fällt,
Bau ruhig dir aus Kleinem deine Welt,
Weil ſtillen Elementen nur, die nächſt
Zuſammen treten, jedes Ganz' entwächſt!
So flicht der Himmel ſeinen ew'gen Kranz
Aus vieler unſcheinbaren Sterne Glanz.
So ſieht aus Demantſplittern wol zuletzt
Ein Stralenring zuſammen ſich geſetzt.
So webt aus einzlen kleinen Blumen nur
Auch ihren Frühlingsteppich die Natur.

XVII.

Abends wo im Zimmer
Um uns Andre ſind,
Still zum Fenſter immer
Folg' ich meinem Kind;
Und zum Himmel ferne
Schaun wir, wo die Sterne
Helle Liebesaugen ſind.
O wie ſie erbaulich
Auf ins Dunkel ſchaut,
Sich an mich vertraulich
Lehnet ohne Laut. —
„Was ich ohne Grauen
Dir nicht darf vertrauen,
Sei von Sternen dir vertraut!
Sternenblicke ſagen
Dein und mein Geſchick,
Und nicht niederſchlagen
Darfſt du deinen Blick:
Ja! nicht mehr zu retten,
Fühl' ich ſchon die Ketten
Deiner Arm' um mein Genick.

XVIII.

So wahr die Sonne ſcheinet,
So wahr die Wolke weinet,
So wahr die Flamme ſprüht,
So wahr der Frühling blüht;
So wahr hab' ich empfunden,
Wie ich dich halt' umwunden:
Du liebſt mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb' ich, wie du mich.
Die Sonne mag verſcheinen,
Die Wolke nicht mehr weinen,
Die Flamme mag verſprühn,
Der Frühling nicht mehr blühn!
Wir wollen uns umwinden
Und immer ſo empfinden:
Du liebſt mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb' ich, wie du mich.

XIX.

Ich lade dich, Geliebter,
Heut Abend auf ein Schach.
Leicht wirſt du matt mich machen,
Ich fühle ſchon mich ſchwach.
Wie hat es mich, Geliebter
Das erſtemal ergetzt,
Da mir ein Zug gelungen,
Und ich dich matt geſetzt!
Es ward mir faſt zu lange,
Mich ſtets zu ſehn beſiegt;
Du haſt auch gar zu ernſtlich
Die Schülerin bekriegt.
Drum fühlt' ich ſeit der Stunde
Ein ſüßes Obgewicht:
Du warſt mir überwunden,
Ich war es fürder nicht.
Jetzt brauch' ich mich mit Stolze
Zu waffnen gar nicht mehr;
Beſiegt mich zu bekennen,
Fällt, Liebſter, mir nicht ſchwer.

XX.

Ich frage meine Herzgeliebte,
Wie mancher wol vor mir ſie liebte,
Wie manchen ſie vor mir geliebt;
Worauf ſie mir zur Antwort giebt:
Wenn das, wie du mich liebſt, iſt Liebe,
Wenn Lieb' iſt das, wie ich dich liebe,
So hab' ich keinen noch geliebt,
So hat mich keiner noch geliebt.

XXI.

Sie ſprach: Wenn du von hier
Nun biſt, mein Freund, gegangen,
Und meine Arm' an dir
Nichts haben zu umfangen;

So ſei mir dieſe Hand,
Gewöhnt einſt dich zu ſtreicheln,
Auf ein Geſchäft gewandt,
Das meinem Gram mag ſchmeicheln.
Ich ſprach: Was willſt du thun?
Sie ſprach: Mit ſtillem Fleiß
Für dich arbeiten nun
Das ſchönſte, was ich weiß.
Ich ſprach: Was ſoll es geben?
Sie ſprach: Ein Band vielleicht.
Ich ſprach: Wozu, mein Leben?
Sie ſprach: Der Freund entweicht.
So will ich nach ihm ſchicken
Ein Band, das fern von hier
Für mich ihn ſoll umſtricken.
Ich ſprach: So webe mir:
Und ſoll ich denn entbunden
Nie meiner Ketten ſein?
Den Armen hier entwunden,
Holt dort das Band mich ein.

XXII.

Ich ſehe, wie in einem Spiegel,
In der Geliebten Auge mich;
Gelöſt vor mir iſt jedes Siegel,
Das mir verbarg mein eignes Ich.
Durch deinen Blick iſt mir durchſichtig
Mein Herz geworden und die Welt;
Was in ihr wirklich und was nichtig,
Iſt vor mir ewig aufgehellt.
So wie durch meinen Buſen gehet
Hier deines Herzens ſtiller Schlag,
So fühl' ich, was die Schöpfung drehet
Vom erſten bis zum jüngſten Tag.
Die Welten drehn ſich all um Liebe,
Lieb' iſt ihr Leben, Lieb' ihr Tod;
Und in mir wogt ein Weltgetriebe
Von Liebesluſt und Liebesnoth.
Der Schöpfung Seel' iſt ew'ger Frieden,
Ihr Lebensgeiſt ein ſteter Krieg.
Und ſo iſt Friede mir beſchieden,
Sieg über Tod und Leben, Sieg.
Ich ſpreche ſtill zur Lieb' im Herzen,
Wie Blume zu der Sonne Schein:
Du gieb mir Luſt, du gieb mir Schmerzen!
Dein leb' ich und ich ſterbe dein.

XXIII.

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir ſage,
Freund, hörſt du;
Ein Engel, der die Botſchaft trage,
Geht ab und zu.
Er bringt ſie dir, und hat mir wieder
Den Gruß gebracht:
Dir ſagen auch des Freundes Lieder
Nun gute Nacht.

XXIV.

Ich frage, wer zuerſt geliebt,
Ich oder ſie, die mir mich giebt,
Und die von mir ſich hat empfahn,
Die ich nicht unterſcheiden kan
Von mir; wie ſoll ich unterſcheiden,
Wer da zuerſt geliebt von beiden?
Es war einmal die Blum' im Thal,
Und in den Lüften war der Stral.
War für die Blume Stral erglüht?
War Blume für den Stral erblüht?
Zuſammen waren ſie gefloſſen,
Und die Vermählung war geſchloſſen.
Es war ein einz'ger Augenblick
Und bleibt ein ewiges Geſchick.

XXV.

Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint,
Die hat ſich in's Meer zu verlieren gemeint.
Die Muſchel kam und ſchloß ſie ein:
Du ſollſt nun meine Perle ſein. —
Du ſollſt nicht vor den Wogen zagen,
Ich will hindurch dich ruhig tragen.
O du mein Schmerz, du meine Luſt,
Du Himmelsthrän' in meiner Bruſt!
Gieb, Himmel, daß ich in reinem Gemüte
Den reinſten deiner Tropfen hüte!

XXVI.

Die Stunde ſei geſegnet,
Wo ich dir bin begegnet,
Wenn dieſe Liebe Luſt
Dir weckt in ſtiller Bruſt,
Wie Thau auf Blumen regnet!
Der Stunde ſei geflucht,
Wo ich dein Herz geſucht,
Wenn in dir dieſe Liebe
Statt milder Freudentriebe
Soll tragen herbe Frucht! —
Geſegnet iſt die Stunde,
Sprach ſie mit ſüßem Munde,
Mir iſt kein Weh geſchehn;
Den Himmel fühl' ich ſtehn
In meines Herzens Grunde.

XXVII.

Befeſtigt ſein und ſelig tief empfinden,
Wie du, beſeliget, beſeligeſt;
Herz, laß dir das Bewußtſein nie entwinden,
Feſt halt' es, wie im Arm die Liebſte, feſt!

XXVIII.

Sie ſprach: Nur aus dem Vaterland nicht reiſen!
Ich ſprach: Dein Buſen iſt mein Vaterland;
Und wenn du mich nicht wirſt daraus verweiſen,
So geh' ich nie aus meinem Vaterland.
Und ging' ich unter fremdem Himmelskreiſen,
Ich bleibe doch in meinem Vaterland.
Stets bleibt mein Geiſt, wo ich auch geh' auf Reiſen,
In deinem Buſen, ſeinem Vaterland.

XXIX.

Da mir einſt die Zukunft fehlte,
Ging die Lieb' auf irrer Spur;
Zu betäuben, was mich quälte,
Mich berauſchen konnt' ich nur.
Nun iſt hell die Zukunft offen,
Und mein Glück iſt nicht ein Rauſch;
O wie konnt' ich dieſes hoffen!
Ewig währt der Seelentauſch.

XXX.

Liebſter! nur dich ſehn, dich hören
Und dir ſchweigend angehören;
Nicht umſtricken dich mit Armen,
Nicht am Buſen dir erwarmen,
Nicht dich küſſen, nicht dich faſſen —
Dieſes alles kann ich laſſen,
Nur nicht das Gefühl vermiſſen,
Mein dich und mich dein zu wiſſen.

XXXI.

Wenn du auch nicht mehr mich liebteſt,
Doch dich lieben wollt' ich noch.
Wenn du eine andre liebteſt,
Noch dich lieben wollt' ich doch.
Nur daß ich auch dieſe liebte,
Weil du ſie, weil ſie dich liebte,
Das iſt meinem Sinn zu hoch.

XXXII.

Wenn ein Wort die Liebſte ſpricht,
Fühl' ich oft ſo tief es nicht;
Oder auch im Luſtgefühle
Fühl' ich nicht, wie tief ich's fühle.
Aber wenn ich bin allein,
Stellt das ſtille Wort ſich ein;
Und wie es erblüht als Lied,
Staunet mein Gemüth und ſieht:
Daß ſie tiefer fühlt und lichter,
Dichteriſcher, als ihr Dichter;
Nur das Wort iſt Poeſie,
Das ſie ſpricht, und anders nie.

XXXIII.

Die reichſte möcht' ich ſein,
Mein Freund, für dich allein,
Die ſchönſte unter allen,
Mein Freund, dir zu gefallen.

Ich ſprach: und liebſt du mich?
Sie ſprach: was fragſt du? ſprich!
Ich ſprach: wenn du mich liebſt,
Wie du zu ſehn mir giebſt,
So biſt du ſchön und reich,
Daß keine dir iſt gleich.
Dein liebendes Gemüthe
Iſt eine Schönheitsblüthe,
Dein Herz an jedem Platz
Für mich ein ew'ger Schatz;
Du biſt die reichſtbegabte,
Ich bin der tiefſtgelabte,
Du biſt die ſchönſtgeſchmückte,
Ich bin der höchſtbeglückte.

XXXIV.

Ein Obdach gegen Sturm und Regen
Der Winterzeit
Sucht' ich, und fand den Himmelsſegen
Der Ewigkeit.
O Wort, wie du bewährt dich haſt:
Wer wenig ſucht, der findet viel.
Ich ſuchte eine Wanderraſt,
Und fand mein Reiſeziel.
Ein gaſtlich Thor nur wünſcht' ich offen,
Mich zu empfahn,
Ein liebend Herz war wider Hoffen
Mir aufgethan.
O Wort, wie du bewährt dich haſt:
Wer wenig ſucht, der findet viel.
Ich wollte ſein ihr Wintergaſt,
Und ward ihr Herzgeſpiel.

XXXV.

Er iſt gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm ſchlug beklommen
Mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
Daß ſeine Bahnen
Sich einen ſollten meinen Wegen?

Er iſt gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das ſeine?
Die beiden kamen ſich entgegen.

Er iſt gekommen
In Sturm und Regen.
Nun iſt entglommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich ſeh' es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

XXXVI.

Der Frühling iſt gekommen,
Der Freund hat Abſchied genommen,
Nun wird der Lenz auch ſcheiden,
Daß mich verlaſſen die beiden.

Ach, wenn der Frühling bliebe,
So flöh' auch nicht die Liebe;
Und müßte Liebe nicht ziehen,
So müßte der Lenz nicht fliehen.

Mein Herz! wenn ewig die Liebe
Und ewig der Frühlig bliebe,
So wär' der Himmel auf Erden,
Der uns erſt dort ſoll werden.

XXXVII.

Liebſte, was kann denn uns ſcheiden?
Kann's das Meiden?
Kann uns Meiden ſcheiden? Nein.
Ob wir uns zu ſehn vermieden,
Ungeſchieden
Wollen wir im Herzen ſein.
Mein und dein,
Dein und mein,
Wollen wir, o Liebſte, ſein.
Liebſte, was kann denn uns ſcheiden?
Wald und Haiden?
Kann die Fern' uns ſcheiden? Nein.
Unſre Lieb' iſt nicht hienieden;
Ungeſchieden
Wollen wir im Himmel ſein.
Mein und dein,
Dein und mein,
Wollen wir, o Liebſte, ſein.
Liebſte, was kann denn uns ſcheiden?
Glück und Leiden?
Kann uns beides ſcheiden? Nein.
Sei mir Glück, ſei Weh beſchieden,
Ungeſchieden
Soll mein Loos von deinem ſein.
Mein und dein,
Dein und mein,
Wollen wir, o Liebſte, ſein.
Liebſte, was kann denn uns ſcheiden?
Haß und Neiden?
Kann die Welt uns ſcheiden? Nein.
Niemand ſtöre deinen Frieden!
Ungeſchieden
Wollen wir auf ewig ſein.
Mein und dein,
Dein und mein,
Wollen wir, o Liebſte, ſein.

XXXVIII.

Liebſter, deine Worte ſtehlen
Aus dem Buſen mir das Herz.
O wie kann ich dir verhehlen
Meine Wonne, meinen Schmerz!
Liebſter, deine Töne ziehen
Aus mir ſelber mich empor.
Laß uns von der Erde fliehen
Zu der ſel'gen Geiſter Chor!
Liebſter, deine Saiten tragen
Durch die Himmel mich im Tanz.
Laß um dich den Arm mich ſchlagen,
Daß ich nicht verſink' im Glanz!
Liebſter, deine Lieder ranken
Mir ein Stralenkranz um's Haupt.
O wie kann ich dir es danken,
Wie du mich ſo reich umlaubt!

XXXIX.

Liebſte, ſüß iſt die Verſchwendung,
Und Verſchwendung iſt das nicht.
Das iſt meine Himmelsſendung:
Um dich ſpielen im Gedicht.
Liebſte, nur in deinem Buſen,
Auf dem goldnen Liebesthron,
Sitzen meine Himmelsmuſen,
Nicht auf ird'ſchem Helikon.
Liebſte, nur von dir genommen,
Das dich blendet, iſt das Licht.
Wie ſie hier zurück dir kommen,
Kennſt du deine Schätze nicht.
Liebſte, mir zu tauſend Liedern,
Schöneren, als dieſen doch,
Unter deinen Augenliedern
Schlummern tauſend Blicke noch.

XL.

Blick einmal mit deiner Augen Stral,
Heiter dieſe trübe Luft!
Wenn du das nicht kannſt, ſo blick einmal
Hell in meines Herzens Gruft!
Lächle mir die Seele heiter,
Daß mich nicht bekümmre weiter
Dieſes Himmels Wolkenduft.

XLI.

Daß die Leute mein vergeſſen könnten,
Wie ich ihrer rein vergeſſen habe,
Daß ſie ſo mein ſtilles Glück mir gönnten,
Wie ich ihnen jede Glückes Gabe!
Daß ſie alle ſo von uns nichts wüßten,
Wie wir nichts von ihnen wiſſen wollen,
Nach Gefallen ſo wie wir ſich küßten,
Oder ſchmollten, wenn ſie lieber ſchmollen!

XLII.

Kommen ſie dahinter nie,
Daß wir glücklich ohne ſie!
Doch wenn ſie dahinter kämen,
Wollen wir uns auch nicht grämen.
Mir gefällt's an deinem Kuß,
Daß ihn Niemand wiſſen muß;
Aber wenn ſie's wiſſen müſſen,
Wollen wir uns dennoch küſſen.

XLIII.

Ich bin dein Baum: o Gärtner, deſſen Treue
Mich hält in Liebespfleg' und ſüßer Zucht,
Komm, daß ich in den Schooß dir dankbar ſtreue
Die reife dir allein gewachſene Frucht.
Ich bin dein Gärtner, o du Baum der Treue!
Auf andres Glück fühl' ich nicht Eiferſucht:
Die holden Aeſte find' ich ſtets aufs neue
Geſchmückt mit Frucht, wo ich gepflückt die Frucht.

XLIV.

Kann heut nicht lange Lieder ſchreiben,
Kann heut nicht lange ſitzen bleiben
An meines Mädchens Schreibepult.
Muß ſtreifen um durch Haus und Garten;
Wo mag ſie ſein? wo meiner warten?
Die liebe junge Ungeduld!
Sie hat gewiß ſchon längſt gemeinet,
Daß ihr der Freund zu ruhig ſcheinet,
Der übermorgen geht von hier.
„Und haſt du mir noch was zu ſagen,
Was ſoll ichs deinem Lied entfragen?
Ei, ſag es doch mit Küſſen mir!"

XLV.

Zu euch, ihr Blätter meiner Lieben,
Wo, was mein Herz empfunden hat,
Die Hand hat zitternd nachgeſchrieben,
Leg' ich ein unbeſchriebnes Blatt.
Es hat das ſchwellende Entzücken,
Das meine Bruſt beſeligt hat,
Vermocht genügend auszudrücken
Kein einziges beſchriebnes Blatt.
Du Sonnenblick in meinem Weſen!
Wenn nun dein Aug' durchlaufen hat
Die Blätter alle, ſoll es leſen
Auch dieſes unbeſchriebne Blatt.
O die du in der Seele Gründen
Mir leſeſt! Alles, was dir hat
Mein Schreiben können nicht verkünden,
Das lies vom unbeſchriebnen Blatt!

XLVI.

Hier in dieſen erdbeklommnen
Lüften, wo die Wehmuth thaut,
Hab' ich dir den unvollkommnen
Kranz geflochten, Schweſter Braut!
Wenn uns droben aufgenommen
Gottes Sonn' entgegenſchaut,
Wird die Liebe den vollkommnen
Kranz uns flechten, Schweſter Braut.

Zweiter Strauß.

I.

Zwiſchen Lied und Liebe war mein Leben;
Aber, ſchwebend zwiſchen Lied' und Liebe,
Wußt' ich nie die beiden auszugleichen.
Oftmal ſang ich anders als ich liebte,
Anders liebt' ich oft als ich geſungen.
Nun ich dich gefunden, iſt der Zwieſpalt
Ausgeglichen, und rein in einander
Aufgegangen ſind mir Lied und Liebe.
Dich nur darf ich, wie ich liebe, ſingen;
Dich nur kann ich, wie ich ſinge, lieben.
Sollt' ich je nach anderm Sang, nach andrer
Liebe greifen, wieder müßt' ich ſchwanken,
Da in deinem Herzen ſo vereinigt
Sind die beiden Pole meines Lebens?

II.

Neuſte Weltbegebenheiten
Machten oft das Herz mir ſchwer;
Und die Kunden alter Zeiten
Sahn mich an ſo groß und hehr.
Soll ich dir zur Luſt auftiſchen
Neu fürs alte Leſekind?
Oder mich in jene miſchen,
Die ſo unerfreulich ſind?
Liebe ſprach: In Zweifeln ſchwebſt du,
Schwankend zwiſchen Jetzt und Einſt.
Dich der Zwieſpalt überhebſt du,
Wenn du allezwei verneinſt.
Nichts beſagen die Geſchichten,
Als daß Menſchen ſtets geliebt.
Soll man außen dir berichten,
Was in deinem Buſen lebt?
Auf! mit Liebe dich erdreuſte!
In dir ſelb iſt Ewigkeit.
Liebe iſt die älteſt neuſte
Einz'ge Weltbegebenheit.

III.

Was iſt alle Fantaſie
Gegen Liebeswirklichkeit?
Was ſind alle Lieder, die
Ich geſungen vor der Zeit?
Ein verlornes halbes Streben,
Was nicht lebte, zu beleben;
Dieſe Lieder leben nur,
Weil ich ſie an mir erfuhr.
Nicht in ferne Himmelsräume
Braucht' ich dichtend aufzufliegen,
Nicht in weſenloſe Träume
Eigenſinnig mich zu wiegen.
Still daheim, in Liebe wach,
Unter meines Liebchens Dach,
Schrieb ich unbemüht nur nach
Was mein Herz mit ihrem ſprach.

IV.

Deine Liebe hat mich beſchlichen,
Wie der Frühling die Erde,
Wann der Winter nun iſt entwichen,
Kaum merkt ſie, daß warm es werde.
Aber der Sonne heimliche Kraft
Hat ſchon das Herz ihr gerühret,
In der Wurzel regt ſich der Saft,
Noch ehe der Zweig es ſpüret.
Der Schnee zerſchmilzt, die Wolken zergehn,
Die erſte Blüt' iſt entglommen,
Dann ſieht ſie in voller Glut ſich ſtehn,
Und weiß nicht, wie es gekommen.

V.

Wann ich dich nicht zu küſſen habe,
Dann will ich ſingen von dem Kuß.
O wie ich dieſe Liedergabe
Dann ſegne, die mich tröſten muß.
Entweder küſſen oder dichten,
Am ſchönſten beides allzugleich.
Doch muß ich ſchon aufs eins verzichten,
So macht mich auch das ander reich.
Nur wann er kommt, uns zu umringen,
Der ungelegne Menſchenſchwarm,
Daß ich nicht küſſen darf, noch ſingen,
Dann fühl' ich mich verwirrt und arm.

VI.

Ich lag von ſanftem Traum umfloſſen,
Und fühlte ſelig mich in dir.
Als ich die Augen aufgeſchloſſen,
Da hingſt du lächelnd über mir.
Wie gerne mag dein Traum zerſtieben,
Von deinem Kuß hinweg geſtößt.
Wie haſt du ſchön dich ſelbſt vertrieben,
Wie ſchön dich ſelbſt hier abgelöſt!

VII.

Liebchen! meine Freunde rathen,
Edlem Lehrſtand mich zu weihn,
Auszuſtreuen goldne Saaten
In der Jugend friſche Reihn.

Ob in mir ich ſolche Körner
  Heg', iſt wenig mir bewußt;
  Sie zu ſäen zwiſchen Dörner
  Hab' ich völlig keine Luſt.
Bin ich ſelb doch in der Wilde
  Aufgewachſen ohne Zucht.
  Ohne daß ich andre bilde,
  Will ich tragen meine Frucht.
Bin geworden, was ich konnte;
  Werd' ein jeder, was er kann!
  Wie ich mich an keinem ſonnte,
  Biet' ich Licht auch keinem an.
Sollt ich ernſt gelehrte Sachen
  Pred'gen? Wie ein ſchlechter Spaß.
  Oder lehren Verſe machen?
  Selber kann ein jeder das.
Liebchen! Ab vom Lehrerſtuhle
  Wendet ſich zu dir mein Sinn.
  Wo ich halten ſoll die Schule,
  Mußt du ſein die Schülerinn.
Meine Weisheit will ich träufen
  Dir mit Küſſen in die Bruſt.
  Alle Geiſtesblüten häufen
  Um dich her zu Schmuck und Luſt.
Warum ſollt' ich meine Saaten
  Fremden Feldern anvertraun,
  Da mich Gott ſo wol berathen,
  Daß ich darf mein eignes baun?
Pflanzen will ich ſtets vom friſchen,
  Und mich meiner Ernten freun,
  Und kein Fremder ſoll mir zwiſchen
  Meinen Waizen Unkraut ſtreun.

VIII.

O wie machts dem Lehrer Freude,
  Sieht er ſeines Schülers Fleiß,
  Wie er in ſein Lehrgebäude
  Sich geſchickt zu finden weiß.
Welche Freud' an meinem Kinde,
  Die ſich fleißet ernſt und ſtill,
  Weil ſie ganz, wie ich empfinde,
  Mich auswendig lernen will.

IX.

Liebe ward von Gott der Welt verliehen,
Um zu Gott die Seele zu erziehen.
In die Schule bin ich früh gegangen,
Habe nicht die rechte Lehr empfangen.
Unerzogen iſt das Seelchen blieben,
Bis du ihm zum Meiſter wardſt verſchrieben.
Mußt Geduld nur haben! will ja gerne
Lernen, erſt iſt Noth daß ich verlerne;
Denn es blieb an mir das Falſche hangen.
Schlimmer als von vornen anzufangen.
Mußt mich Alles erſt vergeſſen laſſen,
Soll ich rein die neue Lehre faſſen.

X.

Wenn die Vöglein ſich gepaart,
  Dürfen ſie gleich niſten,
  Ohne Sorg', auf welche Art
  Sie ſich werden friſten.
Ach daß auch der Menſchen zwei
  Alſo könnten wohnen,
  Wie die Vögel frank und frei
  In den Laubeskronen.
Brauchte mit der Liebſten ja
  Nur ein kleines Neſtchen,
  Doch kein Nahrungszweig iſt nah,
  Der mir böt' ein Aeſtchen.

XI.

O ihr Herren, o ihr werthen
  Großen reichen Herren all!
  Braucht in euren ſchönen Gärten
  Ihr denn keine Nachtigall?
Hier iſt eine, die ein ſtilles
  Plätzchen ſucht die Welt entlang.
  Räumt mir eines ein, ich will es
  Euch bezahlen mit Geſang.

XII.

Liebchen hat zum Eigenthum
  Einen kleinen Garten,
  Und ich bin der Gärtner, um
  Fleißig ihn zu warten.
Mag auf weitrer Gartenflur
  Jemand Früchte ziehen!
  Blumen ſind in meinem nur,
  Roſen nur, gediehen.
Zwar die Blätter duften friſch,
  Und die Knoſpen hauchen,
  Aber für den Mittagstiſch
  Sind ſie nicht zu brauchen.
  Drum zu Zeiten muß ich wohl
  Von den Blumen nehmen,
  Sie vertauſchen gegen Kohl,
  Darf mich deß nicht ſchämen.
Nehmet hier die köſtlichen
  Roſen, die ich biete.
  Gebt mir euren tröſtlichen
  Kohl dafür zur Miethe.

XIII.

Uns beiden iſt hier die Luft zu ſchwer
  Im Land voll Sturmesgetoſe,
  Mir der Nachtigall, und noch mehr
  Meiner Freundin, der Roſe.
Die Roſ' iſt worden krank und bleich,
  Und ich bin rauh geworden.
  O dürften wir wandern allzugleich
  Gen Süden aus dem Norden!
O daß ein goldbeſchwingter Wind
  Uns beide nähm' auf die Flügel,
  Und trüge dahin uns frühlingslind
  Zur Stadt der ſieben Hügel.
Ueber die ſieben Hügel dahin,
  Dort wo die Lüfte ſind reiner,
  Noch immer ſteht dahin mein Sinn,
  Zum Gebirg der Latiner.
Dort ſaß ich einen Sommer ſo froh,
  Doch mußt' ich der Lieb' entbehren;
  Wie wohl erſt müßt' es mir werden, wo
  Wir dort vereinigt wären!

XIV.

Wie! woher, Geliebter, dieſe
  Weichlichkeit? ich glaub' es kaum.
  Suchſt du Traumesparadieſe
  Nun im fernen Erdenraum?
Und ich glaubt' es wirklich deiner
  Lieder ſüßen Schmeichelei,
  Daß dein Paradies in meiner
  Liebe dir gefunden ſei.
Iſt dirs nicht wie mir zu Muthe?
  Dich, Geliebter, will ich nur.
  Wo ich dir in Armen ruhte,
  Fragt' ich nicht auf welcher Flur.
Sei es unter ſchlanken Palmen,
  In des Oſten Würzebrand,
  Oder unterm Dach von Halmen,
  In des Winters Vaterland.
Unter allen Himmelszonen
  (Lehrteſt du nicht ſelbſt es mich?)
  Können Menſchen glücklich wohnen,
  Und mein Glück iſt lieben dich.
Magſt du nur dein Kind belächeln!
  Wenn ich wohnt' im heißen Land,
  Muthig von der Stirne fächeln
  Wollt' ich dir den Sonnenbrand.
Da wir nun im kalten wohnen,
  O ſo gönne mir die Luſt,
  Dir gemäßigt warme Zonen
  Aufzuthun an meiner Bruſt.

XV.

Trübe war das Wetter,
  Und wie ſchlaffe Blätter
  Mir zur Erde hingen die Gedanken.
  Denn dem dumpfen Kerne
  Iſt der Safttrieb ferne,
  Ferne biſt du dieſer Arme Ranken.
Und die Luft ward helle,
  Goldne Sonnenwelle
  Floß herab, und machte mich nicht heiter.
  Wie am Horizonte,
  Weit ich blicken konnte,
  Sah ich nur den Raum der Trennung weiter.
Lieber laß mich kämpfen
  Mit den Wolkendämpfen

Die zu meiner Sehnſucht Schleier dienen!
Auf den hellen Auen
Biſt du nicht zu ſchauen,
Und mein Schatten wankt nur trüb' auf ihnen.

Laß zu dir mich eilen,
Laß bei dir mich weilen,
Daß ich fühle mein der Erden Wonne!
Wolkennacht entſtricken
Kannſt du mit den Blicken,
Und dein Lächeln dämpft die Glut der Sonne.

XVI.

Die tauſend Grüße,
Die wir dir ſenden,
Oſtwind die müßte
Keinen entwenden.

Zu dir im Schwarme
Ziehn die Gedanken.
Könnten die Arme
Auch dich umranken!

Du in die Lüfte
Hauche dein Sehnen!
Laß deine Düfte
Küſſe mich wähnen.

Schwör' es! ich hör' es:
Daß du mir gut biſt.
Hör es! ich ſchwör' es:
Daß du mein Blut biſt.

Dein war und blieb ich,
Dein bin und bleib' ich;
Schon vielmal ſchrieb ichs,
Noch vielmal ſchreib ichs.

XVII.

Hinduſtaniſches Liedchen.

Die Nymphä' iſt im Waſſer,
Und am Himmel der Mond;
Der iſt mir ſtets vor Augen,
Der mir im Herzen wohnt.

2.

Wo vier Augen zuſammen kommen,
Freuen ſich zwei Herzen.
Der Gedanke hat mir benommen
Alle Trennungsſchmerzen.

XVIII.

Die Welt mit ihrer Frühlingspracht
Iſt eine leere Scene,
Wenn nicht mit holder Liebesmacht
Darauf ſich zeiget jene,
Um die die Blumen ſich zum Kranz
Und ſich die Sterne reihn zum Tanz,
Die mir das Nichts zur Schöpfung macht,
Nach der ich hier mich ſehne.

Die Sonne geht am Himmel hin,
Ich mag nach ihr nicht ſchauen,
Es ſteht allein vor meinem Sinn
Ein Himmelſtral der Frauen.
Die Blumen winken auf der Flur,
Ich denke doch der Roſe nur,
Der jetzt, weil ich ihr ferne bin,
Von Gram die Wangen thauen.

Wo auf der Welt zwei Herzen ſie
Einander angehören,
Da ſollte Gott ſie ſcheiden nie,
Und nichts ihr Glück verſtören.
Und wenn ſie ſelber ſcheiden ſich
Freiwilliglich, wie du und ich,
Umſonſt dem Himmel klagen ſie,
Wie ſie ſich ſelbſt bethören.

Ich habe ſelber mich bethört,
Da ich von dir gegangen.
Wie könnte jetzt ich ungeſtört
An deinem Buſen hangen!
Und komm ich je zu dir zurück,
So mich verlaſſe Gott und Glück,
Laſſ' ich noch je, was mein gehört,
Aus meiner Arm' Umfangen!

XIX.

Dieſer Tag und dann der zweite,
Und der dritte im Geleite,
Und der vierte ſchwindet bald.
Eh der fünfte hingegangen,
Wirſt du zu ihr hingelangen,
Fliegend über Berg und Wald.

Straßen, die zur Liebſten führen,
Ihre Anmuth kann nicht rühren
Den, der nur erſehnt das Ziel.
Thöricht, ſo die Zeit beſtehlen,
Ueber Tage hinzuzählen!
Haſt du deren denn ſo viel?

Zwiſchen Hoffnung und Verlangen
Iſt ein Theil dir hingegangen
Deines Lebens, ohne Luſt;
Und wenn du ſie wirſt umwinden,
Wird der andre Theil dir ſchwinden
In der Wonn' an ihrer Bruſt.

Dennoch, Stunden, eilt von hinnen!
Ob das Leben muß verrinnen,
Und ein Traum iſt was entfloh;
Von der Liebſten Arm umwunden,
Iſt das Leben auch geſchwunden,
Aber ſchöner ſchwand es ſo.

XX.

Thöricht, wer im Paradies kann wohnen,
Und will reiſen gehn in andre Zonen.
Alſo thöricht ging ich jüngſt von dir.
Wollte ſehn, ob außer deiner Sfäre
Noch ein Wohnplatz mir auf Erden wäre;
Keinen fand ich, und bin wieder hier.

Warum ſoll ich in der Irre ſchweifen,
Sehn, wie andern ihre Früchte reifen,
Fern der Au, wo meine Saaten ſtehn?
Nimm dahin in Feſſeln die Gedanken,
Laß mich ruhn in deiner Arme Schranken,
Meine Welt in deinen Augen ſehn!

XXI.

Liebſte! Neulich, als die Vorbereitung
Dieſes Feſtes, das nun (Gott gedankt ſei's)
Glücklich überſtanden iſt, im Hauſe
Dich von mir entfernt hielt manche Stunden;
Schlich ich nach dir in die Speiſekammer,
Und du weißt: Wir hatten kaum zu koſen
Angefangen, als der Vater draußen,
(Eben aus der Stadt kehrt' er zurücke)
Auf dem Vorplatz eilig rief nach ſeinem
Töchterchen. Du ſprangſt hinaus und ließeſt
Eingeſchloſſen mich zurück. Da ward ich,
Ungeſehn, ein Zeuge ſeiner Liebe,
Dieſer Liebe, die ich längſt ſchon kannte,
Doch die nie ſo nah mir trat zum Herzen.
Wie er dich mit ſüßen Schmeichelnamen
Nannte, angelegentlichſt nach deinem
Wohlſein forſchte, ob du froh ſeiſt, fragte;
Liebſte! nicht verſtand ich alle Worte,
Doch es rührte mich der Ton der Stimme.
Und ich ſprach: dem willſt du ſie entreißen?
Sündlich iſt's da faſt mir vorgekommen.
Doch ich habe mir das Wort gegeben,
Alle Kraft der Liebe, die im Buſen
Eines Mannes kann wohnen, aufzubieten,
Um die dir des Vaters zu erſetzen,
Zu erſetzen den Verluſt dem Vater
Durchs Gefühl, daß er dich glücklich wiſſe.

XXII.

Ja, die Liebe kann die Welt vereinen;
Sah' ich doch des Großen Bild im Kleinen!
Die Familien, zwei, durch alle Glieder,
Von den Häuptern bis zum Kleinſten nieder,
Die ſich ſonſt nicht kannten, ſchnell ſich kennen,
Wechſelnd ſich mit Liebesnamen nennen,
Ineinander ſich verſchmolzen finden,
Sich in einen Kranz zuſammen winden
Um ein Paar, das ſich zuerſt gefunden,
Still die andern hält um ſich verbunden.

XXIII.

Komm, mein Lamm,
Laß dich am
Treuen Band
Dieſer Hand
Führen ſanft
Hin am Ranft
Kühler Flut,
Fern der Glut,
Durch den Thau
Dieſer Au,
Wo im Grün
Blumen blühn,
Und der Hauch
Spielt im Strauch.
Wohlgemut
Meiner Hut
Gib dich hin!
Wo ich bin,
Iſt kein Leid
Dir bereit.
Keine Noth
Dir gedroht.
Folge nur
Meiner Spur
Unverirrt!
Ich, dein Hirt,
Führe dich;
Freue mich,
Dir allein
Mich zu weihn;
Bin nur, wo
Du's biſt, froh;
Ruhig, wann
Ich dich kann
Ruhig ſchaun,
Die das Graun
Mit dem Stab
Wehrend ab.

XXIV.

Mein ſchöner Stern!
Ich bitte dich,
O laſſe du
Dein heitres Licht
Nicht trüben durch
Den Dampf in mir,
Vielmehr den Dampf
In mir zu Licht,
Mein ſchöner Stern,
Verklären hilf!

Mein ſchöner Stern!
Ich bitte dich,
Nicht ſenk' herab
Zur Erde dich,
Weil du mich noch
Hier unten ſiehſt,
Heb auf vielmehr
Zum Himmel mich,
Mein ſchöner Stern
Wo du ſchon biſt!

XXV.

„Wolle nur dein offnes Herz mir zeigen,
Deinem Arzte mußt du nichts verſchweigen.
Jede wunde Stelle muß ich ſchauen,
Wenn ich drauf ſoll meinen Balſam thauen.
Wo das Weh der Welt in dich geſchnitten,
Und was du durch deine Schuld erlitten.
Iſt es arg? es wird ſich laſſen heilen,
Und wo nicht, ſo will ich mit dir theilen.
Haſt dich mir nicht für geſund gegeben;
Laß dich pflegen, liebes krankes Leben!

XXVI.

Zünde nur die Opferflamme
Immer höher, heller an;
Was an mir von Erden ſtamme,
Daß ichs ganz dir opfern kan!
Du ein Bliz aus Himmelslichte,
Glanz von reinerer Natur,
Stral von Gottes Angeſichte,
Und ich bin vom Staube nur.
O wie kniet in tiefer Kleinheit
Meine Liebe neben dir,
Wie in hoher Engelsreinheit
Schwebſt du lächelnd über mir.
Hebe mich auf deine Flügel,
Löſe meinen dumpfen Traum,
Nimm mir ab die ſchweren Zügel,
Die mich niederziehn zum Raum.
Hauche doch die Sinnumdüſtrung
Mir vom Seelenſpiegel fort,
Brich mir doch die Wahnumflüſtrung,
Brich ſie durch dein klares Wort.
Irdiſches Feuer in den Adern,
In den Blicken trübe Glut,
In der Bruſt verworrnes Hadern —
Mache, daß der Aufruhr ruht!
Mache, daß mein Ich mir ſchwinde,
Das mich mit mir ſelbſt entzweit,
Daß ich Gott und dich empfinde
Und die Welt in Einigkeit.

XXVII.

Nicht, mit Armen dich umſchlingen,
Kann mir gnügen, ſondern mich
Geiſt mit Geiſt mit dir durchdringen,
Aufgehoben Du und Ich.
Immer ſtehn die Körperſchranken,
Zweier Seelen Scheidewand;
Bis ſie nicht in Staub zerſanken,
Wird nicht frei der Himmelsbrand.
Liebe! dieſen Leib verzehren
Müſſen deine Lohen ganz;
Denn er will zwei Funken wehren
Aufzugehn in Einen Glanz.
Zitternd habet ihr, o Flammen,
Euch berührt im Geberkuß,
Schlaget nun in Eins zuſammen,
Daß die Welt verbrennen muß!

XXVIII.

Die Liebe war wie Sonnenbrand
Des Tages über mich gekommen,
Daß ich ermattet mich empfand,
Als ſei ich in der Glut verglommen.
Der Liebe Himmel, wetterſchwül,
Hat ſich am Abend ſanft gelichtet;
Du hielteſt mich im Arme kühl,
Daß ich mich wieder aufgerichtet.

XXIX.

Liebſte! Wer vom Anfang iſt Vertrauter
Unſres Bunds geweſen? Gott allein.
Und als ew'ger Bundeszeuge ſchaut er
Noch von dort in unſer Herz herein.
Liebſte! Niemand kann ſo rein, ſo lauter
Der Vermittler unſrer Liebe ſein.
Liebſte! Nie ein anderer Vertrauter
Stehe zwiſchen uns, als Gott allein.

XXX.

Komm, und in die Welt tritt ohne Zagen,
Denn ich bin mit dir im Bund.
Heben will ich dich, ich will dich tragen,
Und nicht wanken ſoll der Grund.
Freund, Geliebter, Bruder, Bräut'gam, Gatte,
Stolz Gefühl! was bin ich dir!
Was dein Herz in Traumesdämmrung hatte,
Haſt du wachend nur in mir.

XXXI.

Ich will dich nicht beſchränken,
Geh du nur immerhin!
Und will mich auch nicht kränken,
Daß ich dir ferne bin.
Ich bin dir auch nicht ferne,
Du ſtehſt in meinem Sinn
Gleich einem lichten Sterne,
Geh du nur immerhin!
Du mußt die Welt beſchauen,
Weil du ein Dichter biſt.
Du ſiehſt wohl ſchönre Frauen,
Als deine Freundin iſt.
Du wirſt wohl keine ſchauen,
Die treuer ſei, als ich;
Das bringt dich mit Vertrauen
Zurück mir ſicherlich.
Die Augen ſchickt ich gerne
Als Boten mit dir aus,
Daß ſie als Liebesſterne
Dich leiteten nach Haus.
Es ſende Gott die ſeinen,
Sie ſehn dich dort, mich hier.
Und wenn hier meine weinen,
Fühl's, komm, und trockne ſie!

XXXII.

Mein Liebſter geht, die Welt ſich zu beſchauen,
Nun zeig' in deinem Glanz dich, ſchöne Welt!
Im rechten Licht zeig' ihm dich unverſtellt,
Daß er zu dir mag faſſen ein Vertrauen!
Mein Liebſter geht, die Welt ſich zu beſchauen
Im Spiegel, den ihm meine Liebe hält.
Entrollt euch ſeinen Blicken, Stadt und Feld!
Zeuch ihm vorüber, Land mit deinen Gauen!
Mein Liebſter geht, die Welt ſich zu beſchauen,
Wie ſein erobert Land beſchaut ein Held;
Und wie es der ſich ſeinen Augen ſtellt,
Verfügt er drüber mit dem Wink der Brauen.
Mein Liebſter geht, die Welt ſich zu beſchauen,
Wie ein Nomade mit dem leichten Zelt,
Sein Haushalt iſt im Augenblick beſtellt,
Wo er es aufſchlägt auf den grünen Auen.

Mein Liebſter geht, die Welt ſich zu beſchauen,
Ihr Schatten rauſchet und ihr Lüfte ſchwellt!
Ihr Gärten grünet und ihr Ströme quellt!
Laß, Himmel, Sonnenſchein und Regen thauen!
Mein Liebſter geht, die Welt ſich zu beſchauen,
Und ſie iſt ganz zu ſeiner Wahl geſtellt,
So weit als Gottes Frühlingslicht erhellt
Die grünen Räum' und obenher die blauen.
Mein Liebſter geht, die Welt ſich zu beſchauen,
Und ungeſehen geh' ich ihm geſellt.
Und wo es ihm und wo es mir gefällt,
Da wird er ſich und mir die Hütte bauen.

XXXIII.

Ich zog durch Berg und Thal,
In hellen Frühlingsflüſſen,
Es lag im Morgenſtrahl
Die Welt zu meinen Füßen.
O wie ſie anders ganz
Den Blicken dar ſich ſtellte,
Seitdem der Liebe Glanz
Mein inneres Aug' erhellte!
Ich ſprach: Wie biſt du ſchön
In allen deinen Zonen!
In Tiefen, auf den Höhn,
Wo iſt am ſchönſten wohnen?
Da ſaß ich ſtill und ſah
Die Welt um mich ſich breiten,
Mir offen lag ſie da
Nach allen ihren Seiten.
Mein Oſt in Roſen ſtand,
Aus duft'gem Wolkengitter
Reicht' eine Engelshand
Herab mir eine Zitter.
Nun thue, was du meinſt!
Sprach ſie mit ſanftem Laute;
Ich bins, mit welcher einſt
Amphion Theben baute.
Weil du mich ſchwächer rührſt,
Nicht wunder' es dich, wenn eben
Du keine Städt' aufführſt,
Doch bau dein eignes Leben!
Vollende deinen Gang!
Auf welcher dieſer Auen
Willſt du durch meinen Klang
Dein ſtilles Haus dir bauen?

XXXIV.

In dieſem Walde möcht' ich wohnen,
Der freie Jäger möcht' ich ſein,
Der in die dunklen Laubeskronen
Sich hat gepflanzt ſein Haus hinein.
Der erſte Strahl der Sonne ſchauet
Durch Tannengrün in's Schlafgemach,
Wo ihm der Schlaf im Aug' zerthauet,
In Liebchens Armen wird er wach.
Sogleich mit ſeinen treuen Hunden
Zieht er hinaus durch Wald und Flur,
Und hat im Morgenthau gefunden
Des Hirſches und des Rehes Spur.
Der Schütze jauchzt, die Hunde bellen,
Das ſcharfe Rohr gibt ſeinen Knall,
Und Jägerruf und Waldhorngellen
Erweckt im Forſt den Widerhall.
Doch drinnen ſitzt im Morgenhäubchen
Feinsliebchen, athmet Waldesluft,
Und horcht, wie Amſel, Fink und Täubchen
Den Morgengruß in's Fenſter ruft.
Sie hört im Forſt die Zweige flüſtern,
Daß ſie ein ſüßes Grauſen ſpürt,
Und auf dem Herd die Flammen kniſtern,
Die ſie mit duft'gem Kien geſchürt.
Wie lange mag der Liebſte ſäumen
Bei ſeiner luſt'gen Jägerei?
Der ſtille Strom mit Silberſchäumen
Fließt an des Gärtchens Zaun vorbei.
Sie ſchürzt ſich auf als Fiſchermädchen
Und ſitzt an Waldſtroms grünem Rand;
Die Angel ſchwebt am leiſen Fädchen,
Dann ſpielt der Fiſch in ihrer Hand.
Und wenn der Jäger kommt nach Hauſe
Und bringt das Wildpret für den Tiſch,
Wird erſt das Mahl zum leckern Schmauſe,
Den Jäger überraſcht der Fiſch.
Es haben ſich die müden Rüden
Im hohen Gras zur Ruh gelegt,
Weil auch den Jägersmann, den müden,
Die Laub' in kühlem Schatten hegt.
Er horcht, entſchlummernd, auf das Gleiten
Des Stroms, der leiſ' hinunter zieht,
Die Liebſte ſchmiegt ſich ihm zur Seiten
Und wiegt ihn ein mit einem Lied:
Ihr Hirſch' im grünen Wald, ihr Rehe,
Nun lagert euch an kühler Flut,
Und ſorget nicht, daß euch geſchehe
Ein Leid, denn euer Schütze ruht!
Du ſchau mir, hohe Mittagsſonne,
Nicht durch die laub'ge Nacht herein;
Und was du ſpähſt von unſrer Wonne,
Das laß der Welt verſchwiegen ſein;
Ihr Stromeswellen, die ihr rauſchet
Hinaus in's Land vom grünen Wald,
Sagt's keinem, daß ihr habt belauſchet
Hier unſrer Freuden Aufenthalt!

XXXV.

Es iſt kein Stand auf Erden,
Er reizt des Dichters Neid:
Der Schäfer bei den Herden
Iſt eine Herrlichkeit.
Der Jäger in den Wäldern
Iſt vollends eine Luſt;
Den Landmann in den Feldern
Trag' ich in meiner Bruſt.
Der Schnitter, der die Halmen
Vom Feld nach Hauſe bringt;
Der Prieſter, der die Pſalmen
Für die Gemeinde ſingt.
Der Bergmann mit der Zitter
Bewegt das Gold im Schacht;
Zu Roß der kühne Ritter
Bewegt ſich in der Schlacht.
Der Schiffer in dem Nachen
Schwebt auf der klaren Flut;
Der Wächter hat zu wachen
Vom Thurm, wann alles ruht.
Im Walde der Einſiedler
Iſt ſich genug allein;
Beim Erntefeſt der Fiedler
Erregt den bunten Reihn.
Ich möchte meinen Garben
Die Scheune ſelber baun,
Mein Haus mit eignen Farben
Möcht' ich bemalet ſchaun.
Ich möchte meine Reben
Als Winzer ziehn für mich.
Auf eignem Webſtuhl weben
Das Kleid für mich und dich.
O Liebſte, ſo gefallen
Mir alle Stände wol,
Daß ich nicht weiß, von allen
Was ich erwählen ſoll.
Sie ſprach: Erwählet haſt du
Den beſten Stand bereits.
Laß andern die Laſt du,
Und nimm für dich den Reiz!
Du kannſt dich zum Ergetzen,
Und mich an deiner Hand,
Im Augenblick verſetzen
In den und jenen Stand;
Als Schäferin mich kleiden,
Und dich als Jäger grün;
Mich läſſeſt Lämmer weiden,
Und tödteſt Hirſche kühn.
Du pflanzeſt einen Garten,
Wo Lenz zu jeder Friſt,
Die Blumen aller Arten,
Und nirgend Unkraut iſt.
Wir wohnen heut auf Almen
Im luſt'gen Schweizerland,
Und morgen unter Palmen
An Ganga's heil'gem Strand.
Du taucheſt in die Schachten
Und bringſt den Edelſtein,
Und deine Lieder brachten
Mir tauſend Perlen ein.

Du rühreſt ja die Saiten
Und drehſt die Stern' im Tanz,
Und deine Farben breiten
Um's Herz mir Himmelsglanz.
Aus Strahlen und aus Tönen
Haſt du erbaut dein Haus;
Komm, ruh mir nun im ſchönen
Gemach des Buſens aus!

XXXVI.

Schüre du, Sommer, die feurige Glut!
Veilchen iſt lange geſchieden,
Roſe verbirgt ſich und Lilie ruht,
Nachtigall ſchweiget zufrieden.
Sing', o Cicade, im ſonnigen Glanz,
Lade die Aehren, die Sichel zum Tanz!
Ab iſt die Blüthe geſtreifet,
Aber die Frucht iſt gereifet.
Liebchen, und ſiehſt du nach Blüten dich um,
Sieh nur die blauen im Korne!
Schöner die grannigen Aehren herum
Stehn, als um Roſen die Dorne.
Sieh', wie die Reb' um die Hütte ſich ſchlingt,
Die zu den Aehren die Trauben uns bringt!
Komm, und bei Moſt und bei Garben
Wird auch die Liebe nicht darben.

XXXVII.

Liebſte! Liebſte! wie ich bange!
Wie ich ſo dich halt' im Arm,
Werd' ich ſo dich halten lange?
Wie du liebeſt, macht mir Harm.
Wie du liebeſt, wie du dichteſt,
Wie du tauſend Lieder ſchreibſt;
Sag', ob du dich nicht vernichteſt?
Sag', ob du nicht auf dich reibſt? —
Hab' ich doch ſchon lang geſchrieben,
Immer war's mir eine Luſt.
Seit ich ſchreibe, wie wir lieben,
Quillt ein Strom in meiner Bruſt.
Liebſte! das ſind keine Mühen,
Iſt kein Werk, das kämpft und ringt.
Das iſt, wie die Blumen blühen,
Das iſt, wie der Vogel ſingt.
Laß mich ſingen, laß mich küſſen,
Schenk mir beide Becher voll,
Weil ich nach des Himmels Schlüſſen
Nichts als dieſes kann und ſoll!
Schlagt, ihr Flammen, in einander!
Selig, wer in euch verſchwebt!
Doch ich bin ein Salamander,
Der in Doppelgluten lebt.

XXXVIII.

Ich wüßte nicht, wenn ich's vergliche,
Ob meins, ob deins ein größres Reich?
Es ſind des Sanges Himmelsſtriche
Wol dem Gebiet der Anmuth gleich.
Zwei Paradieſe, die uns glänzen,
Das deine mein, und meines deins,
Die gegenſeitig ſich bekränzen,
Und beide ſind zuſammen Eins.
Wo deiner Liebe Zauber endet,
Hebt meines Liedes Glanzwelt an;
Und wo die Seele hin ſich wendet,
Iſt ihr ein Himmel aufgethan.

XXXIX.

Seltſam! aber wahr empfunden
Hab' ich es in meiner Bruſt:
Leichter als in trüben Stunden
Stirbt es ſich in froher Luſt.
Denn im Unglück mußt du hoffen,
Daß dein Glück dir komme doch;
Aber iſt es eingetroffen,
Worauf hoffen willſt du noch?
Itzo kann's das Leben denken,
Ohne Schauder vor dem Tod.
Wie die Sonne ſich zu ſenken
In ein Liebesabendroth:
Wie die Augen froh begnüget
Schließt der Greis von Kanaan,
Als der Himmel es gefüget,
Daß ſie Joſeph wiederſahn.

XL.

Eine Schönheit hab' ich mir
Aus zur Braut erleſen,
Minder ſchön von äußrer Zier
Als von innrem Weſen.
Schönre hab' ich wol geſehn,
Die wie Blumen waren,
Konnten doch nicht widerſtehn
Räuberiſchen Jahren.
Aber was vom Himmel ſtammt,
Kann nicht irdiſch alten;
Wie die Sonn' am Himmel flammt,
Ohne zu erkalten.
Ewig wie im Paradies
Steht die Schönheitsblüthe,
Dieſe ſtille Unſchuld, dieß
Heimathluſt-Gemüthe.

XLI.

Da ich der Oſtwind bin,
Wie ſollt' ich nicht dahin
Mit meinen Seufzern wehen,
Wo meine Roſen ſtehen!
Da Schmetterling ich bin,
Wie ſollt' ich nicht dahin
Zum Opfer meine Schwingen,
Wo meine Kerz' iſt, bringen!
Da ich die Biene bin,
Wie ſollt' ich den Gewinn
Der Düfte dort nicht holen
Bei Roſen und Violen!
Da Sonnenblum' ich bin,
Wie ſollt' ich nicht den Sinn
Nach meiner Sonne wenden,
Am Lichte ſüß mich blenden!
Da ich dein Liebſter bin,
Wie ſollt' ich immerhin
Nach dir zurück nicht trachten!
O Liebſte, laß mich ſchmachten!

XLII.

Meine Liebſte hat ein einziges Geſchmeide,
Das ſie ewig tragen will, der Welt zum Neide,
Sich zum Stolz, und mir zur Herzensaugenweide.
Meine Liebſte hat ein einziges Geſchmeide,
Meine Lieb' und meine Dichtkunſt halfen beide,
Es zu weben aus Juwelen, Gold und Seide.
Meine Liebſte hat ein einziges Geſchmeide,
Das ſie immer, ohne daß von ihm ſie ſcheide,
Tragen will in Luſt, und wenn es kommt, im Leide.
Meine Liebſte hat ein einziges Geſchmeide,
Und ſie hat verordnet, daß zum Sterbekleide
Einſt ihr diene, was jetzt dient zum Brautgeſchmeide.

Deutſches Künſtlerfeſt in Rom

(Frühjahr 1818.)

Freundin! die du mehr als Andre
Liebeſt meine Poeſie,
Weil du eben mehr als Ander
Mich, den Dichter, ſelber liebſt;
Deinen liebevollen Augen,
Widm' ich heute dieß Gedicht,
Das mir lieb vor vielen andern,
Weil im alten Rom ich's ſchrieb
Zu des ſchönſten Tages Feier,
Einem Feſt zum Schmucke, wie
Die am Tiberufer blühnde
Deutſche Künſtlerrepublik
Nie ein gleiches hat gefeiert,
Nie ein gleiches feiern wird.
In der ew'gen Weltſtadt Mauern,
Wo der Künſte Heimath iſt,
War in dieſen ſchönen Tagen
Ein gemeinſchaftliches Ziel
Deutſcher Lieb' und Kunſtbeſtrebung,
Mittelpunkt, um welchen ſich
Eifer und Begeiſtrung drehten,
Baierns kronenwürd'ger Prinz.
In der Freud' als deutſcher Fürſten
Stellvertreter ehrend Ihn,

Bot, Ihn würdig auszuzeichnen,
Deutſche Kunſt die Waffen, die
Ihren Händen Gott gegeben,
Dießmal auf zu Fürſtendienſt.
Eine Villa war gewonnen
Vor der Porta popoli,
Wo an eines weiten Saales
Erſt noch nackten Wänden itzt
Plötzlich war hervorgeſprungen,
Wie durch einen Zauberblitz,
Eine Welt von Farbengluten,
Eine Himmelsfantaſie,
Ein lebendig Meer des Glanzes,
Ein gemaltes Paradies,
Eine neue Frühlingsſchöpfung,
Ein Heſperien der Magie.
Doch durch Müh und Fleiß errungen
War, was hingezaubert ſchien.
Denn es hatte häuslich gleichſam
Eine Malerkolonie
Draußen nieder ſich gelaſſen,
Die das Werk ſo raſtlos trieb:
Malen ſah die Sonn' am Tage,
Und die Nacht bei Kerzenlicht.
Dem Cornelius, dem Meiſter,
Der erdacht des Ganzen Riß,
Auch die Hauptfigur, wie billig,
Seinem Pinſel vorbehielt,
Während er in all das Andre
Sich die Andern theilen ließ;
Dem Cornelius, dem Meiſter,
Der dem, was gemeinſchaftlich
Nur gefördert werden konnte,
Der Erfindung Einheit lieh,
Der an jener gliederreichen
Deutſchen Malerrepublik
(Weil ein Werk von vielen Händen
Niemals ohn' Ein Haupt gedieh)
War als Haupt hervorgetreten:
Dem Cornelius hatten ſich
Dießmal die andern Meiſter,
Sonſt wol gleichgeordnet ihm,
Alle ſchweigend untergeordnet,
Jeder unterm Haupt ein Glied.
Jeder ſtand an ſeiner Stelle,
Ohne daß er die beſtritt,
Die ſein Nachbar eingenommen,
Keinem ſchien ſein Amt gering;
Weil dem Ganzen Jeder diente,
Ehrte Jeden jeder Dienſt,
Ob er Hauptfiguren malte,
Oder ob er Farben rieb.
Damals ſah ich, wie der Meiſter,
Vor dem großen Mittelbild
Auf dem Werkgerüſte ſchwebend,
Eben noch der Poeſie,
Die er herrlich dort in aller
Künſte Mitten thronen ließ,
Bunte Flügel an die Schulter
Schuf mit kühnem Pinſelſtreich;
Während im erſt halb begrünten
Eichbaums Wipfel über ihr,
Um ihn völlig grün zu färben,
Noch ein Landſchaftsmaler hing,
Der, fantaſtiſch grün gekleidet,
Selbſt des Baumes Vogel ſchien.
(Sei du mir genannt mit Wehmuth,
Rohr, du ſchönes Jugendbild,
Das zu früh der Kunſt, zu früh uns
In der Tiber unterging).
Aber unter das Gerüſte
Hatte noch ein Dritter ſich,
In der Hand den Pinſel haltend,
Ungeſehen hingeſchmiegt,
Wo zu aller Künſte Füßen
Eine kaum bemerkte Zier
Er beſcheiden ſtille Blumen
Stille Kräuter ſproſſen ließ.
So arbeitet' eine edle
Malergilde, während ſich
Eine Zunft von Architekten
Schon geſchäftig auch bewies,
Aus dem Frühlingſchmuck der Gärten,
Aus des Landes Blumenzier,
Aus endloſem Ueberfluſſe
Von Jaſmin und Roſmarin,
Von Granat' und Oleander,
Lorber, welſcher Eich' und Mirt',
Oelblatt und Orangenzweigen,
Ebenmäßig, kunſtgeſchickt,
Seine Säulen aufzubauen
An des Saales Wänden rings,
Die auf ihren Scheiteln trugen
Fruchtgehäng und Laubgewind.
Alle Künſte ſo beſchäftigt,
Müßig nur der Dichter, ich!
Denn beauftragt war ein andrer
Mit des Tages Feſtgedicht.
Des Mittags vor jenem Abend,
Wo in ihrem hellſten Lichte
Kunſt der Farben glänzen ſollte,
Saß ich in der Oſterie;
Und ein deutſcher Landsmann reichte
Das Gedicht mir übern Tiſch,
Wie's mit ſchlechten deutſchen Lettern
Eben jetzt gedruckt erſchien.
Wie mit jenem Glanz der Farben,
Der vor meiner Fantaſie
Unauslöſchlich glühend wogte,
Ich hier dieß Gedicht verglich,
Mußt' es mir ein dunkler Schatten
Scheinen gegen jenes Licht.
Damals war es, daß ein zorn'ger
Eifer mein Gemüth ergriff,
Der mich von der Mittagstafel
Auf, davon, nach Hauſe trieb,
Der dort meinen ungeſtümen
Händen Feder und Papier
Gab, und in den Mittagsſtunden,
Die ich römiſch ſonſt verſchlief,
Mich, als wie in wachem Traume,
Bannte an den Schreibetiſch;
Wo ich haſtig, unaufhaltſam,
In dem Drang des Augenblicks,
Während mit Gedankenſtrome
Griffel um die Wette lief,
Schrieb, noch etwas aufzuſtellen
Vorm Verlauf der kurzen Friſt,
Was nur ein'germaßen könnte
Durch die Kraft des Wortes ſich
Meſſen mit dem Glanz der Farben,
Der mich laut zum Kampfe rief.
Drauf am Abend, bei dem Feſte,
Wo ich noch zurecht erſchien;
Als der Farben laute Sprache
Mich zum Worte kommen ließ,
Las ich in der Glanzverſammlung,
Was hier meine Liebſte lieſt:

Geſagt nicht ſein ſoll's, daß im alten Rom
Deutſch malen könne deutſche Malerei,
Und nicht auch reden deutſche Dichtkunſt deutſch.
Ich wartete zum letzten Augenblick,
Und drein zu reden hatt' ich keine Luſt.
Wo Andre reden, ſpar' ich meine Kunſt.
Jetzt aber drängt's zu ſprechen meine Bruſt,
Und deutſch zu ſprechen faßt mich eine Brunſt.
So ſprich, o Herz! du weißt nicht, ſondern mußt.
In dieſen plötzlichen Begeiſterungen
Sprecht, deutſche Künſte, ſo in deutſchen Zungen:

Muſica.

Erhabne, unſre Mutter, Poeſie!
Wie dank' ich deiner mütterlichen Gunſt,
Die mir den nächſten Platz an dir verlieh,
Daß fernerab ſelbſt ſitzt die Farbenkunſt.
Du gabſt aus deinen Füßen mir den Ton,
Den Gott im Herzen dir hat zugeſellet,
Der, wie er deiner heil'gen Lipp' entflohn,
Die Fibern meines ird'ſchen Werkzeugs ſchwellet.
Als Gott der Sonnen und der Monde Lauf
Geordnet hatt' in ſeinen Schöpfungstagen,
Da ſtunden ſie und warteten darauf,
Bis ſie des Menſchen Herze hörten ſchlagen.
Und als das Herz des neuen Menſchen ſchlug,
Da fingen die dort oben an zu kreiſen,
Und tönten hin im Melodienzug,
Vor'm Menſchenohr des Gottes Macht zu preiſen.
Auflauſchete das junge Menſchenohr,
Die Erde auch begann mit ihm zu lauſchen.

Der Menſchenmund ſtimmt' ein in ihren Chor,
Und drein begann der Erde Heer zu rauſchen.
Des Wildes Brüllen war ein Lobgeſang,
Der Vogel ſang und unter ihm die Zweige;
Das Erz ertönte und der Stein gab Klang,
Daß himmelan ein volles Loblied ſteige.
Die Waſſer auch, auf denen Gottes Geiſt,
Bevor die Erde war geſchaffen, ſchwebte,
Die Lüfte muſicirten, doch zumeiſt
Muſik war ſelbſt der Menſch, deß Seele lebte.
Das war die erſte Muſica auf Erden;
Und mir gegeben iſt das hohe Amt,
Daß durch mich alles Klang und Ton muß werden,
Zum Himmel ſteigend, was von Erden ſtammt.

Malerei.

Vom Himmel ſtammt, das Gott mir gab, das Licht;
Ich neide nicht, was andre Künſt' erworben.
Ein Quell des Lichtes iſt Gottes Angeſicht,
Wie Wogen ſtrömen aus dem Quell die Farben.
Ich ſammle ſie zu tönenden Akkorden;
Und wie das farb'ge Saitenſpiel erklingt,
Iſt es nicht minder Himmelseinklang worden,
Als den Muſik aus Saitenſpielen ſinget.
Als Gott der Herr mit ſeiner Schöpferhand
Das neugeſchaffne Menſchenauge rührte,
Daß es dem Lichte ſich eröffnet fand,
Und eine Welt um ſich ſein Nerve ſpürte;
Da ſpielte auf vor ſeiner Sehekraft
Das Gold der Sonnen und des Himmels Blau,
Der Schaum der Waſſer und des Grünen Saft,
Der Blumen Glut, der Edelſtein im Thau.
Der Tanz der Farben wogt' ihm vor den Augen,
Er ſah ein ſchönes Bild, das Gott ihm malte,
Und er begann den Glanz in ſich zu ſaugen,
Daß ihm die Luſt aus allen Blicken ſtrahlte.
In Schlummer wiegt' ihn drauf der Farbentanz,
Indeß vom Mann der Herr die Männin machte.
Im Traum umgaukelt' ihn ein Bild von Glanz,
Sich ſelb verſchönt ſah er, als er erwachte.
Der Menſch ſah liebend ſich im Menſchenbild;
Und als die Scham des Weibes Wangen malte,
Erbleichten alle Farben im Gefild,
Weil keine Farbe gleich der Farbe ſtrahlte.
Mit Wohlgefallen ſah der Herr es an,
Und ſegnete die Kunſt für künft'ge Zeiten,
Die durch ihn Menſchenbilder ſchaffen kann
Und um ſie her der Farben Teppich breiten.
Zum Zeichen deſſen trag' ich die Palette,
Mit winz'gen Farbenhäufchen aufgeſchmückt;
Aus dieſen wächſt die große Farbenkette,
Die Aug' und Herz bezaubert und entzückt.
Die Bibel ruht in meiner rechten Hand;
Denn was die Welt mir beut an bunten Stoffen,
Es dient nur zu Verzierungen am Rand,
Das Hauptbild wird in ihr nur angetroffen.

Bildhauerei.

Mir iſt ein ſtärker Werkzeug beigegeben,
Der widerſpänſt'gen Stoffe Trotz zu brechen.
Mein Meißel zwingt den Stein, daß er muß leben,
Und mit Geberde muß das Erz mir ſprechen
Nicht Fabel iſt es vom Pygmalion,
Daß ihm den Stein belebet Göttergunſt;
Das iſt der allgemeine Sinn davon:
Den Tod beſiegt die Liebesbrunſt der Kunſt.
Es klebt ein Hang mir an zum Heidenthume
Nach deſſen Bildern ich mich um hier ſah;
Doch kann auch ich des wahren Gottes Ruhme
Wohl dienen, auch ſein Bild nur bin ich ja.
Als Gott der Herr die ſpröde Erde nahm,
Und ſie ein Menſch ward unter ſeinen Händen
Aus Gottes Mund in ihn der Odem kam,
Der Menſch begann ſein Angeſicht zu wenden
Nach ſeinem Schöpfer, dankend für das Sein;
Das war das erſte Bild, gemacht aus Erden,
Aus bloßer Erden, wie aus edlerm Stein
Kein gleiches künftig ward und keins wird werden.
Da gab der große Bildner zum Gedächtniß
Der von ihm ſelb geübten Bildnerei,
Dem Menſchengeiſt das rühmliche Vermächtniß,
Daß unterthan ihm Stein und Erde ſei,
Daraus zu machen Bilder, die ihm gleichen,
Nach der von Gott erſchaffnen Urgeſtalt;
Doch weil der Menſchengeiſt dem Herrn muß weichen,
So bleiben ſolche Menſchenbilder kalt.
Es hat der Menſch in ſeines Irrens Zeit,
Was ſeine Kunſt aus ird'ſchem Stoff geſchnitzt,
Zu ſeines Wahnes Götzen ſich geweiht,
Und ſtatt des wahren Gottes angebetet.
Die Götter ſind vom Poſtament geſtürzt,
Und werden nimmer wieder drauf geſtellt;
Doch mein Beruf iſt nicht dadurch verkürzt,
Mein Platz iſt auch in der bekehrten Welt.
Man ſoll auch mich als Gottes Dienerin ſchaun,
Gleich Malerei, die mit den Farben blüht;
Doch dazu muß vorerſt ein Haus mir baun
Architektur, die mir zur Rechten ſitzt.

Architektur.

Nicht dir allein, dem ganzen Schweſternchor,
Der hier verſammelt um die Mutter weilt,
Bau' ich ein Haus, wie es mir ſchwebet vor,
Worin ihr Platz ſei jeder zugetheilt.
Die Malerei ſoll am Altare blühn,
Vom Chore ſchallen ſoll die Muſica,
Um Säulenwerk ſollſt du dich flechten kühn,
Und ich will euch einander halten nah.
Das Haus ſoll ſtreben auf zum Himmel hoch,
Die Pforten weit auf Erden aufgethan.
Das große Vorbild ſeh' ich immer noch,
Das einſt der Meiſter ſchuf nach ew'gem Plan.
Der Himmel ſelber war des Hauſes Dach,
Die Berge Pfeiler, und die Erd' ihr Grund;
Da war des Laubes Bildwerk mannichfach,
Das aus der Tiefe nach der Höhe ſtund.
Die Sterne oben an der Wölbung kreiſten,
Und tönten nieder in den Lobgeſang,
Mit dem die unten in dem Hauſe preiſten
Gott, deſſen Odem ging das Schiff entlang.
Und groß war die verſammelte Gemeinde,
Da mit dem Menſchen betete das Thier;
Bis durch des Menſchen Fall das Thier zum Feinde
Des Menſchen ward und von ihm lernte Gier.
Da ward des Tempels Grund befleckt von Blut,
Und trübe Dämpfe ſtiegen davon auf;
Die Sterne droben löſchten ihre Glut,
Und wendeten erdabwärts ihren Lauf.
Nicht war die Welt Ein Tempel Gottes mehr;
Doch wo nun auf den blutbefleckten Raum
Noch eine Stätte war vom Blute leer,
Da ließ der Herr ſich einzle Tempel baun.
Die baute jedes Volk nach ſeinem Maß;
Doch, was der Herr dabei zum Zweck geſteckt,
Der Menſch im Irrwahn oft ſo ſehr vergaß,
Daß ſelbſt die Tempel wurden blutbefleckt.
Mir ward das Amt vom großen Architekten,
In der durchs Blut vom Blut geſühnten Welt
Den Tempel ihm, nicht gleich den blutbefleckten,
Zu bauen, ſondern wie's ihm wohlgefällt.
Dazu hat er das Richtmaß mir gegeben,
Mit dem er ſelber ſeine Welten mißt,
Und Sterne ließ er hier ins Kleid mir weben
Damit mein Sinn des Himmels nicht vergißt.
Dort liegt, im Mauſoleenſchutt begraben,
Das Alterthum, und neu erſteht's euch nie;
Hier ragt der neue Tempelbau erhaben
Zur Rechten unſrer Mutter Poeſie.

Poeſie.

Ich habe meine Töchter reden laſſen;
Und was ſie ſprachen, ſprachen ſie durch mich.
So kann ich ſelb mich nun ins Kurze faſſen,
Denn was ſie ſind zuſammen, das bin ich.
Muſik hat ihres Tones Fülle nur,
Und Malerei nur ihren Bilderhort,
Ihre Geſtalt Skulptur, Architektur
Ihr Ebenmaß erhalten nur durchs Wort.
Das Wort, das durch den Mund des Herrn ging,
Und einſt hat ſichtbar dieſe Welt erbaut,
Das Wort, ſo Fleiſch zum Heil der Welt empfing,
Daß leiblich es gehört ward' und geſchaut.
Ich bin des Worts demüth'ge Dienerin.
Ihr alle, die ihr euch genannt die meinen!
Zum Dienſt des Wortes, deſſen Magd ich bin,
Fordr' ich euch auf, mit mir euch zu vereinen.
Des Wortes Kraft durch Worte zu entfalten,
Dieß hohe Amt iſt vor der Welt das meine;

Ihr aber ſollt auf eure Art geſtalten
Daſſelbe, das ſein Preis vielfältig ſcheine.

Heut ſind wir hier nicht in ſo ernſtem Dienſt,
In einem doch, der jenem nicht mitgemeint:
Ein heitres Feſt durch unſre Gegenwart
Zu ſchmücken, das die Jünger, die wir lieben,
Sich ſelb und Einem geben, der uns liebt.
Die Malerei hat aus dem Schweſterchor
Beſonders ſich hervorgedrängt, den andern
Das neidenswerthe Amt hinweggehaſcht,
Die geiſt'ge Wirthin dieſes Mahls zu machen.
Sie hat uns ſelbſt im Bilde hier verſammelt,
Wo wir, zum Aug' in lichten Farben redend,
Des Worts für diesmal kaum bedürftig ſind.
Zur Seite hier, auf dieſem Nebenbild,
Hat ſie die alten Meiſter vorgerufen,
Die Künſtler jeder Art, und aller Zeit,
Aus allen Himmelsgegenden hieher
Zu unſrer jüngſten Meiſter Feſt verſammelt.
Genüber aber auf dem andern Feld,
O ſeht, entgegen tritt dem Künſtlerchor
Ein anderer von alten Kunſtbeſchäd'gern.
Denn Kunſt, die zwar ihr ſichres Erbtheil droben
Im Himmel hat, bedarf, ſo lange ſie
Auf Erden geht, des ird'ſchen Schutzes wohl.
Wie ziehen ſich die beiden Chöre an,
Und ſtreben liebend vorwärts, gegeneinander!
Gewiß, ſie werden in der rechten Mitte
Sich finden, wo der Kunſt aus Fürſtenſchutz,
Dem Fürſten aus den Künſten, die er ſchätzt,
Der gegenſeitige Gewinn erwächſt.
Da hat nun, der bei jeder Kunſt gern ſpukt,
Hier unten auch der Witz ſich eingeſpukt,
Geſchildert in gemalten Basreliefen
Geſchichten, die vortrefflich ſind und treffen:
Hier wie die alten Mauern Jerichos
Einſtürzen vor der Kunſttrompeten Stoß;
Hier wie des Augias verſäumten Stall
Herakles reinigt vom verjährten Schwall;
Hier wie für ihr verrätheriſches Geflüſter
Simſon mit luſt'gem Kolben trifft Philiſter.
Wir alle fühlen hier uns nicht getroffen,
Drum darf der Witz von uns Verzeihung hoffen.
Witz iſt unſchädlich, den ich halt' am Zügel;
Ich nehm' ihn unter meine breiten Flügel.
Genug allem andern, wie's hier iſt gethan;
Wer wagt es nun und ſieht es weiter an?

Rubin von Rüdeger, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Chriſtian Chriſtoph Rüdiger,

geboren am 9. Mai 1731 zu Burg bei Magdeburg, wurde nach vollendeten akademiſchen Studien Kammer- und Thalſecretär zu Halle und 1791 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie daſelbſt. Er ſtarb am 21. October 1822.

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir:

Neueſter Zuwachs der deutſchen, fremden und allgemeinen Sprachenkunde. 6 St. Leipzig 1781—1796.

Grundriß einer Geſchichte der menſchlichen Sprache. 1r Thl. Leipzig 1782.

Ueber den Geſchäftsſtyl. Halle 1791.

Beiträge zur Beförderung des älteſten Chriſtenthums und der neueſten Philoſophie. 3 Bde. Ulm 1788—93.

Allgemeine Encyclopädie. Ulm 1795.

R. erwarb ſich durch gründliche Forſchungen und treffliche Entwickelung der gewonnenen Reſultate bleibende Verdienſte um die philoſophiſche Behandlung der Sprache im Allgemeinen und der deutſchen Sprache im Beſonderen.

Rüds, ſ. Anſelm.

Jakob Ruef,

lebte in der erſten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts als Wundarzt zu Zürich. Auch war er als geſchickter Steinſchneider bekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Luſtig Spiel von Erſchaffung Adams und Heva, auch ihrer beider Fall im Paradeis. Zürich 1550.

Seine Arbeit zeichnet ſich vor ähnlichen dramatiſchen Verſuchen jener Zeit nur dadurch aus, daß mehr als hundert Perſonen handelnd und redend darin auftreten.

Andreas Rühlmann,

geboren zu Querfurt, lebte in der erſten Hälfte des 17. Jahrhunderts und nennt ſich einen Secretarius zu Hamburg. Seinen Klagen nach muß er ſein Leben in großer Dürftigkeit und vielem Streite hingebracht haben. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Politiſcher Tractat von Staats- und Liebesſachen, welche mit ſich führen den Krieg des Streits, der Ehre und Liebe u. Frankfurt und Hamburg 1664.

R. war nicht ohne Talent für die lyriſche Poeſie, doch huldigte er zu ſehr dem ſchlechten Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit.

Friedrich Chriſtian Rühs,

geboren zu Greifswalde am 1. März 1779, habilitirte ſich 1801 als Privatdocent zu Göttingen und 1802 zu Greifswalde, wo man ihn zugleich zum Bibliothekaufſeher ernannte. Im Jahre 1808 wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, 1810 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und 1817 Hiſtoriograph zu Berlin. Er ſtarb auf einer Reiſe zu Florenz am 1. Februar 1820.

Schriften:

Geſchichte der alten Skandinavier. Götting. 1801.
Unterhaltungen für Freunde altdeutſcher und norddeutſcher Geſchichte und Literatur. Berlin 1803.
Ueber die Schickſale der ſchönen Redekünſte in Schweden. Berlin 1803.
Geſchichte von Schweden. 5 Thle. Halle 1803—4.
Pommerſche Denkwürdigkeiten. 4 Hefte. Greifswalde 1803.
Briefe über Schweden. Halle 1804.
Erinnerungen an Guſtav Adolph. Halle 1806.
Schweden nach Büſching's Erdbeſchreibung. Greifswalde 1808.
Finnland und ſeine Bewohner. Leipzig 1809.
Elegie um J. v. Müller. Leipzig 1809.
Entwurf einer Propädeutik des hiſtoriſchen Studiums. Berlin 1811.
Die Edda. Berlin 1812.
Ueber den Urſprung der isländiſchen Poeſie. Berlin 1813.
Entwickelung des Einfluſſes Frankreichs auf Deutſchland. Berlin 1815.
Handbuch der Geſchichte des Mittelalters. Berlin 1816.

Obgleich R. als Hiſtoriker nach den verſchiedenſten Seiten hin ſehr thätig war und ſich namentlich um die Kenntniß der ſkandinaviſchen Geſchichte und Literatur manches Verdienſt erwarb, ſo fehlten ihm doch im Ganzen jene Eigenſchaften, welche in ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft allein vermögen, eine bleibende Geltung und Anerkennung zu gewähren. Er war zu einſeitig in ſeinem Urtheil, nicht tief genug eindringend in das innere Weſen der Verhältniſſe und ohne Eleganz und Gewandtheit der ſtiliſtiſchen Darſtellung. Seine Propädeutik des hiſtoriſchen Studiums bleibt daher ſeine beſte Leiſtung, obwohl ſie auch nicht von jenen eben angeführten Mängeln frei zu ſprechen iſt.

Balthaſar Rüſſouwen,

ward in der erſten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts zu Reval geboren, weiter weiß man jedoch nichts von ſeinen Lebensſchickſalen.

Er ſchrieb:

Chronica der Provintz Lyfflandt. 3 Thle. Roſtock 1578. 4.

Eine für jene Zeit durch großen Fleiß und emſige Zuſammentragung des Materials höchſt ſchätzenswerthe Arbeit.

Georg Rürner,

zu Ende des 15. Jahrhunderts geboren, war Reichsherold und führte auch den Namen Jeruſalem.

Er ſchrieb:

Turnierbuch. Frankfurt a. M. 1530, 32, 66, 76. Fol.

Dieſes Werk galt lange als Autorität und wurde ſeiner Zeit ſehr viel geleſen, ſo daß es vier Auflagen erlebte; ſpäter verlor ſich das allgemeine Intereſſe dafür und man betrachtete es nur noch als eine literäriſche Curioſität.

Arnold Ruge.

Dieſer eben ſo durch geiſtige Klarheit, wie durch unerſchütterliche Beharrlichkeit bedeutende Kritiker der neueſten Zeit, ward am 13. September 1802 zu Bergen auf der Inſel Rügen geboren. Sein Vater, welcher die Güter der Herrſchaft Spieker verwaltete, war ein durch Bildung und Erfahrung tüchtiger Mann und ließ dem vielverſprechenden Knaben erſt volle Zeit zur Entwicklung ſeiner Körperkräfte, ehe er ihn in die Schule ſandte. Erſt in ſeinem zwölften Jahre ward R. dem Prediger Gildemeiſter anvertraut, welcher die glücklichen Fähigkeiten ſeines Zöglings eben ſo ſicher als gründlich auszubilden verſtand und ihn dann dem Gymnaſium zu Stralſund übergab, wo derſelbe, als Primaner aufgenommen, ſich durch große Sicherheit und Talent für die Formbildung, namentlich des Lateiniſchen, hervorthat. Mit dem Vorſatze, Philologie zu ſtudiren, bezog R. nun die Univerſität Halle, aber die damalige Behandlung der Wiſſenſchaft ſagte ihm im Allgemeinen nicht zu, dagegen zog ihn das Weſen und Treiben der Burſchenſchaft beſonders in Jena, wohin er bald darauf ging, lebhaft an, ohne daß er jedoch ſeine Studien darüber vernachläſſigte, nur daß er denſelben eine entſchiedenere Richtung ab, und ſich zum Pädagogen beſtimmen. In die Verſchwörung des Jünglingsbundes verwickelt, ward er 1824 zu Heidelberg verhaftet und in Köpenick zu langjähriger Gefangenſchaft auf einer preußiſchen Feſtung verurtheilt. Nachdem er ſechs Jahre, größtentheils zu Kolberg, in Haft geweſen, dieſe Zeit vorzüglich auf Studien der Platoniſchen Philoſophie und belletriſtiſche Arbeiten verwendet, und ſeine durch ſein Schickſal gewiſſe humoriſtiſche Weltanſicht vollends ausgebildet hatte, erhielt er endlich ſeine Freiheit wieder, verweilte ein Jahr in Jena und ging dann, politiſch purificirt, nach Halle, wo er an den Francke'ſchen Stiftungen als Lehrer wirkte und ſich mit ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten beſchäftigte. Eine glückliche Heirath gewährte ihm Unabhängigkeit; er beſuchte Italien und habilitirte ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr in Halle als Docent der Philoſophie. 1838 gründete er mit Echtermeyer die „Halliſchen Jahrbücher für deutſche Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt,“ legte dann, da die in dieſer Zeitſchrift herrſchende und von Beiden mit großer Entſchiedenheit durchgeführte Oppoſition ſeine akademiſche Stellung nicht begünſtigte, ſein Amt nieder, und lebt nun, von der Bürgerſchaft zu Halle vertrauensvoll zur Verwaltung mehrerer Ehrenämter berufen, dort als Privatgelehrter.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Schill und die Seinen. Trauerſpiel. Stralſund 1830.
Oedipus in Kolonos. Jena 1830.
Platoniſche Aeſthetik. Halle 1832.

- **Vorſchule der Aeſthetik oder das Komiſche**; mit einem komiſchen Anhange. Halle 1837.
- **Preußen und die Reaction.** Zur Geſchichte unſerer Zeit. Leipzig 1839.
- **Der Novelliſt.** Eine Geſchichte in 8 Dutzend Denkzetteln aus dem Taſchenbuche des Helden. Leipzig 1839.
- **Deutſcher Muſenalmanach** (mit Echtermeyer). Berlin 1840—41.
- **Viele Recenſionen, Aufſätze** u. ſ. w. in den Blättern für literariſche Unterhaltung, den von ihm und Echtermeyer redigirten Halliſchen Jahrbüchern u. ſ. w.

R's ganzer eigenthümlicher, aber höchſt ſelbſtändiger Entwicklungsgang iſt in ſeinen Schriften niedergelegt, und dieſe ſind daher merkwürdige Documente der Conflicte unſerer Zeit. In ſeiner erſten Leiſtung, dem Trauerſpiel, waltet noch das burſchenſchaftliche Pathos vor, das ſich rhetoriſch mit Talent äußert, aber das eigentlich tragiſche Element nicht zu durchdringen und anzueignen weiß. Seine Platoniſche Aeſthetik, eine Habilitationsſchrift, zeugt von reellerer Praxis und ſehr tüchtigen Studien, aber dem Uebergange zur neueſten Philoſophie ſteht ſie noch getrennt gegenüber, gewiſſermaßen als ein Abſchied von den früheren Beſtrebungen, deren Reſultate ſie umfaßt. Dagegen zeigt ſich ein entſchiedener und bedeutender Fortſchritt in ſeiner Vorſchule der Aeſthetik, und wenn es ihm auch nicht ganz gelungen iſt, den Platoniſirenden und Hegel'ſchen Standpunkt genügend zu durchdringen, ſo ſind doch einzelne Partien in dieſem Buche, z. B. die Entwicklung des Witzes und Humors, und die Feſtſtellung des Begriffes vom Komiſchen überhaupt, höchſt ausgezeichnet. R. war durch dieſe Arbeit den Anſichten einer bedeutenden Partei der Hegel'ſchen Schule weit vorausgeeilt, und wurde um ſo mehr veranlaßt, zu derſelben in Oppoſition zu treten, als er ſich entſchieden gegen alle Accommodation in religiöſen wie in politiſchen Dingen erklärte. Von dieſem Geſichtspunkte aus gründete er die oben genannte Zeitſchrift, und bewies durch die ganze Leitung derſelben, daß er auch für das Leben nur die Wahrheit der abſoluten Philoſophie anerkenne. Dies bethätigte er beſonders durch ſeine Aufſätze über Heine, Leo, den Pietismus, die europäiſche Pentarchie, Proteſtantismus und Romantik u. ſ. w. Wahrheit ohne Rückhalt iſt ſeine Loſung, die Darſtellung des Verhältniſſes der Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt zum Leben der Gegenwart ſeine Aufgabe, und ſein Einfluß auf die geiſtigen Richtungen unſerer Zeit eben dadurch ein ſehr gewichtiger, da er, unbekümmert um alle öffentlichen wie heimlichen, perſönlichen wie allgemeinen Anfeindungen, ſeinen eingeſchlagenen Weg gerade und aufrecht verfolgt. Ob er dabei in ſeinem Streben nicht mitunter zu weit gehe und zu ſchroff und zerſtörend in ſeinen Urtheilen ſei, muß die Zukunft, die allein frei von Befangenheit über die Intereſſen unſerer Tage ſein kann, entſcheiden; eine ſolche Entſchiedenheit kann ſich nicht immer von Einſeitigkeit frei erhalten. Sein Novelliſt endlich iſt ein ſehr anmuthiges, humoriſtiſches Werk, reich an feiner Charakterzeichnung, trefflicher Darſtellung und guten Gedanken.

Der Ausflug *).

1. Der Vagabund.

> Der bleibt zurück, der wandert friſch von hinnen,
> Des [illegible] Sohn, die müß'gen Hände [illegible].

Der Burgemeiſter iſt mein guter Freund, allein er denkt über Vieles anders als ich. Am Tage vor meiner Abreiſe war er in der Canzlei, als ich hereintrat; er bewillkommte mich leutſelig, wie er zu thun pflegte, mein Anliegen war ihm jedoch keineswegs zu Sinn. Eine Weile ſah er mich mit großen Augen und ein wenig zurückgebogen an, darauf ſagte er ſichtbar unzufrieden: Sie wünſchen einen Reiſepaß? hab' ich recht gehört?

Ich ſehe mich genöthigt, Herr Burgemeiſter, dieſen Aufwand zu machen, weil ich zu reiſen wünſche.

Ja, er dient zur Legitimation, er iſt nothwendig. Aber Sie ſollten nicht fortgehn — ich ſage, Sie ſollten hier, Sie ſollten bei uns bleiben: wer will haben gut Gemach, der bleib' unter ſeinem Dach; was wollen Sie da draußen?

Reiſen, Herr Burgemeiſter.

Nun freilich! aber es fragt ſich nur, ob Sie eine dringende Veranlaſſung dazu, ein nothwendiges Geſchäft haben.

Ja, die Reiſe.

Die Reiſe? was wollen Sie damit ſagen? ich ſoll alſo ſchreiben: „zum Vergnügen?"

Keineswegs, ſondern: „in Geſchäften," — da ja die Reiſe das allereigentlichſte Geſchäft iſt, denn es giebt in der That kein Geſchäft, welches nicht eine Reiſe wäre.

Zum Beiſpiel die Schuſterei?

Iſt eine Reiſe um den Leiſten. Aber noch mehr, auch jeder Zuſtand iſt eine Reiſe.

Zum Beiſpiel die Gefangenſchaft?

Iſt, ſo ſonderbar es auch immer ſcheinen mag, eine der compendiöſeſten Reiſen durch die Zeit in die Ewigkeit. Sie wiſſen, ich komme von dieſer Reiſe. Alle Meilenſteine des Lebens fallen in die enge Klauſe, und die Stunden kürzen ſich ab zu den Pulsſchlägen des Geiſtes ſelber, wenn es anders ein Geiſt iſt, der gefangen ſitzt, der alſo überhaupt in ſich und das ewige Himmelreich hineinreiſen kann.

Hm! nun, wir wollen einmal ſo ſagen. Aber ich wiederhol' es, weil ich Sie liebe, Sie ſollten bei uns bleiben. Was kann ſich hier nicht Alles aufthun!

Ja, und wenn wir genau zuſehn, fuhr' ich fort, in meinen Gegenſtand ſtarr vertieft, jedes Ding iſt auf einer ewigen Reiſe und die ganze Welt dazu.

Gut, ich habe nichts dagegen, — im Disputiren komm' ich nun einmal mit Ihnen nicht aus, — aber warum wollen Sie uns ſo leichtſinnig, möcht' ich ſagen, verlaſſen? Ihre Heimath, die Ihrigen?

Das iſt es, was ich ſagen wollte: darum ſehe ich den Zweck der Welt und des Lebens ins Reiſen, und bin entſchloſſen *ein Reiſender zu werden*.

Mein lieber junger Freund, ich muß Sie ernſtlich ermahnen, ſich um Gottes willen nicht dieſem Gedanken zu überlaſſen, der ja geradezu das *Vagabundiren* zum Grundſatz macht.

Freilich das thut er, und es iſt einer der richtigſten Grundſätze, die es giebt. Denn da die ganze Welt als Reiſendes nur ein Spaß des *beharrlichen* Geiſtes iſt, ſo iſt das Reiſen die humoriſtiſche Praxis, und inſofern ſie ſich als ſolche ihrer ſelbſt bewußt iſt, die Poeſie — —

Lieber Gott, wo will der hinaus! Ich bitte Sie, ich beſchwöre Sie, ſchlagen Sie ſich dieſe Phantaſien aus dem Kopfe.

Aber, mein lieber Herr Burgemeiſter, was iſt denn für Gefahr dabei, der Wahrheit zu folgen? der Wahrheit Platoniſcher Läuterung, die mit den Göttern mühelos um den Himmel fährt und lächelnd zuſieht, wie der plumpe Menſch umſonſt dem Vagabunden-Wirbel ſich entgegenſetzt, der darum ihn und ſeine Welt verwirrt? Sich nicht ſträuben heißt nur der Wahrheit folgen.

Der Wahrheit? alſo das wäre die Wahrheit?!

Wenigſtens haben Sie, mit Ihrer Erlaubniß, noch nichts dagegen aufgebracht.

Nun, da müßt' ich doch auch alle anſäſſigen ordentlichen Leute geradezu für verrückt halten.

Und im gewiſſen Sinne nicht mit Unrecht, denn ſehen Sie: auf dem Standpunkte der Philoſophie —

Ach, das ſind Sophiſtereien!

So? kennen Sie den Vers:

> Und wenn Alles im ewigen Wechſel kreiſ't,
> So beharrt doch im Wechſel ein ruhiger Geiſt.

Ja! — Das ſpricht aber für mich, und gegen den unruhigen Geiſt.

Es giebt keinen unruhigen Geiſt, und er beharrt in einem Wechſel ſo gut, als im andern, eben ſo gut auf der Reiſe durch Deutſchland, als auf der durch die Acten des hieſigen Stadtgerichts; nur der Geiſt iſt und beharrt, und es iſt eine rohe Thorheit, eigen Haus und Herd etwas Feſtes und Stehendes zu nennen. Dieſe Beſchränktheit — —

Hier iſt der Paß, reiſen Sie in Gottes Namen! und wenn Sie wieder kommen, nehmen Sie ſich eine Frau, ſo hoff' ich, ſoll die Bekehrung ſchon noch gelingen.

Damit ſchieden wir von einander.

Sollte ſo etwas von Einfluß auf die Philoſophie ſein? dacht' ich im Weggehn.

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*) Aus Ruge's „Der Novelliſt ꝛc."

Aber wie muß mich mein Unſtern grade den letzten Augenblick mit dem guten Manne zuſammenführen! Hab' ich mich doch bisher bei Karten- und Billardſpiel immer aufs Beſte mit ihm vertragen. — Ob ich meine Gründe zur Reiſe habe? Freilich werd' ich ſie haben, und die allerbeſten von der Welt; aber ich werde mich hüten, ſie ihm auf die Naſe zu binden. Würde er ſie etwa geſcheidter finden, als die ganze Weisheit, welche ich ihm ſo eben preisgegeben und, wie ſich zeigt, auch wohl beſſer verſchwiegen hätte? — Ich ſuche Poeſie. — Die Schrift ſagt: ſuchet, ſo werdet ihr finden. Freilich ſie blüht überall, wo nur Augen ſind, ſie zu ſehen. Immer aber iſt ſie nur eine Perle im Meere des Lebens, und es will tief und ferne getaucht ſein, um ſie zu gewinnen. — Luft, Luft! und leichtes Vagabundenblut!

2. Die Ueberfahrt.

Drängt ein Gefühl ſich aus der Bruſt hervor,
Begleitend ſingt ſogleich ein andrer Chor:
Ja! ſtimme Du nur Deiner Seele Saiten,
Er wird harmoniſch Dein Gefühl begleiten.

Wenn die Vögel wegziehn und wenn ſie kommen, wird den gefangenen das Herz groß, und ſie heben voll Sehnſucht die gehemmten Flügel. Eben ſo iſt es uns, und oft ſind wir glücklicher als ſie. Unter den vielen Käfigen, die uns umhaften, iſt der Winter am trübſten vergittert; und die Macht der ſteigenden Sonne, ſeines goldenen Schlüſſels, verkündigen uns die kommenden Vögel. Diesmal war ich vor vielen meiner Landsleute begünſtigt, denn ich durfte raſch aus dem Eiskeller heraustreten und in den Frühling hineinreiſen, eine erfreuliche Badereiſe in ſeinem belebenden Luft- und Lichtmeer.

Der Norden verdient zwar alles Lob, und Rügen, meine Heimath, erhielt genug, aber wahrlich, auch der iſt nicht zu ſchelten, welcher fortreiſet aus ſeinem naßkalten Frühjahr, um ſich zu ſonnen, wo die Sonne ſcheint — — und doch wollte mich der Burgemeiſter zurückhalten! —

So lange ich die Scholle meiner Heimathinſel kerkerfroſtig, winterkalt mich umgeben ſah, ſpürte ich nur den Drang in die Frühlingsferne, die Pferde konnten mir nicht ſchnell genug laufen, ich ſegnete den ſchwindenden Boden unter den Rädern; als aber das Boot vom Lande losrauſchte und eilig vor dem Winde fortſchoß, da ſah ich zurück, und mit jeder neuen Welle, die zwiſchen mir und dem Uferſaum rollend auftauchte, dacht' ich wehmüthiger an das Wort des wohlwollenden Mannes: „Sie ſollten nicht fortreiſen, ich ſage, Sie ſollten hier bleiben!" Indeſſen die Gegenwart ſiegt immer über die Erinnerung.

Es waren verſchiedene Leute im Boot, die zuerſt vom Viehmarkt redeten und ſodann vom Wollmarkt, bald aber Gelegenheit fanden zu verſtummen und andächtig ſchweigend einem jungen Burſchen zuzuhören, der ſeinen Ranzen weglegte, auf die Paſſagierbank ſtieg, ſich nach Rügen zurückwandte und mit vielem Ernſt folgendermaßen ſeinen Abſchied nahm:

Du Land mit deinen Bauern,
Du Stadt mit deinen Höhn,
Ihr hellen Ufermauern,
Die in der Brandung ſtehn,
Ihr hohen Wogen voll Schaum und Muth,
Ihr kleinen Inſeln in tiefer Fluth,
Lebt wohl!
Ihr lieben Heimathfluren,
Der erſten Freude Spuren,
Der erſten Liebe Glück
Laß ich in euch zurück. —
Wohl zieht mich's in die Ferne,
Doch blieb' ich auch ſo gerne:
Mir wird ſo abſchiedsweh zu Muth,
Lebe wohl, ihr Lieben, und bleibt mir gut!

Der kleine Redner blieb eine Weile ſtehn, winkte hinüber und ließ jedem von uns Zuhörern Zeit, ſo viel Heimweh zu fühlen, als ſeine Lage mit ſich brachte. Dann ſetzte er ſich nieder, und nun begann der anſehnlichſte unter den Landleuten:

Junger Herr, Sie wollen gewiß auf die Studien gehn und geiſtlich werden; 'ne gute Anrede haben Sie, nur daß die Stimme noch ein wenig zu fein iſt, aber das wird ſich ſchon geben. Da iſt der Kandidat Hund, den hab' ich auch gekannt, als er erſt zwei Käſ' hoch war und mit der Fibel zum Küſter lief; und was für ein Kerl iſt er nun geworden! Sapperment! Wenn der Mann predigt, das Herz lacht einem im Leibe, ſo 'ne klare Anrede wie er hat! Und neulich da mußt' er Ihnen eine Predigt thun vom jüngſten Gericht, ich ſage, daß einem die Haare zu Berge ſtanden, all mein Lebtag vergeß' ich's nicht. Dabei wußt' er einem Jeden ſeine Sünden vorzuhalten, und ich habe mir auch mein Theil davon genommen von wegen des Fluchens, denn der Teufel reitet einen manchmal, daß man ein gottloſes Wort ſagt. Ja, Recht hat er, fluchen iſt ſündlich, aber es iſt verflucht ſchwer zu halten, hols der Satan! Der Mann ſpricht einem gewaltig zu Herzen. Is's nicht wahr, Jürgen?

Ja, ſagte Jürgen, ein alter krummer Bauer, einen grauſamen Reſpect hat er in die Leute gebracht, ſeit er da iſt. Da ſieht man recht, was es für 'n Unterſchied iſt mit dem lieben Gotteswort!

War es erſt an dem Jüngling, die Pforten des Heiligthums aufzuthun, ſo bemühten ſich jetzt dieſe bejahrten Landleute um das himmliſche Manna auf ihre Weiſe. Sie fühlten es wohl, der Geiſt kam über ihn und über ſie, aber das Wort des Geiſtes iſt nur Wenigen gegeben.

3. Der ſtille Mann.

Zugemacht und ſtill,
Wie ich ſie verließ.
Reißt die Muſchel aus dem Haus,
Reicht ihr die Perle aus.

Unter dieſen Geſprächen fuhren wir in den ſtralſunder Hafen hinein, das Boot legte an, — ſo hop! und nun gingen unſere Wege auseinander. Ich nahm den nächſten zum jenſeitigen Thore, und gedachte noch denſelben Tag weit ins Pommerland hineinzugehen. Stralſund nämlich beſchloß ich diesmal vorbeizulaſſen, wiewohl mit Bedauern, denn es leben dort viele Leute, die nicht ergötzlicher gedacht werden; allein da ſie theils meine Sippen, theils meine Schul- und andere Meiſter ſind, ſo wäre es unzart, ſie öffentlich zu nennen, was doch bei der Natur dieſer Denkzettel die mögliche Folge ſein könnte, es wäre unzart, beſonders da wir in Deutſchland einen eigenen Widerwillen gegen die Oeffentlichkeit auch unſerer Tugenden hegen. Thöricht aber mußte es mir ſcheinen, unter dieſen Umſtänden mit vermehrter geheimer Wiſſenſchaft ſtralſunder Merkwürdigkeiten mein Gewiſſen zu beſchweren; deswegen beſchloß ich, wenn gleich zum großen Schaden meines poetiſchen Zwecks, diesmal nicht einzukehren.

Zwei Leute indeſſen ſind in dem Fall, daß ihr Leben zur Biographie reif iſt, und ich halte es für meine Pflicht, mir dieſe Erſcheinungen wenigſtens anzumerken, da ſie vielleicht nicht weniger als alle Dichter, Litteratoren, Staats- und Kriegsmänner dieſer Stadt auf die Nachwelt zu kommen verdienen, und dennoch, ſo viel ich weiß, nirgends weder beſchrieben noch beſungen ſind. Der Eine davon, mein alter Freund, iſt zur Zeit dieſer meiner Durchfahrt noch im beſten Wohlſein, und, da er die begründetſte Hoffnung hat, es noch lange zu bleiben, ſo werde ich gewiß ſpäter Gelegenheit finden, meine jetzt verſäumte Viſite nachzuholen; der Andere dagegen, ſchon längere Zeit zu ſeinen Vätern verſammelt, iſt eine wahrhaft patriarchaliſche Geſtalt, eine Merkwürdigkeit, die ſchwerlich in meiner Mappe ihres Gleichen bekommen wird, ja die ſie vielleicht überhaupt nicht hat.

Schon als Knabe nahm dieſer Geiſt eine ganz eigenthümliche Richtung. Denn während die andern Knaben, ſobald die Schulthür aufging, wie hungrige Schweine hinausſtürzten und nach Maßgabe der Jahreszeit ſich im Schnee oder im Schmutz wälzten und einander damit bewarfen, oder vors Thor liefen und irgend ein unſinniges Kinderſpiel ausführten, wobei ſie weder an Kenntniſſen, noch an ſonſtiger Brauchbarkeit für die bürgerliche Geſellſchaft zunahmen, während deſſen ging der Knabe, deſſen Geſchichte hier aufgezeichnet wird, ruhig und nachdenkend mit ſeinen Büchern nach Hauſe. Sobald er daſelbſt angelangt war, begab er ſich in die Werkſtatt ſeines Vaters, ergriff irgend ein Stück Leder aus dem Abfall, und verſuchte kleine Schuhe und Pantoffeln zu componiren.

Mit wahrer Vaterfreude bemerkte der Alte das Talent und die Liebe des Knaben, er pflegte ſeine Frau anzuſtoßen und ihr unter Freudenthränen die Worte zuzuflüſtern: „Thurchen, aus unſerm Ignaz wird noch einmal der erſte Mann im Gewerk!" Victoria, ſeine Gattin, zog dann gewöhnlich ihre Schnupftabacksdoſe hervor, that die Brille herunter, wiſchte ſich ebenfalls die Augen und nahm eine Priſe der Beſtätigung.

Und ſo geſchah es. Der beſcheidene, ſinnige Ignatius ging keine anderen Wege, als von der Schule in die Werkſtatt und von der Werkſtatt in die Schule, nie wandelte er im Rathe der Gottloſen, noch ſaß er auf der [illegible], wo die Spötter ſitzen. So wurde er Geſell. Sein ausgezeichnetes Talent und der Einfluß ſeines Vaters erſparten ihm die Wanderung, denn das Gewerk erklärte einmüthig, er könne aus der Fremde nichts mitbringen, und daß er etwas hinbrächte, wäre überflüſſig. Meiſter war die nächſte, Altermann die letzte Stufe.

die er erſtieg. Ruhig ward er alt und trat endlich in den Ruheſtand.

Dieſelbe Regelmäßigkeit und Ruhe, womit er früher ſeinen Beruf geübt, wandte er jetzt auf das Leſen der heiligen Schrift. Seine Eingezogenheit wurde aber womöglich noch größer, ſo daß er jetzt auch vor der Hausthür eine ordentliche Scheu bekam, während ihm bis dahin doch nur das Stadtthor, aber dies auch in einem ausgezeichneten Maße zuwider geweſen war, dergeſtalt daß er in ſeinem ganzen Leben nicht ein einziges Mal auch nur hinaus zu ſehen gewagt hatte. Nur die Kirche bewog ihn allſonntäglich zum Ausgehen, und gab ſo ſeinem „ruhigen und zufriedenen Leben“ zwar die Gottſeligkeit, aber doch auch einige Bewegung und Unruhe. Dies war das Leben ſeines Ruheſtandes.

Da begab es ſich eines Sonntags, daß ſein wilder und ausgearteter Sohn, — welcher ein gemachter Mann war, nachdem er mit dem Gelde ſeines Vaters und ſeiner Frau, einer Dame von den feineren Lebensanſichten ihres gebildeten Standes, einen Lederhandel angelegt hatte, — es begab ſich, daß dieſer polternd zu ihm ins Haus kam, eben als er von dem Beſuche der drei Hauptkirchen wieder heimgekehrt war. Der alte Mann las in dem Evangelienbuche, welches mit in ſein Geſangbuch gebunden war, die heutigen Texte noch einmal über; als er aber ſeinen Sohn an der Thür lärmen hörte, klappte er es zu, und erwartete ſein Schickſal.

Der Schwindelgeiſt trat herein, warf ſeinen Hut auf das etwas verſchoſſene Familienſopha und fing an: Nun laßt das Singen und Beten nur gut ſein, Vater, heute habt Ihr genug davon. Ja, bei meiner armen Seele, wenn Ihr nicht in den Himmel kämt, ſo müßte Abraham darum und dran geſchlagen werden.

Nu, nu, beſchwichtigte der Alte furchtſam, ſei nur nicht ſo ausfällig und das am heiligen Feiertage. Mir wird angſt und bange zu Muth. Du weißt ich kann das Lärmen nicht vertragen.

Darauf erklärte der Sohn, ſeine Frau habe es ausdrücklich verlangt und er beſtehe gleichfalls darauf, daß der Vater ſich den Gottestiſchrock wieder anziehe und mit auf den Wagen ſteige, der vor der Thür hielt. Denn ſie wollten ausfahren, und ſeien feſt entſchloſſen ohne ihn nicht von der Stelle zu weichen. Bei dieſen Worten trat auch die Schwiegertochter herein und trotz alles märriſchen Sträubens des unbehaglich aufgeſtörten Alten, gelang es ihren vereinten Kräften, ihm ſein Kattunkamiſol auszuziehen und den ſchwarzen altdeutſchgeſchnittenen Gottestiſchrock wieder anzuziehen. Er mußte mit zu Wagen und nun ging es munter zum Thore.

Das hatte er immer noch nicht geahnet, er zitterte vor Angſt, als ſie der verhängnißvollen Oeffnung näher kamen, und erklärte feierlich: er habe nie in ſeinem Leben eine ſolche Ausſchweifung begangen, und es ſcheine ihm eine Entheiligung des Feiertages, aus bloßer Vergnügungsluſt vors Thor zu fahren, ſtatt ſich daheim zu Hauſe aus der heiligen Schrift zu erbauen. Zudem würde dies das erſte Mal in ſeinem Leben ſein, daß er ins Freie käme.

Der Kutſcher hielt auf ſein Verlangen die Zügel an, aber der unerbittliche Sohn ſchrie dazwiſchen: fahr zu, Kanaille! Die Pferde ſprangen an, und der Wagen rollte hinaus.

Auf dieſe Weiſe war es der aufgeklärten Schwiegertochter gelungen, dieſes Gebrechen ihrer neuen Familie zu heilen: der alte Duckmäuſer war curirt, denn man hatte ihn ins Freie, man hatte ihn heraus.

Eine Weile ſaß der alte Mann in ſtummer Ergebung mit gefalteten Händen, dann blickte er begierig in die weite Ebne und übers Meer vor ſich hin, und ganz in den Anblick verloren mit erhobenen Händen rief er aus: Gott! wie groß iſt deine Welt!

Der Eindruck war aber ſo mächtig und gewaltſam geweſen, daß er ſchon am Abende deſſelben Tages in ein hitziges Fieber fiel, fortwährend von Gott und Welt phantaſirte und am dritten Tage ſich zu ſeinen Vätern verſammelte.

4. Der Blockdreher.

Es giebt auch kleines Volk im Pommerland,
Unbändiger Schlag! was acht, iſt dem verwandt,
Der Handel liebt' und Hand im Kampfe [illegible]
Und als er [illegible] ſeinen Ahn.

Der andere merkwürdige Stralſunder iſt ein Weltkind von ausnehmender Größe, Dicke und Stärke. Seine Thaten ſind berühmt im ganzen Pommerlande und ſein Leben daher auch nicht ſo in der Kürze zu beſchreiben, weswegen hier nur Bruchſtücke anzumerken, das Ganze aber den fleißigen ſtralſunder Geſchichtſchreibern zu überlaſſen iſt.

Im Allgemeinen trifft es auch bei ihm zu, daß in unſern Zeiten thatkräftige Naturen fortwährend Händel mit der Polizei und Juſtiz haben. Dagegen wußte er aber eine ſehr ſinnreiche Erfindung aufzubringen. Er iſt nämlich ſeines Zeichens ein Blockdreher und macht Pumpen und Brunnen. Bei dieſem Geſchäft fiel ihm einmal ein Erd- und Balkenſturz auf den Leib, und ſeit der Zeit behauptet er harthörig zu ſein. Man hat jedoch die Bemerkung gemacht, daß er angenehme Dinge, und die ſich auf den Verdienſt bezogen, weit beſſer begriff, als unangenehme, namentlich gerichtliche Verhandlungen oder gar Aeußerungen der Unzufriedenheit mit ihm. In dieſer Art erzählt man ſich mancherlei von dem Manne, unter andern Folgendes:

Als er einmal das Unglück gehabt hatte, in einem Ringkampfe verletzt zu ſein, warf er ſeinen langen Gegner ſo heftig über eine Pumpenröhre, daß dieſer Unglückliche in der Mitte einknickte und nun ſein Lebelang einen ſtumpfen Winkel nach der rechten Seite bildete. Dabei verſuchte er mit größter Unverſchämtheit, den armen Menſchen wieder gerade zu biegen, und gab im Eifer des Geſchäfts einem [illegible] Chirurgen, welcher dies für einen Eingriff in ſeine Rechte hielt und heftig dagegen proteſtirte, eine ſo derbe Maulſchelle, daß der Kleine ſich eine geraume Zeit nach ſeinem Ranzen umſah, dann aber mit dem unglücklichen Ringer einſtimmte und ebenfalls ein lautes Geſchrei erhob, welches unſer Held aber keineswegs zu hören ſchien, wenigſtens machte er ernſtliche Anſtalten, ſeine Kur fortzuführen mit dem Bemerken, er wolle den Kerl ſchon ausbeſſern, da ihm weiter nichts fehlen könne, als eine kleine Verrenkung, und die müßte gezogen und gebogen werden.

Mit vieler Mühe und großer Noth von ſeinen Püffen verhinderten es die Umſtehenden. Der Mediziner aber verklagte ihn wegen unhöflicher Behandlung und unbefugter Praxis.

Bei dem Prozeß verfuhr unſer Held wie gewöhnlich, das heißt, erklärte ſich für völlig taub und ließ ſich auf nichts ein, er verlange auch gar keinen Beiſtand von Gerichtswegen und bedürfe es weiter keiner Unterſuchung, da er über Schimpfreden nicht zu klagen hätte, weil er ſie nicht hören könne, und was die Thätlichkeiten anlange, ſich ſeiner Haut ſchon wehren wollte.

Als keine Ermahnungen fruchteten, und alle Verſuche, ihn zum Eingehen auf die Sache zu bringen, fehlſchlugen, entſchied ſich das Gericht dahin:

„Daß der Fall durch die vollſtändigſten Zeugniſſe klar und erwieſen, und ſo mit ohne weiteres Geſtändniß des Angeſchuldigten zu verfahren, zumal da derſelbe bei anderen Gelegenheiten aller nöthigen Gehörsfähigkeit keineswegs ermangle, demnach hier nur eine ſträfliche Renitenz obzuwalten ſcheine.“

Schließlich wurde erkannt:

„Daß er zwar puncto der unbefugten Praxis zu abſolviren, maßen der Thatbeſtand nicht als erfüllt angeſehen werden könne, jedoch wegen erweislicher Abſicht auf ſolch unbefugtes und ungeſchicktes Curiren mit einem Verweiſe zu belegen ſei, welchen ihm, da eine ſtärkere Stimme vonnöthen, als die Herren vom Gericht beſäßen, der Ausrufer zu ertheilen habe und zwar durch das Sprachrohr der königlichen Steuerjacht, das zu dem Ende von Gerichtswegen requirirt worden; daß ferner die Klage auf unhöfliche Behandlung wohl begründet und Beklagter daher in die übliche Geldſtrafe zu nehmen; alle dergleichen Unfertigkeiten aber, ſowohl in Anbetracht ihrer Geſetzwidrigkeit im Allgemeinen, als auch insbeſondere der öfters incurirt geweſenen Unerfahrenheit des Beklagten, ebenſowohl wie alle und jede unbefugte Abſicht auf chirurgiſche Operationen aufs Strengſte und bei Androhung verſchärfter Strafe für künftige Wiederholungsfälle zu unterſagen ſei.“

Ob dieſe Entſcheidung dem Rechte gemäß ſei oder nicht, vermag ich nicht zu beurtheilen; ſo viel iſt gewiß, daß der Beklagte und Verurtheilte ſie nicht dafür hielt. Es war ihm indeſſen deutlich gemacht worden, wie die Sachen ſtänden; und alsbald ſchloß er nicht mit Unrecht, daß der kleine Mediziner an dem ganzen Krame ſchuld ſei. Nun will ich zwar nicht behaupten, daß er rachſüchtiger Natur ſei, denn man rühmte, ſo viel ich weiß, von jeher ſeine Leutſeligkeit, allein es ärgerte ihn doch, wie er zu ſagen pflegte, daß die Ratte ihn in Koſten geſetzt. So ſtanden die Sachen, als eines Mittags der Blockdreher und der Chirurg, da eben die Poſtjacht anlegen wollte, vorn auf der Hafenbrücke ſtanden, um das Ausſteigen der Fremden aus Schweden mit anzuſehen. Die Brücke war, wie gewöhnlich, ganz voller Menſchen, zu allervorderſt der Chirurg, dann der Blockdreher und darauf die Uebrigen. Als nun das Schiff näher kam, drängte von hinten die neugierige Maſſe zu; und auf einmal ſah man unſern Helden mit ſammt dem Mediziner ins Waſſer ſtürzen. Der Blockdreher hatte Grund, wiewohl ihm das Waſſer bis an die Schultern ſtand.

Er fing an aufs Land zuzuwaten, während ſein bedeutend kleinerer Unglücksgefährte auf- und niedertauchte und unaufhörlich, wenn er herauf kam, über Rettung ſchrie, wenn er unterging, Waſſer ſchluckte.

Natürlich hörte der Blockdreher weder den Chirurgen ſchreien, noch das Volk auf der Brücke rufen, und watete ruhig weiter, bis er zufällig aufſah und nun wohl aus den Geberden der Leute die Gefahr ſeines Gefährten ſchließen mußte. Denn ſogleich drehete er um, ging wieder zu Waſſer, ergriff den Chirurgen bei den Haaren, ſchwang ihn ſich auf den Rücken, und trug ihn unter dem lauten Gelächter beſonders der rohen Schiffer und Matroſen ans Land. Als er mit ihm auf dem Trocknen angelangt war, ergriff er ein Ende Schiffstau, und ſchickte ſich an, ihn gehörig abzuſtrafen. Denn er hätte ihn mit hinabgeriſſen, und außerdem, warum er ſich ſo nah an Waſſer wagte, wenn er keinen Grund hätte, und auch nicht ſchwimmen könnte? Allein die ganze Maſſe ſtürzte theilnehmend herbei, und erklärte den Chirurgen für unſchuldig, ja Einige waren ſogar ungerecht genug, ſeinen wackern Retter zu beſchuldigen: Er hätte ſeinen alten Proceßgegner ergriffen, und ſei mit ihm hinabgeſprungen, um dem kleinen Chirurgen, der dort nicht gründen könnte, den Rechtshandel gehörig einzutränken. Welchen Grund oder Ungrund dieſe Anklage hatte, wer möchte das entſcheiden? So viel iſt gewiß, der Blockdreher bog den Chirurgen über ein umgekehrtes Boot, welches auf der Werfte lag, erhob das Tauende und verſetzte ihm allerdings noch einige nachdrückliche Hiebe, bevor ihm die mitleidige Menge in den Arm fallen konnte. Zwar waren ihm alle chirurgiſchen Operationen von Gerichtswegen unterſagt, allein Jedermann mußte doch diesmal ihre Zweckmäßigkeit anerkennen; denn die beiden einfachen Hiebe hatten die gute Wirkung, daß der Chirurg alles verſchluckte Waſſer wieder von ſich gab, und von Angſt und Waſſer völlig wieder zur Beſinnung kam.

Es gehört doch viel Waſſer dazu, ſich zu beſaufen, bemerkte ein Matroſe, das iſt der Doctor Eiſenbart, kurirt die Leut' nach ſeiner Art, ſagte ein feinerer Mann, die Menge aber erhob ein lautes Gelächter: der Blockdreher wurde Gegenſtand der allgemeinen Bewunderung, der Chirurg von ſeinen Freunden, der Blockdreher dagegen von einer jubelnden Menſchenmenge nach Hauſe geleitet. Dies iſt die Geſchichte des Chirurgen und des Blockdrehers, wie ſie mit einander im Streit, vor Gericht und im Waſſer waren.

5. Hinaus.

Kein Bergesland, keinen Inſelſtrand,
Preiſ't mir als der Dichtung Vaterland:
Was alle Welt ſchimmernd durchdringt,
Sei uns gegrüßt, wer's in die Lüfte ſingt!

Ohne Zweifel könnte man von dieſen und ähnlichen ergötzlichen Stralſundern ein ganzes Buch ſchreiben, allein „höhere Rückſichten erlauben es nicht, ſchon jetzt daran zu denken, wir gehen alſo mit Bezugnahme auf die oben dargelegten Gründe ohne Weiteres zum Thor hinaus und bleiben Euch in Gnaden gewogen.“

Rügen liegt nun hinter uns im Meer und ſeinem Duft, poetiſch in der That, wie überall des blauen Meers Umarmung; doch vor uns, vor uns liegt des Lebens Meer, und wie viel duft'ge Inſeln ſüßer Poeſie! Hinaus! Vor meinen Füßen dies die weite Ebne dieſes Pommerlandes, ein freier, hellerleuchteter, ſchneeklarer, duftender Tanzplatz für den fernhinſtrebenden Wanderer. Frühlingsluft und Wanderluſt, wie wird ſo wohl um's Herz!

Die weiten Felder ſind noch friſch
Vom kühlen Schnee gebadet,
Durch Wieſenweiden ſtürzt der Fiſch,
Die Sommerſaat ſich ſchaudert.

Da blinkt ein milder Strahl durchs Feld,
Er blinket auf die Weiher;
Und Lerch' und kühlem Fiſchlein ſchwellt
Er Bruſt und Herz zur Feier.

Das Fiſchlein hüpfet hoch empor,
Kann keine Luft erſpringen,
Doch in den Lüften wiegt ein Chor —
O könnt' ich mit euch ſingen!

Ihr leichten Flügler, leicht genug,
Dem erſten Strahl zu trauen,
Ihr hohen Segler, hoch genug,
Um in den Mai zu ſchauen!

Vertieft in den Genuß der läuternden Durchdringung dieſes Sonnenblickes und damit in die raſche Erfüllung meiner Reiſewünſche ſchweigte ich fort, immer hinauf an den munteren Schneebächen, die ſich rauſchend vertiefen, immer hinein in die rings umdrängenden Holzungen dieſer Ebene. Endlich gelangte ich zu einer dichten Baum- und Gebüſchgruppe, welche ſich weit ins Feld hineinzog, mit ihrer ſonnigen Lage recht zum Verweilen einladend. Die Bäume waren belebt von munterem Geflügel; aber es ſchlich auch ſchon der Störenfried mit geſpannter Flinte den Rain entlang. O der Rohheit dieſer Mörder zum Zeitvertreib! und wem galt es hier? den frühſten Boten des Frühlings, die an ihn glauben, noch eh' er da iſt. Der Jäger gab Feuer und in großen Würfen ſchoſſen die übrig gebliebenen Krammetsvögel pieprend durch die Luft. Wie manchem mocht' eine bittre Wunde ſeine Botſchaft lohnen, wie manchem der Tod! Er ſteckte ſeine Beute zu ſich und kam auf mich los.

6. Standeserhöhung.

Wo find' ich einen Edelmann,
Dem ich mein Herz vertrauen kann?

Als wir uns begrüßt hatten, wollt' ich ſogleich von den Krammetsvögeln und ihrem Schickſal, von dem Frühlinge und ſeiner Verkündigung ein allgemeines Geſpräch anfangen, allein er legte mir die Hand auf den Arm und ſagte:

Mein Herr, der Familienzug, welchen ich in Ihrem Geſicht erblicke, ſcheint mir bekannt; verzeihen Sie mir die Frage, mit wem habe ich das Vergnügen zuſammenzutreffen?

Ich bin ein obſcurer Menſch und heiße Tancred Hermund Edmund von Rügen.

Darauf ſah er mich ungläubig an und ſagte: Ich bin nicht aus dieſer Gegend gebürtig, allein, ſo viel ich weiß, iſt unter den Familien dieſes Ländchens, und ich glaube die ganze Ritterſchaft von Rügen zu kennen, ein ſolcher Name nicht anzutreffen; hätten Sie Bagewitz, Kittelwitz, Wuſſeritz, Poſeritz, Lanken, Janken, Barnekow oder Kubbelkow geſagt, ſo wüßte ich Beſcheid, nun aber muß ich fürchten, Sie ſcherzen mit mir.

Ich verſicherte ihn nochmals, daß ich ſo hieße, und langte in die Rocktaſche nach meinem Paß, allein der Forſtmann ergriff wiederum meinen Arm und ſagte mit einiger Selbſtzufriedenheit:

Mein lieber junger Mann, daß Sie ein Studirter und von Adel ſeien, vermuthete ich gleich, und wenn Sie mir ihr Wappen erlauben wollten, könnt' ich Ihnen auch ſagen, wie Sie heißen, was ich außerdem ſchon zu errathen glaube aus Ihrer Aehnlichkeit mit einem ſehr genauen Freunde, dem ich in Dreißigacker verſchiedene Male zu ſecundiren die Ehre hatte.

So ehrenvoll Ihre gütigen Vorausſetzungen ſind, ſo leicht würde mir doch der Beweis des Gegentheils fallen; wenn Sie nur einen Augenblick erlauben wollen — (hier zuckte ich mit meiner in der Rocktaſche gefangenen Hand).

Reden Sie, reden Sie, gnädigſter Herr, ſagte er und drückte inſtändiger.

Ich dachte, vielleicht geht es auch ohne den Paß, und fuhr fort: So zum Beiſpiel, wie erklären Sie Sich's, daß ich ohne Hunde, Pferde und Bedienten bin?

In einer Zeit, wo ſelbſt Königsſöhne zu Fuß reiſen! Sie ſcherzen. Aber ich tadle Ihre Vorſicht keineswegs. Sie können Ihre Urſachen haben incognito zu reiſen; um Ihnen indeſſen mehr Vertrauen einzuflößen, will ich Ihnen nur ſagen: Ich bin ſelbſt von Adel. Die Pergamente ſind von Kaiſer Maximilian unterſiegelt und vollzogen, die Siegel auf kleine Stückchen Wachs gedruckt und hängen an Fädchen herunter. Sie ſehen das kaiſerliche Wappen und wenn Sie mir die Ehre Ihres Beſuches gönnen wollen, ſo werde ich mir ein Vergnügen daraus machen, Ihnen Alles vorzulegen, was auf dieſe Angelegenheit Bezug hat. Mein Name iſt von Holzapfel, darum führen wir auch einen Holzapfelbaum im Wappen, wie Sie ihn hier auf dem Gewehrkolben ausgeprägt ſehen.

Seine verweltlichte Geſinnung und die treuherzige Vorausſetzung, ich müſſe ſie theilen, überraſchte mich allerdings nicht wenig. Einen Augenblick nahm ich an, er wolle ſich einen Spaß mit mir machen; allein er ſah nicht hinterliſtig dabei aus, und der Holzapfelbaum war allerdings auf dem Flintenſchaft in erhobener Arbeit dargeſtellt. Vertrauen alſo hatte ich jetzt genug, aber leider nichts anzuvertrauen, wenigſtens nicht in der erwarteten Art, und da mir nirgends, weder in Zeitungen noch in Diplomen, geſtattet war, mich zu dem ſehr ehrenwerthen Junkerſtande zu zählen, ſo ergriff ich die Gelegenheit, welche eine uns trennende Pfütze zur Befreiung meiner Hand aus ihrem Taſchengefängniſſe darbot, langte meinen Paß hervor und überreichte denſelben. Er las und ſah mich zwiſchendurch kopfſchüttelnd an.

Das genaue Signalement iſt offenbar ein Scherz, wie der ganze Paß desgleichen.

Keineswegs, mein Herr, ſondern Dienſteifer des Burgemeiſters.

Standesperſonen pflegt man das Signalement zu erlaſſen, wenigſtens keine „beſonderen Kennzeichen“ anzugeben.

Das hat der Burgemeiſter zu verantworten.

Ei, und was ſeh' ich? ein Regierungspaß und koſtet funfzehn Silbergroſchen Stempel- und funfzehn Silbergroſchen andere Gebühren, eine Ehre, welche nur Adligen widerfährt. Gerade aus dieſem Paſſe ſeh' ich die Richtigkeit meiner Vermuthung, rief er triumphirend aus, überreichte mir den Paß mit ſichtbar erhöhtem Reſpect, verbeugte ſich und ſagte dazu: Ich erlaube mir nicht, tiefer in Ihr Geheimniß einzudringen. Ich begreife gar wohl, daß in unſern Zeiten ein Adliger mancherlei Urſachen haben kann, ſich in der Fremde zu verbergen, da wir faſt ebenſo gedrückt und verfolgt ſind, wie die Juden, und unſer einziges Vorrecht darin beſteht, beim Militär zu verhungern oder in den Forſten zu verſauern, ja das Letztere iſt in der allerneueſten Zeit auch nicht einmal mehr unſer ausſchließliches Vorrecht. Auf Reiſen gilt der Adel nun vollends nichts. Kommt unſer einer in den Gaſthof, ſo hat er von ſeinem Stande nichts, als eine längere Rechnung; und die Bürgerlichen machen ſich luſtig über die Verlegenheiten, welche uns daraus erwachſen. In dieſem Punkt hab' ich Erfahrungen. Die von Buſchapfels ſind von jeher gute Jäger und tapfere Soldaten geweſen, aber ſie haben Unglück gehabt, gnädiger Herr, ausgeſuchtes Unglück. Mein Großvater war Lieutenant im Kartoffelkriege, er hatte das Unglück bei Nacht in einen Sumpf zu gerathen und mit drei Mann zu verſinken. Dann ſtand mein Vater in der Champagne, wo er das Manifeſt des Herzogs von Braunſchweig eigenhändig abgeſchrieben hat, denn er ſchrieb eine ſehr deutliche Hand. Von ihm datirt ſich das Unglück unſers Hauſes. Dann auf der Retirade wurde ihm eine Kaſſe, die er zu transportiren hatte, während er vor Müdigkeit von Wein und Strapazen nicht zur Hand war, geſtohlen. Der Proceß wurde ſein Ruin; alle Offiziere des Regiments waren auf ihn pikirt, weil der Herzog einmal bei der Revüe geſagt hatte: der Lieutenant von Buſchapfel iſt der einzige ehrliche Offizier beim ganzen Regiment. Das trugen ſie ihm nach und verurtheilten ihn. Mich ſchickten meine Verwandten nach Dreißigacker, und ſo bin ich zwar ehrlich durch-, aber nicht wieder zu dem Meinigen gekommen. So geht's heut zu Tage, der Adel wird unterdrückt und mit Füßen getreten, die von Buſchapfels ſind ein Beweis davon.

Unterdeſſen waren wir bei ſeinem Hauſe angelangt und er lud mich dringend zu ſich ein, wobei er aufs Beſte unterſtützt wurde durch dichte Regenſchauer, welche die Straße entlang kamen.

7. Herr von Buſchapfel und die Seinigen.

Herein, herein, du lieber Gaſt!

Das Förſterhaus, wohl zweitauſend Schritt vor dem Dorfe, war zweiſtöckig und geräumig; als ich es jedoch lobte, bemerkte er, dies wäre ein geringer Erſatz für die Schlöſſer ſeiner Vorfahren, wogegen ich nichts zu ſagen wußte. Die Zufriedenheit der Menſchen macht verſchiedene Forderungen, je nachdem ſie Ausſichten auf die Güter dieſer Welt gehabt hat, oder nicht.

Der ſtattliche Forſtmann ſchritt bei ſeiner Hausthüre vorbei, und bat um meinen Vortritt. Ich war einfältig genug, denſelben in ein Förſterhaus zu verſuchen, — aber wie aufs Kommando fuhren alle Hunde der Förſterei groß und klein auf mich los, und vom Hofe her vor der Hinterthür heulte eine andere Meute verzweifelt über ihr Unglück, an dem Angriffe nicht Theil zu nehmen.

Vergebung! Contreſt! Milord! ſchrie der Förſter, ſtürzte, die Höflichkeit der Noth aufopfernd, vor mir vorbei und fuhr mit ſeinem ganzen Zorne unter die indignirten Getreuen, — wollt ihr dehors! Die Canaille fuhr auseinander, und nur hie und da bellte noch einer, aber mehr wie um Verzeihung, als zum Angriff. Dann wurde mein Eintritt bewirkt, und ich ſofort, nachdem ſie mich alle gehörig berochen, zur Hausgenoſſenſchaft zugelaſſen. Als wir in die geräumige Wohnſtube traten, entſtand eine zweite Volksbewegung, aber etwas anderer Art. Es waren etwa ſechs bis acht junge Buſchäpfel auf den Boden gelagert unter vielen hölzernen Säbeln, Gewehren und andern Jagd- und Kriegsgeräthſchaften; als ſie mich erblickten, fuhren ſie alle auf und drängten ſich mit verſchiedenem Geſchrei in die halb geöffnete Kammerthür hinein: Mutter, Mutter, der Vater iſt da! und ein fremder Herr!

Das ſind meine Jungen.

Ihre Stammhalter, Herr von Buſchapfel?

Sieben, Herr Baron, Herr Doctor wollte ich ſagen, ſieben. Erlauben Sie mir indeſſen, daß ich uns bei meiner lieben Frau zum Abendeſſen melde.

Fortgewälzt von dem Schwarm ſeiner Jungen verſchwand der Edle von Buſchapfel, und ließ mich allein auf dem geflochtenen Schemelchen ſeiner Wohnſtube mit ſeinen Gewehrſtänden und einem langen Familientiſch.

Nach einer Weile trat er wieder herein mit den Worten:

8. Familienſcene.

Ich bin gewöhnt mit die Welt,
In einem Stande bei Damen.

Ich habe Sie gemeldet, meine Frau wird ſich ein Vergnügen und eine Ehre daraus machen, einen Mann von Ihrer Diſtinction zu bewirthen. Unterdeſſen haben Sie die Gnade mich zu begleiten.

Er führte mich in die beſte Etage, wo ein völlig ungebrauchtes und wider Erwarten elegantes Zimmer war. In demſelben ließen wir uns aufs Sopha nieder, und als die Magd drei Flaſchen Langkork, Käſe, Wildpretbraten u. ſ. w. auf den Tiſch geſtellt hatte, begannen wir eine Beſchäftigung, die unſtreitig zu den wichtigſten des menſchlichen Lebens gehört, jedoch Jedermann zu genau bekannt iſt, um nicht ohne weitere Beſchreibung lebhaft und natürlich gedacht zu werden. So viel muß ich indeß bemerken, daß ich es als ein wahres Glück betrachtete, auf Univerſitäten eine gewiſſe Virtuoſität im Trinken erlangt zu haben, denn der Herr von Buſchapfel ruhte nicht eher, als bei der letzten Neige. Dennoch kann ich es nicht läugnen, daß ich ihn auf alle Weiſe betrog, wenigſtens ließ er ſich häufig, beſonders bei den letzten Flaſchen überreden, daß ich ſchon ein Glas voraus ſei, auch bedurfte er in der That häufiger als ich einer Anfeuchtung der Zunge, denn er erzählte mir alle ſeine Thaten und Fahrten von Dreißigacker.

Die durchlauchtigſte Herzogin und den alten Bechſtein lobte er mit vieler Wärme. Den Letztern wegen ſeiner Gelehrſamkeit und ſeines derben Weſens, die Erſtere wegen ihrer Leutſeligkeit gegen die Forſtakademiker beſonders an Hofbällen. Dabei gerieth er einigemal in die ſchönſte Begeiſterung, und beſonders, wenn er ſich in ſeiner Erzählung der Worte bedienen mußte: „die Herzogin ſagte zu mir,“ kniff er die Augen feſt zu, wie ein Mädchen vor Liebesluſt, ſetzte die Linke in die Seite, ſchob die Unterlippe bedeutend vor und hielt den Meſſergriff darunter, gleichſam um die Brücke der Unterlippe bei dem Uebergange dieſer gewichtigen Worte gehörig zu unterſtützen. Weniger Anſtrengung koſteten ihm die Namen ſeiner edlen Freunde der Grafen von Pettenberg, Boneiſchwinz, Fürſtenberg, Pertakowitſch, Michalsky, Perkinsky und Anderer. Als er fand, daß mich dieſe Materie ſehr anſprach, that er die Frage: waren Sie nie bei Hofe? Ich ſagte, mein Incognito erlaube mir keine nähere Erklärung.

Da iſt's! da iſt's! ſehn Sie, wie Sie ſich decouvrirt haben. Bei dieſen Worten ſprang er auf, rannte zur Thür, riß ſie haſtig auf und rief die Treppe hinunter: Ilschen, Ilschen, komm geſchwind einmal herauf! Dann ſetzte er ſich wieder zu mir, und bat um die Gnade, mir ſeine Frau vorſtellen zu dürfen, die auch bald darauf ins Zimmer trat und zwar von der ganzen ſiebenköpfigen Stammhalterſchaft begleitet. Die Kleinſten hielten ſich an ihrem Kleide feſt und die Größeren verſteckten ſich hinter ihr, guckten jedoch von Zeit zu Zeit liſtig und neugierig hervor.

Die Frau war eine hohe edle Geſtalt von angenehmer Haltung, leuchtenden Augen und wahrlich ſo jugendlichem Anſehn, als es dieſe Schaar von Buſchäpfeln, die von ihrem Stamme gefallen waren, nur immer erlaubte.

Ich genieße die unſchätzbare Gnade, Herr Baron, denn jetzt werden Sie mir es wohl nicht mehr verargen, wenn ich es nicht wage, Sie anders zu nennen, ich genieße das ausgezeichnete Glück, Herr Baron, Ihnen mein geliebtes Ilschen vorzuſtellen. Dies iſt meine keuſche Gattin, ſehn Sie ſie an, Herr Baron, iſt ſie nicht noch heute reizend? — Was haſt Du, Weibchen? ſagte er liebkoſend, als ſie ihn heimlich beim Rock zupfte, und ſetzte dann mit trunkener Offenheit hinzu, ſchäme Dich nicht, nein wahrlich, Du brauchſt Dich nicht zu ſchämen, daß Du nicht mehr das wunderſchöne Ilschen von Dahlen biſt, wie vor zwanzig Jahren, denn Du haſt mir zehn lebendige Kinder und darunter ſieben Jungen geboren, ja, das haſt Du gethan, aber ich verſichere Dich, Weibchen, daß ich mit derſelben Liebe wie den erſten auch den letzten — — —

Lieber Ottfried, fiel ſie ihm ängſtlich in die Rede, was wird der Herr Baron davon denken?

Der Herr Baron, Ilschen? was der von Deiner Liebenswürdigkeit denkt? Siehſt Du, wenn er ſich weigert, Dir einen Kuß zu geben, ſo hat er kein Herz im Leibe, wenigſtens kein obligeant, das ſag' ich, ja, wahrhaftig, das iſt meine Meinung, Baron!

Ich müßte ein Unmenſch geweſen ſein, wenn ich nicht ſogleich die Frau von Buſchapfel zu küſſen wenigſtens verſucht hätte, wobei ich aber auch hoffte, daß es ſein Bewenden haben würde.

Das iſt wahr! fiel ich daher eiligſt ein, ich wag' es alſo, um dieſe unſchätzbare Gunſt zu bitten. Und in der That war ich, trotz des genoſſenen Langkorks, immer noch im Stande, mich vor ihr auf ein Knie niederzulaſſen, und eine dem Unſtänden angemeſſene Rede zu halten. Ich hoffte damit genug gethan zu haben, la politesse est faite, dacht ich bei mir ſelbſt, aber wider alles Erwarten hob ſie mich auf und reichte mir ihren adligen Mund, worauf nun mein unglückſeliger Kuß, als Schauſpieler wider Willen, den altengliſchen Huldigungsact vollzog.

Darauf erröthete ſie, verneigte ſich mit niedergeſchlagenen Augen, und verließ das Zimmer mit den Knaben, die ſich ſchon in der Stube einander bei den Haaren zupften und heimlich ſtießen, ſobald ſie aber die Thüre hinter ſich hatten, ein lautes Getümmel und Geſchrei erhoben, welchem die verſtändige Hausfrau, wie ſich von ſelbſt verſteht, möglichſt zu wehren ſuchte.

9. Die Diplome.

Kriniskrien, du Perl' in meiner Krone,
Dich hinterlaß' ich meinem ält'ſten Sohne!

Das ſind die Freuden der Ehe, mein Herr. Die Töchter ſind mir geſtorben, ich hätte ſie auch nicht ſtandesmäßig verheirathen können, nun hat der liebe Gott ſie zu ſich genommen, in dem Stande, worin ſie geboren ſind, ſein Rath iſt immer der beſte. Meine Jungen aber ſind mir eine wahre Freude, und freſſen ſich alle Tage beſſer heraus. Die treue Gattin iſt Genoſſin dieſer Leiden und Freuden, und eine große Laſt, die ganze Wirthſchaft, liegt auf ihren Schultern. Reinlichkeit werden Sie überall bemerken und zugleich Sparſamkeit. Ja, ſo gut es mir unter dieſen Umſtänden ergehn konnte, iſt es gegangen, denn da ich ſelbſt das Sparen nicht gewohnt bin, ſo erhält mein geliebtes Ilschen ganz allein Alles im rechten [illegible].

Und in ihrer Jugend, Herr Baron, da war ſie ſchön! bei meinem Namen! es würde mich kränken, ſie durch die vielen Geburten ſo um ihre Blüthe gebracht zu ſehn, wenn ich nicht bedächte, daß dadurch der Name von Buſchapfel auf eine glänzende Weiſe geſichert iſt — ja! die von Buſchapfels — — tauſend ſapperment! bald hätt' ich das Allerwichtigſte vergeſſen. Die Diplome, Herr Baron, die Diplome!

Es freute mich, daß ſein Rauſch mit der Aufregung des vorigen Auftritts meiſt verflogen zu ſein ſchien, denn er ſprach, wie man ſieht, wieder ziemlich nüchtern und gelangte in gerader Linie zu ſeinem Bücherſchrank, wo die Hefte von Bechſtein und den übrigen berühmten Männern des Inſtituts, im grünen Einbande aufgeſtellt, ein wohlverſchloſſenes Köfferchen verbargen. Dies brachte der edle Forſtmann herbei, ſtellte es auf den Frühſtückstiſch, und langte acht große Pergamentrollen hervor.

Die ſechs neuen ſind für meine jüngeren Söhne, und dies vor Alter graugewordene, woran die Siegel hängen und welches der Kaiſer Maximilian allerhöchſt ſelbſt unterſchrieben hat, ſehn Sie, da ſteht er, das gehört der Familie und bleibt immer bei dem Aelteſten. War es der Eifer, war es der Wein? Genug, er nahm auf die Eßwaaren des Tiſches nicht die mindeſte Rückſicht und breitete die Rollen darüber hin. Als ich ihm nun bemerklich machte, wie ſchlimm die Butterflecken für Pergament wären, wurde er für Schrecken kreideweiß. Dann holte er tief Athem und ſagte: Gut, daß es nicht das alte iſt! Aber zu welchem Unglück könnte dennoch dieſer Fleck Veranlaſſung geben, denn keiner von den Jungen wird damit zufrieden ſein, ſelbſt Rudchen nicht; hm! hm! das macht mir wieder Koſten.

Darauf wurde Alles wieder an ſeinen Ort zur Ruhe gebracht, nur nicht die Sorge um den verhängnißvollen Flecken.

Mit untergeſchlagenen Armen und ſorgenvollem Nachdenken ſchritt er durch das Zimmer hin und wieder. Endlich wandte er ſich entſchloſſen zu mir mit den Worten:

In dieſem Zimmer vergeſſe ich die Sache nun einmal nicht wieder, und doch möchte ich den Aerger gern ein wenig hinunterſpülen. Ich weiß daher keinen beſſern Rath, als wir gehn zum Schmidt.

Zum Schmidt? fragte ich verwundert.

Ja, er iſt zugleich Gaſtwirth und wenn gleich nicht von Adel, doch der einzige Umgang, den man hier haben kann. Dazu verſteht er ſehr guten Grog zu bereiten. Ich ſehe nicht ein, was uns anders übrig bleibt.

Ich noch viel weniger; und im Grunde hielt ich den Einfall für eine glückliche Fügung, die mich wieder emancipiren würde, ſobald wir das Wirthshaus beträten, erklärte daher meine Zuſtimmung und ging mit.

Die Frau von Buſchapfel begegnete uns an der Treppe, und ſprach ſich ziemlich beſorgt über die Grogviſite aus; allein der verſtändige Hausvater bemerkte leicht ausweichend, wir kämen bald wieder; und ſo ging es ziemlich eilig unter einem leichten Regen hinweg zu dem Grogſchmidt.

10. Bei dem Grogſchmidt.

Trunken Mund
Redt Herzensgrund.

Der Schmidt von kurzer Schmidtſtatur, aber königlichem Geſicht, denn er glich den Bourbonen, im Ganzen ein ſchmucker junger Mann, trat uns entgegen, und bewillkommte den Herrn von Buſchapfel mehr freundſchaftlich als unterthänig: eine Erſcheinung, welche gewiß für ein Zeichen des demokratiſchen Zeitgeiſtes zu halten iſt, beſonders da der Herr von Buſchapfel durchaus keinen Unwillen verrieth, ſondern vielmehr den Schmidt, nachdem ſie ſich vorher die ungeheuern pommerſchen Hände eine gute Weile geſchüttelt hatten, ganz leutſelig folgendermaßen anredete:

Mein lieber Meiſter Rußwaſe, wir kommen zu Euch auf ein Glas Grog. Dieſer fremde Herr iſt ein Baron, der incognito reiſet (hier begrüßte mich der Schmidt durch eine leichte Lüftung ſeines ſchwarzen Sammetkäppchens mit dem zwieſchlächtigen Zuſatz: viel Ehre!) und wenn der Herr Baron es erlauben, ſo ſeid Ihr unſer Wirth und Gaſt zugleich.

Die Erlaubniß hatte keine Schwierigkeiten, wir traten ins Zimmer, und bei dampfendem Grog und Pfeifen war alsbald der Humor und die Atmoſphäre des beſeligenden Kneiplebens aufgethan.

Wir tranken eifrig; und der Herr von Buſchapfel erzählte alles, was von der Geſchichte ſeiner Ahnen noch übrig war, namentlich ihre Jägerthaten, unter denen die merkwürdigſte unſtreitig ſeinem Großvater mit einer wilden Sau begegnet war. Dieſer hatte das Thier angeſchoſſen, aber nicht erlegt, und kam nun in Lebensgefahr, als die Sau wüthend auf ihn einſtürzte. Aber ſo groß die Gefahr, ſo raſch der Entſchluß. Der Herr von Buſchapfel ergriff einen Stein, die Sau riß den Rachen auf, und er warf ihr den Stein mit ſolcher Gewalt in den Schlund, daß ſie ihn geraume Zeit weder hinaus- noch hinunterbringen konnte. So gewann er Zeit ſich zu retten. Es vergingen Jahre, ohne daß er ſich der Begebenheit erinnerte. Da ſchoß er einmal eine Bache, deren Phyſiognomie ihm gleich ſehr bekannt vorkam, und ſie war es wirklich, denn bei der Oeffnung des Magens fand man denſelben Stein darin, den ſie damals verſchluckt, aber noch nicht verdaut hatte.

Rußwaſe, der die Geſchichte für erlogen hielt, fiel hier ein und ſetzte die Geſchichte des Herrn von Münchhauſen mit dem Hirſch darauf, den dieſer bekanntlich mit Kirſchkernen angeſchoſſen und ſpäter mit einem Kirſchbaum auf dem Kopf erlegt hat.

Allerdings, lieber Meiſter, nahm ich das Wort, iſt Ihre Geſchichte wenn gleich bekannter doch merkwürdiger, als die des Herrn von Buſchapfel; beide Male kommt daſſelbe Thier zweimal vor dieſelbe Jagd und wird an unfehlbaren Zeichen daſür wieder erkannt, indeſſen beide Geſchichten ſagen nichts davon, daß auch das Wild den Jäger wieder erkannte; ich erlaube mir daher, Ihnen die Geſchichte des ſchwäbiſchen Bauern mit dem Fuchſe vorzutragen, ausgezeichnet durch eine gegenſeitige Wiedererkennungsſcene.

Der ſchwäbiſche Bauer, von dem ich rede, und ſein Sohn gingen einmal zuſammen über Land, und wie ſie ſich noch von einem Hühnerſchaden unterhielten, den ihnen in verwichener Nacht der Fuchs angerichtet, bewährte ſich das neckiſche Sprichwort: wenn man vom Wolfe ſpricht, ſo iſt er nicht weit; dicht vor ihnen vorüber ſchlüpfte der Hühnerdieb aus dem Geſträuch; und nachdem er eine Weile ihren Fußſteig vorausgeeilt, bog er ein, ſprang auf einen Wurzelſtumpf und von da in einen hohlen Baum hinein, aus dem ſie ihn nicht wieder hervorkommen ſahen. Schnell und behende eilten Vater und Sohn herzu und erblickten zu ihrem Erſtaunen den Fuchsſchwanz, der aus einem mäßigen Loch unten am Baume hervorragte. Während ergriffen ſie ihn faſt zu gleicher Zeit und zerrten aus Leibeskräften daran, um den Fuchs ſoweit hervorzuziehn, daß ſie ihn todt ſchlagen könnten; allein das Loch war wohl groß genug für den Schwanz, aber zu klein für den Fuchs. Eifrig und rachgierig, wie ſie waren, ließen ſie dennoch nicht locker, ſondern geriethen vielmehr aus dem Zerren ins Drehen, um womöglich den Feind auf dieſe Weiſe qualvoll ums Leben zu bringen. So arbeiteten ſie ſich zu mehreren Malen müde, während inwendig der Fuchs aufs jämmerlichſte klaffte und heulte. Aber kaum daß ſie ein wenig verſchnauften, ſogleich trieb der Alte von neuem zur Arbeit und immer mit den Worten: Nun wollen wir wieder dran! welche Worte der Fuchs zuletzt jedesmal mit einem erneuten Jammergeheul erwiederte und in dieſer Schule der Leiden aufs Gewiſſenhafteſte auswendig lernte. Endlich ward er erlöſt, der Schwanz riß, und wie aus der Piſtole geſchoſſen fuhr der Fuchs oben zum Baume hinaus, während der Bauer und ſein Sohn mit dem Schwanze in den Händen der Länge nach übereinander ſtürzten. Sie trugen ihren Fuchsſchwanz nach Hauſe, und ärgerten ſich, daß ſie un

Sache nicht geſcheuter angefangen, um dem Hühnerdieb wirklich ans Leben zu kommen; indeſſen er hatte einen Denkzettel bekommen, der ſeine Dreiſtigkeit für die Zukunft wohl etwas vermindern konnte.

Es vergingen mehrere Wochen und unſerm Bauer war die Geſchichte mit dem Fuchſe längſt wieder aus dem Kopf gekommen, als er einmal durchs Gehege ging und plötzlich eine äußerſt lebhafte Jagd ganz in ſeine Nähe kommen hörte.

Die Hunde ſchlagen an wie auf den Fuchs, ich muß doch mal ſehn, ob ſie dem Gaudieb ans Mager kommen, oder ob er wieder ſo viel Glück hat, als neulich mit mir.

Mit dieſen Worten ſchritt er raſch dem Gebelle nach, und fand alle Jäger und Hunde höchſt ungehalten beiſammen; denn der Fuchs war eben zu Bau gegangen, und niemand hatte Dachshunde bei ſich.

Es iſt doch ärgerlich, ſagte einer von den Jägern, daß er uns ſo foppen muß, und zudem iſt es kurios mit dem Thiere, er hat keinen Schwanz, ich ſah ihn ganz in der Nähe vorbeiflihen, als mir das Gewehr verſagte.

Was, rief der Bauer aus, er hatte keinen Schwanz? Ei, da ſtellt euch nur hier herum, ihr Herren Schützen, und ſpannt die Hähne, denn da will ich ihn bald hervorlocken.

Alle lachten über den Bauer und glaubten nicht im geringſten daran, daß er den Fuchs würde mittenunter die Hunde locken können, die vor dem Bau ſtanden und bellten. Er ſtellte ſich indeſſen vor das Fuchsloch, nahm beide Hände an den Mund und ſchrie aus Leibeskräften hinein: Nun wollen wir wieder dran!

Kaum hörte der Fuchs dieſe Worte, ſo ſtürzte er wie raſend hervor und fiel mitten unter die Hunde, zum großen Erſtaunen aller Umſtehenden, die den Bauer ſo lange für einen Hexenmeiſter hielten, bis er ihnen erzählte, wie er ſchon früher die Bekanntſchaft dieſes Fuchſes gemacht und daß er wohl Urſache gehabt hätte zu glauben, der Fuchs würde auch ſeinerſeits ſich noch daran erinnern, was er damals mit ihm verhandelt.

Rußwaſe wurde ungemein aufgeweckt durch meine Erzählung und wiederholte mit angemeſſener Geberde noch einige Male das Stichwort: Nun wollen wir wieder dran!

Der Förſter dagegen hatte unterdeſſen dem Grog ſchon einen ſo bedeutenden Einfluß geſtattet, daß er ſich durch dieſe Unterbrechung in ſeinen Phantaſieen nicht ſtören ließ, ſondern nun vielmehr anfing auch von der *Zukunft* ſeiner Familie zu reden. Er hatte nämlich allerdings Hoffnung zu einer Reſtauration oder Wiedereinſetzung in ſeine Güter, und als wir daran zweifelten, verſprach er uns diejenigen Thatſachen mitzutheilen, worauf er ſich ſtützte, unter der Bedingung, daß wir ſie nicht mißbrauchen wollten. Wir gelobten es an, und in der That, ich glaube ſie nicht beſſer gebrauchen zu können, als wenn ich ſie durch öffentliche Mittheilung zu aller nur möglichen Wirkſamkeit bringe. Er erzählte: Es iſt ſchon ein Vierteljahr her, Januar, Februar, ja! ein richtiges Vierteljahr, da wacht' ich einmal vor Tage auf. Die Sorgen über unſer verlornes Stammgut, Buſchapfelshagen, ließen mir keine Ruh. Als ich aber endlich doch wieder einſchlief, kam ich im Traume nach Berlin; und nun ward' ich gleich zu Hofe geladen. So wie ich ging und ſtand mußt' ich in die Kutſche ſteigen, und hatte doch nichts auf dem Leibe, als die Unterhoſen und meine Schlafmütze. Stellen Sie ſich vor, Herr Baron, Sie ſind bei Hofe geweſen, Herr Baron, Sie können Sichs vorſtellen, aber Ihr nicht, Meiſter Rußwaſe, und ich kann Euch auch nicht helfen, auf Cavalier-Parole. Meiſter, Euch kann ich nicht helfen, hier heißt es, Arzt hilf dir ſelber, ha! ha! ha! Er iſt ein Curſchmidt, Herr Baron, ha! ha! ha!

Hier verſiegte ſeine Geſchichte im Scherz; ich that alſo die Frage: Nun, Herr von Buſchapfel, wurden Sie denn in dieſem Aufzuge vorgelaſſen? Nur Geduld! meine Herren. Alles mit Verſtand! Nun kam ich herein, alles war hell mit Gas beleuchtet; — ich ſchämte mich, wie ein begoſſener Hund, das that ich, aber die übrigen Herrſchaften gingen durcheinander, wie im Puppenſpiel oder wie die Masken auf der meininger Redoute. Auf der Redoute, bei Hofe, ja da hab' ich Euch manchen Tritt liegen, Meiſter Rußwaſ'; als ich noch in Dreißigacker war — der alte Bechſtein — na! der trank ſeinen 83ziger Steinwein, der durch die Franzoſen aus dem Fürſtbiſchöflichen Keller gekommen war, das war Euch ein Weinchen, der 83ziger Steinwein! ich hab' Euch manchem Fläſchchen den Hals gebrochen, ha! ha! ha! der alte Bechſtein! der Graf Proſtnitzky! ha! ha! ja die Kerlchen!

Aber, lieber Herr von Buſchapfel, wie ward' es in Berlin?

In Berlin? Unter den Linden — da iſt der Conditor Fuchs, da hab' ich —

Gut! aber wie ward' es bei Hofe?

Das will ich Ihnen ſagen, Herr Baron, — der König, Meiſter Rußwaſe, der war bei Hofe, hm! ja, bei Hofe — was wollt ich doch ſagen?

Sie hatten eben erzählt, wie Sie gezwungen wurden, im Nachtkleide bei Hofe zu erſcheinen.

Richtig! Alſo da kam der König auf mich zu und ſagte: Ei ſieh da, mein lieber Herr von Buſchapfel! aber warum ſo traurig, als wär' Ihnen die Peterſilie verhagelt? ei! ei!

Ew. Majeſtät, Buſchapfelshagen — —

Ha Sie Schalk! ſagte der König, gab mir einen leichten Schlag auf die Schulter und drehte ſich um.

Am andern Tage mußt' ich wiederkommen, und nun hatt' ich Kleider wie die andern Cavaliere, und benahm mich ſo fein, daß Fürſten und Grafen mit mir zufrieden waren. Das hatte ich von Dreißigacker. Bei dem alten Bechſtein, da kamen die Grafen — —

Aber der König, Herr Förſter! der König fiel Rußwaſe ein.

Der König? der kam auf mich zu, als ich eben mit dem einen Miniſter ſcherzte und ſagte: Ei ſieh da, mein lieber Herr von Buſchapfel! und ſo vergnügt?

Ew. Majeſtät, die Gnade von geſtern —

Gut, gut! Sie ſollen's wieder haben. Nun kein Wort mehr, ſagte der König.

Ich ließ mich auf ein Knie nieder und —

Da wachten Sie auf, ſagte Rußwaſe.

Ja, da wacht' ich auf, wiederholte der Förſter, und that den letzten Grogzug aus ſeinem großen Glaſe. Es war ſein Schlaftrunk, denn er verlor ſich immer mehr in ſich ſelbſt und ſank bald völlig beruhigt zu mir auf das Sopha, welches dienſtwillig genug neben ſeinem Stuhle ſtand.

11. Das Trauerſpiel.

Verwünſchte, nächtliche Geſpenſter,
Was hab' ich mit euch thun?
Und doch laßt ihr auch mir im Buſen
Den ſchlimmen Hund nicht ruhn!

Die Gründe für die Reſtauration der Familie von Buſchapfel waren vielleicht nicht die zuverläſſigſten, aber ſie gewährten doch den nöthigen Troſt, und in der That, wir ſind berechtigt zu behaupten, daß auch andere kluge Leute, die Schreiber dieſes öfter im Spiegel geſehen hat, mit ihren geheimen Hoffnungen auf beſſere Tage in ähnlichen Luftſchlöſſern zu wohnen pflegen, und nichts vor unſerm Förſter voraus haben, als das Verdienſt, dieſe Hoffnungen klüglich geheim zu halten! Dennoch, warum ſollen wir es nicht geſtehen? zu beneiden ſind diejenigen, welche wachend ſich glücklich *träumen* und ſchlafend es *ſind*, worin wir auch den Grund finden, weshalb mancher dieſen Traum und dieſen Schlaf mit vielem Wein erkauft.

Der Herr von Buſchapfel ſchlief, und mit eiſernen Riegeln war ihm die Außenwelt verſchloſſen, denn keine Bemühung vermochte ihn zu ermuntern; alle Abgeſandten ſeiner Gemahlin, die uns zum Abendeſſen riefen, kehrten unverrichteter Sache zurück.

Es wurde daher für mich nothwendig, ebenfalls auf ein Nachtquartier bei dem Schmidt zu denken. Ich trug ihm meine Wünſche vor, und ſogleich rief er über die oberſte ausführende Behörde des Innern, die Wirthin. Ihr Anblick ſchreckte mich keineswegs von meinem Vorhaben ab, denn ſie war über alle Erwartung ſauber, nur verriethen die ſcharfen Züge ihres Geſichts, die matten Augen und eine etwas krumme Haltung ihrer kleinen dürren Figur, daß ſie ſchon manchen Herbſt erlebt. Dieß ſchien indeß für meinen Zweck gleichgültig, ich ratificirte demnach einen ſchnell entworfenen Vertrag, und glaubte meine Zukunft bis zum andern Morgen vollkommen geſichert. Als ſie jedoch zur Ausführung ſchritt und wir uns wieder allein ſahen, konnt ich mich nicht enthalten, den jungen hübſchen Eheherrn zu fragen, ob er ſchon lange verheirathet ſei?

Er verſtand mich ſehr wohl, und erwiederte: Ich bin in den Jahren, wo viele noch nicht ans Heirathen denken können, aber das Schickſal hat mirs leicht gemacht. Als ich aus der Fremde wiederkam, ſtarb der Meiſter; und einige Monate darauf gab ich meiner Liebſten, die nichts hatte, den Abſchied, und nahm die Meiſterin mit der Schmiede und dieſer Wirthſchaft zur Frau. Wenn man nichts hat, kann auch der Beſte nichts anfangen; was ſollt' ich alſo thun? ſollt ich mein Glück mit Füßen ſtoßen? Es iſt mir leid genug um das arme Ding, die liebe Roſen, die hat viel von mir gehalten, denn als wir uns trauen ließen, da ſprang ſie in den See, und es dauerte wohl acht Tage, bis die Fiſcher ſie wiederfanden, denn ſie hatte Steine an ſich. Es geht mir an die Seele, daß ſie ſo elend ums Leben kam, aber ich denke, die Todten ſind wohl verwahrt, was willſt Du Dich grämen? ſie iſt ja aller Qual aus dem Wege. Wenn ſie mir nur die Ruhe nicht mitgenommen hat; denn ich weiß nicht, ob es ihr Geiſt iſt, oder was es iſt, ich kann manche Nacht nicht ſchlafen, und die Leute haben ſie ſchon öfter am Teiche geſehn in einem weißen Laken und mit zwei großen Steinen um den Hals. Sie ſoll jedesmal auf unſer Haus losgehn; aber daß ſie wirklich wiederkommen ſollte, glaub' ich doch nicht.

Ich auch nicht, ſagt' ich unwillig, ſie hat ja zwei Steine für Einen am Halſe, was will ſie mehr? — Schlafen Sie wohl! und damit nahm ich das Licht und ging in die Kammer, aber mehr um meinen Vorwitz zu bereuen, daß ich mir dieſe Geſchichte erfragt, als um zu ſchlafen, was mir erſt ſehr ſpät und ſehr unvollkommen gelang. Sobald ich daher in der Frühe den Herrn von Buſchapfel im Nebenzimmer laut reden hörte, verließ ich das verwünſchte Lager und darauf in Begleitung des Förſters auch das ungeſegnete Haus.

12. Heimweh.

Wenn ich durch Berge voller Reben eile,
So denk' ich euch in jedes Winzerhaus,
Wenn unterm Buchendach ich ruhend weile,
So ſchneid' ich eure lieben Namen aus.
Wie ſchnell mich Pferd' und Räder weitertragen,
Ihr eilet ja mit in dem ſchnellſten Wagen.

Aber auch den guten Förſter verließ ich ſo ſchnell als möglich. Leben Sie wohl, Herr von Buſchapfel, vielleicht führen Ihre Angelegenheiten Sie einmal wirklich nach der Hauptſtadt, wir werden uns dann wiederſehn, wenn die Meinigen mich ſo lange dort laſſen. Ich nannte ihm die Wohnung eines Freundes, der ihm jederzeit Auskunft über mich geben könnte, und ſagte ihm Lebewohl. Als er dringend zum Bleiben einlud, ſchützte ich dringende Geſchäfte vor, und eilte dem Morgenroth entgegen, um vielleicht im Freien das verlorne Gleichgewicht meines Gemüthes wiederzufinden. Aber der Frühlingsmorgen gefiel mir nicht, der Wald ſtand mir nicht recht, und bei jedem Wanderer, der mir begegnete, dacht' ich, der kommt aus der Fremde wieder, heirathet die Meiſterin und wird ſeiner Liebſten untreu. — Nein, der Grobſchmidt iſt nie wiedergekehrt aus der Fremde; er iſt fremd in ſeinem eigenen Hauſe. Wehe dem Menſchen, der ſein eigenes Herz verräth!

Sein Beiſpiel machte wirklich einen ſo ſtarken Eindruck auf mich, daß ich anfing zu zweifeln, ob ich ſelbſt mit meiner Reiſe mich nicht lieblos gegen die Heimath betrüge. Die Worte des Burgemeiſters und die Thränen des Abſchieds fielen mir wieder ein. — Eine unglückſelige Stimmung, in die ich mich wider Willen immer mehr verlor. Ich erſtieg unterdeſſen eine waldige Anhöhe, und hoffte von dort herab noch einmal nach Rügen hinüberzuſehn; aber es war hinter dem blauen Duft des Himmelskreiſes hinabgeſunken. Ich warf mich auf das Haidekraut am Rande des Wäldchens, und ſah noch lange zurück. Viel Leute zogen vorüber nach dem Jahrmarkt eines nahen Städtchens und die erſten Schwalben nach meiner Heimathinſel.

Ihr Schwalben, ihr habt Flügel,
Und meine Seele weint,
So fern von Thal und Hügel
Wo meine Sonne ſcheint.
Lehrt mich durch blaue Lüfte
Die flügelſchnelle Flucht
Und über Waſſerdüfte
Zu meiner Uferbucht:

Wie weiße Meereswellen
Zum wald'gen Ufer ziehn,
Zum Meer hinab die ſchnellen
Umblühten Bäche fliehn;

Wo ſich viel Veilchen ſonnen,
Wo duft'ge Maien wehn,
Und in den höchſten Kronen
Viel frohe Sänger ſtehn;

Und wo wir Kinder ſangen
Vom Mai das liebe Lied,
Und nach den Sylphen ſprangen
Durch Blumen, Moos und Ried.

Ihr ſchnellen dunkelblauen,
Ihr lieben Schwalben hört!
Will euch noch mehr vertrauen,
Ob ihr's mir nicht gewährt.

Doch ach! die Schwalben ſchwinden,
Und laſſen mich zurück,
Wann werd' ichs wiederfinden,
Der Heimath ſüßes Glück?

Und in den Wehmuthsthränen
Schwimmt trüb ihr liebes Bild;
Ach! unſer liebſtes Sehnen
Wird nimmer wohl geſtillt!

Die Straße wurde lebhafter, die Marktleute zogen vorüber.

Viele Wandrer, doch nicht einer,
Den zu mir die Liebe bringt;
Viele Blicke, doch nicht einer,
Der zum Herzen niederdringt!

Viele Grüße, doch ſie ſagen
Nur die leeren Formeln auf;
Viele Mädchen, doch ſie klagen
Nicht um meinen Reiſelauf.

Anders wo im Lebendreigen
Traute Blicke ſich verſtehn,
Und aus tiefſter Seele ſteigen
Und zu Herzensgrunde gehn.

Anders wo in jedem Gruße
Eine Welt voll Liebe lebt,
Und im ſüßen Liebeskuſſe
Ein unendlich Sehnen bebt.

O, ich will nicht weiterziehen,
Immer fremder wird die Welt,
Will zurück zur Heimath fliehen,
Wo mich alles liebt und hält.

Ich ſtand auf, ſteckte das Taſchentuch ein und ging — nicht nach Hauſe, ſondern weiter, nicht dem Herzen, ſondern der Naſe nach, wie alle vernünftigen Leute und der Schmidt desgleichen; denn das Leben iſt ein Betrug des Herzens. So geht es fort, bis es dann in glücklicher Stunde ſpät oder früh doch auch dem Herzen einmal gelingt, das Leben zu betrügen. Süßer Betrug! o keim' und werde reif in meinem Buſen!

Heinrich von Rugge, ſ. Minneſinger.

Rumelant von Schwaben, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Friedrich v. Rumohr,

aus einer altadeligen mecklenburgiſchen Familie ſtammend, ward 1779 geboren, widmete ſich früh dem Studium der bildenden Künſte, weshalb er auch nach Italien ging und mehrere Jahre daſelbſt, beſonders in Rom, Neapel und Florenz, in Verbindung mit den angeſehenſten daſigen Künſtlern und Kunſtkennern zubrachte, auch einen großen Theil ſeines Vermögens auf den Ankauf einer ſchätzbaren Kunſtſammlung wendete. Seit ſeiner Rückkehr lebt er abwechſelnd auf ſeinem Gute bei Lübeck, in Hamburg oder auf Reiſen, fortwährend thätig als Schriftſteller im Gebiete der Theorie und Geſchichte der bildenden Kunſt.

Von ſeinen Schriften, deren mehrere unter dem pſeudonymen Namen Joſeph König erſchienen, nennen wir:

Erläuterungen zu Jakobs Schrift: Ueber den Reichthum der Griechen an plaſtiſchen Kunſtwerken. München 1811.
Ueber die antike Gruppe Caſtor und Pollux. Hamburg 1812.
Denkwürdigkeiten der Kunſtausſtellung des Jahres 1814. München 1815.
Sammlung für Kunſt und Hiſtorie. 2 Th. Hamburg 1816 ff.
Italieniſche Novellen. Hamburg 1823.
Italieniſche Forſchungen. 2 Thle. Berlin 1827.
Deutſche Denkwürdigkeiten. 4 Thle. Berlin 1832.

Geiſt der Kochkunſt. 2te Aufl. Stuttgart 1832.
Drei Reiſen nach Italien. Leipzig 1832.
Novellen. 2 Bde. München 1834—35.
Schule der Höflichkeit. 2 Thle. Stuttg. 1834—35.
Kynalopekomachia. Lübeck 1835.

Gründliche Kenntniß, reiche Erfahrung, ein höchſt feiner und gebildeter Geſchmack, warmes Gefühl für das Schöne, großer Scharfſinn und Anmuth und Eleganz der Darſtellung, verleihen Rumohr's kunſthiſtoriſchen Arbeiten einen bedeutenden und bleibenden Werth. Seine belletriſtiſchen Leiſtungen erfreuen ſich einer feinen und heiteren Ironie, welche ihnen einen eigenthümlichen Reiz verleiht.

Sieg der Geſinnung*).

Längſt war die Saat beſtellt und, nach fruchtreichem Regenwetter, die Luft anmuthig hell und friſch. Weit und breit ruhte der Landmann aus nach dem Gedränge der letzten Ernte und Winterbeſtellung, machte ſich's daheim bei leichter Arbeit bequem, oder zechte und feierte in der Schenke. An einem dieſer guten Herbſttage meldete Wilhelm, des großen Bauern alleiniger Sohn, daß er einzukaufen habe und in die Stadt gehen wolle. Ungern miſſten ihn die Alten, wenn auch nur auf Tage und Stunden. Doch hielt ſein Wille ſtets das rechte Maß; deßhalb der Vater ſchwieg, dann, nach einer Weile, in die Taſche langte, den ledernen Geldſack hervorzog, um den Erſparniſſen des Jünglings nachzuhelfen. Kein Wink, kein Wort der Warnung vor dem Spiele und ſonſtiger Verirrung. Der wohlgerathene, tadelloſe Sohn war ſein Stolz; Mißtrauen durfte er alſo nicht verrathen, ja nicht einmal ſich ſelbſt eingeſtehen, daß er den Jüngling nie ohne geheime Beſorgniſſe in den bevölkerten, reichen und leider auch ſehr verderbten Ort gehen ſah.

Des andern Morgens, ſehr frühe und lang vor Aufgang der Sonne, verließ Wilhelm, nach geſundem Schlafe erwachend, raſch und im Sprunge das Bett, kleidete noch im Dunkeln zur Hälfte ſich an und ſuchte nach dem Feuerzeuge, um Licht zu machen. Darauf holte er die alte Stalllaterne hervor, ſchob die Fenſterchen, welche nicht mehr ganz dicht hielten, mit Vorſicht hinauf, herunter, wie's paßte; verſuchte mit dem, was eben ſich darbot, die lockeren Glasſcheiben nach den Umſtänden beſſer zu befeſtigen. Denn es lag in ſeinem Weſen eine gewiſſe Bedächtlichkeit und Vorſicht; auch war die alte ſehr vernutzte Leuchte, welche der Sohn längſt ſchon durch eine neue zu erſetzen gewünſcht, allein der Vater durchaus behalten wollte, unter Beiden oftmals Gegenſtand eines bedachſamen, anſtandvollen Wortwechſels. Endlich, als das Licht vor jeglichem Muthwillen der Zugluft ihm hinlänglich geſichert ſchien, nahm er die Laterne zur Hand, um damit in den Stall zu gehn. Es war nicht ſo viel Heckſel vorräthig, als das Bedürfniß des langen Tages erforderte; und dem alternden Vater war dieſe Arbeit nicht wohl anzuſinnen, weil ſie bereits ihm beſchwerlich fiel.

Eine Stunde lang führte er die Futterklinge mit gewandter Sicherheit auf und ab; er war der beſte Heckſelſchneider in der Gegend. Abwechſelnd wiſchte er den Schweiß von ſeiner freien Stirne und koſte mit der Hauskatze, welche auf die nahe Krippe zu ihm ſich hingeſetzt, der Arbeit behaglich zuſah und, wenn ihr Jugendfreund einmal anhielt, den Kopf weit vorausſtreckte, um ſeiner Hand entgegen zu kommen. Wilhelms Arbeit hatte die Mutter geweckt, welche darauf das Bette verließ und die Zimmerthür öffnete, um das Feuer anzumachen und für den Abreiſenden die Morgenſuppe zu bereiten. Neben ihr war auch der Haushund hinausgeſchlüpft und kam nun ebenfalls herbei, den jüngeren und geliebteren Herrn zu begrüßen. Es war ſchon ſo viel Schnittfutter beiſammen, als auf den heutigen, wohl ſelbſt auf den halben morgenden Tag hinreichte für Rind und Pferd. Der Jüngling überſah daher noch einmal ſein Werk, ſtreichelte den treuen Hund, wie deſſen verträgliche Genoſſin, und ging in ſeine Kammer zurück, um ſich anzukleiden.

Er war ein ſchöner, friſcher Menſch, und hatte ein billiges Gefallen an ſeinem ſchieren Wuchſe, an ſeiner freien und edlen Geſichtsbildung. Wäſche und Kleidung erhielt er ſchon aus Liebe zur Ordnung in beſtem Stande. Allein, daß er die eine Farbe der anderen vorzog, war nicht bloß Wahl des Geſchmackes, ſein auch einige Berechnung deſſen, was ihm wohl anſtehn möge.

Nachdem er die Mutter begrüßt und die Morgenſuppe, vieler Warnung ungeachtet, zu heiß verzehrt hatte, machte er ſich auf den Weg. Draußen vor dem Dorfe war bereits heller Tag; nach einer Weile, als die herbſtlichen Nebel halb ſchon ſich geſenkt hatten, trat nun auch die Sonne hervor. Der Wanderer war ihres ſchönſten Blickes werth. Den Hut nicht ohne Anſpruch etwas ſeitwärts in das lockige Haupthaar gedrückt, den Kopf in den Nacken geworfen, die Bruſt heraus, die Füße in feſtem Takte raſch eins ums andere eingeſetzt: es war ein guter Anblick. Um den Hals ein dunkelrothes Tuch, das Wammes von zweifelhafter Farbe, der Leibrock grün, wie's eben in der Gegend umher landesüblich war. So, wie er da ging, wäre ihm kein muthwilliger Burſch ſo leicht zu nahe getreten, noch ein Mädchen begegnet, ohne im Fortgehn drei Mal nach ihm ſich umzuſehen.

Schon mochte er den halben Weg gewonnen haben, als auf der Straße, welche mehr und mehr ſich belebte, ein anderer Fußgänger ihn einholte. Längſt hatte er, doch ohne ſich umzuſehen, dem feſten Tritte des Ehrenmannes zugehört, welcher mit ihm ganz gleichen Schritt hielt. Jetzt grüßte dieſer gleichwie im Vorbeigehen, ſo daß Wilhelm nicht wohl umhin konnte, ihn flüchtig anzuſehen. Ein kräftiger, breitgeſchulterter Mann, ſchon über die Mittelſtufe des Lebens hinaus, rüſtig, alſo auch geſchäftig, ſein Ausdruck gutartig, die Kleider ungeflickt, doch etwas verſchliſſen, wie armer Leute beſter Staat wohl zu ſein pflegt.

Geht's auch zur Stadt, mein junger Mann? fragte der Wanderer. Es ſchien ihm daran zu liegen, auf ſeinem Wege Geſellſchaft zu haben, mehr, als dem Bauer, welcher trocken und beinahe abweiſend ihm Beſcheid gab. So können wir, hub er von Neuem an, wohl nicht mit aber doch neben einander hergehn. Es geht ſich beſſer ſelbander; man hält Schritt und ermuntert ſich dabei.

Habt Ihr Geſchäfte drinnen? unterbrach ihn Wilhelm, weil er das Plaudern haßte und jedes Geſpräch, wenn ihm nicht mehr auszuweichen war, ſogleich auf ernſtliche Angelegenheiten zu lenken ſuchte. Ja freilich, mein lieber junger Mann, ſagte der Fußgänger; ich bin der Uhrmacher da in dem nächſten Städtchen und verſorge das platte Land weit und breit, helfe dabei auch in Glaſerarbeit aus, und flicke, wenn's Noth thut, den Leuten ihre Fenſter. So was macht auf dem Lande beliebt und erhält die Kunden bei guter Laune; vornehmlich in dieſer Jahreszeit, wann die Nachtfröſte kommen und der Wind rauh wird. Vierteljährlich gehe ich deßhalb um die Meßzeit in die Stadt, um mir einzukaufen, was fehlt und zu bezahlen, was ich von der vergangenen Meßzeit her den Kaufleuten ſchuldig bin. Da habe ich meine Baarſchaft, ſagte er, indem er ſich aufknöpfte und die wohlgefüllte Geldkatze ſehen ließ, und deßhalb eben habe ich Eure Geſellſchaft geſucht. Denn von hinten habe ich's Euch angeſehen, daß Ihr treu und entſchloſſen ſeid und mir beiſtehen würdet, wenn irgend Jemand mir zu nahe kommen ſollte. Es iſt um jetzige Zeit nicht immer ſo ganz geheuer auf dem Fußwege, den Ihr wohl ebenfalls zu gehen denkt; denn man gewinnt darauf drei Viertelſtunden.

Dieſe Eröffnung des Alten erklärte und entſchuldigte ſeine Zudringlichkeit. Nun ſo gehn wir mit einander, ſagte der junge Landmann, zwar nicht übermäßig freundlich, doch wenigſtens minder kalt und zurückweiſend. Was denn iſt's, was Ihr einzukaufen habt? fragte er bald darauf.

Das kann ich Euch ſagen, erwiederte der Alte, ohne doch im Gehen anzuhalten. Zuerſt kaufe ich mir all das mancherlei Räderwerk und Zubehör von verſchiedenen ausländiſchen Orten. Aus den Fabriken hat man ſolche Dinge wohlfeiler; auch fehlt mir das Handwerkszeug und die Gelegenheit, es ſelbſt zu machen; obwohl ich an dieſen Dingelchen noch der Hand viel zu feilen habe, um ſie einzupaſſen, was denn nicht immer recht gelingen will. Machen könnte ich das Alles ſelbſt; denn ich bin weit umher geweſen und habe in meiner Jugend die ſchönſten Taſchenuhren zu Stande gebracht. Allein weil ich früher ein lockerer Zeiſig war, doch in allen Ehren, ſo legte ich mir nichts zurück. Und als ich ſpäter Bedacht nahm, mich zu verheirathen, wollte ich lieber eine nehmen, die mir gefiel, als eine von den Vielen, welche mir Geld und Reichthümer zubringen ſollten. So kam's, daß ich in der Landſtadt mich niederließ, denn in der großen wollten ſie mich nicht aufnehmen. Sie ſagten bei Rath, ich habe Nichts und werde mich nicht ernähren können. Es ſei der Armuth ſo genug. Und wie ſo viele von denen, welche daſſelbe Geſchäft in jener Zeit mit Geld und Gut begonnen haben, ſind gegenwärtig vornehme Bettler, welche daheim nicht heizen und ihren Verwandten und Freunden und ſelbſt der Stadt auf der Taſche liegen; unter der Hand, verſteht ſich, daß es Niemand weiß, als die Leute, mit denen ſie's abmachen und die übrigen, denen es insgeheim anvertraut wird. Hingegen habe ich ſelbſt mit Weib und Kind mich bei der ſchwachen ländlichen Handthierung ſtets redlich genährt, nur bisher nicht dazu kommen können, für baar Geld meinen Arbeitsrath mir einzukaufen, wobei Einiges erſpart werden kann. Auch möchte es mit dem Credit ſein Anſtehn haben; doch hilft mir in dieſem Stücke ein weitläufiger Verwandter aus, welcher ſeit vielen Jahren von drei zu drei Monaten für mich ſich verbürgt und freilich dabei ſeiner Sache gewiß iſt. Ich pflege in ſeinem Hauſe abzutreten, wenn ich zur Stadt komme. Und, wenn's Euch genehm iſt, oder, wenn Ihr dort keine Freundſchaft habt, will ich bei ihm Euch einführen, damit Ihr das Wirthshaus erſpart, was überhaupt nichts taugt. Denn es verleitet uns Alte zum Trinken und das junge Volk zum Spiel und ſonſtigen Zeitverderbe. Es wäre nicht zum erſten Male, daß ich Jemand mitgebracht in dieſes Haus. Der Vetter iſt reich und gaſtfrei, und ſieht es gern, wenn ich vom Lande her ihm Leute zubringe. Denn er iſt ſelbſt auf dem Lande geboren und auferzogen, bis ein mütterlicher Ohm, von dem er das Haus und viele Gut hat, ihn zu ſich genommen in die Lehre, um in ſeinem Geſchäfte ihn zu unterweiſen, welches er von ihm erben ſollen, wie's geſchehn iſt. Er hat daher für die Landleute eine Vorliebe behalten und in der Stadt wenig Umgang, hält ſich bürgerlich und hängt nicht Alles an den Staat, gleich den Uebrigen; weßhalb es ihm wohlgeht und Ueberfluß da iſt, daß er was abgeben kann, denn er iſt wohlthätig, doch mit Maße. Er pflegt zu ſagen, es ſei keine Wohlthat, denen, welche ihren Unterhalt verdienen können, etwas zu ſchenken; vielmehr eine Erniedrigung und Demüthigung und Verführung zum Faullenzen. Die Armenanſtalten wirft er mit dem Lotto in dieſelbe Verdammniß. Doch werdet Ihr ihn ſchon kennen lernen, wenn Ihr mit mir dahin gehn und bei ihm abtreten wollt.

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*) Aus v. Rumohr's „Novellen." Erſter Band.

Längs des Weges ward nun über dieſen Vorſchlag viel hin und her geredet. Wilhelm hatte auch ſeinen Stolz und vermied, ſich den Leuten aufzudrängen. Indem traute er den Verſprechungen ſeines Begleiters nicht durchaus; arme Verwandte ſind nicht immer gern geſehn und gut aufgenommen. Doch hatte der Uhrmacher für jeden ſeiner Gründe einen ganz überzeugenden Gegengrund zur Hand, und hörte nicht auf, bis jener, dem Geſpräche ein Ende zu machen, ſeinem Andringen nachgab.

In der Stadt war großes Volk aus der Umgegend zuſammen gekommen, daher jedes bekanntere Gaſthaus ſo angefüllt und mißbehaglich lärmend, daß Wilhelm, ſchon halb und halb ausgeſöhnt mit dem Vorſchlage des Alten, das Haus ſeines Vetters betrat. Ein mäßig anſehnliches Stadtgebäude, unten der Laden, in welchen ſie eintraten, ſich anzumelden. Gegen des Bauers Erwartung fiel die Aufnahme ſehr herzlich aus. Denn mit großer Freundlichkeit wendete ſich der ſtädtiſche Uhrmacher, nachdem er den ländlichen begrüßt und zum Sitzen genöthigt hatte, nun auch zu deſſen Begleiter. Er blickte den Jüngling beifällig an, während der Alte meldete, wie die Sache ſich gefügt habe, daß er ſelbander gekommen ſei. Und, ſagte er, es wird der Vetter für den neuen Gaſt an ſeinem Tiſche wohl noch ein Plätzchen übrig haben. Es liegt mir daran, ihn feſtzuhalten. Denn ich hoffe, daß er Nachmittag mich ein Stück Weges begleiten werde. Jahrmarkts läuft hier ſo viel fremdes Geſindel zuſammen, dem nicht alle Wege zu trauen iſt. Wäre ich noch wie ſonſt, ſo verließe ich mich wohl auf mich ſelbſt. Doch ſpüre ich bereits das liebe Alter und decke mir daher bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten den Rücken. Alſo bleibt's dabei. Schlag zwölf, junger Mann, ſtellt Ihr Euch hier ein, zum Mittag. Und dann machen wir uns zeitig mit einander auf den Rückweg. Jetzt gehe ein Jeder an ſein Geſchäft; Ihr an das Eurige, ich an das meinige, Schulden zu bezahlen und neue zu machen. Wenn Ihr etwas abzutragen habt, ſo könnt Ihr's nur hier laſſen, ſo ſicher, als in Abrahams Schooße. Nur möchte ich, daß Ihr das Haus nicht vergäßet. O, Vetter, ſchreibt ihm doch Nummer und Straße auf ein Blättchen Papier. Werde es ſchon wiederauffinden, ſagte Wilhelm, indem er abging, ſeine Einkäufe zu beſorgen und bis zur Mittagszeit in den belebten Marktgaſſen umherzuſchlendern.

Die Morgenſtunden waren vorübergegangen und Jeder hatte, nach beendigtem Geſchäfte, zur gehörigen Zeit ſich eingefunden in dem Hinterſtübchen des Wirthes, wo der Tiſch bereits gedeckt war. Man gab ſich einige Sorge, den ländlichen Gaſt zu unterhalten, fragte nach Ernte und Saat und ähnlichem Intereſſe des Landbauers; Wilhelm dagegen, als er Beſcheid gegeben, nach ſtädtiſchen Gebäuden und Einrichtungen, welche am Morgen ihm aufgefallen waren. Das Geſpräch ſehr beſchäftigter Leute zerfällt meiſt in Frage und Antwort; man will dann auch dieſe Zeit benutzen, ſich unterrichten, wenn im Gedränge ſchwerer Arbeiten die Gelegenheit ſeltner iſt. Darauf, als man die Suppe aufgetragen, wurden die Plätze ausgetheilt, der obere dem Vetter, dem jungen Bauer neben dem Hausvater der untere angewieſen. Die Gattin des Wirthes, welche unaufgelegt ſchien und wenig ſprach, ſetzte ſich mit gleichgültiger Miene ihrem Manne gegenüber. Es blieb noch ein Gedecke offen, bei welchem ein Teller mit Suppe zurückgeſtellt ward. Der junge Landmann gab auf Jegliches Acht. Die ſtädtiſche Ordnung und Regelmäßigkeit war ihm neu; er hätte wiſſen mögen, wem jener unbeſetzte Platz beſtimmt war.

Nicht früher, als nachdem eine alternde Hausmagd die Suppe abgenommen und die Tafel wiederum beſetzt hatte, ward die Thüre, zuerſt nur ein wenig, dann langſam immer weiter geöffnet, bis endlich mit anmuthigem Zögern die Tochter des Hauſes hereintrat und, anſtandvoll grüßend, an ihre Stelle ſich ſetzte, jene leere dem Jüngling gegenüber. Das Feuer des Herdes hatte ihr ſchönes Antlitz leicht geröthet, was ſie der Mühe überhob, zu verbergen, daß ſie die Farbe wechſelte. Indeß machte ſie mit dem Gedecke ſich viel zu ſchaffen, bis der Vater ihr zurief: So iß doch mein Kind; die Suppe wird Dir kalt; wo biſt Du ſo lange geweſen?

Das junge Mädchen nahm den Löffel zur Hand, und erwiederte, ehe ſie die Suppe verſuchte: Verzeiht, lieber Vater, der Fiſch iſt der Köchin ſchon mehrmal ganz mißglückt. Ich habe ihn deßhalb ſelbſt einlegen wollen. Verſucht er muß gut ſein. —

Während dieſe Worte der älteren Tiſchgenoſſen Aufmerkſamkeit ganz auf das Fiſchgericht hinüberlenkten, blinzelten die beiden jüngeren einander verſtohlen an; denn keines wagte geradeaus zu ſehn. Sie war kein gewöhnliches hübſches Mädchen; dem gemeinen Sinne fiel ihre Schönheit wenig auf; allein ihre Formenbildung war rein und edel, ihr Wuchs und Verhältniß tadellos, ihr Ausdruck ſanft und verſtändig. Was an den Mädchen gefällt, iſt häufig nichts weiter, als jenes ſtumme Einverſtändniß, jene halbeingeſtandene Verwandtſchaft der Neigungen, welche gefallſüchtige Frauen bald unfreiwillig an den Tag legen, bald, wo's ihnen paßt, wenigſtens zu deuteln verſuchen. Lockungen der Art, auf welche auch ländliche Buhlerinnen ſich verſtehen, waren bisher an Wilhelm beinahe unbemerkt vorübergegangen. Allein, dieſe ſtille, reine Schönheit ergriff ihn gleich einem Zauber. Es iſt möglich, daß eine gewiſſe Ehrfurcht, welche das ſtädtiſche Weſen, die ſtreng abgemeſſene Sitte, das einfache, doch gut gewählte, ſchön angelegte Hauskleid dem jungen Bauer, ihm unbewußt, einflößten, jenen Eindruck verſtärkte, das ſchöne Bild ihm gegenüber mehr in Vortheil ſetzte, in ſeinem Sinne es erhöhte. Den Anfang einer Leidenſchaft, wer hätte ihn je bei ſich, bei Anderen recht beobachtet? Ein raſcher Blick, eine Wendung, ein weichbetontes Wort, ſoll, muß ſo häufig alle Schuld tragen. Doch, wo denn iſt der letzte Grund jener Stimmung, welche Aug und Ohr dem erſten Eindrucke geöffnet?

Unſäglich vermehrte des jungen Paares Verwirrung, daß auf dem Boden ihre Füße einander, wohin ſie ſich wenden mochten, doch immer wieder begegneten. Hielt das Mädchen die ihrigen zur Rechten, ſo mußte es dem Jüngling ſicherer dünken, die ſeinen nach der Linken an ſich zu ziehn, was dann unaufhörlich neue Berührungen verſchuldete. Jedes Mal errötheten Beide bis unter die Augen, und Eſſen ward dabei gar nicht gedacht, bis nach den üblichen Ermunterungen des Gaſtes, der Vater Marie befragte, ob ſie krank ſei, ob das leidige Kochen ihr die Eßluſt benommen habe. Dem jungen Burſchen war's angethan; er hatte den geſundeſten Appetit vom Markte heimgebracht, und nun zwängt er mühſam einige Biſſen herab, um nicht gegen die Höflichkeit zu fehlen.

Als man vom Eſſen aufgeſtanden war, ging Marie an den Nebentiſch, wo der Bauer ſeinen Einkauf noch unverpackt ausgelegt hatte. Sie beſah jedes Stück, fragte theilnehmend nach dem Preiſe und nahm zuletzt ein feines Tuch von buntem Gewebe leicht erröthend in die Hand. Es war ein Tuch, wie's auf dem Lande die Frauen zu tragen pflegen. Sie faltete es auf, beſah es, um ihre Verlegenheit zu bergen, ſehr genau. Endlich faßte ſie ſich ein Herz, ihn zu fragen, für wenn es beſtimmt ſei.

Für meine Mutter, ſprach er, und blickte dabei ziemlich abwärts zu Boden. Trägt denn, fragte ſie weiter, Eure Mutter noch immer ſo bunte Tücher? Auf dem Lande, entgegnete er, nimmt man's nicht ſo genau; die Mutter trägt ſie noch viel buntere. Sie ſchien ihm zu glauben und bei ſeiner Antwort ſich zu beruhigen. Wilhelm aber veränderte die Farbe ein Mal ums andere; denn er verſtand ihre Frage beſſer vielleicht, als ſie ſelbſt. — Wenn ein Mädchen ſich ſelbſt ganz verſteht, ſo fürchtet ſie, zu hören, was ſie wiſſen möchte.

Die beiden Alten waren indeß hinzugetreten. Der Hausvater bedauerte ſeinen Verwandten, daß er in ſo ſpäter Jahreszeit den weiten Weg, noch dazu an demſelben Tage zwei Mal, zurücklegen müſſe. Ob denn nicht abzuhalten ſei? — Wilhelm ſah bei den Worten auf; es ſchien ihm eine Gelegenheit ſich darzubieten, die genoſſene Gaſtfreundlichkeit ſogleich zu erwiedern. Unſer Dorf, ſprach er zu Beiden gewendet, liegt nur eine Viertelſtunde ſeitwärts von der Straße. Entſchließt Euch mit mir zu gehn und in meiner Eltern Hauſe zu übernachten. Wir haben viel Raum und ſchon mehr Leute bei uns beherbergt. Er beſchrieb darauf die Einrichtung des neuerbauten Hauſes nicht ohne Ruhmredigkeit, pries die Lage ſeines Dorfes, welche den Städtern angenehm aufzufallen pflege und ſehr bekannt ſein müſſe, weil Sommers viele des Weges kommen, auch wohl in der Gegend längere Zeit verweilen. Marie hörte dem jungen Manne aufmerkſam zu, gab auf jedes Wort acht, welches er ausſprach, auf jede Geberde und Handlung. Sie gewöhnte ſich allmählig an ſeine Gegenwart, oder ward hingeriſſen durch den Antheil, mit welchem ſie auf ihn hin ſah und hörte. Denn ſichtlich ward ſie geſpannter und lebhafter, ſo daß ſie zuletzt den Muth faßte, ihrem Vater fragend den Vorwurf zu machen, weßhalb er ſie nie in dieſe ſchöne Gegend geführt habe.

Der wandernde Uhrmacher fügte ſich bald und nicht unwillig in den Vorſchlag, bei Wilhelms Eltern zu übernachten. Hingegen ward über einen künftigen Beſuch der Familie nichts feſt beſtimmt. Den jungen Leuten machte die Zurückhaltung des umſichtigen Hausvaters einige Ungeduld. Doch beruhigte er ſie durch die Erinnerung, daß zum Frühjahr noch weit hin, alſo noch Zeit genug vorhanden ſei, die Sache ernſtlich zu überlegen. Ueberhaupt, ſagte er, müſſen Zuſammenkünfte, welche nicht auf der Stelle auszuführen ſind, ſo weit als möglich hinausgeſchoben werden. Vorausbeſtimmungen ſind Eingriffe in die Waltung Gottes. Die letzte Aeußerung ward mit einer gewiſſen Rührung und Feier ausgeſprochen, welche Eindruck machte und den Uebrigen den Mund verſchloß.

Nunmehr kamen denn auch die vorgerückte Jahreszeit, die Kürze der Tage, die langen Abende zur Sprache. Man beklagte die Landleute, weil ſie in dieſer Jahreszeit ſo mancher Unterhaltung entbehren, welche nur in den Städten zu finden und zu haben ſei. Die Landleute aber lachten und ſpotteten der Nichtigkeit des ſtädtiſchen Lebens, welche ſie das Vorrecht beraube, nach beſchwerlicher Tagesarbeit behaglich der Ruhe zu genießen, wobei das Geſchehene und Geſchaffte in der Erinnerung zu überſchauen, und auf den folgenden Tag vorauszudenken. Während dieſer Reden hatten die beiden Reiſenden ihre Einkäufe zuſammengelegt und mit Hülfe Mariens ſo eingerichtet, daß ſie bequem und gefahrlos fortzutragen waren. Es gemahnte ſie der Gegenſtand des Geſpräches an den Aufbruch, den ſie bereits über die rechte Zeit hinaus verzögert hatten.

Denn auf dem Wege überraſchte ſie die Nacht, noch ehe ſie Wilhelms Dorf erreichten. Der Alte hatte ſchwer zu tragen und zu ſpät ſich entſchloſſen, den Bitten Wilhelms nachgebend, ſeine Tracht mit deſſen leichtem Gebinde zu vertauſchen. War er gleich noch immer ein rüſtiger Fußgänger, ſo hatte doch der Weg, den er morgens zurückgelegt und vornehmlich die Laſt, welche er bis dahin getragen, auf die Länge ihn geſchwächt und ermüdet. Er fühlte daher im Herzen, ohne ſich's deutlich einzugeſtehen, daß Wilhelms [illegible] Erbieten für ihn mehr Werth hatte, als ſich beſtimmen ließ. Denn, was hätte ihm nicht Alles begegnen können, ehe er ſpät Nachts würde heimgekommen ſein? Unheimliche Bilder und düſtere Ahnungen verwirrten ſich in ſeiner Seele, als er im Dunkeln fortging und Wilhelm bei jedem bedenklichen Tritte ihn anrief, warnte, auf dem unbekannten Pfade ihn zurechtwies. So gelangten ſie nach einer mühſeligen Stunde in das Dorf und bald auch an das Haus; denn im Dunkeln zu gehen, wenn man des Weges nicht kundig iſt, verdoppelt und vergrößert jegliche Hemmung und Mühſeligkeit.

Seitdem es dunkel geworden, hatte die Mutter wiederholt das Schiebfenſterchen geöffnet und den Kopf weit hinausgeſtreckt, wenn im Dorfe die Hunde bellten. Der gute Sohn pflegte nicht ſo lange in der Stadt zu verweilen, als heute, auch ohne Aufenthalt raſch heimzugehen, um die Ordnung des Hauſes nicht zu ſtören. Der Willkomm, als er nun endlich anlangte, war deßhalb freudiger und herzlicher, denn je, und die Aufnahme des Gaſtes, den er mitgebracht, ſo freundlich und willig, daß es den alten Wanderer beinahe zu Thränen rührte. Er fühlte ſich ungewöhnlich entkräftet und angegriffen, was ihn ernſt und wehmüthig ſtimmte. Denen, welche nur mit großer Mühe und ausdauernder Anſtrengung das Haus durch ihre Arbeit aufrecht erhalten, erſcheinen die Vorboten des Alters furchtbar. — Allein in dem warmen Ofenwinkel, auf dem Lehnſeſſel des Hausvaters erholte er ſich nach und nach; und ſpäter, als er das Abendbrod der Familie mit ihr getheilt, fühlte er kaum noch die Nachwehen ſeines weiten Ganges. Dieſe unerwartete, raſche Verjüngung ſeiner Kräfte erfreute und hob ihn mehr, als er ſich ſelbſt eingeſtand, und gab ſeinem Geiſte eine treffliche Stimmung.

Wilhelm erzählte nun den Eltern das Abenteuer ſeiner Bekanntſchaft mit dem wandernden Uhrmacher; auch, daß er ihn eingeführt bei ſeinen Verwandten, und was bei dieſen ſich zugetragen hatte. Die Mutter, welcher ſeine Kürze nicht genügte, fragte darauf nach Einzelnem, worüber der Sohn nicht immer eine ſie ganz befriedigende Auskunft zu ertheilen wußte. So kam's, daß ſie zuletzt an den Uhrmacher ſich wendete, und dieſer ergriff ſchnell die Gelegenheit, von ihm wohlbekannten Dingen recht ausführlich zu erzählen.

Der Vetter, ſagte er, iſt ein Mann nach alter Art. Weil er von Landleuten abſtammt, hegt er für ſie noch immer eine große Vorliebe und ſieht es gern, wenn ſolche Leute in ſeinem Hauſe vorſprechen, weßhalb ich Euren Sohn heute beredet habe, mit mir zu gehen. Er iſt fleißig und ordentlich und hat ſehr viel Geld, von welchem er ſelbſt nur wenig verbraucht. Allein das Weib hilft ihm zehren, denn es macht gern Staat, vornehmlich, wenn er's nicht ſieht, wie bei den Kaffeegeſellſchaften, wohin ſie ſtets allein geht, weil der Vetter nicht mag und will, daß ſie Marien dahin mit ſich nimmt. Er ſagt, es ſei nur ein Zeitverderb; auch lernen die Mädchen bei ſolchen Zuſammenkünften zu haſſen und zu verleumden, und hören von Dingen, die ſie beſſer nicht wüßten. Die Jugend, ſagt er, müſſe die Welt noch heiter anſehn; es ſei nie zu ſpät, an den Menſchen zu verzweifeln, wenn es denn ſein müſſe. Wer ſtets auf faule Sachen hinblicke, werde zuletzt ſelbſt faul. Die ſchlimmen Dinge ſeien anſteckend; man ſolle die Augen davon abwenden.

Wohlgeſprochen, ſeufzte der alte Bauer; freilich wohl, meines ſeine [illegible] Hausehre.

Der Vetter alſo, ſprach der Uhrmacher, den Faden wieder aufnehmend, ſieht auf's Weſentliche. Keine Schulden, Geld im Kaſten und im Geſchäfte Umſchwung. Das Haus wohl beſtellt, von Allem genug und Nichts im Ueberfluß. Bruder ſein von den Nachbarn und Mitbürgern und im Unglücke bereit, ihnen beizuſpringen, ohne freilich das eigene Haus zu verwirren, welches ſtets das Erſte iſt und ſein ſoll. Die Frau Baſe aber ſieht mehr auf die Lappen, auf den [illegible], ſucht dem Manne daher zu entreißen, ſo viel ſie nur kann, und macht heimlich Schulden für Band und Spitzen, welche der Vetter, wenn er's erfährt, ſogleich bezahlt, ohne Murren zwar, doch mit einem ſo ernſthaften Geſichte, daß es ihr Furcht macht und einigermaßen ſie in den Schranken hält. Denn ginge es ganz nach ihrem Geſchmacke, ſo ſpielte ſie auf den Gaſſen die erſte Dame der Stadt. Die arme Frau iſt eines Krämers Tochter. Sie war wirklich hübſch, und daher vergaffte ſich der Vetter in das Mädchen, weil und als er noch jung war. Die Eltern aber, welche anfangs hoch hinausgewollt, gaben ſie damals gern her, weil es im Hauſe nicht recht geheuer war. Sie haben bald darauf Bankerott gemacht; Ihr wißt ja wohl, was das heißt? Nun hat ſie in der Stadt umher die große Menge vornehmer Verwandten, bei welchen ſie den Kaffee trinkt, und welche es gerne ſehn, wenn ſie geputzt erſcheint und den Handwerksſtand mit Sammet und Seide zudeckt. Der Vetter ſieht ihr daher aus Mitleid ſchon Einiges nach; nur will er nicht, daß ſie die Tochter mit ſich dahinſchleppe. Denn Eins im Hauſe will er für ſich behalten und hat darin ganz recht. Da muß ſie den Kaufmann ſo, und den Rathſchreiber ſo, und Doctor und Apotheker beladen; und ein Mal im Jahre ſogar den bedeutenden Mann, das Rathsmitglied, von dem man ſagt, daß er die übrigen nur ſo in die Taſche ſteckt. Ihr wißt, wie's zugeht in den Collegien; der Kluge denkt für den Dümmeren, der Fleißige müht ſich für den Faulen, und der Glückliche lacht über ſie alle miteinander.

Allein mein Augapfel iſt in dem Hauſe das Mädchen, die Marie. Was ſie erübrigen kann, theilt ſie aus. Meine Kinder kleiden ſie beinahe ganz aus ihrem Taſchengelde und ab und zu hilft ſie wohl auch mir ſelbſt aus, wenn die Jahreszeit ſchlecht und wenig zu verdienen iſt. Die Mutter bekümmert ſich um nichts. Marie ſorgt für Küche und Keller und Wäſche, näht und flickt und ſpinnt, und hält auch die Mägde zur Arbeit. Deßhalb iſt alles, was man in dieſem Hauſe ſieht und genießt, ſtets vom Beſten in ſeiner Art; denn die Mutter verſteht davon nichts und bekümmert ſich auch um nichts. Droben, eine Treppe hoch, bewohnt ſie ein Eckerzimmer; da ſitzt ſie den langen Tag und ſieht den Leuten zu, wie ſie vorübergehen, und haſcht etwas auf, was ſie Nachmittags bei'm Kaffee erzählen kann. Da bringen ihr Morgens die Putzmacherin und der Friſeur die Stadtneuigkeiten. Wüßte es der Herr, könnte ſie vom Meiſter Barbier noch Einiges mehr ſich erzählen laſſen.

Die Alten, welche dem Gerede bisher aufmerkſam zugehört, lachten über den muthwilligen Ausgang und ſtanden auf, um zur Ruhe zu gehen. Wilhelm nahm ein Licht, den Gaſt in ſeine Kammer zu leiten. An der Treppe aber zog er die alte Stalllaterne hervor und nahm ſie mit hinauf in das Gaſtzimmer. Der Uhrmacher hatte unterwegs ſich vernehmen laſſen, daß er auf dem Lande umher wohl auch den Glaſer mache, und Wilhelm hatte ſogleich an ſeine Laterne gedacht. Als ſie nun zur Stelle waren, brachte der Bauer das rußige Geräth, es einige Mal in der Hand herumdrehend, dem Lichte nahe, blickte dabei dem kunſterfahrenen Freunde ſcharf in's Geſicht, und fragte ihn zugleich, ob er wohl glaube, daß man das Ding noch ein Mal wieder brauchbar machen könne.

Und weßhalb denn nicht! erwiederte der Uhrmacher, ihm die

die Laterne aus der Hand nehmend. Der Fehler liegt allein in den Gläſern, welche zu klein geſchnitten ſind. Das Metall aber iſt noch ſo geſund, als an dem Tage, da man das Ding zuerſt hat machen laſſen. Wie doch alle die alten Sachen ſo derb und dicht aufgelegt ſind! Heut zu Tage ſpart und knackt man wo möglich ſogar an dem, was noch gar nicht vorhanden iſt. Das iſt Meſſing und kein Blech; eines Meſſerrückens dick iſt das Metall, ſag' ich Euch, denn ich fühle es am Gewichte. Habt Ihr nicht etwa ein wenig altes Glas zur Hand? Den Demant führe ich ſtets in der Taſche und der Tiſch iſt ſchön eben, daß ich's gut werde auflegen können.

Wilhelm hatte auf dieſen Fall im Voraus geſorgt, weßhalb der Alte nun ungeſäumt die Hand an's Werk legte. Der Jüngling ſah mit Antheil ihm zu; denn Sicherheit des Handgriffes erfreute ihn auch bei ſolchen Arbeiten, welche er ſelbſt nicht verſtand. In nicht langer Zeit war die Laterne ringsum verdichtet. Der Alte zündete darauf die Kerze an, ſteckte ſie feſt, ſchloß das Thürchen und verſuchte nun, ob die Fenſter noch Luft zuließen. Allein das Licht blieb unbeweglich, ohne zu wallen, noch zu flackern. Beruhigt und dankbar wiegte der Jüngling ſein altes Stallgeräthe hin und wieder, und verließ den alten Tauſendkünſtler unter gegenſeitigen Anwünſchungen einer guten und ruhigen Nacht.

Am folgenden Morgen ward das Probeſtück der Geſchicklichkeit des Gaſtes dem Hausvater ſogleich vorgezeigt. Es war für ihn ein Triumph. Siehſt Du jetzt, mein Sohn, ſprach er, daß ich wohl wußte, weßhalb mir die alte lieber war, als die neue, welche Du kaufen wollteſt? Glaube mir von nun an, daß alte Sachen immer beſſer ſind, als neue. Von jenen wiſſen wir, wie lange ſie gehalten haben, von dieſen aber nicht, wie lange ſie halten werden. Ich habe das alte Ding noch von meinem Vater geerbt. Und hätte ich nicht, ehe Du groß wurdeſt, die vielen Jahre einen Knecht halten müſſen, ſo möchte ſie noch ganz in dem Stande ſein, in welchem ſie war, als ich ſie erbte. Du weißt mit den Sachen umzugehen; allein ſolch ein fremder Kerl behandelt das eine wie das andere, und wirft die Laterne ſo hart zu Boden, als Rechen und Hacke.

In dem Gefühle, dem Hauſe genützt zu haben, machte der Uhrmacher nunmehr geſtärkt und heiter ſich auf den Heimweg. Während er auf ſchon bekannter Straße, ohne viel ſich umzuſehen, raſch voranging, ſchwebten die guten Menſchen, welche er eben verlaſſen hatte, noch immer ihm vor, als wären ſie gegenwärtig. Der ſchöne, franke und doch beſcheidene Jüngling war ihm lieb geworden; auch meinte er, daß mit den Alten recht wohl auszukommen ſei. Bei dem Bauer aber ging Jeder, nachdem der Gaſt ſich entfernt hatte, ſtill und beſonnen an die Arbeit des Tages. Es war vor Abends von ihm in der Familie nicht mehr die Rede.

Indeß ging der Herbſt zu Ende; in der Stadt wie auf dem Lande änderte der Winter nicht viel in der gewohnten Lebensweiſe. Marie war unabläſſig im Hauſe beſchäftigt; es findet ſich täglich etwas, pflegte ſie zu ſagen, wenn man von ihrer Arbeit ſie abmahnte, und wenn ich's liegen ließe, würde es zuletzt mir über den Kopf wachſen. Indem ich ſo mit der Zeit fortgehe, unterhalte ich mich recht angenehm und arbeite dabei nie mehr, als jedesmal mir gefällt. Wilhelms Art war der ihrigen nicht unähnlich. In des Vaters Wirthſchaft, welche er leitete, ward Jegliches ohne Uebereilung, mit Ruhe und Beſonnenheit vorgenommen, weil Alles zur rechten Zeit geſchah, keine Arbeit ſich auf die andere drängte. Gewiß fanden Beide ein großes Glück in dem täglichen Umlaufe gewohnter Beſchäftigungen, in dem Gefühle, den beiden Hausweſen, welchen ſie vorſtanden, eine gewiſſe kunſtähnliche Folge ertheilt zu haben. Allein gerade dieſe behagliche, ruhige Stimmung iſt mehr als jegliche andere das Element, in welchem ein angenehmer Eindruck, eine ſchnell gefaßte gute Meinung zu einer lebhaften Neigung heranwächſt; vorausgeſetzt, daß man verſäumt habe, dem Uebel zeitig Einhalt zu thun. Täglich hatte Wilhelm der lieben Städterin gedacht, ohne freilich jemals zu dem reichen und vornehmen Kinde ſeine Wünſche zu erheben. Es war eine ſtille, an Ehrfurcht gränzende Zuneigung, die ſeinige; doch ſeitdem er ſie gefaßt, ſchienen die ſchmuckeſten Dirnen ſeines Dorfes, die einen ihm zu grob und derb, die anderen zu frei und ausgelaſſen, keine ſo ganz ohne Fehl. Und wenn Marie bisweilen des Jünglings ſich erinnerte, glaubte ſie nur gerecht zu ſein, indem ſie ihm zugeſtand, daß er ein wohlgebildeter Menſch ſei und ein edles freies Betragen habe. Es fehlte nicht an Bewerbern um die Hand des ſchönen und, wie man ſagte, auch ſteinreichen Mädchens. Doch, ſeitdem ſie den jungen Landmann geſehen und beinahe unbewußt ihre ſtädtiſchen Bewunderer täglich mit ihm verglich, erſchien deren ganzes Weſen ihr ſo leer und nichtig, deren Gehaben und Bezeigen ſo gezwungen linkiſch und hölzern, daß ſie aufhörten ihr gleichgültig zu ſein, ihr nun ernſtlich mißfällig und läſtig wurden.

Seit jenem Herbſttage war der Landmann nicht mehr zur Stadt gekommen. Es hatte nicht an Veranlaſſung gefehlt; doch fühlte er jedes Mal eine verborgene Scheu, deren Grund er ſich verſchwieg, ja nicht einmal das Verlangen fühlte, ihn zu erforſchen. Seine Mutter ſchien Mariens häufiger zu gedenken, weil ſie oft von ihr ſprach, ihr bisweilen ländliche Geſchenke ſandte und dabei wiederholt ſie erinnern ließ, wie ſchön es draußen ſei, wenn die Fruchtbäume blühn und der Wald ausgrünt. Es ward bei ſolchen Grüßen und Einladungen nicht ab, nicht zu geſagt; weßhalb die Alte die Hoffnung feſthielt und wöchentlich mindeſtens ein Mal hinaufſtieg, an den Gaſtzimmern zu beſſern und zu putzen, deren ſchöne Einrichtung ihr nun erſt einen angemeſſenen Zweck zu haben ſchien. Denn bisher war kein Gaſt darin abgetreten, welcher nicht gern auch mit geringerem Hausrath ſich würde begnügt haben. Wilhelm ſchüttelte den Kopf, wenn er ſeiner Alten bisweilen zuſah, wie unverdroſſen emſig ſie das dreimal Geordnete von neuem umordnete, den Staub abwiſchte, den ſie dabei aufgeregt. Das ſtädtiſche Weſen hatte auf ihn großen Eindruck gemacht, ihm eine gewiſſe Ehrfurcht eingeflößt; er zweifelte daher, daß ſo reiche und angeſehene Leute ſich herablaſſen werden, die Gaſtfreundſchaft eines Bauers in Anſpruch zu nehmen.

Allein, eben weil die Mutter aus Unkenntniß der Umſtände und Verhältniſſe nicht ſeitwärts, ſondern gradaus blickte, hatte ſie für dieſes Mal richtiger und weiter geſehen. Denn, als Wilhelm endlich einmal an einem ſchönen Apriltage in die Stadt ging, nicht aus eigner Luſt und Wahl, ſondern weil die Mutter ihn antrieb; da ward, auf erneute Anfrage, von ſeinem ſtädtiſchen Gaſtfreunde ihm feſt zugeſagt, daß er in dem nahen Maien in Mariens Begleitung auf zwei Tage bei dem Bauer abſteigen werde, um der Frühlingsluft und ſchönen Gegend in aller Muße zu genießen. In Erwiederung der vielen und erwünſchten Geſchenke, welche die alte Bäuerin im Verlaufe des Winters in die Stadt geſandt, ward nunmehr, da Wilhelm mit dem Wagen gekommen war, von allen den mancherlei Dingen, welche der Handel den Städten aus der Fremde zuführt, ein ſchweres Gebinde ihm auf den Weg gegeben. Es war darin, was nur des Menſchen Herz erfreut; theils um damit den Alten ein Vergnügen zu machen, theils auch, um zu verhindern, daß ſie für die Bewirthung der Städter ſich unnöthig in Koſten bringen. Denn man kauft, was man nicht täglich bedarf, ſtets theurer, als ſich's gehört, auch meiſt von ſchlechterer Art und Beſchaffenheit. Ueberhaupt ſchien der ſtädtiſche Freund den jungen Landmann mit vieler Achtung zu behandeln. Auch legte er von ſeinem Thun und Laſſen ſo viel genaue Kunde an den Tag, daß es ſogar dem argloſen Jüngling auffiel. Marie kam gar nicht zum Vorſchein. Wilhelm wagte nicht, zu fragen, ob ſie im Hauſe ſei oder abweſend, geſund oder krank, behielt indeß die Thüre ſo unverwandt im Auge, daß, wer Acht gab, wohl errieth, nach wem er ausſah.

Der launiſche April ging vorüber, ſchneller und doch minder ſchnell, als der Winter mit ſeinen langen Nächten und trüben Tagen. Für Wilhelm gab es viel beſchwerliche, Zeit kürzende Arbeit; denn nie ruhte ihm der Pflug; die Sommerſaat war zu beſtellen und ſchon vor Ende des Mondes davon der größere Theil in die Erde zu bringen. Allein, wenn er Abends ermüdet im Ofenwinkel ſich hinwarf und, bis das Nachteſſen aufgetragen war, zu ſchlummern ſchien; ſo ſchlief er doch nicht, zählte er nur für ſich die Tage, welche bis zur Ankunft der Städter noch übrig waren; oder auch überdachte er, wohin er Marien führen wolle, welche Plätze und Stellen ihr mehr, ihr weniger gefallen werden; denn ſchön, oder anmuthig war's in der Gegend überall und daher die Wahl nicht leicht. Dann trat ihm der Augenblick ihrer Ankunft vor den Sinn, das raſche Anfahren des Wagens, die Unruhe, der Lärmen im Hauſe, wenn Alle herbeilaufen. Er hatte Marien bis dahin nie berührt, und es überlief ihn warm, wenn er dachte, wie er ſie doch aus dem Wagen heben und in den Armen werde halten müſſen. In ſolchen Träumen überraſchte ihn mehr als ein Mal der Ruf ſeiner Alten, zu Tiſche zu kommen und nachher recht auszuſchlafen. Alles zu ſeiner Zeit, war der Wahlſpruch ſeines Vaters.

Wenn er Abends nach dem Eſſen in ſeiner Kammer ſich hingeſtreckt, nahm es, nach der ſchweren Tagesarbeit, freilich mit dieſen Gaukeleien ein ſchnelles Ende. Denn er ſchlief jetzt ſo feſt und ſanft als zuvor. Nicht ſo Marie, deren ebenmäßige Beſchäftigungen auch mit getheilter Aufmerkſamkeit immer noch ihren Weg gingen und zu beſeitigen waren. Unaufhörlich dachte ſie den langen Tag hindurch und oft ſelbſt Nachts an den nahen Ausflug auf's Land. Hatte ſie doch im Hauſe und ſelbſt für das Bedürfniß der Reiſe ſo Vielerlei vorauszuſorgen, daß es ihr, der redlichen Wirthſchafterin, pflichtmäßig oblag, die Sache recht ernſtlich in Ueberlegung zu nehmen.

Die älteſten Leute erinnerten ſich keines gleich milden und heiteren Frühlings. Schon im April begann der Wald an den ſonnigen Gehängen auszugrünen; nur die umſichtig zögernde

Eiche hielt ſich noch immer zurück, weil ſie die ſpäten Fröſte ſcheut und fürchtet.

Wilhelm, ſo emſig er war, ſo eifrig er ſeine Arbeit betrieb, um für den Feſtbeſuch freie Tage zu gewinnen, blickte dennoch oft vom Pfluge auf, gegen den Wald hin, welcher mit jeder Stunde ſich mehr zu verdichten ſchien. Wie meiſt, ſo eilte auch jetzt die Frühbuche die übrigen Bäume weit voraus; ſie hatte bereits laubreiche Zweige getrieben, ſich durchaus bekleidet, als ihre Nachbarn, die Birke und Eſche, mit ihrer Blüthe noch lange nicht zu Ende waren. Der fleißige Ackersmann hatte nie zuvor dem Regen und Drängen der Jahreszeit ſo große Luſt abgewonnen. Während er ſo den Athem der Natur in vollen Zügen einſog, einer geheimnißvollen, nie ſo tief gefühlten Sympathie ganz ſich hingab, blickte Marie über den hohen Giebeln der Nachbarhäuſer nach dem kleinen Endchen Himmel und entſetzte ſich vor jedem leichten Gewölke, welches daran vorüber ging. Allein das Wetter blieb ſich gleich und es trat nichts dem kleinen Ausfluge entgegen, welcher der Städterin ſchon eine Reiſe zu ſein dünkte. Der Morgen der Abfahrt war der heiterſte; kein Wölkchen am Himmel, und vor der aufſteigenden Sonne zerſchmolz der leichte Nebelſchleier, welcher am frühen Morgen noch Änderung zu drohen ſchien.

Wer wie Jahr und Tag in einer größeren Stadt, ohne je ſie zu verlaſſen, ruhig zugebracht, faßt und erklärt ſich auf keine Weiſe die Stärke und Tiefe des Entzückens, welches jenſeit des noch bekannten geſchmälerten Umkreiſes die Städter beim Anblicke des offenen Landes zu ergreifen pflegt. Gewiß ſah Marie auf die weite Flur, deren blühende, grünende oder friſch beackerte Breiten mit ſo ſtillem, behaglichem Vergnügen, daß ſie in den Augen ihres Vaters mehr Uebereinſtimmung mit den Wünſchen und Hoffnungen der Landleute an den Tag legte, als man dem Stadtkinde wohl hätte zutrauen ſollen. Ihm ſelbſt war das Land nie ganz fremd geworden, waren Empfindungen dieſer Art ſehr verſtändlich. Es machte ihm daher Freude, ſeine Tochter anzuhören, welche über ſo viele neue Gegenſtände, als an dieſem ſchönen Morgen ſich ihr darboten, mit zugleich mehr Beredſamkeit ſich ausdrückte, als er bis dahin jemals an ihr wahrgenommen hatte. Wie ſie nur dazu kommen mag, dachte er bei ſich, in den ländlichen Beſchäftigungen jenes ſchöne Bündniß mit der Natur, mit deren Jahreszeiten, Trieb und Lebenskräften, ſo ganz richtig zu verſtehen und den frommen Sinn, die Ergebenheit in einen höheren Willen, welcher ſo häufig die ſicherſten Berechnungen und beſten Hoffnungen zerſtört? Er war geneigt, Mariens Theilnahme an ländlichen Verhältniſſen als ein Erbgut anzuſehen; bisweilen doch erhob ſich in ſeiner Seele ein leiſer Zweifel, ob nicht ein wenig von jener Art Sympathie im Spiele ſei, deren Gewalt über weibliche Seelen ihm nicht unbekannt war.

Die Straße verließ nunmehr auf halbem Weg die ſchön angebaute Ebene und wendete durch ein munteres Hügelland ſich den Bergen zu. Liebliche Wieſengründe ſchmiegten ſich an jählinge, wild bewachſene Abhänge; in den Thalungen lagen wohlumpflanzte Mühlenwerke; tiefer landeinwärts zeigte ſich nun auch das Dorf, in welchem die Eltern Wilhelms ihr Haus und Gut hatten. Es lag an einem raſch und wild vorbeiſtrömenden Bergwaſſer; gegenüber ein ſteiler, mit Obſtbäumen beſetzter Hang; doch an der Seite des Dorfes eine ſanft aufſteigende Flur, welche bis zum nahen Mittelgebirge ſich ausdehnte.

Der Weg führte einige Minuten lang am Bache hin, unter hohen Pappelweiden, den Schutzwehren des Anbaus gegen die wilden Launen des Bergwaſſers. Zur Rechten ward er anmuthig begrenzt durch die Obſtgärten und Hauswieſen des nahen Dorfes, in welches ſie nun endlich auf einer ſchlecht unterhaltenen und ſchmutzigen Straße einfuhren. Die gedrängten, nicht immer gut gehaltenen Wohnhäuſer und Wirthſchaftsgebäude zu beiden Seiten der Straße ſtimmten Mariens Erwartungen nicht wenig herab. Indeß kamen die Reiſenden bald wiederum in das Freie hinaus, wo der Hof des großen Bauers, ſo nannte man ihn, beinahe abgeſondert von den übrigen und halb im Freien auf einer lieben Anhöhe angelegt war. Die Wahl des Alten, welcher ſeit langer Zeit ein großes Stück ſeines Feldes für dieſen Anbau beſtimmt und in den guten Jahren Geld geſammelt hatte, um ſein wohlüberlegtes Vorhaben gemächlich und gefahrlos ausführen zu können.

Es iſt ſtets erfreulich, ſeine Freunde in guten und beſſeren Umſtänden anzutreffen, als man ſie zu finden erwartet. Doch hatte die tiefe Befriedigung, mit welcher Marie auf den neugebauten, friſchen und reinlichen, auch bereits ſchön umwachſenen Hof blickte, neben jenem allgemeinen auch einen andern ihr ganz eigenen Grund. Denn es ſchien ihr nunmehr der Abſtand ihrer Lebensverhältniſſe von jenen ihres ländlichen Freundes ſchon lange nicht ſo groß als zuvor. So ganz frei von ſtädtiſchen Meinungen war ſie doch nicht, und hätte es nicht ſein können, da ſie nie die Stadt verlaſſen und von Jugend auf geringſchätzig vom Lande hatte reden hören. Weshalb aber ſie's erfreute, zu ſehn, daß es ſo war, verſchwieg ſie ſich ſelbſt, oder geſtand ſich's nicht ein; obwohl es ſeinen Grund hatte, der nun bald an den Tag kommen ſollte.

Freudig wurden die vornehmen Gäſte von Wilhelm ſchon an der Einfahrt des Hofes, von den Alten an der Schwelle des Hauſes empfangen. Wilhelm hob zuerſt den Vater, dann auch Marien aus dem Wagen. Es ward ihm dabei warm ums Herz; denn es hatte das Mädchen daheim nie ſo frei und wohlgemuth ausgeſehen, als heute nach raſcher Fahrt in friſcher Luft. Der Ausdruck ihres Geſichtes war der anmuthigſte und heiterſte der Welt; ſie war nicht mehr verlegen und, wenn er zum Gruße ſie herzlich umarmt hätte, wie's ihm ſo nahe lag, ſo würde ſie gewiß nicht die Spröde gemacht, noch gezürnt haben.

Ein Theil des Tages verging unter den Bemühungen der Hausmutter, ihre Gäſte wohl einzurichten und zu bewirthen; erſt am Spätnachmittage, als ſie ſelbſt einige Ermüdung zu fühlen begann, oder ſchon genug geſorgt und gethan zu haben meinte, kam ſie doch in ſo weit zur Ruhe, daß ſie im Wohnzimmer ſich niederließ, leiſe auf dem Tiſche trommelnd, oder unbemerkt ein Stäubchen wegwiſchend, den beiden Vätern mit halbem Ohr zuhorchte. Dieſe verkoſteten eben mit einander den letzten guten Jahrgang; denn es beſaß der reiche Bauer abwärts im Lande eine treffliche Weinlage, ſo viel, oder wenig mehr, als er ſelbſt in ſeiner Wirthſchaft verbrauchte. Es kam nun die Rede auf den Ort, an dem er gewachſen, und die Umſtände, unter welchen der Bauer dieſes Grundſtück geerbt hatte. Ein Wort gab das andere, ſo daß zuletzt der Alte auf ſeine Jugend kam und erzählte, an welchen verſchiedenen Stellen und wie lange er als Bauknecht gedient habe. Sein vieles Gut kam meiſt von der Frau her; denn vom Hauſe hatte er, als jüngerer Sohn, nur den Pflichttheil, und darüber, was er im Dienſte ſich erſparen können. So wanderte er im Geiſte von Dorf zu Dorf, bis er dahin gelangte, wo er zuletzt und die längſte Zeit gedient hatte. Da fand es ſich unerwartet, daß es daſſelbe Haus und Gut ſei, auf welchem der Uhrmacher jung geweſen und aufgewachſen war.

Dem alten Bauer ward es nun mit einem Male erinnerlich, daß er den Städter ſchon als Knaben geſehn; auch die Begebenheit ſeiner frühen Entlaſſung aus dem väterlichen Hauſe ſtieg wiederum in ſeinem Gedächtniß auf, was alles Beide in eine ſehr weiche Stimmung verſetzte. — Nach langer Zeit unerwartet mit alten Bekannten zuſammenzutreffen, hat etwas Rührendes, wohl ſelbſt Feierliches und Ernſtes. Das in der Mitte liegende Leben, wie hat es meiſt die herzlichen Neigungen, die reinen und edlen Wünſche der Jugendtage ſo ganz ausgebleicht! — Wie viele dann unter den Sterblichen dürfen ſich rühmen, die Aufgabe ihres Lebens nicht verträumt, ihre beſten Empfindungen und Kräfte nicht verſchleudert zu haben? Man bringt von einem Tage zum anderen die Zeit hin, freut ſich Abends des aufgeriebenen, des vernichteten Tages und erſchrickt vor der Leere ſeines Daſeins meiſt nicht früher, als wenn es zu ſpät iſt, nach längeren Zeitabſchnitten, nach ſchon verzehrter Lebenskraft.

Die beiden Alten waren nunmehr im Zuge. Wilhelm aber, der ſeinen Vater kannte und wußte, daß er ſo bald nicht aufhören dürfe, von vergangenen Dingen fortzuerzählen, glaubte ernſtlich, Marien vor deſſen Geſchwätz verbergen zu wollen, als er jetzt dem Mädchen vorſchlug, mit ihm längs des Baches umherzuſchlendern und ein wenig hinauszuſehen in die Gegend und muntere Jahreszeit. Um nicht zu ſtören, verließen ſie das Zimmer ganz leiſe und wurden in der That gar nicht vermißt. Hand in Hand, denn Sprödigkeit iſt der Unſchuld fremd, gingen ſie fort durch den Baumgarten in das Feld und den Fußſteg abwärts gegen den Bach hin. Der Tag war für die frühe Jahreszeit ſehr heiß geweſen; doch ſtand die Sonne nicht mehr hoch, als ſie hinausgingen. Es überzog ein zarter abendlicher Flor die dunklen Schatten des fernen Waldes; und ſelbſt hier unten im noch offeneren, ſonnigeren Lande drängte unſichtbar der wiederaufſteigende Frühlingsduft ſich dem Gefühle als Friſche und erwünſchte Kühlung auf. Bisweilen warf Marie, im Gehen anhaltend, auf die reizende Umgebung einen zerſtreuten Blick, doch fiel er ſtets zurück auf ihren Führer, welcher ſie unverwandt in den Augen behielt. Sie hatten, glaubten [illegible] beide, einander viel zu ſagen. Und dennoch ward die Stille, [illegible] ſie der viel häufiger von den vorüberſchwirrenden Singvögeln unterbrochen, als durch den Laut ihrer eigenen Stimmen. [illegible] meinte Wilhelm, der Mariens Hand noch immer feſthielt, es werde ruhend bequemer ſich plaudern laſſen, und führte das Mädchen zu einigen am Bache umgehauenen Pappeln, welche bei ſchöner Ausſicht einen nicht unbequemen Sitz gewährten.

Sie ſaßen dort lange Zeit, ohne zu reden. Marie, ſagte endlich der junge Menſch, dem die Stille Grauen und ſeine Schweigſamkeit Beſchämung zu machen anfing, Marie ſagte er, und kam nicht weiter. In ſeiner Herzensangſt traten ihm bittere Thränen in die blauen Augen. Sie drückten einander die Hände und weinten dabei alle Beide, ohne recht deutlich zu wiſſen, weßhalb und zu welchem Ende.

Thränen ſollen das Herz erleichtern und die Zunge löſen; gewiß begann der ſchüchterne Freiwerber bald, nachdem er durch ſeine Albernheiten ſich Luft gemacht, ſchon um Einiges herzhafter: Marie, wenn Sie nicht aus der Stadt und ſo reich und vornehm wären, ſo wüßte ich wohl —. Sie blickte erröthend zu Boden. Der Sache nach hatte ſie bereits ſeine Wünſche verſtanden.

Marie, begann er wiederum etwas weinerlicher, liebe Marie, würden Sie, wenn es anginge, würden Sie mich nehmen? — Er hatte ihre Hand nie losgelaſſen und drückte ſie in dem Augenblicke mit Kraft. Sie antwortete noch immer mit keiner Sylbe, erwiederte aber den Druck ſeiner Hand und vergoß zugleich einen Strom von Thränen, welcher dem Jüngling in ſeiner ſtummen Beredſamkeit Alles eingeſtand, was ſie fühlte und fürchtete. Denn erſt jetzt trat die ſinnloſe und ſtörriſche Hoffarth ihrer Mutter, über welche hinauszuſehn ſie ſich gewöhnt hatte, dem armen Kinde ſchnell als ein unüberſteigliches Hinderniß entgegen. Zu ſpät erkannte ſie, daß ſie in Gefühle und Wünſche ſich verſtrickt hatte, deren Sinn ihr nun erſt ganz aufging. Daß ſie über ſich ſelbſt ſchon alle Macht verloren, fühlte ſie, als Wilhelm ſie mit Heftigkeit umfaßte und widerſtandlos ſie an ſein Herz drückte. Die Verwirrung des armen Jünglings benahm ihm alle Beſinnung. Lebhaft und deutlich ſah und fühlte er ſich geliebt; doch in ſein Entzücken warf eine dunkle Anſchauung deſſen, was ſeinen Wünſchen entgegenſtand, ein tief ſchmerzliches, bitteres Beigefühl.

Auf dem Rückwege beachtete von den Vorbeigehenden Niemand, daß ſie geweint hatten und noch immer dem Weinen nahe waren; allein auch zu Hauſe blieb ihre Bewegung faſt ganz unbemerkt. Das lebhafte Geſpräch im Wohnzimmer war, ſeitdem ſie's verlaſſen hatten, nicht einen Augenblick unterbrochen worden. Keiner fragte, wohin ſie gegangen, was ſie ſo lange gemacht haben. Nur der Vater Mariens warf einen ſchnellen, doch forſchenden Blick auf ſie, ließ ſie jedoch ſogleich wiederum aus den Augen. Im Geſpräche hatte es ſich aufgeklärt, daß Wilhelms Vater in ſehr entferntem Grade mit dem Städter verwandt ſei. Die Alten waren einander daher in der kurzen Zeit um Vieles näher gekommen. Eine gewiſſe Fremdigkeit und Ehrerbietung, welche der Bauer, aus Achtung vor dem ſtädtiſchen Reichthum und Einfluß, bis dahin noch nicht hatte ablegen können, war nunmehr in das Gefühl verwandter Stellung und in eine herzliche Vertraulichkeit übergegangen. Scherzhaft riefen ſie ſich abwechſelnd einmal, Herr Vetter! und wenn die Befangenheit der jungen Leute ihnen geſtattet hätte, ihre Väter zu beobachten, ſo dürften ſie beſſeren Muth und mehr Hoffnung gefaßt haben.

Nach Art der Mädchen, hatte Marie ſeit dieſen Stunden ihre frühere, ſo ſchön ihr anſtehende Bedachtloſigkeit ganz eingebüßt. Sie war zum Bewußtſein ihrer Leidenſchaft gelangt, vermied daher am folgenden Tage, mit dem Jüngling auf lange Zeit allein zu ſein. Den ganzen Morgen lang machte ſie mit der Alten ſich zu thun, ſtand ihr bei allen Beſchäftigungen zur Seite, welche ländlichen Hausfrauen obliegen, und verglich wiederholt deren Mannigfaltigkeit und ernſtlichen Zweck mit der Nichtigkeit ihrer ſtädtiſchen Tagesarbeit. Wie ſo manches, ſagte ſie der Hausmutter, wird bei uns in der Stadt mit einer Wichtigkeit betrieben, als könne die Welt nicht anders beſtehen, was doch genau genommen zu gar nichts führt. Da putzen wir an den Häuſern und Zimmern und nähen die Kleider dreimal um, auf daß ſie wieder modig werden. Und damit hat's ein Weſen, als wäre es die Wichtigkeit ſelbſt. Und, genau genommen, ſind es doch nur Arbeiten, wie ſie die Weiber im Zuchthauſe machen; zum Verwundern künſtlich, und dennoch ihr Zweck nur eine Albernheit, eine bloße Grille. Dagegen iſt Alles, was ihr thut und vornehmt, ganz unumgänglich und durchaus nothwendig. Ernähret ihr nicht uns Städter, oder doch euch ſelbſt mit euren ärmeren Nachbarn? Spinnt und ſtrickt und webt ihr nicht, um damit euch ſelbſt und Andere gegen die Kälte zu ſchützen, reinlich und geſund zu erhalten. Dabei ergötzet es mich, daß ihr die vielen Thiere um euch habt, die ſo verſtändig und bekannt euch anblicken, und jedes Wort verſtehen, das man ihnen ſagt. Sogar der Hund, ſogar die Katze iſt hier ganz anders, als in der Stadt. Bei uns, wo ſie ſtets müßig gehen, recken ſie ſich, gähnen und ſchlafen, oder ſitzen am Fenſter und vor den Thüren, die Vorübergehenden ſich anzuſehn. Hingegen ſcheinen hier ſogar dieſe armen Thiere jedes ſeine Pflicht und Beſtimmung zu haben. Der Hofhund verläßt weder bei Tage noch bei Nacht ſeine Stelle. Der kleine aber, den ihr im Hauſe haltet, glaubt Euch erklären, melden, ankündigen zu müſſen, was ihm vom Hofe her zugerufen wird. Geſtern hielt ich ihn auf dem Schooße und gab Acht auf ihn, wenn draußen der große Hund bellte oder murrte. Auf gewiſſe abgebrochene Laute gab er nur Acht, denn er richtete dabei die Ohren auf. Es ſchien mir darin der Sinn von, aufgepaßt! zu liegen. Auf andere murrte er für ſich hin; das ſagte, denke ich, es nähert ſich etwas Fernes, noch Zweifelhaftes. Auf eine dritte Art ſehr entſchiedenen Bellens gab er indeß jedesmal laut Antwort. Ein Mal ſah ich dabei zum Fenſter hinaus, und hörte einen Menſchen nahe vorbeigehen.

Die Alte ſah dem ſchönen Kinde freundlich in's Geſicht und hörte ihr behaglich zu. Daß Ihr ſo ſchnell Euch zurechtgefunden habt, ſagte ſie, als wäret Ihr alle Tage auf dem Lande geweſen. Man ſollte denken, wenn man Euch die Arbeit mitmachen ſieht, Ihr habet ſie von früh auf gelernt. Wäret Ihr nicht aus der Stadt und für etwas Anderes beſtimmt, ſetzte ſie hinzu, ſo wüßte ich wohl, daß ich keine beſſere Schwiegertochter in meinem Leben finden und haben würde, als Euch, Ihr liebes Kind. Marie ward bei den Worten feuerroth. Die Alte bemerkte es, ohne zu verſtehen, weßhalb. Ei, ſagte ſie, werdet nicht böſe, es war ſo ſchlimm nicht gemeint. Hier auf dem Lande gilt ein ſolcher Scherz für erlaubt; in der Stadt freilich, da geht Alles auf Stelzen, höre ich ſagen; denn ich bin nur ein Mal hineingekommen. Es iſt darin Alles prächtig, doch ſo eng und beſchloſſen, daß ich dort auch nicht begraben ſein möchte.

Während Marie mit der Alten ſchaffte und plauderte, begleitete Wilhelm den ſtädtiſchen Gaſt auf einem Gange durch die Felder und Wieſen ſeines Vaters. Ein Ueberreſt ihm angeborner Theilnahme an ländlichen Angelegenheiten, oder Luſt und Freude an Allem, was den Wohlſtand ſeiner Gaſtfreunde ausmachte, hatte ſchon früh Morgens den Uhrmacher hinausgelockt vor den Ackerhof, die naheliegenden Felder ſich anzuſehen. Nach dem Frühſtück aber forderte er den jungen Bauern auf, ihm in der weiten Flur jegliches Stück zu zeigen, welches zur Wirthſchaft gehöre; ging darauf mit ihm an allen Breiten hin, fragte viel nach der Art der Beſtellung, dem Fruchtwechſel, dem Ertrage, der Beſteuerung und Anderem mehr. Wilhelm betrieb die Wirthſchaft nach den Ueberlieferungen ſeines Dorfes; er hatte es nie verſucht, für ſein Thun und Laſſen Grund und Regel aufzufinden. Er kam daher anfangs in einige Verlegenheit, fand ſich indeß ſehr bald in ſeine Aufgabe, ſo daß ihm gelang, den Städter allgemeinhin zufrieden zu ſtellen. Als darauf Alle wiederum zuſammentrafen, ſah man's den jungen Leuten wohl an, daß ſie mit ihrem Tage zufrieden waren. Auch wurde bei Tiſche Wilhelms wirthſchaftliche Einſicht mit Mariens Anſtelligkeit zu ländlichen Geſchäften eines um's andere gerühmt und geprieſen.

Nachmittags, nicht lange vor der Abfahrt, machte der Städter unerwartet ein ſehr feierliches Geſicht und ſagte, von ſeinem Stuhle ſich aufrichtend, daß er ihnen Allen, auch Marien, gemeinſchaftlich Etwas zu eröffnen habe.

Ein Geldgeſchäft, hub er an, zwingt mich in einigen Tagen eine weite Reiſe anzutreten. Noch weiß ich nicht, wie ſchnell ich damit zu Ende kommen, noch wann ich wiederum heimkehren werde. An dieſer Sache iſt an ſich ſelbſt nichts Außerordentliches; doch macht mir das Eine viel Kummer und Sorge, daß ich meine Tochter allein bei meiner Frau laſſen ſoll, welche ſo Manches ganz anders anſieht, als ich. Gern nähme ich daher Marie mit auf die Reiſe; doch würde es die Koſten mehren und zu manchem Gerede Veranlaſſung geben. Ich muß ſie alſo zu Hauſe laſſen. Sollte ihr aber dort in der Zeit meiner Abweſenheit von der Mutter übel begegnet, das heißt, ihr zugemuthet werden, was gegen des Mädchens Neigung, und ſchon daher gegen meinen Willen ſein würde; ſo bitte ich Euch, lieber Vetter und gute Muhme, Marien auf ſo lange zu Euch zu nehmen, bis ich heimkommen werde. Hier iſt ſie wohl aufgehoben; denn Ihr, Frau Muhme, wiſſet ſchon auf ein Mädchen Acht zu haben, welches grundgut, aber in der Welt neu iſt. Gebt mir darauf Euer Wort, ſagte er mit Ernſt. Weiß es der Himmel, welche Sorge es mir die Zeit her gemacht hat, nicht zu wiſſen, wohin ich das Mädchen thun ſolle, um ſie vor ihren Verwandten ſicher zu ſtellen. Die Angehörigen meiner Frau wollen nach ihren Begriffen hoch hinaus mit ihr und lauern ſchon ſeit lange auf eine gute Gelegenheit, ihr Abſehn in's Werk zu richten. Und Du, Marie, verſprich mir, daß Du in meiner Abweſenheit und bis ich heimgekommen ſein werde, Keinem, wer es auch ſei, Dein ganz entſchiedenes Jawort gebeſt. So was vor ihren Eltern geheim zu halten, in den Tag hinein ſich zu verplappern, hilft zu Nichts und bringt nur Unſegen. Wenn's mal ſo weit kommen ſollte, ſo ſage und bekenne mir Deine Wünſche ganz ohne Scheu. Gegen einen von Herzen guten, von Sitten reinen und rechten, zur Arbeit und häuslichen Ordnung wohl aufgelegten Menſchen werde ich keine Einwendung haben; vorausgeſetzt, daß ich überzeugt ſei, daß er Dich, daß Du ihn vor Gott und den Menſchen treu und herzlich liebeſt. Nur greife man dabei ſich recht tief in's Herz und prüfe ſich, ob man nicht etwa einer bloßen Augenverblendung unterliegt. Ach Gott, ſeufzte er aus tiefſter

Seele, welche Qualen bereiten ſich die Menſchen durch eine leichtſinnige Wahl in der ernſthafteſten Angelegenheit des Lebens!

Alle waren von dieſer unerwarteten Eröffnung überraſcht und durch ihren Ausgang gerührt, hielten daher ihm die Hand hin zum Zeichen und zur Bürgſchaft ihres Verſprechens. Es wurde, nachdem man ſich wiederum gefaßt hatte, noch gar Mancherlei beſprochen zur Einleitung des nahen Abſchiedes und zur näheren Beſtimmung der getroffenen Verabredung. Als darauf der Wagen beſpannt und angefahren war, die Gäſte unter herzlichem Händegeben Abſchied genommen hatten und jetzt ſchon zum Thore hinausfuhren, da ward es jedem Theile zuerſt ganz deutlich, wie viel der kurze Beſuch in allen Beziehungen verändert, wie viel neue Wünſche und Bedürfniſſe er geweckt hatte.

Um einige Tage ſpäter trat der Uhrmacher ſeine Reiſe an, auf welche er längſt Alles im Stillen vorbereitet hatte. Doch, ehe er aufbrach, verſammelte er einen Theil der Angehörigen ſeiner Frau zum Abſchiedsmahle.

Er ſchien ungewöhnlich heiter zu ſein und bezeigte ſich gegen alle Anweſende gütig und beinahe liebreich. Es gelang ihm, bei ſeinen Gäſten die beſte Stimmung hervorzurufen, jeglichen Argwohn aus ihrer Seele zu verdrängen. Als er ſie nun dahin gebracht, wo er ſie haben wollte, lenkte er das Geſpräch nicht ungeſchickt auf die bevorſtehende Reiſe. Sie wiſſen, ſagte er, daß man bei Geſchäftsreiſen, wie die meinige, nicht immer genau die Zeit ihrer Dauer vorausbeſtimmen kann. Nun hat meine Tochter bisher getreulich mit und bei mir ausgehalten, meinem Hausweſen mit größter Wachſamkeit vorgeſtanden, und die Stadt nie länger, als auf einige Stunden und Tage verlaſſen. Ich möchte ihr auch einmal eine frohe Zeit machen; und da wünſche ich, auf Anrathen des Arztes, daß ſie die Landluft auf einige Wochen genieße. Daher habe ich mit meinem Verwandten auf dem Lande, der ein ſchönes großes Haus und gut Quartier hat, unlängſt die Verabredung getroffen, daß er während meiner Abweſenheit das Mädchen auf einige Wochen bei ſich aufnehme. Vor der Hand mag ſie noch hier bleiben, um das Hausweſen ganz ſo einzurichten, als es ihr ſelbſt und beſonders meiner guten Frau gefallen wird, welche nicht gerne mit dieſen niederen Sorgen des Lebens ſich abgibt, was ich ihr nicht verdenke. Ein Jeder macht ſich's in der Welt ſo bequem und gut, als er's haben kann. Und für ſie iſt geſorgt, daß es auch nach meinem Tode ihr nie fehlen wird. Allein, wenn im Hauſe nun Alles eingerichtet iſt und Marie dann Luſt bezeigt, der ländlichen Ruhe zu genießen, ſo will ich, ſagte er mit Ernſt und Nachdruck, daß Niemand, weder die Mutter, noch meine lieben Verwandten, ihrer Reiſe auf das Land ſich widerſetzen, oder auf irgend eine Weiſe ſie erſchweren, nun gar hindern. Ich hoffe, deutlich genug geredet zu haben, und bei meiner Rückkunft Alles nach meinem Wunſch und Willen daheim anzutreffen.

Im Verlaufe dieſer überlegten und vorbereiteten Anrede des Hausvaters hatte die bisherige frohe Stimmung der Anweſenden einer verlegenen Spannung Raum gegeben. Es entging ihnen nicht, daß er Marien ihrem Einfluſſe entziehen wollte; woraus ſie wiederum ſchloſſen, daß er ſie ſelbſt durchſchaut habe. Denn während der Abweſenheit des Vaters, von deſſen Reiſe ſie längſt unterrichtet waren, dachten ſie, würde es ein Leichtes ſein, das Mädchen ganz nach ihrem Willen zu lenken. Ihr Plan war, dem Neffen des Rathsgliedes, welcher ſtudirt, doch nichts Rechtes gelernt hatte, das ſchöne Vermögen des Uhrmachers zuzuwenden. Mariens Abneigung kam bei dieſen Leuten kaum in Betrachtung. Wenn ſie nur einmal am Putze Geſchmack gewonnen und an gefälliger Auszeichnung, ſo werde, dachten ſie, das Uebrige ſich von ſelbſt finden. Aber was nun? wenn ſie die ganze Zeit auf dem Lande blieb, wie nach des Vaters Eröffnung zu befürchten war? — Man iſt ſtets geneigt, Andere nach ſich ſelbſt zu beurtheilen; woher die Anweſenden dem Uhrmacher eine viel tiefere Kenntniß ihrer Abſichten beimaßen, als er eigentlich beſitzen mochte. Denn es bekümmerte ſich der beſchäftigte Mann nur zum Nothbedarf um ihre Ränke und begnügte ſich, den flachen Menſchen alles Erdenkliche, theils Boshafte, theils auch ganz Sinnloſe zuzutrauen, und, wann er zufällig ihren Anſchlägen und Abſichten auf die Spur kam, Marien zeitig zu warnen.

Man war in dieſem Kreiſe nicht ſo weit in den Künſten der Verſtellung vorgerückt, daß man verſtanden hätte, Zufriedenheit und Billigung zu heucheln. Doch wagte Niemand, dem Willen des Vaters ſich entgegenzuſtellen, deſſen Entſchiedenheit ihnen Allen nur zu bekannt war. Offener Widerſpruch hätte ihn veranlaſſen können, die Reiſe ganz aufzugeben. Hingegen durfte man ſich verſprechen, wenn der Alte nur einmal fort war, das unerfahrene, einfache Mädchen dahin zu lenken, wo man ſie wollte. Das Bedürfniß, ſich laut auszuſprechen, Rath zu geben, oder zu vernehmen, brachte eine gewiſſe Unruhe in die Vereinigung, welche ſehr bald den allgemeinen Aufbruch herbeiführte.

Es war für die Mutter ein ſchwerer Stand, nachdem die Geſellſchaft ſich zerſtreut hatte, den Hausgenoſſen ihre innere Bewegung zu verbergen. Seit langer Zeit empfand das flatterhafte, leere Weib die erſte recht tiefe Sorge. Ihr war nach Mariens Heimkehr in deren Betragen und Weſen eine Aenderung aufgefallen, eine gewiſſe ernſt wehmüthige, gleichmäßige Heiterkeit, ein gewiſſes feſter Auftreten und ſicherer auf ſich ſelbſt Beruhen, wovon Frauen die Bedeutung ſchneller auffaſſen, oder leichter argwohnen, als wir Anderen. Vergeblich hatte ſie bisher die Veranlaſſung, den Gegenſtand, auszuſpähn ſich bemüht; doch jetzt trat ihr plötzlich der junge Bauernkerl vor Augen, den ſie an ihrem Tiſche hatte dulden müſſen. So ganz unwahrſcheinlich, als es ihr blieb, daß Marie in dem Maße ſich habe wegwerfen können, ſo vermochte ſie dennoch ihre brennenden Beſorgniſſe nicht gänzlich zu bemeiſtern. Obwohl es ihr gelang, ſie unter lebhaften Bezeigungen von Wärme und Zärtlichkeit zu verbergen, welche den Hausvater beinahe getäuſcht hätten und Marien nicht auffielen, weil ſie in ihrem Sinne zu beſchäftigt war, um darauf ernſtlich zu achten.

Am folgenden Morgen aber, nachdem ihr Gatte den Wagen beſtiegen, ſeine Reiſe angetreten hatte, kleidete ſie ſich ſchnell an, eine Verwandte aufzuſuchen, in deren Urtheil und Freundſchaft ſie ein ganz beſonderes Vertrauen ſetzte. Dieſer ſchloß ſie ihren Buſen ganz auf. Nach einigem Kopfſchütteln, die Lippen Schließen und anderen Aeußerungen großer Spannung und ernſthafter Ueberlegung rieth die thörichte Frau, den Miethkutſcher, welcher die Familie auf's Land gefahren, aus ſeinem Stalle herbeirufen zu laſſen, ihm Geld zu geben, und mit der gehörigen Umſicht ihn über Alles auszufragen, was er bemerkt haben könne. Glauben Sie mir, ſprach ſie mit großer Bedeutſamkeit, daß man von ſolchen Leuten ſtets Alles erfahren kann, was man nur wünſcht. Ich könnte Ihnen davon ſchöne Geſchichten erzählen. Sie ſehen Alles und erzählen es gern, wenn's ihnen Vortheil bringt. Man ſandte nach dem Menſchen. Er hatte bereits ſeinen Morgentrunk genommen und erhielt ſich mit Mühe im Stehen.

Sobald er ſein Aufgeld empfangen hatte, erzählte er willig ſo Viel und noch mehr, als ihm bekannt war. Der Zufall hatte ihn an jenem Abend, als er müſſig in den Feldern umherſchlenderte, auf dem Heimwege jener Stelle vorbeigeführt, wo unter den Pappeln am Bache die jungen Leute ſich beſprachen. Da hatte er geſehen, daß ſie einander umarmt hielten und in ſo weit berichtete er die Wahrheit. Allein, als die beiden Frauen, welche ihn verhörten, nicht unverſtändlich an den Tag legten, daß ſie noch mehr zu vernehmen wünſchen, ſetzte er aus dem Stegreif hinzu, was ihm wahrſcheinlich und glaubwürdig zu ſein dünkte; und daß Alles ſo unbefangen, als habe es vor ſeinen Augen ſich zugetragen. Die Mutter gab ihm noch mehr Geld und legte ihm dafür die Verpflichtung auf, ſtreng und gewiſſenhaft zu verſchweigen, was er geſehen und gehört haben wollte. Der gute Menſch, welcher nun erſt an ſeine eigenen Lügen zu glauben begann, erzählte ſie in der That nur etwa ſeinen Stallgenoſſen; dieſe weiterhin gelegentlich den Leuten, welche ſie über Land fuhren.

Nachdem ſie den Stallknecht entlaſſen, begaben ſich beide Frauen unmittelbar zu dem Vetter im Rathe. In deſſen Kabinet ward bei verſchloſſenen Thüren das entſetzliche Geheimniß mitgetheilt und ernſtlich berathen, was zu thun ſei, um wenigſtens das ſchwerſte Unglück noch abzuwenden. Es war nicht etwa die Buhlſchaft ſelbſt, welche den Berathenden ſo viel Anſtoß gab, und Sorge machte; nur die Befürchtung, welche die Mutter nicht länger glaubte verhehlen zu dürfen, daß ihr Gatte den Bauern begünſtige und die Abſicht hege, das Mädchen ihm zur Ehe zu geben. Das wäre ein entſetzliches Unglück, rief der Rathsherr, eine Schande für die geſammte Familie. Wenn dieſe Vermuthung in Erfüllung ginge, müßte ich ſelbſt, bei aller Achtung für Dero mir ſo werthe Perſon, doch öffentlich von dieſer Verwandtſchaft mich losſagen. Nein aber, das müſſen wir zu hintertreiben ſuchen. Wenn nur mein Franz dem Mädchen gefallen könnte! — Nun, wenn ſie's nur erſt begreift, daß ihr nichts Anderes übrig bleibt, um dem Makel zu entgehen, welcher, wenn ich die Welt kenne, von heut' an auf ihr haften wird (bei welchen Worten die Mutter leicht erblaßte), ſo mag es doch noch dahin kommen, daß ſie ſich beſinnt und der Vernunft Gehör gibt. — Achten Sie jetzt auf meine Worte und halten Sie reinen Mund, wenn Sie wollen, daß ich Ihnen helfe. Denn, kommt davon auch nur die Ahnung unter die Leute, ſo würde ich genöthigt ſein, mich aus der Sache ganz zurückzuziehn. Alſo hören Sie, erwägen Sie, und verſchweigen Sie.

Primo, haben wir das Mädchen einſtweilen von hier zu entfernen. Meine Couſine, welche für ſolche Unternehmungen wie geſchaffen iſt, reiſet in einigen Tagen nach einem etwa dreißig Meilen entlegenen Orte. Man vertraue dem jungen, ſo viel mir bekannt iſt, ganz unerfahrenen Frauenzimmer auf keine Weiſe, daß es bis dahin ſo weit, oder auch ſchütze man vor, was der weibliche Scharfſinn Ihnen eingeben wird, um ſie zur Mitreiſe zu bewegen. Iſt ſie nur erſt im Wagen, ſo wird meine Couſine, welche ich ſelbſt inſtruiren will, das junge Mädchen ſchon feſthalten.

Secundo, aber, iſt es jetzt gerade in der Conſcriptionszeit. Und da werde ich's ſo anzulegen wiſſen, daß man den frechen Bauernkerl, gleichviel ob mit Recht oder Unrecht, unter die Soldaten ſteckt, wo ſein Mütchen ihm ſchon gekühlt werden ſoll. Auch werde ich dafür ſorgen, daß man ihn weit weg in eine entfernte Garniſon ſchaffe. So was läßt ſich wohl noch einrichten. Doch Verſchwiegenheit, meine Damen, die ſtrengſte Verſchwiegenheit.

Dieſes ward angelobt und, in Anſehung der Wichtigkeit des Falles, oder auch der Furcht vor dem allmächtigen Vetter, das Verſprechen dasmal heilig gehalten. Beide Frauen waren unerſchöpflich im Preiſe der Klugheit und ſchnellen Faſſung ihres Gönners, eilten aber unter wiederholten Dankſagungen ihren Beſuch nun aufzuheben, damit er nicht etwa durch ſeine Länge bei müſſigen Spähern Vermuthungen erwecke.

Als am Nachmittage die gewandte, weltkundige, unternehmende Couſine ſich einſtellte, ward Marie zur Mutter hinaufgerufen. Von allen den zahlreichen Gliedern ihrer mütterlichen Verwandtſchaft war Marien dieſe Frau zwar nicht eigentlich die wertheſte, doch immer die wenigſt mißfällige. Sie war ſchön geweſen, hatte gefallen, machte bis auf die Stunde noch einige Anſprüche geltend und dieſes, ſagte die Welt, nicht ſo ganz ohne Glück und Erfolg. Ausgebreitete geſellige Verhältniſſe, mannichfaltige Abentheuer, häufige Reiſen und Ortsveränderungen hatten ſich vereinigt, aus dieſer Perſon Alles zu machen, was Umgang und Welt zu entwickeln vermögen. Mit größter Leichtigkeit verſetzte ſie ſich in die verſchiedenſten Menſchen, war hier leicht, dort ſtill und ernſt. Marien gefiel ſie durch eine gewiſſe Klarheit, Ruhe, Verſtändigkeit, welche ſie in Gegenwart des beſonnenen Mädchens auch unwillkürlich annahm und äußerte.

Anfangs ſprach man von ganz anderen Dingen, kam erſt im Verlaufe der Unterhaltung und ſcheinbar nur ganz zufällig auf die kleine Reiſe über Land, welche die liebe Couſine vorhabe. Nicht ungezwungen ward dabei ganz gelegentlich der Wunſch nach einer paſſlichen Reiſegeſellſchaft aufs Tapet gebracht. Wie lange werden Sie denn ausbleiben? fragte die Mutter. Nur ein paar Tage antwortete die Dame; und auf ſo lange, ſetzte ſie mit Gleichgültigkeit hinzu, könnten Sie Ihre Tochter wohl mir abtreten. Die Mutter machte zum Scheine die verabredeten Einwendungen, und Marie ſchwieg. Sie redeten darüber viel hin und her; und wahrlich ſpielte die Mutter ihre Rolle über die Erwartung gut; ſie ſchien durch die Andringlichkeit der Couſine nur hartnäckiger zu werden und auf alle Weiſe ihr widerſtreben zu wollen. Zuletzt wendete ſich die Couſine grade an Marie, bat ſie, bei ihrer Mutter ein gutes Wort einzulegen, ſie zur Nachgiebigkeit zu bewegen; ſtellte ihr die Landluft und die guten, reinen, ganz einfachen Menſchen, welche ſie beſuchen ſolle, in allen den Farben vor Augen, welche ihr zu Gebot ſtanden. Zwar hatte ſie ſelbſt nie ein Ackerfeld, nie einen Baum oder Strauch recht angeſehn, doch Einiges geleſen, und verſtand, daraus Vortheil zu ziehen. Denn recht geſchickt wußte ſie des Mädchens Imagination anzuregen, halbdeutliche Wünſche in ihrer Seele zu wecken, und brachte es, obwohl nicht ohne Anſtrengung, doch zuletzt dahin, daß Marie auf ihre Wünſche einging und ihre Mutter mit einer gewiſſen Wärme bat, zu dem kleinen Ausfluge ihre Einwilligung zu ertheilen.

Die Mutter gab endlich nach und ſtellte ſich, als ſei die Sache ihr eigentlich ganz ſo gleichgültig, als das Meiſte. Der Tag der Abreiſe ward nun feſtgeſetzt, auch verabredet, welche, oder wie viele Kleider man einpacken oder mitnehmen wolle. Man könne doch nicht wiſſen, ſagte die Couſine, ob nicht bei ihren Freunden, obwohl ſie das Gegentheil hoffe, gerade in denen Tagen Beſuch eintreffen und Geſellſchaft ſein werde; weßhalb ſie Marien rathe, wenigſtens ein beſſeres Kleid mitzunehmen. — Sie konnte die Freude, welche ſie empfand, nicht mehr verbergen, hielt auch eine längere Verſtellung für unnöthig, weil es nunmehr in ihrer Aufgabe lag, ſich recht ausnehmend zu freuen.

Es verfloſſen einige Tage, bis Alles zur Abreiſe vorgerichtet war; denn es haben Frauen bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten ungleich mehr zu thun und zu bedenken, als im Allgemeinen die Männer. Marie hatte in dieſer Zeit das Haus keinen Augenblick verlaſſen, der älteren Hausmagd mehrmal wiederholt, was ſie vornehmen ſolle, auch ſelbſt Hand angelegt, damit während ihrer Abweſenheit der Hausſtand nicht etwa in's Stocken komme, wie's zu geſchehen pflegt, wo der Gebieter fehlt. Es war daher in ihrer Seele nicht der leiſeſte Argwohn aufgeſtiegen, ihr nicht die entfernteſte Kunde zugekommen, daß ihre Reiſe bereits in der Stadt beſprochen, auch wohl boshaft ausgelegt und erklärt wurde. Mit unbefangener Heiterkeit beſtieg ſie den Wagen und gab, voll ſüßer Erinnerung hinausſehend in die offene Landſchaft, kaum darauf Acht, daß man ſehr oft die Pferde wechſelte, raſch fuhr und eine weite Strecke Weges mußte zurückgelegt haben, als es dämmerte und bald auch die Nacht hereinbrach. Erſt nachdem es auf der Straße ganz ſtill und immer finſterer zu werden begann, fragte ſie ihre Begleiterin zuletzt doch etwas ungeduldig, ob es noch weit hin ſei bis zu dem Landgute, welches in ihrer Meinung das Ziel der Reiſe war. Nicht mehr gar weit, antwortete die Couſine, doch fürchte ich, daß es, um noch heute dahinzukommen, es leicht zu ſpät werden dürfe. Ich liebe es nicht, ſehr ſpät Abends bei Freunden vorzufahren. Es ſtört die Leute in ihrer Ordnung; und ich vermeide es gern, meinen Freunden unbequem und läſtig zu werden. Nicht wahr, liebe Marie, Sie ſtimmen mir bei, daß es beſſer ſein wird, wir bleiben die Nacht in einem Gaſthauſe, um dann Morgen früh, oder gegen Mittag auf das Schloß zu fahren. Ich habe darüber Nichts zu entſcheiden, ſagte Marie etwas verſtimmt, und muß mir gefallen laſſen, was Ihnen gut und angemeſſen zu ſein dünkt. Es ward indeß ziemlich ſpät, ehe die beiden Frauen das beſprochene Gaſthaus erreichten. Marie hatte im Wagen geſchlafen; Alles ging der böſen Couſine nach Wunſch.

Am andern Morgen ward ſehr frühe geweckt. Wir müſſen forteilen, ſagte die Couſine beim Aufſtehen; denn ich habe gehört, daß es noch weiter dahin iſt, als ich geglaubt. Tummeln wir uns, um noch zu Mittag anzukommen. Mein Gott, ſprach Marie, noch ſo weit und geſtern ſind wir den ganzen Tag gefahren und müſſen ſchon fern von Hauſe ſein. Hätte ich das gewußt. Beruhigen Sie ſich, meine Liebe, entgegnete die Andere, aus Unkenntniß habe ich den weiteren Weg eingeſchlagen; auf der Rückreiſe wollen wir den geraden nehmen, der nur ſechs bis acht Meilen beträgt. Marie gab ſich verſtimmt in ihr Schickſal. Es ging noch raſcher vorwärts, als am vergangenen Tage, was anfangs das arme Mädchen, wenn nicht erheiterte, doch zerſtreute. Allein, als wiederum der Mittag herbeikam, als die Sonne noch ein Mal ſich wiederum zu neigen begann, erwachte in ihr ein unbeſtimmtes, an Beſorgniß grenzendes Mißtrauen. Sie verlor ſich in Vermuthungen, doch ohne jemals die rechte Spur zu finden! bis ſie, aus ihrem Nachſinnen erwachend, die Sonne noch ein Mal dem Untergange ganz nahe ſah, und bei dieſem Anblicke entſetzt ausrief: mein Gott es wird noch einmal Abend! Wohin bringen Sie mich, was iſt das? — Ach, mein gutes Kind, antwortete die Couſine ſchmeichelnd, machen Sie ſich keine unnöthige Sorge. Ich will Ihnen Alles eingeſtehn. Als ich vorhin ausſtieg, um in die Poſt zu gehen, fand ich einen Brief meiner Freundin vor. Sie ſchreibt mir, daß ſie auf ein Paar Tage in die nächſte Stadt gefahren ſei, in welcher wir in einigen Stunden anlangen werden. Sie bittet mich dringend, ihr dahin zu folgen und verſpricht uns die freundlichſte Aufnahme. Nachher fahren wir mit ihr auf das Gut und dann zurück nach Hauſe. Unſere Reiſe wird hiedurch mehr Wechſel und neue Annehmlichkeiten erhalten. Tröſten Sie ſich, es ſoll deßhalb nicht mehr Zeit darauf gehen, als ich vom Anfang her für dieſe Ausflucht beſtimmt hatte.

Marie beruhigte ſich nur zur Hälfte, faßte ſich indeß und ergab ſich in das Unabänderliche. Tief bereute ſie, das väterliche Haus verlaſſen zu haben; denn ſie begann, ohne darin recht klar zu ſehen, gegen die Abſichten ihrer Führerin ein ernſtliches Mißtrauen zu faſſen. Sie nahm ſich vor, auf ihrer Hut zu ſein. Allein, wäre es ihr nun auch gelungen, den Plan ihrer Feinde ganz zu durchſchaun, wie hätte ſie jetzt noch ſich retten können, ſie, ein unerfahrenes Mädchen, mitten in einem Lande, von welchem ſie nie hatte reden hören, wo ſie mit keiner Seele bekannt war.

Einige Beruhigung meinte ſie, als der Wagen nun endlich anhielt, in dem Umſtande zu finden, daß jene Verwandte oder Freundin, welche ihre Führerin aufſuchte, in einem Hauſe wohnte, deſſen Größe die, ihres väterlichen Hauſes nur um wenig überſtieg, während die Einrichtung zwar mehr Anſpruch, doch ungleich weniger Wohlſtand und Reichthum verrieth. Sie glaubte nun mindeſtens zu Perſonen nicht höheren Standes gekommen zu ſein, als der, in welchem ſie erzogen war. Doch enthüllte es ſich bald, daß ihre Wirthin, welche ſie überfreundlich aufnahm, die Gattin, oder Wittwe eines Mannes war, den ein Titel ſchmückte, oder vormals geſchmückt hatte. Dieſer Mann kam indeſſen weder jetzt, noch ſpäter, jemals zum Vorſchein. Marie aber wagte nicht zu fragen; denn ſie wollte nicht verrathen, daß ſie die Verhältniſſe, in welche ihre unbedachte Willfährigkeit ſie verwickelt hatte, näher zu kennen, ſo viel fürchtete als wünſchte.

In dieſem Hauſe zeigte ſich, außer der Wirthin, nur eine Geſellſchafterin der ſchon alternden Frau. Marie erhielt ein eigenes ſehr hübſches Kabinet; es befremdete ſie, daß ihre Führerin ſo weit ſich ausbreitete, in den beſten Zimmern ſich einrichtete, und überhaupt in dem Hauſe befahl und gebot, als ſei's das ihrige.

Während es der Couſine ſo leicht gelang, Marien aus ihrer Vaterſtadt zu entführen, ging daheim auch dem Rathsherrn, weil er die Sachen am rechten Ende anzufaſſen verſtand, Alles über ſeine kühnſte Erwartung glücklich. Freilich ward die Aufgabe, den jungen Bauern zu entfernen, auf erſten Blick durch ein Geſetz erſchwert, welches den einzigen Sohn jeglichen Erbes vom Kriegsdienſte befreite. Allein es fiel ihm nicht gar ſchwer, der Mitwirkung verſchiedener Perſonen ſich zu verſichern, denen in ſolchen Fällen zu entſcheiden, oder, auf etwa erhobene Klagen und Einſprüche, an höhere Behörden zu berichten, oblag. Denn es waren eben dieſe, ſeine lang erprobten und bewährten Freunde, daher bereitwillig und ſogar erfreut, daß eine Gelegenheit ſich darbot, mit ſo geringer Bemühung ihm auszuhelfen. Wilhelm, den man ohne deutliche Bezeichnung des Zweckes auf das Amt geladen hatte, war nicht ſo leicht zu überraſchen; er kannte ſein Recht und verſuchte, es geltend zu machen. Allein er war, worauf man gezählt hatte, ganz ungeübt, ſeine Worte gehörig abzumeſſen; es entglitten ihm unziemliche Ausdrücke, er fehlte gegen die Ehrerbietung, welche der Obrigkeit nothwendiger Anſpruch iſt. Dieſe Reden und freien Ausdrücke wurden eingetragen, er ſelbſt als ein Widerſpänſtiger verhaftet, deſſen Temperament und weiterem Vorhaben nicht zu trauen ſei, darauf ſchon in der folgenden Nacht in eine weit entfernte Beſatzung abgeführt.

Marie ſaß in dieſer Zeit einen großen Theil des langen Tages einſam auf ihrem Zimmer, hing ihren trüben Vorgefühlen nach, oder ſann über die Pläne und Abſichten ihrer Entführerin, deren Sinn und Zweck ſie noch immer nicht ganz verſtand. Die Couſine hatte ſo viele Beſuche theils zu empfangen, theils zu erwidern, daß ſie vergaß, oder abgehalten war, nach ihrer Begleiterin häufig ſich umzuſehen. Dann ſchien ſie plötzlich auf ſie wiederum ſich zu beſinnen, machte ſich mit ihr mehr zu ſchaffen, als Marie liebte und wünſchte, und zog ſie allmählig, wider die Neigung des häuslich und arbeitſam gewöhnten Mädchens, in den bewegten Kreis ihrer zahlreichen Bekanntſchaften. Unter ſo vielen Menſchen ſah Marie kein einziges Geſicht, welches ihr nicht durchaus widerſtrebt hätte. In ihrer Freundlichkeit glaubte ſie Etwas von Tücke des Blickes, von jenen unfreiwilligen Zuckungen wahrzunehmen, welche ſchlimmen Menſchen und reiſſenden Thieren etwas Grauenhaftes, Entſetzliches geben. Auch war es ihr unheimlich und verdächtig, daß man ihr überall entgegen kam, ſich an ſie drängte; während von ihrer Seite Nichts geſchah, die Menſchen anzulocken, ihre Miene ſtets ernſt blieb, ihre Erwiderung kalt und ſelbſt zurückweiſend. Man ſagte ihr Viel über ihre Schönheit, was, zu ihrem Verdruß, ſie jedesmal erröthen machte. Auch lobten die Frauen in ihrer Bekleidung Wahl und Einfachheit; blickten jedoch dabei nicht unzufrieden auf die Franzen und Verbrämungen ihrer eigenen ſchönen Gewänder.

Wenn in dieſer Geſellſchaft, welche [illegible] die beſte und erſte der Stadt war, die leere Lüge und ſchmeichelnde Abſichtlichkeit ſo grell und ſcharf hervortrat, daß ſogar Marie ſie durchſah und keinen Augenblick von ihr getäuſcht wurde, ſo ſchien der Oberſt des hier einliegenden Regiments, wenn er abwechſelnd einmal in dem äußerſt gemiſchten Kreiſe der Couſine ſich zeigte, durch ſein edleres, freieres Betragen Marien den anderen gegenüber ein beſſerer und wahrer Menſch zu ſein. Sie wies ihn daher nicht entſchieden zurück, wenn er zuweilen mit Achtung ihr ſich näherte, ſie fragte, wie ſie an dem Orte ihres jetzigen Aufenthaltes ſich gefalle, ob ſie leſe, arbeite, ſpazieren gehe, und, was ſonſt unter ganz fremden Leuten zur Anknüpfung von Geſprächen geeignet iſt. Er war ein Graf, ein Mann von ſehr vornehmem Geſchlechte, dabei jung genug für die bedeutende Stellung, welche er bereits im Kriegsdienſte ſeines Fürſten einnahm. In der Stadt genoß er des Rufes, die Frauen zu lieben und von ihnen begünſtigt zu werden; indeß war das verächtliche Weib, welches Mariens ſich bemächtigt hatte, auf Nichts weniger bedacht, als das Mädchen vor ſeinen Anſprüchen zu warnen. Im Gegentheil war es ihr ganz erwünſcht, daß Marie den vornehmen Beſuch anzuziehen, den Oberſten zu veranlaſſen ſchien, häufiger, als ſonſt, ihr Haus zu beſuchen. Vergebens hatte ſie bei einem früheren Aufenthalte in dieſer Stadt, ihn zu feſſeln geſucht, ſah ihn daher gegenwärtig mit einer gewiſſen Schadenfreude gewonnen. [illegible] um ſie zu ſein, ihr ſchön zu thun, damit er Vorwand und Gelegenheit habe, mit dem jungen Mädchen am Ende doch nur gleichgültige Worte auszuwechſeln.

Nach einigen in der peinlichſten Unruhe verlebten Wochen ſah Marie eines Tages den Neffen des Rathsherrn, ihren läſtigſten Bewerber, in das Empfangzimmer der Couſine eintreten. Er wendete ſich, nachdem er die Wirthin begrüßt hatte, unmittelbar an ſie und überreichte ihr ein Schreiben ihrer Mutter. Sie trat an die Seite, den Brief einige Male zu überleſen; denn es war nicht ſo leicht, die Schrift der hochmüthigen, doch ſehr ungebildeten Frau zu leſen, noch, wenn dies geglückt war, ihre Meinung ganz recht zu verſtehn. Die Mutter ſchrieb, dem Inhalt nach: daß ſie zur Kunde gebracht habe, wie die Couſine, ihren erſten Plan aufgebend, nun wahrſcheinlich in der Hauptſtadt, wo ſie jetzt verweile, den ganzen Sommer zubringen werde. Wenn dieſe Weiſe Marien gefalle, ſo möge ſie nur auf ſo lange, als die Couſine ſie behalten wolle, dort bleiben, und nach den Umſtänden auch mit ihr heimkehren. Wenn ſie hingegen ſich nach Hauſe ſehne, ſo müſſe ſie wohl ſich entſchließen, mit dem Vetter zurückzureiſen, welcher die weite Fahrt bloß ihretwillen unternommen habe, was doch eine große Gefälligkeit ſei, für welche ſie dem liebenswürdigen jungen Manne hoffentlich ſich dankbar beweiſen werde.

Ein rechtes Mädchen iſt nie überängſtlich und rückſichtsvoll, findet indeß durch den angebornen Takt ihres Geſchlechtes ſchnell und leicht auf, was für ſie jedesmal ſich ſchickt und ziemt. Marie ſah daher ſogleich, daß ihrer Mutter, wie ſie glaubte, nur leichtſinniger Vorſchlag nicht ausführbar ſei; daß eine Reiſe in Begleitung dieſes Menſchen ihr Verbindlichkeiten auflegen, und in allerlei Mißlichkeiten ſie verwickeln müſſe. Allein auf der anderen Seite fiel es ihr ſchwer, mit der Vorſtellung ſich auszuſöhnen, daß ſie den langen Sommer von Allem getrennt, was ihr gewohnt und lieb war, im Hauſe der Couſine verderben ſolle. Noch immer hatte ſie keine deutliche Anſchauung des Truges und Verrathes, welcher ſie umgab; ſie glaubte ganz ſicher zu ſein, nur die hohle Spannung und gänzliche Leere des Kreiſes, in welchem ſie ſich bewegte, gar nicht länger ertragen zu können. Hätte ſie Alles durchſchaut und gewußt, ſo dürfte ſie leichtlich dem Andrange ſo viel verworrener Bilder und zerreiſſender Gefühle unterlegen ſein. Denn, gleich anderen geſunden und feſten Menſchen, war ſie ſtarker und mächtiger Empfindungen fähig, deren volle Gewalt ſie in ihrem ſtillen und häuslichen Leben bisher nicht erprobt, noch gegen ſie durch Gebete ſich gewaffnet hatte.

Wohin ſie nun auch in einſamen Stunden ihre Gedanken wendete, ſah ſie doch nirgendwo einen Ausweg, ſich der ſonderbaren, ſcheinbar ganz ſanften und gleichgültigen Gewalt zu entziehen, welche die Couſine über ſie geltend machte. Gern hätte ſie dem Vater geſchrieben; doch wußte ſie nicht, wo er eben damals ſich aufhielt. Sonſt beſaß ſie in ihrer Vaterſtadt keinen einzigen ganz ſicheren, wohlerprobten Freund. Es iſt die Kehrſeite einer enghäuslichen Erziehung, daß ſie die Jugend unbehülflich macht, aus verwickelten Lagen ſich herauszuziehen.

Zum erſten Male in ihrem Leben ſuchte Marie jetzt ſich ſelbſt auszuweichen, beſuchte daher viel häufiger als ſonſt die tägliche Geſellſchaft der Couſine. In dieſer Änderung glaubten die Verbündeten ein glückliches Vorzeichen zu erblicken und ſuchten auf ihre Weiſe das Mädchen in dem Geſchmacke zu beſtärken, welchen ſie, wie ſie meinten, nunmehr am großen Leben zu faſſen begann. Vornehmlich der Vetter beeiferte ſich bei jeder Gelegenheit, Marien, wie man's nennt, den Hof zu machen. Doch befreite ſie ein Umſtand von ſeinen Zudringlichkeiten, den Niemand bisher vorhergeſehen.

Seit dem erſten Auftreten des Vetters, deſſen Ausdruck durch eine wüſt verlebte Jugend bereits ſehr verzogt war, hatte der Oberſt gegen ihn eine Miſchung von Widerwilligkeit und Verachtung an den Tag gelegt. Doch ließ er anfangs der Unverſchämtheit und Anmaßung des jungen Mannes ihren freien Lauf. Nicht lange indeß, ſo begann er Ungeduld zu verrathen, die Farbe zu ändern; begann ſein Auge zu glühen, wenn er den breiten Menſchen Scherze ohne Witz und Salz, oder nur halbſchürige Thorheiten mit eitlen Seitenblicken und ſeltenen Unterbrechungen ſo eilig vor ſich hinzublaſen ſah und hörte, als ſei's eine große Summe in ſchlechteſter Münzſorte. Der alberne Menſch bemerkte noch immer Nichts, als den Beifall der Couſine, oder der übrigen Damen, welche in Allem der Tonangeberin willig ſich anſchloſſen. So kam es denn zuletzt dahin, daß ihn der Oberſt eines Tages im Fluſſe ſeiner Rede plötzlich unterbrach, um, voll Unmuth und im bariſchen Tone, die Anmaßlichkeit, Wichtigkeit, Schiefheit ſeines Geredes, die Albernheit ſeiner Anmaßung, die Widrigkeit ſeiner Perſon ihm ſchonungslos vorzuhalten. Während dieſer Zurechtweiſung drängte er den geſchreckten Bewerber allmählich von Mariens Seite fort. Der arme Menſch deutete dieſe Handlung ganz richtig aus und hielt ſich in der Folge ſo weit entfernt, als ſein Gegner zu fordern ſchien.

Lange vor dieſem förmlichen Auftritte war der junge Landmann in der Beſatzung angelangt. Das harte Gefühl ſchmachvoll erlittenen Unrechts milderten gütige Obere, freundlich geſinnte Kameraden; ſeine Lage war demnach auf keine Weiſe dem Jammer der ehrlichen Landleute zu vergleichen, als ſie, einige Tage nach jenem Ereigniß, in Kenntniß brachten, daß man ihren Sohn zum Soldaten gemacht und gewaltſam entführet habe. Auf welche Veranlaſſung, mit welchem Grunde, wohin man ihn gebracht, das Alles ward ihnen verhehlt. Auf dem Amte zuckte man die Achſeln, ließ ein Paar Worte fallen, in welchen auf unziemliches Betragen und ſtrafwürdige Vergehungen entfernt hingedeutet wurde. Der Aushebung, ſagte man, ſei Nichts mehr entgegen zu ſtellen; man könne das Geſchehene nicht rückgängig machen. Doch ſei Hoffnung vorhanden, daß man ſeine Dienſtzeit abkürzen werde, wenn er ſelbſt und wenn auch die Eltern ſich ruhig verhalten, geduldig in das Unabwendliche ſich ergeben. Sie mögen ſich tröſten, ſo gut ſie können, weil nun einmal vor der Hand ihnen nicht mehr zu helfen ſei.

Wenn nur der Vetter erſt heimgekommen wäre, ſeufzte der Alte. Was hilft es am Ende, wenn wir nun auch einen Advocaten annehmen, wie's der Schulze und Prediger mir anräth. Die Leute verſprechen ſtets Viel, und wenn's daran geht, ihr Wort zu erfüllen, ſo haben ſie glatte Ausreden und eine hohle Hand dazu. Ich kenne nicht einen Einzigen, auf den ich ein feſtes Vertrauen ſetzen könnte. Wenn nur wenigſtens der Uhrmacher einmal herüber käme; der hat doch mehr Kenntniß von ſolchen Sachen. Nun, ſprach ſeine Alte, ſchicken wir ihm den Wagen hinüber, und laſſen ihn ſchön bitten, zu kommen. Er wird uns nicht fehlen in dieſer Noth, denn er iſt ſo gut, als er klug und erfahren iſt.

Der Uhrmacher ließ nicht auf ſich warten; er war bereits mit dem Ereigniß bekannt, welches in der Gegend Aufſehn gemacht, und bei den Landleuten eine bedenkliche Aufregung hervorgerufen hatte. Er fand anfangs vor Betrübniß keine Worte, was den Alten Zeit gab, ihr Herz ganz auszuſchütten, und ihm zu erzählen, was ſie von dem Vorgange wußten, oder zu wiſſen glaubten. Nachdem er ſie angehört, fragte er, ob ſie denn auch wiſſen, daß Marie, welche doch zu ihnen habe kommen ſollen, ſeit einem Monat aus der Stadt wie verſchwunden ſei. Niemand könne ſagen wohin; doch habe er die Sache bei ſeiner letzten Meßwanderung ausgekundſchaftet. Nun, bat er, ihn ruhig anzuhören, und erzählte den Alten, welche ein Mal über das andere ſich ſegneten, was von dem Plane der Mutter und ihrer Verwandten ihm bekannt geworden. Und, ſchloß er, Ihr werdet auch ſehn, daß ich Recht behalte, daß Wilhelms Aushebung zum Soldaten mit dieſer Geſchichte zuſammenhängt, wie das eine Ende der Kette mit dem andern.

Aber, ſagte die Alte, welche den Anfang ſeiner Erzählung ſchon vergeſſen hatte und den Zuſammenhang der Begebenheit noch immer nicht deutlich einſah, aber, ſagte ſie, ſprecht nur das eine Wort aus, ob uns zu helfen iſt, ob ich mein einziges Kind noch ein Mal wiederſehn und an mein Herz drücken werde, oder ob Alles dahin und verloren iſt. Hm, antwortete der Uhrmacher, zum Verzweifeln kommt man nie zu ſpät. Ich meine, daß wir den Burſchen ſchon wieder losmachen werden. Wäre nur Marie in der Nähe; die muß wiſſen, wo ihr Vater jetzt ſich aufhält, und von dem muß das Beſte kommen, denn er hat Geld, einen offenen Kopf, kennt die Welt, und weiß mit den Menſchen umzugehn. Oder, könnte ich nur ſelbſt hinübergehn, mich mit ihr zu beſprechen, nach dem Orte, wo ſie jetzt ſich aufhält. Allein das würde Viel koſten und in dem Augenblicke wüßte ich nicht einmal den Zehrpfennig für die Meinigen herbeizuſchaffen, wie viel weniger das Reiſegeld. Bedenkt Euch recht, ſagte der Hausvater; dreißig Meilen hin und zurück ſind ein weiter Weg. Allein, wenn Ihr zu gehn entſchloſſen ſeid, ſo nehmt aus meinem Kaſten ſo viel Ihr braucht, fünfzig, hundert und noch mehr Thaler; denn ich habe Gottlob Geld genug, daran fehlt es nicht, wenn nur Rath und Hülfe kommt. Auch iſt es ja meine Sache, ſo daß mir nicht allein obliegt, alle Koſten zu tragen, ſondern auch ſelbſt Euch zu lohnen und ſchadlos zu halten. Langt zu, da habt ihr den Schlüſſel und nehmt Gottes Lohn und guter Leute Segen mit auf den Weg.

Seit dieſem Geſpräche waren nicht ſo gar viele Tage verlaufen, als der ländliche Handwerker eines Abends ſpät in der Stadt eintraf, wo Marie damals ſich aufhielt. Aus Vorſicht, oder Wirthſchaftlichkeit, hatte er ſchon auf dem Wege das entlegenſte und dunkelſte Gaſthaus ſich erfragt, in welchem er jetzt abſtieg und ſogleich ein kleines Zimmer ſich anweiſen ließ. Nachdem er ein wenig ausgeruht, ließ er Papier und ein Schreibzeug herbeibringen; denn nach langem Ueberlegen ſchien es ihm ſicherer, Marie ſchriftlich von ſeiner Ankunft in Kenntniß zu ſetzen und ſie zu bitten, ihm Ort, Tag und Stunde zu melden, da er ſie allein treffen und mit ihr verabreden könne, was zu thun ſei. Das Schreiben war dem redlichen Handwerker nicht geläufig. Doch kam er über die Arbeit in Feuer und füllte, da er doch nur wenige Zeilen hatte ſchreiben wollen, im Umſehn den ganzen Bogen; dabei Alles erzählend und ausſchwatzend, was daheim ſich zugetragen.

Noch war er damit beſchäftigt, ſeinen Brief zu ſchließen und mit der Aufſchrift zu verſehn, als die Wäſcherin des Gaſthauſes hereintrat, dem neuen Ankömmling ihre Dienſte anzubieten. Sogleich, ſogleich! rief er ihr zu, warte Sie nur ein wenig, es wird ſchon was zu thun geben. Aber, ſprach er, noch immer mit ſeinem Briefe beſchäftigt, ſage Sie mir doch, wenn Sie etwa in der Stadt bekannt iſt, wo das Haus der Frau Kammerräthin liegt. Das iſt mir freilich wohl bekannt, erwiederte ſie, denn ich helfe dort in der Wäſche, und habe ſo eben noch für das fremde Fräulein was zu nähen gehabt. Ich weiß nicht, wie's damit zuſammenhängt, aber gewiß fehlte es dem lieben Kinde an ſo Vielem, daß ich ſelbſt und meine Gehülfin die Zeit her unabläſſig für ſie habe arbeiten müſſen. In ſo weit, dachte er bei ſich, wäre ſie gerade die rechte. Allein aus demſelben Grunde dürfte ihr auch nicht ganz zu trauen ſein. Er beſann ſich und behielt dabei das Frauenzimmer unverwandt in den Augen. Da ſchien es ihm mit einem Male, als könne er ſich auf ſie verlaſſen. Will Sie, ſprach er, jetzt gleich einen Thaler, und, wenn Sie die Antwort bringt, noch einen zweiten verdienen? Die Näherin blickte ihn fragend, doch gar nicht abweiſend an; ſie hatte oft ſolche Aufträge beſorgt, und dabei ihren Vortheil gefunden. Dieſer Brief, ſagte er darauf, ſoll und muß ohne Zeugen an die Perſon übergeben an welche die Aufſchrift lautet. Kann Sie Geſchriebenes leſen? fragte er. Freilich wohl, antwortete ſie. Kennt Sie Marien? fragte er noch ein Mal. Eben habe ich, ſagte ſie, für Fräulein Marie einige Wäſche fertig genäht, und dachte es morgen früh an ſie abzuliefern. Und dabei auch dieſen Brief? fragte er. Geben Sie nur her, ſagte ſie lächelnd, ich werde Ihnen bald die Antwort bringen, möge ſie nun an Sie ſelbſt, oder an ſonſt Jemand gerichtet ſein. Es war dem guten Weibe nicht zu verargen, daß ſie den Uhrmacher, deſſen Anſehn gemein war, für ihres Gleichen nahm, das iſt, für einen Vermittler und Zuträger und Ueberbringer guter Neuigkeiten.

Die Mittlerin wußte, daß Marie ſtets früher aufſtand, als das übrige Haus, wählte daher, in der Hoffnung ſie allein zu treffen, die Morgenſtunde zur Ablieferung der eben fertig daliegenden Arbeit. Marie war allmählig zu dem Gefühle gelangt, daß man unter dem Vorwande gaſtfreundlicher Fürſorge ſie gleich einer Gefangenen bewache, wagte indeß noch immer nicht, ganz deutlich zu denken, was ſie ahnete. Sie pflegte in dieſen einſamen Morgenſtunden ihren unbeſtimmten Gefühlen, quälenden Ungewißheiten, träumend nachzuhängen, zeigte daher, als die Näherin eintrat, keine Spur jener Theilnahme, welche Arbeiten dieſer Art den Mädchen einflößen ſollen. Gleichgültig nahm ſie die Sachen in Empfang und ordnete ſie aus bloßer Gewohnung wohl aufgeſtrichen in das Schubfach. Die Wäſcherin ſah dabei dem ſtillen Mädchen eine Weile nicht ohne Antheil und Rührung zu; die Botſchaft, welche ſie des Gewinnes willen übernommen, erſchien ihr nun zu ihrer Beruhigung gleichſam als ein gutes Werk; denn ſie bezweifelte nicht länger, daß jener Brief, den ſie jetzt aus ihrem Buſen hervorzog, mit der Trauer des ſchönen Kindes in engem Verbande ſtehe. Ein alter Mann, hub ſie an, welcher aus der Fremde angekommen iſt und Sie genau zu kennen ſcheint, hat mir den Auftrag gegeben, Ihnen dieſen Brief einzuhändigen.

Marie ſah der Frau ſtreng ins Geſicht; es verſprach nicht viel Gutes; der Brief indeß, welcher auf grobem Papier geſchrieben und roh verſiegelt war, glich einem Bittſchreiben der Art, als arme Leute ſie bei den Reichen einzugeben pflegen. Sie nahm ihn der Ueberbringerin gleichgültig aus der vorgehaltnen Hand und gab ihr, auf deren Anfrage, den Beſcheid, daß ſie am folgenden Morgen die Antwort empfangen ſolle, wenn anders eine Antwort darauf erfolgen könne. Auch, nachdem die Frau ſich entfernt hatte, behielt Marie den Brief, deſſen Siegel den Abdruck einer Münze zeigte, deſſen Aufſchrift ſie an nichts Bekanntes erinnerte, noch lange Zeit unruhvoll und zweifelhaft in der Hand. Es war daher, als ſie endlich ihn aufbrach und aus der Unterſchrift erkannte, daß er von ihrem alten Freunde und Verwandten geſchrieben ſei, bereits zu ſpät, die Ueberbringerin zurückzurufen, um über die Perſon, von welcher ſie den Brief empfangen, ſie umſtändlich auszufragen.

Der Inhalt des Schreibens, welches ſie jetzt ſchnell durchging, ließ ſie in Zweifel, ob der Uhrmacher ſelbſt anweſend ſei, oder nur aus der Ferne an ſie geſchrieben habe. In ſeinem Eifer Alles, was in der Stadt, was auf dem Amte ſich zugetragen hatte, recht umſtändlich zu melden, war dem guten Alten der Faden entſchlüpft, hatte er ganz vergeſſen, dem Mädchen anzuzeigen, daß er am Orte ſei und mit ihr zu reden wünſche, worauf es doch ſelbſt ihm vornehmlich angekommen ſchien. Der Brief enthielt noch eine leidlich klare Entwickelung der Abſichten und Ränke, welche Mariens mütterliche Verwandte auf ſie gefaßt und zum Theil ſchon in Ausführung gebracht hatten, eine verwickelte ganz räthſelhafte Erzählung von Wilhelms Aufhebung und Entführung, welche die Klugheit gebot, dem Mädchen ganz zu verhehlen, wenigſtens nur mit großer Vorſicht ihr mitzutheilen. — Auch in den gebildeten Ständen zeigt ſich der gute Wille häufig genug von jener zarten Schonung und Rückſicht entblößt, deren Gewohnheit und Uebung das Wahrzeichen feiner und edler Sitten iſt.

Nun erſt begann Marie die Hülfloſigkeit ihrer Lage zu überſehn, ganz deutlich zu begreifen, daß ſie von einer thörichten Mutter dem ſchlechteſten Menſchen geopfert und hingegeben, und im eigentlichſten Sinne deren Gefangene ſei. Bald auch mahnte ſie ihre heiße brennende Sorge um Wilhelm, daß ſie dem Jüngling mehr als geneigt ſei, daß ſie ihn liebe, mit Ausſchließung jedes anderen Gefühles und Wunſches ihn und nur ihn liebe. Einige Minuten lang blieb ſie regungslos ſtehn; ſie war einer Ohnmacht nahe. Doch, als ſie nun allmählig Alles geſchehenen wiederum ſich bewußt ward, erwachte in ihr der Unwille, der Stolz und mit ihm auch die Luſt und der Muth, ihre verächtlichen Gegner zu bekämpfen, die Hoffnung, ſie noch zu beſiegen. Gutartige, offene, einfache Menſchen ſind freilich leicht zu hintergehn; doch, wenn ſie die Argliſt durchſchauen, nothwendig deren gefährlichſte Gegner, weil das Recht ihnen Muth und Zuverſicht, die Einfachheit des Sinnes ihren Handlungen etwas Großartiges, Uebermächtiges [illegible].

Es war auf den heutigen Nachmittag ſchon ſeit längerer Zeit ein Spaziergang verabredet worden, an welchem mit einer zahlreichen Geſellſchaft auch der Obriſt hatte Theil nehmen wollen. Unter den Hausfreunden der Couſine glaubte Marie nur dieſem Manne vertrauen zu dürfen; ſie wußte mit Sicherheit, daß er in die Ränke ihrer Wirthin auf keine Weiſe verwickelt war, vielmehr die Perſon, welche man ihr zum Gatten aufdrängen wollte, gleich ſehr verachtete und haßte, als ſie ſelbſt. Auch lag in dem Weſen des edel auftretenden, im beſten Sinne des Wortes kriegeriſch ſich gebahrenden Mannes etwas ihrem Sinne Zuſagendes. Gewiß war ſein Verſtand richtig, ſein Geſchmack edel, ſeine Manier, ſie auszuzeichnen, offen und voll ſchonender Rückſicht. Dieſen guten Eigenſchaften diente der geringe und ſchlechte Ton der übrigen Geſellſchaft gleichſam zur Folie, ſo daß Marie nicht ſo gar Viel vom Ihrigen hinzuſetzte, wenn ſie in ihm nicht blos einen klaren und beſonnenen, nein auch einen edlen, fein fühlenden, ritterlichen Mann zu ſehen glaubte.

In dieſer Ueberzeugung, oder Meinung beſchloß ſie, dem Obriſten ſich anzuvertrauen und den heutigen Spaziergang, welchen der heitere Morgen zu begünſtigen verſprach, zu einer unbehorchten Unterredung zu benutzen. Er pflegte bei ſolchen Ausflügen ſie zu führen und hatte die Uebrigen daran gewöhnt, ſich in einiger Entfernung zu halten, wenn er mit Marien ſprach, deren große Einfachheit und tiefe Wahrheit ihn mehr bezauberte und feſſelte, als er ſelbſt noch ſich eingeſtand.

Die Ahndung, welche die Frauen ſelten verläßt, gab dem Mädchen ein, bis zum Mittag in ihrem Zimmer ſich verſchloſſen zu halten; man war daran gewöhnt, ſie bisweilen auf dieſe Weiſe halbe Tage lang ſich abſondern zu ſehn und ihren Grillen, wie's die Couſine nannte, freien Lauf zu laſſen; weshalb es nicht weiter auffiel, als ſie Mittags, zwar ſchon geſammelt, doch nicht ohne alle Spuren tiefer Gemüthsunruhe aus ihrer Klauſe hervorkam. Keine erleichternde Thräne hatte ſie aus ihren heißen, brennenden Augen hervordrängen können. Unwille und heftiger Zorn kämpften in ihrem Gemüthe gegen Schmerz und Mitleid; und über beide ſiegte endlich ihr gewagter, doch eben deßhalb kühner und männlicher Entwurf, den Obriſten in ihr Geheimniß zu ziehen, durch ihn Wilhelms Befreiung zu bewirken, und mit ſeiner Hülfe ſich ſelbſt aus der Gewalt ihrer Entführerin zu befreien.

Wenn ſie dann Alles durchgedacht, es deutlich genug ihr vorſchwebte, wie ſie die mißliche Eröffnung einleiten, wie die Theilnahme des Obriſten erwecken wolle, und nun für einen Augenblick nachzudenken und zu berechnen aufhörte; da trat immer wieder das Bild der trauernden Eltern vor ihre Seele und mit ihm zugleich, Wilhelms. Er war ihr nie ſo ſchön, noch ſo edel und Antheil erweckend vorgekommen, als jetzt in der Erinnerung. — Es iſt ein großer Augenblick jener, da's dem Menſchen zum erſten Male deutlich wird, daß er wahrhaft, daß er mit Entzückung und Hingebung, mit gänzlicher Vergeſſenheit ſeiner ſelbſt, liebe. Ein ſolcher Augenblick giebt der Seele mehr Schwung, dem Charakter mehr Stärke, als jede andere, noch ſo heilige Geſinnung, und nothwendig, wenn Liebe, wie man doch ſagt, ein Anklang iſt aus den Tiefen des Urſprünglichen und Ewigen.

Gewiß fühlte ſich Marie über das Nahe und Beengte kleinlicher Lebensverhältniſſe wie durch ein Wunder hinausgehoben, muthiger, entſchloſſener, als ſie's je von ſich zu denken gewagt.

Die Geſellſchaft vereinigte ſich zeitig und man würde ſogleich gegangen ſein, hätte nicht der Obriſt, den Dienſtgeſchäfte aufhalten mochten, noch immer auf ſich warten laſſen. Sein Ausbleiben machte Marien mehr Ungeduld und wahre Sorge, als den Uebrigen, blieb aber in der Unruhe des Tages glücklicher Weiſe ganz unbemerkt. Als darauf der ſehnlichſt Erwartete nun endlich eintraf und, nach einer ſehr allgemeinen oberflächlichen Entſchuldigung bei der Geſellſchaft, unverzüglich zu Marien ſich wendete, welche ſeitwärts am Fenſter ſtand; empfing und erwiederte ſie ſeinen Gruß mit einer ſo eigenthümlichen Freudigkeit, daß er, deren eigentlichen Grund nicht einmal ahnend, davon wie bezaubert ward und mit leiſem Zittern ihr den Arm bot, als das Getümmel der Aufbrechenden ihn an den Zweck der Vereinigung erinnerte.

Nie hatte Marie durch das Beiſpiel, noch durch das zweideutige Lob der übrigen Frauen ſich bewegen laſſen, den Schnitt ihrer Kleider, ſeitdem ſie viel unter Menſchen war, der Mode genau anzupaſſen. Sie ging auf ihre Weiſe und trug am heutigen Tage ein Kleid von beinahe ſchwärzlichem Blau, welches den edlen Formen ihres Baues überall beſcheiden ſich anſchmiegte, doch die Arme bis auf die Hand, den Nacken bis an den Hals bedeckte. Die dunkle, durch kein Band, keinen Schmuck unterbrochene Gewandfarbe hob den warmen und reichen Glanz ihrer herrlichen Carnation, und einige volle lichtbraune Locken, welche unter dem ſchlichten Strohhute hervorquollen, gaben dem reizenden Bilde gleichſam die letzte Hand. Der Obriſt wagte es ſelten, ſie anzuſehn, ſchlug, wenn ſein Blick zufällig dem ihrigen begegnete, verwirrt und ſich ſelbſt mißtrauend die Augen nieder. Doch während er ſein Auge behütete, fühlte er unabläſſig ihres leicht eingehängten Armes ſanfte Wärme, jene gleichmäßige Temperatur, welche Jugend, Geſundheit und Ruhe der Seele hervorbringt.

Der Muth und die Hoffnung, welche Marien erfüllte, verbreitete über ihr Antlitz eine ungewohnte Heiterkeit, gab zugleich ihrem Gange ein gewiſſes förderndes Ebenmaß. Sie kam daher an der Seite ihres Begleiters ſehr bald den Uebrigen voraus und entdeckte zu ſpät, als ſie, ſchon im Luſtwäldchen angelangt, nach ihnen ſich umſah, daß ſie mit dem Obriſten ganz allein war.

Marie hatte wenig Kunde von jenen Grundſätzen der Schicklichkeit, welche nur da, wo die Sitte fehlt, von einigem Belang ſind. Ihre Betroffenheit wich daher augenblicklich der Erinnerung an ihren Zweck, dem Grafen ihr Geheimniß mitzutheilen, ihn für ſich ſelbſt und für den Geliebten um Hülfe anzuflehn.

Der Zufall, ſagte ſie, nicht ohne die Farbe zu wechſeln, hat uns abgeſondert von den Uebrigen und ganz unbehorcht, faſt ungeſucht, kann ich Ihnen nun mein Herz aufſchließen. Hören Sie mich für einen Augenblick ruhig an.

Erſt heute, fuhr ſie fort, habe ich erfahren, was ich bis dahin nur vermuthete und befürchtete; daß man durch Trug und Liſt mich aus meinem Hauſe entfernt hat und in dieſer Stadt mich feſthält, um jenen verächtlichen Menſchen mir aufzudrängen, den Sie ſelbſt auf den erſten Blick durchſchaut haben und gleich mir verabſcheuen. Helfen Sie mir, retten Sie mich aus den Händen dieſer böſen, liſtigen, verwegenen Menſchen. Helfen Sie mir, wenn Ihr Geſicht nicht lügt, wenn Sie der gute liebenswürdige Mann ſind, den ich in Ihnen zu ſehen glaube. — Die lebhafte Erinnerung an ihren Geliebten gab dem Mädchen, als ſie jetzt von ihm anheben wollte, einen ſo unbeſchreiblich anziehenden Ausdruck; die Worte, bei denen ſie plötzlich abbrach, verriethen ſo viel Vertrauen und Hingebung in die Geſinnung ihres Begleiters, daß er durchaus ſie mißverſtehn, ſich täuſchen mußte; was ihm ſo ganz alle Gewalt und Herrſchaft über ſich ſelbſt entzog, daß er voll ungeſtümer Freude und in einer Begeiſterung, welche an Wildheit grenzte, die Arme weit ausbreitete, ſie zu umſchließen. Entſetzt wich Marie vor einer Bewegung zurück, deren Sinn und Richtung ihr unverſtändlich war, welche ſie auf Wahnſinn deutete — wenn ſie in dem Augenblicke noch dachte. Denn es ſchwanden ihr die Sinne, als ſie unerwartet ihre letzte Hoffnung vor ſich einbrechen ſah.

Nach einigen Minuten aus dieſem Zuſtande gänzlicher Betäubung wiederum aufwachend, bemerkte ſie, daß Jemand ſie ſtützte, und ſah mit nicht unwillkommener Ueberraſchung eine Dame von hohem Wuchſe und edlem Weſen zu ihrer Seite ſtehn. Wie fühlen Sie ſich? fragte dieſe mit einer Ruhe, welche mehr Faſſung, als Kälte ausdrückte. Treten Sie, ſprach ſie, bis wir beſſer für Sie werden ſorgen können, hier in meinen ganz nahen Gartenſaal. Marie warf einen dankbaren Blick auf die Dame, einen fragenden, ſcheuen auf den Grafen, der ſein Geſicht vor ihr verbarg. Helfen Sie, ſagte darauf die Dame beinahe gebietend, helfen Sie mir das liebe Mädchen in meinen Garten führen; ſie iſt noch ſehr ſchwach und bedarf Ihrer Leitung, Herr Obriſt. Auf dieſe Worte erhob er das Haupt, ergriff mit erzwungener Entſchloſſenheit Mariens Arm, um mit beiden Frauen den Weg zum Gitterthore des Gartens einzuſchlagen.

Als ſie im Saale angelangt waren, rieth die Dame dem zitternden Mädchen, auf einen Seſſel ſich hinzuwerfen und ſchweigend ein wenig auszuruhn. Sobald ſie darauf bemerkte, daß Mariens Blick freier zu werden begann, auch ihre Wangen allmählig wiederum ſich färbten, ſetzte ſie ſich neben ſie, nahm ihre Hand, ſtreichelte ſie ſanft, und blickte dabei ſo gütevoll aus ein Paar dunklen, wohlumriſſenen Augen, daß ſie freilich wohl das Vertrauen erwecken mußte, welches ſie ſuchte. Nicht aus Neugier, liebes Kind, ſagte ſie, ſondern weil mein Heimweg mich ſo nahe bei Ihnen vorbeiführte, habe ich den Ausgang Ihrer Anrede an dieſen meinen alten und bewährten Freund mit angehört. Sie ſprachen: retten Sie mich, helfen Sie mir; und da haben Sie ſich durchaus an einen edlen Mann gewendet, der Ihnen beiſtehn kann und ſicher auch beiſtehn wird. Iſt dem nicht ſo? fragte ſie den Grafen, nach ihm ſich umwendend.

Nun aber, begann ſie von Neuem, muß man doch, um zu helfen, auch wiſſen, worin und gegen welche Feinde. Enthält vielleicht dieſer Brief, der Ihnen vorhin, als ich hinzutrat, aus der Hand zu gleiten drohte, den ich daher aufgriff und Ihnen aufbewahrte, einige Umſtände, welche gegenwärtig Ihnen die Anſtrengung erſparen könnten, uns Ihre Angelegenheit im Zuſammenhange vorzutragen? Marie bejahete es. So geſtatten Sie mir denn, eben dieſen Brief zu leſen? — Sie ſchlug ihn auf und überſah ihn mit großer Spannung. Hier ſcheint, ſprach ſie darauf, ein ſehr künſtliches Gewebe von Trug und grenzenloſer Ungerechtigkeit an den Tag zu kommen. Leſen Sie den Brief, lieber Graf; er enthält Nichts, was Ihnen verhehlt werden müßte.

Während ſie abwechſelnd einmal Mariens Wange ſtreichelte, ſie tröſtete, ſie ermunterte, guten Muthes zu ſein, weidete ſich die Dame an der Verwirrung und Beſchämung ihres liebenswürdigen, allein unläugbar auch eitlen und leichtſinnigen Freundes. In dem Briefe, den er häufig anhaltend, langſam und nachſinnend doch zuletzt ganz bis zum Ende durchlas, enthielt jede Zeile für ihn eine Lehre, eine Demüthigung. Mariens Vertraulichkeit erklärte ſich plötzlich, zwar immer noch ſehr ſchmeichelhaft für ihn, doch in einem ganz andern und höheren Sinne, als jener, den er ſelbſt hineinzudeuten gewagt hatte. Ein minder edler Menſch hätte Bitterkeit empfunden, vielleicht ein leiſes Gefühl rächenswerther Kränkung in ſich aufkommen laſſen. Doch er verlor in dem Augenblicke ſich ſelbſt ganz aus den Augen. Mariens hülfloſe Lage erfüllte ihn mit inniger Theilnahme, die Ränke der haſſenswerthen Couſine empörten ihn, und mit tiefer Rührung erkannte er nun endlich den eigentlichen Grund jener unbefangenen Hingebung des einfachen Mädchens, welche ſo lange ihn gänzlich irre geführt, durchaus getäuſcht hatte.

Gleich ihm gelangen viel tauſend treffliche, doch unbedachte und flüchtige Menſchen in jener Verkettung geringer und halbſchlechter Handlungen, welche ihr äußeres Leben ausmacht, nicht eher zum deutlichen Bewußtſein der Tugend, welche die Tiefe ihrer Seele verbirgt, als bis das Zutrauen eines reinen Gemüthes ſie gleichſam ſich ſelbſt erſchließt. — Um in Menſchen, deren Handlungen die Prüfung nicht aushalten, den edleren Gehalt zu erkennen, in ihnen dieſen und nur dieſen wahrzunehmen, ſoll man, ſcheint es, in ſchöner Unerfahrenheit ihr äußeres Leben ganz überſehn. So hatte Marie in dem Grafen, deſſen Leichtſinn und Leidenſchaftlichkeit ſie auch jetzt kaum ahnete, den trefflichen geſunden Kern vermöge jenes ſittlichen Taktes erkannt, welcher reine Gemüther oft glücklich leitet und verderbten Menſchen durch die Klugheit nur unvollkommen erſetzt wird.

Unmittelbar nachdem er ein wenig ſich gefaßt und geſammelt hatte, ſank der Obriſt neben den Frauen auf einen Seſſel hin und ergriff Mariens Hand. Für jetzt, ſagte er mit ſchwer beherrſchter Rührung, habe ich auf Ihre Verzeihung keinen Anſpruch; doch hoffe ich bald nicht allein dieſe, ſondern auch Ihren Dank mir zu verdienen. Ich verlaſſe Sie beſchämt, gedemüthigt, reuevoll, doch zugleich erhoben durch die Vorſtellung, daß Sie längſt unter den geringen und ſchlechten Menſchen, in deren Mitte ich Sie kennen gelernt, mich ehrenvoll ausgezeichnet, wenigſtens mich als den Beſſeren erkannt haben. Ich will mich bemühen, Ihnen künftighin Ehre zu machen. Rufen Sie indeß noch ein Mal Ihr altes Vertraun zurück, und folgen Sie mir, wenn ich Ihnen wohlmeinend und welterfahren rathe, nicht in das Haus Ihrer Couſine zurückzugehn. Sie werden mir verzeihn, wenn ich Ihnen offen ſage, daß jene Geſellſchaft die ſchlechteſte der Stadt iſt. Sie möchte freilich nicht Ihren Sitten, doch würde ſie unfehlbar Ihrem Rufe ſchaden. Auch ſind Sie ja dort nicht einmal ſicher vor neuen denkbaren Verfolgungen. Bleiben Sie alſo, bis es mir gelingt, Ihren Geliebten, oder Ihren Vater, oder beide zugleich Ihnen zuzuführen, bei meiner gütigen Freundin, welche Macht und Anſehn genug beſitzt, Sie gegen Stadt und Provinz zu beſchützen.

Allerdings, ſprach die Dame, muß das Mädchen auf ſo lange in meinem Hauſe bleiben. Sorgen Sie dafür, daß man ihre Sachen hieher ſende, kein Geſchrei erhebe, keine Weitläufigkeiten mache. Uebrigens bin ich nun unverhofft in die Lage gekommen, Ihnen, mein lieber Graf, mein Haus zu verbieten, wenigſtens auf ſo lange, als die näheren Angehörigen des jungen Frauenzimmers noch uns fehlen. Faſt ſcheint es mir, als hätte ich mit Ihnen noch ein ernſtliches Wort zu reden. Doch vermag ich's nicht, mit Ihnen zu zürnen. Gehn Sie, ſprach ſie mit Anmuth ihre Hand ihm darreichend, verlaſſen Sie uns und nehmen Sie das Bekenntniß mit auf den Weg, daß Sie mir heute gefährlicher erſchienen ſind, als jemals zuvor.

Während der letzten Worte nahm der Graf die Hand der hohen Frau, welche ihm Ehrfurcht einzuflößen ſchien; ſie verzieh, daß er ſie lange feſthielt und mit Innigkeit an ſein Herz drückte. Marie, welche ihnen zugeſehn, glaubte nun ebenfalls ſeinen Abſchiedsgruß mit Herzlichkeit erwiedern zu dürfen. Zwar hatte er ſie anfänglich erſchreckt, doch nicht verletzt, noch beleidigt, weil ſie gar nicht verſtanden, was er gemeint und gewollt, auch bei ſo glücklicher Wendung der Sachen für unnöthig hielt, über die vorangegangene Verwicklung weiter nachzuſinnen.

Der Obriſt gab ſchon am folgenden Tage, als Bürgſchaft künftiger Bemühungen, die erfreulichſten Beweiſe ſeiner thätigen Theilnahme. Nicht allein ſandte er bis auf das Kleinſte, was Marie im Hauſe der Couſine zurückgelaſſen, nein auch den Briefſteller, den er nach langem Suchen doch endlich in ſeinem Verſtecke aufgefunden hatte. Der gute Alte war nicht wenig überraſcht, als er den Offizier bei ſich eintreten und die ſehnlichſt erwartete Erwiederung ſeines Schreibens durch einen ſo ſtattlichen und vornehmen Boten überbringen ſah. Nicht ohne einiges Mißtrauen, welches erſt in Mariens Gegenwart ſich ganz verlor, ſetzte er ſich in den Wagen des Grafen, welcher ſeinen Dienern befahl, ihn nach dem Landhauſe der Fürſtin zu bringen und dort auf ihn zu warten, bis ſein Geſchäft beendigt ſein würde. Ich vermuthe, ſagte er dem Alten, daß man Ihnen aufgeben wird, ſogleich nach Hauſe zu reiſen, um allen den guten Leuten, die's angeht, die tröſtende Nachricht zu überbringen, daß einflußreiche Perſonen für Marien und ihren Freund zu ſorgen übernommen haben.

Es ging damit, wie's der Obriſt vorhergeſagt. Der Uhrmacher hatte zwar Viel zu erzählen, mußte jedoch ſich gefallen laſſen, ſeine Mittheilungen auf das Nöthigſte einzuſchränken. Denn ſchon ehe er, nach ſeiner Meinung, recht begonnen hatte, ſagte ihm die Fürſtin, daß er ſich kurz faſſen möge, da es ſpät ſei und er noch einer Gelegenheit zu ſuchen habe, ſo früh als möglich aufzubrechen. Wir wiſſen von dieſen alten Sachen, ſagte ſie, gerade ſo Viel, als wir bedürfen. Mehr wollen wir gar nicht wiſſen; denn es würde uns ganz unnöthig und zwecklos aufregen. Er ſelbſt aber, mein guter Freund, welcher an unſere Dankbarkeit den größten Anſpruch hat, auch ſie recht bald thätig erfahren wird, muß nun eilen, um heimzukommen und die guten alten Leute, von welchen in ſeinem Briefe ſteht, durch Troſt und Rath aufzurichten.

In den folgenden Wochen nahm die Dame ſelten Beſuch an und verbrachte täglich viele Stunden in Mariens Geſellſchaft bei weiblichen Arbeiten. Mit Vergnügen bemerkte ſie, daß man das Mädchen mehr zu den nöthigen und nützlichen Künſten dieſer Art angehalten habe, als zu Putz und Stickerei, worin ſie ſelbſt eine Meiſterin war. Sie befahl daher, um Wetteifer und geſellige Munterkeit in die Arbeit zu bringen, daß man verſchiedene Sachen herbeiſchaffe, an welchen ſie gewöhnlich Andere nähen und arbeiten ließ; Dinge, welche beſtimmt waren, in den Haushaltungen armer Leute weſentliche Bedürfniſſe zu ergänzen; denn ſie liebte es, Troſt und Freude zu verbreiten, und war glücklich in der Wahl, fein in der Unterſcheidung der Bedürftigen, auf welche ſie Bedacht nahm. Solche Arbeiten, welche man weibliche nennt, beſchäftigen nie in dem Maße, daß nicht dabei zu plaudern wäre; weßhalb die Dame häufig Gelegenheit ſuchte, Marien auf ihr früheres Leben, ihre Familie und die Perſonen zu lenken, welche dem Mädchen Wohlwollen und Achtung eingeflößt hatten. Auf dieſe Weiſe lernte ſie nach und nach jeden Umſtand ihres Lebens, jeden Zug ihrer Seele kennen. Viel hatte ſie geſehn, beobachtet, nachgedacht; ſie umfaßte in ihrem ſchönen Wohlwollen jegliches Verhältniß, jede äußere Lage des Menſchenlebens. Marie indeß war und blieb für ſie eine ganz neue, vielleicht ebendaher ſo höchſt anziehende Erſcheinung.

Bis dahin hatte ſie als ausgemacht angenommen, daß ein liebenswürdiges Naturell ohne die Zugabe mannichfaltiger Kenntniß und Erfahrung bei fortgeſetztem Umgange jenen Antheil, den es ſchnell zu erwecken pflegt, nicht werde unterhalten, nicht ihn feſſeln können. Nun mußte ſie nicht unwillig ſich bekennen, daß Nichts eine ſo erſchöpfliche Quelle reinen Vergnügens gewähre, als die einfache Anſchauung eines ungetrübten, reinen Gemüthes, bei welchem ein richtiger Takt erſetzt, was dem Verſtande an Uebung und methodiſcher Ausbildung fehlt.

Auch Marie, obwohl ihr das gleichſam höfiſche Weſen im Hauſe ihrer Beſchützerin (der Wittwe eines Reichsfürſten) ganz fremd und neu war, fand ſich mit wunderbarer Leichtigkeit in die Umſtände, eignete ſich leicht gewiſſe Ehrenbezeigungen an, welche die Fürſtin nicht eigentlich zu begehren, vielmehr nur aus Gewohnung, zu erwarten ſchien. Indeß ward durch jene Abgemeſſenheit der Sitte die innigſte Vertraulichkeit nicht ausgeſchloſſen; wie denn überhaupt Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht die Liebe nicht aufhebt, welche ſtets auf Achtung ſich begründen möchte, und nur auf dieſem edlen Boden Stärke und lange Dauer gewinnt. In ihren einſamen Stunden kam es dem Mädchen wohl einmal in den Sinn, die ernſte, gediegene Pracht, welche ſie umgab, die Stille, die Ruhe und Ordnung des einfachen, doch fürſtlichen Haushaltes, in welchem ſie lebte, mit den Flittern und dem verworrenen Leben in jenem Hauſe zu vergleichen, wo man ihr am unbehaglichen Leben hatte Geſchmack einflößen wollen. Wie viel näher, dachte ſie dann in ihrem Sinne, ſteht nicht dem wahren vornehmen Leben jene gütevolle Berückſichtigung denkbarer Wünſche und Forderungen Anderer, welche in ſtillen und genügſamen Bürgerhäuſern ſo häufig vorkommt. Scheint es mir doch, als unterſcheide ſich dieſes Schloß von unſerem Hauſe durch Nichts, als den äußeren Glanz! — Sammlung, Ordnung, Folge, iſt am Ende das allein Vornehme, und bei wüſten Menſchen nimmermehr gutes Sein und gute Geſellſchaft.

Der Obriſt ſetzte die Frauen von ſeinen Bemühungen und noch immer unſicheren Erfolgen durch häufige Mittheilungen fortgehend in Kunde. Durch Beharrlichkeit war es ihm gelungen, das Regiment und die Compagnie ausfindig zu machen, in welche man Wilhelm eingetragen hatte. Er unterhandelte jetzt um die Entlaſſung des jungen Landsmannes, welche indeß von den Behörden ſo hartnäckig verweigert ward, daß er doch endlich ſich genöthigt ſah, den Einfluß und die Verwendung der Fürſtin in Anſpruch zu nehmen.

Die Frauen erwarteten nicht ohne einige Unruhe und Spannung die Wirkung und den Erfolg der Briefe, welche die einflußreiche Dame in Wilhelms Angelegenheit an mächtige Gönner und Freunde gerichtet hatte, als eines Tages ganz unerwartet Mariens Vater bei ihnen ſich melden ließ. Seine Handelsfreunde hatten ihn zeitig von allen Stadtgerüchten in Kenntniß geſetzt, über des Mädchens jähe Entfernung, welche zu Vermuthungen aller Art ſo viel willkommenen Stoff herlieh. Höchſt betroffen hatte er darauf ſeinen umfaſſenden und wichtigen Geſchäften einen ſchnellen, vielleicht auch übereilten Abſchluß zu geben geſucht, um ohne Verzug und in größter Eile heimkehren, ſeinem einzigen geliebten Kinde beiſtehn zu können. An der Grenze des Reiches fand er neue Briefe, aus welchen er den Aufenthalt Mariens kennen lernte, wendete ſich daher unmittelbar dahin, wo ein kurzer ſehr heftiger Wortwechſel mit der boshaften Couſine zwar ihn mit widrigen Empfindungen erfüllte, doch zugleich ihm den Vortheil brachte, auf das Beſtimmteſte zu erfahren, in weſſen Hauſe, unter welchem hohen Schutze Marie in dem Augenblicke ſich befand und aufhielt. Unverzüglich hatte er darauf einen anſtändigen Wagen beſorgen laſſen, um ſeine Tochter aufzuſuchen und ihrer edlen Beſchützerin ſeinen Dank von Herzen darzubringen.

Die Fürſtin eilte auf die Nachricht von ſeiner unerwarteten, überraſchenden Ankunft zu Marien, ſie mit Zartheit auf ein Ereigniß vorzubereiten, welches dem ohnehin gereizten Mädchen hätte ſchaden können. Erſt nachdem ſie der feſten Stimmung ihrer jungen Freundin gewiß war, ließ ſie den Vater in deren Zimmer führen, und entfernte ſich ſelbſt, als er eintrat, durch die entgegengeſetzte Thüre.

Auf die erſten, nothwendig ſtürmiſchen Aufwallungen der Rührung und Freude bei unerwartetem Wiederſehn, folgte eine Verkettung von Berichten, Fragen und Gegenfragen, welche kein Ende nahm. Der Vater tadelte Mariens Unbeſonnenheit, allein noch mehr ſich ſelbſt, daß er nicht ſogleich ſie auf dem Lande gelaſſen, oder doch in der Stadt irgend einen ganz zuverläſſigen Freund ihr zum Anwalt und Rathgeber beſtellt habe. Wohl ſehe ich jetzt, ſagte er, daß ich Deine ſchwache Mutter falſch beurtheilt habe und ihr bei weitem weniger Abſichtlichkeit und Verſtellung zugetraut, als doch am Ende in ihr zu ſtecken ſcheint. Für eigentliche Bosheit kann ich's indeß nicht halten, das, was ſie an Dir gethan; denn nach ihrer Art, die Dinge anzuſehn, mußte ſie glauben, für Dein Beſtes vortrefflich geſorgt zu haben. Doch macht mir dieſe Albernheit einen Ekel und Widerwillen, den ich nimmermehr werde überwinden können. Ich will ihr ein reichliches Auskommen feſtſetzen, welches ſie auf ihre Weiſe verzehren mag, und mich ſelbſt von ihr ganz trennen. Doch muß ich in der Welt ja wohl Etwas für mich behalten. Sprich, mein Kind, willſt Du mit mir fortleben? Nie will ich Dich fürder ohne Schutz und Halt allein laſſen in dieſer argen Welt. — Allein Du antworteſt nicht! Sollteſt Du Deinen Vater verlaſſen wollen?

Marie ſchwieg und wagte in ihrer Verwirrung nicht, ihm gerade in die Augen zu ſehn. Das jüngſt Erlebte hatte die Hülfloſigkeit eines verlaſſenen, allein ſtehenden Mädchens ihr deutlich zur Anſchauung gebracht, ſie hatte in den Stunden ruhiger Ueberlegung in ihren Gedanken oft mit dem Heirathen ſich beſchäftigt und Wilhelms dabei nie vergeſſen. Sie war feſt entſchloſſen ſeine Lebensweiſe zu theilen, in ſeinem Gewerbe ihm auszuhelfen; und, daß er ſie nicht vergeſſen habe, noch jemals ſie verlaſſen, aufgeben werde, das fühlte und wußte ſie. So war, in ihrem Sinne, Alles bereits in beſter Ordnung, fehlte Nichts mehr zu ihrem Glücke, als des Vaters Billigung, Wilhelms Anweſenheit, der eheliche Segen. Allein Etwas zu denken und es laut auszuſprechen, iſt nicht ganz daſſelbe. Giebt es doch ſo viele Dinge, welche wir nicht einmal in der Dunkelheit der Nacht laut ausſprechen würden, noch in der Abgeſchiedenheit des Waldes, noch wo immer ſonſt wir gewiß ſind, von keines Menſchen Ohr vernommen zu werden. Von unſeren Gedanken, Meinungen, Wünſchen, Hoffnungen verhehlt der Mund ſo Vieles, wenigſtens der Mund geſchulter Menſchen.

Der Vater wußte ihr Schweigen richtig auszulegen; ohnehin geſtattete jener Zeit die Sitte den Mädchen, zwar befragt ihre Neigung erröthend zu bekennen, doch nicht ſelbſt zu werben, noch ihre Angehörigen um einen Mann zu bitten und zu beſtürmen. Er half daher, nachdem er zum Ueberlegen ihr die nöthige Zeit gelaſſen, der mädchenhaften Schüchternheit mit vieler Anmuth nach, indem er ſie leiſe befragte, ob Wilhelm noch immer ihr ſo lieb ſei, als vordem. Würdeſt Du, drängte er ſie, als ſie ſchweigend ſeine Frage zu bejahen ſchien, Dich entſchließen können, auf dem Dorfe zu leben, einer ländlichen Wirthſchaft treu vorzuſtehen? — Bedenke den Unterſchied von Stadt und Land, von leichter und ſchwerer Arbeit, von einſamer Stille und geſelligem Geräuſch. Entſcheide Dich, ſprich. —

Gern, erwiederte Marie, will ich mit wenigen guten Menſchen, von allen übrigen abgeſondert, mich einſchließen; gern alle Arbeit thun, welche das Haus verlangt und bringt. Auch glaube ich dabei nichts einzubüßen; was ich bisher vom ſtädtiſchen Leben geſehn und kennen gelernt, iſt für mich ohne Geſchmack und Kraft.

Möge es Dich nie gereuen, ſprach der Vater mit Rührung; doch weiß es Gott, daß Du meinen innigſten Herzenswünſchen ſo wunderbar entgegenkommſt, daß ich noch immer mein Glück nicht faſſen, nicht begreifen kann, wie die Tochter einer ſolchen Mutter ſo gut werden können, wie Du biſt. Es freut mich, daß es Dich nicht davor graut, eine ſtattliche Bäuerin zu werden; indeß würde es bei den Umſtänden, in welche Glück und Thätigkeit allmählig mich verſetzt haben, eben ſo unnöthig, als verkehrt ſein, wollte ich Dir einen ſo beſchränkten Wirkungskreis anweiſen, als jener der guten Muhme, welche Dich hoffentlich bald Kind und Tochter wird nennen dürfen. Ich habe bisher beſonders vor Deiner Mutter, doch ſelbſt vor Dir meine guten Glücksumſtände verbergen müſſen. Jene hätte in ihrer Hoffarth mir keine Ruhe gelaſſen, der Himmel weiß, wo hinausgewollt. Allein auch Dich ſelbſt hätte die Vorſtellung verderben können, zu großem Glücke geboren zu ſein, wenigſtens die Schmeichelei, welche dem Reichthum, weil er nahe und ſichere Vortheile gewährt, noch unermüdlicher nachgeht, als ſelbſt der Macht. Jetzt ſcheinſt Du mir ſchon feſt genug, befürchte ich nicht mehr, daß ein falſcher Glanz Dich verlocken, Dich ablenken könne von der Bahn, welche Du frühe eingeſchlagen haſt. Ich darf daher Dir bekennen, daß ich ſehr reich bin und Dir, wie dem Manne Deiner Wahl, ohne mir Viel zu entziehn, ein ganz beneidenswerthes Loos zu bereiten vermag. Höre nun meinen Lebensplan.

Mein kleines Geſchäft in der Stadt will ich dem alten Uhrmacher übergeben. Er kommt draußen nicht vorwärts; die Kinder aber wachſen heran, müſſen in ein Geſchäft, in eine Thätigkeit kommen. Bisher habe ich ihn nur hingehalten, ihn zappeln laſſen, wie man ſagt, weil's mit ſeinem Naturell und ſeinen Gewohnungen ſich gar wohl verträgt, etwas leichtſinnig in den Tag hineinzuleben, nur von heut auf morgen zu denken. Seit einiger Zeit indeß bemerke ich, daß mit dem Alter ihm auch die Sorgen kommen, daß es ihm zum Bedürfniß wird, ſich ſtill und ſicher zu betten. Auch hat er nach dem, was Du mir geſagt, große Anſprüche auf unſere Gunſt und Freigebigkeit. Mein Haus in unſerer Stadt mit der ganzen Einrichtung und mit der Berechtigung, ſein Gewerbe darin fortzuführen, auf dem Fuße, als ich's getrieben, ſoll nächſtens ganz ſein Eigenthum werden. Auch werde ich ihm Geld vorſchießen, damit er in dieſem Geſchäfte mehr ſich ausdehnen könne, als ich ſelbſt gethan, weil ich ſeit langer Zeit es nur des Scheines willen fortgeſetzt habe.

Euch aber, meine Kinder, denke ich ein hübſches Gut zu laufen. Wilhelm iſt zwar ein bloßer Erfahrungslandwirth; doch hat der Burſch Kopf, ich habe es ihm angemerkt, als ich draußen mit Fragen ihn quälte, welche ihm ganz neu waren. Denn er beantwortete ſie zwar anfangs verwirrt, wenigſtens mit unzureichender Klarheit, zuletzt aber für den Stegreif recht gut. Sieh nun, mein Kind, weshalb ich Dich gelehrt und gewöhnt habe, ein Haushalt und Handelsbuch zu führen. Es iſt überhaupt nicht ungewöhnlich, daß eine Gattin in die Lage kommt, auch in den größeren Wirthſchaftsangelegenheiten zu helfen und zu rathen, wenn ſie's nur vermag. In Frankreich, wenigſtens in den Provinzen, werden daher die meiſten Frauen ſo angeleitet, daß ſie nöthigenfalls ein Buch führen und ein Geſchäft überſehn, Aufwand und Vortheil gegen einander abwägen können. Auch Dir wird es in Deiner künftigen Lage von großem Vortheil ſein, daß die Buchhaltung Dir geläufig iſt; denn unſer Wilhelm dürfte vor der Hand dabei nicht recht ſich anzuſtellen wiſſen. Obwohl er es lernen ſoll und muß und wird, um Dir nicht nachzuſtehn. Beide müßt Ihr indeß mit einander, wenigſtens ein Jahr lang, in einer fremden Wirthſchaft die Schule durchmachen. Ganz unmittelbar ſollt Ihr nicht übergehn in die Lage, in welche ich Euch verſetzen kann, und zu verſetzen wünſche.

Vielleicht hätt' er dem Mädchen noch viele andere gute Lehren ertheilt, denn es iſt dieſes ein ganz unerſchöpflicher Stoff, wäre nicht eben jetzt die Fürſtin wiederum zu ihnen eingetreten. Mit freundlicher Ungeduld empfing ſie die Bezeigungen der Ehrfurcht und des Dankes, welche Mariens Vater zwar mit vielem Anſtande, doch nicht ohne ein wenig bürgerlicher Weitläufigkeit ihr vortrug. Indeß benutzte ſie gewandt und ſchnell die erſte ſich darbietende Unterbrechung ſeiner Dankrede, um mit dem, was ihr ſchon auf den Lippen ſchwebte, endlich nun auch an den Tag zu kommen. Erlauben Sie mir, ſagte ſie, Ihnen ſogleich auf alles Liebe zu antworten, was Sie mir ſchon geſagt haben, oder aus der Fülle Ihres guten Herzens noch ſagen möchten. Denn ich ſehe und höre, verzeihen Sie mir, nun auch für den Augenblick gar Nichts, als das glückliche Ereigniß, welches Ihnen zu melden ich gekommen bin. Es klingt romanhaft, iſt aber nichts deſto weniger die reine Wahrheit, daß wir nicht mehr Selbdritte ſind; denn eben jetzt iſt zu meiner Ueberraſchung und ganz unſäglichen Freude der Obriſt mit unſerem jungen Soldaten angekommen. Er ſteckt noch in der Uniform, welche ihm vortrefflich anſteht. Allein auch der Obriſt darf ſich wohl neben ihn hinſtellen; iſt er gleich nicht ganz ſo jung, ſo erſcheint er mir doch als ein ſtattlicher Mann; und ſein Auge iſt wie neu belebt, ich denke durch ein Gefühl, welches wir ehren müſſen. Ganz bin ich freilich noch nicht im Klaren, was ihn ſo liebenswürdig entzückt; ob der Gedanke, Marien genützt, oder der andere, meine Hand verdient zu haben. Ja, liebe Marie, von Ihren vielen Verehrern will ich wenigſtens einen für mich behalten; und wenn Sie nicht aufhören wollen, mir des Grafen Herz zu entziehen, ſo werde ich mich grauſam an Ihnen rächen, und nach dem ſchönen Unteroffizier mein Netz auswerfen. — Nun was ſtehen Sie da ſo unbeweglich? Wollen Sie nicht ſogleich mit mir in den Saal gehn, wo unſre beiden Freier auf die Entſcheidung ihres Schickſals warten? Ein und höchſtens zwei, drei Mal im Leben, mein beſtes Kind, haben wir Frauen das Recht, den Männern ein ſehr entſcheidendes Ja oder Nein zu ſagen. Das erſte Mal hatt' ich mir's nicht ernſtlich genug überlegt; das zweite, ſagt mir mein Vorgefühl, wird's ſchon um Vieles beſſer gehen.

Sie wendete ſich nach dieſen Worten der Thüre zu, und ging in Begleitung der übrigen durch eine Reihe großer und ernſt geſchmückter Zimmer nach dem Saale. Hier ſtand der Graf in lebhaftem Geſpräche mit dem Soldaten, welcher noch nicht in aller Form entlaſſen und daher noch immer militäriſch gekleidet war. Er hielt ihn, was die Frauen gern ſahn, mit beiden Armen umfaßt; Wilhelm indeß hatte aus einem Ueberreſte ſoldatiſcher Unterordnung die Hände feſt an den Leib gezogen, die Traulichkeit ſeines Oberen beſcheiden annehmend, doch ohne ſie zu erwiedern.

Der Graf ſetzte alſobald den jungen Landmann in Freiheit, ergriff darauf nach einer leichten Verbeugung gegen die Dame des Hauſes Mariens Hand und ſchüttelte ſie herzhaft. Hier Marie, ſagte er, bring' ich Ihnen den beſten liebenswürdigſten Jüngling der Welt. Mit größter Mühe habe ich ihn ſeinen Kameraden und Oberen entriſſen; denn er hatte es Allen angethan. So lang ich nun diene, iſt mir Nichts der Art vorgekommen. Vom Regimentschef bis zum letzten Soldaten ſeiner Compagnie wollte Niemand ihn miſſen. Allein zuletzt haben ſie mir den Burſchen doch herausgeben müſſen, Dank ſei's den Zeiten Ihrer Beſchützerin — und der meinigen, rief er lebhaft, dabei nach der edlen Frau, welche neben Marien ſtand, mit einnehmender Zärtlichkeit umblickend. — Er ſoll uns erzählen, wie er's angeſtellt, ſo viele rauhe Herzen ſich zu eigen zu machen. Doch vorher muß ich durchaus mein Schickſal, wie das ſeinige entſchieden ſehn. Beginnen wir mit Wilhelm und Marien. Iſt es nicht Ihr Vater, den ich hier ſehe? Der Vater nickte bejahend. Nun ſo werden wir vor allen Dingen Sie bitten müſſen, ſich zu erklären, ob Ihre Anſichten mit einer Mesalliance der Art in Uebereinſtimmung zu ſetzen ſind, ob Sie nicht vielleicht Etwas dagegen einzuwenden haben, was doch zu unterſuchen und ernſtlich zu beſprechen wäre. Denn auf keine Weiſe möcht' es ſich ziemen, dieſe Partie Ihnen gleichſam über den Kopf zu nehmen.

Hier bleibt Nichts mehr zu beſprechen übrig, ſagte der Vater mit ruhiger Heiterkeit. Ich habe dieſe Verbindung längſt vorausgeſehn, gewünſcht, ſogar, in ſo weit es die Klugheit geſtattete, ſie begünſtigt. Auch habe ich die Bedingungen meiner Einwilligung Marien eben mitgetheilt. Hören Sie mich nun, aber verſtehen Sie mich auch recht. Einem Bauern will ich das Mädchen allerdings nicht zur Ehe geben, weil ſie für dieſen Stand zu reich iſt. Die Wahl der äußern Lebensbeſtimmungen muß, wie Sie einſehen werden, den Umſtänden doch ſich anmeſſen. Seiner Perſon nach iſt Wilhelm der Mann, den ich vor allen anderen meinem Kinde gewünſcht; allein, wenn er ſie ernſtlich haben will, muß und ſoll er ſich vorbereiten, ein reicher Mann, ein Gutsbeſitzer zu werden, oder was in dieſer Art ſonſt ihm anſteht.

Laſſen Sie, ſagte der Obriſt heftig, den jungen Mann Soldat bleiben; ich ſtehe Ihnen dafür, daß ich ihm in vierzehn Tagen den Degen verſchaffe. Von ſeiner Anſtelligkeit, ſeinem leichten Begreifen aller Dienſtſachen, habe ich draußen Wunderdinge gehört; auch hat man von ſeinem Ehrgefühle große Meinung und iſt im Voraus überzeugt von ſeiner Bravour. Doch laſſen wir ihn ſelbſt entſcheiden. Sprich Wilhelm, willſt Du Soldat werden, mein Kamerad ſein? Du ſollſt mein Adjutant werden, mein Hausfreund, mein Umgang, mein Schüler! — Wilhelm warf bei dieſen Worten einen forſchenden Blick auf Marien, dann einen ſtrengen und lächelnden auf den Obriſten. —

Wenn ich dem Zuge folgen wollte, ſagte er, welcher ſtark und mächtig zu Ihnen mich anzieht, oder auch einer gewiſſen unbeſtimmten Neigung zum Kriegsweſen, welche in der kurzen Zeit meines Dienſtes mir ſich mitgetheilt hat, ich weiß nicht wie: ſo würde ich unbeſonnen auf Ihre Seite mich wenden. Doch leſe ich in Mariens Antlitz, daß ſie's nicht will, und erinnere mich aus alter Zeit, daß ſie Ruhe und ſtille Lebensart liebt, nur an einer ländlich häuslichen, ſtillen Thätigkeit Gefallen findet. Will dann in der Folge ihr Vater und in den Stand ſetzen, unſeren Fleiß auf ein größeres Gut auszudehnen, als der Bauerhof meines Vaters; ſo getrau' ich mir wohl, auch ein ſolches zu verwalten. Freilich möcht' ich's vorher einmal verſucht haben.

Nun denn, ſprach der Obriſt, wenn Wilhelm nicht Vernunft hören will, ſo nimm von mir ein Gut in Pacht, oder auch in Verwaltung, bis Dein Schwiegervater beſſer für Dich geſorgt haben wird. Doch iſt zu dem Allen noch Zeit; für jetzt ſcheint es mir dringender, die jungen Leute zu verloben. Mein lieber Vater, erlauben Sie doch dem guten Jungen da, ſein Mädchen einmal recht herzhaft zu umfaſſen, ſie recht ſoldatiſch an ſein Herz zu drücken. Rufen Sie ihm zu, daß ich auf ſein Beiſpiel warte, um meiner ſchönen Braut den erſten Kuß zu entreißen.

Es wurden einige Minuten in lebhaften Aeußerungen der Liebe, des Wohlwollens, der Dankbarkeit hingebracht; worauf die Fürſtin, welche zu bewegt war, um reden zu können, der Geſellſchaft freundlich zuwinkte, ihr nachzufolgen. Sie ging den übrigen voran bis in ihr Cabinet, wo Alle ſich niederließen. Es trat eine tiefe Stille ein; ſie ſchwiegen oder es raunte ein Nachbar leiſe zum andern. Doch als nun endlich die Aufregung ſich zu legen ſchien, in welche der frohe Ausgang der Verwicklung alle Anweſenden verſetzt hatte, da forderte die Fürſtin den Jüngling auf, ſeine kurze Soldatenlaufbahn vom Anbeginn und möglichſt umſtändlich ihnen vorzutragen.

Es befremdete mich, hub Wilhelm an, als der Schulze ins Haus kam, mir anzuzeigen, daß ich auf's Amt geladen ſei. Doch von dem, was man dort beabſichtete, argwöhnte ich nicht das Geringſte. Ich hatte ſtets gehört, daß ich frei ſei und nach den Rechten gar nicht könne ausgehoben werden. Allein in der Amtsſtube ließ man mich nicht lange im Dunkeln über den Zweck der Vorladung. Der Beamte machte mir ein finſteres Geſicht, kramte eine Weile in ſeinen Acten umher und zog daraus ein Papier hervor, wovon er Namen, Geburtsjahr und ähnliche Weitläufigkeiten ſchnarrend herunterlas und mich darauf fragte, ob Alles zutreffe, oder ob ich vielleicht dagegen Etwas einzuwenden habe. Ei, mein Gott, nein, ſagte ich, ſo heiße ich und dann bin ich geboren. Aber, was ſoll das Alles; iſt es doch nicht ſo lange her, daß ich geboren und getauft bin, um ſchon meinen Namen und Alter vergeſſen zu haben? Inſolent, unverſchämt, brummte der Beamte; vergißt er, daß er vor der Obrigkeit ſteht? Ich ſehe ſchon, daß es hohe Zeit iſt, Ihn Sitten zu lehren. Herr Corporal, rief er, und es trat ein ſolches Stück aus einer Seitenthüre hervor, nehmen Sie Ihren Rekruten in Empfang und ſorgen Sie dafür, daß er Reſpect und Achtung lerne, denn unter uns hat er bisher für einen frechen und übermüthigen Burſchen gegolten.

Des Ausganges dieſer Unterredung erinnere ich mich ungern. Meines Rechtes eingedenk ward ich ſehr heftig und mag in der Leidenſchaft das Maß überſchritten und Dinge geſagt haben, welche in den Verhältniſſen ungehörig ſind. Es kocht mir das Blut, wenn ich des Vorganges mich erinnere, der für mich übel genug ablief; denn ich ward gefeſſelt, eingeſperrt und wenige Stunden darauf in dunkler Nacht auf einem Wagen und wohlbegleitet abgeführt.

Unterwegs hatte ich meine Lage mir ernſtlich und von allen Seiten überlegt. Es ward in meinen Gedanken mir Vieles auf einmal klar, worauf ich ohne dieſes Ereigniß ſchwerlich jemals würde verfallen ſein. Als einziges und doch eigentlich nicht übel gerathenes Kind hatten meine Eltern mir von früh auf gar ſehr den Willen gelaſſen. Ich war etwas unabhängig, trotzig, wenn es galt, von mir abzuwenden, was mir nicht eben gefiel. Daß man in irgend Etwas ſich zu ſchicken habe, weil es nun eben nichts anders iſt, noch ſein kann, das war mir bis dahin nicht im Traume beygefallen. Nun aber ſaß ich im Käfig, wie der Fuchs, und es blieb mir nichts Anderes übrig, als am Gitter mir den Kopf einzuſtoßen, oder die Gunſt und den guten Willen des Jägers mir zu gewinnen. Was ich von alten Leuten gehört, welche vormals zu Soldaten waren genommen worden, hätte mir allen Muth benehmen ſollen. Doch fühlte ich in mir ſo viel Witz und Kraft, ſetzte ich in mein gutes Recht ſo viel Vertrauen, daß ich noch immer nicht durchaus verzweifelte.

Der Unterofficier, welcher neben mir im Wagen ſaß, war nicht derſelbe, mit dem ich auf dem Amte die Händel gehabt. Er fühlte einiges Mitleid, bedauerte meine Lage, war überhaupt, wie ſich's in der Folge gezeigt, ein milder und wohlgeſinnter Mann. Allmählich wußte er mein Vertrauen zu gewinnen, ſo daß ich mir das Herz faßte, ihn über die Dinge, welche mir bevorſtanden, ein wenig auszuforſchen. Er zählte mir darauf an den Fingern jegliche Uebung und Handtierung her, welcher ich von Anbeginn und bei'm Dienſte mich werde unterziehen müſſen. Auch ſchärfte er mir ein, gleich anfangs weder Widrigkeit und Weinerlichkeit, noch andererſeits einen harten, widerſpenſtigen Sinn an den Tag zu legen. Der Rekrut, ſagte er, muß um des Himmels willen ſich nicht merken laſſen, daß es ihm ſauer wird und in der Seele zuwider iſt, die neue Laufbahn anzutreten. Bezeigt er ſich nun gar weichlich und ſanft, merkt man ihm an, daß er ein verzogenes Mutterſöhnchen iſt, ſo wird es mit ihm ſtets für lange aus ſein. Friſch, aufgeweckt, voll Luſt und guten Willens, ſo will man ihn haben. Einiges Zutrauen ſoll er zeigen, aber noch weit mehr Reſpect; keine Furcht, aber viel Ehre. Es wird ſchon gehn, ſchloß er, und wenn es Dir irgendwo fehlt, ſo frage nur mich, denn ich treibe die Sache ſchon lange und kenne meine Leute.

Am Orte meiner Beſtimmung angelangt, ward ich unverzüglich vorgeſtellt, ausgemeſſen und ſehr genau beſehn. Ich war ſo glücklich, die Faſſung zu behalten und Ruhe genug, wie gelegentlich alle Anweſende ſcharf anzuſehn, ſchloß dabei aus den Geſichtszügen auf ihre Gewohnheiten, Neigungen und Anſprüche. Es beſtätigte ſich in der Folge, daß ich ſchon an dieſem erſten Tage recht gut Beſcheid gewußt.

Wie's nun mag zugegangen ſein, genug, daß Hoch und Niedrig, Jung und Alt mich ſtets im Auge behielt. Mit den Uebungen ging es ſo ſchnell und leicht, daß man herbeikam, mir dabei zuzuſehn, oder Geſellſchaft zu leiſten, was weiß ich's. Unter die Soldaten kam ich nicht eigentlich; denn es nahm mich der Obriſt ſogleich in's Haus. Ich ſollte in ſeinem Hauſe Dienſt leiſten, doch es kam indeß nicht dazu, ich weiß nicht weshalb. Dann ward ich Unterofficier; und wiederum ſteckten ſie die Köpfe zuſammen, und ſchienen nicht recht zu wiſſen, wohin ſie mich ſtellen ſollen, denn ich blieb nach wie vor im Hauſe des Commandanten. Nun wurden mir die ſchönſten Anerbietungen gemacht, wenn ich freiwillig bei den Soldaten bleiben wolle. Da begann ich zu vermuthen, daß man ſich fürchte, daß man beſorge, es möge herauskommen, wie's auf dem Amte eigentlich zugegangen ſei; und deshalb verſprach und gelobte ich Nichts, that vielmehr, als verſtehe ich nicht recht, was man wolle. Indeß benutzte ich die viele freie Zeit, in der Schule der Unterofficiere mich fleißig im Rechnen und Schreiben zu üben. Auch gab mir der Adjutant, als er bemerkte, daß ich gern leſe, allerlei Bücher, Geſchichten, doch lauter Kriegsſachen. Die freie Zeit aber ſprach ich mit Allen, die was zu erzählen, oder zu zeigen, oder ſonſt mir mitzutheilen hatten. — Mariane Sauer, welcher den Jüngling unausgeſetzt in den Augen behalten, unterbrach ihn hier durch den Ausruf: nun begreife ich, wie Du ſo verändert, nun ſo flink und klug und rüſtig biſt! Früher, wie ſehr Du mir gefielſt, fand ich Dich doch ein wenig zu weich und nachgelaſſen. Es hat Dir genützt, Dich tummeln, Anderen gehorchen zu müſſen. So werden die Leute, welche uns ſchaden wollen, oft gegen ihren Willen, unſere Wohlthäter! — Auch Marie iſt entſchiedener, ſicherer, feſter, als zuvor. Habe ſo lange Zeit ſie gewahrt und gehütet, als wäre ſie mein Augapfel, und ſehe nun ſtärklich ein, daß Welt und Schickſal und den Menſchen bilden und machen, was Huth und Fürſorge nimmermehr bewirken können. Ja, ſprach Wilhelm, doch Alles zu ſeiner Zeit. Seht mir da den geborenen Pedanten! rief Mariane Sauer; ſpricht er nicht bereits ganz wie ſein Alter?

Alle lachten; doch meinte die Fürſtin, daß Wilhelms Ausſpruch, als ein Wort zu ſeiner Zeit geſprochen, in Ehren zu halten ſei. Worauf der Obriſt das Wortſpiel aufnahm und erinnerte, daß es nun auch an der Zeit ſein dürfe, den Hochzeittag feſtzuſetzen. Nach einigem Widerſtreben willigte Mariane Sauer in den Vorſchlag des Grafen, beide Ehen an demſelben Tage zu vollziehen, ſie durch ein gemeinſchaftliches Hochzeitmahl zu feiern. Es war ein ſchöner, feiernswerther Tag. Denn ſelten erheben ſich Menſchen verſchiedenen Standes zum Bewußtſein ihrer Uebereinſtimmung in ſolchem, was tiefer, heiliger und weſentlicher iſt, als jenes Zufällige der Geburt und äußerlichſten Glücksumſtände. Allein auch dieſem ſein Recht, ſeinem Anſpruch, ſeine Ehre; nur nicht mehr, als ihm gebührt und zukommt.

Dorothea Henriette von Runkel, geb. Rother,

geboren am 6. September 1724 zu Leipzig, Gattin des Obriſtlieutenant von R., lebte zuletzt verwittwet als Gouvernante einiger adeligen Fräulein zu Dresden, und ſtarb daſelbſt am 13. Junius 1800.

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Sammlung freundſchaftlicher Originalbriefe. 3 Thle. 2te Aufl. Stendal 1790.

Moral für Frauenzimmer. Stendal 1796.

Die Briefe dieſer geiſtreichen und für ihre Zeit hochgebildeten Frau galten lange als Muſter ihrer Gattung, bis ſie ſpäter bei verfeinerter Geſchmacksrichtung durch beſſere Leiſtungen verdrängt wurden und ſehr bald in Vergeſſenheit geriethen.

Iſaak Ruſt,

geboren am 14. October 1797 zu Mußbach, war Anfangs Progymnaſiallehrer zu Speier, wurde 1820 Pfarrer zu Ungſtein, 1827 Pfarrer der franzöſiſch-reformirten Kirche zu Erlangen, und 1830 Profeſſor der Theologie daſelbſt.

Außer einzelnen Reden und Predigten beſitzen wir von ihm:

Predigten über ausgewählte Texte. 2 Theile. Erlangen 1829, 1830.

Wärme des Gefühls, klare liebevolle Entwicklung, Würde und Anmuth der Darſtellung und treffliche Behandlung des Stoffes ſind den Kanzelvorträgen dieſes ausgezeichneten Mannes in hohem Grade eigen.

S.

Jakob Christoph Friedrich Saalfeld,

geboren am 20. Auguſt 1786 zu Hannover, ſtudirte zu Göttingen und habilitirte ſich im Jahre 1808 als Privatdocent in Heidelberg. 1810 wandte er ſich wieder nach Göttingen, wurde daſelbſt im Jahre 1811 außerordentlicher, 1823 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und 1832 Deputirter der Univerſität bei dem hannöverſchen Landtage. Er ſtarb, nachdem er ſeiner Profeſſur enthoben und nach Sigmaringen gegangen war, daſelbſt im Jahre 1835.

Schriften:

Grundriß eines Syſtems des europäiſchen Völkerrechts. Göttingen 1809.
Geſchichte des portugieſiſchen Colonialweſens in Oſtindien. Göttingen 1810.
Recueil historique des loix. 2 Vol. Götting. 1809.
Geſchichte des holländiſchen Colonialweſens in Oſtindien. 2 Thle. Göttingen 1812.
Handbuch des weſtphäliſchen Staatsrechts. Göttingen 1812.
Allgemeine Colonialgeſchichte des neuern Europas. 4 Bde. Göttingen 1812.
Staatsrecht von Frankreich. Götting. 1812. 2 Bde.
Ueber das politiſche Syſtem Frankreichs. Bremen 1814.
Nemeſis. Göttingen 1814.
Geſchichte Napoleon Buonaparte's. Altenburg 1815.
Allgemeine Geſchichte der neueſten Zeit. 4 Bde. Leipzig 1815—1823.
Geſchichte der Univerſität Göttingen von 1788—1820. Hannover 1820.
Grundriß zu Vorleſungen über Politik. Göttingen 1821.
Grundriß zu Vorleſungen über Geſchichte. Göttingen 1821.
Grundriß zu Vorleſungen über Nationalökonomie und Finanzen. Göttingen 1821.
Ueber das poſitive europäiſche Völkerrecht. Göttingen 1821.

Scharfſinn, gründliche Kenntniß und gute Darſtellung erwarben den hiſtoriſchen und politiſchen Schriften Saalfeld's einen angeſehenen Ruf und raſche Verbreitung, doch fand er auch heftige Widerſacher, da er ſich von einſeitiger Parteilichkeit nicht frei zu erhalten wußte.

Gottfried Wilhelm Sacer

ward am 11. Julius 1635 zu Naumburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena die Rechtswiſſenſchaften, wurde darauf Hofmeiſter, ſpäter einige Zeit Soldat; dann ließ er ſich 1670 als Advocat in Braunſchweig nieder und wurde in der Folge Kammerconſulent daſelbſt. Er ſtarb am 8. September 1699.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Geiſtliche liebliche Lieder. Gotha 1714, 12.

Unter ſeinen religiöſen Liedern findet ſich manches für die damalige Zeit ſehr Gelungene; ſie athmen ſämmtlich echte Frömmigkeit und warmes Gefühl.

Von Sachſendorf, ſ. Minneſinger.

Hermann von Sachſenheim, ſ. Minneſinger.

August Friedrich Wilhelm Sack

ward zu Harzgerode am 4. Februar 1703 geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, war dann Führer mehrerer jungen Edelleute und hierauf Inſtructor des Erbprinzen von Heſſen-Homburg. Im Jahre 1731 wurde er dritter reformirter Prediger in Magdeburg, 1738 Conſiſtorialrath und Inſpector der reformirten Kirchen des Herzogthums, und 1740 Hofprediger in Berlin, eine Stelle, die auf's Ehrenvollſte von ihm bekleidet wurde. 1744 trat er in die Akademie und 1750 in das Oberconſiſtorium. Er ſtarb am 23. April 1786. Seine Biographie lieferte ſein Sohn F. S. G. Sack (2 Bde. Berlin 1789).

Er hinterließ:

Predigten. 6 Thle. Berlin 1764.

S. war ſeiner Zeit einer der verdienſtvollſten deutſchen Kanzelredner, und zeichnete ſich vorzüglich durch lichtvolle Klarheit, Verſtändlichkeit und große Einfachheit aus.

Friedrich Samuel Gottfried Sack,

geboren am 4. September 1738 zu Magdeburg, des Vorigen Sohn, folgte ſeinem Vater im Amte, ward Oberhofprediger, 1786 Oberconſiſtorialrath, 1805 Oberſchulrath und 1816 evangeliſcher Biſchof, als welcher er vorzüglich die Vereinigung der Lutheraner und Reformirten in Preußen zu Einer evangeliſchen Kirche bezweckte. Er ſtarb am 2. October 1817.

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir:

Briefe über den Krieg. Berlin 1778.
Predigten. Berlin 1781. 2te Aufl. 1788.
Amtsreden. Berlin 1807.

S. trat würdig in die Fußſtapfen ſeines vortrefflichen Vaters, den er ſich in Allem zum Vorbild nahm, und zeichnete ſich wie dieſer, durch ſeine lichtvollen, von wahrhafter Frömmigkeit und echt chriſtlichem Geiſte beſeelten Kanzelvorträge aus.

Johann Michael von Sailer

ward am 17. November 1751 zu Aresing im baieriſchen Iſarkreiſe geboren, ließ ſich 1777 als Repetent der Philoſophie und Theologie zu Ingolſtadt nieder, wurde dann 1780 zweiter Profeſſor der Dogmatik und 1784 zu Dillingen kurpfalzbaieriſcher Kirchenrath. Vom Jahre 1794 bis 1799 privatiſirte er abwechſelnd in München und Ebersberg, ward 1799 von neuem Profeſſor zu Ingolſtadt und 1800 zu Landshut. Im Jahre 1822 wurde er Biſchof von Germanikopolis, Coadjutor und Generalvicar des Biſchofs von Regensburg, von Wolff, Dompropſt und geiſtlicher Rath. Nach Wolff's Tode, 1829, folgte er demſelben in ſeinem Amte. Er ſtarb am 20. Mai 1832.

Unter ſeinen zahlreichen theologiſchen Schriften ſind beſonders folgende bemerkenswerth:

Kern aller Gebete. München 1792 u. ö.
Vollſtändiges Gebetbuch. München 1785 u. ö.
Leſe- und Betbuch. 2 Thle. München 1785 u. ö.
Vernunftlehre. 2 Thle. München 1785 u. ö.
Glückſeligkeitslehre. 2 Thle. München 1787, 1791.
Vorleſungen aus der Paſtorallehre. 3 Thle. München 1788 u. ö.
Uebungen des Geiſtes. München 1799.
Sprüche mit und ohne Gloſſen. München 1799 u. ö.
Briefe aus allen Jahrhunderten der chriſtlichen Zeitrechnung. 6 Samml. München 1800—1804.
Vertraute Reden. 2 Bde. München 1803.
Ueber Erziehung für Erzieher. München 1806 u. ö.
Friedrich Chriſtian's Vermächtniß an ſeine Söhne. Straubingen 1808.
Die ſieben heiligen Sacramente. München 1809.
Das Heiligthum der Menſchheit. 2 Thle. München 1810.
Die Weisheit auf der Gaſſe. München 1810.
Das Auge Gottes. Bregenz 1811 u. ö.
Kleine Bibel für Kranke und Sterbende. München 1811.
Reliquien. 3. Hft. München 1816—1821.
Handbuch der chriſtlichen Moral. 3 Thle. München 1818.
Geſammte Schriften. 9 Bde. München 1819—1822.

Einer der vorzüglichſten katholiſchen Theologen neuerer Zeit, der ſich durch Wort und That große Verdienſte um ſeine Glaubensgenoſſen und namentlich um die gründlichere und liebevollere Bildung der unteren Geiſtlichkeit Baierns erwarb. „Glücklicher als jeder Andere,“ äußert ſich Menzel treffend über ihn (Deutſche Literatur Th. I, S. 148), „verband er mit echt katholiſcher Verehrung des Myſteriums, eine heitere Lebensweisheit, einen der modernen Aufklärung angemeſſenen geſunden Menſchenverſtand und eine ſehr populäre Sprache. Seine „Vernunftlehre“ und „chriſtliche Moral,“ ſeine „Weisheit auf der Gaſſe,“ ſeine Andachtsbücher, die in Jedermanns Hände kamen, wurden der Maßſtab der katholiſchen Aufklärung in Deutſchland.“

Jakob Salat

ward am 24. Auguſt 1766 zu Abtsgmünd im Ellwangiſchen geboren, war zuerſt Pfarrer zu Zuſam-Zell bei Dillingen, ſeit 1801 zu Haberskirch, dann Profeſſor der Moral- und Paſtoraltheologie zu München, darauf wurde er 1803 Pfarrer zu Arnbach und 1807 geiſtlicher Rath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Moralphiloſophie zu Landshut, wo er noch lebt, obwohl die Univerſität verlegt wurde.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Auch die Aufklärung hat ihre Gefahren. 2 Aufl. München 1804.
Ueber den Geiſt der Philoſophie. München 1803.
Ueber den Geiſt der Verbeſſerung. 2 Thle. München 1805.
Vernunft und Verſtand. Tübingen 1808.
Die Moralphiloſophie. 2 Thle. Landshut 1809.
Der Geiſt der allerneueſten Philoſophie der Herren Schelling, Hegel und Comp. (mit B. Schneider und Weiller). München 1803, 1805, 2 Thle.
Religionsphiloſophie. 2 Aufl. München 1821.
Grundzüge der allgemeinen Philoſophie. München 1820.
Sokrates. Sulzbach 1820.
Lehrbuch der höhern Seelenkunde. München 1820.
Verſuch über Naturalismus und Myſticismus. Sulzbach 1823.
Wahlverwandtſchaft zwiſchen den Supranaturaliſten und Naturphiloſophen. Landshut 1822 u. a. m.

Ein entſchiedener Gegner der Schelling'ſchen Philoſophie, ſuchte Salat unermüdlich, mit angeſtrengteſtem Fleiße und vielem Scharfſinn dieſelbe, ſowie überhaupt die neueſten philoſophiſchen Syſteme zu bekämpfen. Er iſt als ein Nachfolger Jacobi's zu betrachten und offenbart in ſeinen Schriften tiefes Gemüth, Klarheit und warme Begeiſterung für das von ihm als recht Erkannte.

Salice, ſ. Conteſſa.

Johann Gaudenz, Freiherr von Salis-Seewis

ward am 26. December 1762 zu Bothmar bei Malans in Graubündten geboren, trat 1785 in franzöſiſche Militärdienſte und ſtand bis zur Revolution als Hauptmann der Schweizergarde zu Verſailles. Später diente er unter Montesquieu in Savoyen, als die Franzoſen dieß Land eroberten. Er lebte hierauf als Privatmann zu Chur, war ſeit 1798 Generalinſpector des Milizweſens in der Schweiz und hielt ſich abwechſelnd an verſchiedenen Orten, zuletzt zu Malans auf, wo er auch am 9. Januar 1834 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte, geſammelt von Friedrich Matthiſſon. Zürich 1793; 3te Aufl.; 1821.

Salis gehörte zu den ſentimentalen deutſchen Lyrikern einer früheren Periode, deren Richtung großen Anklang bei der Menge fand. Wahrheit der Empfindung, Adel der Geſinnung, Einfachheit, heitere Lebensauffaſſung und ſeltene Anmuth und Correctheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form verleihen ſeinen Gedichten einen bleibenden Werth.

Gedichte von Salis.

An die Erinnerung.

Süßer Wehmuth Gefährtin, Erinn'rung
Wenn jene die Wimper ſinnend ſenkt.

Hebſt du deinen Schleier und lächelſt
Mit rückwärts gewandtem Geſicht.

Still und hehr, wie der ſchweigende Vollmond
Die Gräber beſcheint, betrachteſt du
Das Vergang'ne, weilenden Blickes,
Wie Bräute des Bräutigams Bild.

Deine dämmernden Bilder ſind lieblich,
Wie thauender Duft im Abendroth!
Deine Stimm' iſt ſanft, wie der Flöte
Im Echo entſchwindender Hall.

Oftmals zeigſt du, in duftiger Ferne,
Wie freundlich der Jugend Lenzgefild;
Oder reihſt in Kränze die Veilchen,
So Liebe mir, ſparſam nur, las.

Oft erſcheinſt du mir, lächelnd durch Thränen
Und koſeſt mit mir, vertraut und lang,
Von den todten Lieben, an Gräbern,
Die höheres Gras ſchon umwallt.

Mir willkommen im Schleier der Trauer!
Willkommen im heitern Silberflor!
Raſch entfleucht der Gegenwart Freude;
Du, ſinnende Tröſterin, weilſt!

Ermunterung.

Seht! wie die Tage ſich ſonnig verklären!
Blau iſt der Himmel und grünend das Land.
Klag' iſt ein Mißton im Chore der Sphären!
Trägt denn die Schöpfung ein Trauergewand?
Hebet die Blicke, die trübe ſich ſenken,
Hebet die Blicke: des Schönen iſt viel.
Tugend wird ſelber zu Freuden uns lenken:
Freud' iſt der Weisheit belohnendes Ziel.

Oeffnet die Seele dem Lichte der Freude,
Horcht! ihr ertönet des Hänflings Geſang.
Athmet! ſie duftet im Roſengeſträuche,
Fühlet! ſie ſäuſelt am Bächlein entlang.
Koſtet! ſie glüht uns im Safte der Traube,
Würzet die Früchte beim ländlichen Mahl,
Schauet! ſie grünet in Kräutern und Laube,
Malt uns die Ausſicht ins blumigte Thal.

Freunde! was gleiten euch weibliche Thränen
Ueber die blühenden Wangen herab?
Ziemt ſich für Männer das weichliche Sehnen?
Wünſcht ihr verzagend zu modern im Grab?
[illegible] bleibt uns noch viel zu verrichten;
Viel auch des Guten iſt noch nicht gethan,
Heiterkeit lohnt die Erfüllung der Pflichten,
Ruhe beſchattet das Ende der Bahn.

Mancherlei Sorgen und mancherlei Schmerzen,
Quälen uns wahrlich aus eigener Schuld.
Hoffnung iſt Labſal dem wundeſten Herzen,
Duldende ſtärket gelaſſ'ne Geduld.
Wenn euch die Nebel des Trübſinns umgrauen,
Hebt zu den Sternen den ſinkenden Muth;
Heget nur männliches, hohes Vertrauen,
Guten ergeht es am Schluſſe noch gut.

Laſſet uns fröhlich die Schöpfungen ſehen
Gottes Natur iſt entzückend und hehr;
Aber auch ſtillen des Dürftigen Flehen;
Freuden des Wohlthuns entzücken noch mehr.
Liebet! die Lieb' iſt der ſchönſte der Triebe;
Weiht nur der Unſchuld die heilige Gluth.
Aber dann liebt auch mit weiſerer Liebe
Alles, was edel und ſchön iſt und gut.

Handelt! durch Handlungen zeigt ſich der Weiſe,
Ruhm und Unſterblichkeit ſind ihr Geleit.
Zeichnet mit Thaten die ſchwindenden Gleiſe
Unſerer flüchtig entrollenden Zeit.
Den uns umſchließenden Zirkel beglücken,
Nützen ſo viel als ein Jeder vermag,
O das erfüllet mit ſtillem Entzücken!
O das entwölket den düſterſten Tag!

Muthig! Auch Leiden, ſind einſt ſie vergangen,
Laben die Seele, wie Regen die Au!
Gräber, von Trauerzypreſſen umhangen,
Malet bald ſtiller Vergißmeinnicht Blau.

Freunde, wir ſollen, wir ſollen uns freuen;
Freud' iſt des Vaters erhab'nes Gebot.
Freude der Unſchuld kann niemals gereuen,
Lächelt durch Roſen dem nahenden Tod.

Sehnſucht nach Mitgefühl.

An Matthiſſon.

My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
GRAY.

Wo weilt die Seele wie meine geſtimmt?
Der Stern des dunkelnden Abends vernimmt
Nicht meinen Wunſch; was dem Herzen gebricht,
Gewährt er mir nicht.

Wenn in den Pappeln die Nachtigall ſchlägt,
O Freund, wie bin ich ſo innig bewegt!
Mit ihrer Töne Bedeutung vertraut,
Verſcheucht ſie mein Laut.

Der Mond beſchimmert mich düſter und bleich
Durch Tannenwipfel und Föhrengeſträuch;
Der matte binſenbeſpülende Bach
Seufzt langſam mir nach.

Der Widerhall in den Klüften verſchlinget
Die Klage, welche die Sehnſucht ihm bringt.
Bald ſchwindet, was der Verlaſſene ruft,
In nichtiger Luft.

Erguß, du Trauter, und Sänftigung fehlt
Dem öden Herzen, von Sehnſucht gequält,
Dem die Natur, die es inniglich liebt,
Genüge nicht giebt!

Wohl herben Kummer zu mildern gelang
Der Mitempfindungen Wechſelgeſang!
Aus Klagen, traulich mit Freunden gekoſ't,
Entblühet der Troſt.

Verwandte Seelen verſtehen ſich ganz!
Nimm dieſes Liedes Vergißmeinnichtkranz,
Aus dem, von Seufzern der Ahnung umweht,
Die Warnung ergeht:

Wo weilſt du, Trauter? Schon grünt uns ein Baum;
Der Baum zum Sarge! ſchon grünet ein Raum;
Der Raum, wo künftig, vom Graswuchs umdeckt,
Mein Hügel ſich hebt!

Letzter Wunſch.

Hoc erat in votis.
HOR.

Wann, o Schickſal! wann wird endlich
Mir mein letzter Wunſch gewährt?
Nur ein Hüttchen, ſtill und ländlich;
Nur ein kleiner eigner Herd;
Und ein Freund, bewährt und weiſe,
Freiheit, Heiterkeit und Ruh'!
Ach und Sie! das ſeufz' ich leiſe,
Zur Gefährtin Sie dazu.

Wenn ich noch ein Gärtchen hätte,
Bau'ten wir's mit eigner Hand.
Statt geſchorner Boskette
Und der Hagenbuchenwand,
Dämmert uns ein Dach von Latten,
Dicht mit Rebengrün bedeckt,
Tief in Silbertannen-Schatten
Vor des Neides Blick verſteckt.

Statt Kanäl' und Gartenteiche,
Nur ein Röhrenbrunnentrog!
Statt Alleen und Taxusſträuche,
Früchte, die ich ſelbſt erzog;
Durch ein Gatter nur von Pfählen,
Durch den Vorhof, eng' und klein,
Eil' ich, ſtatt nach Marmorſälen,
In ihr trautes Kämmerlein.

Bei des heitern Morgens Friſche
Hörten wir im Buchenhain,
Dort am Waſſer im Gebüſche,
Nachtigallen-Melodei'n.

Auch begänne ſie Geſänge,
Wäre Philomel' entfloh'n,
Und in meine Seele dränge
Tiefer noch ihr ſüßer Ton.

Unterm Strauch voll Hagroſen,
Auf dem rothbeblümten Klee,
Könnten wir ſo traulich koſen,
Wie auf ſeid'nem Kanapee.
In dem Duft entblühter Bohnen,
Unter Pappeln, hoch und ſchlank,
Bau'ten wir, ſtatt gold'nen Thronen,
Eine kleine Bretterbank.

Beeren, die ihr Finger drückte,
Honig, der der Wab' entfloß,
Kräuter, die vom Beet ſie pflückte,
Milch, die ſie in Schaalen goß:
Ha! bei ſolchem Göttermahle
Säßen wir, wie froh, wie ſtolz!
Wär' auch Löffel, Tiſch und Schaale
Nur aus weißem Buchenholz.

Mit den holden Dörfnerinnen,
Nach der Weidenpfeife Schall,
Einen Maientanz beginnen,
Gält uns mehr als Maskenball.
Lieber, als der Prunk der Bühnen
Dem verwöhnten Städterſchwarm,
Wär' ein Pfänderſpiel im Grünen
Mir an meines Mädchens Arm.

In geſtirnten Sommernächten,
Wenn der Mond die Schatten hellt,
Wallte ſie an meiner Rechten,
Durch das thaubeträufte Feld.
Oft zum milden Abendſterne
Höb' ich den entzückten Blick;
Oefter ſenkt' ich ihn, wie gerne!
Auf ihr blaues Aug' zurück.

Vieles wünſcht' ich ſonſt vergebens!
Jetzo nur zum letzten Mal
Für den Abend meines Lebens
Irgendwo ein Friedensthal;
Edle Muß' in eigner Wohnung,
Und ein Weib voll Zärtlichkeit,
Das, der Treue zur Belohnung,
Auf mein Grab ein Veilchen ſtreut.

Berenice.

Sie tritt hervor; ihr Kirſchenblüthenweiße
Enthüllt ihr Angeſicht!
Lauſcht, Nymphen, lauſcht! Dryaden, lispelt leiſer!
Ihr, Weſte, athmet nicht!

Blüht glänzender, ihr Wieſenanemonen,
Seit euch ihr Fuß betrat;
O Cytiſus, ſenk' alle Blüthenkronen
Auf meiner Holden Pfad!

Holdſelige! auf ſilbernen Narziſſen
Weht rauſchend ihr Gewand;
Der Angerklee ſtrebt ihren Saum zu küſſen,
Des Graſes Halm die Hand.

Ein Roſenlicht umfließt die zarten Wangen,
Die ſtille Sehnſucht bleicht;
Ihr Auge ſchwimmt in ſchmachtendem Verlangen,
Von ſüßer Rührung feucht.

Wie aus des Mund's halb aufgehauchter Blüthe
Ihr Aetherodem fließt!
Die Lippen nun ein Lächeln milder Güte
Sanft in die Höhe zieht!

Vom Jugenddrang, der ihren Buſen füllet,
Erbebt der Schleife Band;
Erbebt der Flor, ſo ſorgſam überhüllet
Von ihrer Mutterhand.

Wie ſich ihr Haar, mit weichem Niederwallen,
In loſe Ringel ſchlingt,
Und, der Natur aus offner Hand entfallen,
Auf ihren Gürtel ſinkt!

Seht, wie der Hut, aus falbem Stroh gewoben,
Sich auf ihr Auge ſenkt;
Auch niedlich noch, wenn er, im Geh'n verſchoben,
Nachläſſig ſeitwärts hängt!

Sie ſchwebt dahin, auf Lotus und Violen,
Mit leiſem Feenſchritt,
Wie Iris leicht, mit purpurhellen Sohlen,
Auf blaue Wolken tritt.

Ach! ſie entſchwand in's Grün der Gartenhütte;
Die Geißblatt dicht umlaubt.
Nun rauſch', o Quell, durchwehter Kirſchbaum ſchütte
Noch Blüthen auf ihr Haupt!

Das Mitleid.

Pity dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.
GRAY.

Mitleid! Heil dir, du Geweihte!
Weiches Herzens, milder Hand,
Wall'ſt du an des Duldens Seite
Durch der Prüfung rauhes Land;
Thau'ſt, wie Balſam, milde Zähren,
Hebſt das zerknickte Rohr.
Wie zu Huldas Altären,
Blickt die Noth zu dir empor.

Deine Hülfe ſtillt ihr Flehen!
Dein Erbarmen eilt zur That.
Wünſche brauchſt du auszuſpähen,
Spendeſt, wenn der Mangel bat:
Spendeſt Brüdern, welche darben,
Deines Tagewerks Gewinn;
Bindeſt loſer deine Garben
Vor der Aehrenleſerin.

In verarmter Wittwen Krüge
Schütteſt du der Stärkung Wein,
Prägſt des Lächelns heitre Züge
Abgehärmten Wangen ein;
Hebſt erlegner Wandrer Bürde
Auf dem tiefbeſchneiten Damm,
Und verpflegſt in ſichrer Hürde
Deines Nachbarn irres Lamm.

Sorglich ſtreuſt du vor die Scheuer
Eignes Korn im Winter aus;
Nöthigſt zu des Herdes Feuer
Pilger in dein wirthlich Haus;
Herbergſt an des Strohdachs Balken
Progners federloſe Brut;
Schirmeſt Täubchen vor des Falken,
Küchlein vor des Geiers Wuth.

Du entführſt die junge Waiſe
Ihrer Mutter Raſengruft;
Jeden Seufzer, noch ſo leiſe,
Raubt dein Ohr der Abendluft;
Sanft, wie thauige Hyaden,
Blickſt du auf das Findelkind,
Reichſt ihm Ariadnens Faden
Durch des Lebens Labyrinth.

Du erwärmſt in ſanfter Rührung
Auch der Selbſtſucht ſtarres Eis,
Warnſt vor lockender Verführung
Blüthenüberſtreutem Gleiſ';
Neigeſt dich mit leiſem Tröſten
An der Schwermuth dumpfes Ohr;
Hebſt entfeſſelt den Erlöſten
Von des Kerkers Stroh empor.

Herzen, die der Harm zerriſſen,
Heilſt du mit beſorgter Treu;
Rückeſt der Geduld das Kiſſen
Auf des Schmerzenlagers Streu;
Schon'ſt des Schlummers; nah'ſt auf Socken;
Kühl'ſt mit deinem Palmenreis,
Trockneſt mit ergoßnen Locken
Banger Todeskämpfe Schweiß.

Bleib' bei uns, bis einſt die Hefe
In dem Thränenkelch verſiegt;
Kränze bleicher Trübſal Schläfe,
Die an deinen Schooß ſich ſchmiegt;

Herze ſie mit Ammenarmen,
Sei umſtürmter Pflänzchen Stab,
Die das ewige Erbarmen
Dir zur Pflege übergab.

An ein Thal.

Nè giammai vidi valle aver sì spessi
Luoghi da sospirar riposti e fidi.
PETRARCA.

Entlegnes Thal von Fichtenhöhn begrenzt,
Mit Erlenreih'n umhegte flache Matten!
O Bach, auf dem ein goldnes Schlaglicht glänzt
O Wörthel, im dunklen Walnußſchatten!

Der Freudenruf entzückter Wandrer grüßt
Dich, holdes Thal, vom Gipfel ferner Hügel;
Betrachtung ſäumt, wo ſich dein Quell ergießt;
In deinem Hain ſenkt der Begeiſtrung Flügel.

Nimm, trauter Hain, nimm Schattengang mich auf!
In deiner Nacht entſchlummern alle Sorgen;
Beſchränkt, wie du, iſt auch mein Erdenlauf;
Dein Ausgang mir, ſo wie ſein Schluß, verborgen.

Hier ruht der Ehrſucht Schiff am treuen Strand;
Genügſamkeit bannt es an Blumenküſten.
Der Vorwitz legt ſein Fernrohr aus der Hand;
Beſorgniß ſpäht nicht nach der Zukunft Wüſten.

Die Bosheit ſprüht hier nicht ihr Natterngift
Auf unbeſungner Unſchuld Roſenkronen:
Verachte Niedrigkeit theilt des Landmanns Trift,
Und Freiheit herrſcht, wo gute Menſchen wohnen.

Das Hohngezisch des Witzes mengt ſich nicht
In dieſer Lüfte friedeathmend Wehen;
Kein Läſterkreis hält hier ſein Strafgericht;
Kein Neider lau'rt, Gebrechen auszuſpähen.

Die Muſe wallt auf zartbeblümtem Plan:
Sie folgt dem Bach, der jene Flächen theilet,
Und geht verirrt auf ſanftgewundner Bahn,
So lang er kann, in dieſem Tempe weilet.

Aus jener Dorfkapell', in Laub verhüllt,
Klang nie das Sturmgeläut' in Schreckensnächten,
Wenn Aufruhr tobt, der tauſendſtimmig brüllt,
Mit Brand und Dolch in hochgeſchwungnen Rechten.

Den Wiederhall der Engpaßklüfte ſchreckt
Kein Schlachtgetöß; ſtatt rauher Kriegstrommeten
Hallt hier das Horn, das früh die Hirten weckt;
Der Tag erliſcht beim Ton der Weidenflöten.

Hier muht die Kuh auf gelbbeblümter Au',
Dort klingeln hell der Ziegenheerde Schellen;
Das [illegible] ſchwanket im [illegible],
Und Bienen ſumſen an des Waldbachs Fällen.

Dort flüſtern Silberpappeln ſanft umweht,
Die, grün und weiß, die Blätter wechſelnd regen;
Das Mühlenrad, das träg' die Schaufeln dreht,
Klappt langſam fort mit gleich gemeßnen Schlägen.

Im Dickicht ſchallt der Droſſel Waldgeſang,
Das Heupferd zirpt auf friſch gemähter Weide!
Am Hügel klirrt gewetzter Senſen Klang,
Und fern verhallt das dumpfe Stadtgeläute.

O ſelig, wer, nach freier Herzenswahl,
In dieſen Grund ſich heimlich ſiedeln konnte!
Wie dort Petrarch im felsumragten Thal,
Wie Xenophon im ländlichen Stillonte.

Wer lang' bereut, daß er es einſt verſucht,
Sich in das Gleis des Weltlings zu gewöhnen,
Der eil', entflohn dem Sturm, in dieſer Bucht,
Der Meinung nicht, nur der Natur zu fröhnen.

Hier darf ein Herz, das man ſchon oft verrieth,
Noch eine Welt ſich träumen, frei vom Böſen;
Die Liebe, die des Schickſals Härte ſchied,
Sucht hier den Gram in Thränen aufzulöſen.

O du, die mich mit Seraphshuld umſchwebt,
Entfernte! hier belebt ſich mein Vertrauen;
Die Zukunft glänzt von Hoffnungsgold durchwebt,
Hier dürften wir ein Zufluchtshüttchen bauen.

Die Liebe braucht ein Feld und einen Pflug;
Ein Halmendach, das ſie getreu verberge;
Ein Räumchen zur Umarmung weit genug,
Und einen Platz für zwei vereinte Särge.

O ruht' ich hier, am häuslich ſtillen Ziel,
Nicht mehr verlockt von nichtigen Entwürfen!
O möchte nie das öde Weltgewühl
In ſeine trüben Strudel mich verſchlürfen!

Fern, wie das Meer ein Hirt in Ennas Thal,
Hört' ich die Fluth der Zeitgeſchichte toſen;
Nur edler Freiheitshelden Ruhmesmahl
Kränz' ich mit Eichenlaub und Silberroſen:

Unbiegſamer, keines Fürſten Waffenknecht,
Zu ehrlos, um Rang und Gold zu werben,
Entſagt' ich nie der beſſern Menſchheit Recht,
Für Völkerglück zu ſingen und zu ſterben.

Dort wo, gelind, in lauer Luft gewiegt,
Die ſchlanken Pappeln ſich zuſammen ſehnen,
Erzähl' an meine Urne hingeſchmiegt,
Mein junges Weib der Treue ſtille Thränen.

Monodie.

Am Meere bei Havre de Grace.

Im Mai 1790.

Im hellen Schein des Weſtens wanken Schiffe
Zur fernen Höh', ihr Segel rund geſchwellt;
Der Brandung Wog' am weiten Felſenriffe
Verweilet und zerſchellt.

Die golddurchflocknen Wolkenzungen blaſſen:
Den Ozean bepurpurt Zitterglut;
Dem Schooß' der Fern' entragen kaum die Maſſen,
Und tauchen in die Fluth.

Zur Hütte kehrt mit Senſen dort und Harken
Der frohe Landmann, der ſein Feld gemäht.
Die Rhede ruht, von braunen Fiſcherbarken
Und Nachen überſä't.

Die Dämmerung beraucht die Meeresſchale
Mit zartem Grau; die ſchöne Mewe ſtreift
Am Kreidenfels der flüchtigen Kryſtale,
Wo Sehnſucht einſam ſchweift.

Des Hafens Markt verſtummt; der Bootsmann läutet
Zum Nachtgebet; des Leuchtthurms Lampe blinkt.
Doch fern hinweg zum Morgenhimmel deutet
Die Muſe mir und winkt!

Dort wandelt Sie, wo grüne Schimmer zücken,
Sie, welche nur mein Geiſtesflug erreicht.
Die Stunde ſchlägt, wenn mit geſenkten Blicken
Sie dem Gedräng' entweicht.

Flieg' hin, mein Geiſt, wo zu der Alpen Zinken
Die Goldbeleuchtung ſteigend ſich entzieht,
Wo feucht und kühl des Tobels Schatten ſinken,
Und hallt der Amſel Lied.

Dort wandelt ſie, umwölbt von Lerchbaumſproſſen,
Staunt vorgelehnt am bräunlich klaren Teich;
Sein Spiegel glüht, mit [illegible]lichte begoſſen;
Ihr Antlitz nur iſt bleich.

Des Gürtels Schleif' erheben laue Winde
Und flüſternd wallt das ſchwarze Seidenband,
Das ſeit der Trennung, ſtatt der Roſenbinde,
Sie um die Locken wand.

Der Sproſſer Largo tönt in Wechſelchören.
Von Buſch zu Buſch, ſie horcht und hemmt den Lauf,
Dringt dann ins Dunkel grünverwachſ'ner Föhren
Und blickt tiefathmend auf.

Der letzte Hall der fernen Abendglocken
Verſummt und ſtirbt. Schau, wie ſie ernſter ſinnt!
Sie neigt die Stirn' auf die gelöſ'ten Locken,
Und ihre Thräne rinnt.

Ihr tiefaſurnen Frühlings Enzianen,
Haſcht auf die Thräne, welche ſie vergoß!
Sink' ein, o Nacht, und laß nur mich es ahnen,
Um welchen Freund ſie floß.

Der Herbſtabend.

An Sie.

Abendglockenhalle zittern
Dumpf durch Moorgedüfte hin;
Hinter jenes Kirchhofs Gittern
Blaßt des Dämmerlichts Karmin.

Aus umdüſterten Lindenzweigen
Rieſelt welkes Laub herab,
Und gebleichte Gräſer beugen
Sich auf ihr beſtimmtes Grab.

Freundin! wankt, im Abendwinde,
Hoch auch Gras auf meiner Bruſt,
Schwärmet das Laub um ihre Linde
Ruhelos in feuchter Luft.

Wenn ſchon meine Raſenhülle
Nur dein weißer Kranz noch ziert,
Und auf Lethes leiſer Welle
Sich mein Nebelbild verliert:

Lauſche dann! Im Blätterſchauer
Wird es dir vernehmlich wehn:
Jenſeits ſchwindet jede Trauer;
Treue wird ſich wieder ſehn!

Die Herbſtnacht.

Der Mond, umwallt von Wolken, ſchwimmt
Im feuchten Blau der Luft;
Der Forſtreih, matt verſilbert, glimmt
Durch zarten Nebelduft;
Die Glut, vom Hirtenfeu'r umwacht,
Verſchwärzt, entflackernd, rings die Nacht;
Eintönig rollt vom Brunnenrohr
Der Waſſerſtrang, der ſich verſchäumt;
Und zarte, graue Schatten wirft
Schräghin das Kirchhofsthor.

Das Reh der [illegible] ſchwellt
Vom [illegible] des Wipfels auf;
Der Mond, in Wettergraun gehüllt,
Verſchied nach halbem Lauf.
Des Irrlichts bläulich fahler Schein
Entglüht im Torf am Tannenhain.
Des Zeigers Goldblatt blinket matt,
Umflort von feuchtem Nebelrauch;
Und ängſtlich zuckt im Erlenſtrauch
Sein letztes dürres Blatt.

Hier, wo aus langer Nacht empor
Sich die Betrachtung reißt,
Bedrückt das Herz ein Schwermuthsflor;
Doch Frühroth hellt den Geiſt.
Des Schickſals Wolken fliehn zerſtreut;
Aus Dunkel ſtrahlt die Herrlichkeit.
Der Unſchuld Roſe blüht bewährt,
Durch Stürme nicht des Dufts beraubt,
Da, durch die Nacht, der Tugend Haupt
Nur heiter ſich verklärt.

Durch Seelenkraft und feſten Muth
Wird Wahn und Schmerz beſiegt;
Der weiſe Glaube fühlt als gut,
Was Allmacht liebend fügt.
Ein Kind im Mutterſchooße ruht
So achtlos bei der Blitze Glut.
Auf Pfade der Gelaſſenheit
Glänzt Hoffnung im Gewitterlicht;
Und in des Todes Blick verflicht
Den Strahl — Unſterblichkeit!

Morgenpſalm.

Der Erdkreis feiert noch im Dämmerſchein;
Still, wie die Lamp' in Tempelhallen, hängt
Der Morgenſtern; es dampft vom Buchenhain,
Der, Kuppeln gleich, empor die Wipfel drängt.
Gleich, naher Felſen dürre Zinn' erglüht,
Der Roſe gleich, die über Trümmern blüht.

Wem dampft das Opfer der bethauten Flur?
Ihr Duft, der hoch in Silbernebeln dringt,
Iſt Weihrauch, den die ländliche Natur
Dem Herrn auf niedern Raſenſtufen bringt.
Die Himmel ſind ein Hochaltar des Herrn,
Ein Opferfunken nur der Morgenſtern.

Im Morgenroth, das neuer Gletſcher Reih'n
Und ferner Meere Kranzkreis glänzend hellt,
Verdämmert ſeines Thrones Wiederſchein,
Der mild auf Menſchen, hell auf Gräber fällt.
Er lächelt Huld auf redliches Bereu'n,
Und lacht der Ewigkeit durch Todesgrau'n.

Noch wanken wir, wo kaum der Aufgang tagt,
Im erſten Frühſchein der Unſterblichkeit.
Der Tag, wo Unſchuld nimmer irrt, noch klagt,
Glänzt hinter Gräbern auf und iſt nicht weit.
Des Wahnes Dunſt, des Todes Nacht zerfleucht,
O Allmacht, dir, die mir [illegible] zeigt!

Bild des Lebens.

Auf des Grämenden Steige
Fällt der Freude Silberlicht,
Flüchtig, wie durch rege Zweige
Bleiches Mondgeflimmer bricht;
Wie ſich Glanz und Nacht verdrängen,
Wo der Tag verliſcht im Hain,
Wechſeln auf des Schickſals Gängen
Dunkle Sorg' und Sonnenſchein.

Wenn der Strauch am Kirchhofswege
Blüthen auf den Grasweg ſtreut,
Neigt das grünende Gehege
[illegible] ſich auf ein Grabgeläut.
Ulmen, unter deren Blüthe
Oft die Nachtigall ſich barg,
Heben bald des Stammes Breite
Zu der Dorfbewohner Sarg.

Jener Welt, der auf dem Waizen
Sonnentaumelnd Wogen ſchlägt,
Flüſtert bang' an Denkmalskreuzen,
Wenn ihr dürrer Kranz ſich regt;
Heute weht er [illegible],
Morgen Grabgeruch her;
Hebet hier den Flor der Trauer,
Um entblätterter [illegible] hart.

Wenn, des [illegible] Flur zu hellen,
Sich das Abendgold ergießt,
Trinkt es auch in Gitterſpalten,
Wo ſich ſchwerer Gram verſchließt.
Wenn das Meer im Frühroth ſchimmert,
Färbt ſich auch die Klippenbank,
Wo, vom Nachtorkan zertrümmert,
Das bemannte Schiff verſank.

Wandrer, der am Strom der Zeiten
Mit geſenktem Blicke ruht,
Sieh! auf ſeiner Fluth entgleiten
Wolkenſchatten, Roſenglut.
Die Natur in ihren Bildern,
Stäten Laufs, doch wandelbar,
Heißt den Schmerz durch Hoffnung mildern,
Mahnt den Leichtſinn an Gefahr.

Aus dem Schatte feuchter Hallen
Keimt die Steinlevkoie bald;
Heiter, neben Urnen, wallen
Nymphen im Zypreſſenwald;
Auf der Wahlſtatt ſingt die raſche
Ahndungsloſe Schnitterin,
Hüpft auf der verwehten Aſche
Manches Heldenjünglings hin.

Horch, was dir des Tejers Leyer,
Gleims und Flaccus Muſe räth:
Weiſe, wer der Zukunft Schleier
Nur bekränzt, und nie durchſpäht!
Trag' ein Herz, den Freuden offen,
Doch zum Leidenskampf bereit;
Lern' im Mißgeſchicke hoffen;
Denk' des Sturms bei heitrer Zeit!

Zage nie! Dem Kelch der Schmerzen
Würzt ein ſüßes Nachgefühl;
Hehrer Schauer hebt die Herzen
Im Orkan und Schlachtgewühl.
Hoher Muth und Kraft entquellen
Feſt beſtandener Gefahr;
Genien des Troſt's geſellen
Sich zur Schwermuth unſichtbar.

Späh' nicht in des Stromes Bette,
Labe dich am Raſenbord;
Knüpfe neu der Freuden Kette,
Wenn ein Blumenglied verdorrt!
Donnerſchläge, Waldgeſänge
Wechſeln neben deiner Bahn;
Wandle du, durch Blumengänge
Ernſt, durch Klippen froh hinan!

Der Gottesacker.

Im Vorfrühling.

Wärmer treibt des Kirchhofs Flieder,
Neigt auf Grüfte junges Laub;
Kirſchenblüthe gaukelt nieder
Auf der Abgeſchiednen Staub.
Bleicher Primeln Keime tüpfen
Sanft das Moos, das ſie umgab;
Und des Dorfes Kinder hüpfen
Achtlos auf der Väter Grab.

Junges Sinngrün drängt ſich dichter
An des Jünglings flachen Stein,
Oeffnet blauer Blumen Trichter,
Saugt zerfloſſnen Reifen ein.
Schlaff gedrückte Halme richten
Sich vom Winterſchlaf empor,
Und in naher Waldung Fichten
Flötet laut ein Droſſelchor.

Droſſeln, ſingt in leiſen Chören!
Amſel, flöt' im Trauerhain!
Nur wir Hinterbliebnen hören
Eure Frühlingsmelodein.
Ach! ihr mahnt an die Genoſſen,
Die ein früher Tod verklärt;
An die Lenze, die verfloſſen,
An die Zeit, die nimmer kehrt!

Flötet nur gelaßne Klage,
Hemmt der Trauertöne Lauf;
Denn ſie nahm von dunkler Tage
Letzter Stuf' ihr Engel auf.
Kies und dumpfe Schollen warfen
Wir auf den verſenkten Sarg,
Als, begrüßt von Himmelsharfen,
Sich ihr Geiſt in Licht verbarg.

In des Geiſterreiches Stille
Tobt kein Sturm der Leidenſchaft,
Und des Guten reiner Wille
Lohnt ſich durch erhöhte Kraft;
Seelen, fremd im öden Thale
Der umſchränkten Wirklichkeit,
Fanden froh die Ideale
Seliger Vollkommenheit.

Ihre Schwächen ſind vergeſſen,
Groll und Zwietracht ſind verſöhnt,
Wo die Reue mit Zypreſſen
Der Gekränkten Stätte krönt.
Aus des niedern Neides Schranke
In des Friedens Höh' entrückt,
Ritzt ſie nie der Bosheit Ranke,
Die des Edeln Pfad umſtrickt.

Kühler Raſen überſchleiert
Sorgſam der Verweſung Spur;
Auf des Moders Hülle feiert
Frühlingsfeſte die Natur;
Und die Thräne der Empfindung,
Wenn ihr Grabgeläut verklingt,
Schmückt die Kette der Verbindung,
Die ins Geiſterreich ſich ſchlingt.

Auf den Gräbern unſrer Väter
Sprießt des Erdrauchs Purpurſtrauß,
Ein entwölkter lauer Aether
Ueberwölbt ihr enges Haus;
Auf vermorſchter Särge Reſte,
Auf zerbröckeltes Gebein,
Wallt durch weiße Blüthenäſte
Goldner Frühlingsmorgenſchein.

Selbſt wo raſenlos und mürbe
Sich ein neuer Hügel hebt,
Wo man den, der heute ſtürbe,
In die Reihe hin begräbt,
Wird der Grund ſich bald behalmen;
Wo jetzt Wermuthſtengel ſtehn,
Hebt die Hoffnung Siegespalmen
Für das große Wiederſehn.

Drückt euch dicht, ihr Epheuzweige,
An der Dulder ſtilles Grab,
Schlaffe Trauerweide, neige
Dein Gelocke tief herab!
Flattert drüber, Hängebirken,
Dämpft den Tag umher durch Laub,
Und, Natur, mit leiſem Wirken
Wandl' in Blumen ihren Staub!

Die Tochter des Landes.

Die Huld ſich zur Pfleglingin erkoren,
Die Tochter der Natur,
Wird in der Hütte ſtillem Raum geboren,
Erzogen auf der Flur.

Den Jubelton von hellen Weidenpfeifen
Empfängt zuerſt ihr Ohr,
Ihr erſter Blick ſteigt zu den Purpurſtreifen
Am Weſtgewölk empor.

Glückſelig Kind, das in beblümter Wiege
Ein Blüthenwipfel kühlt,
Um das vertraut ſein Lamm und ſeine Ziege
Im hohen Graſe ſpielt!

Froh klimmt ſie nach des Regenbogens Farben
Hinan des Hügels Pfad;
Zum Sitze wählt ſie pralle Waizengarben,
Zum Pfühl der Gerſte Schwad.

Ein Nelkenſtock befriedigt ihr Begehren;
Mit Wenigem vergnügt,
Iſt ihre Thräne, gleich Auroras Zähren,
Im erſten Strahl verſiegt.

Ihr ſingt der Hain nur mit der Freude Tönen,
Leicht iſt ihr Gang wie Tanz;
Noch band ſie nicht, ein theures Grab zu krönen,
Den bittern Rautenkranz.

Glückſeliger, wenn ſie nun ſechzehn Lenze,
Statt ſechzehn Ahnen, zählt,
Dem Haupt zum Kleinod goldner Primeln Kränze,
Der Bruſt Violen wählt.

Ihr Antlitz blüht, wenn einfach ſich die Haube
Um ihre Schläfe drängt,
Beſcheiden, hold, wie halb verſteckt im Laube
Ein Mayenglöckchen hängt.

Schön wallt ihr Haar, das ſie gleich der Najade
Im Quell zu waſchen pflegt,
Und, unentweiht von Puder und Pomade,
In loſe Flechten legt.

So prangt ſie ſtill im heimathlichen Thale,
Von weiſer Zucht bewacht,
Und Unſchuld wirft den Schleier der Veſtale
Um ihre Hirtentracht.

Die Häuslichkeit birgt ſie in grünen Hallen,
Vom Sonnenſtrahl umblinkt,
Bis ihr beim Hochzeitlied der Nachtigallen
Der Myrthenkranz entſinkt.

Dann ziert ſie, wenn bräutlich hold ſie bebet,
Verſchämtes Roſenlicht;
Und bald, was mehr ein holdes Weib noch hebet,
Erfüllte Mutterpflicht.

Vertrauen.

Wer giebt uns unſern Kinderglauben
An eine treue Welt zurück?
Ach, ſchließt den allzuſcharfen Blick!
Was uns die Zuverſicht kann rauben,
Zerſtört des Herzens Glück.

Dann denkt mein Geiſt mit Wohlgefallen,
O Zeit, wann, fremd' in klügrer Welt,
Man traut zu Jedem ſich geſellt,
Und arglos, wie die Nachtigallen,
In offne Schlingen fällt.

O Glück, noch kindlich hinzulangen
Nach Blumen, eh' man ſie benennt,
Nach Freuden, die man bald nur kennt;
Wenn unſer Blick, kaum aufgegangen,
Nicht Schein und Weſen trennt!

Ihr Tage, wo wir klüger werden,
Wie ſchwül iſt euer Mittagslicht,
Wenn die Erfahrung warnend ſpricht:
Vollkommen weilet nichts auf Erden!
Was blühet, währet nicht.

Wohl dann dem liebenden Gemüthe,
Das ſein Vertrauen rein bewahrt
Und, ſein Gefühl ſei noch ſo zart,
Nie zweifelt an des Edeln Güte,
Noch an der Menſchen Art.

Bei dem Grabſtein einer Wöchnerin.

Sieh, Wanderer, ſo entkeimt des dunkeln Grabes Nacht,
Einſt Gottes Samenkorn, verſenkt im Erdenthale!
So ſprengt den Leichenſtein der ew'gen Liebe Macht!
So ſprießt einſt Gottes Saat, und bricht des Sarges Schale!

So ſteigt die Lilie aus kühler Erde Schooß,
Und läßt ihr Knoſpenblatt, das Leichentuch, entfallen.
Der Engel windet ſich vom Grabesſchleier los,
Und fühlt das Sterbgewand ätheriſch ihn umwallen.

Auch du, verwelkter Kelch, gebrochnes Menſchenherz,
Zerknicktes zartes Rohr, zermalmte Körperhülle,
Einſt hebt ihr euch und blüht, wo weder Angſt noch Schmerz,
Noch Tod euch mehr erreicht in ew'ger Himmelsſtille.

Die Knoſpe, ſchon zerſtört, eh' ſie ſich uns enthüllt,
Der Säugling ſtrebet nicht umſonſt mit ſchwachen Händen;
Auch ſeines Schickſals Kreis wird endlich einſt erfüllt,
Und ſeines Mondes Ring wird hell ſich einſt vollenden!

O Wanderer, den das Bild der Auferſtehung rührt,
Du dankſt dem Künſtler, der in dieſen Stein es prägte;
Erheb' auch deinen Blick — zu dem, dem Preis gebührt,
Daß er die Hoffnung tief in unſre Seele legte!

Die ſtillende Mutter.

Wo das Gebüſch geweihte Schatten ſtreut,
Im Raſenſitz, von Weiden überhüllet,
Ruht ſie im Schmucke holder Weiblichkeit,
Die Mutter, die geheim den Säugling ſtillet.

Geſenkten Blicks, gleich einer Charitas;
Durch Demuth hehr, wie die Gebenedeite;
Sieh, wie ſie ſich im Wohlthun ſüß vergaß,
Ganz ſich der Pflicht — ein Blüthenopfer — weihte.

Sieh frommen Ernſt, mit Zärtlichkeit gemiſcht;
Der Jungfrau Reinheit bei der Gattin Treue;
Des Frohſinns Glanz durch Leiden bald verwiſcht;
Auf heitrer Stirn der Schmerzen erſte Weihe:

Wie ſie das Kind an ihren Buſen drückt,
Mit holder Sorge zu ihm hingebogen,
Und wonnelächelnd auf den Sprößling blickt,
Den ſüße Müh' und zarte Angſt erzogen.

Gleich einer Knoſpe, die ihr Dorn verletzt,
Zürnt nimmer ſie der Urſach' ihrer Schmerzen;
Der ſtumme Dank im Blick des Kinds erſetzt
Die herbſten Leiden einem Mutterherzen.

Der erſten Freude mattes Morgenlicht,
Das ſich auf ihres Kleinen Wangen zeigte,
Verklärt im Wiederſchein ihr Angeſicht,
Wenn es auch thränenfeucht ſich zu ihm neigte;

Wie Philomele rein und leiſer lockt,
Den Fittig wärmend um ihr Neſt verbreitet,
Wo ſie, von Weißdornblüthen überflockt,
Der Mutter ſüßes Wiegenlied begleitet;

So häuslich eingekleidet, ſchlicht und rein,
Wie die geſchloſſne Lilie verſchleiert,
In leiſer Dämmerung Verklärungsſchein
Sie nach des Hauſes treuen Sorgen feiert.

Der Abendſtern ergeußt ſein mildes Licht
Mit Wohlgefallen durch bethaute Zweige;
Doch milder, klarer leuchtet Hesper nicht,
Als jener Blick, der Mutterwürde Zeuge.

Die reine Grazie der Mutterhuld,
Die ernſte Schweſter jüngrer Charitinnen,
Zart wie die Liebe, feſt wie die Geduld,
Treu wie der heil'gen Flamme Hüterinnen,

Steht, als ihr Engel, ſchirmend hinter ihr,
Und von der Unſichtbaren Glanz umleuchtet,
Nicht eitler Wunſch und ſinnliche Begier,
Wo fromme Sehnſucht nur ihr Auge feuchtet.

Durch Liebe ſtark, vermag ein Mutterherz;
Den ſchönen Kranz von ihren Jugendtagen,
Verlächelnd des Verblühens leiſen Schmerz,
Auf den Altar der Treue froh zu tragen.

Nicht fragend, ob verdienten Dankes Spur
Im jungen Sinn ſich löſche oder bleibe,
Sie ſpendet wie die gütige Natur;
Ihr Zweck iſt Wohlthun und ihr Weſen Liebe.

Wohl uns, es knüpft des Weltenlenkers Hand,
Wie an den Pappelſtamm die Glockenwinden,
Uns an der Mutterliebe zartes Band,
Eh' wir den Sturm des Schickſals noch empfinden.

Lied.

In's ſtille Land!
Wer leitet uns hinüber?
Schon wölkt ſich uns der Abendhimmel trüber,
Und immer trümmervoller wird der Strand.
Wer leitet uns mit ſanfter Hand
Hinüber, ach! hinüber
In's ſtille Land?

In's ſtille Land!
Zu euch, ihr freien Räume
Für die Veredlung! Zarte Morgenträume
Der ſchönen Seelen! Künft'gen Daſeins Pfand.
Wer treu des Lebens Kampf beſtand,
Trägt ſeiner Hoffnung Keime
In's ſtille Land.

Ach Land! ach Land!
Für alle Sturmbedrohten
Der mildeſte von unſers Schickſals Boten
Winkt uns, die Fackel umgewandt,
Und leitet uns mit ſanfter Hand
In's Land der großen Todten,
In's ſtille Land.

Karl Ulyſſes von Salis-Marſchlins,

ward am 25. Auguſt 1728 zu Marſchlins geboren und war Stifter einer ſpäter wieder eingegangenen Erziehungsanſtalt daſelbſt. 1757 wurde er Podeſta von Tiran in Veltlin und 1763 franzöſiſcher Geſchäftsträger in Graubünden. 1794 verließ er jedoch, für ſein Leben fürchtend, Graubünden. Er ward daher aus ſeinem Vaterlande verbannt und ſein Vermögen confiſcirt. Nun wandte er ſich mit ſeiner Familie und einem 97jährigen Vater unter Erduldung vieler Drangſale nach Tyrol und von da nach Wien, wo er am 6. October 1800 ſtarb:

Schriften:

Briefe an Väter und Kinderfreunde. 1775.
Beitrag zur Kenntniß des Königreichs beider Sicilien. 2 Thle. Zürich 1796.
Fragmente der Staatsgeſchichte des Thals Veltlin. 4 Bde. Zürich 1792.
Reiſen in verſchiedene Provinzen des Königreichs Neapel. Zürich 1793.
Bildergallerie der Heimwehkranken. 3 Bde. Zürich 1798—1803.
Hinterlaſſene Schriften. Winterthur 1803—4.

Seine Schriften ſind bemerkenswerth durch gründliche Kenntniß der darin behandelten Gegenſtände, durch Scharfſinn, Geiſt, feinen Geſchmack und ſtiliſtiſche Darſtellung.

Münch von Salzburg, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Chriſtian Gotthilf Salzmann,

ward am 1. Junius 1744 zu Sömmerda bei Erfurt geboren, erhielt von ſeinem Vater, einem Prediger, eine fromme Erziehung, ſtudirte 1761—1764 zu Jena, wurde darauf 1768 Pfarrer zu Rohrborn im Erfurt'ſchen, 1772 Diaconus an der Andreaskirche zu Erfurt und bald darauf Prediger an derſelben. Im Jahre 1781 legte er ſein Amt nieder, ging als Religionslehrer an Baſedow's Philanthropie in Deſſau, verließ inzwiſchen Mißhelligkeiten halber dieſe Stelle ſchon 1784 und gründete, vom Herzog von Gotha mit 4000 Thlr. und manchen Freiheiten und von zahlreichen Freunden durch bedeutende Beiträge unterſtützt, die noch jetzt unter ſeinem Sohne Karl blühende Erziehungsanſtalt zu Schnepfenthal, welche bald einen ſo bedeutenden Ruf erhielt, daß England, Portugal, die Schweiz u. ſ. w. ihm Zöglinge zuſandten. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 31. October 1811.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Predigten für Hypochondriſten. Gotha 1778.
Unterhaltungen für Kinder und Kinderfreunde. 8 Bde. Leipzig 1779—87.
Gottesverehrungen. 6 Thle. Deſſau und Leipzig 1781—88.
Krebsbüchlein oder Anweiſung zu einer unvernünftigen Erziehung. Erfurt 1781.
Karl von Karlsberg oder über das menſchliche Elend. 6 Thle. Leipzig 1783—88.
Reiſen der Salzmann'ſchen Zöglinge (mit André und Gutsmuths). 6 Thle. Leipz. 1784—93.
Sebaſtian Kluge. Leipz. 1790.
Konſtants curioſe Lebensgeſchichte. 3 Thle. Leipz. 1791—93.
Konrad Kiefer oder Anweiſung zu einer vernünftigen Erziehung. Leipz. 1796.
Der Himmel auf Erden. Leipz. 1797.
Konrad Kiefer's Bilderbüchlein. 2 Hft. Schnepfenthal 1803.
Heinrich Gottſchalk. Schnepfenthal 1803.
Ernſt Haberfeld. Schnepfenthal 1805.
Ameiſenbüchlein oder Anweiſung zu einer vernünftigen Erziehung der Erzieher. Schnepfenthal 1806.
Joſeph Schwarzmantel. Schnepfenthal 1810.
Heinrich Glaskopf. Schnepfenthal 1820.

Salzmann erwarb ſich um die Bildung der deutſchen Jugend zu einer Zeit, als das Erziehungsweſen bei uns unter der Herrſchaft eines unerträglichen Pedantismus noch ſehr danieder lag, ſchriftſtelleriſch wie praktiſch große und bleibende Verdienſte, da er zu dem Natürlichen und Naturgemäßen zurückführte, ohne den Geiſt zu vernachläſſigen oder auf irgend eine Weiſe zu übertreiben. Das von ihm gegründete Inſtitut zu Schnepfenthal iſt daher lange als Muſteranſtalt betrachtet worden, und ſteht noch jetzt, in ſeinem Geiſte mit zeitgemäßen Aenderungen fortgeführt, in hoher Blüthe. — Mit beſonnenem Eifer, lichtvoller Klarheit, entſchieden und beſtimmt bekämpfte er in ſeinen Schriften die vielen herrſchenden Mißbräuche ſeiner Tage und wirkte höchſt ſegensreich und mit gutem Erfolg nach den verſchiedenſten Seiten hin.

Levin Chriſtian Friedrich Sander,

geboren am 13. Nov. 1756 zu Itzehoe, war vom J. 1779 bis 1783 Lehrer am Philanthropin zu Deſſau, wurde 1784 Privatlehrer im Hauſe des Grafen von Reventlow in Kopenhagen, 1789 Bevollmächtigter der königl. Creditkaſſe, 1791 Secretär der Generalwegcommiſſion und 1800 Profeſſor der Pädagogik und Methodenlehre am Seminar zu Kopenhagen. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 29. Juli 1819. Viele ſeiner Schriften erſchienen unter dem pſeudonymen Namen: **Ch. Bachmann** und **Dr. Eckſtein.**

Er ſchrieb:

Golderich und Taſſo. Trauerſp. Flensburg 1778.
Proſaiſche Dichtungen. Flensburg 1783.
Puſillana. Schauſp. Deſſau 1783.
Geſchichte meines Freundes W. A. Kund. Hamburg 1784.
Gargantua und Pantagruel, nach Rabelais und Fiſchart. 3 Bde. Hamburg 1785—1787.
Die Fiſcher. Singſpiel nach Ewald. Kopenh. 1786.
Der Schlaftrunk. Luſtſpiel. Meldorf u. Leipz. 1787.
Papiere des Kleeblatts. Schleswig 1787.
Salz, Laune und Mannigfaltigkeit. Hamburg 1790.
Komiſche Erzählungen. Kopenhagen und Leipzig 1792.
Auswahl däniſcher Luſtſpiele. Zürich 1794.
Graf Bernſtorff. Biographiſche Skizze von Nyerup. Kopenhagen 1797.
Rahbecks moraliſche Erzählungen. 2 Thle. Kopenhagen 1800—1801.

Eropolis. Lyriſches Schauſp. Kopenh. 1804.
Taſchenbuch für Freunde altnordiſcher Poeſie. Kopenhagen 1816.
Knud Lavard, Herzog von Schleswig. Leipz. 1821.

Ein gewandtes Talent, das Vorzügliches in Ueberſetzungen leiſtete und ſich um die Verbreitung der däniſchen ſchönen Literatur in Deutſchland vielfache Verdienſte erwarb.

Heinrich Sander,

ward am 25. Nov. 1754 zu Köndringen in Baden geboren, ſtudirte zu Karlsruhe, Tübingen und Göttingen, und wurde ſchon 1775 Profeſſor an dem Gymnaſium zu Karlsruhe. Seit dem Jahre 1777 bereiſte er Frankreich, Deutſchland, die Schweiz und Italien und ſtarb zu Venedig am 5. October 1782.

Schriften:

Von der Güte und Weisheit Gottes in der Natur. Karlsruhe 1778. N. A. Leipzig 1820.
Ueber Natur und Religion. 2 St. N. A. Karlsruhe 1784.
Ueber die Vorſehung. 2 Th. N. A. Karlsruhe 1820.
Ueber das Große und Schöne in der Natur. 2 Thle. N. A. Karlsruhe 1784.
Predigten. 3 Thle. Karlsruhe 1783.
Erbauungsbuch. N. A. Karlsruhe 1802.
Kleine Schriften. Herausgegeben von G. F. Götz. 2 Thle. Karlsruhe 1784.

Seine religiöſen aſketiſchen Schriften zeichnen ſich durch einen höchſt populären vortrefflichen Stil und klare, faßliche Behandlung des Gegenſtandes höchſt vortheilhaft aus. —

Johann Sander,

in der erſten Hälfte des 16ten Jahrhunderts geboren, Pfarrer zu Abenſtedt im Gerichte Peine des Fürſtenthums Hildesheim.

Er ſchrieb:

Tragödia von dem anfang, mittel und ende des heil. Johannes. Magdeburg 1588.

Ein gewöhnliches dramatiſches Product in dem ſchlechten Geſchmacke jener Tage.

Lazarus Sandrup.

Von ſeinen Lebensumſtänden iſt uns nichts bekannt; nur ſo viel wiſſen wir, daß er ſich einen „Studioſus der Philoſophie und Theologie und einen beſondern Liebhaber der Poeſie“ nannte.

Er hinterließ:

Delitiae historicae et poeticae, das iſt: Hiſtoriſche und Poetiſche Kurzweil. Frankfurt a. M. 1618. 8.

S. war nicht ohne Talent für eine leichte und gewandte Behandlung des Stoffes und vorzüglich der Form; unter ſeinen Schwänken verdienen mehrere wieder aufgefriſcht zu werden.

Karl Friedrich Moritz Sapphir,

ward im Jahre 1794 von jüdiſchen Eltern in Peſth geboren, erhielt eine gute Erziehung und wählte dann Wien zu ſeinem Aufenthaltsorte, wo er ſich bereits im belletriſtiſchen Fache einen Ruf erworben hatte, als ihn Verhältniſſe veranlaßten, nach Berlin zu gehn, wo er ein Journal „die Schnellpoſt“ gründete, durch welches er ſich bald als höchſt witziger Kopf eben ſo viele Freunde wie Gegner erwarb, jedoch aus allen Kämpfen ſiegreich hervorging. Er begab ſich dann nach München, wo er ebenfalls zwei Zeitſchriften gründete (der deutſche Horizont und der Bazar), ſich jedoch auch in viele Streitigkeiten verwickelte, zwar den Titel eines Intendanturrathes erhielt, jedoch ohne ein Amt zu bekleiden, und zuletzt München verlaſſen mußte. Zwar erhielt er ſpäter die Erlaubniß wieder dorthin zurück zu kehren, verweilte aber zum zweiten Male nicht lange daſelbſt, und ging dann nach Wien, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt, ebenfalls mit der Herausgabe eines Journals „der Humoriſt“ beſchäftigt.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Poetiſche Erſtlinge. Peſth 1821.
Poeſieen. Wien 1824.
Conditorei des Jocus. Leipzig 1828.
Humoriſtiſche Abende. Augsburg 1830.
Geſammelte Schriften. 4 Bde. Stuttgart 1832.
Neueſte Schriften. München 1832.
Dumme Briefe, Bilder und Chargen. München 1834.
Humoriſtiſche Damenbibliothek. 4 Bde. Wien 1833.
Viele einzelne Flugſchriften. 4 Bde. Wien 1838.

S. iſt unbeſtritten eines der gewandteſten Talente neueſter Zeit im Gebiete des Humors und der Satire, Reichthum an ſchlagendem, oft freilich nur auf Wortſpielen beruhendem Witz und eine ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form ſind ihm eigenthümlich; aber ſeine Lebensverhältniſſe haben ihm weder Ruhe noch Sammlung ſeiner Kräfte und tieferes Eindringen in das eigentliche Weſen der Dinge geſtattet und ihm wiederholt den Vorwurf der Oberflächlichkeit und des Mangels an Geſinnung zugezogen. Es iſt lebhaft zu bedauern, daß nicht ein günſtigeres Geſchick ihm verſtattete, ſeine bedeutenden Gaben harmoniſch auszubilden; er würde dann einen hohen Rang in der ſchriftſtelleriſchen Welt einnehmen können, während er jetzt nur eine glänzende Erſcheinung auf dem Gebiete der flüchtigen Literatur des Tages iſt. —

Karl Friedrich Moritz Sapphir.

Erſte Faſten-Deviſe*).

Die Scala des modernen Geſellſchafts-Tones.

Der Text, den wir unſerer heutigen Deviſe zum Grunde gelegt haben, findet ſich aufgezeichnet in allen Annalen der deutſchen Städte und Städtchen: es iſt das „ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la" des allgemeinen Geſellſchaftstons. Dieſer Text zerfällt in zwei Theile: in „Nichts" und in „Etwas." Ich erbitte mir Ihre freundliche Aufmerkſamkeit zu dem erſten Theil meiner Deviſe, zu —

Nichts.

Nichts, meine freundlichen Zuhörer, iſt bei weitem keine ſolche Kleinigkeit, als man glaubt; nicht etwa, weil die ganze Welt aus dem Nichts entſtanden, denn das Nichts, welches vor der Erſchaffung der Welt da war, iſt ein wahres Nichts gegen das Nichts, das mit der Welt zur Welt kam. Man könnte ſagen: Im Anfange war Alles Nichts, und aus dieſem Nichts entſtanden mehrere Nichts, als da ſind:

Die Welt und das Licht; die Menſchen und die Türken; die Thiere und die Ultra's u. ſ. w.

Wenn das Licht z. B. mehr als ein Nichts wäre, ſo müßte es doch irgendwo ſein, nachdem es erſchaffen wurde; wo iſt aber nun das Licht? Beim Lichte betrachtet iſt nirgends Licht, ja man ſieht ſich im Lichte, wenn man nur vom Lichte ſpricht. Das Bischen Licht, das etwa im Paradieſe geweſen ſein mag, war unſer erſtes Unglück; wäre kein Licht da geweſen, ſo hätte Adam Eva nicht geſehen, Eva hätte die Schlange nicht geſehen, die Schlange hätte den Apfel nicht geſehen, und wir wären Alle noch im Paradieſe, alſo mit dem Licht iſt's auch nichts; wir haben Kerzen aber keine Lichter, und auch von dieſen nur ſo viel, als nöthig iſt, um zu ſehen, wie finſter es iſt. Sie ſehen alſo, daß aus dem präadamitiſchen Nichts ein ganzes Nichtsheer herausgeſchaffen wurde, und eins von dieſen Nichtſen iſt auch der Grundton oder die „Tonica" unſerer modernen Geſellſchaften.

Die Tonart einer jeden Geſellſchaft bedeutet urſprünglich den Klang, oder den Schall derſelben in Beziehung des Verhältniſſes der Höhe und Tiefe; wir aber ſind darauf reducirt, die Grundbedeutung dieſer Tonart in Rückſicht des Verhältniſſes von Länge und Breite zu ſuchen.

Die Syſteme haben von jeher die Kunſt zu Grunde gerichtet. So wie man von einer Bank ein Syſtem von Stühlen, eine Gaſſe ein Syſtem von Häuſern, und die Friſur unſerer Damen ein Syſtem von Lockungen nennen könnte, ſo kann man jede Geſellſchaft ein Syſtem, ein Tonſyſtem nämlich von einzelnen Tönen oder von einzelnen Menſchen nennen.

Die beſtimmte Abmeſſung dieſer Töne aber nennen wir den ton — allein es giebt zwei ton, die oft ſich gegenſeitig fliehen, das iſt der „bon sens" und der „bon ton," nur wo dieſe zwei bon zuſammen ſind, da findet man die Bonbons der geiſtigen Conditorei.

Zur geiſtigen Harmonie muß man eine ganze Octave in ſich faſſen, nämlich:

C D E F G A H.

Das C: Cultur, das D: Denken, das E: Einfälle, das F: Feinheit, das G: Geſchmack, das A: Anſtand, und das H: Heiterkeit.

Alle dieſe Dinge, und wohl noch mehrere gehören dazu, um im geſellſchaftlichen Geſpräche, in dieſem rüſtigen Zweikampfe der Ideen, in der Geſellſchaft, in welcher man nicht nur durch den Strom der eigenen Rede, ſondern auch durch den des Gegners gedrängt und gehoben wird, glänzen und unterhalten zu können.

Das Leſen eines Buches, des beſten Buches, iſt eine ſchleppende Geiſtesbewegung gegen den lebendigen Buchſtaben des Geſpräches. Das Geſpräch läutert die Begriffe, ſchärft die Urtheilskraft, erzeugt eine Fülle von Gedanken, befördert den improviſatoriſchen Scharfſinn, regt den Witz und den Humor an, und legt die weichen Zeilen des anſtändigen Scherzes, der heitern und fröhlichen Laune um die ſcharfen Ecken und um die ſchneidenden Kanten des Lebens und des Ernſtes. Eben deßhalb iſt das weibliche Geſchlecht im Allgemeinen weit ſcharfſinniger als das männliche, weil es viel ſpricht, weil es ohne Sprechen nicht leben kann, weil es ſpricht, um zu leben, und lebt um zu ſprechen. — Legen wir heut zu Tage unſere geheimſten Gehörtrichter an die Thüren unſerer Geſellſchaftsſäle und Sälchen, Zimmer und Zimmerchen, Zirkel und Zirkelchen, ſo iſt es immer ein herausgeputztes Nichts, um welches wir, wie die Wilden um einen erſchlagenen Feind, herumtanzen und herumjubeln. Da ſitzt man auf der langen Bank eines Winterabends um die Rieſin „Langeweile" todtzuſchlagen; zuerſt wird dieſe Rieſin mit Thee gebeizt und mürbe gemacht, ſodann marſchiren die Damen mit Strickbeuteln und die Männer mit Spielkarten und ſpielen auf ſie los, aber es geht dieſer Rieſin, wie ſonſt in der Fabel, was man ihr unten abſchneidet, oben wieder an.

Das einzige Schwimmhölzchen, welches uns auf der Fluth der Converſation oben aufhält, iſt das Theater, alle wiſſen ein Nichts, wir ſprechen alſo ein Nichts mit Nichts zu Nichts. Wirft einmal ein außerordentlicher Sturm der Zeit, oder ein Aufruhr der Ereigniſſe irgend einen Königsberg-Walfiſch aus dem Strom der Ereigniſſe an unſern öden Strand, da läuft Jung und Alt zuſammen, mit Töpfen und Schüſſeln, mit Kannen und Schalen, und jeder zapft am Königsberg-Walfiſch ſchnell ein bischen Thran ab, und läuft damit nach Hauſe. Sodann Morgen, und Uebermorgen und Ueberübermorgen und einen Monat lang laben wir uns und unſere Gevatterinnen, Nachbarinnen, Baſen und Vettern gegenſeitig ein, und ſetzen uns gegenſeitig denſelben Thran vor, und finden ihn immer ſehr ſchmackhaft, und alle Baſen ſagen: der Thran, er iſt delikat. Früher hatten wir fünf Sprachwerkzeuge, wir haben aber zwei davon mit Napoleon auf St. Helena begraben, zwei davon ſind über den Balkan gegangen, und ſind nicht wieder zurückgekommen, und woran wir jetzt zu zehren haben, dieſes iſt ein Sprachwerkzeug auch ſchon ein [illegible].

Wenn der ewige Friede noch lange fortdauert, ſo werden wir dieſes eine Sprachwerkzeug auch quiesciren, und ſodann dürfte für die Ehemänner wenigſtens, nicht nur ein ewiger, ſondern auch ein zeitlicher Friede eintreten. Das Nichts unſerer Geſellſchaften iſt aber nicht etwa bloß deßhalb ſo leer, weil es ein Nichts iſt, ſondern weil wir es noch ſo emſig und mit aller deutſchen Befliſſenheit ausdehnen und präpariren. Wir rädern ein und daſſelbe Nichts Kopf ab und Fuß auf, zerfaſern es, zupfen es zu Charpie und pulveriſiren es dann noch erſt mit den Zähnen. Dieſes Nichts geht mit dem Klingelbeutel herum, Jeder wirft ſeinen Silberling hinein und dankt dann dem lieben Herrgott im Stillen, daß er ſeiner Pflicht ſich entledigt hat. Die geſellſchaftliche Rede ſoll eine leichte, flüſſige und angenehme Proſa ſein, wir Deutſche können aber keine Proſa ſchreiben und unſere beſten Dichter ſind nicht im Stande eine kleine Zeitungs-Annonce fehlerfrei aufzuſetzen. In England hat der Sprecher die Sprache, in Deutſchland die Sprache den Sprecher in der Gewalt, deßhalb ſpricht in England in den Geſellſchaften ſtets nur Einer, wir aber ſprechen in Geſellſchaften Viere und Sechſe auf einmal, gleichſam als wollten wir eine Rede zuſammenſchießen, da wir einzeln zu arm dazu ſind.

In Frankreich ſieht man darauf, hübſch zu reden und ſchnell zu denken; wir ſehen darauf, recht ſchwer zu denken, und recht langſam zu ſprechen. Darum rollt die franzöſiſche Converſation wie ein raſch beſpanntes Cabriolet munter vorwärts, unſer Geſpräch aber bewegt ſich wie ein bayriſcher Frachtwagen langſam vorwärts, und hält alle Augenblick hübſch ſtille, um ſich von ſeiner Pein zu erholen. Wenn der Franzoſe in Geſellſchaft geht, ſo legt er im Vorzimmer nicht nur ſeinen Mantel und ſeinen Hut ab, ſondern er hängt auch da ſeinen Miniſter, ſeinen Financier, ſeinen Conseiller, ſeinen Savant, ſeinen homme de lettres, ſeinen Deputé u. ſ. w. an den Nagel, und tritt als bloßer Geſellſchafter in die Geſellſchaft. Bei uns aber giebt es keine Geſellſchaft, ein Jeder bringt ſein Amt und ſeinen Titel mit, und hängt ſich dieſelben als Serviette vor den Mund, daß ihm ja nur nichts Menſchliches entfalle. Es giebt bei uns bloß geſellſchaftliche Menſchen-Repoſitorien, in verſchiedene Fächer abgetheilt, als z. B.: ein Miniſter, ein Rath, ein General, ein Profeſſor, ein Banquier, eine Miniſterin, eine Räthin, eine Profeſſorin, eine Generalin, eine Banquierin, es ſind zuſammengefügte Sorten, aber es iſt keine Geſellſchaft. Der Reiche bringt ſeine Kiſten mit, und rangirt ſich nach ihrem Inhalte, als Ganzer, Halber, Drittel und Viertel-Millionär; wir haben demnach nicht nur einen Kaſtengeiſt in der Geſellſchaft, ſondern auch einen Kiſtengeiſt. Das Geſpräch ſpielt alſo nicht, wie ein ſchönes Farbenſpiel, leicht und frei, in und durch einander, ſondern einzelne Geſprächstheile ſchwimmen, wie Eſſig und Oel neben einander, ohne ſich je zu verbinden.

Dieſes ſchroffe und vereinzelte Daſtehen in Geſellſchaften eben läßt uns ſo unbeholfen und ſteif; darum iſt unſer Converſationston ſchwerfällig und pedantiſch, gekünſtelt ohne Zierlichkeit, derb ohne Feinheit, kurz, wir ſind wie Göthe's Muſen in der Mark, nicht fein und manierlich, ſondern derb und natürlich. Einen Beweis aber, was ſelbſt unſere Dichter unter Converſation verſtehen, können uns unſere Converſations-Stücke, mit welchen man in neuerer Zeit uns auf den Bühnen marterte, liefern. Meine freundlichen Hörer und Hörerinnen kennen diejenigen dramatiſchen Stücke, in welchen das gewöhnliche Leben ausgebalgt, und pfundweiſe, mit Bein und Knochen ausgehackt wird. Der Verfaſſer nimmt drei Fingerſpitzen voll Natur, läßt ſie in einem Maß lauwarmes Geſprächswaſſer aufkochen und die Tiſane iſt fertig. Dazu kömmt ein großes Elend, oder ein großer Jammer, am meiſten aber eine große Armuth, wie zwei oder drei Criminalverbrechen beliebt, wie Spinat mit Eyern.

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*) Aus Sapphir's „Humoriſtiſche Abende."

Kotzebue und Iffland laſſen ihre Helden ſtehlen, einbrechen, ſilberne Löffel einſtecken, dem Manne entlaufen, Nachſchlüſſel haben u.ſ.w. In England würden alle dieſe Helden aufgeknüpft werden; unſere Dichter beſtrafen ſie härter, ſie bringen ſie auf das deutſche Theater. Das Laſter wird belohnt. Die Einkleidung dieſer Stücke iſt alltäglich wie das Lächeln einer Tänzerin, ſchleppend wie ein unglücklicher Bräutigamsſtand und ausgehöhlt wie das Gewiſſen eines Jeſuiten. Die Perſonen dieſer Stücke ſtampfen mit den Füßen, prügeln, ſtoßen Flüche aus, ſind alles Geiſtes und Anſtandes beraubt, und das nennen unſere Theaterdichter: Converſations-Stücke.

Es iſt alſo nicht einmal ein allgemeines Nichts, ſondern ein zerſtückeltes Nichts, welches der Gegenſtand unſerer Geſpräche iſt. Aus dem großen Vorweltnichts entſtand alſo nicht nur das allgemeine Weltnichts, ſondern aus dieſem allgemeinen Weltnichts, entſtand das zerſtückte Geſellſchaftsnichts, aus dieſem Geſellſchaftsnichts entſtand das Nichts dieſes erſten Theils meiner Vorleſung, und meine freundlichen und aufmerkſamen Zuhörer werden wenigſtens zugeben, daß ich dem Stoffe „Nichts" ganz gewachſen bin, und werden mir daher ihre gefällige Theilnahme nicht verſagen, wenn ich Sie durch „Nichts" auf „Etwas" vorbereiten will.

Etwas.

Unleugbar muß es aber doch ein Etwas ſein, welches uns in unſere Geſellſchaften zieht, ein Etwas, welches uns an unſere Geſellſchaften feſſelt, es iſt: Das weibliche Geſchlecht. Der Geſellſchaftston hat auch zweierlei Tonarten, die Dur- und die Moll-Tonart. Die Männer bilden die Dur-Tonart, die Frauen die Moll-Tonart. Die Durtonart trägt den Charakter einer großen Lebhaftigkeit, eines raſchen, beſtimmten, aber ſcharfmarkirten Gepräges; die Molltonart trägt den Ausdruck der Weichheit, des Zarten, des Elegiſchen und der ſtummen Empfindung an ſich. — Die Freude wie der Schmerz, ſie ſtören beide gleich die geiſtige Natur des Menſchen aus ihrem ruhigen Gleichgewichte auf; die geiſtige Natur muß alſo ſtreben, wieder Herr beider Empfindungen zu werden; dazu iſt ein Ausſtrömen, ein Ausſingen, ein Ausſchreien oder ein Ausreden derjenigen Empfindung nöthig, die dem Herzen zu übergewaltig wird. Die Empfindungen in Muſik oder Geſang übertragen, geben der geiſtigen Natur ihre gleichſchwebende Temperatur wieder. Jede Stimmung aber kündigt ſich durch eigene, ihr angehörige Töne an. Wie es in der Muſik iſt, ſo iſt es in der Rede, nur mit dem Unterſchiede, daß die Muſik auf das Nervenſyſtem, und die Rede auf den Geiſt wirkt, daß die mathematiſche Meßbarkeit der Muſik ſie einſchränkt, die lebendige Rede aber die Freiheit ihrer Bewegung in Zeit und Raum unbeſchränkt beſitzt, daß die Muſik auf phyſiſchem Wege, und quantitativ operirt, während daß die Rede, das Geſpräch auf pſychiſchem Wege qualitativ zu Werke geht.

Wie die Muſik, ſo hat die Rede, der geſellſchaftliche Ton, eine Dur- und eine Moll-Tonart, jene geht von dem männlichen Theile der Geſellſchaft, dieſe von dem weiblichen aus. Die Männer kommen in die Geſellſchaft nach den Mühen des Tages, erſchöpft, geiſtig oder phyſiſch, ſie bringen nicht einmal den Willen mit, zu unterhalten, ſondern ſie wollen unterhalten ſein, ſie wollen ſich erholen, ſie betrachten den Abend oder die Geſelligkeit wie ein Sopha, auf das ſie ſich hinlehnen, in nichtsthuender Bequemlichkeit. Das weibliche Geſchlecht hingegen bringt alle ſeine Kräfte mit in die Geſellſchaft, der ganze Tag iſt ihm nur eine Vorſchule des Abends, das geſellige Leben iſt den Frauenzimmern Geſchäft und Inſtinkt zugleich. Wir Männer bedürfen eines Impulſes, eines Anſtoßes, um zu ſprechen überhaupt, wir bedürfen einer Begeiſterung, eines Rauſches, oder einer fixen Idee, um eindringend und hinreißend zu ſprechen.

Die Frauen hingegen ſprechen aus freier Luſt, ſie improviſiren, ſie ſagen nichts langſam, nichts ängſtlich, es iſt ſtets eine angenehme, eine gefällige Form. Selbſt die geiſtreichſten Männer unter uns, wenn ſie eine kleine Rede vom Stapel laufen laſſen, ſuchen erſt alle Sinne und Sprachwerkzeuge zuſammen, man ſieht ihr Geſicht ſchon Minuten lang früher wetterleuchten und blitzen, ehe der Donner der Rede folgt, welcher noch oft ein Waſſerſchlag iſt; die Frauen hingegen, ſelbſt die nur halbgebildeten, bereiten ſich auf das, was ſie ſagen wollen, gar nicht vor, ihre Unterredung fließt wie ein Bach aus heiterer Quelle hervor, und iſt der Bach auch nicht tief, ſo iſt er doch hell, und in ihm ſpiegeln ſich die gemüthliche Bläue des Himmels und die am Ufer blühenden Blümlein ab. Wir Männer haben den Reichthum an Ideen, allein wir beſitzen denſelben in großen Münzen, die wir im geſelligen Leben nicht in Curs bringen können. Die Frauen aber wiſſen das Kapital, welches ſie von Wiſſen und Bildung haben, rouliren zu laſſen, und in kleinen, klingenden und lieblichen Scheidemünzen in Umlauf zu ſetzen. Wir Männer vergeſſen uns im Geſpräche ſehr oft, die Frauen nie, es iſt immer die feine Linie des Zarten, Schicklichen und Graziöſen, auf welcher ſie ſich bewegen.

Wie in der phyſiſchen Natur ſich der Mann durch derben Bau, durch eckige Umriſſe von der Zartheit und von den runden und weichen Linamenten des weiblichen Baues unterſcheidet, ſo äußern ſich auch im geſelligen Leben die Männer mehr durch die Idee der Kraft, eckig und ſchroff, die Frauen hingegen mehr durch die Idee der Schönheit, in der Form rund und zart, glatt und weich. Aber in gewiſſer Hinſicht tritt ein umgekehrtes Verhältniß ein; im gewöhnlichen Leben iſt der Mann das begeiſtigende, und die Frau das fortbildende Princip, in der Geſellſchaft hingegen ſind die Frauen das begeiſtigende Princip und wir Männer bilden den gegebenen Stoff rüſtig fort. Es iſt eine Naturerſcheinung, daß der kleine Mund der Frauen gerade die größten Worte liebt: Gottheit, Engel, Himmel, Triumph, Urtheil, Verdammung, oder Vergötterung ſprudeln, wie nichts, für nichts, aus dieſer kleinen Zaubergrotte hervor. Selbſt in Hinſicht der Complimente zeichnet ſich der richtige Takt der Frauen vor dem der Männer auffallend aus, der geiſtreichſte Mann läßt ſich durch ein fades Compliment, durch eine plumpe Schmeichelei gewinnen. Die Frauen aber verlangen ein geiſtreiches Compliment, eine ſinnige, ungewöhnliche Schmeichelei.

Nicht nur unſere Schöngeiſter alle erhöhen ihre Liebenswürdigkeit und ihr Schatzkäſtlein von Grazie, Witz und Galanterie, in den Sonnenſtrahlen der weiblichen Geſellſchaft, ſondern auch der ernſtere Beſchauer des Lebens findet im geſelligen Umgange der Frauen die Poliermühle ſeiner Sitten, und das Manierenbuch des Schicklichen. Leider, gottlob, ſind die Frauen auch ſelbſt von dem geringen geſellſchaftlichen Talente der Männer überzeugt, und rücken mit Waffen gegen die Langweile in jede Geſellſchaft ein. Ein halber Strumpf, ein Knaul Zwirn und fünf Nadeln machen die Bewaffnung aus, mit welcher ſie ſich defenſiv gegen die zu erwartende Langeweile decken. Ich bin weit entfernt, mit Jean Paul das weibliche Geſchlecht wegen ſeines „vernähten und verſtrickten Lebens," wie er es nennt, zu tadeln; ich ehre das Strickzeug und den Nähtiſch als die Heiligthümer der häuslichen Tugend, ich liebe es, wenn das weibliche Geſchlecht verſtrickend ſtrickt, Schlingen ſchlingt, Häkchen häkelt, Netze netzt und Stichchen ſtickt, aber wenn ich ein Frauenzimmer ſehe, wenn es in Geſellſchaft die Proſa aller Proſa: das Strickzeug aus dem Strickbeutel herauszieht, da bricht mir der helle Angſtſchweiß aus, da ſehe ich ordentlich den ganzen Abend wie einen zähen wollenen Strumpf vor mir liegen, wie die guten Frauen an dieſem ſich immer länger dehnenden Abend gemüthlich herunterſtricken, wie ſie den Abend abnehmen, hie und da eine Maſche fallen laſſen, und am Ende den Abend feſt zuſammenſtricken, damit er nur ja nicht wieder aufgehe.

An dieſen Strumpf knüpft ſich auch ſogleich die nüchterne Alltäglichkeit des hausgebackenen Lebens mit an, mit ſammt dem Waſchzettel und dem Bügeleiſen. Faſt ſollte man glauben, die Frauen hätten ihre Hände zu ewigem Arbeitszwang verurtheilt, entweder weil dieſelbe Hand ſchon eine Rede gewendet hat, oder noch werden will. Man weiß jetzt faſt gar nicht mehr, ob das Frauenzimmer den Strumpf, oder der Strumpf das Frauenzimmer mit in die Geſellſchaft bringt, und die Männer erzählen ſich gegenſeitig: Wir waren geſtern funfzehn Frauen, funfzehn Männer und funfzehn Strümpfe beiſammen.

Unleugbar iſt es, da durch das Stricken die Frauen ſo mancher Verlegenheit entgehen, ſie können ſo Manches überſehen und überhören, was ſie gern überſehen und überhört haben möchten, die fünf Nadeln ſind eben ſo viele Ableiter von Erröthungen und Entfärbungen; die bequeme Gelegenheit die Augen ſogleich ſenken zu können, iſt eine Gelegenheit aus einer Verlegenheit zu kommen; man kann das Geſpräch mit der Maſche zugleich fallen laſſen, und mit der neuen Maſche ein neues Geſpräch aufnehmen. Wenn wir jedoch wüßten, wie viel Seufzer, Wünſche, Verlegenheiten, heiße Gebete und bittergeſalzene Thränen in manchen Strumpf mit eingeſtrickt werden, wir würden mit ehrfurchtsvollen Augen einen ſolchen Strumpf, den einzigen heimlichen Vertrauten ſtiller Luſt und ſtillen Wehs, betrachten. Wir Männer wiſſen aber mit unſern Händen gar nicht, wo aus, wir ſpielen mit den Uhrketten, wir ſchreiten mit den Fingern auf den Tiſch oder auf die Knie, oder wir ſtreichen uns das Schöpfchen, oder wir zupfen an dem Halskragen, oder wir wickeln uns den Schnurrbart um den Finger, oder wir ſpielen mit der Doſe, oder wir wenden und drehen ein Stückchen Papier zwiſchen den Fingern, anſtatt daß wir den Gegenſtand der Converſation drehen und wenden ſollen.

Um es uns aber ja nicht zu verhehlen, daß wir Langeweile haben, nehmen wir noch zwei oder drei Zeugen dazu und ſpielen Karten. Denn eine Partie Whiſt oder l'Hombre oder Boſton iſt doch gar nichts anders, als ein ſtillſchweigendes Geſtändniß, welches ſich vier Perſonen gegenſeitig machen, daß ſie nicht wiſſen, was ſie mit einander anfangen ſollen.

Wir könnten unſere zweiundfunfzig Wochen ohne die zweiundfunfzig Karten gar nicht mehr herumbringen. Den Damen verzeihe ich es noch, denn ſie finden, in der ihnen eigenen Scharfſinnigkeit, in den dreizehn Kartenblättern ein ganzes Sitten- und Lebensbüchlein; bei der Eins denken ſie: einen Gegenſtand muß man lieben und keinen mehr; bei der Zwei, daß es doch beſſer iſt ein Paar zu ſein; bei der Drei an die Gewalt der Grazien; bei der Vier an die weiſe Einrichtung der vier Temperamente; bei der Fünf an die Macht der fünf Sinne; bei der Sechs an die häuslichen Geſchäfte der ſechs Wochentage; bei der Sieben und Acht, daß die Männer ſich in Acht nehmen keine böſe Sieben zu heirathen; bei der Neun an die neun Muſen, ohne welche es doch keine Grazien giebt; bei der Zehn an die ſonderbare Einrichtung, daß eine Null durch eine hinzugefügte Einzelheit erſt zu hohem Werthe komme, dieſe Einzelheit aber wieder durch dieſe Null zehnmal mehr werth wird. Bei den Buben denken ſie ſich, was ſie ſich bei allen Gecken und Laffen denken: ſie ſind gerade gut genug, um mit ihnen zu ſpielen. Mit den Damen gehen ſie wie mit den Damen im Leben um, machen ihnen anſcheinlich die Honneurs, können ſie ihnen aber bei guter Gelegenheit einen Stich verſetzen oder ſie tüchtig abtrumpfen, ſo unterlaſſen ſie es auch nicht; bei dem König endlich zeigen ſie ſich als gute Royaliſtinnen. Wenn die Frauen zum Spieltiſch eilen, ſo iſt das reine Satire auf die Männer, wenn aber die Männer ſpielen, ſo machen ſie keine Satire auf die Frauen, ſondern eine auf ſich ſelbſt. Die Frauen legen auch mit den Karten das Spiel ſelbſt aus der Hand, die Männer hingegen, die legen bloß die Karten aus der Hand, aber nicht aus dem Sinne; ſie ſpielen in Gedanken noch nach, und oft kommt der Mann nach Hauſe, und glaubt in ſeiner Frau Coeur- oder Caro-Damen zu ſehen. Doch nein, hier thue ich ihnen unrecht; wenn das wäre, ſo würden ſie ihre Frauen zärtlicher und aufmerkſamer behandeln, als es gewöhnlich der Fall iſt. Denn in der Regel ziehen die Männer nur wenn ſie in Geſellſchaft gehen den ſchwarzen Galla- und Bratenrock und den roſenfarbenen Humor an; wenn ſie aber zu der armen lieben Frau nach Hauſe kommen, da nehmen ſie ſchnell wieder das aſchgraue Sorgengeſicht und die nußbraune häusliche Brummen-Schlafmütze hervor.

Sie gehen alſo mit Coeur- und Caro-Damen gefälliger um, als mit ihren Frauen. Ueberhaupt ſind ſie in der Geſellſchaft ſchon glücklich, wenn ſie durch das Spiel der Qual des Redens überhoben werden. Aber nicht nur das nicht Reden iſt ein Uebel unſerer Geſellſchaften, ſondern auch und mehr noch das nicht gut Hören, das nicht gut Zuhören nämlich. Denn die Kunſt des Zuhörens iſt eines der erſten Bedürfniſſe einer guten Geſellſchaft. Wie oft haben wir zwei Stunden lang gar nichts geſprochen, ſondern bloß einem Andern zugehört, und der Andere ſagte ſodann: das iſt ein recht charmanter, artiger, beredter Mann.

Ein großes Uebel unſerer Geſellſchaften ſind die Schönſprecher und die Zierwörtler, die Redecoquetten, die alle Welt anſehen, und keine Seele feſthalten. Ein ſolcher Schönſprecher ſucht in aller Stille erſt das ſchönſte Wortkleid für ſeine Gedanken zuſammen; während des Sprechens ſucht er immer noch den Flitterſtaat, den er ſeinen Worten umhängen will, die Mühe des Redens tödtet die Kraft ſeiner Meinung und der Gedanke erliegt unter dem Schwall des leeren Geklingels. Noch ein größeres Uebel ſind die Generalpächter der Unterhaltung, die jeden Gegenſtand allein verſchlingen wollen, und die Alleinherrſchaft des Zirkels gewaltſam behaupten.

Dieſe fallen jedem Andern in die Flanken, ſchneiden ihm das Geſprächsterrain ab, und behaupten das Schlachtfeld ganz allein. Der natürliche König jeder Geſellſchaft hingegen iſt der Gelegenheitsmacher, das heißt, derjenige, der andern Gelegenheit giebt und macht, ihr Schäfchen auch in die Heerde der Sprecher zu treiben und die allgemeine Wieſe der Unterhaltung mit abweiden zu können; ein Genſal fremder Einfälle und Worte verdient und erndtet auch am meiſten Dank. Zur Geſelligkeit iſt Talent allein nicht hinreichend, man muß ein Geſellſchaftsgenie ſein. Das Genie ſprudelt; es überlegt, es wählt, es ſucht nicht lange, es wirft den Gedanken hin, ſchnell wie es ihn empfing, ſchleppt im Nu Worte und Einkleidungen aus allen vier Welttheilen, aus allen Reichen der Natur zuſammen, drappirt ſeine Gedanken flüchtig mit denſelben, und alles paßt und kleidet wohl, ſieht wohl zuweilen phantaſtiſch, aber nie bizarr aus. Zuweilen verfängt ſich ein ſolches Genie, verwickelt ſich, ja zuweilen wird es völlig beſiegt, allein es iſt ein Triumph in der Niederlage und er fällt wie Leonidas, ſein Fall vermehrt ſeinen Ruhm. —

Der Satiriker, der witzige Kopf, iſt die Argand'ſche Lampe der Geſellſchaft, er überſtrahlt alles. Doch muß er pikant ſein und nicht beißend, ſein Witz ſei ein Schröpfkopf, der mehr kitzelt als ſticht, aber nicht eine Lanzette, welche in die Ader des Nächſten fährt und eine ſchmerzliche Verblutung nach ſich zieht. Der Witz muß leuchten aber nicht zünden, erhellen aber nicht blenden. Der Witz ſteige wie eine Rakete in die heitere Luft, er öffne ſein Luſtſpiel über den Köpfen der Zuſchauer, die ihr fröhliches „Ach!“ ausrufen; kein Funken ſolle zündend herunter und die ausgebrannte Rußhülſe ſenke erſt weit von ihnen ſich hernieder.

Eine ganz eigene Erſcheinung in der Geſellſchaft bieten uns die Verliebten dar. Ein Verliebter, und wäre er das komiſchſte, das geiſtreichſte Genie, iſt zwar ein Gott, wenn der Gegenſtand ſeiner Liebe mit in der Geſellſchaft iſt, aber eine Null, eine bodenloſe Lyra, wenn er nicht da iſt. Hier giebt es aber noch viel zu unterſcheiden, ob es die wirklichen Blattern oder die Schafblattern ſind, das heißt, ob es Liebende oder bloß Verliebte ſind; in welcher Periode der Krankheit ſie ſind, ob in der Entwicklungsperiode, ob in dem Ausbruch, ob in der Kriſis derſelben, oder in der Reconvaleſcenz.

Auf jeden Fall bilden die Verliebten in der Geſellſchaft einen Staat im Staate, und ſind deßhalb zur Geſellſchaft nicht mitzurechnen.

Ganz unerträglich aber in geſelligen Zirkeln ſind die Vornehmthuer, die Geſpreizten, die petrificirten Geſichter, die nie lachen, und nur ſelten ſich hie und da ein Lächeln unter dem Fette zu Schulden kommen laſſen. Dieſe affectiren geläuterten Geſchmack, ihr Antlitz liegt wie gepreßter, falber, zweifarbiger Sammet da, und man iſt verſucht, ſich eine Weſte daraus machen zu wollen. Das ſind die geſelligen Holzäpfel, wenn man in die ſauren Geſichter hineinbeißt, bekommt man lange Zähne. Soll ich nun noch ein Wort über die ſogenannten privilegirten Geſellſchafts-Spaß- und Luſtigmacher ſagen? Wer kennt nicht ein Heer ſolcher Fabriane, die einen und denſelben Spaß immer von neuem vornehmen, und ſich dadurch ſo zu ſagen das Bürgerrecht in gewiſſen Zirkeln errungen haben? Der Eine kann funfzehn Minuten auf einem Fuße ſtehen; der Zweite kann mit der Stirne eine Haſelnuß aufknacken; der Dritte kann durch den Schatten ſeiner Finger einen Haſen und einen Hund an der Wand erſcheinen laſſen; der Vierte kann wie eine Katze miauen, und wie ein Hund bellen; der Fünfte kann mit dem Munde ſägen und hobeln; der Sechste kann ſich ein brennendes Licht in den Mund ſtecken; der Siebente kann ſich die Augenlieder wie Ermelaufſchläge emporſchlagen; der Achte kann drei Eierdotter auf einmal verſchlucken; der Neunte kann mit ſeinem Geſichte wetterleuchten, blitzen und einſchlagen; der Zehnte kann mittelſt Schnupftabacks und einer Serviette einen Türken vorſtellen; der Elfte kann mit dem Mund einen Groſchen vom Boden aufheben; der Zwölfte kann einen beliebten Schauſpieler nachahmen; der Dreizehnte kann ſeine Naſe nach Gefallen heben und ſenken wie einen Regenſchirm; der Vierzehnte kann Kartenkunſtſtücke machen; der Funfzehnte kann aus Krebsſcheeren einen Huſaren zuſammenſtellen; der Sechzehnte kann aus Aepfelkernen einen Maikäfer ſchnitzen, und ſo giebt es ein Heer ſolcher Kraftkünſtler, die alle Tage in allen Geſellſchaften eben dieſelben Stückchen produziren.

Wenn man nun oft es mit anſieht, wie ſich Geſellſchaften dieſelben Späße zum hundertſtenmal vormachen laſſen, und immer wieder neuerdings davon erfreut ſind, ſo muß man mit jenem franzöſiſchen Denker ausrufen: „Der Menſch iſt ein geſelliges Thier!“

Ich glaube nun, daß Sie, meine freundlichen Zuhörer, mit mir glauben, unſer geſelliges Etwas ſtehe nicht viel höher als unſer geſelliges Nichts. Wir kommen, um uns zu ſagen, daß wir uns nichts zu ſagen haben, und davon zu ſprechen, daß man gar nicht weiß, wovon man ſprechen ſoll, und wir gehen auseinander, um zu gleichen Zwecken wieder zuſammen zu kommen.

Wenn Sie aber, meine freundlichen Hörer und Hörerinnen, heute zuſammen gekommen ſind, um zu hören, wie man viel ſpricht und wenig ſagt, ſo werden Sie doch beim Auseinandergehen mit Recht ſagen können, daß ich mehr geleiſtet habe, als Sie erwarteten. Denn Sie erwarteten Etwas, ich habe aber nichts mehr geleiſtet.

Ich ſchließe hiermit meine erſte Vorleſung, denn es iſt nichts als gerecht, daß, wenn die Vorleſung Sie nicht feſſeln konnte, daß ſie ſelbſt geſchloſſen werde.

Ich bin überzeugt, daß Sie dies keinen voreiligen Schluß nennen werden.

Das Thema meiner nächſten Vorleſung ſoll das A des Lebens

„Frühling und Frauen“

ſein.

Joſt Kirchherr zu Sarne, ſ. Minneſinger.

Franz Sartori

ward am 7. März 1782 zu Unzmarkt in der Oberſteiermark geboren, genoß zu Grätz und Wien eine gute Erziehung, ließ ſich ſpäter in letzterer Stadt nieder und beſchäftigte ſich vorzugsweiſe mit der Herausgabe mehrerer Zeitſchriften. 1808 erhielt er eine Anſtellung bei der Büchercenſur und 1815 wurde er Regierungsſecretär und Vorſteher des Centralcenſur- und Bücherreviſionsamtes daſelbſt. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1832.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Annalen der Literatur und Kunſt. Wien 1806—1813.
Naturwunder des öſterreichiſchen Kaiſerthums. 4 Thle. Wien 1807—1809. N. A. 1811.
Länder- und Völkermerkwürdigkeiten des öſterreich. Kaiſerthums. 4 Thle. Wien 1809.
Reiſe durch Oeſterreich ꝛc. 3 Thle. Wien 1811.
Maleriſches Taſchenbuch. 6 Bde. Wien 1812—17.
Die öſterreichiſche Schweiz. Wien 1813.
Vaterländiſche Blätter. Wien 1814—1823.
Pantheon denkwürdiger Wunderthaten öſterreichiſcher Heroen und Empörer. 3 Thle. Wien 1816.
Neueſte Geographie von Steiermark. Grätz 1816.
Taſchenbuch für Karlsbads Kurgäſte. Wien 1818.
Taſchenbuch für Marienbads Kurgäſte. Wien 1819.
Oeſterreichs Tibur. Wien 1819.

Große Beleſenheit, Geſchmack, Lebendigkeit und treffliche Darſtellung zeichnen ſeine Schriften aus. Seine Schilderungen der Natur und des Volkslebens in Oeſterreich ſind vortrefflich.

Georg Fr. Chriſtoph Sartorius, Freiherr v. Waltershauſen,

ward am 25. Auguſt 1766 zu Kaſſel geboren, ſtudirte in Göttingen, wurde 1788 Bibliothekſecretär daſelbſt, 1794 Cuſtos an der Bibliothek, 1802 Profeſſor der Philoſophie und 1805 Hofrath. Im Jahre 1814 erhielt er die Nominalprofeſſur für Politik und dazu 1818 die naſſau'ſche Profeſſur für Statiſtik. Im Jahre 1827 ward er auf Veranlaſſung eines Güterkaufes von dem Könige von Baiern in den Freiherrnſtand erhoben. Er ſtarb zu Göttingen am 24. Auguſt 1828.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte des deutſchen Bauernkriegs. Berlin 1795.
Handbuch der Staatswirthſchaft. Berlin 1796.
Geſchichte des hanſeatiſchen Bundes. 3 Thle. Göttingen 1802—1808.
Von den Elementen des Nationalreichthums. Göttingen 1806.
Abhandlungen zu den Elementen des Nationalreichthums. Göttingen 1806.
Spittler's europäiſche Staatengeſchichte. Fortgeſetzt. 2 Thle. Berlin 1807. 3te Aufl. 1823.
Hiſtoriſch-genealogiſcher Kalender für 1799. 1800.
Die Geſchichte der Bartholomäusnacht. Berl. 1812.
Verſuch über die Regierung der Oſtgothen. Hamburg 1811.
Ueber die Gefahren Deutſchlands ꝛc. Gött. 1820.
Urkundliche Geſchichte des Urſprungs der deutſchen Hanſe. Herausgegeben von J. M. Lappenberg. 2 Bde in 4. Hamburg 1830.

Ein Schüler Spittler's, zeichnete ſich Sartorius durch ſcharfen politiſchen Blick, gründliche Quellenſtudien, treffliche Darſtellung und einen eben ſo kernigen wie conciſen Stil auf das Rühmlichſte aus.

Johann von Saſſe, ſ. Minneſinger.

Peter von Saſſen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Satori, ſ. J. Neumann.

Johann Rudolph Sattler,

geboren zu Weißenburg im Jahre 1578, war Anfangs Notar und Gerichtsſchreiber, ſpäter Rathsherr zu Baſel. Er ſtarb am 5. Julius 1628.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Deutſche Rhetorik. Baſel 1600, 1614. Fol.
Deutſche Orthographey und Phraſeologey. Baſel 1610.

Einer der älteſten deutſchen Sprachforſcher, deſſen Arbeiten nicht ohne Verdienſt ſind.

Friedrich Karl v. Savigny,

geboren am 21. Februar 1779 zu Frankfurt a. Main, ſtudirte in Marburg Rechtswiſſenſchaft, ward 1800 Doctor, bereiſte hierauf Deutſchland, Frankreich, Italien und kehrte nach Marburg zurück. Hier wurde er nun Profeſſor der Rechte, kam 1808 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Landshut und 1810 nach Berlin. Im Jahre 1816 wurde er geheimer Juſtizrath, 1817 Staatsrath und ſpäter Mitglied des für die rheiniſchen Provinzen errichteten Reviſionshofes.

Er ſchrieb unter Andern:

Das Recht des Beſitzes. Gießen 1803 u. ö.

Vom Beruf unſerer Zeit für Geſetzgebung und Rechtswiſſenſchaft. Heidelberg 1814.

Geſchichte des römiſchen Rechts im Mittelalter. 5 Thle. Heidelberg 1815—1829.

Pandekten. Berlin 1839.

Was S. als Haupt der hiſtoriſchen Schule in der Jurisprudenz geleiſtet hat, iſt allgemein anerkannt; eine nähere Angabe wäre hier am unrechten Orte; es muß genügen zu bemerken, daß ſeine Schriften ſich neben ihrem hohen Gehalt durch eine ſeltene ſtiliſtiſche Eleganz auszeichnen.

Heinrich v. Sax, ſ. Minneſinger.

Eberhard v. Sax, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Baptiſt Schade.

Geboren zu Mursbach bei Bamberg am 11. Nov. 1758, ward S. von ſeinen armen Eltern, welche Ackerbau und Schenkwirthſchaft trieben, zum geiſtlichen Stande beſtimmt und vom neunten Jahre an mit dem Namen Roman in das Benedictinerkloſter Banz als Chorknabe gebracht. Er bezog dann das Gymnaſium und ſpäter die Univerſität zu Bamberg. 1778 ging er als Novize in ſein Kloſter zurück, fühlte ſich aber allmälig von einem ſolchen Widerwillen gegen daſſelbe erfüllt, daß er nach manchen, ſelbſt ſeine Geſundheit vernichtenden Mißhandlungen, welche er geäußerter freier Anſichten halber erfuhr, 1798 entſprang. Nachdem er einige Zeit in Gotha und Ebersdorf gelebt, ging er nach Jena, ward 1802 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie daſelbſt, 1804 aber ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie in Charkow mit dem Titel eines ruſſiſchen Hofrathes, 1807 Profeſſor der deutſchen Sprache, 1810 Collegienrath, 1813 Profeſſor der lateiniſchen Sprache. Er lebte hierauf, nachdem er in Rußland ſeine Aemter niedergelegt, privatiſirend in Berlin, ſpäter in Jena, wo er auch im Jahre 1834, nachdem er wieder in die Reihe der außerordentlichen Profeſſoren eingetreten war, ſtarb. Seine Autobiographie erſchien unter dem Titel: Lebens- und Kloſtergeſchichte. 2 Thle. Erfurt 1803, 4. N. A. Altenburg 1827 ff. 3 Thle.

Von ſeinen vielen Schriften nennen wir:

Gemeinfaßliche Darſtellung des Fichte'ſchen Syſtems. 3 Thle. Erfurt 1799—1801.
Grundriß der Wiſſenſchaftslehre. Jena 1800.
Geiſt der Philoſophie unſerer Zeit. Jena 1800.
Neuer Grundriß der transcendentaliſchen Logik und Metaphyſik. Jena 1801.
Syſtem der Natur- und Transcendentalphiloſophie. 2 Thle. Landshut 1803. 4.
Abſolute Harmonie des Fichte'ſchen Syſtems mit der Religion. Erfurt 1802.
Leben und Schickſale des ehrwürdigen Vaters Sincerus. Koburg 1798.
Das Paradies der Liebe. Kloſterroman. 2 Thle. Erfurt 1804.
Deutſche Chreſtomathie. 1811.

Als Philoſoph zeichnete ſich S. nicht durch ein eigenes Syſtem aus, ſondern ging von der Fichte'ſchen Philoſophie, der er anfangs anhing, zur Philoſophie Schelling's über. Sein intereſſanteſtes Werk iſt ſeine Lebensbeſchreibung, welche einen tiefen Blick in die damaligen Zuſtände, vorzüglich der katholiſchen Klöſter, thun läßt.

Johann Nepomuk Adolph v. Schaden,

geboren zu Oberſdorf in Baiern am 18. Mai 1791, war von 1805—1815 Lieutenant in baieriſchen Dienſten, unternahm dann mehrere Reiſen, privatiſirte in München, machte darauf den Feldzug in Griechenland als Rittmeiſter mit und lebte ſeit 1821 abwechſelnd in Dresden, Stuttgart und München, an welchem letzteren Orte er im Jahre 1840 ſtarb.

Schriften:

Körner's Tod. Berlin 1817. 2te A. 1821.
Die deutſchen Emigranten. Germ. 1818.
Schill. Germ. 1818.
Die Ahnfrau. Berlin 1818.
Die moderne Sappho. Leipzig 1819.
Europa's Auswanderer. Deſſ. 1819.
Feindliche Freunde und freundliche Feinde. Berlin 1820.
Der deutſche Don Juan. Berlin 1820.
Die ſpaniſche Johanne. Berlin 1820.
Sünde und Buße. 2 Thle. Berlin 1821.
Dresden und ſeine Merkwürdigkeiten. Dresden 1821.
Katerſprung von Berlin nach Dresden. Deſſau 1821.
Lebensgemälde üppig gekrönter Frauen (mit Jul. v. Voß). Berlin 1821.
Berlin's Licht- und Schattenſeiten. Deſſau 1822.
Kritiſcher Bocksſprung von Dresden nach Prag. Schneeberg 1822.
Das Fiſchermädchen. Berlin 1822.
Theodora. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1822.
Meiſter Fuchs. Deſſau 1823.
Tertullian's und Waltizen's hochherzige Waffenthaten und Schickſale in Griechenland. 2 Thle. Deſſau 1823.
Originalromane. Deſſau 1823.
München und ſeine Merkwürdigkeiten. München 1825.
Skizzen. 3 S. Augsburg 1828—29.
Jäckele und Jakobine. Augsburg 1826.
Der Stammbaum in der Klemme. Augsb. 1827.
Der Zeitgeiſt. Gera 1828.
Graf von Wallerſee. Augsburg 1829.
Erzählungen. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1829.
Juſſuf Paſcha. Stuttgart 1829.
Und vieles Andere.

S. war nicht ohne Talent der Erfindung und Darſtellung, aber doch nur ein gewöhnlicher Lohnſchriftſteller, der dem ſchlechten Geſchmack der Menge am liebſten durch Scenen des Greuels oder der Unzucht huldigte. Er hatte ſich hier Julius v. Voß zum Muſter gewählt, ſtand aber, wie jeder Nachahmer, ſeinem Vorbilde weit nach, um ſo mehr, als ihm der ſittliche Zorn mangelte, der dieſen mitunter beſeelte.

Karl Schall,

geboren am 24. Febr. 1780 zu Breslau, Sohn eines wohlhabenden Kaufmanns, war auch zum Kaufmannsſtande beſtimmt, verließ denſelben aber, um ſich den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu widmen. Anfangs eine Zeitlang Mitdirector des breslauer Theaters, war er ſpäter Redacteur der durch ihn gegründeten neuen breslauer Zeitung und führte den Titel eines Hofrathes. Er ſtarb am 18. Auguſt 1833 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er ſchrieb:

Luſtſpiele. 2 Samml. Breslau 1817. 2te A. 1823.
Deutſche Blätter für Poeſie, Literatur und Kunſt (mit Karl v. Holtei). Breslau 1823 ff.
Tauſend und eine Nacht (mit Hagen und Habicht). 15 Thle. Breslau 1825 ff.

Ein feines komiſches Talent, das ſich mit großem Glück im kleineren Luſtſpiel verſuchte, aber von eigenthümlicher Indolenz abgehalten wurde, Bedeutenderes und Bleibendes zu leiſten.

Martin Schalling,

im Jahre 1532 zu Straßburg geboren, war, nachdem er zu Wittenberg ſeine Studien abſolvirt hatte, Prediger zu Regensburg, darauf zu Vilſeck, ſpäter Diaconus zu Amberg und bald nachher Superintendent daſelbſt. Als er die ihm vorgelegte Concordienformel nicht unterſchrieb, entſetzte man ihn ſeines Amtes, gab ihm jedoch bald eine Predigerſtelle zu S. Maria in Nürnberg, woſelbſt er auch am 29. December 1608 ſtarb.

Unter den von ihm verfaßten geiſtlichen Liedern iſt das bekannteſte:

Herzlich lieb hab' ich dich, o Herr.

Martin Schamelius,

geboren am 5. Juni 1568 zu Meuſelwitz, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und Halle Theologie, wurde 1603 Diaconus, ſpäter Oberpfarrer zu Naumburg und ſtarb am dritten Oſtertage des Jahres 1642. Seine Biographie lieferte Dr. J. C. Semler. Leipzig 1743, 4.

Er gab heraus:

Das Naumburgiſche Geſangbuch. 1712 u. ö.
Evangeliſcher Liedercommentarius. Leipzig 1737.

S. erwarb ſich ſeiner Zeit große Verdienſte um die Erhaltung und Verbeſſerung deutſcher religiöſer Lieder.

v. Scharffenberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Matthias Scharſchmidt,

Von ſeinen Lebensumſtänden wiſſen wir nur, daß er in der erſten Hälfte des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts lebte.

Er ſchrieb die

Tragedia von den ſieben Martyrern und irer Mutter. Eisleben 1589.

welche ſich indeſſen durch Nichts vor ähnlichen dramatiſchen Producten jener Periode auszeichnet.

Georg Schatz

ward am 1. November 1763 zu Gotha geboren, beſuchte das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und widmete ſich auf der Univerſität Jena den Rechtswiſſenſchaften. Nach zurückgelegten Studienjahren wurde er Vorleſer des Oberhofmarſchalls v. Studnitz zu Gotha und privatiſirte darauf bis zu ſeinem am 4. März 1795 erfolgten Tode daſelbſt.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Blumen auf den Altar der Grazien. Leipz. 1787.
Der Thurm von Samarah. Aus d. Arabiſchen. Leipzig 1788.
Goldoni, über ſich ſelbſt. 3 Thle. Leipzig 1788.
Laura. Aus d. Franzöſiſchen. 4 Thle. Leipzig 1788—89.
Cazotte's Erzählungen. 4 Thle. Leipzig 1789—1790.
Merciers Erſcheinungen und Träume. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1791.

Ein geſchmackvoller und feinſinniger Kenner ausländiſcher Literatur, erwarb ſich S. beſonders durch treffliche Ueberſetzungen einen geachteten Namen in der literäriſchen Welt.

v. Schede, ſ. Meliſſus.

Gottl. Leopold Immanuel Schefer,

ward am 30. Juli 1784 in Muskau geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung, bereiſte Italien, und lebt ſeitdem als Dr. phil. und Generalinſpector in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er iſt der Verfaſſer von:

Kleine lyriſche Werke. 2te A. Frankfurt 1828.
Novellen. 5 Bde. Leipzig 1825, 1827, 1829.

Neue Novellen. 4 Bde. Leipzig 1831—35.
Laienbrevier. 1., 2. Halbjahr. Berlin 1834 u. 5.
Lavabecher. Novellen. 2 Bde. Stuttgart 1833.
Die Gräfin Ulfeld. 2 Bde. Berlin 1834.

L. Schefer iſt ein eigenthümlicher und reicher Geiſt, voll Tiefe und Innigkeit, blühender Phantaſie, Menſchen- und Weltkenntniß, aber ſelten Herr über die Form und daher leicht ſich in der äußeren Behandlung der von ihm gewählten Stoffe vergreifend. Am glücklichſten und bedeutendſten bewegt er ſich in Gemälden des inneren Seelenlebens, die er mit eben ſo anmuthiger Zartheit als erſchütternder Tiefe und Wahrheit durchzuführen verſteht. Sein Laienbrevier hat ſich um des trefflichen Inhalts willen mit Recht allgemeiner Verbreitung erfreut.

Der arme Dſchem.

Hiſtoriſche Novelle von Leopold Schefer.

„Wer dem Geſtürzten hilft, der erniedrigt ſich nicht, der erhebt ſich."
Napoleon auf St. Helena.

Philippine von Saſſenage.

Du liebe Zeit,
Wie iſt ſo bang'!
Die Nacht iſt lang,
Das Herz iſt weit!
Wiener Schwalbenbüchlein.

Liebe, ſüße Freundin!

Haſt Du gehört, ich bin im Kloſter! im Kloſter! Ich, das fröhliche Mädchen, das heitre, das muntre! der Schalk, wie Du mich nannteſt, als ich bei Euch noch in Spanien lebte, und groß wuchs. O der ſchönen Tage auf Eurem Schloſſe bei Malaga! O der ſchönen ſorgloſen Kindheit, die noch gar nichts hoffte, nichts fürchtete, am wenigſten ſolch ein Geſchick! Ach, das alles iſt nun aus! Ich weiß nun, ich weiß, was hinter den Bergen mir lag! Ach, ich weiß, was die Sonnen mir in ſo nahen Tagen heraufführen ſollten, die purpurnen Sonnen, die ich ſo ahnungslos in dem Meere verſinken, ertrinken ſah. Doch die Sonne, ſie brachte, ſie brachte auch Ihn mir, auch Ihn! Da ſah ich alle Herrlichkeit der Welt auf einmal! Da war Alles, was jemals das Herz erfüllt, das ſo ſehnte und ſchmachtete, bangte und zagte und hoffte. Ja, es hat Wort gehalten, das unerſättliche Herz! Was mir die Roſen als Kinde gedeutet, das iſt alles eingetroffen! Was die Lerchen mir Mädchen geſungen, was die Nachtigall geſchlagen, was der Kukuk gerufen, was mir des Mondes helles Antlitz prophezeiht, wenn ich zu ihm aufſah, das iſt alles eingetroffen! Alles übertroffen! Die Sonne, der Frühling, die Erde, und alle Menſchen, ſie haben Wort gehalten; die Nähe, die Ferne, die Fremde ſogar hat erſt recht mich überſchüttet mit Seligkeit! Ach, und von wem nur kommt mir mein Leid? Höre, von meinem Bruder, dem böſen der Brüder, deren Einer noch weint, und weinend beſchämt dem Andern folgen mußte, mich hier zu begraben in Rom, in dem Kloſter, in Traſtevere, ſo weit von meiner Heimath, von dem ſchönen Saſſenage in dem ſchönen Frankreich! Und wie ſehr ich meine Brüder liebte — Du haſt nur Schweſtern, Du kannſt es nicht ahnen, wie ſehr eine Schweſter den Bruder zu lieben vermag! Denn halb iſt er der Sohn des ehrwürdigen Vaters, und alſo ehrwürdig! und halb iſt er ein Gleichbild des künftigen Geliebten, ein Zauberſchein des Gemahls, und alſo liebenswürdig! O Ehre und Liebe, warum kämpfet ihr ſo ſchrecklich auf Leben und Tod in der Welt? Seid ihr Himmliſchen Beide ſo ſelten einig und eins, und am öfterſten da nur, wo die Augen der Welt nicht auf die zu niedrig geborenen Menſchen ſehen! O ſie ſind glücklich, allein glücklich, dieſe niedrig geborenen Menſchen! Denn ſo kann ich ja ſagen: Was hätte mir unadelige Geburt geſchadet? — Nichts? Er hätte mich dennoch geſehen, dennoch geliebt! Und auch ſo bin ich Ihm ja doch viel zu gering, nur eine Magd, oder wie ſein Volk ſagt: eine Sklavin. Doch ach, was denk' ich an Ihn! Es iſt Alles vorbei! Er iſt mir ja doch verloren! Und nur Ein Unglück iſt noch größer: Ich bin Ihm ja doch verloren! und daß dieſes das größte Unglück iſt, das iſt mir ein Troſt! der größte, der ſüßeſte, unentbehrlichſte, und ohne Den bin ich ganz verloren! Denn bin ich vergebens gefangen im Kloſter, von ſolcher grünen Jugend an bis ..... bis in unabdenkliche Jahre! Ja, meine Freundin, wäre ein Kloſter ein Ort, wo ein Mädchen wirklich ſein Herz vergäße mit allen ſeinen Freuden und Leiden, wäre es nicht grade der Ort, wo Einſamkeit und Stille unſer verſchwiegenes Geheimniß zu tauſend Blüthen bringen, wie eine den Winter über in das warme Zimmer gezogene Rebe des Weinſtocks, wären wir nicht wir im Kloſter, kämen wir aus dem Kloſter in die Welt, nicht aus der ſelig betrübenden Welt in das Kloſter, gingen Engel hinein, nicht arme unwiſſende, verlorne Menſchen, ſo prieſ' ich die Mauern, die ich jetzt verwünſche, den Boden mit Füßen ſtampfe, die Wände mit den geballten kleinen Händen ſchlage. Ja manchmal lange daſitzend und ganz verträumt mein' ich, ſie wegzublaſen mit meinem Hauch wie Nebelwände; ja wegweinen wollte ich ſie, wenn ich es nur anzufangen wüßte. Aber mein Gott! Ich will ja nicht glücklich ſein, denn er iſt unglücklich! Ich will ja nicht frei ſein, denn Er iſt gefangen! Gefangen in ſchöner Jugend! Ja, ich möchte zu Ihm auf ſeinen Thurm, hinter ſeine Gitter! Denn, wäre ich frei, hätte ich erſt ſolche Angſt, wie das Weib des Hänflings, dem die Kinder den Mann weggefangen, und den ſie, angſtvoll und kummervoll frei ſchwebend, frei umher fliegend, im Kerker erblicken kann und erblickt. Ach, Du haſt nichts von meinem Schickſal gehört, das doppelt ſchwer iſt, da ſein Schickſal durch meine Liebe auch meines geworden. Nichts iſt erſchollen davon bis zu Euch, ſonſt hätteſt Du mich ja getröſtet. Alles iſt dunkel bedeckt geblieben; denn harte Thaten geſchehen geheim an den Menſchen, im Finſtern, im Sichern! Und ach! auch ich übereile mich vor Haſt der Mittheilung! Aber ſelber einen Korb mit Blumen, den wir zu lange getragen, ſchütten wir froh durcheinander auf einmal aus, geſchweige ein ſchweres Herz voll Leiden! Doch ich will mich ſammeln, eine Weile ruhen, um alles in wenige Worte zu bringen.

Am andern Morgen.

Ich bin geſtern um Sonnenuntergang an Ripa grande geweſen, dem Hafen von Rom, wo am breiten Ufer der Tiber auch die ſpaniſchen Schiffe ihren Wein ausladen. — Ich bin alſo noch Novize, wie Du daraus abnimmſt. Dort traf ich letzthin unter den ſpaniſchen Schiffern einen Mauren, der ein Chriſt geworden, um in ſeinem Vaterlande bleiben zu dürfen. O wie rührte mich der arme Morisco, der ſtatt Iſa, oder Jeſus, nun Eſao heißt. Ich konnte meine Freude vor den Schweſtern kaum verbergen; nur ich von ihnen konnte mit ihm ſprechen in ſeiner Sprache, die ich mit Dir von unſrer Dienerin, der Maurin, gelernt. Ich durfte mit ihm ſprechen, da er der Bruder unſrer Dienerin iſt. O die Heimathlaute, die Laute der Mutterſprache, ſie öffnen dem Fremden ſelber das Herz; darum vertraute er mir, und ich vertraute dem Vertrauenden, ihn zu bitten, mir einen Brief an Dich mitzunehmen, und ſicher zu beſtellen. Nun hörte ich geſtern von ihm, das Schiff gehe erſt morgen, übermorgen, überübermorgen! Da iſt denn Zeit Dir Alles ordentlich zu erzählen. Ich habe die Nacht nur geträumt, nur geweint! Und doch hat ſich das Herz wunderbar geſtärkt und befeſtigt, ich habe klar gefühlt: ich bin unſchuldig! Doch Unſchuld ſchützt vor Unglück nicht, ſie lehrt es nur dulden, und immer zu wagen. Ich bitte vom Himmel nur um Gelegenheit zu einem Wagniß, zum größten bin ich bereit! — Und nun höre, was ich gethan .....

„Ich habe geliebt!"

Einen ſchönen jungen Mann, der mich liebte. Lieben und Wiederlieben, nicht vergeben laſſen des Liebenden Herz, das iſt unſre Beſtimmung. Zu was ſonſt war ich geboren!

„Als ich ſchon ſein war mit ganzer Seele, da erfuhr ich erſt: mein Geliebter hat ein Weib, ja ein Kind!"

Aber ich wußte ja vom erſten Anblick, daß er ein Türke iſt, und weiß, daß ihm ſein Geſetz erlaubt, eine zweite Frau zu nehmen zur Erſten, ja Drei auch Vier Frauen zu gleicher Zeit zu haben, nicht nur nach einander, wie bei uns die chriſtlichen Wittwer! Und bleibt und lebt nicht auch dieſen, den chriſtlichen Wittwern, die Erſte, geſtorbene Frau im Herzen? oder nicht? Ich hoffe, bei dem guten Manne lebt die Geſtorbene auch noch mit der Zweiten fort, die Zweite mit der Dritten, die Erſte und Zweite und Dritte mit der Vierten, und ſchlimmer —: verborgen, recht innerlich! Und hatten nicht ſelber die griechiſchen chriſtlichen Kaiſer und ihre Brüder ihre ſchönſten Töchter den türkiſchen Sultanen und ihren Brüdern zu Weibern gegeben, auch ohne den Vorbehalt, das einzige, ewig-erſte Weib zu ſein? Denn ſo tief war ich nicht über die Entdeckung erſchrocken, mein Geliebter habe ein Weib in der Ferne, in Aegypten, als ich darüber erſchrack: mein Geliebter iſt der Sohn des

Sultan Mohammed, des ſchrecklichen Eroberers von Conſtantinopel, und der Bruder des herrſchenden Sultan Bajaſid, und ſoll oder ſoll nicht hinziehen: den Bruder vom Throne zu ſtoßen! —

Liebe, barmherzige Freundin, jetzt weißt Du Alles, was mir geſchehen iſt — höre nun aber erſt an, wie es mir geſchehen, über die Lippen des ſchönen armen Prinzen Dſchem! Das iſt ſein Name: Dſchem! Dſchem! Aber das ſonderbare Wort „Regenbogen" bedeutet nicht ſo Himmliſches, Unausſprechbares, Schönes, Liebes und Liebendes, als die arme Silbe Dſchem. Sprich ſie nur ja recht weich und ſanft aus, ſonſt thuſt Du Sünde an dem herrlichſten, ärmſten Mann auf Erden! Ich bin erſt zwanzig Jahr, und mit aller Beſinnung, mit allem klaren Denken finde ich mich ſchon in den Ketten meiner Mädchenzeit, in Ketten, die ich aus Gedanken und Gefühlen mir gewebt, und die mich nun feſſeln und halten auf immer und immer. Ach, ich kann nicht aus meiner Seele, aus meinem Herzen, und möchte nicht! O meine Freundin, wenn Du liebſt und ſagſt: die Liebe iſt das Süßeſte auf Erden! ſo hör' doch mein letztes Wort: die Treue iſt tauſendmal ſüßer, die Treue iſt reine heilige Liebe! Wenn ich mich nicht bedauere, wirſt Du mich alſo auch nicht ſo beſchuldigen. Ich war, wie Du weißt, ein junges Mädchen von funfzehn Jahren, als ich von Euch wußte, von Dir und meiner Mutter Schweſter, da meine Mutter geſtorben war. In Trauerkleidern betrat ich das Vaterhaus, wo die Brüder nun herrſchten, blos von unſerer lieben Maurin Helena begleitet. Granada war erobert, war ruhig, wie ein Grab, fleißig, wie ein Bienenſtock, die Mauren hatten ſich taufen laſſen, und auch Helena war getauft, und vorher ſchon ſo treu und ſanft wie die wahrſte Chriſtin. Ich war ihre Pathe, ich hatte ihr meinen zweiten Taufnamen gegeben, ſo folgte ſie mir. Der Herbſt war gekommen, das Laub auf den Linden vor unſerem Schloſſe war ſchon gefärbt, wie ich beim Scheine der Fackeln der Diener ſah, als ich den Schloßhof betrat, meine Füßchen raſchelten muthwillig vor Trauer ſchon im gefallenen Laube. Man [illegible] mir durch die leeren Säle, durch das leere Zimmer der Mutter, an deren leerem Bett ich hinkniete, weinte und betete, in mein ſonſt bewohntes, liebes Zimmer nach dem Garten, der bis zu dem alten Schloſſe ſich hebt, das auf dem jähen Felſenabhang liegt. Ich wußte nicht, wer darin gefangen gehalten ward. Der Morgen war herrlich, ich ging in den Garten, bei den Herbſtblumen langſam vorüber, bis in die Gebüſche. Auch Du, liebe Seele, würdeſt es mädchenhaft, traumhaft, bezaubernd gefunden haben, da, im gewohnten alten Kindergarten, an einem kleinen ſaubern Altar, der nach Oſten gerichtet war, einen Morgenländer betend zu erblicken! Einen ſchönen jungen Mann, in den ſauberſten, prachtvollſten Kleidern, das engelgleiche, blaſſe Geſicht voll Andacht, Wehmuth und Inbrunſt. Er wand die weißen, ſchönen Hände, daß die Ringe an ſeinen Fingern grün und purpurn blitzten. Seine großen Augen ſchwammen in Thränen. Aus frommer Scheu und Bewunderung hielt ich ſogar den Athem an, und wagte keinen Schritt zurück, indeß doch ein Vogel über ihm laut ſein Morgengebet ſang. Aber wie heiter und froh! Da mit erſchreckender Haſt richtete ſich der Betende auf, ſtampfte mit dem Fuß, und richtete einen durchdringenden Blick aus den dunklen Augen in die Tiefe des blauen Himmels. Dann legte er ſeine Hand auf das Herz, ſenkte das Haupt und lächelte ſo bezaubernd anzuſchauen, daß ich faſt aufgeſchrieen hätte, vor unerträglichem Entzücken. Ja, auch weinen hätte ich mögen! Da fiel ſein Blick auf mich, wie ich ihn anſah, und nun wollte ich nicht erröthen, und weiß nicht, ob es doch mir geſchah, aber ich vermochte nicht, meine Augen von ſeinen Augen zu wenden, die ganz allmählig aus tiefem Erſtaunen immer glühender, ſchwärzer, ſtrahlender wurden, das Antlitz immer ſchöner, anmuthiger, die Lippen immer holder geöffnet wie zu reden. Und ohne einen Schritt mir zu nahen, ſprach er endlich mit wunderbar mich treffender Stimme und der reinſten Ehrfurcht: „Ich habe den Himmel gebeten, mir einen Engel zum Troſte zu ſenden, und ſo ſchnell erfüllt er das Gebet des Duldenden! — Da ſteht er in ſeinem Sonnenſchein! O Sonne, du biſt nicht wunderbarer als dieſe Jungfrau, nicht herrlicher! Willſt Du mir nicht Deinen Namen ſagen? — Wirſt Du bei mir bleiben? Werd' ich Dich wiederſehen? Einmal? Immer? Keinmal? Ach, ich bin gewohnt, alles Beſte und Liebſte zu verlieren, vielleicht verloren zu haben! Nun ſollte ich auch noch beklagen, Dich geſehen zu haben! — Sage mir nur Deinen Namen! Ein Name iſt ein Talisman, damit zaubert ſich die Seele Tag und Nacht ihre Schätze herbei aus der Ferne, herauf aus dem Grabe, herab aus dem Himmel!"

Wie konnte ich auf dieſe in feinem Franzöſiſch geſprochenen Worte ihm ſagen: „Ich heiße Philippine!" Seine Ehrfurcht und Bewunderung hatte mir die höchſte, wahrſte, reinſte Stimmung des Weibes gegeben, und ſehr mädchenhaft ſchämte ich mich meines Namens „Philippine von Saſſenage!" Dadurch ward ich ein bloßes Fräulein von Adel! ich fiel aus den Wolken nach Frankreich! indeß die Erde mit ihm und mich vor ihm trug, wie Gewölk. O ſüße Freundin, der Augenblick war himmliſch! Ich empfand mich erſt recht völlig! Ich wuchs mir groß, mir war wonnevoll zu Muth. Die Ehrfurcht vor dem Weibe entzündet die Liebe. Kein Weib kann Den lieben, der ſie nicht ehrt. Aber auch im Manne kommt die Ehrfurcht aus der Liebe. O was iſt die Liebe! — göttlich! Mein guter Bruder Armand ſagte mir ſpäter einmal: „Nur eine Taube verſteht die Taube, den Staar nur der Staar. Das Weib verſteht nur das Weib; nie verſteht ein Mann das Weib, ſo ganz, ſo vollkommen, nie auch verſteht das Weib den Mann. Beide Geſchlechter leben ein eignes Leben, mit eignem Verſtändniß der Welt. Darum leben ſie auch nicht ein getrenntes Leben, nein, ein verbundenes; die Natur, die Neigung führt ſie zuſammen, die Gewohnheit hält ſie bei einander, und der unauflösliche Wahn, daß beide, daß alle Tauſende Verbundene ſich verſtehen, indeß Wonne und Leid Jedem ein eignes, nur ſein Gefühl iſt, das enge, aber innerlichſte, mächtige, zarteſte Naturgefühl im Weibe; das weite, ſtarke Weltgefühl im Manne. Und wenn beide durch ein Geſpräch auch ſich mitgetheilt, ſich verſtändigt haben, und Eins ſind, haben ſie doch nur Räthſel geſprochen, verſinken in ihr Weſen, verbleiben aus Naturzwang darin, und ſind ſich ein lebenslanges Räthſel ohne es zu wiſſen, zu glauben, ja ohne es recht zu merken." Der gute Bruder kann recht haben. Aber Du wirſt mich verſtehen, wenn ich Dir ſage: Ich war ſo gefangen, ſo ganz erſt an dem Orte meiner wahren weiblichen Heimath bei dem Geliebten und Liebenden, daß ich nicht wußte, warum nur nicht gleich ewig bei ihm bleiben? Warum jemals, oder jetzt noch einmal von ihm hinweggehn! Und wahrlich, ich wäre nicht gegangen, wenn ich geglaubt hätte, daß ich, ich, meine Seele nicht bei ihm bliebe! nicht ſeine Seele bei mir! — wenn die Liebe ſich nicht gern verbirgt, gern träumt, ſich die Unerforſchlichkeit des Herzens klar machen will, zum [illegible] Faſſen: die Liebe iſt unerforſchlich! Denn das heiße Schweigen, Verſchweigen! Die Scham, die Ehrbarkeit der Jungfrau — der Anſtand — den ſie nimmt, um ſich zu ſammeln — die heilige Flucht vor dem Geliebten, ihn nachzuziehen, die Sucht ihn in Zweifel zu ſtürzen, die Wonne, ihn alles erſt erfahren zu laſſen, ihm allmählig zu erlauben, Eins nach dem Andern hoffen zu dürfen — was er vom erſten Augenblick an ganz, und ganz — mich ganz beſaß. Die Freude, ihn geſehen, gefunden, erobert zu haben, war unerträglich! Ich weiß nicht, was ich ſagte, aber ich entzog mich ihm, wie er bezaubert daſtand! Seine treuen Blicke, ſeine entzückenden Worte, ſie eben ſcheuchten mich fort. Ich aß den Tag nur, wie ein Vogel ſchlürft, ich ſang alles, was ich ſagen wollte oder mußte, und war doch ſo voll Scham, voll Sehnſucht, voll Trauer ſchon! Ich erſchien den Tag nicht im Garten, die folgenden nicht; aber ich ſah Ihn wohl und ſeine hergewandten Augen; nur die Jalouſien meines Fenſters mußte ich regen, ich ſteckte einen Roſenzweig mit ſpäten Roſen [illegible]. Dafür war meine Maurin Helena belohnt worden; ſie hatte an mir eine Leidenſchaft gemerkt, ſie hatte den vertrauten Diener des Prinzen geſucht, geſprochen; ſie hatte in Ehrfurcht gefragt, alles erfahren, alles, jeden Namen ſich treu gemerkt, wieder geſagt, wieder gehört in mehreren Tagen, und als ich bei einem Geſchäften zu Nacht ſie bat: ſich zu erkundigen, wer der Fremde ſei! — da ſetzte ſie ſich zu mir auf das Bett und weinte um mich und um ihn, und erzählte mir dann mit Bekümmerniß, und ich mußte neue Namen ungekannter Männer lernen! fremde große Dinge ſollten mich armes Kind nun angehen: berühren, verletzen! Mein Herz ſollte die Zither ſein, darin alle jene rauhen, wilden Klänge ſich ſammelten, bebten und dröhnten! Und wirklich es war ſo! Die Umſtände hatten mich tief in die Welt verflochten. Helena ſprach: „Ach, der arme Prinz! wenn er nur nicht ſchuldig wäre an ſeinem Unglück! Aber Dſchelalbeg klagte mir, er habe nur damals nichts ſagen dürfen, als der falſche doppelzüngige Großweſir Mohammed Niſchani nach dem Tode des Sultans ſeinen Herrn aufgefordert habe, aus Karaman herüber zu kommen, den Thron zu beſteigen! Auch habe der Prinz, Dſchem heißt er, nicht ſo viel Recht gehabt, als ſein erſtgeborener Bruder Bajaſid. Und er hätte nicht Krieg anfangen ſollen. Doch was weiß ich! Dſchelalbeg ſagte nur, daß ſein Herr zur Vertheidigung ſeines Lebens ſich rüſten müſſen, als ein lebender Bruder des herrſchenden Sultans; denn dort iſt das Hausgeſetz, daß kein Bruder des Sultans leben ſoll; er ſagte, daß Dſchem achtzehn Tage lang Sultan zu Bruſa geweſen ſei, daß die Geiſtlichen in den Kirchen für ihn gebetet, und daß er Geld auf ſeinen Namen geſchlagen. Dſchelalbeg zeigte mir die Silbermünzen, und gab mir Eine für Dich. Dann haben falſche Freunde dem Prinzen gerathen, ſein Heer zu theilen — der Eroberer von Otranto, der ungeheuer ſtolze Kedük Ahmed Paſcha iſt auf die Seite des Sultan Bajaſid getreten — der Verräther Jakub hat, für eine Statthalterſchaft, Dſchem's beſtes Heer zum Sultan übergeführt! So hat der arme, am Schenkel verwundete Dſchem aus der Schlacht bei

Jeniſcharen fliehen müſſen, hat Alles verloren, ſo daß ihm ſein Kämmerer Sinanbeg gegen die Kälte der Nacht ſeinen Oberrock leihen müſſen! Gute Leute haben ihm auf ſeiner Flucht nach Aegypten zu Eſſen gegeben; in Haleb und Damaskus und Jeruſalem ſind ſie gut bewirthet worden, und über Hebron und Gaza iſt er mit ſeiner Mutter — erſchrick nicht — mit ſeinem Harem, ſeiner Frau und ſeinem kleinen Sohne, dem kleinen Prinzen Oghuz Chan, glücklich nach Cairo gekommen, wo ſie es Alle bei dem Sultan Kaitbai gut gehabt. Im Winter iſt Dſchem mit ſeinem Siegelbewahrer Haider, dem Dichter, mit Saadi, dem Dichter, ſeinem [illegible], und mit Dſchelalbeg nach Mekka, und dann zum Grabe des Propheten nach Medina gewallfahrtet. Darauf haben die heimlichen Feinde des Sultans Bajaſid wieder den armen Dſchem verlockt nach Kleinaſien zu kommen, um ſein Erbe bei günſtiger Zeit zu gewinnen. Da ſind ſie gezangen! Ihr Heer iſt noch zu ſchwach geweſen, und vom Sultan zerſtreut worden. Da haben ſie ſich in das Steinland gerettet. Dſchem hat von ſeinem Bruder Land in Aſien erhalten ſollen, das er ihm durch Geſandte angeboten, oder ruhig ſeine bisherigen Einkünfte in Jeruſalem verzehren; denn die Braut des Reiches könne nicht getheilt werden, und Dſchem ſolle doch die Hufe des Pferdes und den Saum des Kleides ſeines Bruders nicht mehr mit unſchuldigem Blute des Volkes beflecken. Da hat ihm aber Kaſimbeg gerathen, nicht zu gehorchen, aber auch nicht nach Perſien oder Arabien zu flüchen, ſondern in die europäiſchen Länder der Türken, wo die Chriſten wünſchen die Türken auszurotten, wie uns, arme unglückliche Mauren in Spanien! Ach, da hat der arme Dſchem Freunde an den Königen zu finden geglaubt, die ihm auf den Thron hülfen, den ſie doch umſtürzen wollen, ſähe nun Er darauf oder ein Anderer. Dieſer unglaubliche Irrthum iſt Dſchem's Fehler und Unglück! ſagte Dſchelalbeg dreimal! Darauf alſo hat Dſchem ſeinen Vertrauten, Suleiman den Franken, an den Großmeiſter von Rhodus geſchickt, nicht, um ſich ihm auf Gnade und Ungnade als Gefangenen zu übergeben — da ihm die ganze Welt offen ſtand, und Hülfe und Rettung ſelbſt im Kriege war, ſondern ihn nur um freundliche Aufnahme und Weiterbeförderung gebeten. Dieſe betrügeriſchen Ritter, die unverſöhnlichen Feinde der Türken, haben ihm nun Sicherheit und Gaſtfreundſchaft zugeſchworen. Da iſt die treue Seele, der arme Dſchem, in ſeine Gefangenſchaft gegangen! Sie haben ihn mit ſeinem Gefolge — damals ihrer dreißig Mann — in einem prächtig geſchmückten Schiffe abgeholt, daraus eine Brücke bis an das Ufer geſchlagen, ſie mit koſtbaren niederländiſchen Teppichen belegt, ſo daß er zu Pferde aus dem Schiffe reiten können. Die Ritter haben ihn alle da ehrerbietigſt empfangen, ihn durch die mit ſchönen Teppichen behangenen, mit Blumen und Myrthenzweigen beſtreuten Straßen geführt. Tauſend ſchöne Frauen und Jungfrauen haben ihn mit Blicken und Stimmen begrüßt! Voraus haben Sänger franzöſiſche Lieder geſungen, die hieroſolymitaniſchen Jünglinge in ſeidenen Kleidern haben koſtbare Specereien geräuchert; der falſche, betrügeriſche Großmeiſter, auf goldgeſchirrtem Schlachtroß ihm zur Linken, die Ritter hinter ihm, ſo haben ſie ihren Gefangenen in ſeinen Pallaſt, in die Zunge von Frankreich, geführt! Aber Alibeg, Dſchem's Vertrauter, hat Verrath gemerkt, und von dem Schreiben gehört, das der Großmeiſter d'Aubuſſon von dem Großwezir Ahmed Paſcha empfangen, den Dſchem auszuliefern; und da Alibeg des Prinzen Weib und Kind holen ſollen, hat er ihnen gerathen, nach Aegypten zu flüchen. Da ſind ſie noch. Den Prinzen hat der Großmeiſter aber nicht ausgeliefert, ſondern lieber auf jedes Jahr für ſeine Verwahrung 45000 Zechinen genommen, denn die Ritter brauchen Geld! Und als wenn d'Aubuſſon den armen Dſchem vor Gift und Dolch ſeines Bruders Bajaſid ſichern wolle, hat er ihn durch ſeinen Neffen, den Ritter Blanchefort, nach Frankreich geſchickt, auf eine Comthurei des Ordens. So ſind ſie zuerſt nach Nizza gekommen, und ſo ſehr dem Prinzen die ſchöne Stadt gefallen, daß er ſogar ein Gedicht auf ſie gemacht, denn er iſt ein berühmter Dichter, ſo hat er doch bald nach Rumili fortgewollt, ſeinem Ziele entgegen. Da haben die Ritter gelogen und geſagt: da er den franzöſiſchen Boden betreten, ſo könne Er und Jeder, der es thue, nicht ohne Bewilligung des Königs von Frankreich mehr aus dem Lande! Das hat der arme Dſchem glauben müſſen, und an den König einen Geſandten geſchickt, welchen die Ritter auf der zweiten Tagreiſe ergriffen und eingeſteckt haben. Und als die vier Monate umgeweſen, wo er hätte zurück ſein können, da haben die Ritter, der Peſt wegen, ihren Gefangenen auf die Comthurei des Ordens zu Rouſſillon geführt. Von da hat der arme Dſchem zwei ſeiner Treuen, den Beg Muſtapha und Beg Ahmed, mit handfeſten Begleitern, in fränkiſcher Tracht, an den König von Ungarn geſandt. Denn ſein Geſandter an den König von Frankreich war auf dem Wege nach Rouſſillon zu ihm gekommen, und hatte geklagt, daß ihn Räuber zerſchlagen und ausgeplündert hätten. Aber die Beg's ſollen trotz der handfeſten Begleiter auch heut noch wiederkommen! Dagegen ſind alle Leute aus Rouſſilon und der ganzen Umgegend von weit und breit zuſammengeſtrömt, um den Sohn des Eroberers von Conſtantinopel zu ſehen, und ſo iſt auch der ſchöne junge vierzehnjährige Herzog von Savoyen, der Befehlshaber von Chambery, zu dem armen Dſchem gekommen, der, von ſeiner Schönheit bezaubert, ihm einen koſtbaren Damascenerſäbel geſchenkt, und den gerührten jungen Herzog gebeten, ihn aus der Sklaverei der Rhodiſer Ritter zu befreien, und iſt der Erlöſung ſchon froh geweſen, da es doch Jemand in der Welt, ein Herzog der Franken, ein Chriſt, gewußt, daß er ein armer Gefangener ſei! Der Sultan, ſein Bruder, hat einen Geſandten, den Huſeinbeg, an den König von Frankreich geſchickt, der nach Rhodus die rechte Hand, die Taufhand Johannes des Täufers, den Johanniterrittern aus den eroberten Reliquien von Conſtantinopel gebracht, welche ſie nach feierlicher jubelnder Proceſſion in der Capelle der Johanniskirche dem Volke zur Anbetung ausgeſetzt. Aber der Geſandte hat für die rechte Hand Johannis die rechte Hand des armen Dſchem verlangt — ſein Gefolge! Der König von Frankreich iſt zur paſſenden Zeit geſtorben, die Ritter lügen ihm Furcht vor Aufſtand und Verwirrung vor, und nehmen ihm mit 800 Cüraſſieren ſeine Leute, die er ja grade bedürfen könnte, ſich zu beſchützen. Der arme Dſchem darf ſogar nicht den Geſandten ſeines Bruders ſprechen, und Huſeinbeg fährt mit den Beſchützern Dſchem's nach Rhodus ab. Ihn ſelbſt führen die Ritter auf der Iſere und der Rhone nach le Puye, nach einem Felſenſchloſſe, und ſchleppen ihn nun hierher nach Saſſenage! — Da haſt Du ſeine Geſchichte! Da haſt Du Ihn!" ſchloß die gute mauriſche Seele. „Und hier haſt Du einen Brief von Ihm!" —

O meine ſüße Freundin, ſo viel, ſo unendlich viel muß in der Welt geſchehen, ehe eine Schwalbe im Frühlinge zu uns, ihr Neſt zu bauen, kommen kann, und kommt! So viel Unrecht, ſo viel Arbeit und Wunderdinge mußten geſchehen, ehe Ich den armen, von aller Welt verlaſſenen Dſchem hier in meinem Kindergarten denn ſehen konnte, und Er mich ſah. O mich Arme, Arme um Ihn! mit Ihm!

Konnt' ich den Brief ungeleſen laſſen? Ich hatte ja ſo noch keinen morgenländiſchen Brief geleſen! O wie er ſchon duftete! Mußte ich ihn nicht öffnen! Mußte ich nicht den Geöffneten leſen! Mußte ich da nicht Antwort ſenden? Hatte Er da nicht mir wieder ein Wort auf ein Wörtchen zu ſagen, zu fragen, zu bitten? — Der Liebende bittet ſo natürlich, er bittet ja nur um der Geliebten Glück, wenn ſie liebt. Darum geſteht die Geliebte ſo gern nach und nach Alles zu, was der Liebende ja ſchon lange beſitzt — uns ſelbſt. So ward ich verflochten! Und das Kühnſte, wie klang es ſo hold, ſo unſchuldig in der Sprache des Himmels, im reinen ſchlichten Gedicht! O die Dichter, wenn ſie ſchön, jung, reich und vornehm ſind, wiſſen gar nicht, was ſie vermögen, wenn das Herz nur an Dichtkunſt glaubt; und mir war die ganze Natur ein reines, himmliſches Mährchen! Ich glaubte nicht nur an die Dichtung, ich führte ſie aus, und in das Leben ein, und ſein und mein Leben ward und war das reinſte, klarſte, hinreißendſte Gedicht. Meine Maurin Helena war von meiner Seite die Vertraute, von ſeiner Dſchelalbeg, der arme Kranke. So kamen und ſchwanden Sonnen, Tage, Wochen, Monde! Sie zogen über unſern Häuptern leiſe und ungemerkt hinweg, aber unſre Herzen blühten unter ihrem Wandel auf, wie die Roſenknospen den Himmel nur daran ſpüren, daß ſie aufblühen, und die Aſtern, daß ſie Saamen bringen. Mein böſer Bruder, Roland, der Rhodiſer Ritter, hatte mir den Garten verboten, am Mittag des erſten Tages meiner Heimkehr, alſo ſchon tauſend Jahre zu ſpät! Die Liebe iſt ſchnell! Die Augen konnt' er mir auch ferner nicht verbieten, das geiſterhafte leiſe Umgehn und Schweben des Geliebten in meiner Seele, das Schweben meiner Gedanken um ihn. Nur wenn meine Brüder nicht da waren, betrat ich den Garten — aber nur Einmal waren ſie Beide nicht da, und nur Einmal preßte mich der Geliebte an ſein Herz, nur Einmal koſtete ich ſeine Lippen. Aber doch Einmal! Die weltklugen Brüder hatten mich nicht vor dem Prinzen gewarnt, um mich nicht zu reizen, zu beleidigen. Aber kein treuloſeres Geſchöpf, als ein Weib, treulos gegen alle Andern, um dem Einen treu zu ſein!

Da ſaß ich eines Freitags Abends in der Dämmerung bei meinen Brüdern. — Da trat Dſchem zu uns ein, ſchimmernd von Schmuck und Schönheit. Er durfte zu meinem böſen Bruder bis in das Schloß kommen aus ſeinem Schloſſe und Garten, die auf hohen, jäh abſtürzenden Felſen lagen; nur aus der Pforte unſres Schloſſes durfte er ſogar nicht den großen grünen Hof betreten, den eine hohe Mauer umſchloß, deren Zugang ſtreng bewacht ward. Er war da! So bin ich nie erſchrocken! Ich war rathlos! Ich that einige Schritte raſch, ich wußte nicht wohin, um es vor Freuden laut zu verkündigen: „Dſchem iſt da!" Selbſt mein guter Bruder Armand wollte mich aus dem Zimmer führen, aber der Prinz bat ſo hold, ſo weich, daß ich bleiben durfte. Ich habe vergeſſen, Dir zu ſagen, daß Dſchem mir am vorigen Morgen geſchrieben: „Willſt Du mein Weib ſein? Gott wird helfen!“ und daß ich ihm am Abend geantwortet: „Dein Weib will ich ſein. Gott wird uns helfen!“ Merke wohl, ich ſagte ſchon: „Uns!“ Das überfiel mich erſt, als Dſchem freundlich meine Brüder jeden an einer Hand faßte, ſie ſanft hielt, ihnen ſanft in die Augen ſah und ſie ſanft bat: „Gute Brüder, gebt mir Eure Schweſter zum Weibe!“

Da wollten ihm Beide die Hand entziehen, aber mit ſeiner Rieſenſtärke hielt er ſie mit Gewalt feſt, und ſprach ſein Wort noch einmal ſo ſanft, und fügte hinzu: „Ich liebe ſie redlich und treu, und ſie — fragt ſie, ob ſie mich will. Ich bin jetzt ein armer Gefangener, der Sultan mit losgegürtetem Schwert; aber, ſo Gott will, nicht immer, nicht lange nun mehr noch ſo Langem! ſo Schwerem! Zweiundzwanzig Jahr alt war ich in Rhodus, heut iſt mein ſechs und zwanzigſter Geburtstag. Ich bin kein Bettler, kein heimathloſer Derwiſch; der Sturm hat den Adler verweht! Ich bin nicht Aſche, ich bin aufgehobenes Feuer! Ich bin eine volle drängende Lilienzwiebel, die dem Gärtner in der Hand keimt — nur Erde, o nur Waſſer, und ſie treibt ihre Krone und ſteht in Pracht. Und ich habe ein mütterlich, väterlich Land, ich lebe in meines Vaters Volk. Gebt mich nur frei und ich bin Sultan von Stambul, und Eure Schweſter iſt meine Sultanin, ein gewaltiges Weib! und Ihr ſeid meine Schwäher. Habe ich dem Großmeiſter zu Rhodus geloben müſſen, wenn ich Sultan von Stambul werde, den Schiffen und Flotten des Ordens alle Häfen meines Reiches zu öffnen, ihm hundertundfünfzigtauſend Zechinen zu geben für ihren Beiſtand — der entſetzlich iſt — und alle Jahre Dreihundert Chriſtenſklaven ohne Löſegeld frei zu geben — O was will ich da Euch erſt thun! Der Orden verdient die Eroberung von Rhodus von mir für ſeinen ſolchen Beiſtand — aber ich werde ihm Alles doch redlich erfüllen! Und habt Ihr Brüder Vortheil von dem Orden, als meine Gefangenwärter — ich will Euch mit Gold überſchütten! Euch Inſeln und Statthalterſchaften geben! Mein Weib ſoll eine Chriſtin bleiben; denn Juden und Chriſten und Mohammedaner ſind nur drei Sproſſe aus Einem uralten Olivenſtamme, und gehen nur vereint zu Grunde. Ich liebe das Frankenland nur zu ſehr — und wie mein Vater Mohammed, dem Gott gnädig ſei, auf ein einziges Bittwort meiner Mutter, einer ſerviſchen Chriſtin, ihr alle ſeine vierzigtauſend Chriſtenſklaven in einer Stunde frei gab — ach, und ich habe als Kind ihre unermeßliche Freude geſehen — ſo will ich, meinem Weibe zu Lieb' und zu Ehren, im Voraus alle Sklaven frei geben — ich will keine machen! Keinen Theil von der Beute meiner Heere nehmen! Und hier bringe ich ihr im Voraus meine Geſchenke, und Euch, meine Brüder! Seid nicht blind über die Welt, ſeid nicht hart über gute Herzen! Laßt mich nicht verkümmern, laßt ſie nicht verkümmern! Ich bin eines Weibes werth, und ſie eines Mannes, wie Ich.“ —

Mir zitterte und bebte das Herz. Meine Thränen floſſen unaufhaltſam. Er ſchwieg. Er ließ meine Brüder los, er langte die Brautgeſchenke hervor, öffnete lächelnd die Käſtchen und ſonderte die Geſchenke für die Brüder. Dann ſetzte er ſich ruhig auf den Teppich zur Erde.

Mein guter Bruder Armand trat leiſe zu mir nahe und fragte mich leiſe: „Willſt Du ihn zum Manne?“ Darauf hatte ich armes Kind keine Antwort, als ihm an die Bruſt zu ſinken. Er umſchloß mich, ließ mich weinen, ließ mich dann los und flüſterte zweifelnd: „Armes Kind!“ Mein böſer Bruder Roland aber ſprach aber jetzt zu Dſchem: „Mein Prinz! Ihr ehrt meine Schweſter wahrhaftig am höchſten auf Eure Art und Landesſitte. Eine Antwort iſt Euer Wort werth. Vernehmt mich alſo: Ihr ſeid in des Ordens Gewalt. Empöre Euch nicht die Wahrheit: Ihr ſeid — ſo kehrt das Schickſal die Verhältniſſe um — Ihr ſeid ein Türkenſklave der Chriſten. Ich ſehe Eures Gefangenſeins Ende nicht ab. Eilt, eilt, alt und grau zu werden! Eilt, am Stabe zu gehn! Eilt blind und taub zu werden! Eilt zu Grabe! Denn leider, das menſchliche Mitleid treibt mich zu ſagen: leider laſſe ich auf Befehl des Großmeiſters, ſchon ſeit dem Frühjahre für Euch beſonders zur Wohnung einen ſtarken Thurm erbauen, ſieben Stockwerke hoch. Im Untergeſchoß iſt der Keller. Zu ebener Erde die Küche. Im erſten Stockwerk der Koch. Im Zweiten das Zimmer der Diener. Im Dritten die untere Wachſtube der Ritter. Im Vierten Euer Wohnzimmer. Im Fünften Euer Schlafzimmer. Im Sechsten die obere Wachſtube der Ritter. Im Siebenten die Kammer für Sachen und Waffen, und als achtes Stockwerk droben draußen, ein ummauerter Garten mit ein paar Blumen. Im Siebenten kann auch ein Bad ſein, denn durch Röhren und Druck des Waſſers von den höheren Bergen iſt ſelbſt ganz droben im Garten ein Springbrunn. Wenn Ihr alſo nicht fliegen könnt ... wie geſagt, ich vollſtrecke blos des Großmeiſters d'Aubuſſon Befehl, der hier nahe auf Schloß Bourg neuf geboren iſt; und iſt er auch eitel auf den Ruhm von Ehre und Macht, in ſeiner Heimath zumeiſt, wie jeder andere Menſch, ſo iſt unſerer Ritter erſtes Gelübd doch Gehorſam! Blinder, herzloſer Gehorſam! Und nur unſer Meiſter hat Willen, Verſtand und Erbarmen! Wir Andern haben allein den Gehorſam. Ohne Anzeige, ohne Erlaubniß dürft Ihr kein neues Kleid bekommen — ſagt, rathet: Wie ſoll ich es über die Zunge bringen, Euch meine Schweſter zum Weibe zu geben! Und ſoll ſie mit Euch gefangen alt werden und ſterben? — Denn ſo verſteh' ich den Thurm! Und liebt Ihr ſie nicht? Darum wollt Ihr ſie nur zum Weibe, ſo glauben wir hier!“

Mein böſer Bruder, der Rhodiſer Ritter, ſchwieg plötzlich und warf einen grimmigen Blick auf mich, wie einen ſchwebenden Blitz. Während ſeiner Worte hatte ſich Dſchems Antlitz zu Anfang verdüſtert, erbittert, ergrimmt. Aber, von einem Gedanken weh., heiterten ſeine Züge ſich auf, ja er lächelte unbeſchreiblich vor ſich hin, und blickte dann meinen böſen Bruder an, ſo rührend, ſo ſchön und kindlich — wie ein Kind! Mir vergingen Kraft und Sinne. Ich weiß nicht, wie Dſchem das Zimmer verlaſſen. Als ich zu mir kam, war er fort, und mein böſer Bruder ſtand, mit über der Bruſt verſchränkten Armen, vor mir, mit kaltem Hohn um den Mund und im Auge. „Nun?“ — ſprach er — „Nun, Philippine Helene Damoiselle de Sassenage! So jung, ſo groß zwar und ſchön, das muß Dir der Feind laſſen, aber ſchon ſo verſchlagen, verſchwiegen, erobernd im Anblick, aber Wen? Nein, meine Kaiſerin von Conſtantinopel, Sultanin aller Ungläubigen, wir Johanniterritter ſind zwar geſchworene Feinde und Abſager der Ehe, alſo ich auch! Ich! Aber Dein guter Bruder ſelbſt muß ſagen: die Chriſten haben eine andere Ehe! Ein Mann —: Eine Frau! Eine Frau —: Einen Mann! So hat die Kirche wenigſtens aus Tradition, ohne Wort des Herrn ſogar ſelbſt, es eingeübet. Und Eine mit Einem, nur das iſt Ehe! Ehre! Zufriedenheit! Glück! — wenn noch! — ſo nur! Wer es anders ſagt, mit dem kämpf' ich auf Tod und Leben! Du würdeſt, blos als das zweite Weib des Dſchem, eine Türkin, eine Abgefallene! eine Verdammte! Die ſoll, die wird meine einzige Schweſter nicht ſein! Habe weibliche Ehre! Ehre des Weibes! Für die Jungfrauen geziemt ſich eben Ehre der Weiber zu haben! im Voraus alle elenden unglücklichen Weiber werden nur aus erbärmlichen Jungfrauen. Gare ton honneur! Gare! Damoiselle de Sassenage!“

Dabei hob er eine geballte Fauſt in die Höhe, ſchlug mit der Rechten an ſein Schwert, und wandte ſich raſch von mir ab und verließ uns auch.

Was ich empfand, unwillig und gebietend empfand, das war, dem armen Gefangenen, dem herrlichen jungen Manne war ich Genugthuung ſchuldig! Denn eine Brautwerbung wirft ein Mädchen nicht hoch, nicht theuer genug zu bezahlen; denn wer auf der Welt meint es beſſer mit ihm, als einer, der es zum Weibe begehrt. O wie fühlte ich mich ſeine Schuldnerin! Mein guter Bruder kam und zog mich zu dem Tiſche, worauf Dſchem die Geſchenke ſtehen gelaſſen; er machte ſie zu, hüllte ſie ein und gab ſie mir „zu Dſchem's Andenken!“ Mit dieſen Worten hatte auch Er ſeine Meinung geſagt, gütig und tröſtlich, und keine ganz abwendige, ja, nach längerem Schweigen gab er mir die Hoffnung, daß Alles ſich oft gar plötzlich in der Welt verändere, dem Glücklichen meiſt zum Nachtheil, aber dem Leidenden meiſt nur zum Glück. Der Großmeiſter d'Aubuſſon ſei alt und wolle vor ſeinem Ende noch gern Kardinal werden, vielleicht auch Papſt. — Mein Gott, und ſo fing auch der Papſt ſogar an mich zu kümmern! Mein böſer Bruder war mit einigen Johannitern weggeritten; die Mauren, die ich auf meinem Zimmer fand, wußte: nach Schloß Bourg neuf, wenigſtens bis auf übermorgen. — Aus bekümmertem Herzen ſchrieb Ich heut einige Worte an den armen Dſchem; ich glaube, ich habe ihm auch den Troſt geſchrieben, daß mein guter Bruder uns günſtig ſei, wie heut, gewiß immer, wie von Jugend auf. Mir war eine ängſtliche Laſt vom Herzen, die Laſt der Undankbarkeit. Helene war kaum fort, da kam ſie ſchon wieder, und brachte durch Dſchelalbeg einen kleinen Streifen Seidenpapier mit den haſtig von Dſchem geſchriebenen Worten: „Wenn der Mond aufgeht, gehe Du mir auf!“

Mein guter Bruder war vor Verdruß krank und wollte ſich ſehr zeitig zur Ruhe begeben. O Himmel, wie hing mein Auge nun an der Gegend, wo ſich die Wolken entzündeten und flammten wie eine Feuersbrunſt! Wie weinte ich dem Säuſeln des kühlen Hauches entgegen .... wie ſtaunte ich die große Purpurſcheibe an, die leiſ' heraufgehoben ward von unſichtbarer, aber unleugbarer ewiger Hand! Wie ſtarrte ich in ſein mildes reines Antlitz, aus dem mildes Licht quoll, und dem gegenüber ſchwarze bezaubernde Schatten ſich webten. „Wenn der Mond aufgeht,“ wiederholte ich. — „Er iſt aufgegangen,“ ſprach ich gebannt und ging. Aber, o Himmel, welche

Ueberraſchung war mir bereitet! Welches Zeichen der Liebe und Ehre gegeben — das höchſte von einem Manne! Ach, und ohne überraſchte Liebe, wäre wohl noch geſchehn, was geſchah? That ich ohne ſie, was ich that? O das menſchlich-Reinſte, das Erhabenſte, Seligſte für die ſtolzeſte Jungfrau.

Dſchem erwartete mich an ſeinem Betaltar. Er ſtand in Gedanken. Ich mußte ihn anrühren, ehe ſeine Geſtalt ſich regte. Er ſchauderte ſüß und flüſterte: „Alſo Du, Du doch willſt mein Weib ſein. Du hörteſt meine Worte, und eines redlichen Herzens Worte ſind Eide. Ich halte ſie alle. Kein Weib bricht die Liebe! — Liebſt Du mich?"

Was Du ſelbſt geſagt hätteſt, meine ſüße Freundin, das ſagte ich — mit Schweigen. Er bat mich in ſeinen Saal zu treten. Ich blickte nach meinem guten Bruder zurück, ich horchte in die Ferne, als hörte ich meinen böſen Bruder dahinreiten — und eilte an ſeiner Hand. Ich verſchleierte mich dicht.

Der Saal war erleuchtet. Da ſtanden prachtvoll geſchmückte glänzende Männer in ehrerbietigem Schweigen. Ich ſank an der Schwelle der Thür auf die Knie vor Dſchem. Er ließ mich nur halb ſinken, aber das war genug, daß es die Zeugen der Eheſtiftung, als das gewöhnliche Zeichen der Unterwürfigkeit einer in das Haus ihres Mannes eintretenden Braut anſahen. Er führte mich ſanft an einen Tiſch, er zeigte mir einen Bogen Seidenpapier und wies ſtumm mit dem Finger nur blos auf die Wörter . . . . „Mitgabe" . . . . „Wittwengeld" und auf andere Wörter und Geldſummen in Zahlen, die ich alle mit ſehenden Augen nicht ſah. Haider, der Dichter, drückte als Siegelbewahrer das Siegel mit dem Namenszug „Dſchem" darunter; Dſchem gab mir das eingetauchte Rohr in die zitternden Finger, führte mir lächelnd die Hand, und ſo ſchrieben wir Beide meinen Namen „Philippine von Saſſenage." Dann umarmte er mich Weinende lange ſtumm. Dann traten die vornehmen Männer ſeines Gefolges einzeln heran, wünſchten mir Glück und beſchenkten mich mit blendend ſchönen Gaben; und wer uns Glück gewünſcht und beſchenkt hatte, der verließ den Saal, und ſo ſtanden wir endlich Beide allein — und Ich, als das nach allen Geſetzen getraute eheliche ehelichte Weib des ſchönſten, edelſten, liebendſten Mannes auf Erden; Mahomet, der Eroberer von Conſtantinopel, ward in der Erde mein Schwiegervater, und der Sultan Bajaſid mein Schwäher. Ich weinte, wie ein Kind zitternd, aber doch ſelig! Glaube mir, ſelig. Nur unwandelbare Dauer dieſem Glücke, flehte ich von der heiligen Jungfrau. Nur Muth für mich! Und Glück und Freiheit meinem Gemahl! Und Frieden, Verſöhnung mit ſeinem Bruder! Furcht durchrieſelte mich nicht. Der ſtarke Dſchem beſchützte mich — oder rächte mich doch. Ich dachte an Vater und Mutter — und ich ſahe mit leiblichen Augen, ich ſahe hin und ſahe deutlich: mein Vater trat in die Thür! Er ganz! aber nur jung — und er lächelte! Das entzückte mich! — Er kam auf uns zu — es war mein Bruder! der gute . . . . ich flog in ſeine Arme! Nun war mir wohl! Denn er wünſchte dem Fräulein von Saſſenage Glück zur Sultanin. Er wußte um Alles, denn er trat dann an den Tiſch und unterſchrieb, als Zeuge der Ehe, ſeinen Namen: Armand de Sassenage, Chevalier. Dann legte er ſeine Hand auf meinen Kopf. Dann verließ er uns.

Dann kam Helena und bettete mich.

Der Mond ging unter, als mein Gemahl mich gegen Morgen nach dem Gartenthor meines Schloſſes begleitete. O kann man denn gar nicht ſcheiden? O, was iſt ſüßer als Scheiden, als Abſchiednehmen? Nichts in der Welt! Und das iſt viel geſagt von einer Jungfrau. Ich konnte die Stufen der Marmortreppe in Einem Athem nicht ſteigen! O, wie der kalte Marmor des glatten Geländers meine brennende Hand kühlte! O, wie beſtaunte ich mich in dem großen goldumrahmten Spiegel und lächelte mich an! O wie warf ich mich auf mein Bett!

„Was iſt nun das Grab!" ſchluchzete ich. „Was iſt nun das Unglück! Auch mein Glück nichts, nichtig, niemals — — —" „Wir wollen ſehen!" raunte eine Stimme in mir. — Ich horchte! — Aber Niemand ſprach. — Raſch ſchlief ich ein.

Am zweiten Morgen.

Ich mußte auch jetzt ſchlafen. Ein Bett iſt der wunderſamſte Ort, der Schlaf das unſtörbarſte Daſein, der Traum das innigſte Leben. Ich brach ab bei dem Gipfel des Glücks, ich wollte Dir nicht gleich Wermuth auf Honig ſtreichen, wie das Schickſal mir. O wie bald ſind die längſten, heitern, wie unverwüſtlichen Tage zu Ende — und es regnet! Wie raſch iſt das Lächeln, das Schweigen des glücklichen Menſchen aus, und das Weinen iſt da und die endloſe Klage! Und wie ſollte ich nicht bald das Ende meines Glückes finden, ich, die ich ſeinen Faden an eine Wolke geknüpft, an ein ſchönes Bild im See! O, der Unglückliche hat Freunde, aber ſie werden an ihm, bei ihm, mit ihm unglücklich; nicht durch ihn, denn ſie wußten ja alles. Die Herzloſen ziehen ſich von ihm zurück, die Seelenvollen ſchließen ſich feſt an ihn an — und verarmen! Ich habe meine glücklichen Stunden und Tage und Nächte und Wochen nicht gezählt! Dſchem war nun erſt recht als morgenländiſcher Dichter begeiſtert von meinem Beſitz. Seine Briefe, ſeine Gedichte füllten mir bald eine köſtliche Mappe *). Ich wohnte bei meinen Brüdern, und war ein Weib in meinem Kinderbett. Nur eiferſüchtig war mein Gemahl im höchſten Grade — auf mein Geſicht! Ich mußte beſtändig den Schleier tragen. „Das Geſicht iſt das Weib!" ſagte er, „das unterſcheidet ſie allein von allen andern Frauen. Das Geſicht muß das Weib allein behalten und keuſch bewahren, ſonſt behält ſie der Mann nicht allein. Die Keuſchheit des Geſichtes iſt die edelſte Keuſchheit. Ich zeige meine Schätze und Juwelen nicht jedem Thoren, und ihr Weiber füttert alle Welt mit der Speiſe eurer Schönheit!" — Da gab mein böſer Bruder Roland dem Prinzen einige Feſte im großen Hofe unſeres Schloſſes, wie ihm die Ritter ſchon auf Rhodus Turniere, Banquette und Jagden gegeben. Auch eine Reiherbeize ſollte er halten. O, da hätteſt Du meinen armen Dſchem zu Pferde ſehen ſollen! Mir ſchauderte hinter dem Schleier, mein Herz bebte mir im Leibe vor Freuden. O, Du hätteſt ihn ſehen ſollen zu Fuß, als Kämpfer entblößt: als Pehliwan! Meine Brüder und alle Ringer rang er leicht und fröhlich zu Boden. Er war ſchnellfüßig wie ein Hirſch. Eine große Keule, mit eiſernen Ringen beſchlagen, hob er mit ſeinem nackten markigen Arm, und hielt ſie ausgeſtreckt grade dahin! Seine Begleiter erzählten, daß er die furchtbare Keule des ſtarken Sultans Alaeddin, noch mit eiſernen Ringen um [illegible] beſchwert, eben ſo leicht geſchwungen. Endlich kommen die Falkenjäger, den prächtigen Falken aus dem belgiſchen Dorfe Falkenswaert wird die Haube aufgeſetzt, Dſchem und die Ritter ſchwingen ſich auf ihre Pferde, er blickt noch einmal zu mir empor, er wendet ſich, die Hand auf dem Herzen — und er kam zu Nacht nicht wieder! Die folgende Nacht nicht wieder! Keine lange unendliche folgende Nacht! Mein böſer Bruder Roland holte ſein Gefolge ihm nach — hin nach Bourg neuf! hin in den fertigen Thurm! Das vertraute mir mein guter Bruder Armand. Nur Dſchelaldin mußte und durfte im Schloſſe bleiben, weil er hinlänglich krank war an der nicht türkiſchen, ſondern chriſtlichen Krankheit, der Gicht vom Wein! Er hatte den Gebrauch „Geſundheit zu trinken" gelernt, und zwar auf Andrer Geſundheit getrunken, doch nicht auf ſeine, aber zu ſeiner.

So waren wir nun geſchieden, von Tiſch und Bett, nicht wie ſonſt nur von Tiſch und von Tage. O Jammer! Ich fühlte mich wie dem Monde vermählt, mit dem leuchtenden Vollmond — und nun war er verſchwunden, unſichtbar am Himmel und auf Erden! aber in ſeiner Finſterniß lebte er, ach, und rang nach mir. O, wie war mir, als ich die Sichel des Mondes wieder am Himmel erſchienen und ſchimmernd ſah! Ach, es war nicht Er! Er blieb mir in nächtlicher Ferne verſchwunden!

Aber da kam nun andre Sorge! Ich fühlte mit Ehren mich Mutter. Die Tage und Monde erfüllten ſich, ich ward mit Thränen Mutter. Mein böſer Bruder war lange nicht im Hauſe geweſen — dieſe Nacht muß er wiederkommen! Er hörte mit Verdruß ein Kind ſchreien. Mit Schrecken . . . . in meinem Zimmer! — Einmal freilich mußte der Ausbruch, der Anfall ſeines Grimmes über die Heimlichkeit und den Betrug meines Herzens überſtanden werden! Aber warum heut!

Er tritt ein. Er bleibt ſtehn. Er ſieht. Endlich ſpricht er mit klappernden Zähnen und wehmuthvoller und leiſegrimmiger Stimme: „Damoiselle de Sassenage —"

Die Sprache verſagt ihm. Mein Bruder Armand iſt herbeigeeilt, lacht gezwungen und verbeſſert Rolands Wort: „Nein, nicht Damoiselle . . . . . . ſondern die Sultanin des Sultan Dſchem! — höre mich recht: die Sultanin des Sultan Dſchem!"

„Ich höre das unchriſtliche Unrecht!" entgegnet Roland, und er muß einen Blick in die Urkunde der Ehe thun. Nun iſt er erſt wie gebannt. „Und ſprechen wir noch, Bruder Armand!" ſpricht Roland.

Das Kind iſt gewickelt, er ergreift es in ſeinem Bettchen — und ich habe mein Kind, meines armen Dſchems Kind nicht wiedergeſehn!

Darauf verging wiederum lange, ſchwere, ſchmähliche Zeit. Dſchem hätte meinen böſen Bruder mit der Keule erſchlagen, wenn er nur einen ſeiner verächtlichen, höhniſchen, ehrfurchtsvollen Blicke auf mich — ſein Weib, geſehen! oder eine Kniebeugung vor mir! Da wieder nach lange kam mein guter Ar-

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*) Dſchems Gedichte, vom Dichter Saadi geſammelt, ſind noch vorhanden. Sie ſind ſo hoch in Ruhme, daß einer unſrer Deutſch-Araber und Perſiſch-Kundigen ſie auch verdolmetſchen ſollte.

mand eines Abends zu mir und ſprach: „Nimm deinen Mantel und komm!“

Ich gehorchte. Wir ſtiegen zu Pferde. Wir ritten im klarſten Mondſchein über Feld und Wieſen, weiter und weit bis zu einer Hütte. „Steige ab,“ ſprach er, „und gehe hinein!“ Er blieb zu Pferde und nahm den Zügel des meinen.

Ich gehorche und trete in das Haus, in das kleine Zimmer. Ich bekenne mich nicht darin . . . ich weiß nicht, was da am Fenſter im Mondlicht ſo Sonderbares, Weißes ſteht oder liegt. Ich trete näher . . . es iſt ein kleiner Sarg! Mir ſchlagen die Adern am Halſe, das Herz will mir zerſpringen. Ich ſehe ein Kind! Hilf Himmel! gewiß nur mein Kind! — Ich habe ſeinen Namen nicht gehört — ich kann es nicht nennen, nicht rufen; ich beuge mich über . . . . meine Thränen ſtürzen auf ſein blaſſes Geſichtchen, ich ruhe mit den Lippen auf ſeinen zugedrückten Augen, auf ſeinem kaum zu merkenden Munde. So bleibe ich lange. Endlich knie ich bei ihm, um nicht hinzuſinken. Ich rede lange tauſend zärtliche Worte mit ihm, indem ich es bei den Händchen faſſe, ihm die Härchen ſtreichle. Das Mutterherz, die Mutterliebe und die Mutterfreude will alle tauſend ſüßen Worte und Schmeichelreden nachholen, alle auf einmal ausſchütten, nachrufen in die verſchwiegene und doch ſichtbare Tiefe des Todes, worauf auch das todte Kind, wie eine Waſſerblume auf dem Spiegel des Waſſers ſchwamm. Aber alle Worte verſagen mir! Ich erſticke bald. Ich weine mich aus. Endlich zum Abſchied fühle ich das weiße Kleidchen des Kindes an — o mein Gott! wie grob iſt die Leinewand! Keine Blume im Sarge! Keine Todtenkrone! Keine Andeutung einer Krone! Noch ein Abſchied, ich reiße mich los — ich höre vom Bett ein weibliches Weſen nur leiſe mir nachſeufzen — die arme Pflegemutter! Noch ein Blick über die im Mondſchein blühende Erſcheinung des mein geweſenen Engels, und ich ſtürze hinaus. Ich kann das Pferd nicht beſteigen. Mein Bruder reitet voraus, mein Pferd führend. Ich wanke hinterdrein. Er ſieht ſich um, ob ich folge. Meine Füße gingen ohne mein Wiſſen und Willen mechaniſch. Ich ſtehe und frage: War es ein Mädchen? oder ein Knäbchen? Nicht das einmal weiß ich.

„Es war!“ ſpricht Armand, und ſchweigend gelangen wir heim.

Mein Schmerz war nun voll Recht und Gerechtigkeit der Natur, und er ſtärkte mich, er gab mir auch Kraft für meine andere Lage, meinen Stand, mein Leben in der Welt. Denn war ich auch in dem ſonderbarſten Verhältniß eines Weibes geweſen, war auch nicht Alles für unbillige Menſchen ganz tadellos — jetzt war ich gefertigt, gereinigt, ich möchte ſagen: verklärt! Ich war nun das wirklich, was ich mir ſelber nur ſo wie im Traume geſchienen! Der ſchöne Traum meines reizenden Schickſals war der helle Tag geworden — die wahre Sonne ſchien herein vom Himmel und ſah meine wahren Thränen, die Mutterthränen, die Weibesthränen! Ich glaubte nun an mein Schickſal! Die Wahrheit meines Glaubens war ſüßer und mächtiger, als das Schickſal bitter und haltlos. Mit der ſichern Bemächtigung der Gegenwart hatte ich auch eine Zukunft! Hoffnung! Drang, mich zu regen! ein hülfreiches Weib zu ſein! War Dſchem befreit, ſo war Alles gut, reizend, bezaubernd! Und nun lernt' ich wieder träumen! Die Hoffnung allein iſt kein Traum, das Hoffen iſt kein Träumen — ſie lehrt es nur. Ich war feſt entſchloſſen, Alles, alles Mögliche zu Dſchems Befreiung zu thun. Denn was war noch zu wagen? zu verlieren? Es geſchehen ungeheure Dinge, die tollkühn erſcheinen, und von Seiten des Unternehmers und Ausführers doch kein Wagniß ſind, denn der Elende wagt nichts mehr, als ſein Elend! Höchſtens blieb dem Gefangenen die Qual, und mir ſeine und meine! „Sicherheit, Vorſicht!“ war nur mein Merkwort. Nun alſo geſpannt, entdeckte ich, daß Dſchialbeg ſich nur krank geſtellt, oder richtig zu ſagen: nicht geneſen, da er ſchon lange geſund war, und über Nacht, mit brennenden Mitteln, die über Tage heilenden Mittel des Arztes zu Schanden machte. In ſolcher langen Zeit, mit ſolchem Eifer für meine künftige Beſtimmung, hatte ich mich der türkiſchen Sprache bemächtigt. Ich verſtand einen heimlichen Boten aus dem Thurm, als er ſich mit Dſchialbeg beſprach. Sie weinten beide.

„Was iſt geſchehen?“ fragte ich erſchrocken.

„Eben wieder nichts!“ antwortete Dſchialbeg. „Aber der Bote gab mir einen Brief von meinem Dſchem und ſprach: „Das neue Unglück betrifft nicht den Sultan, ach, den armen Saadi!“ Durch den berühmten Namen beſann ich mich auf den Dichter, der von Dſchem weggegangen war, weil er Gefangenſchaft nicht zu ertragen vermöge, auch aus Freundſchaft nicht ſo lange. Er hatte die längſte Zeit ſich bei uns aufgehalten, bis er Gelegenheit fände in's Morgenland, in ſeine Heimath! O, wie haßte ich damals den Mann, aber achtete ihn doch nicht; ſo ſchön, ſo weiſe, ſo liebreich er war, ſo anſpannend und bezaubernd er auch ſchien. Ach, nun hörte ich: Dſchems geſchlagenes Heer und ſeine Janitſcharen waren nun mit den andern des Sultans Bajazid vermiſcht, wie Sauerteig — ſie erwarteten Dſchem. An dieſe und die Vornehmſten des Reiches war der edle Freund, der Dichter Saadi gegangen — aber ſeine Fahrt war ſchon verrathen geweſen! Ich dachte an meinen Bruder Roland! In Adin hatten ſie den armen Saadi ergriffen, er hatte die Wahrheit geſagt, warum er gekommen, und Dſchems Bruder Bajazid, ſo hoch er die Dichter ehrte, ſo viele tauſend Zechinen er vielen, er Allen, die er kannte, jährlich gab — er hatte den Saadi auf eine jähe Felsſtirn führen, ihm einen ſchweren Stein an den Hals binden — und im Meer erſäufen laſſen!

Darum weinten ſie um den heiligen Mann, und ich weinte mit ihnen.

Und nun ſollte Ich nichts thun? — Die Männer ſagen: die Weiber können Alles ertragen: Schmach, Elend, Knechtſchaft! Eine ſchändliche Lüge! — Nichts können ſie dulden!

Die Diener hörten meine Vorſchläge traurig an, voll Ehrfurcht: dann voll Theilnahme. Endlich wagten ſie mitzuſprechen, zu meinen, zu rathen. Wir wurden Eins. Sie beſorgten gute Pferde, eine ſeidene Strickleiter, ſo lang als der Thurm hoch war — und ſie wußten die Höhe, auf die Palme. — Der Bote nahm eine Schnur mit: bittende, glühende Worte von mir; Nacht und Stunde waren beſtimmt — da überraſchte mich mein Bruder bei meiner Zurüſtung zum Abſchied auf immer. Er errieth. Aber es war Armand, mein guter Bruder! und er warf ſich zu meinem Ritter auf! Er kam mit uns! — Die Nacht der That war finſter. Selber den Thurm ſahen wir nur wie einen ſchwarzen Drachen, hoch aufgebäumt vor Regen und Sturm, und nur zwei feurige Augen hatte der gekrönte Kopf — die hellen Fenſter der Wächter. Dunkel und Nacht verbarg mir das Schreckliche! Ich durft' es nicht ſehen! Ich hörte nur leiſe an d. Mauer hinauf die ſeidene Leiter gleiten, die Dſchem an den Kragſteinen der Thurmkrone befeſtigte; ich ſah ihn nicht den ſchwindelerregenden, ſchwankenden Weg in die Tiefe ſteigen! Ich betete inbrünſtig zu ſeinen und meinen Heiligen und Propheten, zu ſeinem und meinem Gott. Da tappte eine Hand nach mir — ich ergriff ſie! — ich fühlte die Ringe an ihr — es war Dſchem! Er war da! Er war frei! Er war mein! Er war Herr! — O dieſer Augenblick! Theure Seele! Sagt, was Ihr wollt, das höchſte Entzücken, wie nie ein Ruhiger, immer Glücklicher fühlt an ſeinem Heerde, das begegnet der Menſch nur auf ungemeiner, verwünſchter Bahn! auf den Zugängen, ja auf den Abwegen des Lebens! Wie tauſendfach glücklich war Ich! — einen Augenblick! Wir eilen zu den bereiten Roſſen. Da vertritt uns mein böſer Bruder den Weg. Dſchem, mit empörter Rieſenſtärke, kämpft die Geſellen zu Boden. Mein Bruder Roland kämpft gegen meinen Bruder Armand, ohne daß Beide ſich kennen. Armand fällt mit einem Schrei der Wuth und der Verzweiflung. Da erkennt ihn Roland. Dſchem erkennt Roland, der nur noch allein ſein Gegner iſt. Schlägt er ihn nieder, ſo wehrt ihm Niemand. Aber Dſchem hört: Armand iſt gefallen, und er will mir den andern Bruder nicht tödten! So ſteht er und zögert. Da ergreift ihn Roland und hält ihn rückwärts. Hülfe kommt aus dem Thurm! Geſchrei! Fackeln! Und in ihrem Glanze verſchwindet mir Dſchem! Und erſt als Roland den Gefangenen wieder in Sicherheit gebracht, kam er noch ſeinem Bruder zu ſehn, bei dem ich an der Erde im Finſtern ſaß und ſeine Hand in meiner hielt; Beide ſprachen kein Wort zu einander. Armand ward in den Thurm getragen. Ich hab' ihn nicht wiedergeſehn. Roland blieb bei mir ſtehen und ſprach: „Du lebſt neben dem Leben! Da ſind nichts als Abwege! Abgründe! Entſcheide Dich jetzt auf der Stelle! Ich ziehe nach Rhodus zum Meiſter in geheimen Dingen. Noch weiß kein Menſch, daß Du ein Weib biſt, und weſſen Weib. Heirathe den Herzog von Savoyen, der in Dich entbrannt iſt, Du weißt es, und Dich begehrt; Du kennſt ihn, und Du machſt alles gut. Deine Ehe gilt nichts. Eine Frau, die einen Mann hat, der zwei Weiber hat, und noch zwei dazu nehmen kann, und Sklavinnen ohne Zahl, ein ſolches Weib hat keinen Mann! Ihr Zuſtand iſt keine Ehe! Der heilige Vater löſt unſerem Meiſter zu Liebe ſie auf, Du Unchriſtin! Und beharrſt Du darauf, ſein Weib zu ſein, ſo kommſt Du mit mir in ein Kloſter nach Rom! Du biſt reiſefertig — ich bin reiſefertig; Du haſt Abſchied genommen vom Vaterhauſe — ſieh Dir noch einmal zum Abſchied dieſen Thurm an! Du wirſt keinen Andern nehmen! Ich kenne Dich! Komm! Das Schiff geht bei Anbruch des Tages.“

Ich war in ſeiner Gewalt. Ich hatte alle meine reiche Habe wohl verwahrt bei mir. Ich empfand einen Schauder vor Rom, und zum erſtenmal vor dem ſonſt mir immer ſo gewöhnlich heiligen Vater, dem Papſt — daß er meine Gefühle alle mir aus dem Herzen reißen könne! der Natur zum Hohn, oder zur Gewalt, meine Ehe auflöſen, meine Ehre zerhauchen und ſagen: Du biſt keines Mannes Weib! Da fiel mir mein Kind ein — göttliche Gewalt ergriff mich und hielt mich, himmliſche Sicherheit füllte mein Herz. Ich lachte laut! — „Ihr Unchriſten," rief ich mit weinendem Zorn, „ihr ſchrecklichen Ritter, deren Schwur es iſt: unverſöhnlich euren erwählten Feind zu verfolgen, wenn Euch Gott nicht vertilgt, ſo können getroſt die Verdammten aus der Hölle heraufſteigen und die Erde im Segen bewohnen!" —

Er ſchlug mich. Er riß mich ein Stück an den Haaren fort. Merke wohl: ich ergab mich nicht!

So bin ich hier! Im Kloſter! In Rom! und wehe, wehe! bald iſt das Jahr ſchon um!

Muſtapha, der Barbier.

> „— Ein wunderbarer Mann, ein göttlicher Mann, wer ſein Vaterland liebt! Aber wie liebt ein Jeder ſein Vaterland am ſicherſten? — Durch ein menſchlich ſittliches Leben! Die Vaterlandsliebe iſt jedoch etwas nicht nur der Lebensbalſam der Völker, ſie iſt das Palladium auch der Fürſten. Denn das armſelige Volk eines verkümmerten Vaterlandes wird auf einen Andern gelegt, nimmt ſeine Stimme an, und der Weiſe kommt um. Darum, wer auch ſein Vaterland viel geliebt hat, dem wird viel vergeben." —
>
> Aus der „Eroberung von Conſtantinopel" von Leopold Schefer.

Unſere arme Freundin hatte kaum ihre Papiere und Geſchenke dem treuen Mauren zu ſicherer Beſtellung in die Hände gegeben, als ein Geſurr und Geſumm ſich erhob, wie Waldrauſchen. Es wuchs, es ſchwoll, aber es ward dadurch nur dumpfer, beſorglicher. Einzelne lautere Stimmen durchriſſen es hörbar zwar, aber nicht verſtändlich. Nun kam das dumpfe Getrampel vieler laufenden Menſchen, Männer, Weiber und Kinder dazu, der Hufſchlag von Pferden, das Rollen von Wagen. Das Herz der unkundigen Hörer war beklemmt, ſie ſtanden, hielten den Athem an, ſahen ſich in die Augen, gaben ſich leiſe Zeichen mit den erhobenen Fingern, waren auf dem Sprunge mit fortzueilen; denn unverkennbar war etwas Wichtiges vor, etwas Großes, etwas ſehr mächtiges Neues. Aber nichts Schreckliches. Die Stimme des aufgeſtandenen Volkes war heiter, nur haſtig. Einige Vorübereilende trugen zwar erſchrockene Geſichter und ſchrieen: „Die Türken ſind da! Die Türken! Die Türken! Sie ſind gleich da!" — Andere fragten lächerlicherweiſe: „Dieſelben Türken, die wir an der Stadtmauer bei der Peterskirche in Stücken gehauen?" — „Kinder, ſeid nicht Narren!" — rief ein großer dicker lachender Mann, der ſich an den Weg geſtellt hatte — „der Sultan iſt da! der Sultan ſelber, und hält ſeinen Einzug in Gala! in Pracht! in Frieden und Freuden!" Daſſelbe ſchrie er immerfort wie ein Ausrufer, zur Beruhigung oder zur Eil; denn wie ein Wegweiſer hielt er ſeinen Arm immer ausgeſtreckt, und deutete ſtromabwärts nach Abend.

Dagegen kam Einer, der aus Eil mit der Rechten in den linken Aermel ſeines Rockes gefahren war, und unterwegs die Fittige des Rockes über die Achſel geworfen und einen Pantoffel verloren hatte, und ſchrie: „Nein! ſie bringen den Sultan gefangen! Sie bringen den gefangenen Sultan!" . . . . . „den gefangenen Sultan!" wiederholte ſich Philippine von Saſſenage, erſchrak und fürchtete und ahnte, und faßte doch nicht die Möglichkeit und die Wahrheit, als ein Freund des ſchreienden Wegweiſers zu ihm trat und ihn bat: „Komm mit über die Tiber! Hier geht ja der Zug nicht vorbei!"

„Wie ſo?" fragte der gutmüthige Wegweiſer.

„Sieh, Du weißt doch, unſer heiliger Vater der Papſt, der achte Unſchuldige oder Unſchädliche — Innocenz — hat doch einen Sohn! Nun gut! Und dieſer Sohn iſt der Graf Cibo, der Frau und Kinder hat, ſo daß der heilige Vater auch Großvater iſt und Schwiegervater und eine Schwiegertochter und Enkel hat. Nun gut! Der Sohn des Papſtes hat ein Schloß! Nun gut! und auf dem Schloſſe des Cibo war der gefangene Sultan, den die Rhodiſer Ritter dem Papſte verkauft haben; nun gut! und von dem Schloſſe bringen ſie ihn heut, und ſo eben hier in die Stadt, in den Vatican, und recht mit Fleiß ſoll er ganz Rom zur Schau durchziehen, denn ohne Gepränge iſt nichts bei uns! Nun gut! Und nun nehmen wir einen Kahn und fahren hinüber an die Straße, wo ſie kommen! Komm, Dicker!"

Während dieſer Worte und ſeines Stillſtandes hatte er ſich ſeinen Rock ordentlich angezogen, warf aber den andern Pantoffel noch auch in die Tiber, denn er ſah ein paar Schuhe daſtehen, die er unbedenklich mitgehen hieß und raſch anzog. Ein Matroſe hatte ſie da nicht geachtet, weil ſie inwendig voll Pech waren.

„Nun gut!" ſprach jetzt der dicke Mann, „komm' hinüber! Es iſt ja richtig! Jetzt beſinne ich mich, Macrino! Du wohnſt ja in Einem Palaſte mit dem türkiſchen Geſandten, dem Kämmerer des Sultan Bajaſid! Nur etwas hoch über ihm in den Dachkammern. Rom wimmelt einmal von Geſandten, als wären hier alle Reiche der Herrlichkeit zu holen, und die ewige Seligkeit dazu. Narren müſſen ſein! Wovon lebten wir ſonſt?

Macrino del Castagno aber verſetzte: „Ich habe ſchon manches ſchöne Stück Geld von dem Geſandten, dem türkiſchen Kinbotſch Muſtapha verdient, beſonders durch ſeinen Barbier, der auch Muſtapha heißt, und ſich nur hat zum Türken machen laſſen, um den Türken Eins zu verſetzen, und ſeinem Volke, den Griechen, zu helfen. Das iſt ein Kerl! der Muſtapha! Klug wie der Teufel! Ich bin überzeugt: er barbierte allen Türken den Kopf weg, wenn es ihm jemand bezahlte, denn umſonſt thut er nichts; was er von ſelber will, das müſſen ihm Andere noch tüchtig bezahlen! So wird man reich!"

So ſprach Macrino vertraulich zu ſeinem dicken Freunde, ohne zu ahnen, daß er ſelber bald würde auf der Folter ſterben, weil er den Papſt ſowohl als den Prinzen Dſchem vergiften wollen — um reich zu werden. Beide Freunde gingen an das Ufer, um in dem Kahne an das jenſeitige Ufer der Tiber, an die Straße zu fahren.

Das arme Weib des armen Dſchem ſtand in höchſter Beſtürzung, die einen freudigen Kern hatte, denn ihr Gemahl war doch aus den Händen der unverſöhnlichen Türkenfeinde erlöſt; er befand ſich ja nun in den Händen des aller-allerchriſtlichſten Potentaten auf Erden, in den Händen des Vaters der Chriſtenheit, der ein Herz für alle Leiden aller Menſchen haben ſollte! Sie weinte vor ſtillem Entzücken leiſe, ohne zu ahnen, daß ihr Dſchem nun erſt ganz verloren, verrathen, verkauft und ermordet wäre — obgleich ſie jetzt noch tauſend Kummer hegte vor der unſicheren Zukunft und wie alle ihre Noth noch ſich löſen werde! Denn enden müſſe ſie nun, und bald, durch die Heimhülfe des heiligen Vaters! — Schon bei dem erſten Anlauf des Volkes hatten ſich ihre Begleiterinnen in das nur wenige Schritte entlegene Kloſter zurückgezogen, aus Scheu vor den Menſchen, wie vor Geſpenſtern am Tage, und aus gebotenem Anſtand; ſo neugierig noch aller Welt die Mädchen eben im Kloſter ſind, und ohne einſeitige, aller Geſchichten volle alte Weiber vergingen, wenn ſie die Welt nicht noch hörten mit tauben Ohren, und ſähen mit blinden Augen, und empfänden mit todtem, ſchlafendem, träumendem Herzen. Die andern Schweſter-Novizen hatten ihr ängſtlich gewinkt: zu kommen! und mit erhobenen Händen nach dem Thurme des Kloſters gedeutet, um ihr auszudrücken, daß ſie da hinauf gehen würden, um alles recht herrlich zu ſehen. Aber da drängte ſich grade ein Knäuel Menſchen zwiſchen ſie und riß nicht ab — und ſie hatte grade das Wort des Macrino verſtanden von dem gefangenen Sultan, und war auf der Stelle verſteinert, und plötzlich felſenfeſt entſchloſſen, nicht wieder in das Kloſter zu kehren, und ſollte es ihr das Leben koſten, das es ihr ja doch in den öden Mauern koſtete. Darauf hatte ſie unbemerkt auch von dem weitern Worte Macrino's Kunde, noch nähere, ſichere Kunde gehört: „der gefangene Sultan war ihr armer Dſchem!" Sie hatte zwar vorhin alle ihre Koſtbarkeiten, in dem goldenen mit Edelſteinen ausgelegten Käſtchen, mit aus dem Kloſter genommen, um ſie durch den treuen Mauren ihrer Freundin zur Aufbewahrung, auf ungewiſſe Hoffnung in der Zukunft hin, zu ſchicken, wenn ihr auch im Kloſter die ſchönen langen Haare abgeſchnitten würden, die ihr Dſchem ſo bezaubernd fand, und ſie im Sarge lebendig der Welt Valet ſagen müßte mit dem Munde. Aber ſelber das Todtenhemd würde ihr ja doch nur über die liebende, treu fortliebende, junge, bebende, ſchmachtende Bruſt geworfen! — Sie war in ihrem Auftrage an den Mauren noch nicht zu Ende geweſen, das Volk hatte ſie unterbrochen, und jetzt wußte ſie mit Befriedigung, daß ſie ihre Schätze noch hatte, die ihr die größten Dienſte leiſten konnten und ſollten! Glücklicherweiſe hatte ſich der Maure in ihrer Nähe gehalten, und wie durch Eingebung, nahm ſie mit herzgewinnendem Lächeln, wie zum Scherz, ihm ſeinen großen weiten braunen See-Mantel ab, was der Freund, befangen von ihren geiſterhaft gebietenden, wollenden Augen, ohne ſich zu regen, geſchehen ließ; ſie warf ſich ihn um; ſie verhüllte den Kopf ſorgfältig in die Kapuze; und als die beiden Männer in den Kahn traten, der eben abſtoßen wollte, trat ſie ſcheinbar beherzt mit hinein und ſetzte ſich ſogleich, das Geſicht des übrigens verhüllten Hauptes noch dazu abkehrend, als ob ſie die Männer gekannt hätten, oder erkennen möchten. Sie ſahen aber weiter nichts von ihr, aber das ſahen ſie auch, daß ſie zum Erſtaunen ſchön ſei, und ſtießen ſich einander mit den Ellenbogen an.

Da kam jedoch der Zug richtig.

Wie klopfte ihr Herz! wie glänzten ihre Augen! wie belebt war ihr ganzes Weſen! Das Gefühl aller der ſchweren Sorge um den Mann, den ſie ſo liebte, der ſie ſo liebte, der ihr ſo lange fern, ſo lange einſam geweſen, von allen Gefahren umgeben, ja bedroht, von allen Entbehrungen gepeinigt — das alles zog aus ihr fort, denn die Freude des Wiederſehns überwältigte ſie und hob ſie empor. Ihr geſchärfter Blick ſpähte allein nach ihrem Gemahl! Sie ſahe die vorderſten Reiter nur wie bunte leere Bilder vorüberſchweben, hörte die Tritte der Pferde, ſie hörte die Worte des Marrino nur wie im Traume, als er mit halber Stimme, und doch heftig zu ſeinem dicken Freunde ſprach: „Sieh, ſieh! das iſt das Gefolge des Sultans, das den Zug eröffnet! Ah, ah! nun kommen die Wachen und Pferde unſers unſchuldigen Vater Papſtes, und ſeine auserleſenen ſchönen jungen Edel-Pagen! Nun das Gefolge des römiſchen Adels! — Alle Tauſend! nun gar die Eminenzen, die Herren Cardinäle, die Bienenbrut des neuen Papſtes, welcher Zelle die rothen Bienen nun werden die Haube aufſetzen, daß ein Weiſel ausläuft, ein weißer! Aber Reſpect! Nun kommt unſer römiſcher Adel, alles, was man ſehen kann! Heut zu Tage! Aber ſieh, ſieh! der Rhodiſer Ritter im Mantel, worauf das ganze Leben Jeſu geſtickt iſt, das iſt der Bruder des Ordensmeiſters d'Aubuſſon, der Visconte de Monteil — wahrhaftig, der Ordensmeiſter war ſchon unter den Cardinälen — der, der ſich grade jetzt umſieht! er hat den rothen Cardinalshut und Mantel für den Sultan eingehandelt! Und der da neben dem Rhodiſer Ritter reitet, iſt der Graf Franceſco Cibo, [illegible] Sohn des Papſtes! Ei ganz gehorſamſter Diener, Herr Groß-Ceremonienmeiſter Bocciardo! — er beſucht mich manchmal, weil ich eine ſchöne Frau habe, der Lump! Solche Stückelchen bezahle ich — Marrino — mit der Cortellata! Aber nun ſieh, da! jetzt! da kommt der Sultan um die Ecke! Das iſt er! Der! —“

Er ſchwieg jetzt; denn die wahrhaft herrliche Erſcheinung Dſchems, in von Pracht und Schmuck funkelnden türkiſchen Kleidern, auf ſeinem mit reichſtem Geſchmeide behangenen Schlachtroſſe machten ihn ſtumm. Der Weg führt dicht am Strom dahin, und der Zug bewegte ſich dicht vor ihren Augen vorüber. Sie ſahen nur Ihn, und auch Dſchem ſah zufällig nach der Tiber und in den Kahn. Denn es erſcholl bis zu ihm ein erſtickter Ausruf ſeiner ſchönen Geliebten; ſie war vor heißem Verlangen nach ihm aufgeſtanden, und vor Erſchütterung hingeſunken. Der arme Dſchem hielt ſogar einen Augenblick ſein Pferd an, blitzte mit ſeinen Augen hin; glaubte aber ſeinen Augen nicht, begriff nicht die Möglichkeit, daß er ſeine arme entriſſene Geliebte hier wiedergeſehn, ſenkte ſein Antlitz, ja er ſchloß ſeine Augen wehmüthig — ſo zog er vorüber, gedrängt von dem folgenden Zuge, dem Prior von Auvergne und der Schaar der franzöſiſchen Ritter, die der edle König von Frankreich ausdrücklich dem Prinzen zu ſeiner Hut und Leibwache mit nach Rom gegeben hatte. Als auch noch der oberſte Kämmerling des Papſtes, der Einholer des Sultans, die Prälaten und Cardinäle vorüber gezogen waren, und als letztes Paar der Cardinal Alexander Borgia und Cardinal Julian, die beiden künftig nächſt folgenden Päpſte, die, als die bitterſten Feinde, vor dem Volke hier öffentlich in größter Freundlichkeit neben einander ritten; als Niemand mehr folgte, und dieſe wunderbare Erſcheinung auch wieder vorüber war, da ſprang der behende Chriſtoph Marrino bei Caſtagno aus dem Kahne ans Ufer, half ſeinem dicken Freunde herüber, und beide eilten an dem ſchönen warmen Märztage auf einem näheren Wege durch Seitengäßchen und Gänge durch Häuſer und Kirchen dem Zuge voraus, um den ſchönen Sultan noch einmal zu ſehen.

Sein Weib aber blieb vor Beſtürzung der Freude noch ſitzen, die Hände vor ihrer Bruſt gefaltet, und ſtarrte mit vergehenden Augen in den öde gewordenen Raum. So will eine ſchöne Mandelkrähe heim in ihr Neſt auf den Baum fliegen; ſie kommt — aber der Baum iſt indeſſen gefällt! er liegt am Boden; und ſie ſchwebt ängſtlich in der leeren Luft, an der Stelle, wo ſeine Krone geprangt und geſäuſelt! Aber ihr Geiſt war indeß thätig geweſen, wie im Traum. Entzücken durchfuhr ſie plötzlich, daß ſie in dieſer Verwirrung ſo wunderbar frei geworden. Nun galt es nur fliehen und tief ſich verbergen, und alles ihr [illegible] war wieder möglich, denn Er lebte! Er war da! Sie hatte ihn wiedergeſehn! O wie war er noch ſchön! erſt wie ſchön in ſeiner lächelnden Wehmuth! Sie mußte, ſie mußte ihm nach! Denn auf Erden als Weib war ſie ſein. Im Himmel dereinſt wollte ſie allen Engeln gehören, wenn Er nicht auch dort wäre! — Sie gab dem Schiffer ein reichliches Fährgeld, damit er ſie bis an die Engelsbrücke fahre. Sie hatte vom Kloſterthurme Rom überſchaut und wußte: bis dahin war weit! und die verbergende, ſchützende, rettende Nacht war nahe! So fuhr ſie auf der Tiber am Tempel der Veſta vorbei; am Capitol; dann unter der Brücke der Tiberinſel hindurch; dann an den Gärten vorüber, worinnen die Mandelbäume blühten, als ſtänden in roſige Schleier gekleidete Erdgeiſter da, und winkten ihr mit den wehenden, ſäuſelnd gehobenen Roſenarmen! Das war nicht Rom, wo ſie war, das war ein himmliſcher Ort! eine Stadt aus der Sonne! oder dem großen, ſchönen Abendſtern! Der Strom, der ſie zauberiſch trug auf geſpiegelten, ſanftgerötheten Wolken, der floß in das Paradies! Und jetzt ſah ſie die Engelsburg mit dem Engel droben, und eine Brücke mit zwölf weiß ſchimmernden Engeln! Da, auf dem Grünen, bei den Orangenbäumen ſtieg ſie aus, ſtieg auf den freien Raum, da die Schaar des Volkes noch nicht bis hierher gedrungen war. Und als der Zug über die Brücke kam, ſahe ſie von der Porta San Angelo her einen vornehmen Türken mit ſeinem Gefolge ihrem Dſchem entgegenreiten.

Dſchem hielt.

Der vornehme Türke, ein ſchöner arabiſcher Greis, mit weißem Barte, der Geſandte des Sultans von Aegypten, ſtieg von ſeinem Pferde, warf ſich vor ihrem Dſchem nieder, küßte dreimal die Erde, küßte dreimal den Huf ſeines Roſſes, ſtand dann auf und ſchloß ſich, auf Dſchems Befehl, dem Zuge nach dem nun nahen Vatican an. Das Volk ſtrömte nach. Sie aber ging wieder unter die dichten Orangenbäume und ſaß und träumte, bis der völlige Abend und die Dämmerung Sicherheit verſprach.

„Was in aller Welt kann ich thun? Denn in dieſen Abend, in dieſen Mantel hat mich die Gewalt der Menſchen, meines Bruders, ach, und mein Herz gebracht! Halte auch feſt nun, mein Herz! an Dir und an Ihm! Weiter weiß ich keinen Rath! Aus allen Nöthen führt Ein Weg — auch aus dieſer Noth! Und auch darin umkommen, iſt ein Weg, der Weg hinaus, aus aller Noth! Ein Glück wird er geben, das höchſte! oder eine Ruhe! eine unſtörbar feſte. Ach, ob nur die Todten noch die Lebendigen lieben? Lieben doch ſelbſt die Lebendigen noch die Todten. Aber hinweg, ihr letzten Gedanken! ihr äußerſten Gefühle! Noch kommen viele vorher! Aber die Liebe iſt eine geduldige Weberin! Sie wirkt das gleiche Geſpinnſt raſch; das verworrene ordnet ſie, das zerriſſene knüpft ſie — Alles mit derſelben fleißigen Hand! Alles unter demſelben treuen Blick! mit derſelben über alles Menſchendenken glücklichen Seele!“

So ſprach die Einſame, Verlaſſene, glückliche geliebte Verbannte, erhob ſich, blickte ſich um, und konnte nicht widerſtehn nach dem Palaſt des Vatican zu gehen; denn die vielen hellen Lichter in den Gemächern lockten und zogen ſie hin, wie die Sterne den Schiffer in ſeine Heimath. Und in jenen Zimmern, dort in Jenem, wo Er war, da war ſie zu Hauſe! Sein ſeidenes Bett, ſein Herz war ihre einzige Heimath auf der ganzen Erde.

So kam ſie in die Halle; ſo durch den gewundenen Weg in den obern Hof des Vaticans; ſo in den Garten. Niemand hielt ſie auf. Niemand bemerkte ſie nur; ſo war alles in jener allergrößten Unordnung, aus welcher eine Ordnung hervorgehen ſoll. Da rief eine Stimme, und eine andere antwortete, während deſſen ſchon ein Vierter einem Dritten antwortete, und ein Fünfter dem Sechsten befahl und Beſcheid gab: Wohin die Pferde kommen ſollten! Wohin die Gepäcke! Die Leute! Was der Koch kochen ſollte! Wo der Koch ſei? Wo die Küche? Wo das Waſſer zu holen? Wer es holen ſollte? und ſo tauſenderlei.

Im Garten war ihr wohl. Hier konnte ſie, wenn es Noth that, die Nacht zubringen in einem der ſchönen Pavillons, oder nur in einer der grünen Lauben, worin ja auch freie Vögel wohnten. Es ſchien ihr ein Meiſterſtück, ſich, die aus dem Kloſter Entflohene, unter die Augen des Papſtes zu retten, wie eine verfolgte Fliege ſich am ſicherſten auf dem Rücken ihres Feindes verbirgt und ausruht, während er nach ihr umherſchlägt. Aus einem dichten, weiß und zart blühenden, zart wie Weinblüthe duftenden Myrtengebüſch konnte ſie grade die am hellſten erleuchteten Fenſter des Palaſtes ſehen, und das Licht und die Schatten thaten ihr unbeſchreiblich wohl.

In ihrer wehmüthigen Erinnerung und ſehnſüchtigem Reize ging der Mond auf — — Hier nun ging ihr der Mond auf, und Dſchems Bitte fiel ihr ſchwer auf das Herz: „Wenn der Mond aufgeht — gehe Du mir auf.“ — Sie verſank in ihr damaliges, in ihr altes Glück.

Sie wußte nicht, wie lange ſie ſo geſeſſen und ſanft geweint — als ſie Tritte hörte . . . . . . deutlich und deutlicher, Tritte eines Nahenden! Sie ſchärfte ihren Blick; das Herz ſchlug ihr; ſie horchte, ſie lauſchte. Es kam auf die Gebüſche zu, die ſie verbargen! Es war ein Mann! Ach, es war ein Morgenländer! ein Türke! — kleiner jedoch als Dſchem, doch auch prächtig geſchmückt — aber er wankte in ſeinem Gange — aber er war nicht betrunken — denn er weinte bitterlich hinter ſeinen Händen, die er vor die Augen hielt und kaum den Weg ſehen mochte, oder dem es gleichgültig war, wohin er komme! So kam er, ſo blieb er an dem Feigenbaume ſtehen, der nahe vor ihr ſeine ſtarken Aeſte ausbreitete. Er ergriff einen Aſt deſſelben, hielt ihn nieder, und aus höchſter Bedrängniß quollen kurze Worte aus dem Koran — — aus Gebeten — — oder rührende Verſe aus Dichtern über ſeine Lippen. Sie erkannte den Untröſtlichen an ſeiner ſchönen Stimme — es war Haider! Haider, der Dichter und Siegelbewahrer Dſchems, und zu ſeinem künftigen Großvezier beſtimmt; ſo wie alle ſeine ihm treugebliebenen oder noch bei ihm gelaſſenen wenigen Freunde zu hohen Würden des Reiches beſtimmt waren, der treue Chatibſade Naſſuh, der ehrſüchtige Sinanbeg, der Kämmerer Dſchems, und der ſanfte Ajasbeg und Dſchelalbeg, ſein Kämmerer, auch. Denn ſie, die vornehmſten Männer der Heimath, mußten dem Gefangenen jetzt in der Fremde die Dienſte erweiſen, deren er jetzt bedurfte, die ihm nur zu leiſten waren, und welche Dſchem einſt ihnen reichlich und tauſendfältig zu lohnen, mit Herz und Wort bereit war. Sie hatte im Zuge ſie alle wiedergeſehen, alle erkannt, wie ſie ſich jetzt erinnerte. Ihre Augen bewachten jetzt Haider ängſtlich, denn er betete nun, lang auf den Boden geſtreckt. So lag er. Dann ſprang er auf, wie ein Hirſch ſich aufſchnellt, wand die lange, ſeidne, geſtickte Binde ſeines Turbans vom Haupte, hielt ſie ſich hin, ſtarrte ſie an, ſchüttelte ſie mit verzweifelter Bewegung, knüpfte das eine Ende derſelben, ſo hoch er reichen konnte, an einen ſtarken Aſt des Feigenbaumes, wälzte ein Bruchſtück eines Marmorbildes unter den Aſt, ſtellte ſich auf den Marmor, wand das untere Ende der Turbanbinde um ſeinen nackten Hals, knüpfte den Knoten feſt, ſprach noch einmal: „Dſchem! Dſchem! Ich bin unſchuldig! Unſchuldig iſt auch Saadi geſtorben — Alle, die Dich lieben, kommen elend um, und die Dir am treueſten waren — am erſten! Verrath wird immer verrathen — auch ich werde unſchuldig im Grabe liegen, denn, auch nur ſchuldig ſcheinend, kann ich nicht leben. Gott! und es iſt auch ſchrecklich, was ſie gethan durch meine Schuld. — Gott iſt barmherzig! Es iſt nur ein Gott, und Mahomet iſt ſein Prophet!" So ſprechend ſtieß er den Marmorſtein mit dem Fuße weg, und ſchwebte. Der Aſt aber beugte ſich dann von der Schwere ſeines Leibes, oder knickte gar noch zu rechter Zeit, und ſo ſtand der um den Tod getäuſchte Dichter Haider, der Liebling des armen Dſchem, mit ſeinen beiden Füßen auf feſtem Boden.

Die Verborgene war ſchon indeſſen genaht, überraſcht wie ſie war, ſtand plötzlich vor Haider, und rief ihn an mit ſeinem Namen, und rührte ihn an. Er erſchrak und wollte entrinnen. Aber das Band hielt ihn feſt und riß ihn zurück auf ſeine Stelle. Er wollte auf die Kniee fallen; die Sultanin hielt ihn ſchwebend in ihren Armen. Er ſtand auf. Er verbarg ſein Geſicht mit beiden Händen und weinte nun erſt recht heftig erſchüttert.

Jetzt ſprach ſie zu ihm, nannte ihn bei ſeinem Namen, tröſtete ihn und ſprach ihm Muth zu, während ſie ihn löſte; und er ſchlug die Augen auf; die Stimme des Weibes ſchien ihm bekannt — er erkannte ſie und erſchrak vor Freuden, neues Leben durchzog ihn, und der Gedanke ermannte ſein treues Freundesherz: welche Freude ſein Gebieter nun haben würde! welche Freude Er ihm machen könne mit der wiedergefundenen tiefbeklagten Gemahlin. Wo ſie geweſen, wie es ihr ergangen, erfuhr er in wenigen Worten von ihr. Was aber ihm geſchehen ſei, klagte er ihr, als er ſich noch mehr erholt hatte. Er ſprach: „In Rhodus noch, beſuchte mich der ſchlaue Großmeiſter, der falſche! Denn er ſieht bei mir das große Jaspisſiegel mit goldenem Heft. Es iſt ihm neu. — Ich drückte es ihm gefällig ab. Er verſucht mehrmal; jedesmal auf ein anderes Seidenpapier zu Briefen — und wie ich jetzt ſehe, hat er die Blätter mit den hingeſpielten Siegeln, die ich nicht beachtet, als unter keiner Schrift, unter keiner Urkunde — er hat ſie betrügeriſch mitgenommen, und in Dſchems Namen nun nach und nach Dinge geſchrieben, die den armen Gefangenen ſo lange im Kerker erhalten — an die Könige hat alſo Dſchem, ohn' es zu wiſſen, geſchrieben: Er ſei nicht gefangen gehalten von den Rhodiſern, er harre aus Klugheit, bis ſie ſich zu einem Kreuzzuge gegen die Osmanen vereint! . . . . an ſeine Mutter nach Aegypten hat alſo Dſchem geſchrieben, daß ſie ihm viele Beutel mit Goldſtücken ſende zur Ausrüſtung von Schiffen. Die Mutter hat ihre auf die Noth geſparten Schätze zu Golde gemacht und es dem Sohne mit Freuden geſchickt, ſein Weib, ſeine Hebetulla, hat ihre Kleinode zu Golde gemacht, und es dem Manne mit Freuden geſchickt, ſelbſt ſein Knabe, der Oghuſchan, hat die erhaltenen Geſchenke und ſeinen mit Diamanten beſetzten Säbel und die werthvollen Kinderwaffen dazu gegeben, und das Gold dem Vater geſchickt — der Vater aber, der es erhalten hat, iſt der hochchriſtliche Großmeiſter der chriſtlichen Ritter von Rhodus geweſen! — Das iſt heut an den Tag gekommen, als der alte ehrwürdige Juſuf, der Geſandte des Sultans Kitbai dem Dſchem endlich ächte Briefe von ſeiner Mutter gebracht, worin von dem Golde geſchrieben ſtand, und ein ſolcher falſcher Brief, angeblich von Dſchem geſchrieben, und mit dem Siegel, das Ich bewahre, geſiegelt, lag in der Mutter Briefe! — Nun war Ich, Ich ein erkaufter Verräther! Ich ein Verräther! da doch der Prophet geſagt: „Den Unglücklichen ſollſt Du nicht verrathen! noch den Glücklichen! noch irgend eine Schandthat! Edle Werke aber halte nicht geheim, ſei der verkündigende Engel jedes guten Menſchenwerkes!" Und Ich ein Verräther! Und o Gram! o bitterſter Vorwurf — der ſanfte! Die edle Vergebung! Denn der edle Dſchem ſahe aus Scham mich nicht an, er ſtand ruhig ergeben, auch in dieſes Geſchick. Er wollte ſeufzen, aber aus Schonung für mich preßte er ſeine Lippen nur leiſe zuſammen. Auch lächelte er nicht — aber ohne daß er es wußte, rannen ihm zwei Thränen aus den ſanftbedeckten Augen. Und ach, ich war Schuld, ich war Schuld, daß die Böſewichter ſo lange meinen Herrn, meinen Freund, meinen Wohlthäter gefangen zu halten vermocht. O Frankenland! O Chriſten! O Ritter! O leichtgläubige Herrn der Chriſtenheit! Darum kam ich hierher — — — meine Laſt abzuwerfen, die unausſprechliche Pein! — Du haſt mich errettet! Wir ſind errettet! Denn nun ſind wir in die heilige Hand des höchſten, des einzigen Mufti der Chriſten gekommen. Der, der wird doch barmherzig ſein, und an dem Sohne, an Dſchem, nicht rächen des Vaters, Mahomet's, unchriſtliches Verbrechen: Conſtantinopel zu erobern! Ach, der alte enthauptete Großweſir Chalil hat es dem Mahomet ſchon geſagt: Conſtantinopels Fall wird ſein Unglück ſein, oder ſeiner Kinder, aller ſeiner Kinder, das Loos der Osmanen! Jetzt aber bin ich glücklich, Dir helfen zu können — wir gehen zu Juſuf, in die ſichere Wohnung des Geſandten des Sultans Kitbai! Für heut weiß ich nur dieſen Rath. Und bis Morgen langt ein guter Rath, wie das Sprichwort ſagt."

Der argloſe Dichter Haider, der das Reichsſiegel ſo ſtandhaft bewahrt hatte, bat die Sultanin, bis zu dem Springbrunnen heimlich vorauszugehen, während er im Vatican ſich einen Pagen rufe, der ſie beide nach dem Palaſt des Geſandten Juſuf führe.

Das geſchahe. Und auf dem Wege dahin erfuhr ſie, wie ihr Dſchem erlöſt worden ſei aus der Hand der Ritter — durch Verkauf an den Papſt, für einen rothen Hut an den Großmeiſter, und viele Erlaſſungen von Buſſen an die Ritter und unmöglich gewordenen Pflichten an den Orden. Der edle König von Frankreich hatte ihn erlöſt, weil er durch den jungen ſchönen Herzog gewußt: Dſchem ſei gefangen. Aber als ſich nun der Papſt und der König von Neapel um den Beſitz des Prinzen geſtritten, da ſei Krieg zwiſchen ihnen entſtanden; und ſo habe die Erlöſung ſo lange noch bis zu dem Frieden gedauert — im Ganzen nun ſchon 10 Jahr, denn der arme Dſchem ſei mit Kummer und Noth ſchon 32 Jahr geworden — blos, damit die Ritter ſo lange ſo vieles Bewahrgeld erhielten. Nun ſei es verloren für ſie, und auch das durch Betrug Erſchlichene würden ſie wieder herausgeben müſſen — aber wer giebt die Jahre wieder? Wer giebt dem Erlöſten, dem Freien, ſeine in der Gefangenſchaft verlorene Freiheit wieder, daß er ſein Leben, ſtatt des Drittels in den Kerker, nun anders lebe.

Sie gelangten vor die Porta San Angelo, nach der Gegend des ſchönen Monte Mario zu, in die allein ſtehende, mit Garten und Mauer umgebene herrliche Villa des ägyptiſchen alten weiſen Arabers Juſuf. Der Page ward beſchenkt und zurückgeſchickt. Haider führte die Gemahlin ſeines Herrn in den Nonnenkleidern, wie in Trauerkleidern, zu ihm ein. Sie blieb ſtehen. Haider ſagte die nöthigen Worte dem redlichen Manne, ohne Groll gegen ihn, der an ſeinem Leiden ja ganz unſchuldig geweſen, nur ein Bote, ein hülfreicher Mann.

Da änderte ſich plötzlich ihr Schickſal. Der alte Mann fiel auf ein Knie vor ihr nieder und nannte ſie Gebieterin, mächtige Frau, Sultanin Walide, und bat ſie mit Eifer um ihre Gunſt. Verſchleiert, wie ſie war, mußte ſie den Ehrenplatz auf dem prachtvollen Divan einnehmen, während er ehrerbietig fern von ihr ſtehen blieb. Es fiel ihm ein, und er ſagte ihr froh, daß er ihr reiche Geſchenke von der Mutter des Dſchem aus Aegypten mitbringe, welcher er ſeine Vermählung geſchrieben und ſie um ihren Segen gebeten. Er ſetzte leiſer hinzu, daß er ihr auch koſtbare Kleider und Schleier und Tücher bringe von der armen Sultanin Hebetulla, welcher er auf dem Sterbebette verſprechen müſſen, ihres Gemahles nun einziges Weib, ſeine einzige Freude und Tröſterin in der falſchen Fremde, zu grüßen und ſie zu bitten, ihren Dſchem auch nun doppelt zu lieben, für ſich und für ſie. „Denn," ſprach er faſt mit Thränen, „das arme, gepeinigte Weib des armen Dſchem iſt geſtorben! ſie iſt begraben, und Dſchem wird ſie nicht wiederſehen; denn ihr Leid war zu groß! zu ſchwer! zu lange ſchwer! Selbſt ein Kameel wird alle Abend abgeladen; aber mit der Nacht kam erſt recht ihr Leid zu ihr, wie der Alp, ſie zu drücken. Und mit dem gegenwärtigen Manne ſind die Weiber nicht immer zufrieden; nicht alles thut er ihnen recht, oft nur weniges; und was die Frau ihn auch ſieht leiden, das iſt ja vor Augen, ſie ſieht es, ſie weiß, wie ſie helfen kann und ſo hilft ſie, und in der Hülfe, der Sorge erleichtert ſich ihr das Herz! Aber ſelbſt eine gute alte betagte Frau, deren alter Mann in die Fremde gereiſet iſt, vergeht faſt vor Anhänglichkeit, wenn er in gefahrvollen Ländern ſo lange weilt. Iſt der Mann jünger als ſie, dann kommt noch kindiſche Mutterliebe zu ihrem gerechten und lobenswerthen Kummer! Iſt die Frau aber jung und ſchön und geliebt, und der Mann jung und ſchön und geliebt — und gefangen, gefangen in der Fremde und von Gefahren bedroht, die ſo arg und ſo vielfach und ſo zahlreich ſind, wie ſeine vielen mächtigen ſchlechten Feinde — dann muß das arme junge Weib vor den Schreckbildern allen vergehen, verſchmachten, zerfließen in Thränen, und das Herz muß Staub werden im Grabe! Denn, wenn ſie es auch nicht weiß, nicht ahnet, nicht denkt, nicht über die Lippe bringt, ſo fordert ihre Seele, ja ſelber ihr Leib doch das menſchliche Leben, die Erfüllung der ſchönen Jahre; die Berechtigung zum Leben ſchweigt nie, nie ganz; ſie ſtimmt, ſie verſtimmt die Seele, ſie verſtimmt, ſie verglimmt den Leib, ſie ſchimmert doch ſichtbar durch als ihre Bläſſe, als ihr ſehnender Blick; ſie redet ſelber durch ihr heimliches Schweigen — bis ſie ſich zu Tode ſchweigt. O ihr Franken! ihr Chriſten! wenn ihr ſie geſehen hättet! So mordet man mittelbar durch ſchlechte Thaten bis in die heimlichſte Ferne! Und nun bewundere den Muth und die innere Kraft einer Mutter — der Mutter Dſchems! Sie ſelber liegt an ſchwerer Krankheit ſchon lange darnieder. — Da ſtirbt Hebetulla, ſein Weib — ſiehe, da ſteht ſie auf, gefaßt, ſchwach am Leibe, an der Seele ſtark, und ſpricht: „„Nun muß ich geſund ſein! Nun muß ich leben für ſeine Tochter und für den Sohn. Einen Abweſenden in der Fremde zu kränken, iſt die äußerſte Härte! Das fühlen ja wir! — Wir müſſen ihm Freude machen, den Muth erhalten, und darum ſelbſt Muth haben, ſo ſchwer es uns wird."" — Und ſo ward ſie geſund."

Da ſprach unſre Freundin zu dem guten Alten: „Du haſt ein freundliches Wort geſagt, und ich dächte, uns eine Lehre gegeben: Verſchweige dem armen Dſchem den Tod ſeiner Frau! der lieben Hebetulla, die mir unbekannterweiſe geſtorben iſt. Dann lebt ſie ihm fort! Und er bleibt heiterer als wohl ſonſt. O, ich liebe ſie ſo! Ich liebe Alle, die Ihn lieben! Seinetwegen; ach, weil Ich ihn liebe! Daß noch Eine, noch Zwei, noch Viele den Mann auch lieben, mit uns ihn lieben, ja ſo ſehr wie wir, das, fühle ich heut, das iſt ja kein Grund zur Eiferſucht. Verzeihe der Abendländerin dies Wort!"

Aber ſie ſchwieg und frug ſich ſelbſt: „Doch iſt das kein Grund zur Eiferſucht, daß der Geliebte noch eine Andere liebt als uns, ſo liebt, wie uns? Und können die Männer, oder nur die Morgenländer, anders lieben als die Frauen? Heißer, ſtärker? — Lieben ſie zwar immer mit derſelben einen Gluth des Herzens, aber nur jetzt Abends Dieſe? dann Morgens Jene? weil, ſo viel ein Mann dort auch Frauen hat, und Vier ſind genug, doch jede in beſonderer Wohnung lebt, und weil er nur jetzt Dieſe, dann Jene ſieht mit ihren Kindern, und alle ſeine Frauen nie zuſammen, wenn auch die Kinder. Iſt das Herz, iſt die Liebe eine Fackel, mit welcher man auch ſich ein Marmorbild nach dem andern beleuchtet, und von deren Glanze ein jedes ſchöne Gebild ganz helle wird? Oder iſt die Eiferſucht der Morgenländerinnen ganz eine andere, und überhaupt nur auf das Lieben, das dem Manne Liebſein und Liebbleiben gerichtet? Das weiß Gott!" — Sie dachte wider Willen einen Augenblick an das ſtrenge Wort ihres böſen Bruders, der ihr geſagt: die Frau hat keinen wahren Mann, der noch eine zweite Frau hat. Aber ihr Herz ſtrafte wieder das Wort Lüge: denn nun wollte ſie ja mit aufrichtigſter Geſinnung, daß ihr einziger Mann, der arme Dſchem, ſeine andere Frau behalten, ſie als eine Lebendige fortlieben, ſich nach ihr ſehnen ſollte, da ſie ihm verſchweigen wollte „ſie iſt geſtorben." —

Sie hatte nicht gemerkt, daß der alte Juſuf ſich indeſſen leiſe entfernt hatte. Da ſahe ſie ihn, mit den Geſchenken von Hebetulla an ſie, wiederkommen. Er legte ſie vor ihr nieder. Sie hob ſie in die Höhe, ſie bewunderte die ſaubere, faſt unnachahmliche Stickerei der Gewande und Tücher immer aufs Neue, und immer wieder den Sinn der Gaben: die Liebe des Weibes zu ihr, dem Weibe ihres Gemahls. Und ſie ſeufzete und bedeckte ſich die Augen mit einer Hand. Und was ihr die Welt noch ſeliger machte, und die Liebe noch ſüßer und [illegible] geheimnißvoll, das waren nun gar die Geſchenke von Dſchems junger Tochter, von der ſchönen Mirimah; und ſie wußte nicht, was ſagen, wie ſich bedanken für ſolches Vertrauens angethane Ehre: wie hoch und wie herrlich die Tochter ſie durch dieſelben geſtellt, wirklich aus Herzensgrunde geſtellt, nicht das zweite Weib ihres Vaters ſich nur ſo vorgeſtellt!

Sie belachte wieder den Bruder, jetzt noch viel edler und liebender, zumeiſt aber doch aus Verdruß über ihn. —

„Es giebt zwar viele Gründe," ſprach der würdige Greis, „warum ich ſo weit hierher gereiſet bin. Wir Aegypter ſind Feinde der Türken, die uns zu verſchlingen drohen; darum brauchen wir Feinde der Türken die immer bereiten Chriſten als Bundesgenoſſen; und ſie wollen beſonders jetzt dem Sultan Dſchem helfen. Aber vorzüglich komme ich im Namen meines Sultan und Effendum Kitbai, um für ihn um das liebe Kind, die liebe, noch herzlich junge Tochter Dſchems anzuhalten. Der Sultan will ſie zum Weibe; dieſe Bitte ſollen die ſtummen Gaben deſſelben an Dich als Fürbitterin ausdrücken. Hier ſind ſie nun! Und hier biſt Du nun! Aber ſo hart würde ich nicht ſein, dem Sultan Dſchem den Tod ſeines Weibes zu verſchweigen! Hat ſie ſich nicht mehr durch alle ihr Leid verdient, als daß Er doch ihre Liebe — alſo ihren Tod erfahre? Sei nicht grauſam! Gönne ihr das!"

Er bat ſo weich, er weinte; ſie mußte weinen, und ſprach dann leiſe: „So gehe zu unſerem Dſchem, und ſage ihm: Ich lebe! Ich bin da! Mich verlangt nach ihm! Gieb ihm nur dieſen Ring!"

Der Greis lächelte. Aber er ſchickte ſich an, auf der Stelle ihren Befehl zu vollziehen. „Ich weiß ſchon, wie es kommen wird!" ſprach er, und bat ſie, in ſeinem Harem ſich ankleiden zu laſſen. Denn eben als ein ehrlicher Mann hatte er ohne denſelben ſo lange nicht in der liebloſen Fremde ſein mögen; und ſo weiſe er war, war er ein Rechtgläubiger geblieben, und hatte nach dem Verluſt ſeiner früheren Weiber durch die Peſt ſich, vor nicht langer Zeit, wie der alte König David, noch ein junges Weib genommen, ohne als ein rechter Menſch von der Würde des Alters durchdrungen zu werden, und ohne dem heiligen Geſetz der Natur und dem Verlaufe des menſchlichen Lebens nachzugeben, und nun blos als Vater für ſeine Kinder dazuſein, und nun andern jungen gleichaltrigen Männern das junge Geſchlecht der ſchönen Jungfrauen zu überlaſſen, damit Beide gleich glücklich würden, Beide das Leben von der ſchönen Jugend begonnen, und Beide wandelnd und Beide verwandelt zum genügevollen, ruhigen Alter hinanleben. Er jedoch hatte an die Welt die menſchliche Entſchuldigung für die Entziehung eines reizenden Geſchöpfes — welches nun ſeinen wahren Herrn und wahrhaft beglückten Beſitzer nicht fand — daß ihm der Tod den Naturverlauf ſeines Lebens geſtört hatte, und die Entſchuldigung durch die Sitte ſeines Volkes, ja durch ſein geheiligtes Geſetz, ſo daß ſeine Seele vollkommen ruhig und froh war.

Unſere Freundin bewunderte das. Sie mußte die eben mitgetheilten Gedanken empfinden, als ſie vom Anblick des guten Alten weg, das reizende junge Weſen, die gleichfalls Rechtgläubige, die frohe Schöne ſah, zu der er ſie in den Harem eingeführt hatte. Sie mußte aus Bedürfniß die empfangenen lieblich-duftenden, prächtigen Kleider anziehen, und nach der Entpuppung aus der ſcheinbaren Nonne eine ſcheinbare Sultanin ſein. Denn der Menſch kann auch ein Schein ſein, und die ganze Seele nur eine Hoffnung. Und ſie war die ſchönſte Geſtalt der Hoffnung.

Aber ſie blieb nur die Hoffnung. Denn zwar hatte der dienſtfertige Geſandte noch jetzt zu Nacht den Gang in den Vatican gemacht, um im tiefſten Vertrauen die freudige Botſchaft zu bringen: Wer da ſei; dann auch den betrübten Haider mit ſeinem Herrn zu verſöhnen, dem, durch die Wegnahme des ſtillen Zornes, oder nur der Betretenheit und der Wehmuth, ſelbſt ein großer Dienſt geſchah. Er konnte mit Recht zu Haiders Reinigung anführen, daß der Großmeiſter auch Dſchems ächte Briefe beſtellen zu laſſen doch nicht erlaubt haben würde, und daß ſeine Gefangenſchaft, ohne Siegel und Haider in der Welt, doch um keinen Tag kürzer gedauert. Haider wollte nur alſo wieder zu dem Gebieter treten, daß Jener ihm nicht einmal die Hand zur Verſöhnung oder gar zur Vergebung reiche, ſondern daß Beide nur ganz ſo wieder beiſammen wären, als ſei Nichts vorgefallen. Er wollte nicht an ſeine Unbeſonnenheit erinnert ſein, ja ſelber ſich nicht an den Gang zum Feigenbaume erinnern; darum hatte er mit Willen die koſtbare Kopfbinde am Aſte hängen gelaſſen.

Dſchem aber hatte geſchlafen, noch müde von der langen ſtürmiſchen Seereiſe auf der Galeere des Ordens, von Marſeille nach Civita Vecchia; müde von dem ſo lange ungewohnten Ritt, ſelbſt müde von Freude und müde von Hoffnung. Die ſorgfältigen, mit eigenem Verſtande gehorſamen und treuen franzöſiſchen Ritter, unter denen ſich auch der Chevalier Armand befand, hatten den Prinzen auch ſelber vor dem Freunde, vor Juſuf, beſchützt und geſagt: Man möge ihm doch ſeine Ruhe gönnen!

Juſuf war alſo unverrichteter Sache wieder zu Hauſe gekommen. Die arme Freundin mußte alſo ihre Sultaninkleider ausziehen und auf ihr einſames Lager gehen. Das gewöhnlich nur von Sterbenden oder Todten geſagte, ihr zur Befriedigung mitgetheilte Wort: „Man möge ihm doch ſeine Ruhe gönnen!“ war ihrem mit Recht ängſtlichen und beſorgten Herzen ſchwer aufgefallen. Sie hatte recht geahnt, wenn auch ihre, ſogar mit Gedanken alle Gefahr vom Geliebten abwendende Liebe nicht meinte, daß der arme Dſchem, nach nicht eben mehr langer Friſt, vergiftet in italieniſcher Erde ſeine Ruhe finden ſollte.

Haider war über Nacht krank geworden von ſeiner Angſt und Qual. Daher beeilte Juſuf vom andern Morgen an ihren Gang zu Dſchem. Zwar hatte der Sohn des Papſtes, Graf Gido, ihm zu verſtehen gegeben: wenn er ſeiner Sitte gemäß etwa aus ſchönen albaniſchen oder ſabiniſchen Mädchen einen kleinen Harem anlegen wolle, ſo möge er ſich keinen Zwang anthun; denn ſeinen Vater kümmere nur die Kirche, nicht die da hineingehen, oder gar, die nicht hineingehen, ja nicht hinein gehören; und Juſuf dachte, um deſto eher würde man dem Prinzen ſeine Sitte oder Sitten durch die gnädigen willigen Finger ſehen, und er könne wohl Ein Weib, ein türkiſch gekleidetes Weib in den Vatican einführen. Aber das Weib war des Sultans Weib, und tauſend Gründe riethen ihm nur zum Geheimniß. Seine Gefahr verdoppelte ſich durch ſie, durch ihn; und ihre Gefahr durch ihn, durch ſeine. — Ein Edelpage des Papſtes hatte ſich immer ihm ſehr gefällig bewieſen, ihm manchen Vortheil verſchafft, und um ſich dafür bei ihm zu bedanken, hatte er ihm prächtige Pagenkleider machen laſſen, jede Taſche voll Goldſtücke gefüllt und ſie in ſeinem Hauſe unter ſeinen Augen darein zu vernähen befohlen. Das rothe Barett lag auf dem grünſeidenen goldgeſtickten Mantel, der die andern weißatlaßnen buntgeſchlitzten Kleider bedeckte. In dieſen männlichen Kleidern wollte er ſeine Beſchützte ihrem Gemahl zuführen. Er ſandte ſie ihr auf das Zimmer; der gute Rath wurde genehmigt, das wenige geändert; und um die geſetzte Stunde trat ein bildſchöner Jüngling, hocherröthet zu ihm ein, der ſich verſchämt in den Mantel wickelte, der die halben Schenkel bedeckte. So gingen ſie denn, großgünſtig und liebenswürdig. Aber vergebens. — Dſchem war im höchſten Staat zur großen Audienz bei dem Papſt.

Wie es ihr Schickſal nachher erwies, hätte ſie bleiben, ſeine, obwohl ſpäte Rückkehr erwarten ſollen. Aber ſie konnte vor Schaam in den Kleidern nicht dauern. Ihr ward in der Leere des großen, zum Eintritt dienenden Saales immer voller, immer bänger — und ſie fing an zu weinen! — Als ſie am Strande von Italien, ihrem Kerker, endlich einmal ihrem Bruder Roland zu Füßen gefallen war, da hatte der Griesgram, der leibliche und geiſtige Hageſtolz, beſchämt über ihre vermeinte Erniedrigung, und erzürnt über ihr Weinen, als doch nur wegen eines Mannes, ihr die herzzerſchneidendſten Worte geſagt. Und Er, und Jeder, der nie die Bezauberung des Liebens und die Seligkeit des Geliebtſeins empfunden, und nicht von der Berechtigung und dem Berufe des Weibes zur Liebe und zu Thränen geahnt, wenn er ſie jetzt hier wiederum ſo weinen geſehen — er hätte ſagen müſſen: „O himmliſche Lächerlichkeit der Liebe! Lächerlich in ihrem kindiſchen Bangen, lächerlich und albern in ihrem unbegreiflichen Trotz nach zwei ganz beſonderen Augen, grade nach dieſem Haar, dieſer Stirn, dieſer Naſe, dieſen Lippen! in ihrem Beſtehen darauf, in ihrem unverbrüchlich närriſchen Harren, grade von dieſen Armen umfangen zu ſein! Lächerliche, eitle, überhebende, ja verächtliche Blindheit, kein anderes Schöne der Schönheit-vollen Welt nur zu ſehen, geſchweige alle ihre Schätze für ihren Schatz zu nehmen! Eigenes, wahnſinniges Weſen! Und doch ſo Schweigen gebietend! So unantaſtbar, unberührbar — wie heilig? — wie beneidenswerth? — Was, o was feſſelt Dich ſo? und feſſelt auch mich ſo, Dich nur doch anzuſchauen? O himmliſche Lächerlichkeit der Liebe! Mich hat Gott bewahrt!“ — So hätte er ſagen müſſen.

Jene aber kehrte mißmuthig, aber noch liebenswürdiger, langſam und immer ſich umſchauend, aus dem Vatican in ihre Villa; und als ſie ſich umgekleidet in türkiſche Frauenkleider, verbrachte ſie die meiſte Zeit in dem Garten.

Am Abend war kein Rath, wieder in den Vatican zu gehen, am andern Tage nicht; und den dritten nicht. Denn Dſchem hatte aus den Worten des Papſtes entnommen, daß er noch, noch immer — und wer wußte, wie lange — ein Gefangener ſei! Er hatte, zurückgekehrt, ſich eingeſchloſſen, ließ keinen Menſchen zu ſich, und nahm kaum Speiſe und Trank. Der prächtige Einzug war ein Blendwerk für das Morgenland geweſen, das Gefängniß blieb die Wahrheit für Dſchem. Sie erfuhren im Hauſe durch die Begleiter deſſelben, wie es ergangen. Der Großprior von Auvergne und der Botſchafter von Frankreich hatten ihn eingeführt; der Papſt hatte ihn in feierlicher Audienz vor ſeinem geiſtlichen Hofſtaat, mit dem verſammelten Conſiſtorium der Cardinäle, auf ſeinem, mit dem großen ſchönen prangenden Pfauenfedern-Rade geſchmückten Throne empfangen. Dſchem hatte das fürchterliche Oberhaupt der chriſtlichen Kirche, deren Diener die Könige Europas ſein ſollten, auf morgenländiſche Weiſe höchſt ehrerbietig begrüßt. Da erwarb er ſich einen tödtlichen Feind, des Papſtes Ceremonienmeiſter, deren Chriſtus keinen gehabt; der Genueſe Giorgio Bocciardo hatte von Dſchem verlangt, er ſolle die Kniee beugen, nur Eins! oder doch nur den Kopf entblößen, was für den Morgenländer eine ſolche Schaam und Schande bedeutete, als wenn das züchtigſte Weib im Hemde gehen ſollte. Als Bocciardo, auf ſeine feſte kurze Weigerung, ihm nach dem Turban gegriffen, war Dſchem mit der Hand nach dem Säbel gefahren; und lächerlich furchtſam hatte der Ceremonienmeiſter ſich geſchwind auf den Boden geworfen und geſchwind wie ein Kunſtſtückemacher ſich fortgerollt. So war Dſchem, mit dem vor Gott ſelbſt nicht entblößten, ſondern eben aus Ehrfurcht bedeckten Haupte, ohne ſich nur zu verneigen, grade auf den Papſt losgeſchritten, hatte ihm zuerſt die Schultern geküßt und dann allen Cardinälen, hatte ſich ſtolz mit drei Worten dem Schutze derſelben empfohlen, und begehrt, mit dem Papſte allein zu ſprechen. Das war geſchehen. Und was dabei vorgefallen, hatte Dſchem nachher in ſeinem Unmuth geſagt. Er hatte die Leiden ſiebenjähriger Gefangenſchaft dem Papſt nicht geklagt, ſondern geſchildert; er hatte ihm Mutter, Weib und Kind in Aegypten geſchildert, ſeine nunmehr — nachdem er alles Andere verloren — gerechte Sehnſucht dahin. Auch, und vielleicht eben über die Verlorene waren ſeine Thränen gefloſſen; der heilige Vater, doch auch ein Menſch, wie Andere, hatte redlich mit ihm geweint um doch Etwas zu thun, da er ihm abgeſchlagen nach Aegypten zu gehen, weil er dadurch die Beſitznahme ſeines Thrones und Reiches aufgäbe, zu welcher der König von Ungarn ſeine Erſcheinung an der Grenze von Rumili fordere. Und er, der Papſt, müſſe vor Allem fordern .... wünſchen .... rathen .... meinen .... daß der neue Sultan zur chriſtkatholiſchen Kirche übertrete und ſich taufen laſſe. Dſchem hatte, zu ernſt geſtimmt, nicht lachen, nicht lächeln gekonnt, aber doch das unwiderlegliche Wort geſagt: „Katholiſch werden, heißt mich vom Throne ſtürzen; mich in den Augen des Volkes zum Abſcheu machen und mir mein Todesurtheil unterſiegeln, ja verdienen. Denn meinen Glauben an Einen Gott verlaſſe ich nicht um das ganze Reich, nicht um die Herrſchaft über die ganze Welt!“ — Innocenz hatte eingelenkt, wie ſogar vernünftige Menſchen da thun, wo ſie nicht ankommen und durchzukommen verzweifeln, und nur dem Feigen, Irren und Schwachen es bieten.

Ueber alles Das war nun Dſchem troſtlos, ſtatt ſich der Kunſt, der Weisheit, und ſeines Herzens zu freuen.

Da war ſein treues, verloren gegebenes, aber ihm ſo ganz nahes Weib in die Einſamkeit des Gartens gegangen und verweilt bis die Sterne heraufgezogen. — Da ging Juſufs Weib nach ihr; ſie ſahe ſie nicht in den Gängen; ſie fand ſie an keinem Ruheplatz. Sie getraute ſich zu rufen; ſie horchte mit klopfendem Herzen — ſie rief laut. Keine Antwort. Sie erſchrack. Sie lief blaß und voll Angſt zu Juſuf. Sie mußte in ihrem Harem. Er ging mit Haider, bewaffnet wie immer, jetzt zur Vorſicht, zur Abwehr, zur Nothwehr. Es war ihr etwas geſchehen! Sie hatte etwas gethan! wenn ſie nicht draußen im Garten wo war und noch lebte. Denn im Hauſe, das eilig durchflogen ward, war ſie in ihrem Zimmer nicht, und in keinem. Ja, ſie hatte geſagt: „Ich gehe nur in den Garten, dann will ich zur Nacht eſſen.“

Auch die Männer fanden ſie nicht. Der Raum war endlich durchforſcht überall. Da fanden ſie die kleine, ſonſt feſtverſchloſſene Gartenthür nur angelehnt. Sie ſtießen ſie auf. Sie ſahen Spuren der Hufſchläge von Pferden, denen nicht nachzufliegen war! die nicht mehr einzuholen waren. Und ſchien ſie mit Willen entflohn? — Warum? Sie erſannen auch nicht den kleinſten Grund. Die Ecke der Mauer draußen umgehend, fanden ſie ſtaunend eine kurze, ſtehen gelaſſene Leiter angelehnt. Hatten ſie Männer geraubt? und Wer? Im Auftrage? oder ihr Bubenſtück ſelbſt ausführend? Aber wer kannte ſie? oder ſchon? Oder kam es von einem Raſchen, Klugen, der etwas thut, eh' es ſich jemand vermuthet? Hatten die Räuber blos ihren am Leibe getragenen Schmuck ſtehlen wollen, und am bequemſten und kürzeſten mit ihrem Leibe? Oder hatten ſie den Leib, das ſchöne Weib geſtohlen? Oder grade Dſchems Frau, die doch für jeden Andern Liebloſe, Feindliche, nur mit roher Gewalt Ueberwindliche, die nur Thränen und Wuth für den Räuber hatte? Oder hatte ſich dieſer wohl gar nur vergriffen — das fiel dem alten Juſuf in ſeiner Weisheit, jetzt wegen ſeines Alters und wegen der Jugend und Schönheit ſeines Weibes ein; und ſie war durch ihren Ruf der Schönheit in Rom ja ſchon Monde lang, den Neugierigen zum Aerger, in ihrer Verborgenheit ſelber bekannt; ja einige der edelſten Frauen hatten ſie auch geſehen. Und galt es ihr — ſo war ſie heimlich treulos, eine

Verdammte, des Todes werth, des Todes im Sacke, mit Katze und Schlange, um bei Katze und Schlange erſt inne zu werden, was eigentlich ein Ehebrecher iſt und zu bedeuten hat. Aber ſie war ja im Hauſe. Sie ſollte verhört, gemartert mit Worten, eingeſchloſſen werden, und niemals den Garten, nicht die Schwelle ihres Zimmers betreten.

Was konnte Haider, der Dichter, dazu ſagen! Ihn grämte ſeiner Herrin Verluſt. Jetzt mußte er zu ſeinem Herrn! Jetzt konnte er wiſſen, daß ſeine Gemahlin Hebetulla in Aegypten geſtorben ſei. Jetzt ſollte er wiſſen, daß ſeine Gemahlin aus Caſſenage wiedergefunden, ja daß ſie in Rom ſei. Und wenn er vor Entzücken weinte, wenn er doch über ihre Treue und Liebe ſich ſatt gefreut die Nacht und den Tag und die Nacht, wenn er heimlich nach ihr kommen wollte, dann erſt ſollte er mit Schonung erfahren: Sie iſt auch wieder verloren; Aber, wie alles Verlorene doch an einem gewiſſen Orte iſt, gewiß noch in Rom! — Wenn ſie nicht ſelber bei Dſchem war! Wenn er lächelte zu ihrem Verluſt. Denn daß Dſchem vielleicht doch von ihr erfahren, daß er vielleicht, des tiefſten Geheimniſſes wegen, und wegen der künftig größten Sicherheit, ſelber ſein Weib ſich geraubt, die man ihm ſchon und ſo lange entzogen, das ſchien dem alten Juſuf, als einem Geſandten, ſehr möglich, deſſen Stellung immer erfordert, jeden Menſchen ſtets in Verdacht zu haben, um von Keinem betrogen zu werden, vor Jedem geſichert zu ſein.

Aber Dſchem lächelte nicht.

Bei der erſten Nachricht: „Sie iſt in Rom,“ war er ſtumm vor Entzücken, ſprang auf, um ihr entgegenzueilen, bei der zweiten Nachricht: „ſie iſt auch wieder verloren,“ erblaßte er, ſtumm vor Erſchrecken. Dann hätte er lieber alle Glocken läuten, alle Trommeln wirbeln, alle Pferde ſatteln, alle Ritter aufſitzen laſſen; bis er ſich faßte und bedachte, daß ſie dem Kloſter ſchon übergeben geweſen ſei — und er ließ ſich wenigſtens ihre Kleider bringen, die er küßte, an ſein Geſicht, an ſeine Bruſt drückte, ſie wehmüthig betrachtete, und zu ſeinen theuerſten Dingen bewahrte. — Er hätte ſein eigenes Weib ſelber nur heimlich, ganz heimlich und noch verkleidet, bei ſich zu haben — den Franken, den Chriſten, dem Bruder getraut, wenn ſie nicht leiden, nicht die ſchmerzlichſte Kette werden geſollt, ihn zu binden, oder aufs Härteſte zu peinigen. Jetzt, da ſie fort war, blieb auch nur heimliches Forſchen gerathen und ſicher, und er verſchwendete das Gold an ſeine vertrauteſten Freunde, an Haider, als Dichter mit allen Gefühlen des Menſchen am Born der Gefühle und Leiden und Freuden der Menſchen lebend, nämlich in ſeinem Herzen! Dann an Sinanbeg, Ajasbeg, und vor allen an den getreuſten und weltklügſten, an Chatibſade Naſſuh. Dann befahl er ſein armes unglückliches Weib ſeinem und ihrem Gott, wie ſeine ganze Sache. „Ein klagender Unglücklicher iſt noch ein Thor, und darum noch nicht ſo unglücklich, wie er werden kann.“ Er aber und ſeine Freunde hatten ſchweigen gelernt, obgleich das Schickſal das Sprichwort bewährt, und auch dem Schweigenden erſt das größte Unglück verheißt und vorbereitete. Es fanden ſich Mittelsperſonen zu leiſen vorſichtigen Ausforſchungen —: ein Türke, der vor Jahren bei Dſchem, in Nizza, türkiſche Bubenſtücke verübt, den er mit Noth aus der Hand der Richter gekauft und nach Rom entfliehen geheißen; dann der Barbier des Juſuf, der über ſeine Gänge aber ſonderbarerweiſe einſt weiter ging, nicht wiederkam, und an deſſen Stelle ſich Muſtapha, der Barbier des türkiſchen Geſandten, bei Juſuf meldete, und erſt angenommen ward, nachdem der vorſichtige, diesmal aber dennoch ſchrecklich betrogene Juſuf ſich erſt überzeugt hatte, daß Muſtapha ſich mit dem türkiſchen Geſandten entzweit hatte, und vor allen Leuten aus dem Palaſte geprügelt worden war. Der Mann war zu brauchen! Und doch hatte es der türkiſche Geſandte darauf abgeſehen, den zu Allem fähigen Barbier Muſtapha, durch Juſufs Haus erſt als treuerfunden, in den Vatican zu Dſchem zu bringen. So fehlte denn nun auch ſchon unbegriffener Weiſe die zweite Perſon aus Juſufs Hauſe und beide blieben verſchwunden. Im Kloſter von Traſtevere war keine Nonne aufgebracht worden. Die Rechtgläubigen lernten die Verdächtigen von Rom nur durch die gemeinen Leute, durch die Volksſtimme kennen, und das Volk nannte den Grafen Gido, den Sohn des Papſtes, die Söhne des Cardinals Borgia, den Valentino und den Ceſare Borgia, die ſich, als die Söhne der mächtigſten Männer der Stadt, wie gewöhnlich, vor Stolz und Uebermuth nicht kannten, verübten, was ihnen nur in den Sinn und in die Sinne kam, und jeglicher Strafe und Nachrede lachten, und noch friſche Schandthaten mit noch friſcheren bedeckten und ſo ſie vergeſſen machten. Als Juſuf aber Muſtapha, den Barbier, annahm, ſchloß er ſeine Unterhaltung mit Haider grade mit dieſen Worten, die der Barbier, der Probe barbirte, mit anhören und gleichſam ſich ſelber ſagen laſſen mußte: „Die Habgierigen, Wollüſtigen und Rachgierigen, ſelber die Mörder und Mordbrenner, zeigen ſich überhaupt als die eigenmächtigen Herrn von Hab und Gut, von Ruhe und Glück; dieſe Schakals der friedlichen Heerde des Volkes, dieſe Peſt, dieſe Peſtkranken und Peſtbeulen in allen Landen, dieſe Rückſichtsloſen und Frechen erſcheinen — aber ſcheinen nur — die freieſten Menſchen, die allen Geſetzen und Richtern und Herrn zum Trotz und zum Hohn, dieſen ungewußt, alſo von ihnen ungehindert und unhinderbar, ihre Schandthaten überall, und andere immer wieder, vollbringen; da Niemand Gedanken ſpüren und einkerkern, Niemand in die Herzen ſehen kann, nur bei oder nach der That ſie ergreifen und ſtrafen. Eine Gerechtigkeit und ein Erſatz, mehr für den Himmel und die Hölle, als für die meiſt auf immer unglücklich gemachten oder geopferten Menſchen!“

Muſtapha, der Barbier, während dieſer Worte des jetzt in ſeine Macht gegebenen neuen Herrn dachte: „Du verdienſt auch die gefährliche Gewalt eines Barbiers über Leben und Tod zu erfahren, Kahlkopf! Aber ich verſchlage mir meine weitern beſſeren Kunden dadurch! Du biſt mir zu gering! nicht einmal eine Ehrenſtufe — und wirſt mir nicht bezahlt!“

Das wußte nun auch der Geſandte nicht, ſo wie Niemand wußte, daß der Barbier auch heut um die Dämmerungsſtunde in die, dann einſame Kirche der Griechen ging. Er hatte in der Straße Condotti heimlich ſich eine Wohnung genommen; darin legte er, wie einen bloßen Carnevals-Maskenanzug, die Türkenkleider ab, trat ſie mit Füßen, zog ſich wieder einmal als Grieche an und ging ſo in ſeines Gottes und ſeiner Götter Haus, zu der Panagia. Dort nun war ihm erſt wohl, wo das zauberiſche, als Kind ſchon angeſtaunte Rubinlicht der Lampe ihm wieder ins Auge ſtrahlte, wo die, wie eine Rieſin, oder ein mächtiges übermenſchliches Weib aus der Sonne oder dem Monde erſcheinende Panagia, aus dem ſchimmernden Golde des Grundes mit ihren geiſterhaften, großen ſchwarzen Augen ihn anſah! Da regten ſich ihre Lippen; ihre nur durch Umriſſe angedeutete hohe Geſtalt, die der Capelle ganze Wand von der Erde bis unter den Bogen des Gewölbes einnahm, erfüllte ſich mit Kraft und Leben, mit Geiſt und Blut, mit Geſinnung und Sprache für ihn. Die Heilige war leibhaftig da, ſie hörte ihn, ſie blickte wehmuthsvoll in ſeine Wehmuth, ſeinen unauslöſchlichen Gram um das verlorene Vaterland; denn er weinte und trauerte um Conſtantinopel, wie je ein Jude um Jeruſalem. Denn Er und ſein Geſchlecht empfanden und ſahen erſt jetzt ganz klar und ganz ſchrecklich die Folgen von der Griechen vollendeter Unterjochung. Die Eroberung ſelbſt war an dem geworfenen und gefangenen Geſchlecht wie eine bittere, bittere Sterbeſtunde zwar, doch auch raſch vorübergegangen. Staunen und Schweigen und tiefſte Verſunkenheit nahm alle die Uebriggebliebenen ein, und ging aus den Herzen der armen Mütter und Väter in die Herzen der Kinder und in die, noch wie zum Hohne geborenen Säuglinge über. Und allein nur die Wehmuth war der Geiſt des als Schatten lebenden, lebendig begrabenen Volks, und die blühende grünende Erde mit blauem Himmel und Sonne darüber — nur ihre Unterwelt!

Um Muſtapha, den Barbier, in ſeiner wahren Kraft, Schlauheit und Beſtrebung erſcheinen zu laſſen, ſagen wir nur, was er betete, und das, was er als Antwort von der Göttin durch ſein Herz heraufhörte. Denn es ward erfüllt, ſeine innere Gegenwart ward äußere Zukunft, und die Geſchichte bewahrt und bezeugt es. Er betete hingeworfen am Boden mit gerungenen Händen: „Du Allerheiligſte, Beſchützerin meines Volkes, ſo lange ſein Haupt nicht von Dir abfiel, ſiehe mich hier in der Fremde zu Dir, und heimlich beten! Du vermagſt Alles — laß in dieſer Stunde den Schlag gelingen! Miſche Dich nur nicht darein, aus zu gutem Herzen! Denn eben der Papſt von Rom hat Deinen Griechen das Grab gegraben; und jetzt freuen ſich die Kinder des Sultans, der die Stadt und das Reich erobert, des Raubes. Sie thäten noch alles heut, wenn es nicht ſchon geſtern geſchehen wäre! Erbarme Dich nur der Bedrängten allein! der Bedränger und Bedrücker aber erbarme Dich nicht!“

Und auf ſeine Göttin hinſtarrend, hörte er die Worte: — „Geduld! Du ſollſt das Reich Deiner Feinde beherrſchen, und Deinem Volke die unabwerfliche Laſt erleichtern. Was meines Sohnes Vater thut, das thut er nicht eitel! Gott thut auf immer und ewig; auch als er nur die Roſe ſchuf, wie Du nur Eine mir heute geweiht!“ —

Die Antwort war ihm nicht recht; ſo dankte er auch nicht recht; aber dennoch ging, oder ſchlich er vielmehr, ſeine Zukunft ſchon in ſich tragend, ihr unbedenklich und unermüdlich entgegen. Er hob wieder ſeine griechiſchen Kleider und ſein Betzeug, wie uralte Kinderſchätze jenes erſten Menſchen, der ein Grieche war, ſorgſam auf, legte den Türken wieder an, und war Muſtapha, der Barbier. Der Schlag gegen Papſt und Türken, ſeine beiden Todfeinde, war gefallen. Aber wie ausgefallen? Er mochte nicht fragen, ja nicht hören, um nicht zu lachen, zu jauchzen. Er ging zu Bett.

Am andern Vormittag wurden alle fremden Geſandten, der Geſandte von Conſtantinopel, von Ungarn, Spanien, Frankreich, Neapel, Venedig und Aegypten zum Papſte geladen, um in dem Vatican in den Kammern des Gerichtes der Folter eines läugnenden Verbrechers beizuwohnen, und, wie die verheimlichte Abſicht des Wunſches ihrer Gegenwart war, durch Haltung, Bezeigen, Geſichtsfarbe, durch Worte oder durch Schweigen ſogar, den angeſtellten Beobachtern kund geben: Wer das mißlungene Verbrechen veranlaßt, oder, wenn es muthmaßlich nur Derjenige war, welchem das Gelingen nützlich ſein konnte, dieſem eine Warnung und unausgeſprochene Strafe zu geben. Und gewiß war nur den Türken am nützlichſten, wenn Dſchem todt war und der Papſt todt war, die Seele des Krieges, jetzt gegen die Türken, wie gegen die Mauren in Spanien.

Alle erſchienen in dem wohlgeſchmückten Nebenzimmer der Folterkammer, und fanden ein prächtiges Frühſtück aufgetragen. Der Papſt und Dſchem waren gleichfalls zugegen. Sie alle hörten bei guter Speiſe und edlem Trank aus der Folterkammer herein das endlich ausbrechende Stöhnen eines Mannes. Nach langer Zeit erſt wieder ein Wimmern. Dann ſchien er dieſe Marter gewohnt zu werden, und er fluchte erſt, als die Schergen eine neue anwandten. Wieder nach langem erſt fing er an auf Italieniſch zu beten, ja er ſang vor Schmerz und Wuth und innerem Hülfedrang ſogar eine Strophe eines Abendgeſanges an die Madonna, „um guten Schlaf." Darauf ging die hohe Geſellſchaft ſammt und ſonders hinein, Jeder, ſo unmerklich ſein ſollend, als möglich, von dem Andern mit leiſer Schärfe beobachtet. Unſere Freundin würde den auf der Folterbank ausgeſtreckten Mann ſogleich von Ripa grande her erkannt haben. Es war Macrino del Caſtagno, der ſich ein Stück Geld verdient. Er lag, wie eine Leiche blaß, die Augen waren ihm in der kurzen Zeit ſchon eingefallen und hohl, und ihre Sterne ſtanden weit hervor; die bleichen ſchmalen Lippen bedeckten die Zähne nicht mehr. Hin und her bluteten ſeine bloßen Arme ein wenig nach, ſeine Bruſt dampfte noch, wie von Räucherkerzchen, von darauf angebrannten Stoffen, und Wohlgeruch von köſtlichen Spezereien verbarg das menſchenbrandige Weſen im Zimmer. Der Papſt und der arme Dſchem, als die gewiß Unſchuldigen, konnten ſich nicht überwinden, ihrem Feinde zu nahen. Denn an ihnen hatte geſtern der Doppelmord vollbracht werden ſollen, die Vergiftung durch rothen Scherbet, als ſie beide im Garten des Vaticans zuſammen geweſen. Aber Dſchem hatte den Papſt errettet und ſich, weil er, nach Weiſe der Sultane, auch das Getränk erſt von dem armen [illegible] koſten laſſen, der noch [illegible] krank lag, aber ohne Todesgefahr. Nur Muſtapha, der türkiſche Geſandte, der wirklich auch den armen Macrino erſt hier als Ausführer der That fand, trat nahe zu ihm, redete mit ihm, hieß ihm zu geſtehen, beſahe die Marterwerkzeuge, um, wie er ſagte, dieſe unſchätzbare Erfindung der Folter auch bei ſich zu Hauſe einzuführen. Macrino nahm ſich, von ſolchen hohen Herrſchaften beehrt, wie ein alter Römer zuſammen. Die Knechte ſtrengten ſich friſch wieder an, ſich und ihrer Kunſt Ehre einzulegen. Man führte, als eine Seelenfolter, Macrino's, einer ſchönen Mänade ähnliches, Weib herein, und ſeine beiden kleinen Kinder, ein Mädchen und einen Knaben. Jetzt, da Macrino ſchon, das Verbrechen begangen zu haben, eingeſtanden hatte, ſollte er nur noch geſtehen: Wer es ihm aufgetragen.

— „Eine Maske," ſprach er mit Wahrheit.

Die wiederholt gegebene, ihm nicht anders mögliche Antwort genügte nicht. Die Knechte ſtrengten ihn an.

Sein Weib ſchrie vor Entſetzen und Mitleid, ſie bat ihren Mann, ſie kniete beſonders vor Jedem der gegenwärtigen Herren nieder, wand nur die Hände, aber neigte das Haupt und konnte nicht reden.

Die Kinder ſchwiegen über das Jammern und Schreien der Mutter; ſie hob ſie auf ihre beiden Arme empor, damit ſie der Vater ſähe.

Aber der Vater ſchloß vor ihnen die Augen zu, und ſtarb; und die Knechte, die ihn für ſchon ſo erſchöpft nicht hielten, ſtreckten den von ſelbſt in den Tod ſich Streckenden noch länger aus.

Als Muſtapha, der Geſandte, ſahe, daß er todt war, gab er durch großes Bedauern ein Zeichen; aber das Bedauern galt nur dem Mißlingen der mit 30 römiſchen Thalern pro Kopf bezahlten That. Der Geſandte war vom Sultan gekommen, um mit dem Papſte den Vertrag über das Koſtgeld für Dſchem, mit 40,000 Zechinen jährlich, abzuſchließen. Der Großmeiſter von Rhodus hatte ſchon über 300,000 Zechinen erhalten. Das koſtete den Einen und trieb den Andern. Wohlfeiler aber war es: den Koſtgänger mit dem Koſtgeber wegzuſchaffen; beſonders, da der Türke glaubte, das Frankenland, Europa habe nur Einen Herrn, der ſeine Leute nur zuſammenzurufen brauche, und dieſer Herr ſei der Papſt. Und in der That hatte der Papſt ſchon die größten Zurüſtungen zu einem Vergeltungskriege für die Eroberung von Conſtantinopel gemacht, gefordert, zugeſagt erhalten; alles Geld, ſogar geborgtes, und Geld für Erlaß von Sünden darauf verwendet; Cardinal d'Aubuſſon ſollte als Admiral die Flotte führen, und der Tod des Papſtes hätte die äußerſte Gefahr mit Leichtigkeit ſicher in Freude verwandelt. Die nur zwei Augen zu, und eine neue Welt geht auf.

Dſchem weinte beim Anblick des armen Weibes, bei dem Anblick der wieder ruhigen Kinder, die zu dem unbegriffenen Verluſt des Vaters nur mit jenem heiligen Schweigen und der himmliſchen Unwiſſenheit und dem unſterblichen Lebensgefühl der Kinder ſchwiegen. Er beſchenkte ſie alle Drei mit vollen Händen, er bat ihnen mit Hand und Wort — den Vater ab, an deſſen Folter zur Ehre der Andern er ganz unſchuldig war. Bocciardo, der Ceremonienmeiſter, führte die ſchöne, leiſe weinende, nun verwittwete Frau und die armen Waiſen mit kaum bemerkbarem Lächeln fort.

Aber nicht nur dieſe That war allen unbewußt aus dem geheimen Sinnen und Wollen in den Tod getreten, ſondern jetzt erſchien auch aus dem Dichten und Trachten des Königs von Frankreich, Karl VI., der Krieg mit dem Papſt und Italien, deſſen Eroberung nur ein Schritt zu andern großen Entwürfen des Königs ſein ſollte. So kam dies Bündniß zum allgemeinen Kriegszug gegen die Türken noch nicht zu Stande. In Florenz kam wieder aus dem geheimen Sinnen und Wollen des Volkes die Verjagung der Mediceer zur Welt, die die ſchweren Gaben der Stadt und des Landes verbaut, vertempelt, vermalt, verklöſtert, verjagt, verkaſtet und verſchmauſet hatten, blos zum letzten Augenſchmauſe der Koſtenträger. Piſa wiederum fiel von Florenz ab.

So gingen wiederum faſt tauſend Tage für Dſchem verloren. Aber ſchon lange regte ſich in ihm der menſchliche Wunſch: frei zu ſein, im Vaterlande zu leben, ja nur am Leben zu bleiben. Wenn er leiblich als Menſch umkam, war auch der Prinz, der Sultan zugleich in ihm todt. Darum hielt er einen geheimen Divan mit ſeinen Freunden, worin ſie berathen wollten: ob er ſich nicht ſeinem Bruder, dem Sultan Bajeſid, unterwerfen ſollte, auf Gnade wahrſcheinlich, nicht auf Ungnade, da Bajeſid die Friedensliebe ſelbſt war, ihr die größten Opfer brachte und liebe Gedichte machte. Dſchems Freunde ſollten aus ihrer Mitgefangenſchaft erlöſt, an des Sultans Pforte gehen und thätige Männer ſein.

In dieſem Rathe ſprach Dſchem lächelnd: „Auch erwachſene Männer ſind noch wie Kinder, die im Spiele ſagen: jetzt muß ich das thun! jetzt muß ich das haben! jetzt muß ich das ſein. So müſſen auch die Großen jetzt das thun, jetzt müſſen ſie das haben, jetzt müſſen ſie das ſein! Und das ganze Müſſen iſt nur eine Einbildung des Spieles, des ſpielenden Kindes. So ſpiele ich fort und muß! Aber muß ich ſpielen? Den Meuchlerben? Den Bruderbedroher? Den Schlächter ſo vieler Menſchen, die um meines Spieles willen fallen müſſen, auch müſſen! Dieſe ſpielenden Armen, die auch die Armen, die Gehorſamen, die Arbeitenden, die Handlanger*) der Sultane ſpielen, die Jaja! die zu Allem ja ſagen und müſſen. So ſpielen ſie Alle! und das Kind des Bettlers ſpielt ſchon mit des Vaters Bettelſtabe und ſeinem Bettelſacke den kleinen Bettler, wendet ſich ſchalkhaft um, und bettelt den Vater an, und der Vater lacht! Ich aber muß weinen. Wie des Bettlers Knabe vom alten Vater Bettler die Geſinnung und die Gewohnheit zu betteln als einzige Hinterlaſſenſchaft geerbt, ſo habe ich von meinem Vater Mohammed die Wuth zu herrſchen geerbt, die Herrſchſucht, nicht die Unterthanſucht, die allgemein mögliche, die mir am Ende auch nur bleibt — mit einem Wort: der Gehorſam! Ich will, ich kann nicht gehorchen — ſelber im Schlafe, im Traume befehle ich, Schiffen, Heeren, ſogar dem Meer und den Bäumen und Bergen! Der Segen aller Kinder, die ſüße Gewohnheit, gehorſam zu ſein wie Vater und Mutter, die ſind mir ein Fluch, eine Verachtung, die ich verachten ſollte, und endlich auch muß! Denn ich ſpiele nun 3000 Tage den Gefangenen und hab' ihn gelernt; ich weiß alle ſeine Gewohnheiten; ich trete ſeine kurzen Tritte, ich ſtehe an den Fenſterſcheiben, ich ſehe den Himmel an und zähle am Tage die Wolken, des Nachts die Sterne — o ich kann Alles! von der aufgetragenen Speiſe weggeben und ſchon vor Sonnenuntergang zu Bett gehen — ich kann auch nicht ſchlafen! nicht hoffen! nicht beten! nicht vertrauen; nicht dichten. So bin ich denn aus und zu Ende! Der Sultan iſt aus! Das Ei, darin ich ſtecke, wird nicht ausgebrütet! Der große Vogel hat es aus dem Neſte geworfen, und die großen Ameiſen [illegible] es nicht wieder hineinzutragen! Der Ibis hält es für ein Krokodillei für ſeinen Schnabel; der Ichneumon will es ausſaugen. Aus Hoffnung, Padiſchah zu ſein, bin ich in der Wirklichkeit ſchlechter als der Wolf im Walde und als der Löwe in der Wüſte. Denn auch verfolgt, ſind ſie doch frei; die Wüſte und der Wald gehören ihnen, und ſie entrinnen mit Weib und Kind. Selbſt der Bär trägt auf der Flucht ſeinen [illegible] Sohn in den [illegible] bis in die neue Sicherheit und Freiheit. Alle Menſchen reden von Hoffnung, aber keiner bedenkt, wie weiſe die gemeinen Leute hoffen. Sie hoffen vom Grunde ihres armen Hauſes und von den Ihrigen aus. Ihre eigene Thätigkeit und Freiheit, Weib und Kinder ſind immer in ihre ehrliche menſchliche Hoffnung eingeſchloſſen. Nur mit dieſen, nur in einem bequemen Leben wollen ſie leben; Menſchen zu ſein und zu werden, hoffen ſie; das iſt die Hoffnung der gemeinen Fellahs, der Bauern, der ſchlecht ſo wie Spreu geachteten, aber durch Gottes Eingebung weiſeſten, glücklichſten Menſchen. Ich aber, nunmehr ein Thor, hoffe ohne Grundlage, ohne die Schätze der übrigen Menſchen. Uebrige Menſchen! Bin ich vielleicht nicht übrig? Wie ich ſehe — das Reich der Rechtgläubigen ſteht und gedeiht ohne mich. Da ſind Erndten von der Erde, Sonnenſchein und Regen vom Himmel. Bin ich auch ein Sproß aus dem Stamme der Herrſcher, ſo bin ich doch, wie ich ſehe, an meinem Verdorren; ich bin nicht der Sproß, der an des alten großen Baumes Stelle wachſen und Früchte tragen ſoll. Und ſo ergeht es mir nur wie Millionen Blättern am Baume des Reiches. Ich kann noch ein guter Zweig ſein, ein gutes glänzendes Blatt. Die Gabe zu dichten iſt mehr werth, als Reich und Krone. Mein Ruhm als Dichter wird neben allen Sultanen dauern, und manchen Noben überleuchten, wie der Abendſtern die Johanniswürmchen im Graſe. Ich habe noch eine Mutter, o Gott, Du Gnädiger! Ich habe noch eine Tochter, o Gott, Du Freundlicher! Mein Weib, meine Caſſenage, kann ich noch finden! ſie iſt nur verborgen, nicht verloren, ſagt ſelber ihr einſtiger Feind, ihr Bruder Roland, nun ihr Freund, Sucher, Rächer; denn eines Bruders Ehre wird in der Ehre ſeiner Schweſter gekränkt und geſchmäht. Laſſet denn mich nach Aegypten ziehen! oder nach Jeruſalem! Ihr aber, meine Freunde, ziehet nach Conſtantinopel zum Padiſchah! Du, mein Haider, machſt hier nur Gedichte voll Sehnſucht und Trauer, indeß Dir die Lebensluſt noch aus den Augen blitzt. Der Dichter gehört in einen edlen Kreis, wo Großes und Schönes geſchieht und geehrt wird. Mein Bruder weiß, daß die Dichter zuerſt und zuletzt blos, den Fürſten das Leben erheitern und ihnen ewigen Ruhm gewähren für einfältige armſelige paar tauſend Zechinen, die ſie doch ſonſt auf Pferde und Hunde verſchleudert hätten. Du, Sinanbeg, biſt das eingeroſtete Schwert der Tapferkeit, Bajeſid wird dich aus der Scheide ziehen, du wirſt blitzen und muthig ſein, Mauern und Veſten erſtürmen. Du, Ajasbeg, und Du, Dſchelalbeg, Euch erwartet Größeres als mein armes Grab! Hüllt das Vaterland nicht in ein Grab! Deine Treue, Chatibſade Naſſuh, iſt eines beſſern Lohnes werth, als heimlichen Seufzen und die Fauſt in der Taſche zu ballen. Selber Du, mein treuer Barbier, mein Muſtapha, Dir ſtehen große Dinge bevor, wenn ich Menſchen kenne, und die Eiche aus der Eichel, und den Sprung des Löwen aus ſeinen Blicken erkenne. Gehe, barbiere den Sultan!“

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*) Auf türkiſch heißt ein Handlanger ein Jaja.

Die Freunde hätten bald gelacht über dieſen Schluß ihres von der rechten Hoffnung heiter gewordenen Gebieters. Aber ſie ſagten ihm alle: „wir bleiben Dir treu bis zum Tode!“

„Gut,“ ſprach der arme Dſchem; „ohne Euch kränken zu wollen, ſage ich Euch, dann wird Eure Treue vielleicht nur noch kurz ſein!“

Als unüberſteigliches Hinderniß der Hoffnung des armen Dſchem erwies ſich aber ſeine Gefangenſchaft. Denn ſie waren noch nicht auseinander gegangen, als er ſchon durch Wachen in die Engelsburg abgeholt ward, weil der Papſt auf dem Tode liege.

Wenig Tage zuvor hatte der Papſt endlich das Bündniß zum Türkenkriege zu Stande gebracht. Der türkiſche Geſandte hatte ihm bei der Abſchiedsaudienz ſogenannte redende Geſchenke vom Sultan Bajeſid aus dem eroberten Reliquienkaſten verehrt: das Rohr der Verſpottung, den Schwamm der Tränkung und die Lanze der Durchbohrung am Kreuze. Aber der arme Dſchem hatte auch dem Geſandten ein Schreiben an ſeinen Bruder, den Padiſchah, mitgegeben, worin und wodurch er ſich ihm völlig unterwarf, und: „nur ein Blatt am Baume des Volkes zu ſein,“ mit herzerweichenden, einen Stein rührenden Worten den Bruder gebeten. So wie er ſchon längſt bei der Rückkehr des ägyptiſchen Geſandten Juſuf dem Sultan ſeine einzige Tochter zugeſagt und den verlaſſenen Barbier Muſtapha zu ſich genommen hatte, der eben auf die Heimkehr des Geſandten ſchon lange ſeine Berechnung gemacht hatte.

Aber auch der neue Papſt Alexander Borgia mußte ſich in die Engelsburg retten, da der König von Frankreich vor Rom kam und es eroberte. Elf Tage ſaß er darin in Todesangſt und brütete doch Tod und Angſt und Mord und Rache. Da ward er erlöſt durch den Frieden, laut welchem er, gleichſam als die ſiegbringende heilige Fahne des Propheten, den armen Dſchem dem Könige ausliefern mußte. Der König Karl, Borgia und Dſchem kamen zuſammen; Borgia, der ihn im Altgefängniß der Engelsburg, nur den armen Dſchem genannt, und ihn nur, wie ein Jude den ungeſchliffenen unſchätzbaren Diamant, angeſehen hatte, nannte ihn vor dem Könige „Prinz;“ aber Dſchem nannte ergeben ſich nur einen armen Gefangenen. Der Papſt konnte auch beſchämt ſcheinen, und übergab ihn, als einen großen Schatz, dem Könige, der ihn wiederum ſeinem Hofmarſchall mit der flachen Hand zuwies. Schon den Tag darauf brach Dſchem von Rom nach Veletri auf, wohin ihn der Sohn des Papſtes Borgia, Ceſare Borgia, begleitete, und fünf Tage dort bei ihm blieb, bis das franzöſiſche Heer weiter nach Neapel zog, denn es hatte indeſſen Blutarbeit zu Monte fortino zu thun, und zu morden in Monte ſan Giovanni.

Hier in Veletri, dem Geburtsort des Kaiſers Auguſtus, löſten ſich nun die Dinge; aber die langen und weither geſponnenen Fäden vereinigten ſich hier in ein Cocon, das wie dem Seidenwurme, durch ſeinen eigenen Fleiß und aus der ſchönſten Hoffnung geſponnen, dem armen Dſchem zum Sarge ward.

Denn gleich am ſpäten Abend des erſten Tages ihres Aufenthaltes kam der Papſt Alexander Borgia in aller Stille in den Palaſt Borgondio gefahren, der nach Neapel gehört und den Dſchem und der Sohn des Papſtes, Ceſare Borgia, bewohnten.

Als der Sohn den Vater bei ſich eintreten ſah, rief er erſtaunt, wie die Kinder ſogar zur Carnevalszeit rufen, wenn die Leute einander die Moccoli zu Nacht ausblaſen: „Eh, ſia ammazzato, Signor Padre!“ (Daß du ermordet werdeſt, Herr Vater!)

„Nun, nun,“ ſprach der Vater, „wir haben noch nicht Carneval! Sorg' ich mich erſt!“ Dann ſprach er leiſer, wegen der Ohren der Wände: „Ein Mann wie ich, bewegt ſich nicht ohne Noth! Pah, Noth! eine kleine Mühe! für Dich! Du machſt das am beſten, und haſt Deine Leute; ich will meine Leute diesmal nicht geben. Laſſe den Dſchem doch geſchwind vergiften! — eh' das Heer ihn uns fortführt!“

„Und deswegen,“ ſprach Ceſare Borgia bedauernd, „läßt ſich Deine Heiligkeit 48 Miglien im Kaſten her rumpeln, und 48 Miglien heim rumpeln!“

„Heilige Jungfrau, das muß ein Papſt gewohnt werden!“ ſprach der Papſt lachend.

„Hätte ich es nur geſtern gewußt!“ bedauerte Ceſare; „in Rom, bei ſo vielen Menſchen, kann der Verdacht auf Hunderte fallen. Hier riechen ſie uns einmal heraus.“

„Einmal! — — nach unſerem Tode — alſo Keinmal!“ entgegnete der Papſt.

„Mir kommt es übrigens recht; ſeine . . . wie ſoll ich ſie nennen . . . ſie nennt ſich ſein Weib, und ich muß es glauben, da ſie ſo lange und raſend mir widerſtand, wirklich bis zur Raſerei und zur Krankheit. Alſo meine ich — Punktum! Eine Wittwe hält ſelten die Treue und ſeltener die Liebe. Alſo!“

„Es freut mich, daß unſer Vortheil zuſammengeht, mio Caro; Vortheil ſag' ich! Denn dreimalhunderttauſend Dukaten baar für ein Rattenpulver, das iſt ein guter Apothekerhandel! Höre nur: Du kennſt den ewigen Ceremonienmeiſter, den Narren in David, den falſchen rachſüchtigen Genueſen Giorgio Bocciardo, der ſich damals aus Furcht vor Dſchem wie eine Mühlwelle auf dem Teppich fortrollte, nun der! Er trug Rache im Herzen; ſo ein Menſch iſt koſtbar, darum hatte ich ihn an den Sultan nach Conſtantinopel geſchickt — den der Teufel holen ſoll oder ſollte, wenn einer wäre — um mit ihm zu unterhandeln. Vierzigtauſend jährlich für Dſchems Waſſer und Brot, das heißt: Leben; oder dreimalhunderttauſend, verſteht ſich, Zechinen, einmal für allemal für Dſchems Tod, ein für allemal. Ich bin arm wie eine Kirchenmaus; die Mauren in Spanien auszurotten, damit wieder Schaafe dort wandeln und blöken, ſich melken und ſcheeren laſſen, hat viel Geld gekoſtet — die Schatzkammer alſo iſt zu vermiethen, wie Marforio, der privilegirte Pasquillant, ſehr wahr geſagt hat. Der Kerl hat Einſicht und Geiſt. Ich will bauen, eine Peterskirche, ſo groß wie ein Haus! Jeder Papſt muß doch etwas zur Ehre Gottes vor Leuten thun, um in das Regiſter der Welt zu kommen, das Niemand lieſt. Ich habe ſchwere Dinge in Deutſchland auszufechten und auszuführen, die Millionen koſten, die Andere geben ſollen, müſſen und werden. Aber ich brauche doch das Beſtechungsgeld oder die Schauſumme ſolcher povero und Halunken, welche dann den Andern die Beutel ſchütteln. Summa ſummarum: Ich will auch leben! Und Du ſollſt leben, Ceſare! und Catarina ſoll leben! Alſo die dreimalhunderttauſend Dukaten ſind Etwas! Leider Alles! Denn der Schlingel von treuem Diener, der Präfekt von Sinigaglia, Giovanni da Rovere, ſolche Namen merke ich gleich, der Diener meines Feindes, des Cardinals Giuliani, hat Bajeſids Geſandten mit den achtzigtauſend Zechinen, zweijährigem Koſtgeld für Dſchem — mir weggefiſcht, ſag' ich Dir! klag' ich Dir! Der König von Frankreich hat mir den Fiſch, den Dſchem, ſogar aus dem Netze genommen; nun ſtände mir kein Einkommen durch ihn mehr möglich, als durch — mein Haus- und Magenpulver. Hier haſt Du quantum ſatis! Verbindungen ſind bei jedem Amt, warum nicht bei meinem? Und die Fabel von Chriſto hat uns ſchon viel eingebracht. Sage das Wort nicht weiter — es entfuhr mir ſo, — ſonſt kommt es ſogar in die Weltgeſchichte. Welchen Punkt von beiden nun der Bocciardo vom Sultan approbiren laſſen würde, das wußte ich voraus, darum ſchickte ich ihn — und hier haſt Du den Brief vom Sultan Bajeſid an meine Heiligkeit[*]; er empfiehlt mir ſogar einen gewiſſen Biſchof zum Cardinal! Nun — pour la rarité du fait — er ſoll es ſein! Der Sultan ſtößt mir einmal einen Patriarchen dafür im großen Mörſer!“

Der Sohn des Papſtes gab ſeinem Vater für deſſen Brief den Unterwerfungsbrief Dſchems an ſeinen Bruder Bajeſid, mit der Bemerkung: „Muſtapha, der Barbier, hat ihn glücklich dem Geſandten weggeblaſen. Aber da fällt mir der Barbier ein! Die Barbiere im Morgenlande ſind auch die Apotheker und Chirurgen, ſie haben und halten Geheimniſſe, der Kerl hat Gifte, küſſenswerthe! Prachtcolorur! Und ein Inſekt zum Goldeinfaſſen!“ Er klingelte und hieß dann den Barbier herbeirufen — „Nicht herbei ſchreien!“ ſagte er, und der Kammerherr verſtand.

Indeß hielt er eine ganz neue kleine Skizze zu einem Weltgericht — das ſein Vater, der Papſt, nach [illegible] noch malen laſſen wollte, damit es irgendwo ſei und werde — und ſprach in Gedanken: „Cosa funesta! — si succedesse!“ (Eine furchtbare Sache, wenn es einträfe!)

„Biſt Du auch noch ein Narr, mein Sohn?“ ſprach der Vater Borgia. „Nur die Seele der Unglücklichen und ihr — quasi — heiliges Rechtsgefühl fordert ein Weltgericht. Zahlloſe Heerſchaaren Unglückſeliger, ganze erniedrigte Völker ſind dahin gefahren, wo alles gleich gut iſt, und nur der über der Erde denkende ſchwebende Geiſt mitleidiger — rechtsgelehrter — Menſchen, fordert für ſie noch das Weltgericht. Aber iſt denn die Menſchheit in ewige Knechtſchaft geworfen, in die Folgen des Unrechts, das ſie leidet und thut? — Wir ſuchen nur redlich, ſie ſo lange wie möglich zurückzuhalten zu unſerm Beſten! Mit Schrecken ſehe ich: Jedes Geſchlecht wird beſſer, klarer, gerechter; ihm geſchieht immer weniger Grauſes — es verübt immer weniger Grauſes. Denn ein feſter aufgeklärter Geiſt duldet nicht das Unrecht und übt es nicht aus! Und ſomit verliſcht denn nach und nach — pianin' piano — jene uralte, aus Sünden entſtandene Forderung der unglückſeligen — Schächer, durch ein bloßes beſſeres Leben glücklicher Menſchengeſchlechter. Und das letzte gute Geſchlecht wird vielleicht kaum die Seligkeit fordern, geſchweige das Weltgericht. Du ſiehſt alſo, es muß noch lange beſtehen! Ich brauche es! ich brauche es! Und ich laſſe es glauben, ja malen. Imo — ich laſſe ſogar ſeinetwegen Ablaß aller Sünden verkaufen für ein wirkliches Spottgeld — zum Bau meiner Peterskirche. Nun ſei kein Narr! Missa est concio!“

Er zog ſich zurück, kurz zuvor ehe Muſtapha, der Barbier, eintrat. Dies Mal im Innern etwas bang, denn er hatte Dſchems geraubtes armes Weib und ihren Aufenthalt ihrem Bruder Roland verrathen, oder wiederum verkauft, denn er verlor nun nichts mehr an Borgia, da ſie fortzogen, und jeder Papſt war ſein Todfeind. Ceſare Borgia konnte darüber ermordet werden. Aber die Befreite konnte ſchon hier ſein, wenn Roland ſie ihrem Dſchem zurückgab, da auch ihr guter Bruder Armand mit ihm war. Darum war ihm unheimlich. Er ſahe aber mit einem halben Blick: Ceſare wußte noch nichts! Deſto freundlicher und bereiter ging er auf ein kurzes Wort vom Sohne des Papſtes ein.

„Kannſt Du barbieren?“ fragte er ihn lächelnd.

„Ja.“

„Auch ein wenig ſchneiden?“

„O ja; ein halbes Loth iſt erlaubt!“

„Auch mit vergiftetem Barbiermeſſer?“

„Das Barbieren iſt damit gleich.“

Er empfing darauf von Borgia ein tüchtiges Barbiergeld in Golde, deſſen er ihm ſo lange . . . nach und nach jedoch etwas langſamer . . . und ſo viel hinein zählte, bis dem geduldigen Barbier doch endlich ſelbſt die Hand ſchwer zu werden ſchien. Zuletzt bat er um den Namen des neuen Kunden. Er hörte: „Dſchem!“ ſagen, und ſchwankte doch nicht, ſondern fragte nur: „Wann?“ — „Morgen!“ hörte er und: „Schweigen!“ und zuletzt: „Gute Nacht!“

Am Morgen barbierte er denn dem armen Dſchem das Haupt und zuletzt das ſchöne leidende, ergebene Geſicht. Er hatte veranſtaltet, daß während deſſen von Zeit zu Zeit ein Piſtolenſchuß falle, damit Dſchem rücke und mit Fug ein wenig geſchnitten werden könne. Ein Schuß — ein Schnitt — ein wenig Blut. — Bald darauf wieder ein Schuß — ein Schnitt — ein wenig Blut. — So drei Schüſſe. — Dſchem bat ihn um Entſchuldigung, daß er ihn um ſeinen Ruhm bringe. Dafür rieb ihm der Barbier die kleinen Wunden noch mit einer ſichern, nicht fühlbaren Heilſalbe ein — und Dſchem war vergiftet und mußte unrettbar ſterben in kurzen Tagen. Dſchem wand ſeinen Turban ſich ſelbſt um den Kopf, empfand ganz leiſe ſich ganz eigen-ſonderbar, und ſtand verſunken in tiefe Gedanken.

Da entſtand freudiges Geſchrei drunten vor dem Palaſt Borgondio auf der Straße; dann im Flur; die Marmortreppe hinauf — dann ward es ſtiller, und haſtige Tritte erſchollen im Vorſaal. Die Thür des Zimmers ging auf, und Roland und Armand traten ein, ihre Schweſter, Dſchems Weib, in der Mitte. Roland glaubte der Rede und ſeinen Augen, daß Dſchem nun endlich wirklich Sultan zu werden mit dem Könige zöge, und wußte ja auch, daß er jetzt wirklich nur Ein Weib hatte — ſeine Schweſter! So war er denn Alles zufrieden! Ja hoch erfreut darüber!

Sie ſtand ohne Regung. Sie konnte nicht ſprechen, kaum athmen. Sie hielt eine Hand auf der Bruſt, mit der andern hielt ſie ſich an ihrem Bruder.

Dſchem konnte nicht ſehen genug, nicht raſch genug ihr entgegenſtürzen. Er fiel — ſchon plötzlich vom Gifte verwandelt, aber er fiel nur auf ein Knie, drückte ſich beide Hände feſt in die Augen, und that einen herzzerreißenden Schrei. Denn er hatte die Bläſſe des Geſichtes ſeines guten Weibes, ihre ganze abgehärmte Geſtalt mit Einemmale überſehen, und ihren ſchmählichen theuern Gram, ihre Treue, Liebe und Sehnſucht ermeſſen. Nun flog ſie auf ihn zu. Sie hob ihn empor, und die armen edlen Gatten lagen, unausſprechlich beglückt, vor Entzücken weinend, ſich lange, gleich Seligen, in den Armen.

Dann wollte ſie ſprechen, erzählen. Aber er legte ihr den Finger auf die Lippen und ſprach nur die drei ſchweren Worte: „Das Frankenland! die Chriſten! der heilige Vater!“

Alles kam nach und nach in eine gewiſſe Ordnung, in die feſte Ordnung der Reiſenden. Der Papſt Alexander Borgia und ſein Sohn Ceſare machten dem armen Dſchem noch einen Abſchiedsbeſuch, während ſeine Gemahlin im Nebenzimmer bebte — und ſchwieg und folgſam ihr Herz bezwingend, ſich nur die drei Worte leiſe wiederholte: „Das Frankenland! die Chriſten! der heilige Vater!“

Dſchems Kräfte ſchwanden allmälig auf der Reiſe nach Neapel. Faſt konnte er nicht mehr allein auf ſein Pferd ſteigen . . . dann ſich nicht mehr darauf halten. Er ſah noch Neapel, den Veſuv, das Meer, die Schiffe, die in ſein Vaterland ſegelten! er fühlte die äußerſte Sehnſucht — jetzt nur nach einem Grabe in der heimathlichen Erde. Mehr wünſchte er nicht. Denn er verging wie ein Schatten; er war ſchon blaß wie der Tod. Seine bezaubernde Schönheit verblühte; nur ſein großes ſchwarzes Auge blitzte noch manchmal auf. Sein treues, die höchſte Angſt im Herzen gewaltſam verſchließendes Weib hielt ihn, neben ihm ſitzend und ſein müdes Haupt auf der Schulter tragend, an ſeiner Hand, und als ſie darauf ſie wegzog, behielt ſie die Nägel ſeiner Finger darin. Da weinte ſie laut. Er aber tröſtete ſie, ſonſt mit dem äußerſten Leid für ſie, mit dem Tode, der jetzt für ihn und für ſie ein Troſt war, der einzige Troſt und die ſeligſte Hoffnung.

Es kam ein Brief aus Aegypten von ſeiner Mutter; er konnte ihn nicht mehr ſehen, nur fühlen, aber nicht mehr verſtehen. Er hörte, daß ſein Beſieger, der unbeugſame kluge Vezier Kedück Ahmed Paſcha, zur Strafe ſeines Hochmuths von einem Stummen ermordet worden ſei. Da lächelte er nur und flüſterte: „Gott iſt barmherzig!“ Seine letzte Kraft hatte er zuſammengenommen, ein Gedicht zu machen, worin er ſeinen Bruder um ein Grab in ſeinem Vaterlande bat. Er blieb mit dem Antlitz über dem Blatte liegen. — Er war geſtorben.

Seine Seele war in der Heimath. Seine Freunde konnten kaum ſagen: er iſt todt! ſo weinten ſie. Ajasbeg und Dſchelalbeg wuſchen ſeinen Leichnam und beteten die Gebete des Todes aus dem Koran. Die Brüder Roland und Armand de Saſſenage führten ihre wie wahnſinnige Schweſter mit fort. Der König Karl ſchickte Specereien, den Leichnam einzubalſamiren, und weinte um ihn wie ein Kind. Dann ließ er ihn in Gaëta beiſetzen, hoch auf dem Berge über der Stadt und Feſtung in dem großen leeren runden antiken Grabmal mit doppeltem Kuppelgewölbe, ähnlich dem ſchönen Grabmal der Cecilia Metella vor Rom. Ajasbeg und Dſchelalbeg hüteten das Grab in ſtiller Trauer und rührender Geduld. Muſtapha, der Barbier, aber betete indeſſen zu ſeiner Panagia, in jener nur kleinen, doch zauberhaft ſchönen Grotte, die links ganz drunten in einer mächtigen dunklen Felſenſpalte, die bis in das Meer hinab ſich öffnet, zu einer wunderbaren Kapelle eingerichtet iſt, welche das Meer bei hoher Fluth mit ihrem Wogenſchwalle gänzlich erfüllt, und die Göttin ertränken würde, wäre ſie nicht von Stein. So aber ſteht ſie, auch naß und noch triefend und mit grünem friſchem Seegraſe wie bekränzt, nur deſto wunderbarer in ihrer unverwüſtlichen Schönheit, mit lächelndem Antlitz da, und lächelnd holdſelig ſelbſt den Barbier an, der die Gnade und Huld auch auf ſich bezog, wie den freundlichen Mondenſchein. So lange er krank war, verbarg er ſich hier vor den Kennern. Sobald er ſich aber wieder nothdürftig geheilt hatte, floh er nach Conſtantinopel; denn vom Einreiben des Giftes in Dſchems Haupt waren ihm ſeine Hände verrätheriſch geſchwollen, und Dſchem, der Künſte des Morgenlandes wohl kundig, hatte ſie öfter ſchweigend betrachtet, ihm ſanft auf die Schulter geklopft und nur geſagt: „Sein Vaterland verlieren, muß der äußerſte Schmerz ſeyn. Ich habe es dies nicht — und ſterbe ſchon! Gott ſei Dir barmherzig! Mir — haſt Du wohlgethan!“ — Durch dieſen Aufenthalt war ihm Sinanbeg zuvorgekommen bei dem Bruder Dſchems und hatte für die erſte Nachricht von deſſen Tode die hohe Würde eines Beglerbeg von Anatolien erhalten. Er war aber nur gegangen, um den Sultan zu bewegen, den armen Dſchem nach Bruſa in ſein Vaterland begraben und ſeinen Leichnam holen zu laſſen. Nur Charibſade Naſſuh, ſonſt der treuſte Freund des Lebenden, brachte jetzt die ihm vom Könige anvertraute Verlaſſenſchaft des todten Dſchem, ſtatt nach Alexandrien — nach Conſtantinopel! Aber um Dſchem ein Grab im Vaterlande bezahlt von ſeinem Bruder zu kaufen. Und Naſſuh ging ſelbſt mit trauriger Freude als Geſandter an den König Don Federico von Aragonien nach Neapel, holte den wie heilig gewordenen Sarg mit dem armen Dſchem, und beſtattete ihn am Grabe ſeines Großvaters Murad zu Bruſa. Dſchems arme Mutter kam an demſelben Tage nach Bruſa, umſchlang und küßte den Sarg, und genoß den armſelig-ſeligen Troſt einer Mutter, doch zu ſehen, wie ihr Kind begraben wird. Der Sultan Kitbai von Aegypten war geſtorben, und Sinanbeg hielt darauf bei der Mutter um Dſchems ſchöne junge Tochter an. Der Padiſchah ſah die Vermählung derſelben mit einem vom Volke nicht zum Herrſcher beſtimmt geglaubten Manne ſehr gern. Haider durfte ſie holen. Sinanbeg that Dſchem in ſeiner Tochter alle Liebe, alle Ehre, alle Güte; ſie ſah ihm ſo ähnlich, daß er manchmal von ihr wegging, heimlich zu weinen.

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[*] Siehe Romane: der X., [illegible]

Muſtapha, der Barbier, aber vollendete richtig ſein Werk. Erſt unbegrenzt belohnt für ſeine Ermordung des größten gefährlichſten Feindes des Reichs und des Lebens des Sultans, ward er darauf Vezier. Endlich Großvezier. Und ſeine Rache für das verlorene Vaterland führte die ſchrecklichſten Schläge gegen die Kinder Mahomets des Eroberers. Durch ſeinen Einfluß und Rath ward der friedliebende Sultan Bajeſid von ſeinem Sohne Selim ſelbſt wieder vom Throne geſtoßen und vergiftet. — Selim aber erfüllte das eigene Hausgeſetz des Eroberers Mahomet. Er ließ fünf junge Söhne ſeiner Anverwandten ſterben, deren Einer ſeinen Henker erſtach, die andern ihm zu Füßen fielen, und dem Padiſchah für Einen [illegible] des Tages Zeit Lebens treu und gehorſam zu dienen gelobten. Er mußte ſeinen Bruder Korkud tödten. Alle dieſe Opfer an das türkiſche Volk wurden um Dſchems prachtvolles Grabmal begraben, das ihm ſeine Mutter ſetzen dürfen. Muſtapha erpreßte unermeßliche Schätze, aber blos um die Armen ſeines Griechenvolks heimlich damit zu erquicken in ihrer Knechtſchaft. Er erlebte die Freude, daß der Papſt Borgia aus Verſehen von ſeinem ſich vergiftenden Sohne vergiftet ward. Und dennoch ſtarb er mit den Worten des armen Dſchem: „Das Vaterland verloren haben iſt der äußerſte Schmerz! Aber barmherziger Gott! wohin kann ich begraben werden? — In Sklaven-Erde! Ich ſage nicht: armer Dſchem! — Ich ſage mit brechendem Herzen: o Du reicher Dſchem!“

Joh. Scheffler, genannt Angelus Sileſius,

ward am 9. Jul. 1624 in Breslau geboren, ſtudirte Medicin, wurde dann Leibarzt Kaiſer Ferdinands III. und des Herzogs Sylvius von Oels. Durch das Leſen myſtiſcher Schriften in ſeinen Anſichten irre geleitet, ging er 1663 zur katholiſchen Kirche über, und ward biſchöflicher breslauiſcher Rath. Er ſtarb im Jeſuitenkloſter St. Matthiä zu Breslau am 9. Jul. 1677.

Er hinterließ:

Heilige Seelenluſt. Bresl. 1657. 97; ſpäter führen ſie den Titel:
Geiſtliche Hirtenlieder. Breslau 1702. 12.
Die betrübte Pſyche. Daſ.
Cherubiniſcher Wandersmann. Glogau, 1675. letzte A. Altona 1735.

Tiefe Religioſität, innige Begeiſterung, zartes Gefühl und eine reiche Phantaſie offenbaren ſich in den Poeſieen dieſes ausgezeichneten Mannes, der zugleich mit jenen Eigenſchaften eine ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form verband, doch gefiel er ſich zu ſehr im Spiel mit myſtiſchen Bildern und Anſchauungen, und gerade dieſe falſche Richtung mag Schuld ſeyn, daß er namentlich in neueſter Zeit wiederholt überſchätzt worden iſt.

Ergebung an Jeſum.

Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde
Deiner Gottheit haſt gemacht,
Liebe, die du mich ſo milde
Nach dem Fall haſt wiederbracht,
Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,
Dein zu bleiben ewiglich.

Liebe, die du mich erkoren,
Eh' als ich geſchaffen war,
Liebe, die du Menſch geboren
Und mir gleich wardſt ganz und gar,
Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,
Dein zu bleiben ewiglich.

Liebe, die für mich gelitten
Und geſtorben in der Zeit,
Liebe, die mir hat erſtritten
Ew'ge Luſt und Seligkeit,
Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,
Dein zu bleiben ewiglich.

Liebe, die mich hat gebunden
An ihr Joch mit Leib und Sinn,
Liebe, die mich überwunden
Und mein Herze hat dahin,
Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,
Dein zu bleiben ewiglich.

Liebe, die mich wird erwecken
Aus dem Grab der Sterblichkeit,
Liebe, die mich wird umſtecken
Mit dem Laub der Herrlichkeit,
Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,
Dein zu bleiben ewiglich.

Paſſionslied.

Die Seele Chriſti heil'ge mich,
Sein Geiſt verſenke mich in ſich,
Sein Leichnam, der für mich verwund't,
Der mach' mir Leib und Seel' geſund.

Das Waſſer, welches auf den Stoß
Des Speers aus ſeinen Seiten floß,
Das ſei mein Bad, und all ſein Blut
Erquicke mir Herz, Sinn und Muth.

Der Schweiß von ſeinem Angeſicht
Laß mich nicht kommen ins Gericht;
Sein ganzes Leiden, Kreuz und Pein,
Das wolle meine Stärke ſeyn.

O Jeſu Chriſt! erhöre mich,
Nimm und verbirg mich ganz in dich,
Laß mich in deine Wunden ein,
Daß ich vorm Feind kann ſicher ſeyn.

Ruf mir in meiner letzten Noth,
Und ſetz' mich neben dich, mein Gott,
Daß ich mit deinen Heil'gen all'n
Mög' ewiglich dein Lob erſchall'n.

Suchet den Herrn.

Wollt ihr den Heiland finden,
So ſuchet ihn noch heut';
Eilt, ihm euch zu verbinden:
Noch iſt die Gnadenzeit.
Wollt ihr die Kron' empfangen,
Dringt eifrig hin zum Ziel:
Wer Großes will erlangen,
Der mühet gern ſich viel.

Soll er ſich zu euch neigen,
So ſucht ihn in Geduld;
Gelaſſen ſein und ſchweigen
Erwirbt euch ſeine Huld.
Soll er ſich euch vereinen,
Sucht ihn in Niedrigkeit:
Die hoch zu ſtehen meinen,
Verfehlen ſeiner weit.

Drückt euch das Kreuz hernieder,
Sucht ihn in eurer Pein;
Leicht ſind von ihm geſchieden,
Die mit der Welt ſich freu'n.
Und kommt's mit euch zum Sterben,
Sucht ihn mit gläub'gem Sinn:
Er läßt euch nicht verderben,
Der Tod iſt euch Gewinn.

Sucht ihn im Himmel droben,
Im Chor der Seraphim:
Die ihn hier liebend loben,
Sind dort auch noch bei ihm.
Sucht ihn im tiefſten Herzen,
Dies iſt ſein Heiligthum:
So preiſt ihr, frei von Schmerzen,
Auf ewig ſeinen Ruhm.

Joh. Georg Scheffner,

geboren am 8. Auguſt 1736 zu Königsberg, ſtudirte Jurisprudenz, ward Secretär des Herzogs von Holſtein-Beck, diente hierauf im preußiſchen Militair, wurde dann 1765 Kammerſecretär zu Königsberg und 1767 Kriegs- und Steuerrath zu Gumbinnen. Im Jahre 1775 legte er ſeine Stelle nieder und lebte auf ſeinem Gute Sprindlak bei Labiau. Sein Todestag iſt der 16. Aug. 1820.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte vom Ueberſetzer des treuen Schäfers. Mitau 1773.
Gedichte in Grecourts Geſchmack. Frankf. und Leipz. 1771. N. A. Gedichte nach dem Leben. London 1786.
Gedichte. Mitau 1773.
Jugendliche Gedichte. Königsberg 1781.
Poeſieen eines Soldaten. Königsb. 1793.
Acheron und Antiacheron. Königsb. 1799.
Natürlichkeiten der ſinnlichen und empfindſamen Liebe. 4 Th. Königsb. 1796.
Spätling. 1803. Epiſteln zu den Spätlingen gehörig. Königsberg 1804.
Ein Vierblatt, gewachſen unter Schnee und Eis. 1813.
Mein Leben. Leipz. 1821. 22.

S. war keineswegs ohne Geiſt und Talent, aber von dem ſchlechten Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit, und von der franzöſiſchen Frivolität angeſteckt, ſuchte er die letztere in ſeinen Schriften auf deutſchen Boden zu verpflanzen und zog ſich mit Recht den Tadel der Beſſeren zu. Seine Autobiographie, welche ein mannichfach bewegtes Leben ſchildert, läßt manchen tieferen Blick in die damaligen Zuſtände thun.

Joh. Adolph Scheibe,

geboren im Jahre 1708 zu Leipzig, widmete ſich der Muſik, wurde markgräflicher kulmbachiſcher und 1745 däniſcher Kapellmeiſter zu Kopenhagen. Hier ſtarb er im April 1776.

Er hinterließ:

Thusnelde. Singſpiel. Leipzig und Kopenhagen. 1749.
Der wundervolle Tod des Welterlöſers, Orator. Leipz. u. Kopenh. 1754.
Holberg's Peter Paars, kom. Heldengedicht, überſ. Leipz. und Kopenh. 1764.

S. iſt einer der Erſten, welche ſich bemühten einen beſſeren Geſchmack in die Behandlung der Texte für Compoſitionen, namentlich bei der ernſten Oper, einzuführen.

Joh. Herm. Schein,

geboren in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts, war Kapellmeiſter zu Weimar, ſpäter Muſikdirector zu Leipzig und ſtarb 1631.

Er ſchrieb:

Neues Geſangbuch. Leipz. 1627. 1645. 1682.
Waldlieder. Erfurt 1643. 4.
Hirtenluſt. 1650. 4.

Er war nicht ohne Talent für die leichtere lyriſche Poeſie, und einige ſeiner Lieder verdienen noch jetzt freundliche Anerkennung, wenn man die Zeit in Erwägung zieht, in welcher ſie entſtanden.

Friedrich Wilhelm Joſeph v. Schelling.

Dieſer große Denker ward am 27. Januar 1775 zu Leonberg im Würtembergiſchen geboren, und ſtudirte Philoſophie und Theologie zu Tübingen, Leipzig und Jena. An letzterer Univerſität habilitirte er ſich als Privatdocent, und wurde 1798 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie daſelbſt und 1802 Doctor der Medizin. 1803 ging er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Würzburg und 1807 als Mitglied der Akademie nach München, wo er 1808 Generalſecretär der Akademie der bildenden Künſte wurde. Im Jahre 1820 verließ er aus Verdruß über eine literariſche Fehde mit dem Präſidenten der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften dieſe Stadt, und hielt nun in Erlangen philoſophiſche Vorleſungen; in Folge eines Rufes kehrte er jedoch 1827 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie mit dem Titel eines geheimen Hofrathes wieder nach München zurück. Als Dichter nannte er ſich Bonaventura.

Von ſeinen Schriften nennen wir, außer vielen Journalbeiträgen, nur:

Ueber die Möglichkeit einer Form der Philoſophie. Tübingen 1795.
Vom Ich. Tübingen 1795.
Idee zu einer Philoſophie der Natur. Leipzig 1797. 2te Aufl. 1803.
Von der Weltſeele. Hamb. 1798. 3te Aufl. 1809.
Erſter Entwurf eines Syſtems der Naturphiloſophie. Jena 1799.
Einleitung zu einem Syſtem der Naturphiloſophie. Jena 1799.
Syſtem des transſcendentalen Idealismus. Tübingen 1800.
Zeitſchrift für ſpeculative Philoſophie. 2 Bde. 1800—1802.
Kritiſches Journal der Philoſophie (mit Hegel). 2 Thle. Tübingen 1802.
Bruno. Berlin 1802.
Vorleſungen über die Methode des akadem. Studiums. Tübingen 1803.
Philoſophie und Religion. Tübingen 1804.
Nachtwachen. Penig 1805.
Ueber das Verhältniß des Idealen und Realen in der Natur. Hamburg 1806.
Darlegung des Verhältniſſes der Naturphiloſophie zur Fichteſchen Lehre. Tübingen 1806.
Anti-Sextus. Heidelberg 1807.
Ueber das Verhältniß der bildenden Künſte zur Natur. Landshut 1808.
Philoſophiſche Schriften. 1r Bd. Landshut 1809.
Denkmal der Schriften Jacobi's von den göttlichen Dingen. Tübingen 1812.
Allgemeine Zeitſchrift für Deutſche. 4 Hefte. Nürnberg 1813.
Ueber die Gottheiten von Samothrace. Tübingen 1815.

Schelling's philoſophiſches Syſtem zu würdigen und zu charakteriſiren iſt hier nicht der geeignete Ort, wohl aber muß der bedeutende Einfluß, den daſſelbe auf den Fortſchritt faſt aller Wiſſenſchaften in Deutſchland und namentlich auf die Behandlung der Geſchichte und der Poeſie ausübte, hervorgehoben werden. Dies iſt ſchon ſo treffend von Menzel in ſeiner deutſchen Literatur (Bd. I. S. 292 ff.) ausgeſprochen worden, daß jede andere Entwickelung doch nur eine Wiederholung ſeiner Worte ſein würde, weshalb wir dieſelben hier unverändert folgen laſſen: „Schelling bezeichnet die Reaction des Mittelalters gegen die moderne, der altklaſſiſchen Bildung des Mittelalters huldigende Zeit. Trotz der ausgezeichneten Geiſtesthätigkeit, die ſeit der Reformation im gebildeten, und namentlich proteſtantiſchen Europa herrſchte, hatte man ſich doch in einer merkwürdigen Einſeitigkeit verfangen. Man dachte und ſtudirte ſich gleichſam willkührlich aus der Weltgeſchichte, aus dem allgemeinen Zuſammenhange der irdiſchen Dinge hinaus, um eine ideale Traumwelt herzuſtellen, und wenn man ja ein Vorbild aus derſelben für die Vergangenheit annahm, war es das antike Leben der Griechen und Römer. Hier allein ſah man einige Helle, die ganze übrige Geſchichte war Nacht und Wüſte, troſtloſe Barbarei. Man verachtete die Vorzeit des eigenen Volkes und ſelbſt das Erhabene, Schöne, Bezaubernde der ſogenannten barbariſchen Zeiten des ungriechiſchen Orients und des katholiſchen Mittelalters wurde mißkannt und verhöhnt. Man war ſo gänzlich verblendet, daß ſelbſt die Wunder der gothiſchen Baukunſt auf die Herzen keinen Eindruck mehr machten, daß man ſie, die täglich vor Augen ſtanden, als Werke ſchwülſtiger, geſchmackloſer Barbarenphantaſie beachſelzuckte, und ſo durchgängig. Die ganze Weisheit und Poeſie der Morgenländer wie der romantiſchen Zeiten war verworfen, und wer ſie geprieſen hätte, würde für wahnſinnig gehalten worden ſein. Eine ſo gänzliche Abtödtung des hiſtoriſchen Gemeingefühls, eine Stockung des von Anbeginn durch die Weltgeſchichte ununterbrochen pulſirenden Lebens, konnte nur eine vorübergehende Krankheit, einſeitige und temporäre Erſtarrung ſein. Das Blut mußte, durch einen heftigen Ruck bewegt, wieder zu fließen anfangen. Dieſen Stoß bekam das europäiſche Leben durch die franzöſiſche Revolution, und ſeitdem erinnerte man ſich wieder an die ſo lange mißkannte Vorzeit, die Schuppen fielen uns von den Augen und wir erkannten, daß wir für alle Wunder jener Vergangenheit ſtockblind geweſen. Nun erfolgte freilich in Verbindung mit der politiſchen Contrerevolution oder Reſtauration, wie es in dieſer Welt der Extreme immer geht, gleich eine Ueberſchätzung des Mittelalters und des Orients im Gegenſatz gegen das klaſſiſche Alterthum und den modernen Proteſtantismus; allein abgeſehen von dieſem romantiſchen Fanatismus war es ein unendlicher Gewinn für die bisherige einſeitige Bildung, daß ſie die gerechte Würdigung bisher unbekannter oder verkannter Zeiten und ihre überraſchend neuen Lehren in ihrem Bereiche aufnahm und aus der Vergleichung des Klaſſiſchen mit dem Romantiſchen erſt das Kriterium ſchöpfte. Es ſpricht übrigens auf's Neue für die wunderbare Gabe der Deutſchen, Alles gleich zur Philoſophie zu erheben, daß kaum jene Reaction gegen die bisherige klaſſiſche Kleingläubigkeit eingetreten war, als auch ſchon in Schelling ein Philoſoph erſtand, der mit dem erſten Blick in die Enttäuſchung auch ſchon in einer einzigen ſonnenklaren Idee die tiefſte Begründung und Ueberſicht der neuen Bildung ausſprach.

Bei weitem das wichtigſte Ergebniß der Philoſophie Schelling's ſcheint die parteiloſe, epiſche Weltanſicht zu ſein, die ſie mit ſich bringt, und der die Laien ſelbſt immer mehr entgegen kommen, ſeit ſo viele Erfahrungen die Leidenſchaft abgekühlt und die endlos verwickelten Widerſprüche eine gewiſſe Duldung und Indifferenz herbeigeführt haben. Im Syſtem Schelling's findet jede Partei gegenüber der andern ihren Platz, die Entzweiung wird als eine natürliche nachgewieſen, ihre Widerſprüche werden auf einen urſprünglichen, nothwendigen Gegenſatz zurückgeführt. Dieſes Syſtem duldet durchaus nichts Ausſchließliches, durchaus keine unbedingte Herrſchaft einer Anſicht, keine unbedingte Verfolgung der andern. Es ſucht in einer Phyſik des Geiſtes und der Geſchichte jedem geiſtigen Weſen, ſei es ein Charakter, oder eine Meinung, oder eine Begebenheit, daſſelbe Recht zu ſichern, wie in der gemeinen Phyſik jedem materiellen Weſen. Es betrachtet die hiſtoriſchen Perioden wie die Jahreszeiten, die Nationalitäten wie die Zonen, die Temperamente wie die Elemente, die Charaktere wie die Kreaturen, die Aeußerungen derſelben in Geſinnungen und Handlungen, als ſo nothwendig in der Natur gegründet, und als ſo verſchieden wie die Inſtinkte. Nach dieſem Syſteme herrſcht ein Wachsthum und ein geheimnißvoller Zug, eine Mannigfaltigkeit und eine Ordnung in der geiſtigen Welt wie in der Natur. Dieſe neue epiſche Anſicht empfiehlt ſich allen denen, die in einem weiteren Umkreiſe das Leben überblickt haben. In ihr allein findet der endloſe Meinungsſtreit ſeine Beruhigung, und jeder Widerſpruch die einfachſte natürlichſte Löſung. Ohne mit Schelling und ſeiner Schule vertraut zu ſein, ſind viele einſichtsvolle Männer durch eine lange Erfahrung von ſelbſt auf dieſen Standpunkt der Betrachtung geführt worden. Nach einer weiten Lebensreiſe haben ſie auf alles zurückgeblickt, was ſie geſehen und überſehen, geſtrebt und verlaſſen, gefunden und verloren, und von ſelbſt hat das wilde Drama, in welchem ſie als handelnde Perſonen einſeitige Zwecke blind verfolgt, ſich ihnen in ein ruhiges Epos verwandelt, und ſie ſind als Zuſchauer dem Dichter zur Seite niedergeſeſſen, um die lange Vergangenheit und ſich ſelbſt darin, wie von einem Berge herab in ſtiller Ferne zu überſchauen. Die im religiöſen Gebiete eingetretene Indifferenz und die großen, alle Parteien in gleicher Weiſe widerlegenden und rechtfertigenden Erfahrungen in Politik und Geſchichte haben die epiſche, ruhige Würdigung des Weltkampfes unterſtützt, und ſelbſt in der Poeſie iſt ihr jetzt durch die Alles überwuchernde Romanenwelt in Walter Scott's Manier ein breites Feld gewonnen worden. Die hiſtoriſchen Romane huldigen der Idee nach der unparteilichſten Betrachtung aller Zeiten, Völker und Parteien, und werden es immer mehr thun müſſen.“

Eduard v. Schenk,

geboren in der zweiten Hälfte des vorigen Jahrhunderts, trat frühzeitig nach zurückgelegten Univerſitätsjahren in den baier'ſchen Staatsdienſt, ward bald wirklicher Rath und erſter geheimer Secretär im Staatsminiſterium der Juſtiz in München, erhielt die Adelswürde, ward dann Miniſterialrath im Miniſterium des Innern, ſpäter Staatsminiſter und 1831 Chef der Regierung zu Regensburg. Er ſtarb plötzlich im April 1841.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Kanova's Tod. Stuttgart 1823.
König Ludwigs Traum. München 1826.
Kantate auf die Todtenfeier von Klara Weſpermann. 1828.
Schauſpiele. 3 Thle. Stuttgart 1829. 33. 35.
Chriſtliche Pſalmblumen. Regensburg 1831.
Ahnen und Enkel. Feſtſpiel. Regensburg 1833.
Charitas. 2 Jahrg. Regensburg 1834. 35.

Eine reiche, aber ſehr geregelte Phantaſie, ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, verbunden mit hoher Anmuth, Kraft und Wohllaut, Innigkeit und tiefe Religioſität haben dieſem Dichter einen bleibenden Ruf verſchafft, der jedoch bei größerer innerer Freiheit weit glänzender und allgemeiner geworden wäre. Sein Beliſar iſt als ſeine beſte dramatiſche Production zu betrachten.

F. Maximilian G. Schenk v. Schenkendorf,

geboren am 11. December 1790 zu Königsberg in Preußen (nach Einigen zu Tilſit), widmete ſich dem Studium der Rechte, verließ aber im J. 1813 ſeine Heimath und wandte ſich nach Süddeutſchland. Er ſtarb als Regierungsrath zu Koblenz am Rhein am 11. December 1819.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Studien. 1s Heft. Berlin 1808.
Chriſtliche Gedichte. 1814.
Die deutſchen Städte. Frankfurt 1814.
Gedichte. Stuttgart u. Tübingen 1815.
Auf den Tod der Kaiſerin Maria Ludovika Beatrix. 4 Geſänge. Frankfurt 1816.
Poetiſcher Nachlaß. Berlin 1832.

Schenkendorf war einer der begeiſtertſten Sänger im Befreiungskriege und hat durch ſeine edeln und wahrhaft patriotiſchen Lieder, von denen noch jetzt viele im Munde ſeines Volkes, beſonders der Jugend leben, außerordentlich gewirkt. Hohe Würde, Innigkeit, Enthuſiasmus für Freiheit und Recht, glühende Phantaſie und ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form weiſen ſeinen Poeſieen einen hohen Rang auf dem Gebiete deutſcher lyriſcher Dichtkunſt an, nur neigte er ſich häufig mit zu großer Vorliebe der myſtiſchen Auffaſſung des Glaubens, beſonders in ſeinen ſpäteren Liedern zu, die daher auch nicht eine gleich freundliche Aufnahme bei der Nation, wie ſeine Kriegsgeſänge fanden, obwohl ſie von Vielen hochgeſchätzt werden.

Ausgewählte Gedichte

von

Max. v. Schenkendorf.

Landſturm.

Die Feuer ſind entglommen
Auf Bergen nah und fern,
Ha, Windsbraut, ſei willkommen,
Willkommen, Sturm des Herrn!

O zeuch durch unſre Felder
Und reinige das Land,
Durch unſre Tannenwälder,
Du Sturm von Gott geſandt!

Ihr Thürme, hoch erhoben
In freier Himmelsluft,
So zauberiſch umwoben
Vom blauen Wolkenduft,

Wie habt ihr oft gerufen
Die andachtsvolle Schaar,
Wenn an des Altars Stufen
Das Heil zu finden war!

Die Wetter oft ſich brachen
Von eurem Glockenklang;
Nun führet ihr andre Sprachen,
Es klingt wie Brautgeſang.

Das Land iſt aufgeſtanden,
Ein herrlich Oſterfeſt —
Iſt frei von Sklavenbanden,
Die hielten nicht mehr feſt.

Wo Tod ſind deine Schrecken,
O Hölle, wo dein Sieg,
Und Satan, wie dich decken
In dieſem heil'gen Krieg?

Beſchritten iſt der Runge
Geweihter Zauberkreis,
Nicht mehr um Eichenkränze
Zieht Jüngling nun und Greis.

Nun gilt es um das Leben,
Es gilt um's höchſte Gut,
Wir ſetzen dran, wir geben
Mit Freuden unſer Blut.

Du liebende Gemeine,
Wie ſonſt am Tiſch des Herrn
Im gläubigen Vereine,
Wie fröhlich ſtrahlt dein Stern!

Wie lieblich klingt, wie helle
Der Loſung Bibelton:
„Hie Wagen Gottes, Gottes Reuter,
Hie Schwert des Herrn und Gideon!“

Bei ſeines Vaters Tod.

† den 24. Januar 1813.

Schlaf' in deiner engen Kammer,
Lieber alter Vater, ſchlaf',
Glücklich, daß nach langem Jammer
Noch dich frohe Zeitung traf.

Dank dir, daß in unſre Herzen
Du der Ehre Muth gelegt,
Der wohl Hunger, Durſt und Schmerzen,
Knechtſchaft nie und Schande trägt.

Wenn auch Fremde dich begraben,
Schlaf' in freier Erde nun,
Lieber Vater, ſchau, wir haben
Jetzt ein beſſres Werk zu thun.

Dann erſt, wenn die deutſchen Auen
Keine Feinde mehr entweihn,
Wollen wir dein Grabmal bauen,
Schreiben deinen Leichenſtein.

Oben in den blauen Hallen
Bei den Vätern weile du,
Unſer Schlachtruf ſoll ſchallen
Bis in deine ſel'ge Ruh.

Bei den Ruinen der Hohenſtaufen Burg.

April 1813.

Schnee und Regen haltet ein!
Nimmer zwingt ihr mein Gebein.
Aber nicht mit kühler Fluth,
Nein, mit Feuer und mit Gluth
Soll man hier die Ritter taufen.
Kommt, ihr Blitze, brecht hervor,
Daß ich finden mag das Thor
Zu der Burg der Hohenſtaufen.

Einſam ſteig' ich auf die Höhn,
Wo die letzten Trümmer ſtehn,
Will dort wecken meinen Zorn,
Will mir ſchärfen Schwerdt und Sporn,
An den alten heil'gen Steinen.
Denn mir kam ein Herrgebot,
Und im Oſten ſah ich roth
Schon die Flammenloſung ſcheinen.

Alte, gute, deutſche Zeit,
Weckſt nimmer Gram und Neid;
Nun aus deiner tiefen Gruft
Dich des Volkes Stimme ruft.
Wieder ſollen Lieder ſchallen,
Wieder hört man frohe Mähr
Von der Deutſchen Sieg und Ehr',
Wie in Kaiſer Friedrichs Hallen.

Zeuch' in Gottes Krieg hinaus,
Altes Hohenſtaufen Haus!
Wo man Teufels Künſte dämpft,
Wird um Gottes Reich gekämpft.
Hier auch gibt es Sarazenen,
Hier auch iſt ein Orient,
Wo die deutſche Liebe brennt,
Hier auch iſt ein Platz der Thränen,

Wo man unſre Mutter ſchlug,
Die uns All' am Herzen trug.
Hier auch iſt ein heil'ges Grab,
Wo die Herrin ſich hinab
Barg mit vielen tiefen Wunden,
Wo ſie einſam harrt und lauſcht,
Ob der Sieger Flug nicht rauſcht,
Ach, ſchon viele Tag' und Stunden.

Zieh' dem deutſchen Heer voraus,
Altes Hohenſtaufen Haus.
Oder wer berufen iſt,
Wer ein Deutſcher iſt, ein Chriſt —
Und ein Freier wohlgeboren,
Ritter, Prieſter, Bauersmann,
Zieh' voran dem heil'gen Bann,
Alle haben ihn erkoren.

Flammen lodern, Fahnen wehn,
Und es wird mit Gott geſchehn
Was der Weiſen Muth erkor,
Was der Treuen Herz beſchwor.
Lebet wohl, ihr heil'gen Mauern,
Siegesluſt wird bald euch kund,
Und der neue deutſche Bund
Soll auch Steine überdauern.

Schlachtgeſang.

Ob Tauſend uns zur Rechten,
Zehntauſend uns zur Linken,
Ob alle Brüder ſinken,
Wir wollen ehrlich fechten.

Zur Rechten nicht noch Linken,
Gen Himmel iſt zu ſchauen
Und muthig einzuhauen,
Wo Feindeswaffen blinken.

Gott kann ſchon Hülfe ſenden,
Der Engel Legionen,
Die halten grüne Kronen
Und Waffen in den Händen.

Er ſchwur bei ſeinem Leben,
Er ſteht an unſrer Seiten,
Wenn wir im beſten Streiten
Die Häupter zu ihm heben.

Das Kreuz das iſt ſein Zeichen,
Wer will es niederreißen,
Das tragen alle Preußen,
Die Hölle muß ihm weichen.

Das Bild in Gelnhauſen *).

Zu Gelnhauſen an der Mauer
Steht ein ſteinern altes Haupt,
Einſam in dem Hauch der Trauer,
Das der Epheu grün umlaubt.

Und das Haupt es ſcheint zu ſprechen:
Starb die ganze deutſche Welt?
Will kein Mann die Unbill rächen,
Bis der Erde Bau zerfällt?

Und das Haupt es ſcheint zu grüßen,
Fragend und bald ſtreng, bald mild.
Laßt es uns in Demuth küſſen,
Das iſt Kaiſer Friedrichs Bild.

Herrlich hat ſein Schloß geſtanden
Hier vor langer ferner Zeit,
Als er nach den Morgenlanden
Zog in Gottes heil'gen Streit.

Rothbart, wie ſo feſt gebunden,
Hält ein Zauber dich gebannt?
Fließt hier Blut aus offnen Wunden,
Sind das Thränen an der Wand?

Alter Herr, ich kann dir melden
Reiches, ſchönes Freudenwort.
Schon, dort ziehn viel tauſend Helden
In die Schlachten Gottes fort.

Und die Welſchen ſind geſchlagen,
Und es ſiegt das heil'ge Kreuz,
Wieder lebet aus deinen Tagen
Lebensfülle, Lebensreiz.

Magſt nun dich zur Ruhe legen,
Altes ſtolzes Kaiſerhaupt,
Deine Kraft, dein Waffenſegen
Wird uns nimmermehr geraubt! —

Kaiſer Karl der Große.

Nun ſind es tauſend Jahr,
Daß Kaiſer Karl geſchlafen.
Wer zählt der Grimmen Schaar,
Die in der Zeit uns trafen?

Hat dir von unſrer Welt
Im Grabe nicht geträumet?
O frommer Chriſtenheld,
Du haſt ſehr viel verſäumet.

Das ganze Deutſchland ſchaut
Voll Schmerz nach deinen Zeiten.
Der heil'ge Morgen graut,
Zu dem wir uns bereiten.

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*) Der alte Kaiſerpallaſt bei Gelnhauſen wurde vom Kaiſer Friedrich I. erbaut. Ruinen deſſelben nebſt dem einen [illegible] Friedrich Barbaroſſa's ſind noch vorhanden.

Nun rufen wir dir zu,
Geliebtes Haupt, erwache,
Erſteh' von langer Ruh!
Vollziehe du die Rache!

Steh' auf in Herrlichkeit,
Nimm Schwert und Zepter wieder,
Dann kommt die beßre Zeit
Vom Himmel zu uns nieder.

Brief in die Heimath.

Was lockt ihr, was winkeſt du
O Vaters Hof und Garten?
Wie darf ich nun in ſchnöder Ruh
Der ſtillen Felder warten?
Das wäre mir ein ſchlechter Ruhm,
An Haus und Gut und Eigenthum
In ſolcher Zeit zu denken.

Mein Preußen, ſüßes Heimathland,
Du biſt mir nimmer ferne,
Du heil'ges Meer, mein Oſtſeeſtrand,
Ich grüßt' euch gar zu gerne;
Wo ich die früh'ſte Luſt empfand,
Wo mich die erſte Liebe band,
Da blüht ein Garten Gottes.

Ich ging im Hain, am Bach, ich trank
Die Luſt mit vollen Zügen.
Doch andre Zeit bringt andern Drang,
Das konnte mir nicht gnügen.
Viel Stimmen in mir klangen laut,
Friſch auf, du junges Blut, die Braut
Von fern her heim zu führen.

Und als das Heer der Welſchen kam,
In jenen finſtern Tagen,
Als Keiner noch die Waffen nahm,
Die Räuber zu erſchlagen,
Mocht' ich den Jammer nimmer ſchau'n,
Weit ging ich von der Heimath Au'n,
Dem Rhein die Noth zu klagen.

Ich ſah ihn, wie er zürnend floß
Und ſchmählich trug die Bande;
Ich ſah auch manch zerfallnes Schloß
An ſeinem Felſenſtrande.
Da dacht' ich: Weh dir, ſchnöde Welt,
Wo Kraft und Herrlichkeit zerfällt,
Du liegeſt recht im Argen.

Und aus den grauen Trümmern klang
Der ſtrengen Geiſter Schelten:
Die Heimath, die in Schutt verſank,
Soll dir nicht alles gelten!
Die alten Steine liegen da,
Der Väter Segen iſt euch nah,
Erbaut euch neue Schlöſſer!

Im hohen Oſt, in Moskau ſtieg
Empor die Oriflamme,
Und alle Völker riefen Krieg
Und Haß dem fremden Stamme.
Da brach hervor aus jeder Bruſt
Tyrannenhaß und Freiheitluſt,
Der alten Völker Leben.

O Knabenluſt, o Jugendluſt,
Wie mag ich eurer denken;
Jetzt gilt es nur, in Feindesbruſt
Den ſcharfen Speer zu ſenken.
Zerfallen magſt du kleines Haus,
Mit vielen Brüdern zog ich aus,
Ein größeres zu bauen.

Ein Haus der Freiheit und des Ruhms,
Der Weisheit, Schönheit, Stärke,
Ein' Burg des alten Ritterthums,
Ein Rüſthaus jedem Werke,
Das nach dem rechten Ziele ſtrebt,
Ein Haus, in dem der Glaube lebt,
Die Liebe, Zucht und Ehre.

Der alten Stämme ſollen viel
In dieſem Hauſe wohnen,
Bei Gottesdienſt und Saitenſpiel
Ein Herrſcher in ihm thronen,
Der Herrlichſte der ganzen Welt,
Ein Prieſter und ein Rittersheld,
Man heißt ihn deutſcher Kaiſer.

In dieſem Hauſe ſoll ein Quell
Durch Gottes Huld entſpringen,
Der wird ſo rein und ſilberhell
Durch viele Länder dringen,
Und wo er fließet, blüht ein Strauß,
O Heimath ſüß, o Vaterhaus,
Euch alle wird er laben.

Kehrt' ich nun heim, ein halber Mann,
Eh' ganz das Werk vollzogen,
So ſähen mich wohl fragend an,
Die früher mir gewogen.
Ich ſelber fühlte mich verbannt,
Die alten Bilder an der Wand,
Ich dürfte ſie nicht grüßen.

Doch was ich denke, was ich thu',
O Heimath! iſt dein eigen,
Daß ich dein treuer Kämpfer bin,
Soll Schwert und Zitter zeigen.
Es kommt ein Jahr, es kommt ein Tag,
Daß ich dich wieder ſehen mag,
Das wird mir Freude geben.

Und fänd' ich nimmer ein Quartier,
Wär' anders mir geſponnen,
Vielleicht aus ſchönen Wunden mir
Das heiße Blut entronnen;
Auch noch im Grabe bin ich dein,
Man ſoll auf meinem Leichenſtein
Von meinem Lande leſen.

Du heil'ges Meer, du ſtiller Strand,
Auch fern euch zu gehören,
Mein Heimathland, mein Preußenland,
Mag ich mich kühn verſchwören.
Mein Volk, du biſt zuerſt erwacht,
So feſt, ſo freudig in der Schlacht,
O Volk zu Gottes Ehre!

Der Schwarzwald.

Wie fröhlich hier im reichen Thal
Die lieben Bäume ſtehn,
Gereift an Gottes mildem Strahl,
Geſchützt von jenen Höhn.

Ihr Kirſchen und ihr Käſten ſollt
Noch manches Jahr gedeihn,
Auch du, Getreid, fließend Gold,
Auch du, Markgrafenwein.

Doch höher, immer höher zieht,
Zum Walde zieht mich's hin.
Dort nach dem dunkeln Gipfel ſteht
Mein liebetrunkner Sinn.

O Dreiſam, ſüßer Aufenthalt,
O Freiburg, ſchöner Ort!
Mich ziehet nach dem höchſten Wald
Die höchſte Sehnſucht fort.

Nicht ſchrecket mich im Höllenthor
Der grauſe Felſenberg,
Weit über Land und Feld empor
Zum Gipfel geht mein Weg.

Dein Waſſer ſchöpf' ich in der Hand,
O Donau, frohe Fahrt!
Verkünde nur im Morgenland
Des Deutſchen Sinn und Art.

Du mit dem weißen Wälderhut
Und mit dem ſchwarzen Band,
O Mägdlein ſittig, ſchön und gut,
Grüß mir das deutſche Land.

Ich muß hinauf zum ſchwarzen Wald,
So liebend und allein,
Dort ſoll fortan mein Aufenthalt
Und meine Freude ſein.

Euch Bäume hat kein Menſch geſtreut,
Euch ſä'te Gottes Hand,
Ihr alten hohen Tannen ſeid
Mir meines Gottes Pfand.

Durch eure ſchlanken Wipfel geht
Sein wunderbarer Gang,
In euren grünen Zweigen weht
Ein ſchauervoller Klang.

Das iſt ein ferner Liebeston,
Er klingt wohl tauſend Jahr,
Von Geiſtern, deren Zeit entflohn
Und deren Burg hier war.

Wie ſchaurig hier und wie allein
Im höchſten ſchwarzen Wald,
Nicht fern kann hier die Wohnung ſein
Der ſeligſten Geſtalt.

Die Freiheit, die mein Herz gewann,
Der ſüßen Heidenbraut,
Der ich, ein liebentbrannter Mann,
Für ewig mich vertraut.

O Freiheit, Freiheit komm' heraus,
So kräftig und ſo fromm,
Aus deinem grünen dunklen Haus,
Du ſchöne Freiheit komm!

Dort unten laß dich wieder ſchau'n,
Im freien deutſchen Land,
Bewahre du die treuen Gau'n
Vor welſchem Sklavenſtand.

Auf dem Schloß zu Heidelberg,

im Julius 1814.

Es zieht ein leiſes Klagen
Um dieſes Hügels Rand,
Das klingt wie alte Sagen
Vom lieben deutſchen Land.
Es ſpricht in ſolchen Tönen
Sich Geiſterſehnſucht aus:
Die theuren Väter ſehnen
Sich nach dem alten Haus.

Wo der wilde Sturm nun ſauſet,
Hat in ſeiner Majeſtät
König Ruprecht einſt gehauſet *),
Den der Fürſten Kraft erhöht.
Sänger kamen hergegangen
Zu dem freien Königsmahl,
Und die goldnen Becher klangen
In dem weiten Ritterſaal.

Wo die granitnen Säulen
Noch ſtehn aus Karls Palaſt,
Sah man die Herrſcher weilen
Bei kühler Brunnen Raſt,
Und wo zwei Engel koſen,
Der Bundespforte Wacht,
Zeigt uns von ſieben Roſen
Ein Kranz, was ſie gedacht.

Ach, es iſt in Staub geſunken
All der Stolz, die Herrlichkeit;
Brüder, daß ihr letzter Funken
Nicht erſtirbt in dieſer Zeit,
Laßt uns hier ein Bündniß ſtiften,
Unſre Vorzeit zu erneun,
Aus den Grüften, aus den Schriften
Ihre Geiſter zu befrein.

Vor allen, die geſeſſen
Auf Ruprecht's hohem Thron,
War Einem zugemeſſen **)
Der höchſte Erdenlohn.
Wie jauchzten rings die Lande
Am Neckar jener Zeit,
Als er vom Engellande
Das Königskind gefreit.

Viel der beſten Ritter kamen,
Ihrem Dienſte ſich zu weihn.
Dort wo noch mit ihrem Namen
Prangt ein Thor von rothem Stein,
Ließ ſie fern die Blicke ſchweifen
In das weite, grüne Thal.
Nach dem Fernen ſoll ſie greifen
In des Herzens falſcher Wahl.

Da kam wie Meereswogen,
Wie rother Feuerbrand,
Ein bittres Weh gezogen
Zum lieben Vaterland.
Die alten Veſten bebten,
Es ſchwand des Glaubens Schein,
Und finſtre Mächte ſtrebten,
Die Fremden zogen ein.

Weit erſchallt wie Kirchenglocken,
Deutſchland, deine Herrlichkeit,
Und es weckt ſo ſüßes Locken
Immerdar des Welſchen Neid.
Wunden mag er gerne ſchlagen
Die mit frevelvoller Hand,
Wie er in der Väter Tagen
Die geprieſ'ne Pfalz verbrannt.

Zu lang nur hat gegolten
Die ſchmähliche Geduld;
Doch was wir büßen ſollten,
Wie groß auch unſre Schuld, —
Sie iſt rein abgewaſchen
Im warmen Feindesblut,
Und herrlich aus den Aſchen
Steigt unſer altes Gut.

Lange hielten drum die Wache
Jene Ritter an dem Thurm,
Ob nicht käme Tag der Rache,
Ob nicht wehte Gottes Sturm.
Jetzt erwarmen ſie am Scheine
Von dem hohen Freiheitlicht,
Daß die Bruſt von hartem Steine
Schier in Wonn' und Liebe bricht.

So flog nach dreißig Jahren,
Eliſabeth, dein Sohn,
Der manches Land durchfahren,
Auf ſeines Vaters Thron.
Er that, wie Ritter pflegen,
War ſeines Landes Schutz,
Und bot mit ſeinem Degen
Dem Welſchen Schimpf und Trutz.

Nimm denn auch auf deinem Throne,
Theurer, höchſter Heldenſchatz,
Angethan mit goldner Krone,
Deutſchland, wieder deinen Platz.
Alles will für dich erglühen,
Alte Tugend ziehet ein,
Und die deutſchen Mädchen blühen
An dem Neckar wie am Rhein.

Das Bergſchloß.

Baden-Baden 1814.

Da droben auf jenem Berge,
Da ſteht ein altes Haus,
Es ſchreiten zu Nacht und zu Mittag
Viel Rittergeſtalten heraus.

Die weilten in herrlichen Tagen
Hier fröhlich am gaſtlichen Herd,
Sie haben viel Schlachten geſchlagen,
Sie haben viel Becher geleert.

Das alles iſt leider vorüber,
In Trümmern das alte Thor;
Wer ruft aus Schutt und aus Grüften
Die mächtige Zeit uns hervor?

Und mag ſie ſich nimmer erheben,
Und hält ſie der ewige Neid,
Wir wollen auf's Neue ſie leben,
Die alte, die ſelige Zeit.

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*) König Ruprecht von der Pfalz († 1410), Erbauer eines Theils des heidelberger Schloſſes.

**) Friedrich V., Gemahl der Eliſabeth von England, zum Vater des edeln Karl Ludwig.

Wir ſind hier zuſammen gekommen,
Und ſprengen den köſtlichen Wein,
Zum Wohnſitz der Freien und Frommen
Das Erbtheil der Deutſchen zu weihn.

Sieh, Bürger und Ritter auf's Neue
Erheben zum Schwure die Hand.
Wir meinen es recht in der Treue,
Du liebes, du heiliges Land.

Das Münſter.

1814.

In Straßburg ſteht ein hoher Thurm,
Der ſteht viel hundert Jahr,
Es weht um ihn ſo mancher Sturm,
Er bleibet feſt und klar.

So war auch wohl die fromme Welt,
Die ſolches Werk gedacht,
Zu dem ſie von dem Sternenzelt
Den Abriß hergebracht.

Wie ſich ein ew'ges Heldenmal,
Das Gotteshaus erhebt,
Aus dem ein heller, ſchlanker Strahl,
Der Thurm gen Himmel ſtrebt.

So war auch einſt das deutſche Reich,
So war der deutſche Mann,
Auf ſtarkem Grund, im Herzen reich,
Das Haupt zu Gott hinan.

Und wie den feſten Bau umgiebt
Die ſchöne Heil'genwelt,
So hatte jeder, was er liebt',
In ihren Schutz geſtellt.

Wir wollen vor dem Altar noch
Ein fromm Gelübde thun,
Daß nimmermehr ſoll fremdes Joch
Auf deutſchen Nacken ruhn.

Wir ſprechen dort ein hohes Wort,
Ein brünſtiges Gebet,
Daß Gott der Deutſchen ſtarker Hort
Verbleibe ſtet und ſtet.

Daß, wie der Thurm, der deutſche Sinn,
Entwachſe ſeiner Zeit,
Und nach dem Himmel ſtrebe hin,
Wenn ihn die Welt bedräut.

Und ob wir wieder heimwärts gehn,
Wir wenden unſern Blick,
Und ſchauen nach des Baues Höhn
Wie nach dem Thurm zurück.

Die Bundesfahn' in Feindes Hand?
Der Thurm in Welſcher Macht?
O nein! ſie ſind voraus geſandt
Als kühne Vorderwacht.

Wir retten euch, wir haben's Eil,
Vergaß euch doch kein Herz,
O Wolkenſäul', o Feuerſäul',
Schaut immer heimathwärts.

Der Dom zu Speier *).

Ich kenn' ein edles Gotteshaus
An einem ſchönen Fluß,
Da löſchen alle Lampen aus,
Da hört die Jungfrau keinen Gruß;
Der Schiffer, der vorüberzieht
Und ſeufzend nach den Trümmern ſieht,
Erzählt von ferner Tage Feier:
Das iſt der hohe Dom zu Speier.

Ich kenn' ein altes Kaiſergrab,
Ein tiefes feſtes Haus,
Da ſtieg ein Heldenchor hinab,
Zu ruhn von langer Arbeit aus.
Die Kaiſergräber ſind entweiht,
Die Kaiſergräber ſind entweiht,
Erbrochen wurden dieſe Grüfte,
Die Aſche flog in alle Lüfte.

Der lang einſt unbegraben lag,
Hat wieder keine Gruft,
Der Heinrich, welcher manchen Tag
Ein Pilgrim ſtand in Winterluft;
Philipp und Albrecht ſind vom Schwerdte
So ſchmerzlich nicht, als hier, verſehrt.
O Rudolph, der das Reich errettet,
Wie ſchimpflich wurde dir gebettet!

Die lagen hier und manches Herz,
Das lang geſeufzt nach Ruh,
O Leichenſpott, o Leichenſchmerz!
Wer rächet dich? wann endeſt du?
Wer war es, der die Gräber brach,
Und hier die Gotteslaſt'rung ſprach?
Laut werd' es aller Welt verkündigt:
Die Welſchen haben ſo geſündigt!

O Deutſchland, reiches Vaterland,
Ein Grab für deine Herrn!
Nur Stein und Erde, wenig Sand,
In deutſcher Erde ruhn ſie gern.
Dann grabe du dem Leichenſtein
Ein Heldenwort, ein deutſches, ein:
„Die Schmach der Gräber iſt gerochen,
Und Babels Mauern ſind gebrochen."

O Biſchofsthum, o Gotteshaus,
Zu zeugen am Gericht,
Steht immerfort in Schutt und Graus, —
Wir baun euch fürder nicht.
Doch unſern Kaiſern wird ein Mal
Erheben ſich im Sonnenſtrahl:
Man ſoll das ganze Reich der Freien
Zum Denkmal deutſcher Helden weihen.

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*) Der alte Dom zu Speier, welcher von Konrad dem Salier im Jahr 1030 gegründet wurde, und in welchem faſt alle deutſchen Kaiſer von Konrad II. bis auf Albrecht I. begraben liegen, ward von den Franzoſen im J. 1689 ruchlos zerſtört.

Andreas Daniel Berthold von Schepeler.

Dieſer als Krieger, Staatsmann und Hiſtoriker gleich ausgezeichnete Gelehrte ward 1780 in Göttingen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Mathematik und Kriegswiſſenſchaften und trat dann 1799 als Cadet in kaiſerliche Dienſte, und wurde hier bei dem Generalſtabe angeſtellt, und beſonders während der Friedenszeiten mit Meſſungen beſchäftigt. Im Jahre 1808 ging er zum preußiſchen Heere über, nahm Theil am Feldzuge des Herzogs von Braunſchweig-Oels und wohnte dann dem ſpaniſchen Kriege gegen Napoleon bei, durch Tapferkeit vielfachen Ruhm erwerbend. 1814 trat er in preußiſche Dienſte zurück, und ward als Geſchäftsträger nach Madrid geſandt, wo er bis 1817 verweilte. Dann ließ er ſich mit dem Range eines Obriſten als Privatmann in Aachen nieder und widmete ſich ganz künſtleriſchen und wiſſenſchaftlichen Beſchäftigungen, mit beſonderer Vorliebe ſeine reiche Gemäldeſammlung pflegend.

Er gab heraus:

Anſichten des politiſchen Zuſtandes von Europa u. ſ. w. nebſt zwei Fortſetzungen. Haag 1831—1832. 3 Thle.
Geſchichte der ſpaniſchen Monarchie von 1810—1823. 3 Thle. Aachen 1829—33.
Beiträge zu der Geſchichte Spaniens. Aachen 1828.
Geſchichte der Revolution Spaniens und Portugals. 2 Bde in 3 Abtheilungen. Berlin 1826—27.
Geſchichte der Revolutionen des ſpaniſchen Amerika von 1808—23. Aachen 1833—34. 2 Bde.

Mehrere Ueberſetzungen aus dem Spaniſchen, kleinere Aufſätze u. ſ. w.

Reiche Kenntniß, politiſcher Scharfblick, ſeltener Sammlerfleiß und eine lebendige Darſtellung verleihen den hiſtoriſchen Forſchungen dieſes reichbegabten Mannes einen hohen und bleibenden Werth.

Hermann Heinrich Scherm,

zu Anfange des 17. Jahrh. zu Jever geboren, lebte 1638 zu Hamburg.

Er hinterließ:

Neuerbaute Schäferei von der Liebe Dafnis und Chryſilla neben einem Aufzug vom Schaafdiebe, eine Waldcomödia. Hamburg 1638.

Obwohl im Allgemeinen nur eine Nachbildung italieniſcher Muſter, iſt dieſe Arbeit doch bemerkenswerth als das erſte urſprüngliche idylliſche Drama, das die Geſchichte deutſcher Poeſie aufzuweiſen hat.

Theoderich Schernbeck, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Georg Scherz,

geboren 1678 zu Straßburg, ſtudirte zu Straßburg und Halle Jurisprudenz, machte hierauf Reiſen, wurde 1702 in ſeiner Geburtsſtadt Profeſſor der practiſchen Philoſophie, 1710 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte und ſpäter Probſt des Thomaniſchen Kapitels und Senior der Univerſität. Er ſtarb am 1. April 1754.

Von ihm erſchien:

Glossarium medii aevi ed. J. J. Oberlin. Argent. 1781. 84. 2 Vol. fol.

Auch nahm er Antheil an dem von ihm herausgegebenen thesaurus Schilteri. 3 Thle. Ulm 1727—28.

Scherz hat ſich durch ſeine lexicographiſchen Arbeiten ſeiner Zeit große Verdienſte um die Kenntniß der älteren deutſchen Sprache und Literatur erworben.

Kaspar Scheyt,

ein Straßburger, lebte in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts.

Er ſchrieb:

Der Todtendanz durch alle Stände und Geſchlecht der Menſchen. S. l. 1573. 8.

Eine poetiſche Erklärung zu dem bekannten Gemälde in Baſel, welches ſpäter von Merian (Frankfurt 1649 in 4.) unter demſelben Titel nachgeahmt wurde.

Jakob Schickfuß von Neudorf,

ward am 21. Januar 1574 zu Schwibus in Schleſien geboren, war eine Zeitlang Rector des Gymnaſiums zu Brieg, dann fürſtlicher Conſiſtorialrath daſelbſt und zuletzt kaiſerlicher Rath und Kammerfiskal zu Breslau. Er ſtarb am 14. Sept. 1636.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Schleſiſche Chronik. Jena 1625. Fol.

Eine für jene Zeit recht wackere und gut geſchriebene Arbeit.

Daniel Schiebeler,

ward am 25. März 1741 zu Hamburg geboren, ſtudirte ſeit dem Jahre 1763 Jurisprudenz und ſchöne Literatur zu Göttingen und Leipzig und wurde 1768 Kanonikus am Domkapitel ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Er ſtarb am 19. Aug. 1771.

Er hinterließ:

Die Iſraeliten in der Wüſte. Singged. Leipzig 1767.
Die Großmuth des Scipio. Singged. Leipzig 1767.
Romanzen. Hamburg 1767.
Muſikaliſche Gedichte. Hamburg 1769.
Neue Sammlung von Romanzen. Hamburg 1771.
Auserleſene Gedichte, herausgeg. von J. J. Eſchenburg. Hamburg 1773.
Poetik des Herzens. Lehrged. Itzehoe 1775.

Schiebeler beſaß für ſeine Zeit ein anmuthiges Talent der Form, Innigkeit und Zartheit, aber es fehlte ihm dagegen an Originalität, Correctheit und Kraft. Am Glücklichſten war er in ſeinen Romanzen, einer Gattung, die er zuerſt in Deutſchland einführte, jedoch nicht den trefflichen ſpaniſchen Vorbildern, ſondern franzöſiſchen Muſtern nachahmte. Er wußte die gewählten Stoffe in dieſer Form mit naiver Leichtigkeit zu behandeln, bewegte ſich jedoch ſelbſt hier in ſo untergeordneten Kreiſen, daß ſeine derartigen Verſuche bald überflügelt wurden und in Vergeſſenheit geriethen.

Ines von Caſtro *).

O du, in deren holden Blicken
Des heitern Himmels Glanz ſich malt,
O du, die jene Reize ſchmücken,
Mit welchen Ines einſt geſtrahlt;
Du, die im Bilde dieſer Schönen
Das kältſte Herz zu Thränen zwingt,
O lächle deines Dichters Tönen,
Der deiner Ines Schickſal ſingt.

Noch floß im Schooße ſtiller Freuden
Der jungen Ines Tag dahin.
Doch ach! ihr droht mit ſchweren Leiden
Des ſtrengen Glückes Eigenſinn!

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*) Aus dem Hausſchatz deutſcher Poeſie.

Sie ſieht Alphonſus Sohn, und kennet
Des edeln Jünglings ſeltnen Werth.
Ihr Herz klopft ſchneller und entbrennet
Von Gluth, die jede Stunde nähert.

Von gleich gewalt'gem Trieb entzündet,
Schlägt Pedro's junges Herz für ſie.
Wer ſingt, was ſeine Bruſt empfindet?
Ihr göttlich Bild verläßt ihn nie.
Entfernt von ihr thut ſeine Klage,
Fühlt er der Schwermuth ganze Macht.
Sie iſt ſein einziger Wunſch am Tage,
Sie iſt ſein ſüßer Traum bei Nacht.

Die Liebe ſchaut von ihrem Throne
Des Mädchens Schmerz, des Jünglings Leid,
Und krönet ſie mit ihrem Lohne,
Mit ihrer beſten Seligkeit.
Beglückter Triebe zarte Zeugen
Befeſt'gen ſtärker ihren Bund;
Doch Pedro muß ſein Glück verſchweigen,
Die Furcht verſiegelt ihm den Mund.

Wie iſt, ſein Herze zu gewinnen,
So vieler Mädchen Blick bemüht!
Die Gunſt der größten Herrſcherinnen
Lacht ihm entgegen; doch er flieht.
Sein Volk wünſcht ihn verknüpft zu ſehen
An einer Königstochter Hand.
Er hörte ſeines Volkes Flehen,
Des Vaters Drohn: und widerſtand.

Alphonſus dürſtet zu ergründen,
Woher des Sohnes Weigrung ſtammt.
Wie? Sollt' er nicht den Trieb empfinden,
Der jedes Jünglings Herz entflammt?
„Nein, Pedro liebt, er liebt im Stillen!“
So ſpricht der König, und ſein Blick
Dringt ſchnell durch die geheimſten Hüllen
Von des verſchwiegnen Jünglings Glück.

Ihm Ines durch den Tod zu rauben,
Beſchließt des harten Vaters Wuth.
Bethörter Unmenſch, kannſt du glauben,
Der Liebe Flammen löſche Blut?
Zückt auf die Würdigſte der Schönen
Des blinden Zorns verruchte Hand
Den Stahl, der einſt die Sarazenen
Im Dienſt des Himmels überwand.

Schon führt ein Haufe der Barbaren
Sie vor des Königs Angeſicht.
Er fühlet Mitleid; doch die Schaaren
Empfinden dieſes Mitleid nicht.
„Eilt, ihren Tod uns zu gewähren!“
So brüllt das Volk. Die Schöne weint,
Und jede ihrer bittern Zähren
Beklagt die Kinder und den Freund.

So ſtand, die Augen voller Thränen
Polyxene am Schlachtaltar,
Als, den Achilles zu verſöhnen,
Des Pyrrhus Hand erhoben war.
Sie ſtand mit unerſchrocknem Herzen,
Geduldig wie ein zartes Lamm,
Und achtet nicht der eignen Schmerzen
Und fühlet nur der Mutter Gram.

„Kann dich die Menſchlichkeit bewegen,“
Seufzt Ines, „ſchau die Kinder hier!
Sie ſind dein Blut; ach! ihretwegen
Gib, König, gib das Leben mir!
Verbanne fern von deinen Blicken
Mich hin in finſtre Wüſteneien.
Dort will ich an mein Herz ſie drücken;
Dort ſoll mich Pedro's Bild erfreun.“

Alphonſus hört des Mitleids Stimme.
Er wünſcht dem Tod ſie zu entziehn.
Das kühne Volk im wildern Grimme
Heißt jeden ſanftern Trieb entfliehn.
Es ſtürzt, gleich der empörten Welle,
Auf Ines hin und bohrt mit Luſt,
Mit dem Triumph der ganzen Hölle
Ihr tauſend Schwerter in die Bruſt.

Sie ſinkt in Staub, und Ströme fließen
Aus ihren Wunden in den Staub;
So wird, dem Zweige früh entriſſen,
Die Roſe der Verweſung Raub.

Sie hält den Pfändern ihres Bundes
Den Blick noch ſterbend zugewandt,
Vom letzten Seufzer ihres Mundes
Wird Pedro's Name noch genannt.

Siegmar und Adelheid.

Ihr, die ihr eurer Liebe Schmerzen
Den Schönen klagt mit eitler Müh',
Groß iſt die Marter eurer Herzen;
Doch glaubet mir, verzagt nie!
Die Strengſte, welche nichts im Munde
Als Weisheit führt, und Stolz im Blick,
Hat dennoch eine ſchwache Stunde;
Wer dieſe trifft, der trifft ſein Glück.

Was hatte Siegmar nicht gelitten!
Wie brannt' er nicht für Adelheid!
Doch nie gewann ſein heißes Bitten
Auch nur die kleinſte Gütigkeit.
Geſchenke, Lieder, Seufzer, Zähren,
Schon Alles hatt' er angewandt;
Allein, anſtatt ihn anzuhören,
Verſtärkt ſie ihren Widerſtand.

Einſt hatt' er laut von ſeinen Qualen
Den ganzen Tag ihr vorgeweint;
Schon kam mit ſeinen ſanftern Stralen
Der Abend, treuer Liebe Freund.
Sie ſaß und ſchnitt mit fleißigen Händen
Sich einen Putz für's ſchöne Haar;
Und lachte Spott auf den Elenden,
Der brennendes Verlangen war.

Von Lieb' und Sehnſucht hingeriſſen
That er, was er noch nie gethan;
Er will das ſchöne Mädchen küſſen;
Und nun, nun ging ein Treffen an!
Man kämpft, und in des Kampfes Hitze,
Indem die Schöne tapfer ficht,
O Jammer! ſtößt ſie ihm die Spitze
Der Scheere tief ins Angeſicht.

Ganz nah am Auge ſtrömt die Wunde
Vom hellen Blute; Siegmar ſchweigt.
Indeß aus ihrem Roſenmunde
Des Mitleids erſter Seufzer ſteigt.
Ihr Blick, von milder Wehmuth trübe,
Sagt, ihre Seele ſei gerührt;
Sie reicht ihm hold zum Pfand der Liebe
Die Hand, die ſo viel Schönheit ziert.

Sie wiſcht das Blut ihm von den Wangen;
O glücklich's, wohl vergoſſnes Blut!
Er ſchmeckt, von ihrem Arm umfangen,
Den Lohn ſo oft verſchmähter Gluth.
Seht, ſo erhält er von der Schönen,
Was er zu hoffen kaum gewagt,
Und gleiches Glück wird Jeden krönen,
Der in der Liebe nicht verzagt.

Pandora.

Ich will euch ſingen, was ich einſt,
Ich weiß nicht wo, vernommen,
Wie alle Plagen in der Welt
Aus einer Büchſe kommen.

Prometheus war in Griechenland
Ein weit berühmter Töpfer.
Ach, hätt' ihm dieſer Ruhm begnügt!
Doch nein, er ſpielt den Schöpfer.

Ein Mädchen formte ſeine Hand
Vom allerfeinſten Thone,
Schön wie die Göttin, die da ſitzt
Zu Paphos auf dem Throne.

Schön, wie nur immer ein Poet
Sich ſeine Phillis bildet,
Wenn über ihm die Phantaſie
Das ſchwarze Dach vergüldet.

Prometheus bat den Jupiter,
Die Schöne zu beleben.
Allein, ihm wollte Zeus das Glück,
Warum er bat, nicht geben.

Er wird voll Zorn, und rüſtet ſich
Mit Leiter und Laterne,
Klimmt, Licht zu holen, himmelan,
Und mauſt es einem Sterne.

Kehrt glücklich mit dem kühnen Raub
Nach ſeiner Wohnung wieder,
Und treibt dem Bilde, das er ſchuf,
Die Gluth in alle Glieder.

Sie lebt. Nichts kann Prometheus Glück,
Nichts ſein Vergnügen mehren.
Nun, ruft er, ſiehſt du, Jupiter,
Man könnte dein entbehren!

Dies hörte Zeus, von Grimm entbrannt,
Und ſann auf nichts, als Rache,
Und ſtellt ſich freundlich, daß er ſie
Noch ſchreckenvoller mache.

Er kommt, das Mädchen ſelbſt zu ſehn,
Mit ſeinem Götterchore;
Sie brachten ihr Geſchenke mit,
Und nannten ſie Pandore.

Ein ſchönes Buch gab Pallas ihr
Und Venus eine Roſe;
Saturnia das Hausgeräth,
Zeus eine güldne Doſe.

Prometheus ſah dies Alles an,
Und merkte Jovens Tücke;
Kind, ſprach er, dieſe Büchſe birgt
Verderben unſerm Glücke.

Bei unſrer Liebe ſchwöre mir,
Sie unberührt zu laſſen.
Sie ſchwur: Ich rühre ſie nicht an,
Viel eh' will ich erblaſſen.

Sie ließ drei ganze Tage lang
Die Doſe ruhig ſtehen.
Am vierten aber fühlt ſie Luſt,
Sie näher zu beſehen.

Die ſchöne Arbeit! wie das Gold
Von allen Seiten blitzet!
Dies bliebe, weil's ein Mann gebeut,
Von ihr ſtets ungenützet?

Was wohl darin verborgen liegt,
O möchte ſie es wiſſen!
Sie nimmt ſie auf, ſie legt ſie weg,
Und kann ſich nicht entſchließen.

Doch endlich ſiegt der heiße Trieb,
Sie will, ſie muß es wagen.
Sie iſt allein; wer wird es denn
Dem Mann gleich wieder ſagen?

Sie reißt den Deckel plötzlich ab,
Und ach! mit Donnerſchlägen
Fährt aus dem ſchrecklichen Gefäß
Ihr tödtend Feu'r entgegen.

Und mit der Gluth, die ſie verzehrt,
Verbreiten auf die Erde
Sich Hunger, Krankheit, Krieg und Tod,
Und jegliche Beſchwerde.

Auch flog ein wilder Schwarm heraus
Von Laſtern aller Arten:
Die Wolluſt und die Trunkenheit,
Die Würfel und die Karten.

Dies ſind der ſchnöden Neubegier
Beklagenswerthe Früchte.
Ihr lieben Weiber, beſſert euch
Aus dieſer Mordgeſchichte.

Chriſtian Samuel Schier,

ward am 31. März 1791 zu Erfurt geboren, lebte als Dr. phil. und Privatgelehrter zu Köln, und ſtarb daſelbſt am 4. December 1825.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. Leipzig 1813.
Die Fiſcher. Roman. Erfurt u. Gotha 1813, 2te Aufl. 1818.
Erfurts Entſtehung. Vaterl. Geſch. Erfurt 1813.
Sonnenwenden. Erfurt 1814.
Joh. Huß. Dram. Gem. Gotha 1819.
Eichenblätter. Gotha 1820.
Raphael Mengs oder Künſtlerliebe. Drama. Köln 1822.
Die Macht des Wahns. Trag. Trier 1824.
Der kölniſche Carneval vom J. 1824—1826. 1r—3r Jahrg. Köln 1824 ff.
Gedichte. Köln 1824.
Paleſtrina. Künſtlerdrama. Köln 1825.

Nicht ohne Phantaſie und Gefühl, aber nur mit geringer Tiefe und Kraft ausgerüſtet, gelang es S. nicht, ſich über die Mittelmäßigkeit hinauszuſchwingen und ein bleibendes Werk zu hinterlaſſen. Am Glücklichſten war er in ſeinen lyriſchen Verſuchen.

Sebaſtian Wilibald Schießler,

geboren am 17. Jul. 1789 zu Prag, lebt als Kriegskommiſſar daſelbſt.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Erzählungen. 2 Bde. Leipzig.
Aurora. Prag 1813.
Jokus. Prag 1813.
Prag und ſeine Umgebungen. 2 Thle. Prag 1814.
Hirlanda, Legende. Prag 1818.
Taſchenbuch des Scherzes und der Laune. Prag 1818.
Unterhaltungen für gebildete Leſer. 6 Hefte. Wien 1818. 1819.
Der Kranz. 4 Thle. Prag und Leipzig 1822.
Sinngedichte und Epigramme. Prag 1824.
Thalia. Almanach. Freiburg 1826.
Gedichte. 2 Thle. Prag 1826.
Monatsroſen. 6 Thle. Prag 1826. 1827. Neue Folge für 1828. 2 Bdchen.
Neues deutſches Originaltheater. 3 Thle. Prag 1829.
Der Thurmbrand zu Pilſen am 6. Febr. 1835. Poet. Gem. Prag 1835.

Ein anmuthiges und gefälliges erzählendes Talent beſitzend, bewegt ſich S. mit Leichtigkeit in der ihm zuſagenden mittleren Sphäre der Darſtellung des Lebens und wird gern geleſen. Mehrere ſeiner dramatiſchen Leiſtungen erwarben ſich ebenfalls freundlichen Beifall.

David Schiff,

ward im Jahre 1806 zu Hamburg geboren, erhielt eine treffliche wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf den gelehrten Anſtalten ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ſtudirte darauf die Rechte und die ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zu Leipzig und lebte ſeitdem als Privatgelehrter abwechſelnd in Berlin, Hamburg, Emden und Leipzig.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lebensanſichten des Katers Murr. Dritter Band. Leipzig 1826. Eine Fortſetzung des Hoffmann'ſchen Werks.
Höllenbreughel. Novellen. Leipzig 1826.
Pumpauf und Pumprich. Zerbſt 1826.
Agnes Bernauerin. Hiſtoriſche Novelle. Berlin 1831.

Das Elendsfell. Drei Novellen nach Balzac. Berlin 1832.
Gundlingen u. ſ. w. Novellen und Nichtnovellen. Berlin 1835.
Glück und Geld. Hamburg 1836.
Die Ohrfeige. Hamburg 1836.
Außerdem viele Aufſätze, Erzählungen, humoriſtiſche Schriften u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen.

Ein eigenthümliches Talent voll Phantaſie, originaler Schöpfungskraft, gewandter Beobachtung, Innigkeit und Wärme, würde S. bei ſeinen glücklichen Anlagen, namentlich im Gebiete der Erzählung, Bedeutendes leiſten können, wenn er ſich mehr zu concentriren verſtünde, und ſeiner Laune nicht zu ſehr nachzugeben geneigt wäre. In allen ſeinen Leiſtungen wird man durch großartige Gedanken, tiefe und feine pſychologiſche Blicke, ſcharfe, jedoch häufig bizarre Characterzeichnung und intereſſante, gut erfundene Momente und Situationen überraſcht, aber er behandelt dieſe Gaben zu ſorglos und zerſtört oder lähmt, eben durch ſein beſtändiges Sich-Gehen-Laſſen zu häufig ihre Wirkung ſo, daß der Totaleindruck dem Effect, welchen Einzelnes hervorbringt, nie gleichkommt, und ſich ein ſtetes Mißverhältniß zwiſchen den Theilen und dem Ganzen fühlbar macht.

Emanuel Schikaneder,

ward im Jahr 1751 zu Regensburg geboren, widmete ſich früh der theatraliſchen Laufbahn und gewann in mehreren öſtreichiſchen Städten in verſchiedenen Rollen den Beifall der Menge. Sowohl als Theaterdirector zu Prag, wie ſpäter an dem Leopoldſtädter Theater zu Wien erwarb er ſich ſoviel Vermögen und Credit, daß er ein neues großes Theater an der Wien erbauen konnte, welches 1801 eröffnet ward. S. kam jedoch durch ſeine Neigung zu einem frohen Lebensgenuß in ſeinen öconomiſchen Verhältniſſen ſo weit zurück, daß er am 24. September 1812 zu Wien in ſehr dürftigen Umſtänden ſtarb.

Werke:
Die Lyranten. Operette. Inſpruck 1776.
Das Regensburger Schiff. Luſtſpiel. Salzb. 1782.
Die Raubvögel. Schauſpiel. Salzburg 1783.
Das Laſter kommt an den Tag. Schauſp. Salzb. 1783.
Der Grandprofoß. Trauerſpiel. Regensburg 1787.
Theatraliſche Werke. 2 Thle. Wien u. Leipzig 1792.
Die Zauberflöte. Oper. Altona 1792. N. A. 1799.
Der Spiegel von Arkadien. Oper. Wien 1795. N. A. Augsburg 1815.

Bühnenkenntniß und Practik verſchafften ſeinen dramatiſchen Leiſtungen einigen Ruf, der durch die unſterbliche Compoſition Mozarts, die Zauberflöte, zu der er den Text lieferte, ein bleibender geworden iſt, obwohl dieſe wie ſeine anderen poetiſchen Arbeiten eigentlich weiter nichts als gereimte alltägliche Proſa ſind.

Jörg Schilcher, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich von Schiller,

geboren am 10. November 1759 zu Marbach im Würtembergiſchen, Sohn des würtemberg. Hauptmanns Johann Kaspar Sch., genoß ſeinen erſten Jugendunterricht von dem Pfarrer Möſer in Lorch und beſuchte dann ſeit 1768 die lateiniſche Schule zu Ludwigsburg. Als er Zögling der von dem Herzog von Würtemberg geſtifteten Karlsacademie ward, gab er den früher gefaßten Plan, Theologie zu ſtudiren, auf und entſchloß ſich plötzlich, als 1775 die Karlsacademie von dem herzoglichen Schloſſe Solitude nach Stuttgart verlegt wurde, Medicin zu ſtudiren. Im Jahre 1781 veröffentlichte er als Regimentsarzt ſeine Räuber, durch welche für ihn auf die von dem durch eine Stelle beleidigten Canton Graubündten eingelaufene Klage von Seiten des Herzogs manche Beſchränkungen herbeigeführt wurden, deren er ſich 1782 durch heimliche Entfernung von Stuttgart entzog. Er wandte ſich nun nach Mannheim und wurde Theaterdichter, ging aber bald von hier nach Mainz, Dresden, Leipzig, lebte kurze Zeit auf Göſchen's Gute zu Gohlis, ſo wie früher zu Bauerbach, dem Gute der geheimen Räthin von Wolzogen. 1784 ernannte ihn der Herzog von Weimar zum Rathe und 1787 ließ er ſich in Weimar nieder. 1788 erhielt er auch von Darmſtadt den Rathstitel, 1789 auf Goethe's Vermittelung eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie zu Jena, im Jahre 1790 vom Herzog von Meiningen den Hofrathstitel. In demſelben Jahre vermählte ſich Sch. mit Fräulein von Lengefeld, um ſo auch ſein häusliches Glück feſter zu begründen; aber leider zerrüttete eine heftige Bruſtkrankheit, die ihn 1791 ergriff, ſeinen Körperzuſtand für ſeine ganze Lebenszeit. Er mußte aller öffentlichen und auf eine Zeitlang ſelbſt der ſchriftſtelleriſchen Thätigkeit entſagen und genoß zur Wiederherſtellung ſeiner Geſundheit aus Dänemark, von dem damaligen Erbprinzen und dem Grafen von Schimmelmann eine Penſion von 1000 Thlr. auf 3 Jahre. Nach ſeiner Geneſung begann ſeine Thätigkeit von Neuem mit faſt zu angeſtrengtem Fleiße. Im Jahre 1793 beſuchte er ſeine Eltern und Jugendfreunde in der Heimath, lebte dort mehrere Monate, theils in Heilbronn, theils in Ludwigsburg, und kehrte erheitert nach Jena zurück. Seit dem Jahre 1801 wählte er nun auf den Rath ſeines Arztes Weimar für immer zu ſeinem Wohnſitz, nur dann und wann kleine Ausflüge machend, um ganz in Muſe der Dichtkunſt zu leben. Von Seiten der franzöſiſchen Republik erhielt er das Bürgerrecht; vom deutſchen Kaiſer aber ward er 1802 in den Reichsadelſtand erhoben. Er ſtarb allgemein betrauert am 10. Mai 1805. Schiller's nähere Lebensverhältniſſe finden wir in ſeinen Biographieen von Dr. H. Döring, Hoffmeiſter, G. Schwab u. ſ. w. Das beſte Werk über ihn lieferte ſeine Schwägerin Frau von Wolzogen unter dem Titel: Schillers Leben u. ſ. w. Stuttgart 1830. 2 Bde. in 8.

Schiller's poetiſche und dramatiſche Schriften erſchienen zuerſt vereinigt in folgenden beiden Sammlungen:
Gedichte. Leipzig 1800—1803.
Theater von Schiller. Tübingen 1805 fgde. 5 Bde.
Seine ſämmtlichen Werke: Tübingen 1812—15. 12 Bde. gr. 8. — Stuttgart 1818—19. 18 Bde. in 16. und ſeitdem in beiden Formaten öfterer. — In einem Bande in 4. Stuttgart 1830 u. ö. — Nachleſe dazu von K. Hoffmeiſter. Stuttgart 1840 fgde. — Nachträge von Ed. Boas. Stuttgart 1839—40. 3 Bde.

Außerdem gab Schiller heraus:
Anthologie auf das Jahr 1782. (Stuttgart) Tobolsko 1781.
Thalia (anfangs Rheiniſche Thalia). Leipzig 1785—91. 3 Bde. in 8.
Neue Thalia. 4 Bde. Leipzig 1793.
Allgemeine Sammlung hiſtoriſcher Memoires. Jena 1790—1806. 33 Bde. in 8.
Die Horen. Tübingen 1795—97 in 8. 3 Jahrgänge.
Muſenalmanach für 1796—1801. Der erſte Jahrgang Neuſtrelitz 1795. Die übrigen Tübingen.

Geſchichte der merkwürdigſten Rebellionen. Leipzig 1788.

Seine Briefe erſchienen in folgenden Sammlungen:

Briefwechſel zwiſchen Schiller und Göthe. 6 Thle. Stuttgart 1828—29.

Briefwechſel zwiſchen Schiller und W. von Humboldt. Stuttgart 1830.

Auserleſene Briefe in den Jahren 1781—1805. Herausgegeben von Heinrich Döring. Zeiz 1834. 1 Bd. in 8. und 1835. 3 Bdchen in 16.

Vgl. Schiller's Leben, verfaßt aus Erinnerungen ſeiner Familie, ſeinen eigenen Briefen und den Nachrichten ſeines Freundes Körner (von Karoline von Wolzogen). Stuttgart 1830.

Die ſchönſte und treffendſte Würdigung von Schiller's Streben und Wirken hat Menzel in ſeiner deutſchen Literatur geliefert. — Sie ward bereits früher in dieſem Werke unter dem Artikel W. Menzel mitgetheilt und wir verweiſen daher hier wiederholt auf dieſelbe, welche ſich im fünften Bande unſerer Encyclopädie S. 245 fgde. findet.

Hektors Abſchied *).

Andromache.

Will ſich Hektor ewig von mir wenden,
Wo Achill mit den unnahbar'n Händen
Dem Patroklus ſchrecklich Opfer bringt?
Wer wird künftig deinen Kleinen lehren
Speere werfen und die Götter ehren,
Wenn der finſtre Orkus dich verſchlingt?

Hektor.

Theures Weib, gebiete deinen Thränen!
Nach der Feldſchlacht iſt mein feurig Sehnen,
Dieſe Arme ſchützen Pergamus.
Kämpfend für den heil'gen Herd der Götter
Fall' ich, und des Vaterlandes Retter
Steig' ich nieder zu dem ſtyg'ſchen Fluß.

Andromache.

Nimmer lauſch' ich deiner Waffen Schalle,
Einſam liegt dein Eiſen in der Halle,
Priams großer Heldenſtamm verdirbt.
Du wirſt hingehn, wo kein Tag mehr ſcheinet,
Der Cocytus durch die Wüſten weinet,
Deine Liebe in dem Lethe ſtirbt.

Hektor.

All mein Sehnen will ich, all mein Denken
In des Lethe ſtillen Strom verſenken,
Aber meine Liebe nicht.
Horch! der Wilde tobt ſchon an den Mauern,
Gürte mir das Schwert um, laß das Trauern!
Hektors Liebe ſtirbt im Lethe nicht.

Die Schlacht.

Schwer und dumpfig,
Eine Wetterwolke,
Durch die grüne Eb'ne ſchwankt der Marſch.
Zum wilden eiſernen Würfelſpiel
Streckt ſich unabſehlich das Gefilde.
Blicke kriechen niederwärts,
An die Rippen pocht das Männerherz,
Vorüber an hohlen Todtengeſichtern
Niederjagt die Front der Major:
Halt!
Und Regimenter feſſelt das ſtarre Kommando.

Lautlos ſtehet die Front.

Prächtig im glühenden Morgenroth,
Was blitzt dorther vom Gebürge?
Seht ihr des Feindes Fahnen wehn?
Wir ſehn des Feindes Fahnen wehn.
Gott mit euch, Weib und Kinder!
Luſtig, hört ihr den Geſang?
Trommelwirbel, Pfeifenklang
Schmettert durch die Glieder;
Wie brauſt es fort im ſchönen wilden Takt!
Und brauſt durch Mark und Bein.

Gott befohlen, Brüder!
In einer andern Welt wieder!

Schon fleucht es fort wie Wetterleucht,
Dumpf brüllt der Donner ſchon dort,
Die Wimper zuckt, hier kracht er laut,
Die Loſung brauſt von Heer zu Heer —
Laß brauſen in Gottes Namen fort,
Freier ſchon athmet die Bruſt.

Der Tod iſt los — ſchon wogt der Kampf,
Eiſern im wolkigen Pulverdampf,
Eiſern fallen die Würfel.

Nah umarmen die Heere ſich,
Fertig! heult's von Ploton zu Ploton;
Auf die Kniee geworfen
Feuern die Vordern, viele ſtehen nicht mehr auf,
Lücken reißt die ſtreifende Kartätſche,
Auf Vormanns Rumpf ſpringt der Hintermann,
Verwüſtung rechts und links und um und um,
Bataillone niederwälzt der Tod.

Die Sonne löſcht aus — heiß brennt die Schlacht,
Schwarz brütet auf dem Heer die Nacht —
Gott befohlen, Brüder!
In einer andern Welt wieder!

Hoch ſpritzt an den Nacken das Blut,
Lebende wechſeln mit Todten, der Fuß
Strauchelt über den Leichnamen —
„Und auch du, Franz?" — „„Grüße mein Lottchen, Freund!""
Wilder immer wüthet der Streit;
„Grüßen will ich" — Gott! Kameraden! ſeht,
Hinter uns wie die Kartätſche ſpringt!
„Grüßen will ich dein Lottchen, Freund!
„Schlumm're ſanft! wo die Kugelſaat
„Regnet, ſtürz' ich Verlaſſ'ner hinein."

Hierher, dorthin ſchwankt die Schlacht,
Finſt'rer brütet auf dem Heer die Nacht,
Gott befohlen, Brüder!
In einer andern Welt wieder!

Horch! was ſtrampft im Galopp vorbei?
Die Adjutanten fliegen,
Dragoner raſſeln in den Feind,
Und ſeine Donner ruhen.
Victoria, Brüder!
Schrecken reißt die feigen Glieder,
Und ſeine Fahne ſinkt —

Entſchieden iſt die ſcharfe Schlacht,
Der Tag blickt ſiegend durch die Nacht!
Horch! Trommelwirbel, Pfeifenklang,
Stimmen ſchon Triumphgeſang!
Lebt wohl, ihr gebliebenen Brüder!
In einer andern Welt wieder!

Die Götter Griechenlands.

Da ihr noch die ſchöne Welt regieret,
An der Freude leichtem Gängelband
Selige Geſchlechter noch geführet,
Schöne Weſen aus dem Fabelland!
Ach, da euer Wonnedienſt noch glänzte,
Wie ganz anders, anders war es da!
Da man deine Tempel noch bekränzte,
Venus Amathuſia!

Da der Dichtung zauberiſche Hülle
Sich noch lieblich um die Wahrheit wand —
Durch die Schöpfung floß da Lebensfülle,
Und was nie empfinden wird, empfand.
An der Liebe Buſen ſie zu drücken,
Gab man höhern Adel der Natur,
Alles wies den eingeweihten Blicken,
Alles eines Gottes Spur.

Wo jetzt nur, wie unſ're Weiſen ſagen,
Seelenlos ein Feuerball ſich dreht,
Lenkte damals ſeinen gold'nen Wagen
Helios in ſtiller Majeſtät,

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*) Aus Schillers Werken, Taſchenausgabe von 1822 Bd. 1.

Dieſe Höhen füllten Oreaden,
Eine Dryas lebt' in jenem Baum,
Aus den Urnen lieblicher Najaden
Sprang der Ströme Silberſchaum.

Jener Lorbeer wand ſich einſt um Hilfe,
Tantals Tochter ſchweigt in dieſem Stein,
Syrinx Klage tönt' aus jenem Schilfe,
Philomelas Schmerz aus dieſem Hain.
Jener Bach empfing Demeters Zähre,
Die ſie um Perſephonen geweint,
Und von dieſem Hügel rief Cythere
Ach umſonſt! dem ſchönen Freund.

Zu Deukalions Geſchlechte ſtiegen
Damals noch die Himmliſchen herab;
Pyrrhas ſchöne Töchter zu beſiegen,
Nahm der Leto Sohn den Hirtenſtab.
Zwiſchen Menſchen, Göttern und Heroen
Knüpfte Amor einen ſchönen Bund:
Sterbliche mit Göttern und Heroen
Huldigten in Amathunt. *)

Finſt'rer Ernſt und trauriges Entſagen
War aus eurem heitern Dienſt verbannt;
Glücklich ſollten alle Herzen ſchlagen,
Denn euch war der Glückliche verwandt.
Damals war nichts heilig als das Schöne;
Keiner Freude ſchämte ſich der Gott,
Wo die keuſch erröthende Kamöne,
Wo die Grazie gebot.

Eure Tempel lachten gleich Paläſten,
Euch verherrlichte das Heldenſpiel
An des Iſthmus kronenreichen Feſten,
Und die Wagen donnerten zum Ziel.
Schön geſchlung'ne ſeelenvolle Tänze
Kreiſ'ten um den prangenden Altar;
Eure Schläfe ſchmückten Siegeskränze,
Kronen euer duftend Haar.

Das Evoe muntrer Thyrſusſchwinger
Und der Panther prächtiges Geſpann
Meldeten den großen Freudebringer;
Faun und Satyr taumeln ihm voran;
Um ihn ſpringen raſende Mänaden,
Ihre Tänze loben ſeinen Wein,
Und des Wirthes braune Wangen laden
Luſtig zu dem Becher ein.

Damals trat kein gräßliches Gerippe
Vor das Bett des Sterbenden. Ein Kuß
Nahm das letzte Leben von der Lippe,
Seine Fackel ſenkt' ein Genius.
Selbſt des Orkus ſtrenge Richterwage
Hielt der Enkel einer Sterblichen,
Und des Thraciers ſeelenvolle Klage
Rührte die Erinnyen.

Seine Freuden traf der frohe Schatten
In Elyſiens Hainen wieder an;
Treue Liebe fand den treuen Gatten
Und der Wagenlenker ſeine Bahn,
Linus Spiel tönt die gewohnten Lieder,
In Alceſtens Arme ſinkt Admet,
Seinen Freund erkennt Oreſtes wieder,
Seine Pfeile Philoktet.

Höh're Preiſe ſtärkten da den Ringer
Auf der Tugend arbeitvoller Bahn:
Großer Thaten herrliche Vollbringer
Klimmten zu den Seligen hinan.
Vor dem Wiederforderer der Todten
Neigte ſich der Götter ſtille Schaar.
Durch die Fluten leuchtet dem Piloten
Vom Olymp das Zwillingspaar.

Schöne Welt, wo biſt du? Kehre wieder,
Holdes Blüthenalter der Natur!
Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder
Lebt noch deine fabelhafte Spur.
Ausgeſtorben trauert das Gefilde,
Keine Gottheit zeigt ſich meinem Blick:
Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde
Blieb der Schatten nur zurück.

Alle jene Blüthen ſind gefallen
Von des Nordens ſchauerlichem Weh'n;
Einen zu bereichern unter allen
Mußte dieſe Götterwelt vergehn.
Traurig ſuch' ich an dem Sternenbogen;
Dich, Selene, find' ich dort nicht mehr,
Durch die Wälder ruf' ich, durch die Wogen,
Ach! ſie wiederhallen leer!

Unbewußt der Freuden, die ſie ſchenket,
Nie entzückt von ihrer Herrlichkeit,
Nie gewahr des Geiſtes, der ſie lenket,
Sel'ger nie durch meine Seligkeit,
Fühllos ſelbſt für ihres Künſtlers Ehre,
Gleich dem todten Schlag der Pendeluhr,
Dient ſie knechtiſch dem Geſetz der Schwere
Die entgötterte Natur.

Morgen wieder neu ſich zu entbinden,
Wühlt ſie heute ſich ihr eignes Grab,
Und an ewig gleicher Spindel winden
Sich von ſelbſt die Monde auf und ab.
Müßig kehrten zu dem Dichterlande
Heim die Götter, unnütz einer Welt,
Die, entwachſen ihrem Gängelbande,
Sich durch eig'nes Schweben hält.

Ja, ſie kehrten heim und alles Schöne,
Alles Hohe nahmen ſie mit fort,
Alle Farben, alle Lebenstöne,
Und uns blieb nur das entſeelte Wort.
Aus der Zeitflut weggeriſſen ſchweben
Sie gerettet auf des Pindus Höh'n;
Was unſterblich im Geſang ſoll leben,
Muß im Leben untergehn.

Die Ideale *).

So willſt du treulos von mir ſcheiden
Mit deinen holden Phantaſien,
Mit deinen Schmerzen, deinen Freuden,
Mit allen unerbittlich fliehn!
Kann nichts dich, Fliehende! verweilen,
O! meines Lebens gold'ne Zeit!
Vergebens, deine Wellen eilen
Hinab in's Meer der Ewigkeit.

Erloſchen ſind die heitern Sonnen,
Die meiner Jugend Pfad erhellt,
Die Ideale ſind zerronnen,
Die einſt das trunk'ne Herz geſchwellt. **)
Er iſt dahin der ſüße Glaube
An Weſen, die mein Traum gebar,
Der rauhen Wirklichkeit zum Raube,
Was einſt ſo ſchön, ſo göttlich war.

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*) In der erſten Ausgabe finden ſich hier folgende Strophen:

Betend an der Grazien Altären
Kniete da die holde Prieſterinn,
Sandte ſtille Wünſche an Cytheren
Und Gelübde an die Charitinn.
Hoher Stolz, auch droben zu gebieten,
Lehrte ſie den göttergleichen Rang,
Und des Reizes heil'gen Gürtel hüten,
Der den Donn'rer ſelbſt bezwang.

Himmliſch und unſterblich war das Feuer,
Das in Pindars ſtolzen Hymnen floß,
Niederſtrömte in Arions Leier,
In den Stein des Phidias ſich goß.
Beſſ're Weſen, edlere Geſtalten,
Kündigten die hohe Abkunft an.
Götter, die vom Himmel niederwallten,
Sahen hier ihn wieder aufgethan.

Werther war von eines Gottes Güte,
Theurer jede Gabe der Natur;
Unter Iris ſchönem Bogen blühte
Reizender die perlenvolle Flur.
Prangender erſchien die Morgenröthe
In Himerens roſigem Gewand;
Schmelzender erklang die Flöte
In des Hirtengottes Hand.

*) Aus Schillers Werken. Taſchenausgabe von 1822. Bd. 2.

**) Im Muſenalmanach vom Jahr 1796, wo dies Gedicht zuerſt erſchien, finden ſich nach dieſen Worten folgende Strophen:

Die ſchöne Frucht, die kaum zu keimen
Begann, da liegt ſie ſchon erſtarrt.
Mich weckt aus meinen holden Träumen
Mit rauhem Arm die Gegenwart.

Die Wirklichkeit mit ihren Schranken
Umlagert den gebundnen Geiſt;
Sie ſtürzt, die Schöpfung der Gedanken,
Der Dichtung ſchöner Flor zerreißt.

Wie einſt mit flehendem Verlangen
Pygmalion den Stein umſchloß,
Bis in des Marmors kalte Wangen
Empfindung glühend ſich ergoß,
So ſchlang ich mich mit Liebesarmen
Um die Natur, mit Jugendluſt,
Bis ſie zu athmen, zu erwarmen
Begann an meiner Dichterbruſt,

Und theilend meine Flammentriebe
Die Stumme eine Sprache fand,
Mir wiedergab den Kuß der Liebe,
Und meines Herzens Klang verſtand;
Da lebte mir der Baum, die Roſe,
Mir ſang der Quelle Silberfall,
Es fühlte ſelbſt das Seelenloſe
Von meines Lebens Wiederhall.

Es dehnte mit allmächt'gem Streben
Die enge Bruſt ein kreiſend All,
Heraus zu treten in das Leben,
In That und Wort, in Bild und Schall.
Wie groß war dieſe Welt geſtaltet,
So lang die Knoſpe ſie noch barg,
Wie wenig, ach! hat ſich entfaltet,
Dieß wenige, wie klein und karg. *)

Wie ſprang, von kühnem Muth beflügelt,
Beglückt in ſeines Traumes Wahn,
Von keiner Sorge noch gezügelt,
Der Jüngling in des Lebens Bahn.
Bis an des Aethers bleichſte Sterne
Erhob ihn der Entwürfe Flug;
Nichts war ſo hoch und nichts ſo ferne,
Wohin ihr Flügel ihn nicht trug.

Wie leicht ward er dahin getragen,
Was war dem Glücklichen zu ſchwer!
Wie tanzte vor des Lebens Wagen
Die luftige Begleitung her!
Die Liebe mit dem ſüßen Lohne,
Das Glück mit ſeinem gold'nen Kranz,
Der Ruhm mit ſeiner Sternenkrone,
Die Wahrheit in der Sonne Glanz!

Doch ach! ſchon auf des Weges Mitte
Verloren die Begleiter ſich;
Sie wandten treulos ihre Schritte,
Und einer nach dem andern wich.
Leichtfüßig war das Glück entflogen,
Des Wiſſens Durſt blieb ungeſtillt,
Des Zweifels finſtre Wetter zogen
Sich um der Wahrheit Sonnenbild.

Ich ſah des Ruhmes heil'ge Kränze
Auf der gemeinen Stirn entweiht.
Ach! allzuſchnell nach kurzem Lenze
Entfloh die ſchöne Liebeszeit.
Und immer ſtiller ward's und immer
Verlaſſ'ner auf dem rauhen Steg;
Kaum warf noch einen bleichen Schimmer
Die Hoffnung auf den finſtern Weg.

Von all dem rauſchenden Geleite,
Wer harrte liebend bei mir aus?
Wer ſteht mir tröſtend noch zur Seite,
Und folgt mir bis zum finſtern Haus?
Du, die du alle Wunden heileſt,
Der Freundſchaft leiſe zarte Hand,
Des Lebens Bürden liebend theileſt,
Du, die ich frühe ſucht' und fand.

Und du, die gern ſich mit ihr gattet,
Wie ſie, der Seele Sturm beſchwört,
Beſchäftigung, die nie ermattet,
Die langſam ſchafft, doch nie zerſtört,
Die zu dem Bau der Ewigkeiten
Zwar Sandkorn nur für Sandkorn reicht,
Doch von der großen Schuld der Zeiten
Minuten, Tage, Jahre ſtreicht.

Die Kraniche des Ibycus.

Ballade.

Zum Kampf der Wagen und Geſänge,
Der auf Corinthus Landesenge
Der Griechen Stämme froh vereint,
Zog Ibycus, der Götterfreund.
Ihm ſchenkte des Geſanges Gabe,
Der Lieder ſüßen Mund Apoll;
So wandert' er, an leichtem Stabe,
Aus Rhegium, des Gottes voll.

Schon winkt auf hohem Bergesrücken
Akrocorinth des Wandrers Blicken,
Und in Poſeidons Fichtenhain
Tritt er mit frommem Schauder ein.
Nichts regt ſich um ihn her, nur Schwärme
Von Kranichen begleiten ihn,
Die fernhin nach des Südens Wärme
In graulichtem Geſchwader ziehn.

Seid mir gegrüßt, befreundte Schaaren,
Die mir zur See Begleiter waren!
Zum guten Zeichen nehm' ich euch:
Mein Loos, es iſt dem euren gleich.
Von fernher kommen wir gezogen,
Und flehen um ein wirthlich Dach;
Sey uns der Gaſtliche gewogen,
Der von dem Fremdling wehrt die Schmach!

Und munter fördert er die Schritte,
Und ſieht ſich in des Waldes Mitte;
Da ſperren, auf gedrangem Steg,
Zwei Mörder plötzlich ſeinen Weg.
Zum Kampfe muß er ſich bereiten,
Doch bald ermattet ſinkt die Hand!
Sie hat der Leyer zarte Saiten,
Doch nie des Bogens Kraft geſpannt.

Er ruft die Menſchen an, die Götter,
Sein Flehen dringt zu keinem Retter;
Wie weit er auch die Stimme ſchickt,
Nichts Lebendes wird hier erblickt.
„So muß ich hier verlaſſen ſterben,
Auf fremdem Boden, unbeweint,
Durch böſer Buben Hand verderben,
Wo auch kein Rächer mir erſcheint!“

Und ſchwer getroffen ſinkt er nieder,
Da rauſcht der Kraniche Gefieder,
Er hört, ſchon kann er nicht mehr ſehn,
Die nahen Stimmen furchtbar krähn.
„Von euch, ihr Kraniche dort oben,
Wenn keine andre Stimme ſpricht,
Sei meines Mordes Klag' erhoben!“
Er ruft es, und ſein Auge bricht.

Der nackte Leichnam wird gefunden,
Und bald, obgleich entſtellt von Wunden,
Erkennt der Gaſtfreund in Corinth
Die Züge, die ihm theuer ſind.
„Und muß ich ſo dich wieder finden,
Und hoffte mit der Fichte Kranz
Des Sängers Schläfe zu umwinden,
Beſtrahlt von ſeines Ruhmes Glanz!“

Und jammernd hören's alle Gäſte,
Verſammelt bei Poſeidons Feſte,
Ganz Griechenland ergreift der Schmerz;
Verloren hat ihn jedes Herz.
Und ſtürmend drängt ſich zum Prytanen
Das Volk, es fordert ſeine Wuth,
Zu rächen des Erſchlagnen Manen,
Zu ſühnen mit des Mörders Blut.

Doch wo die Spur, die aus der Menge,
Der Völker fluthendem Gedränge,
Gelocket von der Spiele Pracht,
Den ſchwarzen Thäter kenntlich macht?
Sind's Räuber, die ihn feig erſchlagen?
That's neidiſch ein verborgner Feind?
Nur Helios vermag's zu ſagen,
Der alles Irdiſche beſcheint.

Er geht vielleicht mit frechem Schritte
Jetzt eben durch der Griechen Mitte,
Und während ihn die Rache ſucht,
Genießt er ſeines Frevels Frucht.

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*) Hier folgt in der erſten Ausgabe die Strophe:

Wie aus des Berges ſtillen Quellen
Ein Strom die Urne langſam füllt,
Und jetzt mit königlichen Wellen
Die hohen Ufer überſchwillt,
Es werfen Steine, Felſenlaſten
Und Wälder ſich in ſeine Bahn,
Er aber ſtürzt mit ſtolzen Maſten
Sich rauſchend in den Ocean.

So ſprang ꝛc.

Auf ihres eig'nen Tempels Schwelle
Trotzt er vielleicht den Göttern, mengt
Sich dreiſt in jene Menſchenwelle,
Die dort ſich zum Theater drängt.

Denn Bank an Bank gedränget ſitzen,
Es brechen faſt der Bühne Stützen,
Herbeigeſtrömt von Fern und Nah
Der Griechen Völker wartend da,
Dumpfbrauſend wie des Meeres Wogen;
Von Menſchen wimmelnd, wächſt der Bau,
In weiter ſtets geſchweiftem Bogen
Hinauf bis in des Himmels Blau.

Wer zählt die Völker, nennt die Namen,
Die gaſtlich hier zuſammen kamen?
Von Theſeus Stadt, von Aulis Strand,
Von Phocis, vom Spartanerland,
Von Aſiens entlegner Küſte,
Von allen Inſeln kamen ſie,
Und horchen von dem Schaugerüſte
Des Chores grauſer Melodie,

Der ſtreng und ernſt nach alter Sitte,
Mit langſam abgemeſſnem Schritte,
Hervortritt aus dem Hintergrund,
Umwandelnd des Theaters Rund.
So ſchreiten keine ird'ſche Weiber!
Die zeugete kein ſterblich Haus!
Es ſteigt das Rieſenmaß der Leiber
Hoch über Menſchliches hinaus.

Ein ſchwarzer Mantel ſchlägt die Lenden,
Sie ſchwingen in entfleiſchten Händen
Der Fackel düſterrothe Glut;
In ihren Wangen fließt kein Blut.
Und wo die Haare lieblich flattern,
Um Menſchenſtirnen freundlich wehn,
Da ſieht man Schlangen hier und Nattern
Die giftgeſchwollnen Bäuche blähn.

Und ſchauerlich gedreht im Kreiſe,
Beginnen ſie des Hymnus Weiſe,
Der durch das Herz zerreißend dringt,
Die Bande um den Sünder ſchlingt.
Beſinnungraubend, herzbethörend
Schallt der Erinnyen Geſang,
Er ſchallt, des Hörers Mark verzehrend,
Und duldet nicht der Leyer Klang.

„Wohl dem, der frei von Schuld und Fehle
Bewahrt die kindlich reine Seele!
Ihm dürfen wir nicht rächend nahn,
Er wandelt frei des Lebens Bahn.
Doch wehe, wehe, wer verſtohlen
Des Mordes ſchwere That vollbracht;
Wir heften uns an ſeine Sohlen,
Das furchtbare Geſchlecht der Nacht!

Und glaubt er fliehend zu entſpringen,
Geflügelt ſind wir da, die Schlingen
Ihm werfend um den flücht'gen Fuß,
Daß er zu Boden fallen muß.
So jagen wir ihn, ohn' Ermatten,
Verſöhnen kann uns keine Reu,
Ihn fort und fort bis zu den Schatten,
Und geben ihn auch dort nicht frei."

So ſingend tanzen ſie den Reigen,
Und Stille, wie des Todes Schweigen,
Liegt über'm ganzen Hauſe ſchwer,
Als ob die Gottheit nahe wär',
Und feierlich, nach alter Sitte
Umwandelnd des Theaters Rund,
Mit langſam abgemeſſnem Schritte,
Verſchwinden ſie im Hintergrund.

Und zwiſchen Trug und Wahrheit ſchwebet
Noch zweifelnd jede Bruſt und bebet,
Und huldiget der furchtbar'n Macht,
Die richtend im Verborg'nen wacht,
Die unerforſchlich, unergründet,
Des Schickſals dunkeln Knäuel flicht,
Dem tiefen Herzen ſich verkündet,
Doch fliehet vor dem Sonnenlicht.

Da hört man auf den höchſten Stufen
Auf einmal eine Stimme rufen:
„Sieh da! Sieh da, Timotheus,
Die Kraniche des Ibykus!" —

Und finſter plötzlich wird der Himmel,
Und über dem Theater hin
Sieht man, in ſchwärzlichem Gewimmel,
Ein Kranichheer vorüberziehn.

„Des Ibykus!" — Der theure Name
Rührt jede Bruſt mit neuem Grame,
Und, wie im Meere Well' auf Well,
So läuft's von Mund zu Munde ſchnell:
„Des Ibykus, den wir beweinen,
Den eine Mörderhand erſchlug?
Was iſt's mit dem! Was kann er meinen?
Was iſt's mit dieſem Kranichzug?" —

Und lauter immer wird die Frage,
Und ahnend fliegt's, mit Blitzesſchlage,
Durch alle Herzen. „Gebet Acht!
Das iſt der Eumeniden Macht!
Der fromme Dichter wird gerochen;
Der Mörder bietet ſelbſt ſich dar!
Ergreift ihn, der das Wort geſprochen,
Und ihn, an den's gerichtet war."

Doch dem war kaum das Wort entfahren,
Möcht' er's im Buſen gern bewahren;
Umſonſt! der ſchreckenbleiche Mund
Macht ſchnell die Schuldbewußten kund.
Man reißt und ſchleppt ſie vor den Richter,
Die Scene wird zum Tribunal,
Und es geſtehn die Böſewichter,
Getroffen von der Rache Strahl.

Der Handſchuh.

Erzählung.

Vor ſeinem Löwengarten,
Das Kampfſpiel zu erwarten,
Saß König Franz,
Und um ihn die Großen der Krone,
Und rings auf hohem Balkone
Die Damen in ſchönem Kranz.

Und wie er winkt mit dem Finger,
Auf thut ſich der weite Zwinger
Und hinein mit bedächtigem Schritt
Ein Löwe tritt,
Und ſieht ſich ſtumm
Rings um,
Mit langem Gähnen,
Und ſchüttelt die Mähnen,
Und ſtreckt die Glieder,
Und legt ſich nieder.

Und der König winkt wieder.
Da öffnet ſich behend
Ein zweites Thor;
Daraus rennt
Mit wildem Sprunge
Ein Tiger hervor.
Wie der den Löwen erſchaut,
Brüllt er laut,
Schlägt mit dem Schweif
Einen furchtbaren Reif,
Und recket die Zunge,
Und im Kreiſe ſcheu
Umgeht er den Leu
Grimmig ſchnurrend;
Drauf ſtreckt er ſich murrend
Zur Seite nieder.

Und der König winkt wieder,
Da ſpeit das doppelt geöffnete Haus
Zwei Leoparden auf einmal aus,
Die ſtürzen mit muthiger Kampfbegier
Auf das Tigerthier;
Das packt ſie mit ſeinen grimmigen Tatzen,
Und der Leu mit Gebrüll
Richtet ſich auf; da wird's ſtill,
Und herum im Kreis,
Von Mordſucht heiß,
Lagern ſich die gräulichen Katzen.

Da fällt von des Altans Rand
Ein Handſchuh von ſchöner Hand
Zwiſchen den Tiger und den Leu'n
Mitten hinein.

Und zu Ritter Delorges ſpottender Weiſ',
Wendet ſich Fräulein Kunigund:
„Herr Ritter, iſt eure Lieb' ſo heiß,
Wie ihr mir ſchwöret zu jeder Stund',
Ei ſo hebt mir den Handſchuh auf!"

Und der Ritter im ſchnellen Lauf
Steigt hinab in den furchtbar'n Zwinger
Mit feſtem Schritte,
Und aus der Ungeheuer Mitte
Nimmt er den Handſchuh mit keckem Finger.

Und mit Erſtaunen und mit Grauen
Sehens die Ritter und Edelfrauen,
Und gelaſſen bringt er den Handſchuh zurück.
Da ſchallt ihm ſein Lob aus jedem Munde,
Aber mit zärtlichem Liebesblick —
Er verheißt ihm ſein nahes Glück —
Empfängt ihn Fräulein Kunigunde.
Und er wirft ihr den Handſchuh in's Geſicht: *)
„Den Dank, Dame, begehr' ich nicht,"
Und verläßt ſie zur ſelben Stunde.

Das Ideal und das Leben **).

Ewigklar und ſpiegelrein und eben
Fließt das zephyrleichte Leben
Im Olymp den Seligen dahin.
Monde wechſeln und Geſchlechter fliehen;
Ihrer Götterjugend Roſen blühen
Wandellos im ewigen Ruin.
Zwiſchen Sinnenglück und Seelenfrieden
Bleibt dem Menſchen nur die bange Wahl.
Auf der Stirn des hohen Uraniden
Leuchtet ihr vermählter Strahl. ***)

Wollt ihr ſchon auf Erden Göttern gleichen,
Frei ſein in des Todes Reichen,
Brechet nicht von ſeines Gartens Frucht!
An dem Scheine mag der Blick ſich weiden;
Des Genuſſes wandelbare Freuden
Rächet ſchleunig der Begierde Flucht.
Selbſt der Styx, der neunfach ſie umwindet,
Wehrt die Rückkehr Ceres Tochter nicht;
Nach dem Apfel greift ſie, und es bindet
Ewig ſie des Orkus Pflicht.

Nur der Körper eignet jenen Mächten,
Die das dunkle Schickſal flechten;
Aber frei von jeder Zeitgewalt,
Die Geſpielin ſeliger Naturen,
Wandelt oben in des Lichtes Fluren,
Göttlich unter Göttern, die Geſtalt.
Wollt ihr hoch auf ihren Flügeln ſchweben,
Werft die Angſt des Irdiſchen von euch!
Fliehet aus dem engen dumpfen Leben
In des Ideales Reich! †)

Jugendlich, von allen Erdenmalen
Frei, in der Vollendung Strahlen
Schwebet hier der Menſchheit Götterbild,
Wie des Lebens ſchweigende Phantome
Glänzend wandeln an dem ſtyg'ſchen Strome,
Wie ſie ſtand im himmliſchen Gefild,
Ehe noch zum traur'gen Sarkophage
Die Unſterbliche herunter ſtieg.
Wenn im Leben noch des Kampfes Wage
Schwankt, erſcheinet hier der Sieg.

Nicht vom Kampf die Glieder zu entſtricken,
Den Erſchöpften zu erquicken,
Wehet hier des Sieges duft'ger Kranz.
Mächtig, ſelbſt wenn eure Sehnen ruhten,
Reißt das Leben euch in ſeine Fluthen,
Euch die Zeit in ihren Wirbeltanz.
Aber ſinkt des Muthes kühner Flügel
Bei der Schranken peinlichem Gefühl,
Dann erblicket von der Schönheit Hügel
Freudig das erflog'ne Ziel.

Wenn es gilt, zu herrſchen und zu ſchirmen,
Kämpfer gegen Kämpfer ſtürmen
Auf des Glückes, auf des Ruhmes Bahn,
Da mag Kühnheit ſich an Kraft zerſchlagen,
Und mit krachendem Getös die Wagen
Sich vermengen auf beſtäubtem Plan.
Muth allein kann hier den Dank erringen,
Der am Ziel des Hippodromes winkt,
Nur der Starke wird das Schickſal zwingen,
Wenn der Schwächling unterſinkt.

Aber der, von Klippen eingeſchloſſen,
Wild und ſchäumend ſich ergoſſen,
Sanft und eben rinnt des Lebens Fluß
Durch der Schönheit ſtille Schattenlande,
Und auf ſeiner Wellen Silberrande
Malt Aurora ſich und Heſperus.
Aufgelöſt in zarter Wechſelliebe,
In der Anmuth freiem Bund vereint,
Ruhen hier die ausgeſöhnten Triebe,
Und verſchwunden iſt der Feind.

Wenn das Todte bildend zu beſeelen,
Mit dem Stoff ſich zu vermählen
Thatenvoll der Genius entbrennt,
Da, da ſpanne ſich des Fleißes Nerve,
Und beharrlich ringend unterwerfe
Der Gedanke ſich das Element.
Nur dem Ernſt, den keine Mühe bleichet,
Rauſcht der Wahrheit tief verſteckter Born;
Nur des Meißels ſchwerem Schlag erweichet
Sich des Marmors ſprödes Korn.

Aber dringt bis in der Schönheit Sphäre,
Und im Staube bleibt die Schwere
Mit dem Stoff, den ſie beherrſcht, zurück.
Nicht der Maſſe qualvoll abgerungen,
Schlank und leicht, wie aus dem Nichts geſprungen,
Steht das Bild vor dem entzückten Blick.
Alle Zweifel, alle Kämpfe ſchweigen
In des Sieges hoher Sicherheit;
Ausgeſtoßen hat es jeden Zeugen
Menſchlicher Bedürftigkeit.

Wenn ihr in der Menſchheit traur'ger Blöße
Steht vor des Geſetzes Größe,
Wenn dem Heiligen die Schuld ſich naht,
Da erblaſſe vor der Wahrheit Strahle
Eure Tugend, vor dem Ideale
Fliehe muthlos die beſchämte That.
Kein Erſchaffner hat dies Ziel erflogen;
Ueber dieſen grauenvollen Schlund
Trägt kein Nachen, keiner Brücke Bogen,
Und kein Anker findet Grund.

Aber flüchtet aus der Sinne Schranken
In die Freiheit der Gedanken,
Und die Furchterſcheinung iſt entflohn,
Und der ew'ge Abgrund wird ſich füllen;
Nehmt die Gottheit auf in euren Willen,
Und ſie ſteigt von ihrem Weltenthron.

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*) Statt dieſer Zeile ſteht im Muſenalmanach von 1798 folgende:
Und der Ritter ſich tief verbeugend ſpricht:

**) In den Horen vom Jahr 1795 erſchien dieſes Gedicht unter der Ueberſchrift: Das Reich der Schatten.

***) In der frühern Ausgabe folgt hier die Strophe:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

†) Hier folgen ſich in der erſten Ausgabe noch folgende Strophen:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Des Geſetzes ſtrenge Feſſel bindet
Nur den Sklavenſinn, der es verſchmäht;
Mit des Menſchen Widerſtand verſchwindet
Auch des Gottes Majeſtät.

Wenn der Menſchheit Leiden euch umfangen,
Wenn dort Priams Sohn der Schlangen
Sich erwehrt mit namenloſem Schmerz,
Da empöre ſich der Menſch! Es ſchlage
An des Himmels Wölbung ſeine Klage,
Und zerreiße euer fühlend Herz!
Der Natur furchtbare Stimme ſiege,
Und der Freude Wange werde bleich,
Und der heil'gen Sympathie erliege
Das Unſterbliche in euch!

Aber in den heitern Regionen,
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen,
Rauſcht des Jammers trüber Sturm nicht mehr.
Hier darf Schmerz die Seele nicht durchſchneiden,
Keine Thräne fließt hier mehr dem Leiden,
Nur des Geiſtes tapf'rer Gegenwehr.
Lieblich, wie der Iris Farbenfeuer
Auf der Donnerwolke duft'gem Thau,
Schimmert durch der Wehmuth düſtern Schleier
Hier der Ruhe heitres Blau.

Tief erniedrigt zu des Feigen Knechte
Ging in ewigem Gefechte
Einſt Alcid des Lebens ſchwere Bahn,
Rang mit Hydern und umarmt' den Leuen,
Stürzte ſich, die Freunde zu befreien,
Lebend in des Todtenſchiffers Kahn.
Alle Plagen, alle Erdenlaſten
Wälzt der unverſöhnten Göttin Liſt
Auf die will'gen Schultern des Verhaßten,
Bis ſein Lauf geendigt iſt —

Bis der Gott, des Irdiſchen entkleidet,
Flammend ſich vom Menſchen ſcheidet,
Und des Aethers leichte Lüfte trinkt.
Froh des neuen ungewohnten Schwebens
Fließt er aufwärts, und des Erdenlebens
Schweres Traumbild ſinkt und ſinkt und ſinkt.
Des Olympus Harmonien empfangen
Den Verklärten in Kronions Saal,
Und die Göttin mit den Roſenwangen
Reicht ihm lächelnd den Pokal.

Der Spaziergang[*]).

Sei mir gegrüßt, mein Berg mit dem röthlich ſtrahlenden Gipfel,
Sei mir, Sonne, gegrüßt, die ihn ſo lieblich beſcheint!
Dich auch grüß' ich, belebte Flur, euch, ſäuſelnde Linden,
Und den fröhlichen Chor, der auf den Aeſten ſich wiegt.
Ruhige Bläue, dich auch, die unermeßlich ſich ausgießt
Um das braune Gebirg, über den grünenden Wald,
Auch um mich, der endlich entflohn des Zimmers Gefängniß
Und dem engen Geſpräch freudig ſich rettet zu dir;
Deiner Lüfte balſamiſcher Strom durchrinnt mich erquickend,
Und den durſtigen Blick labt das energiſche Licht.
Kräftig auf blühender Au erglänzen die wechſelnden Farben,
Aber der reizende Streit löſet in Anmuth ſich auf.
Frei empfängt mich die Wieſe mit weithin verbreitetem Teppich,
Durch ihr freundliches Grün ſchlingt ſich der ländliche Pfad,
Um mich ſummt die geſchäftige Biene, mit zweifelndem Flügel
Wiegt der Schmetterling ſich über dem röthlichen Klee.
Glühend trifft mich der Sonne Pfeil, ſtill liegen die Weſte,
Nur der Lerche Geſang wirbelt in heiterer Luft.
Doch jetzt brauſt's aus dem nahen Gebüſch, tief neigen der Erlen
Kronen ſich, und im Wind wogt das verſilberte Gras;
Mich umfängt ambroſiſche Nacht; in duftende Kühlung
Nimmt ein prächtiges Dach ſchattender Buchen mich ein.
In des Waldes Geheimniß entflieht mir auf einmal die Landſchaft,
Und ein ſchlängelnder Pfad leitet mich ſteigend empor.
Nur verſtohlen durchdringt der Zweige laubiges Gitter
Sparſames Licht, und es blickt lachend das Blaue herein.
Aber plötzlich zerreißt der Flor. Der geöffnete Wald gibt
Ueberraſchend des Tages blendendem Glanz mich zurück.
Unabſehbar ergießt ſich vor meinen Blicken die Ferne,
Und ein blaues Gebirg endigt im Dufte die Welt.
Tief an des Berges Fuß, der gählings unter mir abſtürzt,
Wallet des grünlichen Stroms fließender Spiegel vorbei.
Endlos unter mir ſeh' ich den Aether, über mir endlos,
Blicke mit Schwindeln hinauf, blicke mit Schaudern hinab.
Aber zwiſchen der ewigen Höh' und der ewigen Tiefe
Trägt ein geländerter Steig ſicher den Wandrer dahin.
Lachend fliehen an mir die reichen Ufer vorüber,
Und den fröhlichen Fleiß rühmet das prangende Thal.
Jene Linien, ſieh! die des Landmanns Eigenthum ſcheiden,
In den Teppich der Flur hat ſie Demeter gewirkt.
Freundliche Schrift des Geſetzes, des menſchenerhaltenden Gottes,
Seit aus der ehernen Welt fliehend die Liebe verſchwand;
Aber in freieren Schlangen durchkreuzt die geregelten Felder
Jetzt verſchlungen vom Wald, jetzt an den Bergen hinauf
Klimmend, ein ſchimmernder Streif, die Länder verknüpfende Straße;
Auf dem ebenen Strom gleiten die Flöße dahin;
Vielfach ertönt der Herden Geläut im belebten Gefilde,
Und den Wiederhall weckt einſam des Hirten Geſang.
Muntre Dörfer bekränzen den Strom, in Gebüſchen verſchwinden
Andre, vom Rücken des Bergs ſtürzen ſie gäh dort herab.
Nachbarlich wohnet der Menſch noch mit dem Acker zuſammen,
Seine Felder umruhn friedlich ſein ländliches Dach,
Traulich rankt ſich die Reb' empor an dem niedrigen Fenſter,
Einen umarmenden Zweig ſchlingt um die Hütte der Baum.
Glückliches Volk der Gefilde! noch nicht zur Freiheit erwachet,
Theilſt du mit deiner Flur fröhlich das enge Geſetz.
Deine Wünſche beſchränkt der Aernten ruhiger Kreislauf,
Wie dein Tagewerk, gleich, windet dein Leben ſich ab!
Aber wer raubt mir auf einmal den lieblichen Anblick? Ein fremder
Geiſt verbreitet ſich ſchnell über die fremdere Flur!
Spröde ſondert ſich ab, was kaum noch liebend ſich miſchte,
Und das Gleiche nur iſt's, was an das Gleiche ſich reiht.
Stände ſeh' ich gebildet, der Pappeln ſtolze Geſchlechter
Ziehn in geordnetem Pomp vornehm und prächtig daher,
Regel wird alles und alles wird Wahl und alles Bedeutung:
Dieſes Dienergefolg meldet den Herrſcher mir an.
Prangend verkündigen ihn von fern die beleuchteten Kuppeln,
Aus dem felſigen Kern hebt ſich die thürmende Stadt.
In die Wildniß hinaus ſind des Waldes Faunen verſtoßen,
Aber die Andacht leiht höheres Leben dem Stein.
Näher gerückt iſt der Menſch an den Menſchen. Enger wird um ihn,
Reger erwacht, es umwälzt raſcher ſich in ihm die Welt.
Sieh, da entbrennen im feurigen Kampf die eifernden Kräfte,
Großes wirket ihr Streit, Größeres wirket ihr Bund.
Tauſend Hände belebt ein Geiſt, hoch ſchlägt in tauſend
Brüſten, von einem Gefühl glühend, ein einziges Herz,
Schlägt für das Vaterland und glüht für der Ahnen Geſetze,
Hier auf dem theuren Grund ruht ihr verehrtes Gebein;
Nieder ſteigen vom Himmel die ſeligen Götter, und nehmen
In dem geweihten Bezirk feſtliche Wohnungen ein;
Herrliche Gaben beſcherend erſcheinen ſie; Ceres vor Allen
Bringet des Pfluges Geſchenk, Hermes den Anker herbei,
Bacchus die Traube, Minerva des Oelbaums grünende Reiſer.
Auch das kriegriſche Roß führet Poſeidon heran,
Mutter Cybele ſpannt an des Wagens Deichſel die Löwen,
In das gaſtliche Thor zieht ſie als Bürgerin ein.
Heilige Steine! Aus euch ergoſſen ſich Pflanzer der Menſchheit,
Fernen Inſeln des Meers ſandtet ihr Sitten und Kunſt,
Weiſe ſprachen das Recht an dieſen geſelligen Thoren,
Helden ſtürzten zum Kampf für die Penaten heraus.
Auf den Mauern erſchienen, den Säugling im Arme, die Mütter,
Blickten dem Heerzug nach, bis ihn die Ferne verſchlang.
Betend ſtürzten ſie dann vor der Götter Altären ſich nieder,
Flehten um Ruhm und Sieg, flehten um Rückkehr für euch.
Ehre ward euch und Sieg, doch der Ruhm nur kehrete zurücke,
Eurer Thaten Verdienſt meldet der rührende Stein:
„Wanderer, kommſt du nach Sparta, verkündige dorten, du habeſt
„Uns hier liegen geſehn, wie das Geſetz es befahl."
Ruhet ſanft, ihr Geliebten! von eurem Blute begoſſen
Grünet der Oelbaum, es keimt luſtig die köſtliche Saat.
Munter entbrennt, des Eigenthums froh, das freie Gewerbe,
Aus dem Schilfe des Stroms winket der bläuliche Gott.
Ziſchend fliegt in den Baum die Axt, es erſeufzt die Dryade,
Hoch von des Berges Haupt ſtürzt ſich die donnernde Laſt.
Aus dem Felsbruch wiegt ſich der Stein, vom Hebel beflügelt,
In der Gebirge Schlucht taucht ſich der Bergmann hinab.
Mulcibers Ambos tönt von dem Takt geſchwungener Hämmer,
Unter der nervigen Fauſt ſpritzen die Funken des Stahls.
Glänzend umwindet der goldene Lein die tanzende Spindel,
Durch die Saiten des Garns ſauſet das webende Schiff.
Fern auf der Rhede ruft der Pilot, es warten die Flotten,
Die in der Fremdlinge Land tragen den heimiſchen Fleiß,

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[*]) Elegie war die Ueberſchrift dieſes Gedichtes in den Horen vom Jahr 1795.

Andre ziehen frohlockend dort ein mit den Gaben der Ferne,
Hoch von dem ragenden Maſt wehet der feſtliche Kranz.
Siehe, da wimmeln die Märkte, der Krahn von fröhlichem Leben,
Seltſamer Sprachen Gewirr brauſt in das wundernde Ohr.
Auf den Stapel ſchüttet die Aernten der Erde der Kaufmann,
Was dem glühenden Strahl Afrikas Boden gebiert,
Was Arabien kocht, was die äußerſte Thule bereitet,
Hoch mit erfreuendem Gut füllt Amalthea das Horn.
Da gebieret das Glück dem Talente die göttlichen Kinder,
Von der Freiheit geſäugt wachſen die Künſte der Luſt.
Mit nachahmendem Leben erfreuet der Bildner die Augen,
Und vom Meißel beſeelt redet der fühlende Stein.
Künſtliche Himmel ruhn auf ſchlanken joniſchen Säulen,
Und den ganzen Olymp ſchließet ein Pantheon ein.
Leicht, wie der Iris Sprung durch die Luft, wie der Pfeil von der Sehne,
Hüpfet der Brücke Joch über den brauſenden Strom.
Aber im ſtillen Gemach entwirft bedeutende Zirkel
Sinnend der Weiſe, beſchleicht forſchend den ſchaffenden Geiſt,
Prüft der Stoffe Gewalt, der Magnete Haſſen und Lieben,
Folgt durch die Lüfte dem Klang, folgt durch den Aether dem Strahl,
Sucht das vertraute Geſetz in des Zufalls grauſenden Wundern,
Sucht den ruhenden Pol in der Erſcheinungen Flucht.
Körper und Stimme leiht die Schrift dem ſtummen Gedanken,
Durch der Jahrhunderte Strom trägt ihn das redende Blatt.
Da zerrinnt vor dem wundernden Blick der Nebel des Wahnes,
Und die Gebilde der Nacht weichen dem tagenden Licht.
Seine Feſſeln zerbricht der Menſch, der Beglückte! Zerriß' er
Mit den Feſſeln der Furcht nur nicht den Zügel der Scham!
Freiheit ruft die Vernunft, Freiheit die wilde Begierde,
Von der heil'gen Natur ringen ſie lüſtern ſich los.
Ach, da reißen im Sturm die Anker, die an den Ufern
Warnend ihn hielten, ihn faßt mächtig der fluthende Strom,
Ins Unendliche reißt er ihn hin, die Küſte verſchwindet,
Hoch auf der Fluthen Gebirg wiegt ſich entmaſtet der Kahn,
Hinter Wolken erlöſchen des Wagens beharrliche Sterne,
Bleibend iſt nichts mehr, es irrt ſelbſt in dem Buſen der Gott.
Aus dem Geſpräche verſchwindet die Wahrheit, Glauben und Treue
Aus dem Leben, es lügt ſelbſt auf der Lippe der Schwur.
In der Herzen vertraulichſtem Bund, in der Liebe Geheimniß
Drängt ſich der Sykophant, reißt von dem Freunde den Freund.
Auf die Unſchuld ſchielt der Verrath mit verſchlingendem Blicke,
Mit vergiftendem Biß tödtet des Läſterers Zahn.
Feil iſt in der geſchändeten Bruſt der Gedanke, die Liebe
Wirft des freien Gefühls göttlichen Adel hinweg.
Deiner heiligen Zeichen, o Wahrheit, hat der Betrug ſich
Angemaßt, der Natur köſtlichſte Stimmen entweiht,
Die das bedürftige Herz in der Freude Drang ſich erfindet;
Kaum giebt wahres Gefühl noch durch Verſtummen ſich kund.
Auf der Tribune prahlet das Recht, in der Hütte die Eintracht,
Des Geſetzes Geſpenſt ſteht an der Könige Thron,
Jahre lang mag, Jahrhunderte lang die Mumie dauern,
Mag das trügende Bild lebender Fülle beſtehn,
Bis die Natur erwacht, und mit ſchweren ehernen Händen
An das hohle Gebäu rühret die Noth und die Zeit,
Einer Tigerin gleich, die das eiſerne Gitter durchbrochen
Und des numidiſchen Walds plötzlich und ſchrecklich gedenkt,
Aufſteht mit des Verbrechens Wuth und des Elends die Menſchheit,
Und in der Aſche der Stadt ſucht die verlorne Natur.
O ſo öffnet euch, Mauern, und gebt den Gefangenen ledig!
Zu der verlaſſenen Flur kehr' er gerettet zurück!
Aber wo bin ich? Es birgt ſich der Pfad. Abſchüſſige Gründe
Hemmen mit gähnender Kluft hinter mir, vor mir den Schritt.
Hinter mir blieb der Gärten, der Hecken vertraute Begleitung,
Hinter mir jegliche Spur menſchlicher Hände zurück.
Nur die Stoffe ſeh' ich gethürmt, aus welchen das Leben
Keimet, der rohe Baſalt hofft auf die bildende Hand.
Brauſend ſtürzt der Gießbach herab durch die Rinne des Felſen,
Unter den Wurzeln des Baums bricht er entrüſtet ſich Bahn.
Wild iſt es hier und ſchauerlich öd'. Im einſamen Luftraum
Hängt nur der Adler, und knüpft an das Gewölke die Welt.
Hoch herauf bis zu mir trägt keines Windes Gefieder
Den verlorenen Schall menſchlicher Mühen und Luſt.
Bin ich wirklich allein? In deinen Armen, an deinem
Herzen wieder, Natur, ach! und es war nur ein Traum,
Der mich ſchaudernd ergriff; mit des Lebens furchtbarem Bilde
Mit dem ſtürzenden Thal ſtürzte der finſtre hinab.
Reiner nehm' ich mein Leben von deinem reinen Altare,
Nehme den fröhlichen Muth hoffender Jugend zurück!
Ewig wechſelt der Wille den Zweck und die Regel, in ewig
Wiederholter Geſtalt wälzen die Thaten ſich um.
Aber jugendlich immer, in immer veränderter Schöne
Ehrſt du, fromme Natur, züchtig das alte Geſetz.
Immer dieſelbe, bewahrſt du in treuen Händen dem Manne,
Was dir das gaukelnde Kind, was dir der Jüngling vertraut,
Nähreſt an gleicher Bruſt die vielfach wechſelnden Alter;
Unter demſelben Blau, über dem nämlichen Grün
Wandeln die nahen und wandeln vereint die fernen Geſchlechter,
Und die Sonne Homers, ſiehe! ſie lächelt auch uns.

Kant und ſeine Ausleger.

Wie doch ein einziger Reicher ſo viele Bettler in Nahrung
Setzt! Wenn die Könige bau'n, haben die Kärrner zu thun.

Die Verſchwörung des Fiesko *)

Fünfter Aufzug.

Nach Mitternacht — Große Straße in Genua — Hier und da leuchten Lampen an einigen Häuſern, die nach und nach auslöſchen — Im Hintergrunde der Bühne ſieht man das Thomasthor, das noch geſchloſſen iſt. In perſpektiviſcher Ferne die See — Einige Menſchen gehen mit Handlaternen über den Platz; darauf die Runde und Patrouillen — Alles iſt ruhig. Nur das Meer wallt etwas ungeſtüm —

Erſter Auftritt.

Fiesko (kommt gewaffnet und bleibt vor dem Palaſt des Andreas Doria ſtehen). Darauf Andreas.

Fiesko. Der Alte hat Wort gehalten — im Palaſt alle Lichter aus. Die Wachen ſind fort. Ich will läuten. (Läutet.) He! Holla! Wach auf, Doria! verrathener, verkaufter Doria, wach auf! Holla! Holla! Holla! Wach auf!

Andreas (erſcheint auf dem Altane). Wer zog die Glocke?

Fiesko (mit veränderter Stimme). Frage nicht! Folge! Dein Stern geht unter, Herzog, Genua ſteht auf wider dich! Nahe ſind deine Henker und du kannſt ſchlafen, Andreas?

Andreas (mit Ehre). Ich beſinne mich, wie die zürnende See mit meiner Bellona zankte, daß der Kiel krachte, und der oberſte Maſt brach — und Andreas Doria ſchlief ſanft. Wer ſchickte die Henker?

Fiesko. Ein Mann, furchtbarer als deine zürnende See, Johann Ludwig Fiesko.

Andreas (lacht). Du biſt bei Laune, Freund! Bring deine Schwänke bei Tag. Mitternacht iſt eine ungewöhnliche Stunde.

Fiesko. Du höhnſt deinen Warner?

Andreas. Ich dank' ihm, und gehe zu Bette. Fiesko hat ſich ſchläfrig geſchwelgt, und hat keine Zeit für Doria übrig.

Fiesko. Unglücklicher alter Mann! — traue der Schlange nicht! Sieben Farben ringen auf ihrem ſpiegelnden Rücken — du nahſt — und gählings ſchnürt dich der tödtliche Wirbel. Den Wink eines Verräthers verlachteſt du. Verlache den Rath eines Freundes nicht. Ein Pferd ſteht geſattelt in deinem Hof. Fliehe bei Zeit! Verlache den Freund nicht!

Andreas. Fiesko denkt edel. Ich hab' ihn niemal beleidigt, und Fiesko verräth mich nicht.

Fiesko. Denkt edel, verräth dich, und gab dir Proben von Beidem.

Andreas. So ſteht eine Leibwache da, die kein Fiesko zu Boden wirft, wenn nicht Cherubim unter ihm dienen.

Fiesko (hämiſch). Ich möchte ſie ſprechen, einen Brief in die Ewigkeit zu beſtellen.

Andreas (groß). Armer Spötter! Haſt du nie gehört, daß Andreas Doria Achtzig alt iſt, und Genua — glücklich? — (Er verläßt den Altan.)

Fiesko (blickt ihm ſtarr nach.) Mußt' ich dieſen Mann erſt ſtürzen, eh' ich lerne, daß es ſchwerer iſt, ihm zu gleichen! (Er geht einige Schritte tiefſinnig auf und nieder.) Nein! ich machte Größe mit Größe wett — wir ſind fertig, Andreas! und nun, Verderben, gehe deinen Gang! (Er eilt in die hinterſte Gaſſe — Trommeln tönen von allen Enden. Scharfes Gefecht am Thomasthor. Das Thor wird geſprengt und öffnet die Ausſicht in den Hafen, worin Schiffe liegen mit Fackeln erleuchtet.)

Zweiter Auftritt.

Gianettino Doria (in einen Scharlachmantel geworfen). Lomellin. Bediente (voraus mit Fackeln. Alle haſtig).

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*) Aus Schillers Werken, Taſchenausg. v. 1822. Bd. 3.

Gianettino (ſteht ſtill). Wer befahl Lärmen zu ſchlagen?

Lomellin. Auf den Galeeren krachte eine Kanone.

Gianettino. Die Sklaven werden ihre Ketten reißen. (Schüſſe am Thomasthor.)

Lomellin. Feuer dort.

Gianettino. Thor offen! Wachen in Aufruhr! (Zu den Bedienten.) Hurtig, Schurken! leuchtet dem Hafen zu! (Eilen gegen das Thor.)

Dritter Auftritt.

Vorige. Bourgognino mit Verſchwornen, die vom Thomasthor kommen.

Bourgognino. Sebaſtian Leſcaro iſt ein tapferer Soldat.

Zenturione. Wehrte ſich wie ein Bär, bis er niederfiel.

Gianettino (tritt beſtürzt zurück). Was hör' ich da? — Haltet!

Bourgognino. Wer dort mit dem Flambeau?

Lomellin. Es ſind Feinde, Prinz! ſchleichen Sie links weg.

Bourgognino (ruft hitzig an). Wer da mit dem Flambeau?

Zenturione. Steht! Eure Loſung?

Gianettino (zieht das Schwert trotzig). Unterwerfung und Doria.

Bourgognino (ſchäumend, fürchterlich). Räuber der Republik und meiner Braut! (zu den Verſchwornen, indem er auf Gianettino ſtürzt.) Ein Gang Profit, Brüder! Seine Teufel liefern ihn ſelbſt aus. (Er ſtößt ihn nieder.)

Gianettino (fällt mit Gebrüll). Mord! Mord! Mord! Räche mich, Lomellino!

Lomellin. Bediente (fliehend). Hülfe! Mörder! Mörder!

Zenturione (ruft mit ſtarker Stimme). Er iſt getroffen. Haltet den Grafen auf! (Lomellin wird gefangen.)

Lomellin (knieend). Schont meines Lebens, ich trete zu Euch über!

Bourgognino. Lebt dieſes Unthier noch? Die Memme mag fliehen. (Lomellin entwiſcht.)

Zenturione. Thomasthor unſer! Gianettino kalt! Rennt, was ihr rennen könnt! Sagt's dem Fiesko an!

Gianettino (bäumt ſich kräftig in die Höhe). Peſt, Fiesko — (Stirbt).

Bourgognino (reißt den Stahl aus dem Leichnam). Genua frei, und meine Bertha! — Dein Schwert, Zenturione. Dies blutige bringſt du meiner Braut. Ihr Kerker iſt geſprengt. Ich werde nachkommen und ihr den Brautkuß geben. (Eilen ab zu verſchiedenen Straßen.)

Vierter Auftritt.

Andreas Doria. Deutſche.

Deutſcher. Der Sturm zog ſich dorthin. Werft Euch zu Pferd, Herzog!

Andreas. Laßt mich noch einmal Genua's Thürme ſchauen und den Himmel! Nein, es iſt kein Traum, und Andreas iſt verrathen.

Deutſcher. Feinde um und um! Fort! Flieht über die Grenze!

Andreas (wirft ſich auf den Leichnam ſeines Neffen). Hier will ich enden. Rede keiner vom Fliehen. Hier liegt die Kraft meines Alters. Meine Bahn iſt aus. (Kalkagno fern mit Verſchwornen.)

Deutſcher. Mörder dort! Mörder! Flieht, alter Fürſt!

Andreas (da die Trommeln wieder anfangen). Höret, Ausländer! Höret! Das ſind die Genueſer, deren Joch ich brach. (Verhüllt ſich.) Vergilt man auch ſo in eurem Lande?

Deutſcher. Fort! Fort! Fort! indeß unſere deutſchen Knochen Scharten in ihre Klingen ſchlagen. (Kalkagno näher.)

Andreas. Rettet euch! Laßt mich! Schreckt Nationen mit der Schauerpoſt: die Genueſer erſchlagen ihren Vater —

Deutſcher. Fort! Zum Erſchlagen hat's noch Weile — Kameraden, ſteht! Nehmt den Herzog in die Mitte! (ziehen.) Peitſcht dieſen welſchen Hunden Reſpekt für einen Graukopf ein —

Kalkagno (ruft an). Wer da? Was gibt's da?

Deutſche (hauen ein). Deutſche Hiebe! (gehen fechtend ab. Gianettino's Leichnam wird hinweggetragen.)

Fünfter Auftritt.

Leonore (in Mannskleidern). **Arabella** (hinter ihr her. Beide ſchleichen ängſtlich herein.)

Arabella. Kommen Sie, gnädige Frau, o kommen Sie doch —

Leonore. Da hinaus wüthet der Aufruhr — — Horch, war das nicht eines Sterbenden Aechzen? — Weh! ſie umzingeln ihn — Auf Fiesko's Herz deuten ihre gähnenden Rohre — Auf das meinige, Bella — Sie drücken ab — Haltet! Haltet! Es iſt mein Gemahl! (Wirft die Arme ſchwärmend in die Luft.)

Arabella. Aber um Gotteswillen —

Leonore (immer wild phantaſirend nach allen Gegenden ſchreiend.) Fiesko! — Fiesko! — Fiesko! — Sie weichen hinter ihm ab, ſeine Getreuen — Rebellentreue iſt wankend. (Heftig erſchrocken.) Rebellen führt mein Gemahl? Bella! Himmel! Ein Rebell kämpft mein Fiesko?

Arabella. Nicht doch, Signora, als Genua's furchtbarer Schiedsmann!

Leonore (aufmerkſam.) Das wäre etwas — und Leonore hätte gezittert? den erſten Republikaner umarmte die feigſte Republikanerin? Geh, Arabella — Wenn die Männer um Länder ſich meſſen, dürfen auch die Weiber ſich fühlen. (Man fängt wieder an zu trommeln.) Ich werfe mich unter die Kämpfer.

Arabella (ſchlägt die Hände zuſammen). Barmherziger Himmel!

Leonore. Sachte! Woran ſtößt ſich mein Fuß? Hier iſt ein Hut und ein Mantel. Ein Schwert liegt dabei. (Sie wägt es). Ein ſchweres Schwert, meine Bella! doch ſchleppen kann ich's noch wohl, und das Schwert macht ſeinem Führer nicht Schande. (Man läutet Sturm.)

Arabella. Hören Sie? Hören Sie? Das wimmert vom Thurm der Dominicaner. Gott erbarme! wie fürchterlich!

Leonore (ſchwärmend.) Sprich, wie entzückend! In dieſer Sturmglocke ſpricht mein Fiesko mit Genua. (Man trommelt ſtärker.) Hurrah! Hurrah! Nie klangen mir Flöten ſo ſüß — Auch dieſe Trommeln belebt mein Fiesko — Wie mein Herz höher wallt! Ganz Genua wird munter — Miethlinge hüpfen hinter ſeinem Namen, und ſein Weib ſollte zaghaft thun? (Es ſtürmt auf drei andern Thürmen.) Nein! Eine Heldin ſoll mein Held umarmen — Mein Brutus ſoll eine Römerin umarmen. (Sie ſetzt den Hut auf, und wirft den Scharlach um.) Ich bin Porzia.

Arabella. Gnädige Frau, Sie wiſſen nicht, wie entſetzlich Sie ſchwärmen! Nein, das wiſſen Sie nicht. (Sturmläuten und Trommeln.)

Leonore. Elende, die du das alles hörſt und nicht ſchwärmſt! Weinen möchten dieſe Quader, daß ſie die Beine nicht haben, meinem Fiesko zuzuſpringen — Dieſe Paläſte zürnen über ihren Meiſter, der ſie ſo feſt in die Erde zwang, daß ſie meinem Fiesko nicht zuſpringen können — Die Ufer, könnten ſie's, verließen ihre Pflicht, gäben Genua dem Meere Preis, und tanzten hinter ſeiner Trommel — Was den Tod aus ſeinen Windeln rüttelt, kann deinen Muth nicht wecken? Geh! — Ich finde meinen Weg.

Arabella. Großer Gott! Sie werden doch dieſe Grille nicht wahr machen wollen?

Leonore (ſtolz und heroiſch). Das ſollt' ich meinen, du Alberne — (feurig) Wo am wildeſten das Getümmel wüthet, wo in Perſon mein Fiesko kämpft — Iſt das Lavagna? — hör' ich ſie fragen — den Niemand bezwingen kann, der um Genua eiſerne Würfel ſchwingt, iſt das Lavagna? — Genueſer! Er iſt's, werd' ich ſagen, und dieſer Mann iſt mein Gemahl, und ich hab' auch eine Wunde. (Sacco mit Verſchwornen.)

Sacco (ruft an). Wer da? Doria oder Fiesko?

Leonore (begeiſtert.) Fiesko und Freiheit! (Sie wirft ſich in eine Gaſſe. Auflauf. Bella wird weggedrängt.)

Sechſter Auftritt.

Sacco (mit einem Haufen.) **Kalkagno** (begegnet ihm mit einem andern).

Kalkagno. Andreas Doria iſt entflohen.

Sacco. Deine ſchlechteſte Empfehlung bei Fiesko.

Kalkagno. Bären, die Deutſchen! pflanzten ſich vor dem Alten wie Felſen. Ich kriegte ihn gar nicht zu Geſicht. Neun von den Unſrigen ſind fertig. Ich ſelbſt bin am linken Ohrlappen geſtreift. Wenn ſie das fremden Tyrannen thun, alle Teufel, wie müſſen ſie ihre Fürſten bewachen!

Sacco. Wir haben ſchon ſtarken Anhang, und alle Thore ſind unſer.

Kalkagno. Auf der Burg, hör' ich, fechten ſie ſcharf.

Sacco. Bourgognino iſt unter ihnen. Was ſchafft Verrina?

Kalkagno. Liegt zwiſchen Genua und dem Meere, wie der hölliſche Kettenhund, daß kaum eine Anchove durch kann.

Sacco. Ich laß in der Vorſtadt ſtürmen.

Kalkagno. Ich marſchiere über die Piazza Sarzana. Rühre dich, Tambour! (Ziehen unter Trommelſchlag weiter.)

Siebenter Auftritt.

Der Mohr. Ein Trupp Diebe.
(mit Lunten.)

Mohr. Daß ihr's wißt, Schurken! ich war der Mann, der dieſe Suppe einbrockte — Mir gibt man keinen Löffel. Gut. Die Hatz' iſt mir eben recht. Wir wollen eins anzünden und plündern. Die drüben balgen ſich um ein Herzogthum, wir heizen die Kirchen ein, daß die erfrornen Apoſtel ſich wärmen. (Werfen ſich in die umliegenden Häuſer.)

Achter Auftritt.

Bourgognino. Bertha (verkleidet.)

Bourgognino. Hier ruhe aus, lieber Kleiner! Du biſt in Sicherheit. Bluteſt du?

Bertha (die Sprache verändert). Mitnichten.

Bourgognino (lebhaft). Pfui, ſo ſteh' auf! Ich will dich hinführen, wo man Wunden für Genua erntet — Schön, ſiehſt du? wie dieſe. (Er ſtreift ſeinen Arm auf.)

Bertha (zurückfahrend). O Himmel!

Bourgognino. Du erſchrickſt? Niedlicher Kleiner, zu früh eilſt du in den Mann — Wie alt biſt du?

Bertha. Funfzehn Jahr.

Bourgognino. Schlimm! für dieſe Nacht fünf Jahre zu zärtlich — Dein Vater?

Bertha. Der beſte Bürger in Genua.

Bourgognino. Gemach, Knabe! Das iſt nur einer, und ſeine Tochter iſt meine verlobte Braut. Weißt du das Haus des Verrina?

Bertha. Ich dächte.

Bourgognino (raſch). Und kennſt ſeine göttliche Tochter?

Bertha. Bertha heißt ſeine Tochter.

Bourgognino (hitzig). Gleich geh, und überliefr' ihr dieſen Ring. Er gelte den Trauring, ſagſt du, und der blaue Buſch halte ſich brav. Jetzt fahre wohl! Ich muß dorthin. Die Gefahr iſt noch nicht aus. (Einige Häuſer brennen.)

Bertha (ruft ihm nach mit ſanfter Stimme). Scipio!

Bourgognino (ſteht betroffen ſtill). Bei meinem Schwert! Ich kenne die Stimme.

Bertha (fällt ihm an den Hals). Bei meinem Herzen! Ich bin hier ſehr bekannt.

Bourgognino (ſchreit). Bertha! (Sturmläuten in der Vorſtadt. Auflauf. Beide verlieren ſich in einer Umarmung.)

Anſtatt dieſer Scene hat Schiller während ſeines Aufenthalts in Leipzig im Jahre 1785 folgende für das dortige Theater eingerückt.

(Ein unterirdiſches Gewölbe durch eine einzige Lampe erleuchtet. Der Hintergrund bleibt ganz finſter. Bertha allein, einen ſchwarzen Schleier über das Geſicht geworfen, ſitzt auf einem Steine im Vordergrunde. Nach einer Pauſe ſteht ſie auf, und geht umher.)

Noch immer keinen Laut? Keine menſchliche Spur? Kein Fußtritt meiner Erretter. — Schreckliches Harren! Schrecklich und undankbar, wie die Sehnſucht eines lebendig Begrabenen unter dem Boden des Kirchhofs. Und worauf harrſt du, Betrogene? Ein unverletzlicher Eidſchwur hält dich in dieſem Gewölbe gefangen. Gianettino Doria muß fallen, Genua frei werden, oder Bertha verſchmachtet in dieſem Thurme — ſo lautete der Schwur meines Vaters. Fürchterlicher Kerker, zu welchem es keinen Schlüſſel gibt, als das Todesröcheln eines wohlbeſchützten Tyrannen (ſieht ſich im Gewölbe um.) Wie grauenvoll iſt dieſe Stille! ſchauerlich wie die Stille des Grabes! Die leeren Winkel gießen ſchreckliche Nacht aus. Auch meine Lampe droht zu verlöſchen (lebhafter herumgehend). O komm, komm, mein Geliebter, es iſt fürchterlich, hier zu ſterben. (Pauſe, dann fährt ſie auf und fliegt mit Händeringen durchs Gewölbe mit allen Zeichen des Schmerzens.) Er hat mich verlaſſen! Er hat ſeinen Eid gebrochen, er hat ſeine Bertha vergeſſen. Die Lebendigen fragen nach den Todten nicht mehr, und dieß Gewölbe gehört zu den Gräbern. Hoffe nichts mehr, Unglückliche. Hoffnung blüht nur, wohin Gott ſchaut. In dieſen Kerker ſchaut Gott nicht. (Neue Pauſe, ſie wird ängſtlicher.)

Oder ſind meine Retter gefallen? Die kühne Verſchwörung mißlang, und die Gefahr überwältigte den muthigen Jüngling. — O unglückliche Bertha, vielleicht wandeln in dieſem Augenblick ihre Geſpenſter durch das Gewölbe, und weinen über deine Hoffnung (ſchrickt zuſammen). Gott! Gott! ſo bin ich ja ohne Rettung verloren, wenn ſie nicht mehr ſind, ohne Rettung Preis gegeben dem entſetzlichen Tode (lehnt ſich an die Felſenmauer, nach einer Pauſe fährt ſie mit Wehmuth fort). Und wenn er noch lebt, mein Geliebter — wenn er nun kommen wird, Wort zu halten, und ſein Mädchen im Triumph abzuholen, und Alles hier einſam findet und ſtumm, und der entſeelte Leichnam ſeine Wonne nicht mehr beantwortet — Wenn ſeine glühenden Küſſe das entflohene Leben vergeblich auf meinen Lippen ſuchen, ſeine Thränen fruchtlos über mich fließen — wenn der Vater jammernd auf ſeine Tochter fällt, und das Geſchrei ihres Leidens in den kahlen Mauern dieſes Gefängniſſes widerhallt — — O dann, dann verſchweig' ihnen meine Klagen, Gewölbe! Sag' ihnen, daß ich duldete, wie eine Heldinn, und daß mein letzter Athem Verzeihung war (ſinkt erſchöpft auf den Stein nieder — Pauſe — Man hört ein verworrenes Geläute von Trommeln und Glocken hinter der Bühne, über den Keſſeln und unter der Bühne. Bertha fährt in die Höhe). Horch, was iſt das? Hör' ich recht, oder träum' ich? Fürchterlich ſchallen die Glocken zuſammen. Das iſt kein Ton, als wenn man zum Gottesdienſt läutet. (Das Getöſe kommt näher und wird ſtärker; ſie läuft erſchrocken umher.) Lauter, und immer lauter! Gott, das iſt Sturm! Das iſt Sturm! Iſt der Feind in die Stadt gebrochen? Geht Genua in Flammen auf? — Ein wildes ſchreckliches Getöſe, wie das Rennen von tauſend Menſchen! Was iſt das? (es wird ſtark an die Thür geſchlagen.) Es kommt hieher, die Riegel werden aufgeſchoben — (mit Lebhaftigkeit gegen den Hintergrund zugehend.) Menſchen, Menſchen! Freiheit! Rettung! Erlöſung!

Bourgognino (ſtürzt mit bloßem Schwert herein, einige Fackelträger folgen)

Bourgognino (ruft laut). Du biſt frei, Bertha, der Tyrann iſt todt. Dieß Schwert hier hat ihn erſchlagen.

Bertha (ihm in die Arme eilend). Mein Erretter! Mein Engel!

Bourgognino. Hörſt du die Sturmglocken? das Getöſe der Trommeln? Fiesko hat überwunden. Genua iſt frei, der Fluch deines Vaters vernichtet.

Bertha. Gott! Gott! Wie mir gellt dieſes ſchreckliche Getöſe, dieſes Glockengeläute?

Bourgognino. Dieß, Bertha! es iſt unſer Brautgeläute. Verlaß dieſen abſcheulichen Kerker, und folge mir zum Altar.

Bertha. Zum Altar, Bourgognino? Jetzt in dieſer Mitternachtsſtunde? In dieſem entſetzlichen wüthenden Tumult, als wenn die Welt aus den Fugen ginge?

Verrina (tritt ungeſehen herein, und bleibt, ohne zu reden, am Eingange ſtehen).

Bourgognino. In dieſer ſchönen herrlichen Nacht, wo ganz Genua ſeine Freiheit feiert, wie den Bund der Liebe. Dieß Schwert, noch roth vom Tyrannenblut, ſoll mein Hochzeitſchmuck ſein. Die Hand, noch warm von der Heldenthat, ſoll der Prieſter in die deinige fügen. Fürchte nichts, meine Liebe, und begleite mich in die Kirche.

(Verrina kommt näher, tritt zwiſchen Beide, und umarmt ſie.)

Verrina. Gott ſegne euch, meine Kinder!

Bertha und Bourgognino (zu ſeinen Füßen fallend). O mein Vater!

Verrina (legt ſeine Hände auf Beide — Pauſe — darauf wendet er ſich feierlich zu Bourgognino). Vergiß nie, wie theuer du ſie erwerben mußteſt! Vergiß nie, daß deine Ehe ſo alt iſt, als Genua's Freiheit (mit Ernſt und Hoheit ſich zu Bertha wendend). Du biſt des Verrina Tochter, und dein Mann hat den Tyrannen erſchlagen. (Nach einigem Stillſchweigen winkt er ihnen, aufzuſtehen, und ſagt mit Beklemmung:) Der Prieſter erwartet euch.

Bertha und Bourgognino (zugleich). Wie, mein Vater? Sie wollen uns nicht dahin folgen?

Verrina (ſehr ernſthaft). Dorthin ruft mich eine furchtbare Pflicht; mein Gebet wird euch folgen. (Man hört Trompeten und Pauken und Freudengeſchrei von ferne.) Kennſt du dieß Zeichen?

Bourgognino. Man wird den Fiesko zum Herzog ausrufen, der Pöbel vergöttert ihn, und bringt ihm lärmend den Purpur; der Adel ſieht mit Entſetzen zu, und konnte nicht Nein ſagen.

Verrina (lacht mit Bitterkeit). Alſo ſiehſt du, mein Sohn, ich muß eilends fort, und der Erſte ſein, der dem neuen Monarchen den Eid der Huldigung leiſtet.

Bourgognino (hält ihn erſchrocken). Was wollen Sie thun? Ich begleite Sie.

Bertha (hängt ſich ängſtlich an Bourgognino). Gott! was iſt das, Bourgognino? Worüber brütet mein Vater?

Verrina. Mein Sohn, ich habe alle unſre Habſeligkeiten zu Geld gemacht, und auf dein Schiff bringen laſſen. Nimm deine Braut, und ſteige unverzüglich an Bord. Vielleicht werd' ich nachkommen, vielleicht nicht mehr — Ihr ſegelt nach Marſeille, und (mit Rührung ſie umarmend) und Gott geleit' euch.

Bourgognino (entſchloſſen). Verrina, ich bleibe: die Gefahr iſt noch nicht aus.

Verrina (führt ihm Bertha zu). Stolzer, Unerſchrockener, tändle mit deiner Braut. Deinen Tyrannen haſt du weggeſchafft, überlaß mir den meinigen. (Gehen ab.)

Neunter Auftritt.

Fieſko (tritt hitzig auf). **Zibo.** **Gefolge.**

Fieſko. Wer warf das Feuer ein?

Zibo. Die Burg iſt erobert.

Fieſko. Wer warf das Feuer ein?

Zibo (winkt dem Gefolge). Patrouillen nach dem Thore! (Einige gehen.)

Fieſko (zornig). Wollen ſie mich zum Mordbrenner machen? Gleich eilt mit Sprützen und Eimern! (Gefolge ab.) Aber Gianettino iſt doch geliefert?

Zibo. So ſagt man.

Fieſko (wild). Sagt man nur? Wer ſagt das nur? Zibo, bei Ihrer Ehre, iſt er entronnen?

Zibo (bedenklich). Wenn ich meine Augen gegen die Ausſage eines Edelmanns ſetzen kann, ſo lebt Gianettino.

Fieſko (aufbrauſend). Sie reden ſich um den Hals, Zibo!

Zibo. Noch einmal — Ich ſah ihn vor acht Minuten lebendig in gelbem Buſch und Scharlach herumgehen.

Fieſko (außer Faſſung). Himmel und Hölle! — Zibo! — den Bourgognino laß ich um einen Kopf kürzer machen. Fliegen Sie, Zibo — Man ſoll alle Stadtthore ſperren — Alle Feluken ſoll man zuſammenſchießen — ſo kann er nicht zu Waſſer davon — dieſen Demant, Zibo, den reichſten in Genua, Lucca, Venedig und Piſa, — wer mir die Zeitung bringt: Gianettino iſt todt — er ſoll dieſen Demant haben. (Zibo eilt ab.) Fliegen Sie, Zibo!

Zehnter Auftritt.

Fieſko. **Sacco.** **Der Mohr.** **Soldaten.**

Sacco. Den Mohren fanden wir eine brennende Lunte in den Jeſuiterdom werfen —

Fieſko. Deine Verrätherei ging dir hin, weil ſie mich traf. Auf Mordbrennerei ſteht der Strick. Führt ihn gleich ab, hängt ihn am Kirchthor auf.

Mohr. Pfui! Pfui! Pfui! Das kommt mir ungeſchickt — Läßt ſich nichts davon wegplaudern?

Fieſko. Nichts.

Mohr (vertraulich). Schickt mich einmal zur Probe auf die Galeere.

Fieſko (winkt den Andern). Zum Galgen.

Mohr (trotzig). So will ich ein Chriſt werden!

Fieſko. Die Kirche bedankt ſich für die Blattern des Heidenthums.

Mohr (ſchmeichelnd). Schickt mich wenigſtens beſoffen in die Ewigkeit!

Fieſko. Nüchtern.

Mohr. Aber hängt mich nur an keine chriſtliche Kirche!

Fieſko. Ein Ritter hält Wort. Ich verſprach dir deinen eignen Galgen.

Sacco (brummt). Nicht viel Federleſens, Heide! Man hat noch mehr zu thun.

Mohr. Doch — wenn halt allenfalls — der Strick bräche? —

Fieſko (zu Sacco). Man wird ihn doppelt nehmen.

Mohr (reſignirt). So mags ſein — und der Teufel kann ſich auf den Extrafall rüſten. (Ab mit Soldaten, die ihn in einiger Entfernung aufhängen.)

Eilfter Auftritt.

Fieſko. **Leonore** (erſcheint hinten im Scharlachrock Gianettino's).

Fieſko (wird ſie gewahr, fährt vor, tritt zurück und murmelt grimmig). Kenn' ich nicht dieſen Buſch und Mantel? (Geht näher, haſtig.) Ich kenne den Buſch und Mantel! (Wüthend, indem er auf ſie losdringt, und ſie niederſtößt.) Wenn du drei Leben haſt, ſo ſteh wieder auf und wandle! (Leonore fällt mit einem gebrochenen Laut. Man hört einen Siegesmarſch. Trommeln. Hörner. Hoboen.)

Zwölfter Auftritt.

Fieſko. **Kalkagno.** **Sacco.** **Zenturione.**
Zibo. **Soldaten**
(mit Muſik und Fahnen treten auf).

Fieſko (ihnen entgegen im Triumph). Genueſer — der Wurf iſt geworfen — Hier liegt der Wurm meiner Seele — die gräßliche Koſt meines Haſſes. Hebt eure Schwerter hoch! Gianettino!

Kalkagno. Und ich komme, Ihnen zu ſagen, daß zwei Drittheile von Genua Ihrer Partei zugefallen, und zu den Fieskiſchen Fahnen ſchwören —

Zibo. Und durch mich ſchickt Ihnen Verrina vom Admiralſchiff ſeinen Gruß und die Herrſchaft über Hafen und Meer —

Zenturione. Und durch mich der Gouverneur der Stadt ſeinen Kommandoſtab und die Schlüſſel —

Sacco. Und in mir wirft ſich (indem er niederfällt) der große und kleine Rath der Republik knieend vor ſeinem Herrn, und bittet fußfällig um Gnade und Schonung —

Kalkagno. Mich laßt den Erſten ſein, der den großen Sieger in ſeinen Mauern willkommen heißt — Heil Ihnen — Senkt die Fahnen tief! — Herzog von Genua!

Alle (ſchwenken die Hüte ab). Heil, Heil dem Herzog von Genua! (Siegesmarſch.)

Fieſko (hatte die ganze Zeit über den Kopf auf die Bruſt geſunken, in einer denkenden Stellung).

Kalkagno. Volk und Senat ſtehen wartend, ihren gnädigen Oberherrn im Fürſtenornat zu begrüßen — Erlauben Sie uns, durchlauchtigſter Herzog, Sie im Triumph nach der Signoria zu führen!

Fieſko. Erlaubt mir erſt, daß ich mit meinem Herzen mich abfinde — Ich mußte eine gewiſſe theure Perſon in banger Ahnung zurücklaſſen, eine Perſon, die die Glorie dieſer Nacht mit mir theilen wird. (Gerührt zur Geſellſchaft.) Habt die Güte und begleitet mich zu eurer liebenswürdigen Herzogin! (Er will aufbrechen.)

Kalkagno. Soll der meuchelmörderiſche Bube hier liegen, und ſeine Schande in dieſem Winkel verhehlen?

Zenturione. Steckt ſeinen Kopf auf eine Hellebarde!

Zibo. Laßt ſeinen zerriſſenen Rumpf unſer Pflaſter fegen. (Man leuchtet gegen den Leichnam.)

Kalkagno (erſchrocken und etwas leiſe). Schaut her, Genueſer! Das iſt bei Gott kein Gianettinogeſicht. (Alle ſtehen ſtarr auf die Leiche.)

Fieſko (bleibt ſtill, wirft von der Seite einen forſchenden Blick darauf, den er ſtarr und langſam unter Verzerrungen zurückzieht). Nein, Teufel — Nein, das iſt kein Gianettinogeſicht, hämiſcher Teufel! (Die Augen herumgerollt.) Genua mein, ſagt ihr? Mein? — (Hinaus wüthend in einem gräßlichen Schrei.) Spiegelfechterei der Hölle! Es iſt mein Weib!

(Sinkt zerſchmettert zu Boden. Verſchworne ſtehen in todter Pauſe und ſchauervollen Gruppen.)

Fieſko (matt aufgerichtet mit dumpfer Stimme). Hab' ich mein Weib ermordet, Genueſer? — Ich beſchwöre euch, ſchielt nicht ſo geiſterbleich auf dieſes Spiel der Natur — Gott ſei gelobt! Es gibt Schickſale, die der Menſch nicht zu fürchten hat, weil er nur Menſch iſt. Wem Götterwolluſt verſagt iſt, wird keine Teufelqual zugemuthet — dieſe Verirrung wäre etwas mehr. (Mit ſchrecklicher Beruhigung.) Genueſer, Gott ſei Dank! Es kann nicht ſein.

Dreizehnter Auftritt.

Vorige. **Arabella** (kommt jammernd).

Arabella. Mögen ſie mich umbringen, was hab' ich auch jetzt noch zu verlieren? — Habt Erbarmen, ihr Männer — Hier verließ ich meine gnädige Frau, und nirgends find' ich ſie wieder.

Fieſko (tritt ihr näher, mit leiſer bebender Stimme). Leonore heißt deine gnädige Frau?

Arabella (froh). O daß Sie da ſind, mein liebſter, guter, gnädiger Herr! — Zürnen Sie nicht über uns, wir konnten ſie nicht mehr zurückhalten.

Fieſko (fährt ſie zornig an). Die Gnädige! von was nicht?

Arabella. Daß ſie nicht nachſprang —

Fieſko (heftiger). Schweig! wohin ſprang?

Arabella. In's Gedränge —

Fieſko (wüthend). Daß deine Zunge zum Krokodil würde — Ihre Kleider?

Arabella. Ein ſcharlachner Mantel —

Fieſko (raſend gegen ſie taumelnd). Geh! in den neunten Kreis der Hölle! — der Mantel?

Arabella. Lag hier an dem Boden.

Einige Verſchworne (murmelnd). Gianettino ward hier ermordet —

Fieſko (tödtend zurückgewandt zu Arabellen). Deine Frau iſt gefunden. (Arabella geht zurück. Fieſko ſucht mit verdrehten Augen im ganzen Kreis herum, darauf mit leiſer ſchauernder Stimme, die ſtufenweis bis zum Toben ſteigt.) Wahr iſt's — wahr — und ich das Glücksblatt des unendlichen Bubenſtücks. ([illegible] um ſich herum.) Tretet zurück, ihr menſchlichen Geſichter — Ah, (mit breitem Zähneblecken gen Himmel) hätt' ich nur ſeinen Weltbau zwiſchen dieſen Zähnen — Ich fühle mich aufgelegt, die ganze Natur in ein grinſendes Scheuſal zu zerkratzen, bis ſie ausſieht, wie mein Schmerz. — (Zu den Andern, die bebend herumſtehen.) Menſch! — wie es jetzt daſteht, das erbärmliche Geſchlecht, ſich ſegnet und ſelig preiſt, daß es nicht iſt, wie ich — Nicht, wie ich! — (In heftiger Angſt umherirrend.) Ich allein habe den Streich — (wilder, wüthender). Ich? Warum ich? Warum nicht mit mir auch dieſe? Warum ſoll ſich mein Schmerz am Schmerz eines Mitgeſchöpfes nicht ſtumpf reiben dürfen?

Kalkagno (zitternd). Mein theurer Herzog —

Fiesko (ſpringt auf ihn zu mit gräßlichem Frohlocken). Ah, willkommen! Hier, Gott ſei Dank! iſt einer, den auch dieſer Donner geſtreift! (Indem er den Kalkagno wüthend in ſeine Arme drückt.) Bruder Zerſchmetterter! Wohl bekomme die Verdammniß! Sie iſt todt! Du haſt ſie auch geliebt! (Er zwingt ihn an den Leichnam, und drückt ihm den Kopf hinunter.) Sie iſt todt! (Den ſtarren Blick in einen Winkel geheftet.) Ah, daß ich ſtünde am Thor der Verdammniß, hinunterſchauen dürfte mein Aug' auf die mancherlei Folterſchrauben der ſinnreichen Hölle, fangen mein Ohr zerknirſchter Sünder Gewinſel — Könnt' ich ſie ſehen, meine Qual, wer weiß? ich trüge ſie vielleicht! (Mit Schauer zur Leiche gehend.) Mein Weib liegt hier ermordet — Nein, das will wenig ſagen! (Nachdrücklicher.) Ich, der Bube habe mein Weib ermordet — O pfui, ſo etwas kann die Hölle kaum kitzeln — Erſt wirbelt ſie mich teufliſch auf der Freude [illegible] glänzendes Schwindeldach, ſchwatzt mich bis an die Schwelle des Himmels — und dann hinunter — dann — o könnte mein Odem die Peſt unter Seelen blaſen — dann — dann ermord' ich mein Weib — Nein! ihr Witz iſt noch feiner — dann übereilen ſich (verächtlich) zwei Augen, und (mit ſchrecklichem Nachdruck) ich ermorde — mein Weib! (Grinſend lächelnd.) Das iſt ein Meiſterſtück!

(Alle Verſchworenen hängen gerührt an ihren Waffen. Einige wiſchen Thränen aus den Augen. Pauſe.)

Fiesko (erſchöpft und ſtiller, indem er im Zirkel herumblickt). Schluchzt hier Jemand? Ja, bei Gott, die einen Fürſten würgten, weinen! (In ſtillen Schmerz geſchmolzen.) Redet! Weint ihr über dieſen Hochverrath des Todes, oder weint ihr über meines Geiſtes Memmenfall? (In erhabener, rührender Stellung vor der Leiche verweilend.) Wo in warmen Thränen felſenharte Mörder ſchmelzen, fluchte Fiesko's Verzweiflung! (Sinkt weinend an ihr nieder.) Leonore, vergib — Reue zürnt man dem Himmel nicht ab. (Weich mit Wehmuth.) Jahre voraus, Leonore, genoß ich das Feſt einer Stunde, wo ich dem Genueſern ihre Herzogin brächte — Wie lieblich verſchämt ſah ich ſchon deine Wangen erröthen, deinen Buſen wie fürſtlich ſchön unter dem Silberflore ſchwellen, wie angenehm deine liſpelnde Stimme der Entzückung verſagen! (Lebhafter.) Ha! wie berauſchend wallte mir ſchon der ſtolze Zuruf zu Ohren, wie ſpiegelte ſich meiner Liebe Triumph im verſinkenden Neide! — Leonore — die Stunde iſt gekommen — Genua's Herzog iſt dein Fiesko — und Genua's ſchlechteſter Bettler beſinnt ſich, ſeine Verachtung an meine Qual und meinen Scharlach zu tauſchen — (Rührender.) Eine Gattin theilt ſeinen Gram — mit wem kann ich meine Herrlichkeit theilen? (Er weint heftiger, und verbirgt ſein Geſicht an der Leiche. Rührung auf allen Geſichtern.)

Kalkagno. Es war eine treffliche Dame.

Zibo. Daß man doch ja den Trauerfall dem Volk noch verſchweige. Er nähme den Unſrigen den Muth, und gäb' ihn den Feinden.

Fiesko (ſteht gefaßt und feſt auf). Hört, Genueſer! — die Vorſehung, verſteh' ich ihren Wink, ſchlug mir dieſe Wunde nur, mein Herz für die nahe Größe zu prüfen. — Es war die gewagteſte Probe — jetzt fürcht' ich weder Qual noch Entzücken mehr. Kommt! Genua erwartet mich, ſagt ihr? — Ich will Genua einen Fürſten ſchenken, wie ihn noch kein Europäer ſah — Kommt! dieſer unglücklichen Fürſtin will ich eine Todtenfeier halten, daß das Leben ſeine Anbeter verlieren, und die Verweſung wie eine Braut glänzen ſoll — Jetzt folgt eurem Herzog! (Gehen ab unter Fahnenmarſch.)

Vierzehnter Auftritt.

Andreas. Doria. Lomellino.

Andreas. Dort jauchzen ſie hin.

Lomellin. Ihr Glück hat ſie berauſcht. Die Thore ſind bloßgegeben. Der Signoria wälzt ſich Alles zu.

Andreas. Nur meinem Neffen ſcheute das Roß. Mein Neffe iſt todt. Hören Sie, Lomellino —

Lomellin. Was? Noch? Noch hoffen Sie, Herzog?

Andreas (ernſt). Zittere du für dein Leben, weil du mich Herzog ſpotteſt, wenn ich auch nicht einmal hoffen darf.

Lomellin. Gnädigſter Herr — eine brauſende Nation liegt in der Schale Fiesko's — Was in der Ihrigen?

Andreas (groß und warm). Der Himmel!

Lomellin (hämiſch die Achſeln zuckend). Seitdem das Pulver erfunden iſt, kampiren die Engel nicht mehr.

Andreas. Erbärmlicher Affe, der einem verzweifelnden Graukopf ſeinen Gott noch nimmt! (Ernſt und gebietend.) Geh! mache bekannt, daß Andreas noch lebe — Andreas, ſagſt du, erſuche ſeine Kinder, ihn doch in ſeinem achtzigſten Jahre nicht zu den Ausländern zu jagen, die dem Andreas den Flor ſeines Vaterlandes niemals verzeihen würden. Sag' ihnen das, und Andreas erſuche ſeine Kinder um ſoviel Erde in ſeinem Vaterland für ſoviel Gebeine.

Lomellin. Ich gehorche, aber verzweifle. (Will gehen.)

Andreas. Höre, und nimm dieſe eisgraue Haarlocke mit — Sie war die letzte, ſagſt du, auf meinem Haupt, und ging los in der dritten Jännernacht, als Genua losriß von meinem Herzen, und habe achtzig Jahre gehalten, und habe den Kahlkopf verlaſſen im achtzigſten Jahr — die Haarlocke iſt mürbe, aber doch Kraft genug, dem ſchlanken Jüngling den Purpur zu knüpfen. (Er geht mit verhülltem Geſicht. Lomellin eilt in eine entgegengeſetzte Gaſſe. Man hört ein tumultuariſches Freudengeſchrei unter Trompeten und Pauken.)

Fünfzehnter Auftritt.

Verrina (vom Hafen). Bertha und Bourgognino.

Verrina. Man jauchzt. Wem gilt das?

Bourgognino. Sie wollen den Fiesko zum Herzog ausrufen.

Bertha (ſchmiegt ſich ängſtlich an Bourgognino). Mein Vater iſt fürchterlich, Scipio!

Verrina. Laßt mich allein, Kinder! — O Genua! Genua!

Bourgognino. Der Pöbel vergöttert ihn, und fordert wiehernd den Purpur. Der Adel ſieht mit Entſetzen zu, und darf nicht Nein ſagen.

Verrina. Mein Sohn, ich hab' alle meine Habſeligkeiten zu Geld gemacht, und auf dein Schiff bringen laſſen. Nimm dein Weib, und ſtich unverzüglich in See. Vielleicht werd' ich nachkommen. Vielleicht — nicht mehr. Ihr ſegelt nach Marſeille, und (ſchmerzhaft und gepreßt ſie umarmend) Gott geleit' euch! (Schnell ab.)

Bertha. Um Gotteswillen! Worüber brütet mein Vater?

Bourgognino. Verſtandſt du den Vater?

Bertha. Fliehen, o Gott! Fliehen in der Brautnacht!

Bourgognino. So ſprach er — und wir gehorchen. (Beide gehen nach dem Hafen.)

Sechszehnter Auftritt.

Verrina. Fiesko (im herzoglichen Schmuck).
(Beide treffen auf einander.)

Fiesko. Verrina! erwünſcht. Eben war ich aus, dich zu ſuchen.

Verrina. Das war auch mein Gang.

Fiesko. Merkt Verrina keine Veränderung an ſeinem Freunde?

Verrina (zurückhaltend). Ich wünſche keine.

Fiesko. Aber ſiehſt du auch keine?

Verrina (ohne ihn anzuſehen). Ich hoffe! Nein!

Fiesko. Ich frage, findeſt du keine?

Verrina (nach einem flüchtigen Blick). Ich finde keine.

Fiesko. Nun, ſiehſt du, ſo muß es doch wahr ſein, daß die Gewalt nicht Tyrannen macht. Seit wir uns Beide verließen, bin ich Genua's Herzog geworden, und Verrina (indem er ihn an die Bruſt drückt) findet meine Umarmung noch feurig wie ſonſt.

Verrina. Deſto ſchlimmer, daß ich ſie froſtig erwidern muß; der Anblick der Majeſtät fällt wie ein ſchneidendes Meſſer zwiſchen mich und den Herzog! Johann Ludwig Fiesko beſaß Länder in meinem Herzen — jetzt hat er Genua erobert, und ich nehme mein Eigenthum zurück.

Fiesko (betreten). Das wolle Gott nicht! Für ein Herzogthum wäre der Preis zu jüdiſch.

Verrina (muſtert ihn widrig). Hum! Iſt denn etwa die Freiheit in der Mode geſunken, daß man dem Erſten dem Beſten Republiken um ein Schandengeld nachwirft.

Fiesko (beißt die Lippen zuſammen). Das ſag' du Niemand, als dem Fiesko.

Verrina. O natürlich! ein vorzüglicher Kopf muß es ſein, von dem die Wahrheit ohne Ohrfeige wegkommt — Aber Schade! der verſchlagene Spieler hat's nur in einer Karte verſehen. Er kalkulirte das ganze Spiel des Neides, aber der raffinirte Witzling ließ zum Unglücke die Patrioten aus. (Sehr bedeutend.) Hat der Unterdrücker der Freiheit auch einen Kniff auf die Züge der römiſchen Tugend zurückbehalten? Ich ſchwör' es beim lebendigen Gott, eh' die Nachwelt meine Gebeine aus dem Kirchhof eines Herzogthums gräbt, ſoll ſie auf dem Rade ſie zuſammenleſen.

Fiesko (nimmt ihn mit Sanftmuth bei der Hand). Auch nicht, wenn der Herzog dein Bruder iſt? wenn er ſein Fürſtenthum nur zur Schatzkammer ſeiner Wohlthätigkeit macht, die bis jetzt bei ſeiner haushälteriſchen Dürftigkeit betteln ging? Verrina, auch dann nicht?

Verrina. Auch dann nicht — und der verſchenkte Raub hat noch keinem Dieb vom Galgen geholfen. Ueberdieß ging dieſe Großmuth bei Verrina fehl. Meinem Mitbürger konnt' ich ſchon erlauben, mir Gutes zu thun — meinem Mitbürger hofft' ich's wett machen zu können. Die Geſchenke eines Fürſten ſind Gnade — und Gott iſt mir gnädig.

Fiesko (ärgerlich). Wollt' ich doch lieber Italien vom Atlantmeere abreißen, als dieſen Starrkopf von ſeinem Wahn!

Verrina. Und Abreißen iſt doch ſonſt deine ſchlechteſte Kunſt nicht, davon weiß das Lamm Republik zu erzählen, das du dem Wolf Doria aus dem Rachen nahmſt — es ſelbſt aufzufreſſen. — Aber genug! Nur im Vorbeigehen, Herzog, ſage mir, was verbrach denn der arme Teufel, den ihr am Jeſuitendom aufknüpftet?

Fiesko. Die Kanaille zündete Genua an.

Verrina. Aber doch die Geſetze ließ die Kanaille noch ganz?

Fiesko. Verrina brandſchatzt meine Freundſchaft.

Verrina. Hinweg mit der Freundſchaft! Ich ſage dir ja, ich liebe dich nicht mehr, ich ſchwöre dir, daß ich dich haſſe — haſſe wie den Wurm des Paradieſes, der den erſten falſchen Wurf in die Schöpfung that, worunter ſchon das fünfte Jahrtauſend blutet — Höre, Fiesko — Nicht Unterthan gegen Herrn — Nicht Freund gegen Freund, Menſch gegen Menſch red' ich zu dir. (Scharf und heftig.) Du haſt eine Schande begangen an der Majeſtät des wahrhaften Gottes, daß du dir die Tugend die Hände zu deinem Bubenſtück führen, und Genua's Patrioten mit Genua Unzucht treiben ließeſt — Fiesko, wär' auch ich der Kindiſchdumme geweſen, den Schalk nicht zu merken, Fiesko! bei allen Schauern der Ewigkeit, einen Strick wollt' ich drehen aus meinen eigenen Gedärmen, und mich erdroſſeln, daß meine fliehende Seele in gichtriſchen Schaumblaſen dir zuſpritzen ſollte. Das fürſtliche Schelmenſtück drückt wohl die Goldwage menſchlicher Sünden entzwei, aber du haſt den Himmel geneckt, und den Prozeß wird das Weltgericht führen.

(Fiesko erſtaunt und mißt ihn ſprachlos mit großen Augen.)

Verrina. Beſinne dich auf keine Antwort. Jetzt ſind wir fertig. (Nach einigem Auf- und Niedergehen.) Herzog von Genua, auf den Schiffen des geſtrigen Tyrannen lernt' ich eine Gattung armer Geſchöpfe kennen, die eine verjährte Schuld mit jedem Ruderſchlage wiederkäuen, und in den Ocean ihre Thränen weinen, der wie ein reicher Mann zu vornehm iſt, ſie zu zählen — Ein guter Fürſt eröffnet ſein Regiment mit Erbarmen. Wollteſt du dich entſchließen, die Galeerenſklaven zu erlöſen.

Fiesko (ſcharf). Sie ſeien die Erſtlinge meiner Tyrannei — Geh, und verkündige ihnen allen Erlöſung!

Verrina. So machſt du deine Sache nur halb, wenn du ihre Freude verlierſt. Verſuch' es und geh' ſelbſt. Die großen Herren ſind ſo ſelten dabei, wenn ſie Böſes thun, ſollen ſie auch das Gute im Hinterhalt ſtiften? — Ich dächte, der Herzog wäre für keines Bettlers Empfindungen zu groß.

Fiesko. Mann, du biſt ſchrecklich, aber ich weiß nicht, warum ich folgen muß. (Beide gehen dem Meere zu.)

Verrina (bleibt ſtille mit Wehmuth). Aber, noch einmal umarme mich, Fiesko! Hier iſt ja Niemand, der den Verrina weinen ſieht, und einen Fürſten empfinden. (Er drückt ihn innig.) Gewiß, nie ſchlugen zwei größere Herzen zuſammen, wir liebten uns doch ſo brüderlich warm — (heftig an Fiesko's Halſe weinend) Fiesko! Fiesko! du räumſt einen Platz in meiner Bruſt, den das Menſchengeſchlecht, dreifach genommen, nicht mehr beſetzen wird.

Fiesko (ſehr gerührt). Sei — mein — Freund!

Verrina. Wirf dieſen häßlichen Purpur weg und ich bin's! — Der erſte Fürſt war ein Mörder, und führte den Purpur ein, die Flecken ſeiner That in dieſer Blutfarbe zu verſtecken — Höre, Fiesko — ich bin ein Kriegsmann, verſtehe mich wenig auf naſſe Wangen — Fiesko — das ſind meine erſten Thränen — Wirf dieſen Purpur weg!

Fiesko. Schweig!

Verrina (heftiger). Fiesko — laß hier alle Kronen dieſes Planeten zum Preis, dort zum Popanz all ſeine Foltern legen, ich ſoll knieen vor einem Sterblichen — ich werde nicht knieen — Fiesko! (indem er niederfällt) es iſt mein erſter Kniefall — Wirf dieſen Purpur weg!

Fiesko. Steh' auf, und reize mich nicht mehr!

Verrina (entſchloſſen). Ich ſteh' auf, reize dich nicht mehr. (Sie ſtehen auf einem Brett, das zu einer Galeere führt.) Der Fürſt hat den Vortritt. (Gehen über das Brett.)

Fiesko. Was zerrſt du mich am Mantel? — er fällt!

Verrina (mit fürchterlichem Hohne.) Nun, wenn der Purpur fällt, muß auch der Herzog nach. (Er ſtürzt ihn in's Meer.)

Fiesko (ruft aus den Wellen.) Hilf, Genua! Hilf! Hilf deinem Herzog! (Sinkt unter.)

Siebzehnter Auftritt.

Kalkagno. Sacco. Zibo. Zenturione. Verſchworne. Volk.

(Alle eilig. Aengſtlich.)

Kalkagno (ſchreit). Fiesko! Fiesko! Andreas iſt zurück, halb Genua ſpringt dem Andreas zu. Wo iſt Fiesko?

Verrina (mit feſtem Ton). Ertrunken!

Zenturione. Antwortet die Hölle oder das Tollhaus?

Verrina. Ertränkt, wenn das hübſcher lautet — Ich gehe zum Andreas.

(Alle bleiben in ſtarren Gruppen ſtehen. Der Vorhang fällt.)

Don Karlos *).

Dritter Act.

Zehnter Auftritt.

Der König und Marquis von Poſa.

(Dieſer geht dem Könige, ſobald er ihn gewahr wird, entgegen, und läßt ſich vor ihm auf ein Knie nieder, ſteht auf und bleibt ohne Zeichen der Verwirrung vor ihm ſtehen.)

König

(betrachtet ihn mit einem Blick der Verwunderung.)

Mich ſchon geſprochen alſo?

Marquis.

Nein.

König.

Ihr machtet
Um meine Krone euch verdient. Warum
Entziehet ihr euch meinem Dank? In meinem
Gedächtniß drängen ſich der Menſchen viel.
Allwiſſend iſt nur Einer. Euch kam's zu,
Das Auge eures Königes zu ſuchen.
Weswegen thatet ihr das nicht?

Marquis.

Es ſind
Zwei Tage, Sire, daß ich ins Königreich
Zurück gekommen.

König.

Ich bin nicht geſonnen
In meiner Diener Schuld zu ſtehn — Erbittet
Euch eine Gnade!

Marquis.

Ich genieße die Geſetze.

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*) Aus S. ſämmtl. Werken. Taſchenausg. [illegible]. 3. Bd.

König.

Dieß Recht hat auch der Mörder.

Marquis.

[illegible] viel mehr
Der gute Bürger! — Sire, ich bin [illegible]den.

König (für ſich).

Viel Selbſtgefühl und kühner Muth, bei Gott!
Doch das war zu erwarten — Stolz will ich
Den Spanier. Ich mag es gerne leiden,
Wenn auch der Becher überſchäumt — Ihr tratet
Aus meinen Dienſten, hör' ich?

Marquis.

Einem Beſſern
Den Platz zu räumen, zog ich mich zurück.

König.

Das thut mir leid. Wenn ſolche Köpfe feiern,
Wie viel Verluſt für meinen Staat — Vielleicht
Befürchtet ihr, die Sphäre zu verfehlen,
Die eures Geiſtes würdig iſt.

Marquis.

O nein!
Ich bin gewiß, daß der erfahrne Kenner,
In Menſchenſeelen, ſeinem Stoff, geübt,
Beim erſten Blicke wird geleſen haben,
Was ich ihm taugen kann, was nicht. Ich fühle
Mit demuthsvoller Dankbarkeit die Gnade,
Die Eure königliche Majeſtät
Durch dieſe ſtolze Meinung auf mich häufen;
Doch —

(Er hält inne.)

König.

Ihr bedenkt euch?

Marquis.

Ich bin — ich muß
Geſtehen, Sire — ſogleich nicht vorbereitet,
Was ich als Bürger dieſer Welt gedacht,
In Worte Ihres Unterthans zu kleiden. —
Denn damals, Sire, als ich auf immer mit
Der Krone aufgehoben, glaubt' ich mich
Auch der Nothwendigkeit entbunden, ihr
Von dieſem Schritte Gründe anzugeben.

König.

So ſchwach ſind dieſe Gründe? Fürchtet ihr
Dabei zu wagen?

Marquis.

Wenn ich Zeit gewinne,
Sie zu erſchöpfen, Sire — mein Leben höchſtens.
Die Wahrheit aber ſetz' ich aus, wenn Sie
Mir dieſe Gunſt verweigern. Zwiſchen Ihrer
Ungnade und Geringſchätzung iſt mir
Die Wahl gelaſſen — Muß ich mich entſcheiden,
So will ich ein Verbrecher lieber als
Ein Thor von Ihren Augen gehen.

König (mit erwartender Miene).

Nun?

Marquis.

— Ich kann nicht Fürſtendiener ſein.

(Der König ſieht ihn mit Erſtaunen an.)

Ich will
Den Käufer nicht betrügen, Sire. — Wenn Sie
Mich anzuſtellen würdigen, ſo wollen
Sie nur die vorgewogne That. Sie wollen
Nur meinen Arm und meinen Muth im Felde,
Nur meinen Kopf im Rath. Nicht meine Thaten,
Der Beifall, den ſie finden an dem Thron,
Soll meiner Thaten Endzweck ſein. Mir aber,
Mir hat die Tugend eignen Werth. Das Glück,
Das der Monarch mit meinen Händen pflanzte,
Erſchüf' ich ſelbſt, und Freude wäre mir
Und eigne Wahl, was mir nur Pflicht ſein ſollte.
Und iſt das Ihre Meinung? Können Sie
In Ihrer Schöpfung fremde Schöpfer dulden?
Ich aber ſoll zum Meißel mich erniedern,
Wo ich der Künſtler könnte ſein? — Ich liebe
Die Menſchheit, und in Monarchien darf
Ich niemand lieben als mich ſelbſt.

König.

Dieß Feuer
Iſt lobenswerth. Ihr möchtet Gutes ſtiften.
Wie ihr es ſtiftet, kann dem Patrioten,
Dem Weiſen gleich viel heißen. Suchet euch
Den Poſten aus in meinen Königreichen,
Der euch berechtigt, dieſem edeln Triebe
Genug zu thun.

Marquis.

Ich finde keinen.

König.

Wie?

Marquis.

Was Eure Majeſtät durch meine Hand
Verbreiten — iſt das Menſchenglück? — Iſt das
Daſſelbe Glück, das meine reine Liebe
Den Menſchen gönnt? — Vor dieſem Glücke würde
Die Majeſtät erzittern — Nein! Ein neues
Erſchuf der Krone Politik — ein Glück,
Das ſie noch reich genug iſt auszutheilen,
Und in dem Menſchenherzen neue Triebe,
Die ſich von dieſem Glücke ſtillen laſſen.
In ihren Münzen läßt ſie Wahrheit ſchlagen,
Die Wahrheit, die ſie dulden kann. Verworfen
Sind alle Stempel, die nicht dieſem gleichen.
Doch was der Krone frommen kann — iſt das
Auch mir genug? Darf meine Bruderliebe
Sich zur Verkürzung meines Bruders borgen?
Weiß ich ihn glücklich — eh' er denken darf?
Mich wählen Sie nicht, Sire, Glückſeligkeit,
Die Sie uns prägen, auszuſtreun. Ich muß
Mich weigern, dieſe Stempel auszugeben. —
Ich kann nicht Fürſtendiener ſein.

König (etwas raſch).

Ihr ſeid
Ein Proteſtant.

Marquis (nach einigem Bedenken.)

Ihr Glaube, Sire, iſt auch
Der meinige.

(Nach einer Pauſe.)

Ich werde mißverſtanden.
Das war es, was ich fürchtete. Sie ſehen
Von den Geheimniſſen der Majeſtät
Durch meine Hand den Schleier weggezogen.
Wer ſichert Sie, daß mir noch heilig heiße,
Was mich zu ſchrecken aufgehört? Ich bin
Gefährlich, weil ich über mich gedacht. —
Ich bin es nicht, mein König. Meine Wünſche
Verweſen hier.

(Die Hand auf die Bruſt gelegt.)

Die lächerliche Wuth
Der Neuerung, die nur der Ketten Laſt,
Die ſie nicht ganz zerbrechen kann, vergrößert,
Wird mein Blut nie erhitzen. Das Jahrhundert
Iſt meinem Ideal nicht reif. Ich lebe
Ein Bürger derer, welche kommen werden.
Kann ein Gemälde Ihre Ruhe trüben? —
Ihr Athem löſcht es aus.

König.

Bin ich der erſte,
Der euch von dieſer Seite kennt?

Marquis.

Von dieſer —
Ja!

König.

(Steht auf, macht einige Schritte und bleibt dem Marquis gegenüber ſtehen. Vor ſich.)

Neu zum wenigſten iſt dieſer Ton!
Die Schmeichelei erſchöpft ſich. Nachzuahmen
Erniedrigt einen Mann von Kopf. — Auch einmal
Die Probe von dem Gegentheil. Warum nicht?
Das Ueberraſchende macht Glück. — Wenn ihr
Es ſo verſteht, gut, ſo will ich mich
Auf eine neue Kronbedienung richten —
Den ſtarken Geiſt —

Marquis.

Ich höre, Sire, wie klein,
Wie niedrig Sie von Menſchenwürde denken,
Selbſt in des freien Mannes Sprache nur
Den Kunſtgriff eines Schmeichlers ſehen, und
Mir däucht, ich weiß, wer Sie dazu berechtigt.
Die Menſchen zwangen Sie dazu; die haben
Freiwillig ihres Adels ſich begeben,
Freiwillig ſich auf dieſe niedre Stufe
Herab geſtellt. Erſchrocken fliehen ſie
Vor dem Geſpenſte ihrer innern Größe,
Gefallen ſich in ihrer Armuth, ſchmücken
Mit feiger Weisheit ihre Ketten aus,
Und Tugend nennt man, ſie mit Anſtand tragen.
So überkamen Sie die Welt. So ward
Sie Ihrem großen Vater überliefert.
Wie könnten Sie in dieſer traurigen
Verſtümmlung — Menſchen ehren?

König.

Etwas Wahres
Find' ich in dieſen Worten.

Marquis.

Aber Schade!
Da Sie den Menſchen aus des Schöpfers Hand
In Ihrer Hände Werk verwandelten,
Und dieſer neugegoſſnen Kreatur
Zum Gott ſich gaben — da verſahen Sie's
In etwas nur: Sie blieben ſelbſt noch Menſch —
Menſch aus des Schöpfers Hand. Sie fuhren fort
Als Sterblicher zu leiden, zu begehren;
Sie brauchen Mitgefühl — und einem Gott
Kann man nur opfern — zittern — zu ihm beten!
Bereuenswerther Tauſch! Unſelige
Verdrehung der Natur! — Da Sie den Menſchen
Zu Ihrem Saitenſpiel herunterſtürzten,
Wer theilt mit Ihnen Harmonie?

König.

(Bei Gott,
Er greift in meine Seele!)

Marquis.

Aber Ihnen
Bedeutet dieſes Opfer nichts. Dafür
Sind Sie auch einzig — Ihre eigne Gattung —
Um dieſen Preis ſind Sie ein Gott. — Und ſchrecklich,
Wenn das nicht wäre — wenn für dieſen Preis,
Für das zertretne Glück von Millionen,
Sie nichts gewonnen hätten! wenn die Freiheit,
Die Sie vernichteten, das Einz'ge wäre,
Das Ihre Wünſche reifen kann! — Ich bitte
Mich zu entlaſſen, Sire. Mein Gegenſtand
Reißt mich dahin. Mein Herz iſt voll — der Reiz
Zu mächtig, vor dem Einzigen zu ſtehen,
Dem ich es öffnen möchte.

(Der Graf von Lerma tritt herein und ſpricht einige Worte leiſe mit dem Könige. Dieſer gibt ihm einen Wink, ſich zu entfernen, und bleibt in ſeiner vorigen Stellung ſitzen.)

König (zum Marquis, nachdem Lerma weggegangen).

Redet aus!

Marquis (nach einigem Stillſchweigen).

Ich fühle, Sire — den ganzen Werth —

König.

Vollendet!
Ihr hattet mir noch mehr zu ſagen.

Marquis.

Sire!
Jüngſt kam ich an von Flandern und Brabant. —
So viele reiche, blühende Provinzen!
Ein kräftiges, ein großes Volk — und auch
Ein gutes Volk — und Vater dieſes Volkes!
Das, dacht' ich, das muß göttlich ſein! — Da ſtieß
Ich auf verbrannte menſchliche Gebeine —

(Hier ſchweigt er ſtill; ſeine Augen ruhen auf dem Könige, der es verſucht, dieſen Blick zu erwidern, aber betroffen und verwirrt zur Erde ſieht.)

Sie haben Recht. Sie müſſen. Daß Sie können,
Was Sie zu müſſen eingeſehn, hat mich
Mit ſchaudernder Bewunderung durchdrungen.
O Schade, daß, in ſeinem Blut gewälzt,
Das Opfer wenig dazu taugt, dem Geiſt
Des Opferers ein Loblied anzuſtimmen!
Daß Menſchen nur — nicht Weſen höh'rer Art —
Die Weltgeſchichte ſchreiben! — Sanftere
Jahrhunderte verdrängen Philipps Zeiten;
Die bringen mildre Weisheit; Bürgerglück
Wird dann verſöhnt mit Fürſtengröße wandeln,
Der karge Staat mit ſeinen Kindern geizen,
Und die Nothwendigkeit wird menſchlich ſein.

König.

Wann, denkt ihr, würden dieſe menſchlichen
Jahrhunderte erſcheinen, hätt' ich vor
Dem Fluch des jetzigen gezittert? Sehet
In meinem Spanien euch um. Hier blüht
Des Bürgers Glück in nie bewölktem Frieden;
Und dieſe Ruhe gönn' ich den Flamändern.

Marquis (ſchnell).

Die Ruhe eines Kirchhofs! Und Sie hoffen
Zu endigen, was Sie begonnen? hoffen,
Der Chriſtenheit gezeitigte Verwandlung,
Den allgemeinen Frühling aufzuhalten,
Der die Geſtalt der Welt verjüngt? Sie wollen
Allein in ganz Europa — ſich dem Rade
Des Weltverhängniſſes, das unaufhaltſam
In vollem Laufe rollt, entgegen werfen?
Mit Menſchenarm in ſeine Speichen fallen?
Sie werden nicht! Schon flohen Tauſende
Aus Ihren Ländern froh und arm. Der Bürger,
Den Sie verloren für den Glauben, war
Ihr edelſter. Mit offnen Mutterarmen
Empfängt die Fliehenden Eliſabeth,
Und fruchtbar blüht durch Künſte unſers Landes
Britannien. Verlaſſen von dem Fleiß
Der neuen Chriſten, liegt Grenada öde
Und jauchzend ſieht Europa ſeinen Feind
An ſelbſtgeſchlagnen Wunden ſich verbluten.

(Der König iſt bewegt, der Marquis bemerkt es, und tritt einige Schritte näher.)

Sie wollen pflanzen für die Ewigkeit,
Und ſäen Tod? Ein ſo erzwungnes Werk
Wird ſeines Schöpfers Geiſt nicht überdauern.
Dem Undank haben Sie gebaut — umſonſt
Den harten Kampf mit der Natur gerungen,
Umſonſt ein großes königliches Leben
Zerſtörenden Entwürfen hingeopfert.
Der Menſch iſt mehr, als Sie von ihm gehalten.
Des langen Schlummers Bande wird er brechen,
Und wiederfordern ſein geheiligt Recht.
Zu einem Nero und Buſiris wirft
Er Ihren Namen, und — das ſchmerzt mich, denn
Sie waren gut.

König.

Wer hat euch deſſen ſo
Gewiß gemacht?

Marquis (mit Feuer).

Ja, beim Allmächtigen!
Ja — Ja — Ich wiederhol' es. Geben Sie,
Was Sie uns nahmen, wieder. Laſſen Sie,
Großmüthig wie der Starke, Menſchenglück
Aus Ihrem Füllhorn ſtrömen — Geiſter reifen
In Ihrem Weltgebäude. Geben Sie,
Was Sie uns nahmen, wieder. Werden Sie
Von Millionen Königen ein König.

(Er nähert ſich ihm kühn, und indem er feſte und feurige Blicke auf ihn richtet.)

O könnte die Beredſamkeit von allen
Den Tauſenden, die dieſer großen Stunde
Theilhaftig ſind, auf meinen Lippen ſchweben,
Den Strahl, den ich in dieſen Augen merke,
Zur Flamme zu erheben! — Geben Sie
Die unnatürliche Vergött'rung auf,
Die uns vernichtet. Werden Sie uns Muſter
Des Ewigen und Wahren! Niemals — niemals
Beſaß ein Sterblicher ſo viel, ſo göttlich
Es zu gebrauchen. Alle Könige
Europens huldigen dem ſpan'ſchen Namen.
Gehn Sie Europens Königen voran.

Ein Federzug von dieſer Hand, und neu
Erſchaffen wird die Erde. Geben Sie
Gedankenfreiheit. —
(Sich ihm zu Füßen werfend).

König
(überraſcht, das Geſicht weggewandt und dann wieder auf den Marquis geheftet).
Sonderbarer Schwärmer!
Doch — ſtehet auf — ich —

Marquis.
Sehen Sie Sich um
In ſeiner herrlichen Natur! Auf Freiheit
Iſt ſie gegründet — und wie reich iſt ſie
Durch Freiheit! Er, der große Schöpfer, wirft
In einen Tropfen Thau den Wurm, und läßt
Noch in den todten Räumen der Verweſung
Die Willkühr ſich ergetzen — Ihre Schöpfung
Wie eng und arm! Das Rauſchen eines Blattes
Erſchreckt den Herrn der Chriſtenheit — Sie müſſen
Vor jeder Tugend zittern. Er — der Freiheit
Entzückende Erſcheinung nicht zu ſtören —
Er läßt des Uebels grauenvolles Heer
In ſeinem Weltall lieber toben — ihn,
Den Künſtler wird man nicht gewahr, beſcheiden
Verhüllt er ſich in ewige Geſetze;
Die ſieht der Freigeiſt, doch nicht Ihn. Wozu
Ein Gott? ſagt er; die Welt iſt ſich genug.
Und keines Chriſten Andacht hat ihn mehr
Als dieſes Freigeiſts Läſterung geprieſen.

König.
Und wollet ihr es unternehmen, dieß
Erhabne Muſter in der Sterblichkeit
In meinen Staaten nachzubilden?

Marquis.
Sie,
Sie können es. Wer anders? Weihen Sie
Dem Glück der Völker die Regentenkraft,
Die — ach ſo lang' — des Thrones Größe nur
Gewuchert hatte — Stellen Sie der Menſchheit
Verlornen Adel wieder her. Der Bürger
Sei wiederum, was er zuvor geweſen,
Der Krone Zweck — ihn binde keine Pflicht,
Als ſeiner Brüder gleich ehrwürd'ge Rechte.*)
Wenn nun der Menſch, ſich ſelbſt zurück gegeben,
Zu ſeines Werths Gefühl erwacht — der Freiheit
Erhabne, ſtolze Tugenden gedeihen —
Dann, Sire, wenn Sie zum glücklichſten der Welt
Ihr eignes Königreich gemacht — dann iſt
Es Ihre Pflicht die Welt zu unterwerfen.

König (nach einem großen Stillſchweigen).
Ich ließ euch bis zu Ende reden — Anders,
Begreif' ich wohl, als ſonſt in Menſchenköpfen,
Malt ſich in dieſem Kopf die Welt — auch will
Ich fremdem Maßſtab euch nicht unterwerfen.
Ich bin der Erſte, dem ihr euer Innerſtes
Enthüllt. Ich glaub' es, weil ich's weiß. Um dieſer
Enthaltung willen, ſolche Meinungen,
Mit ſolchem Feuer doch umfaßt, verſchwiegen
Zu haben bis auf dieſen Tag — um dieſer
Beſcheidnen Klugheit willen, junger Mann,
Will ich vergeſſen, daß ich ſie erfahren,
Und wie ich ſie erfahren. Stehet auf.
Ich will den Jüngling, der ſich übereilte,
Als Greis und nicht als König widerlegen.
Ich will es, weil ich's will — Gift alſo ſelbſt,
Find' ich, kann in gutartigen Naturen
Zu etwas Beſſerm ſich veredeln — Aber
Flieht meine Inquiſition. — Es ſollte
Mir leid thun —

Marquis.
Wirklich? Sollt' es das?

König (in ſeinem Anblick verloren).
Ich habe
Solch einen Menſchen nie geſehen. — Nein!
Nein, Marquis! Ihr thut mir zu viel. Ich will
Nicht Nero ſein. Ich will es nicht ſein — will
Es gegen euch nicht ſein. Nicht alle
Glückſeligkeit ſoll unter mir verdorren.
Ihr ſelbſt, ihr ſollt unter meinen Augen
Fortfahren dürfen, Menſch zu ſein.

Marquis (raſch).
Und meine
Mitbürger, Sire? — O! nicht um mich war mir's
Zu thun, nicht meine Sache wollt' ich führen.
Und Ihre Unterthanen, Sire? —

König.
Und wenn
Ihr ſo gut wißt, wie die Folgezeit
Mich richten wird, ſo lerne ſie an euch,
Wie ich mit Menſchen es gehalten, als
Ich einen fand.

Marquis.
O! der gerechteſte
Der Könige ſei nicht mit Einem Male
Der ungerechteſte — In Ihrem Flandern
Sind tauſend Beſſere als ich. Nur Sie —
Darf ich es frei geſtehen, großer König? —
Sie ſehn jetzt unter dieſem ſanftern Bilde
Vielleicht zum erſten Mal die Freiheit.

König (mit gemildertem Ernſt).
Nichts mehr
Von dieſem Inhalt, junger Mann. — Ich weiß,
Ihr werdet anders denken, kennt ihr
Den Menſchen erſt, wie ich — Doch hätt' ich euch
Nicht gern zum letztenmal geſehn. Wie fang' ich
Es an, euch zu verbinden?

Marquis.
Laſſen Sie
Mich, wie ich bin. Was wär' ich Ihnen, Sire,
Wenn Sie auch mich beſtächen?

König.
Dieſen Stolz
Ertrag' ich nicht. Ihr ſeid von heute an
In meinen Dienſten — Keine Einwendung!
Ich will es haben.
(Nach einer Pauſe).
Aber wie? Was wollte
Ich denn? War es nicht Wahrheit, was ich wollte?
Und hier find' ich noch etwas mehr — Ihr habt
Auf meinem Thron mich ausgefunden, Marquis.
Nicht auch in meinem Hauſe?
(Da ſich der Marquis zu bedenken ſcheint).
Ich verſteh' Euch.
Doch — wär' ich auch von allen Vätern der
Unglücklichſte, kann ich nicht glücklich ſein
Als Gatte?

Marquis.
Wenn ein hoffnungsvoller Sohn,
Wenn der Beſitz der liebenswürdigſten
Gemahlinn einem Sterblichen ein Recht
Zu dieſem Namen geben, Sire, ſo ſind Sie
Der Glücklichſte durch Beides.

König (mit finſterer Miene).
Nein! ich bin's nicht!
Und daß ich's nicht bin, hab' ich tiefer nie
Gefühlt als eben jetzt —
(Mit einem Blick der Wehmuth auf dem Marquis verweilend.)

Marquis.
Der Prinz denkt edel
Und gut. Ich hab' ihn anders nie gefunden.

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*) Die erſte Ausgabe enthält hier noch folgende Stelle:

Der Landmann rühme ſich des Pflugs, und gönne
Dem König, der nicht Landmann iſt, die Krone.
In ſeiner Werkſtatt träume ſich der Künſtler
Zum Bildner einer ſchönern Welt. Den Flug
Des Denkens hemme ferner keine Schranke,
Als die Bedingung endlicher Naturen.
Nicht in der Vaterſorge ſtillen Kreis
Erſcheine der gekrönte Fremdling. Nie
Erlaub' er ſich der Liebe heilige
Myſterien unedel zu beſchleichen.
Die Menſchheit zweifle, ob er iſt. [illegible]
Durch eignen [illegible], borge ſich der Adeliche
Der [illegible] betrogenen Weihen.

König.

Ich aber hab' es — Was er mir genommen,
Kann keine Krone mir erſetzen — Eine
So tugendhafte Königin!

Marquis.

Wer kann
Es wagen, Sire!

König.

Die Welt! Die Läſterung!
Ich ſelbſt! — Hier liegen Zeugniſſe, die ganz
Unwiderſprechlich ſie verdammen; andre
Sind noch vorhanden, die das Schrecklichſte
Mich fürchten laſſen — Aber, Marquis — ſchwer,
Schwer fällt es mir, an Eines nur zu glauben.
Wer klagt ſie an? — Wenn ſie — ſie fähig ſollte
Geweſen ſein, ſo tief ſich zu entehren,
O wie viel mehr iſt mir zu glauben dann
Erlaubt, daß eine Eboli verleumdet?
Haßt nicht der Prieſter meinen Sohn und ſie?
Und weiß ich nicht, daß Alba Rache brütet?
Mein Weib iſt mehr werth als ſie Alle.

Marquis.

Sire,
Und etwas lebt noch in des Weibes Seele,
Das über allen Schein erhaben iſt
Und über alle Läſterung — Es heißt
Weibliche Tugend.

König.

Ja! das ſag' ich auch.
So tief als man die Königin bezüchtigt,
Herab zu ſinken, koſtet viel. So leicht,
Als man mich überreden möchte, reißen
Der Ehre heil'ge Bande nicht. Ihr kennt
Den Menſchen, Marquis. Solch ein Mann hat mir
Schon längſt gemangelt, ihr ſeid gut und fröhlich,
Und kennet doch den Menſchen auch — Drum hab'
Ich euch gewählt —

Marquis (überraſcht und erſchrocken).

Mich, Sire?

König.

Ihr ſtandet
Vor eurem Herrn, und habt nichts für euch ſelbſt
Erbeten — nichts. Das iſt mir neu — Ihr werdet
Gerecht ſein. Leidenſchaft wird euern Blick
Nicht irren — Dränget euch zu meinem Sohn,
Erforſcht das Herz der Königin. Ich will
Euch Vollmacht ſenden, ſie geheim zu ſprechen.
Und jetzt verlaßt mich!
(Er zieht eine Glocke).

Marquis.

Kann ich es mit Einer
Erfüllten Hoffnung? — Dann iſt dieſer Tag
Der ſchönſte meines Lebens.

König (reicht ihm die Hand zum Kuſſe).

Er iſt kein
Verlorner in dem meinigen.
(Der Marquis ſteht auf und geht. Graf Lerma tritt herein).
Der Ritter
Wird künftig ungemeldet vorgelaſſen.

Wallenſtein's Tod *).

Dritter Aufzug.

Achtzehnter Auftritt.

Die Vorigen. Max Piccolomini.

Max (mitten in den Saal tretend).

Ja! Ja! Da iſt er! Ich vermag's nicht länger,
Mit leiſem Tritt um dieſes Haus zu ſchleichen,
Den günſt'gen Augenblick verſtohlen zu
Erlauern — Dieſes Harren, dieſe Angſt
Geht über meine Kräfte!
(Auf Thekla zugehend, die ſich ihrer Mutter in die Arme geworfen.)
O ſieh mich an! Sieh nicht weg, holder Engel!
Bekenn' es frei vor Allen. Fürchte Niemand.
Es höre, wer es will, daß wir uns lieben.
Wozu es noch verbergen? Das Geheimniß
Iſt für die Glücklichen; das Unglück braucht,
Das hoffnungsloſe, keinen Schleier mehr,
Frei unter tauſend Sonnen kann es handeln.
(Er bemerkt die Gräfin, welche mit frohlockendem Geſicht auf Thekla blickt.)
Nein, Baſe Terzky! Seht mich nicht erwartend,
Nicht hoffend an! Ich komme nicht, zu bleiben.
Abſchied zu nehmen, komm' ich — Es iſt aus.
Ich muß, muß dich verlaſſen, Thekla — muß!
Nur einen Blick des Mitleids gönne mir.
Doch deinen Haß kann ich nicht mit mir nehmen.
Sag', daß du mich nicht haſſeſt. Sag' mir's, Thekla.
(Indem er ihre Hand faßt, heftig bewegt.)
O Gott! — Gott! ich kann nicht von dieſer Stelle.
Ich kann es nicht — kann dieſe Hand nicht laſſen.
Sag', Thekla, daß du Mitleid mit mir haſt,
Dich ſelber überzeugſt, ich kann nicht anders.
(Thekla, ſeinen Blick vermeidend, zeigt mit der Hand auf ihren Vater; er wendet ſich nach dem Herzog um, den er jetzt erſt gewahr wird.)
Du hier? — Nicht du biſt's, den ich hier geſucht.
Dich ſollten meine Augen nicht mehr ſchauen.
Ich hab' es nur mit ihr allein. Hier will ich
Von dieſem Herzen freigeſprochen ſein.
An allem andern iſt nichts mehr gelegen.

Wallenſtein.

Denkſt du, ich ſoll der Thor ſein und dich ziehen laſſen,
Und eine Großmuthsſcene mit dir ſpielen?
Dein Vater iſt zum Schelm an mir geworden,
Du biſt mir nichts mehr als ſein Sohn, ſollſt nicht
Umſonſt in meine Macht gegeben ſein.
Denk nicht, daß ich die alte Freundſchaft ehren werde,
Die er ſo ruchlos hat verletzt. Die Zeiten
Der Liebe ſind vorbei, der zarten Schonung,
Und Haß und Rache kommen an die Reihe.

Max.

Du wirſt mit mir verfahren, wie du Macht haſt.
Wohl aber weißt du, daß ich deinem Zorn
Nicht trotze, noch ihn fürchte. Was mich hier
Zurück hält, weißt du!
(Thekla bei der Hand faſſend.)
Sieh! Alles — Alles wollt' ich dir verdanken,
Das Loos der Seligen wollt' ich empfangen
Aus deiner väterlichen Hand. Du haſt's
Zerſtört; doch daran liegt dir nichts. Gleichgültig
Trittſt du das Glück der Deinen in den Staub,
Der Gott, dem *du* dienſt, iſt kein Gott der Gnade.
Wie das gemüthlos blinde Element,
Das furchtbare, mit dem kein Bund zu ſchließen,
Folgſt du des Herzens wildem Trieb' allein.
Weh denen, die auf dich vertrau'n, an dich
Die ſich're Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,
Gelockt von deiner gaſtlichen Geſtalt!
Schnell, unverhofft, bei nächtlich ſtiller Weile
Gährt's in dem tück'ſchen Feuerſchlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menſchen
Der wilde Strom in grauſamer Zerſtörung.

Wallenſtein.

Du ſchilderſt deines Vaters Herz. Wie du's
Beſchreibſt, ſo iſt's in ſeinem Eingeweide,
In dieſer ſchwarzen Heuchlers-Bruſt geſtaltet.
O mich hat Höllenkunſt getäuſcht. Mir ſandte
Der Abgrund den verſteckteſten der Geiſter,
Den lügenkundigſten herauf, und ſtellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerſtehn! Ich zog
Den Baſilisken auf an meinem Buſen;
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt' ich ihn, er ſog
Sich ſchwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüſten.
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn.
Weit offen ließ ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schlüſſel weiſer Vorſicht weg —
Am Sternenhimmel ſuchten meine Augen,

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*) Aus Schiller's Werken, Taſchenausg. v. 1822, S. [illegible].

Im weiten Weltenraum den Feind, den ich
Im Herzen meines Herzens eingeſchloſſen.
— Wär' ich dem Ferdinand geweſen, was
Octavio mir war — Ich hätt' ihm nie
Krieg angekündigt — nie hätt' ich's vermocht.
Er war mein ſtrenger Herr nur, nicht mein Freund,
Nicht meiner Treu' vertraute ſich der Kaiſer;
Krieg war ſchon zwiſchen mir und ihm, als er
Den Feldherrnſtab in meine Hände legte:
Denn Krieg iſt ewig zwiſchen Liſt und Argwohn;
Nur zwiſchen Glauben und Vertrau'n iſt Friede.
Wer das Vertrau'n vergiftet, o der mordet
Das werdende Geſchlecht im Leib der Mutter!

Max.

Ich will den Vater nicht vertheidigen.
Weh mir, daß ich's nicht kann!
Unglückſelig ſchwere Thaten ſind geſchehn,
Und eine Frevelhandlung faßt die andre
In eng geſchloſſner Kette grauſend an.
Doch wie geriethen wir, die nichts verſchuldet,
In dieſen Kreis des Unglücks und Verbrechens?
Wem brachen wir die Treue? Warum muß
Der Väter Doppelſchuld und Frevelthat
Uns gräßlich wie ein Schlangenpaar umwinden?
Warum der Väter unverſöhnter Haß
Auch uns, die Liebenden, zerreißend ſcheiden?
(Er umſchlingt Thekla mit heftigem Schmerz.)

Wallenſtein

(hat den Blick ſchweigend auf ihn gerichtet und nähert ſich jetzt).

Max! bleibe bei mir! — Geh' nicht von mir, Max!
Sieh, als man dich im Prag'ſchen Winterlager
Ins Zelt mir brachte, einen zarten Knaben,
Des deutſchen Winters ungewohnt, die Hand
War dir erſtarrt an der gewicht'gen Fahne,
Du wollteſt männlich ſie nicht laſſen, damals nahm ich
Dich auf, bedeckte dich mit meinem Mantel.
Ich ſelbſt war deine Wärterinn, nicht ſchämt' ich
Der kleinen Dienſte mich, ich pflegte deiner
Mit weiblich ſorgender Geſchäftigkeit,
Bis du von mir erwärmt, an meinem Herzen,
Das junge Leben wieder freudig fühlteſt.
Wann hab' ich ſeitdem meinen Sinn verändert?
Ich habe viele Tauſend reich gemacht,
Mit Ländereien ſie beſchenkt, belohnt
Mit Ehrenſtellen — dich hab' ich geliebt,
Mein Herz, mich ſelber hab' ich dir gegeben.
Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, du warſt
Das Kind des Hauſes — Max! du kannſt mich nicht verlaſſen!
Es kann nicht ſein, ich mag's und will's nicht glauben,
Daß mich der Max verlaſſen kann.

Max.

O Gott!

Wallenſtein.

Ich habe dich gehalten und getragen
Von Kindesbeinen an — Was that dein Vater
Für dich, das ich nicht reichlich auch gethan?
Ein Liebesnetz hab' ich um dich geſponnen!
Zerreiß es, wenn du kannſt — Du biſt an mich
Geknüpft mit jedem zarten Seelenbande,
Mit jeder heil'gen Feſſel der Natur,
Die Menſchen an einander ketten kann.
Geh' hin, verlaß mich, diene deinem Kaiſer,
Laß dich mit einem goldnen Gnadenkettlein,
Mit ſeinem Widderfell, dafür belohnen,
Daß dir der Freund, der Vater deiner Jugend,
Daß dir das heiligſte Gefühl nichts galt.

Max (in heftigem Kampf).

O Gott! Wie kann ich anders? Muß ich nicht?
Mein Eid — die Pflicht —

Wallenſtein.

Pflicht, gegen wen? Wer biſt du?
Wenn ich am Kaiſer unrecht handle, iſt's
Mein Unrecht, nicht das deinige. Gehörſt
Du dir? Biſt du dein eigener Gebieter,
Stehſt frei da in der Welt, wie ich, daß du
Der Thäter deiner Thaten könnteſt ſein?
Auf mich biſt du gepflanzt, ich bin dein Kaiſer,
Mir angehören, mir gehorchen, das
Iſt deine Ehre, dein Naturgeſetz.
Und wenn der Stern, auf dem du lebſt und wohnſt,
Aus ſeinem Gleiſe tritt, ſich brennend wirft
Auf eine nächſte Welt und ſie entzündet,
Du kannſt nicht wählen, ob du folgen willſt,
Fort reißt er dich in ſeines Schwunges Kraft,
Sammt ſeinem Ring und allen ſeinen Monden.
Mit leichter Schuld gehſt du in dieſen Streit,
Dich wird die Welt nicht tadeln, ſie wird's loben,
Daß dir der Freund das Meiſte hat gegolten.

Neunzehnter Auftritt.

Vorige. Neumann.

Wallenſtein.

Was gibt's?

Neumann.

Die Pappenheimiſchen ſind abgeſeſſen
Und rücken an zu Fuß, ſie ſind entſchloſſen,
Den Degen in der Hand das Haus zu ſtürmen,
Den Grafen wollen ſie befrei'n.

Wallenſtein (zu Terzky).

Man ſoll
Die Ketten vorziehn, das Geſchütz aufpflanzen.
Mit Kettenkugeln will ich ſie empfangen.
(Terzky geht ab.)
Mir vorzuſchreiben mit dem Schwert! Geh, Neumann,
Sie ſollen ſich zurückziehn, augenblicks,
Iſt mein Befehl, und in der Ordnung ſchweigend warten,
Was mir gefallen wird zu thun.
(Neumann geht ab. Illo iſt ans Fenſter getreten.)

Gräfinn.

Entlaß ihn!
Ich bitte dich, entlaß ihn!

Illo (am Fenſter).

Tod und Teufel!

Wallenſtein.

Was iſt's?

Illo.

Auf's Rathhaus ſteigen ſie, das Dach
Wird abgedeckt, ſie richten die Kanonen
Auf's Haus —

Max.

Die Raſenden!

Illo.

Sie machen Anſtalt,
Uns zu beſchießen —

Herzoginn und Gräfinn.

Gott im Himmel!

Max (zu Wallenſtein).

Laß mich
Hinunter, ſie bedeuten —

Wallenſtein.

Keinen Schritt!

Max

(auf Thekla und die Herzoginn zeigend).

Ihr Leben aber! Deins!

Wallenſtein.

Was bringſt du, Terzky?

Zwanzigſter Auftritt.

Vorige. Terzky (kommt zurück).

Terzky.

Botſchaft von unſern treuen Regimentern.
Ihr Muth ſei länger nicht zu bändigen,
Sie flehen um Erlaubniß anzugreifen,
Vom Prager — und vom Mühlthor ſind ſie Herr,
Und wenn du nur die Loſung wollteſt geben,
So könnten ſie den Feind im Rücken faſſen,
Ihn in die Stadt einkeilen, in der Enge
Der Straßen leicht ihn überwältigen.

Illo.

O komm! laß ihren Eifer nicht erkalten!
Die Butleriſchen halten treu zu uns.

Wir ſind die größre Zahl und werfen ſie,
Und enden hier in Pilſen die Empörung.

Wallenſtein.
Soll dieſe Stadt zum Schlachtgefilde werden,
Und brüderliche Zwietracht, feueraugig,
Durch ihre Straßen losgelaſſen toben?
Dem tauben Grimm, der keinen Führer hört,
Soll die Entſcheidung übergeben ſein?
Hier iſt nicht Raum zum Schlagen, nur zum Würgen;
Die losgebundnen Furien der Wuth
Ruft keines Herrſchers Stimme mehr zurück.
Wohl, es mag ſein! Ich hab' es lang bedacht,
So mag ſich's raſch und blutig denn entladen.
(Zu Max gewendet.)
Wie iſt's? Willſt du den Gang mit mir verſuchen?
Freiheit zu gehen haſt du. Stelle dich
Mir gegenüber. Führe ſie zum Kampf.
Den Krieg verſtehſt du, haſt bei mir etwas
Gelernt, ich darf des Gegners mich nicht ſchämen,
Und keinen ſchönern Tag erlebſt du, mir
Die Schule zu bezahlen.

Gräfinn.
Iſt es dahin
Gekommen? Vetter! Vetter! Könnt Ihr's tragen?

Max.
Die Regimenter, die mir anvertraut ſind,
Dem Kaiſer treu hinwegzuführen, hab' ich
Gelobt; dieß will ich halten oder ſterben.
Mehr fordert keine Pflicht von mir. Ich fechte
Nicht gegen dich, wenn ich's vermeiden kann.
Denn auch dein feindlich Haupt iſt mir noch heilig.
(Es geſchehen zwei Schüſſe. Illo und Terzky eilen an's Fenſter.)

Wallenſtein.
Was iſt das?

Terzky.
Er ſtürzt.

Wallenſtein.
Stürzt! Wer?

Illo.
Die Tiefenbacher thaten
Den Schuß.

Wallenſtein.
Auf wen?

Illo.
Auf dieſen Neumann, den
Du ſchickteſt —

Wallenſtein (auffahrend).
Tod und Teufel! So will ich —
(Will gehen.)

Terzky.
Dich ihrer blinden Wuth entgegen ſtellen?

Herzoginn und Gräfinn.
Um Gotteswillen nicht!

Illo.
Jetzt nicht, mein Feldherr!

Gräfinn.
O halt ihn! halt ihn!

Wallenſtein.
Laßt mich!

Max.
Thu' es nicht,
Jetzt nicht. Die blutig raſche That hat ſie
In Wuth geſetzt, erwarte ihre Reue —

Wallenſtein.
Hinweg! Zu lange ſchon hab' ich gezaudert.
Das konnten ſie ſich freventlich erkühnen,
Weil ſie mein Angeſicht nicht ſahn — Sie ſollen
Mein Antlitz ſehen, meine Stimme hören —
Sind es nicht meine Truppen? Bin ich nicht
Ihr Feldherr und gefürchteter Gebieter?
Laß ſehn, ob ſie das Antlitz nicht mehr kennen,
Das ihre Sonne war in dunkler Schlacht?
Es braucht der Waffen nicht. Ich zeige mich
Vom Altan dem Rebellenheer und ſchnell
Bezähmt, gebt Acht, kehrt der empörte Sinn
Ins alte Bette des Gehorſams wieder.
(Er geht. Ihm folgen Illo, Terzky und Butler.)

Einundzwanzigſter Auftritt.

Gräfinn. Herzoginn. Max und Thekla.

Gräfinn (zur Herzoginn).
Wenn ſie ihn ſehn — es iſt noch Hoffnung, Schweſter.

Herzoginn.
Hoffnung! ich habe keine.

Max
(der während des letzten Auftritts in einem ſichtbaren Kampf von ferne geſtanden, tritt näher).
Das ertrag' ich nicht.
Ich kam hieher mit feſt entſchiedner Seele,
Ich glaubte recht und tadellos zu thun,
Und muß hier ſtehen, wie ein Haſſenswerther,
Ein roh Unmenſchlicher, vom Fluch belaſtet,
Vom Abſcheu Aller, die mir theuer ſind,
Unwürdig ſchwer bedrängt die Lieben ſehn,
Die ich mit einem Wort beglücken kann —
Das Herz in mir empört ſich, es erheben
Zwei Stimmen ſtreitend ſich in meiner Bruſt,
In mir iſt Nacht, ich weiß das Rechte nicht zu wählen.
O wohl, wohl haſt du wahr geredet, Vater,
Zu viel vertraut' ich auf das eigne Herz;
Ich ſtehe wankend, weiß nicht was ich ſoll.

Gräfinn.
Sie wiſſen's nicht? Ihr Herz ſagt's Ihnen nicht?
So will ich's Ihnen ſagen!
Ihr Vater hat den ſchreienden Verrath
An uns begangen, an des Fürſten Haupt
Gefrevelt, uns in Schmach geſtürzt; daraus
Ergibt ſich klar, was Sie, ſein Sohn, thun ſollen:
Gutmachen, was der Schändliche verbrochen,
Ein Beiſpiel aufzuſtellen frommer Treu,
Daß nicht der Name Piccolomini
Ein Schandlied ſei, ein ew'ger Fluch im Haus
Der Wallenſteiner.

Max.
Wo iſt eine Stimme
Der Wahrheit, der ich folgen darf? Uns Alle
Bewegt der Wunſch, die Leidenſchaft. Daß jetzt
Ein Engel mir vom Himmel niederſtiege,
Das Rechte mir, das Unverfälſchte, ſchöpfte
Am reinen Lichtquell, mit der reinen Hand!
(Indem ſeine Augen auf Thekla fallen.)
Wie? ſuch' ich dieſen Engel noch? Erwart' ich
Noch einen andern?
(Er nähert ſich ihr, den Arm um ſie ſchlagend.)
Hier, auf dieſes Herz,
Das unfehlbare, heilig reine will
Ich's legen, deine Liebe will ich fragen,
Die nur den Glücklichen beglücken kann,
Vom unglückſelig Schuldigen ſich wendet.
Kannſt du mich dann noch lieben, wenn ich bleibe?
Erkläre, daß du kannſt, und ich bin euer.

Gräfinn (mit Bedeutung).
Bedenkt —

Max (unterbricht ſie).
Bedenke nichts. Sag', wie du's fühlſt.

Gräfinn.
An Euren Vater denkt —

Max (unterbricht ſie).
Nicht Friedlands Tochter,
Ich frage dich, dich, die Geliebte frag' ich!
Es gilt nicht eine Krone zu gewinnen:
Das möchteſt du mit klugem Geiſt bedenken.
Die Ruhe deines Freundes gilt's, das Glück
Von einem Tauſend tapfern Heldenherzen,
Die ſeine That zum Muſter nehmen werden.
Soll ich dem Kaiſer Eid und Pflicht abſchwören?
Soll ich in's Lager des Octavio
Die vatermörderiſche Kugel ſenden?
Denn wenn die Kugel los iſt aus dem Lauf,
Iſt ſie kein todtes Werkzeug mehr, ſie lebt,
Ein Geiſt fährt in ſie, die Erinnyen
Ergreifen ſie, des Frevels Rächerinnen,
Und führen tückiſch ſie den ärgſten Weg.

Thekla.
O Max —

Max (unterbricht ſie).
Nein, übereile dich auch nicht!
Ich kenne dich, dem edlen Herzen könnte
Die ſchwerſte Pflicht die nächſte ſcheinen. Nicht

Das Große, nur das Menſchliche geſchehe.
Denk', was der Fürſt von je an mir gethan.
Denk' auch, wie's ihm mein Vater hat vergolten;
O auch die ſchönen, freien Regungen
Der Gaſtlichkeit, der frommen Freundestreue
Sind eine heilige Religion dem Herzen;
Schwer rächen ſie die Schauder der Natur
An dem Barbaren, der ſie gräßlich ſchändet.
Leg' Alles, Alles in die Wage, ſprich
Und laß dein Herz entſcheiden.

Thekla.

O das deine
Hat längſt entſchieden. Folge deinem erſten
Gefühl —

Gräfinn.

Unglückliche!

Thekla.

Wie könnte das
Das Rechte ſein, was dieſes zarte Herz
Nicht gleich zuerſt ergriffen und gefunden?
Geh' und erfülle deine Pflicht! Ich würde
Dich immer lieben. Was du auch erwählt,
Du würdeſt edel ſtets und deiner würdig
Gehandelt haben — aber Reue ſoll
Nicht deiner Seele ſchönen Frieden ſtören.

Max.

So muß ich dich verlaſſen, von dir ſcheiden!

Thekla.

Wie du dir ſelbſt getreu bleibſt, biſt du's mir;
Uns trennt das Schickſal, unſre Herzen bleiben einig.
Ein blut'ger Haß entzweit auf ew'ge Tage
Die Häuſer Friedland, Piccolomini,
Doch wir gehören nicht zu unſerm Hauſe.
— Fort! Eile! Eile, deine gute Sache
Von unſrer unglückſeligen zu trennen.
Auf unſerm Haupte liegt der Fluch des Himmels;
Es iſt dem Untergang geweiht. Auch mich
Wird meines Vaters Schuld mit in's Verderben
Hinabziehn. Traure nicht um mich! Mein Schickſal
Wird bald entſchieden ſein.

(Max faßt ſie in die Arme, heftig bewegt. Man hört hinter der Scene ein lautes, wildes, langverhallendes Geſchrei: Vivat Ferdinandus, von kriegeriſchen Inſtrumenten begleitet. Max und Thekla halten einander unbeweglich in den Armen.)

Zweiundzwanzigſter Auftritt.

Vorige. Terzky.

Gräfinn (ihm entgegen).

Was war das? Was bedeutete das Rufen?

Terzky.

Es iſt vorbei und Alles iſt verloren.

Gräfinn.

Wie, und ſie gaben nichts auf ſeinen Anblick?

Terzky.

Nichts. Alles war umſonſt.

Herzoginn.

Sie riefen Vivat.

Terzky.

Dem Kaiſer.

Gräfinn.

O die Pflichtvergeſſenen!

Terzky.

Man ließ ihn nicht einmal zum Worte kommen.
Als er zu reden anfing, fielen ſie
Mit kriegeriſchem Spiel betäubend ein.
— Hier kommt er.

Dreiundzwanzigſter Auftritt.

Vorige. Wallenſtein begleitet von Illo und Buttler. Darauf Küraſſiere.

Wallenſtein (im Kommen).

Terzky!

Terzky.

Mein Fürſt!

Wallenſtein.

Laß unſre Regimenter
Sich fertig halten, heut noch aufzubrechen;
Denn wir verlaſſen Pilſen noch vor Abend.

(Terzky geht ab.)

Buttler —

Buttler.

Mein General?

Wallenſtein.

Der Kommendant zu Eger
Iſt euer Freund und Landsmann. Schreibt ihm gleich
Durch einen Eilenden, er ſoll bereit ſein,
Uns morgen in die Feſtung einzunehmen —
Ihr folgt uns ſelbſt mit Eurem Regiment.

Buttler.

Es ſoll geſchehn, mein Feldherr!

Wallenſtein

(tritt zwiſchen Max und Thekla, welche ſich während dieſer Zeit feſt umſchlungen gehalten).

Scheidet!

Max.

Gott!

(Küraſſiere mit gezogenem Gewehr treten in den Saal und ſammeln ſich im Hintergrunde. Zugleich hört man unten einige muthige Paſſagen aus dem Pappenheimer Marſch, welche dem Max zu rufen ſcheinen.)

Wallenſtein (zu den Küraſſieren).

Hier iſt er. Er iſt frei. Ich halt' ihn nicht mehr.

(Er ſteht abgewendet und ſo, daß Max ihm nicht beikommen, noch ſich dem Fräulein nähern kann.)

Max.

Du haſſeſt mich, treibſt mich im Zorn von dir.
Zerreißen ſoll das Band der alten Liebe,
Nicht ſanft ſich löſen und du willſt den Riß,
Den ſchmerzlichen, mir ſchmerzlicher noch machen!
Du weißt, ich habe ohne dich zu leben
Noch nicht gelernt — In eine Wüſte geh' ich
Hinaus, und Alles, was mir werth iſt, Alles
Bleibt hier zurück — O wende deine Augen
Nicht von mir weg! Noch einmal zeige mir
Dein ewig theures und verehrtes Antlitz!
Verſtoß mich nicht —

(Er will ſeine Hand faſſen. Wallenſtein zieht ſie zurück. Er wendet ſich an die Gräfinn.)

Iſt hier kein andres Auge,
Das Mitleid für mich hätte — Baſe Terzky —

(Sie wendet ſich von ihm; er kehrt ſich zur Herzoginn.)

Ehrwürd'ge Mutter —

Herzoginn.

Gehn Sie, Graf, wohin
Die Pflicht Sie ruft — So können Sie uns einſt
Ein treuer Freund, ein guter Engel werden
Am Thron des Kaiſers.

Max.

Hoffnung geben Sie mir,
Sie wollen mich nicht ganz verzweifeln laſſen.
O täuſchen Sie mich nicht mit leerem Blendwerk!
Mein Unglück iſt gewiß, und, Dank dem Himmel!
Der mir ein Mittel eingibt, es zu enden.

(Die Kriegsmuſik beginnt wieder. Der Saal füllt ſich mehr und mehr mit Bewaffneten an. Er ſieht Buttlern daſtehen.)

Ihr auch hier, Oberſt Buttler — Und Ihr wollt mir
Nicht folgen? — Wohl! Bleibt Eurem neuen Herrn
Getreuer als dem alten. Kommt! Verſprecht mir,
Die Hand gebt mir darauf, daß Ihr ſein Leben
Beſchützen, unverletzlich wollt bewahren.

(Buttler verweigert ſeine Hand.)

Des Kaiſers Acht hängt über ihm, und gibt
Sein fürſtlich Haupt jedwedem Mordknecht preis,
Der ſich den Lohn der Blutthat will verdienen;
Jetzt thät' ihm eines Freundes fromme Sorge,
Der Liebe treues Auge noth — und die
Ich ſcheidend um ihn ſeh' —

(Zweideutige Blicke auf Illo und Buttler richtend).

Illo.

Sucht die Verräther
In Eures Vaters, in des Gallas Lager.
Hier iſt nur Einer noch. Geht und befreit uns
Von ſeinem haſſenswürd'gen Anblick! Geht!

(Max verſucht es noch einmal, ſich der Thekla zu nähern. Wallenſtein verhindert es. Er ſteht unſchlüſſig, ſchmerzvoll; indeß füllt ſich der Saal immer mehr und mehr, und die Hörner ertönen unten immer auffordernder und in immer kürzern Pauſen.)

Max.

Blaſ't! Blaſ't! — O wären es die ſchwed'ſchen Hörner,
Und ging's von hier gerad' in's Feld des Todes,
Und alle Schwerter, alle, die ich hier
Entblößt muß ſehn, durchdrängen meinen Buſen!
Was wollt ihr? Kommt ihr, mich von hier hinweg
Zu reißen? — O treibt mich nicht zur Verzweiflung!
Thut's nicht! Ihr könntet es bereuen!

(Der Saal iſt ganz mit Bewaffneten erfüllt.)

Noch mehr — Es hängt Gewicht ſich an Gewicht
Und ihre Maſſe zieht mich ſchwer hinab. —
Bedenket, was ihr thut. Es iſt nicht wohlgethan,
Zum Führer den Verzweifelnden zu wählen.
Ihr reißt mich weg von meinem Glück, wohlan,
Der Rachegöttinn weih' ich eure Seelen.
Ihr habt gewählet zum eigenen Verderben;
Wer mit mir geht, der ſei bereit zu ſterben!

(Indem er ſich nach dem Hintergrund wendet, entſteht eine raſche Bewegung unter den Küraſſieren, ſie umgeben und begleiten ihn in wildem Tumult. Wallenſtein bleibt unbeweglich, Thekla ſinkt in ihrer Mutter Arme. Der Vorhang fällt.)

Die Braut von Meſſina*).

Chor. (Cajetan.)

Sage, was werden wir jetzt beginnen,
Da die Fürſten ruhen vom Streit,
Auszufüllen die Leere der Stunden,
Und die lange unendliche Zeit?
Etwas fürchten und hoffen und ſorgen
Muß der Menſch für den kommenden Morgen,
Daß er die Schwere des Daſeyns ertrage,
Und das ermüdende Gleichmaß der Tage,
Und mit erfriſchendem Windesweben
Kräuſelnd bewege das ſtockende Leben.

Einer aus dem Chor. (Manfred.)

Schön iſt der Friede! Ein lieblicher Knabe
Liegt er gelagert am ruhigen Bach,
Und die hüpfenden Lämmer graſen
Luſtig um ihn auf dem ſonnigen Raſen;
Süßes Tönen entlockt er der Flöte,
Und das Echo des Berges wird wach,
Oder im Schimmer der Abendröthe
Wiegt ihn in Schlummer der murmelnde Bach —
Aber der Krieg hat auch ſeine Ehre,
Der Beweger des Menſchengeſchicks,
Mir gefällt ein lebendiges Leben,
Mir ein ewiges Schwanken und Schwingen und Schweben
Auf der ſteigenden, fallenden Welle des Glücks.

Denn der Menſch verkümmert im Frieden;
Müßige Ruh iſt das Grab des Muths.
Das Geſetz iſt der Freund des Schwachen,
Alles will es nur eben machen,
Möchte gern die Welt verflachen;
Aber der Krieg läßt die Kraft erſcheinen,
Alles erhebt er zum Ungemeinen,
Selber dem Feigen erzeugt er den Muth.

Ein Zweyter. (Berengar.)

Stehen nicht Amors Tempel offen?
Wallet nicht zu dem Schönen die Welt?
Da iſt das Fürchten! Da iſt das Hoffen;
König iſt hier, wer den Augen gefällt!
Auch die Liebe beweget das Leben,
Daß ſich die graulichen Farben erheben.
Reizend betrügt ſie die glücklichen Jahre,
Die gefällige Tochter des Schaums;
In das Gemeine und Traurigwahre
Webt ſie die Bilder des goldenen Traums.

Ein Dritter. (Cajetan.)

Bleibe die Blume dem blühenden Lenze,
Scheine das Schöne! Und flechte ſich Kränze,
Wem die Locken noch jugendlich grünen;
Aber dem männlichen Alter ziemt's
Einem ernſteren Gott zu dienen.

Erſter. (Manfred.)

Der ſtrengen Diana, der Freundinn der Jagden,
Laſſet uns folgen in's wilde Gehölz,
Wo die Wälder am dunkelſten nachten,
Und den Springbock ſtürzen vom Fels.
Denn die Jagd iſt ein Gleichniß der Schlachten,
Des ernſten Kriegsgotts luſtige Braut —
Man iſt auf mit dem Morgenſtrahl,
Wenn die ſchmetternden Hörner laden
Luſtig hinaus in das dampfende Thal,
Ueber Berge, über Klüfte,
Die ermattenden Glieder zu baden
In den erfriſchenden Strömen der Lüfte!

Zweyter. (Berengar.)

Oder wollen wir uns der blauen
Göttinn, der ewig bewegten, vertrauen,
Die uns mit freundlicher Spiegelhelle
Ladet in ihren unendlichen Schos?
Bauen wir auf der tanzenden Welle
Uns ein luſtig ſchwimmendes Schloß?
Wer das grüne kryſtallene Feld
Pflügt mit des Schiffes eilendem Kiele,
Der vermählt ſich das Glück, dem gehört die Welt;
Ohne die Saat erblüht ihm die Ernte!
Denn das Meer iſt der Raum der Hoffnung
Und der Zufälle launiſch Reich;
Hier wird der Reiche ſchnell zum Armen
Und der Aermſte dem Fürſten gleich.
Wie der Wind mit Gedankenſchnelle
Läuft um die ganze Windesroſe,
Wechſeln hier des Geſchickes Looſe,
Dreht das Glück ſeine Kugel um;
Auf den Wellen iſt alles Welle,
Auf dem Meer iſt kein Eigenthum.

Dritter. (Cajetan.)

Aber nicht bloß im Wellenreiche,
Auf der wogenden Meeresfluth,
Auch auf der Erde, ſo feſt ſie ruht
Auf den ewigen alten Säulen,
Wanket das Glück und will nicht weilen.
— Sorge gibt mir dieſer neue Frieden,
Und nicht fröhlich mag ich ihm vertrauen;
Auf der Lava, die der Berg geſchieden,
Möcht' ich nimmer meine Hütte bauen.
Denn zu tief ſchon hat der Haß gefreſſen,
Und zu ſchwere Thaten ſind geſchehn,
Die ſich nie vergeben und vergeſſen;
Noch hab' ich das Ende nicht geſehn,
Und mich ſchrecken ahnungsvolle Träume!
Nicht Wahrſagung reden ſoll mein Mund;
Aber ſehr mißfällt mir dieß Geheime,
Dieſer Ehe ſegenloſer Bund,
Dieſe lichtſcheuen krummen Liebespfade,
Dieſes Kloſterraub's verwegne That:
Denn das Gute liebt ſich das Gerade;
Böſe Früchte trägt die böſe Saat.

(Berengar.)

Auch ein Raub war's, wie wir Alle wiſſen,
Der des alten Fürſten ehliches Gemahl
In ein frevelnd Ehebett geriſſen,
Denn ſie war des Vaters Wahl.
Und der Ahnherr ſchüttete im Zorne
Grauenvoller Flüche ſchrecklichen Samen
Auf das ſündige Ehebett aus.
Gräuelthaten ohne Namen,
Schwarze Verbrechen verbirgt dieß Haus.

Chor. (Cajetan.)

Ja, es hat nicht gut begonnen,
Glaubt mir, und es endet nicht gut,
Denn gebüßt wird unter der Sonnen
Jede That der verblendeten Wuth.
Es iſt kein Zufall und blindes Loos,
Daß die Brüder ſich wüthend ſelbſt zerſtören,
Denn verflucht ward der Mutterſchoß,
Sie ſollte den Haß und den Streit gebären.
— Aber ich will es ſchweigend verhüllen,
Denn die Rachgötter ſchaffen im Stillen,
Zeit iſt's, die Unfälle zu beweinen,
Wenn ſie nahen und wirklich erſcheinen.

(Der Chor geht ab.)

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*) Aus Schillers Werken, Taſchenausgabe von 1822. Band 8.

Die Scene verwandelt ſich in einen Garten, der die Ausſicht auf das Meer eröffnet. Aus einem anſtoßenden Gartenhaus tritt

Beatrice.

(Geht unruhig auf und nieder, nach allen Seiten umher ſpähend. Plötzlich ſteht ſie ſtill und horcht.)

Er iſt es nicht — Es war der Winde Spiel,
Die durch der Pinie Wipfel ſauſend ſtreichen;
Schon neigt die Sonne ſich zu ihrem Ziel;
Mit trägem Schritt ſeh' ich die Stunden ſchleichen
Und mich ergreift ein ſchauderndes Gefühl.
Es ſchreckt mich ſelbſt das weſenloſe Schweigen.
Nichts zeigt ſich mir, wie weit die Blicke tragen;
Er läßt mich hier in meiner Angſt verzagen.

Und nahe hör' ich, wie ein rauſchend Wehr,
Die Stadt, die völkerwimmelnde, ertoſen;
Ich höre fern das ungeheure Meer
An ſeine Ufer dumpferbrandend ſtoßen.
Es ſtürmen alle Schrecken auf mich her;
Klein fühl' ich mich in dieſem Furchtbargroßen,
Und fortgeſchleudert, wie das Blatt vom Baume,
Verlier' ich mich im grenzenloſen Raume.

Warum verließ ich meine ſtille Zelle?
Da lebt' ich ohne Sehnſucht, ohne Harm!
Das Herz war ruhig, wie die Wieſenquelle,
An Wünſchen leer, doch nicht an Freuden arm.
Ergriffen jetzt hat mich des Lebens Welle;
Mich faßt die Welt in ihren Rieſenarm;
Zerriſſen hab' ich alle früh'ren Bande,
Vertrauend eines Schwures leichtem Pfande.

Wo waren die Sinne?
Was hab' ich gethan?
Ergriff mich bethörend
Ein raſender Wahn!

Den Schleier zerriß ich
Jungfräulicher Zucht;
Die Pforten durchbrach ich der heiligen Zelle!
Umſtrickte mich blendend ein Zauber der Hölle?
Dem Manne folgt' ich,
Dem kühnen Entführer in ſträflicher Flucht.

O komm mein Geliebter!
Wo bleibſt du und ſäumeſt? Befreie, befreie
Die kämpfende Seele! Mich nagt die Reue,
Es faßt mich der Schmerz.
Mit liebender Nähe verſich're mein Herz!

Und ſollt' ich mich dem Manne nicht ergeben,
Der in der Welt allein ſich an mich ſchloß?
Denn ausgeſetzt ward ich in's fremde Leben,
Und frühe ſchon hat mich ein ſtrenges Loos
(Ich darf den dunkeln Schleier nicht erheben)
Geriſſen von dem mütterlichen Schoos.
Nur einmal ſah ich ſie, die mich geboren,
Doch wie ein Traum ging mir das Bild verloren.

Und ſo erwuchs ich ſtill am ſtillen Orte,
In Lebens Glut den Schatten beigeſellt.
— Da ſtand er plötzlich an des Kloſters Pforte,
Schön, wie ein Gott, und männlich, wie ein Held.
O mein Empfinden nennen keine Worte!
Fremd kam er mir aus einer fremden Welt,
Und ſchnell, als wär' es ewig ſo geweſen,
Schloß ſich der Bund, den keine Menſchen löſen.

Vergib, du Herrliche, die mich geboren,
Daß ich, vorgreifend den verhängten Stunden,
Mir eigenmächtig mein Geſchick erkoren.
Nicht frei erwählt' ich's; es hat mich gefunden;
Ein dringt der Gott auch zu verſchloſſ'nen Thoren;
Zu Perſeus Thurm hat er den Weg gefunden.
Dem Dämon iſt ſein Opfer unverloren.
Wär' es an öde Klippen angebunden
Und an des Atlas himmeltragende Säulen,
So wird ein Flügelroß es dort ereilen.

Nicht hinter mich begehr' ich mehr zu ſchauen,
In keine Heimath ſehn' ich mich zurück;
Der Liebe will ich liebend mich vertrauen;
Gibt es ein ſchön'res als der Liebe Glück?
Mit meinem Loos will ich mich gern beſcheiden,
Ich kenne nicht des Lebens andre Freuden.

Nicht kenn' ich ſie und will ſie nimmer kennen,
Die ſich die Stifter meiner Tage nennen,
Wenn ſie von dir mich, mein Geliebter, trennen.
Ein ewig Räthſel bleiben will ich mir;
Ich weiß genug, ich lebe dir!
(Aufmerkend.)

Horch, der lieben Stimme Schall!
— Nein, es war der Wiederhall,
Und des Meeres dumpfes Brauſen,
Das ſich an den Ufern bricht,
Der Geliebte iſt es nicht!
Weh mir! Weh mir! Wo er weilet?
Mich umſchlingt ein kaltes Grauſen!
Immer tiefer
Sinkt die Sonne! Immer öder
Wird die Oede! Immer ſchwerer
Wird das Herz — Wo zögert er?
(Sie geht unruhig umher.)

Aus des Gartens ſichern Mauern
Wag' ich meinen Schritt nicht mehr.
Kalt ergriff mich das Entſetzen,
Als ich in die nahe Kirche
Wagte meinen Fuß zu ſetzen,
Denn mich trieb's mit mächt'gem Drang,
Aus der Seele tiefſten Tiefen,
Als ſie zu der Hora riefen,
Hinzuknien an heil'ger Stätte,
Zu der Göttlichen zu flehn,
Nimmer konnt' ich widerſtehn.
Wenn ein Lauſcher mich erſpähte?
Voll von Feinden iſt die Welt,
Argliſt hat auf allen Pfaden,
Fromme Unſchuld zu verrathen,
Ihr betrüglich Netz geſtellt.
Grauend hab' ich's ſchon erfahren,
Als ich aus des Kloſters Hut
In die fremden Menſchenſchaaren
Mich gewagt mit frevelm Muth.
Doch bei jenes Feſtes Feier,
Da der Fürſt begraben ward,
Mein Erkühnen büßt' ich theuer;
Nur ein Gott hat mich bewahrt —
Da der Jüngling mir, der fremde,
Nahte, mit dem Flammenauge,
Und mit Blicken, die mich ſchreckten,
Mir das Innerſte durchzuckten,
In das tiefſte Herz mir ſchaute —
Noch durchſchauert kaltes Grauen,
Da ich's denke, mir die Bruſt!
Nimmer, nimmer kann ich ſchauen
In die Augen des Geliebten,
Dieſer ſtillen Schuld bewußt!
(Aufhorchend.)

Stimmen im Garten!
Er iſt's, der Geliebte!
Er ſelber! Jetzt täuſchte
Kein Blendwerk mein Ohr.
Es naht, es vermehrt ſich!
In ſeine Arme!
An ſeine Bruſt!

Wilhelm von Oranien
und
Graf von Egmont*).

So kündigte **Philipp** den Niederlanden ſeine Regierung an, und dieß waren ihre Beſchwerden, als er im Begriffe ſtand, ſie zu verlaſſen. Lange ſchon ſehnte er ſich aus einem Lande, wo er ein Fremdling war, wo ſo vieles ſeine Neigungen beleidigte, ſein deſpotiſcher Geiſt an den Geſetzen der Freiheit ſo ungeſtüme Erinnerer fand. Der Friede mit Frankreich erlaubte ihm endlich dieſe Entfernung; die Rüſtungen **Solimans** zogen ihn nach dem Süden, und auch Spanien fing an, ſeinen Herrn zu vermiſſen. Die Wahl eines oberſten Statthalters für die Niederlande war die Hauptangelegenheit, die ihn jetzt noch beſchäftigte. Herzog **Emanuel Philibert von Savoyen** hatte ſeit der Abdankung der Königin **Maria von Ungarn** dieſe Stelle bekleidet, welche aber, ſo lange der König in den Niederlanden ſelbſt anweſend war, mehr Ehre als wirklichen Einfluß gab. Seine Abweſenheit machte ſie zu dem wichtigſten Amte in der Monarchie und dem glänzendſten Ziele, wornach der Ehrgeiz eines Bürgers nur ſtreben konnte. Jetzt ſtand ſie durch die Entfernung des Herzogs erledigt, den der Friede von Chateau-Cambreſis wieder in den Beſitz ſeiner Lande geſetzt hatte. Die beinahe unumſchränkte Gewalt, welche dem Oberſtatthalter verliehen werden mußte, die Fähigkeiten und Kenntniſſe, die ein ſo ausgebreiteter und delikater Poſten erforderte, vorzüglich aber die gewagten Anſchläge der Regierung auf die Freiheit des Landes, deren Ausführung von ihm abhängen ſollte, mußten nothwendig dieſe Wahl erſchweren. Das Geſetz, welches jeden Ausländer von Bedienungen entfernt, macht bei dem Oberſtatthalter eine Ausnahme. Da er nicht aus allen Provinzen zugleich gebürtig ſein kann, ſo iſt es ihm erlaubt, keiner von allen anzugehören, denn die Eiferſucht eines Brabanters würde einem Flamänder, der eine halbe Meile von ſeiner Grenze zu Hauſe wäre, kein größeres Recht dazu einräumen, als dem Sicilianer, der eine andre Erde und einen andern Himmel hat. Hier aber ſchien der Vortheil der Krone ſelbſt einen niederländiſchen Bürger zu begünſtigen. Ein geborner Brabanter, zum Beiſpiel, deſſen Vaterland ſich mit uneingeſchränkterm Vertrauen ihm überlieferte, konnte, wenn er ein Verräther war, den tödtlichen Streich ſchon zur Hälfte gethan haben, ehe ein Ausländer das Mißtrauen überwand, das über ſeine geringfügigſten Handlungen wachte. Hatte die Regierung in Einer Provinz ihre Abſichten durchgeſetzt, ſo war die Widerſetzung der übrigen eine Kühnheit, die ſie auf das ſtrengſte zu ahnden berechtigt war. In dem gemeinſchaftlichen Ganzen, welches die Provinzen jetzt ausmachten, waren ihre individuellen Verfaſſungen gleichſam untergegangen; der Gehorſam einer einzigen war ein Geſetz für jede, und das Vorrecht, welches eine nicht zu bewahren wußte, war für alle andre verloren.

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*) Aus Schillers Werken, Taſchenausgabe von [illegible], Band 12.

Unter den niederländiſchen Großen, die auf die Oberſtatthalterſchaft Anſpruch machen konnten, waren die Erwartungen und Wünſche der Nation zwiſchen dem Grafen von Egmont und dem Prinzen von Oranien getheilt, welche durch gleich edle Abkunft dazu berufen, durch gleiche Verdienſte dazu berechtigt, und durch gleiche Liebe des Volks zu dieſem Poſten willkommen waren. Beide hatte ein glänzender Rang zunächſt an den Thron geſtellt, und wenn das Auge des Monarchen zuerſt unter den Würdigſten ſuchte, ſo mußte es nothwendig auf Einen von dieſen Beiden fallen. Da wir in der Folge dieſer Geſchichte beide Namen oft werden nennen müſſen, ſo kann die Aufmerkſamkeit des Leſers nicht frühe genug auf ſie gezogen werden.

Wilhelm der Erſte, Prinz von Oranien, ſtammte aus dem deutſchen Fürſtenhauſe Naſſau, welches ſchon acht Jahrhunderte geblüht, mit dem öſterreichiſchen eine Zeitlang um den Vorzug gerungen, und dem deutſchen Reiche einen Kaiſer gegeben hatte. Außer verſchiedenen reichen Ländereien in den Niederlanden, die ihn zu einem Bürger dieſes Staats und einem gebornen Vaſallen Spaniens machten, beſaß er in Frankreich noch das unabhängige Fürſtenthum Oranien. Wilhelm war im Jahre 1533 zu Dillenburg in der Grafſchaft Naſſau, von einer Gräfin Stollberg geboren. Sein Vater, der Graf von Naſſau, deſſelben Namens, hatte die proteſtantiſche Religion angenommen, worin er auch ſeinen Sohn erziehen ließ; Karl der Fünfte aber, der dem Knaben ſchon frühzeitig wohl wollte, nahm ihn ſehr jung an ſeinen Hof und ließ ihn in der römiſchen aufwachſen. Dieſer Monarch, der in dem Kinde den künftigen großen Mann ſchon erkannte, behielt ihn neun Jahre um ſeine Perſon, würdigte ihn ſeines eigenen Unterrichts in Regierungsgeſchäften, und ehrte ihn durch ein Vertrauen, welches über ſeine Jahre ging. Ihm allein war es erlaubt, um den Kaiſer zu bleiben, wenn er fremden Geſandten Audienz gab — ein Beweis, daß er als Knabe ſchon angefangen haben mußte, den ruhmvollen Beinamen des Verſchwiegenen zu verdienen. Der Kaiſer erröthete ſogar nicht, einmal öffentlich zu geſtehen, daß dieſer junge Menſch ihm öfters Anſchläge gebe, die ſeiner eignen Klugheit würden entgangen ſein. Welche Erwartungen konnte man nicht von dem Geiſte eines Mannes hegen, der in einer ſolchen Schule gebildet war!

Wilhelm war drei und zwanzig Jahre alt, als Karl die Regierung niederlegte, und hatte ſchon zwei öffentliche Beweiſe der höchſten Achtung von ihm erhalten. Ihm übertrug er, mit Ausſchließung aller Großen ſeines Hofes, das ehrenvolle Amt, ſeinem Bruder Ferdinand die Kaiſerkrone zu überbringen. Als der Herzog von Savoyen, der die kaiſerliche Armee in den Niederlanden kommandirte, von ſeinen eigenen Landesangelegenheiten nach Italien abgerufen ward, vertraute der Kaiſer ihm den Oberbefehl über dieſe Truppen an, gegen die Vorſtellungen ſeines ganzen Kriegsraths, denen es allzugewagt ſchien, den erfahrnen franzöſiſchen Feldherren einen Jüngling entgegenzuſetzen. Abweſend und von Niemand empfohlen, zog ihn der Monarch der lorbeervollen Schaar ſeiner Helden vor, und der Ausgang ließ ihn ſeine Wahl nicht bereuen.

Die vorzügliche Gunſt, in welcher dieſer Prinz bei dem Vater geſtanden hatte, wäre allein ſchon ein wichtiger Grund geweſen, ihn von dem Vertrauen ſeines Sohnes auszuſchließen. Philipp, ſcheint es, hatte es ſich zum Geſetz gemacht, den ſpaniſchen Adel an dem niederländiſchen wegen des Vorzugs zu rächen, wodurch Karl der Fünfte dieſen letztern ſtets unterſchieden hatte. Aber wichtiger waren die geheimen Beweggründe, die ihn von dem Prinzen entfernten. Wilhelm von Oranien gehörte zu den hagern und blaſſen Menſchen, wie Cäſar ſie nennt, die des Nachts nicht ſchlafen, und zu viel denken, vor denen das furchtloſeſte aller Gemüther gewankt hat. Die ſtille Ruhe eines immer gleichen Geſichts verbarg eine geſchäftige feurige Seele, die auch die Hülle, hinter welcher ſie ſchuf, nicht bewegte, und der Liſt und der Liebe gleich unbetretbar war; einen vielfachen, furchtbaren, nie ermüdenden Geiſt, weich und bildſam genug, augenblicklich in alle Formen zu ſchmelzen; bewährt genug, in keiner ſich ſelbſt zu verlieren; ſtark genug, jeden Glückswechſel zu ertragen. Menſchen zu durchſchauen und Herzen zu gewinnen, war kein größerer Meiſter, als Wilhelm; nicht daß er, nach der Weiſe des Hofs, ſeine Lippen eine Knechtſchaft bekennen ließ, die das ſtolze Herz Lügen ſtrafte, ſondern weil er mit den Merkmalen ſeiner Gunſt und Verehrung weder karg noch verſchwenderiſch war, und durch eine kluge Wirthſchaft mit denjenigen, wodurch man Menſchen verbindet, ſeinen wirklichen Vorrath an dieſen Mitteln vermehrte. So langſam ſein Geiſt gebar, ſo vollendet waren ſeine Früchte; ſo ſpät ſein Entſchluß reifte, ſo ſtandhaft und unerſchütterlich ward er vollſtreckt. Den Plan, dem er einmal als dem erſten gehuldigt hatte, konnte kein Widerſtand ermüden, keine Zufälle zerſtören, denn alle hatten, noch ehe ſie wirklich eintraten, vor ſeiner Seele geſtanden. So hoch ſein Gemüth über Schrecken und Freude erhaben war, ſo unterworfen war es der Furcht; aber ſeine Furcht war früher da, als die Gefahr, und er war ruhig im Tumulte, weil er in der Ruhe gezittert hatte. Wilhelm zerſtreute ſein Gold mit Verſchwendung, aber er geizte mit Sekunden. Die Stunde der Tafel war ſeine einzige Feierſtunde, aber dieſe gehörte ſeinem Herzen auch ganz, ſeiner Familie und der Freundſchaft; ein beſcheidener Abzug, den er dem Vaterlande machte. Hier verklärte ſich ſeine Stirn beim Weine, den ihm fröhlicher Muth und Enthaltſamkeit würzten, und die ernſte Sorge durfte hier die Jovialität ſeines Geiſtes nicht umwölken. Sein Hausweſen war prächtig, der Glanz einer zahlreichen Dienerſchaft, die Menge und das Anſehn derer, die ſeine Perſon umgaben, machten ſeinen Wohnſitz einem ſouverainen Fürſtenhofe gleich. Eine glänzende Gaſtfreiheit, das große Zaubermittel der Demagogen, war die Göttinn ſeines Palaſtes. Fremde Prinzen und Geſandten fanden hier eine Aufnahme und Bewirthung, die Alles übertraf, was das üppige Belgien ihnen anbieten konnte. Eine demüthige Unterwürfigkeit gegen die Regierung kaufte den Tadel und Verdacht wieder ab, den dieſer Aufwand auf ſeine Abſichten werfen konnte. Aber dieſe Verſchwendungen unterhielten den Glanz ſeines Namens bei dem Volke, dem nichts mehr ſchmeichelt, als die Schätze des Vaterlandes vor Fremdlingen ausgeſtellt zu ſehen, und der hohe Gipfel des Glücks, worauf er geſehen wurde, erhöhte den Werth der Leutſeligkeit, zu der er herabſtieg. Niemand war wol mehr zum Führer einer Verſchwörung geboren, als Wilhelm der Verſchwiegene. Ein durchdringender feſter Blick in die vergangene Zeit, die Gegenwart und die Zukunft, ſchnelle Beſitznehmung der Gelegenheit, eine Obergewalt über alle Geiſter, ungeheure Entwürfe, die nur dem weit entlegenen Betrachter Geſtalt und Ebenmaß zeigen, kühne Berechnungen, die an der langen Kette der Zukunft hinunterſpinnen, ſtanden unter der Aufſicht einer erleuchteten und freien Tugend, die mit feſtem Tritte auch auf der Grenze noch wandelt.

Ein Menſch, wie dieſer, konnte ſeinem ganzen Zeitalter undurchdringlich bleiben, aber nicht dem mißtrauiſchſten Geiſte ſeines Jahrhunderts. Philipp der Zweite ſchaute ſchnell und tief in einen Charakter, der, unter den gutartigen, ſeinem eigenen am ähnlichſten war. Hätte er ihn nicht ſo vollkommen durchſchaut, ſo wäre es unerklärbar, wie er einem Menſchen ſein Vertrauen nicht geſchenkt haben ſollte, in welchem ſich beinahe alle Eigenſchaften vereinigten, die Er am höchſten ſchätzte und am beſten würdigen konnte. Aber Wilhelm hatte noch einen andern Berührungspunkt mit Philipp dem Zweiten, welcher wichtiger war. Er hatte ſeine Staatskunſt bei demſelben Meiſter gelernt, und war, wie zu fürchten ſtand, ein fähigerer Schüler geweſen. Nicht, weil er den Fürſten des Machiavells zu ſeinem Studium gemacht, ſondern weil er den lebendigen Unterricht eines Monarchen genoſſen hatte, der jenen in Ausübung brachte, war er mit den gefährlichen Künſten bekannt worden, durch welche Throne fallen und ſteigen. Philipp hatte hier mit einem Gegner zu thun, der auf ſeine Staatskunſt gerüſtet war, und dem bei einer guten Sache auch die Hülfsmittel der ſchlimmen zu Gebote ſtanden. Und eben dieſer letztere Umſtand erklärt uns, warum er unter allen gleichzeitigen Sterblichen dieſen am unverſöhnlichſten haßte, und ſo unnatürlich fürchtete.

Den Argwohn, welchen man bereits gegen den Prinzen gefaßt hatte, vermehrte die zweideutige Meinung von ſeiner Religion. Wilhelm glaubte an den Papſt, ſo lange der Kaiſer, ſein Wohlthäter, lebte; aber man fürchtete mit Grund, daß ihn die Vorliebe, die ſeinem jungen Herzen für die verbeſſerte Lehre gegeben worden, nie ganz verlaſſen habe. Welche Kirche er auch in gewiſſen Perioden ſeines Lebens mag vorgezogen haben, ſo hätte ſich jede damit beruhigen können, daß ihn keine einzige ganz gehabt hat. Wir ſehen ihn in ſpätern Jahren beinahe mit eben ſo wenigem Bedenken zum Calvinismus übergehen, als er in früher Kindheit die lutheriſche Religion für die römiſche verließ. Gegen die ſpaniſche Tyrannei vertheidigte er mehr die Menſchenrechte der Proteſtanten, als ihre Meinungen; nicht ihr Glaube, ihre Leiden hatten ihn zu ihrem Bruder gemacht.

Dieſe allgemeinen Gründe des Mißtrauens ſchienen durch eine Entdeckung gerechtfertigt zu werden, welche der Zufall über ſeine wahren Geſinnungen darbot. Wilhelm war als Geißel des Friedens von Chateau-Cambreſis, an deſſen Stiftung er mit gearbeitet hatte, in Frankreich zurückgeblieben, und hatte durch die Unvorſichtigkeit Heinrichs des Zweiten, der mit einem Vertrauten des Königs von Spanien zu ſprechen glaubte, einen heimlichen Anſchlag erfahren, den der franzöſiſche Hof mit dem ſpaniſchen gegen die Proteſtanten beider Reiche entwarf. Dieſe wichtige Entdeckung eilte der Prinz ſeinen Freunden in Brüſſel, die ſie ſo nah anging, mitzutheilen, und die Briefe, die er darüber wechſelte, fielen unglücklicher Weiſe dem Könige von Spanien in die Hände. Philipp wurde von dieſem entſcheidenden Aufſchluſſe über Wilhelms Geſinnungen weniger überraſcht, als über die Zerſtörung ſeines Anſchlags entrüſtet; aber die ſpaniſchen Großen, die dem Prinzen jenen Augenblick noch nicht vergeſſen hatten, wo der größte der Kaiſer, im letzten Akte ſeines Lebens, auf ſeinen Schultern ruhte, verſäumten dieſe günſtige Gelegenheit nicht, den Verräther eines Staatsgeheimniſſes endlich ganz in der guten Meinung ihres Königs zu ſtürzen.

Nicht minder edlen Stammes, als Wilhelm, war Lamoral, Graf von Egmont und Prinz von Gavre, ein Abkömmling der Herzoge von Geldern, deren kriegeriſcher Muth die Waffen des Hauſes Oeſtreich ermüdet hatte. Sein Geſchlecht glänzte in den Annalen des Landes; einer von ſeinen Vorfahren hatte ſchon unter Maximilian die Statthalterſchaft über Holland verwaltet. Egmonts Vermählung mit der Herzogin Sabina von Bayern erhöhte noch den Glanz ſeiner Geburt, und machte ihn durch wichtige Verbindungen mächtig. Karl der Fünfte hatte ihn im Jahr 1546 in Utrecht zum Ritter des goldenen Vließes geſchlagen; die Kriege dieſes Kaiſers waren die Schule ſeines künftigen Ruhms, und die Schlachten bei St. Quentin und Gravelingen machten ihn zum Helden ſeines Jahrhunderts. Jede Wohlthat des Friedens, den handelnde Völker am dankbarſten fühlen, brachte das Gedächtniß der Siege zurück, durch die er beſchleunigt worden, und der flämiſche Stolz machte ſich, wie eine eitle Mutter, mit dem herrlichen Sohne des Landes groß, der ganz Europa mit ſeiner Bewunderung erfüllte. Neun Kinder, die unter den Augen ſeiner Mitbürger aufblühten, vervielfältigten und verengten die Bande zwiſchen ihm und dem Vaterlande, und die allgemeine Zuneigung gegen ihn übte ſich im Anſchauen derer, die ihm das Theuerſte waren. Jede öffentliche Erſcheinung Egmonts war ein Triumphzug; jedes Auge, das auf ihn geheftet war, erzählte ſein Leben; in der Ruhmredigkeit ſeiner Kampfgefährten lebten ſeine Thaten; ihren Kindern hatten ihn die Mütter bei ritterlichen Spielen gezeigt. Höflichkeit, edler Anſtand und Leutſeligkeit, die liebenswürdigen Tugenden der Ritterſchaft, ſchmückten mit Grazie ſein Verdienſt. Auf einer freien Stirn erſchien ſeine freie Seele; ſeine Offenherzigkeit verwaltete ſeine Geheimniſſe nicht beſſer, als ſeine Wohlthätigkeit ſein Gut, und ein Gedanke gehörte Allen, ſo bald er ſein war. Sanft und menſchlich war ſeine Religion, aber wenig geläutert, weil ſie von ſeinem Herzen und nicht von ſeinem Verſtande ihr Licht empfing. Egmont beſaß mehr Gewiſſen, als Grundſätze; ſein Kopf hatte ſich ſein Geſetzbuch nicht ſelbſt gegeben, ſondern nur eingelernt; darum konnte der bloße Name einer Handlung ihm die Handlung verbieten. Seine Menſchen waren böſe oder gut, und hatten nichts Böſes oder Gutes; in ſeiner Sittenlehre fand zwiſchen Laſter und Tugend keine Vermittelung Statt; darum entſchied bei ihm oft eine einzige gute Seite für den Mann. Egmont vereinigte alle Vorzüge, die den Helden bilden; er war ein beſſerer Soldat, als Oranien, aber als Staatsmann tief unter ihm; dieſer ſahe die Welt, wie ſie wirklich war, Egmont in dem magiſchen Spiegel einer verſchönernden Phantaſie. Menſchen, die das Glück mit einem Lohn überraſchte, zu welchem ſie keinen natürlichen Grund in ihren Handlungen finden, werden ſehr leicht verleitet, den nothwendigen Zuſammenhang zwiſchen Urſache und Wirkung überhaupt zu vergeſſen, und in die natürliche Folge der Dinge jene höhere Wunderkraft einzuſchalten, der ſie endlich tollkühn, wie Cäſar ſeinem Glücke, vertrauen. Ein ſolcher Menſch war Egmont. Trunken von Verdienſten, welche die Dankbarkeit gegen ihn übertrieben hatte, taumelte er in dieſem ſüßen Bewußtſein, wie in einer lieblichen Traumwelt, dahin. Er fürchtete nicht, weil er dem unſichern Pfande vertraute, das ihm das Schickſal in der allgemeinen Liebe gegeben, und glaubte an Gerechtigkeit, weil er glücklich war. Selbſt die ſchrecklichſte Erfahrung des ſpaniſchen Meineids konnte nachher nicht die Zuverſicht aus ſeiner Seele vertilgen, und auf dem Blutgerüſte ſelbſt war Hoffnung ſein letztes Gefühl. Eine zärtliche Furcht für ſeine Familie hielt ſeinen patriotiſchen Muth an kleinern Pflichten gefangen. Weil er für Eigenthum und Leben zu zittern hatte, konnte er für die Republik nicht viel wagen. Wilhelm von Oranien brach mit dem Thron, weil die willkürliche Gewalt ſeinen Stolz empörte; Egmont war eitel, darum legte er einen Werth auf Monarchengnade. Jener war ein Bürger der Welt, Egmont iſt nie mehr, als ein Fläminger geweſen.

Philipp der Zweite ſtand noch in der Schuld des Siegers bei St. Quentin, und die Oberſtatthalterſchaft der Niederlande ſchien die einzig würdige Belohnung ſo glänzender Dienſte zu ſein. Geburt und Anſehen, die Stimme der Nation und perſönliche Fähigkeiten ſprachen ſo laut für Egmont, als für Oranien, und wenn dieſer übergangen wurde, ſo konnte jener allein ihn verdrängt haben.

Zwei Mitbewerber von ſo gleichem Verdienſte hätten Philipp bei einer Wahl verlegen machen können, wenn es ihm je in den Sinn gekommen wäre, ſich für Einen von beiden zu beſtimmen. Aber eben die Vorzüge, mit welchen ſie ihr Recht darauf unterſtützten, waren es, was ſie ausſchloß; und gerade durch dieſe feurigen Wünſche der Nation für ihre Erhebung hatten ſie ihre Anſprüche auf dieſen Poſten unwiderruflich verwirkt. Philipp konnte in den Niederlanden keinen Statthalter brauchen, dem der gute Wille und die Kraft des Volks zu Gebote ſtand. Egmonts Abkunft von den geldriſchen Herzogen machte ihn zu einem gebornen Feinde des ſpaniſchen Hauſes, und die höchſte Gewalt ſchien in den Händen eines Mannes gefährlich, dem es einfallen konnte, die Unterdrückung ſeiner Ahnherren an dem Sohne des Unterdrückers zu rächen. Die Hintanſetzung ihrer Lieblinge konnte weder die Nation, noch ſie ſelbſt beleidigen, denn der König, hieß es, übergehe beide, weil er keinen vorziehen möge.

Die fehlgeſchlagene Erwartung der Regentſchaft benahm dem Prinzen von Oranien die Hoffnung noch nicht ganz, ſeinen Einfluß in den Niederlanden feſter zu gründen. Unter den Übrigen, welche zu dieſem Amte in Vorſchlag gebracht wurden, war auch Chriſtina, Herzogin von Lothringen, und Muhme des Königs, die ſich als Mittlerin des Friedens von Chateau-Cambreſis ein glänzendes Verdienſt um die Krone erworben hatte. Wilhelm hatte Abſichten auf ihre Tochter, die er durch eine thätige Verwendung für die Mutter zu befördern hoffte; aber er überlegte nicht, daß er eben dadurch ihre Sache verdarb. Die Herzogin Chriſtina wurde verworfen, nicht ſowohl, wie es hieß, weil die Abhängigkeit ihrer Länder von Frankreich ſie dem ſpaniſchen Hofe verdächtig machte, als vielmehr deßwegen, weil ſie dem niederländiſchen Volke und dem Prinzen von Oranien willkommen war.

Was heißt und zu welchem Ende ſtudirt man Univerſalgeſchichte?*)

Eine akademiſche Antrittsrede.

Erfreuend und ehrenvoll iſt mir der Auftrag, meine h. H. H., an Ihrer Seite künftig ein Feld zu durchwandern, das dem denkenden Betrachter ſo viele Gegenſtände des Unterrichtes, dem thätigen Weltmann ſo herrliche Muſter zur Nachahmung, dem Philoſophen ſo wichtige Aufſchlüſſe, und Jedem ohne Unterſchied ſo reiche Quellen des edelſten Vergnügens eröffnet — das große weite Feld der allgemeinen Geſchichte. Der Anblick ſo vieler vortrefflichen jungen Männer, die eine edle Wißbegierde um mich her verſammelt, und in deren Mitte ſchon manches wirkſame Genie für das kommende Zeitalter aufblüht, macht mir meine Pflicht zum Vergnügen, läßt mich aber auch die Strenge und Wichtigkeit derſelben in ihrem ganzen Umfang empfinden. Je größer das Geſchenk iſt, das ich Ihnen zu übergeben habe — und was hat der Menſch dem Menſchen Größeres zu geben, als Wahrheit? — deſto mehr muß ich Sorge tragen, daß ſich der Werth deſſelben unter meiner Hand nicht verringere. Je lebendiger und reiner Ihr Geiſt in dieſer glücklichen Epoche ſeines Wirkens empfängt, und je raſcher ſich Ihre jugendlichen Gefühle entflammen, deſto mehr Aufforderung für mich, zu verhüten, daß ſich dieſer Enthuſiasmus, den die Wahrheit allein das Recht hat zu erwecken, an Betrug und Täuſchung nicht unwürdig verſchwende.

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*) Aus Schiller's Werken, Taſchenausg. v. 1822. B. 10.

Fruchtbar und weit umfaſſend iſt das Gebiet der Geſchichte; in ihrem Kreiſe liegt die ganze moraliſche Welt. Durch alle Zuſtände, die der Menſch erlebte, durch alle abwechſelnde Geſtalten der Meinung, durch ſeine Thorheit und Weisheit, ſeine Verſchlimmerung und Veredlung, begleitet ſie ihn; von Allem, was er ſich nahm und gab, muß ſie Rechenſchaft ablegen. Es iſt Keiner unter Ihnen Allen, dem Geſchichte nicht etwas Wichtiges zu ſagen hätte; alle noch ſo verſchiedene Bahnen Ihrer künftigen Beſtimmung verknüpfen ſich irgendwo mit derſelben; aber eine Beſtimmung theilen Sie Alle auf gleiche Weiſe mit einander, diejenige, welche Sie auf die Welt mitbrachten — ſich als Menſchen auszubilden — und zu dem Menſchen eben redet die Geſchichte.

Ehe ich es aber unternehmen kann, meine H. H., Ihre Erwartungen von dieſem Gegenſtande Ihres Fleißes genauer zu beſtimmen, und die Verbindung anzugeben, worin derſelbe mit dem eigentlichen Zweck Ihrer ſo verſchiedenen Studien ſteht, wird es nicht überflüſſig ſein, mich über dieſen Zweck Ihrer Studien ſelbſt vorher mit Ihnen einzuverſtehen. Eine vorläufige Berichtigung dieſer Frage, welche mir paſſend und würdig genug ſcheint, unſre künftige akademiſche Verbindung zu eröffnen, wird mich in den Stand ſetzen, Ihre Aufmerkſamkeit ſogleich auf die würdigſte Seite der Weltgeſchichte hinzuweiſen.

Anders iſt der Studierplan, den ſich der Brotgelehrte, anders derjenige, den der philoſophiſche Kopf ſich vorzeichnet. Jener, dem es bei ſeinem Fleiß einzig und allein darum zu thun iſt, die Bedingungen zu erfüllen, unter denen er zu einem Amte fähig und der Vortheile deſſelben theilhaftig werden kann, der nur darum die Kräfte ſeines Geiſtes in Bewegung ſetzt, um dadurch ſeinen ſinnlichen Zuſtand zu verbeſſern und eine kleinliche Ruhmſucht zu befriedigen, ein Solcher wird beim Eintritt in ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn keine wichtigere Angelegenheit haben, als die Wiſſenſchaften, die er Brotſtudien nennt, von allen übrigen, die den Geiſt nur als Geiſt vergnügen, auf das Sorgfältigſte abzuſondern. Alle Zeit, die er dieſen letztern widmete, würde er ſeinem künftigen Berufe zu entziehen glauben, und ſich dieſen Raub nie vergeben. Seinen ganzen Fleiß wird er nach den Forderungen einrichten, die von dem künftigen Herrn ſeines Schickſals an ihn gemacht werden, und Alles gethan zu haben glauben, wenn er ſich fähig gemacht hat, dieſe Inſtanz nicht zu fürchten. Hat er ſeinen Kurſus durchlaufen, und das Ziel ſeiner Wünſche erreicht, ſo entläßt er ſeine Führerinnen — denn wozu weiter ſie bemühen? Seine größte Angelegenheit iſt jetzt, die zuſammengehäuften Gedächtnißſchätze zur Schau zu tragen, und ja zu verhüten, daß ſie in ihrem Werthe nicht ſinken. Jede Erweiterung ſeiner Brotwiſſenſchaft beunruhigt ihn, weil ſie ihm neue Arbeit zuſendet, oder die vergangene unnütz macht; jede wichtige Neuerung ſchreckt ihn auf, denn ſie zerbricht die alte Schulform, die er ſich ſo mühſam zu eigen machte, ſie ſetzt ihn in Gefahr, die ganze Arbeit ſeines vorigen Lebens zu verlieren. Wer hat über Reformatoren mehr geſchrieen, als der Haufe der Brotgelehrten? Wer hält den Fortgang nützlicher Revolutionen im Reich des Wiſſens mehr auf, als eben dieſe? Jedes Licht, das durch ein glückliches Genie, in welcher Wiſſenſchaft es ſei, angezündet wird, macht ihre Dürftigkeit ſichtbar; ſie fechten mit Erbitterung, mit Heimtücke, mit Verzweiflung, weil ſie bei dem Schulſyſtem, das ſie vertheidigen, zugleich für ihr ganzes Daſein fechten. Darum kein unverſöhnlicherer Feind, kein neidiſcherer Amtsgehülfe, kein bereitwilligerer Ketzermacher, als der Brotgelehrte. Je weniger ſeine Kenntniſſe durch ſich ſelbſt ihn belohnen, deſto größere Vergeltung heiſcht er von außen; für das Verdienſt der Handarbeiter und das Verdienſt der Geiſter hat er nur Einen Maßſtab, die Mühe. Darum hört man Niemand mehr klagen, als den Brotgelehrten; nicht bei ſeinen Gedankenſchätzen ſucht er ſeinen Lohn, ſeinen Lohn erwartet er von fremder Anerkennung, von Ehrenſtellen, von Verſorgung. Schlägt ihm dieſes fehl, wer iſt unglücklicher als der Brotgelehrte? Er hat umſonſt gelebt, gewacht, gearbeitet; er hat umſonſt nach Wahrheit geforſcht, wenn ſich Wahrheit nicht in Gold, in Zeitungslob, in Fürſtengunſt verwandelt.

Beklagenswerther Menſch, der mit dem edelſten aller Werkzeuge, mit Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt, nichts Höheres will und ausrichtet, als der Taglöhner mit dem Schlechteſten! der im Reiche der vollkommenſten Freiheit eine Sklavenſeele mit ſich herum trägt! — Noch beklagenswerther aber iſt der junge Mann von Genie, deſſen natürlich ſchöner Gang durch ſchädliche Lehren und Muſter auf dieſen traurigen Abweg verlenkt wird, der ſich überreden ließ, für ſeinen künftigen Beruf mit dieſer kümmerlichen Genauigkeit zu ſammeln. Bald wird ſeine Berufswiſſenſchaft als ein Stückwerk ihn anekeln; Wünſche werden in ihm aufwachen, die ſie nicht zu befriedigen vermag; ſein Genie wird ſich gegen ſeine Beſtimmung auflehnen. Als Bruchſtück erſcheint ihm jetzt Alles, was er thut, er ſieht keinen Zweck ſeines Wirkens, und doch kann er Zweckloſigkeit nicht ertragen. Das Mühſelige, das Geringfügige in ſeinen Berufsgeſchäften drückt ihn zu Boden, weil er ihm den frohen Muth nicht entgegen ſetzen kann, der nur die helle Einſicht, nur die geahnete Vollendung begleitet. Er fühlt ſich abgeſchnitten, herausgeriſſen aus dem Zuſammenhang der Dinge, weil er unterlaſſen hat, ſeine Thätigkeit an das große Ganze der Welt anzuſchließen. Dem Rechtsgelehrten entleidet ſeine Rechtswiſſenſchaft, ſobald der Schimmer beſſerer Kultur ihre Blößen ihm beleuchtet, anſtatt daß er jetzt ſtreben ſollte, ein neuer Schöpfer derſelben zu ſein, und den entdeckten Mangel aus innerer Fülle zu verbeſſern. Der Arzt entzweiet ſich mit ſeinem Beruf, ſobald ihm wichtige Fehlſchläge die Unzuverläſſigkeit ſeiner Syſteme zeigen; der Theolog verliert die Achtung für den ſeinigen, ſobald ſein Glaube an die Unfehlbarkeit ſeines Lehrgebäudes wankt.

Wie ganz anders verhält ſich der philoſophiſche Kopf! — Eben ſo ſorgfältig, als der Brotgelehrte ſeine Wiſſenſchaft von allen übrigen abſondert, beſtrebt ſich Jener, ihr Gebiet zu erweitern, und ihren Bund mit den übrigen wieder herzuſtellen — herzuſtellen, ſage ich, denn nur der abſtrahirende Verſtand hat jene Grenzen gemacht, hat jene Wiſſenſchaften von einander geſchieden. Wo der Brotgelehrte trennt, vereinigt der philoſophiſche Geiſt. Früh hat er ſich überzeugt, daß im Gebiete des Verſtandes, wie in der Sinnenwelt, Alles in einander greife, und ſein reger Trieb nach Uebereinſtimmung kann ſich mit Bruchſtücken nicht begnügen. Alle ſeine Beſtrebungen ſind auf Vollendung ſeines Wiſſens gerichtet; ſeine edle Ungeduld kann nicht ruhen, bis alle ſeine Begriffe zu einem harmoniſchen Ganzen ſich geordnet haben, bis er im Mittelpunkt ſeiner Kunſt, ſeiner Wiſſenſchaften ſteht, und von hier aus ihr Gebiet mit befriedigtem Blick überſchauet. Neue Entdeckungen im Kreiſe ſeiner Thätigkeit, die den Brotgelehrten niederſchlagen, entzücken den philoſophiſchen Geiſt. Vielleicht füllen ſie eine Lücke, die das werdende Ganze ſeiner Begriffe noch verunſtaltet hatte, oder ſetzen den letzten, noch fehlenden Stein an ſein Ideengebäude, der es vollendet. Sollten ſie es aber auch zertrümmern, ſollte eine neue Gedankenreihe, eine neue Naturerſcheinung, ein neu entdecktes Geſetz in der Körperwelt den ganzen Bau ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft umſtürzen: ſo hat er die Wahrheit immer mehr geliebt, als ſein Syſtem, und gerne wird er die alte mangelhafte Form mit einer neuern und ſchönern vertauſchen. Ja, wenn kein Streich von außen ſein Ideengebäude erſchüttert, ſo iſt er ſelbſt, von einem ewig wirkſamen Trieb nach Verbeſſerung gezwungen, er ſelbſt iſt der Erſte, der es unbefriedigt auseinander legt, um es vollkommener wieder herzuſtellen. Durch immer neue und immer ſchönere Gedankenformen ſchreitet der philoſophiſche Geiſt zu höherer Vortrefflichkeit fort, wenn der Brotgelehrte in ewigem Geiſtesſtillſtande das unfruchtbare Einerlei ſeiner Schulbegriffe hütet.

Kein gerechterer Beurtheiler fremden Verdienſts, als der philoſophiſche Kopf. Scharfſichtig und erfinderiſch genug, um jede Thätigkeit zu nutzen, iſt er auch billig genug, den Urheber auch der kleinſten zu ehren. Für ihn arbeiten alle Köpfe — alle Köpfe arbeiten gegen den Brotgelehrten. Jener weiß Alles, was um ihn geſchieht und gedacht wird, in ſein Eigenthum zu verwandeln — zwiſchen denkenden Köpfen gilt eine innige Gemeinſchaft aller Güter des Geiſtes; was Einer im Reiche der Wahrheit erwirbt, hat er Allen erworben. — Der Brotgelehrte verzäunet ſich gegen alle ſeine Nachbarn, denen er neidiſch Licht und Sonne mißgönnt, und bewacht mit Sorge die baufällige Schranke, die ihn nur ſchwach gegen die ſiegende Vernunft vertheidigt. Zu Allem, was der Brotgelehrte unternimmt, muß er Reiz und Aufmunterung von außen her borgen: der philoſophiſche Geiſt findet in ſeinem Gegenſtand, in ſeinem Fleiße ſelbſt, Reiz und Belohnung. Wie viel begeiſterter kann er ſein Werk angreifen, wie viel lebendiger wird ſein Eifer, wie viel ausdauernder wird ſein Muth und ſeine Thätigkeit ſein, da bei ihm die Arbeit ſich durch die Arbeit verjünget. Das Kleine ſelbſt gewinnt Größe unter ſeiner ſchöpferiſchen Hand, da er dabei immer das Große im Auge hat, dem es dienet, wenn der Brotgelehrte in dem Großen ſelbſt nur das Kleine ſieht. Nicht was er treibt, ſondern wie er das, was er treibt, behandelt, unterſcheidet den philoſophiſchen Geiſt. Wo er auch ſtehe und wirke, er ſteht immer im Mittelpunkt des Ganzen; und ſo weit ihn auch das Object ſeines Wirkens von ſeinen übrigen Brüdern entferne, er iſt ihnen verwandt und nahe durch einen harmoniſch wirkenden Verſtand; er begegnet ihnen, wo alle helle Köpfe einander finden.

Soll ich dieſe Schilderung noch weiter fortführen, oder darf ich hoffen, daß bereits bei Ihnen entſchieden ſei, welches von beiden Gemälden, die ich Ihnen hier vorgehalten habe, Sie Sich zum Muſter nehmen wollen? Von der Wahl, die Sie zwiſchen beiden getroffen haben, hängt es ab, ob Ihnen das Studium der Univerſalgeſchichte empfohlen oder erlaſſen werden kann. Mit dem zweiten allein habe ich es zu thun: denn bei dem Beſtreben, ſich dem erſten nützlich zu machen, möchte ſich die Wiſſenſchaft ſelbſt allzuweit von ihrem höhern Endzweck entfernen, und einen kleinen Gewinn mit einem zu großen Opfer erkaufen.

Ueber den Geſichtspunkt mit Ihnen einig, aus welchem der Werth einer Wiſſenſchaft zu beſtimmen iſt, kann ich mich dem Begriff der Univerſalgeſchichte ſelbſt, dem Gegenſtand der heutigen Vorleſung, nähern.

Die Entdeckungen, welche unſre europäiſchen Seefahrer in fernen Meeren und auf entlegenen Küſten gemacht haben, geben uns ein eben ſo lehrreiches als unterhaltendes Schauſpiel. Sie zeigen uns Völkerſchaften, die auf den mannigfaltigſten Stufen der Bildung um uns herum gelagert ſind, wie Kinder verſchiednen Alters um einen Erwachſenen herum ſtehen, und durch ihr Beiſpiel ihm in Erinnerung bringen, was er ſelbſt vormals geweſen, und wovon er ausgegangen iſt. Eine weiſe Hand ſcheint uns dieſe rohen Völkerſtämme bis auf den Zeitpunkt aufgeſpart zu haben, wo wir in unſrer eignen Kultur weit genug würden fortgeſchritten ſein, um von dieſer Entdeckung eine nützliche Anwendung auf uns ſelbſt zu machen, und den verlornen Anfang unſers Geſchlechts aus dieſem Spiegel wieder herzuſtellen. Wie beſchämend und traurig aber iſt das Bild, das uns dieſe Völker von unſerer Kindheit geben! und doch iſt es nicht einmal die erſte Stufe mehr, auf der wir ſie erblicken. Der Menſch fing noch verächtlicher an. Wir finden jene doch ſchon als Völker, als politiſche Körper: aber der Menſch mußte ſich erſt durch eine außerordentliche Anſtrengung zur politiſchen Geſellſchaft erheben.

Was erzählen uns die Reiſebeſchreiber nun von dieſen Wilden? Manche fanden ſie ohne Bekanntſchaft mit den unentbehrlichſten Künſten, ohne das Eiſen, ohne den Pflug, einige ſogar ohne den Beſitz des Feuers. Manche rangen noch mit wilden Thieren um Speiſe und Wohnung, bei vielen hatte ſich die Sprache noch kaum von thieriſchen Tönen zu verſtändlichen Zeichen erhoben. Hier war nicht einmal das ſo einfache Band der Ehe, dort noch keine Kenntniß des Eigenthums; hier konnte die ſchlaffe Seele noch nicht einmal eine Erfahrung feſt halten, die ſie doch täglich wiederholte; ſorglos ſah man den Wilden das Lager hingeben, worauf er heute ſchlief, weil ihm nicht einfiel, daß er morgen wieder ſchlafen würde. Krieg hingegen war bei Allen, und das Fleiſch des überwundenen Feindes nicht ſelten der Preis des Sieges. Bei andern, die, mit mehrern Gemächlichkeiten des Lebens vertraut, ſchon eine höhere Stufe der Bildung erſtiegen hatten, zeigten Knechtſchaft und Despotismus ein ſchauderhaftes Bild. Dort ſah man einen Despoten Afrika's ſeine Unterthanen für einen Schluck Branntwein verhandeln: — hier wurden ſie auf ſeinem Grab abgeſchlachtet, ihm in der Unterwelt zu dienen. Dort wirft ſich die fromme Einfalt vor einem lächerlichen Fetiſch, und hier vor einem grauſenvollen Scheuſal nieder; in ſeinen Göttern malt ſich der Menſch. So tief ihn dort Sklaverei, Dummheit und Aberglauben niederbeugen, ſo elend iſt er hier durch das andre Extrem geſetzloſer Freiheit. Immer zum Angriff und zur Vertheidigung gerüſtet, von jedem Geräuſch aufgeſchreckt, richtet der Wilde ſein ſcheues Ohr in die Wüſte; Feind heißt ihm Alles, was neu iſt, und wehe dem Fremdling, den das Ungewitter an ſeine Küſte ſchleudert! Kein wirthlicher Herd wird ihm rauchen, kein ſüßes Gaſtrecht ihn erfreuen. Aber ſelbſt da, wo ſich der Menſch von einer feindſeligen Einſamkeit zur Geſelligkeit, von der Noth zum Wohlleben, von der Furcht zu der Freude erhebt — wie abenteuerlich und ungeheuer zeigt er ſich unſern Augen! Sein roher Geſchmack ſucht Fröhlichkeit in der Betäubung, Schönheit in der Verzerrung, Ruhm in der Uebertreibung; Entſetzen erweckt uns ſelbſt ſeine Tugend, und das, was er ſeine Glückſeligkeit nennt, kann uns nur Ekel oder Mitleid erregen.

So waren wir. Nicht viel beſſer fanden uns Cäſar und Tacitus vor achtzehnhundert Jahren.

Was ſind wir jetzt? Laſſen Sie mich einen Augenblick bei dem Zeitalter ſtille ſtehen, worin wir leben, bei der gegenwärtigen Geſtalt der Welt, die wir bewohnen.

Der menſchliche Fleiß hat ſie angebaut, und den widerſtrebenden Boden durch ſein Beharren und ſeine Geſchicklichkeit überwunden. Dort hat er dem Meere Land abgewonnen, hier dem dürren Lande Ströme gegeben. Zonen und Jahreszeiten hat der Menſch durch einander gemengt, und die weichlichen Gewächſe des Orients zu ſeinem rauhern Himmel abgehärtet. Wie er Europa nach Weſtindien und dem Südmeere trug, hat er Aſien in Europa auferſtehen laſſen. Ein heiterer Himmel lacht jetzt über Germaniens Wäldern, welche die ſtarke Menſchenhand zerriß und dem Sonnenſtrahl aufthat, und in den Wellen des Rheins ſpiegeln ſich Aſiens Reben. An ſeinen Ufern erheben ſich volkreiche Städte, die Genuß und Arbeit in munterem Leben durchſchwärmen. Hier finden wir den Menſchen in ſeines Erwerbes friedlichem Beſitz ſicher unter einer Million, ihn, dem ſonſt ein einziger Nachbar den Schlummer raubte. Die Gleichheit, die er durch ſeinen Eintritt in die Geſellſchaft verlor, hat er wieder gewonnen durch weiſe Geſetze. Von dem blinden Zwang des Zufalls und der Noth hat er ſich unter die ſanftere Herrſchaft der Verträge geflüchtet, und die Freiheit des Raubthiers hingegeben, um die edlere Freiheit des Menſchen zu retten. Wohlthätig haben ſich ſeine Sorgen getrennt, ſeine Thätigkeiten vertheilt. Jetzt nöthigt ihn das gebieteriſche Bedürfniß nicht mehr an die Pflugſchar, jetzt fordert ihn kein Feind mehr von dem Pflug auf das Schlachtfeld, Vaterland und Herd zu vertheidigen. Mit dem Arme des Landmanns füllt er ſeine Scheunen, mit den Waffen des Kriegers ſchützt er ſein Gebiet. Das Geſetz wacht über ſein Eigenthum — und ihm bleibt das unſchätzbare Recht, ſich ſelbſt ſeine Pflicht auszuleſen.

Wie viele Schöpfungen der Kunſt, wie viele Wunder des Fleißes, welches Licht in allen Feldern des Wiſſens, ſeitdem der Menſch in der traurigen Selbſtvertheidigung ſeine Kräfte nicht mehr unnütz verzehrt, ſeitdem es in ſeine Willkühr geſtellt worden, ſich mit der Noth abzufinden, der er nie ganz entfliehen ſoll; ſeitdem er das koſtbare Vorrecht errungen hat, über ſeine Fähigkeit frei zu gebieten, und dem Ruf ſeines Genius zu folgen! Welche rege Thätigkeit überall, ſeitdem die vervielfältigten Begierden dem Erfindungsgeiſt neue Flügel gaben, und dem Fleiß neue Räume aufthaten! — Die Schranken ſind durchbrochen, welche Staaten und Nationen in feindſeligem Egoismus abſonderten. Alle denkenden Köpfe verknüpft jetzt ein weltbürgerliches Band, und alles Licht ſeines Jahrhunderts kann nunmehr den Geiſt eines neuern Galilei und Erasmus beſcheinen.

Seitdem die Geſetze zu der Schwäche des Menſchen herunterſtiegen, kam der Menſch auch den Geſetzen entgegen. Mit ihnen iſt er ſanfter geworden, wie er mit ihnen verwilderte; ihren barbariſchen Strafen folgen die barbariſchen Verbrechen allmählig in die Vergeſſenheit nach. Ein großer Schritt zur Veredlung iſt geſchehen, daß die Geſetze tugendhaft ſind, wenn auch gleich noch nicht die Menſchen. Wo die Zwangspflichten von dem Menſchen ablaſſen, übernehmen ihn die Sitten. Den keine Strafe ſchreckt und kein Gewiſſen zügelt, halten jetzt die Geſetze des Anſtands und der Ehre in Schranken.

Wahr iſt es, auch in unſer Zeitalter haben ſich noch manche barbariſche Ueberreſte aus den vorigen eingedrungen, Geburten des Zufalls und der Gewalt, die das Zeitalter der Vernunft nicht verewigen ſollte. Aber wie viel Zweckmäßigkeit hat der Verſtand des Menſchen auch dieſem barbariſchen Nachlaß der ältern und mittlern Jahrhunderte gegeben! Wie unſchädlich, ja wie nützlich hat er oft gemacht, was er umzuſtürzen noch nicht wagen konnte! Auf dem rohen Grunde der Lehn-Anarchie führte Deutſchland das Syſtem ſeiner politiſchen und kirchlichen Freiheit auf. Das Schattenbild des römiſchen Imperators, das ſich dieſſeits der Apenninen erhalten, leiſtet der Welt jetzt unendlich mehr Gutes, als ſein ſchreckhaftes Urbild im alten Rom — denn es hält ein nützliches Staatsſyſtem durch Eintracht zuſammen: jenes drückte die thätigſten Kräfte der Menſchheit in einer ſklaviſchen Einförmigkeit darnieder. Selbſt unſre Religion — ſo ſehr entſtellt durch die untreuen Hände, durch welche ſie uns überliefert worden — wer kann in ihr den veredelnden Einfluß der beſſern Philoſophie verkennen? Unſre Leibnitze und Locke machten ſich um das Dogma und um die Moral des Chriſtenthums eben ſo verdient, als — der Pinſel eines Raphael und Correggio um die heilige Geſchichte.

Endlich unſre Staaten — mit welcher Innigkeit, mit welcher Kunſt ſind ſie in einander verſchlungen! Wie viel dauerhafter durch den wohlthätigen Zwang der Noth als vormals durch die feierlichſten Verträge verbrüdert! Den Frieden hütet jetzt ein ewig geharniſchter Krieg, und die Selbſtliebe eines Staats ſetzt ihn zum Wächter über den Wohlſtand des andern. Die europäiſche Staatengeſellſchaft ſcheint in eine große Familie verwandelt. Die Hausgenoſſen können einander anfeinden, aber hoffentlich nicht mehr zerfleiſchen.

Welche entgegengeſetzte Gemählde! Wer ſollte in dem verfeinerten Europäer des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts nur einen fortgeſchrittenen Bruder des neuern Kanadiers, des alten Celten vermuthen? Alle dieſe Fertigkeiten, Kunſttriebe, Erfahrungen, alle dieſe Schöpfungen der Vernunft ſind im Raume von wenigen Jahrtauſenden in dem Menſchen angepflanzt und entwickelt worden; alle dieſe Wunder der Kunſt, dieſe Rieſenwerke des Fleißes ſind aus ihm herausgerufen worden. Was weckte jene zum Leben, was lockte dieſe heraus? Welche Zuſtände durchwanderte der Menſch, bis er von jenem Aeußerſten zu dieſem Aeußerſten, vom ungeſelligen Höhlenbewohner — zum geiſtreichen Denker, zum gebildeten Weltmann hinaufſtieg? — Die allgemeine Weltgeſchichte giebt Antwort auf dieſe Frage.

Wie unermeßlich ungleich zeigt ſich uns das nämliche Volk auf dem nämlichen Landſtriche, wenn wir es in verſchiedenen Zeiträumen anſchauen! Nicht weniger auffallend iſt der Unterſchied, den uns das gleichzeitige Geſchlecht, aber in verſchiedenen Ländern darbietet. Welche Mannigfaltigkeit in Gebräuchen, Verfaſſungen und Sitten! Welcher raſche Wechſel von Finſterniß und Licht, von Anarchie und Ordnung, von Glückſeligkeit und Elend, wenn wir den Menſchen auch nur in dem kleinen Welttheil Europa aufſuchen! Frei an der Themſe, und für dieſe Freiheit ſein eigner Schuldner; hier unbezwingbar zwiſchen ſeinen Alpen, dort zwiſchen ſeinen Kanälen und Sümpfen unüberwunden. An der Weichſel kraftlos und elend durch ſeine Zwietracht; jenſeits der Pyrenäen durch ſeine Ruhe kraftlos und elend. Wohlhabend und geſegnet in Amſterdam ohne Ernte; dürftig und unglücklich an des Ebro unbenutztem Paradieſe. Hier zwei entlegene Völker durch ein Weltmeer getrennt, und zu Nachbarn gemacht durch Bedürfniß, Kunſtfleiß und politiſche Bande; dort die Anwohner Eines Stroms durch eine andere Liturgie unermeßlich geſchieden! Was führte Spaniens Macht über den atlantiſchen Ocean in das Herz von Amerika, und nicht einmal über den Tajo und Guadiana hinüber? Was erhielt in Italien und Deutſchland ſo viele Thronen, und ließ in Frankreich alle, bis auf Einen, verſchwinden! — Die Univerſalgeſchichte löſt dieſe Frage.

Selbſt daß wir uns in dieſem Augenblicke hier zuſammen fanden, uns mit dieſem Grade von Nationalkultur, mit dieſer Sprache, dieſen Sitten, dieſen bürgerlichen Vortheilen, dieſem Maß von Gewiſſensfreiheit zuſammen fanden, iſt das Reſultat vielleicht aller vorhergegangenen Weltbegebenheiten: die ganze Weltgeſchichte würde wenigſtens nöthig ſein, dieſes einzige Moment zu erklären. Daß wir uns als Chriſten zuſammen fanden, mußte dieſe Religion, durch unzählige Revolutionen vorbereitet, aus dem Judenthum hervorgehen, mußte ſie den römiſchen Staat genau ſo finden, als ſie ihn fand, um ſich mit ſchnellem ſiegendem Lauf über die Welt zu verbreiten, und den Thron der Cäſarn endlich ſelbſt zu beſteigen. Unſre rauhen Vorfahren in den thüringiſchen Wäldern mußten der Uebermacht der Franken unterliegen, um ihren Glauben anzunehmen. Durch ſeine wachſenden Reichthümer, durch die Unwiſſenheit der Völker und durch die Schwäche ihrer Beherrſcher mußte der Klerus verführt und begünſtigt werden, ſein Anſehn zu mißbrauchen, und ſeine ſtille Gewiſſensmacht in ein weltliches Schwert umzuwandeln. Die Hierarchie mußte in einem Gregor und Innocenz alle ihre Greuel auf das Menſchengeſchlecht ausleeren, damit das überhandnehmende Sittenverderbniß, und der geiſtlichen Despotismus ſchreiendes Skandal einen unerſchrockenen Auguſtinermönch auffordern konnte, das Zeichen zum Abfall zu geben, und dem römiſchen Hierarchen eine Hälfte Europens zu entreißen, — wenn wir uns als proteſtantiſche Chriſten hier verſammeln ſollten. Wenn dies geſchehen ſollte, ſo mußten die Waffen unſerer Fürſten Karln V. einen Religionsfrieden abnöthigen; ein Guſtav Adolph mußte den Bruch dieſes Friedens rächen, ein neuer allgemeiner Frieden ihn auf Jahrhunderte begründen. Städte mußten ſich in Italien und Deutſchland erheben, dem Fleiß ihre Thore öffnen, die Ketten der Leibeigenſchaft zerbrechen, unwiſſenden Tyrannen den Richterſtab aus den Händen ringen, und durch eine kriegeriſche Hanſa ſich in Achtung ſetzen, wenn Gewerbe und Handel blühen, und der Ueberfluß den Künſten der Freude rufen, wenn der Staat den nützlichen Landmann ehren, und in dem wohlthätigen Mittelſtande, dem Schöpfer unſerer ganzen Kultur, ein dauerhaftes Glück für die Menſchheit heranreifen ſollte. Deutſchlands Kaiſer mußten ſich in Jahrhunderte langen Kämpfen mit den Päpſten, mit ihren Vaſallen, mit eiferſüchtigen Nachbarn entkräften — Europa ſich ſeines gefährlichen Ueberfluſſes in Aſiens Gräbern entladen, und der trotzige Lehenadel in einem mörderiſchen Fauſtrecht, Römerzügen und heiligen Fahrten ſeinen Empörungsgeiſt ausbluten — wenn das verworrene Chaos ſich ſondern, und die ſtreitenden Mächte des Staats in dem geſegneten Gleichgewicht ruhen ſollten, wo unſre jetzige Muße der Preis iſt. Wenn ſich unſer Geiſt aus der Unwiſſenheit herausringen ſollte, worin geiſtlicher und weltlicher Zwang ihn gefeſſelt hielt: ſo mußte der lang erſtickte Keim der Gelehrſamkeit unter ihren wüthenden Verfolgern aufs Neue hervorbrechen, und ein Al Mamun den Wiſſenſchaften den Raub vergüten, den ein Omar an ihnen verübt hatte. Das unerträgliche Elend der Barbarei mußte unſre Vorfahren von den blutigen Urtheilen Gottes zu menſchlichen Richterſtühlen treiben, verheerende Seuchen die verirrte Heilkunſt zur Betrachtung der Natur zurückrufen, der Müßiggang der Mönche mußte für das Böſe, das ihre Werkthätigkeit ſchuf, von ferne einen Erſatz zubereiten, und der profane Fleiß in den Klöſtern die zerrütteten Reſte des Auguſtiſchen Weltalters bis zu den Zeiten der Buchdruckerkunſt hinhalten. An griechiſchen und römiſchen Muſtern mußte der niedergedrückte Geiſt nordiſcher Barbaren ſich aufrichten, und die Gelehrſamkeit einen Bund mit den Muſen und Grazien ſchließen, wenn ſie einen Weg zu den Herzen finden, und den Namen einer Menſchenbilderin ſich verdienen ſollte. — Aber hätte Griechenland wohl einen Thucydides, einen Plato, einen Ariſtoteles, hätte Rom einen Horaz, einen Cicero, einen Virgil und Livius geboren, wenn dieſe beiden Staaten nicht zu derjenigen Höhe des politiſchen Wohlſtands emporgedrungen wären, welche ſie wirklich erſtiegen haben? Mit einem Wort — wenn nicht ihre ganze Geſchichte vorhergegangen wäre? Wie viele Erfindungen, Entdeckungen, Staats- und Kirchenrevolutionen mußten zuſammentreffen, dieſen neuen noch zarten Keimen von Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt Wachsthum und Ausbreitung zu geben! Wie viele Kriege mußten geführt, wie viele Bündniſſe geknüpft, zerriſſen und aufs Neue geknüpft werden, um endlich Europa zu dem Friedensgrundſatz zu bringen, welcher allein den Staaten wie den Bürgern vergönnt, ihre Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich ſelbſt zu richten, und ihre Kräfte zu einem verſtändigen Zwecke zu verſammeln!

Selbſt in den alltäglichſten Verrichtungen des bürgerlichen Lebens können wir es nicht vermeiden, die Schuldner vergangener Jahrhunderte zu werden; die ungleichartigſten Perioden der Menſchheit ſteuern zu unſrer Kultur, wie die entlegenſten Welttheile zu unſerm Luxus. Die Kleider, die wir tragen, die Würze an unſern Speiſen, und der Preis, um den wir ſie kaufen, viele unſerer kräftigſten Heilmittel, und eben ſo viele neue Werkzeuge unſers Verderbens — ſetzen ſie nicht einen Columbus voraus, der Amerika entdeckte, einen Vasco de Gama, der die Spitze von Afrika umſchiffte?

Es zieht ſich alſo eine lange Kette von Begebenheiten von dem gegenwärtigen Augenblicke bis zum Anfange des Menſchengeſchlechts hinauf, die wie Urſache und Wirkung in einander greifen. Ganz und vollzählig überſchauen kann ſie nur der unendliche Verſtand; dem Menſchen ſind engere Grenzen geſetzt. I. Unzählig viele dieſer Ereigniſſe haben entweder keinen menſchlichen Zeugen oder Beobachter gefunden, oder ſie ſind durch kein Zeichen feſtgehalten worden. Dahin gehören alle, die dem Menſchengeſchlechte ſelbſt und der Erfindung der Zeichen vorhergegangen ſind. Die Quelle aller Geſchichte iſt Tradition und das Organ der Tradition iſt Sprache. Die ganze Epoche vor der Sprache, ſo folgenreich ſie auch für die Welt geweſen, iſt für die Weltgeſchichte verloren. II. Nachdem aber auch die Sprache erfunden, und durch ſie die Möglichkeit vorhanden war, geſchehene Dinge auszudrücken und weiter mitzutheilen, ſo geſchah dieſe Mittheilung anfangs durch den unſichern und wandelbaren Weg der Sagen. Von Mund zu Munde pflanzte ſich eine ſolche Begebenheit durch eine lange Folge von Geſchlechtern fort, und da ſie durch Media ging, die verändert werden und verändern, ſo mußte ſie dieſe Veränderungen mit erleiden. Die lebendige Tradition oder die mündliche Sage iſt daher eine ſehr unzuverläſſige Quelle für die Geſchichte; daher ſind alle Begebenheiten vor dem Gebrauche der Schrift für die Weltgeſchichte ſo gut als verloren. III. Die Schrift iſt aber ſelbſt nicht unvergänglich; unzählig viele Denkmäler des Alterthums haben Zeit und Zufälle zerſtört, und nur wenige Trümmer haben ſich aus der Vorwelt in die Zeiten der Buchdruckerkunſt gerettet. Bei weitem der größere Theil iſt mit den Aufſchlüſſen, die er uns geben ſollte, für die Weltgeſchichte verloren. IV. Unter den wenigen endlich, welche die Zeit verſchonte, iſt die größere Anzahl durch die Leidenſchaft, durch den Unverſtand, und oft ſelbſt durch das Genie ihrer Beſchreiber verunſtaltet und unkenntlich gemacht. Das Mißtrauen erwacht bei dem älteſten hiſtoriſchen Denkmal, und es verläßt uns nicht einmal bei einer Chronik des heutigen Tages. Wenn wir über eine Begebenheit, die ſich heute erſt, und unter Menſchen, mit denen wir leben, und in der Stadt, die wir bewohnen, ereignet, die Zeugen abhören und aus ihren widerſprechenden Berichten Mühe haben, die Wahrheit zu enträthſeln: welchen Muth können wir zu Nationen und Zeiten mitbringen, die durch Fremdartigkeit der Sitten weiter als durch ihre Jahrtauſende von uns entlegen ſind? — Die kleine Summe von Begebenheiten, die nach allen bisher geſchehenen Abzügen zurückbleibt, iſt der Stoff der Geſchichte in ihrem weiteſten Verſtande. Was und wieviel von dieſem hiſtoriſchen Stoff gehört nun der Univerſalgeſchichte?

Aus der ganzen Summe dieſer Begebenheiten hebt der Univerſalhiſtoriker diejenigen heraus, welche auf die heutige Geſtalt der Welt und den Zuſtand der jetzt lebenden Generation einen weſentlichen, unwiderſprechlichen und leicht zu verfolgenden Einfluß gehabt haben. Das Verhältniß eines hiſtoriſchen Datums zu der heutigen Weltverfaſſung iſt es alſo, worauf geſehen werden muß, um Materialien für die Weltgeſchichte zu ſammeln. Die Weltgeſchichte geht alſo von einem Princip aus, das dem Anfang der Welt gerade entgegenſtehet. Die wirkliche Folge der Begebenheiten ſteigt von dem Urſprung der Dinge zu ihrer neueſten Ordnung herab; der Univerſalhiſtoriker rückt von der neueſten Weltlage aufwärts dem Urſprung der Dinge entgegen. Wenn er von dem laufenden Jahr und Jahrhundert zu dem nächſt vorhergegangenen in Gedanken hinaufſteigt, und unter den Begebenheiten, die das letztere ihm darbietet, diejenigen ſich merkt, welche den Aufſchluß über die nächſtfolgenden enthalten — wenn er dieſen Gang ſchrittweiſe fortgeſetzt hat bis zum Anfang — nicht der Welt, denn dahin führt ihn kein Wegweiſer — bis zum Anfang der Denkmäler; dann ſteht es bei ihm, auf dem gemachten Weg umzukehren, und an dem Leitfaden dieſer bezeichneten Fakten, ungehindert und leicht, vom Anfang der Denkmäler bis zu dem neueſten Zeitalter herunter zu ſteigen. Dies iſt die Weltgeſchichte, die wir haben und die Ihnen wird vorgetragen werden.

Weil die Weltgeſchichte von dem Reichthum und der Armuth an Quellen abhängig iſt, ſo müſſen eben ſo viele Lücken in der Weltgeſchichte entſtehen, als es leere Strecken in der Ueberlieferung gibt. So gleichförmig, nothwendig und beſtimmt ſich die Weltveränderungen aus einander entwickeln, ſo unterbrochen und zufällig werden ſie in der Geſchichte in einander gefügt ſeyn. Es iſt daher zwiſchen dem Gange der Welt und dem Gange der Weltgeſchichte ein merkliches Mißverhältniß ſichtbar. Jenen möchte man mit einem ununterbrochen fortfließenden Strom vergleichen, wovon aber in der Weltgeſchichte nur hier und da eine Welle beleuchtet wird. Da es ferner leicht geſchehen kann, daß der Zuſammenhang einer entfernten Weltbegebenheit mit dem Zuſtande des laufenden Jahres früher in die Augen fällt, als die Verbindung, worin ſie mit Ereigniſſen ſteht, die ihr vorhergingen oder gleichzeitig waren: ſo iſt es ebenfalls unvermeidlich, daß Begebenheiten, die ſich mit dem neueſten Zeitalter aufs Genaueſte binden, in dem Zeitalter, dem ſie eigentlich angehören, nicht ſelten iſolirt erſcheinen. Ein Faktum dieſer Art wäre z. B. der Urſprung des Chriſtenthums und beſonders der chriſtlichen Sittenlehre. Die chriſtliche Religion hat an der gegenwärtigen Geſtalt der Welt einen ſo vielfältigen Antheil, daß ihre Erſcheinung das wichtigſte Faktum für die Weltgeſchichte wird; aber weder in der Zeit, wo ſie ſich zeigte, noch in dem Volke, bei dem ſie aufkam, liegt (aus Mangel der Quellen) ein befriedigender Erklärungsgrund ihrer Erſcheinung.

So würde denn unſre Weltgeſchichte nie etwas anders als ein Aggregat von Bruchſtücken werden, und nie den Namen einer Wiſſenſchaft verdienen. Jetzt alſo kommt ihr der philoſophiſche Verſtand zu Hülfe, und indem er dieſe Bruchſtücke durch künſtliche Bindungsglieder verkettet, erhebt er das Aggregat zum Syſtem, zu einem vernunftmäßig zuſammenhängenden Ganzen. Seine Beglaubigung dazu liegt in der Gleichförmigkeit und unveränderlichen Einheit der Naturgeſetze und des menſchlichen Gemüths, welche Einheit Urſache iſt, daß die Ereigniſſe des entfernteſten Alterthums, unter dem Zuſammenfluß ähnlicher Umſtände von außen, in den neueſten Zeitläufen wiederkehren; daß alſo von den neueſten Erſcheinungen, die im Kreis unſerer Beobachtung liegen, auf diejenigen, welche ſich in geſchichtloſen Zeiten verlieren, rückwärts ein Schluß gezogen und einiges Licht verbreitet werden kann. Die Methode, nach der Analogie zu ſchließen, iſt, wie überall, ſo auch in der Geſchichte ein mächtiges Hülfsmittel: aber ſie muß durch einen erheblichen Zweck gerechtfertigt, und mit eben ſo viel Vorſicht als Beurtheilung in Ausübung gebracht werden.

Nicht lange kann ſich der philoſophiſche Geiſt bei dem Stoffe der Weltgeſchichte verweilen, ſo wird ein neuer Trieb in ihm geſchäftig werden, der nach Uebereinſtimmung ſtrebt — der ihn unwiderſtehlich reizt, Alles um ſich herum ſeiner eigenen vernünftigen Natur zu aſſimiliren, und jede ihm vorkommende Erſcheinung zu der höchſten Wirkung, die er erkannt, zum Gedanken zu erheben. Je öfter alſo und mit je glücklicherem Erfolge er den Verſuch erneuert, das Vergangene mit dem Gegenwärtigen zu verknüpfen: deſto mehr wird er geneigt, was er als Urſache und Wirkung in einander greifen ſieht, als Mittel und Abſicht zu verbinden. Eine Erſcheinung nach der andern fängt an, ſich dem blinden Ohngefähr, der geſetzloſen Freiheit zu entziehen, und ſich einem übereinſtimmenden Ganzen (das freilich nur in ſeiner Vorſtellung vorhanden iſt) als ein paſſendes Glied anzureihen. Bald fällt es ihm ſchwer, ſich zu überreden, daß dieſe Folge von Erſcheinungen, die in ſeiner Vorſtellung ſo viel Regelmäßigkeit und Abſicht annahm, dieſe Eigenſchaften in der Wirklichkeit verläugne; es fällt ihm ſchwer, wieder unter die blinde Herrſchaft der Nothwendigkeit zu geben, was unter dem geliehenen Lichte des Verſtandes angefangen hatte eine ſo heitre Geſtalt zu gewinnen. Er nimmt alſo dieſe Harmonie aus ſich ſelbſt heraus, und verpflanzt ſie außer ſich in die Ordnung der Dinge, d. i. er bringt einen vernünftigen Zweck in den Gang der Welt, und ein teleologiſches Princip in die Weltgeſchichte. Mit dieſem durchwandert er ſie noch einmal, und hält es prüfend gegen jede Erſcheinung, welche dieſer große Schauplatz ihm darbietet. Er ſieht es durch tauſend beiſtimmende Fakta beſtätigt, und durch eben ſo viele andre widerlegt: aber ſo lange in der Reihe der Weltveränderungen noch wichtige Bindungsglieder fehlen, ſo lange das Schickſal über ſo viele Begebenheiten den letzten Aufſchluß noch zurückhält, erklärt er die Frage für unentſchieden, und diejenige Meinung ſiegt, welche dem Verſtande die höhere Befriedigung, und dem Herzen die größere Glückſeligkeit anzubieten hat.

Es bedarf wohl keiner Erinnerung, daß eine Weltgeſchichte nach letzterem Plane in den ſpäteſten Zeiten erſt zu erwarten ſteht. Eine voreilige Anwendung dieſes großen Maßes könnte den Geſchichtsforſcher leicht in Verſuchung führen, den Begebenheiten Gewalt anzuthun, und dieſe glückliche Epoche für die Weltgeſchichte immer weiter zu entfernen, indem er ſie beſchleunigen will. Aber nicht zu frühe kann die Aufmerkſamkeit auf die lichtvolle und doch ſo ſehr vernachläſſigte Seite der Weltgeſchichte gezogen werden, wodurch ſie ſich an den höchſten Gegenſtand aller menſchlichen Beſtrebungen anſchließt. Schon der Hinblick auf dieſes, wenn auch nur mögliche, Ziel muß dem Fleiß des Forſchers einen belebenden Sporn und eine ſüße Erholung geben. Wichtig wird ihm auch die kleinſte Bemühung ſeyn, wenn er ſich auf dem Wege ſieht, oder auch nur einen ſpäten Nachfolger darauf leitet, das Problem der Weltordnung aufzulöſen, und dem höchſten Geiſt in ſeiner ſchönſten Wirkung zu begegnen.

Und auf ſolche Art behandelt, m. H. H., wird Ihnen das Studium der Weltgeſchichte eine eben ſo anziehende als nützliche Beſchäftigung gewähren. Licht wird ſie in Ihrem Verſtande, und eine wohlthätige Begeiſterung in Ihrem Herzen entzünden. Sie wird Ihren Geiſt von der gemeinen und kleinlichen Anſicht moraliſcher Dinge entwöhnen, und indem ſie vor Ihren Augen das große Gemälde der Zeiten und Völker auseinander breitet, wird ſie die vorſchnellen Entſcheidungen des Augenblicks, und die beſchränkten Urtheile der Selbſtſucht verbeſſern. Indem ſie den Menſchen gewöhnt, ſich mit der ganzen Vergangenheit zuſammen zu faſſen, und mit ſeinen Schlüſſen in die ferne Zukunft vorauszueilen: ſo verbirgt ſie die Grenzen von Geburt und Tod, die das Leben des Menſchen ſo eng und ſo drückend umſchließen, ſo breitet ſie optiſch täuſchend ſein kurzes Daſeyn in einen unendlichen Raum aus, und führt das Individuum unvermerkt in die Gattung hinüber.

Der Menſch verwandelt ſich und flieht von der Bühne; ſeine Meinungen fliehen und verwandeln ſich mit ihm: die Geſchichte allein bleibt unausgeſetzt auf dem Schauplatz, eine unſterbliche Bürgerin aller Nationen und Zeiten. Wie der homeriſche Zeus ſieht ſie mit gleich heiterm Blicke auf die blutigen Arbeiten des Kriegs, und auf die friedlichen Völker herab, die ſich von der Milch ihrer Heerden ſchuldlos ernähren. Wie regellos auch die Freiheit des Menſchen mit dem Weltlauf zu ſchalten ſcheine, ruhig ſieht ſie dem verworrenen Spiele zu: denn ihr weitreichender Blick entdeckt ſchon von fern, wo dieſe regellos ſchweifende Freiheit am Bande der Nothwendigkeit geleitet wird. Was ſie dem ſtrafenden Gewiſſen eines Gregors und Cromwells geheim hält, eilt ſie der Menſchheit zu offenbaren: „daß der ſelbſtſüchtige Menſch niedrige Zwecke zwar verfolgen kann, aber unbewußt vortreffliche befördert.“

Kein falſcher Schimmer wird ſie blenden, kein Vorurtheil der Zeit ſie dahinreißen, denn ſie erlebt das letzte Schickſal aller Dinge. Alles, was aufhört, hat für ſie gleich kurz gedauert: ſie hält den verdienten Olivenkranz friſch, und zerbricht den Obelisken, den die Eitelkeit thürmte. Indem ſie das feine Getriebe auseinander legt, wodurch die ſtille Hand der Natur ſchon ſeit dem Anfange der Welt die Kräfte des Menſchen planvoll entwickelt, und mit Genauigkeit andeutet, was in jedem Zeitraume für dieſen großen Naturplan gewonnen worden iſt: ſo ſtellt ſie den wahren Maßſtab für Glückſeligkeit und Verdienſt wieder her, den der herrſchende Wahn in jedem Jahrhundert anders verfälſchte. Sie heilt uns von der übertriebenen Bewunderung des Alterthums, und von der kindiſchen Sehnſucht nach vergangenen Zeiten; und indem ſie uns auf unſre eigenen Beſitzungen aufmerkſam macht, läßt ſie uns die geprieſenen goldnen Zeiten Alexanders und Auguſts nicht zurückwünſchen.

Unſer menſchliches Jahrhundert herbei zu führen, haben ſich — ohne es zu wiſſen oder zu erzielen — alle vorhergehenden Zeitalter angeſtrengt. Unſer ſind alle Schätze, welche Fleiß und Genie, Vernunft und Erfahrung im langen Alter der Welt endlich heimgebracht haben. Aus der Geſchichte erſt werden Sie lernen, einen Werth auf die Güter zu legen, denen Gewohnheit und unangefochtener Beſitz ſo gern unſre Dankbarkeit rauben: koſtbare theure Güter, an denen das Blut der Beſten und Edelſten klebt, die durch die ſchwere Arbeit ſo vieler Generationen haben errungen werden müſſen! Und welcher unter Ihnen, bei dem ſich ein heller Geiſt mit einem empfindenden Herzen gattet, könnte dieſer hohen Verpflichtung eingedenk ſeyn, ohne daß ſich ein ſtiller Wunſch in ihm regte, an das kommende Geſchlecht die Schuld zu entrichten, die er dem vergangenen nicht mehr abtragen kann? Ein edles Verlangen muß in uns entglühen, zu dem reichen Vermächtniß von Wahrheit, Sittlichkeit und Freiheit, das wir von der Vorwelt überkamen und reich vermehrt an die Folgewelt wieder abgeben müſſen, auch aus unſern Mitteln einen Beitrag zu tragen, und an dieſer unvergänglichen Kette, die durch alle Menſchengeſchlechter ſich windet, unſer fliehendes Daſein zu befeſtigen. Wie verſchieden auch die Beſtimmung ſei, die in der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft Sie erwartet — etwas dazu ſteuern können Sie alle! Jedem Verdienſt iſt eine Bahn zur Unſterblichkeit aufgethan, zu der wahren Unſterblichkeit meine ich, wo die That lebt und weiter eilt, wenn auch der Name ihres Urhebers hinter ihr zurückbleiben ſollte.

Ueber
Bürgers Gedichte *).

Die Gleichgültigkeit, mit der unſer philoſophirendes Zeitalter auf die Spiele der Muſen herabzuſehen anfängt, ſcheint keine Gattung der Poeſie empfindlicher zu treffen als die lyriſche. Der dramatiſchen Dichtkunſt dient doch wenigſtens die Einrichtung des geſelligen Lebens zu einigem Schutze, und der erzählenden erlaubt ihre freiere Form, ſich dem Weltton mehr anzuſchmiegen und den Geiſt der Zeit in ſich aufzunehmen. Aber die jährlichen Almanache, die Geſellſchaftsgeſänge, die Muſikliebhaberei unſrer Damen ſind nur ein ſchwacher Damm gegen den Verfall der lyriſchen Dichtkunſt. Und doch wäre es für den Freund des Schönen ein ſehr niederſchlagender Gedanke, wenn dieſe jugendlichen Blüthen des Geiſtes in der Fruchtzeit abſterben, wenn die reifere Kultur auch nur mit einem einzigen Schönheitsgenuß erkauft werden ſollte. Vielmehr ließe ſich auch in unſern ſo unpoetiſchen Tagen, wie für die Dichtkunſt überhaupt, alſo auch für die lyriſche, eine ſehr würdige Beſtimmung entdecken; es ließe ſich vielleicht darthun, daß, wenn ſie von einer Seite höheren Geiſtesbeſchäftigungen nachſtehen muß, ſie von einer andern nur deſto nothwendiger geworden iſt. Bei der Vereinzelung und getrennten Wirkſamkeit unſrer Geiſteskräfte, die der erweiterte Kreis des Wiſſens und die Abſonderung der Berufsgeſchäfte nothwendig macht, iſt es die Dichtkunſt beinahe allein, welche die getrennten Kräfte der Seele wieder in Vereinigung bringt, welche Kopf und Herz, Scharfſinn und Witz, Vernunft und Einbildungskraft in harmoniſchem Bunde beſchäftigt, welche gleichſam den ganzen Menſchen in uns wieder herſtellt. Sie allein kann das Schickſal abwenden, das traurigſte, das dem philoſophirenden Verſtande widerfahren kann, über dem Fleiß des Forſchens den Preis ſeiner Anſtrengungen zu verlieren und in der abgezogenen Vernunftwelt für die Freuden der wirklichen zu ſterben. Aus noch ſo divergirenden Bahnen würde ſich der Geiſt bei der Dichtkunſt wieder zurecht finden, und in ihrem verjüngenden Lichte der Erſtarrung eines frühzeitigen Alters entgehen. Sie wäre die jugendlich blühende Hebe, welche in Jovis Saal die unſterblichen Götter bedient.

Dazu aber würde erfordert, daß ſie ſelbſt mit dem Zeitalter fortſchreite, dem ſie dieſen wichtigen Dienſt leiſten ſoll; daß ſie ſich alle Vorzüge und Erwerbungen deſſelben zu eigen machte. Was Erfahrung und Vernunft an Schätzen für die Menſchheit aufhäuften, müßte Leben und Fruchtbarkeit gewinnen und in Anmuth ſich kleiden in ihrer ſchöpferiſchen Hand. Die Sitten, den Charakter, die ganze Weisheit ihrer Zeit müßte ſie, geläutert und veredelt, in ihrem Spiegel ſammeln, und mit idealiſirender Kunſt, aus dem Jahrhundert ſelbſt, ein Muſter für das Jahrhundert erſchaffen. Dieß aber ſetzte voraus, daß ſie ſelbſt in keine andere als reife und gebildete Hände fiele. So lange dieß nicht iſt, ſo lange zwiſchen dem ſittlich ausgebildeten vorurtheilsfreien Kopf und dem Dichter ein anderer Unterſchied Statt findet, als daß Letzterer zu den Vorzügen des Erſteren das Talent der Dichtung noch als Zugabe beſitzt; ſo lange dürfte die Dichtkunſt ihren veredelnden Einfluß auf das Jahrhundert verfehlen, und jeder Fortſchritt wiſſenſchaftlicher Kultur wird nur die Zahl ihrer Bewunderer vermindern. Unmöglich kann der gebildete Mann Erquickung für Geiſt und Herz bei einem unreifen Jüngling ſuchen, unmöglich in Gedichten die Vorurtheile, die gemeinen Sitten, die Geiſtesleerheit wieder finden wollen, die ihn im wirklichen Leben verſcheuchen. Mit Recht verlangt er von dem Dichter, der ihm, wie dem Römer ſein Horaz, ein theurer Begleiter durch das Leben ſein ſoll, daß er im Intellektuellen und Sittlichen auf einer Stufe mit ihm ſtehe, weil er auch in Stunden des Genuſſes nicht unter ſich ſinken will. Es iſt alſo nicht genug, Empfindung mit erhöhten Farben zu ſchildern; man muß auch erhöht empfinden. Begeiſterung allein iſt nicht genug; man fordert die Begeiſterung eines gebildeten Geiſtes. Alles, was der Dichter uns geben kann, iſt ſeine Individualität. Dieſe muß es alſo werth ſein, vor Welt und Nachwelt ausgeſtellt zu werden. Dieſe ſeine Individualität ſo ſehr als möglich zu veredeln, zur reinſten herrlichſten Menſchheit hinaufzuläutern, iſt ſein erſtes und wichtigſtes Geſchäft, ehe er es unternehmen darf, die Vortrefflichen zu rühren. Der höchſte Werth ſeines Gedichtes kann kein anderer ſein, als daß es der reine vollendete Abdruck einer intereſſanten Gemüthslage eines intereſſanten vollendeten Geiſtes iſt. Nur ein ſolcher Geiſt ſoll ſich uns in Kunſtwerken ausprägen; er wird uns in ſeiner kleinſten Aeußerung kenntlich ſein, und umſonſt wird, wer es nicht iſt, dieſen weſentlichen Mangel durch Kunſt zu verſtecken ſuchen. Vom Aeſthetiſchen gilt eben das, was vom Sittlichen; wie es hier der moraliſch vortreffliche Charakter eines Menſchen allein iſt, der einer ſeiner einzelnen Handlungen den Stempel moraliſcher Güte aufdrücken kann, ſo iſt es dort nur der reife, der vollkommene Geiſt, von dem das Reife, das Vollkommene ausfließt. Kein noch ſo großes Talent kann dem einzelnen Kunſtwerk verleihen, was dem Schöpfer deſſelben gebricht, und Mängel, die aus dieſer Quelle entſpringen, kann ſelbſt die Feile nicht wegnehmen.

Wir würden nicht wenig verlegen ſein, wenn uns aufgelegt würde, dieſen Maßſtab in der Hand, den gegenwärtigen Muſenberg zu durchwandern. Aber die Erfahrung, däucht uns, müßte es ja lehren, wie viel der größere Theil unſrer, nicht ungeprieſenen, lyriſchen Dichter auf den beſſern des Publikums wirkt; auch trifft es ſich zuweilen, daß uns einer oder der Andere, wenn wir es auch ſeinen Gedichten nicht angemerkt hätten, mit ſeinen Bekenntniſſen überraſcht oder uns Proben von ſeinen Sitten liefert. Jetzt ſchränken wir uns darauf ein, von dem bisher Geſagten die Anwendung auf Hrn. Bürger zu machen.

Aber darf wohl dieſem Maßſtab auch ein Dichter unterworfen werden, der ſich ausdrücklich als „Volksſänger" ankündigt, und Popularität (S. Vorrede z. 1. Theil S. 15 u. f.) zu ſeinem höchſten Geſetz macht? Wir ſind weit entfernt, Hrn. B. mit dem ſchwankenden Worte „Volk" ſchikaniren zu wollen; vielleicht bedarf es nur weniger Worte, um uns mit ihm darüber zu verſtändigen. Ein Volksdichter in jenem Sinne, wie es Homer ſeinem Weltalter oder die Troubadours dem ihrigen waren, dürfte in unſern Tagen vergeblich geſucht werden. Unſre Welt iſt die Homeriſche nicht mehr, wo alle Glieder der Geſellſchaft im Empfinden und Meinen ungefähr dieſelbe Stufe einnahmen, ſich alſo leicht in derſelben Schilderung erkennen, in denſelben Gefühlen begegnen konnten. Jetzt iſt zwiſchen der Auswahl einer Nation und der Maſſe derſelben ein ſehr großer Abſtand ſichtbar, wovon die Urſache zum Theil ſchon darin liegt, daß Aufklärung der Begriffe und ſittliche Veredlung ein zuſammenhängendes Ganzes ausmachen, mit deſſen Bruchſtücken nichts gewonnen wird. Außer dieſem Kulturunterſchied iſt es noch die Konvenienz, welche die Glieder der Nation in der Empfindungsart und im Ausdruck der Empfindung einander ſo äußerſt unähnlich macht. Es würde daher umſonſt ſein, willkürlich in einen Begriff zuſammen zu werfen, was längſt ſchon keine Einheit mehr iſt. Ein Volksdichter für unſre Zeiten hätte alſo bloß zwiſchen dem Allerleichteſten und dem Allerſchwerſten die Wahl; entweder ſich ausſchließend der Faſſungskraft des großen Haufens zu bequemen und auf den Beifall der gebildeten Klaſſe Verzicht zu thun, — oder den ungeheuren Abſtand, der zwiſchen beiden ſich befindet, durch die Größe ſeiner Kunſt aufzuheben, und beide Zwecke vereinigt zu verfolgen. Es fehlt uns nicht an Dichtern, die in der erſten Gattung glücklich geweſen ſind, und ſich bei ihrem Publikum Dank verdient haben; aber nimmermehr kann ein Dichter von Hrn. Bürgers Genie die Kunſt und ſein Talent ſo tief herabgeſetzt haben, um nach einem ſo gemeinen Ziele zu ſtreben. Popularität iſt ihm, weit entfernt, dem Dichter die Arbeit zu erleichtern, oder mittelmäßige Talente zu bedecken, eine Schwierigkeit mehr, und fürwahr eine ſo ſchwere Aufgabe, daß ihre glückliche Auflöſung der höchſte Triumph des Genies genannt werden kann. Welch Unternehmen, dem ekeln Geſchmack des Kenners Genüge zu leiſten, ohne dadurch dem großen Haufen ungenießbar zu ſein — ohne der Kunſt etwas von ihrer Würde zu vergeben, ſich an den Kinderverſtand des Volks anzuſchmiegen. Groß, doch nicht unüberwindlich, iſt dieſe Schwierigkeit; das ganze Geheimniß, ſie aufzulöſen — glückliche Wahl des Stoffs und höchſte Simplicität in Behandlung deſſelben. Jenen müßte der Dichter ausſchließend nur unter Situationen und Empfindungen wählen, die dem Menſchen als Menſchen eigen ſind. Alles, wozu Erfahrungen, Aufſchlüſſe, Fertigkeiten gehören, die man nur in poſitiven und künſtlichen Verhältniſſen erlangt, müßte er ſich ſorgfältig unterſagen, und durch dieſe reine Scheidung deſſen, was im Menſchen bloß menſchlich iſt, gleichſam den verlornen Zuſtand der Natur zurückrufen. In ſtillſchweigendem Einverſtändniß mit den Vortrefflichſten ſeiner Zeit würde er die Herzen des Volks an ihrer weichſten und bildſamſten Seite faſſen, durch das geübte Schönheitsgefühl den ſittlichen Trieben eine Nachhülfe geben, und das Leidenſchaftbedürfniß, das der Alltagspoet ſo geiſtlos und oft ſo ſchädlich befriedigt, für die Reinigung der Leidenſchaft nutzen. Als der aufgeklärte verfeinerte Wortführer der Volksgefühle würde er dem hervorſtrömenden, Sprache ſuchenden Affekt der Liebe, der

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*) Aus Schillers Werken: Taſchenausgabe von [illegible]. Bd. 16.

Freude, der Andacht, der Traurigkeit, der Hoffnung u. a. m. einen reinern und geiſtreichern Text unterlegen; er würde, indem er ihnen den Ausdruck lieh, ſich zum Herrn dieſer Affekte machen, und ihren rohen, geſtaltloſen, oft thieriſchen Ausbruch noch auf den Lippen des Volks veredeln. Selbſt die erhabenſte Philoſophie des Lebens würde ein ſolcher Dichter in die einfachen Gefühle der Natur auflöſen, die Reſultate des mühſamſten Forſchens der Einbildungskraft überliefern, und die Geheimniſſe des Denkers in leicht zu entziffernder Bilderſprache dem Kinderſinn zu errathen geben. Ein Vorläufer der hellen Erkenntniß brächte er die gewagteſten Vernunftwahrheiten, in reizender und verdachtloſer Hülle, lange vorher unter das Volk, ehe der Philoſoph und Geſetzgeber ſich erkühnen dürfen, ſie in ihrem vollen Glanze heraufzuführen. Ehe ſie ein Eigenthum der Ueberzeugung geworden, hätten ſie durch ihn ſchon ihre ſtille Macht an den Herzen bewieſen, und ein ungeduldiges, einſtimmiges Verlangen würde ſie endlich von ſelbſt der Vernunft abfordern.

In dieſem Sinne genommen, ſcheint uns der Volksdichter, man mag ihn nach den Fähigkeiten, die bei ihm vorausgeſetzt werden, oder nach ſeinem Wirkungskreis, einen ſehr hohen Rang zu verdienen. Nur dem großen Talent iſt es gegeben, mit den Reſultaten des Tiefſinns zu ſpielen, den Gedanken von der Form loszumachen, an die er urſprünglich geheftet, aus der er vielleicht entſtanden war, ihn in eine fremde Ideenreihe zu verpflanzen, ſo viel Kunſt in ſo wenigem Aufwand, in ſo einfacher Hülle ſo viel Reichthum zu verbergen. Hr. B. ſagt alſo keineswegs zu viel, wenn er Popularität eines Gedichts für das „Siegel der Vollkommenheit“ erklärt. Aber, indem er dieß behauptet, ſetzt er ſtillſchweigend ſchon voraus, was Mancher, der ihn lieſt, bei dieſer Behauptung ganz und gar überſehen dürfte, daß zur Vollkommenheit eines Gedichts die erſte unerläßliche Bedingung iſt, einen abſoluten, von der Faſſungskraft ſeiner Leſer durchaus unabhängigen, innern Werth zu beſitzen. „Wenn ein Gedicht,“ ſcheint er ſagen zu wollen, „die Prüfung des ächten Geſchmacks aushält, und mit dieſem Vorzug noch eine Klarheit und Faßlichkeit verbindet, die es fähig macht, im Munde des Volks zu leben: dann iſt ihm das Siegel der Vollkommenheit aufgedrückt.“ Dieſer Satz iſt durchaus Eins mit dieſem: Was den Vortrefflichen gefällt, iſt gut; was Allen ohne Unterſchied gefällt, iſt es noch mehr.

Alſo weit entfernt, daß bei Gedichten, welche für das Volk beſtimmt ſind, von den höchſten Forderungen der Kunſt etwas nachgelaſſen werden könnte, ſo iſt vielmehr zur Beſtimmung ihres Werths (der nur in der glücklichen Vereinigung ſo verſchiedener Eigenſchaften beſteht) weſentlich und nöthig, mit der Frage anzufangen: Iſt der Popularität nichts von der höhern Schönheit aufgeopfert worden? Haben ſie, was ſie für die Volksmaſſe an Intereſſe gewonnen, nicht für den Kenner verloren?

Und hier müſſen wir geſtehen, daß uns die Bürger'ſchen Gedichte noch ſehr viel zu wünſchen übrig gelaſſen haben, daß wir in dem größten Theil derſelben den milden, ſich immer gleichen, immer hellen, männlichen Geiſt vermißten, der, eingeweiht in die Myſterien des Schönen, Edeln und Wahren, zu dem Volke bildend herniederſteigt, aber auch in der vertrauteſten Gemeinſchaft mit demſelben nie ſeine himmliſche Abkunft verläugnet. Hr. B. vermiſcht ſich nicht ſelten mit dem Volk, zu dem er ſich nur herablaſſen ſollte, und, anſtatt es ſcherzend und ſpielend zu ſich hinaufzuziehen, gefällt es ihm oft, ſich ihm gleich zu machen. Das Volk, für das er dichtet, iſt leider nicht immer dasjenige, welches er unter dieſem Namen gedacht wiſſen will. Nimmermehr ſind es dieſelben Leſer, für welche er ſeine Nachtfeier der Venus, ſeine Lenore, ſein Lied an die Hoffnung, die Elemente, die göttingiſche Jubelfeier, Männerkeuſchheit, Vorgefühl der Geſundheit u. a. m. und eine Frau Schnips, Fortunens Pranger, Menagerie der Götter, an die Menſchengeſichter und Aehnliche niederſchrieb. Wenn wir anders einen Volksdichter richtig ſchätzen, ſo beſteht ſein Verdienſt nicht darin, jede Volksklaſſe mit irgend einem, ihr beſonders genießbaren, Liede zu verſorgen, ſondern in jedem einzelnen Liede jeder Volksklaſſe genug zu thun.

Wir wollen uns aber nicht bei Fehlern verweilen, die eine unglückliche Stunde entſchuldigen, und leicht durch eine ſtrengere Auswahl unter ſeinen Gedichten abgeſtellt werden kann. Aber daß ſich dieſe Ungleichheit des Geſchmacks ſehr oft in demſelben Gedichte findet, dürfte eben ſo ſchwer zu vermeiden, als zu entſchuldigen ſein. Rec. muß geſtehen, daß er unter allen Bürger'ſchen Gedichten (die Rede iſt von denen, welche er am reichlichſten ausſteuerte) beinahe keines zu nennen weiß, das ihm einen durchaus reinen, durch gar kein Mißfallen erkauften, Genuß gewährt hätte. War es entweder die vermißte Uebereinſtimmung des Bildes mit dem Gedanken, oder die beleidigte Würde des Inhalts, oder eine zu geiſtloſe Einkleidung, war es auch nur ein unedles, die Schönheit des Gedanken entſtellendes, Bild, ein ins Platte fallender Ausdruck, ein unnützer Wörterprunk, ein (was doch am ſeltenſten ihm begegnet) unächter Reim oder harter Vers, was die harmoniſche Wirkung des Ganzen ſtörte, ſo war uns dieſe Störung bei ſo vollem Genuß um ſo widriger, weil ſie uns das Urtheil abnöthigte, daß der Geiſt, der ſich in dieſen Gedichten darſtellte, kein gereifter, kein vollendeter Geiſt ſei; daß ſeinen Produkten nur deßwegen die letzte Hand fehlen möchte, weil ſie — ihm ſelbſt fehlte.

Eine nothwendige Operation des Dichters iſt Idealiſirung ſeines Gegenſtandes, ohne welche er aufhört, ſeinen Namen zu verdienen. Ihm kommt es zu, das Vortreffliche ſeines Gegenſtandes (mag dieſer nun Geſtalt, Empfindung oder Handlung ſein, in ihm oder außer ihm wohnen) von gröbern, wenigſtens fremdartigen Beimiſchungen zu befreien, die in mehrern Gegenſtänden zerſtreuten Strahlen von Vollkommenheit in einem einzigen zu ſammeln, einzelne, das Ebenmaß ſtörende Züge der Harmonie des Ganzen zu unterwerfen, das Individuelle und Lokale zum Allgemeinen zu erheben. Alle Ideale, die er auf dieſe Art im Einzelnen bildet, ſind gleichſam nur Ausflüſſe eines innern Ideals von Vollkommenheit, das in der Seele des Dichters wohnt. Zu je größerer Reinheit und Fülle er dieſes innere allgemeine Ideal ausgebildet hat, deſto mehr werden auch jene einzelnen ſich der höchſten Vollkommenheit nähern. Dieſe Idealiſirkunſt vermiſſen wir zu ſehr bei Hrn. Bürger. Außerdem, daß uns ſeine Muſe überhaupt einen zu ſinnlichen, oft gemeinſinnlichen Charakter zu tragen ſcheint, daß ihm Liebe ſelten etwas Anders, als Genuß oder ſinnliche Augenweide, Schönheit oft nur Jugend, Geſundheit, Glückſeligkeit nur Wohlleben iſt, möchten wir die Gemälde, die er uns aufſtellt, mehr einen Zuſammenwurf von Bildern, eine Kompilation von Zügen, eine Art Moſaik, als Ideale nennen. Will er uns z. B. weibliche Schönheit malen, ſo ſucht er zu jedem einzelnen Reiz ſeiner Geliebten ein ähnliches korreſpondirendes Bild in der Natur umher auf, und daraus erſchafft er ſich ſeine Göttin. Man ſehe 1. Th. S. 124: Das Mädel, das ich meine, das hohe Lied und mehrere andere. Will er ſie überhaupt als Muſter von Vollkommenheit uns darſtellen, ſo werden ihre Qualitäten von einer ganzen Schaar Göttinnen zuſammengeborgt. S. 35 die beiden Liebenden:

Im Denken iſt ſie Pallas ganz,
Und Juno ganz an edlem Gange,
Terpſichore beim Freudentanz,
Euterpe neben ihr im Sange,
Ihr weicht Aglaja, wenn ſie lacht,
Melpomene bei ſanfter Klage,
Die Wolluſt iſt ſie in der Nacht,
Die holde Sittſamkeit am Tage.

Wir führen dieſe Strophe nicht an, als glaubten wir, daß ſie das Gedicht, worin ſie vorkommt, eben verunſtalte, ſondern weil ſie uns das paſſendſte Beiſpiel zu ſein ſcheint, wie ungefähr Hr. B. idealiſirt. Es kann nicht fehlen, daß dieſer üppige Farbenwechſel auf den erſten Anblick hinreißt und blendet, Leſer beſonders, die nur für das Sinnliche empfänglich ſind, und, den Kindern gleich, nur das Bunte bewundern. Aber wie wenig ſagen Gemälde dieſer Art dem verfeinerten Kunſtſinn, den nie der Reichthum, ſondern die weiſe Oekonomie, nie die Materie, nur die Schönheit der Form, nie die Ingredienzen, nur die Feinheit der Miſchung befriedigt! Wir wollen nicht unterſuchen, wie viel oder wenig Kunſt erfordert wird, in dieſer Manier zu erfinden; aber wir entdecken bei dieſer Gelegenheit an uns ſelbſt, wie wenig bezaubernde Kunſtſtücke der Jugend die Prüfung eines männlichen Geſchmacks aushalten. Es konnte uns eben darum nicht ſehr angenehm überraſchen, als wir in dieſer Gedichtſammlung, einem Unternehmen reifer Jahre, ſowohl ganze Gedichte, als einzelne Stellen und Ausdrücke wiederfanden (das Klinglingling, Hopp Hopp Hopp, Huhu, Saſa, Trallirum larum u. dgl. m. nicht zu vergeſſen), welche nur die poetiſche Kindheit ihres Verfaſſers entſchuldigen, und der zweideutige Beifall des großen Haufens ſo lange durchbringen konnte. Wenn ein Dichter, wie Hr. B., dergleichen Spielereien durch die Zauberkraft ſeines Pinſels, durch das Gewicht ſeines Beiſpiels in Schutz nimmt, wie ſoll ſich der unmännliche kindiſche Ton verlieren, den ein Heer von Stümpern in unſre lyriſche Dichtkunſt eingeführt? Aus eben dieſem Grunde kann Rec. das ſonſt ſo lieblich geſungene Gedicht: „Blümchen Wunderhold“ nur mit Einſchränkung loben. Wie ſehr ſich auch Herr B. in dieſer Erfindung gefallen haben mag, ſo iſt ein Zauberblümchen an der Bruſt kein ganz würdiges, und eben auch nicht ſehr geiſtreiches Symbol der Beſcheidenheit; es iſt, frei herausgeſagt, Tändelei. Wenn es von dieſem Blümchen heißt:

Du theilſt der Flöte weichen Klang
Des Schreiers Kehle mit,
Und wandelſt in Zephyrengang
Des Stürmers Polterſchritt.

ſo geſchieht der Beſcheidenheit zu viel Ehre. Der unſchickliche Ausdruck: die Naſe ſchnaubt nach Aether, und ein unächter Reim: blähn und ſchön, verunſtalten den leichten und ſchönen Gang dieſes Liedes.

Am meiſten vermißt man die Idealiſirkunſt bei Hrn. B., wenn er Empfindungen ſchildert; dieſer Vorwurf trifft beſonders die neuern Gedichte, großentheils an Molly gerichtet, womit er dieſe Ausgabe bereichert hat. So unnachahmlich ſchön in den meiſten Diction und Versbau iſt, ſo poetiſch ſie geſungen ſind, ſo unpoetiſch ſcheinen ſie uns empfunden. Was Leſſing irgendwo dem Tragödiendichter zum Geſetz macht, keine Seltenheiten, keine ſtreng individuellen Charaktere und Situationen darzuſtellen, gilt noch weit mehr von dem Lyriſchen. Dieſer darf eine gewiſſe Allgemeinheit in den Gemüthsbewegungen, die er ſchildert, um ſo weniger verlaſſen, je weniger Raum ihm gegeben iſt, ſich über das Eigenthümliche der Umſtände, wodurch ſie veranlaßt ſind, zu verbreiten. Die neuen Bürger'ſchen Gedichte ſind großentheils Produkte einer ſolchen ganz eigenthümlichen Lage, die zwar weder ſo ſtreng individuell, noch ſo ſehr Ausnahme iſt, als ein Heautontimorumenos des Terenz, aber gerade individuell genug, um von dem Leſer weder vollſtändig, noch rein genug aufgefaßt zu werden, daß das Unideale, welches davon unzertrennlich iſt, den Genuß nicht ſtörte. Indeſſen würde dieſer Umſtand den Gedichten, bei denen er angetroffen wird, blos eine Vollkommenheit nehmen; aber ein anderer kommt hinzu, der ihnen weſentlich ſchadet. Sie ſind nämlich nicht blos Gemälde dieſer eigenthümlichen (und ſehr undichteriſchen) Seelenlage, ſondern ſie ſind offenbar auch Geburten derſelben. Die Empfindlichkeit, der Unwille, die Schwermuth des Dichters ſind nicht blos der Gegenſtand, den er beſingt; ſie ſind leider oft auch der Apoll, der ihn begeiſtert. Aber die Göttinnen des Reizes und der Schönheit ſind ſehr eigenſinnige Gottheiten. Sie belohnen nur die Leidenſchaft, die ſie ſelbſt einflößen; ſie dulden auf ihrem Altar nicht gern ein ander Feuer, als das Feuer einer reinen uneigennützigen Begeiſterung. Ein erzürnter Schauſpieler wird uns ſchwerlich ein edler Repräſentant des Unwillens werden; ein Dichter nehme ſich ja in Acht, mitten im Schmerz den Schmerz zu beſingen. So, wie der Dichter ſelbſt blos leidender Theil iſt, muß ſeine Empfindung unausbleiblich von ihrer idealiſchen Allgemeinheit zu einer unvollkommenen Individualität herabſinken. Aus der ſanftern und fernenden Erinnerung mag er dichten, und dann deſto beſſer für ihn, jemehr er an ſich erfahren hat, was er beſingt; aber ja niemals unter der gegenwärtigen Herrſchaft des Affekts, den er uns ſchön verſinnlichen ſoll. Selbſt in Gedichten, von denen man zu ſagen pflegt, daß die Liebe, die Freundſchaft u. ſ. w. ſelbſt dem Dichter den Pinſel dabei geführt habe, hätte er damit anfangen müſſen, ſich ſelbſt fremd zu werden, den Gegenſtand ſeiner Begeiſterung von ſeiner Individualität los zu wickeln, ſeine Leidenſchaft aus einer mildernden Ferne anzuſchauen. Das Idealſchöne wird ſchlechterdings nur durch eine Freiheit des Geiſtes, durch eine Selbſtthätigkeit möglich, welche die Uebermacht der Leidenſchaft aufhebt.

Die neuern Gedichte Hrn. B. charakteriſirt eine gewiſſe Bitterkeit, eine faſt kränkelnde Schwermuth. Das hervorragendſte Stück in dieſer Sammlung: „Das hohe Lied von der Einzigen", verliert dadurch beſonders viel von ſeinem übrigens unerreichbaren Werthe. Andre Kunſtrichter haben ſich bereits ausführlicher über dieſes ſchöne Product der Bürger'ſchen Muſe herausgelaſſen, und mit Vergnügen ſtimmen wir in einem großen Theil des Lobes mit ein, das ſie ihm beigelegt haben. Nur wundern wir uns, wie es möglich war, dem Schwunge des Dichters, dem Feuer ſeiner Empfindung, ſeinem Reichthum an Bildern, der Kraft ſeiner Sprache, der Harmonie ſeines Verſes ſo viele Verſündigungen gegen den guten Geſchmack zu vergeben; wie es möglich war, zu überſehen, daß ſich die Begeiſterung des Dichters nicht ſelten in die Grenzen des Wahnſinns verliert, daß ſein Feuer oft Furie wird, daß eben deßwegen die Gemüthsſtimmung, mit der man dies Lied aus der Hand legt, durchaus nicht die wohlthätige harmoniſche Stimmung iſt, in welche wir uns von dem Dichter verſetzt ſehen wollen. Wir begreifen, wie Hr. B., hingeriſſen von dem Affect, der dieſes Lied ihm dictirte, beſtochen von der nahen Beziehung dieſes Liedes auf ſeine eigne Lage, die er in demſelben, wie in einem Heiligthum, niederlegte, am Schluſſe dieſes Liedes ſich zurufen konnte, daß es das Siegel der Vollendung an ſich trage; — aber eben deßwegen möchten wir es, ſeiner glänzenden Vorzüge ungeachtet, nur ein ſehr vortreffliches Gelegenheitsgedicht nennen, — ein Gedicht nämlich, deſſen Entſtehung und Beſtimmung man es allenfalls verzeihe, wenn ihm die idealiſche Reinheit und Vollendung mangelt, die allein den guten Geſchmack befriedigt.

Eben dieſer große und nahe Antheil, den das eigne Selbſt des Dichters an dieſem und noch einigen andern Liedern dieſer Sammlung hatte, erklärt uns beiläufig, warum wir in dieſen Liedern ſo übertrieben oft an ihn ſelbſt, den Verfaſſer, erinnert werden. Rec. kennt unter den neuern Dichtern keinen, der das sublimi feriam sidera vertice des Horaz mit ſolchem Mißbrauch im Munde führte, als Hr. B. Wir wollen ihn deßwegen nicht in Verdacht haben, daß ihm bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten das Blümchen Wunderhold aus dem Buſen gefallen ſei; es leuchtet ein, daß man nur im Scherz ſo viel Selbſtlob an ſich verſchwenden kann. Aber angenommen, daß an ſolchen ſcherzhaften Aeußerungen nur der zehnte Theil ſein Ernſt ſei, ſo macht ja ein zehnter Theil, der zehnmal wiederkommt, einen ganzen und bittern Ernſt. Eigenruhm kann ſelbſt einem Horaz nur verziehen werden, und ungern verzeiht der hingeriſſene Leſer dem Dichter, den er ſo gern — nur bewundern möchte.

Dieſe allgemeinen Winke, den Geiſt des Dichters betreffend, ſcheinen uns Alles zu ſein, was über eine Sammlung von mehr als hundert Gedichten, worunter viele einer ausführlichen Zergliederung werth ſind, in einer Zeitung geſagt werden konnte. Das längſt entſchiedne einſtimmige Urtheil des Publikums überhebt uns, von ſeinen Balladen zu reden, in welcher Dichtungsart es nicht leicht ein deutſcher Dichter Hrn. B. zuvorthun wird. Bei ſeinen Sonetten, Muſtern ihrer Art, die ſich auf den Lippen des Declamateurs in Geſang verwandeln, wünſchen wir mit ihm, daß ſie keinen Nachahmer finden möchten, der nicht gleich ihm und ſeinem vortrefflichen Freund, Schlegel, die Leyer des pythiſchen Gottes ſpielen kann. Gern hätten wir alle blos witzige Stücke, die Sinngedichte vor allen, in dieſer Sammlung entbehrt, ſo wie wir überhaupt Hrn. B. die leichte ſcherzende Gattung möchten verlaſſen ſehen, die ſeiner ſtarken nervigen Manier nicht zuſagt. Man vergleiche z. B., um ſich davon zu überzeugen, das Zechlied 1. Th. S. 142 mit einem anakreontiſchen oder horaziſchen von ähnlichem Inhalt. Wenn man uns endlich aufs Gewiſſen fragte, welchen von Hrn. B. Gedichten, den ernſthaften oder den ſatiriſchen, den ganz lyriſchen oder lyriſcherzählenden, der Vorrang gebühre, ſo würde unſer Ausſpruch für die ernſthaften, für die erzählenden und für die frühern ausfallen. Es iſt nicht zu verkennen, daß Hr. B. an poetiſcher Kraft und Fülle, an Sprachgewalt und an Schönheit des Verſes gewonnen hat; aber ſeine Manier hat ſich weder veredelt, noch ſein Geſchmack gereinigt.

Wenn wir bei Gedichten, von denen ſich unendlich viel Schönes ſagen läßt, nur auf die fehlerhafte Seite hingewieſen haben; ſo iſt dies, wenn man will, eine Ungerechtigkeit, der wir uns nur gegen einen Dichter von Hrn. B. Talent und Ruhm ſchuldig machen konnten. Nur gegen einen Dichter, auf den ſo viele nachahmende Federn lauern, verlohnt es ſich der Mühe, die Partei der Kunſt zu ergreifen; und auch nur das große Dichtergenie iſt im Stande, den Freund des Schönen an die höchſten Forderungen der Kunſt zu erinnern, die er bei dem mittelmäßigen Talent entweder freiwillig unterdrückt, oder ganz zu vergeſſen in Gefahr iſt. Gern geſtehen wir, daß wir das ganze Heer von unſern jetzt lebenden Dichtern, die mit Hrn. B. um den lyriſchen Lorbeerkranz ringen, gerade ſo tief unter ihm erblicken, als er, unſerer Meinung nach, ſelbſt unter dem höchſten Schönen geblieben iſt. Auch empfinden wir ſehr gut, daß Vieles von dem, was wir an ſeinen Produkten tadelnswerth fanden, auf Rechnung äußerer Umſtände kommt, die ſeine genialiſche Kraft in ihrer ſchönſten Wirkung beſchränkten, und von denen ſeine Gedichte ſelbſt ſo rührende Winke geben. Nur die heitere, die ruhige Seele gebiert das Vollkommene. Kampf mit äußern Lagen und Hypochondrie, welche überhaupt jede Geiſteskraft lähmen, dürfen am allerwenigſten das Gemüth des Dichters belaſten, der ſich von der Gegenwart loswickeln, und frei und kühn in die Welt der Ideale emporſchweben ſoll. Wenn es auch noch ſo ſehr in ſeinem Buſen ſtürmt, ſo müſſe Sonnenklarheit ſeine Stirne umfließen.

Wenn indeſſen irgend einer von unſern Dichtern es werth iſt, ſich ſelbſt zu vollenden, um etwas Vollendetes zu leiſten, ſo iſt es Hr. Bürger. Dieſe Fülle poetiſcher Malerei, dieſe glühende energiſche Herzensſprache, dieſer bald prächtig wogende, bald lieblich flötende Poeſieſtrom, der ſeine Produkte ſo hervorragend unterſcheidet, endlich dieſes bieder Herz, das, man möchte ſagen, aus jeder Zeile ſpricht, iſt es werth, ſich mit immer gleicher äſthetiſcher und ſittlicher Grazie, mit männlicher Würde, mit Gedankengehalt, mit hoher und ſtiller Größe zu gatten, und ſo die höchſte Krone der Klaſſicität zu erringen.

Das Publikum hat eine ſchöne Gelegenheit, um die vaterländiſche Kunſt ſich dieſes Verdienſt zu erwerben. Hr. B. beſorgt, wie wir hören, eine neue verſchönerte Ausgabe ſeiner Gedichte, und von dem Maße der Unterſtützung, die ihm von den Freunden ſeiner Muſe widerfahren wird, hängt es ab, ob ſie zugleich eine verbeſſerte, ob ſie eine vollendete ſein ſoll.

So urtheilte der Verfaſſer vor elf Jahren über Bürgers Dichter-Verdienſt; er kann auch noch jetzt ſeine Meinung nicht ändern, aber er würde ſie mit bündigern Beweiſen unterſtützen, denn ſein Gefühl war richtiger, als ſein Raiſonnement. Die Leidenſchaft der Parteien hat ſich in dieſen Streit gemiſcht, aber wenn alles perſönliche Intereſſe ſchweigt, wird man der Intention des Recenſenten Gerechtigkeit widerfahren laſſen.

Diebold Schilling, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Guſtav Schilling,

geboren am 25. Nov. 1766 zu Dresden, diente ſeit 1781 im ſächſiſchen Artilleriecorps, wo er 1788 Unterlieutenant und 1790 Premierlieutenant wurde. Er machte die Feldzüge von 1793, 1806 und 1807 mit und avancirte zum Capitain, nahm aber dann wegen eines chroniſchen Uebels ſeinen Abſchied, und lebte ſeit 1807 in Freiberg, ſeit 1817 in Dresden, wo er im Jahre 1839 ſtarb.

Schillings ſämmtliche Schriften erſchienen vom Jahre 1828—1839 zu Dresden in 80 Bänden. Sie enthalten an größeren Romanen, neben vielen kleineren Erzählungen und Novellen:

> Das Weib wie es iſt. — Laura im Bade. — Der Liebesdienſt. — Die Ignoranten. — Verkümmerung. — Gottholds Abenteuer. — Wallow's Töchter. — Clärchens Geſtändniſſe. — Die Familie Bürger. — Die Brautſchau. — Röschens Geheimniſſe. — Der Mädchenhüter. — Die Vorzeichen. — Das Erbbild. — Leonore's Irrfahrten. — Die Ueberraſchungen. — Der Hofzwerg. — Melanie's Wege. — Oben und Unten. — Der Leichtfuß und ſeine Geſchwiſter. — Wolfgang. — Der Hausgenoſſe u. A. m.

Schilling war lange der Lieblingserzähler eines ſehr großen Theils des leſenden deutſchen Publicums und viele ſeiner Schriften werden noch jetzt gern von Solchen zur Hand genommen, denen es darauf ankommt, eine müßige Stunde angenehm zu verbringen. Er beſitzt ein bedeutendes Talent lebendiger Darſtellung, große Menſchenkenntniß, glückliche Laune, Witz und Anmuth neben gewandter Mannichfaltigkeit der Erfindung, aber es fehlt ihm an Tiefe und Schärfe der Characterzeichnung und er bewegt ſich mit zu großer Vorliebe nur in den mittleren Regionen des bürgerlichen Lebens, weshalb er auch in der Schilderung von Kleinſtädtereien am erfolgreichſten iſt. Einen bleibenden, tieferen Eindruck wird daher keine ſeiner Leiſtungen in dem Leſer zurücklaſſen, wohl aber oft die Empfindung angenehmer Heiterkeit und ein herzliches Lachen bei ihm hervorrufen.

Der Feiertag.

Lina erwachte, ſie vernahm ein Geräuſch, ſah bei dem Sternenſchimmer einen Mann am offenen Fenſter — einen muthmaßlichen Dieb, welcher eben ein- oder ausſteigen wollte. Die junge Frau entſetzte ſich und rief aus heiſerm Halſe: Hugo! Hugo!

Gott's Tauſend! fiel ihr Eheherr ein: drückt Dich ein Alpchen?

Noch zweifelnd fragte ſie: Biſt Du denn Der am Fenſter dort? und er erwiederte: Wer ihm, wenn der ein Anderer wäre. Ich kann nicht ſchlafen, ſchöpfe hier Odem und belauſche zwei Frauenzimmer. Die eine ſchleicht eben heim, die zweite geht erſt aus und über Beide kräht der Hahn.

Iſt's wahr? flüſterte Lina, ſchnell ermuntert: ei, welche? und wer führt ſie denn? Hugo entgegnete:

Die Jungfrau begleiten, nach Bode und Doppelmayer, nicht weniger als neun und vierzig Sonnenſterne, Venus aber ſpaziert mit ihrem Blend-Laternchen herzhaft und einſam vor der Mama her.

Mit Deinen Sternen! ſchalt ſie: aber heute iſt ja Feiertag — wir wollten den Domprediger hören und nun wird Dich in der Kirche der Schlaf plagen. Komm, laß die Venus auf-, die Virgo untergehn und lege Dich nieder.

Da ſchlich er zu ihr hin und ſagte ſchmeichelnd: Wie wär' es, Linchen, wenn wir den nahenden, herrlichen Morgen im großen Haines-Dome feierten und meinen Herzensfreund, den guten Paſtor in Hermsdorf überraſchten! Noch kennt er Dich nicht und ich bin gewiß, daß der Ehrenmann und ſeine holde, Dir ſo ähnliche Frau — daß die reizende Gegend, die freundliche Wohnung, der herzliche Empfang, Dich für den verkürzten Morgenſchlaf entſchädigen werden. Der Weg iſt zwar drei Stunden lang, iſt Anfangs ſteiler, läßt nichts als Mühe ſpüren, doch muß uns ſein getreuer Knecht am Abend heim kutſchiren.

Spotte nicht! warnte Lina, entſchlüpfte darauf, gern jedem billigen Wunſche des liebenden Geliebten begegnend, der ſüßen Ruheſtatt und nahm jetzt ſelbſt an der flammenden Venus Theil, hinter welcher die Roſe des Himmels ſich aufthat und färbte!

Das junge, glückſelige Ehepaar ſchritt bald darauf, Hand in Hand, bergan und überſchau'te auf der Höhe das verklärte Revier ſeiner Heimath. Vom Thurme der Stadtkirche rief der metallene Mund einer Concordia die Frommen zum Hochamte, über ihnen lobte die ſchwebende Lerche, tief im Laubwalde die Nachtigall den Quell alles Lebens. Herr, mein Gott! liſpelte Lina, von Schauern der Andacht durchdrungen: Du biſt herrlich! Du biſt ſchön und prächtig geſchmückt — geheiliget werde Dein Name! — Der Gatte ſang, bewegt wie ſie — „Herr, meine Burg, mein Fels, mein Hort!" und alſo feierten ſie wandelnd den Sabbath und erreichten fröhlich das Ziel.

Der Weg nach dem Pfarrhauſe führte an der Kirche vorüber. Mein Freund wird eben predigen, ſagte Hugo: wir ſchleichen hinein, damit er Dir im Voraus lieb werde, denn der Geiſt der Weihe ſpricht aus ihm in Einfalt und Klarheit und zudem — was das Beſte iſt, gleicht des Mannes Sinn und Wandel ſeiner Lehre.

Lina ſah, geſpannt und eilig, durch eine offene Seitenthür nach der Kanzel hin und wiſperte darauf dem Gatten zu:

Wie man ſich täuſcht! Er predigt zwar, ich aber hatte mir einen ernſt geſtalteten Mann — einen zweiten Hugo in ihm gedacht und erblicke ein Weſen, das [illegible], alten Kirchenbildern gleicht und die nicht ſchlafen, ſehn in's Blaue.

Jener neigte ſich jetzt auch zu der Oeffnung, er ſagte: Nein, die Predigt unſeres Magiſters wandelt in edleren Formen und dieſer iſt ein Lückenbüßer und Mohnhändler, dazu auch Tetzeln, dem Ablaßkrämer ähnlich, deſſen Bild daheim im Rathskeller hängt.

Darauf gingen ſie weiter, dem Pfarrhauſe zu, deſſen Lage und Reinlichkeit die junge Frau mit Sehnſucht nach dem Landleben erfüllte. Ein ſchneeweißes Windſpiel umfing die Gäſte liebkoſend im Hofe; kollernd blähte ſich der feiſte Truthahn, welchen Lina's rother Shawl empörte. Mein Leibeſſen, ſagte Hugo: gebt es mir nach, ſo wird dem Rebellen ohne Zögern der Kopf vor die Füße gelegt und er gebraten.

Uebrigens herrſchte ringsum tiefe Stille: nicht Herr noch Knecht, nicht Frau noch Magd war zu erblicken. — Sie ſind auswärts! klagte Lina, hungrig, durſtig und von der ungewohnten Anſtrengung erſchöpft. Was wird aus uns in dieſem Falle!

Sie ſind daheim! tröſtete der Gatte, denn er nahm den Paſtor jetzt, durch's Fenſter ſehend, wahr. Dieſer ſtand noch im Schlafrocke am Tiſche des Wohnzimmers, mit Spielſachen ſeines einjährigen, einzigen Kindes beſchäftigt, das dem Pathen zu Ehren Hugo genannt worden war. Bald ließ er den Kukuk anſchlagen, bald führte er ein Schäfchen an die Lippe und ordnete verbogene Soldaten; der Pathe aber flüſterte draußen in Lina's Ohr: Dies Treiben fällt mir auf! Der Mann läßt für ſich predigen und ſpielt hier wie ein Kind.

O, ſieh ihn nur an! erwiederte dieſe: Dein Freund iſt krank, mir ahnt ein Unheil! Sprich erſt allein zu, liebes Herz! ich nehme indeß dort in der Gartenlaube Platz.

Komme ich denn wohl zur guten Stunde? fragte der Eintretende. Jener erröthete, den unverhofften, willkommenen Gaſt erblickend, bot ihm die Hand und ſprach mit halber Stimme:

Zur dunkeln zwar, doch auch die ſchwärzeſten ſind gut, denn alle kommen aus der Hand des Allweiſen.

Hugo trat näher, ſah in verweinte Augen, in ein ſchmerzenreiches, erbleichtes Geſicht und ſprach, von banger Befürchtung gedrängt: Dein Weibchen iſt doch wohl und zugegen?

Wohl nicht! entgegnete der Paſtor: Ach, unſer kleiner Hugo ward um Mitternacht plötzlich todtkrank — zum Engel ward er, denn ſolcher iſt ja das Gottes-Reich. — Ich wollte eben hier aufräumen, fuhr er, ſich ermannend, fort: wollte, um der Mutter willen, jedes Herz zerreißende Vergißmeinnicht entfernen, kann mich aber nicht von dem Nachlaſſe trennen — an ſich ſo werthlos, gäbe ich ihn um Vieles nicht hin. Da, ſieh dies Käſtchen! ſein Liebſtes — er war ſo genügſam. Der Vater bot dem Freunde das gedachte Spielwerk, vom Leide gewältigt, mit zitternder Hand dar. Ward eine Kurbel an der Seitenwand deſſelben bewegt, ſo klang es drinnen an und oben drehte ſich ſofort ein Pärchen nach der Zither des Bergknappen, welcher, ſcheinbar aufſpielend, unter Bäumen ſtand. Doch geſtern war der Tänzer abgebrochen.

Höre die Klaglaute! ſprach der Leidtragende und ſetzte das verbrauchte Spielwerk in Bewegung. Die Saiten erklangen allerdings nur in weichlichen Mißtönen und oben drehte ſich das Weibchen, verlaſſen und mit ausgeſtreckten Armen, im Kreiſe.

Elegiſch und deutſam, erwiederte Hugo: aber Du Weiſer und Geweihter biſt gewiß, daß alle irdiſche Weh- und Mißtöne ſich dort in hellen Wohllaut auflöſen, daß die ewige Huld ihre Arme nach dem geborgenen Lieblinge ausſtreckt, daß ihn der allliebende Großvater aufnahm.

Amen! ſagte jener, die Hände gefaltet erhebend: Ich fühle es, „daß mich auch kein Todesbann, ewig von ihm trennen kann!" doch Blut aus ſolchen Herzenswunden ſtillt ſelbſt der Glaube nicht und meiner Frauen Zuſtand bricht vollends dies zerriſſene. Sie hält das Kind in ihren Armen feſt, ſchreitet hin und her, als ſchliefe es nur und ſchreit laut auf und ſträubt ſich mit der Haſt des Wahnſinns, wenn man es ihr entziehen will. Jetzt rollte ein Wagen in den Hof, welcher des Predigers Mutter und die Schweſtern ſeiner Gattin, lauter Wehklagende, deren Schößling der liebliche Knabe war, von einem Boten herbei gerufen, brachte. Gleichzeitig erſchien auch der theilnehmende Gutsherr mit ſeiner Gemahlin und andere liebende, getreue Nachbar'n; das Zimmer erfüllte ſich mit troſtarmen Tröſterinnen. Da ſtahl ſich Hugo in den Garten hinaus, er ſuchte ſein Weibchen auf und benutzte jenen Wagen zur Heimkehr, denn Lina fühlte ſich ſeit kurzem im Stande der ſüßeſten Hoffnung und mußte, bei der Tiefe und der Weichheit ihres Gemüthes, vor dem erſchütternden Eindruck ſolcher Nachricht bewahrt werden.

Das Dienſtmädchen hatte dieſe indeß mit dem verſtörenden Unfalle bekannt gemacht; Lina half ihn während der Rückreiſe beweinen und zudem kam die Sehnſucht nach dem einzigen, unvergeßlichen Bruder über ſie, der, ein wackerer Soldat, in Feindes Land begraben lag.

Sieh, Liebe! ſagte Hugo, als ſie an des Fürſten Kunſtgarten vorüber fuhren: da prangt und duftet ja die Blumenflur, die wir im Herbſte ſterben ſahn, um eins ſo ſchön. Und als es dunkelte ſprach er wiederum: O ſieh, dort glüht nun auch die Jungfrau wieder und alle Sterne die vor Tage verſanken, erheben ſich, leuchtend und unverſehrt, aus dem heiligen Oſten. Sind wir denn nicht edler als Blumen und Sonnenſtaub? Nicht werdende Seraſim? Kinder des ewigen Vaters!

„Spürſt Du nicht auch,
Im Abendhauch',
Des Brudergeiſtes leiſes Wehen?
Das Vorgefühl vom Wiederſehen?"

Wenc. Schilling,

in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts zu Kettmannshauſen in Thüringen geboren, ſtudirte zu Helmſtädt und fand, von Soldaten gemißhandelt, ſeinen Tod bei der Zerſtörung Magdeburgs durch Tilly.

Er ſchrieb:

Der Lügenmantel Jacobi Martini, welchen er bedero ſich unterſtanden zuzuſchneiden. —

Ecclesiae metaphysicae visitatio. Magdeb. 1616.

Satyriſche Schriften im Intereſſe der Reformation, welche jedoch zum Theil unterdrückt wurden und daher ſehr ſelten geworden ſind. Die letztere gehört zu den heftigſten Streitſchriften, welche in jener Zeit erſchienen.

Joſeph Schiltberger, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Schilter,

am 29. Auguſt 1632 zu Pegau geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und Jena und practicirte Anfangs als Dr. jur. zu Naumburg. Von hier ward er als Hof-, Konſiſtorial- und Kammerrath nach Weimar berufen, und ging 1686 als Rath und Honorarprofeſſor nach Straßburg, wo er am 14. Mai 1705 ſtarb.

Wir beſitzen von ihm:

Thesaurus antiquitatum Teutonicarum edd. Scherz, Simonis et Fricke 3 Vol. Ulm 1728. Fol.

S. war der Erſte, welcher die alten Sprachdenkmäler der Deutſchen mit großem Fleiße und emſiger Sorgfalt durch den Druck allgemein zugänglich machte. Er erwarb ſich dadurch unvergeßliche Anſprüche auf den Dank unſerer Nation.

Johann Friedrich Schink

ward am 29. April 1755 zu Magdeburg geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der Gelehrtenſchule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ſtudirte darauf in Halle Theologie und lebte dann eine Zeitlang (von 1778 bis 1789) als Privatgelehrter abwechſelnd in verſchiedenen Städten. Im Jahre 1789 wurde er Dramaturg und Bühnendichter bei dem Hamburgiſchen Stadttheater, gab jedoch dieſe Stelle 1797 wieder auf, und verweilte nun privatiſirend, erſt in Ratzeburg, dann im Holſteiniſchen, bis er 1819 von der Herzogin von Kurland nach Löbichau eingeladen wurde. Hier blieb er bis 1822, wo ihm die Tochter der Herzogin von Kurland, die Herzogin von Sagan, das Amt ihres Bibliothekars übertrug. Er ſtarb zu Sagan am 10. Februar 1835.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ausſtellungen. Wien 1788.
Coriolan. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1790.
Romantiſche Darſtellungen. Altenburg 1822.
Dichtermanuſcripte. Wien 1781.
Moraliſche Dichtungen. Berlin 1799 — 1800. 2 Bde. in 8.

Eigenkraft. [illegible]. Hamburg 1796.
Romantiſche Erzählungen. Hamburg 1804.
Johann Fauſt. Dramatiſche Phantaſie. Berlin 1804. 2 Thle. in 8.
Dramaturgiſche Fragmente. Wien 1781—84. 4 Bde. in 8.
Litterariſche Fragmente. Wien 1786. 2 Bde. in 8.
Frauenhuldigung. Dramatiſche Dichtungen. Halle 1819.
Die Fügungen. Eine didaktiſch-dramatiſche Dichtung. Berlin 1818.
Vernünftig-chriſtliche Gedichte. Berlin 1786.
Geſänge der Religion. Berlin 1823.
Gianetta Montaldi. Trauerſpiel. Hannover 1795.
Ein Grab mit der Geliebten. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1821.
Hamlet, Prinz von Dänemark. Marionettenſpiel. — Auch unter dem Titel: Momus und ſein Guckkaſten. Berlin 1799.
Kinder meiner Phantaſie. Erzählungen. Altona 1805.
Der König in der Einbildung. Poſſe. Hamburg 1807.
Launen, Spott und Ernſt. Altona 1795. 4 Bde.
Luſtſpiele. Halle 1821.
Dramaturgiſche Monate. Schwerin 1790. 4 Bde.
Phantaſien und Schilderungen. Rudolſtadt 1801.
Satans Baſtard. Dramatiſche Scenen. Berlin 1816.
Dramatiſche [illegible]. Lüneburg 1810.
Schuz und Strafe, oder die Ruinen von Paluzzi. Oper. Berlin 1826.
Die ſchöne Schwärmerin. Rudolſtadt 1806.
Spiegelbilder. Berlin 1820.
Spiele der Laune und der Satyre. Rudolſt. 1801.
Spott- und Jubelalmanach. Hamburg 1815.
Peter Strohkopf. Göttingen 1801. 3 Thle. in 8.
Das Theater zu Abdera. Berlin 1787—89. 2 Thle. in 8.
Zum Behuf des deutſchen Theaters. 1r Bd. Grätz 1782.
Grätzer Theaterchronik. 16 Heft. Grätz 1782.
Theaterſtücke. Leipzig 1789.
Hamburger Theaterzeitung für 1792. Hamburg. 4 Quartale in 8.
Trauerſpiele. Halle 1820.
Zuſätze und Berichtigungen zu der Gallerie deutſcher Schauſpieler und Schauſpielerinnen. Wien 1783.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit K. Müchler gab er heraus:

Der Kolibri. Eine Unterhaltungsſchrift. Berlin 1817. 2 Bde. in 8.

Mit A. G. Eberhard und Tiedge:

Titania, oder Dichter- und Blüthenleben zu Eiſenau. Berlin 1821.

Außerdem einzelne Abhandlungen, Erzählungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften, Almanachen u. ſ. w.

S. war ein ſehr fruchtbarer Schriftſteller, deſſen Beſtreben jedoch allein auf die Befriedigung der nächſten Bedürfniſſe des Publicums gerichtet war und welcher daher nur wenig Bedeutendes lieferte. Es fehlte ihm nicht an Geſchmack und Talent für die Behandlung der Form, wohl aber an Tiefe, Gründlichkeit und Gediegenheit. Neben einigen gelungenen Leiſtungen erheben ſich ſeine meiſten Arbeiten nicht über das Mittelmäßige, und ſind faſt ſämmtlich ſchon der Vergeſſenheit anheim gefallen.

Franz Georg Ferdinand Schläger

ward am 27. Juni 1781 zu Quickborn im Hannover'ſchen geboren, beſuchte anfangs nur die Schule ſeines Wohnortes, erhielt aber dann eine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf der Domſchule zu Ratzeburg, wo er das früher Verſäumte mit großem Fleiß einholte und ſtudirte dann von 1801 bis 1804 zu Göttingen Theologie. Nach vollendetem akademiſchen Curſus lebte er im Mecklenburgiſchen als Hauslehrer, ward aber bereits 1806 Stadt- und Garniſonprediger in Münden. 1815 ging er von hier als Prediger nach Lauterberg am Harz, wo er bis 1822 verweilte. Als Paſtor Primarius nach Hameln berufen, wo er noch jetzt höchſt ſegensreich wirkt. — Bereits 1819 hatte ihn die königl. hannöverſche Landwirthſchaftsgeſellſchaft zu Celle zu ihrem correſpondirenden Mitgliede ernannt.

Außer vielen Schulſchriften, einzelnen Predigten, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. gab er heraus:

Ueber den Einfluß einer öffentlichen Armenpflege auf das Wohl einer Gemeinde. Marburg 1811.
Kleine Sammlung von Religions-Vorträgen. Göttingen 1808.
Confirmations-Handlungen. Sondershauſen 1817—19. 2 Bde. N. A. Ilmenau 1833.
Materialien zu Religionsvorträgen. Hannover 1811—13. 2 Bde. N. A. 1822.
Vormittägige Gottesverehrung an Sonn- und Feſttagen. Göttingen 1813—15. 3 Bde.
Chriſtoph Kaldhenn, der Waiſenvater. Heiligenſtadt 1823.
Zur Feier des erſten öffentlichen Glaubensbekenntniſſes junger Chriſten. Nordhauſen 1823. N. A. Leipzig 1833.
Gedanken über die Fortdauer des Menſchen nach dem Tode. Nordhauſen 1822.
Der chriſtliche Berg- und Hüttenmann. Ein Erbauungsbuch. Hannover 1827.
Evangeliſcher Hausſpiegel. Hannover 1827.
Der Bußfertige. Hannover 1828.
Geiſtliche Amtsreden. Ilmenau und Weimar 1833—40. 5 Bde.

Außerdem gab er heraus:

Gemeinnützige Blätter. 1815—1834. 20 Bde.
Der Hannoverſche Schulfreund. 1822—1836. 9 Jahrgänge.

Innigkeit, Begeiſterung, warmer Eifer für das Wahre und Gute, Klarheit und wirkliche echte Popularität zeichnen die Predigten und Erbauungsſchriften dieſes überaus verdienſtlichen und würdigen Mannes, der unermüdlich für die Verbeſſerung des Kirchen- und Schulweſens in ſeinem Vaterlande wirkte und dem Hannover neben anderen ſegensreichen Inſtituten die Stiftung eines Taubſtummeninſtituts, ſo wie die Vorbereitungen zur Gründung eines Blindeninſtituts verdankt, höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Kirche und Schule ſind unzertrennlich! *)

Eine Rede,

bei der
Einführung des Herrn Rectors Hanſen
am 3. Februar 1837 gehalten.

Von F. G. F. Schläger.

Es ſei uns dieſe Stunde geſegnet, die in unſern Kreis einen neuen Mitarbeiter ſieht, welcher uns helfen will, daß unſre Jugend zur Freude der Ältern, zur Zierde unſrer Stadt und zum Segen des theuern Vaterlandes und der Welt durch ihre Tüchtigkeit und Würdigkeit ſich auszeichne und ein zufriedenes und ruhiges Leben führe. Und mit dem Wunſche, daß Sie, Herr Hanſen, zu dem großen und wichtigen Werke der Jugendbildung uns eine treue Bruderhand reichen mögen, begrüßen wir Sie. Sie wollen eine Stelle einnehmen, welche der jetzige Herr Paſtor Hachmeiſter in verſchiedenen Stufen 13 Jahre mit der froheſten Erfahrung ausfüllte, daß ſeine Arbeit nicht vergeblich war, daß unſre Knabenſchule unter ſeiner Leitung dem Ziele, welches die Zeit den höhern Bildungs-Anſtalten ſtellt, immer näher

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*) Aus dem Hannoverſchen Schulfreunde. Jahrg. 9., Heft 4. 1837.

gebracht wurde, daß ſo viele Jünglinge mit den ſchönſten Kenntniſſen geſchmückt, von hier unmittelbar die vaterländiſche Hochſchule beziehen konnten oder in die obern Klaſſen der Gymnaſien übergingen, für welche Verdienſte wir dem Abgerufenen unſern wärmſten Dank ſchuldig ſind. Die entſtandene Lücke wollen Sie nun ausfüllen; eine väterliche Sorge wollen Sie unſern Söhnen widmen; Sie wollen Ihre ganze Manneskraft daran ſetzen, daß bei den geringen Mitteln, welche uns zu Gebote ſtehen, dennoch viel und das Mögliche geleiſtet, daß nicht allein das, was durch eine gemeinſame Anſtrengung ins Daſeyn kam, erhalten, ſondern auch manches Gebrechen, von welchem kein menſchliches Werk, alſo auch unſer Schulweſen nicht frei bleibt, gehoben und das Ganze von Jahr zu Jahr zu höherer Vollkommenheit entwickelt werde. Ein bedeutungsvolles, aber auch ein herrliches Unternehmen, eines mit Begeiſterung für die heiligſten Angelegenheiten der Menſchheit erfüllten und mit allen Bedingungen zur Löſung dieſer ſchweren Aufgabe geſchmückten Mannes werth! Sie gehen einem ernſten Berufe entgegen, welcher ſich von Ihrem bisherigen dadurch unterſcheidet, daß nicht Eine Claſſe Ihre Thätigkeit in Anſpruch nimmt, ſondern daß der Kreis, welcher Ihre Aufmerkſamkeit fordert, ſich von nun an um Vieles erweitert und daß Ihre Sorge, Ihre Verantwortlichkeit in dem Grade wächſt, in welchem Ihre Pflichten einen größern Umfang erhalten. Sie werden bei der Ausführung Ihrer lebendigen Wünſche um ſo mehr Kämpfe zu beſtehen haben, je größer die Bewegung iſt, welche Alles, auch das Schulweſen ergriffen hat und je ſchwieriger die Stellung eines Lehrers in einer Zeit wird, wo es auch der umſichtsvollſten Treue und einer eiſernen Beharrlichkeit nicht gelingen will, allen Anforderungen zu genügen und den überſpannten Erwartungen, die man hegt, zu entſprechen! Wie oft werden die eifrigſten Bemühungen der Schulmänner verkannt, falſch beurtheilt und aufgenommen, rückſichtslos getadelt! Wie oft ſind unberufene Hände emporgerichtet, um ohne Ueberlegung niederzureißen, was die Beſonnenheit mühſam nach und nach aufbaute! Wie hat der Strom ſelbſt Viele von denen fortgeriſſen, welche ihm mit aller Macht hätten einen Damm entgegen ſtellen ſollen. Man iſt nicht allein zufrieden, durch übertriebene Forderungen an die Jünglinge ihre innerſte Kraft zu vermindern und ihren Geiſt zu verflachen, ſondern auch durch den Druck des Materiellen alles Geniale zu tödten, wovon die Literatur zum unerſetzlichen Schaden Zeugniß geben wird. Ja man geht noch weiter und will, von dem Geiſte der Emancipation geblendet, die Schulen von den Kirchen trennen. Man iſt der Anſicht, daß auch hier eine Ablöſung eben ſo wohl möglich, leicht und wünſchenswerth ſei, wie bei materiellen Gegenſtänden und Laſten. So ſchön es auch iſt, das bürgerliche Leben von allen den Banden, welche eine rohere Zeit ſchlang, frei zu machen, daß es ſich fröhlicher entfalte: ſo zeigt ſich's doch ſelbſt dem Unkundigen bei einigem Nachdenken auf den erſten Blick, daß das Verhältniß, in welchem Schule und Kirche zu einander ſtehen, ganz anderer Art ſei. Und dennoch wird ſelbſt von ſcheinbar erleuchteten Männern der Wunſch laut, daß die Schulen nicht mehr länger mit der Kirche in der engen Verbindung bleiben möchten, welche bisher Beide auf's Innigſte verknüpfte. Es wurde als eine Laſt angeſehen, ja als die volle Entwickelung der Schulen hemmend betrachtet, wenn man dieſe nicht völlig unabhängig von der kirchlichen Aufſicht und Leitung machte. Und bereits das höhere Schulweſen iſt zum Theil ſchon jetzt von der Kirche abgelöſt. Obgleich wir uns über dieſe Frucht unſrer die Extreme liebenden Zeit kein Urtheil erlauben, ſo können wir doch unmöglich eine bange Beſorgniß unterdrücken, daß dieſe Maßregel nicht zum Heil, ſondern zum Schaden ſowohl der einen und der andern, ja auch der Geſammtheit führen dürfte. Wenn die Gymnaſien, in welchen doch diejenigen ihre Bildung erhalten, welche als Diener der Gerechtigkeit, als Arbeiter in den Kirchen und in allen Zweigen der Verwaltung dem Vaterlande ihre Kräfte widmen ſollen, wenn die Gymnaſien, welche früher mit dem Kirchenweſen ganz verwachſen waren und von der Kirche Unterſtützung, Geiſt und Schutz empfingen, während ſie dieſer in ihren allgemeinern Zwecken zu Hülfe kamen, wenn die höhern Bildungsanſtalten, wie ſie auch Namen haben mögen, undankbar die bisherigen Verhältniſſe verachtend vergeſſen und den heidniſchen Geiſt dem chriſtlichen vorziehen und das eigentlich religiöſe Element, was die chriſtlichen Schulen aller Art belebend durchdringen ſoll, in den Hintergrund ſtellen: ſo muß man ruhig abwarten, welche Reſultate eine ſolche Ablöſung hervorbringt. Man vertraut zwar hie und da einem Theologen den Religionsunterricht an und wähnt, damit allen religiöſen Bedürfniſſen einer ganzen Anſtalt Genüge geleiſtet zu haben. Aber was ſoll das unter ſo Viele! Im Königreich Preußen hat man den gethanen Mißgriff ſchon einzuſehen angefangen und man iſt bemüht, zu dem Natürlichen wieder umzulenken. —

Wir leben in einem chriſtlichen Staate und dürfen es nie vergeſſen, daß im chriſtlichen Geiſt und Glauben Schule und Kirche Eins ſind, was Gott zuſammengefügt hat und was nach unſrer vollſten Ueberzeugung für die Dauer nicht von einander geſchieden werden kann. Aus dem Chriſtenthum hat ſich erſt nach und nach das Schulweſen zu jener Herrlichkeit erhoben, in welcher wir es ſehen und in dem Grade, in welchem der höhere Sinn des Evangelii aufgefaßt und lebendig ward, nahm die Sorge für die Jugendbildung zu. Und dieſe möglichſt innige Vereinigung ſchuf alle die Mittel, welche das wiſſenſchaftliche Leben erleichtern, ſammelte Bibliotheken, für welche eben ſo bereitwillig wie für die Schulen kirchliche Räume gewidmet wurden, gründete Stipendien für Lehrer und Schüler. Man glaube ja nicht, daß, hat man die Kirche aus den Schulen verdrängt, nebſt nicht mehr der fromme Blick auf der Jugendbildung, milde Hände bedeutende Summen zu heiligen Zwecken für arme Jünglinge darreichen werden. Und wenn es wirklich gelänge, das angefangene Werk fortzuſetzen und eine förmliche Scheidewand zwiſchen Kirche und Schule zu ſtellen und dies allgemein durchzuführen: ſo will es mir nicht klar werden, wer die Unterrichtsanſtalten in der Nähe beaufſichtigen und dafür ſorgen ſoll, daß das kommende Geſchlecht nicht verwildere. Wer da ſagt, unſre Schulen ſind mündig geworden — der ſpricht im Traume und wer da behauptet, unſre jungen Lehrer bedürfen wegen ihrer höhern Bildung keiner Aufſicht, keiner Leitung, keines Spornes, der vergißt, daß ſie, wie wir Alle, Menſchen ſind. Die Kirche hat es immer als eine heilige Pflicht angeſehen, die Jugend mit zärtlicher Fürſorge zu beachten, hat ihre Diener mit allem Ernſt auf die Kleinen hingewieſen, hat ſtets mit Freudigkeit Opfer gebracht, daß Alle, jung und alt, in ihrem Schooße dem höheren Ziele entgegengeführt würden. Sie nimmt die Säuglinge mütterlich auf und giebt durch ihre Weihe ihnen eine Richtung für die Unendlichkeit. Sie erleuchtet mit ihrem Geiſte des Friedens die lernbegierigen Seelen, daß ſie die Erfüllung ihrer Pflicht als den einzigen Weg zur Seligkeit bezeichnet; ſie nimmt den heranreifenden Jünglingen und Jungfrauen das Gelübde ab, Gott zu fürchten, die Geſetze zu ehren, Niemandem Unrecht zu thun, ſondern durch Werke der Liebe ihre und der Brüder Wohlfahrt zu fördern und die Gegenwart würdig anzuwenden, damit die Zukunft auch nach dem Grabe deſto erfreulicher für ſie ſei. Sie hört nicht auf, unabläſſig ihre Kinder zu rufen und einen edlen Feuereifer in ihnen zu erwecken, ihr Gewiſſen unverletzt zu bewahren und dem Guten allein anzuhangen. Sie begleitet mit ihrem Troſt und Segen den Pilger auf ſeinem letzten Wege. Es liegt am Tage, daß die Schulen in dem Bereich der Kirche ſein müſſen, wenn dieſe ihre erhabenen Zwecke mit glücklichen Erfolgen gekrönt ſehen ſoll. Kirche und Schule ſind alſo nur in der äußeren Erſcheinung zwei Inſtitute, aber in der Wirklichkeit ſind ſie Eins. Jede Schule ſoll eine Kirche im Kleinen ſein, wo dem Herrn von den Unmündigen ein Lob zugerichtet wird, daß ſie durch Kenntniſſe, durch würdige Geſinnungen und Grundſätze ſich und Andere beglücke. Die Kirche iſt bemüht, das Aufgenommene zu vervollſtändigen, zu bewahren, zu befeſtigen. Man ſei daher nicht gewiſſenlos gegen eine Mutter, der man ſein Daſeyn verdankt. Man hemme nur nicht die Kirche und laſſe ihr alle die Mittel, mit denen ſie Jahrhunderte hindurch ſo Großes wirkte und tapfere Streiter und Führer zu tüchtigen Arbeitern erzog, man klage ſie nicht an, daß ſie nicht mehr leiſte und erwäge wohl, daß ihre Kraft durch den Staat, auf welcher ſich das bürgerliche Leben befindet, bedingt wird; man vermehre nur ihre Kraft und ihre Diener werden wahrlich zeigen, daß ſie es wiſſen, worauf es in den Schulen ankommt. Ermüdeten ſie nicht, bei aller Beſchränkung, bei allen Verdächtigungen, bei allen Verirrungen der Jugend ſich hinzugeben und auf das Eine, was Noth thut, unermüdlich hinzuweiſen — was wird geſchehen, wenn man ſie ermuntert, wenn man treu hilft? Kirche und Schule ſollen nicht mit einander im Streite leben; ſonſt wird beiden wehe. Beide ſollen auch nicht neben einander gehen, als wenn ſie nicht zu einander gehören, ſondern beide ſollen wie Mann und Weib, wie Mutter und Kind für einander leben, die Schule für die Kirche und dieſe für jene. Ein heiliger Geiſt ſoll nicht allein in den Kirchen ausgegoſſen werden, ſondern ſchon früh auch über die Jugend, damit er in den weiteren Räumen deſto mehr geöffnete Herzen finde. Beiden wird die Kraft und das Leben genommen, will man ſie trennen. Beide überwinden die Welt, bleiben ſie ſich ihrer natürlichen Verbindung bewußt und wetteifern ſie mit einander in der treueſten Selbſtbringung deſſen, was ihnen berufen iſt. Ich kann nur Kurzſichtigkeit und Beſchränktheit, nur eine von der Zeit begünſtigte Verblendung darin finden, wenn man unter Chriſten von einer Emancipation der Schulen redet. Das möge in den Mauern unſrer Stadt nie der Fall ſein! Wir Lehrer an Kirchen und Schulen wollen Eins ſein, wir wollen uns brüderlich die Hände reichen, um unſern gemeinſamen Beruf uns zu erleichtern, der darin beſteht, daß das geiſtige und ſittliche Wohl Aller, mit welchen wir verbunden ſind, immer unerſchütterlicher begründet und immer weiter gefördert werde. Dazu iſt die Schule, dazu die Kirche beſtimmt. Und damit wir nicht lehren und ſelbſt verwerflich werden: ſo wollen wir uns jene gehäſſigen Geiſter fern halten, welche das Leben und jegliches Verhältniß betrüben und verderben. Nicht der Eigennutz, nicht der Neid, nicht der falſche Ehrgeiz, nicht ein aufgeblaſener Sinn, keine Leidenſchaft, ſoll unſern Frieden, unſer gegenſeitiges Vertrauen ſtören; wir wollen nicht fragen, wer iſt Vorgeſetzter oder Untergebener, ſondern wer unter uns iſt am treueſten in ſeiner Pflicht, wer unter uns leuchtet am meiſten durch Liebe, durch Demuth, durch einen frommen Sinn, durch Weisheit und Tüchtigkeit! Und wenn dieſer würdige Lehrergeiſt uns beſeelt und aus uns wirkt, wenn ein reger Eifer uns beflügelt, um uns auszuzeichnen durch Wiſſen und Geſinnungen, wie werden wir mit brüderlichem Wohlwollen einander zugethan ſein, uns nachſichtsvoll begegnen und als Arbeiter an Einem Werke einander dienen und die große Aufgabe, die uns geworden, immer mehr löſen; wie werden wir nicht verwerflich ſein vor dem, welcher uns hierher ſtellte, daß wir ſeine Kinder zum Himmel führen. Daß es dahin komme, dazu helfen auch Sie, Herr Hanſen. Die vorzüglichſten Zeugniſſe gehen Ihnen voran und mit den froheſten Erwartungen nehmen wir Sie unter uns auf. Sie treten mit Männern in Verbindung, welche Alle das Gute wollen und ſchaffen, ein Jeder auf ſeine Weiſe. Es wird ein großes Verdienſt ſein, wenn Sie Alle auf's Innigſte zu einem Sinn, zu einem Streben verſchmelzen und durch die Verbindung der einzelnen Kräfte zu Einer Geſammtkraft werden Sie Berge verſetzen. Durch Ihr ſchönes Beiſpiel feſſeln Sie nicht allein Ihre Kollegen, ſondern auch Ihre Schüler, daß Alle Ihren Wünſchen freudig entgegen kommen. Sie wirken ſowohl durch den Unterricht, den Sie ſelbſt ertheilen, als auch durch die Aufſicht über die ganze Knabenſchule auf jeden Einzelnen und ſo verbreitet ſich Ihre Thätigkeit über unſre ganze Stadt. Die Ordnung, welche Sie hier handhaben, geht in die Familien über; der Fleiß, welchen Sie hier anſpornen, bringt in das häusliche Leben ein; die Zucht und Sitte, an welche Sie hier die Schüler gewöhnen, wird alle Kreiſe verſchönern. Geehrt und geliebt werden Sie nach und nach von Tauſenden und Ihres Namens Gedächtniß ſtirbt nicht, wenn Sie auch ſchon lange ruhen von Ihrer Arbeit.

Ich frage Sie nun, Herr Hanſen, wollen Sie allen Verpflichtungen, welche mit dem Amte eines Rektors unſerer Knabenſchule verbunden ſind, mit der gewiſſenhafteſten Treue Genüge leiſten, ſo ſprechen Sie: Ja mit Gottes Hülfe! So weiſe ich Sie nun in das Amt, das Ihnen anvertraut iſt, hiermit feierlichſt ein und übertrage Ihnen, Herr Rektor, alle die Rechte und Pflichten, welche das Rektorat begleiten und wünſche, daß Ihr neuer Beruf an Früchten für unſre Jugend, für unſre Stadt und an Freuden für Sie möge reich ſein. Sie aber, werthe Arbeiter an unſrer Knabenſchule, nehmen den neuen Rector als Ihren nächſten Vorgeſetzten und Freund liebevoll und mit Vertrauen auf. Während für die heilige Sache unſrer Schule kommt er Ihnen entgegen; Sie werden ſorgen, daß wir Urſache haben, uns über Ihre Eintracht, über die Strenge zu freuen, mit welcher Sie Ihren Lehrerpflichten nach allen ihren Beziehungen dienen. Das edlere Geſchlecht, das Sie gemeinſam ſchaffen, wird Ihr Ruhm und Ihr Lohn ſein. Du, geliebte Jugend, ſiehſt auf's Neue, wie man für dich ſorgt, daß du geſchickt und glücklich werdeſt. Benutze die fliehenden Jahre, daß du durch Fleiß, durch Folgſamkeit unſre Schule und dich ſelbſt ſchmückeſt und deinen würdigen Lehrern und deinen theuern Aeltern dadurch für die treue Liebe dankeſt, mit welcher ſie dir angehören.

Ihnen, Herr Konrektor Schomburg, der Sie ſeit faſt einem viertel Jahre das Rektorat mit ſo vieler Umſicht und Kraft geführt, und Ihnen, Herr Roſe, der Sie eben ſo lange Ihre Kraft ſo wirkſam unſrer Schule geſchenkt und durch Ihren Beiſtand uns einer großen Verlegenheit entriſſen haben, Ihnen Beiden fühle ich mich gedrungen, hier in dieſer Stunde, wo Sie aus dem bisherigen Kreiſe zurücktreten, meine dankbare Anerkennung nicht zu verſagen, die Ihnen gewiß auch von unſerm wohllöblichen Magiſtrate zu Theil werden wird. Und damit wäre denn die geſtörte Ordnung wieder hergeſtellt und wir dürfen um ſo mehr einer frohen Zukunft entgegen ſehen, daß unſer ganzes Schulweſen eine ſolche Geſtalt und Vollkommenheit gewinnt, wo alle Beſchwerden und Klagen verſtummen müſſen, da wir ſo glücklich ſind, an allen unſern Anſtalten Männer zu beſitzen, welche mit jugendlicher Kraft, mit dem beſten Willen und mit tüchtigen Kenntniſſen unſre Jugend an ihre Herzen legen und nicht aufhören werden, ſich ſelbſt und ihre Zöglinge immer mehr zu veredeln.

Unſer wärmſter Dank werde unſrer theuern Regierung dargebracht, welche durch ihre Ober-Schulbehörde uns einen Mann zugeführt hat, deſſen wir uns freuen. Dank dem wohllöblichen Magiſtrat, welcher auch jetzt wieder ſeine treue Fürſorge für der Stadt Beſtes bethätiget! Dank Ihnen, dem verehrten väterlichen Vorſteher unſrer Stadt. Sie haben unſern Schulen ſtets die rühmlichſte Aufmerkſamkeit geſchenkt und zeigen auch heute, daß ſelbſt die Kränklichkeit Ihre Theilnahme an unſerm Wohle nicht vermindern kann. Dank Ihnen Allen, die Sie zur Freude dieſes Tages mitwirkten und uns mit der Hoffnung erfüllen, daß Sie das große Werk unſrer Schulen ferner kräftigſt mit Rath und That unterſtützen werden. — Dank Allen, die dieſe feſtliche Stunde mit ihrer Gegenwart beehrten und verſchönerten.

Du aber, Vater, der Du nun ſchon über 600 Jahre über dieſe ehrwürdigen Mauern deine Sonne aufgehen ließeſt und ſeitdem bewirkteſt, daß durch ſo Dein Wille hoch würdige Alle, welche unſre Mauern umſchließen, laß Dein Licht noch lange von dieſen der geweihten Stätten ausſtrömen, daß auch wir, wie wir gerührt Alle ſegnen, welche dieſe Schule bauten und in ihr lehrten und lernten, auch einſt den Segen der kommenden Nachwelt empfangen. Amen.

August Wilhelm von Schlegel.

Dieſer ausgezeichnete Geiſt, der als einer der Gründer einer neuen Richtung in der deutſchen Poeſie zu betrachten iſt, deren Einfluß mehr oder weniger bis jetzt noch immer ſich äußert und welche nicht geringen Antheil an einer großen Erweiterung unſerer Denk- und Dichtungsweiſe hat, ward am 5. September 1767 zu Hannover, wo ſein Vater als Konſiſtorialrath lebte, geboren. Nachdem er ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung theils durch Hauslehrer, theils auf der Gelehrtenſchule ſeiner Vaterſtadt erhalten, ſtudirte er ſeit 1786 zu Göttingen anfangs Theologie, dann Philologie und Archäologie und ging darauf als Erzieher nach Amſterdam. Im Jahre 1796 zurückgekehrt, begab er ſich nach Jena, wo er ſich habilitirte, ſpäter Profeſſor wurde und namentlich durch ſeine Vorleſungen über Aeſthetik großes Aufſehn erregte. In genauer Verbindung mit ſeinem Bruder Friedrich, mit Tieck, Schelling und anderen hochbegabten und gleichgeſinnten Männern wirkte er höchſt thätig durch Lehre wie Schriften für die Anſichten und die Ausbreitung der ſogenannten romantiſchen Schule. Privatverhältniſſe bewogen ihn jedoch 1802 Jena mit Berlin zu vertauſchen, wo er Vorleſungen über Literatur und Kunſt hielt und ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten lebte. Später (ſeit 1804) begleitete er Frau von Staël auf Reiſen und hielt ſich mit ihr abwechſelnd in Coppet, Italien, Frankreich, in Wien und zuletzt in Stockholm auf, wo ihn der jetzige König von Schweden, damals Kronprinz, kennen lernte und als politiſchen Schriftſteller in ſeinem Hauptquartier, während des Befreiungskrieges, anſtellte. Seine ausgezeichneten Leiſtungen wurden mit mehreren Orden und der Erhebung in den Adelſtand belohnt. Dann kehrte er wieder nach Coppet zurück und ging darauf nach dem Tode der Frau von Staël als Profeſſor an die neuerrichtete Univerſität zu Bonn. Hier lebt er gegenwärtig noch als Dr. und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, K. Preuß. Geheimerath, Ritter des Waſa-, Wladimir-, rothen Adlerordens, des Ordens der Ehrenlegion u. ſ. w., Mitglied der Akademieen zu München, Berlin u. ſ. w.

Seine in deutſcher Sprache herausgegebenen Schriften ſind:

Shakſpeare's dramatiſche Werke. Berlin 1797—1810. 9 Th. N. A. 1821.
H. Walpole's Schriften. Leipzig 1800.
Ion. Schauſpiel. Hamburg 1803.
Spaniſches Theater. Berlin 1803—9. 2 Thle.
Blumenſträuße italieniſcher, ſpaniſcher und portugieſiſcher Poeſie. Berlin 1804.
Romantiſche Wälder. Berlin 1806.
Vorleſungen über dramatiſche Kunſt und Literatur. Heidelberg 1809—11. N. A. 1817. 3 Thle.
Poetiſche Werke. Heidelberg 1811—15. 2 Thle. N. A. 1820.

Recenſion von Niebuhrs römiſcher Geſchichte. Heidelberg 1817.
Betrachtungen über die vornehmſten Begebenheiten der franzöſiſchen Revolution. Heidelberg 1819. 6 Bde.
Indiſche Bibliothek. Bonn 1820—30. 3 Bde.
Ueber den Character und die Schriften der Frau von Staël. Straßburg 1820.
Vorleſungen über Theorie und Geſchichte der bildenden Kunſt. Berlin 1827. in 4.
Kritiſche Schriften. Berlin 1828. 2 Thle.
Berichtigung einiger Mißdeutungen. Berl. 1828.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. theils beſonders gedruckt, theils in Zeitſchriften.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinem Bruder Friedrich:

Athenäum. Zeitſchrift. Berlin 1798—1800. 3 Bde.
Charakteriſtiken und Kritiken. Königsberg 1801. 2 Thle.

Mit Ludwig Tieck:

Muſenalmanach für 1802. Tübingen. 12.

A. W. von Schlegels Verdienſte um deutſche Literatur, Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt ſind mannichfaltig und groß. Wenn er auch durch manche Einſeitigkeit und Kleinlichkeit in neuerer Zeit ſelbſt ſeinem Anſehn geſchadet hat und namentlich von Jüngeren, oft keineswegs ganz mit Unrecht, auf das Heftigſte angegriffen worden iſt, ſo darf doch Deutſchland nie vergeſſen was es ihm verdankt. Er war einer der Erſten, welche auf die Einheit des Schönen in der Kunſt als Grundbedingung hinwieſen und der wahren Poeſie aller Länder freien Eingang bei der vaterländiſchen bahnten. So öffnete er derſelben ein neues Reich und trug ſelbſt durch Lehre und Beiſpiel Großes zur Vermehrung ihrer Schätze bei. Als äſthetiſcher Kritiker, als Literarhiſtoriker und namentlich als Ueberſetzer hat er Außerordentliches geleiſtet, als Dichter eine Vollendung der Form erreicht, wie ſie nur ſelten ſich zeigt. Wenn auch alles Andere in ſeinen Poeſieen keinen Anſpruch auf Anerkennung machen dürfte, was übrigens durchaus nicht der Fall iſt, denn überall offenbart ſich ein feiner, ſinniger Geiſt, ſo muß doch ſeine hohe Meiſterſchaft in Behandlung der Sprache und der Form, die mit der größten Correctheit gleiche Gewandtheit, Anmuth und Herrſchaft verbindet, ſtets unbedingt anerkannt werden.

Gedichte von A. W. von Schlegel.

An Bürger.

Süßer Sänger, willſt du mir vertrauen,
Wo ſie wohnet, die dein Geſang erhebt?
Wo ſie wandelt, wo ihr Odem webt,
Muß Gedeihn und Luſt die Flur bethauen.“

Wie? du winkſt mir, da hinauf zu ſchauen,
Wo der Feiertanz der Sterne ſchwebt?
Die im Liede lieblich blüht und lebt,
Weilt ſie ſchon auf Paradieſesauen?

Sänger, deine Müh wird doch belohnt.
Einſam klagſt du nicht am Grabeshügel,
Jedem Laute gabſt du Seraphsflügel.

Wo bei Laura deine Molly wohnt,
Hören beide, zart, wie Tauben girren,
Durch die Amarantenlaub’ ihn irren.

Abendlied.

Hinaus, mein Blick, hinaus ins Thal,
Da wohnt noch Lebensfülle;
Da labe dich im Mondenſtrahl,
Und an der heil’gen Stille.
Da horch nun ungeſtört, mein Herz,
Da horch den leiſen Klängen,
Die, wie von fern, zu Wonn’ und Schmerz
Sich dir entgegen drängen.

Sie drängen ſich ſo wunderbar,
Sie regen all’ mein Sehnen.
O ſag’ mir, Ahnung, biſt du wahr?
Biſt du ein eitles Wähnen?
Wird einſt mein Aug’ in heller Luſt,
Wie jetzt in Thränen, lächeln?
Wird einſt die oft empörte Bruſt
Mir ſel’ge Ruh umfächeln?

Und rief auch die Vernunft mir zu:
Du mußt der Ahndung zürnen,
Es wohnt entzückte Seelenruh
Nur über den Geſtirnen;
Doch könnt’ ich nicht die Schmeichlerin
Aus meinem Buſen jagen:
Oft hat ſie meinen irren Sinn
Verklärt emporgetragen.

Wenn Ahndung und Erinnerung
Vor unſerm Blick ſich gatten,
Dann mildert ſich zur Dämmerung
Der Seele tiefſter Schatten.
Ach, dürften wir mit Träumen nicht
Die Wirklichkeit umweben,
Wie arm an Farbe, Glanz und Licht
Wärſt dann du, Menſchenleben!

So hoffet treulich und beharrt
Das Herz bis hin zum Grabe;
Mit Lieb’ umfaßt’s die Gegenwart,
Und dünkt ſich reich an Habe.
Die Habe, die es ſelbſt ſich ſchafft,
Mag ihm kein Schickſal rauben:
Es lebt und webt in Wärm’ und Kraft,
Durch Zuverſicht und Glauben.

Und wär’ in Nacht und Nebeldampf
Auch alles rings erſtorben,
Dies Herz hat längſt für jeden Kampf
Sich einen Schild erworben.
Mit hohem Trotz im Ungemach
Trägt es, was ihm beſchieden.
So ſchlummr’ ich ein, ſo werd’ ich wach,
In Luſt nicht, doch in Frieden.

Todtenopfer für Auguſta Böhmer.

1. Sinnesänderung.

Ich wollte dieſes Leben
Durch ein unendlich Streben
Zur Ewigkeit erhöhn.
Ich fragte nicht nach drüben,
Mein Hoffen und mein Lieben
War mir hienieden ſchön.

Was die Natur gewoben,
Was Menſchen drauf erhoben,
Verband mir Poeſie.
So wähnt’ ich klar zu löſen
Das Gute ſammt dem Böſen
Zu hoher Harmonie.

Was plötzlich abgebrochen,
War dennoch ausgeſprochen
Dem ahnenden Gefühl:
Ein Lied war mir die Jugend,
Der Fall der Heldentugend
Ein göttlich Trauerſpiel.

Doch bald iſt mir zerronnen
Der Muth, ſo dreiſt begonnen,
Die Gnügſamkeit in Dunſt.
Befreit vom Verhängniß
Im irdiſchen Gefängniß:
Was hilft mir weiſe Kunſt?

Die Roſe, kaum entfaltet,
Doch ſüßer mir geſtaltet
Als aller Schmuck der Welt.

Die hat ein Wurm geſtochen,
Die hat der Tod gebrochen,
Die hat der Sturm gefällt.

Nun ſchau' ich zu den Sternen:
In jenen ew'gen Fernen,
Wie tief aus öder Kluft;
Und, ihre blauen Augen
Dem Himmel zu entſaugen,
Küſſ' ich die laue Luft.

O werde mein Orakel,
Du, die du ohne Makel
Der falſchen Welt entflohſt!
Sieh mich in meiner Demuth,
Und hauch' in meine Wehmuth
Der zarten Liebe Troſt.

Wenn dort die Roſ' erblühte,
So ſei die heil'ge Blüte
Marien gebenedeit.
Zwar ſterblich werd' ich ſchmachten,
Doch nicht vermeſſen trachten
Aus dieſer Sterblichkeit.

Wo ich mich wieder finde
Bei meinem ſüßen Kinde,
Muß Heil ſein, Wonn' und Licht.
Sie wird, wenn meiner Zungen
Der Klage Laut verklungen,
Mein himmliſches Gedicht.

Den ſtrahlenden Karfunkel
Nahm ich in grauſem Dunkel
Der Schlange Tod vom Haupt.
Ich will ihn bei mir tragen,
In allen Lebenstagen
Wird er mir nie geraubt.

2. Der erſte Beſuch am Grabe.

Sechs Wochen ſind es, ſeit ſie hier verſenket
Den ſüßen Leib, von aller Huld umfloſſen,
Der das geliebte Weſen eingeſchloſſen,
In dem umſonſt mein Sehnen ſich nun lenket.

Welk iſt der Kranz, dem Grabe friſch geſchenket,
Und nicht ein Halm dem Hügel noch entſproſſen;
Die Sonne zielt mit glühenden Geſchoſſen,
Noch Thau noch Regen hat den Staub getränket.

Auch werd' ich dazu nicht des Himmels brauchen.
Kehr' dich nur weg, fühlloſes Weltenauge!
Ihr Wolken mögt euch anders wo ergießen.

Nur meine Thränen, heil'ger Boden, ſauge!
Bei warmem Liebesblick' und kühlem Hauchen
Der Geiſter ſollen Wunderblumen ſprießen.

3. An Novalis.

Ich klage nicht vor dir: du kennſt die Trauer;
Du weißt, wie an des Scheiterhaufens Flammen
Die Liebe glüh'nder ihre Fackel zündet.
Der Freuden Tempel ſtürzt' auch dir zuſammen;
Es hauchten kalt herein des Todes Schauer,
Wo Reiz und Huld ein Brautgemach gegründet.
Drum ſei mit mir verbündet,
Geliebter Freund, das Himmliſche zu ſuchen,
Auf daß ich lerne, durch Gebet und Glauben
Dem Tod ſein Opfer rauben,
Und nicht dem tauben Schickſal möge fluchen,
Deß Zorn den Kelch des Lebens mir verbittert,
Daß mein Gebein vor ſolchem Tranke zittert.

Du ſchienſt, losgeriſſen von der Erde,
Mit leichten Geiſtertritten ſchon zu wandeln,
Und ohne Tod der Sterblichkeit geneſen.
Du riefſt hervor in dir durch geiſtig Handeln,
Wie Zauberer durch Zeichen und Geberde,
Zum Herzvereine das entſchwundne Weſen.
Laß mich denn jetzo leſen,
Was deiner Bruſt die Himmel anvertrauen;
Das heil'ge Dunkel zwar entweihen Worte,
Ließ' auch die ew'ge Pforte
Noch wen zurück, er ſchwiege: laß nur ſchauen
Mein Aug' in deinem, wenn ich bang erbleiche,
Den Wiederſchein der ſel'gen Geiſterreiche.

Es ruft uns mit lebendigem Geräuſche
Des Tages Licht zu irdiſchen Geſchäften,
Ihr leiblich Theil vereinend den Naturen.
Die Sonne will auf ſich den Blick nur heften,
Und duldet, daß ſie allgebietend täuſche,
Kein Jenſeit an den himmliſchen Azuren.
Doch wenn die ſtillen Fluren
Scheinbar die Nacht mit ihrer Hüll' umdunkelt,
Dann öffnet ſich der Räum' und Zeiten Ferne;
Da winken ſo die Sterne,
Daß unſerm Geiſt ein inn'res Licht entfunkelt.
Bei Nacht ward die Unſterblichkeit erſonnen;
Denn ſehend blind ſind wir im Licht der Sonnen.

Bei Nacht auch überſchreiten kühne Träume
Die Kluft, die von den Abgeſchiednen trennet,
Und führen ſie herbei, mit uns zu koſen:
Wir ſtaunen nicht, wenn ihre Stimm' uns nennet;
Sie ruhn mit uns im Schatten grüner Bäume,
Derweil ſich ihre Grüfte ſchon bemooſen.
Ach! die erblichnen Roſen
Auf dem jungfräulich zarten Angeſichte,
Das ſelbſt der Tod, gleich nach der That verſöhnet,
Entſtellt nicht, nein, verſchönet,
Erblühn mir oft im nächtlichen Geſichte,
Daß meine Bruſt ganz an dem Bilde hänget,
Wovon des Tags Gewühl ſie weggedränget.

So iſt mir jüngſt das theure Kind erſchienen,
Wie auferſtanden aus der Ohnmacht Schlummer,
Eh' noch das dumpfe Grab ſie überkommen,
Und Trauernden verſcheuchet' ſie den Kummer,
Und waltete mit ihren ſüßen Mienen,
Als wäre ſie der Heimath nie entnommen.
Doch heimlich und beklommen
Schlich ſich der Zweifel ein in unſre Seelen:
Ob ſie uns angehörig wahrhaft lebte?
Ob ſie als Geiſt nur ſchwebte,
Den herben Tod uns freundlich zu verhehlen?
Und keiner wagte ſie darum zu fragen,
Um nicht den holden Schatten zu verjagen.

Wie hat ſich Traum und Wachen ſo verworren,
Und Grab und Jugend, daß ich ſchwankend zaudre
Nach irgend einem Lebensgut zu greifen.
Vor allen Blüthen ſteh' ich fern und ſchaudre,
Als würden ſie von einem Hauch verdorren
Und nie zu labungsvollen Früchten reifen.
So muß ich umher ſchweifen,
Aus meiner Liebe Paradies vertrieben,
Bis ich gelernt vom Ird'ſchen mich entkleiden,
Und an dem Troſte weiden,
Daß dieſe Ding' in leeren Schein zerſtieben,
Und nur die drinnen wohnenden Gedanken
Sich ewiglich entfalten, ohne Wanken.

Geh hin, o Lied! und ſage:
Du jugendlicher Himmelsſpäher, labe
Mit deiner Weihe den, der mich geſungen,
Daß er, empor geſchwungen
Zum Ziel des Sehnens, nicht verſink' am Grabe.
Ich bring' ein Opfer für zwei theure Schatten;
Laß uns denn Lieb' und Leid und Klage gatten!

4. An Denſelben.

Du Theurer, dem ich dieſes Lied geſendet,
Muß ich dich ſelbſt ſchon ſuchen bei den Todten!
Zur Todtenfeier hab' ich dich entboten:
Nun werd' ein Todtenopfer dir geſpendet.

Wer ſich zu ferner lichter Heimath wendet,
Dem wird gar mancher zarte Gruß geboten;
So find' in dir mein Sehnen einen Boten,
Wenn je mein Herz dir liebend ſie verpfändet.

Sag' ihr: — doch in der Sprache jener Sphären
Verſtummt der Laut des Schmerzes, den ich meine,
Und dieſe Trauer läßt ſich dort nicht nennen.
O könnteſt du den Perlenſchmuck der Zähren
Ihr bringen, die ich ihr und dir nur weine!
Für wen ſie fließen, weiß ich nicht zu trennen.

Arion.

Arion war der Töne Meiſter,
Die Zither lebt' in ſeiner Hand;
Damit ergetzt' er alle Geiſter,
Und gern empfing ihn jedes Land.
Er ſchiffte goldbeladen
Jetzt von Tarent's Geſtaden,
Zum ſchönen Hellas heimgewandt.

Zum Freunde zieht ihn ſein Verlangen,
Ihn liebt der Herrſcher von Korinth.
Eh' in die Fremd' er ausgegangen,
Bat der ihn, brüderlich geſinnt:
Laß dir's in meinen Hallen
Doch ruhig wohlgefallen!
Viel kann verlieren, wer gewinnt.

Arion ſprach: „Ein wandernd Leben
Gefällt der freien Dichterbruſt.
Die Kunſt, die mir ein Gott gegeben,
Sie ſei auch vieler Tauſend Luſt.
Am wohlerworbnen Gute
Wie werd' ich einſt mich laben,
Des weiten Ruhmes froh bewußt!“

Er ſteht im Schiff am zweiten Morgen,
Die Lüfte wehen lind und warm,
„O Periander, eitle Sorgen!
Vergiß ſie nun in meinem Arm!
Wir wollen mit Geſchenken
Die Götter reich bedenken,
Und jubeln in der Gäſte Schwarm.“ —

Es bleiben Wind und See gewogen,
Auch nicht ein fernes Wölkchen graut,
Er hat nicht allzuviel den Wogen,
Den Menſchen allzuviel vertraut.
Er hört die Schiffer flüſtern,
Nach ſeinen Schätzen lüſtern;
Doch bald umringen ſie ihn laut.

„Du darfſt, Arion, nicht mehr leben:
Begehrſt du auf dem Land' ein Grab,
So mußt du hier den Tod dir geben;
Sonſt wirf dich in das Meer hinab.“ —
So wollt ihr mich verderben?
Ihr mögt mein Gold erwerben,
Ich kaufe gern mein Blut euch ab. —

„Nein, nein, wir laſſen dich nicht wandern,
Du wärſt ein zu gefährlich Haupt.
Wo blieben wir vor Periandern,
Verriethſt du, daß wir dich beraubt?
Uns kann dein Gold nicht frommen,
Wenn wieder heimzukommen
Uns nimmermehr die Furcht erlaubt.“ —

Gewährt mir denn noch Eine Bitte,
Gilt, mich zu retten, kein Vertrag:
Daß ich nach Zitherſpieler Sitte,
Wie ich gelebet, ſterben mag.
Wenn ich mein Lied geſungen,
Die Saiten ausgeklungen,
Dann fahre hin des Lebens Tag.

Die Bitte kann ſie nicht beſchämen,
Sie denken nur an den Gewinn,
Doch ſolchen Sänger zu vernehmen,
Das reizet ihren wilden Sinn.
„Und wollt ihr ruhig lauſchen,
Laßt mich die Kleider tauſchen:
Im Schmuck nur reißt Apoll mich hin.“ —

Der Jüngling hüllt die ſchönen Glieder
In Gold und Purpur wunderbar.
Bis auf die Sohlen wallt hernieder
Ein leichter, faltiger Talar;
Die Arme zieren Spangen,
Um Hals und Stirn und Wangen
Fliegt duftend das bekränzte Haar.

Die Zither ruht in ſeiner Linken,
Die Rechte hält das Elfenbein.
Er ſcheint erquickt die Luft zu trinken,
Er ſtrahlt im Morgenſonnenſchein.
Es ſtaunt der Schiffer Bande;
Er ſchreitet vorn zum Rande,
Und ſieht ins blaue Meer hinein.

Er ſang: „Gefährtin meiner Stimme,
Komm, folge mir ins Schattenreich!
Ob auch der Höllenhund ergrimme,
Die Macht der Töne zähmt ihn gleich.
Elyſiums Heroen,
Dem dunkeln Strom entflohen!
Ihr Friedlichen, ſchon grüß' ich euch!

Doch, könnt ihr mich des Grams entbinden?
Ich laſſe meinen Freund zurück.
Du gingſt, Eurydicen zu finden;
Der Hades barg dein ſüßes Glück.
Da wie ein Traum zerronnen,
Was dir dein Lied gewonnen,
Verfluchteſt du der Sonne Blick. —

Ich muß hinab, ich will nicht zagen!
Die Götter ſchauen aus der Höh.
Die ihr mich wehrlos habt erſchlagen,
Erblaſſet, wenn ich untergeh'!
Den Gaſt, zu euch gebettet,
Ihr Nereiden, rettet!“ —
So ſprang er in die tiefe See.

Ihn decken alſobald die Wogen,
Die ſichern Schiffer ſegeln fort.
Delphine waren nachgezogen,
Als lockte ſie ein Zauberwort:
Eh' Fluthen ihn erſticken,
Beut einer ihm den Rücken
Und trägt ihn ſorgſam hin zum Port.

Des Meers verworrenes Gebrauſe
Ward ſtummen Fiſchen nur verliehn;
Doch lockt Muſik aus ſalz'gem Hauſe
Zu frohen Sprüngen den Delphin.
Sie konnt' ihn oft beſtricken,
Mit ſchmelzendem Entzücken
Dem falſchen Jäger nachzuziehn.

So trägt den Sänger mit Entzücken
Das menſchenliebend ſinn'ge Thier,
Er ſchwebt auf dem gewölbten Rücken,
Hält im Triumph der Leyer Zier,
Und kleine Wellen ſpringen
Wie nach der Saiten Klingen
Rings in dem bläulichen Revier.

Wo der Delphin ihn ſein entladen,
Der ihn gerettet uferwärts,
Da wird dereinſt an Felsgeſtaden
Das Wunder aufgeſtellt in Erz.
Jetzt, da ſich jedes trennte
Zu ſeinem Elemente,
Grüßt ihn Arions volles Herz:

„Leb' wohl, und könnt' ich dich belohnen,
Du treuer, freundlicher Delphin!
Du kannſt nur hier, ich dort nur wohnen:
Gemeinſchaft iſt uns nicht verliehn.
Dich wird auf feuchten Spiegeln
Noch Galatea zügeln,
Du wirſt ſie ſtolz und heilig ziehn.“ —

Arion eilt nun leicht von hinnen,
Wie einſt er in die Fremde fuhr;
Schon glänzen ihm Korinthus Zinnen,
Er wandelt ſingend durch die Flur.
Mit Lieb' und Luſt geboren,
Vergißt er, was verloren,
Bleibt ihm der Freund, die Zither nur.

Er tritt hinein: „Vom Wanderleben
Nun ruh' ich, Freund, an deiner Bruſt.
Die Kunſt, die mir ein Gott gegeben,
Sie wurde vieler Tauſend Luſt.
Zwar falſche Räuber haben
Die wohlerworbnen Gaben,
Doch bin ich mir des Ruhms bewußt.“

Dann ſpricht er von den Wunderdingen,
Daß Periander ſtaunend horcht.
„Soll Jenen ſolch ein Raub gelingen?
Ich hätt' umſonſt die Macht geborgt.
Die Thäter zu entdecken,
Mußt du dich hier verſtecken,
So nahn ſie wohl ſich unbeſorgt.“ —

Und als im Hafen Schiffer kommen,
Beſcheidet er ſie zu ſich her.
„Habt vom Arion ihr vernommen?
Mich kümmert ſeine Wiederkehr." —
Wir ließen recht im Glücke
Ihn zu Tarent zurücke. —
Da, ſieh! tritt Arion her.

Gehüllt ſind ſeine ſchönen Glieder
In Gold und Purpur wunderbar.
Bis auf die Sohlen wallt hernieder
Ein leichter, faltiger Talar;
Die Arme zieren Spangen,
Um Hals und Stirn und Wangen
Fliegt duftend das bekränzte Haar.

Die Zither ruht in ſeiner Linken,
Die Rechte hält das Elfenbein.
Sie müſſen ihm zu Füßen ſinken,
Es trifft ſie wie des Blitzes Schein.
„Ihn wollten wir ermorden;
Er iſt zum Gotte worden:
O ſchläng' uns nur die Erd' hinein!"

„Er lebet noch, der Töne Meiſter;
Der Sänger ſteht in heil'ger Hut.
Ich rufe nicht der Rache Geiſter,
Arion will nicht euer Blut.
Fern mögt ihr zu Barbaren,
Des Geizes Knechte, fahren;
Nie labe Schönes euren Muth!"

Der heilige Lucas.

Legende.

Sankt Lucas ſah ein Traumgeſicht:
Steh! mach dich auf und zögre nicht,
Das ſchönſte Bild zu malen.
Von deinen Händen aufgeſtellt
Soll einſt der ganzen Chriſtenwelt
Die Mutter Gottes ſtrahlen.

Er fährt vom Morgenſchlaf empor,
Noch tönt die Stimm' in ſeinem Ohr;
Er rafft ſich aus dem Bette,
Nimmt ſeinen Mantel um und geht,
Mit Farbenkaſten und Geräth,
Und Pinſel und Palette.

So wandert er mit ſtillem Tritt,
Nun ſieht er ſchon Mariens Hütt',
Und klopfet an die Pforte.
Er grüßt im Namen unſers Herrn,
Sie öffnet und empfängt ihn gern
Mit manchem holden Worte.

„O Jungfrau, wende deine Gunſt
Auf mein beſcheidnes Theil der Kunſt,
Die Gott mich üben laſſen!
Wie hoch geſegnet wär' ſie nicht,
Wenn ich dein heil'ges Angeſicht
Im Bildniß dürfte faſſen!"

Sie ſprach darauf demüthiglich:
„Ja, deine Hand erquickte mich
Mit meines Sohnes Bilde.
Er lächelt mir noch immer zu,
Obſchon erhöht zur Wonn' und Ruh'
Der himmliſchen Gefilde.

Ich aber bin in Magdgeſtalt;
Die Erdenhülle ſinkt nun bald,
Die ich auch jung verachtet.
Das Auge, welches Alles ſieht,
Weiß, daß ich nie, um Schmuck bemüht,
Im Spiegel mich betrachtet." —

„Die Würde, die dem Herrn gefiel,
Ward nicht der flücht'gen Jahre Spiel,
Holdſeligſte der Frauen!
Du ſiehſt allein der Schönheit Licht
Auf deinem reinen Antlitz nicht:
Doch laß es Andre ſchauen.

Bedenk nur der Gläub'gen Troſt,
Wenn du der Erde lang' entflohſt,
Vor deinem Bild zu beten.
Einſt ehrt dich aller Zungen Preis,
Dir lallt das Kind, dir ſingt der Greis,
Sie droben zu vertreten." —

„Wie ziemte mir ſo hoher Lohn?
Vermocht' ich doch den theuren Sohn
Vom Kreuz nicht zu entladen.
Ich beuge ſelber ſpät und früh
In demüthigem Gebet die Knie,
Dem Borne aller Gnaden." —

„O Jungfrau! weigre länger nicht:
Er ſandte mir ein Traumgeſicht,
Und hieß mir, dich zu malen. —
Von dieſen Händen aufgeſtellt,
Soll vor der weiten Chriſtenwelt
Die Mutter Gottes ſtrahlen." —

„Wohlan denn! ſieh bereit mich hier.
Doch kannſt du, ſo erneue mir
Die Freuden, die ich fühlte;
So rufe jene Zeit zurück,
Als einſt das Kind, mein ſüßes Glück,
Im Schooß der Mutter ſpielte." —

Sankt Lucas legt ans Werk die Hand;
Vor ſeiner Tafel unverwandt
Lauſcht er nach allen Zügen.
Die Kammer füllt ein klarer Schein;
Da gaukeln Engel aus und ein,
In wunderbaren Flügen.

Ihm dient die junge Himmelsſchaar;
Der reicht' ihm ſorgſam Pinſel dar,
Der rieb die zarten Farben.
Marien ließ zum zweiten Mal
Ein Jeſus-Kind des Malers Wahl,
Um die ſie alle warben.

Er hatte den Entwurf vollbracht,
Nun hemmte ſeinen Fleiß die Nacht,
Er legt den Pinſel nieder.
„Zu der Vollendung braucht' ich Friſt,
Bis alles wohl getrocknet iſt;
Dann, ſpricht er, kehr' ich wieder."

Nur wenig Tage ſind entflohn,
Da klopft von neuem Lucas ſchon
An ihre Hüttenpforte;
Doch ſtatt der Stimme, die ſo ſüß
Ihn jüngſt noch dort willkommen hieß,
Vernimmt er fremde Worte.

Entſchlummert war die Gottesbraut,
Wie Blumen, wann der Abend thaut;
Sie wollten ſie begraben,
Da ward ſie in verklärtem Licht
Vor der Apoſtel Angeſicht
Gen Himmel aufgehaben.

Erſtaunt und froh ſchaut er umher,
Die Blick' erreichen ſie nicht mehr,
Die er nach droben ſendet.
Obſchon im Geiſt von ihr erfüllt,
Wagt er die Hand nicht an ihr Bild;
Es bleibt es unvollendet.

Und ward auch ſo der Frommen Luſt,
Und regt' auch ſo in jeder Bruſt
Ein heiliges Beginnen.
Es kamen Pilger fern und nah,
Und wer die Himmelsholde ſah,
Ward hoher Segnung innen.

Viel tauſendfältig konterfeit
Erſchien ſie aller Chriſtenheit
Mit eben dieſen Zügen.
Es mußte manch Jahrhundert lang
Der Andacht und dem Liebesdrang
Ein ſchwacher Umriß gnügen.

Doch endlich kam Sankt Raphael,
In ſeinen Augen glänzten hell
Die himmliſchen Geſtalten.
Herabgeſandt von ſel'gen Höhn,
Hatt' er die Hehre ſelbſt geſehn
An Gottes Throne walten.

Der stellt' ihr Bildniß, groß und klar,
Mit seinem keuschen Pinsel dar,
Vollendet ohne Mängel.
Zufrieden, als er das gethan,
Schwang er sich wieder himmelan,
Ein jugendlicher Engel.

In der Fremde.

Oft hab' ich dich rauh gescholten,
Muttersprache! so vertraut!
Höher hätte mir gegolten
Südlicher Sirenen-Laut.

Und nun irr' ich in der Ferne
Freudenlos von Ort zu Ort,
Und vernähm', ach, wie so gerne
Nur ein einzig deutsches Wort.

Manches regt sich mir im Innern,
Doch wie schaff' ich hier ihm Luft!
All mein heimisches Erinnern
Findet in mir keine Gruft.

Einsam schweif' ich in die Felder,
Such' ein Echo der Natur;
Aber Bäche, Winde, Wälder
Rauschen fremd auf dieser Flur.

Unverstanden, unbeachtet,
Wie mein deutsches Lied verhallt,
Bleibt es, wenn mein Busen schmachtet,
Und in bangem Sehnen wallt.

Auf der Reise.

Im Frühlinge 1807.

Flaches Land und flache Seelen,
Die der Erde schöne Zier
Und den Himmel mir verhehlten,
Bleibet endlich hinter mir!
Mit beklommner Brust und Odem
Dieser [illegible] Boden.

Fernher blinkt der Alpen Kette,
Schon erathm' ich Schweizer Luft.
Sei gegrüßt im Felsenbette,
Rhone, Sohn der dunklen Kluft!
Du auch kommst ja hergezogen,
Wie ein Gast, mit freien Wogen.

Fremde Sitten, fremde Zungen
Kennt' ich schon her und hin;
Nicht im Herzen eingeklungen
Wuchsen sie zu dem deutschen Sinn.
Lang ein umgetriebner Wandrer,
Würd' ich niemals doch ein Andrer.

Theure Brüder in Gefängniß!
Euch gemein ist mein Verhängniß;
Hofft ihr, so begehrt mein Herz,
Daß nur bald sich mein Gebein
Vaterländ'schem Staub verein'.

Zum Andenken.

Du nahtest nur, und wieder zu verlassen,
Dein rascher Weg hat dich vorbei getragen!
Von deiner Gegenwart beglückten Tagen
Sah ich zu bald den heitern Strahl erblassen.

Dieß kleine Blatt, das du zurückgelassen,
Es soll dir meine Wünsche, meine Klagen,
Dein Bild in mir, dein Angedenken sagen:
Wie könnt' es so viel große Dinge fassen!

Drum bleib nur: wird's in deiner Nähe wohnen,
Wird manchmal einen Sinn dein Blick entsiegeln,
So wünsch' ich ihm sein glückliches Gelingen.

O möcht' ein Täubchen dir es überbringen,
Und nähmest du's ihm schmeichelnd von den Flügeln,
Und möcht' ein Kuß die kleine Botin lohnen.

Ewige Jugend.

Nicht blos die Blume welkt, das Purpurwebe
Der Frühe reißt, entflieht des Lenzes Prangen;
Nicht blos verbleichen junge Rosenwangen:
Dem Geist auch droht's, daß er sich überlebe.

Wie übt' er erst auf freien Flügeln Schwebe,
Dumpf gefesselt bleibt er bald am Boden hangen.
O wüßt' ihr, für sein gränzenlos Verlangen,
Weiß' einen Dichter, keinen Trank der Hebe?

Nichts wähn' er sein; Besitzthum ist ihm Schranke;
Ruh' Tod; ein ew'ger Kampf der Freiheit Weihe.
Es kömmt ihm ein, und immer [illegible].

Vernichtend, schaffend, wechsle der Gedanke,
Das werde ihm zum Flammenrad [illegible],
Wo ihn versengend trifft des Gottes Funken.

Johannes in der Wüste.

Ein starker Jüngling, kühn zur That und schnell,
Entreißt Johannes sich bewohnten Stätten.
Er lernt, in öde Klüfte sich zu betten,
Die Hüften gürtet ihm ein rauhes Fell.

Einfältig wird sein Sinn, sein Auge hell;
Nichts Anderes kann ihn an die Erde ketten,
Und sein Geschlecht vom Untergang zu retten,
Sucht er in sich der Gottheit lebend'gen Quell.

Er sitzt am Felsen, dessen Born ihn tränket,
Da steigt vor seiner Seel' empor ein Bild,
Das er mit feur'gem Staunen überdenket.

Es ist des Menschen Sohn, so groß und mild.
Der ernste Seher hält sein Haupt gesenket:
Ach, gegen dich wie bin ich streng und wild!

Lauras Thränen.

Nach Petrarca.

Ich sah der höchsten Schönheit zarte Blüthe,
Den Reiz, der meine Sinne so verwirrt,
Daß alles sonst mir Traum und Schatten wird,
Gepaart mit [illegible] und Engelgüte.

Und sah, von frommer Wehmuth wie berauscht,
Ihr helles Aug' im Thau der Thränen schwimmen;
Ach, Wald und Waldstrom hätte wohl gelauscht
Bei ihrem Stöhnen, ihren Klagestimmen!

Denn Weisheit, Sanftmuth, Lieb' und Gram
Verbanden da harmonisch sich zu Weisen,
Die nimmer noch die Welt so süß vernahm.

Es horchte noch in allen Himmelskreisen;
Es schaukelte kein Blatt an Busch und Baum,
Nur Melodie durchfloß den stillen Raum.

Pygmalion.

Festlich hallen Cyperns Städte,
Von Gesang ertönet Paphos' Hain.
Schön gepaart ziehn geschmückte Chöre
In den myrthenumkränzten Tempel ein.
Rosig blüh'nde Mädchen, zarte Knaben,
Alle bringen sie Gelübd' und Gaben,
All' erfüllt Verlangen in der Brust,
Liebe, Reiz und Jugendlust.

Wollust athmet aus den Rosenlauben,
Wo sich willig manches Paar verirrt,
Wo ein Paar von buhlerischen Tauben
Ihrer Ankunft sich entgegen girrt.
Küsse hört man flüstern in den Büschen,
Wo sich Licht und Dunkel lieblich mischen,
Wo der Grund, mit Moosen überwebt,
Sich zum Lager schwellend hebt.

Aber einſam, in ſich ſelbſt verſchloſſen,
Schaut Pygmalion dem Feſte zu;
Das Frohlocken muthiger Genoſſen
Weckt ihn nicht aus ſeiner ernſten Ruh.
Wandelſt du denn von den Schönen allen,
Holder Jüngling, keiner zu gefallen?
Oder hat, für die dein Sinn entbrannt,
Spröde ſich dir abgewandt?

Ach, ihm kam wohl mancher Gruß entgegen,
Mancher Blick verrieth ihm Gunſt und Glück,
Und es hob von ſchnellern Herzensſchlägen
Mancher Buſen ſich vor ſeinem Blick.
Doch umſonſt! nie öffnet er die Arme,
Daß davon umſtrickt ein Herz erwarme,
Seine Wange, wo friſch die Jugend blüht,
Wird von Küſſen nie durchglüht.

Höher ſtrebt ſein ewiges Begehren.
Hingeſchmiegt an einen zarten Leib
Würde dennoch Sehnſucht ihn verzehren;
Was ihm fehlt, gewährt kein irdiſch Weib.
Nicht um Blumen, gleich dem Schmetterlinge,
Auf zur Sonne mit des Adlers Schwinge
Schwebt ſein Geiſt, und athmet reine Luft,
Unberauſcht von ſüßem Duft.

Zur Geliebten hat er ſich erleſen,
Die noch nie ein ſterblich Auge ſah;
Nur ein Schatten, doch ein mächtig Weſen,
Iſt ſie fern ihm und doch ewig nah.
Tief in ſeines Innern heil'ger Stille
Pflegt die Dichtung ſie mit reger Fülle,
Und umarmt das göttlich ſchöne Bild,
Hold von eignem Glanz verhüllt.

In erſtauntes Anſchaun ſo verſunken,
Fühlt er ſich allein, wenn er erwacht.
„Götter! ſeufzt er dann, nur Einen Funken,
Einen Funken eurer Schöpfermacht!
Bin ich blos zu eitlem Wahn geboren?
Meine Lieb' an einen Traum verloren,
Der von ihrem Odem nie beſeelt
Liebevoll ſich mir vermählt?!"

„Oder thronet, die ich lieb', im Saale
Des Olympus mit ſel'ger Allgewalt?
Trinkt ſie jeden Tag aus goldner Schale
Jugend und ambroſiſche Geſtalt?
Wird ſie zürnend den Vermeßnen tödten,
Der in Lieb' entbrennt, ſtatt anzubeten?
Oder lächelt ſie, voll Gnad' und Huld,
Seiner hoffnungsloſen Schuld?"

„Göttin, deren meergeborne Schöne
Erſt das Meer in Purpurglut getaucht!
Du, die in die Bruſt der Menſchenſöhne
Wie der Götter linde Wonne haucht!
Sieh mit unausſprechlichem Verlangen
Mich am Schatten deines Bildes hangen,
Deſſen Züge deiner Anmuth lieh
Nur von dir die Phantaſie."

„Denn dich darf kein Sterblicher erblicken,
Wie du biſt, wie dich der Himmel kennt;
Kaum durchdringen würd' ihn das Entzücken
Einen ſchnell verſchwindenden Moment.
Aber laß, wie Frühlingswehn, dein Lächeln
Eine jungfräuliche Stirn umfächeln,
Wie die Sonn' im Bache ſich beſchaut;
Und ich grüße ſie als Braut!"

Alſo fleht er oft, doch aus den Sphären
Steigt Erhörung niemals ihm herab.
Nur die Kraft kann ſeinen Wunſch gewähren,
Die zuerſt dem Wunſche Flügel gab.
Suchſt du Rettung außer dir? — Vergebens!
In dir fließt die Quelle deines Lebens;
Schöpfe da, und fühle froh geſtillt
Deine Bruſt, dein Aug' erfüllt.

Eine Stimme, tröſtend im Verzagen,
Flüſtert in der Qual ihm dieſen Rath.
Nein, nicht länger will er ſchmachtend zagen:
Träume reifen zu Entſchluß und That.
Wirklich, was er liebt, ſich zu erſchaffen,
Schärft er ſeines Geiſtes goldne Waffen;
Still verheißt dem Sinnenden die Kunſt
Hülfe, ſtatt der Götter Gunſt.

Jener Zaubrer wandelnder Geſtalten,
Dädalus, erzog ihn einſt für ſie,
Lehrt' ihn Bildung aus dem Stoff entfalten,
Bis ſie ſchön zum Ebenmaaß gedieh.
Gern beſiegt von ſeines Meiſels Schlägen
Schien der ſtarre Felſen ſich zu regen,
Und er ward auf ſeines Lehrers Spur
Nebenbuhler der Natur.

Wie Prometheus Menſchen, ſeine Brüder,
Bildet' er der Götter ganzes Chor;
Zog zur Erde nun den Himmel nieder,
Hebt die Erde zum Olymp empor.
Edle Weſen, irdiſche Heroen,
Doch nicht groß, wie die unnennbar Hohen,
Schien ihr mildes, nicht umſtrahltes Haupt
Der Unſterblichkeit beraubt.

Und der Künſtler wohnt' in ihrer Mitte,
Frei und fröhlich ihnen zugeſellt,
Sie bewirthend nach der biedern Sitte
Jener erſten unſchuldsvollen Welt,
Wo die Himmliſchen auf ſtillen Fluren
Oft mit Menſchen Freud' und Leid erfuhren,
Wo Apoll, ein unerkannter Hirt,
Singend Tempe's Thal durchirrt.

Aber bald ein namenloſes Sehnen,
Süß und quälend, ſeine Bruſt entzweit,
Weil der Wahn bei ſo erhabnen Schönen
Ihn berauſcht mit Abgeſchiedenheit.
Ruht er nun die kunſtbegabten Hände,
Unbeſorgt ob er ein Werk vollende,
Das nur halb, mit unentſchiednem Sieg,
Aus dem Stein ins Leben ſtieg.

Nun, da zu der hohen Unſichtbaren
Ihn hinan des Wahnes Flügel trägt,
Will er ſeinen Augen offenbaren,
Was ſein Buſen heimlich längſt gehegt.
In der Flucht begeiſterter Gedanken,
Die entzündend um die Sinne ſchwanken,
Liebeglühend, tritt Pygmalion
In der Werkſtatt Pantheon.

Und, o Wunder! in verklärtem Lichte
Stehen rings die ſtolzen Bilder da;
Es enthüllt dem ſtaunenden Geſichte
Gottheit ſich, wie er ſie nimmer ſah.
Wie von reinem Nektarthau durchfloſſen,
Wonnevoller Ewigkeit Genoſſen,
Schön und furchtbar, ſcheinen ſie erhöht
In des Urbilds Majeſtät.

Auf des Donnergottes hehren Brauen
Wallt der Locken hoher Schwung zurück;
Juno thronet, die Königin der Frauen;
Pallas ſenkt den ſinnig ernſten Blick.
Bacchus bietet hold die frohen Gaben,
Welche Jugend blüht dem Götterknaben;
Hermes regt den Fuß, behend und kühn,
Mit der Wünſche leichtem Sinn.

Hochbegeiſtert, in erhabner Feier,
Schwebt Apoll, mit Daphne's Laub umkränzt,
Haucht Geſänge zu der frommen Leyer,
Die in ſeinem Arm, ein Kleinod, glänzt.
Und o du, ſüßlächelnde Dione,
Mit der Anmuth zartem Gürtel, ſchone!
Gab er nicht zum Opfer Geiſt und Sinn
Ganz, Urania, dir hin?

Freudig, doch mit ahnungsvollem Schweigen,
Blickt er auf der Himmelsmächte Kreis.
Richter ſind ſie ihm und heil'ge Zeugen,
Wie er ringt nach der Vollendung Preis.
Nicht zu ruhn und feige zu ermatten,
Schwört er, bis er den geliebten Schatten
Einen Fremdling in der niedern Welt
Seinen Göttern beygeſellt.

Schöner Stein! in Paros lichten Grüften
Hat die Oreade dir gelacht;
Ja, du wurdeſt aus den Felſenklüften
In beglückter Stund' hervorgebracht!
Von der Hand Pygmalions erkoren,
Reiner Marmor, wirſt du neu geboren.
Was ſein Stahl dir ſchonend raubt, vergilt
Tauſendfach das holde Bild.

Wenn Aurora kaum nach leiſer Weiße
Röthet, eilt der Künſtler ſchon herzu,
Und ihn winkt von immer ſüßerm Fleiße
Nur die Nacht gebieteriſch zur Ruh.
Wenn des Schlafes Arm ihn leiſ' umfangen,
Spielt um ihn das ſchmeichelnde Verlangen,
Zeichnet ſein gelungnes Werk der Traum
Dämmernd in des Aethers Raum.

Endlich geht die freundlichſte der Sonnen
Ueber ihm, Vollendung bringend, auf.
Endlich, endlich iſt das Ziel gewonnen,
Und die Palme kühlt des Siegers Lauf.
Vor ihm blüht das liebliche Gebilde,
Gleich der Roſe, die der Frühlingsmilde,
Weiche webend, athmend um ſich floß,
Kaum den Purpurkelch erſchloß.

Hüllenlos, von Unſchuld nur umgeben,
Scheint ſie ſich der Schönheit unbewußt,
Ihre leicht gebognen Arme ſchweben
Vor dem Schooß und vor der zarten Bruſt.
Reine Harmonie durchwallt die Glieder
Deren Umriß von der Scheitel nieder
Zu den Sohlen, hingeathmet fliegt,
Wie ſich Well' in Welle ſchmiegt.

Schön begränzt ihr Daſein ſtille Gnüge,
Friedlich wohnet es in ſich daheim;
Und es ruht im Spiel der linden Züge
Unentfaltet künft'ger Liebe Keim.
Gleich als ob ſie nimmer traur' und zürne,
Lacht ihr holder Blick, die ebne Stirne,
Ihre halbgeſchloßne Lippe ſchwoll,
Süßer Tön' und Küſſe voll.

Selig, feſtgezaubert im Betrachten,
Schaut Pygmalion und glüht und ſchaut.
Bald verſtummt er, aufgelöſ't in Schmachten,
Bald erſchallt des Herzens Hymne laut.
Einen Gegenſtand der Huldigungen
Hat ſich nun die treue Lieb' errungen
Die nach dem, was nirgends war, zuvor
In der Oede ſich verlor.

Seine Seele, die Erwiederung heiſchet,
Leihet der Geliebten, was ſie fühlt,
Gern vom eignen Wiederſchein getäuſchet,
Der um jene Jugendfülle ſpielt.
Mit des Steines nachgeahmtem Leben
Strebt er ſich ſo innig zu verweben,
Daß ſein Herz, von Lieb' und Luſt bewegt,
Wie in Beider Buſen ſchlägt.

Was erſann er nicht, ihr zu liebkoſen?
Welche ſüße Namen nannt' er nicht!
Das Gebüſch verarmt an Myrth' und Roſen,
Die er ſorgſam ihr in Kränze flicht.
Aber ach, wann wird ihr holdes Flüſtern
Seinen Liebesreden ſich verſchwiſtern?
Wann beſiegelt der erwärmte Mund
Wiederküſſend ihren Bund?

Lächelnd einſt, wie mildes Frühlingswetter,
Schaut Urania vom lichten Thron;
Von der Menſchen Vater und der Götter
Fodert ſie der reinſten Treue Lohn:
Sieh! allein von allen Erdenſöhnen
Hat Pygmalion, dem höchſten Schönen
Huldigend, und frei vom Sinnenbrand,
Sich zu meinem Dienſt gewandt.

Nicht aus Trotz, zu eitlem Schöpferruhme,
Folgſam lauſchend nur dem innern Ruf,
Stellt' er im verborgnen Heiligthume
Uns die Gattin dar, die er ſich ſchuf.
Jener Funken, den Prometheus raubte,
Zum Verderben ſeinem ſtolzen Haupte,
Werd' ihr nun für den beſcheidnen Sinn
Meines Künſtlers zum Gewinn.

Sah die Göttin, und mit Wohlgefallen
Winkt ihr Zeus, und neigt den Herrſcherſtab.
Locken, den Olymp erſchütternd, wallen
Auf die Stirn ambroſiſch ihm herab.
Ein geweihtes Opfer darzubieten,
Stand Pygmalion in Duft und Blüthen,
Als es wie ein Blitz ſein Mark durchdrang,
Daß er zagend niederſank.

Doch ihn locken ferne Melodieen
Zauberiſch ins Leben bald zurück.
Roſenfarbne Morgenſchimmer fliehen
Um das Bild, und laben ſeinen Blick.
Wie von eines Aetherbades Wogen
Wird ſie ſanft gewiegt und fortgezogen.
Soll ſie eures Himmels Zierde ſein?
Götter! Götter! ſie iſt mein.

Und er fliegt hinzu und ſchlingt die Arme
Kühn und feſt um das geliebte Weib.
Glühend, ſchauernd fühlt er, ſie erwarme;
Seinem Drucke weicht der Marmorleib.
Und es ſchlägt ihr Herz die erſten Schläge,
Und die Pulſe werden hüpfend rege,
Und das Drängen junger Lebensluſt
Schwellt die ungeduld'ge Bruſt.

Und ihr Auge — Wonne würd' ihn tödten,
Schlöß' es ſich dem fremden Tage nicht.
Ach, ſie drückt mit ſchüchternem Erröthen
An des Jünglings Buſen ihr Geſicht.
Liebe! Liebe! ſtammeln Beider Zungen,
Und die Seelen, ganz in Eins verſchlungen,
Hemmt ein Kuß im ſchweſterlichen Flug
Mit geheimnißvollem Zug.

Charakteriſtik Shakſpeare's.

Mir iſt er ein tiefſinniger Künſtler, nicht ein blindes wild laufendes Genie. Was man hievon ſchwatzt, hielt ich überhaupt nur für eine fabelhafte Sage, für einen blinden wilden Wahn. Bei den übrigen Künſten widerlegt es ſich ſchon von ſelbſt, denn hier iſt erworbene Wiſſenſchaft eine unerläßliche Bedingung, um irgend etwas zu leiſten. Aber auch bei ſolchen Dichtern, die man für ſorgloſe Zöglinge der Natur ohne alle Kunſt und Schule auszugeben pflegt, fand ich bei näherer Betrachtung, wenn ſie wirklich vortreffliche Werke geliefert, ausgezeichnete Kultur der Geiſteskräfte, geübte Kunſt, reiflich überlegte und würdige Abſichten. Dieß gilt eben ſowohl vom Homer als vom Dante. Die Thätigkeit des Genie's iſt zwar ihm eine natürliche und in gewiſſem Sinne bewußtloſe, wovon alſo der, welcher ſie ausübt, nicht immer augenblicklich Rechenſchaft wird ablegen können; es iſt aber keineswegs eine ſolche, woran die denkende Kraft nicht einen großen Antheil hätte. Eben die Schnelligkeit und Sicherheit der Geiſteswirkung, die höchſte Klarheit des Verſtandes macht, daß das Denken beim Dichten nicht als etwas abgeſondertes wahrgenommen wird, nicht als Nachdenken erſcheint. Jener Begriff von der poetiſchen Begeiſterung, den manche lyriſche Dichter in Umlauf gebracht haben, als wären ſie außer ſich, und ertheilten wie die Pythia, von einer fremden Gottheit ergriffen, ihnen ſelbſt unverſtändliche Orakelſprüche: jener Begriff (ſelbſt nur eine lyriſche Erdichtung) paßt am allerwenigſten auf die dramatiſche Kompoſition, eine der beſonnenſten Hervorbringungen des menſchlichen Geiſtes. Man giebt zu, Shakſpeare habe über Charakter und Leidenſchaft, über den Gang der Begebenheiten und menſchlichen Schickſale, über die geſellige Verfaſſung, über alle Dinge und Verhältniſſe der Welt gedacht und tief gedacht, man muß es zugeben, denn unter Tauſenden ſeiner Sprüche würde ein einziger zur Widerlegung deſſen hinreichen, der es abläugnen wollte. Und nur für den Bau ſeiner eignen Stücke ſoll er keinen Gedanken übrig gehabt, dieſen ſoll er dem Zufall, welcher die epikuriſchen Atomen zuſammen weht, überlaſſen haben? Geſetzt auch, er hätte ohne höheren Ehrgeiz in Bezug auf die Kenner und die Nachwelt, ohne jene künſtleriſche Liebe, die ſich in einem vollendeten Werke ſelbſt zu befriedigen ſtrebt, blos gearbeitet, um der ungelehrten Menge zu gefallen, ſo hätte ihn ja ſchon dieſer Zweck und die theatraliſche Wirkung darauf führen müſſen. Denn hängt nicht der Eindruck eines Schauſpiels ganz beſonders von dem Verhältniß der Theile zu einander ab? Und wird nicht eine an ſich noch ſo ſchöne Scene von Zuſchauern, die nur geraden Sinn haben und ſich ihrer Natur unbefangen überlaſſen, verworfen, ſobald ſie ihrer Erwartung an der Stelle widerſpricht, und dem einmal gefaßten Intereſſe Abbruch thut? Die ſcherzhaften Einmiſchungen mögen immerhin als eine Art von Zwiſchenſpiel, zur Erholung von ernſthafteren Spannungen bloß, angeſehen werden, ſo lange man keine beſſere Anſicht davon zu finden weiß; aber im Gange der Hauptſache, in der Verknüpfung der Erfolge muß der Dichter wo möglich noch mehr Ueberlegenheit des Verſtandes beweiſen, als in der Darſtellung der einzelnen geſchilderten Charaktere und Lagen, ſonſt wäre er wie der Lenker eines Marionettenſpiels, dem die Drähte in Verwirrung gerathen ſind, ſo daß man die

Puppen vermöge ihres Mechanismus ganz andre Bewegungen vornehmen, als er eigentlich wollte.

Einſtimmig rühmen die engliſchen Kunſtrichter am Shakſpeare die Wahrheit und durchgeführte Beſtimmtheit ſeiner Charakteriſtik, das eindringende Pathos, den komiſchen Witz. Ferner erheben ſie die Schönheit und Erhabenheit einzelner Beſchreibungen, Bilder und Ausdrücke. Dieß letzte iſt die oberflächlichſte und wohlfeilſte Art von Kunſtkritik. Johnſon vergleicht denjenigen, der dieſen Dichter durch Stellen, aus dem Zuſammenhange geriſſen, zu empfehlen gedächte, mit jenem Scholaſtiker beim Hierokles, der einen Ziegel als Probe eines Hauſes herumwies. Und dennoch ſpricht er ſelbſt ſo wenig und ſo höchſt unbefriedigend über das Ganze der Stücke. Man ſtelle nur ſeine kurzen Urtheile am Schluſſe eines jeden zuſammen, und ſehe, ob die Summe von Bewunderung herauskommt, die er ſelbſt anfangs als den richtigen Maßſtab für die Schätzung des Dichters angegeben. Ueberhaupt war es die herrſchende Richtung der bisherigen Zeit, die ſich auch in der Naturwiſſenſchaft offenbarte, das Lebendige als eine bloße Anhäufung todter Theile zu zerlegen, zu vereinzeln, was nur in der Verknüpfung beſteht und außer ihr nicht begriffen werden kann, ſtatt bis zum Centralpunkt hindurch zu dringen, und alle Theile als ſo viele Ausſtrahlungen von daher zu betrachten. Deswegen iſt nichts ſeltner als ein Kunſtrichter, der ſich zur Ueberſchauung eines umfaſſenden Kunſtwerkes zu erheben weiß. Shakſpeare's Kompoſitionen ſind eben wegen ihrer tiefen Abſichtlichkeit dem Ungemach ausgeſetzt geweſen, mißverſtanden zu werden. Ueberdieß läßt jene proſaiſche Kritik die poetiſche Form allenfalls in den Einzelnheiten der Ausführung gelten, was aber den Plan der Stücke betrifft, da ſucht ſie nichts anders als den logiſchen Zuſammenhang von Urſachen und Wirkungen, oder eine einſeitige triviale Moral als Nutzanwendung, und was ſich hierauf nicht zurückführen läßt, erklärt ſie für überflüſſige oder gar ſtörende Zuthaten. Nach ſolchen Grundſätzen müßte man in den griechiſchen Tragödien ebenfalls die meiſten Chorgeſänge wegſtreichen, welche ja auch nichts zur Entwickelung der Handlung beitragen, ſondern nur ein harmoniſches Echo der vom Dichter bezweckten Eindrücke ſind. Man verkennt hierbei ganz und gar die Rechte der Poeſie und die Natur des romantiſchen Drama's, welches eben, weil es pittoresk iſt und ſein ſoll, reichere Umgebungen und Contrapoſte für ſeine Hauptgruppen erfodert. In aller Kunſt und Poeſie, vornämlich aber in der romantiſchen, macht die Phantaſie als eine unabhängige Seelenkraft, die ſich nach eignen Geſetzen regiert, ihre Anſprüche geltend.

In einem ſchon vor einer Anzahl Jahre abgefaßten Verſuch über Romeo und Julia*) habe ich die ſämmtlichen Auftritte nach der Reihe durchgegangen, und die innere Nothwendigkeit eines jeden in Bezug auf das Ganze geprüft; ich habe gezeigt, warum gerade ein ſolcher Kreis von Charaktern und Verhältniſſen um die beiden Liebenden her geſtellt ſei; ich habe die Bedeutung des eingeſtreuten Scherzes erklärt, und den Gebrauch der hie und da erhöhten poetiſchen Farben gerechtfertigt. Aus allem dieſem ſchien mir unwiderleglich hervorzugehen, daß man bis auf einige unverſtändlich gewordne oder dem heutigen Geſchmack fremde Spiele des Witzes (Nachahmungen des damaligen Geſellſchaftstones) nichts hinwegnehmen, nichts hinzufügen, nichts anders ordnen könne, ohne das vollendete Werk zu verſtümmeln und zu entſtellen. Ich wäre bereit, an allen Stücken Shakſpeare's aus ſeiner reiferen Zeit daſſelbe zu unternehmen, allein dieß würde ein eignes Buch erfodern. Hier kann ich nur weniges andeuten, ſeine großen Entwürfe nur mit flüchtigen Zügen nachzeichnen, doch muß ich zuvor noch von ſeinen hervorſtechendſten Eigenſchaften im allgemeinen reden.

Shakſpeare's Menſchenkenntniß iſt zum Sprüchworte geworden; ſeine Ueberlegenheit hierin iſt ſo groß, daß man ihn mit Recht den Herzenskündiger genannt hat. Die Fertigkeit, auch die feinſten unwillkürlichen Aeußerungen des Gemüths zu bemerken, und die durch Erfahrung und Nachdenken herausgebrachte Bedeutung dieſer Zeichen mit Sicherheit anzugeben, macht den Menſchen-Beobachter; der Scharfſinn, hieraus noch weiter zu ſchließen, und einzelne Angaben nach Gründen der Wahrſcheinlichkeit zu einem bündigen Zuſammenhange zu ordnen, den Menſchenkenner. Die auszeichnende Eigenſchaft des im Charakteriſtiſchen großen dramatiſchen Dichters iſt etwas hiervon noch ganz verſchiednes, das aber, wie man es nehmen will, entweder jene Fertigkeit und jenen Scharfſinn in ſich faßt, oder beider überhebt. Es iſt die Fähigkeit, ſich ſo vollkommen in alle Arten zu ſein, auch die fremdeſten, zu verſetzen, daß ihr Beſitzer dadurch in den Stand geſetzt wird, als Bevollmächtigter der geſammten Menſchheit, ohne beſondre Inſtructionen für den einzelnen Fall, im Namen eines jeden zu handeln und zu reden. Es iſt die Gewalt, die Geſchöpfe ſeiner Einbildungskraft mit ſo ſelbſtändigem Nachdruck auszuſtatten, daß ſie ſich nachher nach allgemeinen Naturgeſetzen in jedem Verhältniß entwickeln, und daß der Dichter an ſeinen Träumen gleichſam Erfahrungen anſtellt, die eben ſo gültig ſind, als die an wirklichen Gegenſtänden gemachten. Das Unbegreifliche und Unerlernbare dabei bleibt, daß die Perſonen ſcheinen müſſen, nichts um des Zuſchauers willen zu ſagen oder zu thun, und daß der Dichter dennoch durch die Darſtellung ſelbſt, ohne hinzugefügte Erklärung, die Gabe mittheilt, ſie bis ins Innerſte zu durchſchauen. Deswegen hat Goethe ſinnreich Shakſpeare's Menſchen mit Uhren verglichen, die ein kryſtallenes Zifferblatt und Gehäuſe haben, und indem ſie wie andre Uhren richtig die Stunden weiſen, zugleich das innere Getriebe wahrnehmen laſſen, wodurch dieß bewerkſtelligt wird.

Nichts iſt dem Shakſpeare jedoch fremder, als eine gewiſſe zergliedernde Darſtellung, welche uns mühſam alle Beweggründe zuzählt, wodurch ein Menſch ſo oder anders beſtimmt wird. Dieſes Motiviren, die Sucht mancher neueren Geſchichtſchreiber, immer weiter fortgeſetzt, würde zuletzt alle Individualität aufheben, und den Charakter, der ſich oft ſchon in der früheſten Kindheit entſchieden kund giebt, aus lauter fremden Einflüſſen zuſammenſetzen. Am Ende handelt ein Menſch doch ſo, weil er ſo iſt. Und wie jeder iſt, das offenbart uns Shakſpeare auf das unmittelbarſte: er fodert und erhält unſern Glauben auch für das Abweichende und Seltſame. Niemals hat es vielleicht ein ſo umfaſſendes Talent für Charakteriſtik gegeben als das ſeinige. Es erſtreckt ſich nicht nur über die verſchiednen Stände, Geſchlechter und Alter bis zur unmündigen Kindheit hinab, nicht nur handeln bei ihm der König und der Bettler, der Held und der Gauner, der Weiſe und der Narr mit gleicher Wahrheit; nicht nur verſetzt er ſich in entfernte Zeitalter und zu fremden Nationen, ſchildert uns bei ſcheinbaren Verletzungen des Coſtüms ſehr treffend den Geiſt der alten Römer, der Franzoſen in ſeiner Darſtellung ihrer Kriege mit den Engländern, der Engländer ſelbſt in einem großen Theil ihrer Geſchichte, der ſüdlichen Europäer, (in dem ernſthaften Theil vieler Luſtſpiele) die damalige gebildete Geſellſchaft und die Rauheit und Barbarei einer nordiſchen Vorzeit; ſeine menſchlichen Charakter haben nicht nur eine ſolche Tiefe und Beſtimmtheit, daß ſie nicht unter Claſſennamen zu faſſen, ja überhaupt nicht durch Begriffe zu erſchöpfen ſind, nein, dieſer Prometheus bildet nicht blos Menſchen, er öffnet die Pforten der magiſchen Geiſterwelt, läßt Geſpenſter heraufſteigen, Hexen ihren wüſten Unfug treiben, bevölkert die Luft mit ſcherzenden Elfen oder Sylphen, und dieſe nur in der Einbildung lebenden Weſen haben eine ſolche Wahrheit, daß, wären ſie auch mißgeborne Ungeheuer wie Caliban, er uns dennoch die beſtimmende Ueberzeugung abnöthigt: gäbe es dergleichen, ſo würden ſie ſich ſo benehmen. Mit einem Worte, ſo wie er die fruchtbarſte, kühnſte Phantaſie in das Reich der Natur hineinträgt, ſo trägt er auf der andern Seite die Natur in die jenſeits des Wirklichen liegenden Regionen der Phantaſie hinüber. Wir erſtaunen über die vertrauliche Nähe des Außerordentlichen, Wunderbaren, ja Unerhörten.

Pope und Johnſon ſcheinen ſich ſeltſam zu widerſprechen, wenn der erſte ſagt: alle Perſonen Shakſpeare's ſeien Individuen, der zweite: ſie ſeien Gattungen. Indeſſen laſſen ſie ſich vielleicht mit einander ausgleichen. Unſtreitig iſt Pope's Ausdruck richtiger. Eine Charakteriſtik, die blos Perſonification kahler Allgemeinbegriffe wäre, könnte weder ſonderlich tief, noch ſonderlich mannichfaltig ſein. Die Namen der Gattungen und Arten ſind ja bekanntlich nur Hülfsmittel für den Verſtand, um die unendliche Mannichfaltigkeit der Natur in einer gewiſſen Ordnung aufzufaſſen. Shakſpeare's ausführlich gezeichnete Perſonen haben unſtreitig viele ganz individuelle Beſtimmungen, aber zugleich eine nicht blos für ſie gültige Bedeutung: ſie geben meiſtens eine ergründende Theorie ihrer hervorſtechenden Eigenſchaft an die Hand. Allein, auch ſo berichtigt, leidet dieſer Ausſpruch ſeine Einſchränkungen. Charakteriſtik iſt nur ein Beſtandtheil der dramatiſchen Kunſt, und nicht die dramatiſche Poeſie ſelbſt. Es wäre höchſt fehlerhaft, wenn der Dichter uns da auf überflüſſige Charakterzüge aufmerkſam machte, wo er ganz andre Eindrücke bezwecken ſoll. Sobald das Muſikaliſche oder das Imaginative die Oberhand gewinnt, ſo tritt das Charakteriſtiſche nothwendig zurück. Viele Figuren Shakſpeare's tragen daher nur äußerliche Bezeichnungen an ſich, beſtimmt durch die Stelle, die ſie im Ganzen einnehmen: ſie repräſentiren, wie Nebenperſonen in einem öffentlichen Aufzug, auf deren Phyſiognomie man eben auch wenig zu achten pflegt; ihre feierliche Tracht und Verrichtung macht ſie allein bedeutend. Shakſpeare's Boten z. B. ſind meiſtens nur Boten, aber nicht gemeine, ſondern dichteriſche Boten: die Botſchaft, welche ſie zu bringen haben, iſt die Seele, die ihnen ihre Worte eingiebt. Auch andre Stimmen erheben ſich blos als melodiſche Klage oder Jubel, oder betrachtender Nachruf über das Vorgefallene; und in einem ernſten Drama ohne Chor wird dieß immer mehr oder weniger der Fall ſein müſſen, wenn es nicht proſaiſch werden ſoll.

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*) Im erſten Bande der von mir und meinem Bruder herausgegebenen Charakteriſtiken und Kritiken.

Eben ſo wunderwürdig wie in den Charaktern iſt Shakſpeare in der Darſtellung der Leidenſchaft, dieß Wort im weiteſten Umfange genommen, für jeden Seelenzuſtand, jede Stimmung, von der Gleichgültigkeit oder dem vertraulichen Scherz, bis zur wildeſten Wuth und Verzweiflung. Er giebt uns die Geſchichte der Gemüther, er läßt uns in einem einzigen Wort eine ganze Reihe vorhergegangener Zuſtände entdecken. Seine Leidenſchaften ſtehen nicht vom Anfange an gleich auf derſelben Höhe, wie bei ſo vielen Trauerſpieldichtern, die nach Leſſings Ausdruck ſich vortrefflich auf den Kanzleiſtyl derſelben verſtehen. Meiſterlich ſchildert er die allmähliche Steigerung vom erſten Entſtehen an; „giebt," wie Leſſing ſagt, „ein lebendiges Gemälde aller der kleinſten geheimſten Ränke, durch die ſich ein Gefühl in unſre Seelen einſchleicht, aller der unmerklichen Vortheile, die es darin gewinnt, aller der Kunſtgriffe, mit denen es jede andre Leidenſchaft unter ſich bringt, bis es der einzige Tyrann unſerer Begierden und Verabſcheuungen wird." Unter allen Dichtern hat vielleicht nur er eigentliche Seelenkrankheiten, Schwermuth, Wahnſinn, Nachtwandeln, mit ſo unwiderſprechlicher und allſeitig beſtimmter Wahrheit geſchildert, daß der Arzt daran wie an einem wirklichen Falle ſeine Beobachtung bereichern kann.

Chriſtiane Karoline Schlegel,

die Tochter des geheimen Secretär Lucius zu Dresden, ward daſelbſt am 7. December 1739 geboren, verheirathete ſich mit dem Prediger Schlegel zu Burgwerben bei Weißenfels und lebte nach dem Tode ihres Gatten zuerſt in Weißenfels, dann in ihrer Vaterſtadt, wo ſie am 21. Auguſt 1833 ſtarb.

Von ihr erſchien im Druck:

Dumal und Charmille. Ein bürgerliches Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1778.
Briefwechſel Gellerts mit Demoiſelle Lucius. Herausgegeben von F. A. Ebert. Leipzig 1823.

Ihr freundſchaftliches Verhältniß zu Gellert und der mit ihm geführte Briefwechſel, in welchem ſie ſich eben ſo liebenswürdig wie geiſtreich zeigt, haben ihren Namen mit Recht der Vergeſſenheit entriſſen.

Friedrich von Schlegel,

der nicht minder begabte jüngere Bruder A. W. v. Schlegel's, ward am 10. März 1772 in Hannover geboren. Sein Vater beſtimmte ihn für den Handelsſtand und that ihn zu einem Kaufmann in Leipzig in die Lehre, aber der talentvolle Knabe ruhte nicht eher, als bis er in das väterliche Haus zurückkehren und ſich den Wiſſenſchaften widmen durfte. Er ſtudirte nun in Göttingen und Leipzig Philologie, lebte darauf eine Zeitlang in Berlin und Dresden, ließ ſich dann von 1800 bis 1802 als Privatdocent in Jena nieder und wirkte hier eifrig im Vereine mit ſeinem Bruder und andern Gleichgeſinnten für die Verbreitung ihrer Anſichten. Im Jahre 1803 trat er mit ſeiner Gattin, Dorothea, einer Tochter Mendelsſohns, in Köln zur katholiſchen Religion über, verweilte darauf mehrere Jahre in Paris und wurde dann 1808 zu Wien als Hofſecretär bei der Staatskanzlei, wo er durch ſeine Proklamationen gegen Napoleon mächtig wirkte, 1815 aber als k. k. Legationsrath am Bundestage und ſpäter auch als Mitglied der k. k. Akademie der bildenden Künſte angeſtellt. Seit 1819 lebte er fern von allen Staatsgeſchäften. Er ſtarb während kurzer Anweſenheit zu Dresden am 11. Januar 1829.

Von ihm erſchien:

Die Griechen und Römer. Hamburg 1797.
Geſchichte der Poeſie der Griechen und Römer. Berlin 1798. Th. 1.
Lucinde. 1r Thl. Berlin 1799.
Alarkos. Trauerſpiel. Berlin 1802.
Geſchichte der Jungfrau von Orleans. Berlin 1802.
Geſchichte der Margaretha von Valois. Leipzig 1803.
Europa. Zeitſchrift. Frankfurt 1803—5. 2 Thle.
Lother und Maller. Frankfurt 1805.
Poetiſches Taſchenbuch für 1806. Berlin in 12.
Ueber die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier. Berlin 1808.
Gedichte. Berlin 1809.
Vorleſungen über die neuere Geſchichte. Wien 1811.
Deutſches Muſeum. Wien 1812—13. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der alten und neuen Literatur. Wien 1815. 2 Thle.
Concordia. Zeitſchrift. Heft 1—6. Wien 1820—21.
Philoſophie der Geſchichte. Wien 1828.
Philoſophie des Lebens. Wien 1828.
Philoſophiſche Vorleſungen. Wien 1829.
Sämmtliche Werke. Wien 1822 flgde. 12 Bde in 8.

Gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinem Bruder gab er das Athenäum und die Charakteriſtiken und Kritiken heraus. (S. A. W. v. S.)

Die von ihm herausgegebenen Schriften: Florentin. 1r Thl. Leipzig 1801. — Sammlung romantiſcher Dichtungen. Leipzig 1804. 2 Thle. — Corinna, aus dem Franz. der Frau v. Staël. Berlin 1807—8. 4 Thle. rühren von ſeiner Frau Dorothea, gebornen Mendelsſohn, geſchiedenen Veit her, welche 1840 ſtarb.

F. S. übertraf ſeinen Bruder an originaler Productivität, kam ihm gleich an Tiefe und Reichthum der Kenntniſſe und Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form und ſtand ihm nach an Geſchmack und Klarheit. Obwohl anfangs ganz der Antike zugeneigt, wandte er ſich doch bald mit großem Eifer der Romantik zu, und wirkte hier beſonders auf dem Felde der Kritik, wo er auf das Unbarmherzigſte mit ſeinen Gegnern verfuhr. Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen, namentlich Lucinde und Alarkos waren eigenthümliche Verirrungen eines großen Talentes; in ſeinen früheren lyriſchen Dichtungen findet ſich dagegen viel Schönes. — Wie ſein Bruder Auguſt öffnete er der Poeſie wie der Wiſſenſchaft in Deutſchland neue bisher ungekannte Reiche; er war der Erſte, welcher vorzüglich auf die großen geiſtigen Schätze Indiens aufmerkſam machte und die darauf bezüglichen Studien bei uns einführte. — Später, nach ſeinem Uebertritte, bekämpfte er auf das Entſchiedenſte die franzöſiſche Demokratie und Frivolität, wurde aber dann als philoſophiſcher Geſchichtsforſcher ein Gegner der religiöſen und politiſchen Freiheit und Aufklärung und verlor ſich endlich gänzlich in unklare Speculation und politiſch-religiöſe Träumereien. — Er war wiederum ein Beweis, wie leicht auch das glänzendſte Talent vom Charakter zu Grunde gerichtet werden kann.

Gedichte von F. v. Schlegel.

Bei der Wartburg.

1802.

Auf Berges Höhen,
Da wohnten die Alten,
Die Alten, die Ritter des herrlichen Landes!
In Eiſen gewaffnet,
Aus ſteinernen Burgen,
So ſchau'ten ſie muthig zu Thale hernieder,
Wo rund die Wälder allgrüne,
In Sonne und Nebel gekleidet,
Aus tauſend Röhren Erfriſchung duften,
In ew'gem Sturme dumpfe Lieder rauſchen,
Herüber,
Wie aus hohen Nordens dunkelm Geheimniß.

Voll von Gedanken und ſelig
Wachet der Mann
Im glühenden Sommer am Gitter,
Den Helm von den Augen ſich drückend,
Schauet verfolgend,
Die ſchwindenden Züge
Flüchtiger Wolken,
Rieſengebilde und Räthſel;
Dazwiſchen den fröhlichen Schwarm des Geflügels.
Und lächelt in Freuden,
Wie breit und langſam
Der Strom ſich windet,
Bald ſchwarz, bald ſilbern,
Durch grünende Auen,
Die luſtigen Dörfer zur Seite,
Und zierliche Städte,
Mit ſchlanken Thürmen und Glockenſpiele;
Langſam dann im Thal gezogen,
Auf allen Straßen und Wegen
Orientes Reichthum in vollem Triumphe,
Wagen und Männer,
Elephanten und Mohren,
Blühende Stein' und farbige Früchte,
Indiens goldenſter Segen.

Wenn der Frühling grünet,
So ſchweift er im Walde;
Bald im Schwarm der Gefährten,
Bald vertieft er ſich einſam,
Wo kein Tritt mehr ertönt,
Wo das Reh nicht mehr flieh't,
Das bedeutend ihn anſchau't
Aus ſittſam verſtändigen Augen.
Wohl bemerkt er das Zeichen,
Denn himmliſch nah't ihm
Aus Waldesgrüne
Die hohe Frau ſeines Herzens
Die ſchweigend redet;
Statt nichtiger Worte,
Beide Blumen ihm reichend
Zum Bunde der Treue.
Und beide vom Dufte bezaubert,
Im Schatten der Linde verſunken,
Schauen in ſelige Augen,
Ruhen dem Frühling im Schooße. —
Freudig umarmt den Helden die Jugend,
Und inmitten der Freuden
Gürtet ſie ihn mit gewaltigem Schwerte,
Alle Laſten zu tilgen
Muthig nimmt er die Waffen,
Froh der Freuden kehrt er am Abend
Zu ſeinem Felſen wieder,
Wo die Freunde zuſammen
Deutſcher Freuden ſich freuen.
Wenn aber die braune Erde erſtarret iſt,
Die Flüſſe leuchten wie Eiſen,
In weißem Laube die Wälder ſchimmern;
Dann horchen bei fröhlichem Feuer
Sie alten Geſchichten,
Wie Zwerge künſtlich in Höhlen leben;
Drunten im Berge
Dort unten die dunkelſte Tiefe
Von Lichtern durchſchimmern,
Voll Schätze und Mährchen.

So lebten die Ritter, die Alten,
Die Männer des herrlichen Landes!
Und ſchieden ſie endlich,
So nahm ſie Michael freundlich
In ſtarkem Arme,
Von leuchtendem Eiſen umkleidet,
Und trug ſie gen Himmel,
Zu Chriſtus und Karl dem Großen,
Voll Andacht kniete der Ritter
Und neigte das Haupt
Ganz brünſtig zu ſchauen
Den himmliſchen Purpur der Liebe,
Das Blut der ewigen Hoffnung,
Bis ſegnend die Hand des Heilands ihn rührte.
Kräftig ermann't er ſich dann,
Und tritt voll Ehre zu dem alten Karl,
Daß der Greis ihm die Hände ſchüttelt,
Und Roland und Reinald gebietet,
Ihm volle Becher des Troſtes zu reichen.

An Heliodora.

Aus tiefem Herzen wollte Liebe dringen,
Im Grün der Jugend flammte hoch der Muth
Durch lichte Kraft die Sterne zu erringen.
Doch brannte bald der Geiſt in eigner Gluth,
Verachtend wandt' er ſich von allen Dingen,
Zum Raub gegeben ſeiner Sehnſucht Wuth.
Da klang der dunklen Jugend Felſenwort:
Befrei' dich Freier ſelbſt, durch heil'gen Mord.

Kraft dieſes Strahls ward ich mir neu gegeben,
Des Todes Liebe heilt des Lebens Wunde,
Aus der Vernichtung blüht das höchſte Leben.
Die große Bildung wuchs auf ſicherm Grunde;
Was herrlich war und ſein wird, ſah' im Streben
Kunſtlieb' und Heldenſtolz im feſten Bunde.
Der Wiſſenſchaften Geiſt in Einem Bilde
Erſchien dem Zauberrufe ſchön und milde.

Da wird ein Feuer aus den alten Funken.
Die Brüder, die mich ſchonend oft ertragen
Wenn in der Freundſchaft Arbeit ich verſunken
So grenzenlos begehrt' ohn' es zu ſagen,
Sie ſind mit mir von gleicher Liebe trunken,
Wir alle hoffen, es ſoll göttlich tagen.
Zum Scherz belebt den Kreis der Frauen Güte,
Auch mich erfreut des Witzes zarte Blüthe.

Du warſt mir Morgenſonne, Heliodora!
Aus deinem Lichte ſog ich neue Gluth;
Du biſt mir Lebensquelle, Heliodora!
Durch deren Kraft der alte Schmerz nun ruht;
Blüh' auf du Wunderblume Heliodora!
Zur ew'gen Poeſie hauch' ew'gen Muth.
Ich will nicht länger mit dem Schickſal rechten,
Zu ſchönem Kranz nur ſchöne Zweige flechten.

Doch wollen mit Vernunft wir vorwärts ſchreiten;
Verſtand erkenne, was die Luſt begonnen.
Durch Klugheit ſeh' ich ſelbſt die beſten gleiten,
Verworrne Liſt iſt gar zu bald zerronnen;
Sie irren von ſich ſelbſt in ferne Weiten
Und haben nichts als ihre Müh' gewonnen.
Zeigt Weisheit ſich in thörichtem Gewande,
So kommt der Dumme leichtlich von Verſtande.

Die ſchwangre Zukunft rauſcht mit mächt'gem Flügel,
Ich öffne meiner Lebensbahn die Schranken;
Schau' in des klaren Geiſtes tiefſten Spiegel! —
Da kämpf' ich, Werke bildend ſonder Wanken.
Entreiße jeder Wiſſenſchaft das Siegel,
Verkünd'ge Freunden heilige Gedanken,
Und ſtifte allen Künſten einen Tempel
Ich ſelbſt von ihrem Bund ein neu Exempel.

Will das Geſchick mich aber früh zerſchlagen,
So ſinken wir in Einer Todesfluth;
Der bunten Erde kann ich leicht entſagen,
Denn für die Kunſt nur lodert meine Gluth.
Laß uns noch ihr auch auf der Sonne fragen!
Der Stahl vermähle hier noch unſer Blut.
Dem Geiſt genügt zu hinterlaßnem Ruhme
Der Liebe Kranz im ird'ſchen Heiligthume.

Spruch.

Wer gewähret nur Edlen Gunſt?
Die hohe Kunſt.
Wo verliert man nie die Spur?
In der Natur.
Wie gewinnſt du ſichres Gut?
Durch eignen Muth.

Opfre alſo heil'ge Gluth,
Hoch hinan zum ewig Schönen,
Flamme kühn, und laß ſie tönen,
Eins in Kunſt, Natur und Muth.

Farbenſinnbild.

Laß edlen Muth den weißen Altar gründen,
Hoch Phantaſie in Purpurflammen wehen,
Und Liebe wirſt du bald im Centrum ſehen,
Wo grün die Feuerſäulen ſich entzünden;

Durch braune Locken wird ſich Myrthe winden,
Der Freund mit goldnen Früchten vor dir ſtehen,
Die Kinder dann in Blumen zu dir gehen,
Mit Roſ' und Lorbeer dich die Schweſter binden.

Es war der alten Maler gute Sitte,
Des Bildes Sinn mit einem Strich zu ſagen,
Der den Akkord der Farben deutend ſchriebe;

So mag auch dieſes Lied es kühnlich wagen,
Zu deuten auf der Dichtung innre Mitte,
In Farben ſpielend um die ſüße Liebe.

Sonett.

Wen hat dein Lächeln reizend wohl getroffen,
Der nicht zu kühn zu hoffen ſich erkühne?
Schenkſt du ihm gleich, ſo ſieht er bald zur Sühne
Im ſüßen Augenſpiel die Himmel offen?

Wer wollte da nicht froh und froher hoffen,
Wenn froh die Hoffnung ſchwebt auf heitrer Bühne,
So hold umkränzt von leichter Myrthen Grüne,
Daß ihn, nur ihn der ſüße Blitz getroffen?

Wo noch nicht ganz der Unſchuld Reich zerronnen,
Darf leichter Reiz wohl leicht das Auge reizen,
Das ſchöner Hoffnung friſches Grün erquicket;

Wer endlich dann die ſchöne Braut gewonnen,
Läßt andre gern mit leichten Blicken reizen,
Beglückt, wenn er der Unſchuld Blum' erblicket.

Deutſcher Sinn.

Froh mit Freunden raſch gelebt,
Herz zu Herzen hingeſtrebt,
Von des Frühlings Luſt getränkt,
Geiſtes Aug' in Geiſt verſenkt,
Iſt des Deutſchen Sitt' und Art,
Die noch nie gewandelt ward.
Was in Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft
Fremder Himmel Hohes ſchafft,
Ward von ihm alsbald erkannt,
Wuchs ſo mächt'ger ſeiner Hand.
Eines ihm Verderben bringt,
Wenn ihn fremde Sitte zwingt;
Eins empöret ſein Gefühl,
Fremder Moden loſes Spiel,
Ewig bleiben die uns fern,
Ehr' und Freiheit unſer Stern.

Eulenſpiegels guter Rath.

Ihr lieben Leute jetz'ger Art,
Ihr ſeid auf rechter Spur und Fahrt,
Und falls ihr's fürder noch ſo treibt,
Sicher der Segen aus nicht bleibt.
So laßt uns denn in ein'gen Lehren
Unſre eigne Weisheit noch vermehren,
Auf daß im Spruch ihr deutlich ſeh't,
Wie ſchön es euch von Statten geh't,
Zu leben, wie man leben ſoll.
Wer anders denkt, iſt ſicher toll,
Oder glaubt ſelbſt nicht, was er ſpricht,
Will ſich abſondern, der Böſewicht.
Ich fange gleich mit dem Anfang an,
So iſt's am beſten auf der Lebensbahn.
Den Kindlein alſo ſoll vor allen
Man thun ihres Herzens Wohlgefallen,
Frühzeitig auch in Geſellſchaft treiben,
Daß ſich die Sitten an einander reiben;
So werden ſie ſchön zu den Alten treten,
Sie fein belehren mit klugen Reden.
Iſt ſo ein Knabe dann vollendet,
Werd' er zur hohen Schule geſendet.
Da lernt er ſpielen, fechten, ſaufen,
Daneben ſich in Weisheit taufen,
Kauft ſich eine Portion Abſolutes,
Und hat er's, kann er dreiſten Muthes
Jedwedem lachen in's Angeſicht,
Dem's an der Redensart noch gebricht;
Die Waare iſt nicht theuer eben,
Für 'nen Gulden wird ſie jeder geben.
Dieß ſind die Haupterziehungsregeln;
Ein guter Wind macht fröhlich ſegeln.
Nicht alle können von Renten leben,
Drum muß es Ständ' im Staate geben.
Unter all' den Ständen dieſer Welt
Keiner mir wie der Kaufmann gefällt;
Der ſitzt ruhig an ſeinem Tiſch,
Läßt die andern angeln und eſſen friſch.
Wer beſtehen mag, der kann auch faſſen;
Dem Klugen fließt es ſo in Kaſſen.
Zwar machen Viele bankerott,
Doch leiden ſie darum nicht Noth,
Leben oftmals nur deſto beſſer;
Und wucherſt du glücklich, wer iſt größer?
Der Kaufmann lebt, wie ein kleiner König,
Dünkt ſich in ſeinem Hauſe nicht wenig;
Da kann er nach Luſt die Künſte beſchützen,
Merkwürd'gen Fremden vielmals nützen.
Vielerlei Volk zuſammen er bittet,
Seine eigne Frau in der Mitte ſitzet,
Wird ihr manch Kompliment gemacht,
Daß ſie's in allem ſo weit gebracht.
Denn das iſt nun vor allem nothwendig,
Sie ſei es oder ſei nicht verſtändig,
Daß ſie von allem zu ſprechen weiß,
Wird ihr dabei weder kalt noch heiß.
Die feinſte Geſellſchaft dieſer Art
Iſt, wo viel Weiber jung und zart
Uns ihre Reize eben zeigen,
Ohne darum von der Tugend zu weichen,
Holdſelig jeden Fremden anlachen,
Das ſollt einem wohl Gedanken machen,
Blos weil's die Mode ſo mit ſich führt,
Daß man halbnackend im Winde ſpaziert.
Wenn ſie ſich lang genug beſehn,
Nüchtern alle nach Hauſe gehn.
So nennt der Kaufmann alles fein,
Mag er Chriſt oder Jude ſein.
Schlimmer ſchon iſt der Soldat geſchoren,
Ihn tröſten jedoch die vergold'ten Sporen,
Viele Schulden und ein wenig Muth,
Vor allem aber der große Hut.
Stets ſoll der Rechtsgelehrte ſchreiben,
Und ſchreibend ſo das Recht umtreiben;
Je höher wächſt der Schriften Menge,
So mehr der Bürger kommt in die Enge.
Der Arzt hängt ſich an's neu'ſte Syſtem,
Iſt er berühmt, ſo wird er bequem.
Gelahrtheit iſt 'ne ſchlimme Profeſſion,
Wer grob nicht iſt, der bleibe davon.
Lügen und Stehlen ſind hier am Ort;
So geht man mit der Wiſſenſchaft fort.
Schimpft nur auf die, ſo ihr beſtehlt,
Noch manchen giebt's, der ſich redlich quält.
Der Geiſtliche wird gering geachtet,
Oftmals ſein Gut ſogar verpachtet,
Er ſelbſt von Haus und Hof gejagt;
So ſiegt der Ueberzeugenden Macht.
Wer Gottes Wort von Herzen achtet,

Wird billig von der Welt verachtet.
Der Landmann ſoll in Städten leben,
Die Aecker mögen verderben eben.
Der Bürger wohn' in blüh'ndem Garten.
Der Kaufmann mag ein and'rer werden.
So leben die Fürſten in Freuden und Ehren,
Denn lange kann es ſo nicht währen.
Kein Fürſt ſei je des andern Freund,
Viel lieber halt' er's mit dem Feind.
Der manchem ſchon ließ Leut' und Land,
Der ſich ergab in ſeine Hand;
Zuvor gemindert doch das Gut,
Daß ſie nun leben mit leichterem Blut.
Wenn ihr die Lehren treu bewahrt,
Gewißlich ihr zum Teufel fahrt.
Doch dieſes, hoff' ich, glaubt ihr nicht,
Weil es der Eulenſpiegel ſpricht.

Der alte Pilger
oder
Home's neueſte Wanderungen.

„Nun kann ich und will ich nicht weiter geh'n,
„Sonſt iſt's um meine Füße geſcheh'n;
„Hier will ich ausdauern,
„Dies ſoll zu Nacht mir ein Obdach ſein,
„O ſeid nur ſo gut und brecht noch nicht ein!" —
Er meint' die alten Mauern.

Der Pilger war ein redlicher Mann,
Nun wandelt der Schlaf ihn oftmals an,
Drum kam er nie zur Stadt.
So ſaß er und aß ſein Abendbrod,
Es war die Stund' um's letzte Roth,
Nicht dunkel und nicht helle.

Da tönt der Glocken Geläut von fern,
Und ſchwach ſchimmert manch heller Stern,
Will nicht die Nacht beginnen.
Schläft oder träumt er mit wachem Geſicht,
Der Pilger weiß es ſelber nicht,
Und kann ſich nicht beſinnen.

Da kommen zwei Männer mit greiſem Bart,
Gekleidet nach der Doktoren Art,
Die zornig ſtreitend ſchnauben.
Der Starke dem ſchwächern am Barte zieht,
Ein Haar iſt er nach dem andern bemüht,
Ihm ſauber auszuraufen.

Kaum war er damit fertig doch,
So kam ein anderer, der ſtärker noch,
Und ward ſein wieder Meiſter.
Wie jener ſtritt, und wie er ſchrie,
Ein Haar gerade nach dem andern, ſieh'!
Ihm aus dem Barte reißt er.

Da kommt ein vierter und fünfter zum Ort,
Sie treiben's ſtärker immer fort,
Ein jeder ward bezwungen;
Bis endlich einer, ein Mönch ſtürmte.
Wie's an der Kutte zu ſehen war,
Dem iſt es gut gelungen.

Von Fürſten ſtand um ihn ein Heer,
Die reichen die goldnen Kronen ihm her,
Er bricht ſie all' zuſammen.
Als wären ſie Wachs, ſo knickt er und dreh't,
Der Mönch, der im Kreiſe der Herren ſteh't,
Beim Scheine röth'rer Flammen.

„Wie groß iſt doch dieſer Helden Macht,"
So hat der Pilger bei ſich gedacht;
„Die kräftigen Gelehrten!
„Die Herrlichen, wie ſie da ſtehn und gehn,
„Wie glücklich bin ich, dies Schauſpiel zu ſehn!
„Was wird's nun endlich werden?"

Das Schreien und Streiten wird mehr und mehr,
Die Mitren klirren und ſchlagen ſehr,
Wie ſie die Wuth bethört.
Es lärmt ein jeder, ſo viel er will,
Doch plötzlich wird es wieder ſtill,
Daß keinen hört man ſchreien.

Da zeigt ſich ſchimmernd fern ein Rauch,
Und hier und dorten Flammen auch,
Die immer näher kommen.

Ach Dörfer ſah's, daß Gott erbarm!
Und Weib und Kind, die nackt und arm
Voll Angſt durch's Feuer rennen.

Wie aber ſind die Menſchen denn toll?
Es iſt ihrer beider Maaß ja voll,
Das Elend ungeheuer;
Nun machen ſie ſich Muſik noch dazu.
Sie haben des Springens nicht Raſt noch Ruh,
Und tanzen um das Feuer.

Der Pilger war ein guter Mann,
Der Jammer greift an das Herz ihn an,
Er weint' manch heiße Thräne.
Da tritt ein Zwerglein zu ihm hin,
Der lacht ihn an mit hämiſchem Sinn,
Und grinſt in ſeine Zähne:

„Du weinſt verkehrt, o Menſchenmacht,
„Ich zeige dir wohl ein ander Licht
„In dunkler Geiſterkammer.
„Die Armen dort wiſſen nicht, wer ſie ſchlug;
„Man lockt ſie heimlich mit ſüßem Trug,
„Sie ſind nicht mit im Bunde.

„Bald iſt vorüber der erſte Schmerz,
„Dann magſt du gebieten jedem Zweck,
„Du wirſt es dankbar ſpüren."
So ſprach der Zwerg, that ganz bekannt
Und nahm vertraulich ihn bei der Hand,
Ihn in die Schlucht zu führen.

Hinunter geht es dem Felſengrund,
Da liegt der feurige Höllenſchlund,
Der ſchmückt voll Grimm zur Seite.
Nach Straßen und Gängen ohne Zahl,
Steh'n ſie im unterird'ſchen Saal,
Von unermeſſ'ner Weite.

Da ſitzen der ſchweigenden Männer viel,
Die treiben ernſthaft ein ſeltſam Spiel,
Der Pilger ſieht's mit Beben.
Und wie es drei Mal ängſtlich klopft,
Hätt' er wie gern die Ohren verſtopft,
Er meint, es gilt ſein Leben.

Die Männer winken, er ſoll ſich nah'n,
Er ſoll den Bruderkuß jetzt empfah'n,
Dort oben ſitzt der Meiſter.
Schon glaubt er, beginne der Weihe Feſt,
Da hält ihn ein Todtengerippe feſt,
Zur Hölle fahren die Geiſter.

Dem Pilger wird es kalt wie Eis,
Er wiſcht ſich von der Stirne den Schweiß,
Es ſchlottern ſeine Beine.
Er ſinkt zu Boden in bitterm Graus.
Und wieder war, als er zu ſich kam,
Er an dem vor'gen Orte.

„O weh mir, ſprach der Pilger zu ſich,
„Wie weit noch von dem Lande bin ich,
„Davon man doch geſchrieben;
„Wo Milch und Honig ſich ergießt,
„Der Wein von ſelbſt in die Fäſſer fließt,
„Wo alle herzlich lieben." —

Nun war es, als flöſſe rundum ein Meer,
Das wogte ſo hoch und wogte daher,
Und zog ihn mit im Kreiſe.
Da ſchwammen der Fiſchlein unzählig viel,
Die trieben ſich, reckten die Köpfe zum Spiel,
So wie es der Fiſchlein Weiſe.

Wie frei er ſich im Meer bewegt,
Die leichte Welle empor ihn trägt,
Er thut es mit Entzücken.
Da ſieht er, wie hinter dem Rücken breit,
Der große ſchwimmt und ſchlingt ſie hinein,
O was ſind das für Tücken!

Daß einer frißt den andern gleich,
Und das Verſchlingens kein Ende iſt,
Es dünkt ihn nicht geheuer.
Das Meer wird röther und endlich roth
Wie Blut, und ſchwimmt voll Leichen und Tod,
Ein ſchauderndes Ungeheuer.

Das Meer iſt gleich, der Fiſch iſt frei,
Doch keine Gedankenruhe dabei,
Es will ihm nicht behagen.

„Viel lieber dien' ich dem ſchlimmſten Herrn,"
So ſpricht er, „auf feſtem Lande gern,
„Und will als Knecht mich plagen!"

Hat irgend ein Geiſt den Wunſch erhört?
Er ruht in warmen Thal und hört
In Blättern Lüfte wehen,
Es gibt ihm Troſt der Ruhe Genuß,
Nur daß er die Kleider noch trocknen muß,
Dann will er weiter gehen.

Doch als er in die Höhe ſchaut,
Hätt' er den Augen kaum getraut,
Es athmet alles Freude.
Am Hügel ſieht er Citronen blüh'n,
Es ſchimmert durch das heitre Grün
Das alte Prachtgebäude.

Wie ſind die Marmorſtufen ſo breit,
Die Säulen groß, die Gänge weit,
Es wehen Sommerlüfte.
Wohl muthig ſteigt der wandernde Gaſt
Hinan, und es betäuben ihn faſt
Die vollen Blumendüfte.

Doch wie er ſich müht und wie er ſteigt,
So hat er nie den Tempel erreicht,
Es wachſen ſtets die Treppen.
Es zieht ihn nieder, wie Blei ſo ſchwer,
Er freut ſich nicht der Säulen mehr.
Was mag er noch ſich ſchleppen?

Iſt's etwa jenes ſteinerne Bild,
Zu dem er ſich wendet und mit ihm ſchilt:
„Was gehſt du mir zur Seite?" —
Das Bild hat wohl nicht Redens Brauch,
Doch ſteht er ſtill, ſo ſteht es auch,
Und geht er, geht's zur Seite.

Noch will er ſich des Mannes befrei'n,
Da wird er gedrückt von andern zwei'n,
Die auf der Schulter ſitzen:
Und als er die zu Boden geſchwenkt,
Sieht er vier kleine feſt gehängt
An ſeines Kleides Spitzen.

Wie ſich vermehrt der Bilder Zahl,
So höher ſteigt auch ſeine Qual,
So ärger er umſtricket.
Als würd' er ſelbſt zu Stein und Erz,
So fühlt er angſtbedrückt ſein Herz
Sich innen feſt gekettet.

„Was ſollen die ſteinerne Dinge, traun!
„Viel beſſer wär' es den Acker bau'n
„Und ſeiner ſelbſt genießen." —
Des Steigens iſt er endlich ſatt,
Er fühlt ſich recht von Herzen matt
Und kann ſich nicht entſchließen.

Jetzt aber erhebt ſich ein kühlender Wind,
Es weht ihm um die Stirne lind,
Der Pilger ſoll erwachen.
Ein Traum nur war geweſen, und Nichts
Die Gaukelei des Schattengeſichts,
Zum Spott und Grau'n und Lachen.

Die Morgenſonne begann den Lauf,
Da ſchlug er vollends die Augen auf,
Und fürchte ſich der Reiſe. —
„Wie dort der Stier am Pfluge zieh't;"
So ſprach er: „der Pflüger ſingt ſein Lied
„Nach ländlich froher Weiſe.

„Was ſollt' ich weiter wandern und geh'n,
„Ich kann es alles am Ort ja ſeh'n,
„Und nehme Theil am Ganzen.
„Ich habe es weit und breit geſucht,
„Ich habe es wachend und ſchlafend verſucht
„Nun iſt es Zeit zum Pflanzen.

„So wird man doch vernünftiger ſtets,
„Nicht immer mit der Jugend geht's,
„Das ſind nur ſchöne Worte.
„Wie hab' ich nicht geſorgt und geſtrebt,
„Wie manches nicht im Traum erlebt
„Und kam doch nicht vom Orte."

Es war um des Pilgers Muth geſchehn,
Sonſt hätt' er mögen nach Hauſe gehn,
Von wo er hergekommen.
Nun blieb er eben wo er war,
Und freut ſich all' der Weisheit fürwahr,
Die er im Traum vernommen.

Gelübde.

Es ſei mein Herz und Blut geweiht,
Dich Vaterland zu retten.
Wohlan, es gilt, du ſeiſt befreit;
Wir ſprengen deine Ketten!
Nicht fürder ſoll die arge That,
Des Fremdlings Uebermuth, Verrath
In deinem Schooß ſich betten.

Wer hält, wenn frei das Herz noch ſchlägt,
Nicht feſt an deinem Bilde?
Wie kraftvoll die Natur ſich regt,
Durch deine Waldgefilde.
So blüh't der Fleiß, dem Neid zur Qual,
In deinen Städten ſonder Zahl,
Und jeder Kunſt Gebilde.

Der deutſche Stamm iſt alt und ſtark,
Voll Hochgefühl und Glauben.
Die Treue iſt der Ehre Mark,
Wankt nicht, wenn Stürme ſchnauben.
Es ſchafft ein ernſter, tiefer Sinn
Dem Herzen ſolchen Hochgewinn,
Den uns kein Feind mag rauben.

So ſpotte jeder der Gefahr,
Die Freiheit ruft uns allen.
So will's das Recht und es bleibt wahr,
Wie auch die Looſe fallen.
Ja, ſinken wir der Uebermacht,
So woll'n wir doch zur ew'gen Nacht
Glorreich hinüber wallen.

Johann Adolph Schlegel

ward am 18. September 1721 in Meißen geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf der Schule Pforta und beſuchte dann von 1741 bis 1746 die Univerſität Leipzig, wo er Theologie ſtudirte. Hier lebte er mit ſeinem Bruder Johann Elias, mit Gellert, Rabener, Gärtner, Cramer, Mylius, Ebert, Giſeke, Klopſtock u. A. in genauer Verbindung und nahm thätigen Antheil an der Herausgabe der ſogenannten Bremiſchen Beiträge. Nach ſeinem Abgange von der Univerſität bekleidete er eine Zeitlang eine Hauslehrerſtelle, hielt ſich dann anderthalb Jahre bei ſeinem Freunde Cramer in Crellwitz auf, und unterſtützte ihn bei der Herausgabe der Wochenſchrift: der Jüngling. 1751 ward er Lehrer und Diakonus an der Schulpforta und 1754 Paſtor Primarius an der Dreifaltigkeitskirche und Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Zerbſt. Hier wirkte er bis 1759, wo er als Prediger nach Hannover berufen wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 16. September 1793 als Dr. Theol., Conſiſtorialrath, Generalſuperintendent des Fürſtenthums Kalenberg und erſter Prediger an der Neuſtädter Kirche.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Geiſtliche Geſänge. Leipzig 1766 — 1772. 3 Sammlungen.
Fabeln und Erzählungen. Leipzig 1769.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Hannover 1787—1789. 2 Thle.
Predigten. Leipzig 1754 — 1764. 3 Thle.
Paſſionspredigten. Leipzig 1769 — 1773. 3 Thle.
Neue Predigtſammlung. Leipzig 1778 — 1786. 4 Thle.

Batteux, Einſchränkung der ſchönen Künſte auf einen einzigen Grundſatz. Ueberſ. von S. 3. Aufl. Leipzig 1770.

Leichtigkeit der Behandlung, Correctheit und Reinheit der Sprache und äußere poetiſche Darſtellung ſind ſeinen Gedichten eigen, welche ſämmtlich eine geſunde edle Moral athmen, ſich weiter aber durch Nichts auszeichnen. In ſeiner Predigtweiſe ſchritt er auf der von Mosheim eingeſchlagenen Bahn fort, und lieferte für jene Zeit Vorzügliches.

Johann Elias Schlegel,

des Vorigen älterer Bruder, ward am 28. Januar 1718 in Meißen geboren, erhielt ſeinen erſten Unterricht durch Privatlehrer und bezog dann die Schule Pforta, wo er ein Trauerſpiel, die Geſchwiſter in Taurien, ſchrieb, welches bereits, ehe er noch dieſe Anſtalt verließ, 1739 in Leipzig aufgeführt wurde und ihm dort viele Freunde erwarb. Von 1739 bis 1743 ſtudirte er in Leipzig die Rechte, ohne jedoch ſeine Neigung für die dramatiſche Poeſie zu vernachläſſigen, und ging dann mit dem Herrn von Spener, dem ſächſiſchen Geſandten am däniſchen Hofe, als deſſen Privatſecretair nach Kopenhagen. Hier nationaliſirte er ſich ſo raſch, daß er 1748 zum außerordentlichen Profeſſor an der Ritterakademie zu Soröe ernannt wurde; ſeine raſtloſe Thätigkeit untergrub aber ſeine Geſundheit; ein hitziges Fieber ergriff ihn und endete ſein Leben am 13. Auguſt 1749.

Von ihm erſchien:

- **Beiträge zum däniſchen Theater.** Kopenhagen, 1764.
- **Saint Foix's Luſtſpiele**, überſ. Leipzig 1750—63. 3 Bde. Der dritte Theil iſt nicht von ihm, ſondern von einem M. Wichmann.
- **Werke.** Herausgegeben von J. H. Schlegel. Kopenhagen und Leipzig, 1761 bis 1770. 5 Thle. (Sie enthalten ſeine Trauerſpiele: Oreſt und Pylades, — Dido, — die Trojanerinnen, — Canut, — Hermann, — Electra, — Lucretia; — ſeine Luſtſpiele, dramatiſche Skizzen und Fragmente, proſaiſche Aufſätze; Heinrich der Löwe, ein epiſches Gedicht, zwei Bücher; — allegoriſche Gedichte, Cantaten, Epiſteln, Oden; — J. E. Schlegel's Leben, — der Fremde, eine Wochenſchrift, u. ſ. w.

Ueber J. E. Schlegel's Leiſtungen urtheilt Manſo in ſeiner Ueberſicht der Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie (Nachträge zu Sulzer's allgemeiner Theorie der ſchönen Künſte Bd. 8, St. 1, S. 97) ſehr treffend mit folgenden Worten: Wenn irgend ein Dichter der damaligen Zeit ſich rühmen darf, die Aufnahme der deutſchen Bühne gefördert zu haben, ſo iſt es unſtreitig Johann Elias Schlegel. Bei allen Unvollkommenheiten, welche eine nicht überſchätzende Kritik auch ſeinen beſſern Stücken, dem Canut, den Trojanerinnen und dem Hermann zuerkennen muß, offenbart ſich dennoch überall der günſtige Einfluß, den die Griechen, mit denen er ſich frühzeitig befreundete, auf ihn hatten. Seine Plane ſind gerade nicht auf die Hervorbringung einer theatraliſchen Wirkung berechnet, aber einfach und in einandergreifend; ſeinen Charakteren und den Verhältniſſen, in die er ſie verſetzt, fehlt das Große und Leidenſchaftliche, welches die Erwartung ſpannt, und die Einbildung aufregt, aber die erſteren ſind gut gehalten und die anderen natürlich herbeigeführt; ſeine Sprache ermangelt noch des nöthigen Feuers und der tragiſchen Kraft, und erinnert zuweilen durch die abgemeſſenen Gegenſätze und die gehäuften Sittenſprüche an Euripides ſchlimme Manier, aber ſie iſt durchgängig wahr, ungezwungen und edel; ſein Vers fließt endlich nicht blos rein, ſondern leicht und zierlich dahin. Eben ſo wenig mißlang ihm das Luſtſpiel, ſelbſt da nicht, als er noch den Gebrauch der Reime, den er als Theoretiker vertheidigt hatte, praktiſch geltend und allgemein zu machen verſuchte. Seine **ſtumme Schönheit** erklärte Leſſing noch im Jahre 1767 für das beſte deutſche Luſtſpiel in Verſen, und dem **Triumphe der guten Frauen**, der in Proſa geſchrieben iſt, geſtand Mendelsſohn Leben, echten Witz und den Ton der feinen Welt zu.

Aus
Johann Elias Schlegel's
Hermann.

Sigmar. Hermann. Flavius.

Flavius.
Mein Vater, es wird ſpät.
Wie kömmt's, daß man noch nicht in Varus Lager geht?

Sigmar.
Biſt du ein Deutſcher?

Flavius.
Wie? mein Vater, kannſt du fragen?
Bin ich denn nicht dein Blut? — Was kann ich weiter ſagen?

Sigmar.
Die Antwort iſt dir leicht, ſprich, was dein Herze ſpricht.

Flavius.
Mein Vater, ich bin deutſch, doch haſſ' ich Rom auch nicht.

Sigmar.
Wer Rom nicht haſſen kann, kann nicht die Deutſchen lieben:
Was theilſt du dein Herz? Sei treu mit ganzen Trieben,
Sei römiſch oder deutſch. Jetzt wähle deinen Freund;
Rom, oder deinem Volk ſei günſtig oder feind!

Flavius.
So kann denn beider Wohl nicht mehr vereint beſtehen?
So wird man heute nicht in Varus Lager gehen?

Sigmar.
Mein Sohn, ich habe noch zu Cäſars Zeit gelebt,
Vor dem der Erdenkreis und ſelber Rom erbebt'.
Dies war ein andrer Held als dieſe trägen Seelen,
Die nur geboren ſind, durch Geiz die Welt zu quälen;
Auf fremde Siege ſtolz, in feiger Wolluſt ruh'n,
Und nichts aus Ehrbegier, aus Geldſucht alles thun.
Selbſt Cäſar konnte nur bei Andern Furcht erwecken.
Uns zu beſiegen ſtark, zu ſchwach, uns zu erſchrecken!
Und den Arioviſt hat nie ſein Drohn gebeugt,
Daß er vor Cäſars Macht mit Schmeicheln ſich geneigt.
Umſonſt hieß dieſer ihn nur näher zu ihm kommen;
Was jetzund Varus übt, hat Cäſar auch vernommen.
Nein! ſprach Arioviſt, wollt' ich den Cäſar ſehn,
So wär ich nicht zu ſtolz, und wollte zu ihm gehn.
Dies kann auch Cäſar thun, wenn Cäſar mich begehret.

Flavius.
Doch iſt der leichte Dienſt dem Varus bald gewähret.

Sigmar.
Ein leichter Dienſt wird ſchwer, wenn er die Ehre kränkt.

Flavius.
Wer weiß, ob Varus uns in Schimpf zu bringen denkt?

Sigmar.
Soll ſich ein freier Fürſt nicht des Gehorſams ſchämen?
Und ſoll ich ein Geſetz von fremden Richtern nehmen?

Flavius.
Wir bleiben dennoch frei, ſpricht Rom und giebt das Recht.

Sigmar.
Wem Rom Geſetze giebt, der iſt der Römer Knecht.

Flavius.
Rom lehrt uns Kunſt und Witz, und zähmt die wilden Sitten.

Sigmar.
Rom jagt die Unſchuld weg aus den beglückten Hütten.

Flavius.
Ich habe Rom geſeh'n, und trau' ihm Gutes zu.

Sigmar.
Ich hab' es nicht geſeh'n, und kenn' es mehr, als du.

Flavius.
Verwirfſt du Kunſt und Witz, die doch den Völkern nützen?

Sigmar.
Verflucht ſei Kunſt und Witz, wo ſie die Laſter ſtützen!
Mein Sohn, der Himmel ſchenkt dem Menſchen Witz und Kunſt,
Als Mittel unſers Wohls und Zeichen ſeiner Gunſt,
Doch der bethörte Sinn hat ihren Zweck verkehret;
Was ſeinem Glücke dient, hat ſeine Noth vermehret.
Kaum hat der Künſte Glanz die Rauhigkeit verdrängt:
So wird das Herz erweicht, das am Vergnügen hängt,
Zur Wolluſt ſinnreich wird, auf Pracht und Schätze dichtet,
Und ſich von andrer Wohl auf ſeinen Vortheil richtet:
Bis endlich Eigennutz die Treu' für's Vaterland,
Und fauler Müßiggang den Trieb nach Ruhm verbannt.
So liegt die Einigkeit ſammt Kraft und Muth darnieder,
Und was durch Künſte ſtieg, das fällt durch Künſte wieder.
Sohn, ſieh doch Rom einmal mit dieſen Augen an:
Ein Blick von ſolcher Art, iſt, was dir nützen kann.

Flavius.
So ſoll der Deutſche ſtets in ſchlechten Hütten wohnen?

Sigmar.
Hier frei ſein gilt mir mehr, als in Paläſten frohnen.

Flavius.
Mich kränkt, daß man in Rom mich einen Barbar heißt.

Sigmar.
Du biſt geſittet genug, wenn du zu kriegen weißt.

Flavius.
Auch wie ich kriegen ſoll, wird Rom mich beſſer lehren.

Sigmar.
Du irrſt. Zwar ſein Witz wird deine Waffen mehren,
Doch ſeine Wolluſt ſchwächt den Arm, der ſie gebraucht.
Was nützt die Kriegeskunſt, wo Kraft und Muth verraucht?

Flavius.
Was aber nützt der Muth, wenn niemand von mir höret?

Sigmar.
Du ſchätzeſt es für nichts, wenn dich dein Volk verehret?

Flavius.
Blüht Witz und Kunſt durch mich, ſo kennt mich alle Welt.

Sigmar.
Was hilft dir's, wenn ſie dich für feig und weibiſch hält?

Flavius.
Von Tapferkeit und Muth ſoll Rom mich nicht entfernen;
Roms Laſter will ich fliehn, und ſeine Künſte lernen.

Sigmar.
Du traueſt dir zu ſehr. Nimm deiner Wohlfahrt wahr!
Wer böſen Meiſtern folgt, begibt ſich in Gefahr.

Flavius.
Mein Vater, prüfe mich, ob du mich träge findeſt.

Sigmar.
Wohl! aber denke nach, wozu du dich verbindeſt.
Du kannſt ja nicht zugleich ein Held und Sklave ſein.
Wo du nicht träge biſt, mußt du dein Volk befrei'n.
Rom wird, wenn du ihm dienſt, dich mit Verachtung nennen.
Geh', jage Rom in Furcht, ſoll es dich näher kennen!
Verlangſt du Ehr' und Lob; ſie ſind dein Eigenthum!
Thu recht, und laß der Welt die Sorg' um deinen Ruhm.
Auch ich bin hoffnungsvoll. Das Lob, das ich erworben,
Soll bei den Enkeln blühn, wenn ich ſchon längſt geſtorben;
Obgleich mein feſter Sinn, der nur die Tugend ſchätzt,
Sich fremder Weichlichkeit und Macht entgegen ſetzt.
Ich geh, das deutſche Volk in ſeinem Muth zu ſtärken.
Laß, Hermann, dieſen Tag des Herzens Adel merken!
Sei du der Römer Feind, und dann ſo ſiehe zu,
Wer mehrern Ruhm erjagt, dein Bruder, oder du.

Hermann. Flavius.

Hermann.
So haſt du, Flavius, in Rom nur dies gelernet,
Wie ſich ein edles Herz von ſeiner Pflicht entfernet?
An aller Tugend ſtatt, die du vordem geehrt,
Hat Roms gerühmter Witz dich untreu ſein gelehrt?
Haſt du den Namen ſelbſt, der dir von Rom gekommen
Und der dir ſüße klingt, nur darum angenommen,
Damit, wenn einſt dein Arm mit ſeinen Bürgern ficht
Für dein verrathnes Volk kein deutſcher Name ſpricht?
Hat mich nicht Rom, wie dich, geehret und ergötzet?
So oft ein wildes Thier, das man zum Kampf verhetzet,
Im Schauplatz brüllend ſprang; ſo oft auf ebnem Sand
So manch erhitztes Paar geübter Fechter ſtand;
So oft der Roſſe Lauf auf den geſchwinden Wagen
Der Jugend muntre Schaar nach Ziel und Sieg getragen:
Haſt du bei ſolcher Luſt mich jemals kalt geſehn?
Doch dieſes laſſe nie des Himmels Schluß geſchehn,
Daß ich, wenn meine Pflicht mein Blut zum Opfer wollte,
Um eitler Spiele Pracht mein Volk verrathen ſollte!

Flavius.
Ach, Hermann, martre doch des Bruders Seele nicht!
Wenn Deutſchland Rom bekriegt, ſo weiß ich meine Pflicht.
Doch kann ich ohne Schmerz mich meinem Trieb entreißen?
Auch Rom hat noch ein Recht, mein Vaterland zu heißen;
So lange dieſer Ring an unſern Fingern prangt,
Mit dem wir Bürgerrecht und Ritterſchaft erlangt.

Hermann.
Erwähne mir nur nicht dies nichtige Geſchenke.
Meinſt du, daß ich mit Luſt an meine Knechtſchaft denke?
Nein, Bruder, dieſer Ring ſchimpft eines Deutſchen Hand,
Die Freiheit adelt mich und nicht ein fremdes Land.
Ich ſchwör' in dieſem Hain: Ihr Götter ſeid zugegen!
Dies Zeichen meiner Schmach will ich nicht von mir legen,
Bis ich mein Volk durch's Schwert von ſeiner Dienſtbarkeit
Und mich vom Bürgerrecht des ſtolzen Roms befreit;
Und euch, als Sieger, dann zugleich mit dieſem Ringe
Auch manchen güldnen Ring erſchlagner Römer bringe.

Flavius.
Ah! du erwägeſt nicht, daß Varus Geiſel hat.

Hermann.
Thusnelden meinſt du, durch die, an Geiſels ſtatt,
Der knechtiſche *Segeſt* die Deutſchen Rom verpfändet,
Der ſeiner Jugend Ruhm im ſpäten Alter ſchändet.
Ach! der Verräther hat die mir verſprochne Braut,
Als unſrer Knechtſchaft Pfand, den Feinden anvertraut.
Doch, wo die Götter nur es dieſem Arm erlauben,
Will ich ſie heute noch aus ihren Händen rauben.
Ich will ſie wiederſehn: wo nicht, ſo will ich ihn,
Der ſie verrathen hat, dafür zur Strafe ziehn.
Komm! willſt du langſam ſein, für's Vaterland zu ſtreiten,
Wenn alle hurtig ſind, die Waffen zu bereiten?

Flavius.
Was ſeh ich? Markus kömmt. Mein Bruder, laß es zu,
Daß ich für diesmal der Freundſchaft Gnüge thu.

Hermann.
So thu nur, was du willſt, bis alle Zeit verſtrichen.

Krieg der Schönheit und des Verſtandes.

Allegorie.

Der du in deiner Braut Verſtand und Schönheit findeſt,
Mein *Gellert*, der du liebſt, und beider Macht empfindeſt!
Ich ſinge dir den Streit von *Schönheit* und *Verſtand*.
Wie herrſchſuchtsvoller Stolz der Schönheit Bruſt entbrannt,
Den Thron an ſich zu ziehn, den beide ſonſt beſtiegen:
Der Liebesgötter Kampf und bürgerliches Kriegen.
O Dichtkunſt! zeige mir das waffenvolle Feld,
Wo gegen den *Verſtand* die *Schönheit* ſich geſtellt;
Und male mir genau die göttlichen Perſonen,
Die ſelbſt der Reizung Land nicht ohne Zwiſt bewohnen.
Du, *Gellert*, bring' dies Lied vor *Chriſtianens* Ohr,
Und lies es deiner Braut zum Siegesliede vor!
Denn laß der Schönheit Heer, laß den Verſtand erliegen;
Die Braut, die beides krönt, wird doch mit Einem ſiegen.
Die *Schönheit* trat geſchmückt zum ſchmeichleriſchen Glas,
Aus dem ihr Auge ſich ein täglich Urtheil las.
Sie ſah ſich; und ein Strahl der feuervollen Blicke
Schoß von dem Spiegel ab, und ihr in's Herz zurücke.
Sie betete ſich an, und ward in ſich entflammt.
Wie der geperlte Thau, der aus der Erde ſtammt,
Zur Erde wiederkehrt, und wenn die Nacht verdrungen,
Den Boden wieder tränkt, aus dem er erſt entſprungen;

So ſchwängerte der Blick, der aus der Schönheit ging,
Sie ſelbſt mit Zuverſicht, die alles unterfing.
„Ich,“ ſprach ſie, „hab' allein den Schlüſſel aller Herzen,
„Und niemand wirkt, als ich, der Menſchen ſüße Schmerzen.
„Warum hat der Verſtand mit mir den Thron gemein?
„Ich bin Beherrſcherin; und er ſoll Sklave ſein!“
Sie ſprichts. Die Hand indeß durchirrt, mit ſtolzer Freude,
Der Locken leichten Zwang und flüchtig Kunſtgebäude;
Hält ſich geſchäftig auf und muſtert jedes Haar,
Und beſſert oft mit Fleiß, wo nichts zu beſſern war.
Kaum hört des Schmeichelns Gott der Stimme ſüßen Tönen:
Ein Abgott und zugleich Vergötterer eitler Schönen,
Der Schönheit größter Rath und auch ihr größter Knecht,
So lacht er dreimal laut, und ſaget: Du haſt Recht!
Sein Lachen und ſein Wort bläſt ihre Glut zu Flammen.
Sie winkt. Ihr Heer gehorcht, und dränget ſich zuſammen.
Der ſchwarzen Augen Gott, der Herzen Furcht und Fall,
Ein andrer Jupiter mit Blitz, doch ohne Knall;
Der blauen Augen Schütz, ein Held mit ſcharfen Pfeilen,
Ließ den geraden Flug nach ſeiner Göttin eilen:
Auch der, den reizend Haar, der, den der Stirne Pracht,
Der, den der Lippen Roth geehrt und mächtig macht.
Das Grübchen in dem Kinn, das Grübchen in den Wangen,
Sah ſeinen Liebesgott den Streit mit Luſt verlangen.
Der Bruſt erhabner Schmuck, ein liſtig Zwillingspaar,
Das zwar verſteckt ſchien, und dennoch ſichtbar war;
So mancher ſtarker Reiz der Schönen Glieder zieret,
So mancher Gott erſchien und ward in's Feld geführet,
Mit Werkzeug ohne Zahl kam dort ein dichtes Heer.
Der ging von Gold und Stoff, der von Geſchmeide ſchwer.
Der Nachttiſch läßt zum Streit auch ſeine Götter reiſen.
Dem ſtählt die tapfre Fauſt ein hitzend Kräuſeleiſen;
Den drückt des Puders Laſt; der führet reiches Band;
Der Fiſchbein aus dem Nord; der Spitzen aus Brabant;
Der hat die weiße Haut mit Pfläſterchen beſtecket.
Man ſagt, daß das Geſicht mit Larven überdecket.
Des Bleikamms falſcher Gott, der Schönheit letzter Troß
Zuſammt des Roſentuchs gefärbtem Gotte, ſchloß.
O Dichtkunſt, welches Heer war des Verſtandes Retter?
Auch ihn krönt tapfre Macht, auch er hat Liebesgötter.
Du, feuerreicher Witz! ſein Liebling und ſein Herz;
Du, angenehmer Ernſt! du männlich ſchöner Scherz!
Und du, des Lächelns Gott, ſein Bruder und Begleiter!
Du, des Verdruſſes Feind, und du, des Zwangs Beſtreiter!
Auch eurer Götter Schaar, Gefälligkeit und Huld
Ergebne Zärtlichkeit! Vergnügen ohne Schuld!
Du ſüßer Klagen Gott! Du Gott beliebter Strenge!
Ihr kamt an Kräften ſtark, obgleich nicht ſtark an Menge.
Du, Tugend, eilteſt auch zu ſeiner Fahne hin!
Du Zierde ſeines Reichs und ſchönſte Bürgerin;
Die nur, weil in der Bruſt zufriedne Demuth grünte,
Den Thron nicht ſelbſt beſaß, ſo ſehr ſie ihn verdiente.
Durch offner Ebnen Raum ſtreckt ſich ein ſchönes Land,
Das alte Königreich von Schönheit und Verſtand;
Dem Froſt und Hitze nie den ſchönen Schmuck entreißet,
Und das der Anblick ſelbſt das Land der Reizung heißet.
Von dannen gehet aus, und theilt ſich durch die Welt,
Was ſchöne Kinder ſchmückt, den Herzen Netze ſtellt.
Im Mittel ſtund der Thron, der kühne Zweck vom Streite,
Sonſt beider hoher Sitz, und itzt des Siegers Beute.
Im Mittel ſtund bewehrt auch des Verſtandes Heer;
Sein Führer weckt es auf und ſpornt's zur Gegenwehr.
„Auf,“ ſprach er, „rettet mir den Thron, den ich verliere!
„Der Krone bin ich werth, indem ich euch regiere.
„Mein Anſehn ſtammt von euch, und euer Ruhm iſt mein;
„Ihr habet Macht und Kraft; drum muß ich König ſein.
„Kann euch dies Erdreich nicht vom Bürgerrecht verjagen:
„So muß der ſtolze Thron ſtets zween Regenten tragen.“
So ſchwellt die rege Luft die ſchwangern Segel auf;
Und lenkt der Schiffe Bahn, trotz ſchneller Ströme Lauf,
Wie ſich auf dieſes Wort die muntern Krieger brüſten,
Der Fluth entgegen gehn, die feſten Sinne rüſten.
Die Wolluſt ſieht erfreut den angeglommnen Zwiſt.
Dies Weib voll ſüßen Gifts und heuchleriſcher Liſt,
Von ferne göttlich ſchön, und häßlich in dem Rücken,
Läßt vor der Schönheit nun ihr trügend Antlitz blicken;
Itzt, glaubt ſie, da der Zorn der Häupter Herzen trennt,
Ruft ein gelegner Tag auch ſie zum Regiment.
„O Schönheit,“ fängt ſie an, „nur dir gebühret die Krone!
„Es weiche der Verſtand an deinem Königsthrone.
„Sein eitler Eigenſinn, ſein eingezogner Geiz
„Vergällte dieſes Land, und ſtörte manchen Reiz.
„Hat ſeine Tyrannei, die ſelbſt die Luſt ſich raubet,
„Von dieſer Auen Frucht, die der Genuß erlaubet?
„Du weißt, welch Leid er mir und was er dir gethan.
„Wir beide ſind ihm feind; nimm mich zur Freundin an!
„Dies Land, das du regierſt, will ich dir erſt entdecken.
„Was du bisher verſäumt, ſollſt du gedoppelt ſchmecken.“
Sie ſpricht und regt ſich oft; doch wendet ſie ſich nicht.
So dreht der Mond um uns ſein glänzend Angeſicht,
Der zwar ſein ſchwankend Haupt oft da, oft dort hin neiget,
Doch ſtets das Antlitz weiſt und nie den Nacken zeiget;
Wie ihr bewegter Leib, der jeden Ton beſeelt,
Den weggewandten Greul des Rückens ſtets verhehlt
Und in der Schönheit Bruſt, die ſich vom Rath entblößet,
Und dem Verſtande trotzt, vergeblich Hoffen ſtößet.
Die Schönheit ſprach: „Es ſei! Dein Herz verräth der Blick,
„Und glauben muß man dir. Auf! zeige mir mein Glück!
„Sei, wo du helfen kannſt, Gehülfin meiner Thaten!
„Komm mit mir in den Kampf. Ich ſtreite; du ſollſt rathen.“
Sie thut's, und folgt ihr nach. Die Schönheit eilt zum Streit.
Ihr Wagen faſſet kaum ihr aufgeſpanntes Kleid
Und zeigt ſchon, eh' ſie kämpft, ein triumphirend Prangen.
Ihr Fächer ſchlägt die Luft, weht Sehnſucht und Verlangen
Auf alles um ſich her, und Seufzer auf ſie zu.
Sie rief nur: „Kämpft und ſiegt!“ drauf blieb der Mund in Ruh'.
Doch ihr entbrannter Blick war ihre ſtärkre Stimme.
Und redete zugleich von Anmuth und von Grimme.
Ein tönend Feldgeſchrei verkündigte den Krieg.
Es jauchzt der Schönheit Volk. Das andre ſtund, und ſchwieg:
Doch jenes ſchießt von fern; dann folgt es ſeinen Pfeilen,
Und fordert durch die Luft der Flügel flatternd Eilen.
Man ſah ſchon gegen ſich erzürnte Waffen ſtehn;
Hier auf den muntern Witz der Augen Götter gehn;
Dort dräute manchem Gott, der in der Bruſt regieret,
Das brüderliche Paar, das ſie von außen zieret.
Dort ſtund der hohen Stirn, und dort der Lippen Schutz;
Der bot dem Gott der Huld und der dem Scherze Trutz:
Wenn dort im heißen Kampf des Lächelns Götter kamen,
Vom Anſehn beide gleich, und gleich in ihrem Namen.
Der geht, dem Schmerz verknüpft; der einſam, nackend, leer.
Der ſtützet den Verſtand: der ſtärkt der Schönheit Heer.
Durch die, die auf der Pracht gewaltig Werkzeug pochten,
Sah man die Tugend ſelbſt umringet und befochten.
Die Wolluſt ruft zum Kampf, und reizt mit frechem Spott
Den Gott der Zärtlichkeit, der edlen Strenge Gott.
Des Anfalls erſte Kraft beugt des Verſtandes Krieger,
Der überlegne Feind erkennt ſich für den Sieger.
Der weichende Verſtand, den nicht ſein Muth verläßt,
Ruft: „Krieger, ſeid beherzt! verbindet euch, ſteht feſt!
„Laßt nur durch jener Mund ein früh Triumphlied ſchallen.“
Er ſchwieg. Der Schönheit Fuß beſteigt im Geiſte ſchon
Den leergelaſſnen Sitz, und nun ihr eignen Thron;
Und glaubt, ihr ſei gewiß die ſüße Macht verſchrieben,
Der Herzen Tyrannei allein und frei zu üben.
Es jauchzet ihr Soldat. — Und dieſen Augenblick
Wirft ihn des Waffenglücks veränderter Wind zurück.
Wie der geſchlanke Stahl die Macht, die ihn gebogen,
So weit zurücke ſchlägt, als ſie ihn erſt gezogen,
Vom Weichen Kräfte nimmt, und zitternd ſauſt und ſpringt,
Bis ihn ſein erſter Ort zur erſten Ruhe bringt;
So wehrt ſich der Verſtand mit tapfrer Schwerter Streichen.
Wer erſtlich wich, verfolgt; und die Verfolger weichen.
Der ſchwarzen Augen Gott ſchießt allzuſchwachen Blitz;
Es kämpft mit ſtärkrer Glut der niemals matte Witz.
Der Schönheit wankend Volk macht ſich umſonſt zu ſchaffen;
Es ſchwingt ihr müder Arm nur wirkungsloſe Waffen.
So manches Reizes Gott erlag, und kämpfte doch.
Der Sieg war ſchon gewiß; der Ausgang ſäumte noch.
Indeſſen regt die Zeit der Flügel leichte Ruder;
Ihr Sohn heißt Untergang, und der Verfall ihr Bruder.
Dies Weib, das dem Verſtand vor allen günſtig iſt,
Und wenn es ihn verzehrt, ihn doch am letzten frißt,
Eilt, das erhitzte Volk der Schönheit zu vernichten,
Und mit bewehrter Hand den ſchönen Zwiſt zu richten.
Die Wolluſt ſah von fern, welch ein geſchwinder Flug
Die raubgewohnte Zeit, ſie zu verderben, trug.
Sie eilt zur Schönheit hin, und bebt in ihren Armen.
„Ach!“ ſprach ſie, „ſiehſt du nicht die Feindin ohn' Erbarmen?
„Es freut ſich der Verſtand, und jene ſiegt für ihn.
„Doch da man fliehen muß; laß uns vereinigt fliehn.
„Entfliehen iſt dein Geſchick. Man mißgönnt dich der Erde.
„Auf! fördre deine Flucht, daß ſie dir ſicher werde!
„Fleuch mit mir!“ Jene hört der Wolluſt feigen Rath,
Und flüchtet vor der Zeit, eh' ſie ſich ihr genaht.
Doch da ſie eilt und flieht entdeckt ſich ihren Blicken
Der Wolluſt ſchlimmerer Theil und ungeſtalter Rücken.

Wie den gejagten Hirſch, dem alles Furcht erweckt,
Auf der verzagten Flucht ein breites Waſſer ſchreckt;
Doch ſtärker noch das Horn der Jäger, die ihn hetzen:
So wirkt der Anblick ihr ein ſchauerndes Entſetzen;
Doch mehr bedränget ſie die Macht der ſchnellen Zeit,
Die ihr im Rücken iſt, und den Verzug verbeut.
Nun ſteiget der Verſtand zu dem verlaßnen Throne:
Doch nimmt er nicht für ſich die ungetheilte Krone.
Er ſpricht: „Ich ſtürze nicht, was mich zu ſtürzen meint;
„Mein und der Schönheit Reich ſei, wie vorhin, vereint.
„Die Schönheit kämpfe nur, die Herzen zu erhitzen;
„Was ſie erobern wird, ſoll meine Kraft beſchützen."
Er ſpricht: Die Schönheit ſtimmt, und williget in dies Band,
Und neue Ruh' beglückt der Neigung edles Land.

Johann Heinrich Schlegel,

des Vorigen jüngerer Bruder, ward 1724 in Meißen geboren, erhielt dieſelbe Erziehung wie ſein jüngerer Bruder und ſtudirte darauf in Leipzig Jurisprudenz, Geſchichte und Literatur. Dann ging er nach Kopenhagen als däniſcher Kanzleiſecretär und wurde ſpäter Profeſſor der Geſchichte an der dortigen Univerſität, Königlicher Hiſtoriograph und Juſtizrath. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 18. October 1780.

Von ihm erſchien:

Thomſon's Sophonisbe. Ueberſ. Leipzig 1758.
Thomſon's Agamemnon und Koriolan. Leipzig 1760.
Trauerſpiele aus dem Engliſchen. Leipzig 1764.
Geſchichte der däniſchen Könige aus oldenburgiſchem Stamme. Leipzig 1777. 2 Thle.

S. erwarb ſich das Verdienſt, durch ſeine Ueberſetzungen zuerſt den reimloſen fünffüßigen jambiſchen Vers in die deutſche dramatiſche Literatur eingeführt zu haben; auch zeugen dieſe Uebertragungen ſowohl wie ſein ſelbſtſtändiges hiſtoriſches Werk von Fleiß, Correctheit und Geſchmack.

Friedrich Daniel Ernſt Schleiermacher.

Dieſer in vielfachſter Hinſicht ausgezeichnete Mann, einer der geiſtvollſten und ſcharfſinnigſten neueren Theologen, ward am 25. November 1768 zu Breslau geboren, erhielt ſeine Erziehung in der Brüdergemeine, ſagte ſich aber von derſelben los und ſtudirte in Halle Theologie. Nach vollendetem akademiſchen Kurſus wurde er 1802 Hofprediger in Stolpe, 1805 Profeſſor der Theologie und Univerſitätsprediger in Halle und 1809 Prediger an der Dreifaltigkeitskirche in Berlin, ſo wie ſpäter ordentlicher Profeſſor an der neu errichteten Univerſität daſelbſt, Mitglied der Akademie, Ritter des rothen Adlerordens 3. Klaſſe u. ſ. w. — Nach langem ſegensreichen Wirken ſtarb er in Berlin am 12. Februar 1834.

Er gab heraus:

An Hrn. Dr. Ammon üb. ſeine Prüfung der Harmsiſchen Sätze. Berlin 1818. 8.
An den Hrn. Geh. Rath Schmalz, auch eine Recenſion. Ebend. 1815. gr. 8.
Ueber das Berliner Geſangbuch. Ein Schreiben an Hrn. Biſchof Dr. Ritſchl in Stettin. Ebend. 1830. 8.
Darſtellung des theolog. Studiums. 2. Aufl. Ebend. 1830. 8.
Fawcetts Predigten. A. d. Engl. Ebend. 1798. 8.
Gedanken über Univerſitäten. Ebend. 1808. 8.
Der chriſtl. Glaube nach den Grundſätzen der evangel. Kirche im Zuſammenhange dargeſtellt. 2 Bde. 2. Aufl. Ebend. 1831.
Zwei unvorgreifliche Gutachten in Sachen d. proteſtant. Kirchenweſens, zunächſt in Beziehung auf den preuß. Staat. Ebend. 1804. 8.
Grundlinien einer Kritik der bisherigen Sittenlehre. Ebend. 1803. 8.
Katechismus der wahren Religion. Leipzig 1815. 8.
Kritik der Sittenlehre. Berlin 1803. 8.
Ueber d. neue Liturgie f. d. Hof- u. Garniſon-Gemeine zu Potsdam u. f. d. Garniſonkirche zu Berlin. Ebend. 1816. 8.
Ueb. d. Schriften d. Lucas. 1. Thl. Ebend. 1817. gr. 8.
Monologen. Neujahrsgabe. 3. Aufl. Ebend. 1822.
Ueber den ſog. erſten Brief d. Paulus an d. Timotheus, ein krit. Sendſchreiben an Gaß. Berlin 1807. gr. 8.
Platons Werke, überſ. Ebend. 1804. 11 Bände.
Predigt bei Eröffnung d. Gottesdienſtes d. Friedrichs-Univerſität d. 3. Aug. 1806. Ebd. 1806.
Predigt üb. d. rechte Verhältniß d. Chriſten z. Obrigkeit. Ebend. 1809. gr. 8.
Predigt am 28. März 1813. Ebend. 1813. gr. 8.
Predigt am zweiten Tage d. Reformations-Jubelfeſtes. Ebend. 1818. gr. 8.
Predigt am 18. Weinmond 1818. Ebend. 1818. gr. 8.
Predigt am 1. Adventſonntag 1819. Ebend. 1820. gr. 8.
Predigt am 2. Sonntage d. Advents 1830, in der Dreifaltigkeitskirche geſprochen. Ebend. 1831. gr. 8.
Predigt, gehalten bei d. Wiedereröffnung d. deutſch-evangel.-lutheriſchen Kirche, in der Savoy, zu London am 16. Sonntage nach Trinit. d. 21. Sept. 1828. Ebend. 1829. gr. 8.
Predigt am 25. Sonntage n. Trinit. 1828, als am Todtenfeſte, in d. Dreifaltigkeitskirche geſprochen. Ebend. 1829. gr. 8.
Predigt am 4. Sonntage n. Trinit. 1820. Ebd. 1821. gr. 8.
Predigt am 17. Nov. 1822, in d. Dreifaltigkeitskirche zu Berlin. Ebend. 1823. gr. 8.
Predigt am 3. Adventsſonntage 1821. Ebend. 1821. gr. 8.
Predigt am Todtenfeſte am 23. Sonntage n. Trinit. 1824. Ebend. 1825. gr. 8.
Predigt am Todtenfeſte 1826. Ebend. 1827. gr. 8.
Predigt üb. d. Worte des Erlöſers: Haſt Du mich lieb? Joh. 21, 16. Ebend. 1824. gr. 8.
Zwei Predigten, geh. in d. Dreifaltigkeitskirche zu Berlin. Magdeburg 1824. gr. 8.
Predigten. 1.—6. Sammlung. Berlin 1801—31.
Predigten. 1.—3. Reihe. Ebend. 1830. gr. 8.
Zwei Predigten, am 22. Juli u. am 5. Aug. (1810) geſprochen. Ebend. 1810. gr. 8.
Reden an Gebildete über die Religion. Berlin 1806. 3. A. 1822.
Rede am Grabe des Hrn. Saunier. Magdeburg 1825. gr. 8.
Ueb. d. f. die proteſtant. Kirche des preuß. Staats einzurichtende Synodalverfaſſung. Berlin 1817. 8.
Die Weihnachtsfeier. Ein Geſpräch. Halle 1806. 2. Aufl. Berl. 1827. 8.
Theol. Zeitſchrift, herausgeg. v. Schleiermacher, de Wette u. Lücke. Berlin 1819—22.

Zur nähern Würdigung des Geiſtes und der Schriften dieſes ſeltenen und hochbegabten Mannes verweiſen wir auf Bd. I. S. 161 dieſer Encyclopädie, wo ſich eine treffliche Charakteriſtik derſelben von L. F. O. Baumgarten-Cruſius mitgetheilt findet.

Daß Vorzüge des Geiſtes ohne ſittliche Geſinnungen keinen Werth haben *).

Ueber 1 Corinth. 12, 31. — 13, 1.

Man nennt unſer Zeitalter das aufgeklärte, und ſpricht viel von großen Fortſchritten, welche alle Abtheilungen der Geſellſchaft in der Bildung des Geiſtes, in der Berichtigung und Erweiterung ihrer Einſichten ſollen gemacht haben; und, wie mißlich es auch, näher betrachtet, um dieſe Fortſchritte ſtehen mag, ſoviel kann wenigſtens nicht geläugnet werden, daß das allgemeine Beſtreben nach dieſer Seite hin gerichtet iſt. Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte werden auf allerlei Geſchäfte des Lebens fleißiger und ſcharfſinniger angewendet, als ſonſt; alle Gewerbe entfernen ſich mehr und mehr von der Sklaverei alter Gewohnheiten, man forſcht darin nach Gründen, und findet auf dieſe Weiſe Verbeſſerungen; Beobachtung der Natur und des Menſchen ſucht den Aberglauben in allen ſeinen Schlupfwinkeln auf, Unterſuchungen und Mittheilungen über den Zuſammenhang großer Ereigniſſe und über die allgemeinen Angelegenheiten der Menſchen finden immer mehr aufmerkſame Ohren; und mildere Sitten, welche ſich unter allen Ständen verbreiten und ſie einander näher bringen, machen zugleich das Gemüth urbar, um den Saamen jeder Erkenntniß aufzunehmen, und auch ſolchen Wahrheiten Gedeihen zu ſichern, die urſprünglich in andern Gegenden der geſelligen Welt einheimiſch ſind. Dies Alles iſt kein geringer Ruhm; aber leider iſt mit dieſen Fortſchritten ſehr allgemein der große Nachtheil verbunden, daß der Verſtand und die Bildung deſſelben auch unabhängig von der Geſinnung geſchätzt und viel zu hoch geſchätzt wird. Sich in ſeinen Berufsgeſchäften durch Geſchicklichkeit und verſtändige Benutzung alles Fremden und Neuen auszeichnen; auch jenſeit derſelben über alle gemeinen menſchlichen Dinge eine eigne und begründete Meinung haben; im Kreiſe der Geſellſchaft durch Munterkeit und Gewandtheit des Geiſtes gefallen, durch ein ſchneidendes Urtheil ſich Anſehn erwerben, durch funkelnden Witz blenden: das iſt jetziger Zeit das Bild der Vollkommenheit, das iſt das einzige Mittel, um geliebt, geſchätzt und bewundert zu werden. Seid daneben rechtſchaffen und treu, man wird deſſen nur im Vorbeigehen erwähnen; beſitzt dieſe Tugenden ohne jene Vollkommenheiten des Verſtandes, ſo bleibt ihr ganz unbemerkt im Hintergrunde ſtehen. Die einfältige Redlichkeit, wie aufrichtig und thätig ſie auch ſei, gilt nichts; Verſtand und Talente, das iſt die allgemeine Loſung. Ich bin weit entfernt auf das, was man ſo gemeinhin ein gutes Herz nennt, großen Werth zu legen. Die Bereitwilligkeit, mit Andern und für ſie zu empfinden, ſich zum Werkzeuge von ihnen gebrauchen zu laſſen, und ſich an Alles, was in ihnen gut und groß zu ſein ſcheint, bewunderungsvoll anzuſchließen, iſt etwas ſehr zweideutiges, und oft nichts Anderes, als Leerheit des eigenen Sinnes, Unfähigkeit ſelbſt etwas zu wollen, Gefühl des Bedürfniſſes, ſich von Andern leiten und ſtoßen zu laſſen. Aber ohne einen wahrhaft guten Willen, ohne eine ächt ſittliche Geſinnung, ohne die feſte und immer thätige Richtung aller Kräfte auf das ſelbſterkannte Gute, ohne treuen Gehorſam gegen die göttlichen Geſetze, ſind alle jene Vorzüge des Geiſtes — und wenn ihr ſie bis zum höchſten Gipfel der Vollendung ausgearbeitet hättet — nichts, gar nichts. Dagegen dieſe gute Geſinnung — die freilich unausbleiblich alle Mal mit dem Beſtreben verbunden iſt, die Anlagen, welche wir von Gott empfangen haben, auf's Beſte zu benutzen — wenn ſie auch durch ungünſtige Umſtände gehindert wird, ſich in die höheren Kreiſe der Bildung hinaufzuſchwingen, und ſich mit mancherlei Vorzügen auszuſchmücken, dennoch überall hervorleuchtenden, alles Andere verdunkelnden, Werth behält. Das iſt meine Ueberzeugung, welche ich gern durch den folgenden Vortrag in euch Allen hervorbringen oder erneuern und befeſtigen möchte.

Text,

1 Cor. 12, 31. — 13, 1.

Strebet aber nach den beſten Gaben, und ich will euch noch einen köſtlicheren Weg zeigen. Wenn ich mit Menſchen- und mit Engelzungen redete, und hätte der Liebe nicht: ſo wäre ich ein tönend Erz oder eine klingende Schelle.

In der Gemeine, an welche dieſer Brief gerichtet iſt, war über einen an ſich löblichen Gegenſtand ein Wetteifer entſtanden, der der brüderlichen Eintracht nachtheilig war. Jeder ſuchte durch die Gaben, welche ihm die göttliche Gnade verliehen hatte, zur Erbauung der Gemeine oder zu ihrer Verherrlichung unter den Ungläubigen etwas beizutragen. Dieſer Eifer für das allgemeine Wohl war aber nicht unverfälſcht. Jeder wollte ſein Talent für das vorzüglichſte gehalten wiſſen; man verglich und forſchte, welches unter allen wohl den meiſten Glanz auf den Beſitzer zurückwerfe, und ſo miſchte ſich auf allen Seiten Stolz, Eigendünkel und Eiferſucht ein. Der Apoſtel ertheilt deshalb ſeinen Leſern zuerſt die Lehre, daß ein Talent, welches nicht zum Wohl der Gemeine beiträgt, auch nichts Ehrenvolles ſein kann, und geht dann in den Worten unſeres Textes zu der allgemeineren Weiſung über, daß ſie ſich überhaupt nicht auf den richtigen Geſichtspunkt geſtellt hätten, um ihren Werth zu beurtheilen. Er ſagt, wenn ſie ſich auch Alle der herrlichſten Gaben befleißigten, ſo gäbe es doch noch etwas Köſtlicheres, nämlich die wahrhaft tugendſame ſittliche Geſinnung, der er hernach unter dem Namen der Liebe die bekannte ſo berühmte und begeiſterte Lobrede hält. Dieſen Ausſpruch laßt uns jetzt beſonders auf dasjenige anwenden, was in unſern Tagen ſo ausgezeichnet geſchätzt wird; laßt uns bedenken,

daß alle Vorzüge des Geiſtes, getrennt von einer ſittlichen und würdigen Geſinnung, gar keinen Werth haben.

Ich werde dies deutlich zu machen ſuchen, indem ich zeige: erſtlich, daß aus ihnen für ſich kein gegründeter Anſpruch auf unſere Achtung entſteht; zweitens, daß ſie ſich mit Recht unſere Zuneigung nicht erwerben können; und drittens, daß ſie ſo allein nicht einmal einen entſchiedenen Werth für die Geſellſchaft haben.

1) Wenn ich behaupte, daß alle Vorzüge des Geiſtes für ſich allein einem Menſchen unſere Achtung nicht verdienen: ſo berufe ich mich dabei auf euer eignes Gefühl. Und wenn ihr auch die leidenſchaftlichſten Bewunderer dieſer Vorzüge wäret; verſteht nur eure Empfindungen recht, ſo werdet ihr mir gewiß Beifall geben. Dieſes Gefühl der Achtung, der Hochſchätzung iſt etwas ganz eigenthümliches; es iſt lediglich an unſer Urtheil über den ſittlichen Werth eines Menſchen angeknüpft, und ſobald die Rede davon iſt, muß Alles, was hierzu nicht gerechnet werden kann, bei Seite geſetzt werden. Schmückt einen Menſchen mit Allem aus, was ihm von außen her gegeben werden kann, er wird damit vielleicht alle andere Empfindungen in Anſpruch nehmen, nur dieſe nicht. Er habe die lieblichſte Geſtalt, ſie wird euer Wohlgefallen erregen; er ſei mit den ſchärfſten Sinnen begabt, und genieße der unerſchütterlichſten Geſundheit, ihr werdet ihn mit Freuden als ein Beiſpiel von der natürlichen Vollkommenheit des Menſchen aufſtellen; er beſitze ein großes Uebermaaß an den Gütern dieſer Welt, ihr werdet ihn vielleicht glücklich preiſen; er ſei mit einer gebietenden Macht in der Geſellſchaft ausgerüſtet und von großem Einfluß auf ihr Gedeihen, ſo werdet ihr aufmerkſam ſein auf Alles, was er unternimmt und was mit ihm vorgeht: aber wenn man euch zumuthet, ihn hochzuachten, werdet ihr euch ohne Zweifel nach ganz andern Dingen umſehen. Ja ſelbſt dasjenige, was zu ſeinem Innern gehört, aber was ihr ſchon an ihm findet, ehe er ein Gegenſtand eurer Beurtheilung ſein kann, betrachtet ihr nur als einen ſolchen Beſitz. Weiſet man euch auf ſeine natürlichen Anlagen, auf eine Stimmung ſeines Gemüths, auf eine Richtung ſeiner Neigungen, die er ſchon in den früheſten Jahren ſeines Lebens bekommen hat: ihr werdet ſie mit in Anſchlag bringen, wenn von der Achtung die Rede iſt, welche er verdient; aber nur um zu ſehen, wie er ſich ihrer bedient und ſie gehandhabt hat. Handlungen alſo wollet ihr, um ihn achten zu können, und zwar Handlungen, die in dem Willen des Menſchen ihren Urſprung haben, und von dieſem Zeugniß geben; denn was er etwa auf andere Art bewirkt, ſetzt ihr gänzlich bei Seite. Er kann gelegentlich und ohne Abſicht die wohlthätigſten Entdeckungen gemacht, er kann durch ein Beſtreben, das auf etwas ganz Anderes gerichtet war, die Bosheit zurückgehalten, die Unſchuld gerettet und großes Unglück verhütet haben: das kann ihn auf mancherlei Art in euer Gedächtniß zurückrufen, es kann ſeinen Namen merkwürdig machen in der Geſchichte wichtiger Begebenheiten: aber eure Achtung für ihn wird dadurch nicht den geringſten Zuwachs erhalten. — Laßt uns nun ſehen, wie es denn mit den Vorzügen des Geiſtes beſchaffen iſt, in Abſicht auf dieſes nothwendige Erforderniß? Freilich ſind ſie ein Beſitz, der ganz ohne eigne Thätigkeit Niemanden zu Theil werden kann. Die herrlichſten Naturanlagen, wenn gar nicht auf ihnen weiter fortgearbeitet wird, werden vielleicht durch einzelne Gedanken und Aeußerungen ihr Daſein verrathen: aber zuſammenhängende Einſichten und ſichere Fertigkeiten können ohne Fleiß niemals erlangt werden. Nehmt den genaueſten Unterricht und die herrlichſten Gelegenheiten; werden ſie nicht von eigner Luſt unterſtützt, iſt kein wahrer Trieb vorhanden, ſie zu benutzen: ſo mögen ſie höchſtens nur das Gedächtniß bereichern mit einem Vorrath, der bei jedem Andern beſſer aufbewahrt wäre. Aber aller Fleiß würde doch auch nichts helfen ohne Unterricht, und alle Luſt nichts ohne Gelegenheit und Muße. Hattet ihr nicht nöthig, eure Zeit Geſchäften zu widmen, die den Geiſt mehr herabziehen, als erheben, beſaßt ihr Vermögen und Verbindungen, um die nöthigen Hülfsmittel herbeizuſchaffen, war es euch vergönnt, mit kenntnißreichen und vorzüglichen Menſchen umzugehen; und ihr habt euch nun Geſchicklichkeiten und Kenntniſſe erworben und euern Geiſt ausgebildet: ſo erwartet nicht, daß ich euch dafür in dem Maaße achten ſoll, als etwa dieſe Vorzüge an ſich,

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*) Aus S. Predigten, erſte Sammlung. 3. Aufl. Berlin [illegible].

oder der Grad der Vollkommenheit, in dem ihr ſie euch zu eigen gemacht habt, ſelten ſind; ſondern nur in dem Maaß, als die Anſtrengung und der Eifer ausgezeichnet ſind, die ihr dabei bewieſen habt. Es wäre unbillig, wenn ich nicht mehr Werth auf euch legen wollte, als auf den, welcher gleiche Vortheile mit euch genoß, und ſich doch nicht gleiche Vorzüge erwarb, ſondern in niedriger Sinnlichkeit lebte, oder ſorglos ſeine Zeit mit Kleinigkeiten verdarb: aber es wäre noch unbilliger, wenn ich euch höher ſchätzen wollte, als den, dem es an gleicher Luſt und gleichem Eifer nicht fehlte, den aber ein minder günſtiges Geſchick in eine andere Gegend der Geſellſchaft verwies, wo er die Schätze der Erkenntniß nicht erreichen konnte. Erwirbt ſich dieſer in einem eben ſo ausgezeichneten Grade die Geſchicklichkeiten, die zu ſeinem Berufe gehören; benutzt er die Erfahrungen und Beobachtungen, die er anſtellen kann, um ſein Urtheil über Alles, was in ſeinen Geſichtskreis kommt, zu berichtigen: ſo iſt er mir vollkommen eben ſo lieb als ihr, weil er, wenn auch weniger erlangt, doch eben ſoviel gethan hat als ihr. Ja, ich will noch mehr ſagen: ehe ich etwas näheres von euch weiß und zu einem gründlichen Urtheile berechtiget bin, werde ich eher geneigt ſein, ihm für ſeinen wohlangewendeten, wenn gleich unbereicherten, Verſtand, für ſeine eingeſchränkten Talente und ſeine einfache ungekünſtelte Lebensweisheit meine Achtung zu ſchenken, als euch für eure Gewandtheit und euren Scharfſinn, eure Wiſſenſchaften und eure Beleſenheit, weil ich bei ihm nicht ſo leicht falſche Bewegungsgründe vorausſetzen kann als bei euch.

Denn daß dieſe entfernt ſein müſſen, iſt das zweite, was unumgänglich erfordert wird, wenn ihr eurer Geiſtesvorzüge wegen irgend einen Anſpruch auf Achtung machen wollt. Thätigkeit allein, wie anſtrengend und ausdauernd ſie auch ſein mag, giebt dem Menſchen keinen beſtimmten Werth; dieſer hängt lediglich davon ab, was denn eigentlich dasjenige iſt, worauf ſeine Thätigkeit gerichtet geweſen iſt. Leidenſchaften, welche eben ausbrechen wollen, zu unterdrücken, iſt gewiß etwas Großes, wozu viel Kraft gehört; wenn aber Jemand die Aufwallung ſeines Zorns unterdrückt, um heimlich eine deſto ſicherere Rache zu nehmen: ſo werdet ihr dieſe Stärke vielleicht bewundern, aber ihn gewiß nicht dafür achten, denn, indem er Herr über ſeinen Zorn war, diente er nur ſeiner Rachſucht, welche eben ſo verwerflich iſt, als jener. Wir müſſen alſo erſt unterſuchen, was euch antrieb zu der wiederholten und ausdauernden Thätigkeit, durch welche ihr eure Talente erworben habt? Jeder rechtſchaffene Menſch wird allerdings befliſſen ſein, ſeine Fähigkeiten immer weiter auszubilden; er wird aber damit fortſchreiten nach Maaßgabe, als ſein Beruf es erfordert, und als dieſer ſich wiederum mit ſeinem Wachsthum in der Vollkommenheit erweitert und veredelt. Bleibt ihr alſo mit eurem Streben nach Einſichten und Geſchicklichkeiten in dieſer Bahn, ſo wird es ſelten zweifelhaft ſein, was für ein Ziel ihr im Auge habt; je weiter aber ihr euch von ihr entfernt und außerhalb derſelben zu glänzen ſucht, deſto zweideutiger werden uns eure Bemühungen erſcheinen. Es kann eine wunderbare Gewalt der Natur ſein, die euch nöthiget, eine Gewalt, welche ihr weder recht verſteht und achtet, noch in Uebereinſtimmung mit dem Uebrigen in euch zu bringen ſucht. Eine zwecklose Wißbegierde kann eure Bemühungen geleitet haben, welche nur Bilder von allerlei Gegenſtänden aufſammeln will; der Eigennutz kann Antheil daran gehabt haben, denn ſolche Vorzüge, welche in der Geſellſchaft gelten, geben auch eine ſchnelle Fahrt nach dem Hafen des Glücks; die Eitelkeit kann Triebfeder geweſen ſein, denn es iſt ja der Gebrauch ſich zu bilden, und Talente ſind ein Schmuck, ohne den man nicht in der guten Geſellſchaft erſcheinen kann; der Stolz kann euch angefeuert haben, denn mit entſchiedenen Vorzügen dieſer Art braucht ihr Keinem zu weichen: und wenn ihr euch in irgend einem dieſer Fälle befindet, ſo kann ich euch für eure Bildung und eure Talente nicht höher achten, als ich ein Thier achte für ſeinen unerkannten Trieb, oder als ich einen verwerflichen Menſchen achte für ſeinen Eigennutz und ſeine Eitelkeit; denn dieſe waren es doch, die euer Thun geleitet haben. Eure Anſtrengungen mögen dann noch ſo groß geweſen ſein, und die Vorzüge, die ihr erreicht habt, noch ſo vollendet: vielleicht werde ich euch bewundern müſſen, aber achten kann ich euch nicht, wenn es nicht die Liebe war, die euch alſo bedrängte und trieb, nach der Vollkommenheit zu ſtreben. Und um zu wiſſen, welches die Quelle ſei, aus der euer Eifer und eure Betriebſamkeit in dem Geſchäft eurer Bildung gefloſſen iſt, bleibt mir nichts übrig, als von andern Seiten euer Leben und eure Geſinnung zu erforſchen. Beweiſet ihr euch ſonſt eigennützig und eitel, ſtolz und ehrſüchtig, warum ſollte gerade in dieſem Einen Theile eures Verhaltens etwas beſſeres geſucht werden? Behauptet ihr aber, daß ihr nach dieſen Vorzügen geſtrebt habt, um das euch anvertraute Pfund als treue Haushalter zu benutzen, um die Summe menſchlicher Vortrefflichkeiten zu vermehren und der Welt nützlich zu werden: ſo wird gewiß eure Fähigkeit, Einſichten und Geſchicklichkeiten zu erwerben, nicht der einzige Gegenſtand ſein, bei dem ihr an die Gott ſchuldige Rechenſchaft denkt, dies nicht die einzige Art der Vortrefflichkeit, der ihr nachtrachtet; ſondern dieſer nämliche Geiſt wird auch euer übriges Leben beſtimmen, und euch nicht minder nach den Vorzügen des Herzens, nach Gerechtigkeit und Liebe trachten lehren. Ob dieſe alſo vorhanden ſind, das iſt die einzige ſichere Probe, welche über den Werth, den eure Talente euch ſelbſt geben, entſcheidet; ohne dieſe Vorzüge des Herzens, ohne die ſittliche Geſinnung, welche immer beide übereinſtimmend hervorbringt, verdient ihr eurer Talente wegen keine Achtung, denn es liegt gewiß etwas unreines und unwürdiges dabei zum Grunde.

2) Eben ſo wenig können, zweitens, Vorzüge des Geiſtes allein einem Menſchen unſere Liebe gewinnen. Natürlich rede ich hier nicht von jener genauen und vertrauten Freundſchaft, welche in der Vereinigung aller Kräfte, in der Eröffnung der innerſten Geheimniſſe des Herzens beſteht, nicht von jener innigen Liebe, welche den ganzen Weg des Lebens Hand in Hand zu vollenden wünſcht. Solche Verbindungen werden in der Welt überhaupt zu ſelten angetroffen, als daß ſie hier in Anſchlag gebracht werden könnten; aber gewiß hat auch überdies noch Niemand geglaubt, daß ſie ein Werk bloßer Talente und Geſchicklichkeiten wären. Hier kommt es auf Uebereinſtimmung der Denkart, auf Aehnlichkeit der Empfindungen an; und was die Ausbildung des Geiſtes betrifft, ſo ſuchen wir bei dem Freunde unſers Herzens nicht ſowohl eine außerordentliche Höhe derſelben, als vielmehr eine ſolche Gleichheit mit uns, daß wir alles Vortreffliche an ihm verſtehen und genießen können, und auch wiederum er nichts, was ihm wichtig iſt, an uns vermißt. Es iſt hier nur die Rede von dem vorzüglichen Wohlwollen, wodurch wir einige Menſchen vor Andern auszeichnen, von der herzlichen Zuneigung, die uns Manche, wie mit einer zauberiſchen Gewalt, ablocken, indem ihre Gegenwart und ihr ganzes Weſen auf die Stimmung unſers Gemüths eine entſchiedene wohlthätige Wirkung hat.

Dieſer Zauber ſcheint allerdings eben in den Vorzügen des Geiſtes größtentheils ſeinen Sitz zu haben. Es werden euch hier Menſchen aus dem Kreiſe eurer Bekanntſchaft in's Gedächtniß kommen, welche ſich die Kunſt eines angenehmen und fröhlichen Umgangs in hohem Grade zu eigen gemacht haben. Keine Unterhaltung iſt ungeſchickt oder ſchläfrig, welche ſie anfangen; zu jeder, welche ſie bereits finden, wiſſen ſie einen angenehmen Beitrag zu liefern und ſie auf's Neue zu beleben; Witz und gute Laune ſtehen ihnen immer zu Gebot; kurz, wo ſie erſcheinen, flieht die lange Weile, und das anſtändige Vergnügen ſchlägt ſeinen Sitz auf. Dieſe vorzüglich wünſcht ihr überall zu finden, wo ihr, ermattet von Geſchäften, die Freuden der Geſelligkeit aufſucht: ihr liebt ſie, Alle lieben ſie, welche ſich ihrer angenehmen Talente erfreuen. Ihr werdet Anderer gedenken, die euch durch höhere Reize feſſelten. Alle Gegenden der Welt, alle Gebiete der Wiſſenſchaft haben beitragen müſſen, ihren Verſtand zu bereichern, und über Alles, was ſie wiſſen, haben ſie auch ein eignes Urtheil; ihre Mittheilungen regen neue Gedanken in euch auf, enthüllen euch etwas bisher Unbemerktes, oder zeigen euch überhaupt die Gegenſtände von einer neuen Seite. Sie ſind nicht nur unterrichtet, ſondern auch klug; ſie kennen die Menſchen und das Innere ihrer größern und engern Verbindungen; ihr beobachtender Geiſt hört nie auf, zu ſammeln und zu vergleichen; überall können ſie irgend einen richtigen Aufſchluß geben, und dies Alles erhöht noch der Zauber einer angenehmen und geiſtreichen Rede. Nie beſinnt ihr euch von ihnen gegangen zu ſein, ohne daß ihr um irgend eine nützliche Einſicht reicher geworden wäret; darum fühlt ihr euch immer wieder auf's Neue zu ihnen hingezogen, ihr ſeid ihnen zugethan mit einer dankbaren Anhänglichkeit, als milden Wohlthätern eures Geiſtes. Ihr werdet noch Andere zu nennen wiſſen, die euch auf eine ganz eigne Art an ſich ziehn, nicht durch die leichte Heiterkeit, nicht durch das umſtändlich Belehrende, ſondern durch die auserleſene Feinheit ihres Umgangs. Jedes Wort und jede Geberde iſt bei ihnen voll Ausdruck, darum bedürfen ſie zu Vielem immer nur ſehr Weniges; in zarten Wendungen und mit ſparſamen Worten wiſſen ſie euch zu erkennen zu geben, daß ſie alles Gute in euch bemerken, und daß es ihnen Freude macht; ihre Theilnahme wiſſen ſie zu äußern, ohne viel davon zu reden, und ſelbſt ihren Tadel wiſſen ſie von ſich zu geben, ohne zu verletzen, Alles in den Grenzen der Würde und des Anſtandes; Anmuth und Wahrheit vereint ſcheinen jedes ihrer Worte einzugeben, und jede Bewegung zu leiten. Das iſt mehr, als angenehm und unterrichtend, es liegt eine Kraft darin, zum Guten anzufeuern; ihr wollt dieſer Aufmerkſamkeit und dieſer Theilnahme noch würdiger werden, ihr wollt noch mehr von dem Lobe verdienen, das in einem ſo köſtlichen Gefäße dargereicht wird. Solche gute Beſtrebungen werden durch ſie immer in euch erregt, und wie ſollten euch nicht diejenigen, welche ſie auf eine ſolche Art hervorzurufen wiſſen, als die liebenswürdigſten unter den Menſchen erſcheinen; wie ſollte ſich euer Herz nicht mit einem ſtarken Zuge zu ihnen hingewendet fühlen?

So iſt es allerdings: aber ich bitte euch, iſt es denn das geſellige Talent, iſt es der ausgeſchmückte Verſtand, iſt es das verfeinerte Betragen allein, was ſo auf euch wirkt? Nein, gewiß nicht: ſondern es iſt die Vereinigung dieſer Vorzüge mit wohlmeinender Güte, mit einer edlen Denkungsart und einem theilnehmenden Herzen, ohne welche ſie ſich kaum denken laſſen; es iſt, daß ich es kurz ſage, die Liebe, welche mit darin iſt, und ohne welche alle dieſe Vorzüge nichts wären, als ein leerer Schall, und auch nichts mehr auf euch wirken würden. Ich will euch nicht aufmerkſam darauf machen, wie alle dieſe herrlichen Gaben ſich ausnehmen in der Geſellſchaft offenbar ſchlechter Eigenſchaften des Gemüthes; ich will euch nicht fragen, ob ihr den witzigen und angenehmen Geſellſchafter auch noch lieben werdet, wenn er verläumderiſch iſt und auf Unfrieden ausgeht; den feinen Weltmann, wenn er zweizüngig und argliſtig iſt; den Klugen und Erfahrnen, wenn ihr wißt, daß er alle Schätze ſeiner Weltkenntniß auf dem Wege des Laſters gefunden hat, und daß er ſie jetzt wieder anlegt auf Betrug und auf Eigennutz, wenn ihr fürchten müßt, daß er auch mit euren unbefangenen Aeußerungen einen ſchändlichen Mißbrauch treibe: ich will euch nur zu bedenken geben, wie es ſchon alsdann werden wird, wenn dieſe köſtlichen Vorzüge nicht unter dem Schutz und der Aufſicht des wahren Wohlwollens und der aufrichtigen Liebe ſtehen. Ohne dieſe bläht das Wiſſen und Alles, was dahin gehört, auf; es erzeugt Eigendünkel, Stolz, Unluſt, ſich mit den Andern zu vermiſchen, und dieſes unſelige Weſen macht den Geiſt ſcharf und das Herz bitter. Ohne Liebe werden eure witzigen und angenehmen Geſellſchafter die Schwächern am Geiſte mit Spott und Uebermuth behandeln — und wen werden ſie denn nicht ſchwächer am Geiſt halten? Sie werden ſich ein Geſchäft daraus machen, Lächerlichkeiten aufzuſuchen, und ihr Scherz darüber wird keine Spur von Gutmüthigkeit und Wohlwollen an ſich haben. Würdet ihr, wenn ſie ſo wären, auch wenn ihr nicht für euch ſelbſt und die, welche euch lieb ſind, zu fürchten hättet, ſie wohl aufſuchen und lieben? Könntet ihr eine reine Freude haben an ihren Talenten? Ohne Liebe werden eure kenntnißreichen Freunde euch zwar auch noch belehren können, aber es wird nicht an Stolz und Anmaßung fehlen, nicht an mancherlei beleidigenden Aeußerungen des Bewußtſeins ihrer Ueberlegenheit; die ſchöne Kunſt, die Lehre lieblich zu machen *), werden ſie verabſäumen, weil ſie es nicht der Mühe werth halten würden, ſie zu verſchwenden. Würdet ihr euch ſo noch eben ſo gern euch Rath bei ihnen erholen, oder nicht lieber Manches nicht wiſſen, als es von ihnen hören zu müſſen? Ohne Liebe im höchſten Sinne des Wortes werden eure feinen anmuthigen Weltleute ihre Aufmerkſamkeit und ihr wohlthuendes Lob auch nicht auf die Vorzüge eures Herzens richten, ſondern auf eben jene glänzenden Eigenſchaften, welche für ſie ſelbſt das Höchſte ſind: und ſo wird es euch bald fade erſcheinen, für dasjenige geprieſen zu werden, worauf ihr den wenigſten Werth legt. — Freilich giebt es einen künſtlichen Schein in unſerer Welt, in der ſo viel Schein iſt, um auch dieſen Mangel der Liebe zu verdecken; freilich können Viele ſich Zwang anthun, den Eigendünkel und Stolz ihres Herzens nicht hervorbrechen zu laſſen, und ſo werden ſie denn geliebt, ohne daß Liebe in ihnen iſt. Aber das kann euch nicht irre machen an der Wahrheit meiner Behauptung; es iſt auch hier der Schein der Liebe, der das Wohlgefallen erzeugt. Vielmehr iſt dies nur ein neuer Beweis, wie tief es in unſerer Natur liegt, daß nur die Liebe geliebt wird: denn wenn dieſer Schein aufgedeckt wird, ſo flieht mit dem Irrthum auch die gemißbrauchte Zuneigung. Aufgedeckt wird er nun zwar gewiß früher oder ſpäter; denn Keinem, auch dem Ausgelernteſten nicht, iſt es möglich, den Schein der Tugend lange unverletzt zu erhalten: aber wohl dem, der nicht erſt durch das Ohr ſein Herz beſchmeicheln läßt von ſo kaltem tönendem Erz, von ſo leeren klingenden Schellen! der gleich, ohne ſich blenden zu laſſen von glänzenden Eigenſchaften, darauf ſieht, wie es mit dem Herzen eines Menſchen ſteht, der lieber gleich die Hütte der Freundſchaft baut bei der ungeſchmückten Tugend und der einfachen Redlichkeit!

3) Drittens hat ein Menſch mit ausgezeichneten Talenten und den größten Vollkommenheiten des Geiſtes, aber ohne ächt tugendhafte Geſinnung, nicht einmal für die Geſellſchaft einen größeren Werth, als Andere. Ich will keineswegs läugnen, was die Geſchichte aller Zeiten und aller Völker laut genug bezeugt, daß gerade ſolche der Geſellſchaft, der ſie angehörten, in den bedrängteſten Umſtänden einzelne höchſt wichtige Dienſte geleiſtet haben. Ich ſage nur, wenn ihr ſie betrachtet, wie ſie ſind, ſo werdet ihr in ihnen keinen Grund finden, warum ſie nicht Andern eben ſo verderblich werden könnten, als ſie ihnen nützlich geweſen ſind; und gewiß wird euch die Geſchichte eben ſo viele Beiſpiele zeigen, daß Menſchen von dieſer Art das Unglück ihres Vaterlandes, ihrer Familie und ihrer Freunde gemacht haben. Ich ſage ferner, daß, wenn ihr die Geſellſchaft betrachtet in dem ruhigen Zuſtande, in welchem ſie ſich eigentlich immer befinden ſollte, ihr gewiß geſtehen werdet, daß Mitglieder von mäßigen Gaben, aber von einer ſichern und feſten Denkungsart zu ihrem Wohlergehen mehr beitragen, als Menſchen von ausgezeichnetem Geiſte, aber ohne gute Geſinnung. Ich hoffe, ihr werdet hierin mit mir übereinſtimmen, wenn ich euch auf zwei Punkte werde aufmerkſam gemacht haben.

Der erſte iſt dieſes, daß ohne eine ſittliche Geſinnung gar keine Sicherheit darüber ſtatt findet, ob und wie ausgezeichnete Talente und Geiſtesgaben in der Welt werden angewendet werden. Wer nicht von dem Triebe, ſeine Pflicht zu erfüllen, beherrſcht wird, wen dabei weder die Noth drückt, noch der Eigennutz ſpornt, noch eine heftige Leidenſchaft hinausjagt in das Getümmel der Welt, warum ſollten für den die Vollkommenheiten, die er beſitzt, ein Antrieb ſein, der Welt ſeine Ruhe aufzuopfern? Auf die rühmlichen Anſtrengungen ſeiner frühern Jahre folgt eine behagliche Trägheit, Bequemlichkeit und Genuß iſt das Einzige, was er ſucht, und alles Gute, was er ſich erworben hat, verkommt, ohne einen weitern Nutzen, als die Annehmlichkeit, die es dem engern Kreiſe ſeiner Freunde gewährt. Ob dieſe ſo oder auf eine minder edle Art unterhalten werden, ob ein angenehmer Müßiggänger zugleich ein gebildeter und mit Kenntniſſen ausgerüſteter Mann iſt, das iſt der Geſellſchaft ſehr gleichgültig; und ein gewöhnlicher Menſch, der rüſtig ſeinen Platz ausfüllt, muß ihr weit ehrenwerther ſein. — Aber abgeſehen von dieſen, wenn nun Andere mit ihren natürlichen und erworbenen Vollkommenheiten ſich in einen Kreis geſelliger Thätigkeit hineinbegeben: haben ſie keine feſte und tugendhafte Denkungsart, ſo müſſen wir mehr vor dem Uebel zittern, welches ſie wahrſcheinlich anrichten werden, als auf das Gute rechnen, welches ſie allerdings anrichten können. Laßt ſie ſchwach ſein, unentſchloſſen, ohne Kraft, ſelbſt etwas zu wollen und zu unternehmen, in weſſen Hände werden ſie fallen? Wer wird ſich ihrer zum Werkzeuge bedienen können? Offenbar diejenigen, die ihnen ſchmeicheln, die in Kleinigkeiten unbedingt ihren Wünſchen dienen. Und wer läßt ſich zu dieſen kleinen Künſten herab? Nur die, welche mit dem gemeinen Wohl im Kriege ſind, und immer eigennützige oder ſträfliche Abſichten durchzuſetzen haben. Iſt es nicht ein bloßer Zufall, wenn es ſich anders trifft? und wäre es nicht beſſer, wenn jene gefährlichen Mitglieder der Geſellſchaft keine ſo vortrefflichen und zierlichen Werkzeuge fänden? Kann der wohl der Geſellſchaft werth ſein, der höchſt wahrſcheinlich nur ein brauchbares Mittel in der Hand ihrer Feinde wird? Und er kann es werden, worauf auch dieſe ausgehen mögen: denn alle Talente ſind eben ſo brauchbar zum Böſen als zum Guten. Ueberredungskunſt kann die Ohren der Mächtigen der Weisheit geneigt machen, und die Gemüther beſänftigen, die von Leidenſchaften zerriſſen ſind, aber ſie kann auch das Böſe beſchönigen, der guten Sache ihre kräftigſten Stützen rauben, und das Feuer der Zwietracht anfachen. Klugheit kann manches Hinderniß des Guten aus dem Wege räumen, aber auch das Böſe ſchneller zur Reife fördern; Gewandtheit und Leichtigkeit in Geſchäften kann gute Anordnungen ſchnell in Gang bringen, aber auch ſchlechten Menſchen ſchnell zu einer Unentbehrlichkeit verhelfen, die ihnen Nachſicht verſchafft bei Vergehungen und Ungerechtigkeiten. Laßt nun ſo begabte Menſchen von Eigennutz oder von Ehrſucht und andern heftigen Leidenſchaften regiert werden: ſo werden wir eher des Segens ſicher ſein können, den Sturmwinde und Erdbeben unſeren Feldern und Wohnungen bringen, als des Guten, welches dieſe in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft ſtiften werden. Was ſoll ich erſt Beiſpiele anführen, da ihr nur die Augen aufſchlagen dürft, um ſie leider nur zu zahlreich auf allen Seiten zu finden im Großen und im Kleinen. Hätten alle menſchliche Verbindungen eine ſolche Einrichtung, daß nothwendiger Weiſe auch der Eigennutz alle ihre Mitglieder antreiben müßte, das gemeinſchaftliche Wohl zu befördern, und daß dagegen die Uebertretung der Geſetze Keinem einen Vortheil gewähren könnte, daß für keine Leidenſchaft eine Befriedigung möglich wäre, außer in den Grenzen des Erlaubten und durch Handlungen, welche den gemeinſchaftlichen Endzweck der Geſellſchaft befördern: dann möchtet ihr ſagen, daß Talente für ſich einen ſichern Werth für die Geſellſchaft hätten, und daß von ihnen auch ohne Tugend keine Gefahr zu beſorgen wäre.

Der zweite iſt dieſes: wenn auch Menſchen von vielen Geiſtesgaben, aber ohne ächte Tugend, es geſchehe nun aus welcher Urſache es wolle, nichts Böſes ſtiften, ſo hat doch auch das Gute, welches ſie anrichten, weniger Werth, weil ihm der Geiſt der Ordnung und des Gehorſams fehlt, der es zugleich zu einem nachahmungswürdigen Beiſpiel macht. Ich will nicht ſagen, daß dies etwas Nothwendiges iſt, aber es iſt, wie die allgemeine Erfahrung zeigt, etwas ſehr natürliches und gewöhnliches. Mit jeder ausgezeichneten Vollkommenheit pflegt, wenn ſie in einem ſelbſtſüchtigen, an höhere Geſetze ſich nicht freiwillig bindenden, Gemüthe wohnt, ein gewiſſer Eigenſinn in der Ausbildung ver-

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*) Sp. Sal. 16, 2.

bunden zu ſein. Man glaubt ſo leicht, was nicht alle Menſchen leiſten können, dürfe man auch von dem, der es leiſten kann, nicht zu jeder Zeit fordern; man glaubt, je außerordentlicher die Talente und die Geſchicklichkeiten eines Menſchen ſind, um deſto weniger habe er ſie in ſeiner Gewalt, und man könne alſo nicht verlangen, daß ſie ihm gerade dann zu Gebote ſtehen ſollen, wenn es der Geſellſchaft am wünſchenswertheſten iſt, oder wenn ihre Ordnung es erfordert. So entſchuldigt jeder Einzelne dieſer Art ſich ſelbſt, ſo jeden auch Andere: ſo wird ihm vergönnt, zu unterlaſſen, was er thun ſollte, hie und da ſchlechter zu machen, was er beſſer machen könnte. Mag dann auch dieſes Schlechtere noch beſſer ſein, als viele Andere es gemacht hätten, weit mehr, als dieſer Vortheil, geht dennoch verloren dadurch, daß ein verderbliches Beiſpiel gegeben wird. Habt immer weniger Talente, aber habt jene Selbſtbeherrſchung, nach welcher nur ein wahrhaft rechtſchaffener Sinn trachtet: ſo wird der Geſellſchaft weit mehr mit euch geholfen ſein. — Je mehr ſich ein Menſch von ausgezeichnetem Verſtande mit einem Geſchäft einläßt, worüber, weil mehrere Menſchen darin zu gemeinſchaftlicher Thätigkeit vereinigt ſind, Ordnungen verfaßt und Geſeze gegeben werden mußten: deſto deutlicher ſieht er die Unvollkommenheit dieſer Ordnungen und Geſeze ein. Der Rechtſchaffene, dem Alles, was dieſen Namen führt, heilig iſt, wird ſie dennoch nie verlezen; wem aber dieſer Sinn fehlt, wer mehr Werth auf dasjenige ſezt, was geſchieht, als auf die Art, wie es gethan wird: wo ſollte der ein Unrecht darin finden, wenn er, um, wie er meint, das gemeine Wohl zu befördern, Geſeze verlezt, die doch nur zu jenem Zweck gegeben ſein können? Solche Handlungen ſind dann die gefährlichen Geſchenke, welche die Welt von Talenten ohne Tugend empfängt! o! ſie ſollte ſie nicht anrühren, denn ſie ſind jener Frucht gleich, durch welche ſich der Same des Böſen über das menſchliche Geſchlecht verbreitet hat. Nein, Ordnungsliebe, Gehorſam, Selbſtverläugnung, das iſt überall in der Geſellſchaft das Erſte; und wo dieſe Eigenſchaften nicht walten, da ſind die köſtlichen Gaben des Geiſtes nur ein leerer Schall, nicht ein leerer, ſondern ein ſolcher, der die Nähe eines gefährlichen Feindes, eines drohenden Unglücks verkündigt.

Im Namen der Religion alſo und des Gewiſſens fordere ich euch auf, dieſe ſo offenbar dem Sinn der Schrift und dem Geiſte des Chriſtenthums angemeſſene Denkart zu der eurigen zu machen! Im Namen der Geſellſchaft und der guten Sache fordere ich euch auf, ſie bei jeder Gelegenheit ſo ſtark zu äußern, als euch möglich iſt. Seid ihr ſo glücklich auf Menſchen von ausgezeichnetem Geiſte zu treffen, deren Sinn und Denkart zugleich den Forderungen entſpricht, welche wir an einander machen: ſo werdet nicht müde, auf jede Weiſe zu bezeugen, daß es nur ihre rechtſchaffene Geſinnung iſt, welche ihr achtet, nur ihr wohlwollendes Herz, welches ihr liebt, und daß ohne dieſes eure Bewunderung und euer Wohlgefallen von ganz anderer Art ſein würden. Habt ihr mit Menſchen zu thun, denen es, bei einer ſeltenen Ausbildung des Geiſtes, bei ungewöhnlichen Einſichten und Geſchicklichkeiten, an dieſem vornehmſten Stücke fehlt: ſo ſtellt dicht neben ihnen die ſchlichte und einfältige Rechtſchaffenheit auf, als den Gegenſtand eurer Achtung; zeigt ihnen und der Welt, wie nur ein liebreiches, gefühlvolles, der Tugend gehorſames Gemüth eure herzliche Liebe gewinnen kann, und beweiſt durch euer ganzes Leben, daß die Liebe, wie ſie der Apoſtel beſchreibt, das Erſte iſt, dem ihr nachtrachtet.

Die Reflexion*).

Auch die äußere Welt, mit ihren ewigſten Geſezen wie mit ihren flüchtigſten Erſcheinungen, ſtrahlt in tauſend zarten und erhabenen Allegorien, wie ein magiſcher Spiegel, das Höchſte und Innerſte unſeres Weſens auf uns zurück. Welche aber den lauten Aufforderungen ihres tiefſten Gefühles nicht horchen, welche den leiſen Seufzer des gemißhandelten Geiſtes nicht vernehmen, an dieſen gehen auch die wohlthätigen Bilder verloren, deren ſanfter Reiz den ſtumpfen Sinn ſchärfen ſoll und ſpielend belehren. Selbſt von dem, was die eigene Willkühr erdacht hat, und immer wieder hervorbringen muß, mißverſtehn ſie die wahre Deutung, und die innerſte Abſicht. Wir durchſchneiden die unendliche Linie der Zeit in gleichen Entfernungen, an willkührlich durch den leichteſten Schein beſtimmten Punkten, die für das Leben ganz gleichgültig ſind, nach denen nichts ſich richten will, weil alles abgemeſſene Schritte verſchmäht, weder das Gebäude unſerer Werke, noch der Kranz unſerer Empfindungen, noch das Spiel unſerer Schickſale; und dennoch meinen wir mit dieſen Abſchnitten etwas mehr als eine Erleichterung für den Zahlenbewahrer, oder ein Feſt für den Meßkünſtler; bei Jedem knüpft ſich daran unvermeidlich der ernſte Gedanke, daß eine Theilung des Lebens möglich ſei. Aber wenige dringen ein in die heilige Allegorie, und verſtehen den Sinn dieſer Verknüpfung, zu welcher die Natur ſie auffordert.

Der Menſch kennt nichts als ſein Daſein in der Zeit, und deſſen gleitenden Wandel hinab von der ſonnigen Höhe in die furchtbare Nacht der Vernichtung. Vorſtellung und Empfindung abwechſelnd entwickelnd und in einander verſchlingend, ſo meint er, ziehe eine unſichtbare Hand den Faden ſeines Lebens fort, und drehe ihn jezt loſer jezt feſter zuſammen, und weiter ſei nichts. Je ſchneller ihre Folge, je reicher ihr Wechſel, je harmoniſcher und inniger ihre Verbindung, deſto herrlicher ſei das bedeutende Kunſtwerk vollendet, und könnten ſie ſeinen ganzen Zuſammenhang mechaniſch erklären, ſo ſtänden ſie auf dem Gipfel der Menſchheit und des Selbſtverſtändniſſes. So nehmen ſie den zurückgeworfenen Strahl ihrer Thätigkeit für ihr ganzes Thun, die äußeren Berührungspunkte ihrer Kraft mit dem was nicht ſie iſt für ihr innerſtes Weſen, die Atmoſphäre für die Welt ſelbſt, um welche ſie ſich gebildet hat. Wie wollten ſie die Aufforderung verſtehn, welche in der Handlung liegt, der ſie nun gedankenlos zuſehn. Der Punkt, der eine Linie durchſchneidet, iſt nicht ein Theil von ihr: er bezieht ſich auf das Unendliche eben ſo eigentlich und unmittelbarer, als auf ſie, und überall in ihr kannſt du einen ſolchen Punkt ſezen. Der Moment, in welchem du die Bahn des Lebens theilſt und durchſchneideſt, ſoll kein Theil des zeitlichen Lebens ſein: anders ſollſt du ihn anſehn, und deiner unmittelbaren Beziehungen mit dem Ewigen und Unendlichen dich bewußt werden; und überall wo du willſt, kannſt du einen ſolchen Moment haben. Dein freue ich mich, erhabene Andeutung der Gottheit in mir, ſchöne Einladung zu einem unſterblichen Daſein außerhalb des Gebietes der Zeit, und frei von ihren harten Geſezen! Die aber um den Beruf zu dieſem höhern Leben nicht wiſſen, mitten im Strom der flüchtigen Gefühle und Gedanken, finden ihn auch dann nicht, wenn ſie ohne zu wiſſen was ſie thun, die Zeit meſſen und das irdiſche Leben abtheilen. Wenn ſie lieber nichts merkten von dem was ihnen geſagt werden ſoll, daß nicht ihr eitles Thun und Treiben ſo ſchmerzlich mein Gemüth ergriffe, wenn es der heiligen Einladung zu folgen ſtrebt. Sie wollen doch auch einen Punkt haben, den ſie nicht anſehen als flüchtige Gegenwart, nur daß ſie nicht verſtehn ihn als Ewigkeit zu behandeln. Oft auf einen Augenblick bisweilen auf eine Stunde, nun gar auf einen Tag ſprechen ſie ſich los von der Verpflichtung, ſo emſig zu handeln, ſo eifrig Genuß und Erkenntniß anzuſtreben, wie auch der kleinſte Theil des Lebens es von ihnen verlangt, wenn er ſie erinnert, daß er eben ſo bald Vergangenheit ſein wird, als er noch kürzlich Zukunft war. Dann eilet es ſie Neues wahrzunehmen, oder genießen, wirken oder hervorbringen; ſie ſezen ſich ans Ufer des Lebens, oder können nichts thun, als in die tanzende Welle lächelnd hinabweinen. Gleich wilden Barbaren, die am Grabe des Vaters Weiber, Kinder, oder Sklaven morden, ſo ſchlachten ſie am Grabe des Jahres den Tag, der in leeren Fantaſien vergeht, ein vergebliches Opfer.

Für den ſoll es kein Nachdenken und keine Betrachtung geben, der das innere Weſen des Geiſtes nicht kennt; der ſoll nicht ſtreben ſich loszureißen von der Zeit, der auch in ſich nichts kennt, als was ihr angehört: denn wohin ſollte er ihrem Strome entſteigen, und was könnte er ſich erſtreben, als fruchtloſes Leiden und Vernichtungsgefühl? Vergleichend wägt der Eine ab Genuß und Sorge der Vergangenheit, und will das Licht, das ihm aus der zurückgelegten Ferne noch nachſchimmert, in ein einziges kleines Bild vereinigen, unter dem Brennpunkt der Erinnerung. Ein Anderer ſchauet an, was er gewirkt, den harten Kampf mit Welt und Schickſal ruft er gern zurück, und froh, daß es noch ſo geworden, ſieht er hie und da auf dem neutralen Boden der gleichgültigen Wirklichkeit ein Denkmal ſtehen, das er ſich aus dem trägen Stoff herausgebildet, obwohl Alles weit hinter ſeinem Vorſaz zurück geblieben. Es forſcht ein Dritter, was er wohl gelernt, und ſchreitet ſtolz im viel erweiterten und wohlgefüllten Magazin der Kenntniſſe daher, erfreut, daß ſich alles ſo in ihm zuſammendrängt. O kindiſches Beginnen der eiteln Einbildung! Es fehlt der Kummer, den die Fantaſie gebildet, und den aufzubewahren das Gedächtniß ſich geſchämt; es fehlt der Beiſtand, den Welt und Schickſal ſelbſt geleiſtet, die die ſie jezt nur feindlich begrüßen wollen; das Alte, was von dem Neuen verdrängt ward, die Gedanken, die ſie unter dem Denken, die Vorſtellungen, die ſie unter dem Lernen verloren, werden nicht mit in Anſchlag gebracht, und niemals iſt die Rechnung richtig. Und wäre ſie es, wie tief verwunderts mich, daß Menſchen denken mögen, dies ſei Selbſtbetrachtung, dies heiße ſich erkennen. Wie eitel endet das hochgeprieſene Geſchäft! die Fantaſie ergreift das treue Bildniß der vergangenen Zeit, malts mit ſchönern Umgebungen nicht ſparſam in den leeren

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*) Aus Schleiermachers Monologen. Berlin 1800.

Raum der nächſten Zukunft, und ſieht oft ſeufzend auf das erſte noch zurück. So iſt die letzte Frucht nur eitle Hoffnung, daß Beſſeres kommen werde, und die leere Klage, daß dahin ſei, was ſo ſchön geweſen, und daß der Stoff des Lebens mehr und mehr von Tag zu Tag verrinnend der ſchönen Flamme bald das Ende zeige. So zeichnet die Zeit mit leeren Wünſchen und mit eitlen Klagen brandmarkend ſchmerzlich ihre Sklaven, die entrinnen wollten, und macht den Schlechteſten dem Beſten gleich, den ſie eben ſo ſicher ſich wieder beugt. Wer ſtatt der Thätigkeit des Geiſtes, die verborgen in ſeiner Tiefe ſich regt, nur ihre äußere Erſcheinung kennt und ſieht, wer ſtatt ſich anzuſchaun nur immer von fern und nahe her ein Bild des Lebens und ſeines Wechſels ſich zuſammenholt, der bleibt der Zeit und der Nothwendigkeit ein Sklave; was er ſinnt und denkt, trägt ihren Stempel, iſt ihr Eigenthum, und nie, auch wenn ſich ſelbſt er zu betrachten wähnt, darf er das heilige Gebiet der Freiheit betreten; denn in dem Bilde, was er ſich von ſich entwirft, wird er ſich ſelbſt zum äußern Gegenſtande, wie alles andere ihm iſt, alles iſt darin durch äußere Verhältniſſe beſtimmt. Wie es ihm erſcheint, was er dabei ſich denkt und fühlt, alles hängt ab vom Inhalte der Zeit, und von derjenigen Beſchaffenheit, was ihn berührt hat. Wer mit thieriſchem Gemüthe nur den Genuß geſucht, dem ſcheint das Leben arm oder reich, nachdem der angenehmen Augenblicke viel oder wenig verſtrichen ſind in gleicher Zeit, und dieſes Bild betrachtet er mit Wohlgefallen oder nicht, je wie das Gute drin das erſte oder letzte war. Wer Schönes bilden und genießen wollte, hängt ab vom Urtheil über ſich, vom Boden auf dem er ſtand, und von dem Stoff, den ſeiner Arbeit das Schickſal vorgelegt. So auch wer Gutes zu wirken ſtrebte. Es beugen alle ſich dem Scepter der Nothwendigkeit, und ſeufzen unter dem Fluch der Zeit, die nichts beſtehn läßt.

Wie ihnen beim Leben, ſo iſt mir zu Muthe, wenn mannigfaltiger Töne kunſtreiche Harmonie dem Ohr vorbeigerollt und nun verhallt iſt, mit dürftigem Nachklang ſich die Fantaſie zermartert, und die Seele dem nachſeufzt, was nicht wiederkehrt. So freilich iſt das Leben nur eine flüchtige Harmonie, aus der Berührung des Vergänglichen und des Ewigen entſprungen: aber es iſt der Menſch ein bleibendes Werk, der Anſchauung ein unvergänglicher Gegenſtand. Nur ſein innerſtes Handeln, in dem ſein wahres Weſen beſteht, iſt frei, und wenn ich dieſes betrachte, fühle ich mich auf dem heiligen Boden der Freiheit, und fern von allen unwürdigen Schranken. Auf mich ſelbſt muß mein Auge gekehrt ſein, um jeden Moment nicht nur verſtreichen zu laſſen als einen Theil der Zeit, ſondern als Element der Ewigkeit ihn heraus zu greifen, und in ein höheres freieres Leben zu verwandeln.

Nur für den giebts Freiheit und Unendlichkeit, der weiß was Welt iſt und was Menſch, der klar das große Räthſel, wie beide zu ſcheiden ſind, und wie ſie in einander wirken, ſich gelöſt; ein Räthſel, in deſſen alten Finſterniſſen tauſend noch untergehn, und ſklaviſch, weil das eigne Licht verloſchen, dem trügeriſchſten Scheine folgen müſſen. Was ſie Welt nennen, iſt mir Menſch, was ſie Menſch nennen, iſt mir Welt. Welt iſt ihnen ſtets das erſte, und der Geiſt ein kleiner Gaſt nur auf der Welt, nicht ſicher ſeines Orts und ſeiner Kräfte. Mir iſt der Geiſt das erſte und das einzige: denn was ich als Welt erkenne, iſt ſein ſchönſtes Werk, ſein ſelbſtgeſchaffener Spiegel. Es drücken ſie mit Ehrfurcht und mit Furcht danieder, die unendlich großen und ſchweren Maſſen des körperlichen Stoffes, zwiſchen denen ſie ſich ſo klein, ſo unbedeutend ſcheinen; mir iſt das alles nur der große gemeinſchaftliche Leib der Menſchheit, wie der eigne Leib dem Einzelnen gehört, ihr angehörig, nur durch ſie möglich und ihr mitgegeben, daß ſie ihn beherrſche, ſich durch ihn verſtände. Ihr freies Thun iſt auf ihn hingerichtet, um alle ſeine Pulſe zu fühlen, ihn zu bilden, alles in Organe zu verwandeln, und alle ſeine Theile mit der Gegenwart des thätigen Geiſtes zu zeichnen, und zu beleben. Giebts einen Leib wohl ohne Geiſt? iſt nicht der Leib nur, weil und wann der Geiſt ihn braucht und ſeiner ſich bewußt iſt? Mein freies Thun iſt jegliches Gefühl, das aus der Körperwelt hervorzudringen ſcheint, nicht iſt Wirkung von ihr auf mich, das Wirken geht immer von mir auf ſie, ſie iſt nicht etwas von mir verſchiedenes, mir entgegengeſetztes. Darum nenne ich ſie auch nicht mit dem Namen Welt, dem hohen Worte, das Allgegenwart und Allmacht in ſich ſchließt. Was Welt zu nennen ich würdige, iſt nur die ewige Gemeinſchaft der Geiſter, ihr Einfluß auf einander, ihr gegenſeitig Bilden, die hohe Harmonie der Freiheit. Nur das unendliche All der Geiſter, ſetz ich mir dem Endlichen und Einzelnen entgegen. Dem nur verſtatt ich zu verwandeln und zu bilden die Oberfläche meines Weſens, um auf mich einzuwirken. Hier, und nur hier iſt der Nothwendigkeit Gebiet. Mein Thun iſt frei, nicht ſo mein Wirken in der Welt, das folgt ewigen Geſetzen. Es ſtößt die Freiheit an der Freiheit ſich, und was geſchieht, trägt der Beſchränkung und Gemeinſchaft Zeichen. Ja, du biſt überall das erſte, heilige Freiheit! du wohnſt in mir, in Allen; Nothwendigkeit iſt außer uns geſetzt, iſt der beſtimmte Ton vom ſchönen Zuſammenſtoß der Freiheit, der ihr Daſein verkündet. Mich kann ich nur als Freiheit anſchaun; was nothwendig iſt, iſt nicht mein Thun, es iſt ſein Widerſchein, es iſt die Anſchauung der Welt, die in der heiligen Gemeinſchaft mit Allen ich erſchaffen helfe. Ihr gehören die Werke, die auf gemeinſchaftlichem Boden mit Andern ich erbaut: ſie ſind mein Antheil an der Schöpfung, die unſere innern Gedanken darſtellt. Ihr gehören die Gefühle, die bald ſteigen und bald fallen; ihr die Bilder, die kommen und vergehn, und was ſonſt wechſelnd ins Gemüth die Zeit bringt und hinweg nimmt: ſie ſind das Zeichen, daß Welt und Geiſt ſich liebevoll begegnet, der Kuß der Freundſchaft zwiſchen beiden, der ſich anders immer wiederholt. Dies geht, der Tanz der Horen, melodiſch und harmoniſch nach dem Zeitmaaß; doch Freiheit ſpielt die Melodie und wählt die Tonart, und alle zarten Uebergänge ſind ihr Werk. Sie gehen aus dem innern Handeln und aus dem eignen Sinn des Menſchen ſelbſt hervor.

So biſt du Freiheit mir in allem das urſprüngliche, das erſte und innerſte. Wenn ich in mich zurückgeh, um dich anzuſchaun, ſo iſt mein Blick auch ausgewandert aus dem Gebiet der Zeit, und frei von der Nothwendigkeit Schranken; es weichet jedes drückende Gefühl der Sklaverei, es wird der Geiſt ſein ſchöpferiſches Weſen inne, das Licht der Gottheit geht mir auf, und ſcheucht die Nebel weit zurück, in denen jene Sklaven irrend wandern. Wie ich betrachtend mich erkennen und anſchaun ſoll, hängt nicht mehr ab vom Schickſal oder Glück, noch auch davon, wie viel der frohen Stunden ich geraubet, oder was zu Stande gekommen iſt und feſtſteht durch mein Thun, und wie die äußere Darſtellung dem Willen iſt gelungen: das alles iſt nur Welt, nicht ich. Es mochte das Handeln, welches ich betrachte, darauf gerichtet ſein, der Menſchheit ihren großen Körper zu eignen, ihn zu nähren, die Organe ihm zu ſchärfen, oder mimiſch und kunſtreich ihn zu bilden zum Abdruck der Vernunft und des Gemüthes: wie ich ihn bei dem Geſchäft zu meinem Dienſt ſchon thätig fand, wie leicht zu bildend und zu beherrſchend die rohe Maſſe durch des Geiſtes Macht, das iſt ein Zeichen von der Herrſchaft nur, die ſchon die Freiheit Aller über ihn geübt, ein Blick auf das, was noch zu thun verbleibt, und nicht ein Maaßſtab meines Handelns; es ändert nicht die Anſchauung von meiner That, das Bild von meinem ganzen Sein; mich fühl ich darum nicht beſſer und nicht ſchlechter, ich finde mich nicht als den Sklaven, dem die Welt die eiſerne Nothwendigkeit bezeichnet, was er ſein darf. Wie dem ſtarken geſunden Geiſt der Schmerz die Herrſchaft über ſeinen Leib nicht gleich entreißet: ſo fühl auch ich mich frei beſeelend und regierend den rohen Stoff, gleichviel ob Schmerz ob Freude folge. Es zeigen beide das innere Leben an, und inneres Leben iſt des Geiſtes Werk und freie That. Und war mein Thun darauf gerichtet, die Menſchheit in mir zu beſtimmen, in irgend einer endlichen Geſtalt und feſten Zügen ſie darzuſtellen, und ſo ſelbſt werdend Welt zugleich zu bilden, indem ich der Gemeinſchaft freier Geiſter ein eignes und freies Handeln darbot: es bleibt daſſelbe dem darauf gewandten Blick, ob nun unmittelbar etwas daraus entſtand, das gleich mir ſelbſt als Welt begegnet, ob mein Handeln gleich dem Handeln eines Andern ſich verband, ob nicht. Mein Thun war doch nicht leer, bin ich nur in mir ſelbſt beſtimmter und eigener geworden, ſo hab ich durch mein Werden auch Welt gebildet, ob nun früher oder ſpät das Handeln eines Andern anders und neu auf meines trift und ſichtbare That vermählend ſtößt. Nimmer kehr ich traurig von der Betrachtung meiner ſelbſt zurück, und ſinge dem gebrochenen Willen, dem überwundenen Entſchluſſe Klagelieder, gleich denen welche nicht ins Innere dringen, und nur im Einzelnen und Aeußern ſich ſelbſt zu finden wähnen.

Klar wie der Unterſchied des Innern und Aeußern vor mir ſteht, weiß ich es, wer ich bin, und finde mich ſelbſt im innern Handeln nur, im Aeußern nur die Welt, und beides weiß der Geiſt zu unterſcheiden, nicht ungewiß wie Jene zwiſchen beiden ſchwankend in verwirrungsvoller Dunkelheit. So weiß ich auch, wo Freiheit iſt zu ſuchen und ihr heiliges Gefühl, das dem ſich ſtets verweigert, deſſen Blick nur auf dem äußern Thun und Leben der Menſchen weilet. Wie ſehr er ſich vertiefen mag in tauſend Irrgängen der Betrachtung ſinnend und denkend hin und her, und alles mag erreichen: den Begriff verſagt ſein Denken ihm. Er folgt nicht nur dem Winke der Nothwendigkeit: in abergläubiger Weisheit in knechtiſcher Demuth muß er auch ſie ſuchen, und ſie glauben, wo er ſie nicht ſieht, und Freiheit ſcheint ihm nur ein Schleier über die verborgne und unbegriffne Nothwendigkeit betrügeriſch geworfen. So ſieht der Sinnliche mit ſeinem äußern Thun und äußern Denken auch Alles einzeln nur und endlich. Er kann ſich ſelbſt nicht anders faſſen als einen Inbegriff von flüchtigen Erſcheinungen, da immer eine die andere aufhebt und zerſtört, die nicht zuſammen zu begreifen ſind; ein volles Bild von ſeinem Weſen zerfließt in tauſend Widerſprüchen ihm. Wohl widerſpricht im äußern Wirken das Einzelne dem Einzelnen, das Wirken hebt Leben auf, das Denken zerſtört Empfindung, und das Anſchauen dringt unthätige Ruhe dem Willen ab. Im Innern iſt alles Eins, ein jedes Handeln iſt Ergänzung nur zum andern, in jedem iſt das andere auch enthalten. Drum hebe auch weit über das Endliche, das in beſtimmter Folge und feſten Schranken ſich überſehen läßt, die Selbſtanſchauung mich hinaus. Es giebt kein Handeln in mir, das ich vereinzelt recht betrachten, und keins, von dem ich ſagen könnte, es ſei ein Ganzes. Ein jedes Thun ſtellt mir mein ganzes Weſen dar, nichts iſt getheilt, und jede Thätigkeit begleitet die andere; es findet die Betrachtung keine Schranken, muß immer unvollendet bleiben, wenn ſie lebendig bleiben will. Mein ganzes Weſen kann ich wieder nicht vernehmen, ohne die Menſchheit anzuſchauen, und meinen Ort und Stand in ihrem Reich mir zu beſtimmen; und die Menſchheit, wer vermöchte ſie zu denken, ohne ſich mit dem Denken ins unermeßliche Gebiet und Weſen des reinen Geiſtes zu verlieren.

So iſt es alſo die hohe Selbſtbetrachtung, und ſie iſt es allein, was mich in Stand ſezt, die erhabene Forderung zu erfüllen, daß der Menſch nicht ſterblich nur im Reich der Zeit, auch im Gebiet der Ewigkeit unſterblich, nicht irdiſch nur, auch göttlich ſoll ſein Leben führen. Es fließt mein irdiſch Thun im Strom der Zeit, es wandern ſich Erkenntniß und Gefühle, und ich vermag nichts einzeln feſt zu halten; es fliegt vorbei der Schauplaz, den ich ſpielend mir gebildet, und auf der ſichern Welle führt der Strom mich Neuem ſtets entgegen: ſo oft ich aber ins innere Selbſt den Blick zurückwende, bin ich zugleich im Reich der Ewigkeit; ich ſchaue des Geiſtes Handeln an, das keine Welt verwandeln, und keine Zeit zerſtören kann, das ſelbſt erſt Welt und Zeit erſchafft. Auch bedarf es nicht etwa der Stunde, die Jahre von Jahren trennt, um mich aufzufordern zum Genuß des Ewigen, und das Auge des Geiſtes zu wecken, welches ſchlafen kann, wenn auch das Herz ſchlägt, und die Glieder ſich regen. Immer möchte das göttliche Leben führen, wer es einmal gekoſtet hat: jegliches Thun ſoll begleiten der Blick in die Myſterien des Geiſtes, jeden Augenblick kann der Menſch außer der Zeit leben, zugleich in der höheren Welt.

Es ſagen zwar die Weiſen ſelbſt, mäßig ſolleſt du dich mit Einem begnügen; Leben ſei Eins, und im urſprünglichen und höchſten Denken ſich verlieren ein Anderes; indem du getragen werdeſt von der Zeit geſchäftig in der Welt, könneſt du nicht zugleich ruhig dich anſchauen in deiner innerſten Tiefe. Es ſagen die Künſtler, indem du bildeſt und dichteſt müſſe die Seele ganz verloren ſein in das Werk, und dürfe nicht wiſſen was ſie beginnt. Aber wage es, mein Geiſt, troz der verſtändigen Warnung! eile entgegen deinem Ziele, das ein anderes vielleicht iſt, als das ihre. Mehr kann der Menſch als er meint; aber auch dem Höchſten entgegenſtrebend, erreicht er nur Einiges. Kann das heiligſte innerſte Denken des Weiſen zugleich ein äußeres Handeln ſein, hinaus in die Welt zur Mittheilung und Belehrung: warum ſoll denn nicht äußeres Handeln in der Welt, was es auch ſei, zugleich ſein können ein inneres Denken des Handelns? Iſt das Schauen des Geiſtes in ſich ſelbſt die göttliche Quelle alles Bildens und Dichtens, und findet er nur in ſich, was er darſtellt im unſterblichen Werk: warum ſoll nicht bei allem Bilden und Dichten, das immer nur ihn darſtellt, er auch zurückſchauen in ſich ſelbſt? Theile nicht was ewig vereint iſt, dein Weſen, das weder das Thun noch das Wiſſen um ſein Thun entbehren mag, ohne ſich zu zerſtören! Bewege Alles in der Welt, und richte aus was du vermagſt; gieb dich hin dem Gefühl deiner angebornen Schranken, bearbeite jedes Mittel der geiſtigen Gemeinſchaft; ſtelle dar dein Eigenthümliches, und zeichne mit deinem Geiſt alles was dich umgiebt; arbeite an den heiligen Werken der Menſchheit, ziehe an die befreundeten Geiſter: aber immer ſchaue in dich ſelbſt, wiſſe was du thuſt, und in welcher Geſtalt dein Handeln einhergeht. Der Gedanke, mit dem ſie die Gottheit zu denken meinen, welche ſie nimmer erreichen, hat doch für dich die Wahrheit einer ſchönen Allegorie auf das was der Menſch ſein ſoll. Durch ſein bloßes Sein erhält ſich der Geiſt die Welt, und durch Freiheit giebt er ſich die Thätigkeit, die immer ein und dieſelbe ſein wechſelndes Handeln hervorbringt: aber unverrückt ſchaut er zugleich jene Thätigkeit an, in dieſem Handeln immer neu und immer dieſelbe, und dies Anſchauen iſt Unſterblichkeit und ewiges Leben, denn es bedarf der Geiſt nichts als ſich ſelbſt, und es vergeht nicht die Betrachtung dem zurückbleibenden Gegenſtand, noch ſtirbt der Gegenſtand vor der überlebenden Betrachtung. So haben ſie auch gedichtet die Unſterblichkeit, die ſie allzugenügſam erſt nach der Zeit ſuchen ſtatt neben der Zeit, und ihre Fabeln ſind weiſer als ſie ſelbſt. Es erſcheint ja dem ſinnlichen Menſchen das innere Handeln nur als ein Schatten der äußern That, und ins Reich der Schatten haben ſie die Seele auf ewig geſezt, und gemeint, daß dort unten nur ein dürftiges Bild der frühern Thätigkeit ein dunkles Leben ihr friſte: aber klarer als der Olymp iſt das, was der dürftige Sinn verbannte in unterirdiſche Finſterniß, und das Reich der Schatten ſei ſchon hier mir das Urbild der Wirklichkeit. Jenſeit der zeitlichen Welt liegt ihnen ja die Gottheit, und die Gottheit anzuſchaun und zu loben haben ſie den Menſchen nach dem Tode auf ewig befreit von den Schranken der Zeit: aber es ſchwebt ſchon jezt der Geiſt über der zeitlichen Welt, und ihn anzuſchauen iſt Ewigkeit und unſterblicher Geſänge himmliſcher Genuß. Beginne darum ſchon jezt dein ewiges Leben in ſteter Selbſtbetrachtung; ſorge nicht um das, was kommen wird, weine nicht um das, was vergeht: aber ſorge dich ſelbſt nicht zu verlieren, und weine, wenn du dahin treibſt im Strome der Zeit, ohne den Himmel in dir zu tragen.

Friedrich Chriſtian Schlenkert,

ward am 8. Februar 1757 zu Dresden geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf der Schule Pforta und ſtudirte dann die Rechte in Leipzig. Später als Acceſſiſt bei der Generalacciſerechnungsexpedition in Dresden beſchäftigt, mißfiel er durch den, in ſeinen Schriften vorherrſchenden freien Ton, ſeinen Vorgeſezten, nachdem er bereits ſeit 1784 als Finanzſecretair angeſtellt worden, und man enthob ihn ſeines Amtes 1791. Bis 1815 lebte er nur als Privatgelehrter zu Dresden und erhielt dann die Profeſſur der deutſchen Sprache an der Forſtacademie zu Tharand, wo er am 16. Juni 1826 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Almanach od. Darſtell. aus d. Geſch. d. Menſchheit. f. 1795—98. Leipzig. 8.
Agathon und Pſyche. Drama. Eb. 1780. 8.
Bernhard, Herzog zu Sachſen-Weimar, ein hiſtor. Gemälde. Leipzig 1802.
Die Bürger und Bergknappen von Freiberg. Eb. 1799. 8.
Elegieen. Erfurt 1790. 8.
Friedrich mit der gebiſſenen Wange. 4 Thle. Eb. 1785—88. 8.
Kein Fauſtrecht mehr. Schauſp. Regensburg 1790. 8.
Altdeutſche Geſchichten, romant. Inhalts. 1r Thl. Zürich 1790. 8.
Graf Wiprecht von Groitzſch. Eb. 1789—95. 8. 3 Thle.
Habsburgs Meiſterſänger. Prag 1791.
Hermanns Schlachten. Leipzig 1818. 8.
Kaiſer Heinrich IV. Eb. 1788—95. 5 Thle.
Lombardiſche Gemälde, hiſtor.-romant. bearb. Eb. 1796. 8.
Moriz von Sachſen. Zürich 1799. 1800. 8. 2 Thle.
Panorama, ein Taſchenbuch f. 1802. Leipz. 8.
Rudolph von Habsburg. Leipzig 1792—94. 8. 4 Thle.
Unterhaltendes Taſchenbuch f. 1802. Leipz. 8.
Unterhalt. Taſchenbuch. Leipzig 1816. 12.
Die Thäler von Hohenbergen, oder die Menſchen wie ſie ſind. Leipzig 1801. 8.
Beſchreibung von Tharand. 14 Bdchn. Dresden 1797. 8. Dann unt. d. Titel: Tharand, ein hiſtor.-romant. Gemälde nach d. Natur. Eb. 1804.
Theudelina. Leipzig 1805. 8.
Weisheit und Thorheit, eine Monatsſchrift. 1r Jahrg. Dresden 1782. 8.

S. war einer der Erſten, welche hiſtoriſche Stoffe dem deutſchen Romane aneigneten; ſeine Leiſtungen wurden deshalb eine Zeitlang vielfach und eifrig geleſen, geriethen aber dann eben ſo ſchnell in Vergeſſenheit, da er die Geſchichte zu ſehr mißhandelte, intereſſante Momente keineswegs intereſſant darzuſtellen wußte, und obendrein eine ſteife dialogiſche Form wählte, welche auf die Länge auch den fleißigſten Leſer durch ihr ſchleppendes Weſen matt und müde machte.

Johann Ferdinand Schlez,

ward am 27. Juni des Jahres 1759 zu Ippesheim in Franken geboren. Sein Vater, Prediger daſelbſt, bereitete den Jüngling für das Gymnaſium zu Windsheim vor, das er 1773 bezog. Erſt ſeit 1778 in Jena Student, ward er ſchon 1780 Vikar und 1788 Nachfolger ſeines Vaters; doch blieb er es nicht lange, da er im Jahre 1800 mit dem Titel eines großherzoglich-heſſiſchen Kirchenraths als Inſpector und Oberprediger nach Schlitz bei Fulda berufen ward.

Er ſchrieb:

Der Kinderfreund. 2 Thle. Nürnberg 1789.
Geſchichte des Dörfleins Traubenheim. Ebendaſelbſt 1791.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Ebend. 1793. (zuerſt 1784 unter dem Titel: Gedichte.)
Gregor Schlaghart und Lorenz Richart. Eb. 1795. 2 Thle.
Schmerler's Lebensgeſchichte. Eb. 1795.
Lorenz Richarts Unterhaltungen über den Kinderfreund. Eb. 1796—97. 6 Hefte.
Der Volksfreund. 1797—1800.
Kleine romantiſche Volksſchriften. Heilbronn 1802. 2 Thle.
Kinderdeclamationen. Gießen 1809.
Der Denkfreund. Eb. 1811.
Handbuch dazu. Eb. 1815—21. 5 Thle.
Parabeln. Eb. 1822. (2te vermehrte Ausgabe. 16. Eb 1835.)
Förſter Oswald's Geſpräche. Darmſtadt 1822.
Der heſſiſche Hausfreund. Eb. 1822.

Ein ſehr wackerer Jugend- und Volksſchriftſteller hat S. namentlich auf dem Gebiete der Parabel Ausgezeichnetes geleiſtet und ſchließt ſich hier Krummacher würdig an.

Adolph Heinrich Friedrich von Schlichtegroll,

ward am 8. December 1765 zu Waltershauſen bei Gotha geboren und ſtudirte in Jena und Göttingen, hier beſonders durch Heyne's Geiſt angeregt. Er wurde Doctor der Philoſophie und erhielt 1789 eine Collaboratur, 1791 eine Profeſſur in Gotha. Seine Kenntniſſe und ſein Geſchmack, durch das Vertrauen des Herzogs Ernſt II. vollkommen gewürdigt, — erhoben ihn 1809 zum Rath, Condirector des Münzkabinets und Bibliothekar. Im Jahre 1807 ward er als Generalſecretair der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften nach München berufen, wo er der Akademie, die ihm unendlich viel verdankte, und allem Guten ein beklagenswerther Verluſt, als Ritter des Civilverdienſt- und St. Michaelhausordens am 4. December 1822 ſtarb.

Seine Werke ſind folgende:

Ueber den Schild des Hercules. Gotha 1788.
Abbildungen ägyptiſcher, griechiſcher und römiſcher Gottheiten, mit Erklärungen. Nürnberg 1793—94. 2 Lieferungen.
Gallerie altdeutſcher Trachten. Leipzig 1801. 4. 2 Hefte.
Annalen der geſammten Numismatik. 2 Thle. Gotha 1804.
Nekrolog. Ebend. 1790—1800. 28 Bde.
Er gab heraus: Die Schriften der Akademie ſeit 1808.
Andenken an Törring und Krenner. München 1812. 4.
Teutoburg. Ebend. 1815 2 St.
Turnierbuch Herzog Wilhelms von Bayern. Ebend. 1818—21. 4 Hefte.
Archiv des heiligen Bundes. Ebend. 1818. 2 Hfte.
(Mit Weiller und Thierſch): F. H. Jacobi's Leben. Ebend. 1819.
(vergl. Schlichtegroll's Leben, geſchrieben von K. von Weiller. Ebend. 1823.

S. erwarb ſich vorzüglich durch ſeine Forſchungen auf dem Gebiete der Archäologie und Numismatik einen geachteten Namen in der literäriſchen Welt. Am bekannteſten wurde er jedoch durch ſeinen Nekrolog, der eine Reihe vortrefflich gearbeiteter Biographieen deutſcher Zeitgenoſſen des Verfaſſers darbietet.

Ulrich Guſtav von Schlippenbach,

am 18. Mai 1774 zu Groß-Wormſathen in Kurland geboren, ſtudirte in Königsberg und Leipzig Jurisprudenz. 1797 wählte ihn das ambothenſche Kirchſpiel zu ſeinem Bevollmächtigten; bald ward er Landnotar und Landrath, endlich 1818 als Oberhofgerichtsrath zu Mitau angeſtellt. Für den patriotiſchen Eifer, den er als Mitglied einer Commiſſion für die Verbeſſerung des kuriſchen Bauernſtandes bewieſen hatte, belehnte ihn der Kaiſer, ein Jahr darauf, 1815 auf 12 Jahre mit dem Krongut Kannenecken. 1816 begründete er eine „kuriſche Geſellſchaft für Literatur und Kunſt." — Er war Ritter des Johanniter-, Maltheſer- und des ruſſiſchen Sct. Annenordens 2. Claſſe und ſtarb am 1. April 1826.

Er hinterließ:

Kuronia, vaterländiſche Gedichte. 3. Sammlung. 8. Riga 1806—8.
Wega, ein poetiſches Taſchenbuch für den Norden. Ebend. 1809.
Iconologie des jetzigen Zeitalters. Ebend. 1808.
Maleriſche Wanderungen durch Kurland. Ebendaſelbſt 1809.
Gedichte. Mitau 1812.
Lebensblüthen aus Süden und Norden in Wahrheit und Traum. 2 Thle. Hamburg 1816—17.
Erinnerungen von einer Reiſe nach Petersburg im Jahre 1814. Ebend. 1818. 2 Thle.

Lebhafte Einbildung, Reichthum der Gedanken und glühende Begeiſterung zeichneten von Schlippenbach beſonders als lyriſchen Dichter aus, aber zu wenig Gewicht auf die Geſetze der Form legend, kann er dem ſtrengen Kritiker nicht genügen, da ſeine meiſten Gedichte regellos und incorrect ſind.

Friedrich Chriſtoph Schloſſer,

Doctor der Philoſophie, geheimer Hofrath und Profeſſor der Geſchichte zu Heidelberg. Dieſer große Hiſtoriker, ein Norddeutſcher von Geburt und Sinn, iſt am 17. November 1776 zu Jever in Holſtein-Oldenburg, nicht fern von der Nordſeeküſte geboren. Man ſagt, daß Meerluft den Freiheitſinn, dieſer den Hiſtoriker erwecke. Schloſſer ſtudirte in Göttingen Theologie; wie auch Luden, der berühmte Geſchichtſchreiber aus ſeinem Nachbarlande, einige

Jahre ſpäter in demſelben Studium ſeinen wahren Beruf, in dem Leben der Völker den heiligen Geiſt zu erforſchen, erkannte. Nachdem er mehrere Hauslehrerſtellen bekleidet hatte, ward er 1808 an der Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt Conrector, doch blieb er nur ein Jahr in dieſem Amt. Er fand in Frankfurt am Main eine befriedigendere Stellung, wo er 1812 Profeſſor am Lyceum und 1814 Stadtbibliothekar ward. Doch in reichſter Blüthe entfaltete ſich erſt ſeine Kraft in Rede und Schrift, ſeitdem er auf dem Katheder nach Heidelberg berufen wurde, den Wilke's Abgang nach Berlin erledigt hatte. Dort wirkt er noch in ungebeugter Kraft und der norddeutſche Student freut ſich doppelt der Begeiſterung, mit der der ſüddeutſche Genoß dem ſchweren Ton der fremden Mundart zuhört, in welcher ſo großartige Gedanken und Anſichten ihm vorgetragen werden.

Schloſſer's Werke ſind:

Abälard und Dulcin. Gotha 1807.
Leben des Theodor de Beza und Peter Martyr Vermili. Heidelb. 1809.
Geſchichte der bilderſtürmenden Kaiſer. Frankfurt 1812.
Weltgeſchichte. Ebend. 1815 ff. 2 Bde.
Ständiſche Verfaſſung. Ebend. 1817.
Die Geſchichte des 18. Jahrhunderts in gedrängter Ueberſicht. Heidelberg 1823.
Ueberſicht der Geſchichte der alten Welt. Frankfurt 1826 ff. 3 Bde.
Hiſtoriſches Archiv. Herausgegeben von A. Bercht und Schloſſer. Ebend. 1830.
Geſchichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts. Ebd. 1836. 2 Bde.

Durch ſtrenge Kritik, gründlichſtes und nach allen Seiten hin ausgebreitetes Quellenſtudium, außerordentlichen Scharfſinn und eine großartige Weltanſicht hat ſich Schloſſer den erſten Hiſtorikern aller Nationen gleich geſtellt, und namentlich für die Behandlung der Geſchichte in Deutſchland ſich dadurch unvergängliche Verdienſte erworben, daß er die Darſtellung der geiſtigen Entwickelung und Fortbildung des Menſchengeſchlechtes nach ihren Erſcheinungen auf dem Gebiete der Philoſophie, Litteratur und Kunſt mit der Darſtellung der hiſtoriſchen Thatſachen verband; ein Verfahren, durch welches die Geſchichtſchreibung in unſerem Vaterlande auf das Entſchiedenſte gefördert wurde und welches immer mehr und mehr ſegensreiche Früchte tragen wird, da nur auf dieſe Weiſe eine tief eindringende und zugleich freie und univerſelle Behandlung aller Geſchichte überhaupt erreicht werden kann. Seine Gegner haben ihm Schwerfälligkeit und Einſeitigkeit vorgeworfen, jedoch mit großem Unrecht; ein Hiſtoriker wie er konnte nur ſo entwickeln und darſtellen und ſeine Eigenthümlichkeit iſt es eben, welche ſeinen Werken neben ihrem hohen Werthe für den denkenden und prüfenden Leſer auch noch einen hohen Reiz verleiht.

Drittes Kapitel.

Geſchichte der Zeit vom 23. Juni 1789 bis zur Errichtung der Republik *).

§. 1.

Vom 23. Juni bis zur Flucht des Königs.

Seit der Sitzung im Ballhauſe und dem trotzigen Verweilen des dritten Standes im Saale nach der königlichen Sitzung am 23. war der Zauber des Thrones verſchwunden, und das Volk und die Armen hatten keine Furcht und kein Vertrauen mehr zu einer gebietenden Gewalt aus allen Elementen, es mußte daher eine bedeutende Zeit vergehen, ehe eine neue geſchaffen war, die Polizei konnte auf die bisherige Weiſe nicht fortbeſtehen, und alle Tiger, die dieſe ſonſt gefeſſelt hält, mußten ſich der Bande ledig fühlen. Hieraus erklärt ſich eine Reihe von Gräueln, die von dieſem Tage an in der Hauptſtadt und in den Provinzen begangen wurden; andere Abſcheulichkeiten muß man daraus herleiten, daß beide Partheien für den guten Zweck auch die ſchlechten Mittel nicht mißbilligten, daß Religion längſt keinen Einfluß mehr gehabt hatte, und daß die ſchlechteſten Menſchen in Zeiten entſchiedener Veränderungen die brauchbarſten und thätigſten ſind. Die Urſache der Bewegungen in Paris im Juli war übrigens weit weniger die Armee, die unter Broglio den Bewohnern zu drohen ſchien, das Beiſpiel der franzöſiſchen Garde zeigte, daß man die Soldaten nicht fürchten dürfe, da ſie förmlich vom Könige abgefallen waren, ſondern vielmehr ein Sieg, der von der ariſtocratiſchen Parthei am Hofe erfochten war, und durch die Entlaſſung Neckers, ſo wie durch die völlige Veränderung des Miniſteriums kund ward. Am 11. Juli ward Necker entlaſſen und verließ heimlich das Reich, wie er es dem Könige verſprochen hatte; am 12., Morgens, regte der junge Advokat Camille Desmoulins, nachher als Verfaſſer des brabantiſchen Couriers einer der wüthendſten Feinde jeder monarchiſchen Verfaſſung, durch ſeine Reden im Palais Royal das Volk auf, und die in den längſt geſtifteten und unter ſich verbundenen Clubbs innig vereinigten Patrioten ließen ihre Maſchinen wirken. Wohl mag es gegründet ſein, daß das Geld des bethörten Orleans auch eine Anzahl der Elenden, die jede große Stadt einſchließt, erkaufte und ernährte, und die franzöſiſchen Gardiſten, die an dieſem Tage auf die Schweizer und deutſchen Truppen feuerten, bezahlen half; doch glaubten auch edle Menſchen, daß die Stunde der Entſcheidung da ſei, und ganz Paris griff zu den Waffen. Die ganze Nacht vom 13—14. Juli war die Stadt im Aufſtande, die Soldaten mußten weichen und die bisherige ſtädtiſche Obrigkeit und Polizei verſchwand. Schon vorher hatten ſich auf ein, man weiß nicht wie, gegebenes Signal in Paris und Verſailles und bald hernach in allen Städten des Königreichs die Bürger bewaffnet, ohne nur eine förmliche Erklärung der Nationalverſammlung abzuwarten, und ſeit dem Augenblick war Verwirrung, Aufruhr, Mord und Brand überall mit Jubel und Freude über die bevorſtehende Rückkehr in einen der Natur mehr angemeſſenen Stand verbunden. Den Augenblick der Ohnmacht der Regierung nahmen die Pariſer Wähler wahr, um ſich zu einer vorläufigen obrigkeitlichen Würde zu conſtituiren, Fleſſelles, der bisher an der Spitze des Magiſtrats geſtanden hatte, ließ ſich bewegen, den Vorſitz in der neuen Stadtverwaltung zu nehmen, der Polizeilieutenant gab ihr die Nachweiſungen, die ſie verlangte, und legte dann ſeine Stelle nieder. Paris ward nun in ſechszehn Quartiere getheilt, und die Einrichtung der ſechzig Wahldiſtricte auf eine ſehr verſtändige Weiſe zur neuen Organiſation benutzt. Die geſammte Bürgerſchaft ward in eben ſo viele bewaffnete Legionen eingeſchaart, als Quartiere waren: alles ohne die eigentliche Staatsbehörde zu befragen. Mit der ruhigen Bewaffnung der Bürger war leider eine gewaltſame des zahlreichen Geſindels verbunden, es erfolgte ein förmlicher bewaffneter Aufſtand, und eine Plünderung der Waffenvorräthe. Das unbedeutend befeſtigte Staatsgefängniß der Baſtille ward vom Pöbel mit Sturm genommen, weil der Gouverneur feig und ſeine Leute unzuverläſſig waren, Mord reihte ſich an Mord, und im Jubel, daß die neue Zeit nun beginne, Willkühr Einzelner ein Ende habe, mußte auch der beſte Theil der Bürger, um dem Plane der Freunde des Alten entgegen zu arbeiten, geſchehen laſſen, was der niedrige Haufe aus natürlicher Wuth, oder auf Antrieb der Orleaniſten und ſeiner eigenen Raubgierde verübte. Die erſte Nachricht, die der Moniteur von allen dieſen Unruhen gibt, faßt in wenige Worte alles, was die Verkündigung der vernichteten Macht des bisherigen Geſetzes und der Ordnung Schreckliches hat, zuſammen, und dieſe Nachricht brachte den König außer aller Faſſung. Die Characterſchwäche des Königs, der in dem Augenblicke, als die Verſammlung über das Vorgefallene berathſchlagte, und immer neue Greuel kund wurden, den Ständen meldete, daß er die Truppen zurückgezogen habe, daß er die Errichtung der neuen Miliz und der neuen Autorität gebilligt, vermehrte die Dreiſtigkeit ſeiner Gegner in dem Maße, daß die Parthei des Herzogs von Orleans durch Sillery eine Adreſſe vorſchlagen ließ, in welcher man die Miniſter treuloſe Rathgeber nannte, und drohend foderte, daß ſie als eine Peſt des Staats entfernt würden. Schrecklicher als die Scenen, die in Paris vorfielen, ſind übrigens die Berichte darüber, die Prudhomme durch Andere abfaſſen ließ, und Camille Desmoulins ſelbſt abfaßte, denn der letzte iſt unverſchämt genug, ſich den General-Procurator der Laterne zu nennen und das Aufknüpfen ohne Urtheil und Recht zu rühmen. Auch die Armee bei Paris ſollte der König entfernen, der jetzt erſt ende-

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*) Aus Schloſſer's Geſchichte des 18. Jahrhunderts. Heidelberg 1823. Bd. II. S. 40 folg.

lich einen langen Staatsrath hielt, ob er nicht abreiſen ſollte. Die Königin hatte Alles eingepackt, er ſelbſt war bereit zu gehen, auf einmal wollte er wieder, als die Mehrzahl gegen ſeine Abreiſe geſtimmt hatte, zur Popularität zurückkehren, und nicht mehr mit den Waffen, ſondern durch Nachgeben dem Uebel ſteuern. Er begab ſich ohne alle Feierlichkeit ſelbſt zu Fuß in die Verſammlung, verſprach die Soldaten nicht zu gebrauchen, und überließ ſeinen Ständen die Maßregeln, die Ruhe in Paris herzuſtellen, die von ihm hätten ausgehen ſollen. Die Verſammlung ſchickte zu Folge des königlichen Auftrags drei Deputirte nach Paris, von denen zwei gleich darauf von den Pariſern in den neugeſchaffenen Aemtern angeſtellt wurden, la Fayette als oberſter Anführer der Bürgermiliz und Bailly als regierender Stadtbürgermeiſter. Gleich hernach ließ der König der Verſammlung kund thun, daß auch ſein neues Miniſterium weiche, und rief endlich ſogar Necker zurück. Von dieſem Augenblicke an war der Sieg der Nation über den Hof entſchieden, diejenigen, welche den Haß des Volks beſonders auf ſich geladen hatten, begannen daher auszuwandern, und veranlaßten dadurch Uebel, deren Folgen bis auf unſre Tage fortdauern. Der König begab ſich zwar zum Beſuch nach Paris (den 17. Juli) und ward dort gewiſſermaßen im Triumph geführt; er nahm auch die Cocarde, die man ohne ſeinen Willen zum Nationalzeichen gemacht hatte, und beſtätigte die neugeſchaffenen Gewalten in der Stadt; allein er verſuchte zugleich kleinliche Mittel, ſich Freunde und Hülfe zu ſchaffen, konnte den Schmerz über die neue Ordnung und die Uebel, die davon unzertrennlich waren, nicht verbergen, und man traute ihm alſo um ſo weniger, je mehr er nachgab. Die unglückliche Spannung des Verhältniſſes des Königs und der Nationalverſammlung dauerte daher fort und ward durch die bekannte Abneigung der Königin und ihrer nächſten Umgebungen gegen jede Verbeſſerung und jede Veränderung natürlich ſehr vermehrt. Als Necker, von dem damals das Volk noch das Unmögliche hoffte, zurückkam, wurden die Mordthaten, Vernichtungen der alten Anſtalten und Zerſtörungen der Schlöſſer und Adelſitze täglich häufiger. Die Disciplin des Heers ſchien ſich aufzulöſen, der König war genöthigt, den Abfall ſeiner Garden zu billigen, wie er die Deſertion der Soldaten gebilligt hatte; und dennoch erwartete man von Necker unter dieſen Umſtänden die Herſtellung der Finanzen! Während die eigentlichen Leiter und Urheber der Revolution durch das Volk und ſelbſt durch Schaaren von Geſindel, die Freunde des Alten erſchreckten, arbeitete die Nationalverſammlung unter allen den Unruhen an einem neuen Bau. Sie ſuchte die Materialien des Neuen ganz richtig in den Aufträgen der verſchiedenen Wahlverſammlungen, und man kann nicht läugnen, daß die Puncte, über welche alle Wahlbezirke einig waren, die Grundſätze jeder vernünftigen monarchiſchen Verfaſſung enthalten, ſo wie diejenigen, über welche eine Abweichung Statt fand, vortreffliche Probleme aufgaben, welche nur eine Stände-Verſammlung löſen konnte. Unglücklicher Weiſe miſchte man in die hiſtoriſch zu löſende Frage über Verbeſſerung des Beſtehenden reine Speculation, ging von dem traurigen Zuſtande, in dem die Regierung und Verwaltung von Frankreich bisher geweſen war, bis an die äußerſten Gränzen der menſchlichen Geſellſchafts-Verhältniſſe hinaus, wollte in Frankreich, wie in Amerika die Urrechte der Menſchen und Bürger proclamiren und vergaß dabei ganz, erſt zu überlegen, ob und wie weit diejenige unter den unendlich vielen möglichen Theorien, der man den Vorzug gab, mit der Ausführung beſtehen könne. Während man in der beſten Meinung mit Talent und Beredſamkeit über Grundſätze und Verfaſſung ſtritt, ward von vielen Seiten her ein Syſtem der Anarchie überall eingeführt, Reiſende angehalten, Ariſtocraten verfolgt, die Verſammlung genöthigt, eine Commiſſion zur Unterſuchung politiſcher Umtriebe aus ihrer Mitte zu beſtellen, und der Zuſtand der Finanzen ward ſeit Neckers Rückkehr nicht gebeſſert, ſondern ſie ſanken von Tage zu Tage tiefer. Will man nicht mit denen, die durch jene Veränderung Rechte verloren, nur Jammer und Noth in dieſer Zeit ſehen, wo eine ungewohnte Begeiſterung auch gemeine Seelen ſogar ergriffen hatte, ſo muß man bedenken, daß der Natur der Dinge nach, wie Mirabeau richtig erkannte, und in ſeiner bekannten Definition von der Revolution ausſprach, wenn Verbeſſerung erfolgen ſollte, völlige Zerſtörung vorausgehen mußte, und man kann nicht läugnen, daß dieſe durch den Enthuſiasmus der wahrhaft edlen Mitglieder der Nationalverſammlung erleichtert wurde. Dieſe tonangebenden Mitglieder der Adelscaſte in der Verſammlung nämlich waren es ſelbſt, welche in der berühmten Nacht vom 4. Auguſt plötzlich alle Vortheile, die aus dem Feudalweſen für ſie ſelbſt floſſen, freiwillig aufopferten; und auch die Deputirten des Clerus, vom Enthuſiasmus fortgeriſſen, entſagten dem geiſtlichen Zehnten. Leider ward dieſe ganze ungeheure Angelegenheit, die den Zuſtand des Reichs und der Vermögensumſtände von hundert Tauſenden veränderte, in einem Augenblicke und ohne alle vorhergehende Prüfung der Ausführbarkeit beſchloſſen. Seit dieſer Zeit ſetzte die Verſammlung ihre Arbeiten an einer neuen Conſtitution mit einer bewundernswürdigen Thätigkeit fort; allein die Abſichten der Mitglieder waren zu verſchieden, und die Umgebungen des Königs wirkten zu ungünſtig auf ihn ein, als daß eine Einheit hätte entſtehen können. Ein Theil der Deputirten war allen Veränderungen abgeneigt, ein anderer wollte die engliſche Conſtitution, ein Plan, gegen den Sieyes ſchon in ſeiner Schrift über den dritten Stand, als gegen einen unvernünftigen Ariſtocratismus eifert. Andre, wie Lafayette und ſeine enthuſiaſtiſchen Freunde, wollten ein ganz neues Werk ſchaffen, und Barnave, die Lameths, Adrian Düport arbeiteten dahin, das Monarchiſche in der Conſtitution ſo gering zu machen, daß es bedeutungslos werde, und kamen auf die Weiſe einem Chapelier, Pethion, Buzot, Robespierre und andern, die alle Monarchie vernichten wollten, zu Hülfe. Die Letztern nutzten ſchon in dieſen Zeiten die durch unzählige Anſchläge, Proclamationen, fliegende Zettel, Zeitungen, Journale, Declamationen, Lieder und Bücher erbitterte Stimmung des fanatiſirten Haufens, um durch Schrecken die größere Zahl der Edlern und Geſchicktern ihrer Collegen zu Beſchlüſſen zu treiben, die ſie aus freier Ueberlegung nie gefaßt hätten. Der König trug damals nicht ganz ohne Grund Bedenken, die am 4. Auguſt von der Nationalverſammlung erlaſſenen Decrete eilig zu beſtätigen, und in der Verſammlung ſelbſt erhob ſich über die Art von Verweigerung der Beſtätigung, die man ihm zugeſtehen wollte, ein heftiger Zwiſt. Um den König zur Beſtätigung zu treiben, machte man wieder von derſelben Tactik Gebrauch, deren man ſich ſtets bedient und die man nun völlig eingeübt hatte. Man erregte Schreien und Toben unter der unverſtändigen Menge; doch war es damals nicht ſowohl die Maſſe der Vorſtädter, als der Theil des Pariſer Publicums, der ſich im Palais Royal mit Politik abgab, den man in dieſe Staatsſache mengte. Der König war aufs neue ſchwach genug, das, was er ruhiger Bitte verweigert hatte, am 21. Sept. den ſtürmiſchen Forderungen zuzugeſtehen und den Beſchlüſſen über die Abſchaffung des Feudalweſens und der Weltlichkeiten der Hierarchie eine gezwungene Beſtätigung ungern zu ertheilen. Die Bewegungen des Volkes wurden übrigens jetzt immer leichter zu organiſiren, da Männer, wie Mirabeau und Sieyes, der Eine geiſtreich, heftig und in allem Staatsweſen, vom Preußiſchen bis zum Niederländiſchen, aus eigner Anſicht erfahren; der Andere kalt, finſter, denkend, hart, durch Menſchen, wie Danton, Camille Desmoulins, eine Art von Hierarchie des Haufens einrichteten, und die von ihnen verlachten Enthuſiaſten und hiſtoriſchen Namen das Geld hergaben. Außerdem war die alte Polizeimiliz (Marechauſſée) aufgelöſt, die Armee war nicht mehr vom Könige allein abhängig, und der Brodmangel in der Stadt, der entweder eine Folge der Umſtände und des Mißwachſes der letzten Jahre, oder auch boshaft veranſtaltet war, veranlaßte an den Bäckerläden und in den Straßen, in welchen dieſe lagen, ein Gedränge und Gewühl, deſſen man ſich zu jeder Stunde zum Aufſtande bedienen konnte. In dieſer geſpannten Lage, beim Mangel aller Ordnung, in einer Zeit, wo allein Mirabeau Einfluß und Feſtigkeit genug hatte, Maßregeln anzugeben, die den wilden Planen der Lieblinge des Haufens ſteuern konnten, hatte die Königin den unglücklichen Einfall, ſich bei einem Gaſtmahle, welches die dem Hofe getreuen Gardes du Corps den Offizieren eines neulich nach Verſailles berufenen Regiments am 1. October gaben, nicht blos zu zeigen, ſondern auch Theil an der Vertheilung von Cocarden zu nehmen, die ein Zeichen der Trennung zwiſchen den Freunden des Hofes und den Freunden der neuen Verfaſſung werden ſollten. Die Unbedachtſamkeit des Hofes, die thörichte Weiſe, wie ſich einige Offiziere und Soldaten bei dem Feſte benahmen, der bei dem Frühſtück der Gardes du Corps am 2. October vorgebrachte lächerliche Vorſchlag, gegen die Nationalverſammlung zu marſchiren, gaben den wüthenden Demagogen freies Spiel. Man übertrieb die Gefahr der Verſammlung, man verbreitete die abgeſchmackteſten Gerüchte, und Mirabeau klagte die Königin faſt förmlich vor der ganzen Nation an, wenigſtens bezeichnete er ſie ſo deutlich, daß man ihn durchaus nicht mißverſtehen konnte. In demſelben Augenblicke, als dies in der Nationalverſammlung vorging, erfolgte in Paris eine Bewegung, die höchſt wahrſcheinlich mit jenen Reden im engſten Zuſammenhange ſtand; es erſchien eine ganze Armee von Weibern und Pöbel der ſcheußlichſten Art vor dem Pariſer Stadthauſe, klagte über den Brodmangel, ſchimpfte auf die Königin und verlangte nach Verſailles zu ziehen, weil der König allein dem Mangel abhelfen könnte. Die Abſicht der Anſtifter dieſes Lärms war offenbar, die Flucht des Königs zu hindern, und ſeine bekannte Schwäche zu benutzen, um die Scene der folgenden Auftritte nach Paris zu verlegen. Die neue Pariſer Obrigkeit verſuchte vergebens die Raſenden aufzuhalten, Lafayette ſah ſein Anſehn verkannt, ſeine Popularität in Gefahr, er erklärte der Verſammlung der Repräſentanten der Gemeinde, daß er dem Uebel nicht ſteuern könne, und ließ ſich den Befehl geben, den Haufen zu begleiten, um durch die Nationalgarde, die er mitnähme, wenigſtens das Unheil zu mäßigen. Gegen 3 Uhr langten die Pariſer Horden in Verſailles an, und ein Maillard, der ſich ſelbſt den Kopfabſchneider betitelte, und den man überall vorſchob, wo man Gräuel ſtiften wollte, erſchien in der Nationalverſammlung als Kläger über das Feſt in Verſailles. Die Nationalverſammlung und das Schloß wurden abwechſelnd von den Weibern und dem Haufen auf eine empörende Weiſe belagert, die Gardes du Corps wie Feinde behandelt, der König mußte eine Deputation der Weiber vor ſich laſſen, das Regiment Flandern, das ihn hätte ſchützen können, ward verführt, und die berüchtigte Amazone Theroigne de Mericourt ſpielte hier zum erſten Mal die glänzende Rolle, die ſie hernach bei allen Gräueln wieder übernahm. Nachdem der König mehrere Stunden lang unter dem tobenden Geſchrei der Menge eine eigentliche Belagerung ausgehalten hatte, und in ſteter Beſorgniß um ſein Leben geweſen war, langte endlich Lafayette mit der Nationalgarde an, und beſetzte die Zugänge zum Schloſſe. Die Nationalverſammlung nutzte die unſeligen Augenblicke des Tumults, um vom Könige die unbedingte Anerkennung der Conſtitution ſo weit ſie beendigt war, und der ihr vorausgeſchickten Menſchenrechte, die er vorher nur bedingt ertheilt hatte, zu erhalten. Auf welche Weiſe Morgens den 6. October, als Lafayette ſich einen Augenblick ſchlafen gelegt hatte, den wilden Horden der erſte Eingang ins Schloß von Verſailles eröffnet ward, iſt ſchwer zu beſtimmen, daß es auf die Ermordung der Königin abgeſehen war, ſcheint aus allem hervorzugehen; denn wie der wüthende Haufe hereindrang, und die wachehaltenden Gardes du Corps mordete, ſtürmte er ſogleich auf das Zimmer der Königin los. Kaum konnte ſich die Königin halb angekleidet zum König retten, dieſer ſelbſt ſah einige ſeiner getreuen Beſchützer vor ſeinen Augen ermorden, und mußte ſich hernach gefallen laſſen, ſeinen Wohnſitz nach Paris zu verlegen, wo nicht einmal die Zimmer eingerichtet waren, ja er mußte unmittelbar am 6. October einen Zug begleiten, dem die gedungenen Cannibalen der Orleaniſten die Köpfe ſeiner getreuen Vertheidiger vorantrugen. Der Hauptzweck des Zugs ward völlig erreicht, der König, von einer Deputation der Nationalverſammlung begleitet, ward wie ein Gefangener nach Paris gebracht, der ganze Glanz königlicher Pracht verſchwand, der Nimbus der Herrlichkeit vieler Jahrhunderte war zerſtreut, der Haufe hörte auf, das Königthum im König zu ſehen, und ſah fortan nur einen gewöhnlichen Menſchen in ihm. Freilich glaubte auch der König, daß alles, was er, von dem ihm und der Königin verhaßten Lafayette umlagert, der Nation gewährt habe, erzwungen ſei und ihn nicht binde; von beiden Seiten entwich daher alles Zutrauen. Schon am 12. October decretirte die Nationalverſammlung ihre Verſetzung nach Paris, am 19. ward ſie vollzogen. Der Herzog von Orleans, den der Moniteur jener Tage ſchon gegen die Beſchuldigung, daß er und die Seinigen den Tumult veranlaßt hätten, durch eine lange Deduction und durch eine furchtbare Gegen-Anklage der Königin zu rechtfertigen ſucht, ſchien damals dem Markis von Lafayette ſo gefährlich, daß er ihn zwang, auf eine Zeitlang das Land zu verlaſſen, ohne daß dadurch der Fortgang der Vernichtung des königlichen Anſehns wäre aufgehalten worden. Vom Augenblick der Verlegung der Nationalverſammlung an ward die Einrichtung der neuen Conſtitution, Gerichts- und Rechtsverfaſſung unter die Aufſicht des Pariſer Haufens und derer, die dieſen in Bewegung ſetzten, gebracht, und verzweifelten unglücklicher Weiſe nach und nach ſogar die Anhänger der gemäßigten Monarchie an ſich ſelbſt, verließen die Nationalverſammlung und gaben dadurch den Freunden der Pöbelherrſchaft freies Spiel. Ein offner Brief des Königs, in welchem er verſicherte, daß er kein Gefangener ſei, eine Erklärung von Lally Tolendal, der als Freund gemäßigter Freiheit bekannt war, der ſich aber damals nach Genf geflüchtet hatte, ein Decret der Verſammlung, keinem Deputirten ferner einen Paß zu geben, wenn nicht ſeine Gründe zur Reiſe erſt in der Verſammlung erwogen worden, vermehrten die Beſorgniſſe der Freunde gemäßigter Freiheit. Boshafte Freude erfüllte die blinden Bewundrer des Alten, die gern ſahen, und alles Mögliche beitrugen, daß die wilden Demagogen freies Spiel erhielten, weil Frechheit die Freiheit zerſtören, und willkührlicher Herrſchaft eines Einzigen den Weg bahnen mußte. Die Güter des Clerus und ſeine politiſche Exiſtenz, die damit innig zuſammenhing, wurden um dieſe Zeit ebenfalls geopfert; weder des Abbé Maury Beredſamkeit, noch der Vorſchlag Gregoires, der ſich ſchon vergeblich für die Mönchsorden bemüht hatte, doch wenigſtens die Pfarrer auf liegende Gründe zu ihrer Beſorgung anzuweiſen, bewirkten eine Aenderung in den Anſichten der Verſammlung. Die Mehrzahl hatte dieſelbe geringe Vorſtellung von der Wichtigkeit der moraliſch-religiöſen Inſtitute, die ſich in den mehreſten ſüddeutſchen Ständeverſammlungen gezeigt hat; die Güter wurden Hypothek der Staatsſchuld, und die Geiſtlichen ſollten künftig beſoldete Staatsdiener ſein. Auch die ariſtocratiſch-pedantiſche Gerichtsverfaſſung mußte geſtürzt werden, und dieſe fiel ohne allen Lärm, denn die Parlamente wurden mit einer Leichtigkeit ſuſpendirt, ſpäter aufgelöſet, welche allein hinreichend beweiſet, wie tiefe Wurzeln ſchon damals die Revolution gefaßt hatte, und wie allgemein die Veränderung der Ideen war. In dieſer Zeit hob ſich durch Marat und durch eigne Wuth Robespierre, Mirabeau aber dachte an das Miniſterium, fing an, einzuſehen, daß er bald einlenken müſſe, und hätte vielleicht die Leitung des Miniſteriums ſpäter erhalten, wenn nicht Robespierre und Lanjuinais aus ganz verſchiedenen Gründen es ihm unmöglich gemacht hätten, zugleich Mitglied der Verſammlung zu bleiben und Miniſter zu werden; dies hielt ihn noch eine Zeitlang bei ſeinen bisherigen Freunden. Robespierre hatte übrigens ſchon zweimal vorher gewagt, ſeine Idee der Herrſchaft der Ungebildeten über die Verbildeten, und ſein Verfolgungs-Syſtem der Politik Mirabeaus entgegenzuſtellen, und ſchon erhob ſich die Macht des eigentlichen Volks von Tag zu Tage mehr. Man ſiehe leicht ein, daß die Verſuche der Mitglieder der Verſammlung, die das Königthum erhalten und der Anarchie ſteuern wollten, vergeblich bleiben mußten, und daß das Geſetz gegen Zuſammenrottungen und die rothe Fahne am Stadthauſe, die das Zeichen des Kriegsgeſetzes ſein ſollte, ohne Soldaten und Polizei ein leeres Wort war, wenn eine mächtige Parthei im Rathe der Nation Unruhen und Zerſtörungen noch für nöthig hielt. In dieſe Zeit fiel auch die unglückliche Spaltung im Innern des Clubbs, im Saale in der Straße St. Honoré, wo der Jacobiner-Mönche Bibliothek geweſen war: der Clubb hatte ſchon damals in ganz Frankreich verbrüderte Geſellſchaften veranlaßt, und unterhielt mit dieſen Correſpondenz. In ſeiner erſten Entſtehung ſchloß er alle die Perſonen in ſich, die eine Veränderung wollten, jetzt ward er den vornehmen Leuten, einem Crillon, Talleyrand, Rochefoucauld Liancourt, dem Advocaten Emmery zu gemein und zu ſtürmiſch, man bildete erſt im Hotel Crillon, dann an zwei andern Plätzen neue Clubbs, und gab dadurch die Popularität gänzlich auf. Die Lameths, Barnave, Adrien Dúport, de la Borde, Aiguillon, waren anfangs Hauptglieder der Verbindung bei den Jacobinern, ſie zogen ſich jetzt zurück, weil ſie zwar das Hohe niedrig, nicht aber das Niedrige hoch machen wollten. Sie glaubten ohne die Andern beſtehen zu können, ſahen aber bald ihre Clubbs zergehen, dagegen machte ihre Entfernung Robespierre, Danton, Sieyes, die damals noch zuſammen in einem Clubb waren, im ganzen Reiche allmächtig. Alle neuen Einrichtungen wurden indeß raſch hinter einander ins Leben eingeführt, alle Inſtitute wurden in der neuen Monarchie, die man errichten wollte, rein-democratiſch gemacht. Das Reich ward neu eingetheilt, alle Verwaltungen der Departemente, der Cantons-Diſtricte, Municipalitäten unter ſich unabhängig, durchs Volk in unruhigen Verſammlungen erwählt, ſogar die Richter ſollten gewählt werden, ſo unnöthig und ſchädlich dies bei der Einführung der Geſchwornen auch ſein mochte. Natürlich litten in der Zeit der Verwirrung die Einnahmen, es ward alſo Papiergeld unter dem Namen Aſſignate auf die Güter der Geiſtlichkeit ausgegeben und zugleich kam man auf den unglücklichen Einfall, ſich in die nach den Grundſätzen der katholiſchen Religion völlig vom Staate getrennten innern Verhältniſſe der Geiſtlichkeit miſchen zu wollen. Jetzt begann Mirabeau langſam einzulenken und er allein rettete dem Könige das Recht, Krieg und Frieden zu beſchließen; dafür ward er dann freilich auf allen Plätzen und Straßen als Verräther der guten Sache ausgeſchrieen. Wenn gleich faſt alle Departements-Verwaltungen aus wohlhabenden, der Freiheit wie dem Königthum ergebenen Männern beſtanden, ſo bildete doch nach der neuen Conſtitution der ungeheure Stadtrath von Paris eine ſtets unruhige Republik für ſich allein; und in Toulon, Marſeille, Montauban und Bordeaux gaben die neuen Einrichtungen Anlaß zu ſchrecklichen Unruhen, ſo daß ein hoher Gerichtshof für Verbrechen verletzter Nation längſt hatte errichtet werden müſſen. Der neue Gerichtshof, hieß es nun, ſollte die Ariſtocraten und die aufruhrpredigenden Pfaffen vernichten; um aber den Hof vor der Nation bloß zu ſtellen, holte man das ſogenannte rothe Buch hervor, und bei der unglücklichen Geſchichte des Favras, den man der Conſpiration gegen die Nation überführte, entging der älteſte Bruder des Königs nur mit Mühe einem förmlichen Prozeß. Der König verhielt ſich die ganze Zeit hindurch leidend, und beſtätigte aus Schwäche und nicht aus Ueberzeugung alle ihm vorgelegte Artikel einer Conſtitution, die ihm durchaus allen Einfluß im Staate nahm. Jene Conſtitution, welcher Frankreich die Gleichheit aller Bürger vor dem Geſetze, und die mehreſten der Wohlthaten verdankt, um derentwillen die Enkel einſt die Revolution ſegnen werden, und um derentwillen ſchon die Söhne in den Urhebern derſelben lauter Heroen ſehen möchten, hatte den weſentlichen Mangel, daß ſie eine förmliche Democratie in die Geſetze und Einrichtungen brachte, und dadurch ſpäterhin, als Bonaparte die Geſetze nicht weſentlich veränderte, die Einrichtungen aber ſeinem Deſpotismus anpaßte, die ſonderbare Erſcheinung veranlaßte, daß die Regierung deſpotiſch und das Geſetz republicaniſch war. Auch die deutſchen Staaten, die in Frankreich Beſitzungen hatten, und welche durch Friedensſchlüſſe im Genuſſe ihrer Lehnsrechte geſichert waren, ſollten ſich die neuen Einrichtungen gefallen laſſen, das Unrecht der Menſchen ſollte dem Recht der Tractaten vorgehen; ſie beſchwerten ſich, ſie erhoben ſich endlich ernſtlich gegen die Beraubung. Wie die Sache der deutſchen Fürſten an die Nationalverſammlung kam, war Mirabeau, nach ſeiner Art, um eine Antwort auf das Concluſum des oberrheiniſchen Kreiſes freilich durchaus nicht verlegen, im Ganzen zeigte ſich aber die Verſammlung, die damals noch dem Grundſatz der Billigkeit und des Rechts jeden Eingang verſtattete, nicht abgeneigt, ſich mit den Ausländern abzufinden. Zum Glück für die Bewohner der Rheinlande ward daraus nichts. So ſchnell man indeſſen mit den Veränderungen fortſchritt und ſo ſchneidend dabei verfahren wurde, ſo nahm doch die Popularität der Verſammlung immer mehr ab. Ein Theil der Nation hing noch am Alten, der größere Theil wandte ſich lieber zur furchtbaren Conſequenz eines Marat und Robespierre, eines Camille Desmoulins und anderer, als zur Sentimentalität der Conſtitutionellen oder zu der ſonderbaren Verblendung eines Gregoire, der die chriſtliche Religion mit den Grundſätzen der eifrigen Jacobiner oder vielmehr mit der Wuth gegen alles Hohe und Glänzende im Königthum zu verbinden hoffte; im Ganzen verlor daher die conſtitutionelle Parthei täglich mehr in der öffentlichen Meinung. Um ſich in der Meinung wieder zu heben, ſuchten die eigentlichen Urheber der Revolution durch allerlei künſtliche Mittel den Enthuſiasmus neu zu beleben, und das ſchauluſtige Volk der Pariſer zu beſchäftigen. Der 14. Juli 1790, als der Jahrstag der Einnahme der Baſtille, ward auserſehen, um eine Vereinigung der Linientruppen und Nationalgarden, die noch häufig im Streit waren, zu Stande zu bringen, und die den Neuerungen Günſtigen aus allen Theilen Frankreichs in Paris zu vereinigen. Vor der Militärſchule, auf einem Platze am Ufer der Seine, ſollten 60000 Deputirte der Armee, der Nationalgarden, der Gemeinden und einige hunderttauſend Zuſchauer vereinigt und bei der Gelegenheit der König öffentlich in einer Reihe mit dem Präſidenten der Verſammlung gezeigt, und die ganze Verſammlung vor den Augen der Franzoſen aufs Theater gebracht werden. Ehe dieſes ausgeführt werden konnte, machten ſich aber die Enthuſiaſten der gemäßigten Monarchie, durch den Spott und die Cabalen der Altgläubigen gereizt, in einer und derſelben Sitzung in den Augen aller Vernünftigern lächerlich und verächtlich, weil ſie einen lächerlichen Auftritt, der einer Mummerei ähnlich ſah, duldeten, und eine Angelegenheit, die der reifſten Ueberlegung bedurfte, in einem Augenblick abmachten. In der Sitzung vom 19. Juni decretirte man nämlich erſt den Leuten, die die Baſtille eingenommen hatten, deren moraliſcher und politiſcher Charakter aber niemanden unbekannt war, Ehren und Belohnungen, dann ließ man den durch ſeinen Atheismus lächerlichen preußiſchen Baron Cloots du Val de Grace mit einer Anzahl gedungener Menſchen, als Deputirte des geſammten menſchlichen Geſchlechts vor die Verſammlung, und endlich ſchaffte man auf den Vorſchlag eines Deputirten aus Rouergue, den Lameth und Lafayette unterſtützten, den Adel und alle ſeine Titel ab. Bei Gelegenheit der Feier des 14. Julius, als König und Nationalverſammlung beſchworen, was weder der Eine, noch die Andere halten konnte oder wollte, war allein das Volk aufrichtig (denn ſelbſt der Biſchoff, der die Meſſe hielt, hat hernach bewieſen und laut geſagt, daß er an das Geheimniß, das er verkündigte, nicht glaubte), und die Schriftſteller aller Partheien geſtehen, daß das Gefühl der Wiedergeburt der Nation, der Rückkehr in einen beſſern Stand, der Größe eines Volks, das von den Gränzen von Flandern bis ans mittelländiſche Meer nur eine Familie ſei, alle ohne Unterſchied erfüllte, alle belebte, und den trüben Tag, ungeachtet des unaufhörlichen Regens, zu einem der heiterſten in der ganzen franzöſiſchen Geſchichte machte. Leider kam gleich darauf die Zuflucht aller Schlechten, der Herzog von Orleans, aus England zurück, zerfielen die Jacobiner und die Conſtitutionellen völlig, und vereinigten ſich die Alt-Königlichgeſinnten mit den Erſtern, um Unruhen zu veranlaſſen, Alles zu verwirren, und ſo die Unhaltbarkeit der neuen Einrichtungen zu beweiſen. Das Letztere geſchah ſchon bei der Gelegenheit der blutigen Händel in Nancy; denn als dieſe von Bouillé, den die Conſtitutionellen unterſtützten, gedämpft worden, legten die Demagogen und die Freunde des alten Syſtems faſt einerlei Unzufriedenheit an den Tag. Auf dieſelbe Weiſe, wie Marat, Danton und die Seinigen in dieſer Angelegenheit mit den Freunden des alten Syſtems einig waren, ſo auch bei der Vertreibung Neckers, den alle drei Hauptpartheien jetzt verwünſchten. Die Königlichen, weil er nach ihrer Meinung alles Unheil veranlaßt hatte; die heftigeren und einſichtsvollen Conſtitutionellen, weil er ihnen, ſeitdem er die Dienſte geleiſtet hatte, die ſie brauchten, im Wege war; die Jacobiner, weil ſeine Feinheit, Menſchlichkeit und Rechtlichkeit in ihr Syſtem gar nicht paßte. Am 2. September 1790 ſchon entzog er ſich einem Anfall des Pöbels, dem Lafayette nicht ſteuerte, weil er ſeine Ohnmacht einzuſehen anfing, obgleich er immer noch nicht begreifen wollte, daß er ein bloßes Inſtrument in Anderer Händen ſei, nur durch eine ſchnelle Flucht auf ſein Landgut. Von dort rettete er ſich über die Grenze, doch ward er zu wiederholten Malen angehalten und verdankte ſeine Rettung nach Genf nur einem Decret der Nationalverſammlung. Seit dieſer Zeit vermehrten ſich zwar die Verwirrungen, es faßten aber zugleich die neuen Einrichtungen tiefe Wurzel. Alles ward anders, das Volk riß überall die Rechte, Güter, Vorzüge an ſich, die es ſeit Jahrhundert verloren hatte — es fehlte nichts, als daß eine reine Moral und eine milde Religion des Herzens ein inneres Band geknüpft hätte. Statt eine ſtrenge Ordnung der Sitten zu begründen und dadurch abergläubiſche Ceremonien entbehrlich zu machen, ſuchten die Männer, die nun den Ton angaben, die Moral der Politik und die beſtehende Religion, die man nach und nach hätte verbeſſern ſollen, dem äußern Geſetze unterzuordnen. Das Letztere ward beſonders auffallend, als die bürgerlichen Geſetzgeber ſich in die Disciplin des geiſtlichen Standes einmiſchten, und einen Eid von den Geiſtlichen foderten, der, wenn man conſequent verfahren ließ, ganz überflüſſig war. Die Härte, mit welcher man dieſen Eid auf die von weltlicher Macht gegebene bürgerliche Ordnung des geiſtlichen Weſens foderte, würde zu jeder andern Zeit die ganze Popularität der Nationalverſammlung vernichtet haben; allein der Cultus hatte ſchon längſt ſeine innere Bedeutung verloren, die Weigerung der Geiſtlichen vermehrte daher nur den Haß, den die vielen Spötter der chriſtlichen Religion ſchon längſt gegen ſie geäußert hatten, veranlaßte in den Gegenden, wo der Aberglauben noch ſtark war, Unruhen und blutige Kriege gegen die Freunde der Revolution und erbitterte beide Partheien. Uebrigens leiſteten von allen Biſchöfen nur vier, und unter den Pfarrern ſehr wenige, den Eid, den man von ihnen foderte: es erfolgte ein völliges Schisma, die Nationalverſammlung wüthete durch Decrete gegen die unbeeidigten Prieſter, die wilden Feinde aller Religion und aller Ordnung durch Aufhetzung des Pöbels, die Geiſtlichen aber gaben durch ihre Heftigkeit Anlaß zum Scandal. Die Tanten des Königs verließen damals, hauptſächlich um nicht beeidigte Prieſter dulden zu müſſen, das Reich, und der König konnte ſich lange Zeit nicht entſchließen, Decrete, die ſeinem Glauben zuwider waren, zu beſtätigen. Um dieſe Zeit wurden auch die fremden Mächte beſorgt, ward eine bedeutende Menge Waffen an die Nationalgarden vertheilt, begnügten ſich die furchtbaren Feinde aller Ordnung, die leider von den Republikanern in der Verſammlung für brauchbar zu ihrem Zweck gehalten wurden, nicht mehr wie vorher mit Schreien. Die bürgerlich-rechtlichen, aber enthuſiaſtiſchen Mitglieder der Verſammlung waren es damals, die aus Haß gegen den Hof und die eleganten und eitlen Conſtitutionellen das Volk zu Thätlichkeiten reizten, bis ſich dieſes ſelbſt zum Wächter des Königs beſtellte, und dann natürlich mehr auf Marat, als auf die Tugend-Redner horchte. Mirabeau dagegen, der ſich jetzt für die Erhaltung der Ordnung mit einer Energie erhob, die kein anderer in der ganzen Verſammlung beſaß, ſtarb zur unglücklichen Stunde (den 2. April 1791). Gerade jetzt lieh der ſchwache König ſein Ohr wieder den Rathſchlägen der Königin und der verhaßten Freunde des alten Syſtems. Nichts konnte den Menſchen, die nur Verwirrung wollten, erwünſchter ſein, als das Schwanken Ludwigs; ſie waren dadurch völlig entſchuldigt und gerechtfertigt, auch hatte jetzt ſchon der Jacobiner-Clubb vier Ausſchüſſe gebildet, und die Correſpondenz und das Aufſpüren der Abſichten der Gegenparthei ſyſtematiſch eingerichtet. Auch der Clubb bei den Franziscanern (Cordeliers), an deſſen Spitze hernach Danton ſtand, deſſen Aeußeres ſchon ſeine wilde Seele anzeigte, begann ſeine Thätigkeit; der König aber ſuchte im Auslande Hülfe, trat mit dem Grafen Artois, deſſen bloßer Name der Nation ſchon verhaßt war, in Verbindung, wollte in eine ſeiner eignen Feſtungen flüchten und ſchwankte doch dabei zwiſchen drei Planen. Endlich beſtimmte ſich Ludwig, gegen Bouillés Rath, der Valenciennes oder Beſançon zu wählen anrieth, für Montmedi, nahm aber die Maßregeln ſo verkehrt, daß ſeine Abſicht der Flucht ſchon zwei Monat vorher kein Geheimniß mehr war. Bei allen Anſtalten zur Flucht des Königs, ſo wie bei den Unterhandlungen mit den fremden Mächten, den Reiſen des Grafen Artois und dem, was er in Coblenz ſchreiben und veranſtalten ließ, zeigte ſich der Geiſt der Cabale und der Verblendung der elenden Hofſchranzen des alten Syſtems, und Calonne und Breteuil beneideten ſich um den Vorzug des von dem Einen oder Andern entworfenen Planes, als wenn es eine Miniſterſtelle gegolten hätte, und dem Grafen Ferſen, einem der verhaßten Lieblinge der Königin, wurden alle Anſtalten der Flucht übertragen. Der unglückliche Entſchluß der Flucht konnte übrigens für die Gegenparthei des Hofs zu keiner beſſern Zeit gefaßt werden. Für die conſtitutionelle, weil ſie den König dadurch in ihre Gewalt bekam; für die wilden und abſcheulichen Feinde alles Edlen, wie Marat und Danton, weil dadurch ihre grundloſen Anklagen und das wilde Geſchrei, das ſie ſeit Monaten erhoben hatten, einen Schein von Wahrheit erhielt; für die edlern Republikaner, weil ſie, wenn der König die Andern verrathe, ihr wohlgemeintes, aber durchaus unpaſſendes Luftgebilde einer Republik durch den Sturz der monarchiſchen Conſtitution wirklich zu machen hoffen konnten, und Leute wie Dümourier fanden die Gelegenheit äußerſt günſtig, um ſich wichtig zu machen. Die edelſten Männer in der Verſammlung, die aus unrichtiger Verſtellung von den römiſchen und den griechiſchen Freiſtaaten aus ihrem Vaterlande eine Republik machen wollten, waren dabei am mehrſten zu bedauern. Sie hatten ſelbſt alle Wahlen von der unwiſſenden Volksmaſſe abhängig gemacht, wie war es aber möglich zu verkennen, daß dieſe wählende, alſo regierende Maſſe und ihre Führer durch die Beredſamkeit eines Marat und einer großen Zahl Anderer, die in ähnlichem Styl ſchrieben, mehr würden bewegt werden, als durch alle ſchöne Redensarten wahrhaft hochſinniger und edler Männer in der Verſammlung? Dieſe Männer kannten übrigens ihre Zeit und ihr Volk ſo wenig, daß ſie dem Staat ein Opfer zu bringen glaubten, wenn ſie gerade in dieſer Zeit einem Robespierre, deſſen Abſichten nicht zweideutig ſein konnten, beiſtimmten, und den Beſchluß faßten, daß keiner von ihnen, d. h. kein Mitglied der conſtitutiven Verſammlung, in die nächſte der Legislation wählbar ſein ſolle. Da ſchon ſeit Mirabeaus Tode Cazales, der mächtigſte Redner der rechten Seite, täglich in Todesgefahr war und ganz allein ſtand, weil das Flüchten immer zunahm, da beſonders ſeit der Mitte des Mai Pethion, Büzot, Robespierre, Reubel, das Wort in der Verſammlung allein hatten, und die Conſtitutionellen ganz in Schatten traten, ſo war es nicht ganz ohne Wahrſcheinlichkeit, was jetzt jedermann beſſer weiß, wenn man hernach vorgab, Lafayette habe von der Flucht des Königs gewußt, und habe ſeine Popularität durch die Verhaftung deſſelben neu anfriſchen wollen. Er ſelbſt läugnete es immer ſtandhaft, und behauptet jetzt, die Königin habe ſich gefreut, daß das Volk ihn morden werde, weil er ſich dem Volke für den König zum Bürgen gegeben hatte. In der Nacht vom 20. bis 21. Juni 1791 verließen der König, die Königin und der älteſte Bruder des Königs mit ſeiner Gemahlin Paris, nahmen aber alle Anſtalten ſo verkehrt, daß es ein Wunder geweſen wäre, wenn der König ſeinen Zweck erreicht hätte. Der Aufſchub der Reiſe vom 19. auf den 20. war nicht ſo nachtheilig, als Bouillé behauptete. Der Bruder des Königs, der ſich nach Valenciennes wandte, erreichte indeſſen glücklich die Gränze, der König ward ſchon in Chalons bemerkt, von dem wüthenden Jacobiner Drouet und ſeinem Sohn in St. Menehould erkannt und nach Varennes verfolgt, und in dem letztgenannten Orte vom Volke aufgehalten. An der Art, wie Regnaud, Vernier und Camus in der Sitzung vom 21. ganz fertige Vorſchläge aus dem Stegreife hervorbringen, und einer von den Deputirten von der Rückkehr der executiven Gewalt zu ihrer Quelle redet, erkennt man ſo deutlich, daß das Ereigniß von gewiſſen Leuten vorausgeſehen war. Wahrſcheinlich waren alſo die Deputationen von Kindern und andere Gaukelſpiele der Volksbewegungen in den letzten Tagen vor der Flucht nur darum veranſtaltet, um den Schrecken zu vermehren und die Flucht zu beſchleunigen, die man alsdann zu den ſchrecklichſten Beſchuldigungen benutzte. Der Verhaft des Königs in Varennes, 10 Stunden von Montmédi, wohin er ſich hatte begeben und ſich mit Bouillés Armee decken wollen, dauerte ſo lange, bis der Adjutant des General Lafayette, der ihm auf dem Fuße folgte, ihn eingeholt hatte. Das Betragen des Volks, der geringe Eifer der Huſaren, die Bouillé zu ſeiner Bedeckung abgeſchickt hatte, konnte dem Könige am beſten beweiſen, wie ſehr die ganze Stimmung ſich geändert habe, und wie unmöglich eine Rückkehr zum Alten ſei; was die Emigranten nie begreifen wollten.

§. 2.

Von der Flucht des Königs bis zur Errichtung der Republik.

Da die Nationalverſammlung ſeit langer Zeit ſchon im Beſitz der Art von executiven Gewalt war, die man im Reiche übrig laſſen wollte, und der König blos der Form wegen da zu ſein ſchien, ward keine weſentliche Veränderung verſpürt, als die Geſetzgebung auch der Form nach die ausübende Gewalt in ſich vereinigte und die Miniſter in Pflicht und Aufſicht nahm, während ſie Commiſſarien aus ihrer Mitte in die Provinzen ſchickte, um die königliche Autorität auch dort zu verſehen. Gegen alle dieſe Schritte, ſo wie gegen die dreimonatliche Suſpenſion und Bewachung des Königs proteſtirten 290 Mitglieder der Verſammlung vergeblich. Latour Maubourg, Pethion, Barnave wurden abgeſchickt, die königliche Familie zurückzubringen und eine Commiſſion der Verſammlung ſollte die Erklärung des Königs und der Königin über ihre Flucht vernehmen. Das Letzte war im Grunde ein förmliches Verhör, weil ſich der König in einem offnen Brief an alle Franzoſen, den er bei ſeiner Abreiſe erlaſſen hatte, über ſeine Gründe erklärt und die Nationalverſammlung ein Gegenmanifeſt erlaſſen hatte. Bei der Unterſuchung der Umſtände der Flucht des Königs zeigte es ſich, daß die Conſtitutionellen, an die ſich ſeit dieſem Augenblicke auch Barnave anſchloß, bei weitem das Uebergewicht in der Verſammlung und in der Nation behaupteten, ungeachtet die Jacobiner und Orleaniſten die Hefe des Volks aufwühlten, und die Hauptſtadt mit ſtetem Schrecken erfüllten. Unglücklicher Weiſe fanden es auch die Freunde der Conſtitution rathſam, das Schwert über dem Nacken des Königs ſchwebend zu erhalten, bis er ihre Arbeit unbedingt gebilligt habe, und ſo gaben auch ſie dem Volke Zeit, ſich des königlichen Anſehens zu entwöhnen, und erbitterten alle zahlreichen Freunde der königlichen Familie tödtlich gegen ſich. Am 12. Juli ward die Suſpenſion der königlichen Gewalt verlängert, ungeachtet man ſtillſchweigend erklärt hatte, daß der König nicht könne zur Verantwortung gezogen werden; und ſeine völlige Wiedereinſetzung ward an die unbedingte Annahme der Conſtitutions-Acte gebunden. Dies hieß die Annahme mit Gewalt erzwingen, und dem König jeden Antheil an der Einrichtung des Staatsweſens entziehen, beſonders da man am 15. und 16. der fertigen Conſtitution noch drei Artikel beifügte, die auch jeden künftigen Rückſchritt verhindern ſollten. Die Republikaner, beſonders Büzot, Briſſot, Pethion in Verbindung mit den Orleaniſten, wütheten indeſſen ſchon darüber, daß man nur den Namen König übrig ließ; der Club der Jacobiner aber, der jetzt eine Art öffentlicher Auctorität war, weil die Wahlen der künftigen Deputirten von ihm abhängig werden mußten, gab dem Vorſchlage eines ſeiner Mitglieder, den König nicht mehr als ſolchen zu erkennen, einen lauten Beifall. In den Unruhen, die unter dem Vorwande, Petitionen gegen die Beſchlüſſe der Conſtitutionellen einzureichen, erregt wurden, kam es endlich am 17. Juli zu einem blutigen Kampf zwiſchen dem Pöbel der Jacobiner und der ehemaligen franzöſiſchen Garde, die den Kern von Lafayettes Nationalgarden ausmachten. Der Befehl, auf den Pöbel zu feuern, den Bailly als Bürgermeiſter dem Geſetze nach ertheilt hatte, ward ihm ſpäterhin zum Verbrechen gemacht und koſtete ihm das Leben, Lafayette ward Gegenſtand des Haſſes, und war doch ſo verblendet, den Sieg nicht zu nutzen. Die Nationalgarde hätte damals gern dem ganzen Jacobiner-Weſen durch Vernichtung des Verſammlungsorts ein Ende gemacht, und war im Begriff den Entſchluß auszuführen, als Lafayette ſelbſt die wackern Bürger und Soldaten aufhielt, weil er der Jacobiner gegen den Hof bedurfte. Im September war man endlich mit der Reviſion einer Conſtitution fertig, die niemand befriedigte, als die Leute, die noch bis auf den heutigen Tag fortträumen, um eben die Zeit faſt hatte ſich aber auch Kaiſer Leopold mit Preußen verſtändigt. Preußen und Oeſterreich verſprachen (freilich höchſt unbeſtimmt) auf der Zuſammenkunft in Pillnitz dem Grafen von Artois und den Emigranten, die ſich an den deutſchen Rheinprovinzen ſchaarenweiſe einfanden, und anfingen Heere zu bilden, bewaffneten Beiſtand, weil man dem eiteln Vorgeben der erbitterten und unverbeſſerlichen Hofleute über die Stimmung der Nation thörichter Weiſe glaubte. Der Pillnitzer Vertrag war indeſſen ſehr zweideutig, Ludwig XVI. ſchwach, Barnave, Lameth und die von ihnen dem Könige gegebenen Miniſter (Montmorin ausgenommen) riethen ihm rein und einfach (purement et simplement) das übereilte Machwerk der democratiſch-monarchiſchen Conſtitution anzunehmen. Ein unglücklicher Rath! Wie konnte eine Verfaſſung beſtehen und ein Zutrauen erwachſen, wo der Vertrag zwiſchen der Nation und ihrem Haupte erſt mit Gewalt aufgedrungen, dann mit der Abſicht, nicht zu halten, angenommen, von der Minorität derer, die ihn entworfen, nie gebilligt, vom empörten Haufen ſchon ehe er fertig war angegriffen und verhöhnt, vom Könige, ſeinen Verwandten und fremden Mächten mit dem Schwerte bedroht war? Während der Reviſion der Conſtitutions-Acte ſchon wollten die Jacobiner ein Verfolgungsgeſetz gegen die Emigranten und eine [illegible] Verordnung gegen die, welche den Eid auf die bürgerliche Verfaſſung der Geiſtlichkeit nicht hatten leiſten wollen, decretiren, allein glücklicher Weiſe verſtand Chapelier durch eine geſchickte Benutzung des Enthuſiasmus für die Conſtitution einen Vorſchlag abzuwenden, den der König durchaus nicht annehmen konnte oder wollte. Am 3. September, ſobald man mit der Reviſion der Conſtitution fertig war, hob man die Art von Zwang auf, in welchem Lafayette bis dahin den König gehalten hatte, ließ ihm noch um 9 Uhr Abends die Conſtitutions-Acte durch ſechzig Deputirte überreichen, und bis an das Ende des Monats, wo die bisherigen Deputirten einer neuen Verſammlung Platz machen ſollten, beſchäftigte man ſich blos mit der Geſetzgebung. Leider befand ſich unter den damals gemachten Geſetzen auch das über die definitive Vereinigung von Avignon mit Frankreich, das den reinen Grundſätzen, denen die Conſtitutionellen zu huldigen vorgaben, ganz zuwider war. Am 13. ſchon erklärte der König ſchriftlich ſeinen Entſchluß, die Conſtitution anzunehmen, am 14. erſchien er in der Verſammlung zum erſten Mal in der demüthigen Geſtalt, welche die Conſtitution einem Könige übrig ließ, in einem Range mit dem Präſidenten und eine Zeitlang ſtehend vor der ſitzenden Verſammlung; doch begleiteten ihn bei ſeinem Weggehen alle Deputirte in feierlichem Zuge bis in ſeine Wohnung. Eine finſtre Vorbedeutung war es übrigens, daß der Moniteur zu derſelben Zeit, als er die Conſtitutions-Acte bekannt machte, in fünf langen Columnen eine Erklärung der Brüder des Königs, des Kaiſers Leopold und des Königs von Preußen, ſo wie aller emigrirten Prinzen, die den Worten des Königs geradezu entgegen war, zur Kenntniß der Franzoſen brachte. Am 30. September erſchien der König wieder in der Verſammlung, deutete in ſeiner Rede an, daß er zwar alles thun wolle, die Verfaſſung zu erhalten, daß man ihm aber zu wenig Einfluß übrig gelaſſen habe, und der Präſident ſchloß die Sitzungen. Das Sonderbarſte ſcheint, daß die Stände, der Finanzen wegen berufen, gerade dieſe jetzt in einem ſchlechtern Zuſtande ließen, als ſie vorher waren, weil zu allen andern Uebeln jetzt noch Papiergeld kam. Mit Jubel wurden allein Pethion und Robespierre, jetzt öffentlicher Ankläger, ſo wie Pethion ſpäter Oberbürgermeiſter von Paris, vom Volke begrüßt. Die Wahl des ſchwärmeriſchen Danton zum Deputirten der neuen legislativen Verſammlung, und die Menge junger Leute, Theoretiker, Schwärmer, wohlmeinender, aber phantaſtiſcher Republikaner, die man ebenfalls gewählt hatte, zeigte hinreichend, daß die neue Verfaſſung dem Haufen eben ſo wenig gefalle, als ſie practiſchen Staatsmännern gefallen konnte, und doch war eine Vereinigung von Talenten und Kenntniſſen, eine Miſchung von Edelmuth, Theorie und Praxis, Altem, Neuem und Populärem der erſten Verſammlung eigen geweſen, die der neuen ganz fehlte. Die Republikaner, unter denen Pethion und Briſſot damals eine bedeutende Rolle ſpielten, und welche von Condorcet mit Metaphyſik auf dieſelbe Weiſe unterſtützt wurden, wie Mirabeau in der frühern Verſammlung von Sieyes damit war unterſtützt worden, ſo verſchieden ſonſt ihre Anſichten und Plane waren, zeigten ihre ähnlichen Abſichten gleich in den erſten Sitzungen, als ſie die Titel Majeſtät und Sire abſchafften, dem Könige keinen hohen Seſſel vergönnten, und ihn durchaus mit ihrem Präſidenten gleichſetzen wollten. Die lächerlichen Anſtalten der Emigranten, der wunderliche Entwurf des Königs von Schweden, den Briſſot in einer Rede bei den Jacobinern nicht ganz unbillig den nordiſchen Don Quixote nannte, mit ruſſiſcher Unterſtützung 36000 Mann von der See aus nach Paris zu führen, die Unruhen, welche im Innern dadurch veranlaßt wurden, daß man dem Volke die beeidigten Prieſter aufdringen wollte, gaben die längſt geſuchte und gut benutzte Gelegenheit, den König mit der Nation in Widerſpruch zu bringen. Um dieſen Widerſpruch grell zu zeigen, gab man gleich in der erſten Zeit (9. — 12. November) ein Geſetz gegen die Emigranten an der Gränze und gegen die widerſpenſtigen Prieſter; der König gebrauchte, wie man geahndet hatte, ſein conſtitutionelles Recht, verweigerte ſeine Zuſtimmung, wie die Conſtitution ihm erlaubte, und ward nun von unaufhörlichem Toben des Volks beſtürmt. Wenn der König die Vollziehung dieſer Decrete eine Zeitlang verzögerte, wenn er den Emigrirten heimlich einiges Geld verſchaffte, wenn er die Correſpondenz mit den fremden Mächten fortſetzte, ſo war dies alles zum Vortheil der republikaniſchen Parthei, die in dieſer Verſammlung am ſtärkſten war, und Marat, Fréron, die Menſchen, die für Prudhomme arbeiteten, bedienten ſich des Vorwands, den Ludwigs Schwachheit gab, um alles Edle und Hohe zu verhöhnen. Die Verſammlung erließ nun zuerſt ein Decret gegen die Prinzen, dies bedurfte der königlichen Beſtätigung nicht: dann einen Beſchluß gegen die Freunde des Königs, die aus der Ferne Hülfe erwarteten, dieſem durfte er ſeine Zuſtimmung nicht verſagen, endlich mußte er ſogar ſein Miniſterium aus den Republikanern bilden, denen Dümourier, ein Mann ohne Grundſatz oder Syſtem als Miniſter der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten zugeſellt ward. An Talent fehlte es Dümourier nicht, auch war er von jeher in diplomatiſchen Geſchäften gebraucht worden und brachte jetzt zur Freude der Nation in die diplomatiſche Sprache den barſchen Ton, den die Franzoſen bis auf die Reſtauration beibehalten haben. Seit dem October ſchon hatte ein Theil der Verſammlung aus mancherlei Gründen den Krieg mit den deutſchen Fürſten und dem Kaiſer gewünſcht und gefodert. Man wollte Krieg theils wegen der Plane gegen den Hof und die Conſtitution, theils weil auch die den Emigranten dienenden Jacobiner darauf arbeiteten, theils, weil man wußte, daß die franzöſiſche Revolution, die von Adelsſtolz, Laſten der Feudalität und willkührlicher Regierung gedrückten Deutſchen am Rhein ungeduldig über die Mißbräuche ihrer Regierungen und geneigt zu Veränderungen machte. Das neue Miniſterium bot ſich willig zu den Abſichten ſeiner Freunde, und der Krieg ward erklärt, während im Innern ein weit furchtbarerer zwiſchen den Behörden, den Ständen und ſogar in Familien ſelbſt ſich erhoben hatte. Die Erfüllung des Wunſches der Republikaner, den Krieg ausbrechen zu ſehen, ward damals durch den Tod des Kaiſer Leopold beſchleunigt, weil Franz II., der im 24ſten Jahre die Regierung der Erblande übernahm (März 1792), nicht wie ſein Vater, alte Wunden zu heilen verſtand, und dem Syſtem Joſephs geneigter war, als dem ſeines Vaters. Die auswärtigen Mächte hätten übrigens auch damals noch gezögert, wenn Dümourier nicht in einem peremtoriſchen Ton auf eine Erklärung gedrungen wäre, wenn nicht durch den Ton der franzöſiſchen Zeitungen und durch die Verbindung, die die kosmopolitiſchen Grundſätze, welche man öffentlich ausſprach, zwiſchen allen Freunden vernünftiger Freiheit in allen Ländern knüpfte, die Gefahr der Monarchien immer dringender geworden wäre. Die Antwort des öſterreichiſchen Cabinets auf Dümouriers Foderung machte endlich den Krieg unvermeidlich. Nach der franzöſiſchen Conſtitution konnte der König zwar Krieg und Friede beſchließen, aber ohne ein Decret des geſetzgebenden Körpers konnte er nicht erklärt werden, der König erſchien daher am 20. April in der Verſammlung und machte den Antrag einer Kriegserklärung gegen Oeſterreich, welche noch in derſelben Nacht auf den 21ſten mit Jubel angenommen und gleich darauf förmlich erlaſſen ward, ohne daß man gerüſtet geweſen wäre; denn der Hof hoffte den Sieg des Kaiſers. Die verſchiedenen Partheien, welche ein Zweck damals vereinte, Enthuſiaſten, welche von Rom und Griechenland in Paris, wie an der Garonne und an der Seine träumten, ſchmutzige Schufte, wie Chabot, Bazire, Merlin von Thionville, Collot d'Herbois u. a.; giftige Feinde alles Hohen, wie Robespierre, Marat, Dantons Schaar hatten jetzt ihren Wunſch erreicht; der Pöbel war in Bewegung, die Macht, die ihn hemmen konnte, gelähmt. Die Departementalverwaltungen, aus guten Bürgern, die der Conſtitution treu waren, gebildet, befanden ſich mit den Municipalverwaltungen im Reiche in offnem Kriege, in der Hauptſtadt war in der oberſten Magiſtratur Pethion, der in Verbindung mit ſeinen Freunden den bewaffneten Pöbel beſoldete und den Aufſtand organiſirte, auch aus der Nationalgarde die rechtlichen Bürger durch die Piquenmänner verdrängte. Lafayette war ſeit dem Ausbruch des Kriegs beim Heer an der Gränze, auch war kein General-Anführer der Pariſer Nationalgarde nach ihm wieder beſtellt worden, ſondern die ſechs Legionschefs ſollten wechſelnd jeder zwei Monat lang den Oberbefehl führen. Der Vorwand war, daß ein ſolcher General-Anführer zu viel Einfluß habe, den wahren Grund erkannte man aber am 10. Auguſt 1792, als dieſelbe mit der Freiheit unverträglich genannte Stelle von den Republikanern erneut und dem furchtbaren Anführer des rohſten Bataillons der St. Antons-Vorſtadt, Santerre, übertragen ward. Die Conſtitution ward jetzt überall verhöhnt, ihre ſchwachen Vertheidiger, die den Club der Feuillans bildeten, in ihrer Ohnmacht dargeſtellt, der Nationalſinn der Franzoſen erregt, und der Unwille gegen die Pöbelführer durch die Furcht vor dem äußern Feind geſtillt: aus allem dieſem erklärt ſich das Folgende leicht. Sobald der Krieg erklärt war, vermehrten ſich die Deputationen und gewaltſamen Auftritte; auf öffentlichen Plätzen und in Straßen ward der König auf die gröbſte Weiſe durch die Deputirten ſelbſt und durch den Pöbel, den man in und um ſeinen Palaſt verſammelte, beſchimpft und geſchmäht, und die Tribunen der Nationalverſammlung mit gedungenen Schreiern erfüllt. Weil man von den Schweizergarden und der conſtitutionellen Garde, die eigentlich nur 1800 Mann ſtark ſein ſollte, damals aber viel ſtärker war und Briſſac an der Spitze hatte, Widerſtand beſorgte, wenn man den König ſelbſt angriffe, ſo richtete man ſich zunächſt gegen dieſe. Jaucourt zuerſt (alſo einer der edlern Freunde der Freiheit) trat mit einer Beſchwerde über jene Garde und über die Schweizer des Königs am Ende April in der Verſammlung auf, konnte aber ſeinen Vorſchlag nicht durchſetzen, weil die conſtitutionelle Parthei noch zu ſtark war. Im Mai ward die Sache noch einmal in Anregung gebracht, und damals ſchon führten Pethion und ſeine Freunde den ewigen Krieg mit den Conſtitutionellen ſo glücklich, organiſirten den Aufſtand des Pariſer Volks ſo geſchickt, verbreiteten den falſchen Lärm, die Unruhe über eine neue Flucht des Königs, über einen öſterreichiſchen Ausſchuß am Hofe ſo allgemein, daß in ganz Frankreich Bürger und Bauern über die Treuloſigkeit des Hofs erbittert waren. Dies wagten Chabot und Guadet, ſie trugen am 28ſten im Vertrauen auf den erbitterten Haufen darauf an, die Sitzung der Verſammlung für fortdauernd zu erklären, und ſetzten trotz aller Bemühungen der erklärteſten Freunde der Freiheit endlich durch, daß die Garde des Königs entlaſſen und ſeine Bewachung denjenigen Nationalgarden übertragen ward, welche Pethion, Manuel, und ihre Freunde durch Santerre zu ihren Abſichten brauchen zu können hofften. Eine Republik zu errichten war einmal der feſte Entſchluß eines Vergniaud, Guadet, Kerſaint, Genſonné, einer Madame Roland und vieler edlen, aber im Leben und der Geſchichte unerfahrnen Männer, und alle, ohne Unterſchied, die Freunde der Mißbräuche ausgenommen, fanden es nützlich, daß der König von ſeiner Stelle auf irgend eine Weiſe entfernt werde, weil alle, die den alten Zuſtand verwünſchten, deutlich einſahen, daß früher oder ſpäter die Freunde der Mißbräuche dieſe durch ihn als alte Rechte reclamiren und durch ihn mit Gewalt in Beſitz nehmen würden. Leider bot ſich nur die Hefe der Menſchheit, die ein Marat, ein Danton, ein Robespierre, Chabot und andre Nichtswürdige aufwühlten, als brauchbares Werkzeug dazu, man öffnete alſo dieſen den Zugang und glaubte ihnen die Ausführung überlaſſen zu können; ſo ward die Scene des 20. Junius, ein ewiger Schandfleck in der franzöſiſchen Geſchichte, herbeigeführt. Die Schändlichkeiten, welche vor jenem Tage, um König und Freunde der monarchiſchen Conſtitution zu verderben und um den Aufruhr zu rechtfertigen, auf Veranſtaltung und zum Theil auf Befehl der Verſammlung unter das Volk gebracht werden mußten, wollten und konnten die begeiſterten Redner der Gironde, Guadet, Vergniaud, Genſonné und andere nicht in den Mund nehmen, man ließ ſie alſo, als ſie vorgetragen werden ſollten, von dem verächtlichen Capuziner Chabot ausſpeien. Doch verunglückte dieſer erſte Angriff, weil Chabot abſcheuliche Lügen gegen Lafayette, der damals an der Spitze der Armee ſtand, in ſeine unverſchämten Schmähungen gegen den König einmiſchte. Dies war am 3. Juni, ſchon am 6ten kam ein neuer Vorſchlag gegen König und Conſtitution ans Licht. Unter dem Vorwande, das Heer zu verſtärken und das Feſt vom 14. Juli zu begehen, ſollte eine Armee von zwanzigtauſend wüthenden Menſchen bei Paris vereinigt werden, dies ward ſpät am Abend vorgeſchlagen und gleich durchgeſetzt; denn die Berathſchlagungen dauerten die Nacht hindurch und das Decret ward abgefaßt, als die Deputirten der andern Parthei müde das Feld geräumt hatten. Von dieſem Augenblicke an ſtanden ſich die Freunde der Conſtitution und die herrſchende Parthei im Convent feindlich gegenüber, und die Municipalität von Paris war im offnen Kriege mit der Departemental-Verwaltung. In der letztern benahmen ſich Röderer, damals Generalprocurator Syndicus, und Larochefoucault, Adminiſtrator des Departements der Seine, auf eine ganz entgegengeſetzte Weiſe: der Erſte handelte, wie alle die Leute gehandelt haben, die erſt Freunde und Diener Robespierres, dann Republikaner, dann Barone, Grafen und Sklaven des Kaiſerreichs geworden ſind; der Letztere dagegen zeigte ſich als einen edlen und feſten Mann. Leider konnte man nicht läugnen, daß auf der andern Seite die Seele des Hofs auf ausländiſche Hülfe hoffte und die Verbindung mit den erklärten Feinden der neuen Verfaſſung unterhielt. Der König ward um dieſe Zeit von ſeinen eignen Miniſtern beſtürmt, daß er ſeine Zuſtimmung zu Maßregeln, die ihm verderblich ſchienen, geben ſollte, er weigerte ſich, und ſie drohten ihn in einer Zeit zu verlaſſen, wo keiner das Miniſterium zu übernehmen wagte. So wie die republikaniſchen Miniſter wegen der Sanction zweier Decrete mit dem Könige in heftigem Zwiſt waren, ſo zerfielen ſie auch mit Dümourier über die Art der Berathung und die Anſtellung gewiſſer ihnen verhaßten Männer, und Dümourier traute ſich zu, ein ihm und dem Hofe freundlicheres Miniſterium bilden zu können, und beſtärkte den König in ſeinem Vorſatze, nicht nachzugeben, was von der Gegenparthei augenblicklich als eine Gelegenheit zum Verläumden und Anklagen benutzt ward. Frau Roland dictirte endlich ihrem Manne einen heftigen Brief, in dem er dem König die derbſten Wahrheiten auf die derbſte Weiſe ſagte, Roland und mit ihm das ganze Miniſterium ging ab, der Brief ward in der Nationalverſammlung unter lautem Jubel vorgeleſen, und in alle Departemente geſendet. Der König ſtand allein. Dümourier ſah ſchon am 10. Juni bei Gelegenheit ſeines erſten Rapports, daß er ſich nicht halten, noch viel weniger aber ein Miniſterium bilden könne, und verließ den König unter dem Vorwande, daß dieſer das Decret über die Verfolgung der unbeeidigten Prieſter nicht unterſchreiben wolle. Er nahm nun als abgefeimter Intrigant ſeine Zuflucht zu den Jacobinern der niedern Gattung, und erhielt ſich durch dieſe im Sattel. So wie er vorher auf kurze Zeit das Miniſterium der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten mit dem Kriegs-Miniſterium vertauſcht hatte, ſo vertauſchte er nun das letztere gegen einen Oberbefehl bei dem Heer an den Gränzen der Niederlande, wo die Widerſacher der Conſtitutionellen, oder der ſogenannten Feuillans, damals Lafayette ſtürzen wollten, weil er den Jacobinern mit der Armee drohte. Aus der beſten Abſicht beſchleunigte gleich darauf Lafayette durch ſeinen drohenden Brief an die legislative Verſammlung (am 16. Juny) und durch den ermahnenden an den König den Ausbruch des ſchändlichen Complotts, wodurch die eine Parthei die republikaniſchen Miniſter wieder einſetzen, und die Andere, wenn es möglich wäre, die königliche Familie ausrotten wollte. Die Abfaſſung einer Bittſchrift und die lächerliche Ceremonie der Errichtung eines Freiheitsbaums gab den Vorwand, die Menſchenmaſſe, die den Palaſt ſtürmen ſollte, zu verſammeln, doch war die eigentliche Abſicht kein Geheimniß, man wußte ſogar, daß die Stadtobrigkeit die Sache begünſtige. Die Miniſter machten die Anzeige, daß ein Mordplan entworfen ſei, ſie forderten die Departements-Verwaltung auf, Maßregeln zu treffen, und dieſe that alles, was ſie der Conſtitution nach thun konnte und ſollte; aber die Municipalität hatte Pethion an ihrer Spitze, und war aus guten Urſachen taub. Umſonſt erſchien Röderer vor der legislativen Verſammlung, um ein Geſetz gegen das Verfahren der Anführer des Pöbels zu erhalten — die Republikaner hielten diesmal für einen großen Zweck eine ſchreckliche That und einen Tag der Gräuel für nöthig und erlaubt — und hinderten daher jede Gegenanſtalt oder Maßregel. Schon am 19ten erſchien in der Nationalverſammlung eine Schaar von dem Geſindel, das man unter dem Namen *Föderirte* berufen hatte, als man das Decret abfaßte, 20000 Mann in einem Lager bei Paris zu vereinigen; dieſe Menſchen und ihr Redner tadelten laut die Unthätigkeit der Deputirten und kündigten an, daß *ſie* handeln würden. Am 20ſten waren von 8 Uhr Morgens an alle drei von Arbeitern bewohnte Vorſtädte in Bewegung, Santerre, Pethions Maſchine, führte die wüthenden Menſchen durch den Saal der Nationalverſammlung, und man war ſchamlos genug, den Druck der Rede des Cicero jener Horden zu verlangen; doch hob endlich der Präſident, weniger aus Schaam, als aus Klugheit, die Sitzung auf. Von 4—8 Uhr wüthete hernach der Haufe in den Tuilerien und hielt den König und ſeine ganze Familie in beſtändiger Todesangſt. Der König verweigerte zwar die Foderung, die Decrete in dieſer Lage zu beſtätigen, und das republikaniſche Miniſterium wieder anzunehmen ſehr ſtandhaft, er war aber ſchwach genug ſich die rothe Jacobiner-Mütze aufſetzen zu laſſen, und ſie die ganze Zeit hindurch aufzubehalten, auch ſtellte er ſich dem elenden Geſindel zu Gefallen, als wenn er aus einer Flaſche trinke, die ihm ein Kerl aus dem Haufen reichte. Endlich erſchien die Deputation, welche die legislative Verſammlung zum Schutz des Königs abgeordnet hatte, Vergniaud ſtieg auf die Schultern zweier Männer und verſuchte ſeine Beredſamkeit an dem Haufen, ganz zuletzt kamen Pethion und die eigentliche Nationalgarde, und der Haufe zog ſchimpfend und tobend ab. Alle Partheien erſchracken über ſich ſelbſt und über die Lage des Reichs, wie ſie erfuhren, daß ein in den Schenken, auf den Märkten und Sammelplätzen der Vagabunden geſammelter Haufe König und Nation entehrt habe. Man ſtellte Unterſuchungen an, man erließ Proclamationen, und Lafayette eilte von den Gränzen in die legislative Verſammlung, um im Namen der Armee Vorſtellungen gegen Pöbelwuth und Partheiſucht zu thun, allein das ganze Talent der begeiſterten Gironde wandte ſich gegen ihn, und ſeine Freunde bewirkten mit Mühe, daß ſeine Bittſchrift nur angenommen wurde. Eine Zeitlang ſchien der König gleichwohl durch die Scene des 20. Juny gewonnen zu haben, es fehlte ihm aber an aller Energie, um ſchnell ſeinen Vortheil zu nutzen. Wohl merkte und wußte die Nationalverſammlung, daß der König auf fremde Hülfe hoffe; die Schritte der Prinzen im folgenden Monat, ſo ſehr er ihnen widerſprochen und ſo viele offne Briefe er gegen ſie ausgehen laſſen mochte, ſchadeten ihm in der öffentlichen Meinung, die von dem Augenblick an bis auf unſere Tage unter den Emigranten die Freunde der Jacobiner und die Begünſtiger der Ausſchweifungen ſuchte, beide aber auf gleiche Weiſe als Feinde der beſtehenden Ordnung dem Haſſe bezeichnete. Neben allem Angeführten erweckte die bekannte Geſinnung der Königin den nicht ganz ungegründeten Gedanken, daß auch der König im Herzen völlig einſtimmig mit den ausgewanderten Prinzen ſei. Die Anführer des Haufens verſtärkten ſich, während der König zauderte und die Conſtitutionellen ſich ruhig hielten, durch neues Geſindel, das ſie aus dem ganzen Reiche unter dem Vorwand der Föderation des 14. Julius an ſich zogen. In dieſer Zeit gab Preußen eine feindliche Erklärung (Anfang Jul.), die von Frankreich in gleichem Tone beantwortet ward (den 6. Jul.); am Ende des Monats aber (den 25. Jul.) ſetzte der Herzog von Braunſchweig, als Befehlshaber der preußiſchen Armee, ſeinen Namen unter ein Manifeſt, das ſich auf eine beleidigende Weiſe *gegen* die Nation *für* den König ausſprach; der Kaiſer hatte es in ſeiner härteſten Form gebilligt, die Preußen nur hie und da gemildert. Dies Manifeſt war das Machwerk eines Herrn von Limon, eines ehemaligen Orleaniſten, war auf eine für die franzöſiſche Nation ſchmähliche Weiſe entworfen, und kam denen, die auch die letzte Spur des Alten vertilgen wollten, ſehr erwünſcht. Die Gironde war damals beſonders thätig, denn ſie war es, die durch Barbaroux die achthundert Marſeiller nach Paris kommen ließ, welche ſich dort mit Santerres Vorſtädtern verbinden ſollten. Marat, Hébert und ihre Genoſſen erklärten jetzt ihre mörderiſchen Abſichten gegen den König und die Conſtitutionellen laut und öffentlich, und die Republikaner, in Ideen verloren, ſtimmten ein. Schon im Juli deutete Briſſot in einer trefflichen Rede die mögliche Abſetzung des Königs an, unzählige Bittſchriften drangen auf dieſelbe Maßregel, welche kurz vor dem neuen Sturm des Pöbels auf die Tuillerien (am 10. Aug.) noch einmal und zwar von der Gironde (am 8ten), die doch damals ſchon vor dem Abgrunde, den ſie ſelbſt eröffnet hatte, zu erſchrecken anfing, in der Nationalverſammlung in Anregung gebracht wurde. Wer fühlte hier nicht tiefes Bedauern über die Beſchränktheit aller unter Schmeichlern und in weiſer Eleganz erzogenen Seelen, wenn er Bertrand von Molleville, der gerade in dieſer Periode der Vertraute der Königin, der Prinzen und fremden Mächte war, und die Königin ſelbſt, wie ſie der Frau von Campan ihr Herz ausſchüttet, über die Plane des Königs und ſeiner Vertrauten zur Flucht oder zur Beſtechung eines elenden Santerre lieſet und betrachtet? Wer fühlt nicht, wenn er auf der andern Seite das liberale Mitglied der legislativen Verſammlung, Paganel und die Denkſchriften der Freunde und des republikaniſchen Syſtems über ihre Unterhandlungen mit dem Hofe zu Rathe zieht, daß auch ſie nicht wußten, wo und mit wem ſie eigentlich zu thun hatten, und daß bei dieſem Schwanken des Hofes und der Republikaner die Conſequenten und unverſchämten Führer der Maſſe, die immer vorwärts drängte, und Männer, die nichts ſcheuten und nichts fürchteten, wie Danton, Chaumette und die Redner der Jacobiner- und Franciscaner-Clubbs allein das Feld behaupten mußten? Sie lachten mit Recht der Thoren, die in einer ſolchen Zeit mit der Idee, Freiheit, und mit dem Wort, Tugend, die ſtürmenden Wogen des Frevels zu ſtillen hofften. Um Paganel zu verſtehen, muß man wiſſen, daß die Republikaner mit dem Hofe über eine einſtweilige ruhige Entfernung des Königs von den Geſchäften unterhandelten, weil ſie durch die Gährung der Menge, durch die Störung der Debatten der Nationalverſammlung vermittelſt des unverſchämten Lärmens der Tribunen des Verſammlungs-Saals erſchreckt waren, und fürchteten, daß endlich alle Gewalten im Reiche von der Pariſer Gemeindeverwaltung und ihren Leitern abhängig werden möchten. Leider erſchien auch hier der König wieder bevormundet und die Königin war bei dieſen Unterhandlungen perſönlich anweſend, doch hatte im Vertrauen auf den Ausgang der Conferenzen Guadet ſchon eine Addreſſe an den König vorgeſchlagen, und Briſſot gegen die Anarchiſten geeifert; allein es zeigte ſich bald, daß aus ſo unnatürlichen Unterhandlungen der Natur der Sache nach nichts werden könne, und die Gironde gab ſich nun dem Strom hin. Am 3. Auguſt erneute Pethion, im Namen der Pariſer Gemeinde, das Anſuchen um Abſetzung des Königs in der allergröbſten Form, mehrere Deputationen foderten daſſelbe in den folgenden Tagen, Gegenvorſtellungen kamen zwar häufig ein, das Schreien der Tribunen ließ aber niemand zu Wort kommen, als wer zu den Feinden des Königs gehörte, und Briſſot ſelbſt erklärte rund heraus, daß nur die Ohnehoſen wahre Patrioten ſeien. Weil der König und die Conſtitutionellen mit einem und demſelben Sturze fallen ſollten, ſo verſuchte Briſſot alle Kraft ſeiner Beredſamkeit am 9. Auguſt, um einen Beſchluß der Anklage des General Lafayette von der Verſammlung zu erhalten. Lafayette hatte längſt mit ſeiner Armee gedroht, nach der (am 9ten) erneuten und wiederum geſcheiterten Anklage, mußten König und Conſtitutionelle, wie es ſchien, nothgedrungen ſich vereinigen, um ſich wechſelſeitig zu retten, oder ſie mußten den Untergang ruhig erwarten; ihre tödtliche Feindſchaft allein hinderte ihre Verbindung. Im Zweifel, ob nicht eine Ausſöhnung erfolgt ſei, mußten Leute, wie Chabot, Bazire und andere, ſelbſt Pethion fühlen, daß ſie entweder in ſteter Beſorgniß vor Lafayette, ſeinem Heer und ſeinen zahlreichen Freunden bleiben, oder den König ſchnell ſtürzen und in ſeinem Sturz die ganze Parthei der Conſtitutionellen verwickeln müßten; ſie beſchloſſen natürlich das Letztere. Um Mitternacht vom 9—10ten ward das Signal gegeben. Die gemietheten Horden, an ihrer Spitze die von der Gemeinde beſoldeten Marſeiller, hinter ihnen her die ganze Maſſe neugieriger und raubſüchtiger Vorſtädter ſtürmten den königlichen Palaſt, und der König war von 7 Uhr Morgens bis 9 Uhr in ſteter Todesangſt. Wie immer zeigte auch jetzt Ludwig nur leidenden Muth, nicht die geringſte Kraft, Würde, Beſonnenheit, Ueberlegung, oder auch nur feſten Entſchluß, dem Tode ins Auge zu ſehen, vielweniger ihn an der Spitze der Schweizer und treuen Nationalgarden zu ſuchen. Kein Gedanke an das alte Wort, daß Ehre verloren Alles verloren ſei, hielt ihn ab, dem, vielleicht gar im Einverſtändniß mit den Urhebern der Gräuel, gegebenen Rath Röderers zu folgen, und ſich mit ſeiner Familie in die Nationalverſammlung zu begeben, wo er in einem Stübchen, das dem ſogenannten Logotachygraphen beſtimmt war, von 9 bis 2 Uhr Nachts blieb, und alles Schmähliche, was man über ihn beſchloß, anhörte. Daß bei einer verſtändigen Leitung und feſter Entſchloſſenheit des Königs, ehe man die groben Canoniere der Nationalgarde einließ und ſich in die engen Höfe einſperrte, Widerſtand möglich geweſen wäre und eine Ausſicht der Rettung, das bewieſen dem ſchwachen Könige die Schweizer, die, bis er ihnen zu ihrem Verderben befehlen ließ, nicht weiter zu feuern, das Geſindel tüchtig bekämpften. Der Widerſtand der Schweizer und die dadurch veranlaßte Mordſcene, daß das Volk die Wehrloſen würgte, koſtete einigen tauſend Menſchen das Leben, doch blieben die Haupturheber hinter der Scene und ließen einen Danton, Legendre, Santerre, Panis, Chaumette, Chabot die Ehre der erſten Rolle. Noch wütheten in der Nähe der Nationalverſammlung Mord und Gräuel, Plünderung und Brand, noch dauerte die Herrſchaft des Frevels und der Marſeiller fort, als die beredeten und hochherzigen Enthuſiaſten für Rom und Griechenland auf die Bühne traten, doch freilich in der läſtigen Geſellſchaft derer, die nur Mord und Raub und ihren eignen Vortheil ſuchten, und ihnen bald daſſelbe Spiel ſpielten, das ſie ſelbſt den Conſtitutionellen geſpielt hatten. Vergniaud und Guadet nämlich, in der üblen Geſellſchaft eines Jean Debry, brachten über die Suſpenſion des Königs (suspension provisoire) die Einrichtung einer interimiſtiſchen Verwaltung und die Art, wie man über die völlige Vernichtung der Monarchie im Staat das Volk befragen wolle, in der ſchrecklichen Nacht vom 10ten bis zum 11ten in Gegenwart des Königs Decrete vor, die unmöglich in Eile konnten entworfen ſein. Ein Nationalconvent ſollte berufen, mit der ganzen Volksgewalt bekleidet, eine neue Conſtitution verfaßt werden, zugleich ward eine allgemeine Gleichheit proclamirt und der König auf eine unwürdige Weiſe erſt als geringer Privatmann, gleich darauf im Thurm des Tempels als Gefangener behandelt. Das letzte geſchah am 13ten, und die verhaßten Feinde der unglücklichen Maria Antoinette, der Maire Pethion und der Gemeinde-Procurator Manuel, ſonſt keine der gemeinen Seelen, hatten die Grauſamkeit, ſich der königlichen Familie als Begleiter ins Gefängniß aufzudringen. Von dieſem Augenblicke an ſtand Frankreich völlig unter der Pariſer Gemeinde-Verwaltung, die ſich in der Nacht des 10. Auguſts im Namen des Volks ſelbſt eingerichtet und beſtellt hatte. In dieſer neuen Municipalität hatte Pethion durchaus keine Bedeutung mehr, obgleich er noch eine Zeitlang ſcheinbar an der Spitze derſelben ſtand. Auf dieſelbe Weiſe wie die Enthuſiaſten, Redner und reinen Republikaner in der Gemeindeverwaltung nur Figuranten blieben, ſo waren ſie es auch in den Miniſterien, denn dieſe wurden zwar ſcheinbar mit der Mehrzahl von Girondiſten oder Republikanern beſetzt; im Grunde lachte aber Danton, der das Juſtizminiſterium erhielt, der pedantiſchen Enthuſiaſten, die ſich einbildeten, auf einer Grundſäule von Verbrechen eine wahre und reine Democratie, die Verfaſſung der reinſten Tugend, wie ſelbſt Montesquieu ſie hätte lehren ſollen, gründen zu können. Während die Gironde träumte, ſorgte der Jacobiner Jean Debry, der bekanntlich die Freiheit ſo weit liebte, als ſie ihm nützlich war, durch den Vorſchlag, daß die Wahl der neuen conſtitutiven Verſammlung, die über das Schickſal des Königs und des Reichs definitiv entſcheiden ſollte, allen Franzoſen, ohne Ausnahme, nur Bettler und Vagabunden ausgenommen, ſollte überlaſſen werden, hinreichend dafür, daß die Jacobiner und ihre Freunde ans Ruder kämen; und um Uebertreibung in jede Verwaltung zu bringen, ward der heftigen Jugend der Zugang zu allen Stellen eröffnet. Alle Statuen voriger Könige, alle Zeichen königlicher Gewalt wichen jetzt, nicht etwa der blinden Wuth der Schaaren, die man die Marſeiller nannte, und des Pöbels, der den Kindern gleich am Zerſtören ſeine Freude hat, ſondern dem kaltblütig entworfenen Geſetz des Thuriot, eines gemäßigten Republikaners. Kurz darauf wurden alle, die eine monarchiſche Conſtitution für Frankreich dem Schatten einer Republik vorzuziehen ſchienen, vor ein Tribunal gerufen, das blos zu ihrer Verdammung ernannt war. Vergebens würde man übrigens hier nur das Werk einer Faction ſuchen; nein, der Enthuſiasmus eines freudeberauſchten Volks und ſeine Wuth gegen eine Menſchengattung, die alles, was nicht vornehm oder reich iſt, ſo tief verachtet, wie die franzöſiſche Ariſtocratie zu thun gewohnt war, zeigte ſich vielmehr in allen Provinzen und beſonders in der Hauptſtadt gränzenlos. Eine lange gedrückte, zum Theil von den Laſtern derer, die ſie gedrückt hatten, angeſteckte Bevölkerung einer großen Stadt, bald des ganzen Landes, fühlte ſich auf einmal frei von allen innern und äußern Feſſeln; warf die Religion mit dem Pfaffenthum und den Gehorſam mit der Furcht vor dem Könige hinweg, und ſchien erſt jetzt zu empfinden, wie tief es Jahrhunderte lang herabgedrückt, und zum Laſttragen oder bloßen Genießen verdammt geweſen ſei. Keine menſchliche Macht hätte jetzt die Ausgelaſſenheit plötzlich gehemmt, und keine fremde Armee hätte erzwungen, was allein die Zeit und die der Maſſe inwohnende Trägheit hernach möglich machte. Zum Glück für Europas Monarchen verſtanden Robespierre und ſeines Gleichen nur den Mißbrauch der Waffen, die ſie jezt in der Hand hatten, nicht aber ihren furchtbaren Gebrauch.

Johann Georg Schloſſer,

ward im Jahre 1739 zu Frankfurt am Main geboren, und ſtudirte die Rechte in Gießen und Altdorf, wo er 1762 Doctor ward. In Dienſten des Prinzen Friedrich von Würtemberg ging er nach Mömpelgard, dann nach Karlsruhe, wo er den Titel eines Hofraths erhielt; von dort als Amtmann nach Emmendingen im Hochbergiſchen und kehrte als geheimer Hofrath 1787 in die Reſidenz zurück. 1790 wurde er daſelbſt zum wirklichen geheimen Rath und Director des Hofgerichts ernannt, forderte aber 1794 ſeinen Abſchied, weil ein von ihm zu Gunſten der ärmeren Klaſſe vorgeſchlagenes Geſetz nicht durchging. 1796 ſuchte er vor den Schrecken des Revolutionskrieges in Anſpach und Eutin Zuflucht. 1798 rief ihn ſeine Vaterſtadt als Syndicus in ihre Mauern zurück und dieſem Amte ſtand er, wie allen früheren, mit unermüdlicher Berufstreue vor, bis am 17ten October 1799 ein ſchneller Tod ihn dahinraffte.

Wie unverdroſſen ſeine Feder jedem guten Zwecke diente, beweiſen ſeine zahlreichen Schriften:

- Kleine Schriften. Baſel 1779—94. 6 Th.
- Longin vom Erhabenen. Ueberſ. 1781. Ebend.
- Ariſtophanes Fröſche. Ebend. 1783.
- Aeſchylus Prometheus in Feſſeln. Ebend. 1784.
- Platos Briefe. Frankfurt 1795.
- Fortſetzung des platoniſchen Geſprächs von der Liebe. Hannover 1796.
- Schreiben an einen jungen Mann, der Philoſophie ſtudiren wollte. Lübeck 1796.
- Homer und die Homeriden. Erzählung. Hamburg 1798.
- Ariſtoteles Politik und Fragment der Chronomik. Ueberſ. Lübeck 1798.

S. zeichnete ſich zu ſeiner Zeit durch einen trefflichen und blühenden Styl höchſt vortheilhaft aus und leiſtete namentlich als Ueberſetzer ſehr Gelungenes.

Johann Ludwig Schloſſer (der Aeltere),

ward 1726 zu Graitz geboren und lebte zu Wien als wirklicher geheimer Rath und Vicekanzler bei der böhmiſch-öſtreichiſchen Hofkanzlei. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1786 und hinterließ:

- Theatraliſche Werke. 1772—73. 3 Bände.

Seine dramatiſchen Arbeiten fanden zu ihrer Zeit Beifall, waren aber nicht bedeutend genug um ſich im Andenken der Menge zu erhalten und fielen ſehr bald in gänzliche Vergeſſenheit.

Johann Ludwig Schloſſer (der Jüngere),

ein Hamburger von Geburt. Am 20ſten October 1738 geboren, vollendete er den Schulcurſus nach der Weiſe ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ſtudirte in Jena und ward heimkehrend bald erſter Prediger in Bergedorf, wo er ſegensreich aufklärend wirkte. Aber er hatte als Candidat einige Luſtſpiele geſchrieben und der Paſtor ließ ſie, wenn gleich ohne ſeinen Namen, drucken. Nicht lange entging dies dem Blick des durch ſeinen Feind berühmten Zionswächters zu Hamburg, des Hauptpaſtors Melchior Goetze, der damals Leſſings Belehrungen noch nicht erhalten hatte: er ſuchte ihn hier durch Volksaufwiegelung, dort durch Facultätsgutachten zu ſtürzen. Es iſt ſchön, daß der hamburgiſche Senat auch in jener dunkelen und verworrenen Zeit ſo klar blickte, daß er den Dichter ſchützte; das Volk hat ſie immer geſchützt. Schloſſer ſtarb ruhig und hochbetagt, den 10ten Februar 1815; er ſah noch ſeine Stücke mit Beifall aufgeführt und ſeinen Feind von jenem Geiſt der Zukunft, der auch ihn erfüllt, bewältigt, unterliegen.

Er gab heraus:

- Neue Luſtſpiele. (8.) Hamburg 1767. N. Ausg. Bremen 1768.
- Nachricht an das Publikum, betreffend J. M. Goetze's Unterſuchung der Sittlichkeit der heutigen deutſchen Schaubühne. Hamburg 1769.

Seine Luſtſpiele, welche ſämmtlich zu der zuerſt von Leſſing in die deutſche Literatur eingeführten Gattung der ſogenannten bürgerlichen Rührſtücke (comédies larmoyantes) gehören, waren nicht ohne Talent franzöſiſchen Muſtern, jedoch mit freieſter Behandlung, nachgebildet und erfreuten ſich zu ihrer Zeit freundlichen Beifalles.

August Ludwig von Schlözer,

ward am 5ten Juli 1735 zu Jagſtädt im Hohenlohe'ſchen geboren, und voll ſtrebenden wiſſensdurſtigen Geiſtes, mannigfach in Ländern und Studien umhergetrieben, bis er dem Fach ſich bleibend widmete, in dem er groß geworden iſt. Sein Vater, ein Prediger, ließ ihn in Wittenberg Theologie ſtudiren, doch, hier unbefriedigt, wandte er ſich, nach einem kurzen Zwiſchenaufenthalt zu Stockholm, in Göttingen der Arzneiwiſſenſchaft zu. Aber auch in ihr fand er nicht ſeinen wahren Beruf, den er, als Hauslehrer und Gehilfe des Hiſtoriographen Müller in Petersburg, erkannte. Politik und Geſchichte ergriff er mit der ganzen Kraft ſeines geſchmackvollen Geiſtes und ward 1769 auf ihren Katheder nach Göttingen zurückberufen. Am 9ten September 1809 ſtarb er daſelbſt als Doctor der Rechte, geheimer Juſtizrath und Profeſſor der Geſchichte, auch Ritter des ruſſiſchen Wladimirordens.

Er gab heraus:

- Verſuch einer Handlungsgeſchichte. Stockholm 1758.
- Schwediſche Biographien. Altona 1760—68. 2 Thle.
- Proben ruſſiſcher Annalen. Göttingen 1768.
- Neuverändertes Rußland. Riga 1771—72. 2 Bde. Beilagen. Ebend. 1769—70. 2 Thle.
- Univerſalgeſchichte. Göttingen 1772. 2 Bde.
- Vorbereitung zur Weltgeſchichte. Ebend. 3te Aufl. 1790.

Briefwechſel. Ebend. 1775—82. 10 Thle.
Staatsanzeigen. Ebend. 1782—94. 18 Bde.
Ruſſiſche Annalen. Göttingen. 1802—9. 5 Thle.
(Sein Leben, von Chriſt. von Schlözer. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1828.)

Schlözer war einer der Erſten in Deutſchland, welche eine neue Art und Weiſe die Geſchichte zu behandeln einführten, indem er namentlich die hiſtoriſche Kritik erweiterte; Geſchmackloſigkeit verführete ihn jedoch dazu, ſich in einem Lakonismus zu gefallen, welcher mitunter in eine Barbarei des Styles ausartete, jedoch im Einklang mit ſeinen übrigen Anſichten war, denen zufolge er das Studium der Geſchichte barbariſcher Nationen auf Koſten der Geſchichte Griechenlands zu erheben und zu rühmen pflegte.

Moritz Ferdinand Schmaltz,

Doctor der Theologie (1830 von der Univerſität Leipzig creirt), Hauptpaſtor und Scholarch zu Hamburg. Dieſer große Kanzelredner wurde am 18ten Juni 1785 zu Stolpen, der kleinen ſächſiſchen Bergſtadt, geboren und ſeit 1798 in den ſtillen Kloſtermauern der Fürſtenſchule St. Afra in Meißen für die höhere Wiſſenſchaft vorgebildet. 1804 begann er in Leipzig ſeine Studien, die er in Wittenberg beſchloß. Nachdem er einige Jahre als Hauslehrer gewirkt hatte, ward ihm 1814 ohne ſein Zuthun das Pfarramt zu Stadt Wehlen bei Pirna übertragen. In den Drangſalen des Krieges und den Schmerzen des allzutheuer erkauften Friedens, wuchs ſeines Glaubens Begeiſterung zum Heil der Gemeinde und zu des Redners Ruhm. Schon nach 2 Jahren berief ihn die evangeliſche Gemeinde zu Wien als zweiten Prediger an ihre Kirche und er fühlte ſich getrieben dieſe bedenkliche Stellung einem Ruf nach dem friedlichen Tharand vorzuziehen; im Jahre 1816 zog er in die katholiſche Kaiſerſtadt. Sein Ruf verbreitete ſich ſchnell, das ferne Lemberg machte ihm vertrauensvolle Anträge, doch dieſe ſchlug er aus. Aber freudig willigte er ein, als 1818 ihn ſein Vaterland, das er auf einer Reiſe wiederſah, nicht länger ſich entriſſen ſehen wollte. Er wurde in großer freudiger Aufregung nicht bloß ſeiner künftigen Gemeine zum Paſtor in Neuſtadt-Dresden gewählt, und beſtieg am Neujahrstage 1819, zuerſt als die ſeinige, jene Kanzel, die faſt 15 Jahre lang durch ſeiner Rede Geiſt eine Hauptburg evangeliſcher Glaubensfreiheit blieb. Die Heimath hatte ihn zu trüber Zeit gerufen, neue Stürme wollten Kirche und Staat erſchüttern; bald galt es, um die Rechte des Evangeliums vor Kränkungen zu ſchützen, nach dem Schwerte des Geiſtes zu greifen, bald der Beruhigung in bürgerlich bewegter Zeit, und ſeine Friedensworte halfen immer mehr, als Maßregeln des Mistrauens ſchaden konnten. Seine Reformationsfeier fand, in weiten Fernen begeiſternd, lange nachhallenden Anklang und ſein offner Angriff „der überhandnehmenden Scheinheiligkeit“ war vollkommen zeitgemäß in einer Stadt, die ſchändliche Geheimniſſe nicht lange mehr verbergen konnte. So lebte er, wenn gleich der Arbeit faſt erliegend, doch von der Liebe und Begeiſterung ſeiner Zuhörer getragen und gegen die Anfeindungen geſchützt, die ſeine edle Freimüthigkeit erwarten mußte. Ihm zu Ehren ward 1826 eine Schulcaſſe nach nach ſeinem Namen geſtiftet, die 1833 einen Fonds von 9000 Thlr. hatte. Viele Jahre, bis zu ſeinem Abſchiede von Dresden, hielt er in ſeinem Hauſe mit großer Aufopferung und Freude ein Predigercollegium zur Bildung junger Kanzelredner, dem viele Gemeinden in fernen Kreiſen liebevoll-fromme Geiſtliche verdanken. Standhaft hatte er viele Verſuchungen, eine ſo theure Gemeine zu verlaſſen, zurückgewieſen, bis die immer mehr ſich häufenden und bei der Eigenthümlichkeit der Verhältniſſe erſchöpfenden Geſchäfte ſeine Geſundheit öfter zum Wanken brachten und ihn faſt nöthigten, Hamburgs wiederholtem Rufe Folge zu leiſten. Im Herbſt 1833 trat er ſein Amt als Hauptprediger an der St. Jacobi-Kirche an, und auch in der weltlichen Handelsſtadt erlangte bald ſein Geiſt eine große Wirkſamkeit. Findet er dort nicht eines von dem Hohen leicht und lebhaft entzündlichen Volksgeiſtes ſchöne Anregung, ſo gehört ihm doch eine ſehr große Gemeine, aus allen Stadtgemeinen allſonntäglich zuſammenſtrömend, mit treuer Liebe und inniger Verehrung an, und noch die ſpäte Nachwelt wird ſeine Thaten preiſen. Durch unermüdliche Rede iſt es ihm gelungen, des Perikopenzwanges vielhundertjährige Feſſel zu brechen; ſein, des Angefeindeten, Schweigen hat den hamburger Myſticismus — der, nach Rheinwalds Wort, von der ſchlechteſten Sorte iſt — an Haupt und Gliedern, hoffentlich auf lange überwunden, und ſein erleuchtendes Wort pflanzt, in ſeinen gedruckten Reden in viele Länder verbreitet, in weiten Fernen evangeliſchen Glauben für das fromme Leben fort. —

Die meiſten ſeiner Predigten ſind gedruckt, in Hamburg werden alle ſonntäglich herausgegeben.

Die Vorfeier des Reformations-Jubel- und Dankfeſtes in Wien. Wien 1816. Predigten über die gewöhnlichen Sonn- und Feſttags-Evangelien. Erſter Jahrgang. 2 Bde. Dresden 1820: zweite Aufl. 1822; zweiter Jahrgang. 2 Bde. Dresden 1822. Epiſtelpredigten für alle Sonn- und Feſttage des Jahrs. 3 Bde. Leipzig 1825. 2. Aufl. 1828—29. Predigten über auserleſene Abſchnitte der heil. Schrift. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1827. Blicke des Glaubens in das bewegte Leben der Menſchen. Predigten auf alle Sonn- und Feſttage des Jahres. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1831. Zweite Aufl. 1834. Predigten über die gewöhnlichen Sonn- und Feſttags-Evangelien und einige im Königreich Sachſen vorgeſchriebene Texte, im Jahre 1819 in der Kirche zu Neuſtadt-Dresden gehalten. 2 Bde. 1833.
Predigten, in Hamburg gehalten von 1834—40. Predigten zur Beförderung des evang. Glaubens und Lebens. 4 Bde. 1834—35; dann die im Jahr 1835 gehaltenen. 4 Bde. 1835—36. Apoſtoliſche Mahnungen und Rathſchläge zum chriſtlichen Leben im Glauben und in der Liebe. Epiſtelpredigten. 1836. 4 Bde.
Das menſchliche Leben im Lichte der evangeliſchen Geſchichte. 1837. 4 Bde. Predigten über die ſonntäglichen evangel. Perikopen. 1838. Stimmen aus der apoſtoliſchen Zeit. 1839. Epiſtelpredigten. 2 Bde. Der Glaube für das Leben. 2 Bde. 1840.
Erbauungsſtunden für Jünglinge und Jungfrauen. Leipzig 1823. Achte Aufl. Hamburg 1840.
Paſſionspredigten. Hamburg, von 1834—40.

Ein unermüdlicher Kämpfer für Recht, Wahrheit und Aufklärung hat S. ſeit ſeinem erſten Eintritte in das geiſtliche Amt ununterbrochen ſegensreich, vorzüglich als Kanzelredner gewirkt. Klarheit, Tiefe der Gedanken, feurige Begeiſterung für die Verherrlichung des echten Glaubens, edle Freimüthigkeit und ein zu allen dieſen großen Eigenſchaften im vollſten Einklange ſtehender Styl zeichnen ſeine Predigten auf das Glänzendſte aus und weiſen dem Verfaſſer derſelben einen ſehr hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Kanzelrednern aller Zeiten an.

Am Reformationsfeſte*).

Gelobt ſei Gott, der aus der Finſterniß das Licht ſchaffet und auch uns berufen hat zu ſeinem wunderbaren Licht. Amen.

Feſtgeläute hat uns zum Tempel des Herrn gerufen, und zur Feier eines hohen Feſtes ſind wir verſammelt: aber erfüllet auch Euch Alle ein feſtlicher Sinn? Laſſet mich es offen geſtehen, meine Geliebten, ich richte an Euch dieſe Frage nicht ohne ſchmerzliche Beſorgniß. So lange mich Gott gewürdiget hat, das öffentliche Lehramt in der Gemeinde ſeines Sohnes zu verwalten, ſahe ich immer dem Stiftungsfeſte der evangeliſchen Kirche mit großer Bewegung meines Herzens entgegen und mit der größten Freudigkeit habe ich ſtets an dieſem feierlichen Tage das Evangelium Jeſu verkündigt. Er verſetzet uns in eine ſo großartige Zeit voll Geiſt und Leben; er vergegenwärtiget uns das ehrwürdige Bild der heldenmüthigſten Streiter Gottes für den Herrn und ſeine Wahrheit, die in ihrem lichten und veſten Glauben ſich unüberwindlich fühlten; er läßt uns die unermeßlichen Segnungen überſchauen, welche die Läuterung der chriſtlichen Wahrheit und Kirche nicht nur den evangeliſchen Bekennern, ſondern auch denen gebracht hat, die ſich ihrer Gemeinſchaft nicht angeſchloſſen haben; er offenbaret uns ſo ſichtbar das Walten des allmächtigen Schirmherrn ſeines Reiches auf Erden, „der da will, daß allen Menſchen geholfen werde und daß alle zur Erkenntniß der Wahrheit kommen" (1 Timoth. 2, V. 4), und der alle redlichen Kämpfer für ihn und ſein Wort in ſeinen heiligen Schutz nimmt und ihre Beſtrebungen ſegnet: ſo eröffnet er jedem erleuchteten und redlichen Freunde des Herrn ein unermeßliches Feld der erhabenſten und fruchtbarſten Betrachtungen, und wem es vergönnt iſt, an dieſem glorreichen Gedächtnißtage zu einer evangeliſchen Gemeinde zu reden, kann ſeinen Mund nicht ohne fromme Begeiſterung aufthun.

Aber das Feuer dieſer Begeiſterung kann ſich kaum in voller Kraft und Wärme behaupten, wenn Jemand der lebhaften Theilnahme derer nicht gewiß iſt, an welche ſeine Rede ſich wendet. Darf ich der Eurigen vollkommen gewiß ſein, meine Theuren? das iſt die Frage meiner Beſorgniß. Als ich vor ſieben Jahren dieſen Tag zum Erſtenmale unter Euch feierte und mit der ernſtlichen Mahnung in Eure Mitte trat: „halte was Du haſt, daß Niemand Deine Krone raube!" (Offenb. Joh. 3, V. 11) da war es, als wäret Ihr von ſolchem Aufrufe überraſcht, von der Feier ſelbſt, zu der ich Euch aufforderte, faſt befremdet, und ich ſchien die offenen Herzen zu vermiſſen, die mir ſonſt an anderen Orten jederzeit an dieſem Tage entgegengebracht wurden. Doch das war in ſofern wenigſtens nicht unerklärbar, als Euch damals noch die äußere Anregung fehlte. Der Gedächtnißtag der Kirchenverbeſſerung war damals in unſerer Stadt noch kein allgemeines Feſt für die evangeliſchen Gemeinden, und wenn die Lehrer des Evangeliums in ihren Vorträgen ſeiner gedachten, ſo thaten ſie das aus freiem Antriebe und an einem beliebigen Tage. So traf Euch die Feier deſſelben ganz unvorbereitet und es konnte Euch ſchwer werden, augenblicklich die rechte Feſtſtimmung zu gewinnen. Jetzt aber iſt dieſem Mangel unter uns abgeholfen. Seit vier Jahren iſt dieſer Gedächtnißtag zu einem hohen Feſttage erhoben, ſeine Feier geſetzlich angeordnet, und ſie wird Euch jedesmal durch Feſtgeläute verkündiget. Man kam damit einem wahren Bedürfniſſe der evangeliſchen Gemeinden entgegen und hoffete ihrem eigenen Verlangen zu entſprechen. Hat man ſich nun bei dieſer Hoffnung nicht getäuſcht? Habt Ihr ſie bisher durch die That gerechtfertiget? Iſt dieſer Tag nun für Euch Alle ein hohes Feſt und bringet Ihr ihm die lebendige Theilnahme und den frommen Eifer der Freude an Eurem Glauben entgegen? Oder laſſen alle Anzeichen das Gegentheil fürchten?

Es ſoll kein kränkender Vorwurf für Euch ſein, den ich hier ausſpreche, m. Gel.; Ihr nehmet ja ſonſt immer an unſern andächtigen Verſammlungen den lebhafteſten Antheil und kommet an allen Sonn- und Feſttagen zahlreich genug zu der heiligen Stätte: ich müßte unbillig ſein und würde Euch Unrecht thun, wollte ich das nicht mit dankbarem Herzen vor Gott rühmen. Aber die gedrängten Schaaren, welche ſonſt an unſern hohen Feſten zum Hauſe Gottes wallen, pflegte doch bisher dieſer Tag nicht hereinzurufen, und die allgemeine lebhafte Theilnahme, die Ihr ſonſt unſern Feſtandachten ſchenket, ſchienen ihm kaum Wenige zu widmen. Das iſt betrübend und in mehr als Einer Hinſicht bedenklich. Wie heiß aber mein Wunſch iſt, weil ich die Nothwendigkeit fühle, daß es anders werden möge, ich würde doch dieſe ſchmerzliche Bemerkung nicht ausgeſprochen haben, wenn ich nicht die Hoffnung hegte, es könne unter uns anders werden. Gewiß waren es unklare oder irrige Anſichten, von denen jene niederſchlagende Lauigkeit ausging. Jahrhunderte lang wurde das Andenken an die Stiftung der evangeliſchen Kirche in den Mauern Eurer Stadt nicht hochfeſtlich erneuert: ſo wollte Euch die volle Bedeutung und Unentbehrlichkeit dieſes Feſtes nicht ſogleich einleuchten. Würde ſie Euch recht offenbar — das Vertrauen habe ich zu Euch — ſo brächtet Ihr auch gewiß der Feier dieſes Tages die regſame und freudige Theilnahme entgegen, die Ihr anderen hohen Feſten niemals verſagt. So laſſet es mich verſuchen, des Feſtes hohe Wichtigkeit Euch anſchaulich zu machen. Die Erſcheinungen unſerer Zeit und die Lage unſerer Kirche will ich in das Auge faſſen, um Euch zu der Ueberzeugung zu führen, wie ſehr wir gerade in unſern Tagen Urſache haben, das Gedächtniß der Kirchenverbeſſerung feſtlich zu erneuern. So wollen wir uns erwecken, dir die Ehre zu geben, Vater des Lichts! und immer würdiger zu werden des unermeßlichen Heils, das du uns in dem lauteren Evangelio deines Sohnes bereitet haſt. Du ſteheſt ſeiner Kirche mächtig zur Seite, ein heiliger Hort: ſo werden keine Stürme der Zeit ihre Grundveſten erſchüttern:

Auf, Chriſten, die ihr ihm vertraut,
Laßt Euch kein Drohn erſchrecken!
Der Gott, der von dem Himmel ſchaut,
Wird mächtig uns bedecken.
Der Herr, der große Gott,
Hält über ſein Gebot,
Giebt uns Geduld in Noth
Und Kraft und Muth im Tod:
Was will uns denn erſchrecken?

Text:

2. Joh. V. 8.

Sehet Euch vor, daß wir nicht verlieren, was wir erarbeitet haben, ſondern vollen Lohn empfangen.

Es iſt eine rührende Bitte, welche hier der Apoſtel an die Chriſtengemeinden richtet, denen er das Evangelium verkündiget hat. Für alle wahrhaft väterliche Liebe und Treue, womit er für ſie geſorget und gewirket hat, will er „den vollen Lohn" darin allein empfangen, „daß ſeine Arbeit nicht vergeblich geweſen ſei in dem Herrn" (1 Cor. 15, V. 58), daß ſie ſtandhaft bleiben in dem Glauben, den er in ihre Seelen gepflanzet und fortfahren, ihm Ehre zu machen durch einen gottſeligen Wandel in der Liebe (1. Cor. 15, V. 4 bis 6). Aber „es ſind viele Verführer in die Welt gekommen" (V. 7), und er ſiehet die Seinen in Gefahr, irre geleitet, in ihrem Glauben wankend, dem Herrn und ſeinem Reiche untreu zu werden. Darum will er ſie zur Wachſamkeit erwecken und ihren Eifer erwärmen. In dieſer Abſicht erinnert er ſie daran, was Alles er für ſie gethan, welche Anſtrengungen er für ſie übernommen, wie unermüdet er für ſie gearbeitet hat; mit dankbarem Herzen ſollen ſie fleißig ſeiner Treue gedenken und dadurch ſich ermuntert fühlen, auf dem Pfade des ächt chriſtlichen Glaubens und Lebens ſtandhaft zu beharren. — Euer Herz muß es Euch ſagen, m. Gel., ganz dieſelbe Bitte richten heute an uns die verklärten Stifter der evangeliſchen Gemeinſchaft, zu welcher wir uns bekennen. Auch ſie rufen aus ihrem Himmel uns zu: „ſehet Euch vor, daß wir nicht verlieren, was wir erarbeitet haben, ſondern vollen Lohn empfangen." An das, „was ſie erarbeitet," welche unvergängliche Verdienſte ſie ſich erworben, welche Segnungen ſie mit großer Aufopferung auch uns errungen haben, heißt uns die Feier des heutigen Feſtes gedenken, damit wir erwecket und geſtärket werden, allen Eifers dafür zu ſorgen, „daß ſie ihren vollen Lohn empfangen." Und eine aufmerkſame Beobachtung unſerer Zeit muß es uns ſagen, wie ſehr wir dieſer wiederholten Erweckung bedürfen. Auch wir müſſen bekennen: „es ſind viele Verführer in die Welt gekommen;" um ſo nothwendiger iſt es, daß wir nicht vergeſſen, was die Stifter unſrer Glaubensverbrüderung erarbeitet, welche heilſame und bleibende Umwandelung der chriſtlichen Kirche ſie zu Stande gebracht haben. Laſſet uns das weiter erwägen.

Wie ſehr wir in unſrer Zeit Urſache haben, das Gedächtniß der Kirchenverbeſſerung feſtlich zu erneuern,

laſſet uns andächtig erwägen. In unſern Tagen wird uns das zur heiligen Pflicht, weil I. die *Nothwendigkeit* der einſt geſtifteten Kirchenverbeſſerung *bezweifelt*, *ihr Segen* II. *verdächtiget*, und endlich III. *ihr Beſtehen bedrohet* wird. In dem Allen aber liegen bedenkliche Verſuchungen, gegen welche wir uns durch das feierliche Andenken an die Zeit, wo die evangeliſche Kirche gegründet wurde, am mächtigſten waffnen können. Möge denn auch die heutige Feier uns erwecken und ſtärken, in allen Anfechtungen die Krone des Glaubens zu behaupten.

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*) Aus M. F. Schmaltz „der Glaube für das Leben" Predigten. Hamburg [illegible]. Bd. II. S. [illegible] f.

I.

Es iſt gewiß nicht eine der geringſten dieſer Anfechtungen, welche uns damit bereitet wird, daß man in unſern Tagen zuweilen die Nothwendigkeit der vor drei Jahrhunderten geſtifteten Kirchenverbeſſerung bezweifelt. Wie man überhaupt nicht müde wird, gegen die evangeliſche Glaubensgemeinſchaft immer wieder Behauptungen aufzuſtellen, deren Grundloſigkeit ſchon tauſendmal nachgewieſen iſt; ſo ſcheuet man ſich auch nicht, immer wieder ihren Urſprung verdächtig zu machen. Ihre Stiftung, ſagt man, ſei ein ganz unnöthiges, muthwilliges Beginnen geweſen. Sträfliche Neuerungsſucht und ehrgeizige Widerſetzlichkeit gegen das rechtmäßige Beſtehen habe ſie unternommen. Hinreichende Urſachen zu einer allſeitigen Läuterung der chriſtlichen Lehre und zu einer durchgreifenden Umwandelung der kirchlichen Verfaſſung und der religiöſen Gebräuche hätten keinesweges ſtattgefunden. Einzelne Mißbräuche zwar wären hier und da ſichtbar geweſen; aber ihre Abſtellung hätte man getroſt von der Zeit erwarten und dem Oberhirten der Chriſtenheit anheim geben ſollen, unter deſſen weiſer und kräftiger Leitung die chriſtliche Welt Jahrhunderte lang alle Segnungen der göttlichen Gnade empfangen und den beſeligenden Frieden des Glaubens genoſſen hätte. Solche Behauptungen können für Unkundige und Schwache etwas ſehr Gefährliches haben, und Niemand kann ſich mit voller Geiſtesfreudigkeit zu der evangeliſchen Kirche bekennen, wenn er durch ſolche Zweifel über die Rechtmäßigkeit und Nothwendigkeit ihrer Entſtehung beunruhiget und außer Stande iſt, ſie ſich gründlich zu löſen. Die Gedächtnißfeier ihrer Stiftung aber ſoll und kann eben dazu die evangeliſchen Bekenner des Herrn befähigen. Sie verſetzet uns in die Zeit, wo der glaubensſtarke Luther ſeine donnernde Stimme der Wahrheit erhob, welche in der ganzen Chriſtenheit wiederhallete. Es iſt wahr, der ſchnöde Handel, den man unter ſeinen Augen mit der Sündenvergebung trieb, war es zunächſt, wogegen ſich ſein reines ſittliches Gefühl und ſein frommer Eifer empörte. Aber damit wurden nur ſeine Augen geöffnet, daß er das furchtbare Verderben erkannte, welches in die geſammte chriſtliche Kirche eingedrungen war. Ihre Genoſſen ſchmachteten in der allerſchmählichſten Knechtſchaft, in der Knechtſchaft des Geiſtes und Gewiſſens. Unter die geiſtige Vormundſchaft der Prieſter und ihres Hauptes geſtellet, war ihnen alles eigene Denken und Prüfen in Sachen des Glaubens als verbrecheriſches Beginnen verboten. In der Schrift heißt es: „der Gerechte wird ſeines Glaubens leben;“ aber einen eigenen, durch Selbſtdenken errungnen Glauben ſollte kein Chriſt haben, wenn er nicht dem Stande der Prieſter angehörte. Chriſtus ſelbſt fordert die Seinigen auf: „forſchet in der Schrift!“ aber die heilige Schrift war ſeinen Gläubigen entriſſen; das Leſen derſelben ſollten ſie der Prieſterſchaft überlaſſen, und was von dem Oberſten derſelben als Glaubenslehre geboten ward, das ſollte Jedermann unbedingt annehmen, ohne nur die Frage zu wagen: warum? Ueberdem wollte man noch eine andere Quelle göttlicher Offenbarungen und Vorſchriften kennen, aus welcher aber das ſichtbare Oberhaupt der Kirche allein mit Sicherheit die Wahrheit zu ſchöpfen vermöge. Die Apoſtel, hieß es, haben in ihren Schriften nicht Alles aufgezeichnet, was ſie von dem Herrn empfangen hatten; manche Lehre und manche Vorſchrift, deren Befolgung zur Seligkeit unerläßlich iſt, haben ſie nur mündlich vorgetragen, und dieſe ihre Verkündigungen ſind, unter höherer Einwirkung des heiligen Geiſtes, unverfälſcht fortgepflanzt worden von Einem Biſchofe auf den anderen, und das jedesmalige Haupt derſelben iſt der untrügliche Dolmetſcher dieſer Ueberlieferungen. Hatte man nun einmal auf Petrus Stuhl einen ſichtbaren Statthalter Chriſti geſetzet, die Entſcheidung über die chriſtliche Lehre den Biſchöfen und Kirchenverſammlungen und die ganze Chriſtenheit dem blinden Gehorſam gegen menſchliche Führer und Häupter unterworfen: ſo war auch jedem Irrthum und jeder Verfälſchung des göttlichen Wortes der Zugang eröffnet. Nun wurde das chriſtliche Lehrgebäude immer mehr ausgebauet und durch unzählige menſchliche Zuſätze entſtellet; die einfache vollendete Urgeſtalt des Evangeliums war kaum noch zu erkennen. Nun vergaß man des Herrn Wort: „ich gebe mein Leben dahin zur Erlöſung für Viele,“ und die apoſtoliſche Lehre: „Chriſtus iſt Einmal geopfert, wegzunehmen Vieler Sünden, nicht, daß er ſich oftmals opfere, gleichwie der Hoheprieſter gehet alle Jahre in das Heilige mit fremdem Blute;“ (Matth. 20, V. 28. Ebr. 9, V. 28 und 25.) — Dieſem deutlichen Ausſpruche gerade entgegen, ordnete man die tägliche Wiederholung des unblutigen Opfers an, in der Meſſe. Nun achtete man nicht mehr die evangeliſche Wahrheit: „wir werden ohne Verdienſt gerecht, aus Gottes Gnade“ (Römer 3, V. 24.); — im geraden Widerſpruche mit ihr behauptete man, der Menſch müſſe ſich die Strafloſigkeit für ſeine Sünden verdienen, verwandelte die Buße in Abbüßungen durch vorgeſchriebene Gebete, Wallfahrten, Pilgerreiſen, Schenkungen an Prieſter und Kirchen und andere ſogenannte gute Werke. An den Ausſpruch des Herrn: „wenn ihr Alles gethan habt, was euch befohlen iſt, ſo ſprechet, wir ſind unnütze, verdienſtloſe Knechte, wir haben nur gethan, was wir zu thun ſchuldig waren,“ und an das Wort des Apoſtels: „ſie ſind allzumal Sünder und mangeln des Ruhms, den ſie an Gott haben ſollen“ (Luc. 17, v. 10. Röm. 3, v. 23.), dachte man nicht mehr; — nein, ſagte man, es hat Auserwählte gegeben, welche mehr gethan haben, als ſie zu thun ſchuldig waren, und aus ihren verdienſtlichen Leiſtungen iſt ein Schatz überflüſſiger guter Werke gebildet, den der Oberprieſter der Chriſtenheit zu verwalten hat und aus dem er den gefallenen Sündern mittheilen kann, ſo viel ſie bedürfen, um ſelig zu werden; ſo entſtand der ſittenverderbliche Ablaß für begangene, ſelbſt für zukünftige Sünden, der zu gewinnen war um verſchiedenen Preis. Nun entriß man den Nachfolgern Jeſu das ſelige Recht der Kindſchaft, in ihren Gebeten vor Gott zu treten, wie Kinder vor ihren Vater, und alle ihre Anliegen vertrauensvoll vor dem Allwiſſenden ſelbſt auszuſprechen und „alle ihre Sorgen auf den Herrn zu werfen;“ — an den Thron des Unendlichen wurde die Mutter des Erlöſers geſtellet, ſammt unzähligen Heiligen, die im irdiſchen Leben Sünder geweſen waren, wie alle Menſchen ſind, jetzt aber die Vermittler und Fürſprecher ſein ſollten, die man verehren und anrufen müſſe, weil ſie allein die Gebete der Sterblichen vor den Allvater bringen könnten. Nun hatte man an den von Chriſto ſelbſt eingeſetzten Sakramenten nicht mehr genug; ſie wurden verdoppelt und verdreifacht, und unzählige ſogenannte fromme Uebungen wurden erſonnen, durch welche man wohlgefällig vor Gott werden könne. Faſten und Kaſteiungen wurden den Gläubigen aufgelegt, den Prieſtern wurde die Eheloſigkeit geboten, um ſie vor dem blinden Volke mit einem Heiligenſcheine zu umgeben, frommer Müßiggang in Klöſtern wurde für größere Tugend ausgegeben, als ein thätiges, nützliches und pflichtgetreues Leben und Wirken unter den Menſchen und für ſie, Gebeine der Heiligen ſtellete man als Gegenſtände frommer Verehrung dar, und Splitter vom Kreuze und andere Ueberreſte aus der heiligen Zeit empfahl man als Schutzmittel gegen Krankheiten und Seuchen und verkaufte ſie um hohen Preis. Ach, meine Freunde, mit welchen Ketten der Finſterniß war die Chriſtenheit gebunden, in welchen tiefen und alles ächt ſittliche und fromme Leben zerſtörenden Aberglauben war ſie verſenkt worden! Und es ſollte leichtſinnige Neuerungsſucht und ein muthwilliges Beginnen geweſen ſein, in dieſe Nacht wieder Licht zu bringen und die Menge der Gläubigen aus ſolcher ſchmählichen Knechtſchaft zu erlöſen? Nein! die dringende Nothwendigkeit einer Verbeſſerung der chriſtlichen Kirche an dem Haupte und an den Gliedern war ſchon von vielen Erleuchteten und Frommen in früheren Jahrhunderten empfunden worden, und die Sehnſucht nach ihr mußte allgemein und laut werden, ſobald das Licht der Wiſſenſchaften wieder aufging, die Kenntniß der alten Sprachen aus den verborgenen Schlupfwinkeln der Mönchszellen hervorging und wieder auflebte, und ſo das Verſtändniß der heiligen Schrift möglich wurde. Da mußte es ſein, „als fielen Schuppen von den Augen der Menſchen,“ da mußte jeder Unbefangene das urſprüngliche, von menſchlichen Satzungen entkleidete Evangelium mit einer gewiſſen heiligen Begierde ergreifen; und wenn denn das ſichtbare Haupt der Chriſtenheit bei den alten Satzungen und Gebräuchen hartnäckig beharrete und der Verkündigung des lauteren Gotteswortes Bannfluch und Gewaltmaßregeln entgegenſetzte: ſo konnte es nicht anders kommen, die Bekenner des urſprünglichen Evangeliums mußten von der bisherigen Kirche ſich trennen, eine eigene Gemeinde der Gläubigen bilden, nicht eine neue, ſondern die alte apoſtoliſche Kirche wieder herſtellen und gründen, von welcher Jeſus Chriſtus der Eckſtein und ſein Evangelium die Grundveſte iſt. So ſei uns das Gedächtnißfeſt ihrer Stiftung geſegnet, geſegnet zumal in unſrer Zeit! So lange wir es öffentlich und andächtig feiern, wird unſre Treue gegen ſie Niemand wankend zu machen vermögen. Da erſcheint uns ihre Stiftung jedesmal als ein Werk der Nothwendigkeit, das unter der ſittlichen Weltregierung Gottes nicht ausbleiben konnte, als die Befriedigung der dringendſten Bedürfniſſe der Chriſtenheit, und was immer für Zweifel dagegen von denen erhoben werden mögen, die unſrer Glaubensgemeinſchaft nicht angehören, ſie können uns nicht irre machen und nimmer beunruhigen.

II.

Denn wahrlich, wir dürfen ihrer Stiftung uns freuen und unſrer Theilnahme an ihr uns rühmen. Ihre Folgen ſind die heilbringendſten geweſen, obſchon man auch das ferner in Abrede ſtellet und ihren Segen verdächtiget. Daß die Welt die eigenthümlichen Vorzüge derſelben anerkennen ſollte, kann man freilich nicht erwarten; ſie würde ja damit ſich ſelbſt anklagen, würde ihre Verpflichtung eingeſtehen, ſich auch dem lauteren Evangelio zuzuwenden, und ihre Schuld, daß ſie nicht demſelben ſich hingiebt. Aber ſie gehet noch weiter, ſie möchte gern das Wachsthum der evangeliſchen Kirchengemeinſchaft hindern und den Lauf ihrer Wahrheit aufhalten: darum ſagt ſie ihr ſogar manches Böſe und Verderbliche nach. Der Grundſatz ſchon, von dem ſie ausgehet, wird zuweilen als gefährlich bezeichnet. Unterwirft ſich der Menſch in Sachen des Glaubens und in göttlichen Dingen nicht mehr dem menſchlichen Anſehen und fühlt er hier ſich von aller menſchlichen Macht entbunden, ſo wird er auch in weltlichen Dingen keine Schranken mehr anerkennen wollen und auch der bürgerlichen Obrigkeit den Gehorſam verweigern: ſo ſagt man, und jedes geſetzloſe Auflehnen der Völker gegen ihre Regierungen will man aus einem gewiſſen Geiſte der Ungebundenheit herleiten, der durch die evangeliſche Kirche und die Glaubensfreiheit ihrer Genoſſen geweckt ſein ſoll. Und welche Unſicherheit und Unzuverläſſigkeit, ſetzt man hinzu, iſt dadurch in die Ueberzeugungen der Chriſten gekommen! Dunkel und vieldeutig iſt die heilige Schrift, und Niemand kann ſicher ſein, ſie recht zu verſtehen und den rechten Weg zur Seligkeit betreten zu haben, wenn nicht ein untrüglicher Ausleger das rechte Verſtändniß eröffnet. — Seltſame und grundloſe Behauptungen! Nein, am Stiftungsfeſte der Kirche werden ſie uns nicht anfechten. Da fühlen wir uns gedrungen, zu fragen, mit welchem Rechte es für uns ein hohes Freudenfeſt iſt? die Jahrhunderte ihres Beſtehens zu überſchauen und nach ihren Früchten zu forſchen. Und wahrlich! da bieten ſich uns ganz andere, die allererfreulichſten Erſcheinungen dar. Ja! „als die Freie" (Gal. 4, V. 26.) kündiget ſie vom Anfange an ſich an, und die Freiheit des Glaubens und Gewiſſens betrachtet ſie als ihr koſtbarſtes Gut, als das unveräußerliche Erbtheil, das Chriſtus ſelbſt den Seinen hinterlaſſen hat: „die Wahrheit, ſpricht er, wird Euch frei machen, und ſo Euch der Sohn frei macht, ſeid Ihr recht frei" (Joh. 8, V. 32 u. 36.) In geſetzloſer Willkühr und Ungebundenheit aber ſuchet ſie nicht ihr Heil. Sie unterwirft ihre Bekenner dem göttlichen Anſehen der heiligen Schrift und erkennet in Chriſto „den Weg, die Wahrheit und das Leben," den Auserwählten, „der allen Menſchen gemacht iſt zur Weisheit, zur Gerechtigkeit, zur Heiligung und zur Erlöſung." In ſeinen Ausſprüchen ſuchet und findet ſie die untrügliche Wahrheit und die zuverläſſige Offenbarung des göttlichen Willens, ſein heiliges Vorbild gilt ihr für die unzweideutigſte Auslegung ſeiner heiligen Vorſchriften, und als das höchſte Ziel ihrer Beſtrebungen ſtellet ſie ihren Genoſſen den Beruf vor Augen, „nachzufolgen ſeinen Fußtapfen und geſinnet zu werden wie Er war." Jede Einmiſchung irgend einer menſchlichen Macht in die Beſtimmung des chriſtlichen Glaubens wehret ſie ab, als unevangeliſch und dem Geiſte des Herrn gerade entgegen, der da ſpricht: „Ihr ſollet Euch nicht Rabbi nennen laſſen, denn Einer iſt Euer Meiſter, Chriſtus, und Ihr ſollet Niemand Vater heißen auf Erden, denn Einer iſt Euer Vater, der im Himmel iſt" (Matth. 23, V. 8.). Und dieſe ihre Freiheit hat unermeßlichen Segen geſchaffen. Sie hat den Forſchungsgeiſt der Menſchen geweckt und ihm offene Bahn gemacht, und nicht nur in dem rechten Verſtändniß der heiligen Schrift, auch in allen andern Wiſſenſchaften hat ſie die glänzendſten und entſcheidendſten Fortſchritte veranlaſſet und ſie zu einem Gemeingute aller Menſchen erhoben. Auf Erziehung und Jugendunterricht hat ſie wohlthätig eingewirket, nicht nur, nach dem Vorgange des ehrwürdigen Luther, für zweckmäßige Schulen und eine gründliche Unterweiſung in den Wahrheiten des chriſtlichen Glaubens geſorgt, ſondern auch, entfeſſelt von allen beengenden und zwingenden Schranken, immer mehr die naturgemäßeſten Wege zur Heranbildung eines kräftigen und frommen Geſchlechtes geſuchet. Dem bürgerlichen Leben hat eben ſie die heilſamſten Früchte getragen. Die freie evangeliſche Kirche hat in ihrem Bereiche überall ſo viel Licht verbreitet, daß man Geſetze und Obrigkeiten für „eine göttliche Ordnung" und für die größte Wohlthat der Völker erkennet, die edelſte Vaterlandsliebe hat ſie in ihren Genoſſen erwecket, eben weil ſie die Freiheit des Glaubens und Gewiſſens ihnen zurückgab, und die treueſte Anhänglichkeit an ihre Fürſten und Regierungen hat man ſtets unter ihnen gefunden, weil ſie kein fremdes, ausländiſches Oberhaupt anerkennen, deſſen Vorſchriften mit den Geſetzen des heimiſchen Regenten in Widerſpruch treten könnten. Selbſt für die Länder und Völker, die ſich ihr nicht angeſchloſſen haben, iſt ihr Daſein und Wirken nicht ohne ſegensreiche Folgen geblieben. Wenn auch in ihnen der weltliche Scepter ſich nicht mehr vor dem geiſtlichen Hirtenſtabe ſclaviſch beuget, wenn dadurch größere Einheit in ihrer Verwaltung, ein veſteres Vertrauen zwiſchen Regenten und Unterthanen und eine freiere Bewegung in Wiſſenſchaften und Künſten, in Handel und Gewerbe erzeugt worden, und wenn ein milderer Geiſt in die Beurtheilung und Feſtſtellung der Rechte und Pflichten der verſchiedenen Stände im bürgerlichen Leben gekommen iſt: ſo muß jeder Parteiloſe und Unbefangene darin heilſame Früchte der Geiſtesfreiheit erblicken, welche die Stifter unſerer Kirche der chriſtlichen Welt wiedergewonnen haben. — Und die Bekenner des Evangeliums ſelbſt, fürwahr, ſie dürfen eines veſten und zuverſichtlichen Glaubens ſich rühmen, eben weil ſie ſeine ewig unerſchütterlichen Gründe in der heiligen Schrift ſelbſt ſuchen und von dem göttlichen Erlöſer ſelbſt ſich ſagen laſſen können, „was ſie thun ſollen, um ſelig zu werden." Wahre Befriedigung kann uns doch der Glaube allein geben, der nicht von Außen uns vorgeſchrieben und aufgezwungen, ſondern aus unſerem eigenſten Geiſtesleben erwachſen iſt. Wie kein Menſch für mich denken kann, ſo kann auch Niemand für mich glauben, und ewig unwiderleglich bleibt das Gotteswort, daß der Menſch nur ſeines Glaubens lebet, nicht eines fremden. Was zu unſerem Heile zu wiſſen uns Noth thut, das finden wir deutlich ausgeſprochen von dem Herrn und ſeinen Apoſteln in der heiligen Schrift; je mehr dieſe unzweideutigen Ausſprüche uns Licht und Troſt geben, deſto weniger grübeln wir ängſtlich über dunkele und vieldeutige Worte, und wir dürfen getroſt uns rühmen, „daß wir unſerer Meinung gewiß ſind und Rechenſchaft geben können von der Hoffnung, die in uns iſt." Mag denn, wen nach geiſtiger Bevormundung und Knechtſchaft gelüſtet, einer unfreien Kirche ſich anſchließen: wir lieben die freie und preiſen Gott, daß er uns zu ihrer Gemeinſchaft berufen hat. Am Gedächtnißfeſte ihrer Stiftung wird ſie uns auf's Neue recht theuer, und wir feiern es zu dieſer Zeit mit doppelter Freude, weil es uns alle Verdächtigungen des Segens der Kirche als grundlos und nichtig betrachten läßt.

III.

Um ſo ſchmerzlicher aber würde es ſein, m. Freunde, ſollte uns ihr ferneres Beſtehen unſicher und gefährdet erſcheinen; und wir können uns nicht verſchweigen, daß es allerdings in unſern Tagen wieder bedrohet iſt. Die Kirche, von der ſie ſich ausgeſchieden hat, betrachtet ihre Bekenner als treuloſe Kinder, welche die Mutter verlaſſen haben, und ſie iſt vom Anfange an darauf ausgegangen, die entflohenen wieder in ihre mütterlichen Arme zurückzuführen. Dieſe ihre Abſicht hat ſie nicht aufgegeben, bis auf den heutigen Tag, und manche ernſtliche Beſtrebungen, ſie zu erreichen, ſind gerade in der neueren Zeit ſichtbar geworden, manche ſind wenigſtens theilweiſe nicht ohne Erfolg geblieben. Schon iſt es gelungen, das Mönchsgelübde hier und da wieder mit einem Heiligenſcheine zu umgeben, neue Klöſter zu bauen, Wallfahrten und Pilgerreiſen wieder zu Ehren zu bringen. Ein geiſtlicher Orden, der nach dem Namen des Herrn ſich nennet, während er deſſen Geiſte widerſtrebet, iſt nach mehrjährigem Schlummer wieder zum Leben erweckt worden, hat ſchon in manchen Ländern öffentlich, in anderen heimlich veſten Boden gefunden, ſendet überallhin ſeine Boten aus und manche Anzeigen laſſen darauf ſchließen, daß er auch unſere Stadt in das Auge gefaßt hat; und dieſer Orden wurde einſt hauptſächlich in der Abſicht geſtiftet, die neu entſtandene evangeliſche Kirche zu untergraben und ihr den Untergang zu bereiten. Ueberdem werden ja die alten Anſprüche auf geiſtige Alleinherrſchaft wieder laut genug, und jeder günſtige Zeitpunkt wird klüglich ergriffen, ſie geltend zu machen. Und in der Mitte unſerer eigenen Glaubensgemeinſchaft werden ſo viele bedenkliche Zeichen der Zeit ſichtbar. Auf der Einen Seite bald die betrübendſte Lauheit gegen Glauben und Kirche, in welcher alles Bewußtſein der Krone, die wir beſitzen, untergegangen zu ſein ſcheint, bald ein übermüthiger und bodenloſer Unglaube, der von Chriſto und ſeiner Wahrheit unverhohlen ſich losſagt, auf der anderen Seite wieder das Beſtreben, aus Liebe und Verehrung für den ehrwürdigen Stifter unſerer Glaubensgemeinſchaft, aber ganz im unlutheriſchen*) Geiſte, der wiſſenſchaftlichen Forſchung in den Tiefen des Evangeliums hemmende Schranken entgegen zu ſtellen, ſeinen Geiſt durch den Buchſtaben zu tödten und ſeine fortſchreitende Entwickelung aufzuhalten. Die viele Zwietracht, welche in dem Bereiche unſerer Kirche geſäet wird, vielleicht oft von fremder Hand, die mancherlei Spaltungen und Secten, welche den inneren Frieden derſelben ſtören und ihre innere Kraft nothwendig ſchwächen: fürwahr! das Alles ſind betrübende und drohende Zeichen der Zeit. Iſt nun etwa für das Beſtehen unſerer Glaubensgemeinſchaft das Schlimmſte zu fürchten? Wäre es möglich, daß ſie früher oder ſpäter wieder unterginge? — Erklärbar wäre es, wenn in verzagten Gemüthern die Erſcheinungen der Zeit einmal beſorgliche Gedanken erweckten. Aber ſie fliehen aus unſerer Seele und jede kleinmüthige Furcht muß verſchwinden, ſo oft wir das Stiftungsfeſt der evangeliſchen Kirche andächtig begehen. Da blicken wir hin auf den kleinen Anfang eines unermeßlichen Werkes. Ein ſchlichter Freund der Wahrheit hat in der Tiefe des Evangeliums geforſchet, und unerſchrocken verkündiget er laut das Licht, welches ihm aufgegangen iſt. Seine Lehre weichet von dem herrſchenden Glauben der ganzen Chriſtenheit unermeßlich weit ab, ſie lehnt ſich wider ihn auf, und er ſtehet ihr wehrlos gegenüber, nur von wenigen gelehrten und gleichgeſinnten Freunden umringet. Es erhebet ſich wider ihn die ganze geiſtliche Macht; ſie hat in ihrer Hand Bannſtrahl und Reichsacht, heimliche Glaubensgerichte, Kerker und Blutgerüſte, und er beſitzet nichts, als „das Schwerdt des Geiſtes, den Schild des Glaubens, den Helm des Heils und die Waffen der Gerechtigkeit.“ Da ſchien doch fürwahr nichts zu hoffen, Alles zu fürchten zu ſein, und doch hat er Alles gewonnen und unermeßlichen Segen der ganzen chriſtlichen Welt errungen. Sehet da die Erfüllung der großen Verheißung: „vertheidige die Wahrheit bis in den Tod, ſo wird Gott der Herr für dich ſtreiten!“ Ja! auf der Seite des Lichtes und Rechtes ſtehet immerdar der allmächtige Gott. Nein! die evangeliſche Kirche wird nicht untergehen, ſo lange der Heilige im Himmel die Welt regieret. Sie hat vor zwei hundert Jahren einen dreißigjährigen blutigen Kampf ſiegreich beſtanden, und ſie wird in allen künftigen Anfechtungen das Feld behaupten. Das Reich des Lichtes, welches ſie angezündet, hat viel zu ſehr an Umfang gewonnen, iſt ſelbſt in die Herzen Unzähliger eingedrungen, die ſich äußerlich nicht zu ihr bekennen, und die heilige Schrift iſt ausgebreitet in aller Welt, in mehr denn zwei hundert Sprachen, und liegt in vieler Millionen Händen: ſo iſt es umſonſt, wenn man verſuchet, das Reich der Finſterniß wieder aufzubauen und den geſunkenen Aberglauben früherer Jahrhunderte wieder zurückzurufen. Die evangeliſche Gemeinde der Gläubigen iſt noch heute mit den mächtigen Waffen gerüſtet, die einſt den frommen Luther ſiegreich machten und der Herr im Himmel, der ſeine Sache mächtig hinausführte, ſtehet noch immer ihr helfend und ſchirmend zur Seite. Wie du in den Zeiten der Finſterniß dein Schöpferwort ſprachſt: „es werde Licht!“ und dein heiliges Zion auf dem unerſchütterlichen Grunde des ewigen Evangeliums deines Sohnes erbaueteſt, heiliger, allmächtiger Gott! ſo biſt und bleibeſt du fort und fort deiner Kirche veſteſte Burg. Sei es, daß ihr noch manche harte Kämpfe bevorſtehen und daß ſie noch viele harte Anfechtungen zu überwinden hat: mit dir, Vater des Lichts, werden die Kinder deines Lichtes überwinden. Kämpfen ſie nur jederzeit mit heiligen Waffen, werden ſie nur nicht müde zu wachen und laſſen ſie ihren Glaubenseifer nicht erkalten, ringen ſie nur unabläſſig darnach, die Kraft ihres Glaubens zu bewähren durch einen dir wohlgefälligen Wandel und „durch Werke in dir gethan:“ ſo biſt du mit ihnen und bedeckeſt ſie mit dem Schilde deiner Allmacht. Du wirſt den Sieg ihnen behalten, die Segnungen ihres Glaubensbundes ſchirmen und mehren, der Wahrheit immer herrlichere Triumphe bereiten und alle Welt es ſehen laſſen, daß deine Kirche „auf einen Felſen gegründet iſt, den auch die Pforten der Hölle nicht überwältigen können.“ Amen.

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*) Luther ſelbſt eifert gegen jede übertriebene Verehrung, die man ihm und ſeiner Lehre erweiſet. „Es gefällt mir übel, ſagt er, daß ihr ſchreibet, ihr habt mir, als dem Haupte dieſer Sache, um meines Anſehens willen gehorcht. Ich will nichts heißen, auch nichts befehlen. Wahr iſt's, daß du ja bei Leib und Seele nicht ſollſt ſagen: ich bin lutheriſch oder päpſtiſch. Denn derſelben iſt keiner für dich geſtorben noch dein Meiſter, ſondern allein Chriſtus und ſollſt Dich Chriſten nennen." S. die Schrift: Von beider Geſtalt des Sacraments. — An einem anderen Orte ſchreibt er: „es liegt einem Jeglichen ſeine eigene Gefahr daran, wie er glaubet, und muß für ſich ſelbſt ſehen, daß er recht glaube. Denn ſo wenig ein Anderer für mich in die Hölle oder den Himmel fahren kann, ſo wenig kann er auch für mich glauben oder nicht glauben. Weil es denn einem Jeglichen auf ſeinem Gewiſſen liegt, wie er glaubt oder nicht glaubt, und damit der weltlichen Obrigkeit kein Abbruch geſchieht, ſoll ſie auch zufrieden ſein und ihres Dinges warten und laſſen glauben ſonſt oder ſo, wie man kann und will, und Niemand mit Gewalt dringen. Denn es iſt ein frei Werk um den Glauben." S. die Schrift: Wie weit ſich weltliche Obrigkeit erſtrecket.

Theodor Anton Heinrich Schmalz,

ward am 17. Febr. 1760 zu Hannover geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen von 1777—1780 Theologie, wurde dann Hauslehrer, faßte Neigung zur Jurisprudenz und ſtudirte zum zweiten Male in Göttingen ſeit 1783. Nach 2 Jahren habilitirte er ſich daſelbſt, erhielt aber 1787 eine außerordentliche, 1788 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Rechte zu Rinteln. 1789 ward er nach Königsberg berufen, wo er, obwohl 1798 Conſiſtorialrath, 1801 Kanzler und Director der Univerſität geworden, dennoch nur bis 1803 blieb. In dieſem Jahre ging er nämlich mit dem Titel eines geheimen Juſtizraths als Univerſitätsdirector nach Halle; als dieſe Stadt aber weſtphäliſch ward, nach Memel zum Könige in der Hoffnung auf eine Anſtellung an der zu begründenden Berliner Akademie. 1809 kam er in Berlin in den Oberappellationsſenat und wurde 1810 zum erſten Rector und Ordinarius der juriſtiſchen Facultät an der jungen Univerſität ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 20ſten Mai 1831 in nicht glücklichem Alter; die ſeinem Geiſte befreundet hätten nahe ſtehen können, hatte er ſich in den Zeiten der Erhebung Deutſchlands, die ihm, dem unglücklichen Volksverdächtiger, zum Sturz gereichte, zu unverſöhnlichen Feinden gemacht. Er war Dr. der Philoſ. und der Rechte, k. preuß. Geheimerrath, ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte, Ritter des rothen Adler- und würtemb. Civilverdienſtordens.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Denkwürdigkeiten des Grafen Wilhelm zu Schaumburg-Lippe. Hannover 1783.
Das Recht der Natur. Königsberg 1791—95. 3 Th.
Annalen der Rechte des Menſchen. 1794. Ebend. 2 Hefte.
Erklärung der Rechte des Menſchen und Bürgers. Ebend. 1798.
Ueber bürgerliche Freiheit. Rede. Halle 1804.
Annalen der Politik. Berlin 1809—13. 5 Hfte.
Rechtsphiloſophie. Ebend. 1807.
Sammlung merkwürdiger Rechtsfälle. Ebend. 1809—10. 2 Thle.
Rede am Geburtsfeſte des Königs. Berlin 1811.
Berichtigung einer Stelle in der Bredow-Venturiniſchen Chronik für 1808. Ebend. 1815.
Ueber Herrn Niebuhrs Schrift wider die genannte. Ebend. 1816.
Letztes Wort über polit. Vereine. Ebend. 1816.
Staatswirthſchaftlehre in Briefen. Ebend. 1817. 2 Th.
Juriſtiſche Schriften.

Als einer der erſten Prediger des Abſolutismus gleich nach den Befreiungskriegen ward Schmalz auf das Heftigſte von ſeinen Gegnern angegriffen und das Gute in ſeinen Schriften hartnäckig verkannt und geläugnet; auch bei ihm zerſtörte, wie ſo oft im Leben, der Character das Talent, denn Kenntniſſe, Scharfſinn und eine große Gewandtheit in der Behandlung und Darſtellung ſeines Gegenſtandes, ſind ihm keineswegs abzuſprechen. Seine beſte Arbeit bleiben die Denkwürdigkeiten des Grafen zu S. Lippe.

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Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Jena.

Siebenter Band.

Schmauss bis **Z.**

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AD
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MONAC.

Johann Jacob Schmauß

ward am 10. März 1690 zu Landau im Oberelſaß geboren, ſtudirte zu Straßburg und Halle Jurisprudenz und fing auf dieſer Univerſität ſchon an zu leſen, als er 1721 als Hof-, ſpäter als Kammerrath von dem Markgrafen zu Baden-Durlach angeſtellt wurde. 1734 ging er, durch den Reichskrieg aus ſeiner Stellung vertrieben, ehrenvoll berufen, nach Göttingen, woſelbſt er auch — nachdem er inzwiſchen 1743 nur auf ein Jahr mit dem Titel eines geheimen Rathes als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte nach Halle gezogen war — als Doctor und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte und der deutſchen Geſchichte, mit dem Titel eines Hofraths bis an ſeinen Tod lebte, der am 28. April 1757 erfolgte. Er erwarb ſich viel Verdienſt in folgenden ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten:

Allerneueſter Staat des Erzbisthums Salzburg. Halle, 1712.
Kurióſes Bücher- und Staatscabinett. Halle, 1713 ff. 40 Thle.
Neueſter Staat des Königreichs Portugall. Halle, 1714. 2 Thle.
Hiſtoriſches Staats- und Heldencabinett. Halle, 1718. 19. 3 Thle.
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Kurzer Begriff der Reichshiſtorie. Leipz. 1720. N. Aufl. 1740.
Einleitung zu der Staatswiſſenſchaft. Leipz. 1741—47. 2 Thle.
Kurzer Begriff der Hiſtorie der vornehmſten europäiſchen Reiche und Staaten. Göttingen, 1755.
Akademiſche Reden und Vorleſungen über das deutſche Staatsrecht; herausgegeben von Hallmann. Lemgo. 1766. —

S. genoß zu ſeiner Zeit als Staatsrechtslehrer und Hiſtoriograph eines bedeutenden Rufes, namentlich war ſeine europäiſche Staatsgeſchichte ein hochgeſchätztes und vielgeleſenes Werk.

Christian Heinrich Schmid

wurde am 24. November 1746 zu Eisleben geboren, vortrefflich erzogen und bezog 1762 die Univerſität Leipzig, um nach dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters Jurisprudenz zu ſtudieren, durch innere Neigung den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften zugewandt. 1766 wurde er Magiſter, 1768 Candidat der Rechte. 1769 erhielt er mit dem Doctortitel die Anwartſchaft auf eine Docentenſtelle, die er aber gern einem Rufe nach Erfurt aufopferte, wo ihm der Umgang mit Wieland, Meuſel und andern trefflichen Köpfen zwei Jahre lang die Entbehrung alles Gehaltes verſchmerzen ließ. 1771 ging er endlich als Lehrer der Eloquenz und Poeſie nach Gießen, ward 1784 heſſendarmſtädtiſcher Regierungsrath, 1790 Univerſitätsbibliothekar und Ordinarius der philoſophiſchen Facultät. Er ſtarb am 22. Juli 1800 und hinterließ:

Anthologie der Deutſchen. Leipz. 1770—72. 3 Thle. in 8.
Biographie der Dichter. Leipz. 1769. 70. 2 Thle. in 8.
Anweiſung zur Kenntniß der vornehmſten Bücher in allen Theilen der Dichtkunſt. Leipz. 1781. in 8.
Litteratur der Poeſie. Leipz. 1775. in 8.
Nekrolog deutſcher Dichter. Berlin, 1785. 2 Bde. in 8.
Oden der Deutſchen, 1. Sammlung. 1778. in 8.
Das Parterre. Erfurt und Eiſenach, 1771. in 8.
Theaterchronik, 1. St. Gießen, 1772. in 8.
Chronologie des deutſchen Theaters. Leipzig, 1775. in 8.
Theorie der Poeſie, 1. Thl. Leipzig, 1767. in 8.
Leipziger Muſenalmanach. 1770—81.
Engliſches Theater. Leipzig, 1769—77. 7 Bde.

S. erwarb ſich ſeiner Zeit manches Verdienſt um die Verbreitung der vorzüglichſten Erzeugniſſe der deutſchen ſchönen Literatur, namentlich durch ſeine fleißigen, nicht ohne Geſchmack beſorgten Sammlungen; ſeine eigenen Leiſtungen ſind dagegen durchaus unerheblich.

Johann Christoph Schmid.

Dieſer verdienſtvolle Volksſchriftſteller ward am 15. Aug. 1768 zu Dinkelsbühl geboren und führte ein ſehr zurückgezogenes Leben. Er ward zuerſt 1791 zu Naſſenbeuern bei Mindelheim, dann zu Seeg Pfarrvicar, 1796 Beneficiat und Schulaufſeher zu Thannhauſen, 1799 Frühmeßbeneficiat, 1809 Diſtriktsſchulinſpector. 1816 erhielt er das Pfarramt des Grafen zu Stadion und ward endlich 1823, durch die Empfehlung ſeines vieljährigen Gönners, des wohlbekannten Sailer, in Augsburg Domcapitular. Seine Schriften ſind größtentheils in die engliſche und franzöſiſche Sprache überſetzt:

Genovefa. Augsburg, 1810.
Das Glück der guten Erziehung. Dillingen, 1806.
Chriſtliche Geſänge. 2. Aufl. Augsburg, 1811.
Die Oſtereier. Landshut, 1816.
Bibliſche Geſchichte. München, 1813.
Wie Heinrich von Eichenfels zur Erkenntniß Gottes kam. Landshut, 1818.

Blüthen. Landshut, 1819.
Hirlande, Herzogin von Bretagne. Landsh. 1818.
Erzählungen für Kinder. Landsh. 1823. 4 Thle.
Der Alte von den Bergen. Landshut, 1823.
Itha, Gräfin von Toggenburg. Landshut, 1824.
Der Weihnachtsabend. Wien, 1825.
Das Blumenkörbchen. Wien, 1825.
Rosa von Tannenburg. Wien, 1825.
Die 10 Gebote Gottes. Wien, 1826.
Gott prüft, Gott schützt die Unschuld. Wien, 1826.
Das hölzerne Kreuz. Augsburg, 1827.

S. ist einer der vorzüglichsten Schriftsteller für die Jugend, welche die deutsche Literatur aufzuweisen hat; glückliche Erfindung, klare, faßliche und doch durch Anmuth und Innigkeit ausgezeichnete Darstellung und eine sehr wohlthuende gesunde Lebensansicht sind seinen Erzählungen eigen und haben ihm einen wohlverdienten großen Kreis von Lesern erworben.

Konrad Arnold Schmid

ward am 23. Februar 1716 in Lüneburg, wo sein Vater das Rectorat an der gelehrten Schule verwaltete, geboren. Von den drei Universitäten, auf denen er Theologie studirte, fesselte ihn Leipzig am Meisten — er hatte zuerst Kiel, dann Göttingen besucht — durch die Freundschaft und literarische Anregung jenes in der deutschen Literaturgeschichte bedeutenden Dichterbundes, der unter Gärtner's Redaction die bremischen Beiträge herausgab. Er folgte dann seinem Vater in derselben Stelle an der Johannisschule seiner Vaterstadt und wirkte höchst segensreich, bis 1760 ein Ruf an das Braunschweiger Carolinum seinem wissenschaftlichen Streben weitere Bahnen öffnete und seinem Leben im erneuten Bunde mit Gärtner, Ebert, Zachariä, in der Freundschaft mit Jerusalem, Lessing, Eschenburg — welcher letztere sein Eidam wurde — die erfreulichste Gestaltung verhieß. Durch seinen unermüdlichen Fleiß Lessing wohl vergleichbar, lebte er daselbst als Doctor der Philosophie, Professor der Theologie und römischen Literatur und durch des Herzogs Huld als Canonicus des St. Cyriaksstiftes und Consistorialrath bis zu seinem Tode, welcher den 11. November 1799 erfolgte.

Lieder auf die Geburt des Erlösers. Lüneb. 1761.
Des heiligen Blasius Jugendgeschichte und Visionen. Berlin und Stettin, 1786.
Einige Idyllen in den bremischen Beiträgen und im 2. Theil der Anthologie der Deutschen.

Der größte Theil seiner Zeit war später reingelehrten Arbeiten gewidmet, unter welchen aber auch mehrere Uebersetzungen aus den alten Sprachen verdienstlich sind. Seine geistlichen Gedichte sind voll Wärme, Innigkeit und Gedankenreichthum und erfreuen sich wie seine sämmtlichen Leistungen großer Leichtigkeit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form.

Friedrich Ludwig Schmidt

ward am 5. August 1772 zu Hanover geboren. Ein Schüler des großen Schröder gehörte er viele Jahre hindurch der hamburger Bühne an und suchte als erster Director mit Geist und Festigkeit dem Leichtsinne der modernen Schauspielkunst zu wehren. Er hat in schönen Perioden den hamburger Brettern vorgestanden und nur mit Schmerz seine edleren Interessen endlich dem Ballet geopfert. Als Darsteller komischer Alten war er stets ausgezeichnet, das ältere Charakterschauspiel sein Element. Bildung und Gesinnung erwarben ihm die Freundschaft vieler Mitbürger und nahe Verwandtschaft fesselte den Künstler an angesehene Familien. Ende Aprils 1841 nahm er feierlich von der Bühne Abschied und überlebte dieses Fest nur wenige Tage. Seine Stücke werden noch lange des wackern Mannes Andenken in Ehren erhalten. — Er schrieb:

Almanach für's Theater. Hamb. 1809—11. in 8.
Derselbe Almanach. Leipzig. 1812. in 8.
Dramaturgische Aphorismen. Hamb. 1820. 1828. 2 Bdchn. in 8.
Berg und Thal. Lustsp. in 5 Aufz. Hamb. 1819. in 8.
Dramaturgische Berichte. 1812. Hamburg, 1834.
Die ungleichen Brüder. Lustsp. in 3 Aufz. Hamb. 1817. in 8.
Neue hamburger Bühne. Hamburg, 1824. in 8.
Dramatischer Jugendfreund. Hamb. 1823. in 8.
Die Kette des Edelmuths. Lustspiel. Leipzig, 1792. in 8.
Der leichtsinnige Lügner. Stuttgart, 1814. in 8.
Schauspiele. Leipzig, 1804. in 8.
Neue Schauspiele. Hamburg, 1817. 2 Bde. in 8.

Nicht blos als Darsteller feiner, besonders feinkomischer Charakterrollen bedeutend, zeichnete er sich auch als Dramaturg durch gründliche Forschung, Scharfsinn und Klarheit, und als Lustspieldichter durch glückliche Erfindung, gut angelegte Situationen, treffliche Charakterzeichnung und einen lebendigen und witzigen Dialog sehr rühmlich aus. Sein Lustspiel „Der leichtsinnige Lügner" besitzt namentlich diese Eigenschaften in hohem Grade und gewann 1813 den für die beste Leistung auf diesem Gebiete ausgesetzten Preis.

Friedrich Wilhelm August Schmidt.

Dieser bekannte und vielgenannte Dichter ist am 23. März 1764 zu Fahrland bei Potsdam geboren. Zuerst am Invalidenhause zu Berlin Prediger, ward er 1795 nach Werneuchen in der Mittelmark versetzt, wo er im Jahre 1832 starb. Er gab heraus:

(Mit C. G. Bindemann) Neuer berlinischer Musenalmanach für 1793—96.
Gedichte. Berlin, 1796.
Almanach romantisch-ländlicher Gemälde, für 1798. Berlin, in 12.

Almanach für Verehrer der Natur, Freundſchaft und Liebe, für 1801. Berlin.
Neueſte Gedichte. Berlin, 1815.
Almanach der Muſen und Grazien, für 1802.

Ein Nachahmer von Voß war Schmidt vorzüglich bemüht, in ſeinen lyriſchen Gedichten die Vortrefflichkeit und Poeſie ländlicher Häuslichkeit in baarſter Natürlichkeit zu ſchildern und zu preiſen und ward daher wiederholt, am Witzigſten jedoch von Goethe in deſſen Muſen und Grazien in der Mark, verſpottet. Seit dieſer Zeit iſt es Mode geworden, ſeiner nur als eines lächerlichen und geſchmackloſen Dichters Erwähnung zu thun, ohne ihm die Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu laſſen,. daß er keineswegs ohne Talent für die Darſtellung ſo wie für die Behandlung der Form war, was auch die hier mitgetheilte Probe aus ſeinen Poeſieen bezeugen wird.

Die Dorfbewohner.

Mailüftchen fächeln; aus Sumpf und Löchern
Schlüpft Haſelmaus und Froſch heraus.
An unſern Dächern
Klebt froh ihr Neſt die Schwalbe feſt.

Zu beiden Seiten der Laube breiten
Wind' und Jasmin ihr helles Grün,
Und Lämmchen läuten,
So weiß als Schnee, im Wieſenklee.

Kirſchblüthchen zittern an Gartengittern
Mit ſüßem Ruch; bewegt vom Flug
Des Hänflings ſchüttern
Sie oft und ſchnei'n ſein Neſtchen ein.

Der Haſe rammelt, die Biene ſammelt
Im Morchelnthal zum erſten Mal;
Der Tauber bammelt
Und macht ſich kraus am Taubenhaus.

Die Fiſche laichen in Kalmusteichen;
Von Vögelein, die groß und klein
Nun wieder ſtreichen,
Tönt Minneſang die Haid' entlang.

Die Quelle ſtrudelt, der Weſtwind hudelt
Den Apfelzweig. Im Lämmerſteig,
Den Schnee beſudelt
Und ſchmelzend Eis, ſprießt Ehrenpreis.

Die Küchlein ziepen; Neſtvögel piepen
Im Fliedergrün, und Frauen ziehn
Mit Milch in Kiepen
Barfüßig hin zur Städterin.

Frühmorgens pfropfen wir, ſtängeln Hopfen,
Und ſä'n Spinat und Kopfſalat;
Der Wein, voll Tropfen
Und knospend itzt, wird angeſtützt.

Bei ihrer Bleiche ſingt durch Geſträuche,
Den Arm geſchürzt, den Rock gekürzt,
Die Dirn' am Teiche,
Und ſprützt auf Gras die Leinwand naß.

Des Hüttchens Mutter macht Käſ' und Butter:
Denn itzt beſcheert die Kuh, genährt
Mit grünem Futter
Im Elſenbruch, ihr Milch genug.

Die Luſt zu mehren, wenn's warm iſt, ſcheeren
Wir Schafe noch: ſo ſchmaußt man doch
Um zwölf mit Ehren
Sein klein Gericht, und ſchämt ſich nicht.

Nachmittags waden im Sand und baden
Wir, leichtbedeckt, im Rohr verſteckt,
Und ruhn auf Schwaden
Und Thymian am Ufer dann.

D'rauf geht's von dannen zum Hain von Tannen,
Wo man auf Moos ſich, wie in Schooß
Von Ottomanen,
Vom Waldinſekt umſummt, ſtreckt.

Um kalte Schale zum kleinen Mahle
Zu geben, hockt die Frau, und backt,
Vom Abendſtrahle
Der Sonne roth, ſchwarz Bauerbrot.

Wenn Tulp' und Nelken aus Thongewölken
Der Abend naht, iſt's noch ein Feſt,
Die Schafe melken
Zu ſehn auf Streu der Schäferei.

Wie's Abendpfeifchen, von Mückenhäufchen
Im Zaun geweckt, uns herrlich ſchmeckt,
Schwebt hinter Streifchen
Von Wolkenflor der Mond hervor!

Und wenn für Morgen vom Berg verborgen
Das Abendroth gut Wetter bot:
Schläft ohne Sorgen
Im Kämmerlein man fröhlich ein.

Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck

ward am 1. Januar 1766 in Lübeck geboren, ſtudirte Medicin und lebte bis 1829, in welchem Jahre er in Ruheſtand verſetzt ward, als Doctor der Medicin, königlich däniſcher Juſtizrath, Ritter vom Danebrog und Bankdirector zu Altona. Er lieferte:

Gedichte, herausgegeben von H. C. Schumacher. Altona, 1821. 2. Aufl. 1827.
Hiſtoriſche Studien. Altona, 1827.

S. hat ſich vorzüglich als lyriſcher Dichter durch die in ſeinen Poeſieen vorherrſchende reiche Anmuth, Naivetät, Wärme und Wahrheit des Gefühls und ſeine ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form einen großen Kreis von befreundeten Leſern erworben.

Der Kloſterbruder.

Der Jüngling zog den Pfortenring:
„Gott geb' euch, Vater, Frieden!
„Das Glück, wonach ich lange ging,
Ich fand es nicht hienieden;

„Und kehre, hier in frommer Ruh
Dem Himmel nun zu leben,
Der argen Welt den Rücken zu,
Der ich mich blind ergeben.

„Ach! in der Welt iſt nichts als Schuld,
Als Reue, Haß und Thränen.
Was bleibt dem Armen, als Geduld,
Und ſich hinaus zu ſehnen!

„Er läßt dahinten nichts zurück,
Als Dornen und Cypreſſen;
Sein beſtes Theil, ſein ſchönſtes Glück
Iſt ſcheiden und vergeſſen.

„Drum, guter Vater, laßt mich ein
In dieſe Kloſtermauern;
Da will ich ſtill und friedlich ſein
Und, bis ich ſterbe, trauern."

„„Mit nichten, Jüngling! nimm den Stab,
Und wandre frohen Muthes!
Es muß hienieden auf und ab
So Böſes ſein, als Gutes.

„„Des Menſchen Herz ſei ſtark und feſt,
Zu lieben und zu hoffen;
Denn wiſſe, wer die Welt verläßt,
Iſt bald von ihr verlaſſen.

„„Ob rings der Himmel noch ſo grau,
Und noch ſo ſchwarz die Wellen,
So muß der Wimpel grün und blau
Am Lebensſchifflein ſchwellen.““

„Vernimm, o frommer Greis, mein Leid,
Und ehre meine Schmerzen;
Es ziemt ſich wohl das Trauerkleid
Für die gebrochnen Herzen.

„Der Hoffnung Veilchen ſind erſtickt,
Verbleicht die hellen Farben,
Der Unſchuld Lilien geknickt,
Der Freude Roſen ſtarben.

„Der Vater liegt auf ferner Flur
Vergraben tief im Sande,
Und Freund und Liebchen brach den Schwur,
Und zog in fremde Lande.

„Dies grobe dürftige Gewand,
Des Fremdlings milde Gabe,
Der Knotenſtock in meiner Hand,
Iſt Alles, was ich habe.

„Des Baumes Wölbung iſt mein Haus,
Mein Bette Raſenfläche,
Des Feldes Wurzeln ſind mein Schmaus,
Mein Trank des Waldes Bäche.

„Und einſam muß ich, ſtumm und kalt,
Das Thal hinunter wallen;
Es werden von dem Thurme bald
Die Sterbeglocken ſchallen.

„Dann wird von keinem Angeſicht
Des Mitleids Thräne fließen,
Der Liebe Blumen werden nicht
Auf meinem Grabe ſprießen.“

„„O, guter Jüngling, traure nicht!
Die Welt geht auf und nieder,
Die Blume welkt, das Glück zerbricht,
Und beide kehren wieder.

„„Wie Fels der Gram im Herzen liegt —
Vernimm des Greiſes Worte:
Die Wolke zieht, der Vogel fliegt,
Und bleibt an keinem Orte.

„„Drum nicht an ſchnöden Erdentand
Den feigen Sinn gebunden!
Des Liebchens Schwur, des Freundes Hand
Sind ſelten treu befunden.

„„Wie Wind vom Meere kommt und haucht,
So ſind des Menſchen Sorgen;
Auf Erden Weniges man braucht,
Und braucht es nur bis morgen.

„„Denn morgen oder über Nacht
Wird uns das Grab gegraben,
Was iſt es dann, ob ausgelacht,
Ob ausgeweint wir haben!

„„Ob du gebettelt an der Thür,
Ob Tauſenden geboten: —
Man zieht das Glöcklein für Gebühr
Und wirft dich zu den Todten.““

Paul Gerhard.

Zu Brandenburg einſt waltet
Der Kurfürſt weit und breit;
Doch neue Lehre ſpaltet
Des Glaubens Einigkeit.
Es ſteuern wohl Geſetze
Verbotenem Geſchwätze,
Wie das Edikt es nennt;
Doch wird es ihm gelingen,
Den freien Geiſt zu zwingen
Des Sängers, der die Furcht nicht kennt?

Er ſtand an heil'ger Stätte,
Der Kirche heller Stern,
Durch Lehren und Gebete
Verkündigend den Herrn:
„Und laß dir nimmer grauen!
Mußt droben dem vertrauen,
Deß Name Zebaoth!
Und ob des Himmels Schranken
Und alle Veſten wanken,
Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott!“

Der Kurfürſt aber ſandte,
Da kam der fromme Mann;
Des Fürſten Auge brannte,
Und zürnend hub er an:
„„Wer nur den eignen Grillen,
Nicht des Geſetzes Willen
Zu folgen, weiſe fand,
Der hat — es ſei geſprochen! —
Hat Ehr' und Amt verbrochen,
Und meidet fortan Stadt und Land!““

Der Greis verſetzt beſcheiden:
„Mir ziemt's, das ſtrenge Recht,
Gebieter, zu erleiden,
Mir, dem geringen Knecht!
Wie mag ich anders lehren,
Das Reich des Herrn zu mehren,
Als wie geſchrieben ſteht?
Es bleibt gerecht ſein Wille,
Ich will ihn halten ſtille.“ —
Und drauf verneigt er ſich und geht.

Und wehrt daheim dem Jammer,
Und alles legt er ab,
Und nimmt aus ſeiner Kammer
Die Bibel und den Stab.
Die Mutter, blaß vor Harme,
Das jüngſte Kind im Arme,
Das zweite bei der Hand, —
So tritt er an die Schwelle
Und blickt hinauf ins Helle
Und meidet fröhlich Stadt und Land.

Wer geht im fernen Thale
Den müden Pilgergang
Im heißen Sonnenſtrahle
Die flache Haid' entlang? —
Sie wallen froh im Glauben,
Als blühten ihnen Lauben
Der fremden Erde zu.
Und als der Tag verfloſſen,
So beut, im Wald verſchloſſen,
Ein gaſtlich Dach dem Häuflein Ruh.

O ſchau' den ſüßen Schlummer
Der Kleinen auf der Bank!
Ins Mutterherz der Kummer,
So viel es kämpfte, ſank:
„Wer wird ſich doch der Armen
Im fremden Land erbarmen
Und ihr Vorbitter ſein?
Wer wird das Herz erweichen?
Die harten Menſchen reichen
Den Hungrigen für Brod den Stein.“

Der fromme Dichter lächelt:
„Sie ſtehn in Gottes Hut!“
Des Glaubens Palme fächelt
Ihm Freudigkeit und Muth;
Und wo ſich ſolche Blüthe
Entfaltet im Gemüthe,
Iſt nimmer fern das Glück.
Er geht hinaus in Eile,
Und bringt nach kleiner Weile
Des Troſtes goldnes Lied zurück.

„Befiehl du deine Wege,
Und was dein Herze kränkt,
Der allertreuſten Pflege
Deß, der den Himmel lenkt."
Da däucht es ihren Sinnen,
Als ob die Furcht von hinnen,
Und alle Sorge flöh';
Denn kaum das Lied vernommen,
Iſt über ſie gekommen
Der Friede Gottes aus der Höh'.

Sie ſchwören ſtill, und ſchauen
Hinaus in Wald und Nacht,
Und über dunklen Auen
Der Sterne goldne Pracht;
Sie ſchwören, ob die Wellen
Bis an die Seele ſchwellen,
Zu trauen für und für;
Und als der Schwur vollzogen
Und himmelan geflogen,
Da ſteht die Hülfe vor der Thür.

Denn draußen ſcharrt im Sande
Bereits des Roſſes Fuß;
Es bringt aus Sachſenlande
Der Bote dieſen Gruß:
„„Dem Sänger Heil und Frieden!
Ich bin hieher beſchieden
Durch Kurfürſt Chriſtian;
Er will den Dulder ehren,
Den, wen im Thun und Lehren,
Die Engel Gottes wandeln ſahn.

„„Er hat dich auserkoren,
Zu weiden eine Heerd',
Und was du dort verloren,
Sei dreifach dir gewährt!
Wohlauf! es graut der Morgen,
Dahinten laß die Sorgen,
Und reiche mir die Hand;
Es winken uns die Gränzen,
Eh' wieder Sterne glänzen,
Umfängt dich Freund und Vaterland!""

Johann Ernſt Chriſtoph Schmidt

ward am 6. Januar 1772 zu Buſenborn in Oberheſſen geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1786 zu Gießen und trat daſelbſt 1793 als Privatdocent auf. Bald darauf eine Zeit lang am academiſchen Pädagogium ſtehend, wurde er 1798 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie und 1803 auch Hiſtoriograph. 1808 ward ihm der Character des Geheimraths und 1820 mit dem eines Prälaten der Sitz in der erſten Kammer der Stände. Die 10 Jahre ſeit 1793 waren ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſch fruchtbarſten, ſpäter arbeitete er nur für Journale. Er ſtarb als erſter Profeſſor der Theologie am 4. Juni 1831.

Grundlinien der chriſtlichen Kirchengeſchichte. Gießen und Darmſtadt, 1800.
Handbuch der chriſtl. Kirchengeſchichte. Gießen, 1801—20. 6 Bde. 2. Aufl. Bd. 1—4, 1824—27.
Lehrbuch der chriſtl. Kirchengeſchichte. 3. Aufl. Gießen, 1827. (Die früheren „Grundlinien".)
Geſchichte und Beſchreibung des Großherzogthums Heſſen. Gießen, 1818—19. nur 2 Bde.
Lehrbuch der Sittenlehre. Gießen, 1799.
Lehrbuch der chriſtlichen Dogmatik. Gieß. 1800.
Theol. Encyklopädie. Gießen, 1811.
Lehrbuch der chriſtlichen Dogmengeſchichte. Gießen, 1828.

Dieſer ausgezeichnete Theolog verband in ſeinen Schriften Gedankenreichthum, Originalität und Scharfſinn mit den gründlichſten hiſtoriſchen Forſchungen und erwarb ſich durch dieſelben einen höchſt bedeutenden und bleibenden Ruf.

Jacob Friedrich Schmidt

ward am 2. April 1730 zu Blaſienzell (oder Zelle) bei Gotha geboren, beſuchte ſeit 1746 das Lyceum zu Ohrdruff und ſtudirte ſeit 1750 in Jena Theologie, größtentheils durch Gelegenheitsgedichte ſich ſeinen Unterhalt verſchaffend, in inniger Freundſchaft mit dem bekannten Dichter von Gerſtenberg. Nachdem er in Holſtein mehrere Hauslehrerſtellen bekleidet und auf eine Anſtellung daſelbſt vergebens gewartet hatte, ward er 1765 Diaconus in Zelle; durch ſeinen Ruf als Dichter empfohlen, 1773 dritter Diaconus in Gotha und zugleich Lehrer der deutſchen Sprache am Gymnaſium. Endlich rückte er zum erſten Paſtor an den beiden Hauptkirchen in Gotha auf. Als ſolcher und mit dem academiſchen Titel eines Magiſters der Philoſophie ſtarb er den 2. März 1796. Er ſchrieb außer vielen Predigten und religiöſen Betrachtungen:

Poetiſche Gemälde und Empfindungen aus der heiligen Schrift. Altona, 1759.
Idyllen. Jena, 1761.
Kleine poetiſche Schriften. Altona, 1766.
Wiegenlieder. Gotha, 1770. 2 Thle.
Kirchenlieder. Gotha, 1779.
Gedichte. Leipzig, 1786.
Horaz, überſetzt. Gotha, 1776. 3 Thle.
(Vergl. Schlichtegroll's Nekrolog. 1796. Bd. 2.)
Geiſtliche, moraliſche und ſcherzhafte Oden und Lieder, in 4 Büchern. Leipzig, 1758.

S. war nicht ohne Talent für die lyriſche Poeſie und zeichnete ſich beſonders durch mehrere gelungene Lieder und Idyllen, am Meiſten jedoch durch ſeine Ueberſetzung des Horaz, eine für die damalige Zeit treffliche Arbeit, aus.

Karl Chriſtian Ehrhard Schmidt

wurde zu Heilsberg im Weimariſchen am 24. April 1761 geboren, ſtudirte in Jena, wo er 1783 als Privatdocent der Philoſophie Kants neue Lehren vortrug. Im Jahre 1791 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie in Gießen angeſtellt, ſetzte er ſich durch eine Schrift de tribus impostoribus vielfachen Anfeindungen aus, die ihn bewogen, ſchon 1793 nach Jena, das ihn als Diaconus und ordentlichen Profeſſor der Philoſophie berief, zurückzukehren. Hier wirkte er in früherem Geiſte ungeſtört fort, bis Fichte des älteren Lehrers feſten Widerſtand mit der Kraft ſeiner Rede überwand, und den Philoſophen Schmidt ſchlechtweg für eine Null erklärte. 1798 wurde er dritter Profeſſor und 1800 Doctor der Theologie; zu dem akademiſchen Ehrentitel fügte der Herzog von Sachſen-Gotha 1804 den eines Kirchenraths. In ſeinen 6 letzten Lebensjahren ſtand er einem Inſtitut und einem Verein zur Reinigung des Studentenlebens vor. Er ſtarb zu Jena als Doctor der Philoſophie, Medicin und Theologie am 10. April 1812.

- **Kritik der reinen Vernunft.** Jena, 1786, 3. Aufl. 1794.
- **Wörterbuch zum Gebrauch der kantiſchen Schriften.** Jena, 1786, 3. Aufl. 1795.
- **Verſuch einer Moralphiloſophie.** Jena, 1790, neu: 1802.
- **Empiriſche Pſychologie.** Jena, 1791, 2. Aufl. 1796. 2 Thle.
- **Philoſophiſche Dogmatik.** Jena, 1796.
- **Logik.** Jena, 1797.
- **Predigten.** Jena, 1798.
- **Phyſiologie.** 3 Bde. Jena, 1798 — 1801.
- **Adiaphora.** Leipzig, 1809.
- **Allgemeine Encyclopädie und Methodologie der Wiſſenſchaften.** Gotha, 1810.

Ein eifriger Anhänger des kantiſchen Syſtems war S. zu ſeiner Zeit vorzüglich bemüht, daſſelbe auf das Studium der Theologie anzuwenden, und dieſe nach beſten Kräften dadurch zu fördern.

Klamer Eberhard Karl Schmidt

wurde am 29. December 1746 zu Halberſtadt geboren, war Kriegs- und Kammerſecretär, dann bis an ſeinen Tod, welcher den 8. Januar 1824 erfolgte, Domcommiſſarius in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Vergleiche die Beſchreibung ſeines Dichterjubiläums, welches er 1819 feierte, von ſeinem Schwiegerſohne dem Paſtor Fr. Lautſch; zu Halberſtadt 1820.

- **K. E. K. Schmidt's Leben und auserleſene Werke,** herausgegeben von deſſen Sohne W. W. J. Schmidt und Fr. Lautſch. Stuttgart, 1826 — 28. 3 Bde.
- **Fröhliche Gedichte.** 1769.
- **Poetiſche Briefe.** Deſſau, 1782 — 1784. in 8.
- **Neue poetiſche Briefe.** Berlin und Braunſchweig, 1790. in 8.
- **Komiſche und humoriſtiſche Dichtungen.** Berlin, 1802. in 8.
- **Elegien an meine Minna.** 1773. in 8.
- **Fabeln und Erzählungen.** Leipzig, 1778. in 8. (nebſt angehängten Idyllen).
- **Vermiſchte Gedichte,** 2 Sammlungen. Leipzig, 1772. 73. in 8.
- **Geſänge für Chriſten.** Lemgo, 1773. in 8.
- **Hendekaſyllaben.** Leipzig, 1773. in 8.
- **Die Landpfarrerin,** eine elegiſche Dichtung. Berlin, 1801. in 8.
- **Phantaſien nach Petrarca's Manier.** Lemgo, 1772. in 8.
- **Wehmuthslaute eines früh Verblichenen.** (Aus Kl. S. Nachlaſſe edirt durch ſeinen Sohn). Braunſchweig, 1829. in 8.
- **Katulliſche Gedichte.** Berlin, 1774.
- **Fabeln, Lieder und Satiren.** Leipzig, 1769.
- **Operetten.** Leipzig, 1772.

S. gehörte ſeiner Zeit zu den ſogenannten preußiſchen Dichtern und Freunden Gleims, doch war ſein Talent im Ganzen nur gering, wogegen ihn jedoch redliche Geſinnung, Eifer für Recht und Wahrheit, und eine glückliche und leichte Behandlung der Form und Sprache vortheilhaft hervorheben.

Hoffnung in Kriegszeit.

Noch in der Irre geh' ich,
Und weiß nicht, wo hinaus;
In dunkle Ferne ſeh' ich,
Und ſehe Schutt und Graus,
Kriegsfackeln angezündet,
Macht kämpfend gegen Macht!
Was herrlich ſtand, verſchwindet;
Was ſtrahlte, ſinkt in Nacht!

Doch ſoll mein Herz nicht zagen,
Nicht laut um Hülfe ſchrei'n;
Ich will — bald möcht' es tagen —
In Hoffnung fröhlich ſeyn!
Du, der die Myriaden
Der Welten all' regiert,
Du biſt es, der den Faden
Durch all' das Irrſal führt!

Du magſt auf Sturmwindsflügeln,
Du magſt auf Sonnen gehn,
Staub hier auf Aſchenhügeln,
Dort Stern' ins Weltall ſä'n:
Die Lieb' iſt's, ſagt mein Glaube,
Die ſchaffet und zerſtört,
Die ſelbſt im Todtenſtaube
Den Keim des Lebens nähret!

Stückwerk iſt all mein Wiſſen;
Zu kaum den kleinſten Theil
Seh' ich von allen Riſſen,
Wonach du bauſt mein Heil!
Ach! wenn mein Aug' ertrüge,
Zu ſchau'n ins volle Licht,
In Staub ſänk' ich und ſchwiege,
Verhüllt das Angeſicht!

Du aber ruhſt nicht eher,
Bis du am Ziele biſt.
So weit der Himmel höher,
Als dieſer Erdball iſt:
So weit erhebt dein Trachten
Sich über mein's empor,
Was Jahre lang wir dachten,
Winkſt du im Nu hervor.

Es können Berge weichen,
Doch nie dein Vaterſinn;
Der wird die Hand mir reichen,
Wenn ich am bängſten bin!
Es mögen Hügel fallen,
Feſt ſteht dein Wort; es ſteht:
Gnad' und Erbarmen Allen,
So weit die Sonne geht!

Wie über Kindesſchwächen
Die Mutter ſich erbarmt;
Wie ſie nach hartem Sprechen
Die Bruſt, von Lieb' erwarmt,
Mit Küſſen reicht dem Kleinen;
Alſo erbarmſt dich du,
Und ſtilleſt all mein Weinen,
Und ſprichſt mir liebend zu!

In deine Hand gezeichnet
Weiß ich, und bang' an dir!
Wann hätte ſich verläugnet
Dein Vaterherz an mir!
Dir, Herr mein Gott! vertrau' ich
Im böſen Zeitenlauf.
Selbſt unter Trümmern bau' ich
Dir meinen Tempel auf!

Wenn deine Stund' erſcheinet
Schnell wandeln wird es ſich:
Dann wird, was jezt dir weinet,
Frohlocken über dich.
Auf ſtrahlt der Himmelsbogen,
Woraus die Stimme ſpricht:
So weit, ihr Kriegeswogen!
So weit, und weiter nicht!

Wohlauf, mein Herz, und preiſe
Den Helfer ſchon voraus!
Er führt auf ſeine Weiſe;
Doch herrlich führt er's aus!
Anbetet, Nationen!
Mit Feuerflammen-Blick
Stieg Gott herab; mit Schonen
Traf er und fährt zurück!

An K. E. K. Schmidt

von J. W. L. Gleim.

O Freund, in deiner kleinen Hütte
Wohnt noch die alte, gute Sitte
Der Schäferwelt; auf deine Bitte,
Käm' ich und wäre gern dein Gaſt,
Und wohnt' ich gleich in dem Palaſt
Zu Sansſouci! Bei dir träf' ich
Die Muſen an, die, leider! mich,
Verſammelt all in einen Haufen,
Verlaſſen haben lange ſchon!
Bei dir, dem jungen Muſenſohn.

Die Muſen und die Nymphen laufen
Vor meinem grauen Haar, o Gott!
Wir Alten ſind der Kinder Spott!
Was iſt's! Wir leben und wir ſterben;
Und haben wir nicht einen Erben
Der Unſchuld unſers Herzens, dann
Mein Lieber, ſind wir übel dran!
Wir werden aller Menſchen Haß,
Und thaten keinem was zu Leide!
Wir ſterben, und kein Aug' iſt naß!
Und darum macht mir's große Freude,
Was deine Liebe mir vertraut
Von einem Erben deiner Tugend,
An welchem ſchon der Schöpfer baut,
Den, in der Blüthe deiner Jugend,
Welch eine Wonne! welch ein Glück!
Du ſehen wirſt mit Vaterblick!

O du, mein Lieber, Treuer, bitte
Mich bald doch nur in deine Hütte,
Damit ich recht, als Biedermann,
Noch in den erſten Schöpfungstagen,
Freund, meine Freude dir kann ſagen,
Weil ich ſie nicht mehr ſingen kann.

Antwort an Gleim.

O welch ein Briefchen, Vater Gleim!
Ich las zuerſt es insgeheim,
Und endlich laut (wie konnt' ich's laſſen)
Dem Weibchen, das, mit Armumfaſſen,
Darum mich plagte links und rechts!
Die Neugier ſizt in allen Klaſſen
Des lieben, ſchönern Geſchlechts!
Frau Heva's Imbiß zum Exempel,
Was koſtet er die Nachwelt nicht!
Sonſt waren wir der Gottheit Tempel,
Jezt aber hauſt der ſchwarze Wicht,
Gott ſei bei uns! mit allen Sünden,
Die alle Diener Gottes binden,
In Vater, Mutter, Tochter, Sohn:
Und würd' er nicht, beim Taufen, ſchon
Aus uns ein wenig ausgetrieben,
So ſchlackt' er uns, ich glaube gar,
Zum Frühſtück ein, mit Haut und Haar!
Wie ſchlimm der Herr vor dieſem war,
Es iſt genug davon geſchrieben!

Ein großes Glück, daß bei Madam
Es nicht ſo ſchlechten Ausgang nahm!
Ich las, und meinem Weibchen kam
Sein Vorwiz höher nicht zu ſtehn,
Als nur ein Paar Minuten Schaam,
Und viel Verſchwiegenheit auf heute!
Ein Preis, der ſelber mich nicht reute:
Das Schämen läßt ihr gar nicht ſchön!

Doch mein Entzücken nun darüber!
Wie dir es ſagen, o mein Lieber,
In Proſe? … Singen wollt' ich's dir;
Doch wann es ſingen! Nie geraſtet
Hat heute meine gute Thür!
So viel Beſuche hatten wir
Von aller Welt, nur nicht von dir;
So maulthiermäßig überlaſtet
Ward ich von Dingen, klein und groß!
Zwar hab' ich weidlich mich gehaſtet,
Sie abzuwerfen auf den Schoos
Der goldnen Muſe: doch vergebens!
Es iſt verhängt! das Rad des Lebens
Muß, großentheils, ſich öfter drehn,
Auf ſchlimmen Wegen, als auf ſchönen!
So laß ich's denn nach Lüſten gehn!
„Man muß an alles ſich gewöhnen!“
Sagt Sokrates, mit Recht, dünkt mich,
Und alle wird es ſo bedünken!
Zulezt gewöhnen muß er ſich,
Zum Lohn der Tugend Gift zu trinken!
Gott wahre mich und dich beide!

Mitunter ließ ſich auch bei mir
Die Muſe der Epiſtel melden,
Die Muſe, die an keinen Helden,
Doch an getreue Freundſchaft glaubt,
Und alles aus dem Herzen ſchreibt!
Allein ich ließ ihr treues Melden
Vorſatzwidrig diesmal ſein,
Und ſchärfte meinen Damen ein,
„Wenn einer fragt, ich ſei nicht zu Hauſe!“

Erſt jezt bin ich in meiner Klauſe
Monarch geworden! Nun geſchwind
Die Muſe her! Von meinen Brüdern
Dem Herrlichſten muß ich erwiedern
Das ſchöne Briefchen! Briefe ſind
Der Freundſchaft, was dem Amor Pfeile!
Sie gehn ins Herz, und ſtecken feſt;
Und billig müßt' ein Weſpenneſt
Der Sünder tragen eine Weile,
Der Briefe ſonder Antwort läßt!

„Wir ſterben, und kein Aug' iſt naß!“
Freund, welche Stell' in deinem Briefe!
O Lieber! Lieber, was iſt das!
Ich fühlt' es in der tiefſten Tiefe
Des Herzens! …

Du Vater, du! im höhern Sinn
Biſt du das längſt, als ich es bin,
Und werde ſein, wenn anders Wille
Nach Wort der Ammengöttin hilft!
Ringsum in deinem Paradieſe,
(Ein Paradies iſt deine Welt,
Denn jene Masquen ausgenommen,
Die nicht in unſre Rechnung kommen,
Meint Alles dich auf deiner Welt!)
Ringsum, wo deines Liedes Schöne
Das Herz zur Fröhlichkeit erhellt,
Sind alle Töchter, alle Söhne,
In deren Herzen immerhin
Du Tugend ſangſt und frohen Sinn,
Sind alle deine lieben Kinder!
Und ſind die übrigen es minder,
Die Wittwen und die Waiſen, die
Des langen Lebens bittre Müh
Verſüßt von deinen Händen fanden?
In allen Ständen, allen Landen
Haſt du dergleichen Kinder noch!
Auf wenig Menſchenliſten ſtanden
Die Thaten deines Herzens; doch
Da droben, edler Mann, wird das
Weit richtiger zu Buch getragen!
Und dennoch darfſt du traurig ſagen,
„Wir ſterben und kein Aug' iſt naß!“

Naß werden aller Augen ſein,
Wirſt du dereinſt von hinnen gehn;
Naß Aller Herzen, welche rein
Durch deine Lieder ſind geworden
Und mehr, als Ritter ihrer Orden,
Sich deiner hohen Lieder freun!
Mit ausgelöſchter Fackel ſtehn
Wird Amor, den du haſt gelehrt
Auf Tugend, nicht auf Schönheit ſehn!
Das ſchönſte Mädchen, wenn es hört
Von ſeines Dichters letzten Tagen,
Wird lange ſeinen Arm verſagen
Dem treuen Arm des Liebenden,
In dir, o Vater, zu beklagen
Den Lehrer ſeiner Tugenden!...

Doch lange, lange noch verſpäte
Der Engel, der zu Leſſing dich
Wird einſt hinüber bringen, ſich!
Die junge, grüne Roſenſtätte,
Verſteckt in deinem Gartenthal,
Die du mit deinem Staub einmal
Zum Hügel machen wirſt... noch lange...
Sie bleibe dir noch lange Thal,
Und dufte, wenn bei Mondesſtrahl,
Zu ſüßem Nachtigallgeſange
Du deinen ſingſt, Entzücken aus!
O Lieder! Alles was ſich deiner
Im Herzen freut, verbrüdert ſich
Zu treuen Wünſchen, fodert dich
Zu tauſend Wettſtreit noch heraus
Mit tauſend Nachtigallen; keiner
Von allen, liebender, als ich!

Du weißt, mein kleines Dichterhaus,
Das immer, fern von großen Sachen,
Zufriedenheit und Scherz bewachen,
Möcht' ich ſo gern zum Tempel machen,
Worin die Wahrheit wird gepreiſt;
Und hat mein Enkel irgend Geiſt,
Ein Bild der Wahrheit aufzufaſſen,
Noch meinen Enkel danken laſſen
Möcht' ich dem lieben Heftigen,
Der herzlich ſchnell, nicht aus Grimaſſen,
Mein Vater ward, den Grazien
Mich opfern hieß und der Natur,
Und zeitig ſchon den großen Schwur
Mich ließ beſchwören: ſtehn zu laſſen
Von hundert Verſen zwanzig nur!

Von hundert Verſen zwanzig? Ha!
Damit ich meinen Schwur nicht breche,
Hier: Soli Deo Gloria!
Klein, aber reißend ſind die Bäche,
Woraus, von Fürſten unbedingt,
Die kleine Briefesmuſe trinkt!
Sie treten oft ein wenig über;
Und geht's von Herzen, o mein Lieber,
So ſpringt das Wort Gedanken vor!
So eben raunt mir was ins Ohr:
Ich hätte ſchon den Schwur gebrochen!
Drum, lieber Vater, gute Nacht!
Laß unter uns es ſein geſprochen,
Was andern große Naſen macht!

Konrad Friedrich von Schmidt-Phiſeldeck

iſt am 31. Juli 1770 zu Braunſchweig geboren. Nach Beendigung ſeiner theologiſchen Studien zu Helmſtädt ward er Hauslehrer in Kopenhagen, erhielt 1794 das däniſche Indigenat und wandte ſich ſeit 1797 kameraliſtiſchen Studien zu. Er wurde zunächſt Aſſeſſor im Landes-Oeconomie- und Commerzcollegium, erhielt 1806 den Character eines Juſtizraths, 1810 den eines Etatsraths. Seit 1813 Mitdirector der Reichsbank, ſeit 1828 wirklicher Deputirter im Generalzoll-Kammer- und Commerzcollegium, lebte er, hochverdient, als Doctor der Philoſophie und Ritter des Danebrogordens zu Kopenhagen, wo er 1832 ſtarb. Er hinterließ:

Vertraute Briefe über Gegenſtände aus der praktiſchen Moral. Kopenhagen, 1791.
Gedichte. Braunſchweig, 1794.
Briefe äſthetiſchen Inhalts. Altona, 1797.
Hymne auf Gott. 1804.
Ueber das jetzige Verhältniß der jüdiſchen Nation zu dem chriſtlichen Bürgerverein und deſſen künftiger Umgeſtaltung. Kopenh. 1817.
Europa und Amerika. 2. Aufl. Kopenhagen, 1821.
Der europäiſche Bund. Kopenhagen, 1821.
Die Politik nach den Grundſätzen der heiligen Allianz. 1822.
Das Menſchengeſchlecht auf ſeinem gegenwärtigen Standpunkte. Kopenhagen, 1827.
Proben politiſcher Beredſamkeit. Kopenhagen, 1823.
Die Welt als Automat und das Reich Gottes. Kopenhagen, 1830.
Auswahl neugriechiſcher Volkslieder. Braunſchweig, 1830.

Scharfſinn, Klarheit, tiefes und gründliches Eindringen in ſeinen Gegenſtand erwarben S. v. Ph. als politiſchem Schriftſteller einen ſehr bedeutenden Ruf.

Ludwig Friedrich von Schmidt

geboren am 24. Januar 1764 zu Königsbach im Großherzogthum Baden, iſt eines Landgeiſtlichen Sohn. Von 1778—1781 auf dem Gymnaſium zu Karlsruhe vorgebildet, ſtudirte er bis 1784 in Jena, mit welchem Jahre er in Göttingen ſeinen theologiſchen Curſus vollends beſchloß. 1786 ward er als Pfarrer in der Grafſchaft Sponheim angeſtellt, 1792 Hofdiaconus in Carlsruhe. 1799 folgte er der ehrenvollen Berufung zur Stelle des Cabinetspredigers der Kurfürſtin nach München, wodurch er 1806 der erſte proteſtantiſche Pfarrer in Baiern geworden iſt. 1802 ward er zum Kirchenrath, 1809 von Jena zum Doctor der Theologie, 1818 zum Miniſterialrath im Miniſterium des Innern und Referenten in proteſtantiſchen Kirchenſachen ernannt. Als er, 1820 bereits Ritter des Civilordens der bairiſchen Krone geworden, 1826 die verwittwete Königin nach Würzburg begleitete, ward er von der dortigen philoſophiſchen Facultät mit ihrem Doctor-Diplom beehrt. Daſelbſt iſt noch ſein Aufenthalt. Er ließ viele Predigten und Amtsreden drucken, beſonders

Predigten bei beſondern Veranlaſſungen gehalten. Sulzbach, 1803, 1809, 1827. 3 Bde. in 8.

in welchen er ſich als Kanzelredner durch große Einfachheit, Tiefe und Fülle der Gedanken und lebendige, kräftige Darſtellung auszeichnete.

Martin Heinrich Auguſt Schmidt,

am 26. Mai 1776 zu Braunſchweig geboren, ſtudirte, aus dem Catharinum und Carolinum ſeiner Vaterſtadt entlaſſen, zu Helmſtädt und Göttingen. In den Jahren 1806 — 1807 königlich preußiſcher Feldprediger, ward er 1812 nach Teltow berufen und rückte 1817 zu der Stelle des Oberpredigers von Derenburg bei Halberſtadt auf. Er ſtarb am 8. März 1830.

Albert und Mathilde, oder die Elemente, Gedicht. Berlin, 1810. in 8.
Berlin an die Siegesgöttin. Berlin, 1814. in 8.
Electron. Berlin, 1810.
Des Marſchalls Uebergang über den Rhein. Berlin, 1814.
Neu-Richmond, beſchreibendes Gedicht. Braunſchweig, 1805.
Die Schlacht an der Katzbach. Berlin, 1813.
Siegesgeſang auf die Schlacht bei Dennewitz. Berlin, 1813.
Die großen Tage des Junius 1815. Berlin, 1815.
Trauerlied auf den General Moreau. Berl. 1813.
Poetiſche Verſuche. Altona, 1825.
Die Völkerſchlacht bei Leipzig. Berlin, 1815. 2. Aufl.
Der Geiſt Heinrich des Löwen. Braunſchw. 1806.
Feſtgaben. Halberſtadt, 1819.

Streng genommen nur ein Gelegenheitsdichter wußte S. doch durch Originalität, Gedankenreichthum, Phantaſie und treffliche Darſtellung ſeinen Poeſien großes und bleibendes Intereſſe zu verleihen.

Michael Ignaz Schmidt,

am 30. Januar 1736 zu Arnſtein geboren, beſuchte ſeit 1749 das Gymnaſium zu Würzburg und trat dann, zur Vorbereitung auf den Stand eines Weltgeiſtlichen, in das biſchöfliche Seminarium ein. Fünf Jahre darauf ward er Licentiat und Prieſter; ſelbſt ſchon als Kaplan zu Haßfurt angeſtellt, zog er es dennoch vor, als Hauslehrer bei dem Großhofmeiſter von Rothenhan mit dieſem während des 7jährigen Krieges in die Nähe von Stuttgart zu ziehen, wo er allen Glanz des Hoflebens kennen zu lernen Intereſſe und Gelegenheit fand. 1771 kehrete er als Bibiothekar nach Würzburg zurück, ward Mitglied der fürſtbiſchöflichen Schulcommiſſion, Beiſitzer der theologiſchen Facultät und Lehrer der deutſchen Reichsgeſchichte. 1774 erhielt er eine bedeutende Pfründe, dazu die Würde eines geiſtlichen Raths mit Sitz und Stimme in der Regierung und begann, von dem 1770 unter ſeiner Leitung geſtifteten Schullehrerſeminare aus, großartige Reformen des Schulweſens. Karl von Dalberg machte ihn zum Mitgliede der Erfurter Academie der Wiſſenſchaften. Joſeph II. ernannte ihn 1778 zum Mitgliede des neuorganiſirten Cenſurcollegiums und zum Geſchicht-Lehrer ſeines Neffen Franz. Er lebte zu Wien als Magiſter der Philoſophie, k. kaiſerlicher Hofrath und Director des Haus- und Staatsarchivs bis zum 1. November 1794, ſeinem Todestage.

Geſchichte des Selbſtgefühls. Frankfurt und Leipzig (eigentlich Würzburg), 1772.
Geſchichte der Deutſchen (Bd. 1—5. auch unter dem Titel: „Aeltere Geſchichte der Deutſchen." 5 Bde. Ulm 1778—1785. Bd. 6—22: „Neuere Geſchichte der Deutſchen," vom 6. Bd. an aus S.'s Nachlaß ergänzt von Joſeph Milbiller. 17 Bde. Ulm, 1785—1808.) Daſſelbe Werk erſchien als: „Aeltere Geſchichte der Deutſchen." 1783—93. 8 Bde. und: „Neuere Geſchichte der Deutſchen." 1785—1808. 17 Bde. Eine ſpätere Fortſetzung iſt: Dreſch's „Geſchichte Deutſchlands ſeit dem Rheinbunde." Ulm, 1824—1830. 5 Bde., welche Bd. 23—27. der Ulmer, und 18—22. der Wiener Ausgabe bildet.

S. war der Erſte, welcher die deutſche Geſchichte populär und lesbar ſchrieb, und verdient ſchon deswegen Anerkennung, auch iſt ihm Fleiß und Geſchmack keineswegs abzuſprechen, doch mußte ihn der katholiſche Standpunkt, von welchem aus er ſeinen Gegenſtand, obwohl [illegible] großer Mäßigung, behandelte, einſeitig machen, wes[illegible] ſeine Darſtellung der Geſchichte Deutſchlands ſeit den Zeiten der Reformatoren nur mit großer Vorſicht benutzt werden darf.

Nikolaus Schmidt,

deſſen Lebensverhältniſſe unbekannt ſind, ward vermuthlich im Anfang der vierziger Jahre des 16. Jahrhunderts geboren, und ſchrieb:

Von den 10 Teuffeln oder Laſtern, damit die böſen unartigen Weiber beſeſſen ſind. Wittenberg, 1566.

Ein ſatyriſches Gedicht im Geſchmacke jener Zeit, doch von geringem Werthe.

Heinrich Gottlieb Schmieder

iſt 1763 in Sachſen geboren. Er trat unter das Militär und lag von 1786 — 1788 als Premierlieutenant und Regimentsquartiermeiſter eines Küraſſierregiments zu Düben. Im letztgenannten Jahre nahm er, um die Rechte zu ſtudiren, ſeinen Abſchied und lebte an mehreren Orten von Geſchäften zurückgezogen. 1791 übernahm er die Regie und einen Antheil an der Direction der Bühne zu Altona, bis er im Jahre 1804 ſeinen Aufenthalt in Petersburg wählte, wo er 1828 ſtarb.

Journal für Theater und andere ſchöne Künſte, 1—3. Bd., 3 Stücke, und 4. Bd., 2 Stücke. Hamburg, 1797 und 1798. 8.
Neues Journal für Theater und andere ſchöne Künſte. Hamburg, 1799. 8.
Taſchenbuch für Theater auf 1798, 1799 und 1801.
Gedichte und Skizzen. Mainz, 1791.
Scenen aus der neueſten Welt. Halle, 1795.
Der ſchwache König. Gotha, 1786—88. 3 Thle.

Seine Leiſtungen erheben ſich nicht über das Mittelmäßige, doch wirkte er nicht ohne Verdienſt für die Ausbildung der dramatiſchen Künſte.

Johann Gottfried Daniel Schmiedtgen,

am 13. April 1766 zu Sorau in der Niederlauſitz geboren, war herzoglich ſachſen-hildburghäuſiſcher Rath, Stifter und Vorſteher einer Verſorgungsanſtalt in Leipzig und endigte ſein Leben zu Leutenberg bei Saalfeld in ruhiger Zurückgezogenheit am 30. September 1816. Folgende Schriften beweiſen ſeine Fruchtbarkeit.

Anna. Leipzig, 1796.
Dämmerungen. 1796.
Theobalds Morgengabe. 1798.
Juchhei oder das neue Hochzeitbüchlein. 1798.
Helena. 1798.
Das Haus von Grodnow. 1798. 2 Thle.
Der hohe Windbruch. 1800.
Die ſtille Ecke am Rohrteiche. 1800. 2 Thle.
Die friedlichen Thäler. 1802.
Der Hageſtolz. 1802.
Pauline Welt. 1803.
Die Liebe am See. 1804. 2 Thle.
Kleine Erzählungen. 1805.
Andeutungen. 1809 — 1812. 4 Thle.
Lydie Willmar. 1809. 2 Thle.
Klementine. 1810.
Abenide. 1811.
Die Gränznachbarn. 1812.

Nicht ohne Talent für die Darſtellung, fehlte es S. doch zu ſehr an Eigenthümlichkeit und Phantaſie, um ſich über die Mittelmäßigkeit zu erheben.

Friedrich Schmitt,

am 7. Juli 1744 zu Nürnberg geboren, war zuerſt Lehrer an dem Pädagogium zu Kloſter Bergen und ſeit 1774 Profeſſor an der Ritteracademie zu Liegnitz, wo er den 12. Auguſt 1813 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Leſebuch für Frauenzimmer. Flensb. 1774—1785.
Gedichte. Nürnberg, 1779.
Erzählungen, Fabeln und Romanzen. Leipzig, 1781.

Er überſetzte aus dem Engliſchen:

Pamela. 1772. 4 Thle.
Tom Jones. 1780. 4 Thle.
Robinſon. 1782. 2 Thle.

Aus dem Italieniſchen:

Anthologie. 1778. 4 Thle.
Taſſoni's geraubter Eimer. 1781.
Fortiguerra's Ricciardetto. 1783. 2 Thle.

Aus dem Franzöſiſchen:

Lolotte und Fanfan. 1789. 4 Thle.
Alexis. 1792. 2 Thle.

S. gehört jetzt mit Unrecht zu den ganz vergeſſenen Dichtern, da er, mit Geſchmack, Gefühl, Phantaſie und Sprachgewandtheit ausgerüſtet, doch einer der Erſten war, welche die ſüdlichen poetiſchen Formen mit Glück in die deutſche Poeſie einführeten oder zu ihrer Wiederbelebung beitrugen. Folgende Probe ſeiner Leiſtungen wird das hier Geſagte beſtätigen.

Laura.

Thäler, Berge, ſchattenreiche Wälder,
Die nicht mehr die Laſt des Winters drückt;
Stille Grotten, Wieſen, grüne Felder,
Die mit Schmelz und Blumen ſchon der Frühling ſchmückt;
Und du ſilberhelle,
Friſche, reine Quelle,
Die ſo ſüß in meine Seufzer rauſcht;
Und du Philomele, die oft ſcheinet
Meinen Schmerz zu fühlen, oft mir lauſcht
Und dann, voller Mitleid, mit mir weinet:
Hört auch ihr, was meine Klage ſingt,
Die, ſo oft zu wiederholen,
Mich die Liebe zwingt!

Immer fließen werden dieſe Zähren!
Oft noch ſchneller werden ſie dich, Bach!
Oft noch, Fluren, eure Blumen nähren!
Denn von ihr getrennet bin ich! — Nicht mehr, ach!
Soll ich Sie erblicken,
Welche mit Entzücken
Einmal nur, und immer nun mit Gram
Meine Seele füllet! Stets ſie fliehen
Soll ich, die für mich vom Himmel kam,
Deren Augen Haiden machen blühen,
Donner ſchweigen, in die rohſte Bruſt
Sanft Gefühl und Tugend ſtrahlen,
Und des Himmels Luſt!

Ach! in welchem Thal wirſt du ſie finden,
Lenz, und dich, von Ihr verſchönert, freu'n!
Welcher Zephyr wird Ihr Kränze winden,
Und mit Silberblüthen Lauren überſchnei'n?
Welche Sylphen hören
Jetzt ihr Lied, und lehren
Es die Quellen und die Nachtigall? —
Kleine Geiſter mit den Purpurſchwingen,
Die ihr um mich hüpfet, ſeid ihr aus der Zahl
Derer, die ſie ſahen? Ihre Harf' erklingen
Hörten! — O, ſo flüſtert mir von Ihr!
Alle Wunder, die ihr ſahet,
Saget mir von Ihr!

Saht ihr, wie viel ihrer Noth vergaßen,
Liebreich insgeheim von Ihr erquickt!
Saht ihr, wie viel Stirnen Gram verlaſſen,
Wenn ihr himmliſch lächelnd Aug' auf Sie geblickt?
Saht ihr, welche ſchönen
Engelwerthe Thränen
Andacht Sie und Mitleid weinen hieß?
Habt ihr ſie geſammelt und gezählet,
Und, damit bethaut, zum Paradies
Jenes Thal gemacht, das ſie verhehlet?
Sprecht! — Und eilt ihr wieder zu Ihr hin,
Sagt Ihr — Nein, nie ſoll Sie wiſſen,
Wie ich elend bin!

Glücklichſter von allen meinen Tagen,
Tag, der mich zur Göttlichen geführt;
Biſt du gleich der Quell von allen Klagen,
Die nicht Zeit, nicht Schickſal enden wird!
Zwar, Dir liebzukoſen,
Blühten keine Roſen,
Denn Autumnus war's, der Dich gebar!
Aber, gleich dem ſchönſten Sohn des Maien,
Lachte Sie die Blumen um das Haar,
Das kein Nord durchbrauſte; und erfreuen
Hieß Sie die Natur dich! In dem Eis
Spiegelten ſich Roſen, Frühling
Ward's auf Ihr Geheiß!

O, wie ſtarrte nicht aus meinen Blicken
Die Bewunderung, als ich Sie ſah!
Kalte Schauer, glühendes Entzücken
Wechſelten in jeder meiner Adern da!
Ach, mit welchem Geize
Trank ich alle Reize,
Blieb ich eingewurzelt vor ihr ſtehen!
Hört' ich Ihre Engelsſtimme tönen:
Sah ich Tugend Sie und Grazien
Küſſen, und von Ihr mehr Reiz entlehnen;
Und ein Lächeln ſchimmern im Geſicht,
Das du, Liebe, nur kannſt ſchildern;
Ich vermag es nicht!

O beglückter Bach, von Ihrem Bilde
Mehr, als von der Sonne Glanz, geschmückt;
Sel'ge Auen, selige Gefilde,
Die ihr blühet, wenn Ihr zarter Fuß euch drückt;
Schattenvolle Haine,
Wo sie oft alleine,
Himmlische Gedanken denkend, geht;
Und du, Luft, die, stets von Ihr erhellet,
Sanft in Ihren gold'nen Locken weht;
Gegend, wo zuerst mir nachgestellet
Von der Liebe ward, o sähe dich,
Ach! nur einmal noch mein Auge,
Wie beglückt wär' ich!

Seh' ich dich, geliebte Gegend, wieder!
Ist es möglich! wer riß mich zu dir?
Sank Sie nicht an jenem Bache nieder?
Pflückte Sie nicht Rosen und Violen hier?
Seh' ich Ihre Spuren
Nicht auf diesen Fluren
Ueberall! — Wird nicht die Luft umher
Heit'rer? — Ha! Sie kommt! Sie selbst! O Wonne!
Wie, aufgeführet auf dem Meer
Von der Blumengöttin, du, o Sonne!
Horcht! Vereint Sie göttlichen Gesang
Nicht mit dem entzückungsvollsten
Süßen Harfenklang.

Wann erschollen jemals solche Lieder?
Schweigt, ihr Wipfel! Stehe stille, Bach!
Seht! der ganze Himmel läßt sich nieder!
Engel singen Ihre hohen Hymnen nach!
Seht! Verklärte grüßen
Sie als Schwester! Gießen
Seligkeit, wie sie im Himmel quillt,
Ihr im Busen! — „Solche Lieder tönte,
Als noch meine Seele Staub umhüllt,"
(Zeuget Rowe) „nie meine Harfe, tönte,
Meta, nie die Deinige so süß!
Und Ihr ganzes Leben, Meta,
Tönet auch so süß!" —

Ha! Wo bin ich? Welche Phantasieen
Füllen mich mit süßer Trunkenheit!
Möchtet ihr doch mind'stens niemals fliehen,
Gold'ne Träume, die ihr meinen Geist erfreut! —
Hier in diesen Gründen
Laßt mich stets Sie finden.
Immer will ich Sie hier suchen gehen!
Hier will ich die träge Zeit verweinen!
(Könnte nur dies ungestört geschehen.)
Hier soll stets der Engel mir erscheinen,
So wie jetzo! — Hört! Mich dünkt, Sie spricht:
„Freund, wir sehn uns noch; dann trennet
Uns kein Schicksal nicht!"

Stanislaus Schmitt,

den 12. September 1766 in der Abtei Schönthal geboren, war zuerst substituirter Staatsprocurator zu Trier und begab sich von da als Doctor der Philosophie und Advokat nach Kreuznach. Er gab heraus:

Gedichte, Frankfurt, 1800. Kreuznach, 1804.
Hildegard, Gemahlin Karl des Großen, episches Gedicht. Kreuznach, 1811. 3 Bde.
Zenobia, oder der Triumph des Kreuzes, episches Gedicht. Kreuznach, 1810.
Der neue Ortsherr, Drama. Kreuznach, 1810.
Feldblumen, Poesien für Freunde der ländlichen Natur. Kreuznach, 1808. in 8.

Ein Nachahmer Wielands in der Behandlung episch-romantischer Stoffe, steht er weit hinter seinem Vorbilde zurück, und erhebt sich überhaupt nicht über das Gewöhnliche.

Friedrich Jacob Schmitthenner

ward am 17. März 1796 zu Oberdreis, einem Dorfe im Fürstenthum Wied, geboren und studirte in Marburg, wo er sich, von Conradi angeregt, fast allein mit dem Studium Platons und, von den Neueren, Schellings beschäftigte. Sein Fachstudium, die Medicin, verließ er daher bald und nachdem er in Theologie und Jurisprudenz vergebens Befriedigung gesucht hatte, lebte er seit 1815 in Gießen ausschließend freien wissenschaftlichen Bestrebungen. Im Sommer 1815 preußischer Unterthan geworden, hatte er zum dreijährigen Militärdienste so wenig Neigung, daß er lieber seine Naturphilosophie eine Zeitlang theologischen Privatstunden aufopferte, die ihm bald ein theologisches Examen und mit dem 19. Jahre eine Anstellung als Pfarrer zu erlangen, möglich machten. Doch kehrte er nach nicht langer Zeit zu seinen Lieblingsstudien zurück, und ward sogar, ohne Neigung für dies Lehrfach, Prorector am Pädagogium zu Dillenburg. 1827 wurde er von der nassauischen Regierung zum Prorector am Pädagogium zu Wiesbaden und, da er diese Stelle nicht antrat, zum Director des Schullehrerseminars zu Idstein erwählt; unmittelbar darauf aber, seinem Wunsche gemäß, zugleich von Preußen und Hessendarmstadt zu einer akademischen Stellung berufen. Daher ging er auch, nach einem halben Jahre, im Herbste 1828 als Professor der Staatswissenschaft und Geschichte nach Gießen und kehrte — im Jahre 1832 als Oberstudien- und Schulrath eine Zeit lang in Darmstadt für Schulreform wirksam — 1835 dahin zurück, wo er als geheimer Regierungsrath, Doctor und ordentlicher Professor der Philosophie lebt. Seine Schriften sind:

Kurzgefaßte Schreibungslehre der deutschen Sprache. Herborn, 1821. 2. Aufl. 1828.
Deutsche Sprachlehre für Gelehrtenschulen. Herborn, 1822. (Zu Cassel, 1837. 2. Aufl.)
Elementarlehre der deutschen Sprache nach naturgemäßer Methode. Hadamar, 1822.
Ursprachlehre. Frankfurt, 1826.
Deutsche Sprachlehre nach neuer wissenschaftlicher Begründung. Frankfurt, 1828.
Methodik des Sprachunterrichts. Frankf., 1829.
Die Jahreszeiten, lyrisch-didaktisches Gedicht. Frankfurt, 1820.
Ueber das Schicksal und die Bestimmung der Geister. Wiesbaden, 1819.
Kurzes deutsches Wörterbuch. Darmstadt, 1837. 2. Aufl.
Geschichte der Deutschen. Herborn, 1824. 2. Aufl. 1836.
Grundriß der politischen und historischen Wissenschaften. Gießen, 1830—32. 3 Bde.
Ueber den Character und die Aufgaben unserer Zeit in Beziehung auf Staat und Staatswissenschaft. Gießen, 1832.
Zwölf Bücher vom Staate. Gießen, 1839. 1. Bd.
Ueber das Cultur- und Schulwesen. Gießen, 1839. (gegen Fr. Thiersch's Angriffe).
1. Bd. (gegen Fr. Thiersch's Angriffe). Frankfurt, 1824.
Die Lehre von der Satzzeichnung.
Die 3. Auflage von Roth's „Anfangsgründe der deutschen Sprachlehre." Gießen, 1823.
Methodik des Sprachunterrichts. Frankf., 1828.
Die Main-Weser-Eisenbahn. Gießen, 1836.

Einer der ausgezeichnetſten und ſcharfſinnigſten deutſchen philoſophiſchen Sprachforſcher, hat S. ſowohl in ſeinen Schriften über die Sprache und deren Wiſſenſchaft, wie in ſeinen publiciſtiſchen Arbeiten höchſt eigenthümliche und bedeutende Anſichten entwickelt, welche in dem ganzen Umfange ihrer Wichtigkeit vollſtändig vielleicht erſt von der Nachwelt gewürdigt werden können, ihm aber bereits ein hohes wiſſenſchaftliches Anſehen bei ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen mit vollkommenem Recht erworben haben.

Benjamin Schmolck

ward am 21. December 1672 zu Brauchitſchdorf bei Liegnitz geboren, beſuchte die Schule zu Lauban und ſtudirte in Leipzig Theologie. Bei ſeiner Rückkehr ſeinem Vater ſubſtituirt, der in Brauchitſchdorf Pfarrer war, ging er 1702 als Diaconus nach Schweidnitz, wurde dort 1707 Archidiaconus, 1712 Senior des Miniſteriums und 1714 Oberprediger, zugleich Kirchen- und Schulinſpector. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 12. Februar 1737. Die Titel ſeiner geiſtlichen Schriften ſind:

Heilige Flammen der himmliſch geſinnten Seele. Striegau, 1704. 3 Aufl. 1706.
Geiſtlicher Rauchweihrauch. Striegau, 1706.
Luſtiger Sabbath in der Stille zu Zion. Jauer, 1712.
Roſen nach den Dornen. Jauer, 1714.
Mara und Manna. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1715.
Das in gebundenen Seufzern mit Gott verbundene Herz. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1715.
Eines andächtigen Herzens Schmuck und Aſche. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1716 und 1717.
Eines andächtigen Chriſten heilige Andachtsflammen. Budiſſin, 1717.
Geiſtlicher Wanderſtab des Sionitiſchen Pilgers. Schweidnitz und Jauer, 1718.
Freudenöl in Traurigkeit. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1720.
Saitenſpiel des Herzens am Tage des Herrn. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1720.
Andächtiger Herzen Betaltar. Hirſchberg, 1720.
Schöne Kleider für einen betrübten Geiſt. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1723.
Bochim und Elim. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1724.
Klage und Reigen. Breslau und Liegnitz, 1725.
Schriften. Tübingen, 1740—44. 2 Thle.

Vorzüglich als geiſtlicher Liederdichter erwarb ſich S. zu ſeiner Zeit einen ausgezeichneten Ruf, der ſich jedoch im Allgemeinen nicht lange erhielt. Es fehlte ihm durchaus nicht an Talent in Behandlung der Form und der Sprache, aber ſeine Begeiſterung quoll nicht aus ſeinem Innerſten, ſondern ward mühſam von dem Verſtande erkünſtelt; deshalb gefiel er ſich auch vorzüglich in ſüßlicher Ziererei und Bilderprunk, dem falſchen Geſchmack ſeiner Tage vor Allem huldigend und in leidiger Affectation das Wahre ſuchend, von dem er ſich gerade dadurch am Meiſten entfernte. Folgende Probe wird das Geſagte beſtätigen.

Himmliſcher Sinn.

Himmel an geht unſre Bahn,
Wir ſind Gäſte nur auf Erden,
Bis wir dort in Kanaan
Durch die Wüſte kommen werden.
Hier iſt unſer Pilgrimsſtand,
Droben unſer Vaterland.

Himmel an ſchwing dich, mein Geiſt!
Denn du biſt ein himmliſch Weſen,
Und kannſt das, was irdiſch heißt,
Nicht zu deinem Zweck erleſen.
Ein von Gott erleuchter Sinn
Kehrt in ſeinen Urſprung hin.

Himmel an! ruft er mir zu,
Wenn ich ihn im Worte höre;
Das weiſt mir den Ort der Ruh,
Wo ich einmal hin gehöre.
Wenn mich dieſes Wort bewahrt,
Halt ich eine Himmelfahrt.

Himmel an! denk' ich allzeit,
Wenn er mir die Tafel decket,
Und mein Geiſt hier allbereit
Eine Kraft des Himmels ſchmecket.
Nach der Koſt im Jammerthal
Folgt des Lammes Hochzeitmahl.

Himmel an! Mein Glaube zeigt
Mir das ſchöne Loos von ferne,
Daß mein Herz ſchon aufwärts ſteigt
Ueber Sonne, Mond und Sterne;
Denn ihr Licht iſt viel zu klein
Gegen jenen Glanz und Schein.

Himmel an wird mich der Tod
In die rechte Heimath führen,
Da ich über alle Noth
Ewig werde triumphiren.
Jeſus geht mir ſelbſt voran,
Daß ich freudig folgen kann.

Himmel an! ach Himmel an!
Das ſoll meine Loſung bleiben.
Ich will allen eitlen Wahn
Durch die Himmelsluſt vertreiben.
Himmel an ſteht nur mein Sinn,
Bis ich in dem Himmel bin.

Ludwig Schnabel

ſtarb zwiſchen 1760—1780. Er war Kammerſecretär zu Stolberg am Harz. Sein Dichtername iſt Giſander. Weiter iſt Nichts über ſeine Lebensumſtände bekannt. — Er ſchrieb:

Wunderliche Fata einiger Seefahrer, abſonderlich Alberti Julii, eines Sachſen. 4 Thle. Nordhauſen, 1731—43, neu: 1768. Halberſtadt, 1772. (Auszug in Reichards Bibliothek der Romane, Thl. 2. Seite 183). Neue Bearb. unter dem Titel: die Inſel Felſenburg, von C. K. André. 3 Thle. Gotha, 1788—90; von K. Lappe. Nürnberg, 1823; von Ludw. Tieck. 6 Bde. Breslau, 1827. Eine gänzliche Umarbeitung lieferte Oehlenſchläger.
Der aus dem Monde gefallene und nachher zur Sonne des Glücks geſtiegene Prinz. Frankfurt, 1750.

Unter den Robinſonaden des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, welche namentlich in Deutſchland ſo großen Anklang fanden, iſt S's Werk unſtreitig das gelungenſte deutſche Product, obwohl es zur ſelben Zeit auch als ein höchſt getreuer Abdruck des falſchen und überladenen Geſchmackes, ſo wie der kleinlichen Weltanſicht jener Periode erſcheint. Der Verfaſſer beſaß ein friſches poetiſches Talent, eine lebendige Phantaſie und eine reiche poſitive Bildung und wußte dieſe glücklichen Mittel mit Geſchick zu verwenden. Allgemeiner Beifall krönte daher dieſe Arbeit. S's zweiter Roman, in welchem dagegen die damals ſo beliebte didactiſche und moraliſche Tendenz, die ſich in der Inſel Felſenburg bereits ziemlich breit macht, zu ſehr hervortrat, machte nicht ein ſolches Glück. —

Eulogius Schneider,

gräßlichen Andenkens, ward zu Wipfeld im Würzburgiſchen am 20. October 1756 geboren. Er ſtudirte zu Würzburg, ward in Bamberg Franciscaner und 1786 als Hofprediger des Herzogs von Würtemberg angeſtellt. Durch ſeinen leidenſchaftlichen Sinn der Gnade dieſes Fürſten und ſeiner Stelle verluſtig, fand er bei dem bücherliebenden Kurfürſten von Cöln die wärmſte Aufnahme mit der doppelten Anſtellung als Pfarrer und Profeſſor zu Bonn, die er 1789 antrat, doch nur kurze Zeit verwaltete, bis die franzöſiſche Revolution ſeine furchtbaren Sympathien weckte und ihn von Kanzel und Katheder auf die Guillotine rief. Kein Franzoſe mißbrauchte die ihm verliehene Gewalt ſo ſchrecklich, wie Schneider, ſeit er 1791 Vicar des conſtitutionellen Biſchofs von Straßburg, 1792 Maire zu Hagenau und zuletzt Civilcommiſſär bei der Armee vom Elſaß geworden war. Endlich ward er, ſelbſt dem Convent ein Abſcheu, am 20. December 1793 nach Paris gebracht, wo er am 1. April 1794 unter dem Fallbeil ſtarb. Seine Schriften ſind:

- **Gedichte.** Frankfurt a. M., 1790. 5. Aufl. 1813.
- **Der Guckkaſten, komiſches Gedicht** (aus ſeinem Nachlaß). Lingen, 1795.
- **Die erſten Grundſätze der ſchönen Künſte überhaupt und der ſchönen Schreibart insbeſondere.** Bonn, 1790.

Wollte man von ſeinen Gedichten auf den Menſchen ſchließen, ſo möchte man S. für einen der trefflichſten, für das Große und Schöne, für Gott und die Menſchheit begeiſterten Männer halten, denn ſeine Poeſieen athmen innige Frömmigkeit, tiefes Gefühl und feurige Empfindung und erwarben ihm zu ſeiner Zeit einen nicht geringen Ruf.

Friedrich Johann Aloys Schneider,

am 12. April 1752 zu Brüx geboren, ward zuerſt Lehrer am Gymnaſium der Kleinſeite von Prag und darauf katholiſcher Prediger zu Leipzig. Der Ruf ſeiner Beredſamkeit brachte ihn 1792 an die Dresdner Hofcapelle; 1798 ward er ſogar zum kurfürſtlichen Beichtvater ernannt. 1800 ging er als apoſtoliſcher Vicar nach Poſen, ward 1807 Doctor der Theologie und Domherr daſelbſt, 1811 Domherr zu Cracau, 1815 Comthur des königlichen Civilverdienſtordens und beſchloß ſein bewegtes Leben als Biſchof von Argos, am 22. December 1818. Er war als Exjeſuit und liberaler Katholik bekannt und ſchrieb:

- **Gebet- und Erbauungsbuch für kathol. Chriſten.** Dresden, 1806. 4. Aufl. 1821.
- **Der Chriſt in den verſchiedenen Verhältniſſen ſeines Lebens.** Leipzig, 1804.
- **Kurze Betrachtungen über die Leidensgeſchichte.** Leipzig, 1808. 2. Aufl. 1810.
- **Predigten,** herausgegeben von Ignaz Cunitz. Prag, 1830—1834. 8 Thle.

Klarheit, Gedankenreichthum, Adel und Freiheit der Geſinnung, trefflicher Styl und echte Wärme des Gefühls weiſen S. einen ſehr hohen Rang unter den beſten katholiſchen deutſchen Kanzelrednern an.

Kunz Schneider, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Julius Franz Borgias Schneller

ward 1777 zu Straßburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Freiburg, zuerſt beſonders Mathematik, dann die Rechte. 1796 focht er in den Reihen der Studirenden, die ſein Aufgebot mit dem Landſturm vereinigt hatte, bei Wagenſtatt gegen Moreau; im Zorn über den Sieg des Feindes ging er nach Wien. Hier ſtudirte er viele Sprachen und wagte ſich, durch Kotzebue angeregt, mit mehreren Stücken nicht ohne Glück auf die Bretter, die damals unter Jenes gewandter Leitung blühten. 1802 ſah er als Begleiter eines Adeligen Paris, London, Belgrad und Venedig und erkannte durch dieſe Reiſe klar ſeinen inneren Beruf zur Geſchichte, deren Lehrſtuhl er bald nach ſeiner Rückkehr in Linz, und 1806 in Grätz beſtieg. Die Freimüthigkeit, mit der er ſtets, in Rede und Schrift, für Deutſchland gewirkt und gehofft hatte, zog ihm ſeit 1816 Verdächtigungen und Cenſurbeſchwerden zu, die ihn bewogen, 1823 nach 20jährigem glücklichem Aufenthalt Oeſterreich zu verlaſſen und das Lehramt der Philoſophie in Freiburg anzunehmen. Grätz ſchenkte dem Scheidenden das Bürgerrecht. Er ſtarb als Doctor und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie zu Freiburg am 13. Mai 1833.

- **Ueber Preußens Demarcationslinie.** 1795.
- **Vitellia,** Trauerſpiel. } zu Wien gegeben.
- **Die Gefangenſchaft,** Luſtſp. } zu Wien gegeben.
- **Weltgeſchichte.** 4 Bde. Grätz, 1810—12. 4 Thle. neue Ausg. 1824.
- **Böhmens Schickſale und Thatkraft vor dem Verein mit Ungarn, Oeſterreich und Steiermark.** Grätz, 1817.
- **Oeſterreichs und Steiermarks Thatkraft vor dem Verein mit Ungarn, Böhmen und unter ſich.** Grätz, 1818.
- **Bundesanbeginn von Ungarn, Böhmen, Oeſterreich und Steiermark.** Grätz, 1819.
- **Geiſt des Jahrhunderts im Kaiſerthum Oeſterreich.** (Preisſchrift).

Weiblichkeit, ein Sonettenkranz. Wien, 1822. 2. Aufl.
Ueber den Einfluß der Weltgeſchichte auf die Philoſophie. Freiburg, 1824.
Sündenbabel und Krähwinkel, (von Julius Belor.)
Ueber den Zuſammenhang der Philoſophie mit der Weltgeſchichte. Freiburg, 1825.
Geſchichte Böhmens. Dresden, 1827. 2 Bdchen.
Geſchichte der Menſchheit. Dresden, 1828.
Der Menſch und die Geſchichte. Dresden, 1828.
Oeſterreichs Einfluß auf Deutſchland und Europa ſeit der Reformation bis zu den Revolutionen unſerer Tage. Stuttgart, 1828—29. 2 Bde.
Hinterlaſſene Werke. Leipz. und Stuttg., 1831—35. 4 Bde.
Chateaubriand's Werke, überſ. Freib., 1823—29. 52 Thle.
Staatengeſchichte Oeſterreichs. Grätz, 1820. 5 Thle.
Geſchichte der Architectur. Dresden, 1828.
Geſchichte Ungarns. Dresden, 1830. 1. Band.
Geſchichte des Weltlaufs und Zeitgeiſts. Dresd., 1830. 1. Thl.

Gründliches Wiſſen, lebendige Phantaſie, Scharfſinn und eine freie Weltanſicht zeichnen S. als Dichter, wie als Hiſtoriker ſehr vortheilhaft aus. Seine Werke über Oeſterreich, namentlich die Schrift über den Einfluß dieſes Reiches ſeit der Reformation machten großes Aufſehn zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens, und erwarben ihm, wenn gleich von der Gegenpartei heftig angegriffen, großes und wohlverdientes Lob. Unter ſeinen poetiſchen Arbeiten ſind vorzüglich die didactiſchen und ſatyriſchen als die gelungenſten zu betrachten.

Balthaſar Schnurr (von Lendſidel),

geboren den 24. Februar 1572 zu Lendſidel in Franken, Paſtor zu Hengſtfeld in Franken, ſtarb 1644. Er iſt nach neuerer Forſchung nur der ſpätere Herausgeber des ſchon vor ihm im Druck erſchienenen Mückenkrieges. Der wahre Verfaſſer, des ihm früher gewöhnlich zugeſchriebenen, weiter unten ausführlich genannten Buches war:

Hans Chriſtoph Fuchs,

Paſtor und Senior zu Wallenburg und Arreſchwang in Franken, der im 16. Jahrhundert lebte.

Jenes Buch iſt: Muckenkrieg. Schmalkalden, 1580 u. ſ. — Von Schnurr herausgegeben: Straßburg, 1612. — Neu herausgegeben, von J. G. Büſching, Leipzig, 1806, und mit den Varianten der Schnurrſchen Bearbeitung, von F. W. Genthe. Eisleben, 1833.

Das Ganze iſt eine deutſche Bearbeitung von Theofilo Folengo's (Merlino Cocaio) makaroniſchem Gedichte Moscaea, welche dem Original ſehr nachſteht, und an der Geſchmackloſigkeit und Weitſchweifigkeit ihres Zeitalters leidet. Näheres ſiehe in Genthe's Einleitung zu der von ihm beſorgten Ausgabe.

Johann Georg Schoch,

geboren zu Anfang des 17. Jahrhunderts, lebte als Advocat zu Naumburg. Er dichtete ſehr früh und nahm unter dem Namen des Grünenden an der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft Theil. Seine ferneren Lebensverhältniſſe und ſein Todesjahr ſind unbekannt.

Comödie vom Studentenleben. Leipzig, 1657. 68.
Neuerbauter poetiſcher Luſt- und Blumengarten. Leipzig, 1660.
Neuerfundene Kriegs- und Friedensſchäferei. Leipzig, 1661.
Weihrauchsbaum und Sonnenblume. Leipzig, 1662.

Seine gelungenſte Arbeit iſt ſeine Komödie, welche das Leben und Treiben der deutſchen Studenten im 17. Jahrhundert ohne dramatiſche Regelmäßigkeit in einer Reihe loſe mit einander verknüpfter Situationen ſchildert, und bei mancher Breite und Plattheit doch auch manches wahrhaft Komiſche enthält.

Chriſtoph Otto Freiherr von Schönaich

ward am 12. Juni 1725 zu Amtitz in der Niederlauſitz geboren, trat in Kriegsdienſte, entſagte aber früh wieder der militäriſchen Laufbahn, um allein den Muſen zu leben. Er ward von Gottſched's Bewunderung am 18. Julius 1752 zu Leipzig feierlich zum Dichter gekrönt, doch hierdurch ſo wenig gegen den Tadel ſehr ſchlechter Poeſie gewahret, als durch die Anfeindungen der ſchweizeriſchen Schule, durch die er ſich ſeinem Leipziger Gönner verpflichtete. Als kurſächſiſcher Hauptmann und Prälat, auch Domherr zu Altbrandenburg, Freiherr zu Carolath-Beuthen, Senior der fürſtlich gräflichen und freiherrlichen Linie derer von Schönaich und Majoratsherr zu Amtitz lebte er daſelbſt, bis ihn am 15. November 1807 ein ſpäter Tod abrief. Seine Schriften ſind:

Herrmann oder das befreite Deutſchland, Heldengedicht. Leipzig, 1751, 4. Aufl. 1805.
Verſuch in der tragiſchen Dichtkunſt. Leipzig, 1754.
Heinrich der Vogler, oder die gedämpften Hunnen, Heldengedicht. Breslau, 1757.
Oden, Satiren, Briefe und Nachahmungen. Leipzig, 1761.
Montezuma. Trauerſpiel. Königsberg, 1763.

So ſehr Gottſched ſich auch bemühte, S. dem Publikum als einen deutſchen Homer und Virgil vorzuführen und ihn höher als Taſſo und Arioſt zu ſtellen, ſo dauerte ſein poetiſcher Ruhm doch nur ſehr kurze Zeit, trotz dem daß ſein Gönner geglaubt hatte, durch ihn Klopſtock in den Hintergrund drängen zu können, und ſeine glatten und geiſtloſen Reimereien ſanken ſehr bald in gänzliche Vergeſſenheit.

Gottlob Fr. Ernſt von Schönborn,

den 14. September 1737 zu Stolberg geboren, war zuerſt Sekretär des trefflichen Grafen Bernſtorf zu Copenhagen, ging dann 1774 als königlich däniſcher Conſulatsſecretär nach Algier, 1777 als Legationsſecretär nach London und privatiſirte als Etatsrath und Danebrogritter zu Emkendorf, wo er am 29. Januar 1817 ſtarb.

Gedichte: im göttinger Muſenalmanach, im deutſchen Muſeum, der ſchleswiger Sammlung von Merkwürdigkeiten der Literatur, u. a.

S. Mathiſſons Anthologie. 6. Bd.

Vgl. über ihn: Schönborn und ſeine Zeitgenoſſen von J. R. Hamburg, 1836.

S. hat mehr practiſch im Leben und durch ſeinen Umgang auf ſeine Freunde gewirkt als durch eigene Schriften; ſeine Gedichte, in welchen er ſich den gramiſirenden Beſtrebungen des Göttinger Dichterbundes anſchließt, athmen Scharfſinn, reges Gefühl und Begeiſterung, ohne ſich jedoch über die damaligen Leiſtungen zu erheben.

Friedrich Chriſtian Ludwig Schöne

ward am 10. Februar 1779 zu Hildesheim geboren, ſtudirte Arzneiwiſſenſchaft, war 1813 Director des großen Militärlazareths in Stolberg und lebt als Dr. der Medicin, Hofrath und praktiſcher Arzt zu Stralſund.

Fauſt. Tragödie. Berlin, 1809.

Fortſetzung von Goethes Fauſt. Berlin, 1822.

Die Macht der Leidenſchaft. Berlin, 1818.

Guſtav Adolfs Tod. Trauerſpiel. Berlin, 1818.

Seine Trauerſpiele, namentlich die Fortſetzung von Goethe's Fauſt, zeugen von Talent in Behandlung der Form und Sprache, ermangeln aber der Tiefe und Kraft und ſind daher im Ganzen wenig bekannt geworden.

Johanna Schopenhauer

ward 1770 zu Danzig geboren, genoß im Hauſe ihres Vaters, des Senators Troſina, eine ausgezeichnete Erziehung, die an der Seite ihres Gatten, des Banquiers H. F. Schopenhauer, durch weite Reiſen vollendet ward. Als Danzig 1793 preußiſch wurde, zogen ſie nach Hamburg den angenehmſten Verhältniſſen entgegen. Dennoch traten Beide 1803 ihre zweite große Reiſe an; nach 3 Jahren, als ſie nach Hamburg heimkehrten, ſtarb ihr Gemahl. Daher wandte ſie ſich 1806 nach Weimar, wo ſie bis 1828 lebte. Sie war auch als Miniaturmalerin, von Auguſtin in Paris unterrichtet, ausgezeichnet. Später ließ ſie ſich in Bonn nieder, zog jedoch, von dem regierenden Großherzoge von Weimar eingeladen, im Jahre 1837 nach Jena und ſtarb daſelbſt am 16. April 1838. —

K. L. Fernow's Leben. Tübingen 1810.

Erinnerungen von einer Reiſe durch England, Schottland und das ſüdliche Frankreich. Rudolſtadt, 1813—17. 3 Thle. 2. Ausg. 1818.

Novellen. Rudolſtadt, 1816.
Ausflucht an den Rhein. Leipzig, 1818.
Gabriele. Leipzig, 1819. 20. 3 Thle.
Johann von Eyck. Frankfurt, 1822. 2 Thle.
Die Tante. Frankfurt, 1822. 2 Thle.
Erzählungen. Frankfurt, 1825—28. 8 Thle.
Sidonia. Frankfurt, 1827. 3 Thle.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Leipzig, 1830. 24 Thle.
Nachlaß. Herausgegeben von ihrer Tochter. Braunſchweig, 1839.

Feiner Geſchmack, hohe geiſtige Bildung, Reichthum der Erfahrung, ſeltene Beobachtungsgabe und warmes echt weibliches Gefühl, befähigten Joh. S. vor vielen anderen ſchriftſtellernden Frauen die Feder zu ergreifen und die Reſultate ihres reichen Lebens in ihren Romanen und Novellen, ſo wie in ihren Reiſebeſchreibungen niederzulegen. Mit einem ausgezeichneten Styl verband ſie eine treffliche Characterzeichnung und ſeltene Sauberkeit in der Ausführung der Situationen. Dadurch, daß ſie namentlich bei Frauen der höheren Kreiſe entſchieden auf die Nothwendigkeit harmoniſcher Durchbildung des Geiſtes wie des Gemüthes innerhalb des Familienlebens hinwies, hat ſie höchſt ſegensreich gewirkt und ſich reiche dankbare Anerkennung erworben, welche ſie noch lange überleben wird. —

Haß und Liebe.

An den reichen, rebenumkränzten Ufern der prächtigen Garonne blühte im fürſtlichen Glanze Jahrhunderte hindurch das edle Haus des Grafen von Arzaban, deſſen letzter trüber Sprößling ich bin. In ununterbrochner glänzender Reihe vererbten ſein Anſehen im Lande, ſeine mit jedem Jahre ſich mehrenden Reichthümer vom Vater zum erſtgebornen Sohne. Die jüngern Söhne waren zu Folge uralter Familienverträge blos an die Milde des älteſten Bruders gewieſen, ſie mußten den Freuden einer glücklichen Ehe entſagen und im Felde der Ehre oder im Dienſte der Kirche ihr eignes Fortkommen ſuchen. So nahm der alte Stamm fortwährend an Macht und Anſehen zu, ſeine Beſitzungen verbreiteten ſich ins Unüberſehliche; zahlreiche Dörfer, Städtchen und Schlöſſer ruhten in ſeinem gewaltigen Schatten, denn keine Nebenſprößlinge durften ſeiner Wurzel entkeimen und einen Theil ihrer Kraft ihm entziehen.

Mein Aeltervater war der einzige Sohn ſeiner Eltern, und der Glanz ſeines Hauſes hatte zu ſeiner Zeit den höchſten Gipfel erreicht. Er ſelbſt lebte in fürſtlicher Pracht, wie es bei ſeinen großen Reichthümern ihm ziemte; ſein Herz war groß, ſeine Hand ſtets bereit, Wohlthaten zu ſpenden, kein Hülfebedürfender ging ungetröſtet von ihm weg, und dennoch überſtieg alljährig ſeine Einnahme bei weitem die Ausgabe. Sein Reichthum mehrte ſich täglich, denn er haßte jede zweckloſe Verſchwendung, und blieb nach dem ruhmwürdigen Beiſpiele ſeiner Vorfahren auf ſeiner Burg, in der Mitte der Seinen. Er mied gern den üppigen Hof, welchen damals Katharina von Medizis um ſich her verſammelte, um durch deſſen Glanz wo möglich ihre Zeitgenoſſen gegen die Greuel zu verblenden, welche ihr Andenken bei der ſpäteſten Nachwelt mit unauslöſchlicher Schande ewig brandmarken werden.

Mehr noch als alle übrigen Güter, die in ſolchem Uebermaaße ihm geſpendet waren, beglückte meinen Aeltervater der Beſitz einer liebenswerthen, innigſt geliebten Gattin. Sie war die Krone ſeines Lebens, und beide ſahen mit frohen Erwartungen dem Zeitpunkt entgegen, in welchem die Geburt eines Erben ihrem Glücke das Einzige zu gewähren verſprach, was ihm noch abging. Doch was iſt die Hoffnung des Sterblichen! Spreu, die im Winde verfliegt.

Keiner ſteht auf Erden ſo hoch, daß nicht die Hand eines feindlichen Geſchicks ihn erreichen könne. Auch mein Aeltervater wußte dieſes erfahren. Seine Gemahlin gab Zwillingsſöhnen das Leben, und ſchloß dann ihr Auge auf immer.

Alle Liebe ſeines weichen reichen Gemüths wandte von nun an der troſtloſe Gatte ſeinen verwaiſeten Söhnen zu, ſie waren ſein Glück, ſeine Welt, ſein Alles auf Erden. Die Knaben wuchſen rüſtig heran, ihre Schönheit gewann aller Herzen, die vollkommenſte Gleichheit ihrer Züge, ihrer Geſtalt, ihres ganzen Weſens machte ſie zum Wunder der Gegend umher. Jeder von ihnen war der genaueſte Abdruck des Andern, nur Ein Herz ſchien in Beider Bruſt zu ſchlagen, Ein Geiſt Beide zu beleben. Jeder wußte, was der andere dachte, lange eh' es ausgeſprochen ward, keiner vermochte ſich zu freuen, wenn ſein Bruder die Freude nicht mit ihm theilte. So wandelten ſie ſtets Hand in Hand und wünſchten nichts weiter, als ſo auch durch's Leben zu gehen.

Die Eintracht der Söhne war des Vaters höchſte Freude, kaum wußte ſein Auge Einen von dem Andern zu unterſcheiden, ſein Herz aber wußte dieſes noch weniger, er liebte Beide unausſprechlich; doch keiner war ihm der liebſte.

So kam die Zeit, in welcher der Jüngere der Brüder ſich für die Kirche oder den Degen entſcheiden mußte. Bitterer Schmerz ergriff den Vater bei dem Gedanken an die von nun an eintretende Verſchiedenheit der Beſtimmung ſeiner Lieblinge. Beide waren in der nämlichen Stunde, mit den nämlichen Anſprüchen ins Leben getreten, und nun ſollte nur einer von ihnen der Güter ſich erfreuen, zu denen, nach den Geſetzen der, keinen Unterſchied dieſer Art anerkennenden Natur, dem Vater Beide gleich berechtigt ſchienen. Sein Herz empörte ſich dagegen, aber er gewann es doch über ſich, ſeine Söhne mit ihrer künftigen ſo verſchiedenen Lage bekannt zu machen, an die keiner von ihnen jemals gedacht hatte. Zugleich forderte er den jüngſten Sohn auf, zwiſchen dem Stande eines Kriegers oder dem eines Geiſtlichen zu wählen.

Gleiches Entſetzen ſprach ſich bei dieſer Eröffnung in den Zügen des älteren Sohnes aus. Mit Thränen, mit heißem Flehen, mit jener unwiderſtehlichen Beredſamkeit, die aus dem Herzen kommt, drang er in den Vater, das überreiche Erbtheil zwiſchen ihm und ſeinem Bruder zu theilen. Mit Entzücken ſchloß der alte Graf den Sohn in die Arme, der dem verborgenſten heißeſten Wunſche ſeines Herzens ſo liebevoll entgegen zu kommen wußte.

Die nöthigen Einrichtungen wurden bald darauf getroffen. Der Antheil an den väterlichen Beſitzungen, welchen der Aelteſte erhielt, blieb noch immer ſo bedeutend, daß er den Namen Artaban mit Ehren und unvermindertem Glanze fortzuführen vermochte. Der jüngere Bruder ward Marquis von Luſſan genannt, und wurde ebenfalls begütert genug, um ein, ſeinem Range und Stande angemeſſenes Leben ſorgenfrei und ehrenvoll zu führen. Beide Brüder vermählten ſich bald darauf mit zwei Schweſtern aus einem ebenbürtigen Hauſe.

Der Vater blieb noch lange ein ſeliger Zeuge der nie getrübten Eintracht ſeiner Söhne, und ihres ſeltnen, auf reine Jugendliebe gegründeten häuslichen Glücks, ehe er in ſehr hohem Alter in ihren Armen zu ſeinen Vätern hinüber ſchlummerte.

Der Tod des alten Grafen führte keine Veränderung in dem gegenſeitigen Verhältniſſe der Brüder herbei; ihre Beſitzungen gränzten an einander, ſie ſahen ſich täglich, und lebten oft Wochen lang im nämlichen Haushalte bei einander. Jedem von ihnen war noch bei Lebzeiten ihres Vaters nur ein Sohn geboren, übrigens blieb Beider Ehe kinderlos. Die Knaben waren im Alter einander vollkommen gleich, und die Väter wünſchten nichts ſehnlicher, als die brüderliche Liebe, welche ihnen Beide von Jugend auf eine Quelle unſäglichen Glückes geweſen war, auch ihren Söhnen, als ſchönſtes reichſtes Erbe einſt zu hinterlaſſen.

Um dieſen lobenswerthen Zweck zu erreichen, beſchloſſen ſie, ihre Söhne von der früheſten Kindheit an in der engſten Gemeinſchaft mit einander aufwachſen zu laſſen, vollkommen ſo, als ob ſie wirklich Brüder wären.

Die Knaben bewohnten das nämliche Zimmer, dieſelben Lehrer wurden Beiden zugegeben, unzertrennlich in ihren Arbeitsſtunden, wie bei ihren Vergnügungen, erhielt keiner den mindeſten Vorzug vor dem andern. So hatten ihre Väter ihre beglückte Jugend mit einander zugebracht und ihre gegenſeitige Zuneigung war mit jedem Tage gewachſen; ſo hofften ſie auch, durch Gewöhnung die Liebe ihren Söhnen mitzutheilen, durch welche die Natur einſt ſie ſelbſt von ihrem erſten Athemzuge an, auf das innigſte mit einander verzweigt hatte.

Doch leider darf der Menſch, der Staubgeborne, nur ſelten ungeſtraft es wagen, der Natur auf ihren dunkeln geheimnißvollen Wegen nachſchreiten zu wollen. Das erfuhren die beiden Brüder. Sie beabſichtigten das Beſte, und brachten das Fürchterlichſte hervor; ſie wollten Liebe den jungen Herzen ihrer Kinder einpflanzen, und legten damit den Keim zum bitterſten Haß, zu tödtlicher Verfeindung, welche die zeitlebens entzweite, die ſie, ohne die Natur dabei zu befragen, beſtimmt hatten, in treuer Anhänglichkeit einander ewig ergeben zu ſein.

Nicht jene Gleichheit des Gemüthes, der Geſtalt, der geiſtigen Anlagen war den Söhnen zu Theil geworden, welche Jeden der beiden Väter, von früher Jugend an bis ins graue Alter, zum Spiegelbilde des Andern gemacht hatte. Der junge Luſſan allein war im Aeußern wie im Innern das Ebenbild deſſen, was die Zwillingsbrüder in ihrer Jugend geweſen waren. Die Leichtigkeit, mit der er ſowohl in ritterlichen Uebungen, als in den Stunden ernſteren wiſſenſchaftlichen Unterrichts ſich auszeichnete, erwarb ihm täglich neues Lob und die innigſte Zuneigung ſeiner Lehrer. Seine, aus der Tiefe eines edlen Gemüths entſpringende Freundlichkeit, ſelbſt gegen den geringſten der Diener, ſeine ſchöne hohe Geſtalt, die über ſein ganzes Weſen verbreitete Anmuth, die Beſcheidenheit, mit der er ſo viele innre und äußre Vorzüge zu tragen wußte, machten ihn zum vorgezognen Liebling Aller, die ihm nahten.

Anders ſtand es um den jungen Artaban. Nicht nur im Aeußern hatte die Natur ihn weit ſtiefmütterlicher behandelt als ſeinen Vetter, ſie hatte ihm auch jene ſchnelle Faſſungsgabe, jene angeborne Leichtheit und Grazie in ſeinen Bewegungen verſagt, die dem jungen Luſſan alles das erleichterten, was dem jungen Artaban unendlich ſchwer ward zu erringen. Der Stolz des Letztern verleitete dieſen, jedes Lob, was ſeinem Vetter ertheilt wurde, als eine, ihm ſelbſt erzeigte Ungerechtigkeit zu empfinden. Er ſah mit ſchmerzlichem, innern Widerſtreben, wie ſehr er hinter dem überall Vorgezogenen zurückbleiben mußte, und ſein ſtörriger und harter Sinn ſuchte dieſes auf die abſtoßendſte Weiſe an jedem zu rächen, der ihm in den Weg kam. Die natürliche Folge davon war, daß er überall geflohen ward, während man ſeinen Nebenbuhler freudig aufſuchte; und ſo entſtand nach und nach die grimmigſte Eiferſucht in ſeinem jungen Gemüth, und ging bald in verzehrenden Haß, in tiefe Erbitterung gegen den über, welchen er als den Urheber aller dieſer ihm erzeigten Unbill betrachtete. Er war noch zu jung, um ſo wilde Leidenſchaften in ſeinem Innern verſchließen zu können; ſie äußerten ſich täglich auf die empörendſte Weiſe; er häufte abſichtlich Beleidigung auf Beleidigung gegen den ihm tödtlich Verhaßten, ſuchte und fand immer neue Veranlaſſungen zum Streit, und wurde faſt jedesmal dafür von ſeinen Eltern und Lehrern nach Verdienſt beſtraft. Dieſe Strafen erbitterten ihn noch mehr, weil er ſie als Ungerechtigkeiten anſah, und ſo ſchlugen Neid, Haß, Durſt nach Rache immer tiefere Wurzeln in dem jungen Herzen, indem ſie es jeder ſanften Empfindung verſchloſſen.

Heftiger gereizt als jemals, brach er einſt in der Einſamkeit in laute Klagen, in heftige Verwünſchungen ſeines Schickſals aus, und ſchwur ſeinem Todfeinde ewige Rache. Da trat zu ihm zur übl[illegible]tunde ein alter Hausintendant ſeines Vaters, ſeit langen [illegible]en wohl vertraut mit allen Angelegenheiten der Familie, ein kriechendes Weſen, das von jeher ſuchte, um des eignen Vortheils willen ſeinem Herrn auf jede Weiſe zu ſchmeicheln. Dieſer Menſch war der einzige im Hauſe, der in tiefer Unterthänigkeit dem jungen Artaban in allem Recht gab, weil er in ihm ſchon ſeinen künftigen Gebieter verehren zu müſſen glaubte, und daher auch von dieſem wohl gelitten. Er eilte auch jetzt, ſeinen jungen Herrn zu beruhigen, und zwar auf die allerkräftigſte Weiſe, indem er ihn auf die Zeit hin vertröſtete, in der er einſt unumſchränkt auf ſeinen Gütern gebieten würde.

Erwartet dieſen glorreichen Tag nur mit Geduld, mein junger edler Graf, er wird ſicher nicht ausbleiben, ſprach der Alte; der übermüthige Herr Vetter ſoll klein genug werden, denn es liegt dann ganz in Eurer Hand, ihn zur gebührenden Strafe zu ziehen. Kein Acker Landes darf ihm bleiben, als Bettler muß er von hinnen ziehen, wenn Ihr es ſo wollt, denn alle Beſitzungen ſeines Vaters ſind von Gottes und Rechtswegen Euer Eigenthum. In Eurem Familien-Archive getraue ich mir die bündigſten Beweiſe aufzufinden, daß Euer hochſeliger Großvater keineswegs berechtigt war, mit einem Theil der dem alten Stammhauſe angehörenden Güter einen jüngern Zweig deſſelben zu begaben.

Dieſe unſeligen Worte wurden der Quell unſäglichen Unheils, denn der junge Graf vergaß ſie nie und brütete von nun an Tag und Nacht über Plänen künftiger Rache.

An welchen Fäden hängt unſer Leben! Der niedere, kriechende Geiſt eines Dieners vermochte in einer einzigen Minute das zu zerſtören, was Liebe erbaute und viele Jahre lang gepflegt hatte, und das Glück, das Daſein kommender Generationen, eines uralten edlen Hauſes vernichtete ein Hauch.

Der durch die eben erhaltenen Eröffnungen des Alten neubelebte Uebermuth und Haß des jungen Grafen ſtieg jetzt zu einer völlig unerträglichen Höhe, und die Eltern beider Jünglinge ſahen ſich endlich, wenn gleich mit tiefem Schmerz, genöthigt, ihre Söhne von einander zu entfernen, denn deren mit jedem Tage ſich mehrende Uneinigkeit drohte zuletzt fürchterliche, blutige Folgen nach ſich zu ziehen. Viele Jahre vergingen, ohne daß ſie einander zu Geſicht bekamen; Beide vermählten ſich früh, mit Zuſtimmung ihrer Eltern; ich wurde geboren und blieb das einzige Kind des jüngern Grafen von Artaban, die Ehe des jüngern Marquis von Luſſan war mit mehreren Kindern geſegnet, doch alle ſtarben bis auf eine einzige Tochter.

Tiefer Kummer über die fortwährende Uneinigkeit zwiſchen ſeinem Sohne und dem des noch immer heißgeliebten Bruders, verkürzte die Tage meines Großvaters, des ältern Grafen von Artaban. Der Tod vermochte nicht, auf lange Zeit die zu trennen, welche das Leben mit dem erſten Athemzuge ſo innig vereint hatte; der ältere Marquis von Luſſan folgte dem geliebten Bruder nach wenigen Tagen, und die, welche einſt in Einer Wiege geruht hatten, theilten jetzt auch Ein Grab mit einander. Ihre Frauen waren ihnen ſchon früher vorangegangen, und ſo war nun der Zeitpunkt gekommen, in welchem Niemand meinen Vater mehr hindern konnte, die längſt erſehnte Rache an ſeinem Todfeinde rückſichtslos zu üben.

Der alte Intendant lebte noch lange genug, um ſein Verſprechen zu löſen, und ſeinem neuen Herrn Dokumente aus dem Archive vorzulegen, welche dieſen in den Stand ſetzten, wenigſtens einen Rechtshandel gegen den Marquis von Luſſan einzuleiten, der nichts geringeres beabſichtigte, als ihn aller ſeiner Beſitzungen zu berauben und ihn an den Bettelſtab zu bringen. Vergebens ſuchte Luſſan, meinen Vater zu einem billigen Vergleiche zu bewegen, alle ſeine dahin abzweckenden Vorſchläge wurden mit bitterem Hohne verworfen; ein unglücklicher Zufall kam endlich noch hinzu, die Erbitterung meines Vaters auf einen Grad zu ſteigern, der keine Hoffnung einer möglichen Verſöhnung mehr übrig ließ.

Beide, der Marquis von Luſſan und mein Vater jagten am nämlichen Tage in ihren Wäldern, gerade da, wo die Grenze derſelben hart an einander ſtieß; beide verloren ihr Gefolge aus dem Geſicht und trafen, ohne alle Begleitung, mitten im dunkeln Walde zuſammen.

Sie hatten ſeit Jahren einander nicht geſehen, und meines Vaters Blut wallte hoch auf vor Zorn beim Anblick ſeines Feindes. Er rief ihm einige höhnende Worte über ſeinen nahenden Fall zu, die jenen ſo bitter trafen, daß er der ihm ſonſt eignen ſchonenden Sanftmuth darüber vergaß, und ſie im nämlichen Tone erwiederte. Beide griffen zu den Waffen, ein wüthender Zweikampf begann, doch Luſſan's glücklicher Stern waltete noch immer über ihm, es gelang ihm, meinen Vater zu entwaffnen, und nach Siegers Gebrauch forderte er ihn jetzt auf, um ſein Leben zu bitten. Stoß zu! rief mein Vater im Wahnſinne des Zorns, ſtoß zu! ein Leben, das ich Dir verdanken müßte, wäre mir ſo verhaßt, wie Du ſelbſt es mir biſt. Luſſan betrachtete meinen Vater mit einem recht ſchmerzlichen Blick. Du ſollſt dennoch das Leben von meiner Hand zum Geſchenk nehmen, erwiederte er ihm, warf ſeinen Degen ihm hin, beſtieg ſein Pferd, und ritt davon.

Das Benehmen ſeines edlen Feindes hätte meinen Vater vielleicht verſöhnen können, aber er fühlte in ſeinem Innern, daß er an ſeiner Stelle dieſen Sieg ganz anders benutzt haben würde, und der Gedanke, den Verhaßten noch immer in jeder Hinſicht über ſich zu ſehen, empörte ſein, der wildeſten Leidenſchaft hingegebenes, Gemüth nur noch mehr. Rache ſchnaubend kehrte er nach ſeinem Schloſſe zurück, ein Brief, den er dort vorfand, goß Oel in die Flamme und verſetzte ihn in wahrhaft grauenvolles Entzücken.

Jetzt habe ich Dich, ſcheinheiliger Verräther! rief er, ſobald er das Schreiben geleſen hatte, das ein meiner Mutter nahe verwandter Abt aus einem Kloſter am Fuße der Pyrenäen an ihn abgeſandt hatte; jetzt habe ich Dich, und Du ſollſt mir nimmer entrinnen, ich ſchwöre es bei — — meine Hand zittert, ich vermag es nicht, den furchtbaren Eid nachzuſchreiben, durch welchen mein Vater damals mich, ſeinen einzigen Sohn, ohne es zu ahnen, dem Untergange weihete.

Während dem Lauf jener früheren Begebenheiten war ich indeſſen zum Jünglinge herangeblüht, meine häusliche Erziehung war vollendet, und mein Vater hatte mich nach gewohntem Gebrauch einige Jahre in fremden Ländern zubringen laſſen. Mit leichtem Blute, reinem Herzen und jugendlich frohem Sinne kehrte ich bald nach jener unglücklichen Jagdpartie in das väterliche Haus zurück. O hätte ich es nimmer wieder geſehen!

Mein Vater berief mich bald nach meiner Ankunft zu ſich in ſein Kabinet. Dort eröffnete er mir, daß jener, uns verwandte Abt mehrere unſerer wichtigſten Familiendokumente in dem Archive ſeines Kloſters aufgefunden habe, welche während der traurigen Bürgerkriege, die damals Frankreich zerrütteten, von unſern Vorfahren in jenes abgelegene Thal am Fuße der Pyrenäen in Sicherheit gebracht worden wären.

Es befindet ſich unter dieſen Dokumenten eins, ſetzte mein Vater hinzu, an welchem mir mehr liegt als an meinem Leben, denn es kann ganz allein den gegen Luſſan, den Erbfeind unſers Hauſes, Jahre lang geführten Prozeß, auf der Stelle zu unſerem Vortheil entſcheiden und ihn zwingen, ſeinen Raub wieder herauszugeben. Ich bedarf eines ſichern, treuen Boten, um dieſes unſchätzbare Pergament von dort abholen zu laſſen, das mir dazu dienen ſoll, auf das ſchuldige Haupt jenes niedrigen Heuchlers die längſt verdiente Strafe fallen zu laſſen, und ich habe Dich, meinen einzigen Sohn, zu dieſem Auftrage mir auserwählt. Es iſt nicht nur Deine heiligſte Pflicht, zur Rache Deines ſchwerbeleidigten Vaters beizutragen, es iſt ſogar auch mehr noch Dein Vortheil dabei im Spiele, als der meinige. Du biſt eigentlich der Beraubte, denn Du biſt jung, und wirſt Dich lange, nachdem ich dahin bin, der reichen Güter erfreuen, um die wir auf unerlaubte Weiſe gebracht wurden, und die jetzt wieder unſer werden ſollen. Bedenke, daß Alles, was Du in dieſem Geſchäfte vollbringſt, eigentlich für Dich ſelbſt vollbracht wird, und ſtrebe Dich meines Vertrauens würdig zu bezeigen.

Du reiſeſt morgen ab; Dein Kammerdiener Lorenzo und einer meiner Diener ſoll Dich begleiten, weiter niemand, denn es iſt nothwendig, daß Du unter einem angenommen Namen reiſeſt, und unterweges ſowohl, als beſonders am Ziele Deiner Reiſe, Deinen eigentlichen Namen und Stand auf das ſorgfältigſte zu verbergen ſucheſt. Niemand darf in jenem abgelegenen Kloſter errathen, wer Du biſt, und dadurch dem Zweck Deiner Reiſe auf die Spur kommen, denn mehrere von deſſen Bewohnern ſind der Frau von Luſſan nahe verwandt, und Dein Leben könnte leicht von ihnen gefährdet werden. Den Mönchen iſt niemals zu trauen, ſie verſtehen mancherlei böſe Künſte und üben ſie meiſtens ohne Bedenken, wenn es ihrem oder der Ihrigen Vortheil gilt.

Was mein Vater über ſeine Feindſchaft gegen das Haus Luſſan und dem aus dem Untergange deſſelben mir entſprießenden Vortheil zu mir ſprach, machte wenig Eindruck auf mich, denn ich kannte weder Haß noch Eigennutz, aber die, wie mir dünkte, höchſt romantiſche Idee einer Reiſe unter fremdem Namen gefiel meinem jugendlichen Sinne ungemein. Dabei nahm ich mir auch feſt vor, meines Vaters Befehl auf das Beſte zu vollſtrecken; von meiner Kindheit an hatte ich von dieſem Prozeſſe reden gehört, und war, ohne weiter darüber zu grübeln, gewohnt, die Luſſan's als unſere Todfeinde zu betrachten. Ob wir wirklich berechtigt wären, ſie zu verfolgen, daran dachte ich in meinem jugendlichen Leichtſinne eben ſo wenig, als an die traurige Lage, in welche dieſe, vielleicht unſchuldige Familie gerathen würde, wenn der Prozeß ihr verloren ginge. Ihn zu gewinnen, ſchien mir eine Art Ehrenſache, und dieſer Gedanke ließ keinen andern in mir aufkommen.

Fröhlichen Muthes trat ich unter einem fremden angenommenen Namen die Reiſe an und vollendete ſie glücklich, ohne erkannt zu werden. Der Abt lieferte die bewußten alten Pergamente mir aus. Sie enthielten in der That Alles, was mein Vater bedurfte, um den Marquis von Luſſan von ſeinen Gütern zu vertreiben und ſie uns anzueignen.

Ich meldete meinem Vater dieſes, und bat zugleich um Erlaubniß, den Rückweg über Bagnieres nehmen, und in dieſem, am Fuß der Pyrenäen höchſt reizend gelegenen Badeort einige Tage verweilen zu dürfen. In der Freude über den glücklichen Ausgang meines Geſchäftes mochte er dieſes kleine Vergnügen mir nicht verſagen, und ich eilte, von ſeiner Erlaubniß Gebrauch zu machen.

Bagnieres iſt während der Brunnenzeit der Sitz der lebhafteſten Freude und der zwangloſeſten Geſelligkeit. Gleich am erſten Tage ſtürzte ich jugendlich froh mich mitten in den Strudel derſelben, flatterte um alle Damen und bemühte mich, jeder etwas Schönes zu ſagen. Ich lebte ja noch in jenen glücklichen Tagen, in denen man ſich ungeſtraft ein wenig geckenhaft zeigen darf, und wo man ſich ſelbſt für verpflichtet hält, an keiner Blume achtlos vorüber zu gehen. Uebrigens behielt ich noch immer mein Inkognito bei, denn als Graf von Artaban hätte ich weit glänzender und von einer zahlreichen Dienerſchaft begleitet hier auftreten müſſen.

Während ich mich beſtrebte, die Aufmerkſamkeit der jungen Damen in der Geſellſchaft auf mich zu ziehen, entſtand im Saale jenes leiſe flüſternde Geräuſch, jene Art von ehrerbietigem Zurücktreten, welche das Herannahen von Perſonen zu verkünden pflegen, die durch Rang oder auf andere Weiſe ausgezeichnet ſind. Auch ich wurde mitten in meinem fröhlichen Treiben dadurch aufmerkſam gemacht. Eine Dame mittlern Alters trat in den Saal, eine hohe ſchöne Frau von edlem vornehmen Anſtande. Ein holdes, liebliches Weſen, im erſten Reize der eben friſch erblühenden Jugend, wahrſcheinlich ihre

Tochter, ging ihr zur Seite. Wo finde ich Worte für dieſe engelgleiche Erſcheinung! dieſe Süßigkeit und Anmuth des wunderſchönen Geſichts, dieſes reinſte Ebenmaaß der Geſtalt, dieſe anſpruchsloſe Grazie, dieſe Beſcheidenheit im Blick und Gang. Ach! ſie war die Krone der Schöpfung, die Welt ſah nie ihres Gleichen!

Mein erſter Blick auf ſie entſchied über mein ganzes künftiges Leben, das fühlte ich mit klarer Ueberzeugung. Meine unbefangene Heiterkeit entfloh, mein nichts und Alles ſagende Geſchwätz verſtummte. Ich ſah nur ſie, mein Auge bewachte jeden ihrer Schritte, jedes Lächeln, jede Bewegung, ſie ſah es wohl, und ward erröthend noch ſchöner. Ein allgemeiner Spaziergang wurde unternommen; ſchüchtern wagte ich es, mich ihr zur Seite zu drängen, und der Zufall wollte, daß die Uebrigen uns eine kleine Strecke hinter ſich zurückließen. Ich hätte in dieſem Augenblicke, von niemand belauſcht, wohl zu ihr ſprechen können und ſollen; bei Frauen pflegte es mir ſonſt nie an Gelegenheit zu fehlen etwas zu ſagen, doch jetzt ſtand mir kein einziges armes Wörtchen zu Gebot.

So lange wir bei der Geſellſchaft geblieben waren, hatten meine Blicke ſie überall verfolgt, mit ihr allein fehlte es mir an Muth, nur das Auge bis zu ihr zu erheben; verſtummend wandelten wir beide neben einander her, bis wir die Geſellſchaft wieder erreichten, die bald darauf für dieſen Tag auseinander ging.

Süße Verwirrung, banges Ahnen, ſchmerzliches Entzücken, die treuen Gefährten der erſten jungen Liebe, begleiteten mich in die Einſamkeit meines kleinen Zimmers. Wohin mein Auge in der Dämmerung deſſelben ſich wandte, ſtand ihr Bild, und wenn ich es ſchloß, ſo fühlte ich ihre lieben Augen, gleich zweien milden leuchtenden Sonnen, innerlich in dem Herzen meines Herzens. Ich dachte nur ſie, die Namenloſe, ich hatte nicht einmal gewagt, mich bei Andern nach ihren Verhältniſſen zu erkundigen. Wohl mir, daß ich es nicht that, ich hatte dadurch meinem Leben doch eine Nacht voll ſüßer Träume gewonnen. Schrecken, Entſetzen, der ganze Jammer meines künftigen Daſeins brach in bangem Vorgefühle ſchon am folgenden Morgen über mich herein, als ein Zufall mich belehrte, ſie ſei Adelaide von Luſſan, die Tochter des Erbfeindes unſeres Hauſes.

Der unverſöhnliche Haß unſerer Väter ſtand bei dieſer Entdeckung in ſeiner ganzen furchtbaren Rieſengröße vor mir, und ich erbebte faſſungslos. Unſäglicher Schmerz, tiefes Mitleid mit mir ſelbſt ergriff mich bei der Ueberzeugung, daß Adelaide keinen lieben könne, der meinen, ihr und den Ihrigen gewiß nicht minder verhaßten Namen trug. Ich ſegnete den Zufall, der unerkannt in ihre Nähe mich geführt hatte. So wird ſie doch wenigſtens ohne Vorurtheil mich und meine Liebe erkennen lernen, ſprach ich mir ſelbſt zum Troſt, und erfährt ſie einſt, welchem Geſchlecht ich angehöre, ſo wird ſie vielleicht dem Armen ihr Mitleid nicht verſagen, der ohne ſein Verſchulden den Feinden ihres Hauſes zugezählt wird. Mit ängſtlicher Sorgfalt ſuchte ich jetzt unerkannt zu bleiben, ach! wie gern hätte ich auch geſtrebt, ihr zu gefallen! aber ich konnte nur lieben, und reine jugendliche Liebe bleibt immer abſichtslos.

Nach und nach wurden wir bekannter, ich hatte täglich Gelegenheit, ſie zu ſehen und zu ſprechen; der Zufall gewährte es mir zuweilen, ihr allein und unbeachtet nahen zu dürfen, aber ich ließ ihn jedesmal unbenutzt vorüber; die Furcht, durch ein Geſtändniß meiner Liebe ihr Mißfallen zu erregen, hielt mich in eiſernen Banden.

Andere umflatterten ſie dreiſter, und ich meinte oft, ich müſſe darüber vor Schmerz und Ingrimm vergehen, nur der ſtrenge Ernſt bewahrte mich vor Verzweiflung, mit dem ſie dieſe zudringlichen Huldigungen von ſich wies, aber er diente mir auch zugleich zur Warnung, ſie nicht auf ähnliche Weiſe zu verletzen.

Unter den jungen Männern, die da wagten, was ich nicht wagen durfte, zeichnete durch Jugend, Schönheit und leichtes gefälliges Betragen Ritter Odon ſich aus. Er beſaß alle jene geſelligen Vorzüge, die man nur im Leben mit der großen Welt erwerben kann, aber ſein früheres Glück bei den Damen hatte ihm zugleich einen hohen Grad eitler Einbildung und arroganter Geckenhaftigkeit eingeflößt, und obgleich er bei Adelaiden ſich als der bei weitem Zudringlichſte bezeigte, ſo ſchien er mir dennoch der mir am mindeſten Gefährliche zu ſein. Ich ſah es daher ziemlich gelaſſenen Muthes, daß er bei einem Spaziergange ſich Adelaiden zum Begleiter aufdrängte, und folgte in einiger Entfernung an der Seite einer andern Dame der Geſellſchaft. Doch als ich Adelaidens Stimme lauter und lebhafter wie gewöhnlich vernahm, als ich ſah, wie mehrere Perſonen ſich um die Geliebte verſammelten, da hielt mich nichts mehr, ich vergaß alles Andere und eilte, in ihre Nähe zu gelangen.

Der Ritter war nirgend mehr zu erblicken, aber ich kam eben zur rechten Zeit, um zu hören, wie Adelaide ihn bei ihrer Mutter über den Raub eines Armbandes anklagte. Während des Gehens war es ihr entfallen, der Ritter hatte es aufgenommen, hatte mit beleidigender Galanterie ſich geweigert, es ihr wieder zu geben, und war mit ſeinem Raube entflohen.

Wie ſchön war ſie in ihrem jungfräulichen Zorn! wie glühte ihre Wange! wie blitzte ihr Auge im feuchten Glanze zurückgedrängter Thränen! eine Welt hätte ich gegeben, um in dieſem Momente ihr anbetend zu Füßen ſinken zu dürfen.

Auch ihre Mutter ſchien über des Ritters unziemendes Betragen nicht minder entrüſtet als Adelaide ſelbſt; die ganze Geſellſchaft ſtimmte ihr bei, ich nur ſchwieg, während Alle ſprachen; doch ſo wie wir wieder in Bagnieres waren, ſuchte ich in aller Stille den Ritter auf, und verlangte im Namen der Frau von Luſſan das Armband von ihm zurück.

Odon weigerte ſich es mir zu geben, und ich forderte es nun mit gewaffneter Hand. Wir kämpften lange mit ziemlich gleichem Glück, mein Gegner war tapfer, ein geübter Fechter und an körperlicher Kraft mir weit überlegen, doch ihn begeiſterte nicht wie mich das Gefühl, für die heiß Geliebte das Leben zu wagen. Er brachte mir eine leichte Wunde am Arm bei, und ſank im nämlichen Moment zu Boden, ſchwer getroffen von meiner Hand. Ich zwang ihm jetzt ſeinen Raub ab, eilte dann, ihm die nöthige Hülfe zu ſenden, und ging zu Hauſe, um auch meine Wunde verbinden zu laſſen.

Mit welchem Entzücken drückte ich meine liebliche Beute an meine Lippen, an meine Augen, an mein Herz, ſobald ich wieder allein war. Die ganze Nacht betrachtete ich das Kleinod, verſuchte es meinem Arme anzupaſſen, ſpielte damit wie ein Kind, und war ſelig wie ein Kind. Kein Schlaf kam in meine Augen, glühendes Feuer rieſelte von dem Bande aus durch alle meine Adern, und bewegte mein Herz in ungewohnten Schlägen. Kaum daß ich mich am Morgen entſchließen konnte, es wieder von mir zu laſſen, aber ich ging dennoch, wenn gleich zögernden Schrittes, es ſeiner Eigenthümerin zuzuſtellen.

Der Mutter freundliches Danken, das verlegne und doch ſo unendlich beredte Schweigen, mit welchem Adelaide das Band von mir annahm, verſetzten mich in einen Taumel voll Himmelsſeligkeit.

Von dieſem Augenblick an durfte ich täglich Frau von Luſſan in ihrer Wohnung beſuchen, ich durfte der Geliebten zu jeder Stunde nahen; wohl war ich damals ſelig zu preiſen, und mit jedem Tag ſtieg die Sonne meines Glückes höher und höher. Ich ſchwamm in einem Meere von Wonne, denn Adelaide, ich ſah es deutlich und klar, Adelaide verſtand ohne Worte, was ich noch immer nicht auszuſprechen wagte; ſie erwiederte mein Gefühl, wir wußten Beide, daß wir uns liebten, ach! wir wußten es wohl und ſagten es nie. Jeder Blick, jede Bewegung war ein Wort aus unſerer ſüßen Sprache, wir bedurften keiner andern; ſo mögen ſelige Geiſter mit einander verkehren wie wir damals. O mein Gott! mein Gott! warum iſt Alles ſo wandelbar auf Erden? warum muß das Alles vorüber ſein und ich lebe noch!

Zwei Monate vergingen uns in ſtummer ſeliger Eintracht, im innigſten Verſtehen unſeres Gemüths. Ich konnte nichts denken als ſie, und hatte alles Uebrige vergeſſen, Zeit, Eltern, Verhältniſſe, meinen eigentlichen Namen ſogar. Mir war, als müſſe Alles bleiben wie es war, als gäbe es keine Trennung auf Erden. Ich war ſo jung! ſo unerfahren! was wußte ich von der Welt und dem ewig wogenden Wechſel in ihr!

Ein Brief meines Vaters, welcher den Befehl enthielt, ſogleich zu ihm heimzukehren, riß aus meinen ſeligen Träumen mich furchtbar auf. Mein Herz ſtand ſtill, ich blickte um mich her, und ſah mit Grauſen auf die Trümmer meines vernichteten Himmels. Die entſetzliche Vergangenheit, die unſeligſte Wirklichkeit, Alles, Alles ſtand in herzzerreißender Klarheit vor meinem Geiſte, und ich fühlte die eiſerne Hand des Unglücks tief in mein Leben eingreifen, um es nie wieder loszulaſſen.

Meine Diener begannen Alles zu meiner nahen Abreiſe vorzubereiten; Lorenzo brachte das Käſtchen mit den im Kloſter erhaltenen Documenten und ſetzte es vor mir hin. Ich ſchrie laut auf, ich verhüllte mein Geſicht vor dieſem Anblick. Alle Qualen der Hölle wurden in mir wach. Athemlos winkte ich dem treuen Diener, ſich fortzubegeben; er gehorchte zögernd, aber er gehorchte.

Ich war allein, und erzwang mir endlich den Muth, das Käſtchen aufzuſchließen. Ich betrachtete das darin liegende Pergament, das in den Händen meines Vaters zum furchtbaren Werkzeuge der Vernichtung Adelaidens und ihres ganzen Hauſes werden ſollte. So mögen einſt die Unglücklichen, die vom Tarpejiſchen Felſen herabgeſtürzt wurden, in den Abgrund geſtarrt haben, der beſtimmt war, ſie zu zerſchmettern. Und ich ſelbſt ſollte dieſe Documente ihm, dem Unbeugſamen, dem Schonungsloſen überliefern! Ich ſelbſt ſollte durch dieſe Handlung meine Adelaide und die Ihrigen vom Wohnſitze des häuslichen Glückes hinaus in das Elend jagen, in die unbarmherzige Welt, ohne Obdach, ohne Schutz, ſie, und ihren Vater, den ſie kindlich liebte, und ihre edle Mutter — ich ſchauderte vor Entſetzen und weinte laut wie ein Kind.

Lange tobte der furchtbare Sturm in meiner Bruſt, tauſend kämpfende Gefühle zerriſſen mein Inneres; da blitzte endlich ein heller Strahl durch die dunkle Nacht meiner Seele. Auch ich bin Graf Artaban, rief ich laut, ich ſtand auf, meine Thränen verſiegten, ich ergriff das unſelige Pergament, ich hielt es hoch empor mit feſtem Arme. Du biſt mein! mein! rief ich, mein Vater hat keinen gerechteren Anſpruch an dich, als ich ſelbſt, denn auch ich bin ein Artaban wie er. Mich ſollteſt du ja bereichern, für mich ſollte ich dich erwerben, das waren ſeine eignen Worte, als wir ſchieden. Wohl, ich habe es gethan und nun biſt du mein Eigenthum, und ich will mit dir ſchalten, wie meine Ueberzeugung und mein Herz es mir gebieten.

Mit großer Sorgfalt, damit nichts zurückbliebe, nahm ich die Documente zuſammen und legte ſie ins Kamin, meine Hand zitterte nicht, als ich die brennende Kerze ergriff, um ſie anzuzünden. Praſſelnd loderte die Flamme auf, ich kniete neben ihr hin, und wie ich oft als Kind ſpielend gethan, ſo ſah ich auch jetzt mit ſtiller Freude den kleinen Fünkchen zu, wie ſie auf der allmählig ſich verkohlenden Fläche hin und her liefen, bis eins nach dem andern und endlich auch das letzte verlöſchten.

Nun war es gethan! Ein Häufchen unſcheinbarer Aſche lag vor mir, den unſeligen Prozeß hatte die läuternde reine Flamme geſchlichtet, kein Stäubchen war übrig geblieben, das wider Adelaidens Vater zeugen konnte.

Fliege hin, in alle vier Winde! rief ich triumphirend, indem ich mich erhob, das Fenſter öffnete und die Aſche der ſpielenden Nachtluft übergab; der verhaßte Streit iſt beendet, der unſre Häuſer entzweite, mein Vater darf ſich nun nicht länger weigern, einen Vergleich einzugehen. Unſre junge Liebe wird ihm gewähren, was ſein alter Haß nicht zu erſtreiten vermochte. Sein ſtrenger Wille wird freundlich erfüllt, die ſo lange von dem alten Stamm getrennten Familiengüter werden unter dem letzten Artaban wieder vereint für alle kommende Geſchlechter, wenn Luſſan's Tochter am Altare ihm die Hand reicht. Alle, alle werden glücklich ſein, auch mein Vater, wenn Ruhe und Frieden an der Hand der Liebe wieder bei uns einziehen. Hoch klopfte mir das Herz in freudigen Schlägen in der vor Wonne wogenden Bruſt, — doch, von furchtbarer Ahnung ergriffen, ſtand es plötzlich wieder ſtill. Und wenn, und wenn mein Vater unerbittlich bliebe, wenn feindliche Rachſucht ſelbſt die Luſt am eignen Vortheile zu überwinden vermöchte — nun ſo tröſte mich dann das Bewußtſein, daß ich nicht zum blinden Werkzeuge ſeiner Rache mich mißbrauchen ließ, daß ich die Waffen ihm entrang, mit denen er das Haus der Geliebten zu zerſtören gedachte; übrigens komme dann über mich was da wolle. Nie ſoll Adelaide erfahren, was ich in dieſer Nacht für ſie vollbrachte, bis die ſelige Stunde ſchlägt, die uns auf immer vereint. Reine, innige Liebe ſiegt, denn ſie weiß Alles zu wagen. Und würde Adelaide mir dennoch entriſſen, vermöchte ſie es nicht, dem, was ſich uns noch auf dem Wege zum Glück entgegenſtellen wird, muthig zu widerſtehen — dann bleibe das Brandopfer dieſer Nacht ihr ewig ein Geheimniß. Nur ihre reiche Liebe kann mir lohnen, ihr bloßer Dank iſt zu arm, ich begehre ihn nicht.

Mein erſter Gang am Morgen war zu Adelaiden. Das Bewußtſein meiner ſtillen That hob mich über mich ſelbſt; das Gefühl der nahenden Trennung gab mir jenen ſchmerzlichen Muth, der uns beſtimmt, Alles zu wagen, weil wir im Begriff ſtehen, Alles zu verlieren. Dieſe Stunde gehörte mir noch an, ich hielt ſie feſt, und das Geſtändniß, für das ich ſo oft und ſo lange vergebens Worte geſucht hatte, ſtrömte jetzt mit unaufhaltſamer Beredſamkeit mir aus dem Herzen. O wie war Adelaide ſo ſchön, als ſie mädchenhaft erröthend vor mir Begeiſterten ſtand! wie mild und mächtig ſtrahlte ihr himmliſcher Blick mir die Gewährung tief ins wonnetrunkne Herz, welche die ſchöne zitternde Lippe ſich weigerte, laut auszuſprechen.

Jetzt durfte nichts an mir ihr länger räthſelhaft bleiben, Aufrichtigkeit war meine erſte Pflicht, ich nannte ihr meinen wahren Namen. Die glühende entzückende Himmelsroſe erbleichte bei dieſem Geſtändniſſe vor meinen Augen zur weißeſten Lilie. O, warum habt ihr mir das gethan! ſeufzte mit unendlich ſchmerzlichem Ton Adelaide. Ihr ſeid Graf Artaban! der Sohn des furchtbaren Todfeindes meines Vaters, der uns Alle dem Untergange zu weihen ſich bemüht. Ich wäre vor Euch geflohen, hättet Ihr früher Euch genannt und wäre jetzt gerettet. Mein ahnendes Herz warnte in Eurer Gegenwart mich ſtets vor nahendem Unheil, ich folgte ihm nicht und nun iſt es zu ſpät!

Unter den heiligſten Schwüren ewiger Liebe, unwandelbarer treuer Hingebung lag ich zu ihren Füßen, ich gelobte für das Wohl ihres Hauſes unermüdlich zu wachen, jeden Verſuch meines Vaters, ihm zu ſchaden, mit Gefahr des eignen Lebens abzuwenden. Ich ſprach mit einer Sicherheit von der Hoffnung, durch unſre Liebe den Grund zur Verſöhnung unſrer Väter zu legen, als wäre Alles ſchon gewiß, als könne es nimmer uns fehlen. Auch war ich in dieſem Augenblick auf das vollkommenſte davon überzeugt; denn wie konnte ich nur die Möglichkeit mir denken, daß mein Vater, oder irgend ein lebendes Weſen, beim Anblick meiner ſchönen, anmuthigen, entzückenden Geliebten, anders fühlen könne als ich!

Ach, Artaban! rief Adelaide in Thränen, ſucht nicht ſo grauſam Euch ſelbſt zu täuſchen: glaubt es mir, wir beide ſind dem Unglück geweiht, wir werden niemals, niemals glücklich ſein auf Erden. Nein, ich vermag nicht zu hoffen wie Ihr; eine leiſe, nicht zu unterdrückende Stimme, tief, tief in meiner Bruſt, ruft ewig, unabläſſig mir zu: Hoffe nicht, du biſt verloren. Darum will ich dieſe Minute feſt halten, die noch unſer iſt, ich will es ausſprechen, was ich vielleicht nie wieder Dir ſagen kann: Artaban ich liebe Dich! nicht erſt von heute, ſchon lange liebe ich Dich, heiß, treu, ohne Wanken, wie Du, Einziger! Deine Adelaide liebt. Sie ſank in meine Arme, an mein wonnetrunknes Herz; ſchüchtern wagte ich es nicht, die ſchöne Lippe zu berühren, aber ich drückte das holdſelige Weſen feſt, feſt an meine Bruſt; ringsum verſchwanden uns Himmel und Erde, mir war, als ſtände ich mit ihr allein in der Welt, und ich glaubte vor Wonne zu ſterben.

Adelaide wand ſich aus meinen Armen, ſie richtete ſich hoch auf; wie ein Cherub, geſandt von Gottes Throne, ſtand ſie in ihrer unbegreiflichen Schönheit vor mir, und betrachtete mich ernſt und wehmüthig, doch ihre Thränen floſſen nicht mehr. Sie reichte mir die wunderſchöne Hand. Artaban, ſprach ſie, achte meine Worte, als ſpräche ein Sterbender zu Dir. Wir ſind zu ſchweren Opfern beſtimmt, das weiß ich, weil ich es fühle, ich werde ſtandhaft und willig ſie bringen, wie auch Du es wirſt. Mein Leben kann ich meiner Liebe opfern, meine Liebe mit meinem Leben, doch meine Pflicht ſteht mir höher als Liebe und Leben, ihr bringe ich beide dar — wenn dieſes einſt von mir gefordert wird. Ich will wenigſtens des Glückes werth bleiben, wenn gleich ich es nie erringen werde. Gedenke dieſer Worte, ſo oft Du an dieſe Stunde gedenkſt, und nun komme was da wolle! ich bin bereit, ich behalte Frieden mit mir ſelbſt und werde in Treue nie wanken.

Wie in einem Zauberlande verlebte ich dieſen ganzen Tag in Wonne und Weh, an der Seite meiner holden Adelaide. Welche Seligkeit, wenn eine ihrer Locken von ungefähr mich wehend berührte, oder der Saum ihres Kleides an mir hinſtreifte! Die Gegenwart berauſchte mich ſo, daß ich der nahen drohenden Zukunft nicht mehr zu gedenken vermochte; die Stunden zogen zu Minuten ſich zuſammen, die Minuten dehnten zu Jahren an Erfahrung ſich aus, denn jede zeigte mir im helleren Lichte das edle, ſchöne Herz, das nun mein war für die Ewigkeit. Süßes Geflüſter, holde Blicke, leiſes Händedrücken, kaum hingehauchte Liebesworte — o ihr Wonnen alle der erſten heiligen Liebe, wer mag in kalten todten Zügen euch hinzeichnen und wer kann euer jemals vergeſſen, ſelbſt wenn er auch, wie ich, nur einen Tag im langen Leben ſich euer erfreuen durfte!

Die Stunde der Trennung ſchlug, ich mußte fort, Adelaide blieb weinend zurück; mein Herz wollte brechen, doch die Liebe hielt es mit ihrem mächtigen Zauber, und die freundliche Hoffnung ward meine tröſtende Begleiterin während der Reiſe. Sie wiegte in ſüßen Träumen von künftigen Freuden mich ein, ſie half mir unermüdlich Pläne auf Pläne häufen, wie Alles zum erfreulichſten Ende zu führen ſei. Wie ein Träumender langte ich im väterlichen Schloſſe an, in mein Gemüth kam keine Ahnung davon, welch' ein furchtbarer Sturm dort über mich einbrechen ſollte. Wie hätte ich in meiner argwohnloſen Unbefangenheit jemals errathen können, daß mein Vater in ſeinem alten Diener einen ſcharfen heimlichen Beobachter aller meiner Schritte mir mitgegeben hatte, der ihm von jedem derſelben ſchriftlichen Bericht abſtatten mußte. Der Wüthling hatte ſeine Pflicht nur gar zu treulich erfüllt; mein Vater wußte, daß ich die Tochter ſeines Todfeindes liebe, er wußte ſogar, daß ich wegen eines Armbandes von ihr mein eignes Leben in Gefahr geſetzt und im Zweikampfe den Ritter Odon gefährlich verwundet hatte. Obendrein war dieſer der Sohn eines ſeiner älteſten Freunde, und ſein Zorn gegen mich wurde dadurch noch erhöht.

Mein Vater empfing mich auf eine Weiſe, gegen die noch jetzt, beim Gedanken daran, mein ganzes Inneres ſich empört. Ohne mich anzuhören, überhäufte er mich mit den bitterſten Vorwürfen, er nannte meine Liebe ein Verbrechen gegen die Natur, und rief Gottes Strafgericht über Adelaiden und ihr ganzes Haus herab. Vergebens wandte ich alle Bitten und

Vorſtellungen an, um ihn zu beſänftigen. In der demüthigſten Stellung umfaßte ich ſeine Knie und flehte um Mitleid für mich, für die ſchuldloſe Adelaide, für ihn ſelbſt; ich beſchwor ihn, endlich einmal aufzuhören ſich ſelbſt zu haſſen, und nicht länger dem feindſeligen Wüthen gegen ſeinen eignen Frieden ſich hinzugeben. Ich ſtellte ihm vor, wie eine Verbindung zwiſchen mir und der Tochter Luſſan's allen Streit aufheben und die Erfüllung ſeiner Wünſche auf die friedlichſte Weiſe herbeiführen müſſe. Ich berief mich auf Gott, der ihm das Zeichen zur Verſöhnung gab, indem er ſo unerwartet mich Adelaiden finden ließ und unſre Herzen einander zuneigte. Doch der Unerbittliche ſtieß mich zurück und forderte zornbleich, mit bebender Lippe, mit blitzenden Augen, die aus dem Kloſter mitgebrachten Documente von mir.

Wäre mein Vater weniger hart mir entgegengetreten, ſo hätte ich bei dieſer Forderung gezittert, ihm meine That zu geſtehen, doch ſeine Ungerechtigkeit machte mich muthig. Ohne Zögern, feſt, unumwunden, aber doch ehrerbietig, wie es dem Sohne ziemt, erwiederte ich ihm, daß das Werkzeug ſeiner Rache ſich weder in meiner, noch in irgend eines ſterblichen Weſens Gewalt mehr befände, daß es von meinen Händen verbrannt und keine Spur davon übrig geblieben ſei. Dann bot ich ihm zum Erſatz für Luſſan's Güter die weit reicheren Beſitzungen, die ich von einem Bruder meiner Mutter ererbt hatte.

Deſſen, was jetzt erfolgte, bin ich mir nicht klar bewußt. Ich weiß nur, daß ich die Stimme meiner Mutter hörte, und daß ſie ſich meinem Vater in die Arme warf. Dabei habe ich eine dunkle Erinnerung davon, daß ich die Degenſpitze meines Vaters ganz nahe an meiner Bruſt blitzen ſah. So viel aber weiß ich gewiß, daß er mich hätte durchbohren können, ohne daß ich nur die kleinſte Bewegung gemacht hätte, ihm auszuweichen. Im Gefühl meiner tiefen Verzweiflung ſtand ich regungslos vor ihm. Meine Mutter riß mich aus meiner Betäubung auf, indem ſie mir zurief, mich zu entfernen und ſie in meinem Zimmer zu erwarten; ich gehorchte ihr.

Lange harrte ich, ehe ſie kam, und nun begann ein zweiter, für mich weit härter zu beſtehender Kampf. Die Thränen der geliebten Mutter, ihre rührenden Bitten um Mitleid mit ihr, zerriſſen mir das Herz.

Mutter! rief ich, heiße mir, für Dich ſterben, es wird mir leichter ſein, als Dir zuwider zu handeln. Gern will ich vom Leben ſcheiden, doch von Adelaide kann ich nicht laſſen, nicht von der Treue, die ich ihr beſchworen; Dein Sohn kann kein Meineidiger ſein. Ach! ſieh doch nur erſt meine ſchöne Geliebte, ehe Du unſer Urtheil ſprichſt. Sie iſt wie Du, meine unausſprechlich theure Mutter, ſo fromm und mild, ſo treu und ohne Falſch wie Du. Die Natur ſelbſt beſtimmte ſie Dir zur Tochter, das wirſt Du fühlen, ſobald Du ſie ſiehſt. Du wirſt, Du mußt ſie lieben, ſobald Du ſie kennſt, und ich ſollte es nicht? Ich, Dein Sohn, der Erbe Deines weichen, liebevollen, milden Herzens?

Die ganze Nacht blieben wir im ernſten, vertrauten Geſpräche beiſammen, meine Mutter und ich. Der Sturm in unſerm Innern legte ſich allgemach, und ich vertraute ihr die ganze Geſchichte meiner reinen, treuen Liebe vom erſten Entſtehen an. Mit Entzücken las ich ihre herzliche Theilnahme in ihren lieben, ſanften Augen, und den heißeſten Wunſch, uns alle durch Frieden und Eintracht glücklich werden zu ſehen.

Meine Mutter tadelte das Verbrennen der Documente ſehr ernſtlich, ſie ſchalt es eine nicht nur pflichtwidrige, ſondern auch unbeſonnene Handlung. Meines Vaters Erbitterung, ſagte ſie, wäre dadurch auf das Höchſte geſteigert; er ſei feſt überzeugt, daß Frau von Luſſan ſich liſtiger Weiſe ihrer Tochter bedient habe, um mich zu dieſem Schritte zu verleiten; er würde ſich dieſes nie ausreden laſſen, und dieſer Wahn müſſe jeden Verſuch einer Verſöhnung unendlich erſchweren. Dann aber bat ſie mich, auch die Hoffnung nicht ganz ſinken zu laſſen. Ich ſelbſt, ſprach ſie, will für Dich thätig ſein, und vielleicht gelingt es mir, mit der Zeit den Vater günſtiger zu ſtimmen; reize nur ſeinen Zorn durch zweckloſe Widerſetzlichkeit gegen ſeine Befehle nicht noch mehr gegen Dich auf. Er will, daß Du mit Tagesanbruch nach einem ſeiner abgelegenſten Güter geführt werdeſt; dort ſollſt Du unter der Aufſicht eines ſeiner Diener ſo lange verharren, bis er ſelbſt Dich wieder zurück beruft. Laſſe mein Bitten Dich bewegen, in dieſe Maßregel ohne Widerſtand Dich zu fügen.

Ich verſprach mit willigem Gemüth Alles, was meine Mutter von mir verlangte; mein Herz ward immer weicher, immer offener und zutraulicher, meine Mutter wurde in ihren Aeußerungen gegen mich immer gütiger und theilnehmender, je näher die Stunde unſrer vielleicht langen Trennung heranrückte, und ſo durfte ich endlich es ſogar wagen, ſie zu bitten, von Adelaiden mir Nachricht zu ertheilen, wenn dieſe nun bald in der von unſerem Schloſſe nicht weit entfernten Stadt Bourdeaux angelangt ſein würde, wo Frau von Luſſan einige Wochen mit ihrer Tochter zuzubringen gedachte.

Meine Mutter gewährte mir dieſe Bitte, ſie verſprach mir ſogar, ſo viel ihre eigne Lage dieſes erlaubte, ſich Adelaiden zu nähern, um die Geliebte ihres Sohnes kennen zu lernen.

Tiefen Jammer in der Bruſt, riß ich mich mit grauendem Morgen aus den mütterlichen Armen, und folgte gefaßt, mit anſcheinender Gelaſſenheit, dem mir von meinem ſtrengen Vater zum Aufſeher beſtellten Diener in die Verbannung. Das mir zum Aufenthalte beſtimmte alte Schloß lag tief im Gebirge, und der Weg dahin war Anfangs der nämliche, den ich noch geſtern ſo hoffnungsreich gekommen war. Ach, wie ſo ganz anders ſtand es jetzt um mich! Stumm und in mich gekehrt ritt ich weiter oder raſtete, wie mein Führer es für gut fand; meine innere Welt war in mir wach geworden, vertieft in dieſe, achtete ich auf nichts, was außer mir vorging.

Die Sonne ſtand noch hoch am Himmel, als wir am zweiten Tage unſerer traurigen Reiſe das uns zum Nachtlager beſtimmte Dorf erreichten. Mein Führer war ermüdet, doch ich konnte noch nicht ruhen; ich ſah den Weg nach Bagnieres vor mir; am folgenden Morgen ſollten wir von dieſer Straße abgehen, mein Herz trieb mich ungeſtüm, noch eine Strecke auf ihn zu Fuße zu wandern. Noch einmal mußte mein Auge an Gegenſtänden ſich erfreuen, auf denen auch Adelaidens Auge geruht hatte, als ſie dieſen Weg kam. Mein Führer ließ mich ungehindert gehen, er ſah, ich wollte und konnte ihm vielleicht auch nicht entfliehen.

Tief in mich ſelbſt verſunken, wandelte ich der Straße entlang; ein nahendes Geräuſch ſchreckte aus meinen wachen Träumen mich auf; ich ſah einen Reiſewagen pfeilſchnell die ſteile Anhöhe vor mir herabkommen, der Poſtillon vermochte nicht mehr die flüchtig gewordenen Pferde zu regieren, der Wagen ſchlug um, und ich ſprang noch zur rechten Zeit herbei, um die ſcheuen Thiere ſo lange zu halten, bis zwei, ihre Herrſchaft zu Pferde begleitende Bediente mir zur Hülfe kommen konnten. Jetzt erſt erkannte ich den Wagen und die Livree der Frau von Luſſan. Mein Blut erſtarrte, mein Haar ſträubte ſich vor innerem Grauen; zitternd, in gewaltiger Angſt vor dem entſetzlichen Anblick, der ſich vielleicht mir bieten würde, wagte ich es kaum, dem Wagen mich zu nähern, in welchem ich Adelaide und ihre Mutter vermuthete. Sie waren es, ſie lebten, ſie waren ſogar nicht einmal bedeutend verletzt. Wer, o wer beſchreibt dieſen Uebergang von tödtlicher Angſt zur entzückendſten Freude! Die Welt, mein Vater, alle meine Leiden waren mir verſchwunden, denn ich hielt ja ſie, die Einzige, wieder in meinen Armen.

Noch einmal durfte ich dieſe lieben Augen, dieſe milden Sonnen meines Daſeins mir leuchten ſehen, noch eine entzückende Stunde an der Seite der Hochgeliebten ward ſo unerwartet mir zu Theil. Der Stern meines Glückes hatte ſich noch nicht ganz dem Untergange zugeneigt, er weilte noch zögernd am Horizonte und ſein bebendes Licht wollte noch einmal zum Abſchiede mich erfreuen, ehe die Nacht meines Daſeins hereinbrach. Ich ſah es wohl, wie drohend, wie dunkel ſie über meinem Haupte hing, und genoß den kurzen Augenblick, welcher mir noch vergönnt war, mit der Freude eines Verzweifelnden.

Frau von Luſſan war vom Schrecken zu angegriffen, um ihren Weg ſogleich wieder fortzuſetzen, auch war am Wagen etwas zerbrochen, und die Reiſenden mußten es ſich gefallen laſſen, in der, zum Glück nahen, Dorfſchenke für die Nacht einzukehren, in der auch ich abgeſtiegen war; denn weit und breit fand ſich in dieſer wilden Gegend kein anderes Obdach für ſie. Während die Frauen der Mutter Adelaidens ſich in einer Nebenkammer um ihre Herrin beſchäftigten, ward mir ein freier Augenblick, die Geliebte unbelauſcht zu ſprechen. Den Tod im Herzen, erzählte ich ihr Alles, was ſie nur tröſten konnte. Ich ſprach zu ihr von meiner Mutter, wie geneigt ſie ſei, unſre treue reine Liebe zu ſchützen, und daß ſie ſelbſt ſuchen werde, ſich Adelaiden in Bourdeaux zu nähern. Der verbrannten Dokumente erwähnte ich noch immer nicht, und da ich ihr die traurige Veranlaſſung dieſer meiner Reiſe doch nicht ganz verhehlen konnte, ſo geſtand ich ihr zwar, daß mein Vater ſehr aufgebracht gegen mich ſei, aber ich ſuchte dennoch, ihr ſeinen Zorn in ſehr gemildertem Lichte zu zeigen. Zum erſten Male war ich nicht ganz offen gegen Adelaiden, aber wie hätte ich vermocht, das fromme, weiche, liebende Weſen zu betrüben, das, einen Himmel von Hoffnung in den ſchönen Augen, zu mir aufſah?

Wir hatten ganz die Rollen gewechſelt; in jener ſeligen Zeit, da ich noch hoffen konnte, gab Adelaide ſich dem bängſten Vorgefühl unſeres kommenden Unglücks hin; jetzt trug ich Tod und Verzweiflung in der krampfhaft-zitternden Bruſt, nie zuvor ſtand unſer Beider Untergang in ſo furchtbarer Gewißheit mir klar vor Augen, als in dieſem Moment, und ſie, in unendlich ruhender Freude, prophezeihte mir unſer nahendes Glück.

Sprich mit meiner Mutter hernach, flüſterte ſie erröthend, ſie weiß Alles, denn ſie iſt meine Mutter, ich ihr Kind; ich habe nie ihr etwas verborgen, ſo lange ich lebe. Sie iſt gerade wie Deine Mutter, ach ſie iſt die Güte und Liebe ſelbſt. Sie will auch bei meinem Vater uns vertreten. Du ſollteſt ihn nur kennen, er iſt nicht hart, wie der Deinige es iſt. Er liebt meine Mutter und mich, und ſie wird ohne Mühe ihn bewegen, auf jede, einigermaßen billige Bedingung des Grafen Artaban einzugehen. Da es dem Glück ſeiner Adelaide gilt, wird er ſogar ſich nicht weigern, den erſten Schritt zur Verſöhnung zu thun, und meine Mutter denkt überdem, alle unſere gemeinſchaftlichen Verwandten zu vermögen, hier ins Mittel zu treten. Ach, wir alle werden unbeſchreiblich glücklich werden, wir und meine Mutter und mein Vater und Deine Eltern, Gott ſelbſt wird unſern Bund beſchützen, er iſt der Gott des Friedens, er wird uns ſegnen, er wird das heiße Flehen ſeiner Kinder erhören.

Meine heilige, fromme Adelaide! rief ich aus. — Der Schmerz, den ich ihr zu zeigen nicht wagte, erſtickte meine Stimme. Gleich einer Verklärten hob ſie das ſchöne, ſtrahlende Auge zum Himmel auf, ach! ſie ſah nur den Regenbogen der Hoffnung dort oben ſchimmern, nicht das Wetter, welches über ihrem ſchuldloſen Haupte ſich drohend zuſammenzog; ſie lächelte wie ein ſeliger Engel; ich dachte vor Wehmuth darüber zu vergehen, aber ſie lächelte, und ich vermochte es nicht über mich, den ſchönen Wahn zu zerſtören, der ſie beglückte.

Adelaide! quoll endlich die Frage aus der Tiefe meiner gemarterten Bruſt, und wenn — wenn unſere Väter in ihrem unſeligen Zwieſpalt beharren! und wenn unſere Mütter, unſere guten Engel, den Sieg nicht davon tragen — wirſt Du meiner dann noch gedenken? wirſt Du auch getrennt mich lieben? wirſt Du auch hoffnungslos feſthalten in Liebe und Treue? wirſt Du — —

O quäle Dich und mich mit ſolchen Fragen nicht, fiel Adelaide mir ein; fühlſt Du nicht ſelbſt, wie Dir und mir fortan Leben und Lieben nur Eins ſind!

Frau von Luſſan verlangte zu ruhen und ich mußte Adelaiden verlaſſen. Morgen, ſprach ich lächelnd, indem ich ging, morgen ſehen wir uns wieder — zum letzten Male! klang es in meinem Innern, aber ich ſprach es nicht aus. In der Kammer, die man mir anwies, fand ich meinen Wächter im tiefſten Schlafe begraben, er war der Ankunft der Reiſenden nicht einmal gewahr worden, und ſo durfte ich es wagen, Adelaiden am frühen Morgen wieder aufzuſuchen, ehe ich weiter mußte.

Adelaide erwartete mich ſchon an der Thüre ihres ärmlichen kleinen Zimmers, um mich zu ihrer Mutter zu führen. Wir beide ſanken am Bette der edlen Frau auf die Knie, während ihre ſegnende Hand auf unſern Locken ruhte. Mein theurer, mein geliebter Neffe, ſprach ſie ſehr bewegt, ja Du biſt es. Mein Herz, mein Auge ſogar haben Dich vorher erkannt, ehe Du Adelaiden Deinen wahren Namen entdeckteſt; Du biſt das theure Ebenbild meines Gemahls, wie er war, da ich in früher Jugend ihn kennen und lieben lernte. Gleich ihm trägſt Du die Züge jener edlen Zwillingsbruder und ihres Vaters, Deines und meiner Tochter großen, würdigen Ahnherrn. Der ächte Geiſt der Artaban ruht auf Dir, der Geiſt der Milde und Liebe. Jenes unheimliche Geſpenſt der Zwietracht, des Haſſes, der Rache, welches ſich in das Gemüth Deines unglücklichen Vaters eingeſchlichen hat und ſeinen Frieden zerſtört, iſt Dir eben ſo fremd, als es von jeher Deinem ganzen Hauſe fremd war. Du wirſt es bannen, Du mein Sohn und meine Adelaide, Ihr beide meine Kinder! Eure ſtarke Liebe wird den Haß überwinden, das hoffe ich von dem Gotte, zu dem ich unabläſſig darum bete, ſeit ich das Geheimniß Eurer ſtillen reinen Liebe errieth. Darum ließ ich ungehindert ſie wachſen und feſt werden; der Himmel ſelbſt hat unſer aller Glück in eure jungen Herzen dieſen Keim gelegt, der Baum des Friedens wird aus ihm erwachſen, und wir, eure Eltern, werden am Abend unſers Lebens nach hartem Kampf in ſeinem Schatten ruhen. Bis dahin ſei jede Stunde meines Lebens dem Beſtreben gewidmet, die lang erſehnte Verſöhnung endlich herbei zu führen. Und nun lebe wohl; meine Kräfte hat der geſtrige Schrecken erſchöpft; nimm hier aus meiner Hand das Bild Deiner Adelaide, zum Andenken an dieſe Stunde; ich kann nicht mehr. Reiſe mit Gott und hoffe auf ihn.

Stumm drückte ich die Hand an mein Herz, die ein unſchätzbares Kleinod mir reichte, an meine brennenden Augen, an meine zitternden Lippen. Für Worte hatte ich keinen Athem, ich hatte nur Thränen für die Liebe, die ſo unverhofft mir hier entgegen kam und für meinen bittern Schmerz.

Adelaide führte von dem Bette ihrer Mutter mich fort.

Adelaide! wir müſſen ſcheiden, ſprach ich, ſcheiden; ich konnte nichts anderes ſagen noch denken; wir müſſen ſcheiden, wiederholte ich in einem fort. Meine Augen glühten, Thränen der Verzweiflung brannten innerlich in ihnen. Adelaide weinte ſanft. Artaban! ich liebe Dich unausſprechlich, ewig, ſprach ſie, meiner Mutter Segen giebt mir in dieſer ſchmerzlich-ſchönen Stunde das Recht, Dir dieſes Geſtändniß zu wiederholen. Was auch Gott oder meine Eltern künftig über mich verhängen, Du biſt der Mann meiner erſten einzigen Liebe; mein inneres Leben gehört Dein, mag immerhin das Aeußere uns trennen.

Und warum, rief ich, plötzlich hingeriſſen von Liebe und Verzweiflung, warum, du Leben meines Lebens! warum wollen wir zögernd es erwarten, daß der Haß, die Rachſucht uns vernichten! Unſre Mütter ſegnen unſern Bund. Laß uns fliehen, Geliebte! da es noch Zeit iſt, laß einen ſtillen, tief verborgenen Winkel der Erde uns aufſuchen, wo wir, fern von der Tyrannei unſerer Väter, keine Pflicht anerkennen dürfen, als die, uns zu lieben.

Adelaidens Hand verſchloß meine Lippen. — Schweig', o ſchweige, rief ſie ängſtlich, damit nicht unſer böſer Genius Dich höre und dieſe Worte, die wahrlich nicht aus Deinem reinen Herzen kommen konnten, vor Gottes Thron trage. Artaban! laß uns immer ſo denken und handeln, daß keins von uns, komme was da wolle, in der Seele des andern erröthen müſſe, daß, wenn wir untergehen, doch immer der Troſt uns bleibe, eines beſſern Geſchicks werth geweſen zu ſein. Nur wenn Du dieß mir verſprichſt, kann ich gefaßten Muthes von Dir mich trennen; verſprich es mir, es iſt meine erſte ernſtliche Bitte an Dich, verſprich es mir. Sie reichte die ſchöne Hand wie zum Empfange meines Gelübdes mir dar.

Engel des Himmels! ſchönes, heiliges, reines Weſen, dort oben iſt Deine Heimath, darum blühe uns hienieden kein Glück! rief ich verzweifelnd, dann riß ich mich von ihr los, wie ein Glücklicher vom ſüßen Leben ſcheidet. Mein Begleiter erwartete mich draußen, und verhehlte mir nicht ſeine Ungeduld über mein langes Ausbleiben. Ich hörte jetzt kaum, was mich ehemals zum Zorn gereizt hätte; ich warf mich auf mein Pferd, und ließ mich führen, wohin man wollte. Wir reiſten noch einige Tage, ich zählte ſie nicht. In mir war es Nacht, was kümmerte mich die Sonne und der Lauf der Sterne!

Endlich, endlich, in einem engen, von hohen zackigen Felſen eingeſchloſſenen Thale, lag das alte Schloß im ſchwarzen Schatten der Pinien und Cypreſſen vor mir, in welchem ich weilen ſollte. Er gefiel mir wohl, der düſtere Aufenthalt; er paßte vollkommen zu der Stimmung meines Gemüths. Ewige Todtenſtille laſtete hier auf der Natur, kein Laut des Lebens weit und breit, nur das Toſen der Waldſtröme unterbricht das ewige Schweigen, die mit wildem Gebrüll von Fels zu Fels ſchäumend, ſich dem Abgrunde zuſtürzen.

Mein Lebensplan war bald gemacht. Den Tag über ſtreifte ich in meinen dunkeln Wäldern umher, Adelaidens Bild auf der Bruſt, das wie ein ſchützender Talisman mich überall hin begleitete; und kam die Nacht, ſo ſchrieb ich an ſie, was ſie immer, ach immer leſen ſollte. So ging mein Leben ſeinen ſtillen einförmigen Gang, ich bemerkte in dumpfer Troſtloſigkeit kaum den Wechſel der Tage und Nächte.

Endlich erhellte doch ein hoffnungkündender Strahl das trübe Dunkel. Meine Mutter ſchrieb mir: alle unſere Verwandten hätten ſich wirklich vereint, meinen Vater mit dem Herrn von Luſſan zu verſöhnen; ſie hoffe, es werde ihrem gemeinſchaftlichen Bemühen gelingen, ſie bat mich, ſtill und ruhig den Erfolg abzuwarten. Still! o ja, ich war ſtill wie das Grab. Aber ruhig, jetzt? bei dieſem raſtloſen Kampf in meinem Innern, bei dieſer glühenden Ungeduld, bei dieſem ewigen Schwanken vom Gipfel erträumter Wonne zum Abgrund unendlicher Verzweiflung!

So lange die Sonne über dem Horizonte ſtand, kam ich von nun an nicht von der Straße fort, die der Bote kommen mußte, den meine Mutter mit der endlichen Entſcheidung meines Geſchickes an mich abzuſenden verſprach. Raſtlos erſtieg ich den Tag über alle Anhöhen, von denen ich ihn erblicken zu können glaubte, und verhüllte die Nacht mir endlich jede Ferne, dann eilte ich zurück in meine öde, troſtloſe Wohnung. Todtmüde warf ich mich auf mein Lager; morgen, ſagte ich mir dann, morgen kommt er gewiß. Der dämmernde Tag trieb mich wieder hinaus. Abends kehrte ich wieder heim, um mich wieder auf morgen zu vertröſten; ſo vergingen mir viele Wochen, jede derſelben dehnte ſich mir zu einer Ewigkeit aus.

Endlich ſah ich den mir wohlbekannten Boten auf mich zueilen; er war meiner gewahr worden und verdoppelte ſeine Schritte; doch um die Welt hätte ich es jetzt nicht vermocht, ihm entgegen zu gehen. Ich war ſogar einen Augenblick kindiſch genug, mich vor ihm verbergen zu wollen, denn das ungeduldige Sehnen, das mich ſo lange raſtlos umher getrieben hatte, verwandelte ſich jetzt bei ſeinem Anblick in tödtliches Zagen. Ein dumpfes beklemmendes Vorgefühl ſagte mir, daß mit der Ungewißheit, die ich bis jetzt ſo widerſtrebend ertragen hatte, das letzte Glück meines Lebens von mir ſcheiden würde.

und ich hätte Alles darum gegeben, ſie mir noch länger zu erhalten.

Athemlos, mit zitternder Hand erbrach ich das Schreiben meiner Mutter, welches der Bote mir überbrachte. O, mein vorahnendes Gemüth, wie weit warſt du noch in deiner Beſorglichkeit hinter dem zurück geblieben, was meiner harrte. Meine Mutter ſchrieb mir: mein unverſöhnlicher Vater habe alle Vorſchläge unſerer Verwandten unerbittlich von ſich gewieſen. Um allen fernern Verfolgungen in dieſer Sache ein plötzliches Ende zu machen, habe er eine Vermählung mit einem Fräulein aus dem Hauſe der von Foix beſchloſſen und eingeleitet. Er ſelbſt folge dem Boten auf dem Fuße, um mir dieſes zu verkünden, ſie, meine Mutter, würde mit der mir beſtimmten Braut und ihren Verwandten in den nächſten Tagen nachfolgen, denn die Vermählung ſolle ſogleich in dem Schloſſe, das ich jetzt bewohnte, in aller Stille gefeiert werden. Meine Mutter beſchwor mich, am Ende dieſes Briefes, bei meiner Liebe zu ihr, in mein Geſchick mich zu ergeben, und meinen Vater in ſeiner gegenwärtigen furchtbaren Stimmung nicht durch zweckloſen Widerſtand auf das Aeußerſte zu bringen. Was nur immer bange Beſorgniß für ſie und mich ihr Ueberredendes eingeben konnten, wandte ſie an, mich zum Gehorſam zu bewegen: ſie verſicherte, was nur in ihrer Macht ſtand, für mich und Adelaide vergebens aufgeboten zu haben, meines Vaters Wille ſtehe unerſchütterlich feſt, und jedes Hoffen wäre von nun an eine an Wahnſinn gränzende Thorheit.

Mit jenem ſcheinbar gefaßten Muthe, den nur die Verzweiflung kennt, begab ich mich in das Schloß zurück, um meinen Vater zu erwarten; zuweilen athmete ich doch auf, und glaubte: mir ſei wohler um das Herz, jetzt da endlich Alles entſchieden war; dann gedachte ich Adelaidens, und meinte in Schmerz und Mitleid mit uns Beiden vergehen zu müſſen. Der Furchtbare kam, und ich ging mit allen Zeichen der Ehrerbietung ihm entgegen, wie es dem Sohne ziemt. Wie Eis rieſelte es mir durch Adern und Mark bei dem ſchneidend kalten, faſt verachtenden Blicke, mit dem er eine Weile mich ſchweigend betrachtete; aber ich zuckte nicht. Er ſtand vor mir, gleich den Felſen um uns her, hoch und ſchroff und ſtolz und kalt, indem er ſehr gemeſſen ſeine Befehle mir kund that, wörtlich ſo, wie meine Mutter es mir geſchrieben hatte.

Ich ließ Dir Zeit, Deine Thorheit zu bereuen und zu bekämpfen, ſetzte er zuletzt beinahe höhnend hinzu, und ich rechne darauf, daß Du jetzt gelernt haben wirſt, ohne Weigerung zu gehorchen.

Ich lernte dieß von früher Kindheit an, und habe Euch, ſo lange ich lebe, Beweiſe davon gegeben, erwiederte ich ehrerbietig, aber nicht minder feſt und ernſt als er ſelbſt. Möge Gott Euch noch lange Jahre erhalten, mein Vater, damit Ihr erfahrt, wie ich auch im reifen Mannesalter die Euch ſchuldige Ehrfurcht nie verletzen und die Pflicht des Sohnes auf das ſtrengſte erfüllen werde. Doch ich bin nicht nur Euer Sohn, ich bin auch der des edlen Geſchlechts der Artaban, wie Ihr ſelbſt es ſeid. Eurem heutigen Befehlen Gehorſam leiſten, wäre unmännliche, entehrende Feigheit, die keiner unſers Hauſes ſich zu Schulden kommen laſſen darf. Kein wahrhaft edler Mann tritt mit einer zweiten vor den Altar, während er, wie ich, das Bild der erſten Geliebten im treuen Herzen trägt und ewig tragen wird. Beſchließt über mich was Ihr wollt, gnädiger Herr, denn ich erkläre Euch bei meiner Ehre, daß ich dem Fräulein von Foix meine Hand nicht reichen kann und werde, und wäre ſie die Krone der Welt. Erlaubt mir, ich bitte Euch, mich ſogleich noch vor der Ankunft des Fräuleins zu entfernen, damit meine Gegenwart die Beleidigung nicht noch vergrößere, die ihr ohne mein Verſchulden hier in Eurem Schloſſe widerfährt.

Mein Vater hatte mir Zeit gelaſſen, ſo lange zu reden, weil ihm der Zorn die Sprache nahm. Sein entſtelltes Bild mit ſchonender Hand zu verſchleiern, verlangt von mir die kindliche Pflicht, deshalb ſchildere ich nicht den furchtbaren Ausbruch der wilden Leidenſchaft, der er zum Raube ſich hingab, als er ſeine Diener herbei rief, ihnen befahl, mich in das unterſte Gewölbe des öſtlichen Schloßthurms zu werfen, und mich für eben ſo unwürdig erklärte, ſein Sohn zu heißen, als das Licht der Sonne zu ſehen. Gleichgültig ließ ich ohne Widerſtand mich führen, wohin man wollte; ich wäre in dieſem Augenblick eben ſo zum ſichern Tode gegangen.

Mein Gefängniß war ein tiefes, dumpfes, noch aus den Feudal-Zeiten ſtammendes Burgverließ. Nur ein kleines vergittertes Fenſter hoch oben, das auf einen der innern Schloßhöfe ausging, gewährte mir einen ſchwachen Schimmer von Licht, und ließ den Wechſel der Tageszeiten mich bemerken. Zweimal des Tages brachte mir ein Diener, was ich zum Lebensunterhalt bedurfte; er kam und ging ſchweigend; auch ich beläſtigte ihn mit keiner Frage, denn mitten in meinem tiefen Elende konnte ich mich doch nicht dazu vergeſſen, einen niedern Knecht zum Ungehorſam gegen ſeinen Herrn verleiten zu wollen.

Die erſten Tage meiner Gefangenſchaft vergingen mir in dumpfer, an Betäubung gränzender Ruhe; mein Auge gewöhnte ſich an die um mich herrſchende ewige Dämmerung; ich betrachtete das geliebte Bild meiner Adelaide, und das Bewußtſein, für ſie zu leiden, gewährte mir zuweilen eine Art ſchmerzlicher Freude. Doch nach und nach regte ſich das jugendliche Leben wieder, Gedanken, Zweifel, Wünſche ſtiegen marternd in mir auf; die nie durch einen Laut unterbrochene Stille um mich her beängſtigte mich unbeſchreiblich, ich fühlte mich mit Grauſen, wie in einem Grabe, abgeſchieden von jedem Leben. Aller Jammer eines ohnmächtigen Gefangenen überfiel mich mit furchtbarer Gewalt und zeigte mir mein jetziges Elend in ſeinem ganzen entſetzlichen Umfange.

Nur einmal unterbrach ein Brief meiner Mutter die trübe Einförmigkeit meines jetzigen Daſeins. Ach! auch ſie wollte jetzt, von ihrer Liebe zu mir irre geleitet, mich wankend zu machen verſuchen. Bitten, Vorſtellungen, Alles was ein um ſein Kind zagendes banges Mutterherz nur erſinnen kann, hatte ſie in dieſem Schreiben zuſammengedrängt, um mich endlich zur Ergebung in den Willen meines Vaters zu bewegen. Sie malte mir mit glühender Beredſamkeit ihre bange Sorge, ihr tiefes Leiden um mich, ſie gab mir ein furchtbares Bild der mit jedem Tage ſteigenden Erbitterung meines Vaters, ſeines Zornes gegen mich, ſeines gränzenloſen Durſtes nach Rache an den Feinden ſeines Hauſes, die ſeinen einzigen Sohn ihm verführt hätten. Sie flehte mich um Mitleid gegen ſie ſelbſt an, indem mein Vater ſie jetzt mit unerträglicher Härte behandelte, weil er ſie im Verdacht hielt, mit mir einverſtanden zu ſein, und mich in dem, was er meinen Eigenſinn nannte, zu beſtärken.

Die Leiden, welche meine Mutter um meinetwillen tragen mußte, erhöhten mein eignes Elend unbeſchreiblich; aber durfte, konnte ich ſie von mir wenden? durfte ich einen Meineid auf meine Seele laden, um ihr Geſchick ihr zu erleichtern, und konnte dieß die edelſte der Frauen wirklich beglücken?

Ich ſank wieder zurück in dumpfes Hinbrüten; viele Wochen vergingen, wie ich glaube, ich hatte es längſt aufgegeben, die Tage zu zählen, und immer dunkler ward es in mir. Ein leichtes Geräuſch an meinem Fenſter regte eines Tages aus wachen Träumen mich auf; ich blickte empor, ein Papier glitt bis zu mir herab, ich nahm es auf — ich erkannte die Hand, es war ein Brief von Adelaiden. O Gott, welch' ein Brief!

„Alles, was Du für mich gethan, für mich gelitten haſt, „iſt mir jetzt offenbar," ſchrieb ſie. „O Artaban! geliebteſter, „treueſter, edelſter aller Menſchen! Selbſt was Dein großer „Sinn mir vielleicht ewig verbergen wollte, hat Deines Vaters „Zorn mir entdeckt, das Verbrennen jener Documente, die den „Untergang meines ganzen Hauſes herbeiführen ſollten. Ich „weiß auch, in welchem Abgrund von Elend Du um dieſe „That jetzt ſchmachteſt und daß ich allein Dein Leben retten „kann. Ich rette Dich, ich muß, ich will, ich werde Dich befreien, und ſollteſt Du ſelbſt mich darüber anklagen; das „Bewußtſein meines eignen Elends ſei dann mein Troſt! „Nur mit dem Verluſte meiner Freiheit kann ich die Deine „Dir erkaufen, nur wenn ich am Altare meine Hand einem „Andern reiche, wenn jede Hoffnung einer glücklichen Zukunft „uns auf ewig ſchwindet, nur dann giebt der fürchterliche Gebieter unſeres Geſchicks der Freiheit Dich wieder; dieß iſt „ſein laut erklärter, durch einen Eid bekräftigter unabänderlicher Wille. So iſt es denn, ich weiß Dich im Kerker und „habe keinen andern Gedanken, ich denke nicht an mein Leben, „nicht an meinen innern Frieden, ich denke Dein. In wenigen Tagen wird der ſpaniſche Graf Ornano mein Gemahl. „Ihn habe ich unter mehreren, die um mich warben, mir erwählt, denn ich weiß von ihm genug, um an ſeiner Seite „einem troſtloſen Leben entgegen zu ſehen. Die arme Treue „wenigſtens war Adelaide Dir ſchuldig, keinen zu wählen, mit „dem ſie hoffen durfte, leidlich durch die Welt zu gehen. Ich „halte ſie Dir im vollſten Umfange, ich will nicht glücklicher „ſein als Du es biſt. Ich weiß es wohl, um ganz Deiner „werth zu ſein, ſollte ich Dir dieſes verhehlen, ich ſollte den „Muth haben Dir treulos zu ſcheinen, mein Leben ſtumm zum „Opfer für Dich darbringen und ſchweigend verbluten. Auch „wollte ich es, deſſen iſt Gott mein Zeuge, doch die Ausführung dieſes Entſchluſſes überſtieg meine Kraft, ich konnte es „nicht vollbringen. Der Troſt, daß Du noch liebend meiner „denkſt, muß in mein Elend mich begleiten, wenn ich das „Leben tragen ſoll, das mich erwartet. Künftig wird die „Pflicht mir gebieten, Dein zu vergeſſen; nimmer, nimmer „kann ich ſie erfüllen, und mit meinem innern Frieden iſt es „von nun an vorbei, in ihm opfere ich Dir weit mehr als „mein Leben. Doch ſchone mein, dieſes Einzige erflehe ich „noch von Dir, erſchwere nicht den Kampf, den ich von nun „an unabläſſig zu kämpfen habe, laß mein Bewußtſein mich

„rein erhalten; aus Mitleid mit mir ſuche nie, mir zu nahen, „dieſes erbitte ich mir von Dir, als die letzte Gabe, als den „letzten Beweis Deiner Liebe. Und nun lebe wohl für dieſes „ganze Erdenleben, lebe wohl, mein Glück, meine Liebe, meine „Freude, lebe wohl!“

Aller Sinnen beraubt, bleich und bewußtlos hingeſtreckt, gleich einem Todten, fand mein Kerkermeiſter mich am folgenden Morgen. Ich mochte ſchon lange ſo da gelegen haben, als er zur gewohnten Stunde zu mir hereintrat. Mein Zuſtand erſchreckte den ſonſt harten Mann, mehr noch mein an Wahnſinn gränzendes Erwachen, als es ſeinem Bemühen gelang, mich wieder ins Leben zu rufen. Er fiel vor mir auf die Knie hin, und bat, ihm zu vergeben, daß er ſo lange Zeit ſich zum blinden Werkzeuge des Willens ſeines Gebieters habe mißbrauchen laſſen, den er jetzt ſelbſt hart und ungerecht nannte.

Welche unbegreifliche Gewalt übt die Stimme, die Sprache des Menſchen auf uns! Wochen lang, Monate lang hatte mein Ohr nichts vernommen, als den Jammerlaut meiner eignen Klagen, den der Schmerz mir erpreßte, und nun, mitten im Wahnſinn der Leidenſchaft, half die Stimme dieſes mir fremden, dieſes verachteten, ſogar verhaßten Dieners, mir wieder zum klaren Bewußtſein. Ich gewann Beſonnenheit genug, dieſen Ausbruch ſeiner Reue zu benutzen, und häufte Verſprechungen auf Verſprechungen, um ihn zu bewegen, mich nur acht Tage ins Freie zu laſſen; nach dieſer Friſt wollte ich mich willig wieder in meinem Kerker einſtellen, das gelobte ich bei Allem, was mir heilig iſt. War es mein Gold, was ihn blendete, war es die plötzlich in ihm erwachende Furcht vor ſeinem künftigen Gebieter, oder vielleicht Gefühl des Unrechts, das ich erduldet hatte, was ihn bewegte? ich weiß es nicht, aber er willigte in Alles, was ich verlangte, unter der einzigen Bedingung, mich begleiten zu dürfen, die ich ihm gern gewährte. Ich wollte auf der Stelle fort, doch wir bedurften Pferde zur Reiſe, und dieſe konnten erſt in der folgenden Nacht herbeigeſchafft werden.

Ich wollte nach Bordeaux, wo Adelaide ſich jetzt aufhielt, ich wollte ſie bewegen, ihren grauſamen Vorſatz aufzugeben oder zu ſterben. Die ganze Nacht hindurch dachte ich nur, wie ich ſie ſehen, was ich ihr ſagen, was ſie mir antworten würde. Meine zu den grauenvollſten Bildern aufgeregte Fantaſie ließ mich keinen Augenblick Ruhe finden; oft ergriff mich mit Todesangſt der Gedanke, daß ich zu ſpät kommen könne; ich las den unſeligen Brief wieder und wieder, um jede Wahrſcheinlichkeit deſſen, was geſchehen könne, der Zeit, des Ortes, wo das grauſamſte Opfer gebracht werden ſollte, nach ihm zu berechnen. So verging die Nacht, der Morgen graute, mein Begleiter rief mich ab, und ehe die Sonne aufging, ſaßen wir beide zu Pferde.

Vorwärts, nur vorwärts, immer vorwärts, ich hatte keinen andern Gedanken; unaufhaltſam eilte ich fort auf Tod und Leben, bis gegen Abend. Da begegneten wir einem Reiſewagen, ich erkannte meine Mutter in demſelben, allein, nur von ihren Frauen begleitet. Mein Blut erſtarrte, ich fühlte eiskalt die Hand des Todes an meinem Herzen. Es iſt vorbei! rief ich ihr zu, da der Wagen auf ihren Befehl hielt, es iſt vorbei, Adelaide iſt — ich konnte das entſetzliche Wort nicht ausſprechen, doch meine Mutter verſtand mich wohl, das ſagte mir ihr Erbleichen, die Thräne, die in ihren Augen zitterte.

Ich komme mit Bewilligung Deines Vaters, Dir Deine Freiheit wiederzugeben, mein Sohn, erwiederte ſie mit dem ſanften Tone innigen Mitleids. Ich hörte nichts weiter, meine Sinne ſchwanden, was ferner mit mir geſchah, weiß ich nicht.

Ohne Klagen, ohne Thränen lag ich zwei Tage lang in jenem wohlthätigen Todesſchlafe, den die Natur ihren Kindern gewährt, wenn ſie das Gefühl ihres Elends nicht länger zu tragen vermögen. Meine Mutter hatte mich wieder zurück in das Schloß geführt, das ich an jenem Morgen verließ; ich wußte es nicht. Alle Aerzte der Umgegend wurden herbeigerufen, alle gaben mein Leben rettungslos verloren; nur meine Mutter hoffte noch ſo lange ich athmete und ließ von ihrer treuen Pflege nicht ab. Sie wich nicht von meinem Lager; ihr Jammer, ihre Thränen, der Name Adelaide, bei dem ſie mich beſchwor zu leben, erweckten mich endlich aus meiner Betäubung zum furchtbarſten Kampf eines jungen Lebens mit dem Tode. Das Leben ſiegte endlich nach vielen langen Tagen, in denen meine Mutter mehr litt als ich, und ich begann, wenn gleich langſamen Schrittes, mich der Geneſung zu nähern. O meine Mutter! wie ſchonend, mit welchem unbeſchreiblichen Zartgefühl ſuchte ſie mich nun wieder mit dem Leben auszuſöhnen. Sie weinte mit mir, ſie ſprach mit mir von Adelaiden und wagte keinen andern Troſt. Das Bild der Geliebten, und jenen unſeligen Brief, den Einzigen, den ich je von der geliebten Hand erhielt, gab ſie auf mein dringendes Bitten mir wieder, denn ſie hatte beides während meiner Krankheit bei mir gefunden und an ſich genommen. Stunden lang verſank ich in Betrachtung dieſer einzigen geretteten Trümmer aus dem Schiffbruche meines verlornen Erdenglücks, und meine Mutter ließ mich gewähren und ſtörte mich nicht. Sie geſtand mir ſpäterhin, als ich im Stande war, ein anhaltendes Geſpräch zu ertragen, wie viel ſie ſelbſt zu der traurigen Entwicklung meines Geſchicks beigetragen hatte und bat mich unter heißen Thränen, ihr zu verzeihen. Ich weinte mit ihr, aber ich vermochte es nicht ſie zu tadeln; meine arme Mutter hatte keine andere Liebe je gekannt, als die zu ihrem Sohne. Von Jugend auf war ſie das Opfer der kalten Pflicht geweſen, früher der, die ſie ihren Eltern, ſpäter der, die ſie ihrem Gemahl ſchuldig war; nie hatte ein Strahl jener allgewaltigen Flamme ihr zuſammengepreßtes Herz erwärmen dürfen, die alles Leben auf Erden zum wahren Leben erſt erweckt.

Daher gab ſie ſich nur der ängſtlichen Beſorgniß um meine Geſundheit hin, die ſie ſich durch meine lange harte Gefangenſchaft gefährdet dachte, und keine Ahnung kam in ihre Seele von dem, was ſie that, indem ſie auch Adelaiden ihre gränzenloſe Angſt um mich mittheilte, und das edelſte, geliebteſte Weſen aufforderte, ſich ſelbſt zu opfern, um nur mein Leben zu retten. Ach! den Heldenmuth, mit dem Adelaide den fürchterlichſten Entſchluß faßte und ausführte, hat niemand auf Erden in ſeiner ganzen Größe begriffen, ſelbſt meine Mutter nicht; niemand als ich Unglückſeliger, niemand als ich allein! Die widerwärtige Geſtalt des ſchon alternden Ornano, ſein allgemein als unerträglich bekannter Charakter, ſeine Gemüthsloſigkeit bei ſehr beſchränkten Geiſtesvermögen, machten die Wahl der ſchönen, von den erſten Jünglingen des Landes geſuchten Adelaide, allen ihren Bekannten zum unauflöslichen Räthſel; ſelbſt ihre Eltern riethen ihr davon ab und baten ſie, einem ihrer würdigern Gemahl ihre Hand zu reichen. Auch meine Mutter ſuchte bei einer gemeinſchaftlichen Freundin in Bourdeaux ſie zu ſprechen, ſie zu warnen und ſie zu ermahnen, für ihr eignes Glück beſſer Sorge zu tragen; doch alle Bitten und Ermahnungen vermochten nicht, die Heldenmüthige von ihrem großen Entſchluſſe abzubringen. Ich kenne den Grafen Ornano, gnädige Frau, hatte Adelaide meiner Mutter geantwortet, ich weiß, welch ein Geſchick mir an ſeiner Seite bevorſteht. Doch meine Wahl ſoll ihrem Sohne zeigen, was allein mich zu dem Schritte bewegen konnte, den ich thun muß, wenn er leben ſoll. Sie, gnädige Frau, hoffe ich, werden ebenfalls einſt erkennen, daß die arme Adelaide der Ehre, Ihre Tochter zu heißen, nicht unwerth war; mein künftiges Betragen gegen den Grafen Ornano ſoll Sie und die Welt davon überzeugen. Ich weiß, was ich mir auferlege, aber ich weiß auch, daß ich es tragen werde oder erliegen; wanken auf der Bahn, die ich mir ſelbſt vorzeichne, werde ich nicht. Möge nur das Opfer, das ich bringe, Ihren Sohn nicht noch tiefer verwunden! Ich thue, was ich meinem Gefühle nach nicht unterlaſſen kann, aber mein ahnendes Herz verſagt mir wenig Gutes für ihn.

In wehmüthigen Erinnerungen vergingen mir die Tage meiner Geneſung an der Seite meiner Mutter; ich war ſtill und weich wie Alle, die nach ſchwerer Krankheit wieder zum Leben erſtehen; es fehlte mir ſogar an Kraft, den ganzen Umfang meines Unglücks zu faſſen, und meine Mutter glaubte mich getröſtet, weil ich in meinen Klagen nicht laut ward, um ihrer zu ſchonen. Der Befehl meines Vaters forderte die geliebte Frau nur zu bald wieder von mir ab; mich zu ſehen verlangte der unerbittlich Erzürnte nicht; ſein Gemüth hatte ſich ganz von mir abgewandt, wie er ſo hart mich behandelte; alle Liebe war in ihm erſtorben, ſogar die Nachricht von meiner todesgefährlichen Krankheit vermochte nicht, nur das kleinſte Zeichen von Theilnahme ihm zu entlocken. Und ſo mußte ich denn meine Mutter von mir ſcheiden ſehen und blieb zwiſchen meinen Felſen, in meiner düſtern Waldeinſamkeit allein zurück.

Dennoch war ich darum nicht verlaſſen, ich hatte doch noch einen Vertrauten um mich, dem ich Adelaidens Namen nennen durfte, dem ich meinen Schmerz klagen konnte und meine ewige Sehnſucht. Mein treuer Lorenzo war mir wieder gegeben. Von unſerer frühſten Kindheit an war er mein von mir ungetrennlicher Spielgefährte geweſen. Als wir beide heranwuchſen, wußte er allen Unterricht, den ich erhielt, mit mir theilen, um mich mit ſeinem Fleiß zur Nacheiferung anzuſpornen. Mehr Freund als Diener, hatte er mich ſpäterhin auf meinen Reiſen ins Ausland begleitet; er war mit gränzenloſer Treue mir ergeben, und ich lohnte ihm ſeine Liebe durch unbeſchränktes Vertrauen. Willig hatte er ſein Leben daran geſetzt, mich der Schwermuth zu entreißen, in die ich immer tiefer verſank, als kein Tag erſcheinen wollte, der mir von Adelaiden Nachricht gebracht hätte. Die Sehnſucht, ſie nur noch einmal zu ſehen, nagte an meinem Leben und trieb mich, gleich einem Verzweifelnden, raſtlos von Ort zu Ort, bis ich die Qual nicht länger zu tragen vermochte und um jeden Preis ihr zu entrinnen beſchloß. In der unſcheinbarſten Verkleidung wollte ich nach Bourdeaux, um die Geliebte, wäre es auch ganz von Ferne, nur einmal noch zu erblicken, und dann — mir galt es gleich, was dann weiter noch geſchehen ſollte; nur ihr letztes Gebot wollte ich ehren und es nicht wagen, mich in ihre Nähe zu drängen.

Lorenzo's unabläſſiges Bitten, ſeine dringenden Vorſtellungen bewogen mich endlich dahin, von dieſem Vorſatz in ſo fern abzugehen, daß ich ihm erlaubte, vorher auf Kundſchaft auszugehen, um mir den Weg zu bahnen, und Mittel und Wege auszufinden, meinen Wunſch auf die mindeſt gefährliche Weiſe zu befriedigen. Er reiſte ab und nun vergingen wieder mehrere Wochen, in denen ich ohne Nachricht von ihm blieb. Meine glühende Ungeduld trieb mich oft an, ihm auf Gerathewohl zu folgen; auf der andern Seite hielt die Furcht, ihn zu verfehlen, mich wieder davon ab, wenn er etwa, während ich abweſend ſei, wieder zurückkehren ſollte. Zuweilen ſtiegen die quälendſten Zweifel in mir auf, die ich mühſam bekämpfen mußte; ſo verging mir die Zeit in Angſt, Sehnſucht und Ungeduld, bis der Getreue endlich wiederkehrte.

Lorenzo traf Adelaiden nicht mehr in Bourdeaux. Ornano hatte ſie nach Biscaya auf eines ſeiner Güter geführt, und ſo blieb meinem Freunde nichts weiter übrig, als Beiden zu folgen. Er war gewandt genug, ſich bei dem Grafen Ornano als Architekt Zutritt zu verſchaffen, denn dieſer wollte in ſeinem Schloſſe bedeutende Veränderungen vornehmen laſſen, und Lorenzo hatte ſich von Jugend auf nicht ganz unbedeutende Kenntniſſe im Fache der Baukunſt erworben, die er dereinſt in meinem Dienſte geltend zu machen hoffte. Während unſeres Aufenthalts in Italien hatte er ſpäterhin jede Gelegenheit benutzt, um dieſe Kenntniſſe zu vervollkommnen; ich hingegen fühlte mich mehr zur Malerei hingezogen, die ich in jenem Lande mit großer Luſt und nicht ganz ohne Gelingen damals übte.

Lorenzo war mit der Verſicherung, auf das ſchnellſte wiederzukehren, vom Grafen geſchieden; er hatte ihm auch verſprochen, einen Maler mitzubringen, der fähig ſei, einen Saal mit ſeiner Kunſt auszuſchmücken. Ich ſollte dieſer Maler ſein, guter Gott! ich ſollte ſie ſehen, ſie hören, dieſelbe Luft mit ihr athmen, unter ihrem Dache leben; mir ſchwindelte bei dem bloßen Gedanken, ich glaubte vergehen zu müſſen in Schmerz und Seligkeit!

Auch Lorenzo hatte Adelaiden geſehen. Wie hing mein Auge an ſeiner Geſtalt, als er dieſes mir berichtete! Auch ihr Auge hatte auf ihm geruht, ich wurde nicht müde, ihn anzuſehen, mir war, als ſtände er noch, von dem Abglanz ihrer Blicke umleuchtet, vor mir da; er vermuthete ſogar, von ihr erkannt worden zu ſein, denn ſie erröthete bei ſeinem Anblick und ſchien ihm ſeitdem ſorgfältig auszuweichen. O Adelaide, meine Adelaide, wohin war es mit uns beiden gekommen, daß du ſogar den Diener deines Freundes vermeiden mußteſt, den Einzigen, der deſſen Namen dir nennen konnte!

Nur ſelten hatte Lorenzo ſie geſehen, und ſtets nur in der Ferne erblickt, denn ſie führte ein ſehr einſam-trübes Leben. Ornano liebte ſie wie Seinesgleichen lieben, mit raſender Wuth. Er bewies ihr dieſe Liebe dadurch, daß er, gequält von furchtbarer Eiferſucht, ſie Tag und Nacht bewachte und ihre Freiheit auf alle Weiſe beſchränkte. Ganze Tage brachte ſie einſam in ihrem Zimmer zu, nur ein kleiner Hund, den ſie nie von ſich ließ, war ihr ſteter Begleiter; ich hatte in glücklicheren Tagen ihn ihr einſt gegeben und ihre Anhänglichkeit an dem kleinen Thierchen rührte mich jetzt bis zu Thränen.

Don Gabriel, der um viele Jahre jüngere Bruder des Grafen Ornano, war der Einzige, der zuweilen ihr nahen durfte. Er war ihr Hausgenoſſe und Lorenzo beſchrieb ihn mir als das vollkommenſte Gegenbild ſeines Verwandten. Wie ein Schutzgeiſt umſchwebte er Adelaiden, milderte ihr hartes Geſchick ſo viel er dieſes vermochte, und beſänftigte oft den Zorn ihres über jede Kleinigkeit in Wuth gerathenden Tyrannen. Doch mußte er dabei ſich ſorgfältig davor hüten, nicht ſelbſt der Gegenſtand von deſſen Eiferſucht zu werden.

Fort! fort! zu ihr! weiter vermochte ich bei Lorenzo's Schilderung nichts zu denken. Lorenzo war bereit, mich zu führen, aber er beſchwor mich zuvor bei allen Heiligen, bei Adelaidens Leben ſogar, unerkannt in Ornanos Schloſſe zu weilen, und mir an dem Anblicke der Geliebten genügen zu laſſen, ohne jemals zu ſuchen, ſie zu ſprechen. Er ſchilderte mir in den grellſten abſchreckendſten Farben des Grafen Eiferſucht und die unvermeidliche Todesgefahr, in die ich durch Unbeſonnenheit Adelaiden ſtürzen könnte.

Ich hörte ihn gelaſſen an und verſprach Alles, was er wollte; das Glück, ſie nur zu ſehen, ſchien mir ſo überſchwenglich groß, mir war, als ſei es unmöglich, darüber hinaus noch etwas zu begehren. Wir machten uns auf die Reiſe.

Endlich war das Ziel erreicht; ich ſtand in meiner Verkleidung vor dem verabſcheuten Räuber meiner Seligkeit und knirſchte innerlich vor Zorn, aber ich verrieth mich nicht, und dieſes ward mir um ſo leichter, da er mich kaum eines Blickes würdigte, ſondern ſich mit ſeinen Aufträgen nur an Lorenzo wandte. In einem Seitenflügel des Schloſſes, deſſen Fenſter nach dem Garten ausgingen, ward uns unſere gemeinſchaftliche Wohnung angewieſen, und ſchon am folgenden Morgen gingen wir an die Arbeit. Lorenzo übernahm die Aufſicht über die Bauleute, und ich beſtieg ein hohes Gerüſt, um nach Raphaels Logen einen Saal mit Blumengewinden und Arabesken zu bedecken.

Viele Tage vergingen, ohne daß ich Adelaiden erblickte; endlich ging ſie eines Abends ganz allein an unſerem Fenſter vorüber, nur ihr kleiner Hund ſprang luſtig um ſie her. Sie war bleich, nachläſſig gekleidet, ihr ſüßes Auge ſchweifte achtlos und trübe umher, ohne auf irgend einem Gegenſtande zu haften. Laut weinend ſank ich am Fenſter auf meine Knie; ſo! ſo ſie wiederzuſehen! Mein Herz wollte brechen; ich verharrte in meiner Stellung, bis ich ſie wieder zurückkehren hörte. Es war ſpät, tiefe Dämmerung umhüllte mir die ſüße Geſtalt, ich ſah ſie nicht, aber mein Herz verkündete mir ihre Nähe.

Dann erblickte ich ſie wieder in der Schloßkapelle beim Gottesdienſte. Ich ſtand während der Meſſe ihr gegenüber. Keiner ihrer Blicke fiel auf mich, ſie betete für mich, den Ferngeglaubten, und keine Ahnung ihres Herzens verkündete ihr die Nähe des Unglücklichſten auf Erden. Ich wollte mein Gebet mit dem ihren vereinigt ſteigen laſſen zum Throne des Allerhöchſten, doch vergebens; alle meine Gedanken flogen zu ihr, ſie war meine Heilige, nur ſie konnte ich anrufen, und ach! ſie ſah, ſie hörte mich nicht! Wie fühlte ich mich verloren.

Don Gabriel beſuchte mich oft, wenn ich arbeitete, und bezeigte ſich weit freundlicher gegen mich, als ich es in meiner jetzigen Geſtalt von ihm erwarten durfte. Sein geiſtreiches Geſpräch, ſeine ſehr ſchöne Geſtalt, die anmuthige Würde ſeines Benehmens, hätten ihn mir lieb machen ſollen, und doch war ſeine Gegenwart mir drückend und unerfreulich. Ach, ich erkannte mich ſelbſt und mein Gemüth nicht mehr! Ich beneidete ihm das Glück, Adelaide, meine Adelaide täglich ſehen und ſprechen zu dürfen, während ich! — und er liebte ſie, das wußte ich gewiß; er war traurig wie ich, und ſeinem dunkelſtrahlenden Auge leuchtete dieſelbe Flamme, die auch mich verzehrte, Alles an ihm deutete auf unglückliche Liebe, und wen konnte er lieben als Sie!

Eines Morgens, ewig, ewig wird er meinem Gemüthe gegenwärtig bleiben! Don Gabriel trat herein in den Saal, in welchem ich arbeitete, mit ihm Adelaide; ich hörte wieder ihre ſüße Stimme, alle meine Nerven erbebten vor dem Laute, die Sinne vergingen mir, faſt wäre ich hinabgeſtürzt von dem Gerüſte, zu ihren Füßen hin.

Und warum muß ich denn dieſen Saal ſehen, ſprach ſie. Ihr wißt, Don Gabriel, mich kann das Alles nicht erfreuen. Sie ſchlug das wunderſchöne Auge zu mir auf, ſie ſah mich, ſie erkannte mich, doch ſagte nur ihr Erbleichen, ihr Zittern. Im nächſten Moment ergriff ſie Don Gabriels Arm und wankte, auf ihn geſtützt, wieder hinaus. Der Geruch der Farben mache ſie ſchwindeln, ſagte ſie.

Lorenzo fand mich in wilder Verzweiflung und führte mich faſt gewaltſam fort auf unſer Zimmer. Zerriſſen von wüthendem Schmerz, fühlte ich, Adelaide zürne mir. Sie mußte mir zürnen, denn ich hatte, ihr flehendes Bitten vergeſſend, ihr ſtrenges Gebot übertreten! Doch war ich denn keines freundlichen Blickes ihr mehr werth? nicht einmal eines Zeichens ihres Zornes! Halb wahnſinnig wollte ich mich jetzt ſelbſt bereden, ich ſei vergeſſen, Adelaidens Herz habe ſich von mir abgewendet; meine irren Gedanken ſchweiften umher ohne Ruhepunkt, ich wünſchte in meinen Kerker mich zurück und pries laut die Seligkeit jener Zeit. Nun erſt war mein Elend auf das Höchſte geſtiegen, ich hatte in dieſem furchtbaren Momente den Glauben an Adelaiden verloren. Zum erſten Male durchraſte mich wilde Eiferſucht, ich wünſchte mir den Tod herbei, und hätte, ohne Lorenzo's treue Wachſamkeit, ihn mir ſelbſt gegeben.

Ich durchwachte die Nacht, die Sonne ging auf und mit der jubelnden Natur erwachte auch mein eignes beſſeres Selbſt. Sei es denn, ſprach ich zu meinem Freunde, konnte ſie auch aufhören zu lieben, ſo will ich mich freuen, daß ſie den Qualen entgangen iſt, in denen ich mein Leben verzehren muß. Das Glück der Geliebten iſt edler reiner Liebe höchſtes Ziel. Ich will fort; nie ſoll mein Anblick ſie wieder aus ihrer Ruhe ſtören. Ich will fort auf Nimmerwiederſehen, doch Lebewohl muß ich ihr ſagen, ehe ich gehe. Ihr Herz wird dieſen Abſchied jetzt ertragen ohne zu brechen, mir aber iſt das Leben dieſe letzte Gunſt noch ſchuldig. Ich ſuche ſie; dann gehe ich, wohin Du willſt, Lorenzo, führe mich, ich will dann ſanft folgen wie ein Kind, nach dieſem Lebewohl muß mir doch wohl werden.

Lorenzo beſtärkte mich in dem Entſchluſſe, das Schloß zu verlaſſen; zwar verſuchte er zugleich, mich von dem Gedanken abzubringen, Adelaiden noch einmal ſprechen zu wollen; doch da er endlich die Unmöglichkeit davon einſah, ſo verſprach er, mir dazu behilflich zu ſein, um mich nur nicht länger in dieſem gefährlichen Aufenthalt weilen zu laſſen. Auf ſeinen Antrieb mußte ich wieder an meine Arbeit gehen, um im Schloſſe nicht Aufmerkſamkeit zu erregen, und ihm verſprechen, dort geduldig zu harren, bis er Zeit gewänne, einen meinem Vorſatz günſtigen Augenblick zu erſpähen.

Mehrere Tage vergingen, zitternd ſah ich der Erfüllung meines letzten Wunſches auf Erden entgegen, das kleinſte Geräuſch erſchreckte mich, denn immer erwartete ich, Adelaiden wieder in den Saal treten zu ſehen. Endlich gab Lorenzo mir das lang erſehnte Zeichen, ich eilte zu ihm herunter, er flüſterte mir zu: Don Gabriel ſei auf die Jagd geritten, der Graf in einem abgelegenen untern Zimmer für viele Stunden mit ſeinen Verwaltern beſchäftigt. Ich hörte dieß kaum, ich flog die Schloßtreppe hinauf, kaum meiner ſelbſt mir bewußt, ſtand ich im Vorſaal, ich ſah Adelaiden eben im Begriff, in ihr Zimmer zu treten, und folgte ihr auf dem Fuße, ohne daß ſie meiner gewahr ward.

Zürne nicht! Fliehe nicht! rief ich hingeſunken zu ihren Füßen. Gönne mir das letzte traurige Glück, Dir Lebewohl auf immer zu ſagen, ehe ich von Dir ſcheide. Ich gehe, ich ſterbe fern von Dir, Du ſiehſt mich nie nach dieſer Stunde, Du hörſt meinen unglücklichen Namen nie wieder. Stehe auf! rief Adelaide in tödtlicher Angſt, fliehe, o fliehe und kehre nie wieder zurück. Ich bin die unſeligſte aller Frauen! Ehre mein Unglück, vergrößre nicht mein Elend, ich leide mit Dir, ich leide um Dich, fliehe, willſt Du nicht ganz mich verderben. Verweile keinen Augenblick, o fliehe, ſiehe mich nie wieder, eile, verlaß mich.

Ich gehe, rief ich noch immer auf den Knieen, ich gehe gleich, verſprich mir nur, daß Du mein gedenken, daß Du den Armen nicht haſſen willſt, der geboren ward, Dein Glück, Deinen Frieden zu ſtören. Ich konnte nicht von ihr weichen, ſie flehte vergebens, ich blieb zu ihren Füßen ſinnlos, machtlos — da flog die Thüre auf, ſchäumend, raſend ſtand Ornano vor uns, riß einen Dolch hervor, und drang mit dieſem auf Adelaiden ein. Schnell, wie ein Gedanke, warf ich mich zwiſchen Beide; er trachtete jetzt nach meinem Leben, ich rang mit ihm, er verwundete mich in der Schulter, ich entriß ihm die Waffe, ich ſah in ihm nur Adelaidens Mörder, und ſtieß ſeinen eigenen Dolch ihm tief in die Bruſt. Er ſank bewußtlos zu Boden; die durch das Geräuſch unſeres Kampfes herbeigerufenen Bedienten drangen herein, ſie ſahen den vom Blut ihres Gebieters noch rauchenden Dolch in meiner Hand. Ohne Mühe entwaffneten ſie mich, riſſen mich mit ſich fort, und ſchloſſen in einem andern Zimmer mich ein.

Jetzt erſt, in der Einſamkeit, erwachte ich aus meinem furchtbaren Wahnſinn, und überſah mit Grauſen den Abgrund von Elend, in welchen ich, hingeriſſen von meiner ungezähmten Leidenſchaft, Adelaiden und mich geſtürzt hatte. Wohin ich blickte, ſah ich die Geliebte, wie ich zuletzt ſie geſehen hatte, überſtrömt vom Blut ihres Gemahls, in todtenähnlicher Ohnmacht neben ihm am Boden liegen, und mein Haar ſträubte vor Grauſen ſich empor bei dem Gedanken, ſie, die Heilige, Reine könne beſchuldigt werden, an meiner That Antheil genommen zu haben. Gewaltſam nahm ich mich zuſammen, um zu überlegen, was ich für ſie thun könne, um ihre Unſchuld vor Gericht zu beweiſen; ich nahm mir vor, nur für ſie zu zeugen, und dann, ohne meinen wahren Namen zu nennen, mich unerkannt dem Laufe der Gerechtigkeit zu überlaſſen. Der Gedanke, als ein gemeiner Verbrecher hingerichtet zu werden, erſchreckte mich nicht; nur Adelaide und die Ehre meines Hauſes wollte ich retten, alles übrige kümmerte mich wenig; das Leben hatte längſt jeden Reiz für mich verloren, ich hielt es nicht der Mühe werth, es noch feſthalten zu wollen. Um Mitternacht öffnete ſich meine Thüre, ich glaubte man komme mich ins Verhör abzuholen; es war Don Gabriel, der Bruder des Getödteten, der ohne alle Begleitung zu mir hereintrat.

Adelaide ſendet mich, Graf Ardaban, ſprach er mild, aber ernſt. Sie gab mir den erſten höchſten Beweis ihrer Achtung, indem ſie Euren wahren Namen und ihr Verhältniß zu Euch mir entdeckte. Ich will dieſes Vertrauens werth ſein, ich komme um Euch zu befreien. Auch die Gräfin rette ich um jeden Preis — wenn Rettung möglich iſt, ſetzte er bedeutend hinzu.

Ich wanke nicht, ich weiche nicht von hier, rief ich aus; vor Gericht will ich Adelaidens engelreine Unſchuld mit dem heiligſten Eide beſchwören und dann ſterben, um vor den Augen der Welt meine That zu büßen. Adelaide und mein Herz ſprechen mich von Verbrechen frei, das fühle ich; auch der ewige Richter wird mir gnädig ſein, das hoffe ich mit Zuverſicht. Ich ſterbe für Adelaiden und gehe freudig in den Tod.

Euer Opfer wäre vergebens dargebracht, erwiederte Don Gabriel; mein Bruder lebt, ſeine Wunde iſt tief, aber nicht tödtlich. Das erſte Zeichen ſeines wiederkehrenden Lebens war der Befehl, ſeine Gemahlin auf das ſtrengſte zu bewachen. Sein Verdacht allein bringt die Arme auf mancherlei Weiſe in Lebensgefahr, wenn gleich nicht auf gerichtlichem Wege; Ihr kennt den Grafen Ornano nicht. Euer Tod kann ſie nicht retten, wohl aber ſie in Verzweiflung ſterben laſſen. O folgt mir, zaudert nicht, morgen kann ich vielleicht nichts mehr für Euch thun.

Und was wird aus ihr, wenn mir der arme Troſt geraubt wird, für ſie zu ſterben! rief ich verzweifelnd. Ich ſoll fliehen, wie ein Feiger der Gefahr mich entziehen, in die ich ſie mit mir hinabriß, ich ſoll ſie in dieſer zurücklaſſen und — —

Folgt mir, fiel Don Gabriel ein, flieht um Adelaidens willen; ich wache für ihr Leben und Euer Bleiben kann ihr nur Unheil bringen. Ardaban, ſetzte er ſehr bewegt hinzu, auch ich bete dieſe Heilige an, ich liebe ſie wie Ihr, heiß, innig, mit aller Kraft meines Weſens hänge ich einzig an ihr, um ihretwillen gebe ich Leben und Ruhe willig hin. Dieſes Geſtändniß mag Euch über ihr Schickſal beruhigen, denn im Gemüthe des Mannes, den ſie liebt, kann niederer Argwohn niemals Raum gewinnen. Ardaban, Euer Erſcheinen hat mir den letzten Troſt geraubt, der meinem armen Leben noch blieb, den ſüßen Wahn, die Himmliſche ſei für irdiſche Liebe nicht geboren. Euch liebte ſie! o wie konntet Ihr Euch an dieſem Bewußtſein nicht genügen laſſen! Kommt, o kommt, rettet Euch und vielleicht auch ſie.

Entzweit mit mir ſelbſt, erdrückt von der Seelengröße dieſes edlen Mannes, ließ ich mich führen, wohin er wollte. Im Schloſſe war alles ſtill; als wir außer dem Bezirk deſſelben waren, gab mir Don Gabriel einen Brief an den Prior eines nahgelegenen Kloſters, in welchem er mir rieth, mich zu verbergen, bis die Nachforſchungen vorüber ſein würden, die er ſelbſt meinetwegen würde anſtellen müſſen. Dann ſchied er von mir und ich blieb allein. Die Nacht war düſter, doch finſterer noch war es in meinem Gemüth.

Ich irrte in der Dunkelheit noch lange um das Schloß herum, ich konnte mich nicht entſchließen, den durch Adelaidens Gegenwart geheiligten Boden zu verlaſſen; endlich trieb die Hoffnung, von ihr etwas zu vernehmen, dem Kloſter mich zu. Mit grauendem Morgen ſtand ich an der Pforte deſſelben und wurde, da ich den Brief des Don Gabriel vorzeigte, ſogleich zum Prior geführt; doch indem ich dieſem das Schreiben überreichte, ſank ich ohnmächtig zu Boden, und er ſah mit Entſetzen Blut durch meine Kleidung dringen.

Ich hatte die Wunde ganz vergeſſen, die ich von Ornano, im Kampfe mit ihm, erhalten hatte, ſie war nicht verbunden, die innere Qual hatte den phyſiſchen Schmerz übertäubt. Der Arzt des Kloſters fand ſie ſehr entzündet und nicht ganz gefahrlos. Ein wüthendes Wundfieber ergriff mich, ängſtende Fieberbilder umſchwirrten mich, wenn ich ſchlief, wenn ich wachte, flehte ich in hellen Augenblicken zu Gott, mich ſterben zu laſſen.

Wochenlang feſſelte Entkräftung mich an mein Lager; mein treuer Lorenzo war ebenfalls wenige Stunden ſpäter als ich im Kloſter angelangt. Sein und des Priors Pflege, beider tröſtliches Zureden, trugen unbeſchreiblich viel zu meiner Wiederherſtellung bei. Durch den Prior erhielt ich zuweilen Nachricht aus dem Schloſſe. Ornano lebte, doch erholte er ſich nur langſam. Adelaide war ungewöhnlich tief betrübt, bleich und hinfällig. Aber ſie wich keinen Augenblick von ihrem leidenden Gemahl, und pflegte ſeiner mit der hingebenden Aufopferung ihrer eigenen Geſundheit. Don Gabriel verließ ſie nie; übrigens ließ er mit großem Eifer mich überall ſuchen, nur nicht in dem Kloſter, wo ich war.

Gefoltert von innerem Leiden, in trübes Nachdenken verſunken, lag ich einſt um Mitternacht ſchlaflos auf meinem Lager; Lorenzo ſchlief neben mir ſanft und feſt, denn meine Geſundheit bedurfte ſeines Wachens nicht mehr. In grauenvollen Bildern ging meine Vergangenheit an mir vorüber, in mir und um mich ward es immer düſterer, da riß der Schall einer kleinen, in hellen Jammertönen durch die Nacht hinklagenden Glocke mich empor. Wohl kannte ich den wimmernden Klageton; es war die Sterbeglocke, welche die Lebenden in der bangen Stunde zum Gebete verſammelt, in welcher der letzte Hauch des Lebens noch auf den Lippen eines Sterbenden weilt. Furchtbare, nie gefühlte Angſt ergriff mich bei dem Tone; leiſe, um Lorenzo nicht zu wecken, ſchlich ich von meinem Lager auf, leiſe öffnete ich die Thüre meines Zimmers. Draußen auf dem Gange huſchte ein Laienbruder eilend an mir vorüber. Wer iſt es? wer ſtirbt? fragte ich.

Die Brüder eilen ins Chor, um für die ſcheidende Seele der Gräfin Ornano zu beten, rief er aus der Ferne. Wahnſinn ergriff mich, ich riß den Verband von meiner Wunde, mein Blut ſprang hoch empor, ich weiß noch, daß ich mit wildem Entzücken ihm zuſah. Lorenzo fand mich am Boden bewußtlos liegen.

Nochmals kehrte ich ins Leben zurück. Faſt kalt, ohne Klage, ohne Thräne ging ich mein vergangnes Leben durch und ſah ſchaudernd, wie zerſtörend es überall in Adelaidens Daſein eingetreten ſei. Ohne mich Unſeligen wären ihre Tage ſanft und friedlich dahin gefloſſen, dieſes konnte ich mir nicht verhehlen. Ich überſah meine Schuld und ſaß kalt über mir ſelbſt zu Gericht, wie ein Fremder. Sie ruht nun im Grabe, ſprach ich, und ich, den ſie gränzenlos liebte, ich grub es ihr. Meine wilde ungezähmte Leidenſchaft gönnte ihr keinen Frieden nach dem ſchweren übermenſchlichen Opfer, das ſie brachte, um mich von dem Untergange meines irdiſchen Daſeins zu retten. Ruhe ſanft, Geliebte; ich muß noch leben, ich bin der Wohlthat noch nicht werth, aus dieſem Jammer zu ſcheiden. Büßen will ich auf Erden meine ſchwere Schuld, bis der ewige Richter mich abruft, zu dir, in deine glanzerfüllte Heimath, wo du, ſeliger Engel, jetzt thronſt, über irdiſche Schmerzen erhoben.

Unter dem Siegel der Beichte entdeckte ich jetzt dem Prior, wer ſie ſei, und enthüllte ihm das ganze Gewebe von Schuld und Unglück, das mein kurzes Leben erfüllte. Mitleidsvoll hörte er mich an, und ließ ſich endlich erbitten, meinen letzten Wunſch zu erfüllen, das Kloſtergelübde mich ablegen zu laſſen, und mir eine, mitten im Walde belegene Einſiedelei einzuräumen, die zum Kloſter gehörte, und ſeit vielen Jahren nicht bewohnt wurde.

An dem Tage, wo ich mein Gelübde ablegte, habe ich Don Gabriel zum letztenmal geſehen. Schweigend trat er in meine Zelle, ſchweigend betrachteten wir einander lange.

Auch Ihr liebtet ſie! O ſagt mir alles von ihr! ſprach ich endlich.

Ja wohl, Unglücksgefährte, auch ich liebte ſie, glühend, innig, treu! und ſagte es ihr nie. Schon auf Erden war ſie meine Heilige, wie ſie jetzt im Himmel es iſt, der ich nur mit reinem Herzen, aus tiefer Ferne, anbetend, mich zu nahen wagte. So lange ſie unter uns weilte, lebte ich von ihrem Anſchauen, ſie war die Gattin meines Bruders, zu hoch, zu himmliſch, um irdiſche Wünſche zu entflammen. Ich wollte auch ſie zur Flucht bewegen, nachdem ich in jener Nacht Euch befreit hatte; doch, im ſtolzen Bewußtſein ihrer Unſchuld beſtand ſie darauf, am Schmerzenslager ihres Gemahls ſtandhaft zu verharren. Als er wieder fähig ward, die Gegenſtände um ſich her zu erkennen, verbannte er ſie aus ſeinem Geſichte. Nach wenigen Tagen begannen ihre Kräfte plötzlich und ſichtbar zu ſchwinden — treu habe ich über ſie gewacht, und doch! — Gott befreie mich von dem furchtbaren Argwohn, der an meinem Leben nagt! Erwieſen iſt nichts! — und doch! — der Grauſame verſagte dem heißen Flehen der Sterbenden noch den letzten Troſt, ihn zu ſehen und in ſeiner Gegenwart ihre Unſchuld durch einen heiligen Eid am Rande des Grabes zu betheuern. Nie kann ich wieder ſein Antlitz ſchauen, nie jenes unſelige Schloß betreten, in welchem ſie lebte und litt. Meine Liebe ſank nicht mit ihr ins Grab, ihr Tod fachte ſie noch höher an; ich ziehe noch heute fort; fern von meinem Vaterlande, im Kampfe gegen die Ungläubigen, die an Ungarns Gränze wüthen, hoffe ich zugleich mit meinem Leben dieſe Flamme zu löſchen!

Glücklicher! Beneidungswerther! Du reine Seele darfſt vom Leben ſcheiden, ich Schuldbewußter muß es ertragen! rief ich ihm nach, als er auf ewig von mir ſchied.

Den folgenden Tag bezog ich meine, von jedem Laute des Lebens weit entfernte Hütte; ewigem Schweigen geweiht, ſehe ich einen Tag nach dem andern mir ſchwinden, und harre geduldig, bis Gott ſelbſt ſpricht: es iſt genug, und mich abruft. Allem Glanz, jeder Bequemlichkeit des Lebens habe ich entſagt. Die Welt weiß nichts mehr von dem Unglücklichen, dem Namenloſen, der, fern von aller menſchlichen Geſellſchaft, in der ſtrengſten Abgeſchiedenheit hauſet und der auch von ihr nichts weiß, und nichts wiſſen will. Was ich, um das Leben zu erhalten, bedarf, wird täglich vom Kloſter aus an einen beſtimmten Ort hingeſtellt, wo ich es abhole. Lorenzo hat ebenfalls im Kloſter ſein Gelübde abgelegt, um mir nahe zu bleiben; auch ſein Daſein habe ich zerſtört und nur in der letzten Stunde meines Lebens werde ich mich für würdig halten, das Antlitz des treueſten Freundes zu ſchauen und ſeine Vergebung mir zu erflehen.

Mein ganzes Tagewerk hier iſt: das Leben tragen in Liebe, Reue und Buße.

Amalie Emma Schoppe,

dieſe ungemein fruchtbare Schriftſtellerin, iſt am 9. October 1791 auf der Oſtſeeinſel Fehmern geboren. Von ſehr lebhaftem Geiſte und Autodidaktie erleichterte ſie ſich eine ſchwere Jugend durch Studien der Literatur faſt aller Völker. In Hamburg leitete ſie eine Zeitlang eine Mädchenſchule und heirathete den Juriſten Dr. Schoppe, ohne ſeine glühende Liebe zu erwiedern. Sein früher Tod löſte bald die unglückliche Ehe. Durch Roſa Maria Aſſing, ihren Bruder Varnhagen von Enſe, Juſtinus Kerner und Chamiſſo in die Schriftſtellerwelt eingeführt, entwickelte ſie eine bedenkliche Productivität, die in 13 Jahren gegen 118 Bände zu Tage gefördert hat. Sie lebt in Hamburg. Zu ihren vorzüglichſten Schriften gehören:

Eugenia. Hamburg, 1824.
Lebensbilder. Leipzig, 1826. 2 Bde.
Antonie, oder Liebe und Entſagung. Leipzig, 1826.
Glück und Leid. Leipzig, 1826.
Iwan, oder die Revolution von 1762 in Petersburg. Leipzig, 1827. 3 Bde.
Schickſalswege. Braunſchweig, 1828. 2 Bde.
Tycho de Brahe. Leipzig, 1830. 2 Bde.
Die Schlacht bei Hemmingſtedt. Leipzig, 1840.
Geſammelte Erzählungen und Novellen. Leipzig, 1828 — 1836. 3 Bde.
Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben. Altona, 1838. 2 Bde.

A. S. beſitzt glückliche Erfindungsgabe und das Talent gewandter Darſtellung; auch gelingt ihr die Zeichnung weiblicher Charaktere wohl; ihre Schriften fordern daher ein geneigtes Publikum, deſſen Gunſt ſie ſich zu erhalten verſtand. Noch vorzüglicher ſind indeſſen ihre Arbeiten für die Jugend.

Hartmann Schopper,

aus Neumark in der Pfalz, lebte um 1542 und diente eine Zeitlang im Heere Kaiſer Maximilians des 2ten. Weiteres iſt nicht von ihm bekannt. Er ſchrieb:

Fabeln zur Auslegung von Holzſchnitten, die Johann Peſch (pfälziſcher Leibarzt, ſtarb 1597) ſchon mit ähnlichen lateiniſchen Beilagen verſehen hatte. (Vgl. Bragur III., S. 319 — 20.)

welche aber keineswegs bedeutend ſind.

Heinrich Schorch.

Dieſer fleißige Statiſtiker wurde am 12. Juli 1777 zu Erfurt geboren und lebte als Doctor der Philoſophie und der Rechte, ordentlicher Profeſſor der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, Univerſitätsbibliothekar und Secretär der Akademie gemeinnütziger Wiſſenſchaften in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo er am 27. Juli 1822 ſtarb.

- Allgemeines Jahrbuch der Univerſitäten, Gymnaſien u. ſ. w. Erfurt, 1798—1802. 6 Hefte.
- Allgemeines Handlungs-, Poſt- und Zeitungslexikon. Erfurt, 1804—21. 4 Bde.
- Neueſte Kunde von Großbritannien und Irland. Weimar, 1810.
- Staats- und Adreßhandbuch der Staaten des rheiniſchen Bundes für 1811—13. Weimar.
- Harlekins Wiedergeburt, Intriguenſpiel. Erfurt, 1805.
- Luthers Entſcheidung, dramatiſches Gedicht. Weimar, 1818.
- Erinnerungen an Friedrich den Großen. Erfurt, 1819.

Fleiß, Genauigkeit und reiches Wiſſen zeichneten S's ſtatiſtiſche Arbeiten ſehr vortheilhaft aus; ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen ſind dagegen nicht eben bedeutend.

Johann Karl Ludwig von Schorn

ward am 9. Juni 1793 zu Kaſtell in Franken, wo ſein Vater als Beamter lebte, geboren, ſtudirte Theologie in Erlangen und wurde dann Lehrer an einer Erziehungsanſtalt ſeines Geburtsortes. Hier beſchäftigte er ſich vorzüglich in ſeinen Mußeſtunden mit practiſchen und theoretiſchen Kunſtſtudien, und ging dann 1816 nach München und 1819 nach Dresden, um dieſelben im weiteſten Umfange fortzuſetzen. Im Jahre 1820 ward er für die Redaktion des Kunſtblattes zum Morgenblatte nach Stuttgart berufen, bereiſte für ſeine Zwecke Italien und Frankreich während 1822 und 1823, und erhielt nach ſeiner Rückkehr von einer zweiten Reiſe, nach den Niederlanden und England, 1826 die Profeſſur der Kunſtgeſchichte und das Generalſecretariat an der Akademie, ſowie die Profeſſur der Aeſthetik an der Univerſität in München. Im Jahre 1833 ward er nach Weimar als Director der dortigen Zeichnenakademie und der Kunſtſammlungen berufen. Vom Könige von Würtemberg erhielt er den Civilverdienſtorden, vom Großherzoge von Weimar den Falkenorden, den Familienadel und den Titel und Character eines geheimen Hofrathes. Er iſt Mitglied mehrerer gelehrten Geſellſchaften.

Außer vielen kleineren Abhandlungen, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. gab er heraus:

- Ueber die Studien der griechiſchen Künſtler. Heidelberg, 1818.
- Homer nach Antiken. (Fortſetzung von Heyne's Erklärung zu Tiſchbein's Zeichnungen.) Stuttgart, 1821—24. 3 Hefte. Fol.
- Medwin's Geſpräche mit Lord Byron. Stuttg., 1824.
- Beſchreibung der Glyptothek. München, 1830.
- Vaſari's Leben der Maler. — Stuttgart, 1832 ff. 3 Thle.
- Umriß einer Theorie der bildenden Künſte. Stuttgart, 1835.
- Ueber altdeutſche Sculptur mit beſonderer Rückſicht auf die in Erfurt vorhandenen Bildwerke. Erfurt, 1839.

Scharfſinn, reiches Wiſſen, feiner Geſchmack, Gedankenreichthum und ein trefflicher Styl zeichnen v. S's ſchriftſtelleriſche Leiſtungen ſehr vortheilhaft aus und haben ihm einen hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Kunſtforſchern erworben.

Heinrich Auguſt Schott,

einer der verdienteſten und ehrwürdigſten proteſtantiſchen deutſchen Theologen, ward am 5. December 1780 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt Theologie und habilitirte ſich, ſchon früh durch gediegene Abhandlungen empfohlen, nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn. 1806 ward er außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philologie, 1808 der Theologie an dieſer Univerſität, die er ſpäter mit Wittenberg vertauſchte, wohin er 1809 als Doctor und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie ging. 1812 folgte er einem Rufe nach Jena, als Profeſſor primarius der Theologie und Director des homiletiſchen Seminars. Er ſtarb hier am 29. December 1835 plötzlich, zu früh für die Seinigen, ſeine vielen Freunde und die Wiſſenſchaft. Der Großherzog von Weimar hatte ihm den Titel eines geheimen Kirchenrathes und die große goldene Civilverdienſtmedaille verliehen.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

- Chriſtlich religiöſe Reden. Leipzig, 1812. 8.
- Geiſtliche Reden und Homilien. Jena, 1815. 8.
- Chriſtliche Religionsvorträge. Gotha, 1819. 2 Thle. 8.
- Neue Sammlung geiſtlicher Reden. Jena, 1822.
- Theorie der Beredſamkeit. Jena, 1815—1828. 3 Thle. 8.
- Briefe über Religion. Jena, 1826.
- Neue Auswahl von Homilien und Predigten. Neuſtadt, 1830.
- Einzelne Predigten, Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

S. war einer der lichtvollſten, gelehrteſten, kräftigſten und zugleich beſonnenſten Vertheidiger des rationaliſtiſchen Supernaturalismus; er verband das gründlichſte Wiſſen mit echt kirchlicher Frömmigkeit; jede ſeiner trefflichen Schriften liefert den Beweis dafür. Als Kanzelredner ſchloß er ſich mit großem Erfolg Reinhard an.

Der Herbſt, ein lehrreiches Bild des Erdenlebens*).

Predigt am 15. Sonntage nach Trinitatis.

Ueber 1. Petr. 1, 24. 25.

Groß und auffallend, meine chriſtlichen Zuhörer, iſt die Verſchiedenheit menſchlicher Urtheile über die wahre Bedeutung und den Werth des Menſchenlebens; und in der Art und Weiſe, wie man das Leben zu betrachten pflegt, ſpricht ſich der menſchliche Charakter aus. Dem leichtſinnigen, gedankenloſen Menſchen kömmt es gewöhnlich gar nicht in den Sinn, die ernſte Frage aufzuwerfen, ob dieſes Leben einen Werth beſitze, und wo ſein Ziel zu finden ſei. Den Eindrücken der Gegenwart dahingegeben, in kleinliche Sorgen vertieft, von den Zerſtreuungen der Welt gefeſſelt, meint er das beſte Theil erwählt zu haben, wenn er ſeine Entſchließungen und Thaten vom Augenblicke beſtimmen läßt: er will an die Zukunft eines Lebens, an den Zuſammenhang des Ganzen nicht erinnert, in ſeiner Ruhe nicht geſtört, dem Schlummer der Trägheit nicht entriſſen werden. Der Lebensklage, durch gewiſſe Erfahrungen belehrt, aber von einer irdiſchen Neigung, ſie habe dieſen oder jenen Namen, von einer Leidenſchaft beherrſcht,

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*) Aus des Heinrich Auguſt Schott's geiſtlichen Reden und Homilien. Jena, 1815.

Menſch entwirft ſich einen Plan des Lebens, betrachtet es öfters im Zuſammenhange, und giebt ihm einen Werth. Aber ſein Streben und Sinnen iſt auf das Eitle und Vergängliche gerichtet; je ergiebiger ihm die Quelle des ſinnlichen Genuſſes ſtrömt, je mehr ihm die Welt von ihren Schätzen bietet, je williger ſich Alles um und neben ihm in ſeine ehrſüchtigen Pläne und Entwürfe fügt: deſto höher ſchlägt er den Werth des Lebens an; etwas Erhabenes und Großes ahnet er im Leben nicht. Der unglückliche Verlaſſene, den das Bewußtſein böſer Thaten foltert, oder der Unzufriedene und Trauernde, der ſich nicht mit ächtem religiöſen Sinne über vereitelte Hoffnungen und Leiden der Erde zu erheben weiß, verachtet das Leben als eine eitle Mühe, als ein täuſchendes Schattenbild, als ein bedeutungsloſes Streben, als eine Bürde, die von der Wiege bis zum Grabe drückt. —

Darf dies auch unſre Anſicht ſein, meine Zuhörer, die wir uns Erlöſte Jeſu, Erleuchtete von ſeinem Geiſte nennen? Oder iſt es Chriſtenpflicht und Chriſtenſinn, bei allem Gefühl der Unvollkommenheiten dieſes Erdenlebens, es doch mit einer Liebe, mit einer Freudigkeit, mit einer Achtung zu umfaſſen, die ſich auf eine wahre, würdige Vorſtellung von ſeinem Werthe gründet, von ſeiner heiligen Beſtimmung für die Ewigkeit? Unfehlbar wiſſen wir, als Chriſten, wie wir das Leben zu betrachten haben; denn er ſelbſt, der Anfänger und Vollender unſers Glaubens, hat uns das wahre, das unvergängliche Leben an das Licht gebracht. Aber wir werden auch durch mannigfaltige Erſcheinungen und Veränderungen um und neben uns immer und überall daran erinnert und dringend aufgefordert, eine weiſe und geläuterte, eine fromme und chriſtliche Anſicht des Menſchenlebens feſt zu halten. Denn fürwahr, nicht blos die Schönheit der Natur mit inniger Freude wahrzunehmen, nicht blos das Auge zu weiden an dem Anblick ihres regen Lebens, ihrer wechſelnden Geſtalten, ihrer namenloſen Pracht, iſt uns die irdiſche Schöpfung um und neben uns, ein Tempel Gottes, aufgeſchloſſen; wir ſollen auch die Stimme des Unendlichen vernehmen, wie ſie im Tempel der Natur mit heiligem Ernſte wiederhallt; wir ſollen mit geſammeltem Gemüthe im Sichtbaren das Unſichtbare ſchauen. Ernſt und bedeutungsvoll erſcheint uns die Natur, wenn wir auf den Geiſt, den ihre Werke offenbaren, auf den Zuſammenhang, der aus den einzelnen Geſtalten und Erſcheinungen der Außenwelt ein wundervolles Ganze bildet, auf die Belehrungen und Hoffnungen und Gefühle achten, mit welchen die Schöpfung des Unendlichen den forſchenden Geiſt erleuchtet und durchdringt. In ihrer ewigen Ordnung ſpiegelt ſich das Menſchenleben ſelbſt in ſeiner großen, heiligen Bedeutung. Zu einer ernſten, rührenden, erhebenden, zu einer wahrhaft chriſtlichen Betrachtung unſers Lebens ladet uns auch jetzt der fliehende Lauf des Jahres ein. Denn in der That, meine Zuhörer, der erneuerte Eindruck, den das fallende Laub, die welkende Pracht der Blumen, die verödete Flur, das abnehmende Licht der Tage, der Anblick ſegensvoller Früchte, welche in reicher Fülle hier geſammelt ſind, dort der Vollendung noch entgegenreifen, — der Eindruck, den dies Alles auf die Sinne macht, iſt nicht das Einzige und Höchſte, womit uns die Natur im herbſtlichen Gewande beſchäftigen und ergreifen ſoll. Auf etwas Geiſtiges und Unſichtbares deutet der Herbſt in dieſem Hinwelken und Verſchwinden, in dieſem Reifen und Vollendet werden, in dieſer wunderbaren Miſchung des Todes und des Lebens hin. Er lehrt uns in bedeutungsvollen Bildern das Erdenleben ſo betrachten, wie es der Chriſt betrachten muß. Laßt ſie uns genauer in das Auge faſſen. Du ſelbſt erleuchte uns, Herr unſers Lebens, daß wir die ernſte Sprache der Natur, daß wir dein Wort, Unendlicher, in deiner Schöpfung faſſen und bewahren. —

Text:

1. Petr. 1, 24. 25.

Denn alles Fleiſch iſt wie Gras, und alle Herrlichkeit der Menſchen wie des Graſes Blumen. Das Gras iſt verdorret, und die Blume iſt abgefallen; aber des Herrn Wort bleibet in Ewigkeit. Das iſt aber das Wort, welches unter Euch verkündiget iſt. —

Das Gras verdorret, die Blume welkt! ſo rufen auch wir uns zu, wenn wir das rege, blühende Leben der Natur allmählig ſchwinden ſehen. Und — können wir dieſes Leben ſchwinden ſehen, ohne an die allgemeine Vergänglichkeit des Irdiſchen zu denken, ohne wehmüthig ernſte, aber auch mächtig erhebende, Betrachtungen über die Würde, den Gang, das Ziel des Menſchenlebens anzuſtellen? So möge denn auch jetzt

der Herbſt als ein lehrreiches Bild des Erdenlebens

unſere Aufmerkſamkeit beſchäftigen.

I.

Vergänglich und flüchtig iſt das Erdenleben; ſeine äußern Reize ſchwinden, und ſeiner Dauer iſt ein Ziel geſetzt — dies iſt das erſte, woran uns die Natur im herbſtlichen Gewande mahnt. Mit tauſendfachen Reizen ſchmückt der Frühling unſere Erde aus; und der wärmende Sommer vollendet die Pracht, das Leben, den Reichthum der Natur. Ein buntes Farbenſpiel entfaltet ſich dem Auge; der blühende Baum ſtreut Wohlgeruch umher, die Saaten kleiden ſich in jugendliches Grün, die Blume prangt in ihrem Schmuck, und ruft uns die bedeutungsvollen Worte des Erlöſers zu: ich ſage euch, daß auch Salomo in aller ſeiner Herrlichkeit nicht bekleidet geweſen iſt, als derſelben eins*). Die junge Saat ſchießt fröhlich auf, der Herr giebt Wachſen und Gedeihen, mit reichem Segen füllt ſich die Aehre, auf allen Fluren wogt ein hoffnungsvolles Leben. Nach wenigen Stunden, in denen uns die Nacht in ihre Schatten hüllt, tritt es hervor, das große Tagesgeſtirn in ſeinem Flammenmeere, erleuchtet die Reize der erwachenden Natur, ſendet belebende Wärme in die Schöpfung aus, und erſt am ſpäten Abend, wenn jedes Tagewerk vollendet iſt, wenn dem erquickenden Schlummer Alles in die Arme eilt, vollbringt es ſeinen Lauf. Ueberall, wohin das Auge ſich wendet, wohin das Ohr ſich neigt, wo ſich ein menſchlicher Sinn der Freude öffnet, begrüßen uns Töne der Freude, durchdringen uns milde Gefühle, umgeben uns lachende Bilder. Wir möchten ſie auf ewig feſſeln, wir möchten das fliehende Jahr in ſeinem Laufe hemmen. Aber es achtet auf unſre Wünſche nicht, es eilt dahin, eilt unaufhaltſam fort, und mit ihm fliehen die Reize der Natur. Schauet auf unſre Fluren hin! Welches Schweigen, welche Oede, welche Einſamkeit, wo noch vor wenigen Wochen ein reges Leben waltete! Das Grün der Wieſen iſt ermattet; die Blume hat ihr Haupt geſenkt; das Wehen rauher Lüfte entwindet dem Baume ſeinen Schmuck; die Sänger des Waldes verſtummen, und ziehen, wunderbar geleitet, in weite Ferne hin; und mit geringerer Wärme durchdringt uns der Sonnenſtrahl, mit zögerndem Schritte kommt der junge Tag, mit zunehmender Eile erheben ſich die dunkeln Schatten des Abends. Das Gras verdorret, die Blume welkt.

Und du könnteſt ſie welken ſehen, ohne bei dieſen Bildern der Vergänglichkeit mit ſinnendem Ernſte zu verweilen, ohne dir ſelbſt zu ſagen: auch meines Lebens äußere Reize ſchwinden, und ſeine Blumen welken hin! Der Lenz des Lebens iſt dir aufgegangen, auf deinem Antlitz leuchtet der Frohſinn, die Geſundheit, das Vollgefühl der Kraft; voll reger Empfänglichkeit für den Genuß des Lebens, mit mannigfachen Sorgen und feſſelnden Verhältniſſen und bittern Täuſchungen noch unbekannt, wandelſt du mit leichtem, von der Freude begleiteten, Schritte auf deinem Pfade hin; und eine goldene Zukunft lächelt dir entgegen, das Leben glänzt im Roſenſchein der Hoffnung. Freue dich dieſer ſchönen Zeit, aber freue dich als ein Beſonnener und Weiſer. Wähne nicht, auf ewig zu beſitzen, was einmal welken muß. Eben ſo ſchnell und unvermerkt, als jene reizenden Tage ſchwinden, in welchen der Baum in ſeiner Blüthe prangt, wird auch der Frühling deines Lebens enden; und mit ihm endet jene ungeſtörte Fröhlichkeit, jene glückliche Unbekanntſchaft mit drückenden Verhältniſſen des bürgerlichen Lebens, jene Lebendigkeit und Stärke der Gefühle, welche der Jugend ihren Zauber giebt. Alles erſcheint dir ernſter und bedeutender. Oft fallen heiße Strahlen auf dein Haupt, und du ermatteſt unter des Tages Laſt. Aber du fühlſt dich noch von Lebenskraft durchdrungen, du ſiehſt von Hoffnungen und Wünſchen deiner Jugend manche in Erfüllung gehen, deine irdiſchen Verbindungen geſtalten ſich feſter und beſtimmter, und feſſeln dich mächtig an die Gegenwart. Auch der Sommer deines Lebens umwindet dich mit anmuthsvollen Kränzen.

Aber das Gras verdorret, die Blume welkt! Auch deinen Sommer trägt die Zeit, die unerbittliche, auf ihren Wogen fort. Und was bringt ſie dir an ſeiner Stelle? Ein Leben, deſſen Geſtalt noch ernſter, deſſen äußere Wirkſamkeit beſchränkter, deſſen Inhalt immer reicher an läſtenden Beſchwerden, an ſinnlichen Reizen ärmer wird. Je länger deine Wanderung zum Grabe dauert, deſto mehr ermüdet dich dein Weg, deſto einförmiger erſcheint dir deine Reiſe, deſto öfter ſiehſt du bald dieſen, bald jenen Gefährten deiner Jugend in die Grube ſinken, deſto einſamer und ſtiller wird es neben dir, deſto nachdrücklicher und lauter verkündet dir die ſchwindende Kraft deines Angeſichts, das erlöſchende Feuer der Augen, der wankende Schritt, die verminderte Regſamkeit der Sinne, du magſt es mit Widerwillen oder mit Ergebung hören: der

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*) Matth. 6, 29.

Herbſt des Lebens iſt gekommen, der Tag hat ſich geneigt und es will Abend werden. —*)

Und wo der Abend gekommen, da iſt die Nacht nicht fern. Die Natur im herbſtlichen Gewande vollbringt ihr letztes Werk, ſie bereitet ſich zum Schlummer, ſie hüllt ſich allmählig in ihr Sterbekleid. Auch die letzte Blume des Jahres welkt und ihre Spur verſchwindet, auch die letzten Früchte füllen unſere Scheuern; bald wird der ſpähende Blick, wohin ſich das Auge wendet, auf öde Berge, verlaſſene Gefilde und entblätterte Bäume fallen. Dann ſchallt ſie feierlich und ernſt, die große Todtenglocke der Natur, und läutet zur Ruhe; das Leben der Natur geht in Erſtarrung über, Grabesſtille verbreitet ſich auf Fluren und Gefilden, im weißen Gewande ſchlummert die Erde ihren Todesſchlaf. Und in den Schlummer ſinkend ruft ſie dem Sterblichen bedeutungsvoll, wie eine Geiſterſtimme, zu: auch dich, der du noch über mir in Lebensfülle wandelſt, auch dich wird einſt das allgemeine Loos der Erdenwelt ergreifen, ich ziehe auch dich früh oder ſpät hinunter. Erkenne, erwäge, empfinde die ergreifende Wahrheit, mit welcher ein heiliger Sänger der grauen Vorzeit ſprach: der Menſch iſt in ſeinem Leben wie Gras, er blühet wie die Blume auf dem Felde. Wenn der Wind darüber geht, ſo iſt ſie nimmer da, und ihre Stätte kennet ſie nicht mehr. Das Menſchenleben fähret ſchnell dahin, als flögen wir davon.**), Blühender Jüngling! die Röthe deiner Wangen ſchützt dich nicht, der Tod zählt keine Jahre — und wenn er auch ſtill und ſchonend jetzt vor dir vorübergeht, jeder Tag führt dich dem Grabe näher, und unaufhaltſam eilt die Zeit dahin. Darum erziehe und bilde deinen Geiſt, eile mit deiner Beſſerung, glaube und lebe, als müßteſt du noch heute ſcheiden. Mann in der Vollkraft deines Wirkens! dein Frühling iſt entflohen, mit ſchnellem Schritte naht dein Herbſt, und — wer mag dir ſagen, ob dein Auge nicht noch eher bricht! Lebe, wie du, wenn du ſtirbſt, wünſchen wirſt, gelebt zu haben. Greis mit dem Silberhaupte! du haſt ſchon Manchen ſcheiden ſehen, du haſt die Flüchtigkeit des Lebens an dir ſelbſt erfahren, mit Gedanken des Todes hat dich der Herbſt des Lebens ſchon vertraut gemacht — befreunde dich mit ihnen immer inniger, dein Ziel iſt nicht mehr fern.

II.

So giebt es denn gar nichts, was dich hält und feſſelt, fliehendes Menſchenleben! So biſt du nichts als ein bedeutungsleerer Traum! So trägt der Strom des Lebens was wir beſitzen und genießen, was wir in und außer uns vollbringen und geſtalten, unaufhaltſam fort! Erſchütternder, vernichtender Gedanke! Nein, meine Zuhörer, ſo kann nur der entſcheiden, der bei den äußern Erſcheinungen des Lebens ſtehen bleibt, nichts von dem Unſichtbaren ahnend, das in geheimnißvoller Tiefe wirkt und ſchafft. Nein, es giebt im Erdenleben etwas Bleibendes, was die Vergänglichkeit beſiegt, und immer herrlicher im Fluge der Zeiten ſich vollenden ſoll; auch in dieſer Hinſicht iſt die Natur im herbſtlichen Gewande ein treffendes Bild des Lebens. Das Gras verdorrt, die Blume welkt; die Natur hört auf, mit neuen Reizen ſich zu ſchmücken, und die bisherige Pracht verdunkelt ſich. Aber hat die Erde ihre Kraft verloren! Keimen nicht junge Saaten aus ihrem Schooße auf! Führt ſie ihnen nicht, mitten in dem winterlichen Schlafe, aus geheimen Kräften Leben und Gedeihen zu! Strahlt uns die Sonne nicht in gleicher Majeſtät, ſie möge auf des Lenzes Blumen leuchten, oder auf das fallende Laub, oder auf die ſchneebedeckten Fluren! Und iſt es nicht der ſcheidende Sommer, nach ewiger Ordnung der Natur, welcher mit Speiſe und Freude unſere Scheuern füllt! Iſt es nicht die Fülle des Segens, der von oben kömmt, von deren Laſt gebeugt der Baum die Aeſte ſenkt, wenn ſchon der Sturm des Herbſtes um ihn rauſcht und mit dem welkenden Laube ſpielt! Sind es nicht die nützlichſten, die vollendetſten, die erquickendſten aller Früchte, mit denen uns der Herbſt beſchenkt! Sei uns willkommen und geſegnet, erhebendes Bild des Lebens! Verdunkelt euch immerhin, Sterne des irdiſchen Glücks! Entfliehet immerhin, ihr körperlichen Reize, die ihr des Geiſtes zerbrechliche Hülle ſchmückt! Das Leben hat ſeine ewig leuchtenden Sterne und nimmer welkende Blumen, — Vorzüge und Güter, die wir behaupten können, wenn wir ernſtlich wollen, die uns kein Wechſel fliehender Jahre verkümmern oder rauben darf, die an Feſtigkeit und Stärke und himmliſcher Kraft, und wahrhaft zu beſeligen, ſogar gewinnen müſſen, je näher die irdiſche Laufbahn ihrem Ziele kommt. Heilige Grundſätze und Ueberzeugungen, fromme und chriſtliche Gefühle, edle Tugenden, die wir bald in ſtiller Beſchäftigung des Geiſtes mit ſich ſelbſt, bald im lebendigen Schaffen und Wirken auf die Außenwelt, bald in gewaltigen Stürmen der Zeit erworben haben — und die belohnenden Freuden des Gewiſſens, die beglückende Erinnerung an die vergangenen Jahre, die erhebenden Beweiſe der Liebe und Verehrung, welche der Redliche und Fromme einer geprüften Tugend zollt, — ſie begleiten uns als treue Freunde durch die Lebensbahn, ſie verjüngen und vollenden ſich, wenn alles Andere veraltet, ſie leben und die Kraft der Zeit, die mächtig zerſtörende, beſiegen, in ihnen verſchönert ſich der ſinkende Tag des Lebens, mit ihnen treten wir vor Gottes Thron. Sehet den frommen Greis in ſeiner friedlichen und ſtillen Welt. Mit welcher Ehrfurcht, mit welcher vertrauensvollen Liebe nahen ihm die Seinen! Mit welcher Aufmerkſamkeit vernimmt man ſeinen Rath! Wie überzeugend iſt die Lehre, wie ergreifend die Warnung und Ermunterung, wie beruhigend der Troſt, der aus dem Munde eines erfahrenen Greiſes kömmt! Wie fühlt man in ſeiner Nähe ſich erhoben, wenn ſein verklärter Blick auch uns mit ernſten Gedanken an die Ewigkeit durchdringt, und zu heiligen Entſchließungen begeiſtert! Wie erheitert ſich ſein Auge, wenn er die Saat erblickt in ihrer Reife, die er mit liebender Sorgfalt für die Seinen, mit thätigem Eifer für ſeinen Wirkungskreis, früh oder ſpät geſäet hatte, und eine innere Stimme freundlich ſpricht: du haſt dein Leben nicht umſonſt gelebt! Welche milde Ruhe iſt über ſein ganzes Weſen ausgegoſſen! Und wie könnte das anders ſein! Das kindliche Alter kehrt zurück, in einer höhern geiſtigen Bedeutung, wenn ſich der Pilger auf Erden dem Ziele ſeiner Wallfahrt naht. Beruhigt iſt der Sturm der Leidenſchaft, vollendet iſt der Kampf mit ſinnlichem Verlangen, die Palme iſt nicht mehr fern, der große und erhebende Gedanke: das Wort Gottes iſt ewig, wenn Himmel und Erde auch vergehen, erfüllt ſein ganzes Herz. Mit kindlicher Liebe, milder und ſchonender, als ſonſt, betrachtet er die Menſchenwelt; mit kindlichem Glauben ſchwingt er ſich auf in unſichtbare Höhen; mit kindlichem Hoffen ſpricht er zu ſeinem Gott, wenn ihm der Todesengel näher tritt: Herr, Du läſſeſt deinen Diener in Friede fahren*), mein brechendes Auge wird den Heiland ſchauen. —

III.

Aber zu dieſer Freudigkeit, zu dieſem Frieden Gottes, zu dieſem ächten kindlichen Sinne vollendet ſich das Leben nur bei dem, der mit unermüdetem Eifer nach dem Höchſten ringt. Die Beſchaffenheit der höhern Jahre unſers Lebens hängt von den frühern ab. In ernſter und bedeutungsvoller Sprache erinnert die Natur im herbſtlichen Gewande an dieſen großen Zuſammenhang des Lebens. Könnten wir je den Segen ernten, mit welchem der Lenz und Sommer unſere Fluren ſchmückt, könnten wir die Früchte des Herbſtes ſammeln, wenn die Erde nicht mit wunderbarer Kraft das Samenkorn geſtaltet, wenn ſie dem grünenden Halme, dem blühenden Baume nicht ſtärkende Nahrung aus unſichtbarer Tiefe zugeführt, wenn der Herr der Saaten nicht wärmenden Sonnenſchein, erquickenden Regen, befruchtenden Thau herabgeſendet, wenn nicht menſchlicher Fleiß im Schweiße des Angeſichts das Land gebaut, den Samen ausgeſtreut, das Wachſen und Gedeihen zarter Pflanzen mit ſchützender Wachſamkeit gefördert hätte! Vernimm, o Menſch! ſo lange dir der Lenz des Lebens blüht, die warnende, die weckende, die ermunternde Stimme der Natur. Was der Menſch ſäet, ſagt die Schrift, das wird er ernten. Wer auf ſein Fleiſch ſäet, wird von dem Fleiſche das Verderben ernten; wer auf den Geiſt ſäet, erntet das ewige Leben**). Ein grauenvoller Abend deines Lebens, ein freudenleerer, an Früchten leerer, Herbſt iſt dir beſchieden, wenn deine Jugendkraft in träger Ruhe ſchlummert, oder in wildem Sinnenrauſch vergeudet wird, wenn du dich als Jüngling oder Mann gewöhnſt, nichts Höheres zu ahnen und zu wünſchen, als was der Erde angehört, wenn du nicht aufmerkſam auf deines Herzens Regungen und Triebe, nicht muthig und beharrlich biſt im Kampfe mit dir ſelbſt, damit die heitere Fröhlichkeit nicht ein gedankenloſer Leichtſinn werde, das innere Kraftgefühl nicht frecher Uebermuth, der mit dem Heiligen und mit der Tugend ſpottet, die Regſamkeit und Wärme der Empfindung nicht ein verzehrendes Feuer wilder Leidenſchaft. Schaue mit nachdenkendem und ſtillem Ernſte hin auf den bejahrten Greis, dem ſich der Lebenstag ſo freundlich neigt! Die Weisheit des Lebens, die Einſicht und Erfahrung, welche aus ſeinem Munde ſpricht — reifte ſie nicht allmählich, als eine milde Frucht der ſtillen Stunden, die ſich ſelbſt, des beharrlichen Eifers, die Wahrheit zu erforſchen, der unermüdeten Aufmerkſamkeit, mit welcher der Jüngling und der Mann die Abwechſelungen ſeines Lebens, die Eindrücke, welche ſein Geiſt empfing, die Folgen ſeiner Entſchließungen und Thaten, die Menſchen um und neben ſich, den herrſchenden Geiſt der Zeit betrachtet hatte! Die heilige Ruhe, welche aus jedem ſeiner Blicke ſtrahlt — hat er ſie nicht der wandelloſen Treue zu verdanken, die er als Jüngling und als Mann der Pflicht bewies, dem frommen Ernſte, mit welchem er die ſtürmiſchen Regungen der Leidenſchaft zu dämpfen wußte, den Werken der Liebe, mit denen er Heil und Segen um ſich her verbreitet hat? Und — würde ſein Glauben, ſein Lieben, ſein Hoffen ſo feſt, ſo innig, ſo kindlich, ſo beglückend für ihn ſelbſt, ſo erhebend und begeiſternd für ſeine Brüder ſein, wenn er ſich nicht im Frühlinge des Lebens mit Wahrheiten der Religion vertraut gemacht, wenn er nicht an ſich ſelbſt, in ernſten Stunden, in entſcheidenden Augenblicken ſeines Lebens, oft und tief empfunden hätte, daß der Friede Gottes höher, als ein Friede, wie die Welt ihn giebt, und Chriſtum lieb haben, beſſer, denn alles Wiſſen, ſei! Ergreift dich bei dem erhebenden Anblick dieſes Frommen das ſehnliche Verlangen, daß ein ſo freundlicher und milder und ſegensvoller Herbſt auch dir beſchieden ſei! ſo gehe hin, und ſtreue den guten Samen aus, pflege die grünende Saat, trage des Tages Laſt und Hitze gern, wo dich der Herr in ſeinen Weinberg ruft: und du wirſt noch ſpät am Abende des Lebens Früchte ernten, welche für dich und Andere erquickend ſind; einen Glauben wirſt du ernten, der nimmer wankt, eine Liebe, welche nie erkaltet, eine Hoffnung, die nimmermehr zu Schanden wird. —

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*) Luc. 24, 29.

**) Pſalm 103, 15 f.

*) Luc. 2, 29.

**) Gal. 6, 7 f.

IV.

Unerſchütterliche Hoffnung — auch wenn der letzte Strahl der Abendſonne ſcheidet! Denn — auch daran mahnt uns in unſeren Tagen die Natur — das Leben ſcheidet aus dieſen irdiſchen Verhältniſſen hinweg, um aufzugehen für die beſſere Welt. Warum knüpfen ſich ſo ungeſucht an die Erſcheinungen des Herbſtes Bilder des Frühlings an? Wir hoffen mit Zuverſicht, die Natur wird einſt erwachen von dem Winterſchlummer, dem ſie allmählig in die Arme ſinkt; der entblätterte Baum wird ſich mit neuen jugendlichen Reizen ſchmücken; die Sänger des Waldes, deren fröhliches Lied verklungen iſt, werden zurück in unſere Fluren eilen, und einen neuen Lenz verkündigen. Mitten unter Trümmern der Vergangenheit, mit welchen die Natur im herbſtlichen Gewande uns umringt, entſproßt der Erde eine neue Saat; und wir hoffen mit fröhlicher Zuverſicht, ſie werde im Froſte des Winters nicht erſtarren, ſie werde einſt herrlich blühen und reifen und menſchlichen Fleiß belohnen. Die ſchlummernde Erde ſammelt neue Kraft, um ſich in jugendlicher Fülle zu erneuern, wenn ſie der Herr des Lebens zur Auferſtehung rufen wird. In wandelloſer Ordnung ſchreitet die Natur, nachdem ſie ihr Tagewerk vollendet hat, durch das Grab des Winters dem blühenden Lenze entgegen. Und wir wollten dem Herbſte unſers Lebens mit Bangigkeit entgegen ſehen? Wir könnten zweifelnd fragen, ob auf unſern Winter ein wonnereicher Frühling folgen werde? Der große, heilige Zuſammenhang, der in der irdiſchen Schöpfung Gottes herrſcht, ſollte nicht eine Zukunft an dieſe Gegenwart, ein Auferſtehen an unſer Sterben knüpfen! —

Nein, auch bei dem ſcheidenden Herbſte erzittert eure Seele nicht, graue Häupter, die ihr mit frommem Ernſte auf die Stimme der Natur, die Offenbarung Gottes in dem Herzen, das Evangelium des Friedens merkt! Ihr klagt und trauert nicht, daß es hienieden keinen ewigen Frühling, keinen unvergänglichen Sommer giebt. Ihr freuet euch in dem Herrn, daß ihr in manchem heißen Kampfe mit euch ſelbſt und mit der Welt eine Beharrlichkeit im Guten, eine Demuth des Herzens, eine Feſtigkeit des Glaubens, einen himmliſchen Sinn errungen habt, der euch für beſſere Welten fähig macht. Es iſt das unvergängliche und wahre Leben, das Leben Gottes, deſſen heiligen Keim die ſchwindende Hülle in ſich trägt; es überwindet Herbſt und Winter, Tod und Grab und alle ſeine Schrecken.

Nein, frommer Chriſt, erzittern kannſt du nicht bei dem Gedanken: der nahende Winter wird vielleicht auch meines Lebens Winter ſein, die Blumen des kommenden Lenzes werden vielleicht auf meinem Grabe blühen. Im Reiche unſterblicher Geiſter giebt es ein Leben, welches nie veraltet, einen Frühling, der uns nie verblüht, eine Sonne, die niemals untergeht. Zu dieſem unvergänglichen Leben durch Vergänglichkeit hindurch zu dringen, die Wonne dieſes Frühlings zu genießen, der uns nimmer welkt, dich ewige Sonne in ihrer Herrlichkeit zu ſchauen, mache du uns würdig, göttlicher Erlöſer! Heilige uns, erleuchte uns die dunkle Bahn des Lebens, rüſte uns ſelbſt mit deines Geiſtes Kraft, daß wir den Frühling, den Sommer, den Herbſt des Lebens dir und dem Vater weihen, und bleibe bei uns — bleibe bei mir, wenn der Tag ſich neigt, und meines Lebens Abend kömmt. Amen.

Die genaue Verbindung, in welcher die kindliche Liebe Gottes mit Liebe und Ehrfurcht gegen Jeſum ſteht.*)

Predigt am Sonntage Lätare.

Ueber Joh. 8, 42 — 45.

Im Jahre 1813 gehalten.

Dir, dem eingebornen Sohne des Allerhöchſten, dem ewigen Mittler und Verſöhner, der du das heilige Recht der Kinder Gottes uns erworben haſt, ſei Ehre und Lob in Ewigkeit! Amen.

Groß und auffallend, meine chriſtlichen Zuhörer, iſt unſtreitig die Verſchiedenheit, mit welcher menſchliche Handlungen und Reden beurtheilt werden. Auffallender und größer hat ſie ſich nie gezeigt, als bei den Reden und Thaten Jeſu, unſers Herrn, deſſen letzte Schickſale in dieſen ſtillen, feierlichen Wochen vor unſerm Blicke vorübergehen. Die Reinheit und Unſchuld ſeines Lebens, die überirdiſche Kraft, mit welcher er Thaten wirkte, wie ſie kein Anderer gethan, die himmliſche Macht der Wahrheit ſeines Evangeliums, verfehlte ihren Eindruck nicht. Du, o Herr, haſt Worte des ewigen Lebens; rief er mit hoher Begeiſterung den Auserwählten Jeſu zu, die ſich im traulichen Kreiſe um ihn, den Göttlichen, verſammelten, ſeiner himmliſchen Lehre ihre Herzen öffneten, auf ihn ihr Vertrauen, ihr Streben, ihre Wünſche, ihre Hoffnung richteten. Noch nie hat ein Menſch geredet, wie dieſer Menſch, das iſt wahrlich der Prophet, der in die Welt kommen ſoll, gelobet ſei, der da kömmt im Namen des Herrn! — ſo ſprachen die Unbefangenen ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen, die es ſich ſelbſt nicht bergen und verleugnen konnten, daß ſie ſich inniger, als je, ergriffen fühlten. Wenn Jeſus redete: ſo regte ſich das Gefühl der Freude, der Bewunderung, der Dankbarkeit und Liebe in jenen Schaaren, die ihm folgten, in lautem Jubel, in allgemeine Verherrlichung des Herrn. Aber je lauter die Bewunderung ſeiner Thaten, je mächtiger der Einfluß ſeiner Lehre ward; deſto mehr verdoppelte und waffnete ſich der Haß der Phariſäer, der Haß der Schriftgelehrten und jüdiſchen Prieſter jener Zeit, gegen die göttliche Wahrheit und den, der ſie verkündigte; deſto eifriger waren ſie bemüht, ſeinen Charakter zu verläumden, ſeine Belehrungen zu verſpotten, ſeine Wunder zu läſtern, ſein Anſehn zu vernichten, ſeine Anhänger umzuſtimmen und gegen ihn zu empören; deſto emſiger ſannen ſie auf Mittel und Gelegenheiten, ihm ſeine Wirkſamkeit, ſeine Freiheit, ſein irdiſches Daſein zu entreißen.

Können wir es leugnen, meine Zuhörer, daß Jeſus auch in unſerm Zeitalter auf eine ſehr verſchiedene Art beurtheilt wird? In den Hallen unſerer Tempel wird es laut verkündigt, daß er der Sohn des Ewigen, der Heiland der Welt, der wahre, einzige Mittler und Erlöſer ſei; auf den Flügeln der Andacht ſchwingt ſich das Lied zu ihm empor; an ſeinem Altar wird uns dargereicht, was uns zur unſichtbaren, ſeligen Gemeinſchaft mit ihm, dem Göttlichen, erheben ſoll; und in den Herzen frommer Chriſten lebt Jeſus immerdar. Aber — welch eine traurige Erſcheinung! — auch Frevler haben ſich erhoben, denen die heilige Geſchichte, die himmliſche Lehre Jeſu, unſers Herrn, eine bequeme Veranlaſſung zu faden Spöttereien bot, weil ſie nicht fähig ſind, das Heilige zu faſſen, weil ihr Mund, ihr Herz, ihr Wandel Alles entheiligt und entweiht; auch gehäſſige Gegner Jeſu ſind hervorgetreten, und haben ihn verläſtert, in deſſen Munde kein Betrug gefunden ward; und Leichtſinnige wandeln dahin, in ihres Herzens eitlem Sinne, die zwar nicht ſpotten, nicht läſtern, aber auch nichts für Jeſum fühlen mögen. Dieſer Kaltſinn gegen den Erlöſer, der ſich in unſern Tagen ſo weit verbreitet hat, läßt es auch nicht an Entſchuldigungen fehlen. Man ſucht ihn nicht ſelten durch die Erklärung zu beſchönigen, daß man im Allgemeinen religiöſen Sinn behaupten, zu dem Höchſten beten, die Gottheit lieben und verehren könne, ohne ſich an Jeſum und ſein Wort zu halten, ohne chriſtlich-religiös zu ſein. Und in der That, meine Zuhörer, ſcheinbar iſt dieſer Einwurf allerdings. Wer möchte ohne Ungerechtigkeit behaupten, daß unter Allen, die auf Erden lebten, ohne mit Jeſu und ſeinem Evangelio bekannt zu werden, kein religiöſes Herz geweſen ſei? Aber wir, denen die heilſame Gnade Gottes in Chriſto Jeſu, unſerm Herrn, erſchienen, denen es vergönnt iſt, in der Schrift zu forſchen, hier zu erkennen, was er, der Göttliche, verkündigt, was er für uns gethan, gewirkt, geduldet hat, hier ſeine Herrlichkeit zu ſchauen, die Herrlichkeit des Eingebornen Gottes — wir, die wir uns Chriſten nennen, können unmöglich jenem Wahne huldigen. Wer einmal vernommen hat das Wort des ewigen Lebens, wer mit der heiligen Geſchichte deſſen, in dem wir Leben und volle Genüge haben, nur etwas vertraut geworden iſt, — wenn er ſich ſelbſt nicht widerſprechen, ſeine Einſicht nicht verläugnen, nicht trennen will, was unauflösbar iſt, — der ſage nicht: ich liebe Gott, — wenn er in ſeinem Innern nichts für Jeſum fühlt. Denn eine wahre, ächte, **kindliche Liebe Gottes** ſteht mit der Liebe und Ehrfurcht, die wir Jeſu ſchuldig ſind, in dem genaueſten Zuſammenhange. Dieſen Gedanken näher zu entwickeln, fordern uns die Worte unſers Textes auf.

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*) Aus Dr. Heinrich Auguſt Schott's geiſtlichen Reden und Homilien. Jena [illegible].

Text:

Joh. 8, 42 — 45.

„Jeſus ſprach zu ihnen: wäre Gott euer Vater, ſo liebtet ihr mich, denn ich bin ausgegangen und komme von Gott. Denn ich bin nicht von mir ſelber gekommen, ſondern er hat mich geſandt. Warum kennet ihr denn meine Sprache nicht? Denn ihr könnet ja meine Worte nicht hören. Ihr ſeid von dem Vater, dem Teufel, und nach eures Vaters Luſt wollet ihr thun. Derſelbige iſt ein Mörder vom Anfang, und iſt nicht beſtanden in der Wahrheit, denn die Wahrheit iſt nicht in ihm. Wenn er die Lügen redet, ſo redet er von ſeinem Eigenen; denn er iſt ein Lügner und ein Vater derſelbigen. Ich aber, weil ich die Wahrheit ſage, ſo glaubet ihr mir nicht.“

Von ſtolzer Selbſtgefälligkeit verblendet, nannten ſich die Juden, zu denen Jeſus in den Worten unſers Textes ſpricht, Kinder Gottes und ein Volk des Herrn, indem ſie, als die Nachkommen des frommen Abraham, auf die Gnade des Herrn das erſte Recht zu haben meinten. Sie nannten ſich Kinder Gottes, ohne Gott mit ächtem, kindlichem Sinne zu verehren. Wie wenig es ihnen am Herzen lag, den Willen Gottes ernſtlich zu erfüllen, zeigten ſie vorzüglich durch die Verachtung und den undankbaren Haß, mit welchem ſie Jeſum und ſein Evangelium behandelten. Voll edler Wahrheitsliebe ruft ihnen Jeſus zu: **wäre Gott euer Vater**, verehrtet ihr Gott mit ächtem Kindesſinne, könntet ihr euch mit vollem Rechte Kinder Gottes nennen; **ſo liebtet ihr mich!** Laßt uns den Ausſpruch des Erlöſers näher in Erwägung ziehen!

> **Die genaue Verbindung, in welcher die kindliche Liebe Gottes mit Liebe und Ehrfurcht gegen Jeſum ſteht,** möge unſer Nachdenken jetzt beſchäftigen.

Laßt uns zuvörderſt **die Natur und Gründe dieſer Verbindung** näher in das Auge faſſen, ſo wird ſich dann mit leichter Mühe zeigen laſſen, **wie fruchtbar und wichtig** dieſe Betrachtung ſei.

I.

Gott als Vater lieben, meine Zuhörer, umfaßt unendlich mehr, als ſich der ſinnlich geſinnte Menſch dabei zu denken pflegt. Es umfaßt in der That weit mehr, als mit dem Munde laut bekennen, daß Gott unſer Vater, Herr und Richter ſei; mehr, als eine flüchtige Rührung bei dem Gedanken an Gott empfinden, die, ohne tiefen Eindruck, ohne wohlthätige Wirkſamkeit auf Herz und Leben, ſchnell vorüber eilt; mehr, als heilige Gebräuche der Andacht und Verehrung Gottes aus Gewohnheit feiern. Nein, von einem immer regen, immer lebendigen Bewußtſein der heiligen Verhältniſſe, in denen wir zu Gott, dem Schöpfer des Lebens, dem Geber alles Guten, dem Herrn und Richter aller Lebenden und Todten ſtehen, ganz durchdrungen werden; kein höheres Gut, kein ſchöneres Ziel unſerer Beſtrebungen und Wünſche, als Gott und ſeinen Himmel, kennen; von heiliger Freude ſich ergriffen fühlen, wo uns Gottes Größe, Gottes Anſtalt, Gottes Wille kund und fühlbar wird; — dies heißt: die Gottheit lieben. Und hat ſie tief gewurzelt, dieſe Liebe, ſo betet man von Herzen, ſo ſtimmt man mit ganzer Seele in die Lobgeſänge ein, durch welche Gott in ſeinem Tempel laut verherrlicht wird, ſo findet man, wie Jeſus, darin ſeine Speiſe, daß man den Willen Gottes thut. Nicht ohne Grund behaupten wir: wer Gott als Vater liebt, muß ſich von ähnlichen Geſinnungen und Empfindungen und Neigungen für Jeſum tief durchdrungen fühlen, er muß auch Jeſum lieben und verehren, ihn, **der mit Gott in der genaueſten Verbindung ſteht, ihn, das vollkommenſte Bild des unſichtbaren Gottes, ihn, der vom Vater ausgegangen iſt, ſein Werk auf Erden zu vollbringen, ihn, der uns mit Gott verſöhnte und befreundete.**

Wir haben geglaubt und erkannt, daß du biſt Chriſtus, der Sohn des lebendigen Gottes! rief der feurige Zeuge der Wahrheit, Simon Petrus, in hoher Begeiſterung aus, da Jeſus ſeine Auserwählten fragte, ob auch ſie ſich von ihm trennen wollten, wie jene, die nicht mehr mit ihm wandelten. Und überall, wohin wir nur den Blick in unſeren heiligen Schriften wenden, hallt uns das Wort des Lebens, das bedeutungsvolle Wort, entgegen: **Chriſtus iſt Gottes Sohn, er ſteht mit Gott in einer höhern, einzigen Verbindung!** An den Gottes-Sohn zu glauben, fordern uns allenthalben ſeine Schüler auf; von ihm, dem Sohne Gottes, verheißen ſie den Chriſten Gnade und Heil und ewigen Frieden des Geiſtes; **dem, der da glaubt, daß Jeſus Chriſtus iſt Gottes Sohn,** verkündigt die Schrift, **er werde die Welt überwinden.***) Und kündigt ſich nicht Jeſus ſelbſt, er, deſſen reiner, heiliger Sinn für Wahrheit und für Recht aus jedem ſeiner Worte, aus jeder ſeiner Thaten ſpricht, und uns auf das dringendſte ermuntert, auch dem zu glauben, was er von ſich ſelbſt erklärt, — kündigt er ſich nicht ſelbſt als Sohn des Höchſten an? Hören wir nicht aus ſeinem eignen Munde die Verſicherung: **alſo hat Gott die Welt geliebt, daß er ſeinen eingebornen Sohn dahingab; wer an den Sohn glaubet, der hat das ewige Leben!****) Daß aber dieſer Ausdruck nicht bloß die allgemeine Verbindung umfaſſe und bezeichne, welche uns Alle, als Kinder, als Geſchöpfe Gottes, mit ihm, dem Ewigen, verknüpft; daß es ein ungleich höheres, ein ganz vorzüglich heiliges Verhältniß ſei, in welchem Jeſus, unſer Herr, mit Gott dem Vater ſtehe, über menſchliche Weisheit und Wiſſenſchaft erhaben, — dies bezeugt, was uns die Schrift von ihm, dem Sohne Gottes, von ſeiner unmittelbaren Abkunft aus dem Himmel, von ſeiner göttlichen Natur und Würde, ſagt, dies bezeichnet jenes bedeutungsvolle Wort: **er iſt der Eingeborne Gottes**, darauf führen uns die eigenen Worte des Erlöſers, wenn er ſich Eins mit dem Vater nennt, wenn er die Liebe preiſt, mit welcher ihn der Vater liebte, ehe denn die Welt gegründet ward, wenn er von ſich ſelbſt erklärt: **Niemand kennet den Sohn, denn nur der Vater, und Niemand kennet den Vater, denn nur der Sohn, und wem es der Sohn will offenbaren*****). Und wir, meine Zuhörer, an welche der Ruf des Evangeliums nicht als ein neues, unbekanntes Wort ergeht, wir könnten behaupten, Liebe gegen Gott und Kaltſinn gegen Jeſum, den Eingebornen Gottes, laſſe ſich vereinigen? Wir wollten uns rühmen, Gott wahrhaftig zu verehren, wenn unſer Herz dem Sohne Gottes, der es in einem höhern Sinne, als wir Alle, iſt, kein Opfer der Verehrung zollt? Wir ſollten nicht einſtimmen in die Worte des Apoſtels: **wer nun bekennt, daß Jeſus Gottes Sohn iſt, in dem bleibet Gott, und er in Gott!** †)

Und fürwahr! in dieſer höhern, heiligen Verbindung, in welcher Jeſus mit Gott als Vater ſteht, iſt er zugleich **das vollkommenſte Bild des unſichtbaren Gottes.** Mit vollem Rechte, meine Zuhörer, achten wir uns ſelbſt als Weſen, die der Unendliche nach ſeinem Bilde ſchuf. Denn wo Vernunft und Freiheit, wo eine heilige Kraft, das Wahre zu erkennen, das Rechte zu finden, das Gute zu vollbringen, wirkt: da lebt und waltet etwas Göttliches. Aber wer unter allen Sterblichen, die jemals auf der Erde wandelten, hat ihn erreicht, der nicht, dem gewöhnlichen Menſchen gleich, von Täuſchungen geblendet, von der Sinnlichkeit gefeſſelt, von Leidenſchaften überwunden ward, der von göttlichen Dingen mit göttlichem Sinne redete, was vor ihm kein Weiſer auf der Erde, kein Forſcher der Schrift verkündigt hatte, der ſich mit ſtets geſchäftiger Huld, mit immer erquickendem Troſte, der bedrängten Menſchheit als ein Retter nahete, wie des Höchſten unendliche Liebe im Wohlthun unerſchöpflich iſt, der, ſeiner Reinheit ſich bewußt, mit gegründetem, mit ganz entſchiedenem Rechte ſagen durfte: **wer kann mich einer Sünde zeihen!** ††) Ihr rühmet euch fürwahr umſonſt, ihr liebet Gott, wenn der Gedanke an Jeſum, das heiligſte Ebenbild des unſichtbaren Gottes, auf euere Herzen keinen Eindruck macht. Iſt es wahr, daß die unendliche Macht und Größe Gottes mit ſtaunender Ehrfurcht, ſeine väterliche Huld mit kindlicher Dankbarkeit und Liebe, die Heiligkeit und Güte ſeines Willens mit frommem, heiligem Verlangen nach ihm, dem Urquell alles Guten, euer Herz erfüllt und begeiſtert: ſo muß ſich eine Ehrfurcht, eine Dankbarkeit und Liebe gegen Jeſum in euerem Innern regen, wie ſie dem frommen Chriſten ziemt, eine heilige Sehnſucht nach dem Herrn. **Denn er iſt der Glanz ſeiner Herrlichkeit, das Ebenbild ſeines Weſens, der alle Dinge trägt mit ſeinem kräftigen Wort.**

Und er iſt vom Vater ausgegangen, ſein Werk auf Erden zu vollbringen. Wäre Gott euer

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*) 1 Joh. 5, 5.

**) Joh. 3, 16. 36.

***) Matth. 11, 27.

†) 1 Joh. 4, 15.

††) Joh. 8, 46.

Vater — ſo erklärt ſich Jeſus ſelbſt in unſerem Texte — ſo liebetet ihr mich, denn ich bin ausgegangen und komme von Gott, denn ich bin nicht von mir ſelber kommen, ſondern er hat mich geſandt. Und mit welcher Wahrheitsliebe, mit welcher heiligen Ehrfurcht vor dem Willen Gottes, mit welcher edlen Freimüthigkeit rief Jeſus ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen zu: meine Lehre iſt nicht mein, ſondern deß, der mich geſendet hat! die Worte, die ich zu euch rede, die rede ich nicht von mir ſelbſt, und der Vater, der in mir wohnt, derſelbige thut die Werke!*) Mit welchem freudigen Bewußtſein betet er zu Gott: ich habe dich verklärt auf Erden, und vollendet das Werk, das du mir gegeben haſt, das ich thun ſollte!**) Und in der That, es bedarf nicht künſtlicher Reden, nicht tief verborgener Beweiſe, um von der höhern Sendung Jeſu überzeugt zu werden. Höre ſein Wort des Lebens, ſein Evangelium, mit unbefangenem Sinne! es wird dich mächtig ergreifen und unwiderſtehlich überzeugen: hier wehet Gottes Geiſt! Gedenke der mächtigen Thaten, die er mit heiligem Sinne vollbrachte, wenn er Bekümmerte tröſtete, Leidenden half, Todte in das Leben rief; ſie verkünden es laut: in ihm und mit ihm wirkte Gott! Schaue auf ihn, den Ueberwinder des Grabes und des Todes, und du kannſt es nicht bezweifeln: er hat ſich durch Gottes Kraft den Feſſeln des Grabes entſchwungen! Biſt du nicht mit dir ſelbſt im Widerſpruch, wenn du behaupteſt, der Name Gottes ſei dir heilig, wenn du von Liebe Gottes, von kindlich frommen Empfindungen gegen ihn, den Geber alles Guten, ſprichſt; und dem Geſandten Gottes keine Liebe, keine Dankbarkeit und Ehrfurcht weihſt? Widerſtrebſt du nicht dem ewigen Rathſchluß Gottes, empörſt du dich nicht gegen ſeinen Willen, verachteſt du nicht mit ſtolzer Selbſtvermeſſenheit die heilige Anſtalt Gottes, die er zu deinem Heile getroffen hat: wenn du dich nicht zu ihm mit ganzer Seele wendeſt, den Gott ſelbſt für ſeinen Auserwählten laut erklärt, den er zum Heiland der Welt erkoren hat! Wer den Sohn nicht ehrt, der ehrt den Vater nicht, der ihn geſendet hat.***)

Und was vollendete der Gottes-Sohn auf Erden? War es nicht das Heiligſte und Höchſte, das Eine Nothwendige, worauf der Menſchheit ewiges Heil beruht? Hat er uns nicht mit Gott befreundet und verſöhnt! Ohne die Erkenntniß des wahren und lebendigen Gottes, welche allein zum wahren Heile führt, einem eiteln Götzendienſte fröhnend, und mit ihm traurigen Verirrungen des Verſtandes, verkehrten Neigungen des Herzens, empörenden Laſtern Preis gegeben, lebten die Völker dahin, ehe der Heiland der Welt erſchien; nur wenige ahneten das Wahre; die Bekenner des moſaiſchen Geſetzes gefielen ſich zum Theil, von thörichtem Stolz befangen, in ihren äußeren Werken des Geſetzes, in Büßungen des Körpers, in ihrer Abſtammung von Abraham, und wähnten umſonſt, das glänzende Gepränge ihrer Opfer vertilge ihre Schuld; mit inniger Sehnſucht ſchauten die Beſſeren ihres Volks umher nach jenem Troſte, jenem Frieden, jener Hoffnung, welche allein aus kindlichem Vertrauen auf die ewige Gnade Gottes, aus wahrer Demuth und Beſſerung des Herzens kommt. Da erſchien die heilſame Gnade Gottes allen Menſchen; da ſendete er den ewigen Mittler, Chriſtus, daß er die Welt mit ſich verſöhnen möchte; da traten, durch ſeinen Kreuzestod entſündigt, der Gnade des Herrn gewürdigt, der Tugend geweiht, zum ewigen Heile berufen — da traten ſie herzu zum heiligen Volke Gottes, die vorher in Sünden erſtorben, in Zwietracht mit ſich ſelbſt, entfremdet von Gott und ſeinem Himmel waren; die Welt befreundete ſich mit Gott, die Erde mit dem Himmel. Wohlan! Wer von wahrer kindlicher Liebe und Verehrung Gottes ſpricht; wer in dem erhebenden Glauben: wir leben, weben und ſind in Gott — das höchſte Glück des Daſeins findet; wem die Freundſchaft mit dem Ewigen heiliger, als Alles, iſt: der bekenne es laut, daß er ſich auf das Heiligſte verpflichtet fühle, auch ihn mit kindlicher Liebe zu umfaſſen, durch den wir freien Zutritt zu dem Vater haben; der weihe ihm frommen Dank, verherrliche ſeinen Namen, bezeuge es laut und freudig, daß er Chriſto angehöre, daß Chriſtus in ihm lebe, und er in ihm!

II.

Von einer wahren, ächten, kindlichen Liebe Gottes läßt ſich die Liebe und Ehrfurcht, die wir Jeſu ſchuldig ſind, unmöglich trennen. Nicht ohne Grund nannte ich dieſe Anſicht wichtig. Denn ſie zeigt es klar und unwiderſprechlich, wie tadelnswerth der Kaltſinn gegen den Erlöſer ſei, der ſich unter uns ſo weit verbreitet hat, und verpflichtet uns zur ernſtlichen Prüfung unſerer ſelbſt.

Warum giebt es ſo Viele unter uns, die ſich Chriſten nennen, und nichts weniger, als Chriſten, ſind? Warum regt ſich nicht mehr jene Wärme, jene hohe Begeiſterung vergangener Zeiten für Jeſum und ſein Evangelium? Warum hört man ſo viele Chriſten unſerer Tage entweder nie von Jeſu, dem Erlöſer, ſprechen, oder mit einer Gleichgültigkeit und Kälte reden, wie man von unbedeutenden, von ganz gewöhnlichen, von längſt vergangenen Dingen ſpricht? Warum verachten ſie den Tempel, meiden das Gedächtnißmahl des Herrn, fliehen den Anblick ſeines Kreuzes? Sie ſind abgefallen von der Liebe Gottes und wandeln dahin in einem verkehrten Sinn; ſie ſind erſtorben für das Heilige, ſie haben keinen ächten religiöſen Sinn. Umſonſt ſeid ihr bemüht, Verächter Jeſu, laue Chriſten, euern Kaltſinn zu beſchönigen! Umſonſt behauptet ihr in eurem Wahne: wir, lieber Gott, wir halten auf Frömmigkeit, wir ſind religiös nach unſerer Art! Entweder ihr täuſchet euch ſelbſt, ihr verſteht eure eigenen Gedanken, Beſtrebungen und Gefühle nicht; oder ihr ſuchet die Welt zu täuſchen. Wäre es euch ein Ernſt mit eurer Liebe Gottes, fürwahr! ihr müßtet auch den eingebornen Sohn des Ewigen mit kindlicher Liebe und heiliger Ehrfurcht nennen, und ſeinen Namen vor der Welt verherrlichen! Wäre euer Herz vom heiligen Gefühl der Majeſtät und Größe, der Alles umfaſſenden Liebe, der Heiligkeit und Weisheit Gottes, innig durchdrungen und bewegt: ihr müßtet auch ihn verehren, den Abglanz ſeiner Herrlichkeit! Beſeelte euch wirklich jene Demuth, die von der wahren Liebe Gottes unzertrennlich iſt, die mit frommer Aufmerkſamkeit auf Alles achtet, was ſich als heiliger Wille Gottes, als Anſtalt und Beſchluß des Ewigen, dem Menſchen offenbart, die es ernſtlich empfindet und erwägt, wie wenig der Menſch durch eigene Kraft vermöge, wenn ihm nicht Hülfe und Heil von oben kömmt: ihr würdet zu ihm, der von dem Vater ausgegangen iſt, ſein Werk auf Erden zu vollenden, mit ehrfurchtsvollem Herzen, mit Liebe und Vertrauen, mit heiliger Sehnſucht fliehen! Fühltet ihr euch lebendig und innig überzeugt, daß es nichts Höheres, nichts Wünſchenswertheres gäbe, als ein Leben in Gott und Freundſchaft mit dem Ewigen: ihr müßtet euer wahres Heil bei Jeſu ſuchen, der uns mit Gott verſöhnte und befreundete! Wendet euch ernſtlich zu Gott, ihr werdet euch auch zu Chriſto wenden. Werdet ächt religiöſe Menſchen, ihr werdet auch ächte Chriſten ſein.

Es iſt unleugbar, meine Zuhörer, der Kaltſinn gegen Jeſum zeugt unwiderſprechlich von Kälte gegen Gott, von Mangel an wahrem religiöſen Sinn. So laßt uns unſer eigenes Herz mit ſtrengem Ernſte prüfen! Denn in der That, unſer Verhalten gegen Jeſum bewährt es auf das Deutlichſte, wie es mit unſerer Liebe Gottes ſteht. Es ſind die Grundſätze, die Urtheile, die Aeußerungen, die Geſinnungen und Gefühle, welche ſich auf Jeſum und ſein Wort beziehen, in denen ſich der fromme Sinn überhaupt, der religiöſe Eifer ſpiegelt. Iſt es vielleicht der herrſchende Geiſt der Zeit, der dich zur Gleichgültigkeit und Kälte gegen Jeſum ſtimmt? Iſt es die Furcht, dich von der Mode zu entfernen, was dich zurückhält, laut und freudig zu bekennen, daß Jeſus Chriſtus der Herr ſei zur Ehre Gottes des Vaters! Hältſt du dich darum zu den lauen Chriſten, weil ihr leichtſinniger Ton da, wo du lebſt, verbreitet, ihre Zahl die größere, ihre Art zu denken die beliebte iſt? Wer ſich dies geſtehen muß, der bekenne es nur, daß ihm die wahre Liebe Gottes etwas Fremdes ſei, daß er das Irdiſche und Weltliche höher achte, als Gott und ſeinen Willen, daß er die eitele, die vergängliche, die trügliche Ehre bei den Menſchen ſuche, und nicht den ewigen Ruhm bei Gott. Achteſt du darum nicht auf Jeſum, weil ſeine Lehre deinen Vorurtheilen widerſpricht, deine verkehrten Neigungen tadelt, deine Lieblingsfehler rügt, und mit heiligem Ernſte auf Beſſerung des Lebens dringt? Wer ſich dies geſtehen muß, der bekenne es nur, daß ſein Herz dem Leben aus Gott entfremdet, daß es ein bloßer Schein und leere Täuſchung ſei, wenn er ſich rühmt, er liebe Gott. Sprichſt du den Namen Jeſu darum ohne Wärme, ohne Antheil deines Herzens aus, weil du bei deiner Vernunft die Lehre der Offenbarung, bei deiner eigenen Kraft die Hülfe Jeſu, bei deinem Verdienſte den erquickenden Troſt des verſöhnenden Todes Jeſu für entbehrlich hältſt? Wer ſich dies geſtehen muß, der bekenne es nur, daß er zu ſtolz ſei, ſeine Unwürdigkeit vor Gott zu fühlen, daß er nicht mit heiliger Ehrfurcht auf die Stimme Gottes achtet, daß ihm der ächte kindliche Sinn, die wahre Liebe Gottes, fehlt. Mögen ſie vor ſich ſelbſt erſchrecken, denen ihr Herz kein beſſeres Zeugniß giebt; mögen ſie innig und lebendig fühlen, daß es ſo nicht bleiben könne, wenn ihnen Eintracht mit ſich ſelbſt und wahrer Friede werden ſoll; mögen ſie mit verdoppeltem Eifer das Eine, was Noth iſt, ſuchen, und in der Liebe Gottes, in der

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*) Joh. 7, 16.
**) Joh. 17, 4.
***) Joh. 5, 23.

Gnade Jeſu Chriſti, in der Gemeinſchaft ſeines Geiſtes den Segen finden, den die Welt nicht giebt!

Du freueſt dich, frommer Chriſt, wenn dir ein heiliges Bewußtſein ſagt, daß fromme Ehrfurcht gegen den Eingebornen Gottes, daß Dankbarkeit und Liebe gegen Jeſum dein ganzes Herz erfüllt. Deine Freude iſt heilig und gerecht; deine Geſinnungen und Gefühle gegen Jeſum bezeugen es deinem Geiſte, daß du das wahre Leben, das Leben in Gott, gefunden haſt. So halte denn feſt, was du gefunden, was du errungen haſt im Glauben; überwinde die Welt, wenn ſie deinem Himmel dich entfremden, wenn ſie dich bereden will, nach dem allein zu trachten, was eitel und irdiſch und vergänglich iſt; kämpfe den edlen Kampf, vollende deinen Lauf, bewahre den Glauben unerſchütterlich! Dann ſteheſt du feſt im Sturme der Zeit. Wenn der blutige Kampf der Nationen naht, wenn Alles wankt, und der verheerende Tod die bitterſten Opfer fordert: aus deinem Innern weicht der Gottesfriede nicht. Denn weder Tod noch Leben, weder Gegenwart noch Zukunft, weder Hohes noch Tiefes mag dich ſcheiden von der Liebe Gottes, die in Chriſto Jeſu iſt, unſerem Herrn. Amen.

Juſtus Georg Schottelius

ward am 23. Juni 1612 zu Eimbeck im Hannoverſchen geboren, ging — bei dürftiger Lage ſeiner Verwandten kaum den Studien gerettet — 1627 auf das lutheriſche Gymnaſium zu Hildesheim und von dort 1630 auf das Gymnaſium zu Hamburg. 1634 bezog er die Univerſität Groningen und darauf Leiden. 1638 beſchloß er, nachdem er auch Leipzig auf kurze Zeit beſucht und das Conrectorat in Eimbeck ausgeſchlagen hatte, ſeine Studien in Wittenberg, ward darauf Prinzenerzieher zu Braunſchweig und 1642 zum Hofgerichtsaſſeſſor, 1645 zum Conſiſtorialrath in Wolfenbüttel ernannt. 1646 erhielt er die Anſtellung als Rath im Fürſtenthum Dannenberg, blieb aber zugleich ſeinen früheren Aemtern getreu. In demſelben Jahre ernannte ihn Helmſtädt zum Doctor der Rechte, ſo wie der Blumenorden zu ſeinem Mitgliede unter dem Namen Fontano. In die fruchtbringende Geſellſchaft war er ſchon 1642 mit dem Namen „der Suchende" eingetreten. Er ſtarb als wirklicher Hof-Conſiſtorial- und Kammerrath, auch Hofgerichtsaſſeſſor zu Wolfenbüttel den 25. Oct. 1676.

Er ſchrieb:

Der Nymphe Germania Todtenklage. Braunſchweig, 1640.

Deutſche Sprachkunſt. Braunſchweig, 1641; neu: 1651.

Ausführliche Arbeit von der deutſchen Hauptſprache in 5 Büchern. Braunſchweig, 1663. Vergl. Müllers Bibliothek, Bd. 9.

S. zeichnete ſich zu jener Zeit durch ſeine ſprachlichen Forſchungen ſehr vortheilhaft aus, obwohl er ſich nicht ganz frei von dem Einfluſſe des Lateiniſchen in ſeinem Styl zu erhalten wußte. Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen offenbaren ächte Vaterlandsliebe, Wärme, tiefes Gefühl und Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, namentlich hat ſeine Elegie, Germaniens Todtenklage, ſehr gelungene Stellen.

Die Jahreszeiten.

Wenn beginnt des Frühlings Schein,
Was beliebt er uns zu weih'n? —
Blümelein.

Nach des Frühlings Licht und Born,
Was ergeußt des Sommers Horn? —
Heu und Korn.

Tritt der reiche Herbſt denn ein,
Was pflegt ſein Geſchenk zu ſein? —
Obſt und Wein.

Kommt der Winter, greis und weiß,
Was gewinnt der Erdenkreis? —
Schnee und Eis.

Heu und Korn und Blümelein,
Schnee und Eis und Obſt und Wein,
Geben, ſchaffen, ſpenden voll
Frühling, Sommer, Herbſt und Winter
Jedes, wie es mag und ſoll.

Frühling erneut, Sommer erfreut,
Herbſt bereicht, Winter ſchleicht;
Frühling verehrt, Sommer ernähret,
Herbſt erfüllt, Winter hüllt.

Darum, Freunde, ſeid bereit,
Recht zu loben allezeit
Frühling, Sommer, Herbſt und Winter!
Zeit giebt Ehre, Zeit giebt Rath,
Zeit giebt Künſte, Zeit giebt That.

Nicolaus Schradie, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Johann Chriſtian Daniel von Schreber

ward am 17. Januar 1739 zu Weißenſee in Thüringen geboren, ſtudirte Medicin, war vor ſeiner Berufung nach Erlangen ordentlicher Arzt des Pädagogiums zu Bützow, darauf Secretär der öconomiſchen Geſellſchaft zu Leipzig und lebte endlich als Doctor der Philoſophie und Medicin, ordentlicher Profeſſor der Naturgeſchichte und Oeconomie, Oberaufſeher des botaniſchen Gartens und Naturalienkabinets, ſowie als königlich preuß. geheimer Hofrath, kaiſerlicher Rath und Leibarzt, Hofpfalzgraf und Präſident der kaiſerlichen Academie der Naturforſcher zu Erlangen, woſelbſt er am 10. December 1810 geſtorben iſt.

Botaniſch-öconomiſche Abhandlungen vom Waidbau. Halle, 1763.

Beſchreibung der Gräſer. Leipzig, 1766—73. 2 Thle. Fol.

Beſchreibung der Quecke. Leipzig, 1773.

Sammlung wichtiger und zuverläſſiger Abbildungen ſäugender oder vierfüßiger Thiere mit Erklärungen. Erlangen, 1774—1806. 64 Hfte. (fortgeſetzt von G. A. Goldfuß).

Gab heraus den „Naturforſcher" ſeit 1780, von Stück 14—30. 1804.

S. war einer der Erſten, welche die Naturwiſſenſchaften allgemein zugänglich zu machen und mit Geſchmack und Eleganz zu behandeln verſtanden.

Aloys Wilhelm Schreiber,

den 12. October 1765 (nach Anderen 1763) zu Kappel in Baden geboren, ſtudierte in Freiburg und wurde ſchon 1784 als Profeſſor der Aeſthetik am Gymnaſium zu Baden angeſtellt. 1788 nahm er eine Erzieherſtelle bei dem Burggrafen von Weſtfalen zu Mainz an, kehrte aber 1790 an die in ein Lyceum umgewandelte Schule von Baden zurück. 1805 wurde er als Profeſſor der Aeſthetik nach Heidelberg berufen, fand bei J. J. Voß liebevolle Aufnahme und in deſſen Sohne, Heinrich, einen vertrauten Freund. Doch mußte er auch den Schaden dieſer, in Verſpottung der damals aufwuchernden myſtiſchen Poeſie ſehr heitern Voſſiſchen Geſellſchaften in mancherlei Anfeindungen tragen, die Heidelbergs Profeſſoren, immer mehr gegen einander erbittert, ausübten und erduldeten. Dieſer Quälereien müde, hielt er um die ſeit Poſſelt's Tode offene Stelle eines badiſchen Hiſtoriographen an, die ihm 1813 zu Theil ward. Nach 13jährigem höchſt verdienſtvollen Wirken in Karlsruhe wurde er unerwartet auf Befehl des Großherzogs Ludwig penſioniert. Er zog nach Baden, ſeinem Lieblingsaufenthalt, wo er nach dem Regierungsantritt des Großherzogs Leopold auch wieder, wie ſonſt in der Reſidenz, — namentlich von Fremden beſucht — äſthetiſche Vorleſungen hielt und als Doctor der Philoſophie und großherzoglich badiſcher Hofrath im geiſtesfriſchen Alter lebt.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Lebensbeſchreibung des Großherzogs Karl Friedrich von Baden. Heidelberg, 1811.
Geſchichte des Großherzogthums Baden für Schulen. Karlsruhe, 1813.
Baden mit ſeinen Bädern und Umgebungen. Karlsruhe, 1805; 4te Aufl. 1838.
Lehrbuch der Aeſthetik. Heidelberg, 1809.
Geſchichte und Beſchreibung Heidelbergs und ſeiner Umgebungen. Heidelberg, 1811.
Anleitung, den Rhein von Schaffhauſen bis Holland, die Moſel von Coblenz bis Trier, die Bäder am Taunus, das Murgthal, Neckarthal und den Odenwald zu bereiſen. Heidelberg, 1812; 4te Aufl. 1836.
Eichenblätter. Heidelberg, 1814.
Herbſtroſen. Karlsruhe, 1816.
Poetiſche Werke. Tübingen, 1817—18. 3 Bde.
Deutſchland und die Deutſchen von den älteſten Zeiten bis zum Tode Karls des Großen. Karlsruhe, 1824. 4 Hefte.
Sagen aus den Gegenden des Rheins und des Schwarzwaldes. 2te Aufl., Heidelberg, 1829.
Sagen aus den Rheingegenden, dem Schwarzwalde und den Vogeſen, neue Sammlung. Heidelberg, 1839.
Cactusblüthen. Erzählungen und Novellen. Stuttgart, 1838. 2 Bde.
Novellen. Karlsruhe, 1830. 2 Bde.
Cornelia, Taſchenbuch für deutſche Frauen, von 1816 bis jetzt.
Dramaturgiſche Blätter. Frankf., 1788—89. 4 Bde.
Theaterſtücke. Frankfurt, 1789.
Rhapſodien. Frankfurt, 1790.
Dramatiſche Gemälde. Wien, 1791.
Scenen aus Fauſts Leben. Offenbach, 1792.
Der Waldbruder im Eichthal. Offenbach, 1794.
Wollmar. Bremen, 1793.
Die Verſchwörung gegen Venedig. Bremen, 1794.
Viſionen. Bremen, 1795.
Romantiſche Erzählungen. Frankf., 1796. 2 Thle.
Myrthen- und Cypreſſenkränze. Stuttgart, 1820. 2 Theile.

Reiches Wiſſen, feiner Geſchmack, Wärme und Lebendigkeit und Anmuth der Darſtellung verleihen ſeinen Leiſtungen nicht geringen Werth und erwarben ihm die Neigung vieler Leſer. Sehr glücklich iſt er in der Behandlung kleinerer hiſtoriſcher Stoffe und Sagen, und am bekannteſten durch ſeine trefflichen topographiſchen Darſtellungen.

Die Jungfrau auf Burg Windeck.

Es ſteh'n zwei alte Thürme
Hoch unter Schutt und Graus,
Der Berggeiſt und die Stürme,
Die zieh'n da ein und aus.

Durch den zerfall'nen Bogen
Stieg ich als Knab' hinan;
Die wilden Blumen zogen
Mich wunderbarlich an.

Da trat aus dem Gemäuer
Ein zartes Jungfräulein,
Sie ſah im weißen Schleier
Faſt wie ein Engel drein.

Sie trug aus grünen Weiden
Ein Körblein in der Hand,
Sie pflückte Moos und Haiden,
Und was ſie ſonſt noch fand.

Da rief es aus dem Boden —
Sie wurde lilienbleich
Und ſprach: „Nur ſtill, ihr Todten,
Ich komm', ich komme gleich.“

Die weiße Haiderose,
Die ſteckte ſie in's Haar,
Die Dolden und die Mooſe
Bot ſie mir freundlich dar.

Mich überlief ein Schauer,
Ich wurde heiß und kalt,
Schnell an der Epheumauer
Verſchwand jetzt die Geſtalt.

Das Bild iſt mir geblieben,
Noch ſeh' ich ſie vor mir!
Ich könnt' ein Schatten lieben,
Ich ging' alsbald zu ihr.

Der Mummelſee.

Hoch auf dem Tannenberge,
Da iſt ein ſchwarzer See,
Und auf dem See da ſchwimmet
Ein Röslein, weiß wie Schnee.

Es kommt ein Hirtenknabe
Mit einem Haſelſtab:
„Das Röslein muß ich haben,
Das Röslein brech' ich ab!“

Er zieht es mit dem Stabe
Wohl an den Steinenrand,
Doch aus dem Waſſer hebet
Sich eine weiße Hand.

Sie zieht das Röslein nieder
Tief in den dunklen Grund:
„Komm, lieber Knab', ich mache
Dir viel Geheimes kund!

Im See am Boden wurzelt
Das Röslein, das du liebſt,
Da will ich dir es brechen,
Wenn du dich mir ergebſt.““

Den Knaben faßt ein Grauen,
Er eilt hinweg vom See.
Doch immer iſt ſein Sinnen
Das Röslein weiß wie Schnee.

Er irret durch die Berge;
Der Gram das Herz ihm frißt, —
Und Niemand weiß zu ſagen,
Wo er geblieben iſt.

Chriſtian Schreiber,

am 15. April 1781 zu Eiſenach geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und lebt als Doctor der Philoſophie, großherzoglich ſachſen-weimariſcher Kirchenrath, Oberpfarrer und Superintendent der Diöceſen Lengsfeld und Dornbach zu Lengsfeld.

- **Prophetiſch-poetiſche Gemälde der Zukunft**, Nachbildung der Offenb. Johannes. Naumburg, 1802.
- **Harmonia**, Gedicht. Leipzig, 1803.
- **Gedichte.** Berlin, 1806.
- **Kleine Schriften.** Berlin, 1808.
- **Alexander in Indien**, Tragödie nach **Racine**. Berlin, 1809.
- **Religion**, Gedicht in 2 Geſängen. Gotha, 1813.
- **Chriſtliches Liederbuch.** Eiſenach. 1816; 2. Aufl. 1822.
- **Predigten, Homilien und geiſtliche Reden.** Eiſenach, 1816.
- (Mit **Veillodter** und **W. Hennings**) **Allgemeine Chronik der 3. Jubelfeier der deutſchen evangeliſchen Kirche im Jahre 1817.** Gotha, 1819. 2 Thle. 4.

S. iſt einer der wenigen deutſchen Lyriker, welche ſich Schiller zum Vorbilde nahmen, und man kann von ihm mit Recht ſagen, daß er ſich ihm unter Allen am meiſten genähert habe. Tiefe des Gefühls, reiche Phantaſie, Adel der Geſinnung und ſeltener Wohlklang der Sprache, ſowie vollkommene Herrſchaft über die Form, verleihen ſeinen Poeſieen einen bleibenden Werth. Nicht minder ausgezeichnet iſt er als Kanzelredner.

Joſeph Schreyvogel,

(als Dichter **Thomas** oder **Karl Auguſt Weſt**), iſt im Jahre 1768 zu Wien geboren, ſtudirte zu Wien und Jena und wirkte zuletzt — auch kurze Zeit einmal Vorſteher eines Kunſt- und Induſtriecomptoirs — als kaiſerl. königl. Hofſecretär und Dramaturg bei den k. k. Hoftheatern ſeiner Vaterſtadt. 1832 mit Penſion entlaſſen, ſtarb er 1833 daſelbſt an der Cholera.

- **Geſammelte Schriften**, erſte Abtheil.: **Bilder aus dem Leben.** 2 Thle.
- 2. Abtheil.: **Kritiſche und ſatiriſche Streifzüge.** Braunſchweig, 1829. 2 Thle. 12.
- **Erſter Akt des Trauerſpiels Adelinda**, in **Lambert's** Taſchenbuch, Jahrgang 3.
- **Don Gutierre, der Arzt ſeiner Ehre.** Trauerſpiel in 5 Aufz. nach **Calderon's** Don Gutierre. Wien, 1834.
- **Das Leben ein Traum**, von **Calderon**, überſetzt. Wien, 1820. 3. Ausg.
- **Donna Diana**, von **Moreto**, überſ.
- **Die Wittwe**, Schauſpiel.
- **Die Gleichgiltigen**, Schauſpiel.
- Das Taſchenbuch: **Aglaja**, ſeit 1819. Wien.
- Einzelne Aufſätze in Taſchenbüchern und Journalen u. ſ. w.

Ein feines, reich durchgebildetes Talent war S. beſonders glücklich in der Bearbeitung ausländiſcher Theaterſtücke. Als Erzähler zeichnete er ſich durch anmuthige Darſtellung, gute Charakterſchilderung und glückliche Erfindung, ſowie durch feinen, treffenden Witz eben ſo vortheilhaft aus; vor Allem gelangen ihm Darſtellungen des bürgerlichen Stilllebens.

Johann Matthias Schröckh,

am 26. Juli 1733 zu Wien geboren, kam mit 15 Jahren auf die Preßburger Schule. Der Anblick der mannigfachen Bedrückungen ſeiner proteſtantiſchen Glaubensgenoſſen daſelbſt trieb den Jüngling, Prediger zu werden; er ließ nicht nach mit Bitten, bis ſein Vater den für das Comptoir Beſtimmten 1750 auf die damals berühmte Schule zu Kloſter Bergen bei Magdeburg ſandte. Erſt 1752 ſtudirte er in Göttingen, aber ſchon 1754 durch ſeinen Oheim, den Profeſſor Bel für die akademiſche Laufbahn gewonnen und in mancherlei Weiſe gelehrt beſchäftigt, trat er in Leipzig als Docent mit entſchiedenem Glücke auf. Eine außerordentliche Profeſſur, die ihm 1762 daſelbſt angeboten ward, lehnte er ab und ſiedelte ſich 1767 als Profeſſor der Poeſie in Wittenberg an. Doch zog ihn ſeine innere Neigung immer mehr zur Geſchichte hin, deren Lehrſtuhl er endlich im Jahre 1775 erhielt und zum großen Gewinne ſeiner zahlreichen Zuhörer viele Jahre lang ehrenvoll behauptete. An ſeinem 76. Geburtstage durch einen unglücklichen Fall von einer Bibliotheks-Leiter gefährlich verletzt, gab er am 1. Auguſt 1808 ſeinen Geiſt auf.

- **Lebensbeſchreibungen berühmter Gelehrten.** Leipzig, 1764—69, 3 Thle. N. Ausg. 1790. 2 Thle.
- **Weltgeſchichte für Kinder.** Leipzig, 1779—84. 6 Bde.
- **Allgemeine Biographie.** Berlin, 1767—91. 8 Bde.
- **Guthrie's und Gray's allgemeine Weltgeſchichte.** Herausgegeben 1770—78.
- **Chriſtliche Kirchengeſchichte.** Leipzig, 1768—1803. 35 Bde.; Bd. 1—14, 2. Aufl. von **Tzſchirner**, 1772—1825.
- **Kirchengeſchichte ſeit der Reformation.** Leipzig, 1804—1812. 10 Bde.; vom 9. Bande an von **Tzſchirner** fortgeſetzt.
- **Sein Leben**, von **Tzſchirner**. Leipzig, 1812.

Bouterweck urtheilt ſehr treffend über ihn (Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit, Bd. 11. S. 334): S. iſt weder ein großer Pragmatiker noch ein Muſter in der Darſtellungskunſt. Sein Verſtand drang nicht tief in den Zuſammenhang der Begebenheiten ein; aus ſeinen Charaktergemälden ſpricht nur eine oberflächliche Menſchenkenntniß und ſein Styl iſt weder maleriſch noch prägnant. Aber er war einer der erſten deutſchen Hiſtoriker, denen klar wurde, wo es der bis dahin in Deutſchland gewöhnlichen Bearbeitung der hiſtoriſchen Wiſſenſchaften fehlte, und er that, was in ſeinen Kräften war, dieſen Wiſſenſchaften eine geſchmackvollere Form zu geben, ohne die ſtrenge Geſchichtsforſchung den Reizen des Styls aufzuopfern. — Als die Hiſtoriographie bei den Deutſchen raſcher vorrückte, konnte S. mit mehreren vorzüglicheren Köpfen nicht Schritt halten; aber er hörte auch nicht auf ſich Mühe zu geben, um nicht zurückzubleiben. Durch die verſtändige und anſpruchloſe Popularität ſeines Styls erwarb er ſich bis an ſeinen Tod eine Menge von Leſern.

Friedrich Ludwig Schröder,

dieſer berühmte deutſche Schauſpieler, in Allem den Beſten ſeiner Zeit ähnlich und befreundet, ward am 31. November 1744 zu Schwerin geboren. Unter der Leitung ſeiner Mutter, der trefflichen Schauſpielerin Ackermann, betrat er als dreijähriges Kind zu Petersburg zum erſten Male die Bühne; ſeine kleine Rolle trug ihm Liebkoſungen und Geſchenke der Kaiſerin Eliſabeth ein. Wer ſo verheißungsvoll ſeine Laufbahn begonnen hatte, ſo dunkel und traurig ward ſie bald und ſchien früh in Elend enden zu wollen. Eine Zeitlang ward der Knabe bei der Geſellſchaft ſeines Stiefvaters Ackermann beſchäftigt, aber ſittlich ganz vernachläſſigt, dann dem Friedrichscollegium zu Königsberg anvertraut, aber dieſe Anſtalt entließ den muthwilligen Burſchen, ſobald die Unterſtützungen ſeiner Eltern ausblieben; ein alter armer Schuhflicker theilte mit ihm Hunger und Branntewein. Endlich fand er in der gebildeten Familie des Seiltänzers Stuart einige geiſtige Förderung. Die Uebung des Balletanzes war für ſeine ganze ſpätere dramatiſche Laufbahn von unſchätzbarem Vortheil; ihr verdankte er nach Jahren die Bewunderung des alten dreiſten Reimarus, der im Theater zu Hamburg einſt im Hamlet nur den wunderbaren Schritt des Geiſtes beklatſchen und dem kurzſichtigen Publikum über Schröders unerkanntes Verdienſt die Augen öffnete. 1759 folgte er ſeinen Eltern in die Schweiz und kehrte, in vielbewegten Jahren zum Dichter, Schauſpieler und Menſchen vorbereitet, 1764 nach Hamburg, wo ihre Geſellſchaft ſchon oft geweſen war, zurück, bei ihr als Balletmeiſter und im Luſtſpiel verwandt. 1771 übernahm er die Direction der Bühne und trat auch als Dichter mit gelungenen Stücken hervor. Wunderbar brachen jetzt alle Blüthen ſeines gewaltigen Schauſpielertalents auf; jede Woche zeigte ihn der Vollendung näher gerückt. Der Geiſt des Hamburger Theaters erreichte jene Vollkommenheit, die ſtets unvergeßlich bleiben wird. Er war Leſſings geiſtverwandter Freund, der zweite Dichter ſeiner klaſſiſchen Geſtaltungen, aber deſſen Nathan hat er nur geweihten Kreiſen vorgeleſen. Das Jahr 1780 war das glänzendſte ſeines Lebens; er machte einen Triumphzug durch Deutſchland, und ſiegte in Wien. Im nächſten Jahre folgte er ſelbſt einem ruhmvollen Rufe dahin, aber die Sehnſucht nach Hamburg trieb ihn, auf's Neue dort die Direction zu übernehmen. 1798 zog er ſich auf ſein Gütchen in Rellingen zurück, doch auch Märtyrer ſeiner Kunſt zu werden, verſchmähte er nicht. 1811 entriß er ſich den Freuden einer ungeſtörten, den Künſten und freimaureriſchem Streben geweihten Muße, um Kraft, Zeit und Vermögen der Bühne aufzuopfern, die ſchon damals dem Verderben einer klüger, doch nicht ſchöner gewordenen Zeit entgegenſank. Er ſtarb am 3. September 1816. Sein Leben ſchrieb F. L. Meyer, Hamburg, 1819. 2 Thle.

Der Fähnrich, Luſtſpiel. Hamburg, 1786.
Das Teſtament, Luſtſpiel. Berlin, 1786.
Der Vetter in Liſſabon, Familiengemälde. Frankfurt, 1786.
Das Blatt hat ſich gewendet, Luſtſpiel. Frankfurt, 1790.
Das Portrait der Mutter, Luſtſpiel. Berlin, 1790. Und viele Ueberarbeitungen franzöſiſcher und engliſcher Schauſpiele.
Beitrag zur deutſchen Schaubühne. Berlin, 1786—1794. 4 Thle.
Dramatiſche Werke, herausgegeben von Bülow. Berlin, 1831. 4 Bde.
Hamburgiſches Theater. Hamburg, 1776—82. 4 Thle.
Sammlung von Schauſpielen für's hamburgiſche Theater. Schwerin und Wiesbaden, 1790. 3 Thle.

S's dramatiſche Arbeiten ſind größtentheils nach ausländiſchen Vorbildern bearbeitet, zeichnen ſich jedoch namentlich durch ſichere Entwickelung der Charaktere, gute Durchführung der Situationen, trefflichen lebendigen Dialog und echt komiſche Kraft ſehr vortheilhaft aus, ſo daß mehrere derſelben, wie z. B. der Ring, das Portrait der Mutter u. ſ. w. noch jetzt gern auf der Bühne geſehen werden.

Chriſtian Friedrich Daniel Schubart

ward am 26. März 1739 zu Oberſontheim in der ſchwäbiſchen Grafſchaft Limburg geboren; nicht früh, aber plötzlich erwachten ſeine Fähigkeiten, beſonders für Muſik und Poeſie. Seit 1753 auf dem Lyceum zu Nördlingen, dichtete er ſchon hier Volkslieder, die er ſelbſt componirte. 1756 kam er auf die Nürnberger Schule, 1758 nach Jena, wo ein wüſtes Leben ſeine Geſundheit und ſeine theologiſchen Studien untergrub. Er kehrte heim, componirte, ſpielte die Orgel, improviſirte Predigten, zuweilen in Verſen, ward Schullehrer und Organiſt in Geislingen, und heirathete 1764 eine vortreffliche Frau, die ihn wunderbar ertrug, bis ſeine, als er 1768 Muſikdirector in Ludwigsburg geworden war, immer wilder ausbrechenden Leidenſchaften ſie in tiefer Schwermuth mit ſeinen Kindern von ihm trennten. Unſittlichkeit warf ihn in's Gefängniß; befreit wandte er ſich nach Heilbronn, da er in Ludwigsburg wegen ſatiriſcher Gedichte ſein Amt verloren hatte. Der Schmerz um die Seinigen riß ihn aus ſeinem, dort in Muſik verträumten Leben auf; er wäre faſt vom Kurfürſten von Baden, dem ſein Spiel gefiel, angeſtellt worden, wenn nicht eine unvorſichtige Aeußerung ihm alle Hoffnung wieder abgeſchnitten hätte. Nun ging er nach München, das er bald wieder verlaſſen mußte, ehe er ſich noch durch Uebertritt zur katholiſchen Kirche den Weg zu einer erträglicheren Lage hatte bahnen können. In Augsburg begann er ſeine deutſche Chronik zu ſchreiben, componirte, dichtete, declamirte öffentlich mit großem Beifall; aber die von ihm verſpottete katholiſche Geiſtlichkeit nöthigte ihn bald, auch Augsburg zu verlaſſen. Von Ulm verrätheriſcher Weiſe in das Würtembergiſche gelockt, wurde er am 22. Januar 1777 zu Blaubeuren verhaftet und auf die Feſtung Hohenaſperg gebracht. Die myſtiſche Richtung, die der längſt Entnervte hier ergriff, und ſein Hymnus auf Friedrich den Zweiten gaben ihm die Freiheit wieder; 1787 wurde er, nach 10 Jahren verhörloſer Einkerkerung, erlöſt und zugleich zum Director der herzoglich würtembergiſchen Hofmuſik und des Theaters zu Stuttgart ernannt. Daſelbſt iſt er am 10. October 1791 geſtorben.

Ideen zu einer Aeſthetik der Tonkunſt. Wien, 1806.

Die Badekur. Ulm, 1766.

Gedichte. Frankfurt, 1802. 2 Bde. Neu, Frankfurt, 1825. 1829.

Gedichte aus dem Kerker. Zürich, 1785.

S.'s Leben und Geſinnungen. Stuttg., 1791—93. 2 Thle.

Neujahrsſchilde in Verſen. Augsburg, 1775.

Ode auf den Tod Thomas Abbt's. Ulm, 1767.

Lehrbuch der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. 2. Aufl. (umgearbeitet von Prof. Heißmann). Münſter, 1777, 1781.

Vermiſchte Schriften. Herausgegeben von Ludw. Schubart. Zürich, 1812. 2 Bde.

Todesgeſänge. Ulm, 1767. 1778.

S. iſt von den deutſchen Kritikern zum Theil überſchätzt, zum Theil ungerecht verdammt worden. Er beſaß ein ausgezeichnetes lyriſches Talent, reiche, glühende Phantaſie und große Kraft des Ausdrucks; aber er wußte ſich nicht zu beherrſchen und es fehlte ihm durchaus an harmoniſcher Durchbildung. So hat er neben vielem Trefflichen, viel Schlechtes oder doch Mittelmäßiges geliefert, und faſt alle ſeine Leiſtungen tragen mehr oder minder Spuren ſeines abenteuerlichen Weſens und ſeiner Verirrungen. Früher gaben ihm ſeine traurigen Schickſale eine bei weitem größere Berühmtheit, als er ſie für ſeine Schriften verdiente; jetzt iſt die lebhafte Erinnerung an dieſelben ſo ziemlich erloſchen; nur einige wenige von ſeinen Poeſien werden daher ſein Andenken für die Nachwelt ſichern, dieſe aber verdienen auch die vollkommenſte Anerkennung.

Gedichte von C. F. D. Schubart.

Der Wolf und der Hund.

Zum Hunde, der ſchon manche Nacht
In ſeiner Kette zugebracht,
Und, wenn der Morgenſtern am grauen Himmel hing,
Auf's Gäu mit ſeinem Metzger ging:
Sprach einſtens Isegrimm: Ei Bruder, wie ſo mager!
Wie elend ſiehſt du aus! wie ſchäbicht und wie hager!
Dau'rſt mich, biſt gar ein armer Hund.
Sieh' mich 'mal an, wie friſch und wie geſund
Ich bin! — Ich rieche nach der Luft.
Mein Balg iſt parfümirt mit mancher Staude Duft.
Ich hab' dir immer guten Fraß,
Bald friſches Fleiſch, bald fettes Aas.
Drauf leck' ich klaren Quell, und traun!
Ich hab' dir immer gute Laun'.
Du aber — — Ach, verſetzte Melack, ach,
Herr Bruder, nur gemach.
Drum biſt du Wolf, ich Hund! du frei;
Ich aber in der Sklaverei.

Und die Moral? O die iſt jedermann bekannt,
In Deutſchland und in Engelland.

Der Rückfall.

Weg, o Liebe, mit dem Zauberbecher!
Circe, weg ich trinke nicht!
Weg von mir, du Flatterer, du Frecher!
Amor mit dem Puppenangeſicht.
Geht zum Jüngling, der laut um der Traube
Moſtbeträufte Berge irrt,
Und nach einer Lais, wie die Taube
Nach dem Tauber girrt.
Grazien und Amoretten,
Locket mich nicht mehr!
Flechtet eure Blumenketten
Um den Süßling her,
Der mit Spielwerk aus Paris beladen,
Dorten pfeift und ſpielt,
Und nach ſeinen Waden
Beifalllächelnd ſchielt.
Denn hier ſitz' ich, wo genähret von Oele
Dieſes blaue Flämmchen zuckt;
Wo mit Ernſt und Staunen meine Seele
Auf ſich ſelber niederblickt.
Alter Weiſen fromme ſchöne Schatten,
Eingehüllt in Bildern um mich her;
Tauſend Stimmen hör' ich um mich beben:
Guter Mann, ſo liebe doch nicht mehr!
Fahr' empor gen Himmel — fahre!
Er allein iſt deiner Liebe werth;
Warte nicht, bis Wolluſt deiner Jahre
Feuer aufgezehrt. —

Ich will es thun! — ſo ſprach ich und die Saiten
Des hohen Flügels hallten's nach.
Die Geiſterchen, die mich umſchweben, freuten
Sich hörbar, als ich's ſprach.
Doch Himmel ach! wie ſchnell bin ich gefallen! —
Du Zauberin, was willſt du denn von mir?
Ich ſeh' ſie wohl, die blauen Augen hier!
Was lauſchſt du unterm ſanft geſchweiften Hute
Muthwilligchen, o Zauberin, hervor!
Laß mich — ſchon ſtürmt in meinem Blute
Der Liebe Flamm' empor! —
Ich ſeh' es wohl das Grübchen am Munde,
Das ſich zum Lächeln krümmt;
Und — ach! in einer ſüßern Stunde
Auch Geiſterchen des Weiſen überſtimmt. —
Ich ſinke ſchon an ihre Bruſt: — O blicke
Mich nicht ſo ſchmachtend an! —
Dank dir Natur, daß ich dein Meiſterſtücke
Mit dieſem Arm umfaſſen kann!

Froſchkritik.

Im antiken Geſchmack.

Sang in 'nem Buſch 'ne Nachtigall; —
So wunderlieblich war ihr Schall,
Als wie der 'rausgezog'ne Ton
Aus Meiſter Liebels Bariton.
Es war 'n Sumpf nicht weit davon,
Drin lag 'ne ganze Legion
Von Fröſchen; und die hörten all'
Den Wunderſang der Nachtigall.
Da war ein hochbelobter Froſch,
Mit runzlicher Stirn und breiter Goſch,
Hatte die edle Muſikam,
Den Kontrapunkt, die Algebram
In manchem Sumpf und Weiher ſtudirt,
Und orgelirt, wie ſich's gebührt.
Doch weil er war gar kalter Natur —
Empfand er nichts und künſtelte nur.
Der hörte auch die Nachtigall
Und ſprach: Ihr Brüder hört 'mal,
Wie ſingt das Thier ſo abgeſchmackt,
Macht ſolche Quinten, hält keinen Takt.
Weicht nicht in künſtlicher Modulation
Aus einem Ton in andern Ton:
Zu ihrem ewig di — di — di —
Und duk, duk, duk — ſteckt ihre ganze Melodie.
Magiſter Froſch — ſchrie drob ſo laut,
Daß ihm beinah zerplatzt die Haut,
Und ſprach: Kameraden, wißt ihr was!
Eine Fuge klingt doch baß,
Wenn's ſingen im Sopran, Alt und Tenor,

Ich orgle euch das Thema vor.
Nun ging's an ein ſcheußlich Gequak
Im wahren antiken Geſchmack,
Mit Bund und Motu contrario,
Der Froſch hielt Taſto ſolo;
Unaufgelöſt in der Fuge ganz
Folgt Diſſonanz auf Diſſonanz.
Nach mancher halsbrechenden Modulation
Kam endlich doch der letzte Ton. —
Die Fledermaus und der Uhu
Hörten dem Froſchconcerte zu.
Waren drob gar luſtig und froh,
Und ſchrien laut: Braviſſimo!
Ein Jüngling voll Empfindſamkeit,
Gelockt von ſanfter Abendzeit,
Kam aus dem nahen Roſenthal,
Hörte das Lied der Nachtigall,
Und weint' und ſah zum Himmel hinauf: —
Und als die Fröſche fugirten drauf,
Da warf er Steine in den Teich,
Und ſchrie: „Der Henker hole euch!"
Hum, ſprach der Kritikus unterm Gewäſſer,
Der Kerl verſteht's nicht beſſer! —

Mährchen.

Es ſtarb 'nmal ein Bäuerlein,
Sein Engel, — hell wie Sonnenſchein,
Mit einem goldnen Stabe wies
Dieß Bäuerlein in's Paradies.

Es ging an den beſtimmten Ort
Auf einer Morgenröthe fort;
Kam an das Thor von Diamant
Und klopfte ſittſam mit der Hand.

St. Peter hütete die Thür
Und ſchrie: „Nun wer iſt wieder hier?"

„Ich bin ein armer Bauersmann,
Der auf der Erde nichts gethan,
Als ſeine Felder angebaut,
Mit einem Weibe ſich getraut,
Die mir zum Stecken und zum Stab
Ein Dutzend derbe Buben gab.
In meinem Leben gab ich gern
Die Steuern meinem gnäd'gen Herrn.
Ich glaubte, was der Pfarrer ſprach,
Kam treulich ſeinen Lehren nach,
Und zahlt' ihm redlich, wie mich deucht,
Für ſeine Predigt, Meſſ' und Beicht.
Ich ſtarb. Er ſalbte mich mit Oel.
Ein Engelein wies meine Seel'
Zu dir in's Paradies herauf:
O heil'ger Peter mach' mir auf!"

Nun öffnete die Pforte ſich,
St. Peter ſprach: Ich lobe dich,
Ein Plätzchen in dem Paradies,
— Du ſollſt's auch haben: Aber heut,
Mein Bäuerlein, fehlt mir die Zeit.
Wir feiern heut ein großes Feſt,
Das mich an dich nicht denken läßt.
Geh dort in jene Laube hin,
Gewölbt von himmliſchem Jasmin,
Und warte, bis ich komme, da,
Bei Nektar und Ambroſia! —
Das Bäuerlein ſprach: Habe Dank!
Setzt' ſich auf eine Veilchenbank,
Und wartete bis Peter rief.
— Erhabne Stille herrſchte tief.

Doch plötzlich ſprang das goldne Thor,
Der ganze Himmel war Ein Chor:
Es ſchwammen ſüße Simfonien
Durch den entzückten Himmel hin.
Den Schatten eines — Prieſters ſchwebt
Herauf, — vom Lobgeſang erbebt
Der Himmel: „Leuchte wie ein Stern;
„Komm du Geſegneter des Herrn!"
Mit Abraham und Iſaak ſaß
Der Selige zu Tiſch, und aß
Zum erſtenmal Ambroſia;
Und Amen, und Halleluja!
Sang laut der Seraphimen Chor
Um des entzückten Prieſters Ohr.

Und erſt am Himmelsabend kam
St. Peter vor das Thor, und nahm
Mit ſich den armen Bauersmann,
Und wies ihm auch ſein Plätzchen an.

Der Bauer faßte wieder Muth,
Und ſprach: „Herr Peter, ſei ſo gut,
Und ſag' mir, warum war denn heut
Im Himmel ſolche große Freud'?"

Sahſt du's denn nicht, ſagt Peter drauf,
Ein frommer Prieſter ſchwebt herauf?
Drum hat ob ſeiner Seligkeit
Der Himmel ſolche große Freud'!

„So müſſen — fiel der Bauer ein, —
Im Himmel lauter Feſte ſein,
Weil's ja viel tauſend Prieſter giebt,
Und jeder ſeinen Herrgott liebt!"

St. Peter lachte laut dazu,
Und ſprach: „Du liebe Einfalt du!!
Ich, der ich bald zweitauſend Jahr
Thürhüter in dem Himmel war,
Hab' vor den Pfaffen gute Ruh'; —
Doch ſolche Bauernkerls wie du,
Die kommen oft ſo häufig an,
Daß ich ſie nimmer zählen kann."

Der gnädige Löwe.

Der Thiere ſchrecklichſten Deſpoten,
Kam unter Knochenhügeln hingewürgter Todten
Ein Trieb zur Großmuth plötzlich an.
Komm, ſprach der gnädige Tyrann
Zu allen Thieren, die in Schaaren
Vor ſeiner Majeſtät voll Angſt verſammelt waren:
Komm her, beglückter Unterthan,
Nimm dieſes Beiſpiel hier von meiner Gnade an!
Erbt, dieſe Knochen ſchenk' ich euch! —
Dir, rief der Thiere ſklaviſch Reich,
Iſt kein Monarch an Gnade gleich! —
Und nur ein Fuchs, der nie den Ränken
Der Schüler Machiavells geglaubt,
Brummt in den Bart: Hm, was man uns geraubt,
Und bis auf's Bein verzehrt, iſt leichtlich zu verſchenken!

Friedrich der Große.

Ein Hymnus. 1786. März.

Als ich ein Knabe noch war,
Und Friedrichs Thatenruf
Ueber den Erdkreis ſcholl:
Da weint' ich vor Freude über die Größe des Mannes,
Und die ſchimmernde Thräne galt für Geſang.

Als ich ein Jüngling ward,
Ueber den Erdkreis immer mächtiger ſcholl;
Da nahm ich ungeſtüm die goldne Harfe,
D'rein zu ſtürmen Friedrichs Lob.
Doch herunter vom Sonnenberge
Hört' ich ſeiner Barden Geſang.
Hörte Kleiſt, der für Friedrich
Mit der Harf' ins Blut ſtürzte;
Hörte Gleim, den Kühnen,
Der des Liedes Feuerpfeil,
Wie die Grenade wirft.
Hörte Ramlern, der mit Flakkus Geiſt
Deutſchen Biederſinn einigt.
Auch hört' ich Willamov, der Friedrichs Namen
Im Dithyrambenſturme wirbelt.
Dich hört' ich auch, o Karſchin, deren Geſang
Wie Honig von den Lippen der Natur
Träuft; — da verſtummt' ich,
Und mein Verſtummen galt für Geſang.
Aber ſoll ich immer verſtummen!

Soll der Bewunderung und der Liebe Wogendrang
Den Buſen mir ſprengen? — Nein, ich wag' es,
Ergreife die Harf' und ſinge Friedrichs Lob. —

Von meines Berges Donnerhöhe
Ström' auf geſteintem Rücken hinunter
Du, meines Hymnus Feuerſtrom!
Er ſtäub' und donnr' im Thale
Meines Hymnus Feuerſtrom,
Daß es hören die Völker umher.
Auf ſchwerer Prüfungen Nachtpfad
Führte die Vorſicht den Helden,
Eh' er drang in der Größe Heiligthum.
Sah er nicht träufen das Schwerdt
Von Katt, ſeines Freundes, Blute?
Sah er nicht blinken das Schwerdt
An ſeinem eignen Nacken? —
Muthig und furchtlos blieb Er; denn Furcht
Kannt' er ſchon als Jüngling nicht.

In der Muſe keuſchen Umarmung
Uebt' er ſich zu tragen den goldnen Szepter.
Schon flammt auf ſeinem Haupt das Königsdiadem
Wie der Wolkenſammelnde Zevs
Saß er auf dem Thron' und ſchüttelte Blitze. —
Da floh die Dummheit und der Unſinn,
Und Barbarei die Nachtgefährtin.
Er ſelbſt war das Urbild der Weiſen;
Riß dir, Machiavell, die Larve vom Antlitz,
Und predigte Fürſten die Herrſcherkunſt.
Die Geiſter ſeiner Ahnen ſtiegen aus der Gruft;
Mit des Meiſters Pinſel zeichnet er ſie.
Sang hohe Geſäng' in die Lyra;
Und ſpielte die Flöte Apolls. —
Wie aus der Urnacht Tiefe
Von Gott gerufen, Sonnen flockten;
So ſtiegen Weiſe und Künſtler empor,
Und der Städte Fürſtin ward Berlin.
Von Friedrichs Schwerdt berührt
Erſtickt das Schlangenungeheuer die Schikane
Im ausgeſprudelten Giftſchaum;
Und des Bettlers und Prinzen Recht
Wurde von Friedrichs Hand
Auf gleicher Schaale gewogen.
Hector, Achill, und Cäſar und Julian,
Der Vorwelt und der Afterwelt Helden,
Staunten, als ſein Kriegsruf hinabdonnerte
In des Todes Schattengefild.
Furchtbar bildet' er ſein Heer.
Erfand nicht Friedrich jenen Knäul,
Der plötzlich aufgerollt,
Größere Heere in Staub wirft? —

  Fünfmal donnerte Friedrich Wodan,
  Und ſein war Sileſia, ſeiner Krone
  Köſtliches Geſtein.
Seiner Größe Sonnenpunkt kam. —
Habsburgs Adler ſchwebt ſchreckbar über ihm.
  Er dürſtete Friedrichs Blut.

Moſkowiens Bär mit Eis-behangnen Haaren
  Dürſtete Friedrichs Blut.
Gallia ſchwang die lichtweiße Lilie
  Sie zu tauchen in Friedrichs Blut.
Selbſt Waſa's Enkel,
Und Germania's mächtigſte Fürſten und Städte,
Zuckten die Schwerdter, ins Schlachtthal zu gießen
  Friedrich Wodans Blut.
Er aber — der Einzige! warf
Die erzne Bruſt entgegen
Der Todſchnaubenden Feindesſchaar.
Achtete ihrer ſchreckbaren Menge
Ihrer Roſſe, wie Heuſchreckenſchwarm,
Ihrer zuckenden Lanzen,
Und ihrer metallnen Donnerſchlünde nicht.

Sieben Jahre flog er
Wie der Racheſtrahl Gottes im Wettergewölk,
Unter ſeiner Feinde
Schwarzen Schaaren umher.
Blut und Hirn und Mark floß
Und ſpritzt an ſeines Roſſes Schenkel.
Leichen dampften, und Grabhügel
Thürmten wie Berge ſich.
In Rieſengeſtalt trat einher der Würgegeiſt
Von Wuthgebrüll und Sterbgewinſel begleitet.
Zwanzig ſchreckliche Schlachten wurden geſchlagen:
Oft ſchien das Schickſal an Friedrichs Thron zu rütteln,
Und den Goldſitz zu werfen in den Staub.
Der Rauch von Friedrichs feſten Städten
Wirbelte mit dem Jammergeächz
Der Säuglinge, der Greiſe,
Der Schwangern und Kranken gen Himmel,
Daß Engel ihr Antlitz bargen und trau'rten.
Auch fielen der Helden Friedrichs viele,
Schwerin und Keith, und Kleiſt und Winterfeld,
Und im Entfliehen aus ihren Leibern
Kümmerten ſich noch die Geiſter der Tapfern
  Um Friedrichs Heil.
Aber der Held ſtand mit der Rache gezücktem Schwerdte,
Stand im Geſchützdonner, im Säbelgeklirr,
Achtete nicht des bäumenden Roſſes Hufſchlag.
Nicht des Hochverraths Drachenblick!
Nicht des zaudernden Bundesgenoſſen,
Nicht der Acht, die ihn
Des Fanatismus Höllenwuth preis gab.
Ja, ſo ſtand er ſieben Jahr im Feld des Todes,
Hehr und frei, und groß, wie ein Gott.
Es ſtaunten die Völker. — Der Helden Geiſter
Nickten ihm Beifall vom Wipfel der Eichen.
Ringsum wichen vor ihm die Schaaren der Haſſer —
Und ſo ſtand er in ſeiner Heldenhoheit
      Allein da!!

Auf Hubertusburgs Zinne
Trat der Gerichtsengel und ſprach:
Es iſt genug!!

      — Die Donner verſtummten.
Friedrich zog in ſeine Königsburg
Und lenkt' dem Triumph aus.
Groß und glücklich zu machen ſein Volk
War Friedrichs erhabner Gedanke. —
In des Landes Wunden träuft' er Balſam.
Palläſte ſtiegen aus Brandſtätten empor.
Dem Landmann gab er weiſen Unterricht.
Die Muſen ſonnten ſich wieder in Friedrichs Strahl.
Er ſelbſt war noch immer ihr Liebling.

  „Liebt euer Vaterland!
  „Sprecht eure Heldenſprache ſtark und rein!
  „Schlürft aus der Kryſtallquelle,
  „Draus Griechenland und Latium geſchlürft!
  „Macht durchs Gefäße weicher Auslandsſitte
  „Erzne Knochen nicht zu Marzipan!"
Sprach er zum Biedervolke ſeines Reichs.
Doch nie legt' er Europens Wagſchal'
Aus der Rechte. Der Gauen des Helden
Wurden ohne Schwerdtſchlag immer mehr.
Weit hinaus in jenes Labyrinth
Von der ſchlauſten Staatskunſt geflochten,
Sah ſeines hohen Auges Wetterſtrahl.
Merkbar war das Weben ſeines Odems
In jeder großen That der Welt.
Er wog im Verborgnen die Rechte der Fürſten.
Auch hängt er furchtlos die Wagſchal' an's Schwerdt.
Da drängten ſich Teutoniens Fürſten
In Friedrichs Felſenburg, wo der Rieſe
Sann auf dem eiſernen Lager.
Sie boten ihm die Hand, und nannten ihn
Den Schützer ihrer grauen Rechte, ſprachen:
„Sei unſer Führer, Friedrich Hermann!"
Er wollt's. Da ward der deutſche Bund.
Aber immer grauer wird deine Locke,
Einziger, nieausgeſungner Mann!
Dein Haupt nickt unter deiner Thaten Gebirglaſt.
Bald wirſt du liegen in deiner Väter Gruft,
Und der Unſterblichkeit Ruh' wird über dir ſäuſeln,
Voran ſind ſchon deiner Helden viele gegangen:
Deſſau, Schwerin und Winterfeld,
Und Keith, und Kleiſt, und Seidlitz, und Ziethen,
Harren deiner im Tempel der Größe.

Stark kämpfteſt du den Kampf des Lebens.
Stark wirſt du kämpfen den Kampf des Todes.
Deinen Herrſchergeiſt gab dir Gott,
Erhalten wird dir Gott
Dieſen Herrſchergeiſt.
Huldlächelnd wird Er deiner Seele ſagen:
„Du ſchwurſt im Drange der größten Gefahr,
„Als König zu denken, zu leben, zu ſterben!
„Und Wort haſt du gehalten. —

„Man bring' ihm die Krone,
„Die leuchtender ſtrahlt,
„Als alle Kronen der Erde! —
„Denn Friedrichs, meines Lieblings Geiſt, —
„Iſt's werth — ewig Kronen zu tragen."

Friedrich's Tod.

„Was bauſt du die Halle, du Sohn der beflügelten Tage? Heute ſchauſt du aus deinen Thürmen, noch wenige Jahre: — und der Hauch des Todes kömmt und heult durch deine verlaſſenen Höfe."

„Und laß ihn kommen, dieſen Hauch. Mein Name wird leben im Munde der Völker, meine Thaten werden wie Sterne hinter mir leuchten. Wenn du, o Sonne des Himmels, ſchwinden, wenn du zerſtäuben wirſt, mächtiges Licht, wenn dein Glanz für eine Weile nur iſt, wie Fingal; ſo wird mein Ruhm deine Strahlen überleben."

Oſſian.

Was ſchleierſt du, Muſe, den Blick?
Was will an der Wimper die bebende Thräne?
Was hauchſt du aus bleichen, mattgeöffneten Lippen
Seufzer, dem Hauche des Sterbenden gleich! —
Was ſoll dieß ſtumme Deuten auf die Goldharf',
Die an meines Geklüft's Steinwand gelehnt,
Noch ſchüttert von Friedrich's Hymnos? —
„O ſprich ihn nicht aus den Gefeiertſten Namen!
„Denn todt iſt Er! Friedrich Brennus iſt todt!"

So ſprach die Muſe, meiner Einöde Geſpielin,
Schwankt' und hielt ſich an meines Geklüftes Steinwand.
Und wie der Sterbende aufzuckt,
Wenn ihn des Todes Nähe ſchreckt,
So begann ſie von neuem:
„Hörſt du Sterbgewimmer vom röthlichen Nord her?
„Hörſt du der Völker ſtaunenden Aufſchrei
„An deines Walles Felſengurt ſich ſpaltend:
„Todt! Friedrich Brennus! todt! —

„Da ſchau hinaus in die Nacht!
„Sieh, eine Rieſengeſtalt
„Bäumt ſich vom Thal auf:
„Den Scheitel im Mondſtrahl, den Fuß im Nachtgrau.
„Der Engel Teutonia's iſt's.
„Siehſt du! Mit dem Wodansſchilde
„Weiſt er gen Himmel. Er ſpricht.
„Wie fernes Wettergemurmel
„Tönt ſeine Rede:
„Dein Troſt, Tochter Teutonia,
„Friedrich, meiner Zöglinge Größter,
(Ich wiegt' ihn groß
In der eiſernen Wiege der Gefahr.)
„Des Auslands Schreck, des Inlands Stolz,
„Friedrich Brennus iſt todt!
„Ich ſah ihn fallen vom Himmel
„Den köſtlichen Abſtrahl der Gottheit:
„Zu leuchten der Erde, der Maaßſtab zu ſein,
„An dem ſich Fürſten, Helden, Weiſe
„Und Meiſter von jeglicher Kunſt
„Meſſen und ſtrecken. Zu gründen
„Boruſſia's Glück. Zu feſtigen
„Die Rechte meines Volks, und zu heften auf Sich
„Des Erdballs ſtaunenden Blick.
„Sein Werk iſt vollendet. Es flog
„Friedrich, der Gottheit köſtlicher Abſtrahl,
„In ſeine Heimath zurücke."

Der Mond ging blutig unter und die Erſcheinung verſchwand.
„Nimm da die Goldharf' und ſinge
„Friedrich's Todtengeſang!"
So ſprach die Muſe zu mir,
Der in der Betäubung Todesfroſt ſtarrte.
Laß Friedrich's Barden ſingen.

„Sie ſchweigen.
„Wenn ein Cherubswetterwagen
„Ueber dem Walde hängt;
„Wenn die getroff'ne älteſte Wodanseiche
„Vom Donnerſtrahl aufdampft;
„Dann bergen die Sänger des Haines
„Die gold'nen Schnäbel unter die Flügel.
„So ſtumm ſteht Gleim,
„Der ſilberlockigte Grenadenwerfer.
„An des Rieſen geſtreckter Leiche
„Schwankt Ramler mit geſunk'ner Tuba.
„Auch Karſchin, Boruſſiens Bardale,
„Hüllt ſich in Todtenſchleier und ſchweigt.
„Vom Hauche der Wehmuth
„Trübt ſich des Himmels bläuliche Wölbung.
„Des Greiſen keuchender Todtenruf,
„Des benarbten Kriegers Schädelſchlag,
„Der Wittwen Geächz', des Waiſen Geheul,
„Der Armen Geſchluchz' übertäubte
„In Boruſſiens Gauen
„All' ihrer Sänger weinende Klage.
„Erſt wenn der Sturm des Jammers ausgetobt;
„Dann ſingen Friedrich's Barden im Eichenhain
„Unter tröpfelnden Zweigen."

Reich mir indeſſen die Harfe,
O du, meines Gram's Gefährtin,
Daß ich beginne den Todtengeſang.

Töne, töne dann mein banger Sterbgeſang,
Der Winde Gewinſel im Todtenkranze,
Dem rauſchenden, wilden Graſe
Auf zerfall'nen Heldengräbern gleich. —
So töne du, mein banger Sterbgeſang!
An deine Sternenburg, Himmelerhebener,
Schlage mein Sterbgeſang! —
Groß und belehrend war dein Leben,
Groß und belehrend dein Tod.
Mit Sternenſchrift ſteht deiner Thaten Zahl
Im Buche der Zeit.
Staunend wird ſie leſen der Enkel Urenkel
Und der Kunde kaum trauen.
Doch that ſich der Erdengott ſelbſt je genug?
Ha, dicht an der Wölbung der Königsgruft
Durchblitzt er ſein Leben
Mit der ſtrengſten Prüfung Aetherſtrahl.
Maß jeden Schritt auf ſeiner
Mit Heldenſchweiß beträuften Bahn.
Auch horchteſt du, Einziger!
In den feſtlichen Stunden der innerſten Geiſteseröffnung
Der Gerichtswage Getön,
Und freuteſt dich der gold'nen Schale
Vom Wuchte deiner ſchönſten Thaten zuckend. —
Nicht der Krankheit Natternſtiche,
Nicht des Alters drückende Laſt
Vermocht's, die den Scepter entſinken zu machen.

Schon ſchmückte dein Antlitz
Der nahen Verklärung morgenröthlicher Schimmer;
Da ſprachſt du die feierlichen Worte —
Engel tranken ſie auf:

„Heil mir! ich werde ewig thätig ſein!
„Zu mächtig fühl' ich in mir
„Des göttlichen Funken
„Ungeſtümes allgewaltiges Weben.
„Zwar werd' ich dort nicht König ſein;
„Doch ewig thätig und ohne beugenden Undank."

Mit leiſem Tritte naht ſich der Tod.
Des Lebens Uhr, die mit dem Finger des Ruhms
Dem thatenſtrebenden Manne
Nie eine verlorne Stunde wies,
Raſſelte ab. — Ha, ſelbſt die letzte Minute
War für den Geizer der Zeit unverloren:
Denn ſie lehrte die Könige die Sterbekunſt. —

Boruſſiens Genius
Neigte ſich tief und küßte des Sterbenden Stirne;
„Du haſt des Völkervaters Pflichten all' erfüllt,
„Sohn! Liebling! bald mein Bruder!
„Meiner lieben Preußen zweiter Schutzgeiſt."
So hauchte der Halbgott den Sterbenden an.
Friedrich hört's, — und im Entzücken,
Des Völkervaters Pflichten all' erfüllt zu haben,
Brach ihm das Herz. —
Des großen Todten Haupt
Sank ſanft an Herzberg's Bruſt,
Der Erdenbürd' entlaſtet,
Vom liegenden Leichname.
Im Lächeln des guten Gewiſſens noch ſchwimmend,
Eilte ſein Geiſt, der Gottesſtrahl,

Schnell von des Todes Betäubung beſonnen,
In's Reich der Urgroß' empor.
Ihm boten der Menſchen Größte,
Der Gottheit getroffenſte Nachbilder
Die lichte, Liebebebende Rechte.
Er aber bemerkte ſie kaum, eilt' und ſank
Am Throne des Allbeherrſchers nieder.

„Vor einem Erdengott, aus Leim geknetet,
„Hab ich mich nie gebeugt. Doch dir — der Größe
„Ewiges, einziges Urbild,
„Küſſ' ich den Saum des Gewandes."
Sprach's. Der Allgroße lächelt ihm Gnade.
„Du dachteſt nicht König — nur thätig zu ſein? —
„Erſt lohn' ich deine Demuth;
„Dann deinen Thatendurſt.
„Sei ewig König und herrſche!
„Ich habe weite Räume
„Für Geiſter deines Gleichen."

Aus des Staunens Strudel erhob ſich Friedrich,
Dankt' dem Geber der neuen Gnaden;
Bot dann erſt ſeinen Brüdern,
Den Ehren der Menſchheit, die glühende Rechte.
Und ſeine Helden alle, die für Ihn
Einſt fochten, bluteten, ſtarben,
Folgten ihm in ſeiner neuen Herrſchaft Bezirke.

Dieſes ſah die Muſe. Doch ach! auf der Erde
Erhob ſich an Friedrich's Leichnam Sterbegewinſel.
Ein grauer, benarbter Krieger ſprach:
„Ach, da liegt er nun, der Sieger bei Mollwitz,
Der Donnrer in Czaslau's, Strigau's, und Soor's
Leichenbeſäeten Gefilden.

Wer hob
Habsburgs Rieſen mit eiſerner Fauſt
Hoch in die Luft, und ſchüttelt' ihn zornig?
Wer zeigte bei Roßbach dem Gallier,
Daß deutſcher Schwerdtſchlag kräftiger ſei,
Als ſeiner Red' und Sitte Gezier?
Wer düngte Zorndorfs Gefilde
Mit Moskowiens Erwürgten!
Wer ſcheuchte Waſa's entartete Enkel! —
Flohen nicht vor ihm getäuſchter Völker Schaaren,
Wie Horniſſenſchwärme
Vor der praſſelnden Flamme? —
Wer ſpottete des Krieges Ungemach, wie Er?
Oft bot ich ihm an meines Schwerdtes Spitze
Mit Talg beträuftes Brod. Oft löſcht' er neben mir
Den Durſt aus dem Bach am Wege,
Wärmte ſich mit mir am krachenden Feuer des Dornſtrauchs,
Schlief im bereiften Gras und achtete nicht
Des Nordſturms Hauch, und des ſtrömenden Regen Durchnäſſung.
Und ach! da liegt Er nun, der Thäter dieſer Thaten!" —
So ſpricht der heulende Krieger und wezt
Sein Schwerdt am Sarge des Helden.

Des Genius Vertrauter ſpricht:
Weit hinauf maß Er an der Geiſter Urmaaß.
Feſt und ſtark war ſeine Seele.
Keines Geſchöpfes Gewalt,
Gott allein hätt's nur vermocht
Ihn aus ſeiner Entſchlüſſe Felſenburg
Herauszudonnern. — Der geſchaffne Gedanke
Sprang in voller Rüſtung aus Friedrich's Hirn
Und ward zur That. — Auch lupft' er oft
Der Schönheit Silberſchleier,
Und ſah ihr olympiſches Lächeln.
Nie riß ſich in Ihm Ein Vermögen der Seele
Von den andern los, zur Mißgeſtalt
Seinen Genius aufzudunſen.
Seines Geiſtes Kräfte klangen zuſammen
Wie harmoniſches Silbergeläute.
Darum weinen die Sänger der Geiſter um Ihn;
Denn ihr Maaß, ihr Feſtgefühl war Er!

Sieh, eine weinende Schaar von Armen, Wittwen und Waiſen,
Naht ſich dem heiligen Leichnam,
Rauft ſich das Haupthaar und ſchluchzt:
War er Zepterträger allein! Völkerzähmer allein!
Weinen wir nur den Großgeiſt in Ihm! —
Nein, ſeliger Schatten, wir weinen in dir
Den Vater! — das Nachbild des Vaters im Himmel.
Wenn gleich beweglichen Feuergebirgen
Die Gefahr unſern Gränzen ſich nahte:
So warfſt du dich an deiner Krieger Spitze,
Achteteſt nicht der glühenden Lava,
Und lenkteſt ab den feurigen Strom.

Fürchterlich ſtreckte der Hunger ſein tönend Gerippe
Ueber Deutſchlands Provinzen,
Griff mit der Rechten nach Wurzeln, mit der Linken nach Aeſern.
Da welkte mit Gras im Munde der Greis,
Da ſtarb vom Kalkmehle der Jüngling,
Da ſog der Säugling Blut.

Nur Vater Friedrich goß aus dem Füllhorne
Des Halmes Stärkung auf die Müden;
Und in Sandfurchen ſprudelte Milch.
Des Brandes Grimm verzehrte Hütten;
Er ſchuf zu Palläſten ſie um.
Gegen himmelſtürzender Waſſer tobende Fluth
War Friedrichs räthliche Weisheit — ein Damm.

So rang er ſelbſt der Natur
In ihren Gerichten den Sieg ab.
O weinet um Ihn!
Den Vater! den Retter des Volks!
O weinet um Ihn!! —

Doch ſind's Friedrich's Kinder allein
Die um den Göttlichen trauern! —

Nein! Europa klagt! Es ſtutzt die Welt!
Seine Feinde ſelbſt umfloren den Arm,
Der gegen den nordiſchen Löwen ſich hob.

Ich aber ſchwinge mich auf Flügeln
Der Phantaſie in deine Todtenhalle,
Und mit geſunknen Armen ſtreck' ich mich,
Du Hochgefei'rter, über deinen Eichenſarg,
Lautweinend, daß mich dein Staub nicht weihete.
Du Gottesflamme! Ganzer! Einſamer!
Dem des feurigſten Hymnus kühnſte Flamme
Die Hüfte nur leckt, nicht das Antlitz verklärt.

O laß mich weinen!
An deinem Eichenſarge laß mich weinen!
Friedrich, wär' ich bei dir!!
Du biſt, wo die Feſſel nicht raſſelt;
Wo unter der Gewaltthat Fußtritt
Der Boden nicht dröhnt. O wär' ich bei dir! —

Dich aber, Boruſſiens glückliches Volk,
Segnet die Rechte des trauernden Barden.
Sei ſtolz! Dein war Fehrbellins Sieger,
Deiner Herrlichkeit Gründer!

Dein Friedrich Wilhelm, deutſcher Kriegskunſt
Mächtiger Schaffer.
Dein Friedrich! der Unerreichte!! —
Am Tage des Völkergerichts
Ragt hoch über die Völker
Germania empor,
Und unter Germaniens Töchtern hoch —
Boruſſia!

An die Freiheit.

O Freiheit, Freiheit! Gottes Schooß entſtiegen,
Du aller Weſen ſeligſtes Vergnügen,
An tauſendfachen Wonnen reich,
Machſt du die Menſchen Göttern gleich.

Wo find' ich dich, wo baſt du deine Halle?
Damit auch ich anbetend niederfalle;
Dann ewig glücklich — ewig frei
Ein Prieſter deines Tempels ſei.

Einſt wallteſt du ſo gern in Deutſchlands Hainen,
Und ließeſt dich vom Mondenlicht beſcheinen,
Und unter Wodanseichen war
Dein unentweihteſter Altar.

Es ſonnte Hermann ſich in deinem Glanze,
An deine Eiche lehnt' er ſeine Lanze,
Und ach, mit mütterlicher Luſt
Nahmſt du den Deutſchen an die Bruſt.

Bald aber ſcheuchten Fürſten deinen Frieden
Und Pfaffen, die ſo gerne Feſſeln ſchmieden;
Da wandteſt du dein Angeſicht —
Wo Feſſeln raſſeln — biſt du nicht.

Dann flogſt du zu den Schweizern, zu den Britten;
Warſt ſeltner in Palläſten als in Hütten;
Auch bauteſt du ein leichtes Zelt
Dir in Kolumbus neuer Welt.

Und endlich, allen Völkern zum Erſtaunen,
Als hätt' auch eine Göttin ihre Launen,
Haſt du dein Angeſicht — verklärt,
Zu frohen Galliern gekehrt.

Deutſcher Freiheitsgeiſt.

Der Teufel hol', ſprach Metzger Pfund,
Den ganzen Rath! — Er ſprach's mit tobendem Gebrülle.
Doch plötzlich kam — des Bürgermeiſters Hund:
Der Prahler Pfund ſtand auf — beugt ſich — war mäuschenſtille.

Liſel's Brautlied.

Mädels, ſagt es laut:
Liſel iſt 'ne Braut.
Michel thut mich heuren,
Haus und Hof und Scheuren
Sind für mich gebaut;
Ich bin eine Braut!

Michel, der iſt mein!
O wie wird mir ſein,
Wenn am Dienſtag frühe
In die Kirch' ich ziehe!
Und wenn Alles ſchaut
Auf die Jungfer Braut.

Wenn die G'meinde ſingt,
Und die Orgel klingt:
Wenn mein Ja ich ſage
Zu des Pfarrers Frage,
Und mir ſchauert die Haut:
Ich bin eine Braut.

Mit dem Hochzeitkranz
Eil' ich dann zum Tanz,
Hackbrett, Geigen, Pfeifen
Muntern auf zum Schleifen,
Bis der Morgen graut —
Hoh! ich bin 'ne Braut!

Roth wird mein Geſicht,
Wenn er mit mir ſpricht,
Wenn er mir am Mieder
Krappelt hin und wieder;
Schlägt mein Herz ſo laut:
Ich bin halt 'ne Braut.

Wenn's doch Dienſtag wär!
's Herzchen wird ſo ſchwer.
Schweſtern! iſt's ein Wunder,
Wenn die Backen 'runter
Wie ein Zährlein thaut! —
Bin ich doch 'ne Braut!

Der Bauer im Winter.

Ich leb' das ganze Jahr vergnügt,
Im Frühling wird das Feld gepflügt;
Da hängt die Lerche über mir,
Und ſingt ihr trautes Lied mit mir.

Und kommt die liebe Sommerszeit,
Wie hoch wird da mein Herz erfreut,
Wenn ich vor meinem Acker ſteh'
Und ſo viel tauſend Aehren ſeh'!

Alsbald die Sicheln dengle ich,
Der Grille Lied erquicket mich;
Dann fahr' ich in das Feld hinaus,
Schneid' meine Frucht und führ's nach Haus.

Im Herbſt ſeh' ich die Bäume an,
Schau Aepfel, Birn und Zwetſchen dran;
Und ſind ſie reif ſo ſchüttl' ich ſie.
So lohnet Gott des Bauern Müh'.

Jetzt iſt die kalte Winterszeit,
Mein Schindeldach iſt überſchneit,
Das ganze Feld iſt kreideweiß;
Mein Weiher iſt bedeckt mit Eis.

Ich aber bleib' bei hellem Muth,
Mein Pfeifle Tobak ſchmeckt mir gut.
Von mir wird mancher Span geſchnitzt,
Wenn's Weible bei der Kunkel ſitzt.

Die Kinder hüpfen um mich 'rum,
Und ſingen heiſa dudeldum!
Mein' Urſchel und mein kleiner Hans,
Die drehen ſich im Schleifertanz.

Und kommt der liebe Sonntag 'ran,
Zieh' ich mein Scharlachwammes an;
Geh' in die Kirch' in guter Ruh,
Und hör' des Pfarrers Predigt zu.

Und komm' ich heim, ſo wird verzehrt,
Was mir der liebe Gott beſcheert;
Und nach dem Eſſen leſ' ich dann
Im Krankentroſt und Habermann.

Und bricht die Abendzeit herein,
So trink' ich halt mein Schöpple Wein;
Da lieſt der Herr Schulmeiſter mir
Was Neues in der Zeitung für.

Dann geh' ich heim im Köpfle warm
Und nehm' mein liebes Weib in Arm;
Leg' mich in's Bett und ſchlaf' froh ein, —
Kann wohl der Menſch vergnügter ſeyn?

Deutſcher Spruch.

Wenn Deutſchland ſeine Würde fühlt,
Nicht mehr mit Auslands Puppen ſpielt;
Die alte deutſche Sitt' und Art
In Wort und Wandel treu bewahrt,
Den Chriſtenglauben nie verletzt,
Und Wahrheit über Alles ſchätzt,
Nicht Irrwiſchlicht Aufklärung nennt,
Weil es die Leuchte Gottes kennt.
Wenn Mannkraft, wie zu Hermanns Zeit,
Den Enkel ſtählt mit Tapferkeit;
Wenn Deutſchland all' dies thut und hält,
So wird's das erſte Land der Welt.

Mein letztes Wort an Regina.

Siegerin, verſenkt in tiefes Trauern,
Ohne Kraft, die Thränen auszuſchauern,
Weih' ich dir dies bange Abſchiedslied.
Abgeſpannt ſind alle meine Saiten,
Sieh, wie mir die Hände niedergleiten —
Ach, vom langen Ringen ſind ſie müd'.

Schwermuth, die auf meinem Herzen brütet,
Abſchiedsqual, die feurig in mir wüthet,
Macht mein Lied zum hohlen Sterbgeſang.
In gebrochnen, ſeufzenden Akkorden,
Mit erſtickten, halbgeſagten Worten
Sing' ich dir des Herzens vollen Drang.

Alles iſt um mich in Flor gehüllet,
In dem Schleier einer Wittwe ſchreitet
Vor mir her die ſeufzende Natur —
Alles, Alles ſchwimmt um mich in Thränen!
Nirgends find' ich Widerſtrahl des Schönen,
Gräber, furchtbar gähnend ſeh' ich nur.

Denn du gehſt — des Abſchieds Todesſtunde
Schlägt mir — ach! die halbgeheilte Wunde
  Mit der Hand von Eiſen wieder auf.
Einſam, ohne dich, o Seraphine!
Wein' ich mit von Gram durchfurchter Miene
  Aus dem Kerkerſtaub zu Gott hinauf.

O du Schmuck vom weiblichen Geſchlechte!
Komm, ergreif mir die geſunkne Rechte,
  Daß ich dir die Hände drücken kann.
Ach nur einmal mit dem Aug' voll Liebe,
Mit dem Blick von ſanfter Wehmuth trübe,
  Sieh mich einmal noch — Erwählte, an.

Eile dann hinunter von dem Walle,
Ach! — begleitet von dem dumpfen Schalle
  Meiner Seufzer eile dann hinab.
Gottes Engel, der die Unſchuld hütet,
Und den Feinden um dich her gebietet,
  Leite dich mit ſeinem goldnen Stab.

Wenn du wühlſt im ſtrahlenden Gewebe
Deiner Saiten, Zauberin, ſo ſchwebe
  Geiſtig meine Angſtgeſtalt um dich.
Denk': „Dort droben leidet der Betrübte,
Der mit Feuerungeſtüm mich liebte,
  Und nun klagt und jammert er um mich."

Falte dann für mich die frommen Hände,
Daß Gott meinen langen Jammer ende,
  Mit der Freiheit! — oder mit dem Tod! —
Ach, dein Mitleid wird dir Jeova lohnen,
Der ſchon oft die ſchönſte ſeiner Kronen
  Einer Seele, wie die deine, bot.

Sterb' ich, ſo beſuche meinen Hügel,
Wo mein Leib, bedeckt vom Mutterflügel
  Unſrer lieben Erd', im Grabe ruht.
Deine Seele denke dann: Hier unten
Hat der Arme einmal Ruh gefunden
  Vor dem Welthaß und Tyrannenwuth.

Ach dann wird ſein Schatten um dich ſchweben,
Und wenn Thränen dir herunterbeben,
  Wird er kühlen dir dein Angeſicht.
Der Geliebte, der dir ſtumm zur Seite,
Gab zu meinem Grabe das Geleite,
  Liebt dich ſtärker dann — und eifert nicht.

Danken will ich dir in Gottes Garten,
Wo die Edeln auf einander warten,
  Für die Freundſchaft, die du mir geweiht.
Jede Ruh', die du in mich gegoſſen,
Alle Thränen, die dem Mitleid floſſen,
  Lohnt dir dann die Luſt der Ewigkeit.

Eine Urne.

Der Deutſchen großer Cäſar
  Joſeph der Zweite
    Ruht hier;
Doch ſeine Hülle nur.
Sein raſtloſer Geiſt
Flog wie Aetherſtrahl durch die weiten
      Räume des Himmels.
Die vollendeten guten Herrſcherſeelen
      Nickten ihm Beifall:
„Du warſt auf dem Throne kein Weichling.
  Stürme rüttelten dich ſtark,
Standeſt im Felde der Schlacht dem Donner des Brennus
Und der Osmanen felſenſtürzendem Angriff.
Des Römlings Trotz haſt du gebeugt,
Verſcheucht die Heuſchrecken-Schwärme
      Betender Mönche,
Haſt Germania's Sitt' und Sprache geliebt.
Deiner Entwürfe ſcheiterten viele;
Denn ein Menſch warſt du
Konnteſt nicht ſprechen wie Gott:
  Sei Licht — und Licht wird;
Doch manche von dir geſä'te Eichel
Wird berſten, keimen, aufſtreben,
Von deinem Sternenſitz wirſt du
Mit des Pflanzers Wonnen erfüllt,
Niederblicken auf der Eiche Wipfel."
So ſprach Rudolph der Habsburger Ahnherr,
Und Thereſia kam, umarmte den Sohn;
Aber Eliſe zittert' ihm entgegen,
Nahm ihn bei der Strahlenrechte,
Ging vorwärts und rief durch die Himmel:
      Da iſt Er!
Der große Dulder auf dem Throne
Der lauter predigte als Salomo
    Daß Alles eitel ſei;
  Mein Joſeph — da iſt Er!
Ihr Geiſter vollendeter Gerechten
      Nehmt ihn auf!

Marſchlied.

Heil auf Kameraden! der kriegriſche Ton
Der Trommel und Pfeife ermuntert uns ſchon.
Friſch, ſchnallt den Torniſter den Rücken herum,
Und ſchickt euch zum Marſche — nur ſeht euch nicht um.

  Der Abſchied von Freunden und Mädchen fällt ſchwer,
Und Weinen ziemt braven Soldaten nicht ſehr,
Sie folgen gehorſam des Führers Gebot,
Und rufen ſich freudig zum Abſchied und Tod.

  Scheint nicht auch die Sonn' und der Mond auf dem Kap,
Und leuchten die Sterne nicht dorten herab?
Und wehen nicht Winde im blühenden Hain?
Giebt's dorten nicht Wildpret, nicht Fiſche und Wein?

  Auch ſagt man, es gebe von ſeltner Laun'
Dort Mädels hübſch ſchwärzlich, hübſch weißlich und braun;
Und haben Soldaten Geld, Mädchen und Wein,
So können die Fürſten nicht glücklicher ſein.

  Drum munter Soldaten, der Marſch iſt zwar weit,
Doch frohe Geſänge verkürzen die Zeit;
Und wenn uns das Waſſer des Meeres umfleußt,
So gebe Gott Geſundheit, und fröhlichen Geiſt.

  Ha, wenn wir die Spitze von Afrika ſehn,
Und Winde vom Ufer im Federbuſch wehn;
Dann jauchzen wir alle im Wonnegefühl:
Heil auf Kameraden! nun ſind wir am Ziel!

  Wir leben drauf ſelig und handeln nach Pflicht,
Und achten Hyänen, die Wilden ſelbſt nicht.
So wird auf dem Waſſer, ſo wird auf dem Land
Der Name des braven Soldaten bekannt.

Friedrich Theodor von Schubert,

am 30. October 1758 zu Helmſtädt geboren, ſtudirte von 1776—1779 zu Göttingen Theologie. Nachdem er mehrere Jahre als Hauslehrer hier und dort verlebt und inzwiſchen ſeiner frühen Neigung folgend, ſich bedeutende aſtronomiſche Kenntniſſe erworben hatte, wurde er 1781 in Reval als Lehrer, 1785 als Geograph der kaiſerlichen Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Petersburg angeſtellt; 1786 trat er als Adjunct der mathematiſchen Klaſſe, 1789 als wirkliches Mitglied in die Akademie. 1799 ward er zum Aufſeher der Bibliothek und des Medaillencabinets, 1804 zum erſten Aſtronomen der Sternwarte ernannt. Mit der ruſſiſchen Geſandtſchaft, die 1805 beſonders für wiſſenſchaftliche Zwecke nach China reiſte, gelangte er über Moskau, Kaſan, Tobolsk bis Kiachta. Im Jahre 1813 wurde er Mitglied des Admiralitäts-Departements und 1818 wirklicher Staatsrath.

Er ſtarb als ruſſiſch kaiſerl. Staatsrath und Ritter des Wladimir- und St. Annenordens am 22. October 1825.

Theoretiſche Aſtronomie. Petersburg, 1798. 3 Thle.
Populäre Aſtronomie. Petersburg, 1804—1812. 3 Thle. (Zuſätze von Georg, Graf v. Buquoi, Leipzig, 1812.)
Vermiſchte Schriften. Tübingen, 1823. 2 Bde.

S. verſtand es, die ſtrenge Wiſſenſchaft, der er ſein Leben geweiht, mit ſolchem Geiſte zu durchdringen, daß er ſie allgemein zugänglich zu machen wußte. Seine populäre Aſtronomie bleibt trotz ſo manchem Vortrefflichen, das die neueſte Zeit uns bot, eine der trefflichſten Leiſtungen in dieſem Fache.

Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert,

am 26. April 1780 zu Hohenſtein, einem ſchönburgiſchen Städtchen des Königreichs Sachſen geboren, Sohn eines Pfarrers, ward in Greiz und Weimar, am letzteren Orte unter Herders herzlicher Liebe, erzogen. Seit 1800 ſtudirte er in Leipzig Theologie, doch ſchon nach einem Jahre wandte er ſich Jena und dem Studium der Medicin zu. In Altenburg Arzt und ausgedehnter ſegensreicher Wirkſamkeit uneigennützig ſich erfreuend, begann er als Schriftſteller Theilnahme zu erregen. Nach zwei Jahren zog ihn das Intereſſe für den Bergbau nach Freiberg, 1807 Kunſt und Literatur nach Dresden, wo er naturphiloſophiſche Vorleſungen hielt. Von 1809 — 1816 wirkte er als Director des neuerrichteten Realinſtituts in Nürnberg. In dem letztgenannten Jahre ging er als Prinzenerzieher an den Hof des Erbgroßherzogs Friedrich Ludwig von Mecklenburg-Schwerin; eine Fügung, die mehr verhieß, als hielt. Nach drei Jahren mußte er des ihm nachtheiligen Clima's wegen dieſe ſchöne Stellung aufgeben; kehrte nach Baiern zurück und ward erſt zu Erlangen, dann zu München ordentlicher Profeſſor der Naturgeſchichte und königl. baier. Bergrath. Dort lebt er noch jetzt in höchſt gemüthlichem Familienkreiſe. In den letzten Jahren hat er auch den Orient beſucht, aus Sehnſucht, das gelobte Land zu ſehen. Seine bedeutendſten Schriften ſind:

Die Kirche und die Götter, Roman. Penig, 1802. 2 Thle.
Ahnungen einer allgemeinen Geſchichte des Lebens. Leipzig, 1806—20. 3 Thle.
Neue Unterſuchungen über die Verhältniſſe der Größe und Excentricitäten der Weltkörper. Dresden, 1808.
Anſichten von der Nachtſeite der Naturwiſſenſchaft. Dresden, 1808; 3. Aufl. 1827.
Symbolik des Traumes. Lemberg, 1814. 1821.
Altes und Neues aus dem Gebiet der inneren Seelenkunde. Leipzig, 1816.
Handbuch der Naturgeſchichte (mit G. A. Goldfuß und D. G. Nees von Eſenbeck). Nürnberg, 1816—22. 3 Bde.
Die Urwelt und die Fixſterne. Dresden, 1822.
Lehrbuch der Naturgeſchichte. Dresden, 1823. 1826; 12. Aufl. 1840.
Wanderbüchlein. Dresden, 1823.
Reiſe durch das ſüdliche Frankreich und Italien. Erlangen, 1827.
Peurbach und Regiomontanus. Dresden, 1828.
Die Geſchichte der Seele. Stuttgart, 1830. 1833.
Züge aus dem Leben des Pfarrers Johann Friedr. Oberlin. München, 1832. 4. Aufl.
Reiſe in das Morgenland in den Jahren 1836 bis 1837. Erlangen, 1838 ff. 2 Bde.
Erzählungen. Erlangen, 1840. 41. 2 Bde.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Der eben ſo fromme und liebenswürdige S. (urtheilt Menzel treffend über ihn, in ſeiner deutſchen Literatur Bd. I. S. 313. 2. Aufl.) iſt ungefähr zu demſelben Reſultate gelangt (wie Eſchenmayer). Als ſelbſtſtändiger Forſcher wie Oken die Natur ordnend, hat er auf eigenthümliche Weiſe und im Gegenſatze gegen Oken nicht nur ein ewiges Aufſteigen der niederen Geſchöpfe zu höheren, ſondern auch einen Rückfall von den höheren in die niedern angenommen und überhaupt hat er die Natur gerade da, wo ſie ihre Geheimniſſe verbirgt, oder wo ſie krankhaft und widrig erſcheint, und nicht gerne aufgeführt wird, mit frommem Fleiß belauſcht, um ſelbſt aus der Verweſung die lichte Blume einer ſchönen Lehre hervorſcheinen zu laſſen. Dieſe Neigung mußte ihn aber zuletzt zum Magnetismus und zu den Offenbarungen deſſelben hinführen, und ſeine letzten philoſophiſchen Lehren von Gott und dem All beruhen weſentlich auf der bekannten Scheidung von Geiſt, Seele, Leib, die den Hellſeherinnen gemein iſt. Nur bemüht er ſich, dieſe Lehre mehr aus der Naturerfahrung zu beſtätigen, während ſie Eſchenmayer mehr ſpeculativ erläutert. —

Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß das tiefſte Wiſſen und die reinſte Frömmigkeit und Liebe alle Schriften S's auf das Innigſte durchdringen, und daß er nie verfehlt, unſere Neigung zu gewinnen, während er unſern Geiſt lebhaft beſchäftigt und anregt, ſelbſt da, wo wir ganz andere Anſichten hegen, als er entwickelt. —

Des Vaters Segen bauet den Kindern Häuſer *).

Conrad Balding war der Sohn eines frommen Predigers, in einer kleinen Stadt in Heſſen. Er hatte ſehr frühe Vater und Mutter verloren; ein Onkel nahm den armen Waiſen in ſein Haus und ſeine Pflege. Der Knabe zeigte viele Anlage, ſeine Lehrer ermunterten ihn zum Studium; der Onkel, ſo unvermögend er ſelber war, ſtimmte im Vertrauen auf Gottes Durchhilfe, in den Wunſch der Lehrer ein, und ſo trat Conrad, mit dem lebendigſten Eifer, den Weg der wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildung an, welcher ganz ſeinem Verlangen entſprach. Die gewöhnlichen Schulſtudien waren vollendet; Conrad konnte mit Ehren zur Univerſität entlaſſen werden. Auch hier wurde der beſcheidene, fleißige Jüngling bald einem wohlwollenden Lehrer bekannt, der ihm ſein Durchkommen auf's Möglichſte erleichterte. Aber eben dieſer freundliche Mann erhielt einen Ruf an eine andre Univerſität und folgte demſelben; Conrad ſtand wieder allein mit ſeinen kaum zur täglichen Nothdurft ausreichenden Mitteln.

Und ſelbſt dieſe armen Mittel ſollten ihm jetzt genommen werden. Der Onkel, welcher ſich und die Seinen durch einen kleinen Handel redlich, aber zugleich mühſam ernährt hatte, ſtarb plötzlich; ſein ſehr geringer Nachlaß gehörte den unmündigen Kindern; für den armen Conrad war nichts geblieben, als etliche Geldſtücke und alte Silbermünzen, welche der Onkel bei ſeinen Lebzeiten an Weihnachten und am Geburtstage ſeinem Neffen geſchenkt, und ſorgfältig, mit Hinzuſchreibung von Conrads, des Eigenthümers Namen, auf das Papier, worinnen die Münzen eingewickelt waren, für dieſen aufgehoben hatte. Dieſe ganze Erbſchaft betrug an Werth nicht ganz 42 fl.; dies war Alles, was dem Jüngling zur Vollendung ſeiner Studien geblieben war. Die Thränen aber, die er am Sarge ſeines guten Oheims weinte, waren nicht Thränen der Sorge, ſondern der dankbaren Liebe und kindlichen Treue gegen den theuren, väterlichen Freund. Er war ſogar Willens, jene kleine Sparkaſſe den Kindern ſeines Onkels dazulaſſen; der Vormund derſelben aber rieth ihm, er ſolle das Geld als eine Anleihe behalten, und wenn Gott ihm, woran ja kein Zweifel ſei, einſt ein Amt beſchere, das ihm ſein Brod gäbe, dann könne er die kleine Summe, wenn er wolle, mit reichlichen Zinſen an die Hinterbliebenen ſeines Pflegevaters zurückzahlen.

Conrad kehrte an die Univerſität zurück. Er verdoppelte ſeinen Fleiß, während er zugleich ſeine ſchon vorhin ſehr mäßigen Ausgaben auf die Hälfte herunterſetzte; denn er bedachte, daß die kleine, ihm von ſeinem ſorgſamen Oheim erſparte

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*) Aus G. H. v. Schuberts Erzählungen. 2 Bde. Erlangen, 1841.

Summe, noch das Einzige ſei, das ihm zur Fortſetzung ſeines Studirens geblieben war. Der Herbſt war ſchon weit vorgerückt; der Winter meldete ſich an mit einzelnem Schneegeſtöber; der arme Conrad wagte es nicht von ſeinem wenigen Gelde ſich Holz zu kaufen, welches in jener Univerſitätsſtadt in ziemlich hohem Preiſe ſteht; da erbarmte ſich ſeiner ſein Wirth, ein wackerer, alter Handwerksmann, den ſein Geſchäft, als Schmied, faſt den ganzen Tag außer dem Zimmer in der Werkſtätte aufhielt, indem er ihn einlud, in ſeiner wohldurchheizten Stube ſo viel zu leſen und zu ſchreiben, als er wolle.

Das Winterhalbjahr ging jetzt zu Ende, in welchem unſer Conrad viel gearbeitet und wenig gegeſſen hatte, denn ſeine tägliche Nahrung, ſeit des Onkels Tode, war, außer am Sonntage, wo er gewöhnlich von ſeinem Hauswirth zum Mittagseſſen eingeladen wurde, faſt nichts anderes geweſen als Kartoffeln, Brod und Obſt. Bei all' ſeiner Sparſamkeit ſahe er ſein ererbtes Geld faſt ſchon zur Hälfte aufgegangen; ſollte er jetzt einige Kleidungsſtücke, vornämlich Stiefeln ſich kaufen, deren er nöthig bedurfte, ſo blieb ihm kaum noch für die nächſten Monate das Unentbehrlichſte übrig. Und ſeine Univerſitätsſtudien waren noch lange nicht beendigt, er hatte noch volle anderthalb Jahre Vorleſungen zu hören. Dennoch behielt er guten Muth, denn er hatte frühe gelernt auf Gott vertrauen.

In dem kleinen Städtlein, wo er geboren war, lebte noch ſein Pathe, der Lehrer an der Schule des Ortes; ein Mann, den Gott reichlich mit Kindern geſegnet, mit andren äußren Glücksgütern aber nur wenig verſehen hatte. Von dieſem war Conrad ſchon mehrmalen, durch einen Handelsmann, der die Jahrmärkte der Univerſitätsſtadt bezog, eingeladen worden: er ſolle ihn doch einmal während der Ferien beſuchen. Der Jüngling, dem jede Aeußerung von Liebe gegen ihn, den Verlaſſenen, ſo wohl that, beſchloß jetzt der Einladung zu folgen. Ein wenig Wäſche und ein gutes Buch auf den Weg, das war Alles, was er zu tragen hatte; ſchon am nächſten Tage gegen Abend traf er bei ſeinem alten Pathen ein, der ihn mit herzlich väterlicher Liebe bei ſich aufnahm.

„Warum," ſo fragte der alte Freund ſeines väterlichen Hauſes eines Tages Conrad, „warum entſchließen Sie ſich nicht zu einer Reiſe nach Holland? Sie wiſſen, daß Ihr Großvater, obgleich er auch von Geburt ein Heſſe war, in Amſterdam gewohnt hat, und ich weiß es aus Ihres ſeligen Vaters Munde, daß dort noch ſehr wohlhabende Verwandte von Ihnen leben. Was wäre es für einen von dieſen, Ihnen das Wenige zu geben, das Sie zur Vollendung Ihrer Studien noch brauchen? Uebrigens wüßte ich auch eine Gelegenheit, durch welche Sie in dieſen Tagen mit wenig Koſten, ja vielleicht ganz umſonſt, auf einem Rheinſchiffe bis nach Rotterdam fahren könnten. Denn es geht ein Fahrzeug, mit Korn beladen, dahin ab, deſſen Schiffer mir wohl bekannt iſt."

Der Jüngling zögerte nicht lange auf dieſen Vorſchlag einzugehen. Sein Pathe, der Schullehrer, fuhr ihn ſelber auf einem kleinen Bauernwagen bis an den Rhein, ſprach dort mit dem Schiffer, verſorgte den jungen Reiſenden mit einigen Lebensmitteln, mit einem alten Mantel und ſelbſt mit etwas Geld und wünſchte ihm mit herzlichem Händedruck Glück und Segen zu ſeiner Reiſe.

Das ſchwer beladene Kornſchiff machte freilich keine großen Tagreiſen, doch ließen das ſchöne Frühlingswetter und der Anblick des lieblichen Rheinthales unſerm Conrad die Zeit nicht lange werden, welche dieſer auch noch überdies zum Leſen und zum Schreiben auf dem langſam dahin gleitenden Fahrzeuge gut benutzte. Endlich war Rotterdam erreicht, der Jüngling verabſchiedete ſich von dem Schiffer, welcher für die Fahrt und das Schlafen in der Kajüte durchaus keine Bezahlung annahm und zu dieſen Wohlthaten auch die noch hinzufügte, daß er ihm einen Platz in einem wohlfeilen Fahrzeuge aushandelte, welches ſchon am nächſten Tage nach Amſterdam fuhr.

Da war nun Conrad auf einmal in der großen, fremden Stadt, wo Jeder mit ſich ſelber und ſeinen Geſchäften ſo viel zu thun hat, daß Keiner auf den armen Fremdling zu achten vermag. Einen alten Bürgersmann, der mit ihm von Rotterdam hergefahren war, und der Deutſch verſtand, hatte er nach einem anſtändigen und nicht zu theuren Wirthshaus gefragt. Der Bürger wies ihm, beim gemeinſchaftlichen Hindurchgehen durch eine der nächſten Straßen, ein Gaſthaus an, das zwar nicht zu den vornehmſten der Stadt, doch auch nicht zu den geringeren gehörte. Hier ſetzte ſich der Jüngling in eine Ecke des Zimmers, ohne daß Anfangs Jemand auf ihn merkte. Endlich, als er ein Nachteſſen begehrte, brachte man ihm viel mehr, als er gewünſcht hatte und bedurfte; das Nachtlager, das man ihm anwies, war ſo reinlich und ſo bequem, wie er ſeit langer Zeit keines gehabt hatte; der Jüngling ſchlief hinter ſeinen, ihm ungewohnten Bettvorhängen bis tief in den lichten Morgen hinein. Er war ſehr beſchämt, da er merkte wie ſpät es ſei; zu der Beſchämung kam aber bald auch noch der Schrecken, als er im Wirthshaus nach ſeiner Rechnung fragte und eine ſolche vernahm, durch welche der Reſt ſeines Reiſegeldes, welches ohnehin auf der langwierigen Rheinfahrt durch das, was der Lebensunterhalt ihm koſtete, ſehr abgenommen hatte, faſt ganz verzehrt wurde. In tiefen Gedanken ergriff er ſein kleines Reiſebündel und den Wanderſtab.

Schon in Rotterdam, als noch der gutwillige Schiffer ſein Rathgeber und Führer war, hatte er ſich nach den noch in Amſterdam lebenden Verwandten ſeiner ſeligen Mutter erkundigt und erfahren, daß ſein mütterlicher Oheim, ein älterer Stiefbruder ſeiner Mutter, zwar längſt geſtorben, daß aber ſein Sohn am Leben und ein ſehr vermöglicher Kaufmann ſei, welcher noch überdies eine deutſche Gemahlin und faſt lauter deutſche Comtoirdiener habe. Auch die Wohnung ſeines Verwandten hatte er ſich genau beſtimmen laſſen. Er fragte jetzt einen müßig an der Straße ſtehenden Mann nach dem ihm bezeichneten Hauſe; dieſer führte ihn durch mehrere kleine, dann aber durch eine ſehr lange Straße zu dem angegebenen Orte hin, verlangte aber, zum neuen Schrecken des armen Conrad, für die Mühe des Wegzeigens, einen halben Gulden, und ließ ſich auch ſchlechterdings nicht mit weniger abfinden.

Schüchtern trat der Jüngling in das große, reiche Haus ſeines Verwandten ein. Du kommſt ja hier nicht nur zu nahen Vettern, ſondern überdies zu deutſchen Landsleuten, ſo ſprach er ſich ſelber Muth zu und fragte nach dem Herrn des Hauſes. Man wies ihn in das Comtoir. Nachdem er hier unbeachtet einige Zeit an der Thüre ſtill geſtanden hatte, fragte man endlich nach ſeinem Begehren. Er ließ ſich nun zu dem Herrn der Handlung hinführen, nannte dieſem ſeinen Namen, und erzählte mit wenig Worten das Schickſal ſeiner Familie. Der reiche Vetter betrachtete den Jüngling vom Kopf bis zum Fuß, ſchrieb dann wieder ruhig fort und fragte endlich ganz kalt: „Nun! und was iſt denn Euer Begehren!" — Der Jüngling erröthete und Thränen traten ihm in die Augen; er konnte nicht gleich Worte finden. Da ſprach einer der jüngern Herrn, ein Schwager des reichen Vetters, von deutſchen Bettlern und Betteleien, griff nach einigen kleinen Silberſtücken und wollte ſie dem Conrad reichen, dieſer aber, tief bewegt, verbeugte ſich und eilte zum Zimmer hinaus, während die beiden Geſchäftsleute ganz kalt wieder an ihren Büchern fortſchrieben.

Als er wieder allein war, ließ er ſeinen Thränen freien Lauf. Es war Mittag ſchon vorüber, und er wußte nicht, wie er mit dem wenigen, ihm noch übrigen Gelde heute ſich ſättigen, noch mehr aber, wie er damit ein Nachtlager, ja zuletzt die Rückreiſe nach Deutſchland beſtreiten ſolle? Der unerfahrene Jüngling kommt endlich auf den Gedanken, er wolle nur ſchnell hinauseilen aus der theuern Stadt und irgendwo, in einem der benachbarten Dörfer, ein wohlfeileres Nachtlager ſuchen. In dem unüberſehlichen Gewirre der Gaſſen, Kanale und Häuſer der Stadt, wie der Vorſtadt, und in der Sorge, etwa wieder einen ſo theuern Wegweiſer zu finden, als der am heutigen Vormittag war, hatte er nicht gefragt und deshalb ſich verirrt, an einer von ſeinem eigentlichen Heimwege weit abgelegnen Stelle des Strandes. Es war eben die Ebbe vorüber; die Fluth trat wieder heranwärts zum Lande. Die Krähen und Dohlen, die ſich reichlich geſättigt hatten an dem Tiſch des Meeresgrundes, den die Ebbe ihnen aufdeckte, flogen lautſchreiend wieder landeinwärts. Da trocknet der arme Conrad ſeine Thränen: „Der die Vögel unter dem Himmel mit Futter verſorget, der das Schreien der jungen Raben erhört, der wird ja auch wohl mich nicht verlaſſen noch verſäumen; wird mir heute und morgen mein Stücklein Brod beſcheeren und mich wieder heim geleiten in mein liebes Vaterland."

Während er ſo am Strande hingeht, ſieht er, daß die immer höher anſchwellende Fluth eine Flaſche herbeiſchwemmt, aus welcher etwas Weißes hervorſchimmert. Jetzt iſt ſie ſchon ganz nahe an dem Pfahlwerk des Dammes, Conrad, an einer günſtigen Stelle, wo er leichter ſich ihr nähern kann, hält ſie mit ſeinem Wanderſtabe feſt und iſt zuletzt ſo glücklich, ſie herauszuziehen. Er bemerkt nun, daß die Flaſche ein Papier, deſſen Addreſſe ſich durch das Glas deutlich leſen läſſet, in ſich enthält, übrigens aber leer und an ihrer Mündung wohl verwahrt und verſiegelt iſt. In gedankenloſer Neugier will er ſie am Boden zerſchlagen und das Papier herausnehmen; da redet ihn ein vorübergehender, freundlich ausſehender Mann zuerſt Holländiſch und als er hört, daß der junge Fremdling nur Deutſch verſteht, auf Deutſch an und räth ihm, nachdem er die Addreſſe auf dem inliegenden Papier geleſen: er ſolle die Flaſche uneröffnet zu dem Kaufmann bringen, an welchen die Zuſchrift gerichtet war, denn auf dieſe Weiſe geben zuweilen Seeleute, wenn ſie den unvermeidlichen Untergang ihres Schiffes vor ſich ſehen, noch eine letzte wichtige Nachricht;

und ein Jeder, mit dem Seegebrauch Bekannter, ſei verpflichtet, wenn er eine ſolche Briefflaſche finde, dieſe dahin zu liefern, wohin die inwendige Aufſchrift laute.

Nach einigem Bedenken entſchließt ſich Conrad, ſeinen ſeltſamen Fund an das bezeichnete Kaufmannshaus zu überliefern. Ohnehin hatte er von dem Manne erfahren, daß er hier ganz irre gegangen ſei, und daß er gegen Rotterdam hin noch einmal durch einen großen Theil der Stadt zurück müſſe.

Als er, nach langem Gehen, das Kaufmannshaus, das auf dem Papier benannt und deſſen Lage von dem Fremden ihm genau beſchrieben war, endlich gefunden hatte, war es ſchon Abend geworden. Er tritt mit einigem Bangen hinein. „Dort warſt du bei deutſch redenden Leuten und Verwandten und man behandelte dich ſo verächtlich, wie wird es dir erſt hier bei den ganz Fremden ergehen,“ ſo denkt er bei ſich ſelber. Doch ſagt er einem der Bedienten die Abſicht ſeines Kommens. Man führt ihn ſogleich in das hellerleuchtete Comtoir. Ein freundlicher, alter Herr, der Beſitzer des Hauſes, nimmt die Flaſche in Empfang, heißt Conrad niederſitzen, und öffnet dann die Flaſche. Nachdem er die Inlage geleſen, ſagt er in ziemlich geläufigem Deutſch: Gott Lob, daß wir indeß neue und beſſere Nachricht haben; das Schiff, welches damals, als man die Flaſche in's Meer ſenkte, im Kanal in großer Gefahr ſchwebte, hat ſich gerettet und liegt jetzt wohlbehalten hier vor Anker; dennoch ſoll Ihre Mühe nicht umſonſt geweſen ſein.

Mit dieſen Worten nahm der alte Herr einige Goldſtücke und reichte ſie dem Jüngling, der ſie dankend empfing und ehrerbietig grüßend ſich entfernen wollte, als der Kaufmann ihn zurückrief und ihn nach ſeinem Namen und Vaterland fragte.

Ich heiße Conrad Balding, ſagte der Jüngling, und bin aus Heſſen.

Wie? fragte der alte Herr, iſt Ihr Vater nicht Prediger in * *?

Mein Vater war allerdings an dieſem Orte Prediger, aber er ſtarb ſchon vor faſt 10 Jahren.

Und Ihre Mutter?

Auch ſie überlebte den treuen Vater nur wenige Monate.

Der Kaufmann wiſchte ſich eine Thräne ab, ergriff den Jüngling bei der Hand, die er ihm treuherzig ſchüttelte und ſagte: Ich heiße Sie in meinem Hauſe willkommen. Ihr ſeliger Vater hat mich einſt 6 Wochen lang, da ich als armer, kranker Soldat zu ihm kam, in ſeinem Hauſe wie einen Bruder beherbergt; ſeiner und Ihrer ſeligen Mutter treuen Pflege danke ich nächſt Gott mein Leben, ja, was noch mehr iſt, ich danke dem geſegneten Umgange und Einfluß Ihres Vaters noch ein anderes, beſſeres Leben in meiner Seele, welches ſeitdem nicht ohne Frucht geblieben iſt; ich bin durch ihn aus meinen jugendlichen Verirrungen zu mir ſelber und zu Gott gekommen. Später gelangte ich hierher, trat in dieſem Hauſe, deſſen Beſitzer nachmals mein Schwiegervater wurde, mein jetziges Geſchäft an, und Gott hat mich reichlich geſegnet. Jetzt aber kommen Sie mit mir zu meiner Familie.

Conrad war bald in dem Hauſe des edlen Holländers ſo einheimiſch, als ſei er von Kindheit an da bekannt geweſen. Die Zeit der Ferien ging aber nun zu Ende, der Jüngling dachte an die Heimreiſe. Wie erſtaunte er ſo freudig, als er am Tage vor ſeiner Abreiſe auf einmal einen Koffer, gefüllt mit Kleidern und Wäſche, auf ſein Zimmer, und von dem edlen Kaufmann eine Anweiſung in die Hand erhielt, nach welcher ihm, auf unbeſtimmte Zeit, von einem Handelshauſe in Kaſſel jedes Vierteljahr 200 holländiſche Gulden ausgezahlt werden ſollten. Tief gerührt ſchied er von dem väterlichen Freunde. Es war nicht das letzte Mal, daß er dieſen ſahe. Denn nachdem er in Göttingen ſeine Studien vollendet hatte, folgte er einer abermaligen Einladung nach Holland, und erhielt, durch eine beſonders günſtige Fügung dort ein Amt, in welchem er viele Jahre ſegensreich wirkte. Er hatte es, bald nach ſeiner Anſtellung, wagen dürfen, um die Hand der Tochter ſeines Wohlthäters anzuhalten und erhielt dieſe. Das ſchöne, große Haus, das Conrad Balding in Amſterdam bewohnte, und in welchem ſo mancher deutſche Landsmann gaſtfreundliche Begegnung fand, konnte Jeden, der die Geſchichte ſeines Beſitzers kannte, an die Wahrheit des Spruches erinnern: „Des Vaters Segen bauet den Kindern Häuſer.“ Auch den Kindern ſeines treuen Pflegvaters und Oheims in Heſſen hatte Herr Balding das mit reichen Zinſen wieder erſtattet, was ihr Vater in ſeiner Armuth auf ihn gewendet hatte; ſie gelangten, durch die Kraft des nämlichen Segensſpruches, dahin, daß jedes von ihnen zur Arbeit tüchtig wurde, ſein eignes, wohlbegründetes Haus bewohnte und ſein ausreichendes tägliches Brod in Frieden eſſen konnte.

Johanne Juliane Schubert,

am 25. November [illegible]6 zu Würgsdorf in Schleſien geboren, Tochter des armen Webers May, beſuchte, ein einfaches Kind der Natur, nur die Schule ihres Dorfs und heirathete 1794 den Weber Ehrenfried Schubert daſelbſt. Der Pfarrer Dobermann machte auf ihre Gedichte aufmerkſam.

Gedichte der Webersfrau J. J. Schubert. Reichenbach, 1811. 2. Aufl.

Meine Reiſe nach Breslau, Beuthen und Neumarkt. Breslau, 1812.

Innigkeit der Empfindung, lebendige Anſchauung und große Beſcheidenheit zeichnen die Lieder dieſer Naturdichterin vor vielen ähnlichen Leiſtungen ſehr günſtig aus.

Karl Aemil Schubert,

am 15. Januar 1741 zu Neuwied geboren, lebte als Stadtſecretär, ſeit 1787 aber als Stadtgerichts- und Waiſenamtsaſſeſſor zu Breslau. Er erhielt 1798 den Charakter eines Pupillenraths und wurde 1802 als Rathmann in den Magiſtrat derſelben Stadt gewählt, in der er am 29. Januar 1803 ſtarb.

Breslauiſche Dramaturgie. Berlin, 1772.

Blumenſträußchen für meine Freundinnen. Berlin, 1775.

Zemire und Azor, Oper nach Marmontel. Berlin, 1775.

Andromeda, Monodrama. Berlin, 1776.

Schauſpiele mit Geſang. Berlin, 1776.

Gedichte im götting. und voſſ. Muſenalmanach.

Seine Singſpiele zeugen von Talent und Gewandtheit in der Behandlung der Form, ohne jedoch eben ſo wenig wie ſeine Gedichte Anſprüche auf Meiſterſchaft zu geſtatten.

Jonathan Schuderoff

iſt zu Altenburg am 24. October 1766 geboren. Er ſtudirte zu Jena und ward 1790 Pfarrer zu Drackendorf, einem benachbarten Dorfe. Schon damals begann er ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſche Thätigkeit. 1798 ward er Diakonus, 1805 Archidiakonus zu Altenburg, 1806 Superintendent und Oberpfarrer zu Ronneburg. Schon früher zum Doctor der Theologie creirt, wurde er 1824 Conſiſtorialrath und zog ſich 1836 mit dem Titel eines geheimen Conſiſtorialraths in den ehrenvollſten Ruheſtand zurück, nach einem höchſt thatenreichen, für proteſtantiſche Gedankenfreiheit unermüdlich wirkſamen Leben, in dem er oft ganz allein die Intereſſen der liberaleren Theologie gegen die Schwärmerei verfocht, zurück. Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Briefe über die moraliſche Erziehung in Hinſicht auf die neueſte Philoſophie. Leipz., 1792.
Etwas zur Beherzigung für Mütter vornehmen Standes. Jena, 1798.
Beiträge zur Beförderung zweckmäßiger Kanzelvorträge. Braunſchweig, 1796.
Verſuch einer Kritik der Homiletik. Braunſchw., 1797.
Moraliſch religiöſe Reden über bibliſche Texte. Halle, 1794.
Predigten für Freunde der reinen Sittenlehre. Jena, 1799—1801. 2 Bde.
Predigten. Münſter, 1807.
Predigten über die Evangelien der Sonn- und Feſttage des ganzen Jahres. Altenburg, 1809. 2 Bde.
Communionbuch für gebildete Chriſten aus allen Ständen. Altenburg; 1802. 2. Aufl. 1816.
Ueber Kirchenzucht, mit beſonderer Hinſicht auf die proteſtant. Kirche. Altenburg, 1809.
Anſichten und Wünſche, betreffend das proteſtantiſche Kirchenweſen und die proteſtantiſche Geiſtlichkeit. Leipzig, 1814.
Briefe über das proteſtantiſche Kirchenweſen. Leipzig, 1815.
Grundzüge zur evangeliſchen Kirchenverfaſſung und zum evangeliſchen Kirchenrechte. Leipzig, 1817.
Ueber die Conſiſtorialverfaſſung. Leipzig, 1831.
Nebenſtunden. Ronneburg, 1823—25. 2 Bde.
Prediger in der neueſten Zeit. Leipzig, 1810.
Einige Predigten. Leipzig, 1814.
Altarreden. Ronneburg, 1819.
Predigten über die Evangelien. Neuſtadt, 1829.
Gelegenheitspredigten. Altenburg, 1820.
Sammlung einiger Kanzel- und Altarreden. Neuſtadt, 1826.
Die Märtyrer der Liebe, von J. C. Berlin, 1805.
Richard und Auguſte, ein Roman in Briefen (anonym). Schneeberg, 1806.
Badebeluſtigungen. Tübingen, 1810.
Einzelne Predigten. Abhandlungen in gelehrten Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Unermüdliches Streben für Licht und Wahrheit, tiefe Innigkeit des Gefühls, entſprungen aus begeiſterter aber klarer Frömmigkeit, Popularität und Deutlichkeit, reiches Wiſſen und ein vortrefflicher, edler und doch allgemein verſtändlicher Styl zeichnen die ſämmtlichen Schriften dieſes echten Dieners des chriſtlichen Glaubens, namentlich aber ſeine Predigten und anderen Kanzelreden auf eine glänzende Weiſe aus.

Johann Adolf von Schultes

wurde am 29. October 1744 zu Reinhardsbrunn bei Gotha geboren; nachdem er lange Jahre als Hofrath und Amtmann zu Themar gelebt hatte, ward er Archiv-, 1804 wirklicher Regierungsrath, und 1808 als herzoglicher Landesregierungs-Director nach Coburg berufen, wo er, in dieſer Würde um das Ländchen hochverdient, am 29. Mai 1821 verſchied.

Diplomatiſche Geſchichte des Hauſes Henneberg. Leipzig, 1788. 90. 2 Thle.
Diplomatiſche Beiträge zur fränkiſchen und ſächſiſchen Geſchichte Baierns, 1792.
Hiſtoriſch-ſtatiſtiſche Beſchreibung der Grafſchaft Henneberg. Hildburghauſen, 1794—1815. 2 Bde.
Hiſtoriſche Schriften. Hildburghauſen, 1798. 1801. 2 Thle.
Coburgiſche Landesgeſchichte des Mittelalters. Coburg, 1818.
Sachſencoburg-ſaalfeldiſche Landesgeſchichte ſeit 1425. Coburg, 1818—21. 2 Thle.

S. hiſtoriſche Arbeiten erfreuen ſich gründlicher Forſchung und reichen Wiſſens, aber ſeine Darſtellungsweiſe ſteht weit hinter dieſen Eigenſchaften zurück und verräth nur zu häufig Geſchmackloſigkeit und Mangel an Kraft und Gewandtheit.

Johann Schultz

ward am 11. Juni 1739 zu Mühlhauſen in Preußen geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und lebte als königl. preußiſcher zweiter Hofprediger und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Mathematik zu Königsberg, wo er am 27. Juni 1805 ſtarb.

Sendſchreiben von der Würde des Schulamts. Königsberg, 1759.
Erläuterungen zu Kants Kritik der reinen Vernunft. Königsberg, 1785.
Prüfung der Kritik der reinen Vernunft. Königsberg, 1789. 92. 2 Thle.

Ein Verehrer der Philoſophie Kant's trug S. durch ſeine Schriften über die Kritik der reinen Vernunft, welche ſich durch Klarheit und Feſtigkeit auszeichnen, nach beſten Kräften zu der Verbreitung derſelben bei.

Joachim Chriſtoph Friedrich Schulz

ward zu Magdeburg im Jahre 1762 geboren, ſtudirte nach einer deſpotiſchen häuslichen Erziehung in gleich kümmerlicher Lage zu Halle, bis er ſich 1780 entſchloß, die [illegible] Bühne zu betreten. Auf den Brettern unglücklich, fing er an ſich durch Schriftſtellerei bekannt zu machen und lebte ohne Amt längere Zeit zu Wien und Berlin. Weimar nahm ihn endlich mit großer Freundlichkeit auf. 1789 ging er nach Paris und kehrte 1790 nach Berlin zurück, mit reichem Stoff für ſeine bald erſcheinenden Werke über die Revolution und Paris ausgerüſtet. Er erhielt nun von Weimar das Hofrathsdiplom und zu gleicher Zeit einen Ruf als Profeſſor der Geſchichte an das akademiſche Gymnaſium zu Mitau. Als ſolcher zeichnete er ſich ſelbſt in diplomatiſchen Aufträgen aus, als er 1791 auf dem Reichstage zu Warſchau den Bürgerſtand von Kurland vertreten mußte. Im Jahre 1793 bereiſte er Italien und lebte ſeit 1794 abwechſelnd in Wien, Berlin, Jena und Weimar. 1795 ward er nach Mitau zurückberufen. Er verfiel jedoch bald darauf in Wahnſinn, in welchem er im October 1798 daſelbſt ſtarb. Vor ſeinen Werken nannte er ſich allein Friedrich Schulz.

Seine bedeutendſten Schriften ſind:

Karl Treumann und Wilhelmine Roſenfeld. Leipzig, 1781.
Ferdinand von Löwenhain. Leipzig, 1781. 2 Thle.
Fritz. Altenburg, 1783. 2 Thle.
Moritz. Leipzig, 1785.
Gradſinn und Aufrichtigkeit. Wien, 1788.
Der Wittwer zweier Frauen. Berlin, 1788.
Der Wüſtling. Berlin, 1788.
Albertine. Berlin, 1788. 89. 3 Thle.
Kleine proſaiſche Schriften. Wien, 1788. 5 Thle.
Kleine Romane. Leipzig, 1788. 5 Thle.
Zaide. Berlin, 1789.
Leopoldine. Leipzig, 1791. 2 Thle.
Martinuzzi. Berlin, 1790.
Die Prinzeſſin von Kleves. Berlin, 1790.
William. Berlin, 1791.
Joſephe. Wien, 1791.
Grigri. Wien, 1795.
Reiſe eines Liefländers. Berlin, 1795—97. 7 Hfte.

Hiſtoriſche Schriften:

Geſchichte der großen Revolution in Frankreich. Berlin, 1790.
Paris und die Pariſer. Berlin, 1790. 1. Bd.

S.'s Romane wurden zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens außerordentlich gern geleſen, da ſie ſich, obwohl im weiteren Sinne Nachahmungen franzöſiſcher Vorbilder und ſelbſt franzöſiſcher Frivolität, durch einen trefflichen Styl, große Lebendigkeit, reichen Witz und gut erfundene Situationen auszeichneten.

Ernſt Conrad Friedrich Schulze

ward am 22. März 1789 zu Celle geboren und entwickelte früh poetiſches Talent. 1806 ging er nach Göttingen, um Theologie zu ſtudiren; allein er vertauſchte ſie bald mit dem Studium der Alten und der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften. Die Liebe zu Cäcilien, ſeiner Gefeierten, gab ihm die höchſte poetiſche Weihe und, als ſie in hoffnungsloſem Leiden vor ſeinen Augen dahingewelkt war, ſchnellen Tod. Er hatte den philoſophiſchen Doctortitel erlangt und in Göttingen als Privatdocent die academiſche Laufbahn angetreten, da entſchloß er ſich 1814 als Freiwilliger am Rettungskriege Theil zu nehmen. Das Lagerleben ſchien ſeine wankende Geſundheit geſtärkt zu haben, aber den Anblick von Göttingen konnte der Heimkehrende doch nicht mehr ertragen. Nach einer Fußreiſe am Rhein- und Maingebiet im Herbſt 1816, kehrte er ſehr entkräftet nach Celle zurück, wo er am 26. Juni 1817 ſtarb, nachdem die Frucht dieſer Wanderung, „die bezauberte Roſe“ von der „Urania“ mit dem erſten Preiſe gekrönt worden war.

Gedichte. Göttingen, 1813; N. A. Leipzig, 1820.
Pſyche, ein griechiſches Mährchen. Göttingen, 1819.
Cäcilie, ein romantiſches Gedicht. Göttingen, 1818. 2 Thle; N. A. 1822.
Die bezauberte Roſe, romantiſches Gedicht. Göttingen, 1818; N. A. 1823.
Sämmtliche poetiſche Werke, herausgegeben von Friedrich Bouterweck. Leipzig, 1818—20. 4 Thle.

S. iſt häufig und namentlich früher überſchätzt worden; er beſitzt mehr Talent als Genie, mehr Gewandtheit in der Form als Urſprünglichkeit in der Erfindung. Dagegen iſt aber nicht zu läugnen, daß er in der Nachbildung fremder Muſter im allgemeineren Sinne und in der anmuthiger, klangreicher, äußerer Geſtaltung Außerordentliches geleiſtet habe. In ſeiner romantiſchen Epopöe Cäcilie treten daher ſeine Mängel wie ſeine Fähigkeiten am Entſchiedenſten hervor; an Wohllaut, Fülle und Anmuth der Diction wird dieſes Werk nicht leicht übertroffen. Dagegen leidet es an unſicherer Characterzeichnung, vorherrſchender Subjectivität, Ueberhäufung des Wunderbaren, Affectation, Geſuchtheit und Weichlichkeit. Seine „bezauberte Roſe“ iſt gedrängter und beſſer durchgeführt, ſteht aber an Bedeutung doch der Cäcilie nach. Am glücklichſten iſt S. unbeſtritten in ſeinen Elegieen, die voll zarter Empfindungen und anmuthiger Darſtellung, obwohl gleichfalls Nachahmungen berühmter Vorbilder, einen ſehr wohlthuenden Eindruck machen.

Elegieen von Ernſt Schulze.

(Geſchrieben vor dem Jahre 1813.)

1.

Schatten der alternden Zeit, o ſteigt aus dem Grabe noch einmal
Freundlich empor, o naht, dämmernde Bilder der Luſt,
Roſig und leicht, wie ihr einſt mich geküßt, da der flüchtigen Thorheit
Raſches Geſpann durch der Welt fröhlichen Taumel mich trug!
Damals lenktet mit irrender Hand ihr den luſtigen Wagen,
Ueber der Laune Gebot herrſchte kein anderes Geſetz;
Stolz auf den Zögernden lacht' ich hinab, der bedächtig am Kreuzweg
Stand und durch prüfenden Rath kürzer ſich ſchuf den Genuß.
Herzlos nannte wohl mancher mich dann und zürnte des Leichtſinns
Ueppigem Hauch, der empor über die Wolken mich hob,
Doch nie holte den leichten Entſchluß der gewichtige Rath ein;
Flammt doch, eh' des Gewölks Donner euch warnte, der Blitz.
Glänzend umgab mich die Welt, und es wechſelte bunt die Erſcheinung,
Und ein heitres Geſchick reihete Feſt mir an Feſt;
Willig empfing den beſtändigen Gaſt die phantaſtiſche Freude,
Weich im Schooße des Glücks lag der verzogene Sohn;
Wahrlich, ich habe gelebt! Nicht reut mich die fröhliche Wildheit;
Feſt an die feurige Bruſt drückt' ich das glühende Sein,
Küßte die ſcheidende Luſt, und der nahenden lacht' ich entgegen,
Und zur geliebteſten Braut ward die Minute mir ſtets;
Was ich am Morgen geliebt, das verließ ich am dämmernden Abend,
Treulos wurde, was mich liebte, ſchon früher mir oft;
Aber begegneten einſt ſich auf wechſelndem Pfad die Getrennten,
Schmerzlos reichten ſie dann freundlich einander die Hand,
Jeglicher wähnte, ſo lange der Traum ihn umgaukelte, treu ſich,
Jeglicher fragte: was frommt Treue, wenn Liebe verſchwand?
Oft auch wandelte ſchnell ſich der Sinn, aus des Glückes Erinnerung,
Süß oft täuſcht ſich das Herz, blühte von neuem das Glück.
Doch längſt ſchwand ſie, die fröhliche Zeit, und der flatternde Geiſt ſtrebt
Fruchtlos unter der Pflicht eiſernen Banden empor:
Was mir mit Blumen die Feſſeln umwand, hin welket es hülflos;
Ach, um die Schönheit hüllt finſtre Gewölke der Tod!
Liebe rief mich herab von dem luftigen Pfad, und Verzweiflung
Winkt mich zurück; doch dem Geiſt wurden die Schwingen gekürzt.
Dankbar weiht' ich ſie einſt den errettenden Göttern und wähnte
Nicht, daß vom friedlichen Heerd wieder mich riſſe der Sturm.
Doch oft greift mit der eiſernen Hand in die Harfe des Lebens,
Wenn ſie am zarteſten klang, grollend das düſtre Geſchick.
Ruhend ſchauen die Götter hinab, und der Kampf mit dem Schickſal
Zeigt, wie ein tragiſches Spiel wechſelnd, die müßige Schaar.
Aber verzweifelnd ſtürzt ſich der Menſch in des lärmenden Poſſenſpieles Tumult, und der Schmerz ſtirbt, und es ſtirbt das Gefühl.

II.

Nahe dich mir, Elegie, leichthüpfende Grazientochter,
Freundin zarten Gefühls, nahe dich mir, Elegie.
Nicht vom düſteren Schleier verhüllt, den herriſch der Volkswahn
Einſt um die Stirn dir wob, mit geröthetem Blick!
Kummer entnervt das Gefühl, und feind den verzagenden Thränen
Schwinden die Muſen, umſonſt weinet im Pontus Ovid.
Nein, ein flüchtiges Kind erſcheine mir, ſchlank und gelenkſam;
Tanzend ſchwebe dein Fuß über die Blumen der Flur;
Scherzend necke die Hand mit duftendem Blüthengeſtöber
Amorn, welcher erzürnt mit dem Geſchoſſe dir drohe!
Lächelnd folg' Idalia dir, doch wind' um der Göttin
Ueppigen Reiz das Gewand züchtiger Grazie ſich!
Singe von Luſt und Liebe mir vor, doch nimmer verfolge
Reue die Luſt, nie ſei Kummer der Liebe Genoß!
Spiele geziemen dir nur, nicht Leidenſchaften: behutſam
Nahe dem Kelch, ſonſt ſinkt welkend die Blume dahin.
Weinſt du, ſo weine nur Thränen der Liſt, wie die ſchlaue Kokette.
Und die Verzweiflung ſelbſt ſchmücke der Hoffnung Gewand!
Thränen erweichen den menſchlichen Sinn und Thränen den Orkus.
Waffne mit Thränen dich nur, magiſch beſiegſt du die Welt.
Luſt iſt der Sterblichen Wunſch und Luſt das Leben der Götter,
Hauche nur Luſt und ſchnell öffnet ſich jegliches Herz.
Jeglichem locke mit ſchmeichelnder Kunſt und Jedem gefalle!
Schilt die Menge dich auch buhleriſch, gilt ihr Geſetz?
Richten mag ſie, was nach dem Gebrauch, was nützlich und recht ſei,
Aber das Schöne begreift einzig das ſchöne Gemüth.
Ha, du nahſt! Ich fühle das Weh'n ambroſiſcher Düfte;
Amor, rufe den Lenz, baue mir Lauben im Hain!
Folge mir nach und wohne bei mir, du Holde! Melodiſch
Tönt mir die Laute; wohlan, hauche mir Lieder in's Herz!

III.

Als ich im mondlichen Glanz, umwölbt von Blüthengebüſchen,
Jüngſt im Kahne mit dir hüpfende Wellen durchſchwamm,
Als du ſo innig und warm an des Liebenden Seite dich ſchmiegteſt,
Und dem roſigen Mund Liebesgeliſpel entfloß,
Ach, da pochte mein glühendes Herz voll kühnen Verlangens,
Ueppiger hauchte der Weſt heißeres Sehnen mir zu.
Heilig gelobt' ich es, Reizende, dir, dich einzig zu lieben,
Und ein freundlicher Kuß lohnte den zärtlichen Schwur.
Tag' entſchwanden, es ſchwanden dahin unendliche Monden,
Und ich erblickte dich nicht, weilte verlaſſen und fern,
Todt erſchien mir die Welt und hart die gewohnten Geſchäfte;
Denn den romantiſchen Sinn beugte die ernſtere Pflicht.
Fruchtlos harrt' ich auf Kunde von dir, kein freundliches Briefchen
Und kein tröſtender Gruß labte das ſchmachtende Herz.
Deiner gedacht' ich im Wachen und Schlaf, und lächelnd, wohin ich
Irrte, durch Wieſen und Hain folgte dem Träumer dein Bild;
Jegliche zarte Geſtalt, die des Zufalls Gunſt mir erſpäh'n ließ,
Wandelt' in deine Geſtalt ſchnell dem Verlangenden ſich.
Du vereineſt ja doch, was nur einzeln Alle beſitzen,
Und dein Bild, es erſcheint ſtets mit dem Schönen zugleich.
Mußt' ich ſie alle nicht lieben, um dich nur einzig zu lieben?
Fühl' ich wohl deinen Kuß, wenn ich nicht alle geküßt?
Was ich zu ihnen auch zärtliches ſprach, ich ſprach es zu dir nur;
Und doch zürneſt du mir, daß ich die Treue verletzt?
Iſt nicht Amor ein Kind, das ſtets mit regem Verlangen
Neue Geſpielen erwählt, wenn ihm die alten entflohn?
Jenen umflattert er nur, der hold und freundlich ihm liebkoſt;
Wer zu naſchen ihm giebt, iſt ihm der zärtlichſte Freund.
Soll ich mit ewiger Treu' in deine Feſſeln mich ſchmiegen,
O dann flüſtere ſtets Worte der Liebe mir zu,
Laß mich nimmer entfliehn aus dem magiſchen Kreis der Umarmung,
Und ein unendlicher Kuß binde den flüchtigen Geiſt!

IV.

Höre mich an! Still weil' ich im froſtigen Hauch des Octobers,
Liebchen, vor deinem Gemach, öffne mir freundlich das Haus!
Liebchen, o hörſt du mich nicht? Umſonſt, ſchon liegſt du entſchlummert,
Und ein gaukelnder Traum küſſet dir friedlich die Stirn.
O der glückliche Traum! Er darf dich ſicher umflattern,
Und die entfeſſelte Bruſt gönnt ihm das lüſterne Spiel:
Dankbar ſchenkt er dafür dir die zarteſten ſeiner Gebilde.
Ich auch, wenn mir ein Gott lächelte, nahte dir jetzt.
Schmeichelnd ſprichſt du es aus, was ſo oft auf der Wange die Schaam mir
Kündete, was in der Bruſt ſchüchtern die Schaam mir verſchwieg.
Aber entflieh, zu reizender Wahn! ſchweig, täuſchende Hoffnung!
Zeigte ſie geſtern nicht noch, daß ſie mich nimmer geliebt?
Leiſe betrat und leicht ſie des Gartens falbe Gebüſche,
Nahete ſtill, und es ſchlug laut mir im Buſen das Herz;
Ach, da ſtahl ſich ein Anderer hinzu, und, wehe, ſie grüßt' ihn
Freundlich und ſchmiegte ſich ſchnell an den gebotenen Arm.
Einig wallten ſie nun, verſenkt in leiſes Geflüſter;
Doch mir kochte die Bruſt heißer im ſiedenden Zorn.
Ha, ich ſah es zu gut, Verrätherin, wie er die Hand dir
Drückt' und den koſenden Mund traulich zum Ohre dir bog.
Geh' nur, ich liebe dich nicht, ich glaub', ich liebte dich nimmer.
Stets noch fand ich dich falſch, wenn du am zärtlichſten ſchienſt,
Mich nur wollteſt du feſſeln und nicht dich ſelber, nur Herrſchſucht
Leitete dich, des Gefühls ſpottete liſtig die Kunſt.
Hätte dich weniger doch die Natur holdſelig gebildet,
Hätte ſie minderen Reiz doch in den ſtrahlenden Blick,
Mindere Zaubergewalt in das ſchmeichelnde Wort der Bethörung,
Mindere Grazie doch dir in die Seele gelegt! —
Oeffne die Thüre mir nur, ſchnell iſt dir Alles verziehen;
Sündigen darfſt du ſo oft, als du zu küſſen vermagſt.

V.

Liebchen, du ſchwebſt jetzt fröhlich dahin im glänzenden Saale,
Leicht im flüchtigen Tanz regſt du den zierlichen Leib,
Höheres Roth durchrieſelt die Wang', und es hebt der Begeiſterung
Ueppiger Rauſch hoch aufwogend die glühende Bruſt.
Doch dein Freund, fern trauert er jetzt im ſtillen Gemache,
Wild um den brütenden Geiſt tobt ihm der Sorgen Gewühl.
Ach, wohl denkſt du nicht mehr des Liebenden, welcher von dir nur
Lernte die Luſt, von dir, Einziggeliebte, den Schmerz;
Längſt wohl ſchwand im bethörenden Rauſch des frohen Getümmels
Sein hindämmerndes Bild ganz aus der Seele dir fort.
Amor ſpannet ſo gern im Tanz die verſtohlenen Netze.
Reichliche Beute belohnt immer den liſtigen Gott.
Lieblich biſt du, wie nimmer ein anderes Mädchen der Erde,
Wer dir nahete, bleibt gern in der Feſſel zurück;
Doch du biſt flüchtig und leicht, wie die hüpfende Woge des Meeres,
Neues allein nur reizt immer den gaukelnden Sinn:
Wie mit Bällen das Kind, ſo ſpielſt du mit Herzen, gelobſt gern
Jeglichem, doch kein Wort, wähnſt du, beſtrafe den Trug.
Oft ſchon nannt' ich dich falſch, und auf ewig wollt' ich dich meiden,
Aber die zögernde Flucht brachte mir neue Gefahr:
Eiferſüchtig ſchalteſt du mich mit Lachen und thöricht,
Und ein glühender Kuß machte von Sünden dich rein.
Ach, jetzt windet ein Anderer wohl, aufwallend in Sehnſucht,
Rings um den zierlichen Leib leiſe den zitternden Arm,
Liſpelt mit koſendem Flüſtern im Sturm des wogenden Tanzes
Manches verſtohlene Wort liebeverlangend zu dir.
Hör' ihn nicht, er betrügt dich nur, falſch iſt der Verräther;
Ach, kein flatternder Sinn gleichet dem deinen, entflieh!
Reicht er nicht jetzt dir die Hand? O hinweg mit ihr, ſie iſt giftig,
Und Baſiliskengewalt wohnt ihm im ſchmeichelnden Blick.
O, verhüllte dich doch ein undurchdringlicher Schleier,
Könnte nur ich allein ſicher die Reizende ſehn.
Wär' es doch mir allein nur vergönnt, an der Bruſt dir zu ruhen,
Dürfte nur ich allein küſſen den roſigen Mund!
Aber ich ſelber erſchuf mir die quälende Sorg' in dem Herzen,
Und mein eignes Vergehn raubte mir heute die Ruh.
Wehe, warum auch zürnet' ich gleich, als den erſten der Tänze
Du mir geweigert, warum ſchwur ich zu meiden das Feſt?
Trage nun ſelbſt, o Thor, des eiſernen Sinnes Beſtrafung!
Wenn ſie dich morgen nicht küßt, denke, du haſt es verdient!

VI.

Liebchen, wie haſt du geruht nach der Luſt des rauſchenden Tanzes?
Iſt dir das Köpfchen nicht noch ſchwer von dem wüſten Gelärm?
Tobte nicht lang' in der Nacht der Muſik nachtönender Aufruhr
Disharmoniſch und wild rings dir um's hüpfende Bett?
Oder belaſtete nicht dir die Bruſt, als quälender Nachtgeiſt,
Welcher die Schwärmer der Nacht ängſtet, ein feindlicher Alp?
Aber verzeih, holdſeliges Weib, dem tückiſchen Spötter!
Gern an fremdem Genuß rächt man den eigenen Schmerz.

Nein, ein reizender Traum umgaukelte ſicher die Stirn dir,
Führt in ein Feengefild deinen entfeſſelten Geiſt,
Kränzte dein Haupt mit den Blüthen des Mais und wiegte behende
Auf hellblauem Gewölk über die Erde dich hin.
Früh ſchon ſitzeſt du dort mir gegenüber am Fenſter;
Zwar iſt ſchmachtend dein Blick, aber doch heiter und mild,
Sinnend lehnſt auf die zierliche Hand du das lockige Köpfchen!
Zählſt du, Schelmin, vielleicht deine Gefangenen nach,
Die du bei'm fröhlichen Feſt mit dem ſiegenden Zauber der Blicke
Und mit des Geiſtes Gewalt dir in die Netze geſcheucht?
Ach, ich war dir ein Thor, dem frevelnden Wahne zu folgen,
Welcher die Ruhe der Nacht, welcher die Träume mir nahm.
Untreu wähnet' ich dich, und ich zürnt' aufgrollend dem Herzen,
Daß es aus deiner Gewalt nimmer zu fliehen vermag.
Unglückſeliger, konnteſt du ſo dem eigenen Glücke
Gram ſein! konnteſt du ſo wünſchen den eigenen Tod?
Stets wie grauendes Dunkel der Freund tiefbrütenden Trübſinns,
Auf dem Gewölke der Nacht wiegte die Trauer ſich ſtets;
Doch der erglühende Tag verbannt die Verhaßte zum Orkus,
Und Aurorens Geſpann leitet ein fröhlicher Geiſt.
Doch nicht blos die Natur, auch du gebieteſt der Dämm'rung,
Und ätheriſches Licht folget dir, Zauberin, gern.
Bin ich dir fern, iſt ſchwarz mir die Sonn' und dunkel der Erdkreis,
Doch dein lächelnder Blick füllet mit Strahlen die Nacht.
Aber du winkſt mir, du lächelſt mir zu, ſchnell flieg' ich hinüber;
Küſſeſt du heute mich nicht, Frevlerin nimm dich in Acht!
Kennſt du den magiſchen Quell, der einſt Rinaldo verwandelt,
Als Angelica ihm folgte mit ſehnendem Blick!
Immer noch rieſelt der Quell, und ſtets noch währt die Bezaubrung;
Reize nicht Amors Zorn! fürchterlich rächt ſich der Gott.

VII.

Haſt du noch nimmer geliebt, ſo geh und liebe noch heute!
Unempfunden entflieht ſonſt dir das reizendſte Glück.
Ach, ſie hat mich geküßt! in roſenfarbenem Glanze,
Raſch von den Horen beſchwingt, ſchwimmet mir heute die Welt.
Knieend lag ich vor ihr und zitterte leiſe vor Sehnſucht,
Weniges flehte der Mund, Vieles der ſchmachtende Blick.
Zagen beklemmte mein Herz, und die Hoffnung kämpfte gewaltſam
Gegen die Furcht, und es hob raſch ſich die klopfende Bruſt.
Aber dem Auge der Holden entfunkelte ſüße Gewährung:
Siehe, das reizende Weib beugte ſich ſchüchtern herab,
Schlang um den Glücklichen leiſe den kettenden Arm, und mit Lächeln
Hob ſie, wie folgt' ich ſo gern, ſanft an die Bruſt mich empor.
Nimm, du haſt es verdient, ſo ſprach ſie mit ſüßem Geliſpel,
Und ihr roſiger Mund nahte dem meinigen ſich,
Glühend weht' um die Lippen der Hauch, und ein brennender Kuß ſank
Langſam, gleich des Accordes Schwinden, in's Herz mir hinab,
Ach, wie bebt' ich vor Luſt und ſchauderte, wähnte zu ſterben,
Und doch hatt' ich noch nie reiner und ſchöner gelebt.
Seliger Rauſch! O möcht' ich doch einſt ſo ſcheiden, in ſolchem
Taumel! ich kaufte den Tod gern für die Schätze der Welt.
Lang' noch wünſcht' ich zu leben mir dann, daß lange die Hoffnung
Mit dem beglückenden Ziel winkte dem ſehnenden Geiſt;
Und dann ſänk' ich dahin, von deinen Armen umſchlungen,
Und im glühenden Kuß ſchwebte die Seele dahin;
Kein Elyſium fordert' ich dann, und bange vermied ich
Lethe's dunkele Fluth, gleich dem betäubenden Gift;
Sinnend lehnt ich mich hin auf roſige Wolken und dächte
Ewigkeiten hindurch an das genoſſene Glück,
Fühlte den ſeligen Kuß noch Ewigkeiten und tauſchte
Für des Olympiers Thron ſelbſt die Erinnerung nicht.
Haſt du noch nimmer geliebt, ſo geh und liebe noch heute!
Unempfunden entflieht ſonſt dir das reizendſte Glück.

VIII.

Amor, Himmelgeborner, komm, nicht jener, der ſinnlos
In's wildwogende Meer frevelnder Lüſte ſich ſenkt,
Nicht du verderblicher Gott, der tief in die Herzen den Pfeil uns
Schleudert und hoffnungslos ewige Gluthen erweckt:
Nein, du reizendes Kind, du flüchtiges, welches die Götter
Mit ätheriſchem Band lieblich und loſe verknüpft!
Komm, du romantiſcher Knabe, der Abenteuer Beſchützer,
Zarten Geflüſters Freund, Freund der verſchwiegenen Luſt,
Der du keuſch und üppig zugleich und flüchtig und treu biſt,
Feind der Feſſeln und doch immer in Feſſeln geſchmiegt,
Du, der Schmerz und Freude gewährt, doch nimmer in Trübſinn
Unſere Schmerzen und nie wandelt in Ekel die Luſt!
Komm vom Himmel herab und bring' mir die reizenden Mädchen,
Welche dich immer umblüh'n, bring mir die Grazien mit!
Sieh, ſchon nahte die Stunde, worin dein Schweſterchen ehmals
Unſerem Lichte zuerſt heiter entgegen gelacht.
Damals war dir der Tag ein Feſt, ſiegkündende Lieder
Webten den früheſten Schlaf auf die Geborene hin,
Schalkheit hauchte dein Kuß ihr in's Herz, phantaſtiſchen Leichtſinn,
Tändelnden Witz und der ſtets wechſelnden Laune Begier.
Doch was du muthwillig ihr gabſt, das ſchmückte die Charis,
Und um's Dornengebüſch webte ſie Roſen umher.
Feire den Tag auch jetzt; denn ſie ward nun größer und holder,
In der Geſtalt und im Geiſt gleicht ſie, du Schelmiſcher, dir.
Schweb' um's ſeidene Bett mit der lieblichen Schaar; noch ruht ſie,
Sanft um den roſigen Mund weht das Geliſpel des Schlafs.
Wehre mit ſchützender Schwinge den böſen Träumen, den Unglück
Kündenden, welche den Schooß füllen der brütenden Nacht;
Laß nur die freundlichen leiſe ſich nahn, die Kinder Auroras,
Daß ſie mit roſigem Tanz ſchmücken das ſtille Gemach!
Mal' auf die Flügel des gaukelnden Schwarms kunſtvoll das Verlangen,
Welches der Reizenden Blick rings in den Herzen erregt!
Malet, ihr Huldgöttinen, der unausſprechlichen Anmuth
Zaubergewalt und den Scherz, welcher ſie ewig umbuhlt,
Daß ſie ſich ſelber erblick' in des Traums irrſamer Geſtaltung!
Ach, kein ſchöneres Bild zeigt ihr der ſüßeſte Traum!
Lächeln wird ſie im Schlaf, ihr Glücklichen! Fülle den Köcher,
Amor, damit! O ahmt, Grazien, ahmet es nach!
Regt ſie dann ſanft zum Erwachen die reizenden Glieder, ſo haucht rings
Süße Gedüft' umher, füllet mit goldenem Glanz,
Füllt mit Harfengeliſpel das freundliche Zimmer und ſchwindet,
Daß ſie im Scheiden euch noch ſehe, zum Himmel zurück!

IX.

Liebchen, wie leben wir doch ſo wunderſam? Sind wir denn wirklich
Eins in das Andre verliebt, oder betrügt uns der Schein?
Traulich ſitzen wir oft und es ſcherzt muthwillig der Leichtſinn
Ueber das tiefe Gefühl, über ein ſchwärmendes Paar;
Dichten vereint Spottliederchen oft auf den kindiſchen Amor,
Necken mit ſtechendem Dorn ſicher den trotzigen Gott;
Und doch lieg' ich ſo oft zu deinen Füßen und flüſtre,
Was mich das Herz allein, was nur die Liebe mich lehrt,
Und du beugſt dich herab und ein glühender Kuß, der des Leichtſinns
Lüge beſtraft und des Spotts Dornen, beglückt den Freund.
Froh dann ſcheid' ich von dir und ſchwelg' in ſüßer Erinn'rung,
Wähn', ein ewiges Band kette mein flüchtiges Herz;
Doch kaum flieht der Moment, ſo umſtrickt argliſtig den Frevler,
Welcher die Feſſel ſo gern duldet, ein anderes Netz,
Ach, und jeglichen Schwur, den ich dir that, tilgt die Bezaubrung,
Gleich dem Gewölk, das raſch gaukelnde Winde zerſtreun.
Doch noch nimmer vergaß ich dich ſelbſt, und bin ich auch treulos
Nur dein eigener Reiz trage des Irrenden Schuld.
Ach, du feſſelteſt mich mit ewigen Banden der Sehnſucht,
Jegliches holde Geſicht zeigt dem Getäuſchten dein Bild!
Doch kaum bin ich dir wieder genaht, ſo beugt mich gewaltſam
Dein allmächtiger Blick wieder in's vorige Joch.
Wahrlich, dir ſchenkte Cythere gewiß den magiſchen Gürtel,
Welchen mit Zaubergeflecht webte der Grazien Hand.
Was du auch thuſt, du thuſt es mit Reiz, und heimliche Anmuth
Schwebt im Blick dir und ſchwebt rings um die ganze Geſtalt.
Kehr' ich dir wieder zurück, ja dann geſteh' ich dir Alles,
Preiſe die Schönen ſogar, welche mich geſtern beſiegt;
Und, bei Gott, kaum trau' ich mir ſelbſt, du hörſt es geduldig,
Stimmſt in's ſchmeichelnde Lob gern und gefällig mit ein,
Lobſt den beweglichen Geiſt, der nur die Genüſſe des Lebens
Leiſ' umſchwebt und den Schmerz unter die Winde verſtreut,
Neckſt nur zuweilen mit ſtechendem Scherz den Armen, der Dornen
Statt der Roſen empfing, die er zu pflücken gehofft;
Schalkhaft zeigſt du ein Briefchen mir dann, das du eben empfangen,

Aber die Unterſchrift deckſt du mit ſorglicher Hand,
Rühmſt mir die Blume, die jüngſt ein Unbekannter dir ſandte,
Sprichſt: Schön iſt das Geſchenk, ſollt' es der Geber nicht ſein!
Faßt mich dann plötzlicher Zorn, ſo ergreifſt du die nahe Guitarre,
Uebertäubeſt mein Wort raſch mit der Saiten Getön,
Singſt mir des Mißtrauens Qual mit komiſchem Pathos, und wahrlich,
Endlich muß ich noch ſelbſt wieder mich flehend dir nahn.
Wahrlich, uns gaben die Götter den Sinn der ewigen Kindheit,
Lang' iſt immer die Luſt, kurz uns der flüchtige Schmerz;
Oder es wurde ſchon jetzt der olympiſchen Götter Geſchick uns,
Welches die Leidenſchaft würzet, doch nimmer vergällt.

Aus Ernſt Schulze's bezauberter Roſe.

Dritter Geſang.

Wie langſam nur die goldne Pomeranze,
Dein Pflegekind, zur ſaft'gen Reife ſchwillt,
Seit fünfmal ſchon der Baum im Blüthenglanze
Dein ſtill Gemach mit ſüßem Duft gefüllt:
So, Herrin, keimt an unſers Lebens Kranze
Manch Hoffen auf und ſchwindet ungeſtillt.
Wohl können wir von gutem Glück noch ſagen,
Will uns der Herbſt auch eine Frucht nur tragen.

Drum iſt es gut, nur *einen* Wunſch zu hegen,
In dem vereint des Lebens Strahlen glühn.
Und ſehn wir auch auf vielverſchlungnen Wegen
Manch Traumgebild vor unſerm Aug' entblühn,
So laß uns thun, wie leichte Wandrer pflegen,
Die hier und dort im Schatten wohl verziehn,
Doch munter bald entfliehn auf raſchen Füßen,
Um Weib und Kind am Abend noch zu grüßen!

Denn was man tief in einem reinen Herzen
Empfangen hat, erzogen und genährt,
Dem folge man durch Thränen und durch Schmerzen,
Durch Sturm und Nacht, durch Woge, Flamm' und Schwert!
Gefällt es auch den Göttern oft zu ſcherzen,
Wenn Vieles wir und Thörichtes begehrt,
Dem edlen Wunſch, dem ungetheilten Streben
Wird gern zuletzt der Siegeskranz gegeben.

Und muß ich ſelbſt dies Wort auch Lügen zeihen,
Weil ohne Frucht mein treues Ringen blieb,
So werd' ich doch die Stunde nie bereuen,
Die mich hinaus in dieſe Wellen trieb.
Denn willſt auch du mir keine Gunſt verleihen,
So fand ich doch ein andres holdes Lieb,
Das milder ſtets, je mehr dein Stolz mich kränkte,
Mir ſüßer Huld und reichre Gaben ſchenkte.

So war's Alpin, dem Sänger, auch ergangen,
Dem, ſeit das Glück ihn trügeriſch verließ,
Gar hold gepflegt von Wehmuth und Verlangen,
Sich freundlicher die Muſe ſtets erwies.
Wie manche Dichter prieſen und beſangen
Die goldne Zeit, das ſel'ge Paradies;
Doch jene, die das Schickſal dort geboren,
Sie prieſen's nicht, weil ſie es nicht verloren.

Doch ſind es jetzt nicht Schatten nur und Träume,
Die vor Alpin im Flug vorübergehn:
Nein, freundlich, wie durch ſanftbewegte Bäume,
Durch Blüthenhauch und leichtes Frühlingswehn,
Durch Nebelduft und flücht'ge Wolkenſäume
Zu uns herab die feſten Sterne ſehn,
Will jetzt auch ihm aus irren Traumgeſtalten
Ein ſichres Bild der Hoffnung ſich entfalten.

Und ſo begann ſein zweifelnd Herz zu ſinnen:
Was winkſt du mir ſo freundlich, holdes Licht,
Und mußt doch bald erbleichen und zerrinnen
Ein ſüßer Traum, ein täuſchendes Gedicht?
Weh mir! was kann ich hoffen, was gewinnen,
So lang mein Glück ein Traum nur mir verſpricht?
Ein Schattenbild, das nächt'ge Düfte weben,
Kann das entblühn zu Farbe, Licht und Leben?

Doch ſollten ſo die Götter uns betrügen,
So grauſam ſein im Uebermuth der Macht,
Daß ſie von fern uns holde Bilder lügen,
Wenn ſie uns Schmerz und Täuſchung zugedacht?
Sei mancher Traum auch unſrer Bruſt entſtiegen,
Die meiſten ſind aus tieferm Quell erwacht
Und nahn ſchon jetzt dem künft'gen Kreiſ' im Stillen,
Wie Geiſter, die in Körper einſt ſich hüllen.

So iſt es hier. Erſchien in manchen Stunden
Nicht räthſelhaft mir jenes theure Bild,
Von Roſen rings geröthet und umwunden
Und ſelbſt zuletzt zur reichen Blüth' enthüllt?
Nicht hat mein Herz den holden Traum erfunden,
Er lebte ſchon, noch eh' er ſich erfüllt;
Nur hält erſt jetzt den Gaſt aus luft'gen Landen
Die Wirklichkeit an ſichern Liebesbanden.

Doch ſei es auch, nicht wird er mir entblühen,
Der zarte Kelch, worin mein Hoffen ruht.
Hat doch das Glück mir Armen nichts verliehen;
Dies Saitenſpiel, es iſt mein einz'ges Gut.
Wie darf ich denn um jenen Preis mich mühen,
Der Gaben heiſcht, nicht Liebe nur und Muth?
Ein andrer wird, kein Beſſrer, ihn erwerben:
O bittres Loos, viel härter noch als ſterben!

Doch muß ich auch im tiefen Schmerz vergehen,
Wenn liebend dann im fremden Arm ſie glüht;
Doch freu' ich mich noch einmal ſie zu ſehen,
Von der ſo lang mein finſtres Loos mich ſchied.
Mein letztes Lied ſoll freundlich ſie umwehen,
Und ſterben ſoll mein Hauch in dieſem Lied,
Wie hold der Schwan mit ſüßen Melodien
Die Strahlen grüßt, die jetzt ihn ewig fliehen.

Und wird dann einſt durch ihr erbleichtes Leben
Mit mattem Glanz, wie ein umwölkter Stern,
Das Schattenbild verklungner Tage ſchweben,
Wohl denkt ſie dann auch meiner Lieder gern,
Und wie für ſie ich Alles hingegeben,
Und wie ich jetzt ſo fremd ihr bin und fern;
Wohl wird ſie dann mit naſſen Augen klagen:
Er war es werth, zu lieben, zu entſagen.

So ſinnt ſein Herz, indeß ſie weiter ſchreiten;
Doch ob er ſelbſt auch jeden Troſt ſich nimmt,
So fühlt er doch, daß hier und dort von weiten
Verführeriſch noch manches Fünkchen glimmt.
So ſieht man oft das Schiff mit Stürmen ſtreiten,
Indeß den Maſt ein heller Schein umſchwimmt.
Nicht will ſein Geiſt der Hoffnung Quell ergründen,
Ihm iſt's genug, ſie heimlich zu empfinden.

Jetzt wandeln ſie durch jene grüne Weide,
Wo ſchön geſchmückt die bunten Zelte ſtehn:
Rings glänzt die Pracht, der Ueberfluß, die Freude,
Geſang und Tanz erſchallt durch Thal und Höhn,
Rings laſſen Gold und Perlen, Sammt und Seide,
Ihn deutlicher die eigne Armuth ſehn.
Ach, ſeufzt er ſtill, nichts kannſt du jenen Schätzen,
Als nur ein Herz voll Lieb' entgegenſetzen.

Doch wenn er dann an jenes heil'ge Streben,
An jene Kraft der reichen Bruſt gedenkt,
Die unerſchöpft das ganze Wehn und Weben
Der weiten Welt geſtaltet und umfängt,
Und wunderbar das ſelbſtgeſchaffne Leben
Mit Himmelsglanz, mit ew'ger Jugend tränkt:
Dann fühlt er ſtolz, es ſei in dieſem Streite
Statt ird'ſcher Macht ein Gott auf ſeiner Seite.

Nicht kann das Spiel, das laute Mahl, der Reigen,
Die bunte Pracht jetzt ſein Gemüth erfreun,
Er wandelt fern, vertieft in heil'ges Schweigen,
Und naht ſich ſchon dem wundervollen Hain.
Wie glücklich ſcheint der Vogel auf den Zweigen,
Wie glücklich dort das Bienchen ihm zu ſein;
Sie dürfen frei durch jene Hecke fliegen
Und ſich im Laub der theuren Blume wiegen.

Und wie uns oft, wenn ferne Töne ſchallen,
Vergangenheit ihr dämmernd Reich erſchließt,
Und freundlich uns mit ihren Träumen allen,
Mit jedem Wort verblühter Liebe grüßt;
So ſcheint der Duft um ſeine Bruſt zu wallen,
Der um den Hain auf lauen Lüften fließt,
Und hold entblühn in ahnungsvoller Ferne
Das alte Glück, die längſt erloſchnen Sterne.

Doch wie die Stern' am Abend uns begleiten
Und Morgens früh als Führer vor uns ziehn,
So ſcheint auch das, was ſonſt in dunkeln Weiten
Ein ſchwindend Licht der Heimath ihm erſchien,
Ihn freundlich jetzt zum künft'gen Glück zu leiten
Und wie ein Kranz am ſchönen Ziel zu blühn.
Der iſt beglückt, wem ewig unveraltet
Erinn'rung ſtets zur Hoffnung ſich geſtaltet.

Wie mancher Wahn, wie manche Wünſche ſteigen
In ihm empor, wie wechſeln Wang und Blick!
Die Hecke nur, ſie trennt mit ſchwachen Zweigen
Den Nahen jetzt von ſeinem ganzen Glück.
Was hindert ihn, ſie muthig zu erſteigen?
Er ſteht, er naht, er bebt, er tritt zurück.
Der einſt gezagt, den Bach zu überſpringen,
Wie dürft' er jetzt durch jene Hecke dringen?

O holde Schaam, du deckſt mit ſichrer Hülle
Den ſüßen Reiz, der zart und wehrlos blüht,
Und friedlich weicht des Mannes Wunſch und Wille
Der Jungfrau arglos waltendem Gemüth.
O freundliche, o vielwillkommne Stille!
Die Sehnſucht ſchläft und fühlt nicht, daß ſie glüht.
Wohlthätig kühlt aus einem fremden Herzen
Der keuſche Hauch auch unſre wilden Schmerzen.

Indeß umſchwamm des Berges grüne Höhen
Entfernter ſchon der Sonne goldner Schein,
Das Abendroth ließ ſeine Schleier wehen
Und hüllte rings das Thal in Roſen ein,
Und ſpielend floß der Kühle lindes Wehen
Von Blatt zu Blatt hold liſpelnd durch den Hain;
Der reife Tag begann beim ſpäten Scheiden
Sich in des Herbſtes bunten Glanz zu kleiden.

Da ſcholl vom Schloß aus ſilbernen Trompeten
Durch's weite Thal ein feierlicher Klang,
Der fern umher, wohin die Lüft' ihn wehten,
Durch Berg und Thal, durch Hain und Grotten drang.
Rings ſchwiegen jetzt die Cymbeln und die Flöten,
Der laute Tanz, der fröhliche Geſang,
Und jeder Gaſt vom hellen Ton getroffen,
Schien ſchweigend jetzt ein ſchönres Feſt zu hoffen.

Doch bald erhob ſich aus den ſeidnen Zelten
Ein bunt Gewühl, ein freudiges Getön!
Man ſah, wie dort ſich blanke Schaaren ſtellten,
Um ſchön gereiht durch's Thal heranzugehn;
Weit flog der Glanz, und leichte Lüfte ſchwellten
Die Fahnen hoch mit feierlichem Wehn;
Die Harfe ſchien mit zarten Liebesliedern
Den ernſten Ruf vom Schloſſe zu erwiedern.

Und angeführt von holden Sängerchören
Begann die Schaar durch's grüne Feld zu ziehn.
Man ſah den Strahl der Sonn' auf blanken Speeren,
Auf Schilden rings und goldnen Helmen glühn;
Und lieblich, wie umhegt von reifen Aehren
Cyanen oft und Mohn und Winden blühn;
So ließen ſich mit leichtem Schmuck die Frauen
Im Waffenkreis der kühnen Ritter ſchauen.

Wie hoch voran drei ſtolze Fahnen flogen,
War dreifach auch die Kriegerſchaar gereiht,
Vor jeder kam ein mächt'ger Fürſt gezogen
In bunter Pracht, mit glänzendem Geleit.
Dicht wälzte ſich das Volk in breiten Wogen,
Hier drang es zu, dort wich es ſchnell zerſtreut;
Wie Jene Den, wie Dieſe Jenen prieſen,
So wählten ſie zum Sieg bald Den, bald Dieſen.

Schon nahten ſie des Gartens hohen Pforten,
Die Menge ſtand, es ſchwieg der Sängerchor;
Doch wie geſprengt von ſtarken Zauberworten,
Sprang klirrend jetzt das goldne Gitterthor,
Und lieblich ſcholl aus jenen ſtillen Orten
Mit langem Hall ein ſüßer Klang hervor,
Wie Memnons Bild, dem Oſten zugewendet,
Die Mutter grüßt, die neues Licht ihm ſendet.

Wohl dachte jetzt ein jeder ſtolze Freier:
Mir gilt der Gruß, mich ruft der holde Laut,
Bald heb' ich froh den zarten Roſenſchleier,
Und mild erwarmt in meinem Arm die Braut.
Alpino nur ward trauriger und ſcheuer,
Der Wahn entſchwand, worauf er ſtill getraut,
Er fühlte tief bei jenem ſüßen Klingen:
Dich grüßt ſie nicht, du haſt ihr nichts zu bringen.

Hold ſchimmerten des Haines höchſte Kronen
Vom ſpäten Strahl des Abends matt und mild,
Doch tiefer ſchien die Ruhe ſchon zu wohnen,
In ſüße Träum', in grüne Nacht gehüllt.
Wie reizend wird hier bald die Liebe lohnen,
Wenn erſt der Mond den Hain mit Silber füllt,
Und durch's Gebüſch ein Liſpeln leiſ' und loſe
Von Seufzern rauſcht und traulichem Gekoſe!

O ſüßer Kelch voll Lieb' und Luſt und Bangen,
Den einmal nur das arme Glück uns ſchenkt,
Wenn Bruſt an Bruſt, umfangend und umfangen,
Und Mund an Mund und Seel' an Seele hängt,
Und Gegenwart, Erinn'rung und Verlangen
In einen Kuß, in einen Hauch ſich drängt!
Vorbei, vorbei, du Bild voll bittrer Schmerzen,
Du ſüßes Bild, du Fremdling meinem Herzen!

Ich hab' umſonſt geſtritten und gerungen,
Ich hab' umſonſt ſo lang' und treu gedient,
Nie hält mein Arm den theuren Leib umſchlungen,
Die alte Schuld bleibt ewig unverſühnt.
Der Harfe frohe Saiten ſind geſprungen,
Der Kranz iſt welk, der einſt mein Haupt umgrünt.
Nur einen Kuß für ein verlornes Leben,
Den armen Lohn, du wirſt ihn nimmer geben.

Sieht jetzt Alpin auch jede Hoffnung fliehen,
Gern tauſcht' ich doch mit ſeinem mein Geſchick;
Er ſah doch einſt die ſel'ge Stunde blühen,
War glücklich doch den kurzen Augenblick.
Dies Flammenbild wird ewig in ihm glühen,
Und weint er auch, ſo weint er um ein Glück.
Wohl mag den Schmerz dies Wort ihm freundlich löſen:
Auch du biſt in Arkadien geweſen.

Indeß ergoß mit feſtlichem Gepränge
Die helle Schaar in dichtgeſchloſſ'nen Reihn,
Im ſüßen Duft der kühlen Laubengänge
Auf weichem Pfad ſich wogend durch den Hain.
Stets näher kam das Wehn der holden Klänge,
Stets höher ſtieg der Sonne ſpäter Schein,
Da zeigte ſich das Ziel der irren Wege,
Ein grün Gefild mit waldigem Gehege.

Allein wie ſüß auch hier die Vögel girrten,
Wie weich der Fuß in's duft'ge Grün auch ſank,
Wie friedlich auch aus Roſen und aus Myrten
Manch Laubendach ſich blühend hier verſchlang;
Die Augen, die den weiten Raum durchirrten,
Verweilten doch auf dieſer Flur nicht lang:
Ein ſchönres Bild da drüben in den Wogen
Hat jeden Blick magnetiſch angezogen.

Denn wallend ſchmückt mit ſilberhellem Spiegel
Die Wieſ' ein See, vom grünen Rand umwebt,
Aus deſſen Fluth ein duft'ger Blumenhügel,
Von Schatten kühl, die ſel'gen Ufer hebt;
Und wie geneigt mit weitgeſchlagnem Flügel
Durch blaue Luft die bunte Iris ſchwebt,
So fügen ſich gewölbt von Strand zu Strande
Mit leichtem Schwung der Brücke goldne Bande.

Wie nach und nach von einem zarten Liede
Der leiſe Klang verdämmert, bebt und ruht,
So brach ſich ſanft, des bunten Spieles müde,
Am weichen Strand halb träumend ſchon die Fluth,
Und drüben ſchwamm am Hain der heitre Friede
Im Abendroth, in ſpäter Sonnengluth;
Schon ſchloß die Nacht die fernen, grünen Tiefen,
Wo weich im Moos die zarten Blumen ſchliefen.

Und Alles, was in ſeinen ſchönſten Träumen
Das junge Herz geahnet und geſehn,
Das ſcheint ihm dort zu blühen und zu keimen,
Und leiſ' im Duft zu ihm heranzuwehn;
Und jeder ſieht fern unter jenen Bäumen
Das erſte Bild der frühſten Liebe gehn,
In jener Buchen Grün, in jenen Hecken
Scheint jedem dort ſein Glück ſich zu verſtecken.

Und wo die Zweig' am ſchönſten ſich geſellen,
Und Licht und Schatten ſpielt im zarten Grün
Wo duftiger die weichen Kräuter ſchwellen,
Und farbiger die hellen Blumen blühn,
Wo flüchtiger des Baches friſche Wellen
Durch's irre Gras mit ſüßerm Rieſeln fliehn,
Da ſieht man leiſ' auf bunten goldnen Gittern
Den letzten Strahl der Sonne glühn und zittern.

Dort ſteht umhegt im reinlich glatten Raume
Im Zauberſchlaf der Roſe blühend Bild:
Nie ſinkt der Thau von ihrer Blätter Saume,
Stets ſäuſeln dort die Lüfte lau und mild;
Und wie ſich oft im friedlich leiſen Traume
Des Kindes Mund mit ſüßem Lächeln füllt,
So ſieht man ſanft das ſchlummernd wache Leben
Mit leichtem Glanz um ihre Blätter ſchweben.

Und wie ſie einſt ſo reich an keuſcher Sitte,
So ſtill, ſo zart, und doch ſo leicht und klar,
Für einen Thron, für eine Schäferhütte
Zu ſchüchtern nicht und nicht zu prangend war:
So beut auch jetzt in grüner Blätter Mitte
Das holde Bild ſich unbefangen dar,
Und ſcheint ſich, ſanft gewiegt auf ſchlanken Zweigen,
Von Keimen ab zu Keimen hinzuneigen.

Und wie ſich einſt Gedanken und Gefühle
In zarter Bruſt aus tiefem Quell erregt,
Geahnet kaum, nach einem fernen Ziele
Verlangend oft und ſchüchtern doch bewegt:
So wallt auch jetzt ihr Duft im leichten Spiele
Und weiß es nicht, wohin der Weſt ihn trägt;
Doch läßt auch nie ſein Walten ſich erſpähen,
Es iſt des Geiſtes tiefſtes, innres Wehen.

Und wenn auch rings die zartgewebte Hülle
Sich leiſe nur und ſchüchtern erſt getrennt,
So kündet doch des Duftes reiche Fülle,
Das helle Roth, wovon die Wang' ihr brennt,
Schon trag' ihr Herz in jungfräulicher Stille
Ein ſüßes Bild, das ſie allein nur kennt,
Doch zögernd nur, mit keuſchem Widerſtreben
Geſtalte ſie den holden Traum zum Leben.

Doch außerhalb dem goldnen Gitterrande
Stand ſchön geſchmückt ein hoher Thron bereit:
Dort ſaß mit Kron' und purpurnem Gewande
Der alte Fürſt in ernſter Herrlichkeit,
Und rings umher nach Jahren, Würd' und Stande
Viel Weiſ' im Rath, viel Helden kühn im Streit,
Die Perlen, die ſein fürſtlich Scepter zieren,
Zum Warnen klug und tapfer zum Vollführen.

Und tiefer ſaß, wo auf den bunten Auen
Manch' weicher Sitz aus Raſen ſich geſchwellt,
Ein holder Kreis von Mädchen und von Frauen,
Gleich einem Netz, das Amor aufgeſtellt.
Und wie wir gern die bunten Kränze ſchauen,
Worin die Frucht den Blüthen ſich geſellt,
So miſchten dort mit edler Mien' und Sitte
Viel Jünglinge ſich in der Schönen Mitte.

Und froh vereint, das zarte Feſt zu krönen,
Begannen ſie bei hellem Harfenklang
Den Liederſtreit, der lind' in leichten Tönen
Weit über'n See durch Wieſ' und Haine drang.
Erſt lockte ſüß das leiſe Lied der Schönen,
Dann ſchallte laut der Jünglinge Geſang,
Bis nach und nach des Liedes Doppelflammen
Im holden Chor zu einem Glanz verſchwammen.

Indeſſen reih'n ſich drüben ſchon die Mohren,
Schon haben ſtolz und froher Hoffnung voll
Durch's heil'ge Loos die Fürſten den erkoren,
Der jetzt zuerſt die Gabe bieten ſoll.
Noch einmal wird der Bundeseid geſchworen,
Sich ohne Liſt zu nahn und ohne Groll,
Und, wem den Sieg die Götter auch gewähren,
Des Siegers Recht zu ſchützen und zu ehren.

Dann trennte ſich der reiche Zug vom Lande:
Ihn führte ſtolz mit ſeinem Dienertroß
Der Inderfürſt im purpurnen Gewande,
Das weit herab in weiten Falten floß;
Dann kam der Mohr von Taprobana's Strande,
Den wellengrün der Panzerrock umſchloß;
Doch leicht umſpielt mit feuergelber Seide
Ging Saba's Herr im hochgeſchürzten Kleide.

Wohl ſchien's, als ob ihr Schmuck ſchon jetzt verriethe,
Auf welchen Rath ein jeder ſtill vertraut:
Denn während Den die goldne Kron' umglühte,
Schien Jenes Stirn von Perlen überthaut,
Der Dritte trug im Haar die duft'ge Blüthe,
Woraus ſein Neſt der edle Phönix baut.
So gingen ſie mit zuverſicht'gem Blicke
Den goldnen Pfad der weit gewölbten Brücke.

Dann folgte ſtolz, wie mit erborgten Strahlen
Der Mond ſich ſchmückt, mit feierlichem Gang
Die Dienerſchaar und trug die goldnen Schaalen,
Die jeder Blick neugierig längſt verſchlang.
Alpino auch, der jetzt mit allen Qualen
Der Eiferſucht, der Furcht, der Hoffnung rang,
Hat liſtig ſich in ihren Kreis geſtohlen,
Als wär' auch ihm ein Theil der Laſt befohlen.

O wie ſein Herz unbändig ſchlug und bebte,
Als jetzt der Zug am goldnen Gitter ſtand!
Wie jeder Puls zu ihr, zu ihr nur ſtrebte,
Nur ſie allein ſein ganzes Herz empfand!
Wie jedes Glück ſo nah' ihn jetzt umſchwebte,
Wie jedes Glück in ew'ger Fern' ihm ſchwand!
Wohl ſcheint dies Gitter ihm die dunkle Schwelle,
Nicht weiß er, ob des Himmels, ob der Hölle.

Doch mag ſein Loos, wohin es will, ihn führen,
Sie ſteht doch jetzt vor ſeinen Augen da,
Faſt kann ſein Arm, ſein Athem ſie berühren,
Die heimlich ſonſt ſein Blick von fern nur ſah.
Unmoglich iſt's, er kann ſie nicht verlieren,
Sie ſcheint zu hold, zu eigen ihm, zu nah —
O raſche Lieb', o täuſchendes Vertrauen,
Du wirſt ein Schloß auf einen Sandkorn bauen!

Als nun gemach mit zitternd leiſem Halle
Das ſüße Lied der Sänger ſich verlor,
Da ſchritt, umtönt von lautem Paukenſchalle,
Mit ſtolzem Blick der Inderfürſt hervor.
Rings reihten ſich die bunten Diener alle,
Und jeder hob die Schleier jetzt empor,
Die feierlich der Gabe lichtes Prangen
Mit ſeidnem Schmuck verhüllend noch umfangen.

Und ſieh, das Gold, das tief mit breitem Wallen
Vom Felſengrund der alte Ganges ſtreift,
Und das der Greif mit ſcharfen Löwenkrallen
Dem Jäger wehrt, der durch die Berge ſchweift,
Und jenes, das, wenn ſie die tiefen Hallen
Des Hauſes wölbt, die Ameiſ' im Sande häuft;
Dies Alles ſchoß aus hundert ſchweren Schaalen
Auf einmal jetzt die tauſendfachen Strahlen.

Doch köſtlicher an Reinheit, Farb' und Helle,
Als jenes, das der harte Stein gezollt,
Erzitterte mit ſchwer gediegner Welle
Im weiten Kelch' das trinkbar feuchte Gold,
Das einmal nur im Jahr aus heil'gem Quelle
Mit hellem Klang die Zauberwellen rollt.
Als dieſen Kelch der mächt'ge Fürſt erhoben,
Begann er ſo der Gabe Werth zu loben:

Das Licht nur weckt die erſten zarten Blüthen,
Im Licht nur kann die ſpäte Frucht gedeih'n;
Die Strahlen, die dem heil'gen Licht entſprühten,
Sog tief der Schooß der dunklen Erde ein.
Sie komm' ich jetzt, o Schönſte, dir zu bieten.
Der Sonne Bild iſt ja das Gold allein;
Drum krönt es auch der Fürſten Stirn zum Zeichen,
Daß ſie an Huld und Macht den Göttern gleichen.

So ſpricht der Fürſt. Und wie der Wirth beim Mahle
Das köſtlichſte den gnäd'gen Göttern bringt,
So gießt er jetzt aus glänzendem Pokale
Den edlen Trank, der ſchwer herniederſinkt.
Hold zittert rings das Grün im hellen Strahle
Des goldnen Thaus, der ſüß im Fallen klingt.
Doch, tief verſteckt in ihrem weichen Mooſe,
Steht unbewegt und unenthüllt die Roſe.

Und zürnend tritt, in ſeinem Wahn betrogen,
Der Fürſt zurück mit halb erſticktem Fluch.
Da naht der Mohr von Taprobana's Wogen,
Dem jetzt das Herz von kühner Hoffnung ſchlug;
Und mit ihm kam der Diener Schaar gezogen,
Die in der Hand kryſtallne Muſcheln trug,
Von deren Rand mit zartverwebten Schlingen
Zur Erd' hinab goldhelle Netze hingen.

Und als er jetzt die Hüllen weggenommen,
Da wähnt man faſt bei jenem lichten Schein,
Der Meeresgott ſei ſelbſt emporgekommen,
Mit reicher Gab' um ſeine Braut zu frein:
So herrlich iſt der Perlen Glanz entglommen,
Die groß und dicht ſich in den Muſcheln reihn.
Noch ſtaunen rings die Männer und die Frauen,
Da ſpricht er ſo mit kühnerem Vertrauen:

Die Sonn' erquickt, doch kann ſie auch verzehren:
Doch friedlich ſchafft der nächtlich ſtille Thau:
Ihm gnügt es nicht zu tränken und zu nähren,
Er breitet hold den Himmel auf die Au!
Die Roſe muß zur Sonne ſich verklären,
Das Veilchen ſich zum luft'gen Sternenblau;
Doch nur zu bald zerrinnt ſein zarter Schimmer,
Und nur ſein Bild, die Perle, leuchtet immer.

So ſpricht der Mohr und ſtreut mit ſtolzen Blicken
Die reiche Saat umher in's weiche Grün,
Daß tief vom Wurf die ſchlanken Blumen nicken,
Und hell im Kelch die lichten Tropfen glühn.
Schon wähnt er jetzt den holden Lohn zu pflücken
Und ſieht getäuſcht die Roſe ſchon entblühn;
Doch, tief verſteckt in ihrem weichen Mooſe,
Steht unbewegt und unenthüllt die Roſe.

Als ſo der Stolz des reichen Mohren ſchwindet,
Hebt Saba's Herr ſein heimlich lächelnd Haupt;
Sein leichter Schritt, ſein freier Blick verkündet,
Daß er allein den Spruch zu deuten glaubt.
In Körbchen, nur aus zartem Baſt geründet,
Ruht ſein Geſchenk, von Blättern überlaubt;
Doch läßt der Duft, der ſüß mit leiſer Schwinge
Die Körb' umſpielt, ſchon ahnen, was er bringe.

Denn jeden Strauch, worin auf Saba's Auen
Der heiße Strahl die ſüßern Düfte pflegt,
Die Blüthen dort, die ſtets zur Sonne ſchauen,
Die Aehren, die der reiche Nardus trägt,
Den goldnen Saft, den Myrrh' und Weihrauch thauen,
Den edlen Zimmt, den man nach Golde wägt,
Was köſtlich nur im Süden blüht und theuer,
Das beut mit dieſem Wort der mächt'ge Freier:

Was kann der Thau, was kann die Sonne geben,
Da Beider Licht ſich wandelt und verglimmt,
Wenn ewig nicht des Geiſtes friſches Leben
Mit lauem Hauch durch Höh'n und Tiefen ſchwimmt?
Mag drum der Menſch nach Gold und Perlen ſtreben,
Der Weihrauch iſt den Göttern nur beſtimmt;
Er kann allein auf unſichtbaren Schwingen,
Des Geiſtes Bild, zum hohen Himmel dringen.

So ſpricht der Fürſt, und in kryſtallnem Spiegel
Verſammelt er der Sonne letzten Schein,
Und leicht entflammt zerſtreut mit buntem Flügel
Der ſüße Duft ſich durch den dunkeln Hain;
Ein zart Gewölk umwallt den Blumenhügel,
Ein ſel'ger Rauſch nimmt Aller Herzen ein.
Doch, tief verſteckt in ihrem weichen Mooſe,
Steht unbewegt und unenthüllt die Roſe.

Als nun beſchämt die ſtolzen Freier ſtehen,
Als traurig nun auf jenes Zauberbild
Die holden Frau'n, die edlen Ritter ſehen,
Und ſelbſt Aſtolf die Thränen nicht verhüllt,
Da hörte man ein Säuſeln und ein Wehen,
Wie wenn die Fluth von leiſen Wogen ſchwillt;
Auf Lüften ſchien und Wellen, wie vom weiten,
Mit ſüßem Klang dies Wort heranzugleiten:

Tief ruht das Gold in unterird'ſchen Hallen
Und ſchlummert träg und glanzlos im Geſtein;
Und ſoll das Licht der Perle dir gefallen,
Muß hell auf ſie der Strahl die Funken ſtreun;
Der Lüfte nur und nur der Flamme Wallen
Vermag dem Duft die Schwingen zu verleihn.
Wer dürftig nur ſein ſcheinbar eignes Leben
Von Andern borgt, kann der es Andern geben?

Nie wird dem Stoff des Geiſtes Werk gelingen,
Der heiter ſich am leichten Schaffen freut.
Nein, liebend muß ſich gleiche Kraft durchdringen,
Und Seel' und Seel' im ſüßen Wechſelſtreit,
Und Form und Form anmuthig ſpielend ringen,
Bis athmend ſich das zarte Kind befreit
Und, reich begabt im Duften und im Blühen,
Zurückgiebt, was der Meiſter ihm verliehen.

So ſprach die Stimm', und durch des Haines Schweigen
Verhallte ſie mit liſpelnd leichtem Laut.
Und ſchon begann der Mond emporzuſteigen,
Die Erde lag gleich einer blüh'nden Braut,
Die, leiſ' entſchlüpft dem hochzeitlichen Reigen,
Süß ahnend jetzt dem Freund entgegenſchaut.
Schon waren jetzt unmuthig und betrogen
Zu ihrem Heer die Freier heimgezogen.

Da naht' Alpin, bewegt von Furcht und Sehnen,
Dem Kreiſe ſich mit ſittig ſtillem Gang,
Indeß, durchſpielt von träumeriſchen Tönen,
In leichter Hand die goldne Harfe klang.
Er neigte ſich dem König und den Schönen
Mit zücht'gem Blick, dann ſtand er zart und ſchlank.
Und auf das Bild des ſchönen Jünglings ſchauen
Verwundert jetzt die Mädchen und die Frauen.

Dann ſpricht er ſo: Nicht wird es mir gelingen,
Wonach umſonſt die Fürſten ſich bemüht;
Doch möcht' auch ich die arme Gabe bringen,
Die heimlich mir im ſtillen Herzen blüht.
Und kann Alpin auch nur ein Lied euch ſingen,
Man hört ja gern ein ſanftes Schlummerlied,
Wenn leiſ' empor aus tiefem Waldesſchweigen
Im Mondenglanz die bunten Träume ſteigen.

So ſpricht Alpin, der Sänger zarter Lieder,
Ihm neigt Aſtolf den Scepter fürſtlich mild.
Und Jener läßt in's weiche Grün ſich nieder,
Das ſchon der Thau mit neuen Düften füllt,
Erſt flattert leicht mit zitterndem Gefieder
Im irren Klang des künft'gen Liedes Bild,
Bis nach und nach mit immer kühnerm Schwellen
Geſang und Wort den Saiten ſich geſellen.

Und horch, er ſingt, wie leiſ' aus tiefen Keimen
In ſichrer Nacht der Roſe Kelch ſich webt
Und, dicht umhegt von grünen Blätterſäumen,
Vom friſchen Quell der künft'gen Düfte lebt,
Und wenn auch ſchon in ihren engen Räumen
Die reiche Form ſich üppig drängt und hebt,
Doch ſtill der Geiſt, von Luſt und Leid geſchieden,
Noch ſchlummernd ruht in unbewußtem Frieden.

Doch wenn der Lenz mit ſeinem Wehn und Wallen,
Mit ſeiner Luſt durch Erd' und Himmel dringt,
Wenn weit umher das Lied der Nachtigallen,
Der Biene Flug, der Quelle Rieſeln klingt,
Wenn Blüthen rings entkeimen, blühn und fallen,
Und jede Nacht den reichen Schmuck verjüngt,
Dann fühlt auch ſie in ihrer dichten Hülle
Der Hoffnung Luſt, des Lebens ſel'ge Fülle.

Doch nicht, wie rings beim erſten lauen Beben
Der Maienluft aus ihrer Knospe Grün
Voll Ungeduld die andern Blumen ſtreben
Und früher zwar, doch kurz und dürftig blühn,
Verſchwendet ſie in raſcher Luſt das Leben,
Und knospet lang, um herrlicher zu glühn;
Still ruht, genährt von Hoffnung und Verlangen,
Der reiche Schatz in ihrer Bruſt gefangen.

Doch wenn gemach die Hüllen ſich entfalten,
Und ſich mit Gold des Buſens Tiefe füllt,
Blickt heller ſtets durch ſeines Kerkers Spalten
Mit friſcher Luſt das halbverſchämte Bild,
Und freut ſich ſtill der wechſelnden Geſtalten,
Die bunt umher die neue Welt enthüllt;
Ihr frühſter Duft, des Athems erſtes Weben
Iſt Liebe ſchon und wähnt, er ſei nur Leben.

Ja herrlich iſt's, wenn nicht mit Blitzesſchnelle
Ein fremder Geiſt, von wilder Luſt bewegt,
Der heil'ge Strahl im tiefen Lebensquelle
Bewußtlos ſchon die leiſen Schwingen regt
Und unerſchöpft die reiche Gluth und Helle
Durch jeden Puls des reichen Herzens trägt,
Wenn jede Kraft, ſtets wirkend, nie verſchwendet,
Aus Lieb' entſpringt, in Liebe lebt und endet.

Doch Alles harrt ſchon lang in ſüßem Schweigen,
Wenn nach und nach die ſüße Hülle bricht:
Kaum regt das zarte Laub ſich auf den Zweigen,
Die Welle zieht die leiſen Kreiſe nicht,
Die Blumen ſchaun empor, die Blüthen neigen
Aus grüner Wieg' ihr helles Angeſicht,
Der Thau verzieht zur Flur hinabzufließen,
Das Lüftchen weilt, um ſie zuerſt zu grüßen.

Und wenn nun früh der Gott in heil'ger Stille
Aus goldnem Thor den erſten Strahl geſandt,
Dann löſt auch ſie der Hoffnung grüne Hülle
Und zeigt verſchämt das bräutliche Gewand.
Entfeſſelt ſtrömt des Duftes ſel'ge Fülle,
Sie ſchaut empor, erkennend und erkannt;
Er, der ſie früh erzogen und geſtaltet,
Er iſt's, dem ſich ihr reiner Kelch entfaltet.

Und wie, geſchmückt mit nie gehoffter Krone,
Die Schäferin, des Königs junge Braut,
Die arglos einſt dem frommen Fürſtenſohne
Im ſtillen Thal ihr freies Herz vertraut,
Beſcheiden jetzt vom purpurhellen Throne
Auf's freud'ge Volk und ſtaunend niederſchaut:
So blickt auch ſie verſchämt herab von oben
Und weiß es nicht, wer ſie ſo hoch erhoben.

Doch Alles ſingt und blüht und lacht in Helle,
Liebkoſend grüßt der Lenz ſein ſchönſtes Kind:
Der Schmetterling, die gaukelnde Libelle,
Das Bienchen naht, der laue Morgenwind,
Und Alles trinkt aus ihrem duft'gen Quelle,
Der jugendlich aus tauſend Adern rinnt;
Denn ob ihr Strom auch nur für Einen walle,
Die ſel'ge Lieb' iſt reich genug für Alle.

Und freier jetzt vom hellen Licht umwaltet
Und inniger durchſtrömt vom lauen Wehn,
Läßt reicher ſtets und üppiger entfaltet
Der volle Kelch die irren Tiefen ſehn.
So ſcheint, weil ſtets ihr Glanz ſich neu geſtaltet,
Uns aus der Lieb' erſt Liebe zu entſtehn;
Denn wandelbar mit ewig bunter Welle
Rinnt unverſiegt des Lebens heil'ge Quelle.

Wie hängt ſie jetzt mit ſchmachtendem Verlangen
An ihm allein, den ſie zuerſt geliebt!
Nicht will ſie minder geben als empfangen,
Und reicher wird ſie ſtets, je mehr ſie giebt.
Selbſt wenn er ſpät in's Meer hinabgegangen,
Und ſchwere Nacht den bleichen Himmel trübt,
Wohl mögen dann ſich andre Blumen ſchließen,
Sie duftet fort, den Fernen noch zu grüßen.

Und wenn, geführt vom drohend dumpfen Schweigen,
Mit ſchwerem Saum an ſchwülen Himmelshöhn
Zum Kampf empor die Wetterwolken ſteigen
Und um den Gott in finſterm Trotze ſtehn,
Dann läßt ſie bang der Sorge ſüße Zeugen,
Aus heißer Bruſt die vollern Düfte wehn.
Denn ſchöner oft als in des Glückes Tagen,
Bewährt ſich Lieb' in Schmerzen und in Zagen.

Doch wenn er dann den harten Kampf vollendet
Und freundlich jetzt den leichten Morgenwind,
Den kühlen Thau als Siegesboten ſendet,
Dann freut ſich ſtill das zarte Frühlingskind
Und ſteht verſchämt, vom Himmel abgewendet,
Und athmet kaum und duftet leiſ' und lind.
O reines Herz, wie iſt im droh'nden Leide
Dein Muth ſo ſtark, wie ſchüchtern in der Freude!

So blüh' empor zum reichen, keuſchen Leben,
Du ſchlummernder, verhüllter Liebesſtern,
Und ſieh' entzückt, wenn ſich die Schleier heben,
Das neue Licht und dufte nah' und fern!
Dies Lied nur kann der arme Sänger geben,
Sein letztes iſt's, er giebt ſein letztes gern.
Und wirſt du einſt, wer es geſungen, fragen,
Wer weiß dir dann auch nur ſein Grab zu ſagen?

So ſang Alpin. Und als er ausgeſungen,
Und weit umher noch Welle, Luft und Grün
Im glatten See und in den Dämmerungen
Des ſtillen Hains entzückt zu lauſchen ſchien,
Beginnt der Ton, noch eh' er ganz verklungen,
Zum ſichtbar holden Leben aufzublühn;
Nicht weiß man mehr, ob noch das leiſe Schallen
Der Klänge bebe, ob zarter Düfte Wallen.

Und bunter ſtets verſchweben und zerrinnen,
Wie Welle ſich an Welle ſpielend bricht,
Die Klänge jetzt, und lieblich zittert's drinnen,
Wie heller Thau, wie Duft und Morgenlicht;
Geſtalt und Form ſtrebt Alles zu gewinnen,
Und blühend tritt in's Leben das Gedicht.
Denn was das Herz einſt tief und wahr empfunden,
Das lebt und bleibt dem großen All verbunden.

Und wie der Mond, von Wolken leiſ' umflogen,
Obgleich er ſelbſt dem Auge ſich verhüllt,
Hold dämmernd noch den blauen Himmelsbogen,
Die Wolken ſelbſt mit zartem Lichte füllt:
So färben hell ſich jene flücht'gen Wogen
Vom Purpurglanz, der aus der Roſe quillt;
Doch läßt ihr Kelch, wie Träum' im ſtillen Wehen
Der Dämmerung, von ferne nur ſich ſehen.

Und ſieh, es ſchwillt aus ihrem weichen Mooſe
Stets blühender die reiche Knosp' empor,
Und lieblich ſchaut jetzt aus der offnen Roſe
Mit goldner Kron' ein holdes Haupt hervor;
Und rings umher verwebt ſich leiſ' und loſe
Der Blätter Grün zum weichen, ſeidnen Flor;
Schon ſcheint der Thau, der hell am Kelch gehangen,
Als Perlenſchnur am weißen Hals zu prangen.

Und als gemach der bunte Zauberreigen
Von Duft und Klang verdämmert und verhallt,
Steht zart und ſchlank, in ahnungsvollem Schweigen,
Mit irrem Blick die blühende Geſtalt.
Man ſieht die zarte Bruſt tief athmend ſteigen,
Vom erſten Hauch des Lebens neu durchwallt,
Bang regen ſich die kaum gelöſten Glieder,
Sie hebt den Fuß und ſenkt ihn ſchüchtern wieder.

Und wie, gelockt von hellen Frühlingstagen,
Die Vöglein verzagt zum erſten Mal
Aus weichem Neſt von Zweig zu Zweig ſich wagen,
Von Buſch zu Buſch mit zweifelhafter Wahl:
So lenkt auch ſie im Staunen und im Zagen
Bald hier, bald dort der Blicke lichten Strahl
Und ſieht entzückt bei zarter Mondenhelle
Wald, Wieſ' und Flur, Land, Blüthen, Duft und Welle.

Doch als ſie jetzt mit ungewiſſen Blicken
Alpin erkannt, der ſchweigend vor ihr kniet,
Welch' Zauberband mag da ihr Haupt umſtricken,
Daß ſie auf ihn, auf ihn allein nur ſieht?
O wie von Schaam, von Liebe, von Entzücken
Ihr Buſen wallt, ihr holdes Antlitz glüht!
Und ſucht auch oft ihr Auge ſich zu wenden,
Stets muß es nur noch ſüßre Strahlen ſenden.

Und als ſie jetzt dem lieblichen Verlangen
Der vollen Bruſt nicht länger widerſtrebt
Und ſüß verſchämt, mit roſenhellen Wangen,
Mit Blicken, die ein trunkner Glanz belebt,
Sich zitternd neigt, ihn freundlich zu umfangen,
Und ſüß ihr Hauch auf ſeinen Lippen ſchwebt,
Und, von der Gluth des Kuſſes tief entzündet,
In ein Gefühl ſein ganzes Leben ſchwindet:

Wer dürfte da mit kaltem Herzen ſagen,
Es zieme nur dem thörichten Gemüth,
Sein ganzes Glück für eine Gunſt zu wagen,
Die plötzlich naht und, kaum genoſſen, flieht!
Nein, Flammen ſind's, die aus dem Buſen ſchlagen,
Das Leben iſt's, das helle Funken ſprüht;
Zum neuen Sein ſchmilzt Geiſt und Geiſt zuſammen,
Und glänzend ſteigt ein Phönix aus den Flammen.

Indeſſen ſcheint, da rings in freud'gem Schweigen
Noch Alles ſtaunt, vom Himmel hell und hold
Im Mondenlicht ſich ein Geſtirn zu neigen,
Das leicht herab auf Silberwolken rollt.
Schon zittert bunt in Blüthen und auf Zweigen
Der ferne Glanz, die Welle ſchwimmt wie Gold;
Doch ſieht man bald, es ſei ein heller Wagen,
Den durch die Luft zwei raſche Greifen tragen.

So nahten ſie, und jedes Aug' erkannte
An ihres Sternenſchleiers leichtem Wehn
Und an dem Strahl, der um die Stirn ihr brannte,
Mit banger Luſt die Königin der Feen.
Und neben ihr zur Rechten ließ Janthe,
Leontes ſich zu ihrer Linken ſehn;
Sie, ſchlank und zart im ew'gen Jugendlichte,
Er, männlich ernſt, mit würd'gem Angeſichte.

Als nun zur Erd' herabgeneigt im Grünen
Mit hellem Licht der goldne Wagen ſtand,
Da nahte ſich Klotilden und Alpinen,
Die Königin im glänzenden Gewand.
Hold grüßte ſie das Paar mit gnäd'gen Mienen
Und bot ihm ſanft die wunderkräft'ge Hand;
Dann führte ſie mit ernſter Huld zu Jenen
Die Liebenden und ſprach mit milden Tönen:

Empfangt den Sohn, den ihr ſo lang' verloren!
Er hat verſöhnt, was eure Schuld gefehlt.
Schon iſt das Bild, das ſeine Lieb' erkoren,
Durch ſeine Lieb' entfaltet und beſeelt;
Sein Zauber hat den regen Geiſt beſchworen
Und lieblich ihn der zarten Form vermählt.
Nur todten Glanz kann Macht und Reichthum zeigen;
Das Leben iſt allein dem Sänger eigen.

So ſprach die Fee. Doch raſch und freudetrunken
Sind jene Zwei, noch eh' die Wort' entfliehn,
Schon in den Arm der Aeltern hingeſunken,
Hier weint Klotild', und drüben jauchzt Alpin.
Und wie im Sturm die längſt begrabnen Funken
Erloſchner Gluth zur friſchen Flamm' entſprühn,
So muß auch hier jetzt Alt und Jung ſich freuen,
Am alten Glücke Der, und Der am neuen.

Welch' Wiederſehn! welch' reizendes Erkennen!
Hand ſtehn in Hand die Freunde hier vereint;
Dort kann vom Sohn die Mutter ſich nicht trennen,
Da hier das Kind im Arm des Vaters weint.
Wie hört man jetzt viel ſüße Namen nennen:
Sohn, Tochter, Vater, Mutter, Gatte, Freund!
Nur die am liebſten hier die Hand ſich böten,
Sie ſtehn getrennt mit reizendem Erröthen.

Doch führen bald mit ihrem beſten Segen
Die Aeltern jetzt an zitternd froher Hand
Die holde Braut dem Bräutigam entgegen
Und weihen gern das längſt geknüpfte Band.
Und raſch beginnt ſich Alles jetzt zu regen,
Geſang und Tanz umtönt den duft'gen Strand,
Bis nach und nach beim ſpäten Hochzeitreigen
Die Fackeln ſinken und die Sterne ſteigen.

Da ſcheidet ſtill die Königin der Feen,
Und heimlich ſchleicht die andre Schaar ihr nach.
Nur Wellen ziehn, und leiſe Lüfte wehen
Mit ſüßem Duft um's holde Brautgemach.
Zwar läßt ſich rings kein weiches Lager ſehen,
Kein ſeidnes Zelt, kein ſtill verhehlend Dach;
Doch fühlt man ſchon verſtohlne Geiſter gleiten,
Den ſchönſten Sitz der Liebe zu bereiten.

Denn kaum verläßt mit lächelnd ſchlauem Blicke
Der letzte Gaſt den ſchönen Inſelhain,
Da löſt ſich auch das Band der goldnen Brücke
Und ſenkt im Nu ſich in den See hinein.
Jetzt ſind die Zwei allein mit ihrem Glücke,
Mit ihrer Lieb', und mit ſich ſelbſt allein;
Kein Lauſcher wird ihr zärtlich Flüſtern hören,
Ihr Lächeln ſehn und ihre Küſſe ſtören.

Die Well' umfängt im Sinken und im Steigen
Mit leiſem Klang das ſelige Gebiet,
Hold wiegt der Mond ſich auf den grünen Zweigen
Und auf der Flur, die ſelbſt im Schlummer blüht,
Und ſüß beginnt im nächtlich ſtillen Schweigen
Die Nachtigall ihr langverhallend Lied,
Das Lüftchen ſpielt in dunkler Waldeskühle
Mit Quell und Laub lind flüſternd leiſe Spiele.

Und wo die Zwei verſchämt, mit feuchten Blicken
Vom ſüßen Rauſch der erſten Küſſe glühn,
Beginnt der Hain ſich enger zu verſtricken,
Und farbiger die weiche Flur zu blühn;
Rings glänzt der Thau, und tauſend Blumen nicken
Mit ſchwerem Kelch hernieder aus dem Grün,
Der Epheu ſchlingt in zierlichen Geweben
Durch Blüth' und Laub ſein ewig junges Leben.

Wie Amors Pfeil im jungfräulichen Herzen,
Schmückt hell das Gold der Lilie keuſches Bild;
Die Roſe weint und lacht in ſüßen Schmerzen,
Da Duft und Thau bis an den Saum ſie füllt;
Doch leicht nur will die blüh'nde Ranke ſcherzen,
Und neckt den Quell, der ihr vorüberquillt;
Halb träumend ſchaun aus tiefem Grün verſtohlen
Maiblümchen auf, Narciſſen und Violen.

Kaum kann der Mond durch jene Laube dringen,
Wo Amor jetzt ſich ſeinen Thron gebaut;
Man hört nur fern die ſüßen Vögel ſingen,
Nur ferne rauſcht der See mit leiſem Laut.
Wie innig Roſ' und Lorbeer ſich verſchlingen,
Umſchlingen jetzt ſich Bräutigam und Braut. —
Stumm war die Nacht; dem Dichter nur verriethen,
Was ſie geſehn, Laub, Lüfte, Duft und Blüthen.

Dies ſang ich dir, als mit der erſten Roſe
Auch mir ein Lenz der neuen Freud' erſchien;
Doch tückiſch miſcht das Schickſal ſeine Looſe,
Ein weißes zeigt's, wenn wir ein ſchwarzes ziehn.
So ruht auch jetzt ſchon unter kühlem Mooſe,
Die freundlich mir die kurze Luſt verliehn.
Und mir iſt nichts aus jener Zeit geblieben,
Als nur dies Lied, mein Leiden und mein Lieben.

Friedrich Auguſt Schulze,

(mit ſeinem Schriftſtellernamen Friedrich Laun) am 1. Juni 1770 zu Dresden geboren, mußte ſich, frühe den Studien beſtimmt, in der Kanzlei des geheimen Finanzcollegiums die Mittel dazu durch mühſamen Dienſt erwerben, bis er 1797 nach Leipzig gehen konnte. 1800 kehrte er nach Dresden zurück und der Beifall, den ſeine erſten Romane fanden, beſtimmte ihn, auf der ſchriftſtelleriſchen Laufbahn zu bleiben. Dabei nahm er 1807 ein Secretariat bei der Landes-Oeconomie-Manufactur- und Commerziendeputation an und erhielt 1820 den Titel eines königlichen Commiſſionsraths. Er iſt auch Doctor der Philoſophie. Von den unendlich vielen Produkten ſeiner überaus fruchtbaren Muſe können hier nur die bedeutenderen namhaft gemacht werden:

Eine große Anzahl Romane, ſeit 1790:
Das Geiſterregiment.
Der Mädchenhofmeiſter.
Der Mann auf Freiersfüßen.
Heirathshiſtorien.
Das Kleeblatt. 3 Thle.
Gottliebs Abenteuer vor der zweiten Hochzeit. 2 Thle.
Die Gevatterſchaft.
Prinz Gelbſchnabel.
Reiſeſcenen. 2 Thle.
Reiſen und Irrthümer eines Heirathsluſtigen. 2 Thle.
Schloß Rieſenſtein. 2 Thle.
Seifenblaſen. 2 Thle.
Rudolf von der Linden. 3 Thle.
Kleine Erzählungen. 2 Thle.

Kleinigkeiten. 3 Thle.
Geſchichten und Leine. 2 Thle.
Glitt und ſeine Freunde.
Glitts geſellige Abende. 3 Thle.
Kleinſtädtereien. 2 Thle.
Geſpenſtergeſchichten. 2 Thle.
Brautproben, Novellen. 2 Thle.
Glitts Erzählungsabende. 4 Thle.
Der Liebhaber ohne Geld. 2 Thle.
Der große Mann in Liebesnöthen. 3 Thle.
Die Luftſchlöſſer. 2 Thle.
Der Landjunker und ſein Pudel. 2 Thle.
Meine Verlegenheiten. 2 Thle.
Die Freiredoute. 2 Thle.
Familienglück. 2 Thle.
Wiederklänge von Leben und Kunſt. 3 Thle.
Die Stiefmutter. 2 Thle.
Die dritte Liebe. 2 Thle.
Die Handſchuhe. 2 Thle. u. ſ. w.
Luſtſpiele. Dresden, 1807.
Gedichte. Dresden, 1828.

Ein überaus anmuthiges Talent wußte S. namentlich in ſeinen Darſtellungen aus dem kleinbürgerlichen Leben mit großer Gewandtheit, Naivetät, Geiſt, Witz, Humor, ſchöpferiſche Phantaſie und gute Darſtellung ſammt wahrer Anſpruchloſigkeit zu verbinden, doch hat er auch in einigen ſeiner Erzählungen und ſeiner lyriſchen Gedichte bewieſen, daß er ſich in höheren Regionen mit gleichem Geſchick zu bewegen weiß. Unter den Romanſchriftſtellern früherer Tage iſt er in ſeinem Genre unbedingt wie der fruchtbarſten, ſo der talentvollſten Einer, und wenn ſich auch im Ganzen der Geſchmack des deutſchen Publikums einer anderen Richtung zugewandt hat, wird **Friedrich Laun** doch fortwährend Freunden einer harmloſen, naiven und erheiternden Lectüre willkommen bleiben.

Der Rappe.

Erzählung von Friedrich Laun.

Die Glorie.

Zum mittelſten Fenſter im neuerbauten Hauſe des Bürger- und Horndrehermeiſters Mützenkönig ſtreckte ſo eben Röschen, ſein jüngſtes Töchterlein, das blondlockige Köpfchen ſo weit als möglich heraus; vermuthlich, um zu ſehen, ob draußen beſſer Wetter wäre, als in der Stube. Denn in der war wieder einmal gar kein Auskommen mit ihrer guten Mutter. Dieſe hatte aber auch freilich den Kopf voll genug. Ihr ſchöner, für die bevorſtehende Rathswahl herangezogener Maſthammel war ſeit einigen Tagen außerordentlich unpaß, die neue Magd wollte ebenfalls nicht einſchlagen, und doch ſtand übermorgen das Reihe um gehende Bierbrauen wieder einmal an ihrem Eheherrn. Dazu kam noch, daß letzterer ſeine Lieblingsgrille, das Haus mit einem vergoldeten Ochſenkopfe zu verzieren, doch noch, gegen den Widerſpruch des Fleiſcherhandwerks durchgeſetzt hatte, welches dieſes Zeichen ausſchließend für ſich behalten und ihm, als Horndreher, nur die Hörner zugeſtehen wollte. Wäre es ſeiner Hausehre nachgegangen, ſo würde eher ein Merkmal des Bürgermeiſteramtes über die Hausthüre geſetzt worden ſein. Theils aber fand ſich kein daſſelbe ſo recht ausſprechendes Abzeichen, theils und hauptſächlich meinte der Hausherr, daß er keineswegs der Bürgermeiſterwürde, ſondern dem Horndrehen ſein bischen Wohlſtand verdanke und den Ochſenkopf beſonders darum den Hörnern beigeſellt habe, weil er der Sache ein ſtattlicheres Anſehen gewähre, auch die Hörner allein zu allerlei einfältigem Witze Veranlaſſung geben.

Die dem Untergange zueilende Sonne warf eben ihre Strahlen auf die neue Hauszierde, ſo, daß das unmittelbar drüber herausguckende rothwangige Mädchen davon geblendet, die Hand über die blauen Augen halten mußte. Die goldenen Hörner, zwiſchen welche das niedliche Köpfchen gerade zu ſtehen kam, bildeten ſo eine Art von Glorie um die in der That recht niedliche ſechszehnjährige Perſon.

Der Schofel.

Auf dem ganzen Markte, den das liebe Kind überſchauen konnte, war in dieſem Augenblicke kein lebendiges Weſen zu ſehen, als ein unglückſeliger, alter Rappe, der ſeinem regelmäßigen Knochenbaue nach, in der Jugend gewiß prachtvoll und wohlgenährt einherſtolzierte und nun als ein Marterholz von Philiſtergaul nur noch in der faltenreichen Haut hing. Der junge Mann, welcher das arme Thier führte, ſchien, dem unſcheinbaren Mantel und ergrauten Hute nach, eben auch nicht in den Gemächern des Wohllebens zu Hauſe. Das ſchwarze Auge aber, das zwiſchen den goldenen Hörnern gleichſam einwurzelte und die Röthe, ſo dabei ſein ganzes Geſicht überflog, deuchte Röschen denn doch gar nicht zu verachten.

Darf ich fragen — ſprach er, näher kommend, zu ihr hinauf — ob ich hier ein Quartier erhalten kann?

Ein Quartier, Mutter! rief Röschen, wie betäubt von der Anrede, in die Stube hinein.

Was! entgegnete die Bürgermeiſterin höchſt verdrießlich, den Borſtbeſen hoch aufgehoben, an das Fenſter tretend.

Der Reiſende wiederholte ſeine Frage.

Warum nicht gar! antwortete ſie, das Fenſter unwillig zuſchlagend, von dem ſie Röschen ſchon zuvor nicht allzuſanft hinweggeſchoben hatte.

Nun ging es aber über das arme Mädchen her, daß ſie nicht gleich die rechte Antwort gegeben. Aufrichtig zu ſein, ſo hatte die kleine Gutmüthigkeit die Verneinung gegen das hübſche Jünglingsgeſicht gar nicht über die Lippen bringen können.

Uebrigens habe ich alles das vorausgeſehen! — fuhr die erhitzte Frau Bürgermeiſterin fort — jeder einwandernde Fleiſcherburſche wird unſer Haus für die Herberge ſeines Handwerkes halten, und jeder Schofel, wie dieſer, für einen Gaſthof, wo er ſich geradezu einquartiren kann. —

Juſt ſolche!

Gern hätte Röschen gegen das Schimpfwort appelirt, aber das gar zu griesgramige Geſicht der Frau machte ſolches in dieſem Augenblicke durchaus unrathſam.

Ueberhaupt — fuhr die Aufgebrachte fort — würde ſich's beſſer ſchicken für dich, nachzuforſchen hier, wo etwas fehle, als ſich mit halbem Leibe zum Fenſter hinauszulegen und jedem Narren Rede zu ſtehen.

Der Narr fuhr dem reizenden Kinde abermals verletzend in das niedliche Näschen. Wenn — dachte ſie — die Narren ſolche wunderhübſche Feueraugen in ihren Köpfen haben, wie der, welches Jüngferchen wird denn noch einen Geſcheidten zum Manne nehmen wollen? Auf eine höchſt ſonderbare Weiſe war ihr nämlich bei dem jungen Fremden ſogleich eingefallen, daß ſie ohnſtreitig auch einmal heirathen werde, ſo gut wie Nachbars Lottchen, ihre Buſenfreundin, daß aber dann ihr künftiger Gatte Augen haben müſſe wie der Fremde, und zwar juſt ſolche! —

Die lehrreiche Wahrheit.

Röschen dachte das in aller Stille. Der Mutter ſuchte ſie indeß zu Gemüthe zu führen, daß ſie ſich ja vorhin, als ſie mit ihrem Nähen fertig war, ſelbſt erboten hatte, das Abwiſchen des Geräthes an ihrer Stelle zu beſorgen; aber fruchtlos.

Als ob es ſonſt gar nichts zu thun gäbe! verſetzte die Mutter. Räuchern zum Beiſpiel!

Röschen flog hinweg. Im Nu war ſie wieder zurück mit der Kohlpfanne und Wachholderbeeren darauf. Da wollte ihre Mutter vor Dampf erſticken. Kurz, weder Röschen, noch ſonſt Jemand konnte es heute der Frau recht machen, weil ſie, wie geſagt, den Kopf viel zu voll hatte.

Mache, daß du fortkommſt! — ſagte endlich die verdrießliche Frau Bürgermeiſterin — Es iſt ohnehin nichts mit dir anzufangen.

Herzlich gern unterließ Röschen die Rüge eines Wortes, das weit mehr, als auf das arme Kind, auf deſſen mürriſche Mutter paßte, um zu ihrer neuverheiratheten Freundin Lottchen zu eilen. Nothwendig mußte ſie dieſer von dem jungen Fremden mit den kohlſchwarzen Augen erzählen, deſſen Erſcheinen ihr ſogleich beim erſten Blicke die lehrreiche Wahrheit in's volle Licht geſetzt hatte, daß Kleider nicht Leute machen.

Die Aehnlichkeiten.

Allmählig dämmerte ein überaus wichtiger Abend für die Stadt heran, wo von jeher die Kinder entfernt wurden, von denen nur noch eins, eben das ſechszehnjährige Röschen, im Neſte zurückgeblieben war, der Abend, wo die ſogenannte Rathsvorwahl im Hauſe des regierenden Bürgermeiſters gehalten ward. Um einen runden Tiſch ſaß da gewöhnlich der enge Ausſchuß eines wohllöblichen Stadtmagiſtrats, und die Frau Bürgermeiſterin zwar nicht mitten darunter, aber doch in der Nähe, mit irgend einer weiblichen Arbeit beſchäftigt.

Beſonders behauptete die dermalige regierende Bürgermeiſterin auf die Rathsvorbeſchlüſſe dieſes Abends einen weſentlichen Einfluß, der ſich noch aus der früheren Zeit herſchrieb, wo ſie mit Recht für die Krone der ganzen Stadt gegolten hatte. Manche, bereits vergelbte Kaffeeſchweſter ſagte damals der andern in's Ohr, daß ſie ihrem Manne, dem ſehr geſchickten Horndreher, in's Handwerk greife und wollte Aehnlichkeiten zwiſchen einigen ihrer Kinder und ein Paar dortigen Senatoren entdecken. Das alles rührte lediglich vom Neide ganz allein, wo nicht gar von ihrer beſondern Tugend her.

Potz Kinder!

Potz Kinder und kein Ende! rief, als man ſchon eine halbe Stunde am runden Tiſche von Nebendingen geſchwatzt hatte, der Bürgermeiſter Mützenkönig, ein Wort, deſſen häufiger Gebrauch die Erklärung ſeines Urſprunges nöthig macht. Wegen der ungemeinen Fruchtbarkeit ſeiner Ehegattin pflegte er ſolches ehedem zu ſagen, wenn ſie ihm meldete, daß ſie ſchon wieder guter Hoffnung ſei. Späterhin, wenn die Kinder Unfug machten, bediente er ſich dieſes Spruchworts, weniger paſſend, ebenfalls und weil der Kinderunfug ſehr häufig vorkam, ſo wurde ihm dieſe Rede dergeſtalt zur andern Natur, daß er, wenn er hitzig, oder auch nur verdrießlich wurde, ſie auch da anbrachte, wo ſie im mindeſten nicht hinpaſſen wollte.

So ſagte er auch damals: Potz Kinder und kein Ende, will denn die linke Seite heute ganz wegbleiben!

Die Demonſtration.

Längſt habe ich das mir vorgeſtellt! ſprach hier die am Ofen ſpinnende Frau Bürgermeiſterin und legte die Spindel aus der Hand. Das rührt allein von dem allerliebſten Ochſenkopfe über unſerer Hausthür her. Jetzt zeigt dir dein Mitbürgermeiſter, der Fleiſchhauer Mehrmann, daß er auch zum Rathe gehört, und ſeinen Anhang ſo gut hat, als du.

Nach manchem Hin- und Herreden, meinte die Majorität der Anweſenden, daß der heutige Beſchluß ſich ſchon gelten machen werde. Glauben ſie mir, liebe Frau Gevatter — ſprach einer der ausgezeichnetſten Senatoren, der Bäckermeiſter Purrmann — Alles wird ſich fügen und ſchicken. Unſer Kollege Mehrmann hat allzuviel gelitten unter der Schreckensregierung des ſeligen Stadtſchreibers, um unſerm gerechten Willen in den Weg zu treten. Auch ſeinem Eidam, dem Kämmerer, habe ich unſer löbliches Vorhaben mitgetheilt und ſeine ſtillſchweigende Beiſtimmung erhalten. Das heutige Wegbleiben einiger aus unſerer Mitte, iſt, wie mein Sohn, der Feldwebel, zu ſagen pflegt, eine bloße, leere Demonſtration. —

Nachrichten.

Das glaube ich wohl auch! bekräftigte der Hausherr. Potz Kinder und kein Ende, wenn ich bedenke, wie der nunmehr im Herrn ruhende Stadtſchreiber bei Lebzeiten einem ganzen, wohlweiſen Magiſtrate, ſalva venia auf der Naſe herumtrommelte, ſo kann ich durchaus nicht fürchten, daß irgend ein Mitglied unſeres Corps ſeiner Ehre ſo gram ſein ſollte, um die Beibehaltung der Stadtſchreiberſtelle für erforderlich, oder auch nur zuläſſig zu erachten. Nein, verehrte Herren und Freunde, kein Stadtſchreiber mehr in Reiſſenthal!

Ei! rief der Senator Purrmann, nur nicht ſo laut, ſo gar laut. Mit weithin klirrenden Kourierſtiefeln dürfen wir dieſen Wahlſpruch nicht in die Welt hineinſchreien; unſer Vorhaben, keinen Stadtſchreiber mehr in hieſiger Stadt zu dulden, müſſen wir blos auf leiſen Filzſchuhen auszuführen ſuchen.

Aber die Bürgermeiſterin, aufſtutzig geworden durch den ſeltſamen Einfall, die Stadtſchreiberſtelle nicht wieder zu beſetzen, hatte das Spinnrad verlaſſen und trat, an Bläſſe und Wildheit einem zürnenden Schatten gleich, beide Arme in die Seite geſtemmt, dicht zu dem Redner hinan. Liebwertheſte Frau Gevatter — fuhr der Herr Purrmann fort — ich weiß recht gut, was ſie ſagen wollen, und daß wir ihren Herrn Pathen, den Organiſten Backofen, neulich in der proviſoriſchen Vorwahl ſo gut ſchon wie zum Stadtſchreiber ernannt hatten. Allein bei näherer Erwägung und hauptſächlich zufolge eingezogener Nachrichten bei der Kanzlei der höhern Behörde in der Reſidenz, würden wir damit durchaus nicht fortkommen.

Hiſtoriſche Notizen.

Als aber auch hierdurch der böſe Dämon aus dem Geſichte der Frau Gevatter noch immer nicht weichen wollte, fuhr der Herr Senator, im Hochgefühle ſeiner geſchichtlichen Kenntniſſe, mit größter Wichtigkeit alſo fort: Allerdings beſagen uralte Schriften, daß einſt in hieſiger Stadt Reiſſenthal einem Organiſten zu Vermehrung ſeines ſchmalen Einkommens zugleich die Stelle des Stadtſchreibers mit übertragen wurde. Seitdem mögen wohl eine ziemliche Zeit lang beide Stellen durch eine und dieſelbe Perſon verwaltet worden ſein. Späterhin hat der Stadtſchreiber die Organiſtenſtelle zwar auch mit erhalten, aber ſolche gewöhnlich einem Andern überlaſſen. Nun würde es freilich ſehr erſprießlich ſein, wenn wir ihrem guten Herrn Pathen, mit Einziehung eines Theils des den zeitherigen Stadtſchreibern abgereichten Jahrgehalts die erledigte Stelle zugleich einräumen könnten. Es iſt auch, ich muß es geſtehen, ein überaus lieber Mann, der eine weit beſſere Figur machen würde, als der ſelige Stadtſchreiber. Denn der, wenn er ſchrieb, hing bekanntlich immer ſo ſehr auf die eine Seite, daß die unwiſſende Bürgerſchaft häufig glaubte, das habe auf die Rathsbeſchlüſſe Einfluß gehabt. Aber, aber, wir hörten ſchon ein Vögelchen pfeifen, daß wir ihn in der Reſidenz als Stadtſchreiber nicht durchbringen würden.

Das alte Herkommen.

Die Frau Bürgermeiſterin erklärte das für die ſchreiendſte Ungerechtigkeit, da der Organiſt Backofen ein überaus reinliches Händchen ſchreibe.

Ja — ſprach Herr Purrmann — das iſt ja eben das Uebel: Ein Stadtſchreiber ſoll heutzutage nicht wie vormals, wo jeder Organiſt dazu taugte, blos mit der Hand, er ſoll auch mit dem Kopfe ſchreiben, und dafür, daß er das verſteht, Univerſitäts- und andere Zeugniſſe aufzuweiſen haben. — Daher denken wir denn in unſerm allerunterthänigſten Berichte darauf anzutragen, daß zum Beſten der verarmten Kämmerei die erledigte Stadtſchreiberſtelle durch den Aktuarius ſo lange verwaltet werde, bis ein Stadtſchreiber ſich gefunden, der auch zugleich das Orgelſpiel ſelbſt übernehmen könnte. Das wird nun vermuthlich Weile haben. Wir getröſten uns übrigens der Genehmigung des Antrags ganz ſicher. Denn wir wollen uns auf das alte Herkommen berufen, welches ſchon darum, weil das Sportelweſen enge zuſammenhängt mit ihm, bei der höhern Behörde außerordentliche Protektion findet.

Der Titel.

Uebrigens, gute Frau Gevatter, — fuhr er tröſtend fort — werden wir, wie wir hier verſammelt ſind, gewiß nichts dagegen haben, wenn ihr Herr Pathe, zu dem, was er bisher von dem ſeligen Stadtſchreiber bezog, noch eine kleine Zulage erhält. Und — fuhr er, als die Hauswirthin noch immer mit finſterer Miene den Kopf ſchüttelnd daſtand, deſto freundlicher fort — ſollte ihnen vielleicht der Titel Organiſt nicht zuſagen, wie wäre es da, wenn ihn der Rath zu ſeinem Muſikdirektor ernennte? Frau Muſikdirektorin, gilt, Frau Gevatter, das klänge wohl ſo gut wie Frau Steuereinnehmerin, oder Gleitsmannin?

Wirklich zuckte bei dieſem Worte ein Strahl der Heiterkeit durch das Geſicht der braven Frau, der aber nur allzubald wieder erloſch. Unter uns geſagt, ſie hatte die Idee, ihrem Röschen den Herrn Pathen Backofen zum Manne zu geben.

Die Furcht im Finſtern.

Die Frau Bürgermeiſterin glaubte mit Zuverſicht, Röschen ſei vermuthlich zu keiner Seele, als der alten Frau Haidekraut in der Judengaſſe gegangen, an die ihr ein Auftrag mitgegeben worden. Allein, wie geſagt, des Mädchens Sinn ſtand auf Lottchen und die Herzensergießung gegen dieſe über den jungen Fremden mit dem ſchwarzen Auge, das gerade ſo ſchön war, als das ſchwarze Pferd häßlich, welches er am Zaume führte. Daher eilte ſie unmittelbar nach verrichtetem Auftrage zu dem Kuhthore hinaus, auf den wilden Mann, an deſſen Beſitzer ihre Freundin Lottchen eben verheirathet war.

Ach Lottchen — begann ſie, als ſie das hübſche junge Weibchen allein antraf — wenn ich dich nicht zu Hauſe gefunden hätte, ſo wäre ich vergangen in meinem Elende. Es iſt doch auch gar nicht mehr hübſch, ſeit du ſo weit aus der Stadt weggeheirathet haſt und ſeit mein Vater und dein Schwiegervater ſo uneins mit einander leben, daß man allemal Nothlügen machen muß, um dich nur zu ſehen. Und ich hätte mich gar nicht herauswagen können, wüßte ich nicht, daß unſer Altgeſell alle Tage hierher kommt zu Doppelbier, weil mir ſonſt der Begleiter zurück nach der Stadt gefehlt hätte. Im Finſtern aber fürchte ich mich allzuſehr.

Fragen.

Weißt du noch, Lottchen — fuhr ſie ſeufzend fort — wie du deinen jetzigen Mann vorm Jahre beim Pfingſtſchießen an der Würfelbude zum erſten Male geſehen hatteſt und mir dann ſagteſt, daß dir gleich ganz anders geworden wäre, als ſein Blick nach dir gegangen war? Siehſt du, Lottchen, gerade ſo iſt mir's vorhin geſchehen. Wie der hübſche Menſch ſein Auge auf mich warf, war mir's doch gleich — wie ſoll ich ſagen? — als ob die ganze Welt unterginge und er allein noch übrig ſei. — Leider, kam das nachher ganz anders; die Welt blieb und der hübſche Menſch war über alle Berge. Ach Lottchen, biſt du damals glücklich geweſen — gegen mich genommen heute! Du wußteſt gleich, daß dein nunmehriger Mann Abends mit beim Schützenſchmauſe ſein würde; ich hingegen weiß auch gar nicht, wo man den lieben Menſchen wiederſehen kann

Nicht einmal nachblicken konnte ich ihm, der Mutter wegen, die mich gleich hinein in die Stube riß. Sie denkt freilich, ich würde doch noch einmal ihren Herrn Pathen, den Organiſten, heirathen. Aber da ſoll mich der Himmel in Gnaden bewahren, zumal nun, da ich den heutigen geſehen habe. Zwar wird der Organiſt — denke nur, Lottchen! — Stadtſchreiber werden, wie die Mutter meint. Ei und wenn er König würde und im Golde ſäße, bis über die Ohren, ich möchte ihn doch nicht. Jetzt, gutes Lottchen, rathe mir nur, wie ich's anfangen ſoll, daß ich den hübſchen Menſchen mir wieder aus dem Sinne ſchlage. —

Das Raubthier.

Im ſelbigen Augenblicke noch ging die Thür auf und Röschen ſah erſt eine Sekunde lang nach ihr hin, dann drückte ſie ihre beide blauen Augen in Lottchens ſcharlachrothes Halstuch und ſprach: Ach Gott, wie wird mir nur mit Einem Male!

Natürlich ſchrie bei dieſem Ausrufe die theilnehmende Freundin hoch auf und der Eingetretene lief eiligſt zu. Doch kaum hatte Lottchen, um nur gleich in die Kammer nach dem Schauerſchen Balſam zu ſpringen, die Halbbewußtloſe inzwiſchen der Sorgfalt des jungen Mannes anvertraut und er ſie feſt in ſeinen Armen gehalten, ſo ſchlug ſie auch ſchon die Augen wieder empor. Da ſchien ſie erſt zu glauben, ſie blickte mitten in den Himmel hinein, beſann ſich aber gleich wieder, daß es nur das Geſicht des nämlichen jungen Mannes war, der vorhin vom Markte aus nach dem Fenſter zu ihr hinaufgeſprochen hatte. Ob ihr aber ſchon bei der holden Freundlichkeit ſeines Geſichts auf der Stelle der Vers wieder einfiel, den ſie erſt am Sonntage in der Kirche mitgeſungen:

Er iſt ja kein Bär, noch Leue,
Der ſich nur nach Blute ſehnt.

ſo machte ſie ſich dennoch gerade ſo angelegentlich von ihm los, als ob wirklich ſolch ein Raubthier ſie in den Klauen hätte.

Der verlorne Grund.

Lottchen eilte eben zurück und fragte: Was fürchteſt du dich denn ſo, mein gutes Röschen? Es iſt ja unſer Vetter Karl. Gott Lob und Dank übrigens!

Dazu netzte die Mitleidvolle die Finger mit der Flüſſigkeit aus dem Gläschen, das ſie mitbrachte, und beſtrich die Schläfe der Wiederhergeſtellten, ſie im neuen Wohlſein, wo möglich, noch mehr zu befeſtigen.

Röschen hatte freilich in gewiſſer Rückſicht mit ihrer Angſt ganz Recht. Das war der Weg ſchwerlich zu Ausführung ihres Vorſatzes, ſich den neuen Bekannten aus dem Sinne zu ſchlagen, denn vor dem abgeſchabten grünen Mantel hatte ſie vorhin den ſchönen Wuchs gar nicht wahrnehmen können, über den ihr Blick jetzt nur dann und wann ſchnell und leiſe, wie man mit der Hand über den Pelz eines vergitterten reißenden Thieres fähret, von dem man fürchtet, es könne plötzlich ſie wegſchnappen, hinſtreifte. Uebrigens war der Grund, ſich ihn aus dem Sinn zu ſchlagen, verloren gegangen. Sie hatte es ja nur darum thun wollen, weil ſie nicht hoffen konnte, jemals wieder mit ihm zuſammen zu kommen.

Warum und wie?

Hör' einmal, Röschen — ſo ſprach, wie jetzt Vetter Karl wieder hinausgegangen war, ihre Freundin lächelnd und hob dazu den Finger drohend auf — ich weiß noch ſo gut, als ob's heute geweſen wäre, wie mir das Blut zu Geſicht ſtieg, als ich mit meinem Manne zum erſten Male zuſammenkam und wie ich ihn da gar nicht anſehen konnte, und doch auch wieder anſehen mußte und wenn es mein Leben gekoſtet hätte! Als vorhin dein purpurrothes Geſicht wie Feuer auf meiner Bruſt brannte, fiel mir gleich mein damaliger Zuſtand wieder ein und dann vollends, als ich dich dem Vetter gegenüber ſah. Er iſt's — dabei bleibe ich — der zu dir vom Markte nach dem Fenſter hinauf geſprochen hat.

Warum hätte Röschen ihrer lieben Vertrauten das verſchweigen ſollen und wie hätte ſie es verſchweigen können?

Liſon.

Ach — ſagte Lottchen — iſt das ein guter Menſch, der Vetter Karl!

Röschen horchte hoch auf. Dann erzählte ihr Lottchen erſt von der ungeheuren Gelehrſamkeit, die er auf der Univerſität eingeſammelt, wie er darauf als Freiwilliger mit nach Frankreich gemußt, was für Heldenthaten ihm dort das allgemeine Ehrenzeichen erworben und wie mild und gut er ſich auch gegen die armen friedlichen Bewohner des Feindeslandes erwieſen hatte. Einer ſeiner Kameraden habe das, vor wenig Tagen erſt, ihr und ihrer Mutter ausführlich erzählt.

Ja — fuhr Lottchen fort — den Mädchen in Frankreich iſt der hübſche, kindgute Deutſche auch gar nicht bitter vorgekommen.

Das kann ich mir denken! platzte Röschen heraus.

Nun, nun — ſprach ihre Freundin lächelnd — ſeufze mir dabei nur nicht gleich ſo gar tief; denn ſein Herz hat er wieder mit in's Vaterland zurückgebracht. Nahe dran aber mag es geweſen ſein, daß er's der niedlichen Liſon in Chatillon gelaſſen hätte.

Ach, tauſend, ja hunderttauſend Ohren wünſchte ſich Röschen in dieſem Augenblicke, um nur keinen Laut zu verhören von der Geſchichte, die ihr eben mitgetheilt werden ſollte.

Vielleicht.

Der damalige Kamerad des Vetters — fuhr Lottchen fort — hat es uns nicht genug beſchreiben können, was das für ein nettes, zierliches Weſen iſt, die kleine Liſon in Chatillon. Vetter Karl hat es auch ſelber wohl eingeſehen und der Kuß, den er ihr beim Abſchiede in der Eltern Beiſein auf die Stirn gedrückt haben ſoll und die Thränen im Auge der lieblichen Perſon und im Auge der Eltern ſelbſt, ſollen ihm auf dem Rückmarſche noch manchmal eingefallen ſein. Wer weiß auch — ſetzte ſein Kamerad hinzu — ob er nicht Ernſt gemacht hätte. Denn Liſon's Eltern waren treffliche Menſchen und die Ehrlichkeit ſelbſt. Es plagte uns damals aber die einfältige Marotte, daß kein ächter Deutſcher eine Franzöſin heirathen dürfe. Späterhin iſt vielleicht über ſeine Vorliebe zu dem Mädchen Gras gewachſen. —

Alſo?

Ohnſtreitig galt das ach! welches jetzt zwiſchen Röschens ſchmalen Lippen hervorhauchte, dem unglückſeligen Vielleicht der letztern Worte. Das Geſchenk der größten und üppigſten Wieſe in der Welt würde ihr gewiß lange, lange nicht ſo viel Freude gemacht haben, als das winzigſte ächte Pröbchen von dieſem Graſe.

Und — fuhr Lottchen fort — trotz ſolchen vortrefflichen Eigenſchaften iſt der arme Vetter doch ſehr unglücklich. Denn nun er wieder auf die Univerſität gegangen und bei der Prüfung unglaubliches Lob eingeerntet hat, fehlt es ihm am Beſten, nämlich an dem, was unumgänglich Noth thut zum Fortkommen im Lande, am Zeugniſſe für ſeine guten Sitten.

Alſo? — fragte Röschen und die Rede erſtarb ihr im Munde und ihre Augen ſahen ſo traurig drein, als ob ihr ſo eben Vater und Mutter auf einmal begraben worden wären.

Barmherzigkeit.

Doch Lottchen ergriff freundlich ihre Hand und ſprach: Nein, gutes Kind, wirf deshalb um's Himmelswillen keinen Verdacht auf ſeine Lebensart: daß dieſe muſterhaft zu nennen iſt, muß ihm der Neid laſſen. Allein wie das im Kriege geht, es haben ſich Kameradſchaften zuſammen gethan und er ſoll der Vorſteher einer ſolchen geweſen ſein. Weil man nun glaubt, daß manche dieſer Vereinigungen — worunter aber, darauf wollte ich gleich einen Eid ablegen, des guten Vetters Orden gewiß nicht mit gehört — gefährliche Dinge beabſichtigen, ſo verweigert man ihm, wie Allen, mit ihm in gleichem Falle, das Sittenzeugniß.

Und Vermögen haben ihm ſeine, durch die Laſten der Einquartierung ganz heruntergekommenen Eltern auch ſo blutwenig hinterlaſſen können, daß ihm ſchon jetzt ſo gut wie gar nichts übrig bleibt. Gleichwohl zeigt er ſich ſo barmherzig und beſchämte erſt vorhin, als er hier ankam, durch die Gabe, die eine arme Blinde von ihm erhielt, einen recht wohlhabenden Gutsbeſitzer aus der Nachbarſchaft, der die Alte zur Thür hinaus werfen wollte.

Die vorſichtige Unſchuld.

Von zwei allerliebſten ächten, wenn ſchon nicht orientaliſchen Perlen, welche dabei Röschens Augen ſchmückten, mochte ohnfehlbar die eine der Freude und die andere dem Schmerze gelten. Es war ja wahrhaftig höchſt erfreulich, daß ein ſo hübſcher freundlicher Menſch auch ſo ein hübſches, freundliches Herz hatte! Um ſo mehr war es aber auch zu beklagen, daß, wenn es ihm nun einmal mit dem Sittenzeugniſſe ſo konträr gehen ſollte, das Schickſal ihm obendrein die Hände ſo leer ließ. Denn ſo viel wußte das gute Kind ſchon von dem Weltlaufe, daß man mit leeren Händen nirgend gern geſehen wird, am allerwenigſten aber ein Freier, der bei ihren Eltern um ſie anhalten wollte.

Auch dieſen Fall nämlich mochte die kleine vorſichtige Unſchuld ſchon ein wenig in das Auge gefaßt haben. —

Auswanderung.

Lottchen mußte ſelber mit dem weißen Tüchlein über ihre Augen fahren, ehe ſie, von der Freundin ſichtbarem Antheile begeiſtert, fortfuhr. Und wohin, Röschen, glaubſt du wohl, daß er jetzt gegangen iſt?

Je weniger aber die Gefragte das errathen konnte, um ſo lieber hätte ſie eben hierüber Auskunft gehabt.

Draußen im Stalle iſt er! ſprach Lottchen.

Wohl bei dem häßlichen, alten Rappen, den er an der Hand hatte, als er über den Markt kam?

Eben bei dem! die Geſchichte mit dem Pferde muß ich dir doch noch erzählen. Die wird dir ausnehmend gefallen: Gar ermüdet war Vetter Karl von der Univerſität bis nach ſeiner Heimath gekommen; denn er hatte die Reiſe zu Fuß gemacht, Tag und Nacht hindurch, ohne ſich einige Erholung zu gönnen. Weil ihm nun dort zur guten Aufnahme das Sittenzeugniß überall fehlte und ſeine Verwandten und Gönner, die ſchon glaubten, er werde ihnen zur Laſt fallen, ihn deshalb noch mit Vorwürfen überſchütteten, ſo dachte er der ihm ſo unfreundlichen Vaterſtadt auf der Stelle den Rücken zu kehren.

Feuersgefahr.

Nach ſeiner Erſchöpfung aber durch die frühere Fußwanderung, fragte er bei einem Pferdeverleiher nach dem Miethpreiſe eines Pferdes bis hierher. Der Mann wollte aber gar zu hoch hinaus für des Vetters Umſtände. Endlich ſagte er indeſſen doch: damit ſie meine Bereitwilligkeit ſehen, ihnen zu helfen, ſollen ſie ein Pferd für ſo und ſo viel haben. Auf ſein Aeußeres dürfen Sie freilich nicht zu ſehr Rückſicht nehmen, auch müſſen Sie darauf gefaßt ſein, es zuweilen mit Sporn und Gerte zu ſtrafen, wenn es etwa allzu faul werden ſollte.

Somit führte er den Vetter in ſeinen Stall. Vetter Karl erſchrak da ordentlich vor dem abgemagerten Thiere und ſchüttelte den Kopf. — Ja, ſprach der Verleiher achſelzuckend, wie das Geld, ſo die Waare. Schon wollte der Vetter fortgehen, da ſah ihn das ausgehungerte Thier wie klagend an. Und er betrachtete es noch einmal und ſprach zum Verleiher: wäre der Rappe nicht ſo ganz furchtbar heruntergekommen, ſo würde ich ihn für den nämlichen halten, auf dem ich einſt den erſten Ritt in meinem Leben verſucht habe. — Leicht möglich — antwortete der Verleiher, das Pferd gehörte wirklich in ſeiner ſchönen Zeit dem Herrn Juſtizrathe, ihrem Oheim.

Und — ſchaltete die Erzählerin ein, das ſind Vetter Karls eigene Worte — und als ob es hier gegolten hätte, in der Ehre dieſes Vetters, der ihn im jetzigen Mißgeſchicke unter allen Verwandten gerade am ſchnödeſten behandelt, die Ehre ſeiner Familie zu retten, ſo fragte er ſogleich, was der Rappe koſten ſolle, wenn er ihn kaufe. Der Verleiher, aus dem Feuer des Fragenden den Ernſt der Frage ſchließend, forderte ohnſtreitig eine viel zu große Summe, ließ auch an derſelben nur wenig nach. Der Vetter ritt ſchon aus dem Hauſe auf dem Thiere, da rief ihm der Käufer noch nach: Der beſte Rath, den ich ihnen auf den Weg geben kann, iſt: Strafen ſie das Pferd fleißig, damit es guten Willen bekommt. Der Vetter bemerkte gegen mich, nur allzugern hätte er den Rathgeber für einen ſo böſen Willen gegen das ohnehin hartgeſtrafte Thier mit der Gerte tüchtig gezüchtiget.

Nach der erſten Stunde ſchon ward Vetter Karl inne, daß er die Reiſe weit beſſer und ſchneller zu Fuße, als auf ſolch einem Pferde hätte machen können, und hatte es daher auch größtentheils geführt. Gleichwohl iſt er damit kaum bis hier heraus gekommen! Iſt das aber nicht ein recht ſchöner Zug vom Vetter Karl, daß er, ſogar in ſeiner Armuth, ſich dieſes Thieres auf ſolche Weiſe annahm? —

Ach, Röschen war ſo entzückt davon, ſo entzückt, daß, als der Vetter jetzt wieder in die Stube trat, ſie an ihren Blicken recht zu hüten hatte, wenn nicht die Funken ihres glühenden Herzens daraus hinüberfliegen ſollten zu ihm. —

Rein.

Und die Gluth ihres Herzens loderte noch ſtärker empor, als er ſeinem Mühmchen eine recht herzliche Freude darüber kund that, daß das arme Thier nun endlich doch wieder von der Krippe Notiz nahm, von der es Anfangs gar nichts hatte wiſſen wollen.

Ja — ſagte er jetzt, ſich an Röschen wendend — wenn das Haus, aus deſſen Fenſter ſie ſchauten, ein Gaſthof geweſen wäre, ſo hätte ich gar gern dort einkehren mögen, dem Thiere zu Gefallen, dem der Weg bis auf den wilden Mann faſt zu viel wurde.

Dem Thiere zu Gefallen! Röschen, die bis dahin geglaubt hatte, er ſei auf dieſe Einkehr halb ihr und halb ſich ſelbſt zu Gefallen bedacht geweſen, hätte vielleicht den Ausdruck übel nehmen können. Aber nein! daß die Einkehr ihr auch mit zu Gefallen geſchehen wäre, meinte ſie ohnehin aus ſeinem Auge ſchon geleſen zu haben. Dazu war es ihr, als ob ſie dem armen, elenden Pferde ſelbſt mit gut ſein müſſe, weil es ſolch ein Gegenſtand ſeiner Sorgfalt geworden.

Die Beſtie.

Ein Herr in Mitteljahren, vom Anſehn wohlerhalten und gut gekleidet, auf einem ſtattlichen Fuchſe, ſtieg vor dem wilden Manne ab und kam dann auch in die Stube. Während Lottchen die von ihm beſtellte Flaſche Wein herbeiholte und Abendbrod für ihn bereitete, ließ ſein Auge den Vetter Karl und Röschen keine Sekunde los, und das wirkte wie ein böſer Zauber auf die vielen Worte, welche beide einander ſo gern geſagt hätten; kein einziges wagte ſich ihnen auf die Lippen.

Das iſt ja wohl — begann endlich der Fremde — der Herr, den ich vor Kurzem in der Stadt bemerkte! Richtig, ſie ſind es. Sie führten ein Pferd mit ſich, ein heilloſes Thier. Sagen ſie mir um Gotteswillen, wo ſind ſie zu ſolch einer Beſtie gekommen?

Darlegung der Umſtände.

Vetter Karl erzählte hierauf, aber nur ganz kurz und flüchtig, wie er aus Mitleid mit dem Pferde und damit nicht in deſſen letzten Tagen die Hand eines Fühlloſen und derjenigen, die im Sinne deſſelben handelten, allzuhart auf dem ausgedienten Thiere laſte, daſſelbe erkauft habe.

Ei, ei — ſagte kopfſchüttelnd der Fremde — dergleichen ſind warlich keine Rathkäufe. Wer's in der Welt zu etwas bringen will, der wenigſtens darf ſich nicht auf ſolche Händelchen einlaſſen. Vielleicht aber ſind der Herr mit Glücksgütern ſchon reichlich genug verſehen, und dann kann man ja wohl einmal ſo eine freundliche Schnurre mitmachen.

Karl äußerte ſcherzhaft, daß die Glücksgüter juſt ſein Fach eben gar nicht wären.

Noch ſchlimmer, mein lieber Herr! Indeſſen ein einträgliches Aemtchen, oder Ausſichten darauf, das kann dafür ſchadlos halten.

Leider — antwortete Karl — ſind auch meine Ausſichten ſchon dahin!

So frühzeitig?

Die Art von Vorwurf in des Fremden Miene machte, daß der junge Mann durch eine kurze Darlegung der Umſtände ſich von allem böſen Verdachte befreien zu müſſen meinte.

Vorurtheile.

Als beſorgt der Wohlhabende ſchon, daß der Allzufreigebige vielleicht gar auf den böſen Einfall gerathen könne, ihn um Unterſtützung anzugehen, ſo zog er ſich, ziemlich finſter ausſehend, mit ſeinem Eſſen, welches Lottchen jetzt hereinbrachte, nach einem benachbarten Tiſche zurück, die jungen Leute ihrem Schickſale überlaſſend.

Eine Stunde ſpäter, als es ſchon dunkel war, verließ er das Haus wieder. Zuvor aber ſchien er doch dem Vetter Karl eins anhängen zu müſſen, und ſagte: Zu guter Letzt, junger Mann, will ich ihnen noch eine Lehre geben, die reichliche Zinſen eintragen kann. Sorgen Sie für das Erſte hübſch für ſich ſelbſt, ehe Sie an Andere denken. Erzählen Sie auch Niemanden die rührende Hiſtorie mit dem alten Pferde. Denn ob man ſchon heutzutage hier und da das ſogenannte Mitleid mit den Thieren unter die Tugenden zählen will, ſo lachen die Vernünftigen doch über dergleichen Vorurtheile, die zu gar nichts führen können.

Glaubensbekenntniß.

Die laute Lache des Hinwegreitenden ſcholl noch von außen in die Fenſter, und Vetter Karl bedauerte ſehr, daß er den Fühlloſen ſo gutmüthig mit ſeiner ganzen betrübten Lage bekannt hatte machen können, ja er bedauerte jedes Wort, das an ihn verloren gegangen war. Röschen aber zeigte ſich noch einmal ſo böſe, als er, auf den Barbaren und beſtürmte Lottchen mit Vorwürfen, daß ſie ihn nicht aus dem Hauſe hatte werfen laſſen.

Ei — verſetzte die — das iſt eben die ſchlimme Seite unſerer Handthierung, jede ungeſchlachte Rede anhören, und dazu nicht nur ſchweigen, ſondern wenn's nicht allzutoll wird, obendrein ein freundliches Geſicht machen zu müſſen. Im Uebrigen aber — fügte ſie hinzu — befinde ich mich deſto beſſer. Zwar ſitzen wir nichts weniger, als im Ueberfluſſe, mein Mann und ich, wenn man indeß einander ſonſt gut iſt, ſo trägt ſich das Uebrige, man glaubt es gar nicht, wie leicht.

Das glaube ich gern! ſprach Röschen, wie ungehalten, daß die Freundin ſie auch ſolch eines gottloſen Unglaubens bezüchtigen wollte, ſah den Vetter Karl an, der ſich ebenfalls laut zu ihrem Glauben bekannte und wurde dann roth, wie eine Mohnblume, über ein ſo unvorſichtig ausgeſprochenes Glaubensbekenntniß.

Allerlei Kreuz und Unruhe.

Die Wirthsſtube füllte ſich immer mehr mit Menſchen an, die ſich an einem großen Tiſche beim Ofen zuſammenſetzten, während Lottchen und Röschen in einer Ecke der Stube recht emſig näheten, und dabei vom Vetter Karl manches Neue aus dem Feldzuge vernahmen. Der Name Liſon lag Röschen noch immer äußerſt ſchwer auf dem Herzen. Sie hätte gar zu gern gewußt, ob das Gras auch recht gut fortgekommen ſei, das über ſein Andenken an dieſe niedliche Franzöſin gewachſen ſein ſollte. Allein auf die Lippe brachte ſie den Namen nicht. Gern hätte ſie Lottchen gebeten, ihn mit der hübſchen Ausländerin aufzuziehen. Doch der hatte die Unruhe darüber, daß ihrem abweſenden Manne, der ſchon vor Abend hatte heimkehren wollen, ein Unglück könne begegnet ſein, nach und nach allen Muth zu ſolchen Scherzen benommen. Dazu mußte ſie, eben weil er fehlte, deſto mehr ſelbſt mit zugreifen und ihre Näherei und den Tiſch im Winkel endlich ganz im Stiche laſſen.

Der Repräſentant.

Schon neun Uhr? rief Röschen erſchrocken, als der benachbarte Wandſeiger ſchlug, packte ſchleunigſt ihre Arbeit zuſammen und erſuchte die eben herzukommende Freundin, doch ja den Altgeſellen aus ihres Vaters Werkſtatt zu bitten, daß er ſie nach Hauſe begleite. Aber, o Unglück, Röschens Vorausſetzung, daß der Menſch gewiß, wie gewöhnlich, mit den vielen Leuten am großen Tiſche die Tabackswolke zu unterhalten ſtrebe, vor der kein Menſch in der Stube den andern mehr erkennen konnte, war ganz unrichtig. Gerade dasmal hatte der Altgeſell ſich nicht eingeſtellt. Selbſt ihrer Freundin war es ein Räthſel.

Ach Gott — ſagte Röschen weinerlich ihr in's Ohr — nun kann ich den Weg nach der Stadt mutterſeelen allein zurückgehen!

Aber Vetter Karl mußte ſcharfſichtig wie ein Taubſtummer ihr die gewiß unhörbare Frage, aus der ängſtlichen Miene geleſen haben, denn er erbot ſich ſogleich, den Altgeſellen, in Rückſicht ihres Heimgehens, zu repräſentiren.

Wiederverein.

Gott behüte und bewahre! ſagte Röschen, der Müdigkeit gedenkend, worüber er früher gegen Lottchen geklagt hatte. Es mußte auch des Mädchens wirklicher Ernſt ſein, ſeine Begleitung nicht anzunehmen. Denn während Vetter Karl nach ſeinem Hute ging, war ſie ſchon zur Hausthür hinaus.

Kaum aber hatte die Furchtſame in größter Eil endlich das Stadtthor erreicht und ließ ſich auf dem dieſem zunächſtſtehenden Straßenſteine nieder, um nur von ihrer Parforcejagd ein wenig Athem zu holen, ſo war auch der ihr nachgeeilte Vetter Karl bei ihr und ließ ſich's nicht nehmen, ihr vollends das Geleit in ihrer Eltern Haus zu geben.

Nacht- und Morgenſchrecken.

Aber der hübſche Abend im wilden Manne und dann vom Kuhthore an bis nach Hauſe, hatte dem guten Röschen gar bittere Frucht getragen. Die ganze Nacht über war ſie aus einem Fiebertraum in den andern geworfen worden. Das eine Mal, wie ſie ſchon im Brauttanze mit dem Vetter Karl gar anmuthig den Saal des Schießhauſes auf und nieder flog, ſtieg plötzlich aus dem Fußboden ein überaus reizendes Mädchen herauf, die Arme nach Röschens Tänzer und Bräutigam ausſtreckend. Da ließ er die Braut plötzlich los, zog mit dem zärtlichen Ausrufe: Liſon, meine Liſon! die Andere an ſein Herz und ſie walzten zur Thür hinaus, alle übrige Paare hinterher, nur ſie war, wie feſtgebannt, allein auf dem Flecke, und als ſie nun aufwachte, keine Spur mehr von dem ganzen Vorfalle, als die Thränen, welche ſie dabei geweint hatte und die noch immer ihr über das Geſicht rannen. Bald darauf hatte ſie ſich in einer Dorfkirche, ohne einem Menſchen ein Wort davon zu ſagen, trauen laſſen, und weil ſich mit der Verheimlichung der Sache, ſogar vor den Eltern, der Lärm eines geräuſchvollen Hochzeitfeſtes nicht vertrug, ſo hatte der vorſichtige Traum die blendenden Brautbetten in ein Gemach geſetzt, das unmittelbar an die Sakriſtei anſtieß. Wie ſie nun aber vom Altare weg in die Thür wollten, da erſchien in dieſer plötzlich ihre Mutter, eine Ruthe in der Hand, groß wie ein Stallbeſen, legte das ſechzehnjährige Töchterchen in ihrer Wuth, gleich einem Flederwiſche, über den linken Arm und würde ein furchtbares Exempel an ihr ſtatuirt haben, wenn Röschen in ihrer zweifachen Herzensangſt nicht den ganzen Traum glücklich entzweigeſchrieen hätte.

Und nachdem das ſo hart geplagte Kind endlich gegen Morgen wieder eingeſchlafen, jedes frühere Hinderniß ihres Vereins mit dem Vetter Karl völlig beſeitiget und eben das Licht ausgelöſcht werden ſollte, fühlte ſie ſich auf einmal heftig am Arme gepackt und ſah unmittelbar darauf in das finſtre Auge ihrer Mutter, welche ſie eine Langſchläferin ſchalt, und fragte, ob ſie denn ganz vergeſſen hätte, daß Markttag ſei, und der Einkauf beſorgt ſein wolle?

Die ſpitzige Naſe.

Mittags über Tiſche war die Frau Bürgermeiſterin in dem beunruhigten Gedanken, daß der Organiſt nicht Stadtſchreiber werden ſollte, zwar immer noch nicht gut, aber doch viel beſſer gelaunt, als während des Vormittags. Kaum waren daher die Geſellen und Lehrburſchen vom Tiſche aufgeſtanden, ſo fing Röschen, die ſchon längſt gern gehört hätte, ob die Mutter vielleicht nunmehr endlich einmal richtigere Anſichten bekommen, alſo an: Geſtern, liebe Mutter, habe ich ſie einmal überaus böſe geſehen!

Die außerordentlich einnehmende Freundlichkeit ihrer Tochter aber bei dieſer Aeußerung machte, daß ſie lachend fragte: Bei welcher Gelegenheit denn?

I, wie der junge Mann mit dem alten Rappen kam und bei uns Quartier ſuchte.

Doch dieſe Erinnerung regte der Mutter plötzlich die ganze Galle auf. Ja — ſagte ſie — das zeigte deine Klugheit wieder einmal im hellſten Lichte. Statt dem Burſchen die Wege zu weiſen, rufſt du mich gar erſt noch herzu.

Aufrichtig, liebe Mutter, ich konnte es nicht über mein Herz bringen. Der Menſch ging gar zu gut mit dem kranken, häßlichen Pferde um, und obendrein war er auch ſo hübſch.

Hübſch? rief die Bürgermeiſterin. Herr meines Lebens, einen Mantel hatte er, dem man ſeine vormalige Farbe gar nicht mehr anſah.

Der Mann ſelber aber, gute Mutter, ſeine Figur!

Ach, was Figur! Dünn aufgeſchoſſen, wie ein Hopfenſtengel und ſo mager, ſo mager! Wahrhaftig ſeine Naſe war ſo ſpitzig, daß ich ſie gleich durch das Oehr meiner großen Stopfnadel bringen wollte.

Blick zum Himmel.

Lachend fiel der Bürgermeiſter ein: War ich denn nicht gerade ſo, als ich zu dir auf die Freite kam?

Eben drum — antwortete die Bürgermeiſterin — mit ſo ausgehungerten Leuten hat man kein Glück und wenn einmal künftig der Freier um unſere Roſe ſo ausſieht, wie der, ſo kann er ſich nur immer die Anfrage bei mir erſparen. Solche hagere Perſonen lieben nichts ſo ſehr, als Zank und Streit, wogegen mit den beſſer Beleibten ſchon eher ein Auskommen iſt. — Ich meine das im vollen Ernſte! fuhr ſie fort, als hier ihr Gatte hoch auflachte. Es liegt auch in der Natur der Sache. Einem friedliebenden Menſchen gedeiht Eſſen und Trinken, ein zänkiſcher aber wird bei dem beſten Appetit immer ein Storch bleiben. Beweiſt denn das nicht ſchon dein Beiſpiel allein?

Potz Kinder und kein Ende! — rief da der Bürgermeiſter, den Blick zum Himmel gekehrt. — Wenn ich, der Hagere, zänkiſch bin, wie nenne ich denn da die Wohlbeleibten, gleich dir?

Segelſtreichen.

Nimmermehr wenigſtens — verſetzte ſie — hätte ich ſolch einer Lumperei wegen, wie das Zeichen über der Hausthür iſt, mit dem Bürgermeiſter Wehrmann Händel angefangen.

Angefangen! rief der Beſchuldigte. Iſt denn nicht Wehrmann der Anfänger geweſen?

Ei — antwortete ſie — der Ochſenkopf iſt das Zeichen ſeines Handwerks, du zwangſt ihn daher dazu. Und — nun frage ich dich, iſt es denn, abgeſehen von dem böſen Umſtande, daß uns ſolche überlaufen werden, die unſer Haus für einen Gaſthof anſehen, ſo gar angenehm, unter dem Zeichen des Ochſenkopfes zu wohnen? Sollte nicht vielmehr ein vernünftiger Menſch den Ochſenkopf jederzeit ſo weit von ſich entfernen als möglich, heh?

Wie du's verſtehſt! antwortete hier der Bürgermeiſter in einem Tone, vor dem ſeine Ehefrau allzeit die Segel ſtrich, weil ſie aus Erfahrung wußte, daß dann jede Einwendung gefährlich war.

Reſultat.

Das Zeichen über der Thür — fuhr er mit finſterm Brummen fort — ſollte auf mein Gewerbe und auf die Bürgermeiſterwürde zugleich hindeuten. Aber was verſteht die

Einfalt davon? Die weiß freilich nicht, daß der Stier das Sinnbild der Stärke iſt, und daß der Bürgermeiſter, potz Kinder und kein Ende, ſich als der Stärkſte in der Stadt erweiſen muß! —

Mit dieſen Worten verließ er die Stube und warf hinter ſich die Thür grimmig zu.

Das Reſultat von Allem war, daß die Hausfrau ihren ganzen Unmuth an dem armen Röschen ausließ, die ohnehin ſchon an dem mütterlichen Urtheile über den Vetter Karl zu tragen genug hatte.

Der willkommene Bär.

Drei Tage hatte Röschen, allemal bald nach Sonnenuntergange, die Mutter gebeten, ſie zu Rocken gehen zu laſſen; es werde gewöhnlich in Geſellſchaft mehr fertig, als zu Hauſe allein; wo freilich in der Regel ein ſehr ſchläfriges Wetter graſſirte. Die Mutter war nicht dagegen geweſen. Denn das erſtemal ging Röschen zur verwittweten Stadtſchreiberin, einer ſehr ordentlichen Frau, das zweitemal zu Amtspachters Finkchen, einer ſchon betagten Jungfer, gegen die ſich auch nichts einwenden ließ, und das drittemal zu Salzverwalters Ausgeberin, einer geſchickten, ordentlichen und ſittſamen Schulmeiſterswittwe. Alle drei ſaßen in der Kirche ſehr weit von der Frau Bürgermeiſterin Mützenkönig und kamen auch ſonſt nicht mit ihr zuſammen: ein ſehr guter Umſtand, den Röschen bei ihren Beſuchen mit berückſichtigen zu müſſen glaubte. Sie war nämlich ſo gewiſſenhaft, um nicht einmal gern eine Nothlüge ohne Noth machen, und auf der andern Seite doch auch den Rechten ihres Herzens nichts vergeben zu wollen. So ging ſie denn allezeit wirklich erſt ein halbes Viertelſtündchen zu den genannten Perſonen, um dann recht zum Kuhthor hinaus zu eilen, damit ſie noch vor eintretender Dämmerung auf dem wilden Manne anlangen möchte. Herein nach der Stadt, das wußte ſie nun, fehlte ihr der Begleiter niemals, und daß der Altgeſelle, wie ſie nun fand, den wilden Mann, wegen eines Bären, den er dort angebunden hatte, gerade jetzt ganz unbeſucht ließ, konnte ihr unter den nunmehr eingetretenen Umſtänden eher willkommen, als unangenehm ſein.

Sämmtliche drei Abende.

Mit einem Worte: Alles ging am Schnürchen. Am erſten dieſer drei glücklichen Abende war bereits ein Schutz- und Trutzbündniß zwiſchen den beiden angehenden Liebenden gegen Welt und Schickſal und alles Mögliche abgeſchloſſen worden. Lottchen, als Zeugin dabei, hatte auch ihr Freudenthränchen mit hineingeweint und zu den Luftſchlöſſern, welche das Pärchen bis weit in den Himmel hinein ſich für ſeine Zukunft aufbaute, treulich Handlangerdienſt verrichtet.

Am zweiten Abende war die Rede hauptſächlich auf die niedliche Liſon zu Chatillon gekommen und da dem armen Röschen noch bei Schlafengehen ein Skrupel in dieſer Angelegenheit aufgeſtiegen.

Aber auch dieſen Skrupel hob der Abend völlig.

Muth.

Bei der diesmaligen Heimführung aber zündete ein Blitzſtrahl aus dem heiterſten Himmel das neuſte, ſchönſte Luftſchlößchen den guten Kindern über ihren Köpfen an. Und das ging ſo zu: Röschens Herr Pathe, der Kämmerer, war juſt wie Röschen gegen Abend nach dem wilden Manne hinaus eilte, ihr von daher entgegen gekommen. Aber das Mädchen, damals nichts im Kopfe habend, als den wilden Mann und jenen Skrupel, lief eiligſt bei ihm vorbei, ohne ihn gewahr zu werden, ſo daß er lange ſtehen blieb, ſie mit dem Auge bis in die Thür des wilden Mannes verfolgend. Sein Erſtes, nach der Rückkehr in die Stadt, war daher ein Gang zur Frau Bürgermeiſterin Mützenkönig. Liebe Frau Gevatter — begann er — was fehlt denn meiner Jungfer Pathchen?

Nichts, Gott lob, als vielleicht ein wenig Sitzfleiſch.

Das muß ſein! denn eben rannte ſie draußen vorm Kuhthor auf der Straße nach dem wilden Manne ſo vor mir vorüber, als ob ihr der Kopf brenne.

Wohl kaum möglich, Herr Gevatter. Denn ſie iſt zu Rocken in der Stadt und ſitzt dasmal gewiß dort in aller Ruhe.

Allein der Kämmerer behauptete das Gegentheil, weshalb ſich denn die Bürgermeiſterin auf der Stelle in Salzverwalters Behauſung begab. Dort aber hieß es freilich, daß Röschen ſich zwar richtig eingeſtellt, aber kein Bleiben gehabt habe.

Man kann ſich vorſtellen, in welche Wuth darüber die leicht aufbrauſende Bürgermeiſterin gerieth.

Die Pulvermine.

Nichts ahnend von dieſem Allen brachte ungefähr ein Stündchen ſpäter der glückliche Karl Röschen nach Hauſe und dachte eben an der Thür ſich beſcheiden mit dem Küßchen in Ehren zu verſehen, deſſen Erinnerung ihm den einſamen Rückweg nach dem wilden Manne verſüßen ſollte, als plötzlich, wie eine Pulvermine, die hinter der Hausthür lauſchende Mutter hervorſprang, die Tochter zurückſchleuderte, und dem Heimführer ſtatt der warmen Lippen, wornach er lechzte, den kalten Glasknopf, der zuvor unter ihrer Schürze verborgen gehaltenen Blendlaterne dicht vor den Mund hielt.

Und gerade, daß der junge Mann nicht, wie ein ertappter Strauchdieb das Haſenpanier ergriff, als er nach manchen harten Reden vernahm, wen er vor ſich hatte, gerade das legte die Bürgermeiſterin ihm als eine beſondere Frechheit aus.

Ungewöhnlicher Handel.

Noch weit ärger würde es dem armen Röschen ergangen ſein, wäre nicht, ſeitdem die Mutter von Salzverwalters wieder zurück war, ein ganz eigner, günſtiger Umſtand eingetreten. Sie fand nämlich da gerade den reichen Henkel bei ihrem Manne, der um Röschens Hand für den Gerichtsverwalter auf ſeinem Gute Kührewitz anſuchte. Schon ſeit langer Zeit ſtand der Bürgermeiſter in Verbindung mit Herrn Henkel. Die beſten Ochſenhörner bezog er aus ſeinem Rindviehinſtitute und hatte in ihm immer einen reellen Mann gefunden. Daher glaubte er ihm zwar auf ſein Wort, daß der junge Gerichtsverwalter geſund und auch ſonſt von recht guter Qualität ſei. Allein, gerade wie bei den Ochſenhörnern, den Handel abzuſchließen, ohne daß weder er, noch die hauptſächlichſte Mitintereſſentin, ſeine Tochter, den Gerichtsverwalter zuvor geſehen hatte, hielt er doch für ſehr ungewöhnlich.

Uebereinkunft.

Ja — ſagte Herr Henkel achſelzuckend — entweder — oder! Mein Gerichtsverwalter iſt jetzt abweſend. Ich habe mir vorgenommen, für ihn in jeder Hinſicht zu ſorgen und ihm unter anderm auch eine Frau, juſt, wie man Kindern ein Weihnachtgeſchenk überreicht, zu beſcheeren. Natürlich mußte ich da etwas recht Hübſches für den jungen Mann ausſuchen und das glaube ich in ihrem niedlichen Töchterchen gefunden zu haben. Schlagen ſie ein, Herr Bürgermeiſter! vielleicht bietet ſich ihnen im ganzen Leben nicht wieder eine ſo gute Gelegenheit für ihr Kind.

Alles recht ſchön, verehrter Herr Henkel — verſetzte Röschens Vater. Wie nun aber, wenn die Chriſtbeſcheerung dem jungen, vielleicht ſchon mit einer Braut verſorgten Manne (denn in ſolchen Fällen ſind die jungen Leute heutzutage eilig genug!) nicht gefiele? Oder auch umgekehrt, wenn der junge Mann dem lebendigen Geſchenke nicht anſtünde?

In beiden Fällen — antwortete der Gutsbeſitzer — verſtehe ich mich zu einer Entſchädigungsſumme, die ſie gewiß anſtändig finden werden!

Wirklich war dieſe, die er nannte, ſo bedeutend, daß der Bürgermeiſter gar kein Bedenken mehr hatte, und lächelnd ſagte: Ja, dann bin ich's zufrieden. Nur den Zwang haſſe ich in dergleichen Dingen.

Große Einigkeit.

Bis jetzt hatte die Bürgermeiſterin ſtill nachſinnend dabei geſtanden. Nun aber begann ſie: Alles mit Unterſchied, lieber Mützenkönig; auch der Zwang hat mitunter ſein Gutes. Aber der Vater, nein, der muß nicht wählen wollen in ſolchen Dingen für die Kinder. Das Auge der Mutter weiß am Beſten zu beurtheilen, ob ein Mann ſo beſchaffen iſt, daß er der Tochter gefallen ſollte oder nicht. Kinder ſind und bleiben Kinder, und wie man ihnen die Ruthe aufzwingen muß zu ihrem Beſten, ſo auch häufig den Mann und die Frau. Aber die Mutter, Herr Henkel, die muß daher nothwendig den Mann zuvor geſehen haben.

Verdrießlich wendete ſich der Bürgermeiſter hinweg um eines eben hereintretenden Käufers willen, während Herr Henkel die Unterhandlungen mit ſeiner Frau heimlich fortſetzte. Er mußte die rechte Weiſe, ſie zu überzeugen, getroffen haben. Denn in Kurzem war ſie über ſeinen Heirathsantrag ſo ſehr mit ihm und ihrem Manne einverſtanden, wie ſie ſolches mit letzterem vielleicht ſeit ihrem Brautſtande kein einziges Mal geweſen.

Elterliche Erklärungen.

Dank Gott — ſprach daher ſpäterhin die Mutter, nachdem ſie dem Heimführer der Tochter die Hausthür vor der Naſe zugeſchlagen hatte — daß inzwiſchen der Himmel auf anderm Wege für dich geſorgt hat. Es würde dir jetzt ſchlimm ergehen, wenn nicht dergleichen Narrheiten nun von ſelbſt aufhören müßten. Du biſt nämlich die Braut des Gerichtsverwalters zu Kührewitz und kannſt dich immer auf die nahe Hochzeit gefaßt machen.

Ja, ja! — fuhr die Mutter fort, als Röschen mit ein paar Augen ſie anſah, wie etwa einen Menſchen, an dem ſich mit Einem Male Spuren des tollſten Wahnſinnes zeigen — Es iſt allerdings wahr, daß du dein Glück durchaus nicht verdienſt. Mache mir aber auch nur wieder einen Streich, wie heute, und du ſollſt ſehen! —

Der aus der Werkſtatt zurückkehrende Bürgermeiſter wollte ebenfalls wiſſen, was das für ein Streich geweſen ſei, und ſprach, als er's gehört hatte: Potz Kinder und kein Ende! So können wir ja Gott danken, daß ſich die gute Gelegenheit gefunden hat, den Zeiſig loszuwerden. Das aber, Roſe, ſage ich dir, thue gut in Kührewitz, oder komme mir im ganzen Leben nicht wieder unter die Augen!

Der letzte Wille.

Was der Menſch nur an Thränen von ſich geben kann, das weinte das arme Röschen gewiß in der halben Stunde, die noch bis zum Schlafengehen übrig blieb. Dann aber war ihr beſſer bei der Zuverſicht, daß ſie ſolch einen unnatürlichen Zuſtand gewiß nicht die ganze lange Nacht hindurch ertragen könne. Als daher eben der Vater wie gewöhnlich noch einmal im Hauſe herumging, nachzuſehen, ob ſich kein Dieb eingeſchlichen habe, und die Mutter zur Zubereitung auf den folgenden Tag in der Küche war, riß ſie ein noch unbeſchriebenes Blatt Papier aus ihrem vormaligen Schulſchreibebuch, ihren letzten Willen aufzuſetzen.

„Liebe Eltern — ſo lautete er — vergeben ſie mir, wie ich auch Jedermann vergebe, und beruhigen ſie ſich wegen meines frühen Todes. Das einzige nur bitte ich, daß Nachricht davon hinaus in den wilden Mann komme, damit Jemand von dort mich zu Grabe hinaus begleiten kann. Uebrigens werde ich auch noch in der Ewigkeit ſein ihre treue Tochter Roſine.“

Dieſes Teſtament befeſtigte ſie mit einer Stecknadel an der Mutter Nähkiſſen und fühlte ſich dann unendlich beruhigt.

Gewaltſame Maaßregeln.

Deſto troſtloſer war Röschen am folgenden Morgen, als ſie, ſtatt in der Ewigkeit, noch mitten in der zeitherigen irdiſchen Umgebung erwachte. Der Zettel auf der Mutter Nähkiſſen, den ſie in ihrer Troſtloſigkeit ganz vergeſſen hatte, zog ihr nur neue Leiden zu, weil ſie darüber gar eines gegen ihr Leben gefaßten Vorſatzes verdächtig wurde. Denn beide, Vater und Mutter, behaupteten nach einem, nur allzuſcharfen, Examen, daß ſie ſo unvernünftig nicht ſei, um glauben zu können, ſie werde ſchon *daran* ſterben, daß man ihr nur einen Mann *zugedacht* hätte. Es wurde ihr daher alles Stech- und Schneidewerkzeug weggenommen und ſie überhaupt wie eine verrückte Perſon eingeſperrt und behandelt.

Zwiſchenereigniſſe.

Daß der Maſthammel wirklich mit Tode abging, und auch der für den Abend nach der Rathswahl feſtgeſetzte, gewöhnliche Schmaus von der Mehrheit des Senats deprecirt wurde, nahm die Frau Bürgermeiſterin für zwei ſehr ſchlimme Vorbedeutungen und war darüber gewaltig alterirt. Wirklich ſchlug auch der verhängnißvolle Wahltag zum größten Mißvergnügen des Bürgermeiſters Mützenkönig aus. Sein Mitbürgermeiſter und Gegner hatte nämlich unbegreiflicher Weiſe den größten Theil der Rathsmitglieder auf ſeine Seite gebracht. So drang man denn darauf, daß die Stadtſchreiberſtelle längſtens binnen Jahr und Tag wieder beſetzt ſein müßte.

Abrede.

Herr Henkel wartete ſchon in der Werkſtatt des Bürgermeiſters Mützenkönig, als dieſer im äußerſten Unmuthe dort ankam und auch gar nicht im Stande war, deſſen Urſache vor dem Gaſte zu verheimlichen.

Hm — ſprach Herr Henkel — wie wenn es mir gelänge, der Sache doch noch einen erwünſchten Ausſchlag zu verſchaffen? Sie wiſſen, daß der Bürgermeiſter Mehrmann ſeine Maſtochſen hauptſächlich aus meiner Anſtalt bezieht. Wie wenn ich zu ihm ginge und ihn bewegen könnte, meinem Gerichtsverwalter in Kührewitz als künftigen Stadtſchreiber ſeine Stimme zu geben? Auf dieſe Weiſe hätte doch ihre Familie die Stelle beſetzt und ihrer eigenen Tochter würde die Sache auch zu ſtatten kommen.

Allerdings ließ ſich das hören. Ja — ſprach der Getröſtete — wenn Sie das bewirken können, verehrter Herr Henkel!

Ich hoffe wenigſtens. Uebrigens würde meine Uebereinkunft mit Ihnen, wegen ihrer Tochter, ihm vor der Hand noch ein Geheimniß bleiben müſſen.

Haupthinderniß.

Dem Bürgermeiſter Mützenkönig vertrieb dieſer Gedanke, je mehr er über ihn nachſann, immer beſſer alle vom Rathhauſe heimgebrachten ſchwarzen Grillen. So, meinte er, müſſe ſein Gegner, Mehrmann, ſich in der Folge gerade am empfindlichſten verletzt fühlen.

Als aber gegen Abend Herr Henkel wiederkam, brachte er, leider, wie er ſagte, die Nachricht des völligen Mißlingens mit. Unglücklicher Weiſe ſei ihm gerade der Umſtand der Verlobung des Gerichtsverwalters mit Röschen entſchlüpft, und da waren auf Einmal die Unterhandlungen ſo gut, wie abgebrochen geweſen. Der Bürgermeiſter Mehrmann habe auch ausdrücklich erklärt, daß, ſo lange der goldene Ochſenkopf über der Mützenkönigſchen Hausthür dem Fleiſcherhandwerk gleichſam Hohn ſprechen dürfe, er auch gewiß dem Intereſſe der Mützenkönigſchen Familie entgegen ſein werde, aus allen Kräften.

Umarmung.

Nach einer langen Berathung, zu welcher die Frau Bürgermeiſterin mitgezogen wurde, ließ ſich der Bürgermeiſter endlich von der Wahrheit überzeugen, daß ein lebendiger Stadtſchreiber als Schwiegerſohn doch wohl die reichlichſte Entſchädigung wäre für den todten Ochſenkopf an ſeinem Hauſe.

Und kaum ein halbes Stündchen ſpäter brachte Herr Henkel den Bürgermeiſter Mehrmann herzu und die beiden Väter der Stadt lagen einander freundlich in den Armen.

Alles das geſchah unten in der Werkſtatt, welche der blaue Montag, den es eben gab, von allen fremden Augen und Ohren gereiniget hatte.

Die beſſere Geſtalt.

Endlich mußte auch Röschen hinunter in die Werkſtatt. Auf der Treppe noch machte die Mutter, welche ſie holte, ihr die Hölle recht heiß, wiſchte noch unten vor der Thür mit dem Schürzenzipfel eine Thräne, nicht eben auf die zarteſte Weiſe, aus dem Auge des armen Kindes, ſetzte ihm dann die Fauſt auf die Stirn und ſprach: daß du um Gotteswillen keine Späne machſt! Auf wen willſt du denn warten, dummes Ding, wenn dir unſer künftiger Herr Stadtſchreiber zu ſchlecht iſt?

Aber alle Ermahnungen fruchteten nichts. Beim Eintreten erſchrak Röschen nur um ſo mehr, als ſie in Herrn Henkel, den man ihr in der letztern Zeit ohne Aufhören als einen ganz koſtbaren Mann gerühmt hatte, denſelben Reiter wieder erkannte, der in ſeiner Fühlloſigkeit dem Vetter Karl draußen auf dem wilden Manne mit dem guten Herzen, das er dem armen Rappen bewieſen, ſo aufgezogen hatte.

Bald aber erhielt die Sache eine beſſere Geſtalt, wie jetzt der Gerichtsverwalter ſelbſt hereintrat, und das kein anderer Menſch war, als der Vetter Karl ſelber.

Erläuterung.

Herr Henkel hatte damals, als Vetter Karl den kranken Rappen am Zaume über den Markt zu Reiſſenthal geführt, das aus dem Fenſter ſeines Ochſenkäufers, des Bürgermeiſters Mehrmann, mit angeſehen. Gerade die Milde des jungen Mannes mit dem Thiere hatte ihn bewogen nachzuſchleichen. So war er Zeuge des Geſprächs zwiſchen ihm und Röschen am Fenſter geworden. Späterhin wieder zu Pferde auf der Straße, hatte er Karln an der Thüre des wilden Mannes wahrgenommen und nähere Bekanntſchaft mit ihm, beſonders auch darum zu machen gewünſcht, weil ſein Anzug nicht eben von Wohlhabenheit zeugte und Herr Henkel gern geſehen hätte, ob, wenn er ihm näher auch ſo gefiele, wie von weitem, vielleicht etwas für ihn zu thun ſei.

Im Gaſthofe nun war ſeine Theilnahme an dem jungen Manne immer gewachſen, ſeine und Röschens gegenſeitige große Neigung hatten ihm nicht verborgen bleiben können, und er, nach eingezogener näherer Erkundigung über das Mädchen, ſogleich beſchloſſen, ſich des Pärchens anzunehmen. Seiner gleichzeitigen Nachforſchung auf der Univerſität war bald die Auswirkung des Sittenzeugniſſes gefolgt. Und jetzt erſt trug er ihm die Gerichtsverwalterſtelle in Kührewitz an.

Allerlei Geheimniſſe.

Die Frau Bürgermeiſterin Mützenkönig ſtaunte freilich gar ſehr, als ihr künftiger Schwiegerſohn und der ſpitznäſige Heimführer ihrer Tochter, den ſie damals mit dem Knopfe ihrer Blendlaterne, grauſam genug, abgeſpeiſt und ſonſt allerlei Dinge geſagt hatte, die nicht zu den Artigkeiten gehören mochten, nur eine Perſon waren. Doch kam ihr, unter dieſen Umſtänden, ſeine Naſe bei weitem nicht mehr ſo ſpitzig vor, wie damals. Auch meinte ſie vermuthlich, kann mein armes

Kind ſie vertragen, ſo kann ich es ja wohl auch. Ueberhaupt gefiel ihr der junge Menſch viel beſſer als zuvor.

Die geheimen Artikel des Traktats zwiſchen der Bürgermeiſterin und Herrn Henkel an jenem Abende, wo dieſer den überraſchenden Heirathsantrag that, durch welchen Röschens Mutter auch ſobald für die Sache gewonnen wurde, verlauteten jetzt ebenfalls. Herr Henkel hatte ihr nämlich damals ſchon zugeſagt, daß ſein Juſtitiar Stadtſchreiber und der Ochſenkopf wieder vom Hauſe weggenommen werden ſollte. Seine ſehr genaue Verbindung mit den bedeutendſten Rathsmitgliedern machte, daß er die Zuſage wohl geben konnte. —

Nach einer geheimen Uebereinkunft zwiſchen den beiden, ſich nun wieder herzlich liebenden, Bürgermeiſtern ſollte die Veränderung über der Mützenköniglichen Hausthür, um der Stadt das Kopfbrechen wegen der Voranſtalten dazu und manches unnütze Raiſonnement zu erſparen, einmal in einer Mondſcheinnacht bewirkt werden, nachdem alles hierzu hinlänglich vorbereitet war.

Zweifache Deutung.

Ein Jahr verging dem Pärchen, wie den Eltern, in ſüßer Hoffnung. Ein einziger Unfall von Bedeutung ereignete ſich, und das war der Tod des Pferdes, das gewiſſermaßen allein Karls und Röschens Glück gemacht hatte. Denn ohne des jungen Mannes rühmlichen Antheil an dem Schickſale des armen Thieres würde der wackere Herr Henkel ſchwerlich auf ihn aufmerkſam geworden und nichts von all' dem Guten, welches daraus hervorging, zu Stande gekommen ſein.

Als endlich die Beſtätigung des neuerwählten Stadtſchreibers, deſſen Fleiß, Geſchicklichkeit und Uneigennützigkeit als Gerichtsverwalter zu Kührewitz in der ganzen Gegend geprieſen wurden, aus der Reſidenz angekommen und er ſchon förmlich eingeſetzt war, ging auch die Hochzeit vor ſich.

Und wer am Morgen nach dieſer bei dem Mützenköniglichen Hauſe vorüber kam, der ſtaunte auch, daß ſich in der einzigen Vollmondnacht der Ochſenkopf über der Thür in ein Paar verſchlungene Hände verwandelt hatte, welche eine zweifache glückliche Deutung geſtatteten.

Gottlob Ernſt Schulze

ward am 23. Auguſt 1761 zu Heldrungen in Thüringen geboren, ſtudirte in Wittenberg Theologie und Philoſophie, und wurde daſelbſt ſowohl Diaconus an der Schloß- und Univerſitätskirche, als auch zugleich Privatdocent in der philoſophiſchen Facultät und Doctor der Weltweisheit. 1788 ging er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Helmſtädt, und blieb daſelbſt bis zur Aufhebung der Univerſität. 1810 wurde er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Göttingen berufen, wo er den Titel eines Hofraths erhielt und am 14. Januar 1833 geſtorben iſt.

Grundriß der philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Wittenberg, 1788—90. 2 Bde.

Aeneſidemus, oder über die Fundamente der von Reinhold gelieferten Elementarphiloſophie, nebſt einer Vertheidigung des Skepticismus gegen die Anmaßungen der Vernunftkritik. Helmſtädt, 1792.

Einige Bemerkungen über Kant's philoſophiſche Religionslehre. Kiel, 1795.

Kritik der theoretiſchen Philoſophie. Hamburg, 1801. 2 Bde.

Die Hauptmomente der ſkeptiſchen Denkart über die menſchliche Denkart in „Bouterwek's neuem Muſeum der Philoſophie“ Bd. 3, Heft 2, 1805.

Encyklopädie der philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Göttingen, 1814; 3. Aufl. 1824.

Grundſätze der allgemeinen Logik. Helmſtädt, 1829; 4. Aufl. 1832.

Leitfaden der Entwickelung der philoſophiſchen Principien des bürgerlichen und peinlichen Rechts. Göttingen, 1813.

Pſychiſche Anthropologie. Göttingen, 1816; 3. Aufl. 1826.

Ueber die menſchliche Erkenntniß. Göttingen, 1832.

Ein ſcharfer und gründlicher Denker, bemühte ſich S., obwohl ſtreng genommen Eklectiker, durch das Syſtem eines natürlichen Realismus, den er aus dem Scepticismus entwickelte, den Idealismus vorzüglich zu bekämpfen. Sein Streben erwarb ihm großen Ruf, aber keine Anhänger, und er ſteht mit demſelben allein da.

Johann Daniel Schulze

ward am 22. Juli 1777 zu Naumburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig, wo er ſich auch als Privatdocent der Philoſophie niederließ und promovirte. 1804 ward er als Conrector an das Lyceum zu Luckau berufen und verwaltete hier ſpäter das Rectorat, bis er 1820 als Schuldirector nach Hamm, und 1822 als Director des dortigen Gymnaſiums nach Duisburg berufen wurde, woſelbſt er noch wirkt.

Geſchichte der leipziger Univerſität im Laufe des 18. Jahrhunderts. Leipzig, 1802.

Literaturgeſchichte der ſämmtlichen deutſchen Schulen und Bildungsanſtalten. Leipzig, 1804. 2 Thle.

Einige Schulreden. Leipzig, 1819 u. 30. 2 Bde.

Entlaſſungsrede. Lübben, 1822; und andere einzelne Reden.

Ein tüchtiger Schulmann in jeder Hinſicht, wirkte S. auch im weiteren Kreiſe durch ſeine trefflichen Schulreden, welche bei allen Pädagogen Anerkennung fanden.

Heinrich Adolf Schümberg,

zu Bautzen, wahrſcheinlich im Jahre 1787 geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig die Rechte und wurde in Bautzen Oberamtsadvocat. Seine Neigung zum Kriegsweſen führte ihn jedoch den franzöſiſchen Fahnen zu und er kehrte, nachdem er in Spanien mitgefochten hatte, als franzöſiſcher Rittmeiſter nach Sachſen zurück. Anfangs lebte er auf ſeinem Familiengute Hainichen bei Bautzen, darauf zog er ſich, unter dem angenommenen Namen Belawer der Schriftſtellerei zugewandt, nach Kamenz zurück, wo er noch verweilt.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Das Königreich Neapel, aus dem Franzöſ. Leipzig, 1820—21. 2 Thle.

Erinnerungen aus Spanien. Dresden, 1823.

Gemälde aus der Geſchichte des ottomaniſchen Reichs. Dresden, 1824. 2 Thle.

Spanien, nach A. Rabbe. Dresden, 1826. 27. 3 Thle.
Hiſtoriſch-romantiſche Erzählungen. Dresd., 1827.
Manuſcript vom Jahre 1812, aus dem Franzöſiſchen des Baron Fain. Leipzig, 1827. 2 Thle.
Suſanna oder die Gefallſüchtige, aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Leipzig, 1828. 2 Bde.
Feſtſpiel zur Geburtsfeier des Prinzen Friedrich Auguſt Albert. Kamenz, 1828.

Eine treffliche Darſtellungsgabe, gute vielſeitige Kenntniſſe und in ſeinen Erzählungen gute Erfindung der Situationen und feſte Characterzeichnung haben ſeinen Schriften viele Freunde erworben.

Johann Gottlieb Schummel

ward am 8. Mai 1748 zu Seitendorf in Schleſien geboren, lebte längere Zeit ſeit 1771 als Lehrer am Kloſter Unſerer Lieben Frauen zu Magdeburg und darauf an der Ritteracademie zu Liegnitz, bis er als Doctor der Philoſophie und Profeſſor der Beredſamkeit, ſo wie der griechiſchen Sprache an das Eliſabethanum zu Breslau berufen ward, wo er am 24. December 1813 ſtarb.

Empfindſame Reiſen durch Deutſchland. Wittenberg, 1770—72. 3 Thle.
Luſtſpiele ohne Heirathen. Wittenberg, 1772.
Kinderſpiele und Geſpräche. Leipzig, 1776—77. 2 Thle.
Fritzens Reiſe nach Deſſau. Leipzig, 1776.
Spitzbart. Leipzig, 1779.
Wilhelm von Blumenthal. Leipzig, 1780—81.
Der kleine Voltaire. Leipzig, 1785. 2. Ausg.
Das blinde Ehepaar. Breslau, 1788.
Reiſe durch Schleſien. Breslau, 1792.
Das Duell, Luſtſpiel. Wittenberg, 1773.
Scheich Sadi's perſiſches Roſenthal, nebſt Lokman's Fabeln. Wittenberg, 1785. 2. Aufl.

S. lieferte zu ſeiner Zeit die beſten ſatyriſchen Romane, welche wir Deutſchen aufzuweiſen haben, nur ſind die Thorheiten, welche er damals mit großem Witz und reicher Kraft und Gewandtheit verſpottete, wie z. B. die Weltverbeſſerungsſucht und die Freigeiſterei, ſo gänzlich verſchollen, daß ſeine Romane eben dadurch auch ihr Intereſſe für uns verlieren mußten.

Johann Balthaſar Schuppe

ward am 1. März 1610 zu Gießen geboren und bezog ſchon im funfzehnten Jahre die Univerſität Marburg. Er hörte philoſophiſche und theologiſche Collegia, riß ſich aber bald von den Hörſälen los, um auf Reiſen die ächte Weisheit zu finden. Durch die Kriegszeiten bald aufgehalten, bald wider ſeinen Willen hier- und dorthin verſchlagen, blieb er endlich in Roſtock in vertrauter Freundſchaft mit Peter Lauremberg und wurde daſelbſt 1631 Doctor der Philoſophie. Von dort indeß wieder vertrieben und über Lübeck nach Hamburg, ſowie von hier nach Bremen flüchtig, ging er nach Marburg, wo er eine Zeitlang Vorleſungen hielt, bis er vor der Peſt entweichen mußte. Er reiſte nun nach Holland zu wiſſenſchaftlichen Zwecken. 1635 nahm er die Profeſſur der Geſchichte und Beredſamkeit in Marburg an; wurde 1641 Licentiat und 1645 Doctor der Theologie, nachdem er 1643 zum Prediger des deutſchen Ritterordens gewählt war. Im Jahre 1646 ernannte ihn der Landgraf Johann von Heſſen-Darmſtadt zu ſeinem Hofprediger, Conſiſtorialrathe und Inſpector der Kirchen und Schulen zu Braubach, und man rühmte am Hofe ſeine Freimüthigkeit, ſowie ſeine Weltklugheit. Er ward ſelbſt zu diplomatiſchen Geſchäften gebraucht, die er mit großem Beifall ausführte. Im Jahre 1649 ward er zugleich nach Augsburg und Hamburg berufen. Er folgte dem letzteren Rufe und wurde in demſelben Jahre, unter dem Jubel der Gemeine, in der Jacobikirche ordinirt. Seine mit allerlei Scherz und Schwank gewürzte Predigtweiſe zog ihm manche bittere Anfeindung zu und durch dieſe tief gekränkt und verſtimmt, ſtarb der ſonſt lebensfrohe Mann, von der Welt abgeſchieden, ſchon am 20. October 1661.

Lehrreiche Schriften, herausgegeben von ſeinem Sohne Joſt Burchard Schuppe. Frankfurt a. M., 1684. 1701. 1719. 2 Thle. 8.
(Darin: die Krankenwärterin, der geplagte Hiob, Sabbathſchänder, Lucidor, die ehrbare und ſcheinheilige Hure, Aurora, Salomo, Corinna, der Bücherdieb, der Hauptmann zu Capernaum, u. ſ. w.)

Ueber S. urtheilt Küttner ſehr treffend in ſeinen Characteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiker S. 155 fgd.: die wunderliche Miſchung des Ernſten und Burlesken in S's Schriften fällt anfänglich auf. Man wundert ſich, wie geiſtliche Lieder, Predigten, gelehrte Abhandlungen und Satyren voll Poſſenreißerei und freier Scherze ſo bunt durcheinander da liegen. Aber man überſchlage die frommen und ernſthaften Aufſätze, die meiſt ſchlecht und mit lateiniſchen Floskeln und ſchaalen Wortklaubereien überdeckt ſind; man leſe die ſatyriſchen allein, und ſie werden gefallen. Zwar reicht S. nicht an Moſchenroſch ſeinen Zeitgenoſſen; aber einige Ungezogenheiten und Uebertreibungen abgerechnet iſt der Vortrag dieſes Schriftſtellers beluſtigend. Er hat ſehr ſchlau die Menſchen beobachtet, über die er ſpottet; er beſitzt Einſicht und Erfahrung in Welthändeln, einen aufgeweckten Kopf, ſchlichten, guten Menſchenverſtand und eine boshafte Laune. Die rauhe, ungeſchliffene Sprache macht es leider ſchwer, alle dieſe rühmlichen Eigenheiten ſeines Geiſtes mit Wohlgefallen aufzuſpüren.

Fabul-Hanß *),

Oder:

Eine ſchöne anmutige Predigt, von der Fabul, welche Jotham den Bürgern zu Sichem erzelet hat, Jud. 9. Dem Hoch-Ehrwürdigen, Groß-Achtbaren und Hochgelehrten Herrn Menoni Hannekenio, Der H. Schrifft weitberühmten Doctori, der Kirchen zu Lübeck hochverdienten Superintend. Meinem inſonders Hochgeehrten und Hochgeneigten Herrn, Vettern und Paten, wünſche ich ſamt deſſen gantzem Hauſe alles zeitliches und ewiges Wolergehen.

Hoch-Ehrwürdiger, Groß-Achtbarer- und Hochgelehrter, mein inſonders Hochgeehrter und Hochgeneigter Herr, Vetter und Pate:

Ich werde berichtet, daß zu Lübeck ein Geſchrey erſchollen ſey, daß drey Tractätlein wider Antenorn ſollen gedruckt werden, deren eins genannt werde Examen juxta legē & Evangelium, das andere der Geiſt Crobyle einer alten Huren, das dritte, der geiſtliche Eulenſpieger, Antenorn zu ehren und zu lieben, befihlet mir GOtt. Und wenn ich kein Chriſt, ſondern ein Hund wäre, ſo würde mich die Natur darzu antreiben.

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*) Aus „Lehrreiche Schriften, Deren ſich beyde Geiſt- als Weltliche ꝛc. von Joh. Balthaſ. Schuppen. Frankfurt am Mayn. 1677.“

Ich habe gehofft, ſolche gottloſe Leut, welche in Schafskleidern daher gehen, und inwendig reiſſende Wölffe ſind, würden einmal auffhören wider ihn zu wüten und toben. Weil ich aber vernehme, daß ihre Boßheit je mehr und mehr wachſe, als wil ich hinfüro Antenorn der ſeine Zeit in höhern Dingen anwenden kan, die Mühe abnehmen, und ſolchen Kerlen mit Gottes Hülff antworten, und das Maul ſtopffen. Ich bin zwar noch jung, und E. Hoch-Ehrw. wiſſen am beſten, wie viel Jahr verfloſſen ſeyn, nachdem ſie mich auß der H. Tauff gehoben, und nach ihrem Namen mich genennet haben. Ich höre, daß der Autor deß Examinis juxta legem & Evangelium ein Mann ſey von einem groſſen Bart. Allein ich wil vor ſeinem Bart mich nicht entſetzen, wenn er auch ſo groß wäre als ein Schlacht-Schwerdt, ſondern wil mit GOTTES Hülffe ſehen, wie ich mit ihm zu recht kommen könne. Ich bitte ihn aber, wann er ein ehrlicher Mann, und ein guter Chriſt iſt, er wolle ſeinen rechten Nahmen und Zunahmen bei dieſes Tractätlein ſetzen, damit ich wiſſen könne, mit wem ichs zu thun habe, und einem jeden einen Hering braten könne, nachdem der Mann iſt. Ich wil ihm mit Höfligkeit und Beſcheidenheit begegnen, und alles der Censur vornehmer Theologorum unterwerffen, ehe es in Druck kommet. Ich ſchwöre bey meiner Ehr und Redligkeit, daß ich und mein Bruder Joſt Burchard hiebevor in dieſer Sache keine Feder angeſetzet haben, und daß wir die Unſchuld Antenors nicht geſchrieben haben, wie uns etliche Schuld geben. Sondern es hat es ein vornehmer Hofmann gethan an einem vornehmen Fürſtl. Hof, von welchem Antenor ſagt, daß er ihm unter tauſend Freunden, welche ihn mit Undanck belohnet haben, kaum die geringſte Wohlthat erwieſen habe, und ſich demnach nicht genugſam verwundern könne, was ihn zu ſolcher Treu und Affection auffgemuntert habe. Wann ich und mein jüngerer Bruder etwas hinfüro ſchreiben werden, ſo wollen wir unſere Namen darbey ſetzen. Ich bitte unterdeſſen E. Hoch-Ehrw. gantz dienſtlich, ſie wollen mich in dieſem fall treulich informiren, ob das eben eine Todſünde ſey, daß ein Theologus auß gutter intention eine Fabul erzehle, dem gemeinen Mann dadurch eine gute Lehr beyzubringen? Ich vernehme, daß Antenorn vorgeworffen werde, die Fabuln ſeyen in den Sächſiſchen Kirchen-Ordnungen und in GOTTES Wort, ſonderlich in der erſten an Timoth. am 4. verboten. Allein was die Kirchen-Ordnungen anlanget, die ſind gemacht worden zur Zeit der Reformation D. Lutheri, da haben unſere Theologi mit dem Wort Fabul geſehen auff der Papiſten Legenden von den verſtorbenen Heil. von ihren falſchen Wunderwercken und anderen Lügen, dadurch das Fegfeuer iſt erbauet worden, welches den Papiſten bißhero ſo viel eingetragen hat, als dem König in Hiſpanien die Silberflotte. Was Paulum anlanget, der 1. Timoth. 4. ſagt: Der ungeiſtlichen und altvättelischen Fabulen entſchlage dich: Da halte ich davor, Paulus habe damit geſehen auff die alte Jüdiſche Weiber, welche ihren Kindern allerhand Mährlein erzehlen: Als zum Exempel, wenn ein Menſch ſterbe, ſo komme er wiederum in das Paradiß, daraus Adam und Eva vertrieben, da werde es luſtig hergehen, da werde man eſſen, trincken, tantzen ꝛc. Welche und dergleichen Fabuln mein ſeliger Großvater Doctor Helvicus aus ihrem Talmut in Teutſche Sprach verſetzet hat, dieſe Fabuln wurtzelten endlich alſo ein, daß auch die Alten, welche in ihrer Kindheit dieſe Mährlein gehöret hatten, dieſelbige ſo hoch hielten, als wenn es Moſes und die Propheten geredet hätten. Salome mag wol eine gute Frau geweſen ſeyn, allein ohne Zweiffel iſt ihr in ihrer Kindheit die Opinion beygebracht worden, was der Meſſias für ein groſſer Herr ſein werde, wie er das gantze Jüdiſche Volck werde groß machen, und zu Ehren bringen. Weil ſie nun ſahe, daß Chriſtus der wahre Meſſias ſeye, und ihr mit Blut-Freundſchaft ſo nahe verwandt ſeye, da kam ſie zu ihm, und bate, daß er ihre beyde Söhne vor andern befördern wolle, und wolle den Einen in ſeinem Reich laſſen ſitzen zu ſeiner Rechten, den Andern zu ſeiner Lincken, das iſt, er wolle aus den einen etwa einen Reichs-Marſchall, aus dem andern einen Reichs-Cantzlar machen. Dieſe Einbildung iſt vielleicht entſtanden aus den Fabuln und Mährlein, welche Salome in ihrer Kindheit von den alten Weibern gehöret. Weil nun Timotheus auch ein junger Menſch war, und ohne Zweiffel von ſolchen Fabuln gehöret hatte, als ſchrieb Paulus an ihn, daß er ſich derſelbigen enthalten ſolle: Daß ſonſten alle paraboliſche Reden, Gleichnüſſen oder Fabuln in Gottes Wort allerdings verboten ſeyen, das kann ich nirgend finden. Warum hat der H. Geiſt auffzeichnen laſſen die Fabul, welche Jotham den Bürgern zu Sichem erzehlet? Warum hat er auffzeichnen laſſen die Fabul, welche Nathan dem König David erzehlet? Warum ſagte Nathan nicht alsbald, König David, du biſt ein Mörder und Ehebrecher, und die Mörder und Ehebrecher werden das Reich Gottes nicht ererben, ſondern erzehlete ihm erſtlich eine Fabul von dem Schaaff? Warum hat der Sohn GOttes, der Meiſter mit der gelehrten Zungen, der gewaltig predigte, und nicht wie die Schrifftgelehrten, eine ſolche Art zu predigen gebrauchet, wie Moſes und die Propheten, ſondern hat die vornehmſte Articul deß Glaubens, die vornehmſte Geheimniß, in allerhand ſchönen Parabeln und Gleichniſſen vorgeſtellet, indeme er ſaget: Es ging ein Säemann aus zu ſäen ſeinen Saamen, ꝛc. Das Himmelreich iſt gleich einem Haußvater, der außgieng Arbeiter zu miethen in ſeinen Weinberg, ꝛc. Matthæus ſagt recht und wol, die Allegorien und Gleichnüſſen beweiſen und gründen keinen Articul deß Glaubens, ſondern dienen darzu, daß die gegründete Articul, als in einem Gemählde, den Einfältigen deutlicher vor die Augen geſtellet, und illuminirt werden. Es ſcheinet, daß Antenors Verfolgere nicht recht verſtehen das Wort Fabul, und ich wolte wündſchen, daß ſie möchten leſen, die ſchöne Oration, welche der hochgelehrte Marcus Zuerius Boxhornius in Leiden gehalten hat, de sapientia Aesopi, und daß ſie leſen möchten bey dem alten Ehrwürd. Bachanten-Tröſter Ambr. Calepino, was eine Fabul ſeye. Ich erwarte hiervon E. Ehrw. hochvernünfftiges judicium. Befehle dieſelbige mit allen ihren liebſten Hochangehörigen in den Schutz Jeſu Chriſti, und bitte Gott demüthig und inbrünſtig, Er wolle E. Hoch-Ehrw. der Chriſtl. Kirchen zu Auffnehmung und Erweiterung, Ihrer vornehmen Familien zu Nutz und Troſt, und mir zu einer ſonderbahren Freude, viel Jahr lang bey beſtändigen Leibes-Kräfften erhalten, und ihr geben alles, was ihr eigen Hertz contentiren kan. Ich werde biß in mein Grab verbleiben Ew. Hoch-Ehrw. Gehorſamſter und treueſter Diener und Sohn

ANTON MENO SCHUPPIUS.

Geliebte Freunde im HERRN, nachdem wir die Berg-Predigten auff dieſem eurem Berg-Feſt etliche Jahr her verrichtet, wollen wir heut in Doctor Luthers Hiſtorien fortfahren, und der Zeit ihr Recht thun, und damit wir etwas luſtiges und liebliches für uns nehmen, und deſto bequemer von dem Herrn Doctor Eſopo reden können, ſolt ihr zum Eingang ein altes Mährlein hören, welches der heilige Geiſt in ſeine heilige Bibel hat auffſchreiben, und auff uns bringen laſſen.

Da Jotham, Gideons und Jerubbaals Sohn, die Judenſchafft ſtraffen wolte, daß ſie ſeines Vatern, ihres treuen Regenten, ſo bald vergaſſen, und ſich greulich an ſeinen 60. Söhnen vergriffen, und einen loſen Mann zum Regenten auffwarffen, ſagte er ihnen dieſe Fabul, welche am 9. Capitul deß Buchs der Richter durch den H. Geiſt auffgeſchrieben iſt.

Höret ihr Männer zu Sichem, ſpricht Jotham, daß euch Gott wieder höre: Die Bäume wolten einen König über ſich ſalben und ſprachen zum Oelbaum: Sey unſer König, aber er antwortete, ſol ich meine Fettigkeit laſſen, die beyde Gott und Menſchen an mir preiſen, und über die Bäume herrſchen? Da es der Oelbaum alſo abſchlug, lieſſen ſie es an Feigenbaum gelangen, der weigerte ſich auch den undanckbaren Bäumen zu willfahren, ſol ich meine Süſſigkeit und gute Früchte laſſen, und über die Bäume ſchweben? Darauff ſprachen die Bäume zum Weinſtock: Sey du unſer König, er antwortete, ſoll ich meinen Moſt laſſen, der Gott und Menſchen frölich machet, und ein Regent über euch ſeyn? das iſt mir nicht zu rathen. Darum wehlten die Bäume den Dornſtrauch. Iſts wahr, und meynet ihrs ernſtlich, daß ich euer Herr ſoll ſeyn, ſagt der ſtachlichte Regent, ſo kommt und vertrauet euch alle unter meinen Schatten, wo nicht, ſo gehe Feuer aus dem Dornbuſch, und verzehre die Cedern Libanon. Diß iſt Jothams Fabul, deß weiſſen Mannes und groſſen Regenten, und lieblichen Heylandes in Iſrael, Gideons Sohn, die ich euch erzehle, damit ihr ſehet, daß der H. Geiſt ihm auch die Weiſſe gefallen läſſet. Wenn kluge Leute mit verdeckten und verblümten Reden, undanckbaren und ungeſchlachten Leuten predigen, und daß die Weiſeſten auff Erden, beyde unter Juden und Heyden, auch in der Chriſtenheit, ſich ſehr gerne auff dieſe Art befliſſen, und die höchſte Weißheit, nach Gottes Wort, in ſolch Bildwerck und Gemählde der unvernünfftigen Creaturen und Thierlein gefaſſet, und den Leuten fürgehalten haben.

Hierauß hoffe ich, werde ich mich auch heut entſchuldigt wiſſen, der ich deß Herrn Doctors Eſopi, und ſeines Fleiſſes, ſo er an die kluge und vernünfftige Fabuln gewendet, zur Faßnacht gedencke.

Denn als unſer Doctor nun viel Jahr, wie ihr gehöret, wider die Mönche und Schwermer hefftig geſtritten, und ſich mit Predigten und Dolmetſchung in der H. Bibel abgearbeitet, und ein ſehr ſchwaches Häuptlein bekam, wie er aus Coburg ſchreibet, da er ſich dieſer Arbeit unterfinge, will er ſich auch, wie groſſe Leute pflegen, ein wenig erquicken und erluſtiren. Darum, weil er mercket, daß der H. Geiſt in ſeiner Bibel auch vernünfftige und weiſe Mährlein ſchreiben läſſet, und die Alten gern ſolche verdeckte und vermäntelte Wahrheit und Weißheit mit Thierleins-Häutlein und Sprüchen überzogen, und weiſe Leute ein eigen Fabel-Buch, mit groſſer Vernunfft zuſammen gebracht, welches nun durch grobe und unverſtändige Leute, mit ungeſchickten und unzüchtigen Reden und Mährlein vermenget und beſudelt wäre, nimmet er zu Coburg Gelegenheit, nach Eſſens den alten teutſchen Eſopum für ſich und reiniget und ſchmücket ihn mit guten und derben Teutſchen Worten, und ſchöner Auslegung oder ſittlichen Lehren, und machet ſechzehn ſchöner Fabuln, die voller Weißheit, guter Lehre, und höfflicher Vermahnung ſeyn, und wunderſchöne Bilder und Contrafacturen haben, de casibus mundi, wie es in der Welt, in Regimenten und Haußweſen, auf Erden pfleget zuzugehen.

Wie er auch ſolches ſein angefangen luſtig und nützlich Werck mit einer ſehr gelehrten Vorrede zieret, darinnen er frey bekennet, daß nach der heiligen Schrifft die feineſte Welt-Weißheit in vernünfftigen Fabuln zu finden iſt, wer allen denſelben mit Fleiß nachdencket. Denn unter den Thierlein und Bäumlein findet man das rechte Perlein der Welt-Weißheit, gleichwie der Han im Miſt ein edles Steinlein fand, wol denen, die es kennen, und recht und bequemlich zu gelegener Zeit und an gebührlichen Orten, geſchicklich zu brauchen wiſſen. Denn wie der Königliche Prophet David ſein Pſalterlein in dem erſten Pſalm, welches deß Pſalters Vorrede iſt, preiſet, alſo hab auch der Meiſter, ſo die Fabuln zuſammen geklaubet, in der erſten Fabul diß Buch loben, und den Leuten befehlen wollen. Obwol Bauern und Unverſtändige, die Weißheit, ſo in den Fabuln ſtecket, nicht achten und unwerth halten, dennoch ſey und bleibe es ein edles Perlein und weiſes Büchlein, darinnen viel guter Lehre, Treue, Vermahnung, und höflicher Warnung gefaßt ſeyen. Denn obwol Welt-kluge Leute, um der Kinder und Albern willen, Eſopum als einen Faßnachtsputzen und Popentzen abmahlen, habe doch diß Buch kein Narr oder Unweiſer, ſondern ſehr vernünfftige Leute auff Erden zuſammen geleſen. Denn es haben nicht allein die alten Lateiner und Griechen, ſondern auch die älteſten Juden, welche die rechte Religion allezeit gehabt, ſich auff dieſe Fabul-Weißheit befliſſen.

Darum freylich die weiſen Mährlein-Dichter nicht erſtlich in Phrygia oder Griechenland, ſondern bey den Juden vor Alters geweſen, wie Jothams Fabul, welche vor Chriſti Geburt in drey tauſend Jahr alt war, klärlich bezeuget. Wie wenn Aſaph der Sang-Meiſter, der liebliche Pſalmen gedichtet, der rechte Eſopus ware, der erſtlich die Fabuln, wie andere Leute Salomons Sprichwörter, zuſammen geleſen hätte! denn die Namen treffen faſt mit einander ein. Weil nun dieſes die artlichſten und ſubtileſten Weiſe eine iſt, bittere und ſcharffe Wahrheit, die ſonſt feindſelig und unangenehm iſt, alſo von groſſen Leuten auch in die Kinder, wie überzuckerten Wurm-Samen und Keller-Hals zu bringen, und hochberühmte Leute offt mit ſolchen Fabuln groſſe Dinge bey Regenten, Unterthanen, Kind und Geſind außgerichtet, hat unſer Doctor ſeine Mühe und Arbeit an den alten und verunreinigten Eſopum legen, und ſeinen Teutſchen ein verneuertes und geſäubertes Mährleinbuch zurichten wollen, daran der Zeit viel guter Leut ein ſonderen Gefallen trugen. Denn als Philippus unſers Doctors Vorrede und Fabuln ſiehet, bittet er ihn, er wolle fortfahren, und diß Buch verrichten, er wolle ihm tauſend Gulden bey einem groſſen Herrn, deme ers zuſchreiben ſolle, dafür zuwegen bringen.

Aber weil ſich der theure Mann an der Biblia neben viel Predigen und Schreiben, abgearbeitet, verblieb dieß angefangene Werck, welches anfangs gleichwol M. Georg Rohrer hernachmals in den neunten Theil der Teutſchen Bücher Lutheri hat bringen laſſen. Ob aber wol dieſer nützliche Eſopus nicht zum Ende bracht, hat doch der Herr Doctor zuvor und hernach, über Tiſch und in ſeinen Büchern, wenn er zumal vom Regiment und Hofweſen pflegt zu reden, der alten Fabuln und vernünfftiger Sprichwörter, ſo in Teutſcher Sprache aus den Fabuln kommen ſeyn, gern gebrauchet.

Im ſchönen Hof-Pſalm, welches der 101. den Doctor Creutziger für die gelehrteſte und weiſeſte Schrifft in Teutſcher Sprache hielt, gedencket der Doctor deß Affen, ſo Holtz ſpalten wolte, und deß Keils vergaß, und da er die Axt auszog, darüber zu Schaden kam. Denn wenn ſich einer frembder Händel unterſtehet, die er nicht gelernet, gehet es ſelten ohne Nachtheil ab. Er gedencket auch deß Froſches, ſo auff dem Heller ſaß, und rühmt ſich, Geld bracht Ehre. Wie auch der Schwermer ſpottet, die eitel Rühmen fürgaben, mit dem alten Sprichwort: Rühme dich Käuplein, dein Vater war ein Kohl-Wurm.

Uber Tiſch habe ich etliche gute Fabuln von ihm gehöret, als von der Krähe, ſo die Affen ſtraffete, die aus einem Johanneswürmlein Feuer blaſen wolten, und darüber ihren Kopff verlor. Alſo gehets, wenn man andern Leuten, die keinen Verſtand haben, einreden wil, Affen und Pfaffen laſſen ſich nicht ſtraffen, wie ich aus langer Erfahrung bin gewahr worden. Item, da man einen erwehnet, der ſich ſehr brüderlich und glimpfflich ſtellet, gedachte er des ſchönen Sprichworts, ſo aus dem Mährlein von der Mauß und ihrem Töchterlein geſponnen iſt, welche einen rauſchenden Hahn, und ſchleichende Katze ſahe, und ſich über dem Leiſe-Tritt hart verwunderte, hüte dich, ſagt die Mutter-Mauß, fürn Schleichern, der Rauſcher thut dir lang nichts.

Item, wie man meldet, daß etliche [illegible] groſſe Klöſter-Güter an ſich gezogen, und Hof-Schrantzen damit begnadigt hätten, ſagt er: Eſopus lehret, wenn jemand einen Braten vom Altar zucket, bleibet gemeiniglich ein glüend Köhlein daran hencken, das verbrennt Neſt und Jungen, wie dem Adler geſchach.

Ich habe auch geſehen, daß unſer Doctor den Sächſiſchen Reinckefuchs mit zu Tiſche getragen, und über Eſſen darinn geleſen hat, wie er auch ſeinen Sohn etliche Teutſche Fabuln zum Argument vorſchriebe, die er verlateinen ſolte, wie ich hernach derſelben eine gedencken will.

Groſſe Leute haben je und je ſolcher verdeckter und vermummlicher Reden gern gebrauchet, und bißweilen nicht allein zum Schertz und Kurtzweil, ſondern auch in wichtigen Sachen, gantze Fabuln oder ſchöne Sententz, ſo darauß gewachſen, in ihren Reden geführet. Wie zwar auch der Sohn GOttes und ſeine Propheten und Apoſteln ihren Mund gern in ſchönen Gleichnüſſen auffthun, und groſſe Weißheit in Bilden von Thierlein den Chriſten fürſtellen. Chriſtus weiſet uns zum Sperling, zur Gluckhenne, zum Feld-Blümlein, Schlangen und Dauben, und nennet Herodem einen Fuchs, S. Paulus, Neronem einen Löwen, die Prediger, ſo einander zauſen, wie die Kalbertreiber, heiſſet er Hunde, Ketzer, ſo ſich mit Gottes Wort und Chriſti Fellein zeitlich ſchmücken, heiſſet er reiſſende Wölffe: Salomo weiſet uns zum Ameißlein, Jotham mahlet in ſeinem Mährlein die liebe Obrigkeit ab, wie auch der Sohn GOttes den Babyloniſchen Käyſer in einem ſchönen Baume fürbildet, darunter die Thierlein im Schatten ſitzen, dafür man ſich billich neigen, und nicht mit Prügeln darauff werffen, oder wie eine Sau ſich daran reiben ſolle. Unſer Jotham mahlet auch einen böſen Regenten ab in einem Dornſtrauch, wie der HErr Chriſtus einen falſchen Propheten darinnen abreiſſet, und David mahlet ſeine Juden ab in ſtachlichten Diſteln oder Mannestreu, wie er im 22. Pſalm, Chriſtum in einem ungehörnten Hirſchen, und Judam im Leithund, und die Pfaffenknecht in Steubern und Windſpieln abconterfeyet.

Da die Gemeinde zu Rom ein Auffſtehen machet, beredet ein kluger Mann die Auffgewiegelten und Ungehorſamen, daß ſie wieder einzogen, da er ihnen die Fabel von Händen und Füſſen ſaget, die dem müſſigen Haupt und freſſendem Bauch, wie ſie meyneten, nimmer Zinß geben, und darüber verſchmachteten und verdorben. Ein weiſer Mann in Griechenland beredete ſeine Bürger, daß ſie dem Tyrannen nicht die Schaffhunde überantworten, denn darnach würden die Wölffe gut machen wider die gantze Heerde haben. Jener Löw, der deß Hirten Tochter lieb gewann, ließ ſich aus thörichter Brunſt von der Jungfrauen Vater bereden, daß man ihme die Zähne außſchlüge, und die Krallen abhiebe, da er nun wehrloß war, muſte er mit der Haut bezahlen. Der Chriſtenheit weiſſe Zähne, Krallen Wehr und Waffen iſt das ſtarcke Wort Gottes, von Propheten und Apoſteln auffgeſchrieben, wenn wir das dem vermeynten Hirten und ſeinen Miedlingen im Concilio übergeben, ſo iſt die Chriſtenheit wehrloß, und kan ſich wider deß Teuffels Mord und Lügen nimmer auffhalten. Darum wolte unſer Doctor die Schrifft und das mündliche Wort ſein Lebetag nicht fahren, und keinen Menſchen ohne gewiſſe Schrifft über ſeine Lehren urtheilen laſſen. HErr JEſu, du ſtarcker Löw aus dem Stamm Juda, laß uns deine Klauen, die ſeyen Gebot, und die weiſſe Zähne, dein H. Evangelium nicht nehmen.

Und daß ich der Teutſchen Klugheit, und wie ſie der Fabul ſo werdlich gebrauchen, hie weiter gedencke, wiſſet ihr, da man Käyſer Rudolffen fragte, weßhalben er ſich nicht zu Rom wolte krönen laſſen, es gehen viel Käyſers-Fahrten aus Teutſchem Land gen Rom, und wenig wieder herauß, drum grauet mir, ſagt der Fuchs zum Löwen. Ein groſſer Biſchoff redet mit einem Evangeliſchen, man ſolte deß Pabſts und der Biſchöffe nicht ſo feindſelig gedencken, trete keiner den andern, ſagt der Hahn zum Pferd, wir ſind euch zun Häupten gewachſen, und unſere Füſſe ſind mit Eiſen beſchlagen. Zu andern Zeiten brauchte ein Fürſt gar höflich des Fuchs Sprichwort zum Hahn, da man von groſſem Frieden ſchreiben wolte, es mag wol ein Landfriede angeſtellet ſeyn, er iſt aber noch nicht jedermann verkündiget.

Es ſagen auch die Weiſen, bald iſts berathſchlaget und beſchloſſen, wer wil aber der Katze die Schelle anbinden, und die Execution verrichten, ſprach die alte Mauß, da die Jungen fürgaben, man ſolte der Katzen eine Schelle anknüpffen. Ein Wolff gab den Fuchs bey dem krancken Löwen an, als ein Auffwiegler, wie es der Fuchs erführet, kommet er auch für, entſchuldigt ſich, er wäre auß geweſen, und hätte ſich bey den Aertzten, des Königs Geſundheit halber, auffgehalten, die riethen, er ſolte einen warmen Wolffsbalg auffs Hertz legen, bald zeucht man dem Wolff die Haut über die Ohren. Alſo, wer einem andern eine Grube gräbt, der fällt gemeiniglich ſelber drein. Item, ein alter Hirtenhund, der ſeines Herrn Vieh treulich bewachet, gehet zu Abend ein, den pelffern die Polſterhündlein auff der Gaſſen an, er trabet für ſich und ſiehet ſich nicht um, wie er fürn Kuttelhof kömmt, fragt ihn ein Fleiſchers-Hund, wie er das Gepelffer leiden könnte, und warum er nicht einen bey dem Kamm nehme, nein, ſagte der Hirten-Hund, es zwackt und beiſſt mich keiner, ich muß meine Zähne zu den Wölffen haben. Der Löw wolte ſich auch nicht am Mäußlein rächen, das wurde ihm endlich reichlich bezahlt, da ihn das Mäußlein aus ſeinen Stricken loßmachte.

Aber wer bißweilen verhören könte, und verantwortet nicht alles, und ließ S. Peters und Rolands Schwerdt in der Scheiden ſtecken, der blieb lang ungebiſſen, und vertrüg viel Sachen.

Es iſt Fürſtlich, ſagte auch der groſſe K. Alexander, den Leuten dienen, und böſe Wort und Undanck dafür einnehmen kan. Und Käyſer Auguſtus verantwortete ſich alſo, da man übel von ihm redete. Ich laß mir an dem genügen, daß mir die Leute mit böſen Worten nicht ſchaden können. Ein gut Gewiſſen überwiegt und verträgt viel Calumnien und verwendte Reden.

Item, auff eine Zeit kauffte ein Bergherr fremde Gewercken aus, und wolte den Genieß gar allein haben, wie ſolches über Tiſch gedacht wird, ſpricht der Herr Doctor: Eben ſo thät jener Bauer im Eſopo auch, dem leget eine Gans alle Quartal ein gülden Ey, da ihn aber der Geitz beſtund, ſchurfft er die Gans auff, da ſchnitte ſich das Ertz mit ab. Alſo gehets, wenn man ſich nicht wil an den Gefällen genügen laſſen, ſo Gott ordentlich beſcheret, und wenn der Jäger den Hunden und Sperbern ihr Jäger-Recht verſaget, Bauern ſollen pflügen und dreſchen. Herren ſollen der Zinß, Zehenden und Pacht warten, und ihren armen Leuten Schutz halten, Pfarrer ſollen lehren und predigen, ſaget D. Martin Luther, ſo richtet ein jeder das Seinige aus, und GOtt ſpricht ſeinen Segen darzu.

Item, ein groſſer Herr ligt am Fenſter, und ſiehet einen Hofſchrantzen gen Hof kommen. O wie ein groſſer Dieb iſt diß, ſpricht er zu einem der bey ihm ſtunde. Leidet ihr denn ſolche in Dienſten, ſagt der Rath? Wie ſprach der Fuchs zum Igel, antwortet der Herr, laſſet mir die ſatten Fliegen ſitzen, kommen Hungerige, die ſaugen und ſauffen viel härter, es muß ein Herr viel ſehen und hören, der mit viel Leuten haußhalten ſol, bißweilen findet man einen, der druckt einen Hof-Schwamm aus, der viel Waſſer in ſich gezogen, und hängt ihn an die Sonne, wie Ahaſverus ſeinem untreuen Haman thäte, oder mancher knüpfft ſeinen Halß ſelber zu, wie Ahitophel, denn Untreu trifft doch ihren eignen Herrn, oder da ſichs verzeucht, da zahlen endlich die Erben.

Alſo, ſage ich, brauchen wir Teutſchen viel guter Fabuln und Sprüchwörter von wenig Worten, die aber viel Nachdenckens geben, und hafften und kleben lang, und poldern und rumpeln im Hertzen, als wenn man einem einen Floch ins Ohr ſetzet.

Drum da unſer Jotham ſich bey wilden und groben Leuten auch wolte hören laſſen, dencket er auff eine merckliche Fabul, darinn er Moſis, Joſue und ſeines lieben Vaters Gideons treue Dienſt und unzehliche Wohlthat, höflich in den dreyen fruchtbaren Bäumen wiederholet, und im Dornbuſch den neuen und unordentlichen Regenten, der Magd Sohn, meiſterlich und künſtlich abgemahlet. Denn von frommen Regenten, da ſie Gott giebet, hat ein gantzes Land Schatten, ja, ſie erfreuen Gott, wenn ſie Kirchen und Schulen beſtellen, und ſich der wahren Religion annehmen, da gibt Gott Süſſigkeit und Freude für die Unterthanen.

Wenn aber ein Land und Stadt ihrer frommen Obrigkeit vergiſſet, und zahlet ihre Erben mit Teuffels-Danck, kommt ſelten ein beſſer Freund hernach, ſondern quackende und undanckbare Fröſche müſſen einen Storch haben, der ſie ſchindet und verſchlinget, oder müſſen einen Dornſtrauch leiden, darunter Igel, Mäuſe, Schlangen und Kröten hecken, die ein Land zerkratzen, und ihme alles abſchaben, drauß auch endlich ein Feuer kommt, das Land und Leut verzehret, wie es die den undanckbaren Sichemiten auch gieng, die vergaſſen nicht allein ihres alten Richters, ſondern ſie halffen ihrem Dornbuſch, daß er Gideons 69. Kinder auff einen Stein mördlich und tyranniſch umbbringet.

Solche Undanckbarkeit und Untreue der Unterthanen und Nachkömmlingen bande ihnen einen eigenen Beſen oder Dornſtrauch über ihren Leib, denn ihr newer Richter draſch ſie redlich über die Köpffe, und ſtach ſie todt, wie er endlich auch von einem Weibe erworffen ward. Aquila electa juste omnia vincit, ſagt Kayſer Friedrich der Dritte; wer wie ein Dorn-Strauch ins Regiment kommt, ungefordert, ungeſchnitzelt, kan nur ritzen und ſtechen, und den Schafen die Wolle abziehen, gehet gemeiniglich mit blutigem oder brennendem Kopff wider hinauß, und umb deß Volcks Sünde, Undanck und Boßheit willen, ſchicket Gott offtmals Dorn-Büſch Diſtel-Köpffe.

Diß erwehnte ich von Jothams Fabul, und Doctors Eſopo, und viel weiſer Leut Mährlein, in den alten Weiſen auch zuſammen geklaubet groſſe und Biderleut, beyde in Regimentern, Sch chen die ſich ermüdet, müſſen auch ihre ehrliche Fr ſtige Kurtzweil, und liebliche Ergetzlikeit haben S. Johannes der heilige Apoſtel und Evangeliſt, liche verbuben, daß er ſeine Vögelein und Rebhür und bißweilen mit den Seinigen zum Sichermah Bogen, der ſtetigs geſpannt iſt, verlamet und ver

Käyſer Carl der Erſte, und Maximilianus, Freude an Jagen. S. Marcus mahlet bißweilen Weile. Cyrus der Alte, und der H. Patriarch Ab ten Luſt-Gärten, pflantzten Bäum. Salomo diſpu legenheit von allerley Kräutern und Bäumen. Friederich zu Sachſen hatte ſein Drehe-Zeug und ſiedert Böltze, die offtmals andere Leute verſcheff Auguſtus machet bißweilen Verß, wie auff eine Z ſich am Schwamm erſtach wie Suetonius ſchreib Martinus war über Tiſch von viel guten Sprüch lichen Reden, wie er auch zu Coburg mit M. V zum Ziel ſchoß, und auff eine Zeit einer Fledermau ſeinem Böltzlein auß dem Bauch zoge.

So nun die Gelehrten, dem weiſen Homero Gedicht von der Fröſche und Mäuſe gefährlichen nen zu gut halten, wie kan man unſerm Doctor zum argen deuten, daß ſie zur Kurtzweil und Erg Fabul gedencken, ſchreiben und predigen, weil ſie nützlichen und künſtlichen Händeln reden.

Damit wir nun dieſe Faßnacht, nach Gelegenh bequemlich verrichten, wil ich dieſe Jothams und digt, nicht mit Rabiniſchen und Mahometiſchen, chiſchen Exempeln, oder alt-vetteliſchen Mährlein, zweyen und dreyen derben und ſcharfen Fabuln und mit dem Krebs, Fuchs und Sperling manchen in Bart werffen, oder Stifft im Hertzen ſtecken bitte und vermahne aber, es wolle ſichs keiner an unſchuldig iſt: Schreyet einer, ſo muß man den getroffen.

Unſer Doctor ſchrieb auff eine Zeit ſein lein Johann dieſe Fabul für: Ein Krebs Land reiſen, unterwegen kommt er zur Schlangen, Gefehrt, nun windet und ſchlinget ſich die Schlang, u quer, und macht ſich krumb, der Krebs auff viel Be Füſſe war, folget ſeinem ſchlimmen und ungerad Geſellen, und gehet ſich außm Athem, helliget und in dieſer ſchweren Reiſe ab, wie es Abend wird beyde unter einem Strauch ein, die Schlang legt und fähet an zu ſchlaffen und ſchnarchen, der Kreb und wil kein Schlaf in ſeine Augen, und thut ihm chen oder Züßchen wehe, und wil die Schlange ſie ſtil lige, wie ſie auffähret, und wil ſich wehre er ſie mit ſeiner Scheren beym Kopff, und druck biß ihr der Athem außgehet, da ſtreckt ſie ſich die und ligt ſo tod fein gerad. Ey ſagt der Krebs heut ſo gerad gangen wäreſt, hätte ich auch b können.

Ach wie ſchwer kommt es einen an, und blut wirds ihm, wer mit krummen ſchlimmen ſchlüpfferi raden, zweyzüngigen, falſchen und gifftigen Leuten ſol reiſen, oder in Regimenten mit ihnen rathſch umbgehen, oder mit gifftigen und falſchen Prediger legen, und untreum Weib und Geſinde haußhalten beſchloß Doctor Luther dieſe Fabel: Lieber Sohn, allein ein ſchöner Schatz umb einen guten Nachbar wenn einem GOTT auch über Land und in ſeinem und gerade Leut zugibt, mit ſchlimmen und falſ man ſchwerlich fort, und wird einem blut-ſauer. ungerader und tückiſcher Freund iſt viel ärger, denn licher zorniger Feind.

Hört noch eine, ob wol der Seyger außgelauff ich und andere gute Freund dem Herrn Philippo von hinnen gaben, und er auch mit ebentheurlichen beladen war, ſaget er uns im Wiſſenthal über Tiſ bel: Ein groſſe Schlang verfiel ſich in einer Höle, jämmerlich, ein Baur kömmt zum Loch, fragt was bittet er wolle ihr herauß helffen, traun Nein, ſagt an böſen Thieren iſt nichts Guts zu verdienen, ich Schlang in meinem Buſen auffziehen, die Schlang und verſpricht dem Bauren, ſie wolle ihm den ihr der einmahl durch ſie gerebt, den böſten Lohn ließ Welt pflegt zu geben. Gifft, Gab und groſſe Ber thören auch die Weiſen, der Baur hilfft dem böſen gen Wurm herauß, drauff wil ſie ihn zu Lohn fre ich das umb dich verdienet? Iſt das deiner Zuſag gemäß? Sagt der Baur, ich bin zweyzungig ſagt die Schlang, die Welt lohnet nicht anders, wer einen vom Galgen bittet, der bringt ihn gemeiniglich wieder dran.

Wie der Baur in Aengſten ſtehet, ſagt die Schlang, da du mir nicht glauben wilt, ſo wollen wirs auff die nächſten zwey ſetzen, die uns begegnen, was ſie in dieſer Sachen ſprechen, das ſol uns beyden wohl und wehe thun. Bald kommt ein altes Pferd, dem legen ſie die Sache für, der Schiedmann ſpricht: Ich habe meinem Kärner fünffzehen Jahr gedienet, morgen wil er mich dem Schelm-Schinder geben, die Welt lohnet nicht anders. Deßgleichen ſpricht der alte Hund, auff den ſie auch compromittiren, ich habe zehn Jahr Tag und Nacht meinen Junckern jagen, und viel Fuchs und Haſen fangen helffen, jetzt hat er ſeinem Weidmann befohlen, er ſol mich an eine Weide hencken, das iſt der Welt Lohn. Dem Bauren wird bang zu Muth, in dem trat ein Füchslein daher, dem legt der Baur ſeine Sache für, und verheiſt ihm all ſeine Hüner, er ſol ihm von dem böſen Wurm helffen, der Fuchs unterwindet ſich deß Handels, beredet die Schlang, ſie wolle ihme die Höle zeigen, und was ihr Gefahr, und deß Bauren Dienſt geweſen ſey. Man kommt zum Loch, der Fuchs fähret ein, die Schlange hernach, und zeigt ihm alle Gelegenheit, in deß wiſcht der Fuchs herauß, und ehe ſich die Schlang umbwendt, weltzet der Baur auffs Fuchſen abred, wieder ein groſſe Wand für.

Wie der Bauer erlediget, fordert der Fuchs, er ſol ihm auffn Abend, das Hüner-Hauß offen laſſen, der Bauer kam heim, thut ſeinem Weib Relation, und was er dem Fuchs für ſein Procuratorey ſey anheiſchig worden. Die Bäurin ſagt: Hüner und Gäns ſeyen ihr, er hab ihr nichts zu vergeben. Der Baur wil ſeinen Worten nachkommen, läſt dem Fuchs das Hüner-Loch offen, wies die Frau gewahr wird, wartet ſie mit ihrem Schirmeiſter die Nacht auff den Fuchs. Als der in bona fide angeſchlichen kommt, verrennen ſie ihm das Loch, und bleuen auff ihn zu, bis ſie ihn ergreiffen. Ach ſagt der Fuchs, iſt denn das recht und der Welt gröſter Lohn für die groſſe Wohlthat, ſo beſtätige ich armer Schalck heut diß Weltrecht mit meinem Leben und Balg.

Freylich gehet es nicht anders auff Erden zu, wer der Welt diene, der verlieret nicht allein ſeine Wohlthat, ſondern krieget mit der Zeit Teuffelsdanck zu Lohn, doch muß es endlich alles bezahlt werden. Drauff lächelt der gute Herr Melanchthon, denn er hatte deß Dancks auch von den Seinigen ein Micheltheil bekommen. Lernet ihr hierauß, umb der Welt Lohn und Danck willen nichts anzufangen, umb ihres Undancks und Untrew willen nichts unterlaſſen, der HErr lebet und regiret zur Rechten ſeines Vaters, der alle treue Dienſte und Wohlthat redlich und reichlich bezahlen, und eines jeden Gerechtigkeit zu ſeiner Zeit ans Mittagslicht bringen wil. Denn von allen ſinget König David: Qui custodit veritatem in seculum. Die Welt hält nicht.

Zum Beſchluß höret auch meine Sperling, denn der Mäuſemiſt und Gerbeleur wil ſie doch immer mit unter den Pfeffer mengen. Ein Sperling hat vier Jungen in einem Schwalben-Neſt, wie ſie nu flück waren, ſtoſſen böſe Buben das Neſt ein, ſie kommen aber alle im Windbrauß davon, nun iſt dem Alten leyde, weil ſeine Söhne in die Welt kommen, daß er ſie nicht zuvor für allerley Gefahr verwarnet, und ihnen etliche gute Lehren fürgeſagt habe.

Auffn Herbſt kommen in einem Weitzen-Acker viel Sperling zuſammen, allda trifft der Alte ſeine vier Jungen an, die führet er mit Freuden mit ſich heim, ach meine lieben Söhne, was habt ihr mir den Sommer über Sorg gemachet, dieweil ihr ohne meine Lehre von mir im Winde kamet, höret meine Wort, und folget eurem Vater, und ſehet euch wol für, kleine Vögelein haben groſſe Gefährlichkeit außzuſtehen, darauff fraget er den ältern, wo er ſich den Sommer über auffgehalten, und wie er ſich ernehret hätte? Ich habe mich in die Gärten gehalten, Räuplein und Würmlein geſucht, biß die Kirſchen reiff wurden. Ach mein Sohn, ſagte der Vater, die Schnabelweid iſt nicht böß, aber es iſt groſſe Gefahr dabey, darum habe forthin deiner wol acht, und ſonderlich wann Leute in Gärten umbher gehen, die lange grüne Stangen tragen, ſo inwendig hol ſeyn, und oben ein Löchlein haben. Ja mein Vater, wann denn ein grün Blättlein auffs Löchlein mit Wax geklebet wäre, ſpricht der Sohn. Wo haſt du das geſehen? In eines Kauffmanns Garten, ſagt der Junge, O mein Sohn, ſpricht der Vater, Kauffleut, geſchwinde Leut, biſt du umb dieſe Welt Kinder geweſen, ſo haſtu Welt-Geſcheidigkeit genung gelernet, ſiehe, und brauchs nur recht und traue dir nicht zu viel.

Darauff befraget er den andern, wo haſtu dein Weſen gehabt? Zu Hofe, ſpricht der Sohn. Sperling und albere Vögelein dienen nicht an diß Ort, da viel Gold, Sammet, Seiden, Wehr, Harniſch, Sperber, Kautzen und Blaufüß ſeyn, halt du dich zum Roßſtall, da man den Habern ſchwingt, oder da man driſchet, ſo kan dirs Glück mit gutem Fried auch dein täglich Körnlein beſcheeren, ja Vater, ſagt dieſer Sohn, wenn aber die Stalljungen Hebritzen machen, und ihr Maſchen und Schlingen ins Stroh binden, da bleibet auch mancher behencken, wo haſtu das geſehen, ſagte der Alte? Zu Hof bey Roßbuben, O mein Sohn, Hofbuben böſe Buben, biſt du zu Hof und umb die Herren geweſen, und haſt kein Federn da gelaſſen, ſo haſt du ziemlich gelernet, du wirſt dich in der Welt wohl wiſſen außzureiſſen, doch ſiehe dich umb und auff, die Wölffe freſſen auch offt die geſcheiden Hündlein.

Der Vatter nimt den dritten auch für ſich, wo haſtu dein Heil verſucht? Auff den Fahrwegen und Landſtraſſen hab ich Kübel und Seil eingeworffen, und da bißweilen ein Körnlein oder Gräuplein angetroffen. Diß iſt ja, ſagt der Vater, eine feine Nahrung, aber mercke gleichwol auff deine Schantz, und ſiehe fleiſſig auff, ſonderlich wann ſich einer bücket, und ein Stein aufheben wil, da iſt dir nicht lang zu bleiben, wahr iſts, ſagt der Sohn, wenn aber einer zuvor ein Wand- oder Handſtein im Buſen oder Taſchen trüge, wo haſtu diß geſehen? bey Bergleuten, lieber Vater, wenn ſie außfahren, führen ſie gemeiniglich Handſtein bey ſich. Bergleut, Werckleut, anſchlägige Leut, biſtu umb Berg-Burſch geweſen, ſo haſt du was geſehen und erfahren, fahr hin, und nimb deiner Sachen gleichwol gut Acht, Bergbuben haben manchen Sperling mit Cobald umbgebracht.

Endlich kommt der Vater an jüngſten Sohn, du mein liebſtes Gackenneſtle, du wareſt allzeit der alberſt und ſchwächeſt, bleib du bei mir, die Welt hat viel grober und böſer Vögel, die krumme Schnäbel und lange Kralen haben, und nur auff arme Vöglein lauren, und ſie verſchlucken, halt dich zu deines gleichen, und lieſ die Spinnlein und Räuplein von den Bäumen, oder Häußlein, ſo bleibſtu lang zu frieden. Du mein lieber Vater, wer ſich nehret ohn ander Leut Schaden, der kommt lang hin, und kein Sperber, Habicht, Ahr oder Weyh wird ihm nicht ſchaden, wann er zumahl ſich und ſeine ehrliche Nahrung dem lieben Gott alle Abend un Morgen treulich befiehlt, welcher aller Wald- und Dorffvögelein Schöpffer und Erhalter iſt, der auch der jungen Räblein Geſchrey und Gebät höret. Denn ohn ſeinen Willen fällt auch kein Sperling oder Schneeküngklin auff die Erde. Wo haſtu diß gelernet? Antwort der Sohn, wie mich der groſſe Windbrauß von dir wegriß, kam ich in eine Kirch, da las ich den Sommer die Fliegen und Spinnen von den Fenſtern ab, und höret dieſe Sprüch predigen, da hat mich der Vater aller Sperling den Sommer über ernehret, und behütet für allem Unglück und grimmigen Vögeln. Traun mein lieber Sohn, fleuchſtu in die Kirchen, und hilffeſt Spinnen und die ſumſenden Fliegen auffräumen, und zirpſt zu Gott, wie die jungen Räblein, und befiehlſt dich dem ewigen Schöpffer, ſo wirſt du wol bleiben, und wenn die gantze Welt voller wilder und tückiſcher Vögel wäre. Denn wer dem HErren befiehlt ſeine Sache, ſchweigt, leidet, wartet, betet, braucht Glimpff, thut gemach, bewahret Glaub und gut Gewiſſen rein, deß wil Gott Schutz und Helffer ſeyn.

Diß Aberſel und ſeines Vater Spruch, geliebten Freunde, ſchencke ich heut zur Faßnacht, die Kinder dieſer Welt, ſind ja in ihrer Art klüger und verſchmitzter, denn die Kinder deß Lichts, doch friſt der Wolff offt auch die geſcheiden Hündlein, und Gott ergreifft die Verſchmitzten in ihrer Schalckheit, und alle liſtige Füchs kommen endlich beym Kürſchner in der Beitze zuſammen. Wer aber Gott wol trauet, der hat wol gebauet und wird in der argen Welt erhalten, und endlich mit Ehren auß allem Unglück errettet wann nun eines jeden Wandel und Gerechtigkeit an die Sonne kommen, und jedermann vor dem Gerichtſtul Jeſu Chriſti an ſeinem Leibe empfahen wird, was er guts oder böſes in ſeinem Leben gethan hat. Denn wir ſind nicht zu dieſem Leben, wie die armen Vögelein erſchaffen, und mit Chriſti Blut erlöſet, und mit ſeinem Geiſt beſeliget, ſondern daß wir die Glauben und gut Gewiſſen bewahren, und auff ein ander und ewiges Leben in Gedult hoffen und harren ſollen. Komm HErr JEſu, und laß dich auf deinem Richtſtul ſehen, und erlöſe und erquicke uns, die wir die die Hitze und Laſt deß langen Tages tragen, und räume mittler Zeit die brummenden und ſumſenden Fliegen auff, ſo in der Kirchen murren, und die Predigt verhindern wollen, Amen, HErr JESU Chriſte, Amen, der du uns in deinem Wort auff die armen Sperling weiſeſt, und ſtelleſt ſie uns zu Doctorn und Lehrern für, Amen.

An den Leſer.

Dieſes iſt hochgel. Leſer, die Predigt, welche der Hochgel. und Geiſtreiche Theologus Herr Mathesius ſeliger, von Jothams Fabel auff der Cantzel gehalten. Ich bitte dich, du wolleſt dieſelbe noch einmal mit Fleiß durchleſen, und darauß urtheilen, wie unchriſtlich Butyrolambius und ſein Anhang bey Antenorn handeln, in dem ſie ihn bey dem gemeinen Mann, und ſonderlich ſeinen Zuhörern wollen ſtinckend machen, und ein Fabul-Hanſen nennen, weil er hiebevor etwan einmal eine Fabul erzehlet, und ingenioſe applicirt hat. Ich wil jetzo nicht gedencken, wie viel Fabuln Matheſius in ſeinen Schrifften und Predigten angezogen habe, ſondern ich erinnere mich einer Predigt, welche er am dritten Oſter-Feyertag zur Veſper gehalten, und nennet ſie ein Oſterney aus Simions Hiſtorien Luc. 14. cap. Darinn er alſo redet:

Liebe Freunde im HErrn, ihr Alten habt euch zu erinnern, wie man vor Alters am Oſter-Tage zur Veſper pfleget von der Cantzel ein Oſter-Ney zu ſagen. Das waren närriſche Fabuln und Mährlein, wie man ſie in Rocken Stuben den Kindern erzehlet. Damit wolte man die Leute frolich machen. Wir dancken aber unſerem treuen Heyland, der uns von aller Abgötterey, auch von den narriſchen Fabuln und Lugenden errettet hat, damit der leydige Satan Chriſti, und ſeines Leidens und Aufferſtehung ſpottet, und verhönet damit die Chriſtliche Religion, und hätte gern unſern höchſten Troſt und Hoffnung von der frölichen Aufferſtehung unſers Fleiſches verdächtig und zweiffelhafftig gemachet, wie bey den Epicuren und Saduceern geſchehen. Wir haben (GOTT ſei Lob und Danck) ſo viel tröſtliche Sprüche aus Altem und Neuem Teſtament von dieſem hohen Articul, die unſer Troſt und Freude ſind, daß wir deß Geſpötts gern entbehren.

Es läſſt ſich aber anſehen, als ſey es in der Kirchen ein alter löblicher Brauch geweſen, die hohen Articul unſers Chriſtlichen Glaubens den einfältigen Leuten in feinen luſtigen Hiſtorien und Bildern zu erklären, und fürzuſtellen. Dieſer Gebrauch aber iſt hernach durch ungelehrte und unverſtändige Lehrer in einen Mißbrauch gerahten. Denn Chriſtus und der Heilige Geiſt reden gern in Bild- und Gleichniſſen, darinnen ſie die Geheimniß Gottes ausſprechen. Alſo auch Sanct Paulus zu den Galatern, da er den Haupt-Articul von der Gerechtfertigung gründlich und ausführlich gelehret, und mit gutem Grund und Zeugniß aus Moſe, den Propheten und Pſalme bewieſen, daß ein armer Sünder für GOTT gerecht und angenehm werde, nicht durch deß Geſetzes Werck, oder eigen Verdienſt, ſondern aus lauter Gnaden, durch den Glauben an den HErrn Chriſtum, erklärt er hernach (cap. 4.) dieſen wichtigen Articul mit der Hiſtorien von beyden Söhnen Abrahae: Iſmael, ſo von der Magd nach dem Fleiſch geboren, welcher nicht erbet, und Iſaac, der nach der Verheiſſung von der Freyen gebohren, und der rechte Erbe war. Dieſe Weiſe zu lehren, daß man durch Allegorien und heimliche Deutung der Hiſtorien, die Articul deß Glaubens den Kindern und Albern erkläret, haben geſchickte und treue Lehrer in der Kirchen behalten. Wie auch der HErr Chriſtus in der Hiſtorien Luc. 10. von dem, ſo unter die Mörder gefallen, die gantze Chriſtliche Religion, und eine vollkommene Kirchen Hiſtori fürgeſtellet, wie erſtlich der Menſch von GOtt nach ſeinem Bilde in vollkommener Weißheit und Gerechtigkeit erſchaffen, und mit Göttlicher Krafft, und Unſterbligkeit gezieret. Item, wie er durch den Ertz-Mörder und Lügner iſt beraubet und verwundet, daß ihm weder das Geſetze noch Levitiſch Prieſterthumb oder Opffer helffen kunte, ſondern allein der Sohn Gottes, der Jacob in Samaria in der Himmelfahrt erſchienen, Denſelben jammerte und erbarmte das beraubte und verwundete menſchliche Geſchlecht, der iſt unſer Artzt und Artzney, durch deſſen Fürbitt und Wunden wir ſind geheilet worden. Weil denn dieſe Zeit von Weyhnachten an biß daher die höchſten Articul von Chriſti Geburt, Leiden, Sterben und Aufferſtehung, aus hellen und klaren Texten ſind gehandelt, haben auff dieſe Zeit geſunde Lehrer und Seelſorger dieſe Articul in ſchönen Hiſtorien, und luſtigen Bildniſſen, ihren Kirchen fein artig vorgehalten: Dieſen alten löblichen Gebrauch wollen wir auff dieſes mal auch begeben, und als viel Gott Gnad verleihet, aus Simions deß Wunder Manns Hiſtorien Chriſtum und ſein gantzes Reich, und Kirchen Hiſtorien, von Anfang biß zu Ende, als in einem Bilde furſtellen, zu einer luſtigen Erklärung ꝛc. Ich wil nicht gedencken, wie andere vortreffliche Theologi unterweilen dem gemeinen Mann in Fabuln und Gedichten allerhand gute Lehren beygebracht haben. Ich ſehe, daß Butyrolambius Antenorn ſehr übel ausdeute, daß er im Geſind-Teuffel gedacht habe einer Fabul, daß der Teuffel mit einer Trummel vor den Himmel kommen ſey, habe Officiers werben wollen, und habe ihnen gut Quartier verſprochen, ꝛc. Allein man lieſet bey alten Scribenten dieſe Fabul und Gedicht, daß der Teuffel ihm einsmals vorgenommen habe zu freyen, und Kinder zu zeugen, damit er dieſelbige in der Welt ausſtatten, und mit den Menſchen, zu ihrem Verderben, umb ſo viel deſto mehr befreundten möchte. Da ſeye ihm vorkommen eine Frau, die habe geheiſſen Impietas, gottloſes Weſen. Mit derſelben habe er ſich vergattert, und ſieben Töchter gezeuget, die er zu Hauſe aufferzogen, und endlich in die Welt ausgetheilet, und mit den Menſchenkindern vereh liget habe.

Die erſte und älteſte Tochter habe geheiſſen Arroganti Jungfrau Hochmuth, dieſelbige hab er denen von Adel, u hohen Stands Perſonen verheuratet.

Die andere habe geheiſſen Avaritia, Jungfrau Geitz, d habe er denen Kauffleuten, Handtierern und Parthierern i den Städten verehliget.

Die dritte hat geheiſſen Falsitas, Jungfrau Falſchheit, d habe er denen Bauren, und dem gemeinen Landvolck vermahle

Die vierte habe geheiſſen Invidia, Jungfrau Neid, die ha er den Handwercksleuten auffgetrauet.

Die fünffte habe geheiſſen Hypocrisis, Jungfrau Heuchele die habe er denen Geiſtlichen zugegattet, welche in Schaf Kleidern auffgezogen kommen, inwendig aber ſind ſie reiſſen Wölffe, Matth. 7. v. 25.

Die ſechſte habe geheiſſen Superbia, Jungfrau Stoltz, d habe er dem weiblichen Geſchlecht vertrauet.

Die ſiebende und jüngſte Tochter habe geheiſſen Fornicati Jungfrau Unzucht und Hurerey dieſe habe er, als das jüng und liebſte Kind nicht verheyrathen wollen, ſondern bey ſi zu Hauſe behalten, und jedermann in allen Ständen mit i zu bulen vergünſtiget.

Dieſe Fabul wird von vielen vornehmen Predigern in ihr öffentlichen Schrifften allegiret. Warumb wird es denn Antenorn vor übel auffgenommen, wenn er dergleichen Arten lehren ſich unterweilens gebrauchet? Ich halte darvor, d kein groſſer Werck nach Käyſer Carl deß Groſſen Zeiten Kirchen-Sachen in Teutſchland und andern Königreichen ve gangen ſey, als da die Augſpurgiſche Confession iſt übergeb worden. Matheſius redet in ſeiner 8. Predigt von dem Leb Lutheri alſo:

Groſſer und höher Werck, und theurer und herrlicher B käntnuß iſt nicht geſchehen von der Apoſtel Zeit an, als die zu Augſpurg, vor dem gantzen Römiſchen Reich. Zu Jeruſ lem bekannten und bezeugten zwölff Apoſtel, die arme Fiſche den Namen JEſu Chriſti, auch mit groſſer Freudigkeit d Geiſtes, für denen Hohen Prieſtern, Gelehrten, Rath u Hauptleuten deß Tempels, und ſtrafften darneben, die d König der Ehren, Jeſum Chriſtum den Sohn Gottes in ſ nem Fleiſch gecreutziget und umbracht hatten, welches freyli der groſſe Pfingſt-Tag und das höchſte Werck der Chriſtenh iſt von Anbegin der Welt geſchehen.

Nachdem aber der vermeynte Stul-Erbe St. Petri ſi wider Gott und ſeinen Geſalbten, und über den gepredigt Chriſtum und ſein Wort erhaben, und als die rothe Bra von Babylon, mit ſeinem Becher, faſt die gantze Chriſtenh bethöret und bezaubert, und zu ihrer Abgötterey mit Erb Pflichten verknüpffet, und Gott wolte ſeine gefangene Ch ſtenheit durch das Wort ſeines Geiſtes, wieder aus der B byloniſchen Gefängniß zu erledigen anfangen, und gieng ſo Wort und Werck Gottes nicht vergebens ab, ſondern richt viel aus. Und Gott zohe etliche groſſe Chriſtliche Herren u Städte durch ſein Evangelium an ſich, die in Krafft d Geiſtes Gottes aus der Propheten und Apoſteln Schrifft erkannten, daß die groſſe Babylon, die Mutter aller Unzuc und Greuel, auff Erden truncken war, von dem Blute d H. Märtyrer und Zeugen Jeſu Chriſti, und daß der So Gottes der einige Hoheprieſter, Haupt und Heyland der gan Welt wäre. Darum bekenneten dieſe Herren und Städte fr öffentlich und unerſchrocken, als ſelige Werckzeuge Gottes, u wahre Gliedmaſſen Jeſu Chriſti, und ernſtliche Zuhörer u Liebhaber deß lebendigen Wortes, voll rechtſchaffenes und lebe digen Glaubens ihren Glauben, und was ſie aus D. Luthe Büchern und Predigten gelernet und behalten hatten, ꝛc.

Eben um die Zeit, und eben in dem Jahr, als dieſ groſſe Werck vorgegangen, da die Augſpurgiſche Confeſſi übergeben, Chur- und Fürſten, ja, endlich gantze Königreic durch Gottes Erleuchtung die Augen auffgethan, und d Pabſtthumb verlaſſen haben, hat D. Luther zu Coburg g ſeſſen, und die Fabuln Eſopi verteutſchet. Wenn der na weiſe Butyrolambius damals gelebet hätte, würde er geſa haben, Luthere, was macheſt du eben bei dieſer Zeit? D haſt keine Vocation, ſolche Dinge zu tractiren. Warum b kümmerſt du dich nicht vielmehr, wie es jetzo zu Augſpurg he gehe! Allein Lutherus hat ohne Zweiffel bei dieſer groſſen Verä derung ſo vieler Länder und Königreiche wol geſehen, w man unterweilens durch ſolche feine Gedicht groſſen und klein Leuten könne die Opinionem, illam mundi Reginam aus de Kopff treiben. Ich habe von andern Leuten gehöret, d Antenor offtmals mit einer Fabul oder mit einer ſchertzha ten Gleichniß, in vornehmen Conventen mehr außgericht habe, als wenn er den gantzen Aristotelem und Ciceronem auff dem Rücken getragen hätte. Butyrolambius mag ſag was er wil, ſo ſieheſt du, hochgeehrter Leſer, daß Jotha deſſen Fabul der H. Geiſt im Buch der Richter hat auffzeichn laſſen, nicht ſey ein Pedant oder Schul-Fuchs geweſen, ſondern Matheſius nennet ihn in ſeiner Predigt einen Weiſen, einen groſſen Regenten und leiblichen Heyland in Iſrael. Freylich iſt er ein groſſer Regent geweſen, denn er hat zu befehlen gehabt einem Land, das ſo reich und mächtig war, als manches Königreich in Europa. Wenn Butyrolambius wäre ſein Hof-Prediger geweſen, er, würde ihn vielleicht excommunicirt haben. Zum Andern ſagte Math. daß der H. Geiſt ihme auch dieſe Weiſe gefallen laſſe, wenn kluge Leute mit verdeckten und verblümten Reden unbanckbaren und ungeſchlachten Leuten predigen, und daß die Weiſeſten auf Erden beydes unter Juden und Heyden auch in der Chriſtenheit, ſich ſehr gern auff dieſe Art befliſſen, und die höchſte Weißheit nach GOttes Wort in ſolch Bildwerck und Gemählde der unvernünfftigen Creaturen und Thierlein gefaſſet, und den Leuten fürgehalten haben. Hat der heilige Geiſt ihme ſolche Art zu lehren gefallen laſſen, ſo muß Butyrolambius nicht vom heiligen Geiſt getrieben werden, indem er in ſeiner Paßquill thut, als ob Antenor damit die Höll verdienet habe. Zum Dritten ſagt Mathesius, daß Lutherus ſechzehen ſchöner Fabuln ſelbſt gemacht habe, welche voller Weißheit und guter Lehre, und höflicher Vermahnung ſeyn, und wunderſchöne Bilder und contrafacturen haben, de casibus mundi, wie es in der Welt, im Regiment und Haußweſen auf Erden pflege zu geben.

Hier möchte ein naſeweiſer Butyrolambius ſagen: Luthere, warum haſt du die Zeit nicht beſſer angewendet! Warum haſt du unterdeſſen nicht ein Pater noster gebetet oder geſagt: Miserere mei Deus? IV. Lutherus habe ſein angefangenes luſtiges und nützliches Werck mit einer gelehrten Vorrede gezieret, darinnen er fein lehret, daß nach der H. Schrifft die feineſte Welt-Weißheit in vernünfftigen Fabuln zu finden ſeye, wer allein denſelbigen mit Fleiß nachdencke. V. Nennet er diejenige Bauern und Unverſtändige, welche die Weißheit, ſo in den Fabuln verſteckt ſey, nicht achten und unwerth halten. VI. Sagt er, daß die Fabuln Eſopi kein Narr oder Unweiſer gemacht habe, ſondern es haben ſie ſehr vernünfftige Leute auff Erden zuſammen geleſen. Denn es haben nicht allein die alten Lateiner und Griechen, ſondern auch die älteſte Juden, welche damals die rechte Religion gehabt, ſich auff dieſe Fabul-Weißheit befliſſen. Es ſeyn die weiſen Mährlein-Dichter nicht erſtlich in Phrygia und Griechenland, ſondern bey den Juden vor Alters geweſen, wie Jothams Fabul außweiſe, welche etwa 3000. Jahr vor Chriſti Geburt iſt erzehlet worden. VII. Sagt Matheſius: Wie wenn Aſſaph der Sang-Meiſter der viel liebliche Pſalmen gedichtet, der Eſopus wäre, der erſtlich die Fabuln, wie andere Leute Salomonis Sprüchwörter, zuſammen geleſen hätte? Denn die Namen treffen faſt mit einander ein. Antenor ſagte vor etlichen Jahren, daß Petrus Lauremberginus decus illud Academiae Rostochiensis, ihm habe remonstriren wollen, daß Salomo die Fabuln Eſopi über ſeiner Tafel erzehlet habe, und ſein Muſicant der Aſſaph habe ſie zu Papier gebracht, und endlich den Griechen communicirt. VIII. ſagt Matheſius, daß dieſes die artigſte und ſubtileſte Weiſe ſeye, bittere und ſcharffe Warheit, ſo wol groſſen Leuten, als auch denen Kindern beyzubringen, gleichwie einen überzuckerten Wurmſaamen, und es haben offt mit ſolchen Fabuln hochberühmte Leute groſſe Dinge außgerichtet, bey Regenten und Unterthanen, bey Kindern und Geſinde. IX. Es haben viel gute Leute ein ſonderbahres Wolgefallen gehabt an dieſen Fabuln Lutheri. Denn als Philippus Melanchthon die Vorrede, und die Fabuln Lutheri geſehen, habe er ihn gebeten, er wolle darinn fortfahren, und dieſes Buch zu Ende bringen. Er wolle ihm bey einem groſſen Herrn, dem er es dediciren ſolle, 1000. Gülden vor die Dedication zuwege bringen. Wenn Butyrolambius dazumals gelebet hätte, er würde aus einem Phariſäiſchen Eyfer an den Churfürſten zu Sachſen geſchrieben, und bey andern Obrigkeiten angehalten haben, man ſolle dieſes Buch confisciren, und bey nambaffter Straff verbieten es zu verkauffen, denn es ſey ein ärgerlich Buch. X. Sagt Matheſius, daß Doctor Luther offt über Tiſch, wenn er zumal vom Regiment und Hofweſen geredet, der Alten Fabuln, und vernünfftigen Sprüchwörtlein, ſo in Teutſche Sprache aus den Fabuln kommen ſeyn, gerne gebrauchet habe. XI. In ſeinen ſchönen Hof-Pſalmen, welcher iſt der 101. davon Doctor Creutziger geurtheilet daß es ſey Lutheri gelehrteſte und weiſeſte Schrifft, in Teutſcher Sprach gedencket D. Luther unterſchiedener Fabuln. XII. Sagt Matheſius, daß er geſehen habe, daß D. Luther den Sächſiſchen Reinicke-Fuchs mit zu Tiſch getragen, und darinnen geleſen habe. Antenor halt davor, daß in dieſem Buch, wie auch in dem Froſchmäuſler, eine groſſe Politiſche Weißheit verborgen ſtecke. XIII. ſagt Matheſius, daß nicht allein vernehme Leute ſich ſolcher verdeckter und vermumlicher Reden gern gebrauchet haben, ſondern auch der Sohn GOttes, und ſeine Propheten und Apoſteln haben ihren Mund gern auffgethan in ſchönen Gleichnuſſen, und groſſe Weißheit in Bildern denen Leuten vorgeſtellet. XIV. Erzehlet Matheſius, wie Menenius Agrippa mit einer Fabul einen Auffruhr in der groſſen Stadt Rom geſtillet, und die Bürger wiederum zu frieden geſprochen habe. Solches hätte vielleicht Cicero mit ſeinem utili & inutili, mit ſeinem honesto & jucundo ſo leicht nicht gethan. XV. Daß das eine ſonderbare Klugheit der Teutſchen ſeye, daß ſie der Fabuln ſo wercklich gebrauchen können, erweiſet Matheſius mit dem Käyſer Rudolph und anderen groſſen Herren, und ſchlieſſet endlich, daß die Teutſchen viel guter Fabuln und Sprichwörter brauchen von wenig Worten, die aber viel Nachdenckens geben, lang hafften und kleben, und im Hertzen rumpeln, als wenn man einem einen Floh ins Ohr geſetzet habe. Antenor ſagte einsmals, daß der alten Teutſchen Sprichwörter lauter Axiomata, Politica, Ethica und Oeconomica ſeyen, welche ſie aus vieler Erfahrung geſammelt haben, und in dem Florilegio Politico Lehmanni, welches in Sprüchwörtern beſtehe, ſtecke mehr Weißheit, als in 10. Disputationibus Politicis, welche auf Univerſitäten gehalten werden. Solche Dinge laſſen offtmals ſolche aculeos oder Stachel hinter ſich, daß es erſt viel Jahr hernach Frucht ſchaffe, wie allhier die Fabul deß Jothams, welche erſtlich gering geachtet wurde: Aber drey Jahr hernach bey den Sichemitern wirckte, daß ſie an das unſchuldig-vergoſſene Blut gedachten. XVI. Man muß ſich offtmahls in die Zeit und in die Leute ſchicken, und es machen wie Cicero, welcher anders geredet hat bey dem Julio Caesare, anders bey dem Rath zu Rom, und anders bey dem gemeinen Volck. Wenn einer in Republ. Democratica aufftrate, und dem gemeinen Volck die Ohren nicht mit vielen Worten ſtopffete, ſo würde er davor gehalten werden, daß er nichts ſtudiret habe. Darum ſagt Matheſius, weil Jotham ſich bey groben und wilden Leuten habe wollen hören laſſen, da habe er gedacht auff eine Fabul, darinnen er Moſis, Joſua und ſeines lieben Vaters treue Dienſte, und unzählige Wolthat, höfflich in den dreyen fruchtbaren Bäumen wiederholet, und im Dorn-Buſch den newen unordentlichen Regenten, der Magd Sohn, meiſterlich und künſtlich abgemahlet habe. Er erklaret dieſe Fabul alſo, daß ich mich ſehr damit beluſtige. XVII. Sagt Matheſius, daß nicht nur vornehme, ſondern auch andere ehrliche Biderleute, ſo wol im Regiment, als auch in Kirchen und Schulen, nach ihrer vielfältigen Arbeit, ihre ehrliche Freude, luſtige Kurtzweil, und liebliche Ergötzligkeit geſuchet haben. S. Johannes der heilige Apoſtel und Evangeliſt habe unterweilens ſeine Kurtzweil gehabt mit ſeinem Vögelein und Rephünerlein, und habe bißweilen mit den Beinisgen zum Sichernmahl geſchoſſen. Käyſer Carl und Käyſer Maximilian haben ihre Luſt geſuchet im Jagen. Der Evangeliſt Marcus habe unterweilens vor die lange Weil gemahlet, ꝛc. Wer wil es denn Antenorn verdencken, wenn er unterweilens nach vieler groſſer Arbeit, nach vielen groſſen Widerwertigkeiten jemand läſt zu ſich kommen zu einer Philosophiſchen Malzeit, und ein Philosophiſches Geſpräch mit ihm hält! Oder nach der Malzeit ſeinem Diener, oder etwa einem frembden Studenten einen luſtigen discurs in die Feder dictirt? Dieſes iſt die einige recreation, welche Antenor hat, und dieſelbige kan und mag man ihm wol gönnen. Ein Bogen, der allezeit geſpannet iſt, erlamet und verdirbet endlich. XIIX. Aus dieſer Predigt ſieheſt du, hochgeehrter Leſer, daß Lutherus nicht allein ein Fabul-Hans geweſen ſeye, ſondern auch ſeinen Sohn Johannem habe zu einem Fabul-Hanſen machen wollen, indem er ihm unterſchiedene Fabuln hat vorgeleſen, welche er in die Lateiniſche Sprache hat verſetzen müſſen, geſtalt denn Matheſius gedencket, daß er ſeinem Sohn habe eine Fabul vorgeleſen von einem Krebs, welcher habe über Land reiſen wollen, und ſey unterwegens kommen zu einer Schlangen, ꝛc. Durch dieſe Fabul hat er ihm die Lehr geben wollen, daß ein tückiſcher Freund viel ärger ſeye, als ein öffentlicher zorniger Feind. Das hat Lutherus ohne Zweiffel nicht aus Büchern, ſondern aus Erfahrung gelernet. XIX. Nicht nur Lutherus und ſein Sohn Joh. ſind Fabul-Hanſen geweſen, ſondern auch Phil. Melanchthon, der hochgelehrte Mann, welchen auch ſeine ärgſte Feinde, in und auſſer Teutſchland, ſeiner Philosophiſchen Wiſſenſchafft halben geliebet und gelobet haben. Matheſius erzehlet eine Fabul, welche er ihm und ſeinen Freunden im Wieſenthal erzehlet habe von einer groſſen Schlangen und einem Bauern. XX. Ich halte davor, daß durch die ſchöne Fabul und den vier jungen Sperlingen Matheſius ſeinen Kindern habe eine Instruction und Memorial geben wollen. Ich vernehme gar gern, daß Antenor gegen einem vornehmen Freund gedacht, er wolle hinführo in acht nehmen die Fabul, welche Matheſius erzehlet von einem alten Hirten-Hund, der ſeines Herrn Vieh treulich bewachet habe.

Deß Abends ſeye er nach Hauſe gangen, da haben ihn unterſchiedliche kleine Hündlein auf der Gaſſen angebellet, der alte Hirten-Hund aber ſey vor ſich weggegangen, und habe ſich nicht einmal umgeſehen. Als er vor den Kuttel-Hof kommen, habe ihn ein Fleiſchers Hund gefraget, wie er das Bellen und Geplerr leiden könne? warum er nicht einen beym Kamm nehme? Nein, habe der Hirten-Hund geſagt, es zwackt und beißt keiner. Ich muß meine Zähne wider die Wölfe brauchen, und nicht wider ſolche kleine Lumpen-Hündlein. GOtt laſſe Antenor leben, und erhalte ihn bei beſtändigen Leibeskräften. Batyrolambio und andern Lumpen-Hunden ſollen die Mäuler wol geſtopffet werden. Adjeu, hochgeehrter und hochvernünfftiger Leſer, und bleibe günſtig und geneigt

Deinem demüthigſten Diener
und Knecht
ANTON-MENONI Schuppen.

von Schüren, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Sybilla Schuſter,

um die Mitte des 17. Jahrhunderts geboren, und mit einem würtembergiſchen Geiſtlichen verheirathet, hinterließ das Gedicht:

Verkehrter, bekehrter und wieder bethörter Ophiletes. Oettingen, 1685.

das ſich für jene Zeit durch die Mannigfaltigkeit der darin vorkommenden Versmaaße eigenthümlich auszeichnet.

Friedrich Karl Julius Schütz

ward am 31. Mai 1779 zu Halle geboren, ein Sohn des berühmten Philologen Chriſtian Gottfried Schütz, ſtudirte in Jena und trat 1804 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie in Halle auf, wo er ſich 1801 habilitirt hatte. 1811 heirathete er die mimiſche Künſtlerin Händel, mit der er, ſelbſt Bühnen betretend, große Kunſtreiſen unternahm, bis er 1818 zum zweiten Male in Halle außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie ward. Bald trennte er ſich wieder von ſeiner Profeſſur, zugleich von ſeiner Gattin, und lebte abwechſelnd, auf verſchiedene Weiſe literariſch ſein Glück verſuchend, theils in Hamburg, theils in Leipzig. Jetzt hält er ſich als Doctor der Philoſophie privatiſirend wieder in Halle auf.

Geſchichte der Republik Frankreich. Jena, 1802.
Epigrammatiſche Anthologie. Halle, 1806. 3 Thle.
Geſchichte Napoleon I. Leipzig, 1810.
Leben und Character der Eliſe Charlotte von Orleans. Leipzig, 1820.
Goethe und Puſtkuchen. Halle, 1822.
Goethe's Philoſophie. Hamburg, 1825—27. 7 Thle.
Stimme Friedrichs des Großen über Politik, Staats- und Kriegskunſt, u. ſ. w. Braunſchweig, 1828. 3 Thle.
Taſchenbibliothek der neueſten Erzählungen. Lüneburg, 1829. 4 Bde.
Blumenleſe aus dem Stammbuche der Händel-Schütz. Leipzig, 1815.
Müllner's Leben. Meißen, 1829.
Paganini's Leben. Meißen, 1830.
Chriſtian Gottfried Schütz, Darſtellung ſeines Lebens, Characters und Verdienſtes, nebſt angehängtem Briefwechſel. Halle, 1834; 1. und 2. Bd.

Geſchmack und Gewandtheit, namentlich bei ſeinen Compilationen, ſind dieſem Schriftſteller nicht abzuſprechen; reich begabt von der Natur hätte er Bedeutenderes leiſten können, als er wirklich geleiſtet hat.

Friedrich Wilhelm von Schütz

ward am 24. April 1758 zu Erdmannsdorf bei Chemnitz geboren, lebte längere Zeit zu Altona und wurde in den Jahren 1792—93 bei der franzöſiſchen Geſandtſchaft zu Hamburg als Legationsſecretär angeſtellt. Darauf zog er ſich auf ſein Gut Hoverſebüttel zurück und privatiſirte dann als königl. ſächſiſcher Hofrath zu Zerbſt, wo er 1821 ſtarb.

Apologie von Leſſings Nathan. Leipzig, 1781.
Unter Allen die ſchlimmſte, Tragicomödie. Deſſau und Leipzig, 1782.
Der Kinderfreund. Hamburg, 1786—88. 2 Thle.
Wöchentliche Unterhaltungen für Jünglinge und Mädchen. Hamburg, 1787. 2 Thle.
Wilhelm Althaus. Hamburg, 1787—88. 2 Thle.
Leben Mendelsſohns. Hamburg, 1787.
Archiv der Schwärmerei und Aufklärung. Hamburg, 1787—91. 5 Thle.
Freimaurerlieder. Hamburg, 1790.
Leben Bernſtorff's. Altona, 1792.
Eduard von Krohnenburg. Leipzig, 1793.
Gemälde franzöſiſcher Helden. Hamburg, 1807.
C. M. Wielands Todtenfeier. Altona, 1813.
C. F. Sintenis Leben. Zerbſt, 1820.
Geſchichte der Staatsveränderungen in Frankreich. Leipzig, 1817. 2 Thle.

Ein geiſtreicher, vielſeitig gebildeter Schriftſteller, deſſen Biographieen, namentlich zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens, ſehr günſtig aufgenommen wurden und mit Recht noch immer als treffliche Arbeiten gelten.

J. B. von Schütz, ſ. Sinold.

Wilhelm von Schütz,

am 13. April 1776 zu Berlin geboren, lebte als königlich preußiſcher Landrath und Director der Ritterſchaft in der Neumark zu Zibingen; ſeitdem er dieſe Stelle niederlegte, privatiſirte er in Dresden.

Lacrimas, Schauſpiel, herausgegeben von A. W. von Schlegel. Berlin, 1803.
Niobe, Trauerſpiel. Berlin, 1807.
Der Graf und die Gräfin von Gleichen, Tragödie. Berlin, 1807.
Romantiſche Wälder. Berlin, 1808.
Der Garten der Liebe. Berlin, 1812.
Graf von Schwarzenberg, Schauſpiel. Berlin, 1819.
Rußland und Deutſchland. Leipzig, 1819.
Deutſchlands Preßgeſetz. Landshut, 1821.
Zur intellectuellen und ſubſtantiellen Morphologie. Leipzig, 1821—23. 3 Hefte.
Dramatiſche Wälder. Leipzig, 1821.
Karl der Kühne, Drama. Leipzig, 1821.
Mehrere Ueberſetzungen, kleinere Aufſätze u. ſ. w.

Ein geiſtreicher Mann, der ſich in früheren Jahren eng der romantiſchen Schule anſchloß und namentlich von den Gegnern derſelben wegen ſeines Lacrimas vielfach und heftig angefeindet wurde. Er beſitzt ein ſchönes Talent, reiche Phantaſie und große Herrſchaft über Form und Sprache; aber ihm fehlt die Freiheit dichteriſcher Bewegung und ſeine Leiſtungen erwarben ſich daher nicht den Beifall, der ihnen bei größerer Selbſtſtändigkeit um ihrer ſonſtigen trefflichen Eigenſchaften willen unfehlbar hätte zu Theil werden müſſen.

Aus Lacrimas, von Wilhelm v. Schütz.

Zweiter Aufzug.

Dritte Scene.

Savanas, Garten.

Ismene ſitzt. Lacrimas kniet weinend vor ihr nieder.

Lacrimas.

Die Thränen bleiben nicht in ihren Dämmen,
Wann aus ſo vielen Quellen ſtrömend gießen
Die Schmerzen, die ſich nicht mehr laſſen hemmen.
Heut ſieh ſie noch, bald werd' ich von dir fließen,
Ein ſonnenloſer Strom, den Wolken ſchwarzen,
Der finſtern Nächte, die mich dicht umſchließen.
Die Regenwolke wird an deinem Herzen
Vorüber wandeln, welche dir erſchienen
Im Abendroth ſchuldlos und frei von Schmerzen;
Dann magſt im neuen Sonnenlicht du grünen,
Wenn deine trüben Nebel von dir ziehen,
Ihr feuchtes Gold in Wellen zu verdienen.

Ismene.

Was hör' ich? Wunderbare Worte fliehen
Von deinen Lippen, mir nicht zu begreifen:
Will jetzt dein Schmerz zum Wahnſinn gar erglühen?
Ich flehe dich, Gemahl, laß ab zu ſchweifen
In ſo verworrner Red' um meine Seele,
Und neue Angſt auf meine Bruſt zu häufen.
Was dir dein Herz bedrückt, das verhehle
Mir länger nicht; die, ſo du dir zum Weibe
Genommen, hier auch zur Vertrauten wähle.

Lacrimas.

Das kann ich nicht, nein, tief verhüllet bleibe,
Was mich ſo quält: nur eines magſt du wiſſen,
Daß, von hier fliehend auch, ich dein verbleibe!

Ismene.

Von hier entfliehend? Mir alſo entriſſen?
Verſtand ich recht? Haſt Wahrheit du geſprochen?
O heiliger Gott, was werd' ich leiden müſſen!
Was klag' ich viel, daß du dein Wort gebrochen!
Genug, du willſt auf Erden mir vergehen,
Und dieſe Drohung hat mein Herz durchſtochen.

([illegible])

Lacrimas.

Ich kann's nicht dulden, alſo dich zu ſehen!
Erwache, Weib, ich will nicht von dir laſſen,
Nur laß auf's Neu' mir deinen Athem wehen.

Ismene.

Noch leb' ich zwar, doch bald werd' ich erblaſſen,
Kaum hab' ich deine Lieb' endlich gefeiert,
So will mich ſchon die ſel'ge Fluth verlaſſen.
Ihr Wolluſtranken, die ihr d'raus entſproſſet,
Ich glaubt', ihr wäret eine feſte Kette:
O, daß ihr zum Verdorren nur aufſchoſſet!
Harr'n ſoll ich hier allein an öder Stätte?
Strom meiner Luſt, du willſt dich von mir winden,
Nicht mit mich nehmen in dem dunkeln Bette?

Lacrimas.

Was könnten dieſe Worte mir verkünden?
O dürft' ich hoffen? würdeſt mein du bleiben,
Wenn du, wer ich auch ſei, mich ſollteſt finden?

Ismene.

Laß dich nur neue Flucht nicht von hier treiben,
So magſt du mir, was es auch ſei, berichten,
Mehr wird mich's nicht, wie jenes Droh'n, entleiben.
Ich flehe dich, du mußt mich unterrichten,
Warum noch einmal Trennung ſoll geſchehen,
Und was mir denn verbeut, mit dir zu flüchten!

Lacrimas.

Mein beſtes Weib, du wollteſt mit mir gehen?
Unmöglich iſt's, auch wenn du die Gefahren,
Die deiner harr'n, bereit wärſt, zu beſtehen;
Denn ein Geheimniß würdeſt du erfahren,
Das müßt' aus deiner Bruſt die Liebe bannen,
Die ſich noch gern der Frühling will bewahren.

Ismene.

Dich, dem ſo heiße Liebesthränen rannen,
Sollt' ich um irgend Etwas können haſſen?
Nie! Sag' es mir, ich laſſ' dich nicht von dannen.
Ein größres Unglück kann mich nicht mehr faſſen,
Und hätteſt du, was es auch ſei, begangen,
Ich ſchwör' es, nie darum von dir zu laſſen.

Lacrimas.

Hätt' ich nun frevelhaft dich hintergangen?
Wenn ich nicht aus Italien wär' geboren,
Du wollteſt dennoch treulich an mir hangen?

Ismene.

Was kann ich mehr? Ich hab' es dir geſchworen;
Es läßt ſich dieſe Liebe nicht verwüſten,
Und niemals geht Ismene dir verloren.

Lacrimas.

So wiſſe denn, nicht von Europa's Küſten,
Aus Afrika bin ich hieher gekommen,
Mit falſchen Segeln, die wir chriſtlich grüßten.

Ismene.

O ew'ger Schmerz! der mich zum Weib genommen,
Geboren ward er in der Heiden Lande,
Er iſt mein Feind und Feind von allen Frommen!

Lacrimas.

Wie? dein bin ich, durch mir auch heil'ge Bande.
Du thuſt nicht recht, mich deinen Feind zu nennen,
Weil ich herkam vom Afrikan'ſchen Strande.
Sahſt du nicht Liebe mir im Herzen brennen?
Und wird nicht ewig dieſe Flamme lodern?
Weshalb haſt du mich denn verwerfen können?
Daß ich dich liebe, mehr kannſt du nicht fodern,
Und ich that mehr, als Liebe je begangen,
Zu tauſend Freveln ließ ich mich auffodern.
Denn dich, Ismene, hab' ich hintergangen,
Mein Vaterland und meinen Gott betrogen;
Und warum ſonſt, als um dir anzuhangen?
Du weißt doch nicht, warum ich in die Wogen
Des Meeres mich von Neuem muß begeben,
Und haſt mir deine Liebe ſchon entzogen!
Mir hat es richt'ge Ahnung eingegeben,
Dir niemals mein Geheimniß zu entdecken,
Um nicht ſo bittern Vorwurf zu erleben!

Ismene.

Hör' auf, Gemahl! In deine Worte wecken
  In meiner Seele frommere Gedanken;
  Was mir entfuhr, war nur mein erſt Erſchrecken.
Verzeih der armen Thörin! Ewig danken
  Wird ſie, und muß ſie dir, was du begonnen,
  Verführt von ſolcher Liebe ohne Schranken.
Laß unter uns Vorwürfe ſein zerronnen!
  Dich nennen meine Arme wieder ihren.
  Entdecke mir, wodurch ich dich gewonnen,
  Und wie ich lief Gefahr, dich zu verlieren.

Lacrimas.

So weiche denn, Geheimniß, deine Hülle!
  Da, wo zu Ende gehen dieſe Fluthen,
  Hebt meines Vaterlandes reiche Fülle
  Sich ſchwellend in die heißen Sonnengluthen.
  Um ſeinen Buſen ſäuſelt ſanft und ſtille
  Der Hauch des Südwinds; unter Palmenruthen,
  In Blumengärten glänzen goldne Flüſſe,
  In Lüfte wogen Wohlgeruches Güſſe.

Duccala und Hascora, die zwei Lande,
  Die dort der Sonne ſchönſtes Licht gewinnen,
  Blühn rechts und links an Omirabi's Rande.
  Merameris und Elmadina's Zinnen,
  Weit ſichtbar beid' auf hohem Bergesſtande,
  Umſchließen der Paläſte Pracht, worinnen
  Einſt die Sultane beider Länder lebten,
  Die jeder nach des andern Herrſchaft ſtrebten;

Bis es dem treuen Weſſir Zumrud glückte,
  Die Feind' in ihren Kindern zu verſöhnen.
  Durch ihn geſchah's, daß Amgad erblickte
  Dilnaa, Amru's Tochter, in dem ſchönen
  Gefild der Liebe, die ſie beid' umſtrickte.
  Und nun band er auch ſchnell bei Friedenstönen
  Den Bund der Staaten und der Kinder feſt,
  Worauf dies Leben Tanfor bald verläßt.

Doch als ein neuer Feind das Land bedrängt,
  Muß Zumrud auf ein Schiff die Kinder ſenden;
  Und Amru, dem auch hier der Sieg geſchenkt,
  Freut ſich ſchon ihrer, als, welch' traurig Wenden!
  Die fort ſind, deren er ſo zärtlich denkt.
  Da mußt' es wohl mit Zorn auf Zumrud enden,
  Bis auch des Unſchuld der Sultan erkannte,
  Und den zurückrief, den er erſt verbannte.

Nun ließ er ihn in Duccala gebieten
  Als Baſſa, das war ſeiner Treue Lohn.
  Und ich, den deine Blicke nicht erriethen,
  Ich heiß' Abdelaſis, und bin ſein Sohn.
  Das ihm vertraute Land ließ er mich hüten,
  Als er die Kinder ſuchend ging davon,
  Und hat mir, die nicht findend, aufgetragen,
  Verſtellt mich über's Meer um ſie zu wagen.

Als ich mich auf den Fluthen da befand,
  Strömt' es ſo trüb' entgegen meinem Herzen;
  Doch kam die Wehmuth, welche mich umwand,
  Als ſei's Erinn'rung, um mit mir zu ſcherzen.
  Da blühte mir Siciliens Küſtenland,
  Ein goldner Baum im finſtern Hain der Schmerzen.
  Dort blieb ich lang', indeſſen die Gefährten
  Im Suchen ſich nach andern Küſten kehrten.

Schwermuth, die neue Nahrung meiner Tage,
  Vermochte meine Sehnſucht nicht zu ſtillen.
  Nicht um die ferne Heimath führt' ich Klage,
  Hier, glaubt' ich, werde ſich mein Glück enthüllen.
  Nun wurde mein Geſchäft mir bald zur Plage.
  Mich zog's nach Spanien wider meinen Willen,
  Wo ich den Namen Lacrimas bekannte,
  Und mein Gefährt' ſich Diarmandas nannte.

Hier ſegelnd einſt, mit mir auf ſtillen Wegen
  Die tiefſte Sehnſucht, die ich je empfunden,
  Wenn Abendroth dem Schiffe glüh't entgegen. —
  Erſah ich dich, vom Meeresduft umwunden,
  Am Kreuze ſtehn; nicht lang' konnt' ich dich hegen,
  Du warſt zu bald dem flieh'nden Schiff entſchwunden.
  Ich blieb bei dir, Chriſt, Pilgrim, gleich zurücke,
  Ganz überſtrömt, wie ſie, von tiefem Glücke.

Fortſchiffend hab' ich, Aug' und Sinn im Trüben,
  Bei jedem Crucifixe heiß geweint,
  Gerufen: Ach, dies Kreuz, es iſt ihr Lieben!
  Warum iſt dieſes ſelbe Kreuz mein Feind?
  Von meiner Heimath war auch nichts geblieben,
  So ſah ich mich verwandelt: denn vereint
  Mit dir zu ſein, zu bleiben ohne Wanken:
  Das waren einzig meiner Bruſt Gedanken.

Und was ich nun ſeitdem auch unternommen,
  Ismene, du darfſt mich darum nicht ſchelten.
  Wie ich dich tief im Innern aufgenommen,
  Das muß, Gemahlin, dir für Alles gelten.
  Iſt Wankelmuth je in mein Herz gekommen?
  Die Reiſe nach des Morgenlandes Zelten,
  Weißt du doch nicht, warum ſie muß geſchehen,
  Und wie du mich vielleicht wirſt wiederſehen.

Ismene.

Daß Heil und Noth, daß Schmerz und Luſt in Fluthen
  So groß und mächtig ſtrömen würden zu
  In deiner Liebe mir, konnt' ich's vermuthen?
Auf ihrem Meer ſchwamm ich in ſel'ger Ruh,
  Nun hebt ſich auf der Sturm der Liebes-Leiden,
  Dem ich den Buſen willig offen thu'!
So kommt denn her; euch geb' ich mich mit Freuden;
  Auch du ſollſt meiner Liebe Kraft erkennen,
  Von Allem, nur von dir will ich nicht ſcheiden.
Ja, Lacrimas, du brauchſt mir nicht zu nennen,
  Wohin du willſt, warum du mußt entfliehn,
  Mit dir zu dulden, ſollſt du mir vergönnen,
Mehr nicht, wie ich, in Leid und Liebe glühn.

Lacrimas.

Hör' mich. Den Schiffern konnt' ich jüngſt nicht wehren
  Die Abfahrt, da die Kinder nicht gefunden,
  Und nur durch Liſt gelang's, zurückzukehren.
  Nunmehr ſind unſre Schätze ganz geſchwunden,
  Drum wollt' ich ſegeln, wie ſie laut begehren,
  Doch reicher wieder kommend, dir verbunden,
  Das Schloß, das ich für meins ſchon ausgegeben,
  Erkaufen und mit dir als Chriſt dort leben.

Ismene.

So zieh ich mit; ich kann, von dir verlaſſen,
  Nicht einmal noch am Meeresſtrande ſchweifen,
  Und Luſt der Sehnſucht für dein Haupt umfaſſen.
Daß mich nur Trennungsqualen nicht ergreifen,
  Will ich nicht blos gewöhnlich Leid ertragen,
  Das ſchwerſte lieber auf mein Leben häufen.
Ich freue mich auf alle künft'gen Plagen,
  Nur wer erduldet jede Liebespein,
  Kann ganz den Quell der Liebesluſt erjagen.

Lacrimas.

So gebe Chriſtus Segen dem Verein!
  Froh kann ich nun des Schiffes Anker lichten.
  Doch wann darf ich zur Abfahrt fertig ſein?

Ismene.

Verhüllt werd' ich heut Abend mit dir flüchten.

([illegible])

Johann Stephan Schütze

ward am 1. November 1771 zu Olvenſtädt bei Magdeburg geboren, wo ſein Vater Landmann war. Bis zu ſeinem 18. Jahre, mit welchem er die Schule zu Kloſter Bergen bezog, war die Lage des ſtrebſamen Jünglings äußerſt drückend und ſeine ſchönen Kräfte wurden faſt gewaltſam durch die Einförmigkeit des Comptoirlebens, dem er beſtimmt war, untergraben. Doch nu entwickelte er ſich ſchnell, ging 1794 nach Erlangen, 179 nach Halle, um Theologie zu ſtudiren, und beſtand ſei Examen. Doch bei höchſt ungünſtigen Ausſichten au Anſtellung gab er jetzt ſeiner ſchriftſtelleriſchen Neigung, die er vorher dem Fachſtudium ungern aufgeopfert, meh nach und lebte inzwiſchen an mehreren Stellen als Hauslehrer, bis ſein Talent ſich völlig Bahn brach, und der von Iffland ſeinen Arbeiten gezollte Beifall ihm einen Jahrgehalt von dem Oheim, der bisher für ihn geſorgt hatte, erwirkte. So ging er 1804 nach Dresden und von da nach Weimar, wo er anfangs der Herzogin Amalie, Goethe's und Jean Paul's, bald aber der größeren Menge Beifall in ſeinen Leiſtungen anſtrebte und erhielt. Er lebte daſelbſt als Hofrath, Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter, und ſtarb am 19. März 1839, tief betrauert von Allen, die ihn kannten.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der Allgefällige. (Kotzebue's Almanach, 21. Jahrg.)
Der Dichter und ſein Vaterland, Luſtſp. Leipz., 1807.
Der Frühlingsbote. Frankfurt, 1823. 25. 3 Bde.
Gedanken und Einfälle über Leben und Kunſt. Leipzig, 1810.
Gedichte ernſten und ſcherzhaften Inhalts. Berlin, 1830.
Gedichte. Leipzig, 1810.
Die Heimkehr, Luſtſpiel. (Kotzebue's Almanach, 22. Jahrgang.)
Die Journaliſten, Luſtſp. in einem Aufz. Leipz., 1806.
Verſuch einer Theorie des Komiſchen. Leipz., 1817.
Der König von Geſtern, Luſtſpiel. (Kotzebue's Almanach, 25. Jahrgang.)
Lebensgeſchichte. Neuhaldensleben, 1834. 2 Thle.
Mutter und Tochter, Luſtſpiel. (Kotzebue's Almanach, 23. Jahrgang.)
Der unſichtbare Prinz, Roman. Leipzig, 1812. 13. 3 Thle.
Verſuch einer Theorie des Reims nach Inhalt und Form. Magdeburg, 1802.
Humoriſtiſche Reiſen durch Mecklenburg, Holſtein, Dänemark. Hamburg, 1812.
Heitere Stunden. Dresden (1821—23); 2. wohlfeile Ausgabe 1828. 3 Thle.
Muntere Unterhaltungen. Leipzig, 1829. gr. 12.
Abenteuerliche Wanderung von Weimar nach Carlsbad, 1810. Leipzig, 1825.
Was doch die Vernunft thut. (S. Jahrbuch deutſcher Bühnenſpiele, Jahrgang 10.)
Der Wintergarten. Frankfurt, 1816—22. 6 Bde.
Das Land der Wunder. Hamburg, 1812.
(Journal des Luxus, Taſchenbuch der Liebe und Freundſchaft.)

S. beſaß eine überaus glückliche Gabe der Auffaſſung und Beobachtung, eine heitere, wohlthuende Lebensanſicht, Gedankenreichthum, eine glücklich geſtaltende Phantaſie, eine eigenthümliche, aber klare und anmuthige Diction und eine treffliche Darſtellung; nur herrſchte ihm unbewußt der didactiſche Zweck ſelbſt in ſeinen rein komiſchen Leiſtungen zu ſehr vor und lähmte zu oft die unmittelbare Wirkung des Gegebenen. Sein Roman, „der unſichtbare Prinz“, iſt ſeine beſte Arbeit und verdient im Andenken der Nachwelt fortzuleben, da er einen reichen Schatz von Menſchenkenntniß und geſunder practiſcher Philoſophie enthält. — Seine Schriften über Theorie der Kunſt zeugen von ſeinem Scharfſinn, verrathen aber zu ſehr den Autodidacten.

Die beiden Candidaten.

Erzählung von St. Schütze.

Der Brauer Grundmeyer, wohnhaft in Golbeck, einer betriebſamen Mittelſtadt, war ein eben ſo wohlhabender Bürger als glücklicher Hausvater. Wenn vormals zu den Leuten, die über das ſchlechte Bier klagten, ſein Schwiegervater zu ſagen pflegte, daß Waſſer und Luft daran Schuld ſei, ſchüttelte er ſtillſchweigend den Kopf, und experimentirte, als er das Brauweſen allein betrieb, ſo lange darauf los, bis er jene Elementargeiſter beſiegt, und ſein Getränk eine ſolche Stärke bekommen hatte, daß das fremde Bier ſich davor von Dorf zu Dorf beſchämt zurückzog, und der Erfolg ihm reichliche Zinſen brachte. Die Stadt vermuthete indeß mit Unrecht, wie er nach dem Tode ſeiner Frau die kleine Perücke ablegte und ſein eigenes Haar trug, daß er wieder heirathen, und durch die reiche Nachbarin gegenüber, die Wittwe Vollroth, die nur ein einziges Töchterchen zu verſorgen hatte, ſein Glück noch feſter gründen würde; er verſchmähete ihre Hand aus Rückſicht gegen ſeine beiden Söhne, die keine Stiefmutter bekommen ſollten. Konrad und Gottfried gaben ſeinem äußern Wohlſtande ſchon vollkommen den innern Gehalt, deſſen er bedurfte, um ſich in ſeinem Hauſe zufrieden und heimiſch zu fühlen. Er wünſchte aber, daß aus dieſem Mittelpunkte ſeines Glücks ſich ein neuer Baum erheben möchte, der ſein Brauhaus überrage; deßhalb wollte er ſie ſtudiren laſſen und ſchickte ſie auf das große Gymnaſium. Daß beide ſich vorläufig zur Theologie beſtimmten, war ihm ſchon recht, denn der Oberprediger des Orts ärntete mit ſeinen Predigten immer allgemeinen Beifall ein, und in ſeinem Anſehn ſpiegelte ſich das künftige Glück ſeiner Kinder. Sie ſpiegelten ſich ſelbſt darin, ein jeder wollte ein ſolcher Oberprediger werden. Gottfried ſchrieb ſeine Predigten nach, und Konrad berechnete die Einkünfte, welche die Pfarrſtelle ihm eintrüge. Sie gingen auch beide mit großem Eifer daran: Gottfried wußte bald ganze Reden des Cicero auswendig, und Konrad legte ſie Nachts ſogar unter ſein Kopfkiſſen. Plötzlich aber war es, als wenn bei dieſem ein Stillſtand eintreten ſollte: Er fing an gewaltig zu wachſen, wurde alle Tage breiter und ſtärker, und gähnte, wenn er in die Schule ging, reckte die Arme, wenn er wiederkam, und wenn er ſein Exercitium machen ſollte, zog er den Rock aus. Das Papier lag ihm lange nicht recht und die Feder wollte immer nicht ſchreiben, wenn aber ein Fuder Brennholz, oder neues Korn für das Brauhaus angefahren kam, war er wie ein Wetter hinaus, um mit abzuladen. Bei Tiſche konnte er nicht leiden, wenn etwas in der Schüſſel zurückblieb, und nach Tiſche bewies er, daß man eine angeſchenkte Flaſche austrinken müſſe, wenn das Bier nicht verderben ſollte. Wann ein fetter Ochſe geſchlachtet wurde, mußte er immer mit dabei ſein, und er wurde krank in der Schule, wenn es zu Hauſe friſche Wurſt gab. Der große Birnbaum im Garten krachte, wenn er hinauf ſtieg, um das Obſt abzunehmen, und jeden, dem er freundſchaftlich die Hand drückte, ſchrie Ach! und Weh! über ihn.

Nein! was der Junge groß wird! ſagte der Vater, wie er ihn eines Sonntags im neuen Rock, das Frühſtück auf der Hand eintreten ſah; Gottfried, du wirſt eilen müſſen, wenn du ihn einholen willſt. Da ihr einander ähnlich ſehet, ſolltet ihr auch mit Größe und Breite hübſch bei einander bleiben. — Ja, in der Schule hab ich ihn ſchon eingeholt, entgegnete Gottfried ganz trocken, Oſtern komme ich nach Prima, und er bleibt ſitzen. — Was wär's, ſtaunte der Vater, Konrad iſt ja der älteſte! da muß ich doch einmal mit dem Rector ſprechen. — Ach! erwiederte Konrad, wenn ich der Frau Rectorin ein Dutzend Borſtorfer Aepfel mitbringe, geht die Thür in Prima ſperangelweit auf für mich. — — Dem war aber nicht ſo. Wie ſich Grundmeyer beim Rector nach ſeinem Konrad erkundigte, geſtand ihm dieſer, daß er ſchon viele Noth und Geduld mit ihm gehabt, und bisher nur geſchwiegen habe, um nicht den Zorn des Vaters vergebens zu reizen — vergebens, weil es doch am Ende das Beſte ſein würde, den guten, ehrlichen Konrad ganz von der Schule wegzunehmen. Wenn Konrad nur ein Kalb von der Straße herausblöken höre, verſtehe er ſchon vom großen Cäſar kein Wort mehr. — Grundmeyer machte zu dem Vorſchlage erſt ein finſteres Geſicht, dann ſagte er: nun, nun! ein Unglück wäre es gerade nicht, zum Landbau gehört auch Verſtand, wie zur Brauerei; ich habe meine Kunſt auf dem Lande gelernt, und der große Cäſar hat mir kein Wort dazu geſagt. — Er deutete damit auf ſeine Amtsverrichtung bei Herrn von Brennau hin, dem er früher als Brau-Verwalter gedient hatte. Konrad mag in des Himmels Namen Oekonomie ſtudiren, und will er nachher zur Brauerei übergehen, iſt mir es auch recht. — Und ohne weiter mit Brummen und Schelten Zeit zu verlieren, ließ er am nächſten Sonntag ſeine Braunen vor die Kaleſche ſpannen, und fuhr mit dem großen Konrad, der vom Wagen herab ruhigen Beifall lächelte, nach Lindenfeld hinüber zum Herrn von Brennau, der, mit dem Vater einſt ſehr zufrieden, auch keinen Augenblick Bedenken trug, ſeinen mit guten Kräften und Kenntniſſen ausgerüſteten Sohn als freiwilligen Verwalter anzuſtellen. Es ging auch ganz vortrefflich mit ihm. Rührig und thätig arbeitete er ſich bald durch die groben Geſchäfte zum Aufſeher und Rechnungsführer hinauf, und wenn die Produkte aus Brenn- und Brauhaus mit der Zeit noch beſſer wurden, hatten ſie es gewiß ſeinem guten Geſchmack und den Vorübungen an der großen Schule zu danken.

Unterdeß ſchlug ſich ſein Bruder Gottfried mit den alten Claſſikern herum, und verſpeiſte ſie, wie wenn es Honigſcheiben geweſen wären. Bald konnte er ſeine Gedanken, wie eine Mahlmühle mit vielen Gängen, in verſchiedenen Sprachen verarbeiten, doch ließ er ſich von den Heiden mit ihrer Abgötterei und ihrem republikaniſchen Großthun zu keiner Untreue gegen die Theologie verlocken, welcher er ſich auf der Univerſität vielmehr mit einem ſo brennenden Eifer widmete, daß er ſchon im erſten Jahre ſich nicht halten konnte, die Erſtlingsfrüchte ſeines Fleißes heimlich auf den Dörfern umher abzulegen. Bald ſtand er auch auf der Kanzel ſeiner Vaterſtadt, und ſprach mit ſo kräftigen Worten herab, daß dem Oberprediger die Bibel aus der Hand fiel, und alle Candidaten des Orts, die ſich aus Neugierde eingefunden hatten, bis zu Thränen gerühret wurden, was für den höchſten Triumph gelten muß, da nicht leicht in einer Kunſt ein College vom andern ſich rühren läßt. Auf dem Lande wurden ſeine Vorträge endlich mit einem ſolchen Zulauf der ganzen umliegenden Gegend beſucht, daß der Gaſtwirth eines jeden Dorfs, der ſich ein volles Haus wünſchte, ihn um eine Gaſtpredigt bat. — Und wodurch geſchah es denn eigentlich, daß er die Herzen der Menſchen ſo erſchütterte? Kam es daher, daß er die Hand nicht über den Kopf hob, daß er die Rechte nicht zur Unzeit auf das Herz legte, daß er in der Bewegung mit den beiden Händen wechſelte, daß er ſich ein wenig hierhin und ein wenig dahin wendete, daß er die Stimme mit Wohllaut erklingen, ſie nicht bis zum Diskant hinaufſteigen, noch bis in den tiefſten Baß ſinken ließ? Nein! von allem dieſem ſah man keine Spur. Gradeaus ſtand er da, wie ein Licht, auch etwas blaß wie ein Licht, er regte keine Hand, nicht einmal den Kopf, hielt dazu die Augen verſchloſſen, und redete mit einer faſt heiſern Stimme, aber — die Begeiſterung ſprach aus ihm, das Gefühl, die Geſinnung — und das entſcheidet über den Menſchen. In Lindenfeld ſtaunte Bruder Konrad ihn mit offenem Munde an und Herr von Brennau rückte auf dem Stuhle hin und her, daß ſeine Bauern die Thränen nicht gewahr werden ſollten, die er bei ſeiner Predigt vergoß. Nach der Kirche aber lief er bei Tiſche mit dem Kandidaten gleich alle Pfarren durch, um ihm eine davon auszuſuchen. Allein es gab keine Ausſicht für ihn: die Prediger waren alle von dauerhafter Geſundheit, und wenn ja einmal einer krank wurde, brauchte er die Waſſerkur, und verjüngte ſich wieder. Viele Stellen waren ſchon lange im voraus vergeben, entweder an einen Hauslehrer oder an ein Kammermädchen. In Rückſicht des letztern Punktes hatte ſich denn auch für Gottfried ein kleines Hinderniß eingefunden. Des Vaters Nachbarin behielt das Haus gegenüber noch immer im Auge, und ließ nun ihr Töchterchen, wenn der Kandidat aus dem Hauſe trat, auch hinüber ſehen. Das that ihm zwar noch nichts, weil er immer tief in Gedanken verſunken war, aber wie er auf Antrieb ſeines Vaters einen Nachbarbeſuch machte, erinnerte ſich die gute Frau, daß ihr Großvater ihr einſt eine große Bibel mit Bildern hinterlaſſen habe; ſie holte dieſelbe herbei, Gottfried blätterte mit Roſetten darin — blätterte öfters — blätterte unvorſichtig — Roſette erröthete und — in einem Bilde des alten Teſtaments fanden ſie ſich. Seinen Predigten ſchadete das zwar nichts, — ſie gewannen im Gegentheil an Wärme und Anmuth, — aber ihm ſelbſt konnte es doch bei Bewerbung um eine Stelle leicht nachtheilig werden, denn ein Kandidat mit einer Braut paßt nicht mehr in jede Kirche. Die beſten Zeugniſſe des Conſiſtoriums, deren er ſich im vollen Maße zu erfreuen hatte, konnten dieſen Unterſchied nicht ausgleichen.

Endlich aber las aus dem Provinzialblatt Herr von Brennau einen Todesfall und damit eine erledigte Stelle heraus, die auszufüllen Gottfried ganz beſonders berufen ſchien. Ein Prediger nämlich war geſtorben auf einem der Güter des Herrn von Grauenſtein, an den ihn von früher Zeit her, wo er auf Reiſen ſeine Bekanntſchaft machte, noch angenehme Erinnerungen knüpften. Obgleich er ſchon lange keinen perſönlichen Umgang mit ihm gepflogen, durfte er doch hoffen, bei ihm noch in recht werthem Andenken zu ſtehen. Zuweilen gab es auch noch einigen Verkehr zwiſchen ihnen, der durch Briefe und Grüße das alte Band feſthielt, indem die Grundverſchiedenheit der beiden Provinzen, worin ſie lebten, öfters einen Umtauſch von Produkten herbeiführte. Wenn die flache Gegend um Lindenfeld mit Korn aushelfen konnte, ſo durfte Riethſtädt, wo Grauenſtein wohnte, mit ſeinen weitreichenden Wieſen und Wäldern einer beſſern Viehzucht ſich rühmen. Doch zu einer perſönlichen Anſprache kam es zwiſchen den beiden Freunden nur ſelten, indem alles in dem gewöhnlichen Lauf durch die dritte, vierte Hand ging. Jetzt wünſchte nun Brennau dem entfernten Grauenſtein ſo nahe wie möglich zu treten, und ſetzte einen Brief auf, der die ganze Vergangenheit heraufbeſchwor, um die Gegenwart damit angenehm zu erhellen. Die letzten Strahlen ließ er dann auf Waldhauſen fallen, das ſchöne, nahrhafte, lange Dorf, für welches Grauenſtein ſich eben wieder nach einem wackern Prediger umſchaute. Als den wackerſten pries er Gottfried Grundmeyer, den Beherrſcher aller Seelen, der aus einer Familie ſtamme, deſſen Wohl und Weh längſt ſeinem Herzen theuer geworden. Brennau meinte, es könne nicht ſchaden, wenn er die freundſchaftliche Rückſicht für den ſtattlichen Brauherrn im Briefe weiter triebe, als ſie außer demſelben ſtatt fand. Und ſeine Rechnung traf zu. Grauenſtein freute ſich ſo ſehr, wieder einmal ein eigenhändiges Schreiben, und zwar von ſolcher Ausführlichkeit, von ſeinem alten Freunde zu erhalten, daß er in dem Sommerkabinette ſeines großen Schloſſes von dem weichen Fußteppich um zwei Zoll in die Höhe geſprungen wäre, wenn es ihm ſein Podagra erlaubt hätte. Ueber die Verflechtung mit Gottfried aber lachte er, und ſagte: heißt er Grundmeyer oder Brennau? die Worte laufen mir ſo durch einander. Wir wollen indeß nach der Abſtammung nicht weiter fragen. Es wird ſchon ein tüchtiger Junge ſein, ein ganzer Kerl. Er ſoll die Pfarre haben.

Es kam alſo eine ſehr günſtige Antwort zurück: Grundmeyer möchte nur um die Stelle anhalten, und zugleich die Zeugniſſe ſchicken, daß er ſie ſeinem Superintendenten vorlegen könne, und wenn er ihm auch perſönlich gefalle, als woran er gar nicht zweifele, ſo ſei der Paſtor zu Waldhauſen fertig. Gottfried lief mit dieſer Nachricht, die ein Eilbote von Lindenfeld gebracht, gleich zu ſeiner Roſette hinüber, und Mutter und Tochter drängten ſich zu dem Briefe des Herrn von Brennau mit pochendem Herzen. Dem Vater Grundmeyer wurde für die große Freude das Haus zu enge, er zog den neuen Rock an, ließ ſich ein Paar Handſchuhe aus dem Schranke reichen, und beſuchte vorläufig den Oberprediger, dann einige Gevattern im Orte. Gottfried aber ſchloß ſich in ſein Studierſtübchen ein, um den wichtigen Brief an Herrn von Grauenſtein auszufertigen, bis das Mädchen an die Thür kam und rief: Herr Paſtor, Herr Paſtor, wollen Sie denn gar nicht eſſen?

Auf das ausdrückliche Geſuch erfolgte denn auch ſehr bald die zugeſicherte Genehmigung; es fehlte nur noch, daß Gottfried ſich nun auch perſönlich dem Herrn von Grauenſtein vorſtelle. So weit war die Sache richtig, und der Vater beſtimmte ſchon den Tag, an welchem Gottfried mit ſeinen Braunen nach Riethſtädt abreiſen ſollte. Da trat plötzlich ein Unfall dazwiſchen. Wie nämlich eines Morgens der Brauknecht in den Stall kam, weigerte ſich das Sattelpferd aufzuſtehen. Von einer Reiſe nach Riethſtädt, von einer Pfarre zu Waldhauſen wollte es durchaus nichts wiſſen. Weder Peitſche noch Hafer konnten es auf die Beine bringen; es ſchüttelte den Kopf, ſtöhnte in ſich hinein — und den Abend war es todt. Die ganze Straße trauerte um das ſchöne Pferd, das immer ſo klug ausſah, und, wenn es vorbeifuhr, in frohem Muthe jedes Haus zu grüßen ſchien. Grundmeyers aber meinten, daß dies für Gottfrieds Unternehmen von ſehr ſchlimmer Vorbedeutung ſei. Der Verluſt wurde wohl verſchmerzt, er zog indeß eine Verzögerung der Reiſe nach ſich, die nach menſchlicher Einſicht leicht böſe Folgen haben konnte. Gottfried hatte die förmlich-ſchriftliche Vocation noch nicht, und es war noch immer möglich, daß ein anderer, deſſen Nähe mehr wirkte als entfernte Fürſprache, ihn aus ſeinen Anſprüchen verdrängte. Sich gemietheter Pferde zu bedienen, dazu konnte ſich der Brauherr nicht gleich entſchließen; es lief gegen ſeine Gewohnheit, und kam ihm auch beſonders jetzt nicht recht anſtändig vor, weil er wohl wußte, daß er überall mit ſeinen Braunen Ehre einlegte und nun für ſeinen Sohn gern damit auf den Edelmann einen vortheilhaften Eindruck hervorbringen wollte. Zum Glück fiel mit der nächſten Woche in der Stadt ein großer Jahrmarkt vor, wozu aus dem Marſchlande gewöhnlich auch ſchöne Pferde eintrafen. Mit Konrad, der dabei niemals fehlte, und ſchon immer als Schüler an den edeln Thieren ſein Auge geweidet hatte, ging Vater Grundmeyer die langen Reihen der Stampfenden und Wiehernden auf und nieder, bis er einen andern ſchönen Braunen fand, der zu dem verlaſſenen Handpferde wie ein Zwillingsbruder paßte. Konrad mußte es prüfen, unterſuchen, reiten und auf alle Weiſe auf die Probe ſtellen, und nachdem man über den Preis ſchon ziemlich einig geworden war, wurde der Pferdehändler auf den andern Tag in das Haus des Brauherrn beſchieden, um mit ihm den Handel völlig abzuſchließen und das Geld zu empfangen.

Grundmeyer ließ dazu ein nahrhaftes Frühſtück auftragen, und wie eine Flaſche Wein dem Pferdehändler die Zunge gelöſt hatte, fing er an, nebenbei von ſeinem Geſchäft zu ſprechen, woher er ſeine Koppel ziehe und wohin er ſie verkaufe. Da war es denn unter andern auch Herr von Grauenſtein, deſſen Pferdezucht einen ganz vorzüglichen Schlag liefere, und von dem er faſt jährlich mit den ſchönſten Zügen zu Sattel und Geſpann ſich verſehe. Man kann ſich denken, in welche Spannung dieſe Worte den Brauherrn verſetzten. Was! ſagte er, ſie kennen den Herrn von Grauenſtein! Mein Sohn ſoll nächſtens zu ihm reiten. Was iſt das für ein Mann! Machen ſie mir doch eine kleine Beſchreibung von ihm. — Ob ich ihn kenne! gab er zur Antwort. Wie dieſe Flaſche Wein vor mir, und ich denke, noch viel beſſer, weil denn doch Weinfabrikanten nicht zu trauen iſt. Doch iſt es ein guter alter Wein, der dem Magen wohl thut, das fühle ich, und ſo iſt auch der abgelagerte Grauenſtein ein guter alter Herr, indeß — ſtrenge von Geſchmack und etwas ſtark auf die Nerven fallend. Ich würde ihn groß nennen von Perſon, wenn nicht Gicht und Podagra und das Lehnen auf einen Krückſtock ihn etwas gebeugt hätten. Er führt aber darum doch, dauerhaft wie ein altes Eiſen, ein gutes Kommando in ſeinem grauen Schloſſe. Gewöhnlich liegt er, wenn der krächzende Wetterhahn auf dem Schloßthurme nicht gar zu wild umſpringt, mit ſeinem Pelztalar und einer pelzverbrämten Treſſenmütze in dem breiten Fenſter ſeines Wohnzimmers nach Süden, und ſchaut in den Hof hinab. Sein Falkenauge reicht bis zur Henne, die ein Ei verlegt. Wenn ihm etwas nicht recht iſt, und der Verwalter kommen ſoll, zieht er eine Glocke, die über ihm hängt. Alles zittert, wenn es heißt: der Herr iſt da! An beſtimmten Tagen läßt er die edlen Roſſe der Zucht, die im hohen Rieth ſeiner Wieſen gehn, zur Muſterung ſich vorüberführen, und ruft auch wohl ſeinem Bereiter zu, wie er ſie behandeln, zügeln und regieren ſolle. Iſt er guten Humors, ſo lockt er die Pfauen und Truthähne, die Hühner und die Tauben herbei, daß ſie ſich um das Futter zanken, welches er ihnen neckender Weiſe hinunter wirft. Weil er einmal in England geweſen iſt, gefällt er ſich in Marotten von mancherlei Art. So läßt er noch alle Jahre ein Paar Streithähne abrichten, die an hohen Feſttagen in Gegenwart des Bürgermeiſters und anderer Honoratioren des Orts — denn Riethſtädt iſt ein Marktflecken — in ſeinem Hofe mit einander kämpfen müſſen, wobei er ſeine Gäſte mit ihm über den Ausgang zu wetten zwingt, und die Feierlichkeit ſchließt immer damit, daß mit Voranträgung des ſiegbekränzten Hahns alle durch eine hohe Ehrenpforte im großen Saal zur Tafel marſchiren, um, wie er ſagt, das Friedensfeſt abzuſpeiſen. — Zur Beſtrafung ſeiner Leute, wenn einer etwas begangen hat, bedient er ſich einer eigenen Vorrichtung. Mitten im Hofe erhebt ſich nämlich ein ſpitzer Stein; den muß der Schuldige betreten, und da ſo lange auf einem Beine ſtehen, als er es aushalten kann. Verliert er das Gleichgewicht, ſo ſteht ihm frei, über ſich ein Seil zu ergreifen. Solches iſt aber mit Harz überzogen, ſo daß endlich die Strafe darauf hinausläuft, daß er wie eine Schwarzdroſſel am Seile hangen bleibt, bis der Herr ruft: nehmt den Vogel von der Leimruthe! Seine größte Sonderbarkeit aber iſt dieſe, daß er jeden Fremden, der ihn beſucht, wiegen läßt. Kommt man die Treppe hinauf, ſo ſieht man auf dem Vorſaal eine mächtige Wage vom Balken herabſchweben, und daneben liegt ein großer Bullenbeißer. Dieſer thut zwar keinem Menſchen etwas, aber er iſt von furchtbarem Anſehn. Kaum hat man den Herrn des Hauſes begrüßt, ſo ſpricht er freundlich: zum Spaß! treten Sie doch einmal auf die Wage, daß ich Sie näher kennen lerne. Ich (fügte der Erzähler hinzu), wiege einen Zentner und 45 Pfund. Er ſagt: zum Spaß! aber es iſt ihm vollkommen Ernſt damit, denn er hat über die Beſchaffenheit der Menſchen ſich ein ſeltſames Syſtem erdacht, indem er annimmt, ein tüchtiger Geiſt könne nur in einem tüchtigen Körper wohnen, mit den andern ſei es nichts als Flickwerk, ſie wären nur etwas von einem Menſchen, und bei Entwickelung der Kräfte auf halbem Wege ſtehen geblieben. Es wäre mit ihrem Geiſte eben ſo, als wenn ſie nur einen Arm, oder ein Bein, ein Auge oder ein Ohr hätten; irgend etwas fehle; und wenn ſie nach der einen Seite ſtark erſchienen, ſo wäre es gewiß auf Unkoſten der andern, die ſich ganz verleugne. Was auch der Menſch treiben möge, ſpricht er, ich will etwas Ganzes haben! und deßhalb nimmt er auch keinen in ſeine Dienſte, von dem er nicht ſagen kann: es iſt ein ganzer Kerl! So ſieht man denn lauter ſtarke Menſchen um ihn, nicht eben rieſengroße, denn auf die Größe, ſagt er, kommt es nicht immer an, wenn der Körper nur ſonſt tüchtig und gewichtig iſt, daß der Geiſt zu leben hat, und nicht wie ein kleines Licht, ſondern wie eine Fackel brennt.

Der Brauherr wurde über dieſe Beſchreibung ganz ſtarr, und ſelbſt Konrad, der mit bei dem Frühſtücke ſaß, vergaß den letzten Biſſen hinunter zu ſchlucken, ſo hoch war ſeine Spannung geſteigert. — Ei mein Gott! fing der Alte ängſtlich an, da muß es doch ſchwer ſein, mit dem Sonderling etwas zu verhandeln; hat er denn keine Familie, keine Angehörigen? — O ja! erwiederte der Pferdehändler, zwei Söhne, die aber unter dem Militair dienen, und zufrieden mit dem Gelde, das er ihnen regelmäßig ſchickt, ſich nur ſelten bei ihm ſehen laſſen, entweder, weil ſie ſich mit ſeinen Marotten nicht vertragen können, oder weil er ſich nicht viel aus ihnen macht. Beliebt bei ihm iſt einzig und allein Mamſell Chriſtine, die Tochter einer ſchönen Kaſtellanin, die einmal bei ihm in Gnaden ſtand. Mamſell ſorgt für ſeine nächſte Haushaltung und für ſeine Pflege. Sie unterſtützt ihn auch, wenn er, den Bullenbeißer voran, in den Garten hinunter geht, und, — iſt ihm des Sonntags die Kirche zu kalt, lieſt ſie ihm Predigten vor aus einer alten Poſtille. Dieſe vermag Alles über ihn, und wenn Sie etwas bei ihm zu ſuchen haben, müſſen Sie ſich an Mamſell wenden. Auch als Geſellſchafterin iſt ſie ihm ſehr von nöthen, weil er mit ſeinem gichtiſchen Körper nur ſelten aus dem alten Schloſſe kommt, und ſelbſt das Fahren, ſagt man, nicht gut vertragen kann. — Sie ſtutzen? — Vielleicht habe ich den alten Herrn etwas ſchwarz angeſtrichen. Er hat auch ſeine guten Seiten, — giebt ſeinen Leuten reichlichen Lohn, läßt volle Schüſſeln auftragen und ſogar von fünf Zigeunern, die von Altersher im Holze wohnen, ihnen alle Monat einmal zum Tanze aufſpielen. Wer pünktlich iſt, hat keine Strafe zu fürchten und obendrein noch in ſeinen alten Tagen auf Verſorgung zu rechnen. Nur miſcht er ſich zuweilen in die Verheirathungen, wenn nämlich Braut und Bräutigam auf der Wage nicht das volle Gewicht haben, denn er möchte ſein Syſtem auch gern bis auf die Nachkommenſchaft fortſetzen. — Was wundern Sie ſich! Tiefer hinein in das Gehölz leben bei uns Edelleute, die es, wenn auch nicht ſo ſeltſam, doch öfters noch weit ſchlimmer treiben. Davon ein andermal, wenn wir wieder einen Handel ſchließen. — Nun ſtand er auf, empfahl noch den neuen Braunen der ſorgfältigen Pflege, ſchüttelte beiden die Hände, und ging vergnügt zum Hauſe hinaus.

Wie er weg war, ſahen ſich Vater und Sohn einander mit großen Augen an. Ei du mein gütiger Himmel! ſagte der Vater, was haben wir da alles hören müſſen! der arme Gottfried! Wenn es ſo ſteht mit dem Herrn von Grauenſtein, bekommt er die Pfarre nicht. Wo ſoll er auch nur den Muth hernehmen, ſich vor ihn hinzuſtellen; er wird ſich ja kaum vor dem großen Bullenbeißer vorbeitrauen. Was hat er für ein elendes, erbärmliches Anſehn! Ich glaube, daß er ſchon in einem halben Jahre ſich nicht recht ſatt gegeſſen hat — vor lauter Gottesgelahrtheit, und vollends, ſeit er verliebt iſt, wird er alle Tage ſchmächtiger. Ja, wenn er deine Figur hätte, da würde er dem Edelmann ſchon gefallen. Ihr ſeid Brüder, ſeht euch ſogar einander ähnlich, und doch — welch ein Unterſchied, wenn ich eure Gliedmaßen betrachte! Warum muß es ſich doch gerade treffen, daß er zu der Pfarre den rechten Körper nicht hat! —

Nun — wie wär's? entgegnete Konrad, wenn ich für den Edelmann den Körper hergäbe, und er zu der Pfarre den Geiſt? Ich will ſtatt ſeiner hinreiſen. Alle Wetter! Ich wiege gewiß meine anderthalb Zentner, und fürchte mich auch ganz und gar nicht. Es iſt ja nur, daß er mich ſieht. Ob Gottfried zum Prediger taugt, iſt Sache des Conſiſtoriums, und das hat ihm das beſte Zeugniß gegeben. Soll er nun die ſchöne Pfarre verlieren, blos weil er dünner iſt, als ich? Warum iſt der Herr ſo ein wunderlicher Patron! Allerdings, verſetzte der Vater, und wenn er gar nicht aus dem Schloſſe kommt, ſo wird er auch unſern Gottfried nicht ſehen und nicht predigen hören. Es iſt recht ſchön von dir, Konrad, daß du ihm aus brüderlicher Liebe zu der Pfarre verhelfen willſt. Iſt er einmal eingeführt, wer wird dann weiter nach der Verwechſelung der Körper fragen. Er kann ja wohl auch mit der Zeit ſtärker werden. Doch wollen wir unſerm Gottfried jetzt nichts von unſerm Plan ſagen, er könnte ſich ſonſt ein Gewiſſen daraus machen und ſprechen: wir wollten den Edelmann betrügen! — Ei was betrügen! erwiederte Konrad, Blitz und Wetter! er betrügt ſich ſelbſt, indem er glaubt, daß nur ein ſtarker Körper vollgültig wäre auf der Welt. Das Unrecht iſt auf ſeiner Seite und wir ſind es, die ihn auf den rechten Weg bringen. Es wird ſchon gehen; habe ich doch ſelbſt einmal Theologie ſtudiren wollen, bin bis Secunda gekommen, und äußerlich kann ich ſchon einen Candidaten vorſtellen; an einigen theologiſchen Redensarten ſoll es mir auch nicht fehlen. — Der Vater lobte noch einmal ſeine brüderliche Liebe und äußerte nur die Beſorgniß, daß der Roßtäuſcher ihnen wohl auch etwas könnte vorgeflunkert haben. Er ging deshalb wieder auf den Markt, zu ſehen, ob er nicht noch einen Menſchen aus jener Gegend finden könnte. Man wies ihn an einen Muldenhauer, der mit hölzernen Waaren daher gekommen war. Der beſtätigte aber die Ausſage des Pferdehändlers in allen Stücken, und verſicherte überdies, daß Waldhauſen, zwei Stunden von Riethſtädt, mit Ackerbau und Viehzucht ein wohlhabender, gar lieber Ort ſei, wo vieler guter Menſchen Kinder wohnten.

Nun ſtand der Vorſatz feſt. Konrad mußte ſich ſtracks in ſchwarze Kleider werfen, und eines Morgens in aller Frühe fuhr er von dannen. Zu Gottfried ſagte man, daß er zu einem ökonomiſchen Geſchäft abgereiſt, er ſelbſt aber für jetzt der Reiſe überhoben ſei, weil Herr von Grauenſtein die Nachricht erhalten, daß ſein alter Freund wieder einen ſtärkern Anfall von Podagra bekommen, und unter dieſen Umſtänden dem Candidaten die Präſentation in Riethſtädt ganz erlaſſen habe.

In Riethſtädt kam aber außer dem gnädigen Herrn noch der Superintendent in Betrachtung. Derſelbe war mit ſeinem Syſtem keineswegs einverſtanden, und faſt kein Beſuch, den er bei ihm machte, ging vorüber, ohne daß er in aller Unterwürfigkeit ſeine Grundſätze beſtritt. Auf Körperſtärke gab er gar nicht viel, vielmehr meinte er, daß die Seele ein beſonderes Weſen ſei, das mit dem Körper wenig zu thun habe, dieſer ſei für ſie nur eine Miethwohnung, ein anvertrautes Gut, und es frage ſich immer, welchen Gebrauch der Menſch davon mache. Nicht auf ein großes oder kleines Haus, ſondern auf den Herrn komme es an, der darin wohne. Der lebende Menſch ſei eigentlich nur ein ganz kleiner, winziger Punkt, aus dem alles Handeln und Denken hervorgehe. Arme und Beine nützten ihm wenig. Wenn er erſt mit ſeinen Füßen die Welt auslaufen und mit ſeinen Händen die Schöpfung ausreichen ſollte, würde er es nicht weit bringen. Die Welt ſelbſt mit Licht und Luft und Waſſer wären ſeine verlängerten Gliedmaßen, wenn er ſie nämlich dazu mache. Deshalb gäben auch ein Paar Ellen oder Centner mehr oder weniger noch gar keinen Ausſchlag. Die Maſſe bleibe ja doch immer dieſelbe, und ein Tropfen Waſſer ſei eben ſo gut Waſſer, wie ein ganzer Eimer voll. Ein Körnchen Salz ſchmecke eben ſo wie ein ganzer Centner. Aber es heiße: Und er blies ihm einen lebendigen Odem in ſeine Naſe! Des Geiſtes Regſamkeit ſei die Hauptſache. Die Flügelmänner wären darum noch nicht die größten Helden. Die großen Hänſe ſollte man eigentlich wie Bäume beſchneiden können, damit ſie nicht in's Holz wüchſen. In einem kleinen Körper concentrire ſich der Geiſt eher. Der ſchwächere ſei reizbarer und rühriger, der ſtärkere oft ein träger Klotz; und die merkwürdigſten Männer in der Welt wären eher klein und gering, als ſtark und anſehnlich von Körper geweſen. — Auf dieſe Weiſe miſchte der Superintendent Gründe aus Philoſophie, Naturlehre, Moral, Bibel und Geſchichte zuſammen, um das Syſtem des Edelmanns zu ſtürzen; Herr von Grauenſtein aber blieb dabei, daß der Körper die Grundlage des Geiſtes und dieſer nur eine entwickelte Kraft ſei, — die Frucht aus dem Stamme. Was man Auszeichnungen des Geiſtes nenne, wären gewöhnlich Einſeitigkeiten, Ausartungen, krankhafte Zuſtände. Die ſogenannten Genies betrachte er nur als halb verrückte Menſchen. Ihrer viele würden ein großes Unglück anrichten. Die ganze Welt müßte zertrümmern, wenn ſolche nicht in der Mitte von ſtarken Fäuſten zuſammengehalten würden! —

Wie jetzt der Superintendent hörte, daß der gnädige Herr für Waldhauſen einen neuen Prediger verſchrieben hätte, dachte er: das wird gewiß wieder ein viereckig-maſſiver Menſch, ein rechter Kanzeldreſcher ſein. In dem Zeugniſſe, das er aufmerkſam durchlas und das von ſeiner Gelehrſamkeit ſowohl als von ſeinen Kanzelgaben außerordentlich viel Rühmens machte, ſtand freilich nichts davon. Man mußte ſeine Perſon abwarten. —

Am Morgen des zweiten Tages näherte ſich Konrad ſeiner Beſtimmung. Er freute ſich, als Riethſtädt aus dem Walde hervortrat, über die großen Wieſen, von denen er es rings umgeben ſah, und noch mehr über die muthigen Roſſe und die luſtigen Füllen, die darauf herumſprangen. Alle Wetter! rief er aus, was ſind das für ſchöne Pferde; doch — unterbrach er ſich, — ich darf ja nicht fluchen, ich bin ja Kandidat der Theologie. Die ſchwarzen da — wer ein Paar ſolche Rappen vor ſeinen Wagen ſpannen könnte — all der Teufel noch einmal! Er ſchlug ſich auf den Mund. Die Füchſe nun — was ſind das für ſchlanke Thiere! wie ſie ſich ſtrecken, wie ſie den Hals krümmen, wie ſie den Kopf werfen, und die zierlichen Füße — alle Blitz! da mag der Teufel nicht fluchen. — Hm! die Schimmel! weiß wie Schnee, wie Schaum auf ſtarkem Bier, voll Geiſt, lauter Leben. Der Henker ſoll mich holen, wenn ich — er ſah ſich um, ob ihn jemand gehört hätte. Ei du mein gütiger Himmel! was iſt das für eine prachtvolle Zucht! — er fing an zu ſeufzen. — Ganz verſtört fuhr er in das Thor hinein. Wie er aber vor dem grauen Schloſſe vorbeikam, und die langen und kurzen Fenſter — Buchſtaben aus verſchiedenen Jahrhunderten — betrachtete, ſchlug ihm doch das Herz ein wenig. Im Gaſthofe angelangt, nahm er eine Stärkung zu ſich, bürſtete den ſchwarzen Rock ab, ſah erſt noch in den Spiegel und dann in Gottes Namen machte er ſich auf den Weg nach dem Schloſſe. Eine eichene Thür mit mancherlei Schnitzwerk, die etwas ſchwer aufging, brachte ihn auf die Hausflur, wo ein ernſthafter, breit aus einander gegangener alter Bedienter, in einer Livree von dreimal Grau mit goldenen Treſſen, der wohl ſeinen ſtarken Schritt ſchon mochte vernommen haben, ihn gleich mit der Frage anhielt: wer er ſei, und zu wem er wolle. Konrad antwortete: ich bin der Kandidat Grundmeyer von Lindenfeld — nein, von Goldeck, wollte ich ſagen, welchen Herr von Brennau hierher ſendet, um ſich dem gnädigen Herrn in aller Unterthänigkeit vorzuſtellen. — So! ſagte der Alte etwas freundlicher: Sie ſind alſo der Herr, der nach Waldhauſen zum Prediger berufen iſt? Wir haben Sie ſchon erwartet. Ich will Sie gleich beim gnädigen Herrn anmelden, folgen Sie mir nur, Herr Paſtor.

Konrad ging hinter ihm her die Treppe hinauf — richtig! ſprach er bei ſich ſelbſt, da hängt die große Wage, und da liegt der Bullenbeißer. Dieſer aber machte kaum die Augen größer, da er ihn ſah, und rührte ſich nicht von der Stelle. Nachdem Konrad im Vorzimmer eine Weile gewartet hatte, kehrte der Bediente von der Anmeldung zurück und ſagte: treten Sie nur herein, Mamſell iſt hier. — Neugierig öffnete dieſe ſchon die Thür, und ſtand ihm ſo nahe, daß ihm kaum Platz genug blieb, ſeine weit ausholenden Verbeugungen zu machen. Verweilen Sie hier ein wenig, ſagte ſie, der gnädige Herr ſieht erſt einem kleinen Krieg unter dem Hofgeflügel zu — er wird bald erſcheinen. — Schön! dachte Konrad bei ſich, dann iſt er guten Humors. — Sie kommen aus einer fremden Gegend, fragte ſie, wird es Ihnen nicht leid thun, Ihre Heimath zu verlaſſen? Ich folge meinem Berufe, gab er zur Antwort, und in Waldhauſen ſollen auch gute Menſchen wohnen. Freilich! bejahete ſie, man wird Sie mit offenen Armen empfangen. Haben Sie ſchon an Ihre häusliche Einrichtung gedacht? Konrad ſtutzte: Sie meinen, ob ich Hausrath mitbringe? Ja, erwiederte ſie, das und noch etwas. Sie werden doch nicht lange allein bleiben wollen; denn etwa von der Predigerwittwe ſich etwas wirthſchaften zu laſſen, dazu würde ich nicht rathen, es iſt eine wunderliche alte Frau. — So! eine alte Frau? entgegnete er fragend, dann wird ſie wohl nicht wieder heirathen? — Wünſchten Sie das? verſetzte die Mamſell. Konrad: ich könnte eben nicht ſagen. Mamſell: eine Landsmännin wird Ihnen wohl lieber ſein. Konrad: das eben nicht, ſie würde die fremden Sitten hier ſo wenig kennen, wie ich. Mamſell: allerdings würden Sie immer beſſer thun, eine Inländerin zu nehmen, wenn ſie auch gerade nicht in Waldhauſen geboren iſt. Aber ich muß wohl den gnädigen Herrn erinnern — ſie ging in das vordere Zimmer und Konrad brach in einen lauten Fluch aus: tauſendſapperment! ſagte er und ſchlug ſich auf den Mund, das iſt ja gar keine alte Mamſell, wie ich dachte, das iſt ja ein recht hübſches junges Mädchen. All der Hagel! was ſie für ſchöne Augen hat, und wie ſie mich anſah! Wenn ſie einen Candidaten nicht verſchmäht, Topp! ſo bin ich wirklich einer, oder ſattle wieder um und kehre nach Secunda zurück.

Jetzt näherte ſich Herr von Grauenſtein in ſeinem langen Pelztalar und weiten Pelzſtiefeln, geſtützt auf einen Krückſtock. Die Thür ließ Mamſell hinter ihm offen. Willkommen, Herr Kandidat, ſagte er ganz kurz. Bravo! Sie haben ein recht biederes Anſehn, Sie werden einen recht guten Prediger abgeben. Setzen Sie ſich da vor mich hin. Was macht mein alter Freund, der Herr von Brennau? — Der gnädige Herr, antwortete Konrad, hat mir recht viele Grüße für Ihro Gnaden aufgetragen; er iſt ſehr munter für ſeine Jahre, und ſehr thätig: er hat ein Brauhaus und eine Brennerei, und maſtet jährlich zwanzig Ochſen und fünfzig Schweine. — Und Ihre Predigt hat ihn neulich ſo gerührt? fragte Grauenſtein weiter. Möchte mich auch einmal ſo von Ihnen rühren laſſen. Doch ich bin ſchwer zu haben. Schütteln Sie nur meine Bauern tüchtig, da thut es noth. Die Kirche iſt nichts anders, als ein geiſtliches Hochgericht, welches das Volk im Zaum halten und vom Böſen abſchrecken muß, eine gelindere Ruthe, die dem Scharfrichter vorhergeht und den Geſetzen Gehorſam verſchafft. Auf den rohen Menſchen kann nur die rohe Beize wirken, die Furcht; erſt, wenn er weicher wird, iſt die Milde bei ihm angebracht, und zuletzt das Süße, was man die Liebe heißt, die aber leicht Heuchler macht und Lügner und feige Memmen. Etwas Barſches muß der Menſch behalten, damit er wach bleibt und tüchtig. Ich denke dabei an England, hat Ihnen Herr von Brennau nichts von unſern Reiſen erzählt? — Es ſind ihm die ſchönſten Erinnerungen, erwiederte Konrad, er ſpricht oft davon. Auch haben wir verſucht, engliſch Bier zu brauen, aber es hat noch nicht recht gelingen wollen. — Sie ſcheinen ſich zugleich für die Oekonomie zu intereſſiren, junger Mann — ſagte Grauenſtein — nun, das wird Ihnen in Waldhauſen zu gute kommen. Sie finden etwas Acker bei der Pfarre. Freilich, viel iſt es nicht. Bei uns iſt mehr für das liebe Vieh geſorgt. — Ei, gnädiger Herr, fuhr Konrad heraus, was ziehen Sie auf Ihren Wieſen für prächtige Pferde heran! Alle Wetter! was ſind das — Konrad erſchrak. Es geht ſo leidlich damit, verſetzte Grauenſtein etwas ſelbſtgefällig; ohne Krieg iſt nur nicht viel damit zu gewinnen, und ich werde wohl mit der Zeit einige Wieſen in Acker verwandeln müſſen. Wenn ich noch an die ſchönen arabiſchen Pferde denke, die ich auf meinen Reiſen geſehen habe! Ja ſonſt! Das war ein ganz anderes Leben. Es iſt, als hätte ich mir in meiner Jugend zu viel Bewegung gemacht und als ſollte mir dafür im Alter abgezogen werden. Mein England iſt jetzt das Schloß; die Wieſen umher können das Meer vorſtellen, ich bin rings davon eingeſchloſſen. Aber ich banne die Welt in meinen Kreis, und will den ſehen, der ſie beſſer regiert. Mein Krückſtock hier iſt mein Scepter; ich will keinem rathen, mir ein X für ein U zu machen. — Indem ſchlich Chriſtine leiſe zu ihm heran und flüſterte ihm etwas in's Ohr. Verſteht ſich! ſagte er zu ihr — und dann zum Kandidaten: Sie ſind heute Mittag mein Gaſt. Aber bevor wir zu Tiſche gehen, muß ich Sie bitten, mich auf den Vorſaal zu begleiten. Er klingelte — der Bediente kam — und ſie begaben ſich nach der großen Wage. Der Bullenbeißer — wie ein Cerberus am Richterſtuhl der Unterwelt — hob ſich augenblicklich auf ſeine Hinterfüße, und ſchritt mit freundlich geöffnetem Rachen und grandios auf dem Boden hin und her fegendem Schweif dem kommenden Herrn entgegen, der ſich nun an Konrad mit den Worten wandte: ich weiß gern, wie viel meine Gäſte wiegen, und wünſche nun auch zu erfahren, wie ſchwer mein Kandidat in's Gewicht fällt, und was er für das praktiſche Leben für Hoffnungen giebt. Treten Sie doch auf dieſe Wagſchale. Konrad verwunderte ſich ganz und gar nicht, was dem Herrn ſehr wohlgefiel, er ſtellte ſich hinauf, der Bediente legte die Gewichte, und wie er damit horizontal ſchwebte, und man Rechnung hielt, fand ſich, daß er 1 Centner und 40 Pfund wog. Recht! ſagte der gnädige Herr, ich habe Sie gleich ſo taxirt. Sie werden die Kanzel recht würdig ausfüllen, und Ihr Anſehen wird Ihren Worten Kraft verleihen. Wenn Sie erſt ſo ein Jahr der Gemeinde vorgedonnert, und Ihren Deputatochſen geſchlachtet haben, denke ich, werden Sie ſchon noch ſtärker werden; nur einen Bauch dürfen Sie nicht bekommen, das verbitte ich mir. — Wie Sie befehlen, gnädiger Herr, antwortete Konrad mit einer tiefen Verbeugung, ich werde in Unterthänigkeit es zu vermeiden ſuchen. — Ich ſehe auch nicht ein, fuhr Grauenſtein fort, was ein aufgeſtiegener Bauch nützen ſoll. Es iſt Ballaſt, Phlegma, abgeſtandenes Leben. Ein vernünftiger Menſch ſollte ſich ſchämen, ſo einen dicken Bauch mit ſich herum zu ſchleppen. — Konrad wußte nicht recht, ob das im Ernſt oder im Scherz geſagt ſei, doch hütete er ſich, eine Miene zu verziehen. Wie ſie die Wage verließen, ſeufzte er ſtill: o mein armer Bruder!

Er ging nun zu Tiſche. Konrad mußte bei Chriſtinen ſitzen. Auf der andern Seite nahmen eine Gerichtsperſon und ein Schreiber Platz, weiter herunter der Bereiter, der Oberverwalter und der Oberjäger; lauter große, ſtarke Perſonen. Und alle waren in die Hausfarbe, in Grau, gekleidet, ſo daß unſerm Konrad ganz dämmrig vor den Augen wurde. — Nur der Jäger machte eine Ausnahme, weßhalb denn Konrads Blicke, wie zur Erholung, oft auf den grünen Jäger gingen, ſo daß dieſer zuletzt in Verlegenheit gerieth, und meinte, daß er etwas an ſich habe. Sonſt gefiel das Patriarchaliſche dieſer Tiſchgeſellſchaft dem Gaſte ſehr wohl, und er ſprach — überhaupt bei Tiſche gern aller Blödigkeit entſagend — den fetten Biſſen, die Chriſtine ihm vorlegte, recht wacker zu, was nur zu ſeinem Vortheil ausſchlug, indem es das große Vertrauen des gnädigen Herrn auf ſeine Tüchtigkeit noch vermehrte. Grauenſtein, in ehrwürdiger Haltung langſam ſpeiſend, ſchien ſich immer auf etwas zu beſinnen, fragte dies und das, und ließ mancherlei Befehle an ſeine Leute ergehen, als z. B. Herr Oberverwalter, haben wir noch alten Hafer genug? Mit dem neuen dürfen Sie mir ſobald nicht kommen. Kunigunde laſſen ſie mit ihrem Katarrh nur noch im Stall, man muß ihr grünes Futter vorwerfen. Cäſar haart ſich jetzt, man darf die Striegel nicht zu ſcharf anwenden. Von den Färſen mag die ſchwarze mit dem Stern zurückbleiben; die andern fort! — Herr Bereiter, es wird nun Zeit, der Roſamunde Hufeiſen aufzulegen. Sie taugt nur zum Ziehen, ſie muß in das Joch. Cato hat die erſte Schule gut durchgemacht, bringen Sie ihn morgen nur mit Sattel und Zeug. Kleopatra trägt mir den Kopf noch immer nicht zu Danke, mehr herunter mit dem ſchlanken Hals, was hat ſie am Himmel zu ſuchen! Der Hufſchmied will dem Pluto zur Ader laſſen, ich bin nicht dafür, warten wir bis zum nächſten Frühling. Und er ſoll nicht ſo oft Arznei eingeben, es verdirbt die Zucht. — Herr Oberjäger, ſchicken Sie doch unſerm Herrn Superintendenten ein Reh in die Küche. Und laſſen Sie überhaupt die Rehe nicht ſo alt werden. Sie verſpeiſen ſich ſchlecht und werden nicht bezahlt.

Unterdeß ſprachen Konrad und Chriſtine meiſt heimlich mit einander; er mußte ihr von ſeiner Familie erzählen und ſie freute ſich, zu hören, daß ſein Vater ein ſo angeſehener Brauherr und ein reicher Mann ſei. Die Dienſtleute ſtanden früher auf; der gnädige Herr gab noch beſſern Wein zum Nachtiſch, und wollte ſehen, wie viel der Kandidat vertragen könnte, welcher denn auch hier eine große Tüchtigkeit beurkundete. Aber endlich wäre es ihm doch faſt zu viel geworden, ſo daß Chriſtine aufhören mußte, ihm einzuſchenken. Darauf empfing ſie ſeinen Arm und ging mit ihm nach dem Beſuchzimmer zurück, während der gnädige Herr in ſeinem Kabinet blieb. Konrad küßte ihr die Hand und behielt dieſe länger in der ſeinigen, als zur geſegneten Mahlzeit nöthig war. Sie machten einander gegenüber eine lange Pauſe, wie wenn ſie ſich noch etwas zu ſagen hätten, bis er in den Seufzer ausbrach: o himmliſche Chriſtine! und ſie ſich von ihm loswand, um den Kaffee zu beſorgen. Hm! ich habe doch wohl zu viel getrunken, ſprach er zu ſich ſelbſt, aber es war auch ein Wein darnach, ich hätte den Kandidaten der Theologie bald ganz mit hinunter geſchlürft. Eine Courage fühle ich jetzt in meinem Leibe, daß ich es ſelbſt mit dem Teufel aufnehmen wollte. — Indem trat der Superintendent herein. Er mochte ſeine Ankunft ſchon gewittert haben. Welch ein vierſchrötiger Menſch! murmelte er für ſich. Konrad verneigte ſich ſo tief, als es nur ohne zu großes Uebergewicht geſchehen konnte. Man begrüßte, man verſtändigte ſich, und näherte ſich in höflicher Anſprache von Weg und Wetter. Chriſtine brachte den Kaffee und beide tranken ziemlich geruhig, nur daß der Superintendent den Kandidaten immer von der Seite anſah. Darauf fing er von ſeinen Zeugniſſen zu reden an, bewunderte das große Lob und that ſo demüthig, wie wenn er vor ihm die Segel ſtreichen müßte. Allmählig aber gab er dem Geſpräch eine gelehrtere Wendung, und rüſtete ſich, ihm einige verfängliche Fragen vorzulegen. Es iſt jetzt eine ſchlimme Zeit, ſagte er, glauben Sie an Wunder, mein Wertheſter?

Konrad. O ja, Hochwürden, ich bin ja ein Theologe.

Superintendent. Was iſt aber ein Wunder?

Konrad. Ein Wunder iſt etwas, wovon man den Zuſammenhang nicht einſieht.

Superintendent. Ei, da könnte ja die Sache doch noch natürlich zugehen, und nur unſere Beſchränktheit am Wunder Schuld ſein. Wie leicht kann das zur Freigeiſterei führen! — Welches Wunder halten Sie denn wohl für das größte?

Konrad. Das größte Wunder iſt das allererſte, daß Gott die Welt aus Nichts geſchaffen hat.

Superintendent. Wie denken Sie ſich das?

Konrad. Es war Nichts da. Wenn alſo eine Welt geſchaffen werden ſollte, ſo war es immer das Beſte, ſie aus Nichts zu ſchaffen. Es mußte doch einmal der Anfang gemacht werden.

Superintendent. War es wohl möglich, mein Herr Kandidat, daß alle Thiere in den Kaſten Noah gingen?

Konrad. O ja! Erſtlich durch ein Wunder, zweitens durch verſchiedene Behälter und drittens dadurch, daß man das Futter mitnahm. Es war eine Art von Stallfütterung. Die Stallfütterung iſt überhaupt jeder andern Wirthſchaft vorzuziehen. Man muß nur fleißig für Futterkräuter ſorgen. Dadurch gewinnt man an Boden und an Dünger. Hier läuft freilich das Vieh noch wild umher. Die Stallfütterung —

Superintendent. Herr Kandidat, wir reden hier nicht von der Stallfütterung, ſondern von den Wundern, wodurch ſich Gottes Name verherrlicht hat. — Wie ging es zu, daß Bileams Eſel ſprach und warum gerade ein Eſel?

Konrad. Es war ein Wunder. Wär' es ein Hund geweſen, den hätte man verſtanden, ohne daß er ſpricht, das wäre gar kein Wunder geweſen. Ich habe einen Pudel geſehn, der jedes Wort verſtand. Unſer Spitz bei der Heerde —

Superintendent. Still! — Sagen Sie: warum haben wir nur vier große und dagegen zwölf kleine Propheten?

Konrad. Weil das Große überhaupt ſelten iſt.

Superintendent. Sollten Sie nicht wiſſen, daß die erſtern viele und die letztern wenig Capitel der Lehre und Weiſſagung geſchrieben haben? Groß von Geiſt waren ſie gewiß.

Konrad. O die großen Propheten waren ſicher auch groß von Körper, große, ſtarke Menſchen! (Er ſagte dies mit Fleiß recht laut, damit der Edelmann im Kabinet es hören möchte.)

Superintendent. Was finden Sie Lehrreiches an der Hochzeit zu Cana?

Konrad. Wir erſehen daraus, daß die chriſtliche Liebe Waſſer in Wein verwandelt, die Juden dagegen ſchlechten Wein auftragen, ſobald ſie glauben, die Gäſte merkten es nicht mehr. Hierin liegt offenbar der Anfang des Chriſtenthums. Noch bis auf dieſen Tag kommen bei uns die beſſern Weine zuletzt.

Superintendent. Nicht übel bemerkt. Aber ſagen Sie: warum fuhren die Teufel bei den Gadarenern in die Säue?

Konrad. Weil ſie ihnen gehörten. Das Schwein iſt ein unreines Thier. Wo könnten ſie beſſer logiren? die Juden eſſen auch deshalb noch bis auf dieſen Tag kein Schweinefleiſch, weil ſie glauben, der Teufel ſteckt darin.

Superintendent. O ich bitte nicht zu ſcherzen. —

Was meinen Sie: hat Petrus Hahn zweimal gekräht oder öfter?

Konrad. Er hat öfter gekräht, aber Petrus hatte an zweimal genug. — Vom Hahn kann man auf die Hühner ſchließen, die der Hoheprieſter muß gehalten haben, aber ſie paſſen nur in eine große Wirthſchaft, wo viel abfällt; wenn man die Hühner erſt füttern ſoll, koſten ſie mehr als ſie einbringen. — — Der Superintendent rief ihn zornig zurück von der Abſchweifung, und ging nun auf die Kirchengeſchichte über, miſchte griechiſche und lateiniſche Worte in ſeine Fragen, und dem Kandidaten wurde noch gerade angſt und bange: er ſollte die Kirchenväter nennen, und fing an zu ſtottern; endlich lief ihm der Angſtſchweiß von der Stirn. Chriſtine, die immer ab und zu ging, konnte das nicht länger mit anſehen; ſie näherte ſich und ſagte: der gnädige Herr wünſchen den Herrn Superintendenten zu ſprechen. Dieſer räuſperte ſich und begab ſich in das vordere Zimmer. Aber er erſchien vor dem gnädigen Herrn mit ſehr bedenklicher Miene, und betheuerte, daß es unbegreiflich ſei, wie das Conſiſtorium dieſem Kandidaten ein ſo gutes Zeugniß habe ausſtellen können. Von den Kirchenvätern wiſſe er ſo wenig, daß er ſie ſogar mit unſern Kirchenvorſtehern verwechſele. In natürlichen Dingen ſei er gut bewandert, aber nicht in theologiſchen. — Und doch kommt alles von dem natürlichen her, entgegnete Grauenſtein. Ich kann mirs denken: Sie haben ihn zu materiell gefunden. Aber das hat nichts zu ſagen. Ich verlaſſe mich auf das Conſiſtorium und auf meine fünf Sinne. Setzen Sie nur die Vocation für ihn auf, daß ich ſie heute noch unterſchreiben kann. Erſchrecken Sie aber nicht, wenn Sie nach Hauſe kommen und Ihnen ein großes Thier begegnet, es iſt kein Thier aus der Offenbarung, ſondern ein Reh, das ich Ihnen ſo eben zugeſchickt habe, laſſen Sie es ſich gut ſchmecken. Gott befohlen! — Der Superintendent verbeugte ſich ſtillſchweigend und verließ das Schloß.

Gottlob! ſagte Konrad, und ſetzte ſich auf das Sopha, um ſich von der Angſt zu erholen, die er zuletzt ausgeſtanden hatte. Chriſtine war draußen beſchäftigt, um ſeine Sachen aus dem Gaſthofe, wo er, wie ſie meinte, unmöglich bleiben könne, in das Schloß herüber ſchaffen zu laſſen, und wie ſie wieder zurückkam, fand ſie ihn eingeſchlafen. Ihn bedauernd betrachtete ſie ihn näher und geſtand ſich, daß er ein recht hübſcher Menſch ſei. Indem er träumte, ſchlug er ein paarmal um ſich, erwachte dann und bat um Verzeihung. Chriſtine wünſchte ihm Glück zu dem ſiegreichen Gefecht mit dem Superintendenten, und that, als wenn ſie von der erlittenen Schlappe gar nichts gemerkt hätte. Sie rieth ihm indeß, zu ſeiner Erholung in den Schloßgarten hinab zu gehen, und ſich die engliſchen Anlagen anzuſehen. Dieſer Anweiſung folgte er denn auch gleich, ſchaute um ſich und athmete fleißig von der kühlenden Abendluft ein, die ſie ihm verordnet hatte. Im Kopfe wurde es allmählig wieder helle, und er wunderte ſich über die ſchnakiſchen Antworten, deren er ſich gegen den Superintendenten erkühnt. Die Bewandtniß mit den großen und kleinen Propheten wußte er jetzt recht gut, auch fielen ihm mehrere Kirchenväter ein, aber nun zu ſpät. Um die engliſchen Irrgänge kümmerte er ſich wenig; er ſehnte ſich nach einer freien Ausſicht, ſtieg auf die Höhe, und unterhielt ſich mit einem munteren Füllen, das neugierig das jugendliche Haupt zu ihm erhob und dann Reißaus nahm. Ins Dickicht zurückgekehrt und mit Gedanken an Chriſtinen beſchäftigt, warf er ſich die Frage auf, ob es einem Kandidaten der Theologie wohl erlaubt ſei, ein hübſches Mädchen zu umarmen. Warum nicht! ſagte er. Die Bibel verſichert zwar, daß Jacob 14 Jahr um Rahel gedient habe; aber was zwiſchendurch vorgefallen ſein mag, davon ſteht nichts dabei. — Ob ich es wage? ob ſie es wohl nicht übel nimmt? — Er wollte noch weiter in die Betrachtung eingehen, als der breite Bediente ihn im Namen der Mamſell in das Schloß zurück rief. Da der gnädige Herr des Abends nicht zu ſpeiſen pflegte, ſo waren ſie einander ſelbſt überlaſſen. Sie benutzten auch die Zeit nicht übel, thaten immer weiter ihres Herzens Kammern auf und gingen hinüber und herüber. Sie erzählte von Waldhauſen und wie dabei ein Vorwerk liege, das dem gnädigen Herrn gehöre, und daß ſie bisweilen zu beſuchen pflege. Er dagegen ſprach viel von den Braupfannen ſeines Vaters und was daraus für die Folge ſich ergeben möchte. Es war das Erſtemal, daß er über dem Reden das Eſſen vergaß. Aber wie zuletzt eine verdeckte Schüſſel auf den Tiſch kam, regte ſich ſeine ganze Aufmerkſamkeit. Chriſtine hob den Deckel auf, und — die Vocation lag vor ihm, die der Superintendent ausgefertigt und der gnädige Herr ſchon unterſchrieben hatte. Jetzt konnte er ſich nicht länger halten, er umarmte die himmliſche Chriſtine, die ſich nur mit Mühe von ihm loswand. Was ſoll das bedeuten? fragte ſie, vom Tiſche aufſtehend. Ich bin ſo gerührt — entgegnete er — von Freude, von Dankbarkeit und — von noch etwas. [illegible] — ich bin ein guter Menſch, und Sie haben nicht Urſach, ſich vor mir zu fürchten. — Beinahe ſollte ich's, antwortete ſie, aber ich kann mir Ihre Freude wohl erklären. Es iſt auch nun Alles überwunden, und Sie können für Waldhauſen immer Ihre Einrichtungen treffen. Zwar muß noch eine Probepredigt vorhergehen, wozu Ihnen ein Tag wird beſtimmt werden, aber damit hat es nichts zu bedeuten, es iſt eine bloße Förmlichkeit, die Bauern haben gar keine Stimme bei der Wahl, man will ihnen nur nicht mit einem neuen Prediger blindlings über den Hals kommen, und ſieht es gerne, wenn ſie zufriedene Geſichter zeigen. Ihnen wird es ein leichtes ſein, durch Ihren Vortrag ſie zu gewinnen. — Konrads Augen gingen an den Balken; er hatte nicht das Herz, ihren Blicken mit einem lügenhaften Ja zu begegnen. Der Himmel wird ja wohl für das Weitere ſorgen, erwiederte er endlich, und ſich zurückwendend nach dem Bedienten, der gekommen war, ihm ſein Zimmer anzuweiſen, ſagte er ihr etwas beklommen gute Nacht.

Der Morgen war ſtill und ernſt. Je näher der Abſchied kam, deſto weniger ſprachen Beide. Indeß konnte ſie doch nicht umhin, wie der Wagen vorrollte, den gnädigen Herrn herbeizurufen, daß er die großmächtigen Braunen betrachten möchte. Schön, ſagte er, recht ſchön, in ihnen erkenne ich die Würde des Beſitzers; ein tüchtiger Hausherr ſorgt für tüchtiges Geräth. Alſo auf Wiederſehn! rief ſie ihm zuletzt zu, und der Wagen donnerte mit ihm davon. —

Obgleich Konrad ſeinen Plan im Ganzen glücklich ausgeführt hatte, fiel doch ſeine Rückreiſe nicht ſo vergnügt aus, wie ſein Kommen. Wie wird das werden! rief er öfters aus, und jeder Glockenſchlag von den Thürmen ſchärfte ſein Gewiſſen.

Der Vater wäre auch bei ſeinem Empfange beinahe erſchrocken über das nachdenkliche Geſicht, das er von der Reiſe mitbrachte. Wie er indeß Alles, was er gethan und gelitten, ſich ausführlich hatte erzählen laſſen und nun wirklich die Vocation für Gottfried in den Händen hielt, gab er keinem Zweifel mehr Raum, ſondern brach in lauten Jubel aus, indem er zugleich dem Vermittler den wahren Grund ſeines tiefern Ernſtes wohl abmerkte. Staunend über ſeine Schilderung ſagte er: ſo war der Tod des Braunen doch kein Unglück; er führte mich zum Pferdehändler, der uns von Grauenſtein erzählen konnte. Ohne dieſes wäre Gottfried im beſten Vertrauen nach Riethſtädt gereiſt, und wahrlich! er hätte mit ſeiner Perſon die Pfarre nicht bekommen. — Bald darauf wurde die ſchriftliche Gewißheit dem berufenen Gottfried zugeſtellt, wie wenn ſie eben durch den Herrn von Brennau angelangt wäre. Er trug ſeine Freude wieder ſogleich zu Roſetten und ihrer Mutter hinüber, und eilte dann auf ſein Studirſtübchen zurück, um Predigten im Voraus zu verfertigen, denn ſein theologiſcher Eifer kannte keine Grenzen. Dem widerſetzte ſich nun aber Vater und Bruder mit allem Fleiß. Sie dachten an die große Wage und wünſchten, daß der Unterſchied zwiſchen den beiden Candidaten ſich einigermaßen ausgleichen, wenigſtens ſich vermindern und die Lüge ſoviel wie möglich ſich in Wahrheit verwandeln möchte. Man konnte auch nicht wiſſen, ob nicht doch irgendwo ſein Körper dem Herrn von Grauenſtein noch zu Geſichte käme, ja, ob nicht vielleicht Waldhauſen ſelbſt deſſen Grundſätze theile. Er ſollte von jetzt an durchaus nicht mehr ſo viel ſtudiren, ſondern eſſen und trinken, und ſpazieren gehn. Man beſann ſich auf Alles, was den Menſchen ſtark macht, ließ ihn kräftiges Brod in Bier tunken, braunſchweigiſche Mumme frühſtücken, that Mittags Mark in die Suppe, und ſetzte ihm engliſirtes Rindfleiſch vor. Der Vater zog auch Gelehrte und einen Arzt mit zu Rathe. Man trieb ihn hinaus zum Gebrauch der Landluft, und gab ihm in Lindenfeld eine Jagdflinte in die Hand, um hinter Haſen her ſich ſtärkeren Appetit zu holen. Darauf warf man ihn in das Waſſer, erſt in Flußwaſſer, dann nach und nach in Kleien-, Malz- und Molkenbäder. Um ihn ruhig, phlegmatiſch, ſchläfrig zu machen, las man ihm Romane in Briefen, breite Novellen mit langen Dialogen, Philoſophien nach höchſten Principien und mathematiſche Berechnungen vor, ließ ihn auch einigen Sitzungen im Gericht mit beiwohnen. Der arme Gottfried erlag faſt unter der Laſt von Pflichten, die man zur Pflege des Körpers und zur Abdämpfung des Geiſtes ihm auferlegt hatte. Er ſah alle Tage in den Spiegel und konnte noch immer nicht finden, daß er ſtärker würde. Die Hülfsmittel ſchlugen ſo wenig an, daß ſie ſeine innere Bewegung und ſeine Sehnſucht nach der Kanzel nur noch vermehrten. Wenn ein Haſe aufſprang, hielt er oft in Gedanken eben eine Rede an die Gemeinde, verfehlte den rechten Augenblick und hätte eines Tages beinahe den herrſchaftlichen Jäger geſtreift. In den Bädern ertrug er die Langeweile nicht, er declamirte und vergaß nachher, aus dem Waſſer zu ſteigen. Bei Vorleſungen merkte er ſich nur, was zur Erbauung dienen konnte, und ſetzte ſtill für ſich die Betrachtung fort, bis wieder eine Stelle ihn zu neuer Betrachtung reizte. Zu Tiſche ging er mit Aechzen wie zu einer ſchweren Arbeit, man hörte nicht auf, die Gerichte zu empfehlen, gab man aber nicht Acht, ſo war er ſchnell genug, heimlich dem Hunde unter dem Tiſch große Biſſen zuzuſtecken, um nicht damit geplagt zu werden. Er that in Allem ſein Möglichſtes, theils aus gutmüthiger Folgſamkeit überhaupt, theils aus Liebe zu den Seinigen, beſonders zu ſeiner Geliebten, die ebenfalls zu wünſchen ſchien, daß er ſtärker werden möchte, theils aber auch aus der eigenen Ueberzeugung, daß allerdings körperliches Anſehn wohl viel zur ſtärkern Wirkung eines gottſeligen Vortrags beitragen könne. Endlich jedoch verlor er die Geduld, entzog ſich in der Stille dem unfruchtbaren Zwang, und zündete Nachts, wenn Alles ſchlief, ein Licht an, um das, was innerlich trieb und jährte, auch äußerlich zu offenbaren. O du elende, erbärmliche Welt! ſagte er, die du immer an der Schale klebſt, die Sinne fülleſt und dem eitlen Glanze fröhnſt, ich will dir zeigen, welche Kraft dem ſchwachen Sterblichen verliehen iſt, wenn der Geiſt Gottes ihn beſeelt. Es iſt dieſelbe Kraft, die den Menſchen aus dem Nichts hervorruft, ſo daß er ſagen kann: ich bin! die jedem Geſchöpfe ſein Daſein giebt, den Trieb legt in das Thier wie in die Pflanze, die Atome zu Geſtalten zuſammenfügt, aus dem Innern heraufſteigt, die Wände des Gefäßes baut und tauſendfache Tempel errichtet, die Alles ſchafft und wieder ſchafft, die Körper aus den feinſten Faſern webt und ausſpannt, die Jegliches faßt und trägt und im ewigen Wechſel erhält. Ohne dieſe belebende Kraft wäre die ganze Welt nur ein Schutthaufen, eine Anhäufung von Trümmern, die mit jedem Augenblick mehr zerfallen müßten, erbleichen müßten im Strahl der Sonne, vergehen im Regen, verwittern an der Luft. Was rühmt ihr euch alſo der Armesſtärke, des ſtolzen Halſes, der breiten Bruſt? Sind ſie es, welche zum Volke predigen, oder iſt es das Herz, das erglüht, der Geiſt, welcher denkt, die Ahnung, die aus der Tiefe ſteigt, und der Glaube, dem die Gottheit ſich offenbart? Kann meine Stimme nur das Ohr erreichen — mit jenen Gewalten will ich das Herz des Herzens treffen, das Gemüth ſiegreich erheben, es zu himmliſcher Wehmuth rühren und den Sünder erſchüttern bis in das tiefſte Gebein, ja ihn zermalmen in ſeinem Trotz.

So ſprach und ſchrieb er oft bei Nacht, weil ihm bei Tage zu wirken verſagt war.

Endlich, faſt am Ende des Wittwenjahrs, kam die erwartete Einladung zur Probepredigt. Nun überließ man den tief erfreuten Gottfried ſich ſelbſt, und ſtörte ihn nicht weiter in ſeinem Fleiß.

Ueber den äußern Menſchen pflog man indeß noch einige Berathung. Um das, was die Natur bei der erſten Bekleidung der Glieder an Fülle und Rundung gegen ihn verſäumt hatte, wenigſtens dem Anſchein nach einigermaßen zu ergänzen, ſorgte man für ſtarke Unterkleider, und gab dem Leibrock, der fügſamer war, als er ſelbſt, ein doppeltes Futter, ſetzte auch durch höhere Schuhabſätze ſeiner Körperlänge, wenn auch nicht eine Elle, doch ein Paar Zoll hinzu. Bei dem allen blieb er doch gegen den Umfang ſeines Bruders noch um ein Bedeutendes zurück, und behielt überdies ſein blaſſes Geſicht, an deſſen mögliche Auffriſchung man nicht einmal dachte, weil Goldeck noch in ſo tiefer Unſchuld lebte, daß es mit Theater und Schminke noch völlig unbekannt geblieben war. Er ſelbſt, der ſich die wärmere Bekleidung nur aus Rückſicht gegen die kühler werdenden Tage gefallen ließ, würde ſich auch zu einer Anfärbung keineswegs verſtanden haben, aus derſelben Abneigung, womit er alle Verſtellung haßte.

Die Gemeinde wird er ſchon noch erobern, ſagte Konrad zum Vater, aber wie wird ſich der Superintendent gebehrden, wenn er in dem ankommenden Kandidaten nicht mich, ſondern einen andern erblickt? Man überlegte, wie man ihn beſchwichtigen, verſöhnen, gewinnen könnte, und welche Beweggründe wohl am erſten auf ihn wirken möchten. Der Brauherr brachte ein ſchönes Märzbier in Vorſchlag, das ſchon manchen Menſchen ſehr liebevoll geſtimmt hätte. Es macht aber auch zum Zorn geneigt, bemerkte Konrad, manchen hat es ſchon bis zur Schlägerei getrieben. Es läßt ſich da wohl im Voraus nichts thun, man muß bei dem Geſtrengen erſt die weichen Stellen ausſpioniren. Hat Gottfried doch die Vocation, darauf muß er fußen. Die muß er gleich mitnehmen, fügte der Vater hinzu, — und aus Vorſicht laß ich ihm einen Paß ausfertigen, worin ſeine Perſon genau beſchrieben iſt.

Das geſchah; und nachdem alles ſo aufs beſte vorbereitet war, machte der Vater mit Gottfried ſich auf die Reiſe. Er ſprach unterwegs wenig mit ihm, um ſeine theologiſchen Gedanken nicht mit fremden Dingen zu durchkreuzen; deſto emſiger dachte er an ſeine Verpflegung, wozu ſeine Braut auch manche gute Aushülfe für ſchlechte Wirthshäuſer mitgegeben hatte, verwahrte ihn gegen Wind und Wetter, legte den Mantel ihm um die Schultern, knöpfte ihm die Weſte zu und ſorgte für ihn wie eine Mutter. Im Plan der Reiſe ging ſeine Abſicht dahin, erſt kurz vor dem Anfang der Kirche mit ihm einzutreffen, damit ohne lange Beſchauung ſogleich die Wirkung ſeines Geiſtes eintreten könnte. Waldhauſen, das ſeinen neuen Prediger mit großer Spannung erwartete, gerieth alſo in nicht geringe Unruhe, als am Morgen des feierlichen Sonntags eine Stunde nach der andern verging, ohne daß der Kandidat erſchien. Der Glöckner fing ſchon an, vorzuläuten, und er war noch nicht da. Aengſtlich liefen die Leute vor das Dorf, um ſich nach ihm umzuſehen. Da endlich rollte der Wagen daher, alle ſtanden nun feſt wie die Mauer, nahmen die Hüte ab, und zogen ein langes Geſicht. Sie ſchienen von der Außenſeite des Kandidaten nicht ſehr erbaut; doch der Anblick der herrlichen Braunen vor dem Wagen half dem geſunkenen Reſpekt wieder etwas auf.

Im Gaſthofe fand man die Einladung auf das Vorwerk, aber man entſchuldigte ſich mit der Kürze der Zeit, und wie es zum zweiten Male läutete, ſchritt Grundmeyer mit ſeinem Sohn auf die Kirche zu, und begleitete ihn bis in die Sakriſtei. Hier glaubte er den Superintendenten zu finden, gegen den er ſeinen Gottfried in Schutz nehmen wollte; aber der anweſende Geiſtliche empfing ſie gleich mit der Erklärung, daß der Superintendent zu kommen verhindert worden; er ſei der Adjunct. Der Brauherr that den Mund weit auf, und athmete dieſen Troſt ein wie den Duft der ſchönſten Würze. Sein Sohn bezeigte ſich ganz gleichgültig dagegen, gab dem herbei ſpringenden Küſter die Lieder, und ſetzte bei dem Aufwallen der Orgeltöne ſich ruhig hin, in Uebereinſtimmung mit der Gemeinde zu ſingen.

Mit dem Ausbleiben des Superintendenten aber hatte es folgende Bewandtniß. Der gnädige Herr ſelbſt hielt ihn zurück. Er fürchtete nämlich, daß derſelbe, weil er gegen den erwählten Kandidaten ein Vorurtheil hege, bei ſeinem Auftreten ihm nachtheilig werden, und vielleicht über ihn eine Aeußerung thun könnte, welche die Gemeinde in eine üble Stimmung verſetzte; er ließ ihn deßhalb erſuchen, ihm ſelbſt dieſen Sonntag in der Kirche einmal etwas vorzupredigen. Er ſähe ſich dazu gewiſſermaßen genöthigt, weil ſeine Pflegetochter ihn verlaſſe und nach Waldhauſen reiſe, den Kandidaten zu hören, ihm alſo dieſen Sonntag zur Hausandacht keine Predigt vorleſen könne.

Chriſtine war denn auch wirklich nach Waldhauſen gereiſt, und im Vorwerk abgetreten, um dort ihren heimlich Geliebten gleichſam als Wirthin zu empfangen. Wie ſie aber hörte, daß er wegen Verſpätung gleich zur Kirche geeilt ſei, begab ſie ſich auch dahin, nahm indeß aus Vorſicht nur im Hintergrunde hinter einem Pfeiler Platz, um durch ihren Anblick ihm keine Störung zu verurſachen.

Wie er jetzt auf die Kanzel trat, ſtaunte ſie, ſchärfte ihr Auge, und war lange ungewiß, ob ſie ihren Candidaten ſähe, oder einen andern. Ja, ja, ſagte ſie, er iſt es! und dann nach einem zweiten Blick wieder: er iſt es nicht! — bin ich denn mit Blindheit geſchlagen? Es iſt doch Stirn, Naſe, Mund und Kinn, daſſelbe Haar. Er iſt es wahrhaftig. Aber wie mager, wie elend ſieht er aus! Kann ein Menſch in einem halben Jahre ſich ſo verändern? Ich begreife es nicht, er muß krank geweſen ſein. Die ſchmalen Wangen, das blaſſe Geſicht, die magern Hände! Nein! es iſt doch wohl nicht möglich. Er kommt mir auch kleiner vor; es iſt auch ſein Anſtand nicht. Er ſteht ja wie eine Bildſäule da! Warum? Iſt es aus Frömmigkeit? Hat er wohl gar aus Verſtellung ſich ſo verwandelt? Hat er blaß ausſehen wollen? Hat er gefaſtet, ſich kaſteit, oder vorher Rhabarber genommen? Man ſagt, daß manche wirklich ſolch Gaukelſpiel treiben, aber ihm traue ich es nicht zu. Eher will ich glauben, ihn plage ein ſchleichendes Fieber. Gott im Himmel! was ſteigen mir alles für Gedanken auf! Er lebt ja noch, und kommt, um zu predigen. Still! Er ſpricht — es klingt wie ſeine Stimme, aber wie ſchwach, wie rauh! Iſt das Heiſerkeit? Hat er ſich unterwegs erkältet? Oder iſt nur die Angſt Schuld daran? — Jetzt ſpricht er ſchon beſſer. Aber er bewegt ja keine Hand, und warum hält er die Augen verſchloſſen? Sollte er mich hier gewahr geworden ſein? Gott! Es wird mir ganz unheimlich, da ich ihn zu ſehen glaube, und doch nicht weiß, ob er es iſt. — Merke auf, was er ſagt, vielleicht findeſt du ihn in den Gedanken wieder.

Gottfried hatte die allumfaſſende Liebe Gottes, wie das Chriſtenthum ſie lehrt, zum Gegenſtand ſeiner Betrachtung gewählt. So lange er noch von Gottes Wohlthaten durch die Natur ſprach, glaubte ſie wirklich hin und wieder etwas von den Aeußerungen ihres Kandidaten zu hören, nur daß es eine Oekonomie des ganzen Weltalls war, die ſich vor ihrer Seele ausbreitete. Es war die ſegnende Hand des Vaters, der ſeine Kinder mit Gaben überſchüttet, der vorſorgende Geiſt, der das Glück ganzer Völker, wie das Schickſal jedes Einzelnen bedacht hat, das liebende, wachſame Auge, das herrſchend über Thronen und Paläſte bis in die niedrigſte Hütte dringt. Bald aber vergaß ſie, von der Begeiſterung des Redners fortgeriſſen, über den Vortrag die Perſon, und gab ſich mit der ſtill aufhorchenden Gemeinde den ſeligſten Gefühlen hin, wie er tiefer in die Geſinnung des Allwaltenden hinabſtieg, und jene unbegrenzte Liebe ſchilderte, die auch des Sünders ſich erbarmt, des Strafbaren ſchont, ſelbſt den Schlechteſten nicht in ſeinem Verderben laſſen, ſondern alle — alle erretten, und an das Vaterherz zurückführen will, nach jenen herrlichen Bildern und Gleichniſſen der heiligen Schrift, wo der Hirt, um ein verlornes Lamm zu ſuchen, die ganze Heerde verläßt, die Frau, die einen Groſchen verlor, ein Licht anzündet, und emſig durch das ganze Haus ſucht, wo der verirrte Sohn ſich in die Arme des Vaters ſtürzt, und dieſer ein Feſt ihm bereitet und ſpricht: mein Sohn war todt und iſt wieder lebendig geworden! jene Liebe, wornach die Engel im Himmel ſich mehr freuen über einen Sünder, der Buße thut, als über Neun und Neunzig Gerechte. — Und eine Sehnſucht erwachte in den Herzen der Zuhörer, ein Hinneigen zu dieſer unendlichen Liebe, ein inneres Regen und Bewegen des göttlichen Bildes nach ſeinem Urbilde, und leiſe klang es in der tiefen Bruſt: ihr ſollt vollkommen ſein, wie euer Vater im Himmel vollkommen iſt! worauf es wie eine Antwort aus der Ferne kam: ſei getreu bis an den Tod, ſo will ich dir die Krone des ewigen Lebens geben. — Die ganze Gemeinde war tief ergriffen, alle weinten, Chriſtine mit ihnen.

Der Brauherr aber, der ihre Anweſenheit in der Kirche bemerkt hatte, dachte jetzt daran, von ihrem Verhältniß zu ſeinem Sohne Konrad unterrichtet, wie er eine Begegnung zwiſchen ihr und Gottfried hindern könne. Eine ſchnelle Entfernung blieb das beſte Mittel. Er bat ihn deshalb, wie er von der Kanzel herabſtieg, in der Sakriſtei ſo lange zu warten, bis er käme, ihn abzuholen. Er eilte nach dem Gaſthofe zurück, ließ gleich anſpannen, und ſeine ſchnelle Abreiſe gegen den Wirth damit entſchuldigend, daß er unterwegs bei einem Freunde einzukehren verſprochen habe, fuhr er bei der Kirche vor, nahm ſeinen Sohn in den Wagen, hüllte ihn wieder in den Mantel — und ſo auf und davon, ehe noch die Waldhäuſer ſich darauf beſinnen konnten, ihn zu umringen und zurück zu halten. Sie ſtanden in Gruppen umher, die jüngern ſtürzten hinterdrein, alle nach dem Anblick des Kandidaten begierig, wie wenn er nach der Predigt anders ausſehen müßte. Gern hätten ſie die Worte, die er ſprach, noch einmal aus ſeinen Augen geleſen. Ihm nachſtarrend ward ihnen zu Muthe, wie dem Wanderer, der über einen Fluß will, und dem plötzlich der wilde Strom die Brücke genommen.

Chriſtine glaubte am beſten zu thun, wenn ſie ſich in das Haus der Predigerwittwe begäbe, wo er auf dem Wege zum Gaſthofe vorbei mußte, und von wo aus ſie ihn näher betrachten und auch wohl ſeiner Perſon ſich verſichern konnte, aber da die Kirche völlig aus war und er nicht erſchien, vermuthete ſie mit der Wittwe, daß er einen Beſuch beim Richter mache. Sie verfügte ſich alſo zu dieſem hinüber, und that, wie wenn ſie eine Beſtellung vom gnädigen Herrn an ihn auszurichten hätte. Aber auch hier fand ſie ihn nicht. Immer ungeduldiger ging ſie nun, ſich ein Herz faſſend, gerades Weges nach dem Gaſthofe, und hier hörte ſie denn zu ihrem Erſtaunen, daß er ſchon abgereiſt ſei.

Was half es ihr jetzt, wenn man ihm von allen Seiten die größten Lobſprüche ertheilte? Es vermehrte nur ihren Schmerz. Sie ſah ihn ſelbſt nicht; er war verſchwunden. Die Entſchuldigung von kurzen Tagen und ſchlechten Nachtquartieren konnte ſie nicht gelten laſſen. Die Eile ſchien ihr unerklärlich. Warum kommt er nicht auf das Vorwerk? Will er mich vermeiden? ſagte ſie, und weshalb? Scheut oder ſchämt er ſich, mit dem blaß gewordenen Geſicht vor mir zu erſcheinen? Will er nicht geſtehn, daß er krank war, will er mich nicht betrüben? — O das nutzt ihm wenig — ich bin jetzt um ſo mehr beſorgt für ihn. Oder — nein, ich mags nicht denken — hat eine andere ihn von mir abgelenkt? Soll ich vergeſſen ſein? Oder hat er nicht ſo warm für mich empfunden, wie er mich glauben ließ? — Oft dachte ich in der langen Zeit, er würde einmal an mich ſchreiben. Ich entſchuldigte ihn mit Blödigkeit, mit Beſcheidenheit; die Freude ſollte vielleicht um ſo größer ſein, wenn wir uns wieder ſähen. Und nun ſtehe ich hier, wie aus einem Traum erwacht. Der Tag iſt da, aber die Hoffnung blieb unerfüllt. Ich weiß nicht, was ich glauben, was ich denken ſoll. Ob es nicht doch ein anderer war? Wenigſtens handelt er wie ein anderer.

Traurig kehrte ſie mit dem Adjunct nach Riethſtädt zurück. Dem gnädigen Herrn mochte ſie von der veränderten Geſtalt nicht einmal ſagen; es hätte ihm ſonſt ſeine Ungunſt zuziehen können. Der Adjunct aber wurde nicht fertig, ſeine herrliche, kräftige, rührende, erbauliche Predigt zu lobpreiſen. Ja, das wußte ich im voraus, verſetzte Grauenſtein lächelnd, das habe ich ihm angeſehn. So ein tüchtiger Menſch kann ja nichts thun und ſprechen, was nicht von Wirkung wäre.

Dem Superintendenten klang es dagegen wie ein Mährchen, als der Adjunct ihm berichtete, der Kandidat habe nicht allein eine überaus gute Predigt gehalten, ſondern nachher auch in der Unterredung mit ihm die tiefſten theologiſchen Kenntniſſe verrathen. Das iſt ja gar nicht möglich! entgegnete der Superintendent, bei mir war er ja ſo unwiſſend wie ein Haubenſtock, und ein ſo dickköpfiger Menſch! — So gar dickköpfig iſt er doch nicht, erwiederte der Adjunct, er kam mir eher etwas ſchmal vor. — Nun, da muß ich ihn wohl durch ein Vergröß'rungsglas geſehen haben, ſagte der Superintendent höhniſch und verdrießlich; ich hätte ihn eher für einen Bierſchröter als für einen Kandidaten gehalten. Freilich, wenn die Kandidaten predigen ſollen, kriechen ſie immer etwas zuſammen. Er mag ſchön gezittert haben. — Nicht im mindeſten, verſetzte der Adjunct, ganz ruhig — ja gleichgültig, möchte ich ſagen — ſtieg er die Kanzeltreppe hinauf. Aber oben war es, als ob ein ganz anderer Geiſt in ihn führe, ſo feurig, ſo beredt ſtrömte es ihm von den Lippen. — Ja, ein anderer muß freilich wohl in ihn gefahren ſein, und wäre es auch nur die Predigt eines anderen — entgegnete der Superintendent noch verdrießlicher — wie könnte ſonſt dieſer büchene Held ſolche Wunder an Ihnen verrichtet haben. Sie ſind ja noch ganz außer ſich. Laſſen Sie es gut ſein, Herr Kollege, erzürnen Sie mich nicht. — Nun bei der Einführung werden Sie es ja ſelbſt ſehen, fügte der Adjunct noch hinzu, und wünſchte ihm darauf eine geruhſame Nacht.

Chriſtine plagte ſich mit mancherlei Vorſtellungen und konnte beſonders den Gedanken nicht loswerden, daß ihr Kandidat nach der Predigt noch mehr leiden, vielleicht in Siechthum verfallen möchte. Gern hätte ſie an ihn geſchrieben, ja nach dem Drange ihres Herzens einen Eilboten an ihn abgeſandt, aber die Schicklichkeit erlaubte nicht, von ihrer Seite zuerſt einen ſolchen Schritt zu thun. Doch Erkundigung über ihn einzuziehen, das ſchien durch eine natürliche Theilnahme am Zuſtande eines Leidenden überhaupt gerechtfertigt. Sie hörte, daß in Goldeck bald wieder ein Jahrmarkt eintreten und daß der Muldenhauer mit ſeinen hölzernen Waaren dahin reiſen würde. Dieſen lud ſie zu ſich, ſchenkte ihm eine Taſſe ſtarken Kaffee ein, und gab ihm den Auftrag, in Goldeck ſich doch umzuhören, wie es dem Kandidaten ergehe, der neulich bei ſeiner Probepredigt in Waldhauſen ſo blaß ausgeſehen. Doch habe er nicht nöthig, ſich deshalb an ihn ſelbſt zu wenden — eine ſolche Frage würde ihn nur beunruhigen, — ſondern er könne das auch wohl in der Nachbarſchaft erfahren.

Der Muldenhauer reiſte, und zu Goldeck in den Markttagen umherwandernd kam er auch in die Straße, wo Grundmeyer wohnte, und gelangte denn mit ſeinen Quirl'n und Schaumlöffeln endlich zu Roſetten und ihrer Mutter. Da er ſich von Riethſtädt her ſchrieb, kaufte man ihm gern etwas ab und unterhielt ſich mit ihm. Er fragte ſofort, was der Kandidat mache, der in Waldhauſen ſo ſchön gepredigt hätte und ob es ihm auch gut bekommen wäre. Man gab zur Antwort, er ſei munter und geſund, und wenn er auch blaß ausſehe, ſo ſei er deshalb doch nicht krank. Mit dieſer Nachricht werde ich viel Freude anrichten, ſagte der Muldenhauer weiter, und ſetzte noch als ein Neuigkeitskrämer hinzu: man ſpricht, Mamſell Chriſtine, die Wirthſchafterin im Schloſſe, werde ihn heirathen. Da faßte die Mutter ihn ſcharf in's Auge und erwiederte: guter Freund, behalte er ſeine Neuigkeiten für ſich, und rede er nicht ſolches Zeug. Wir wiſſen das beſſer, meine Tochter Roſette hier iſt ſeine Braut. — Nun das iſt denn ein anderes, entgegnete er, ich rede nur, was ich in Riethſtädt gehört habe, bitte tauſendmal um Verzeihung. Damit nahm er ſeine Waaren wieder auf und ging.

Aber es war, als wenn er einen glühenden Brand im Hauſe zurückgelaſſen hätte, der nun in helle Flammen ſchlug. Die Braut fing an zu jammern, die Mutter ſchalt bald mit ihr, daß ſie ſo etwas glauben könnte, bald auf den Bräutigam, wenn er durch eine Unvorſichtigkeit vielleicht dazu Gelegenheit gegeben. Roſette verſicherte, daß er ſeit der Probepredigt ſich kälter gegen ſie betrage. Weil er den Kopf voll hat, verſetzte ſie, es ſind ja hunderterlei Dinge zu beſorgen. Indem trat er ſelbſt herein, man umringte ihn mit Klagen und Vorwürfen, er ſtaunte über die Nachricht Was muß es doch für boshafte Menſchen in der Welt geben, rief er aus, ich bin mit keinem Schritt in Riethſtädt geweſen, habe mit keinem Fuß das Schloß betreten, noch mit keinem Auge die Mamſell geſehn. Das iſt aber der Teufel, der umhergeht, und des Nachts Unkraut unter den Weizen ſäet. — Roſette gönnte ihm keine Gegenrede weiter, ſondern lief auf ihr Zimmer, denn ſie gehörte zu den empfindlichſten Naturen, die bei aller Zärtlichkeit gern trotzen und ſchmollen. — Gottfried rannte umher wie einer, den Zahnſchmerzen plagen. Er trug ſeine Noth mit zum Vater hinüber. Konrad, der mit ſeinem ſtillen

Vorhaben den Dienſt bei Herrn von Brennau kürzlich verlaſſen hatte, betrachtete ihn mit erbarmungsvollem Blick. Es iſt ja nichts, lieber Bruder, tröſtete er, du biſt unſchuldig, was ſchwatzen die Leute nicht! es wird ſich mit der Zeit ſchon noch alles aufklären.

Nicht minder gab es großes Elend bei Chriſtinen, wie der Muldenbauer mit der gegenſeitigen Nachricht zu ihr zurückkehrte, nämlich daß er zufällig die Braut des Kandidaten kennen gelernt habe, welche verſichere, der Bräutigam ſei munter und geſund, die Bläſſe wäre nur eine Verläumdung ſeines Befindens. Chriſtine brauchte ein Paar Augenblicke, ſich vom erſten Schreck zu erholen, dann that ſie über die Braut eine Menge Fragen, auf welche die von den Antworten die wichtigſte blieb, daß ſie hübſch ſei. — Wie der Unglücksbote ſie verlaſſen hatte, warf ſie ſich weinend auf das Sopha. Nun iſt es klar, ſagte ſie, warum er nicht geſchrieben, warum er ſich gar nicht um mich bekümmert hat. Eine Nachbarin hat ihn beſtrickt. — Riethſtädt liegt ihm nun tauſend Meilen weit. Mag er nun einziehen und ganz Waldhauſen ihm entgegengehen, ich rühre mich nicht von der Stelle. — Aber wie hat doch, ſprach ſie dann ruhiger, ſein Angeſicht ſo ſchnell verfallen können! Sollte nicht doch die Untreue ihm Kampf und Ueberwindung gekoſtet haben? Gewiß hat es ihn ſchmerzen müſſen, mich ſo ſchnell aufzugeben, mich ſobald zu vergeſſen.

Sie that ihm aber Unrecht. Konrad hatte die Entfernung von ihr keineswegs ſo gelaſſen ertragen. Nur zu gern hätte er einen Brief oder einen Gruß an ſie abgeſandt, doch er überlegte, ob es wohl ehrlich gehandelt ſei, ſich noch feſter zu ketten, als es unvorſichtiger Weiſe ſchon geſchehen war, bevor er ſich noch in dem Stande ſähe, ihr eine ſichere Zukunft zu zeigen. Vor allem geboten die Umſtände, nach dem gelungenen Auftreten bei dem Herrn von Grauenſtein ſich ganz in den Hintergrund zurück zu ziehen, jetzt ſeinen Bruder handeln zu laſſen und dann erſt wieder an ſich ſelbſt zu denken.

In Folge der einzigen Verſtellung befanden ſich alſo ſämmtliche Gemüther in nicht geringer Sorge, Unruhe und Qual, und der Tag der Einführung wurde mit Sehnſucht erwartet, der über das Schickſal Aller entſcheiden mußte. Endlich war er feſtgeſetzt, und eine förmliche Einladung von Waldhauſen ging ihm als das herzlichſte Willkommen vorher. Zunächſt eilte Vater Grundmeyer hin, um in der Pfarre die nöthigen Einrichtungen zu treffen, Geräth und Geſchirr und was ſonſt in Haus und Hof als nöthig oder brauchbar verblieben, der Wittwe abzukaufen, und mit der Gemeinde Manches zu verabreden, woran er nach der Probepredigt durch ſeine Flucht war verhindert worden. Er folgte dabei dem Grundſatz, nicht alles Beſtehende über den Haufen zu werfen, ſondern das Neue an das Alte zu knüpfen. Später möchte dann Gottfried mit ſeiner jungen Hausfrau ſich alles ſchaffen, ordnen und ſtellen, wie ſie es ſelbſt für gut fänden.

Für diesmal konnte Konrad nicht zurückbleiben. Er hatte vieles auf dem Herzen und ihm war zu Muthe, als wenn er nun heran müßte, die Probepredigt zu halten. — Roſette hielt den heißen Wunſch in ſich verſchloſſen, der feierlichen Einführung auch mit beizuwohnen, ſie ſagte kein Wort darüber, aber die Mutter ſah es ihr an, und für ihren gereizten Zuſtand voll Zweifel und Eiferſucht gab es kein beſſeres Heilmittel, als daß ſie ſich ſelbſt überzeugte, ob Gefahr für ſie vorhanden ſei oder nicht.

Es ſetzten ſich alſo alle viere, Mutter und Tochter, und die beiden Brüder in einen ſehr geräumigen Wagen, und fuhren, jeder ſeine ſtillen Gedanken hegend, in ruhiger Eintracht nach Waldhauſen. — —

Ein ſtiller, ſchöner Sonntagmorgen herrſchte über die Flur, der ſpäte Herbſt ſchien, wie mit einem friſchen Athemzuge, wieder zur vorigen Milde zurückgekehrt, Glockengeläut klang auf den Dörfern umher, die Bewohner von Waldhauſen ſaßen zum Theil vor dem Dorfe, zum Theil am Wege hin, den der neue Prediger kommen mußte, und freuten ſich der erwärmenden Sonne, als zur rechten Stunde der Wagen vom Berge herabrollte, und ein Geläut mit allen Glocken vom Thurme die Botſchaft kund gab: er iſt da! Von der Menge, welche die Kommenden begrüßte, löſten ſich die muntern Knaben, die dem Wagen voranliefen und den Weg zum Pfarrhauſe zeigten, wo neben dem Brauherrn der Richter des Dorfs ſchon mit einer Anrede bereit ſtand, den Erwählten des Herrn in ſeine Wohnung einzuführen.

Nach den erſten Höflichkeiten ſah man gleich neugierig im Hauſe umher, doch Gottfried bat, vor dem Gottesdienſte ſich nicht ſo ſehr zu zerſtreuen, und er ergriff die Hand des Vaters, um mit ihm ungeſäumt in das Gotteshaus einzugehen; die andern folgten. Wie er aber an der Kirche hinging, gab es plötzlich eine Erſcheinung weltlicher Art. Chriſtine war es, die es doch nicht über ſich hatte gewinnen können, heute zurück zu bleiben. Sie trat aus der Kirchthür wie zur Begrüßung hervor, und indem ſie leiſe mit der Hand den Arm des Kandidaten berührte, ſagte ſie: nun, Herr Paſtor? In dem nämlichen Augenblicke aber ſchrak ſie zurück, ihren Irrthum gewahr werdend. Roſette dagegen erſchrak über ihre Anrede und ſtellte ſich zwiſchen beide mit den Worten: was beliebt, Mamſell? Der nahe Anblick überzeugte Chriſtinen, daß es nicht ihr Kandidat ſei, den man eben einführen wolle, doch begriff ſie den Zuſammenhang nicht und ſtand in großer Verwirrung, während Roſette ihren Gottfried mit ſcharfem Auge ins Verhör nahm. Jetzt aber ſchritt Konrad ein: ich bin es, den Sie meinen, ſagte er ganz kurz zu Chriſtinen; und wenn auch mein Bruder für mich die Kanzel beſteigt, ſo bin ich doch für Sie, geliebte Freundin, noch derſelbe, der ich auf dem Schloſſe zu Riethſtädt war. — Mein Gott! haben Sie denn die Pfarre abgetreten? fragte ſie. — Gewiſſermaßen, antwortete er, wir theilten ſie erſt, ich war Paſtor mit dem Körper, er mit dem Geiſte, ich nehme nun meinen Antheil zurück, weil er nicht mehr nöthig iſt. Nicht wahr, mein Bruder Gottfried iſt ein ganzer Paſtor, wenn er auch nicht ſo ſtark iſt, wie ich? — Und doch die Aehnlichkeit! ſagte ſie, es iſt mir noch wie ein halbes Räthſel. — Darauf führte er ſie an der Kirchhofmauer hin, und ſchilderte das Verdienſt der brüderlichen Liebe mit ſo treuherziger Wahrheit, daß ſie ihn darum nur noch mehr liebte, beſonders, wie er hinzufügte, daß er ja ohne dieſes Wagniß auch das Glück nicht würde erlangt haben, ſie kennen zu lernen; und in der Liebe ſei am Ende ein Brauherr wohl immer noch im Stande, einen Kandidaten aufzuwiegen, wozu ihre Miene nicht eben Nein ſagte.

Nun ſahen ſich Roſette und Chriſtine freundlicher nach einander um, baten um Verzeihung, ſich ſo verkannt zu haben und umarmten ſich ſchweſterlich.

Gottfried, der von dem Auftritt an der Kirchthür kein Wort verſtanden hatte, ließ ſich auf ſeinem Wege nicht weiter aufhalten: beherzten Muthes begab er ſich in Begleitung des Vaters in die Sakriſtei. Diesmal fanden ſie den Superintendenten ſelbſt zugegen. Jetzt, wie dieſer des Kandidaten anſichtig wurde, fragte er ohnmaßgeblich, wer er ſei, ob er vielleicht nur vorangegangen und ob ſein Freund nachkommen würde. Gottfried, ohne etwas zu erwiedern, griff in die Taſche und zog die ſchriftliche Vocation und ſeinen Paß hervor, mit den Worten: hier iſt meine Beglaubigung. — Was! entgegnete der Superintendent, Sie wären der berufene Prediger! die Beſchreibung trifft freilich zu. Aber der, welcher ſich uns vorgeſtellt hat, war ja ein anderer. — Es war ſein Bruder, verſetzte der alte Grundmeyer, der ſich anſtatt ſeiner ſtellte, weil er durch eine kränkliche Conſtitution abgehalten wurde. — Wie? ſo hatte man uns einen Betrug geſpielt? ſagte der Geiſtliche zornig, und rief hinaus, daß man nicht eher zur Kirche läuten ſolle, als bis er es anbefehlen würde. Wie kann ein Menſch, der das Wort Gottes verkündigen will, tobte er weiter, ſich ſolchen Frevel erlauben? das iſt ja ärger als Simonie. Nein! ein Betrüger darf die Kanzel nicht beſteigen. — Gottfried fing an zu begreifen und zitterte vor Erſtaunen, wie er hörte, was ſich begeben hatte. Was haben Sie gethan, Vater, rief er aus, und wie hat Bruder Konrad ſich ſo vergeſſen können! — Der Superintendent ſah nun wohl, daß an dem Streiche, den man gegen das Syſtem des gnädigen Herrn geſpielt, der wahrhafte Kandidat unſchuldig ſei, und beſchloß, einer mildern Geſinnung Raum zu geben. Ihre Hochwürden haben vollkommen Recht, eiferte Gottfried indeß, ſolche Mittel ſind unerlaubt, von ſolchen Mitteln werde ich nimmermehr Gebrauch machen; ich werde nicht die Kanzel beſteigen. — Mittlerweile hatte ſich das Gerücht verbreitet, der Superintendent wolle den Prediger nicht auf die Kanzel laſſen, weil er ſich nicht vorher als Kandidat ſeiner Gunſt verſichert habe. Die Bauern verſammelten ſich und laute Stimmen ließen ſich vor der Sakriſtei hören, welche riefen: er darf nicht, er ſoll nicht, er kann es ihm nicht wehren. Man ſoll läuten, die Kirche ſoll angehen. — Der Superintendent hatte nachgerade für ſeine Perſon zu fürchten; die Waldhäuſer waren derben Schlages und nicht immer mit Gründen zu regieren. — Was fangen wir nun aber an, ſagte er, den Leuten muß doch Kirche gehalten werden, und ich bin auf keine Predigt vorbereitet. Um des Skandals willen, Herr Kandidat, predigen Sie nur, ich will es erlauben. — Nimmermehr, entgegnete Gottfried, das Amt, das ich übernehmen wollte, iſt durch einen Betrug entweiht, ich kann es mit einem verletzten Gewiſſen nicht antreten; ich ſündige, da ich es weiß. — Nicht doch! Herr Kandidat, Sie ſind ja unſchuldig, ich bitte Sie recht ſehr, Herr Kollege, predigen Sie doch nur. — Lieber Sohn, ſprach der Vater, du wirſt mich und deinen Bruder doch nicht in's Verderben ſtürzen wollen! Es kann ſein, daß wir Unrecht gethan haben, aber es iſt einmal geſchehen, ſei doch ſo gut, um unſertwillen, predige doch nur! — Und Sie müſſen predigen, fuhr endlich der Superintendent in einem zornigen Tone fort, hier ſteht es in der Vocation, Sie haben ſolche angenommen, Sie haben ſich verpflichtet, verwalten Sie Ihr Amt! — Das wirkte, dieſen Gründen konnte Gottfried nichts entgegenſetzen. Er langte die Lieder hervor, und der Superintendent befahl zu läuten. Die Kirche füllte ſich mit großem Gepolter. Gottfried ſagte von nun an kein Wort mehr, ſondern faltete, wie die Orgel erklang, die Hände, und rief in einem frommen Liede den Geiſt des Friedens zurück. — So unruhig es vorher in der Kirche zugegangen, ſo feierlich war jetzt die Stille und die Erwartung, womit Aller Blicke bei ſeinem Auftreten zur Kanzel hinaufſahen. Der lebendigen Quelle ſeines gotterfüllten Gemüths entſprungen drang ſeine Predigt wieder tief in die Herzen ſeiner Zuhörer ein. Er ſprach von dem Vertrauen, das unter höherer Leitung die einzelnen Menſchen erſt zur Menſchheit, zu einer Welt verbindet. Je mehr der Superintendent davon hörte, deſto geneigter, deſto wärmer, deſto begeiſterter wurde er für die Gedanken der Rede, und für ihn, der ſie ſo herrlich ausführte. Als er daher von der Kanzel herabkam, ging er ihm mit dem herzlichſten Glückwunſch entgegen und ſagte: Sie ſind wahrhaft berufen und erwählt! von Ihnen erquickt muß der Garten Gottes gedeihen, der heute Ihrer Aufſicht übergeben wird. Da Ihnen nichts an den weſentlichen Erforderniſſen fehlt, und das Unweſentliche uns nie vom Ziele ableiten darf, ſo haben wir nun nichts weiter zu thun, als vor dem Herrn unſere Pflicht zu erfüllen. — Und wie zwei Verſe des Liedes geſungen waren, führte er ihn heraus, und ſtellte ihn der Gemeinde als ihren Prediger dar. Er ermahnte dieſe zum Gehorſam, empfing von ihm den Schwur der Treue, huldigte der Würde ſeines Amts in einer erhabenen Rede, betete und ſegnete ihn ein.

Nach Beendigung des Gottesdienſtes aber umringten den neuen Prediger viele von der Gemeinde, die geringern, um in einiger Entfernung mit frommen Blicken an ihm zu hangen, die vornehmern, ihm dankbar die Hand zu drücken. Dann nahmen ihn ſeine Angehörigen gerührt in ihre Mitte, und begleiteten ihn auf ſeinem Wege. Auch Chriſtine war herbei gekommen, und flüſterte dem Superintendenten in's Ohr, daß er von dem unruhigen Auftritte, der hier vorgefallen, dem gnädigen Herrn nur nichts erzählen möchte, ſie wollte ſchon Alles in's Gleiche bringen.

Konrad aber entzog ſich der Nähe des Superintendenten, und freute ſich, wie dieſer keine Luſt bezeigte, lange hier zu verweilen. Aus Unzufriedenheit mit dem Betragen der Gemeinde wollte er nicht einmal dem großen Gaſtmahle, das ſie zur Feier des Tages gab, mit beiwohnen, ſondern fuhr ſogleich nach Riethſtädt zurück, indem er unterwegs noch ſeine Betrachtung anſtellte, wie doch die Gaben in der Welt ſo wunderbar vertheilt wären. Wer ſollte es dem ſchwachen Körper dieſes erwählten Predigers anſehen, ſagte er, daß ein ſo mächtiger Geiſt in ihm wohnt! Aber man hat wohlgethan, ihn in der Dürftigkeit der Naturbekleidung nicht vor den Edelmann zu ſtellen. Er würde ihn nimmermehr auf die Kanzel gelaſſen haben, und wie viel hätten wir dann entbehrt! So falſch iſt ſein Syſtem, und ſo wahr iſt meine Behauptung. — Innerlich frohlockend über den Sieg, den er heute über den gnädigen Herrn davon getragen, langte er ganz ſtille wieder in ſeiner Wohnung an.

Chriſtine war in Waldhauſen noch zurückgeblieben, um den Abend die Goldecker auf dem Vorwerke zu bewirthen, und vor allem, um noch länger mit Konrad zuſammen zu ſein. Sie verabredete mit ihm, daß er das Anerbieten ſeines Vaters, ihm einen Theil ſeiner Geſchäfte abzutreten, friſchweg annehmen und dann beim gnädigen Herrn um ihre Hand anhalten ſollte. Ich habe zwar immer gedacht, ſetzte ſie hinzu, weil ich in den Predigten ſo beleſen bin, es würde einmal ein Prediger kommen und mich zur Superintendentin machen, aber es hat nicht ſein ſollen. Auch Gottfried und Roſette ſprachen von der roſigen Zukunft und rückten in zärtlicher Freude den Tag immer näher, der ſie verbinden konnte. Und wie der alte Grundmeyer bei der Wittwe Bollroth ſo vertraulich ſaß, beide, ſich an dem Glück ihrer Kinder weidend, ſah' es beinahe aus, als ob ſie auch ein Paar wären, in aller Freundſchaft verſteht ſich. So ging die Predigt, die ſie heute zu Herzen genommen, an ihnen ſelbſt in Erfüllung, ſie fühlten ſich beglückt durch das Vertrauen, welches alle nun zu einer Familie verband. Es war ein innig vergnügter Abend. Den folgenden Tag aber ließen ſie den jungen Prediger allein, alle reiſten in ihre Heimath zurück, Chriſtine vielleicht am wenigſten mit leichtem Herzen, denn ihr lag noch ob, den gnädigen Herrn zu verſöhnen.

So viel ſie auch über ihn vermochte, diesmal wurde ihr die Bemühung, ihn nach ihrem Willen zu lenken, ſo leicht nicht. Sie mußte ihn erſt ein wenig abtoben laſſen. Mit einer kurzen Erzählung deſſen, was geſchehen war, zündete ſie erſt die Flamme, und ließ ſie eine Weile fortlodern. Dann nahete ſie ſich dem Feuer, um allmählig das Brennbare wegzuräumen. Verwunderung, Zorn, Schimpfworte, Drohungen, folgten auf einander durch eine lange Stufenleiter. Grauenſtein fand es unerhört, daß irgend jemand es hatte wagen können, ihn zu täuſchen, er fand es aber ganz abſcheulich, ja unbegreiflich, wie ſogar ein Theologe einer ſo niedrigen Geſinnung fähig ſei, ſich hinter dem Rücken eines andern zu verkriechen. Den Grund davon vermuthete er in einer erbärmlichen, lichtſcheuen Perſönlichkeit. Es wird ein verirrter Schneider ſein, ſagte er, der in einer ſolchen Liſt ſein ganzes Vermögen, die letzte Kraft ſeines kleinen Gehirns zugeſetzt hat. O daß ich ihn mit dieſem meinen Scepter berühren könnte! Verdammte Humanität, die uns körperliche Züchtigung unterſagt! Die ganze neue Geſetzgebung glaubt an keine Körper mehr. Sonſt wollt' ich ſchon mit dieſem Motiv ihm die rechte Gottesfurcht einprägen, dem Menſchen, der den Weg zum Himmel zeigen will, und ſich mit einem ſolchen Betrug ſchändet!

Chriſtine. Aber ich ſage Ihnen ja, er wußte von nichts er iſt unſchuldig.

Grauenſtein. So muß ſein Bruder beſtraft werden, der Böſewicht!

Chriſtine. Der iſt mehr als unſchuldig.

Grauenſtein. Wie das? Iſt er etwa ein Heiliger?

Chriſtine. Nein, weil er nichts Böſes, ſondern etwas Gutes, ja etwas Seltenes gethan hat. Der Kandidat wird von einer Krankheit befallen, Konrad macht ſich auf, des Bruders Glück, das in Gefahr ſchwebt, für ihn zu retten, es ihm zu erhalten. Und welch ein Wagſtück, vor Ihnen, gnädiger Herr, mit einer ſolchen Verſtellung zu erſcheinen! Was hatte er nicht alles zu befürchten! Er hat eine wahre Heldenthat begangen.

Grauenſtein. Eine Tollkühnheit war es allerdings, eine ſeltſame Verwegenheit. In ſeinem Weſen lag etwas Hohes.

Chriſtine. Statt ihn zu beſtrafen, ſollte man ihn vielmehr belohnen.

Grauenſtein. Belohnen? Und weißt Du nicht auch ſchon, womit?

Chriſtine. Ja, mit meiner Hand, mein gütiger, gnädiger Herr. Er wirbt um mich. Ich liebe ihn.

Grauenſtein. Du liebſt ihn! Wie, Chriſtine, ſo willſt Du mich verlaſſen!

Chriſtine. Wenn Sie mich dazu nöthigen, muß ich es freilich. Aber mir fällt etwas ein. Sie können Ihre Güter nicht überſehen, müſſen ſo vielen Menſchen glauben, ſo viele Rechnungen prüfen. Ihnen fehlt jemand, der das Ganze zuſammenfaßt; machen Sie ihn zu Ihrem Generalinſpector. Die Zimmer auf dem linken Flügel des Schloſſes ſtehen leer. Da könnten wir wohnen, und ſo bliebe ich bei Ihnen, ſo lange ich lebe.

Grauenſtein. Das klingt ſchon vernünftiger. Ja, Du biſt immer ein kluges Mädchen geweſen, und jetzt hat Dir die Liebe den Verſtand noch geſchärft. Ich trage mich ohnehin ſchon immer mit dem Gedanken, einen Theil meiner Wieſen in Feld zu verwandeln. Dein Grundmeyer verſteht den Ackerbau, er iſt der rechte Mann dazu. Du ſollſt ihn haben. — Da küßte Chriſtine ihm mit einer dankbaren Thräne die Hand, er ließ ſeinen Krückſtock fallen und ſchloß ſie in ſeine Arme. Aber, erinnerte er noch, der Superintendent wird nun über mich triumphiren. — Nein, entgegnete ſie, das darf, das ſoll er in Ewigkeit nicht. Gut, ſagte er, ſo ſorge dafür, daß von der Sache niemals mehr die Rede ſei.

Durch den Zwang, den Grauenſtein ſich ſelbſt hiermit auflegte, ward er denn von ſeinem Syſtem einigermaßen bekehrt, wenigſtens die große Wage auf dem Vorſaal nicht ferner geſehen. Alles war nun in Richtigkeit. Konrad kam, und warf ſich dem gnädigen Herrn zu Füßen, der ihn mit einer freundlichen Drohung aufhob. Das Wohlgefallen an ſeiner Perſon erwachte wieder bei ſeinem Anblick, und redete ihm das Wort, ſo daß die Bitte, die er nach Chriſtinens Anleitung thun mußte, gleich ein geneigtes Gehör fand, und an die Verzeihung ſich faſt unmittelbar die Gnadenerweiſung anſchloß; ja mit einem Anfluge von väterlicher Geſinnung ergriff der gute alte Herr ſogar ſeine Hand und legte ſie auf ſeine Bruſt. — Ein Hämmern und Pochen entſtand nun auf dem linken Flügel des Schloſſes, wovon jeder Schlag auf die Stadt herab den Generalinſpector ausſprach. Mit der Frühlingsſonne öffnete dann Grauenſtein den großen Saal dem geſchmückten Brautpaar, die Honoratioren des Orts, der alte Grundmeyer mit dem Bürgermeiſter voran, traten in einem feierlichen Aufzuge herein, und ein Chor verſchiedener Muſikanten ſchmetterte dazu vom Balken herab. Unten aber waren aus dem Walde die fünf Zigeuner angekommen, um welche ein weiter Kreis ſich verſammelt hatte, aus dem ein unaufhörliches Jauchzen heraufſtieg. Ganz Riethſtädt drängte ſich hinzu, um an dieſem glänzenden Feſte die Fackel der Freude zu zünden. —

Faſt zur nämlichen Zeit hatte auch Gottfried ſeine Braut, und wohnte mit ihr zu Waldhauſen, bis ſein Körper eine ſolche Rundung gewonnen hatte, daß er es ohne Gefahr wagen konnte, vor dem Edelmann zu erſcheinen. Dieſer ſchätzte ihn in der Stille auf Einen Centner 15 Pfund, und verſöhnte ſich um ſo lieber mit ihm, als er wünſchte, daß das Vorgefallene bald vergeſſen ſein möchte. Das geſchah aber nicht; die Geſchichte von den beiden Candidaten verbreitete ſich vielmehr durch die ganze Provinz, wurde in Kirchſtädt mit Hinweiſung auf das graue Schloß jedem Durchreiſenden erzählt, und endlich vom Bürgermeiſter ſogar in die Stadtchronik eingetragen.

Guſtav Schwab,

am 19. Juni 1792 zu Stuttgart geboren, Sohn des 1821 verſtorbenen Hofraths J. C. Schwab, ſtudirte zu Tübingen, bereiſte darauf Norddeutſchland und wurde theologiſcher Repetent an der Landesuniverſität. 1818 ward er als Profeſſor der alten Literatur an das Gymnaſium zu Stuttgart berufen, wo er lange wirkte, bis er ſich 1838 eine mußevollere Stellung von ſeinem König erbat und die ſchöne Pfarre zu Gomaringen bei Stuttgart erhielt. In neueſter Zeit vertauſchte er dieſelbe mit dem Pfarramt an der St. Leonhardskirche ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Romanzen aus dem Jugendleben Herzog Chriſtophs von Würtemberg. Stuttgart, 1819.

Paul Flemmings auserleſene Gedichte und Leben. Stuttgart, 1820.

Die Legende von den heiligen 3 Königen von Johann von Hildesheim, mit 12 Romanzen. Stuttgart, 1822.

Buch der ſchönſten Geſchichten und Sagen für Jung und Alt. Stuttgart, 1836. 37. 2 Thle.

Gedichte. Stuttgart, 1828. 29. 2 Bände.

Griſeldis, Volksſagen in 10 Romanzen. (Urania von 1830.)

Fünf Bücher deutſcher Lieder und Gedichte (für den Schulgebrauch). Leipzig, 1835.

Die Neckarſeite der ſchwäbiſchen Alp. Leipzig, 1823.

Der Bodenſee nebſt dem Rheinthale. Leipzig, 1826.

Lamartine's Gedichte, überſetzt. Leipzig, 1826.

Die Schweiz in ihren Ritterburgen. Chur, 1828. 1. Thl.

Napoleon in Aegypten, Gedicht in 8 Geſängen, überſetzt. Stuttgart, 1829.

Schillers Leben. Stuttgart, 1840. 2 Bde.

Mehrere Jugendſchriften, einzelne Gedichte und Recenſionen in Almanachen und Journalen u. ſ. w.

S. iſt einer der liebenswürdigſten lyriſchen Dichter; voll Klarheit, Innigkeit, edler Einfachheit und Anmuth, und doch zugleich reich an Tiefe, Kraft, Lebendigkeit und Phantaſie. In ihm vereinen ſich Milde und Stärke, kindliche reine Empfindung mit ſelbſtbewußter Herrſchaft über das Erhabene und Gewaltige, Gluth und Schwung der Darſtellung mit epiſcher Ruhe. Er iſt es, der neben Uhland der Romanze den echten Stempel deutſchen Geiſtes aufgedrückt, und ihr durch ſeine trefflichen, wahrhaft volksthümlichen Leiſtungen volles Bürgerrecht in unſerer Literatur erworben hat. Sein ſchöner, reiner und großartiger Sinn tritt uns aus allen ſeinen Dichtungen entgegen und zwingt uns zu gleicher Zeit, in ihm den trefflichen Menſchen zu lieben, während wir den begabten Dichter verehren und preiſen.

Das Schäferfeſt.

Drüben auf den grünen Feldern,
Drüben zwiſchen dunkeln Wäldern
Wogt das bunte Schäferſpiel;
Muntre Knaben aus dem Städtchen,
Reiche Mädchen
Sputen ſich zum frohen Ziel.

Jahre ſind's, da ſtand ich drüben,
Ließ ſie tummeln ſich und üben,
Sah mich nicht am Spiele blind.
Neben mir im Glanz der Auen,
Anzuſchauen,
Stand das allerſchönſte Kind.

Als ſie ſo zu ſchau'n ſich mühte,
Reines Bild in Engelsgüte,
Bot ich ſchirmend meine Hand.
Wie ihr's aus dem Aeuglein blinkte,
Dankend winkte,
Wie der Gruß ihr lieblich ſtand!

Drunten war ein Laufen, Scherzen,
Aber mir im innern Herzen
Regte ſich geheimes Leid.
„Könnt' ich, ach! zum ſel'gen Minnen
Dich gewinnen,
Schäferin im ſchönſten Kleid!“

Alſo ging ich von dem Feſte,
Hatte wohl erſchaut das Beſte,
Leuchtend ſtieg das Bild mir auf.
Und ſo ward mein ganzes Leben,
Ihr ergeben,
Nur ein heißer Schäferlauf.

Wieder ſind ſie heut beim Spiele,
Jagen nach dem ſchönen Ziele;
Sie und mich ſieht keiner dort!
Ach, wie anders iſt es heute,
Fremde Leute
Stehen an dem liebſten Ort!

Kümmert's mich, wer heute ſieget,
Wer am Ziele ſich vergnüget,
Wer das Kleinod an ſich zieht?
Fraget nicht, ob ich's errungen;
Ausgerungen,
Ausgeſungen ſei mein Lied!

Die Gründung von Marſeille.

Von Maſſilien will ich ſingen,
Nicht von dem, das jetzo glänzt,
Nach der Art ital'ſcher Gauen
Nur von Blüth' und Wein umkränzt;
Nein, von dem, das, aufgeſproßt
Aus der Celtenwälder Nacht,
Erſt des ſchönen Südens Blumen
Weg gebahnt und Raum gemacht.

Lauter rauſchte noch der Rhodan,
Der jetzt ſanft und leiſe fließt,
Weil er ward von tauſend Eichen
Mit Geſauſe friſch begrüßt;
Und das Meer, noch nicht gezüglet
Von ſo vieler Schiffe Lauf,
Drängte ſich in wilder Jugend
Fluthend nach dem Strom hinauf.

Thronesdecke war der Himmel,
Thronſitz war das hohe Gras,
Wo der Segobrigenkönig
Bei dem Celtenvolke ſaß.
Eine Braut heißt ſeine Tochter.
Hier im offnen Hochzeitſaal
Soll ſie ſich den Bräut'gam wählen,
Nach des Landes Art, beim Mahl!

Aus des Fluſſes blauen Wellen
Schöpft man ſchon den Becher voll,
Den die Königsmaid zum Zeichen
Dem Erwählten reichen ſoll.
Wie ſonſt Mädchenherzen pochen
Heimlich, wo ein Jüngling wählt,
Schlagen hier die Heldenherzen,
Aber laut und unverhehlt.

Denn die Schöne bringt zur Gabe
Dieſen Fluß, ſo weit man ſieht,
Dieſe Wälder fernhin leuchtend,
Dieſes Wild, das bergwärts flieht,
Und dazu zwei blaue Augen,
Heller als des Rhodans Fluth,
Und zwei roſenrothe Lippen,
Wärmer als der Sonne Gluth.

Während nun mit durſt'gen Blicken
Alle ſchauen nach dem Fluß,
Sieht man ferneher Schiffe ſegeln,
Wimpeln flattern hell zum Gruß.
Unbekannte Hochzeitgäſte
Rudern friſch den Fluß herauf,
Vor den Kundigen zu ſchiffen,
Willig theilt der Strom den Lauf.

Zögernd hält die Maid den Becher
Und ſie ſtaunt noch auf die Wahl,
Sieh', da ſteigen zwei ans Ufer,
Männer, angethan mit Stahl;
Und die Segobrigen-Jugend
Hebt ſich von den Sitzen rund,
An die Schilde ſchlägt ſie grüßend,
Sei's zum Kampfe, ſei's zum Bund.

Aber einer von den Zweien
Bricht ſich einen Eichenzweig,
Streckt ihn lächelnd in die Lüfte,
Und mit Worten ſüß und weich:
„Wird hier wo ein Mahl begangen,“
Spricht er „edler Helden Licht!
Wollet gaſtlich uns empfangen,
Griechengäſte ſtören nicht!“

Und der hohe Celten-König
Hebt ſein Haupt auf, grau und alt:
„Wahrlich, das iſt eine Sprache,
Welche wie ein Brautlied ſchallt!
Redet, Jünglinge, nur weiter,
Solches nennt der Celte Sang!
Aber wer in heim'ſche Laute
Dolmetſcht uns den Wunderklang?“

Drauf beginnt der Zweite ſtammelnd,
In gebrochnem Celtenwort,
Wie aus Perſerkönigreichen
Griechen ſie geflohen fort,
Wie durch freie Meereswogen
Freies Land ſie ſich geſucht,
Und wenn je ſie wiederkehrten,
Sich und ihre Stadt verflucht.

Zögernd hält die Maid den Becher;
Der zuerſt geſprochen hat,
Hebet die geſenkten Augen,
Siehet ſich an ihr nicht ſatt,
Die mit immer röthern Wangen,
Immer blauerm Augenlichte
Jeden Blick hat aufgefangen,
Jedes Wörtlein, das er ſpricht.

Denn ein ſolcher Jüngling harret
Nimmer hier im Celtenkreis,
Denn ſo hell die Augen funkeln,
Und von Lieb' und Muth ſo heiß,
Dem ſo reich die Locken quellen
Aus ſo goldnen Helmes Gluth,
Dem ſo tadellos die Naſe
Unter heitrer Stirne ruht.

Dem der Klang ſo ſüßer Worte —
Ob ſie gleich kein Ohr verſteht,
Liebe weiß ſie doch zu deuten —
Von den weichen Lippen weht. —

Zögernd hält die Maid den Becher,
Bis der Vater: „Wähle!“ ruft,
Bis die Lieder der Druiden
Betend ſteigen in die Luft.

Da ſieht man die Jungfrau ſchreiten,
Celtin auf den Griechen zu,
Zitternd reicht ſie ihm den Becher,
Liſpelt: „„Fremdling, trinke du!““
Mit dem Schwerte klirrt der Celte, —
Jeder jetzt verliert die Braut! —
Doch der Fremde ſelig träumend,
Schwärmt in ſüßem Griechenlaut!

„Waſſer iſt das Erſt' und Beſte,
Spricht bei uns ein Sängermund.
Dichter! was dein Spruch will ſagen,
Wahrlich jetzo wird mir's kund:
Denn aus Chios und aus Cypern
Hat mich ſo kein Trank erfreut,
Wie ihn dieſe heil'ge Nymphe
Mir aus ihrem Fluſſe beut!“

Und der alte König hebt ſich,
Ruhe winkend mit der Hand:
„Dieſe haben,“ ſpricht er zürnend,
„Ihre eigne Stadt verbrannt;
Wollt ihr die nicht Brüder nennen,
Die euch ſind an Sinne gleich?
Die ſich freien Boden ſuchen,
Finden ſie ihn nicht bei euch?

„Hängt die Schwerter an die Seite,
Ehret meiner Tochter Wahl!
Auf, begleitet aus den Schiffen
Aller edlen Gäſte Zahl!
Und auf dieſer ſonn'gen Wieſe,
Wo ich gebe dir die Braut,
Sei in Jahresfriſt die neue
Freie Stadt von dir gebaut!“

Ida von Toggenburg.

(Schweizeriſche Sage.)

I.

Lebt wo mit Luſt und Einigkeit
Ein fromm und fröhlich Paar,
Das iſt dem böſen Feinde leid,
Und ſeiner hölliſchen Schaar.

Sie ſchleichen um das heitre Haus,
Sie ſuchen ſich einen Ort,
Und ſtreuen ihren Saamen aus,
Hier Sünd' und Jammer dort.

Des Toggenburgers Schloß ſteht hoch
Auf einem Felſen ſteil: —
Was will der ſchwarze Rabe doch?
Er bringt dem Haus kein Heil!

Er kreiſt und krächzet in der Luft:
Da wandelt aus dem Thor,
Zu athmen kühlen Morgenduft,
Des Schloſſes Frau hervor.

Es iſt des Grafen Ehgemahl
Frau Ida, fromm und rein;
Sie folgt der Sonne frühſtem Strahl
Zum Brünnlein im Geſtein.

Das Haar, das ihr die Stirn umflicht,
Iſt golden wie das Korn,
Ihr Antlitz Schnee, ihr Auge Licht,
So tritt ſie zu dem Born.

Sie löſt des Haares Flechten auf,
Und badet ſie im Quell:
Der ſchwarze Vogel hemmt den Lauf
Und ſchaut herunter hell.

Den Trauring ſie vom Finger zog,
Sie wuſch die zarte Hand;
Der Rabe ſacht hernieder flog,
Er ſtahl das heil'ge Pfand.

Und ſchnell er in den Lüften war,
Eh' ſie ihn nur geſchaut.
Sie bindet auf das gelbe Haar,
Und ſucht ihr Ringlein traut.

Im hohen Fels, im Mooſe dicht,
Sie ſucht's im grünen Gras.
Sie tröſtet ſich: „Ich trug es nicht!
Wo ich es wohl vergaß!“

Der Rabe flog auf dunkler Schwing'
Hinein ins tiefe Holz;
Er ſaß, im Schnabel den goldnen Ring,
Auf einer Tanne ſtolz.

So ſpäht der Dieb den Weg entlang,
Da ſchlendert durch den Wald
Mit jungem hellem Jagdgeſang
Des Grafen Jäger bald.

Der Knab' iſt ſo ein friſches Blut,
Ihm iſt der Herr ſo hold;
Jetzt däucht's dem ſchwarzen Vogel gut,
Jetzt läßt er fallen das Gold.

Da ſprüht es vor des Jägers Fuß,
Eine Funke Sonnenlicht;
Er haſcht's, er hört des Krächzers Gruß,
Vom hohen Wipfel nicht.

O Ringlein ſüß, o Glanz voll Huld!
Es däucht ihm ſo bekannt,
Doch darf er's tragen ohne Schuld,
Er ſteckt es an die Hand.

„Das wird im Schloß ein Flüſtern ſein!“
Er fröhlich bei ſich denkt;
„Der Jäger trägt einen Ring ſo fein;
Wer hat ihm den geſchenkt?“

Der eitle Knabe kehret um,
Bethört vom goldnen Fund,
Da regt ſich bei den Knappen ſtumm
Der Neid im Herzensgrund.

Und Einer ſinnt und Einer ſpäht,
Bis er zum Grafen ſpricht:
„Den Ring, den er am Finger dreht,
O Herr, ſeht ihr ihn nicht?

„Wenn nicht der eur' am Finger blitzt,
Ich meint', es wäre der!
Doch wahrlich, unſrer Herrin ſitzt
Kein Ring am Finger mehr!“

Vor ſeines Schloſſes Thor der Graf
Trat wild hinaus im Zorn;
Bald er den jungen Jäger traf,
Der ſaß am kühlen Born.

Mit ſeinem Ring er träumend lag,
Wo ſonſt die Herrin ſaß,
Dort wo der Rab' am frühen Tag
Ihn ſtahl im grünen Gras.

Der Graf rief auf den Jäger bald:
„Wie kamſt zum Ringe du?“
Der ſprach mit Schrecken: „„Herr im Wald
Warf ihn eine Rabe mir zu!““

„Wie dumm du leugſt, du arger Knecht!
Vom Raben ſagſt du mir!
Die Raben ſollen dir thun dein Recht,
Sie ſollen zehren von dir!“

Drauf ſendet einen von dem Troß
Er auf den Anger aus:
„Ein junges, ungezähmtes Roß,
Das führet mir vor's Haus!“

Mit einem rabenſchwarzen Pferd
Der Knappe kam heran,
Sein dunkler Schweif wallt bis zur Erd',
Er band den Jäger dran.

Nicht Flehen hört, noch Schwur ſein Zorn,
Er jagt das Roß hinab,
Das riß durch Felſenſtein und Dorn
Den Knaben in's tiefe Grab.

Die Gräfin bleich am Fenſter ſtand,
Schaut alles an entſetzt;
In des geſchleiften Dieners Hand
Den Ring, erblickt ſie jetzt.

Auf ſchrie ſie laut, da ſtand der Graf
Vor ihr, im Auge Mord;
„Geh,“ rief er, „ſchlafe den ew'gen Schlaf
Bei deinem Buhlen dort!

„Und treibſt du mit der Treu' nicht Spott,
Und gabſt ihm nicht den Ring:
Laß ſehen, ob dich ſchützet Gott! —
Das Pfand mir wiederbring'!“

Er nahm ſie um den Leib mit Macht,
Sein Blick ſo finſter war,
Nicht ſah er durch die dunkle Nacht
Ihr Aug' unſchuldig klar.

Und wo im Zinken vor dem Schloß
Sich thürmt das Felsgeſtein,
Wo in den Abgrund fuhr das Roß,
Dort ſtürzt' er ſie hinein.

II.

Und vor dem Grafen zitternd wich
Der bleichen Diener Schaar,
Es ließ kein Diener blicken ſich;
Einöde ringsum war.

Da ſtarrt' er nieder in die Gruft,
Wo Weib und Diener ſchlief,
Da ſchaut' er wild empor zur Luft,
Wo heiſer ein Rabe rief.

„Hinab, Geſell!“ der Ritter ſpricht,
„Fort, halte deinen Schmaus!“
Doch ſchwebt der Vogel und weichet nicht
Von ſeinem Haupt und Haus.

„Hinaus zur Jagd, zum Zeitvertreib!“
So murret er bei ſich;
„Den Buhlen und das falſche Weib
Verträum' ich ſicherlich!

„Auf, Jäger, ſattle mir mein Roß —
O weh, du Jäger mein!
Du kannſt nicht kommen herauf in's Schloß,
Du liegſt ja im Geſtein!“

Er ſucht ſich ſelbſt ein Roß im Stall:
Was ſtört da ſeinen Muth?
Sie dunken rabenſchwarz ihm all,
An jedem Schweif klebt Blut.

Jetzt weicht der Zorn von ſeiner Stirn,
Sein Auge ſenkt ſich ſcheu,
Die Zweifel ſteigen auf im Hirn,
Im Herzen nagt ihn Reu'.

Er trat hinaus zum Felſenſtein,
Wo hell das Brünnlein floß,
Wo ſanft die Frau ihr Antlitz rein
Taucht' in des Waſſers Schooß.

Er warf ſich vor dem Becken aufs Knie,
Er ſchaute ſehnlich hinein,
Als müßt' im klaren Spiegel ſie
Voll Huld zu ſchauen ſein.

Wohl ſah er den Himmel tief und mild,
Blau wie ihr Augenlicht:
Doch drüber nur ſein eigen Bild,
Sein gramvoll Angeſicht.

Und weh', was ſieht er Schwarzes fern,
Im Waſſer tief, im Blaun?
Der Rabe läßt, ein dunkler Stern'
Ob ſeinem Haupt ſich ſchaun.

Er wächſt und breitet über ihn
Die ſchwarzen Flügel aus;
Umſonſt im Born die Sonne ſchien,
Aus löſchet ſie der Graus.

Da warf zu Boden ihn der Harm
Und deckt' ihn lang' mit Nacht,
Bis er in ſeiner Diener Arm
Beweint, gepflegt erwacht.

Denn als ſie ſo ihn liegen ſahn,
Und zehren an ihm die Qual,
Da kam das Mitleid erſt ſie an,
Sie trugen ihn in den Saal.

Und wie er auf die Augen ſchlug,
Däucht milder ihm ſein Schmerz!
Vergeſſen iſt des Raben Flug,
Zu hoffen wagt ſein Herz.

Er hat geträumt von Waldesluſt,
Vom Felsthal dicht umlaubt;
Als fänd' er — iſt's ihm in der Bruſt —
Was er ſich ſelbſt beraubt.

Er rafft ſich auf, geneſen ſchier,
Ein Roß verlangt ſein Muth;
Wohl ihm, daß ſchneeweiß iſt das Thier,
Das Zeichen däucht ihm gut!

Er reitet aus im Morgenlicht,
Schaut bang zum Himmel empor;
Sein Auge ſieht den Raben nicht,
Kein Krächzen hört ſein Ohr.

Im dichten Walde hüpfet nur,
Das luſt'ge Wild um ihn;
Doch iſt der Graf auf andrer Spur,
Läßt Hirſch' und Eber fliehn.

Wo keine Wohnung weit und breit,
Wo wandelt ſonſt kein Schritt,
Gedrückt in dieſe Einſamkeit,
Iſt doch ein Menſchentritt.

Von zartem Frauenfuß gedrückt
In Blumen und grünes Kraut;
Die Hunde ſpüren ihm nach gebückt,
Sie ſchnuppern, ſie bellen laut.

Und enger wird der Berge Schlund,
Und dichter wird der Wald,
In einen tiefen Felſengrund
Verirren ſie ſich bald.

Das Reh durchkreuzt mit ſchnellem Lauf
Den Weg mit ſeinem Kind,
Es flattern ſcheue Vögel auf,
Die Quellen ſtürzen geſchwind.

Und tiefer ſteigen ſie hinab,
Es denkt der Graf mit Schmerz:
„Fürwahr hier wär' ein friedlich Grab
Für ein gequältes Herz!"

Doch drunten in der ſchmalen Kluft
Aus ſchwarzem Felſenthor,
Umhaucht von feuchter Blumen Duft,
Was leuchtet dort hervor?

Es iſt ein fromm, ein knieend Weib,
Sankt Magdalenen gleich;
Doch ohne Sünde ſtrahlt ihr Leib,
Wie Engel im Himmelreich.

Sie weiß nicht, daß ein Menſch es hört,
Sie fleht zu Gottes Sohn:
„„Bring, Herr, den Kelch, er iſt geleert,
Vor deines Vaters Thron!

„„Dein Arm, er trug mich durch's Geſtein,
Führt hierher mich voll Huld;
Du ſprachſt: hier lerne dem Feind verzeih'n,
Und leiden ohne Schuld!

„„Ich ſchwieg und litt, von böſem Groll
Hat nie mein Herz gewußt;
Ich bin der ewigen Liebe voll,
Leg mich an deine Bruſt!""

Sie kniet, im Blick das ew'ge Heil,
Da ſtürzt der Graf in die Kluft,
So fällt, durchbohret von des Jägers Pfeil,
Ein Aar aus hoher Luft.

Er liegt vor ihr; ſein heilig Weib,
Nicht rühret er ſie an,
Er fleht nur leiſ' und zitternd: „Bleib'!
O fleug nicht himmelan!

„Zeuch wieder ein in's hohe Schloß!
Und bin ich dir nicht zu ſchlecht,
So laß mich dienen in deinem Troß,
Mach' mich zu deinem Knecht!"

Da floſſen ihre Thränen mild,
Da ſtrahlt' ihr Blick ſo warm;
Sie ſchwieg, und um das Engelsbild
Der Graf ſchlang ſeinen Arm:

„Und könnteſt du mich lieben noch,
Und wenn dein Herz vergaß," — —
Da krächzt' es in den Lüften hoch,
Da fiel ein Ring in's Gras.

Auf ſeiner Stirn lag ihre Hand,
Der Graf den Ring ergriff,
Will ſchmücken ſie mit dem Liebespfand,
Da ſprach ſie und ſeufzte tief:

„„O wehe, ſiehſt du in der Luft
Den böſen Geber nicht?
Er kreiſt und ſpäht, er krächzt und ruft,
Er will mich ſcheiden vom Licht!

„„Von meinem Herrn und Bräutigam,
Dem ich bin angetraut,
Weg will er locken in Sünd' und Gram
Die reine Himmelsbraut.""

Erſchrocken ſtand ſie auf und trat
In ihre Kluft mit Eil',
Und fern ſie ſtand und ſehnlich bat:
„„O ſtöre nicht mein Heil!""

Bald auch der Graf erhebet ſich,
Und ferne bleibt er ſtehn:
„Was ſoll ich thun, o Herrin, ſprich!
Dein Wille ſoll geſchehn!

„Nur — kann's beſtehn mit deinem Glück —
Auf ewig nicht, nicht ganz
Verbanne mich aus deinem Blick,
Aus deinem reinen Glanz."

Sie lächelt ſelig, ja, ſie will;
Es ſpricht ihr ſüßer Mund:
„„Bau' mir ein Kloſter klein und ſtill
Im kühlen Wieſengrund.

„„Das ſchaue mit dem Fenſterlein
Nach deinem Schloß empor,
Dort knie ich bei der Kerze Schein,
Mein Lied dringt in dein Ohr.

„„Dort bet' ich für den armen Knecht,
Der ohne Schuld verdarb,
Dort fleh' ich, bis ich Gnad' am Recht
Auch dir bei Gott erwarb!

„„Und wenn ich nicht mehr bet' und ſing',
So ſteige zu mir herab,
Steck' an den Finger mir den Ring
Und lege mich in's Grab!""

Das Eßlinger Mädchen.

Melak, der Franzengeneral
Mit ſeinen wüth'gen Schaaren
Gezogen kam durch's Neckarthal
Gen Eßlingen gefahren.
Und auf der Burg da ſitzt er ſchon,
Man hört ihn lachend ſprechen,
Wie er die Stadt zum Trotz und Hohn
Am andern Tag will brechen.

Er tritt zu äußerſt auf den Wall
Im Pulverdampf ſich labend,
Der wolkig zieht, mit ſeinem Schwall
Die ganze Stadt begrabend.
Doch wie den Qualm zertheilt der Wind,
Sieht er ein Häuslein ſtehen,
Daraus ein ſchönes Bürgerkind
In halbem Nebel gehen.

Er iſt in welſcher Gluth entbrannt,
„Das Mägdlein will ich haben!
Es giebt in dieſem Schwabenland
So viele ſchöne Gaben:
Mir will der Wein in dieſem Thal
Schier wie der heim'ſche munden,
Darum verlangt mein Herz zumal
Nach heim'ſchen Schäferſtunden."

Noch an demſelben Abend ſteht
Ein Herold vor den Thoren,
Und an die Stadt ſein Ruf ergeht:
Will ſie nicht ſein verloren,
Soll ſie alsbald die ſchöne Magd
Dem argen Dränger ſenden,
Worauf er ernſtlich zugeſagt,
Sich von der Stadt zu wenden.

Der frommen Bürger Antwort hat
In gutem Deutſch geklungen:
„Von einer freien Reichesſtadt
Wird ſolches nicht bedungen;
Wir gehen freudig in den Fall,
Wenn keine Ehr' verdorben;
Und ſterben unſre Töchter all,
So ſind ſie keuſch geſtorben!"

Der andre Morgen dämmert ſtill,
Die Glocken alle ſchallen,
Die Stadt als *eine* Seele will
Gen Himmel betend wallen.
Da ſchmückt ſich bei der Glocke Klang
Die Jungfrau auserkoren,
Zur Kirche wallt des Volkes Drang,
Sie wandelt nach den Thoren.

Auf geht die Pforte kaum berührt:
War's durch die Hand der Wächter!
War's Gottes Arm, der helfend führt
Die reinſte ſeiner Töchter?
Durch Freund' und Feinde frei ſie geht,
Die Magd mit ſtillem Tritte,
Hinauf, bis wo die Fahne weht,
Von Melak's Lagerhütte.

Geſprungen war er auf in Wuth,
Weil ihn ein Traum betrogen,
Der ihm von heißer Küſſe Gluth
Betrüglich vorgelogen;
Er wirft ſich in die Waffen ſtolz:
Sie ſollen's alle fühlen!
Im dürren und am grünen Holz
Will ſeine Brunſt ſich kühlen.

Wie er will ſchreiten aus dem Saal,
Sieht er die Thüre gehen,
Und mit dem erſten Sonnenſtrahl
Die Jungfrau vor ſich ſtehen;
Mit ihrem Häublein ſpielt das Licht,
Als einem Heil'genſcheine,
Aus ihrem blauen Auge bricht
Des deutſchen Sinnes Reine.

Nicht Angſt, nicht andre Regung zückt
Durch ihre reinen Glieder;
Die Bruſt, mit friſchem Strauß geſchmückt,
Wallt friedlich unterm Mieder;
Die Hände fromm gefaltet ſind,
Die Locken blond und ſchlichte;
Sie ſchaut ihm, wie ein fragend Kind,
Hell in ſein wild Geſichte.

So deutſcher Schönheit Sterne licht,
Es leuchtet ihm entgegen,
Auf ſein geblendet Angeſicht
Muß er die Hände legen.
Gehemmt iſt ihm das welſche Wort
Auf ſeiner ſchnellen Zungen,
Es zieht ihn rückwärts, treibt ihn fort,
Hat ihn auf's Pferd geſchwungen.

Hinaus mit ſeiner Schaar in's Thal
Jagt's ihn weit in die Ferne,
Als fürchtet' er den Blitzesſtrahl
Aus ihrem Augenſterne. —
Die Glocken ſind noch nicht verhallt,
Da wandelt zu den Thoren
Herein die fromme Magdgeſtalt
Siegreich und unverloren.

Johann Chriſtoph Schwab,

ward am 10. December 1745 zu Ilsfeld in Würtemberg geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen und lebte 11 Jahre als Hauslehrer in der franzöſiſchen Schweiz. 1788 wurde er Profeſſor an der berühmten Karlsſchule zu Stuttgart, 1785 geheimer Secretär und Hofrath. 1794 erhielt er den Titel eines geheimen Hofraths und 1816 einen Sitz im Oberſtudienrath zu Stuttgart, wo er in dieſem Wirkungskreiſe und als Doctor der Philoſophie lebte und am 15. April 1821 ſtarb. Er hinterließ:

Zwölf Gedichte. Bern, 1775.
Prüfung des Campe'ſchen Verſuchs eines neuen Beweiſes für die Unſterblichkeit. Stuttgart, 1781.
Vermiſchte Poeſien. Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1782.
Rede über die Aufklärung. Stuttgart, 1785.
Von den Urſachen der Allgemeinheit der franzöſiſchen Sprache. Stuttgart, 1785.
Erörterung der Preisaufgabe: aus der Natur Gottes zu beweiſen, daß die Praeſcienz unfehlbar und der Freiheit nicht zuwider ſei. Stuttgart, 1788.
Von dem Einfluß der Nachahmung fremder Werke auf den vaterländiſchen Geſchmack. Berlin, 1788.
Welches ſind die wirklichen Fortſchritte der Metaphyſik ſeit Leibnitz's und Wolf's Zeiten? Berlin, 1796.
Ueber den Eid. Germanien, 1797.
Von den dunklen Vorſtellungen. Stuttg., 1810.

Ein überaus ſcharfſinniger Denker, deſſen Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete der Philoſophie ſich die allgemeinſte Anerkennung erworben, und dieſe um ſo mehr verdienen, als der Verfaſſer unabläſſig für Wahrheit und Aufklärung ſtrebte. Seine poetiſchen Verſuche ſind dagegen minder ausgezeichnet.

Johann Joachim Schwabe,

am 29. September 1714 zu Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig unter Gottſched's Einfluß und wirkte daſelbſt längere Zeit als Hofmeiſter. Erſt 1765 ward er daſelbſt Profeſſor der Philoſophie, zugleich Univerſitätsbibliothekar, verwandte Zeit und Kräfte aber mehr auf Schriftſtellerei, als auf ſeine Vorleſungen. Er ſtarb am 12. Auguſt 1784.

- **Beluſtigungen des Verſtandes und Witzes** (von ihm herausgegeben. Leipzig, 1741 ff. 8 Bde.)
- **Kritiſcher Almanach.** Leipzig, 1744.
- **Ueber Swift's Antilogie.** Leipzig, 1734.
- **Rollin's Anweiſung, wie man die freien Künſte lehren und lernen ſoll.** Leipzig, 1738. 4 Thle.
- **Virgils Aeneis.** Regensburg, 1742. 61.
- **Barres allgemeine Geſchichte von Deutſchland.** Leipzig, 1749—52. 8 Thle.
- **Beaumont's Magazin für Kinder.** Leipzig, 1772. 4 Thle. 3. Aufl.
- **Beaumont's Magazin für Frauenzimmer** (1780. 4 Thle.)
- **Nöthige Anweiſung für ein junges Frauenzimmer, welches in die Welt tritt.** (1764. 4 Thle.)
- **Neuer Mentor für Knaben.** Leipz., 1773—75. 12 Thle.
- **Rouſſeau's Emil.** Leipzig, 1762. 4 Thle.

Ein fleißiger und in dieſer Hinſicht nicht unverdienſtlicher Ueberſetzer, war S. in ſeinen eignen Leiſtungen und namentlich in ſeinen Poeſieen deſto unbedeutender. Als einer der eifrigſten Anhänger Gottſched's erwarb er ſich durch die unermüdliche Treue, mit welcher er denſelben unterſtützte, zu ſeiner Zeit einige Geltung bei den Jüngern dieſer Schule, während er von den Gegnern, namentlich von Roſt, auf das Empfindlichſte verſpottet wurde. — Auch überlebte er ſeinen geringen Ruhm ſehr lange.

Friedrich von Schwaben, (Gedichte)
Schwabenſpiegel,
von Schwanegri,
ſ. **Minneſingerzeit.**

Friedrich Heinrich Chriſtian Schwarz,

am 30. Mai 1766 zu Gießen geboren, war zuerſt Pfarrer zu Derbach im Darmſtädtiſchen, ward 1795 nach Echzell, 1798 nach Münſter verſetzt. 1804 ward er als Profeſſor der Theologie nach Heidelberg berufen, 1805 mit dem Titel eines Kirchenraths, ſpäter Geheimen-Kirchenraths belehnt. Als ſolcher, auch Doctor der Philoſophie und der Theologie, wirkte er in ausgezeichneter Weiſe an ſeiner Univerſität, bis im Jahre 1838 der Tod ihn aus dieſem Leben abrief.

- **Geiſt der wahren Religion.** Marburg, 1796.
- **Religioſität, was ſie ſein ſoll und wodurch ſie befördert wird.** Gießen, 1793; neu 1796.
- **Die moraliſchen Wiſſenſchaften.** Leipzig, 1793; neu 1797. 2 Thle.
- **Briefe, das Erziehungs- und Predigergeſchäft betreffend.** Gießen, 1796.
- **Der chriſtliche Religionslehrer.** 1798. 1800. 2 Thle.
- **Erziehungslehre.** Leipzig, 1802—13; neu 1829. 4 Bde.
- **Peſtalozzi's Methode.** Bremen, 1803.
- **Lehrbuch der Pädagogik und Didaktik.** Heidelberg, 1805.
- Mit A. J. d'Autel, F. L. Wagner und C. A. Schellenberg: **„Jahrbücher der deutſchen Volksſchulen."** Darmſtadt, 1819.
- **Predigten und theologiſche Schriften** u. ſ. w.

Als Theolog zeichnete ſich S. dadurch aus, daß er die Theologie mit der Philoſophie Schellings zu verbinden und zu durchdringen ſuchte. Weit bedeutender noch wirkte er als Pädagog namentlich durch ſeine Erziehungslehre, ſeine Lehrbücher für Schullehrer und ſeine Beförderung von Seminarien und Volksſchulen.

Johann Ludwig Georg Schwarz

ward am 6. Februar 1759 zu Halberſtadt geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle die Rechte und ward bald Referendar und Criminalrath zu Halberſtadt. Darauf lebte er als Regierungsaſſeſſor in Poſen und ward 1794 nach Bromberg verſetzt. 1797 ward er Regierungsrath zu Poſen, 1803 zu Paderborn und 1807 weſtphäliſcher Tribunalspräſident erſt zu Neuhaldensleben, dann zu Duderſtadt. 1816 wurde er als Director des Stadt- und Landgerichts nach Halle berufen, wo er, ſpäter ehrenvoll in den Ruheſtand verſetzt, als Ritter des rothen Adlerordens dritter Claſſe lebt.

Er ſchrieb:

- **Friedrich's Jahrhundert.** Halberſtadt, 1789.
- **Abdim, morgenländiſche Erzählung.** Berlin, 1790; neu 1798. 12.
- **Eliſen's (von der Recke) und Sophiens** (ſeiner Gattin) **Gedichte.** Berlin, 1790.
- **Syſtem der unvernünftigen Polizei.** Baſel, 1797.
- **Denkſprüche des P. Syrus und mehrerer Alten.** Göttingen, 1813.
- **Phädrus äſopiſche Fabeln.** Halle, 1818.
- **Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben eines Geſchäftsmanns, Dichters und Humoriſten.** Leipzig, 1828.

Ein Mann von tüchtiger Geſinnung, klarem Verſtande, reich an Weltkenntniß und Erfahrung wirkte S. vielſeitig höchſt ſegensreich. In ſeinen Poeſieen ſchloß er ſich den älteren Dichtern, namentlich Wieland an, dem er in ſeinem Abdim ſehr nahe kam. Seine Autobiographie iſt gleichfalls eine treffliche Arbeit und legt ein ſchönes Zeugniß von ſeiner perſönlichen Liebenswürdigkeit ab.

Sibylla Schwarz,

1621 zu Greifswald geboren, die Tochter des geheimen Landraths und Bürgermeiſters Schwarz daſelbſt, lebte als Geſellſchafterin einiger Glieder des herzoglich pommerſchen Hauſes zu Fretow bei Greifswald, woſelbſt ſie den 31. Juli 1638 ſtarb.

Sie ſchrieb:

Gedichte, herausgegeben von M. Sam. Gerlach. Danzig, 1650. 2 Thle.

Ausgezeichnet durch Zartheit, Innigkeit und glückliche Behandlung der Form und Sprache vor vielen anderen Leiſtungen aus jener Zeit.

Jacob Schwieger (auch Filidor der Dorferer genannt),

aus Altona gebürtig, that eine Zeit lang Kriegsdienſte im 30jährigen Kriege und lebte um das Jahr 1665 an dem gräflichen Hofe zu Schwarzburg-Rudolſtadt; ſein längſter Aufenthalt mag indeß zu Hamburg und Glückſtadt geweſen ſein. Unter den Dichtern des 17. Jahrhunderts den Ausgezeichneteren angehörend, wurde er 1645 in Philipp von Zeſen's Roſenzunft unter dem Beinamen des Flüchtigen, in Riſt's Schwanenorden unter dem Beinamen Filidors des Dorferers, vermuthlich ſo viel als Schäfers, aufgenommen. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt. Er ſchrieb:

Ueberſchriften und Gedichte. Stade, 1654.
Liebesgrillen. Hamburg, 1654. 56. 2 Thle.
Flüchtige Feldroſen. Hamburg, 1655.
Wandelungsluſt. Hamburg, 1656. 12.
Adelige Roſen. Glückſtadt, 1659.
Die geharniſchte Venus. Hamburg, 1660.
Die verführte Schäferin Cynthia. 1660. 12.
Filidor's Trauer-, Luſt- und Miſchſpiele. Jena, 1765. (vgl. Müller's Bibliothek, Bd. 11.)

S. iſt einer der gefühlvollſten lyriſchen deutſchen Dichter des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts. Er verbindet Innigkeit, Naivetät und Kraft mit großer Anmuth der Sprache und Form, nur verleitete ihn der ſchlechte Geſchmack ſeiner Zeit mitunter zu Spielereien oder Derbheiten, die den guten Eindruck, den ſeine Leiſtungen ſonſt machen würden, ſchwächen.

Schynnenberger, ſ. Minneſinger.

Christian Scriver,

den 21. Januar 1629 zu Rendsburg geboren, verlor frühzeitig ſeinen Vater, der Kaufmann geweſen war, ſtudirte zu Roſtock und wurde daſelbſt Magiſter der Philoſophie. 1653 zum Diakonus in Stendal ernannt, folgte er 1667 einem Ruf nach Magdeburg an die Jacobikirche daſelbſt und erhielt nach und nach die Stellen eines Seniors, Conſiſtorialraths und Inſpectors. Endlich kam er im Jahre 1690 als Conſiſtorialrath und Oberhofprediger nach Quedlinburg, wo er am 5. April 1693 ſtarb.

Chriſtlicher Seelenſchatz. Leipzig, 1675. (oft aufgelegt, auch in's Schwediſche überſetzt).
Verlorenes und wiedergefundenes Schäflein.
Siech- und Siegsbette.
Witwentroſt.
Arzenei der Betrübten und Troſt der Sterbenden.
Wohlvergnügte Seelenruh.
Güldenes Chriſtenthum.
Gotthold's zufällige Andachten. (Auszug daraus, Berlin, 1828. 2 Thle. Zuerſt Magdeburg, 1763. 19. Aufl. 1729; in mehr als 200,000 Exempl. verbreitet.)

S. Erbauungsſchriften wurden früher überaus fleißig geleſen, was ſie auch um der echt chriſtlichen Milde und Innigkeit, die in ihnen vorherrſcht, vollkommen verdienen, nur arten ſie hin und wieder in eine ſüßliche Empfindſamkeit aus, die einem geſunden Sinne nicht zuſagen kann.

Andreas Scultetus,

zu Bunzlau in Schleſien geboren, einer der bedeutendſten Dichter des 17. Jahrhunderts, war der Sohn eines Schuſters, entfloh der Peſt und kam zu dem Senior der Magdalenenkirche, Nicolaus Pollius zu Breslau. Als dieſer geſtorben war, ging er nach Liegnitz zu einem Verwandten, dem Kammerſecretär Johann Scultetus. Auch dem bekannten ſchleſiſchen Dichter Andreas Tſcherning war er anverwandt. 1629 kehrte er nach Breslau zurück und ſtarb daſelbſt, entweder noch als Schüler auf dem Eliſabethanum, oder in ſeiner erſten akademiſchen Zeit.

Gedichte, aufgefunden von Leſſing. Braunſchweig, 1771. (Oeſterliche Triumphpoſaune. Breslau, 1641.)
Nachleſe von J. G. [illegible]mann. Breslau, 1774.
Zweite Nachleſe von [illegible]olz. Breslau, 1783. (Vergl. Müller's Bibliothek, Bd. 9.)

Leſſing hat S. überſchätzt. Ein Nachahmer Opitz zeichnete er ſich allerdings durch Wärme, Gedankenreichthum und Kraft aus, leider aber durch ſeine didactiſche Tendenz, die ſeinem echt lyriſchen Talente Abbruch thut. Bei längerem Leben und größerer Reife würde er übrigens gewiß höchſt Rühmliches geleiſtet haben.

Sebald, ſ. Silber.

Chriſtian Adolf Freiherr von Seckendorf

ward am 4. October 1767 zu Meuſelwitz bei Altenburg geboren, trat 1786 in mecklenburg-ſchweriniſche Dienſte als Kammerjunker und Lieutenant von der Garde zu Pferde. 1791 ward er Premierlieutenant in einem kurſächſiſchen Huſarenregimente und privatiſirte dann ſeit 1794 auf ſeinem Gute Zingſt bei Querfurt; eines Zwiſts wegen jedoch zum Feſtungsarreſt verurtheilt, entwich er nach Straßburg. Er ſtarb 1831 in der Schweiz.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. Leipzig, 1808. 2 Thle.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Leipzig, 1816—23. 2 Thle.
Dramatiſche Arbeiten. Leipzig, 1822. 23. 2 Thle.
Briefe an einen Prinzen von ſeinem Begleiter auf Reiſen. Leipzig, 1805.
Forſtrügen. Leipzig, 1799—1804. 10 Thle.
Almanach dramatiſcher Spiele. Leipzig, 1824. (pſeudonym.)
Iſt das ſchöne Geſchlecht auch wirklich das ſchöne? Leipzig, 1810.
Der Hochzeittag, Idylle. Leipzig.

Leichte Behandlung der Form, Talent der Darſtellung und glückliche Laune erwarben, beſonders ſeinen komiſchen dramatiſchen Leiſtungen, Beifall.

Karl Siegmund Freiherr von Seckendorf,

Sohn eines bairiſchen Miniſters, am 26. November 1744 zu Erlangen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt und lebte von 1760—63 in öſterreichiſchen, ſpäter preußiſchen Militärdienſten; zuletzt als Oberſtlieutenant. 1775 begab er ſich als Kammerherr an den weimariſchen Hof, wo er mit allen bedeutenden Mitgliedern deſſelben in naher Verbindung ſtand und namentlich ſehr thätig für Wieland's Mercur wirkte. 1784 ward er königlich preußiſcher bevollmächtigter Miniſter bei dem fränkiſchen Kreiſe und lebte in Anſpach, wo er am 26. April 1785 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Volks- und andere Lieder. Weimar, 1778—83. 3 Sammlungen.
Superba, Oper. Weimar.
Geſchichte Thoengeſee's oder das Rad des Schickſals. Deſſau, 1783.
Proben einer Ueberſetzung von Camoens Luſiade und ein Bruchſtück aus der Geſchichte von Granada in Bertuch's Magazin der ſpaniſchen und portugieſiſchen Literatur.
Beiträge zu Wieland's Mercur.
Kalliſte, Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1794.

Ein angenehmes und gefälliges Talent beſitzend, reich an Bildung und Lebenserfahrung leiſtete v. S. jedoch mehr durch ſeine Ueberſetzungen als durch eigene Arbeiten, namentlich dadurch, daß er zu den Erſten gehörte, welche eine nähere Kenntniß der ſpaniſchen und portugieſiſchen Literatur in Deutſchland zu verbreiten ſtrebten.

Karl Auguſt Gottfried Freiherr von Seckendorf

ward am 11. Juni 1747 zu Stuttgart geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen und Leipzig, wo er aus einem Schüler Gellerts deſſen Freund wurde und lebte, nach mehreren Reiſen, 1791 als wirkl. Geheimerath, Oberhofmeiſter des collegii illustris und Ritter des großen Ordens zu Tübingen. 1799 erhielt er (Herr von und zu Eckenbrechtshauſen), ſeine Entlaſſung und lebte ſeitdem auf ſeinen Gütern bei Kirchheim unter Teck, wo er 1833 ſtarb. Er veröffentlichte:

Vermiſchte Briefe aus der Familie des Grafen **. Frankfurt, 1775; Fortſetzung, Frankfurt, 1776.
Geiſtliche Geſänge. Oettingen, 1777; 2. Ausg. 1779.
Beiträge zum deutſchen Theater. Ansbach, 1785.
Vorurtheile des Chriſtenthums. 1787.
Politiſche und Religionsvorurtheile. Oehringen, 1798; 2. Aufl. Halle, 1813.
Sämmtliche Gedichte. Oehringen, 1808. 2 Thle.; neu 1808.

v. S. zeichnete ſich vorzüglich im geiſtlichen Liede aus, in welchem Gellert ſein Vorbild war.

Guſtav Anton Freiherr von Seckendorf,

Enkel des Bruders des Grafen Friedrich Heinrich von Seckendorf, ſtudirte, am 20. November 1775 zu Meuſelwitz bei Altenburg geboren, zu Leipzig und Wittenberg, und lebte darauf von 1796—1798 zu Philadelphia vom Unterricht in der Muſik und Declamation. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr erhielt er mehrere Anſtellungen in Kurſachſen, ward 1807 in Hildburghauſen Kammerdirector, nahm aber nach ſieben Monaten mit dem Titel eines Geheimenraths ſeine Entlaſſung, um der Neigung zu einem ungebundeneren künſtleriſchen Treiben Folge zu leiſten. Von 1808—1811 machte er unter dem Namen Patrik-Peale als Declamator Kunſtreiſen. 1811 ward er in Göttingen Doctor der Philoſophie und 1814 vom Herzog von Braunſchweig zu einer Profeſſur an das Carolinum berufen. 1821 reiſte er noch einmal nach Amerika und ſiedelte ſich zu Alexandria am rothen Fluſſe an, wo er im December 1823 in Armuth ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Adelheid von Bergau, oder innere Stimmen, eine Romanze. Leipzig, 1816.
Vorleſungen über Declamation und Mimik. Braunſchweig, 1815. 16. 2 Bde.
Feuer! Feuer! Poſſe in einem Aufzug. Hildburgh., 1808.
Vier Gedichte. Braunſchweig, 1820. (Für den deutſchen Frauenverein.)
Orſina, Trauerſpiel in 5 Aufzügen, (Fortſetzung von Emilie Galotti). Braunſchweig, 1810.
Otto III., der gutgeartete Jüngling, Trauerſp. Torgau, 1805.

Beiträge zur Philoſophie des Herzens. Berl., 1814.
Scenen des höchſten Schmerzes. Leipzig, 1801.
Die Grundform der Tage. Göttingen, 1812.
Kritik der Kunſt. Göttingen, 1812.
Aphorismen, die Geſetze des Univerſums anzuſchauen. Berlin, 1812.
Vorleſungen über die bildende Kunſt der alten und neueren Zeit. Aarau, 1814.
Grundzüge der philoſophiſchen Politik. Leipzig, 1817.
Lehrſätze der Denkwiſſenſchaft. Braunſchw., 1819.
Des Vaters Bild, Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1822.

Tiefes Gefühl, reiche Phantaſie und glühende Begeiſterung für alles Edle und Schöne im Innern tragend hätte v. S. Bedeutendes leiſten müſſen, wenn nicht zu große Unklarheit in ihm vorherrſchte, die ihm in ſeinen Werken wie in ſeinen Lebensverhältniſſen immer das Rechte verfehlen ließ.

Friedrich Karl Leopold Freiherr von Seckendorf,

1773 zu Wenfurt bei Haßfurt geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen und Jena, kam 1798 als Regierungsaſſeſſor nach Weimar und wurde 1802 würtembergiſcher Kammerherr und Regierungsrath zu Stuttgart. Wegen eines Staatsverbrechens verleumderiſch angeklagt, wurde er auf die Feſtung Aſperg gebracht. Nach ſeiner Freiſprechung, welche 1805 erfolgte, privatiſirte er in Wien, trat dann als Hauptmann in öſterreichiſchen Dienſt und blieb im Treffen bei Ebersberg am 6. Mai 1809.

Blüthen griechiſcher Dichter. Weimar, 1800.
Neujahrtaſchenbuch von Weimar auf 1801.
Muſenalmanach, für die Jahre 1807—1808. Regensburg. 12.
Prometheus, eine Zeitſchrift. Wien, 1808; 1. Heft (mit L. Stoll).

Feinheit des Geſchmackes, Leichtigkeit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, und eine anmuthige Phantaſie gaben ſeinen poetiſchen Arbeiten einen bleibenden Werth.

Veit Ludwig Freiherr von Seckendorf

iſt am 20. December 1626 zu Herzogenaurach bei Erlangen geboren, wurde am coburgiſchen Hofe mit zwei würtembergiſchen Prinzen erzogen und begann mit dem 16. Jahre ſeine Studien zu Straßburg. Nach kurzem Aufenthalt am darmſtädtiſchen Hofe wurde er 1646 herzoglich gothaiſcher Hofjunker, nach zwei Jahren Rath und Kammerherr, 1668 Geheimerath, Kammerpräſident und Kanzler. Darauf eine Zeit lang als Präſident des Hofgerichtes zu Jena beſchäftigt, ward er wirklicher Geheimerath zu Gotha, daſſelbe im Zeitziſchen und Geheimerath in kurſächſiſchen Dienſten; darauf Landſchaftsdirector und Oberſteuerdirector des Fürſtenthums Altenburg, bis er als königlich preußiſcher Geheimerath und Kanzler der Univerſität nach Halle berufen ward, wo er am 18. December 1692 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Deutſche Reden. Leipzig, 1686—91.
Mehrere geiſtliche Lieder in den Geſangbüchern jener Zeit.
Staatsrechtliche u. kirchenhiſtoriſche Schriften.
Deutſcher Fürſtenſtaat. Gotha, 1665.
Chriſtenſtaat. Leipzig, 1684.

v. S. zeichnete ſich zu ſeiner Zeit vorzüglich als Redner aus und ſeine derartigen Leiſtungen gehören zu dem Beſten, was jene Epoche aufzuweiſen hat; ſeine geiſtlichen Lieder ſind dagegen nicht ſo gelungen.

Wilhelm Heinrich Seel,

1776 zu Frankfurt geboren, lebte als Doctor der Philoſophie und Director der Muſterſchule zu Frankfurt am Main, wo er am 7. November 1821 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Das Erfreuliche der gegenwärtigen Theuerung. Frankfurt, 1816.
Schulreden. Heidelberg, 1817.
Vom Weltuntergange. Frankfurt, 1817.

Ein wackerer, ſtrebſamer Pädagog, der vorzüglich in ſeinen Schulreden Treffliches leiſtete.

August Nathan Friedrich Seemann,

im Jahre 1774 zu Frankfurt an der Oder geboren, lebte nach beendigter Studienzeit als Hauslehrer bei dem Oberhofmarſchall von Maſſow zu Berlin und Steinhöfel, privatiſirte ſpäter zu Halberſtadt und endlich zu Wiesbaden, wo er am 4. April 1825 ſtarb.

Er veröffentlichte:

Blumen und Früchte. Berlin, 1800.
Neujahrsgeſchenk für gute Kinder. Berlin, 1802; neu 1815.
Bruder und Schweſter, Unterhaltungsbuch. Helmſtädt, 1818.
Kleine Natur- und Sittengemälde. Helmſt., 1819.
Darſtellungen aus der Jugendwelt. Berlin, 1821; neu 1822.
Albert und Eugenie, herausgegeben von C. W. Spiecker. Leipzig, 1823.
Die Familie Otto, herausgegeben von Wilmſen. Leipzig, 1826.

S's Jugendſchriften gehören zu den beſten Leiſtungen dieſer Gattung und haben überall wohlverdiente freundliche Anerkennung gefunden.

Karl Auguſt Seidel

ward am 13. Februar 1754 zu Löbau geboren, ſtudirte in Leipzig Theologie und wurde darauf Bibliothekar des Fürſten von Arolſen, welche Stelle er 1786 mit der eines Hauslehrers zu Grimma vertauſchte. Eine längere Zeit lebte er zu Weißenfels ganz allein der Schriftſtellerei gewidmet, bis er im Jahre 1800 als erſter Lehrer an die Töchterſchule zu Deſſau berufen ward. In den letzten Jahren in den Ruheſtand verſetzt, ſtarb er daſelbſt am 22. Februar 1822.

Von ihm erſchien:

Novellen. Leipzig, 1791—98. 6 Bändchen.
Kinderſchauſpiele. Göttingen, 1780—81. 2 Thle.
Theaterſtücke. Leipzig, 1789—90. 2 Thle.
Schauſpiele für die Jugend. Weißenfels, 1792. 93. 3 Thle.
Romane: Friedrich Grumbach. 1783.
Volksgeſchichten der Deutſchen. 1786. 87. 3 Thle.
Geſchichten aus unſerer Zeit. 1789. 2 Thle.
Anton. 1792.
Kurd von der Wetterburg. 1794. 2 Thle.
Der ſchwarzgraue Mantel. 1793. 2 Thle.
Die Geiſterſeherin. 1795 ff. 3 Thle.
Gräfin Sidonie von Montabur. 1798. 2 Thle.
Goldſee. 1800. 4 Thle.
Feierabende. 1802. 2 Thle.
Angenehme Erzählungen für die Toilette. 1811 u. ſ. w.

S. beſaß Phantaſie und Darſtellungsgabe, aber er arbeitete zu ſchnell und ließ ſich zu ſehr von ſeiner Laune hinreißen; ſeine Romane und Schauſpiele erreichten daher nicht die Vollendung, die ihnen nach S's Anlagen bei größerer Ruhe und Sicherheit des Tactes hätte zu Theil werden müſſen.

Johann Heinrich Philipp Seidenſtücker,

im Jahre 1765 zu Haveroda im Sondershäuſiſchen geboren, lebte, nachdem er zu Helmſtädt den philoſophiſchen Doctorgrad erlangt, ſeit 1791 als Adjunct der Facultät, ſeit 1795 als Lehrer am dortigen Pädagogium und Cuſtos der Bibliothek daſelbſt. 1798 wandte er ſich als Rector nach Lippſtadt und ging endlich, um das dortige Gymnaſium zu leiten, nach Soeſt, wo er am 23. Mai 1817 ſtarb. Er ſchrieb:

Aufſätze pädagogiſchen und philologiſchen Inhalts. Helmſtädt, 1795.
Ueber Schulinſpection. Lippſtadt, 1797.
Bemerkungen über die deutſche Sprache. Helmſtädt, 1804.
Eutonia, declamatoriſches Leſebuch. Dortmund, 1807.
Drei Schulreden. Dortmund, 1811.
Nachtrag zur deutſchen Sprachlehre. Dortmund 1818.
Viele Schulprogramme.

Ein tüchtiger Pädagog, deſſen Arbeiten über deutſche Sprache und Grammatik bleibenden Werth haben.

Johann Gabriel Seidl,

am 20. Juni 1804 zu Wien geboren, verlebte in dürftiger Lage eine ſehr traurige, ſein poetiſches Talent aber deſto lebhafter anregende Jugend, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und erlangte 1829 ein Lehramt daſelbſt. Später ward ihm eine Profeſſur am Gymnaſium zu Cilly in Unterſteiermark zu Theil, die er bekleidete, bis er 1840 als Cuſtos des Münz- und Antikencabinets zu Wien angeſtellt wurde. Er iſt einer der productivſten unter den öſterreichiſchen Dichter unſerer Zeit.

Von ihm erſchien:

Dichtungen. Wien, 1826—28. 3 Bde.
Schillers Manen! Bilder aus dem Dichterleben. Wien, 1826.
Erzählungen. Wien, 1828. 3 Bde.
Flinſerln, öſtreichiſchi G'ſangl'n, G'ſangl'n und G'ſchichtl'n. Wien, 1828—30. 3 Hfte.
Bifolien. Wien, 1836.
Georginen, geſammelte Erzählungen für Frauen. Wien, 1836.
Epiſoden aus dem Roman des Lebens. Wien, 1839.
Novelletten. Wien, 1839.
Liedertafel. Wien, 1840.
Aurora, Taſchenbuch, ſeit 1828.
Dichtungen. Wien, 1827. 2 Thle.
Der Maurer und der Schloſſer, Oper. Wien, 1827.

Rege Phantaſie, Innigkeit, Wärme und Herzlichkeit des Gefühls, Anmuth und Einfachheit der Darſtellung ſind ihm eigen und ſchmücken beſonders ſeine lyriſchen Poeſieen, unter denen die Gedichte im öſterreichiſchen Dialect die gelungenſten ſind. In ſeinen Erzählungen iſt er nicht ſo erfolgreich, doch hat er auch hier manches ſehr Lobenswerthe geliefert.

König Erichs Glaube.

In Stadt Upſala's Kirche, da ſtand der Hochaltar,
Umſchimmert rings mit Leuchtern, mit Kerzen hell und klar.
Und auf des Altars Stufen, mit fromm erhobner Hand,
Der Schwedenkönig Erich im ſchönen Feſtgewand:

„Gott, wer zu dir ſich ſtellet, hat ſicher ſich geſtellt;
„Wer ſich zu dir geſellet, der hat ſich gut geſellt!“ —
Er ruft's und mit ihm Alle, daß Chor und Kuppel hallt:
„Wenn Gott, der Herr, mit uns iſt, wer hat da noch Gewalt?“

Und wie ſie alſo beten, da theilt ſich raſch der Chor,
Ein ſtaubbedeckter Bote ſtürzt athemlos hervor:
„„Gnad' uns Gott! der Däne Skalater rückt heran,
Schon ſtrömt er von den Bergen mit ſieben hundert Mann!““

Der König hört es ruhig und ruft, von Gott erhellt:
„Herr, wer zu dir ſich ſtellet, der hat ſich wohl geſtellt!“
Da ſtürzt ein zweiter Bote dem erſten keuchend nach:
„„Skalater ſteht am Walle, der letzte Riegel brach!““ —

Der König aber hört es und ſingt, von Muth geſchwellt:
„Wer ſich zu Gott geſellet, der hat ſich gut geſellt!“
Da kommt ein dritter Bote, — doch eh' er Kunde gab,
Schnellt ihm ein Dänenſäbel das Haupt vom Rumpf herab.

Da dröhnt ein wildes Lärmen; da wirbelt wüſt Geſchrei;
Skalater kommt gewüthet voll Glaubensraſerei;
Skalater kommt gewüthet mit ſieben hundert Mann, —
Um Gut und Blut und König und Glauben ſcheint's gethan.

Da faßt mit Eins Herr Erich das güldenhelle Kreuz,
Und ſtreckt es gegen Himmel, und ſchwingt es allerſeits,
Und aus der ſieben Wunden des Heilands Jeder bricht
Ein Hundert **Strahlen**, blitzend dem Feind in's Angeſicht.

Und auf die Stirnen fallen die ſiebenhundert Mann,
Und beten ſtumm im Staube den großen Sieger an,
Und Erich und die Seinen frohlocken gotterhellt:
„Wer ſich zu Gott geſellet, der hat ſich wohl geſtellt!“

Johann Georg Seiler,

am 24. October 1733 zu Kreußen bei Baireuth geboren, ſtudirte zu Baireuth und Erlangen und erhielt als erſte Stelle 1761 das Diakonat zu Neuſtadt an der Heide. 1764 ward er nach Coburg berufen, wo er ſechs Jahre lang als Prediger ſegensreich wirkte, bis 1770 der Ruf zur Profeſſur nach Erlangen ſeinen Kräften ihr eigentliches Feld eröffnete. Hier erlangte er nach und nach die höchſten theologiſchen Würden eines Doctors, geheimen Kirchen-, Schul- und Conſiſtorialraths, Superintendenten und Hauptpaſtors, dazu die Aemter eines Profeſſors der Theologie und Scholarchen. Er ſtarb am 13. Mai 1807.

Baireuth, der Künſte Sitz. Gedicht. Erlangen, 1757.
Die wichtigſte Sache des geiſtlichen Redners. Lehrgedicht. Coburg, 1767.
Geiſt und Geſinnungen des vernunftmäßigen Chriſtenthums. Coburg, 1769.
Kurze Geſchichte der geoffenbarten Religion. Erlangen, 1772.
Religion der Unmündigen. Erlangen, 1772.
Das kleine bibliſche Erbauungsbuch. Erlangen, 1782. 2 Thle.
Das größere bibliſche Erbauungsbuch. Erlangen, 1785—92. 19 Thle.
Die Religion in Liedern. Erlangen, 1789.
Schullehrerbibel. Erlangen, 1790—98. 6 Thle.
Predigten. Baireuth, 1790. 2 Thle.
Gebet-, Leſe-, Methodenbücher u. ſ. w.

Klarheit, Lebendigkeit, Wärme, Einfachheit und Verſtändlichkeit erwarben S.'s Predigten und Erbauungsſchriften viele dankbare Freunde. Als ſein vorzüglichſtes Werk iſt ſeine Schrift über Geiſt und Geſinnungen des vernunftgemäßen Chriſtenthums zu betrachten, in welcher er dem Treiben franzöſiſcher Freigeiſterei, die auch in Deutſchland Eingang fand, mit großem Erfolge entgegen wirkte.

Seladon, ſ. Greflinger.

Selbig, ſ. Ch. v. Ahlefeldt.

Selbiger, ſ. Reinhart.

Selchow, ſ. Meynier.

Sellen, ſ. v. Alvensleben.

Selmar, ſ. v. Brinkmann.

Nicolaus Selnecker,

am 6. December 1532 zu Herſpruck im Nürnbergiſchen geboren, lebte als hochverdienter Theolog, auf der Kanzel wie dem Katheder trefflich wirkend, zu Leipzig ſeit 1577 als Doctor und Profeſſor der Theologie und Superintendent; — nachdem er in Dresden Hofprediger, 1561 Profeſſor in Jena, 1568 in demſelben Amt in Leipzig und ſeit 1560 Hofprediger und Generalſuperintendent zu Wolfenbüttel geweſen war. Er ſtarb zu Leipzig am 24. Mai 1592.

Geſangbuch der chriſtlichen Pſalmen. Leipzig, 1587.
(23 Lieder darin ſind von ihm ſelbſt gedichtet.)

S. wußte in ſeinen geiſtlichen Liedern nicht den rechten Ton zu treffen, ſondern verfuhr zu dogmatiſch, weshalb dieſelben ſich auch nicht lange in den Geſangbüchern der proteſtantiſchen Gemeinen erhielten.

Johann Salomon Semler,

bedeutend wirkend zu ſeiner Zeit, ein Vorbote der folgenden, deren Elemente er in ſeinem halb gläubigen, halb ungläubigen Sinn vereinte, wurde am 18. December 1725 zu Saalfeld, wo ſein Vater Prediger war, geboren und in allen Aengſten des peinlichſten Pietismus erzogen. Seit 1742 ſtudirte er in Halle Theologie, in den ebenſo drückenden Feſſeln der baumgartenſchen Philoſophie, aber als ein wahres Wunder des Fleißes. Seine erſten Druckſchriften waren im Geiſt des ſchroffſten Kirchenglaubens abgefaßt. Nach Baumgartens Tode begann ſeine freiere Entwickelung. Er wurde in Halle Magiſter und übernahm 1749 mit dem Profeſſortitel die Redaktion der coburger Zeitung. 1751 berief ihn die Univerſität Altdorf als Profeſſor der Geſchichte und der Poeſie; 1752 Halle für den theologiſchen Katheder, den er als Doctor und Profeſſor der Theologie beinahe 40 Jahre lang, hochverdient um die Wiſſenſchaft, behauptete. Er ſtarb am 14. März 1791, nachdem er viele bittere Erfahrungen gemacht hatte; den Pietiſten verhaßt als ein Gottloſer und Jude, weil er die Heiligkeit der heiligen Bücher beleuchtet, und von der Aufklärung als Heuchler verdammt, weil er das Leben Jeſu und ſeine Sache gegen die wolfenbüttelſchen Fragmente in Schutz genommen. Seine vorzüglichſten deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Verſuch eines fruchtbaren Auszugs der Kirchengeſchichte d. N. T. Halle, 1773—78. 3 Thle.

Von freier Unterſuchung des Canons. Halle, 1776. 4 Thle.

Aſcetiſche Vorleſungen. Halle, 1772.

Theologiſche Briefe, 3 Sammlungen. Leipzig, 1781—82.

Unterhaltungen mit Lavater. Leipzig, 1787.

Lebensbeſchreibung von ihm ſelbſt. Halle, 1781—82. 2 Thle.

Verſuch einer bibliſchen Dämonologie. Halle, 1776.

Sein Streben und Wirken als Theolog iſt oben ſchon angedeutet worden, doch entbehrte er in Hinſicht auf Styl und Form zu ſehr des Geſchmackes und der Gewandtheit, um etwas allgemein Befriedigendes zu leiſten. Von dieſem Geſichtspunkte aus betrachtet bleibt ſeine Autobiographie ſeine beſte Arbeit.

Carl Borromäus Alexander Seſſa,

1787 zu Breslau geboren, ſtudirte Medicin zu Halle und Wien und promovirte 1806 zu Frankfurt an der Oder. Nach vergeblichem Warten auf eine academiſche Anſtellung daſelbſt, wandte er ſich wieder nach Breslau, wo er als praktiſcher Arzt ſich viel Verdienſt erwarb und am 4. December 1813 ſtarb. Seine Celebrität begann erſt nach ſeinem Tode, iſt aber auch längſt von der beſſeren Zeit vergeſſen.

Makulatur, Zeitung für Narren und ihre Freunde (mit K. Müchler und K. W. Conteſſa. Breslau, 1811. 1. Heft. 4.)

Der Luftſchiffer, Poſſe (in C. v. Holtei's Jahrbuch deutſcher Nachſpiele. 3. Jahrgang 1824.)

Unſer Verkehr, Poſſe. Berlin, 1814; 4. Aufl. Leipzig, 1817.

Witz, Phantaſie und ſcharfe Beobachtungsgabe ſind ihm nicht abzuſprechen, nur benutzte er dieſe ſchönen Gaben nicht immer zu edeln Zwecken, wie er namentlich durch die Poſſe „Unſer Verkehr" viele Antipathien zu ſeiner Zeit aufgeregt hat.

G. C. Seubert,

in den achtziger Jahren des vorigen Jahrhunderts geboren, war zuerſt Pfarrer zu Freudenthal im Würtembergiſchen und lebt jetzt als Doctor der Philoſophie und Garniſonprediger zu Stuttgart. Er gab heraus:

Predigten auf alle Sonn- und Feſttage. Stuttgart, 1827. 2 Thle.

Ein ausgezeichneter Kanzelredner, voll geiſtigen Reichthums, Tiefe, Innigkeit und Klarheit.

Johann Gottfried Seume

ward am 29. Januar 1763 zu Poſerna bei Weißenfels geboren. Das bewegte Leben dieſes außerordentlichen Mannes iſt großentheils aus ſeinen eigenen anziehenden Darſtellungen bekannt. Nach dem Tode ſeines verarmten Vaters nahm ſich der Graf von Hohenthal-Knauthain des Knaben an, der zuerſt in Borna, dann auf der Nicolaiſchule zu Leipzig gebildet, vorzüglich in den claſſiſchen Studien bald das Ungewöhnliche leiſtete. Als 18jähriger Jüngling wollte er Paris ſehen; unterwegs fiel er aber in die Hände heſſiſcher Werber, und mußte nach Amerika gehen und gegen die Republikaner fechten. Von Canada heimkehrend, ward er zum zweiten Male und zwar von preußiſchen Werbern gefangen genommen und als gemeiner Soldat in Emden angeſtellt. Er verſuchte zwei Mal zu fliehen, ward aber beide Male nach Emden zurückgebracht und endlich nur auf Urlaub gegen Caution entlaſſen. 1788 kam er nach Leipzig zurück, wo er von Schriftſtellerei und Sprachunterricht lebte. 1792 erhielt er den philoſophiſchen Doctorgrad und faſt zugleich eine Anſtellung als Sekretär des ruſſiſchen Generals Igelſtröm in Warſchau, wo er auch Officier bei den Grenadieren wurde. Er erlebte den polniſchen Aufſtand; gerieth in Gefangenſchaft und mußte Augenzeuge der Erſtürmung von Praga ſein. Als ihm die früher genährte Hoffnung, unter Catharina II. in Rußland angeſtellt zu werden, mit dem Tode der Kaiſerin vereitelt ward, ging er nach Leipzig zurück, wo er wieder unterrichtete und über claſſiſche Literatur Vorleſungen hielt. Darauf ward ihm eine Anſtellung in der göſchen'ſchen Druckerei zu Grimma. 1801 machte er ſeinen Spaziergang nach Syracus, ungefähr 600 Meilen durchwandernd; 1805 beſuchte er Rußland und Schweden. Am 13. Juni 1810 ſtarb er zu Töplitz, wohin er gegangen war, um ſeine geſchwächte Geſundheit durch den Gebrauch der Bäder wieder herzuſtellen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Riga, 1801; 5. Ausg. 1821.

Spaziergang nach Syracus. Braunſchweig, 1803; 4. Ausg. 1815—17. 2 Thle.

Mein Sommer im Jahre 1805. Hamburg, 1806; 2. Ausg. 1815.

Miltiades, Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1808.

Rückerinnerungen mit Münchhauſen. Frankfurt, 1807; 2. Ausg. 1823.

Kampf gegen Mosbona. Leipzig, 1809; 2. Ausg. 1817.

Obolen. Leipzig, 1796—98. 2 Thle.

Nachlaß. Leipzig, 1811.

Mein Leben, fortgeſetzt von Clodius. Leipzig, 1813.
Geſammelte Schriften von J. P. Zimmermann. Wiesbaden, 1823. 3 Thle.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Leipzig, 1826 f. 12 Thle. in 16.

S. iſt mehr ein bedeutender Dichter durch die Art und Weiſe, wie er ſeine Geſinnung ausſpricht, als durch ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen ſelbſt. Obwohl es ihm weder an Phantaſie, tiefem Gefühl und Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form fehlte, ſo vermochte er doch nicht einerſeits durch ſeine Lebensſchickſale, andererſeits durch die daraus entſprungene Verſtimmung ſeines Gemüthes verhindert, ſich zu vollkommener poetiſcher Freiheit der Welt und Lebensanſicht aufzuſchwingen und ſich von den Feſſeln zu befreien, die er ſich ſelbſt oder durch das Mißverhältniß, in welches er ſich zum Leben ſtellte, geſchlagen hatte. Ueberall wird man großartige und kühne Gedanken bei ihm finden, aber nur ſelten geſtattet er ſich dieſe rein, ohne Bitterkeit, Härte und Schroffheit auszuſprechen, weshalb denn faſt Allem, was er hinterlaſſen hat, der wahre Stempel künſtleriſcher Vollkommenheit fehlt.

Aus Seume's Gedichten.

1.

Abſchieds-Schreiben an Münchhauſen.*)

Nimm meinen Kuß im Geiſt an deinem Rheine,
Und denke bei den Bechern deutſcher Weine
An einen deutſchen Biedermann,
Den an Neuſchottlands weſtlichem Geſtade
Im Labyrinthe menſchenleerer Pfade
Einſt deine Seele lieb gewann.

Erinnre dich, wie bei dem kleinen Mahle
Wir auf dem Steine lagen, und, die Schale
Des Kieſelbaches in der Hand,
Uns über Stolbergs Liebe Freundſchaft ſchwuren,
Und wie uns Schauer durch die Seele fuhren
Bei Freundſchaft und bei Vaterland.

Erinnre dich, wie Arm in Arm wir gingen,
Und an dem Blick der Abendſonne hingen,
Die bei Neufundland nieder ſank,
Und wie wir auf den Adlerbergen ſaßen,
Und in der Dämmrung Klopſtocks Hermann laſen,
Auf einer Felſenbank.

Erinnre dich, wie in der wilden Zone
Uns nach der Jagd ein freundlicher Hurone
Mit Edelmuth entgegen kam,
Und uns, in edler Urbewohner Sitte,
Mit Ungeſtüm in die berauchte Hütte
Und brüderlich zu Tiſche nahm.

Ha! kannſt du je das Patriarcheneſſen,
Und unſers Wirthes Jubellied vergeſſen,
Der froh, wie Gott, uns Gutes gab;
So führe mit dem Gängelband der Mode
Der Parze Hand nach einem Stutzertode
Dich rächend in ein Marmorgrab.

Mein Freund, gewiß durchirrſt du noch im Bilde
Die Berge, wo der wackre gute Wilde
So oft an unſrer Seite ſtand
Und, Hohn der Tiber und Minervens Hügel! —
Auf ſeiner Stirne wahrer Größe Siegel,
So groß als je ein Mann empfand.

Erinnre dich, wie in des Nordlichts Gluthen
Oft unſre kleine Barke durch die Fluthen
Mit Zittern an das Ufer ſtieg;
Und wie wir dann, wenn hoch die Wogen drangen,
Ein Lied von Fingal durch die Wogen ſangen,
Von Geiſtern, Harfen, Schlacht und Sieg.

Hier ſitz' ich, Freund, in meiner Jugend Haine,
Und ſchreibe dir auf einem grauen Steine
Vielleicht das letzte, letzte Wort:
Zum zweiten Male greif' ich nach dem Stabe,
Und pilgere mit meiner leichten Habe
Vielleicht auf ewig fort.

Das Vaterland bedarf nicht meiner Kräfte,
Hat Männer gnug für Aemter und Geſchäfte,
Und ſchenkt mir gerne meine Pflicht.
Ich habe von den vielen fetten Gauen
Auch keinen Fuß, mir meinen Kohl zu bauen
In einem ländlichen Gericht.

Obgleich auf keinem Acker eine Aehre
Mit ihres Segens ſchöner, goldner Schwere
Mir dankbar in die Sichel ſinkt;
Obgleich von keinem jungen Zöglingsbaume
Mit ihrem Purpur eine Mohrenpflaume
Mir Durſtigen zum Brechen winkt:

So ſitz' ich doch mit ſchaurigem Gefühle
Und ſehe hier in Schwermuth dem Geſpiele
Der Wellen unſrer Elſter zu,
Und werfe langſam meine düſtern Blicke
Noch einmal auf die Knabenwelt zurücke
Und ihrer Jahre ſtille Ruh.

Bald gellt vielleicht mit ſchwerem Eiſentone
Bellone von des Nordens rauher Zone
Auch mir noch einen Schlachtgeſang,
Der jüngſt vom Felſenfuß der Pyrenäen
Bis an des Samogeten Winterſee'n
In grellen Noten wiederklang.

Dann, Freund, wenn ich an dem beeiſten Norden
Vielleicht mit Schaaren unbekannter Horden
In fremde, wilde Kriege zieh,
Und wenn ich am Kaukaſiſchen Gebirge
Mich auf den Tod mit Ghenkis Enkeln würge,
Vergiß des Buſenbruders nie.

Und wenn, von einem Männerarm geſchwungen
Ein Türkenſtahl mir durch das Hirn gedrungen,
Und du den Todesboten hörſt:
So ſetze dich zu einem Trauermahle,
Und ſinge mir bei unſrer Bundesſchale
Ein Lied, mit dem du Helden ehrſt.

Jetzt lebe wohl! und höre von dem Freunde,
Als ob er ſcheidend dir im Arme weinte,
Ein Wort, das meine Seele ſpricht:
Nicht ob ich deiner Seele Werth verkennte;
Doch nimm mein Herz in meinem Teſtamente;
Denn Gold und Silber hab' ich nicht.

Sei immer Mann und groß durch innre Kräfte,
Und überlaß nie andern ein Geſchäfte,
Das du noch ſelbſt zu enden magſt;
Sei Harmonie in Wort und That, und weiche
Kein Haar breit; ſtark wie eine Königseiche,
Und felſenfeſt ſei, was du ſagſt.

Sei wie ein Gott im Wohlthun auf der Erde,
Und gieb der Armuth froh von deinem Heerde;
Und tröſte warm des Kummers Sohn:
So wird man mit Entzücken dir begegnen,
Und dich, wie Kinder ihren Vater, ſegnen;
Der Menſchheit ſchönſter Lohn.

Sei Freund von allem; aber lange ſichte
Und prüfe ſcharf und faſſ' in jedem Lichte,
Und blicke tief bis auf den Grund
Dem Manne, dem du in die Arme ſinkeſt;
Denn wiſſe, wenn du Gift, ſtatt Heilung trinkeſt,
So bleibt dein Herz auf ewig wund.

Trau nicht den Menſchen; dicker Firniß decket
Die wahre Farbe, welche tief verſtecket
Sich ſelten in der Leidenſchaft nur zeigt:
Verachte ſtolz den ſtolzen, goldnen Thoren,
Doch mehr noch jenen, der mit leiſen Ohren
Sich bis zum Gürtel ſchmeichelnd beugt.

Stets handle feſt nach männlichen Geſetzen,
Die du dir ſchreibſt, und Eines zu verletzen

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*) Nach der urſprünglichen Lesart in den Rückerinnerungen von Seume und Münchhauſen. S. Frankfurt bei Varrentrapp.

Sei Hochverrath an der Vernunft:
Trägſt du Zufriedenheit in deiner Seele,
So iſt dein Glück für Menſchen groß, ſo quäle
Dich nicht um Beifall einer Zunft.

Mißtraue jedem Lobe, jedem Tadel,
Und prüfe ſtrenge jeder Handlung Adel,
Für die man ein Diplom begehrt;
Doch wag' es nicht, mit alten Ketzerflammen
Den Mann, den man verdammet, zu verdammen;
Denn Gott nur kennet ſeinen Werth.

Durchwandle froh mit deinem Freund die Auen:
Doch wag' es nicht, auf ihn dein Glück zu bauen;
Wer iſt der Menſch, für den du bürgſt?
Steh ſelbſt, und ſuche die Vernunft zu rächen,
Damit du nicht, wenn fremde Säulen brechen,
Des Lebens Ruh auf immer würgſt.

Flieh vor dem Weibe, Freund, in ihren Netzen
Iſt erſt Berauſchung und ſodann Entſetzen:
Und in der ganzen Schöpfung liegt
Kein Weſen, das mit allen Engelgaben,
An denen ſich die blinden Opfer laben,
Am Ende grauſamer betrügt.

Und wenn ein Weib dir mit verklärten Blicken
Ein hohes paradieſiſches Entzücken
Durch deine trunkne Seele bebt;
Und wenn ſie dich aus deiner Erdenhülle
Mit ihres Zaubers ſüßer Nektarfülle
Zu einem Gott erhebt;

Freund, wehe dir, wenn du im Hochgenuſſe
Der Schönheit blind zu einem Götterkuſſe
Dem Engel in den Arm dich wirfſt,
Und tief, gleich Libers ſchwer berauſchten Zechern,
Der Wolluſt Taumel aus gekrönten Bechern
Zum göttlichſten Geheimniß ſchlürfſt.

Das Feuer, das dein Weſen heute nähret,
Wird morgen Gluth, und wüthet und verzehret
Die kleine Stütze deines Glücks;
Es quält dich Angſt, und jagt dich auf und nieder;
Du ſiehſt Verrath in jedem deiner Brüder
Und in der Richtung jedes Blicks.

Du irreſt nicht: des Mädchens Flamme währet,
Bis Lunens Hochlicht zweimal wiederkehret;
Dann ſucht ſie neuen Zeitvertreib,
Und kann mit deinen heiligſten Gefühlen,
Mit deinem Leben, wie mit Würfeln ſpielen.
Gebrechlichkeit, dein Nam' iſt Weib!

Verzeih mir, Freund, wenn meine bittren Klagen
Der Schöpfung Meiſterſtück ſo kühn zu richten wagen;
Gieb mir, gieb mir dein ganzes Herz;
Laß mir dein ganzes Ich in Liebe weben,
Verſuche nie zum Gott empor zu ſtreben,
Und du entgehſt betrogner Hoffnung Schmerz.

Freund, hoffe nichts und fürchte nichts auf Erden
Mit Leidenſchaft, und du wirſt glücklich werden,
So glücklich als es Menſchen ſind:
Denn Glück, unwandelbar und ungeſtöret,
Das ſelbſt der Neid mit ſtummer Achtung ehret,
Blüht für kein Menſchenkind.

Durchblicke kühn die alte graue Decke
Der Vorurtheile; rufe laut und wecke
Den Nebenwandler aus dem Traum:
Doch ſtörteſt du ihm ſeine gute Reiſe,
Und rückteſt ihn gewaltſam aus dem Gleiſe,
So gieb der alten Weiſe Raum.

Durchkrieche nicht der Schule Winkelzüge,
Um aufgeblähter Weisheit Federkriege,
Die ſchnell die Skepſe dir verwiſcht:
Erforſche nur, um gut und froh zu leben,
Und deinen Muſenſtunden Salz zu geben;
Und lache wenn der Tadler ziſcht.

Freund, lebe wohl! und ruf' in deine Seele
Oft See und Fluß und Wald und Fels und Höhle
Zurück, durch die wir Arm in Arm
Oft zu dem guten biedern Wilden ſchlichen;
Und iſt das ſchöne Bild von dir gewichen,
So ſtrafe dich der Thoren Schwarm.

Freund hoffe, daß des Weltenwalters Wage
Uns noch am Abend unſern Reſt der Tage
In einer Hütte wägen wird;
Daß noch der Schatten eines Baums uns decken,
Noch ein Geſang der Nachtigall wird wecken,
Wenn wir genug umher geirrt.

Nimm meinen Kuß im Geiſt an deinem Rheine,
Und denke bei den Bechern deutſcher Weine
An einen deutſchen Biedermann,
Den an Neuſchottlands weſtlichem Geſtade
Im Labyrinthe menſchenleerer Pfade
Einſt deine Seele lieb gewann.

Verlangtes Gutachten über Menſchen und ihren Umgang.

Die Menſchen ſind, was Menſchen immer waren,
Gemiſch von Schwachheit und von Kraft;
Oft ſpricht Vernunft, und öfter Leidenſchaft:
So ſind ſie ſeit ſechs tauſend Jahren
Im Strom der Zeit hinabgefahren;
Und meiſtens nur, wozu der Augenblick ſie ſchafft.

Im Allgemeinen aufgerafft,
Sie mögen lachen oder weinen,
Sind ſie nur ſelten, was ſie ſcheinen.
Das Wort iſt nichts, als nur ein Hauch;
Die ſtille That nur, kaum bemerkt durch Einen,
Zerſtreut der Worte dicken Rauch.
Wir meinen ſelbſt nur ſelten, was wir meinen:
Gemächlich iſt der löbliche Gebrauch,
Auf Andrer Anſehn diktatoriſch auch
Stracks zu bejahn und zu verneinen.

Es führet uns am Gängelband
Ein buntes Heer von Vorurtheilen.
Kaum hat man ein Geſpenſt verbannt,
Und ganze neue Rotten eilen
Dem Orte zu, wo das verjagte ſtand.
Wird eines Arztes Wunderhand
Wohl je den tiefen Schaden heilen?
Der Knabe, der ſchnell wie ſein Drache fliegt,
Der Greis mit ſeinem dritten Fuße,
Das Mädchen, das die Puppe wiegt,
Und die Matrone mit der Buße;
Magiſter Duns, den nichts betrügt,
Der Sybarit, der unter Moſchus liegt,
Der Mönch mit ſeinem Engelsgruße;
Das Ordensband, das Lorberhaupt, der Richter,
Der Kämmerling, der Philoſoph, der Dichter;
Ein jeder, Bettler und Miniſter,
Von Paul dem Kaiſer bis zu Paul dem Küſter,
Treibt ſporenſtreichs, mit Feder oder Schwert,
Mit Spaten, Meßtiſch oder Lunge
Als hing das Wohl der Welt an ſeiner Zunge,
Mit heißem Blut ſein Steckenpferd:
Und treibt er in der Hitze nur
Dem Nachbar nicht durch Garten oder Flur,
So iſt die Jagd noch ehrenwerth;
Es trage dann ein jeder ſeine Kappe,
In Sansſouci und bei Gemappe.

Doch darum iſt das Erdenvölkchen nicht,
Wenn gleich im Sokkus und Kothurne,
Vom Flügelkleide bis zur Urne,
Ein jeder ſich ſein eignes Kränzchen flicht,
Sogleich ein häßliches Gezücht.
Prometheus hat uns einmal ſo geknetet
Aus ſeinem Thon; was können wir,
Das arme Machwerk, denn dafür,
Daß man verkehrt nun pflanzt und hackt und jätet,
Und mit der brennendſten Begier
Dem Glück entflieht und um das Unglück betet?

Als die Olympier Pandoren
Zum mißlichſten Experiment,
Wovon noch jetzt die hohe Flamme brennt,
Den Leutchen, die des Töpfers Kunſt geboren,
Herabgeſchickt, fing das Präſent
Zu gähren an, und hat nun fort gegohren,
Die Hoffnung nur ging nicht verloren,

Daß einſt vielleicht die Gährung ſchweigt,
Und Gutes noch aus dem Gemiſche ſteigt.

Indeſſen webt der Tanz der Horen,
Wer nur ſein Herz dem holden Chore neigt,
Noch viel Muſik für Augen und für Ohren,
Der Menſch iſt menſchlich. Uridern zeugt
Vielleicht am Urquell nicht der Engel,
Der reines Licht von Gottes Antlitz trinkt,
Und im Gefühle ſeiner Mängel
Voll Ehrfurcht zitternd niederſinkt.
Die Täuſchung iſt uns zugeſchworen;
Das Siegel liegt in der Natur:
Wir ſehen hier in unſrer Dämmrung nur
Von Glück und Licht als Tröſterin Auroren;
Und wen beim Antritt ſeiner Bahn
Die Genien mit Lächeln wiegen ſahn,
Dem lächeln auch wohl ihre Floren.

Wir müſſen uns einander nehmen,
So wie wir in dem Kreiſe ſind,
Und uns ein wenig links und rechts bequemen;
Man ſchifft umſonſt ſtracks gegen Flut und Wind:
Ein blödes Aug' iſt darum noch nicht blind.
Man ſtreife nur das Handwerk von dem Manne,
Und nehme, was dann übrig bleibt,
Gewiſſenhaft und nach der Spanne,
Wenn er nicht mehr ſein Steckenpferdchen treibt;
So ſtehen Richter und Suſanne
So ziemlich wie ſie waren da,
Und jeder ſieht ſo ziemlich, was er ſah.

Ein jeder giebt ſein Bißchen Sinn,
Mit dem der Himmel ihn geſegnet,
Weil die Ergebung Vortheil regnet,
Für Unſinn des Syſtems dahin;
Man denkt, Vernunft iſt immer im Gewinn.

Die ſchwarzen Pfaffen und die braunen,
Mit Platten und mit langem Schopf,
Die Gilden mit und ohne Kopf,
Als Stutzer hier und dort als Faunen,
Die ihre tiefen Gaunereien
Dem Volk mit gimpelhaften Launen
Hochheilig in die Ohren raunen,
Sind von dem Ganges bis zum Rhein
Zwar ſehr oft noch der armen Menſchheit Pein;
Doch mit dem leidigen Gelichter,
Jetzt in Kohorten, jetzt allein,
Bei weitem nicht ſogleich auch Böſewichter.

Ein jeder Narr trägt ſeine Brille;
Ein jeder Menſch hat ſeine Grille.
Der Bonze bläſt das Zionshorn,
Wie Samuel ihm vorgeblaſen,
Und von dem Schnauben ſeiner Naſen
Strömt auf die Frevler hoher Zorn,
Die zu vernünfteln ſich vermaßen.

Der Mann mit einem Flammenſtern
Blickt groß aus ſeinem Strahlenſcheine
Mit Dunſt des Hofs herab auf Kleine,
Und mimikt, wo er kann, ſo gern
Die Miene des erlauchten Herrn,
Als ſchrieb' er das Geſetz am Rheine:
Und in des Vorſaals dicker Luft
Hält mancher ſtolz ſich für des Staates Treiber,
Vom Marſchall bis zum Küchenſchreiber;
Und wer den Hof nicht roch, iſt ihm ein Schuft.

Der Held, für ein Geſpenſt von Ehre,
Und oft für ein Geſpenſt von Pflicht,
Sieht, trunken vor dem trunknen Heere,
Als ob der Gang zum Paradieſe wäre,
Dem Bürger trotzig in's Geſicht,
Der oft zum Mahl ſich Legionen bricht.
Wie ſehr ihm auch der Druck des Panzers laſte,
Er zehrt in ihm des Landes Fett,
Und fühlt dadurch ſtracks ſein Verdienſt komplett;
Und den Beweis führt ſeine Degenquaſte.

Das große Heer der Herrn der Feder
Sitzt diktatoriſch in dem Rauch,
Und füttert ſich mit Erbſenbrei und Lauch,
Und glaubt, es treib' allein die Räder
Der Weltuhr fort: und mancher arme Gauch
Im vierten Stock, der alles ſtolz verachtet,
Was unter ihm auf Erden wohnt,
Schnallt ſich den Bauch für Hunger, aber thront,
Indem er nach der Suppe ſchmachtet,
Als hätt' er den Verſtand gepachtet.

Der Junker rollt ſein langes Pergament,
Daß hoch der Staub fliegt, aus einander;
Und gegen ihn iſt Philipps Alexander
Ein Männchen nur, das kaum der Schüler kennt,
Ob es gleich Welten nieder rennt:
Das Stift von Mainz hätt' ihm den Eintritt nicht vergönnt.
Er ſiehet in zerſchoſſnen Fahnen,
Vor deren Schrift er ſtaunend ſteht,
Und die er links und rechts mit Ehrfurcht dreht,
Nur ſeinen Werth im Werth der Ahnen;
Und führet das erlauchte Haus,
Durch viele fromme Dunkelheiten
Und manchen alten Schutt der Zeiten
Zwei hundert Jahr vor's Feigenblatt hinaus.

Der Demagog mit faltenvoller Stirn
Spinnt tief verſteckt an neuen Schlingen,
Den Eigenſinn des Pöbels zu bezwingen,
Und ſetzt in ſeinem heißen Hirn
Das ſchönſte Lied, das die Sirenen ſingen,
Und wickelt dann das Volk wie Zwirn,
Um es an ſeinen Pfahl zu bringen,
Wo er es, trotz der blutigſten Kriſe,
Wenn er's vermochte, ſchwitzen ließe.

Die Göttin, die an ihrem Hofe
Mit einem Blick die Männerwelt
In Sklaverei gefeſſelt hält,
Vor der der Held, brav in dem Arm der Zofe,
Mit Schmeicheleien niederfällt,
Dreht unter Wielands ſchönſter Strophe
Das Schnürchen feſt, mit dem ſie Sprenkel ſtellt;
Und hält mit Liſt die Grazien am Fädchen,
Trotz Liddy, ihrem Haubenmädchen.

Verzeihen wir, damit man uns verzeihe,
Die Menſchen ſind im Ganzen ſchon noch gut;
Man nehme ſie nur nach der Reihe,
Mit allem, was das heiße Blut
So oft, und oft das kalte wieder thut.
Wir ſind, trotz den Apotheoſen,
Womit des Dichters Feerei
Es ſchmeichelnd wagt, den Schönen vorzukoſen,
Nur von der Erdenſiedelei;
Auf Binſen blühen keine Roſen,
Und unſer Ball trägt keinen Fehlerloſen.
Doch hat er viele gute Seelen,
Die hier und da noch ohne Schein,
Gleich einem unpolirten Stein,
Im rauhen Kleid den innern Werth verhehlen,
Und denen, um auch ſchön zu ſein,
Vielleicht nur Schliff und Faſſung fehlen.

Mit ihnen können wir vergnügt
Noch unſers Lebens Stunden zählen:
Und, wenn der Trotz der Alltagswelt betrügt,
Und falſcher Stempel uns belügt,
Zu ihnen uns wie zu Aſylen ſtehlen.
Sie ſind einander anverwandt,
Weil ſie einander angehören:
Die Wahrheit iſt ihr diamantnes Band,
Die Tugend ſtets das Siegel, das ſie ehren,
Ihr Gruß ein biedrer Druck der Hand,
Auch wenn ſie von den fernſten Meeren,
Von fremdem Stamm und fremder Sprache wären.
Die Freundſchaft fließt nicht von den Zungen;
Die Herzen leſen ohne Schrift:
Es wird kein ſchöner Spruch gedungen;
Sie reden durch die That, die in die Seele trifft:
Denn aus der Seel' iſt ſie entſprungen,
Sie kennen ſich, auch wenn ſie ſchweigen;
Und wer die Sprache nicht verſteht,
In welcher ſie ſich ohne Künſte zeigen,
Und um den Sinn zur Schule geht,
Verfehlt des Weges, den ſie wallen,
In Hütten und in Marmorhallen.
Der Stern iſt nichts, wenn nichts darunter ſchlägt,
Das ſeinen Mann von reinem Werthe
Den Dutzendſeelen dieſer Erde
Entrückt und zu den Sternen trägt.

Mit Kopf und Herz in Gleichgewicht,
So feſt wir hier auf unſern Wegen
Im Gleichgewicht zu gehn vermögen,
Gehn ſie, wenn auch der Sturm aus Wolken bricht,
Mit ſtiller Kraft den Weg der Pflicht:
Und wandern ſie der Nacht Gefahr entgegen,
Das Herz hat Muth, der Kopf hat Licht.

Sie reichen jedem ihre Hand,
Der auf der ſchroffen Felſenwand
Mit Schwindel in dem Blicke ſtehet,
Wo ſich der Fuß hart an dem jähen Rand
Schon ungewiß und zitternd drehet,
Und ſchon das Haar zum Sturze wehet;
Sie wandeln dankbar durch die Au,
Und pflücken zu dem Kranz der Horen
Im Angeſichte von Auroren
Die Roſen mit dem Perlenthau:
Doch legen ſie das neugewundne Band
Der Frühlingskinder aus der Hand,
Und reiſſen einen Freudenloſen,
Der weinend an dem Wege ſtand:
Der Augenblick bricht ihnen beſſre Roſen,
Als Flora ſelbſt mit ihrem Lenze wand.

Nicht ſüßer Worte Melodieen,
Nicht Thränen ſelbſt, die an der Wimper glühen,
Beweiſen ſo, wie ein Geſicht,
Von dem mit Ernſt, in ungeduld'ger Regung
Und ſchöner flammender Bewegung,
Die ganze Seele Wohlthat ſpricht.
Fein iſt der Stempel, den ſie tragen,
Und tief, ſehr tief liegt mancher Zug:
Man lernt ihn nicht in wenig Tagen,
Und oft erſcheint nach Jahren noch Betrug,
Betrügen und betrogen werden;
Nichts iſt gewöhnlicher auf Erden.

Mit manchem iſt man ſchon in langen Jahren
Auf dieſer Reiſe durch die Welt
In Einem Kahn hinab gefahren,
Und glaubte ſich ſehr fein und gut geſellt,
Bis ſchnell, wenn durch verborgne Felſen
Die Fluthen unſer Schiffchen wälzen,
Der Nebel von der Stirne fällt.
Der Eigennutz, die Eitelkeit, der Dünkel,
Und irgend eine Leidenſchaft
Schläft oder lauſcht oft Jahre lang im Winkel,
Bis ſie mit eingeſogner Kraft
Gebieteriſch zu Tage dringt,
Und in die Harmonieen grellen Mißlaut bringt.
Die Meinung und der Ruf vergrößern immer,
Und malen optiſch allemal
Den Gegenſtand durch oft gebrochnen Strahl,
Das Gute beſſer, Böſes ſchlimmer,
Das Dunkel dunkler, blendender den Schimmer:
Nur ſelten iſt ein Mann, wie ihn der Ruf
Mit ſeiner ehrnen Stimme ſchuf.

Die Regel durch das Leben ſei:
Vertraulichkeit, und ſelten nur Vertrauen,
Und links und rechts, von Furcht und Hoffnung frei,
Auf Seelenphänomene ſchauen;
Erwarten und nichts auf Erwartung bauen;
Nur alle Menſchen menſchlich nehmen,
Das Gute ſo, wie wir es ſehn;
Mit Muth und Kraft dem Böſen widerſtehn,
Anſtatt darüber uns zu grämen:
Und zu der Sicherheit der Sache,
So weit das Erdenelement
Uns Sicherheit in ſeinem Schooße gönnt,
Den Geiſt der Vorſicht auf die Wache.

Gebet.

(Am Morgen, als Suworow die Prager Linie vor Warſchau ſtürmte.)

Gott, Gott, den Mönch und Bonze nennet,
Und weder Mönch noch Bonze kennet,
Den man von Nation zu Nation,
Durch ſchleichenden Betrug geblendet,
In frömmelnder Verehrung ſchändet,
Hier bet' auch ich, des Staubes Sohn.

Des Weiſen forſchender Gedanke
Bebt ehrfurchtsvoll in ſeiner Schranke,
Und blickt mit Ahndung in dein Heiligthum,
Und ſtehet, wenn in ihren Kreiſen
Dich Myriaden Welten preiſen,
Anbetend ſtill zu deinem Ruhm.

Du ſäſt Welten aus wie Saaten,
Und das Geheimniß deiner Thaten
Iſt blendend Licht und Harmonie und Sturm;
Und in der Kette deiner Wunder
Iſt eine Sonne nur ein Zunder,
Und eine Erde nur ein Wurm.

Und ich, was mag ich Pünktchen wollen?
Die Sphären deiner Ordnung rollen
Nach deinem Maß in ihren Kreiſen hin;
Ob unter Jubel oder Wimmern,
Auf Roſenwegen oder Trümmern
Ich glücklich oder elend bin.

Du haſt gerecht zu meinem Leben
Mein Theil mir von Vernunft gegeben;
Genug zum Segen und genug zum Fluch:
Ich bin, wenn ich, was ich verſchulde,
Nicht ruhig ohne Murren dulde,
Mit dir und mir in Widerſpruch.

Das Urverhängniß aller Dinge
Liegt weislich in dem großen Ringe
Durch lange Folgen an Nothwendigkeit;
Und nichts wird, wenn auch ſchwache Seelen
Mit Gram ſich bis zur Folter quälen,
Im Schickſal anders angereiht.

Wer kann, o Weſen aller Weſen,
Des Schickſals große Rolle leſen,
Auf welche du der Himmel Ordnung ſchreibſt?
Wer hat mit dir im Rath geſeſſen,
Das ewige Geſetz zu meſſen,
Nach welchem du die Sphären treibſt?

Man legt dir, Weiſeſter, wenn Thoren
Durch Unverſtand ihr Glück verloren,
In lauten Klagen den Verluſt zur Laſt;
Und niemand mißt genug die Mittel,
Die du im Purpur und im Kittel
Den Sterblichen beſchieden haſt.

Nur wenn des Lebens Rieſenplagen
Der Freude letzten Keim zernagen,
Erliegt dem heißen menſchlichen Gefühl
Die ſchwankende Vernunft und fluchet,
Wenn ſie umſonſt nach Rettung ſuchet,
Frech ſich und dir in dem Gewühl.

Wenn übertünchte Böſewichter
Das Recht durch den erkauften Richter
Der Unſchuld rauben, und in hohem Spott
Das Mark der Wimmernden verſchwenden,
Verzweifelt in des Henkers Händen
Die Tugend ſelbſt an ihrem Gott.

Wenn heuchleriſche ſchwarze Seelen
In ihrem Kleid ihr Gift verhehlen,
Und Völker an dem Gängelbande drehn,
Und deſto blutiger zu zehren,
Mit Finſterniß die Dummheit nähren,
Wagt's der Gequälte dich zu ſchmähn.

Die Zwietracht ſchwingt mit Schlangenarmen
Die Todesfackel ohn' Erbarmen,
Und würgt mit Wuth in einem Augenblick,
Der göttlichen Vernunft zur Schande,
Die ganze Hoffnung ganzer Lande,
Und mancher Jahre ſchönes Glück.

Der Ocean durchbricht die Dämme
Und greift im Sturme ganze Stämme
Von Glücklichen mit ungeheurer Fluth;
Die Erde wirft mit gift'gem Hauche
Verderben aus dem Naphthabauche,
Und frißt Provinzen in der Gluth.

Wenn rund, wohin das Auge fliehet,
Wo nur der Strahl der Sonne glühet,

Die Menſchheit unter ihren Geißeln weint,
Wenn in unendlichen Geſtalten
Harpyen ihre Mahlzeit halten,
So knirſcht vor Grimm der Menſchenfreund.

Wenn in dem ſtürmiſchen Gewühle
Sich qualvoll kreuzender Gefühle
Die ſchwache Lampe der Vernunft erliſcht;
Wenn hinter ihm Verwüſtung gähnet,
Und vor ihm furchtbar ausgedehnet,
Sich Finſterniß mit Schrecken miſcht;

Wenn er umſonſt nach Lichte ſpähet,
Und zweifelnd an dem Abgrund ſtehet,
Wagt er die große fromme Frevelthat,
Voll hoher Gluth in ſeinen Adern,
Mit dir, Gott, ſeinem Gott zu hadern,
Und läſtert dich und deinen Rath.

Gott, in den Glanz des Lichts gehüllet,
Gott, deſſen Hauch das Weltall füllet,
An deſſen Kleid die Sonnen funkelnd ſtehn;
Auf deſſen Wink die Welten fallen,
Und aus den Trümmern neue wallen,
Und jubelnd ſich in Sphären drehn:

Gott, Vater, Schöpfer, Ordner, Walter,
Des Cherubs und des Wurms Erhalter,
Laß nichts mir, wenn die Bosheit teufliſch glotzt,
Laß nichts mir meinen Kinderglauben
An deine Vatergüte rauben,
Der aller Bosheit Giften trotzt.

Ich bin, kann ich in Hypotheſen
Gleich nicht das große Räthſel löſen,
Ich bin ein Funke deiner Ewigkeit;
Und mein Gefühl mit Feuerſchwingen
Kann auf zu deiner Größe bringen
In ſeines Werthes Trunkenheit.

Laß mich nicht, wenn mein Buſen wühlet,
Und Läſterung und Wahnſinn brütet,
Im hohen Wahnſinn deine Weisheit ſchmähn;
Ich ſtehe blind am großen Spiele,
Und kann hinab zum fernen Ziele
Nicht mit dem ſchwachen Auge ſehn.

Laß mich nicht, wenn in ihren Rotten
Verführer frech der Unſchuld ſpotten,
Und jeden Tag ein neues Opfer fällt,
Laß mich, wenn ſie mit Molochsaugen
Sich aus den Thränen Nahrung ſaugen,
Nicht richten über deine Welt.

Laß mich nicht, wenn mit Hohngelächter
Des Rechtes rechtliche Verächter
Der Tugend kaum den Götterwerth verzeihn,
Laß mich nicht, wenn des Elends Knaben
Umſonſt nach Futter ſchrein, wie Raben,
Durch Läſterung die Zung' entweihn.

Laß mich nicht, wenn Hyänenherden
Provinzen zur Verwüſtung morden,
Und jubelnd über Menſchentrümmer gehn,
Laß mich nicht unter Menſchenteufeln
An deiner Vaterhuld verzweifeln,
Wenn Höllengeiſter mich umwehn.

Laß nie mich in der Angſt es wagen,
Dich hochvermeſſen anzuklagen,
Da Dunkel noch das große Jenſeits deckt,
Nicht fluchen, wenn das Laſter ſieget,
Und Tugend, die im Schlummer lieget,
Zu ihrem Untergange weckt.

Wenn jenſeits noch zur Qual gerottet,
Der Tugend frech die Bosheit ſpottet,
Die hier das Blut der Unſchuld gierig ſog;
So iſt es, Herr, dein Himmelsfunken,
Der, waren wir hier wonnetrunken,
Uns göttliche Verwandtſchaft log.

Wenn du uns hier in unſerm Staube,
Trotz der Verheißung, die ich glaube,
Zum todten Stoff der fremden Weſen legſt,
So ſinkt die Hälfte meiner Brüder
In namenloſes Elend nieder,
Womit du zwecklos ſie zerſchlägſt.

So laß den Zweifel in mir ſtürmen,
Und Nacht auf Nacht ſich um mich thürmen,
Und alle Sinne ſich im Schwindel drehn,
Ich will, o Gott, die Hände falten,
Und mich an dich im Sinken halten;
Und ſinkend werd' ich nicht vergehn.

Ich will, wie an dem Helm im Schiffe,
Am alles treffenden Begriffe
Von dir und deiner weiſen Güte ſtehn,
Und wenn des Weltbaus Angel ſinken,
Der Hoffnung vollen Becher trinken,
Und ruhig in die Trümmer ſehn.

Es ſollen mich nicht Widerſprüche,
Nicht infulirter Männer Flüche,
Nicht Edda, Vedam, und nicht Alkoran,
Nicht Bibel und nicht irre Weiſen
Von meiner Felſenwarte reißen,
Auf der ich ſicher harren kann.

Aus deiner Hand gehn Orionen,
Du hauchſt der Geiſter Millionen
Mit Götterkräften hin in ihre Bahn.
Und zündeſt, wenn die Geiſter zagen,
Aus Mitternacht zu Sonnentagen
Gewiß die Fackel wieder an.

Aus Tod und Grab bricht meinen Blicken
Dann unter himmliſchem Entzücken
Gewiß der Ordnung Morgenlicht zuletzt:
Dann tauch' ich mich in jene Kreiſe
Der Welten, wenn zur Weltenreiſe
Aurora mir die Füße netzt.

Schwermuth.

Führe mich zu deiner Todtenfeier,
Göttin mit dem tiefgeſenkten Schleier,
Göttin der Gedanken und der Ruh,
Führe mich, zum Freunde dir geboren,
Fern von dem Geräuſch der goldnen Thoren
Deinem dunkeln Ulmenwalde zu.

Auf der Felſengrotte grauem Steine,
Wo ich einſam oft, im tiefſten Haine,
Von der Erde losgekettet ſaß,
Will ich mich in deine Arme ſchmiegen
Zu dem ſüßen, traurigen Vergnügen,
Welches nie des Weltlings Seele maß.

Rund umher kann ich mit tiefem Grauen
Monumententrümmer überſchauen
Aus der alten, alten Fehdezeit;
Rund umher verkünden ſchwarze Mauern,
Die dem Auge morſch entgegen ſchauern,
Wie die Bosheit Gift in Wermuth ſtreut.

Dort von jenem eingeſtürzten Schloſſe
Wieherten zum Straßenraub die Roſſe
Unter braven Rittern in das Thal;
Und die Enkel ſchwelgen jetzt im Gute,
Das der Urahnherr mit Löwenmuthe
Einſt vor grauer Zeit dem Pilger ſtahl.

Dort hat in des Fauſtrechts blut'gen Tagen
Einen Greis des Sohnes Schwert erſchlagen,
Bei der alten moosbedeckten Gruft;
Dort floh von dem blutgefärbten Herde
Der Verruchte vor des Rächers Schwerte
In die Hölle durch die Felſenkluft.

Dort, wo man die Weizengarben bindet,
Rauchte, von dem Satan angezündet,
Todesfeuer in die Luft empor;
Und die Gegend ſcholl von Kriegesrufe,
Und die Erde bebte von dem Hufe,
Und die Buche zitterte wie Rohr.

Unſre alten guten Väter haben
Tauſende Erſchlagner hier begraben,

Die der blinde Ehrgeiz hingewürgt;
Und der hochgeworfne Knochenhügel
Liegt Jahrhunderte zum ſchwarzen Siegel,
Das den Menſchen Menſchenelend bürgt.

Unter jenes Kirchhofs dunkeln Hallen
Scheinen bleiche Gruppen hin zu wallen,
Und mit Grimme blickt vom Leichenſtein
Noch, wie einſt im alten Aktenſaale,
Der Erfinder teufliſcher Kabale,
Seine Qual und ſeiner Brüder Pein.

Liebenswürdig wie die jungen Horen,
Zu der Schöpfung Meiſterſtück geboren,
Stürzte dort als Opfer feiler Brut,
Die mit ſüßem Gift ihr Herz belogen,
Minna um ihr Erdenglück betrogen,
Sich mit holdem Wahnſinn in die Fluth.

Dort von jenem alten Kloſterthurme
Funkelt' einſt im kleinen Feuerwurme
Dickes Aberglaubens Gaukelei,
Und des Wahnes drohender Pagode
Gängelte die klägliche Synode
An dem Leitſeil der Möncherei.

An den umgeworfnen Leichenſteinen
Sah man Waiſen voll Verzweiflung weinen,
Die Gerechtigkeit zu Waiſen ſchuf;
Thränen grüßten dort die Morgenröthe,
Und des lauen Weſtes Flügel wehte
Laut zu Gott empor des Jammers Ruf.

Jene Gärten, wo der Schwelger ſinget,
Hat der Armen Kummerſchweiß gedünget,
Der von heißgebrannter Stirne floß,
Und die Despotie, in Blut geſchrieben,
Treibt der Gottheit Bild mit Geißelhieben
Durch die lange Sklaverei, wie Troß.

Göttin, Freundin, ach wer kann die Plagen
Unſrer armen Menſchheit alle klagen?
Elend deckt die Wiege, deckt das Grab:
Elend lagert ſich um uns und lauſchet,
Wenn der Freude ſchönſter Becher rauſchet,
Sitzt am Scepter und am Bettelſtab.

Aus der Urne rinnt der Freude wenig,
Für den Sohn der Armuth und den König;
Und den Tropfen, der uns tröſten ſoll
Macht die ſcheele Bosheit ſchon im Falle,
Mit der Hölle Schlangenhauch zu Galle,
Und die Liebe ſelbſt gebiert den Groll.

Göttin, führe du mit deiner Trauer
Mich zur Weide längs der alten Mauer,
Deren Firſten wilder Epheu deckt;
Laß mich unter kalten Leichenſteinen
Eine Thräne bei den Brüdern weinen,
Welche nun nicht mehr der Kummer weckt.

Halte mich mit deinen Seelenblicken,
Wenn ich Tugend in der Bosheit Stricken,
Und die Bosheit im Triumphe ſeh;
Mache du mich feſt in meinem Wandel,
Wenn ich neben einem Bubenhandel,
Und dem Elend, ſeinem Sohne, ſteh.

Leite mich, Geliebte, wenn ich ſinke,
Daß ich Kraft aus deinem Auge trinke,
Wenn der Zweifel wühlend auf mich rückt,
Wenn ich vor dem großen Vorhang ſtehe
Und mit Zittern in die Tiefe ſehe,
Daß mich nicht der Zweifel nieder drückt.

Ruhe.

Ruhe jeder Leidenſchaft
Tränkt das Herz mit Götterkraft;
Ruhe ſtählet Sehn' und Mark,
Macht zu jeder Bürde ſtark.

Ruhe führt des Sehers Sinn
Höher durch die Welten hin,
Wo er Orionen mißt
Und der Erde Tand vergißt.

Ruhe ſenkt des Weiſen Blick
Tiefer zu der Brüder Glück;
Ruhe mißt am Lebensſtab
Richtig Zweck und Mittel ab.

Ruhe zückt des Kriegers Schwert
Blitzender für Haus und Herd;
Ruhe bietet der Gefahr
Feſter Stirn und Buſen dar.

Ruhe ſcheucht, wie Sonnenblick
Nebel von dem Pfad zurück;
Ruhe lehrt, was Tand und Schein,
In dem hellſten Lichte ſeyn.

Ruhe reihet jedes Ding
In der Kette rechten Ring;
Ruhe bleibet, immer rein,
Jeder Freude Probeſtein.

Ruhe zieht aus Gottes Luft
Süßer ſeines Lenzes Duft;
Ruhe trinkt der Traube Blut
Geiſtiger zu hohem Muth.

Ruhe ſchlürft zum zweitenmal
Aus der Freude Feſtpokal;
Ruhe trägt die Freuden heim,
Wie die Biene Honigſeim.

Ruhe hat bei ſchwarzem Brot
Götterkoſt im Abendroth;
Schöpft vom Bach zum Nektartrank
Waſſer auf der Raſenbank.

Ruhe trotzt dem nahen Sturm,
Wie die Wach' im Felſenthurm;
Ruhe ſieht in's offne Grab
Ohne Herzensangſt hinab.

Ruhe nicht, die ohne Sinn,
Ohne Schaden und Gewinn,
Wie die Schlafſucht um ſich gähnt,
Aber kaum die Glieder dehnt;

Ruhe nicht, die matt und ſtumpf
Bei dem Menſchenelend dumpf,
Ohne Herz und Regung ſitzt
Und den Schweiß der Dummheit ſchwitzt;

Ruhe nicht, die auf die Qual,
Auf die Leiden ohne Zahl
Ihrer Mitgeſchöpfe ſchielt,
Aber nichts mit ihnen fühlt.

Ruhe, welche über Welt
Kopf und Herz in Eintracht hält;
Ruh' der Tugend und ihr Lohn,
In der Hütt' und um den Thron.

Ruhe, die mit ſüßem Hang
Tröſtung reicht und Labetrank;
Ruhe, die den letzten Deut
Einem ärmern Bruder beut.

Ruhe, welche Säcke Gold
Wie die Kieſelwacken rollt;
Ruhe, die am Hochgericht,
Wie bei Bechern, Wahrheit ſpricht.

Ruhe, wie Elyſium
In der Seele Heiligthum;
Ruhe, die mit Majeſtät
Durch die große Schranke geht.

Dieſe Ruhe hält noch feſt,
Wenn uns Welt und Sinn verläßt,
Drückt uns ſanft die Augen zu;
Himmel, gieb mir dieſe Ruh!

Der Wilde.

Ein Kanadier, der noch Europens
Uebertünchte Höflichkeit nicht kannte,
Und ein Herz, wie Gott es ihm gegeben,
Von Kultur noch frei, im Buſen fühlte,
Brachte, was er mit des Bogens Sehne
Fern in Quebeks übereiſten Wäldern
Auf der Jagd erbeutet, zum Verkaufe.
Als er ohne ſchlaue Rednerkünſte,
So wie man ihm bot, die Felſenvögel
Um ein Kleines hingegeben hatte,
Eilt' er froh mit dem geringen Lohne
Heim zu ſeinen tiefverdeckten Horden
In die Arme ſeiner braunen Gattin.

Aber ferne noch von ſeiner Hütte
Ueberfiel ihn unter freiem Himmel
Schnell der ſchrecklichſte der Donnerſtürme,
Aus dem langen, rabenſchwarzen Haare
Troff der Guß herab auf ſeinen Gürtel,
Und das grobe Haartuch ſeines Kleides
Klebte rund an ſeinem hagern Leibe.
Schaurig zitternd unter kaltem Regen
Eilete der gute wackre Wilde
In ein Haus, das er von fern erblickte.
Herr, ach laßt mich, bis der Sturm ſich leget,
Bat er mit der herzlichſten Geberde
Den geſittet ſeinen Eigenthümer,
Obdach hier in eurem Hauſe finden! —
Willſt du, mißgeſtaltes Ungeheuer,
Schrie ergrimmt der Pflanzer ihm entgegen,
Willſt du Diebsgeſicht mir aus dem Hauſe!
Und ergriff den ſchweren Stock im Winkel.

Traurig ſchritt der ehrliche Hurone
Fort von dieſer unwirthbaren Schwelle,
Bis durch Sturm und Guß der ſpäte Abend
Ihn in ſeine friedliche Behauſung
Und zu ſeiner braunen Gattin brachte.
Naß und müde ſetzt' er bei dem Feuer,
Sich zu ſeinen nackten Kleinen nieder,
Und erzählte von den bunten Städtern,
Und den Kriegern, die den Donner tragen,
Und dem Regenſturm, der ihn ereilte,
Und der Grauſamkeit des weißen Mannes;
Schmeichelnd hingen ſie an ſeinen Knieen,
Schloſſen ſchmeichelnd ſich um ſeinen Nacken,
Trockneten die langen ſchwarzen Haare,
Und durchſuchten ſeine Waidmannstaſche,
Bis ſie die verſprochnen Schätze fanden.

Kurze Zeit darauf hatt' unſer Pflanzer
Auf der Jagd im Walde ſich verirret,
Ueber Stock und Stein, durch Thal und Bäche,
Stieg er ſchwer auf manchen jähen Felſen,
Um ſich umzuſehen nach dem Pfade,
Der ihn tief in dieſe Wildniß brachte.
Doch ſein Spähn und Rufen war vergebens;
Nichts vernahm er als das hohle Echo
Längs den hohen ſchwarzen Felſenwänden.
Aengſtlich ging er bis zur zwölften Stunde,
Wo er an dem Fuß des nächſten Berges
Noch ein kleines, ſchwaches Licht erblickte.
Furcht und Freude ſchlug in ſeinem Herzen,
Und er faßte Muth und nahte leiſe.
Wer iſt draußen? brach mit Schreckentone
Eine Stimme tief her aus der Höhle,
Und ein Mann trat aus der kleinen Wohnung.
Freund, im Walde hab' ich mich verirret,
Sprach der Europäer furchtſam ſchmeichelnd;
Gönnet mir, die Nacht hier zuzubringen,
Und zeigt nach der Stadt, ich werd' euch danken,
Morgen früh mir die gewiſſen Wege.

Kommt herein, verſetzt der Unbekannte,
Wärmt euch; noch iſt Feuer in der Hütte!
Und er führt ihn auf das Binſenlager,
Schüret finſter trotzig in den Winkel,
Holt den Reſt von ſeinem Abendmahle,
Hummer, Lachs und friſchen Bärenſchinken,
Um den ſpäten Fremdling zu bewirthen.
Mit dem Hunger eines Waidmanns ſpeiſte,
Feſtlich wie bei einem Kloſterſchmauſe,
Neben ſeinem Wirth der Europäer.
Feſt und ernſthaft ſchaute der Hurone
Seinem Gaſte ſpähend auf die Stirne,
Der mit tiefem Schnitt den Schinken trennte,
Und mit Wolluſt trank vom Honigtranke,
Den in einer großen Muſchelſchale
Er ihm freundlich zu dem Mahle reichte.
Eine Bärenhaut auf weichem Mooſe
War des Pflanzers gute Lagerſtätte,
Und er ſchlief bis in die hohe Sonne.

Wie der wilden Zone wildſter Krieger,
Schrecklich ſtand mit Köcher, Pfeil und Bogen
Der Hurone jetzt vor ſeinem Gaſte,
Und erweckt' ihn, und der Europäer
Griff beſtürzt nach ſeinem Jagdgewehre;
Und der Wilde gab ihm eine Schale,
Angefüllt mit ſüßem Morgentranke.
Als er lächelnd ſeinen Gaſt gelabet,
Bracht' er ihn durch manche lange Windung,
Ueber Stock und Stein, durch Thal und Bäche,
Durch das Dickicht auf die rechte Straße.
Höflich dankte fein der Europäer:
Finſterblickend blieb der Wilde ſtehen,
Sahe ſtarr dem Pflanzer in die Augen,
Sprach mit voller, feſter, ernſter Stimme:
Haben wir vielleicht uns ſchon geſehen!
Wie vom Blitz getroffen ſtand der Jäger
Und erkannte nun in ſeinem Wirthe
Jenen Mann, den er vor wenig Wochen
In dem Sturmwind aus dem Hauſe jagte,
Stammelte verwirrt Entſchuldigungen.
Ruhig lächelnd ſagte der Hurone:
Seht, ihr fremden, klugen, weißen Leute,
Seht, wir Wilden ſind doch beßre Menſchen!
Und er ſchlug ſich ſeitwärts in die Büſche.

Minna an der Harfe.

Aetheriſch fliegt
Ihr Finger durch die Silberſaiten,
Und Engelharmonieen gleiten,
Aus ihrer Seele Harmonie gewiegt,
In mein entzücktes Ohr,
Und tragen mich zu Gottes Chor
Auf Fittichen des Hochgefühls empor.

Von ihrem Mund
Sinkt aus des frommen Herzens Fülle
In meine Bruſt geweihte Stille,
Und um mich her ruht tief das Erdenrund:
Die trunkne Seele lauſcht,
Wenn ſie durchs Tongewebe rauſcht,
Und um Empfindung ſanft Empfindung tauſcht.

Wenn ihr Geſang,
Wie junger Weſt am Roſenſtrauche,
Der Harfe folgt mit Flötenhauche
Wird meine Seele lauter lauter Dank,
Und heiße Rührung ſteigt,
Wenn jede Erdenrührung ſchweigt,
Hinauf, wo ſich der Seraph betend beugt.

Ihr Feuerſchwung,
Wenn ſchwebend ihrer Lieder Wellen
Empor zu Gottes Lobe ſchwellen
Hebt meinen Buſen zur Begeiſterung,
Und froh der Welt entrückt,
Steh ich am Throne, wo entzückt
Des Lichtes Engel ſich mit Lichte ſchmückt.

Ihr Lautenton
Spielt in dem hingegebnen Herzen
Mit ſüßer Wolluſt ſüßen Schmerzen
Und adelt magiſch jeden Erdenſohn
Im ſeligſten Genuß
Zu hohem, göttlichem Entſchluß,
Wie auf dem Berg' Eloahs Morgengruß.

Das Paradies
Glüht um ſie her, wenn ihre Saiten
Der Tugend Hochgeſang begleiten,
Schön wie es Gott in Edens Gärten wies:
Die ganze Schöpfung lacht,
Wie nach des Maies ſchönſter Nacht,
Wenn Florens Hauch durch ihre Harfe wacht.

Sie führet mich
Wie Zauber fort in ihrem Spiele
Durch Labyrinthe der Gefühle,
Und meine Seele kettet freundlich ſich
Auf ihrer Zauberbahn,
Jetzt tief hinab, jetzt wolkenhoch hinan,
Mit leiſem Zug an ihre Seele an.

Mit ſtarker Hand
Läßt ſie in langen Feuerbächen
Den Donner aus den Saiten brechen,
Und webet dann ein glühendes Gewand
Gebietend um die Flur:
Es ſchmelzen ihre Töne nur
Und Ruhe ſinkt herab auf die Natur.

Melancholie
Zieht durch der Leidenſchaften Stille
Um meinen Geiſt die Trauerhülle,
Wenn feierlich die Klagemelodie
Ihr von der Lippe ſinkt,
Und ihrer ſüßen Schwermuth winkt,
Die dann mein Herz zum Götterfrieden trinkt.

Die Liebe ſpricht,
Wenn ſie mit holder Freude lächelt,
Wie Zephyr um die Blumen fächelt,
Mit allem Reiz von ihrem Angeſicht;
Und ſchweigend nah' ich mich,
Und ſchwöre ſtill und feierlich
Dem Göttermädchen: Ja, ich liebe dich!

Und wenn erfreut
Mein Geiſt ſich an ihr Antlitz hänget,
Und auf Gefühl Gefühl ſich dränget,
So lehret mich ihr Blick Unſterblichkeit,
Und Ueberzeugung ſchau,
Hell wie der Glanz im Morgenthau,
Ich feſt in ihres Auges Himmelblau.

Die Freude quillt
Durch lange tiefgegrabne Schmerzen
Bei ihrem Ton in wunde Herzen,
Wenn er in Gluth zu hoher Andacht ſchwillt;
Die Klagen werden ſtumm,
Und zauberiſch wird rund herum,
Wo ihre Lieder wehn, Elyſium.

Ruf du mir zu,
Gieß du mir, Minna, mit Geſange
In meine wogende und bange
Und öde Seele deines Himmels Ruh,
Wenn über Gott und Welt,
Wo Laſter ſteigt und Tugend fällt,
Der Zweifel mich mit Angſt gefangen hält.

Von deiner Hand,
Strömt durch der Weiſen Irrgewimmel
Mir Glaube zu an Gott und Himmel,
Mir Glaube zu an's beſſre Vaterland:
Die Dunkelheit wird Licht,
Wenn deine Seele Hymnen ſpricht;
Dann bet' ich mit, und bet' und zweifle nicht.

Einem Kleinmüthigen.

Willſt du dich denn zu Tode grämen,
Wenn ſich die Menſchen deiner ſchämen?
Tritt ohne Furcht in deiner Kraft hervor;
Was kümmert dich der goldne Thor?
Verächtlich iſt gewiß der Mann,
Der ohne Grund verachten kann.
Der Weiſe fragt nicht, ob man ihn auch ehrt;
Nur er allein beſtimmt ſich ſeinen Werth;
Ganz unbeſorgt um Ruhm und Schmach,
Geht er dem eignen Lichte nach:
Und hat er durch Vernunft nur Einen Freund gewonnen,
So hat der Parze gut geſponnen.

Guter Rath.

Du willſt es; gut, ſo ſollſt du meine Lehren
Zur Abfahrt auf die Reiſe hören.
Du gehſt jetzt in die große Welt,
Und gleich zu gelten, Lieber, fehlt dir Geld:
Denn Geld nur gilt, wie ſchon die Sprache lehrt,
Und Geld allein giebt ſtracks dem Manne Werth.
Und dieſen Mangel auszufüllen,
Mußt du nach manches Thoren Grillen
Die Fahne deines Lebens drehn,
Um durch die Klippen glücklich hin zu gehn.
Fürs erſte ſuche zu ſtudiren,
Mit welcher Art von Menſchenthieren
Das Schickſal dich zuſammen ſchlägt;
Auf welchem Punkte du ſie kannſt berühren,
Und was ihr Geiſt für Farbe trägt.
Verläugne dich; laß nie den Menſchen blicken:
Denn Menſchheit iſt nun vor der Hand
Faſt überall noch konterband,
Und ihr Phantom wird oft nur ausgeſpannt,
Den Sinn der Blöden zu berücken.
Schnell lerne dich mit Anſtand bücken,
Und in der Mode welſchem Ton,
Der frevelnden Vernunft zum Hohn,
Nonſenſikaliſch Formeln flicken.
Leg' auf das warme Menſchenherz
Damit in kindiſchen Gefühlen
Die Knabenadern dir nicht Streiche ſpielen,
Ein dreifach dickes kaltes Erz.
Laß die Moral den Schulmonarchen,
Und ſuche bald im erſten, hohen Rauſch
Mit überlegtem klugen Tauſch
Der Schule Dünſte wegzuſchnarchen.
Schließ dich an reiche, goldne Narren
Mit wohlbedachter Narrheit an;
Sonſt kannſt du auf Fortunens Bahn
Umſonſt Olympiaden karren.
Erfrech dich nie Vernunft zu haben,
Die deinem Gönner widerſpricht,
Und ſchlüg' er, wie die Fibelknaben,
Dem Menſchenſinn in's Angeſicht.
Wag' nie, die alte Nebeldecke
Der bunten und der ſchwarzen Röcke,
Aus welcher Bann und lange Flüche rauchen,
Mit Phöbus Lichtſtrahl anzuhauchen.
Sprich keck; nur wage keine Kaſten
Mit deiner Kühnheit anzutaſten.
Red' in der Selbſtſucht hohem Grimme,
So oft man dein Verdienſt verkennt,
Von deinem Werth mit Stentors Eiſenſtimme,
Bis dich auch die Belohnungsliſte nennt.
Sei groß bei Kleinen, und bei Großen klein;
Im Tadel beißendklug, im Lobe fein;
Doch ſage ſtets mit Peter Squenz,
Vortrefflich! zu der Excellenz.
Bei allen Abderitenſtreichen halte
Den kleinſten Muskel in der Falte:
Verſuch' es nie, dem Laſter nachzuſpüren,
Und Tugend zu analyſiren.
Ergreif die Laune, die den Mann beſitzt,
Mit Kunſt, ſo lange ſie dir nützt.
Laß nie das Ehrgefühl dich drücken,
Das manchem, wenn er weiter zielt,
So oft noch Schülerſtreiche ſpielt,
Vor Dunſen und vor Schurken dich zu bücken.
Sei Kuppler; noch in jedem Lande
Erwirbt man klug ſich Ruhm durch Schande:
Sei blind mit Fleiß und dumm aus Liſt,
Bis du auf deinem Boden biſt.
Hilf Schwärmern fluchen, Schuldnern ſpeculiren;
Hilf Süßlern winſeln, Weibern radotiren;
Und faſſe weislich die Gelegenheit,
So oft ſie dir die Lockenſtirne beut.
Lies Horoskopen in des Weibes Miene,
Und ſprich den jungen Faun zum Amorine.
Sei Frömmler und ſei Freigeiſt nach dem Ton,
Jetzt der Vernunft, dem Glauben jetzt zum Hohn.
Erſinne dir die lieblichſte Kareſſe
Für jeder Dame Lieblingshund,
Und lauf galant die Füße wund,
Und nimm am Ende die Mätreſſe.
Sei Proteus, wechſle die Geſtalten;
Und laß dich unter keiner halten,
Bis du dich in's Gewicht gebracht;
Das dann in der Geſchäfte Schale

Mit Einem Male
Für dich auch eine Schnellung macht.
Dann kannſt du mit Behaglichkeit
Die gute, liebe Lebenszeit
Nach deiner eignen Laune lungern:
Wo nicht, ſo lerne nur getroſt
Philoſophie mit magrer Koſt.
Und dann und wann recht tapfer hungern.

Wohlthat des Herzens.

Kalt und erſtarrt liegt rund die Flur umher,
Wo der Gedanke nur die Gruppen ſtellt;
Und ohne Herz iſt unſre ſchöne Welt
Ein todtes Bild, und aller Freude leer.

Das Herz nur ſchafft in ſüßer Sympathie
Aus jedem Gegenſtand ſich Hochgenuß,
Hört in dem Sturm der Liebe Morgengruß,
Und ſammelt Freuden aus des Lebens Müh.

Das Herz gießt neu die Farben um ſich her,
Und haucht ein neues glühendes Gewand
Mit ſchönem Zauber um das nackte Land,
Macht Arme reich und giebt den Reichen mehr.

Das Herz ſchattirt der Auen Purpurſaum,
Wo ſorgenlos der frohe Knabe lief;
Und Heiligthum iſt, wo der Vater ſchlief,
Die kleine Laube mit dem alten Baum.

Das Herz ſchafft ſich die kleine Raſenbank,
Wo ländlich auf des Lenzes weichem Gras
Jüngſt fröhlich das geliebte Mädchen ſaß,
Zum hohen königlichen Marmorgang.

Das Herz erhebt, in Lunens Silberſchein,
Wo jüngſt entzückt in zephyrleichtem Flug
Zum Abendlied ſie ihre Triller ſchlug,
Den kleinen Wald zu einem Götterhain.

Es zaubert ſich aus einer Felſenwand
Ein Blumenbeet zum Feierkleid hervor,
Wo ſtill die Lauſcherin mit leiſem Ohr
Bei ihrer Schweſter Philomele ſtand.

Das Herz erhöht die Hütte ſich zum Thron,
Macht harte Koſt zur ſchönſten Feerei,
Spricht Schuldner los und giebt Verdammte frei,
Und grüßt als Freund den letzten Erdenſohn.

Die ganze Trift wird harmonieenvoll,
Zur Oreade jeder Echolaut,
Und jeder Quell den Himmliſchen vertraut,
Und jeder Flötenhirte zum Apoll.

Das Paradies iſt eine Wüſtenei,
Wo das Gefühl die Schöpfung nicht beſeelt;
Und wo Vernunft nur ihre Pulſe zählt,
Elyſium ein ſchales Einerlei.

Laß, Himmel mir, ... und klagt mir der Schmerz
Zuweilen auch in meiner ſtillen Ruh
Ein Elegienſtück der Wehmuth zu, ...
Laß, Himmel, mir zum Troſte nur mein Herz.

Das Opfer.

Lo, thy country calls!
Glover.

Noch ſtrömte von den Thermopylen
Der Perſer Blut herab in's Meer,
Die durch das Schwert der Griechen fielen,
Als Sparta's Held ſein kleines Heer
Entſchlummern hieß, und um die zweite Wache
Gewaffnet ſein zu heißer Rache.

Die Würger ruhn am Fels im Thale:
Der Herold weckt zur Mitternacht
Zum feierlichen Todtenmahle.
Sie ſtehn: das Opfer wird gebracht;
Der König folgt, den Lorbeer in dem Haare
Und ſchweigend, ihm zu dem Altare.

Der Prieſter ſchlägt; das heilge Feuer
Erhellt den Berg; Megiſt beſprengt
Mit einem grünen Lorbeerweiher
Der Kämpfer Haupt, die dicht gedrängt
Mit hohem Muth ſich um die Flammen reihen,
Zum Tod im Kampf ſich einzuweihen.

Leonidas ſah, wie Alcide,
Sein Ahnherr, als er Rieſen zwang,
Mit Götterblick von Glied zu Gliede
Die Krieger an, und plötzlich drang
Ein Flammenſtrahl, als käm' er von dem Gotte,
In jedes Herz der Heldenrotte.

Der König ſprach: „Gefährten, Brüder,
Eßt jetzt der Freiheit letztes Mahl,
Und trinkt den Wein! denn wenn wir wieder
Zuſammenkommen, iſt's im Thal
Elyſiums, wo glühend vor Verlangen
Die Väter ſtehn, uns zu empfangen."

„Denkt an die Männer, die im Streite
Des Vaterlandes ſtarben! Denkt,
Ihr Heldengeiſt ſchwebt euch zur Seite,
Und wägt der Enkel Werth, und lenkt
Des Schwertes Stahl, den öſtlichen Barbaren
Mit tieferm Druck in's Herz zu fahren."

„Das Weib mit ihren kleinen Knaben
Beim Abſchiedskuß, und jedes Pfand
Der Liebe und der Freundſchaft haben
Sich uns vertraut. Das Vaterland,
Die Freiheit ruft; wir ſind der Freiheit Erben!
Braucht's mehr zum Siegen oder Sterben?"

Er ſprach's und aß: die Krieger zehrten
Das Mahl auf Schild und Speer gelehnt,
In ſtiller Feier auf und leerten,
Des Hades Göttern ausgeſöhnt,
Die Schalen aus bei des Altares Dampfe,
Und ſtärkten ſich zum Todeskampfe.

Der Zug geht, gleich dem Zug der Götter,
Der vom Olymp die Rache trägt,
Und wie vereinte Donnerwetter
Der Erde Brut zu Trümmern ſchlägt:
So trägt ihr Schwert, der Tyrannei zu lohnen,
Den Tod in Xerxes Millionen.

Tief iſt die Nacht; aus Wolken blicket
Selene mit dem jüngſten Strahl,
Und von des Helmes Spitze nicket
Die Feder durch das Felſenthal,
Indeß im Schlaf mit tiefen Athemzügen
Die Sclaven und Despoten liegen.

Durch ſtumme Nationen ſchreitet
Der kleine Heldenzug, zum Zelt
Des großen Königs, und bereitet
Verderben für die Morgenwelt.
Schon glaubt im Traum mit taumelndem Vergnügen
Der Stolz ſich im Triumph zu wiegen.

Stracks donnert ihn aus den Gefühlen
Der Vorhof wach, wo ſchon in Blut
Der Herakliden Dolchen wühlen,
Wo mit gereizter Löwen Wuth
Die Griechen doch dem Unterdrücker fluchen
Und ihn mit Rächerſtahle ſuchen.

Der Droher flieht durch dunkle Gänge
Vor ſeinem Tod; der Griechen Schwert
Frißt hungrig in die reiche Menge
Der goldnen Sclaven, und zerſtört
Den Schmuck des Jochs, dem ſich mit krummen Rücken
Die Schmeichler bis zum Staube bücken.

Die Flamme ſteigt, wie Nebelwolke,
Vom Lager zu dem Himmel auf;
Der Schrecken wälzt von Volk zu Volke
Laut heulend ſeinen Schlangenlauf;
Die Opfer mähn die zitternden Barbaren,
Zum Styx hinab bei langen Schaaren.

Verwüſtung deckt das Feld mit Leichen;
Der Grieche würgt, der Perſer weicht

Den Freund in Irrthum; Heere weichen
Vor wenig Lanzen; Grimm verfolgt
Die Fliehenden und ſchlachtet ohne Schonen
Des hohen Stolzes Legionen.

Die Gegend raucht, die Kriegswuth brüllet,
Verwirrung herrſcht, bis Titans Licht
Die todtenvolle Nacht enthüllet
Und durch den dunkeln Schleier bricht.
Leonidas ruft nun aus Blut und Flammen
Sein Göttergleiches Heer zuſammen.

Des Orients Entflohne ſchauen
Mit Scham nunmehr ihr Lager an:
Der Anblick füllt mit Furcht und Grauen.
Doch des Tyrannen Buſen kann
Das Todtenfeld und ein geheimes Zittern
Doch nicht in ſeinem Stolz erſchüttern.

Die Sparter ruhn in Oeta's Grotten,
Mit Herzen, die nach heißer Schlacht
Des nahen Todes kühner ſpotten,
Als ſchnell, wie mit Gewittermacht,
Das ganze Heer in Stürmen auf ſie dringet
Und ſie zum neuen Treffen zwinget.

Das Volk auf Wagen und auf Roſſen
Schwoll rund wie Meeresfluth heran:
Die Sparter ſtanden, und beſchloſſen,
Der Freiheit heilig, Mann für Mann,
Den Todeskampf, im Stolz gerechter Rache,
Für ihres Vaterlandes Sache.

Noch lange hielt der Heraklide,
Leonidas, mit Schwert und Speer,
Gleich einer Felſenpyramide,
Und gab Verderben um ſich her,
Bis Mann auf Mann die Seinen, ohne Wanken,
Mit ihm im Wogenſchwall verſanken.

Ihr Edlen, leuchtendes Exempel!
Bewundrung jeder Nation,
Und hohes Lob und Ehrentempel
Sind durch Aeonen euer Lohn;
Und, was euch mehr als alle Lorbeern krönt,
Ihr ſeid der Freiheit Lieblingsſöhne.

Einſame Wandlung.

Bin ich denn todt, daß unbegrüßt die Horen
Im Tanz vor mir vorüber glühn?
Daß ohne Balſam mir die Blumen blühn,
Als wäre Flur und Lenz verloren?
Hat die Natur, die mich geboren,
Die unerſchöpfliche Vergeuderin,
Mir keine Freude zugeſchworen?

Fährt mir allein in Gottes Opferhaine,
Wenn feiernd ihm die Schöpfung ſingt,
Daß lauter Jubel durch die Felſen dringt,
Kein Feuerſtrahl durch die Gebeine?
Hier ſitz' ich auf dem grauen Steine,
Um den ſich rund der Gegend Zauber ſchlingt,
Und, ſpottet meiner nicht, und weine.

Wie ein Verdammter vor der Roſenthüre
Der Seligkeiten Edens ſteht,
Und ſchauernd links in ſeine Wüſte geht,
Als ob der Cherub ihn berühre:
So hör' ich durch gebrochne Schwüre,
Wenn warm umher des Lebens Odem weht,
Daß nichts vom Leben mir gebühre.

Iſt auf des Weltmeers hochgethürmten Wogen,
Als ſchwindelnd mich ihr ſchwarzer Flug
Im Ungewitter auf und nieder ſchlug,
Mein kleines Glück davon geflogen?
Hat mich der Krieg, der mich erzogen,
Als er das Land umher zu Grabe trug,
Um meine Menſchlichkeit betrogen?

Ich ſteh' allein, wie gänzlich losgeſchlagen
Von allem, was den Menſchen hält,
Und in mir liegt in Trümmern meine Welt,
Die Nacht von den geſchiednen Tagen.
Wer wagt es Werde Licht! zu ſagen,
Wenn alles tief und immer tiefer fällt,
Und mich zu mir zurück zu tragen!

Man ſchwur mir Freundſchaft und man ſchwur mir Liebe,
Und ich, ein Zögling der Natur,
Hing feſt mit Zutraun an dem ſchönen Schwur,
Als ob ihn Gott mit Feuer ſchriebe.
Ha, wer mir jetzt den Tand vertriebe!
Die ganze ſchöne Gleißnerei war nur
Wie Regenwaſſer in dem Siebe.

Ich ſchlürfte tief, wie ſeinen Sorgenbrecher
Ein Sohn Lyäens, meinen Trank,
Bis mir der Nektar von der Lippe ſank,
Und Schierling war im goldnen Becher.
Da blickte ſtarr der blinde Zecher,
Und für die Täuſchung zahlte meinen Dank
Der weggeſchlagnen Hoffnung Rächer.

Nun lauſcht ſchon längſt, als Brut der Menſchenkunde,
Wenn mich ein holdes Angeſicht
Zum Proſelyten ſeines Glaubens ſpricht,
Der Argwohn in dem Hintergrunde,
Und ſtürzt in einer Giftesſtunde,
Wenn plötzlich er ſich in die Seele flicht,
Das Werk von mancher guten Stunde.

Mit Golde kauft man immer feile Seelen;
Das Herz nur iſt dem Herzen Lohn:
Der wahre Werth ſpricht allem Schimmer Hohn,
Und läßt ſich nie nach Tafeln zählen.
Mir mögen Rock und Mantel fehlen,
Noch bin ich reich; allein ein Bettler ſchon,
Will man mir mein Gefühl beſtehlen.

Ach gäbt ihr mir nur meinen Glauben wieder,
Den ſchöne Heuchelei mir nahm,
Die im Gewand der Wahrheit zu mir kam!
Ihr ſangt mir nur Sirenenlieder:
Gebt mir mein Herz für meine Brüder,
Gebt mir Vertraun, entreißt mich meinem Gram
Durch Zuverſicht an Menſchen wieder!

Die Welt um mich trägt meines Schickſals Farben,
Die ihr mit euern Künſten ſchuft:
Mit jedem Fußtritt find' ich eine Gruft,
Wo ehmals Menſchenfreuden ſtarben,
Wo Narren Segen ſich erwarben,
Um an der Bosheit angeſteckten Luft
Dann arm und hoffnungslos zu darben.

Hängt noch der Fluch am menſchlichen Geſchlechte,
Den zürnend einſt der Dämon rief?
Gräbt ihn die Macht der Leidenſchaft noch tief
In Könige und Ruderknechte?
Daß eines Thoren fromme Rechte,
Der die Beſinnung gläubig längſt verſchlief,
Mir einen Trank aus Lethe brächte!

Was ſoll der Wunſch? Ein Wunſch iſt ſchon für Thoren,
Und für die Weiber Elegie:
Ich lege trotzig mich an's Joch und zieh,
Bis Hirn und Herz hat ausgegohren.
Vielleicht wird noch die Zeit geboren,
Wo ich mit Ruh in eine Klauſe flieh,
Und ſag', ich habe nichts verloren.

Der Maimorgen.

Ich jauchze dir, ich jauchze dir entgegen,
Der du in deine Fluth mich tauchſt,
Dir, Genius des Tags, der du auf meinen Wegen
Jetzt Paradieſe hauchſt.

Sie iſt verglüht, die Weltenſaat der Sterne
Vor deines Goldes erſtem Glanz.
Und aus dem Feuermeer ziehſt aus der Berge Ferne
Du deinen Strahlenkranz.

Was ſchlief, erwacht, wie ſich die Spitzen röthen,
Und in dem Hain wird alles Chor

Zu deinem Feiergruß, und Philomelen flöten
Begeiſterter empor.

Dein Balſam weht in lieblichem Gemiſche
Mit Lebenskraft von Thal zu Thal
Auf Blumenteppichen, und deines Odems Friſche
Giebt allen Nerven Stahl.

Erhebt den Herrn! ſchall's rund von jedem Hügel,
Wo eines Pflanzers Hütte ſteht;
Und aus der Bergſchlucht hallt's, und jedes Lüftchens Flügel
Empfängt ein Dankgebet.

Dort gießt die Gluth ſich von dem Felſen nieder,
Ein Lichtſtaub, der von Gott ſich ſchwingt:
Wir trinken von dem Quell, und ſtammeln nur die Lieder,
Die kaum der Seraph ſingt.

Das Weizenfeld iſt deiner Wohlthat trunken
Und badet ſich in Perlenthau!
Und alle Farben blitzt in diamantnen Funken
Das Feierkleid der Au.

Am Hügel hin wogt Hygieens Weben
Der Aepfelbäume Blüthenduft,
Und alles haucht mit Kraft das neugeſchaffne Leben
In die gewürzte Luft.

In Gruppen ſteigt die Gegend auf und nieder!
Der Fluß rollt rauſchend durch das Thal,
Verbirgt ſich hier im Wald, und dort erſcheint er wieder,
Und glüht im Sonnenſtrahl.

Die Dorfſchalmei ruft laut ſchon Muth und Freude,
Von Heerdenglocken tönt der Zug;
Und mit dem Morgenlied hebt an dem Saum der Heide
Der Pflüger ſeinen Pflug.

Verſchlaft im Flaum, ihr modiſchen Gerippe,
Der jungen Horen Reihentanz!
Euch reicht kein Felſenquell die Fluth der Aganippe
Kein Lenz den Blüthenkranz.

Ich reiße mich aus meinem dumpfen Kerker
Auf in die Arme der Natur,
Und werde fröhlicher, lebendiger und ſtärker
In der erwachten Flur.

Elaſtiſch hebt der Fuß, wie eine Feder,
Den Körper, den er rhythmiſch trägt,
Indeß das leichte Blut zum Tanz durch das Geäder
Noch wie dem Knaben ſchlägt.

Ich will mich ſonnen, will in den Strom mich ſtürzen,
Der unter mir zur Woge ſchwillt;
Und keine Bitterkeit ſoll mir die Koſt verwürzen,
Aus der Geneſung quillt.

Ich will mit Geiz in deinen Reichthum ſinken,
Natur! Nimm deinen Zögling hin!
Will bis zum Taumel froh aus deinen Kelchen trinken,
Du Heilvergeberin!

Wer grollend nur in deinem Tempel ſchleichet,
Wird Feind von Menſchen und von Licht;
Wem aber deine Hand des Lebens Freuden reichet,
Iſt nie ein Böſewicht.

Nur du allein kannſt Menſchen rein beglücken,
Und hauchest Seelenadel ein.
Ha, könnt' ich eine Welt jetzt an den Buſen drücken,
Sie ſollte ſelig ſein!

Ich breche mir von dem bethauten Stocke
Die erſte Roſe dieſer Flur,
Und weihe mich im Flug der letzten Blüthenflocke
Zum Prieſter der Natur.

Gewähreſt du, was du mir einſt verhießeſt,
Vollenderin Urania;
Ich ſtände jetzt beglückt, wie du mich hoffen ließeſt,
Zum Neid der Geiſter da.

Den Manen Gleims.

Nennt man Homers und Oſſians Genoſſen,
Von deren Lippen Honigſeim
Und Nektar oft in weiſen Lehren floſſen,
Nennt man auch einſt den alten Gleim.

Froh war als Greis, wie er der Mann geweſen,
Der Harfner mit dem Silberhaar;
Und ſein Geſicht ließ ſeine Seele leſen,
Die hier ſchon in Verklärung war.

Der Neſtor ſah in vielen, vielen Jahren
Geſchlechter Könige zum Ziel,
In Pomp und Schlacht, vor ſich vorüber fahren;
Und zählte, wer hier ſtand, hier fiel.

Hoch ſtieg der Ruhm von ſeines Königs Heere,
Das in dem Sturm die Feinde ſchlug:
In Gleims Gedicht lebt ihre Heldenehre,
Das ſie entglüht zur Nachwelt trug.

Er ſammelte mit Weisheit jede Blüthe
Und flocht ſie ſinnreich in den Kranz,
Und reicht' ihn dann mit Freundlichkeit und Güte
Den Freunden zu dem Reihentanz.

Anakreon ſang nicht mit höherm Feuer
Vom Seelenrauſch in Lieb' und Wein;
Und Keines Geiſt war der Betäubung freier,
So ſchön ätheriſch und ſo rein.

Hört erſt den Spruch, vermeßne Sittenrichter:
Der Mäonide Klopſtock nennt
Den Sänger den undurſtigſten der Dichter,
Die er am ganzen Pindus kennt.

Und jedem Wort, das nicht vor deutſchen Ohren
Ein echtes Bürgerrecht bekam,
Hatt' er mit Zorn den Untergang geſchworen;
Und ſchalt, wer dann in Schutz es nahm.

Brecht, denn ihr thut's, ob dem was er geſungen,
Mit eurem Krittlertadel los!
Dem Größten iſt nicht jedes Lied gelungen;
Sein reiner Menſchenwerth war groß.

Man wird noch oft im Kreiſe ſchöner Seelen,
Die ſtill und ernſt ihn handeln ſahn,
Tief, tief herauf der Reihe nach erzählen,
Was einſt der alte Mann gethan.

Ich ſchreibe ſtolz der Liſte der Verehrer
Des Mannes meinen Namen ein:
Er war mein Freund, mein Vater und mein Lehrer;
Und ſoll als Menſch mein Muſter ſein.

Fragt nicht, wie oft der Unterſucher fehlte;
Des Menſchen Handlung iſt die Saat.
Der Wage deß, der ſeine Stunden zählte,
Wiegt leicht das Wort, und ſchwer die That.

Ich dacht' an ihn, als über Wolkenſitzen
Ich an des Aetna Hölle ſtand;
An ihn, als ich mich durch die Felſenſpitzen
Am Schneehaupt des Ahula wand.

Der Lenz beginnt; bald hofft' ich ihn zu ſehen,
Den blinden Sänger, der mir rief;
Da hört' ich ernſt die Trauerbotſchaft wehen,
Daß er den Schlaf hinüber ſchlief.

Als rauſchte mir ſein Fittich aus der Ferne,
Sah in die Welten ich empor:
Einſt ſuch' ich dich auf deinem Heimathsſterne,
Und finde mehr, als ich verlor.

Ein Andrer mag als Dichter höher fliegen,
Als ſeine heitre Muſe ſtieg.
Wird einer ihn an Tugend überwiegen?
Und dieſes iſt der ſchönre Sieg.

Wenn ich als Greis am Knotenſtocke wanke,
Zurück und vorwärts blicke, giebt
Mir Jugendfreude der Gedanke,
Daß Gleim und Weiße mich geliebt.

Fauſtin.

Du magſt, in Bedlam noch, dich mit Vernunft zu brüſten,
Tief, tief verworfenes Geſchlecht!
Pygmäiſch ſiehſt du da auf deinen Schaugerüſten,
Nur als Tyrann und Knecht.

Der Unſinn gängelt dich am Zaum der Vorurtheile,
An dem du demüthiglich gehſt,
Daß nicht die ſchwere Hand des Geißlers dich ereile,
Wenn du den Schedel brichſt.

Du knieſt, vor Angſt verſtummt, vor jedem Nebelgötzen,
Den dir Dalai Lama gab,
Und folgeſt allem blind, was deine Gaukler ſetzen,
Zur Unvernunft hinab.

Du irrſt, Inſekten gleich, um eine Feuerflamme,
Verbrennſt die Schwingen, fällſt und fluchſt
Dem göttlichen Geſchenk in deines Unwerths Schlamme
In dem du Rettung ſuchſt.

Vom erſten Nimrod an bis auf die neuſte Krone
Beſtimmt der Dolch, was Recht ſoll ſein,
Und ſchreibet es in Blut; und Weh dem Unglücksſohne,
Fällt ihm ein Zweifel ein.

Der eine zieht am Joch, damit der andre ſchweige:
Und wagt's der Sklav und blickt empor
Um Troſt und Licht, zerbricht des Herrſchers Eiſenſteige
Ihn wie der Hagel Rohr.

Wo lebten je bei euch des Himmels Lieblingskinder,
Sie, Freiheit und Gerechtigkeit?
Sie blickten nur herab auf eine Welt voll Sünder,
Und flohn mit Traurigkeit.

Kaum blieb ihr Bild zurück in dieſen Regionen,
Das man nur ſelten ehrt und liebt:
Selbſt Ariſtides muß die Böſewichter ſchonen,
Damit man ihm vergiebt.

Und endlich treibt das Volk, ein Bild der Weltgeſchichte,
Aus ſeinem Kreis den reinen Mann;
Weil es das Strafgericht von ſeinem Angeſichte
Nicht mehr ertragen kann.

Man ſtellt mit feilem Hohn in der Zerſtörer Ehre
Des Menſchenſinnes Brandmark auf;
Und eilt verrückt, als ob der Frevel Wohlthat wäre,
Zu dem Idol hinauf.

Die Zwingherrnkunſt und Herrſchbegier gewannen
Nur durch der Andern Schändlichkeit:
Die Sklaven werden erſt, dann werden die Tyrannen;
Und ſchnell zu gleicher Zeit.

Despoten ſpotten hoch, und dann Oligokraten,
Und dann des Pöbels Hefenſatz:
Dann kommt ein Demagog und ſetzt mit Frevelthaten
Sich auf den alten Platz.

Viel Greuel hatte ſchon mit ſeines Liktors Beilen
Des Sulla Würgerblick gethan;
Doch ſchmeichelnd giftiger ſchlug Wunden, die nicht heilen,
Der Knab' Oktavian.

Der Bonzen Gaunerei erzwang das Kloſterleben,
Und ſtempelte den Mann zum Schaf,
Und ſchuf oft Sünde, nur um Sünde zu vergeben,
Und Ruh zu Todesſchlaf.

Ihr waret ſtolz und kühn mit euren Meteoren,
Und prunktet mit Philoſophie;
Wie hat das neue Licht ſich wieder ſchnell verloren
In alte Phreneſie!

Man klärte die Welt mit reiner Freiheit Salbe
Und brachte ſie in Sklaverei;
Und hier hält Despotie des Henkers Fauſt im Solde,
Und hier die Kleriſei.

Wir können alſo nicht das Tageslicht ertragen,
Da man uns in die Nacht verſtößt;
Und ewig müſſen wir das große Räthſel wagen,
Das ewig ſich nicht löſt!

Vom Erdengott herab bis zu dem Dorftyrannen
Spricht Willkür ungleich nur nach Gunſt,
Und webt das feine Garn, das ihre Söldner ſpannen,
Mit tief gelegter Kunſt.

Die große Schickung lag in Eines Mannes Händen:
Der ſollte wie ein Heiland ſein.
Er fing es göttlich an; doch göttlich zu vollenden
War noch ſein Geiſt zu klein.

Noch nie ſchien das Geſchlecht, von ſeinem Werthe trunken,
So hoch im Strahlenkreis zu ſtehn:
Und nie iſt es ſo tief in Kriechſucht hingeſunken,
Um tiefer noch zu gehn.

Des Menſchen Leidenſchaft iſt, daß ſie nur erſt Nahrung,
Des [illegible] [illegible].
Was ſich dem Arme naht, das lehret die Erfahrung,
Verzehret der Polyp.

Leſt die Annalen durch von Cyrus bis auf geſtern,
Und ſprecht dann von Gerechtigkeit.
Man ſtellt ihr Bildniß auf; und eilet es zu läſtern,
Wo man es eingeweiht.

Man ehrt die Göttin laut, und höhnt ſie dann mit Thaten
Die Ariman nicht ſchwärzer ſinnt:
Man ſpricht von Menſchenrecht, und hat es ſchon verrathen,
Eh noch der Ton zerrinnt.

Mit Mäklergeiſte ſchrein die Afterpatrioten,
Als bauten ſie des Welttheils Glück,
Und ſinken in den Staub, verächtliche Heloten,
Um einen Gnadenblick.

Wer in dem Knechtsgefühl des Jammers ſeiner Sünde
Zuerſt an's Licht die Gnade trug,
Verdient, daß ihm der Geiſt das Schrecklichſte verkünde,
Wenn ſeine Stunde ſchlug.

Hier würgte man am Fluß mit einer Freiheitsfahne,
Und focht ergrimmt um gleiches Recht:
Und ſchleppt mit Schande ſchwer, dort durch die Oceane
Das Negervolk als Knecht.

Wenn uns ein Funke blitzt von Gottes Flammenthrone,
Erſtickt ihn plötzlich eine Zunft;
Und wem kein Heerzug folgt mit Waffen von Bayonne,
Der ſpricht umſonſt Vernunft.

Was bleibet uns zum Troſt? Nur noch die holde Schöne,
Die uns der alte Mythus zeigt:
Vielleicht daß Harmonie noch aus dem Mißgetöne
Des großen Chaos ſteigt.

Mit Schwermuth geh' ich bald hinab zu meinen Vätern,
Vielleicht daß ein Centraljahr kommt,
Wo endlich noch der Kampf mit Narren und Mißthätern
Den Guten beſſer frommt.

Der Tag der Heuernte.

„Hört, es hallen Heerdenglocken
„Auf der Trift am hohen Rocken,
„Und der Tag wird heiß;
„Draußen könnt ihr weiter ſprechen,
„Raſch, ergreift den langen Rechen:
„Arbeit gilt es heut und Fleiß!“

Keine Wolke ſteht am Himmel:
Summend ziehet das Getümmel
Nach der großen Au,
Ernſt und heiter, ſtill und toſend,
Singend hier, dort leiſer koſend,
Durch den letzten Morgenthau.

Voll und hoch bis an die Waden
Gehen dieſes Jahr die Schwaden;
Auseinander fliegt
Schnell das Gras von zwanzig Händen,
Das geflockt an allen Enden
Alles in der Sonne liegt.

Heißer brennt es von dem Himmel,
Rühriger wird das Gewimmel,
Bildet ſich zum Zug,
Schwinget raſch den langen Rechen,
Wendet flink den vollen Jechen,
Und es rauſcht der Halm im Flug.

Immer wieder, immer wieder
Wechſeln rüſtig Reihn und Glieder
Emſig ab und auf,
Unter Lachen, unter Plaudern,
Rechts und links und ohne Zaudern
Künſtlich ihren Ringellauf.

Neckend gehn ſie manche Stunde
Wiederholt die heiße Runde;
Und die junge Welt
Weiß es liſtig ſo zu ſpielen,
Daß ſich jedes von den Vielen
An das liebſte Mädchen ſtellt.

Glühend wird die Mittagshitze;
Alles eilt dem Schattenſitze
An dem Walde zu;
Oder lagert mit dem Kober
Hungrig ſich am größten Schober,
Erſt zum Mahl und dann zur Ruh.

Beſſer ſchmeckt aus großen Töpfen
Friſche Milch als Herrenſchöpfen,
Wenn man ſich gerühret;
Waſſer beſſer als die Weine,
Die der Fuhrmann von dem Rheine
Nur für Geld herüber führt.

Leiſe ſchlummern nun die Alten,
Und die jungen Wächter halten
Ihre gute Zeit;
Spielen, ſpotten, necken, koſen,
Werfen ſich mit wilden Roſen
Bis zu wilder Fröhlichkeit.

„Hollah, endet euer Flüſtern,
Höret, wie die Halme kniſtern!“
Ruft der Altpapa;
„Jungen, Mädchen, zugegriffen!
„Morgen wird zum Tanz gepfiffen;
„Jetzo iſt noch Arbeit da.“

Alles kommt herangeſtürmet,
Schober werden aufgethürmet,
Vor dem Abendthau;
Michel ſchwingt die große Gabel,
Hebet ſchwitzend, wie zu Babel,
Mächtig einen Rieſenbau.

Alles jauchzet ausgelaſſen
Durch des Heues lange Gaſſen;
Und der Alte ſingt
Einſam ſchmunzelnd und zufrieden,
Daß er ſeine Pyramiden
Glücklich noch zuſammen bringt.

Schwer geladen werden Wagen,
Hohe Berge heimzutragen
Für das lange Jahr.
Mögen nicht mit wildem Troſſe
Stolz verzehren fremde Roſſe,
Was des Friedens Gabe war.

Wie aus einem Paradieſe
Duftet Balſam von der Wieſe,
Und die Krankheit weicht;
Städter wallen raſch nach Hauſe,
Die in ihrer engen Klauſe
Bange geſtern noch gekeucht.

Grillen zirpen, Wachteln ſchlagen,
Späte Nachtigallen klagen
Ihren Abſchied ſich;
Und der Sperling in dem Rohre
Zanket mit dem ganzen Chore
Unermüdet ritterlich.

Fliegen ſummen, Käfer ſchwirren:
Neugeſchärfte Senſen klirren
In dem Graſe ſchon;
Ferneher in der Abendröthe
Hallt des Waldhorns und der Flöte
Sanft gemiſchter Zauberton.

Neben dem Forellenbache
Zieht mit Singſang und Gelache
Alles freundlich heim,
Findet Abends bei der Mutter
Milch und Brot und friſche Butter
Köſtlich ſüß, wie Honigſeim.

Morgen iſt ein Feſt für Knaben
Die Johanniskronen haben:
Fort noch, in das Feld!
Wer die ſchönſte Krone windet
Und die ſchönſten Bänder bindet,
Iſt beim Tanz des Tages Held.

Hört, es hallen Heerdenglocken
Von der Trift am hohen Rocken
Dort dem Dorfe zu;
Dirnen, eilet und verſehet
Stall und [illegible] ſchnell, und jetzt
Dann zum Mahl und dann zur Ruh.

An das deutſche Volk

im Jahr 1810.

Warum traf mich nicht aus einer Wolke
Gottes Feuer, eh' in meinem Volke
Ich die Greuel der Verwüſtung ſah!
Schmerzlich zuckt es mir durch die Gebeine
Bei der heißen Thräne, die ich weine,
Auf des Vaterlandes Golgatha!

Rechts und links zieht eine wilde Horde,
Mehr noch mit Zerſtörung, als mit Morde,
Die mit Spott das Aehrenfeld zertritt.
Jedes Rechtes blutige Verächter,
Geben Sie zur Antwort Hohngelächter,
Wo ſie kommen, kommt das Laſter mit.

Städte rauchen unter ihrem Tritte,
Und vor ihnen flieht die gute Sitte,
Und von ihren Fäuſten trieft das Blut,
Bleicher Schrecken zittert, wo ſie wandeln,
Und die Hölle jubelt, wo ſie handeln
Mit der Furien entmenſchter Wuth.

Der mit blutigen Hyänenklauen
Ließ das Vorrecht ſeine Grube bauen,
War Verbrecher an der Nation.
Und der erſte König, der erlaubte,
Daß man ſchändlich ſo das Volk beraubte,
Schwächling, und vergeudete den Thron.

Trennung, Eigennutz und Knechtswuth haben
Allen öffentlichen Sinn begraben,
Daß der Deutſche nur in Horden lebt;
Und daß dummheitstrunken dieſe Horden
Um die Wette ſich für Fremde morden,
Daß die mildre Menſchheit weint und bebt.

Unſre Frucht verzehren fremde Troſſe,
Unſre Gauen mähen fremde Roſſe,
Eine fremde Sprache zügelt uns.
Fremde Schergen treiben unſre Jugend,
Und mit tiefer, ſtummer Sklaventugend
Fördert links und rechts der edle Duns.

Offen ſtehn dem Untergang die Thüren,
Und wir prunken mit den Krebsgeſchwüren,
Die ein Rachegeiſt uns zürnend ſchlug.
Unſre Werke ſind nur Völkerfrohnen,
Und wir ſind ein Spott der Nationen,
Kaum zu Satelliten gut genug.

Frommen ſind dieß Gottes Strafgerichte,
Weiſen unſers alten Unſinns Früchte;
Wo der Eigennutz das Blutrecht hielt,
Wo zur Schmach und Schande ſeiner Würde,

Wer nur kann, ſich losreißt von der Bürde
Und den allgemeinen Beitrag ſtiehlt.

Was mit Blödſinn vor nicht vielen Jahren
Unſre Nachbarn, die Sarmaten, waren,
Sind wir ſelbſt nun, und was ſie jetzt ſind,
Werden wir, gleich wildzerfleiſchten Herden,
Andern Völkern zum Exempel werden,
Eh' ein Viertel-Säculum verrinnt.

Haß und Spaltung herrſcht in unſern Stämmen,
Einheit nur kann das Verderben hemmen,
Und die Einheit flieh'n wir, wie die Peſt.
Eh' man öffentlich, was recht iſt, ehret,
Jauchzet man, wenn Gau den Gau verheeret,
Und die Volksſchmach wird ein Freudenfeſt.

Unſre Edlen ſuchen fremde Ketten,
Wer ſoll nun das Vaterland erretten?
Jeder theilt ſich gierig in den Raub.
Wo der blinde Eigennutz gebietet,
Wo man für Obolen Söldner miethet,
Bleibt man für den Ruf der Ehre taub.

Gleich den Thoren, die nach Schande dürſten,
Eilen in die Wette unſre Fürſten
Stolz auf Knechtſchaft, hin in's fremde Land;
Kriechen dort in dem Clienten-Heere,
Haſchen gierig nach Satrapen-Ehre,
Wo man ihnen ihre Feſſeln wand.

Halbe Männer, die vor wenig Jahren
Knaben noch in ihrem Volke waren,
Treiben Deutſche mit dem Eiſenſtab.
Spott iſt nun des Vaterlandes Weiſe,
Und mit Zähneknirſchen ſinken Greiſe,
Zeugen beſſrer Zeiten, in das Grab.

Werden unſre aufgehäuften Sünden
Nicht vielleicht noch einen Heiland finden?
Oder ſoll das Glück der Vormund ſein?
Wen noch jetzt ein edler Zorn beweget,
Wem noch reines Blut im Herzen ſchläget,
Halt' es fluthend, heilig, heiß und rein!

Blicke, Genius des Vaterlandes,
Mit dem Licht gemeineren Verſtandes
Auf die Hohen und das Volk herab,
Daß wir Einheit, Freiheit, Recht erwerben,
Oder alle die Geſchwächten ſterben,
Und die Weltgeſchichte gräbt das Grab.

Beim Gewitter.

Noch glühet von des Tages Hitze
Stein, Furche, Saat und Gras und Staub;
Noch regt ſich in des Baumes Spitze
Auch nicht ein Lüftchen durch das Laub:
Mit ſchwerem Athem ſchleichen alle,
Und Feuer wallet durch das Blut;
Und fernher zittern Donnerhalle
Noch tief und dumpf in ſchwüler Gluth.

Mit jedem Pulsſchlag wird es bänger,
Und ſchwärzer jeden Augenblick;
Des Donners Stimme tönet länger,
Und ſtärker kehret ſie zurück.
Der heiße, matte Pflüger ſehnet
Sich nach Erquickung mit der Flur,
Und harret, an den Pflug gelehnet,
Des großen Schauſpiels der Natur.

Nun zaget vor dem Gott der Götter
Der Frevler bleiches Angeſicht;
Jehova redet in dem Wetter,
Und Berge beben, wenn er ſpricht.
Wie Nacht kommt es herangezogen,
Und Blitze leuchten vor ihm her,
Und Wogen drängen ſich an Wogen,
Als wie in einem Feuermeer.

Der Sturm geht heulend durch die Wälder,
Und Bäume berſten unter ihm;
Die Klüfte zittern, und die Felder
Sind finſter in dem Ungeſtüm:
Als würde die Natur begraben,
Glüht Blitz auf Blitz, fällt Schlag auf Schlag;
Und groß und furchtbar und erhaben,
Wird's plötzlich Nacht und plötzlich Tag.

Der ganze Himmel ſchwimmt in Flammen
Und rauſchend ſtürzt der Regenguß
In eine Waſſerfluth zuſammen;
Von jedem Berge ſtrömt ein Fluß.
Die Wolken ſpalten ſich im Blitze,
Mit Schrecken fährt der Feuerſtrahl;
Und krachend ſtürzt der Eichen Spitze
Zerſchmettert tief herab in's Thal.

Noch brauſt der Wald, noch gießt der Regen
Die neue Wohlthat auf das Land,
Und alles triefet von dem Segen,
Den Gottes Odem hergeſandt.
Das Wetter zieht erleichtert weiter,
Auch unſre Nachbarn zu erfreuen;
Und alles iſt erquickt und heiter,
Und ſcheint wie neubelebt zu ſein.

Der Buſen dehnt mit freiern Zügen
Sich in der abgekühlten Luft;
Die ganze Gegend haucht Vergnügen,
Und jede Blume ſüßern Duft.
Schön, wie ein Morgen, wird der Abend,
Der kurz vorher ſo ſchwer gedroht:
Der Landmann ſitzt, ſich dankbar labend,
Noch in dem letzten Abendroth.

Er ſieht noch, wie am Firmamente
Der Mond in vollem Glanze ſteht.
Mit Andacht faltet er die Hände,
Wenn er zum ſtillen Lager geht;
Gott, der du in den Wettern wandelſt,
So ſpricht er, legt ſich hin und ruht,
Jehova, Vater, Herr, du handelſt
Mit deinen Kindern weiſ' und gut.

II.

Aus Seume's Spaziergang nach Syrakus.

Rom, den 2. März.

In Tolentino ging's gut, und ich ließ mich überreden, von hier aus durch die Apenninen, denen man nichts gutes zutraut, ein Fuhrwerk zu nehmen, um nur nicht ganz allein zu ſein. Hier kommt der Chientente den Berg herunter und iſt für Italien ein ganz hübſcher Fluß, hat auch etwas beſſeres Waſſer als die übrigen. Man geht nun einige Tagereiſen zwiſchen den Bergen immer an dem Fluſſe hinauf, bis zu ſeinem Urſprunge bei Colfiorito, wo er aus einem See kommt, in welchem ſich das Waſſer rund umher aus den höchſten Spitzen der Apenninen ſammelt. Ich hatte einen Wagen gemiethet, aber der Wirth als Vermiether kam mit der Entſchuldigung: es ſei jetzt eben keiner zu finden; ich müſſe zwei Stunden warten. Das war nun nicht erbaulich. Aergerniß hätte mich aber nur mehr aufgehalten; ich faßte alſo Geduld und ließ mich mit meinem Torniſter auf einen Mauleſel ſchroten; mein Führer ſetzte ſich, als wir zur Stadt hinaus waren, auf die Kruppe, und ſo trabten wir italieniſch immer in den Schluchten hinauf. Dieſe wurden bald ziemlich enge und wild, und hier und da aufgehangene Menſchenknochen machen eben nicht die beſte Idylle. Ich blieb auf einer Station, deren Namen ich vergeſſen habe, nicht weit von dem alten Camerinum, deſſen Livius im puniſchen Kriege ſehr ehrenvoll erwähnt. Hier pflegte man mich ſehr gaſtfreundlich und ich erhielt den bedungenen Wagen nach Foligno. Serravalle iſt ein großes, langes Dorf in einer engen, furchtbaren Bergſchlucht am Fluß, nicht weit von der größten Höhe des Apennins; und ich wunderte mich, daß man hier ſo gut und ſo wohlfeil zu eſſen fand. Von dem See bei Colfiorito, einem Keſſel in den höchſten Bergwänden, geht es auf der andern Seite abwärts, und der Weg windet ſich ſehr wildromantiſch in einer Felſenſchnecke hinunter. Caſe Nuove iſt ein armes Oertchen am Abhange des Berges, faſt eben ſo zwiſchen Felſen wie Serravalle auf der andern Seite. Die Leute verſtehen ſich ſehr gut zu nähren, indem ſie die Sympathie der Reiſenden in Anſpruch nehmen. Sie übertheuern den Fremden nicht, ſondern wenden ſich bei der Bezahlung mit rührender Ergebung an ſeine Großmuth. Wenn man nun einen Blick auf die hohen, furchtbaren, nackten Felſen rund um ſich her wirft; man müßte keine Seele haben, wenn man nicht etwas tiefer in die Taſche griffe und den gutmüthigen Menſchen leben hülfe.

Von Caſe Nuove nach Foligno iſt eine Parthie, wie es vielleicht in Italien nur wenige giebt, ſo ſchön und romantiſch iſt ſie. Man erhebt ſich wieder auf eine anſehnliche Höhe des Apennins, und hat über eine ſehr reiche Gegend eine der größten Ausſichten. Unten rechts, tief in der Schlucht, ſind in einem ſich nach und nach erweiternden Thale die Papiermühlen des Papſtes angelegt, die zu den beſten in Italien gehören ſollen. Oben ſind die Berge kahl, zeigen dann nach und nach Geſträuche, geben dann Oelbäume und haben am Fuße üppige Weingärten. Hier ſah ich, glaube ich, zuerſt die perennirende Eiche, die in Rom eine der erſten Zierden des Borgheſiſchen Gartens iſt. Auf der Höhe des Weges ſoll man hier, wenn das Wetter rein und hell iſt, bis nach Aſſiſi und Perugia an dem alten Thraſymen ſehen können. Ich war nicht ſo glücklich; es war ziemlich umwölkt; aber es war auch ſo ſchon ein herrlicher Anblick. Wer nur ein Kerl wäre, der etwas ordentliches gelernt hätte! Hier komme ich nun ſchon in das Land, wo kein Stein ohne Namen iſt. Mit magiſchen Wolken überzogen liegt das alte, finſtere Foligno unten im Thale, wo der Segen Heſperiens ruht. Rechts und links liegen Anhöhen mit Gebäuden, die gewiß in der Vorzeit alle merkwürdig waren. Links hinunter weideten ehemals die vom Klitumnus weißgefärbten Stiere, welche die Weltbeherrſcher zu ihren Opfern in die Hauptſtadt holten; und tief weiter hinab liegt in einer Bergſchlucht das alte Spoleto, vor deſſen Thoren das vom Thraſymen ſiegreich herabſtürzende Heer Hannibals zum erſten Mal von einer Munizipalſtadt fürchterlich zurückgeſchlagen wurde. In und bei Foligno iſt artiſtiſch nicht viel zu ſehen, nachdem die neuen Gallier das ſchöne Madonnenbild mitgenommen haben. Die Kathedralkirche wird jetzt ausgebeſſert, und mich däucht mit Geſchmack. Man hatte mich in die Poſt einquartiert, wo man mich zwar ziemlich gut bewirthete, aber ungeheuer bezahlen ließ. Eine Bewirthung, für die ich den vorigen Abend auch auf der Poſt oben in dem Apennin ſieben Paoli gezahlt hatte, mußte ich hier in dem Lande des Segens mit ſechzehn bezahlen. Man wollte mich überdieß mit Gewalt zu Wagen weiter ſpediren, und da ich dieß durchaus nicht einging, ſollte ich wenigſtens ein Empfehlungsſchreiben meines freundlichen Bewirthers nach Spoleto an einen ſeiner guten Freunde haben. Natürlich, daß ich auch dafür dankte; denn er hatte mir vorher durch ſich ſelbſt ſeine guten Freunde nicht ſonderlich empfohlen. Sobald als der Morgen graute, nahm ich alſo mein Bündel und wandelte immer wieder im Thale hinauf nach Hannibals Kopfſtoß. Hier kam ich bei den berühmten Quellen des Klitumnus vorbei, die jetzt von den Eſeltreibern und Waſchweibern gewiſſenlos entweiht werden, ob ſie gleich noch eben ſo ſchön ſind wie vormals, als Plinius ſo enthuſiaſtiſch davon ſprach. Große Haine und viele Tempel giebt es freilich nicht mehr hier; aber die Gegend iſt allerliebſt und ich ſtieg emſig hinab und trank durſtig mit großen Zügen aus der ſtärkſten Quelle, als ob es Hippokrene geweſen wäre. Hier und da ſtanden noch ziemlich hohe Cypreſſen, die ehemals in der Gegend berühmt geweſen ſein ſollen. Vorzüglich ſah es aus, als ob Athene und Lyäus ihre Geſchenke hier in ihrem Heiligthume niedergelegt hätten. Es ſollen in den Weinbergen noch einige Trümmer alter Tempel ſein; ich ſuchte ſie aber nicht auf. Als ich ſo dort mich auf dem jungen Raſen ſonnte, ſetzte ſich ein ſtattlich gekleideter Jäger zu mir, lenkte das Geſpräch ſehr bald auf Politik, zog einige Zeitungsblätter aus der Taſche, und wollte nun von mir wiſſen, wie man nach dem Frieden die endliche Ausgleichung machen würde, und wie beſonders der heilige Sitz und die geiſtlichen Churfürſten dabei bedacht werden ſollten. Daran hatte ich nun mit keiner Sylbe gedacht, und ſagte ihm ganz offenherzig, das überließe ich denen, quorum interest.

Ich bin nicht gern bei ſolchen Ausgleichungsprojekten; denn es iſt faſt immer etwas Empörendes dabei. Ein Beiſpielchen will ich Dir davon erzählen. Du kannſt Dir nichts Anmaßlicheres, Verwegeneres, Hohnſprechenderes, Impertinenteres denken, als den ruſſiſchen Nationalgeiſt; nicht den des Volks, ſondern der hoffnungsvollen Sprößlinge der großen Familien, die die nächſte Anwartſchaft auf Aemter im Civil und bei der Armee haben. Einer dieſer Herren, der nur wenig ſeinem Kameraden vorging, äußerte in Warſchau öffentlich im Vorzimmer, er hoffe wohl noch ruſſiſcher Gouverneur in Dresden zu werden und zu bleiben. Die Frage war eben, wie man Oeſtreich über die zweite Theilung in Polen zufrieden ſtellen wolle? Der Neffe des Geſandten, der doch Major bei der Armee und alſo kein Troßbube war, meinte ganz naiv und unbefangen, da gäbe es ja noch Churfürſten und Fürſten genug zu ſpoliiren. Dein Freund ſtand bei den Excellenzen, deren einige durchaus die moraliſche Antiphraſe ihres Titels waren, und kehrte ſich trocken weg und ſagte: Das iſt wenigſtens der richtige Ausdruck: So geht es hier und da.

Der Jäger verließ mich nach einem halben Stündchen Koſen, und ich verließ den Klitumnus. In Spoleto ging ich ohne Schwierigkeit gerade durch das Thor hinein, durch welches Hannibal laut der Nachrichten nicht gehen konnte. Faſt hätte ich nun Urſache gehabt, zu bedauern, daß ich das Empfehlungsſchreiben des billigen Mannes in Foligno nicht angenommen hatte; denn ich lief in dem Neſte wohl eine halbe Stunde herum, ehe ich ein leidliches Gaſthaus finden konnte. Endlich führte man mich doch in eins, wo man für den dritten Theil der geſtrigen Zeche eben ſo gut bewirthete. Es iſt ein großes, altes, dunkles, häßliches, jämmerliches Loch, das Spoleto; ich möchte lieber Küſter Klimm zu Bergen in Norwegen ſein, als Erzbiſchof zu Spoleto. Die Leute hier, denen ich ins Auge guckte, ſahen alle aus wie das böſe Gewiſſen: und nur mein Wirth mit ſeiner Familie ſchien eine Ausnahme zu machen. Deswegen habe ich mich auch keinen Deut um ihre Alterthümer bekümmert, deren hier noch eine ziemliche Menge ſein ſollen. Aber alles iſt Trümmer; und Trümmer überhaupt, und zumal in Spoleto, und überdieß in ſo entſetzlichem Nebelwetter, geben eben keine ſchöne Unterhaltung. Ueber dem Thore, das man Hannibals Thor nennt, ſtehen die Worte in Marmor:

HANNIBAL
CAESIS AD THRASYMENUM ROMANIS
INFESTO AGMINE URBEM ROMAM PETENS
AD SPOLETUM MAGNA STRAGE SUORUM REPULSUS
INSIGNE PORTAE NOMEN FECIT.

So iſt die Ueberſchrift. Ich weiß nicht, ob es die Worte des Livius ſind: mich däucht, bei dieſem lautet es etwas anders. Die Sache hat indeß nach den alten Schriftſtellern ihre Richtigkeit; nur weiß ich nicht, ob es eben dieſes Thor ſein möchte: denn wie vielen Veränderungen iſt die Stadt nicht ſeit den puniſchen Kriegen unterworfen geweſen! Doch iſt es eben das Thor, durch das der Weg von Perugia geht. Der Marmor ſcheint ziemlich neu zu ſein. Jetzt dürfte ſich wohl ſchwerlich eine franzöſiſches Bataillon zurückwerfen laſſen.

Ich Idiot glaubte, als ich in Foligno angekommen war, ich ſei nun den Apennin durchwandelt; aber das ganze Thal des Klitumnus mit den Städten Foligno und Spoleto liegt in den Bergen; von Spoleto bis Terni iſt der furchtbarſte Theil deſſelben: und hier war ich wieder zu Fuße ganz allein. Den Morgen, als ich Spoleto verließ, ſah ich links an dem Felſen noch das alte gothiſche Schloß, wo ſich wackere Kerle noch einige Stunden um die Stadt ſchlagen können, ging vor den ſonderbaren Anachoreten vorbei und immer die wilde Bergſchlucht hinauf. Wo ich einkehrte, unterhielt man mich überall mit Räubergeſchichten und Mordthaten, um mir einen Mauleſel mit ſeinem Führer aufzuſchwatzen; aber ich war nun einmal hartnäckig und lief trotzig allein meinen Weg immer vorwärts. Oben auf dem Berge ſoll der Jupiter Summanus einen Tempel gehabt haben. Es iſt wohl nur von Rom aus nach Umbrien der höchſte Berg; denn ſonſt giebt es in der Kette viel höhere Parthien. Der Weg aufwärts von Spoleto iſt noch nicht ſo wild und furchtbar als der Weg abwärts und weiter nach Terni. Das Thal abwärts iſt zuweilen kaum hundert Schritte breit, rechts und links ſind hohe Felſenberge, zwiſche welche den ganzen Tag nur wenig Sonne kommt, mit Schluchten und Waldſtrömen durchbrochen. Dörfer trifft man auf dem ganzen Wege nicht, als auf der Spitze des Berges nur einige Häuſer und ein halbes Dutzend in Strettura, deſſen Name ſchon einen engen Paß anzeigt. Hier und da ſind noch einige iſolirte Wohnungen, die eben nicht freundlich ausſehen, und viele alte verlaſſene Gebäude, die ziemlich den Anblick von Räuberhöhlen tragen. Faſt nichts iſt bebaut. Die meiſten Berge ſind bis zu einer großen Höhe mit finſtern, wilden Lorbeerbüſchen bewachſen, die vielleicht eine Bravobande zu ihren Siegeszeichen brauchen könnte. Ich geſtehe Dir, es war mir ſehr wohl, als ſich einige italieniſche Meilen vor Terni das Thal wieder erweiterte und ich mich wieder etwas zu Tage gefördert ſah, unter mir ſchöne, friedliche Oelwälder erblickte, unter denen der junge Weizen grünte. Das Thal der Nera öffnete ſich, und es lag wieder ein Paradies vor mir. Hohe Cypreſſen ragten hier und da in dem Garten an den Felſenklüften empor, und der Frühling ſchien in den erſten Gewächſen des Jahres mit wohlthätiger Gewalt zu arbeiten.

Vorgeſtern kam ich auf meiner Reiſe hierher in Terni an. Mein Wirth, ein Tiroler, und ſtolz auf die Ehre ein Deutſcher zu ſein, fütterte mich auf gut öſtreichiſch recht ſtattlich, und ſetzte mir zuletzt ein Gericht Erbſen vor, die mir zum Anfange vielleicht beſſer geſchmeckt hätten. Er mochte mich für einen Maler halten und glauben, daß dieſes zur Weihe gehöre. Zum Deſſert und zur Delikateſſe kann ich den

Dintenfiſch nach dem Urtheil meines Gaumens nicht empfehlen; ſchon ſeine ſchwarzbraune Farbe iſt in der Schüſſel eben nicht äſthetiſch. Nachdem ich geſpeiſt, Interamner Wein getrunken und meinen Reiſeſack gehörig in Ordnung gelegt hatte, trollte ich fort nach dem Sonnentempel, nämlich der jetzigen Diminutivkirche des heiligen Erlöſers. Sie war verſchloſſen, ich ließ mich aber nicht abweiſen und ging zum Sakriſtan, der weiter keine Notiz von mir nahm; bei ſeiner Schüſſel und ſeinem Buche unbeweglich ſitzen blieb und mich durch eine alte Sara in die Kirche weiſen ließ. Der Mann hatte in ſeinem Sinne Recht; denn er dachte ohne Zweifel: Der da kommt weder mir noch meiner Kirche zu Ehren, ſondern blos der heidniſchen Sonne ſein Kompliment zu machen. Richtig. Die Leute haben bekanntlich das Tempelchen wie wahre Obſkuranten behandelt und beſtens geſorgt, daß in den Sonnentempel keine Sonne mehr ſcheinen kann. Alle Eingänge ſind vermauert und zu Niſchen gemacht, in deren jeder ein Heiliger für Italien ſchlecht genug gepinſelt iſt; und über dem Altar ſteht ein Sankt Salvator, der ſeinen Verfertiger auch nicht aus dem Fegfeuer erlöſen wird.

Nun ſtieg ich, ob ich gleich dieſen Tag ſchon durch vier Meilen Apenninen von Spoleto herüber gekommen war, noch eine deutſche Meile lang den hohen Steinweg zu dem Fall des Velino hinauf. Das war Belohnung. Der Tag war herrlich; kein Wölkchen, und es wehte ein lauer Wind, der nur in der Gegend des Sturzes etwas kühl ward. Die Sonne ſtand ſchon etwas tief und bildete aus der furchtbaren Schlucht der Nerva hoch in der Atmoſphäre einen ganz hellen, herrlich glühenden und größern dunkeln Bogen im Staube des Falles. Ich ſaß gegenüber auf dem Felſen, und vergaß einige Minuten alles, was die Welt ſonſt großes und ſchönes haben mag. Etwas größeres und ſchöneres von Menſchenhänden hat ſie ſchwerlich aufzuweiſen. Folgendes war halb Gedanke, halb Gefühl, als ich wieder bei mir ſelbſt war.

Hier hat vielleicht der große Mann geſeſſen
Und dem Entwurfe nachgedacht,
Der ſeinen Namen ewig macht;
Hat hier das Rieſenwerk gemeſſen,
Das größte, welches je des Menſchen Geiſt vollbracht.
Es war ein göttlicher Gedanke,
Und ſtaunend ſteht die kleine Nachwelt da
An ihres Wirkens enger Schranke
Und glaubet kaum, daß es geſchah.
Wie ſchwebte mit dem Regenbogen,
Als durch die tiefe Marmorkluft
Hinab die erſten Donnerwogen
Wild ſchäumend in den Abgrund flogen,
Des Mannes Seele durch die Luft!
So eine ſelige Minute
Wiegt einen ganzen Lebenslauf
Alltäglichen Genuſſes auf;
Sie knüpft das Große an das Gute.
Es ſchlachte nun der zürnende Pelide
Die Opfer um des Freundes Grab;
Es zehre ſich der Philippide,
Sein Afterbild, vor Scheelſucht ab!
Es weine Cäſar, ſtolz und eitel,
Um einen Lorbeerkranz um ſeine kahle Scheitel;
Es mache ſich Oktavian,
Das Muſter ſchleichender Tyrannen,
Die je für Sklaverei auf ſchöne Namen ſannen,
Mit Schlangenliſt den Erdball unterthan;
Die Motten zehren an dem Rufe,
Den ihre Ohnmacht ſich erwarb,
Und jedes Sekulum verdarb
An ihrem Tempel eine Stufe.
Hier ſteigt die Glorie im Streit der Elemente,
Und ſegnend färbt der Sonnenſtrahl
Des Mannes Monument im Thal,
Wo ſanft der Oelbaum nickt, und hoch am Firmamente.
Das Feuer glüht mir durch das Rückenmark,
Und hoch ſchlägts links mir in der Seite ſtark;
Wer ſo ein Schöpfer werden könnte!

Oben am Sturz rund um das Felſenbette iſt zwiſchen den hohen Bergen ungefähr eine kleine Stunde im Umkreiſe eine ſchöne Ebene, die voll umgehauener Oelbäume und Weinſtöcke ſteht. Ich wollte ſchon den Päbſtlern über das Sakrilegium an der Natur fluchen, als ich hörte, dieſes ſei im letzten Kriege eine Lagerſtätte der Neapolitaner geweſen. Sie ſchlugen hier Anfangs die Franzoſen durch den alten Felſenweg hinunter, und ich begreife nicht, wie ſie mit gewöhnlicher Beſinnung es wagen konnten, ſie weiter zu verfolgen. Sie gingen in das Manöver und bezahlten für ihre Kurzſichtigkeit unten ſehr theuer. Es iſt traurig für die Humanität, daß man ſich mit Tigerwuth ſogar unter den Zweigen des friedlichen Oelbaums ſchlägt. So ſehr ich zuweilen der Härte beſchuldigt werde, ein Oelbaum und ein Weizenfeld würde mir immer ein Heiligthum ſein: und ich könnte mich gleich zur Kartätſche gegen denjenigen ſtellen, der beides zerſtört. Die Sonne ging unter als ich den ſchönen Olivenwald herabkam, und kaum konnte ich unter den Weinſtöcken noch einige Veilchen und Hyacinthen pflücken, die dort ohne Pflege blühen.

Es war zu ſpät, noch die Reſte des Theaters in den Gärten des Biſchofs zu ſehen, und den andern Morgen wanderte ich nach Narni. Die Gegend von Narni aus an der Nera hinunter iſt furchtbar ſchön. Die Brücke bei Borghetto über die Tiber iſt zwar ein ſehr braves Stück Arbeit, aber als Monument für drei Päbſte immer ſehr kleinlich, wenn man ſie nur gegen die Reſte des alten ponte rotto bei Narni über die Nera hält. Das ſind doch noch Triumphbogen, die Sinn haben, dieſe Brücke und der Trajaniſche bei Ankona. Der ſchönſte iſt wohl der Waſſerfall des Velino, der oben für die ganze Gegend von Rieti ſchon über zwei tauſend Jahre eine Wohlthat iſt, weil er ſie vor Ueberſchwemmungen ſchützt. Ich bekenne, daß ich für zweckloſe Pracht, wenn es auch Rieſenwerke wären, keine ſonderliche Stimmung habe.

Eine halbe Stunde von Narni läßt man die Nera rechts und der Weg geht links auf der Anhöhe fort, immer noch wild genug, aber doch nicht mehr ſo grauenvoll wie zwiſchen Spoleto und Terni. Das Interamner Thal, das man hier bei Narni zuletzt in ſeiner ganzen Ausdehnung an der Nera hinauf überſieht, ſtand bei den Alten billig in großem Anſehen, und iſt noch jetzt bei aller Vernachläſſigung der Kultur ein ſehr ſchöner Strich zwiſchen dem Siminus und dem Apennin. In Otrikoli, einem alten ſchmutzigen Orte nicht ſehr weit von der Tiber, wo ich gegen Abend ankam, lud man mich gleich vor dem Thore höflich in ein Wirthshaus, und ich trug kein Bedenken, meinen Sack abzuwerfen und mich zu den Leuten an das Feuer zu pflanzen. Es hatte freilich keine ſonderlich gute Miene; aber ich wäre vielleicht Gefahr gelaufen, im Städtchen ſelbſt ein ſchlechteres oder gar keins zu finden und den Weg zurück zu machen, wo ich dann nicht ſo willkommen geweſen wäre. Kaum hatte ich einige Minuten ziemlich ſtumm dort geſeſſen, als ein ganz gut gekleideter Mann ſich neben mich ſetzte und mir mit einigen allgemeinen theilnehmenden Erkundigungen Rede abzugewinnen ſuchte. Er war ein ſtarker, heißer Politiker, und, wie ſehr natürlich, mit der Lage der Dinge und vorzüglich mit den allerneueſten Veränderungen nicht ſonderlich zufrieden, und meinte weislich, die Sachen könnten ſo keinen Beſtand haben. Sein Anſehen verſprach eben keinen ausgezeichneten Stand, und doch war er einer der geſcheidteſten, bewandertſten Männer, die ich noch auf meiner Wanderung in Italien von ſeiner Nation geſehen habe. Orthodoxie in Kirche und Staat ſchien ſeine Sache nicht zu ſein; und er mußte etwas Zutrauen zu meinem Geſichtsentwurf genommen haben, daß er mich ohne Zurückhaltung ſo tief in ſeine Seele ſehen ließ. Er kannte die heutigen Staatsverhältniſſe ungewöhnlich gut und war in der alten Geſchichte ziemlich zu Hauſe. Der alte Römerſtolz ſchien noch tief in ſeinem Innern zu ſitzen. Er ſprach ſkeptiſch vom Pabſte und ſchlecht von den Franzoſen; beſonders hatte ſein Haß den General Murat recht herzlich gefaßt, von deſſen ſchamloſen Erpreſſungen er zähneknirſchend ſprach, und der ſchon durch ſeinen Mameluckennamen allen Kredit bei ihm verloren hatte. Dieſer Otrikolaner war ſeit langer Zeit der erſte Mann, der meinen Spaziergang richtig begriff, und meinte, daß ſein Vaterland auch jetzt noch ihn verdiene, ſo tief es auch geſunken ſei. Wir ſchüttelten einander freundſchaftlich die Hände, und ich ging mit der folgenden Morgendämmerung den Berg hinunter, neben den Ruinen der alten Stadt vorbei, auf die Tiber zu.

Bis jetzt war es Vergnügen geweſen, auch im Kirchenſtaate zu reiſen. Jenſeits der Berge vor und hinter Ankona, bei Foligno und Spoleto und Terni und Narni war die Kultur doch noch reich und ſchön, und in den Bergen waren die Scenen romantiſch groß und zuweilen erhaben furchtbar. Man vergaß leicht die Gefahr, die ſich finden konnte. Von der Tiber und Borghetto an wird alles wüſt und öde. Die Bevölkerung wird immer dünner und die Kultur mit jedem Schritte nachläſſiger. Civita Caſtellana gilt für das alte Faleri der Falisker, wo der Schurke von Schulmeiſter ſeine Zöglinge in's feindliche Lager ſpaziren führte und vom Camill ſo brav unter den Ruthenſtreichen der Jungen zurückgeſchickt wurde. Es iſt angenehm genug, nach einer eingebildeten militäriſchen Topographie ſich hier den wirklich ſchönen Zug als gegenwärtig vorzuſtellen. Die Lage entſpricht ganz der Idee, welche die Geſchichte davon giebt. Der Ort iſt faſt rund umher mit Felſen umgeben, die von Natur unzugänglich ſind. Der Anblick flößte mir gleich Reſpekt ein, und ohne an Cluver zu denken, der, wie ich glaube, es ziemlich ſicher erwieſen hat, ſetzte ich ſogleich eigenmächtig die alte Feſtung hierher.

Von Borghetto her führt eine alte Brücke über eine wilde, romantiſche Felſenſchlucht, und nach Nepi und Rom zu hat Pius der Sechste eine neue Brücke gebaut, welche das beſte iſt, was ich noch von ihm geſehen habe. Es iſt übrigens gar erbaulich, in welchem pompöſen Styl dieſe Dinge in Aufſchriften erzählt werden: ſolche ampullas et sesquipedalia verba ſcheinen recht in der Curie der heutigen Römlinge zu liegen. Die alten Römer thaten und ließen reden, und dieſe reden und laſſen thun. Ich habe auf meinem Wege von Ankona hierher viele erhabene Ehrenbogen gefunden, welche in einer angeſchwollenen Sprache weiter nichts ſagten, als daß Pius der Sechste hier geweſen war, und vielleicht ein Frühſtück eingenommen hatte. Dieſe Bogenſpanner verdienten einen ſolchen Herrſcher. Von Civita Caſtellana aus trennt ſich die Straße; die alte flaminiſche geht über Rignano, Malborghetto und Primaporta nach der Stadt, und die neue von Pius dem Sechsten über Nepi und Monteroſi, wo ſie in die Straße von Florenz fällt. Ich dachte mit dem alten Sprichwort: Nun gehen alle Straßen nach Rom; und hielt mich bald unwillkürlich rechts zu dem neuen Pabſt. Der alte Weg kann wohl nicht viel ſchlimmer ſein, als ich den neuen fand. Doch von Wegen darf ich mit meinen Landsleuten nicht ſprechen; ſie ſind wohl ſelten in einem andern Lande ſchlimmer und gewiſſenloſer vernachläſſigt, als bei uns in Sachſen.

Erlaube mir über die Straßen im Allgemeinen eine kleine, vielleicht nicht überflüſſige Expektoration. Es iſt empörend, wenn dem Reiſenden Geleite- und Wegegeld abgefordert wird, und er ſich kaum aus dem Koth herauswinden kann, um dieſes Geld zu bezahlen. Die Straßen ſind einer der erſten Polizeiartikel, an den man faſt überall zuletzt denkt. Geleite- und Wegegeld und Poſtregal haben durchaus keinen Sinn, wenn daraus nicht für den Fürſten die Verbindlichkeit entſpringt, für die Straßen zu ſorgen; und die Unterthanen ſind nur dann zum Zuſchuß verpflichtet, wenn jene Einkünfte nicht hinreichen. Denn der Staat hat unbezweifelt die Befugniß, die Natur und Zweckmäßigkeit, und den geſetzlichen Gebrauch aller Regalien zu unterſuchen, wenn es nothwendig iſt, und auf rechtliche Verwendung derſelben zu dringen. Das giebt ſich aus dem Begriff der bürgerlichen Geſellſchaft, wenn gleich nichts davon im Juſtinianiſchen Rechte ſteht, welches überhaupt als jus publicum das traurigſte iſt, das die Vernunft erſinnen konnte; ſo ſehr es auch ein Meiſterwerk des bürgerlichen ſein mag. Bei den Straßen tritt noch eine Hauptvernachläſſigung ein, ohne deren Abſtellung man durchaus auch mit großen Summen und anhaltender Arbeit nicht glücklich ſein wird. Ich meine, man ſucht nicht mit Strenge das ſchädliche Spurfahren zu verhüten. Es iſt ſo gut, als ob keine Verfügungen deßwegen vorhanden wären, ſo wenig wird darauf geſehen. Es iſt mathematiſch zu beweiſen, daß die Gewohnheit des Spurfahrens, zumal der ſchweren Wagen, die beſte, feſteſte Chauſſee in kurzer Zeit durchaus verderben muß. Iſt einmal der Einſchnitt gemacht, ſo mag man ſchlagen und ausfüllen und klopfen und rammeln, ſo viel man will, man gewinnt nie wieder die vorige Feſtigkeit; die erſten Wagen fahren das Gleis wieder aus, und machen das Uebel ärger. Fängt man an, ein zweites Gleis zu machen, ſo iſt dieſes bald eben ſo ausgeleiert; und ſo geht es nach und nach mit mehrern, bis die ganze Straße ohne Hilfe zu Grunde gerichtet iſt. Wenn aber der Weg nur einigermaßen in Ordnung iſt, und durchaus kein Wagen die Spur des vorhergehenden hält, ſo kann kein Gleis und kein Einſchnitt entſtehen; ſondern jedes Rad verſieht, ſo zu ſagen, die Stelle eines Rammels, und hilft durch die beſtändige Veränderung des Drucks die Straße beſſern. Man würde eben ſo ſehr endlich den Weg verderben, wenn man ohne Unterlaß mit dem Rammel beſtändig auf die nämliche Stelle ſchlagen wollte. Durch das Nichtſpurfahren verändern auch die Pferde beſtändig ihre Tritte; und das Nämliche gilt ſodann von den Hufen der Thiere, was von den Rädern des Fuhrwerks gilt. Faſt durchaus habe ich den Schaden dieſer böſen Gewohnheit geſehen, und nur im Hannöver'ſchen hat man, ſo viel ich mich erinnere, ſtrengere Maßregeln genommen, ihn zu verhüten. Aber ich muß machen, daß ich nach Rom komme.

Die Italiener müſſen denn doch auch zuweilen ein ſehr richtiges Auge haben. Zwei etwas ſtattlichere Spaziergänger als ich begegneten mir mit ihren großen Knotenſtöcken bei Nepi, vermuthlich um ihre Felder zu beſehen, auf denen nicht viel gearbeitet wurde. Signore è tedesco e va a Roma, ſagte mir einer der Herren ſehr freundlich. Die Deutſchen müſſen häufig dieſe Straße machen, denn ich hatte noch keine Silbe geſprochen, um mich durch den Accent zu verrathen. Sie riethen mir, ja nicht in Nepi zu bleiben, ſondern noch nach Monteroſi zu gehen, wo ich es gut haben würde. Ich dankte und verſprach es. Es iſt ſehr angenehm, wenn man ſich bei dem erſten Anblick ſo ziemlich gewiß in einer fremden Gegend orientiren kann. Nach meiner Rechnung mußte der mir links liegende Berg durchaus der Soracte ſein, obgleich kein Schnee darauf lag; und es fand ſich ſo. Jetzt gehört er dem heiligen Sylveſter, deſſen Namen er auch trägt; doch hat ſich die alte Benennung noch nicht verloren, denn man nennt ihn noch hier und da Soratte. Nun ärgerte es mich, daß ich nicht links die alte flaminiſche Straße gehalten hatte; dann hätte ich den Herrn Soratte, der ſich ſchon von weitem ganz artig macht, etwas näher geſehen, und wäre immer längs der Tiber hinuntergewandelt. Der Berg ſteht von dieſer Seite ganz iſolirt; das wußte ich aus einigen Anmerkungen über den Horaz, und deswegen erkannte ich ihn ſogleich, da mir ſeine Entfernung von Rom bekannt war. Hinten ſchließt er ſich durch eine Kette von Hügeln an den Apennin. Der Berg iſt zwar ziemlich hoch, aber gegen die Apenninen ſelbſt hinter ihm doch nur ein Zwerg. Ich will mir doch auch ein recht ſchulmeiſterliches, hermeneutiſches Anſehen geben, und Dir hierbei eine pragmatiſche Bemerkung machen. Vielleicht weißt Du ſie ſchon; thut nichts; eine gute Sache kann man zweimal hören. Du darfſt von dem hohen Schnee des Horaz nicht eben auf die Höhe des Berges ſchließen. Der Soracte hat, weil er mit der großen Bergkette der Apenninen verglichen, doch nicht außerordentlich hoch iſt, und tiefer herab in der Ebene liegt, nur ſelten Schnee; und Herr Horaz wollte durch ſeinen Schnee den ziemlich ſtarken Winter anzeigen, wo man wohl thäte, Kaſtanien zu braten, und ſich zum Kamin und zum Becher zu halten. Das finde ich denn ganz vernünftig. Vielleicht war er eben damals in Tibur, wo er von Mäcens Landgute bloß die Spitze des beſchneiten Soracte ſehr maleriſch gruppirt vor ſich hatte. Uebrigens thue ich dem Horaz keine kleine Ehre, daß ich mich mit einem ſeiner Verſe ſo lange beſchäftigte; denn er iſt durch ſeine Sinnesart mein Mann gar nicht, und es iſt Schade, daß die Muſen gerade an ihn ſo viel verſchwendet haben.

Nepi könnte ein gar herrlicher Ort ſein, wenn die Leute hier etwas fleißiger ſein wollten; allein je näher man Rom kommt, deſto deutlicher ſpürt man die Folgen des päbſtlichen Segens, die durchaus wie Fluch ausſehen. Hinter Monteroſi packte mich ein Vetturino, der von Viterbo kam und nach Rom ging, mit ſolchem Ungeſtüm an, daß ich mich nothwendig in ſeinen Wagen ſetzen mußte, wo ich einen ſtattlich gekleideten Herrn fand, der eine todte Ziege und einen Korb voll anderer Victualien neben ſich hatte. Die Ziege wurde eingepackt und der Korb beiſeite geſetzt; ich legte meinen Torniſter zu meinen Füßen gehörig in Ordnung, und pflanzte mich Barbaren neben den zierlichen Römer. Er belugte mich ſtark und ich ihn nur obenhin; nach einigen Minuten fing das Geſpräch an; und ich ſchwatzte ſo gut ich in der neuen römiſchen Zunge konnte. Das ewige Thema waren leider wieder Mordgeſchichten, und der Herr guckte jede Minute zum Schlage hinaus, ob er keine Piſtolenhalfter ſähe. Ganz ſpaßhaft iſt es freilich nicht, wie ich nachher erfahren habe; aber eine ſolche Furcht iſt doch ſehr poſſierlich und lächerlich. Dieſe Angſt hielt bei dem Manne an, bis wir an die Geierbrücke von Rom kamen, wo er ſich nach und nach wieder erholte. Am Volksthore, denn durch dieſes fuhren wir ein, fragten die päbſtlichen Patrontaſchen nach meinem Paſſe und brachten ihn ſogleich zurück mit der Bitte: Qualche cosa della bona grazia pelle guardie. So ſo, das fängt gut an; ich mußte wohl einige Paoli herausrücken. Da hielten wir nun vor dem großen Obelisken, und ich überlegte, nach welcher von den drei großen Straßen ich auf gut Glück hinunter gehen ſollte. Eben hatte ich meinen Geſichtspunkt in die Mitte hinab durch den Corſo genommen und wollte ausſteigen, als mein Kamerad mich fragte, wo ich wohnen würde? Das weiß ich nicht, ſagte ich; ich muß ein Wirthshaus ſuchen. Er bot mir an, mich mit in ſein Haus zu nehmen. Er habe zwar kein Wirthshaus, ich ſolle es aber bei ihm ſo gut finden, als es Gefälligkeit machen könne. Ich ſah dem Manne näher ins Auge und las wenigſtens keine Schurkerei darin, dachte, hier oder da, iſt einerlei, ſetzte mich wieder nieder und ließ mich mit fortziehen. Man brachte mich, dem heiligen Franziskus mit dem Stigmen gegenüber, in den Pallaſt Strozzi, wo mein Wirth eine Art von Haushofmeiſter zu ſein ſcheint.

Rom.

So bin ich denn alſo unwiderſprechlich hier an der gelben Tiber, und zwar in keinem der ſchlechten Häuſer. Man hat hier im Hauſe viel Höflichkeit für mich, und mehr Aufmerkſamkeit, als mir lieb iſt; denn ich merke, daß ich hier viel theurer leben werde, als in irgend einem Wirthshauſe; wie mir meine Landsleute, die den römiſchen Rommel etwas verſtehen, auch ſchon erklärt haben. Ich habe meine Addreſſen aufgeſucht. Uhden und Fernow empfingen mich mit Humanität und freundſchaftlicher Wärme. Du kennſt die Männer aus ihren Arbeiten, welche gut ſind; aber ſie ſelbſt ſind noch beſſer, welches nicht immer der Fall bei literariſchen Männern iſt. Ich bin alſo ſchon kein Fremdling mehr am Kapitole. Auch den ſelbſtſtändigen, originellen und etwas barocken Reinhart ſah ich gleich den zweiten Tag, und mehrere andere deutſche Künſtler. Gmelin iſt ein lebhafter, jovialiſcher Mann, der nicht umſonſt die Welt geſehen hat, und der eine eigene Gabe beſitzt, im Deutſchen und Franzöſiſchen mit der lebendigſten Mimik zu erzählen.

Der Kardinal Borgia, an den ich einen Brief hatte, nahm mich mit vieler Freundlichkeit auf. Ein Anderer würde in ſeinem Stil Herablaſſung ſagen; nach meinem Begriff läßt ſich kein Menſch herab, wenn er mit Menſchen ſpricht, und wenn irgend ein ſogenannter Großer in ſeinem Charakter noch Herablaſſung nöthig hat, ſo ſteht er noch lange nicht auf dem rechten Punkte. Ich war genöthigt, meine Anrede franzöſiſch zu machen, da ich mir im Italieniſchen nicht Wendung genug zutraute, mit einem ſolchen Manne eine zuſammenhängende Unterredung zu halten. Er antwortete mir in der nämlichen Sprache; aber kaum hörte er, daß ich Latein verſtand, ſo fuhr er, für einen Cardinal drollig genug, lateiniſch fort, das Lob dieſer Sprache zu machen, durch welche die Nationen ſo feſt zuſammenhängen. Haec est illa lingua, ſetzte er hinzu, quae nobis peperit Livios atque Virgilios. Et Tiberios et Nerones, hätte ich faſt unwillkürlich durch die Zähne gemurmelt. Ein Wort gab das andere, ich mußte ihm einiges von meiner Kriegswanderung nach Amerika erzählen und von meinem Weſen in Polen, und der alte Herr fiel mir mit vieler Gutmüthigkeit um den Hals, und faßte mich im Ausbruch der Jovialität nicht allein beim Kopf, ſondern ſogar bei den Ohren. Ein alter militäriſcher General ſeiner Heiligkeit ſtand dabei, und es wurde ein herzliches Trio gelacht, in das ich ſo beſcheiden als möglich mit einſtimmte. Du wirſt ſchon wiſſen, daß man in Rom mehr Mönchsgenerale als Kriegsgenerale antrifft. Beide ſpielen mit Kanonen, und es wäre nicht ſchwer zu entſcheiden, welche die ihrigen am beſten zu gebrauchen wiſſen. Ich erhielt die Erlaubniß, ohne Einſchränkung immer zu dem Kardinal zu kommen, welches für einen Pilger, wie ich bin, keine Kleinigkeit iſt. Er ſtutzte gewaltig, als er hörte, ich wollte übermorgen mein Bündel nehmen und des Weges weiter wandeln, billigte aber meine Gründe lachend, als ich ihm ſagte, ich wollte vor dem Eintritt der heißen Jahreszeit meinen Spaziergang nach Syrakus endigen und auf meiner Rückkehr mich länger hier aufhalten. Er bot mir ſeine Empfehlung nach Veletri an, um dort freiern Eintritt in das Familienkabinet zu haben, worüber ich mich einiger Maßen wunderte. Aber man hat Schwierigkeiten mit den Franzoſen gehabt und Einige fürchteten ſogar, die Franzoſen würden die ganze Sammlung wegſchaffen laſſen. Das geſchieht nun zwar, wie ich höre, nicht; aber es iſt doch begreiflich, daß dadurch etwas Furchtſamkeit und Unordnung entſtanden ſein mag. Uebrigens bin ich nicht nach Italien gegangen, um vorzüglich Kabinette und Gallerien zu ſehen, und tröſte mich leicht mit meiner Laienphiloſophie.

Eben habe ich Canova geſehen und unſere Freunde, Reinhart und Fernow. Es iſt überall wohlthätig, wenn ſich verwandte Menſchen treffen; aber wenn ſie ſich auf ſo klaſſiſchem Boden finden, gewinnt das Gefühl eine eigene Magie ſchöner Humanität. Canova hat eine zweite Hebe für die Pariſer gearbeitet, die mir aber mit den Veränderungen, die er gemacht hat und die er doch wohl für Verbeſſerungen halten muß, bei weitem nicht ſo wohl gefällt, wie die venetianiſche. Du kennſt meiner Enthuſiasmus für dieſe. Er hat, däucht mir, dem Urtheil und dem Geſchmack der Franzoſen geſchmeichelt, denen ich aber in der Anlage einer Batterie eher folgen wollte, als in der Kritik über reine Weiblichkeit. Es bleibt an allen ihren ſchönen Weibern immer noch etwas von dem Character aus dem alten Palais Royal zurück. Er hat auch zwei Fechter nach dem Pauſanias gemacht, die nach langer Ermüdung zur Entſcheidung einander freien Stoß geben. Der eine hat ſo eben den furchtbarſten Schlag vor die Stirne erhalten — dieſes iſt der Moment — und reißt ſodann mit entſetzlichem Grimm ſeinem Gegner mit der Fauſt auf einem Griff das Eingeweide aus. Sie gelten für Muſter der Anatomie und des Ausdrucks. Da ſie keine nahe Beziehung auf reine, ſchöne Humanität haben, konnten ſie mich nicht ſo ſehr beſchäftigen: denn Furcht und Grimm ſind Leidenſchaften, von denen ich gerne mich wegwende. Die Stelle aus dem Pauſanias iſt mir nicht gegenwärtig; ich weiſe Dich auf ihn. Damoxenes heißt, glaube ich, der eine Fechter.

In einigen Tagen werde ich durch die Pontinen nach Terracina und ſodann weiter nach Süden gehen; damit ich vor der ganz heißen Jahreszeit, wenn's glückt, wieder zurückkomme. Mißglückt es, denn man ſpricht gar wunderlich, ſo mögen die Barbaren mich auf ihrer Seele haben. Ich will mich nicht durch Furcht ängſtigen, die auf alle Fälle kein guter Hausgenoſſe in der Seele iſt. Zu Ende des Jahres hoffe ich, post varios casus Dich wieder zu ſehen.

Terracina.

Du ſiehſt, daß ich aus den Sümpfen heraus bin. Die Prophezeihung meiner Freunde in Rom iſt eingetroffen. Der Herr Haushofmeiſter in dem Pallaſt Strozzi dem heiligen Franz mit den Stigmen gegenüber, überließ es meiner Großmuth, die ſeinige zu belohnen. Das heißt nun die Leute meiſtens am unrechten Flecke angefaßt. Ich griff mich indeſſen an, ſo viel ich konnte, und gab für drei Tage und drei Mahlzeiten, die übrigen hatte ich auswärts gehalten, zwei Kaiſerdukaten, welches ich für ziemlich honett hielt. Der Mann machte in Rom ein flämiſches Geſicht, aber doch weiter keine Bemerkung, ſondern begleitete mich noch gefällig bis Sankt Johann von Lateran, wo er mir am Thore ſeine Adreſſe gab, damit ich ihn bei meiner Rückkunft finden möchte. Er mochte doch die Rechnung gezogen und überlegt haben, daß einen ganzen Monat verhältnißmäßig das Geldchen noch mitzunehmen wäre. Das war nun aber mir nicht gelegen: meine Börſe wollte ſich in die Länge nicht ſo großmüthig behandeln laſſen. Man hat der Ausgaben mehrere. Ich ging nun durch die weitläufigen, halb verfallenen Gärten der Stadt und durch die ganz wüſte Gegend vor derſelben nach Albano hinüber.

Einige Millien vor der Stadt wandelte links unter den Ruinen der alten Waſſerleitungen, die vom Berge herabkamen, ein Mann mit einem Buche einſam hin, ſuchte ſich rund umher zu orientiren, und ſchloß ſich, als ich näher kam, an mich an. Er war ein Franzoſe, der ſich in Veletri ſchon lange häuslich niedergelaſſen hatte, in der Stadt geweſen war und jetzt heim ging. Seine Geſellſchaft war mir hier höchſt angenehm, da er mit der Geſchichte der Zeit und den Vorfällen des Kriegs bekannt war und rund umher mir alle Auftritte erklärte. Links hinauf nach den Hügeln des Albanerbergs hatten ſich die Franzoſen und Inſurgenten hartnäckig geſchlagen. Die Inſurgenten hatten zuerſt einigen Vortheil und hatten deswegen nach der Weiſe der Revolutionäre angefangen höchſt grauſam zu verfahren: aber die Franzoſen trieben ſie mit ihrer gewöhnlichen Energie bald in die Enge; und nun fehlte es wieder nicht an Gewaltthätigkeiten aller Art. Einige Millien von Albano iſt rechts am Wege eine Gegend, welche Schwefelquellen haben muß; denn der Geruch iſt entſetzlich und muß in der heißen Sommerperiode kaum erträglich ſein. In einer Peripherie von mehreren hundert Schritten keimt deswegen kein Gräschen, obgleich übrigens der Strich nicht unfruchtbar iſt.

Die Albaner bilden ſich ein, daß ihre Stadt das alte Alba Longa ſei, und ſagen es noch bis jetzt auf Treu und Glauben jedem Fremden, der es hören will. Die Antiquare haben zwar gezeigt, daß das nicht ſein könne, und daß die alte Stadt laut der Geſchichte an der andern Seite des Sees am Fuße des Berges müſſe gelegen haben: aber drei oder vier Millien, denken die Albaner, machen keinen großen Unterſchied; und es iſt wenigſtens Niemand in der Gegend, der ein näheres Recht auf Alba Longa hätte als ſie. Wir wollen ſie alſo in dem ruhigen Beſitz laſſen. Die jetzige Stadt ſcheint zur Zeit der erſten Cäſarn aus einigen Villen entſtanden zu ſein, von denen die des Pompejus die vorzüglichſte war. Dadurch ſieht es nun freilich um das Monument der Kuriatier mißlich aus, das auf dem Wege nach Aricia ſteht, und welches mir überhaupt ein ziemlich gothiſches Anſehen hat. Nach der Geſchichte ſind alle, die drei Kuriatier wie die beiden Horatier, unten vor der Stadt Rom begraben, wo der Kampf geſchah und wo auch ihre Monumente ſtanden: indeſſen läßt ſich wohl denken, daß die neuern Albaner aus altem Patriotismus ihren braven Landsleuten hier ein neues Denkmal errichteten, als unten die alten verfallen waren. Wenigſtens iſt nicht einzuſehen, wozu das Ding mit den drei Spitzen ſonſt ſollte aufgeführt worden ſein. Ein Kaſtell zur Vertheidigung des Weges wäre das Einzige, wozu man es machen könnte; aber dazu hat es nicht die Geſtalt.

In Albano fand mein Franzoſe Bekannte, bei denen er einkehrte; und ich ließ mich auf die Poſt bringen, welche das beſte Wirthshaus iſt. Sobald ich abgelegt hatte, trat ein artiger, junger Mann zu mir in's Zimmer, der aus der Gegend war und mit vieler Gutmüthigkeit mir die Unterhaltung machte. Mit ihm wandelte ich noch etwas in der ſchönen Gegend hin und her, und namentlich an das Monument, von deſſen Alterthum er indeſſen auch nicht ſonderlich überzeugt war. Antiquitäten ſchienen zwar ſeine Sache nicht zu ſein; aber dafür war er deſto bekannter in der neuen Welt. Er ſprach franzöſiſch und engliſch mit vieler Geläufigkeit, weil er in beiden Ländern einige Zeit geweſen war; eine nicht gewöhnliche Erſcheinung unter den

Italienern. Je m'appelle Prince, ſagte er, mais je ne le ſuis pas: indeſſen hatten ihn die Franzoſen nach ſeiner Angabe grimmig genug behandelt, alle ſeine Oelbäume umgehauen, und ihm auf lange Zeit einen jährlichen Verluſt von zweitauſend Piaſtern verurſacht. Die Wahrheit davon laſſe ich auf ſeiner Erzählung beruhen. Der junge Mann zeigt viel Offenheit, Gewandtheit und Humanität in ſeinem Charakter. Sodann führte er mich einige hundert Schritte weiter zu einer alten Eiche an dem Wege nach Aricia, nicht weit von dem Eingange in den Park und die Gärten des Fürſten Chigi. Die Eiche ſollte von ſeltener Schönheit ſein, und ſie iſt auch wirklich ſehr anſehnlich und maleriſch; aber wir haben bei uns in Deutſchland an vielen Orten größere und ſchönere.

Den Herrn Fürſten Chigi kannte ich aus Charakteriſtiken von Rom, und hätte wohl Luſt gehabt, ſeine Beſitzungen näher zu beſehen. Er ſelbſt iſt als Dichter und Deklamator in der Stadt bekannt, und ſoll wirklich unter dieſen beiden Rubriken viel Verdienſt haben. Er muß indeſſen ein ſonderbarer Bukoliker und Idyllendichter ſein; denn in ſeinem Park hat er den ſchönſten und herrlichſten Eichenhain niederhauen laſſen, und in dem Ueberreſte läßt er die Schweine ſo wild herumlaufen, als ob er ſich ganz allein von ihrer Maſtung nähren wollte. Darüber ſind nun beſonders die Maler und Zeichner ſo entrüſtet, daß ſie den Mann förmlich in Verdammniß geſetzt haben, und ich weiß nicht, wie er ſich daraus erlöſen will. Die Gegend iſt deſſen ungeachtet noch eine der ſchönſten in Italien, und das romantiſche Gemiſch von Wildheit und Kultur, die hier zu kämpfen ſcheinen, macht, wenn man aus der Oede Roms kommt, einen ſonderbaren wohlthätigen Eindruck. Die Leute in dieſer Gegend haben den Ruhm, vorzüglich gute Banditen zu ſein.

Von Albano ging ich den andern Morgen über eben dieſes Aricia, deſſen Horaz in ſeiner Reiſeepiſtel von Rom nach Brindiſi gedenkt, nach Genzano und Veletri und immer in die Pontinen hinein. Die Leute von Genzano ſind mir als die fleißigſten und ſittigſten im ganzen Kirchenſtaate vorgekommen, und ſie haben wirklich ihr Fleckchen Land ſo gut bearbeitet, daß ſie den Wohlthaten der Natur Ehre machen. Die Lage iſt ſehr ſchön; Berge und Thäler liegen in dem lieblichſten Gemiſche rund umher, und der kleine See von Nemi, unter dem Namen der Dianenſpiegel, giebt der Gegend noch das Intereſſe der mythologiſchen Geſchichte.

Vor Veletri holte mich ein Franzoſe ein, nicht mein geſtriger, ſondern ein anderer, der bei der Condé'ſchen Armee den Krieg mitgemacht hatte, jetzt von Rom kam und mit Empfehlungen von dem alten General Suwarow nach Neapel zu Acton ging, von dem er Anſtellung hoffte. In zwei Minuten waren wir bekannt und muſterten die Armeen durch ganz Europa. Nach ſeinen Briefen mußte er ein ſehr braver Officier geweſen ſein, der ſelbſt bei Perugia ein Detaſchement kommandirte; und ich habe ihn als einen ehrlichen Mann kennen lernen. Wir aßen zuſammen in Veletri und ſchlenderten ſodann ganz vergnügt die Berge hinab in die Sümpfe hinein, die einige Stunden hinter der Stadt ihren Anfang nehmen. In Ciſterne wollten wir übernachten; aber das Wirthshaus hatte die ſchlechteſte Miene von der Welt, und die päpſtlichen Dragoner trieben ein gewaltig lärmendes Weſen. Uebrigens fiel mir ein, daß dieſes vermuthlich der Ort war, wo Horaz ſo ſehr von den Flöhen gebiſſen wurde und noch andere traurige Abenteuer hatte: daß auch der Apoſtel Paulus hier geſchlafen haben ſoll, ehe man ihn nach Rom in die Kerker des Kapitols einſperrte. Das war nun lauter böſes Omen. Wir beſchloſſen alſo, zumal da es noch am Tage war, noch eine Station weiter zu wandeln, bis Torre di tre ponti. Hier kamen wir aus dem Regen in die Traufe. Es war ein großes, leeres Haus, der Wirth war nach Paris gereiſt, um, wenn es möglich wäre, ſeine Habe wieder zu erhalten, die man ihm in die Wette geraubt hatte. Erſt plünderten die Neapolitaner, dann die Franzoſen, dann wieder die Neapolitaner und die Streiter des heiligen Vaters zur Geſellſchaft; das iſt nun ſo römiſche Wirthſchaft. Es war im ganzen Hauſe kein Bett, und die Leute ſahen nicht außerordentlich freundlich aus. Der Wirth war abweſend; es waren viele Fremde da, die in den pontiniſchen Sümpfen, wohin ſogar der Auswurf aus Rom flüchtet, kein großes Zutrauen einflößen können. Die alte gutmüthige Haushälterin gab uns indeſſen eine große Decke; wir verrammelten unſere Thüre mit Tiſch und Stühlen, damit man wenigſtens nicht ohne Lärm hereinkommen konnte, legten uns beide, der franzöſiſche Oberſtlieutenant und ich, in die breite mit Heu gefüllte Bettſtelle, ſteckten unſere Stöcke daneben, deckten uns zu und ſchliefen, ſo gut uns die Kälte, die Flöhe und die quakenden Fröſche ſchlafen ließen. Den Morgen darauf war das Wetter fürchterlich und machte den nicht angenehmen Weg noch verdrießlicher: vorzüglich fluchte der Franzoſe nach altem Stil tous les diables mit allem Nachdrucke durch alle Inſtanzen, die Yorik gegeben hat. Es konnte indeſſen nichts helfen; ich Hyperboreer zog bärenmäßig immer weiter; der Franzmann aber verſteckte ſich in ein altes leeres Brückenhaus über dem Kanal und wollte den Sturm vorbei gehen laſſen. Wenn man naß iſt, muß man laufen; ich ließ ihn ruhen, und verſprach, hier in Terracina im Gaſthofe auf ihn zu warten.

Die letzte Station vor Terracina war für mich die abenteuerlichſte. Die alte appiſche Straße geht links etwas oben von den Bergen hin und macht dadurch einen ziemlichen Umweg: aber die neuen wollten dem Elemente zum Trotz klüger ſein, und zogen ſie unüberlegt genug gerade fort. Sie ſieht recht ſchön aus, wenn ſie nur gut wäre. Das Waſſer war groß, ich hatte den Abzug links über eine alte Brücke nicht gemerkt, und ging die große gerade Linie immer weiter. In einer halben Stunde ſtand ich vor Waſſer, das rechts aus der See hineingetreten war und links durch die Gebüſche weit hinauf ging. Durch den erſten Abzug ſchritt ich raſch; aber es kam ein zweiter und ein dritter noch größerer. Es war dabei ein furchtbarer Regenſturm und ich konnte nicht zwanzig Schritte ſehen. Ich ging faſt eine Viertelſtunde auf der Straße bis über den Gürtel im Waſſer, und wußte nicht, was vor mir ſein würde. Einige Mal waren leere Plätze links und rechts; und da ſtand ich in den Einſchnitten wie im Meere. Nur die Bäume, die ich dunkel durch den Regenſturm ſah, machten mir Muth vorwärts. Endlich war ich glücklich durch die päpſtliche Stelle, und zog eine Parallele zwiſchen den Alten und Neuen, die eben nicht zum Vortheil meiner Zeitgenoſſen ausfiel. Wie ich heraus war, ward der Himmel hell, und ich ſah den Berg der göttlichen Circe in der Abendſonne zu meiner Rechten und zu meiner Linken die Felſen von Terracina glänzen. Es war wirklich, als wenn die alte Generalhexe eben einen Hauptprozeß machte, und ich konnte froh ſein, daß ich noch ſo gut mit einem Bißchen Schmutz davon gekommen war. Nachdem ich in der Locanda Reale, einem großen ſtattlichen Hauſe an dem Heerwege vor der Stadt, Quartier gemacht hatte, recognoscirte ich oben den Ort auf dem weißen Felſen, wie ihn Horaz nennt, wo man rechts und links von dem Circeiſchen Vorgebirge bis an das Kajetaniſche und über die Inſeln eine herrliche Ausſicht hat. Ich bekümmerte mich wenig um die Ruinen des alten Jupitertempels und um den neuen Palaſt des Papſtes, ſondern weidete mich an der unter mir liegenden ſchönen Gegend, den herrlichen Orangengärten, die ich hier zuerſt ganz im Freien ausgezeichnet ſchön fand, und der üppigen Vegetation aller Art. Auch mehrere Palmbäume traf ich hier ſchon, da in Rom nur ein einziger als eine Seltenheit nicht weit vom Koloſſeum gezeigt wird. Von der letzten Station führt eine herrliche Allee der ſchönſten und größten Aprikoſenbäume in die Stadt.

Mein Franzoſe kam, und es fand ſich, daß der arme Teufel mit ſeiner Börſe auf den Hefen war. Ich mußte ihn alſo doch noch Neapel hinüber transportiren helfen. Zu Abend traf ich im Wirthshauſe ein Paar ziemlich reiche Mailänder, die mit ſchöner Equipage von Neapel kamen, und wir aßen zuſammen. Die Herren waren ganz verblüfft zu hören, daß ich von Leipzig nach Agrigent torniſtern wollte, bloß um an dem ſüdlichen Ufer Siciliens etwas herumzuſchlendern und etwa junge Mandeln und ganz friſche Apfelſinen dort zu eſſen. Die Unterhaltung war ſehr lebhaft und angenehm, und die Norditaliener ſchienen die ſchöne Neapel quovis modo, literariſch, äſthetiſch und phyſiſch genoſſen zu haben. Morgen geht's in's Reich hinüber: denn ſo nennt man hier das Neapolitaniſche.

Neapel.

Der Morgen war friſch und ſchön, als wir Anxur verließen, der Wind ſtark und die Brandung hochſtürmend, ſo daß ich am Strande eingenetzt war, ehe ich daran dachte. Die Wogen ſchlugen majeſtätiſch an den ſteilen Felſen herauf. Am Eingange des Reichs hatte mein franzöſiſcher Reiſekamerad Zwiſt mit der Wache, die ihn nicht recht gern wollte paſſiren laſſen. Meinen Paß vom Kardinal Ruffo beſah man bloß, ſchrieb meinen Namen aus, und ich war abgefertigt. Der Franzoſe packte ſeine ganze Brieftaſche aus, ſprach hoch, erwähnte Suwarow, appellirte an den Miniſter und zwang die Wache durch etwas Impertinenz in Reſpekt, die von ihrer Seite auch wohl etwas über die Inſtruction gegangen ſein mochte. In Fondi, wo wir zu Mittag aßen, trafen wir ziemlich viel Militär, unter dem mehrere Deutſche waren. Die Stadt ſelbſt liegt, wie es der Name zeigt, in einem der angenehmſten Thäler, nicht ſehr weit vom Meere. Der Weg von Terracina dahin iſt abwechſelnd fruchtbar und lachend, durch hohe Felſen und fruchtbare Felder. Nicht weit von Fondi ſollen, glaube ich, links an den Bergen noch die Ueberreſte von der Villa des Nerva zu ſehen ſein; ich hielt mich aber an die Orangengärten, und vergaß darüber den Kaiſer, die alten Stadtmauern, den See, den heiligen Thomas und alle andere Merkwürdigkeiten. Noch einige Millien nach Itri hinaus iſt die Gegend zwiſchen den Bergen ein wahres Paradies. Auf der Hälfte des Weges ſtand in einem engen Felſenpaſſe eine Batterie aus dem vorigen Kriege, wo die Franzoſen tüchtig zurückgeworfen wurden. Sie ſuchten ſich aber einen andern Weg über die hohen Berge, ein Einfall, von dem die Neapolitaner ſich gar nichts hatten träumen laſſen. Das war eine etwas zu gutmüthige Zuverſicht; man thut beſſer zu glauben, daß die Feinde alle Gemſenjäger ſind, und in einer Entfernung von ſechs deutſchen Meilen iſt es nie unmöglich, daß ſie die Nacht noch kommen werden. Die Neapolitaner ſahen den Feind im Rücken, und liefen über Hals und Kopf nach Kajeta.

Itri war von den Franzoſen recht mitgenommen worden. Man hatte die Kirchen verwüſtet und Pferdeſtälle daraus gemacht. Das iſt nun freilich nicht ſehr human; von Religioſität nichts zu ſagen. Der Ort liegt in einer Bergſchlucht tief begraben. Es ſtanden hier nur wenige Soldaten zur Polizei, deren Kommandant, ein ehemaliger öſtreichiſcher Sergeant, jetzt neapolitaniſcher Fähnrich war, der uns die Ehre that mit uns einige Stunden Wein zu trinken. Mein Franzoſe hatte keine Schuhe mehr; und ich mußte ihm alſo doch Schuhe machen laſſen. Den Morgen darauf konnte er nicht mehr fort, weil ſeine Füße nicht mehr in baulichem Weſen waren, und ich wollte nicht bleiben. Er ſuchte mich überdieß zu überreden, ich möchte mit ihm von Kajeta aus zur See gehen, weil er den Landweg nicht aushalten würde. Das ging für mich nun nicht; denn ich wollte über den Liris hinunter nach Kapua und Kaſerta. Ich gab ihm alſo zu dem Ausgelegten noch einen Kaiſerdukaten, quittirte in Gedanken ſchon, übergab ihn und mich dem Himmel und wandelte allein ab. Faſt hätte ich vergeſſen, Dir eine etwas ernſthafte Geſchichte von Itri zu erzählen, nämlich ernſthaft für mich. Itri iſt ein Neſt; das Wirthshaus war ſchlecht. Unſere Wirthin war eine ziemlich alte Maritorne, die ihren Mann in der Revolution verloren und ſich zur Haushaltung und den übrigen Behufen einen jungen Kerl genommen hatte. Ich legte mich oben auf einem Saale zu Bette, und mein Kamerad zechte unten noch eins mit dem Herrn Fähnrich Kommandanten, der wieder gekommen war, und kam mir ſodann nach. Er war etwas über See und ſchlief ſogleich ein; ich philoſophirte noch eins topſoturno. Da hörte ich unten einen wilden Kerl nach dem andern ankommen und ſehr laut werden. Die Anzahl mochte wohl bis zehen oder zwölfe geſtiegen ſein. Nun vernahm ich, daß es über unſere armen Perſonalitäten geradezu herging und daß man über uns eine ziemlich furchtbare Nachtinquiſition hielt. Sono cattive gente, hieß es in einem hohen Ton einmal über das andere; und man that mehr als einmal den Vorſchlag, mit uns zu verfahren nach der Neapolitaner Revolutionsweiſe. Mein Franzoſe ſchnarchte. Du kannſt denken, daß mir nicht ſonderlich lieb dabei zu Muthe ward. Man ſchlägt hier zum Anfang ſogleich die Leute todt, und macht ſodann nachher — eben weiter keinen Proceß. Die alte Dame, unſere Wirthin, nahm ſich unſer mit einem exemplariſchen Muthe an, ſprach und ſchrie, was ſie konnte, und behauptete, daß wir ehrliche Leute wären; der Kommandant hatte unſere Päſſe geſehen. Nun ſchien man zum Unglück dem Kommandanten ſelbſt in der Politik gerade nicht viel Gutes zuzutrauen. Der Himmel weiß, wie es noch möchte geworden ſein. Ich zog ganz ſtille Rock und Stiefeln an, nahm meine ganze Kontenanz und mein Bischen Italieniſch zuſammen, und machte Miene die Treppe hinab unter ſie zu gehen. „Meine Herren, ſagte ich ſo ſtark und beſtimmt, als ich konnte, ich bin ein fremder Reiſender; ich dachte, im Wirthshauſe, wo ich bezahle, dürfte ich zur Mitternacht Ruhe erwarten. Ich höre, ich bin Ihnen verdächtig; führen Sie mich vor die Behörde, wohin Sie wollen; aber machen ſie die Sache mit Ernſt und Ruhe und als ordentliche brave Leute ab." Es ward ſtiller; die Wirthin und Einige von ihnen baten mich oben zu bleiben, welches ich natürlich ſehr gern that; und nach und nach ſchlichen ſie alle fort. Spaßhaft iſt es nicht ganz; denn dort geht man ſelten ohne Flinte und Meſſer, und jeder iſt zur Execution fertig.

Den andern Morgen wandelte ich alſo allein zwiſchen den Oelbergen nach Mola di Gaeta hinüber. Die Amme iſt durch dieſes Etabliſſement ihres Namens faſt berühmter geworden, als ihr frommer Milchſohn. Warum war ich nun nicht geſtern noch bis hieher gegangen? Hier fand ich ein großes, ſchönes, ziemlich billiges Gaſthaus, wo ich bei friſchen Eiern und friſchen Fiſchen, die nicht weit von mir aus dem Meere gezogen wurden, und friſchen herrlichen Früchten ein vortreffliches Frühſtück hielt. Unter mir ſtand ein Zitronengarten in der ſchönſten Gluth der Früchte; und links und rechts überſah ich die Bucht von der Spitze des Vorgebirges rund herum bis hinüber nach Iſchia und Procida. Es iſt, in der Entfernung von einigen hundert Meilen, das köſtlichſte Deſſert, wenn wir uns durch die Erinnerung irgend eines kleinen Vorfalles mit unſern Freunden wieder in nähere Berührung ſetzen können. Hier auf der nämlichen Stelle hatte vor mehreren Jahren Friedrich Schulz geſeſſen und Fiſche und Früchte gegeſſen, und mich aufgefordert, ſeiner zu gedenken, wenn ich von Mola auf das klaſſiſche Land umher ſchauen würde. Jetzt iſt er nicht mehr der Liebling ſeiner Freunde und der Grazien, der die Freude bei den Fittigen zu erhalten verſtand und ſie rund umher gab. Wo auch ſeine Aſche ruht, ein Biederer müſſe hingehen und ſie ſegnen. Keiner ſeiner Schwachheiten werde gedacht; er machte durch ſein Herz gut, was ſein Kopf verſah.

Nun ging ich vergnügt und froh die ſchöne magiſche Gegend hinauf und hinab, bis hinunter, wo der Nachricht zufolge ehemals Cicero's Formiä ſtand, bis an den Liris hinab. Langſam wallte ich dahin; mir däucht ich ſähe die Schatten des Redners und des Feldherrn, des Tullius und des Marius daher ziehen. Hier legte der Patriot den Kopf zur Sänfte heraus, und ließ ſich von dem Hauptmann, dem er das Leben gerettet hatte, entſchloſſen den Lohn für ſeine Philippiken zahlen. Es iſt mir der ehrwürdigſte Moment in Cicero's Leben; der einzige vielleicht, wo er wirklich ganz rein als ſelbſtſtändiger Mann gehandelt hat. Als er gegen Verres ſprach, war es vielleicht Ruhmſucht von der Rednerbühne zu glänzen; Gefahr war nicht dabei; als er gegen Katilina donnerte, ſtand ſeine Exiſtenz auf dem Spiel und er hatte keine andere Wahl als zu handeln oder mit zu Grunde zu gehen; als er gegen Antonius wüthete, trieben ihn wahrſcheinlich Haß und Parteiſucht. Im Glück prahlte er, im Unglück jammerte er; er zeigte in ſeinem ganzen Leben oft viel Ehrlichkeit und Wohlwollen; aber nur im Tode den Muth, der dem Manne ziemt. Sein Tod hat mich in gewiſſer Rückſicht mit ſeinem Leben ausgeſöhnt; ſo wie es Männer in der Geſchichte giebt, deren Tod faſt das Verdienſt ihres Lebens auslöſcht. Dort unten lag Minturnä; dort, ſtelle ich mir vor, ſtand das Haus, wo der Cimbrer mit dem Schwerte kam, als öffentlicher Henker den Ueberwinder ſeiner Nation zu tödten, und wo dieſer gefangene Ueberwinder ihm mit einigen Worten Todesſchrecken in die Glieder jagte. „Menſch, wagſt du es, den Kajus Marius zu morden!" Weiter hinab rechts iſt die Sumpfgegend, wo nach der Flucht der erſte Mann der erſten Stadt der Welt ſich im Schilfe verbarg, bis er ſich hinüber nach Afrika retten konnte. Ich ſetzte unter dieſen Gedanken über den Garigliano, und merkte kaum, daß ich dieſſeits von einer Menge Mauleſeltreiber umgeben war, die mir alle ſich und ihre Thiere zum Dienſt anboten. Da half kein Demonſtriren, ſie machten die Kleinigkeit der Forderung noch kleiner und ſetzten mich bald mit Gewalt auf ein laſtbares Stück, ſchnallten meinen Reiſeſack in Ordnung, und ſo zog ich mit der lieblichen Karavane weiter. Ein Kalabreſe hatte mich in Mola gebeten, ihm meine Geſellſchaft zu erlauben, und ich konnte nichts dawider haben. Ein Junge von ungefähr dreizehn Jahren hatte ſich einige Millien weiter herab angeſchloſſen, der in der Reſidenz ſein Glück verſuchen wollte, weil ſeine Stiefmutter zu Hauſe den Kredit ihres Namens etwas zu ſtrenge behauptete. Beide liefen nebenher. Es wurde bald alles durchfragt, und der Junge mußte etwas weitläufig ſeine Geſchichte erzählen. Nun fing mein alter Eſeltreiber an mit wahrhaft väterlicher Wärme dem jungen Menſchen die Gefahr vorzuſtellen, der er entgegenliefe. Er that dieſes mit einer Zärtlichkeit, einer Heftigkeit und zugleich mit einer Behutſamkeit im Vortrage, die mir den alten Mann ſehr werth machten. Wäre ich Sultan geweſen, ich hätte den Eſeltreiber zum Mufti gemacht, und es würde gewiß gut gegangen ſein. Dieſe ſchöne, bedachtſame Philanthropie wäre manchem unſerer Moraliſten zu wünſchen. Auch ſchien er über die ehrenvolle Geſellſchaft durch ſeinen Verſtand und ſeinen heitern Ernſt ein ziemliches Anſehen zu haben. Kurz vor Seſſa ſchieden wir: ich ſetzte mich von dem Eſel wieder auf meine Füße. Er gab dem jungen Menſchen zu ſeinem Rathe noch etwas Geld; und ich griff natürlich über den Alten und dem Jungen auch etwas tiefer in die Taſche als wohl gewöhnlich. Mein Kalabreſe begleitete mich, ich mochte wollen oder nicht, auf die Poſt, als das beſte Wirthshaus. Der Junge ging weiter.

Da es noch hoher Tag war, ſpazierte ich hinauf nach Seſſa, das, wie ich höre, viel alte Merkwürdigkeiten hat, und ehemals eine Hauptſtadt der Volsker war. Der Weg von der Poſt hinunter und in die Stadt hinauf iſt angenehm genug; und die Lage des Orts iſt herrlich mit den ſchönſten Ausſichten, rechts nach Kajeta und links über die Riebrigana weg nach dem Gaurus hinüber. Als ich in der Kathedralkirche ſtand und einen heiligen Johannes, der enthauptet wird, betrachtete, und eben ſo ſehr die Andacht einiger jungen ganz hübſchen

Weiber beherzigte, die den ſchönen Mann auf dem Bilde mit ihren Blicken feſthielten; trat mein alter Eſeltreiber, der auf der andern Seite heraufgekommen war, zu mir, mich zu begrüßen. Er hatte mich vielleicht wegen einiger Aeußerungen etwas lieb gewonnen und vermuthlich die Silberſtücke geſehen, die ich dem Buben gegeben hatte: und als wir aus der Kirche traten, führte er mich in den Zirkel ſeiner Zunftleute, und ſtellte mich wohl funfzig Eſeltreibern aus Seſſa und der Gegend mit der freundſchaftlichſten Theilnahme vor. Mir däucht, wenn die Leute hier Wahltag gehabt hätten, ſie hätten mich dem Miniſter zum Trotz einſtimmig zu ihrem Deputirten im Parlament gemacht; ſo ſehr bezeigten ſie mir alle ihr Wohlwollen: und ich kann Dir nicht läugnen, es däuchte mit völligem Rechte mir wenigſtens eben ſo wohl, als da mich in Warſchau die alte kommandirende Excellenz unter den Arm faßte, in dem Zimmer herumführte, und mir in vollem Kreiſe die Ausfertigung einer Depeſche in's Ohr flüſterte. Aus dieſem Zirkel zogen mich einige ſehr artige junge Leute, die mich weiter herum begleiteten, und vorzüglich zu den Auguſtinern führten, die hier für ihre Bäuche den behaglichſten Ruheplatz mit der ſchönſten Ausſicht nach allen Seiten ausgeſucht hatten. Der einzige Beweis, daß die Leute doch noch etwas klaſſiſchen Geſchmack haben müſſen, iſt, daß ſie die Falerner Berge überſehen. Ihr Gebäude iſt für das Gelübde der Armuth eine Blasphemie. Doch daran bin ich ſchon gewöhnt; man braucht eben nicht erſt über den Liris zu gehen, um ſo ausſchweifende Pracht, ſo unſinnige Verſchwendung zu ſehen. An der Ueberfahrt über den Garigliano oder Liris ſieht man noch die Subſtruktionen einer alten Brücke, und nicht weit davon jenſeits die Reſte einer Waſſerleitung. Der Fluß ſelbſt, der nicht ſehr breit iſt, muß, trotz dem Prädikat der Stille, das ihm Horaz giebt, doch zuweilen gefährlich zu paſſiren ſein: denn er iſt ziemlich tief und jetzt im Frühling ſehr ſchnell; und man erzählte mir, daß, als die Franzoſen ungefähr zwei Stunden aufwärts mit der Reiterei durch denſelben ſetzen wollten, ihrer viele dabei umgekommen wären. An den Ufern deſſelben weiden große Heerden Büffel.

Als ich wieder hinunter kam, ſetzte man mir auch Falerner Wein vor; für die Aechtheit will ich indeſſen nicht ſtehen. Es iſt blos die klaſſiſche Neugierde ihn getrunken zu haben; denn er hat ſchon längſt ſeinen alten Kredit verloren. Höchſt wahrſcheinlich iſt die Urſache der Ausartung Vernachläſſigung, wie bei den meiſten italieniſchen Weinen, die ſich beſſer halten würden, wenn man ſie beſſer hielte. Als wir den Morgen auswandelten, ward meinem Kalabreſen entſetzlich bange; er behauptete, das folgende große Dorf beſtände aus lauter Räubern und Mördern, welche die Paſſage von Montagne Spaccate zu ihrem Tummelplatz machten. Jeder Windſtoß durch das Geſträuch erſchreckte ihn; und als wir vollends einige bis auf die Zähne abgedorrte Köpfe in eiſernen Käfichen an dem Felſen befeſtigt ſahen, war er der Auflöſung ſeines Weſens nahe, ob er gleich den Krieg als königlicher Kanonier mitgemacht hatte, und ein Kerl wie ein Bär war. Er faſelte von lauter Mariolen, wie er ſie nannte, die gar fürchterliche Leute ſein ſollten, und von denen er ſchreckliche Dinge erzählte. Als ich mir eine Beſchreibung der Kerle ausbat, ſagte er, man wüßte nicht, woher ſie kämen und wohin ſie gingen, ſondern nur was ſie thäten; ſie plünderten und raubten und ſchlügen todt, wo ſie könnten; gingen zu Dutzenden bewaffnet, und erſchienen und verſchwanden, ohne ſich um etwas zu bekümmern. Nach ſeiner Angabe kommen ſie meiſtens aus den Bergen von Bruzzo. Ich habe nun freilich zur Schande der Regierung gefunden, daß der Menſch ziemlich recht hat. Er pinſelte mir aber die Ohren ſo voll, daß ich ihm ſagte, er möchte mich ungehudelt laſſen mit ſeinen erbärmlichen Litaneien; wenn ich todt geſchlagen werden ſollte, ſo wollte ich mich doch wenigſtens vorher nicht weiter beunruhigen. Das kam dem Kerl ſehr gottlos vor, und mir ſeine Klagelieder ſehr albern. Er trieb mich immer vorwärts, mich nur durch die Felſenpaſſage zu bringen; und dankte allen Heiligen inbrünſtiglich, als wir aus der Gegend heraus waren. Er ſegnete meinen Entſchluß, als ich mich auf der Straße von einem Vetturino bereden ließ, mich einzuſetzen und mich mit ihm bis nach Kapua bringen zu laſſen. Als wir in Kapua ankamen, war der Gouverneur nach Kaſerta gefahren, und man wollte durchaus, ich ſollte ſeine Rückkehr erwarten, damit er meinen Paß ratificiren möchte. Endlich beſtürmte ich den Capitaine du jour ſo viel, daß er mir den Paß ohne Vidirung zurück gab, und dem Officier an dem Thore Befehl ſchickte, er ſollte mich gehen laſſen; er ſelbſt wollte die Ausnahme verantworten.

Nun wollte ich über Altkapua nach Kaſerta gehen; dazu war aber mein Kalabreſe durchaus nicht zu bringen: er meinte, das wäre der ſichere Tod: da wimmelte es von Mariolen. Ich gab dem Schuft einige Karlin, verſteht neapolitaniſche; ließ ihn ſich rechts nach Averſa fortrollen, um dort am rechten Orte ſeine attellaniſchen Fabeln zu erzählen, und ſchlug mich links nach Altkapua. Einige ehrſame Bürger aus der Feſtung Neukapua, die ich einholte, und denen ich die lächerliche Furcht des Menſchen erzählte, meinten, es ſei zwar etwas Gefahr, werde aber immer übertrieben, und man habe doch ſchon ſeit einigen Wochen nichts gehört. Die Herren ſchienen ſich patriotiſch ihrer vaterländiſchen Gegend anzunehmen. Wo ehemals Kapua war, ſteht jetzt, glaube ich, der Flecken Sankt Martin, ungefähr eine Stunde von der neuen Stadt, die unten am Vulturnus in einer beſſern militäriſchen Poſition angelegt iſt. Sankt Martin iſt noch jetzt eine Luſtparthie für die Bürger der neuen Stadt, ſo ſehr behauptet der alte Platz ſeinen Kredit. Es ſteht bekanntlich noch der Reſt eines alten Amphitheaters, das aus den Zeiten der Römer und alſo verhältnißmäßig neu iſt, welches die Antiquare hinlänglich kennen, auf die ich Dich verweiſe. Ich ging durch die Trümmern eines Thors, welches vermuthlich das nämliche iſt, durch das Hannibal ſeinen Ruhm hinein und nicht wieder heraus trug, ließ nach kurzer Beſchauung das Theater links liegen, und pilgerte den Weg nach Kaſerta fort. Es ſtehen dort an der Straße links und rechts, nicht weit von einander, ein Paar Monumente, die vermuthlich römiſche Begräbniſſe ſind, und von denen eines wenigſtens in ſehr gutem Stil gearbeitet zu ſein ſcheint.

Es wäre überflüſſig, Dir eine Beſchreibung des Schloſſes in Kaſerta anzufangen, die Du hier und da gewiß weit genauer und beſſer finden kannſt. Der erſte Anblick iſt groß und wirklich imponirend. Der Garten links, die ſchönen Pflanzungen rechts, der prächtige Schloßplatz und die Gebäude rund umher, alles beſchäftigt. Vorzüglich wird das Auge gefeſſelt von der Anſicht durch das große Thor, welche durch das ganze Schloß und die Gärten bis weit hinaus auf die Berge geht, über welche man die berühmte Waſſerleitung herübergebracht hat. Dieſe ſchöne reiche Kunſtkaskade ſchließt den Grund der Parthie. Man wird ſelten irgendwo ſo etwas magiſches finden. Du weißt, daß auch hier die Franken etwas willkührlich gehauſt haben: jetzt iſt der Kronprinz und ſeine Sardiniſche Majeſtät hier.

Auf der Poſt empfing man mich, ob ich gleich ein Fußgänger war, mit vieler Artigkeit, und ich hatte bald einen Trupp Neugieriger um mich her, die mich von Adam bis Pontius Pilatus ausfragten; und alle wunderten ſich, daß ich den Räubern noch nicht in die Hände gefallen wäre. Humane Theilnahme und Billigkeit zeichneten das Haus vor vielen andern aus. Ich hatte nur noch einige Stunden Zeit die Stadt zu beſehen; dieß war aber zur Auffaſſung eines richtigen Totaleindrucks genug. Den andern Morgen, als ich abgehen wollte, arretirte mich wieder ein Vetturino an der Ecke des Marktes: Volete andare in carozza, Signore? — Ma si, si, ſagte ich, se partite presto. — Questo momento; favorisca montare. Ich ſtieg ein und ſetzte mich neben einen ſtattlichen dicken Herrn; ſogleich kamen noch zwei andere, und wir rollten zum Thore hinaus.

Dieſes iſt alſo das ſchöne, reiche, ſelige Kampanien, das man, ſeitdem es ſo bekannt iſt, zum Paradieſe erhoben hat, für das die römiſchen Soldaten ihr Kapitol vergeſſen wollten. Es iſt wahr, der Strich zwiſchen Averſa, Kapua, Kaſerta, Nola und Neapel, zwiſchen dem Veſuv, dem Gaurus und den hohen Apenninen, oder das ſogenannte Kampanerthal, iſt von allem, was ich in der alten und neuen Welt bis jetzt noch geſehen habe, der ſchönſte Platz, wo die Natur alle ihre Gaben bis zur höchſten Verſchwendung ausgegoſſen hat. Jeder Fußtritt trieft von Segen. Du pflanzeſt einen Baum, und er wächſt in kurzer Zeit ſchwelgeriſch breit und hoch empor; Du hängſt einen Weinſtock daran und er wird ſtark wie ein Stamm, und ſeine Reben laufen weitausgreifend durch die Krone der Ulme: der Oelbaum ſteht mit beſcheidener Schönheit an dem Abhange der ſchützenden Berge; die Feige ſchwillt üppig unter dem großen Blatte am geſegneten Aſte; gegenüber glüht im ſonnigen Thale die Orange, und unter dem Obſtwalde wallt der Weizen, nickt die Bohne, in reicher lieblicher Miſchung. Der Arbeiter erntet dreifach auf dem nämlichen Boden in Fülle Obſt, Wein und Weizen; und alles iſt üppige, ewig jugendliche Kraft. Unter dieſen magiſchen Abwechſelungen kamen wir in einigen Stunden in Parthenope an. Der ſtattliche dicke Herr, mein Nachbar, ſchien die Deutſchen etwas in Affektion genommen zu haben, war ehemals einige Monate in Wien und Prag geweſen, wußte einige Dutzend Wörter von unſerer Sprache, und war die Gefälligkeit ſelbſt. Er war aus dem königlichen Hauſe, und mich wunderte deswegen ſeine Artigkeit etwas mehr, da Höflichkeit in der Regel bei uns nicht mit zu den ausgezeichneten Tugenden der Hausofficianten der Großen gehört. In Neapel brachte er mich in einem Wagen in das Haus eines ſeiner Bekannten an dem Ende des Toledo, bis ich den Herrn Heigelin aufgeſucht hatte, an den meine Empfehlung von Wien lautete. Es iſt wirklich ſehr wohlthätig, wenn man bei dem erſten Eintritt in ſo einen Ort, wie Neapel iſt, als Wildfremder eine ſo freundliche Hand zur Leitung findet, bis man ſich ſelbſt etwas orientiren kann.

Neapel.

Du mußt und wirſt von mir nicht erwarten, daß ich Dir eine topiſche, ſtatiſtiſche, literariſche oder vollſtändig kosmiſche Beſchreibung von den Städten gebe, wo ich mich einige Zeit aufhalte. Dazu iſt mein Aufenthalt zu kurz; die kannſt Du von Reiſenden von Profeſſion oder aus den Fächern beſonderer Wiſſenſchaften gewiß beſſer bekommen. Ich erzähle Dir nur freundſchaftlich, was ich ſehe, was mich vielleicht beſchäftigt und wie es mir geht. Meine Wohnung iſt hier auf Mont Oliveto. Wie der Ort zu dem Namen des Oelberges kommt, weiß ich nicht; er iſt aber eine der beſten Straßen der Stadt, nicht weit vom Toledo, mit welchem er ſich oben vereiniget. Die Beſitzerin des Hauſes iſt eine Franzöſin, die ſich ſeit einigen Jahren der hieſigen Revolution wegen zu ihrer Sicherheit in Marſeille aufhält. Ich habe Urſache, zufrieden zu ſein; es iſt gut und billig. Die Geſellſchaft beſteht meiſtens aus Fremden, Engländern, Deutſchen und Franzoſen; die letzten machen jetzt hier die größte Anzahl aus.

Seit einigen Tagen bin ich mit einem alten Genueſen, der halb Europa kennt und hier den Lohnbedienten und ein Stück von Cicerone macht, in der Stadt herumgelaufen. Der alte Kerl hat ziemlich viel Sinn und richtigen Takt für das Gute und ſogar für das Schöne. Er hielt mir einen langen Sermon über die Landhäuſer der Kaufleute rund in der Gegend umher, und bemerkte mit cenſoriſcher Strenge, daß ſie das Verderben vieler Familien würden. Man wetteifere gewöhnlich, wer das ſchönſte Landhaus und die ſchönſte Equipage habe, wer auf ſeinem Caſino die ausgeſuchteſten Vergnügen genieße und genießen laſſe, und wetteifere ſich oft zur Vergeſſenheit, und endlich in's Unglück. Sitten, Ehre und Vermögen werden vergeudet. Kaum habe der Kaufmann ein kleines Etabliſſement in der Stadt, ſo denke er ſchon auf eines auf dem Lande; und das zweite koſte oft mehr als das erſte. Spiel und Weibergalanterie und das verfluchte oft abwechſelnde Cicisbeat ſeien die ſtärkſten Gegenſtände des Aufwandes; und doch ſei das Cicisbeat hier noch nicht ſo herrſchend als in Rom. Wenn Du mir einwendeſt, daß das ein Lohnbedienter ſpricht, ſo antworte ich: Jeder hat ſein Wort in ſeinem Fache; und hier iſt der alte Kerl in dem ſeinigen. Seine Amtsbrüder in Leipzig und Berlin können gewiß auch weit beſſere Nachrichten über gewiſſe Artikel geben, als man auf dem Rathhauſe finden würde. Jeder hat ſeine Sphäre, der Finanzminiſter und der Thorſchreiber. Ich ſah die Kirche des heiligen Januar in der Stadt; Neapel ſollte, däucht mir, eine beſſere Kathedrale haben. Das vorzüglichſte darin ſind einige merkwürdige Grabſteine und die Kapelle des Heiligen. Dieſes iſt aber nicht der Ort, wo er gewöhnlich ſchwitzen muß; das geſchieht vor der Stadt in dem Hoſpital bei den Katakomben. In den Katakomben kroch ich über eine Stunde herum, und beſchaute das unterirdiſche Weſen, und hörte die Gelehrſamkeit des Cicerone, der, wie ich vermuthe, Glöckner des Hoſpitals war. Ueber den Grüften iſt ein Theil des Gartens von Capo di monte. Der Führer erzählte mir eine Menge Wunder, welche die Heiligen Januarius und Severus hier ganz gewiß gethan haben, und ich war unterdeſſen mit meinen Konjekturen bei der Entſtehung dieſer Grüfte. Hier und da lagen in den Einſchnitten der Zellen noch Skelette, und zuweilen ganz große Haufen von Knochen, wie man ſagte, von der Zeit der großen Peſt. Die römiſchen Katakomben habe ich nicht geſehen, weder nahe an der Stadt, noch in Mignano, weil mich verſtändige Männer und Kenner verſicherten, daß man dort ſehr wenig zu ſehen habe und es nun ganz ausgemacht ſei, daß das Ganze weiter nichts als Puzzolangruben geweſen, die nach und nach zu dieſer Tiefe und zu dieſem Umfange gewachſen. Das iſt begreiflich und das wahrſcheinlichſte.

Die heilige Clara hat das reichſte Nonnenkloſter in der Stadt und eine wirklich ſehr prächtige Kirche, wo auch die Kinder des königlichen Hauſes begraben werden. Die Nonnen ſind alle aus den vornehmſten Familien; und man hat ihre Thorheit und ihr Elend ſo glänzend als möglich zu machen geſucht. Mein alter Genueſe, der ein großer Hermeneute in der Kirchengeſchichte iſt, erzählte mir bei dieſer Gelegenheit ein Stückchen, das ſeinen Exegetentalenten keine Schande macht, und deſſen Würdigung ich den Kennern überlaſſe. Die heilige Klara war eine Zeitgenoſſin des heiligen Franziskus und des heiligen Dominikus; und man giebt ihr Schuld, ſie habe beide insbeſondere glauben laſſen, ſie ſei jedem ausſchließlich mit ſehr feuriger chriſtlicher Liebe zugethan. Dieſes that ihr in ihrer Heiligkeit weiter keinen Schaden. Jeder der beiden Heiligen glaubte es für ſich und war ſelig, wie das zuweilen auch ohne Heiligkeit zu gehen pflegt. Dominikus war ein großer, ſtarker, energiſcher Kerl; ungefähr wie der Moſes des Michel Angelo in Rom, und ſein Nebenbuhler Franziskus mehr ein ätheriſcher, ſentimentaler Stutzer, der auch ſeine Talente zu gebrauchen wußte. Nun ſollen auch die heiligen Damen zu verſchiedenen Zeiten verſchiedene Qualitäten lieben. Der handfeſte Dominikus traf einmal den brünſtigen Franziskus mit der heiligen Klara in einer geiſtlichen Ekſtaſe, die ſeiner Eiferſucht etwas zu körperlich vorkam; er ergriff in der Wuth die nächſte Waffe, welches ein Bratſpieß war, und ſtieß damit ſo grimmig auf den unbefugten Himmelsführer los, daß er den armen, ſchwachen Franz faſt vor der Zeit dahingeſchickt hätte. Indeß der Patient kam davon, und aus dieſer ſchönen Züchtigung entſtanden die Stigmen, die noch jetzt in der chriſtlichen Katholicität mit allgemeiner Andacht verehrt werden. Ich habe, wie ich Dir erzählte, ihm in Rom gegenüber gewohnt, und ſie dort hinlänglich in Marmor dokumentirt geſehen. Mein Genueſe ſagte mir die heilige Anekdote nur vertraulich in's Ohr, und wollte übrigens als ein guter Orthodox weiter keine Gloſſe darüber machen, als daß ihm halb unwillkührlich entfuhr: Quelles bêtises on nous donne à digerer! Chacun les prend à sa façon.

Heute beſuchte ich auch Virgil's Grab. Die umſtändliche Beſchreibung mag Dir ein Anderer machen. Es iſt ein romantiſches, idylliſches Plätzchen; und ich bin geneigt zu glauben, der Dichter ſei hier begraben geweſen, die Urne mag nun hingekommen ſein, wohin ſie wolle. Das Gebäudchen iſt wohl nichts anderes als ein Grab, nicht weit von dem Eingange der Grotte Poſilippo, und eine der ſchönſten Stellen in der ſchönen Gegend. Ich weiß nicht, warum man ſich nun mit allem Fleiß bemüht, den Mann auf die andere Seite der Stadt zu begraben, wo er nicht halb ſo ſchön liegt, wenn auch der Veſuv nicht ſein Nachbar wäre. Ich bin nicht Antiquar; aber die ganze Behauptung, daß er dort auf jener Seite liege, beruht doch wohl nur auf der Nachricht, er ſei am Berge Veſuv begraben worden. Das iſt er aber auch, wenn er hier liegt; denn der Berg iſt gerade gegenüber; in einigen Stunden war er dort, wenn er zu Lande ging, und ſetzte er ſich in ein Boot, ſo ging es noch ſchneller. Die Entfernung eines ſolchen Nachbars, wie Veſuv iſt, wird nicht eben ſo genau genommen. Lag er dort, ſo hat ihn auf alle Fälle der Berg tiefer in den Tartarus gebracht. Aber alle übrigen Umſtände ſind mehr für dieſe Seite der Stadt. Hier iſt die reichſte, ſchönſte Gegend; hier waren die vorzüglichſten Niederlaſſungen der römiſchen Großen, vornehmlich auf der Spitze des Poſilippo die Gärten des Pollio, der ein Freund war des römiſchen Autokrators und ein Freund des Dichters; nach dieſer Gegend lagen Puteoli und Bajä und Cumä, der Avernus und Miſene, die Lieblingsgegenſtände ſeiner Dichtungen; dieſe Gegend war überhaupt der Spielraum ſeiner lebendigen Phantaſie. Wahrſcheinlich hat er hier gewohnt, und wahrſcheinlich iſt er hier begraben. Donat, der es, wenn ich nicht irre, zuerſt erzählt, konnte wohl noch ſichere Nachrichten haben, konnte davon Augenzeuge geweſen ſein, daß das Monument noch ganz und wohl erhalten war; hatte durchaus keine Urſache, dieſem Fleckchen irgend einen Vorzug vor den übrigen zu geben, und dieſes iſt der Ort ſeiner Angabe, — zwei Steine von der Stadt, an dem Wege nach Puteoli, nicht weit von dem Eingange in die Grotte. Ich will nun auch einmal glauben; man hat für manchen Glauben weit ſchlechtere Gründe; und alſo glaube ich, daß dieſes Maro's Grab ſei. Den Lorbeer ſuchſt Du nun umſonſt; die verkehrten Afterverehrer haben ihn ſo lange bezupft, daß kein Blättchen mehr davon zu ſehen iſt. Ich nahm mir die Mühe, hinauf zu ſteigen, und fand nichts, als einige wild verſchlungene Kräuter. Der Gärtner beklagte ſich, daß die gottloſen vandaliſchen Franzoſen ihm den allerletzten Zweig des heiligen Lorbeers geraubt haben. Dichter müſſen es nicht geweſen ſein; denn davon wäre doch wohl etwas in die Welt erſchollen, daß der Lorbeer von dem Lateiner neuerdings auf einen Gallier übergegangen ſei. Vielleicht ſchlägt er für die Gläubigen am Grabe des Mantuaners wieder aus. Man ſollte wenigſtens zur Fortſetzung der ſchönen Fabel das ſeinige beitragen; ich gab dem Gärtner geradezu den Rath.

Als ich hier und bei Sanazars Grabe nicht weit davon in der Servitenkirche war, verfolgte mich ein trauriger Cicerone ſo fürchterlich mit ſeiner Dienſtfertigkeit, mir die Antiquitäten erklären zu wollen, daß er durchaus nicht eher von meiner Seite ging, bis ich ihm einige kleine Silberſtücke gab, die er ſehr höflich und dankbar annahm. Ich habe mich nicht enthalten können, bei dieſer Gelegenheit wahres Mitleid mit dem großen Cicero zu haben, daß ſein Name hier ſo erbärmlich umhergetragen wird. Die Ciceronen ſind die Plagen der

Reiſenden, und immer iſt einer unwiſſender und abenteuerlicher als der andere. Den Vernünftigſten habe ich noch in Tivoli getroffen, der mir auf der Eſelspromenade ein Dutzend von Horazens Oden rezitirte und nach ſeiner Weiſe kommentirte.

Ich verſuchte es, an dem Fuße des Poſilippo am Strande hinaus bis an die Spitze zu wandeln; es war aber nicht möglich, weiter als ungefähr eine Stunde zu kommen; dann hörte jede Bahn auf, und das Ufer beſtand hier und da aus ſchroffen Felſen. Hier ſtehen in einer Entfernung von ungefähr einer Viertelſtunde zwei alte Gebäude, die man für Schlöſſer der Königin Johanna hält, wo ſie zuweilen auch ihr berüchtigtes Unweſen getrieben haben ſoll. Sie ſind ziemlich zu ſo etwas geeignet, gehen weit ins Meer hinein, und es ließe ſich ſehr gut zeigen, wozu dieſes und jenes gedient haben könnte. Zwiſchen dieſen beiden alten leeren Gebäuden liegt das niedliche Caſino des Ritters Hamilton, wo er beſtändig den Veſuv vor Augen hatte; und man thut ihm vielleicht nicht ganz Unrecht, wenn man aus dem Ort ſeiner Vergnügungen auf etwas Aehnlichkeit mit dem Geſchmack der ſchönen Königin ſchließt, die von der böſen Geſchichte doch wohl etwas ſchlimmer gemacht worden iſt, als ſie war. Ich war genöthigt, wieder zurückzugehen, und nicht weit von der Villa reale nahmen mich eine Menge Bootsleute in Beſchlag, die mich an die Spitze hinausrudern wollten. Es ſchien mir für den Vormittag zu ſpät zu ſein, deßwegen wollte ich nichts hören. Aber man griff mich auf der ſchwachen Seite an; man blickte auf die See, welche ſehr hoch ging, an den Himmel, wo Sturm hing, und auf mich mit einer Miene, als ob man ſagen wollte, das wird dich abhalten. Dieſer Methode war nicht zu widerſtehen, ich bezahlte die Gefahr ſogleich mit einem Piaſter mehr, und ſetzte mich mit meinem alten Genueſen in ein Boot, das ich erſt ſelbſt herunterziehen half. Der Genueſe hatte auch mehrere Seereiſen gemacht, und hatte Muth wie ein Delphin. Aber die Fahrt ward ihm doch etwas bedenklich; der Sturm heulte von Surrent und Kapri gewaltig herüber, und die Wogen machten rechts eine furchtbare Brandung; das Waſſer füllte reichlich das Boot, und der Genueſe hatte in einem Stündchen die Seekrankheit bis zur letzten Wirkung. Ich wollte um das Inſelchen Niſida herumgerudert ſein; das war aber nicht möglich; wir mußten, als wir einige hundert Schritte vor dem Einſiedler vorbei waren, umkehren und unſere Zuflucht in ein einſames Haus nehmen, wohin man in der ſchönen Zeit von der Stadt aus zuweilen Waſſerpartbien macht, wo es aber jetzt traurig genug ausſah. Indeſſen fütterte uns doch der Wirth mit Makkaroni und gutem Käſe. Nicht weit von hier, nahe an dem Inſelchen Niſida, auf welchem auch Brutus vor dem Tode der Republik ſich einige Zeit aufgehalten hat, ſind die Trümmer eines alten Gebäudes, die aus dem Waſſer hervorragen, und die man gewöhnlich nur Virgils Schule nennt. Wenn man nun gleich den Ort wohl ſehr uneigentlich Virgils Schule nennt, ſo iſt es doch ſehr wahrſcheinlich, daß er hier oft gearbeitet haben mag. Es iſt eine der angenehmſten klaſſiſchen, mythologiſchen Stellen, welche die Einbildungskraft ſich nur ſchaffen kann. Vermuthlich gehörte der Platz zu den Gärten des Pollio. Er hatte hier um ſich her einen großen Theil von dem Theater ſeiner Aeneide, alle Oerter, die an dem Meerbuſen von Neapel und Bajä liegen, von den phlegräiſchen Feldern bis nach Surrent.

Nicht weit von der Landſpitze und von dem Wirthshauſe, wo ich einkehrte, ſtand ehemals ein alter Tempel der Fortuna, von dem noch einige Säulen und etwas Gemäuer zu ſehen ſind. Jetzt hat man an dem Orte ein chriſtliches Kirchlein gebaut und es der Madonna della Fortuna geweiht. Man hat bekanntlich manches aus dem Heidenthume in den chriſtlichen Ritus übergetragen, die Saturnalien, das Weihwaſſer und vieles andere; aber beſſer hätte man nicht umändern können; denn es iſt wohl auf der ganzen Erde, in der wahren Geſchichte und in der Fabellehre kein anderes Weib, das ein ſolches Glück gemacht hätte, als dieſe Madonna. Ein wenig weiter landeinwärts ſind in den Gärten noch die gemauerten Tiefen, die man mit Wahrſcheinlichkeit für die Fiſchhälter des Pollio annimmt, und in dieſer Meinung eine große marmorne Tafel an der Thür angebracht hat, auf welcher lateiniſch alle Gräul abſcheulich genug beſchrieben ſind, die der Heide hier getrieben hat; wo denn natürlich die Milde unſerer Religion und unſerer Regierungen ächt kardinaliſch geprieſen wird. Ich weiß nicht, ob man nicht vielleicht mit dem brittiſchen Klagemann ſagen ſollte: A bitter change, severer for severe! Es iſt jetzt kaum noch ein Sklave übrig, den Pollio in den Teich werfen könnte.

Mein Genueſe bat mich um alles in der Welt, ihn nicht wieder in's Boot zu bringen. Auch ich war ſehr zufrieden, auf einem andern Wege nach der Stadt zurück zu kehren. Ich zahlte alſo die Bootsleute ab, und wir gingen auf dem Rücken des Poſilippo nach Neapel. Dieſe Promenade mußt Du durchaus machen, wenn Du einmal hierher kommſt; ſie iſt eine der ſchönſten, die man in der herrlichen Gegend ſuchen kann. Lange Zeit hat man die beiden Meerbuſen von Neapel und Bajä rechts und links im Geſicht, genießt ſodann die ſchöne Ueberſicht auf die Parthie jenſeits des Berges nach Puzzuoli, welche die Neapolitaner mit ihrer verkehrten Zunge nur Kianura oder die Ebene nennen. Man kommt nach ungefähr vier Millien des herrlichſten Weges in der Gegend von Virgil's Grabe wieder herunter auf die Straße. Der Spaziergang iſt freilich etwas wild, aber deſto ſchöner.

Man ſagte mir, die Regierung habe wollen eine Straße rund um den Poſilippo herum auf der andern Seite nach Puzzuoli führen, ſo daß man nicht nöthig hätte, durch die Grotte und die etwas ungeſunde Gegend jenſeits derſelben zu fahren, ſondern immer am Meere bleibe. Das wird in der That einer der herrlichſten Wege werden: ungefähr eine halbe Stunde iſt gemacht; aber wenn doch die neapolitaniſche Regierung vorher das Nöthige, Gerechtigkeit, Ordnung und Polizei beſorgte; das andere würde ſich ſodann nach und nach ſchon machen.

Bekanntlich wird das Fort Sankt Elmo mit der darunter liegenden Karthauſe für die ſchönſte Parthie gehalten; und ſie iſt es auch für alle, die ſich nicht weiter auf den Veſuv oder zu den Kamaldulenſern bemühen wollen. Es iſt ein ziemlicher Spaziergang auf die Karthauſe, den unſer ſchleſiſcher Landsmann, Herr Benkowitz, ſchon für eine große Unternehmung hält, auf welche er ſich den Tag vorher vorbereitet. Ich Torniſterträger ſteckte die Taſche voll Orangen und Kaſtanien und wandelte damit zum Morgenbrode ſehr leicht hinauf. In das Fort zu kommen hat jetzt bei den Zeitumſtänden einige Schwierigkeit, und man muß vorher dazu die Erlaubniß haben. Man ſieht in der Karthauſe faſt eben ſo viel, nur hat man nicht das Vergnügen, zehn oder zwanzig Klaftern höher zu ſtehen. Die Karthauſe hat der König ausgeräumt und ſich die meiſten Schätze zugeeignet. Es iſt jetzt nur noch ein einziger Mönch da, der den Ort in Aufſicht hat. In der Kirche ſind noch mehrere ſchöne Gemälde, beſonders von Lafranc und ein noch nicht ganz vollendetes Altarblatt von Guido Reni; auch der Konventſaal hat noch Stücke von guten Meiſtern.

Um die ſchönſte Ausſicht zu haben, mußt Du zu den Kamaldulenſern ſteigen. Die Herren ſind in der Revolution etwas decimirt worden, haben aber den Verluſt nicht ſchwer empfunden. Man geht durch die Vorſtadt Fraskati und einige Dörfer immer bergauf und verliert ſich in etwas wilde Gegenden. Weil man nicht hinauf fahren kann, wird die Parthie nicht von ſehr vielen gemacht. Wir verirrten uns, mein Genueſe und ich, in den Feigengärten und Kaſtanienwäldern, und ich mußte dem alten Kerl noch mit meiner Topographie im Orientiren helfen. Das ärgerte mich gar nicht; denn wir trafen in der wilden Gegend einige recht hübſche Parthien nach allen Seiten. Es gab Stellen, wo man bis nach Kajeta hinüber ſehen konnte. Da wir uns verſpätet hatten, mußten wir in einem Dorfe am Abhange des Berges zum Frühſtück einkehren und einen zweiten Boten mitnehmen. Dieſer brachte uns auf einen der ſchönſten Wege an dem Berge über dem Agnano hin in das Kloſter. Es iſt dort nichts zu genießen als die Ausſicht; die Kirche hat nichts Merkwürdiges. Ein Laienbruder führte mich mit vieler Höflichkeit durch alle ihre Herrlichkeiten, und endlich an eine ausſpringende Felſenſpitze des Gartens unter einige perennierende Eichen, die vielleicht der ſchönſte Punkt in ganz Italien iſt. Von Neapel ſieht man zwar nicht viel, weil es faſt ganz hinter dem Poſilippo liegt; nur der hohe Theil von Elmo, Belvedere und einige andere Stückchen ſind ſichtbar. Aber rund umher liegt das ganze ſchöne magiſche klaſſiſche Land unter Einem Blick. Portici, das auf der Lava der Stadt des Herkules ſteht, der ſich empor thürmende Veſuv mit dem Somma, Torre del Greco, Pompeji, Stabiä, Surrent, Maſſa, Kapri, der ganze Poſilippo, Niſida, Iſchia, Procida, der ganze Meerbuſen von Bajä mit den Trümmern der Gegend, Miſene, die Thermen des Nero, der Lukriner See und hinter ihm verſteckt der Avernus, die Solfatara, bei heiterm Wetter die Berge von Kumä, der Garus und weiter hin die beſchneiten Apenninen; unten der Agnano mit der Hundsgrotte, deren Eingang nur ein hervorſpringender Hügel bedeckt; der neue Berg hinter der Solfatara; alte und neue Berge, ausgebrannte und brennende Vulcane, alte und neue Städte, Elyſium und die Hölle; — alles dieſes faſſeſt Du mit Deinem Auge, ehe Du hier eine Zeile lieſeſt. Tief, tief in der Ferne ſieht man noch Ponza und einige kleinere Inſeln. Da haben die Mönche wieder das beſte gewählt. Freund, wenn Du einmal hörſt, daß ich unbegreiflich verſchwunden bin, ſo bringe mit unter Deine Muthmaßungen, daß ich vielleicht der ſchönſten Natur zu Ehren die große Tollheit gemacht habe, und hier unter den Anachoreten hauſe. Hier den Homer und Virgil, den Theokribides und etwas von der attiſchen Biene, abwechſelnd mit Ariſtophanes, Lucian und Juvenal; ſo könnte man wohl in den Kaſtanienwäldern leben und das Bißchen Vernunft bei ſich behalten: denn dieſe wird jetzt doch überall wieder Konterband. Alſo gehe zu den Kamaldulenſern, wenn Du auch nicht in Verſuchung biſt, bei ihnen oben zu bleiben.

Jetzt ſchließe ich und ſchreibe Dir vermuthlich noch einiges über Neapel, wenn ich aus Trinakrien zurückkomme; denn eben muß ich zu Schiffe nach Palermo.

Palermo.

Wir hatten einige Tage auf leidlichen Wind zum Auslaufen gewartet: endlich kam eine ſtarke Tramontane und führte uns aus dem Zauberplatze heraus. Es war gegen Abend, die ſinkende Sonne vergoldete rund umher die Gipfel der ſchönen Berge, der Somma glänzte, der Veſuv wirbelte Rauchwölkchen, und die herrliche Königsſtadt lag in einem großen, großen Amphitheater hinter uns in den magiſchen Strahlen. Rechts war Iſchia und links Kapri, die Nacht ſenkte ſich nach und nach und verſchleierte die ferneren Gegenſtände in tiefere Schatten. Ich konnte in dem Abendſchimmer nur noch deutlich genug die kleine Stadt auf Kapri unterſcheiden. Die gemeinen Neapolitaner und Sicilianer nennen mit einer ihnen ſehr gewöhnlichen Metatheſis die Inſel nur Krap. Sie iſt jetzt ziemlich kahl. Ich hätte von Neapel aus gern eine Waſſerfahrt dahin gemacht, um einige Stunden auf dem Theater herum zu wandeln, von welchem zur Schande des Menſchenverſtandes ein ſybaritiſcher Wüſtling einige Jahre das Menſchengeſchlecht mißhandelte; aber ich konnte keine gute Geſellſchaft finden, und für mich allein wären nach meinen übrigen Ausgaben die Koſten zu anſehnlich geweſen. Ueberdieß war es faſt immer ſchlechtes Wetter. Zur Ueberfahrt hierher hatte ich mich auf ein Kauffartheiſchiff verdungen, weil ich auf das Packetboot nicht warten wollte. Der Wind ging ſtark und die See hoch, aber ich ſchlief gut; man erkannte gleich daraus und aus meinem feſten Schritt auf dem Verdeck, daß ich ſchon ein alter Seemann ſein müſſe. Da es Faſten war und die Leute lauter Oel aßen, wollte ſich der Kapitän mit dem Eſſen für mich nicht befaſſen; ich hatte alſo auf acht Tage Wein, Orangen, Brot, Wurſt und Schinken für mich auf das Schiff bringen laſſen. Den ganzen Tag ging der Wind ziemlich ſtark und gut; aber gegen Abend legte er ſich und die See ward hohl. Doch hatten wir uns gegen Morgen, alſo in allem ſechs und dreißig Stunden in den Hafen von Palermo gelaviert. Das war eine ziemlich gute Fahrt. Auf der Höhe hatten wir immer die Kanonen ſcharf geladen und ungefähr vierzig große Muſketons fertig, um gegen die Korſaren zu ſchlagen, wenn einer kommen ſollte. Denn Du mußt wiſſen, der Unfug iſt jetzt ſo groß, daß ſie zuweilen bis vor Kapri und ſogar bis vor die Stadt kommen, um zu ſehen, ob ſie etwa Geſchäfte machen können, wie ſich auch die Spielkaper in den deutſchen Bädern ausdrücken. Das iſt nun freilich eine Schande für die Regierung, aber die Regierung hat dergleichen Schandflecke mehr.

Wir kamen hier, ich weiß nicht zu welchem Feſte an, wo in der Stadt ſo viel geſchoſſen wurde, daß ich die Garniſon wenigſtens für zehntauſend Mann ſtark hielt. Aber ich habe nachher die Methode des Feuerns geſehen. Sie gehört zur einheimiſchen Frömmigkeit und iſt drollig genug. Man hat eine ungeheure Menge kleiner Mörſer, die man in der Reihe nach einander geladen hinſtellt; abſatzweiſe ſtehen etwas größere, die wie Artillerie donnern. Sie ſind alle ſo geſtellt, daß, wenn am Flügel angezündet wird, das Feuer regelmäßig ſchnell die ganze Fronte hinunter greift und am Ende mit einigen großen Stücken ſchließt. Von weitem klingt es wie etwas großes; und am Ende bewegt es ein einziger alter, lahmer Konſtabel. Unſer Hauptmann von der Aurora ließ ſich mit ſeiner Artillerie ſtark hören.

Ich wurde auf der Sanität, wohin ohne Unterſchied alle Ankommenden müſſen, mit vieler Artigkeit behandelt, und man ließ mich ſogleich gehen, wohin ich wollte, da die andern, meiſtens Neapolitaner, noch warten mußten. Mein erſter Gang, nachdem ich mich in einem ziemlich guten Wirthshauſe untergebracht hatte, war zu dem königlichen Bibliothekar, dem Pater Sterzinger, an den ich von dem Sekretär der Königin aus Wien Briefe hatte. Der Güte dieſes wirklich ſehr ehrwürdigen Mannes danke ich meine ſchönſten Tage durch ganz Sicilien. Er gab mir durch die ganze Inſel Empfehlungen an Männer von Wiſſenſchaft und Humanität, in Agrigent, Syrakus, Katanien und Meſſina. Der Saal der Bibliothek iſt unter ſeiner Leitung in herrliche Ordnung gebracht, und mit allen ſicilianiſchen Alterthümern ſehr geſchmackvoll ausgemalt worden, ſo daß man hier mit einem Blick alles Vorzügliche überſehen kann. Es finden ſich in der hieſigen Bibliothek viele Ausgaben von Werth, und mir iſt ſie im Fache der Klaſſiker reicher vorgekommen als Sankt Markus in Venedig. Eine Seltenheit iſt der chineſiſche Konfuzius mit der lateiniſchen Interlinearverſion, von den Jeſuiten, deren Miſſionsgeſchäft in China damals glückliche Ausſichten hatte. Hier habe ich weiter noch nichts gethan als Orangen gegeſſen, das Theater der heiligen Cecilia beſehen, bin in der Flora und am Hafen herumgewandelt, und auf dem alten Ercte oder dem Monte Pellegrino geweſen.

Von hier aus, ſagt man mir, iſt es durchaus nicht möglich, ohne Führer und Mauleſel durch die Inſel zu reiſen. Selbſt die Herren Bouge und Caillet, an die ich von Wien aus wegen meiner fünf Dreier hier gewieſen bin, ſagen, es werde ſich nicht thun laſſen. Ich habe nicht Luſt mich jetzt hier länger aufzuhalten, laſſe eben meine Stiefeln beſohlen und will morgen früh in die Inſel hineinſtreichen. Da ich barfuß nicht wohl ausgehen kann, und doch etwas anderes zu ſchreiben eben nicht aufgelegt bin, habe ich mich hingeſetzt und in Sicilien einen Sicilier, nämlich den Theokritus, geleſen. Der Cyklops kam mir eben hier ſo drollig vor, daß ich die Feder ergriff und ihn unvermerkt deutſch niederſchrieb. Ich will Dir die Ueberſetzung ohne Entſchuldigung und Präambeln geben, und werde es ſehr zufrieden ſein, wenn Du ſie beſſer machſt; denn ich habe weder Apparat noch Geduld, und wäre mit ganzen Stiefelſohlen wohl ſchwerlich dazu gekommen. Alſo wie folgt:

Nicias, gegen die Liebe, ſo däucht mich, gibt es kein anders
Pflaſter und keine andere Salbe als Muſengeſänge.
Lindernd und mild iſt das Mittel, doch nicht ſo leicht es zu finden.
Dieſes weißt Du, glaub' ich, ſehr wohl, als Arzt und als Liebling,
Als vorzüglicher Liebling der helikoniſchen Schweſtern.
Alſo lebte bei uns einſt leidlich der alte Cyklope
Polyphemus, als heiß er in Galateen entbrannt war.
Nicht mit Verſen liebt' er und Aepfeln und zierlichen Locken,
Sondern mit völliger Wuth, und hielt alles andere für Tand nur.
Oft, oft kamen die Schafe von ſelbſt zurück von der Weide
Zu der Hürd', und der Hirt ſaß einſam und ſang Galateen
Bis zum Abend vom Morgen ſchmelzend im Riedgras am Ufer,
Mit der ſchmerzlichen, ſchmerzlichen Wunde tief in dem Herzen,
Von der cypriſchen Göttin, die ihm in die Leber den Pfeil warf.
Aber er fand das Mittel; er ſetzte ſich hoch auf den Felſen,
Schaute hinaus in das Meer, und hob zum Geſange die Stimme:
Ach Galatea, Du Schöne! warum verwirfſt Du mein Flehen?
Weißer biſt Du als friſcher Käſe und zarter als Lämmer,
Stolzer als Kälber, und herber als vor der Reife die Traube.
Alſo erſcheineſt Du mir, wenn der ſüße Schlaf mich beſchleichet;
Alſo gehſt Du von mir, wenn der ſüße Schlaf mich verläſſet;
Flieheſt vor mir, wie ein Schaf, das den Wolf, den grauen, erblickte.
Mädchen, die Liebe zu Dir ſchlich damals zuerſt in das Herz mir,
Als mit meiner Mutter Du kamſt Hyacinthen zu ſammeln
Auf dem Hügel, und ich die blumigen Pfade Dich führte.
Seitdem ſchau ich immer Dich an, und kann es durchaus nun,
Kann es nicht laſſen; doch kümmert es Dich, beim Himmel! auch gar nichts.
Ach ich weiß wohl, liebliches Mädchen! warum Du mich flieheſt:
Weil ſich über die ganze Stirne mir zottig die Braue,
Von dem Ohre zum Ohre geſpannt, die einzige lang zieht,
Nur ein Auge mir leuchtet, und breit mir die Naſe zum Mund hängt.
Aber doch ſo, wie ich bin, hab' ich tauſend weidende Schafe,
Und ich trinke von ihnen die ſüßeſte Milch, die ich melke:
Auch geht mir der Käſe nicht aus im Sommer, im Herbſt nicht,
Nicht im ſpäteſten Winter; die Körbe über den Rand voll.
Auch kann ich pfeifen, ſo ſchön wie keiner der andern Cyklopen,
Wenn, Goldäpfelchen, Dich und mich, den Getreuen, ich ſinge
Oft in der Tiefe der Nacht. Ich füttre eilf Hirſche mit Jungen,
Alle für Dich, und für Dich vier junge zierliche Bären.
Komm, ach komm nur zu mir; Du findeſt der Schätze viel mehr noch.
Laß Du die bläulichen Wogen nur rauſchen am Felſengeſtade;
Süßer ſchläfſt Du bei mir gewiß die Nacht in der Grotte.
Lorbeer hab' ich daſelbſt und ſchlanke, leichte Cypreſſen,
Dunkeln Epheu zur Laube und ſüß befruchteten Weinſtock;
Friſches Waſſer, das mir der dicht bewaldete Aetna
Von dem weißeſten Schnee zum Göttertranke herabſchickt.
Sprich, wer wollte dagegen die Wogen des Meeres erwählen!
Und bin ich ja für Dich, mein liebliches Mädchen! zu zottig,

Ei, ſo haben wir eichenes Holz und glühende Kohlen,
Und von Dir vertrag ich, daß Du die Seele mir ausbrennſt,
Und, was am liebſten und werthſten mir iſt, das einzige Auge.
Ach, warum ward ich nicht ein Triton mit Floſſen zum Schwimmen?
Und ich tauchte hinab, Dir das ſchöne Händchen zu küſſen,
Wenn Du den Mund mir verſagſt, und brächte Dir Lilienkränze,
Oder den weichſten Mohn mit glühenden, klatſchenden Blättern.
Aber jenes blühet im Sommer und dieſes im Spätjahr,
Daß ich Dir nicht alles zugleich zu bringen vermochte.
Aber ich lerne gewiß, ich lerne, o Mädchen! noch ſchwimmen,
Kommt nur ein fremder Schiffer zu uns hieher mit dem Fahrzeug,
Daß ich doch ſehe, wie lieblich es ſich bei euch unten dort wohnet.
Komm, Galatea, herauf, und biſt Du bei mir, ſo vergiß dann,
Wie ich, hier ſitzend am Felſen, zurück nach Hauſe zu kehren:
Komm und wohne bei mir, und hilf mir weiden und melken,
Hilf mir mit bitterem Lab die neuen Käſe bereiten!
Ach die Mutter nur iſt mein Unglück, und ſie nur verklag' ich;
Denn ſie redet bei Dir für mich kein freundliches Wörtchen,
Und ſieht doch von Tage zu Tage mich magerer werden.
Sagen will ich ihr nun, wie Kopf und Füße mir beben,
Daß auch ſie ſich betrübe, da ich vor Schmerzen vergehe.
O Cyklope, Cyklope, wo iſt Dein Verſtand hingeflogen?
Gingſt Du doch hin und flöchteſt Dir Körbe und mähteſt Gras Dir,
Deine Lämmer zu füttern, das wäre fürwahr doch geſcheidter.
Melke das Schäfchen, das da iſt; warum verfolgſt Du den Flüchtling?
Und Du find'ſt Galateen: auch wohl eine ſchönere andre.
Mädchen die Menge rufen mir zu zum Scherze die Nacht durch;
Alle kichern mir nach: ſo will ich denn ihnen nur folgen;
Denn ich bin auf der Welt doch wohl auch wahrlich ein Kerl noch.
Alſo weidete Polyphemus und ſang von der Liebe,
Und es ward ihm leichter als hätt' er Schätze vergeudet.

Iſt es nicht Schade, daß wir das zärtliche Liebesbriefchen des Polyphemus an ſeine geliebte Galatee von dem Tyrannen Dionyſius nicht mehr haben? Es wurde, glaube ich, durch einen Triton beſtellt. Die ſiciliſchen Felſen machen alle eine ganz eigene idylliſche Erſcheinung; und wenn ich mir ſo einen verliebten Cyklopen Homers oder Virgils in ſchmelzenden Klagen darauf ſitzend vorſtelle, ſo iſt die Idee gewaltig poſſierlich. Das gibt übrigens auch, ohne eben meine perſönlichen Verdienſte mit den Realitäten des Polyphemus zu vergleichen, eigene, nunmehr nicht unangenehme Reminiscenzen meiner übergroßen Seligkeit, wenn ich ehemals meine theuer gekaufte Spätroſe der kleinen Schweſter meiner Galatee geben konnte, und wenn ich drei hyperboreiſche Meilen auf furchtbarem Wege in furchtbarem Wetter meinen letzten Gulden in das Schauſpiel trug, um aus dem dunkelſten Winkel der Loge nicht das Schauſpiel, ſondern die Göttin zu ſehen. Ich hatte mit meinem Cyklopen gleiches Schickſal, und brauchte mit ziemlichem Erfolg das nämliche Mittel.

Eben hatte ich die letzten Verſe geſchrieben, als man mir meine Stiefeln brachte: und dieſem Umſtande verdankſt Du, daß ich Dir nicht auch noch ſeine Hexe oder ſein Erndtefeſt bringe.

Agrigent.

Siehſt Du, ſo weit bin ich nun, und bald am Ende meines Spazierganges, der bei dem allen nicht Jedermanns Sache ſein mag. Von hier nach Syrakus habe ich nichts zu thun, als an der ſüdlichſten Küſte hinzuſtreichen; das kann in einigen Tagen geſchehen. Wenn ich nun ein ächter Gelehrter oder gar Antiquar wäre, ſo würde ich mich ärgern: denn ich habe viel verſehen. Ich wollte nämlich von Palermo über Trapani, Alcamo und Sciakka gehen, um in Segeſte und Selinunt die Alterthümer zu ſehen, die noch dort ſind. Auch Bartels hat ſie nicht geſehen, wenn ich mich recht erinnere; und der Tempel von Segeſte wäre doch wohl eine ſo kleine Abſchweifung werth. Ich wohnte in Palermo mit einem neapolitaniſchen Offizier, einem Herrn Canella aus Girgenti, zuſammen, mit dem ich ein langes und breites darüber ſprach; und dieſer hatte die Güte, mir einen Mauleſeltreiber aus ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Wegweiſer zu beſorgen. Nun denke ich in meiner Sorgloſigkeit weiter mit keiner Silbe daran, und glaube, der Kerl wird mich gerade an den Ort bringen. Ich ſetze mich auf und reite in der größten Andacht, in welcher ich meine Orangen nach und nach aufzehre, wohl zwei Stunden fort, als mir einfällt, daß ich doch zu weit links von der See abkomme. Der Eſeltreiber verſicherte mich aber ſehr ehrlich, das ſei der rechte gewöhnliche Weg nach Agrigent. Ich bin wieder einige Millien zufrieden. Endlich kommen wir bei Frati an, und ich finde mich ſo ſehr mitten in der Inſel. Nun orientirte und erklärte ich mich, und da kam denn zum Vorſchein, daß ſich der Eſeltreiber den Henker um meine Promenade bekümmert hatte, und mit mir gerade den alten römiſchen Weg durch die Inſel geritten war. Was war zu thun? Rechts einlenken? Da war eine ganze Welt voll Berge zu durchſtechen, und Niemand wollte den Weg wiſſen; und das Menſchenkind verlangte nicht mehr als ſechs goldene Unzen, um nach Palermo zurück und den andern Weg zu machen. Das war meiner Börſe zu viel; ich entſchloß mich alſo mit etwas Griesgrämlichkeit, nun ſo fort zu reiten, und die eryciniſche Göttin andern zu überlaſſen, die vielleicht auch ihren Werth beſſer zu würdigen verſtehen. Wir ritten von Palermo bis faſt an die Bagagerie den Weg nach Termini, und ſtachen dann erſt rechts ab. Die Parthien ſind angenehm und könnten noch angenehmer ſein, wenn die Leute etwas fleißiger wären. So wie man ſich von der Hauptſtadt entfernt, wird es ziemlich wild. Wir kamen durch einige ziemlich unbeträchtliche Oerter, und der Abfall der Kultur und des äußerlichen Wohlſtandes war ziemlich groß. Alles war weit theurer, als in der Hauptſtadt, nur nicht die Apfelſinen, an denen ich mich erholte und von denen ich mein Magazin nicht leer werden ließ. Nicht weit von Vei Frati blieb uns rechts auf der Anhöhe ein altes Schloß liegen, das man Torre di Diana nannte, und wo die Sarazenen ehemals mit den Chriſten viel Grauſamkeit getrieben haben ſollen. Es war mir noch zu zeitig bei den ſchönen Brüdern zu bleiben, zumal da das Wirthshaus geradezu der Revers des Namens war; wir ritten alſo ungefähr fünf Millien weiter an ein anderes. Hier war auch nicht ein Stückchen Brod, auch nicht einmal Makkaronen zu haben. Wir ritten alſo wieder weiter: mein Eſeltreiber und noch ein armer Teufel, der ſich angeſchloſſen hatte, fingen an, ſich vor Räubern zu fürchten, und ich war es auch wohl zufrieden, als wir endlich ziemlich ſpät in Sankt Joſeph nicht weit von einem Fluſſe ankamen, deſſen Namen ich vergeſſen habe.

Hier fanden wir eine ganze Menge Mauleſeltreiber aus allen Theilen der Inſel, und doch wenigſtens Makkaronen. Aus Vorſicht für mich hatte ich in Palermo Brod gekauft, das beſte und ſchönſte, was ich je geſehen und gegeſſen habe. Hier war es mir eine Wohlthat, und ich ſelbſt konnte damit den Wohlthäter machen. Die Leutchen im Hauſe, unter denen ein Kranker war, ſegneten die fremde Hülfe: denn das wenige Brod, das ſie ſelbſt hatten, war ſehr ſchlecht. Iſt das nicht eine Blasphemie in Sicilien, das ehemals eine Brodkammer für die Stadt Rom war! Ich konnte meinen Unwillen kaum bergen.

Einen luſtigen Streit gab es zum Deſert der Makkaronen. Die Eſeltreiber hatten mir abgelauert, daß ich wohl ihre Alterthümer mit beſuchen wollte, wie ſich denn dieſes in Sicilien einem Fremden ſehr leicht abmerken läßt. Da erhob ſich ein Zwiſt unter den edelmüthigen Hippodarben über die Vorzüge ihrer Vaterſtädte in Rückſicht der Alterthümer. Der Eſeltreiber von Agrigent rechnete ſeine Tempel und die Wunder und das Alter ſeiner Stadt; der Eſeltreiber von Syrakus ſein Theater, ſeine Steinbrüche und ſein Ohr; der Eſeltreiber von Alcamo ſein Segeſte und der Eſeltreiber von Palermo hörte königlich zu und ſagte — nichts. Ihr könnt euch auch groß machen, ſagte der Treiber von Katanien zu dem Treiber von Alcamo, mit eurem Margarethentempelchen, der nicht einmal euer iſt, und fing nun an auch die Alterthümer ſeiner Vaterſtadt, als der älteſten Univerſität der Erde, herauszuſtreichen, wobei er den Alcibiades nicht vergaß, der in ihrem Theater geredet habe. Du mußt wiſſen, Margaretha heißt bei den Siciliern durchaus ein gefälliges, feiles Mädchen: das war für die Mutter des ehrſamen Mannes der Aeneide kein ſonderlicher Weihrauch. Ohne mein Erinnern ſiehſt Du hieraus, daß die ſiciliſchen Mauleſeltreiber ſehr ſtarke Antiquare ſind, ob ſie die Sache gleich nicht außerordentlich genau nehmen: denn der Agrigentiner ſchenkte den benachbarten Makaluba zu den Alterthümern ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ohne daß ſeine Gegner proteſtirten; und hätte der Streit länger gedauert, ſo hätte der Katanier vielleicht den Aetna auch mit aufgezählt.

Den Morgen darauf gingen wir durch die Jumarren einen heilloſen Weg, unter ſehr ſchlechtem Wetter. Nie habe ich eine ſolche Armuth geſehen, und nie habe ich ſie mir nur ſo entſetzlich denken können. Die Inſel ſieht im Innern furchtbar aus. Hier und da ſind einige Stellen bebaut, aber das Ganze iſt eine Wüſte, die ich in Amerika kaum ſo ſchrecklich geſehen habe. Zu Mittage war im Wirthshauſe durchaus kein Stückchen Brod zu haben. Die Bettler kamen in den jämmerlichſten Erſcheinungen, gegen welche die römiſchen auf der Treppe des ſpaniſchen Platzes noch Wohlhabenheit ſind; ſie bettelten nicht, ſondern ſtanden mit der ganzen Schau ihres Elends nur mit Blicken flehend in ſtummer Erwartung an der Thüre. Erſt küßte man das Brod, das ich gab, und dann meine Hand. Ich blickte fluchend rund um mich her über den reichen Boden, und hätte in dieſem Augenblicke alle ſiciliſchen Aebte und Barone mit den Miniſtern an ihrer Spitze ohne Barmherzigkeit vor die Kartätſche ſtellen können. Es iſt heillos. Den Abend blieb ich in Fontana Fredda, wo ich, nach dem Namen zu urtheilen, recht ſchönes Waſſer zu trinken hoffte. Aber die Quelle iſt ſo vernachläſſiget, daß mir der Wein ſehr willkommen war. Ich mußte hier für ein Paar junge Tauben, das einzige, was man finden konnte, acht Karlin, ungefähr einen Thaler nach unſerm Gelde, bezahlen: da ich doch mit den ewigen Makkaronen mir den Magen nicht ganz verkleiſtern wollte. Das beſte war hier ein großer, ſchöner, herrlicher Orangengarten, wo ich ausſuchen und pflücken konnte, ſo viel ich Luſt hatte, ohne daß es die Rechnung vermehrt hätte, und wo ich die köſtlichſten, hochglühenden Früchte, von der Größe einer kleinen Melone fand. Gegenüber hängt das alte S[illegible] traurig an einem Felſen, und Campo Franco von der andern Seite. Das Thal iſt ein wahrer Heſperidengarten, und die Segensgegend wimmelt von elenden Bettlern, vor denen ich keinen Fuß vor die Thür ſetzen konnte: denn ich kann doch nicht helfen, wenn ich auch alle Taſchen leerte und mich ihnen gleich machte.

Der Fluß ohne Brücke, über den ich in einem Strich von ungefähr drei deutſchen Meilen wohl funfzehn Mal hatte reiten müſſen, weil der Weg bald dieſſeits bald jenſeits geht, ward dieſen Morgen ziemlich groß; und das letzte Mal kamen zwei ſtarke cyklopiſche Kerle, die mich mit Gewalt hinüber trugen. Sie zogen ſich aus bis auf's Hemde, ſchürzten ſich auf bis unter die Arme, trugen Stöcke wie des Polyphemus ausgeriſſene Tannen, und ſuchten die gefährlichſten Stellen, um ihr Verdienſt recht groß zu machen: ich hätte gerade zu Fuße durchgehen wollen, und wäre nicht ſchlimmer daran geweſen, als am Ende der pontiniſchen Sümpfe vor Terracina. Ihre Forderung war unverſchämt, und der Eſeltreiber meinte ganz leiſe, ich möchte ſie lieber willig geben, damit ſie nicht bösartig würden. Sie ſollen ſich ſonſt kein Gewiſſen daraus machen, Jemand mit dem Meſſer oder dem Gewehrlauf, oder geradezu mit dem Knittel, in eine andere Welt zu liefern. Die Gerechtigkeit erkundigt ſich nach ſolchen Kleinigkeiten nicht weiter. Der Fluß geht nun rechts durch die Gebirge in die See. Ich habe ſeinen eigentlichen Namen nicht gefaßt; man nannte ihn bald ſo, bald anders, nach der Gegend; am häufigſten nannten ihn die Einwohner Fiumo di San Pietro. Von nun an war die Gegend bis hierher nach Agrigent abwechſelnd ſehr ſchön und fruchtbar, und auch noch leidlich bearbeitet. Nur um den Makaluba, den ich rechts von dem Wege ab aufſuchte, iſt ſie etwas mager.

Ich will Dir ſagen, wie ich den Berg, oder vielmehr das Hügelchen fand. Seine Höhe iſt ſehr unbeträchtlich, und ſein ganzer Umfang ungefähr eine kleine Viertelſtunde. Rund umher ſind in einer Entfernung von einigen Stunden ziemlich hohe Berge, ſo daß ich die vulkaniſche Erſcheinung Anfangs für Quellwaſſer von den Höhen hielt. Dieſe mögen dazu beitragen; aber ſie ſind wohl nicht die einzige Urſache. Die Höhe des Orts iſt verhältnißmäßig doch zu groß, und es gibt rund umher viel tiefere Gegenden, die auch wirklich Waſſer halten. Am wenigſten ließe ſich ſeine periodiſche Wuth erklären. Wo ich hinaufſtieg, fand ich einen einzelnen, drei Ellen hohen Kegel aus einer Maſſe von Thon und Sand, deſſen Spitze oben eine Oeffnung hatte, aus welcher die Maſſe immer herausquoll und herabfloß, und ſo den Kegel vergrößerte. Auf der Höhe des Hügels waren ſechs größere Oeffnungen, aus denen beſtändig eben dieſelbe Maſſe hervordrang; ihre Kegel waren nicht ſo hoch, weil die Maſſe flüſſiger war. Ich ſtieß in einige meinen Knotenſtock gerade hinein, und fand keinen Grund; ſo wie ich aber nur die Seiten berührte, war der Boden hart. In der Mitte, und ziemlich auf der größten Höhe deſſelben, war die größte Oeffnung, zu der ich aber nicht kommen konnte, weil der Boden nicht trug, und ich befürchten mußte, zu verſinken. Zuweilen, wenn es anhaltend ſehr warm und trocken iſt, ſoll man auch zu dieſem Trichter ſehr leicht kommen können. Ich ſah der Oeffnungen rund umher, größere und kleinere, ungefähr dreißig. Einige waren ſo klein, daß ſie nur ganz kleine Bläschen in Ringelchen ausſtießen, und ich konnte meinen Stock nur mit Widerſtand etwas hineinzwingen. Die Ausbrüche und die Regenſtürme ändern das Anſehen des Makaluba beſtändig; er iſt daher noch etwas wandelbarer, als ſeine größern Herren Vettern. Ihm gegenüber liegt, in einer Entfernung von ungefähr zwei Stunden, auf einer beträchtlichen Anhöhe eine Stadt, die von weitem ziemlich hübſch ausſieht, und wenn ich nicht irre, Ravonna heißt. Die Einwohner dieſes Orts und einiger naheliegenden kleinen Dörfer wurden, wie man erzählte, vor drei Wochen ſehr in Schrecken geſetzt, weil der Zwergberg anfing, inwendig gewaltig zu brummen und zu lärmen. Es iſt aber dießmal bei dem Brummen geblieben. Von dem Diminutiv-Vulkan bis hierher ſind ungefähr noch acht Millien durch eine ziemlich rauhe Gegend über mehrere Berge.

von Sevelingen, | ſ. Minneſinger.
von Seven, | ſ. Minneſinger.

David Chriſtoph Seybold,

am 26ten Mai 1747 zu Brackenheim in Würtemberg geboren, ſtudirte in Jena Philologie und wurde dann daſelbſt außerordentlicher Profeſſor. 1774 nahm er das Rectorat in Speier an, das er nach zwei Jahren mit demſelben Amte in Grünſtadt und 1779 mit der gelehrten Schule zu Buchsweiler im Elſaß vertauſchte. 1796 ward er nach Tübingen berufen und wirkte dort als Doctor der Philoſophie und ordentlicher Profeſſor der alten Literatur. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 10. Februar 1804.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Wanderſchaft eines Journaliſten. Buxtehude, 1772.
- Predigten des M. Rothanker. Leipzig, 1774—76. 2 Thle.
- Die Hirten der Alpen, Nachſpiel. Leipzig, 1777.
- Neujahrsgeſchenke für Kinder. Frankf. 1778—83. 6 Bde.
- Reitzenſtein, (Roman). Leipzig, 1778. 2 Thle.
- Hartmann, (Roman). Leipzig, 1778.
- Joſeph II. Leipzig, 1786.
- Hiſtoriſches Handbuch. Reutlingen, 1788—92. 3 Thle.
- Reden. Lemgo, 1792.
- Lucian's neueſte Reiſen. Reutlingen, 1791.
- Glimpf- und Schimpfreden des Momus. Winterthur, 1792.
- Einzelne Reden, Ueberſetzungen u. ſ. w.

S. zeichnete ſich namentlich durch ſeine Schulreden als ein ſehr tüchtiger Pädagog, ſo wie durch ſeine anderen Schriften als ein talentvoller Satyriker aus.

Seyfried, ſ. Minneſinger.

Heinrich Wilhelm Seyfried

ward am 28. Juli 1755 zu Frankfurt a. M. geboren, gehörte als Schauſpieler und Theaterdichter verſchiedenen Bühnen an, bis er ſich zuerſt in Braunſchweig, darauf in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und endlich in Berlin ganz literariſchen Arbeiten widmete. Er ſtarb zu Berlin am 20. April 1800 und hinterließ:

Frankfurter Dramaturgie. Frankfurt u. Leipzig, 1779 — 80.
Spiegel ohne Queckſilber. Frankfurt u. Leipzig, 1783.
Bruchſtücke ſatiriſchen Inhalts. Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1783. 84.
Dramatiſcher Fauſtin. Hamburg, 1784. 85.
Poetiſche Schmauſereien. Wolfenbüttel, 1787.
Edel's Kampf und Rache. Berlin, 1788.
Gallerie der Engel. Berlin, 1788. 89.
Chronik von Berlin, 1789. 90. 4 Bde.
Der Neujahrstag, Poſſe. Berlin, 1791.
Die Thronfolge, Familiengemälde. Berlin, 1796.
Berliner Guckkaſten, 1796.

S. arbeitete zu ſeiner Zeit nicht ohne Erfolg für die Bühne, indem er die Anforderungen derſelben, ſo wie des Publikums genau kannte; da ihm aber nur darum zu thun war, augenblicklichen Beifall zu ernten, ſo geriethen ſeine Leiſtungen bald wieder in Vergeſſenheit. Seine übrigen Schriften erheben ſich nicht über die Mittelmäßigkeit.

Benedict Edlbeck Siber,

nennt ſich in ſeinem Buch ſelbſt Pritſchmeiſter, d. h. Hofnarr des Erzherzogs Ferdinand von Oeſterreich. Sein Geburts- und Todesjahr ſind unbekannt. Er ſchrieb:

Vom ritterlichen Schießen zu Zwickau, 1574.

ein Buch, das eine Menge von guten und geſunden Späßen enthält, welche wohl verdienten, ein Mal wieder an das Licht gezogen zu werden.

Georg Ludwig Peter Sievers,

im Jahr 1766 zu Braunſchweig geboren, lebte zuerſt als Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, darauf in Caſſel, endlich in Paris. 1822 kehrte er nach Deutſchland zurück und ließ ſich in Wien nieder, bis er Italien zu ſeinem Aufenthalte wählte, wo er, bald in Rom, bald in Neapel wohnend, lange Zeit der wiener Zeitſchrift für Kunſt, Wiſſenſchaft und Leben die italieniſchen Artikel lieferte.

Er gab heraus:

Der weibliche Abällino. Leipzig, 1801.
Die komiſche Ehe, Luſtſpiel. Leipzig, 1802.
Auswahl aus vorzüglichen franzöſiſchen Schauſpielen. Leipzig, 1803.
Er und ſie, Luſtſpiel. Hamburg, 1805.
Die Zwillingsſchweſtern. Hamburg, 1806 — 1807. 4 Thle.
Leſſings Schädel, Luſtſpiel. Hamburg, 1807.
Der Schutzgeiſt Weſtfalens. Kaſſel, 1808.
Die Kleinſtädter. Leipzig, 1809. 2 Thle.
Schauſpielerſtudien. Leipzig, 1814.
Der Eilfertige, Komödie. Leipzig, 1814.
Ueber Madame Catalani. Leipzig, 1816.
Mozart und Süßmayer. Mainz, 1829.

Ein Mann von Geiſt und Geſchmack, den er jedoch mehr in ſeinen äſthetiſchen und kritiſchen Aufſätzen als in ſeinen Luſtſpielen und Romanen zeigte, obwohl auch dieſe ſich günſtige Leſer erwarben.

Sigeherr, ſ. Minneſinger.

Benjamin Silber,

mit ſeinem Schriftſtellernamen: Karl Sebald u. Eduard Blum, ward am 29. December 1772 zu Waldheim geboren u. trat ſchon 1790 in das Neuſächſiſche Artilleriecorps. 1798 ward er Lieutnant, 1807 Artilleriezeugwärter auf dem Königſtein, 1811 Capitän, 1813 Major. Als ſolcher und Kaſſirer bei dem Soldatenknabeninſtitute in Annaburg ſtarb er in letzterer Stadt am 7. April 1821.

Er gab heraus:

Die getäuſchte Liebe. Weißenfels, 1803 — 5.
Die 7 Sonntage. Freiberg, 1803.
Das Titelkupfer. Freiberg, 1803. 2 Thle.
Opiate in kleinen Erzählungen. Freiberg, 1804. 5. 3 Thle.
Oliver Cromwell. Leipzig, 1804. 2 Thle; 5. Aufl. 1821.
Kurfürſt Johann Friedrich, Trauerſpiel. Leipz. 1804.
Richard und Angelika. Leipzig, 1805. 2 Thle.
Die Nebenbuhlerinnen. Berlin, 1806. 3 Thle.
Erzählungen. Leipzig, 1820.

Gute Charakterzeichnung, glückliche Erfindung der Situationen und eine lebendige friſche Darſtellung erwarben ſeinen Romanen viele Freunde.

Silvio Romano, ſ. F. W. Riemer.

Simpliciſſimus, ſ. Greifenſohn und Hempel.

Sinck, ſ. Pe[illegible]s.

von Singenberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Philipp Balthaſar Sinold,

genannt von Schütz, wurde am 5. Mai 1657 zu Königsberg bei Gießen geboren, und ſtudirte zu Weißenfels und Jena. Nachdem er in Italien im Militär gedient hatte, ließ er ſich in Leipzig nieder; doch folgte er 1704 einem Rufe nach Köſtritz, wo er als Rath und Lehndirector der reußiſchen Lande, freilich nur ein Jahr lang wirkte. 1705 ging er nach Forſt und 1711 als Regierungsrath nach Barnſtadt in Schleſien. 1718 ward er gräflich-hohenloheſcher Präſident und 1727 gräflich-ſolmiſcher Geheimer-Hofrath zu Laubach, wo er am 6. Mai 1742 geſtorben iſt. Als **Amadeus Kreutzberg** (dies war ſein Schriftſtellername) gab er heraus:

- **Geiſtliche und andere erbauliche Poeſien, Lieder, Sonette und Epigrammata.** Nürnberg, 1720.
- **Wahre Seelenruhe in den Wunden Jeſu.** Leipzig, 1742.
- **Viele anderſeitige Schriften, auch Ueberſetzungen.**

Tiefe Frömmigkeit, Innigkeit, und eine für jene Zeit treffliche Darſtellung zeichneten ſeine aſcetiſchen Schriften aus; auch war er nicht unglücklich in ſeinen epigrammatiſchen Verſuchen.

Christian Friedrich Sintenis,

dieſer ungemein fruchtbare Schriftſteller, der bedeutendſte von drei in der literariſchen Welt rühmlich bekannten Brüdern, ward am 12. Mai 1750 zu Zerbſt geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und lebte zuerſt als Prediger zu Bornum. Darauf wurde er als Diaconus in Zerbſt angeſtellt und verwaltete dies ſein Amt von 1777—1790; im letztgenannten Jahre kam er, mit dem Titel eines herzoglichen Conſiſtorial- und Kirchenraths, als Paſtor an die Dreifaltigkeitskirche und als Profeſſor der Theologie und Metaphyſik an das Gymnaſium zu Zerbſt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 31. Januar 1820. (Vergl. ſein Leben und Wirken v. Fr. W. v. Schütz, Zerbſt, 1820.)

Von ihm erſchien:

- **Veit Roſenſtock.** 1776. 3 Thle.
- **Wahlmann.** 1778. 2 Thle.
- **Menſchenfreuden.** 1778. 3 Thle.
- **Reden.** 1779. 3 Thle.
- **Die Reinfeld'ſche Familie.** 2 Thle.
- **Das Buch für Traurige.** 1781. 2 Thle.
- **Hallo's glücklicher Abend.** 1783. 2 Thle.
- **Vater Roderich unter ſeinen Kindern.** 1783.
- **Theodor.** 1785. 2 Thle.
- **Elias Blauroſe.** 1785.
- **Traklimor.** 1787. 2 Thle.
- **Predigten.** 1785. 4 Thle.
- **Flemmings Geſchichte.** 1789. 3 Thle.
- **Stunden für die Ewigkeit gelebt.** 1791. 2 Thle.
- **Nicolaus Grimm.** 1794. 2 Thle.
- **Stunden der Wahrheit und Tugend.** 1795. 2 Thle.
- **Elpizon.** 1790. 2 Thle.
- **Dialogen des Küſters Ehrentraut.** 1796. 2 Thle.
- **Robert und Eliſe.** 1796. 2 Thle.
- **Neue Menſchenfreuden.** 1797. 2 Thle.
- **Hallo der Zweite.** 1797. 2 Thle.
- **Zweite Poſtille.** 1798. 4 Thle.
- **Piſtevon.** 1800. 3 Thle.
- **Sonntagsbuch.** 1801. 3 Thle.
- **Das größere Buch für Familien.** 1804.
- **Stunden des einſamen Nachdenkens.** 1810. 3 Thle.
- **Predigten.** 1811. 2 Thle.
- **Oswald der Greis.** 1813.
- **Menſchenwürde.** 1817.

S. war es, der zuerſt den moraliſch-religiöſen Roman einführte, um durch Darſtellungen häuslicher, auf der Baſis des Glaubens aufgeführter Zufriedenheit zu wirken und das Wohl der Familien zu befördern. Solchem Beſtreben mußte natürlich die ſentimentale Auffaſſung des Lebens die Färbung leihen. Er fand zu jener Zeit ein großes Publicum und ſeine Romane wurden viel geleſen. Sie ſind übrigens nicht weiter als einen Schritt weiter geführte Kinderſchriften, mit denen er ſich auch viel beſchäftigte und welche ebenfalls zu ihrer Zeit große Verbreitung gewannen.

Aus Sintenis Menſchenfreuden.*)

Das wünſcht' ich, daß ich ſo das alles, was ich heute an einem der letzten Tage des Julius, in meinem Garten während eines Gewitters empfunden und gedacht habe, mit einemmahle hier hinſchütten könnte. — Fürchteſt du etwa, Freund, daß ich dir damit unangenehmheftige Erſchütterung, gewaltiges Erbeben, und hingeworfenen Muth, verurſachen würd'? Denke dis nicht! Wend' auch das Blatt deshalb nicht ſogleich um! **Gewitterſtunde iſt auch feierlichwonnevolle Stunde fürs Menſchenleben.** Das einzige möcht' etwa dabei auszuſetzen ſein, daß eine ſchwüle, preſſende Luft das Athemholen eine Zeitlang erſchweret; aber iſt der Regen nur erſt einige Minuten lang ſtark gefallen, ſo iſts auch wieder überwunden.

Ich weis wohl, daß unter euch, meine lieben Leſerinnen, und Leſer, viele ſein werden, welche, bei jährlicher Rechnungsabnahme des Sommers, das Aufſteigen der Gewitter unter die Defekte bringen möchten; aber könnte doch das Raiſonnement eines Erdbürgers, welcher gern alle Furcht von ſich, und ſeinen Mitbürgern, vertreiben wollte, etwas dazu beitragen, daß ſie hinfort einer und der andere von euch in Rechnung paſſiren ließe: Ich kanns nicht ſagen, ob es Menſchen gebe, denen die Furcht für Gewittern natürlich ſei; ich habe den Verſuch nicht machen können, obs wahr ſei, oder nicht; glaub' auch, daß es überhaupt viel Mühe koſten müßte, hinter Dingen zu kommen, welche natürlich ſein ſollen. So viel weis ich aber mit Gewisheit und aus Erfahrung, daß die Vorſtellungen, welche der Menſch von Kindheit an in Anſehung der Gewitter empfängt, bei Feſtſezung ſeiner Denkungsart über ſie das mehreſte thun. Oft hab' ich Kinder von einigen Jahren geſehen, welche ſchon beim Anblick eines Wetterſtrahls unter den Röcken ihrer Mutter Schuz ſuchten, und ſich mit einem Geſchrei darunter verbargen, als wär' Feuer im Hauſe. Anfangs erregt' es meine Verwunderung; allein, ich ward bald überzeugt, daß ich, wenn ich an der Kinder Stelle geweſen wäre, unter denſelbigen Umſtänden eben ſo würde gehandelt haben, als ſie. Die Drohungen, welche die Kinder täglich bei allen Donnerwettern empfingen, die fürchterlichen Präparationen, welche, ſo bald ein einziges derſelben aufſtieg, um ſie her gemacht wurden, das Zuſchrauben der Fenſterladen, das ſorgfältige Verſchlieſſen aller Thüren, das angſtvolle Zuſammenlaufen der Leute im Hauſe, das Zittern der Mutter, das Schreien der ältern Geſchwiſter, das heftige Singen des Vaters, und der Nachbarn, konnten auf ſie keine andere Wirkung haben, als ſie in der That hatten. Ich habe einen kleinen Buben von drei Jahren, auf deſſen Bewegungen ich bei jedesmahligen Aufſteigen eines Wetters die genaueſte Aufmerkſamkeit richte; aber er zuckt dabei nicht. Er ſieht den Himmel in ſeiner Schwärze mit ruhigen Augen an, und, wenn es blizt, freuet er ſich herzlich, und ſpricht: Papa, das war ſchön; das war recht helles Licht. Was den Donner betrift, ſo iſt er mit ſich ſelbſt noch nicht darüber einig, wozu er ihn machen ſolle. Bald glaubt er, es kommt eine Kutſche gefahren, bald denkt er, es ſei ein Schus, und greift geſchwind nach der Elle, und thut, als wollt' er mit ſchieſſen; bald hält ers für Trommelſchlag. Ich hab' ihn von Anfang an dafür verwahrt, daß er keine falſche Vorſtellung über die Sache von andern empfangen könne, und nehme ihn, ſo bald ich ein Gewitter am Himmel merke, zu mir. Die Ideen, welche er ſich ſelbſt davon macht, will ich, wenns Zeit ſein wird, ſchon berichtigen. Wär' warlich ein Wink für euch alle, die ihr Menſchen bildet, ſie für Gewitterfurcht ſorgfältig zu bewahren! Es würden ſie einſt den Vortheil davon haben, daß ihnen der gröſte Theil des Sommers unruhloſer, freudenvoller wäre; da ſie im Gegentheil, wenn ſie einmahl Vorurtheile darüber eingeſogen, und dieſe ſich feſtgeſezt haben, oft durch die vernünftigſten Vorſtellungen anderer, und durch eigene Reflexionen, ihr ganzes Leben hindurch von einer ungegründeten Bangigkeit dafür ſich nicht losreiſſen können.

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*) Menſchenfreuden; aus meinem Garten von J. Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1778.

Es iſt nicht zu leugnen, daß die Gewitter hie und da einzelnen Theilen der Schöpfung Schaden, und oft gar Verwüſtung und Zerſtöhrung, zubereiten, und man könnte dis für eine Apologie für die Furcht für ſelbigen halten; allein, es käme nur darauf an, daß man ſich darauf legte, über dieſen Punkt oft vernünftig mit ſich ſelbſt zu raiſonniren, ſo würde man vielleicht auch mit ihm fertig. Die Einrichtung der Welt iſt nun einmahl von der Art, daß die möglichſte Vollkommenheit des Ganzen da ſein, und erhalten werden ſoll. Allein, dieſe Vollkommenheit des Ganzen verſpricht keinesweges ähnliche Vollkommenheit jedem einzelnen Theil. Die unendliche Mannigfaltigkeit der Theile bringt vielmehr ganz natürlich die Erſcheinung hervor, daß die Vollkommenheit des Ganzen nicht anders fortdauern könne, als wenn hie und da einzelne Theile aufgeopfert werden. Laſſet uns alſo annehmen, daß Gewitter, ſo, wie jedes andere Ding in der Welt, dort oder da Schaden und Verwüſtung in einzelnen Theilen der Schöpfung anrichten, ſo iſts doch offenbar, daß das Ganze derſelben unausſprechlich dabei gewinne. Willſt du's nicht glauben, Freund, ſo geh Tags drauf nachm Gewitter auf dein Feld, und in deinen Garten, und ſieh, wie der vorzüglichfruchtbare Regen, welcher während deſſelben fiel, im Pflanzenreich beinahe Wunder gethan hat. Zieh alsdenn die gereinigte, abgekühlte Luft in dich ein, und ſtell dir vor, daß dieſer Balſam, den du jezt einathmeſt, Gift über lang oder kurz für dich hätte werden können, wenns unterm Himmel nicht Bliz und Donner gäbe. Jeder leidende Theil beim Gewitter müſte alſo gleichſam als ein Märtirer fürs Ganze betrachtet werden; man müſte ſeine Niederlage als ein Opfer anſehen, ohne welches eine weit gröſſere Aufopferung würde haben vor ſich gehen müſſen. — Es gibt Gemüther, für welche dieſe Betrachtung allein ſchon Beruhigung genug ſein kann, weil ſie einſehen, daß, wenn die Einrichtung der Welt durch ſie nicht abgeändert werden könne, ſie mit ihr zufriden ſein müſſen, und daß ſelbige, ſo, wie ſie einmahl iſt, auch weiſe und gut genug ſei.

Aber laſſt uns auch den Schaden, welchen Gewitter hie und da ſtiften, einmahl nicht als Gewinn fürs Ganze, ſondern als wirklichen Verluſt für einzelne Theile, betrachten; was folgt daraus? Freund, biſt du beſtimmt, in einer weiten Strecke der Schöpfung um dich her beim aufziehenden Wetter der einzige Leidende zu werden: ſo wartet auf dich entweder Verluſt deines Vermögens, oder deines Lebens ſelbſt zugleich. Ich geſtehs, aller ſeiner Habe binnen einer Stunde beraubt werden, beſonders, wenn man Jahre lang daran geſammlet hätte, müßt' eine traurige Situation im Leben ſein. Philoſophiſche Seelen müſſen aber auch denn in dem Bewuſtſein noch Troſt finden können, das Feuer nicht angelegt zu haben. Und ſollt' es nicht in den Händen der Fürſten ſein, ihre Unterthanen auch von dieſer Seite zu beruhigen, wenn ſie ein- für allemahl feſtſezten, daß, wenn einer von ihren Bürgern und Bauern durch einen Wetterſtrahl abbrennte, alle ſeine Mitbürger in der Stadt, oder alle Bauern, welche mit ihm zu einem Amte gehören, jeder pro rata, dazu zuſammentragen müſten, daß dem Unglücklichen ſein verlohrenes Vermögen bei Heller und Pfennig erſezt würde? Wahrſcheinlicherweiſe würden ſie ſich alle dazu bereit finden laſſen, weil jeden von ihnen das armmachende Schickſal treffen kann; und ſollten Widriggeſinnete ſich dagegen ſezen, ſo könnte ihnen angedeutet werden, die für einander ſorgende Geſellſchaft zu verlaſſen, und ſich Häuſer an einſamen Oertern zu bauen, damit ſie, wenn ſie ja abbrennten, nicht die Wohnungen ihrer Nachbarn zugleich in Feuer ſezten. Träfe dich aber, Bruder, der Wetterſtrahl ſelbſt, und du fändeſt in ſeinem Schwefeldampf den Tod, was fragſt du nach dem Brande, welcher dein Haus einäſchert? Fürs Haus ſorgt man allenfalls, ſo lange man darinn wohnt. Der Verluſt deines Lebens ſcheint dir jezt ſchrecklich, wenn du ihn dir denkſt, nach dem Augenblick des Strahls aber ſchmerzt er nicht weiter. Uns allen iſt die Gewisheit unſers Abgangs bekannt, nur ſeine Stunde kennen wir nicht. Müſſen wir doch glauben, daß die, welche es einmahl ſein ſoll, dazu die ſchicklichſte ſei. Geſchöpfen, welche abgehen müſſen, kanns gleich viel ſein, ob ſie heute, oder morgen, gerufen werden. Dadurch, daß der Ruf ſchnell erſchallt, gewinnen ſie mehr, als ſie verliehren, und vielleicht iſt der Tod, im Bliz gefunden, unter allen der ſanfteſte. Ob ſie erſt anfangen, zu hinken, ſich denn ganz hinlegen, Wochen lang mit Schmerzen kämpfen, ſich mit dem Anblick derer, welche ſie verlaſſen ſollen, noch lange quälen, oder, ob ſie mitten im ſchnellſten Lauf ſinken, verkürzte Angſt haben, und den Ihrigen aus den Augen geriſſen werden? — ich halts mit dem Leztern.

Und vielleicht hätten viele durch Gewitter unglücklichgewordene ihrem Tode entgehen können, wenn ſie vorſichtig genug geweſen wären. Wenn es einmahl Thiere gibt, deren Geſellſchaft beim Wetter uns-gefährlich iſt, warum entfernen wir ſie nicht alsdenn von uns, wenn wir unter altem Gemäuer, oder unter dem Schatten der Eiche, nicht ſicher ſind, warum nehmen wir zu ihnen unſere Zuflucht? warum ſezen wir uns nicht lieber dem durchdringendſten Regen aus, und halten die Näſſe, welche er über uns her führt, für ein Präſervatif widers mögliche Unglück? — Vielleichts iſts in den Händen der Menſchen, die, dem Anſehen nach, furchtbarſte Erſcheinung in der Natur eben ſo unſchädlich für ſich zu machen, als ihre lächelndſten und entzückendſten. Beiſpiele haben wir davon, und ich habe das Vertrauen zu dem reifenden Geiſte der Menſchheit, daß er im kommenden Jahrhunderte übers Vorurtheil ſiegen werde. Wär' ich Fürſt, oder König, ſo brächt' ich auf meinem Reſidenzſchloſſe, auf allen meinen Luſt- und Jagdſchlöſſern, auf allen Thürmen und Kirchen, und auf allen öffentlichen Häuſern, die Ableiter zuerſt an, und machte mir von der Nachahmungsſucht meiner Unterthanen die Hofnung, daß ſie mir bald folgen würden. In entfernten Welttheilen iſt man ſchon weiter in der Sache, und hat davon den erwünſchteſten Erfolg. Es käme nur darauf an, daß Männer von Einſicht und Anſehen das Vorurtheil auch bei uns angriffen, mit Ernſt und Muth angriffen. Ich kenne einen ſiebzigjährigen Prediger aufm Lande, und unterhielt mich vor einiger Zeit mit ihm über dieſe Wohlthat, welche man dem Menſchengeſchlecht erweiſen könnte. „Bewahre Gott, ſagt' er, Herr Konfrater, wie profan denken Sie! Wollen ſie unſerm Herrgott in ſeinen heiligen Wegen und Gerichten hinderlich ſein?" Ich hatte Mitleiden mit der fürwahr übelangebrachten Pietät des Alten; aber alle meine Demonſtrationen würden ihn nicht auf andere Gedanken haben bringen können. Eben fiel mir ein, daß er am ſelbigen Tage ſich hatte eine Ader öfnen laſſen. „Herr Bruder, fragt' ich ihn, warum haben Sie heute ſo ſchnell zur Ader gelaſſen?" Ei, mein Gott, antwortet' er, das war höchſt nöthig, mein Arzt ſagte mir, daß mich der Schlag auf den Fus verfolge. Nun konnt' ich mich nicht enthalten, ihn zu fragen, warum er durchs Aderlas Gott in ſeinen heiligen Wegen hinderlich geworden wäre. Er fühlt' es, was ich für eine treffende Folgerung nun auf den vorigen Gegenſtand unſeres Geſpräches ziehen konnte, und fing von etwas andern an zu reden. — Mit ſolchen Vorſtellungen hab' ich mich den gröſten Theil meines Lebens hindurch beſchäftigt, und damit iſt mirs gelungen, das raſſelndſte Donnerwetter für mich zur Menſchenfreude umzuſchaffen. —

Ich lag heute noch unter meinem Birnbaum, als ich fühlte, daß die Sonne heftig zu brennen anfienge. Was gilts! heut' ich, Gewitterſtunde iſt nicht mehr weit. Ich ſtand auf, ſah mich um, und erblickte in Südoſt einige Wetterwolken. Ich ging in eine meiner Lauben, und betrachtete den Himmel mit Aufmerkſamkeit. Nach einer halben Stunde erſchien ſchon das volle Gewitter, und ein dumpfiges Donnern verkündigte mir ſeine Annäherung. Die Sonne brannte immer heftiger, alle meine Pflanzen neigten ihre Häupter, und ſchienen nach Erquickung zu ſchmachten. Es war ein feierlicher Anblick, ein Anblick ganz voll Zukunft, welchen der Horizont mir reichte. Ueber mir noch der hellſte, blauſte Himmel, weiter hin gekräuſelte, lichthelle Wolken, welche ſich über einander thürmten, und ein langes Kettengebirge abbildeten, und unter ſelbigen ein dicker, ſchwarzer Schlauch, welcher ein halbes Meer in ſich aufgenommen zu haben ſchien. Jeder Donner ward lauter, als der vorige; einige kleine Gewölke, welche den Vortrup machten, eilten zur Sonne her, und verbargen ſie. Noch war Stille, tiefe Stille in der Luft. Plözlich erhub ſich ein gewaltiger Sturm, der mit einer Staubwolke daherrauſchte, und das Gewitter ſchwebte ſchon über meinem Haupt. Einige ſchmetternde Schläge folgten nun, und ein durchdringender Regen kam hinter ihnen her. Es war eine herzliche Freude, ſo zu ſehen, und zu hören, wie der Regen fiel. Anfangs rauſchte er ſtark auf den Blättern der Bäume, und der niedrigern Gewächſe, weil ſie von der Sonne wie gedörrt waren; bald aber wurden dieſe weicher und zarter, und das Geräuſch verlohr ſich merklich. Der Donner ſchallte ſchon wieder entfernter, und von meinem Birnbaum an bis zur kleinſten Braunkohlpflanze hatte alles neues, dauerhaftes Leben empfangen. Mitten im ſtärkſten Plazregen ſah ich bereits den äuſerſten Rand des Horizonts ſich wieder erheitern, und ein mildes Blau umkränzte die dunkelgrauen Wolken. Das war ein herrlicher Anblick! In jeder Minute veränderte ſich die Himmelsfarbe. Bald trennte ſich ein Gewölk von dem andern, und bildete mitten in der Luftdämmerung einige hellweiſſe Flocke. Bald zogen die Wolken wieder an einander, und ſchienen gelb. Bald fingen ſie von der Nachbarſchaft der Sonne an, zu rötheln; bald lieſſen ſie hier und da ſchon einige blaue Räume über mir ſehen. Endlich brach die Sonne in aller ihrer Pracht wieder hervor, und ſenkte ihren glückwünſchenden Strahl auf das erquickte Land. Noch fielen einige Tropfen, und empfingen im Sonnenſchein den Glanz des Kriſtalls. In Nordoſten ſchwebte nun das übergezogene Wetter mit feierlicher Würde. Die Sonne, welche gegen daſſelbe ſchien, ſchwärzte es noch weit mehr, als vorhin, und es ſah aus, wie das Vaterland der Nacht. Ueber mir war der Himmel ſo rein und ſo blau, als er den ganzen Tag über nicht geweſen war. Die Dünſte waren zerſtreut, die Atmoſphäre war reiner, und ein ſanfter Weſtwind ſchüttelte den aufgehaltnen Regen von den Zweigen der Bäume herab. Ein neues friſches Grün kleidete meinen ganzen Garten. Nun freu' ich mich ſchon auf den folgenden Morgen, um zu ſehen, wie alles gewachſen, wie alles neu gepflanzt zu ſein ſcheinen würde. Ich ſtand da, ſchaute mich um zwiſchen Himmel und Erde, und lachte beide mit einem heitern, reinen Herzen an. —

O! liebet die Natur, Brüder, und glaubt, daß man beim Bewuſtſein der Tugend in allen ihren Auftritten, und ſolltens auch die äuſerlichfurchtbarſten ſein, erquickende Wonne finden könne! — Ablegung der Furcht beim Gewitter, denk' ich, ſoll' auch einmahl den Vortheil für uns haben, daß wir dem lezten unter allen Donnern noch ohne Grauſen beiwohnen werden. Im Schooſe der Natur bildet ſich Güte des Herzens, und haben wir die, ſo beben wir auch im Weltgericht nicht. — —

Die Jahre meiner erſten Jugend trafen gerade in die Zeit des lezten deutſchen Kriegs. Als ein Knabe von zehn Jahren las ich die Zeitungen mit der gröſten Attention. Ich wuſte ſo ziemlich den jedesmahligen Stand der beiderſeitigen Armeen, konnte die berühmteſten Generale beim Nahmen nennen, und hatte mir unter den Kriegführenden Mächten meinen Mann ausgeſucht, für den ich in Gedanken herzhaft und wacker mitfocht. So oft ich von einer Bataille las, in welcher die Macht, der ich wohlwollte, den Sieg erfochten hatte, trug ich, wenn ich in die Schule ging, meine Naſe hoch empor; hatte ſie aber den Kürzern gezogen, ſo ſah ich keinen Menſchen an, und brummte, wenn mich iemand um etwas fragte, wie ein Bär. Nicht ſelten hatt' ich ſogar mit alten Bürgern meiner Vaterſtadt Händel, welche es mit der andern Parthei hielten, und ich kanns bis dieſe Stunde nicht begreifen, wie bejahrte Leute es mit einem Buben aufnehmen, und über dergleichen Sachen im Ernſt mit ihm reden konnten. So viel weis ich aber noch, daß ich von einem von ihnen einmahl bald ein Paar derbe Ohrfeigen deshalb bekommen hätte, wenn mein ſeliger Grosvater nicht dazwiſchen gekommen wäre. Da ich nun während des Krieges erſt zum vollen Bewuſtſein meiner kam, ſo hatt' ich auch gar keine Idee vom Frieden. Ich hörte allenthalben Wünſche nach Friede, hatte auch hie und da etwas von den Seligkeiten deſſelben geleſen, und konnte mir nicht vorſtellen, was Friede ſei. Tauſendmahl hab' ich damahls blos darum gewünſcht, daß endlich einmahl Friede werden möchte, damit ich nur erführe, was er wäre. Als ich nun las, daß er zu Hubertsburg wirklich geſchloſſen ſei, ſo war ich allenthalben Aug', und allenthalben Ohr. Ich guckte ſtarr den Himmel an, und war von der Ueberraſchung ſo voll, daß ich nichts geringeres glaubte, als daß Sonne, Mond und Sterne, zu Friedenszeiten noch herrlicher glänzen würden, als im Krieg. Am Himmel aber blieb's, wie's geweſen war. Nun hielt ich mich an die Erde. Ich ſuchte auf derſelben lauter neue Paradieſe, ſuchte allenthalben Freude und Wonne; meinen damahligen Vorſtellungen aber nach ſchien ſich auch da wenig zum Beſſern hin abgeändert zu haben. Die Zeitungen waren im Gegentheil nicht mehr ſo amüſant für mich; die Kaufleute fingen an, zu klagen, daß nicht mehr ſo viel zu verdienen ſei, als im Krieg; die Juden gingen lumpigter einher; ich konnte mit meinen Spielkameraden nicht mehr um einen Groſchen Kegel ſchieben, wie ſonſt; mein Vater klagte über anſehnlichen Verluſt, welchen er durch die ſchleunige Reduktion der Ephraimiten, Dreiergroſchen, und Kupferſechſer, erlitten hatte; und die abgedankten, zum Theil lahm und krumm gehauenen Soldaten kamen bettelnd vor die Thüren, und fluchten alle Teufel aus der Hölle heraus. Ha! wie da der Werth des Friedens in meinen Augen zu fallen anfing! aber, Brüder, ſo bald ich lernte, über wichtige Gegenſtände der Menſchheit gehörig reflektiren, ſah ich ein, daß — Friede Menſchenheil und Menſchenſegen ſei; und von der Zeit an ſchwebt mir ſein Bild als ein recht reizendes, göttliches Bild vorm Aug.

Menſchenblut fließt ſanft und ſicher in ſeinen Adern fort, wenn Friede iſt — ha! welch ein Gedanke! — Iſt wahrlich ſo etwas geringes nicht, als hie und da gedacht wird, wenn Tauſende hingeführt, und dem Tod in den Rachen gejagt werden! Man hatte ſie ja nicht gefragt, ob ſie dazu ihre Einwilligung gäben. Wäre dis, daß ſie den Tod freiwillig geſucht hatten: ſo könnte man allenfalls ſagen, daß man ihnen nicht hatte zuwider ſein wollen. Aber, wenn ich mirs vorſtelle, wie Jünglinge und Männer zur Opferbank hingeſchleppt werden, jene aus den Armen abgelebter Eltern, und ſehnſuchtsvoller Bräute, dieſe aus dem Schos ihrer Gattinnen, ihrer Kinder, und ihres Vaterlands — wenn ich mirs vorſtelle, wie ſie ſich gewaltig dagegen ſträuben, und doch hingeſchleppt werden: ſo blutet mir's Herz! Und, wenn ſie denn nun hinkommen ins Schlachtfeld, ſo ſtehen ſie da, und ſtreiten, und wiſſen nicht, warum! Religion und Vaterland müßt ihr vertheidigen, ſagt man ihnen; Religion und Vaterland — ſüstönende Nahmen! Man könnts ihnen aber nicht verdenken, wenn ſie einmahl die wichtigen Fragen aufwürfen: ob die Religion überhaupt andere Waffen führen dürfe, als nebelverzehrende Aufheiterung, Führung des Menſchen auf ſeine Beſtimmung, Antrieb zu edeln, grosmüthigen Handlungen, abgetrocknete Thränen der Tugend, und allgemeines Menſchenglück befördernde Wohlthätigkeit! und ob das Wohl des Vaterlands nicht mit geringerm Aufwande, als die Verſchüttung des Bluts vieler Tauſende ſeiner Kinder iſt, erhalten, geſichert und befördert werden könne? Wären die Streiter noch wirkliche Feinde gegen einander: ſo wärs noch etwas. Gewaltiges, erhizendes Gefühl empfangenen oder geglaubten Unrechts, könnte man vorgeben, riſſe ſie denn ſo weit von ſich ſelbſt weg, daß Menſchenhände, welche doch nur dazu gemacht ſind, einander Wohlthaten zuzureichen, ſich mit ſiebenfachem Tod für einander füllten. Aber ſo ſehen ſie ſich auf der Erde vielleicht zum erſten mahle, kennen einer des andern Nahmen nicht, und das erſte, was ſie thun, ſoll doch ſein, daß ſie ſich die Köpfe ſpalten, oder das Herz durchbohren, oder Hände und Füſſe abhauen. Oder kennen ſie ſich, ſo ſteht wohl gar Freund gegen Freund, Bruder gegen Bruder, Sohn gegen Vater — ach! wie eng wird mir die Bruſt, indem ich dis denke! Und denn gäbs ja wohl noch hie und da einen tapfern Kerl, der, wenns einmahl nicht anders ſein ſoll, ſich wacker wehrte, und ſein Leben theuer verkaufte; aber ſo wird ihm auch dis wohl nicht einmahl verſtattet. Wenn er mitten im Avanciren iſt, ſo ſpeien ſchon geöfnete Feuerrachen zu Duzenden, und zu Schocken, von fern auf ihn Tod und Zerſtümmelung her. Dis, Brüder! ſchien mir immer ſo etwas recht abſchreckendwidermenſchliches zu ſein, daß man die edelſten, muthvollſten Menſchen zu Boden ſtürzt, ohne daß ſie ſich wehren können! Stellte man ſie noch Mann gegen Mann, und lieſſe ſie ſich mit einander balgen: ſo käme dem Helden doch ſeine Stärke und ſeine Entſchloſſenheit zu ſtatten. Gewis gingen denn auch nicht ſo ungeheure Mengen von Menſchen verlohren; es würden, welches noch gräslicher iſt, nicht ſo viele Krieger zerſtümmelt, lägen nicht da aufm Schlachtfelde, und müſten uber ſich bei vollem Leben wegreuten und wegfahren laſſen, müſten ſich nicht jämmerlich verbluten, und zuletzt noch halblebend unter zwanzig Todten in einem geſchwindverfertigten Grabe letzte Stätte finden! — — O Friede! Friede! du biſt Menſchenbluts Schutzgott! Menſchenblut fließt durch dich in ſeinen Adern ungeſtört und ſanft fort, wallt für Kinder, und Eltern, und Gatten, für Freunde, und für Vaterland, ſtrohmt Eifer und Feuer zu Rechtſchaffenheit und edler That zu!

Gottes Erde gewähret dir auch mehr Anblicke der Schönheit, Bruder! wenn heiliger Friede auf ihr ſchwebt. — Da ſiehſt du keine Zerſtöhrungen in der Natur, als die etwa, welche der Winter macht. Siehſt keine verwüſteten Fruchtfelder — es müſte denn hie oder da eins von ihnen ein ſeltner Hagelſchlag treffen, der doch nur ſtrichweiſe geht; ſiehſt die Weiden voll froher Heerden, die, wenn auch eine Seuche ſie zuweilen ergriffe, ſich bald wieder vermehren; ſiehſt nicht Meilenweit abgebrannte Dörfer, zerſtöhrte Meierhöfe, und eingeäſcherte Städte; ſiehſt nicht die Landleute in groſſen Schaaren flüchtig werden, und Häuſer und Höfe verlaſſen; ſiehſt nicht geplünderte Waarenlager! Allgemeine Sicherheit waltet. Der Städter treibt ſeinen Handel und ſein Gewerbe, und ſein Vermögen iſt ſein, und ſeiner Kinder. Der Bauer geht zu ſeinem Pflug, lockert die hart gewordene Erde, düngt ſie, wirft ſeine Saaten aus, und ſpricht in ſeinem Herzen: nach einigen Monaten werd' ich ernten. Jeder Unterthan trägt mit Richtigkeit ſeine Gaben ab, und darf keine Schulden machen, um ſchwere Kontribution herbeizuſchaffen. Sein Fürſt ſieht ihn frohlockend und arbeitſam, und ſeiner Kinder Freude wird Freude für ſein väterliches Herz! — —

Und die Jugend, Freunde, ach! die Jugend — wie viel gewinnt ſie durch Frieden! Nicht nur die Geſetze des Landes bleiben heilig und unverletzt; Menſchenherz iſt ſich auch ſelbſt Geſetz. Jene ſanftern und zärtlichern Gefühle, welche der Adel unſerer Natur ſind, werden nicht durch ſtete Anblicke der Grauſamkeit und Gewaltthätigkeit unterdrückt. Man kennt die Wolluſt nicht in ſo vieler Mannigfaltigkeit; der Jüngling wird nicht ſo allgemein vom Jüngling, und das unſchuldvolle aufblühende Mädgen nicht vom zügelloſen Böſewicht verführt. Eigenthumsrecht iſt heilig, und gegenſeitige Treue beglückt die Geſellſchaft. Unmäſſigkeit im Trunk bleibt nur der Vorwurf weniger Unglücklichen, welche ſchon zu weit von der Bahn der Erbarkeit abgewichen ſind, als daß ſie zu ihr zurückkehren könnten. Der Eidſchwur hat mehr Ehrwürdigkeit, und die fluchende Stimme tobet nicht ſo laut. Auf der Erziehung der Kinder, der künftigen Vaterlandsbürger, ruhet mehr Güte und Ordnung, mehr gute Beiſpielfülle. Das öffentliche Verdienſt wird erkannt, und der Staat hat mehr Reichthum und Muſſe, es würdig belohnen zu können; das ſtille, im Verborgenen ſegnende wird aufgemuntert, hervorzutreten, und ähnlichen Lohn zu empfangen. Die Gerechtigkeit leiſtet auch dem Geringſten unter den Unterthanen Hülfe, und der Wohlſtand öfnet dem Bürger die Quellen der Barmherzigkeit. — —

Dich will ich ſegnen, du Beglücker des Menſchengeſchlechts, Friede! ich will dich ſegnen, ſo lange ich bin! Du biſt rechte Menſchenbeſtimmung — biſt himmliſchen Urſprungs — biſt liebenswürdiges Geſchenk vom Allvater! — Heil dir, mein deutſches Vaterland! Land des Fleiſſes, und der Volksmenge! daß Seligkeitvoller Friede jetzt auf deine Fluren wohnet! Ach! er müſſe fort über dir ſchweben; müſſe lange über dir ſchweben! Heilige, Freundſchaftsvolle Bande müſſen das Herz deines Joſephs, deiner Thereſie, und deines Friedrichs, an einander feſſeln! müſſen feſſeln die Herzen aller deiner Fürſten! Denn müſſe Jeder deutſche Vater ſeinen Kindern frühzeitig das Wort: Friede, lallen lehren — müſſe ſie lehren, die Seligkeit deſſelben kennen und ſchätzen — müſſe ſie hinführen zu den Altären der Tugend, und ſprechen: Bewahret Unſchuld und Güte, ſo wird auch — Freude in eurem Buſen ſein! — — —

Viel Friedliches hat gleich bei ſeinem erſten Anblick ein Erndtefeld. Jüngſt ging ich über ein ſolches Feld; da empfand ich *Erndtefreude* — ach! *Erndtefreude!*

Unausſprechlich verliert der Städter, wenn er in ſeiner Eingeſchloſſenheit die Erndtezeit verlebt, und nicht fleiſſig in den offenen Fluren wandert. — Mannigfaltige, durchaus angenehme Abwechſelung der Gegenſtände überraſcht uns da, theilt uns in zehn, zwanzig Theile, und zieht den einen davon dorthin und den andern dahin. Bald wallen noch vor uns dichtſtaubete Gerſten- und Haferfelder; bald liegen hinter uns ſchon unzählbare Roggenhälmer in aufgethürmten Reihen. Wie ſie da ſo ſtill liegen, die kleinen Wälder, welche vor einigen Tagen noch ſäuſelten und brauſeten, — vollendetes Produkt der Natur — von Menſchenhänden abgehauen und ihnen nun ganz überlaſſen! Dort harken einige alte Mütter; da binden muntere Mädgens Garben; hier wandelt ein männlicher Bauer auf; weiterhin hält ein Wagen, und ein Paar ſchwarzbraune Knechte laden die dicken Bunde; ganz unten ziehen ſchon vier wohlgefütterte Rappen einen andern ſchwerbelaſteten Getraidewagen nach dem Dorfe hin. Wie geſchäftig die Menſchen alle ſind! Mähen und harken, harken und binden, binden und laden, laden und fahren — mähen und harken, und binden, und laden, und fahren, und — pfeifen, und ſingen. Weidlich klatſcht der fahrende Jüngling mit ſeiner Peitſche den ſchallenden Kreuzhieb, und die ihn liebende Dirne ſchreit Juchheiſa darein. Iſt doch ein gar vortreflicher Anblick, ein ſolches Gewimmle von Menſchen zu ſehen, die alle mit Eifer arbeiten, und bei ihrer Arbeit noch frohes Muths ſind! Das ſind ſo die rechten Menſchen, welche arbeiten, und — dabei fröhlich ſind. Die Arbeit verſüſſt ihnen die Freude, und die Freude erleichtert ihnen die Arbeit. Geh hin, Städter, und lerne vom Landmann dein Tagewerk verrichten, und dabei ſcherzen und lachen! Jedes abgemähete Feld verſchafft uns eine neue Ausſicht. Vorher, wenn wir vorübergingen, ſahen wir ins Getreide; nun erblicken wir über dem leeren Acker hin Büſche, und Mühlen, und Dörfer. Es iſt uns, als ſähen wir ſie alle zum erſten mahle. Gehen wir weiter an einem Morgen, noch mit Waitzen beſtaubet, ſo ſind ſie alle wieder weg. Wir kommen wieder an ein Kornfeld, wo eben gemähet wird, und jeder Hieb, welchen die Sichel thut, läſſt uns einen Zweig von jenen Bäumen, oder einen Schornſtein von jenen Häuſern, abermahls erblicken. Reizvolles Spiel, welches die Natur noch mit ihren Kindern treibt! Wohne ihm noch bei, Städter! in wenig Wochen wird es aufhören, und ſtehſt du denn auf derſelben Stelle, ſo wird dich bald ein fortwährendes Einerlei ermüden! —

Biſt du aber aufm Erndtefeld, ſo denke auch einen redlichen, weitumfaſſenden Gedanken an die Wohlthätigkeit um dich her! Bruder! welche Empfindungen werden dir ins Herz ſtröhmen, wenn du den Segen, als Menſch, betrachteſt, welcher vor deinen Augen in herrlicher Fülle da liegt! Iſt wahrlich nicht anders, als ſähſt du ſchon Brodt an Brodt liegen; als wär' das ganze Feld voll Tiſche, und voll Bänke, beſetzt mit hungerſtillender Nahrung, und mit eßbegierigen Gäſten. Stell dir vor, wie herzlich es ihnen ſchmeckt; wie ſie bei einer frugalen Mahlzeit nach vollendeter Arbeit ſich erholen, und neue Kräfte zur morgenden noch vorſchwebenden ſammlen! Wohl euch, ihr Armen unter meinen Mitbürgern, deren vornehmſte, beinahe einzige Nahrung Brodt iſt, die im Schooſſe einer zahlreichen Familie ſich ſchon glücklich preiſen, wenn ſie für ſich, für Weib und Kinder, dieſes allgemeinen Nahrungsmittels Fülle haben — nun iſt der Theurung wieder geſteuret! Neuer, erquickender Vorrath davon wieder allenthalben da! Bald werden die trocknen Körner, unter den arbeitſamen Händen des Dreſchers, umherſpringen; bald wird der Landmann damit ſeine Säcke füllen, und ſie den Städtern zu Markte bringen. — Ach! wüſte ich die Stätten im Felde, auf welchen Brodt wächſt, welches bald hie und da ein Gefangener in ſeinem Kerker bei Waſſer eſſen wird, mit welcher menſchlichen Theilnehmung wollt' ich auf ſie hintreten, und meine Thränen auf ſie weinen! In Gottes freier Luft, wollt' ich denken, wächſt Brodt für eingeſperrte Brüder! daß ſie doch auch die Freiheit hätten, welche die Hälmer hatten, in deren Aehren Korn für ſie war! daß ſie doch alsdenn eben ſo ſegensreich wären, als ſie! —

Das wäre meines Herzens voller Wunſch, daß ich die ganze Erndte hindurch meine Gemeine aufs Feld führen, und ihnen da predigen könnte! So im Anblick der um und um ſegnenden Natur, mitten unter dem tauſendfachen Guten, welches vom Himmel auf die Erde gefallen iſt — was für Empfindungen müſten ſich da in die Seelen der Gottesverehrer ſtröhmen laſſen! wie müſte man ſie da thätig zum Guten, duldend fürs Ungemach, aufmerkſam auf Schöpfergüte, machen können! Einen feierlichern, herzdurchdringendern Gottesdienſt müſts nicht geben auf Erden, als den! Dem Manne, welcher wohl wuſte, was im Menſchen war, und ſeine zärtlichſte Seite bald finden konnte, mochte auch dieſe Bemerkung nicht entwiſchen. Mit überwallender Liebe für ihn leſ' ichs, daß er mit ſeinen Buſenfreunden ſo gern über Saatfluren und Erndtefelder ging; daß er auch Sabbath mit ihnen daſelbſt oft feierte, und ihnen Hinblick auf den Allvater, Wohlgefallen an ſeinen Schöpfungen, Nachahmung der Natur, Glauben an die Fürſehung, und Ausſicht in eine frohe Zukunft, lehrte!

Und Erndten, Brüder, erndten iſt ſo eine recht menſchliche Verrichtung. Nutzen ſucht der Edle bei allen ſeinen Handlungen; Nutzen für ſeine Brüder, und für ſich. Wir ſäen allenthalben im Leben, und warten auf Erndte. Warten ſehnlich drauf, daß unſere guten Thaten den von uns abgezweckten, gewünſchten Erfolg haben ſollen. Der Anblick der Erndte im

Feld iſt daher völlig nach unſerm Geſchmack. — Wir wiſſen die Widerwärtigkeiten, welchen oft die aufgegangene, ährentreibende, reifende Saat auf der Flur unterworfen iſt; wiſſen auch, wie oft wir bei Ausübung unſerer beſten Thaten behindert werden; ſehen wirs nun, daß der Ackermann gute, reichliche Erndte hält: ſo ſchwebt vor unſern Augen ein Bild jener Freude, welche wir haben, wenn wir von unſern edlen Handlungen allen den Segen erblicken, welchen wir uns von ihnen verſprechen. — Ward das Feld, worauf jetzt Erndte iſt, vor Winter beſäet, ha! was für ein ſtarker Gedanke ergreift denn den Chriſten! haſt auch ſo, denkt er, eine Erndte über Winter zu hoffen, eine volle, reiche Erndte! — Wie ihn das Bild von Menſchenbeſtimmung, welches ihm die Natur hier vorhält, ſo ſanft anlächelt! wie er all' ſeine Blicke auf daſſelbe feſſelt, und nicht wieder von ihm loskommen kann! Guter Thaten Lohn, ach! guter Thaten ganzen Lohn — hier und dort, und dort und hier! Jetzt Anfang — denn Vollendung! Bei der Hinſaat wohl gar Trauren — aber zur Garbenbindezeit Freud und Jubel! — Der Mann, welcher mit Rom und Korinth korreſpondirte, und ſich gut drauf verſtand, Gegenſtände in der Natur, und im gemeinen Leben, für die Religion brauchbar zu machen, mocht das Bild auch oft angeſehen, und mit herzlichem Wohlgefallen betrachtet haben. Reſultat all ſeiner Betrachtungen war und blieb: Laſſt uns ſäen im Segen, ſo werden wir erndten im Segen! —

Auch, Brüder, hab' ichs nie ſtärker empfunden, wie wahr es ſei, was einsmahls der Beſte von uns allen ſagte, als wenn ich zur Erndtezeit über Feld wandelte. Wenn ich denn ſo mitten auf einer groſſen Waizenbreite ſtand, und nirgends Ende derſelben ſah, wenn die unzählbaren Millionen Aehren um mich her wankten: ſo wars, als ſtände ich mitten unter der ganzen Menſchheit, und ſchaute den unendlichen Segen, welcher an ihr zu ſtiften — nicht zu ſtiften — nur zu ſammlen, wäre. Erndte genug, dacht' ich, Erndte genug; nur Arbeiter her! Gelegenheit genug da, Menſchengewinn zu machen; nur Edle werden erfordert, welche die Mühe dabei nicht ſcheuen — eine Mühe, die mit jedem Augenblick ſich reichlicher belohnt! Und denn erneuerte ich auf der Stelle den Vorſatz, unermüdet zu arbeiten, und allenthalben, wohin nur meine Stimme dringen möcht, andere zu gemeinſchaftlicher Arbeit mit mir zu ermuntern. — —

O Fluren voll Erndte — ſeid mir heilig! heilig, wie Tempel der Gottheit! Nie müſſ' ich auf euch hinwandeln, ohn von den edelſten, hinſchmelzendſten Empfindungen durchdrungen zu werden! Nie euch wieder verlaſſen, ohn lebhaft zu fühlen, daß ich — um einen Grad mehr Menſch geworden ſei! — — —

Dich, Jüngling, lieb' ich, dem beim heiligen Nahmen: Vaterland, das Blut ſchon gewaltiger wallt; und dich, Mann, der mit raſchem, feſtigten Muth am Vaterlands Wohl arbeitet; und dich, Greis, der, an Kräften arm, an Wünſchen aber reich, brennendes Verlangen, daß Vaterland nach ſeinem Hintritt noch glücklich ſei, am Grabe vorm Allvater ausſchüttet! O ihr Edlen, wie ergreift euch alle meine Liebe, und mein Lob! Wie ſeh' ich euch vornan in der würdigſten Menſchenklaſſe, in welcher man Menſchengröſſe und Menſchenwonne fühlt! — — Patriotiſmus! Patriotiſmus! — Freudenquell für alle groſſe und ſchöne Seelen, in Latium nicht nur, und in Gräcien, auch in Belgien, Helvetierland, Germanien, und Altmeriko, und an allen Orten und Enden der Erde — Vaterland glücklich ſehn, glücklich wünſchen, nach Vermögen glücklich machen — — Der hat kein menſchliches Herz, welcher dis alles nicht mit voller Heiterkeit verrichtet!

Gut aller Güter! Leben! ach! Leben! wie nenn' ich dich recht? — Ach! erſtes, allererſtes, allerheiligſtes, allerunverletzlichſtes Gotteseigenthum! triefendſter, reichquillendſter Schöpferſegen! Allumfaſſendſter Ausfluß vom Weſen der Weſen! dich ſchätzen, dich nach Würde ſchätzen, dich menſchlich verwenden und genieſſen — dies iſt unter allen Verehrungen, Preiſungen und Anbetungen des Allvaters die würdigſte, ihm gefälligſte, und ewiger Glorienausſicht vollſte! — Kannſt du, Bruder! auf dein Vaterland hinblicken, und wär' es auch nur ein Ländchen von anderthalb Meilen, ohn' in deinem Innern laut zu ſprechen: Ach! liebes, theures Land, warſt Lebensland für mich! In deinem Schoos fing ich an, zu athmen; zu empfinden, was Lebenskraft und Lebensfülle ſei! Gabſt Leben — habe Leben, gib Leben, empfange Leben auch von mir zurück, ſo lang' ich bin! — !

Sieh, Bruder! dein Vaterland zeigte dir nicht nur erſten unter allen Segen von fern, bracht' ihn dir auch nah; gab ihn dir nicht nur halb, gab ihn dir ganz! Tauſendmahltauſend Lebenerhaltende Wohlthaten umfloſſen dich in ſeinem Schoos! Wuchſeſt empor; hoch empor! Reifteſt zur Menſchenreife! Saheſt ſeiner Frülinge Bluhmen; erndteteſt ſeiner Sommer und Herbſte Früchte; genoſſeſt ſeiner Winter Ruh! — Nun ſtehſt du da, mitten unter allen Weſen, ſchauſt ſie gebietend an, und ſprichſt: Seid all' unter meine Füſſe gethan — all' unter meine Füſſe gethan; doch ohne mir Recht zu geben, das Geringſte von euch unnöthigerweiſe zertreten zu dürfen. — Ach! Vaterland, Vaterland, tune deinen Odem ſüs! ſei deinem Herzen edelſtes, geliebteſtes Erdenland! Freue dich, wenn ein Fürſt darinn herrſcht, welcher für das Heil deſſelben ſorgt! Gönn' ihm den Frieden, und ſeine Erndten, und all' ſeine Wonnen! — Biſt von ihm erhalten worden, ſuchs wieder zu erhalten! Wend' allen deinen Fleis an, ihm das wieder zu thun, was es dir that, und es zu ſegnen von allen ſeinen Seiten! —

Fandſt auch, Bruder! im Vaterlande Menſchen, welche dich in ihre Arme nahmen! Tratſt in Verbindungen ein, die dir dein Leben heiterer und ruhvoller machten! — Da kam ein Redlicher, ſchon weit gröſſer, als du, auch ſchon dem Grabe wieder weit näher, als du, ſchaute dich liebreich an, drückte dich treu an ſein Herz, und nannte ſich — Vater; Vater von dir! Da lag ein Menſch von ſanfterm Gliederbau, von zärtlicherer Empfindung, weinte, und lächelte zugleich, gab dir am Buſen die erſte öffentliche Nahrung, und rief dich: Kind; mit mütterlicher Liebe — Kind! Da liefen kleine, ſorgenloſe Geſchöpfe, gebildet, wie du, herbei, zwar ſchon gröſſer, als du, aber noch unvollendet, ſpielten neben dir ihre frohen, kindlichen Spiele, wiegten dich, ſahen dich wiegen, waren dir Bruder und Schweſter! Da eilten Freunde, wohlmeinende Freunde, hinzu, ſchauten dich mit Blicken künftiger Vertraulichkeit an, und nahmen dich unter die Reihen derer auf, welche ihnen auf Erden die Wertheſten waren! Nun fing in deinem Herzen an, die Liebe zu erwachen. Du ſahſt ein Mädgen, ein holdes, reitzvolles Mädgen, und wünſchteſt's, dein zu nennen. Vaterland gabs dir, und ſprach: Nimms hin — hin in deinen Arm! Machs glücklich, und werde dadurch glücklich! All dieſe Bande ſind nicht Ketten für dich; ſind ſanfte Umwindungen — Roſ' an Roſe. Laſ ſie dich feſt ans Vaterland knüpfen! Reich ihm gern ihrer groſſen Segnungen Hälfte!

Geh zurück auf all' deiner Wiſſenſchaft, Tugend, und Denkungsart, Grundlagen — nahmſt ſie aus Vaterlands begüternden Händen. Vaterland lehrte — Vaterland bildete dich. Die erſten Eindrücke, welche äuſerliche Gegenſtände auf dich machten, hatten den Anſtrich ſeines Klima, ſeiner Regierungsform, und ſeiner Sitte. Auf ſeinen Fluren wardſt du empfindſam, in ſeinen Tempeln religiös, unter ſeinen Edlen tugendhaft. So oft nun dein Auge mit tiefer Wolluſt auf die Natur, und ihre Schönheiten, ſchaut, ſo oft dein Glaube dich beruhigt, und Bewuſſtſein deiner Rechtſchaffenheit dich übers Misgeſchick emporhebt: ſo oft wirf einen dankbaren Seitenblick aufs Vaterland hin! Freu dich, wenn wiſſenſchaftliche Männer in ſeinem Schoos ſind, deren Licht dem Mitbürger, dem Nachbar, und dem fernen Fremdling, ſcheint! Freu dich, wenn du ſiehſt, wie ein würdiger Gerechter mit dem andern Arm in Arm durch ſeine Städte und Dörfer wandelt, und wie ſie beide gemeinſchaftlich ſich bemühen, allenthalben edler Thaten reichen Segen zurückzulaſſen! Führ' ſeine Jünglinge der Weisheit, und ſeine Töchter der Tugend, zu! Sei ſelbſt der Weisheit Verehrer, der Tugend Freund! —

Und hat Vaterland auch eine Stätte zum Grabe für dich, weiſt du unter allen ſeinen Fluren diejenige ſchon, auf welcher du ſtauben wirſt: ſo geh an Frühlingsmorgen und Sommerabenden zu ihr hin, ſieh Sonne und Mond auf ihr auf- und untergehn, und ſprich: Ach! Vaterland! — auch einmahl Land der letzten Ruh für mich! — wenn dein Hügel mich deckt, dein Raſen über mir grünt, und deine Erde ſich mit der meinigen vermiſcht; wenn ich kein holdſeliges Wimpern der Morgenröthe mehr ſehe, kein freundſchaftliches Winken des Abendſterns mehr; wenn gegen Geräuſch und Stille mein Ohr taub iſt, und alle meine Theilnehmung an Weltfülle und Weltgeſchäftigkeit verſchwindet; wenn meine Gattin, meine Kinder, und alle die, neben denen ich gerne im Leben gehen mocht, über mir hinwandern: dann treffe dich noch Segen auf Segen! dann wohne noch Fried' und Seligkeit in dir! dann ſeien noch all deine Bürger Tugendfreunde, und Schöpferfreunde, und deine Freunde! dann arbeiten ſie noch all mit Eifer für dich — arbeiten für dich, und für ſich! Heil vom Allvater ſtröhme dann mächtig hinzu — beförder' ihre edlen Unternehmungen — geb' ihnen allen heitern, wunſchübertreffenden Ausgang! —

Ach! und lebteſt du, Freund, dein Leben vom Vaterland fern; trennten dich von ihm lange, bahnloſe, furchtbargethürmte Gebirge, unwirthbare, brennende Sandwüſten, und Weltmeere voll Schiffbruch und Tod; wärſt du verlaſſen und einſam auf einer der unbekannteſten, von Menſchen unbeſuchteſten Inſeln, und hätteſt Nacht, wenn dein Vaterland Tag hätte: ſo müßte beim Gedanken an deine väterliche Flur dein Buſen ſich noch emporheben; müßteſt die Sonne noch dafür ſegnen, welche jezt über dir ſchwebt, daß ſie vor zwölf Stunden überm Vaterlande ſchwebte, und ihm mit einem Strahl zugleich Licht und Wärme gab! Riefe dich denn der Tod — ſucht' er und fänd' er dich unter einer andern Himmelsgegend, und könnteſt du ihm nicht entfliehen, und, ehe er dich träfe, dein Vaterland nicht noch einmahl von weitem ſchaun: ſo müßt' aus jeder niederfallenden Thräne ein Wunſch für ſein dauerndes Heil aufſteigen, und ſchmeichelnde Hofnung auf deiner Wünſche Erfüllung dir noch Verſüßung des Hinſcheids in fremden Lande ſein! Müßteſt noch hinſchleichen in lezter Lebenskraft ans Geſtade des Oceans, und über all ſeine Wellen nach der Zone hinblicken, unter welcher dein Vaterland läge, und ſegnend deine Hände aufheben, und — ſinken laſſen!

Glückt's dir aber nach einer langen Reihe von Jahren, in ſeinen Schoos zurückzukehren, ha! welche unausſprechliche Freude für dich! Säheſts denn von weitem und verdoppelteſt eilfertig all deine Schritte; beträtſt denn ſeine Grenze, und jauchzteſt! Suchteſt deine Freunde; fändeſt einige von ihnen noch lebend, beinahe unkenntlich, und drückteſt ſie ans Herz; gingeſt zu den Gräbern der Verblichenen, und ſezteſt dich auf ſie hin, und dächteſt noch einmahl ihre Liebe in all' ihrer Kraft! Wandelteſt in das Haus, wo das Licht zum erſtenmahl dir ins Auge fiel — beſuchteſt den grünen Plaz, wo du gern mit deinen Geſpielen tanzteſt — ſchauteſt den Garten mit ſtillem Nachdenken an, wo du oft in Geſellſchaft deiner Eltern, und ihrer Freunde, warſt — träteſt in den Schatten der Bäume hin, unter denen du einſt nach Aepfeln ſuchteſt — fändeſt noch hie und da auf Beeten, wo du ſonſt Bluhmen pflanzteſt, eine Viole, oder Tauſendſchön — und die zarten, kleinen Eindrücke, welche dis alles ehemahls auf dich machte, kämen in dich zurück: du erneuerteſt die Reihen deiner erſten Jugendideen, und ſtändeſt da, hinſchmelzend — hinſinkend — Wonnethrän im Aug! — — —

Johann Chriſtian Siegmund Sintenis,

am 17. Auguſt 1752 zu Zerbſt geboren, Bruder des Vorigen, wurde 1785 Paſtor zu Dornburg und 1794 Amtsprediger zu Roslau im Zerbſtiſchen. Von ihm erſchien:

Waldro, der lezte Vater in der Reihe der Edlen. Halle, 1781. 3 Thle.

Gutmann und Wilhelmine. Halle, 1782; neue Ausg. 1801.

Unterredungen mit Eltern und Kindern. Dornb., 1780.

Mütterlicher Rath an meine Tochter. 2. Ausg., Halle, 1794.

Ein fleißiger Nachahmer ſeines Bruders (C. F. ſ. den vorigen Artikel), den er jedoch nicht erreichte.

von Sittewald, Philander, ſ. Moſcheroſch.

Wilhelm Smets,

(mit ſeinem vollen Namen Philipp Carl Joſeph Anton Johann Wilhelm S.) ein Sohn der großen dramatiſchen Künſtlerin, Sophie Schröder, wurde am 15. September 1796 zu Reval im Eſthlande geboren, wo ſein Vater — ein Holländer von Geburt und namhafter Juriſt — unter dem Namen Stollmers, Kotzebues deutſche Bühne als Director leitete. Nach der Eheſcheidung ſeiner Eltern 1801 brachte ihn ſein Vater auf die Schule nach Aachen; 1812, beim Tode deſſelben, erhielt er eine Freiſtelle auf dem kaiſerlich-franzöſiſchen Lyceum zu Bonn. Seine ganze Natur hatte ihn zum Künſtler beſtimmt und die Erinnerungen ſeiner Kindheit, ſo wie der Einfluß der natürlichen Erziehung hielten ihm beſtändig die Ideale künſtleriſchen Lebens vor. Doch mußte er ſeine große Neigung zur Malerei ganz unterdrücken, und ſeine poetiſche Anlage, die in Bonn ſich zu entfalten begann, ward durch die Strenge der Disciplin und die Entziehung aller deutſchen Claſſiker bedroht und eingeſchränkt. Das Herannahen der verbündeten Heere begeiſterte den Jüngling, im Lyceum eine Verbindung in dem Geiſte zu ſtiften, der in der deutſchen Burſchenſchaft ſeine Blüthe erhielt. Das Geheimniß ward entdeckt, S. entwich mit mehreren Genoſſen nach Aachen zu ſeinen Angehörigen. Im Herbſt 1814 ward er Hauslehrer nahe bei Cöln, im darauf folgenden Frühjahre trat er in die freiwillige Jägerſchaar des Niederrheins. In Gneiſenau's Hauptquartier angeſtellt, rückte er bald zum Lieutenant bei dem dritten Rhein-Landwehr-Infanterie-Regiment auf. Nach dem Feldzuge begleitete er einen adeligen Zögling nach Wien, wo er nach 10jähriger Trennung in der großen Schröder ſeine Mutter wiederfand. Kurze Zeit verſuchte er ſich unter ihrem Auſpicien und mit Glück auf mehreren Bühnen Wiens; kehrte aber, der Breter überdrüßig, an den Rhein zurück, und ward in Coblenz an der Kriegsſchule als Lehrer der deutſchen und franzöſiſchen Sprache und der Litteratur, darauf am dortigen Gymnaſium als Lehrer angeſtellt. Im Herbſt 1819 ging er, einem längſt gehegten Wunſche folgend, nach Münſter und ſtudirte dort unter Georg Hermes Theologie, beſuchte ſpäter das Cölner Prieſterſeminar und ward 1822 in der Cölner Domkirche zum Prieſter geweiht. 1821 war er von Jena mit dem philoſophiſchen Doctortitel belehnt worden. Er bekam bald das Amt eines erſten ordentlichen Religionslehrers und Penſionatinſpectors am katholiſchen Gymnaſium, und wurde nachher auch Caplan und Sonntagsprediger zu Cöln. 1828 zog er ſich jedoch, körperlich ſehr leidend, von dieſen Aemtern zurück, um die Landpfarre Jerſel bei Bonn anzutreten. Nach 4 Jahren wurde er als erſter Oberpfarrer und Inſpector von 26 Dorfſchulen nach dem Landſtädtchen Münſtereifel berufen, wo er zugleich am Gymnaſium durch Religions- und Declamationsſtunden beſchäftigt war, und als erzbiſchoflicher Commiſſarius bei den Prüfungen fungirte. Nach drei Jahren vertrieb ihn aber ſeine Kränklichkeit aus dieſem rauhen Klima nach dem reizenden Nideggen an der Roer, wo er ein Jahr Oberpfarrer war. Doch nur gänzlicher Ruheſtand konnte ſeinen wankenden Kräften helfen. Seit 1837 lebt er daher als Weltgeiſtlicher und Privatgelehrter zu Cöln.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Cöln, 1816.

Poetiſche Fragmente aus Theobalds Tagebuche. Coblenz, 1818.

Taſchenbuch für Rheinreiſende. Coblenz, 1818.

Taſſo's Tod, Trauerſpiel. Coblenz, 1819.

Hieroglyphen für Geiſt und Herz. 2te Aufl. Cöln, 1823.

Ueber Volksfeſte und Volksdenkmale. Cöln, 1823.

Gedichte, mit dem Bildniß des Verf. Cöln, 1824.

Ferdinand Franz Wallraf, ein biogr.-panegyr. Verſuch. Cöln, 1825.

Neue Dichtungen. Bonn, 1830.

Des Kronprinzen von Preußen, Friedrich Wilhelm, Jubelfahrt auf dem Rhein, romant. Gedicht in 3 Geſängen. Bonn, 1833.

Kleinere epiſche Dichtungen. Bonn, 1835.

Spruchlieder. 2te Aufl. Bonn, 1835.

Epheukränze, neueſte Dichtungen. Aachen, 1838.

Gedichte, vollſt. Samml. Stuttgart und Tüb., 1840.

Tiefes, inniges Gefühl, Adel der Geſinnung, lebendige ſchöpferiſche Phantaſie, Herrſchaft über Form und Sprache, Anmuth und Wohlklang zeichnen ihn vorzüglich als Lyriker aus und räumen ihm eine würdige Stellung unter den deutſchen Dichtern ein.

Aus den Gedichten von Smets.

Des Dichters Lebensbilder.

Es ſpricht aus dreizehn Bildern
Mein ernſter Lebensgang,
Gleich edeln Wappenſchildern
Sie geben guten Klang;
Und wie ein Bild vorüber
Nun trüb, dann heiter zieht,
Bald heiterer und bald trüber,
Ertönet auch mein Lied.

Das erſte zeigt am Strande,
Den Finnlands Flut benetzt,
Ein Kind, das ſich im Sande
Am Muſchelſpiel' ergötzt.
Durch vielverſchlungne Wege
Gelangt's zum ſchönen Rhein; —
Ach, ohne Mutterpflege,
An Vaters Leichenſtein.

Das zweite läßt ertönen
Des Jünglings Citherklang,
Den Kummer zu verſöhnen
Durch tiefen Herzensſang:
Und wo in Frühroths Milde
Am Berg das Schloß ſich zeigt,
Dem ſchönſten Frauenbilde
Sich fromm ein Sänger neigt.

Das dritte ruft zum Streite
Mit Kreuzfahn', Speer und Schwert,
Drob ziehn viel wackre Leute
Von ihrer Heimath Herd:
Da ſucht mein junges Leben
Im Opfertod ſein Ziel,
Dem Vaterland ergeben
Mit Schwert und Saitenſpiel.

Das vierte läßt mich ſchauen
Ein altes Chriſtenhaus,
Viel hundert Jahr' dran bauen,
Und bauen's nimmer aus:
Und drin ein Jüngling knieet,
Verworren, trüb' und bleich,
Bis Gnade ihn durchglühet,
An Ruh' und Glauben reich.

Das fünfte nennt das klare,
Holdſel'ge Mutterherz:
Treu ſucht' ich's viele Jahre, —
Da ſchwand der Trennung Schmerz:
Wie heb' ich kühn die Lanze
Gen Ränke, Neid und Hohn!
Doch, groß im Lorberkranze,
Die Mutter wehrt's dem Sohn.

Das ſechste zeigt der Lande
Mir mannigfaltig viel',
Erſt an des Meeres Strande,
Da iſt des Wanderers Ziel:
Der eilet durch die Menge
Mit ſtill verſchämtem Blick,
Doch läßt er der Geſänge
Kühn redend Wort zurück.

Das ſiebente geleitet
Den Sänger wunderbar:
Im Prieſterſchmuck ſchreitet
Er zu des Herrn Altar,
Und wendet ſich zum Volke,
Und ſpricht ein tröſtend Wort,
Doch ſcheucht er ſelbſt die Wolke
Sich von der Stirn nicht fort.

Das achte zeigt daneben
Manch reines Jünglingsherz,
Mir innig hingegeben,
Mich flügelnd himmelwärts;
Des Schülers Blicke ſehen
Begeiſtert auf mich hin,
Nicht ahnend mein Geſtehen,
Wie unwerth daß ich bin.

Das neunte nennt die Namen
Der Freunde, Arm in Arm,
Die mir entgegen kamen
Mit Herzen treu und warm:
Der Eine ſchlägt die Saiten,
Der Andre ſingt ein Lied,
Für echte Kunſt zu ſtreiten
Sind Alle heiß erglüht.

Das zehnte iſt in Trauer
Des Siechthums eingehüllt,
Und kalter Todesſchauer
Des Mannes Herz erfüllt:
Doch will noch von der Lippe
Der letzte Hauch nicht wehn,
Es ſoll an dieſer Klippe
Dies Herz noch nicht vergehn.

Das eilfte hebt den Schleier
Von lang' verhaltnem Gram,
Der von des Lebens Feier
Früh ſeinen Theil ſich nahm;
Doch ganz nicht überwunden
Hat er die Lebensluſt,
Die noch in Weiheſtunden
Schwellt die verletzte Bruſt.

Das zwölfte froh mir zeiget
Manch herrliches Gemüth,
Das ſchonend ſich geneiget
Zu mir und meinem Lied;
Da ſeh' ich Alle wieder,
Die mir ſo hold geſinnt:
Nicht ſchönern Lohn der Lieder
Ein Sänger je gewinnt!

Das Schlußbild zeigt den Sänger
Ernſt und gedankenvoll,
Ob Gram und Siechthum länger
Ihn noch bedrängen ſoll?
Doch hat ihn nie ſo ſinnig
Die Muſe angeblickt,
Und nie ſo treu und innig
Die Freundſchaft ihn beglückt.

So ſpricht aus dreizehn Bildern
Mein ernſter Lebensgang,
Gleich edeln Wappenſchildern
Sie geben guten Klang;
Der Klang, dem ich gelauſchet,
Der ſanft wie Weſte hallt,
Bald wie der Waldſtrom rauſchet,
In meinen Liedern ſchallt.

Dankgebet.

Was hab' ich dir, unendlich Gütiger,
Nicht Alles zu verdanken! — Alles, Alles!
So ſag' ich recht, und knie weinend nieder,
Denn unausſprechlich iſt mein heißer Dank.

Hoch ſchwillt mein Herz, und weiß ſich nicht zu faſſen,
Wenn mir Erinn'rung vor die Seele führt
Die Tag' und Stunden all', die unzähligen,
Wo deine Liebe mich geſucht, gefunden,
Geſtärkt, geſchützt, getröſtet und genährt,
Wo du der reinen Freuden mir ſo viele
Bereitet haſt, aus mancher Fahr und Noth
Gerettet mich, den Ausweg mir gezeigt,
Wenn ſich mein Geiſt in Dunkelheit verlor;
Wie Manches, drob mein Herz gezittert ſchon,
Haſt du mit güt'ger Hand mir fern gehalten,
Und plötzlich, wann ich keine Hülfe ſah,
Mir zugewandt, was Troſt und Hülfe gab.
Und als der Tod mir ſchon ans Herz getreten,
Baar aller Kraft ich ausgeſtreckt da lag,
Da nahmſt du nicht den letzten Lebensodem
Von meiner Lippe weg, ein Schlummer ſank
Von deiner Huld auf mich herab, und wieder
Erhob ich mich zum Leben neu empor.

Unendlich Gütiger, ſo hab' ich Alles,
Ja, Alles dir zu danken, dir allein;
Ich bleibe weinend auf den Knieen liegen,
Denn unausſprechlich iſt mein heißer Dank.....
Es iſt ein bodenloſes Meer von Güte,
Worein ich ſchaue, Herr, gedenk' ich dein:
Wie du mich haſt geführt ſo wunderbar,
Wie du mit Freuden haſt mein Herz erfüllt,
Daß ich von Leiden kaum zu ſagen weiß,
Sie ſchwinden all' wie unempfunden hin,
Vor deiner großen Güte Uebermacht.

Doch Dreierlei iſt's, Herr, wofür ich dir
Vor Allem danke, wenn ich darf den Werth
Von deiner Güte, du Unendlicher,
Nach Menſchenbrauch ermeſſen, mehr und minder.

Das Erſte denn, mein Gott und höchſter Herr,
Wofür mein Dank ſo unausſprechlich iſt
Vor allem Andern, iſt die große Gnade
Daß ich erkenne deiner Offenbarung
Umfang, Inhalt, Verſtändniß, Troſt und Kraft
In deiner Kirche, welche einig, heilig,
Katholiſch, apoſtoliſch heißt und iſt,
Daß ich ein Mitglied dieſer Kirche bin,
Und ewig es zu bleiben heiß verlange.

Das Zweite drauf, mein Gott und höchſter Herr,
Wofür mein Dank ſo unausſprechlich iſt
Vor allem Andern, iſt der heitre Sinn,
Den du mir, Gütigſter, verliehen haſt,
Das froh Gemüth, das nimmer mich verläßt,
Das aus dem Auge leuchtet, um den Mund
Mir ſpielt, die bleiche Wange färbt, die Bruſt mir hebt,
Das jede Freude doppelt mir bereitet,
Und jeden Schmerz nur halb mich treffen heißt.

Das Dritte dann, mein Gott und höchſter Herr,
Wofür mein Dank ſo unausſprechlich iſt
Vor allem Andern, iſt die Himmelsgabe
Herzinn'ger Freunde, die du auf den Pfaden
Unſteten Lebens mir haſt zugeführt:
Es war ſo manches herrliche Gemüth,
So manche klare, himmelvolle Seele,
So manches Herz, das mir aufrichtig ſchlug,
So mancher Biedermann mit Rath und That,
So Viele, Viele, die mit Innigkeit,
Mit lautem Jubel und mit ſtiller Freude,
Mit reichem Geiſt und tiefem Ernſt des Lebens
Mich liebten, hegten, ſchützten, warnten, lehrten,
Die mich du Lieber, Bruder, Freund genannt. —

Ja, Alles, Alles, Herr verdank' ich dir,
Doch meines Dankes innigſtes Gebet
Bleibt immer dieſes, wenn ich eingedenk
Der drei Geſchenke bin, die du, o Vater,
Für mich herabgeſandt aus Himmelshöhe,
Den Pilgerpfad mir dreifach zu erleuchten.
Ja, Herr, dies iſt's, wofür vor allem Andern
In Thränen ich auf meinen Knieen liege,
Von unausſprechlich heißem Dankgefühl
Erbebend in des Herzens tiefſten Tiefen.

Der Schächer.

Sanct Joſeph und Maria
Mitſammt dem Jeſulein,
Die wandern aus Judäa
Still in Aegypten ein:
Maria auf dem Laſtthier
Mit ihrem Kindlein ſaß,
Und Joſeph ſchritt daneben
Mit Beil und Winkelmaß.

Wann Eins begann zu dürſten,
Sprang gleich ein klarer Quell,
Und wenn der Hunger heiſchte,
War eine Frucht zur Stell';
Und wo vor Götzenbildern
Vorüber ging der Zug,
Da fielen ſie in Trümmer,
Wie eitel Lug und Trug.

Auch ſchwang ſich oft ein Engel
Herab vom Himmelsrand,
Und gab die ſchönen Blumen
Dem Kindlein in die Hand.
So ging es viele Meilen
Durch Wald und über Feld,
Als wär' zu Ehr' und Freuden
Nur Alles wohl beſtellt.

Da ſaß nun eines Abends
Maria mit dem Kind
Still unter einem Baume, —
Es war ſo kühl und lind.
Sie ſaß voll Mutterfreuden,
Von Sorg' und Kummer bar,
Sanct Joſeph mit dem Thiere
Seitab gewandelt war:

Als plötzlich vor Maria
Ein kecker Räuber ſtand,
Und hielt den ſchweren Jagdſpieß
Erdräuend in der Hand.
Maria fleht inbrünſtig,
Und ſchaut auf's Kindelein
Mit Blicken, die erweichet
Wohl hätten einen Stein.

Das Kindlein unbeſorglich
Sieht auf den Räubersmann;
Der fühlt ſich ſo ergriffen,
Daß er's nicht tragen kann,
Und folgt dem Zug der Gnade,
Die ſchnell ſein Herz erreicht,
Von Mitleid tief beweget,
Und in den Wald entweicht.

Drauf zogen froh ſie weiter,
Und hatten keine Noth,
Und kehrten auch zur Heimath
Nach des Herodes Tod.
Das Kind erwuchs in Weisheit
Und Tugend wunderbar,
Das für der Welt Erlöſung
Beſtimmt zu ſterben war.....

Da kommt die bittre Stunde,
Wo unterm Kreuze ſteht
Maria, und ein Schwert ihr
Scharf durch die Seele geht.
Und rechts und links vom Heiland,
Da hangen voller Hohn
Die Schächer, und erleiden
Den wohlverdienten Lohn.

Doch Einer läßt erleuchten
Sein Herz vom Gnadenſtrahl,
Und ſehnt nach Jeſu Reiche
Sich in der Todesqual;
Und Jeſus ſpricht vom Kreuze
Mit göttlichem Verzeihn:
„Du ſollſt mit mir noch heute
Im Paradieſe ſein!"

Und wie Maria ſtehet
Am Kreuz' in Muttertreu',
Erkennt ſie jenen Räuber

Im Schächer voller Reu';
Der Jüngling war geworden
Ein Greis, in Sünden grau,
Doch hat ſie ſeine Züge
Behalten gar genau.

Und der den Herrn verſchonet
Einſt in Aegyptenland,
Nun in der Todesſtunde
Bei ihm Vergebung fand. —
So mög' uns Alle rühren
Die Mutter mit dem Kind,
Wenn wir auf ſchlimmen Wegen,
Wie dieſer Schächer, ſind.

Johannes Evangeliſta.

Als der Lieblingsjünger unſers Herrn,
Sanct Johannes, hochgealtert, wieder
Kam nach Epheſus aus Patmos' Oede, —
Noch der Einz'ge von den Zwölfen übrig,
Die der Herr in alle Welt geſendet,
Alle Creatur zu lehren und zu taufen, —
Pflegt' er gern Erholung ſich zu gönnen
Nach des Tages apoſtol'ſchen Mühen,
Nach dem Himmelsflug und heil'gem Ernſte,
Da ſein Evangelium er geſchrieben.

Und in eines Gartens duft'ger Kühle
Ging der Greis luſtwandelnd auf und nieder,
In den Händen eine Taube haltend,
Die er abgerichtet, daß ſie aufflog,
Um die Silberſcheitel girrend kreiſ'te,
Dann mit einem Mal die hellen Schwingen
Mächtig ſchlagend, aufwärts ſtieg und wieder
Sich dem Heil'gen auf die Schulter ſetzte,
Wie vertraut ihm in die Ohren raunend.

Eines Tags, da ihn ſolch Spiel erfreute,
Kam ein Fürſt, ein Araber gegangen,
Der, ein Sprößling Iſmaels, vernommen
Von dem Lichte, das der Welt erſchienen,
Und zu ihm, der mit dem Licht gewandelt,
Der das Wort geſehn in Körperhülle,
Zu Johannes wollt' er hin, verlangend
Von ihm ſelber heil'ge Lehr' und Taufe.

Und er fragte nach dem Lieblingsjünger
Jeſu Chriſti, nach dem Wundergreiſe,
Dem der Herr erſchienen ſelbſt auf Patmos,
Den aus glüh'nder Oelflut er gerettet.
Und man wies ihn hin zum Garten, deutend
Auf den Greis, der mit der Taube ſpielte.
Doch zurück trat, wie verhöhnt, der Häuptling,
Daß ſein Bogen hell erklang, und drohend
In dem Köcher raſſelten die Pfeile.

Wie, ſo redet' er den Greis an, ſoll ich
Glauben, du ſeiſt Einer jener Zwölfe,
Die der Herr der Welt ſich hat erkoren,
Daß ſie lehren ſeinen höchſten Willen?
Seh' ich dich hier ſolche Kurzweil treiben,
Mit der Taube ſpielend, gleich den Knaben,
Kann ich nur dem Ueberkühnen zürnen,
Der getäuſcht mein heiliges Verlangen.

Doch Johannes freundlich ihm entgegnet:
Freund, was hängt doch über deiner Schulter?
Sag' mir das, ich bitte dich. — Ein Bogen. —
Wohl, ſo ſag' mir auch: iſt er geſpannt? — Nein! —
Nicht? Warum denn nicht? — Ich habe keines
Schuſſes Ziel vor Augen jetzt, und blieb' er
Stets geſpannt, verlör' er ſeine Straffheit,
Und verſagte mir, wenn ich ihn brauchte.

Sieh, verſetzt Johannes drauf, ſo geht es
Mit dem Geiſt des Menſchen auch, wenn immer,
Wenn unausgeſetzt er ſchafft und wirket,
Stets geſpannt, dem Höchſten zugewendet;
In des Körpers hemmender Behauſung
Eingekerkert, ſchwächt er, immer thätig,
Dieſen Doppelgänger, und der Eine
Wie der Andre leidet an Erſchlaffung.

Drum, das Wort vom Licht der Welt verkündend,
Forſchend in der Gottheit heil'gen Tiefen,
Gönn' ich auch dem müden Geiſt und Leibe,
Zu erholen ſich, erheitert, abgeſpannt,
Wie du abgeſpannt haſt deinen Bogen. —

Das iſt Weisheit, was dein Mund geredet,
Sprach der Araber, nun will ich's glauben,
Daß du biſt Johannes, Chriſti Jünger.
Lehr' mich höhre Weisheit noch, ich bitte! —

Und Johannes hat ihm drauf verkündigt
Chriſti Lehre von der Lieb' und Sanftmuth,
Demuth und Geduld, von Mild' und Ruhe:
Nicht vom Himmel Feu'r herab zu rufen,
Das geknickte Rohr nicht zu zerbrechen,
Und den Docht, der glimmt, nicht auszulöſchen.
Dies und Alles, was des Heilands Lehre
Uns zu glauben und zu thun auflegt,
Lehrt er ihn, und als er gläubig worden,
Hat er ihn getauft vor allen Brüdern.

Melano.

„Lucca, Lucca, hart bedrängt
Durch der Florentiner Haß,
Wie ihr Heer ohn' Unterlaß
Wüthend mordet, raubt und ſengt;
Lucca, ſollſt du untergehen,
Nicht mehr frei für dich beſtehen?
Prüfe, was dir Rettung ſchafft,
Rüſte dich mit letzter Kraft,
Oder ſchon nach wenig Wochen
Wird Florenz dich unterjochen."

Lucca hört der Ehre Ruf,
Kämpft der Nothwehr heißen Kampf,
Stadt und Dorf in Glut und Dampf,
Aecker unter Roſſes Huf.
Doch vor Fortebraccio's Heere
Kämpft umſonſt für ſeine Ehre,
Seine Freiheit Lucca's Macht,
Kämpft ſchon in der letzten Schlacht,
Und der Feinde wildes Stürmen
Drohet ſelbſt Petroſa's Thürmen.

Und Melano, der befiehlt
In dem letzten feſten Schloß,
Wie viel edles Blut auch floß,
Doch Befreiung nicht erzielt;
Wie er ſich auch wehrt auf's Beſte,
Retten kann er nicht die Veſte.
Den nicht Noth und Tod bedrängt,
Ob er in die Luft ſie ſprengt?
Sinn't er's? Will er fallend ſiegen,
Eh' der letzte Wall erſtiegen?

Ja, beſchloſſen iſt's im Rath,
Krieger, Bürger ſind bereit,
Jeder gern dem Tod ſich weihe,
Wandelt kühn den Schreckenspfad.
Schnell dem Untergang zu reifen,
Leiten ſie die Pulverſtreifen;
Längſt der Unwehrbaren Zahl
War entfloh'n in's weite Thal,
Nur der Führer noch das zarte
Knabenpaar bei ſich bewahrte.

Und zur Uebergabe dröhnt
Mächtig der Trompete Ton;
Doch herab mit edlem Hohn
Von dem Wall dies Wort ertönt:
Dann ſollt ihr die Veſte haben,
Wenn ſie flammend uns begraben;
Wollt ihr nahe ſeh'n den Fall,
Stellt euch hart nur an den Wall,
Die ihr nicht vermogt zu zwingen,
Wird euch in die Arme ſpringen!

„Aber bitten hört mich,"
Ruft Melano nun bewegt,
Und die heiße Thräne regt
Ungewohnt im Auge ſich,
„Hört mich bitten um das Leben

Meiner Kinder, hingegeben
Sei's fortan in eure Hand
Als des Edelmuthes Pfand. —
Mutter ſei Florenz den Knaben,
Wenn die Veſte mich begraben!"

Und in Decken weich und warm,
Und mit Stricken wohlverwahret
Werden nun die Knaben zart,
Liegen lächelnd Arm in Arm.
Und bei ſtummem Vatergruße
Sind ſie zu des Felſen Fuße
Schon gelangt. „Noch einen Blick!"
Ruft Melano, tritt zurück,
Weiß er ſie dem Feind verpfändet,
Der ſich ſchnell zum Rückzug wendet.

Und die Veſte bebt und kracht,
Aufwärts fliegen Thurm und Wall,
Und begraben mit im Fall,
Was da lebt, in grauſe Nacht. —
Aber in Florenz zu Rathe
Sind die Väter im Senate,
Und beſchließen feſt und kalt:
Stracks der Füchſe Aufenthalt
Werde Lucca, eh' es mehre
Seiner Macht und Hoheit Ehre.

Sieh', geharniſcht in den Saal
Tritt ein alter Krieger nun,
Dem Melano's Knaben ruhn
Auf der Arme hartem Stahl.
Und dem Rathe giebt er Kunde,
Wie Petroſa ging zu Grunde,
Wie der Feind ſein liebſtes Gut
Hingab ihrem Edelmuth',
Und den ſchönſten aller Siege
Sich errang im Schreckenskriege.

Rings die Senatoren ſchaun
Stumm ſich an; des Helden That
Wendet der Vernichtung Rath,
Weckt Bewund'rung, Lieb' und Graun.
Und geſetzlich wird beſchloſſen,
Daß Melano's zarte Sproſſen
Theilen ſollen Würd' und Recht
Mit dem edelſten Geſchlecht. —
Drauf verſöhnt vom Kampfplatz ſchieden
Lucca und Florenz in Frieden.

Der Schelm von Bergen.

Zu Frankfurt an dem Maine,
Da geht es luſtig her,
Da iſt's beim Fackelſcheine
Als ob's bei Tage wär';
Denn wiederum ward gekrönet
Ein deutſcher König heut,
Drob durch die Stadt ertönet
Der Jubel weit und breit.

Herab vom Römer ſchallet
Trompeten- und Paukenton,
Der luſtige Reigen wallet
Gar manche Stunde ſchon;
Da führt ein ſchlanker Ritter
Die Königin zum Tanz,
Doch wie ein Leichenbitter
Iſt ſchwarz der Mummenſchanz.

Und als der Tanz geendet,
Die Königin entzückt
Zum Tänzer hold ſich wendet,
Der glühend auf ſie blickt:
„Ihr gleicht des Todes Ritter,
Und ſeid voll Lebensmuth,
Drum löſ't der Maske Gitter,
Daß man euch kennen thut."

„„O nimmer dies begehre,
Erhab'ne Königin,
Mein Leben und deine Ehre,
Wohl wären beide hin!""

„Wer biſt du, Ritter, ſage,
Ich ſchütze dich, wohlan!
Vor Fürſt und Reich nicht zage,
Und wärſt du in Acht und Bann!"

Und wie der Tänzer ſchweiget,
Der König zu ihm ſpricht:
„Potz Launen! Ritter, zeiget
Eu'r ehrliches Geſicht!...."
Da kann er's nicht mehr bergen,
Die ſchwarze Larve fällt:
Der Scharfrichter von Bergen!
Ein Schrei den Saal durchgellt.

Er ſinkt dem König zu Füßen,
Spricht mit gewandtem Sinn:
„„Im Tod mag gern ich's büßen,
Doch entehrt blieb die Königin;
Drum Majeſtät, in Gnaden
Hört gern auf meine Liſt,
Wie unſer beider Schaden
Leicht abzuhelfen iſt.

„„Zieht aus der goldnen Scheide
Den Degen blank und flach,
Und gebt im Ritterkleide
Mir auch den Ritterſchlag;
Wer dann die Königin ſchmähet,
Den fordert mein ehrlich Schwert,
Der Ritter für ſie ſtehet,
Und war des Tanzes werth.""

„Du Schalk! Die Schmach zu bergen,
Empfange Schild und Helm,
Doch ſollſt du Schelm von Bergen
Mir heißen, du arger Schelm!"
Der König ſpricht's, und ziehet
Den Degen zum Ritterſchlag;
Der unehrliche Tänzer kniet,
Und wird ehrlich denſelben Tag.

Das Mägdlein und das Chriſtusbild.

An Meiſter Heinrich, welcher rüſtig ſchuf
Manch Bildwerk, kam aus hohem Nord der Ruf:
Des Heilands Standbild, übermenſchlich groß
Aus edlem Marmor würdig darzuſtellen.
Ein Greis ſchon, dankt er Gott ſein Künſtlerloos,
Und fromme Thränen ſeinem Aug' entquellen.

Es neigt vor Gott in Demuth ſich ſein Geiſt:
„Wo iſt auch nur der Schatten, der mir weiſ't
Des hohen Urbilds göttliche Geſtalt?
So oft ich, Herr, dein Teſtament geleſen,
War mir's, als ſei an mir vorbeigewallt
Dein ew'ger Sohn, doch faßt' ich nicht ſein Weſen."

Und Tag und Nacht hindurch und Nacht und Tag
Mit Fleiße denkt dem hohen Bild er nach;
Doch nichts genügt ihm, was er ſchafft und ſinnt.
Das Göttlich-Menſchliche ſo im Vereine,
Wie faßt er es, daß es Geſtalt gewinnt,
Und hehr ins Leben tritt aus todtem Steine?

Da, ſieh, in einer ſchönen Sommernacht,
Bei ſolchem frommen Sinnen halb durchwacht,
Als nun der Schlaf ihn in die Arme nahm,
Sieht er im Traum ein wunderſeltſam Leuchten,
Drin aus der Fern' ein Bild ihm näher kam,
Deß Züge ihn wie die des Heilands däuchten.

Und in der zweiten Nacht ſich's heller zeigt,
Doch noch gehüllt in Nebel weich und leicht.
Da endlich leuchtet in der dritten Nacht
Verklärt vor ſeinen hochentzückten Sinnen
Der Menſchenſohn in ſeiner Mild' und Macht,
Und langſam nur die Züge ſanft zerrinnen.

Der Meiſter rafft ſich auf, der Morgen graut,
Sein Geiſt das Bild noch immer deutlich ſchaut;
Da drückt dem weichen Thon er ſchnell es ein,
Und ſieh, der kunſtreich fert'gen Hand entſteiget
Das Traumbild, das ſich im Verklärungsſchein
Der dritten Nacht dem innern Blick gezeiget.

Und als nun im Modell das Bild da ſtand,
Im ungeſchürzt hinwallenden Gewand,
Das himmelvolle Antlitz ſanft geneigt,
Die eine Hand zart an die Bruſt gehoben,
Indeß die andre lehrend aufwärts zeigt:
Durch Mich nur kommt zum Vater ihr nach oben!

Da naht zur Morgensfrüh' ein Nachbarskind,
Ein holdes Mägdlein, keuſch, und frommgeſinnt,
Das reicht dem Meiſter friſche Blumen dar;
Drauf dieſer ſchnell vom Flor das Bild entblößet:
Da neigt das Kind ſich tief, und liſpelt gar
Den heil'gen Namen, der die Welt erlöſet.

Der Meiſter fragt: „Weißt du denn, wer das iſt?“
„„Ei, unſer Herr und Heiland, Jeſus Chriſt.““
Ihm ſcheint dies Wort ein höhrer Fingerzeig,
Er fragt beſtürzt: „Woran kannſt du das ſehen?“
„„Sieht denn dem Herrn auch noch ein Andrer gleich?““
Verſetzt das Kind, — der Meiſter glaubte zu vergehen.

„Die Garde ſtirbt, und ergibt ſich nicht!“

Noch einmal ziehet zum Kampf ins Feld
Der Herrſcher von Elba, der Frankenheld.
Sein Volk, dem wieder von Freiheit träumt,
Hat die Schwerter gewetzt und die Roſſe gezäumt.
Von Charleroy zieht der Gewaltige aus,
Und beſteht bei Ligny den erſten Strauß,
Und rüſtet ſich nun zur entſcheidenden Schlacht
In Feldherrngröße und Kaiſerspracht.

Ihm ſcharf gegenüber der Blücher ſitzt,
Und Gneiſenau's Aug' ihm entgegenblitzt,
Und neben dieſen Sir Wellington
Mit des Niederlands muthigem Königsſohn....
Im Sturmſchritt Colonn' an Colonne ſich reiht;
Die Feldherrn rufen, da iſt's an der Zeit,
Da ſchlägt der Donner an jedes Ohr,
Zum Angriff klirren die Reiter hervor,
Und mit: „Vive l'Empéreur!“ iſt die Schlacht entbrannt,
„Rule Britannia!“ — „Mit Gott für König und Vaterland!“

Da ſteht, die Arme verſchränkt auf der Bruſt,
Der Kaiſer, und ſchwelgt ſchon in Siegesluſt;
Sein Antlitz aber hat deſſen Hehl,
Und kalt nur ertheilt er den Heerbefehl.
Doch nicht wie bei Wagram und Auſterlitz,
Sein Wort wie ein Donner, ſein Blick wie ein Blitz:
Entflohn iſt der Zauber, und läſſig zur That
Der Feldherrn mancher, und ſpinnet Verrath.

Drum plötzlich der Kaiſer erſtarrt und erbleicht,
Und der höhniſche Zug von der Lippe weicht.
Die Schlacht iſt verloren! das ſieht er ein,
Und ſein Herz durchwühlt unſägliche Pein.
Doch worauf er ſein Heldenvertraun geſetzt,
Sein Beſtes, das will er noch wagen zuletzt;
Und die alte Garde, die mit ihm war
In fünfzig Schlachten wohl zwanzig Jahr',
Rückt todesmuthig und ernſt und ſtill
Im Sturmſchritt vor, wie ihr Kaiſer es will.

Da ſtürzen zuſammen die feſten Reih'n,
Wie Congreve's Raketen den Tod auf ſie ſpei'n,
Doch ſinkend noch rufen ſie: Vive l'Empéreur!
Und laſſen vom Kaiſer nimmermehr.

Wohl ſchmerzt' es den Mann von Vittoria,
Da ſo viel Brave er fallen ſah,
Und ſchnell iſt ſein Vorſchlag hinüber gebracht:
Sie möchten ſich geben in guter Schlacht.
Held Cambronne aber gemeſſen ſpricht:
„Die Garde ſtirbt, und ergibt ſich nicht!....“

Und auf's Neue der blutige Kampf begann,
Bis die Garden lagen, Mann bei Mann,
Auch fühlten im Sterben ſie keine Noth
Durch das falſche Gerücht: ihr Kaiſer ſei todt.
— — Doch Gourgaud wandte dem Kaiſer das Pferd, —
So entkam er Gneiſenau's Rächerſchwert.

Der alte Grenadier.

1830.

Armand, von jenen Braven
Ein alter Grenadier,
Sitzt nun, nach zwanzig Schlachten,
Vor ſeiner Hütte Thür;
Er denket an Marengo,
Und an ſein Bataillon,
Vor Allem aber denket
Er an Napoleon:

Wie er zum letzten Male
Bei Waterloo ihn ſah,
Und wie der nun begraben
Liegt auf Sanct Helena,
Da murrt der narb'ge Graukopf,
Und ſtarret vor ſich hin,
Und eine Thräne rinnet
Ihm auf ſein rauhes Kinn.

Wie ſollt' er wohl beſiegen
Den Schmerz in ſeiner Bruſt,
Wie könnt' er wohl vergeſſen
Den ſchrecklichen Verluſt?
Und wie in jenen Tagen
Des alten Zauberbann's,
Faßt ihn aufs Neu der Zauber
Des wunderbaren Mann's.

Und wo er liegt begraben,
Da treibt's ihn hin mit Macht,
Da möcht' er Wache ſtehen
Nur Eine dunkle Nacht.
So geht's ihm nach, geſpenſtig,
Und läßt ihm keine Ruh',
Bis endlich er marſchieret
Dem nächſten Hafen zu.

Es liegt hier ſegelfertig,
Zu reiſen um die Welt,
Ein Schiff, das auch am Felſen
Des Grabs vor Anker hält.
Der Capitän erkennt ihn,
Ein alter Kriegskam'rad;
Sie grüßen ſich im Namen
Der alten Zeit und That.

Drauf ſegeln ſie von dannen,
Sehn ſchon das Grab im Geiſt,
Da hebet ſich der Sturmwind,
Und Tau' und Segel reißt.
Mit Mühe ſie entkommen,
Dem Untergang ſo nah,
Und retten ſich zum Hafen,
Der kaum ſie ſcheiden ſah.

Und wie der Sturm die Wogen
Des Meeres hatt' empört,
So ward auch von Paris her
Des Sturmes Wuth gehört:
Da floh der Bourbonide,
Und Philipp d'Orleans
Nahm wieder die drei Farben
Als Reichsverweſer an.

Drum ſtarret auf dem Schiffe
Dem Grenadier das Blut,
Als hab' in langem Schlafe
Er fünfzehn Jahr geruht:
Es tönt die Marſeillaiſe
In ſein betäubtes Ohr,
Und von den Thürmen flagget
Die Fahne tricolor.

Da ruft der alte Brave:
„Der todte Kaiſer lebt,
Ob ihn auch Hudſon's Täuſchung
Noch tauſendmal begräbt!“
Und preßt, im Todeskampfe
An's Herz ſein Croix-d'honneur,
Und ruft mit hohler Stimme
Sein letztes: „Vive l'Empéreur!“

Die Kameraden tragen
Den Treuen in die Gruft,

Und Trauerſalven ſchallen,
Ihn ehrend, durch die Luft.
So ſtarb von jenen Braven
Ein alter Grenadier,
Treu folgend ſeinem Kaiſer
In's letzte Feldquartier.

Auguſtina.

Saragoſſa, Saragoſſa! Iſt der letzte Schuß gefallen?
Soll des Feindes Siegesdonner höhnend nur in dir erſchallen?
Sind vergebens deine Männer kühn in Schlacht und Tod gegangen?
Soll den Frauen und den Töchtern nur vor Schmach und Schande bangen?

Saragoſſa, wie ſo ſtill iſt's auf den Mauern doch geworden?
Willſt du ſchlimmer als der Feind denn ſelber deine Freiheit morden?....
Aber ſieh, es naht ein Mägdlein, ſich zu den Kanonen wagend,
Brod und Wein und kühle Früchte ſchwer im Korb' am Arme tragend.

Ihren Bräut'gam will ſie laben, will mit Speiſ' und Trank ihn ſtärken:
Weh, da muß ſie todt bei Todten ihn zu ihren Füßen merken!

Und die Lunte, die noch glimmet, ſchwingt bebend ſie zur Kanone;
Rache! Rache! ruft ſie heftig, daß ich dir es, Franzmann, lohne!

Und der Donner, überraſchend, rings herum ruft auf den Wällen
Die Verzagten, die Erſchöpften, zum Geſchütze ſich zu ſtellen.
Und, wie aufgeſchreckt durch Zauber, dorthin alle Bürger ſtürmen,
Männer, Weiber, Greiſe, Kinder kämpfen ſchon von allen Thürmen.

Was Vernichtung kann bereiten, Tod in tauſend Weiſen ſchaffen,
Siedend Oel und Felſenſtücke, alles wird zu Wehr und Waffen.
Wüthend kommt der Feind gezogen, immer wieder, immer wieder,
Aber die Verzweiflung ſchmettert immer wieder ihn darnieder.

Und verfolgt von Hohn und Rache muß zerfleiſcht er endlich weichen,
Aus der Luft noch überſchüttet von emporgeſprengten Leichen. —
Saragoſſa, denk', ein Mägdlein hat befreit dich vom Verzagen,
Da es Speiſ' und Trank zum Liebſten, ach, zum todten, mußte tragen;

Dich erquickt durch ihre Liebe, dich geſtärkt mit ihrem Muthe
Hat die Tapfre, die den Liebſten liegen ſah in ſeinem Blute:
Drum auf ewig deinen Söhnen, deinen Töchtern neben Mina,
Preiſ' in Liedern, Saragoſſa, deine Heldin Auguſtina!

Chriſtian Wilhelm Snell

ward am 15. April 1754 zu Dachſenhauſen im Darmſtädtiſchen geboren, ſtudirte in Gießen, wurde daſelbſt Doctor der Philoſophie und ſtand zuerſt als Lehrer am dortigen Pädagogium. 1784 wurde er Prorector zu Idſtein, 1797 Director und Profeſſor daſelbſt und 1811 als Oberſchulrath und Director an das Gymnaſium zu Weilburg verſetzt. 1828 trat er in einen ehrenvollen Ruheſtand.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ueber die frühe Bildung des Geſchmacks. Marburg, 1782.
Mit F. W. D. Snell: Unterhaltungsbuch. Gießen, 1784—87. 3 Thle.
Handbuch der Philoſophie für Liebhaber. Gießen, 1802—15. 8 Thle.; 2. Aufl. 1819 ff.
Sophron und Neophilus. Marburg, 1785.
Lehrbuch der deutſchen Schreibart. Frankfurt, 1788; neu 1816.
Ueber Determinismus und Freiheit. Offenbach, 1789.
Die Sittlichkeit in Verbindung mit der Glückſeligkeit. Frankfurt, 1790.
Unterhaltungen der Familie zu Roſenthal. Gießen, 1817.
Verſuch einer Aeſthetik. Gießen, 1828.

S. ſchloß ſich dem Kantiſchen Syſteme an und erwarb ſich beſonders dadurch großes Verdienſt, daß er die Lehren dieſer Philoſophie durch eine klare und allgemein verſtändliche Darſtellung dem größeren Publicum zugänglich zu machen ſuchte, was ihm auch in nicht geringem Grade gelang.

Friedrich Wilhelm Daniel Snell,

Bruder des Vorigen, wurde am 26. October 1761 an demſelben Orte, wo jener, geboren. Er begann nach vollendeten Studien ſeine Laufbahn als Lehrer am Gymnaſium zu Gießen, wurde 1790 außerordentlicher, mit Anfang des neuen Jahrhunderts ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, deren Doctorgrad er längſt beſaß, an derſelben Univerſität. 1803 wurde er zugleich erſter Lehrer am Gymnaſium, legte dieſe Stelle aber 1805 nieder und wurde dafür zweiter Pädagogiarch. In dieſen Aemtern wohlverdient, ſtarb er am 28. October 1827.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Menon. Manheim, 1789; 2. Ausg. 1796.
Darſtellung der kantiſchen Kritik der Urtheilskraft. Manheim, 1791—92. 2 Thle.
Lehrbuch für den erſten Unterricht in der Philoſophie. Gießen, 1791. 2 Thle.
Ueber philoſophiſchen Kriticismus. Gieß., 1802.
Anfangsgründe der Naturlehre. Gießen, 1806. 2 Thle.
Mehrere Journale und mathematiſche Bücher.

Gleich ſeinem Bruder war auch er eifrig bemüht, die Philoſophie durch populäre Darſtellung allgemein zugänglich zu machen; zu gleicher Zeit zeichnete er ſich durch treffliche mathematiſche Lehrbücher ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Friedrich Julius Heinrich Graf von Soden,

ein höchſt merkwürdiger Mann, 1754 zu Anſpach geboren, wurde er zuerſt brandenburgiſcher Regierungsrath, dann Geheimerrath zu Anſpach. Darauf reſidirte er als preußiſcher Geſandter des fränkiſchen Kreiſes zu Nürnberg, privatiſirte ſeit 1790 zu Saſſenfurth am Main im Bambergiſchen, bis es ihm einfiel, Theaterdirector zu werden. Er iſt der Gründer der erſten ſtehenden Bühne zu Bamberg. Seit 1810 lebte er zu Erlangen, als Doctor der Philoſophie und der Rechte, fürſtl. brandenburg. Geheimerrath und Kammerherr, Großprior des St. Joachims- und Ritter des kurpfälziſchen großen Löwen- und des naſſauiſchen Ordens pour l'amitié. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 13. Juli 1831.

Unter ſeinen Schriften ſind vorzüglich hervorzuheben:

Emmi, oder die zerbrochenen Eier, Gedicht in acht Geſängen. Aarau, 1819.

Erzählungen. Brandenburg, 1823. 2 Bdchen.

Doctor Fauſt, Volksſchauſpiel in fünf Acten. Augsburg, 1797.

Hortenſien, Erzählungen aus geſchichtl. Quellen. Nürnberg, 1820.

Natalie und Delaide. Hildburghauſen, 1820.

Pſyche, ein Mährchen in 4 Büchern. Berlin, 1801.

Schauſpiele. Berlin, 1788—91. 4 Bde.

Franz von Sickingen, hiſtor. romant. Gemälde. Leipzig, 1808; neu 1819.

Theater. Aarau, 1814—19. 3 Bde.

Virginia. Trauerſpiel in 5 Acten. Berlin.

Zoe, ein hohes Ideal zarter Weiblichkeit. Berlin, 1805.

Außerdem noch viele einzelne Dramen, Erzählungen, Schriften juriſtiſchen Inhaltes u. ſ. w. u. ſ. w.

Ein bedeutendes, aber zu raſch und unſtät arbeitendes Talent, ſuchte v. S., mit reicher Phantaſie, Wiſſen und Gewandtheit ausgerüſtet, vorzüglich dem Tage zu gefallen und auf den Effect zu wirken; daher findet ſich in allen ſeinen Leiſtungen, neben höchſt glücklichen und gelungenen Stellen, viel Triviales und Geſuchtes, und wahrhaft künſtleriſche Durchdringung und Vollendung wird überall bei ihm um ſo ſchmerzlicher vermißt werden, als er bei größerer Strenge und Ruhe gewiß hätte Bedeutendes erreichen müſſen.

Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand Solger,

am 28. November 1780 zu Schwedt geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1799 zu Halle die Rechte und die Philoſophie; 1802 wurde er bei der Kriegs- und Domänenkammer in Berlin angeſtellt. Von 1806—9 privatiſirte er, ſeinen Studien obliegend, in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und trat dann zu Frankfurt an der Oder wieder hervor, wo er ſich habilitirte und bald Profeſſor ward. Nach Aufhebung Frankfurts ging er zuerſt nach Breslau, dann als Doctor und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Berlin, wo er am 25. October 1819 geſtorben iſt.

Er gab heraus:

Sophokles Tragödien, überſ. Berlin, 1808; neu 1824. 2 Thle.

Erwin, vier Geſpräche über das Schöne und die Kunſt. Berlin, 1815. 2 Thle.

Philoſophiſche Geſpräche. Berlin, 1817.

Nachgelaſſene Schriften und Briefwechſel, herausgegeben von **Ludw. Tieck** und **Fr. von Raumer.** Leipzig, 1826. 2 Thle.

Vorleſungen über die Aeſthetik, herausgegeben von K. W. L. Heyſe. Leipzig, 1829.

S. ſchloß ſich dem Syſteme Schelling's an, führte aber die Naturphiloſophie auf eigenthümliche Weiſe nach mancher Richtung hin weiter, und zeichnete ſich beſonders als Aeſthetiker und äſthetiſcher Kritiker durch originelle Auffaſſung, tiefes Eindringen in die von ihm behandelten Gegenſtände, feinen Geſchmack, geiſtreiche Behandlung, Scharfſinn und warmes Gefühl auf glänzende Weiſe aus; namentlich iſt ſein **Erwin** ein treffliches, Freunden der Kunſt nie genug zu empfehlendes Buch.

Dietrich Wilhelm Soltau,

am 15. März 1745 zu Bergdorf bei Hamburg geboren, lebte früher als Kaufmann in Petersburg, legte aber 1797 dies Geſchäft nieder und zog nach Lüneburg, wo er, als Doctor der Philoſophie und Senator, am 13. Februar 1823 geſtorben iſt. Von ihm erſchien:

Hudibras, aus dem Engliſchen des **Butler.** Riga, 1787; neu Königsberg, 1798.

Pfauenfedern. Hamburg, 1800.

Don Quixote, aus dem Spaniſchen des **Cervantes** überſetzt. Hamburg, 1800—1801. 6 Thle.

Cervantes lehrreiche Erzählungen. Hamburg, 1800—1801. 3 Thle.

Reineke Fuchs. Berlin, 1803; neu Lüneburg, 1823.

Decameron des Boccaccio. Berlin, 1803. 3 Thle.

Beiträge zur Berichtigung von Adelungs Wörterbuch. Leipzig, 1800.

Reiſe durch Schottland u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1808. 3 Thle.

Fox, Geſchichte der früheren Regierungszeit James. Hamburg, 1810.

Briefe über Rußland. Berlin, 1811.

Geſchichte der Entdeckungen und Eroberungen der Portugieſen im Orient, nach **J. de Barros.** Braunſchweig, 1821. 5 Thle.

Lebensweisheit für alle Stände, nach dem Engliſchen. Braunſchweig, 1822.

Ein trefflicher Ueberſetzer, der bei genauer Kenntniß fremder Sprachen und Literaturen, die von ihm übertragenen Gegenſtände mit ſeltenem Geſchmacke, feinem Tacte und großer Gewandtheit zu behandeln verſtand, und namentlich zur Verbreitung von Cervantes und Boccaz in Deutſchland nicht wenig beigetragen hat.

Eliſe Sommer

ward 1767 zu Stralſund geboren — ihr Vater hieß Brandenburg — heirathete jung den fürſtl. ſayn-berleburgiſchen Kabinetsrath Sommer. Eine nach deſſen Tode eingegangene zweite Ehe mit F. A. Joſt löſte ſie bald wieder, und nahm den Namen ihres erſten Gatten von Neuem an. Eine Zeit lang lebte ſie in Marburg, von wo ſie nach Frankfurt an der Oder gezogen iſt.

Poetiſche Verſuche. Marburg, 1806.
Gedichte. Frankfurt, 1813.
(Neuere) Gedichte und proſaiſche Aufſätze. Züllichau, 1833.

Warmes Gefühl, Innigkeit, Anmuth und glückliche Behandlung der Form zeichnen viele Lieder dieſer talentvollen Frau ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Philipp Carl Chriſtian Sondershauſen

ward 1792 zu Weimar geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und Philologie und lebte als Doctor der Philoſophie, Pagenhofmeiſter und großherzogl. Rath in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Dramatiſche Gedichte. Altenb., 1821—23. 2 Bdchen.
Bernhard von Weimar, romantiſches Trauerſpiel in 5 Aufz. Merſeburg, 1825.
Euterpe, dramatiſche Gedichte. Merſeburg, 1825.
Proben aus meinem Tagebuche. Weimar, 1817.
Stunden im Weinberge des Herrn. Leipz., 1817.
Die Befreiung Griechenlands, zwei dramatiſche Gedichte. Altenburg, 1821.
Töden, der Hindu, der neue Orpheus, drei dramatiſche Gedichte. Altenburg, 1822.
Viele Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Journalen u. ſ. w.

Reiche Phantaſie, Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls, gute Characterzeichnung und glückliche Behandlung der Form ſind den dramatiſchen Leiſtungen dieſes trefflichen Mannes eigen und würden ihm einen bedeutenden Rang anweiſen, wenn er ſich nicht zu häufig von ſeiner Einbildungskraft fortreißen ließe.

Franz Anton Joſeph Ignaz Maria von Sonnenberg

ward am 5. September 1779 zu Münſter geboren, ſtudirte Jurisprudenz, durchreiſte Frankreich und Deutſchland, und ließ ſich endlich in Jena nieder, um theils in der Stadt, theils in dem nahen Dörfchen Drackendorf zu wohnen. In einem furchtbaren Anfall von Schwermuth ſtürzte er ſich aus dem Fenſter ſeiner Wohnung am 22. November 1805.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Deutſchlands Auferſtehungstag. Götting., 1806.
Donatoa, oder das Weltende. Rudolſtadt, 1806. 4 Bdchen.
Frankreich und Deutſchland, ein Basrelief. Hannover, 1803.
Gedichte, nach ſeinem Tode herausgegeben von J. G. Gruber. Rudolſtadt, 1808.
Das Weltende. Erſtlinge, erſter Thl. Wien, 1801.
(S. Leben ſ. J. G. Gruber. Halle, 1807.)

Ein ausgezeichnetes poetiſches Talent, voll ſchöpferiſcher Phantaſie, Gluth und Kraft, würde v. S. neben Klopſtock, dem er vorzüglich nachſtrebte, eine hohe Stellung eingenommen haben, wenn er mit jenen ſeltenen Fähigkeiten größere Ruhe, Klarheit und Beſonnenheit verbunden hätte. So aber, von dem raſtloſen Drange ſeines Innern fortgeriſſen, gerieth er häufig in Uebertreibungen, die er dann durch Künſtelei und Wortprunk zu vermitteln ſuchte. Unter ſeinen Oden wie in ſeinem Donatoa finden ſich jedoch einzelne ſeltene und große Schönheiten.

Die Phantaſie.

Phantaſie, ſchöner Traum der erſten Unſchuld
Unterm Baume des Lebens, der in Eden
Mit des Wipfels Säuſeln in mondenheller
Lenznacht herabſank!

Und nun eröffneſt du den großen Tempel
Der Natur; an der Sonne Feu'rgeſtade
Hallt dein Flug; verweht in den Sternenwelten,
Welche dort glänzen.

Träumeſt an Edens ſtillen Blumenhügeln
Nicht blos, höreſt in tiefer, blauer Ferne
Auch den erſten Baum der Erkenntniß feierlich
Rauſchen im Winde!

Phantaſie, ja dich ſchuf in ihrer ſchönſten
Stunde fröhlich die Gottheit, die Natur wand
Einen Regenbogen zum Kranz dir ums
Blüthengelock her;

Gab dir der Schönheit reine Schwanenflügel,
Adlereile dann ihrem Silberſturme,
Kleidete hell dich in der Morgenröthe
Roſengewande!

Ewige Jugend trankeſt du, o Göttin,
Aus dem Strome des Lebens, und der ſtillen
Silberſchnee umglänzte deines Buſens
Wallende Reize!

Grazienkönigin! auch über Gräbern
Blühſt du; ſiehe, dir dampft aus den Thälern
Das Gebirg' vom ganzen Altar der Erde
Nebel zum Opfer!

Tief in des Haines dichten Laubgewölken
Wallſt du, lächelnd im wilden Sturm des Abends,
Sieh, er bringt nur duftende Blüthenopfer
Hin dir zu Füßen!

Dir auch erbrauſet des empörten Meeres
Stürmiſch Donnern; denn ſeine Schaumgebirge
Thürmt es nur zum würdigen Götterthrone
Dir in die Wolken.

Sieh, wie den Thron jetzt Wetterflammen röthen;
Jene Kinder der Lüfte wirbeln knieend um ihn;
Denn ſie feiern, Königin, dich im großen
Tempel der Höhe.

Deinen Altären dampft der erſte Weihrauch
Durch die ganze Natur, und ihrer Kinder
Jubelchöre huld'gen dir in dem ſchönen
Früh- und Spätroth!

Einſt, wenn du auch im leiſen Abendlüftchen,
Unter ſäuſelnder Eichen Schattenkühle,
Mir am mondbeſchimmerten Blumenhügel
Roſig erſcheineſt;

Sollen der Saiten reinſte Silbertöne
Mit dem Säuſeln der Eichen Dank dir ſchallen,
Bis ich endlich unter dem Blumengraſe
Ruhig ſchlumm're!

Aus F. von Sonnenberg's Donatoa.

Erſter Geſang.

Du, die den Sfären die ewigen Harmonien gelehret,
Und mit dem Sfärengeſang die Welt zur Liebe begeiſtert,
Muſe, o du, die das Licht vom Himmel zur Erde gebracht hat,
Sieh den Jüngling vor dir, ihn würdige deiner Herabkunft!
Komm Allwiſſende! Göttliche, komm, wie du über der Welt ſtandſt,
Als chaotiſch noch unter dir rauſchten die Waſſer der Erde,
Und um das Antlitz ihr, wie ein Schleier, die Finſterniß wallte,
Du mit ſtralender Hand die ſchwarze Windel hinwegzogſt,
Und mit dem Sternenhimmel im Morgenroth ſie umhüllteſt,
O ſo komm, ſo hebe mir auf den Schleier der Zukunft,
Und durchglänze mit allerwärmendem Strale mein Innres,
Jener Zeiten Geſichte, mit Ernſt und göttlicher Würde,
Und mit der Liebe, womit ich den Kindesarm an der Wiege
Schon zu dir hob, und ewig dich ſuchte, den Menſchen zu ſingen!

Ja, in harmoniſchem Flug, o Ewige, ſeh ich dich kommen,
Jetzt ausſtrecken den Stralenarm, aufwallet der Schleier,
Nebel entfliehn, Tag gießeſt du überall aus, mit dem Tage
Wird's unendlich um mich, die ganze Welt vor mir offen,
Offen das Lichtreich, offen der Abgrund, oben voll Liebe,
Unten voll Wuth, rings ſtrömt es zur Erde, und wirret ſich, ſtralt hier,
Nachtet dort, verſchwindet itzt alles in Nacht, nicht Welt mehr,
Nicht der Olimp, nicht der Abgrund mehr, entwölket in Licht ſich
Alles, war Nacht denn nicht! ach überall lauterſtes Urlicht,
Fern nur, in tiefſter Ferne, wie's glänzt dort: „Gott iſt die Liebe!“
Reiche, vom Sternenhimmel herab, die Harfe dem Sänger,
Heilige, Hehre, ich ſeh's, das große Geſicht der Vollendung!

Lächelnd in ſanfteſter Herrlichkeit, gleich der erwachenden Sonne,
Und mit Morgenſternen gekrönt, Bild ewiger Unſchuld,
Stand der Welt-Schutzgeiſt hoch über der Erd', ihm zur Rechte
Wogte das Meer, beſtrömt vom Golde des Abends, zur Link' ihm
Wallten, im Silber des Mondes, die ſtädtumkränzeten Fernen.
Ueberall rauſchte das Leben um ihn, auf Stralengewölken
Schwebt' er empor, ſein freundliches Auge durchirrte die Welt itzt,
Mütterlich hing's an der Welt, an ihr, wie zum Kuſſe des Abſchieds,
Itzo ſenkt' er's gegen die ſcheidende Abendſonne,
Bebend erlöſcht' ihm das ewige Lächeln, noch wandt' er's zur Erde,
Und wie die Klage getrennter Lieb', entklang ihm die Stimme:

Erde, mein Schutzkind: ſeit der Geburt, führ' ich dich am Leitband,
Ruhteſt immer du mir, und ich dir immer, am Herzen.
Jetzt als Greiſin ſchwankſt du vor mir, Allvater noch ruft nicht,
Und ſchon ſuchſt du den Hügel der Ruh, o hätteſt du, Erde,
Einſt mich gehört, du lieſeſt, als Kind, noch froh um die Sonne,
Ach und weinteſt mich jetzt nicht an, im verlaſſenen Alter.
Trüb iſt alles in dir, dein Herz zuſammengewelket.
In ihm wohnte der Gott der Lieb' einſt, als du noch Kind warſt,
Hätteſt du nicht von ihm dich getrennt, in ewiger Jugend
Blühteſt du jetzt, ach jetzt mit dem Sterne der Liebe als Zwilling,
Die du gebarſt, die treu dir am Buſen einſt hingen, und damals
Freundlich einander ſich all, vor deiner Sonne, umarmten,
Tödten ſich hier! dort beugt ſie das Joch, unheilige Herrſcher
Spielen mit ihnen herum wie der Tod, und ſie krönen den Tod nun. —
Fern, wo der Himmel wie Roſe noch blüht, dort thront noch der hohe
Edelherrſcher vor Gott, hindrängt ſich's dunkel zum Thron auf,
Stürzt ihm ſein Volk, deß Seligkeit Freud' ihm noch war, von der Höhe,
Und er ſinkt, wie tödtendem Sohne der Vater zu Füßen,
Dort, wo die Jugend der Menſchen vordem, umkränzet von Frühling,
Jubelnd in Unſchuldslied, dem Blumenſcepter der Liebe
Wie er ihm winkte, ſo gern ihm folgte zum Guten und Schönen,
Fern, ihr Thäler und Höhn, der erſten Liebe der Erde
Heilige Denkmal', itzt von Geburten unheiliger Luſt voll!
Ach ihr entweiheten Thäler und Höhn, wo vormals des Schöpfers
Herrlichkeit lächelnd die Wolken hinabſtieg, ſeine Geſchöpfe
Näher zu ſehn, wo ich vor ihm in Frühlingen ſtand, und ihm ſagte:
Liebe die Urhuld der Welt! und meine Hoffnungen all' ihm
Laut zujauchzte, daß Meer und Erde verſtummten, und alle
Ihre Kinder freudig verſtummten, mich jauchzen zu hören;
Wo er die Erd' itzt ſegnete, wo in dem Segen ſein Arm mich,
Mit dem Menſchengeſchlechte zugleich, an das Schöpferherz ſchloß! —
Fern, wo ſie prangen die Städt'; ach rings hinab durch die Ferne
Bachanal, ſo ſah ichs, o Welt, ſeit des Mondes Geburt, nie;
Schaurig! und da, wo zu Unſchuldsfeſten die Jugend des Lichtreichs
Oftmal hinabkam, und an die Kindheit der Erde ſich anſchloß,
Da, wo vereinet in Liebe und Lied, die Erd' und das Lichtreich
Lebten zuſammen, der Schöpfer ſich freute, geſchaffen zu haben!
Ach o Erde, wie jetzt, wie jetzt, veraltetes Schutzkind!
Unter der Abendröthe Triumphzug, dunkler Triumph dort,
Wachend zu ſehn, die Freiheit der That nur wohn' in der Traumwelt,
Und hier hauchte die ſchaffende Lieb' ihr göttlichſtes, hauchte
Freiheit ein dem Geſchöpf, hier ward's das Ebenbild Gottes,
Dankten ihm Göttermenſchen durch That, im Gefühle der Freiheit.
Fern, wo der Mond, ſieh, Erde, dein Kind, wo es freundlich dir lächelt,
Schwelgt itzt alles in ewigem Mahl, und taumelt vom Mahle
Singenden Erdetöchtern hinab in den Schooß und die Arme,
Greiſe mit Kindern zugleich; ihr ſchwarzen Feſte, wie dunkel
Werdet ihr mir! wie ſchreckt mich das Freudengelächter im Umkreis.
O Geſchöpf des unendlichen Vaters, wie ſinkſt du zum tiefen
Erdgeſchöpf, das nie zu den Sternen nach ewigem aufblickt,
Seinen Himmel im Staube nur ſucht, wo die Jugend der Welt einſt,
Blühend in heiliger Kraft, und in Schönheit, die Söhne des Lichtreichs
Lockte hinab, auf der Erde zu lieben, die jubelnd emporrief:
Höchſte Wolluſt, den Schöpfer zu denken! Wem lachſt du itzt, Schutzkind!
Ach dein Lachen, ich kenn's, dieß Weinen, verhüllet in Lächeln,
Oder Verzweiflungslächeln vielleicht, noch ſchauriger kommt es!
Hügel zu ſuchen, und nicht zu finden, o könnt' ich dich retten!
Dunkel, wie dunkel es dort auf den Wogen, und fern in den Thälern,
Flammen wehn, Tod! ruft der Donner, wie wirrt es ſo wirr ſich,
Wirrt ſichs im Dunkel ſo weit! die Kinder Gottes, ſie tödten
Wüthend einander, ſie wagten es nicht, einſchlummernd vor Schwäche,
Weh, ſie ermuthigten erſt ſich durch Mahl, nur tödten zu können.
Menſchengeſchlecht! dein Abend iſt da, ſtets dunklerer ſteigt es,
Der aus der Unterwelt, drängt deine ſanfteren Führer,
Drängt ſie immer ferner von dir, du hörſt, mein Schutzkind!
Meine Stimme nicht mehr, nicht deiner liebenden Schützer
Zärtliche Klag', ihr Bitten nicht mehr, wie ſind dir umſonſt da! . . . .
Ach ſchon nah'n wir dem Rande der Welt! . . . ein höherer Geiſt muß
Kommen zu dir, der erſte im Reich Allvaters zur Hülfe.
Selber drängſt du mich weg, ihn, der dich, als Kind, ſchon geführet hat!
Scheiden muß ich, o Menſchengeſchlecht, ach ſcheiden von dir itzt,
Menſchengeſchlecht, das ich wiegt' in der Wiege des Paradieſes;
Wo mich immer, und ſelbſt aus den Armen der Jenſeitsgeliebten,
Liebende Sehnſucht wieder hinab zu dem Brudergeſchlecht zog!
Scheiden, mich trennen von dir, das ewig mir ruhte am Herzen,
Ach, woran ich ſo liebend gewohnt bin, das aus des Schöpfers
Hand in die Arme, als Kind, mir kam, wo ich jauchzte zum Schöpfer:
Nimm mich nie von der Erd', und ſchließen auch Hügel des Schlummers
Söhne des Lichts, laß blühen den Hügel für mich auf der Erde!
Mitten im Menſchengeſchlecht, mich auferſtehen mit ihm einſt!
Scheiden von dir, das ich doch von der Sonn' einſt möchte noch einmal
Wiederſehn — nun wende den Blick, und vielleicht nicht mehr finde!
Ach, mein Geliebteſtes drängt mich hinweg, mich drängſt du von dir weg! —

Schutzkind! — Menſchengeſchlecht!!! . . . ich kann die Welt nicht mehr führen!
Helft, o helft, ihr Höheren, bald, mir ſinkt das Leitband!

Wehmuth hauchte, wie trübes Gewölk, dem ätheriſchen Jüngling
Ueber das ewige Morgenroth der Seele voll Milde,
Seine ſonnigen Stralen erloſchen in weicheſten Sternenglanz,
Und dem freundlichen Aug' hinab, wie vom Sterne des Aufgangs,
Glänzten des Mitleids Thränen, und ſanken, wie perlender Thau, ihm
Ueber die liebliche Roſendämmerung der Wangen hinunter.

Einzuſchlummern, verhüllte die Welt ſich ins Schattengewand itzt:
Und er rief von den Schützern der Völker, den Führern der Kindheit,
Schaaren zu ſich, ſie ſtralten heran, ſo ſprach er zu ihnen:

Söhne des Lichtes, hinauf! und zeugt vor dem Vater der Erde,
Wie ihr die Welt ſaht, . . . hebet euch dann zu ihm, der vom Lichtreich
Stieg hinab mit der Liebe zur Welt, und ſie brachte der Menſchheit,
Einet vor ihm eu'r innigſtes Herzensgebet mit dem meinen,
Daß er bitte den Schöpfer, zur Rettung unſeres Schutzkinds,
Ihm, ſtatt meiner, zur Führung des Leitbands, dem ich erliege,
Höheren Geiſt, den erſten der Herrlichen niederzuſenden.
Löſchend die Thräne mit leuchtender Hand, wandt' um er ſein Antlitz.
Orion, Abonalla, Libaniel, Albi und Silphe,
Chöre mit ihnen, umhüllten ſich mit lichterem Aether,
Schürzten ihr Aethergewand mit Abendſtral an dem Knie auf,
Banden mit Silberſchnur an die Füße ſich roſigen Fittig,
Schwangen ſich dann in die Lüft' und empor an blinkender Schulter
Klangen die Flügel, und wehten, wie morgenröthliche Blitze.
Goldnes Gewölk umwallte den Zug, ſie eilten! vom Himmel
Tönt' es in wirbelnden Melodien zurück auf die Erde.
Jetzt ſchwand ihnen die Welt, ſie ſchwebten von Höhe zu Höhe,
Wallten durch Sonnen und Unſchuldserden, und freundlich Geſpräch kürzt'
Ihnen den Pfad, der liebendſten Hoffnungen bange Geſpräche,
Und in ewigem Wechſel die ewige Schöne, der Schöpfung
Lautes Leben, wie Lieb, rings Eine Jubelumarmung.
Hoffnung ihnen, der Schöpfer erhält' um ſie noch die Erde.
Monde mit knospenden Tagen umblühten, Planeten mit Abend
Purpurn beglänzt, und Sonnen voll ewigen Frühlings, von Welten
Rings in harmoniſchem Donnerflug umrollet, entſchwanden.
Siriusreiche hindurch, noch Sternenhimmel herüber,
Und ſie ſahen in dämmernden Fernen, die Heimat der Höhern.

Alle jubelten ihr, ſie nannten ſie Kinder des Aethers,
Wie nur immer die Religionen der Erde ſie kannten,
Jauchzten von Morgenſternen ihr zu: o Himmel, die Erde
Nimm in dich auf, komm, Wohnung Allvaters, hinab auf die Erde!
Oeffne dich allen, o Lichtreich, öffne dich allen Geſchaffnen,
Die durch göttliche Thaten, durch Sie bekennen: daß Gott iſt;
Dich, Olimp, dich ahnet doch immer die Liebe der Erde.
Und nach dem Namen des Lichtreichs grüßten die Wohner in ihm ſich:
Thronen des Himmels, Geburten des Urſtrals, heilige Mächte,
Söhne des Lichts, des Olimps, Dämonen, Seraphim, Engel.
Siehe, die Ewigherrlichen waren's, wie immer der Erde
Kinder ſie auch ſich fabelten, waren doch alle die Höhern.

Nah war itzt der Olimp, umſchleiert von ſternenbeſäumter,
Ewiger Aufgangsröthe des ungebornen Urlichts,
Rings voll Paradieſe der Liebe, von jüngeren Engeln,
Und von der Unſchulds-Erden verklärter Kindheit, bewohnet,
Strahlt er, von Sonnen umkränzt, er ſelbſt als die ewige Schönheit,
Schönheit außer ihm nicht, um ihn als Spiegel des Weltalls.

Hier ſieht jeder der Lichtgebornen den Vater der Schöpfung,
Jeder, nach ſeiner Natur, im Höchſturbilde der Liebe,
Aller Herrlichkeit, aller Vollkommenheit ewige Einheit.
Ihn, wie er iſt, wie könnt ihn der Endliche faſſen, vermittelt
Durch die Natur hier, offenbart er ſich ſeinen Geſchöpfen.

Durch die Pfort' itzt traten herein die Schützer der Menſchen
In die Wohnung des Lichts, herglänzt, als Sonne des Weltalls
Rings von Sternenkreiſen umwallt, der liebenden Allmacht
Ewiger Thron, als ewige Morgenröthe des Himmels.
Alle Himmel vom Aufgang bis in den Niedergang, alle,
Mit unendlichem Glanz, ſie überſtrömend mit Urlicht.
Näher ſchwebten die Schützer der Welt, nun ſahn ſie des Schöpfers
Herrlichkeit in dem unendlichen Glanz, als die Seele des Urlichts.
Beteten an, ſahn rings um ihn her, in Höhn und in Tiefen,
Jauchzten, in unabſehlichen Reihen, die Chöre des Lichtes.
Liebend umarmten ſich all', mit Stralenarmen verſchlungen,
Jubelten Cherub und Seraph empor, und Seraph und Cherub
Jauchzten, ans Herz einander geſchmiegt, ringsher durch des Himmels
Unermeßliche, ſchwangen ſich hier Erzengel und Seraph,
Innig umarmt, dort tauſende, all' itzt Eine Umarmung,
Chor gedränget an Chor, Herrſchaar an ſtralender Herrſchaar,
Schwangen ſich Himmel um Himmel gewunden, die Reiche der Liebe
All' empor zum unendlichen Herzen der Vaterallmacht.
All' umarmte der Schöpfer, aus aller Herzen ergoß ſich
Wonnegebet, durch welche veredelnde Thaten, und wo ſie,
Näher zum ewigen Plan des Allvaters, der Seligkeit Aller,
Wirken könnten in Sonnen und Erden, itzt ihnen zu winken.
Und der liebende Allunendliche wieß, durch die Schöpfung,
Hier ſie in Sonnen empor, bald dort herunter in Sterne,
Ferner in Mond', und tiefer nach Erden am Ufer des Weltalls.
Laut frohlockend dankten ſie dann, und warfen die Kronen
Nieder, daß purpurn zwiſchen den Lebensblumen der Lichtgrund
Blitzt' umher von den Kronen, wie einſt von Sonnen der Aether,
Als mit der Schöpferhand der Sternenſäer ſie ausgoß.
Ueberall jauchzten Engelumarmungen himmelab, ſtralten
Fort in der angebornen Klarheit zu göttlichen Thaten.

Und die Schützer der Welt, geführt vom Schönſten des Himmels
Kamen jetzt vor den Thron Allvaters, und neigten ihr Antlitz.
Thränen im Blick, ausſtreckend den Arm zum Herzen des Schöpfers,
Rief itzt Orion, bebender Stimme; der Hüter der Erde,
Schöpfer, er kann ſie nicht mehr, ach! nicht mehr führen am Leitband.
Wehmuth faßte die Himmliſchen alle, der Vater des Weltalls
Winkte herab, da trat zu ihm vor der Herrlichen erſter,
Und erkannte den Weltgerichtsblick in der Vaterallmacht
Ewiglächelndem Antlitz, ſank auf das Knie und die Stimme
Hob er leiſ' empor: ich erkenne dich liebende Allmacht,
O daß nicht allgegenwärtiger Schmerz die Himmliſchen faſſe,
Wenn ſie nun ſahn, wie, unter den Sternen, durch dunkele Thaten,
Lange Jahrtauſende durch, das Ziel Allvaters gehemmt wird,
Daß ſie nicht ſehn, ach! wie jetzt vielleicht die ewige Liebe
Weltuntergang ausſprechen kann, ſie dem Tode nun hingiebt,
Willſt du, Vater des Lichts, in der Nacht des Heiligthums richten!

Und er trat in tieferen Himmel, des Heiligſten Nacht ruht
Unter ihm tief, hier richtet der Schöpfer gefallene Welten,
Richtet ſchonend, aus ſchreckender Ferne ſie noch, bis dereinſtens
Zu dem alles enträthſelnden Tag die Ruferin herſchallt.
Jeden, der wallet vorbei, erfaſſen heilige Schauer,
Schauer, entſtrömend dem inneren Graun, hier wohnen des Todes
Engel, die Welten den Untergang rufen, und führen zur Hölle.
Sieht das Reich der Liebe den Ewigen hier herabgehn,
Ach, es gedenkt mit Wehmuth dann, daß er ſchuf auch die Hölle.
Niederſank der Erhabne, in heißes Gebet für die Erde;
Dann erhob er ſich, wälzet' auf die Pforten, ſie rollten
Dumpf herein, wie fernes Gewitter, dem Brauſen des Meeres gleich.

Und als nun von dem Thron des Weltalls Vater ſich wandte,
Rings von einem Himmel voll Sonnen umfloſſen, herabtrat,
Wie, Jahrtauſende durch, kein Lichtgeborner ihn ſchaute,
Als er itzt, mit dem Himmel voll Sonnen, von tauſendmal tauſend
Engeln umſchwebt, von Harmonien der Liebe umjubelt,
Ueber ſich neigende Berg' und Hügel daher, mit der Allmacht
Majeſtätsgang niederſtieg in des Heiligthums Tiefe:
Da verſtummten die Jubel herum; dann traten des Lichtreichs
Schaarenheere zuſammen, und reichten zum Bunde die Hand ſich,
Jetzt durch Eine veredelnde Großthat für die Verklärung
Aller, dem Weltfall unter den Sternen entgegen zu wirken.

Dunkel flog's in des liebenden Allunendlichen Antlitz,
Dunkel, wie Weltgericht auf, Poſaunen ſchollen, es bebte

Leis in allen Tiefen der Himmel, und ſiehe, des Schöpfers
Ewige Liebe-Herrlichkeit ſchien itzt Grauen, die Sonnen
Strömten Flammen, wie Blut, und als er jezt den Gerichtsthron,
Unter entſezlichen Donnerſchlägen, und raſſelnden Stürmen,
So erſtieg, wie er kam, da dem Schöpferrufe die Hölle,
Selbſt erſchreckend vor ſich, daß ſie war, Angſt gegen ihn aufſchrie;
Sieh, da erſchien in tiefſter Fern', hochthronend auf Wettern,
Furchtbarer Todescherubim Heerſchaar, welcher in Mitte,
Donatoa, in Mitte der Furchtbaren fürchterlich, thronte,
Und herwinkend zu ſich, die Wirkungskreiſe ihr abmaß.
In Erdbeben, in Sturm und Gewitter, entartete Völker
Stürzend, zur Hölle zu führen, ſie ausſandt' unter die Sterne.
Donnernd traten itzt all' herab von den Wettern, ihr Gang ſcholl
Dumpf, wie das fernher kommende Weltmeer; eine Gomorrha,
Flammend um Nacht, ſchien ihre Geſtalt in tieferer Ferne.
Schwebten ſie näher heran, dann ſtrömten blutige Stralen
Ihnen aus Haupt, aus Arm und aus Bruſt, und ſtrömten vom Auge
Blitze, und Stral und Bliz gleichtodtend, und hoben die Flügel
Sich aus den Stralen hervor, wie undurchdringliche Nächte.
Aber ſo ſchrecklich die Heeren auch daſtehn, ihnen die Sonnen,
Wandeln ſie her, zuſchließen das Aug', und ſelber die Himmel
Ihnen ſchauern, ſo öffnet doch Sonn' und Geſtirn und der Himmel
Hinter ihnen den Blick, ſich ihrer Schöne zu freuen,
Sich in der furchtbaren Götterherrlichkeit auch zu entzücken.

Einen Blick in der Schrecklichen Schöpfung eröffne mir Muſe!
Hoch vor der Erde Geburt, als noch im Chaos die Hölle
Schlummerte, ſtieg Jehovah nieder, die Heeren zu ſchaffen.
Grauenvolle Todesnacht umflorte das ewige Sternall.
Und in der Nacht hing unter dem Himmel ein ſchauriges Wetter,
Wie ein flammender Scharlach, über die Tiefe geſpreitet.
Hoch ſtand da in der Nacht Jehovah, winkt', und es ſtrömten
Flammen und greifbares Dunkel heran. Da ſchwebte der Schöpfer
Ueber dem grauſen, mit Finſterniſſen ſich mengenden Glutmeer,
Wo mit Entſetzen herum, des himmelerſchütternden Wetters
Blitzausguß in die Todesdüſtere purpurn erloſchen.
Donnerſtürme eilten umher, zerriſſen das Wetter,
Tobten, und wirbelten über dem unermeßlichen Glutmeer,
Sieh, da ſchlugen und thürmten die Wogen ſich hoch in die Stürme,
Und ins zerriſſne, Donnerſchläg' um ſich ſtürzende Wetter,
Wirrte ſich Wetter und Meer, und Meer und Sturm durcheinander;
Da durchhauchte ſein Geiſt dies blutiglodernde Chaos;
Und er ſchöpft' in die ausgebreitete Allmachthand nun
Woge-nach Wog', und ſchuf aus jeder ein Weſen, zu tödten,
Jedes Verderben an ſich; und, Weltenweiten im Umkreis,
Jubelt' es dumpf, ihm dankten die Todesengel ihr Daſein.

Schreckenvoll ſaß jetzo Jehovah auf dem Gerichtsthron.
Tief in den Fernen herum, wo in Finſterniſſen der Thronglanz,
Weltbrand ähnlich, in ſchrecklicher Flammenröthe vertagte,
Knieten, zum Kreis ſich ſchließend, die Todescherubim nieder.
Donner riefen itzt her vom Thron, mit bebendem Schritte
Nahten, die Flügel um Antlitz hüllend, die Führer der Menſchen.
Ihrer ewigen Jugendherrlichkeit mildere Stralen
Zitterten all', da, wie blühender Tag, vor dem Thron ſie ſtanden.
Alle zeugten, zwar glänzten die Thränen der Liebenden, drückten
Eng ſie aufs ſchlagende Herz, die Hand aufs blutende Herz ſich,
Aber ſie zeugten wider die Welt, gebrochen von Wehmuth,
Tönte die Stimm' und flehte um Welterrettung dem Schöpfer.
Dumpfer ſcholl's von dem Thron, dem Donnerruf, wie er verſcholl.
Drängte mit einmal der Todescherubim Kreis um den Thron zu,
Feurige Wirbel entrauſchten ihnen, ſie ſtrömten des Blickes
Schreckliche Glut, durch die Sternentiefen herab, auf den Erdball.
Als ihr forſchender Geiſt der Königreiche gedachte,
Wo mit ewigem Krieg, zur Luſt, die Herrſchenden ſpielten,
Und auf Völkergebeinen ſich Thron' an Thronen erbauten,
Als ſie der Laſter des Menſchengeſchlechts, der ſinkenden Menſchheit
Immer tiefern Sturzes gedachten, die Seligkeit Aller
Durch ihn geſtreut, da lodert' ihr Auge, wie nächtlich Kometen,
Goß egyptiſche Finſterniſſe der Zorn in ihr Antlitz.
Alle hoben ſich auf, und zeugten wider die Welt dann;
Und die Gerechtigkeit forderten alle zu Weltuntergang auf.

Schauer ergriff den ſanfteren Himmel, er wandte zum Richter
Thränen und heißes Gebet, er wandt' an den Todes-Olymp ſich,
Nicht zu flehn um Ende der Welt, fortſtrömte der Hehren
Schaurig Gebet, ſtets ungeſtümer ums Ende der Welt fort.

Dumpf und feierlich ſcholl's, wie der Todtenruferin Hall, itzt
Nieder vom Thron, und Vorempfindung des Weltgerichts faßte
Allen Himmel umher, da ſchwebt' aus fernſten Tiefen
Heerſchaar auf zum hohen Gerichtsthron, ſiehe, des Todes
Seraphim waren's, voll hoheren Grauns. Wann Welten der Tod ruft,
Kommen ſie nur. Sie waren die Erſtgeſchaffnen des Richters,
Aelter noch wie Himmel und Höll', in der erſten Geſtirne
Untergange, nach Donatoa, vom Richter geſchaffen.
Langſam ſchwebten jezt ſie heran aus dunkelen Räumen,
Halb in Gewand noch verhüllt, ſie nahten ſo, ihr Gewand war
Purpurdüſterer Flammennebel, wie über der Erde
Grabesnacht, vor dem Auferſtehungsmorgen, er herzieht.
Sieh, und des Throns blutröthliches Licht ſtarb ſchauerlich bleich itzt,
Da ſie näher nun kamen, auf ihrer Antlitze Nächten,
Strömt' auf die Flüge herab, die, Bahre zu werden, ſich hoben.

Bebend ſtanden die Führer der Welt, ſie ſahen ſie kommen,
Ahneten bange den Tod des Menſchengeſchlechts, und im Umkreis
Rüſteten ſchon die Todesengel zum Weltuntergang ſich.
Schnell aus den Tiefen des Heiligthums ſchwangen ſie ſich in die Himmel,
Eilten zum Throne des Mittlers, mit unbeſiegbarem Lächeln,
Voller Huld, voll göttlicher Gnad', empfing ſie der Mittler.

Alle hoben gefaltete Hände zu ihm, und es zittert
Orions Stimm', aus Tiefe der Welt' erklang ſie mit Wehmuth.

Mittler! die Erde vergeht, hält deine Liebe ſie jezt nicht!
Ach die Tödtenden rüſten ſich ſchon, o rette die Welt itzt.
Hör uns, Mittler, uns hört nicht der Richter, wir weinen nur dir noch,
Du nur kannſt noch allein, o eile zum Vater der Erde,
Deine Stimme zum Vater iſt mehr als die Stimme der Engel,
Aller zugleich, dich hört er, der dich wie die ganze Natur liebt;
O und du haſt ja die Welt geliebt, ſie geliebt wie den Himmel,
Kameſt zu ihr, und nahmeſt das Licht des Himmels für ſie mit.
Soll denn die Welt nun vergehn, in Finſterniß jezt ſie vergehen,
Mittler! die du zum Himmel erzogſt, ihr die Liebe geliehen haſt,
Sie, die wir nannten, ach immer nannten die Erde des Mittlers!
Du, der die Erde geſegnet, ſo viel, der alles für ſie that,
Dein iſt ſie, erhalte das Deinige, unſere Brüder,
Deine Menſchen, erhalte ſie dir, erhalte ſie uns noch,
Deine Engel, die einſt um dich waren, als du in die Welt kamſt,
Höre ſie, du, der auf Erden in unſerer Mitte gewohnt hat!
Du, dem wir lagen im Arm, als du mit ſanfterer Stimme
Sagteſt vor uns, „laßt kommen die Kleinen zu mir,“ und wir eilten,
Ach, und zu deinen Umarmungen trugen die freundliche Unſchuld,
Sohn des Vaters der Welt, wenn Du für ſie fleheſt, um Dich auch
Wird er die Welt, die Menſchen erhalten, o Mittler, die Deinen
Sind's, die du einſt geliebt haſt, ſind es, die dich einſt liebten!
Deine Welt, verlaſſe ſie nicht, ach, wenn du ſie retteſt,
Danken, wie wollen wir danken dir, Mittler, o Dir, wie dem Schöpfer,
Als er ſie ſchuf, erhält' uns das Einzige unter den Sternen;
Mittler, Mittler, wir flehn, uns rette die Erde, und dir ſie!

Und die Heiligen, alle Geſchlechte der Engel, die Himmel
Flehten um Welterrettung zum Mittler: voll göttlicher Liebe
Blickt' er ſie an, und hob ſie vom Thron zu des Heiligthums Tiefen.
Hoffnung glänzte, wie Morgen empor, in jeglichem Blick da.
Jubel tönet' umher, nachjauchzten die Himmel dem Mittler.
Und er trat in des Heiligſten Nacht, die Engel des Todes
Rollten in ehrfurchtsvollem Erſtaunen zurück auf die Seiten,
Neigten ſich ihm, des Liebenden Herrlichkeit ſtralte, wie Aufgang,
Her durch die ſchaurige Nacht, die Engelreihen herunter,
Und auf der Ewigkeit Thron, zu des Richters Seite ſich ſetzend,
Sprach er voll Huld, und die Blick' und göttlichen Mienen, ſie alle
Lächelten ewige Lieb', er neigte dem Schöpfer ans Herz ſich:

Heiliger Vater, ich komme zu dir, voll Gnade auch hör' itzt
Mich mit der Liebe, womit du mich hörteſt, als du mir die Welt gabſt;

Meine Herrlichkeit hat ſie mit Wonne geſehn, und des Vaters
Herrlichkeit einſt erkannt in ihr, verklärend einander.
Wohnten wir, wie im Himmel, auf Erden, und Himmel und Erde
Waren Eins durch Wahrheit und Liebe, und unſere Menſchen
Lebten ſelig in uns, wie wir voll Gnade in ihnen.
Deinem unendlichen Ziel, o Göttlicher, alle Geſchaffnen,
Deiner Liebe Schöpfungen alle zu dir zu erheben,
Daß ſie dich einſt, die ewige Liebe von Antlitz zu Antlitz
Sehn, und ſie alle in dir, in Gott und Alle vereine
Daß ſich alle der Seligkeit Aller in Ewigkeit freuen;
Deinem Ziel iſt naher gekommen die ewige Menſchheit;
Aber das zeitliche Menſchengeſchlecht verkannt mich im Geiſt itzt.
Allunendlicher Vater, als du den Plan für den Himmel
Aller Geſchöpf' einſt gründeteſt, war auch der Tod in dem Plane,
Und vor dir iſt die Welt, wie das einzelne Weſen, nicht bitt ich,
Daß du die Welt erhalteſt in Ewigkeit, Schöpfer, ſie komm' einſt
Näher zu dir, wie das Kind durch den Tod zum himmliſchen Vater!
Sieh, wie der Menſch von Erd', iſt jetzo die Welt gealtet,
Aber zu früh, durch ſchnelleres Leben zu früh, und die Menſchheit
Hat noch ihr Erdenziel nicht erreicht, und ſchon nahet ihr Ende;
Vater voll ewiger Huld! ſo lang in der Menſchheit der letzte
Gotteshauch, für die Heiligkeit Aller, auf Erden entwickelt,
Für dein ewiges Ziel, noch kann verherrlichet werden,
Vater, erhalte ſo lang', in meinem Namen, die Welt noch.
Deinen Herrlichen, Göttlicher, daß du vor allen geheiligt;
Nun erhöhe vor dir dein Geſchöpf auch, nähere Gott es!
Sende den erſten, den liebendſten deiner Geſchaffnen der Welt itzt!
Ihn verkläre vor Himmel und Erde, wie du vor den Engeln,
Vater, vor aller Natur, den Eingebornen verklärt haſt!
Daß er mich jetzt, wie ich dich verherrlichte, da du mich ſandteſt,
Und ich das ewige Licht von dir zu den Menſchen hinabtrug,
Göttlicher Vater, daß ſo er mich wieder vor allen verkläre,
Und mit mir dein Geſchöpf, in Einer Liebe, bei dir ſei.
Winke den Erſtgeſchaffnen zu mir, ich will ihn verklären,
Vater von dir, mit der Herrlichkeit, die du mir gabſt, eh' die Welt war!
Mir auch gabſt du die Welt, dein Höchſtgeſchaffener komme,
Schöpfer, und nehme, vor dir, aus meinen Händen die Welt itzt,
Frei, wie vor dem Unendlichen je ein Geſchaffener frei war.
Endlich iſt er, o Schöpfer, der Fall des höchſten Geſchöpfes
Würde dein göttliches Ziel, durch Weltenalter, noch fernen.
Doch nur, deinem Geſchöpf vertrauend, was ſelber die Gottheit
Liebend leitete, heiliger Vater, allein durch die Freiheit,
Selbſt, wie Schöpfer zu wirken, erhobſt du, in deinem Erwählten,
Alle Schöpfung von dir, und heiligt er durch die That ſich,
Wurde dein Ziel, Weltalter dein Ziel, die Vollendung genähert,
Heiliger Vater, er komm in die Welt, daß er wieder die Meinen
Führe zu mir, und können ſie nicht ſich mehr auf der Erde
Freun in des Sohnes Herrlichkeit, er durch ihr zeitliches Ende
Alle ſie wieder erhebe zu mir, und Gott und die Menſchheit,
Liebend vereinet in mir, in Ewigkeit wohnen zuſammen.
Du, der ewig, durch mich, ſich offenbart dem Geſchöpfe,
Allerheiligſter, wandelſt du auch mit deinen Gefallnen
Wege, die Nacht, die Untergang ſcheinen dem Blicke des Himmels,
Komm in der ewigen Schöpferhuld, daß alle die Meinen
Mitten im Untergang noch, den Gott der Liebe enthüllt ſehn,
Vater, ihr ſterbender Hauch dir noch dank', und allen Geſchöpfen
Einſt es offenbar werde, daß Wahrheit und Liebe des Sohnes
Herrlichkeit ſind, und nur durch ſie die Schöpfungen Gottes
Zu des Vaters Herrlichkeit kommen, der Seligkeit Aller.

Alſo mit göttlicher Liebe der Sohn, und als er voll Huld ſo
Sprach, glänzt' höher ſein Antlitz immer, und ſtralte die Klarheit
Aller Himmel vereinet in ihm, er ſchwieg, doch die Blicke
Lächelten noch für die Welt um Gnade zum Vater der Schöpfung.
Und der neigte ſich ihm, mit allen Stralen, ans Herz nun;
Gnädig wandte ſich ſo zum Mittler der Richter des Weltalls:

Sohn, du ewiges Bild der Gottesliebe zur Menſchheit!
Mittler, worin der Endliche ſieht die Enthüllung der Gottheit,
Deine Verklärung, o Sohn! iſt meine Herrlichkeit, Allen
Komme ſie einſt, dein Wunſch iſt erfüllt, die Welt, mit ihr werd' ich,
Wie ich als Vater ſie ſchuf, als Vater mit ihr vollenden!
Aber der Weg Unendlichkeit fordert das All der Geſchöpfe,
Fordert zum Ziel Allvaters auch Tod, Weltuntergang oft auch.
Todesengel, auch Sie ſind meine Geſchöpf', und der Schöpfer,
Er, der Alles verklärt, Allvater ſchuf auch die Hölle,
Schuf ſie zum Wohle für All', und hat geſehn, daß ſie gut war,
Alles in Ewigkeit für die Ewigkeit wohl geordnet.
Von mir hat ſie die Welt getrennt, die gefallene Welt wird
Itzt erzittern dem Weg, den Ich mit ihr wandl' als Richter,
Ewiger Sohn, wodurch ſich des Vaters Gerechtigkeit Allen
Ewig offenbaret als Lieb', verherrlichen werd' ich
Jetzt, vor dem Engelgeſchlecht, vor allen Himmeln, den erſten
Meiner Todesengel, das höchſte meiner Geſchöpfe.

Als der Vater von Ewigkeit ſprach, da neigte das Lichtreich
Ehrfurchtsvoll ſich um ihn, und ſchauerte ſanft, und es blühten
Neue Frühling' in ſeinen Eliſen, ſtiegen, aus allen
Morgenrothen, wie Weihrauch ihm, umarmten des Aethers
Söhne ſich all', doch liebende Bangigkeit ſchwellte den Buſen
Aller Schauer der Welt, daß ein Todesengel heraufſtieg'.

Itzo winkte der Richter vom Thron, da hob ſich ein Chor auf,
Spreitet aus die ſternendurchſprengten Flügel, und lichtſchnell
Flog's in die Himmel vorbei: die ſtrömten heran aus den Nähen,
Strömten aus Fernen heran, und all' ins Heiligſte nieder,
Schloſſen dann unabſehliche Kreiſ', in liebender Hoffnung,
Bang des hohen Gerichtsausganges Enthüllung erwartend.

Hoch vor den Heiligen, hoch vor den Engelgeſchlechtern erhaben,
Stand Donatoa vor Gott, als Erſter aller Geſchaffnen,
Fürchterlich ſchön, ihm ſchauerten alle verſammelten Himmel.
Aller Blicke ſtralten auf ihn, rings ſchwiegen die Himmel.
Liebend umkleidet' ihn nun, mit ſeiner Klarheit, der Mittler,
Und umarmet' ihn dann, vor allen Engelgeſchlechtern.
Harmonien der Lieb' erklangen, und rollender Donner
Tönt' in ſie Einlaut — ſieh, und die Herrlichkeit Gottes, vom Thron her,
Strömt ſie auf ihn, der Schöpfer itzt heiligt' ihn, und erhöhte
Seine Freiheit vor Gott; frei war er, wie nie ein Geſchaffner.
Jetzt mit der ewigen Liebeherrlichkeit ihn anlächelnd,
Wies des Mittlers Linke zur Welt, und reicht' er die Rechte
Donatoa, und ſprach: Nimm itzt mein Menſchengeſchlecht hin!

Leiſe Schauer durchbebten die Himmel, Jehova ſchaute,
Richtenden Ernſtes, auf Donatoa, mit Ernſt, der erſchütternd,
Himmel und Hölle zugleich, in Einem Blicke, ihm aufthat.
Reicht' ihm die Schlüſſel des Abgrunds dar, der Furchtbare nahm ſie,
Und im Donner erſcholl zu ihm nieder die Stimme der Allmacht:

Donatoa, die Unterwelt wird wieder dich aufſehn!
Frei iſt Sie, wie der Himmel, dir wird ein Großes vertrauet;
Steig herab, und verherrliche ihn, der, zum Wohle für All',
Auch die ſtrafende Höll' erſchuf; am Grabe der Schöpfung
Werd' ich richten dich einſt, wie eine Welt, denn dich trag' ich,
Wie ein ganzes Engelgeſchlecht, unſichtbar am Buſen.
Wirke groß, und du ſollſt mich als Schöpfer der neuen Natur ſchaun!
Aber, wenn du zum Untergange der Erde nun aufſteigſt,
Donatoa, dann hör' hier erſt die Stimme des Richters.

Zweifelnd blickten die Söhne des Lichtreichs auf zu dem Mittler,
Als ſie die Welt und des Abgrunds Schlüſſel dem Engel des Todes
Uebergeben nun ſahn, in ſeinen Händen ihr Schickſal.
Stimme klang da nieder vom Thron, ſo tönte die Stimme:
Richtet nicht, Himmel, Allvater richtet die Todesengel,
Wendet eu'r Antlitz nicht, wenn ihr ſeht die Verderber herabgehn,
Und in ihren Händen die Welt, zu Tod ſie daherziehn;
Jubelt ihm dann, Allvater iſt hier, und wenn ihr hinabblickt,
Ihre Thaten nun ſchaut, und ihre Reden nun höret,
Wenn itzt Völker die Hölle verſchlinget, und ſchreckliche Opfer
Flammen, von Todesengeln geweiht Allvater als Rächer,
Könnt ihr nicht jauchzen, dann ſchweigt mit Ehrfurcht dem, der vollendet;
Schaut und hört ihr ſo Dunkles, das bebend eu'r Inneres aufruft:
Dort iſt Nacht! da verſtummt, bis euch Allvater ſie aufklärt,
Oder nun kommt dem gefallenen Todesengel als Richter;
Wohl, daß auch Nacht vom Heiligſten über die Zukunft verhängt.

Alle Himmel neigten ſich jetzt, der Endlichen erſter
Sank vor den Thron, ſtumm dankt' er dem Vater und Richter des Weltalls.

Donatoa, ſo nannt' ihn der Schöpfer, als er in der Urzeit,
Hoch vor des Himmels Geburt, in allunendlicher Liebe,
Morgenroth um ſich her, vom ewigen Thron, in das Chaos
Aufruhr niederſtieg, und, mitten im dunkelen Aufruhr,
Aus Urfeuer den Furchtbaren ſchuf; wild tobte das Chaos

Um den Geſchaffnen, als ſtänd' er, wie Erſtlingswelt, ihm in Mitte.
Siehe deinen Erſchaffer! ſo klang die Stimme des Schöpfers.
Staunend dem Daſein, ſtaunend dem Schöpfer, izt ſeinem Verderben,
Starrt' er dankend ihn an, dann ſchaut' er umher durch das Chaos;
Wüthend verfolgt' es ihn, raſ't empor um den Hehren, da ſchlang er
Traut, in des Daſeins Kindheit, an die Jehovahbruſt ſich,
Fühlte ſich ſtaunend als Schöpfung im Chaos, und dennoch zu tödten
Ganz geſchaffen, da trat er allein mit kindlicher Kühne
Mitten herein in den Aufruhr, tödtete ſchon mit der jungen
Herrlichkeit blutigem Stral, der bald zum Blitze heranwuchs.
Sieh, und was er als Sieger wie todt hinſtreckte, ward Leben,
Drängt' um ihn ſich, da ward das erſte Geſtirn, auf den Stern hin
Kniet' er jezt vor den Schöpfer, und dankt' ihm jubelnd ſein Daſein.
Seinem Jubel erſchrack das Chaos, der Jubel war Hymne;
Grabdumpf ſcholl ſie die Urnacht durch, ihr Wiederhall ſeufzte:
„Tod!“ da ſeufzte Donatoa zum Ewigen: „Tod?“ auf;
Und im Unendlichen jauchzt' harmoniſch der Wiederhall: „Leben!“
Jubelnd ſtaunt er empor, da gab der ewige Schöpfer
Liebend dem furchtbaren Engelkind in die Rechte den Donner,
Und die Stimme Jehovahs kam zu ihm nieder: ſo ſprach ſie:

Sieh, ſo biſt du geſchaffen, daß Schöpfung werde dein Tödten,
Heilige, Donatoa, in dir den Richter als Schöpfer!
Ahnden wird dich der künftige Himmel, doch ſpät dich erahnden,
Bleibe mir treu, denn du biſt die erſte Liebe des Schöpfers!

Mehr noch ſprach der Schöpfer zu ihm, doch enthüllt's nur die Zukunft.
Und in allen Verderben, in ſeiner Schreckniſſen allen,
Wuchs er heran, bald nannt' ihn der Himmel den Engel der Hölle.

Izo hub er den Thron ſich auf, in ſeiner Entſetzen
Blutigflammenden Herrlichkeit, bald noch verhüllt in Gewölken,
Neigte ſein Antlitz, hehr wie der purpurglühende Vollmond,
Dankend dem Ewigen noch, vom Auge, voll ſtrömender Blitze,
Heißen Dank für ſeine Verklärung, noch einmal ihm ſtralend.
Izo rüſtet' er ſich, zum Erdkreis niederzuſteigen,
Schlug die Wolken vom Haupt, und mit Regenbogen durchwunden,
Glänzet' hervor, wie Wetterſtralen, ſein wogiges Haupthaar.
Todesnacht warf dann er ſich um, als Gewand, und es wallt' ihm,
Schaurig durchglänzt von ſeiner Geſtalt hochflammendem Purpur,
Wie von der Abendröth' ein Gewitter, herab zu den Füßen.
Seitwärts wandt' er ſich nun, nahm Stral aus Gewölken, verflocht ihn
Wie zum ſternigen Gürtel, und gürtet' hoch des Gewandes
Nacht mit dem Stral ſich auf an der Bruſt, in dunklere Falten.
Rollte dann, wie brauſendes Meer, die Flügel, ſie ſtiegen
Hoch an den Schultern empor, zwei Finſterniſſen des Abgrunds
Aehnlich empor um das leuchtende Haupt, und hinab durch der Engel
Glänzende Reihn, zog izt er daher, zum Rande des Himmels.
Weit noch wogt' ihm das Todesgewand, enthüllte ſich unten,
Sind, und wie Morgenröth' des Jenſeits ſchleppt ihm der Saum nach.
Alles Verderben verhüllt, ſahn ihn fortwandeln die Himmel,
Denn wenn in ſeiner zerſtörenden Flammenblöß' er daherging,
Würden in Gräberwüſten, die Paradieſe des Himmels,
Und der Sfärengeſang, in Angſtgebete, ſich wandeln.
Aber wenn einſt er dem Ende der Welt ruft, oder zum Weltgrab
Zwiſchen ſinkenden Monden und Sternen, die Himmel herabſteigt,
Seines Rachſchwerts düſtere Feuerſtürm' um ihn nieder,
Durch die allgegenwärtige Nacht der Schöpfung ihm leuchten,
Wenn er izt daſteht über dem Weltkreis, mit der Poſaune
Donnerruf, die Erde vom Tod zum Gericht zu erwecken;
Dann wird der furchtbare Herrliche alles, was Schrecken, was Graun iſt,
Alles entblößen vor ihr, und ſeine blutigen Blitze
Werden, in Güſſen ihm rings entſtrömend, und bis um die Pole
Schlängelnd herab, der erwachenden Mutter Erde im Schooße
Alle die Kinder-Tod' entquällen in ſchaurigem Frühroth.

Izo wand er ſich um, dem Todescherubim winkend;
Todeselimp, ſo nannte der Himmel das Heer der Verderber.
Und in dunkle Wetter ſich kleidend, und Wolken umgoſſen,
Kamen in ſtürmendem Flug ſie ihm nach, aufrollten des Lichtreichs
Pforten ihm nun, und dumpf, wie der ſinkende Ocean herrauſcht,
Schwebte die Majeſtät Donatoa's nieder zum Erdkreis.

Und der Vater des Weltalls hob ſich zurück in die Himmel,
Mit ihm die Söhne des Lichts, noch zarte Laute der Wehmuth
Miſchten ſich in den ewigen Jubel, da ſchwang von des Lichtes
Söhnen der erſte, da ſchwang ſich Michael hoch vor die Reihen.
Seine göttliche Seele durchglüht' ein großer Gedanke,
Glänzt' in die Mienen hervor, wie Poſaun', erhob er die Stimme:

Hört mich ihr Reihe der Liebe, zu ihm, dem der Mittler die Welt gab,
Eil' ich hinab, mit inniger Bitte, mir frei zu geſtatten,
Seinen furchtbaren Wegen zu folgen, und mir auf der Erde
Sfäre zu Rettungsthat für's Menſchengeſchlecht zu eröffnen.
Immer um ihn, will dann ich ihn flehn, zu verzögern den Weltſturz;
Und wenn als Tod er auch kommt, den Tod begleite die Liebe,
Hofft ihr Himmel, die Vaterallmacht war's, die ihn auskor!

Jubelnd umarmten ihn all', und bis hinab an die Pforten
Jauchzten die Engelreih' um ihn mit; und der Herrlichen ſchönſter,
Liebendſter aller, geſchaffen aus Lilienſtralen des Urlichts,
Hüllt' in den reineſten Aether ſich hier, wie in Sternenhimmel,
Schwang den ſilbertönenden Flug, und wie Flöten des Aufgangs
Wallten die Flügel, und Melodien entſäuſelten ihnen.
Blumen goſſen ſie aus, und Frühling hauchten die Blumen,
Die er, der glänzenden Roſenblüth' am Buſen Auroras
Aehnlich, durch's goldene Haar, das über die Lilienſchultern,
Gleich gekräuſelten Sonnenſtralen, ſich wiegt' in den Lüften,
Hoch um die Weiße der Schläfe ſich flocht, wie zum Kranze der Hoffnung.
Stillerhabener Ernſt, und Seelenhoheit, wie nur ſie
Einſt der Gefallenen Fürſt in junger Herrlichkeit hatte,
Strömeten ihm, durch Liebe verklärt, aus dem Himmel der Wonnen,
Und in die himmliſche Züge des Götterernſtes ergoß ſich
Heiter und ſanft, allfriedliches Lächeln unſterblicher Jugend.

Schnell von Geſtirn zu Geſtirn, durch tiefere Sonnengebiete,
Schwebt' er dahin, die Roſenſtralen der Fittige goſſen
Morgen auf Unſchuldserden, und rings in den Morgenröthen
Jauchzt' in ſeligen Feſten der Freundſchaft die Unſchuld der Erden.
Immer noch ſchnelleren Schwungs, ſah fern er izt Donatoa,
Und in geſchleuderter Eil' an Planet und an Monden hinunter
Blitzte ſein Flug, und er ſtand, in allen lächelnden Eden
Seiner erhabenen Schöne, vor ihm, ſo ſprach er voll Ehrfurcht:

Donatoa, vergieb's dem Schmerz, der mich vom Olimp zog,
Jenen Schmerz, daß du jezt vielleicht mit der Erde ſchon endeſt,
Ihm, o Erſter, vergieb's, wenn ich mit der Bitte dir nahe,
Donatoa, um Leztverſuch für die Rettung der Welt noch!
Beid' uns ſchuf Ein Vater der Lieb', und ihn, der das Weltall
Wärmt an dem Vaterherzen als Kind, der Dich und der Mich liebt,
Ihn, den liebenden Allunendlichen, der, durch den Mittler
Ewig vermittelt dem Endlichen, dir ſie gab, zu verklären,
Steigſt du izo hinab, vergönne mir ſo dir zur Seite,
Dich zu verherrlichen! Könnt' ich die Welt neu gründen durch Liebe,
Wieder verjüngt, ſie als Unſchulds-Erde, dem trauernden Schutzgeiſt
Sie in den Triumph zuführen als jüngere Schweſter des Himmels,
Donatoa die That, nur dich verklärte die That dann!
Aber willſt du allein mit dem Menſchengeſchlecht vollenden,
Dann auch dränge mich nicht hinweg, und laß mir den großen
Hehren Blick in die Wirkungsſphäre des Donatoa!
Denn wie ein Engelgeſchlecht, wirkſt du allein ſchon, und wenn ich
Deine Thaten nicht faſſ', ich werde ſchweigen mit Ehrfurcht.
Todesengel auch kamen vom Herzen des Schöpfers zur Welt oft,
Und ich ahnt' es, wie auch Lieb' oft Sterne der Liebe zu Grab rief.

Aber wenn du dem Menſchengeſchlecht das Auge nun ſchließeſt,
Dann laß fühlen der Welt, daß der Tod nur Allvaters Kuß iſt!

Alſo der liebende Herrliche. Dämpfend die Flamme des Rachſchwerts,
Gab ihm die Majeſtät Donatoa's alſo zur Antwort:

Der zum Tödten mich ſchuf, Erzengel, Er, der die Sündflut
Ueber die Welt goß, und in Gomorrha's Flamme herabfuhr,
Gab mir die Todeswelt, ihr komm' ich als des Verdammers
Stellvertreter, und ihn zu erklären, empfang ich die Welt itzt!
Meine Pflicht iſt Schwert der Gerechtigkeit, und an des Weltalls
Grabe dereinſt, und über dem Tod der Engelgeſchlechte,
Faßt mich allein ein Weltgericht, nun ſuch' in dem Gange,
Den ich jetzt geh' mit der Welt, und führt er auch in den Abgrund,
Suche nicht, hier mich zu halten, Erzengel, unbillig nur wirſt du
Wider ihn, der auch Engelgeſchlecht' einſt himmelab ſtürzte;
Folge mir nach, vielleicht, daß auch That der Verherrlichung dir wird,
Aber richte nicht für, nicht wider mich. Der neuſchaffend,
Auch das gebrochene Herz des Todesengels verjünget,
Wird euch Alles enthüllen, am großen Tage Jehovahs.
Eil' itzt hinab zu dem Welt-Schutzgeiſt, des Kommenden ſchnell ihn
Vorzubereiten, und ſtürzt ein Stern herab in das Weltmeer,
Führ' auf den Stern ihn zu mir, daß übergeb' er das Leitband!

Und itzt ſtrömt' er den Blick auf Michael, flammend Entſetzen
War er, und ſchien die Liebe dennoch; erheitert durch Hoffnung,
Und von Ahnung, unnennbarer Liebesahnung durchſchauert,
Strahlte die Schönheit Michaels eilend voran nach der Erde.
Sonnen rollten zurück, und Jubelwelten entſchwanden,
Sterne ſtiegen empor, Milchſtraßen ſchimmerten um ihn,
Und ſein melodiſcher Flug, der wie Saiten die Lüfte umher ſchlug,
Tönt' Einlaut in des ſtürmenden Sphärenfluges Triumphe.
Morgende Welten durchleuchtet' er heller, wie ſingender Mittag,
Wallet' er über ſie, goldenes Glanzgewölk aus den Morgen
Strömte, wie Flut von Roſen, ihm nach durch Auroragestirne,
Und von Weſten durchhaucht, zum Kranz um den Engel ſich ringelnd,
Und von den Stralenflügeln mit lichterem Purpur umgoſſen,
Bildet' es Aufgangsröth' um ihn her, und in Herrlichkeit ſtand er
Hoch in der Aufgangsröth', und wandte wie Sonne ſein Antlitz
Jetzt nach der nächtlichen Erd' hinab, die fern vor ihm aufſtieg.

Und, wie nach Weltumarmung ſich ſehnend, den Arm nach ihr reichend,
Klang ihm die Stimm', und zu Harmonie erhob ihr Geſang ſich:

Friede mit dir! Du ſternbekrönte Mutter der Menſchen!
Zu dir komm ich hinab, zu ihm dich wieder zu führen,
Welcher den Himmel und dich, auf Einem Arme getragen,
Erde, dir reichet der Himmel die Hand, nimm auf ihn mit Liebe,
Fliehe ihn nicht, komm, ihm an der Hand, zurück zu dem Schöpfer!
An der großen Allvaterbruſt hingſt du, mit ihm glücklich,
Warſt die Jugendgeliebte des Himmels, die treue, und gerne
Schmiegen in Liebe ſich traut einſt Erd' und Himmel zuſammen.
Hätteſt du ewig treu ihn geliebt, neuſchaffend die Schöpfung,
Würd' in ihr der Vater von Ewigkeit beid' euch vereinen.
Siehe, der Himmel, den du verließeſt, er ſelber, o Erde,
Naht ſich nur dir, nimm wieder ihn auf, gedenkend der Zeiten,
Wo ihr zuſammen noch wart, in hoher Jubelumarmung,
Eine Seele nur ſcheint, Ein Herz am unendlichen Herzen.
Nicht um der Blüthenhülle Hinwegfall trauert der Himmel;
Höher verklärt, und ſchön an dem Buſen, woran er dir ruhte,
Bräutlich nun ausgeſchmückt mit dem Stern der Liebe zum Strauße,
Würd' er im hohen Triumph, umjauchzt von erwachenden Sonnen,
Aus der Mitte der Sternengeſchwiſter hervor im Triumphe
Führen die Braut vor den Gott der Liebe, und würde nun endlich
Eure Liebe gekrönt durch Verein, und, in ew'gem Verein, ihr
Ruhn im Schooße der Vaterallmacht, doch ihr am Herzen,
Heb' aus der geiſtigen Nacht, die tief dich umhüllet, das Antlitz,
Blick ins Sternen-Unendliche, ſieh, o Erde, wie alles,
Bis in die fernſten Tiefen und Höhn des Unendlichen alles
Liebe iſt, und umſchlinget, und liebend wieder gefaßt wird.
Sternenhimmel umarmen einander, und jüngere Sonnen
Drängen, als Kinder, ſich vor, in Morgenrothen gekleidet,
Sonnen, von Sternenkreiſen umrollt, um höhere Sonnen,
All', in Jubelgeſang, um die höchſte, den Thron Allvaters:
Liebe lehrt er der Nächſten um ihn, dem Himmel, der Himmel
Liebte die Erd', und lehrte ſie ihr, zog Welten zu Gott auf.
Erde, ſo wareſt auch Du geſchaffen, einſt jüngere Welten
Zu ihm hinauf, als Muttererde, als Sonne zu führen,
Warſt ſo ganz für den Himmel, und ſeine Liebe, geſchaffen,
Mit ihm vereint, Stammeltern zu werden der neuen Natur einſt;
Bis das hohe Allvaterziel, die Göttlichkeit Aller
Jauchzend errungen durch ewige That, und alle Natur nun,
All' in Einer Liebe vereint, Ein Himmel, um Gott ſei.
Dieſer Triumphgedank', o Erde, ſinkt dir bei ihm nicht,
Wie ein veraltetes Grab, dein enges Leben zuſammen!
Ach, und dies veraltete Grab, das nennſt du dein Alles,
Erde, ſchwinge dich wieder empor zu höherer Liebe!
Komm zu der Liebe des Himmels zurück, und in heiliger Ahnung
Wirſt du ſehen den Kranz, der für dich im ewigen ſtrahlet,
Wird er alles dir lehren, was drüben deiner erwartet!
Siehe, ſo lange nicht zartere Hüll' aus Licht dich umwallet,
Kann dich der Himmel ſo eng nicht umſchlingen, daß Seel' er in Seele
Hauch', er kam verſchleiert zu dir, du hobſt ihn den Schleier;
Erde, da war's, als ſein Licht, die Herrlichkeit, die von ihm ausging,
Blendete dich, dein Auge verdunkelte, du ihn nicht mehr ſahſt. —
Deinem Abfall trauert der noch immer dich liebende Himmel!
Welten fallen wie Säuglinge oft, doch Erde, du haſt dich
Selbſt von ſeinem Herzen geſtürzt in des Tartarus Arme,
Wirfſt dich in ſchrecklichen Schlummer, dir reicht er Früchte des Todes
Und, voll Eden dein Traum, nimmſt du ſie als Früchte des Lebens.
Dich aus dem Traum, dich aufzuſchrecken aus tödtendem Traume,
Kommt der Donnerer, hörſt du ihn nicht, dann endet mit dir er,
Daß, wenn nicht mehr in der Zeit, du doch in der Ewigkeit aufwachſt!
Erde, und wachſt du im ewigen auf, in des Tartarus Armen,
Wirſt du mit ihm für ewig vereint in der neuen Natur dann,
Wird der Himmel die Erd', als Ewigtodte, beweinen.
Fern ſchon heran, itzt näher heran erſchallet des Donnrers
Flug, daß ihn, der Mittler ihn ſandte, wie wird es mir Nacht hier!
Aber auch in der Nacht iſt der Gott der Lieb', und die Nacht auch
Hat er verklärt mit der Sternenkron'! Er wird es enthüllen.
Wende dich wieder zu uns, du hohe Mutter der Menſchheit,
Komm zur Liebe des Himmels zurück, die Religion iſt!

Tief an der Erde vertönten die Melodien des Nachhalls.
Stille Hoheit, nahet er jetzt, ſein Auge voll Urſtral,
Funkelte grüßend ihr zu, und des Auges liebliche Blitze
Brachen ſich ſanft an dem Schnee der Wangen, und wurden auf ihnen
Sonnenröthchen, er flog zu dem Welt-Schutzgeiſte hinunter.

Und des Donnerers Herrlichkeit naht', ihm ſtrömten des Schwertes
Flammenergüſſ' hinab, und fern itzt bebt' ihm der Erdball.
Wie ein Komet, durchirrend die ruhige Bahn der Planeten,
Fern ſie erſchüttert, ſo kam er her, ſo bebt' ihm die Erde.
Donatoa trat auf ein kleines verwüſtet Geſtirn itzt,
Wo er, als Tödter geſandt, vor kurzem ein Menſchengeſchlecht noch
Führte zu Grab, itzt ſeine Verweſungen ſchwül um ihn ſtäubten.
Kirchhof war nun der Stern, oft ruhten Engel des Todes
Ueber dem Kirchhof, trüb verſunken in düſteren Tiefſinn;
Und, von Todten umringt, auf neue Todte nun ſinnend,
Oder alternde Nebel ſich ſammelnd, zu Sterbegeſängen,
Ihrer Harfe, die Trauerſaiten mit ihnen zu kränzen.
Donatoa ſtand auf dem Stern, gewandt nach der Erde,
Breitet' über ihn aus der ſittige Nacht, und ein Vollmond
Stieg im Fernen empor, ſchien auf ſie feierlich herunter,
Und zwei jüngere Todesſeraphim, welche dem Donnrer
Ueberall folgeten, traten, zur Seit' ihm, unter die Flügel.
Niederſenkt' er des Rachſchwerts ſtrömende Flamm', und ihr Schimmer
Floß um die Welt, wie ſchauriges Nordlicht, rings ſie erhellend.
Lang' anſtarrt' er das Menſchengeſchlecht, da wälzt' ihm des Zornes

Finſterniß ſchrecklich die Stirn, und der Wangen blutige Sonnen
Dämmerten Abend des Lebens herab zum Menſchengeſchlechte.
Sinkend auf's Knie, wandt' izt er das Auge, voll tödtender Stralen,
Halb gen Himmel, und halb zur Erd'; und, Blitz' um ſich ſtrömend,
Schwebte der grauenvolle Blick, wie zwiſchen Leben und Tod hier.
Wetter umrollten ihn dann, und dumpf, mit den Schlägen der Wetter,
Scholl in harmoniſchen Donner umher des Furchtbaren Stimme:

Du, deß Majeſtät durch die Tode des Menſchengeſchlechtes,
In dem Wirbel der Flut, mit Wohlgefallen, daherfuhr,
Der im alten Olimp-Sturz fürchterlich ſchon ſich verklärte,
Schon in der Urzeit, hoch ſich verklärt', als Er, mit der Rechte
Schaffend die Schöpfung, zugleich mit der Linke das ewige Grab grub;
Du, der in grauenvollen Weltgerichten mit Wonne ſich fühlet,
Und, zu ſeiner Verherrlichung, einſt der Natur das Herz bricht,
Ewiger Allvergelter, zu dir erheb' ich dies Rachſchwert,
Das du, hoch vom Gipfel der ebengeſchaffenen Hölle,
Einſt mir herunterreichteſt, zum Untergange von Welten!
Deinen Namen verklär's auf Erden, und bringe die Welt dir,
Hört ſie im Leben dich nicht, die todt dann wieder zu Füßen!
Tauſend Geſtirne, die du mir gabſt, ſchon weiht' ich dem Abgrund,
Jubelnd zu dir, doch daß du endlich die letzte der Welten,
Richter, die Mittler-Erde, mit ihr zu enden, mir hingabſt,
Dank, wie ich einſt, aus der Chaos-Flamm', als Weſen mich hebend,
Dir am Jehovahherzen ihn jauchzete, wie für ein zweites
Daſeyn, Dank dir dafür; ſo ihn, wie ich, voll von Jehovahs
Tag, ihn dir jauchzt', als du, zur Schöpfung der Hölle, mich mitnahmſt,
Kind ich als Todesengel noch war, dem furchtbaren Vater
Folgt', und mit einmal die Höll' da ſtand, ich [illegible] dich ewig.
Blickt du mir gabſt in der Gottheit ewige Tiefen, und nun ich,
Dir aus den Armen herab, entſchauerte die grauſe Geſchaffne,
Und im Entzücken, daß war die Hölle, zu dir frohlockte;
So auch izo dir Dank, daß du hier, zu enden, mich herſandeſt,
Ueber Tod und Leben der Welt mit Freiheit zu richten.
Hört dich jetzt nicht die Sünderin, als der Gerechtigkeit Opfer,
Flamme ſie dir, und werde der Staub des Menſchengeſchlechtes
Dir ein würdiger, dir ein wohlgefallender Weihrauch!
O, der erhabenen Feiern des hehren Gerechtigkeit-Opfers!
Ha, wie ſeh ich ſie jetzt, verklärend den Vater der Hölle,
Vor mir ſchon in der Ewigkeit fernſte Tiefen hinabgehn!
Ha, wie ſehnte ſich ewig mein Herz, mit dieſem Planeten
Endlich, mit ihm, deß Ende der Ruf zum Tod der Natur iſt,
Sternenzerſtörer, mit dieſem Planeten nun endlich zu enden,
Daß dein Weltgericht komm', und dich vor allen verkläre!
Ha, wie flammend drängt mich mein Inneres, ſehnet mein Herz ſich,
Sehnet ſich heiß nach Weltgericht, heiß nach dem Tod der Natur ſich:
Daß der Triumph der Gerechtigkeit gründe die neue Natur dann,
Jener Gerechtigkeit, die im Olimp auch Verdammerin einſt war.
Wann am Grabe der Welt, in hoher furchtbarer Schöne,
Nun aufgeht der Weltgerichtstag, das Grab ſich ihm aufſchließt,
Laut mit allen Poſaunen des Himmels, von Sternen zu Sternen,
Rings die Natur durch, ſchallet ſein Nam' herab bis zum Abgrund;
Und, mit ſtürzenden Welten, auf niederſinkenden Himmeln,
Ueber Sonnen voll Tod, herkommt der Zürner Jehovah;
Wehe dann, Erdnergeſchlecht, wenn du jetzt zu ihm nicht zurückkehrſt! —
Fürchterlich wird dich faſſen ſein Zorn, und, am Weltgerichtsabend,
Werden, von dämmernden Sternen herab, in ehrnen Harfen
Todesengel die Jenſeitswehen aus Wettern dir donnern;
Weben, als heulte ſie dir das dumpfe Geröchel der alten
Höll' in der Todesſtunde, ſo werden ſie wider dich kommen;
Dich in den Brand der Schöpfung von neuem zum Tod hinſtrecken,
Deinen flammenden Staub, durch Weltenſtürme, zerſtreuen,
Bis in der neugeborenen Höll' ihn der Schöpfer verjünget.
Dort, Gerichtete, jammere dann an der ewigen Wunde,
Die du ſelber dir ſchlugſt, wegtödtend das Herz, wodurch Gott ſprach,
Jammere dort an der brennenden Todeswunde des Herzens,
Bis du einſt aufweineſt zur mitverjüngten Gebärung;
Höll', als Jüngling kannt' ich dich ſchon, du, Schwarze, jetzt ſind wir
Beide grau, ſo winkle fort an der inneren Flamme,
Bis zur Greiſin die Ewigkeit wird, und die Ewigkeit müd' iſt,
Müde, dem Tage Jehovahs ruft, daß Er nun vollende!
Eile, Vergeltungstag, an deinen feurigen Händen,
Führend, wie Kinder, zur Linke den Tod, zur Rechte das Leben,
Komm, mit jubelnden Donnerſtürmen der ewigen Harfen
Singen der Todesengel dir ernſtes Willkommen entgegen;
Und oft wandelnd zur Höll', auf der Mittler-Erde mich raſtend,
Auf der alten Babilon Trümmer, erſchüttert' ich Triumphe,
Mit luſtſchauerndem Ungeſtüm dumpf in die Saiten herunter.
Eile heran, ſchon ſeh ich's, wie dämmernd in tiefſter Ferne,
Seh es, hör' es ſchon her, wie endet der Ewige, um ihn
Untergeht der Weltgerichtstag, der Weltgerichtsabend
Morgen izt wird der allunendlichen Aernte der Schöpfung,
Dumpfe flammende Schwül' ausbaucht, und allgegenwärtig
Rauſchet die Saat, wie Ozean rauſcht, der Aernter umherſchaut,
Reif das Weltall ſteht zu der unendlichen Aernte,
Jetzt aufſteht von dem Thron, die Sichel faßt, und nun ausholt,
Ha, und die Sichel vom Aufgang, Blitze wie Fluten ergoſſend,
Rund um ſich her zum Niedergang ſchwingt, und vor ſich herunter
Alle Sternenſaaten mit Einem Male dahin wirft;
Dann für die Ewigkeit ſchnell ausſondert die edlere Frucht ſich,
Und die dornige Saat in des Abgrunds Flamme hinwegſtürzt.
Nah iſt der Tag, als dornige Saat, ſchon ſeh ich dich, Erde,
Reifen zum Tage der Flamme, wie Gard' ihr wurde Gomorrha.
Graue Sünderin, kehrſt du nicht um, Verzweiflungsgebet dann
Wirſt du zu ſpät aufjammern zu Ihm, der, in grauſter Urzeit,
Dich verſchont', und ein Engelgeſchlecht, das ihm ruht' am Herzen,
Nicht verſchonte, gefallne Himmel ins ewige Grab ſtieß.
Du, der für Weltuntergang, für Tode mich ſchuf; wie die Freiheit,
Mehr' in mir auch die Kraft, jetzt mit dem Erdnergeſchlechte,
Unter ewiger Jubelhymne zum Schöpfer der Hölle,
So zu enden, ſo ſtirbt die Welt: es lebt der Verdammer!

Und wie tauſend Orkane, wie todtweiſſagende Wetter,
Scholl die erſchütternde Stimm' herab, und verlor um die Welt ſich.
Sprach der Schreckliche, ſprachen die Todesengel, die Erde
Hörte zwar nicht, mit irdiſchem Ohr, die Donner der Rede;
Aber ihr Inhalt drang in die Seele des bebenden Erdners,
Sprach lautdonnernd in ihm, als Stimme des ernſten Gewiſſens,
Schreckt' in ihm dumpf, wie Ahnungen auf, wie her aus dem Jenſeits
Zugeflüſtert, mit innerem Donner, der Seele nur hörbar,
Tiefſinn, voll höheren Grauens, wie mit Todesſtoß, ihn erſchütternd.
Alſo ſah der Erdner auch nicht, mit irdiſchem Blicke,
Mit dem Auge voll Nebeltrübe, die Furchtbaren wandeln,
Nicht die Geſtalt, die Schreckniſſe nicht der hohen Verderber.
Geiſtig wirkten ſie hier, nur zart verſinnlicht, der Blicke
Feinſten, wie Schatten, enthüllt: die Schreckniſſe ihrer Geſtalten
Wo die Entſetzlichen wandelten, wo ſie die dunklen wandten,
Fuhren herab in die Phantaſie des Erdbewohners,
Und erfüllten mit Schreckensbildern von Tod und Gericht ſie,
Und von Weltuntergang, von Jenſeits-Strafe, von Hölle.
Stiegen tobend hinab in des Erdners Traum, und Verwirrung,
Dumpfe Verſtimmung und Angſt, blieb lang noch zurück dem Erwachten.
Siehe, ſo wirkt' der Geiſt auf den Geiſt, unmittelbar traf er,
So entſetzt die Welt, vor Donatoa, ſich jetzo.
Zwar wenn ſie ganz der Natur ſich näherten, dieſe Verderber,
Uebergingen ins Sichtbare nun, ſie kamen verkörpert
Dann in grauſen Naturerſcheinungen, ſprachen in Wettern,
War Erdbeben ihr Schritt, ihr Zorn die Wuth der Vulkane.

So auch der Welt; daß nun ſie erwach' aus dem Taumel der Laſter,
Als des Weltuntergangs Vorbild, herunter zu kommen,
Rüſtete Donatoa die dunklen Schreckniſſe um ſich.

Jahre ſchon wankte der Stern, herab zu ſtürzen zum Erdball;
Gegen ihn wandte der Donnerer ſich, mit dumpfem Gebotſchall:

Stern, ſtürz hin, erwecke die Welt, und wacht ſie nicht auf,
Werde dem Todesolimp zum Hochaltare des Todes,
Wo er in Flammen das Menſchengeſchlecht der Gerechtigkeit opfert.

Weltſchwer laſtet' er jetzt auf den Stern ſich, wiegt ihn mit Allkraft
Unter ſich wild, vom Pole herauf, zum Pole herunter.
Da mit betäubendem Donnerknall zerplatzte die Are,
Riß aus den Polen; und alle Gebirge zu Thal hinſchmetternd,

Und mit entſetzlicher Wuth, mit Nachhall krachend Getöſ',
Stürzte der Stern, wie tauſend Donnerſchläge mit einmal,
Schoß er, und borſten, im ſchmetternden Hinſturz, Gegenden borſten
Wüſten voll Ström', und dampfende Länder von ſeinem Geſtad los.
Sanken, wie kleinere Sterne, wie Sternenhimmel, herunter.
Hoch auf die mittleren, hundertmeiligen Trümmer erhaben,
Kam der Donner her, umtobt vom Meer des Geſtirnes.
Und in die Wogen des Nachſchwalls Glutausſtrömungen kämpfend;
Kam, wie herab mit dem fallenden Sternenhimmel, zum Erdkreis.
Fürchterlich toſ'te die Trümmer, die Höhn und die Tiefen verwirrend.
Praſſelt' herunter izt dumpf ins Weltmeer, brauſend umſchlang es
Rings ihr die Wellen, und brauſend umſchlangs die grauſeren Wolken.
Hohl nachkrachende Donnererſchütterungen tummelten lang noch
Hin und her in den Polen die Welt, die Fluten des Meeres
Warfen, in Wogengebirgen, der Sündflut ähnlich, ſich thürmend
Ueber die Ufer, und wühlten, und wälzten, in dunkler Verwüſtung,
Städte mit allen Bewohnern, empor in die donnernden Wolken,
Schleuderten dann, in Strudel gejagt, ſie wieder zum Abgrund.
Und Erdbeben in Oſt, Erdbeben in Weſten, verſchlangen
Völker und Städt', und Todesſchauer durchzuckten die Erde.
Alſo kam in ſeinem Verderben der Donnerer nieder.

Hoch aus dem Wogen-Chaos des Meers, zwölf ſchwindelnde Berghöhn,
Ragte das Trümmergeſtirn, voll Grauen, bis über den Dunſtkreis,
Und in tiefſten Fernen, und neben der Erde vorüber,
Sanken ſchauerlich immer noch fort die anderen Trümmern.

Michael ſah ihn, und über das Meer, in lichteſter Klarheit,
Kam er auf blüthenweißem Gewölk, ihm hatt' um den Buſen
Liebend ſich angeſchmiegt der erſchrockene Hüter der Erde.
Und ſo ſchwebten ſie her, wie Morgen und Mittag, zum Donnerer,
Der in der Höh, wie ein grauſer, gewitterumſtrömender Abend,
Und zur Seit' ihm, wie Nacht, die Todesſeraphim, daſtand.
Trauernd blickte der Welt-Schutzgeiſt gen Himmel, vom Himmel
Sank ſein glänzendes Aug', voll Thränen, zurück auf die Erde.
Michael ſchlang mit den Strahlenarmen ihn enger ans Herz ſich,
Und wie Harfengetön, entfloß ihm die Rede des Troſtes:

Hüter der Welt! der oft in den Jugendzeiten des Himmels,
Mit mir in Liebe-Sterne hinabſtieg, dem ich, vor Alters
Führend umher durch den Sternenhimmel, die Schöpfung zuerſt wies!
Siehe, mir gab Allvater, den Erden Hüter zu wählen!
Iſt auch die Welt, die du an dem Leitband führteſt, gefallen,
Blick' in die Orionen empor, rings glänzen in ihnen,
Wo dein Blick auch nur ſpäht, der Unſchuldserden noch viele.
Wähle von ihnen dir, Jugendgeliebter, nach deinem Gefallen!
Die unten den Himmel verließ, hört jetzt ſie nicht ſeinen
Ernſteren Ruf, da den Erſtgeſchaffnen die liebende Allmacht
Sendet zu ihr, dann Schützer ihr ſein, iſt deiner nicht würdig!
Sieh, und die Unſchuldswelt, die aus den Sternen der Liebe,
Oder aus ſchöneren Urlichtsſonnen zur Hütung dir auswählſt,
Frühlingt auch ſie nicht mehr, als die erſte Liebe des Himmels,
Fruchtet vielleicht, als die höhere zweite, als ew'ge des Himmels.
Hängt dennoch an der Erde dein Herz, und kann ſie des Lichtreichs
Wiedergefundne nur werden im Tod, Schutzengel der Erde!
Ihre Hülle nur fällt, lang hat ſie geblüht, und verblichen
Höhere Sonnen in ihrer Geburt, kaum Reife des Anfangs,
Sanken ſie ſchon, und neigten ſich oft doch Sterne der Unſchuld
Schon in dem Erſtlingsſäuſeln, und Silbermonde mit ihnen,
Welche Weltenhimmel nur erſt, ſchon wieder dem Ende.
Neugeſchaffen nach ſchönerem Bild, in Liebesverklärung,
Steht ſie einſt auf, ein höheres Menſchengeſchlecht an dem Buſen,
Führeſt du ſie dann, im Geſange, um ihre Sonne, den Himmel.

Lange verſtummte der Hüter der Welt, dann ſprach er voll Wehmuth:
Tiefer ſchmerzt mich jener Gedank', o in dieſer geliebten
Blumigen Hülle, wie ſah ich in ihr ſo gern doch die Erde.
Wie umſchlang ich ſie immer in dieſer vertrauten Umhüllung,
Schöner war ſie doch mir, als die Lichtumwallung der Sonne …..
Wenn nun alle die Thäler und Höhn, die Eden nicht mehr ſind,
Wo ich vordem, umjauchzt von der Jugendliebe der Menſchheit,
Sie für den Himmel erzog, wo des Lichtreichs Söhne auf Erden,
Einſt mir am Herzen, den Himmel vergaßen, und ſichtbar den Schöpfer
Liebe, wie im Olimp, mit gleichem Lächeln auch hier war;
Blühn ſie nicht mehr, die Thäler und Höhn, wo göttliche Thaten
Meine Menſchen zum Jubelopfer dem Schöpfer einſt weihten,
Dieſe Gefild', hier lebt' ich mit ihnen, hier war mir der Himmel.
Sieh umher durch die Welt, die Höhn, die Tiefen, ſie alle
Sind voll Spuren der Herrlichkeit Gottes, dem Hüter der Erde
Rings Denkmale der Jugendſeligkeit, ſind nun alle
Untergegangen, wie könnt' ich jubelnd die Erde noch führen!
Jede ſchönere Umgeſtaltung, und würde die Erde
Himmel auch einſt, ich ſuchte die Jugenderden doch wieder.
Dort das kleine Gebirg, wo die Morgenröthe des Frühlings,
Mir als Roſe des Himmels, nun aufſproßt, dieſes Gebirge,
Wo du vordem mir, wie ich erſchaffen ward, liebend erzählteſt;
Jener Hügel, wo vormals ich ſah die Schöpfung des Menſchen,
Die ich gehütet in jeder Erſchütterung, und einſt in den Fluten;
Werther ſind ſie mir doch, als Paradieſ' in des Anfangs
Roſengeſtirn, als jedes Eliſium in der Natur mir!
Find' ich den heiligen Hügel nicht mehr, das Gebirg und das Thal nicht,

Wo als Ober-Hüter der Erd', Eloa der Hohe,
Von dem Verſöhner geſandt, mit mir einſt theilte das Leitband,
Mir das gefallene Schutzkind wieder erhob und zurückgab;
Find' ich die trautlichen Jugendhimmel der Erd' in der Heimkunft
Nie nicht mehr, dann iſt ſie ja nicht der Welt, die ich führte.
Dieſe liebt' ich, und jedes, auch höhere Menſchengeſchlecht iſt
Doch nicht das Menſchengeſchlecht, woran ich, wie ewig, gewohnt bin.

Sieh den Hüter der Welt, mehr auf der Erd', als im Himmel,
Hatt' er gelebt, ſo ward ihm die Erde zur trautlichſten Heimath,
Und in die Unſchuld, Seligkeit, Freundſchaft und Liebe der Erde
Immer gemiſcht, ſo iſt der Engel wie Menſch nun geworden.
Wie ich mein Schutzkind zu mir hinauf, ſo ſtimmt' ich zu ihm mich
Freundlich hinab, daß wir ganz Eins würden vor uns und dem Schöpfer.
Sinkt die Hülle der Welt hinweg, verläßt ſie die Menſchheit,
Find' ich das Menſchengeſchlecht nicht zurück in den Zügen der Menſchheit,
Reiner, erhöhter und lichter, und ſo die Hülle der Welt auch.
O wie kann ich die Welt, wie anderen Stern, dann noch hüten! …
Erde, dich nimmt mir der Todesengel vom Herzen hinweg nun! —

Trauernd ſprachs der Schützer der Erd'; und hin vor den Donnerer
Traten ſie jetzt; ſanft neigend ſein Haupt an Michaels Buſen,
Tönte ſein Schmerz, wie Wehmuthslied vom Grab des Geliebten,
So zum Donnerer auf, indeß vom leuchtenden Aug' ihm
Thränen entſtürzten, und hell ins gebrochene Lächeln der Wangen
Sinkend, wie Silberſterne im Abendhimmel, erglänzten.

Nimm's denn hin, mein Geliebteſter, nimm mir denn ab das Leitband! …
Dein iſt jetzo die Welt, ich war ihr Führer, … durch Liebe
Mit ihr vereint, durch ewige Leitung von ihrer Geburt an,
Mehr mit ihr als dem Himmel vertraut, wähnt' einſt ich ſie mein noch …
Alles hab' ich gethan, was ich für die Erde nur konnte;
Alle Hoffnungen laß ich in ihr, mit gebrochenem Willen
Geb' ich ſie dir, mit der Erd', in die Hand, die zu Tod ſich nur ausſtreckt!
Schutzkind, fahre denn hin, dich ſeh ich zum letztenmal izt!
O der bangſten Wehmuth für Alles einſt hoffenden Engel,
Ach, zu ſehn in den Händen des Todesengels ſein Schutzkind!
Fürchterlicher! wenn je du es ahneteſt, wie es der Schöpfer
Einſt geliebt hat, wenn du es ahneſt, daß auch das verhüllte
Allerheiligſte Liebe nur iſt; wie Michael, ahneſt,
Daß es das Herz des Schöpfers nur iſt, die Welt er dir hier gab;
O dann ſchone der Erde, du Fürchterlichſter des Todes!
Hebe ſie auf, durch Thaten, als thät' ſie der Engel der Liebe,
Hebe ſie auf, gieb dem ſie zurück, der ſie führte als Schutzgeiſt
Aber als Menſchen-Erde zurück, denn mich freut kein Geſtirn mehr,
Mich kein Menſchengeſchlecht, wenn dieß nicht wiederum mein wird!

Als er verſtummte, da wandt' er den Blick auf Michaels Hoheit.
Bitt' auch du für das Leben der Welt, ſo ſagte des Mildeſt
Trauerlächeln, der Liebeherrliche nahte des Donnerers
Majeſtät ſich heran, und alſo hob er die Stimme:

Erſter aller Geſchaffnen, Gebieter der Engelgeſchlechter!
Deiner Endigungsthat mit der Welt, ich weiß zu dir es,

Donatoa, ihr werden die Himmel einſt freudig erſtaunen.
Jedes am ſchlagenden Gottesherzen gewärmete Herz ſehnt
Gottesähnlich ſich immer doch nach der Seligkeit Aller;
Auf ſie blickſt auch du, doch, endend itzt mit der Erde,
Du am Allvaterherzen der nächſte, gedenke auch göttlich,
Daß die Bitte des Erdeſchützers wie Tauſender Bitt' iſt!
Jedes höhere Weſen umſchling' ich mit höherer Liebe,
Ob es im Lichtreich wandelt, in Engelhüll', in der Unſchuld
Sternen, als Menſch, als Dämon in den oberen Morgenröthen;
Aller freut ſich Allvater, zu Einem Ziele ſie führend!
Aber da nur in der Menſchenhülle der Hüter ſein Schutzkind
Lieber umarmt, dem trauteren Bild ſich traulicher anſchmiegt,
Donatoa, mit Ehrfurcht wag' ich die Bitte der Liebe,
Seinen Himmel auch ihm mit der Welt einſt wieder zu geben;
Macht, wie ſie keinem der Herrlichen ward, iſt dir angeſchaffen,
Deine Freiheit, vor allem Olimp, erhöht von dem Urgeiſt.

Während ſeine Verderben, die Wuth der Schreckniſſe um ſich,
Aber die Stirn voll düſtreren Ernſtes, ſein Auge voll Flammen,
Gab Donatoa mit leiſerer Wetterſtimme zur Antwort:

Selber wähle die Welt itzt zwiſchen Himmel und Hölle;
Wählt ſie die Höll', da, Schonung der Welt kennt dann nicht dies Rachſchwert,
Jede Spur der Herrlichkeit Gottes erlöſch' in der Erde;
Werde dann Weltgerichtsſpur, Gomorrhagrab, wo einſt Gott ſtand.
So zu verwandeln des Ewigen Spur, flehe dann mich der Himmel,
Mich hier wandeln, die Hölle; du bebſt? den Engel des Todes
Rufen höhere Pflichten, als dich, Erzengel! und kam ihm
Höhere Freiheit, ſein leiſeſtes Schwanken wird Sturz vom Olimp ihm!
Mitleid iſt Schwäche dem Todesengel, des Sternenzerſtörers
Herz hat ihm in der Engel Kindheit gewärmet, ſein Arm ihn
Oft am Höllen getragen, er hier ihm, zu jubeln, gelehret.
Sieh nun den Cherub, er will die Gerechtigkeit, Heiligkeit Aller.
Huldigt ihr nicht die Welt, ihr Schwert dann richte durch ihn ſie.
Frage nicht hier! ich rief ſchon oft dem Ende von Welten,
Oft ſchon dem Tode von Weſengeſchlechten, und, dem ich ſie ſtürzte,
Er, den der Hölle Verzweiflung nicht ausſpricht, freite mich höher!
Zweifl', Erzengel, nicht ihm! er richtet unſer Gericht einſt!
Siehe der flammenden Cherubim Herrſchaar, die aus den Höhn itzt
Niederſchwebt, dir könnt' ich aus ihr itzt trauernde zeigen,
Die, nach Geſtirn, nach Erde geſandt, aus unheiligem Mitleid
Zögerten einſt mit dem Untergang des Geſtirns und der Erde;
Könnte dir zeigen aus ihr, die einſt, unheiligen Mitleids,
Früher zu Untergang aufſtanden, als ihnen die Pflicht rief.
Von den Händen der Erdenhüter, und Schützer der Menſchen,
Fordert das Letztgericht Völker zurück, mit dumpferer Stimme
Fordert's Welten zurück von den Händen der Todesengel;
Fragt, von dampfenden Sonnen, auch ihn, mit eiſerner Stimme:
Warum riefſt du nicht hier: geh unter, Sonne, warum nicht
Früher dem Tod dort! geh für die Sonne, die Erde, nun unter!
Schreckenvoller noch wird, vom Grab des Todesolimps her,
Einſt, um des Todes der Mittler-Welt, mit mir rechten Jehovah.

Donatoa verſtummte, mit ſonnenſtraligem Blicke,
Wendete zum Welt-Schutzgeiſte ſich Michael, kann ich die Erde,
Sagte ſein Blick, kann dir ich ſie noch erhalten, ich werd' es.
Fordert die Liebe den Tod der Welt, zum Herzen des Mittlers
Heb' ich mich dann, und mit ihm zu der Lieb' Allvaters, ſie hört mich
Dann, und dir kommt, verjüngt, mit der reinen Menſchheit, die Erde
Wieder für ewig zurück, vertraue mir, Jugendgeliebter!

Und ermunternd der höheren Engelmacht, und voll Dank ihr
Blickend ins heitere Sonnenantlitz, ſtieg, wie des Aufgangs
Schöne, das Frühlingslächeln zurück in die Mienen des Schützers,
Und wie Regenbögen umglänzt' es ſein liebliches Auge.
Dann verſtreckt' er die Hand, annahm der Donnrer das Leitband.

Und aus dem Lächeln die Thränen nun trocknend, ſah er die Erd' an,
Und wie die jenſeits hoffende Lieb', ertönte ſein Abſchied!

Hör' itzt, Erde, den höheren Himmel, der Mächtige hilft dir,
Auf, ermanne dich, raffe die Lebenskräfte zuſammen,
Helfe dir nach, er führet dich zurück, zu dem Schooße der Gottheit!
Ihm am Herzen, verjüngt, in paradieſiſcher Jugend,
Sternenmenſchen-Geſchlecht am Mutterbuſen dir hangend,
Seh ich dann, mein Schutzkind, wieder, vom Arme des Schöpfers
Zu mir hinunterwallen, als junger Himmel, in allen
Freundlichen Zügen von mir doch wieder erkannt, als die Erde.
Jauchzen werd' ich dir dann, wie ich jetzt dir traurte, und um mich
Alle Jugend des Lichtreichs, alle die Hüter der Erden,
Wieder wie einſt, zur Seite des nun dich ſegnenden Schöpfers,
Werd' ich dein Menſchengeſchlecht, am Schöpferherzen umarmen,
Deines ewigen Lebens mich freun, und der Vater der Engel
Wird vollenden mit Schöpferliebe, und Himmel und Erde
Dann mit der Morgenröthe zuſammenbinden zum Kranz ſich.
Ja, ich ſehe dich wieder, o Welt, dann hinauf in das Lichtreich
Schwing ich zum Schöpfer mich itzt, Fürbitter dort dir zu werden!

Eine Thräne nur glänzte zur Erd', und, über dem Abend,
Strahlt er die Wolken hindurch, ihn nannten die Himmel Abend.

von Sonnenburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Joſeph Reichsfreiherr von Sonnenfels

wurde im Jahre 1733 zu Nikolsburg, einem mähriſchen Gränzſtädtchen, geboren. In ſeiner früheren Jugend war er ſich ziemlich überlaſſen, aber ſeine Anlagen erſetzten den Mangel fremder Unterweiſung. Mit dem 13ten Jahre vollendete er die Schulphiloſophie zu Wien und galt für einen vortrefflichen Logiker. Hierauf folgten drei Jahre, in denen er ſich ſehr wenig mit gelehrten Dingen beſchäftigte und faſt den ganzen Wuſt der frühzeitig eingenommenen Weisheit vergaß. Er ging unter das Militair, diente fünf Jahre zu Klagenfurt und wurde Unterofficier. Hier warf er ſich in müßigen Stunden auf allerlei Zweige der Wiſſenſchaft, lernte auf eben nicht ſyſtematiſchem Wege von Deſerteurs und Mädchen Franzöſiſch, Italieniſch und Böhmiſch; las, was ihm vorkam, und ſchrieb und dichtete im Geiſt ſeiner Lectüre. Er kam mit ſeinem Regiment nach Ungarn, dann nach Wien, nahm ſeinen Abſchied und begann jetzt, in jeder Hinſicht gereift, mit allem Eifer das Studium der Jurisprudenz, die er einſt ſelbſt zu lehren Neigung hatte. Zugleich ſtudirte er unter ſeinem Vater, der eigentlich als Berliner Jude geboren, ſpäter getauft war, hebräiſch und rabbiniſch, und wurde demſelben als Interpret derſelben Sprache bei der niederöſterreichiſchen Regierung adjungirt. Darauf bildete er ſeine juriſtiſchen Kenntniſſe in zweijährigem Dienſt bei dem oberſten Juſtizrath, Grafen Harrig, aus. Aus Patriotismus, um Oeſterreich auch in dieſem Puncte vor dem Urtheil des übrigen Deutſchland eine ehrenvollere Stellung zu verſchaffen, warf er ſich jetzt auf einmal, ſein Fachſtudium ganz vergeſſend, auf die Literatur. Die ſogenannte deutſche Geſellſchaft, von Herrn von Klegger geſtiftet, wählte ihn zu ihrem Mitgliede, doch befriedigte dies ſeine Wünſche nicht. Er hielt an mehreren Orten vergebens um einen Lehrſtuhl der Literatur an und ließ ſich faſt aus Verzweiflung als Rechnungsführer unter der ehemaligen Arcierengarde anſtellen. Aber dieſe Stellung machte ſein Glück, indem ſie ihm die Freundſchaft und Achtung einflußreicher Männer erwarb. Durch dieſe ward er als Lehrer der politiſchen Wiſſenſchaften an der Wiener Univerſität angeſtellt; 1763 begannen ſeine Vorleſungen, zugleich aber auch der Tadel der Neuerungsſucht gegen den trefflichen freimüthigen Mann. Er ließ ſich nicht irren und wirkte in verſchiedenen Fächern, Politik, Rechte, Polizei, Handlung, Finanzweſen, aber eben ſo für die wiſſenſchaftliche und äſthetiſche Behandlung der deutſchen Sprachkunde, der Poeſie und des Bücherweſens auf die trefflichſte, liebevollſte Art. Seine Feinde ruhten nicht eher, bis ſie ihn bei Maria Thereſia förmlich denuncirt hatten; doch durchſchaute dieſe das Lügengewebe und Sonnenfels ſtieg nur noch höher dadurch. Er wurde K. K. Rath. Im Jahre 1779 wurde er zum K. K. wirklichen Hofrath bei der geheimen böhmiſchen und öſterreichiſchen Hofkanzlei, wie auch zum Beiſitzer der K. K. Studiencommiſſion ernannt und 1797 in den Reichsfreiherrnſtand erhoben. So lebte er beſtändig in Wien, mannigfach verdienſtlich wirkend, als Doctor der Rechte, Commandeur des königlich dän. Danebrog- und Ritter des St. Stephansordens und Präſident der K. K. Akademie der vereinigten bildenden Künſte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 25. April 1817.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der Mann ohne Vorurtheil. Wien, 1765; neu 1775. 3 Thle.
Eleonora und Thereſia, Wochenſchrift. Wien, 1767; 2. Ausg. 1768.
Das weibliche Orakel, Wochenſchrift. Wien, 1767.
Briefe über die wieneriſche Schaubühne. Wien, 1768. 4 Thle.
Ueber die Liebe des Vaterlandes. Wien, 1771; neu 1785.
Ueber die Abſchaffung der Tortur. Zürich, 1775; neue Ausg. 1782.
Reden, polit. Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.
Geſammelte Schriften. Wien, 1783—86. 10 Bde.

Ueber v. S. Wirken als Schriftſteller urtheilt Küttner in ſeinen Characteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten S. 407 mit folgenden Worten: Keine Werke von großer Erfindungskraft und ſeltenen Originalſchönheiten, aber kleine, reichhaltige Schriften, voll Freimüthigkeit und edler, menſchenfreundlicher Geſinnungen hat Sonnenfels geliefert. Im eigentlichſten Verſtande iſt er ein Schriftſteller der Menſchheit und des gemeinen Lebens, der von allen ſeinen Arbeiten, die er mit ſo vieler Weltkenntniß und allgemeinem Wohlwollen vollendete, die erſprießlichſten Folgen erlebt hat. Er hat ſelbſt im peinlichen Rechte, in der Polizei und dem Finanzweſen, Verbeſſerungen geſehen und durchſetzen helfen, die die Glückſeligkeit unzähliger Geſchlechter vermehren. Er hat mit entſchloſſenem Muthe dem falſchen Geſchmacke auf der Bühne und in den Hörſälen ſich entgegengeſetzt und den guten einzuführen getrachtet. Er hat wahres Verdienſt um die Aufklärung und Aufmunterung des Künſtlers und um die verfeinerte Denkart vieler ſeiner Landsleute. In ſeinem Vortrage, den er bald in redneriſchen Schmuck, bald in geſellſchaftliche Proſa kleidete, findet man das Gedrungene und Glänzende mit Einfalt und Leichtigkeit, feinen Witz und lachende Satyre mit rührender oder ſtrafender Moral vereinigt. Unerſchrockenheit und feſte Stärke des Geiſtes, Einſicht, Erfahrung, ein lauterer Geſchmack und die thätigſte Vaterlandsliebe beſeelen Alles, was er ſchreibt und laſſen die kleinen Unebenheiten und Flecken des Styls, die ſeinem raſchen Auge vielleicht zu gering und kleinlich ſchienen, nur wenig bemerken.

Carl Gottlob Sonntag

wurde am 22. Auguſt 1765 zu Radeberg geboren, ſtudirte zu Schulpforte und Leipzig und ging darauf nach Riga, wo er 1788 Rector der Domſchule ward. 1789 wurde er als Rector an das Lyceum gewählt und mit dieſer Stelle das Diaconat an der Jacobikirche verbunden. 1791 ward er Paſtor, 1799 Aſſeſſor des Oberconſiſtoriums, 1803 Präſes und Generalſuperintendent daſelbſt. Er hatte die Titel eines Doctor der Philoſophie und Theologie und Ritter des St. Annenordens zweiter Claſſe, und ſtarb am 20. Juli 1827.

Er gab heraus:

Zwei Schulreden. Riga, 1789.
Einige Predigten. Riga, 1789.
Das ruſſiſche Reich. Riga, 1791—92. 2 Bde.
Ueber Menſchenleben, Chriſtenthum und Umgang, Predigten. Riga, 1794. 2 Thle.
Ein Wort zu ſeiner Zeit für Mütter und Töchter. Freiburg, 1798.
Riga's Umgebungen, Dünaſtrom und Jubiläum, Predigten. Riga, 1810.
Formulare, Reden und Anſichten bei Amtshandlungen. Riga, 1802. 7 Bde.; neu 1816. 2 Bde.
Von Gott, ſeinen Werken und ſeinem Willen. Riga, 1811.
Sittliche Anſichten der Welt und des Lebens, Vorleſungen. Riga, 1819—20. 2 Bde.

Ein trefflicher Kanzelredner und aſcetiſcher Schriftſteller, der die Gluth wahrer inniger Frömmigkeit mit Klarheit und edler, einfacher Darſtellung zu verbinden wußte.

Georg Ludwig Spalding,

des berühmten Vaters (J. J. Spalding, ſ. den folgenden Artikel) würdiger Sohn, wurde am 8. April 1762 zu Barth in Pommern geboren, und lebte ſeit 1787 als Doctor der Philoſophie und Profeſſor der alten Sprachen am berliniſch-cölniſchen Gymnaſium. Später wurde er auch Proctor und Secretair der hiſtoriſchen Klaſſe der Academie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin, woſelbſt er am 7. Juli 1811 geſtorben iſt.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Rede über den Werth des Gelehrten. Berlin, 1797.
Verſuch didactiſcher Gedichte. Berlin, 1804.
Ueber die deutſche Sprache. Berlin, 1807.
Die Wiederkehr des Königs, Ode in den Annalen der Academie. 1814—15.
(Vgl. Denkſchrift auf G. L. S. von Phil. Buttmann in den Abhandl. der Academie. 1814—15; S. 21—27.)

S. erwarb ſich als Philolog einen angeſehenen Namen, auch erfreuten ſich ſeine didactiſchen Gedichte zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens einer günſtigen Aufnahme, da er Inhalt wie Form mit Geiſt zu wählen und mit Geſchick zu behandeln wußte.

Johann Joachim Spalding,

dieſer ausgezeichnete Kanzelredner, ſegensreichen und ehrwürdigen Andenkens, ward am 1. November 1714 zu Triebſees in Pommern geboren. In ſeinem 15. Jahre kam er auf die Schule nach Stralſund, 1731 auf die Univerſität Roſtock, um daſelbſt Theologie zu ſtudiren. 1734 ging er nach Greifswalde, wo er die Vortheile einer Erzieherſtelle mit denen des akademiſchen Lebens verband. Hier zuerſt lernte er freiere Anſichten über Theologie und Philoſophie kennen. Bis zum Jahre 1749, in welchem er das Predigtamt zu Laſſahn in Schwediſch-Pommern antrat, lebte er, bald bei ſeinem Vater, um dieſen in ſeinen Amtsgeſchäften zu unterſtützen, fleißig predigend, bald als Erzieher oder Studienleiter junger Adligen, immer mit dem Edelſten in unermüdlicher Thätigkeit beſchäftigt. Er las, was ihm immer aus der theologiſch-philoſophiſchen Literatur ſich darbot; ſchrieb Abhandlungen zum Theil unvergänglichen Werthes, las mit großer Freude Shaftesbury's Moral und ließ 1748 ſein Werk über die Beſtimmung des Menſchen drucken. Eine merkwürdige Epiſode ſeines Lebens bildeten die Jahre 1745 und 46, in denen er, als Sekretär des ſchwediſchen Geſandten von Rudenſkiold, unter den angenehmſten Verhältniſſen und den erwünſchteſten Anregungen zur Arbeit zu Berlin lebte. Seine Stellung ließ ihm hinreichende Zeit, um eines Gleims, Kleiſt und Sack Freundſchaft ganz zu genießen und wohl zu nützen. Dennoch ſehnte er ſich nach einer Pfarre und nahm deshalb jene nicht bedeutende Stelle an. 1757 wurde er nach Barth, einer Stadt derſelben Provinz, als erſter Prediger und Präpoſitus der dahin gehörigen Synode berufen. Hier ging ihm alles Glück des geiſtlichen Standes auf, doch zugleich traf ihn der Schlag, ſeine geliebte junge Gattin (1762) zu verlieren. Wie ein Himmelstroſt kamen ihm im darauf folgenden Frühling in ſein verödetes Haus die drei geiſtvollen chriſtlichen Schweizerjünglinge Lavater, Heß und Füßli, denen Sulzer keine ſchönere Weihe für ihren Beruf hatte empfehlen können, als die Nähe und Bekanntſchaft ſeines frommen Freundes. Im Jahre 1764 wurde S. unterdeſſen ſchon literariſch berühmt geworden, als königl. preuß. Oberconſiſtorialrath, Probſt und erſter Prediger an die Nicolaikirche zu Berlin berufen und entwickelte — auch im Schulfach und zu Gunſten der akademiſchen Verhältniſſe — mannigfaltige Thätigkeit. Es iſt ein Zeichen ſeiner Zeit, daß er für gut fand, ein neues Collegium, auch für nicht Theologie Studirende, über die Wahrheit der Religion einzuführen. Er ſah, von vielen Freunden umgeben, an der Seite bedeutender Theologen, zu denen ſeit 1768 auch Teller gehörte, unter der Pflege ſeiner dritten theuern Gattin ein ſchönes Alter herannahen, als Friedrich des Zweiten Tod ihm ſchwache Hoffnungen für die Sache des Glaubens, bald aber große Beſorgniß für die Zukunft brachte. Die Religion hatte er ſtets als die erſte Angelegenheit der Menſchheit gepredigt und gelehrt verfochten, aber das Religionsedict verſetzte ihn in Schrecken und Feuer. 1788 legte er deshalb ſeine Probſtſtelle nieder. 1797 überbrachte ihm Niemeyer von Halle den theologiſchen Doctortitel. Allmählig nahm ſeine rüſtige Geſundheit ab, und am 26. Mai 1804 entſchlief er in ſeinem neunzigſten Lebensjahre.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Beſtimmung des Menſchen. Greifswald, 1748; 13. Ausg. Leipzig, 1794.
Gedanken über den Werth der Gefühle im Chriſtenthume. Leipzig, 1761; 5. Ausg. 1784.
Lieder für den öffentlichen Gottesdienſt. Berlin, 1765.
Predigten. Berlin, 1765; 3. Aufl. 1775.
Neue Predigten. Berlin, 1768; 3. Ausg. 1777. 84. 2 Thle.
Ueber die Nutzbarkeit des Predigtamts. Berlin, 1772; 3. Aufl. 1791.
Vertraute Briefe die Religion betreffend. Berlin, 1784; 4. Ausg. 1788.
Die Religion, eine Angelegenheit des Menſchen. Leipzig, 1797; 2. Ausg. 1798.
Selbſtbiographie, herausg. von G. L. Spalding. 1804.
Viele einzelne Predigten, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w., Ueberſetzungen u. ſ. w.

Ueber S. urtheilt Pölitz in ſeinem practiſchen Handbuche zur Lectüre der deutſchen Claſſiker Thl. I. S. 303 ſehr treffend: Spalding gehörte nicht nur zu den denkenden und aufgeklärten Theologen der Nation, ſondern auch zu ihren vorzüglichſten Schriftſtellern. Um die practiſche Philoſophie und um die fruchtbare Darſtellung der Religionslehre hat er entſchiedene Verdienſte. Seine Wärme für die gute Sache, Deutlichkeit der Begriffe, völlige Correctheit des Ausdrucks, der nur ſelten durch eine etwas veraltete Form daran erinnert, daß Spalding eigentlich in dem Zeitalter ſeinen Styl bildete, wo die deutſche Sprache ihre höhere Reife erſt zu erhalten anfing, und ſo viel Leben in der Darſtellung als nöthig iſt, um dieſelbe dem Gefühle naher zu bringen, bezeichnen ſeine Producte.

Predigt über das Glück des häuslichen Lebens.

Gnade und Friede von Gott unſerm Vater und unſerm Herrn Jeſu Chriſto ſei mit uns allen. Amen.

Meine chriſtliche Zuhörer! Eine gewiſſenhafte Frömmigkeit wird ohne Zweifel auch dadurch überaus ſchätzbar und liebenswürdig, daß ſie in den beſondern Umſtänden dieſes zeitlichen Lebens ſelbſt ihre glückſeligen Wirkungen ausbreitet. Es iſt kaum zu begreifen, woher bei einer ſo großen Menge von Menſchen, die doch die Gottesfurcht nach ihrer wahren Beſchaffenheit beſſer kennen ſollten, der Wahn hat entſtehen können, daß dieſelbe das Glück und Vergnügen auf Erden ſchlechterdings ſtöre, und alſo nicht anders, als wie eine beſchwerliche widrige Laſt, anzuſehen ſei, die wir nur aus Noth und Zwang tragen müſſen. Wenn das der ganz irdiſch geſinnte und thieriſche Menſch ſagt, der ſich dazu geboren glaubt, bloß den nächſten ſinnlichen Trieben ſeiner Natur nachzugeben, und ſeine ganze Luſt lediglich auf eine leibliche Weiſe zu ſuchen; wenn dem dabei eine Lehre im Wege iſt, die ihm, zur Erlangung beſſerer Freuden, eine Beherrſchung und Einſchränkung ſeiner Begierden, als nothwendig, vorſchreibt; ſo iſt es freilich kein Wunder, daß ein ſolcher dieſe Anweiſung eben ſo gut für eine unerträgliche Tyrannei hält, als ein ausſchweifendes verwildertes Kind die heilſamſte Zucht eines weiſen und liebreichen Vaters gleichfalls für Tyrannei zu halten pflegt. Aber wer noch dafür angeſehen ſein will, daß er etwas höhere Ausſichten habe, daß er ſeinen Leib nicht für ſeinen ganzen Menſchen halte, daß er noch andere Arten von Vergnügen kenne und glaube, als die er mit den Thieren gemein hat, für den iſt allemal ſehr unrühmlich, wenn er ſich über die Störungen eines vergnügten und glücklichen Lebens, welche die Gottſeligkeit ihm verurſachen ſolle, beſchweren will. Sobald der Hauptzweck des Menſchen, und das, worin ſeine wirkliche und ganze Glückſeligkeit beſtehet, einmal feſtgeſetzt und entſchieden iſt; ſo wird man finden, daß alle wahrhaftig unſchädliche Annehmlichkeiten auch keinesweges von dem Chriſtenthum unterſagt und gehindert, ſondern vielmehr nur erhöht, nur wirklich einnehmender und reizender gemacht werden. Der Ausſpruch des Apoſtels, daß die Gottſeligkeit zu allen Dingen nütze ſei, und die Verheißung dieſes ſowohl als des zukünftigen Lebens habe, iſt ſo wahr, und wird durch ſo mannichfaltige Erfahrungen beſtätigt, daß es immer nur einen Mangel von genugſamer Kenntniß und Ueberlegung verräth, wenn man über vermeinte Beſchwerungen der Religion klagt, und darüber die unläugbaren Vortheile und Befriedigungen vergißt, die uns von ihr ſchon in dieſer Zeit der Wanderſchaft ſo häufig zu Theil werden. Ein Zuſtand des Lebens darf an ſich nur der Natur, der Ordnung und dem wahren Nutzen gemäß ſein, ſo wird die Furcht und Liebe gegen Gott uns allemal zu einem ſo viel erfreulichern Genuſſe dieſes Zuſtandes verhelfen. Dieß gilt in allen Fällen: und eben auch die erſteren Verbindungen des geſellſchaftlichen Lebens, welche den

Grund und den Anfang von den übrigen ausmachen, das, was man häuslichen Stand und Familie nennet, das wird in Anſehung des wahren Glücks und Vergnügens ausnehmend viel gewinnen, wenn Gewiſſen und Chriſtenthum dabei die Gemüther regiert. Ich werde aus dem heutigen evangeliſchen Text Anlaß nehmen, dieſe Sache in ein mehreres Licht zu ſetzen, und wir wollen Gott dazu um ſeinen Segen in einem gläubigen Gebet anrufen ꝛc.

Text: Joh. II. 1—11.

Und am dritten Tage ward eine Hochzeit zu Cana in Galiläa, und die Mutter Jeſu war da. Jeſus aber und ſeine Jünger wurden auch auf die Hochzeit geladen. Und da es am Wein gebrach, ſpricht die Mutter Jeſu zu ihm: Sie haben nicht Wein. Jeſus ſpricht zu ihr: Weib, was habe ich mit dir zu ſchaffen? Meine Stunde iſt noch nicht kommen. Seine Mutter ſpricht zu den Dienern: Was er euch ſaget, das thut. Es waren aber allda ſechs ſteinerne Waſſerkrüge geſetzt, nach der Weiſe der jüdiſchen Reinigung, und gingen je in einen zwei oder drei Maaß. Jeſus ſpricht zu ihnen: Füllet die Waſſerkrüge mit Waſſer. Und ſie fülleten ſie bis oben an. Und er ſpricht zu ihnen: Schöpfet nun, und bringet es dem Speiſemeiſter. Und ſie brachten es. Als aber der Speiſemeiſter koſtete den Wein, der Waſſer geweſen war, und wußte nicht, von wannen er kam, (die Diener aber wußten es, die das Waſſer geſchöpfet hatten), rufet der Speiſemeiſter den Bräutigam, und ſpricht zu ihm: Jedermann giebt zum erſten guten Wein, und wenn ſie trunken worden ſind, alsdann den geringern; du haſt den guten Wein bisher behalten. Das iſt das erſte Zeichen, das Jeſus that, geſchehen zu Cana in Galiläa, und offenbarete ſeine Herrlichkeit. Und ſeine Jünger glaubten an ihn.

In dieſer Erzählung wird einer Hochzeit, als des Anfangs des häuslichen Lebens, erwähnt; und es finden ſich auch noch andere Umſtände angezeigt, die dieſer Betrachtung zu ſtatten kommen. Ich will alſo das, als eine Anleitung, gebrauchen, unter dem Beiſtande Gottes,

Von dem Glück des häuslichen Lebens zu handeln.
Es giebt ein wahres und wichtiges Glück in dem häuslichen Leben,
Und in der Gottſeligkeit liegen vorzügliche Mittel, ſich dieſes Glück zu verſchaffen.

Das ſind die beiden Stücke, die hiebei näher zu erwägen ſein werden.

Es wäre eine ſehr ungegründete Bedenklichkeit, wenn wir glauben wollten, daß Vorſtellungen von dieſer Art, welche ſich auf ſo beſondere Umſtände und Pflichten beziehen, für die Würde eines öffentlichen chriſtlichen Unterrichts zu klein und zu unerheblich wären. Ich bin vielmehr verſichert, daß die Wirkungen des Chriſtenthums und der Lehren von der Gottſeligkeit ſo viel ausgebreiteter und merklicher ſein würden, wenn unſere Chriſten zum Theil mehr lernten, die allgemeinen Unterweiſungen und Ermahnungen eigentlicher auf die beſonderen Fälle und Verhältniſſe, in welchen ſie ſich befinden, anzuwenden. Die ganze Religion gehet einmal dahin, den Menſchen in der Rechtſchaffenheit zufrieden und glücklich zu machen, und je klärer ſich dieſe heilſame und wünſchenswürdige Frucht davon auch in Abſicht auf die beſonderen Umſtände in der Welt zeigen läſſet, deſto ſtärker muß uns der Werth der Gottſeligkeit einleuchten. Vornehmlich macht auch das häusliche Leben einen ſo beträchtlichen Theil der Ordnung Gottes in der Natur aus, und es kömmt eben darauf ſo viel von des Menſchen Glückſeligkeit und Elend an, daß uns die Vortheile deſſelben von dieſer Seite ſo viel wichtiger ſein müſſen. Darauf gehet der Zweck unſers erſten Theils.

Jeſus, unſer Herr, war bei dem Anfange einer Ehe mit Wohlgefallen gegenwärtig, und beſtätigte alſo mit ſeinem Beifall dieſe Art der Verbindung, auf welche ſich größtentheils alle übrige geſellſchaftliche Verbindungen gründen. Wir finden auch ſonſt in ſeinen Reden ſo manche Aeußerungen, aus welchen genugſam erhellet, wie heilig und werth er alle dieſe Bande unter den Menſchen will gehalten wiſſen. So lange auch die Natur noch nicht durch wilde Grundſätze und unwürdige Nachahmungen verderbet worden, ſo lange wird es immer ihrer urſprünglichen und innerſten Einrichtung gemäß befunden werden, dergleichen genaue Gemeinſchaft zu unterhalten, und darin ein vorzügliches Vergnügen zu finden. Es iſt einmal wahr, daß freundſchaftliche und liebreiche Zuneigungen überhaupt die menſchliche Natur erfreuen, und daß eigentlich nur diejenigen Empfindungen der Seele angenehm ſind, die aus dieſer Quelle entſpringen. Dies leitet alſo allerdings den Menſchen dahin, ſeine Geſinnungen der Gütigkeit und des Wohlwollens ſo weit auszubreiten, und ſein Gemüth mit ſo vieler Lebhaftigkeit dazu zu gewöhnen, als es ihm möglich iſt. Allein außer dieſer allgemeinen Zuneigung und Menſchenliebe giebt es doch noch genauere Arten von Freundſchaft und Theilnehmung, die aus nähern Vereinigungen entſtehen, die etwas, das uns beſonders angehöret, zum Gegenſtande haben, und die eben deswegen unſer Herz mit weit ſtärkern und einnehmendern Empfindungen erfüllen. So bringet es die ordentliche menſchliche Natur mit ſich. Was aber Gewohnheit, Vorurtheil, Nachhängung regelloſer Triebe und ein gewiſſer Geiſt der Ungebundenheit, der, mit frecher Losreißung von aller Ordnung, nur immer ein gegenwärtiges Vergnügen ſuchet, was das in dieſen urſprünglichen guten Verfaſſungen der Natur für Aenderungen und Verderbungen zuwege bringen kann, das iſt freilich eine ganz andere Frage; und davon giebt die Erfahrung Zeugniſſe genug. Die beſten Anlagen und Einrichtungen der Seele, die von dem Schöpfer ſelbſt herrühren, können durch dergleichen fremde Urſachen ſo zerrüttet werden, daß darüber aller Geſchmack an regelmäßigen und ordentlichen Vergnügungen durchaus verloren gehet. Indeſſen muß ein jedes unverdorbenes Herz ſchon von ſelbſt finden, wie viel diejenigen Zuneigungen an Lebhaftigkeit und reiner unſchuldiger Beruhigung voraus haben, die ſich auf ſolche genaue und feſte Bande gründen, die ſich auf ſolche beſondere Angehörige, auf Perſonen, welche gewiſſermaßen etwas eigenthümliches von uns ſind, beziehen; und daß in den Namen von Ehegatten, von Aeltern und Kindern, von Familien und Anverwandten etwas überaus rührendes und angenehmes lieget, welches nur diejenigen nicht mehr zu empfinden wiſſen, die, durch Unordnung und Zerſtreuung, von der wahren und guten Natur bereits gänzlich abgekommen ſind.

Und geſetzt, daß ſo manche Menſchen das natürliche Gefühl dieſer Annehmlichkeit ſchon verloren haben, ſo würden ihnen doch, bei ein wenig Ueberlegung, dieſe genauen Verbindungen, auf welchen ſich das Glück des äußerlichen Lebens gründet, ſehr ſchätzbar und wünſchenswürdig werden müſſen, wenn ſie bedenken wollten, wie viel das allgemeine Beſte der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft dabei gewinnet, und wie dies letztere gar nicht beſtehen kann, wenn nicht durch die ordentlichen Bande der Familien der Grund dazu geleget wird. Da, wo keine Ehen heilig ſind, wo Aeltern und Kinder ſich nicht kennen, noch auf eine beſtimmte vertrauliche Art ſich angehören, wo Niemand gleichſam an den andern gebunden iſt, da wird, außer der gehinderten Ausbreitung des menſchlichen Geſchlechts, die Fürſorge, die Erziehung, der theilnehmende Beiſtand nothwendig aufhören müſſen, ohne welche doch ſchlechterdings weder die Menſchen für ſich zu dem Genuß eines glücklichen Lebens geleitet, noch zu dem gemeinen Beſten nutzbar werden können. Derjenige, der aus ſolchen ungebundenen Geſinnungen niemand eigenes hat, deſſen er ſich annimmt, der wird ſich noch ſo viel weniger anderer annehmen, die ihm gar nicht angehören; und das giebt dann eine ſolche allgemeine Trennung der Gemüther von einander, daß ein jeder bloß für ſich lebt, bloß auf ſeine eigenen perſönlichen Vortheile und Vergnügungen bedacht iſt, und das ganze übrige menſchliche Geſchlecht als ſo etwas fremdes anſiehet, um deſſen Wohl oder Weh er ſich gar nicht zu bekümmern habe. Man muß, däucht mir, überall nichts ſehen können, wenn man das nicht ſiehet, daß es eine wirkliche und offenbare Abſicht Gottes in der Natur iſt, durch die erſten urſprünglichen Vereinigungen, welche das häusliche Leben ausmachen, durch das Band zwiſchen Ehegatten, zwiſchen Aeltern und Kindern, zwiſchen Angehörigen und Familien, die Menſchen gleichſam näher zuſammen zu halten, und ſie zu einer gemeinſchaftlichen Fürſorge und Theilnehmung unter einander ſo viel geneigter und geſchäftiger zu machen. Darum wird uns auch in der heiligen Schrift der Herr ſelbſt, als der Stifter dieſer Verbindungen, vorgeſtellet; und eben darum hat er auch den Menſchen durch die Natur dieſe Empfindungen von Zärtlichkeit und Zuneigung in das Herz gelegt, damit das, was zu dem allgemeinen Vortheil ſo nothwendig iſt, auch das eigene beſondere Glück und Vergnügen eines jeden werden möge.

Eine Seele alſo, die noch das Gefühl der Regelmäßigkeit und des ruhigen Vergnügens bei ſich erhalten hat, muß das nothwendig für einen ſehr glücklichen Zuſtand des Lebens halten, wenn in einem Hauſe, in einer Familie, bei Ordnung, Fleiß und Unſchuld, ein ſtiller, vertraulicher und liebreicher Umgang herrſchet, wenn diejenigen, die darin zuſammen gehören, ſich ſelbſt einander das Leben verſüßen, wenn einer an dem andern Urſache zur Werthſchätzung, zur Freude findet, wenn ſie bei dem Wohlgefallen und bei der Zufriedenheit, ſo ſie ſich unter einander verſchaffen, und wodurch das Herz am angenehmſten gerühret wird, nicht nöthig haben, außerhalb und in rauſchenden Zerſtreuungen ihre Aufmunterung zu ſuchen. Hier iſt in Anſehung des wahren Vergnügens die genaueſte Uebereinſtimmung zwiſchen der Natur und Vernunft; und wenn wir auch mehr auf das Beſondere gehen, ſo hat das Glück des häuslichen Lebens in mehr als einer Abſicht ſo viel vorzügliches an ſich, daß der Mangel deſſelben durch keine Art von weitläuftigern und ſchwärmendern Luſtbarkeiten jemals erſetzet werden kann.

Die ruhigen ſanften Freuden einer Familie, die ſich unter einander gefällt und glücklich findet, ſind darum ſchon ſo viel mehr werth, weil man ſie näher in ſeiner Macht hat, weil man ſie ſicherer und ununterbrochener genießen kann, als die andern weit geſuchten Fröhlichkeiten, die auf ſo mancherlei

Art von zufälligen fremden Umſtänden abhangen, und deren man ſo oft wider ſeinen Willen entbehren muß, weil man ſie nicht immer nach ſeiner Willkür ſchaffen und erzwingen kann. Derjenige, der nur dann ſein Leben vergnügt und glücklich hält, wenn er an üppigen und prächtigen Ergötzungen Theil nimmt, der immer eine Menge von Menſchen, Koſten, Anſtalten und Zurüſtungen bedarf, um etwa einmal einige angenehme Stunden zu haben, der wird nur gar zu oft dem Verdruſſe unterworfen ſein, daß es ihm daran fehlet; und je mehr er dann ſein Gemüth dazu gewöhnet hat, daß er ohne das nicht leben kann, deſto ſchmerzhafter wird ihm eine ſolche gezwungene Entbehrung werden. Hergegen wer da gelernet hat, in der Eingezogenheit vergnügt zu ſein, und ſich durch eine nützliche Beſchäftigkeit, oder durch den vertraulichen und zärtlichen Umgang mit denen, die ihm angehören und die er liebet, zu ermuntern, der braucht dieſe ſeine Aufmunterung nicht weit zu ſuchen; denn bieten ſich die Erquickungen des Lebens gleichſam in der Nähe und von ſelbſt dar; und unterdeſſen, daß jener mit mühſamer Aengſtlichkeit nach Fröhlichkeiten jaget und haſchet, die ihm doch ſo oft entwiſchen, ſo wohnet dieſer dagegen gleichſam unmittelbar an der Quelle der Zufriedenheit, die ihm durch dergleichen äußerliche Zufälligkeiten ſo leicht nicht verſchloſſen werden kann. Ich will damit freilich nicht ſagen, daß ein ſolches Glück des häuslichen eingezogenen Lebens gar keinen Unfällen und Widerwärtigkeiten unterworfen ſei. Dafür iſt in dieſer ungewiſſen Welt kein Zuſtand jemal völlig geſichert. Die angehenden Eheleute in unſerm Texte mußten ſchon gleich anfangs einen Mangel erfahren, der ſie ohne Zweifel nicht wenig kränkte. Und die Urſachen ſind überhaupt zu mannichfaltig, die auf eine oder die andere Weiſe die heitere Ruhe bewölken und die Zufriedenheit ſtören können. Aber indem die bitterſten Zufälle von ſolcher Art den Menſchen bei einer Lebensart ſowohl treffen können, als bei der andern, ſo wird doch gewiß die gemeinſchaftliche liebreiche Verbindung in einem eingezogenen Leben dergleichen Bitterkeiten weit mehr erleichtern und überwinden helfen, als da, wo man der Unterſtützung eines ſolchen vertraulichen und theilnehmenden Umganges entbehren muß. Auch in dieſer Abſicht ſind die Betrachtungen ſehr wahr, die Salomo äußert, und die er mit dem [illegible] beſchließet: Wehe dem, der allein iſt; wenn er fällt, ſo iſt kein anderer da, der ihm aufhelfe.

Hiernächſt hat das Glück eines zufriedenen häuslichen Lebens auch deswegen ſehr viel voraus, weil es von ſo manchen ſehr unangenehmen und ſchädlichen Folgen frei iſt, die gemeiniglich aus einer gar zu zerſtreuten Lebensart zu entſpringen pflegen. Der Verluſt von Zeit, Geſundheit und Vermögen, ein ſehr gewöhnlicher und oft ſehr weit gehender Verluſt, ſollte wohl einen jeden der Aufmerkſamkeit würdig dünken. Aber der Schaden betrifft auch vielfältig die weſentliche Glückſeligkeit der Gemüther ſelbſt. Diejenigen, die kein Vergnügen in ihrem Hauſe zu finden wiſſen, die werden ſich auch gerne ſo weit, als es ihnen möglich iſt, von dem Geſchäfte der Erziehung ihrer Kinder entfernen, einem Geſchäfte, welches, nach dem Urtheil einer jeden überlegenden Vernunft, ſchlechterdings unter die wichtigſten und angelegentlichſten gehöret. Man kann ſo oft ſchon den ganzen elenden Erfolg eines ſolchen Verfahrens und die unglückliche Geſchichte dieſer Verwahrloſeten voraus ſehen, davon die Erfahrung ſo häufig und ſo traurige Proben giebt. Hergegen iſt es unter die größten und edelſten Vergnügungen des Lebens zu rechnen, mit Sorgfalt an der Bildung des Verſtandes und des Herzens der Seinigen zu arbeiten, und den guten Fortgang davon vor Augen zu haben. Hierzu aber ſetze man noch insbeſondere die beſſere Sicherheit des eingezogenen Lebens vor den herrſchenden Verderbniſſen, die leichtere Sammlung und Erhebung des Gemüths zu Gott, die bequemere Sorge für die große Angelegenheit der Seele, die öftern und ungehinderteren Gelegenheiten, das zu denken, was der vernünftige und unſterbliche Geiſt eines Menſchen am meiſten denken ſollte; und man betrachte im Gegentheil, wie leicht die übermäßigen Zerſtreuungen in der Welt das Gefühl der Religion verdunkeln und unterdrücken, das Gewiſſen verletzen, das Herz mit den ſchädlichſten Grundſätzen, die man überall um ſich antrifft, und die ſich ſelbſt hernach ſchwer genug beſtreiten, anſtecken und vergiften, ſo wird ſich auch daraus urtheilen laſſen, daß der am glücklichſten lebt, der das Gewühl von ausgelaſſenen Beluſtigungen entbehren, und näher bei ſich ſelbſt Zufriedenheit finden kann.

Ich glaube, man dürfte nur die Abbildung von beiderlei Lebensarten lebhaft und vollſtändig genug gegen einander ſtellen, ſo würde daraus unſtreitig der Vorzug der einen vor der andern ſehr deutlich hervorleuchten. Es iſt nicht meine Sache, hier eigentlich zu beſtimmen, wie weit bisweilen Umſtände und Pflichten es erlaubt machen können, ſich dieſer häuslichen Eingezogenheit mehr zu entziehen, oder an weitläuftigerm Umgange oder glänzenden Ergötzungen Theil zu nehmen. Die Entſcheidung darüber muß, in den beſondern Fällen, einem jeden eigenen Gewiſſen überlaſſen werden; und wenn dieß ehrlich iſt, ſo wird es ſchon allemal richtig entſcheiden. Da aber hier die Rede nur von demjenigen iſt, was aus eigener Wahl geſucht wird, was man für ſeine Glückſeligkeit, für ſein unentbehrliches Vergnügen anſiehet; ſo ſcheinet es mir in der Abſicht unglaublich zu ſein, daß dann irgend ein Gemüth in dergleichen Zerſtreuungen eine wirkliche Befriedigung antreffen könne. Wo bei den menſchlichen Empfindungen nichts ruhiges, nichts feſtes und beſtimmtes iſt, da kann auch nimmermehr etwas wahrhaftig vergnügendes ſein. Eine Seele, die ohne Ende auf tauſend verſchiedene Gegenſtände herumflattert, die beſtändig gleichſam außer ſich, und auf unzählige Art getheilt iſt, die wird ſich, mitten im Getümmel und Geräuſch, dennoch in einer beſtändigen Leere finden, eben weil ihr die ruhige Sammlung und die gehörige Richtung der Neigungen fehlet, die dem Herzen eigentlich Genüge thut. Wenn ich mir aber an deſſen Statt ein Haus vorſtelle, ſollte es auch nur die niedrigſte Hütte ſein, wo eine ſolche eingezogene Glückſeligkeit und Zufriedenheit wohnet, wo die Ehegatten in aufrichtiger Eintracht und Liebe ſich das Leben ſo leicht zu machen ſuchen, als ſie nur können, wo Aeltern und Kinder, an einer Seite liebreiche zärtliche Fürſorge, und an der andern willigen dankbaren Gehorſam gegen einander beweiſen, wo auch andere nahe Verbundene, die zuſammen gehören, in Vertraulichkeit und Freundſchaft ihre Herzen gleichſam mit einander theilen, wo überhaupt ein jedes Gemüth von redlichem Wohlwollen und unverſtellter Gefälligkeit gegen den andern erfüllet iſt, wenn ich mir eine ſolche Familie vorſtelle; ſo dünkt mir das der erfreulichſte und glücklichſte Zuſtand zu ſein, den die Welt geben kann; und eine jede Beſtrebung, die darauf mit Ernſt gewendet wird, belohnet ſich ſelbſt überſchwenglich durch das unſchätzbare heitere Vergnügen, welches damit verknüpft iſt. David macht davon in ſeinem hundert und acht und zwanzigſten Pſalm ein Gemälde, deſſen Wahrheit und Annehmlichkeit ein jedes Herz rühren wird, dem die reinen und unſchuldigen Empfindungen der Natur noch nicht durch eingewurzelte Unordnungen fremd und verächtlich geworden ſind. Ich möchte daraus einem Jeden, der ſich in ſolcher Verfaſſung befindet, den Glückwunſch zurufen: Wohl dir! du haſt es gut.

Ein ſolches Glück iſt wohl werth, daß es durch die gehörigen Mittel geſucht werde; und dieſe Mittel liegen vorzüglich in einer wahrhaftig gottſeligen Geſinnung. Das habe ich nun noch in dem andern Theile mit Wenigem zu zeigen. Ich will mich alſo hier keinesweges in die Regeln einlaſſen, welche die irdiſche Klugheit und Weltkenntniß in dieſer Abſicht an die Hand geben kann. Ich bin freilich weit davon entfernet, dieſelben, als unrechtmäßig und unnütz, zu verwerfen; allein das iſt doch auch, nach einer genauen Unterſuchung, unwiderſprechlich, daß nicht allein durch alle Klugheitsregeln, die mit dem Gewiſſen nicht beſtehen können, weit mehr verloren, als gewonnen wird; ſondern daß auch, in Fällen von dieſer Art, die bloße Rechtſchaffenheit des Herzens und des Verhaltens allein ſchon das allermeiſte zur Erlangung des gewünſchten Zwecks ausrichtet. Man wird es in ſo manchen Angelegenheiten durch die Erfahrung ſelbſt beſtätiget finden, daß der göttliche Ausſpruch: Die Furcht des Herrn, das iſt Weisheit, und meiden das Böſe, das iſt Verſtand, auch in Anſehung der wahren Vortheile des Lebens, eine weit ausgebreitetere Bedeutung hat, als man ſich insgemein einbildet. Wenn einmal ein ruhiges und zufriedenes Leben mit Recht ein glückliches Leben heißen kann, ſo braucht man dazu ganz gewiß viel weniger Verſchlagenheit, als nur gerade Gottesfurcht und Beobachtung des Gewiſſens. Anſtatt daß jene erſtere uns oft in Netze und Schlingen verwickelt, und in ſolche krumme Wege hinein leitet, wo wir gar nicht wieder heraus zu finden wiſſen, ſo haben wir unter der Führung der Gottſeligkeit nur eine einzige richtige Bahn vor uns, die uns nicht irren läſſet; und indem wir ein für allemal uns das Geſetz machen, das zu thun, was wir vor Gott, als recht, erkennen, ſo gehen wir dabei am allerſicherſten zu unſerm Zweck, nämlich ein ruhiges und zufriedenes Herz zu haben.

Darauf kommt es alſo auch hauptſächlich an, wenn einem Menſchen ſein häusliches Leben vergnügt und glücklich ſein ſoll. Diejenige Familie, die nach der Erzählung unſers Textes, bei Gelegenheit einer Hochzeit beiſammen war, hat alle Vermuthung vor ſich, daß ſie der Tugend und Rechtſchaffenheit ergeben geweſen, weil Jeſus, unſer Herr, ſich darunter befand, und, aller Wahrſcheinlichkeit nach, zu der Verwandtſchaft derſelben gehörete. Dabei genoß ſie auch den Vortheil, daß dem Mangel von ihm abgeholfen ward, der ſonſt zu ihrem Schmerz und zu ihrer Beſchämung würde gereichet haben. Wir wollen dieß, als ein Bild, gebrauchen, wie die Bewahrung eines guten Gewiſſens ſehr gerade zu dem ruhigen Glück und Vergnügen führet, welches in dem häuslichen Leben ſo viel werth iſt. Eine Seele muß nothwendig bei ſich ſelbſt in der ruhigen Ord nung ſein, wenn ſie an einer ſolchen ſtillen einheimiſchen Zufriedenheit Luſt finden ſoll. Denn da iſt uns ohne Zweifel der Anblick unſerer ſelbſt und unſerer innerlichen Beſchaffenheit ſo viel näher; da wird der Umgang mit unſerem eigenen Herzen eher veranlaſſet; da werden wir immer leichter dahin gebracht, uns in unſerer wahren Geſtalt kennen zu lernen. Iſt es nun alsdann mit unſerm Gemüth und Wandel ſo beſchaffen, daß wir die genauere Betrachtung deſſelben nicht ſcheuen dürfen, daß wir uns vielmehr, unter der Verſicherung der göttlichen Begnadigung, nach dem Zeugniſſe unſers Gewiſſens Beifall geben, und die gegenwärtige Richtung unſerer Seele mit einem gegründeten Wohlgefallen anſehen können, ſo werden wir mit Vergnügen dieſen Umgang mit uns ſelbſt unterhalten, und wir haben dann keine Urſache, eine Stille zu vermeiden, die uns durch keine nagende Vorwürfe beſchwerlich wird. Aber wo dieſe gute Verfaſſung fehlet, wo der Menſch es ſchon voraus weiß, daß ein ruhiges und eingezogenes Leben ihn zu oft und zu dringend auf die Bekanntſchaft mit ſeinem eigenen übelgehaltenen Herzen führen werde, da iſt es kein Wunder, daß er ſo weit davon fliehet, als er kann, und daß er eine jede Gattung von Schwarm und Getöſe ſucht, um darin ſich ſelber und die Anklagen ſeines Gewiſſens zu vergeſſen. Es mag alſo ſo manchen zu ihrer eigenen Beurtheilung überlaſſen ſein, ob ſie ſich nicht bloß deswegen ſo ſehr in die Welt zerſtreuen, damit ihnen die Erkenntniß ihrer ſelbſt nicht zu nahe kommen, damit ihnen ihr eigener innerlicher Zuſtand nicht zu ſichtbar werden ſoll? und ob ſie nicht in der Ruhe des häuslichen Lebens weit mehr Vergnügungen finden würden, wenn ſie dabei nur mit mehr Zufriedenheit an ſich ſelbſt denken könnten! Wo wirklich ein gutes Gewiſſen und ein gegründeter Friede der Seele iſt, da wird gewiß auch dieſe Eingezogenheit ſchon ſo viel angenehmer werden.

Eben ſo nöthig aber ſind auch die beſondern Pflichten der Rechtſchaffenheit und der Gottesfurcht, die ſich eigentlich hieher beziehen, zum Genuß dieſer häuslichen Glückſeligkeit. Das Wort des Herrn ſelbſt enthält ſo manche Vorſchriften, deren gewiſſenhafte Befolgung die unfehlbare Frucht haben würde, Annehmlichkeit und Freude in den Familien auszubreiten. Und die eigene Betrachtung der Sache machet es klar, wie viel richtige chriſtliche Geſinnungen dazu beitragen, die beſten Vortheile in dieſem Zuſtande des Lebens zu verſchaffen und zu erhöhen. Laſſet nur in den hieher gehörigen freiwilligen Verbindungen, von welchen unſer Glück oder Elend in der Welt in ſo großem Maaße abhänget, die Wahl durch würdige Abſichten geleitet, und durch eine gegründete gegenſeitige Werthſchätzung der Gemüther beſtimmet werden; laſſet nur Eintracht, freundſchaftliche Gefälligkeit, und eine aufrichtige Begierde, unſern Angehörigen das Leben zu erleichtern, die Herzen einnehmen; laſſet durch Treue und Emſigkeit in den Verrichtungen des Berufs einen jeden ſo viel mehr für Ausſchweifungen und für die kläglichen Folgen des Müßiggangs bewahret werden; laſſet eine chriſtliche Vergnügſamkeit das Herz von weitſchweifigen Begierden und den unſeligen Qualen des Neides bei dem Anblick fremder Güter, Vorzüge und Herrlichkeiten frei machen; laſſet dann die vertraulichen gemeinſchaftlichen Anweiſungen und Ermunterungen zur Tugend und Unſchuld die Seelen vereinen; die wünſchenswürdigſte Wirkung wird da nicht ausbleiben. Eben durch dieſe Geſinnungen wird eine Menge der bitterſten Beſchwerlichkeiten abgewendet, die ſonſt die Häuſer mit Unmuth und Elend erfüllen. Was dann noch freilich immer von Widerwärtigkeiten möglich iſt, die bloß von zufälligen Schickungen herrühren, ſo werden ſolche bei weitem das Herz nicht ſo peinlich zernagen, als diejenigen Leiden, die der Menſch ſich ſelbſt durch ſeine Schuld und Thorheit zuziehet. Dagegen ſind die unmittelbaren Folgen einer ſolchen wohlgeordneten Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit ſo erfreulich, die daher entſpringenden Vergnügungen ſo rein und den natürlichſten menſchlichen Empfindungen ſo gemäß, das Wohlgefallen Gottes ſo gewiß, und die Verheißungen ſeiner Güte ſo zuverläſſig, daß ſich hier alles vereiniget, ein ſolches Leben glücklich zu machen. *Siehe, alſo wird geſegnet der Mann, der den Herrn fürchtet!*

Dieſe bisherigen Vorſtellungen werden ohne Zweifel ſehr leicht von einem Jeden ſelbſt nach der Beſchaffenheit ſeiner Umſtände näher auf ſich angewendet werden können, ohne daß ich in der Abſicht etwas Weiteres hinzuzuſetzen nöthig habe. Ich will ſie alſo nur mit einer allgemeinen Betrachtung beſchließen, die ich für ſehr erheblich halte. Ich wünſche nämlich, meine chriſtliche Zuhörer! daß ihr hieraus Gelegenheit nehmen möget, überhaupt zu bedenken, wie nothwendig ſich die chriſtliche Frömmigkeit, wenn ſie rechter Art ſein ſoll, in dem Leben ſelbſt und in einer jeden beſondern Vorkommenheit deſſelben äußern, und da ihre Wahrheit und Kraft beweiſen müſſe. Man kann ſich nicht leicht eine ſchädlichere Einbildung von dem Chriſtenthum machen, als wenn man es als ſo etwas anſiehet, das ſich von dem gewöhnlichen Verhalten gänzlich abſondern laſſe, wenn man es bloß in die Mauern der Kirche oder in die abgemeſſenen Stunden der Andacht einſchließet, wenn man meinet, man ſei damit Chriſt genug, daß man ſich da etwa durch die Vorſtellung göttlicher und geiſtlicher Dinge rühren und in Bewegung ſetzen laſſe. Das ſei die Zeit, denket ſo Mancher, die er Gott und der Religion einräume; und damit thue er ſchon ſehr viel. Das übrige Leben aber habe damit nichts zu thun; das habe ſeine Regeln, ſeine Vergnügungen und ſeine Vortheile für ſich, und die Grundſätze der Gottſeligkeit und des Gewiſſens, die man ſonſt an ſich gerne gut heiße und in ihrem Werth laſſe, die könnten ſich doch in die übrige ordentliche Führung des Wandels und in die gewöhnlichen Handlungen des geſellſchaftlichen Lebens unmöglich einmengen.

Mich dünkt, es braucht nur etwas weniges von Nachdenken, ſo wird uns der Ungrund und die Nichtigkeit dieſes Wahns klar genug einleuchten müſſen. Die Erkenntniß von Gott und die Lehren von der Gottſeligkeit haben durchaus den Zweck, daß wir gute Menſchen werden ſollen, weil wir ſonſt ſchlechterdings nicht in dem Wohlgefallen Gottes glückliche Menſchen werden können. Dieſe Güte und Rechtſchaffenheit des Herzens, die durch die göttliche Wahrheit in uns angerichtet wird, die wird dann natürlicher Weiſe die Quelle und Grundregel unſers ganzen Thuns und Laſſens. Indem wir da den Werth oder Unwerth der Dinge in dem Lichte des Geiſtes kennen gelernet haben, indem wir nunmehr nicht nur wiſſen, ſondern auch empfinden, was eigentlich als Glück zu ſuchen, oder als Elend und Schande zu verachten ſei, ſo herrſchet dieſe Geſinnung nothwendig durch alle unſere wiſſentlichen Worte und Werke. Das, was recht iſt, was Gott gefällt, was uns glücklich macht, das iſt uns dann in unſern Gedanken immer am unmittelbarſten gegenwärtig, und das regieret dann auch unſer ganzes Leben. Wer alſo ein Chriſt ſein will, der muß es in ſeinem wirklichen Verhalten, der muß es auch in den beſondern Theilen deſſelben ſein, der muß eben in den gemeinen Vorfällen ſeines Lebens ſeine Rechtſchaffenheit, ſeine Achtung gegen Gott und gegen das Gewiſſen beweiſen; oder ſein ganzes Chriſtenthum iſt Blendwerk und Selbſtbetrug. Man kann ſicher ſagen, daß nicht die Handlungen des Gottesdienſtes und der Andacht, nicht die Gebetsübungen, nicht das Leſen und Betrachten des göttlichen Wortes, daß das nicht die Gottſeligkeit ſelbſt ſei; ſondern das ſind nur die Mittel dazu; dadurch ſoll unſer Gemüth nur in die Richtung und Ordnung geſetzet werden, die Gott an uns haben will, und die ſich dann auch bei einer jeden Gelegenheit in unſerm wirklichen Betragen äußert. Wenn ich durch die Ueberzeugung des Geiſtes und der Wahrheit die Gerechtigkeit lieb gewonnen habe, ſo kann ich auch nicht in der kleinſten Vorkommenheit mit Vorſatz eine Ungerechtigkeit begehen. Wenn ich, in der Aufklärung des Glaubens, das einzige wahre Glück des Menſchen erkannt habe, ſo kann ich unmöglich den niedrigen unedlen Vergnügungen der Sinne, als meinem höchſten Gut, mit wiſſentlicher Begierde nachjagen. Wenn ich einmal, mit völliger Beiſtimmung meines Herzens, meine beſte Ehre in den Beifall Gottes und meines Gewiſſens geſetzt habe, ſo kann ich mir unmöglich nichtsbedeutende äußerliche Vorzüge zu meinem wichtigſten Werth anrechnen. Dieſe innerliche Geſinnung macht den Menſchen zum Chriſten; und dieſe Geſinnung, wenn ſie einmal da iſt, muß ſich in einem jedesmaligen Verhalten thätig beweiſen. So kann alſo der Menſch gewiſſermaßen ſein Leben zu einem beſtändigen Gottesdienſt machen, wenn er ſich beſtändig von der großen Empfindung des Glaubens und des Gewiſſens leiten läſſet. Das iſt unſerer ganzen Beſtrebung Werth; und nur dann werden wir die unſchätzbaren Beruhigungen und Freuden der Gottſeligkeit recht genießen.

Gieb du uns dieſen Sinn, o heiliger Gott! und leite uns auf den Weg der Wahrheit, auf welchem wir dir gefallen können. Laß unſer Chriſtenthum nichts todtes und unfruchtbares ſein; ſondern mache es in uns zu einem beſtändig wirkſamen Triebe, recht zu thun, und ſo viel Gutes auszuüben, als du uns Kräfte und Gelegenheiten dazu darbieteſt. Lehre uns, in einem jeden Umſtande unſers Lebens deinem Willen treu zu bleiben, und bringe uns dadurch zu der gleichförmigen ſtandhaften Rechtſchaffenheit, ohne welche kein wahrer Friede in unſerer Seele ſein kann. Du wirſt auch einmal alle unſere Thaten richten; darum verleihe uns die Gnade, dich vor Augen zu haben, daß wir nicht ſündigen. Dann wirſt du deine barmherzige Abſicht an uns erreichen, daß wir durch Chriſtum deiner ſeligen Gemeinſchaft fähig werden. Dir ſei Ehre und Lob in Ewigkeit. Amen.

Cyriakus Spangenberg,

am 17. Juni 1528 zu Nordhauſen geboren, ſtudirte zu Wittenberg, ward daſelbſt Magiſter und bald darauf Prediger zu Eisleben. Von dort als Schloßprediger und Generaldekan nach Mannsfeld berufen, wurde er in den berüchtigten Streit des Jenaiſchen Theologen Flacius, als Anhänger deſſelben, verwickelt, und mußte deshalb Mannsfeld, ſo wie ſeine nächſte Stelle zu Schlitz verlaſſen. Nach unſtätem Umherirren ſtarb er zu Straßburg am 10. Februar 1604.

Von ihm iſt erſchienen:

Wider die böſen Sieben ins Teufels Karnöffel-Spiel. Jena, 1652.
Der ganze Pſalter Davids in Liedern. Frankfurt 1582.
Geiſtreiche Lieder und Pſalmen. Frankfurt.
Chriſtliche Comedie von dem kananäiſchen Weiblein. Schmalkalden, 1589.
Viele hiſtoriſche Schriften, Chroniken u. ſ. w.
Sein Leben von Johann Georg Leuckfeld. 1712. 1720.

Ein fleißiger und gelehrter aber geiſtloſer Mann, deſſen hiſtoriſche Schriften das Verdienſt emſiger Zuſammentragung haben, deſſen poetiſche und ſatyriſche Productionen aber ſtatt des Witzes und der Kraft derbe Plattheit beſitzen. Am glücklichſten war er in ſeinen Liedern, von denen ſich einige, als wahrhaft gelungen, bis auf unſere Zeit in den kirchlichen Geſangbüchern erhalten haben.

Franz Heinrich Sparre, ſ. Renner.

Der Spate, ſ. von Stieler.

Karl Spazier,

am 20. April 1761 zu Berlin geboren, wurde nach Vollendung ſeiner Studien zuerſt als Lehrer am deſſauiſchen Philanthropin angeſtellt. Nachdem er darauf einen gewiſſen Baron von Mengden als Führer nach Halle und Göttingen begleitet hatte, privatiſirte er 1790 zu Neuwied. Im folgenden Jahre ging er, mit dem Titel eines Hofraths, — er war ſchon vorher Doctor der Philoſophie geworden, — als Lehrer der deutſchen Sprache und Literatur an die Schulz'ſche Handelsſchule nach Berlin, und wurde 1797 Mitdirector der vom Profeſſor Olivier zu Deſſau geſtifteten Erziehungsanſtalt. Seit 1800 privatiſirte er in Leipzig, wo er die Zeitung für die elegante Welt ſtiftete und am 19. Januar 1805 geſtorben iſt.

Er gab heraus:

Lieder und Geſänge. 1782.
Antiphädon. Leipzig, 1785.
Ueber deutſche Schulen. Göttingen, 1786.
Freimüthige Gedanken über die Gottesverehrungen der Proteſtanten. Gotha, 1788.
Wanderungen durch die Schweiz. Gotha, 1790.
Verſuch einer kurzen und faßlichen Darſtellung der theologiſchen Principien. Neuwied, 1791.
Ueber die Macht früher Gewohnheit. Berlin, 1791 (Rede).
Der neue Origenes. Berlin, 1792; neu 1796.
Karl Pilger, Roman ſeines Lebens. Berlin 1792—96; neu 1810., 3 Thle.
Berliner muſikaliſche Zeitung. 1793. in 4.
Karl von Dittersdorf Lebensbeſchreibung. Leipzig, 1801.

S. war ein talentvoller und geiſtreicher Mann, der mit glücklicher Darſtellungsgabe, Witz und Scharfſinn zu verbinden wußte; den größten Ruf erwarb er ſich jedoch durch die Gründung und Redaction der Zeitung für die elegante Welt, welche zu ſeiner Zeit, namentlich durch die in derſelben vorwaltende Polemik gegen Kotzebue und Merkel, als Herausgeber der Zeitſchrift, „der Freimüthige," in welcher ſie beſonders Goethe angriffen, großes Aufſehen machte.

Friedrich von Spee,

1591 zu Kaiſerswerth geboren, ein vortrefflicher Mann und glühender Verfechter der römiſchen Kirche, der er das abgefallene Städtchen Peina wiedergewann, aus der adligen pfälziſchen, jetzt in den Grafenſtand erhobenen Familie der Spee von Langenfeld, trat frühe, von ſeinem Herzen getrieben, in den Jeſuiterorden, und lebte zu Cöln und dann im Hildesheimiſchen. Er ſchrieb, freiſinnig genug für ſeine Stellung, noch vor Thomaſius gegen die Hexenproceſſe. Im Leben vielfach angefeindet, ſtarb er am 7. Auguſt 1635, als ein Opfer ſeiner Anſtrengungen um die bei der Belagerung von Trier Verwundeten. Von ihm erſchien:

Auserleſene Gedichte (moderniſirt), herausgegeben von J. H. von Weſſenberg. Zürich 1802.
Trutz-Nachtigall, geiſtl. poet. Luſtwäldlein. Berlin 1817 (wörtlich treu).
Daſſelbe, herausgegeben von P. P. Willmes. Cöln, 1812. Cöln, 1840 u. ö.
Goldenes Tugendbuch. Coblenz, 1829.

Reiche, ſchwärmeriſche Phantaſie, Tiefe des Gefühls, Gluth der Begeiſterung, hohe Würde, ſeltene Anmuth und Kraft in Behandlung von Sprache und Form und eine warme lebendige Naturanſchauung geben v. S.'s Liedern einen unvergänglichen Werth, und reihen ſie dem Beſten, was je die geiſtliche lyriſche Poeſie hervorgebracht hat, unbedingt an, trotz dem, daß auch ſie hin und wieder nicht frei von der Geſchmackloſigkeit und dem Schwulſte jener Tage ſind.

Aus Spee's Trutznachtigall.

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1. Lob Gottes

aus Beſchreibung der fröhlichen Sommerzeit.

Jetzt wicklet ſich der Himmel auf,
Jetzt b'wegen ſich die Räder,
Der Frühling rüſtet ſich zum Lauf
Umgürt't mit Roſenfeder.
O wie ſo ſchön, wie friſch und kraus!
Wie glänzend Elementen!
Nit mögens gnugſam ſtreichen aus
Noch Redner, noch Scribenten.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Du ſchnelle Poſt, o ſchöne Sonn!
O gülden Roß und Wagen;
O reines Rad auf reinem Bronn
Mit zartem Glanz beſchlagen!
Jetzt ſchöpfeſt uns den beſten Schein,
So Winters war verlohren,
Da Rad und Eimer ſchienen ſeyn
Von Kält gar angefroren.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

O reines Jahr! o ſchöner Tag!
O ſpiegelklare Zeiten!
Zur Sommerluſt nach Winterklag
Der Frühling uns wird leiten.
Im Luft ich hör die Muſic ſchon,
Wie ſichs mit Gruß bereite,
Daß uns empfang mit ſüßem Ton,
Und lieblich hin begleite.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Für uns die ſchöne Nachtigal
Den Sommer laut begrüßet,
Ihr Stimmlein über Berg und Thal
Den ganzen Luft verſüßet.
Die Vöglein zart in großer Meng
Buſch, Heck und Feld durchſtreifen,
Die Neſter ſchon ſeyn ihn zu eng,
Die Luft klingt voller Pfeifen.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Wer legt nun ihn'n den Ton in Mund
Dann laut und dann ſo leiſe?
Wer zirkelt ihn'n ſo rein und rund
So mannigfaltig Weiſe?
Wer meſſet ihn'n den Athem zu,
Daß mögens vollenführen
Den ganzen Tag faſt ohne Ruh
So freudiges Tutelüren?
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Jetzt laufen wieder ſtark und feſt,
So Winterzeits geſtanden,
All Flüß und Wäſſer, in Arreſt
Beſtrickt mit Eiſes Banden;
Jetzt kalte Luft und ſaurer Wind
Uns wieder ſeynd verſöhnet,
Der Thau mit weißen Perlen lind
Die Felder lieblich krönet.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Jetzt öffnet ſich der Erdenſchooß,
Die Brünnlein fröhlich ſpringen;
Jetzt Laub und Gras ſich geben bloß,
Die Pflänzlein anher bringen.
Wer wird die Kräuter mannigfalt
In Zahl und Ziffer zwingen,
Welch uns der Sommer mit Gewalt
Ans Licht wird ſtündlich bringen?
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Die Blümlein ſchön wie treten an
Und wunderſchön ſich arten,
Violen, Roſen, Tulipan,
All Kleinod ſtolz im Garten,
Jacynthen und Gamanderlein,
Dann Safran und Lavendel,
Auch Schwertlein, Gilgen[*]), Nägelein[**]),
Narciß und Sonnenwendel.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Ey da, du gülden Kaiſers Kron,
Aus vielen auserkohren,
Auch Tauſendſchön und Widerton,
Naſturz und Ritterſporen,
Jelängerlieber, Sonnenthau,
Baſilien, Brunellen,
Agleyen auch und Bärenklau,
Dann Mohnſaam, Glock und Schellen.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Mein! ſaget an, ihr Blümlein zart,
Und laßt michs je doch wiſſen,
Weil ihr an euch kein Farb geſpart,
Wer hat euch vorgeriſſen?
Wo nahmet ihr das Muſter her,
Davon ihr euch copiert?
Das Vorbild wollt ich ſchauen ger',
Welchs ihr habt conterfeiet.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Wer mag nun je geboren ſeyn
So reich von ſcharfen Sinnen,
Der auch das g'ringſte Pflänzelein
Nur ſchlechtlich dürft beginnen?
Die Wahrheit ſag ich rund und glatt,
Dem würd all Sinn zerrinnen,
Wer nur auch dächt ein einzig Blatt
Aus Menſchenkunſt erſpinnen.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Das Feld und Wieſen, feucht und friſch,
Mit Bächlein viel zerſpalten,
Die Sonn, wann ſie vorüber wiſch,
Mit ihrer Schön aufhalten.
Nun wundert ſich der Himmel ſelb,
Wie zierlich unterſtrahlet
Mit Gras und Früchten grün und gelb
Das Erdreich ſich gemahlet.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Wer treibet aus Getreid und Gras,
Wer lockets an die Sonnen?
Weils in der Erd verwirret ſaß,
Wer hats hinausgeſponnen?
Wer ſchärft den Aehren ihre Spitz?
Wer thut die Körnle zählen?
Wo nehmens doch die Kunſt und Witz,
Daß nie der Art verfehlen?
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Die ſtolze Bäum' in Wälden wild
Sind zierlich ausgebreitet,
O nur aus Erd geſchnitzte Bild,
Ohn Werk und Zeug bereitet!
Wer that in Luft euch richten auf?
Wer gab das Grün den Zweigen?
Wo war ſo viel der Farb zu Kauf?
Für Wunder muß ich ſchweigen.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

Bald auch die zahm und fruchtbar Bäum'
Sich freudig werden zieren
Mit weichem Obſt, mit Kinderträum,
Nuß, Aepfel, Kirſch und Biren.
Die Biren gelb, die Aepfel roth,
Wie Purpur die Granaten,
Die Pferſich bleich wie falber Tod,
Die Kirſchen ſchwarz gerathen.
O Gott ich ſing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer ſeyn.

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[*]) Lilien. [**]) Nelken.

Des Obsts ich schier ohn Zahl erblick,
Und thut sich immer mehren,
Citronen, Quitten, Pflaumen dick,
Fast alle Nüss*) beschweren.
Pomranzen gülden von Gestalt
Sind viel in warmen Landen,
Da leucht't mit Gold wohl mancher Wald
Als neulich hab verstanden.
O Gott ich sing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer seyn.

Der Rebenstock voll Trauben schwer
An Pfählen lieblich scheinet,
Als gleich ein wohlgewaffnet Heer
In Spießen angeleinet,
Da sammlet sich das Rebenblut
Zu süßen Traubenzähren,
Die machen uns den frischen Muth,
Was will man mehr begehren?
O Gott ich sing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer seyn.

Die reine Flüß krystallenklar,
Verbrämt mit grünen Weiden,
Von Schatten schier bedeckt gar,
Die Sonnenhitz vermeiden;
Sich üben dort mit Schwimmen viel
In Schnee gefärbte Schwanen,
Dort haltens ihre Freudenspiel
Auf glatten Wasserplanen.
O Gott ich sing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer seyn.

Die Thier auf grünen Felder breit
Sich frisch und freudig zeigen.
Das Wild in dunklen Wäldern weit
Dem Jäger zeigt die Feigen**).
Die Vögel auch in freiem Zug
In Lüften freudig spielen.
Mit hin und her gewendtem Flug
Zum Ehrenkränzlein zielen.
O Gott ich sing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer seyn.

Wo nur das Aug man wendet hin,
Mit Lüsten wirds ergetzet,
Ergetzet wird fast jeder Sinn,
Und alles Wunder schätzet:
Ohn Maaß ist alle Welt geschmückt,
Wer Künstler möchts erdenken?
Wers recht bedenkt, wird gar verzückt,
Das Haupt thut niedersenken.
O Gott ich sing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer seyn.

Drum lobet ihn, ihr Menschenkind,
Sey nun in schönen Zeiten;
All Traurigkeit nun schütt't in Wind
Spannt auf die beste Saiten:
Auf Harf und Lauten lasset frei,
Schmeid't an die süße Geigen,
Mit reiner Stimm und Orgelschrei
Thut ihm all Ehr erzeigen.
O Gott ich sing von Herzen mein,
Gelobet muß der Schöpfer seyn.

2. Gedicht vom heil. Franciscus Xavier,

als er nach Japon schiffen wollte, um die Heiden zu bekehren.

Als in Japon weit entlegen
Dachte dieser Gottesmann,
Alle waren ihm entgegen,
Fielen ihn mit Worten an,
Wind und Wetter, Meer und Wellen
Mahltens ihm vor Augen dar,
Redeten viel von Ungefällen,
Von Gewitter und Gefahr.

Schweiget, schweiget von Gewitter,
Ach von Winden schweiget still!
Nie noch wahrer Held und Ritter
Achtet solcher Kinderspiel.
Lasset Wind und Wetter blasen,
Flamm' der Lieb vom Blasen wächst,
Laßet Meer und Wellen rasen,
Wellen gehn zum Himmel nächst.

Ey doch laßet ab von Scherzen,
Schrecket mich mit keiner Noth;
Noch Soldat, noch Martisherzen
Fürchten immer Kraut und Loth.
Spieß und Pfeil und bloße Degen,
Rohr, Pistol und Büchsenspeiß
Macht Soldaten mehr verwegen,
Und sie lockt zum Ehrenpreiß.

Laßet nur ihr Hörner wehen
Wind und Wetter ungestüm,
Laßt die brummend Wellen schmätzen
Und die Trommen schlagen um.
Nord und Süden, Ost und Westen,
Kämpfen laßt auf salzem Feld;
Nie wirds dem an Ruh gebresten,
Wer nur Fried im Herzen hält.

Wer wills über Meer nit wagen,
Ueber tausend Wässer weit?
Dem es mit dem Pfeil und Bogen
Nach viel tausend Seelen gilt.
Wem will grausen vor den Winden,
Fürchten ihre Flügel naß?
Der nur Seelen denkt zu finden,
Seelen schön ohn alle Maaß.

Sus, stark und freche Wellen,
Sus, stark und stolze Wind!
Ihr mich nimmer sollet fällen,
Euch zu stehn ich bin gesinnt.
Seelen, Seelen muß ich haben,
Sattlet euch nur hölzen Roß,
Ihr müßt über Wellen traben,
Nur vom Ufer drücket loß.

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*) Nüsse.
**) Ein bekannter Jagdausdruck.

Philipp Jacob Spener.

Der fromme Spener wurde am 13. Januar 1635 zu Rappoltsweiler geboren. Er besuchte das Gymnasium zu Colmar und ward seit 1651 auf der Universität Straßburg fromm und freisinnig erzogen; erhielt 1652 den Titel eines Magister, begleitete 1654 zwei Prinzen von der Pfalz auf Reisen, und kehrte zurück, um als Privatdocent aufzutreten. Doch fand er für gut, von 1659—62 zu seiner ferneren Ausbildung noch mehrere Universitäten zu besuchen. 1663 wurde er Frühprediger, 1664 Doctor der Theologie zu Straßburg; 1666 trat er, noch ein junger Mann, als Senior, an die Spitze der Geistlichkeit von Frankfurt am Main. Hier hielt er zuerst jene so heftig angefeindete, in ihrer Quelle sehr reinen Conventikel, die den Pietismus, diese rein practische, damals nothwendige, und, wäre sie nicht zur Modegefühlsreligion geworden, an sich untadelhafte Richtung, im Gegensatz gegen Unglauben und Orthodoxie ins Leben riefen. Er achtete die damalige Kirche gering und wollte sie lieber Gott, als seinen Priestern befehlen und ein Kirchlein in der Kirche stiften. Doch schon seine Anhänger mißverstanden den frommen, aber im Leben heitern Mann, und der Unsinn einer nur durch Kämpfe zu gewinnenden Seligkeit machte die an sich reine Sache nur zu bald verdächtig und verhaßt. 1686 wurde er als Oberhofprediger, Oberconsistorial-Assessor und Kirchenrath nach Dresden berufen, fiel jedoch, nachdem er dort und auch auf die Leipziger Univerſität für wahre Frömmigkeit und bibliſche Theologie unter Spott und Anfeindung ſegensreich gewirkt hatte, als gewiſſenhafter Beichtvater bei dem Kurfürſten Johann Georg dem Dritten in Ungnade, und ging 1691 als Conſiſtorialrath und Probſt zu St. Nicolai nach Berlin, woſelbſt er, nachdem eine 1698 an ihn ergehende Einladung, nach Dresden zurückzukehren, von ihm war zurückgewieſen worden, am 5. Februar 1705 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Pia desideria. 1675.
Vom geiſtlichen Prieſterthum.
Von der allgemeinen Gottesgelahrtheit aller gläubigen Chriſten und rechtſchaffenen Theologen. Frankfurt, 1680.
Katechismuspredigten.
Bußpredigten. 8 Thle.
Leichenpredigten. 13 Thle.
Geiſtreiche Geſänge. Halle, 1710.
Theologiſche Bedenken, Gutachten und Briefe. Halle, 1700—11. 5 Thle.

Seine practiſche Wirkſamkeit war weit bedeutender als ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſche; es fehlte ihm an Kraft und Präciſion in der Darſtellung, an Phantaſie und Leben; ſeine Proſa iſt daher breit, redſelig und ermüdend, ſeine Poeſie nüchtern und arm; beide jedoch voll reiner Frömmigkeit und eifrigen Ernſtes.

Predigt von Ph. J. Spener.

Joh. c. III. v. 17.

Denn GOTT hat ſeinen Sohn nicht geſandt in die Welt, daß Er die Welt richte.

οὐ γὰρ ἀπέστειλεν ὁ θεὸς τὸν υἱὸν αὐτοῦ εἰς τὸν κόσμον ἵνα κρίνῃ τὸν κόσμον.

Eingang.

Geliebte in dem HErrn. Es ſolle uns Chriſten allen billich bekandt ſeyn, wie die gantze Chriſtliche Lehr, die wir in der Schrifft finden, ſich in dieſe 2. Stück abtheile, die da heiſſen Geſetz und Evangelium. Da wir zu dem Geſetz rechnen, alle Göttliche Gebott, und was GOtt von uns fordert, auch wo wir ſolchem Befehl vollkommen gehorſamen, das Leben verſpricht, oder in dem Fall, daß wir ſeinem Fordern kein Genüge leiſten, den Sündern trohet und ſie verurtheilet: Zu dem Evangelio aber zehlen wir alle Gnaden-Verheiſſungen und Vorſtellungen Göttlicher Güte und deß erworbenen Heyls in Chriſto.

Ob nun ſchon dieſe beyden Lehren in vielen Stücken übereinkommen, daß ſie beyde eines GOttes Wort ſind, beyde alle Menſchen angehen, und beyde unſer Heyl befördern oder zu befördern gegeben ſind: So dann beyde allezeit in der Chriſtlichen Kirchen müſſen getrieben werden. So iſt gleichwol groſſer Unterſcheid unter denſelbigen: Und ſolchen Unterſcheid recht gründlich zu verſtehen, iſt wol eines von den vornehmſten Stücken der Chriſtlichen Erkandtnuß: Ja wir mögen ſagen, der ſeye bereits ein guter Theologus, welcher dieſen Unterſcheid recht genugſam verſtehet.

Daß aber auch Einfältige etlicher maſſen ſolchen Unterſcheid, und deſſen vornehmſte Stücke faſſen mögen, ſo wollen wir derſelben 8. merken, wie ſie in dem gemeinen in den Schulen gebräuchlichen Catechesi Dieterici, befindlich.

Sind alſo Geſetz und Evangelium unterſchieden. 1. Was anlanget dero Erkandtnuß, wie ſie uns bekandt werden. So wiſſen wir nun etwas von dem Geſetz von Natur. Daſſelbe iſt Adam in das Hertz geſchrieben geweſen, und ob ſchon ſolche Erkandtnuß, als ein vortrefflich Stück deß ſo herrlichen Göttlichen Ebenbildes, durch den Sündenfall mächtig verderbet worden, alſo, daß vonnöthen war, daß deßwegen GOtt das Geſetz wiederumb auff dem Berg Sinai widerholen ließ, iſt doch noch übrig geblieben einige Wiſſenſchafft deſſen was Gut und Böß iſt: Daß auch die Heyden, die das Geſetz nicht haben, von Natur thun deß Geſetzes Werck, und damit zeigen, daß deß Geſetzes Werck ſeye geſchrieben in ihrem Hertzen, Rom. am 12. v. 15. welches ihr Gewiſſen, das ſie verklagt und beſchuldiget, eben dadurch wol zeigt. Hingegen iſt das Evangelium keinem Menſchen von Natur bekandt. Wir wiſſen von Göttlicher Verſöhnung, uns von Chriſto, von Natur gantz nichts, ſondern Chriſti Erkandtnuß muß erſt auß Göttlicher Offenbahrung kommen. Das Evangelium iſt ein Geheimnuß, das von der Welt her verſchwiegen und erſt offenbahret iſt, Rom. 15. v. 25. Der ewige Sohn GOttes, der in deß Vatters Schoß iſt, hats uns verkündiget. Joh. 1. v. 18.

Zweytens: Iſt auch der Unterſcheid, daß das Geſetz vorher gehen, und das Evangelium folgen muß. Es müſſen die Hertzen erſtlich durch deß Geſetzes Straffe erſchrecket werden, ehe ſie durch deß Evangelii Troſt wiederumb auffgerichtet werden mögen. Sie müſſen in dem Geſetz lernen an ſich ſelbſt verzagen, ehe ſie zu Chriſto in dem Evangelio fliehen.

Drittens: Iſt auch der Unterſcheid darinnen. Daß GOtt das Geſetz durch Moſen ſeinen Diener gegeben: Aber das Evangelium hat Er erſtlich zwar unmittelbar in dem Paradiß in der Verheiſſung deß Weibes-Samens gegeben: Vornemlich aber auch unmittelbahr durch ſeinen Sohn JEſum Chriſtum, da Er auff Erden herumb gieng, vortragen und offenbaren laſſen. Das Geſetz iſt durch Moſen gegeben, die Gnade aber durch JEſum Chriſtum worden, Joh. 1. v. 18.

Vierdtens: Einer der vornehmſten Unterſcheiden iſt dieſer, daß das Geſetz allein umbgehet mit lauter Gebotten, was wir thun und laſſen ſollen, und daran hängenden Trohungen und Verheiſſungen, die ſich auff die Haltung oder nicht-haltung der Gebotten gründen; Das Evangelium aber mit lauter Gnaden-verheiſſungen, was GOTT ohne einige unſere eigene Würdigkeit, Verdienſt oder Werck uns zu gut thun wolle und ſich erbiete.

Alſo, welches das Fünffte iſt, fordert das Geſetz von uns, wie wir ſollen bewandt ſeyn, wie heilig wir ſollen auff die Welt gebohren werden, und wie heilig wir nachmahl leben ſollen, ſo wil es auch haben, daß wir dann ſolches nicht nur wiſſen, ſondern auch thun: Aber uns vor dem Böſen, das uns verbotten iſt, hüten ſollen. Hingegen das Evangelium zeiget uns GOttes Gnade, welche uns geſchencket werde, und wie wir derſelben nicht durch unſere Wercke ſondern den Glauben an Chriſtum ſollen theilhafftig werden.

Sechſtens, daher obſchon das Geſetz auch ſeine gewiſſe Verheiſſungen hat, ſo ſind es lauter ſolche Verheiſſungen, die auff der Bedingung ſtehen, wo der Menſch ſolches thun werde. Thue das, ſo wirſt du leben. Luc. 10. v. 28. Aber die Verheiſſungen deß Evangelij ſind nicht umbſchrencket mit ſolchen Conditionen, ſondern die Gnade die uns darinnen anerbotten wird, wird uns anerbotten lauter umbſonſt, und ohn einig unſer Verdienſt. Wir werden ohne Verdienſt gerecht auß Gnaden durch die Erlöſung ſo durch JEſum Chriſtum geſchehen iſt, Rom. am 3. verſ. 24.

Daher flieſſet Siebendens, daß ſie gantz unterſchiedene Würckungen haben. Das Geſetz fordert nur, aber es gibt die Kräffte nicht, daß der Menſch auch dasjenige thun könte, was es fordert, ſondern da mag der Menſch ſelbſt ſehen, wie ers zu Werck richte, das kan er aber auff keine Weiſe. Hingegen da das Evangelium den Glauben fordert, ob wir wol auch denſelben nicht von uns ſelbſt und auß eignen Kräfften haben, ſo würckt gleichwol das Evangelium ſelbſt denſelben, bey denen die ſeine Würckung laſſen an ſich kräfftig ſeyn. Wiederumb weil beſagter maſſen das Geſetz nur fordert, und die Kräffte zu thun nicht gibt, und alſo der Menſch nicht kan leiſten, was es von ihm fordert, ſo trohet ihm das Geſetz, es kündigt ihm GOttes Zorn und den Fluch an, ſchrecket und ängſtiget ihn, daß er, ſoviel an dem Geſetz wäre, verzweifflen müſte; aber es kan ihm nicht wiederumb ſelbſt helffen, oder den Fluch wiederum wegnehmen. Hingegen das Evangelium tröſtet den Menſchen, kündiget ihm Gnade und Vergebung der Sünden an, und macht ihn alſo durch Troſt wiederumb lebendig.

Darzu kommet Achtens, daß deßwegen ob ſchon das Geſetz und Evangelium alle Menſchen angehen, und allezeit in der Kirchen mit einander müſſen geprediget und getrieben werden, gleichwol darinnen ein Unterſcheid ſeye, daß das Geſetz gehe eigentlich an die unwiedergebohrne ſichere böſe Leuth, und, was fromme wiedergebohrne Chriſten anlangt, bei denſelbigen allein ihr ſündliches Fleiſch und alten Adam, denn demſelben trohet es noch immer, daß der Menſch nicht ſicher werde, ohne daß gleichwol auch ſelbſt dem Geiſt das Geſetz die Regel zeiget, nach dero er leben ſoll. Aber was das Trohen und den Fluch, auch den Zwang des Geſetzes anlangt, iſt nach ſolchem dem Gerechten kein Geſetz gegeben. 1. Tim. 1. v. 9. Das Evangelium aber gehet an die jenige Hertzen, die ihre

Sünde erkennen und nach Göttlicher Gnade begierig ſind. Es ſind Mühſelige und beladene, die der HErr zu ſich ruffet, und welche Er erquicken wil. Matth. 11, 28. Es ſind Elende denen der HErr predigen, zubrochene Hertzen die Er verbinden, Traurige die Er tröſten wil, und darzu geſandt iſt. Eſa. am 61. v. 1. 2.

Alſo, meine Geliebte, ſind die beyde Stücke Göttlicher Lehre, Geſetz und Evangelium, unterſchieden, und iſt ſolches eine Lehre, die nicht zur Unzeit jetzt vorgetragen wird, ſondern ſich auff gegenwärtige Zeit gar wol reimet. Dann wir haben geſtern geſehen, wieviel herrlicher ſeye unſere heutige Pfingſten deß Neuen Teſtaments gegen der alten Pfingſten. Nun iſt eben ſolches deßwegen, daß die Pfingſten Alten Teſtaments war eingeſetzt zur Gedächtnuß, wie das Geſetz war gegeben worden: Die Pfingſten aber deß Neuen Teſtaments erinnert uns der groſſen Wolthat, wie GOTT ſeinen Heiligen Geiſt nicht nur vor deme ſichtbar auff die Apoſtel außgegoſſen, ſondern noch jetzo unſichtbahr in die Hertzen der Gläubigen ſendet, und dardurch in ihnen kräfftig iſt.

Was auch unſer heutiges Evangelium anlangt, gehöret dieſe Materi gleichfals zur Erläuterung deſſelben, ſonderlich wann wir darinnen hören, wie der HErr ſagt: GOtt hat ſeinen Sohn nit geſandt in die Welt, daß Er die Welt richte. Damit gezeiget wird, daß die Sendung deß Sohns GOttes, welche das vornehmſte Gut deß Evangelij iſt, nicht geſchehen ſeye zum Gericht. Nun gehöret das Gericht zu dem Geſetz, daß alſo gewieſen wird, das Ampt Chriſti ſeye eygentlich nicht ein Geſetzes Ampt, ſondern ein Ampt der Gnaden und deß Evangelij. Welches eben die Betrachtung iſt, ſo uns vor dißmahl vorkommet.

Wir haben auß dem Erſten und ſo bekandten, als kräfftigen Macht-Spruch: Alſo hat Gott die Welt geliebet, ꝛc. in vier Predigten, vier wichtige Materien tractiret: Wie ſich Erſtlich die Liebe GOttes gegen das Menſchliche Geſchlecht verhalte, als der Urſprung aller unſer Seligkeit. 2. Was es für ein theures Geſchenck ſeye, da GOtt uns ſeinen Sohn gegeben habe, und wie wir daſſelbige anzuſehen haben. 3. Wie der Glaube ſo auß Würckung deß Heiligen Geiſtes herkommen muß, das einige Mittel ſeye, dardurch wir die Seligkeit annehmen, und alſo derſelben thätlich genieſſen, und wie der Glaube müſſe bewandt ſeyn. 4. Was das vor ein ewiges Leben ſeye, deſſen die Gläubigen auß ihres himmliſchen Vatters Liebe und Chriſti Verdienſtes willen theilhafftig gemacht werden.

Jetzo ſehen wir weiter, wie Chriſtus die angefangene Materi außführet, und zeiget, Er ſeye nicht kommen der Welt zu Schaden oder zum Gericht, ſondern ſie ſelig zu machen. Wir ſehen aber dißmahl allein das Erſte, wie der HERR nicht zu dem Gericht gekommen ſeye. Ach HERR JEſu! Lehre uns deine heylſame Gnaden-Zukunfft, daß du nicht zum Gericht gekommen ſeyeſt, ſondern unſere Seligkeit zu befördern, alſo erkennen, daß wir uns auch von dir ſelig machen laſſen, und nicht auß deiner Ordnung außſchreiten, und damit deinen Rath an uns zernichten: Damit alsdann auch deine letzte Zukunfft uns nicht zum Gericht, ſondern zum Troſt und Seligkeit gereiche. AMEN.

Erklärung.

Unſere Wort lauten alſo: Dann GOtt hat ſeinen Sohn nit geſandt in die Welt, daß Er die Welt richte. Wir ſehen hierinnen auff 2. Theil. 1. Die Wolthat, daß GOtt ſeinen Sohn geſandt habe. 2. Die Abſicht, warum Er Ihn geſandt habe. Beneficium missi Filii, Missionis intentio.

Das Erſte belangend, ſo heiſſet es: Dann GOTT hat ſeinen Sohn nicht geſandt in die Welt. Das Dann hänget dieſe Wort an das vorige an, daß ſie alſo eine Bekräfftigung und Erläuterung deß vorigen in ſich haben; Der HERR hat in dem vorigen geſagt, daß Gott habe ſeinen Sohn gegeben, daß alle die an Ihn glauben nicht verlohren werden. Da ſagt Er: Dann Er hat Ihn nicht geſandt zum Gericht. Hat dieſe Krafft. Es hätte einer ſagen mögen: Ach, dieſes kan kein Werck der Göttlichen Liebe ſeyn, daß GOtt ſeinen Sohn gegeben hat: Dann GOTT und alſo ſein Sohn ſind von unendlicher Gerechtigkeit, ſie können nichts anders, als Sünde ſtraffen.

Hat dann GOTT ſeinen Sohn in die Welt geſandt, ſo findet Er in der Welt nichts, daß ſie würdig wäre, ſelig gemacht zu werden, ſondern allein zum Gericht und Verdamnuß, ſo wird alſo die Verdamnuß dadurch vermehret werden. Wie dann in dem Alten Teſtament offtmahls GOTT vorher geſagt hatte, daß Er zum Gericht kommen werde; Auch ſo offt unſer Gewiſſen an GOTT gedencket, kan es nicht anders als ihm GOTT als einen Richter vorbilden, und alſo darvor ſich entſetzen, wo es heißt, daß GOTT komme. Dieſem Gedancken begegnet Chriſtus, und ſagt: Es ſeye dieſes ein theures Gnaden-Geſchenck, daß GOtt ſeinen Sohn gegeben habe. Dann GOTT wiſſe zwar wol, wie Er nichts anders als Verdamnuß würdiges werde in der Welt antreffen, aber Er habe Ihn gar nicht zu dem Ende geſandt, ſolches zu enden und zu rächen, ſondern zu helffen und das jenige ſelig zu machen, das an ſich verdorben war. Damit es dabey bleibe, es ſeye dieſes ein gantz verſicherte Prob der groſſen Göttlichen Liebe, daß GOTT ſeinen Sohn geſchicket habe.

Die Sache ſelbſt heiſſet: GOtt hat ſeinen Sohn geſandt in die Welt. Der Ihn geſandt hat, iſt GOtt. Wird damit verſtanden die Erſte Perſon der H. Dreyfaltigkeit, die nicht nur unſer Vatter iſt, ſondern zuförderſt Chriſti, der Andern Perſon, Vatter. Daß aber hier eigentlich von GOTT dem Vatter, der Erſten Perſon, im Gegenſatz gegen die übrige, gehandelt werde, ſehen wir darauß, weil ſtehet, ſeinen Sohn. Iſt dieſes alſo eine Perſon die einen Sohn hat. Doch iſt zu mercken, ob wol eigentlich der Vatter den Sohn geſandt, ſo hat ſich doch auch Chriſtus der Sohn ſelbſt geſandt, und iſt auß eigenem Willen gekommen. Es iſt aber GOtt in dieſem Werck, da Er ſeinen Sohn zu unſerm Beſten uns geſchickt hat, anzuſehen; Als ein ſolcher GOtt, welchen wir mit unſern Sünden erzürnet hatten. In denen Er nichts anders ſahe, als lauter Feindſchafft gegen ſich. Und alſo die vor ſich ſolcher Wolthat, nicht würdig wären, ſondern, daß alſo die Gutthat auß pur lauter freyer, eigener, unverdienter Liebe und Barmhertzigkeit hergekommen ſeye.

So vielmehr, weil GOtt, da er ſeinen Sohn ſandte, nicht nur angeſehen hat die jenige Sünden, in welchen die Welt gelegen iſt, ſondern, daß auch der allermeiſte Theil noch künfftig würde in ſeinen Sünden fortfahren, und alſo dieſe Wolthat die der HErr an ihnen thun wolte, an ſich vergebens laſſen werden: Ja, daß kein einiger unter allen ſeyn werde, der nicht unterſchiedlich mahl mit Undanck ſolche Wolthat vergolten werde: Ob ſchon einige ſich unter derſelben endlich durch die anhaltende Gnade würden gewinnen laſſen. Da gehöret ja freylich eine mehr als Menſchliche und recht Göttliche Liebe darzu, vor ſolche Menſchen ſeinen Sohn zu geben, die noch nicht einmahl auffhören dem Gutthäter zuwider zu thun, ja, deren ſoviel ſich ſolcher Gutthat nur ſo viel ärger mißbrauchen werden. Unter Menſchen werden wir keinen finden, welcher ſeine Gutthat an dergleichen Leuthen, von denen Er alles ſolches wüßte, thun würde. Aber das heiſſet es auch, daß GOTT uns nicht nur geliebet, ſondern preiſe ſeine Liebe gegen uns, daß Chriſtus vor uns geſtorben, und alſo vorhin von dem Vatter geſandt worden, da wir noch Sünder und ſeine Feinde waren, Rom. 5. v. 8. 10. Welche Betrachtungen alle, die Liebe GOttes, und daher fließende Gutthat ſoviel gröſſer machen.

Wen er aber geſandt habe, da heiſſets ſeinen Sohn: Und eigentlicher, ſeinen ſelbſt Sohn, und alſo einen ſolchen Sohn, welcher auß GOttes deß Vatters Weſen gezeugt, nicht einen angenommenen Gnaden-Sohn, wie wir Menſchen ſolche Gnaden-Kinder ſind: Die Kron ſeines Hertzens: Den Glantz ſeiner Herrlichkeit, und das Ebenbild ſeines Weſens. Hebr. 1. v. 3. Und alſo einen Eingebohrnen Sohn: Wie Er in den vorigen Worten geheiſſen: Daher freylich einen wahren Ewigen und Ihm am Weſen und Majeſtät gleichen GOTT.

Das zeiget abermahl die Gröſſe Göttlicher Liebe gegen uns; GOtt war nicht freygebig auß frembdem Gut, daß Er uns einen andern geſandt, der Ihn nichts angienge, ſondern der Ihm dem Vatter ſo lieb ware als Er ſelbſt: Der ein GOTT mit ihm wäre.

Worauß wir nicht nur ſehen, daß alſo Chriſtus wahrer GOtt dem Weſen nach ſeye, welches der Name Sohn mit ſich bringet, und zwar ſein ſelbſt Sohn: Da wir mit ſolchem Namen, nicht genennet werden ſeine Söhne, ſein ſelb Söhne. Sondern auch, daß dann Chriſtus in dem Werck ſeiner Erlöſung nicht zu betrachten ſeye, nur als ein Menſch, ſondern auch als GOTT: Die Gottheit hat freylich auch ihr Werck darbey gehabt. Es heiſt hie: GOtt hat nicht die Menſchheit Chriſti, ſondern ſeinen eigenen Sohn geſandt, der iſt nun GOTT. Nun welchen GOtt geſandt zu der Erlöſung deß Menſchlichen Geſchlechts, der hats auch erlöſet. Hierbey und die Erlöſung muſte geſchehen durch Leyden und Sterben. Alſo hat auch GOtt ſeinen Sohn zum Leyden und Sterben geſchickt, alſo hat dann auch GOttes Sohn, und daher ein wahrer GOTT gelitten und iſt geſtorben, obwol nicht eben nach ſeiner Gottheit, die nicht leyden noch ſterben kan, dannoch in ſeiner Ihm eben ſowol als die Gottheit zugehörigen Menſchheit.

In dem übrigen bemercken die Lehrer auch dieſes hierbey, daß auß ſonderbahrem Rath GOtt der Vatter habe zu unſerer Erlöſung ſeinen Sohn ſchicken wollen, nemlich, daß wie Er der weſentliche Sohn GOttes iſt, Er mit ſeinem Leyden und Sterben uns das Gnaden-Kindes-Recht zuwegen brächte, daß wir Söhne und Töchter in dem jenigen würden, der allezeit von Ewigkeit GOTTES Sohn geweſen iſt.

Was aber die Sache ſelbſt anlanget, ſo heiſſet es nun ferner: GOTT habe Ihn geſandt. Nehmlich das jenige zu thun und zu leyden, was zu dem Heyl der Welt vonnöthen war. Er hat Ihn geſendet: 1. In das Fleiſch, daß Er Menſchliche Natur an ſich nahm, und alſo unſer Bruder würde, auff daß nachmahl auß ſolchem Brüderlichen Recht, all ſein Thun und Leyden vor uns gültig wäre. Dann weil die Menſchen geſündiget, ſo ſolte nach Göttlicher Gerechtigkeit Erforderung auch wiederumb ein Menſch genung thun. 2. Sandte Er Ihn nicht nur Menſch zu werden, ſondern gar Knechtes Geſtalt anzunehmen: Als welches auch die Göttliche Gerechtigkeit erforderte, daß der jenige, welcher genug thun ſolte vor unſere Sünde, ſich der jenigen Herrlichkeit begebe, welche Er hätte, weil wir nach mehr Ehr und Herrlichkeit geſtrebet hatten, die uns nicht gebührte. 3. Hat auch der Vatter ſeinen Sohn darzu geſandt, daß Er das Geſetz erfüllete. Welches ſchon ein Stück der Knechts-Geſtalt war, daß Er nemlich, da Er ſonſten deß Geſetzes HERR an ſich ſelbſt war, und daran nicht verbunden geweſen wäre, ſich demſelben unterworffen. GOtt hat Ihn unter das Geſetz gethan. Galat. 4. und es alsdann erfüllet. War wiederumb eine gantz nöthige Sache, denn weil wir den ſchuldigen Gehorſam nicht in eigener Perſon geleiſtet hatten, ſo muſte unſer Bürge denſelben vor uns leiſten. 4. Hat der Vatter Ihn auch geſendet zu ſeinem Leyden und Todt, daß Er alle die Straffen außſtünde und litte, welche wir verdienet hatten, weil auch ſolches zu der Vergnügung der Göttlichen Gerechtigkeit gehörte. Aber Er hat Ihn ſo zu dem Leyden und Todt geſandt, daß auch Fünfftens Er Ihn geſendet, daß Er wiederumb durch ſein Leyden in ſeine Herrlichkeit eingehen, und alſo die jenige Güter, welche Er der Welt verdienet, allen denen zueignen und geben ſolte, welche ſolche annehmen wolten: darzu vonnöthen war, daß Er in der Herrlichkeit regierete.

Nun zu allem dem, und alſo dem vollkommenen Werck der Erlöſung, hat GOTT ſeinen Sohn geſandt. Und zwar mit gleichſam ſeiner gewiſſen instruction und Befelch, das iſt, es war von Ewigkeit beſchloſſen, was Chriſtus thun und was Er leyden ſolte. Daher in der Schrifft deß vorbedachten Raths Gottes, Actor. 2. v. 23. Meldung geſchiehet; Ja, auch ein ziemliches Theil deſſelben war bereits von den Propheten vorher geſagt worden, damit ja ſoviel kundtbahrer wäre: Chriſtus thäte nichts als was der Wille ſeye, deſſen der Ihn geſandt habe: Wie Er ſelbſt ſagt, Johan. 4. 34. cap. 5. v. 30.

GOtt hat Ihn auch alſo geſandt; wie ein groſſer Herr, da Er einen gevollmächtigten Geſandten ſchicket, alles das jenige genehm hältet, was derſelbe in ſeinem Namen thut, daß alſo auch GOTT alles vor genehm gehalten, und Ihm hat gefallen laſſen, was Er in ſeinem, als ſeines himmeliſchen Vatters Namen gethan und gehandelt. GOtt hat ſein Opffer, das Er geleiſtet, als vollgültig angenommen, dieweil Er Ihn ſelbſt darzu geſendet hatte, ſolches Opffer zu verrichten. Was Chriſtus gelehret, das hat Er auß dem Schoß ſeines Vatters gebracht, und uns geoffenbahret: Und alſo ſolches erkennt der Vatter vor ſein Wort und Willen.

Daher weil uns Chriſtus die Gnade ſeines himmliſchen Vatters und Vergebung der Sünden, da wir allein an Ihn glauben, zugeſagt hat, ſo iſt es bey dem Vatter auch alſo ſein Will: Und heiſſet alſo 2. Corinther 5. v. 18. 19. ſelbſt von dem Vatter: Daß GOTT uns Ihm ſelbſt verſöhnet habe durch JEſum Chriſt, dann was Chriſtus thut, daß Er uns verſöhnet, thate in und durch ihn der Vatter, als welcher Ihn darzu geſandt hatte. Alſo müſſen wir dieſes ſenden anſehen.

Es hat aber der Vatter ſeinen Sohn zu uns geſandt, weil wir nicht zu GOtt kommen konnten, ſo muſte GOttes Sohn zu uns kommen, und uns zu dem Vatter wiederumb zu führen.

Es hat auch der Vatter den Sohn geſendet nicht auff eine, ſondern unterſchiedliche Weiſe, denn 1. hat Er Ihn geſendet in ſeinem Ewigen Rathſchluß. Dann weil von Ewigkeit her beſchloſſen geweſen, daß in der Fülle der Zeit Chriſtus ſolte dem verlohrenen Menſchlichen Geſchlecht helffen, und es ſelig machen, ſo iſt ſolcher Rathſchluß bereits das erſte Senden geweſen, da Er ſchon darinnen beſtimmet worden, nicht zum Gericht, ſondern zur Seligkeit der Menſchen. Nachdem aber der Erſte Menſch Adam würcklich gefallen war, ſo hat GOtt ſo bald ſeinen Sohn geſandt in dem Verſpruch, weil Er gleich Gen. 3. verſprach, es ſolle deß Weibes-Samen der Schlangen den Kopff zertretten: Dieſe Verheiſſung, und alle andere Verheiſſungen, darinnen GOTT in dem Alten Teſtament hat von dem HErrn Chriſto oder Meſſia zugeſaget, ſind lauter Arten deß Sendens. Da iſt Chriſtus gleichſam ſchon außgegangen ſein Werck zu verrichten. Dahin gehören auch 3. alle Vorbilde in den Opffern. So offt Opffer geſchlachtet worden ſind, von GOTT Vergebung der Sünden und Gnade zu erlangen, da die liebe alte Glaubige wol wuſten, daß dieſes Viehe ſo ſie ſchlachteten, und deſſen Blut auß eigener Krafft ihnen nicht helffen könte, ſondern, daß es die Krafft deß Bluts Chriſti thun müſſe, welcher künfftig würde geopffert werden, und durch dieſe Vorbilder dem Glauben vorgeſtellet ward: So offt wurde gleichſam Chriſtus von ſeinem Vatter geſendet, und gab auß ſeinem künfftigen Opffer die Krafft voran ſolchen ſchlachtenden Opffern; Und kam alſo Chriſtus ſo offt in den Vorbildern, ehe Er noch in eigener Perſon gekommen iſt. Alſo heiſſets, Er ſeye das Lamm das erwürget iſt von Anbeginn der Welt, Apoc. 13. 8.

Nachdem Ihn alſo der Vatter auf vielerley gedachte Weiſen geſandt hatte hat Er endlich Vierdtens Ihn würcklich und perſönlich geſandt, alles ſolches zu verrichten, was vorhin beſchloſſen, verſprochen und vorgebildet worden.

Es iſt aber wol zu mercken: Daß hier gemeynt werde von der erſten Zukunfft Chriſti: Dann wie wir wiſſen, ſind ohne die geiſtliche Zukunfft Chriſti, da derſelbe in die Hertzen der Glaubigen durch Wort und Sacramenten kommet, zwo vornehme Arten der Zukunfft deß HERRN, deren die Erſte genennet wird die Zukunfft in das Fleiſch, die Andere iſt die Zukunfft am Jüngſten Tag zum Gericht. Hier iſt klar auß ſchon belegtem, daß von der Erſten geredet werde.

Sonderlich wo wir ſehen: 4. Wohin Er ſeinen Sohn geſandt! Da heiſſet es, in die Welt. Nicht nur was den Orth anlanget, daß Er Ihn in die Welt geſchicket habe, darinnen ſich zu offenbahren: Sondern, daß in die Welt heiſſet, daß Er auch ſelbſt ein Theil der Welt würde, (das iſt, daß Er ein Menſch würde) und dann die Welt zu Nutzen.

Die Welt die iſt die jenige, zu dero beſten es angeſehen war, daß der HERR kam. Alſo iſt der HErr Chriſtus nicht kommen, umb ſeines Luſtes und Nutzens willen, ſondern in die Welt umb dero beſtens willen. Und zwar heiſſet hier die Welt, nicht ſo wol eigentlich dieſes Gebäu Himmels und der Erden, als die geſambte Menſchen, die in der Welt ſich befinden, und deßwegen, weil ſie unter irrdiſchen Creaturen die vornehmſten ſind, ſonderbahr die Welt genennet werden. Dann es iſt eine ſolche Welt, worinnen der Vatter ſeinen Sohn geſchickt, die durch Ihn ſelig werden ſolte, welches keiner andern Creatur als den Menſchen zukommt. Iſt alſo ſo viel, als ſagte der HERR, GOTT habe ſeinen Sohn geſchickt zu den Menſchen, nehmlich zu ihrem beſten, umb ihrent willen.

Sehen wir aber, wer und wie die Welt beſchaffen iſt: Ach! ſo hatte ja GOtt kein Urſach umb derſelben willen ſeinen Sohn zu ſenden, dann die Welt iſt nichts anders, als wie jener ſagt, ein Stall voll böſer Buben, ein Hauffen voller Feinde GOttes. Wie die Welt allezeit in der Schrifft, als GOttes Feindin abgemahlet wird, ſo gar, daß auch der Welt Freundſchafft GOttes Feindſchafft iſt, Jac. 4. v. 4. Und darumb nennet Chriſtus das Menſchliche Geſchlecht mit dieſem Namen Welt. Daß Er nicht ſagt, GOtt hat ſeinen Sohn geſandt zu den Menſchen und vor dieſelbe, daß Er die Menſchen, die gleichwol als Menſchen GOttes Geſchöpff ſeynd, ſelig machte; Sondern er hat Ihn geſandt, zu denen die aus Menſchen und GOttes-Geſchöpffen und Knechten, nunmehr Welt, und GOttes Feinde worden waren. Rom. am 5. verſ. 10.

In dem Stand waren ſie anzuſehen, als GOtt ſeinen Sohn vor ſie gab: Lauter Feinde GOttes, die darzu eine ſolche feindſelige Natur hatten, daß ſie auch nichts anders auß ſich ſelbſt konten, als ihren GOTT haſſen. Eine ſolche Welt hat GOtt wie vorhin gelehret, alſo in dieſen Worten aus Liebe ihr ſeinen Sohn geſandt. Eine Welt die in dem Argen ligt. 1. Johan. am 5. v. 19. Eine Welt die gantz voller Finſternuß war, da Er als das rechte Liecht erſt in die Finſternuß ſie zu erleuchten kommen iſt; Ja eine ſolche Welt, die darzu, als der HErr zu ihr geſandt wurde, Ihn nit auffnehmen wolte. Joh. 1. In ſolcher Boßheit muſte dieſe Welt angeſehen werden.

Dernach als eine ſolche, daran GOtt nichts anders anſahe, als lauter Urſachen von Zorn, weil ſie aus ſeinen Knechten und Geſchöpffen ſeine Feinde worden waren, ſie zeitlich und ewig zu ſtraffen und zu verderben.

Das heiſt dann Liebe, daß GOtt eine ſolche Welt nicht nur in ihrem Verderben nicht untergehen lieſſe, ſondern ſo ein theures Mittel derſelben zu helffen vor die Hand nam, nehmlich ſeinen Sohn vor ſie zu ſenden.

Jedoch muß ſie ferner angeſehen werden, als eine ſolche, die noch Göttlicher Erbarmung in ihrem Stande fähig war, da hingegen die gefallene Engel in ihrem Stand verlaſſen wurden, und ewig nicht geholffen bekamen, oder Barmhertzigkeit erlangeten. Wo der Unterſcheid und deſſen Urſach allein Göttlicher Weißheit heimgeſtellet bleibet.

Es iſt zu mercken, daß es eine Welt ſeye, die hier beſchrieben wird, als eine ſolche die da allerdings kein Heyl oder Seligkeit ſelbſt gehabt, ſondern erſt durch Chriſtum hat erlangen müſſen, dann es heiſt, daß eben umb ſie ſelig zu machen, der HERR habe müſſen geſandt werden: Bey ihr waren lauter Urſachen allein deß Gerichts gefunden worden. Iſt der Erſte Theil.

Jn dem Andern ſehen wir jetzo: Worzu der HErr gekommen? Da heiſſet es: Nicht, daß Er die Welt richte, ſondern, daß die Welt durch Jhn ſelig werde. Wir ſehen dißmahl allein das eine Stück, daß Er nicht gekommen ſeye, daß Er die Welt richte.

Hie möchte ſcheinen, wir könten dieſes nicht wohl ſagen, weil ja freylich Chriſti Zukunfft vielen zum Gericht geſchiehet, nicht nur die letzte Zukunfft am Jüngſten Tag, ſo eigentlich zum Gericht angeſehen iſt; Sondern auch die erſte Zukunfft, die Zukunfft ins Fleiſch. Joh. 15, 22. Sagt Er ſelbſt: Wann Jch nicht kommen wäre, und hätte es ihnen geſagt, ſo hätten ſie keine Sünde. Und deutlicher Joh. 9, 39. Jch bin zum Gericht auff dieſe Welt kommen. Welches das Anſehen haben möchte, daß ſolches gerad dieſen Worten entgegen ſtünde.

Aber wo die Sache einfältig angeſehen wird, ſo gibt ſichs unſchwer, daß hier geredt werde, von dem jenigen, worzu Chriſtus gekommen, nach dem Willen ſeines himmliſchen Vatters, was ſein und ſeines himmliſchen Vatters Rath dabey geweſen ſeye: hingegen iſt es freylich geſchehen, daß Chriſti Zukunfft vielen zum Gericht dienet, und daß ſie umb ſeiner Zukunfft willen ſo viel ſchwerer verdammet werden. Aber nicht, daß Er außtrücklich deßwegen gekommen wäre, ſondern zufälliger Weiſe aus ihrer Schuld. Weil ſie den ihnen gegebenen Heyland nicht annehmen wollen, ſo wird ihre Sünde dardurch ſchwerer und alſo ihr Verdamnuß vermehret. Aber daran iſt nicht Chriſtus ſchuldig, ſondern ſie ſelbſt. Gleich wie das Evangelium ſo an ſich ein Geruch deß Lebens zum Leben iſt, auch andern ein Geruch deß Todtes zum Todt wird, die verlohren werden. 2. Cor. 2. Daß deßwegen welche nur ſchwerers Gericht auff ſich ziehen von Chriſto, eben über anders auch noch darinnen ſündigen, daß ſie deß HERRN heylſamen Rath gegen ſich verkehren.

Es heiſt aber, daß Er nicht kommen ſeye, zu richten die Welt. Daß Er nicht kommen ſeye zu richten die Frommen, wo einige vor ſich ſelbſt fromm wären oder ſeyn könten, wäre kein Wunder, dann die hätten das Gericht nicht verdienet. Aber hier ſtehet, er ſeye kommen nicht, daß Er die Welt richte. Die Welt, das ſündliche Menſchliche Geſchlecht, an dem an ſich ſelbſt nichts anders iſt, als lauter was das Gericht und Straffe verdienete. Solche Leuthe auff welchen von Natur ſchon wegen der ſündlichen Verderbnuß das Gericht ligt, und daher auch auf den jenigen bleibet, welche nit glaubig werden. Joh. 3, 36.

Und zwar heiſſets die Welt, das iſt, widerumb alle Menſchen ins geſambt, wie böſe ſie auch ſeyen. Da iſt kein Menſch in der Welt, wie gottloß er iſt, und der auch würcklich deßwegen endlich verdampt, umb den zu verdammen Chriſtus gekommen wäre: Sondern Er wolte allen den Segen bringen, ob wol ihrer viel deß Segens nicht wollen, ſondern wollen den Fluch, deßwegen er ihnen auch kommet: Selbſten Judas, deme doch Chriſti Zukunfft jetzt nichts nutzet, ſondern er nur umb derſelben willen ſo viel ſchwerer und härter verdammt wird, kan doch nit klagen, daß Chriſtus ihn zu richten nur gekommen ſeye, ſondern Er iſt auch ihn ſelig zu machen gekommen, aber er ſelbſt hat das Gericht auff ſich gezogen.

Das Wort Richten, heiſt mehrmal in der Schrifft ſo viel als in dem Gericht verdammen, und ſo wird es auch hier gebraucht: Doch daß das vorhergehende Gericht nicht ausgeſchloſſen werde.

Iſt alſo dieſes die Meynung deß HErrn, GOtt hat ſeinen Sohn nicht darzu in die Welt geſchickt, daß derſelbe der Menſchen gantzes Leben examiniren und erforſchen, ſodann nachdem ers finden würde, jedem nach ſeinem Verdienſt geben, auch alſo die jenige die Böſes gethan verurtheilen und würcklich endlich verdammen ſolle: Sondern das iſt deß Geſetzes und Moſis Ampt. Aber Chriſtus iſt darzu kommen, daß Er ohn erachte, daß Menſchen Leben ſeye vorher geweſen wie es wolle, es ſeyen Sünden vorhanden ſo groß ſie ſeyn mögen, allen die Gnade anbiete, und zeige, daß keiner (wo er nemlich durch Glauben ſich bekehret) wegen ſeiner auch greulichſten Sünden ſolle verdammt werden. Alſo iſt der HErr nicht kommen, die Sünde in das Gericht zu führen, ſondern ſie zu decken und zu tilgen, und alle die jenige auß dem Gericht herauß zu nehmen, daß ſie ihrer Sünden wegen nicht ſollen verurtheilet werden, welche an Jhn glauben. Darumb heiſſet es in folgenden Worten: Wer an ihn glaubet werde nicht gerichtet, v. 18. Und im 5. Cap. v. 24. Wer da glaubet komme nicht in das Gericht, ſondern ſeye vom Todt zum Leben hindurch getrungen.

Ja auch mögen wir ſagen, der HERR ſeye auch alſo kommen, nicht, daß Er die Welt richte, daß auch das Gericht nicht ſo bald auff die Menſchen kommen ſolte, daß der Menſch, der Sünder nicht gleich in ſeiner Sünde auff friſcher That alſobalden mit dem Gericht überfallen würde, ſondern, daß ſie noch Zeit erlangten ſich zu bekehren, und alſo durch den Glauben dem Gericht zu entfliehen.

Lehr-Puncten.

Wir ſehen jetzo zur Haupt-Lehre: Daß Chriſti Ampt nicht ſeye zu richten, ſondern ſelig zu machen: Solches müſſen wir aber recht verſtehen.

1. Wird nicht geſagt, daß Chriſtus gar nicht richten werde. Dann wir bekennen ja ſelbſt in unſerm Apoſtoliſchen Glaubens Bekandtnuß: Er werde kommen zu richten die Todten, und wie ſeine erſte Zukunfft in das Fleiſch geweſen iſt eine Gnaden-Zukunfft bey denen, welche ſich nicht bekehret und ſeine Gnade angenommen haben, ſeyn eine Gerichtliche und Zorns Zukunfft. Davon heiſſet es Joh. 5, 27. Der Vatter hat dem Sohn macht gegeben das Gericht zu halten: Darumb, daß Er deß Menſchen Sohn iſt. So wird Matth. 25. v. 31. ſeq. ſolche gerichtliche Zukunfft, wie auch etliche mahl in der Offenbarung Johannis und ſonſt hin und wieder in der Schrifft beſchrieben. 2. Wird auch nicht geſagt, daß Er nicht richte; in dem Verſtand, daß nicht das Gericht deß Geſetzes Moſis ſein Gericht ſeye. Dann Er iſt der einige Geſetz-Geber, Jacob. 4, 12. Und alſo iſt Er der, welcher ſelbſt Moſi das Geſetz gegeben. Iſt demnach Moſis Geſetz eben auch Chriſti Geſetz, und alſo wo Moſes und ſein Geſetz den Menſchen richtet, ſo richtet Chriſtus den Menſchen durch Moſen. 3. Sagen wir auch nicht, daß Chriſtus in ſeinem Ampt das Geſetz gar nie gelehret habe, als der freylich ſolches getrieben und in vielen Stücken außgelegt hat; Wie wir hin und wieder in ſeinen Predigten ſehen, ſonderlich Matthei 5. Wo er deutlich ſagt, daß Er nicht gekommen ſeye das Geſetz auffzuheben, ſondern zu erfüllen. Daher wo es heiſſet: Chriſtus ſeye nicht gekommen die Welt zu richten, ſollen wir ja nicht auff die Gedancken kommen, als müſte deßwegen in der Chriſtlichen Kirche das Geſetz, als welches zum Gericht gehöret, nicht getrieben, ſondern allein das Evangelium, als die Lehre Chriſti vorgetragen werden. Dann Geſetz muß allemahl neben dem Evangelio ſtehen, und dieſem den Weg bereiten. Ja, es muß behalten werden nicht nur bei denen noch Unwiedergebohrenen, ſondern noch ſelbſt bey den Wiedergebohrenen, wegen deß bey ihnen übrigen ſündlichen Fleiſches. Sondern dieſes iſt die Meynung, wo wir ſagen, daß Chriſtus nicht gekommen ſeye, daß Er die Welt richte: Nemlich 1. Er habe kein neue Geſetze gegeben in ſeinem Mittler-Ampt. 2. Doch ſein Mittler-Ampt beſtehe nicht darinnen, daß Er einem jeglichen gebe nach deme er verdienet hat, und wie ers vor ſich würdig iſt. Damit widerſpricht der HERR zweyerley Irrthumen. 1. Da einige meynen, daß Chriſtus darzu gekommen ſeye, daß Er auß GOttes Befelch habe ein neuer und vollkommener Geſetz gegeben, darauß die Leute beſſer und gewiſſer ſelig werden möchten, wo ſie daſſelbige hielten: als durch Moſis Geſetz. Wie nicht allein ſolches den Türcken und Mahomets vorgeben iſt, der da gelehret, daß unſer JEſus ein groſſer Prophet geweſen, der einen vollkommenern Weg zur Seligkeit gezeigt als Moſes. Hingegen er Mahomet habe nachmahl einen noch beſſern und leichtern Weg gewieſen. Sondern ſelbſt in der Chriſtlichen Kirchen, findet ſich bey den Papiſten, Arminianern, Socinianern dieſer Irrthum, daß dieſes zu Chriſti Ampt gehöre, daß Er zu den Gebotten Moſis noch neue Geſetz gethan habe. Dann damit würde Chriſtus zum Richter gemacht: dann wer eygentlich Geſetze gibt, derſelbe muß auch nach ſolchen Geſetzen urtheilen und richten, die jenige zu abſolviren die nach ſolchem Geſetz thun, die jenige zu verdammen, welche ſie übertretten. Weil aber der HErr nicht zu richten in ſeinem Mittler-Ampt kommen iſt, ſo kan Er auch in demſelben keine neue Geſetz gegeben haben. Muß deßwegen das Geſetz der Liebe, ſo Er ſeinen Jüngern gegeben und erneuert hat, nicht ein ſolch neu Geſetz geweſen ſeyn, welches Er damahl zu aller erſt gegeben, ſondern es war eben ſelbſt das alte Moſaiſche Geſetz, ſo Er den Seinigen auffs neue nachtrücklicher vorgelegt, und ſie deſſen erinnert. 2. Meynen auch etliche und bilden ihnen das Mittler-Ampt Chriſti alſo ein, daß Er jeglichem gebe nachdem er verdienet, und beſtehe ſeine Gnade nicht ſo wol darinnen, daß in unſerer Rechtfertigung nicht auff die Wercke geſehen werde (welches die Gnade deß Evangelij iſt) als darinnen, daß der HErr Chriſtus uns die Gnade und Geiſt gegeben habe, das Geſetz zu halten, ſo wir ſonſt nicht hätten

halten können, aber nunmehr wegen Hülffe der Gnaden zu halten vermöchten, und daher auß haltung deſſelben ſelig werden müſten. Welches aber wiederumb hieſſe, daß der HERR wäre kommen zu richten. So Er hier verneinet.

Sondern dieſes iſt eigentlich der Zweck und die Summa deß Mittler-Ampts Chriſti, daß Er kommen ſeye, weil wir das Geſetz, an deſſen ſtatt, weil es die ewige unwandelbare Warheit Gottes iſt, kein anders gegeben werden kan, nicht halten konten, daſſelbe vor uns zu halten, und uns ſolchen ſeinen Gehorſam zu ſchencken, daß er vor Göttlichem Gericht angeſehen würde, gleich ob hätten wir ihn in eygener Perſon geleiſtet: Und alsdann in ſolchem Glauben uns die wahre Gerechtigkeit, ohn Anſehung einiges Wercks, zu geben, ja uns auß ſolchem Glauben allein ſelig zu machen.

Wie dieſe Lehre herrlich in den Schrifften Pauli außgeführet iſt, ſonderlich Rom. 3. Wir werden ohne Verdienſt gerecht auß Gnaden, ꝛc. das iſt ein ſolch ſeligmachen, das dem Gericht grad entgegen ſtehet. Dann im Gericht ſihet man an, was der jenige, welcher gerichtet wird, gethan und verdienet hat, nach dem gehet es ihm wol oder übel: Hingegen in der Art wie Chriſtus in ſeinem Mittler-Ampt uns ſelig machet, ſolle gar darauff nicht geſehen werden, was wir gethan und verdienet haben, und ob ſolches im Glauben unſer werde. Das heiſt, Er ſeye nicht kommen zum Gericht: Weil Er die jenige ſo ſie zu dem Glauben bekehret worden ſelig machet, bey denen allerdings keine eigene Würdigkeit noch Verdienſt ſich findet. Weil aber, da der Menſch glaubig worden, derſelbe Glaube nicht müſſig ſeyn ſoll noch kan, ſondern ſich in allerhand guten Wercken hervor thun muß: So iſt abermahl in ſolchem Werck Chriſtus kein Richter, daß Er ſolche Wercke nach der Schärpffe deß Geſetzes examinirte und urtheilte, wo Er in allen Wercken noch groſſen Mangel würde finden, und ſie in dem Gerichte verwerffen müſte; Sondern, weil die Wercke auß Glauben mit einfältigem Hertzen geſchehen ſind, ſo erſetzet Er alle Mängel an denſelben mit ſeiner eygenen vollkommenſten Gerechtigkeit, und läſt Ihm dieſelbige umb ſein ſelbſt und umb deß Glaubens willen wolgefallen, nimbt ſie als gut an, ſihet in Gnaden das jenige daran an, was wahrhafftig gut daran iſt, und hingegen träget Er mit Gedult die daran klebende Gebrechen. Das heiſt, daß Chriſtus kein Richter ſeye in ſeinem Mittler-Ampt, ſondern, daß dieſes darinnen beſtehe, uns die Seligkeit ohne einige Würdigkeit umb ſeiner uns geſchenckten Gerechtigkeit willen zu geben, und folgends unſere unvollkommene Wercke, da ſie im Glauben geſchehen, mit Gnaden anzunehmen, als Früchten deß Heyls und der Gerechtigkeit. Dieſes iſt alſo die Lehre, wie Chriſtus kein Richter ſeye.

Aber hie laſſet uns, meine Geliebte, wol vorſehen, daß wir uns derſelben nicht mißbrauchen: Daß wir gedächten, weil Chriſtus kein Richter iſt, und uns ſelig machet ohne Abſicht auff unſere Werck und Leben, als welches Er nicht in das Gericht führen, ſondern den bloſſen Glauben annehmen wil, ſo möchten wir nach unſerm wolgefallen leben. Moſes ſolle uns alſo zu frieden laſſen mit ſeinem Geſetz, unſere Prediger ſollen deß Geſetzes und deſſen Androhungen ſchweigen gegen uns; Dann was bedarff es derſelben, da Chriſtus uns nicht richten wil. Sind leider Gedancken ſehr vieler Leuth, die auch wol zuweilen in die Wort außbrechen, daß man auch manche Predigten, wo auff den thätigen Glauben getrieben wird, durchzeucht, ſolche ſchmäckten nach dem Pabſtthum, wieſen die Leuthe auff ihre Wercke. Unſer Heyland Chriſtus ſeye nicht ſo ſtreng, daß er ſolchen Fleiß von ſeinen Chriſten erfordere, wie die Prediger ſagten: Dieſe müſten das Evangelium und ihres HERRN Chriſti Ampt ſelbſt nicht recht verſtehen, oder ſonſt Luſt haben die Leuthe forchtſam zu machen. Auch bey vielen die ſich eben mit Worten deſſen nicht verlauten laſſen, zeigt das gantze Leben, daß ſie in dem Verſtand Chriſtum vor keinen Richter halten, daß es nichts ſchade an ihrem Heyl ſie thun was ſie wollen, wo ſie nur ſagen, ſie glauben an Chriſtum, und können ihnen darüber tröſtliche Einbildungen machen. Es iſt aber ſolches ein grauſamer Betrug deß leidigen Teuffels, der auß der ſchönſten und lieblichſten Blum des Mittler-Ampts Chriſti als eine gifftige Spinne das ärgſte Gifft machet.

Es iſt freylich wahr, daß Chriſti Mittler-Ampt kein Richter-Ampt ſeye, und daß allen denen jenigen ihr Sünde, wie viel und ſchwer ſie ſeyen, nicht mögen ſchaden oder gerichtet werden, die an ſolch ein Mittler-Ampt ſich halten, und deſſen genieſſen. Es iſt aber auch wahr, daß Chriſti Mittler-Ampt ſo fern allgemein ſeye, daß Er begehre alle ſelig zu machen; Was auch die Erwerbung der Gnaden und Heyls-Güter anlangt, hat Er ſie allen erworben: Aber was darnach die Application und Zueignung anlangt, ſo geſchiehet auß der Menſchen eygener Schuld, daß nicht alle an ſolchem Mittler-Amt Theil haben. Keinen nuzet das Mittler-Ampt Chriſti als welche in Chriſto JEſu ſind, in denſelben allein iſt keine Verdamnuß, Rom. am 8. Welches die Frucht deß Mittler-Ampts Chriſti iſt. Welche aber auſſer Chriſto ſind, dieſelbe ſind die Güter deß Mittler-Ampts Chriſti unfähig, und denen bleibet der Mittler Chriſtus ein Richter.

Wer iſt aber in Chriſto JEſu? Antwort, allein der der den wahren Glauben hat. Ich ſage, den wahren Glauben, nicht nur die wahre Bekandtnuß der Religion, die Evangeliſche Religion, ſondern derſelben Krafft, den Glauben ſelbſt, und zwar der ihn hat, nicht nur der ſich deſſelben rühmet, oder der ihn zwar gehabt aber verlohren hat. Wer alſo den wahren Glauben nicht hat, der iſt auſſer Chriſto.

Weil aber jederman meynt er habe den wahren Glauben, ſonderlich unter uns Lutheriſchen, welcher Glaube ja der rechte iſt, ſo müſſen wir auch wiſſen, wollen wir nicht betrogen werden, was der wahre Glaube ſeye.

Vor zwey Jahren (in der dritten getruckten Predigt über Johannis am 3. v. 16.) haben wir durch GOttes Gnade von ſolcher Materi außführlicher gehandelt: Jetzo läſt es ſich in dieſer Kürtze nicht widerholen. Wir wollen allein dieſe 2. Stück zur Prüffung deß Glaubens mercken.

1. Wer da glaubet, den macht der Glaube zu einem gantz andern Menſchen, als er vorhin geweſen. Wer alſo nicht ein anderer Menſch iſt, als wir Menſchen von Natur ſind, ſondern ſein Leben alſo führet, daß Er in allen Dingen ſeinen Nutzen, Ehr, Gemächlichkeit ſuchet, und dieſelbe ſeines GOttes Willen vorzeucht, deren wir die meiſte ſehen, der hat den Glauben nicht: Er ſtehet nicht in der Wiedergeburt.

2. Paulus gibt in angezogenem Spruch, Rom. 8. ein gar feines Kennzeichen, wer in Chriſto JEſu ſeye, und alſo den wahren Glauben habe, und deßwegen in wem keine Verdamnuß ſeye, nemlich die nicht nach dem Fleiſch wandeln, ſondern nach dem Geiſt. Er ſagt zwar nicht, die nicht das Fleiſch an ſich haben, und bey denen es nicht noch einige Früchten ſtätig ſuchet zu bringen. Aber, die nicht nach dem Fleiſch wandelen, welche die Lüſte ihres Fleiſches, das jenige worzu ſie die Welt, der Teuffel und ihr eygen Fleiſch anreitzet, nicht vollbringen, daran kein Gefallen haben, oder ihnen nachhängen, ſondern entweder alſo balden ihnen ſtarck gnug widerſtehen, oder, wo ſie je einmahl damit übereylet worden, dieſelbe ins Werck zu ſetzen, daß ſie ſo bald ſich wieder auffraffen, Buſſe thun, und mit ſoviel meherem Ernſt ſich weiter gegen die Sünde wapnen. Die wandelen nicht nach dem Fleiſch, und die ſind es allein, welche deß Mittler-Ampts Chriſti genieſſen. Da ſie hingegen nach dem Geiſt wandelen, in dem ſie nicht nur das Böſe unterlaſſen, ſondern auch in dem Guten ſich üben, und demſelben nachſtreben, was der H. Geiſt, der ſie treibet, in ihnen wil. Das ſind nach Pauli Außſpruch allein diejenige, die in Chriſto JEſu ſind, und ſich deſſen zu getröſten haben, daß ihnen Chriſtus kein Richter ſeye, dann ſie genieſſen würcklich ſeines Mittler-Ampts.

Hier prüffe ſich alſo jeglicher wie er ſtehet, ſo wird er bald finden, ob er in dem Glauben ſtehe oder nicht: Er prüffe ſich aber redlich und ernſtlich, ſonſt, betreugt er ſich, ſo iſt der Schade ſein. Welche aber finden, daß ſie noch biß daher nicht haben begehrt nach dem Geiſt zu wandlen, und die noch nicht begehren den Wandel nach dem Fleiſch abzulegen, daß ich es deutlicher ſage, die noch nicht ernſtlich ihnen vorgenommen, nun und nimmermehr muthwilliglich ihren GOTT zu erzornen, und ein gantz ander Leben zu führen, als das gemein in der Welt geführet zu werden pflegen. Solche, ſage ich, haben den Glauben nicht, ob ſie ihnen ſchon ſolches einbilden, dann der Mangel der Frucht weiſet es, deßwegen ſo gedencken ſie nicht, daß das Mittler-Ampt Chriſti, biß ſie den Glauben in wahrer Buß erſt empfangen, ſie angehe zu würcklichem Genuß. Sondern ob ſchon Chriſtus kommen iſt, nicht, daß Er die Welt richte, und alſo auch, daß Er ſie nicht richte, ſo wird Er ſie gleichwol richten, dann ſie ſind wegen deß Unglaubens auſſer Ihm, und auſſer der Gnaden, daher ſind ſie widerumb unter der Strenge deß Geſetzes. Alſo, wo ſie vor Chriſti Gericht werden kommen, ſo wird ihnen Chriſtus ein Richter ſeyn, dann als einen Mittler haben ſie Ihn von ſich geſtoſſen, und wird ſie nicht anders ſelig ſprechen als nach dem Geſetz, wo ſie das gantze Geſetz gehalten haben: Das iſt ihnen nun bloß unmüglich; Alſo ſind ſie, ohne in der Zeit der Gnaden folgende Buß, gewiß verdammt.

Ferners, weil ſie auſſer Chriſto ſind, ſo iſt alles was ſie thun ſündlich. Dann das jenige was die Glaubige Guts thun, ob es wol ſchwach hergehet, und noch viel Gebrechen daran iſt, GOTT deßwegen gefället, weil Chriſtus es nicht als ein Richter nach der Strenge deß Geſetzes urtheilet, ſondern es umb ſeiner eygenen Gerechtigkeit willen vor gültig annimmt: So genieſſen die andern ſolcher Wolthat nicht, ſondern, wo das geringſte manglet an dem das ſie wollen Guts thun, (wie allezeit viel manglen muß,) ſo ſihet es GOtt als Sünde an, und verdammt deßwegen auch ihre vermeynte gute

Wercke, weil ſie nicht nach dem Geſetz vollkommen ſind, und Er wiederumb ihre Richter nach dem Geſetz worden iſt, da ſie Ihn zum Mittler nicht haben, noch mit Glauben in ſeine Ordnung ſich ſchicken wollen.

Sind alſo ſolche Leuth freylich in elendem Stand; Dann all ihr Thun kan nicht anderſt als GOtt mißfallen: Soviel ſeligen der jenigen Stand iſt, welche in dem Glauben an Chriſtum dem Gericht entzogen ſind, darinnen eben unſer gröſſeſter Troſt iſt. Dann da ſtehet allemahl der Syllogismus: Wer auch ein einiges Göttliches Gebott überſchreitet, der iſt ewig verflucht und verdammt: Das ſagt das Geſetz, dem wir nicht widerſprechen dörffen. Hierauff ſubſumiret unſer Gewiſſen. Nur habe ich nicht nur ein einiges, ſondern alle Göttliche Gebott offt übertretten. Darauß kommt der traurige Schluß: So bin ich dann in Ewigkeit verflucht und verdammt. So lang wir nun nicht von dem Geſetz erlediget werden, ſo lang können wir dieſem Schluß nicht entgehen.

Daher ſo iſt dieſes die gröſſeſte Wohlthat Chriſti, daß er uns von dem Gericht erlediget, Er hat uns das Privilegium Exemtionis (der Clericorum, die GOttes Loß, 1. Pet. 3. v. 5. κλῆρος ſind, ſo allen wahren Chriſten zukommet) und Declinationis fori gegeben, daß wir nicht mehr vor dem Richt-Stuhl deß Geſetzes unſer Urtheil anzuhören haben, ſondern vor Chriſti Mittler-Thron. Da heißt der Syllogismus anders: Wer glaubet und getaufft wird, der wird ſelig. Ich glaube und bin getaufft: Dann, daß ich getaufft ſeye, habe ich andere äuſſerliche Zeugnuß; daß ich glaube, habe ich das innerliche Zeugnuß deß H. Geiſt, und dann das äuſſerliche der Früchten deß Glaubens, weil ich nicht nach dem Fleiſch, ſondern nach dem Geiſt wandele. Daher gehet der Schluß richtig: So bin ich ſelig.

Alſo appelliren wir von dem Berg Sinai auff den Berg Sion, von dem Geſetz auff das Evangelium: Von Chriſto der zwar das Geſetz durch Moſen gegeben, auch die Unglaubige an jenem Tag richten wird, auff Chriſtum dem Mittler der nicht zu richten gekommen iſt. Da wird das Gewiſſen recht beruhiget, und höret, daß eben deß GOttes, der das Geſetz gegeben hat, Wille ſeye, daß Er deßwegen ſeinen Sohn in die Welt geſandt habe, damit ſie nicht müſte nach dem Geſetz geurtheilet werden.

Damit iſt der Menſch ſeiner Gerechtigkeit vor GOtt verſichert, er iſt auch verſichert, daß GOTT ſeinen kindlichen Gehorſam, den er in Schwachheit, aber redlich Ihm leiſtet, Ihm gefällig ſeyn laſſe, und auch ſeine Wercke nach der Strenge nicht richte. Ja, er iſt deſſen gewiß, gleich wie hier in der Welt Chriſtus nicht mehr Ihn richten wil, wo er in dem Glauben ſtehet, alſo, da er dardurch dem Fluch und der Gewalt deß Geſetzes einmahl entriſſen iſt, wo er in dem Glauben bleibet, und endlich darinnen abſcheidet, ſo werde er an Chriſto auch, wann Er an dem Jüngſten Tag zum Gericht kommen wird, nicht einen Richter, ſondern einen Seligmacher haben. Er werde auch an jenem Tag ſeine Gerechtigkeit die Er ihm in dem Glauben geſchencket hat, als gültig von ihm annehmen, und hingegen, der Sünden nimmermehr gedencken. Er ſolle auch da nicht gerichtet werden, ob er ſchon vor dem Richter-Stuhl ſtehet, aber das Urtheil über ihn nicht auß dem Geſetz, ſondern Chriſti Gnaden- und Mittler-Ampt geſchöpffet muß werden.

Ach HErr JEſu! laß uns offt gedencken, daß du zwar ein Richter ſeyeſt allen denen, welche dich nicht in wahrem Glauben annehmen, damit wir damit alle Sicherheit deß Fleiſches hintertreiben, und nicht mit Boßheit und muhtwilligen Sünden den Glauben wegſtoſſen und dein Gericht auff uns ziehen. Hingegen, daß du deinen Glaubigen kein Richter ſeyeſt, damit wir uns deines Verdienſtes auß Würckung deß Heil. Geiſtes freudig getröſten, darauß alle unſere Seligkeit hernehmen, und im Leben und Todt einig uns darauff verlaſſen, auch vor deinem Richterſtuhl getroſt darauff beruffen, und damit allem Gericht entnommen der Seligkeit genieſſen, die du uns verdienet haſt. AMEN.

Lazarus Spengler

ward am 13. März 1479 zu Nürnberg geboren, und machte ſich als vorderſter Rathſchreiber daſelbſt um die Reformation ſehr verdient. Er ſtarb am 7. September 1534.

Von ihm erſchien:

Chriſtliche Lieder, z. B. durch Adams Fall u. a.
Sein Glaubensbekenntniß, in Luthers Werken. Jen. Ausg. 6, p. 326.
Sein Leben von U. G. Hausdorf. Nürnberg, 1741.
Ermahnung und Unterweiſung zu einem tugendhaften Wandel. 1520 (Nürnberg, 1830).
Spengleriana, von M. Max Meyer. Nürnberg, 1830.

S. ſuchte in ſeinen geiſtlichen Liedern vorzüglich Luther, ſein Vorbild, zu erreichen, was ihm auch in nicht geringem Grade gelang, und erwarb ſich daher zu jener Zeit, wie um die Reformation im Allgemeinen, ſo um die Förderung des beſſeren Kirchengeſanges im Beſonderen große Verdienſte.

Sperrvogel, ſ. Minneſinger.

C. Spiegel, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Chriſtian Wilhelm Spieker

wurde am 7. April 1780 zu Brandenburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle und lehrte eine Zeit lang daſelbſt am Gymnaſium und Pädagogium. 1806 machte er als Feldprediger den Kriegszug mit, begab ſich 1807 als Lehrer nach Deſſau, 1809 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie und Prediger nach Frankfurt. 1812 wurde er daſelbſt Archidiaconus und 1818 zum Superintendenten und Oberpfarrer an der Hauptkirche erwählt. Er war ſchon früher mit dem philoſophiſchen und theologiſchen Doctortitel beehrt; auch zum Ritter des eiſernen Kreuzes erhoben.

Er gab heraus:

Meine Reiſe von Halle nach dem Brocken. Halle, 1801.
Luiſe Thalheim. Leipzig, 1808. 2 Thle.
Die glücklichen Kinder. Leipzig, 1808. 4 Thle.
Emiliens Stunden der Andacht. Halle, 1808; 5. Ausg. 1837.
Vater Hellwig unter ſeinen Kindern. Nürnberg, 1809—10. 2 Thle.
Chriſtliche Religionsvorträge. Züllichau, 1812.
Gebete, Predigten und Reden zur Zeit der Erhebung. Berlin, 1816.

Andachtsbuch. Berlin, 1816. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte Martin Luthers. Berlin, 1818.
Des Herrn Abendmahl. Berl., 1819; 3. Ausg. 1830.
Erzählungen für die Jugend. Leipzig, 1819.
Gelegenheitsreden. Frankfurt, 1820.
Sammlungen geiſtlicher Lieder. Berlin, 1823.
Geſchichte der Einführung der Reformation in die Mark Brandenburg. Berlin, 1839.
Kirchen- und Reformationsgeſchichte der Mark Brandenburg. Berlin, 1839. 1. Bd.
Leben des Herzogs Leopold von Braunſchweig. Berlin, 1830. 2. Ausg.
Chriſtliche Morgenandachten. Berlin, 1835. 2. Ausg.
Chriſtliche Abendandachten. Berlin, 1840. 2. Ausg.
Chriſtliches Troſtbuch für Leidende. Berlin, 1838.
Viele einzelne Predigten, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Als trefflicher Kirchenhiſtoriker, mehr aber noch als ausgezeichneter Kanzelredner und aſcetiſcher und Jugendſchriftſteller, hat ſich S. durch ſein unabläſſiges humanes und echt patriotiſches Wirken einen gefeierten Namen erworben und mit Recht die lebhafteſte Anerkennung gefunden.

Chriſtian Heinrich Spieß,

1735 zu Freiberg geboren, lebte lange Zeit als Schauſpieler und dramatiſcher Dichter, verſchiedenen Bühnen angehörend, und wurde endlich 1788 gräfl. küniglischer Wirthſchaftsbeamter zu Bezdiekau in Böhmen, in welcher Stellung er am 17. Auguſt 1799 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Schauſpiele:
Die drei Töchter. 1782.
Maria Stuart. 1784.
General Schlenzheim. 1785.
Das Ehrenwort. 1790.
Clara von Hoheneichen. 1790.
Stadt und Land. 1791.
Die Folgen einer Lüge. 1792.
Liebe und Muth macht Alles gut. 1793.
Oswald und Mathilde. 1793.
Friedrich Graf von Toggenburg. 1794.

Romane:
Biographien der Selbſtmörder. 1785. 4 Thle.
Das Petermännchen. 1791. 2 Thle.
Der alte Ueberall und Nirgends. 1792.
Die Löwenritter. 1794. 4 Thle.
Biographien der Wahnſinnigen. 1795. 4 Thle.
Reiſen durch die Höhlen des Unglücks und die Gemächer des Jammers. 1796. 3 Thle.
Die Geheimniſſe der alten Aegyptier. 1797. 3 Thle.
Hans Heiling. 1798. 4 Thle.
Maria Clement. 1800.

Lebhafte Phantaſie und raſche Darſtellung ſind ihm nicht abzuſprechen, aber ſein Geſchmack war ungebildet und das Wohlgefallen, das er am Grauenhaften und Uebernatürlichen fand, ſo wie ſeine Vielſchreiberei verleiteten ihn, auf den Effect allein hinzuarbeiten, ohne nach Höherem zu ſtreben. Seine Schriften wurden daher eben ſobald wieder vergeſſen, als ſie in der Mode waren. Am Gelungenſten erſcheint ſein Drama: Clara von Hoheneichen, das ſich demgemäß auch am Längſten im Andenken bei der Menge erhielt.

A. U. Karl Spindler,

um 1795 zu Breslau geboren, erhielt ſeine Erziehung in Straßburg, wo er ſtudirte, war eine Zeit lang Schauſpieler und lebte dann als Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter zu Stuttgart, wo er ſeit 1829 die Damenzeitung redigirte. Im folgenden Jahre zog er nach München und begann zu gleicher Zeit die Herausgabe des Taſchenbuchs: Vergißmeinnicht. Später ließ er ſich in Baden-Baden nieder, wo er gegenwärtig noch ſeinen Wohnſitz hat.

Er gab heraus:
Sämmtliche Werke. 30 Bände. Stuttgart, 1831 und folgende Jahre.

Daraus mögen hervorgehoben werden:
Eugen von Kronſtein. 1824.
Der Invalide. 1831.
Der Schwärmer. 1831.
Blümlein Wunderhold. 1831.
Der Jeſuit. 1829—32.
Kettenglieder. 1829—32.
Sommermalven. 1833.
Winterſpenden. 1833.
Die Nonne von Gnadenzell. 1833.
Lenzblüthen. 1834.
Freund Pilgram. 1825 und 34.
Der Jude. 1827 und 34.
Herbſtviolen. 1834.
Moosroſen. 1830—33.
Je länger, je lieber. 1835.
Der Baſtard. 1826 und 35.
Boa Conſtrictor. 1836.
Tag und Nacht. 1836.
Regenbogenſtrahlen. 1836.
Außerdem einzelne Erzählungen und Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, beſonders in der von ihm redigirten: „Damenzeitung" und „Zeitſpiegel," in Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Es ſei mir geſtattet hier das Urtheil anzuführen, das ich in meiner Allgemeinen Geſchichte des Romans (Jena, 1841, S. 479 ff.) über S. ausſprach, und als das Reſultat langer und unpartheiiſcher Betrachtung der Werke dieſes ausgezeichneten Mannes betrachten darf: Eine reiche, oft übermüthige Phantaſie, eine vortreffliche objective Darſtellung und eine genaue Auffaſſung der Zeit, welche er ſchildert, treten ihm in allen ſeinen Leiſtungen an die Seite. In ſeinen Characteren weiß er, beſonders durch glückliche Intuition, die nationale Eigenthümlichkeiten eben ſo trefflich wieder zu geben, als das Beſondere des Individuums zu zeichnen; nicht ganz ſo glücklich iſt er aber in conſequenter pſychologiſcher Entwickelung derſelben. Hier verfährt er oft zu gewaltſam, indem er nicht durch Uebergänge motivirt, ſondern Alles, wie hervorgeſprungen, gleich ſo entſtehen läßt, wie er es braucht und haben will. Dies zeigt ſich beſonders in ſeiner Darſtellung des Laſters; er handelt gleichſam mit den Verbrechen en gros, und ſeine Sünder ſind ſo verworfen, wie nur irgend möglich; dadurch raubt er ihnen aber das Intereſſe des Mitleids, und ſchadet der Wahrheit wie der Wahrſcheinlichkeit, indem er zu unnatürliche Gebilde und Thaten heraufbeſchwört. Seine Phantaſie ſcheint ihn hierzu gewaltſam fortzureißen, und die künſtleriſche Ruhe, die über Allem ſchweben muß, zu zerſtören. So lange man ſeine Werke lieſt, folgt man ihm mit der geſpannteſten Aufmerkſamkeit, denn er weiß den Leſer fortwährend zu feſſeln durch die Lebendigkeit und den Farbenreichthum ſeiner Darſtellungen; hat man aber geendigt, ſo wird man ſich nie befriedigt fühlen. Daß er, bei ſeiner Genialität, die Mittel beſitze, Alles das, was man an ihm vermißt, zu leiſten, unterliegt keinem Zweifel; auch beweiſen einzelne, oft geringe Umſtände, Momente und Motive, die Tiefe ſeiner Gefühle, die Leichtigkeit ſeines Blicks und das wahrhaft poetiſche Element, aus welchem ſich Alles bei ihm entwickelt, hinlänglich. Seine kräftige Natur gefällt ſich zu ſehr in Contraſten, und draſtiſche Wirkungen ſind ihm die liebſten. — S. hat, ſeit jene Zeilen niedergeſchrieben wurden, außer dem Könige von Zion, nur noch einen größern Roman verfaßt, die Nonne von Gnadenzell, und ſich ſpäter faſt allein mit kleinen Erzählungen beſchäftigt, die ſeinem Weſen eigentlich nicht zuſagen, da er, ſeinen Anlagen nach, durchaus die Einbogen frei haben muß, um erfolgreich zu ſein, in der Enge eines kleinen Raums ſich aber nicht zuſammenzudrängen verſteht. Jener Roman leidet an denſelben Fehlern, und erfreut ſich derſelben Schönheiten, wie die übrigen; eins hat er vielleicht vor ihnen voraus, das ihn uns noch angenehmer macht, es iſt mehr deutſches Naturleben darin, auf deſſen Schilderung ſich S. meiſterhaft verſteht, weil er es mit der ganzen Wahrheit eigener Anſchauung wiedergibt. Er iſt überhaupt durch und durch deutſch, und zwar ſüddeutſch, und ſo hat er auch den hiſtoriſchen Roman aufgenommen und behandelt, und ihn uns vor allen Anderen, die ſich hier verſuchten, am Nationalſten angeeignet.

Erzählungen bei Ebbe und Fluth. *)

Süd-Frankreichs goldener Himmel und blaues Meer bezaubern das Auge des Reiſenden, und wiegen ſeine Phantaſie in morgenländiſche Träume; die nördlichen Küſten des Königreichs bieten ernſtere Reize dar. Am mittelländiſchen Meere die Gärten der Armida, an der Manche oſſianiſche Scenerieen; die Provence hat das Paradies von Hyères, die Normandie den Berg des heiligen Michel.

Sankt Michaels-Berg „in den Gefahren des Meeres" hat ſeines Gleichen nicht. Abgeriſſen von dem feſten Geſtade, eine Vorwacht des Landes in öder Sandfläche, die zweimal im Tage von den Meereswellen erobert und verlaſſen wird, ſtreckt ſich die rieſenhafte Felſenpyramide ſtolz in die Luft, und trägt auf ihren dürren grauen Schultern eine Stadt, ein Schloß, eine Abtei. Das Kloſter faßte einſt, Mönche und Diener zuſammengerechnet, über hundert Menſchen; dreihundert Krieger lagen in der Veſte; heute noch zählt das Städtchen zu den Füßen des Monaſteriums vierhundert Einwohner.

Es geht die Sage, daß einſt ein dichter Wald geweſen, wo ſich jetzo die gefährlichen Greven oder Triebſandfelder bis zum Meere dehnen, und daß nur nach und nach die gewaltige Fluth des Oceans das Erdreich ſammt dem Haine hinweggeſchwemmt habe; daß der Felſen rund um von grünen Bäumen bekränzt geweſen, wie noch heute ſeine den Nordwinden ausgeſetzte Seite, während gegen Weſten der geborſtene und vom Sturm gepeitſchte Berg nur hie und da einen kümmerlichen wilden Feigenbaum von ſeiner Fruchtbarkeit zeugen läßt. Fenchelſtauden und Schierlingskraut wuchern indeſſen allenthalben, vergilbte Mooſe hängen um die Scheitel der Granitblöcke, und wenn die Frühlingsſonne des greiſen Titanen Eitelkeit weckt, ſchmückt er ſich mit einem üppigen Gürtel von blutrothen Steinnelken.

Es geht die Sage, daß einſt in dem mächtigen Eichenhaine Druiden gehauſt, und wilde Wahrſagerinnen ihre Sprüche geſungen; daß auf dem Gipfel der Felſen gräuliche Menſchenopfer geſchlachtet worden; daß endlich der Erzengel Michael ſelbſt dem Heidenthume ein Ziel geſetzt, und einem gottesfürchtigen Biſchof befohlen, Kirche und Kloſter an den ſündigen Ort zu bauen, und Jünger des heiligen Benedikt hinein zu thun, damit wieder Segen komme über das Land. — Heute ſind aber die Hymnen der Prieſter verſtummt, leer die Zellen des hochgethürmten Stifts, verödet die Kreuzgänge, dreihundert Fuß über Stadt, Greve und Meer.

Es geht die Sage, daß ſchon von den älteſten Grafen der Normandie die Aebte des Stifts die Gewalt des Schwertes erhalten haben, zugleich mit dem ſanfteren Zwang des Hirtenſtabes: ſo daß ſie in der Feſte gewappnete Schaaren hielten, und ſelbſt die Waffen zur Hand nahmen, wenn es galt, das Heiligthum des Erzengels zu beſchirmen gegen die rohe Wuth der Bretagner und Engelländer. Dem Herkommen gehorſam, beſtätigten Frankreichs Könige durch mehrere Jahrhunderte das Recht der Aebte, und thaten öfters Wallfahrten nach dem Ort der Gnaden. — Heute iſt es anders; aus dem Stifte iſt ein Gefängniß geworden, die herrliche Kirche iſt in eine Weberwerkſtätte verwandelt, die Burg bewacht von Soldaten, die ſehnſuchtsvoll nach dem Feſtlande ſtarren, und den unſeligen Kerkerdienſt verwünſchen.

Aber das Volk im Städtchen iſt immer noch daſſelbe, wie vor Zeiten; ein luſtig, rührig Fiſchervolk, wenige Bedürfniſſe kennend, vertraut mit den Gefahren der Greve und der Tücke des Meeres, das in der hohen Fluth unerbittlich alles zerſtört, was die Menſchen auf dem feuchten, lockern Lande bauten, und bei ſeinem Rückzuge als ein Erbe die wohlſchmeckenden Muſcheln hinterläßt, womit ſich die Bewohner des Berges zum großen Theile nähren. Weil die ſtets von neuem anſchwellenden Wogen der See den Fiſchern nur in verhältnißmäßig kurzen Zwiſchenräumen geſtatten, aus dem Thore der Stadt zu gehen, und ihrem Gewerbe obzuliegen, ſo bedürfen die guten Leute eines Mittels, die langen Stunden der Muße auf eine wohlfeile Art auszufüllen, und wie alle Küſtenbewohner finden ſie dieſes Mittel in den Mährchen, die einſtens ihrer Großväter Einbildungskraft erdacht, und in den wunderlichen Geſchichten, die, auf einem feſten Grunde beruhend, von Mund zu Mund, aufgeputzt mit ſeltſamen Nebendingen und eigenthümlicher Redeweiſe, bis auf unſere Tage gekommen ſind. Was dieſem vom Feſtlande getrennten Geſchlechte an Aber- und Wunderglauben abgehen möchte, haben die zahlreichen Wallfahrer hinzugetragen, die ſeit ſo vielen Jahren, — früherhin beinahe ohne Unterlaß und in hellen Haufen — aus allen Ländern Europa's zuſtrömten, den heiligen Michael in ſeinem Münſter in periculo maris zu verehren. Die Fiſcher des Berges lernten von den Pilgern Abentheuer aus der Fremde, von den Prieſtern Legenden, Zeichen und Wunder, von dem Kriegsvolke Schlachten und Heerzüge, von den Gefangenen des Schloſſes Gaunergeſchichten, von den Schleichhändlern Wagſtücke zu Waſſer und zu Lande; und von den Seeleuten endlich die Kunſt, alte Hiſtorien in das Gewand der Gegenwart zu kleiden, weil das Schiffsvolk im Grunde keine Vergangenheit kennt, und nur im Heute lebt. So entſtand nach und nach eine ſehr merkwürdige Sammlung von Volksſagen auf dem Berge, die ſtets mit neuem Vergnügen von den Alten erzählt und von den Jungen gehört werden, wenn die Flamme im Kamine flackert, die Muſcheln in der fetten Butter von Avranches geröſtet werden, die Hammelsrippen auf den Kohlen ſchmoren, und Aller Augen der guten Mahlzeit entgegenharren. Draußen, vor der klappernden Thüre, geht aber der Septemberſturm, und die hohe Springfluth rollt heran, wie auf unzähligen, blitzſchnell kreiſenden Rädern aus dem Grunde des Meeres, und rings um Stadt und Berg brandet die tobende See. Oder ſie rauſcht ab in dunkeln Schatten, immer leiſer ſchlagend den naſſen, aufgewühlten Sand, und der Nebel zieht auf, daß der Fiſcher ſich nicht hinaus wagt, und, Netz und Hacken bereitend, gierig horcht, wenn Geſchichten erzählt werden, wie ſie hier folgen.

1.

Die Träume des Mönchs Aubert

vom Berge des heiligen Michael.

„Macht das Kreuz, Kinder, und betet ein Paternoſter, junge Geſellen, daß der Verſucher fern von euch bleibe."

In einer rauhen Herbſtnacht verſchlief ein armer Mönch aus dem Kloſter die Frühmette, und der Mönch hieß Aubert, und es iſt ſchon lange, lange her.

Und da ihn der ehrwürdige Abt zur Strafe ziehen wollte,

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*) Aus Spindler's Taſchenbuch 1833.

ſagte er traurig: „Ich habe viel mehr geſündigt, mein Vater, was ich Euch in der Beichte bekennen will.“

Darum ſetzte ſich der Herr in den verſchwiegenen Beichtſtuhl, und der Mönch ſprach: „Da ich die Frühmette verſchlief . . . juſt habe ich geträumt, daß es mir in der Clauſur nicht mehr gefiele; weßhalb ich um Strafe und Ablaß bitte.“

Der Abt verſetzte: „Entſchlage Dich der ſündigen Gedanken und bete die kommende Nacht hindurch auf Deinen Knieen im einſamen Chore.“

Der Mönch Aubert that, wie ihm geheißen. Aber am nächſten Morgen kam er wieder zu dem Herrn in den Beichtſtuhl, und ſprach: „Ich habe wieder und ſchwerer gefehlt. Der Schlaf hat mich vor dem Altare übermannt, und mir däuchte, als ſey ich dem Kloſter entſprungen, als liebte ich ein Weib, als wiegte ich Kinder, und begehrte ich nimmer in's Heiligthum zurückzukehren.“

Der Abt ſchüttelte nun bedenklich den weißen Kopf, und verſetzte: „Deine Träume werden immer gefährlicher, armer Mönch. Büße dafür in der unterirdiſchen Kapelle, wo zwiſchen ungeheuern Strebeſäulen, im Grunde des Münſterbaues, der Altar der heiligen Mutter ſteht. Ihre Milde reinige Deine von ſträflichen Begierden befleckte Seele. Nach dreien Tagen kehre zurück vor dieſen Richterſtuhl der Gnade.“

Der Mönch ging gehorſam, wohin ihm befohlen. Da er jedoch in der Kapelle ſtand, wo im engen Kreiſe der fünf Schuhe dicken Pfeiler die Lampe vor dem Bilde der geſegneten Mutter brannte, und die Thüre, wodurch man in die Kirche ſtieg, ſchwer hinter ihm zufiel, — da ſeufzte er, und meinte ganz ſtille, es wäre doch wohl beſſer, wenn er daheim bei den Eltern geblieben wäre. Nicht ein Jeder iſt zum Heiligen gemacht, und das erfuhr der Mönch gar bald, weil die Verſuchung nicht von ihm abließ.

Am vierten Tage . . . nicht früher und nicht ſpäter . . . ließ der Herr das Gewölbe öffnen, und der Mönch wurde halb ohnmächtig gefunden. Er war am Boden ausgeſtreckt, und erſchöpft von dem Faſten und Gebet. Aber nicht ſo bald hatte er ſich wieder erholt, als er vor den Abt trat, und zu ihm als ein weinender Beichtſohn redete: „Ich bin Euer unwürdigſter Bruder. Da ich eingeſchlummert geweſen am breiten Pfeiler des Gewölbes, hatte ich wiederum einen Traum. Gott und der heilige Erzengel erbarmen ſich meiner! Mir träumte, es ſey eine blaue Nacht, und ich führe zu Schiffe mit vielen wunderlich gekleideten und bewaffneten Leuten, als ihr Wegweiſer zum Berge. So überfielen wir dieſes theure Kloſter und warfen Feuer hinein, daß es lichterloh brannte, und das Bild des Erzengels vom Thurme ſchmolz. Ich aber hatte ein Schwert, das ich wetzte, und rief überlaut, daß ich vor mir ſelbſt erſchrack: Die Mönche alle müſſen ſterben, und den Abt morde ich mit eigener Hand! — Da erwachte ich, und ſtelle Euch mein Leid anheim, ehrwürdiger Herr und Meiſter.“

Der Abt bekümmerte ſich tief ob der böſen Träume ſeines Kloſterſohnes, und er ſagte: „Bei dem Schilde des heiligen Michael! So iſt es noch keinem Schläfer in dieſem frommen Felſenhauſe ergangen. Was gottesfürchtige Leute im Schlummer ſehen, iſt unſchuldig Blendwerk der müden Sinne. Deine Geſichte ſind jedoch von übler Vorbedeutung. O gedenke Deines Patrons, des heiligen Biſchofs Aubert von Avranches, dem der Erzengel im nächtlichen Traume befahl, dieſes Kloſter zu gründen, und zum Wahrzeichen ſeiner himmliſchen Sendung mit einer Berührung des Fingers die Schläfe öffnete, welches Maal und Signum noch an dem Schädel des Heiligen zu ſehen iſt. Durch ſolche Oeffnung zog die Gnade in des Biſchofs Seele, aber der Böſe hat Dein Herz angerührt, und den Keim der Sünde hineingelegt, daß es nur nach Zerſtörung und Verderbniß lechzt. Du biſt nicht rein genug, im Kreiſe Deiner Brüder zu verweilen. Gehe darum in der Einſiedelei auf Tombelene, bis Du geneſeſt. Dann rufe ich Dich wieder, ein liebender Vater.“

Ihr kennt Tombelene, ihr Jungen und Dirnen; den runden Felſen, unfern von unſerm Berge, weiter voran auf der Greve, weiter voran im Meere. Ihr badet euch dort in der Seefluth, ihr Buben, ihr betet dort zu der heiligen Apoline, ihr Töchter, und vermaledeit die Jakobiner, die Zerſtörer der Kapelle, worinnen auf Tombelene die Marterjungfrau verehrt worden iſt.

Aber dazumal war auch ein Klöſterlein neben der Kapelle, und in demſelben wohnten Söhne des heiligen Benedict, drei an der Zahl, die unſer Herr, der Abt, alljährlich dorthin verſendete, daß ſie mit Gott allein ſeyen. Zu jenen Prieſtern ſchickte er nunmehr den Mönch Aubert in dem kleinen Kloſterkahn, und Aubert hatte einen Brief von dem Herrn an die Brüder.

Da ſie den Brief geleſen, ſtanden ſie ſchweigend vor Bangigkeit, bis ihr Vorſteher zu Aubert anhob: „Was haben wir verſchuldet, daß wir mit Dir den Fluch empfangen? Iſt nicht ſchon bitter genug unſere Abgeſchiedenheit, nicht ewig genug der Sturm und die Fluth an dieſem öden Orte, daß wir noch den böſen Feind bei uns aufnehmen müſſen? Verhüte der Erlöſer, daß Du in unſerer Mitte ſchlafeſt! gehe hin zu der Höhle, die ſchon manchem Sünder als Wohnung gedient hat!“

Nach der Höhle, die gegen Mitternacht lag, führten die ſtrengen Brüder den weinenden Aubert. Die Felſenſpalte war fünfzig Fuß über der Greve und dem Meeresſpiegel, und eben ſo viel Fuß unter der Fläche des Felſenbergs, der ſich an dem Orte ſenkrecht in den Grund abſtieß, ſo daß der elende Bewohner des Klippenlochs an Stricken hinuntergelaſſen werden mußte. Ein Brod, eine Kürbisflaſche mit Waſſer und eine Decke waren die Ausſteuer, die man mit dem Mönche in die Tiefe ſenkte. Die Nahrung wurde erneuert mit jedem Tage; aber an jedem war die Plage der ſtrengſten Einſamkeit dieſelbe. Wollte der unglückliche Büßer nicht frieren, ſo mußte er in's Innere der Höhle kriechen, wohin nur ein matter Strahl des Tages drang; wollte er am Sonnenlicht ſein Auge erfreuen, mußte er ſich bloßſtellen dem Sturm. Eine Ranke von dunklem Epheu die einzige Erquickung ſeiner Sinne; der traurige Sandſtrich oder das anwogende graue Meer ſeine einzige Ausſicht; ſeine Muſik der klägliche Laut des Brachvogels; das Gebet ſeine einzige Arbeit, ſein einziger Zeitvertreib!

Da fragte er ſich oft in verzweifelten Stunden, warum er geboren, warum er die Welt verlaſſen, und ob alles mit ihm zu Ende ſey. Und in ihm erwachte der Trotz des Schiffers, der auf ſchwachem Boot durch die Brandung ſteuert, und ſein Leben dünkte ihm nichts mehr, und er beſchloß, es zu endigen. Und dieſes ſollte geſchehen bei der nächſten hohen Fluth.

Als aber die Fluth kam, ſchrecklicher und tobender als jemals, daß der Felsberg in ſeinen Grundveſten erzitterte, — als der arme verblendete Mönch, das beſchauliche Leben des Kloſters verfluchend, ſchon die Kutte abwerfen wollte, um ſich in die Wogen zu ſchleudern — da beruhigte ſich auf einmal ſein Herz. Doch war es nicht Gottes Finger, der es that, ſondern der Böſe, der mit ſeinen Rabenfittigen dem Verirrten Muth zufächelte.

So daß er zu ſich ſelber ſprach: „Sieh doch, wie ſchon mein erſter Traum ausgegangen iſt in Wirklichkeit! Was hindert mich denn, zu warten, ob nicht auch der Traum der Liebe ſich erfüllen möchte! Und endlich der Rache Traum, der ſchönſte von allen!“

Seit langem zum erſtenmal lächelte Aubert wieder, und ſetzte ſich auf die Kante ſeiner Felſenhöhle, wo ſie am meiſten vorſprang in das wilde Wellenſpiel. Doch Alles um ihn her war anders geworden. Das graue Meer ſchien ihm von Silber, und wo in der Ferne der Schaum der anſchwellenden Wogen aufbrauste, bildeten ſich vor ſeinem Auge liebliche Geſtade mit grünen Hügeln, worauf weiße Lämmer weideten, worauf vergoldete Thürme ſtanden und friſche Bäume wehten. Flog eine Möve vorüber, oder ein Zug von graugefiederten Regenpfeifern, ſo winkte ihnen der Mönch, als vorübergleitenden Schiffen; hüpfte in ſeiner Nähe ein weißes Kaninchen von Stein zu Stein, ſo grüßte er es als einen Menſchen. Bis die Nacht ihr ſchwarzes Netz über die Fluthen breitete, trieb er es ſo, und nachdem es dunkel geworden, rief er den Mond, obgleich derſelbe hinter den Wolken ſchlief.

Indem der Mönch bemerkte, daß die Sterne fort waren, und Regen in den finſtern Lüften hing, ſeufzte er ſchwer, wie ein Mann, der in ſeinem engen Grabe zum Leben erwacht; aber ſein gieriges Auge hatte ſchnell gefunden, woran ſein Herz verzweifelte. Weit, weit von ihm, dort, wo Meer und Himmel zuſammenhängen, blitzte es auf, wie die Flamme eines Leuchtthurmes, und ſie kam näher und heller heran, daß Aubert nicht mehr wußte, ob der Thurm auf ihn, oder er mit der Inſel, als wie in einem Schiffe auf den Thurm zuſchwamm. Nach und nach wurden aus dem einzigen Lichte ihrer zwei: zuerſt wie die Augen einer Katze im Finſtern, dann wie feurige Ruthen, deren Strahlen bald größer, bald kleiner ausfuhren, dann wie rollende Feuerräder. Die See rauſchte, daß tauſend klappernde Mühlen nicht gehört worden wären, und über den aufgedeckten Rücken des Waſſers ſtrich ein ungeheures Thier, wie ein ſeltſamer Wettervogel mit weit ausgeſpannten ſchlagenden Schwingen. So geſchah es, daß der Mönch, gleichwie er am Tage die Möven für Schiffe gehalten, jetzo in der Nacht ein gewaltiges Segelſchiff für einen Meervogel nahm, bis die Maſten deutlich wurden, beſteckt mit Laternen bis zu den Bramſtangen, und die gebauſchten Flügel von bleichem Tuch, und hundert ſchaumwedelnde Ruder, wie Spinnenfüße ſo emſig.

Habt ihr von dem grünen Seefahrer gehört, der auf einer Galeere von Perlmutter durch alle Meere ſteuert um Mitternacht, deſſen Haare voll Erde hängen ſtatt des Segeltuchs deſſen Tauen aus den ſchönſten Mädchenhaaren gedreht, deſſen Kanonen aus dem feinſten Golde gebohrt ſind! Der zauberhafte Schiffer ſammt allen ſeinen grünen Matroſen hat nicht ein Zehntheil der Pracht aufzuweiſen, die ſich vor dem armen Mönch Aubert aufthat, als das blanke Fahrzeug gerade unter ſeinem Felſen anlegte, das Verdeck von Fackeln hell wurde, wie am ſchönſten Sonnentage, und aus den ſammetnen Vorhängen der Kajüte eine Dame trat, gewebt aus Roſen und Diamanten, aus Rubinen und Schnee.

Eine Menge von ſchillernden Dienern mit goldenen Ankern auf Knöpfen und Hüten, ſpannten eine Leiter von karmoiſinrothen Seidenſtricken aus, reckten die ſilbernen Ruderſtangen hinaus, daß ſich die Dame ihrer als eines Geländers bedienen möchte, und machten ihre Aufwartung ſo geſchickt, daß die funkelnde Herrin in der Höhle ſtand, ehe ſich der Kloſterbruder deſſen verſah.

Er drückte ſich verlegen in einen Winkel. Die fremde Meerfahrerin ſchien ihn nicht zu bemerken, und ſetzte mit beſonderer Behutſamkeit ein ſchwarzes Gefäß neben ſich auf den Boden nieder. Dann klatſchte ſie in die Hände, und als wie ein Schwan mit ſträubendem Fittig ſchwenkte ſich das Zauberſchiff in die Fluth zurück, und verſank kaum hundert Schritte vom Felſen mit Mann und Maus und Schätzen in der Tiefe.

„Heiliger Erzengel, hilf!“ ſchrie der Mönch beim Anblick ſolchen Unglücks auf, und im Nu durchrollte ein grimmiger Donner die Höhle, und die fremde Dame ſank zu Boden, erbleichend in all ihrem Glanze. Aubert lauſchte ängſtlich aus ſeinem Verſteck; die Fremde rührte ſich nicht, doch wehte um ihre Geſtalt ein grünliches Licht, wobei deutlich geſehen werden konnte, wie die ſchöne Frau nach und nach zur weißen Leiche wurde. Aber auch der grüne Schimmer wurde mit jedem Athemzuge des Mönchs matter und matter, bis Aubert hervorſprang, von Angſt und Begierde getrieben, ſich neben der Sterbenden niederkniete, und mit ſeinen Händen ihre Wangen ſtreichelte, mit ſeinem Munde den ihrigen küßte, untröſtlich wie er war, ſo viel Liebreiz zu verlieren im Augenblicke, da er ſich ihm zum erſtenmale wie ein Freudenhimmel aufgethan. — Da wurde der Schein wieder licht und röthlich, und ſprühte wieder Morgengluth auf das Geſicht der Ohnmächtigen, daß ihre Glieder gelenk wurden, und ſie aufgerichtet fragen konnte: „Hat Dich Velleda, die Druidin, geſchickt, mir zu helfen, Du Stern meiner Augen?“

In der Höhle lag nämlich die uralte Hexe begraben, welcher einſt das ganze Heidenvolk der Normandie unterthan geweſen iſt, und die fremde Dame, die ſich eine Tochter des Herzogs von Bretagne nannte, war gekommen, an dem Grabe der Drude zu beten, die Zauberei zu lernen, und ſich weiſſagen zu laſſen von dem Geſpenſte. — Da ſie dem Mönch dieſes erzählte, ſträubten ſich freilich ſeine Haare, aber die Prinzeſſin war ſo ſchön, daß er nicht mehr von ihr gewichen wäre, hätte es auch ſein Leben gegolten.

Sie öffnete das ſchwarze Gefäß, zog daraus eine ſchwere Lampe und einen Weihrauch, den ſie in die Flamme warf. Er wirbelte auf wie aus einem Schornſtein, und kaum hatte die Fürſtin ein paar geheimnißvolle Worte geſprochen, als ſchon die Wand der Höhle barſt, und der blaſſe Leib der Drude erſchien, wie er im Felſengrunde lag, geſchmückt mit Ketten und Ringen, ein Bündel blutrother Pfeile in jeder Hand. Der Leichnam, ohne ein Auge zu öffnen, antwortete langſam auf jede Frage der Prinzeſſin, und der erſchrockne Mönch verſtand weder Frage, noch Antwort. Er ſtarr und ſchwindelte, als drehe er in einem Waſſerſtrudel, und zu Zeiten kam es ihn an, als ſolle er beten, doch fiel ihm leider kein Gebet ein.

Wie aber zu ihm die Prinzeſſin redete: „Die Zauberin prophezeit mir, daß Du mein Gatte ſein werdeſt, und ich frage Dich auf Ja oder Nein!“ da wußte er mit einemmale friſch zu antworten: „Bei dem grünen Meere und den ſilbernen Sternen! ich muß verderben ohne Deine Liebe!“

Die Prinzeſſin verzauberte ihn noch mehr durch einen verbuhlten Blick, und befahl ihm, aus der rechten Hand des Geſpenſts einen Pfeilbündel zu nehmen. — Er that's, die Drude verſchwand, und von Stund' an wurde der Mönch ein eidbrüchiger, gottvergeſſener Mann.

Vergebens ſchrieb von unſerm Berge der ehrwürdige Abt gen Tombelene, daß dem Sohne Aubert verziehen, und der Schooß des Kloſters wieder offen ſei. Als ihm die Brüder die frohe Botſchaft hinunter riefen in die Klippenſpalt, antwortete er: „Ich habe gewählt, und Ihr habt mich ausgeſtoßen; nun bleib' ich, wo ich bin, und will ſterben, wo ich ſo lange gelebt habe.“

„Wir wollen den Starrkopf durch Hunger zwingen;“ rathſchlagten unter ſich die Brüder, und ließen zwei Tage vergehen, ohne dem Ausgeſetzten Nahrung zu ſpenden. Einer von ihnen horchte aber in der Nähe, ob er nicht einen Ruf des Mönchs vernähme. Alles blieb ſtill. Den Brüdern wurde endlich angſt und bange. Sie ſchrieen in den Abgrund: „Bruder Aubert, lebſt Du noch?“ — Alles blieb ſtill, wie zuvor. Da weinten ſie, und ſprachen in ihrer Betrübniß: „Gewiß iſt er geſtorben, und wir haben ſeinen Tod auf dem Gewiſſen. Wenigſtens wollen wir ſeine Gebeine in geweihter Erde legen.“

So gingen ſie zur Zeit der Ebbe auf die Grève, und legten Leitern an das Geſtein, und kletterten empor zur Höhle. Wie erſchracken ſie aber, da ein gelbgeſprenkelter fetter Lindwurm den dampfenden Rachen ihnen entgegenhielt, umringt von einer Brut kleiner Drachen! Einer der Mönche war vor Entſetzen des Todes, und ſeine Gefährten trugen freilich eine Leiche nach ihrer Einſiedelei, aber ſie war nicht die rechte.

Von der Zeit an floh Jedermann den Felſenvorſprung zur Mitternacht, als den Aufenthalt böſer Geiſter. Wenn jedoch Windſtille eintrat, und das Meer Friede hielt, hörten die frommen Bewohner von Tombelene oft ein fernes Gewinſel, wie von Kinderſtimmen oder ein feines Gelächter, wie von einem friſchen Buben, den die Amme ſchwingt und kitzelt. „Behüte uns vor dem Lindwurm und ſeinen Jungen!“ ſangen alsdann die Prieſter, und verſtopften ihre Ohren.

Indeſſen ging es in der Höhle luſtig her und voller Freuden. Die feuchten ſchimmlichen Wände waren mit Silberſtoff bekleidet, und Aubert ſchlief in einem Purpurbette an der Seite ſeiner Gattin; neben ihm ſtand die ſeidene Wiege ſeiner Kinder: eines Sohns und zweier Töchter. Die Zeit war vergangen wie auf Sturmesflügeln, und er wähnte ſich im Reiche der Seligen, geliebkoſt von ſeinem ſchönen Weibe, im Beſitz der herrlichſten Kleinodien. Der Felſen, ſo ärmlich von außen, war von innen ein reiches Schloß, das unſichtbare Geiſter Tag für Tag mit den ſeltenſten Leckerbiſſen des Meeres und der Küſte verſahen, mit Auſtern aus der Bucht von Cancale, mit Weinen aus Bordeaux. Der Mönch, wünſchte ſich eine kleine Ewigkeit in ſolcher Hülle und Fülle.

Einſt erhob ſich jedoch die Zauberfrau von ihrem Lager, gähnte ſehr, und dehnte die weißen Arme und ſprach: „Jetzo habe ich an der Einſamkeit mich müde geſchwelgt. Heute, ſchöner Aubert, verlaſſe ich Dich, denn meine Zeit iſt um, und nimmer ſiehſt Du mich wieder.“

Der abtrünnige Kloſtermann ſchwankte vor Entſetzen auf ſeinen Beinen, und das Scheidewort zermalmte ſein Herz. Die arge Frau merkte dieſes gar wohl; darum ſprach ſie mit liſtigem Lächeln weiter: „Nimmer, nimmer in Ewigkeit, wenn Du nicht Dich entſchließen magſt, mir zu folgen an den Hof meines Vaters, und zu erwarten, welches Loos er uns beſtimmt: denn er iſt ſtreng, und wird mir um meiner Liebe willen zürnen.“

Dieſe Rede erwärmte des Unglücklichen Bruſt, und er ſchwor, dem Weibe und den Kindern zu folgen; zu ſein, wo ſie, zu ſterben für ſie. Die Zauberin befahl ihm, einen von den rothen Drudenpfeilen in die anwogende See zu ſchießen, denn es war wiederum die Zeit der höchſten Fluthen und wachſender Sturm auf den Waſſern. Da der Pfeil in den Giſcht der Wellen fuhr, beſänftigte ſich das Wetter und aus der ſpiegelglatten Ebene hob ſich langſam das Schiff mit den Damaſtſegeln, den Silberrudern, den goldbeflaggten Maſten und dem karmoiſinrothen Tauwerk. Das blanke Schiffsvolk ſchwenkte die Hüte, die Geſchütze krachten, und wie der Wind ſtach das Fahrzeug in die hohe See. Aubert lag, wie in Trunkenheit befangen, am Kabeſtan, und ſah, wie durch einen Flor, Tombelene aus ſeinen Blicken ſchwinden, den Erzengel auf unſerm Thurme immer weiter zurückweichen, bis er endlich im Luftkreiſe verdämmerte. Dann ſah Aubert nichts mehr, denn er war feſt eingeſchlafen.

Als er wieder vom Schlummer zu ſich kam, waren Schiff und Matroſen hinweg, und er fand ſich im Sande auf der Küſte von St. Malo, wo dazumal der Herzog von Bretagne dem Vergnügen des Lachsfangs oblag. Nur ein Schloß war da, denn die Stadt war noch nicht gebaut. Das Schloß wurde von des Herzogs Trabanten bewacht, die herabkamen, den fremden Abentheurer zu fangen, weil ſie glaubten, die ſtürmiſche Fluth habe ihn an's Geſtade geworfen. Der Mönch fürchtete ſich vor den Bärenfellen, die ſie auf den Schultern trugen, und vor den langen Schwertern in ihren Händen, und war um ſo gehorſamer, ihnen zu folgen, ob er gleich viel jammerte um ſein Weib und ſeine Kinder. Er hatte gut jammern; die groben Bretagner verſtanden ihn nicht.

Während dieſes geſchah, war die Prinzeſſin ihm vorausgegangen zum Schloſſe, wo der Herzog bei'm Becher ſaß, mitten unter ſeinen Fiſchern, und der Fang war groß geweſen, und die Freude größer als der Fang. Und als der Herzog ſeinen Bart erfaßte und ausrief: „Bei'm großen Baal! den ganzen Schmaus gäbe ich darum, wenn meine liebe Tochter, die ich vor Jahren begrub, hier zur Stelle wäre, lebendig und friſch, und Mutter eines geſunden Buben!“ da trat die

Prinzeſſin in den Saal, umringt von ihren Kindern, und meldete, wie ſie nicht geſtorben, wie nur ein Blendwerk den Vater betrogen, wie ſie zurückkehre, eine fröhliche Mutter. —

Der Herzog ſchickte hin, das Grab der Tochter aufzubrechen, und es wurde leer gefunden. Da überredete ſich der Fürſt, daß ihn ein Spuck genarrt habe, und weil die Zauberin niemanden ähnlicher ſah, als ſeiner Prinzeſſin, ſo nahm er ſie als ſolche in ſeine Arme. Wie er jedoch vernahm, daß ein Oberſt und ehemaliger Prieſter des Heilands ſeiner Enkel Vater war, gerieth er in heftige Wuth, und wollte den Mönch zu Staub verbrennen laſſen. Mit Mühe nur änderte er ſein Urtheil auf Fürbitte der Tochter dahin ab, daß dem Aubert das Leben geſchenkt ſein ſolle, wenn er des Herzogs Götzen anbeten würde. Nebenbei befahl der Fürſt, daß man die beiden Mägdlein, ſeine Enkelinnen, ertränke; nur dem Sohne ſchenkte er Gnade, weil ſein eigener in der Schlacht gefallen war, und ein Erbe dem Herzogthum Noth that.

Die Prinzeſſin ging zu Aubert in den Kerker, und ſagte zu ihm: „Unſer Sohn lebt, wenn ſchon unſere Töchter im Meere zu Grunde gingen. Aber auch Du ſollſt leben, wenn Du ein Heide wirſt." — Der verblendete Mönch war ſchon dergeſtalt von Gott gewendet, daß er hiezu ohne Bedenken ſprach: „Amen, alſo geſchehe es." —

Dann fuhr die Zauberin fort: „Auch ſollſt Du in Purpur und Seide gehen, mein Ehegemahl heißen, ein Fürſt der Bretagne ſein, wenn du dem Herzog helfen willſt, des heiligen Michaels Berg zu gewinnen. Mein Vater wird nur dann glücklich ſein, wenn er auf jenem Berge den Altar ſeiner Väter und ſein eigen Schloß aufgerichtet hat."

Der Mönch zauderte ein wenig; aber — wer ſeinen Erlöſer verläugnet, wird dieſer ſeinen Brüdern getreu bleiben! So antwortete Aubert: „Bei Deiner Schönheit! ich will den Berg des Michael gewinnen." So führte ihn die Prinzeſſin im Triumph zum Schmauſe des Herzogs, wo er vor dem Bilde des Baal opferte, und zur Rechten des Fürſten ſaß, welcher ihn trunken machte vor Herrlichkeit und Wein, daß er ſeinen Schöpfer läſterte, und ſich theuer vermaß, ſein armes Kloſter zu verderben.

Binnen dieſer Friſt ſammelten die Hauptleute des Herzogs das Heer, und alle ſeine Sloops und Kanonierböte bereiteten ſich, die Anker zu lichten, weil der Augenblick günſtig war, zur See an den Berg zu kommen, bevor die Zeit der ſteigenden Waſſer eintrat. Auf der vorderſten Schaluppe ſchiffte ſich der Eidam des Herzogs ein, und neben ihm ſeine Frau, kundiger als ein Steuermann der Strömungen und leitenden Himmelszeichen. Sie ſegelten raſtlos und erreichten im mitternächtigen Dunkel den Felſen, wo noch keine Stadt, ſondern nur das Kloſter ſtand, himmelhoch, wie noch jetzt.

Beim Schein der Pechfackeln verließen die Bretagner ihre Fahrzeuge, und klimmten ſtill die in den Felſen gehauenen Stufen hinan. Der Mönch war vorne daran, und ſuchte nach einem unterirdiſchen Eingang, der ihm wohlbekannt geweſen; denn er dürſtete nach Blut und Rache, und rief, ſein Schwert ſchwingend: „Alle Mönche müſſen ſterben, und ich morde den Abt mit eigener Hand!"

Da ihm ſolch wildes Wort entfuhr, ſtieß ihn die Frau zürnend an, und die Hunde des Kloſters gaben Laut. Erſchrocken ſchaute ſich Aubert um, und ſiehe: da war es wie in ſeinem dritten Traume: die bunten wunderlich gekleideten Gewappneten, die Fackeln, die Spieße und Fahnen, und er, der Führer der Feinde. „So hat ſich plötzlich mein Schickſal erfüllt!" ſeufzte er mit einer Anwandlung von Reue. Aber die Prinzeſſin ſtieß ihn wieder an, ſagend: „Fühlſt Du den kühlen Morgenwind? Es muß vollendet ſein, bevor der Tag anbricht."

Ein feierlicher Geſang ertönte auf den Mauern, und die älteſten Prieſter erſchienen auf der Bruſtwehr, demüthig die weißen Schädel neigend, und ſprachen: „Tödte uns, unwürdiger Bruder, aber ſchone des Heiligthums!"

„Wirf den Brand in das Dach!" ſchnaubte die Prinzeſſin, und drückte dem Mönch eine glimmende Kugel in die Hand, während die Bretagner mit fürchterlichem Geſchrei die Leitern anlegten, und einen Hagel von Pfeilen nach den Zinnen ſchickten. Aubert ſchleuderte wie ein Wahnſinniger die Granate nach dem Thurme, und traf das metallne Standbild des Erzengels, daß es wie ein Höllenfeuer loderte; aber alſobald geſchah ein Wunder. Das Bild fuhr hernieder vom Thurme, und der Erzengel ſelber war es in der Majeſtät ſeines Zorns, ſo wie ihr ihn noch ſehet auf den Gemälden, mit dem ſtrahlenden Schild und Helm und dem langen Degen. Als ein Wetterſtrahl ſtürzte er auf die Zauberin, die ſich plötzlich in den leibhaftigen Teufel verwandelte, und trat das kreiſchende Ungethüm mit Füßen, daß der Berg zerborſt, und die Gluth leuchtete bis nach Guernſey.

Die Bretagner entflohen heulend nach dem Ufer. Wer von ihnen nicht den Hals brach, kam in den Wellen um, denn die Schiffe waren von Sturmesgewalt dem Ankergrund entriſſen worden, und trieben, zerbrochene Trümmer, auf dem Waſſer. Aubert war mit dem Geſichte voran zur Erde geſtürzt, und erwartete in ſeiner Vernichtung den tödtenden Streich vom Engelſchwerte.

Auf Erden hatte wohl keiner dem Sünder das Wort der Gnade gegönnt, aber in den Himmeln richtete ſich für ihn der allbarmherzigere Fürſprecher, ſein Namensheiliger auf, ſchwebte herab auf einer ſchönen klaren Wolke, und rief ihm milde zu: „Du ſollſt nicht ſterben, ſchwacher, verführter Mann. Der Teufel, der liſtiglich verſuchte, mit Hülfe eines Prieſters das Heiligthum ſeines Erzfeindes zu verderben, liegt überwunden in dem Pfuhl der Flammen. Der Schirmwächter des Himmels hat nur Waffen gegen den Böſen; für den reuigen Sünder nur Gnade."

Nachdem der ſelige Biſchof von Avranches ausgeredet, weihte er den Mönch auf's Neue mit ſeinem Segen, und verſchwand in der Glorie des Erzengels, die zum Wahrzeichen noch einen ganzen Tag lang geſehen wurde. Die Kloſterbrüder führten das wiedergefundene Schäflein in die Clauſur, aber nachdem Aubert reiflich die Vergangenheit überlegt und geprüft, verlangte er nach Tombelene zurück, und beſchloß daſelbſt in ſeiner Zelle, ein prophezeiender und gebenedeiter Einſiedler, ſein andächtiges Leben, welches er in Buße und Gebet zu hohen Jahren brachte.

Der Herzog von Bretagne, da er ſolche Mähr erfuhr, bekehrte ſich mit ſeinem Volke zum Chriſtenthum und verſtieß den Sohn der hölliſchen Braut von ſeinem Hofe. Die Fügungen der Vorſehung ließen zu, daß jener Halb-Satan im Verlauf der Zeiten eine Prinzeſſin der Normandie berückte, und jenes Grafen Robert Vater wurde, der in der Welt unter dem Namen des „Teufels" ſich berüchtigt gemacht hat, und deſſen Geſchichte ihr alle kennt, Alt und Jung. —

2.

Die Wallfahrt des Königs Ludwig.

„Haben die Muſchelthiere geſchmeckt? Danket Gott für die leckere Speiſe, und putzt die Schaalen blank, weil der Pilger ſie liebt und zum Andenken kauft, damit für den fleißigen Fiſcher nichts vom Fange verloren gehe. Geſegnet ſeien St. Michaels Meermuſcheln, denn edel ſind ſie, wie die Muſchelſchaalen des heil. Jakob, und König Louis hat einen Ritterorden daraus gemacht. Von dem König Louis will ich daher erzählen. Das fördert die Arbeit, und hält die Augen wacker und munter."

Es war einmal ein König in Frankreich, deſſen Vater übel gewirthſchaftet, und auf ein Haar ſein Land an die Roſtbeefs verloren hatte. Wie ein Geizhals immer nach ſich einen Verthuer, ſo zieht auch ein Verſchwender nach ſich einen Sparer. König Louis dachte daher in ſeinem Sinne, daß er ſo lang als möglich die Krone erhalten wolle, die er nach ſo mancher Gefahr geerbt hatte. Was iſt aber eine Krone, wenn der Kopf darunter fehlt? Und wie leicht iſt es nicht um eines Menſchen Leben geſchehen, und wer hat in einem Lande wohl der Feinde mehr, als ein König!

Darum ſperrte ſich Louis mit allen ſeinen Schätzen in ein Schloß ein, dem Niemand auf hundert Klafter nahen durfte, wenn er nicht einen Geleitsbrief des Königs hatte, oder ein Vertrauter des Schloſſes war. Ohne Erbarmen wurde niedergemacht, der nicht Rechenſchaft von ſeinem Begehren geben konnte, und die Leute ließen ſich's geſagt ſeyn: denn wer nicht mußte, ging gewiß nicht in des gefährlichen Schloſſes Revier.

Der König war nun wohl ſicher von außen, wie in einer Nuß; aber die Langeweile plagte ihn, und weil ihn die Unterthanen nicht mehr beſuchten, befahl er ſeinen Soldaten, die Unterthanen zu beſuchen; namentlich die Adelichen, die er nicht leiden mochte, weil ſie den Kopf höher trugen, als ihm lieb war. Darum verkürzte er hie und da einem um eine Kopflänge: darum ärgerten ſich die andern und ſchworen ſich zuſammen gegen den König, der jedoch alle Verſchwörungen vereitelte, das Schwert wacker brauchte, und Städte und Ländereien verſchluckte, wie es ihm gefiel.

Der alte Herr von Mortal war der letzte, der dem weiſen Könige die Spitze bot. Er hatte ein wohlbefeſtigtes Schloß, worinnen ſein Sohn als Commandant lag. Als des Königs Truppen kamen, die Burg wegzunehmen, zog ihnen der alte Sire entgegen, und lieferte eine Schlacht, die er elendiglich verlor, worinnen er leider gefangen wurde.

Da man ihn vor den König geſtellt hatte, begehrte der Sire von Mortal ein geheimes Gehör, und ſprach über eine Stunde lang mit dem Monarchen, worüber ſich Niemand wunderte, da der alte Ritter in geheimen Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften wohl bewandert, auch Herr Louis von dergleichen Gelehrſamkeit ein großer Freund geweſen. Um ſo mehr ſtaunte das Volk, als nach dem geheimen Geſpräch der alte Ritter dennoch zum Galgen geführt, und ohne Verzug aufgehenkt wurde.

Der König ſah aufmerkſam hinter einem Fenſter zu, und der ſilberlockige Greis drehte ſich im letzten Augenblick zu dem Fürſten, und rief: „Mit meinem Leben beſiegle ich, was ich Dir vertraut habe.“ Hierauf ſtarb er wie ein Mann. König Louis verlor aber alsbald ſein ungläubig lächelndes Geſicht, gab viele Sorge in ſeinem Antlitz kund, und gebot allen ſeinen Kriegern, den jungen Mortal lebendig zu fangen und vor ſeinen Thron zu bringen. Viele Schildlouisd'or wurden auf den Fang geſetzt, und mancher hätte ſie gerne verdient, aber der junge Ritter machte einen Strich durch die Rechnung, indem er nach langer Vertheidigung die Feſtung in Brand ſteckte, und entfloh, ohne eine Spur zurückzulaſſen. Man hat in der Nähe und Ferne nach ihm gefragt und gejagt, ohne ihn zu erwiſchen, und endlich über anderen Händeln des flüchtigen Edelmanns gänzlich vergeſſen.

Von Stund an verließ alle Munterkeit den König, und eines Espenblattes Rauſchen machte ihn zittern wie ein Espenblatt. Er verkehrte ſeine ganze Lebensweiſe, ſchlief am Tage, und ohne daß irgend eine Seele genau wußte, in welchem Zimmer; wachte zur Nacht, aber ſelten im Schloſſe, ſondern auswärts in fremden Herbergen und Schenken, wo ſich Niemand des Königs Anweſenheit einfallen ließ; eine Viertelſtunde, bevor er zu eſſen begehrte, ließ er den Köchen wiſſen, was ſie zu bereiten hätten, und dann aß er nur das ſchlechteſte der Gerichte; endlich mußte die Speiſe vor ſeinen Augen bereitet werden auf einem niedern Herde, ohne Gewürz, in einem Topfe, den er ſelbſt reinigte, und er ſtand mit blankem Meſſer neben dem Koch, und belauerte denſelben, ob er nicht etwas in die Speiſe zu werfen verſucht ſei.

In ſolcher Angſt und Einſperrung verfielen ſeine Kräfte, und ſein Arzt, der nicht mehr ſein Vertrauen beſaß, ſchüttelte den Kopf, und verſchrieb eine Reiſe auf's Land. Das behagte dem König, und eines Tags ließ er verkünden, Seine Majeſtät befände ſich unwohl und in allen Kirchen ſolle man für ſein Leben beten. Während nun der Arzt des Fürſten Krankenzimmer mit eigener Hand vor allen Zudringlichen verſchloſſen hielt, ritt Herr Louis auf einem kleinen grauen Pferde zur Hinterthüre hinaus. Ihm folgten nur ſeine vertrauteſten Diener, der Profos und der Barbier.

Wie dem König die Schwermuth und die Stubenluft den Appetit und die Heiterkeit geraubt hatten, ſo gewann er beides wieder durch des friſchen blauen Himmels Anblick, und hörend der Vögel Gezwitſcher, und den Geſang der Bauerndirnen, die der Feldarbeit oblagen. Er freute ſich von Herzen des ſchönen Landes, das ihm gehörte, und wenn er einen Fluß ſah, dachte er ſich: „Auch der Fluß iſt mein;“ und wenn er an einem Berge hinritt: „Ich bin der Herr dieſes Berges;“ und als eine Stadt ſich vor ihm ausbreitete: „Ha, die Stadt iſt mein eigen, und erſt nicht die ſchönſte, die ich habe.“

Nach einem fröhlichen Mittagsmahl in der luſtigen Stadt ritten alle weiter, Fürſt und Diener; Herr Louis lachte und ſcherzte voller Munterkeit, daß auch die Diener wieder neu auflebten, weil ſie wohl verſpürten, daß ſie nichts ſeien ohne den Gebieter.

So erreichten ſie im Abendſchein eine weite Ebene, an deren Ende eine Burg mit hohen Zinnen lag. „Wem iſt das Schloß?“ fragte der König begierig, und ſeine Diener antworteten: „Das war des Herrn von Mortal Eigenthum, und jetzo iſt's das Deine;“ vermeinten auch, wieder einen luſtigen Schwank aus des Königs Munde zu vernehmen. Der blieb indeſſen ſtumm, faltete die Stirne, ſprach den ganzen Abend kein Wörtlein mehr.

Am nächſten Morgen kamen ſie durch einen herrlichen Kaſtanienwald. Louis, aufgeheitert durch die grüne Blätterpracht, fragte: „Weſſen iſt der Wald?“ — Seine Diener ſchauten einander verſtohlen und verlegen an, und beide antworteten: „Wir wiſſen's nicht.“ Hierauf wendete ſich mit derſelben Frage der Herr an einen Fiſcher, der im Bach Krebſe fing, und als ein ehrlicher Fiſchersmann antwortete ihm dieſer: „Der Wald hat dem Sire von Mortal gehört, aber der König hat ihn für ſich genommen.“ Herr Louis blieb wieder ſtumm, doch ſeufzte er tief, ſprach den ganzen Tag kein Wörtlein mehr.

Bei ſo ungünſtigen Zeichen wurde der Barbier keck genug, zu fragen, wie es komme, daß ein ſo gewaltiger König der Schwermuth nicht Meiſter werden könne, ſobald er nur den Namen eines überwundenen Feindes höre? Der alte Sire ſei ab und todt, und der junge, ein flüchtiger Landſtreicher, werde etwa in laufender Stunde eine Beute des Hungers, oder der Raben Speiſe.

Nun zog jedoch Herr Louis mit blaſſem Geſicht den Hut demüthig ab, die Hände faltend, und ſagte: „So wahr ich die Augen zum Himmel wende, ſo wünſche ich, daß es dem jungen Mortal wohl gehe, jetzo und immerdar.“

Der Profos zuckte die Achſel und machte eine blutdürſtige Fratze, indem er das Maul bis zu den Ohren verzog, meinend, der König habe nach ſeiner Gewohnheit den Schelm im Nacken, wie eine Katze, die niemals ſanftere Pfoten macht, als wenn ſie zum Kratzen Luſt trägt. Der Barbier ſann ſtille über den verwunderlichen Spruch des Königs nach, und hing den dicken Schädel bis zum Sattelknopf.

Indem gewahrte Louis, der endlich die Augen vom Himmel abthat, zu ſeinen Füßen im Hintergrunde der Landſchaft eine graue Fläche, die mit den Wolken eins zu ſein ſchien, und als wäre dort das Ende der Welt. „Was dort?“ fragte er. „Das Meer;“ verſetzte der Profos. „Und dort?“ — „Der Berg des heiligen Michael;“ verſetzte der Barbier ſeinerſeits.

Sie befanden ſich nämlich auf der Höhe von Moidrey, wo die Mühle ſteht; hatten zur Linken die Küſte von St. Georg, den vielgekrümmten und gezweigten Fluß Couesnon mit ſeinen Untiefen, und ſchauten beim hellen Wetter hinaus bis an den Felſen von Cancale; rechts hinwiederum ſahen ſie Tombelene, und weit dahinter die Spitze von Granville; gerade vor ſich den Michaelsberg, die mattweiße Greve und das graue ſilbergeſtriemte Meer. — So gewiß, als es nur eine Normandie und nur einen Berg, wie den unſrigen gibt, ſo gewiß iſt es, daß alle Reiſende von nah und fern ein Heimweh nach unſerm Felſen verſpüren, ſobald ſie deſſelben anſichtig werden, und es ging dem König um kein Haar anders, denn er ſagte: „Bei unſers Herrn Oſterfeſt! ich will den berühmten Berg beſuchen als ein Pilger, wie alle Könige, meine Vorfahren, gethan haben; und alſogleich ſoll es geſchehen.“ Befahl zur ſelben Stunde dem Barbier, vorauszureiten und dem Abt zu bedeuten, daß Louis von Frankreich ſich nähere, und guten Empfang begehre.

Der Barbier getraute ſich nicht ſehr, allein über den gefährlichen Triebſand zu reiten, und wollte den Profoſen voranſchicken. Weil aber der König von einem Augenblicke zum andern nicht wußte, ob es nicht etwas zum Aufknüpfen geben möchte, behielt er den Profos bei ſich, und erneuerte dem Bartdiener ſein Gebot. Endlich ſagte dieſer, als ſei er um den König beſorgt: „Biſt Du auch gewiß, daß der Abt des Berges Dein Freund, und ohne Falſch ſammt ſeinen Mönchen und Söldnern?“ — „Er iſt mein Milchbruder;“ ſagte der König entgegen: „Milchbrüder ſind aber den leiblichen vorzuziehen, die ſchon als unſere Feinde zur Welt kommen. Leichter theilt ſich ein Mutterbuſen, als ein Königreich. Vorwärts, Barbier.“

Louis hatte nach ſeiner Gewohnheit gut gerechnet. Der Abt war ſein aufrichtiger Freund und dankte ihm herzlich die Würde, die er durch des Königs Gunſt erhalten, ſo wie durch die Wahl ſeiner Kloſterbrüder. Kaum hatte er darum des Barbiers Botſchaft vernommen, als er die Glocken zuſammenſchlagen hieß, ſeinen Soldaten befahl, in der Stadt Spalier zu machen, ſeinen Hauptleuten, dem Fürſten auf die Greve entgegen zu ziehen, und ſelber mit dem Convent und Kreuz und Fahne an das Thor der Stadt trat. Es war um die Mittagsſtunde, wo die Greve trocken liegt, und Pferd und Mann am leichteſten die Tümpfel vermeiden mögen, die im Sande als wie ein Trichter ſich plötzlich verrätheriſch öffnen, um zu verſchlingen, was in ihren Schooß verſinkt. Die Luft war hell und warm, und des Königs Empfang nicht geſtört.

So gings hinauf die vierhundert Staffeln zum Schloß und zur Abtei. An ihren Pforten wurden die Waffen der beiden Begleiter abgefordert, aber der König behielt die ſeinigen, dem uralten Recht zufolge. Er behielt ſie auch aus ſchwarzem Mißtrauen, denn ſchon am erſten Thore, wo die beiden alten engliſchen Kanonen, aus Eiſenſtäben zuſammengeſchweißt, halb verſchüttet im Sande liegen, hatte Louis, vor den Geſchützen ſtehend und darüber eine und die andre Frage thuend, bemerkt, daß der Abt im Hintergrunde ſeines Herzens etwas verborgen hielt, das er nicht über die Lippen laſſen wollte. Zum zweiten, da ſie im Löwenhofe vor dem Standbilde des wappenhaltenden Thieres verweilten, war es dem König vorgekommen, als hielte der Abt ſeine Blicke nicht allzuredlich aus. Darum, wenn auch des Prieſters Worte milde und getreu klangen, war doch der kluge Fürſt vor ihm auf der Hut, und wer täglich um ihn war, merkte das, denn er that gar zutraulich, und wie das unbefangenſte Kind.

Für's erſte beſuchte der vornehme Pilger die Kirche und hörte dem Te Deum zu, das ihm die Mönche vorſangen. Für's zweite folgte er dem geiſtlichen Wirthe in den gewölbten Rittersaal, der dazumal ſeines Gleichen an Pracht nicht fand. Da war eine Tafel für die Majeſtät ganz allein gedeckt, und der Abt bediente den hohen Gaſt mit eigenen Händen, kredenzte ihm jeden Trunk, koſtete jede Speiſe vor, ſo daß der mißtrauiſche Herr ohne Angſt und Bedenken zulangen konnte, obſchon für alle Fälle der Profos, des Fürſten Schwert haltend, an der Thüre ſtand, neben ihm der Barbier mit des Königs Dolche.

Loys lehnte ſich beim Nachtiſch in den Armſtuhl zurück, blinzelte mit den Augen und ſprach gnädig zu dem Abt: „Ehrwürdiger, ich ſchenke Euerm Gotteshauſe ſechshundert Thaler.“ — Der Abt verneigte ſich einmal, antwortend: „Der liebe Gott ſegne den König dafür.“ — Loys fuhr weiter fort: „Ehrwürdiger, ich ſchenke Euch dieſen koſtbaren Roſenkranz.“ — Der Abt verſetzte, indem er ſich zweimal verneigte: „Der unwürdigſte Pfaffe dankt dem König dafür.“ — Dagegen verlangte Loys, dem Prieſter nach ſeiner beſondern Art zu beichten, vollkommenen Ablaß und am folgenden Tag das Abendmahl zu empfangen. Der Abt, ob er ſchon wußte, daß der Monarch ſich vorbehielt, in Gedanken zu beichten, was er nicht gerne mit Worten ausſprach, that dem Geſalbten des Herrn ſeinen Willen, und abſolvirte ihn als einen rechten, frommen, gottſeligen Pilger. Deß war Loys froh, und ſprach mit lauernden Blicken: „Jetzo wäre ich gerade vortrefflich zugerichtet, wenn Ihr mich heimlich aus der Welt ſchaffen wolltet; wie?“ — der Abt ſchlug erſchrocken ein Kreuz, und in ſeines Geſichtes Verſtörung erkannte der König ſeine Unſchuld, keineswegs die ertappte Bosheit. Daher rückte er dem zitternden Wirthe näher, und ſagte ihm mit glatter Treuherzigkeit: „Wenn ihr nichts wider mich im Schilde führt, warum ſchlagt Ihr die Augen nieder, ſo ich Euch ſcharf anſchaue? Bekennt mir das, wie ich Euch meine Sünden bekannte; wir ſind allein, und ich zähle noch hundert Thaler in Euern Beutel, wenn Ihr gegen meine Neugierde mit der Sprache herausgeht.“

Der Abt merkte freilich, daß er mit baarem Läugnen hier nicht durchkommen würde, und zugleich wollte er die andächtige Stunde ſeines gefährlichen Milchbruders nützen; dieſes machte, daß er freimüthig anhob: er habe allerdings etwas auf dem Herzen, doch nimmer dem König zum Schaden, wohl aber einer von Angſt gepeinigten Seele zum Nutzen, und wenn ſein erlauchter Gaſt allen Pflichten eines mit Gott verſöhnten Pilgers gehorſamen, und, wie er in der Beichte verſprochen, allen ſeinen Feinden verzeihen wolle, ſo ſei des Wirthes Geheimniß zu ſeinen Dienſten.

Dem König kam es auf ein Verſprechen nicht an, und der Abt bekannte ihm, daß in dem Kloſter ein Flüchtling verborgen ſei, den alle Welt verfolge; der ſich demungeachtet noch nicht habe entſchließen können, ſeiner Heimath Boden zu verlaſſen, und gar zu gerne dem Herrſcher ſich unterwerfen wolle, wenn er ſeiner Gnade gewärtig ſein dürfe.

Loys runzelte die Stirne und fragte: „Wer das?“ — „Der junge Sire von Mortal;“ antwortete der Abt mit Beklemmung; denn ſchon fürchtete er, wie er das Zornwetter aufſteigen ſah, zu viel gewagt, auf des Fürſten Wort zu viel gebaut zu haben.

Wie ſeine Furcht jedoch groß war, ſo war zehnmal größer ſeine Freude, als der Sturm vorüberging wie ein Blitz, und das ſtarke Wetter aus den Augen des gewaltigen Herrn lachte, daß derſelbe aufſprang, und ſich geberdete, als ob er im Spiel ganz England gewonnen hätte, um es in Paris zu verzehren. Wie endlich ſeine Luſtigkeit ſich beſänftigte, und er vor Gelächter zu Wort kommen konnte, rief er: „Unſer Herr Gott lebe hoch, denn er hat das ſehnlichſte Begehren meines Herzens erfüllt! Ehrwürdiger, geht hin, und bringt mir den wackern jungen Edelmann, daß ich ihn als meinen liebſten Vaſallen umarme.“

Dem Abt war nicht wohl zu Sinne, indem er dafürhielt, der theure König ſei plötzlich ein Narr geworden. Dennoch ging er, auf den Schutzheiligen des Hauſes vertrauend, hin, den jungen Sire zu holen, welcher ungewiß und ſorgenvoll ſeinen Schlupfwinkel verließ. Denn im Grunde ſeiner Seele haßte und fürchtete er den König um ſeines Vaters betrübten Endes willen, und nur ſein verliebtes Gemüth hatte ihn im Vaterlande gefeſſelt. Er war der Verlobte des ſchönſten Fräuleins in der Normandie; einer älternloſen Waiſe, deren Vormund mit ihr unfern von Pontorſon wohnte, und eifrig an dem König hing. Woraus leicht zu errathen, daß derjenige des Königs Freund ſein mußte, der das ſchöne und reiche Fräulein gewinnen wollte.

Der junge Sire wollte ſich dem Herrn zu Füßen werfen, aber Loys duldete das nicht, und öffnete ihm die Arme. Der Edelmann, der von Allem dieſem nichts verſtand, ſagte: „Weil mein ſeliger Vater gegen Dich gefochten, o Herr, haſt Du uns alles genommen, und ich bin ein Bettler. Wie ſtände mir eine Vertraulichkeit zu, welche Du nur Deinen vornehmſten Lehnsleuten gewährſt?“ — „Du ſollſt von Stund an der allervornehmſte meiner Hofherren, der erſte Marſchall, ein Herzog und der reichſte Ritter in der Welt ſein;“ verſetzte der König.

Der Abt verſpürte Schwindel bei ſolchen Reden, und der Ritter kneipte ſich die Arme blau, um ſich zu überzeugen, daß er mit wachenden Augen ſehe, und mit wachen Ohren höre. Doch ſagte er noch: „So viel Dank ich Dir auch für Deine Gnade darbringe, o mein König, ſo vergaß ich doch nicht, daß mein Vater an Deiner Ungnade ſtarb, und mir iſt ein Räthſel, warum Du eines Rebellen entwaffneten Sohn ehren ſollteſt, wie Dein eigen Kind! Oder es iſt Alles, was Du jetzo thuſt und redeſt, nur ein grauſames Spiel mit einem wehrloſen Schlachtopfer, und dann wäre beſſer, Du gäbeſt mir alſogleich den Tod.“ — Dieſer männlichen Sprache antwortete Loys mit freundlicher Stimme: „Ich mußte Deinen Vater hart ſtrafen um des Beiſpiels willen, aber bei Dir gelobe ich ſeine Stelle zu vertreten. Darum laſſe Deinen Pfleger und Gebieter nicht allzulange eine Verſöhnung erwarten, die nur zu Deinem Glücke ausſchlägt.“

So umarmte denn der junge Sire von Mortal den König, und derſelbe führte ihn in alle ſeine Rechte und Reichthümer wieder ein, ſchenkte ihm noch vieles Land und viele Leute, machte ihn zum erſten Kammerherrn, Pair und Herzog, und ſetzte ihm für alle Wohlthaten nur die Bedingung, fortan an ſeinem Hofe zu leben, ſo lange es Beiden, dem Herrn und dem Unterthan, gefällig und lieb ſein würde. Der Ritter willigte in Hoffnung fröhlicher Zukunft ein, und der Abt pries des Himmels unerforſchliche Fügungen. Der König gab den Mönchen ein Feſt, ſpendete den Armen freigebig, beſchenkte die arbeitſamen Fiſcher, und empfing von denſelben ein leckeres Gericht von den allerbeſten Muſcheln. Dieſes erinnerte ihn an die Muſchelſchaalen, welche im Kloſterwappen ſtehen, und an die, welche die Pilger auf ihre Kleider zu heften pflegen; und aus Dankbarkeit, daß ihn der heil. Michael beſonders geſegnet, ſtiftete er zu ſeinen Ehren einen reichen Orden, deſſen Ritter eine Kette von ſilbernen Muſcheln auf der Bruſt trugen, daran das Bild des Erzengels, wie es auf dem Thurm ſtand. Auch ſetzte er drei Silbermuſcheln zu den vieren in dem Wappen der Abtei, und fügte hinzu des Königs Hauptſchildſtück, das blaue Feld mit den drei goldenen Lilien. — Der Kommandant des Schloſſes, die tapferſten Offiziere des Königs, und der Ritter von Mortal, erhielten die Ordenskette des heil. Michael; doch wußte keiner, in welchem Stücke der Erzengel den König geſegnet hätte; am allerwenigſten der Sire von Mortal, der von ſeinem eigenen Schickſal und Erdenglück nicht das Mindeſte begriff.

Beſcheiden und einſam war der König zum Berge gepilgert; mit Pracht und Muſik und vielem Gefolge kam er zu ſeiner Hofſtatt zurück. Jedermann verwunderte ſich über ſeine Leutſeligkeit, und über die plötzliche Aenderung in ſeiner Lebensordnung. Seine frühere Aengſtlichkeit war zum großen Theil verſchwunden, und er floh nicht mehr die Geſellſchaft der Menſchen. Namentlich war einer am Hofe, den er nie von ſeiner Seite ließ. Das Frühſtück mußte derſelbe mit dem Fürſten theilen, und das Mittagsmahl, und das Abendeſſen; den Wein, das Spiel, die Jagd. In der öffentlichen Audienz ſtand er neben des Königs Thron; hatte irgend ein Geſandter heimliches Gehör, ſtand der unzertrennliche Freund dicht vor der Thüre. Saß Herr Loys am Kamin, ſo war ihm gegenüber der Andere; legte ſich Herr Loys zu Bette, ſo ſchlief der Andere dicht an ſeiner Schwelle.

Der Profos hatte ehedem ſolch unaufhörlichen Dienſt gehabt, und kam jetzo nur ſelten vor des Gebieters Angeſicht. Der Barbier war ehedem der Günſtling geweſen, und ſah ſich jetzo verdrängt. Der junge Sire von Mortal hatte die beiden Reſpektsperſonen erſetzt, und doch wußte er nicht, wie und warum dieſes geſchehen; zugleich ſeufzte er ſelber über des Königs Gunſt.

Denn, wenn er einmal ſagte: „O Herr, erlaube, daß ich friſche Luft ſchöpfe, während Du der Regierung obliegſt,“ ſo verſetzte der König ſchmeichelnd: „Ein Stündchen ſei Dein, mein liebes Herz; nur gehe nicht zu weit!“ Und alſobald war irgend ein Diener von des Herrn Vertrauten auf ſeiner Ferſe, und wenn der Ritter fragte, warum? ſo hieß es: „der König wolle es ſo.“

Ritt er wie ein kühner Edelmann im Galopp, ſo ſprach der Diener, indem er ihm in die Zügel griff: „Der König will das; Ihr möchtet ein Unglück haben.“

Wollte er ſich baden im kühlen Strom, ſo litt es der Diener nicht, und ſprach: „Der König wehret das; Ihr möchtet ein Unglück nicht haben.“

Spielte er Ball, um ſich warm zu machen, und war im beſten Zuge, ſo ſtellte der Diener das Spiel ab, ſprechend: „Der König wünſcht nicht, daß Ihr Euch erhitzet; für Euch wäre es vom Uebel.“

Schlug die Stunde der Heimkehr, ſo mahnte der Diener unbarmherzig, ſprechend: „Der König erwartet uns, und wenn auch die Verſäumniß Euch verziehen würde, mein Rücken würde ſie theuer bezahlen.“

Der junge Sire erbarmte ſich alsdann ſtets des armen

Trabanten, und kehrte folgſam heim, als wie ein Lamm; doch ſchwoll ihm nach und nach das Herz vor Unwillen und Sehnſucht, und er dachte ernſtlich nach, wie ſchlecht es ihm erginge in dem goldenen Käfiche. Zugleich beſann er ſich, wie er ſein Loos wohl ändern möchte. Mit Gewalt war nichts zu richten, nur allein mit Liſt. Aber wie kurz und ſtumpf und durchſichtig iſt die Liſt eines jungen Mannes von zwanzig Jahren.

Einmal ſaß er mit dem König zu Tiſch, und griff nach einem fetten Fiſche. Da klopfte ihm Herr Loys ſpielend auf den Finger, ſagend: „Die Speiſe iſt unverdaulich, und Du ſollſt den Magen Dir nicht verderben.“ Der Andere fragte: „Herr, warum nimmſt Du ſo viel Antheil an meiner Geſundheit?“ — „Weil ich Dich liebe als einen Sohn;“ verſetzte Loys mit freundlichen Katzenaugen. — „Wenn Du mich alſo liebſt, o Herr, ſo möchte ich wohl etwas von Dir erbitten.“ — „Sag' es frei heraus.“ — „Gib mir ein ſchönes Pferd aus Deinem Marſtall.“ — „Das ſchönſte nimm' es Dir.“ — „Alsdann ein paar luſtige Pagen zum Gefolge.“ — „Es ſei; meine edelſten Knaben ſollen es als eine Ehre achten, hinter Dir zu reiten.“ —

„Ferner einen Beutel voll Goldes.“ — „Geh' zu meinem Schatzmeiſter. Die Gefälle Deiner Güter liegen bereit.“ — „Und endlich die Erlaubniß, eben dieſe meine Güter zu beſuchen. Des Herrn Auge fehlet dort, und dem Erben iſt es Pflicht, der Ahnen Vermächtniß nicht zu verwahrloſen.“ —

Der König ſchüttelte den Kopf und meinte: „Damit hat es noch Zeit. Du biſt ein kleiner Schelm, und würdeſt lange nicht wiederkehren.“ — Der Ritter betheuerte: „Sobald Du es befiehlſt, bin ich wieder hier.“ — „Ich glaub' es nicht;“ ſagte der Fürſt: „und wenn Du's ehrlich meinteſt, ſo könnte Dir auf der weiten Reiſe ein Unglück zuſtoßen. Kein Wort mehr davon.“ — Die Mühe des Ritters war umſonſt geweſen.

Ein andermal griff er die Sache anders an. Der König war guter Dinge, denn ſeine Frau, die er nur dann und wann beſuchte, hatte ihm einen Prinzen geboren. Daher ſchwatzte am Kamin der Monarch tauſend ſchöne Dinge vom Glück des heiligen Eheſtandes und der Häuslichkeit, daß ein Pfarrer es nicht beſſer hätte machen können. Der junge Sire von Mortal, der ſein Herz im Angedenken an ſeine Liebſte ſehr bewegt fühlte, meinte, gerade jetzo ſei des Königs Herz am leichteſten zu rühren. Darum ſprach er mit Zutrauen: „Du biſt ſo fröhlich, Herr; laß' auch mich Dein Vergnügen theilen.“

Der König ſagte: „Tauſendmal für einmal, liebſter Pflegeſohn. Wie meinſt Du das?“

Der Ritter ſagte: „Ich bin durch Deine Gunſt ſo reich und groß geworden. Gut wäre es, wenn ich all den Reichthum einſt einem Sohne hinterließe, wie Du dem neugebornen Dauphin Deine Krone.“

Der König krauste die Augenbraunen; doch ſagte er: „So iſt's von Anbeginn in der Welt gehalten worden. Erkläre Dich nur näher.“

Der Ritter ſagte: „Laß mich auf die Freite ziehen, königlicher Herr. Ich begehre ein Weib zu nehmen, und glücklich zu ſein in meinem Hauſe, wie Du jetzo in dem Deinigen.“

Da verſetzte Loys trocken: „Ich war viel älter als Du, da ich heirathete. Späte Ehen bringen Glück. Zudem wollen die Weiber lange geprüft ſein, denn ſie taugen wenig. Ich wäre untröſtlich, ſtürbeſt Du an Eiferſucht oder an Gram über ein gehäſſiges Weib, oder im Zweikampf mit einem Nebenbuhler, oder an dem geſchmolzenen Blei, was hie und da eine rachſüchtige Here ihrem Manne ins Ohr träufelt, während er ſorglos ſchläft. Man hat Beiſpiele.“

Der Ritter ſagte erſchrocken: „Der liebe Gott bewahre mich. Die Dame, die ich mir erwählte....“

Der König fiel ihm liſtig in die Rede: „Haſt Du ſchon etwas erleſen? Wer iſt die Schöne? Sag' es mir.“

„Sag' es nicht, ſag' es nicht!“ rief eine ängſtliche Stimme in der Bruſt des Ritters ſo laut, daß er der Frage antwortete: „Die Dame, die ich mir erwählen würde, müßte nicht dem Bilde gleichen, welches Du, o Herr, von den Weibern entwirfſt. Noch iſt mein Herz ruhig, aber wenn ich prüfen ſoll, muß ich meine Freiheit haben. Gib mir die Freiheit.“

„Du biſt frei, ſo gut wie der König von Frankreich;“ entgegnete ihm Loys mit falſcher Schmeichelei. „Fordre nicht ein Mehreres. Erwarte ruhig alles von der Zeit und meiner Gnade.“

Der Sire von Mortal ſchwieg zwar, doch mordete die ſteigende Erbitterung ſeiner Seele die Hoffnung, obgleich der König ſie immerdar anfachte. Der Ritter warf ſeine Augen auf die Leute am Hofe. In ihren Blicken las er jedoch nur Haß gegen den Günſtling, und erwartete von ihnen keine Hülfe. Nach ſeiner Liebe ſtand ſein Sinn; aber wie aus der räthſelhaften Falle kommen, worein ihn das Verlangen, ſein Lieb zu verdienen, geführt hatte?

Da brach ein Krieg mit den Kaiſerlichen aus. Die Regimenter marſchirten in's Feld, und ſo viele gute Marſchälle und Generäle Frankreich ſchon dazumal hatte, ſo war doch gerade kein Ueberfluß an tapfern Männern. Als der Sire von Mortal die Trommeln, Trompeten und Signalhörner vernahm, griff er muthig an den Degen und dachte bei ſich: „Jetzo oder nie iſt die Zeit, meine Freiheit ehrenvoll zu gewinnen und die Braut hinterher!“ — Forderte auch ohne Verzug vom König ein Kommando, oder mindeſtens die Erlaubniß, als Freiwilliger unter den Grenadieren die Campagne mitzumachen.

Da kam er ſchön an. Herr Loys wurde vor Schrecken blaß, und rief überlaut: „Bewahre mich Gott und der heil. Michael! Du könnteſt todt geſchoſſen werden, oder als ein Krüppel wiederkehren, und eins wäre für mich ſo traurig als das andere. Laß Dir die Kriegsluſt vergehen, und bleibe bei mir im ſichern Hauſe. Es gibt genug tapfere Franzoſen, die ihr Land vertheidigen werden, ohne daß ich Deines Arms bedürfte.“

Nun war dagegen in dem Ritter kein Halten mehr. Er vermochte ſeinen Groll nicht länger zu verſchweigen, und fuhr heraus wie ein braver Soldat: „Bedarf auch Frankreich meines Arms nicht, ſo bedarf ich der Ehre, und mein heldenmüthiger Vater hat mir ſeinen kriegeriſchen Namen nicht hinterlaſſen, damit ich hinter der Kunkel ſterbe. Du falſcher König! Du haſt mich berückt um meine Freiheit und Jugend, und ich hätte zu dem Mörder meines Vaters mich nichts beſſeres verſehen ſollen; aber zu einem feigen Buben ſollſt Du mich nicht ſtempeln. Und weil Du mir die Thore Deines Kerkers nicht öffnen laſſen willſt, ſo zeige ich Dir in Deinem eigenen Hauſe, daß ich Dich, daß ich den Tod nicht fürchte. Ich haſſe Dich, wie den Teufel. Du biſt mir zuwider wie eine Kreuzſpinne, Du lügneriſcher Fürſt; ich verfluche Dich als einen Menſchenſchinder und mörderiſchen Blutigel! Da haſt Du jetzo Dein Theil, und mein Herz iſt wieder leichter. Du magſt nur den Profoſen rufen, daß er mich aufknüpfe. Mein ehrlicher Vater hat den unehrlichen Henkerſtrick zu einem ſtattlichen Ordensbande geweiht.“

Ihr glaubet wohl, ihr einfältigen Fiſcher vom Berge, daß Herr Loys nichts Sträflicher zu thun gehabt, als zu befehlen, daß dem Jüngling geſchehe, wie er geſagt? Mit nichten. Der König ſagte lächelnden Angeſichts: „Lieber Pflegſohn. Du haſt Dich gewiß im Weine übernommen. Schlafe den Taumel aus, und komme dann wieder.“ Ließ ihn in ſein Zimmer führen; befahl ſtrenge, daß er den Umkreis des Schloſſes nicht verlaſſen möchte. — Der Profoß wachte mit tauſend Augen; keine Maus wäre ihm entgangen.

Am andern Tag kam der Barbier, den Herr Loys zu dem jungen Sire geſchickt hatte, nach deſſen Wohlbefinden ſich zu erkundigen, und ſagte mit zagender Stimme und kümmerlich niedergeſchlagenen Blicken: „O Herr, Du haſt eine Schlange in Deinem Buſen erzogen. Der verrätheriſche Herzog läſtert Dich in Gegenwart Deiner getreueſten Knechte, verweigert, vor Dir zu erſcheinen, und ſendet Dir als ein Zeichen ſeines Grolles des heiligen Michaels Ordenskette zerbrochen zurück.“

Der König erblaßte dießmal ſehr vor Zorn, doch bezwang er ſeinen Aerger, ſprechend: „Ein Tollkopf iſt's, mein lieber Barbier; doch bin ich ihm herzlich zugethan, und wehe dem, der ihm ein Leid zufügen möchte. Verſtehſt du mich, Barbier?“

Der Bartſcheerer verneigte ſich, ob er gleich den Kopf ſchüttelte, und ſich erinnerte, wie viele ſchon in des gefährlichen Schloſſes Mauern ihr Leben für weit geringere Fehltritte verloren. — Dießmal beſuchte aber der König in eigener Perſon den widerſpenſtigen Edelmann. Der hatte ſich, die Galle zu beſänftigen, eine Ader öffnen laſſen, und lag müde auf dem Bette, rührte ſich auch nicht ein bischen, als der Fürſt zu ihm trat.

Der König ſagte gütig: „Tröſte Dich und geneſe. Wenn der Krieg ſo abſonderlich Dich freut, ſo machen wir den Feldzug zuſammen; doch wirſt du nie von meiner Seite weichen dürfen, daß Dir nichts Uebles widerfahre.“ Der Ritter ſagte trotzig: „Was kümmert's Dich ſo mir Uebels widerfährt? Du biſt wie ein eiferſüchtig Weib, und ich fange an, ganz eigene Gedanken von Deiner Gnade zu hegen. An Deiner Seite wäre ich ein Gefangener im Lager, wie hier im Schloſſe. Nichts da: lieber ſterben.“

Der König wurde ungeduldig und rief: „Wenn Du nur nicht immer von dem unſeligen Sterben ſprächeſt! das ziemt ſich nicht für junge Leute, und verdrießt ſtets das reifere Geſchlecht.“

Der Ritter war gleich mit der bittern Antwort bei der Hand: „Ein Mörder fürchtet am meiſten den Tod und das letzte Gericht.“ — Und als der König hier zufällig nieſete: „Proſit, mein Herr von Frankreich! Gott helfe Dir; Amen.“

Es war aber juſt, als wäre Herr Loys aus Stein gehauen; denn während dem Barbier, Arzt und Profoſen gelb und grün vor Augen wurde, da ſie hörten, wie keck und frech der unangebotene Herzog redete, zuckte der König nur leiſe die Achſeln und ſagte im Ammenton: „He, he, was gilt der Weizen! Ohe, was gilt ein goldner Thron!" womit er andeuten wollte, daß dem eigenſinnigen Knabengeſchwätz ſelbſt ein mächtiger Herr, wenn er vernünftig iſt, Nachſicht ſchenken muß.

Der Ritter verſtand indeſſen wohl, wie ſein ſeltſamer Pfleger ſeiner ſpottete, und brummte ihn an: „Spiele Deine Faſtnachtsſchwänke, wie Du willſt, ſo lange Du magſt. Ich bin es müde, Dein Affe zu ſein, und bringe mich lieber mit eigener Hand um's Leben, wenn Du nicht dem Profoſen Arbeit giebſt."

Herr Loys verfärbte ſich ärger als jemals, und ſagte haſtig: „Nehmt ihm alle Waffen weg, laßt ihn nicht aus den Augen! Das wäre erſchrecklich. Man polſtere die Wände aus, daß er ſich kein Leid thue. Vergittert die Fenſter! Gebt ihm keinen Fiſch zur Speiſe; er möchte ſich mit einer Gräte erſticken!" — Des Königs Vertraute gelobten Alles.

Der Ritter lachte hierauf verächtlich und grimmig, erwiedernd: „Fürchte nichts, Du Böſewicht, der Du mich noch aufheben willſt, um mich als einen ganz beſondern Braten zu ſchlachten. Was Du auch mit mir vorhaben magſt, ich will mir noch Zeit nehmen, Dir alle Verwünſchungen zu ſagen, die über meine Zunge wollen. Vermauere für mich Deine Küche, ſtecke Deine Fiſchbehälter in den Grund; ich will mich zu Tode hungern."

Herr Loys griff unwillkürlich nach ſeinem eigenen magern Leibe und zitterte ſehr. Dann entfernte er ſich, und band dem Arzt und dem Barbier auf's Gewiſſen, durch die lockendſten Speiſen die Eßluſt des Trotzkopfs zu reizen. Und weil er in ſeiner Klugheit überlegte, daß die gehäſſigen Diener dem Ritter etwa Gift in die Schüſſeln thun möchten, ließ er dieſelben wieder vor ſeinen Augen bereiten, und geleitete ſelber die Tafeldiener zur Thüre des jungen Sire, wo er alsdann, durch das Schlüſſelloch ſchauend, von allem, was drinnen vorging, Zeuge ſein konnte.

Der Edelmann war nicht weniger beharrlich, und verweigerte unerbittlich Speiſe und Trank. Einmal zwar hätte er ſich bald verführen laſſen, von den köſtlichen Muſcheln unſerer Meeresbucht zu koſten; ſie rochen ſo trefflich! doch überwand er die ſtarke Verſuchung.

Es konnte nicht fehlen: er zehrte ab wie ein Schwindſüchtiger, und des Königs Kleider wurden demſelben auch immer weiter, und ihm ſchmeckte kein Biſſen mehr. Dennoch wetzte ſtets vergebens der Barbier ſein Meſſer, und der Profos ſchürzte vergebens Schlinge auf Schlinge. Die Geduld und Langmüthigkeit des Herrn fand kein Ziel; die Frommen im Hofſtaate meinten, er fange ſchon an, ſeine Sünden zu bereuen; die Klugen dagegen befürchteten, der theure Fürſt habe ſich etwa irgend eine Wohlthat zu Schulden kommen laſſen, und könne ſich jetzo darüber nicht zufrieden geben.

Genug: am fünften Tage ging Herr Loys abermals zu ſeinem hartnäckigen Pflegſohn, der als wie ein Träumender auf dem Bette lag, und ein fürchterlich Geſicht ſchnitt, den widerwärtigen Beſuch bemerkend. „Du zerreißeſt mein Herz!" redete der König mit leidender Stimme: „Ich ſterbe mit Dir, wenn Du nicht endlich der Vernunft Gehör giebſt."

„Deſto beſſer für Frankreich!" antwortete ihm, ſo ſchwach er war, der unerſchrockene Ritter. Worauf der König zuſammenfuhr, und ſchalt: „Meinſt Du, Du undankbarer Junge! Es iſt alſo Dein Vorſatz, daß ich ſterbe, Du tückiſcher Böſewicht? Jetzo befehle ich Dir, zu leben. Du ſollſt mit aller Gewalt leben."

Der Ritter lachte mit zufallenden Augen, indem er gleichgültig ſprach: „Still, Loys! Du ſtörſt mich. Geh' doch hin, woher Du kamſt."

Die Umſtehenden waren vor Beſtürzung wie an den Boden gefroren. Endlich ſagte der Profos mit Zerknirſchung: „Wir alle ſind in Deinen Dienſten grau geworden, aber ſolche Vermeſſenheit haben wir noch niemals unbeſtraft geſehen. Gebiete endlich, daß man vorläufig dieſem Menſchen, der, ich weiß nicht wie, Dich offenbar behexte, die Ruthe gebe, die erſtorbene Lebensluſt wiederum anzufachen; und alsdann …"

„Schweige, Du grauer Eſel!" rief plötzlich der Sire von Mortal, und Paff! hatte der Profos eine derbe Ohrfeige. Alsbald lag aber wieder der Ritter als ein Todter auf dem Bette. Der Profos rieb ſich die Backe, die Anweſenden wichen ſcheu von dem Bette zurück; nur der König blieb ruhig, lächelte ſogar, that den Finger an die Naſe, und verſetzte: „Wahrlich; die Ruthe wäre hier nicht übel am Platze, um …"

Er konnte nicht ausreden, denn bereits hatte ihn der Ritter bei dem Barte und den Ohren gepackt, ſchüttelte ihn gewaltig und rief: „Ha, du feiner Schalk! Du wähnſt mich matt zum Tode! Warte, Du ſchelmiſcher Dieb, daß ich Dir zuvor den Zopf ſtecke, bevor Du den Schelmenſtreich bei mir ſpieleſt!" Und zupfte und ſchüttelte den erlauchten Herrn, daß demſelben Hören und Sehen verging, und er um Hülfe ſchrie. „Todt, todt ſchlagt den Frevler, todt!" ſchrieen alle Diener entgegen. Der Doktor ſchwang einen Arzneikolben, der Barbier ſein Raſiermeſſer, der Profos ſeinen Palaſch. — Dießmal wäre es um den armen Sire von Mortal geſchehen geweſen, hätte nicht — allen zum Staunen — der König mit dem eigenen Leibe ihn gedeckt, und allen in das Ohr gedonnert: „Haltet ein! bei dem lieben Sancte Herrn! des Todes iſt, wer Dieſem auch nur ein Härlein des Scheitels verletzt!"

Murrend und mit geſenktem Haupte, wie gejagte Hunde, gingen die Hofdiener hinaus; der Ritter ſtreckte ſich wiederum gleichgültig auf dem Lager aus, und der König ſetzte ſich in einen Winkel. Dort überlegte er lange und viel, und nachdem er mit ſich auf's Reine gekommen war, redete er abermals zu dem Edelmann, als ob nichts vorgefallen wäre: „Vernünftige Leute geben nach. Du ſollſt Deinen Willen haben, was die Hauptſache betrifft; ſollſt frei ſein, und für Deinen König fechten; doch ſchicke ich Dich nicht gegen die groben Deutſchen, ſondern auf das Meer gegen die Goddams. Meine Flotte verſammelt ſich an der Spitze von Granville, und auf der Hinreiſe thue mir nur die Liebe, dem Abt von St. Michael einen Brief zu überbringen. Es wird Dich freuen, Deinen beſten Freund wiederzuſehen. Ich gehe jetzo, das Schreiben zu verfaſſen. Während deſſen iß und trink ohne Gefährde. Bei meinem Haupte! Schon heute ſollſt du nicht mehr in meinem Schloſſe übernachten."

Während dieſer Rede hatte ſich der junge Sire langſam von ſeinem Kiſſen erhoben, und verwundert des Königs Geſicht gemuſtert. Darauf war jedoch nur Ernſt und Gewiſſenhaftigkeit zu leſen, und daher ſtrahlte bald von inniger Freude des Ritters Antlitz. Mit neuer Jugendkraft verließ er ſein Siechbett, zog ſeine ſchönſten Kleider an, ließ ſich den Bart zierlich ſtutzen, das Haar friſiren, und aß mit größtem Appetit, um wieder rothe Backen zu bekommen; denn ſein Vorſatz war, auf dem Wege zu der Flotte in ſeines Liebchens Hauſe Anker zu werfen.

Als der König zurückkam, ihm den goldig verſiegelten Brief zuſtellte, und ankündigte, daß der Profos mit den ſchottiſchen Reitern ihn begleiten würde bis zum Admiralſchiff, ſchmollte er freilich ein wenig; dachte aber ſchnell bei ſich, daß er ja eben ſo gut, nach dem Abmarſch der Reiter, wieder auf einen Tag die Fregatte verlaſſen würde können, um, von Zeugen nicht beläſtigt, ſeine Dame zu beſuchen.

Ehe der Abend kam, war Alles zu ſeiner Abreiſe bereitet, und er dankte mit kindlicher Weiſe dem Herrn für die Gnade, die ſolcher zwar ſpät, aber doch endlich an ihm bewieſen. Herr Loys machte dazu ein ſaueres Geſicht, verſetzend: „Gut, ſchon gut, fahre hin, Du Eigenſinn. Ein anderer hätte Dich den ſchwarzen Raben ausgeliefert, Dir den Prozeß zu machen, … aber, wenn ich bedacht, daß ich Dich mehr als einen Freund liebe! Wie iſt's recht, daß Du hinauszieheſt, Dir die Hörner abzulaufen. Ich kann nicht heraus aus Furcht und Aengſten. Bald wageſt Du zu Pferde Deinen Hals, bald im Fechten Deine Glieder, bald im Schwimmen Dein Leben, und endlich wollteſt Du Dich zu Tode hungern. Ueberall mußte ich die Augen haben, über Deinen Leichtſinn zu wachen. Die Schreibſtube nehme ich aus, wohin Du nie verlangteſt, den Tod eines Gelehrten zu ſterben."

Der Sire von Mortal lachte hiebei herzlich, weil er nicht leſen und nicht ſchreiben konnte. Der König beſchloß aber ſeine Rede: „Jetzo magſt Du auswärts treiben, was Dir beliebt. Sehe ich's doch nicht ſelber mit an. Valet, mein Prinz Ungehorſam. Wenn Du London in der Taſche haſt, ſo bring' es mir."

Auf dieſe Weiſe ſchieden ſie von einander, nachdem die Herrlichkeit ihrer engen Freundſchaft kaum ein paar Monate gedauert hatte. Der gute Abt von unſerm Berge, zu welchem der junge Sire in geſtrecktem Galopp geritten kam, den Auftrag des Königs auszurichten, ſperrte verwundert die Ohren weit auf, da der Jüngling ihm Alles, was geſchehen, erzählte. Noch begieriger aber öffnete er die Augen, da er des Königs Brief las, der ungefähr alſo lautete:

„Mein lieber und getreuer Milchbruder. Der Ritter, welcher dieſes Schreiben beſorgt, iſt mir theurer als mein eigen Herzblut. Sein Vater, ein großer Nekromant, hatte in den Sternen gefunden, daß mein Leben mit dem des jungen Mortal aufs innigſte verknüpft ſei, und durch geheime Beſchwörungen hat er herausgebracht, daß der Tod des Jünglings unfehlbar der Meinige ſein würde. Welches der Vater mit ſeinem eigenen Tode bekräftigte, weil ich, Betrug fürchtend, ihm nicht Gnade gab. Jetzo bin ich vollends von der Wahrheit ſeiner Worte überzeugt, und weil der Sohn zu dieſer Friſt ein trotziger Löwe geworden, der in dem [illegible] ner Wohlthaten nicht mehr gut thut, ſo mache ich Dich hiemit zum Schaumeiſter meines für Frankreich ſo koſtbaren Lebens. Sperre den Sire in Deinen feſteſten Kerker, aber füttere ihn wie ein geliebtes Wildthier. Er iſt ungeſtüm und wild, aber Deine Weisheit wird ihn erhalten und zu hohen Jahren bringen. Ich liebe Dich dafür ſchon im Voraus dreifach, ehrwürdiger Milchbruder. Aber bedenke, daß für Dich kein Galgen hoch, kein Scheiterhaufen heiß genug ſein würde, wenn Du mir im Geringſten das Vertrauen täuſchen möchteſt, ſo ich in Deine Treue ſetze."

Unter dieſen Brief hatte der kluge König ſeinen Namenszug ſo deutlich gemalt, daß dem Abt unmöglich wurde, an der Aechtheit der Depeſche zu zweifeln. Eine lange Wahl war auch nicht möglich, denn der Ritter drang auf die Weiterreiſe, und der Profos, der ein wenig von des Königs Botſchaft wiſſen mochte, belauerte den Abt mit verdächtigen Blicken. Jedoch lag die Partei, welche der Abt zu ergreifen hatte, auf der Hand. Er liebte ſeinen erlauchten Herrn und Wohlthäter; er glaubte ſelber nicht wenig an die Verheißung der Sterne. So faßte er ſich kurz zuſammen, ließ ſchnell durch ſeine Söldner den argloſen Edelmann unverſehens ergreifen, und ſperrte ihn mit eigener, wiewohl zitternder Hand in den berüchtigten eiſernen Käſicht des Schloſſes.

Dieſer eiſerne Käſicht war aber eigentlich von Holz, und ſtand in den Gewölben. Noch heute kann man die Stelle ſehen, wenn man in den Vorkeller ſteigt, aus dem die Treppe in die Todtengruft der Mönche abwärts führt. Aus dem Vorkeller, neben dem Fleck, wo ein Altar für die armen Seelen geweiht iſt, geht's in einen weiten gewölbten Saal, und hinter demſelben liegt das Gemach mit dem Käſicht, der an den Bögen der Decke mit Ringen und Eiſenſtangen feſtgemacht war, und ganz frei ſtand, daß man um ihn herumgehen konnte.

Dorthin führte der Abt den Profos, zeigte ihm den in ſeinen Ketten knirſchenden Gefangenen, und ſagte ihm, er möchte dem Könige melden, was er geſehen, und wie der Befehl des Herrn vollzogen worden ſei. — Der Profos verſprach's gar gerne, und zog wohlgemuth von dannen. — Hierauf verbreitete ſich an der Hofſtatt das Gericht, der Sire von Mortal ſei in's Meer gefallen und ertrunken; der König hatte nichts eiligeres zu thun, als die kaum verſchenkten Güter wieder einzuziehen, und bald krähte kein Hahn mehr nach dem verſchollenen Edelmann.

Der König lebte fröhlich und geſund viele Jahre lang in Freud' und Luſtbarkeit, und ſchickte ſtets am Michaelstage ein Geſchenk an den frommen Abt, mit der Frage, wie es um den Vogel im Käſicht ſtehe. Und immer hatte der Abt zu antworten: „Gut ſtehts, und Gott wird noch lange unſern Herrn erhalten!" Da geſchah es, daß die Regierungsgeſchäfte ſich häuften, und viele Kriege zu Waſſer und Land ausbrachen, und Herr Loys nicht mehr wußte, wo ihm der Kopf ſtand, vor Arbeit und verdrießlichen Welt- und Familienhändeln. Da vergaß er das heil. Berges ein paar Jahre hindurch, und der Abt, weil er nicht gefragt wurde, gab keine Nachricht. Mittlerweile wurde der König viel älter, und noch und noch ſchwächer und kränker, ob er ſich's ſchon nicht geſtehen wollte; als plötzlich der heilige Franziskus in's Land kam und den König beſuchte, daß er wieder geneſe.

Wie der heilige Franz hörte, was der kluge Herr Loys alles auf dem Gewiſſen hatte, wäre er faſt ohnmächtig geworden; um ſo mehr, als ſo viele Todte nicht mehr lebendig gemacht werden konnten, weder vom Fürſten, noch vom Heiligen. Dagegen drang der Letztere in ſeinen Beichtſohn, daß er alle Gefangene losgeben möchte, und namentlich den armen Sire von Mortal. Es ſei eine ſchwere Sünde, zu glauben, daß der Menſchen Leben von andern Dingen abhänge, als vom Willen des lieben Gottes ganz allein, und was der alte Ritter vor ſeinem Tode ausgeſagt, ſei nur eine Lüge der väterlichen Angſt und Zärtlichkeit geweſen, die den Sohn von dem Verderben zu retten begehrt hätte; indem er den Aberglauben des Königs mehr vertraut, als ſeiner Menſchlichkeit.

Herr Loys wand ſich, wie ein Wurm, aber der Heilige verweigerte ihm die Abſolution, bis er endlich mürriſch ſagte: „Wohlan, es ſei, weil es ſein muß. Heda, wo iſt ein Kurier!" — „Geh ſelbſt, und löſe, die gebunden ſind;" befahl ihm der Heilige, und der König ſetzte ſich auf ſein glattes Pferd, ritt ſelbander mit dem Barbier zu unſerm Berge, überfiel den Abt, ehe derſelbe es vermuthete.

Schon von weitem rief er ihm entgegen: „Heda, Meiſter Abt, wie geht es meinem Finken im Bauer?" — Und der Abt wurde wie Scharlach. — „He, ehrwürdiger Milchbruder, was Ihr lauft, was Ihr könnt! Bringt mir den Sire von Mortal zur Stelle." — Und der Abt wurde wie ein Leintuch. — „Bei'm heiligen Kreuz! was iſt das! den Schlüſſel her, den Gefangenen her! ich bedarf ſeiner, bei'm Donner!" — Und der Abt fiel dem König zu Füßen, und konnte kaum vor Schluchzen und Wehmuth hervorbringen: „Er iſt geſtorben, o Herr, ſeit drei Jahren ſchon geſtorben, und ich habe nimmer gewagt, Dir's zu ſchreiben, um Dich nicht zu ſchrecken und zu erzürnen. Hier iſt der Käſicht, hier ſind die Kleider, worinnen er den Geiſt aufgab; hier der Altar, wo ich für ihn ein Todtenamt gehalten; hier die Gruft, worinnen er ſchläft, unberühmt, ſchier namenlos, in einem ſchmalen Prieſtergrabe!"

Der König folgte ſchweigend dem Abt zum Käſicht, zum Altar, zum Gruftgewölbe, und dann hinwieder zum Tag der Oberwelt. Mit verſchränkten Armen und Beinen ſaß er über eine Stunde ſinnend in dem großen Lehnſtuhle des Ritterſaals, und ſein Antlitz, zuerſt von Sorgen verfinſtert, verklärte ſich nach und nach in Heiterkeit. Seine Bruſt athmete freier, daß er voll Zufriedenheit ausrufen mochte: „Ihr thatet weiſe, frommer Abt, mir den Todesfall zu verhehlen. Er würde Euch den Kopf, und mir viele ſchlafloſe Nächte gekoſtet haben. Heute jedoch, nach drei langen Jahren, iſt es anders, und ich merke, daß der alte Rebell nur ſeine Kurzweil mit mir trieb, und daß der heilige Franz nicht Unrecht hat."

Zugleich freute er ſich inniglich, daß des Ritters Abſterben ihn hinderte, des Heiligen Willen durch die Befreiung des Gefangenen zu thun; denn, erſtens, that er niemals gern einen Gefangenen los.

Dafür belohnte er den Abt reichlich, beſchenkte abermals die Armen vom Berge, und ritt munter wie unſer Herrgott unverzüglich wieder von hinnen. „Bleib' im Kloſter über Nacht, königlicher Herr;" ſagte zwar der beſorgte Abt, indem er auf die weiße Sturmwolke am Himmel zeigte: „Wir werden ein Wetter erleben, ehe der Abend einbricht!" aber Herr Loys verachtete des erfahrenen Prieſters Warnung, und meinte, er ſei ſchon geborgen, wenn er nur vor dem Eintritt der Fluth über die Grève zur Küſte käme.

Dieſes geſchah wohl, aber mit dem Fürſten flog zugleich ein gräßliches Donnerwetter an das feſte Land, das mit Hagel, Sturm und Regen den Reiſenden unbarmherzig zuſetzte, als ſollten ſie in Grund gebohrt werden. Des ſchlotternden Barbiers vom Wind zerfetzte Kleider flatterten wie ein zerriſſenes Segel; der König troff wie eine Hängeweide. Sie verirrten ſich auf der Küſte. Das Abenddunkel und der Wolkenbruch jagten ſie auseinander, und ſeit langen Jahren zum Erſtenmale ſah ſich Herr Loys ganz allein, in einer wildfremden Gegend, auf einem Pferde, welches allen Gehorſam vergaß, und ſtets in der Runde drehte, wie ein ſchwaches Boot in einem Strudel. Schaute der arme Mann hinter ſich, ſo leuchteten ihm freilich die Laternen von unſerm Berge entgegen; aber dahin zurückkehren! Proſit die Mahlzeit! die Fluth war ſchon da, und ſpottete aller Könige.

Darum ſtieg Herr Loys wohl oder übel vom Pferde, und führte daſſelbe am Zügel; bald zog er den Gaul aus dem Moraſt, bald that ihm der Gaul die Gefälligkeit. Dann kamen ſie in einen Wald, und ſtießen ſich die Naſen an die Bäume, und endlich die Köpfe an ein Ding, das breiter war als ein Baum. Das war ein Thor mit ganzen eiſernen Nägeln geſpickt; an dem Thor eine lange Mauer, hinter der Mauer ein hohes Dach. Ein Edelhof, mit einem Wort. Der König klopfte wie ein Räuber, und die Chriſtenmenſchen im Schloſſe machten ihm auf, und führten ihn zu der wunderſchönen Dame, der all' die Herrlichkeit gehörte.

Sie empfing den Verirrten gaſtfreundlich, ob er ſich gleich nur für einen Goldſchmid ausgab, der von einem Jahrmarkt komme; ließ ihm ein Bad bereiten, verſorgte ihn mit Wäſche, Kleidern, Schlafrock, Pantoffeln und Nachtmütze, wie die reichen Leute alle die Bequemlichkeiten nennen, und leiſtete ihm Geſellſchaft bei einem wohlbeſtellten Nachteſſen.

Der Tiſch war für drei Perſonen gedeckt, und dennoch ſaßen nur zweie daran. Als noch überdieß der König bemerkte, daß die Edelfrau nur wenig aß, hie und da zerſtreut ein Wort ſagte, und kaum die Augen von einer Uhr verwendete, ſo auf dem Kamin ſtand, ſprach er mit ſeinem einſchmeichelnden Weſen: „Meine liebe Dame; wenn nicht bereits der Schlafrock und die Mütze, die ich trage, mir verrathen hätten, daß ein Herr dieſes Haus bewohnt, ſo würd' ich ſchon aus Eurer Ungeduld ſchließen, daß Ihr Euern Mann erwartet." Die Dame verſetzte: „Das iſt ſo, mein Herr. Mein Mann iſt auf der Jagd, und das Wetter ſo hart. Ich kann ſeine Heimkehr kaum erwarten, denn ich liebe ihn ſehr."

Der König, weil er wenig Liebe kennen gelernt hatte, lachte etwas ungläubig, daß die Dame empfindlich wurde, und wiederholte: „Ja doch, und tauſendmal Ja. Er iſt mir theurer als das Leben, und ich ſtürbe gern, wenn ich ihn unſern Kindern und ſeinen Freunden noch tauſend Jahre erhalten könnte."

Der König dachte bei ſich: „Wenigſtens gießt meine Wirthin ihrem Manne kein geſchmolzenes Blei in's Ohr, und ich möchte wohl für meine quälende Krone das Leben dieſes Fuchsjägers eintauſchen.

Während er ſo dachte und grübelte, kam der Krautjunker heim. Derſelbe war jedoch Niemand anderer als der Sire von Mortal, den der Abt von unſerm Berge in der Kloſtergruft beerdigt haben wollte. Der König erfuhr gar bald, daß ſein ſchelmiſcher Milchbruder ſchon vor einer kleinen Ewigkeit den Ritter freigelaſſen hatte, damit er ſein Liebchen heirathen konnte, deſſen Vormund geſtorben war. Die getreue Dame hatte gern auf ihres Verlobten Namen und Reichthum verzichtet, um nur ihn ſelber zu beſitzen, und ihre Güter mit ihm zu theilen.

Dieſes erzählte ohne Furcht und Reue der edle Ritter dem König, und lag mit ſeiner Frau und allen ſeinen Kindern ſo lange vor dem Herrn auf den Knieen, bis derſelbe — der Verlaſſene ſpürte weniger Gottes Finger, als vielmehr das Meſſer an der Kehle — ſeinen theuerſten Schwur that, dem Abt alles zu vergeben, und dem Sire nichts zu Leide zu thun; unter der Bedingung jedoch, daß die ſchöne Dame das koſtbare Leben ihres Mannes bis in's ſpäteſte Alter zu erhalten ſuche; was ſie mit tauſend Freuden gelobte.

Der König ſchied am andern Morgen verſöhnt und luſtig vom Edelhofe, und zankte den Barbier, da er ihn wieder antraf, nicht allzuſehr, weil er guter Dinge war. Des alten Ritters Weiſſagung gewann wieder ſein volles Vertrauen, und er war nicht böſe, wenn er überlegte, daß wohl ſein verwittertes Leben mit der blühenden Geſundheit des kräftigen Ritters zuſammenhängen möchte. Für jene Geſundheit war die muſterhafte Frau ein beſſerer Wächter als goldene Ketten und eiſerne Käfichte, und die Schätze des Sire gab der kluge Louis nicht heraus.

Einen Monat lang reute ihn ſein theurer Eid nicht. Da er jedoch ſchwächer wurde, härmte er ſich ab, und er grübelte und bedachte, wie er ſeinen Schwur umgehen möchte, von dem er noch keiner Seele ein Wort geſagt hatte. Von Tag zu Tag hatte er neue Klagen. Heute ſagte er: „Mir iſt ſo übel; gewiß hat ſich der unbeſonnene Junker den Magen überladen!“ Morgen hieß es: „Welch eine Laſt in meinem Blute! gewiß ließ ſich der Andere ſchröpfen trotz des Mondwechſels!“ Uebermorgen jammerte er: „Meine Glieder fallen auseinander; ſicherlich überläßt ſich der Menſch dem Trunk und der Schwelgerei.“

Endlich ſagte er eines Abends, da er ſich vor Angſt und Schmerz nicht mehr zu helfen wußte, zu dem Proſoſen: „Komm morgen in aller Frühe zu mir; ich habe Dich zu verſchicken, und wichtig iſt der Mann, den Du ausheben ſollſt.“ Als aber der Proſos am andern Morgen kam, war der König todt, und das Geheimniß des Sire von Mortal mit ihm. — Der neue König hat ſpäter dem Ritter zu allen ſeinen Rechten wieder verholfen, und ihm erlaubt, eine koſtbare Goldkrone in unſer heiliges Stift zum Wahrzeichen zu ſchenken. Wer den diebiſchen Jakobinern erlaubt hat, dieſelbe zu ſtehlen, weiß Gott. Genug: ſie iſt nicht mehr da.

3.

Das ſtumme Kind auf der Greve.

„Horch, wie die Glocke ſchwingt und klingt, die heulende Klagfrau! Ein Menſch verunglückt auf der Greve! ein Menſch geht unter in der wachſenden Fluth! — Ja, ſchreit es nur durch die Gaſſe, bindet los den einzigen Rettungskahn, treibt an die Pferde und werft die Taue aus! Dem hilft kein menſchlicher Arm, den erreicht kein Ruder. Die breiten Wogen ſpeien den Strick aus, und der klaffende Sand ſchnappt nach den Hufen der Pferde, wenn ſie nicht zeitig den Rückweg ſuchen. Denn der liebe Gott ſchwebt über den Waſſern, und des Menſchen Hülfe richtet nichts.“

„Gafft nicht neugierig über Mauer und Bruſtwehr, und gedenkt lieber bei eurer Arbeit mit ſtillem Gebet des Unglücklichen, den das Meer holte. Denn es iſt nicht alles aus, wenn das Meer ſeinen Raub hinabſchlingt. Ein ernſthafter Engel wacht über den Abgründen.“

„Wann die See über die Greve fährt, ſo tauchen die Muſchelthiere aus der Tiefe des Sandes, öffnen ihre roſigen Schalen, daß ſie einem Schiffchen mit ausgeſpanntem Segel gleichen, trinken begierig das belebende Salzwaſſer, und ſinken dann wieder hinab, vermeinend, kein Menſch wiſſe von ihnen.“

„Wann Ihr jedoch zur Zeit der Ebbe auf den Sand ſteigt mit Korb und Hacken, ſo findet euer Auge leichtlich die Löcher im Grunde, und eure bebende Stachelſtange bohrt die verſteckten Muſcheln an's Tageslicht. — Alſo bedeckt das Meer nicht Alles mit ſeinen wühlenden Schaufeln, und öfters kommt wunderbar an die Sonne, was wir auf ewig verſunken glauben.“

„Eine ſolche Geſchichte hat ſich bei uns zur Kaiſerzeit begeben, und wer ſich fürchten will, der höre zu.“

Alte Leute erinnern ſich noch ziemlich deutlich des reichen Mathias. Am Ende ſeines Lebens bewohnte er das rothangeſtrichene Haus, deſſen Dachgiebel ſich an den Mauergang zwiſchen dem Wacht- und dem Spangenthurm lehnt. Mathias war freilich nicht in dem ſtattlichen Hauſe geboren, ſondern in einer Hütte hinter dem Thurme Marilland, von blutarmen Fiſcherleuten. Es hat niemals ärmere gegeben, und die Eltern ließen ſich gewiß nicht einfallen, daß noch vornehme Leute aus ihren beiden Söhnen werden ſollten. Von zwölf Kindern waren ihnen die letzten Buben geblieben. Den jüngſten derſelben nahm der Herr Pfarrer als einen Chorknaben in die Kirche, und ließ ihn etwas Tüchtiges lernen, ſchickte ihn endlich weit weg in's Land, daß er geiſtlich ſtudiren ſollte.

Der ältere, der Matthias, war ein ungeſchliffener Burſche, und prügelte alle ſeine Kameraden, als wäre er ein Prinz, und war doch der lauſigſte Bettler vom Berge. Nebenbei lernte er das Handwerk ſeines Vaters aus dem Grunde, und brachte ſein kleines Fiſcherweſen empor, ſo daß er bald ſieben Kähne in den Buchten halten konnte.

Aber größer war der Uebermuth, als die Geſchicklichkeit. Wer neben ihm fiſchte, hatte ſeine liebe Noth vor Händeln und Raufereí mit dem Mathias. Zudem war vor dem Buben nichts ſicher, und wenn die Nachbarn ruhig auf dem Ohre lagen, hatte ihnen Mathias gewiß Fiſch und Krebſe aus dem Behälter geſtohlen. Endlich verlor der Amtmann die Geduld, ließ den Mathias unter die Soldaten ſtecken, ſchickte ihn auf die Inſeln.

Die Nachbarn dankten es dem Amtmann, die Eltern nicht. Der Vater vergrämte ſich, daß er blind wurde, und brachte ſeinen Lebensreſt in der Kirche an der Thüre zu, wo er den Kirchengängern aus dem Weihbrunnkeſſel das Weihwaſſer bot, und hie und da ein Almoſen dafür erhielt. Er hätte jedoch immerhin Hungers ſterben können, wenn nicht ſein Weib bei Tag und Nacht auf den Muſchelfang gegangen und ſeine Verſorgerin geweſen wäre.

Aber mit dem armen Fang iſt's nicht allein gethan, und unſere Landsleute haben nicht umſonſt das Sprichwort: „Lieber will ich beim Michaelsberg Muſcheln fiſchen, als das und jenes thun!“ — Des Mathias Eltern gingen allmählig zu Grunde, bis ſie endlich im Grunde lagen.

Plötzlich kam der Mathias zurück mit einer ſchönen Uniform, einem wollenen Bändel auf dem Kragen, auf der Bruſt eine feine Invalidenmedaille, in der Taſche einen ſchön geſchriebenen Abſchied. Er brachte viel Geld von den Inſeln mit, ließ den Eltern ein vergoldetes Kreuz ſetzen, kaufte das rothe Haus, das gerade feil war, und Tiſch und Bett und Spiegel. Unter den Spiegel in Glas und Rahmen hing er ſeinen Abſchied, an ſein Bett Säbel und Uniform. Von der Stunde an war er wieder einer von den Unſrigen, und jedermann hatte an ihm Freude, weil er höflich geworden war, und ein beſcheidentliches Leben führte.

Zugleich arbeitete er unermüdet, kaufte einen Antheil in den Fiſchereien der Bucht von Cancale, trat mit den Schiffszimmerleuten von Granville in Compagnie, und machte nebenbei manch gutes Geſchäft mit den Schleichhändlern, die zwiſchen unſerer Küſte und den engliſchen Inſeln ab- und zugingen. Endlich heirathete er eine vermögliche Metzgerstochter von St. Lô mit anſehnlicher Ausſteuer.

Das war jedoch ein Geſchäft, das nicht ſonderlich gut ausging. Die Frau langweilte ſich auf unſerm Berge, und machte dem Manne manch liebesmal bitteres Drangſal. Wann er, was oft geſchah, die feuchten kalten Nächte auf der Greve bei ſeinen Fiſchern zubrachte, um Plattfiſche und Barben zu fangen, ging's zu Hauſe hoch und in Freuden her, mit dem Zollbeamten und einigen Nachbarn und Weibern ſeines Gelichters. Die beſten Salmen und Schollen, wofür viel Geld gelöſt worden wäre, ſind den ungebetenen Gäſten durch die Gurgel geſchlüpft; bis einmal Mathias die Geduld verlor, den Zoller zum Hauſe hinaus warf, und ſein Geſchmeiß hinterdrein; auch mit der Frau davon war, Niemand wußte alſogleich, wohin.

Man erfuhr es freilich am Ende. Mathias hatte ſie als eine Verſchwenderin in ein Kloſter geſteckt, wo ſie es nicht gar lange aushielt, und ſelig ſtarb. Der Mann begrub ſie, und kam wieder mit dem Flor auf dem Hute, und ſein einzig Kind im Arme; dazumal noch ein kleines Töchterlein. Das Kind ſetzte er in's Haus, und damit es eine beſſere Aufſicht hätte, und er ſeinem nächſten Verwandten etwas Gutes thäte, ließ er ſeinen Bruder aus Irland kommen, wohin ſich derſelbe vor der Revolution geflüchtet hatte.

Der geiſtliche Herr hieß bei Jung und Alt der Kanonikus, hatte die Gicht an Händen und Füßen, und kam wenig aus dem Hauſe; war jedoch die lebendige gute Stunde, ohne

Falſch und Argwohn. Darum hatte die alte Marthe ſo viel Gewalt über ihn.

Marthe war auf dem Berge geboren, eine Baſe von den Brüdern Mathias, und die Tochter eines Schließers der Abtei, welche dazumal ſchon ein Gefängniß geweſen. Der Schließer war ein betrunkener Lümmel, der ſeine Gefangenen und ſeine Kinder wie die Hunde behandelte, und immer mit dem Ochſenziemer regierte. Marthe lernte von ihm nicht viel Gutes, und wurde unter ſeinen Mißhandlungen hart wie ein Felsſtein. — Da ſie das älteſte unter den Geſchwiſtern war, ſo kam manchmal, wenn der Vater ſeinen Rauſch ausſchlief, an Marthe die Reihe, den Hof aufzumachen, das Thor ihrer Abtheilung zu ſchließen, mit den Gefangenen zu verkehren. Die eingeſperrten Verbrecher ſahen das Mädchen gern, weil es ſie nicht prügelte, und ſanft mit ihnen redete. Aber die Sanftmuth war nur erlogen und dahinter ſteckte eine ſchmähliche Habſucht, womit ſie unbarmherzig die Gefangenen ausbeutelte, und ſich jedes gefällige Wort, jeden Trunk Waſſer bezahlen ließ. Das trieb ſie, bis ſie genug beiſammen hatte, um dem Vater und dem Berge zu entlaufen.

In der Fremde wurde ſie eine Betſchweſter, ging bei ihrem Vetter als Haushälterin in Dienſt, wanderte mit ihm nach Irland aus, kam mit ihm wieder heim. Alle die Ihrigen waren unterdeſſen geſtorben, und ſie hat niemals deren Gräber beſucht.

Sie iſt ein ſeltſames Weib geweſen, hat mit Niemand Freundſchaft gehalten, über Alles geſpottet, niemals geweint als im Zorn, niemals gelacht als vor Schadenfreude. Die Leute behaupteten entweder, ſie ſei eine Närrin, oder ſie müſſe eine Hexe ſein.

Von allen Menſchen in der Welt hat Marthe nur Einen geſchont, — das war der Kanonikus — wegen der Erbſchaft; nur Einen gefürchtet, — das war der alte Mathias — wegen ſeines Geldes und wegen ſeiner Derbheit; nur Eine geliebt, — das war des Mathias Tochter — wegen ihrer Schönheit. Denn ſie war nicht ſchön wie ein Engel, aber ſchön wie ihre Mutter geweſen, aber leichtſinnig wie ihre Mutter, aber ſchwach wie ihre Mutter.

Darum hatte überdieß Liennette Niemand ſo lieb, als ihre [illegible] Marthe, weil dieſe das Mädchen unaufhörlich hätſchelte, putzte, kämmte und friſirte, beſchenkte und fütterte, ſpazieren führte und mit aller Kurzweil unterhielt, zu allen Zeiten lobte, und gegen alle Welt vertheidigte. Liennette mochte thun, was ſie wollte, es war recht. Mathias erfuhr nicht einen von ihren Jugendſtreichen, und wenn der Kanonikus, der ſtets zu Hauſe war, über dieß und jenes die Augen aufzumachen drohte, ſo nahm lieber Marthe alle Schuld auf ſich ſelber, ehe ſie zugegeben hätte, daß ihrer Bellotte wehe gethan worden wäre. — Der Beiname blieb Liennetten, denn ſie nahm zu an Reiz und Leibesgeſtalt, wie ihr Vater an Reichthum.

Ihre Andacht war nicht groß, aber ihre Freude an weltlichen Dingen unerſättlich. Bellottens Augen gingen ſtets hin und her, friſch und hell, wie ſpielende Fiſche, und ſuchten muthwillig ein Netz, ſich darinnen zu fangen. Nicht lange, und ſie hatten's gefunden: ein Garn von Silberfäden, geſponnen aus den Epauletten eines jungen Offiziers von den Voltigeurs.

Die kleinen niedlichen Gelbkragen waren ſchelmiſche Soldaten. Wo ſie keinen Feind wegzublaſen hatten, ſchoſſen ſie im Spaß nach den Herzen der unvorſichtigen Dirnen, und trafen immer. Bellotte konnte davon erzählen, denn bald dachte ſie an nichts in der Welt mehr, als an den Lieutenant mit dem kaſtanienbraunen Backenbarte und dem blaſſen Geſichte. Er hatte nämlich nicht die ſtärkſte Bruſt, und die ſcharfe Luft auf dem Berge that ihm nicht wohl. Dennoch, — ſeit er die Mamſell Mathias kannte — ſtieg er wohl zwanzigmal des Tags vom Schloß herab in die Stadt, und von der Stadt hinauf zum Schloſſe. Dazumal war die neue Kaſerne noch nicht gebaut, und die Soldaten lagen in der Abtei.

So wie er Geſchmack an unſern ſteilen Gaſſen, ſo fand Liennette mit einemmale Geſchmack an der Ausſicht von der Plateforme der Kloſterkirche, fürchtete ſich nicht vor den am Wege lungernden Soldaten, und ſtieg unverdroſſen täglich hinan, und ſpazierte dort täglich mit dem Lieutenant, der ſie behandelte wie eine große Dame, und ihr das ganze Schloß zeigte, von der breiten Treppe an, die zwiſchen den Eingangsthürmen hinanführt, bis zu dem geländerloſen Gange um das Kirchendach.

Marthe ſah dieſe Spaziergänge nicht gerne, und ſagte mehrmals: „Bellotte, das führt zu böſem Ende!" — Wer nicht glaubte, war Bellotte, und wer immer nachgab, war Marthe, weil ſie in das Kind vernarrt war. Zudem hatte ſie unaufhörlich im Hauſe aufzupaſſen, damit dem Vater und dem Onkel die Schuppen nicht von den Augen fielen. Mit dem Kanonikus hatte es wenig Noth, aber Vater Mathias, der ſo ſcharf ſah! der ſo verdrießlich war, ſeit er mehrere tauſend Livres durch die Unaufrichtigkeit eines Contrebandiers verlor! — Da galt es Mühe.

Ein Unglück kommt nicht allein. Eines Tags iſt das Meer beſonders angeſchwollen, und reißt alle Fiſcherbuden in der Bucht zuſammen, daß man gar nicht mehr den Platz erkannte, wo ſie geſtanden. — Kurz darnach geht die Nachricht ein, daß ein Schiffbauer in Granville mit den Zunftgeldern auf und davon iſt. Mathias hatte viel Geld in der Lade zu Granville, und obendrein ſollte der ſchlechte Kerl von Ausreißer einmal ſein Schwiegerſohn werden.

Das ſchlug den Alten ſehr nieder. „Du wirſt ſehen," ſagte er zu dem Kanonikus, „daß ich noch aus dem Almoſenſtock der Kommune Brodſchein holen muß, um mein Leben zu friſten. Mit dem Glücke iſt's aus; ich gehe dem Bettelſtab entgegen." Von dem Tage an wurde er unruhig und bekam ein Fieber, wobei er hin und her ſchlich ohne Raſt mit unauslöſchlichem Durſt; denn er ſchlief nimmer und fürchtete ſich vor dem Hungertode. Der arme Kanonikus wartete ihn mit ſeinen gichtbrüchigen Händen, und Marthe verließ ihn nicht. Bellotte aber ſpazierte mit ihrem Offizier. „Sie iſt wie ihre Mutter;" ſagte der Vater gleichgültig, wenn die Rede auf ſie kam, und fragte nicht mehr nach ihr.

An einem Samſtag war ſein Durſt ganz unleidlich, und der Cider ſchmeckte ihm nicht mehr; ſo daß er nur nach Waſſer verlangte. Die Ciſternen waren trocken, wegen der dürren Witterung, und der Brunnen von Moidrey nicht bei der Hand. So trank der ungeduldige Mann von unſerm ſalzigen Bergquell, und die Kolik blieb nicht einmal über Nacht aus.

Es ſoll ein großer Jammer geweſen ſein, den Mathias zu ſehen, da ihn der Tod bei den Haaren nahm. Er ſchwatzte in ſeinem Fieber nur von den neuen Zahlen, von unrechtmäßig erworbenem Gelde, von Seelenmeſſen und einem Spital, das er errichten wolle. Lauter verworrenes Zeug; zwiſchen hinein verwünſchte er ſeine ſelige Frau, und ſeine lebende Tochter, daß dieſelbe ſich vor Entſetzen nicht mehr an das Krankenlager getraute. — Am Dienſtag Abends war Mathias mit dem Leben fertig, und hatte am Donnerſtag ſeine Hülle, wohin ſie gehörte.

Nun ergab ſich, daß Liennette kein ſchlechtes Herz in der Bruſt trug, denn ſie weinte viele Tage und Nächte hindurch, und der Lieutenant hatte gut auf ſeiner Plateforme warten; ſie kam nicht hinauf. — Aber die Unglückliche beweinte nicht allein den Vater, ſondern auch ihr eigenes Elend, welches zuerſt Marthe erfuhr, und alsdann der Kanonikus. In der Stadt munkelte man nur davon, wußte aber nichts Gewiſſes.

Der Kanonikus ſoll den Lieutenant mit ſeiner Brudertochter heimlich getraut haben; zur Nachtzeit, in der Kapelle des heiligen Aubert; und auf dem Fleck, wo noch des Engels Fußtapfen zu ſehen iſt, ſoll der Offizier bei ſeiner Seligkeit ſich vermeſſen haben, Bellottens Mann auch vor der Welt zu werden, ſobald der Kaiſer ihm die Erlaubniß, und eine Hauptmannsſtelle gäbe.

Was an der Sache gewiß iſt: der Offizier ging bald nach Mathias Tode in ſeine Heimath auf Urlaub und ſoll noch heute wiederkommen. Bellotte ließ ſich nicht mehr vor den Leuten ſehen, und des Mathias Haus war wie ausgeſtorben.

Unſere Stadt hatte viel Sorge. Entweder kreuzten die Engländer an der Küſte, und bedrohten die Schiffe mit ihren Kugeln, die Ortſchaften mit ihren Haubitzen und Bomben, oder ſie ſuchten die hohe See, und dann hatten wir die fürchterlichſten Stürme. Dann zündeten die Gefangenen ein paarmal das Schloß an, und der Brand ſtiebte herab auf unſere Dächer; dann gab es Händel mit der neuen Garniſon, die aus Holland kam, und noch immer in Feindes Land zu ſeyn glaubte. Der Maire, ein ſchläfriger Mann, mußte ohne Unterlaß aufpaſſen, die Bürger waren ſtets beſorgt um ihr bischen Gut und Leben; jeder Morgen brachte wieder eine friſche Neuigkeit, oder einen neuen Unfall; und ſo merkten es nicht Maire, nicht Polizei, nicht Nachbarn, daß in des alten Mathias Hauſe ein Kind das Licht der Welt erblickte.

„Da haben wir's;" ſagte Marthe mit Groll und Vorwurf: „was fangen wir mit dem Buben an!" — „Wir taufen ihn;" ſagte der gute Kanonikus, und der Junge wurde in der Stille getauft. — Die junge Mutter ſagte nichts, und herzte das ſchwache Kind, und wollte ſeine Amme ſeyn, aber das ging nicht. Zudem ſchaute Marthe den Säugling finſter an, und meinte: „Jetzo iſt der Junge noch hinfällig und ſtille, aber in ein paar Tagen wird's anders ſeyn, und ſein Geſchrei wird uns verrathen. Wenn Du Deinen guten Ruf liebſt, Bellotte, ſo trenne Dich von dem Kinde; ich weiß bei Dol eine gute Freundin, die gerne die Laſt übernehmen, gern ein Stück Geld verdienen wird." —

Liennette ſträubte ſich, aber der Augenblick war ſtreng, und der Kanonikus ſtimmte der Marthe bei. So wurde entlich beſchloſſen, wie die Baſe wollte; die Mutter kleidete das Kindlein in friſche Wäſche, Marthe ſteckte es, da es ſchlief, in einen Fiſchkorb, deckte denſelben ſäuberlich zu, und ging bebenden Schrittes mit der verbotenen Waare aus dem Thore auf die Grève, gegen Dol.

Der Abſchied von dem kleinen Auguſtin war der Anfang von Ziennettens ſchwerer Krankheit, die plötzlich in der Stadt ruchbar wurde, und eines Doktors Hülfe verlangte. Der hätte freilich viel ſagen können; aber er war ein Chirurgus von dem Militär, ein genauer Freund des Lieutenants, und verſchwiegen wie ein Beichtvater. Ziennette verdankte ihm das Leben. Am zweiten Tage kam ſie zu ſich, und fragte nach der Baſe. Dieſe kehrte erſt am Abend zurück, war von der Wanderung ſehr angegriffen. „Der Weg iſt weit,“ ſagte ſie verdroſſen: „auch habe ich mich auf der Grève erkältet. Das Kind iſt jedoch munter, und die gute Pauline hat es aufgenommen, wie der barmherzige Samariter den Verwundeten.“ — „Gib mir einen Kuß dafür;“ ſprach Ziennette, und erſchrak gleich darauf vor den kalten Lippen der Marthe. „Brr!“ ſagte dieſe und ſchüttelte ſich: „Ich bin wie ein Eiszapfen, muß gleich ins Bett. Morgen, Bellotte, löſe ich dennoch den Doktor bei Dir ab. Wir wollen keine Männer im Hauſe, als den guten ehrwürdigen Herrn Kanonikus.“ — Sie ſchlief richtig die ganze Nacht, und ſtand wieder kerngeſund auf. Sie war ein Weib, wie von Eiſen.

Ziennette hatte dagegen eine wachsweiche Natur. Die machte, daß ſie nicht geneſen konnte, und viele Wochen hinſiechte. Darüber war viel Gerede unter den Leuten, die ſich erinnerten, was von Bellotten geargwohnt worden.

Marthe wurde ohne Scheu von Allen als die Helferin in der Noth bezeichnet, obgleich ſie mit Zähnen und Klauen ſich wehrte, und Bellottens und ihre eigene Unſchuld betheuerte.

Zu jener Friſt war eine kleine Schenke ganz unten in der Stadt, dicht am Thore. Man hieß dieſelbe „zu den drei Freunden.“ Marthe kam öfters dahin als eine Gevatterin der Frau. Eines Nachmittags ſaßen dort ein paar Fiſchweiber mitten unter Soldaten und Taglöhnern, und, vom Cider berauſcht, ſtichelten ſie auf Marthe, die am Herde plauderte. Sie erzählten von Ziennette, die ihr Kind heimlich weggeſchickt habe, und Marthe ſey des Kindes Trägerin geweſen, und zwar zur Zeit, da ſie zwei Tage vom Berge weggeblieben. Die Zeit war gut zu errathen: Marthe war [illegible] nicht vom Berge gekommen.

Die Haushälterin war nicht faul, den Schwätzerinnen das Maul zu ſtopfen, aber ihrer zehne redeten gleich auf einmal, und die Männer vom Berge nahmen deren Partei. So kam es, daß Marthens Stimme erſtickt wurde, um ſo mehr, da ſie anfing, vor Grimm zu weinen, als immer wieder geſchrieen wurde, ſie hätte das Kind in einem Korbe weggetragen.

Da ſtand ein Douanier auf, der hinter der Thüre geſeſſen, und ſagte: „Gebt einmal Ruhe mit eurem dummen Gewäſche, ihr einfältigen Leute. Die gute alte Mutter iſt unſchuldig wie die helle Sonne. Ich war juſt an ſelbigem Tage, der ein nebeliger war, auf dem Poſten, bei den vier Salinen. He, dicke Mama, erkennt Ihr mich nicht mehr! Ihr ſtiegt ſo heftig von der Grève auf den Damm, und erſchrakt ſo ſehr, da ich unverſehens aus meiner Hütte trat, daß ich meinte, Ihr trüget Contrebande. Ja, ſo meinte ich, und viſitirte Euren Korb, nicht wahr? Der Korb war aber leer, und ich konnte, vom Nebel durchnäßt, wieder in meine Hütte ſchlüpfen, ſo ehrlich als vorher.“

Die vorlauten Schreier waren jetzt ſprachlos; Marthe blickte ſtolz in der Stube umher, zuckte mitleidig die Achſeln, ließ dem wahrheitsliebenden Douanier einen friſchen Trunk auf ihre Koſten reichen, und ging beruhigt nach Hauſe. Von Stunde an hatte das Geſchwätz ein Ende.

Dafür begann die rechte Leidenszeit in der Familie Mathias. Ziennette zerfloß in Thränen, rieb ſich auf vor Ungeduld. Ihr Krankenlager war des Laurentius Roſt. Bald rief ſie den Liebſten, der gar nichts von ſich hören ließ, bald ſeufzte ſie nach ihrem kleinen Auguſtin. Der Kanonikus hatte umſonſt an ihr zu tröſten, Marthe ſtets zu beſchwichtigen. Der Onkel ſchrieb an den Offizier, an den Miniſter, an alle Generäle, an den Kaiſer ſelbſt; von nirgends eine Antwort. Die Haushälterin betheuerte unaufhörlich, der Knabe ſey gut verſorgt; Ziennette beſänftigte ſich kaum. Endlich wurde Marthens Kopf warm und ſie ſagte: „Beinahe wollte ich, der Bube ſey geſtorben, daß einmal die Quälerei ein Ziel hätte!“ — Ziennette ſchrie aber hell auf, fiel ſchier in Gichter und Krämpfe, und ſchwor bei allen Engeln, ſie würde elendiglich ſterben, wenn ſie jemals erführe, daß der kleine Auguſtin todt ſey. „Nun, nun,“ antwortete immer hierauf die Alte: „ich meinte es ja nicht ſo ernſtlich, ich ſagte ja nur ſo.“ Dann war es wieder eine Weile aus.

Ziennette verließ das Bett, aber ſie konnte nicht weiter gehen, als auf die breite Mauer zwiſchen den beiden Thürmen hinter ihrem Hauſe. Dort ſetzte ſie ſich Tage lang hin, und ſchaute troſtlos über die Grève nach der Küſte, ob ſie nicht ihr Kind ſähe, oder des Kindes Vater. Wunderbarerweiſe überdauerte ſie dieſen gewaltſamen Zuſtand, und ihr Geſicht wurde roſenroth wie zuvor, aber ihre Füße blieben ſchwach, und ſie hätte nicht eine Viertelſtunde weit gehen können. Eine traurige Geſellſchafterin für den Kanonikus, der auch nicht mehr aus der Stube konnte, ſo daß Marthe, die Alles ſchlichten und richten mußte, nicht ein einzigmal Abkommens genug fand, um die Freundin Pauline und deren Pflegling Auguſtin zu beſuchen.

Inzwiſchen traf es ſich, daß der Chirurgus die Garniſon vertauſchte, und von dem Kanonikus Abſchied nahm. Der nahm Anlaß, ihm aufzutragen, daß er nach dem Lieutenant ſich umſchauen, ihn an ſein Verſprechen zu mahnen. Der Doktor ſagte es zu. Ziennette, die kein Geheimniß vor dem Doktor hatte, bat ihn ferner, auf dem Dorfe bei Dol nach dem Kleinen zu ſehen, und ihr von ihm zu ſchreiben. Der Doktor ſagte: „Gern; wo finde ich das Kind?“ — „Von der Kirche linker Hand, das ſiebente Haus, mit Apfelbäumen vor den Fenſtern;“ antwortete Marthe mürriſch, und ſetzte noch giftig hinzu, als der Doktor kaum hinweggegangen: „Das Soldatenvolk lügt wie gedruckt. Wo denkt der daran, ſeinem Kameraden in's Gewiſſen zu reden, und nach dem Buben zu ſchauen! Es hat auch der Mühe verlohnt, ihm alles auf die Naſe zu binden. Der ſchreibt in ſeinem Leben nicht.“

Und er ſchrieb dennoch; einen Brief an den Kanonikus, einen zweiten an Ziennette. Marthe nahm die Briefe vom Boten, und gab dem geiſtlichen Herrn den ſeinigen. Ziennettens Brief behielt ſie, weil nichts darinnen ſtand, was die Kranke gefreut hätte. In dem Schreiben an den Kanonikus ſtand auch nichts Tröſtliches. Der Offizier war nach Spanien marſchirt, und irgendwo vor einer Batterie geblieben.

Herr Mathias und ſeine Vertraute überlegten reiflich, ob ſie der armen Bellotte ihr Mißgeſchick berichten ſollten. Endlich vereinigten ſie ſich in der Art, daß ſie ihr nur den Abmarſch des treuloſen Lieutenants mittheilten. Ziennette hatte wohl etwas Aehnliches erwartet, doch blieb ihr noch die Hoffnung, die Zeit möchte den leichtſinnigen Mann wieder zurecht bringen.

Hatte es der falſche Soldat ſchlecht mit ihr gemeint, ſo meinte es ein anderer Mann um ſo beſſer mit dem armen Mädchen. Der neue Einnehmer zu Pontorſon, ein gar weitläufiger Verwandter des Kanonikus, beſuchte denſelben, und machte alſogleich mit ſeiner hübſchen Couſine Bekanntſchaft, geſonnen wie er war, eine Frau zu nehmen, die Schönheit und Vermögen beſäße. Beides hatte Ziennette; aber es kam darauf an, ob ſie den jungen Liebhaber erhören würde. Der Kanonikus ſagte „Ja,“ weil er es wünſchte; Marthe ſagte „Nein,“ weil ſie es nicht wünſchte.

Eine Dirne iſt der lebendige April. Siehe: kaum war der Einnehmer ein Dutzendmal zum Berge geritten, — er kam immer auf einem dicken Schimmel, — ſo waren Ziennettens Augen trocken, ihr Ohr offen, und ſie bemühte ſich, auf ihren Füßen geſunder zu ſcheinen, als ſie es wirklich war. Das bemerkte der Kanonikus, und hatte einen langen Zwieſprach mit ihr bei verſchloſſener Thüre. Marthe errieth, was da verhandelt worden ſeyn mochte, und nahm auch an einem günſtigen Abend ihre Pflegtochter in's Gebet, redete hin, redete her, kam auf den Einnehmer zu ſprechen, und platzte endlich heraus: „Verzeih mirs der liebe Gott, aber ich meine, Bellotte, der Menſch hat Abſichten auf Dich.“

„Das meine ich auch;“ verſetzte Ziennette kalt, und Marthe wunderte ſich doch. — „Und Du?“ fragte ſie ausholend. — „Ei, mir wär's nicht ungeſchickt.“ — Marthe ſtaunte immer mehr. „So! Du Leichtſinn!“ fragte ſie wieder: „Das kann Dein Ernſt nicht ſeyn. Wenn das der Lieutenant erführe …“ — „Hm! der Lieutenant!“ antwortete Ziennette ſchnippiſch, und rümpfte die Naſe. — „Ei, nun ja, der Lieutenant!“ wiederholte Marthe eifrig; „freilich der Lieutenant! ich war nie des Lockers Freundin, aber da er doch einmal mit Dir getraut iſt ….“ — „Das iſt Alles vorbei, liebe Marthe;“ ſagte Ziennette ganz friedlich: „er iſt todt; der Onkel hat mir's geſagt, und am Ende hätte die heimliche Heirath doch nichts gegolten.“

Jetzt merkte erſt Marthe vollſtändig, welch ein Uebel die Zeit, der Einnehmer und der Kanonikus angerichtet hatten, und ſchwieg lange in tiefen Gedanken. Dann redete ſie vor ſich hin: „Der arme kleine Auguſtin!“ — Ziennette wurde aufmerkſam: „Was iſt's mit dem Kleinen?“ — „Der kann jetzt ſterben, wann er will; eine Waiſe ſeyn oder einen Stiefvater haben … ich weiß nicht, was ſchlimmer iſt.“ — „Wie Du auch redeſt! liebe ich ihn nicht von ganzer Seele? würde ich ihn nicht hundertmal lieber haben, wenn er bei mir ſeyn könnte! Das geht aber nicht, das geht nimmermehr. Erſtens ſchämte ich mich zu ſehr, und zweitens würden wir ſchwer geſtraft, weil wir dem Kleine alles verheimlicht haben.“ — „Ganz recht, und da mag nun der arme Wurm alles ausbaden;“ ſpottete Marthe mit giftiger Bosheit: „er lebe, wenn er kann, und werde ein Taugenichts, ein Betteldube, ein Dieb, ein ... was kümmert das die Mutter, wenn ſie nur einen Mann und Kinder hat, zu denen ſie ſich bekennen darf!“ —

Tiennette weinte, und Marthe freute ſich des Weinens. Darum ſtichelte ſie fort, wie mit ſpitzigem Meſſer: „Was gehört einem Sündenkinde als das Elend! Thue nur, wie Dir's gefällt, Bellotte. Haſt ja nie auf meinen Rath gehört. Der Lieutenant war Dir ja alles auf der Welt. Deßhalb muß ſein Kind zu Grunde gehen. Oder meinſt Du, es werde anders kommen? der Einnehmer werde den Großmüthigen ſpielen? Umgekehrt ganz und gar. Wenn er von der Hiſtorie Wind bekommt, läßt er Dich ſitzen, denk' an mich, und Schande und Strafe kommen hinterdrein.“

Tiennette ſchluchzte immer heftiger, und warf ſich der Marthe um den Hals. Jetzo ſchlug die Baſe gelindere Saiten an, indem ſie ſprach: „Glaub' mir, Bellotte, Du thuſt am beſten, wenn Du für Dich bleibſt. Die Männer ſind alle ſchlecht, und Du würdeſt mit dem Einnehmer noch viel ſchlimmer fahren, als mit dem leichtfertigen Offizier. Und wer ſteht dafür, daß der Lieutenant nicht wieder kommt? Schon mancher iſt todt geſagt worden, und wieder zum Vorſchein gekommen, da man am wenigſten daran dachte.“

„Laß die Todten ruhen!“ ſeufzte Tiennette. Die Alte verneigte ſich mit einem zitternden „Amen!“ worauf Mamſell Mathias verſprach, den Einnehmer nicht zu begünſtigen, und ledig zu bleiben, damit ſie einſtens für den kleinen Auguſtin ſorgen könne. Aber Marthe müſſe es möglich machen, daß die Mutter endlich ihr Kind wiederſähe, und öfters mit demſelben ſich vereinigen könne. Marthe gelobte, Sorge zu tragen, daß ihre Freundin Pauline einmal mit dem Buben wenigſtens bis La Rive käme, wo alsdann Tiennettens Wunſch am beſten erfüllt werden dürfte. Zu dem Ende wollte Marthe nächſtens ſelber nach Dol gehen.

Sie zögerte indeſſen von Tag zu Tag, weil ſie des Einnehmers nächſten Beſuch abwarten wollte, damit Tiennette nicht ſich ſelber überlaſſen bleibe, und vielleicht zerſtöret würde, was Marthe wieder mühſam aufgebaut hatte. Aber der Einnehmer kam nicht; ſeine Beſuche ſchienen plötzlich und auf immerdar abgeſchnitten. Als eines Abends der Kanonikus ſagte: „Ich höre von dem Boten von Pontorſon, daß der Vetter krank zu Bette liege;“ athmete Marthe wieder auf, und meinte bald, es würde morgen wieder hübſch Wetter ſeyn, und ſie wolle nach Dol wandern. Was ſie auch mit dem Frühſten that, verſehen mit allerlei Geſchenken für den kleinen Auguſtin, und mit anſehnlichem Koſtgelde für die arme Pauline.

Mit dem Wetter hatte es Marthe getroffen, aber keineswegs mit dem Einnehmer, der, gleichſam ihr zum Trotze, in der Mittagsſtunde auf ſeinem dicken Schimmel wieder auf dem Berge eintraf. Der Kanonikus empfing ihn mit tauſend Freuden; Tiennette dagegen etwas ängſtlich und ſcheu, machte ſich bald in die Küche, weil ſie in Abweſenheit der Haushälterin für den Gaſt Sorge zu tragen hatte. Der Einnehmer, befangen wie er ſelber war, gewahrte nicht des Mädchens Scheu, und antwortete ziemlich zerſtreut auf die Fragen des Kanonikus, der ſich nach ſeinem Wohlbefinden erkundigte.

„Die Sache iſt,“ ſprach der Vetter endlich mit einiger Ueberwindung, „daß ich nicht ſowohl krank, als im Innerſten erſchüttert und gleichſam ſchwer ermüdet geweſen bin. Mir iſt nämlich auf meiner neulichen Heimkehr etwas ganz Merkwürdiges begegnet, und noch heute weiß ich nicht, wie ich daran bin. Genug, daß ein Anderer, minder beherzt und weniger verliebt, als ich, wohl noch eine Weile Anſtand genommen hätte, über Ihre Grève zu Gaſte zu reiten.“

Als der Kanonikus neugierig nach der Begebenheit fragte, erwiederte ſtets der junge Mann, daß er für jetzo nicht davon zu reden begehre, bei gelegener Zeit jedoch würde er das Ding gern auf's Tapet bringen, welches übrigens ſeine Beſuche und das Haus ſeiner Verwandten nicht im Geringſten angehe. Statt deſſen liege ihm etwas anderes auf dem Herzen: die Luſt, ſeine Couſine zu heirathen, und, damit in's Klare zu kommen, halte er um das Mädchen an. — Der Kanonikus hörte in dieſen Worten lauter Muſik, und obgleich ihm ſchwer wurde, über gewiſſe Dinge mit der Sprache herauszugehen, ſo hielt er es doch im Vertrauen auf ſeines Vetters Bravheit für ſeine Pflicht, und ſie plauderten lange insgeheim; ſchieden auch zufrieden aus ſolcher Heimlichkeit, ſo daß der Kanonikus bei Tiſch ſeiner Nichte ſagen konnte: „Dein wackerer Couſin weiß Alles, und es hat ſich ſein Herz, das Dich liebt, nicht verändert. Dein Söhnlein ſoll ſein erſtes liebſtes Kind ſeyn und ſeinen Namen führen. In Pontorſon ahnt Niemand eine Sylbe von Deinem Mißgeſchick und die Anerkennung Auguſtins deckt Alles zu. Darum ſage ein fröhliches Ja, meine theure Bellotte: einen edlern Mann findeſt Du nie, und ich fahre ruhig zur Grube, wenn ich Dich ſo wohl verſorgt ſehe.“

Die hellen Thränen quollen aus den Augen der überraſchten Tiennette, und als ſie durch dieſe Zähren auf das ehrwürdige Antlitz ihres Onkels und das grundrechtſchaffene des heimlich geliebten Vetters blickte, konnte ſie nicht über ſich gewinnen, Nein zu ſagen, und wäre Marthe mit dem feurigen Schwerte hinter ihr geſtanden. So küßten ſich alle die Verlobten, gaben ſich die Hände, ſchenkten ſich goldene Ringe, und ſetzten den Hochzeittag feſt. Der Bräutigam kannte ſich nicht mehr vor Vergnügen, und wollte keine Stunde ſäumen, heimzureiten, ſeiner Mutter die angenehme Botſchaft zu bringen, und Haus und Hof vom Keller zum Speicher umzukehren, daß Alles zur geſetzten Friſt bereit ſey. Zugleich bedung er ſich, daß der Kanonikus ihm ſchreiben möchte, wenn der kleine Auguſtin zu La Rive ankäme, damit er nicht ermangele, den Sohn zu umarmen.

Nachdem dieſe Verabredungen getroffen waren, ſchaute der Einnehmer durch's Fenſter, ob der Knecht aus dem Wirthshauſe bereits das Pferd geſattelt und vor die Thüre gebracht hatte. Das war geſchehen; der feiſte Schimmel ſtand zu Befehl. Aber der junge Freier wechſelte die Farbe, als wenn ihm jemand das Roth von dem Geſichte wiſchte. „Sonderbar;“ murmelte er zwiſchen den Zähnen: „Was mich wieder die Angſt überläuft! Und dennoch muß ich fort, weil mich die Ungeduld treibt.“

Die Braut und der Kanonikus ſahen ſich beſtürzt an, und drangen in den Einnehmer, ihnen die Urſache ſeiner Beängſtigung zu entdecken. Der ſchüttelte den Kopf, verſuchte, ſich ſelber auszulachen, blickte beſorgt durch die Scheiben zum Himmel, der ſich allmählig trübte, wie ſo oft in ſpäten Nachmittagsſtunden geſchieht, und ſtotterte auf einmal: „Es wäre etwas beſſer, wenn ich hier über Nacht bliebe. Mir iſt ſo wunderlich zu Muthe.“

Der Kanonikus wollte ſo eben dem Knechte befehlen, das Pferd in den Stall zu bringen, und für den Reiter ein Nachtquartier zu beſtellen, als der Vetter ſich plötzlich beſann, daß es einem Bräutigam nicht allzu wohl anſtehe, vor der Liebſten Muthloſigkeit zu zeigen. Daher rief er ſchnell: „Mit dem verdammten Schwindel ſollte ich nicht fertig werden! Ich bitte nur um einen Trunk rothen Weins, theure Bellotte, und dann Lebewohl. Mit einem Glaſe Burgunder im Kopfe fürchte ich weder den Triebſand noch die Untiefen des Couesnon.“ — Der Kanonikus ſagte: „Das glaube ich; Ihr habt den Fluß auf Eurem Wege gar nicht zu paſſiren.“ — Tiennette, ſich erfreut, den Einnehmer wieder in gehöriger Faſſung zu ſehen, ging nach dem Weine.

Der Verlobte dachte indeſſen über des Kanonikus Rede nach, und antwortete zögernd darauf: „Dennoch paſſirte ich neulich das Waſſer; es war in der That, als ob der Teufel mich irre geführt hätte; ſo kam ich von meiner Straße ab.“ — „Das war das Mondlicht; es täuſcht ſo oft auf der Grève;“ bemerkte der Kanonikus. — „Nicht doch, Herr Onkel;“ — dieß ſprach der Einnehmer mit Seelenangſt — „es war ein Ding, ein unbegreifliches Ding . . . wenn ich es Ihnen erzählte . . . Sie würden mich vielleicht auslachen . . .“ — „Vielleicht;“ verſetzte der Onkel: „Verliebte ſehen oft ſeltſame Dinge. Erzählt mir's aber ein andermal, werther Vetter. Bellotte iſt ſchreckhaft, und, wenn Ihr heute durchaus den Berg verlaſſen wollt, ſo drängt die Zeit. In einem Stündchen iſt die Fluth da.“ — „Ei, vor dem Meere fürchte ich mich nicht. Mein Pferd hat gute Beine;“ antwortete der Einnehmer.

Da bei dieſen Worten Tiennette [illegible] dem Weine kam, ſchwiegen die Männer, tranken auf baldig Wiederſehen, ſchüttelten ſich die Hände; Bellotte erlaubte ihrem Freunde noch einen Kuß, und trapp, trapp, ſtolperte der Schimmel mit ſeinem Herrn die ſteile Gaſſe hinab zum Thore.

Als ſie auf die Grève kamen, rieſelten feine Tropfen aus den dichter werdenden Wolken, und deßwegen nahm das Pferd einen raſchen Schritt, der jedoch nicht anhielt; der Sand war ſchlüpfrig, hie und da klafften die gefährlichen Spalten, worunter die Tümpel und Trichter verborgen liegen. Darinnen lauert der Tod, wie in den Löchern, die trügeriſch von lockern Sandballen verſtopft ſind, welche beben und zittern unter dem ſchreckhaften Fuße der unerfahrenen Menſchen und Thiere, bis dieſe ihr eigenes Grab ſich höhlen, und langſam, aber rettungslos, in das Moor ſinken.

Des Einnehmers Schimmel ging behutſam. Es war leer auf der Grève. Kein Menſch durchkreuzte ſie. Auf entfernten Sandſtrichen ſtand hin und wieder ein Fiſchreiher, unbeweglich, nach und nach verdämmernd hinter dem Regenvorhang, der fein, aber dicht niederſank. Noch ging das Pferd in der guten Richtung nach der Küſte.

Plötzlich drehte ſich der Reiter im Sattel um, und horchte.

Der Huf des Schimmels hatte auf dem durchweichten Sande durch ſeinen Druck den Laut hervorgebracht, der einem wehmüthigen Stöhnen ſo ähnlich klingt. Noch einmal ſeufzt die Grève, dann ſteht der Gaul mauerfeſt. „Vorwärts!“ ſpricht der Bräutigam, und klopft den Hals des Pferdes. „Soll es noch einmal werden, wie neulich? Munter, Papillon, heute ängſtigt uns ja nicht das Mondlicht, und in zehn Minuten ſind wir bei dem Damme.“

Indeſſen war der Schimmel bereits bis an die Feſſel eingeſunken, und nur ein raſcher Druck des Reiters brachte das Thier aus dieſem gefährlichen Verweilen. Doch zitterte es ſchon gelinde am ganzen Körper, und hob ſträubend die Füße. „Witterſt Du das Geſpenſt, Papillon! Kennſt Du nicht mehr den Weg zur Küſte? Iſt denn hier die Stelle, wo wir damals vom Wege kamen?“ Bei dieſen Worten drehte der Einnehmer wieder den Kopf, die Gegend zu erkennen. Aber in ſeinem Rücken ſah er nur einen dichten grauen Schleier, und als er beſtürzt vorwärts ſchaute, war auch da der wolkige Nebel, wie eine undurchdringliche Mauer. Der Kopf des Pferdes war dem Reiter nicht mehr ſichtbar, und er ſpürte ſich fortgetragen, ohne zu wiſſen, wohin.

„He, Papillon! alter Dragonergaul! was gibt's? warum Halt?“ Das Thier ſchnaubte ſchwer. „Ich muß abſteigen;“ dachte der Einnehmer; „ich muß horchen, ob wir der Küſte oder dem Meere uns nähern.“ Er warf ſich zu Boden, drückte das Ohr auf den Sand, und lauſchte, die Hand um des Schimmels Huf geklemmt, daß er nicht von demſelben käme in der Dunkelheit, die ihm nicht einmal erlaubte, auf der Grève die Strömungsſpuren zu unterſcheiden, welche den Abhang zum Meere durchfurchen.

Bald vernahm er ein ziemlich nahes Rauſchen. „Gott ſei mir gnädig;“ ſeufzt er: „das iſt der Coueſnon, das iſt der Bretagnerfluß. Schon wieder hat mich der Spuk zu weit rechts geführt, und, wenn ich mich genau beſinne, ſo ſagte der Kanonikus, daß die Fluth bald in der Bucht ſein würde.“ Indem er ſich an dem Pferd in die Höhe richtete, fuhr er fort: „O weh, Papillon, was wird aus uns werden in dieſer Verlaſſenheit! Wenn du nicht getreu ausſchreiteſt in der Strömung des Fluſſes, ſo ſind wir verloren. Denn nur die Strömung kann uns jetzo der Wegweiſer zur Küſte werden.“

Er tappte nach dem Steigbügel; Papillon ſchnaubte ängſtlicher. Durch die Nebelmaſſe, die eben angeſchwollen war wie eine weiße Pulverwolke, zitterte eine kleine Geſtalt, tief am Boden, dem Reiſenden nicht bis zum Knie reichend, und trotz der gewaltigen Blendung, die ſeine Augen verwirrte, erkannte er die Erſcheinung, die ihn ſchon einmal erſchreckt.

Wie dazumal im Mondenglanz, ſo heute im Nebeldunkel war es ein Kind mit eingefallenem Geſicht und hohlen Augen; mit magern Gliedern, kaum dürftig bedeckt von einem wehenden Hemdchen. Als ob es fröre in bitterer Kälte, als ob es troffe von ſchaumiger Fluth, als ob es aus einem naſſen Grabe emporgeworfen würde, ſchwankte es vor dem erſchrockenen Bräutigam; es ſchloß die Augen, als wolle es weinen, es öffnete den Mund, als wolle es ſchreien; dennoch blieb rings die grauſlichſte Stille. Dann that es, wie das erſtemal, da der Einnehmer es geſehen: es drehte ſich um, ſchwamm durch die Luft, und lag plötzlich ſteif und unbeweglich vor den Füßen des jungen Mannes, der ihm, das Pferd am Zügel, unwillkührlich hatte folgen müſſen.

Unter dem Geſpenſt ſchoß der Coueſnon eilfertig hindurch: eilfertiger als ſonſt, wie immer vor der Fluth, ſprudelnd gegen die Gewalt des ſteigenden Meeres. Wie in Verzweiflung, die Nähe der Gefahr ahnend, ſprang der Reiter in den Sattel, trieb mit Sporenzwang den Schimmel in die Wellen. Das Kind ſchwebte wieder dicht vor dem Pferde die Strömung aufwärts. Wo der Fluß einen gefährlichen Winkel macht, ſchnellte ſich das Geſpenſt um und um, und ſank kopfunter in das Waſſer. Papillon machte einen Satz zur Seite, und gewann das flache Ufer, wenn ſchon mit rudernden Füßen.

Der Nebel verzog ſich ein wenig. Roß und Mann faßten neuen Muth. Auch war's die höchſte Zeit. „Sind wir noch im Flußbette, Papillon! Was patſcheſt und ſchleuderſt Du ſo? O weh, das iſt die Fluth, die uns ereilt. Halt aus, mein Pferd, ſonſt iſt's um uns geſchehen!“

Papillon war ein ganz anderer geworden; er trabte eiligſt durch die Schwemmung, durch die Rinnſale. Ein blaßgelber Punkt ſtach durch den Nebel; darauf zu rannte der Gaul. In wenigen Minuten hatte er die Küſte erreicht, und hielt ausſchnaufend vor der Laterne, welche die Zollwächter auf dem Poſten St. Georges angezündet hatten. — Binnen einer Stunde war der Einnehmer daheim, trotz des fürchterlichen Regens, in den ſich der Nebel auflöſte. — Am andern Tag, wieder um Mittag, kam Marthe von ihrer kleinen Reiſe zurück.

Wehmüthig ſagte ſie zu Ziennette: „Kathe, was der launiſche Zufall wieder ausheckte, um Deine Sehnſucht zu vermehren. Pauline hat den Fuß verrenkt, und wird erſt in ein Paar Wochen nach La Rive wandern können. Doch ſei getroſt, ſie läßt mich's vorher wiſſen, und wir erwarten ſie dann in voller Bequemlichkeit, Bellotte.“

„Ich ja;“ erwiederte Ziennette: „in drei Wochen mache ich Hochzeit, und Auguſtin kann alsdann gleich in unſerm Hauſe zu Pontorſon bleiben.“ — Marthe wiederholte verdutzt: „Hochzeit! in unſerm Hauſe zu Pontorſon!“

„Freilich, liebe Marthe; ich bin Braut, ich heirathe den Einnehmer, er will meines Kindes Vater ſein; alles iſt ſchon in beſter Ordnung.“ Marthe warf den Kopf in die Höhe, ſtemmte die Arme in die Seite, wollte reden, wollte ſchelten, und brach ſtatt deſſen in ein gellendes Lachen aus, welches aber keineswegs luſtig klang, ſondern das innerſte Mark in Ziennettens Gebeinen zerſchnitt. So lacht der Teufel, wenn ihm ein Bruder liederlich in der letzten Stunde deſertirt.

Während alſo Marthe ſich abſonderlich aufführte und geberdete, während Ziennette ſich entſetzte und verſtummte, trat der Kanonikus herein, und hielt zwei offene Briefe in den Händen. Sein Geſicht war bleicher als das Papier der Briefe. „Was mir heute geſchrieben wird!“ ſagte er mit ſtammelnder Zunge: „da iſt der Doktor, der zufällig nach Dol kam, und wiederum die Pauline nicht fand, die er einmal ſchon vergebens geſucht. Deine Angaben ſeien falſch, liebe Marthe, ſchreibt er.“ — Die Baſe wurde blauroth auf der Stirne, und ſtotterte einige Worte, die Niemand verſtand. —

Der Kanonikus hatte jedoch noch eine ſchwerere Sorge auf dem Herzen; darum achtete er für jetzt nicht auf Marthens Verwirrung, und ſprach ferner: „Was der Einnehmer mittheilt, iſt noch viel ſeltſamer. Hört einmal, ihr Weiber.“ Hierauf las er mit vieler Angſt herunter, was dem Bräutigam begegnet war, und vornehmlich deſſen letzte Worte: „Ich „glaube daher, daß an jener Stelle des Coueſnon irgend ein „Mordſtück verübt worden iſt, und habe deßhalb meine An„zeige bei den Gerichten ſchon gemacht. Wer weiß, was an „jenem Platz ſich finden dürfte. Mündlich und bald ein Meh„reres.“

„Lieber Heiland! was ſoll das bedeuten!“ ſeufzte Ziennette mit ineinander verſchränkten Händen. Marthe ſagte: „Es iſt ſo heiß draußen, wie in einer Ofengrube, und das verfluchte Geld wird ein rechtes Donnerwetter machen.“ Ziennette, ſteif wie ein Maſtbaum, horchte nicht auf den Unſinn der Baſe, und der Kanonikus hinkte gedankenvoll herum. Plötzlich wendete er ſich zu der Haushälterin, welche ihre Haube verſchoben hatte, daß ſie wie die Nachtmütze eines Rekruten ſaß, und befahl: „Geh zu dem Adjunkten, Marthe; ich laſſe ihn bitten, mich ſo bald als möglich zu beſuchen.“ — „Ich will trockene Strümpfe anziehen;“ antwortete Marthe, und ſchwankte aus der Stube. Dann lief ſie nach der Kammer, ſuchte ihr erſpartes Geld zuſammen, und wollte es in die Taſche ſtecken. Aber ſie vergaß es, während ſie den Mammon einwickelte, ſteckte an ſeiner Statt einen Schuh zu ſich, und ging auf die Straße. Ehe ſie es ſich verſah, ſtand ſie oben vor dem Schloßthor, und die Schildwache rief: „Wohin? Man paſſirt nicht ohne Karte.“

Da beſann ſie ſich, daß der Adjunkt nicht auf dem Schloſſe wohne, und ging ſchnell die vielen Stäfflein wieder hinab. Weil der ſteile Weg ganz einſam war, murmelte ſie vor ſich hin: „Was thue ich aber bei dem Adjunkten? Was thut der Vetter mit ihm? Was geht mich die Polizei an? Es gefällt mir mit einemmale nicht mehr auf dem Berge. Weil ſchön Wetter iſt, will ich fortgehen, und nicht einmal Abſchied nehmen.“

Was ſie auch that, obſchon die Witterung keineswegs ſo ſchön war, als ſie meinte. Es ſtürmte heftig, auch waren die Tage der großen Fluthen vor der Thüre.

„Nach Pontorſon?“ fragte ſie ſich auf der Grève: „Nein, ich will nicht dahin; da liefe ich dem Einnehmer und ſeinen Gensd'armen in die Hände.“ — Sie wendete ſich in der Richtung nach Cherrueix. — Bald fragte ſie ſich auf's Neue: „Verfolgen ſie mich nicht?“ und ſchaute nach dem Berge zurück. Der lag aber ganz ruhig im gelben Sonnenſchein, am Fuße von aufſteigenden Duftwolken umgeben, als ob er gen Himmel ſchweben wolle. Von dem ſturmverkündenden Sonnenglas geblendet, drehte ſich Marthe nach der Grève. Die Küſte, auf Duftwolken ſchwimmend, wie der Berg, ſchien vom Meere beſpült. Ein Reiter auf dem Damme ſchien auf den Wellen zu traben. „Ein Gensd'arme!“ ſeufzte Marthe, und warf ſich immer rechts in die Triebſandfelder. „Summen mir die Ohren, oder iſt das die Glocke vom Berge?“ ſagte ſie dann, ſtutzend. Es war jedoch die Strömung des Coueſnon; ſie ſtand an deſſen Ufer. „Geſchwind hinüber;“ ſtöhnte ſie ängſtlich, und deutete ſchon nach der Seite, wo der Fluß einen Ellbogen macht: „Iſt dort nicht der Platz!“ Sie entblößte die Füße, ſchürzte das Kleid, watete durch das Waſſer.

Es geſchah, daß an jenem Tage ein Mann vom Berge von einem Botengange nach Cherrueix heimkehrte. Der Mann war erfahren und bewandert; er wußte, daß die Fluth nicht mehr lange ausbleiben würde, und lief rüſtig dem Berge zu. Am Gueſnon ſah er ein, in einem Sandtumpel verſinkendes Weib, das die Hände rang, und beinahe bis an den Gürtel im Moor ſteckte. Der Mann half mit Chriſtenmuth, Behendigkeit und eigner Gefahr der Verſinkenden aus dem Trichter, und erkannte des Kanonikus Haushälterin. „Was macht Ihr denn zu dieſer Friſt auf der Grève!“ ſagte er verwundert: „kommt, folgt mir geſchwinde, ehe die Fluth ſteigt.“

Worauf ihm Marthe mit ſtierem Auge antwortete: „Seht Ihr nicht, daß mich der Bube nicht fort läßt!“ Wohin ſie deutete, ſchaute der Mann, ſah jedoch Niemand. Marthe fuhr aber fort: „Er will mich nicht laſſen, ich ſoll bei ihm bleiben, dort, wo ich ihn verſenkt habe.“ — „Wen, Jungfer Marthe?“ — „Armer Auguſtin! war Dein Tod ſo ſchwer? Wo ſind Deine Ueberreſte, daß ich ſie wegräumen kann, ehe der Adjunkt ſie findet? ich darf nicht eher nach Hauſe.“ — „Marthe, Ihr ſeid verrückt. Kommt doch; der Wind geht friſch, und der Strom ſchwillt.“ — „Grüßt Ninnette, lieber Mann!“ ſchluchzte Marthe, und ging im Kreiſe auf der wankenden Sandſcholle: „ich muß den Auguſtin verſtecken. Sie ſoll mir verzeihen, dann wird's auch der Bube. Das verfluchte Geld hat's gethan. Ich hätte gern Ninnette beerbt, wie den Kanonikus. Jetzt werden ſie auf meinem Grabe tanzen.“ — „Gott ſei mir gnädig!“ ſchrie der Bote, da er ſolch fürchterliche Rede hörte, lief von dannen und überließ die Verbrecherin ihrem Schickſal.

Der Wind ging friſcher, höher ſchwoll der Strom von andrängender Meeresfluth. Auf die Angſt vor dem Geſpenſte folgte die bittere Todesangſt in Marthe's Seele. Jetzo begehrte ſie zu fliehen, zu entrinnen, aber allenthalben ſtand vor ihr das blaſſe Kind in dem flatternden Hemdchen, zitternd vor Froſt, triefend von rieſelnder Welle, öffnend den Mund zum Geſchrei. Doch blieb es ſtumm, während ſein Grab immer lauter brauſte, und die See als ein graues Leichentuch ſich langſam gegen die Küſte aufrollte. Da war kein Pferd, das die Verzweifelnde hinweggetragen, kein Menſch, der ſie im Rettungsboote aufgenommen hätte. Auf einer weiten Sandzunge hin und her rennend, bald knieend, bald raſend, ſchaute Marthe in den gähnenden Rachen des Todes, in die hohlen Augen des Kindergeſpenſtes, bis endlich die Fluth die Scholle enger und enger umſpülte, höher und höher heranklam.

Da hockte ſich Marthe auf den Sand, und machte die Augen zu. So nahm die Woge ſie hinweg, und legte ſie entweder zu dem armen Auguſtin auf den Grund des Gueſnon, oder ſpülte ſie mit ſeinen Gebeinen hinaus in die Tiefen der See. — Die Gerichte haben nichts gefunden, und die Tochter des weißen Mathias von dem Morde freigeſprochen. Zwar wurde aus ihrer Heirath mit dem Einnehmer nichts, und ſie iſt mit dem Kanonikus fortgezogen, ohne daß man jemals von ihrem weitern Schickſal etwas gehört hätte. Der Lieutenant war jedoch nicht todt geſchoſſen, und lebt vielleicht noch auf die heutige Stunde als ein wackrer General mit Titel und Orden in Hülle und Fülle. Aber ſein Sterbeſtündlein wollen wir nicht mit ihm theilen. Amen.

4.

Die ſchöne Catherine von St. Malo.

„Crick! — Crack! — Der Blitz in Dein Genick! — ein ſchönes Kind in mein Hamak!“ *)

Geſchwind eine luſtige Hiſtorie von der ſchönen Catherine von St. Malo. Sie war die Tochter des reichſten Seilermeiſters, der jemals für die königliche Flotte von Frankreich Taue geſponnen hat. Der Seiler war ein guter Freund des berühmten Segelmachers Kerdiec und hatte Luſt, ſich mit demſelben zu verſchwägern. So beſchloſſen die alten Geizhälſe bei einer Flaſche Wein, daß ſie ihr Geld auf einen Haufen legen wollten, indem der Segler ſeinen Sohn mit der kleinen Catherine verlobte. Yves war zehn Jahre alt, und Catherine ein halbes, als die Verlobung geſchah, und in derſelben Nacht wurde dem Segelmacher noch ein Bube geboren, welchen der Pfarrer mit dem Namen Jonas taufte.

Die Alten meinten, eine gute Eheſtandsfregatte gebaut zu haben, mit Segel und Tauen aus eigner Fabrik, und befrachtet mit eigenem Gelde. Aber der vorwitzige Nachzügler Jonas ſtörte ein wenig die Fahrt in den Hafen.

Er war luſtig, und Yves verdroſſen; er war rüſtig, und Yves ſchwerfällig; er war von verliebter Beredſamkeit, und Yves der trägſte Bräutigam, den es je gegeben hat. Catherine, da ſie ſechzehnthalb Jahre hatte, ſah den fünfzehnjährigen Springinsfeld lieber als den bedächtigen Verlobten, und ſagte es von der Bruſt weg, ohne Scheu.

Da ſtanden aber die Weißköpfe auf, und behaupteten, der Vertrag ſei eiſenfeſt, und Catherine müſſe ihn erfüllen, weil die Väter nicht umſonſt vor fünfzehn Jahren Narren geweſen ſein wollten.

„Was fällt Dir ein!“ ſagte noch zwiſchen vier Wänden der Seiler zu ſeiner Tochter: „Yves iſt ein Mann, Jonas ein Bube. Yves hat Ehrgefühl, denn er iſt ein Kaufmann geworden, und zählt bald unter den Schiffsrhedern; Jonas hingegen ein gemeiner Matroſenjunge. Yves iſt ſparſam; Jonas verſchwenderiſch und ein wüſter Geſelle. Darum bekömmt Yves des Vaters Vermögen und Jonas nur eine dürftige Abfindung; und eben darum wirſt Du Madame Yves und nicht Madame Jonas.“

Hierauf weinte Catherine nur, ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, denn ſie kannte ihren Vater und ſein gutes Zureden.

Jonas weinte freilich nicht, als der Segelmacher, der nicht gern viel redete, ihn ohne Weiteres abprügelte, aber er ging auf ſeines Bruders Schreibſtube, und walkte den Yves tüchtig durch. „Das ſind für jetzt nur Schläge;“ ſagte er ihm: „Wenn Du jedoch die Catherine heiratheſt, Du Dintenkler, ſo harpunire ich Dich wie einen Wallfiſch.“ Ging ſodann nach St. Servan, und bankettirte in den Kneipen, bis ſein Vater wieder eine lange Rechnung für ihn bezahlen und ihm Alles verzeihen mußte.

Yves, der feige Tropf, athmete ſtets freier, ſo oft Jonas mit ſeinen Seekameraden auf den Kabeljau zog, oder eine Küſtenfahrt machte. Doch war der Matroſe immer wieder zurück, wie das Fieber, ehe man's verhoffte, und allemal grober, ungeſchliffener und verwegener.

Catherine war ſiebenzehn Jahre alt, und der Seiler drang auf die Heirath. Der Segelmacher verſetzte immer lächelnd: „Die Ausſteuer für meinen Yves iſt noch nicht fertig. Wartet noch ein Weilchen zu.“

Catherine war achtzehn Jahre alt, und weil ſie ſich langweilte, fragte ſie: „Wann heirathe ich denn einmal?“ — „Bald oder gar nicht;“ brummte der Seiler verdrießlich: „Weiß ich, warum der alte Schleicher ſo lange zögert? Schier reut mich mein Wort.“

Das Mädchen hätte Alles darum gegeben, wenn dieſes alſo geweſen wäre, aber ſchon am Abend ſprach der Seiler nicht mehr aus dieſem Tone. Denn der alte Segelmacher hatte ihn unter den Arm genommen, und ihm eine Menge ſchöner Dinge gezeigt, die alle dem vielgeliebten Yves beſtimmt waren.

Da ſtand in der breiteſten Gaſſe ein prächtiges Haus, weiß wie Kreide, die Fenſter grün umrändert, wie die niedlichſten Stückpforten; daneben ein Garten mit Blumen und Brunnen; ein Gewölbe voll von Waaren und eine Schreibſtube mit vielen Dienern, die Feder hinter'm Ohr, vor dicken Büchern; eine Geldkiſte, geſtopft mit Silber und Gold; eine Wage, worauf der Kaſſirer das liebe Geld wog, weil er zu faul war, die Menge zu zählen. — Ueber all' dieſe Herrlichkeit befahl Yves ganz und gar.

Von dannen gingen die Alten nach dem Hafen, auf die Werfte. Da lag auf dem Stapel das trefflichſte Schiff, ein nagelneuer Zweimaſter, hell angeſtrichen, wie ein Vogelkäfich, und getheert, daß es ſtrahlte. „Hier iſt meines braven Yves eigenes Schiff!“ prahlte der Segelmacher: „Das ſoll ihm Geld und Gut in's Haus bugſiren ohne Unterlaß, und Deiner Tochter zu Ehren die „ſchöne Catherine von St. Malo“ heißen, bei meiner Treu!“

Mit dieſer Höflichkeit bohrte der pfiffige Segler des Seilers letzten Groll in den Grund, ſo daß er verſetzte: „Topp, Gevatter Windmacher; und an dem Tage, da beſagtes Schiff vom Stapel gelaſſen wird . . .“

„Heirathet mein Goldſohn Deine Tochter, Gevatter Strick!“ vollendete der Andere. —

Sie gingen hin; der Erſte, um die Blumenkränze für das Schiff, der Zweite, um den Hochzeitſtrauß zu beſtellen. Während deſſen ſtrich Jonas auf unſichern Wellen, nicht ahnend, welche Havarie ſein Glück bedrohte. Catherine dachte wohl einmal, zweimal und dreimal an ihn, aber die Eitelkeit trug den Sieg davon. Eine reiche Kaufmannsdame und eine arme Matroſenfrau! Da war nicht viel zu wählen.

Yves mit den ſchönen Kleidern, den weichen Händen und den vielen Dienern; Jonas im Kamiſol von Segeltuch, Hände und Geſicht voll Pech und Thran, ein Knecht, dem Jedermann befahl! Yves trank nur Zuckerwaſſer und erlaubte ſich kaum dann und wann eine Cigarre; Jonas ſchlürfte den Punſch mit vollen Zügen, und rauchte unabläſſig den abſcheu-

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*) Die Erzähler auf franzöſiſchen Schiffen bedienen ſich zuweilen dieſer Eingangsformel, deren Gegenſtrophe von den zuhörenden Matroſen geſprochen wird.

lichen Santinelanaſter. Catherine hatte bereits gewählt; und wenn die heimliche Liebe ein oder das andermal den Kopf in das Haus des Verſtandes ſteckte, wie wurde ſie gejagt!

Da brach ein Tag an, wie ihn der Herrgott nur ſelten macht: allenthalben Licht und Wärme, und damit die Sonne nicht gar zu warm ſchien, ein leiſes friſches Lüftchen über dem Meere, daß die kleinen Wogen ſich kräuſelten und blau waren, wie der Himmel. — Das Schiff, worauf Jonas diente, näherte ſich, vollgepfropft mit Stockfiſchen, dem Hafen von S. Malo. Jonas und ſeine Kameraden, nachdem ſie die Segel heimwärts gerichtet und ihre Arbeit gethan, lagerten auf dem Verdeck, und berechneten ſtille für ſich, was ihnen der heilige Vater zu Rom dafür ſchuldig ſey, daß ſie die Chriſtenheit mit Faſtenſpeiſe verſorgten.

Plötzlich hörten ſie Glocken, plötzlich brummten ihnen Kanonen in die Ohren, Muſik ertönte mit Trompeten und Pauken, und wie ſie in den Hafen ſteuerten, flaggten alle Fahrzeuge, alle Raaen lagen voll Menſchen, und mitten unter ihnen wackelte, taumelnd von dem Kuß, der es in die Fluthen ſtürzte, bewimpelt von oben bis unten, ein nagelneues Schiff. Noch dampften die Rinnen der Stapelbahn, noch purzelten auf dem maßloſen Verdeck die neugierigen Landratten durcheinander.

„Ohe! ohe! wie heißt die Brick!“ — „Die ſchöne Catherine von St. Malo!“

Indeſſen klang das Geläut wieder vom Kirchthurme. „Jetzt werden ſie getraut!“ rief das Volk, dahin rennend.

„Ohe! ohe! wer macht Hochzeit!“ — „Die ſchöne Catherine von St. Malo!“ — „O weh, o weh, weſſen iſt das Schiff!“ — „Dem reichen Yves Kerbiec!“ — „O weh, o weh, wem iſt die Braut!“ — „Dem reichen Yves Kerbiec!“ — „So führe ihn der Satan über Teufels Bord, ſammt Braut und Brick!“

Das war der zornige Jonas, welcher dergeſtalt fluchte, und mit einem Plumps im Waſſer lag. Er wollte ſich lieber erſäufen, weil er juſt den Bruder und die Schwägerin nicht bei der Hand hatte. Sein Matroſe jedoch, — das heißt: ſein Schlafkamerad, — holte ihn wieder an's Tageslicht, und redete ihm ſo lange zu, bis Jonas Vernunft annahm, und wieder zu St. Servan einkehrte, und ſchwärmte, als hätte er nie eine Geliebte gekannt.

So waren ſeit der Hochzeit vierzehn Tage vergangen, als Jonas in ſeinem ſchönſten Schifferſtaate zu Herrn Yves auf die Schreibſtube kam. Sein Geſicht war ernſthaft, aber ruhig, und er ſagte alſogleich: „Fürchte nichts, lieber Bruder; ich will Dich nicht ſchlagen. Der liebe Gott hat zugegeben, daß Du Catherinens Mann wurdeſt, und ſo mag es denn in's Himmels Namen ſein. Für meinen Schmerz und Verdruß reiche mir aber eine Entſchädigung. Dein Schiff, die ſchöne Catherine von St. Malo“ — bei dieſen Worten ſtanden dem armen Jungen die klaren Tropfen im Auge, — wird nächſtens die Anker lichten, und bei den Mohren Goldſtaub oder Ebenholz einladen; mache mich zum Capitän des Schiffs. Ich verſtehe mein Handwerk beſſer, als man glaubt, und werde gewiß nimmer zugeben, daß der ſchönen Catherine ein Unglück zuſtoße.“

„Ich habe ſchon meinen Capitän;“ antwortete Yves kalt. — „So mache mich zu ſeinem Lieutenant.“ — „Ich habe auch dieſen.“ — „Aber der Oberbootsmann!“ — „Schon ernannt.“ — „Und der Steuermann!“ — „Bereits gedungen.“ — „Und wenn ich auf der „ſchönen Catherine“ als letzter Matroſe dienen müßte . . .“ — „So würdeſt Du auch alsdann zu ſpät kommen;“ verſetzte Yves mit Spott und Hohn; „mein Schiff entbehrt nicht des geringſten Küchenjungen. Gott befohlen, ſuche einen andern Dienſt und beſſere Dich.“

Jonas maß mit zornigen Augen den Herrn Bruder von der höchſten Spitze ſeiner Nachtmütze bis zum unterſten Rande ſeines großblumigen Schlafrocks, ſchnitt ihm ein bitterböſes Geſicht, und ging trotzig davon. „Und wenn eine Legion von Teufeln an Steuer- und Backbord ſäße,“ brummte er in ſich hinein: „ich ſegle doch mit der ſchönen Catherine nach Afrika.“

Damit ſein Gehirn geſchmeidiger würde, trank er Grog; das Herz aufzurichten, ließ er brennenden Punſch folgen, und die Flammen deſſelben machten ihn federleicht wie einen Luftballon, daß er in die finſtere Nacht hinaustanzte, als wäre ſie von tauſend Kronleuchtern erhellt. Er war außer ſich vor Wohlbehagen, er hätte ſich auf einer Bombe in die Wolken ſchleudern laſſen, er hätte ſich in eine Nußſchale gezwängt, auf der Spitze des großen Maſtes ſeine Toilette gemacht.

Sein Weg führte ihn zum Hafen. Da wandelten Laternen, da ſchlugen Ruder im Waſſer, da tönten Pfeifen, da kreiſchten Räder und Winden. Die „ſchöne Catherine“ nahm die letzte Fracht an Bord, ſollte beim erſten Morgenlicht Hafen und Rhede verlaſſen.

Ein Canot wollte vom Ufer ſtoßen. Der Bootsmann ſchrie den Jonas an: „Ohe, ſchläfriger Matroſe! biſt Du's! kommſt Du endlich! biſt der letzte, lockerer Geſell. Spring herein, und eilends, oder . . . . .“ Er ſchwang das betheerte Tau, aber Jonas ließ ſich's nicht zweimal ſagen, hüpfte in den Kahn, packte nervig in die Ruder ein, und legte bald unter der Brick an. — Ja wahrhaftig; ſie war's, die ſchöne Catherine, mit wallenden Wimpeln, ſchneeweißen Segeln und Maſten, die Stengen mit goldenen Knöpfen geziert, das knarrende Takelwerk neu und vornehm aufgerichtet. Und Jonas am Bord, der ſeligſte Matroſe von Frankreich, während der Trunkenbold, für den man ihn angeſehen, in irgend einer Kneipe Rauſch und Dienſt und Glück verſchlief. Denn Jonas achtete es für ein großes Glück, auf der Brick zu fahren, die ſeiner Geliebten Namen trug. Ihm war, als ginge er mit der ſchönen Catherine auf einer grünen Wieſe ſpazieren, und als hüpften Lämmer um ſie her, ſtatt der ſchäumenden Wellen.

Der Capitän wunderte ſich wohl, da er am hellen Tage den wildfremden Matroſen zu Geſicht bekam, aber ſchon war's zu ſpät, und er begnügte ſich, ihm mit Seemannskälte zu ſagen: „Du ſollſt ein böſer Bube ſein, Jonas, obſchon ein guter Matroſe. Aber auch ich bin böſe wie ein Wolf, und bin mit ſchlimmeren fertig geworden. Achtung alſo! und mit Gott fahrt aus!“

Die Brick war nur noch wie ein kleiner Punkt am Meeresrande ſichtbar, als Madame Yves aus dem Schlummer erwachte, und bitterlich zu weinen anhob, daß die Kiſſen von ihren Thränen feucht wurden. Der Kaufmann fragte ruhig: „Was habt Ihr, Catherine?“ — „Ich denke an Euren Bruder;“ antwortete die Frau. Das ärgerte den Zuckerhut, und er ſagte: „Laßt die Narrheiten ſein; ich rathe es Euch.“ — Worauf ſie: „Freilich war es meine größte Thorheit, daß ich Euch geheirathet habe. Ich hätte doch Euren Bruder lieber gehabt, und gewiß hat er ſich vor Herzeleid in's Waſſer geſtürzt, und ein Haifiſch frißt ihn wie ſeinen Aeltervater, den Propheten.“

Dazumal gaben noch die Männer ihren Weibern Schläge, und daher wartete der Kaufmann ſeiner Ehehälfte mit einer Ohrfeige auf. Sie weinte deſto mehr, und liebte ihn um deſto weniger. Alſo brachte jeder Tag der Thränen und Ohrfeigen mehr, und immer weniger der Liebe; bis an einem ſchönen Morgen Catherine ihr Herz leer und hart wie einen Kieſelſtein fand, und in ihrem Sinne dachte: „Warum ſoll mich der Yves beſtändig ärgern? Ich will ihm auch einmal die Hölle heiß machen.“

Friſch! der Wind ſetzt um; die Segel los! Es knackt der Maſt mit ſeinen Wänden; laßt Euch treiben unbekümmert vor dem Winde. Der Kiel ſchneidet die Fluth; legen ſich auch der Bord zur Seite, die Richtung iſt gerade, und das Log beſpielt gut. — Die ſchöne Catherine zu Hauſe, die ſchöne Catherine auf dem Meere, beide ſteuern trefflich; weil dieſe dem flinken Jonas gehorcht, und jene den plumpen Yves trillt.

Jonas war zum Steuermann der feinen Brick befördert worden, weil der bisherige für gut gefunden hatte, zu erkranken; Jonas behielt ſeinen Poſten, indem der Kranke in den afrikaniſchen Gewäſſern ſtarb, und mit einer Kanonenkugel an den Beinen zur Tiefe geſchickt wurde, die Korallenbänke zu hüten.

Die Geſchäfte gingen herrlich, aber die Fieber auch. Es ſchneite nur ſo das Elfenbein in das Schiff, es ſtäubte das Gold hinein, Baumwolle und Ebenholz tapezirten es von oben bis unten. Aber täglich folgte ein Anderer von der Equipage dem alten Steuermann in das Meer, bis dem Capitän für die eigene Haut bange wurde, und er befahl, die Brick heimwärts zu wenden.

Jonas für ſein Theil wäre lieber im Sande der Wüſte verſcharrt geweſen. Heimwärts ſteuern mit ſo viel Geld und Gut für den geizigen Bruder! heimwärts, um auf ewig die „ſchöne Catherine“ zu verlaſſen? das liebe Schiff, ſeine einzige wahre Heimath! — Das war ſchier zu hart, ſelbſt für eine harte Matroſenbruſt.

Er hegte ſeine ganz beſonderen Wünſche. Er betete zu Zeiten um einen tüchtigen Sturm, worinnen die Brick mit Mann und Maus zu Grunde ginge; dann um einen Corſaren, der die „ſchöne Catherine“ finge, und als gute Priſe mit ſich nähme; dann meinte er, es wäre hübſch, wenn er unverſehens das Schiff an irgend eine Heideninſel führen, und daſelbſt Seiner wilden Majeſtät Großadmiral werden könnte. — Wie lieblich ſollte dann ſeine Flagge der feinen Brick anſtehen!

Aber nicht Sturm, nicht Corſar erſchienen an Himmel und Horizont, und mit jedem Morgenlicht, wann der Capitän des Steuermanns Journal nachſah, punktirte er auf ſeiner Karte näher und näher zur vaterländiſchen Küſte. — Die Equipage jubelte, ausgezehrt von Fieber und Scharbock, wie ſie war, und lechzend nach franzöſiſchem Brod und Gemüſe. — Da kam es anders in einer verfinſterten Nacht.

Die ermüdete Mannſchaft ſchlief großentheils; der Capitän, wie ſich von ſelbſt verſteht. Jonas hatte ein paar Züge Grog genommen, und manövrirte mit ſchläfrigen Augen und Händen. Mit einemmale blies der Wind ein großes Ding heran, welches ſchwärzer war, als Nacht und Meer: ein holländiſches Kriegsſchiff von hundert und zwanzig Kanonen, und es hielt ſo ſcharf auf die arme Brick zu, daß der Zweimaſter einen fürchterlichen Stoß erlitt, um und um purzelnd, als ginge er auf den Grund.

„Die Schaluppe aus! die Barkaſſe aus! das Schiff ſinkt!“ ſchrie die verzweifelnde Mannſchaft, und wie durch ein Wunder gelang es ihr auf der Stelle, die Boote in die Fluth zu laſſen, und Offiziere und Matroſen ſprangen hinein, und das holländiſche Linienſchiff, das wie eine Blindekuh das Unheil angerichtet hatte, nahm alle chriſtlich an Bord, vermeinend, die Brick ſei im Schooße Abrahams aufgehoben. Hierauf fuhr der Holländer nach dem Cap, fiel den Engländern in die Hände, die ihn zerſchoſſen wie ein Sieb; deßhalb zündete der Mynheer ſeine Pulverkammer an, und flog mit den Feinden gen Himmel. Freilich flogen auch die guten Franzoſen von St. Malo mit ihm, und die Geſchichte des armen Jonas hätte ein Ende, wenn er nicht zum Glück auf der „ſchönen Catherine“ geblieben wäre, die nicht ſcheiterte, ſondern nur ein bischen näſſer als gewöhnlich aus dem Bade ſtieg.

An das Steuerrad geklammert, ſchlug Jonas die Augen auf, und wunderte ſich, daß er nicht den Kopf unten und die Füße oben hatte. Noch ſchüttelte ſich das Fahrzeug heftig, als erholte es ſich von ſeinem Schrecken; dann gewann es das Gleichgewicht, dann gehorchte es dem Steuer, welches Jonas mit zaghafter Hand probirte. — Jetzt rief er ſeinen Wachtkameraden; keine Antwort. Hierauf ſtieß er in ſeine Pfeife; Niemand regte ſich. Keine Lampe brannte mehr. Die Finſterniß war erſchrecklich, die See ging hohl. Ein Schauer überflog den armen Jonas; denn, ſo oft eine breite Welle die Planken des Schiffs ſchlug, dachte er ſich: „Gewiß treibe ich auf einem lecken Kaſten, und wenn die Sonne aufgeht, muß ich untergehen.“ Doch tröſtete ihn, daß er mit der „ſchönen Catherine“ ſterben würde.

Die Sonne ging auf, und beſchien freundlich das wunderbar erhaltene Fahrzeug, welches nun Jonas vom Deck zum Raum durchſuchte. Nirgends ein Leck, aber auch nirgends ein Menſch. Das zudringliche Salzwaſſer hatte alle Waaren verſchont, nur ein paar Fäſſer Biscuit verdorben. — Jonas merkte nach und nach, daß er jetzt ganz allein der ſchönen Catherine Herr ſei. Ein Anderer hätte ſich gefürchtet; er war luſtig und wohlgemuth.

Vorerſt ging er in des Capitäns Kajüte, und putzte ſich mit des Capitäns Staatskleide; dann frühſtückte er eine gute Flaſche Madera; ſofort unterſuchte er den Compaß, ſtopfte ſich eine Pfeife, und überlegte, ernſthaft vor der Karte ſitzend, was zu thun ſei. Der Großadmiral von den wilden Inſeln ging ihm wohl dann und wann durch den Kopf, aber leider wußte er nicht, wo die Inſeln zu ſuchen ſeyen, und überhaupt wußte er nicht recht, wo er hinfuhr. Da merkte er, daß ein Capitän nicht juſt ſo vom Himmel falle, und Alles in der Welt gelernt ſeyn müßte.

Er ſchlug ſich einige Monate auf der See herum, ſtellte die Segel, richtete und putzte das Schiff, und hielt ſich fern von unbekannten Ufern. Sah er durch des Capitäns Fernrohr ein großes Fahrzeug, husch! zog er die engliſche Flagge auf, und paſſirte ungehindert. Spürte er in der Nähe einen Hund von Seeräuber, puff! gab er heftig Feuer aus ſeinen Caronaden, und kein Flibuſtier traute ihm ſehr. — Eines Tags ſah er die franzöſiſche Flagge über's Meer ſtreichen, und da er den Lougre herzhaft anrief, klangs zu ihm herüber: „Von St. Maurice; nach St. Malo!“

Jetzt packte ihn plötzlich das Heimweh, als wie mit glühenden Zangen, und er konnte nicht genug Segel aufziehen, um dem geſchwinden Lougre zu folgen. Doch hielt er die Richtung ein, und ehe ein paar Tage vergangen waren, erkannte er ſich nachgerade in den Gewäſſern. Da kamen die ſieben Inſeln herangeſchwommen, dahinter das Geſtade Frankreichs, die Inſel Brehat, der Meerbuſen von St. Brieuc, das Vorgebirg Frehel . . . . endlich, endlich St. Malo!

Jonas donnerte Schuß auf Schuß aus ſeinem Geſchütz, und kletterte wie eine Katze Stenge auf, Stenge nieder, verrichtete alle Dienſte, vom Marsklimmer bis zum Kieljungen, vom Capitän bis zum Kanonier. Die Lootſen kamen auf ſtiller See, die Zöllner am geräuſchvollen Hafen, und ringsum war Staunen, Freude und Bewunderung, da man vernahm, wie ein Einziger durch Gefahren und Ströme mit ſicherer Hand die „ſchöne Catherine“ geleitet.

Nun wirbelte das Volk ohne Zahl zum Ufer, und die Commiſſäre der Marine ſchrieben ſchwarz auf weiß nieder, was Jonas gethan, und der Seepräfekt verſprach ihm das allerneueſte Ehrenkreuz, und der König that mehr, denn er gab es ihm wirklich. Alle aber meinten — vom König bis zum Lootſen, daß nach allen Schiffsgeſetzen die Hälfte der reichen Schiffsfracht demjenigen gehöre, der das Ganze dem Eigenthümer gerettet.

Der geizige Yves meinte jedoch nicht ſo, wie alle, und wo alle ſich freuten, ſtieß ihm der Neid das Herz ab. Erſt zankte er ſich mit dem Bruder, dann mit ſeiner Frau, die des Bruders Parthei nahm, dann kam es zu einem großen Prozeß. — Jonas trumpfte den Yves tüchtig ab, und ſagte: „Eine von den beiden Catherinen muß ich haben: entweder das Schiff mit einer halben Million, oder . . . .“ Da ſchrie Yves vor Gericht: „Nimm die andere, Du [illegible]! ich gebe Dir ſie herzlich gerne, denn ſie keift und plagt mich zu Tode.“ — „Dann warte ich lieber noch ein Weilchen;“ antwortete der boshafte Matroſe. Und der Biſchof ſprach: „ſo ſei es ſchicklich.“

Madame Yves hatte indeſſen eine Wallfahrt nach unſerm Berge gelobt, wenn Jonas den Prozeß gewinnen würde. Der heilige Erzengel konnte auch ein Weilchen auf die ſchöne Pilgerin warten, denn die Gerichte ziehen ſich lange, bis das Urtheil zur Welt kam. Yves verlor ſeinen Handel ganz und gar, und da er es hörte, traf ihn der Schlag. —

So gewann der brave Jonas auf einmal die ſchöne leibhaftige Catherine von St. Malo; ihre Namensſchweſter, die Brick; und alle Schätze des Yves, des Kellers und des Segelmachers. Unſer Berg hat niemals ein freigebigeres und fröhlicheres Pilgerpaar geſehen, als Herrn und Madame Jonas. Er iſt zum Wallfahrtskönig gewählt worden, und ſie hat eine prächtige Reihe von Medaillen und Muſcheln am rothen Bande um ihren Hals getragen. Verliebt, wie beide waren, ſind ſie geblieben, bis an ihr Ende, und Herr Yves mit ſeinem Geize und ſeinen Ohrfeigen lag ſo gut vergeſſen im Grabe, wie der alte Steuermann der „ſchönen Catherine“ auf den afrikaniſchen Korallenbänken. — Die Geſchichte iſt alle; die Lichter ſind aus. Gute Nacht!“

Spiritus Aſper, ſ. Hempel.

Ludwig Timotheus Freiherr von Spittler

wurde am 10. November 1752 zu Stuttgart geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen und trat daſelbſt 1777 als Doctor der Philoſophie und Repetent an der theologiſchen Facultät auf. Im Jahre 1779 erhielt er einen Ruf als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Göttingen, wo ſein Landsmann, der ehrwürdige Plank, ſchon lange wirkte, und 1788 wurde er Hofrath. 1797 rief indeß ſein Vaterland den ausgezeichneten Geſchichtsforſcher und freiſinnigen Politiker als wirklichen Geheimrath zurück; 1806 wurde er in den Freiherrnſtand erhoben und zum Staatsminiſter, Präſidenten der Oberſtudiencommiſſion, Curator der Univerſität Tübingen und Großkreuz des Civilverdienſtordens ernannt. Aber ſo wie ſein hiſtoriſcher Blick in einer ſo hohen Stellung gewinnen mußte, ſo drohten die allzudrückenden Geſchäfte oft ihn zu überwältigen; er ſtarb endlich hochgeehrt und wegen ſeines geraden, treuherzigen Sinnes beliebt, am 14. März 1810.

Von ihm erſchien:

Sämmtliche Werke, herausgegeben von K. Wächter. Stuttgart, 1827.

Wir zeichnen aus:

Geſchichte des kanoniſchen Rechts. Halle, 1778.

Geſchichte des Kelchs im Abendmahle. Lemgo, 1780.

Grundriß der Geſchichte der chriſtlichen Kirche. Göttingen, 1782; 5. Ausg. von Plank, 1812.

Geſchichte Würtembergs unter der Regierung der Grafen und Herzöge. Göttingen, 1783.

Geſchichte des Fürſtenthums Hannover. Göttingen, 1786; neu 1798. 2 Thle.

Sammlung einiger Urkunden und Actenſtücke zur würtembergiſchen Geſchichte. Göttingen, 1792—96. 2 Thle.

Entwurf der Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staaten. Berlin, 1793—94. 2 Thle; 3. Ausg. fortgeſetzt von Sartorius. Berlin, 1823.

Geſchichte der däniſchen Revolution im Jahre 1660. Berlin, 1790.

Von der ehemaligen Zinsbarkeit der nordiſchen Reiche an den päpſtlichen Stuhl. Hannover, 1797.

Ueber die Geſchichte der Jeſuiten, herausgegeben von L. Leipzig, 1817.

Vorleſungen über die Geſchichte des Papſtthums, herausgegeben von J. Gurlitt. Hamburg, 1828.

Geſchichte der Hierarchie, herausgegeben von E. Müller. Hamburg, 1828.

Geſchichte der Kreuzzüge, herausgegeben von E. Müller. Hamburg, 1828.

Ueber S. urtheilt Bouterwek in ſeiner Geſchichte der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, Bd. XI. S. 315, eben ſo treffend als gerecht, indem er von ihm ſagt: S. legte wenig Werth auf Reize des Styls, bei denen der Verſtand nichts gewinnt; aber ſein politiſcher Scharfblick unterſchied nicht nur ſehr fein zwiſchen dem Wichtigen und dem Unwichtigen, er verſtand auch die ſeltene Kunſt, den pragmatiſchen Zuſammenhang der Begebenheiten und das Eigenthümliche der Umſtände und der Charactere mit wenigen Worten ſo hervorzuheben, daß die Einbildungskraft nicht der Hülfe maleriſcher Beſchreibungen bedarf, um ſich ein Bild der Vergangenheit zu ſchaffen, als ob man ſähe was man lernt. Dieſes Talent zeigt ſich beſonders in den beiden hiſtoriſchen Werken, durch die ſein Name zuerſt ein Anſehen erhielt, dem Grundriß der Geſchichte der chriſtlichen Kirche und der Geſchichte Würtembergs unter den Grafen und Herzögen. In ſeinen ſpätern Werken, der Geſchichte des Fürſtenthums Hannover und der Geſchichte der däniſchen Revolution, beſchränkt ſich ſeine hiſtoriſche Kunſt großentheils auf eine trocknere Entwickelung der politiſchen Rechtsverhältniſſe zwiſchen Fürſten und Landſtänden. Aber auch ſein Entwurf der Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staaten, obgleich nur ein Lehrbuch, verdient in der Geſchichte der ſchönen Proſa erwähnt zu werden, weil es in kurzen Sätzen, die man hiſtoriſche Aphorismen nennen möchte, die Zeitalter, die politiſchen Verhältniſſe und die Charactere ſo treffend und ſo ſcharf bezeichnet, daß der Verſtand immer beſchäftigt wird und zugleich faſt aus jedem Satze ein kleines Gemälde hervorſpringt. S's Sprache iſt nicht immer correct. Auch hat ſein Styl in einigen Zügen etwas Erkünſteltes, dem man ein Beſtreben, zu intereſſiren, zu ſehr anmerkt.

Fünfte Periode;*)

von den Zeiten der Reformation bis zu Ende des vorigen Jahrhunderts.

Erſter Abſchnitt.

bis auf die Zeiten der Concordienformel.

Nothwendige Aenderung des bisherigen Plans. Das Ganze zerfällt nun in ſo viele Haupttheile, als von einander verſchiedene große Partien in der chriſtlichen Kirche ſind. Die Geſchichte der Griechiſchen und anderer Morgenländiſchen Partien läßt man ohne Schaden hinweg; das Leben eines Menſchen, der nur vegetirt, wird kein Geſchichtſchreiber erzählen. Es bleiben alſo übrig: Alte Kirche. Lutheraner. Reformirte. Die Geſchichte der auf beiden Seiten abſchweifenden Haufen, Schwärmer und Gegner der poſitiven Religion. Geſchichte der Atheiſten kann ein kleiner Anhang bei den letztern werden. Bei allen dieſen Partien ihre Ausbreitung, ihre kirchliche Verfaſſung, ihre Dogmatik in beſondern Capiteln erzählen, würde öfters nicht möglich ſein und immer eine unnütze Menge von Abtheilungen erzeugen.

Quellen dieſer Geſchichte.

Der Strohm von Nachrichten fließt hier ſo voll, daß man dem, der nur kurzen allgemeinen Unterricht verlangt, kaum zu rathen weiß. Seckendorf (historia Lutheran.) hat recht polemiſch genau viel geſammelt und iſt bei allem Reichthum des zweiten Sammlers, Salig, doch immer noch unentbehrlich. (Planks) Geſchichte der Entſtehung des proteſtantiſchen Lehrbegriffs (Leipz. 1781.) verbunden mit Robertſons Geſchichte von Schottland und eben deſſelben Geſchichte Carls V., wird die meiſte Aufklärung verſchaffen, und jeden gefühlvollen Leſer auf die Briefe der Reformatoren aufmerkſam machen. Burnets Reformationsgeſchichte von England iſt nach dieſen das intereſſanteſte Werk über dieſe Periode. Ohnedieß iſt eine allgemeine Reformationsgeſchichte immer ein minder nützliches und nur halb wahres Werk. Man muß alle in einander laufende Fugen der vorhergehenden politiſchen und kirchlichen Verfaſſung eines jeden einzelnen Landes wiſſen, wenn man ganz wahre Reform. Geſch. haben will.

Weismanns Kirchengeſchichte wird eigentlich erſt von dieſem Zeitpunct an recht ſchätzbar. Boſſuet (histoire des variations) hat in boshafter Abſicht viel gutes und wahres geſagt; unter ſeinen Widerlegern zeichnet ſich Basnage vortheilhaft aus.

§. 1.

Luther eifert gegen den Ablaß. Prozeß in Rom und Acht.

Auf der neuen Univerſität Wittenberg befand ſich ein frommer Auguſtinermönch, Profeſſor der Theologie, D. Martin Luther, welchen, gleich wie er hier auftrat, ſein antiphiloſophiſcher Eifer für Exegeſe und allgemeineres Bibelſtudium zum Schöpfer einer neuen Denkungsart ſeines Zeitalters zu machen ſchien. Wenn der eifrigfromme Mann Beicht ſaß, ſo brachten ihm oft ſeine Beichtkinder Indulgenzzettel von einem in der Nähe brandſchatzenden Ablaßkrämer Tetzel, und glaubten damit ihrer Sündenſchuld los zu ſein. Wie gewaltig das den Mann gekränkt haben muß, der aus Schrift und Erfahrung ganz andere Begriffe von Vergebung der Sünden hatte, als ſolche Fuggeriſchen Factors, die nur ihrem Herrn ſein Pränumerationsgeld wieder zu verſchaffen ſuchten.

Er ſchrieb theses gegen dieſen Unfug (1517) und predigte gegen dieſen Unfug; was ſollt' er ſchweigen? Kein vernünftiger Katholik billigte die Meinungen dieſer Mäkler, längſt war auf Reichstagen über dieſe Blutigel geklagt worden, und fromme Leute hatten immer das Zutrauen, ſelbſt der Pabſt würde dieſen ihm ſonſt ſo nützlichen Menſchen ſteuren, wenn er alles recht genau wüßte. Die Ordensbrüder Tetzels, die Dominicaner, fielen über den Wittenbergiſchen Auguſtinermönch, wie über eine längſt erwartete Beute her, daß es alle aufgeklärte Männer des damaligen Zeitalters erbarmte, ſelbſt nach Reuchlins und Huttens Siegen dieſe Schutzpatronen der Dummheit noch ſo mächtig zu ſehen. Luther hätte nicht ſchneller nach Rom zur Verantwortung gefordert werden können (1518), wenn er gegen den Pabſt ſelbſt geſchrieben haben würde: aber gleich die erſte Hoffnung, den Prozeß in Rom ſchnell geendigt zu ſehen, mißlang ſeinen Gegnern. Doch ſelbſt auch der päbſtliche Legat, welcher Luthern zu Augsburg verhören mußte, war ein Dominicaner; und Luthers eben ſo demüthige als entſchloſſene Widerſetzlichkeit gegen alle Schmeicheleien des Card. Thomas Vio von Gaeta machte ſchon ganz den Mann kenntlich, der es innigſt fühlte, daß es keine höhere Pflicht gebe, als Gehorſam gegen Gott und ſeine Wahrheit.

Ein glücklicher Zeitpunkt für den bedrängten Mann, daß gerade ſein Churfürſt Reichsvicarius wurde, und ſelbſt auch der neugewählte Kaiſer Carl V. ſchien für ihn der erwünſchteſte Kaiſer zu ſein: durch wie viel Ränke hatte nicht Leo geſucht, Carln um dieſe Krone zu täuſchen, welche ihm die uneigennützige Großmuth des Churfürſten von Sachſen überließ? In wie viele Streitigkeiten war nicht immer ein König von Neapel mit ſeinem Lehnsherrn verwickelt!

Als der neue Kaiſer aus Spanien ankam, hatte ſich durch eine öffentliche Disputation mit dem Hauptvertheidiger der

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*) Aus Spittlers Grundriß der Kirchengeſchichte. Göttingen, 1785.

Gegenpartie, mit Joh. Ecken, die Sache Luthers ſchon ſo verſchlimmert, daß bereits von Rom die Bannbulle da war, und doch wollte Carl den excommunicirten Mönch auf ſeinem erſten Reichstag zu Worms (1521) noch einmal hören. Aber daß doch Könige ſo ſelten ſind, die nicht mit der Wahrheit ſpielen! Immer hat Luthers Sache auf Carln Eindruck gemacht, und immer hat er ſich bloß nach Convenienz ſeiner gerad vorhandenen Projekte entſchieden. Dem Pabſt zu Ehren, kommt Luther in die Acht, und Friedrichen zur Dankbarkeit wird geſtattet, daß der von Staat und Kirche verworfene Menſch auf einem kleinen Schloß verborgen werden darf.

§. 2.

Zwingli wird durch gleiche Veranlaſſung Reformator. Carlſtadts Unruhen.

Was nüzte es aber, den freimüthigen Auguſtinermönch ſo einzuſperren! der einmal lautgewordene Ton des Zeitalters ließ ſich nicht dämpfen, überall traten ſchon Männer mit ähnlichen Meinungen auf, beſonders zu Zürich ſprach Ulrich Zwingli noch beſtimmter und aufgeklärter als Luther: ſchade für den edlen Mann, daß er nur ſo kurze Zeit auf der Scene blieb.

Selbſt in Wittenberg war deswegen doch nicht Ruhe; Philipp Melanchthon reformirte zwar nicht, aber er ſchwang die Fackel der aufklärenden Wahrheit ſo mächtig, daß ſich andere des reformirens nicht enthalten konnten, und wäre doch nur Luther in Wittenberg geblieben — ein älterer College in der theologiſchen Facultät Andreas (Bodenſtein von) Carlſtadt warf ſich unterdeß zum ſtürmenden Reformator auf, der Mann hatte viel Eifer, aber wenig Weisheit. Den Erasmuſſen war ſchon Luther zu viel Elias, der Churfürſt ſelbſt wollte geſchont wiſſen, und die neuen Propheten hätten wahrhaftig keinen Anführer gebraucht. Unerwartet ſtund Luther wieder in Wittenberg da, nahm dankbar manches an, was ſein College gethan, aber er ſah ſehr richtig, daß durch die Publication des N. T., das er auf der Wartburg überſezt hatte *), unendlich mehr ausgerichtet werden würde, als durch Bilderſtürmen; und wie viel gewann man nicht, wenn man langſam zu Werk gieng.

Ein großer Theil der Fürſten ſtund noch auf dem Scheidewege; die auf dem Reichstag zu Nürnberg (1522) übergebenen Beſchwerden bewieſen genugſam, wie wenig ſie Sklaven des Pabſts ſein wollten, aber allzuraſcher Fortgang der Reformation mußte ſie alle zurückſchrecken; kein weiſer Augenarzt führt den Menſchen ins helle Sonnenlicht, dem ſo eben der Staar geſtochen wurde. Immer zeigt ſich anfangs ohnedieß bei ſolchen Totalrevolutionen des menſchlichen Geiſtes als die Reformation war, wie manche Bahnen der erſte Eifer ſich zu brechen ſucht, welche nur auf der entgegengeſezten Seite von der Wahrheit abführen, und wie die richtigſte der neugefundenen Ideen mißbraucht werden, weil die Köpfe nicht gereinigt genug ſind, und die neue Wahrheit zum Werkzeug ihrer Lüſte verderben.

So hat es wohl Luthern manche Bekümmerniß erweckt, daß die Bauern, ſeufzend unter dem Drucke ihrer beſonders damals ſich häufenden Steuern, aus ſeiner trefflichen Lehre von Chriſtlicher Freiheit (1524) ein Rebellenprivilegium gegen die Obrigkeit machten, und Zwinglis neue Meinungen vom Abendmahl mußten ihm ein Probeſtück des menſchlichen Geiſtes ſcheinen, der, weil ihm bisher ſo manches erlogene Geheimniß aufgeheftet wurde, nun alles allein nach ſeiner vernünftigen Einſicht richten, und nicht mehr blindlings dem Worte des Allwiſſenden glauben wolle.

§. 3.

Glücklicher Fortgang der Ref. unter Johann dem Beſtändigen.

So lang Churfürſt Friedrich der Weiſe lebte, ſo hielt ſich Luther ſelbſt in manchem zurück, und er konnte ſeinen unentdeckten Wahrheiten ſo lang keine allgemeine Fortdauer und vollkommene Sicherheit verſprechen, bis durch dieſelbe recht ſichtbare Veränderungen im politiſchen Syſtem würden hervorgebracht worden ſeyn und die Deutſchen Regenten auch aus perſönlichem Intereſſe dieſelbe begünſtigten. Dem weiſen Friedrich folgte in der Regierung (1525) ſein Bruder Johann der Beſtändige, und unter dem Schuze dieſes entſchloſſenern Fürſten fand Luther ſich und ſeine Sache ſo vollkommen geſichert, daß er nun ſogar zu heirathen ſich unterſtund, nachdem er ſchon das Jahr vorher die Kutte mit dem Weltprieſterrock vertauſcht hatte. Politiſchklug ſchien es wohl damals nicht zu ſein, den bittern Hohn ſeiner Feinde und die ſorgvollen Vorſtellungen ſeiner Freunde gerade zu einer ſolchen Zeit zu verachten, da die Schlacht bei Pavia den Kaiſer zum Herrn ſeines einzigen furchtbaren Nebenbuhlers machte, und über die Veränderung in Preuſſen auf Reichstagen ſehr viel geklagt wurde.

Albert ein Brandenburgiſcher Prinz, bisher Hochmeiſter des Teutſchen Ordens in Preuſſen, machte das Teutſchordensland zum erblichen Herzogthum, wurde Polniſcher Vaſall, heirathete bald hernach und führte evangeliſche Religion ein. Wie verführeriſch mußte ſein Beiſpiel für die Biſchöfe ſein, wie allgemein der Beifall der neuen Lehre, wenn ihre Annahme das Wahlfürſtenthum zum Familiengut des Regenten machen konnte, wie geſchärft mußte aber eben daher auch die Aufmerkſamkeit der Altkatoliken werden, dieſem drohenden gänzlichen Ruin zuvorzukommen.

Nichts war ihnen ohnedieß damals über die Freude, den großen Erasmus zu einer Schrift gegen Luthern gereizt zu haben, und ſelbſt der heftige Ton, in welchem ſich der Wittenbergiſche Reformator zur härteſten Antwort anließ, ſchien dießmal nicht die Wirkung haben zu können, welche faſt niemals bei den deutſchen Schriften deſſelben fehlte.

Der Reichstag zu Speier (1526) verſchaffte endlich doch ſeiner Partei wenigſtens ſo viele Religionsfreiheit, daß dem Gewiſſen eines jeden überlaſſen wurde, wie er es bis zur Entſcheidung einer allgemeinen Synode in ſeinem Land halten wollte. Kaiſer Carl bekam an dem losgelaſſenen König Franz einen heftigern Gegner, als er vorher gehabt hatte, und ſein Bruder Ferdinand konnte bei dem beſorglichen Verluſt des ihm zugefallenen Königreichs Ungarn an eifrige Unterdrückung der neuen Partei gar nicht denken. Nie ſchien ſich demnach alles glücklicher zu entwickeln als gerade in dieſem und dem folgenden Jahr. Pabſt Clemens VII. wurde von Carls General (1527) ſo gezüchtigt, als kaum ſeit Nogarets Zeiten ein Pabſt bedrängt worden ſein mag. Wittenberg war nun nicht mehr einziger Mittelpunkt der Reformation, wo alle Theologen für dieſelbe gebildet werden mußten; durch die unermüdete Vorſorge des heroiſchen Landgraf Philipps von Heſſen hob ſich auch die neugeſtiftete Univerſität Marburg, und überhaupt war durch den Beitritt dieſes Fürſten, der damals ganz Heſſen ungetheilt beſaß, faſt eben ſo viel gewonnen als durch den Beitritt eines Churfürſten, wenn ſchon oft ſeine aufbrauſende Hize, wie damals bei den halbwahren Packiſchen Nachrichten ſich zeigte, der neuen Partie manchen Verdruß erweckt hat.

Luthers allgemeiner Beifall ſchränkte ſich auch ſchon lang nicht mehr auf Teutſchland ein; nicht nur daß einzelne große Männer und ganze Volkshaufen in andern Ländern ſeinen Meinungen folgten, ſondern ſelbſt die beiden Könige in Norden, Friederich in Dänemark und Guſtav Waſa in Schweden erklärten ſich feierlich auf Reichstägen für ſeine Partie. Ach! wie hat der uneigennüzig redliche Luther ſo oft bedauert, daß ſich in dieſen beiden Reichen der ganze Gang der Reformation ſo faſt einzig nach politiſchen Abſichten hat müſſen lenken laſſen, und wie viel froher war er darüber, daß nun endlich ſein Churfürſt ſich entſchloß, die alte Hierarchie (1526) in ſeinem Lande zu zerſtören, eine eigene Kirchenviſitation anordnete, und als Landesherr die von den Biſchöfen mißbrauchte und verſäumte Rechte zu ihrem gehörigen Zweck benuzte. Luther lernte bei dieſer Viſitation (1527) durch die traurigſten Erfahrungen, wie nothwendig die Abfaſſung eines populären Religionsentwurfs ſei, eines etwas größeren für die unwiſſende Leiter des Volks und eines kleineren für den eigenen Gebrauch der Laien. Dieſen zwei Katechiſmen hat die evangeliſche Lehre in der Sphäre, für welche ſie beſtimmt waren, eben ſo viele herrliche Wirkungen zu danken, als dem theologiſchen Grundriß Melanchthons unter den Gelehrten.

Zehen Jahre waren es nun, ſeitdem Luther ſeine Theſes angeſchlagen, und ſchon hatten ſeine Meinungen in allen Theilen des cultivirten Europa den ausgebreitetſten Beifall; ſchon hatten ſich die Bekenner der neuen Lehre in eine eigene äußere Geſellſchaft vereinigt, ſchon exiſtirte eine Kirche, die ſeinen Namen mit eben ſo vielem Ruhme tragen konnte, als die katholiſche mit gerechter Schmach den Namen des Pabſtes tragen mußte. Daß das Feuer, das er angezündet hatte, nun ſo hell brannte, und daß ſelbſt ſein gekrönter Antagoniſte in England aus Ueberdruß an ſeiner Gemahlin auch vom Ueberdruß an der Römiſchpäbſtlichen Oberherrſchaft befallen zu werden anfieng, dieß mußte den nur für Gottes Sache empfindenden Luther tröſten, wenn er in ſeiner Nachbarſchaft im herzoglichen Sachſen und in Brandenburg die Bekenner ſeiner Lehre verfolgt ſah, und den noch kränkenderen Verdruß erfuhr, die Schweizeriſchen Reformatoren Zwingel und Oekolampadius von ihrer ihm ſo ganz widrigen Vorſtellungsart der Lehre vom Abendmahl nicht abbringen zu können.

§. 4.

Luther und Zwingli uneinig. Augsb. Conf.

Der bisherige Genuß eines glücklichen Fortgangs ſchien durch einen Reichstagsſchluß zu Speier (1529) unterbrochen zu werden. Ferdinand, der damals noch nicht fürchtete, daß

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*) Dieſe Ueberſezung ſollte dem Volk die Augen öffnen, wie Melanchthons loci theologici das Handbuch der Gelehrten wurden.

Suleimanns ganze Macht innerhalb fünf Monathen Wien belagern werde, brachte die nochmalige Erneurung des Wormſer Decrets zu Stande, und die Lage der neuen Kirche ſchien ungeachtet der damals eingelegten Proteſtation der proteſtantiſchen Fürſten doppelt gefährlich zu werden, da Carl mit dem Pabſt ſich ausſöhnte, und wahrſcheinlich ſchon damals die muthigen Teutſchen Fürſten zum Opfer der Verſöhnung beſtimmte. Von König in Frankreich war keine Hülfe zu erwarten, denn ſo eben hatte auch er, durch lange Kriege erſchöpft, Friede mit dem Kaiſer geſchloſſen. Ferdinand ſiegte mit Oeſterreichiſchem Glück über die Türken, und was am gefährlichſten ſchien, mit jedem Jahr wurde die Trennung der Schweizeriſchen und Sächſiſchen Reformatoren größer.

Schon lang war es auch nicht mehr bloß Trennung einzelner Theologen, ſondern der größte Theil der Reichsſtädte in Schwaben und am Rhein hatte mehr Zwingels als Luthers Meinung angenommen, und wenigſtens doch dieſen innern Zwiſt zu heben, veranſtaltete Landgraf Philipp zu Heſſen ein Geſpräch zu Marburg zwiſchen den Häuptern beider Partien, aber ſein Ausgang war bloßer Scheinfriede. Mit Schrecken ſah man der verſprochenen perſönlichen Ankunft des Kaiſers entgegen, und ſo ſcheinbar gnädig auch das kaiſerliche Ausſchreiben zu einem Reichstag nach Augsburg (1530) war, ſo kannte man doch Carls argliſtige Schmeicheleien, und der einzige ſeiner Räthe, auf deſſen milde Geſinnungen man noch zählen konnte, Kanzler Gattinara ſtarb unterwegs.

Der Kaiſer hatte verſprochen, die Sache der proteſtantiſchen Fürſten ſelbſt zu hören, ſie ließen alſo durch den ſanften Melanchthon einen kleinen Aufſatz entwerfen, welcher apologetiſch und polemiſch die Hauptſtücke ihrer Lehre enthalten ſollte. Der 25. Junius war der Tag der öffentlichen feierlichen Verleſung dieſes Aufſatzes vor Kaiſer und Reich; man glaubte bei Carln den vortheilhafteſten Eindruck zu bemerken, aber in einer ſo projectvollen Seele, als die ſeinige war, konnten keine Wahrheitseindrücke bis zur Thätigkeit werden, er haßte die Fürſten, die im Stande waren ſo unerſchrocken ſich zu widerſetzen, und der Reichstagsſchluß fiel ſo hart aus, daß die proteſtantiſchen Fürſten gleich darauf ein Vertheidigungsbündniß unter einander zu Schmalkalden ſchloſſen, und ſo gar manche der katholiſchen Partie wurden durch das deſpotiſche Verfahren aufmerkſam gemacht, wodurch Carl die Römiſche Königswahl (1531) ſeines Bruders zu Stand gebracht hatte.

Einen ſymboliſch verpflichtenden Aufſatz für alle Lutheriſche Nachwelt hat Melanchthon bei Entwerfung ſeines Augsburger Aufſatzes (1530) gewiß nicht machen wollen, und ſelbſt nach der Abſicht der Fürſten nicht machen ſollen, ſie wollten ohnedieß nur die vorzüglichſte Artikel beſtimmen laſſen: aber durch das Aufſehen unſerer Gegner und durch unſere eigene oft eiferſüchtige Wachſamkeit gegen die Zwingliſche Partie iſt dieſe vortreffliche Lokalſchrift zu einem Anſehen gediehen, daß ihr ſelbſt der Gegner aller ſymboliſchen Verpflichtung unter allen Vorſchriften dieſer Art am willigſten gönnen wird.

§. 5.

Erſter Rel. Friede. Streit der Schweizer und Sachſen. Heinrichs VIII. Pfaffenreformation.

Hätte nicht Carl Ungarn das Königreich ſeines Bruders gegen den ſiegenden Suleimann retten müſſen, ſo würde Luther den Jammer eines Religionskriegs noch erlebt haben, welchen er ſo innig verabſcheute, und Zwingels trauriges Schickſal (1531) der auf der Wahlſtatt bei Cappel ſtarb, mußte bei ihm einen Eindruck machen, gegen deſſen Folgen nur der unüberwindlichſte Glaube ſchützen konnte. Wie ſehr auch Kleinmuth beſchämt worden wäre! Gleich auf dem Nürnbergiſchen Reichstag (1532) des folgenden Jahres geſtand man den Proteſtanten eine Religionsfreiheit zu, welche beſtimmter und weniger karg war als die bisherigen Vergünſtigungen, nur immer noch den fatalen Synodaltermin hatte, und gegen die Schweizeriſche Partie eine Gränzlinie zog. Das war die letzte Freude, die Churfürſt Johann der Beſtändige erlebte. Möchte er doch mehrere ſeiner Eigenſchaften ſeinem Sohn, Johann Friedrich hinterlaſſen haben, als die einzige Treue gegen erkannte Wahrheit!

Alles entwickelte ſich übrigens im Ganzen immer noch beſſer. Die nothwendige Abweſenheit Carls in Spanien, das unwiederbringliche Zerfallen des Schwäbiſchen Bundes, der bisher dem vertriebenen Herzog Ulrich von Würtemberg an ſeiner Wiederherſtellung hinderlich war, die glückliche Erſtickung der Münſteriſchen Ketzerei, der Tod des Churfürſten Joachim I. von Brandenburg, ein neuer franzöſiſcher Krieg wegen Mailand — alles traf wie beſtellt zuſammen, ſelbſt auch zwiſchen der Schweizeriſchen und Sächſiſchen Partie wurde zu Wittenberg (1536) Friede geſchloſſen, und man merkt ſchon an dem Tone des Aufſatzes, welchen Luther zu Schmalkalden machen mußte, wie viel ſeit ſechs Jahren gewonnen worden ſein mochte. Wenn auch der von P. Paul III. ſo ganz nahe gezeigten Synode etwas werden ſollte, ſo wollten die Proteſtanten freimüthig ſprechen!

Dank für den Segen Gottes, der ſie ſo allmählig ins Freiere emporkommen ließ. Unendlich wünſchenswerth waren ſolche läuternde Gefahren, die immer den Ausgang der Sache verherrlichten, — verglichen mit der Reformationsentwicklung, welche durch die Launen eines Königs beſtimmt wurde. König Heinrich VIII. von England wollte von ſeiner Gemahlin einer Tante Kaiſer Carls V. geſchieden ſein, weil ſeine Gewiſſenszweifel über die Rechtmäßigkeit einer Ehe mit des Bruders Wittwe durch Bekanntſchaft mit der ſchönen Anna von Boleyn bis zur Ungeduld verſtärkt worden waren. Vergebens brauchte der Pabſt gegen den haſtigverliebten alle politiſchen Kunſtgriffe ſeines ermüdenden Canzleiceremoniels (1531); Thomas Cranmer gab Vorſchläge zu einer auch ohne den Pabſt gültigen Eheſcheidung und der König, der nun großentheils unter dem Einfluß dieſes vortrefflichen Mannes ſtand, machte dem Pabſte zum Trotz (1534) ſich ſelbſt zum Pabſt ſeines Reichs. Aber keine Partie wußte, ob ſie unter ihm weinen oder lachen ſollte. Die Katholiken ließ Heinrich verbrennen, weil ſie ihn nicht als Pabſt, nicht als rechtmäßig geſchiedenen erkennen wollten, und die Proteſtanten mußten ſterben, weil ſie an Transſubſtantiation und ſieben Sacramenten zweifelten. Die Hierarchie hat Heinrich zwar zerſtört, aber die alten dogmatiſchen Irrthümer hat er ſtehen laſſen, die Klöſter hat er geplündert, aber der Mönchswahn iſt geblieben. Siebzehn Jahre lang hat dieſer König mit dem Gewiſſen ſeiner Unterthanen geſpielt, wie mit den Köpfen ſeiner Gemahlinnen, und die Vorſehung ſchien Cranmern recht wundervoll unter ihm erhalten zu haben, weil ſie ihn auch noch unter dem Nachfolger, Eduard, zur beſſern Vollendung des unvollkommen angefangenen Werks brauchen wollte.

§. 6.

Fortgang der Ref. in Teutſchland. Luthers Tod.

In Teutſchland erfuhr man mit jedem Jahr immer mehr, wie glücklich die Zeit alles zur Reife bringt. Der Beifall der neuen Lehre wurde bei Fürſten und Unterthanen, bei Adel und Städten immer allgemeiner, die alte dem Pabſt ergebene ſtarben nach und nach hinweg, und die, welche in jüngeren Jahren Luthern mit weniger Vorurtheil hörten, kamen empor, ſchon mehrere Biſchöfe waren der neuen Lehre beigetreten, und faſt wäre ſogar ein geiſtliches Churfürſtenthum (1543) gewonnen worden. Die Theologen ſchienen ruhig fortzupredigen, fortzuſchreiben und fortzudiſputiren, weil ſie es doch einmal auf dieſem Wege ſo weit gebracht hatten, aber in Landgraf Philipp von Heſſen brauſte es beſtändig, und ſein unruhiger Nachbar Herzog Heinrich von Braunſchweig hielt ihn unaufhörlich im Athem. Bündniſſe und Ligen wurden gegen einander geſchloſſen; Luther, erzürnt durch die erneuten Kunſtgriffe der Schweizer, (1544) um allen Schein des Melanchthoniſmus von ſich zu entfernen, fing den Abendmahlsſtreit aufs neue an. Der Kaiſer wartete nur auf den Frieden mit Frankreich und auf die wirkliche Eröffnung der ſchon lang vom Pabſt verſprochenen Synode, er wollte die unruhigen Fürſten ſeine Siegerhand fühlen laſſen. Auf einem immer vergeblich verhandelten Religionsgeſpräch wurde ſtets das Ganze ſo eingerichtet, daß die Proteſtanten als eigenſinnige erſcheinen mußten, und die öftere Abweſenheit ihrer Fürſten von Reichstagen, auf welchen doch ſelbſt der Kaiſer zugegen war, ſchien dieſen Vorwurf zu bekräftigen. Luther ſtarb (18. Febr. 1546) vier Monate vor dem Ausbruche, als ob ihn Gott flüchten wollte.

§. 7.

Religionskrieg. Interim. Innere Streitigkeiten der Lutheraner.

Der ganze lang gefürchtete Krieg dauerte nicht ein Jahr. Bei Landgraf Philipps brauſender Hitze und Churfürſt Johann Friedrichs phlegmatiſcher Unentſchloſſenheit konnte keine Eintracht ſein, jeder der proteſtantiſchen Fürſten ſah immer mehr auf das ſeine als auf die gemeine Sache, und beſonders der Churfürſt von Sachſen war ein Opfer treuloſer und unverſtändiger Freunde. Die Schlacht bei Mühlberg (1547) entſchied.

Moriz erhielt, was ſeine argliſtige Politik geſucht hatte, aber den eifrigen Lutheranern war es ein Gräuel, daß er ſeinem guten redlichen Vetter den Churhut geraubt; und man ſah alle diejenige als Theilnehmer dieſes Verbrechens an, welche aus Johann Friedrichs Dienſten in Morizens Dienſte übertraten. Dem alten Melanchthon hätten ſie es nicht ſo ganz übel nehmen ſollen, er war einmal an Wittenberg gewöhnt; wenn auch die projectirte Univerſität Jena zu Stande kommen ſollte, ſo war eine ſolche Verſetzung immer unangenehm, und es forderte immer den Enthuſiaſmus junger Lehrer, um die Sache in Gang zu bringen. Moriz erfuhr bald, was für ein beſchwerlicher Wohlthäter ſein allergnädigſter Kaiſer ſei. Troz aller ſeiner Vorſtellungen wurde ſein Schwiegervater der argliſtig gefangen genommene Philipp von Heſſen nicht losgelaſſen, und da Carl, um ſowohl die Proteſtanten als den Pabſt zu demüthigen, auf dem Reichstag zu Augsburg (1548) einen dogmatiſchen Aufſaz publiciren ließ, wie es bis zur Entſcheidung einer allgemeinen Synode, in Glaubensſachen und Kirchengebräuchen gehalten werden ſollte, ſo ſah man vorzüglich auf Morizen und verſprach ſich Gehorſam von dem neuen Churfürſten. Nichts traurigeres iſt, als eine ſolche Convenienzreligion, wie wir durch dieſes Augsburger Interim bekommen ſollten. Als ob man ſich über die Wahrheit vergleichen könnte, wie man ſich über einen ſtreitigen Strich Landes vergleicht, als ob wir uns faſt zu allen dogmatiſchen Irrthümern der Altkatholiken hätten bequemen können, weil der Kaiſer, der damals des Pabſtes Freund nicht war, den Glauben an einen römiſchen Papſt uns erlaſſen wollte.

Man kann nicht ohne innigſtes Mitleiden ſehen, daß ſich der gute Magiſter Philipp verleiten ließ, den Hoftheologen zu machen, das Augsburger Interim in Leipzig in ein anderes Interim umzugießen, und ſeinem neuen Herrn zu lieb ſo viel nachzugeben, daß er uns dem Abgrund der alten Irrthümer aufs neue nahe geführt hätte. Carl ließ die Proteſtanten empfinden, wie man an der Spize eines ſiegenden Heeres von der Wahrheit überzeugen könne, aber deswegen fiel nur deſto heftigerer Haß der Patrioten auf Melanchthon, daß er nicht mit den übrigen für einen Mann ſtand, und die übrige dem Vorwurf des Eigenſinns auf eine ſo ungerechte Art ausſezte. Seinen ſtrengen Präceptor Luther mochte damals Melanchthon manchmal ins Leben zurückgewünſcht haben; daß er doch dem unbändigen Eifer dieſer ſectiriſchen Schüler zurückhalten und gegen die Angriffe von Flacius, Oſiander, Weſtphal ihn ſchüzen möchte.

Schon zu Luthers Lebzeiten hatte Melanchthon in manchen Lehren beſonders im Artikel von den moraliſchen Kräften des Menſchen nicht wenig verſchieden von Luthern gedacht, aber große Männer wiſſen einander zu ertragen, und fürchten auch keine Verdunklung ihres Ruhms; den Schülern erſcheint der todte Lehrer gewöhnlich noch größer als ehedem der lebende, und wenn dabei die Gefahr noch ſo nahe iſt, in alte längſt verwünſchte Irrthümer zurückgeſtürzt zu werden, ſo vergißt oft auch der theologiſche Eifer alle Schranken der Mäßigung. Vergebens ſuchte Melanchthons Partie den gemachten Fehler zu übertünchen, indem ſie behauptete, die aus dem Interim angenommenen Dinge ſeien ganz gleichgültig (adiaphora) und Luthers eifrige Anhänger, ohne bei dem Interimsſtreit ſtehen zu bleiben, ergriffen jede Gelegenheit, um ſich von den verdächtigen Melanchthonianern ſichtbarer zu ſcheiden.

Weil Ge. Major obſchon unter vielen richtig beſtimmenden Einſchränkungen den Saz äuſſerte, daß gute Werke nothwendig zur Seligkeit ſeyen, ſo behauptete Nic. Amsdorf, ſie ſeyen ſchädlich zur Seligkeit. Weil die Schüler Melanchthons und beſonders der gelehrte Victorin Strigelius zu Jena das Verderben der Erbſünde und ſeinen Einfluß auf die moraliſche Kräfte des Menſchen glimpflich beſchrieben, ſo behauptete Flacius, die Erbſünde ſei die Subſtanz des Menſchen. In der Lehre von der Art der Gegenwart des Leibes und Bluts Chriſti im Abendmahl näherten ſich Melanchthons Schüler den calviniſchen Redarten, die Schüler Luthers ſchrieben deswegen nicht mehr nur von der Allgegenwart ſondern von der Allenthalbenheit (ubiquitate) der menſchlichen Natur Chriſti, und dieſe Vorſtellungsart erhielt beſonders in Schwaben unter dem Anſehen des berühmten Jo. Brenz in kurzem einen ſymboliſchen Beifall.

Noch früher war zu Königsberg durch Andr. Oſiandern eine Streitigkeit veranlaßt worden, deren Quelle zwar nicht in der verſchiedenen Denkungsart der Schüler Luthers und Melanchthons lag, die doch aber bewieß, wie alles zum unvernünftigſten Widerſpruch reizbar war. Oſiander behauptete, daß wir durch die weſentliche Gerechtigkeit Gottes gerecht würden. Der dunkle Kopf wollte wahrſcheinlich nur die nothwendige Verbindung der Heiligung mit der Rechtfertigung ausdrücken, vermiſchte in ſeinen unbeſtimmten Ausdrücken die myſtiſche Union mit der Rechtfertigung, und weil er nur alles auf göttliche Natur Chriſti bei der Rechtfertigung bezog, ſo bezog ein anderer, Stancarius, alles auf die menſchliche Natur Chriſti.

Noch kein volles Vierteljahrhundert, daß es Luther gewagt hatte die Theologie vom Staube der tödtendſten polemiſchen Scholaſtik zu befreien, ſo fingen ſeine unmittelbare Schüler ſchon an, die wiederhergeſtellte Religion von ihrer vortrefflichen praktiſchen Abzweckung hinwegzudrehen, wieder Streitfrage auf Streitfrage zu häufen, und das ſchon zu der Zeit, wie noch gar nicht entſchieden war, ob ſich das Ungewitter aufklären werde, deſſen Ausbruch nicht mehr zu ſehen Luther ſo ſehnlich wünſchte.

§. 8.

Religionsfriede in Teutſchland und Mariens kathol. Eifer in England.

Moriz, erſt das Werkzeug der Unterdrückung der proteſtantiſchen Freiheit, wurde ihr ruhmvollſter Retter. Er überfiel den podagriſchen Carl mit einer Schnelligkeit, die alles Beſinnen nahm, drang ihm und ſeinem Bruder Ferdinand (1552) den Paſſauer Vertrag ab, und bahnte den Weg zum Augsburger Religionsfrieden (1555), der erſten feierlichen Garantie der proteſtantiſchen Religionsfreiheit, die ſich nicht auf den fatalen Synodaltermin gründete. Leider ſieht man es aber wohl in manchen Punkten dieſes Religionsfriedens, daß Morizens Anſehen nicht mehr dabei wirken konnte, daß er nicht mit den Waffen in der Hand geſchloſſen worden war. Für die Sicherheit der Schweizeriſch geſinnten war es gar nicht beſtimmt genug: den Beſiz der bisher noch geretteten Kirchengüter hatte man der altkatholiſchen Kirche durch eine Clauſel verſichert, welche den Fortgang der evangeliſchen Religion beſonders unter den Großen nothwendig hindern mußte.

Wie freut man ſich aber nicht, erſt nur zu einigem Genuſſe zu kommen, und mit welchen Empfindungen des innigſten Danks gegen den rettenden Gott mußten nicht damals Proteſtanten tägliche Nachrichten aus England hören, wie Maria, Carls Verwandtin und Schwiegertochter, gegen ihre Brüder daſelbſt wüthe; fünfthalb Monate nach dem geſchloſſenen Augsburger Religionsfrieden ſtarb Thomas Cranmer den edelſten Märtyrertod, und Verfolgungen, wie ſie gewiß in Neroniſchen Zeiten nicht waren, dauerten bis zu dem Tode der unaufgeklärtfrommen Königin (1558).

§. 9.

Bemerkungen über die Hierarchie der lutheriſchen Kirche.

Die Bildung und Entwicklung der Hierarchie der neuen Kirche weicht ſo verſchiedentlich in den verſchiedenen Provinzen von einander ab, daß ſich faſt gar nichts compendiariſch allgemein davon ſagen läßt. Biſchöfliches Regiment iſt bei Einrichtung der neuen Kirche mehr vermieden als geſucht worden. Eine völlige Gleichheit aller Geiſtlichen unter einander aufzuſtellen und das Ganze durch eine Synode regieren zu laſſen, daran haben wenigſtens die Sächſiſche Reformatoren nicht gedacht. Wo die Landſtände bei der Reformation mitwirkten, da haben ſich meiſtens auch die Kirchengüter erhalten, die ſonſt faſt in allen den Ländern, wo die Reformation vorzüglich ein Werk des Regenten war, gewöhnlich eine Beute der weltlichen Großen wurden.

Faſt alle Reformation in Teutſchland war nur — vom Regenten erhörte allgemeine Bitte des Volks; der Regent hat alſo nicht dem Volk die Religion gegeben, ſondern er hat ſie ihm nur nicht genommen, und freilich hat die unvorſichtige Freude über den gnädigen Schuz des Regenten manchen ſolche Ausdrücke abgelockt, die ſich mit den Grundſäzen eines aufgeklärtern Kirchenrechts nicht vereinigen laſſen.

Nicht alle evangeliſche Kirchenordnungen ſtammen von der Oberſächſiſchen ab, auch hier gab es einen Unterſchied zwiſchen Melanchthonismus und Lutherthum, und das Interim, das in manchen Ländern nicht eingeführt wurde, in manchen Ländern vieles Anſehen behielt, vermehrte den Unterſchied, der aber wie die Geſchichte von Brandenburg am deutlichſten beweiſt, noch mannichfaltige Abwechslungen gelitten hat.

§. 10.

Ausartung der Schüler Melanchthons in ſogenannte Krypto-Calviniſten. [illegible]

Fünf Jahre nach dem Religionsfrieden (1560) erhielt endlich Melanchthon die längſt gewünſchte Ruhe im Tode, aber ſein Tod war nur das Zeichen zum Ausbruche größerer Unruhen. Auch ſeine Schüler ſchritten nun über die Gränzen hinaus, innerhalb welcher der Lehrer noch ſchüchtern geblieben war, die Wirkungen von Calvins Thätigkeit wurden nun erſt recht empfunden, und unter den mehrern Städten oder kleinen Provinzen, in welchen die Meinungen der Schweizer endlich über die der ſtrengern Lutheraner ſiegten, war kein Verluſt für die leztere empfindlicher, als der Verluſt der Churpfalz. Die Lutheraner ſchienen auf Reichstagen (1560) und bei andern öffentlichen Verhandlungen immer den Katholiken gleich bleiben zu können, ſo lange die drei weltliche Stimmen im Churcollegium proteſtantiſch waren, und gegen die drei geiſtlichen Churfürſten bei ſeltener Theilnehmung von Böhmen Gleichheit der Stimmen behaupten konnten; aber nun war die Einigkeit getrennt und oft ſchienen Proteſtanten und Katholiken einander weniger tödtlich zu haſſen, als Lutheraner und Reformirte.

Die Uneinigkeit, welche unter den leztern ſelbſt in Anſehung einiger der wichtigſten Lehren war, gab den erſtern manche gerechte Gelegenheit zu Vorwürfen, und da es ſchon zweideutig war, ob der Religionsfriede auch auf die ſogenannte

Zwinglianer ſich erſtreckte, wie viel weniger konnte er den eigentlichen Calviniſten gelten. Jo. Calvin hatte nehmlich ſchon lang in der Dogmatik der ſogenannten Reform. Kirche die wichtigſte Veränderungen gemacht, und auſſer einer kleinen Umbildung der Zwinglichen Abendmahlslehre auch einen zweiten großen Streit über Prädeſtination und Gnadenwahl erregt, alſo auf Calviniſten ſchien der Religionsfriede gar nicht gehen zu können. Die Schüler Melanchthons näherten ſich zwar hierin noch nicht den Genfiſchen Meinungen, aber die eifrigen Anhänger Luthers wollten nicht auf dieſe letzte Erklärung ihrer ganzen Geſinnungen warten, und von beiden Seiten miſchten ſich politiſche Abſichten ein, welche beſonders aus dem individuellen Verhältniſſe des Albertiniſchen und Erneſtiniſchen Sächſiſchen Hauſes entſprangen. Die ſeit Moriz fortdauernde geheime Abneigung des herzoglich-ſächſiſchen Hauſes gegen die Churlinie wurde unter Churf. Auguſt durch die Grumbachiſche Executionsgeſchichte nicht wenig vermehrt, und wenn es der Melanchthoniſchen Partie gelungen wäre, die Churfürſtin Anna auf ihrer Seite zu behalten, ſo würde Auguſt von ſeinem Leibarzt Peucer und andern ihn umgebenden politiſchen Theologen oder theologiſchen Politikern endlich unvermerkt auf die Seite der Reformirten herübergeführt worden ſeyn.

Während daß die Meißniſchen und Thüringiſchen Theologen durch Colloquien ſich mit einander zu vergleichen ſuchten, durch Colloquien und Unterhandlungen erbitterter gegen einander wurden, ſo trat zwiſchen dieſelbe mit der Geſchäftigkeit eines Unterhändlers der Tübingiſche Canzler Jakob Andreä, ein Mann von unermüdetem Eifer, der durch alle ſeine Privatverhältniſſe zu einer ſtrengen Behauptung der ſo genannten Schwäbiſchen Orthodoxie ſo gezwungen wurde, daß er zum großen Schaden ſeines Ruhms bey der Nachwelt weniger gelinde ſeyn konnte, als ihn vielleicht manchmal eigene Neigung beſtimmt hätte.

Unter wiederholten Bewegungen des heftigſten Schisma hielt endlich doch noch einiger Friede bis eilf Jahre nach Melanchthons Tode.

§. 11.

Letzte Veranlaſſungen zur Entſtehung der Bergiſchen Concordienformel.

Ein Katechismus, den D. Pezel zu Wittenberg herausgab (1571), beſchleunigte den Ausbruch des lang geſammelten Haſſes. Die Theologen zu Jena und faſt noch mehr die in den Niederſächſiſchen Reichsſtädten hätten wohl kaum die Kühnheit ihrer bisherigen Gegner befürchtet, daß Luthers Katechismus ſelbſt von Wittenberg aus durch einen neuen verdrängt werden ſollte, und ſacramentiriſche Geſinnungen ſo gar in öffentlichen Lehrbüchern erſcheinen dürften.

Mit Wehmuth ſieht man auch Chemnitzen an der Spitze einer angreifenden Partie; ein ſolcher Mann hätte nie ſollen mit Selnecker und Tilemann Heshuſius zuſammentreten, und die Wittebergiſche Theologen würden ſich die Achtung der Nachwelt erworben haben, wenn ſie nicht in ihrer Grundfeſte aus Philippiſtiſchem Eifer den aufgeklärten Schüler Melanchthons gleich den übrigen gemeinen Streitern mißhandelt hätten.

Churf. Auguſt von Sachſen, von deſſen Entſcheidung alles abhieng, fand ſich in einem Gedränge, aus welchem ſich ſelten ein frommer Fürſt, bey genommener Theilnehmung an theologiſchen Streitigkeiten, glücklich herauszufinden weiß. Seine Theologen klagten über neue Marcioniten, Samoſatener, Arianer, und von andern proteſtantiſchen Höfen liefen gehäufte Klagſchreiben ein, daß er doch Luthers Stuhl durch Calviniſtiſche Lehrer nicht entweihen laſſen ſolle. Umſonſt hielt man Convente, umſonſt verſuchte man Vereinigungsſchriften, die Wachſamkeit der Niederſächſiſchen Theologen ließ ſich nicht durch Zweydeutigkeiten täuſchen, und die Churſächſiſche Hofpartie hielt ſich vielleicht ihrer Uebermacht gar zu verſichert, daß ſie auch die auf dem Landtag zu Torgau (1574) abgefaßte Artikel nicht unterſchreiben wollte.

Hier war aber die Epoche ihres Falls, welchen der Gegentheil ohne alles Erbarmen benutzte. Nun kamen die Aufſätze des Tübingiſchen Canzlers, Jakob Andreä, willkommen, welche er als Entwürfe einer neuen ſymboliſchen Schrift nach Sachſen ſchickte, nur konnte man es unmöglich einem Manne überlaſſen, bey einer ſo großen Menge verſchiedener Meynungen unter den Proteſtanten die feinſte Beſtimmungen der Lehre von der Perſon Chriſti nach ſeinem Gutdünken auszudrücken.

Bey wenigen Friedensſchlüſſen mag die Negociation ſo weitläuftig, die Aufmerkſamkeit der Partien ſo eiferſüchtig, die Kunſt für alle alles zu werden, ſo mannigfaltig geweſen ſeyn, als bey Verfertigung dieſer ſymboliſchen Schrift, wodurch die Partien unter den Lutheranern vereinigt, und manche bisher ungewiſſe Gränzen gegen die Reformirte feſtgeſetzt werden ſollten.

Als ſich endlich ſechs der angeſehenſten Lutheriſchen Theologen im Kloſter Bergen bei Magdeburg verſammelten (1577), um einen das Jahr vorher zu Torgau gemachten Aufſatz, der unterdeß, Erinnerungen darüber zu hören, an den Höfen herumgeſchickt worden war, vollends ins Reine zu bringen, ſo ſiegte doch faſt gewöhnlich der betriebſame Andreä, und von den übrigen machte ſich nur Chemnitz ſo wichtig, daß ſeine Meynung in einigen Artikeln beybehalten wurde. Wie nun zuletzt die Schrift bis zum Einſammlen der Unterſchriften fertig war, ach ſo war es leider gar nicht Vereinigungsformel.

§. 12.

Wirkungen der Bergiſchen Concordienformel.

Die Reformirte, welche ſich bisher von vielen Lutheranern als Halbbrüder betrachtet ſahen, konnten bei Aufſtellung eines ſolchen Symbols nicht gleichgültig bleiben, durch welches ſie von allem, was ächtlutheriſch ſeyn ſollte, ſo merklich ausgeſchieden wurden. Melanchthons war offenbar in der neuen ſymboliſchen Schrift zu wenig gedacht, ſollten ſeine Schüler über den Undank nicht trauren, den dieſer große Mann, noch eh er zwanzig Jahre lang todt war, von eiferſüchtigen Schülern Luthers erfahren mußte? Wie manche Gemeine würde wohl nie ganz zur reformirten Partie übergetretten ſeyn, wenn man nicht alle Melanchthoniſche Neutralität zum Verbrechen gemacht hätte. Politiſche Eiferſucht der proteſtantiſchen Höfe unter einander gab vielleicht den Theologen in andern Ländern die nächſte Veranlaſſung, ſich dafür zu rächen, daß bey der letzten Reviſion ihre Erinnerungen nicht befolgt, zu der Ausfertigung ſelbſt ihre Gegenwart nicht erbeten wurde. Und immer gieng es doch noch in Teutſchland am beſten. In Dänemark wurde dieſes neue ſymboliſche Buch als verbotenes Buch behandelt, und noch weniger wollte die kluge Königin Eliſabeth in England davon wiſſen, ſo wenig ſie auch ſonſt die Genfiſche Partie liebte.

Der Hiſtoriker bekümmert ſich nicht um die Richtigkeit der in dieſem Buch feinbeſtimmten Sätze, aber die Bemerkung kann ihm nicht entgehen, daß nach der Entſtehung allzugenaubeſtimmender Symbole der Zuſtand einer jeden Kirche immer höchſttraurig iſt. Die Geſchichte der Lutheriſchen Kirche von den Zeiten der Concordienformel bis auf die Erſcheinung des freymüthigern Kalixtus — welche dürre unfruchtbare Wüſte iſt ſie nicht? und wie viel hat es nicht der ſo genannten reformirten Kirche genützt, daß ſie erſt ungefähr vierzig Jahre ſpäter zu einer gleich geſetzmäßigen Beſtimmung gewiſſer dogmatiſcher Hauptpunkte kam. Die nachfolgende Geſchichte derſelben kann in der Parallele mit der bisher erzählten Geſchichte der Lutheriſchen Kirche zu manchen ähnlichen Bemerkungen Veranlaſſung geben.

Johann Baptiſt von Spix,

am 9. Februar 1781 zu Höchſtädt an der Aiſch geboren, ſtudirte zu Bamberg und Würzburg erſt Theologie, dann Medicin, und machte im Auftrage der Regierung eine wiſſenſchaftliche Reiſe nach Frankreich, Italien und die Schweiz. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr ward er Adjunct an der Akademie, 1811 Conſervator des zoologiſchen Muſeums und 1813 wirkliches Mitglied der Akademie. Vom Jahre 1817—20 bereiſte er mit dem Doctor von Martius Braſilien; er hat die Titel eines Doctors der Philoſophie und Ritters des königlich baierſchen Civilverdienſtordens.

Er gab heraus:

Geſchichte und Beurtheilung aller Syſteme in der Zoologie. Nürnberg, 1811.

Braſilien in ſeiner Entwicklung ſeit der Entſtehung bis auf unſere Zeit. München, 1822.

Mit K. P. F. von Martius: Reiſe in Braſilien. München, 1823—1828. 2 Thle.

S. erhöht ſeine Verdienſte um Länder- und Naturkunde noch ganz beſonders dadurch, daß er alle vorzutragenden Gegenſtände mit großer Eleganz und Anmuth zu behandeln verſteht, und ſo ſeinen ſämmtlichen Leiſtungen nicht blos einen wiſſenſchaftlichen, ſondern auch ausgezeichnet künſtleriſchen Reiz zu verleihen weiß.

Johann Spreng,

1525 zu Augsburg geboren, lebte als Magiſter der Philoſophie und kaiſerlicher geſchworner Notarius zu Augsburg, woſelbſt er im Jahre 1601 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Homer's Ilias, in Reimen überſetzt. Augsburg, 1610 und 1630.
Virgils Aeneis. Augsburg, 1610.
Ovids Verwandlungen. Augsburg, 1571.

S. war einer der erſten deutſchen Ueberſetzer, und deshalb nicht unverdienſtlich, doch behandelte er die Originale mit nicht geringerer Freiheit als die Form, die er ihnen im Deutſchen gab, und welche nur aus gereimten Knittelverſen beſteht, wie ſie von den Meiſterſingern bei epiſchen Darſtellungen überhaupt gebraucht wurden.

Johann Jakob Spreng,

am 31. December 1699 zu Baſel geboren, lebte zuerſt als Prediger zu Ludweiler im Naſſauiſchen, dann ſeit 1743 als Magiſter der Philoſophie und Profeſſor der griechiſchen Sprache, der deutſchen Poeſie und Beredſamkeit zu Baſel, wo er am 24. Mai 1768 ſtarb. Von ihm erſchien:

Geiſtliche und weltliche Gedichte. Zürich, 1749.
Ueberſetzung der Pſalmen Davids auf die gewöhnlichen Melodien. Bernburg, 1766.

Ein fleißiger aber nicht eben talentvoller Mann, der ſich der Bodmer'ſchen Partei anſchloß, und am glücklichſten in religiöſen Liedern war.

Kurt Sprengel,

ward am 31. Auguſt 1766 zu Boldekow in Pommern geboren, von ſeinem Vater, einem Prediger, erzogen, wirkte, ohne alle eigentliche Schulbildung, in mehrern Häuſern als Hofmeiſter, und ging 1785 nach Halle, um Theologie zu ſtudiren. Doch vertauſchte er dies Studium bald mit dem der Medicin und wurde Doctor erſt der Philoſophie, dann in ſeiner Facultät. 1789 erhielt er eine außerordentliche, 1795 eine ordentliche Profeſſur und 1797 eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Botanik mit dem Titel eines preußiſchen Medicinalraths. Er ſtarb im Jahre 1833. Der preußiſche Adlerorden und der ſchwediſche Nordſternorden waren die Zeichen fürſtlicher Gunſt, die ihm zu Theil geworden.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Verſuch einer pragmatiſchen Geſchichte der Arzneikunde. Halle, 1792—99. 4 Thle.; 3. Ausg. Halle, 1821—28. 5 Thle.
Anleitung zur Kenntniß der Gewächſe in Briefen. Halle, 1802—4. 3 Sammlungen.
Geſchichte der Chirurgie. Halle, 1805; 1. Theil. Zweiter, von Wilhelm S., dem Sohn. Halle, 1819.
Geſchichte der Botanik. Altenburg und Leipzig, 1817—18. 2 Thle.

Eine überaus ſorgſame und edle Behandlung des Stoffes in der Darſtellung verlieh ſeinen Leiſtungen neben ihrem hohen wiſſenſchaftlichen auch noch einen wahrhaft äſthetiſchen Werth und erhob namentlich ſeine treffliche Geſchichte der Heilkunde zu einem claſſiſchen Werke, welches faſt in alle europäiſchen Sprachen übertragen wurde.

Matthias Chriſtian Sprengel,

am 24. Auguſt 1746 zu Roſtock geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen, wo er ſich unter Schlözers Einfluß zum Hiſtoriker bildete und 1778 außerordentlicher Profeſſor ward. 1779 folgte er dem Rufe nach Halle, wo er als Doctor der Philoſophie, ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte und Bibliothekar wirkte und am 7. Januar 1803 ſtarb.

Er veröffentlichte:

Geſchichte der Europäer in Nordamerika. Halle, 1782. 1. Thl.
Geſchichte der wichtigſten geographiſchen Entdeckungen. Halle, 1783; 2. Aufl. 1792.
Geſchichte von Großbritannien und Irland. Halle, 1783.
Geſchichte der Maratten. Halle, 1785.
Geſchichte der indiſchen Staatsveränderungen von 1756—83. Leipzig, 1788. 2 Thle.

Mit J. R. Forſter:

Beiträge zur Länder- und Völkerkunde. Leipzig, 1781—90. 14 Thle.

Mit G. Forſter:

Neue Beiträge. Leipzig, 1790—93. 13 Thle.
Auswahl der beſten ausländiſchen ſtatiſtiſchen und geographiſchen Nachrichten. Halle, 1794 bis 1800. 14 Thle.
Bibliothek der neueſten und wichtigſten Reiſebeſchreibungen. Weimar, 1800—2. 7 Thle.

Einer der beſten Schüler Schlözers, ſuchte S. in Allem ſeinem großen Lehrer nachzuahmen und zeichnete ſich durch gründlichen Fleiß, Scharfſinn und reiche Kenntniſſe ſehr vortheilhaft aus; leider blieben ſeine gediegenſten Leiſtungen unvollendet.

Paul von Spretten (Speratus),

am 13. December 1484 in Schwaben geboren, ſuchte in Paris und Italien ſeine Ausbildung, geſellte ſich aber nach ſeiner Heimkehr zu Luthers treueſten Freunden und Vertheidigern der Reformation, deren eifriger Apoſtel er für Preußen wurde, nachdem er aus der Gefangenſchaft des Biſchofs von Olmütz war entlaſſen worden. Er lebte als Doctor der Theologie, herzoglich preußiſcher Hofprediger und Biſchof zu Liebmühl im pomeſaniſchen Kreiſe, und ſtarb am 17. September 1554.

Fünf geiſtliche Lieder werden auf ihn zurückgeführt,

(S. die dritte Ausgabe von Luthers geiſtlichen Liedern, Wittenberg, 1525, in der ſie enthalten ſind),

die ſich durch echte Frömmigkeit und Kraft auszeichnen.

Anton Matthias Sprickmann

ward am 1. September 1749 zu Münſter geboren, lebte zuerſt ſeit 1774 als kurcölniſcher Regierungsrath, ſeit 1779 auch als Profeſſor der Rechte zu Münſter. 1791 ward er daſelbſt zum Hofrath und Lehnscommiſſär ernannt, und trat 1803 als Regierungsrath in den Oberappellationsſenat, 1811 ins Tribunal. 1814 wurde er als ordentlicher Profeſſor nach Breslau berufen, und lebte endlich ſeit 1817 als Doctor und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte, wie auch Ritter des rothen Adlerordens dritter Claſſe zu Berlin, woſelbſt er 1827 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Die natürliche Tochter, Luſtſpiel. Münſter, 1774.
Der Tempel der Dankbarkeit. Leipzig, 1775. (Vorſpiel.)
Eulalia, Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1777.
Der Schmuck, Luſtſpiel. Münſter, 1780.
Der Dialog zur Operette: Die Wilddiebe (von W. Kühle). Münſter, 1774.
Maureriſche Reden. Lingen, 1791.
Gedichte in Almanachen, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

S. ſchloß ſich in ſeiner Jugend dem Göttinger Dichterbunde an und zeichnete ſich in höherem Alter als einer der vorzüglichſten Lehrer des deutſchen Staatsrechtes aus. Als Dichter ſuchte er vorzüglich im bürgerlichen Drama Leſſing nachzuahmen, und es gelang ihm beſonders in ſeinem Trauerſpiele Eulalia, das früher gern und oft auf der Bühne geſehen wurde, ſeinem Vorbilde ſehr nahe zu kommen. Den Beweis möge folgendes Bruchſtück liefern.

Aus Sprickmann's Eulalia.

Vierter Aufzug.

Scene: Ein Saal im Schloſſe in der Stadt.

Erſter Auftritt.

Herzog, Marquis (ankommend.)

Marquis. Willkommen hier, gnädiger Herr, auf der Wahlſtätte, wo Sie ſiegen ſollen!

Herzog. Das Siegeslied ſingen Sie mir nun ſchon ſo lange; aber —

Marquis. Haben Sie mir nicht den ganzen Angriff überlaſſen; und wenn ich Ihnen denn nun mit meinem Kopfe dafür ſtehe?

Herzog. Nein, auch das nicht; wenn man ein bischen Prahlens gewohnt iſt, und dann ſelbſt doch nicht einſieht, wie das kommen müßte, ſo beruhigt auch das nicht.

Marquis. Aber warum ſollten Sie's ſelbſt nicht einſehen? Hab' ich Ihnen nicht meinen Plan vorgelegt, und meine Waffen? die nun ſchnell wie der Blitz alle nach einander, ſie muß, ſie ſoll nicht zu Athem kommen! (ſieht nach der Uhr) — 8 Uhr! wie geſagt, mit meinem Kopfe, wenn Sie nicht um Mitternacht da ſtehen, berauſcht in aller Wonne der Liebe, und im ſchwindelnden Mistrauen auf Ihr eigenes Gefühl, und doch in der innigſten trunkenſten Gewißheit: aber nun, denk' ich, ziehen Sie ſich zurück; man weiß unſre Ankunft, und man wird Sie beſtürmen.

Herzog. Gerne, gerne, es iſt mir ohnehin, als ob alle Welt auf mir läge! mein Herz pocht, pocht —

Marquis. O der kleine ungeſtüme Zager pocht gleich ängſtlich beim Uebermaße des Glücks, wie des Unglücks! — Aber noch eins! So platoniſch, wie Sie der Gräfin begegnet ſind, könnte ſie leicht d'rauf fallen, ein ausdrückliches Zeugniß von Ihnen hören zu wollen, wenn ich ihr nun ſagen werde, daß es doch ſo gar geiſtig nicht gemeint war; und doch — ſich ſehen zu laſſen — Sie ſagen ja ſelbſt, daß Sie das nicht dürfen. Ein Brief, denk' ich, geben Sie, gnädiger Herr! ſchaffen Sie ſich die Bilder all des Glücks in ihren Armen zur Anſchauung, und dann das warme entgegenglühende Herz aufs Papier hin!

Herzog. Auch das!

Marquis. Und noch das wichtigſte! wenn der erſte Angriff fehlſchlägt — der zweite heißt Wahl zwiſchen Ergebung oder Tod! und daß ſie auch da Ernſt ſehe, ein Todesurtheil wider den Grafen!

Herzog. Was?

Marquis. Nur zum Schein, verſteht ſich!

Herzog. Ha, ſpielen mit Todesurtheilen?

Marquis. Spielen? ja, das eigentliche Wort, geſpielt iſt geſpielt, und wenn kein ander Mittel iſt —

Herzog. Und wenn denn auch dieſes fehlſchlägt?

Marquis. Gewiß nicht.

Herzog. Aber wenn nun? ſo werd' ich auch wohl — nur zum Schein — vollziehen ſollen? Denn nicht wahr, auch das wäre geſpielt? ob mit Würfeln oder Schwerdtern — Kleinigkeit!

Marquis. Gnädiger Herr! Sie verſprachen mir ſo unumſchränkt —

Herzog. Bei Gott! wenn ich Ihnen das verſprach, Blut — Blut des Unſchuldigen —

Marquis. Will ich denn Blut? Setzen Sie den Fall möglich, den ich unmöglich glaube, nicht glaube, weiß, weiß wie das Wiſſen meines Daſeins — daß das fehlſchlagen könnte, iſt nicht Gnade und Vollziehung, beides in ihren eigenen Händen? Noch mehr, wenn ich mit einem Wörtchen Sie dann reize, ſo ſteh' mein Leben für das Leben des Grafen!

Herzog. Ich will's überdenken! ach Marquis, wenn Sie auch Wort halten mit all dem Prahlen von Siege, wie's dem guten menſchenfreundlichen Feldherrn ſein muß, wenn er durch Blut watet zum theuer erkauften Lorbeer, das fühl ich alles, alles zum Voraus! (ab.)

Zweiter Auftritt.

Marquis (allein.)

Und wie's ihm ſein muß, wenn er den Feind, den Gefürchteten, den Stolzen, da entwaffnet in der Mitte hat, ſein ſpotten kann, und dann in die Trompete ſtoßen zur Vertilgung, ha, da fühl' ich ſo ſanft, ſo ſelig! Aber zur That! Ueberdenken muß ich doch noch ein Mal den ſchönen herrlichen Plan! o ich weide mich daran ſo ſatt, und doch nie geſättiget! Da ſteht meine erſte Schanze, ſo eine große, drohende! — Eiferſucht! ob das liebe kleine Herzchen auch für dich wohl Raum hat? Schwerlich; iſt's doch ſo voll, ſo voll Liebe! — Nun aber dann die zweite: Wahl zwiſchen Ergebung oder Tod; das muß wirken und durch[illegible]n, gewiß, gewiß! — Doch wenn auch die ſchon erſtiegen; ſieh guter Herzog, das weißt du ſelbſt noch nicht: geſpielt iſt geſpielt; aber das Spiel kann Ernſt werden; und bring' ich es nicht dahin, daß du es ſelbſt ſo umkehrſt, — ha ich müßte dich nicht kennen!

Dritter Auftritt.

Gräfin, Marquis.

Gräfin (äußerſt niedergeſchlagen.) Der Herzog iſt zurück, lieber Marquis!

Marquis. Ja, liebe Gräfin! will und kann aber niemand ſprechen.

Gräfin. So Marquis! laſſen Sie uns Freunde ſein! o ich hab' Ihnen vieles abzubitten, wenn Sie ein rechtſchaffner Mann ſind!

Marquis. Das dacht' ich immer, daß die Zeit kommen müßte, wo Sie einſehen würden, mich verkannt zu haben. Aber, Gräfin, das iſt meine Art ſo, ich überlaſſe das der Zeit, was andre ſo lange von ſich ſelbſt auspoſaunen, bis man anfängt ihnen zu glauben. Doch das läßt ſich ja alles noch einbringen, liebe Gräfin, wenn Sie mich würdigen wollten, Ihr Freund, Ihr Rathgeber zu ſein! Ihre Lage iſt kritiſch, und Sie brauchen beides. Der Herzog muß durch alles, was ſeinem Herzen werth iſt, zugleich beſtürmt werden, oder ſein Zorn, fürcht' ich —

Gräfin. Ich höre immer von ſeinem Zorne, und die Beweiſe davon ſind ſo ſchrecklich; aber warum? was hat der Graf verſchuldet?

Marquis. Verſchuldet? Hochverrath!

Gräfin. Gott, und alle Heiligen!

Marquis. Und das wäre Ihnen noch ein Geheimniß?

Gräfin. Wie ſollt' es nicht?

Marquis. Die Geſchäfte bei dem Vater der Herzogin waren abgemacht, und der Herzog ſchickte dem Grafen geheime Ordre, unverzüglich in Angelegenheiten von der äußerſten Wichtigkeit nach Wien zu reiſen —

Gräfin. Geheime Ordre?

Marquis. Um die nur ich wußte.

Gräfin. Nach Wien? unverzüglich?

Marquis. Und er verachtet ſie, und kommt zurück.

Gräfin. Unverzüglich? geheim? und mir, auch mir kein Wort davon? Ha, ich ſehe, ich ſehe! Schrecklich! ſchreckliches Licht, wie das bischen vom Blitz in der Sturmnacht! — Ha, wenn das wäre, was ich ihm nicht glauben wollte? Daß doch — doch ſo wäre! Unverzüglich, Marquis? daß ſchon der Umweg von den Paar Meilen hieher, der kleine Flug der Liebe zu ſeinem armen Weibe, die kleine Stunde eines ſo langen, langen Abſchiedes Hochverrath wäre?

Marquis. Wenn ſie dieſe Angelegenheiten kennten —

Gräfin. O bewahre mich Gott, und alle Engel des Himmels davor! ich möchte ſchon — möchte ſchon jetzt, da ich ſie nur zu errathen fürchte —

Marquis. Aber freilich, wenn's blos das wäre; aber das entſetzlichſte —

Gräfin. Nein, nein, das entſetzlichſte wäre das?

Marquis. Urtheilen Sie ſelbſt; die Abreiſe, die Trennung der Herzogin —

Gräfin. Trennung?

Marquis. Was Sie bald hören werden, förmliche völlige Trennung!

Gräfin. Immer entſetzlicher!

Marquis. — iſt ſein Werk!

Gräfin. Lüge, Lüge! Gut, Marquis, daß ich Sie da ertappe, ſo kann doch auch das andere noch erlogen ſein! Sein Werk? — Ha ſchändlich! Sagten Sie das meinige, ſo hätt' es Schein; Unbeſonnenheit, unvorſichtige Theilnehmung, verführeriſche Schwärmerei, als wenn der Herzog zu beſſern wäre, und durch mich — ſo was könnt' ich mir vorwerfen, wie ich das nun auch ſchon faſt wie meiner Sünden ſündlichſte bereue, und doch wär's, hoff' ich, von ihrer Seite undankbarer als von der meinigen unbeſonnen. Aber Er!

Marquis. Und wenn ich nun hinzufüge, als den Grund von alle dem ein langes geheimes Verſtändniß des Grafen —

Gräfin. Des Grafen?

Marquis. Mit der Herzogin.

Gräfin. Teufel du!

Marquis. Ich verzeih' Ihnen das; mit dem Bewußtſein all Ihrer Liebe für den Unwürdigen, und all ſeiner Verſtellung, können Sie ſich das nicht denken; es ſollte ſich auch nicht denken laſſen: ſo über alles, was das Glück einem Sterblichen geben kann, in Ihren Armen glücklich, und dann doch —

Gräfin. Ha, mir graut hier! — ſo allein — allein hier mit — mit — ja der biſt du, den ich dich nannte, aller verworfenen Geiſter verworfenſter! Von mir — von mir!

Marquis. Aber doch immer, dächt' ich, der Mühe werth, mich auszuhören; ich verſpreche Beweiſe.

Gräfin. Beweiſe?

Marquis. Unwiderſprechliche! — Sehen Sie hier! Eigenhändige!

Gräfin. Von Brünow? her! (Sie lieſt.)

Marquis. An die Herzogin: ſie war aber ſchon abgereiſt.

Gräfin. Gott!

Marquis. Nun? kein Verſtändniß? keine Vorbereitung dieſer Trennung? kein Trotz?

Gräfin. — aber nein, nein: aber man muß es mit euren Augen leſen.

Marquis. Es wird ſich zeigen. Die Räthe ſind beim Herzog verſammelt.. ich fürchte zum Urtheil über ihn.. — ich fürchte!

Gräfin. Ha, ihr Sklaven! ja wenn er dem Herzog im Wege iſt, wer von Euch, wer von Euch allen läßt ſich nicht den Spiegel ſchieben, wie der Herzog will, zuſehen, was Er will, und beträf's ſein eigenes Weib und Kind! Aber wo ſind ſie? wo ſind ſie! Ich will hineintreten zu ihnen, will — will's ihnen ſagen, daß ſie's tief in der Seele fühlen ſollen, noch im öffentlichen Gerichte Gottes, wo's auch über ſie gehen wird, daß ſie feile Augen und Hände haben, zu verdammen, und zu tödten! Der Graf — und wie das? das ſagen Sie mir? Geh'n Sie, peinigen Sie ihm, wenn Sie können, Geſtändniß und Schwur darüber ab, Schwur in meinem Angeſicht, und ich will eher glauben, daß er Gott —

Marquis. Mäßigen Sie ſich, faſſen Sie ſich, Liebe!

Gräfin. Ha, wer ſagt das?

Marquis. Sie haben all Ihre Standhaftigkeit nöthig.

Gräfin. Nicht ſo, nicht die! aber Muth, und ich danke dir, Gott im Himmel, du haſt mir reichlich gegeben!

Marquis. Wenn Sie nur nicht ſo bald hätten vergeſſen wollen, daß wir Freunde ſein wollten!

Gräfin. So recht! zur Sünde verführet, und dann verworfen, du biſt der! du biſt der!

Marquis. Und doch ſoll mich auch das nicht abhalten. Sehen Sie, ſo ganz leiſe ins Ohr will ich Ihnen geſtehen, ich glaube von dem allen auch nichts: ſeh' es auch im Briefe nicht; aber jene — nun Herren ſeines Lebens, werden es finden, wie Sie ſagen, wenn der Herzog will, und er wird, er wird wollen!

Gräfin. Marquis!

Marquis. Bin ich nicht der Vertraute ſeines Herzens?

Gräfin. Abſcheulicher!

Marquis. Und ſo wiſſen Sie es denn! ja ſo — Sie nannten es bei'm rechten Worte: im Wege, im Wege, iſt er ihm; der Herzog —

Gräfin. Schweigen Sie! ſchweigen Sie!

Marquis. Er liebet Sie, betet ſie an, will, will Sie beſitzen!

Gräfin. Will? Will? Ha, er komme! er komme mit ſeinem Wollen! aber Kerl! du lügſt! du lügſt!

Marquis. Auch davon Beweiſe! (ab.)

Vierter Auftritt.

Gräfin (allein.)

Beweiſe? ach! und brauchte's noch bewieſen zu werden? alle Welt ſieht es, ſah es! die Herzogin, mein Vater, der Graf, alle, nur ich nicht! taumelte blind daher, als wollt' ich nicht! — als wollt' ich nicht! und ſie ſahen auch das, glaubten, mußten glauben! — o der Triumphirenden, die der Warnenden nicht hören, nicht aufgeben wollte, was Menſchenkenner unmöglich nannten! Aber auch was aufgeben? Hab' ich mich verirrt, welcher Engel würde ſich ſchämen, ſich ſo verirrt zu haben? und noch jetzt zweifle ich! Er war ſo gerührt! Dies Aufleben all ſeiner Tugend! Dies volle überſtrömende Gefühl der Schaam, der Reue! ach! wenn ich dürfte hoffen, das hoffen! — Ha er kommt! Gott über Himmel und Erde! — (in ängſtlicher Erwartung.)

Fünfter Auftritt.

Marquis, Gräfin.

Marquis. Gräfin! (giebt ihr einen Brief vom Herzog.)

Gräfin (lieſt, zittert, verſtummt, in Betäubung: faßt ſich, wirft ihm den Brief zu den Füßen: will umher: — in Verzweiflung in den Lehnſtuhl.)

Marquis. Armes Weib! Und ich muß Ihnen noch mehr ſagen; das Todesurtheil iſt unterzeichnet. Sehen Sie — (überreicht's ihr.)

Gräfin (keine Antwort .. wehrt ihn mit der Hand von ſich, fällt zurück in den Lehnſtuhl, läßt die Hände von beiden Seiten wie bei kommender Ohnmacht ſinken: eine kleine Pauſe: dann ſchlägt ſie beide Hände über dem Kopfe zuſammen mit innigſter Kraft:) Gott! Gott! (ſpringt auf) Todt?

Marquis. Gräfin, Eine Stunde Bedenkzeit! ich werde ſie hier im Vorzimmer abwarten. (ab.)

Sechſter Auftritt.

Gräfin (allein.)

Todt, todt, todt? — ſollſt bluten, ſchöner Lieblicher! verſpritzen all das warme liebekochende Blut! ſollſt da liegen, dich krümmen um's Schwerdt, und röcheln des letzten Röchelns, daß ich zur Frau dir ward! Ha nun! Ha nun! Du armer Glücklicher in deinem Weibe! mußt — mußt! ſie ſpricht's aus, ohne Gnade! — ohne Gnade! — Ha! wie ſie da zu ihm hereindringen, die Frohlockenden im Hohn der Hölle! — haſt ein ſchönes Weib, ein gar ſchönes, wie Lilien und Roſen! Haſt dir's wohl recht wohl ſein laſſen, zu fangen ihr an Blick und Lippe! aber ſieh! das Ding gefällt andern auch! mußt daran! bete für deine Sünden! — (ſie kniet.) Ach Gott! — hier! hier! (reißt den Buſenſchleier weg, liegt da, und rutſcht auf den Knieen, als wenn ſie jemanden beſchützen wollte) hier! Erſt hier, Mörder, wenn ihr Menſchen ſeid, aus Barmherzigkeit, und wenn ihr Teufel ſeid, ihr tödtet ihn ſo zwiefach! Ha! — Ha! ohne Gnade! Die Schwerdter all! — Jeſus Chriſtus! — durchs Herz! — (fällt zurück an den Lehnſtuhl.)

Siebenter Auftritt.

Marquis, Gräfin.

Marquis. Gräfin, Gräfin! was machen Sie?

Gräfin. Fort? ſchon fort? (Marquis bringt ſie in den Lehnſtuhl.) Ha Sie, d'Anvers! wo iſt Er, wo ließen ſie ihn? ich muß noch! ich muß! ich muß! das wißt ihr nicht, wie das ſo iſt, das Sterben ohn' einander, und ſterben ſoll er doch!

Marquis. Er kann ja leben, Gräfin, wenn Sie wollen!

Gräfin. Lügner! ſie haben ihn ja ermordet!

Marquis. Faſſen Sie ſich doch! Sie können ja entſcheiden! Denken Sie das! Sie, Sie ſprechen es aus über Tod und Leben!

Gräfin. Wo iſt er, wo iſt er?

Marquis. Im Gefängniß!

Gräfin. Gewiß? Gewiß?

Marquis. Sie haben noch eine Stunde zu entſcheiden!

Gräfin. So war's wohl nicht ſo, ich glaubte — eine Stunde! recht, ſo ſagten Sie, ſo ſtand's ja auch auf dem Papiere, alſo ich entſcheid' es!

Marquis. Ein Wort, und Sie retten ihn!

Gräfin. Retten? ja ja! wie Ranſolt und Lucia! Franzoſe! höre, daß du wohl deutſche Bücher geleſen! — Doch das gewiß nicht! wüßt' gewiß ſo ein Roman nicht, wenn du geleſen hätteſt, wo das Paar mit Ranſolt und Lucia! thut aber nichts: ich kann's dir mit zwei Worten ſagen: Ranſolt war der Herzog, Lucia ich, und Dommit Brunno, und das arme Weib that's, wollt' ihn retten, und als es vorüber war, war's doch zu ſpät! man hatte den Armen ihr das Liebchen rädern laſſen zum Feſte, daß ſein Geiſt hinſchweben konnte, und zwiſchen dem lieben Spektakel. So werdet ihr's auch wohl im Sinne haben!

Marquis. Gräfin!

Gräfin. Daß ich auch ſo albern frage! geh' nur, geh' nur! — geh'! (Marquis tritt zurück.) Ranſolt und Lucia! — o du Allgütiger, ein Wink deiner Gnade, daß dein ſchwaches Geſchöpf nicht falle! ich fühl' es, ich fühl' es! fühle Kraft und Muth, das zu denken, zu wählen! Dank dir, ewiger flammender Dank! es hat ſeine Schreckniſſe verloren, das Bild des Sterbenden! Dort oben bei dir iſt Verſammlung aller liebenden Gerechten in deinem Schooße, von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit! und was iſt da Tod! Der Schritt in's beſſere Brautbett! und er gehe voran! ich will ihm nachblicken, nachſchmachten, und harren dem kommenden Brautengel. Gott! dieſe himmliſche ſüße Ruh! dieſe Stärke — ! — Marquis! (er kommt näher.) Gehen Sie, ich brauche der hohen Gnade einer ganzen Stunde nicht! Gehen Sie, ſagen Sie dem Herzog, der Entſchluß iſt gefaßt!

Marquis. Und heißt! —

Gräfin. Sterben!

Marquis. Gräfin!

Gräfin. Ja, Sie mögen wohl erſtaunen: das wiſſen Sie nicht, mögen es wohl nie gefühlt haben, oder erinnern ſich's doch nicht mehr aus den frühen Tagen Ihrer Unſchuld, wie's Gott einem giebt, wenn er Stärkung vom Himmel ſchickt im Entſchluß zur Pflicht! — er ſterbe!

Marquis. Aber bedenken Sie auch, bedenken Sie —

Gräfin. Verführer!

Marquis. Nicht das blos, daß Er fällt! aber Sie, Gräfin, Sie ſelbſt —

Gräfin. Allein!

Marquis. In der Gewalt —

Gräfin. Ha ſchrecklich!

Marquis. Werden Sie am Ende doch nicht müſſen?

Gräfin. Müſſen! Du Undankbarer gegen Gott! Ein Menſch müſſen, weil ein Menſch will! Und Gott gab dir — doch es iſt wahr, nicht dir, nicht Seelen wie du biſt! Zurück, zurück! ich muß das überdenken! (Marquis tritt zurück.) Gott gab — (feierlich langſam, nachſinnend) dem leidenden Edlen — darf ich's nennen! Freiheit! Freiheit! eine Hand wider ſich ſelbſt, zu können, und Muth zu wollen, warum denn nicht auch Recht zu dürfen! zu dürfen, gegen Gewalt, die ihn zwingen will zu dem, was er nicht darf? und das werden ſie! — ſie werden machen wollen aus mir, was nicht ſein darf! — ah! — ich kann, ich will, ich darf! O immer ſüßer von oben! immer heller, wo alles Finſterniß war! Sterben zu dürfen, auch ſterben! Bluten für ihn, wie er für mich (wieder nachſinnend) Und wenn für ihn, warum — warum nicht mit ihm! — mit dir, mit dir! So Arm im Arm! Herz an Herz, Lippe an Lippe, und ſo hinauf in's beſſere Brautbett! — (ſetzt ſich.) Ich weiß nicht: ich möchte weinen: iſt's nicht Traum, oder wieder Geſichte? Mit dir, für dich! Einziger! und — und — nein: nun darf ich mir vollends nicht mehr trauen! Iſt's eine Möglichkeit! Heller, glänzender Gedanke! o wenn du werden könnteſt! Für ihn! — und ohne ihn! Tod zur Rettung ſeiner! — —Und doch warum nicht! was ſoll den Harten der Tod des Grafen, wenn ich nicht bin! Herrlich, herrlich! o ich muß in's Einſame, beten da im Angeſicht deiner Sterne, für all den Troſt, Unendlicher! — Marquis! alles iſt nun gut! gut, wie ich's wollte! wie Ihr's wolltet! Nur noch eine Weile, ſo mag der Herzog kommen.

Marquis. Gräfin!

Gräfin. Nicht wahr? das iſt herrlich? pfui, daß ich das denken konnt, ihn ſterben zu laſſen, den Beſten, Einzigen!

Marquis. Das konnten Sie nicht: ich wußte das zum Voraus.

Gräfin. Gehen Sie, ſagen Sie's dem Herzog, daß ich will!

Marquis. Und wann?

Gräfin. Wenn's nun einmal ſo iſt, die erſte Stunde die beſte! Nur ein Paar Augenblicke! denn ſehen Sie! fertig bin ich zwar mit mir, aber da iſt denn doch noch ſo allerhand! ich muß mich noch erſt recht faſſen.

Marquis. Er wird vor Freude außer ſich ſein!

Gräfin. Gewiß! aber, Marquis! noch eins: ſprechen muß ich doch den Grafen erſt noch.

Marquis. Den Grafen?

Gräfin. Nur einen kleinen Augenblick im Gefängniß!

Marquis. Ich weiß nicht —

Gräfin. Er könnte mich umholen, meinen Sie? nein, nein: hab' ich je falſch geſchworen, nur gelogen? Und ſehen Sie, die Hand auf die Bruſt, ich ſchwör's bei Gott! nur eine Stunde, ſo ſoll der Herzog mit mir ſchalten und walten, wie er will oder kann!

Marquis. Wenn's möglich iſt, was dürfen ſie jetzt nicht fodern! Er wird's kaum glauben: — und wollen Sie nicht, Gräfin — ſehen Sie, — hier nur eine kleine Zeile unter den Brief.

Gräfin. O ja, o ja! kaum kann ich: (ſie ſchreibt etwas unter den Brief des Herzogs.) Nun: ich erwarte Sie bald, recht bald. (ab.)

Achter Auftritt.

Marquis (allein.)

Ha ha ha! was das für ein Geſperre war! (lieſt, was ſie geſchrieben.) „Nur eine Stunde mich völlig zu faſſen, nur die Erlaubniß, den Grafen noch einmal zu ſehen, und es werde mit mir, was Sie wollen oder können. Eulalia." — Das ſoll nicht umſonſt geſchrieben ſein. Das Leben kann ich dir alſo nicht, Verhaßter! aber ich will dir's vergiften! Ihre eigene Hand! das muß wirken, denk' ich!

Neunter Auftritt.

Marquiſin, Marquis.

Marquis. Wie! Sie hier, Madam?

Marquiſin. Ja!

Marquis. Und wie? Sie dürfen —

Marquiſin. Alles.

Marquis. Und der Officier, dem Sie übergeben ſind? —

Marquiſin. Närrchen, ſind die nicht alle meine Kreaturen?

Marquis. In der That, Madam, Sie thäten beſſer —

Marquiſin. In dem Kämmerchen zu bleiben, wo Ihr mich einſperren möchtet? Ja, ſehen Sie, das thät' ich nun recht gerne; aber — aber im Vertrauen, Marquis! ich habe ſo große, große Projekte im Kopf, und da iſt mir das Kämmerchen ſo klein. Mit dem inneren Auge auf Pläne, Pläne von Ausdehnung von der Erde bis zu den Sternen, vom Himmel bis zur Hölle, und wenn denn das äußere Auge auch ein Mal wieder ſehen will, dann ſo auf die engen vier Mauern eingeſchränkt zu ſein, das läßt ſich nicht aushalten; frei, frei um ſich blicken zu können, iſt für die Seele halbe Arbeit.

Marquis (für ſich.) Wenn ich ſie dazu gebrauchte, den

Brief in die Hände des Grafen zu bringen? Aus Ihrer Hand kann er ihm nicht verdächtig ſein!

Marquiſin. Und dann laßt Ihr einen da ſo ganz allein; man ſieht und hört nichts; und ich liebe das Neue ſo, beſonders wenn's ſo meine Freunde betrifft.

Marquis. Ihre Freunde?

Marquiſin. Kein Mißverſtändniß! das geht nicht auf Sie, auch auf den Herzog nicht; aber ich habe noch einen Freund, den ihr in euren Hurenkommerz verwickelt habt! wiſſt's, wißt's, Graf Brünov iſt mein Freund, und da ſollt Ihr noch erſt Wunder ſehen!

Marquis. Nun: von dem Freunde kann ich Ihnen tröſtliche Nachrichten ſagen; er nahet ſich ſeiner Befreiung!

Marquiſin. Das heißt?

Marquis. In einer halben Stunde iſt die Gräfin in den Armen des Herzogs.

Marquiſin. Nimmermehr!

Marquis. Da ſehen Sie's! leſen Sie! (giebt ihr den Brief.)

Marquiſin. Ha bravo! (eilt damit ab.)

Marquis. Madam, was wollen Sie? — Hören Sie, hören Sie! (ihr nach.)

Fünfter Aufzug.

Scene: das Vorzimmer des Gefängniſſes: im Hintergrund das Gefängniß ſelbſt, mit Gegitter! Die ganze Bühne iſt dunkel, nur ein düſterbrennendes Licht im Gefängniß auf dem Tiſch: der Graf in Ketten, ſtumm, in Betäubung; nach einer kleinen Weile hört man ein ſtarkes Geraſſel mit großen Kerkerſchlüſſeln; dann tritt die Marquiſin herein.

Erſter Auftritt.

Graf, Marquiſin.

Marquiſin. Hier? hier? entſetzlich; (ſie reißt das Gegitter auf, ſieht den Grafen eine Weile an) — Graf!

Graf. Ha Sie? — Sie hätten mich nicht ſtören ſollen!

Marquiſin. Es mögen reizende Bilder ſein, die ich verjagte! — Hier, hier! ja hier muß es ſich herrlich phantaſiren laſſen! ſo ein wahrer Todtenkeller, und dann das hohe feierliche Kettengeraſſel!

Graf. Herrlich, herrlich!

Marquiſin. Aber ich ſollte ja doch Ihre Freundin ſein?

Graf. Recht; aber, gutes Weib! das muß weit, weit von hier ſein!

Marquiſin. Nun, und wenn ich Ihnen das nun anzukündigen hätte, daß das ſein kann, bald, bald!,

Graf. Was?

Marquiſin. Noch vor Mitternacht!

Graf. Was?

Marquiſin. Ja, freue dich, freue dich! Gleich zum Lohn des erſten Genuſſes! ſobald deine Frau eingeweiht iſt in meinem Bette, zur Favoritin im Serail!

Graf. (ſpringt in Wuth auf, faßt ſie heftig an der Schulter.) Weib!

Marquiſin. Aber laß das ſein: Laß ſie das Weib behalten, wir wollen zuſammen davon gehen, in der Einöden ödeſte! Zwar deine Frau kann ich dir nicht ſein, aber doch deine treue theilende Gefährtin: ſollſt ſitzen in meinem Schooß und eſſen aus meiner Hand, und ausruhen an meiner Bruſt, oder wenn du weinen willſt, was dir im Herzen brennt, will ich's einathmen, und kühlende Thränen drauf zurück gießen, die dir's lindern ſollen; und wieder, wenn du klagen willſt, und auffordern alles Gefühl, ob es gelitten habe, wie du, dann will ich dir erzählen, für jedes gräßliche deiner Leiden, noch gräßlicheres von mir ſelbſt, und ſo ſoll dir's wohler werden!

Graf. Wahnwitzige, dein Glück, daß du mir das zeigſt!

Marquiſin. Wahnwitzig! das wolle der Himmel nicht, auch bin ichs nicht; noch nicht. Sieh, ich habe noch allerhand gute Einfälle! dieſen Dolch zum Exempel! ſieh, hab' ich ihn nicht recht ſpitz gemacht? Ich ſpießte meinen Schooßhund damit, und ſchwang ihn in die Höh, daß er zappelte, daß es eine Herzensluſt war! Es iſt ſo ein Dolch für Schooßhündchen, wenn ſie aller Welt Freund werden, und nicht mehr hübſch an einem halten wollen!

Graf. Wie, wenn ich das recht verſtehe —

Marquiſin. Das mußten Sie ja wohl, denk' ich! Wir wollen unſern Bund beſchwören, ſo recht feierlich, mit Einweihung und Blutopfer! und das ſoll der! er ſoll! er ſoll — — Aber o des Kalten, der ſo leben kann, beleidigt vor Gott und der Welt! und dann ſo ohne Rache! läßt ſich ſein Weib aus den Armen reißen, und ſteht denn da, und ſieht denn da, und meditirt über aller Welt Eitelkeit! ha, du haſt deine Frau nie geliebt!

Graf. Wahnwitzige!

Marquiſin. Nein, nein! das Herz müßte dir doch aufpochen! Alles Blut kochen im Feuer, und zerreißen alle Pulsadern, alle Kräfte ſich emporarbeiten, und dann in den Arm ſich drängen zur Rache!

Graf. Ha, wenn ich Rache brauche —

Marquiſin. Das iſt's, was ich meine, daß dir das Herz das nicht ſagt, nicht ungeſtüm zudonnert: jetzt, jetzt, jetzt wird dein Weib Hure!

Graf. Du raſeſt!

Marquiſin. Und fühle mich deswegen beſſer, als du biſt. Sieh, als der Herzog den erſten geilen Blick auf ſie warf, der zerpreßte mir das Herz gleich, daß ich's wußte; denn ich liebte ihn wahrhaftig, und wenn er vollends ſo was geſchrieben hätte: „Nur eine Stunde, ſo werde aus mir, was Sie wollen."

Graf. Ha, wer ſchrieb das?

Marquiſin. Da! du Vernünftiger, Gelaſſener! (giebt ihm den Brief des Herzogs, mit den untergeſchriebenen Zeilen der Gräfin.)

Graf. Eulalia! Eulalia! — Weib, deinen Dolch!

Marquiſin. Recht ſo, recht ſo! Sieh ich habe auch noch einen für dich! Sieh! den!

Graf. (nimmt den Dolch, ſchwingt ihn.) Biſt ein herrliches Weib!

Marquiſin. Und du ſo ein Mann. Haſt eine ſo ſchöne männliche, deutſche Fauſt! aber ſieh her! die ſoll's auch ſchon mit ausmachen helfen! aber gieb, gieb! ſie will noch erſt herkommen.

Graf. Gut, gut!

Marquiſin. Und da würdeſt du ſie hier tödten.

Graf. Spießen, emporſchwingen! Weib, das gefiel mir!

Marquiſin. So ſpiel' ich nur mit Schooßhündchen! aber mit Menſchen, mit Boshaften aus freier Wahl, was iſt das bischen tödten! Da muß es beſſer kommen; und ich hab's gefunden das beſſere. Sieh her! Sollſt ſie in ſeinen Armen ſehen, und dann, dann —

Graf. Ja, das wäre, aber wie könnte das —

Marquiſin. In ſeinen Armen, und dann ſo beide auf beide hinein!

Graf. Hu! das ſollte!

Marquiſin. Sollte nicht, ſoll! Sieh ich habe mich arm darum gemacht, habe nichts mehr, als wie du mich hier ſiehſt, habe alles den Feilen hingegeben, die uns bewachen ſollten, und ſie haben mir beide den Herzog verkauft.

Graf. Du biſt klug, wie ich mir's kaum träumen ließ.

Marquiſin. Nicht wahr? o ſollſt ſchon noch ſehen! ich bin dir ein recht herrliches Weib! — aber mich dünkt ich höre kommen! — her, her! mich muß ſie hier nicht finden! ſo bald es Zeit iſt, hol' ich dich ab! Ha! zur Rache! zur Rache! (ab.)

Zweiter Auftritt.

Graf (allein.)

Das ſoll! das ſoll! (er ſchwingt die Hand, als ob er noch einen Dolch hätte.)

Dritter Auftritt.

Gräfin, Graf.

Gräfin. Brünov!

Graf. Sie iſt's! (läuft in's Gefängniß zurück, und ſchlägt die Thür hinter ſich zu.)

Gräfin (will ihm folgen.) Brünov!

Graf. Fort! fort!

Gräfin. Brünov! Wie? Deine Eulalia!

Graf. Menſch! fort!

Gräfin. Ach Gott! was iſt das? Laß mich Brünov! nur ein einziger, einziger Blick! es ſoll der letzte ſein! ich will ſterben!

Graf. Ja, ja!

Gräfin. Mann, meiner Seele! was iſt das?

Graf. Beſtie!

Gräfin (kniet vor dem Gitter hin.) Ach, Brünov! ſieh, hier lieg' ich und flehe! verſtoße mich nicht! Nimm mich auf! nur noch einmal an deine Bruſt, daß dieſes Herz an dem deinigen ſchlage! Meine Seele glüht auf meinen Lippen zur letzten, letzten Vereinigung! zum letzten Abſchied, bis zum Wiederfinden im Schooße des Ewigen!

Graf. Entſetzlich!

Gräfin. Brünov! Um Gottes Barmherzigkeit willen! um der Tage unſrer Liebe, komm, komm!

Graf. Fort!

Gräfin. Du wirſt es bereuen, du wirſt es bereuen! ich will ſterben; kannſt du ſo mich hinſcheiden laſſen, deine Eulalia! dein liebendes, keuſches Weib!

Graf. Ha, du! (ſpringt wüthend heraus.) Kreatur!

Gräfin (fällt ihm zu Füßen, faßt ſeine Knie.) Nein, nein: nicht fort! ich kann, ich darf dich nicht laſſen! du würdeſt dir's ſelbſt nicht verzeihen! Brünov, Brünov! ich will ſterben! nur den letzten, letzten Kuß der Liebe! du über alles — über — über meine Seele Geliebter!

Graf. Hure, Hure! (ſtößt ſie mit dem Fuße, ſie fällt zurück in Ohnmacht) (wüthend) Du, du, du! — (betrachtet ſie eine Weile; in ſanfterem Tone:) Du! — (noch eine kleine Pauſe; mit Wehmuth) Du! Du! — den letzten Kuß! ach Gott! wenn du ſie jetzt nehmen wollteſt, jetzt, jetzt, da es noch Zeit iſt! Noch liegſt du da, rein, und unbefleckt, ſchönes, ſüßes Meiſterſtück des Schaffenden! noch nicht verunſtaltet zum Teufel! Nun, darf ich, darf ich dich noch küſſen! (kniet neben ihr hin.) Noch ſind dieſe Lippen unentweiht! Aber du darfſt es nicht wiſſen; deine Seele iſt es nicht mehr! (küßt ſie) den letzten — den letzten! — Und darin alles, was du mir warſt, all den Himmel deiner Liebe! den letzten? nein, nicht den letzten! wenn du nun abgeblutet haſt die Flecken deiner Seele: wenn ſie dann emporſteigt, rein in Blut und Reue, wie dieſer Engelkörper! — dann laß ſie verweilen auf dieſen Lippen, (küßt ſie) dieſen — dieſen Lippen! und das ſei der letzte! — Holla! Wache! (Wache kommt) Schleppt ſie fort! (Man ſetzt ſie auf einen Seſſel und trägt ſie fort.) Ach Eulalia, Eulalia! (küßt ſie noch ein Mal.) (Eulalia ab.)

Graf (allein.) Wohin? wohin? Weib! daß du mir den Dolch nicht ließeſt! es wäre hier beſſer geweſen. — Gott! daß das das Ende ſein ſollte, all, all der Liebe! Eulalia! Eulalia! was that ich dir, Unmenſchliche! was that ich dir, daß du mich zwingen mußteſt, zu treten mit dir ins Gericht, dein Herz zu durchbohren, und dieſes zehnfach, tauſendfach in dem Deinigen!

Vierter Auftritt.

Marquiſin, Graf.

Marquiſin. Da geweſen?

Graf. Ja!

Marquiſin. Und nun?

Graf. Entſchloſſen! (ſinnt nach) entſchloſſen!

Marquiſin. Da! (giebt ihm den Dolch) Deine Hand! und nun fühle, fühle, was wir wollen! Morden? wer kann das nicht? aber ich! morden in der Stunde. — Ha, mir ſchwindelt! — Morden in der Stunde der Sünde! Morden Leib und Seele! — Leib und Seele!

Graf. Weib!

Marquiſin. Fort! fort!

Fünfter Auftritt.

Scene: Das Schlafgemach der Gräfin, ſie ſitzt auf dem Bette. Der Raum, wo das Vorzimmer des Kerkers und der Kerker ſelbſt waren; wird das Vorzimmer der Gräfin.

Gräfin, Marquis; einige Weiber um ſie beſchäftigt.

Gräfin. Laßt mich, laßt mich, Lieben! es iſt alles wieder gut. Geht, geht. (Sie gehen ab. Die Gräfin kommt mit dem Marquis heraus.)

Marquis. Dacht ich's nicht zum Voraus?

Gräfin. Eine kleine Ohnmacht, was will das ſagen?

Marquis. Und nun?

Gräfin. Ja nun, der Herzog komme!

Marquis. O Gräfin! (küßt ihr die Hand.) (Ab.)

Sechster Auftritt.

Gräfin (allein.)

Gräfin. Das war bitter, bitter! aber auch billig. Hienieden ſoll nichts ohne Bitterkeit ſein, auch die ſüße, ſüße Schale des Todes nicht! Ich murre nicht, Allgütiger, der du mich ſo unſanft rufſt! Aber doch dieſen Abſchied, dieſes letzte Ausweinen all meines Gefühls in ſeinem Schooße, hätteſt du es mir geben wollen — doch, was wäre auch dann dieſes Opfer geweſen! Schmerzlich, ſchmerzlich ſoll' es ſein, und ich nehm' es an, wie du es mir darreichſt! (ſie zieht eine Flaſche mit Gift hervor.) Du, du! (gießt das Gift in ein Glas Waſſer.) Brünov! Brünov! — noch wär' es Zeit! aber ſie eilt dahin! Ach, ſo lebe wohl! lebe wohl! — Und daß du das nicht hörſt! in Kummer Verzweiflung, Verzweiflung über mich, mich, da ſitzeſt! mich liebſt, und kämpfeſt mit dir ſelbſt, mich nicht zu lieben! — Doch, auch das wird ja aufhören! zum letzten Male dann (wirft die Kammerthüre auf): o du ſtilles, ſchönes Gemach der Liebe, ſo oft den trunknen Liebenden ein Himmel! hier hier! — Heiliges Bett der Ehe, hier hier, (ſetzt ſich auf's Bett) wenn er nun kommt, hier mich wiederfindet, und ſieht die Eingeweihte dem Tode der Liebe! wie er daſtehn wird in ſchrecklicher Betäubung! Gott, Gott, Allmächtiger, dem ich komme! — Doch nein, das will ich erflehen an der Stufe deines Thrones dort oben! Hier nur das: Laß den Uebergang der Sterbenden ſanft ſein! und nun! — (will trinken, kann nicht) nun! — Gott! als wenn Himmel und Erde um mich her ſchrien: noch iſt's Zeit! (ſie kommt heraus) ich kann nicht! entſetzlich! ich kann nicht!

Siebenter Auftritt.

Herzog, Gräfin.

Gräfin. Da iſt er! (ſetzt das Gift hin.)

Herzog. Ach Eulalia! ſo iſt es denn wahr?

Gräfin (beſchämt, fällt ihm zu Füßen.) Ach, noch iſt's, noch iſt's Zeit!

Herzog. Wie? meine Liebe?

Gräfin. Sehen Sie all die Heiligthümer der Liebe! ſehen Sie! ſehen Sie!

Herzog. Noch Thränen? noch Sperrung? und Sie ließen mich glauben —

Gräfin. O das Weib! geängſtigt in allem Gefühle für den Liebling ihrer Seele!

Herzog. Das heißt Spotten!

Gräfin. Hier mitten unter all den tauſend und tauſend Schwüren, das alles entweihen, entheiligen! — Laſſen Sie, laſſen Sie mein Winſeln und Jammern an Ihr Herz bringen, um Ihrer eignen Seele willen!

Herzog. Ich höre das nicht! Sehe nur die Reize alle, in jeder Thräne neue Schönheit, in jeder neuen Schönheit neue Liebe, mein ganzes Sein nur Sinn zur Liebe!

Gräfin. Grauſamer Mann! wer hätte das gedacht, als ich oft einſam um Sie weinte zu Gott!

Herzog. Nicht dieſe Bilder, Eulalia! Denken Sie meine Liebe, meine unnachfühlbare Liebe! kommen Sie, kommen Sie in dieſe Arme!

Gräfin. Und ich höre das? Noch ein Mal, noch ein Mal! O Sie glauben doch, daß ein Gott iſt, der auf uns herab ſieht! Gott, hier und in ſeinem Angeſichte —

Herzog. Nein, Gräfin, Sie ſollen mich nicht weich machen, Sie wiſſen die Bedingung und ich fordre —

Gräfin (zu ſeinen Füßen.) Herzog! Erbarmung! Erbarmung!

Herzog. Kommen Sie, kommen Sie!

Gräfin. Bei dem Schöpfer Himmels und der Erde! bei dem Erlöſer und Richter an jenem Tage! Erbarmung! Erbarmung! Erbarmung!

Herzog. Ich laſſe vollſtrecken —

Gräfin. Entſetzlich! entſetzlich! nein, nein! ſo komm!

Herzog. Ach Eulalia!

Gräfin. Nur dieſes Glas Waſſer zur Faſſung! (trinkt) Brünov! Gott! du ſiehſt es! keine Rettung! Brünov! (eine kleine Pauſe) — (mit Ruhe und Kälte.) Nun, Herzog! das war Gift!

Herzog. Was?

Gräfin. Nun komm! Grauſamer, Unerbittlicher! — ſchon wüthet es! nun? zeigt dich's nicht mehr? — wie er nun daſteht!

Herzog. Gütiger Himmel! nein, nein: Eulalia! — ein Vorwand! —

Gräfin. Wirſt es ſehen! o, ſchon fühl ich's! (ihre Kräfte ſind erſchöpft, ſie ſetzt ſich in den Lehnſtuhl.) Gott, wie mir wird!

Herzog. O laß es ſein! laß es ein täuſchender Vorwand ſein! ich will aufgeben! Engel — ich will —

Gräfin. Zu ſpät!

Herzog. Barmherziger Gott — — (läuft wie unſinnig herum, ringt die Hände — eine kleine Stille, die plötzlich durch ein Lärmen im Nebenzimmer unterbrochen wird.)

Achter Auftritt.

Marquis, Marquiſin, Graf, Wache, die Vorigen.

Marquis (noch inwendig.) Faßt ſie an! faßt ſie!

Marquiſin (bricht herein, der Graf ihr nach.)

Gräfin. Brünov!

Marquiſin. (die Wache hat den Grafen gefaßt; hält ihn mit Gewalt zurück.) Ha, Feiger! läßt dich halten, und haſt Waffen, den ſchönen ſpitzigen Dolch! — her! (ſie reißt ihm den Dolch aus der Hand, und ſo die Hände in die Höh', in der der einen Dolch, Haar und Kleider in Unordnung, in äußerſter Wuth heraus:) Leib und Seele! Leib und Seele! (die Wache ſchleppt den Grafen mit Gewalt ab.)

Marquis (faßt ſie von hinten beim Haar.) Weib!

Marquiſin. Ha! wer faßt mich? voran! (will ihn durchſtoßen, er faßt ſie bei den Schultern; die Wache hält ſie mit Gewalt feſt, entwaffnet ſie.)

Gräfin. Gott im Himmel!

Marquiſin. Meinen Dolch! meinen Dolch! Hu — Hu! (brüllt vor Wuth.) Teufel! Teufel! das ſollt' euch ein Feſt!

Herzog. Furie!

Marquiſin. Hu! — (windet ſich, will los.)

Marquis. Sehen Sie, gnädiger Herr!

Herzog. Ha, du! (faßt einen Dolch, zuckt ihn auf den Marquis — — wirft ihn hin.) Ha, es giebt noch Henker im Lande! faßt ihn! ins Gefängniß! ins ſchrecklichſte, das iſt! täglich ein kleines Glied von ſeinem Körper herunter, das neben ihm verfaule, bis ſeiner kein Gedanke mehr iſt, als in der Hölle!

Marquis. Gnädiger Herr!

Marquiſin. Ha! bravo! bravo! das iſt ſchon etwas!

Herzog (zum Marquis.) Fort! fort! Sieh her, was du gemacht haſt! Sie ſtirbt! Sieh her! und in jedem welkenden Reize deine Verdammung! Sie liebte mich, Abſcheulicher! der Teufel hatte dir das Gift in der Hölle gekocht! Verläumder! da liegt ſie nun, die mich liebte, und ſtirbt den heiligen Selbſtmord zur Rettung! — Gott! Gott!

Marquiſin (fährt mit äußerſtem Schrecken zuſammen; ſieht die Gräfin mit ſtarrem Auge an. Nach und nach läßt die Arbeit in Seel' und Körper bei ihr nach; die Wuth geht in Verwunderung, dieſe nach einem Blick auf ſich ſelbſt, in Reue über.)

Marquis (auf den Knien.) Denken Sie, gnädiger Herr! —

Herzog. Daß du mich retteteſt! eine Sünde mehr! fort, fort! (Marquis ab.) Ach, Eulalia! Eulalia! — (zur Wache.) Der Graf ſoll kommen, und der Kanzler!

Gräfin. Alſo in ſeinen Armen! Ach Gott! wenn's noch in ſeinen Armen ſein ſollte!

Marquiſin (mit wehmüthiger Stimme.) Laßt, laßt! (Die Wache läßt ſie los, ſie wirft ſich laut weinend vor einen Lehnſtuhl auf die Knie, den Kopf in den Lehnſtuhl.)

Herzog. Entſetzlich! entſetzlich! — (die Hände ringend) entſetzlich! wie konnteſt du, grauſames Weib? wie konnteſt du?

Marquiſin (ſpringt wieder auf; ſchlägt die Hände über'm Kopf zuſammen, — ſieht wild umher, will abgehen.)

Gräfin. Marquiſin! (ſie bleibt ſtehn, ſieht furchtſam hin.) Kommen Sie! kommen Sie! (die Marquiſin nähert ſich langſam dem Lehnſtuhl der Sterbenden.)

Gräfin (reicht ihr die Hand.) Freundin! (feierlich, nach einer kleinen Pauſe:) Gott weiß auch einen Weg für die Verirrten! (die Marquiſin reißt ihre Hand los, und eilt laut weinend ab.)

Gräfin. Herzog! Sie ſollen ihr gut begegnen! Eine Verirrte Ihrer Verführung! Laſſen Sie der Sterbenden den Gedanken, daß ſie alle ihre Sünden abbüßte!

Herzog. Grauſame! Grauſame! Marternder Engel! o hat denn dein Herz keinen Fluch, keinen einzigen anklagenden Seufzer mehr? Sieh in die Jahre, die du hätteſt leben können, in all die Liebe deines Brünov! in all den Himmel, den ich zerſtöre! Und dann fluche dem Zerſtörer und den Mitſchuldigen allen; aus Barmherzigkeit! Fluche!

Neunter Auftritt.

Der Kanzler, die Vorigen.

Kanzler. Euer Durchlaucht!

Herzog. Herein! herein! Alter! doch daß Sie zuerſt kommen, armer furchtſamer Mann! Sie werden, können ja nicht fluchen, und ich muß, muß fluchen hören!

Kanzler. Gott! meine Tochter!

Gräfin. O mein Vater!

Herzog. Sie ſtirbt! Gift, Gift!

Kanzler. Eulalia! gerechter Gott!

Herzog. Ha! und nichts als das, Alter? So höre doch, ſie ſtirbt, ſie ſtirbt! laß es doch aufbrauſen! hier ſteht der Mörder! Laß es doch! Sei Vater und fluche! der Mörder deiner Tochter kann ja doch dein Herr nicht ſein? Fluche! fluche! fluche!

Gräfin. Nein, mein Vater, Verzeihung! wie ich ihm verzeihe! Auch mir, Vater! auch mir, Ihrer Armen, die Sie [illegible] retten wollte.

Kanzler. O meine Tochter, meine Tochter!

Zehnter Auftritt.

Graf, Vorige, Wache.

Graf (hereingeſtürzt.) Ha, Wütherich! (fällt auf ihn, man hält ihn mit Gewalt zurück.)

Herzog. Laßt ihn, laßt ihn!

Gräfin. Da iſt er! ach, Brünov! Brünov!

Graf. Iſt's wahr? Gift?

Gräfin. Sagt' ich dir's nicht, daß ich ſterben wollte! und daß es nur um den Abſchiedskuß war?

Graf. Engel! Engel! und ich hörte nicht, und hatte dir's geſchworen, nicht zu glauben! — Aber wo iſt er, wo iſt er! Hund, wo biſt du; ſpießen, emporſchwingen!

Herzog. Recht ſo!

Graf. Laßt mich! Laßt mich! Ho des Wilden! haſt du nun — haſt du nun —?

Herzog. Graf! Armer! Unglücklicher! und ich habe das alles angerichtet! — ich will deiner Rache nicht entrinnen! Sie ſoll über dich kommen, in all deinem Durſte. Nur ſo lange ſie noch iſt, — ſie iſt dein! und dieſe Augenblicke, die letzten, darf ſie, darfſt du nicht verlieren. Aber ſie wird ſterben, fühle das in allen ſeinen Schreckniſſen! Sie wird ſterben! und wenn ſie todt iſt, durch mich, durch mich todt, ſo ſei der nächſte Augenblick mein; ich will deiner harren in der ganzen Wuth deines Elends! — Und du, Theure, Arme, wie ſoll ich dich nennen, Märtyrerin!

Gräfin. Hören Sie mich, und du Brünov, wenn euch die Wünſche der Sterbenden werth ſind, — ſeid Freunde.

Graf. Nie!

Gräfin. Brünov! — Doch ich will's hier nicht fodern! — Aber wenn du ausgeweint haſt — Gott wird mir das gönnen, daß ich um dich ſein kann, und wenn dann der Gedanke in dir aufſteigt, dann denke, daß deine Eulalia dir zuliſpelt, was ihr Wunſch im Sterben war. (Der Graf fällt auf die Knie neben ihr und verbirgt ſich das Geſicht.) Und Sie, Herzog, laſſen Sie es den Preis meines Todes ſein, was mich bisher geſunken hat! aber ich dacht' es nicht, daß es dahin kommen ſollte! Ihre Rettung, Ihre Rückkehr zur Tugend, Liebe der armen Vernachläſſigten, und Rechtfertigung meiner Unſchuld! Laſſen Sie's den Preis meines Todes ſein!

Herzog. Theure! — Heilige! (ab. Wache mit ihm.)

Elfter Auftritt.

Gräfin, Graf, Kanzler.

Gräfin. Und Sie, mein Vater! Es ſei an Ihnen, das Vermächtniß Ihrer Tochter auszuführen, was ſie nicht vermochte, zwar nicht vermochte, aber doch, dünkt mich, vorbereitet hat, daß es leicht ſein muß!

Kanzler. Ach meine Tochter! meine Tochter!

Gräfin. Und nun — Brünov! Du — du — du! Theurer! Einziger! (Sie nimmt ſeine beiden Hände, und drückt ſie mit Inbrunſt an ihre Bruſt.) Noch immer in der ſtummen Betäubung! Auf, deine Blicke! (Der Graf ſieht ſie an, wirft den Arm um ihren Hals und läßt den Kopf an ihren Buſen ſinken.) Sagteſt du nicht ſelbſt, dort oben! daß da uns ein zweiter Brauttag werden ſollte in reiner unbefangener Keuſchheit, wie der erſte klägliche deine Eulalia dir in die Arme gab. Sieh Brünov, oft wenn ich den Mond ſo anſah, und die Sterne all am Himmel, dachte, daß ich die nun ſchon in meiner Kindheit ſo ſah, und in allen Abwechslungen meines Lebens, mit Augen voll Thränen, und wieder voll Freude! wenn ich dachte, daß die erſten Menſchen ihn ſchon ſo ſahen, und alles was hienieden gelebt hat, ihn ſo ſah, o dann hab' ich's gefühlt, wie die innigſte Tröſtung vom Himmel, daß es mit uns nicht blos für dieſes Sterbeleben ſein kann. Auch wir werden ſo fortdauern, ſo ganz uns ſelbſt gleich, wie dieſer Mond dem Monde von Jahrtauſenden her! und was iſt da ſterben? was ſind zwanzig, dreißig klägliche Jahre? und werd' ich dich dann dort oben weniger lieben? Geh' ich aus der Schöpfung, in der du ſtehſt? ich werde da ſein, in der Ferne den Ball hier, auf dem wir uns fanden, und wo du noch wandeln ſollſt, nach mir, ſchimmern ſehn, wie der Sterne geliebteſten! werde an ihm hangen in frommer wehmüthiger Liebe! und wer weiß, was ich mir verdient habe! ob ich nicht inniger bei dir ſein darf, dich umſchweben mit dem Engel deiner Leitung, dich in den Mühen deines Lebens, auf dem einſamen Pfade zu mir, mit Troſt umſäuſeln und mit Stärkung? — Brünov! das konnte kein Traum ſchwärmender Liebe ſein, wenn wir in den trunkenſten Augenblicken zum Himmel hinaufſah'n, und dann die Hand uns drückten, wer wollte lieben, wenn das Traum wäre — (eine Zuckung) Ach Gott! — wer wollte lieben! Brünov! komm, komm! mache mir das Ende meiner Kämpfe nicht ſchwer! es naht heran! (eine noch heftigere) Vater des Lebens und des Todes! (heftig) Brünov! Brünov! den letzten! (ſie faßt ſeine Hand, bringt ſie mit Noth zu ihren Lippen, küßt ſie.)

Graf (ſpringt auf, faßt ihren Arm.) Eulalia! Eulalia! — nein, nein! (fällt wieder auf die Knie.)

Gräfin. Beſſer! beſſer! beſſer! (eine heftige Zuckung; ſie hebt ſich auf, wie in Angſt, fällt zurück) Gott! mein Erlöſer! Brünov! Brünov! (drückt den Kopf ſich auf die Bruſt und die Hände zuſammen) Brü — nov! — (ſtirbt.)

Kanzler. Meine Tochter! meine Tochter! weh! weh, weh!

Graf (ſpringt auf, ſieht ſie an mit äußerſtem Schrecken, fällt über ſie her, küßt ſie, bleibt ſo liegen, ſinkt langſam herunter, fällt in Ohnmacht.)

Dietrich von Stade,

ward am 13. October 1637 zu Stade geboren, ſtudirte zu Helmſtädt und Upſala, trat 1662 als Secretär bei dem Baron von Banner in Dienſt; 1668 aber ward er Conſiſtorialſecretär, und 1711 Archivar der Fürſtenthümer Bremen und Verden. Er ſtarb am 19. Mai 1718.

Von ihm erſchien:

Erläuterung und Erläuterungen der vornehmſten deutſchen Wörter, deren ſich Luther in der Bibelüberſetzung bedient. Bremen, 1711; neu 1724; ſo wie ferner:

Mehrere Schriften zu Gunſten der deutſchen Sprache — in lateiniſcher.

St. erwarb ſich durch ſeine Leiſtungen zu jener Zeit große Verdienſte um die Erforſchung der älteren deutſchen Sprachdenkmäler.

von Stadeke, ſ. Minneſinger.

Stadweg, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Friedrich Auguſt von Stägemann

ward am 7. September 1763 zu Vierraden in Ukermark geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle die Rechte und erhielt dann eine Anſtellung zu Königsberg. 1806 ward er, zuerſt beim Miniſter von Stein und 1810 bei dem Staatskanzler Hardenberg beſchäftigt, Staatsrath, 1816 geadelt und 1819 zum erſten Redacteur der preußiſchen Staatszeitung ernannt. Zuletzt wirkte er als königlich preußiſcher wirklicher geheimer Staatsrath bei dem Miniſterium. Er ſtarb 1841.

Er gab heraus:

Hiſtoriſche Erinnerungen in lyriſchen Gedichten. Berlin, 1828.

Erinnerungen an Eliſabeth. Berlin, 1835.

Kriegsgeſänge aus den Jahren 1806—1815. Halle, 1815. 2 Thle.

Nachtrag. Halle, 1818.

Erinnerungen an die preußiſchen Kriegsthaten von 1813—1815.

Sehr treffend ſagt Menzel von ihm in ſeinem Werke über die deutſche Literatur, Thl. V. S. 191: Unter den patriotiſchen Dichtern glänzt auch Friedrich Auguſt von Stägemann, deſſen antike Versmaße jedoch weniger geeignet waren, große Popularität zu erringen. Ueberdies verſtand dieſer Dichter den Freiheitskampf der Deutſchen gegen Napoleon durchaus nur als Preuße und Ariſtokrat, und richtete deshalb die Kanonen ſeiner flammenſprühenden Begeiſterung augenblicklich gegen jede Völkerzuckung, die etwa ein Mißbehagen an dem Gewordenen ausdrückte. Zuletzt hat er denn auch gegen die armen Polen geſungen, was ſich freilich den ſtolzen Erhebungen im Unglück gegenüber nur wie ein grauſamer Uebermuth im Glück ausnimmt und nicht ſchön iſt.

Der Rheinübergang des erſten Heerzuges.

Am 1. Januar 1814.

Was gleitet durch der Wogen Schooß
  In dunkelſtiller Nacht?
So feierernſt, als würd' ein groß,
  Ein Heldenwerk vollbracht.

Fragt Bober, Elb' und Partha! fragt:
  Wer hat in ihre Flut
Das Erymanthenwild gejagt,
  Bedeckt mit ſchwarzem Blut?

Es iſt der Greis, der unverwandt
  Nach Frankreichs Strömen wies.
Er trägt der Preußen Fackelbrand,
  Die Landwehr, nach Paris.

Und doch in hellen Wolken kreiſ't
  Ein königlicher Aar,
Als zög' ein alter Heldengeiſt
  Voran der tapfern Schaar.

Und in den Blitzen, die er wirft,
  Berauſcht ſich Blücher's Stahl,
Und Gneiſenau, erleuchtet, ſchärft
  Den wunderbaren Strahl:

Und ſenkt hinaus in ernſte Nacht
  Den ſternenhellen Blick,
Und wägt die zweifelhafte Schlacht
  Und wägt des Cäſars Glück.

Ihm Heil, dem ächten Sohn des Teut!
  Der dieſen grimmen Kampf
Auf Tod und Leben nicht geſcheut,
  Und nur des Frohnes Krampf:

Der nicht, ein ſchwankes Schilf, geweht,
  D'rein Wind und Wetter ſpielt;
Der nach dem Herzen früh und ſpät
  Der Schreckgeſtalt gezielt;

Die in der Geiſter grauſem Streit
  Bei Donners ehrnem Klang
Dem wehzerriſſ'nen Haupt der Zeit
  In Stahlgeſchmeid entſprang.

Heil ihm, der uns gen Frankreich führt,
  Der Landwehr treu geſellt!
Dort wird der Tiger aufgeſpürt,
  Nur dort von uns gefällt.

Wir ziehn gen dort, wie Wetter ziehn,
  Denn düſter weht ein Flor
Noch um dein Waffenhaus, Berlin!
  Um dein verwittwet Thor.

Dich, Friedrichs Degen! dich beſitzt
  Kein Wälſcher, edle Zier!
Zu Tauſenden geſtaltet blitzt
  Dein Feuer hier, nur hier.

Doch Brandenburger Fahnen wehn
  In Feindes dreiſter Hand.
Sie wehten dort. Wir gehn, wir ſehn;
  Sie wehn in unſrer Hand.

Der Siegesgöttin zu Paris
  Erfüllen wir den Schwur,
Der zu vertilgen ihr verhieß
  Des Schimpfes letzte Spur.

Wir ziehen heim, und Palmen blühn
Aus unſerm Schwert hervor,
Und ſiegestrunken grüßt Berlin
Sein friſchbekränztes Thor.

Unſre Zeit.

[illegible]

Siegeslied iſt oft erklungen
Aus der gottgeliebten Bruſt,
In den Gauen teutſcher Zungen,
Unſerm Volk zu Lieb' und Luſt.
Denn wo Gottes Geiſt gewaltet,
Hat ſich Licht und Lied entfaltet,
Gottes innen ſich bewußt.

Siegeslied wird noch erklingen,
Denn die Zeit iſt nicht vollbracht.
Uns zu Füßen legt ihr Schlingen,
Um die Häupter webt ihr Nacht,
Und der Höllen alt Gepolter,
Sporn und Ritter, Pfaff und Folter,
Zieht herauf zu neuer Schlacht.

Ewig Recht zwar hat geſprochen,
Und die Babel, ihren Hort,
Hat der Arm des Herren zerbrochen,
Und der Zeit gewaltig Wort.
Längſt verhallt an frommer Stätte
Sind des Liederbuchs Gebete
Wider Papſt und Türkenmord.

Dennoch haltet Wache, ihr Hüter!
Denn des Drachen junge Brut
Schleicht umher, beſprigt Gemüther,
Und vergiftet edles Blut.
Aber von der Nacht geboren
Naht ſie nicht der Sonne Thoren,
Nicht der Geiſter Glanz und Glut.

Haltet Wache! denn Prieſterfrevel
Iſt unſterblichen Geſchlechts,
Und noch heute glimmt der Schwefel
Für die Huſſe links und rechts.
Aus verſunk'nen Marterkammern
Warnt uns noch der Unſchuld Jammern
Und der Märtyrer Geächz.

Land der Eichen, Land der Treue,
Männerſtammes reifer Kern,
Heil dir, teutſches Land, gedeihe
Freudig unter gold'nem Stern!
Geiſt und Arm erlöſ't vom Frohne,
Tapf're Lanzen um die Throne;
Fürſten in der Furcht des Herrn.

Heil dir, Königsburg der Preußen!
Die den Söhnen Teuts erglänzt,
Wenn in Kämpfen, in den heißen,
Palmenlaub die Schläfe kränzt.
Nicht um deine Marmorſäulen
Schwebt die Nacht mit ihren Eulen,
Schwankt ihr ſchattengrau Geſpenſt.

Ueber hohen Domesthürmen
Schwebt ein Aar mit Blitz beſchwingt,
Deſſen Strahl den Schlangenwürmern
Brennend durch die Adern dringt.
Und den Götteraar begleiten
Siegesklang' aus Memnonsſaiten,
Wenn ſein Sonnenflug erklingt.

Heil den Völkern, Heil den Thronen!
Allen leuchtet Lieb' und Licht,
Wo der Tag die Roſenkronen
Um der Erde Scheitel flicht.
Betet, ihr in Mamre's Hainen,
Zu den Vielen, zu dem Einen!
Lenz und Liebe fehlt euch nicht.

Und verkünde du, o Wahrheit!
Was der Herr und Meiſter ſpricht.
Du entzünd', o Geiſtesklarheit!
Uns dein evangeliſch Licht.
Helden, deren Sporn nur klinget,
Weisheit, die nur Meſſen ſinget,
Herr und Meiſter, gieb uns nicht.

Gieb uns, daß wir froh vollbringen,
Was wir ernſt durch dich gedacht,
Wenn wir um den Morgen ringen
Mit dem Geiſt der alten Nacht.
Was wir glauben, lieben, hoffen,
Jeden Himmel gieb uns offen,
Heiter, hell in Tages Pracht!

Caroline Stahl, geborne Dumpf,

ward am 4. November 1782 zu Ohlenhof in Liefland geboren, wohnte früher in Nürnberg, dann in Wien, und hält ſich jetzt als Wittwe in Dorpat auf.

Sie ſchrieb:

Erzählungen, Fabeln und Mährchen für Kinder. Nürnberg, 1816. 1821.
Kleine Romane. Leipzig, 1819. 2 Thle.
Erzählungen. Wien, 1820.
Die Familie Müller. Nürnberg, 1821.
Scherz und Ernſt. Riga, 1822.
Moraliſche Erzählungen. Riga, 1823.
Ilwinens Abendſtunden. Riga, 1823.
Mährchen. Riga, 1824.

Feine Beobachtung, Scharfſinn, gute Charakterzeichnung und anmuthige Darſtellung zeichnen die Leiſtungen dieſer geiſtreichen Frau aus und geben ihnen, da zugleich eine ſehr geſunde Moral in denſelben herrſcht, einen bleibenden Werth; namentlich iſt „die Familie Müller" um jener guten Eigenſchaften willen, ein empfehlenswerther Roman.

Heinrich Wilhelm von Stamford,

1742 zu Bourges in Frankreich geboren, kam, ein Findling, jung nach Deutſchland, und wurde im ſiebenjährigen Kriege Lieutenant in braunſchweigiſchen Dienſten. 1769 ging er als Lehrer nach Ilfeld und hielt bald darauf den Officieren zu Halberſtadt Vorleſungen, bis ihn der König von Preußen zum Major à la suite ernannte. Im Jahre 1782 begleitete er den jungen Prinzen von Oranien nach dem Haag, wurde, nachdem er nach und nach die übrigen Grade durchlaufen hatte, Generallieutenant, und trat als ſolcher mit den holländiſchen Truppen in engliſche Dienſte. Endlich zog er ſich in den Ruheſtand zurück und wohnte abwechſelnd in Braunſchweig und Hamburg, wo er am 16. Mai 1807 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Nachgelaſſene Gedichte, mit Vorrede von H. M. Marcard. Hannover, 1808.

Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen beurkunden mehr den durch die Wiſſenſchaft und das Leben fein durchgebildeten Geiſt, als den eigentlichen Dichter, doch ſind einige treffliche elegiſche Gedichte darunter.

von Stamheim, ſ. Minneſinger.

Nicolaus Peter Stampeel,

1764 zu Hamburg geboren, lebte als Privatgelehrter zu Leipzig, wo er am 5. October 1810 ſtarb.

Er hinterließ:

Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen und Franzöſiſchen, z. B. Lodoiska, Malwina, 3 Thle. Mathilde, 4 Thle.

Gab heraus: **Aglaja.** Frankfurt, 1801—3.

Ein fleißiger aber mittelmäßiger Ueberſetzer.

Gotthelf Wilhelm Chriſtoph Starke,

am 9. December 1762 zu Bernburg geboren, ſtudirte in Halle, und kehrte in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, wo er 1783 Collaborator, 1792 Rector der Stadtſchule ward. 1793 erhielt er die Oberpredigerſtelle an der Altſtädter Kirche, und ging endlich 1799 als Oberhofprediger nach Ballenſtädt, wo er ſeit 1830 in ehrenvollem Ruheſtande lebt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Bamberg, 1789.
Einige Gedanken über die Ueberſetzung der griechiſchen und römiſchen Dichter. Halle, 1790.
Horazens Brief über die Dichtkunſt. Halle, 1791.
Gemälde aus dem häuslichen Leben. Berlin, 1793—98. 5 Thle.; 3. Aufl. 1817.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Halle, 1796.
Predigten. 1797.
Kleine Romanenbibliothek mit A. Lafontaine, Leveque, C. Wernau und K. Reinhard. Göttingen, 1790—1801.
Kirchenlieder. Halle, 1804.
Lieder für unſere Zeit. Berlin, 1813.
Vier Predigten über die Vereinigung der evangeliſchen Chriſten. Quedlinburg, 1820.
Predigten und Reden. Stuttgart, 1828.

St. erfreute ſich ſeiner Zeit großen Beifalls durch ſeine Darſtellungen aus dem bürgerlichen Leben, die ſich durch glückliche, wenn auch auf einen engen Kreis beſchränkte Erfindung, freundliche und gemüthliche Schilderung, gute Charakterzeichnung, geſunde Moral und zarte Innigkeit auszeichnen, jedoch mitunter zu leicht in ſentimentale Weichlichkeit ausarten.

Das Feſt der Hausgötter.

Röthlich erhelltes Gewölk goß ſeiner Gebilde ſich freuend
Der geſegnete Mai hold über die Bläue des Himmels,
Wie verloren in Träumen der Lieb' ein blühender Jüngling
Ueber dem ſpiegelnden Quelle der Heimath Roſen zerpflückt.
Blumen gewährte der Mai den beteppichten Wieſen und Gärten,
Aehren der ſteigenden Saat, kühl athmende Schatten den Wäldern,
Freudengeſang dem Gevögel und üppige Sprünge den Heerden.
Aber dem frohen Bebauer der milden italiſchen Fluren
Gab er im Wonnegefühl beim Feſte der häuslichen Götter
Mehr als Lenzgenuß. Ach groß iſt der Häuslichkeit Segen!
Reich von ihren Geſchenken gedeihet hienieden die Menſchheit,
Wie das Getreide der Flur vom erfriſchenden Regen des Frühlings.
Süßer begeiſtert ihr Hauch, als die ſtärkenden Düfte der Blumen,
Sanfter umhüllet ihr Dunkel als trauliche Schatten der Wälder,
Lieblicher wärmet ihr Feuer, als ſonnige Tage des Maimonds.

Dieſe Gewährungen ſind nun ſchimmernd vom röthenden Morgen
Tullius neben der jungen geliebten Gefährtin zum Heerde,
Dankte den Göttern und rief: „Willkommen beglückender Feſttag!
Heute beſchicke der Kuchen und Opfern, der Rocken und Weihrauch.
Feſtlich und rein glänzt' Altar, die Bilder der häuslichen Götter
Standen in Dunkel gehüllt vom ſchwebenden Dampfe des Weihrauchs.
Und ſich entſchälendes Korn ſprang knatternd in glühenden Kohlen.
Friedliche Still' umwallte ſo lauſchend die ländliche Hütte,
Daß von dem nahen Gefilde das Wirbeln der ſteigenden Lerchen,
Und vom Gebälke des Dachs aus irdnem Gebäude der Schwalbe
Zwitſcherndes Liedergeſchwirr hertönend die Gatten erfreute.
Neben dem Heerde vergnügte das Aug' ein Körbchen, aus welchem
Blumen mit mancherlei Kraut friſch duftend und prangend ſich blähten,
Krokus und Ritterſporn und Violen, Narziſſen, Akanthus,
Iris und Lilienſchnee, bei Roſen von Päſtum und Myrthen.

Emſig verknüpfte die Gattin die Blumen und Zweige zum Schmucke,
Für die Götter des Heerd's. Wie ſchimmert das Kränzchen ſo lieblich!
Rief mit Entzücken der Mann. Ach! Beſte, ſo windeſt du freundlich
Wie zum Kranze die Blumen der irdiſchen Freuden zuſammen,
Schöne die Thränen des Dankes, und laß uns die Götter verehren!
Ihnen zerfloſſen vordem die geſegneten Väter in Andacht,
Ihnen entbieten dereinſt die Kinder Verehrung und Feſte.
Weihe den Göttern den Kranz, ſie beſchirmen die reiſende Menſchheit,
Schirmen die Tugenden, welche zum Frieden die Sterblichen leiten.
Oftmal wird das Geleit im Gewimmel der Menſchheit gedränget,
Sieh! dann flieht's zum Heerde der häuslichen Götter, und findet
Schutz und erhaltende Lieb' — o laß uns die Hüter verehren!
Laß uns bewahren die Schätze des Schönen und Guten der Vorwelt,
Laß uns mit Schätzen des Guten und Schönen verſorgen die Nachwelt.
Gütige Götter, und dann gewähret uns Gedeihen und Segen,
Gebt im genügſamen Sinne den Zauber des goldenen Alters,
Gebet in Wenigem Viel. Laßt immer in eurer Beſchirmung
Kräfte zum Wirken am Morgen und Ruhe des Abends uns ſchöpfen,
Spendet erquickende Kühlung in drückender Hitze des Mittags,
Schutz, wenn's ſtürmet, und Wärm' im Winter am glühenden Heerde,
Freundſchaft, Frieden und Lieb' — ach! bis zu dem Kuſſe des Abſchieds!
Redliche Gattin, du weinſt? Laß Küſſe die Thränen dir trocknen!
Schreckt dich der Abſchied? — Fürchte dich nicht vor Elyſiums Zorn!

Als er mit Wärme ſo ſprach, vernahmen ſie beide den Fußtritt
Eines Mannes; ihm eilte der Gatt' entgegen, und kehrte
Bald mit Entzücken zurück. O ſieh nur, rief er dem Weibe,
Unſer Beſchützer und Freund, der Sänger des Wahren und Guten,
Sendet uns einen Geſang zur Feier des häuslichen Feſtes.
Gütige Götter des Hauſes, ihr ſeid auch Götter der Freundſchaft!
Schützet und mehrt die Geliebten, erhaltet uns würdig der Freundſchaft!

Inniglich laſen die Gatten das Lied, und freuten ſich herzlich,
Drückten ſich küſſend die Händ' und laſen es oft noch von neuem.

Aber, ſeufzte das Weib, wie danken wir unſerm Geliebten
Für ſein freundliches Lied? Laß uns ein Sträußchen ihm binden,
Hier ſind Blumen genug, und wünſch' ihm, was wir uns wünſchten.

Fröhlich erkieſten und banden ſie nun die Blumen zum Strauße,
Küßten und ſandten den Strauß mit den Worten der Liebe dem Freunde:

Heil und Gedeihen und Dank dir, Sänger des Wahren und Guten,

Für dein freundliches Lied! nimm Edler ein Sträußchen von Blumen,

Welche wir freudig zum Schmucke der häuslichen Götter erleſen.
Wandle noch lange mit Kraft, den Genoſſen des Tages die Schätze
Lehrender Alten zu ſpenden, o wandle hienieden noch lange,
Schätze des Wahren und Guten und Schönen zu ſammlen der Nachwelt.

Und die geſegneten Götter des Hauſes gewähren dir Freude,
Liebes und Gutes die Fülle! Genieß in ihrer Beſchirmung
Schöne begeiſternde Morgen, und Ruhe des Abends, Erquickung,
Schutz, wenn's ſtürmet, und Wärm' im Winter am glühenden Heerde,

Freundſchaft, Frieden und Lieb' — ach! bis zu dem Kuſſe des Abſchieds,

Wandle ruhig, — und fürchte dich nicht vor Elyſiums Auen.

Der Dichter.

Ruhig verlebte Philetas in Joniens Auen die Tage,
Bieder geborgen und arm, doch beglückt durch die Gaben der Muſen,

Welche der Göttergenuß nicht ſelten verleihen der Armuth.
Liebend erfreut' ihn ſein Weib, ihn erfreuten die blühenden Kinder:

Für ſie beſchnitt' er den Baum, zog Früchte, und vermählte den Weinſtock.

Ihnen gehörte ſein Lied und der dürftige Lohn des Geſanges;
Und ſie genoſſen mit ihm den ländlichen Segen genügſam
Und in zufriedenem Harren auf nahe beglücktere Zeiten.
Denn ein bithyniſcher Fürſt vom Ruhme des Sängers getrieben
Hatt' in das Land ihn berufen, damit er in fröhlicher Muße
Thaten und Feſte der Götter und Helden, die Tugend der Bürger,
Und zur Veredlung des Mahles die Freuden des Lebens ihm ſänge.
Wenige Monde nur noch, dann begrüßt' er Bithyniens Auen,
Deren geahnete Reize die Seele des Sängers erfüllten.
Oft ſich wiegend in Träumen verließ er ſein Hüttchen und wallte
Hymnen und Lieder erſinnend am Ufer des kleinen Lethäos,
Wo begeiſternd ein Thal in umblühetes Dunkel ihn lockte.
Ueppiges Myrthengeſträuch verbarg die beſonnete Landſchaft
Lieblich dem Auge zu Theil, und Roſen umwanden die Zweige,
Daß ſie den Myrthen entknoſpet erſchienen, und Vögelein girrten,
Lispelnd verlor ſich der Weſt in leiſe gebogenen Halmen,
Und das beblümete Moos ſchwoll weicher als ſeidene Polſter;
Aber vor allem entzückt' ihn der Zauber der göttlichen Muſen
Welche den Dichter verſtrickten in Banden des ſüßen Geſanges.
Wonniglich ging er einher verſunken in ſchönen Gedanken
Hörte der Himmliſchen Gruß, die des Sterblichen Hütte beſuchten,

Schwebte mit ihnen empor zum Olympos, und koſtete Nektar,
Folgte dann ſchauernd hinab zu den Schatten dem ſchwebenden Hermes,

Freundlich umſtrahlt' ihn der Glanz von Elyſiums goldenen Blumen.

Süß war ſeine Begeiſtrung, und ſüß ſein liebendes Streben,
Ihre Gebild' in den Schmuck harmoniſcher Rede zu kleiden.
Alſo verfloß ihm die Zeit, er beachtete nicht ihr Verfliehen,
Denn des Geſanges Gewalt entnimmt uns den Feſſeln der Stunden.

Käm' er doch wieder, ſo wünſcht' indeß mit den Kindern die Gattin,

Denn ſie hatte ſchon lange die Speiſe beſchicket, und hielt ſie
Sorgſam und hütend auf Kohlen und ſtillte die fragenden Kleinen.

Sicherlich haben ein Mahl ihm die göttlichen Muſen bereitet,
Welches ihn ſchöner vergnügt, ſo redte ſie, harret ein wenig.
Sehet, er mag nicht allein, er mag mit dem liebenden Weibe
Mag mit euch nur genießen, und mehr als der eignen Erquickung

Freut er ſich eures Genuſſes; nicht lang, ſo bringt er euch Blumen.

Willig harrten ſie nun, mit ihm nur glücklich ſich fühlend.
Aber ihm war es gelungen im liebenden Streben, des Geiſtes
Holde Gebild' in den Schmuck harmoniſcher Rede zu kleiden,
Und er begab ſich zurück, den Verzug nicht ahnend, zur Hütte.

Als er nun näher ihr kam, da gewahrt' er von Ferne ſein Hündchen;

Aber es hüpfete nicht wie ſonſt viel ſchmeichelnd und wedelnd,
Läſſig und angſtvoll ſchlich's ihm entgegen. Ihn rührte der Anblick,

Denn er liebte das Thier, ſchon lang' es ernährend mit Sorgfalt.
Treues Geſchöpf, was quält dich! ſo ſprach er bedauernd und ſtrich ihm

Sanft und ſanfter das Haar, da wollt' es ſich dankbar erheben,
Krümmte ſich, ſank vor ihm nieder, und winſelt' und zuckt' und erſtarrte.

Inniger hatte der Hauch der erweichenden Muſen des Herzens
Zarte Gefühle gemacht, und werther ihm alles, was athmet.
Mitleid netzte ſein Aug', er bedachte das Eilen des Lebens,
Und die beſeelende Kraft, wie ſchnell und wohin ſie verfliege.
Manches verſucht' er darauf, dem Thiere zu helfen, es regte
Nimmer ſich wieder, und ernſt betrat er die Schwelle des Hauſes,

Fragt' und erzählte mit Haſt, was draußen das Herz ihm bewegte.

Aber erſchrocken enteilte die liebende Gattin dem Heerde,
Sahe den Unfall erſtaunt mit den klagenden Kindern ihn klagend.

Wahrlich, uns hat ein Gift das Hündlein getödtet, begann ſie,
Eben umſprang es mich noch, von dem Dufte der Speiſen gereizet,

Lüſtern und raſch, und ſchien bald ſo, bald anders zu bitten,
Bis ich ihm gab; fürwahr durch grauſes Verſehn des Verkäufers

Ward mit erkauftem Gewürz' ein Gift mir heute gegeben,
Möge der Arzt uns belehren, uns drohte das bitterſte Wehe!

Eilig berief nun Philetas den Freund, den Arzt, in das Hüttchen,

Dieſer erforſchte das Mahl, und findend die Spuren des Giftes
Pries er das rettende Glück, es jauchzte das Weib mit den Kindern.

Dank euch, ihr Himmliſchen, Dank! uns werden noch fröhliche Tage

Von dem Olympos beſchieden, ſo ſprachen ſie ſelig, Philetas
Trocknete, brünſtig umarmt, ſich die Thränen, und rief im Entzücken:

Dank, o Muſen, euch euch! ihr gewähret elyſiſche Wonne,
Lehret und ſtärkt, euch preiſe mein Lied; mich gütig zu ſchützen,
Hieltet ihr zaubernd mich feſt in den Banden des ſüßen Geſanges,

Bis die Gefahr uns verſchwand, o Dank euch, göttliche Muſen!

Mitfreude und Mitleiden.

Agathon ſtand tiefſeufzend an ſeinem verhagelten Morgen,
Weiter ach! hatt' er kein Feld, Thränen entrannen ihm viel.
Nahe dabei beſaß ein Reicher die herrlichſte Breite,
Welche das Wetter nicht traf, golden von Weizen umwallt:
Siehe, wie voll, wie ſchön! gieb Wonne dem guten Beſitzer!
Dachte der Arme, und ging heitrer hinweg als er kam.
Drauf beſuchte der Reiche das Weizengefild', und bekümmert
Schaut' er die Felder umher mit dem zerſchmetterten Korn:
Agathon hartes Geſchick traf dich, nun klaget die Gattin,
Weinen die Kinder mit dir; tröſte dich dürftiger Mann!
Wächſt mir doch Viel, du ſollſt von der Fülle des Nachbars genießen!
Alſo dacht' er, und ging reicher hinweg als er kam.

Der Beſuch.

Zwei häusliche Gemälde.

Erſtes Gemälde.

Schon ſeit mehr als ſechzig Jahren ſind Halme und Blumen auf dem Grabe des Pfarrers Buchbaum gewachſen; aber noch pflegt ſein gegenwärtiger Nachfolger im Amte, wenn er ſeinen Gäſten den Kirchhof und auf demſelben die Ruheſtätte des Redlichen zeigt, von einem Beſuche zu erzählen, welchen Buchbaum einſt einem trauten Freunde, dem Prediger Haiden, gab.

Dieſer Beſuch war einige Jahre beſchloſſen geweſen, und immer durch mannichfaltige, ach! zuletzt durch ſehr traurige Vorfälle zu Buchbaums Schmerze verhindert worden. Denn er liebte den guten Haiden von ganzer Seele. Haiden war mit ihm aufgewachſen, hatte in der Schule immer neben ihm geſeſſen, mit ihm gelernt und geſpielt, mit ihm zugleich die Schule verlaſſen, auf der Univerſität drei Jahre lang mit ihm auf einer Stube gewohnt, und als ſie ſich nun trennen mußten, mit ihm den freundſchaftlichen Vertrag gemacht, daß ſie nicht bloß einen Briefwechſel über ihre wichtigern Angelegenheiten und Schickſale unterhalten, ſondern ſich, wenn es nicht durch eine zu weite Entfernung unmöglich gemacht würde, recht oft beſuchen wollten. Beide wurden Prediger in Dörfern, die eine Tagereiſe aus einander lagen. Bis ſie über die Funfzig hinaus waren, hatten ſie jährlich einmal eine volle Woche vergnügt mit einander zugebracht. Als höheres Alter ihnen das Reiſen etwas erſchwerte, ward die beſtimmte Ordnung nicht mehr ſo genau beobachtet, und nun waren ſchon drei Jahre ſeit Haidens letztem Beſuche bei ſeinem Freunde vergangen.

Wahrlich, wir müſſen den rechtſchaffnen Jugendgenoſſen und ſein ehrliches Weib einmal ſehen, ſagte Buchbaum zu ſeiner Gattin, die Pferde ſtehen müßig im Stalle, das Wetter ſcheint beſtändig zu ſein, ich bin jetzt geſunder und getroſter, als die Zeit her, wir müſſen noch dieſen Winter hin. Wer ſteht uns dafür, daß wir es ſonſt wieder können? In das alte, liebe Haus, in welchem wir ſo manche ſchöne Stunde feierten, kommen wir nun ſo nicht mehr. Je nun, da Haidens neue Stelle an Ertrage die vorige übertrifft, ſo iſt es um ſo beſſer, und das Dorf, wo er jetzt wohnt, liegt uns beinahe eine Stunde näher. Seit einem Vierteljahre ſind die Guten bereits da und völlig eingerichtet, wir werden alſo deſto willkommner ſein. Wir müſſen hin. Wer weiß, wie es bald mit einem von uns kommt. Haiden wird mich ſo kaum noch kennen, ich bin in den Paar Jahren ſehr alt geworden.

Der biedere Mann, der bei dieſen Worten mit einem Seufzer und mit Thränen im Auge ſchwieg, hatte Recht. Er war nicht tief in den Sechzigen, aber der größte Kummer, den es giebt, Kummer um ein Kind, hatte ſeinen Rücken gekrümmt und ſein Haar grau gemacht.

Der Beſuch wurde beſchloſſen, und den Freunden in einem Briefe angekündigt, welcher mit der herzlichſten Liebe und Freude beantwortet ward. Ein junger Mann aus der benachbarten Stadt übernahm eine Predigt und die übrigen Amtsgeſchäfte des Pfarrers, der Winter war gelind und angenehm, alles war weithin nur mit dünnem Schnee überdeckt und die Bahn vortrefflich. Ein Paar Stunden vor Tage ſetzten ſich die beiden Alten in ihren wohlverwahrten Wagen, die ſechs Meilen wurden über ihre Erwartung ſchnell zurückgelegt, und es ſchlug erſt drei Uhr in Haidens Dorfe, als ſie vor demſelben waren. Hier ſank ihnen Haiden, der den Wagen aus ſeinen obern Fenſtern von fern bemerkt hatte, mit ſeinem Weibe in die Arme.

Ein Willkommen drängte das andre, eine Begrüßung und Umarmung, eine Frage, eine Erinnerung und eine Thräne jagte die andre, Wehmuth mit der ganzen Fülle von Gefühlen, die ſie einſchließt, herrſchte bei Allen, darum waren ihre Reden anfangs nur kurz, von einem Gegenſtande zum andern überſpringend und abgebrochen. Liebe und Sorge der treuherzigen Wirthe für die Bequemlichkeit und Erquickung ihrer Gäſte, Liebe und Dank der Gäſte füllten die ſtummen Augenblicke aus. Aber jedes Wort und jede Aeußerung, jeder Händedruck und jede Nöthigung zum Genuſſe des dampfenden Trankes in der mild geheizten Stube, jede Frage und jede Bemerkung bei dem nachherigen Durchwandern der beiden Gäſten noch unbekannten Wohnung, bei der Beſichtigung ihrer Lage, und bei der Beſchreibung aller ihrer Vortheile, war ein neues Band, welches die vier guten Menſchen zu den vertraulichſten Ergießungen an einander ſchloß.

Dieſe waren längſt im vollſten Strome, und ſchon mehrmals von der bei dieſem Beſuche unvermeidlichen Erwähnung großer Leiden abſichtlich zurückgelenkt, als die Wirthin freundlich fragte, ob ſie ihren Lieben, die ſich heute zur Erholung vermuthlich etwas zeitig zur Ruhe legen würden, das Abendeſſen auftragen ſolle? Es iſt ſpäter, ſetzte ſie hinzu, als wir bei unſerm traulichen Geſchwätze dachten, ſechs Uhr iſt vorbei, und vielleicht hat ſich der Hunger, der ſich vorhin nicht melden wollte, bei unſern Reiſenden eingeſtellt.

Ja, ja, ſagte Haiden nach einem Blicke auf Buchbaums billigende Geberde, bringe, was du haſt, und nun ſetzt euch, Lieben, und laßt uns fröhlich genießen.

Fröhlich! erwiederte Buchbaum, ja fröhlich! und noch ein Wörtchen: Du weißt, Haiden, daß wir dießmal nicht ohne manche ernſte Reden von einander ſcheiden werden. Es kann nicht anders ſein, wir haben Vielerlei zuſammen erfahren, wir haben uns zuſammen gefreuet, und haben Herz genug, auch mit einander zu weinen. Aber laß uns im Voraus die Hand darauf geben, daß wir dem, ſo ſchnell es ſein kann, ein Ende machen, daß wir uns nicht kümmern und erſchüttern, ſondern tröſten und ermuntern wollen, zu dulden als ſolche, welche die Hoffnung haben, daß ſie nicht immer hier bleiben, daß es für ſie anderswo Aufſchluß und völlige Befriedigung giebt.

Alle trockneten oder verbargen Thränen. Weißt du wohl, Haiden, fuhr Buchbaum aufheiternd fort, wie wir uns in Jena ſo zuſammen an den Tiſch ſetzten? Freilich dampfte uns da keine ſo gewürzte Suppe entgegen, auch blinkte für uns kein Wein, wie hier; aber es waren doch gute, gute Zeiten!

Haidens Antwort, die das Erwähnte weiter ausmalte, und die Folge von lachenden Bildern, die ſich leicht daran anreihte, ſo wie manches Wörtchen von öffentlichen Begebenheiten, worüber Haiden von jeher gern plauderte, würzte das Mahl, und das Mahl labte und ſtärkte. Die Wirthin hatte es ſorgſam zugerichtet, wie die Liebe zuzurichten pflegt, und dieß für den alten Jugendfreund war ein köſtlicherer Wein angeſchafft worden, als Haiden gewöhnlich trank. Gutmüthigkeit gab und empfing, Gutmüthigkeit ſprach und hörte bei und nach dem Mahle.

War es ihr leiſer Zug, der Alle mahnte, gegen die, mit welchen ſie ſich ſo innig eins fühlten, auch gar nichts im Herzen zurückzubehalten, oder war es bei allen ein dunkler Gedanke, daß ſie ſich in der gegenwärtigen Stimmung über erlittene Leiden am gefaßteſten ſprechen laſſen werde, oder war es beides, was der Unterhaltung bald nach Tiſche Feierlichkeit und Klagen, Seufzer und Thränen gab? Wie unwillkührlich waren ſie plötzlich in einem Geſpräche vertieft, an welchem ſie oft ſchon geſtreift, und das ſie doch immer vermieden hatten. Sie rückten ihre Stühle näher zuſammen, die Reden wurden ſchneller von den lauſchenden Ohren empfangen, oft faßte eine Hand die andre, und oft drückte ſich eine Bruſt an die andre, da Alles, was die Freunde aus traurigen Briefen wußten, wiederholt, erläutert und gegenwärtiger gemacht ward.

Buchbaum erzählte, wie ſein Sohn, von welchem Haiden immer behauptet hatte, daß er ein außerordentlicher Mann werden müſſe, zwei Jahre lang auf der Univerſität die größeſten Erwartungen zu übertreffen verſprochen, welche Fortſchritte er in der Rechtswiſſenſchaft, die er erlernte, und in der Meßkunſt, die er vorzüglich liebte, gemacht habe, wie er dann durch eine verzeihliche Unbeſonnenheit in eine Schlägerei, und durch dieſe in einen mehr öffentlichen Aufruhr verwickelt, wie er, der nicht leicht unter den Letzten war, als einer von den Anführern entdeckt, und ſchimpflich von der Univerſität verwieſen ſei. Er hat es nicht gewagt, ſetzte der Vater ſchluchzend und oft ſtockend hinzu, indeß die Mutter in Thränen ſchwamm, mir wieder unter die Augen zu treten, da er meine Hoffnungen ſo ſchrecklich getäuſcht hatte. Und Gott weiß es, ich hätte ihm gern vergeben. Daß doch Kinder Zutrauen zu dem Vaterherzen hätten! Ach, warum hat Furcht und Stolz über die Liebe geſiegt? Gott iſt mein Zeuge, ich hätte ihm vergeben. Denke Haiden, bald nach ſeiner, damals noch nicht allgemein bekannten Entweichung, hat ihn ein Bauer auf dem Hügel hinter unſerm Dorfe ernſt und ſinnig nach der Pfarrwohnung hinab blicken ſehn. Der Mann denkt, Fritze iſt zum Beſuche zu Hauſe, und hat nichts Arges daraus. Nach acht Tagen erfuhr ich es gelegentlich. Wie habe ich geforſcht! aber alles Forſchen iſt vergebens geweſen. Wenn uns eine Spur nicht irre geleitet hat, ſo iſt er zu Schiffe gegangen. Gott, in welchem Meere mag er ſchwimmen oder verweſen. Wie beugſt du mein graues Haupt, mein Fritze, mein einziger Sohn!

Getroſt Freund, fiel ihm Haiden ein, getroſt! es iſt noch nicht Alles verloren; ſeit einem Jahre iſt er verſchwunden, vielleicht ſiehſt du ihn wieder, vielleicht ſiehſt du ihn bald wieder. Dir iſt doch noch die Hoffnung übrig. So iſt es mit uns nicht. Unſre Lotte kommt nimmer zurück von dem Todtenacker.

O, rief Buchbaum, wie gern tauſchte ich mit dir! Deine Tochter ſtarb als eine fromme, tugendhafte Jungfrau, du weißt, wo ſie iſt, du hätteſt ſie nicht ſo verſorgen können. In ihrer reinen Blüthe ward ſie hingegeben in die Arme des Vaters, der ſie nun weiter erziehen wird. O! daß ich ſo wüßte, wie du, wo mein Sohn iſt! Siehe, wenn er auf unſerm Kirchhofe eingeſenkt wäre, als ein früh vollendeter ſchuldloſer Jüngling, hinknieen wollte ich auf ſeinem Grabe, und die Hände falten und mit Entzücken rufen: du Herr haſt ihn mir gegeben, du haſt ihn mir genommen, dein Name ſei gelobt! —

Haiden und ſeine Gattin thaten, was ſie konnten, den Kummer der Freunde durch Anſprüche auf Mitempfindung zu zerſtreuen und zu mildern. Sie erwähnten daher aller ihrer Kinder, die in den Jahren der früheſten Jugend ſtarben, und dann weitläuftiger ihrer Lotte, die ihnen als erwachſene Jungfrau vor einem Jahre entriſſen ward. Umſtändlich beſchrieben ſie das Entſtehen, den Fortgang und das Ende der Krankheit, wiederholten die letzten Reden der guten Tochter, und ergoſſen ſich dann, als wollten ſie ihre Zuhörer nicht wieder zur Beachtung des eignen Wehes kommen laſſen, in Loberungen über die mannichfaltigen Beſchwerden, über die Mühe und Angſt des irdiſchen Lebens, wobei ſie beſonders auch die Furcht vor räuberiſchem Ueberfall in Anſchlag brachten, die ſie in der Nähe eines großen, damals noch ſehr unſichern Waldes faſt unabläſſig gefühlt hätten. Wir können uns glücklich ſchätzen, fügte Haiden hinzu, daß wir ſo durchgekommen ſind. Mein Vorgänger in meiner vorigen Stelle ward doch, wie ich euch mehrmals erzählt habe, in zwanzig Jahren dreimal beſtohlen. Auch iſt ſeit zwei Jahren wieder mehr als vorher von Einbrüchen gehört worden. Und eben das hat mich ſtärker als die übrigen Vortheile zur Annahme meines jetzigen Amtes bewogen. Hier ſind wir doch ein Stündchen weiter von dem fürchterlichen Walde entfernt, in deſſen Nähe wir ſonſt wohnten. Ohne Sorgen leben wir indeß auch hier nicht, und unſre Nächte ſind unruhig. Wie wohl iſt, ſprechen wir manchmal, denen in den Gräbern, die keine böſen Menſchen mehr fürchten. Oft ſchlafen wir erſt, wenn wir des Morgens um vier Uhr die Stimmglocke tönen hören, noch auf ein Paar Stunden unbekümmert ein.

Dieſe Worte führten mancherlei Beſchreibungen von Diebſtählen und von dabei verübter Liſt und Gewalt herbei. Man weiß, wie in unſern Zeiten bei größerer Sicherheit dergleichen Geſpräche die Aufmerkſamkeit ſpannen und die Theilnehmung anziehn, indeß ſie das Haar ſträuben; mit welcher Innigkeit mußten ſie alſo von denen geführt werden, die vor beinahe hundert Jahren in einer ſehr waldigen Gegend das in der Wirklichkeit ſcheueten, was uns faſt nur wie eine grauſe Dichtung ſchreckt. Enger drängten ſich die trauten Leute zuſammen, und erzählten mit leiſer Stimme eine furchtbare Geſchichte nach der andern, bis die Erwähnung, wie ſpät es ſei, gleichgültigere und auf einen erwünſchten Schlaf beſſer vorbereitende Reden in den Gang brachte.

Zehn Uhr war vorüber, als die Gäſte in ihr Schlafzimmer hinauf begleitet wurden, und die Wirthe ſich heiter und furchtloſer als gewöhnlich zur Ruhe legten und entſchliefen. Wenn man willkommne Freunde unter ſeinem Dache hat, iſt man ja immer vor Dieben und Feuer minder bange, gleichſam als waren mit den Geliebten mächtige Schutzgeiſter in das Haus eingezogen. Auch Buchbaum lag mit ſeiner Gattin bald auf dem von ſorgſamer Pflege erwärmten Lager. Der Alte hatte ein Tiſchchen vor das Bett geſtellt, und ſeiner Gewohnheit nach vor dem Entſchlummern ein wenig geleſen. Diesmal hatten ihn einige fromme Geſänge aus einem damals geſchätzten Liederbuche beſchäftigt. Ach dies Liederbuch war ihm vorzüglich theuer als das letzte Weihnachtsgeſchenk, das ſeinem verlornen Sohne beſcheert ward. Zierlich war es in rothes Pergament gebunden, und auf der Decke ſtand in Silber abgedruckt der Name des damals glücklichen Kindes, von Blumenranken und einer Krone eingeſchloſſen. Buchbaum ſchöpfte am Abende, wenn er nicht in der Bibel las, oft aus dieſem Buche Erbauung, und dazu hatte er es auch beim Abreiſen beigeſteckt. Mit Gedanken, wie ſie dies Büchlein erwecken mußte, war er, indeß ſein Weib ſchon in feſterm Schlafe lag, in leiſen Schlummer geſunken.

Plötzlich ſchreckte ihn ein erſchütterndes Krachen, wie wenn Alles umher zerſchmettert würde, wieder auf, und über ſeiner ſchnellen Bewegung ermunterte ſich ſeine Gattin. Er glaubte, einen Donnerſchlag gehört zu haben, und faltete die Hände zum Gebete, als in der Kammer neben der Stube ein vielfaches Geräuſch und Flüſtern merklich ward. Räuber hatten den Fenſterladen von außen aufgeſprengt, und beſprachen ſich nun in der Kammer. Herr Gott! Diebe, Diebe! ſeufzten die Gatten einander zu, als ſchon mit einer Blendlaterne ein langer, furchtbarer Mann in die Stube trat, deſſen Antlitz ein tief herabgedrückter Hut oben eben ſo verbarg, als den untern Theil des Geſichts ein ſchwarzer Bart verhüllte. Er ſchaute umher, betroffen darüber, daß er Menſchen in der Stube bemerkte, und winkte ſeinen Gefährten zurück zu bleiben. Dann nahte er ſich mit feſtem, bedachtſamen Schritte und beugte ſich über das Bett her, in welchem die Alten mit über einander gerungenen Händen, an allen Gliedern ſichtbar zitternd wie vom Fieberfroſte geſchüttelt, ſich abwärts nach der Wand hin gerichtet hatten, ſo daß die Silberlocken des Greiſes dem Räuber zuerſt in die Augen fallen mußten. Dieſer Anblick ſchien ihn mächtig zu rühren; wie von übermannender Ehrfurcht ergriffen, ſtarrte er ſo beſtürzt weg, daß ſein zurückfahrender Arm das Liederbuch vom Tiſche riß und dieſes vor ſeinen Füßen niederfiel.

Er hob es auf, taumelte in die Mitte der Stube, richtete den Blick ſo ſchmerzlich aufwärts, als ſolle er vergehn, dann warf er ihn wieder auf das Buch, dann ballte er die Hand gegen die Bruſt, zitterte wieder nach dem Lager, hing eine Weile über demſelben, wie ein Menſch, dem Vernichtung angekündigt iſt, bebte dann wie von einer ſchrecklichen Gewalt gezwungen gleichſam ſich ſträubend zurück mit einem langen entſetzlichen Ach! ſchob das Buch haſtig in den Buſen, und ein Krampf ſchien ſeinen ſchlaffen Gliedern neue Feſtigkeit zu geben, als er hinweg ſtürmte und in der Kammer leiſe aber ſchnell gebot: Fort, im Augenblicke fort! oder ihr ſeid verloren, wir ſind verloren, weg, weg! Ohne Verzug entfernten ſich alle und zuletzt der Anführer, der noch einmal aus der Mitte der Kammer mit einem langen entſetzlichen Ach! wie vorhin, nach dem Lager herüber ſtöhnte und dann den übrigen folgte.

Es ward wieder ſtill, die Gatten richteten ſich auf, matt und mühſam wie Menſchen, die ein Mörder erſchlagen zurück zu laſſen glaubte. Herr Jeſus, Vater, ſeufzte die Mutter, das war Fritze. Sein Ach! — ſeine Stimme in der Kammer! — Gott! ſeufzte der Vater entgegen, es war Fritze. An der Stimme in der Kammer erkannte auch ich ihn, und ſein Ach, ſein Blick auf das Buch, — ſiehe, es iſt nicht mehr da, — macht es mir gewiß; aber ſchweig, auch gegen unſre Freunde ſchweig, es war unſer Sohn, wehe! —

Beide waren wie zermalmt. In einem Zuſtande dumpfer Betäubung wurden ſie hernach von den wach gewordenen Wirthen getroffen, in einer Art von Betäubung, die Haiden und ſeine Frau als eine Wirkung des Schreckens nicht auffallend fand, blieben ſie ferner, ſie ſprachen wenig, äußerten Liebe und Herzlichkeit mehr durch Geberden und ſchmerzliches Lächeln, als durch Worte und reiſten, ſo bald es möglich war, in ihre Heimath zurück.

Der Beſuch.

Zweites Gemälde.

Der Menſch vermag bisweilen etwas zu dulden, was er vorher für unüberſtehlich, und Laſten zu tragen, die er, als möglich gedacht, für drückend gehalten haben würde. Die beiden Gatten ſammelten ſich allmählig aus der erſten wohlthätigen Dumpfheit ohne merkliche Erſchöpfung ihrer Kräfte, und erſtaunten oft ſelbſt darüber, daß ſie ſo gefaßt waren. Wir haben, ſagten ſie wohl, das Unſrige an ihm gethan, wir haben uns nichts vorzuwerfen: Gott, der du uns Kraft giebſt, laß ihn auf gute Wege zurück kommen. Zur Linderung ihres Schmerzes wirkten zum Theil auch die Schlüſſe, die ſie aus ſeinem ganzen Benehmen bei dem Ueberfalle und aus der Verbergung des Liederbuches auf ſeine Geſinnungen machten. Und dieſe Geſinnungen beſtätigte ihnen bald nachher ein mit dem Erguſſe der quälendſten Reue und mit den flehendlichſten Bitten um Vergebung erfüllter Brief, welcher über alles folgenden Aufſchluß gab:

Nach mehren fruchtloſen Verſuchen, ein anſtändiges Unterkommen zu finden, hatte er bei ſeinen Streifereien einen mit ihm verjagten Jüngling getroffen und nebſt demſelben den Entſchluß gefaßt, Soldat zu werden. Von allem entblößt und der Verzweiflung nahe, fanden beide in dem Gaſthofe eines von der Landſtraße entlegenen Dorfes einen Menſchen, den ſie nach ſeiner Tracht und nach ſeinem Vorgeben für einen Werber hielten. Dieſer zog ſie einige Tage mit ſich herum, verpflegte ſie beide während einer Krankheit ſorgſam, ſchlug ſich dann mit ihnen in waldige Gegenden und führte ſie nach mancherlei Vorbereitungen bei der noch nicht ſehr zahlreichen Rotte ein, deren Anführer er war. Von ihrer ſchrecklichen Lage, von Drohungen und Ueberredungen beſtürmt, entſchloſſen ſie ſich zu dem Gewerbe der Menſchen, welchen ſie ſchon verpflichtet waren. Die raſende Kühnheit, womit ſie bei der erſten Unternehmung den Tod ſuchten und nicht fanden, gab ihnen bei der Bande ein Gewicht, welches der Jüngling mehrmals zur Verhütung eines Mordes und anderer Schandthaten gebraucht zu haben verſicherte.

„Der Einbruch bei dem redlichen Haiden, ſo hieß es dann wörtlich, welchen ich noch in dem Dorfe wähnte, wo ich als Knabe ſo manchmal die größten Seligkeiten genoß, war der zehnte und letzte Ueberfall, woran ich Antheil nahm. Tief erſchütterte mich die Aehnlichkeit mit meinen Eltern, die ich an den weggewandten Geſichtern zu bemerken glaubte, und bei dem Anblicke des Buches, welches mir den gräßlichen Aufſchluß gab, war mir, als würden meine umnebelten Augen aufgethan, in den Himmel, den ich verloren, und in die Hölle, in welche ich mich geſtürzt hatte, zu ſchauen. Dies Buch iſt nun mein köſtlichſter Schatz, immer trage ich es bei mir. Die Bilder von dem Segen der Unſchuld, von häuslichem Frieden und Fleiße, von häuslicher Redlichkeit, Schuldloſigkeit und Freude, die es täglich in meine Seele ruft, werden mich meinen gegenwärtigen Vorſätzen treu erhalten. Oft war mir, wenn meine Hand es berührte, als tönten mir noch einmal die Abſchiedsworte der Mutter: Vergiß deine Eltern und ihre Hoffnungen nicht! als hörte ich noch einmal den Vater ſagen: Wandle vor Gott und ſei fromm! — Ueber die Vereitlung des Raubes wußte ich die Rotte zu beſänftigen, und nach zwei Tagen gelang es mir und meinem Freunde, ihr zu entrinnen.“ —

Der Schluß des Briefes enthielt dann noch die Nachricht, daß er jetzt mit Ausſichten auf Glück eine anſtändige Beſchäftigung treibe und keiner Unterſtützung bedürfe; eine Auseinanderſetzung der Gründe, aus welchen er ſeinen Aufenthalt nicht angebe, die Bezeichnung eines mit ſeinem Gefährten nahe verwandten Mannes, der zwar nicht ſeine Schickſale, aber ſeinen Wohnort wiſſe und ihm Briefe ſeiner Eltern zukommen laſſen werde, und zuletzt Aeußerungen der innigſten Wünſche, daß er einſt im Stande ſei, den Beſtohlenen, die ihm beſtändig vor Augen ſtänden, den Erſatz zu leiſten, zu welchem er ſich verpflichtet halte.

Aehnliche Briefe kamen in den folgenden Jahren zwar ſelten und mit vorſätzlich unbeſtimmt abgefaßtem Inhalt; aber die Gefühle und Grundſätze, die aus ihnen ſprachen, richteten die Eltern eben ſo auf, als ein paarmal die Nachrichten von weiterer Entfernung ſie bekümmerten. Buchbaum und ſeine Gattin gewannen das Leben wieder lieb, das ihnen in der Erwartung der wichtigſten Auflöſung eine immerwährende Spannung gab, und in welchem ſie noch einen unermeßlichen Schatz von Freuden zu heben hofften. Sie wurden wieder ſo geſund, als ſie vor dem Verluſte des Sohnes geweſen waren, nahmen wieder wie vorher an der Welt und ihren Ereigniſſen Theil, und der Briefwechſel mit Haiden ward von neuem ſo lebhaft als ſonſt geführt. Die lieben Freunde erfuhren von Fritzen, was ſich mittheilen ließ, erklärten ſich das Mangelhafte in den Nachrichten aus ſeinem Stolze, der noch immer eine öffentliche Beſchimpfung nicht verſchmerzen könne; und erhielten vielmals die dringendſten Einladungen. Ueber dem allen waren indeß beinahe vier Jahre ſeit Buchbaums merkwürdigem Beſuche vergangen, als endlich an einem Abende im Anfange des heitern Herbſtes der erſehnte Haiden mit ſeinem Weibe, wie es ſeit Monaten zugeſagt war, zur Zeit des Abendeſſens, das ſchon auf Kohlen ihrer harrte, eintraf.

Freundſchaftliche Wärme, Erinnerung, Mittheilung und Freude waltete bei demſelben, wie in vorigen Zeiten, nur kummerfreier, als beim letzten Beſuche. Buchbaum erzählte ſeinen Lieben, wie er die vollen acht Tage, die ſie bei ihm zubringen wollten, vorläufig zu ihrem Vergnügen eingetheilt habe. In den letzten Tagen, ſagte er, leben wir ganz uns ſelbſt, die vorletzten bringen wir bei einigen braven Nachbarn zu, auf übermorgen iſt alles von guten Menſchen, was du in unſerer Gegend kennſt, beſonders auch der ehrliche Pfarrer Müller, eingeladen, und morgen fahren wir mit dem Frühſten in die Stadt, um den Oberſten Roulon zu ſehen, der gegen Mittag mit ſeiner Schaar wieder ausrückt.

Den Oberſten Roulon zu ſehen? rief Haiden, der längſt gern auf ſeinen Lieblingsſtoff, auf Staatsſachen und Kriegsbegebenheiten gekommen wäre, — ha! das iſt ſchön. Roulon iſt in dieſem Kriege ſeit einem Jahre mein Held. Da ſiehſt du Frau, daß ich Recht hatte. Sagte ich nicht, Roulon iſt dort in der Nähe, wer weiß, ob er uns nicht zu Geſichte kommt? — Unterwegs habe ich gehört, daß er in der Stadt erwartet würde.

Buchbaum. Und er iſt heute Mittags wirklich eingetroffen.

Haiden. Ja der iſt raſch, wo man kaum an ihn denkt, da iſt er ſchon. Er ſei ein wunderſchöner Mann von einer wahren Heldengeſtalt, ſagte mir heute ein Gaſtwirth, der ihn geſehen hatte. Weißt du wohl, wie er ſich vor einem halben Jahre, als man ihn bereits verloren gab, mit ſeinen Paar hundert Leuten durchſchlug? das war ein erſtaunlicher Streich! Wir können froh ſein, daß uns hier der Krieg nicht näher angeht.

Buchbaum. Je nun, gegen den wehrloſen Bürger und Landmann war er doch immer edel und gütig.

Haiden. Freilich wohl, freilich. Bewaffneten Kriegern gegenüber wie ein Löwe, iſt er doch ſelbſt in Feindes Lande ſchonend und billig, und gegen alle andern friedlich wie ein Lamm. Roulon iſt mein Held! — Auch gelehrt ſoll er ſein.

Buchbaum. Wenigſtens nach ſeinen Briefen und Reden zu urtheilen, die wir geleſen haben. —

Buchbaum ſtand hier auf und holte Zeitungen herbei. Ich habe, fuhr er fort, dieſe Blätter, die heute Nachmittags kamen, und die du noch nicht geſehen haben kannſt, abſichtlich für dich aufgehoben. Höre nur, hier iſt eine Rede, die er vor dem letzten Durchzuge durch feindliches Gebiet, ehe er in unſre Lande kam, an ſeine Soldaten gehalten hat: „Muthig, meine kühnen Mitſtreiter, meine braven Waffenbrüder, muthig! Nur noch eine kurze Zeit Schweiß und Mühe, ſo folgt Ruhe, nur noch eine Zeitlang Gefahren und Wunden, ſo ſeht ihr eure Eltern und Weiber und Kinder und Bräute wieder. Denkt an die Eurigen, und fragt euch, wie ihr wünſchtet, daß ſie behandelt würden, wenn unſre Gegner ſiegreich wären, wie wir ſind. So handelt denn in des Gegners Lande. Seid muthig bis in den Tod gegen die gerüſteten Feinde, und ſchonet der unbewaffneten Handwerker und Bauern und Weiber und Kinder, mit welchen wir nicht fechten, und welche zu plagen den Krieger ſchändet. Geht, wenn wir weiter in die Länder kommen, deren Bewohner nichts mit uns zu zu ſchaffen haben, mit dieſen wie mit Freunden um, erleichtert ihnen die Laſten der Koſten, welche die Nähe von Kriegsheeren ihnen unvermeidlich auflegt, erpreßt nichts, bezahlt redlich, was ihr empfangt; nehmt, was die Reichern euch ſo geben, als Geſchenke dankbar an, und erwartet nichts von den Aermern. Seid meine kühnen Waffenbrüder, ſeid immer, was ihr waret, ehe ihr Soldaten wurdet, ſeid und bleibet Menſchen!“ —

Herrlich, herrlich! Roulon iſt mein Held. Laß uns anklingen: Er mag jetzt einen vergnügten Abend haben! rief Haiden, griff dann begierig nach den Zeitungsblättern, und vertiefte ſich mit ſeinem Freunde ſo im Leſen, Beurtheilen und Erzählen, daß der Abend allen, ſie wußten nicht wie, verſchwand.

Bald ruhten die lieben Gäſte in den Armen des Schlafes, auch Buchbaum wollte ſich niederlegen, und erneuerte nur noch mit Innigkeit und Wehmuth das Andenken an den ernſten Auftritt, den er bei ſeinem Freunde erlebte, als haſtig an die Thür geklopft ward. Buchbaum ſchrak zuſammen, öffnete vorſichtig einen Fenſterladen, und ſahe im hellen Mondenſcheine einen Mann, den ein langer Mantel verhüllte, und hinter ihm einen Diener zu Pferde.

Wer iſt da? fragte der Greis.

Der Oberſt Roulon, war die Antwort.

Ach Fritze! Fritze! Gott im Himmel! Mutter! Fritze iſt da. Dieſes Rufen, und mit der Mutter hinaus taumeln, mit den Worten: Mein Sohn, mein Sohn! in des Mannes Arme ſinken und an ſeinem Buſen hängen, war ſo eins, daß die Erzählung es nicht ſchreiben kann. Grüße, Umarmungen, Liebkoſungen, einzelne Fragen, Bitten um Verzeihung und Ausbrüche ihrer vollſten Gewährung wechſelten lange, ehe der Sohn nur dies Wenige im Zuſammenhange ſprechen konnte: Welcher Macht — und ich denke auch welchem Rechte — ich diene, wißt ihr nun. Der vor vier Jahren ausgebrochene Krieg kam mir und meinem Gefährten, dem kühnen Major, der jetzt ſo oft genannt wird, zu Statten. Wir traten mit veränderten Namen in Kriegsdienſte. Bei der Erſtürmung einer Batterie kämpften wir beide mit der Wuth von Verzweifelnden, Unzählige ſanken neben uns, wir kamen durch; ich trug nur dieſe beiden Hiebe auf der Stirn, einen Streifſchuß im linken und eine unbedeutende Wunde im rechten Arm davon. Wir wurden ausgezeichnet und waren bald Offiziere. Meine Kenntniſſe, vorzüglich meine Bekanntſchaft mit der Meßkunſt, fernerer Muth bei verſchiedenen bald auf einander folgenden Unternehmungen, ungewöhnliches Glück bei einigen ſehr gewagten, und der Tod ſo vieler braven Männer haben mich und beinahe eben ſo meinen Freund mit ſeltner Schnelligkeit emporgehoben. Große Schätze ſind ſeit mehr als einem Jahre auf die rechtmäßigſte Art in meine Hände gekommen, aber reich bin ich nicht. Es gab überall ſo viele Elende, denen geholfen werden mußte, und — o Gott, ihr wißt es — ich hatte zu erſtatten. Erſt vor einem Monate habe ich mich des letzten Kreuzers entledigt. Kennt ihr dieſes Liederbuch noch? Gott, welche Erinnerungen hängen an ihm, daß ich ſie ein Paar Tage hindurch in eurem Hauſe auffriſchen und feiern könnte! Ach es iſt noch alles in der lieben Stube, wie ehemals, auch ein Canarienvogel, vielleicht derſelbe, den ich zuletzt mit von der Schule brachte, hängt an der alten Stelle. O daß ich eine Zeitlang hier hauſen dürfte! Sehen mußte ich euch; aber meine Zeit iſt kurz. Morgen Mittags gehe ich weiter, die Mitternacht iſt vorbei, und um zwei Uhr iſt meine Gegenwart in der Stadt nöthig. Morgen früh nach ſieben habe ich noch ein Stündchen Muße, könntet ihr dann in der Stadt ſein, da ließe ſich noch manches ſprechen und erzählen.

Wir kommen, wir kommen, mein Sohn, erwiederten die Alten, aber der redliche Haiden iſt hier, dürfen wir ihn mitbringen?

Haiden, ach Haiden! rief der Held, o wie vieles Entzücken ſoll ſich mir in wenige Stunden zuſammen drängen! ja er muß mitkommen. Er hört ja ſo gern erzählen.

Nur einige flüchtige Verabredungen und ein Paar lange Umarmungen waren noch möglich, denn die Stubenuhr ſchlug eins. Wie oft haſt du mich ſchon, ſprach der Krieger, an den gern verſchobenen Abſchied gemahnt! Auf Wiederſehn in wenigen Stunden, lebt wohl, lebt wohl!

Mittagsbetrachtungen eines alten Dorfſchulmeiſters.

Wahrhaftig, das heißt im Schweiße ſeines Angeſichtes ſein Brot eſſen! Ich bin ſo heiß, als ob ich einen ſchwülen Tag hindurch in der Aernte gearbeitet hätte. Die Schule iſt freilich jetzt voll Kinder; iſt's nicht ſo warm davon in der Stube, als ob eingeheizt wäre? Je nun, ſo unbequem es ſonſt iſt, in der Wohnſtube unterrichten zu müſſen, im ſpäten Herbſte hat es doch ſeinen Vortheil, wenn man ſo wenig Holz zum Heizen bekommt, als ich. Die Wärme von meinen Schülern habe ich bei meinem Amte obenein, und ſie iſt mir nicht einmal unter meinen Einkünften mit angerechnet. Aber die Arbeit hat mir auch die Wärme noch vermehrt, und vielleicht findet's meine Frau, wenn ſie herein kommt, nicht ſo ſchwül als ich. Ach! das war ein mühevoller Vormittag, wie es ihrer für mein Alter ſchon ſo viele gab, ſeitdem der neue Kirchenrath die Landſchulen in Ordnung bringen will und auch mich beſucht hat. Was kann man dazu ſagen? Der Mann hat gute Abſichten, und gute Abſichten ſoll man haben. Auch iſt er freundlich und nicht ſtolz, und er hat mich gelobt, daß ich ein alter fleißiger, rechtſchaffener Schuldiener wäre und mich aufgemuntert. Ich würde, meinte er, auch in Zukunft das Meinige thun, damit die Kinder verſtändiger würden, als die Vorfahren, — und als ich ſelbſt bin, hätte ich bald hinzugeſetzt. Die Kinder, ſagte er, müſſen in der Naturlehre und Naturgeſchichte nicht fremd bleiben, und wiſſen, was heutiges Tages geſund iſt, und etwas von den Planeten, und noch manches andere. Nun ich will das Meinige thun, und, um lehren zu können, lernen, wie bisher, wie ſchwer es ſich auch lernt, wenn man ſechs und ſiebenzig Jahr alt iſt.

Die lieben vornehmen Herren, die uns immer ihre Befehle zukommen laſſen, ohne es je ſelbſt mit der muthwilligen Schuljugend verſucht zu haben, ſollten nur bedenken, wie ſelten für die neuen Sachen, die ſie vermuthlich alle wiſſen, ein alter Kopf taugt, und daß es einige Schwierigkeiten hat, etwas zu lehren, was man ſelbſt nicht weiß. Da ward doch meinen Vorfahren weniger Sorge und Laſt zu Theil. Die hatten doch nur ihre Noth mit den leichtſinnigen Knaben, und mit dem Leſen, Schreiben und Rechnen, und mit ihrem kümmerlichen Auskommen. Ich aber muß mich noch dazu mit allem Ungeziefer der Naturgeſchichte, und mit Löwen und Tigern und Elephanten, und mit ſo vielen Pflanzen, und mit dem ganzen Steinreiche, das ich den Jungen in den Kopf bringen ſoll, und mit den Planeten plagen.

Es wird mir blutſauer; habe ich nicht geſtern den Abend hindurch über den Planeten gebrütet, um heute davon ſprechen zu können! Die Kinder ſtaunen, wenn ich jetzt jeden Morgen etwas Neues zum Vorſchein bringe, und ich ſehe es ihnen an, daß ſie denken, wer hätte geglaubt, daß unſer Schulmeiſter ſo gelehrt iſt! Guten Kinder, wenn ihr nur wüßtet, wie ich es ſelbſt erſt im Schweiße meines Angeſichts gelernt habe! Das läßt man ihnen freilich nicht merken, wie mir auch der Herr Kirchenrath gerathen hat. Das ſei unter den Lehrern nicht Sitte, ſagte er, und vermindre nur ihr Anſehen. Er muß es ja verſtehen. Nur ſchlimm, daß ich nicht alles recht behalte, daß ich manchmal am andern Tage wieder vergeſſen habe, was ich mir am vorigen eingeprägt, und daß, ſeitdem das Buch geſchrieben ward, woraus ich lerne, ſchon Manches wieder anders geworden iſt. Hat mir nicht der Herr Pfarrer geſagt, daß hinter dem Saturn noch ein Planet entdeckt wäre? Was kann nun das helfen? Es waren ja Planeten genug, zumal für ein altes Gedächtniß.

Ich habe, wie meine Frau erzählte, in der Nacht im Schlafe vom Jupiter und Saturnus geſprochen, — und heute früh habe ich mich doch in der Ordnung der Weltkörper geirrt, und fälſchlich, wie ich nun aus meinem Buche ſehe, den Mars vor den Merkurius geſetzt. Das haben ſich die Jungen denn ſo fälſchlich eingeprägt; wenn es ihnen nur nicht ſchadet! wie bring' ich dem nun vor? Ich könnte freilich morgen früh ſagen, die Gelehrten wären darüber verſchiedener Meinung; oder — man hätte bisher gemeint, daß der Merkurius nach dem Mars käme, ich hätte es aber heute entdeckt, und für gewiß erfahren, daß der Mars erſt nach der Erde folge. Aber nein, das wäre Unwahrheit, und Unwahrheiten mag ich, um in meinen alten Tagen mehr zu ſcheinen, als ich bin, nicht reden. Alſo kurz und gut, ich erkläre, daß ich mich verſprochen, daß ich geirrt habe, und ſo mag mir meine neue Weisheit, und der neue Ruhm, den ich dadurch erwerbe, zu einer Uebung in der Demuth dienen. Nein, ich will nicht mehr ſcheinen, als ich bin, thue ich doch, was ich kann. Ich lehre leſen, und meine Kinder leſen fertig, und ein wenig ſchreiben und rechnen, und ſtelle die Planeten, ſo gut es geht. Und fruchtet nicht meine Arbeit, kann ich nicht fröhlich darauf zurück ſchauen? Bin ich nicht von jeher mit den Knaben hingekommen, ohne Ungeſtüm und Gewalt, indeß manche Schulmeiſter alles durch Schläge zwingen wollen, als ob die Köpfe der Kinder Steinnüſſe wären, die man aufklopfen muß? Hat nicht Willmſens Fritze heute Vormittags auf einmal acht Buchſtaben kennen gelernt! Beim erſten Schulbeſuche acht Buchſtaben!

In derſelben Zeit hat wohl mancher andere acht größere Thaten gethan, aber er macht vielleicht auch größeres Weſen davon, und läßt ſich reichlicher dafür bezahlen. Ich will beſcheiden meine kleine Thaten thun, und ſtill meinen Weg gehen, und nicht viel Geſchrei davon machen; ich will mich herzlich freuen, wenn mir's immer ſo gelingt, und genügſam leben, und weil ich keine Heldenthaten thue, keinen Heldenlohn verlangen. Ein wenig mehr könnte es freilich wohl für mein Reden und Schreiben, für mein Beten und Singen und Läuten ſein, denn die liebe Armuth blickt kecklich aus meinem Hauſe, und aus allem, was ich um mich und an mir habe. Siehe, wie meine ſchwarze Weſte ſo röthlich wird und hie und da zerreißt, daß ich ſie zuſehends unter meinem linnenen Oberröckchen verberge; aber es nimmt doch niemand Anſtoß daran, und die Wahrheit zu ſagen, es giebt auf unſerm Planeten Weſen, die in noch ſchlechtern Umſtänden ſind. Alſo getroſt! ich will ferner fleißig arbeiten und ärmlich wohnen und eſſen, ich will in meinen müden Kopf drängen, was hinein kann, und wenn es nicht nach Wunſche glückt, dem Herrn Kirchenrathe ſagen: Haben Sie Nachſicht mit meinem Kopfe, und ſehen Sie auf mein Herz. Mein Herz liebt das Gute, und darum habe ich Ruhe im Innern und bin zufrieden mit dem Aeußern. Und im Aeußern giebts doch auch manche Erquickung und Labung. Siehe, da kommt ja meine Chriſtine mit der Waſſerſuppe und den rauchenden Kartoffeln!

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von Starkenberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Gotthold Friedrich Stäudlin,

am 15. October 1758 zu Stuttgart geboren, ein Bruder des bekannten Theologen K. F. Stäudlin, lebte als Doctor der Rechte und Kanzleiadvocat in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, bis er am 17. September 1796 auf einer Reiſe zu Straßburg im Rhein ſeinem Leben ein Ende machte.

Albrecht von Haller, Gedicht in drei Geſängen. Tübingen, 1780.

Proben einer deutſchen Aeneis nebſt lyriſchen Gedichten. Stuttgart, 1781.

Vermiſchte poetiſche Stücke. Stuttgart, 1782.

Gedichte. Stuttgart, 1788. 91. 2 Thle.

Gab heraus:

Schwäbiſcher Muſenalmanach. Stuttgart, von 1782—87, und die

Poetiſche Blumenleſe. Stuttg., 1792. 93. 2 Thle.

Gedichte der Geſchwiſter Stäudlin. Stuttgart, 1827. 2 Thle.

St. ſuchte vorzüglich Haller nachzuahmen und war nicht ohne Talent für die didactiſche und deſcriptive Poeſie.

Karl Friedrich Stäudlin

am 25. Juli 1761 zu Stuttgart geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen und durchreiſte nach vollendetem Studium, ſeit 1786 als Erzieher, ſpäter allein bis 1790 Deutſchland, die Schweiz, Frankreich und England. Sogleich nach ſeiner Rückkehr von London wurde er zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Theologie zu Göttingen ernannt, wo er von nun an, ununterbrochen thätig, — als Doctor der Philoſophie und Theologie, auch Conſiſtorialrath wirkte und am 5. Juli 1826 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Geſchichte und Geiſt des Scepticismus. Leipzig, 1794. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der Sittenlehre Jeſu. Göttingen, 1799—1823. 4 Thle.
Geſchichte der philoſophiſchen, hebräiſchen und chriſtlichen Moral. Hannover, 1806.
Geſchichte der chriſtlichen Moral ſeit dem Wiederaufleben der Wiſſenſchaft. Gött., 1808.
Geſchichte der theologiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. Göttingen, 1810—12. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der Moralphiloſophie. Hannov., 1822.
Univerſalgeſchichte der chriſtlichen Kirche. Hannover, 1823. 3. Aufl.
Kirchengeſchichte von Großbritannien. Göttingen, 1819. 2 Thle.
Monographien, Lehrbücher u. ſ. w.

St. ſuchte als Theolog, vorzüglich auf hiſtoriſchem Wege, die ruhige Mitte zwiſchen der ſtrengen Orthodoxie und der Neuerungsſucht zu halten, und zeichnete ſich durch Fleiß, Scharfſinn und Gründlichkeit (ſeine letzten Schriften ausgenommen, die hin und wieder den Stempel der Flüchtigkeit tragen) ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Heinrich Steffens

wurde am 2. Mai 1773 zu Stavanger in Norwegen geboren. 1779 kam er mit ſeinem Vater nach Helſingör, wo er die gelehrte Schule beſuchte, 1785 nach Röskilde, und 1787 nach Copenhagen. Die Natur ſchien den tieffrommen und wohlredenden Jüngling zum Geiſtlichen berufen zu haben, aber er beſtimmte ſich frühe einen andern Weg. Büffons Werke verſetzten ihn in ſolche Begeiſterung, daß er beſchloß, dies Studium zum Ziel und Preis ſeines Lebens zu machen. 1790 begann er ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn, die er ſo ehrenvoll beendigte, daß die Prüfungscommiſſion der Naturforſcher ihm 1794 eine Summe von 150 Thlrn. zu einer Reiſe in ſein Vaterland bewilligte. Den Sommer dieſes Jahres verlebte er in Bergen, und wurde im Herbſt, nachdem ein Schiffbruch an der Elbmündung ihm ſeine ganze Habe geraubt hatte, nach Hamburg verſchlagen, wo er den Winter über blieb. 1796 trat er, unter der liebevollen Fürſorge von Hensler und Fabricius, zu Kiel als Docent ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft auf und ſeine äußere Lage würde ſich bald genug freundlich geſtaltet haben, hätte ihn nicht der Zwieſpalt ſeines durch Spinoza zerriſſenen Innern aus dieſer Ruhe aufgeſcheucht. Sein guter Geiſt führte ihn nach Jena, wo Schelling eben begonnen hatte, die Blüthe ſeines Syſtems zu entfalten, die, wie Platen ihm zuſingt, Dichter begeiſtern konnte. St. ward bald in die neuen Myſterien ſo tief eingeweiht, daß Schelling ihn 1800 zum Recenſenten ſeiner naturphiloſophiſchen Schriften erhob. In Jena Doctor und Adjunct der philoſophiſchen Facultät geworden, ging er über Berlin nach Freiberg, wo er des großen Werner Achtung und Freundſchaft erhielt und ſeine erſten Werke zu ſchreiben anfing. 1802 kehrte er in ſein Vaterland zurück und las in Copenhagen mit hinreißendem Beifall, aber mancherlei Anfeindungen bewogen ihn, 1804 dem Rufe zu einer Profeſſur in Halle zu folgen. Durch die Schlacht bei Jena von da vertrieben, lebte er bis 1809 in Holſtein, Hamburg und Lübeck und kehrte dann in ſeine Stellung zurück. Die heimlichen Bündniſſe der Patrioten von Preußen fanden in Steffens den feurigſten, unerſchrockenſten Genoſſen. Lauter durfte freilich ſein Donnerwort ſich erheben, als er 1811 nach Breslau kam, wo das begeiſterte Volk nur des Führers bedurfte. Er ſchrieb und ſprach Befreiungsreden, trat endlich ſelbſt in die Reihen der Freiwilligen, die er, nicht vor dem Fall von Paris, und mit dem eiſernen Kreuze geſchmückt verließ. Darauf lehrte er wieder als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Phyſik und der philoſophiſchen Naturgeſchichte zu Breslau, bis er 1831 an die Berliner Univerſität berufen wurde, zu deren glänzendſten Zierden er gehört.

Das Verzeichniß ſeiner Werke beurkundet die Reichhaltigkeit und Vielſeitigkeit ſeines Geiſtes:

Beiträge zur inneren Naturgeſchichte der Erde. 1801.
Handbuch der Oryktognoſie. Halle, 1811—24. 4 Bde.
Grundzüge der philoſophiſchen Naturwiſſenſchaft. Berlin, 1806.
Anthropologie. Breslau, 1822. 2 Bde.
Polemiſche Blätter zur Beförderung der ſpeculativen Phyſik. Breslau, 1829 und 1835.
Ueber die Idee der Univerſitäten. 1809.
Die gegenwärtige Zeit und wie ſie geworden. Berlin, 1817. 2 Bde.
Carricaturen des Heiligſten. Leipzig, 1819—21. 2 Bde.
Von der falſchen Theologie und dem wahren Glauben. Breslau, 1824; neu 1831.
Wie ich wieder Lutheraner wurde und was mir Lutherthum iſt. Breslau, 1831.
Die Familien Walſeth und Leith. Breslau, 1827; neu, 1830. 3 Bde.
Die vier Norweger. Breslau, 1828. 6 Bde.
Malcolm. Breslau, 1831. 2 Bde.
Ueber geheime Verbindungen auf Univerſitäten. Berlin, 1835.
Religionsphiloſophie. Breslau, 1841.
Was ich erlebte. Breslau, 1841.

St. iſt einer der genialſten Schüler Schellings und unter den Naturphiloſophen nächſt Oken unbedingt derjenige, welcher die Wiſſenſchaft und das Leben am Glänzendſten ſeinem Syſteme zu vermitteln wußte. Man hat ihm vorgeworfen, daß er als Philoſoph zu poetiſch, als Dichter zu philoſophiſch ſei, und dieſer Vorwurf läßt ſich allerdings nicht von ihm ablehnen, aber St. wäre ohne dieſen Fehler nicht, was er iſt, nicht der begeiſterte, beredſame Dichter und Denker, nicht ſo eigenthümlich und reich, wie er ſich auf allen Gebieten des Geiſtes, auf denen er ſich bewegt, uns zeigt. Er iſt ganz der Sohn ſeiner Ueberzeugung, Alles kommt bei ihm aus einem warmen, wahren Herzen voll tiefer Frömmigkeit und lebendiger Begeiſterung, ſelbſt ſeine Wiſſenſchaft ruht ſtets auf ſeinem Gemüth und das eben iſt es, was ihn ſelbſt da, wo er ſich zu Extremen hinreißen läßt, ſo originell und doch ſo wahrhaft und innig liebenswürdig macht. Voll Gluth der Empfindung, voll reicher Phantaſie, mit ſeltener Herrſchaft über die Sprache, obwohl er nie den Ausländer ganz von ſich abzuſtreifen vermag, ausgerüſtet, legt er ſelbſt in ſeinen Romanen ſtets nur die Ergebniſſe ſeines Strebens, ſeiner Anſchauung, ſeiner Erfahrung nieder, und ſeine Perſönlichkeit iſt es, die uns immer in denſelben auf das Wohlthuendſte, ſelbſt unter der farbenreichſten Verhüllung entgegentritt. Man möge ein noch ſo entſchiedener Gegner ſeiner, namentlich politiſchen und religiöſen Anſichten ſein, dieſelben noch ſo heftig bekämpfen, vor ihm ſelbſt wird man ſtets die größte Hochachtung hegen, denn überall offenbarte ſich auch bei dem, was uns vielleicht als Irrthum erſcheint, ſtets die großartige und edle Natur, der es entſprungen iſt. Von dieſem Standpuncte aus betrachtet erſcheinen uns ſeine Romane beſonders, wie Manches auch gegen Plan, Oeconomie und Durchführung derſelben einzuwenden ſein möge, als die reichſten und beredteſten Zeugniſſe einer erhabenen Seele, welche unabläſſig für das Große und Schöne wirkt, und die Mißverhältniſſe des Lebens mit dem Höheren zu vermitteln und zu verſöhnen ſucht, indem ſie ſich deren Ausgleichung oder Beſeitigung auf die redlichſte Weiſe und mit würdigſtem Ernſte angelegen ſein laſſe. Wen der Verſtand nicht einſeitig gefangen hält, der wird nie ein Buch von St. ohne die innigſte und wärmſte Anerkennung und Verehrung ſeiner Perſönlichkeit aus der Hand legen.

Aus Walſeth und Leith.

Es war zwei Stunden nach Mitternacht im Juni-Monat 1742. Ein Boot mit drei kleinen Maſten, von denen jeder mit einem mächtigen Segel verſehen (ein Ottring), war mit acht Mann beſetzt. Dieſe waren in kurze, meiſt wie Hemden verfertigte Jacken von grober Wolle gekleidet, die Beinkleider von Segeltuch, ſteif, und glänzend geſchwärzt durch Thran, die Hüte, den Kopf eng umſchließend, mit breiten Rändern, aus grober zuſammengeknetteter Wolle, mit Häuten überzogen, glänzend und ſchwarz, wie jene. Die meiſten waren junge rüſtige Burſchen, zwei ältere, mit langem, ſtruppigem, röthlichem Barte geziert. Zwar trug ihr Ausſehen das Gepräge der Rohheit ihrer Lebensweiſe, aber eine gewiſſe herbe Gutmüthigkeit war dennoch ein unverkennbar herrſchender Zug.

Das unabſehbare Meer umgab das Boot, die Meeresfläche ſchien ſpiegelglatt, und die kleinen Wellen in der Nähe ſchaukelten es. Hier wechſelte, wie die Farbe, ſo das Anſehen der See. Strömungen kräuſelten das Waſſer, unterbrachen die ruhige Fläche, und bildeten breite, dunklere Straßen, die ſich in grader Richtung, meiſt von Norden nach Süden, erſtreckten, und in derſelben Richtung ſich in ſich bewegten. Im fernen Weſten erkannte man, tief in das Meer getaucht, das Abendroth, weit in Oſten zuckten einzelne Strahlen herauf, und deuteten auf die kaum unter dem Horizonte verborgene Sonne. Ein Nebelſtreifen, gleich einem dunklen Balken, der das feurige Roth quer durchſchnitt, bezeichnete die fernen Felſen über der Heimat. Rings umher herrſchte eine feierliche Stille, ſelten flog eilig ein Vogel durch die Luft, nur ſchwarze Delphine in Menge wälzten ſich, und das Plätſchern tönte in die Meeresſtille hinein. Ein unermeßliches Heer durchſichtiger, gallertartiger Meduſen, größere und kleinere, ſah man den runden, ſcheibenförmigen Leib wechſelnd ausdehnen und zuſammenziehen; — man glaubte ſchwimmende Schwämme zu erblicken.

Ruhig ſaßen die Männer auf der Mitte des Königsrandes (Kongeragen), einer großen Tiefe in der Nordſee, zwölf Meilen von Haram in Soendmoer, und blickten geſpannt in den Abgrund hinein. Nur durch einzelne Töne und kurze Befehle der ältern wurde das Stillſchweigen unterbrochen, wenn ſie mit den mächtigen Fiſchſchnuren, die über hundert Faden in die Tiefe reichen (Diubdaagn), einen Kabeljau anzogen, und mühſam in das Boot warfen; oder wenn es ihnen gelang, eine mächtige Scholle (Queite) zu fangen, deren fetter Rücken getrocknet einen ſeltenen Leckerbiſſen der Einwohner abgiebt; oder wenn ſie jubelnd einen Haifiſch fingen, dem ſie die Leber ausſchnitten, und dann das getödtete Thier dem Meere überließen. Bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten entſtand eine augenblickliche allgemeine Bewegung, die einige Zeit fortdauerte. Darauf aber kehrte jeder zu ſeiner früheren Beſchäftigung zurück, und blickte ſtillſchweigend und aufmerkſam in die Tiefe. Es wird als ein beſonderes Glück betrachtet, wenn das Meer über dieſer Untiefe völlig ruhig iſt. Dann hangen die ſtarken Fiſchſchnüre ſenkrecht herunter, und der Fang gelingt vorzüglich. Es war jetzt der Fall, und eben deswegen war jeder aufmerkſam, emſig bemüht, den Augenblick zu benutzen, deſſen Vortheile ſie bald zu verlieren befürchten mußten. Gewöhnlich herrſcht über der Untiefe ein ſtarker Strom, der beſonders in der Mitte ſelten nachläßt, ſo, daß er eben das Zeichen iſt, daß man die rechte Stelle gefunden hat. Dieſer zeigte ſich jetzt, und trieb die Schnur mit ſich, daß dieſe den Grund nicht finden konnte, und die Fiſcher ließen nun auch das Boot in der Richtung des Stromes nach Norden treiben. Noch gelang es ihnen, einige Fiſche zu fangen, aber der Strom nahm ſo ſtark zu, daß ſie in kurzer Zeit einige Meilen nach Norden trieben. In dieſer Richtung entfernten ſie ſich immer mehr vom Lande, welches hier gegen Oſten umbiegt.

Wir müſſen aus dem Strom heraus, ſagte Ola.

Ei freilich, antwortete Thorwald, und dann ausruhen.

Mit Anſtrengung gelang es. Der Morgenwind war vorüber, das ganze Meer, auf deſſen unermeßlicher Fläche das Boot ſchwamm, noch immer ruhig, die Segel zuſammengerollt, die Ruder lagen unberührt in dem Boote, und die Fiſcher verzehrten als Frühſtück getrocknete Fiſche, etwas alten Käſe und flaches trocknes Gerſtenbrot. Ihr Trank war eine Miſchung von Waſſer und ſaurer Milch.

Als wir geſtern früh ausfuhren, fing Thorwald an, ſah ich in dem dicken Nebel den Seedrou leibhaftig am Seehauſe ſtehen. Wir hatten eben das Boot aus der Scheune gezogen, ich ging zurück, die Ruder zu holen; da ſtand er als Seemann gekleidet, in der Thüre, und war verſchwunden, als ich hinkam.

Da du das erzählſt, unterbrach ihn Ola, ſo will ich dir auch ſagen, daß ich den Drouſpeichel als einen Schaum in dem Boote fand, nachdem wir einige Meilen geſegelt waren. Svend ſah es auch, wir wollten aber nicht, daß ihr es wiſſen ſolltet.

Gott ſtehe uns bei: das iſt ein ſchlimmes Zeichen, antwortete Thorwald.

Ei nun — ſagte jetzt Svend, ein ſchöner junger Fiſcher, der Drou bedeutet zwar Unglück; aber ob es uns gilt, können wir nicht wiſſen. Wir werden bald etwas anders zu thun haben, als unglücklichen Vorbedeutungen nachzugrübeln. Ich ſage euch, in einer Stunde haben wir Südenwind, jetzt können wir die Segel nicht brauchen, der Strom treibt uns mit Gewalt gegen Norden, und das Rudern wird wenig helfen.

Die Fiſcher blickten ängſtlich nach Süden, und mußten Svend Recht geben.

Wir werden ſobald nicht nach Hauſe kommen, fuhr Svend fort.

Wenn wir überhaupt Soendmoer je wiederſehen, ſagte Ola trübe.

Warum nicht? erwiederte Svend, verdrießlich, wie es ſchien, über den Kleinmuth des Alten; noch geht ja Alles wohl, das Boot iſt tüchtig, es fehlt uns nicht an Speiſe und Trank, — wer möchte gleich die Hoffnung aufgeben!

Sie ergriffen die Ruder, und ſuchten völlig aus dem Strome heraus, und, ſo viel möglich, gegen Süden zu kommen. Während ſie alle mit großer Anſtrengung ruderten, die Richtung des Boot's durch den Compaß beſtimmend, bewölkte ſich der Himmel, die Sonne trat unter dicke Wolken, die ſchwarze Meeresfläche kräuſelte ſich immer mehr, und ein Wind blies aus Südoſten. Eilig wurden die Ruder eingezogen, alle Segel aufgeſpannt, und ſie ſuchten, den Wind bis auf wenige Grade durchſchneidend, und ſo hin und her kreuzend, die Höhe, die ſie erreicht hatten, zu behaupten, und zu verhindern, daß ſie nicht immer weiter gegen Norden trieben. Indeſſen erhob ſich der Wind immer ſtärker, die Wellen wurden mächtiger, das Meer immer unruhiger, und fortdauernd ſtrebten die kühnen Fiſcher dem Winde zum Trotz ihre Richtung zu behaupten. Die Wellen ſpielten an dem Rande des ſchiefſegelnden Boots, überſtrömten es oft, und als der Wind ſich bis zum Sturme ſteigerte, ſpritzte der wilde Schaum vorn und an dem bis auf die Waſſerfläche geneigten Rande hoch empor. Das Boot war in der Mitte des tobenden Elements ſchwer zu erkennen. Nur die Worte — ſchöpft das Waſſer aus — reef die Segel ein — das Ruder nach der Leeſeite, (Roer i Læ) tönten zuweilen aus den Wellen hervor, und würden einem nahen Schiffe verrathen haben, daß hier ein offnes Boot in dem wüſten Oceane mit den empörten Wellen kämpfte. Gegen Mittag brach ein wüthender Sturm los. Die Wellen tobten immer furchtbarer, es bildeten ſich unermeßliche, nach unten gerundete Gewölbe, deren Seitenwände in großer Höhe ſich verengten. Auf dieſer Schärfe brachen ſich die Wellen, ſich zerſplitternd in ſchneeweißen Schaum, der hoch in die Luft ſpritzte, während ein Theil des Waſſers von dieſer Höhe, auf die geneigte Fläche, wie auf eine feſte abſchüſſige Wand herablief. Aber die große rieſenhafte Waſſermaſſe hob ſich, indem ſie ſank, ſank, während ſie ſich hob, und ſo ſchien ſie, betrachtete man die einzelnen Wellen, immer die nämliche Geſtalt zu behalten, während der innere Grund, in furchtbarer Haſt von dem Oceane gepeitſcht, nach Norden gejagt wurde. Die Fiſcher eilten, als der Sturm ſich ſo gewaltig erhob, die Segel, die Maſten herunterzuziehen, ſchnell griff jeder nach ſeinem Ruder, nur bemüht, dem Boote eine ſolche Richtung zu geben, daß es die immer wachſenden Wellen durchſchneiden mußte. Während von der Oberfläche der aufwärtsſteigenden Wellen das Waſſer neben dem Boote abwärts lief, wurde dieſes ſelbſt, von der mächtigen Woge, an welcher es ſchwebte, wie an einen ſchroffen Hügel hinauf nach der ſchäumenden Spitze getragen, um wieder mit Blitzesſchnelle herunterzuſtürzen. Die Hälfte der Mannſchaft ruderte ohne Unterlaß, während einer ſteuerte, und die Uebrigen, die Ruder in Bereitſchaft, aufmerkſam da ſaßen, um die Rudernden, wenn ſie ermüdeten, abzulöſen. So geſpannt waren ſie auf das Nächſte, auf das Nothwendigſte, daß die Furcht keine Gewalt über ſie erhielt. Der Himmel ward immer finſterer, das Meer, die brauſenden Wellen immer ſchwärzer, der Sturm heulte, der Regen goß in Strömen herunter, und füllte das Boot, zwei Männer mußten ununterbrochen das Waſſer ausſchöpfen.

Sie entdeckten einen Nordlandsfahrer, ſchwebend auf dem hohen Schaumgipfel einer fernen Welle, kaum erkennbar. Der große Maſt trug das eine mächtige Segel aufgerefft. Aber nur einen Augenblick erblickten ſie das Schiff; der nächſte tauchte es zwiſchen die Wellen hinein, als wäre es von ihnen verſchlungen. Plötzlich erſchien es wieder, und jetzt ſah man es von der Höhe der Welle in die gewölbte Vertiefung ſchwebend. Jetzt war es ihnen nah. Es flog dem Boote pfeilſchnell vorüber, und ſie ſahen, wie das Schiffervolk das Entſetzen auf mannichfaltige Weiſe äußerte, als ſie Fiſcher in einer ſo gefährlichen Lage, mitten im Meere, den tobenden Wellen preisgegeben erblickten. Aber wie eine augenblickliche Erſcheinung eilte ihnen das Schiff mit der Mannſchaft vorüber, bald ſahen ſie es in der düſtern Ferne wie einen dunklen Punkt auf der Schaumſpitze tanzend verſchwinden, und fühlten ſich doppelt verlaſſen.

Mehre Stunden waren ſchon verfloſſen, die Mannſchaft erſchöpft, als gegen Abend der Sturm nachließ. Die Wellen brachen ſich, einzelne Waſſermaſſen erhoben ſich kugelförmig mit ſchäumendem Gipfel, und von der regelloſen Bewegung der Wogen ergriffen, ſchwankte das Boot unbeſtimmt in allen Richtungen. Schon war es ſpät geworden, noch immer mußten ſie mit Anſtrengung rudern, als Svend jauchzend bemerkte, daß der Wind ſich in Nordweſt erhob. Dieſer nahm fortdauernd zu, die Wellen fingen allmälig an, eine regelmäßige Bewegung zu erhalten. Die Maſten wurden aufgerichtet, die Segel ausgeſpannt, und das Boot flog mit dem Winde der Heimat entgegen, während die Fiſcher, die ſich jetzt völlig ausruhen konnten, die Gefahr, der ſie entgangen waren, kaum erwähnend, theils Hunger und Durſt ſtillten, theils einſchliefen.

Der Wind iſt zwar gut, ſagte Ola, aber wir ſind noch weit vom Lande; und da der Südſturm ſich gegen Abend legte, ſo können wir ihn gegen Mittag wieder erwarten, und ſo Alles verlieren, was wir gewonnen haben. Der Draug iſt nicht umſonſt erſchienen. Ich ſehe ihn noch, wie er drohend vor mir ſtand, und darauf verſchwand.

Ich erblicke jetzt etwas Beſſeres, Ola, erwiederte Svend, erkennſt du dort nicht die drei Schweſtern? Wir haben den richtigen Cours gehalten, und gehen grade auf das Land zu.

Ola ſtrengte ſich an. Nur das geübte Auge der Fiſcher konnte in der großen Ferne in dem bewölkten Morgenrothe drei ſchwarze Punkte wahrnehmen.

Indeſſen dauerte der Nordwind fort, das Boot flog durch die Wellen, und die Sonne erhob ſich allmälig am fernen Horizont. Die Schlafenden wurden aufgeweckt. Ruhig ſetzten die Fiſcher ſich hin, entblößten die Häupter, und ſtimmten mit rauhen Kehlen einen geiſtlichen Geſang an, deſſen harte Töne ſich mit dem Brauſen des Meeres verbanden, und in das weite Meer hineinſchallten. Ola ſprach darauf ein einfältiges Morgengebet, in welchem in ſchlichten Worten Gott für die Rettung aus drohender Gefahr gedankt und er um fernere gnädige Hülfe angefleht wurde. Die Fiſcher murmelten das allen wohlbekannte Gebet leiſe nach, und die zwar ſtumme, aber doch tiefe Freude über die Rettung bewegte, eben weil ſie keine eignen Worte finden konnte, die rauhen Gemüther in hingebender Andacht. Der Cours ging nun immer mehr gegen Süden, der Mittag war vorüber, das Land lag mit den rauhen Felſenſpitzen und Inſeln, die wie chaotiſch unter einander geworfene, mannigfaltig zerriſſene Rieſenmaſſen ſich darſtellten, wenn auch fern, doch erkennbar vor ihnen.

Erkennſt du, Godöe ſiehſt du, Ola, wie der Nebel ſich an den nördlichen Abhang gelagert hat? wir werden guten Wind behalten, und dießmal, mit Gottes Hilfe, nach einem guten Fange glücklich zurückkommen.

Sprich nicht ſo, erwiederte verdrießlich Ola, du kannſt den Wind beſprechen, daß er umſchlägt. Bis der Fiſcher in dem Hafen iſt, muß er fürchten, ohne furchtſam zu ſein. Die Jugend wird immer tollkühner, ſie will nicht mehr erkennen, wie wir ganz in der geheimen Gewalt des wüſten Meeres ſind, wenn wir uns ſeinen Wellen mit ſo zerbrechlichen Fahrzeugen preisgeben. Vorzeiten ſah dies jeder ein, und nahm's zu Herzen. Wenn unſere Väter, von ſolcher Gefahr bedroht, dem Leben nur noch halb zugehörten, ſcheuten ſie ſich, auch die gemeinſten Dinge mit den gewöhnlichen Worten zu bezeichnen, in ſo ungewohnter, unſichrer Lage. Das war der alte ſtille Ernſt; doch jetzt ſieht jeder leicht darüber hinweg.

Du haſt wohl nicht Unrecht, erwiederte Svend, wenn nicht oft auch eine recht trübſelige Angſt daraus entſtände, daß der Seemann unmännlich zittert, wenn ein zufälliges Wort die abergläubige Regel verletzt. Aber wo ſtarrſt du ſo hin, Thorwald?

Ich habe lange in Süden etwas Schwarzes entdeckt, mitten auf dem Meere, erwiederte dieſer. Erſt erſchien es als ein kleiner ſchwarzer Punkt, der immer wieder verſchwand, daß ich mich zu täuſchen glaubte; aber nun bleibt es. Seht ihr es nicht?

Lange ſuchten ſie mit den Augen nach der bezeichneten Gegend vergebens, endlich entdeckten ſie es nach und nach Alle, und in der That trat es immer deutlicher hervor.

Es iſt ein Wrack, rief plötzlich Svend, nachdem er aufmerkſam hingeſehen hatte. — Wir müſſen darauf zu, vielleicht iſt dort noch etwas zu retten —

Und zu verdienen, riefen Andere, Svend beiſtimmend.

Sie ſteuerten grade auf den Punkt zu. Da glaubten ſie auf einmal in weiter Ferne einen Blitz von dieſem Punkte ausfahren zu ſehen, der Rauch wirbelte, kaum wahrnehmbar, über das Waſſer empor, und bald darauf glaubten ſie nun auch einen kaum hörbaren Schuß zu vernehmen.

Ein Nothſchuß, ſagte Ola, und mit der geſpannteſten Aufmerkſamkeit verfolgten ſie den ihnen jetzt ſo wichtigen Gegenſtand. Immer entſchiedener wurde Svends Vermuthung beſtätigt. Man war ſchon einig, daß es eine Brigg ſein müſſe, man erkannte den abgebrochenen Fockmaſt, den faſt verſchwundenen Boegſpriet, und ſah, wie die zerriſſenen Taue um den einen kahlen Maſt herumflatterten. Jetzt kam man immer näher, die Mannſchaft des Schiffs hatte das Boot erkannt, alle bewegten ſich lebhaft, ſtreckten die Arme, wie um Hilfe flehend, heraus, während das Schiff den Wellen preisgegeben, unſicher hin- und herſchwankte. Früher hätten ſie es ſchon erreicht, wenn es ſich nicht mit dem Winde fortbewegt hätte. Als ſie näher kamen, ſahen ſie das Ruder zerbrochen, das Hinterkaſtell zerſtört, und hörten das Jammergeſchrei der Männer. Endlich legten ſie an das Schiff an. Es war ſchwer, weil die unſtäte Bewegung deſſelben ein ruhiges Anlegen nicht erlaubte. Stricke wurden von dem Schiffe in das Boot geworfen, wie es ſchien, von äußerſt kraftloſen Armen. Svend war der Erſte, der ſich durch den Strick auf das Schiff hinaufſchwang. Andere folgten, und Alle erſchraken, als ſie den Jammer erblickten, der auf dieſem halbzertrümmerten Fahrzeuge herrſchte. Zehn bis zwölf Menſchen ſchwankten, Leichen ähnlich, auf dem Schiffe herum, die Augen ſtarr und tief in den blaſſen, abgemagerten Geſichtern liegend. Kaum vermochten ſie zu reden. Ein einziger junger Menſch ſchien mehr Kräfte, als die Uebrigen, behalten zu haben. Er ſprach däniſch. Man erfuhr durch ihn, daß ſie Grönlandsfahrer, und daß ihre jetzige dringendſte Noth der furchtbarſte Hunger wäre. Kaum hatte Svend dieſes gehört, als er eilig ſich in das Boot ſchwang. Alles, was dort an Lebensmitteln übrig war, und eine beträchtliche Menge der gefangenen und zubereiteten Fiſche, wurden auf das Schiff gebracht, dann eine kleine Tonne friſches Waſſer. Wie grimmige Thiere ſtürzten die Matroſen über die rohen Fiſche her. Vergebens beſchwur man ſie, zu warten, bis ſie gekocht wären.

Da entdeckte Svend vorn im Schiffe eine hochſchwangere Frau, die wie in Ohnmacht lag. Eine Todtenbläſſe hatte ſich über das hagere Antlitz verbreitet; aber die zarte Haut, die feinen Züge bewieſen, daß ſie beſſere Tage erlebt hatte. Sie lag mit gefalteten Händen, die Augen geſchloſſen, da. Eine einfache, weiße Mütze ſchloß ſich dicht an den Kopf an, ein weißes, breites, leinenes Band ging quer über die Stirn, und ähnliche Bänder waren unter dem Kinn zu einer großen Schleife vereinigt. Sie trug eine Jacke und einen Rock von grauem Tuch, ein weißes leinenes Tuch, war über Hals und Schultern geworfen, und verhüllte dicht und züchtig die Bruſt. Neben ihr lag ein ältlicher Mann, mit ſtarken Geſichtszügen, wie es ſchien, dem Tode nah. Er trug eine runde, ungepuderte Perücke, und der braune Rock mit breiten

Schößen, die Aermel mit herunterhängenden Klappen, war durch eine Reihe großer Knöpfe bis dicht unter den Hals zugeknöpft. Um dieſes war ein ſchwarzſeidenes Tuch eng geſchlungen, ſo daß die Enden weit über den Rock herunterhingen. Svend eilte zuerſt auf die Frau zu. Noch war der Branntwein im hohen Norden ſelten. Man führte ihn nur als Stärkungsmittel gegen die völlige Erſchöpfung mit ſich, und die rüſtigen Fiſcher hatten es noch nicht nöthig gefunden, zu dieſem koſtbaren und ſeltenen Mittel zu greifen, obgleich ein Jeder ein kleines Fläſchchen bei ſich trug. Mit Waſſer verdünnt flößte Svend der ohnmächtigen Frau einige Tropfen ein. Sie erholte ſich etwas, und ihr erſter Blick war nach dem Manne gewandt, der neben ihr lag. Beide ruhten auf einem Lager von Segeltuch. Auch den Mann verſuchte Svend durch dieſes Mittel zu ſtärken.

Während er hier beſchäftigt war, hatten einige Fiſcher die Fiſche gekocht, dieſe und Gerſtenbrod ward den Hinfälligen geboten. Sie genoſſen gierig, und ſchauderhaft erſchien es dem guten jungen Manne, als er dieſe feine, edle Geſtalt von einem faſt thieriſchen Heißhunger ergriffen ſah. Die Frau richtete ſich auf, und fühlte ſich ſichtbar geſtärkt. Sie ſchien weniger, als die Uebrigen, gelitten zu haben, und bald erfuhr man, daß der Mann, der neben ihr lag, als noch einige Lebensmittel im Schiffe waren, auf jede Weiſe die Frau getäuſcht hätte, um von den ſeinigen ihr einen bedeutenden Theil zu geben. Sie hatte es nur zu ſpät gemerkt, und daher war der Mann früher ſchon, als die meiſten Uebrigen, von dem Hunger ergriffen worden. Es ſchien ihnen ein Räthſel, daß er noch lebte. So elend indeß die Mannſchaft auch war, ſo wurden ſie doch durch die frohe, unerwartete Hoffnung aufgerichtet.

Schnell hinunter in das Boot, rief Ola, und Svend ſetzte ſchon zwei Ruder in Bewegung. Das Boot zog nun das Schiff nach dem Lande zu, indem man ſowohl Segel als Ruder benutzte. Svend war durch den Jammer auf dem Schiffe ſichtbar erſchüttert.

Mein Gott, rief er ungeduldig, wie langſam geht es!

In der That ging das Schiff ſehr langſam nach der, noch neun bis zehn Meilen entfernten, Küſte zu. Während die Fiſcher mit großer Anſtrengung ruderten, und ſchon zweifelten, daß ſie Kräfte genug haben würden, um das Schiff ſo weit zu ſchleppen, entdeckten ſie in der Ferne zwei Boote. Man rief der Mannſchaft zu, daß ſie eine Kanone löſen ſollte. Aber das Schiffstau war lang, der Wind noch immer ſtark, ſie ſchienen den Ruf nicht zu verſtehen. Man war genöthigt, wieder auf das Schiff zuzurudern. Svend beſtieg es, er ſah nur flüchtig die Frau, die erſchöpft da lag, den Mann, der mit dem Tode zu ringen ſchien, und eilte, die drei Kanonen, die hinten ſtanden, zu laden, und alle drei abzufeuern. Mit Vergnügen merkte er, daß die fernen Boote ihren Lauf änderten. Er eilte nun in das Boot, die beiden übrigen kamen bald heran. Einige brachten Lebensmittel, die nun für die kurze Zeit in hinreichender Menge da waren. Die Boote verbanden ſich mit dem erſten, und das Schiff ging jetzt ſchon ſchneller nach dem Lande zu.

Indeſſen neigte ſich der Tag, der Wind hörte auf, in der ſtillen Nacht tönten die vereinigten Ruderſchläge, die Wellen brachen ſich an den Seiten des Wracks, und immer eiliger ſuchte man das Land zu erreichen. Man glaubte auf dem Schiffe zuweilen ein Wimmern zu hören.

Auf Bodöe erhob ſich der hohe Berg gegen Norden. Sie näherten ſich dem Ufer immer mehr, und als ſie gegen Morgen in Breeſund hineinruderten, erblickten ſie eine große Menge Boote. Schon in der Nacht entdeckten rudernde Schiffer ein Wrack, welches am Schlepptau dem Lande zugeführt wurde. Das Gerücht verbreitete ſich ſchnell, Boote ſtrömten von allen Seiten zu, die Anzahl derer, die das Schiff hineinſchleppten, konnte vermehrt werden, die erſchöpften Fiſcher wechſelten mit andern ab; und nach wenigen Stunden lag das Schiff bei Kaloeſtad, dicht unter einer ſteilen, drohend herunterhängenden Felſenwand feſt angebunden.

Am Ufer war eine große Menge Menſchen verſammelt. Mehrere von der Mannſchaft des Schiffes hatten ſich ſo weit erholt, daß ſie ohne Hilfe das Schiff verlaſſen konnten. Sie lachten, weinten, umarmten ſich wechſelſeitig, ſtürzten auf die Knie, und die gewaltſamen Aeußerungen der Freude ergriffen die Zuſchauer, die ſie neugierig umgaben.

Unſer Schiffer verließ, gefährlich krank, Grönland, erzählte einer an die ſich zudrängenden Zuſchauer, die ſie mit Fragen beſtürmten, und war ſchon geſtorben, ehe der wüthende Sturm losbrach, der unſeren großen Maſt zerſplitterte, auch unſer Steuermann, jetzt todt, lag krank in ſeiner Koje, und wir Anderen wußten uns kaum zu helfen. Das Schiff trieb hin und her, das Steuerruder war, ehe wir es uns verſahen, zerſchmettert, und ſeit zehn Wochen trieben wir in dem wilden Meere herum. Einmal war ein Schiff uns nahe, wir erwarteten ſichere Hilfe; aber es eilte uns, mit gutem Winde, pfeilſchnell vorüber. Seit acht Tagen nahmen die Lebensmittel ſo ab, daß wir den Hungertod vor Augen ſahen, in den drei letzten kaueten wir das Leder, und ſchon fingen einige an, das Schauderhafteſte vorzuſchlagen, als wir durch euch gerettet wurden.

Man umringte nun die Frau, Svend näherte ſich, und ſie erkannte den jungen Mann, der ſie ſo freundlich unterſtützt hatte. Aber ſie ſprach deutſch, und keiner verſtand ſie. Sie pflegte mit angſtvoller Sorge ihren Mann, knieete neben ſeinem Lager hin, und betete. Jede Hilfe wurde verſucht; allein ſie kam zu ſpät. Mit einem matten Blicke nach ſeiner Frau, dann nach oben gewandt, mit gefalteten Händen, wie in ſtilles Gebet verſunken, athmete er zum letztenmale. Die Frau war ohnmächtig auf das harte Lager hingeſtürzt. Nach einiger Zeit ſchlug ſie die großen Augen auf, ſie ſchien ganz in innere Betrachtung vertieft, ſie blickte ruhig nach oben, und die von Schmerzen krampfhaft bewegten Züge beruhigten ſich, ein klares Licht ſchien die hellen Augen zu erleuchten, eine wehmüthige Freude ſpielte um die blaſſen Lippen, und mit einer innerlich zitternden, bewegten, aber unendlich rührenden Stimme ſang ſie:

Er wird es thun, der gute, fromme Gott;
Er läßt nicht ohne Maß verſuchet werden.
Er bleibet noch ein Vater in der Noth,
Sein Troſt erleichtert ſeines Kind's Beſchwerden.
Ei, höre nur, wie er ſo freundlich ſpricht:
Verzage nicht.

Und alſo bricht das Herz ihm gegen dich.
Er ſpricht: ich muß mich über dich erbarmen.
Du armes Kind haſt niemand, außer mich.
Drum halt' ich dich in meinen treuen Armen;
Sei gutes Muths, die Hülf' iſt dir ſchon nah.
Der Troſt iſt da.

Die Fiſcher hatten ſich mit ihren Frauen, Söhnen, Töchtern und Mägden um die Leiche und um die trauernde Frau geſtellt, und als ſie zu ſingen anfing, waren ihnen freilich die Töne der fremden Sprache unverſtändlich; aber die rührende Andacht, die ſich durch die Stimme und mehr noch durch die verklärten Züge ausſprach, erregte eine andächtige Stille. Die Männer entblößten die Häupter, die Frauen falteten die Hände, und während des Geſanges hörte man nichts, als ein tiefes Schluchzen in der Verſammlung.

Lange dauerte die feierliche Stille. Die fremde Frau hatte ſich gefaßt aufgerichtet, die rührende Andacht, die alle Zuſchauer zeigten, ſchien das Vertrauen geſtärkt zu haben, ſie blickte mild um ſich her, reichte, mit Thränen in den Augen, den Nächſtſtehenden die Hände, und es war ihr, als fühlte ſie ſich heimathlich unter dieſen wohlwollenden Menſchen, die ihren Kummer theilten, obgleich ſie nicht vermochte, ſich ihnen verſtändlich zu machen. Noch einmal kniete ſie, betete über der Leiche des Mannes, und ſprach: Du haſt dich für mich und für dein Kind geopfert, treu bis in den Tod.

Alle Frauen drängten ſich um ſie herum, jede bot ihr Hilfe, Pflege, Herberge an, und die Schiffsleute erhoben die Theilnahme durch ihre Erzählung.

Sie iſt die Frau des deutſchen frommen Predigers, deſſen Tod ſie beweint. Sie waren nach Grönland gegangen, um die Heiden zu bekehren. Die Wilden haben ſie wie eine Heilige angebetet; denn allen erſchien ſie hilfreich, und verſchmähte es nicht, lehrend und helfend in ihre niedrigen, ſchmutzigen Hütten einzukehren. Auf dem Schiffe war ſie ein tröſtender Engel, wenige Männer ſo muthig, wie ſie, und wenn die Noth wilde Leidenſchaften unter uns erregte: ſo war ein Wort, ein Blick von ihr hinreichend, um die Wildeſten zum Stillſchweigen zu bringen.

Während die Fremde ſo alle Theilnahme der Umſtehenden beſchäftigte, während die kundigen Frauen unter ſich murmelten, daß ihr Zuſtand baldige Ruhe und Pflege foderte, ſah man von Norden her ein ſtattliches Boot ſich nähern. Im Hintergrunde ſtand ein anſehnlicher Herr, der das Ruder führte, und ein Knabe an ſeiner Seite.

Da kömmt der Herr von Eidſtöe, rief das Volk, er wird ſchon für die Frau Sorge tragen.

Er näherte ſich dem Schiffe, beſtieg es, und ging auf die Fremde, die, wie er ſah, der Gegenſtand der allgemeinen Aufmerkſamkeit war, mit einem vornehmen Anſtande zu.

Es war ein kleiner, breitſchultriger Mann, der einen dunkeln Ueberrock trug, ſich aber beſonders durch eine wohlfriſirte, gepuderte Perücke auszeichnete; dieſe war mit einem Haarbeutel beſchwert, von welchem breite ſchwarzſeidne, an den Rändern gezähnte, Bänder um den Hals loſe und zierlich nach vorn liefen, wo ſie ſich über der feinen Hemdkrauſe vereinigten. Die Perücke bedeckte ein dreieckiger, wie die Weſte, mit goldenen Treſſen gezierter, Hut.

Der höchſt einfache Anzug der fremden Frau ließ ihn vermuthen, daß ſie von geringem Stande ſei, und er redete ſie in dieſer Vorausſetzung etwas herriſch auf däniſch an, ſie auffodernd, ihm über ihre Lage Bericht abzuſtatten.

Ich bin, antwortete ſie, im reinſten Franzöſiſch, nicht ſo glücklich, mein Herr, Ihre Sprache zu verſtehen; — und als ſie merkte, daß er aufhorchte, und ſie zu verſtehen ſchien, ſprach ſie weiter.

Ich komme von Grönland, wir trieben zehn Wochen, als unſer Schiff zertrümmert wurde, umher auf dem Meere herum, der Hungertod drohte uns, und leider, mein Mann, ein Miſſionar aus der Brüdergemeinde, der im Begriffe war, nach Deutſchland zurückzukehren, iſt eben ein Opfer der Noth geworden. Die braven Einwohner haben uns gerettet, haben uns unterſtützt, und ſo weit ich ſie verſtehe, will ein Jeder mir Hilfe und Herberge anbieten. Ich danke Gott, der mich in einer ſo hilfloſen, verlaſſenen Lage zu einem wohlwollenden, chriſtlichen Volke führte, und Sie, mein Herr! werden mir Hilfe, Rath nicht verſagen, wo ich deſſen ſo dringend bedarf. Ohne irgend eine freundliche Stütze, — die letzte, theuerſte, habe ich auf immer verloren, ſagte ſie, indem ſie die Thränen zu verbergen ſuchte, — nähere ich mich Ihnen, mein Herr, mit vollem Vertrauen.

Während ſie ſprach, hatte das ganze Benehmen des Herrn ſich auffallend verändert, er entblößte den Kopf, nahm die Stellung eines gebildeten Mannes an, welcher die Bitte einer Dame mit verbindlicher Aufmerkſamkeit anhörte. Er hatte ihre anmuthigen, ja auf einen höhern Stand deutenden Züge betrachtet, bewunderte die Feinheit ihrer Rede, die Zierlichkeit und Reinheit ihrer Sprache, und wollte ſeinen Ohren nicht trauen, da ſie ſich ſelbſt als die Wittwe des eben verſtorbenen Miſſionars angab.

Wahrlich, Sie können unbedingt über mich befehlen, antwortete er; ſie bedürfen weibliche Hilfe, und meine Frau und Schweſter werden ſich glücklich ſchätzen, Ihnen dieſe leiſten zu können. Ich erſuche Sie, mich nach meiner Wohnung zu begleiten, die freilich einige Meilen entfernt iſt; und es ſollte mir lieb ſein, wenn Sie ſich ſtark genug fühlten, mein Boot zu beſteigen, und dieſe kleine Reiſe zurückzulegen.

Der Mann zeigte ſo viel wohlwollende Theilnahme, er hatte ſo viel Vertrauen Erweckendes, und die Hoffnung, in ihrer Lage in einer wohlgeordneten Wohnung die Hilfe von Frauen zu genießen, denen ſie ſich verſtändlich machen könnte, wirkte ſo mächtig, daß ſie ſich ſtark genug fühlte, das Anerbieten anzunehmen. Der goldlockige Knabe hatte ſich indeſſen von den Umſtehenden, die ihn zu kennen und zu lieben ſchienen, Alles erzählen laſſen, trat auf die Frau zu, und redete ſie freundlich und ermunternd ebenfalls auf Franzöſiſch an.

Auguſt Friedrich Freiherr von Steigenteſch

ward am 12. Januar 1774 zu Hildesheim geboren; der Enkel eines berühmten Komikers zu Wien, trat er mit dem funfzehnten Jahre in öſterreichiſche Kriegsdienſte und zeichnete ſich ſchnell aus. Er machte die Feldzüge von 1805 und 1809 mit, nahm darauf ſeinen Abſchied und ward in dem letztgenannten Jahre nach Königsberg geſandt. Im Jahre 1813 ſtand er dem Feldmarſchall Fürſt Schwarzenberg als Generaladjutant zur Seite, 1814 ward ihm die zweite diplomatiſche Miſſion, nämlich in Vereinigung mit den Geſandtern der vier großen Mächte Norwegen dem Könige von Schweden zu übergeben. 1815 erhielt er den Geſandtſchaftspoſten in Copenhagen; die Rückkehr Napoleons von Elba machte jedoch ſeine Anweſenheit in der Schweiz nothwendig, um deren Regierungen zum neuen Kampfe aufzufordern. Später folgte er dem Kaiſer Alexander nach Petersburg, kehrte jedoch nach Wien zurück und erhielt nun den Titel eines wirklichen Geheimraths. Sein letzter Geſandtſchaftspoſten war in Turin; er bekleidete ihn aber nur kurze Zeit, da er ſchon am 30. December 1826 daſelbſt ſtarb. Er war Großkreuz des St. Annen-, Wladimir-, Danebrog-, und des Ordens der eiſernen Krone, Commandeur des Leopolds-, Ritter des Militär-Max-Joſephsordens und mehrerer anderen Decorationen.

Von ihm erſchien:

Geſammelte Schriften, Ausgabe letzter Hand. Darmſtadt, 1819. 5 Thle.
Convenienz und Liebe, Luſtſpiel. Osnabrück, 1798.
Erzählungen. Osnabrück, 1802.
Erzählungen. Wien, 1816. 2 Thle.
Erzählungen und vermiſchte Aufſätze. Darmſtadt, 1819 und 1823. 3. Aufl.
Die Freier, Luſtſpiel. Osnabrück, 1798.
Gedichte. Osnabrück, 1799.
Gedichte. Frankfurt, 1805 und 1808. 2. Aufl.
Gedichte. Darmſtadt, 1823. 4. Aufl.
Die Gelehrſamkeit aus Liebe. München, 1800.
Keratophoros, Mährchen. München, 1806. 1809.
Die Kunſt, ſein Glück zu machen. Osnabr., 1802.
Das Landleben. Leipzig, 1803 – 1810.
Loth, Erzählung. Osnabrück, 1802.
Luſtſpiele. Leipzig, 1823. 3 Thle.
Marie, Roman. Darmſtadt, 1812. 1823. 2 Thle.
Mährchen. Leipzig, 1813.

Feine Characterzeichnung, glückliche Erfindung, Anmuth und Wahrheit der Darſtellung, Correctheit und große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form und Sprache ſind ſämmtlichen poetiſchen Leiſtungen dieſes talentvollen Mannes, vorzüglich aber ſeinen Luſtſpielen eigen, deren Werth noch durch einen witzigen und feinen Dialog ſehr erhöht wird. Sein Roman: Marie, iſt eine freie Bearbeitung der berüchtigten liaisons dangereuses und wie dieſer in Briefen geſchrieben, die ſich ebenfalls durch einen trefflichen Styl auszeichnen aber vor dem franzöſiſchen Original noch den großen Vorzug hoher moraliſcher Tendenz, und einer, trotz der Verderbniß der Sitten, welche hier gleicher Weiſe, obwohl unter andern Verhältniſſen, geſchildert wird, keuſchen und reinen Darſtellung voraus haben.

Der arme Thoms.

Des Haines Sänger ſchliefen und verſtummten,
Da wallte Thoms, den oft ſein Herz betrog,
Zum Kirchhof, wo die Abendkäfer ſummten,
Und über ihm die ſchnelle Schwalbe flog.

Am Grabe ſeines Vaters ſank er nieder:
Der Mangel ſtieß ihn in die Welt hinaus,
Dort waren alle Menſchen ſeine Brüder,
Die große weite Erde war ſein Haus.

Er trug das wunde Herz, vom Gram zerriſſen,
Zu ſeines Vaters kaltem Grab zurück.
Der Hügel ſeines Vaters war ſein Kiſſen,
Und eine Thräne ſein errungnes Glück.

Es ward ihm hier ſo heimlich und ſo bange,
Dem Staube nah', von dem er Troſt empfing;
Er drückte ſeine bleich gehärmte Wange
Ins falbe Gras, das um den Hügel hing.

„Ein Bettler, Vater! arm an Kraft und Freude,“
So ſprach er zu dem Todten: „bin ich hier.
Du findeſt Menſchen, wenn ich von dir ſcheide;
So ſprachſt du, als dein Auge brach, zu mir.

„Und weinend wandt' ich mich mit deinem Segen
Zu Menſchen, denen er mich übergab,
Das wunde Herz an ihre Bruſt zu legen,
Und jeder wies den Bettler trotzig ab.

„Doch Agnes hörte noch den Bettler weinen,
Der Mangel hatte meine Kraft verzehrt;

„„Geh',““ ſprach ſie, „„liebe Brot, du bleibſt den Deinen,
Kommſt du zurück, wie meinem Herzen werth.““

„Ich ging, ich konnte kaum den Pflug umfaſſen,
Ich griff zum Schwert, da war mein Arm zu ſchwach,
Da weint' ich laut, vergeſſen und verlaſſen,
Kein Auge ſah, der Felſen ſprach mir nach.

„Am Thor der Heimath ſenk' ich krank mich nieder,
Und Agnes kam zum Birkenwalde her,
Ich ſprang empor und rief: „Du haſt mich wieder!“
Sie lachte laut, und kannte mich nicht mehr.

„Da brach mein Herz, da wankten meine Kniee,
Da fühlt' ich, daß ich hülflos elend bin;
Den Tod im Herzen, wankt' ich noch mit Mühe
Bis an dein Grab, du guter Vater! hin.

„Bald, Vater! wird auch mich die Erde decken,
Die Sonne grüßt die Gräber um mich her,
Die kalten Schläfer freundlich aufzuwecken,
Und weckt, wie ſie, den armen Thoms nicht mehr.“

Jetzt ſah er, wie im Weſten freundlich ſchwebend
Der Abend ſich in Thetis Arm ſenkte,
Da hob er ſeine Hände, kalt und bebend,
Und ſeinen Blick zum Geiſt der Nacht empor.

Und kalte feuchte Morgennebel floſſen
Weiß, wie ein Leichentuch, am Grabe her.
Da war ſein Blick für dieſe Welt geſchloſſen,
Die Sonne weckt den armen Thoms nicht mehr.

Der Troubadour.

Am Quell, vom Tage matt beſchienen,
Saß Ritter Raymund, kalt und wild;
Bleich, wie der Burggeiſt in Ruinen,
Schwamm auf dem Felſenquell ſein Bild.
Da liſpeln ſanft der Harfe Saiten;
Im Liede weht ein leichter Sinn,
Und des Geſanges Töne gleiten
Wie Wellen über Blumen hin:

Erinnerung rauſchet durch die Lieder
Mit ſchwarzen Flügeln um ſein Ohr,
Das Schrecken ſträubt ſein Haar empor
Und drückt den Blick zur Erde nieder.

Die ſanfte Sprache der Gefühle
Wird jetzt in jeder Saite wach;
Des Morgens Traum, der Kindheit Spiele
Ahmt ſchwach und ſtark die Harfe nach.
Die halbgedämpften Töne beben,
Wie durch das Laub der Weſt im Mai;
Der Kindheit goldne Träume ſchweben
Im Spiegel des Geſangs vorbei.

Der ſchöne Traum, zu früh vergangen,
Hat ſanft des Ritters Herz erweicht;
Ein warmes ſtilles Thränlein ſchleicht
Sich ſchüchtern auf die blaſſen Wangen.

Jetzt klagt hier, wie der Welle Toſen,
Bald ſchwach, bald ſtark, mit leiſem Schwung,
Die Sehnſucht um verblühte Roſen
Im Echo der Erinnerung.
Der Ton, gleich ſcheidenden Gewittern,
Verhallt, nun ſterbend, dumpf und ſchwach;
Die Saite ahmt mit leiſem Zittern
Den ſüßen Tod der Freude nach.

Der Vorzeit blaſſe Nebel fallen,
Der Freude heitres Bild erwacht,
Die Liebe winkt, das Leben lacht
Ihm aus der Zukunft finſtern Hallen.

Dem Arm der Freude ſchnell entriſſen,
Erhebt ſich dumpf das Lied der Schlacht;
Die Erde wird des Todes Kiſſen,
Das Blut und Wunde ſchrecklich macht.
Die Harfe ſchweigt: in ihren Pauſen
Verblutet röchelnd ſich der Held,
Und, wie des Meeres Wogen, brauſen
Die Töne durch das Leichenfeld.

Des Ritters blaſſe Wangen färben
Sich brennend, wie das Abendroth;
Er ſehnt ſich, den erhabnen Tod
Im wilden Schlachtgewühl zu ſterben.

Der Harfe Stürme rauſchen wilder;
Das Siegel ſpringt am Grab der Zeit;
Der Sturm des Sängers weckt die Bilder
Im Nebel der Vergangenheit.
Dumpf rauſcht in jedem Grabe Leben,
Wie in der Felſenkluft der Nord.
Des Sängers blaſſe Lippen beben;
Sein Stammeln malt den Brudermord.

Die Wangen, wildentbrannt, verglühen;
Im Auge rollen Schuld und Haß,
„Laß,“ ruft der Ritter leichenblaß,
„O laß das Bild vorüberfliehen!“

Da flüſtern leiſe durch die Saiten
Der Hoffnung ſüße Melodien.
Sanft, wie des Schickſals Faden, leiten
Sie in den Arm der Tröſterin.
Kühn trotzt der Mörder den Geſetzen,
Ihn lenkt das ewige Geſchick;
Auf ſeinen Wink hält das Entſetzen
Des Frevels Dolch und Arm zurück.

Der Ritter ſchlingt um die Geſtalten
Der Möglichkeit den Arm voll Kraft,
An ſeiner Bruſt voll Leidenſchaft
Das ſüße Traumbild feſtzuhalten.

Der Sänger ſchweigt. Des Ritters Miene
Wird wieder kalt und wolkenſchwer;
Da flüſterts leiſe durch das Grüne:
„„Erkennſt du Erichs Ton nicht mehr?““
Er blickt empor, die Augen wenden
Sich ab, von Scham und Schuld gepreßt;
Er klammert ſich mit kalten Händen
An ſeines Bruders Knieen feſt.

Das Band des Schreckens löſt ſich wieder,
Das ſeine Kraft gefeſſelt hält;
Und auf die blaſſen Lippen fällt
Die Thräne der Verzeihung nieder.

Chriſtian Gottfried Daniel Stein

ward am 14. October 1771 zu Leipzig geboren, beſuchte die Thomasſchule und von 1788—90 die Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Theologiſche Zweifel unterdrückten in ihm die früher gehegte Neigung zum Predigerſtande, immer lebhafter trat dagegen ſein Intereſſe an Erdkunde hervor, das er in allen Ferien auf kleinen Reiſen zu befriedigen ſuchte. Nachdem er Doctor der Philoſophie geworden, ward er durch Gedike's Fürſprache 1794 Collaborator und ſeit 1802 Profeſſor am grauen Kloſter zu Berlin. 1830 ernannte ihn der König zum Ritter des rothen Adlerordens dritter Claſſe. Er ſtarb am 14. Juni deſſelben Jahres, nachdem er ſein ganzes Leben dem Studium ſeiner Jugend, und zwar immer an derſelben Stelle gewidmet, und ſich um die Wiſſenſchaft höchſt verdient gemacht hatte.

Er veröffentlichte:

Handbuch der Geſchichte und Erdbeſchreibung des preußiſchen Staats. Berlin, 1798.

Characteriſtik Friedrichs des Zweiten. Berlin, 1798. 3 Thle.

Kleine Geographie. Leipzig, 1808.
Handbuch der Geographie. Leipzig, 1809; 4. Aufl. 1819—20. 3 Thle.
Geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſches Poſt-, Zeitungs- und Comptoirlexikon. Leipzig, 1811. 2 Thle.
Neues geographiſch-ſtatiſtiſches Poſt-, Zeitungs- und Comptoirlexikon. Leipzig, 1818 bis 21. 4 Thle.
Handbuch der Naturgeſchichte. Leipz., 1812. 2 Thle.
Europäiſche Geographie nach natürlichen Grenzen. Berlin, 1817.
Handbuch der Geographie und Statiſtik des preußiſchen Staats. Berlin, 1819.
Reiſe-Taſchenlexikon für Europa. Leipz., 1827.
Reiſen nach den vorzüglichſten Hauptſtädten von Mitteleuropa. Leipzig, 1826—29. 7 Thle.
Statiſtiſch-geographiſche Beſchreibung des Königreichs Sachſen. Dresden, 1828.

St.'s Schriften zeichnen ſich durch Gründlichkeit, Genauigkeit, Faßlichkeit und eine ſorgfältige treffliche, dem Inhalt vollkommen angemeſſene Darſtellung aus und haben ſich von jeher mit Recht eines großen Kreiſes von Leſern aus allen Ständen zu erfreuen gehabt.

Karl Stein,

1773 im Mecklenburgiſchen geboren — als Schriftſteller Guſtav Linden, Karl Jenis, auch Georg Schiller genannt — lebt als königlich preußiſcher Hofrath, großherzoglich ſachſen-weimariſcher Rath und Profeſſor zu Berlin.

Romane:
Amöne. Peſth, 1804. 2 Thle.
Ludmilla. Peſth, 1803. 2 Thle.
Herr von Schulterbein. Berlin, 1807.
Abenteuer des Herrn von Wackelbart.
Albertine von Wackerbarth. Hamburg, 1806.
Die Unergründlichen. Berlin.
Der Sohn des Krieges. Berlin, 1808.
Der Herr Nachbar. Berlin, 1810. 2 Thle.
Scherz und Ernſt. Berlin, 1808.
Die Wachsfigur. Berlin, 1808.
Der Hausnarr. Berlin, 1811. 2 Thle.
Der Gaſthof zur ſilbernen Laute. Berl., 1812.
Buch für Winterabende. Berlin, 1812—13. 3 Thle.
Gleich und Gleich. Berlin, 1824.
Das Blumenkörbchen. Coblenz, 1828.
Und viele andere.

Luſtſpiele:
Die Schädellehre. Berlin, 1805.
Die Nymphe der Spree. Berlin, 1809.
Die zweite Heirath.
Die Wahl.
Die Probe.
Der rechte Mann. Berlin, 1812.
Deutſches Theater. Berlin, 1820.

Aeußerſt glückliche Characterzeichnung, geſchickte Erfindung der Situationen, Witz und eine unverſieglich heitere Laune haben St.'s Erzählungen und Romanen viele Freunde erworben; mehrere ſeiner Luſtſpiele erfreuten ſich nicht geringeren Beifall auf der Bühne.

von Steinach, ſ. Minneſinger.

Steinau, ſ. C. Hübner.

Gotthelf Samuel Steinbart

ward am 21. September 1738 zu Züllichau geboren, und höchſt pietiſtiſch erzogen, doch ſchon auf der Schule zu Kloſter Bergen unter der Leitung des Abtes Steinmetz beſonders durch die Bekanntſchaft mit Voltaires Schriften zum Nachdenken angeregt, und ſpäter durch das Studium von Locke und Wolff im Umgange mit Teller und Töllner zum Rationaliſten ausgebildet. Von Halle, wo er ſtudirte, durch den ſiebenjährigen Krieg vertrieben, ging er nach Frankfurt an der Oder und nach Berlin; endlich kehrte er, als Director der Schule daſelbſt, in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück. 1774 wurde er, durch ſeine Schriften empfohlen, als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und außerordentlicher der Theologie nach Frankfurt an der Oder berufen; 1786 zum Doctor der Theologie, 1787 zum Oberſchulrath, ſpäter zum preußiſchen Conſiſtorialrath ernannt. 1789 legte er ſeine Stelle als Oberſchulrath nieder. Den Ruhm, den er in ſeiner Zeit genoß und Doctor Bahrdts Lobrede konnte ſeinen Eudämonismus doch nicht gegen die Macht der Kantiſchen Philoſophie ſchützen; er hatte ſeinen Ruf längſt überlebt, als er am 3. Februar 1809 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:
Philoſophiſche Unterhaltungen. Jena, 1782—86. 3 Hefte.
Grundbegriffe zur Philoſophie über den Geſchmack. Züllichau, 1785. Thl. 1.
Anweiſung zur Amtsberedſamkeit. Züllichau, 1784. 2. Ausg.
Gemeinnützige Anweiſung zum regelmäßigen Selbſtdenken. Jena, 1793. 3. Ausg.
Syſtem der reinen Philoſophie des Chriſtenthums. Züllichau, 1794. 4. Ausg.

St. wirkte zu ſeiner Zeit äußerſt günſtig als aufgeklärter Theolog, wie er ſich gleichfalls auch als trefflicher Schulmann einen wohlverdienten Ruhm erwarb.

Heinrich Chriſtoph Steinhart,

geboren 1763 zu Vienau in der Altmark, unter dem Namen Ludwig von Salbiger als Schriftſteller bekannt, lebte als Prediger zu Dobbrun in der Altmark, wo er am 20. September 1810 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ueber die Altmark. Stendal, 1800—1801. 2 Thle.
Meine Reiſe nach Frankreich. Berlin, 1801—1803. 3 Thle.
Meine Reiſe ins Bad. Berlin, 1803.
Meine Reiſe nach Italien. Berlin, 1804—1806. 2 Thle.
Die Revue. Berlin, 1804.
Drei Monate aus dem Leben des Canonicus v. G. Berlin, 1806.
Der goldene Stier. Berlin, 1805—20. 2 Thle.
Die Drillinge. Berlin, 1811. 3 Thle.

St. ſuchte als Humoriſtiker vorzüglich Jean Paul und Benzel-Sternau nachzuſtreben, doch blieb er, obwohl keineswegs ohne Talent für dieſe Gattung, weit hinter Beiden zurück, da es ihm an geiſtiger Tiefe und poetiſcher Productivität fehlte.

Steinhäuſer, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Friedrich Chriſtian Philipp von Steinheil,

am 16. November 1760 zu Baireuth geboren, war zuerſt als Aufſeher und Lehrer der engliſchen Sprache an der Carls-Akademie zu Stuttgart angeſtellt, hierauf Regimentsquartiermeiſter und Hauptmann, zuletzt wirkte er als außerordentlicher Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Stuttgart, woſelbſt er am 10. Januar 1814 geſtorben iſt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lehrgebäude der deutſchen Sprache, mit einer Geſchichte dieſer Sprache überhaupt und jedes Redetheils insbeſondere. Stuttg., 1812.
Deutſche Sprachlehre für höhere Schulen. Stuttgart, 1813.

St. zeichnete ſich zu ſeiner Zeit höchſt vortheilhaft durch ſcharfſinnige Forſchung auf dem Gebiete der deutſchen Sprache aus.

Steinhövel, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Steinmar, ſ. Minneſinger.

Heinrich Stephani

ward am 1. April 1761 zu Gemünd an der Kreck geboren, ſtudirte zu Erlangen und begleitete darauf einen jungen Grafen von Caſtell nach Kloſter Bergen und Jena, in deſſen Folge er den Titel eines Conſiſtorialraths erhielt. Nach einer Reiſe in die Schweiz ging er 1808 als bairiſcher Kreis-, Kirchen- und Schulrath nach Augsburg, wurde 1811 als Kreis- und Schulrath nach Ansbach, 1818 als Decan und Stadtpfarrer nach Gunzenhauſen im Rezatkreiſe verſetzt. Nach vieljährigem ausgezeichneten Wirken wurde der ausgezeichnete und aufklärende Mann, im Jahre 1834, auf eine Anzeige des Conſiſtoriums von der bairiſchen Regierung aus ſeinen Aemtern entlaſſen. Er iſt Doctor der Philoſophie und Theologie, königlich bairiſcher Kirchen- und Schulrath, und Ritter des Hausordens vom heiligen Michael.

Von ihm erſchien:

Lehrbuch der Religion. Nürnberg, 1787.
Menſchenhaß und kindliche Reue, Schauſpiel für die Jugend. Magdeburg, 1792.
Syſtem der öffentlichen Erziehung. Berlin, 1805; neu 1813.
Der bairiſche Schulfreund, Zeitſchrift. Erlangen, ſeit 1811.
Das heilige Abendmahl. Landshut, 1811.
Beiträge zur gründlichen Kenntniß der deutſchen Sprache. Landshut, 1823—27. 2 Thle.
Predigten, Fibeln und andere Lehrbücher.
Archiv für Erziehungskunde. Leipzig, 1791—94. 4 Theile.
Selbſtbiographie. Aachen, 1829.
Ueber die Duelle, die Schande unſeres Zeitalters. Leipzig, 1828 u. ſ. w.

St. machte ſich als Pädagog vorzüglich verdient durch die von ihm erfundene neue Methode das Leſen zu lehren, welche in ſehr vielen Volksſchulen mit großem Erfolg eingeführt wurde. Als aſcetiſcher und pädagogiſcher Schriftſteller zeichnete er ſich ferner durch Innigkeit, Wärme, Klarheit und Gründlichkeit höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Chriſtian Gottlob Stephanie,

(eigentlich Stephan,) 1733 zu Breslau geboren, entſagte früh dem Kaufmannsſtande, zu dem ſein Vater ihn beſtimmt hatte, und trat bei der Schuch'ſchen Schauſpielergeſellſchaft zuerſt 1756 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt mit Beifall auf. Mit derſelben bereiſte er ganz Deutſchland, verließ ſie jedoch, als ſein Streben durch Eckhofs und

Kirchhofs Freundſchaft einen höheren Flug nahm. Er ſpielte darauf in Altona und in Mitau, bis er 1750 als Hofſchauſpieler nach Wien berufen wurde. Hier mußte er ſich dem Geſchmack des Zeitalters und der Sitte extemporirter Komödien, der er einſt entweichen wollte, als er Schuch verließ, eine Zeit lang fügen, aber ſchon 1762 wurde durch ſeine Wirkſamkeit allwöchentlich Ein regelmäßiges Stück geſtattet, und ſeit 1768 die Poſſe auf zwei Abende beſchränkt. Natürlicherweiſe ſetzte er ſich durch ſolches Streben den bitterſten Anfeindungen aus, gegen welche nur Maria Thereſia ſelbſt den Achtungswerthen ſchützen konnte. Er wirkte bis an ſeinen Tod, der 1798 am 10. April erfolgte, unermüdet fort, ohne Josephs II. Anerbieten des ehrenvollſten Ruheſtandes anzunehmen.

Von ihm erſchien:

Geſammelte Schriften zum Vergnügen und Unterricht. Wien, 1766—68. 3 Jahrgänge.

Schauſpiele:

Die Liebe in Corſica. Wien, 1770.
Die neue Frauenſchule. Wien, 1770.
Die Wahl. 1771.
Der neue Weiberfeind. Wien, 1773.

Seine Schauſpiele erfreuten ſich zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens freundlichen Beifalles, erhielten ſich aber nicht lange auf der Bühne, da ſie bald von beſſeren Leiſtungen Anderer überflügelt wurden, und es ihnen an Tiefe und Originalität fehlte.

Gottlieb Stephanie, der Jüngere,

am 19. Februar 1741 zu Breslau geboren, Bruder des Vorigen, ward in ſeinen zu Jena begonnenen Studien durch den Krieg unterbrochen. 1757 wurde er preußiſcher Huſar, gerieth 1760 in öſterreichiſche Gefangenſchaft, nahm darauf noch einmal Dienſte und ſtieg zum Oberlieutenant hinan. 1769 folgte er ſeinem Bruder als Schauſpieler auf das Burgtheater zu Wien. Er ſtarb am 23. Januar 1800.

Von ihm erſchien:

Luſtſpiele:

Die abgedankten Officiere.
Die Wohlgeborene.
Gräfin Freienhoff.
Die Kriegsgefangenen.
Der Bräutigam.
Die Wildſchützen u. a. m.

Schauſpiele:

Der Deſerteur aus Kindesliebe.
Gerader Sinn und Hinterliſt u. a. m.
Sämmtliche Schauſpiele. Wien, 1771—86. 6 Thle.
„ „ Singſpiele. Liegnitz, 1792.
„ „ dramatiſche Werke. Wien, 1789. 6 Thle.

St's dramatiſche Leiſtungen ſind noch unbedeutender als die ſeines Bruders.

Sternau, ſ. von Benzel Sternau.

Sternau, ſ. Meynier.

Sternberg, ſ. Meynier.

Alexander Freiherr von Sternberg

ward am 22. April 1806 auf dem Gute Noiſtfer bei Reval geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung im väterlichen Hauſe, beſuchte darauf das Gymnaſium in Dorpat, ſtudirte dann auf der dortigen Univerſität und ging 1829 nach Petersburg. Die Cholera vertrieb ihn 1830 von dort; er ging nach Dresden, machte dann eine Reiſe nach Süddeutſchland, lebte drei Jahre in Mannheim, beſuchte darauf die Schweiz, Oberitalien und Oeſterreich, und ſchlug ſpäter ſeinen Wohnſitz in Weimar auf, wo er ſich gegenwärtig noch befindet.

Er gab heraus:

Die Zerriſſenen. Stuttgart, 1832.
Eduard. (Fortſetzung des Vorigen.) Stuttgart, 1833.
Leſſing. Stuttgart, 1834.
Novellen (mit Einſchluß der ebengenannten). Stuttgart, 1832—34. 4 Bde. in 5 Abtheilungen.
Molière. Stuttgart, 1834.
Galathee. Stuttgart, 1836.
Fortunat. Leipzig, 1838. 2 Bde.
Palmyra. Stuttgart, 1838. 2 Bde.
Pſyche. Frankfurt, 1838. 2 Bde.
Kallenfels. Berlin, 1829. 2 Bde.
Saint-Sylvan. Frankfurt, 1839. 2 Bde.
Schifferſagen. Stuttgart, 1848. 2 Bde.
Georgette. Frankfurt. 1830.
Alfred. Deſſau, 1841.
Novellen, Erzählungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen.

Es ſei dem Herausgeber geſtattet, hier ein Urtheil zu wiederholen, das er erſt vor Kurzem in ſeiner „Allgemeinen Geſchichte des Romans“ über dieſen ausgezeichneten Schriftſteller mit folgenden Worten niederlegte. St. behandelte zuerſt eine Manifeſtation unſerer Zeit, auf welche ſpätere Tage gewiß höchſt verächtlich blicken werden, die Unzufriedenheit mit dem Beſtehenden, welche ſich gegen ſich ſelbſt wendet, weil ſie in ſich keinen Halt findet und ihr der heilige Ernſt der Geſinnung fehlt, und ſchilderte dieſelbe, jedoch nicht erſchöpfend, was er überhaupt nicht thut, in ſeinen beiden Erzählungen, Eduard und die Zerriſſenen. Die fein ſinnliche Behaglichkeit, welche die höheren Stände um ſich zu verbreiten wiſſen, und durch welche die Blaſirtheit nur noch mehr geſteigert wird, ſtellte er vortrefflich dar, wie ſich überhaupt ſeine Romane dadurch ſehr vortheilhaft auszeichnen, daß der Gentleman überall durchblickt, während gerade die meiſten Romanſchriftſteller der neueſten Zeit ſo großen Mangel an wirklicher Kenntniß des Weſens der höheren Stände, die ſie vorzugsweiſe gern ſchildern, wie an Tact für das Schickliche, beſonders bei der Zeichnung vornehmer Frauen, verrathen. In ſeinen übrigen Erzählungen beſchäftigte er ſich ebenfalls vorzüglich mit Intereſſen der Gegenwart oder der nächſten Vergangenheit, jedoch mit eben derſelben Auffaſſung. — Seine Situationen ſind immer geiſtreich erfunden und trefflich angeordnet, ſeine Charactere indeſſen häufig ſchwankend und unſicher. Wie anmuthig ſpielend und zugleich künſtleriſch geſtaltend ſeine Phantaſie ſei, das hat er vorzüglich in einigen Märchenromanen und Novellen bewieſen.

Die Alchymiſten.

Novelle von A. von Sternberg.

In einer jener langen finſtern Gaſſen des alten Dresdens, die ſo eng ſind, daß faſt eine Schwalbe beim Durchflug mit der Spitze ihrer Flügel die gegenüberſtehenden ſchwarzen Steinwände zugleich berühren muß, lebte zur Zeit des Churfürſten Chriſtian II. zu Anfang des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts ein armer Goldſchmiedmeiſter mit Namen Tobias Roſen. Er hatte frühzeitig geheirathet und ſein junges hübſches Weib aus einer wohlhabigen Lage in das Elend und Mißgeſchick hineingeriſſen, das ihn verfolgte, ſo weit er zurückdenken konnte. Jung, arbeitſam und auf ſeine Weiſe thätig in die Zukunft denkend, war ſeine Armuth keine ſelbſtverſchuldete; nur inſofern war ſie ihm zuzuſchreiben, indem ſich ſein Sinn zu heftig von jedem Schlage des Unglücks lähmen ließ. Tobias Roſen litt an Schwermuth, und eine ſo erkrankte Seele iſt ſchon ohne äußeres Mißgeſchick elend; jenes Leiden war ein Erbtheil ſeiner Familie, es hatte ſeinem Vater das Leben geraubt und drohte dem Sohn mit einem ähnlichen Schickſal. Die finſterſten Anfälle zeigten ſich jetzt, da er, äußerlich mit Nahrungsſorgen geplagt, innerlich von ſeinem Dämon gequält, in dem dunkeln Stübchen des Erdgeſchoſſes ſaß, das bleiche Haupt in die Hand geſtützt, den Blick auf die gegenüberſtehende unermeßlich hohe ſchwarze Mauer richtend, die erſt in der ſpäten Abendſtunde einen ſpärlichen Lichtſchimmer empfing. Im Hauſe gegenüber zeigten ſich nur ein paar Fenſteröffnungen, doch zum Zeichen, daß Niemand, auch der Geringſte und Niedrigſte der Hausgenoſſenſchaft nicht, dort wohnen mochte, waren die Läden halb geſchloſſen, und der kalte Luftzug, der in der engen Gaſſe herrſchte, fuhr durch die Gitterſtäbe und halb zerbrochenen kleinen Fenſterſcheiben. Von Ferne tönte das Geräuſch der lebhaften ſonnenbeſchienenen Gaſſen und Plätze herüber, Spaziergänge und Beſuchende verließen um dieſe Zeit ihre Häuſer, doch Keiner, führte ihn auch ſein Weg durch die dunkle Gaſſe, mochte aus dem fröhlichen Sonnenſchein hinaus in die kalte feuchte Schlucht treten, lieber nahm er den längſten Umweg. Und ſo ſtörte denn auch Niemand die finſtern Gedanken des armen Goldſchmiedemeiſters: er mußte endlich, da ſie ihn zu erdrücken drohten, ſich ſelber kräftig aufraffen; er that es und ſtand auf, um in die Kammer ſeines Weibes zu gehen, das, wie er wußte, eben beſchäftigt war, den Sonntagsputz anzulegen, um eine Gevatterin zu beſuchen, die vor dem Thor wohnte und heute ein kleines Feſt in ihrem Garten feierte.

Als Tobias ins Zimmer eintrat, fand er Marien, wie ſie bei trübem Lampenſchimmer in Ermangelung des Sonnenlichts ihren Anzug eben zu vollenden im Begriff ſtand. Sie kam ihm freundlich entgegen, doch der mißmuthige tiefverwundete Mann hätte bei ihrem Anblick in Thränen ausbrechen mögen. Er ſetzte ſich hin, und indem er ſie auf ſeine Knie zog, half er ihr einige Bänder befeſtigen, die ſie nicht ſelbſt zu knüpfen vermochte; ſeine Hand umſpannte ihren Leib, ein ſchmerzliches Lächeln zuckte um ſeinen Mund, indem er ſie lange aufmerkſam und forſchend betrachtete. Armes Kind, rief er endlich, wozu Dich putzen? Meinſt Du wirklich, Du ſeiſt noch ſchön! glaubſt Du, die Leute werden ſtehen bleiben, Dir nachzuſehen wie vor drei Jahren, als ich Dich aus Deines Bruders Haus führte? Kind, Du biſt *die* Marie nicht mehr! Jene Marie war traubenſchwellend, pfirſichfriſch, eine holde Kleine, jedes Männerauges ſüßeſte Koſt. Dein leichter Schritt, die Schwelle Deines Vaterhauſes wie im Triumph überſchreitend, Dein Lächeln, beides wußte nichts von Sorgen; jetzt aber haſt Du ſie kennen gelernt. Ich habe Dir, Du leichtes ſchönes Kind, den alten Fluch des Weibes aufgebürdet, Deinem Nacken, früher nur das Gewicht des leichten Strohhuts kennend, die drückende Laſt der Sorge aufgeladen. Ich, Marie, ich bin der Henker Deiner Schönheit geworden, Deine Reize habe ich langſam gemordet. O, fort mit dieſem Kleide! es war Dein Brautkleid; ſiehſt Du nicht, wie es überall nicht mehr paſſen will? wo ſind die ſüßen Reize geblieben, die ſonſt die ängſtlich klaffenden Falten ausfüllten? Das Häubchen ſucht vergebens die weiche Linie der vollen Wange!, um ſich daran zu ſchmiegen, die Wange iſt eingeſunken und erbleicht; die Fülle des ſchwarzen Haars, ſonſt ſo übermüthig und widerſtrebend, wo iſt ſie hin? Ach, Marie, ſieh mich nicht ſo bittend und zärtlich an; ich bin der Räuber Deines Glückes, Deiner Schönheit!

Das treue Weib tröſtete durch Kuß und Rede ihren Geliebten, doch er ſchob die ihm liebkoſende Hand zurück und ſprach finſter: Hier in dieſer Stadt, wo der Neid der Zünftler mich ſo bitter peinigt, hier in dieſer finſtern Grube, gegen die der Miſſethäter im ekelhafteſten Gefängniß wie in einem Palaſte wohnt, hier fühle ich erſt recht, wie ſehr ich von allem Glücke verlaſſen bin. Marie, ich merke, daß der Fluch, der meinen Vater drückte, auch mich verfolgt; es geht nicht mehr, nein, bei Gott, es iſt Alles aus.

Er ſchwieg, und Marie, die ihm nicht mehr zu widerſprechen wagte, legte das letzte noch fehlende Kleidungsſtück an; er ſah es, ſprang auf, riß es ihr wieder ab und warf es auf den Boden. Geduldig und freundlich ſetzte ſie ſich jetzt neben ihn, und beide ſaßen eine Weile ſo ſtillſchweigend da. Ich wüßte nur ein Mittel, hub Tobias wieder an, ohne ſein Weib dabei anzuſehen; es käme nur darauf an, daß Du in meinen Plan willigſt und nicht durch eine unpaſſende falſche Zärtlichkeit das Gelingen verhinderſt. Es iſt dieſes: auf unſrer Ehe, Marie, liegt das Mißgeſchick, wie auf Allem, was ich bis jetzt unternommen; erſchrick nicht darüber, was ich Dir jetzt ſage: laß uns wieder auseinandergehen — Du, zu Deinem Bruder, dem ich Dich wider ſeinen Willen entriß; ich — in die weite Welt. Bei Deinem Bruder haſt Du Reichthum und lebſt ohne Sorgen, Du kannſt auch wohl wieder heirathen, denn einen Pfaffen, der uns ſcheidet, will ich ſchon auftreiben.

Er hatte bei dieſer Rede nicht den Muth aufzuſehen, und hätte er aufgeblickt, ſo wäre er durch Mariens Antlitz und Mienen auf das heftigſte gerührt worden. Sie, die ihn ſo innig liebte, war jetzt von Entſetzen und Schmerz zugleich ergriffen; nach einer Weile drückte ſie ihr Antlitz in die Schürze und ihre Thränen floſſen. Es iſt genug, rief Tobias, denke dieſen Worten nach, in den erſten Augenblicken der Aufregung iſt Niemand geneigt der Vernunft Gehör zu geben, wir ſprechen wohl wieder davon.

Nein! rief Marie außer ſich und klettete ſich an den Unglücklichen; wir ſprechen nie wieder hiervon. Willſt Du mich denn in der That unglücklich machen? Habe ich denn während unſrer Ehe über irgend ein Leiden mich beklagt? — Sie verbarg ihr Antlitz von Neuem und weinte heftig. Ihr Schmerz rührte ihn. Wenn Du nicht geklagt haſt, ſagte er nach einer Pauſe, ſo hatteſt Du doch Urſache zu klagen. Selbſt das Mutterglück, Du Arme, iſt Dir nicht zu Theil geworden; hätteſt Du eine Tochter, ſie brächte Jugend und Freude in dieſe finſtern Mauern, ihretwillen könnteſt Du denn wohl den Vater lieben.

Marie hing ſich mit der heißeſten Zärtlichkeit an ſeinen Hals. Sie war wieder ganz jenes geliebte ſchöne Mädchen, das zuerſt Neigung ihm bewieſen. Den armen Tobias überwand ſo viel Liebe, er blickte getröſteter auf, und nach wenigem Hin- und Herreden wurde dieſes Geſpräch abgebrochen. Allmählig trat wieder eine heitere Stimmung hervor, Marie trieb zum Fortgehen, und bald wanderte nun das Pärchen, nachdem die verlaſſene Werkſtatt ſorgfältig abgeſchloſſen worden, aus der finſtern Gaſſe hervor dem Thore zu, wo der Strom fröhlicher geputzter Wanderer ſie in ihre Mitte nahm.

Die Wittwe, die das kleine Feſt gab, hatte mit Empfang ihrer Gäſte ſo viel zu ſchaffen, daß der Meiſter mit ſeinem Weibe unbeachtet im Garten eine Weile herumwandeln konnte. Er ſetzte ſich in eine entfernte Laube nieder, und ſein ſchönes dunkles Auge weilte mit dem Ausdrucke dankbarer Zärtlichkeit, wie ſie ihm die vorhergehende häusliche Scene eingeflößt, auf dem Weibe ſeiner Liebe, er drückte ihr ſtumm die Hand. Während deſſen trat ein freundlicher noch junger Mann in die Laube und grüßte die beiden Leute, die er kannte und liebte.

Er mochte merken, daß das Ehepaar nicht ganz fröhlich geſtimmt war, und ſagte darum nach einigen gleichgültigen Worten: Ich muß Euch doch, Kinder, eine luſtige Geſchichte erzählen, die ſich jetzt kürzlich, und zwar recht als wenn ſie unſerm Fürſten zum Spott auserſonnen wäre, zugetragen hat. Stadt und Land ſpricht von nichts Anderm. Ihr wißt, Freunde, daß es zu allen Zeiten Leute gegeben hat, die ſich mühten das Geheimniß, wie man Gold hervorbringen könne, auszuforſchen. Der Nutzen, den die Welt von der Entdeckung, wenn ſie vollkommen gelänge, haben würde, und jene Entdecker natürlich zuerſt, liegt am Tage; doch es iſt mit dieſen Forſchungen, ſo eifrig und vielſeitig ſie betrieben werden, doch zu keinem rechten Erfolg gekommen; ſtatt deſſen haben ſich die Thorheit, der Unverſtand, der lächerliche Dünkel und der Aberglaube, die in der menſchlichen Natur liegen, bei der Gelegenheit recht glänzend ans Licht geſtellt. Viele weiſe Männer ſind zu Narren geworden, wenn nicht gar zu Spitzbuben, was freilich um vieles ſchlimmer iſt: unſrer Zeit jedoch, ſcheint es, iſt's aufbehalten, an Unſinn und Verkehrtheit die ergetzlichſten Beiſpiele aufzuſtellen. So hat ſich nun kürzlich am Rhein eine Geſellſchaft gebildet, die, wie ich mir habe erzählen laſſen, die ganze Angelegenheit im ſpaßhafteſten Ernſte nimmt. Es nennen ſich dieſe Leute nicht geringer als Beherrſcher der Welt, und im Grunde haben ſie auch nicht ganz Unrecht; ſie behaupten, das Geheimniß, Gold zu machen, entdeckt zu haben, und wer der wunderbaren Kunſt theilhaftig werden will, muß ſich gefallen laſſen, unter ſeltſamen Ceremonien in die Geſellſchaft aufgenommen zu werden. Sie haben nur einen Kaiſer, dazu ſieben Kurfürſten, außerdem Landgrafen, Barone und einfache Edelleute; der Gebräuche ſind mannigfaltige, die Hauptceremonie jedoch, und die ſeltſamſte, bei welcher der allerwunderlichſte phantaſtiſche Spaß vorfallen ſoll, iſt die ſogenannte chemiſche Hochzeit, die jeder Neuaufzunehmende beſtehen muß. Ihr könnt denken, daß die gelehrten Herren Alchymiſten, wie man ſie nennt, die die Sache ernſthaft behandeln, nicht wenig über dieſe Scherze eifern; allein das iſt, meiner Meinung nach, eben das Köſtliche in der Menſchennatur, daß ſie im Stande iſt, durch muthwilligen und lieblichen Scherz der dunkeln tiefſinnigen Beſchauung, die den Menſchen, der ſich ihr ungetheilt überläßt, innerlich ausgräbt und ertödtet, eine kräftige Waffe entgegenzuſetzen. Wem wären Geldgier, Habſucht, ſchnöder Geiz nicht widerwärtig, und wer fühlte nicht, daß ein Mittel, jene gehäſſigen Leidenſchaften mit Leichtigkeit zu befriedigen, von der Zahl der Menſchen mit Heißhunger geſucht würde? Tauſende würden ſich in dieſem Hange nach dem Verborgenen jede Lebensfreude grauſam zerſtören, alle finſtern Kammern des Elends, des Selbſtbetrugs und der Verzweiflung wären aufgethan. Nun treten heilend und beſänftigend der Scherz und der Muthwille auf, ſie ſtellen die Thorheit ans Licht, ſo daß man über ſie lacht, und ſiehe da, die große Menge iſt geheilt. Niemand will mehr Geſundheit, Glücksgüter und heitre Laune an ein unerreichbares Wageſtück ſetzen.

Wer ſind denn dieſe Menſchen, fragte Marie, welche ſich dieſe Scherze erlauben?

Ich kenne ſie nicht, entgegnete Leonhard, doch ſtelle ich mir vor, daß ſie jung und ſorgenlos ſind; denn unſern geſetzten, bekümmerten Bürgersleuten, wie wir ſie hier wandeln ſehen, käme dergleichen wohl nie in den Sinn.

Ihr ſolltet Euch in ihre Geſellſchaft aufnehmen laſſen, Herr Sänger, nahm Tobias das Wort, Ihr gehörtet nun ganz in ihre Mitte.

Vielleicht geſchieht's auch. Es ſcheint ja doch, daß es mit der Anſtellung hier am Hofe nichts wird, und ſo könnte mir leicht wieder die ganze Welt offen ſtehn.

Ihr ſeid glücklich! ſeufzte Tobias, indem er ſein Haupt in die Hand ſtützte.

Auf dieſe Weiſe, fuhr der freundliche Sprecher fort, feierte ich in der That noch meine Hochzeit, wenngleich ziemlich ſpät; aber dafür iſt es auch eine chemiſche Hochzeit, etwas viel Höheres und Wunderlicheres, als was ſo gewöhnlich geſchieht.

Ein großer, ernſt ausſehender Mann hatte ſich jetzt der Laube genähert; man grüßte, und er nahm mit Dank das Plätzchen ein, welches Marie ihm neben ſich auf der Bank anbot. Er hatte einen Theil des Geſprächs ſchon vernommen, und fragte jetzt: Weiß man nichts Umſtändlicheres von den Einrichtungen und den Arbeiten der Geſellſchaft?

Wie geſagt, rief Leonhard, ſie lehren Gold machen. Da ſie aber dabei das luſtigſte Leben von der Welt führen, immerdar auf der Wanderſchaft ſind, ſo mag es wohl mit dem Laboriren eben nicht ſehr ſtrenge genommen werden. Gewiß iſt es, daß ein luſtiger Student, ein reiches Mutterſöhnchen, an ihrer Spitze ſteht, der das Ganze lenkt und ordnet. Zum Verwundern iſt das Aufſehen, das ſie erregen, am Rhein, in Schwaben, Franken, zum Theil auch ſchon bei uns hört man von ihnen ſprechen, und ſogar iſt mir ein leiblicher Vetter genannt worden, der ſich erſt kürzlich mit allen Formen in die Geſellſchaft hat aufnehmen laſſen.

Hierher, bemerkte der Arzt Hubert, werden ſie ſchwerlich kommen dürfen; denn wie Jedermann weiß, iſt unſer Kurfürſt auf das ernſtlichſte mit den geheimen Wiſſenſchaften beſchäftigt und wird einen Scherz hierüber gewiß nicht gnädig aufnehmen.

Wer kann ihnen etwas anhaben, rief Leonhard, wenn Kaiſer und Reich ſie duldet, wenn ſie das Volk weder gegen die Regenten noch gegen die Prieſter aufwiegeln? Freie Narreninnungen hat es überall gegeben. Ja, ich verſichere Euch, meine Freunde, ich denke ſchon recht mit Luſt daran, mich ihnen dahinzugeben und den Reſt meiner Tage in überſchwenglicher Thorheit zuzubringen. Lerne ich auch nicht die Kunſt, Gold zu machen, ſo wird mir doch gewiß das Talent zu eigen, es auf die allererquicklichſte Weiſe verſchwinden zu machen.

Und weiß man nicht, nahm Tobias das Wort, was der gelehrte Alchymiſt treibt, der nun ſchon vier Jahre bei unſerm Herrn im verſchloſſenen tiefſten Gewölbe des Schloſſes laborirt? Der arme Mann ſieht Monate lang weder Weib noch Kind, weder Sonnenlicht noch Mondenſchein; doch es giebt Leute, die nicht viel beſſer wohnen. Er ſah bei dieſen Worten Marien an, und ſie blickte ihm verſtohlen, aber ſanft und begütigend ins Auge.

Der Arme, entgegnete Leonhard, iſt nun eben recht ein Beweis von Dem, was ich früher ſagte. Ihn haben nun die Dämonen. Er hat die feindliche ſchwarze Seite, die nächtliche Tiefe der Begier erfaßt. Gefeſſelt ſind ſeine Glieder Tag und Nacht an den unglückſeligen Höllenherd, an dem er blaſend mit hervortretenden, glühenden Augen jede Stunde ſteht und doch nicht die goldne Blüthe aus dem ſtaubigen Erdenkranze der Metalle hervorzublaſen vermag. Muthwillig ſchadenfroh verwandelt ſich der Erdgeiſt immer neu vor ihm, ſtreift immer glänzendere Kleider ab, ſchlüpft in immer wunderlichere Kittel; vergebens harrt der Elende auf den Moment, wo er endlich das goldne Kleidchen anlegen wird. So ſteht und bläſt er jahrelang, das ekelhafte Gequike der ſchmelzenden Metalle, das Stöhnen der Retorten und Keſſel tönt in ſeine Ohren, und wie eine alte verklungene Sage erſcheint ihm das Geſpräch mit Menſchen, das Lächeln eines ſchönen Weibes oder der Geſang des Prieſters am Altare. Verwandelt iſt er durch und durch und gleichſam metallen geworden, eine grauſige Bildſäule der Begier, durch deren kalte Glieder doch noch ein dünner Lebensfaden ſich zieht, der ſich krampfhaft zuckt und regt. Selbſt ſein Schlaf iſt fürchterlich verwandelt. Haben wir Träume, in denen wir mit Blumen, mit bunten Vögeln ſpielen, ſo hat der Arme ſchwere metallene Träume, die zernichtend auf ihn fallen. Ich will nicht von ſeiner unſterblichen Seele reden; kann ſie wohl jemals fromme und gottſelige Gedanken hegen? Genug, meine Freunde, ihr ſeht ſelbſt, wie ſich jedes Geheimniß der forſchenden Kraft im Menſchengeiſte entweder zum Fluch oder zum heitern Gedeihen öffnet. Mancherlei Dinge ſollen jedoch, wie es ſcheint, immerdar für uns verſchloſſen bleiben, und wo wir auf ein ſolches Geſetz des Verbots ſtoßen, ſollte es uns durchaus heilig ſein. Vielem ſelbſterſchaffenen Elend wäre dann abgeholfen.

Ich begreife dergleichen nicht, rief Tobias, mich hat meine Kunſt viel mit den Metallen zuſammengeführt, doch ſo gefährliche Gedanken ſind mir noch nie in den Sinn gekommen. Ich habe an ihnen wie an Blumen eine unſchuldige Freude gehabt, mir ſind die edlen unter ihnen lieb, weil ich ſie für die reinſten Erzeugniſſe der innern ſchaffenden Erdkraft halte, ſowie die Blumen mir wunderbares in neue Form gebrachtes Waſſer und Luft ſcheinen.

Es giebt Menſchen, nahm der Arzt das Wort, die auch wirklich eine ſo unſchuldige Liebe zu beſondern Metallen fühlen, die durchaus nichts mit Geiz oder Habgier gemein hat, und die, ſollte man glauben, eine gewiſſe Verwandtſchaft zu jenen Metallen haben.

Eine Verwandtſchaft zu einem Metall! rief der Meiſter Leonhard mit Lachen; ja, ja eine ſolche Verwandtſchaft würde ich mir ganz gut gefallen laſſen.

Ich kannte, ſetzte der Arzt ſeine Rede fort, eine fromme engelreine Frau, die Aebtiſſin des Klarenkloſters war, welches jetzt aufgehoben worden. Dieſe edle Dame liebte nichts ſo ſehr als den Anblick ſchönen, glattgearbeiteten, hellglänzenden Silbers. Allezeit hatte ſie auf ihrem Tiſchchen vor ſich eine Scheibe von dieſem Metalle, dazu ein Glöckchen; ſie blickte wohl minutenlang die erſte an und ließ dann das zweite mit anfangs leiſen, immer lauter werdenden Klängen ertönen. Oft geſtand ſie mir, wenn ich ſie an ihrem Krankenlager beſuchte, daß jene Töne eine wunderbare Sprache für ſie wären, die ſie vollkommen verſtände, ſowie die ſilberne Scheibe ihrem Auge erquickender ſei als die ſchönſte Blume. Nie habe ich von dieſer Frau vernommen, daß ſie habſüchtig oder geizig geweſen, daß ſie übertriebenen weltlichen Putz geliebt, was ſchon der fromme Stand ihr unterſagte; doch mußte Alles, was ſie umgab, zierlich und glänzend ſein; trübe oder dunkle Schimmer beleidigten ſie. Wo ſie es haben konnte, an Kleidung, Wohnung oder Geräthe brachte ſie Silber an, und da ließ ſie auf das anmuthigſte das matte Silber mit dem glänzenden, hellanſpiegelnden abwechſeln; zuweilen zog ſie Farben mit hinzu und ergötzte ſich an dem Widerſpruch, den dieſe bildeten und der doch endlich in Harmonie zerfloß. Die edle Dame war in der That recht merkwürdig, und ich habe bei ihrem Weſen manchen Blick in die Natur geheimnißvoller Einwirkungen und Kräfte gethan.

Vielleicht, bemerkte Marie, ließe ſich aus dieſen Erſcheinungen der Geiz erklären, die Habſucht —

Sie könnten, entgegnete Hubert, allerdings die finſtern Verirrungen eines an ſich unſchuldigen geheimnißvollen Triebes ſein.

Was mich betrifft, nahm Leonhard das Wort, ſo kenne ich dieſe zarte Verwandtſchaft ganz wohl; doch hab' ich's ſtets nicht ganz chriſtlich mit dieſen lieben Verwandten gehalten. Hatte ich eine Anzahl Muhmen und Oheime in der Taſche, ſo drängte es mich, ſie wieder zu verſtoßen und neue jüngere Mühmchen wieder einzunehmen, die dann aber wohl ebenſo ſchnell wieder abſegeln mußten. Und in der That, ich habe eine große Sippſchaft auf dieſe Weiſe zur Thür hinausgejagt. Doch, lieben Freunde, laßt uns jetzt auf meine chemiſche Hochzeit anſtoßen.

Ein Diener hatte Wein gebracht und die Beiſammenſitzenden mit vollen Gläſern verſehen. Als man eben anſtieß und ein heiteres Gelächter ertönte, zeigte ſich die freundliche Wirthin des Feſtes, die mit mehren Freunden auf die Laube zukam. Marie ging ihr entgegen, und die Männer begrüßten ſich unter einander. Das Geſpräch über die Goldmacherkunſt war jetzt abgebrochen, die Geſellſchaft, meiſtens Bürger mit ihren Familien, vertheilte ſich, um das Bretſpiel, die Schaukel und Rennbahn ſowie den Tanz bei dem noch hellen Abendlichte zu genießen. Muſik wurde in den Garten gelaſſen; bei den erſten Klängen gerieth der Meiſter Leonhard ſogleich außer ſich: der Anblick der hübſchen Mädchen, das warme Frühlingswetter und der Klang der Pfeifen bemächtigten ſich zugleich ſeines feurigen Sinnes; er drängte ſich an die erſte friſche Tänzerin, und man ſah ihn bald in immer ſchnellern Kreiſen mit ſeiner Beute herumfliegen, ſo daß die Muſikanten ſelbſt, auf einen Moment ihre Inſtrumente abſetzend, über den ausgelaſſenen Springer lachen mußten. Mehre Paare folgten ihm in Sturm, und jetzt ertönte der ganze Garten von Scherz und Gelächter.

Mit Tobias war es anders, ihn vertrieb der Lärm, er ſtahl ſich fort, indem er den Entſchluß faßte, ein Geſchäft noch zu beſorgen, das ihn ziemlich weit hinaus vor's Thor rief. Es wohnte daſelbſt auf einem Landgute ein wohlhabender Mann, welcher ſich nicht abgeneigt gezeigt hatte, eine anſehnliche Arbeit dem jungen Meiſter anzuvertrauen. Als er den halben Weg ſchon zurückgelegt, trat völlige Dunkelheit ein, ſchwarzes Gewölk bedeckte den Himmel, und ein ſchnell emporſteigendes Wetter trieb den Wanderer zu verdoppelter Eile. Endlich das Landhaus erreichend, fand er es verſchloſſen; der Beſitzer hatte plötzlich verreiſen müſſen, und die zurückgebliebene Dienerſchaft berichtete, daß er erſt nach Verlauf einiger Tage wieder heimkehren werde. Tobias' Laune wurde durch dieſen verfehlten Gang noch trüber geſtimmt, als ſie ohnedies war, er ſah ein, daß er in der Nacht und bei dem ſchlimmſten Wetter den Rückweg antreten müſſe, und verwünſchte ſeinen Entſchluß, ſo ſpät und bei ſo ungewiſſen Nachrichten ſich aus der Stadt entfernt zu haben. Wie er ſo daſtand, rauſchte der Regen in Strömen nieder, dichte Finſterniß hüllte Weg und Gegend ein, kaum daß man in der Entfernung die einzelnen Wachtfeuer bemerken konnte, welche die ſpärlich vertheilten Poſten am Wege bezeichneten. Nach einer Weile legte ſich das erſte Ungeſtüm, und er betrat die Straße; kaum war er wenige Schritte gegangen, als er ein Fuhrwerk auf ſich zukommen hörte; es hielt in ſeiner Nähe; zwei ſtreitende Stimmen ließen ſich hören, endlich ein lautes Stöhnen und banges Hülferufen. Tobias entſchloß ſich, nicht um jene ſich zu kümmern, da er doch nicht im Stande war ihnen zu helfen; allein ſein Mitgefühl erwachte lebhaft, als der Angſtruf von dorther immer lauter ertönte. Der Schein der Blitze, die faſt ununterbrochen leuchteten, ließen den Herantretenden ein unſcheinbares Fuhrwerk bemerken, deſſen Führer eben, wie es ſchien, es verlaſſen hatte; der einzelne magere Gaul, ſeinem Willen überlaſſen, ſcheute und drohete den Wagen, in dem, ſo viel Tobias ſehen konnte, eine dunkle, in Tücher gehüllte Geſtalt und ein Knabe Platz genommen hatten, in eine nahe Vertiefung hinabzureißen; der Knabe erhob ſeine Stimme, und als er glauben mochte, ſeine Worte ſeien ohne Wirkung geblieben, verließ er den Wagen und klammerte ſich an Tobias' Knie, der beſchäftigt war, das wildgewordene Pferd am Zügel zu halten.

Edler Herr, tönte die Stimme des Bittenden, wer Ihr auch ſein mögt, erbarmt Euch eines alten Mannes, der im Sterben liegt! Gewiß, Ihr könnt nicht ſo grauſam ſein, ihn hier vor Euern Augen elend umkommen zu ſehen, da es nur an Euch liegt, ihn zu retten.

Der Regen, die Stöße des Windes, und die brüllenden Donnerſchläge ließen dieſe Worte nur theilweiſe an's Ohr des jungen Goldſchmiedmeiſters gelangen, gleichwohl war der Gedanke, einen Sterbenden vor ſich zu ſehen, dem aller Beiſtand fehle, ſo erſchütternd für ihn, daß er ſich entſchloß, ſelber in dieſem Unwetter der Hilfe bedürftig, ſie den Bedrängten angedeihen zu laſſen. Auf ſeine Frage berichtete der Knabe, daß ſein im Wagen ohnmächtig liegender Vater ein reicher Kaufmann ſei, der gezwungen worden, wegen Verfolgung tückiſcher Feinde die Flucht zu ergreifen. Dieſen Bericht brachte der Knabe nur ſtockend hervor, in Tobias' Herzen regten ſich Argwohn und Zweifel. Warum hat Euch denn Euer Diener verlaſſen? fragte er.

Der Elende, er fürchtete, von unſern Verfolgern mit uns eingefangen zu werden!

Und ſoll ich nicht daſſelbe fürchten, wenn ich mich Eurer annehme?

Himmel! ſchrie der Knabe mit dem ergreifendſten Wehelaut, ſo giebt's denn kein menſchliches Erbarmen mehr! Ihr ſeht hier einen Sterbenden vor Euch; noch wenige Minuten in dieſem fürchterlichen Wetter, und er athmet nicht mehr. O Gott, ſterben ſoll er, ohne Gnadenmittel und Tröſtung! ſeine Seele iſt auf ewig verloren!

Tobias wankte nicht länger, das Sterbegewimmer des Unglücklichen drang in ſein Inneres. Was ſoll ich für Euch thun! rief er dem Knaben zu, indem er deſſen umſtrickende Arme von ſeinen Knien löſte, ich will Euch zurück in die Stadt geleiten.

In die Stadt? um Gotteswillen nicht. Wißt Ihr nicht einen ſichern Zufluchtsort in der Nähe?

Der ſicherſte iſt in der Stadt und zwar in meiner Wohnung, entgegnete Tobias raſch; ſeid Ihr einmal mein Gaſt, ſo birgt Euch die Sicherheit des Grabes. Kommt, helft mir, ſo viel Ihr es vermögt, den Kranken auf meine Schulter laden; Ihr mögt die wenigen Habſeligkeiten im Wagen mir nachtragen, und ſo will ich Euch, will's Gott, ſicher in meine einſamen Mauern bringen.

Der Knabe zitterte. Bedenkt, edler Herr, rief er, daß die Thore ſchon geſchloſſen ſind; wie wollt Ihr den Fragen der Wächter entgehen?

Laßt das meine Sorge ſein; nur nicht gezögert, das Wetter tobt gewaltig. Den leeren Wagen laßt immerhin ſtehen. Der Knabe näherte ſich jetzt dem Kranken, leiſe und behutſam hob er zuerſt das Haupt, und Tobias ſah beim Leuchten der Blitze in ein bleiches, verzerrtes Antlitz mit geſchloſſenen Augen. Ein Schauder ergriff ihn; dennoch bezwang er ſich und half mitleidig dem Knaben, indem er nach und nach erſt die Arme und dann den ganzen Leib mit Vorſicht ſich auf den Rücken lud. O, ich bitte Euch, rief der kleine Begleiter, nur recht leiſe und ſanft angefaßt; ach, thut ihm kein Leides, Ihr ſeht, ihm iſt ſchon grauſam mitgeſpielt worden; ein unvorſichtiger Druck Eurer Hand, und die zarte ſchwankende Lebensflamme liſcht unter Euern Händen aus. Tobias erkannte durch das Gefühl den ganzen bedauerungswürdigen Zuſtand des Kranken; mit Entſetzen wurde er inne, daß die Glieder gebrochen und aus ihrem Gelenk geriſſen niederhingen, kraft- und willenlos ſchwankte die ganze Geſtalt bei jedem Schritt, und es überlief den rüſtigen Träger eiskalter Schauder, wenn er bedachte, daß er einen vom Rade abgelöſten Verbrecher auf ſeinem Rücken durch die Schrecken einer ſo wilden Nacht nach Hauſe trüge. Der Knabe ſchien dieſe Gedanken zu errathen, denn er benutzte jeden paſſenden Zeitpunkt, um ſich mit zärtlichen Bitten und Liebkoſungen an Tobias anzuſchmiegen; er verdoppelte ſogar dieſes ängſtliche demüthige Benehmen, je näher man jetzt der Stadt und den Wachen kam. Unvermerkt hatte er in die Taſche des Meiſters einen vollen Beutel mit Geld geſchoben. Nehmt es, edler Herr, rief er, ſucht damit die Wache zu beſtechen — ach, vielleicht haben die Heiligen in ſo rauher Nacht die Wachſamkeit der Söldner eingeſchläfert. Gott laſſ' uns nur an der Flamme des äußern Wachtfeuers ungeſehen vorüberkommen! Tobias war zu ſehr mit ſich und ſeinem Unternehmen beſchäftigt, um den Jammernden zu tröſten; er mußte ſeine ganze Klugheit und Geſchicklichkeit aufbieten, um nicht ſo nahe dem Rettungshafen noch zu ſcheitern. Endlich war das äußere Pförtchen des Thorweges erreicht; der Pförtner, zum Glück ein Bekannter des Goldſchmieds, öffnete, und ſo zogen die einſamen Wanderer mit ihrer ſchauerlichen Beute leichtern Muthes in die dunkeln

Gaſſen der alten Stadt ein; nur wenige Schritte noch, und ſie befanden ſich vor dem beſtimmten Zufluchtsort.

Im obern Stübchen ſaß Marie und harrte der Rückkunft ihres Gatten, ſie öffnete das Fenſter und herableuchtend entdeckte ſie ſich vor der Gruppe, die ſich unten an der Hausthür zeigte. Tobias mußte ſie beruhigen; er erklärte ihr in wenig Worten, was ſich zwiſchen ihm und dem Fremden ereignet, und bat ſie, unverzüglich Anſtalten zu treffen, ein gutes Lager im untern Stockwerke, nahe der Werkſtatt zu bereiten. Es geſchah ſo leiſe und ſchnell wie möglich. Der Kranke, ſowie ſein verwüſteter Körper die bequeme Lage der Polſter fühlend, zeigte zum erſten Mal wieder deutliche Spuren von Leben. Tobias und Marie wichen nicht früher von ſeinem Bette, als bis ſie ihn in einen ruhigen Schlaf verſenkt ſahen, der Knabe jedoch ließ ſich's nicht nehmen, die ganze Nacht zu Füßen des Lagers zuzubringen.

Den Morgen darauf ging der Meiſter zum Arzte Hubert. Der Knabe, der ſich an die Thüre des Krankenzimmers geſtellt hatte, wollte den fremden Mann, als er erfuhr, daß es ein Arzt ſei, durchaus nicht einlaſſen; erſt als man ihn verſicherte, es gelte das Leben ſeines Vaters, gab er nach. Hubert unterſuchte die Wunden des Mannes und wandte ſich dann kopfſchüttelnd zu Tobias. Nehmt Euch in Acht, rief er leiſe; wenn nicht alle Merkmale trügen, ſo hat der Mann ſchon auf der Folter gelegen; wie es ſcheint, habt Ihr einem ſchweren Verbrecher Eure Hülfe zugeſagt. — Als Tobias bei dieſen Worten heftig erſchrak, ſetzte Jener mit milder Stimme hinzu: Doch, Freund, laßt Euch nichts geſagt ſein; die Zeichen können auch täuſchen, und wäre er auch verdammt — bedenkt, hat unſer Herr und Meiſter nicht ſelbſt dem Sünder am Kreuz ſeine göttliche Hülfe zugeſagt?

Ich wußte es wohl, rief Tobias, dumpf in ſich hinein; Unſchuld, Freude und Glück begegnen mir nicht — ſo ſoll mir denn auch jede That zur Verdammniß werden. Weh mir, ein todeswürdiger Verbrecher in meinem Hauſe!

Wer ſagt Euch, daß er das iſt? rief Hubert leiſe; kann er nicht unſchuldig angeklagt und gerichtet worden ſein, hört man in dieſen verwirrten ſtürmiſchen Zeiten nicht von Grauſamkeiten aller Art! Doch, Freund, Vorſicht muß ich Euch ſelbſt anrathen, auf meinen Beiſtand könnt Ihr zählen, lange wird es der Arme doch nicht mehr machen, die mörderiſchen Eiſen haben fürchterlich in ſeinem Fleiſche gewüthet.

Aber wenn er nun in unſerm Hauſe ſtirbt? rief Marie.

So ſorgen wir, entgegnete Hubert, für ein ſtilles Grab, in dem ſeine zerſchlagenen Glieder weich liegen mögen. Fürchtet nicht das ſchlimmſte, liebe Frau.

Tobias, Marie und Hubert theilten ſich jetzt in die Pflege des Alten; ermüdete ihre Wachſamkeit, ſo war der Knabe Bertram da, deſſen Kräfte unerſchöpflich ſchienen. Auf dieſe Weiſe lebte der Kranke wohl zwei Wochen in Tobias' Hauſe; Hubert's ſtärkende Mittel wirkten, das volle Bewußtſein kehrte den Armen wieder, und er hatte nun öfters heimliche Unterredungen mit ſeinem jungen Begleiter. Wenn Tobias und Marie an ſeinem Bette erſchienen, dankte er ihnen auf das rührendſte; der Knabe bat ſich von Marien Frauenkleider aus, und ſo ging er in die Stadt. Eines Tages kehrte er frühzeitig zurück und fragte um die Erlaubniß an, ob ſeine Stiefmutter eintreten dürfe, ſie wüßte von dem elenden Zuſtande ihres Mannes und ließe ſich nicht länger abhalten ihn zu ſehen, ſeine Pflege zu übernehmen. Tobias beſprach ſich mit ſeinem Weibe und beide ertheilten, obgleich ungern, die Erlaubniß, die fremde Dame kommen zu laſſen. In dunkler Abendſtunde erſchien jetzt eine in ſchwarze Schleier gehüllte hohe Geſtalt, die ins Gemach eintretend mit einem dumpfen Wehelaut am Lager niederſank. Es erfolgte eine lange Unterredung der Drei untereinander, die das Ehepaar aus Zartgefühl nicht ſtören mochte, obgleich Hubert gegen jedes längere anſtrengende Geſpräch gewarnt hatte. Als die Dame wieder heraustrat, ſuchte ſie den jungen Goldſchmiedmeiſter auf, um ihm in den rührendſten Ausdrücken die Gefühle ihres Dankes auszuſprechen. Tobias blickte in ein Antlitz, das obwohl blaß, doch von großer Schönheit war; die wenigen rührenden Worte, die ſie ihm ſagte, die Innigkeit, die in Stimme und Geberde lag, goß zum erſten Mal wieder nach langer Zeit eine ſüße Befriedigung in die Seele des jungen Mannes, ſeine That gereute ihm jetzt nicht, und wäre auch ein doppelt großes Wagniß mit ihr verbunden geweſen.

Das Geheimniß vom Aufenthalte des Verfolgten verrieth keine von den Perſonen, die im Hauſe des Meiſters davon wußten; Tobias ſchätzte ſich jetzt glücklich, in einer Gaſſe zu wohnen, die zu betreten der Fuß jedes müſſigen Spaziergängers ſcheute. In einſamen Stunden plagte ihn jedoch ſelbſt die Begierde, zu wiſſen, wer ſein Schützling ſei; in welchem Verhältniß Arabella, ſo hieß die ſchöne Dame, zu ihm ſtände; ob ſie, die liebliche reizende Erſcheinung, wirklich jenem verlöſchenden, verwüſteten Leben angekettet ſei; in wie weit Bertram, der ſchöne Knabe, zu dem ſeltſamen Paare gehöre. Zufällig wurde ihm über dieſe Zweifel und Vermuthungen ein dunkler Aufſchluß ertheilt. Beim Beginn der dritten Woche erſchien der luſtige Sangmeiſter Leonhard in der Werkſtatt, wo er den Freund allein fand, und nachdem er auf ſeine Weiſe mancherlei Luſtiges berichtet hatte, zog er mit einem Mal eine ernſthafte Miene und ſagte: Habt Ihr nicht vernommen, daß man auf das angelegentlichſte dem großen Zauberer und Alchymiſten nachforſcht, der aus der Haft unſeres Herrn entſprungen iſt?

Tobias horchte hoch auf, und jener fuhr unbekümmert fort: Wir ſprachen vor Kurzem im Garten der reichen Wittwe von dieſen Zauberkünſtlern und Allerweltsleuten; es wurde bei der Gelegenheit noch gefragt, was denn doch aus dem gelehrten Alchymiſten, den der Kurfürſt eigends für ſich im Schloßgewölbe arbeiten laſſe, geworden ſei; Niemand wußte hierüber Auskunft zu ertheilen; jetzt aber thut ſich's kund: entſprungen iſt der Unglückliche, und was das Schlimmſte iſt, die Frucht der jahrelangen Studien hat er mit ſich genommen.

Ei, rief Roſen, und worin hat denn dieſe Frucht beſtanden?

Es iſt ihm endlich gelungen, Gold zu machen, entgegnete Leonhard wichtig. Unſerm gnädigen Herrn aber, der ihm für die Entdeckung wohl zu wenig geboten hat, iſt er ſammt dem Geheimniß entſchlüpft. Doch ſo geht es, wenn man ſich mit dem Leibhaftigen einläßt. Die Menge behauptet, in jener Nacht, wo wir das erſte ſtarke Gewitter hatten, ſei der Goldmacher vom Teufel geholt worden, ja einige Schloßwächter haben ihn ganz deutlich aus dem großen Rauchfange der unterirdiſchen Eſſe mit Qualm, Feuer und Geräuſch in die Höhe fahren ſehen: Andere behaupten ſeinen Wagen unweit der Stadt gefunden zu haben, doch leer, wo er denn wahrſcheinlich, da das irdiſche Fuhrwerk ihm zu langſam ging, zum hölliſchen ſeine Zuflucht genommen, und querfeldein oder vielmehr querluftaufwärts von dannen gefahren ſein muß. Kurz, verſchwunden iſt und bleibt er, unſer allergnädigſter Herr ſitzt jetzt mit langer Naſe da. Die goldnen Füchſe, die ſchon ſo lieblich im Tiegel blinkten, und zu denen, wie der närriſche Doctor kürzlich behauptete, ſo viele ehrliche Leute eine wahre Verwandtſchaftsliebe fühlten, ſind nun auch auf und davon.

Roſen verbarg den Antheil, den er an dieſer Rede nahm, ſo gut es ihm die ſchreckenvolle Ueberzeugung, den ſo allgemein gefürchteten und verachteten Alchymiſten in ſeiner Wohnung zu haben, geſtattete. Sein Geſellſchafter, der zu ſehr mit ſeiner Neuigkeit beſchäftigt war, achtete nur wenig auf Den, welchem er ſie mittheilte. Ich möchte nur wiſſen, ſprach er weiter, wie viel denn nun eigentlich Wahrheit an dem ganzen wunderlichen Treiben iſt. Man hört jetzt ſo viel und mancherlei, daß Einem ordentlich der Kopf zu ſummen anfängt. Ihr, zum Beiſpiel, Herr Gevatter, ſeid nun ſo gefühllos; bedenkt doch nur, wenn an der Sache etwas Wahres iſt, werdet Ihr nicht mit beiden Fäuſten zugreifen! Ernſthafte und geſtrenge Herren wie der Kurfürſt Chriſtian laſſen ſich doch auch nicht von Jedermann den Bart ſcheren. Ich verſichere Euch, fiele mir der Teufelsbanner in die Klauen, er ſollte nicht fort, ohne Federn zu laſſen.

Treibt keinen Scherz, Freund, mit derlei Dingen; bedenkt, daß es fluchenswerthes Wiſſen iſt.

Poſſen! rief Leonhard. Ihr nehmt Alles ernſt und gewiſſenhaft auf. Kann es nicht ein ganz einfaches Naturgeheimniß ſein! Als man zum erſten Mal davon ſprach, daß ein Buch, ſtatt von den Mönchen langſam abgeſchrieben zu werden, mit feſtſtehenden, kleinen Zeichen könnte gedruckt, und um ſo viel Tauſende vervielfältigt werden, ſchrie da nicht Alles auch über Teufelskünſte, und am Lichte beſehen löſte ſich die ganze Verdammniß in eine unſchuldige nützliche Erfindung auf. So geht es auch hier. Ich habe, da man ſo viel über jene Kunſt ſpricht, ernſtlich nachgedacht, und will auf meine Weiſe die Erfindung heiter und gefällig ans Licht ſtellen. Wenn Ihr Zeit habt, mir zuzuhören, ſo will ich Euch ſogleich einiges von meinem Plan mittheilen. Erſtlich müßt Ihr Euch vorſtellen, daß der große Erdkörper gleich nach der Schöpfung in die größte Verwirrniß gerathen, daß alle Dinge drunter und drüber geworfen worden, Gehäſſiges mit dem Freundlichen ſich verketten mußte, Freunde getrennt, Feinde aneinandergeſchloſſen wurden. Dieſes iſt nun gewiſſermaßen der Sündenfall der tauben, fühlloſen Creatur; da kamen die vier Elemente als eben ſo viele Erlöſer, um überall, wohin ihr lebendiges Wort dringt, die Bewußtloſen zum Bewußtſein, die ſich Suchenden und Getrennten zum ſüßen Vereine zu bringen. Unaufhörlich geht, während wir Menſchenkinder auf der Erde ſtehen und wandeln, unſer bürgerliches Geſchäft wohl oder übel treiben, dieſes Werk der ſtillen Erlöſung vor ſich; unter unſern Füßen, unſern täppiſchen Händen, oft vor unſerer Naſe fliegen ſich die getrennten Naturtheile in die

Arme, beraufen ſich die ſüßen Liebſchaften aus Oſt und Weſt, und mit Gebraus und Gezank, das wir jedoch nicht verſtehen, werden unzufriedene Ehen getrennt, glückliche geſchloſſen. Und dieſes iſt ſtets das Werk der vier thätigen Erlöſer, die nicht ermüden, überall, auch in den verwirrteſten Händeln ihre Hände im Spiel zu haben. Der Menſch iſt eigentlich dabei nur ganz nebenher nöthig, obgleich er ſich einbildet, wie überall, ſo auch hier die Hauptperſon zu ſein; dann will er wohl auf ſeine Weiſe, was die vier geſchäftigen Erlöſer leiſten, ſelbſt verrichtet haben und baut ihnen Herd und Eſſe, ſchiebt ihnen die verwickeltſten Proceſſe unter und ſchaut müſſig zu, wie die wunderlichen unſichtbaren Sachwalter die ſchwierige Aufgabe löſen werden. Dann brauſt es und ziſcht vor ſeiner Naſe, und hundert Zungen reden geſchwätzig durcheinander, Funken ſprühen, wie von zornigen Augen geſchleudert, bis endlich der Friede eintritt und das ſchöne leuchtende Kind lieblich aus dem Streit hervorgeht. Dann freuen ſich wohl die Dummen, daß ſie den Proceß gewonnen haben, ſchieben dieſes ihrer Geſchicklichkeit zu, und vergeſſen die vier Erlöſer, die ohne alle Beihülfe früh oder ſpät daſſelbe ausgewirkt hätten. Seht, ſo würde ich das Ganze in artige Reime zu bringen ſuchen.

Ihr habt einen ſpaßhaften Sinn, Gevatter, rief Tobias. Euch erſcheint, was tauſend Andre in Sorgen und Bedenklichkeit ſtürzen würde, als willkommene Aufgabe, Euern heitern Scharfſinn daran zu prüfen. Doch verzeiht, daß ich diesmal nicht recht auf dieſe Scherze hören kann: ich habe einen ſchweren Kranken im Hauſe, der mir viel Bekümmerniß verurſacht. Eben jetzt höre ich den Armen im Nebenzimmer ſtöhnen, und ſo muß ich wohl hingehen zu ſehen, wie es ihm geht.

Laßt Euch nicht ſtören, entgegnete der Sänger; wenn es nicht anders ſein kann, ſo bin ich auch der Mann, der ſich mit ſelber leidlich unterhalten kann, zudem kommt ja da unſer Freund Hubert, dem will ich doch ſogleich einige Neuigkeiten aufbinden. Der Arzt trat ins Zimmer, und Tobias fand Zeit, ſich ans Bette ſeines Kranken zu verfügen. Schon während den Reden Leonhard's hatte er bemerkt, wie Bertram, von Zeit zu Zeit in die Stube blickend, ihm heimlich mit beſorgter Miene Zeichen gegeben. Jetzt fand er den Alten leblos auf dem Lager ausgeſtreckt, der Knabe ihm zur Seite knieend. O heiliger Johann! rief er, als Tobias näher trat, und die Zwiſchenthür der Gemächer verſchloſſen hatte, der Vater hat Euer Geſpräch, Meiſter, mit dem fremden Herrn mit angehört; ach, jedes Wort ſchien ihm die fürchterlichſten Schmerzen zu machen, zuletzt ſank er mit einem dumpfen Schrei zurück und liegt nun ſo erſtarrt, wie Ihr ihn hier ſeht. Ja, edler Meiſter, Ihr habt die Wahrheit vernommen, Ihr wißt nun Alles! Bei der Jungfrau und ihrem ewigen Sohne, handelt chriſtlich an uns!

Tobias beruhigte den zitternden Knaben, ſelber jedoch fühlte er ſich auf das heftigſte erſchüttert. Er vermochte nicht in dem Gemache auszuhalten, indem jetzt der geringſte Gegenſtand, vor Allem aber der Anblick des fürchterlichen Mannes ihm Entſetzen einflößte. Beruhigend war es ihm, Hubert noch in der Werkſtatt zu finden, der dort allein und unruhig auf- und niederging, nachdem er von Leonhard verlaſſen worden war. Als er den bekümmerten Meiſter eintreten ſah, ſchloß er ihn zärtlich und mit Heftigkeit an ſeine Bruſt. Armer Freund, rief er, Ihr ſeid in der That unglücklich! das Mißgeſchick verfolgt Euch; ich habe Alles erfahren und frage Euch nun, was Ihr zu thun gedenkt.

Tobias ſchaute finſter vor ſich hin. Er muß fort! rief er endlich in wildem Zorne aufbrauſend, er muß mein Haus verlaſſen; nicht länger darf ich mit dem Ungeheuer unter einem Dache leben, das ganz Sachſen verflucht, das allein Schuld an dem Elend unſers Landes iſt, das unſern menſchlichen, friedlichen, gütigen Fürſten zu einen hämiſchen, tückiſchen Tyrannen umgeſchaffen hat. Jeder Hauch ſeines Mundes iſt ein Fluch mehr über mein Haupt.

Still, ſagte Hubert, indem er den Zürnenden auf die Seite zog; ſchont ſeiner, bedenkt, daß er uns gar wohl hören kann. Wie muß ihm, der vielleicht bald abſchließen will, der jetzt mit ſeinem verrathenen Gott peinvolle Rückſprache nimmt, Euere Verdammnißrede ins Ohr fallen. Schont ſeiner.

Keine Schonung, rief Tobias; ihm, dem Landverderber keine Schonung!

Aber dem Sterbenden Schonung, entgegnete Hubert, denkt an Euere eigne Sterbeſtunde dereinſt, und wenn Ihr auch wolltet, ſo ließe ich, der Arzt, den Armen nicht aus dem Hauſe ſchleppen. Er packte mit dieſen Worten die Salben und Kräuter, die er mitgebracht, zuſammen und entfernte ſich ins Krankenzimmer, gleichſam um auf jede friſche Wunde, die die heftigen Worte ſeines Freundes geſchlagen, einen Tropfen heilenden Balſams zu ſpenden. Der Kranke, als er aus dem bewußtloſen Zuſtande erwachte, küßte die Hände ſeines Pflegers, drückte den Knaben mit heißen Thränen an ſich und verlangte dann zum erſten Mal eine geheime Unterredung mit Tobias.

Gegen die ſpäte Abendſtunde ſchloſſen ſich beide Männer in dem einſamen Gemach ein, und der Kranke nahm das Wort:

Es iſt geſchehen, was geſchehen mußte, mein Geheimniß iſt verrathen; Ihr wißt jetzt, redlicher, trefflicher Meiſter, an wem Ihr das Werk der Barmherzigkeit geübt habt in jener fürchterlichen Nacht. Ja, ich bin der Schotte Setonius, der von dem Herrn dieſes Landes auf das ſchändlichſte verrathen worden; bin es, der den dunklen Fluch hat auf ſich nehmen müſſen, den er allein tragen muß. Ich verwünſche die Stunde meiner Geburt; allein auch die ſeinige ſei verwünſcht um des beiſpielloſen Elends willen, das er auf mein Haupt gehäuft.

Weiht mich nicht zwecklos in Euere Geheimniſſe ein, bemerkte der Goldſchmiedmeiſter ernſt; theilt mir nur mit, was ich wiſſen muß, um Euch zu retten.

Retten! wiederholte der Kranke, und ein hohles fürchterliches Lachen ſchlug an die Wände des engen Gemachs; mich wollt Ihr retten! Unglücklicher, Ihr habt mich auf Euern Rücken getragen und wißt noch nicht, wie es mit mir ſteht. Bei dieſen Worten warf er die Decken ab, und Tobias' Blicke fielen auf einen Körper, der halb ſchon eine Beute der Verweſung, den gräßlichſten Anblick darbot, den man ſehen konnte. Schaut her, ſetzte der Alchymiſt ſeine Rede fort, ſo lohnen Fürſten! Das iſt der Preis für ſieben ſchaudervolle Jahre, in denen ich unabläſſig für ihn gearbeitet; dieſes der Preis für meine ſchlafloſen Nächte, dieſes der Lohn, daß ich das Antlitz meines Weibes, meines Kindes entbehrt. Ja, Freund, mit ſolchen Gliedern wandelt man nicht mehr unter den Lebendigen; ich weiß, wo ich hingehöre, und wo ich vielleicht nach Verlauf weniger Stunden ſein werde. Doch ehe ich ſcheide, will ich den Schatz, der dem friſchen Leben gehört, in Euere Hände niederlegen; Ihr, Tobias, ſollt unter den Hunderttauſenden, die unter Qualen nach dem Preiſe gerungen, Derjenige ſein, dem er ſpielend in den Schooß fällt.

Von welchem Schatze ſprecht Ihr?

Hört meine Geſchichte, rief Seton aus.

Kennt Ihr das Hochland, Freund, es iſt mein Vaterland; laßt mich zuerſt bei ſeinem Bilde verweilen. Mit ſeinen kühnen Felſenmaſſen, mit ſeinen Nebelgebilden und dunkeln ſchweigenden Gewäſſern, mit ſeinem ewig brauſenden Meeresſtrande und ſeinen unwirthbaren Küſten iſt es das Land der Dämonen. Man ſollte meinen, der wilde Trotz, die unerſättliche Begier, der lauernde Hohn, ſie hätten gleich am Anfang, wie die ſanftern Geiſter Herrſchaft über die Erde gewannen, ſich dorthin zurückgezogen, um ihre rauhen Athemzüge mit dem Hauch unwirthbarer Wüſten zu miſchen. Der Menſch, geboren auf jenen Bergen, lernt frühe ſeinen unſichtbaren Erziehern gehorchen; ſeine niedere Hütte iſt umgeben vom luſtigen und tückiſchen Volke der Elfen, der Gnom pocht an dem Geſtein ſeines Herdes und Kobolde rücken an dem Dache; ſchwankt des Fiſchers unſicheres Boot auf den ſchwarzblauen Wellen, ſo zieht der ärmlichen ſchaukelnden Wiege ein boshafter Nix nach, ſie in gefährliche Buchten lockend; dem Jäger, der ſich für ſein darbendes Weib daheim und die hungernden Kinder den Gefahren der Jagd hingibt, verfolgt ein Schwarm wilder Luftgeiſter, die ihn von Felſen zu Felſen hetzen, bis ſie den Elenden mit zerſchmetterten Gliedern im Abgrunde liegen ſehen. Noch ſchlimmer aber ſind die Geiſter des Hochmuths, des Trotzes, die ſich unſichtbar in das Herz des Hochländers niſten und mit jedem Pulsſchlage wachſen. Auch meiner Seele bemächtigten ſich die Unholde, in ihre rohe Hände fiel der Inhalt meines Lebens, und er war rettungslos verloren. Mein Vater beſaß Reichthümer, er opferte einen Theil derſelben großmüthig meiner Erziehung, doch er riß mich leider zu ſpät aus der Wildheit meiner Umgebung heraus. Mit den Dämonen, die an meine Ferſen ſich hefteten, trat ich jetzt in das zahme Triebwerk des auf Verdienſt gebauten thätigen Lebens; wie mochte ich's lange in dieſen Feſſeln aushalten! Eine Stelle unter den Landtruppen wurde mir gegeben; ich verließ ſie widergeſetzlich und flüchtete mich, verfolgt, in das mir verwandte ſtürmiſche Element; ich wurde Matroſe. Hier lächelte mir das Glück; mein Muth gewann mir Freunde. Schon einmal waren die Schranken bürgerlicher Geſetze überſprungen, es koſtete mich nur wenig Bedenken, es zum zweiten Male zu thun. Ein gehäſſiger Hauptmann ſtand uns Allen im Wege, mein Meſſer befreite uns, es nahm das Meer den Leichnam auf, und frei, der kleinen, von dürftigen Geiſtern erſonnenen Geſetze der Geſellſchaft ſpottend, zogen wir in das grenzenloſe Gebiet der Willkür, des Muths und des Glückes ein. Gleich Triumphbögen ſpritzte der Schaum um unſer Kaperſchiff, es tanzten und jubelten die Wellen, als hätten in der Tiefe die unruhigen Meergeiſter unſern Treubruch erfahren. Ich war nun wieder ganz in der Gewalt meiner alten Dämonen; ſie hatten mich, ſie hielten meine Locken, ſie zauſten mein Herz in wilden Wünſchen und ſtachelten meine Seiten, daß ich gleich einem wilden Roſſe dahinbrauſte, ihnen nur folgend. Indeſſen büßte ich auch dieſe Luſt bald. Mein Auge ward in der Stille einer Nacht wunderbar geöffnet: ich that finſtere Blicke in das Innere des Menſchengeiſtes, und ſiehe da, die ewig ſchwankende Waage von Wunſch und Hoffnung ſtand gezähmt in meiner Hand. Bis jetzt hatte ich Ehrgeiz, Thatenluſt, Freiheit für das Höchſte gehalten; jetzt ſah ich, daß dieſe wilden Leidenſchaften nicht ſelbſt herrſchend waren, auch ſie beugten ſich einer geheimen magiſchen Kraft, die verhüllt, doch allmächtig hinter jeder Erſcheinung des Lebens lauſchte. Es war des Goldes Macht! Kaum hatte ich den ſtärkern Dämon erkannt, als ich auch ſogleich ihm Treue ſchwur; vergeſſen, gleich einem verſtaubten Gewande ſank das kühne Gemälde meines Korſarenlebens hinter mir hinab; das Auge erhielt jenen lauernden Blick, die Hände jene ſtille Geſchäftigkeit, die der Verkehr mit meinem neuen Dämon erforderte. Auf heißen Marktplätzen ſaß ich jetzt, im Gewühl der Straße, unter den Wechſelbänken der Börſe, und in mein Ohr, gewöhnt an das Brauſen der Aequinoctialſtürme, tönte jetzt das alte Lied der Klage, das zahme Gewinſel des Elends, die Lockpfeife des Betrugs. Hier erkannte ich nun die ganze Größe meines Dämons: ich ſah den Leib der Unſchuld hingemordet, die greiſe Locke des Verdienſtes geſchändet, das verwandte Blut verſpritzt; Alles im [illegible]ſte meines Dämons: und in ſeinem Umgange gereift, ka[illegible] der Gedanke, mich in Beſitz großer Schätze, ſei es, a[illegible] welche Weiſe es wolle, zu ſetzen. Schändlichen Wucher hatte ich ſchon lange getrieben, jetzt trat ich von Neuem aus den Schranken des Geſetzes und ſchloß mich einer Bande von Falſchmünzern an, die in den Klüften eines einſamen Gebirges ihr Weſen trieben. Hier hatte mich die Hölle ſchon näher an ihrem Herde. Lange Nächte hindurch ſaß ich mit faſt erblindetem Auge, die hellen Metallſcheiben brünſtig betrachtend, die aus unſerer Werkſtatt hervorgingen, um ihre betrügeriſche Laufbahn durch die Welt zu machen. Ich haßte die Menſchen und freute mich, ſie betrügen zu können. Doch bald ekelte mich auch dieſe Wirkſamkeit an; ſo nahe der geheimnißvollen Quelle, wollte ich ihren Gehalt bis auf den tiefſten Grund erforſchen. In Rückſicht auf Sonderung und Bereitung der Metalle, hatte ich ſchon manche koſtbare Erfahrung mir zu eigen gemacht, es trieb mich zu immer neuen Verſuchen, unermüdlich ſtrebte ich weiter — doch vergebens! Damals gerade erſcholl das Gerücht von einem Manne, den die Inquiſition verfolgte, der nach England hinüber ſich rettete und endlich in unſern ſchottiſchen Gebirgen eine Zuflucht fand. Man erzählte von ihm wunderbare Dinge, er ſollte das Geheimniß entdeckt haben, nach dem ſchon Tauſende vergeblich forſchten, das Geheimniß, das edelſte Metall ſchöpferiſch hervorzurufen. Mein Geiſt flammte auf, ich floh aus unſern Höhlen und fand mich bald in der Nähe jenes Meiſters.

Der Sprechende hielt hier inne. Vergebt, edler Meiſter, fuhr er mit erſchöpfter Stimme fort, wenn die Macht dieſer Erinnerungen mich niederbeugt, laßt mich eine Pauſe machen, in der ich mich ſammeln kann, um Euch die bitterſten Erfahrungen meines unruhvollen Lebens mitzutheilen. Tobias winkte ihm Gewährung zu; er ſelbſt vermochte nicht zu ſprechen, ſchweigend trat er an das Fenſter und richtete ſein Auge auf die wankenden Schatten, die das Licht im Gemach auf die gegenüberſtehende Wand des Nachbarhauſes warf. Tiefe Stille herrſchte, dann bat Erton, ſeine Erzählung fortſetzen zu dürfen.

Jener Mann, hub er an, war ein Italiener von Geburt, verſchwiegen und tückiſch; es koſtete Mühe, mich ihm nahe zu bringen, und gewiß wäre es mir nie gelungen, ſein Schüler, ſein Vertrauter zu werden, wenn nicht ſein junges Weib, das ihm gefolgt war, eine geheime Leidenſchaft zu mir gefaßt hätte; ich begünſtigte dieſe; es war mir völlig gleich, auf welchem Wege ich zu meinem Zwecke kam. O, junger Freund und Retter, wie ſoll ich Euch mein Entzücken beſchreiben, als ich nun erfuhr, daß es in der That ein Mittel gebe, jenes herrliche Metall ſchöpferiſch hervorzurufen. Dieſes Mittel hatte mein Meiſter in Händen; aber Haß gegen die Menſchen, Verachtung der Welt brachten ihn jetzt dahin, daß er ſchwur, die geheimnißvolle Tinktur mit ſich ins Grab nehmen. Denkt Euch, Freund, die goldne Frucht des Lebens verſenkt ins Grab! Konnte ich dieſes leiden, konnte das Weib, das mächtige Erdenwünſche ſtachelten, dieſes leiden! Ich ſchweige von der peinvollen Zeit, in der ich mit dem finſtern Bernardo zuſammen lebte und arbeitete. Tückiſch, wie er war, machte es ihm Freude, auch mich immer und immer in die Irre zu führen, mich tauſend vergebliche Verſuche machen zu laſſen; jetzt das Geheimniß dicht vor mich hinzulegen und dann, wenn meine Hand ſchon darnach griff, es hohnlachend in die weiteſte Ferne zu ſchieben. Doch wehe dem Elenden; er meinte mit mir zu ſpielen, und er ſelbſt war ein Spiel in unſern Händen. Die geheimnißvolle Tinktur, für mich des Lebens Erſtes und Letztes, verſchloß er jedoch auf das ſicherſte; vergeblich war ein Verſuch ſich der Flaſche zu bemächtigen, alle unſere Anſchläge, ſie durch Liſt in unſere Gewalt zu bekommen, mißglückten; fürchten mußten wir, daß der finſtere Lebensüberdruß des Meiſters, der von Stunde zu Stunde ſich ſteigerte, ihn zum Selbſtmord treiben werde; er könnte dann wol von einem Felſen ſich ins Meer hinabſtürzen, die koſtbare Flaſche in ſeinen Händen — für uns, für die Welt auf ewig verloren! Dieſe Gedanken brachten mich dem Wahnſinn nahe. Weshalb, ſagte in einer geheimen buhleriſchen Stunde meine Geliebte zu mir, weshalb ein Fahrzeug retten wollen, da es doch beſtimmt iſt, an der nächſten Klippe zu zerſchellen! Ich verſtand dieſe Worte, die Lippe des Weibes ſprach nur aus, was in meinem Buſen längſt ſich emporgedrängt; unſere Augen leuchteten und brannten zuſammen, die wilde Lohe eines Menſchenmordes ſchoß verzehrend zugleich über die ausgedörrte Steppe unſerer Herzen; ihre Rechte faßte krampfhaft nach dem Meſſer, indeß die meinige den Dolch im Gürtel packte. Indem hörten wir Bernardo das Haus verlaſſen und in die ſtürmiſche Nacht ſich hinausſchleichen. Es iſt Zeit! ſtöhnte ſie, und ich ſprang auf; die Hand vor die flackernde Flamme des Lichtes haltend, blickte ſie mir nach, wie ich leiſe hinauswankte. So irrten zwei Schatten, einer den andern verfolgend, durch die Nebel einer trüben Mondnacht; lauernd gleich einer Katze duckte ich mich um jedes Geſträuch, jetzt auf dem Leibe fortkriechend, jetzt um eine vorſpringende Felſenkante mich windend; immer noch ſchwebte die ſchwarze Geſtalt vor mir, zehn Schritte nur entfernt — jetzt bleibt er ſtehen — ich, meinend, er wolle ſich nach mir umſchauen, weiche zurück, indem höre ich einen ſchwachen Laut, und o Himmel! aus meinem Verſteck auftauchend, finde ich die Stelle, wo er ſtand, leer — dumpf brauſt das Meer unten an ſeinem Geſtade. Wie vom Tode gehetzt ſpring' ich hervor, ſuche, rufe durchfliege den ganzen Raum am Abhange — umſonſt! meine Beute iſt mir entgangen, zerſchmettert mit meinem Schatze liegt er in der Tiefe! Die Welt ging unter vor meinen Blicken, der Wahnſinn faßte mich, ohnmächtig ſtürzte ich auf die Platte des Felſen nieder.

Als ich wieder die Beſinnung fand, ſchlug kalter Regen an meine Wangen, betäubt und blutend erhob ich mich, um in die verlaſſene Hütte zurückzuſchleichen. Auf dem Wege dahin fiel das ganze Bewußtſein des Verlorenen auf meine Bruſt und lähmte meine Schritte. Wozu zurückkehren? rief ich bei mir, fort in die Welt, es iſt ja doch Alles verloren! Ich weiß nicht, welch ein ahnendes Gefühl mir trotz jener Ueberzeugung zuflüſterte: kehre heim, noch iſt nichts verloren! So trat ich denn in das Gemach, wo ich Beatricen, ſo hieß die Witwe Bernardo's, auf mich harrend fand. Als ſie Blut an meinen Kleidern ſieht, triumphirt ſie; doch indem meine Worte ſie belehren, daß es mein eignes ſei, daß die Beute uns entgangen, ſtößt ſie ein fürchterliches Jammergeſchrei aus. Jetzt wird das ganze Haus durchſucht, die Gewölbe erbrochen, jeder Behälter geöffnet, die Mauer ſelbſt umgeriſſen — umſonſt, der Schatz bleibt verloren; ſogar die Leiche des Meiſters, die uns einige Tage darauf gebracht wurde, entweiht vergebens die räuberiſche Hand der Habſucht. Was jetzt beginnen? Beatricens Schätze, wenn ſie ihren Beſitz mit mir theilte, verſprachen noch auf lange Zeit ein wildes, ausſchweifendes Leben; dennoch hätte ich ſie nicht zu meinem Weibe gemacht, wenn mir nicht anfangs eine dunkle Ahnung, dann ein deutlicher Verdacht, zuletzt faſt Gewißheit von Beatricens verſtellter Tücke Kenntniß gegeben. Die Reichthümer, die in meine Hände fielen, ſchwanden bald, dennoch fanden ſich immer neue, es wurde mir deutlich, daß das in alle Künſte der Heuchelei eingeweihte Weib mich in jener Nacht betrogen, und daß es ihr gelungen, die Wundertinktur von dem Untergange zu retten. Meine Bitten, meine Vorſtellungen blieben fruchtlos, da erſann ich ein wahrhaft teufliſches Mittel, um das Geheimniß zu enthüllen. Als ſie ſich Mutter fühlte, und ihre Zeit herannahte, trat ich an ihr Lager, jede Hülfe entfernend, wiederholte ich noch einmal meine Bitten; als ſie auch jetzt taub blieb, wandte ich grauſame Mittel an, die die Geburt verhinderten. Unter Qualen der Hölle wand ſich die Arme auf ihrem Lager, ſie zitterte für das kaum erwachende, ſie zitterte für ihr eigenes Leben; faſt ſchon bewußtlos, in blutigen Thränen gebadet, bekannte ſie endlich, da die Marter aufs Höchſte ſtieg, daß ſie ſchuldig ſei, daß ſie die Tinktur vom Untergange gerettet und bis jetzt verborgen habe. Die Flaſche ward ausgeliefert, und jetzt endlich hatte ich meinen Gott in Händen; allein um welchen Preis war er erkauft!

Entſetzlich! rief Tobias und verhüllte ſein Antlitz.

Ich komme jetzt an die letzte Epoche meines Lebens. Wir verließen Schottland; der Ruf meiner geheimen Wiſſenſchaft ging mir voran, und ich ſah auf Reiſen vieler Herren Länder

Glaubt nicht, daß die Ehre, die Auszeichnung, die man mir erwies, mich die Menſchen lieben lehrte, nein, ich lernte ſie nur um deſto grimmiger haſſen, je deutlicher ich das Band fühlte, das ſie an mich kettete. So kam ich denn auch hierher, und hier ſollte das Maß meines Mißgeſchickes erfüllt werden. Ihr ſowol, Tobias, als das ganze Land kennt die Geſchichte meines Lebens an dieſem Hofe; doch Euch wie den Uebrigen iſt mein eigentliches Verhältniß zu dieſem Fürſten wol nie klar geworden, und nach Dem, was Ihr jetzt aus meinem Munde erfahren, möchte es Euch noch weniger begreiflich erſcheinen; doch höret weiter. Von den ſieben Jahren, die ich hier zugebracht, ſind mir fünfe mit dem äußerſten Glanze, durch alle Bequemlichkeiten eines üppigen Lebens geſchmückt, dahingefloſſen; ich war es, dem die Schätze dieſes Reiches zu Füßen lagen, den man auf Gold und Purpur bettete; der Fürſt wollte mich kirren, doch ich blickte in ſein finſteres, enges Herz, und jetzt kam mir die Luſt an, die ich ſo oft meinen Meiſter an mir hatte büßen ſehen, mit meinem Opfer zu ſpielen. Ich peinigte ſeine Ungeduld, ſtachelte ſeine Begier, malte ihm die Reiche der Welt zu ſeinen Füßen; und wenn er dann anbetend vor mir niederſank, verſteckte ich mich argliſtig hinter ein blindes Ungefähr, ſchob ihm ein Märchen unter und verlor mich in die geheimnißvolle Wolke, in die er mir nicht nachdringen konnte. O, Freund, Ihr ſeid arglos, ſelbſt ungekränkt, habt Ihr wol nie Kränkungen empfinden laſſen, Ihr kennt nicht die Luſt, die darin liegt, mit den Gewaltigen dieſer Erde zu ſpielen, ſie ihre Ohnmacht empfinden zu laſſen, und hunderttauſend Beleidigungen, die ſie gewohnt ſind ungeſtraft auszutheilen, langſam und unter dem Schein von Schmeicheleien auf ihr eignes Haupt zu häufen. Ueberdrüſſig des Lebens, bekannt mit jeder ſeiner Gefahren wie ſeiner Lockungen, ſelbſt Herr unermeßlicher Schätze, lag mir an der Gunſt des Fürſten wenig, ich verſcherzte ſie, und dieſer, des Spiels überdrüſſig, kehrte auch jetzt die Kralle hervor und er, der ſonſt an meinem Buſen gelegen, der mir das heiligſte Bündniß zuſchwor, das jemals Menſchenworte umfaßte, er ließ mich jetzt in den Kerker werfen, wo mich kein Strahl des Lichtes begrüßte, wohin der Blick meines Weibes, meines Kindes nicht drang. Hier that ich nun den Schwur bei der finſtern Nacht meines Dämons, als Sieger aus dieſem Kampfe herauszugehn; der Fürſt ſollte ſich den Fluch ſeines Volkes vergeblich aufgeladen haben, meine Rache an der ganzen Menſchheit ließ ich laſtend auf dieſes eine Haupt fallen, und Dank der höhern Mächten, es iſt mir gelungen! Zerſchmettert liege ich, doch nicht überwunden; mein iſt der Preis, indeſſen er in ohnmächtiger Wuth die goldnen Säle ſeines Palaſtes durchtobt, auf ewig ſich betrogen fühlend.

Bis ſo weit war Seton in ſeiner Erzählung gelangt, jetzt feſſelte gänzliche Erſchöpfung ſeine Zunge, dennoch faßte er nach einer kurzen Pauſe ſeine ganze Kraft noch einmal zuſammen, um ſeiner Rede noch dieſen Schluß beizufügen: Ich habe geſiegt, doch ferne ſei es von mir, wie jener Verdammte, meinen Schatz mit in die Gruft nehmen zu wollen; er ſei dem Leben geſchenkt, mit einem Worte, Meiſter Tobias, er ſei Euch geſchenkt.

Seine Augen funkelten in wildem Feuer und er rief mit noch lauterer Stimme: Ja, Dir ſei er gegeben, Freund, der Gott dieſer Welt! Das Scepter aller Reiche lege ich zu Deinen Füßen! Dieſes ſei Dein Lohn dafür, daß Du auf Deinen Schultern während jener fürchterlichen Nacht, wo ich ſchon mit meinen Dämonen Abrechnung hielt, mich zurück ins Leben, ins Reich des Lichtes ſchleppteſt. Freund, nicht wahr, ich lohne königlich! Doch was königlich, göttlich lohne ich — ich bin Dein Gott! ſinke nieder vor mir im Staube! —

Er fiel röchelnd zurück und lag, eine Leiche, auf dem Polſter. Tobias ſaß erſchüttert da, den Blick auf die Geſtalt vor ſich richtend, und als jetzt die bleichen Lippen zuckten, als ſich der zerbrochene Leib, gleichſam den Tod von ſich ſtoßend, noch einmal aufrichtete, um die letzten entſcheidenden Worte zu ſagen, ſtürzte der junge Mann, wie von höhern Mächten gezwungen, auf die Knie vor das Lager und bot ſein Ohr dem liſpelnden Munde des Sterbenden: Höre, mein Sohn, die Bedingung, unter welcher der Schatz der deine iſt: jene Beatrice, von der ich geſprochen, lebt, ſie iſt eine und dieſelbe Perſon mit Arabellen, die Du an meinem Lager geſehen. Sie liebt Dich, ſie will die Deine werden, und nur wenn Du meine Wittwe heiratheſt, erhältſt Du meine Reichthümer.

Haltet ein! rief Tobias, ich habe ein Weib! —

Verſtoße ſie! Iſt da noch eine Wahl, Bettler oder König zu ſein! Unglücklicher, ſollte ich mich in Dir getäuſcht haben, und ich müßte mich nach einem Andern umſehn, der nicht ſo elender Feigheit Gehör giebt, um ſein Glück mit Füßen zu treten?

Verſucher! rief Tobias mit gepreßter Stimme, fort, entfliehe, ich habe nichts mit Dir zu ſchaffen. Er ſprang auf und ſtürzte aus dem Gemach.

Hubert kam ihm an der Thür entgegen und ſchien entſetzt über ſein Weſen, doch trat er ohne zu fragen ins Krankenzimmer, und ließ dem Goldſchmied Zeit, in der einſamen Werkſtatt über das eben Gehörte und Geſehene nachzudenken. Sein erſter Entſchluß war, ſogleich zu ſeinem Beichtiger zu gehen, ihm jenes aufgedrungene Geheimniß zu übergeben und ſo den Verbrecher vor ſeinem Tode in die Arme der ſtrafenden Kirche zu überliefern. Doch ſchon im nächſten Moment fühlte er ſich von Mitleid bewegt. Wie, rief er bei ſich, er will Dich reich, will Dich glücklich machen, und Du willſt ihn verrathen! Der Arme, ſeinen böſen Geiſtern dahingegeben, erleidet er nicht ſchon Strafe genug! — Hubert trat jetzt wieder zu ihm, das Antlitz dieſes ſanften Menſchenfreundes leuchtete in Heiterkeit. Wieder zwei Stunden Schlaf ihm geſchenkt, rief er, ein köſtliches Geſchenk; er, der die Reichthümer der Welt zu beſitzen meint, er bittet um nichts, als eine Stunde ruhigen Schlafes; ich fürchte, daß nun bald der ewige darauf folgen wird. Ihr werdet, Tobias, in wenigen Tagen eine Leiche aus Eurem Hauſe tragen laſſen, macht es nur ſtill und klug, damit das arme hübſche Weib und der holde Knabe, die er nachläßt, nicht den Fluch tragen müſſen, der an dieſem zerbrochenen Körper hängt.

Kann ich's wehren? entgegnet Tobias, wenn ſein Aufenthalt in meinem Hauſe ruchbar wird, wenn man ihn zu ſuchen kommt! —

Wer ſoll es erfahren? ſagte Hubert ſanft; wir Beide ſagen es gewiß Niemanden.

Ihr wißt nicht, was er mir vertraut hat, ich fühle mich halb und halb gedrungen, es meinem Beichtiger zu berichten. Hubert ſah den Goldſchmied mit ſeinen klaren offenen Augen an: Das ſolltet Ihr nicht, wenn er Euch vertraut hat; fühlt der Arme Bedürfniß nach Beichte und Erbauung, ſo will ich den Pater Auguſtin herbringen, da mögen ſie es unter einander abmachen; warum wollt Ihr den Zwiſchenträger ſpielen!

Tobias neigte zu dieſen Worten zerſtreut und faſt willenlos das Haupt, der Arzt verließ das Zimmer. Die Thüre zum Krankenzimmer ſtand offen, leiſe näherte ſich ihr der Meiſter, um einen flüchtigen Blick hineinzuwerfen, doch er blieb gefeſſelt ſtehen auf der Schwelle. Arabella lag zu den Füßen des Lagers, ſie ſchien, von Anſtrengung und Nachtwachen ermüdet, in Ohnmacht geſunken, ſie hörte nicht das Geräuſch des Nahenden, und dieſem blieb Zeit, ſich an dem Anblick ihrer verführeriſchen Schönheit zu weiden. Aufgelöſt hingen die dunkeln Locken um den blendenden Nacken und die gewölbte Schulter; das ſchwarze Gewand, das die ſchöne Geſtalt verhüllte, verbarg nicht die edeln Formen, ebenſo wenig wie der dunkle Schleier vermögend war, die ſüßen Regungen eines Buſens zu verbergen, der vielleicht jetzt mit den Bildern einer reizenden Zukunft ſich füllte, mit einem Glücke ſich beſchäftigte, deſſen Hauptgegenſtand, ihr unbewußt, ſich gegenwärtig befand. Der arme Goldſchmiedmeiſter fühlte ſich aufs heftigſte ergriffen; alle glühenden Träume ſeiner Jugend, die blendenden Ausſichten von Glück, Reichthum und Liebe bemächtigten ſich jetzt ſeines berauſchten Herzens, erweiterten es zu neuer Seligkeit; Elend und Erniedrigung, ſein ganzes früheres Leben, ſanken hinter ihm zurück; er fühlte Muth und Jugendkraft, die neue glänzende Laufbahn anzutreten, die ihm unerwartet das Glück anbot. Wie hatte eine einzige Stunde ſo ganz ſein Leben umgeändert! Doch in dieſen Träumen ſtörte ihn jetzt Mariens Bild. „Unglücklicher, rief er zu ſich ſelbſt, ſo nahe alſo wohnen Treue und ſchändlicher Verrath in deinem Buſen beiſammen! Das liebende Weib, das dir in Armuth und Elend gefolgt, das bereit iſt, bis ans Grab mit dir auszuharren, ihr willſt du entſagen! und einem Weibe willſt du ſie opfern, das ſich durch Verbrechen befleckt hat, das nichts beſitzt, als ihre buhleriſche Schönheit und Gold, um damit ihre Schande zuzudecken? — Wankelmüthiger! rief die geheime Stimme im Herzen, willſt du wieder jenen nichtigen Schwächlichkeiten Raum geben, die dich bis jetzt in ein enges, dürftiges Daſein gebannt! Zerreiße endlich die Bande deines düſtern Charakters! Wie! buhleriſch nennſt du das holde Weib? du irrſt, dir wird ſie treu ſein, an dich kettet ſie die Liebe; deinem Arme iſt es aufbehalten, ſie aus unwürdiger Umgebung hinaufzuziehen; konnte ſie bei den Ungeheuern, denen ſie bis jetzt angehörte, wol anders handeln! Und Marie! wird ſie ernſtlich deinem Glück, das zugleich das ihrige iſt, entgegenſein! Noch ſeid ihr jung, noch iſt ein neues Leben für Beide möglich; oder willſt du im Elend ausharren, bis es euch Beiden das Herz abdrückt! — Ein ſchneller Schritt, und es iſt geſchehen! —

Es klopfte an die Thür, und heftig erſchreckend fuhr Tobias aus ſeinen Träumen auf; er glaubte Marien eintreten zu ſehen, doch es war Hubert, dem der Benedictiner folgte. Ich bringe da meinen Collegen, den himmliſchen Arzt, rief der Erſtere, laßt uns nur gleich zu Werke ſchreiten. Sie näherten ſich der Thür des Krankengemachs, die Tobias geſchloſſen hatte; er ſah den Mönch erſtaunt und verwirrt ins Antlitz. Weshalb ſo eilig? rief er zu Hubert; es hat Zeit. Nein, Freund, entgegnete jener, ich habe es Euch ſo deutlich vorhin nicht ſagen wollen, doch vernehmt jetzt, daß der Arme die Nacht nicht mehr erleben wird. — Tobias zitterte heftig, es fielen ihm Seton's Worte ein: ſo muß ich mich denn wol mit meinem Schatze an einen Andern wenden! Jetzt entſcheide dich! rief die innere Stimme drohend; ſowie der Fuß des Mönchs dieſe Schwelle überſchritten hat, ſo iſt Alles verloren. — Kalte Schauer bedeckten die Stirn des Unglücklichen; er hörte Mariens Stimme ihn beim Namen rufen, zugleich tönte das Röcheln des Sterbenden aus dem Krankenzimmer. Laßt uns, rief Hubert; wie ſeid Ihr doch ſo thöricht und grauſam, uns länger aufzuhalten. Noch nicht, entgegnete Tobias mit faſt tonloſer Stimme; ich habe mit ihm zu ſprechen; bleibt hier vor der Thür, bald komme ich wieder. Er trat ins Gemach, Arabella kam auf ihn zu, ſorgfältig verſchloß ſie die Thür. Seton hatte ſich aufgerichtet und ſeine dunkeln Augen leuchteten dem Eintretenden entgegen. Nun, haſt Du gewählt, mein Sohn? fragte er dumpf.

Ich bin der Eure, rief Tobias und ſank am Lager nieder; in dem Moment fühlte er ſich von Arabellens Armen umſchloſſen. Hab ich's doch gewußt! triumphirte Seton, allein jetzt iſt keine Zeit zu verlieren. In die Hände Deines Weibes lege ich den Schatz nieder, entſchließt Euch Beide zur eiligſten Flucht, iſt mein Leib erſtarrt, ſo müßt Ihr ſchon weit über das Weichbild dieſer Stadt entfernt ſein. Unter meiner Lagerſtätte liegt in Gold eine anſehnliche Summe, ſie bringt Euch fürs Erſte über die Grenze dieſes Landes, nehmt den Knaben mit und wahrt ſeiner. Jetzt lebt wohl! Noch einmal, Tobias, bleibe treu Deinem Weibe, denn wiſſe, daß ſie jeden Treubruch beſtrafen kann, nur ſie weiß um die Art, wie die geheimnißvolle Tinktur angewendet werden muß.

Das Auge der ſchönen Arabella ſenkte ſich bei dieſen Worten, ein Zug von Schmerz wurde auf ihrer hohen Stirne bemerkbar. Warum dieſe Zweifel! ſagte ſie leiſe, von denen mein Herz nichts weiß. Ich bin ganz die Eure, Tobias.

Der junge Mann, ſeiner Sinne nicht mehr mächtig, umſchloß die Braut, und der Kuß der Verlobung brannte auf ihren Lippen. Eine Pauſe verging.

Seton richtete ſich auf, ſeine Blicke glänzten in wildem Feuer, indem er ſie auf die Gruppe vor ſich richtete. Betrogen! Grauſamer, betrogen! rief er mit ſchneidender Stimme; lebe jetzt durch die leeren Räume Deines goldenen Kerkers! ich bin Dein Gott, ich habe Dich elend gemacht, um dich zu beglücken! Im Bewußtſein dieſes Sieges fahre hin, erbärmliche Welt!

Er ſank zuſammen und war verſchieden, ehe ihm der Prieſter die Gnadenmittel reichen konnte. In derſelben Nacht verließ Tobias mit Arabellen und Bertram in heimlicher Flucht die Stadt. Er mochte ſein Weib nicht wiederſehen. Arabellens Arm hielt ihn umſchlungen, hinter ihm ſchloß ſich das dunkle Gemälde ſeines Elends, die Pforten einer glänzenden Welt öffneten ſich prangend.

In einer der herrlichſten Gegenden am Rhein, nicht weit von der alten Stadt Mainz, befanden ſich eine Menge fröhlicher und geputzter Leute auf einer anſehnlichen Wieſe beiſammen. Ein zierliches, von friſchen Baumgruppen umgebenes Haus erhob ſein freundliches Obdach auf einer kleinen Anhöhe; es war ganz der feſtlichen Freude geweihet, unaufhörlich zogen luſtige Schwärme hinaus und hinein; oben über der Hausthür auf einer großen vergoldeten Tafel ſtanden die Worte: Die luſtige Geſellſchaft der Goldmacher hat hier ihre Herberge aufgeſchlagen.

Indeß die jungen Leute, Mädchen und Burſche ſich auf der Wieſe mit Fangball, Scheibenſchießen und Tanz beluſtigten, ſaß der Wirth der Herberge mit einigen ſeiner Freunde auf dem grünen Vorplatze des Hauſes bei einem Becher köſtlichen Weines. Das Geſpräch bewegte ſich um die heutigen Feſtlichkeiten, die ſchon dageweſenen und die noch zu erwartenden. Ein Paar Bürger, die eben hinzutraten, erkundigten ſich, ob die Schiffe noch nicht zu ſehen ſeien.

Nein, entgegnete der Wirth; erwartet ſie auch nicht ſo ſchnell wiederkehren zu ſehen, ſie ſind den Fluß weit hinaufgezogen, auch wollen ſie hie und da am Ufer landen, wo man ihnen freundliche Grüße und Ehrenbezeigungen aller Art ſchon vorbereitet hält. Setzt Euch hin, Freunde, und laßt ſie uns erwarten. Die Beiden nahmen Platz, und der Eine ſagte: Mich freuet in der That dieſe luſtige Brüderſchaft. Mag, wie ſo Viele behaupten, ihr Beginnen thöricht ſein, dennoch bringen ſie in die finſtre Zeit Leben und Fröhlichkeit; ihre Schwänke und Poſſen laſſen uns den Zank der Fürſten vergeſſen, ſowie die kleinen boshaften Zwiſtigkeiten der Städte, welche ſo gern alle Welt von ſich ſprechen machen möchten.

Ihr habt Recht, entgegnete der Wirth, als vor zehn Jahren das Weſen ſeinen Anfang nahm, hätte ich ihm dieſen luſtigen Fortgang nicht prophezeit. Die erſten Begründer miſchten offenbar noch zu viel Ernſt ins Spiel, ſie gingen wirklich darauf aus, irgend ein Geheimniß zu entdecken; jetzt aber weiß Jedermann, daß ſelbſt der tiefſinnigſte Ernſt hier nichts als gutgemeinten Scherz bedeutet.

Wie, nahm einer der Gäſte das Wort, Ihr meint alſo wirklich, daß Alles nur auf Poſſen und Spaß hinausläuft, daß hinter allen ihren Feierlichkeiten ſich durchaus kein Geheimniß verbirgt?

Sicherlich nicht! rief der Wirth. Ein finſterſchauender langer Mann am Ende des Tiſches erhob ſich jetzt und rief: Wie könnt Ihr doch noch zweifeln, Gevatter, daß Alles Dummheit, Narrheit iſt! Schande und Spott für unſer liebes Deutſchland iſt es, daß dieſes und vieles andere Geſindel ſo frei und ſchamlos auf Straße und Markt ſein Weſen treiben, Kirche und Staat wol gar nebenbei beſchimpfen darf. —

Ihr irrt Euch, Herr Archivarius, entgegnete eine Stimme, Staat und Kirche bleiben unangetaſtet.

Unangetaſtet! wiederholte der Grimme. So iſt es wol zu dulden, daß die Narren dort die ſieben Kurfürſten des heiligen römiſchen Reiches mit ſich führen! daß ſelbſt des Kaiſers Majeſtät von ihnen lächerlich gemacht wird! Nicht allein, daß ſich das Geſindel über die Geſetze des bürgerlichen Lebens hinwegſetzt, an den Hoflagern der Fürſten ſich einniſtet, ſie untergraben auch Friede und Ordnung im Lande. Jeder mißrathene Burſche, dem die Arbeit nicht mehr ſchmeckt, läuft zu ſolchen Narreninnungen über, und iſt immerdar höchſt willkommen.

Sie fallen Niemanden zur Laſt, bemerkte der Wirth, ſie bezahlen ordentlich, wo ſie hinkommen.

Aber von welchem Gelde! erwiderte der Eiferer. Welche Thoren, die ſie anführen, müſſen's hergeben. Freilich iſt dieſe Art, Geld zu machen, kein Geheimniß. Mich wundert nur, daß unſer Herr, der Erzbiſchof, die Wirthſchaft ſo mit anſehen kann, daß er keinen Machtſpruch thut. Geht zum Beiſpiel heute, meint Ihr, daß irgend ein Schreiber es in der Actenſtube aushält! Hinaus will Alles. Da werden die koſtbarſten Proceſſe, die weitläufigſten Unterſuchungen, Meiſterſtücke der Feder bei Seite geworfen, um in blinder Wuth hinauszutoben. Zuſchauen wollen die Narren, Einer lacht über den Andern, am Ende ſind ſie Alle blind, toll. Die Welt iſt alt und kindiſch geworden.

Macht nur nicht, rief der Wirth, daß ſie Euch für Eure Strafpredigten mit in den Narrenorden ſchließen; ſie verſtehen ſich auf's Hänſeln trefflich. Viele lachten, der Archivarius wollte eben antworten, als mehre Stimmen laut riefen: Da kommen ſie, da kommen ſie! Alles drängte ſich von der Wieſe hinan auf den erhöhten Platz des Hauſes, von wo man den herrlichen Fluß überſehen und zugleich den Blick auf die nachbarlichen, im Abendſchimmer lieblich glänzenden Auen richten konnte. Mehrere buntbewimpelte Schiffe kamen jetzt majeſtätiſch den Fluß herab; ein fernes frohes Geräuſch von Blasinſtrumenten und ſingenden Stimmen ließ ſich vernehmen; Waldhorn und Flöte klangen wie rufende Kinderſtimmen in das Abendroth hinein, das Echo wiederholte die zauberiſchen Klänge, am Ufer tönte Freudengeſchrei und Beifallsrufen. So ſchwammen die geſchmückten Fahrzeuge nahe an die Wieſe heran, wo ſchon eine Geſellſchaft bereit ſtand, ſie in Empfang zu nehmen. Die Bürger am Tiſch hatten ſich alle auf die Bänke geſtellt, der Wirth behauptete den Platz auf dem Tiſche, und indem er ſein ungeheures Kelchglas ſchwenkte, gab er der Dienerſchaft das Zeichen, mit einem allgemeinen Jubelruf einzuſtimmen. Indeß der Zug ſich aus den Schiffen hinaus langſam die Wieſe hinaufbewegte, fanden einige Freunde des Wirths Gelegenheit, ſich nach den vorzüglichern Mitgliedern derſelben zu erkundigen. Wer iſt nun der dicke freundliche Herr, fragte der Eine, den ſie dort mit Blumen geſchmückt, gleichſam im Triumph daherbringen? Die untergehende Sonne ſpiegelt ſich auf ſeinem friſchen rothen Antlitz, und wohlgefällig im lauen Abendwinde wehen die prächtigen weißen Federn auf ſeinem Hut.

Dieſer iſt der eigentliche Freudenſpender, entgegnete der Wirth, der das ganze heutige Feſt veranſtaltet hat und es aus ſeiner Taſche meiſtens bezahlt, der alte reiche Ritter Blenbing aus der Nachbarſchaft.

Der ältliche Herr alſo, der die ſchönen Beſitzungen am Fluſſe hat! fragte eine andere Stimme. Er ſelbſt doch! freilich er iſt ein Hageſtolz, hat nicht nöthig, das koſtbare Gut ſo ſtreng beiſammenzuhalten, um es lachenden Erben ſpäter hinzuwerfen. Wer aber iſt der beſonders luſtige zierliche Herr, der jenem zur Seite geht, faſt wie ein fahrender Schüler gekleidet, mit der Laute im Arm!

Der Sänger Leonhard, entgegnete der Wirth mit wichtiger Miene; Ihr ſeht an der großen goldnen Kugel, die er am feuerrothen Bande um die Schulter trägt, daß er zu den Eingeweihten gehört. — Freude über Freude! riefen mehre Stimmen; ſeht ihn dort unſern gnädigſten Kurfürſten! auch er iſt im Zuge, auch er verſchmäht es nicht, einen guten Spaß mitzumachen. Still doch! tönten andere Stimmen; überſchreit doch nicht die Muſik! Hört ihr die Pfeifen und Trompeten! Jetzt kommen ſie den Hügel hinan! ein ſtattlicher Zug! Wer iſt doch der große, reichgekleidete Herr, auf dem ſtolzen Roſſe dort! fragte der Wirth ſeinen nächſtſtehenden Freund; er ſieht finſter aus und ſcheint ein Fremder zu ſein. Gewiß, war die Antwort, hat auch ihn das große Feſt herbeigelockt; doch verſchont mich jetzt mit Fragen, Gevatter, ich muß nach Weib und Kind ſehen, daß ſie noch auf dem Gerüſte Platz finden; das ſchwärmt im Gedränge herum und geht wol gar am Ende ſpurlos verloren.

Man hörte jetzt von allen Seiten her Muſik, Geſchrei und Beifallrufen. Eine Menge junger Mädchen, mit Blumen geſchmückt, zeigte ſich auf der Höhe; die unten ſtehende Sonne übergoß ihre leichten Geſtalten mit flüchtigem Purpur, und es ſchien, als ſchwebten die leichten Geſtalten tändelnd in der Luft. Goldne Mützen, weiße Federn, bunte Gewänder ſchimmerten jetzt durcheinander im gedrängten Zuge, der ſich zum Gaſthof hinaufbewegte; Roſſe wieherten, die Träger der Frauenſänften ſchrien ſich einander zu, zwiſchendurch tönte Gelächter, Pagen und Diener liefen hin und her, am Gerüſte wurde gehämmert, eine Menge Kinder wanden ſich durch die Gruppen der Erwachſenen, indem ſie ſich mit großen Blumenkränzen und Gewinden ſchleppten, ſie den Arbeitern hinreichend, welche ſie an den Pfeilern des kurfürſtlichen Zeltes befeſtigten. Hinter dieſem belebten Gemälde ſah man den majeſtätiſchen Rheinſtrom dahinfluten, ſeitwärts die Thürme der Stadt Mainz, gegenüber die herrlichen, mit Reben bepflanzten Uferhügel, bis weithin im ſchwimmenden Glanz der Abendröthe daliegend.

Während ſich die Menge auf der Wieſe beluſtigte, die Vertrauten und Bekannten im Geſpräch zuſammentraten, viele Eilige und Beſorgte ſich am Platze auf den Gerüſten ſtritten, wurde es nach und nach dunkel, und ein prächtiger Zug von Fackeln kündigte den Beginn des Schauſpiels an. Der Wirth des Gaſthofs hatte es nicht unterlaſſen können, ſeiner Neugier folgend, ſich dem geheimnißvollen Fremden, der ſo mächtig ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit an ſich gezogen, näher anzuſchließen. Beide betraten jetzt einen geräumigen Brettergang, an deſſen Ende ſie einen Platz einnahmen, von dem ſie die Ausſicht ſowol auf die große Menge der Zuſchauer, als auch den ſichern Anblick Deſſen hatten, was ſich auf der Bühne ereignete. Man vernahm hier auch die Stimme der Sprechenden deutlich; die entfernter Sitzenden ließen ſich von ihren Nachbarn den ungefähren Sinn der Worte, inſofern ſie Bezug auf den Vorgang hatten, erklären; den Meiſten war nur an dem reichen und blendenden Schauſpiel gelegen.

Die Fackeln waren überall hin vertheilt, und vor dem fürſtlichen Zelte erſchien jetzt in bunter Tracht ein ſogenannter Schalksnarr, der hier den ernſthaften Poſten eines Prologus auszufüllen hatte. Er machte kund, daß er von den Göttern abgeſendet ſei, um folgendes traurige Ereigniß anzuzeigen. Der mächtige König der Erde, nämlich der Erdgeiſt, habe ſeine liebſte Tochter, die Prinzeſſin Gold, verloren, durch feindliche Zauberer ſei ſie ihm geraubt und in einen Thurm eingeſchloſſen worden, den eine dreifache unüberwindliche Mauer umgebe. Viel tauſend Jahre habe die Arme darin geſchmachtet; endlich ſei ein edler mannhafter Ritter erſchienen, der ſie befreien wolle. Allein mit gewöhnlichen Waffen war ein ſo ſchwieriges Unternehmen durchaus unausführbar; die Tücke der Magier hatte ihr Opfer zu ſicher verwahrt, Talismane von der ſtärkſten Macht waren an die Pforten geheftet, alle Schlöſſer an den Eingängen gefeit. Was ſollte nun geſchehen! Zum Glücke gelingt es dem weiſen und tapfern Ritter, ſich vier kühne Helden zu Freunden zu machen, und zwar dadurch, daß er ihnen den Aufenthaltsort ihrer entführten Schönen entdeckt. Mit der Macht dieſer Schönen, die vier unüberwindliche Feien ſind, wird eine Lanze geſchmiedet, die alle Hinderniſſe überwindet, durch deren Hülfe der edle und tapfere Ritter zum Beſitz der Prinzeſſin gelangt. Er führt die Holde ihrem Vater zurück und erhält ſie von dieſem zur Gemahlin zum Dank für ſeine kühne Ritterthat.

Dieſe Worte, in zierliche Verſe gebracht, waren verklungen, vom Beifall der ſchauluſtigen Menge begleitet; es begann jetzt die eigentliche tragiſche Verhandlung. Alle Blicke hefteten ſich auf die Bühne. Man ſah einen wunderbaren Garten, aus deſſen Boden helle bunte Flammen emporloderten; doch was Flammen ſchienen, waren prächtige Blumenkelche, rieſige Tulpen, purpurroth, ſmaragdgrün, goldgelb durcheinander funkelnd; über ihnen wiegten ſich Schmetterlinge, die gleichfalls in durchſichtigen Farben brannten und gleich ſchimmernden Sternen in dunkeln Lüften hingen; aus den Gebüſchen drangen liebliche Töne, bald ſchmachtend, bald klagend in den Nachthimmel hinauf. Doch das Köſtlichſte zeigte ſich den erſtaunten Blicken in der Mitte des wunderbaren Gartens. Hier warf ein Springbrunnen Strahlen goldgelben Weines in ein Becken von Gold, nebenbei auf reichen Teppichen und Polſtern ſaß die Prinzeſſin Gold, von ihren Frauen umgeben. In der That konnte man nichts Lieblicheres und Entzückenderes ſehen, die Geſtalt und die herrlichen Formen des ſchönen achtzehnjährigen Mädchens waren in ein prangendes Gewand von Goldſtoff gehüllt, das ſeine ſchweren Falten weithin auf den dunkeln Teppich hinbreitete, goldne Ketten zierten Arme und Buſen, ſelbſt das hellgelbe Haar war mit ihnen durchflochten, und über Alles legte ſich in klaren Wellen, gleich einem goldnen Duft, ein leichtgewebter Goldſchleier. Sie ſaß ſinnend da, mit dem einen ſchönen Arm das Haupt ſtützend, mit dem andern einen herrlichen Papagei emporhaltend, der, wie ein großer funkelnder Strauß von Edelſteinen ſich ſchimmernd bewegte. Die Menge auf den Gerüſten ließ ſich bei dieſem Anblick nicht zähmen, alle Stimmen brachen in laute Bewunderung aus, als ſich die ſchöne Prinzeſſin jetzt erhob und langſamen Schrittes durch den Zaubergarten dahinwandelte, gleichſam auf den Wogen der Muſik ſchwimmend, die Spur ihres Ganges bezeichnete eine Menge Goldfunken und Glühwürmer, die im Graſe funkelten. Doch wehe dem ſchönen Bilde! es ſoll nicht lange in ſo ſüßer Einſamkeit ſchwärmen dürfen! plötzlich, welch ein Anblick, fangen die mächtigen Tulpenhäupter ſich zu regen an, hinter jeder lauſcht eine finſtere verzerrte Larve hervor. Bald erheben ſie ſich lang und länger, in jeder Minute wächſt ihre fürchterliche Zahl; aus der Erde, aus den Gebüſchen, ſelbſt aus dem Springbrunnen ſteigen ſie empor, und endlich ſtürzen die Ungeheuer mit vereinter Gewalt auf die Prinzeſſin los, die mit ihrem flatternden Goldſchleier wie eine wahnſinnige Blume ihnen voranfliegt. Vergebens, der Schwarm der dunkeln rieſigen Geſtalten iſt dicht hinter ihr her, es ſtreifen im Sturmwind ihre ſchwarzen Gewänder hoch in die Lüfte, die Ketten raſſeln und ſchlagen an die erhitzten Leiber, und endlich, als ſie die Arme gefangen haben, erheben ſie einen dämoniſchen Freudentanz auf der Wieſe, bei dem ſie die köſtlichen Blumen des Gartens mit wilden Füßen zerſtampfen. Nach dieſen bewegten Erſcheinungen tritt Ruhe ein; jene Unholde verſchwinden mit ihrer Beute, und nach einer Pauſe zeigt ſich ein neuer Anblick. Seitwärts öffnet ſich ein Felſenthor, und alle Blicke wenden ſich dorthin, um den Erdkönig zu begrüßen, der langſam aus der Tiefe emporſteigt und durch ſein gefurchtes Antlitz, mehr noch durch einen langen ehrwürdigen Bart, der bis an die Erde reicht, nicht wenig Ehrerbietung und Staunen einflößt. Der alte treffliche Herrſcher, ſo lange Jahrhunderte in Frieden regierend, beklagt ſich jetzt bitter über den Raub ſeines Lieblingskindes. Dunkle Gerüchte haben ihm erzählt, daß der Frevel von den Magiern verübt worden, und wenn dem in der That ſo iſt, hat jede Hoffnung zur Befreiung der Unglücklichen nur ſchwachen Grund. Der troſtloſe Vater muß faſt verzweifeln, denn er kennt jene betrügeriſchen Weiſen, die die Naſe in jedem Geheimniß ſtecken haben, die ſo gerne Alles wiſſen möchten und dabei zudringliche, unbequeme Leute ſind. In dieſe Sorgen vertieft ſteht er noch da, als man im Hintergrunde auf ſeinem guten Gaul den Ritter Blanking nach Abenteuern ausreiten ſieht. Der König winkt ihn heran, und der Ritter, das Schickſal der unglücklichen Prinzeſſin erfahrend, zeigt ſich ſogleich voll Edelmuth und Thatkraft, er bietet ſeinen tapfern unüberwindlichen Arm an, vorher aber, und dieſes iſt ihm nicht zu verdenken, möchte er gern das Bild der Schönen ſehen, zu deren Frommen er ſich jetzt in ein Gefährniß begibt. Warte, mein Sohn, ruft der Alte und greift in die Taſche, dieſes Vergnügen ſollſt Du haben; ich pflege ſtets eine Anzahl von ihren Portraits bei mir zu führen — ſiehe, da iſt eines! Er zeigt dem Ritter ein Goldſtück, und dieſer iſt ſo entzückt über das Portrait, über deſſen Glanz und Lieblichkeit, daß er ſogleich dem edeln König den glücklichen Ausgang des Unternehmens zuſchwört. Ich dachte es wol, bemerkte dieſer; wer nur dieſes Portrait zu Geſichte bekam, hat ſogleich den brennenden Wunſch bezeigt, ſie zu beſitzen. Allein mein Sohn, die Verborgene aufzufinden iſt nicht ſo leicht; ich rathe Dir, Dich nach Beiſtand umzuſehen, vor allen Dingen mußt Du die Metalle zu Rathe ziehen.

Wer ſind dieſe!

In Wahrheit, entgegnete der Alte, ich weiß nicht, wo ſie herumſchwärmen, es ſind die Brüder jenes holden Kindes. Doch ich muß Dir geſtehen, ſetzte er mit einem kleinen leichtfertigen Lächeln hinzu, ſie ſind nicht meine ächten Söhne. Die einzige Frucht meiner Ehe iſt die wunderſchöne Tochter, jene ſind mir nebenbei durch allerlei Liebſchaften meiner etwas wilden Jugend zugefallen; ſie ſind jedoch, wie ich höre, brave, redliche Burſche, wenngleich manche ein wenig plump und gemein ſind, allein man kann nicht an allen ſeinen Kindern gleiche Freude erleben.

Der Ritter entſchließt ſich nun die Metalle aufzuſuchen. In der That ſind einige verarmt: das Eiſen dient in einer Schmiede, das Kupfer geht gleichfalls auf Erwerb aus, das Blei iſt ſo dick und ſchwerfällig geworden, daß es kaum mehr auf den Beinen ſich erhalten kann; nur das Silber hat den ſchönſten Platz, es iſt am Buſen eines jungen Mädchens. Als dieſe vier tapfern Helden das Unglück ihrer Schweſter vernehmen, entſchließen ſie ſich raſch, dem Ritter ihre Hülfe zu gewähren. Sie machen ſich zu dieſem Zwecke alle waffenfähig, und jeder ſchmiedet ſich einen Panzer von dem ihm zukommenden Metalle, und ſo reiten ſie aus, um von ihren Geliebten Abſchied zu nehmen. Doch auf dem Schloß der Damen angelangt, erfahren ſie zu ihrem Schreck, daß Raubritter ſie entführt haben. Neues Ungemach! Der Ritter verſpricht die verlornen Schönen aufzuſuchen, und es gelingt ihm, ſie zu finden. Dieſe vier Fräulein ſind die Elemente. Das Feuer, eine hohe ſtolze Jungfrau im rothen Gewande, erwählt zu ihrem Paladin das Kupfer; es iſt ein derber, geſund ausſehender Burſche, der nur vom vielen Trinken eine etwas roth angelaufene Naſe hat, doch grade deshalb ein um ſo feurigeres Anſehn zeigt. Die Erde, ein braunes, ſchon etwas ältliches Fräulein, ergibt ſich dem Ritter Eiſen, weil er ihr der ehrlichſte und derbſte ſcheint. Waſſer, die holde zarte Jungfrau im ſilbernen Schleier, mit den klaren Augen und dem ſüßen Wellenſchlage des ſchönen Buſens, iſt ſchon durch die zarteſten Bande mit dem Jüngling Silber verbunden, und in der That kann man nicht leicht ein ſchöneres Paar ſehen. Das jüngſte Fräulein, ein verzogenes Mutterkind, grillenhaft, voll Launen, dabei aber die ſüßeſte Kleine, die je das Auge geſchaut; ihr Sylphenkörperchen tanzt auf jedem ſchwankenden Grashalm, ihr Geſichtchen ſpiegelt wie ein klarer nächtlicher Mondglanz; dieſe vermählt ſich aus lauter Caprice dem plumpen Ritter Blei; die wunderlichſte Ehe, die man ſich denken kann. Der arme Mann kann von ſeinem Weibchen nicht die geringſte Gunſt erlangen; denn ehe er vor ihr auf ein Knie niederſinkt, iſt ſie ſchon hunderttauſend Meilen weit fortgeeilt, und während er die Worte: ich liebe Dich, ausſpricht, hat ſie ſchon drei Mal die Runde um den Erdkreis gemacht. Dennoch ſind alle vier Damen für das Glück ihrer ſchönen Vereinigungen ſo erkenntlich, daß ſie nun dem irrenden Ritter ebenfalls ihre Hülfe zuſichern. Da ſie mächtige Feien ſind, ſo iſt auf ihre Verſprechungen ſchon zu bauen; wirklich verfertigen ſie alsbald durch gemeinſchaftliche Kunſt eine kryſtallene Lanze, die ſie dem Ritter in die Hand geben. Dieſer eilt jetzt auf den Schauplatz der ihm beſtimmten Thätigkeit, gefolgt von den vier Helden. Man ſieht ihn vor dem Thurm, in dem die Prinzeſſin ſchmachtet, erſcheinen. Die erſte Pforte, vertheidigt durch einen wilden Rieſen, den Aberglauben, wird geſprengt; die zweite ſchützt ein träges Ungeheuer, die Faulheit, doch auch ſie muß weichen; die dritte endlich, geſchloſſen durch einen kräftigen Talisman, das Geheimniß, fodert die meiſte Anſtrengung, doch auch ſie öffnet ſich endlich und im Glanze zahlloſer Lichter tritt die Prinzeſſin Gold hervor. Ein allgemeines Beifallsgeſchrei begrüßt ihr Erſcheinen; die vier Helden ſenken ehrerbietig die Speere beim Anblick ihrer holdſeligen Schweſter. Indem laſſen Pauken und Cimbeln ſich hören, auf einem goldnen Wagen, gezogen von vier prachtvollen Löwen, erſcheint die Göttin Fortuna; ſie nimmt die Befreite und ihren Retter in den Wagen auf, die Metalle und Elemente ſchließen, auf ihren ſtolzen Roſſen thronend, dem Zuge ſich an, und dieſer bewegt ſich nun in heiterer Pracht beim Jubel der Menge langſam über die Bühne. Zum Schluß erſcheint nun auch der alte Erdkönig; er zeigt ſich durchaus als ein Mann von Ehre, der ſeine Zuſage auch zu halten willens iſt; die Metalle, Elemente, niedere und höhere Naturgeiſter aller Art ſind gegenwärtig, wie er die Hand der Prinzeſſin in die des glücklichen Ritters legt. Chöre der Geiſter ſingen Brauthymnen, und indeß ſich die Vermählten auf einem goldnen Thron niederlaſſen, kommen nun alle Völker der Erde in ihren verſchiedenen Trachten, um ihnen zu huldigen. Tanz und Geſang beſchließen das Ganze.

Die Feſtlichkeit war beendet; viele Gäſte eilten nun nach Hauſe, andere ſuchten ſich für die Nacht ein Plätzchen im Fremdenhauſe oder in den benachbarten ärmlichen Hütten. Das große Wirthszimmer hatte der Ritter Blinding in Anſpruch genommen; es wurden hier Anſtalten zu einem fröhlichen Mahl getroffen, welches die Eingeweihten unter ſich, ohne Zuziehung anderer Gäſte, einnehmen ſollten. Der Wirth jedoch wußte es ſo einzurichten, daß der Fremde unbemerkt ein Plätzchen an der Wand erhielt. Die gute Laune der Goldmacher war ſo lebhaft erregt und ging durch den trefflichen Weine, den der reiche Rathgeber ſpendete und die ohne Aufhören um die Tafel kreiſten, bald in eine ſo wilde Ausgelaſſenheit über, daß auch ohne jene Vorſicht Niemand ſich um den einzelnen fremden Mann bekümmert hätte. Der Ritter Blinding ſaß obenan, ſein Antlitz glänzte, als ſchiene wiederum die Abendſonne darauf, das runde Bäuchelchen und die vollen Wangen ſchüttelten ſich bei dem kräftigen Gelächter, das Meiſter Leonhard's Schwänke zu erregen wußten. Die vier Metalle waren in ihrer Maskenkleidung geblieben, nur hatten ſie die Larven abgelegt, und es zeigte ſich jetzt, daß es vier ehrenfeſte Ritter aus der Nachbarſchaft waren; auch der Erdkönig trat jetzt als ein junger luſtiger Burſche ohne Bart hervor. Die Frauen und Jungfrauen, die das Spiel hatten verherrlichen helfen, blieben von dem Gelage fort.

Als die geſellige Freude ihre höchſte Spitze erreicht hatte, bemerkten mit Unwillen die Zunächſtſitzenden an dem Sänger Leonhard eine traurige und nachdenkliche Miene. Ach, meine Freunde, entgegnete der Meiſter auf ihre Fragen, wie Ihr mich jetzt fröhlich in Eurer Mitte ſitzen ſeht, ſo will es mich gemahnen einer Zeit, die jetzt längſt dahin iſt. Eine geheime Schuld drückt mein Herz; ich meine, daß ich an dem Unglück eines lieben Genoſſen und theuern Freundes Schuld bin. Viele wurden bei dieſen Worten ernſthaft, Andere erkundigten ſich neugierig, von wem die Rede ſei, und der Ritter Blinding rief: Ich, Euer König, befehle Euch, und zwar im Namen meiner holdſeligen Gemahlin, die leider gleich nach unſerer heiligen Trauung mich wiederum verlaſſen hat, die Urſache Eurer Bekümmerniß, Meiſter Leonhard, ſowie die Geſchichte jenes Freundes, den Ihr unglücklich nennt, uns zu erzählen. Alle Gäſte ſtimmten dieſer Auffoderung bei, und der Sänger nahm das Wort: Leider, meine hochgeehrten Freunde und Genoſſen des Geheimniſſes, kenne ich das Schickſal jenes Freundes ſelbſt nicht genau; der Theil von Schuld, den ich mir aber bei ſeinem Mißgeſchick zumeſſe, iſt dieſer. Zehn Jahre ſind es jetzt ungefähr, da ich, damals in der Reſidenzſtadt Dresden lebend, in einem Kreiſe fröhlicher Leute von jenen ehrwürdigen Geheimniſſen ſprach, in die ich jetzt durch beſondere Gnade des Himmels eingeweiht bin. Wer hätte glauben ſollen, daß das Bäumchen ſcherzhafter Unterhaltung, entſproſſen dem Boden augenblicklicher ausgelaſſener Laune, ſo bittere Früchte des Ernſtes anſetzen würde. Mein Freund, der auch gegenwärtig war, nahm ſich meine Worte zu Herzen, böſe Geiſter mögen wol nachgeholfen haben; kurz, der redliche ſtille Mann ging plötzlich in ſchädliche Verwirrung über, verließ Frau und Werkſtatt und iſt in die weite Welt gezogen. Ich höre, daß er ſich für einen gelehrten Alchemiſten ausgegeben hat, ſein näheres Schickſal habe ich aber nicht erfahren können; es iſt nur zu gewiß, daß auch er das elende Ende aller jener Leute gefunden hat, welche ſich im Ernſte mit der finſtern Kunſt beſchäftigen. Wenn dieß iſt, ach, Freunde, ſo drückt mich die alte Schuld; denn ich war es, der ihm leichtfertig zuſprach, als er eines Tages von der Goldmacherkunſt mit mir redete.

Wie nannte ſich euer Freund? fragte ein Ritter.

Leonhard erwiederte: Laßt mich ſeinen Namen verſchweigen, ich will Niemandes Ankläger werden.

Ich frage auch nur, entgegnete jener, weil ich vor einigen Jahren am Hofe König Sigismund's von Polen einen fremden Grafen kennen lernte, den die Menge einen Alchemiſten nannte, und über deſſen Herkunft nur dunkle Gerüchte gingen. Es könnte ja wohl dieſer Euer vermißter Freund ſein.

Leonhard ſchüttelte das Haupt. Wie käme der Arme zu Anſehen, Glück und Reichthum! Ach, wenn der Himmel mir nur das Glück ſchenkte, ihn noch einmal zu ſehen, oder wenigſtens von ſeinen Erlebniſſen genaue Kunde einzuziehn!

Wäre er nur in unſerer Mitte, rief der Ritter Blinding; hier an unſerer wohlbeſetzten Tafel könnte er lernen, wie man in Wahrheit Gold machen kann. Nicht in finſtern Gewölben, am dunkeln Heerde bei Rauch und Qualm, nein, unter heitern Geſellen, bei Geſang und Wein und kräftiger liebevoller Freundſchaftsrede, da wird im Herzen das echte Gold geboren, da blinkt es in tanzenden Funken auf der beweglichen Weinfläche im Becher, gierig ſaugt die begehrliche Lippe den flüſſigen Goldſchaum, und aufſteigend erblühen im Gehirn die goldenen Träume, die trunknen Bilder. Alſo dieſes, meine Freunde, iſt wirkliches echtes Gold, und die Art, wie wir es hervorbringen, iſt die einzig wahre und echte; wer mir von einer andern redet, will mich betrügen und täuſchen.

So laßt mir denn, rief Meiſter Leonhard, in das heitere Bild unwillkürlich einſtimmend, in unſerer geheimnißvollen Werkſtatt verweilen. Jeder an ſeinem Platze am Heerd beſchäftigt; mein Auge erblickt nichts als Retorten, Deſtillirkolben und Zaubergefäße von allen Formen. Rauch ſchwebt über uns im goldenen Dufte das Geheimniß! Wer wird zuerſt mit aufwärts ſchauendem, begeiſtertem Auge einen der ſchlanken zierlichen Geiſter erfaſſen, die in der ſchimmernden Atmoſphäre oben tanzen und jubiliren! Seht, wie ſie neckiſch auf- und abfahren, ſtets flüchtig enteilend, wenn der Gedanke ſie eben zu faſſen meinte. Das ſind die Geiſter des Scherzes, der glücklichen Einfälle, die über jeder gutbeſetzten Tafel ihr tändelndes Spiel treiben. Auf, Ihr Goldmacher! wer zwingt zuerſt die ſüßen kleinen Gottheiten in die Retorte hinab; doch nein, nicht gezwungen wollen ſie ſein, freiwillig kommen ſie und ſenken die zierlichen kryſtallenen Glieder in die ſchäumende Weinflut, ſingend auf- und niederfahrend im goldenen Element. Laßt ſie wieder entflattern, wenn ſie wollen; haltet ſie nicht, ſeid zufrieden, daß der Trank, der alltägliche Trank in Euerm Becher, durch ihre Berührung jetzt in Gold verwandelt iſt; ſchlürft ihn herab und gebt uns dann gleich die neugeprägten Gedanken, die echten herrlichen Witze friſch aus der Werkſtatt. Ihr Andern, die noch nicht das Geheimniß fanden, macht das Wechslergeſchäft, bringt das neue Gold in Umlauf, tauſcht die großen Münzen in kleine um und verſorgt die äußerſten Enden der Tafel geſchickt mit Erwerb und Wohlſtand. Seht, ſeht, wie jetzt bald das ganze Land in Wohlhäbigkeit blüht; gleichwie jeder Bauer ſein Huhn im Topfe hat, ſo hat jetzt jeder Gaſt, auch der ärmſte und ſtillſte, auf ſeinem Teller einen guten Einfall. Immer häufiger ſenken ſich die zarten neckiſchen Geiſter von oben herab, immer zärtlicher ſchauen ſie in die begehrlichen weinglänzenden Augen der fröhlichen Trinker, zu ganzen Schaaren ſtürzen ſie in die kühlen goldenen Badewannen, und bald iſt Keiner mehr im Kreiſe, dem nicht in innerſter gedrungener Lebensfülle, in überſchwenglicher Luſt und Geheimniß aufgegangen iſt, der nicht das ſtille Feſt der Vermählung mit der erwählten ſüßen Braut begangen hat. Ja, Freunde, wir ſind alle Goldmacher, erkennt unſern großen Beruf, doch laßt uns zugleich ſtreng das Geheimniß bewahren; der geiſtreiche freie Lebensgenuß, das echte lautre Gold der Sinne iſt nur für die Auserwählten geſchaffen, die taube, dumpfe Menge muß ewig im Finſtern tappen.

Nein, rief der Ritter Blinding, wir in unſern königlichen Landen ſind nicht ganz Eurer Meinung, verehrlicher Goldmachermeiſter. Unſere baldigſte Vermählung mit der Prinzeſſin Gold iſt mit Recht eine denkwürdige Angelegenheit des ganzen Landes zu nennen. Ich ſtelle mir vor, wie viele meiner geliebten Unterthanen, die in ihren entfernten Wohnplätzen von dem großen Ereigniß haben ſprechen hören, nicht wenig Begierde zeigen werden, ihre neue Herrſcherin kennen zu lernen. Da dieſes von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht nicht leicht möglich iſt, ſo beſchließen wir huldvoll, genannten Unterthanen eine genügende Anzahl Portraits zu überſchicken. Auf dieſe Weiſe, meine Freunde, laßt uns denn nun auch die Nichtwiſſenden in unſer Geheimniß einweihen.

Er nahm bei dieſen Worten ſein graues Hütlein vom Haupte, warf eine Handvoll Goldſtücke hinein, unter Scherz und Gelächter ging das Hütlein weiter im Kreiſe, und als es nun zum Sänger Leonhard gelangte, rief er: So will ich denn dieſe koſtbare Portraitſammlung mit einigen ſeltnen Cabinetsſtücken aus alter Schule vermehren. Ja, Glück und Freude den Armen und Unglücklichen! Er löſte von ſeiner goldenen Kette ein paar große, gewichtige Münzen ab und warf ſie klingend in den Hut.

Recht ſo, rief der Ritter, Ihr zeigt Euch als tüchtigen Goldmacher, dem es auf ein paar Loth mehr oder weniger im Gewichte nicht ankommt. Habt meinen Dank, lieber Meiſter!

Scherz und Freude erreichten die höchſte Spitze. Nun ſingt das Lied der Goldmacher! riefen mehrere Stimmen, und Meiſter Leonhard ergriff die Zither, die an ſeinem Stuhl lehnte, und ſang mit wohllautender Stimme folgende Strophen:

Tief in der Nacht geheimnißvoll
In dunkler Höhlen Raum
Wächſt durch geſpaltet Steingeklüft
Ein lebenvoller Baum.

Wo iſt des Baumes Wurzelſchaft,
Dem blühend er entſteigt?
Wer nennt mir die geheime Kraft,
Die tauſendfach ſich zweigt?

Iſt, wie in des Gebirges Raum,
Ein goldner Traum entblüht,
So tief der alten Erde Traum,
Dein frühe Jugend ſprüht?

Iſt's der Titanen wildes Blut
Vergoſſen einſt im Streit?
Die Spur von Götterübermuth
Vernichtet keine Zeit.

Wie, oder treibt des Frühlings Gruß,
Der Blumen bringt dem Thal,
Dort in der Felſenkammer Schluß
Den hellen Sonnenſtrahl?

Vergebens forſcht der Seherblick,
Die dunkle Tiefe ſchweigt,
Des Baumes räthſelhaft Geſchick
Iſt Dir im Bild gezeigt.

So wuchern unter Steingeklüft
Die Adern goldner Luſt;
Vergebens daß Du um Dich greifſt,
Greif' in die eigne Bruſt.

Ja, ja, rief der Ritter Blinding, ein Thor iſt, wer das Köſtliche und Süße in der Ferne ſucht, es liegt uns Allen nahe. Gebt dem Sänger dieſen Becher unſeres ſchönſten Metalles, ihm ſei es zuerſt geweiht! Gott ſegne des trefflichen Mannes Eintritt in unſere Gemeinſchaft, es wäre ewig Schade geweſen, wenn ſo koſtbare Talente ſich im Alltagsdienſte des ſtaubigen Lebens abgenützt hätten. Es lebe der Meiſter Leonhard, der Sänger!

Alle ſtimmten fröhlich in dieſen Trinkſpruch ein, zugleich ertönten liebliche Flötentöne unter den Fenſtern dem Neuaufgenommenen zu Ehren.

Der Fremde, der aus ſeiner Ecke heraus ein aufmerkſamer Zeuge der Tafelfreuden und Geſpräche geweſen war, benutzte jetzt den Augenblick, in dem mehrere Gäſte ſich erhoben, um in der Stille das Zimmer und das Haus zu verlaſſen. Draußen lag die Nacht über die Gegend gebreitet, mild leuchtete der Halbmond herab, ſich in den Wellen des Fluſſes ſpiegelnd. Die Ufer unten und noch ein Theil der Brücke war mit unruhigen Gruppen gefüllt, die ſich zur Abfahrt anſchickten. Eine ſchöne Gondel, höher als die andern Fahrzeuge im Preiſe, lag noch wartend da; der Fremde miethete ſie für ſich, um noch vor Mitternacht die Stadt Mainz zu erreichen. Wie die Ruderer eben abſtoßen wollten, zeigten ſich am Geſtade zwei ängſtlich ſuchende Frauen, von einer Dienerin begleitet; ſie wünſchten einen Platz zu erlangen, doch die überfüllten Böte wieſen ſie überall zurück; der Fremde wurde ihrer nicht ſobald gewahr, als er ihnen die Gondel anbot. Das Anerbieten wurde nach kurzem Zögern angenommen, und es traten, von den Ruderknechten geleitet, eine ältliche Frau und ein blühendes junges Mädchen in den innern, von bunten Lampen erhellten Raum. Wie angenehm überraſcht war der Fremde, als er in dem jungen Fräulein die Prinzeſſin Gold erblickte. Sie ſchien ihm hier in ihrer einfachen Tracht faſt noch blühender und ſchöner; das goldene Haar, deſſen köſtliche Fülle erſt jetzt recht ſichtbar war, umſchloß in vollen Flechten das zarte jungfräuliche Antlitz, dieſes hob ſich auf das ſchönſte von dem dunkeln Hintergrunde der bewegten Wellen ab. Schwankend, wie die Bewegung des Bootes es mit ſich brachte, wiegte ſich die holde Erſcheinung; es war dem fremden Manne, als ſei nicht der dicke Ritter Blinding, ſondern er der Glückliche, der die wunderbare Prinzeſſin Gold, des Erdkönigs Lieblingstöchterlein, in geheimer dunkler Kammer bei ſich verſchloſſen halte als ſeine ſüße Braut. Er theilte der Matrone ſeine Entdeckung in Betreff des Schauſpiels mit und erfuhr von dieſer, daß er ſich nicht getäuſcht habe; im Geſpräch, das jetzt angeknüpft war, zeigte es ſich, daß die ſchöne Liesbertha die Tochter eines Goldſchmieds war; der Vater, ſchon ſeit Jahren todt, hatte nur ein geringes Erbtheil ſeiner Wittwe hinterlaſſen, von dem ſie in beſchränkter Lage dennoch zufrieden und glücklich lebte. Der Ruf der Schönheit, in dem die ſchöne Goldſchmiedstochter ſtand, hatte ihr die heutige Ehre zugezogen, die anderen Frauen beim Feſte waren ihre Geſpielinnen. Zu ſchnell für die ſchon beginnende vertraulichere Mittheilung war die Stadt und das Haus der Wittwe erreicht. Der Fremde, nachdem er die Frauen bis an ihre Thür geleitet, nahm Abſchied und erhielt die Erlaubniß, ſie noch einmal vor ſeiner Abreiſe beſuchen zu dürfen.

Auf einem abgelegenen Platze im Garten vor der Stadt fanden ſich zwei Männer zuſammen, die ſich gegenſeitig Vieles zu berichten hatten. Es war der Meiſter Leonhard und jener Fremde, in dem wir den Goldſchmiedsmeiſter Tobias Roſen aus Dresden wiederfinden. Nicht aufhören konnte der Sänger ſich über das Ausſehen ſeines Freundes zu verwundern. Wie, rief er, indem er jetzt vor ihm ſtehend ſeine Hand ergriff, wie iſt's nur möglich, liebſter Meiſter, daß ich Euch überhaupt nur erkannt habe? Als ich Euch verließ, ſtandet Ihr im vollen Reichthum Eurer jugendlichen Kraft, und jetzt, in der That ich täuſche mich nicht, ſilbern graue Haare Euern Scheitel; ſind denn wirklich nur zehn Jahre über unſern Häuptern dahingegangen?

Zehn Jahre, erwiederte Tobias mit bitterm Lächeln, ſind Zeit genug, um den Giftbecher des Lebens zu leeren. Freund, haſt Du nie gehört, daß eine einzige Stunde hinreicht, um einen braunen Scheitel in einen grauen zu verwandeln? Nur zu ſehr haſt Du die Wahrheit ausgeſprochen an jenem Abende; ich bin der Elende, den Du bezeichneteſt, der, auf Haufen

Goldes ruhend, nahe daran iſt zu verſchmachten, der, im Beſitz alles Deſſen, was das Leben köſtlich macht, den ärmſten Bettler beneidet. Doch höre jetzt meine Geſchichte.

Meine Flucht aus Dresden mit jener Arabella haſt Du ſchon vom Arzte Hubert, unſerm beiderſeitigen liebevollen Freunde umſtändlich erfahren; begleite mich jetzt auf dem frechen Ausfluge, den ich im Beſitz von Seton's Schätzen in die weite Welt unternahm. Unſer Weg führte uns zuerſt weit weg von dem Lande, aus dem ich ſelbſt durch Verbrechen mich auf immer gebannt hatte; in Rom, wo Arabella, mit ihrem wahren Namen Beatrice, Verwandte fand, blieben wir einige Zeit. Hier verband uns das heilige Sacrament der Ehe, und am Abend jenes Tages reichte ſie mir die Flaſche mit der geheimnißvollen Tinctur. Meine Begier, die erſten Verſuche zu machen, war ſo groß, daß ich die Nacht trotz Arabellens liebkoſenden Bitten mich in das ſchon bereit gehaltene Gewölbe einſchloß und bis an den frühen Morgen die Zeit mit Experimenten zubrachte. O Freund, welche nie geahnte Seligkeit durchdrang jeden meiner Pulsſchläge, als nun zum erſten Mal unter meinen Händen aus der Umhüllung von tauben Schlacken, in ſeltſam treibender brauſender Kraft ſich öffnend, das blinkende goldene Auge mich anlächelte! Noch immer zögernd und fürchtend, die himmliſche Erſcheinung möchte wieder in Nacht verſchwinden, wage ich es kaum, das neugeborene Metall der ſcharfen prüfenden Feile anzuvertrauen, es auf die Scheibe des Steines zu bringen; jetzt, da es geſchieht und es ſich als echt bewährt, bringe ich es an meine Lippen und erwärme das ſtarre Kind mit den heißeſten Küſſen. Ich hatte mir ſelber einen heiligen Eid gethan, das erſte Gebild, welches ich aus dem ſelbſtgewonnenen Metalle würde formen laſſen, ſollte das der gebenedeiten Mutter Gottes mit dem Kinde ſein, hierdurch glaubte ich verblendeter Thor meine Schuld zu ſühnen. Das Bild wurde in Arbeit genommen; doch, nennt es Zufall, nennt es Strafe des Himmels, vergeblich mühte ſich einer der geſchickteſten Meiſter Roms, es trefflich auszuführen, immer wieder mißlang der Guß, und das Werk, welches er endlich vollendete, erfüllte weder meine noch ſeine eigenen Wünſche und Erwartungen. Das Gold der Hölle ſollte zu keinem heiligen Zwecke dienen! Ein prächtiger Halsſchmuck, den ich der ſchönen Lucretia, der Tochter eines meiner römiſchen Freunde, ſchenkte, gelang beſſer; doch hier zeigten ſich auch zum erſten Mal die dämoniſchen Kräfte wirkſam. Arabellens Eiferſucht, ſchon lange heimlich rege, brach in vollen Flammen aus, ſie warf mir Undank vor, und ich erkannte jetzt, in welche Feſſeln ſchmachvoller Abhängigkeit ich mich begeben; das Band der Sinnenglut, das mich bis jetzt an die Seite des ſchönen Weibes feſtgehalten, zerriß; nur die Treue, die ſie mir bewahrt, die Anhänglichkeit, die ſie mir bewieſen, gebot mir Achtung; doch auch dieſe Stütze meines Glückes ſollte zuſammenbrechen. Ich vergaß Euch zu erzählen, Freund, daß jener Bertram, den wir aus Dresden mitnahmen, Seton's Sohn, Arabellens Stiefſohn, jetzt von einem ſchwächlichen Knaben zu einem ſchönen Jüngling herangereift war. Ich nenne ihn ſchön; doch es war jene unheimliche düſtere Schönheit, die, indem ſie einerſeits unſer Intereſſe mächtig an ſich zieht, andererſeits jede auch nur leiſe Annäherung des Vertrauens und der Liebe kalt von ſich ſtößt. In einem bleichen, regelmäßig geformten Geſichte brannten zwei dunkelleuchtende Sterne, der Stempel finſterer Verſchloſſenheit war der hohen Stirn aufgedrückt, und um den ſchöngeformten Mund zuckte die kalte Miene des Stolzes. Er hatte mir immer die Ergebenheit gezeigt, die er dem Retter ſeines Vaters ſchuldig zu ſein glaubte, in Stunden des innigern Geſpräches nannte er mich ſeinen Freund, ſeinen Retter, und ſoll ich's geſtehen, trotz jener abſchreckenden Anzeichen ſeines Geſichtes hing ich mit vollem Vertrauen an ſeinen Worten. Ach, ich war ja noch nicht getäuſcht worden, noch hatte ich keinen Zug aus dem bittern Kelch gethan, den ich ſpäter bis auf die Neige ausleeren mußte. Es war mir ein Bedürfniß, zu lieben, und ich liebte den ſchönen Jüngling, den ich an meiner Seite hatte aufwachſen ſehen. Zugleich beſchwichtigte ich mit dieſer Neigung mein mahnendes Gewiſſen: Du willſt für ihn Schätze ſammeln, rief ich bei mir; ihn, an deſſen Ferſe ſich noch kein Fluch geheftet hat, deſſen Locken die üppige Fülle der Jugend ſchmückt, ihn willſt du reich und glücklich machen. Dieſe Gedanken begleiteten mich, wenn ich in meine ſtille Gruft hinabſtieg zur nächtlichen Arbeit, ſie hielten mich aufrecht, wenn in fürchterlichen einſamen Stunden mir der Gott, dem ich jetzt diente, ſein eigentliches Antlitz zeigte. Wie oft kamen mir jetzt jene Worte in den Sinn, die Ihr, Meiſter Leonhard, einſt ſpracht von der nächtlichen Tiefe der Begier, die in der Menſchenbruſt ſchlummert, und die Niemand ausgeſchöpft weiß; jetzt ſah ich mich ſelbſt in dem Bilde, vor dem ich damals ſchaudernd zurückbebte, und dennoch war meine Kraft zu ſchwach, um mich loszureißen. Wem der gütige Himmel das Geſchenk der Liebe rein im Buſen bewahren will, den ſtellt er nicht hoch, eine ſüße Abhängigkeit ſchlägt ihre Bande um ſein Herz, und das Bedürfniß ſchließt ihn feſt an die Menſchen; anders iſt es mit den Gewaltigen dieſer Erde, ſie lernen früh die Sklaven ihrer Laune haſſen, ein käuflich Geſchlecht ſehen ſie zu ihren Füßen, das ſich willig jeder Schandthat bequemt, ſowie es ohne Willen der Tugend dient. Auch mir wurden dieſe bittern Betrachtungen, früher mir ſo fremd, jetzt einheimiſch in der Seele. Aengſtlich prüfte ich ein Herz, das ſich mir näherte, ich fürchtete es als unechtes Gold zu erkennen, und wie oft fand ich meine Furcht gegründet. Nur Betram's Treue hielt ich mir zugeſichert, doch ich ſollte von dieſer Seite her auf das empfindlichſte gezüchtigt werden.

Der Sprechende hielt inne, das ganze Gewicht ſeines Elends ſchien ihn zu übermannen, er ſenkte ſein Haupt und verbarg es in der Hand. Die Tröſtungen ſeines Freundes vermochten ihn in ſeiner Erzählung weiter fortzufahren.

Ein mir treuergebner alter Diener hatte mir ſchon lange von geheimen Zuſammenkünften Nachricht gegeben, die Arabella, wenn ſie mich in der Werkſtatt arbeitend glaubte, veranſtaltete; ich gab ſeinen Zuflüſterungen kein Gehör. Endlich zündete auch hier der Funke des Argwohns, und in einer finſtern Nacht ſchlich ich verkappt durch die Gänge meines eignen Palaſtes dem Schlafgemach meines Weibes zu. Man erwartete mich ſicherlich nicht; ich fand die nöthigſten Vorſichtsmaßregeln verſäumt, eine ſchlafende Zofe war die einzige Wache, die die Treuloſen dem Verräther entgegenſetzten. Mit klopfendem Herzen öffnete ich die Thüren und ſtand endlich mitten in der dämmernden Nacht des Schlafgemachs. O Freund, was mußte mein Auge erblicken: ein köſtliches Mahl ſtand bereitet, Arabella und Bertram hatten ſich daran gelagert, die Ehrvergeſſenen fuhren entſetzt von den ſchwelgeriſchen Polſtern auf, als ſie meine drohende Geſtalt hinter den hohen ſilbernen Credenzgefäßen des Tiſches erblickten. Ich glaubte ſie reuig zu meinen Füßen ſinken zu ſehen; doch dieſer Moment war dazu geſchaffen, mir die ganze fluchwürdige Tücke Derer zu enthüllen, die ich bis jetzt mit Liebe und Vertrauen umſchloſſen. Auf meinen Blick des zornigen Vorwurfs erhob ſich Arabella zuerſt. Treuloſer, rief ſie, Du wagſt es mich anzuklagen? Du, den ich aus der Niedrigkeit emporhob, und der mir, die geſchworne Treue ſchändlich brechend, mich jedem augenblicklichen Gelüſte aufopferte. Dein unnatürlicher Durſt nach Gold, Ungeheuer, entfernt Dich ſchon auf ewig aus meinen Armen! Hinab wieder in Deine kalte Gruft! Was willſt Du unter Menſchen, fort aus dem Gebiete des Lebens, dem Du nicht mehr angehörſt! Dieſer Vorwurf traf mein Innerſtes, er erſchütterte mich tief. Arabella, rief ich mit gebrochnem Herzen, und Du, Bertram, hört mich ihr Treuloſen! wenn ich den finſtern Mächten anheimgefallen, wenn mein Auge von dem goldnen Lichte des Tages Abſchied genommen, für wen geſchah dieſes? für wen arbeite ich dort in der Tiefe und ſammle Schätze? Schütte ich ſie nicht freigebig in Euern Schooß? verzehrt mich nicht die Mühe, um das Euch die goldne Frucht erquickt? Ha, Ihr Undankbaren, und das iſt mein Lohn!

Ich hielt mich ſchwankend an die Stützen des Tiſches, faſt drohte ich meinem Schmerze zu erliegen; da trat jener freche Bube auf mich zu, ſeine ſchönen Züge waren verzerrt, ſein Antlitz das eines Mörders, der auf Raub ausgeht, er faßte mich krampfhaft, und ſeine dunkeln Augen blitzten mich an. Wo iſt mein Erbe? rief er mit entſetzlicher Stimme, gib es heraus, Elender! Die Stunde iſt gekommen, wo wir fürchterliche Abrechnung mit einander ſchließen müſſen. Ich ſah ihn ſtarr und gelaſſen an. Mein Erbe! rief er drohender; jene Tinctur, die Du durch Heuchlerkünſte dem ſterbenden Vater abzulocken gewußt, und die mir, mir allein gehört. Liefre ſie aus in unſre Hände, und dann ziehe frei Deines Weges! Dieſe Worte waren kaum geſprochen, als ich meine volle Kraft wiederkehren fühlte; die Fülle des Zorns übergoß mein Antlitz und ich war nahe daran augenblickliche blutige Rache zu nehmen. Die Elenden waren darauf gefaßt, der Ruf Bertram's brachte mehre Diener herbei, ſie ergriffen mich, vergeblich war mein Widerſtand, in meinem eignen Hauſe, von meinen eignen Knechten gefeſſelt und auf Befehl Deſſen, den ich als Freund geliebt, wurde ich fortgeführt. O entſetzliche Nacht!

Ihr habt Bitteres erduldet, rief Leonhard, indem er die Hand des Leidenden faßte. Wie kann doch ſo viel Verrath und Schändlichkeit in dem Buſen des Menſchen beiſammen wohnen! Sagt, was geſchah nun jenen Elenden?

Laßt mich von den fürchterlichen Tagen ſchweigen, ſetzte Tobias ſeine Rede fort, wo ich in meinem eignen Hauſe als Gefangener lebte. Zum Glück hatte jener alte treue Diener, von meinem Schickſal die Vorahnung hegend, Mittel gefunden, den Schatz in Sicherheit zu bringen; er ruhete nicht aber, als bis es ihm gelungen, auch mir die Freiheit zu verſchaffen, gerade in einem Zeitpunct, wo ich den Gerichten auf Anklage jener Schändlichen ausgeliefert werden ſollte. So entfloh ich denn in einer Nacht einſam und hülflos; doch ich hatte in den Händen, was mich wieder reich und angeſehen bei dem treuloſen Geſchlechte der Menſchen machen konnte. Doch, Freund, konnte ich mich des geretteten Schatzes freuen? war er es nicht, der mir jene bittern Erfahrungen zugezogen? Ich war nur zufrieden, daß er keine Beute meiner Verderber geworden. Ich durchzog jetzt wieder frei die Welt. Europa war mir zuwider geworden; mich trieb es, fremde Welttheile zu ſehen, ich wollte die glücklichen Gegenden beſuchen, in denen der Menſch, ein freier Sohn der Natur, in völliger Abgeſchiedenheit und Einfachheit paradieſiſche Tage verlebt. So wanderte ich zu der Wiege der Menſchheit, nach Aſien, hinüber, und auf den merkwürdigen weltkundigen Gebirgen, von deren Scheiteln der Strom der Weltgeſchichte ſich vor ſechstauſend Jahren brauſend ergoß, wanderte jetzt mein einſamer Fuß. Glücklich war ich in den Wüſten; doch wo ich menſchliche Wohnſitze betrat, da erwachten auch wieder die alten Geiſter der Verachtung, des wilden Uebermuths in mir. Ueberall ſchloſſen ſich unter der lockenden Larve von Liebe und Freundſchaft Habgier, Heuchelei und Verrath mir an. Wozu, Freund Leonhard, das ganze trübe Gemälde vor Deinen Augen entrollen? Du ſiehſt, daß mich das Heimweh doch wieder nach Europa gebracht; ich habe jetzt die Welt kennen gelernt, nach deren Anblick mich dürſtete. Ach, Frieden und Ruhe finde ich nur bei ihr, an dem Buſen meiner Marie; zu ihren Füßen will ich wallfahren, durch blutige Thränen meine Schuld abbüßen, und nimmt ſie den Reuigen auf, dann lächelt mir auch wol wieder der Himmel. Vorher jedoch will ich den Schatz der Dämonen von mir thun. Mir, dem Schuldigen, hat er Fluch gebracht, doch in den Händen der Unſchuld und Jungfräulichkeit muß er auch wider Willen Segen ſchaffen. Geſtern, mein geliebter Freund, hab' ich ein Mädchen kennen gelernt, ein ſüßes Kind voll Schönheit und Anmuth, einen Engel der Erde, wie er nie reiner aus den Händen des Schöpfers hervorging, ihm will ich mein Gut dahingeben und dann an der Seite Mariens den Unterhalt meines Lebens wie früher kümmerlich gewinnen, doch mit dem wieder gewonnenen Glück und dem Frieden im Herzen.

Uebereilt Euch nicht, Meiſter Tobias, rief Leonhard, als jener ſeine Erzählung beſchloſſen hatte; werft nicht muthwillig von Euch, was Ihr ſo ſauer erkämpft. Hab ich Euch jemals als ein wahrer Freund gegolten, ſo hört auf meinen Rath.

Tobias ſchüttelte das Haupt, Thränen befeuchteten ſein Auge. Ich habe genug gelebt, rief er; ich bin müde, das Tageslicht zu ſchauen. Was ſollen mir Reichthum und Glanz! Soll ich Euch geſtehen, jene Stunden, in denen ich Euch fröhlich beim Feſttiſch erblickte, haben mir den Dolch vollends ins Herz geſtoßen. Dieſe Herrlichkeit iſt für mich auf immer dahin! So laßt mich denn nun auch aus der Gemeinſchaft der Lebenden hinaustreten.

Ihr erſchreckt mich, Meiſter, rief Leonhard, und ſchloß den Freund in die Arme; bedenkt, daß Ihr noch ein ſchönes Lebensziel vor Euch ſeht.

Den Tod ſehe ich vor mir, entgegnete Tobias mit dumpfer Stimme, und will mich der Himmel beglücken, ſo ſchenkt er mir den Tod in den Armen meiner Marie.

Er erhob ſich und trat in den Schatten der dunkeln Lindenbäume, Leonhard folgte ihm. Die offene Thür des Gartens ließ die Gruppe fröhlicher Spaziergänger ſehen, die, aus der Kirche kommend, in Geſpräch und Scherz den frühlingshellen Weg hinabwandelten. Noch tönte die ernſte Glocke der Cathedrale ihre feierlichen Klänge durch die klaren Lüfte. Die hinſchauenden Männer erblickten Lisbertha's holde Geſtalt, wie ſie neben ihrer Mutter am Gartenthor vorbeiging. Dieſes ſüße Bild vermochte den Trübſinn beider Freunde zu zerſtreuen; Meiſter Leonhard's Augen glänzten, und Tobias, indem er auf die Enteilende hinwies, rief leiſe: Dieſes iſt der Engel, den ich auserwählt; ſie lebt mit ihrer Mutter in Armuth, auch der Geliebte, dem ſie ſchon verſprochen, iſt nicht reich, ſo hat ſie im vertraulichen Geſpräch es mir geſtern ſelbſt geſtanden. Wohlan, ſie ſoll über ihr Geſchick einen goldnen Morgen anbrechen ſehen. Das verführeriſche Metall, das ſie im Bilde dargeſtellt, es ſehnt ſich, als gehorſamer Sclave, zu ihren Füßen ſeine Dienſte anzubieten. Kennſt Du ſie dieſe Prinzeſſin Gold, Freund Leonhard?

Ob ich ſie kenne, rief der Sänger faſt unwillig; hab' ich doch für ſie, zu ihrer Verherrlichung das ganze wunderliche Spiel geſtern gedichtet.

So nennt mir auch den Glücklichen, rief Tobias raſch, der dieſe Perle, dieſes Kleinod heimführen ſoll.

Schaut mir in die Augen, entgegnete der Sänger, und Ihr werdet keine Frage weiter nöthig finden. Wie, Ihr ſelbſt! rief der Freund und ſchloß den Glücklichen in ſeine Arme. O, ſo iſt auch mir geholfen, ich darf dann meinen Schatz in Eure Hände niederlegen. Ihr nehmt ihn, nicht wahr, als Vermächtniß eines Unglücklichen, der Euch einſt theuer war?

Der Sänger zeigte ſich auf das innigſte gerührt. Tobias, rief er, Euer Herz iſt rein und geſund geblieben, es fühlt lebendig und warm wie früher. Ja, Ihr ſeid der Alte; doch weil die Dämonen an Euch keine Macht haben, ſo behaltet jetzt ſelbſt Euern Schatz. Fangt ein neues freudiges Leben an, noch iſt der Entſchluß in Eure Gewalt gegeben! — Kommt, laßt uns zuſammen Marien aufſuchen; ich laſſe Euch nicht, bis ich Euch wieder froh und glücklich ſehe.

Ihr lehnt meine Gabe ab, nahm nach einer Pauſe Tobias das Wort; Ihr wollt Euch frei und ohne Schuld erhalten: nur mich, nur mich ſoll das volle Gewicht des Elends zu Boden drücken! Er ſank auf die Ruhebank nieder, ſeine Thränen floſſen, und in dem bleichen Antlitz kämpften Schmerz und Verzweiflung. Vergebens tröſtete der Sänger mit den zärtlichſten Worten, er mußte den Freund ſeinem Trübſinn überlaſſen. Den andern Morgen hatte er die Stadt verlaſſen, Leonhard und Lisbertha erfuhren nicht, wohin er ſich gewendet.

In dem Garten der reichen Wittwe zu Dresden ſaß der Arzt Hubert allein in der Laube, die, ihres Schmuckes durch die letzten rauhen Tage des Herbſtes beraubt, ein paſſendes Bild darbot zu dem Gemüthszuſtand Deſſen, der in ihr Platz genommen. Die ſonſt aufgerichtete Geſtalt des Mannes hatten Jahre und Sorgen gebeugt, die Züge ſeines wohlwollenden Antlitzes, noch immer ſanft und freundlich, trugen doch Spuren tiefen Kummers. Aus den Gedanken und Bildern, in die er verſunken, ſchreckte ihn jetzt das Geläute der Sterbeglocke aus der nachbarlichen Kirche. Langſam erhob er ſich, und dem Eingang des Gartens zuſchreitend, empfingen ihn ſchwarzgekleidete Männer in ihre Mitte, und auf die Gaſſe hinaustretend, ſah man ſie ſich dem Zuge anſchließen, der eben mit Geſang und geweihten Kerzen einen Todten zur Ruheſtätte brachte.

Vor dem Thore angelangt, zeigte ſich ein Wanderer, der des Weges kam und der beim Anblick des Zuges ſtehen blieb; er trat auf Hubert zu, indem er fragte, wen man hinaustrüge. Der Arzt erwiederte: Die Wittwe eines Goldſchmiedsmeiſters aus dieſer Stadt, Maria Roſen mit Namen. Der Wanderer wich ſtill zur Seite, und der Zug ging ſeine Straße weiter.

Der Mond leuchtete durch zerriſſene Wolken, die Bäume des Kirchhofs warfen ihre wankenden Schatten über die zahlloſen Leichenſteine und Gebilde; da ſchlich ſich noch ſpät ein einſamer Waller die Furchen zwiſchen den kühlen Ruhebetten entlang, bis er ein friſch aufgeworfenes Grab fand, auf dem er niederſank. Der Mond beleuchtete ſein bis zum Tode entſtelltes Antlitz; noch einmal richtete ſich der Unglückliche auf, der dunkle Mantel hob ſich im Winde, raſchelnd wand ſich das dürre Laub unter ſeinen Füßen, und in den Buſen greifend, rief er mit hohler Stimme: Nimm Dein Geſchenk zurück, Beton! Fluch über Deine Aſche! — In dem Moment blitzte im Strahl des Mondes eine Kryſtallphiole und zerbrach klirrend auf der hellen Fläche des nächſten Steines; gleich dunklem Herzblute floß die purpurne Spur und verlor ſich unter den Marmor. Heftiger rauſchten die Gipfel zuſammen, es war, als tönte eine menſchliche Stimme klagend über die Gräber dahin.

Als der Arzt Hubert das Grab am frühen Morgen beſuchte, fand er die Leiche des Wanderers auf dem Raſen deſſelben. Wie ward ihm, als er, näher hinſchauend, ſeinen unglücklichen Freund erkannte. Er bewahrte ſein Geheimniß, nur ſorgte er, daß der Arme ſeinen Platz neben ſeinem Weibe erhielt.

Stettler, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

von Steyn, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Chriſtian Ludwig Stieglitz,

am 12. December 1756 zu Leipzig geboren, ſtammt aus einer alten hochanſehnlichen und wegen treuer Anhänglichkeit an den Proteſtantismus aus Böhmen nach Sachſen eingewanderten Familie. Sein trefflicher Sinn wurde unter Johann Auguſt Erneſti's Vormundſchaft ausgebildet, der ſchon ſeinen Vater unterrichtet und ſeinem Großvater den Cicero gewidmet hatte. Er beſuchte die Thomasſchule und ſtudirte die Rechte auf der Akademie ſeiner Vaterſtadt, aber Baukunſt blieb ſeine Lieblingsneigung. 1784 wurde er Doctor der Rechte, 1792 Mitglied des Raths, 1801 Stadtrichter, 1804 Baumeiſter, endlich 1823 Proconſul. Schon früh hatte er eine Stelle im Collegiatſtifte zu Wurzen erhalten, und 1810 ward er mit der Würde eines Probſtes bekleidet. Nachdem er 1834 ſein 50jähriges Doctorjubiläum gefeiert hatte, ſtarb er am 17. Juli 1836.

Er gab heraus:

Erzählungen aus den Ritterzeiten. Weißenfels, 1787.
Taſchenbuch für 1802.
Wartburg, Gedicht in acht Geſängen. Leipzig, 1801.
Ueber den Geſchmack in der Baukunſt. Lpz., 1788.
Ueber den Gebrauch der Grotesken und Arabesken. Leipzig, 1790.
Geſchichte der Baukunſt der Alten. Leipz., 1792.
Encyclopädie der bürgerlichen Baukunſt. Leipzig, 1792—98. 5 Thle.
Die Baukunſt der Alten. Leipzig, 1796.
Gemälde von Gärten. Leipzig, 1804; neue Aufl.
Archäologie der Baukunſt der Griechen und Römer. Weimar, 1801. 2 Thle.
Archäologiſche Abhandlungen. Leipzig, 1817—20. 2 Thle.
Von altdeutſcher Baukunſt. Leipzig, 1820.
Ueber die Kirche der heiligen Kunigunde zu Rochlitz. Leipzig, 1829.

St. hat ſich vorzüglich durch ſeine Forſchungen im Gebiete der Archäologie, und beſonders der Geſchichte der Baukunſt, einen ſehr rühmlichen Namen erworben, ſeine dichteriſchen Leiſtungen ſind dagegen von geringerer Bedeutung.

Heinrich Stieglitz

ward im Jahre 1803 zu Aroſen geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf dem Gymnaſium zu Gotha, ſtudirte ſeit 1820 Philoſophie und Philologie in Göttingen, Leipzig und Berlin, promovirte in der letztgenannten Stadt als Doctor der Philoſophie, und ward 1828 hier als Cuſtos an der Bibliothek und Lehrer an einem Gymnaſium angeſtellt. Seine wankende Geſundheit veranlaßte ihn ſpäter beide Aemter wieder aufzugeben; eine Reiſe nach Rußland und in dem darauf folgenden Jahre der Beſuch des Bades Kiſſingen ſtellten ihn jedoch nicht ganz wieder her. Da faßte ſeine Gattin Charlotte, geborne Willhöft 1834 den furchtbaren Entſchluß, ihrem Leben durch einen Dolchſtoß ein Ende zu machen, in dem irrigen Wahne, ihm durch dieſe gewaltige Erſchütterung Leben und geiſtige Freiheit wieder zu erringen. Er verließ nun Berlin, lebte eine Zeit lang in München und den baieriſchen Hochlanden und befindet ſich gegenwärtig in Italien.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte zum Beſten der Griechen. (Mit Ernſt Groſſe.) Leipzig, 1823. 2 Thle.
Bilder des Orients. Leipzig, 1831—33. 4 Bde.
Stimmen der Zeit. Leipzig, 1833; neue Ausg. 1834.
Dionyſosfeſt. Leipzig, 1836.
Gruß an Berlin, ein Zukunftstraum. Lpz., 1838.
Bergesgrüße. München, 1839.
Einzelne Gedichte und proſaiſche Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Phantaſie, Lebendigkeit, Gedankenreichthum, ſeltene und glänzende Herrſchaft über Sprache und Reim und poetiſcher Aufſchwung ſind St. in hohem Grade eigen, aber es fehlt ihm an Ruhe und an jenem tieferen geiſtigen Durchdringen des Stoffes, wodurch derſelbe poetiſch eigentlich erſt geſchaffen wird, und welches den urſprünglichen Dichter beurkundet. Durch das ſchwere Schickſal, das ihn traf, ſcheint ihm bis jetzt Beides noch nicht geworden zu ſein; er iſt für einen Dichter immer noch zu ſehr ein Kind der Gegenwart.

Kaſpar von Stieler

ward am 1. März 1632 zu Erfurt geboren, ſtudirte zu Erfurt, Leipzig, Gießen und Königsberg Theologie und Medicin, trat 1654 in Kriegsdienſte und verwaltete mehrere Officierſtellen. Nachdem er gräflich hohna'ſcher Hofmeiſter und auf Reiſen geweſen war, begann er 1662 in Jena das Studium der Rechte. 1663 ward er vom Grafen von Schwarzburg zum Kammerſecretär, 1666 von den Herzogen von Sachſen zu ihrem Kammer-, Lehn- und Gerichtsſecretär zu Eiſenach ernannt. Dieſe Stelle legte er aus Liebe zur Schriftſtellerei nieder und lebte, nachdem er vom Herzoge zu Holſtein den Hofrathstitel erhalten, in Jena, Weimar und zuletzt in Erfurt. Als Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft hieß er der Spate. Er ſtarb am 24. Juni 1707.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der teutſchen Sprache Stammbaum und Fortwachs oder teutſcher Sprachſchatz. Nürnberg, 1691. 4.
(Umgearbeitet von Chriſtoph Ernſt Steinbach, und. d. „vollſtändiges deutſches Wörterbuch“. Breslau, 1734. 2 Thle.)
Das Trauerſpiel Bellemperie. Jena, 1680. 12.

St. erwarb ſich große und mannigfache Verdienſte durch ſein deutſches Wörterbuch, in welchem er neben großem Fleiß ſeltenen Scharfſinn beurkundete, von dem er jedoch häufig zu ſehr gewagten und loſen Conjecturen verleitet wurde.

Jakob Stille, ſ. Glatz.

Karl Stille, ſ. Pemme.

Karoline Stille, ſ. Thieſen.

Stilling, ſ. Jung.

Ehrenfried Stöber,

am 9. März 1779 zu Straßburg geboren, lebt als Licentiat der Rechte und Advocat zu Straßburg.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

- Die Tempelritter, nach Raynouard. Straßburg, 1805.
- Alſatiſches Taſchenbuch für 1807. Straßb., 1806.
- Biographiſche Notiz über Oberlin. Straßburg, 1807.
- Blätter dem Andenken Pfeffel's. Straßb., 1810.
- Lyriſche Gedichte. Straßb., 1811; neue Ausg. 1821.
- Straßburg's Jubelfeier der Reformation. Straßburg, 1817.
- Neujahrsbüchlein vom Vetter Daniel. Straßburg, 1818.
- Geſchichte und Characteriſtik der ſchönen Literatur der Deutſchen. 1826.
- Sammlung auserleſener Stücke der ſchönen Literatur von Noel und Stöber. 1827. 2 Thle.

Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls, eine lebendig ſchaffende Phantaſie, Anmuth und Wohllaut ſind St's Gedichten eigen, nur findet ſich ein eigenthümlicher Gegenſatz bei ihm darin, daß er in deutſchen Weiſen das Franzoſenthum preiſt und verherrlicht.

Chriſtian Gottlieb Stöckel

ward am 23. Mai 1722 zu [illegible] geboren, ſtudirte zu Breslau und Frankfurt an der Oder, wurde 1744 Hofmeiſter beim General von Derſchau in Breslau. 1746 als Stadtſecretär zu Brieg angeſtellt, wurde er 1752 Syndicus daſelbſt; ſeit 1764 wirkte er auch als Waiſenamtspräſes und des königl. Handelsgerichts erſter Beiſitzer. Er ſtarb 1774 im September.

Er gab heraus:

- Das befreite Schleſien. Breslau, 1745. 46. 4.
- Gedichte. Breslau, 1749.
- Vier Oden über den ſiebenjährigen Krieg. Breslau, 1761.

Ein Gottſchedianer ohne alles wirkliche Talent.

Leonhard Stöckel,

um die Mitte des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts geboren, lebte als Schulmeiſter zu Bartfeld in Ungarn.

Er ſchrieb:

- Hiſtoria von Suſanna, in Tragödienweiß geſtellt. Wittenberg, 1559.

Ein unbedeutendes Machwerk im Geſchmack jener Zeit.

Heinrich Arnold Stockfleth,

am 17. April 1643 zu Alfeld geboren, wirkte zuerſt als Superintendent zu Neuſtadt an der Aiſch und darauf als Oberhofprediger, zugleich auch General- und Specialſuperintendent zu Münchberg und Director des Gymnaſiums zu Baireuth, in welcher Stellung er am 8. Auguſt 1708 verſchied. Er führte die Titel eines Licentiaten der Theologie und markgräflich brandenburg-baireuthiſchen Kirchenraths; als Pegnitzſchäfer war er Dorus und ſeine Gattin (Maria Katharina, geb. Friſch) wegen ihrer Theilnahme an ſeiner Makarie in den Orden aufgenommen, Dorilis benannt. Er gab heraus:

- Reiſegeſchenk. Münchberg, 1669. 12.
- Die kunſt- und tugendgezierte Makarie. Nürnberg, 1669. 12.

St. war am glücklichſten als Lyriker und hat namentlich in ſeiner Makarie mehrere ſehr gelungene Proben ſeines Talentes für dieſe Gattung der Poeſie niedergelegt.

Ernſt Stockmann,

am 18. April 1634 zu Lützen geboren, war zuerſt Prediger zu Bener-Naumburg im Mansfeldiſchen, und darauf bis an ſein Ende Superintendent zu Allſtädt in Sachſen-Weimar. Auch hatte er den Titel eines Magiſters der Philoſophie. Er ſtarb am 28. April 1712.

Von ihm erſchien:

Poetiſche Schriftluſt, oder 100 geiſtliche Madrigalien. Leipzig, 1668.
Lob des Landlebens. Jena, 1681.
Lob des Stadtlebens. Jena, 1683.

St. war nicht ohne Talent für die deſcriptive Poeſie und hat manche für jene Zeit recht gelungene maleriſche Schilderung hinterlaſſen.

Chriſtian Graf zu Stolberg,

von der Linie Stolberg-Stolberg, am 15. October 1748 zu Hamburg geboren, war der Sohn Chriſtian Günthers, G. z. St., däniſchen Kammerherrn, Geheimraths und Oberhofmeiſters der Königin Sophia Magdalena von Dänemark. Er ſtudirte von 1769—1774 in Göttingen, wo er Mitglied jenes berühmten Dichterbundes ward, der unter Klopſtock's Schirm Bürger, Boie, Leiſewitz, Voß, Miller, Hölty und mehrere andere glückliche Talente vereinigte. Im Jahre 1777 wurde er Amtmann zu Tremsbüttel in der holſteiniſchen Landſchaft Stormarn, legte dieſe Stelle 1800 freiwillig nieder und lebte als königlich däniſcher Kammerherr auf ſeinem Gute Windebye bei Eckernförde im Holſteiniſchen, woſelbſt er am 18. Januar 1821 geſtorben iſt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte der Brüder Stolberg. Leipzig, 1779 (neue Ausg. Wien, 1822). 2 Thle.
Gedichte aus dem Griechiſchen. Hamburg, 1782.
Schauſpiele der Brüder Stolberg. Hamburg, 1787. 1. Thl.
Sophocles, überſetzt. Hamburg, 1787. 2 Thle.
Die weiße Frau, ſieben Balladen. Berlin, 1814. 12.
Vaterländiſche Gedichte von den Brüdern Stolberg. Hamburg, 1815.
Geſammelte Werke der Brüder Stolberg. Hamburg, 1821—26. 22 Thle.

Ueber Graf Chriſtian Stolbergs dichteriſche Leiſtungen ſ. den Schluß des folgenden Artikels.

Aus Chriſtian, Grafen Stolberg's Gedichten.

Blücher.

Den 16ten Juli 1816.

Ihr Töchter Deutſchlands, wallet mit Hochgeſang
Entgegen, wallt in freudigem Reigen! eilt
Entgegen unſerm Helden! traget
Fülle der Blumen in leichten Körben!

Sie kommen, eilt, ich höre drommeten! Du
O Blonde! ringl' in Wellen dein Haar, und du
Mit blauem Blick aus ſchwarzen Wimpern,
Winde dich aus der Mutter Händen,

Die ſorgſam dir die Falte des Kleides wie
Die Locke ſchlichtet; Flügel der Eile gönnt
Den ſeinen Töchtern Deutſchland, Eile
Gab uns den Sieg, und der Sieg die Freiheit!

So, endlich! Nun auch ordnet den Reigen! Seht
Ihr ſchon es ſchimmern hinter dem Hügel dort?
Sie nahen! Vor den Fahnen bäumet,
Wo ich nicht irre, der Schimmel Blüchers!

Er iſt's! Er iſt's! Athmet die Saiten ihm,
Wie Nachtigallen hold, und wie Lerchen froh,
Entgegen in Geſang' dem Helden!
Spendet den Sommer aus euren Körben,

Vor ſeinem Roſſe! Du, die ich meine, naht
Mit freier Ehrfurcht, nahe dem Helden, ſteigt
Er von dem Roß — er wird es — winde
Dann ihm in's ſilberne Haar die Blumen!

Denn gut und freundlich iſt er, wie Sonnenſchein
Im Lenze, wenn auf glühendem Abendroth
Des Rheines ſich die Sieben Berge
Senken und heben in reger Wallung.

Und ſag' ihm: Vater Blücher, es dankt dir,
Vom Bernſteinufer bis zu den Alpen, von
Dem Strom der Oder bis zur Moſel,
Dankt dir Deutſchland durch ſeine Töchter!

Denn Blitze Gottes ſprühte dein Blick! Dein Ruf
War Donner! Siegeszeichen dein Federbuſch!
Dein Arm war Sturm! Dein Schwerdt, den Deutſchen
Leuchtender, tilgender Strahl dem Feinde!

Dem ſchnöden Feinde! Ha! Du zerſchmetterſt ihn
Wie oft! Er wandte fluchend ſich oft, und floh
Geſchreckter, bis vor deinem Säbel
Tönern ſein Thron in den Staub dahin ſank!

Dein Name, Blücher, tönt im Hochgeſang,
So lang der Rhein die ſtrahlenden Strudel wälzt;
Dann ſchwiege das Volk, deß Name nimmer
Scholl in dem reinen Geſang der Deutſchen*).

An meine ſterbende Schweſter Sophie Magdalene.

Roſenknospe! So ſchön blühete keine noch
Von den Töchtern des Mai's, welchen der Morgenthau
In den duftenden Buſen
Schimmer träufelt und Balſamgeruch.

Und nun neigſt du herab, Roſe, dein lechzendes,
Ach, dein welkendes Haupt! — Wenige Stunden nur
Und du blüheſt, o Schweſter,
Schöner wieder in Eden auf!

Labung thauen auf dich, kühlende Labung thaun
Lebensbäume hinab; kühle der Sommernacht
Wehe die Palme des Sieges
Dann entgegen der Dulderin!

Deiner Leiden entkeimt jedem ein blühender
Zweig zum Kranze des Lohns, der dich umſchatten ſoll!
Wie ſo heiter, o Schweſter!
Zeigt dein Engel den Kranz dir ſchon!

Weinend naht' ich, und ſank ſprachlos an deine Bruſt,
Lächelnd tröſteſt du mich, aber nun bittrer
Fließ die Wehmuth, und netze
Deine Wange, Geliebteſte!

Die Blicke.

An Dora.

Röthliche, goldbeſäumte Wolken hüllen
Ihre Strahlen nicht mehr! Sie kommt, die Sonne!
Blickt allgütig lächelnde Freud' und junges
Leben hernieder!

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*) Es iſt merkwürdig, daß unter allen Namen der Völker der Name Franzoſen der einzige iſt, den der Gebrauch der älteren Sprache bei uns nur zuläßt.

Schimmernder blüh'n die thaubenetzten Fluren;
Jedes zitternde Blümchen athmet Freude,
Strahlt in Regenbogen die Sonnenblicke
Lieblicher um ſich.

Himmliſcher aber lächelt mir das Auge,
Ach! das Grazienauge meines Mädchens!
Blicket mild in's Herz mir noch ungefühlte,
Selige Freuden!

Wallendes Leben bebt durch jede Nerve,
Klopft in jeglichem Puls; frohe Schauer
Strömen in die trunkene Seele namen-
loſes Entzücken!

Aber ach! Wehmuth blickt mir oft ihr blaues
Auge! Wehmuth und Trübſinn! Dann entquellen
Sehnſuchtsſeufzer, thaut mir der Liebe Zähre
Ueber die Wange!

Duftige Nebel lockt ſo die Sonne
Aus dem Blumengefild' am Sommerabend;
Trübe ſteigt der wolkige Schleier, träufelt
Labende Kühlung. —

Blickt mir, meine Dora, blickt Wehmuth
Mir in's liebende Herz! Auch ſie gewähret
Süßes namenloſes Gefühl, der Liebe
Traute Geſellin!

Bis du mir einſtens (Ahndung liſpelt's leiſe —
Ahndung, ach! die zur Hoffnung noch nicht reifte!)
Bis du Lieb' im ſchmachtenden Auge, Liebe,
Liebe mir lächelſt!

Eliſe von Mannsfeld.

Eine Ballade aus dem zehnten Jahrhundert.

„Wie viele ſehnen ſich nach dir,
Du kühle, ſtille Nacht!
Nun haſt du ihnen Labung, Ruh
Und ſanften Schlaf gebracht.

Auch mir kommſt du erwünſcht; jetzt kann
Ich frei und einſam ſein;
Durch manchen tiefen Seufzer nun
Mir lindern meine Pein.

Ach Gott! was hab ich denn gethan,
Daß ſie ſo grauſam ſind?
Mein Vater nannte mich ja ſtets
Sein liebes, gutes Kind;

Und ihren beſten Segen gab
Die Mutter ſterbend mir,
Der wird im Himmel einſt erfüllt;
Doch wahrlich! nicht auch hier.

Daß dieſer Segen ſich nur nicht
In Fluch verkehr' für die,
Die ſo mich kränken! Gott verzeih
Es ihnen! beſſ're ſie!

Ach, alles trüg' ich mit Geduld,
Wenn, Liebe, du nicht wärſt,
Die du durch hoffnungsloſe Qual
Mein krankes Herz verzehrſt!

Kann ich's nicht dulden, nun wohlan
So hab' ich Einen Troſt:
Dann brichſt du, armes Herz! Drum ſei
Bis daß du brichſt, getroſt!" —

So eben kehrt ein Rittersmann
Von ſeinem Ritt zurück,
Und kommt, geführt von ſeinem Pfad,
Hart an des Schloſſes Brück'.

Da dringt des Fräuleins Klageton
Ihm tief in's Herz hinein;
Er wähnt', um Hülfe fleh' ſie ihn,
Und will ihr Retter ſein.

Voll Ungeduld und voll Begier
Umher ſein Auge glüht,
Bis endlich doch am Fenſter er
Das Fräulein ſtehen ſieht.

„Ach Fräulein! ſprich, was jammerſt du?
Vertraue mir dein Leid.
Dies Schwerdt, der Arm, dies Leben ſei
Zu deinem Dienſt geweiht." —

„Ach, edler Ritter, Schwerdt und Arm
Iſt nicht, was mir gebricht!
Nur Troſt für mein beklomm'nes Herz;
Und ach, den haſt du nicht." —

„Entdecke mir dein kränkend Weh,
Das wird dir Lind'rung ſein,
Und meine Ritterehre wird
Dir einen Troſt verleihn." —

„Du guter Jüngling! höre denn,
Ich eine Waiſe bin,
Und mit den lieben Eltern ſtarb
Mir Ruh' und Freude hin;

Ein Ohm und eine Muhme jetzt
An Eltern Statt mir ſind,
Die quälen mich, daß Gott erbarm'!
Wie [illegible] ſchier ihr Kind.

Mein Vater war ein reicher Graf,
Nun iſt das Erbe mein.
O, wär' ich arm! dies ſchnöde Gut
Iſt Urſach meiner Pein.

Mein Oheim dürſtet Tag und Nacht
Nach meinem Hab' und Gut,
Drum ſperrt in dieſen Thurm mich ein
Des harten Mannes Wuth.

Hier bleib' ich, droht er, wo ich nicht
Erwähl' am dritten Tag,
Ob ich den Sohn zum Ehmann,
Ob ich in's Kloſter mag.

Wie eilig wär' die Wahl geſcheh'n,
Ich thät den Schleier an,
Ach, liebte nicht mein junges Herz
Den beſten, ſchönſten Mann.

Jüngſt beim Turniere ſah ich ihn,
Ich ſah und liebt' ihn gleich,
Wie frei, wie edel und wie kühn!
Nicht einer war ihm gleich." —

„Sei, edles Fräulein! gutes Muth's,
In's Kloſter ſollſt du nicht,
Noch minder ſollſt du ſein die Schnur
Vom alten Böſewicht.

Ich kann's, ich will's, ich rette dich,
Das iſt mein feſter Sinn,
Bring' dich in deines Jünglings Arm,
So wahr ich Stolberg bin." —

„Du? Stolberg? o mein Leid iſt hin!
Mein Engel führte dich;
Du biſt mein trauter Jüngling, du!
Nach dem ich ſehnte mich.

Jetzt ſag' ich frei und offen dir,
Was ſchon mein Blick geſtand,
Als ich um deine Lanze jüngſt
Den Eichenkranz dir wand." —

„O Gott! du mein geliebtes Kind,
Eliſe Mannsfeld! O!
Dich liebt' auch ich bei'm erſten Blick;
Noch keiner liebte ſo!

An meiner Lanze ſieh den Kranz,
Den ſie nun ewig trägt,
Ach könnteſt du dein Bild auch ſehn,
So tief hier eingeprägt!

Jedoch was ſäumen wir? ich bring
 Dich heim vor Sonnenſchein,
Und unſrer keuſchen Liebe ſoll
 Nichts mehr im Wege ſeyn."

„Von ganzer Seele lieb' ich dich
 O Jüngling! aber doch
Sträubt ſich mein jungfräulich Gefühl
 Bei'm raſchen Vorſatz noch.

Du kennſt die arge Welt; du weißt,
 Wie im Triumphe ſie
Mir Stand und Ehr' und Tugend nimmt,
 Wenn ich mit dir entflieh." —

„O Mädchen, was iſt uns die Welt?
 Laß immerhin ſie ſchrei'n;
Dein Beifall nur, mein Beifall nur
 Soll unſer Richter ſeyn.

Und keiner deines Stammes ſoll
 Vernehmen deine That,
Bis uns des Prieſters Segenshand
 Zur Eh' geweihet hat.

Auch führ' als Gattin ich dich erſt
 In meine Burg hinein.
Nun geht's zu meiner Schweſter hin;
 Da ſoll die Trauung ſeyn.

Wie wird mein liebes Gußchen ſich
 Der lieben Schweſter freu'n,
Wie wird des lieben Bruders Glück
 Ihr eig'ne Wonne ſeyn!

Stille laß uns eilen! komm,
 Gleich iſt es Mitternacht!
Der Mond, der jetzt ſo hell uns ſcheint,
 Hat bald den Lauf vollbracht." —

Nun [illegible] das Fräulein leiſen Tritts
 Hin[illegible]n Wendelſtieg,
Bis u[illegible]e zum Fenſter kam,
 Da ward ſie todtenbleich;

Doch ſchnell ergreift ſie wieder Herz,
 Und öffnet es behend,
Und wagt's und ſpringt dem Ritter zu,
 Der ihr entgegen rennt.

Sein Mädchen drückt er ſprachlos jetzt
 Feſt an ſein klopfend Herz,
Vor ungefühlter reiner Luſt
 Vergaß ſie allen Schmerz.

Dann hob er freudig ſie auf's Roß,
 Und vor ihr ſetzt er ſich.
Sie ſchlang die weißen Arm' um ihn;
 Fort ging's nun ritterlich.

Vom Roß und freudigen Gebell
 Des treuen Greifs erwacht,
Lief ſchnell die Zof' an's Fenſter hin,
 Ihr Fräulein ſie erblickt.

Sie tobt mit wildem Angſtgeſchrei,
 Klagt allen ihre Noth;
Der Alte ſchäumt und flucht und ſchwört
 Der Nichte Schmach und Tod.

Er fordert ſeine Saſſen auf,
 Und eh' der Tag begann,
Verließen rüſtig ſie das Schloß,
 Er führte ſelbſt ſie an.

Indeſſen war das Ritterpaar
 Durch Anger, Wieſe, Feld
Weit über Berg und Thal und Forſt;
 Vom günſt'gen Mond erhellt.

Mit lautem Schaumgetoſe ſtürzt
 Die Bode vor ſie hin:
„So geht, mein Kind, erzitt're nicht!
 Des Stroms ich kundig bin." —

Der Rappe ſtutzt und hebt den Fuß
 Und prüft den Fluß gemach,
Drauf ſtrebt er wiehernd durch, als wär's
 Nur ein Forellenbach.

Nun kommen ſie zum Schloß geſprengt,
 In Himmelswonn' entzückt;
Beſchreib's, wer eine Freude je,
 Wie dieſe war, erblickt.

Nun ſaßen ſie bei'm frohen Mahl,
 Der Becher ging umher;
Ein Knappe kam: „Auf, edler Graf!
 Der Mannsfeld rückt her!"

Und Braut und Schweſter jammerten,
 Zerrauften ſich das Haar;
Indeß der Graf zu Pferde ſchon
 Im vollen Harniſch war.

Dem Zug' er ſchnell entgegen kam,
 Und rief dem Mannsfeld laut:
„Umſonſt iſt deine Müh'; ſie iſt
 Als Weib mir angetraut!

Und bin ich nicht aus edlem Stamm,
 Deß Ruhm erſchallet weit,
Der Fürſten unſerm Volke gab
 Schon zu der Heiden Zeit!" *)

Mit eingelegter Lanze ſprengt
 Der Alte gegen ihn;
Sein Haufe folgt; erwartend bleibt
 Der Ritter kalt und kühn,

Und zieht ſein Schwerdt. Als Mannsfeld naht,
 Verhaut er ihm den Stoß,
Und haut, und haut den Schädel durch,
 Daß er zur Erden ſchoß.

Die Reiſigen zerſtreuen ſich,
 Und Stolberg eilt nach Haus,
Und ruht die lange, ſüße Nacht
 In Liebchens Armen aus.

Hymnus an die Göttin der Geneſung.

Im Jenner 1780.

Hygea, Göttin, es ſtrömt
Von dir aus Heilung und Kraft,
 Und Leben haucht
In die Adern der Natur,
Daß ihre pochenden Pulſe ſchlagen,
Daß ſchwillt ihr allſaugender Buſen,
 Dein Odem, Beſeelende!

Schaue, Göttin, herab, es knieen
Der Flehenden tauſendmal tauſend an deinem Altar,
Bebende Händ' erheben ſie dir,
Und es ſteigt empor in der Weihrauchwolk' ihr Gebet.

Aus den Tauſenden der Geliebten ſondre du,
Himmelstochter, mein Flehen, das nicht
Eigener Schmerz entpreßt ſterbenden Lippen.

Keine Geneſungsmale von mir
Harren dein an deines Tempels Wand;
Statt der Gaben nimm von mir, o Retterin,
Die bangen Thränen, die mein Aug' und mein blutend Herz
Weinen auf Emilia's bleiche Hand!

Ach, Emilia, ſieh', Emilia liegt
Kraftlos und leidend! Es beugt ſich welk
Herab die Roſe der Wang', es umwölkt ſich, ach!
In Emilia's Auge die Heitre der Himmelsbläue.

---

*) Das Geſchlecht der Stolberge gehörte unter die zwölf Edlen [illegible] des [illegible] Reichs, und [illegible] Herrſcher des [illegible] Herzöge und Könige [illegible] der [illegible] erobert.

Hygea, Göttin, es keimt
Da, wo du wallſt über der Gebirge Scheitel
Und durch den Schooß des grünenden Thals,
Labſal unter deinem Fuß empor und Heil!
Deine Locken athmen, wenn du vorüberſchwebſt,
Lebenshauche mit der Berge Duft
Und da, wo die Lüfte theilt dein Saffranmantel,
Senden heilende Würzgerüche dir nach!

Helferin, du biſt reich
An Rettung! Aber dein Balſamkelch, iſt er
Ach, ausgegoſſen! — ſo komm, ich beſchwöre dich, komm,
Raube von mir der Stärke Fülle,
Die aus der Geſundheit überſchäumendem Becher
Lebend mir in den Adern fleußt,
Und in dem Nervenarm ſchäumend mir zuckt!
Nimm was dein iſt von mir und tränke Geneſung
In die lechzenden Lippen Emilia's, daß ſie wieder
Glüh'n, und daß wieder, wie vom Morgenthau erquickt,
Blühe die Roſe der Wang', und Emilia's Auge
Glänze wieder im Schmuck des Sonnenhimmels.

Höre, Göttin, ach! mein Flehn und das Flehen Aller,
Aller Guten, die All' Emilia lieben!
Gieb mir, o Tochter Gottes, mit der Geneſung
Meiner Leidenden, wieder Troſt und Ruhe!
Ach, ſie flohen von mir, und es ſchleicht indeſſen
Wie der verſiegende Bach in des Mohrenlandes Wüſte,
Traurig und öde dahin mein Leben.

Der wahre Traum.

Eine Ballade.

Wunderſam, durch Dunkelheiten
Gehſt, allheilige Natur,
Deines Zaubertrittes Spur;
Ahnend folgen die Geweihten;
Aber ſich, es irren, gleiten
Klüglinge, die ſelbſt ſich leiten,
Die des Dünkels Irrwiſchſchein
Zieht in Sumpf und Pfuhl hinein.

Wohl mir, Göttin, daß zu deiner
Hochbeglückten Jünger Schaar,
Als die Mutter mich gebar,
Du mich laſeſt von gemeiner
Bahn mich führeſt, zu geheimer
Weisheit Pfad, wo heller, reiner
Jeder Wahrheit Urborn quillt,
Und des Forſchers Schmachten ſtillt.

Bald, als Feuerſäul', erhebet
Sich dein Haupt gen Himmel; wir,
Voll Begeiſtrung, folgen dir
In die Himmel, neu belebet;
Bald, als Wolkenſäul', umſchwebet
Heilig Dunkel uns; dann bebet
Ahnungsſchauer, der uns mild
Lockt in Edens Duftgefild.

Oft, um mütterlich zu walten,
Lehr' und Warnung zu verleihn,
Wenn Gefährlichkeiten dräun,
Muth und Glaub' in uns erkalten,
Bei der Rechten uns zu halten,
Hüllſt du dich in Traumgeſtalten,
Flüſterſt, in des Schlummers Ruh',
Offenbarungen uns zu.

So noch geſtern. — Freunde, hören
Sollt ihr ſtaunend, was geſchah,
Welches Traumgeſicht ich ſah;
Eu'r Vertrauen zu vermehren,
Soll euch dieſer Handſchlag ſchwören,
Daß ich euch nicht will bethören,
Wahrlich dieſer Traum nicht ſei
Ein Geſpinnſt der Phantaſei.

Als ich ſanft und ſchlummernd ruhte,
Alles Kummers unbewußt,
Wohl auf meines Weibes Bruſt,
Horch', da kam mit hohem Muthe,
Wie entſproßt aus edlem Blute,
Zu der Eich', an der ich ruhte,
Schön gewappnet, angethan
Nach der Ritter Brauch, ein Mann;

Reichte traulich mir die Rechte,
Traulich ſchlug ich drein, alsdann
Seine Red' er ſo begann:
„Müßig ruhſt du hier! Ich dächte,
Lieber, kämſt mit mir; ich möchte
Wetten ſchier, wohin ich brächte
Dich, da ſollteſt du geſtehn,
Daß du nie ſo was geſehn."

Sonder Säumen thät ich wallen,
Mit dem Ritter, der mich bald,
Wo am dunkelſten der Wald,
Schattete, bald nach Gefallen,
Leitete durch Felſenhallen,
Bald durch Trümmer wild verfallen,
Dann der ſchroffen Kluft entlang,
Dann bedroht vom Klippenhang.

Endlich langten wir zur Stelle,
Zu des Ritters Fehdeſchloß,
Das ein Zwinger rund umſchloß,
Brücken, Warten, Zinnen, Wälle,
Pforten, Stein ſo Pfoſt' als Schwelle,
Sicherten für Ueberfälle
Dieſe Burg; als wir davor,
Schloß von ſelbſt ſich auf das Thor.

Aus dem Thore ſchlich zur Linken
Unterirdiſch, wüſt' und bang,
Ein gewölbter Niedergang;
Unter'm Fuß, ſo that mir's dünken,
Sah ich Leichenſteine blinken;
Aengſtlich folgt' ich, ſahe ſinken
Eine Fallthür; Leichenduft
Athmete die grauſe Gruft.

Särge ſtanden hier die Fülle.
Einer, ſchön von Marmelſtein,
Hatt' ein eigen Kämmerlein.
„Hier in dieſes Grabes Stille,"
Sprach der Ritter, „iſt mein Wille,
Daß du ſeheſt, Freund, die Hülle
Des Gebeins, einſt weich und warm,
Ach, des Weib's in meinem Arm!"

Auf des Todtenmales Mitte
War, von Silber, glatt und ſchön,
Ein gediegner Kelch zu ſehn.
„Sage, Ritter, ſag', ich bitte" — —
Zürnend blickt' er, winkt' und litte
Nicht zu enden, ſtieg drei Tritte,
Gab den Kelch mir, ſah mich an:
„Zittre nicht! Du biſt ein Mann!"

Kaum hatt' er den Kelch gegeben,
Als es in dem Wunderding
Brauſend an zu gähren fing,
Und mit Macht herauszuſtreben,
Gleich als ob der Traube Leben
Perlte drinnen; ſich erhebend
Thät alsbald der weiße Schaum
Höher denn des Kelches Saum.

Aus dem Schaumgeſprudel ſtiegen
Holder Blümlein drei heraus,
Wanden ſich in einen Strauß;
Schaum und Gährung ſanken, ſchwiegen.
Schwebend ſich im Kelche wiegen
Sah ich Roſ' und Veilchen, ſchmiegen
Sich um beide, unſchuldweiß,
Das geliebte Kind des Mai's.

Hold und lieblich duftend, blühten
Meine Blümlein; plötzlich gohr
Schaumgeziſch im Kelch empor;
Sauſend ſtieg's, verſchlang mit Wüthen
Meine Blümlein; drauf verſprühten
Giſcht und Blaſen, ängſtlich mühten,
Ach! nicht lieblich, wie zuvor,
Meine Blümlein ſich hervor.

Aſchenfarb und gelb, verblichen
Jede Schöne, ſüßer Duft
Nun verkehrt in Grabesluft!
Todesſchweiß und Schauer ſchlichen,
Ob dem bangen, fürchterlichen
Anblick, über mich; entwichen
War ich ſchier. Der Rittersmann
Sah's und hub zu reden an:

„Einſt hatt' ich ein Weib! Beſingen
Thät kein Dichter je ein Weib,
Schön, wie ſie, an Seel' und Leib;
Keinem Maler (hundert gingen
Stolz zum Werke!) that's gelingen,
Sie auf Leinewand zu bringen;
Sie nur malte fein und glatt
Einſt ſich auf ein Roſenblatt.

„Einſt hatt' ich ein Weib!“ (Es bebten,
Als er's ſeufzte, perlenklar,
Thränen an der Wimper Haar.)
„Lieb' und Gegenliebe lebten
In uns, Ruh' und Wonn' umſchwebten
Uns, und Heiterkeit: die webten
In des Lebens Ungemach
Süße Freuden, Nacht und Tag.

Dennoch — Ach! der Weiber Herzen
Sind ein Räthſel allzumal! —
Fand ſie Kurzweil manches Mal,
Mir zu bräuen Sorg' und Schmerzen,
Kalt zu küſſen, kalt zu herzen,
Leicht mit meiner Ruh' zu ſcherzen,
Meiner Liebe! warm und treu,
Immer alt und immer neu!

Immer thät das Wunder währen
In dem Kelch; es ſauſ'te, ſtieg,
Blühte, welkte, brauſ'te, ſchwieg.
„Was dies Sträuslein ſei, dies Gähren
Sollſt du,“ ſprach er, „ſtaunend hören.
Dieſer Kelch faßt meine Zähren,
Die der Liebe Freudendrang,
Und auch Gram, vom Auge zwang!“ —

Da erwacht' ich bebend. Sehen
Thät ich, ſtatt des Traumes Bild,
Nur mein Weiblein ſüß und mild.
Ihres Odems leiſes Wehen,
Ihres Buſens ſanftes Blähen
Hieß mein Beben ſchnell vergehen.
Deine Warnung, Nachtgeſicht,
Dank der Liebe, ſchreckt mich nicht!

Die weiße Frau.

Im Auszuge.

Erſte Ballade.

Ein alter, weiſer Spruch uns lehrt
Der erſte Schritt nur koſte;
Von leiſem Odem angezehrt,
Des Stahles Spiegel roſte;
Wohl Tibur's Leierſänger ſpricht:
Des Färbers Schminke erſtatte nicht
Verblich'ner Wollenflocke
Den Schnee der Lämmerlocke.

Ihr Herr'n und Frau'n mit warmem Blut
Und leichtem Sinn, auf eurer Hut!

Einſt ſtand an Veſta's Opferherd
Im Jungfrauenkranz ihr Blümchen,
Die Prieſterin, die unverſehrt
Bewachte Flamm' und Blümchen,
Wohl jenes Flämmchens Bild, das zart
Ein heil'ger Wächter dem bewahrt,
Dem noch im Heiligthume
Nicht welkte ſeine Blume.

Das Flämmchen, trifft's ein rauher Hauch,
Erliſcht und wandelt ſich in Rauch.

Wohlan denn, ſchließt den Ring und hört,
Doch zürnt nicht, Herr'n und Frauen,
Wenn, was mich Clio's Täflein lehrt,
Erfüllt eu'r Herz mit Grauen.
Die Sonn' auf ihrem Flammenpfad,
Alltäglich ſieht die Gräuelthat,
Verübt durch Menſchenhände,
Wie Dichtung nicht erfände.

Ein Phöbus-Ruf erſchöll' ſein Mund,
Erſchaudernd, ach, was thät's uns kund

Graf Otto ſchwang ſich auf ſein Thier
Und ſprach zu ſeinen Rittern:
„Wir ziehn umher, ich wähne mir
Ein Weibchen zu erwittern;
Es hab' in Stadt, Gebirg' und Thal
Das Forſcherauge freie Wahl,
Nicht eh' bis ich ſie finde
Geht's heim nach Orlamünde.

Halsbrechend iſt, o Graf, dein Ritt,
Nimm weislich Freundes Warnung mit!

Vom Elbſtrom bis zum ſchwarzen Wald,
Vom Bodenſee zum Brocken,
Blieb ſtets ſein Puls, ſein Herz ihm kalt
Für Buſen, Aug' und Locken;
Das anmuthsvollſte Fräuleinchor
War ihm ein bunter Tulpenflor.
Kein Mündchen gab ihm Genüge,
Kein Köpfchen mied die Rüge.

Des Sängers Finger: Warne! winkt,
Die Strafe folgt, ſo ſchwer ſie hinkt.

Mit Mißmuthsfurchen ſich bezog
Des edlen Wählers Stirne,
Die Hoffnung, ſie zu ſehn, entflog,
Sie ſeines Traumbilds Dirne.
Friſch auf! zu meiner Sippſchaft hin
Ziehn wir, dort zwiſchen Etſch und Inn,
Die meiner Laune Grillen
Mit Ohm und Muhmen ſtillen.

Du arme Stirne, die ſich furch't,
Doch Lorg'ras kränzt die unſre Furche!

Willkommen! drängt ſich's um ſein Roß,
Herr Vetter, Neff, Pathe!
Und aller Jubel grüßt im Schloß
Den Sohn der Frau Baſe.
Die ſchöne Tochter an der Hand,
Macht Fürſt Meran ihm ſie bekannt.
Schnell kam von Amors Bogen
Ein Pfeil ihm angeflogen.

Ach, was dich ſtach, wenn's nur nicht war
Ein Würmchen aus Alecto's Haar!

Hoch feir't der Erſte Prunk und Brauch
Die Ankunft unſers Grafen;
Schon weht der Wechſelliebe Hauch
Sein Schifflein in den Hafen.
Und Freuden, wie an Perlenſchnur
Gereiht, entſprießen Beider Spur,
Bis ſie des Eheſtands Kette
Umſchlingt im Hochzeitbette.

Ein Hafen, dem's an Klippen nicht
Und Strudeln, wie bekannt, gebricht!

Durch Prieſterſpruch und Gattenkuß
Geſtempelt zur Vermählten,
Zog, über Berg und Feld und Fluß,
Sie mit dem Auserwählten,
Zur Heimath, die aus Saale's Thal
Schon ragt empor im Abendſtrahl,
Land, Stadt und Schloßgeſinde
Jauchzt laut in Orlamünde.

Wohl herrlich iſt das Einzugsfeſt,
Glück iſt ein Vogel, halt ihn feſt!

Geſponnen von der Freude Daum,
Glatt, wie im Zaubermährchen,
Ihr Tag, und auf der Liebe Flaum
Ruht Nachts das Turtelpärchen;
Vom Schäferſpiel zur Schau und Pracht,
Vom Grottenbad' zur Falkenjagd

Sing's und vom Leckermahle
Zum Faſchingstanz im Saale.

Des Lebens Roſe blüht, doch, o,
Auf Erden ohne Stachel, wo?

Schaut! eng und enger ſtets umſchlingt
Der Gürtel ſchon ihr Mieder,
Der zehnte Mond erſcheint, da ſingt
Die Amme Wiegenlieder;
Ein Zwillingspaar auf Mutterſchoos
Erhöht der Eltern Wonneloos,
Mit großem Aug' das Bübchen
Und ſie mit Wangengrübchen.

Holdſelig Pärchen! Ach, euch ſingt
Kein Vöglein, was euch Zukunft bringt!

Bald lud nach Nürnberg zum Turnier
Ein Burggraf Albrecht beide — —
„Behagt's dir Liebchen! — Schatz, mit dir
Zög' ich zum Siege mit Freude."
Geſattelt und gezäumt zum Ritt!
Flugs unter ihm ſein Renner ſchritt,
Ihr Zelter ſpielt zur Seite,
Von fern folgt ihr Geleite.

Zum Siege? Dein Tanz auf Blüthenbahn
Gleicht nicht dem Schritt in Charon's Kahn!

Graf Albrecht Zollern trug die Burg
Des Kaiſers dort zur Lehne,
Er, Deutſchland und Burgund hindurch
Mit Fug benannt der Schöne.
Für Phidias und für Apoll'
Der Männerſchönheit Kunſtmodell,
Von Sohle bis zu Scheitel
War Rüg' und Tadel eitel.

Die ſchöne Kunigunde ſah
Den ſchönen Paris. Was geſchah?

Zweite Ballade.

Ein Morgenlands-Eroberungsherr
Einſt prangt' im Wagenſeſſel,
Ihn zogen feierlich einher
Vier König' in der Feſſel.
Der Ein' in Purpur angeſchirrt,
Von Gold und Kettenſchmuck umklirrt,
Blickt, unter Schweiß und Keichen,
Stets rücklings nach den Speichen.

Was trübſt du? fragt Seſoſtris ihn,
Erwiedernd ſagt er kalt und kühn:

Schau, Herrſcher, wie des Rades Rand
In Wirbelkreiſen ſchwebet,
Wie, was jetzt birgt des Staubes Sand
Empor ſich wieder hebet,
So ſchwingt ſich auch des Glückes Ball,
Erhebung ſinkt, es ſteiget Fall.
Wohl dieſe Tröſtung ſchenkten
Die Götter dem Gekränkten.

Seſoſtris ſpannt betroffen aus,
Vier Gäſten öffnet er ſein Haus.

Verſchmäht die Warnung beide nicht,
Mann mit dem ſchönen Weibe!
Noch ſtrahlt auf euch ihr Zauberlicht
Fortuna's helle Scheibe.
Sie wendet ſich! — Mit feſtem Sinn
Springt auf vom Schoos der Buhlerin,
Eh' was jetzt glänzend funkelt,
In Nacht ſie euch verdunkelt! —

Der Herold ruft uns zum Turnier,
Schon harrt die Menge, folget mir!

Auf Söllern und auf Bühnen prangt
Die Blüthe edler Frauen,
Schon ſehnend Jeder Herz verlangt
Ihn, dem es klopft, zu ſchauen.
Es öffnet ſich der Schranken Thor,
Die Kämpfer paarweis ziehn hervor!
Die ſtolzen Lanzen neigen
Sich vor der Schönen Reigen.

Wohl manche ſagt ſo ſpröd' und kalt,
Der's unter'm Buſenkoller wallt.

Der Thaten herrlichſte vollbringt
Das Häuflein Ritterhelden,
Doch vorwärts mein Geſang ſich ſchwingt,
Die Chronik mag ſie melden.
Auf jenen Purpurerker hin
Geheftet, ſpäht mein Aug' und Sinn,
Ob, was das Herzchen rühr'te,
Ein Feuerblick mir ſpür'te.

Färbt ſich die Wange? Roſenſchein
Des Vorhangs mag der Täuſcher ſein.

Im Feierprunk, auf Berberhengſt,
Graf Zollern ſtrahlt vor Allen,
Ach, guter Orlamünde, längſt
Iſt dir dein Loos gefallen!
Entgegen ſprengen Beid' in Haſt,
Doch Albrecht, ehrend ſeinen Gaſt,
Beugt aus, ſenkt ihm die Spitze,
Schaut auf nach ihrem Sitze.

Als Beider Speer gefällt, erſah
Sein Ziel, wie war dir, Gräfin, da?

Sie, nach Gebühr, erwählet, kränzt
Den Sieg im Ritterkreiſe.
Sie tritt vor Albrecht, o wie glänzt
Ihr Blick bei'm erſten Preiſe,
Als ihr geſtick'tes Buſenband
Der Schärp' um ſeinen Arm ſie wand,
Er dankend ſich ihr bückte,
Die Hand ihr küſſend drückte!

Schwebt ſchon dir, wie mir Argwohn ſingt,
Ein Schleifſtein vor, das Liebe ſchlingt?

Bei Fackelgluth und Kerzenglanz,
Im hochgewölbten Saale,
Fei'rt Freud' ihr Feſt im Walzertanz
Bei Geig' und Hörnerſchalle;
In Sphärenſchwebung kreiſ't her und hin
Der Sieger mit der Siegerin — — —
Ihr ſtreift an Scheiterklippe?
Ach, nur nicht Lipp' an Lippe!

Dort, wo euch barg der Säule Fuß,
Was ſah, was hör' ich? war's ein Kuß?

Ein Baum, uralt, entwuchs dem Kern,
Verboten Frucht und Blüthen,
Wohl ſproßt er nah, wohl ſproßt er fern,
Schwer iſt's, die Luſt zu hüten;
Die Drude, vor der Stirn gelockt,
Im Nacken kahl, umſchwebend lockt,
Und wer im Flug ſie haſchet,
Die Honigäpfel naſchet.

Dem Baume fern blüht, zart und hold,
Das Unſchuldsglöckchen Himmelgold!

Er uns in inn'rer Bruſt gepflanzt,
Ein Prieſter, Warner, Richter,
Der Aberwitz, ihr ſtarrend ſtand,
Umwachſen licht und dichter,
Sie ſchüchtern erſt die Blüthen haſcht,
Dann mählig auch ein Früchtchen naſcht,
Bis ſie die Zweige ſchüttelt
Und voll ihr Körbchen rüttelt.

Gleich ihm, jung, edel, Sänger, o,
Du Schöner, warſt dein Scipio!

Schon längſt auf Aller Angeſicht,
Ihr Herren und ihr Damen,
Leſ' ich die Frage: Nennſt du nicht
Des ſchönen Weibes Namen? —
Ach, nicht vermag ich zu entweihn
Den Namen, der ſo engelrein,
In Lieb' und Sehnſuchtsſchmerzen,
Lebt heilig mir im Herzen!

Dein Name ſoll entweiht nicht ſein,
O Schweſter, Pſyche-Agnes, mein!

Dritte Ballade.

Wie ſingt mein alter Freund? — Natur
  Giebt Jedem was ihm diene,
Dem Roß den Huf, Gehörn dem Stier,
  Und ihren Dolch der Biene.
Dem Manne giebt ſie klugen Sinn,
Und was des Mann's Gebieterin?
  Die Schönheit, der, beſiegt,
  Der Weiſ' und Held erlieget.

  Verſchwieg der Greis, daß Weiberliſt
  Des [illegible] [illegible] iſt!

Sie reichlich ausgeſtattet war
  Mit ſolchem Angebinde,
Lockt wo ein Ziel, ſie wußt' auf's Haar,
  Wie krumm ihr Pfad ſich winde.
Ihr Otto, erſt wohl barſch und wild,
Wird bald durch Koſen ſanft und mild;
  Was Herzchen nur erſinnet,
  Die Liſt ihr ſchlau erſpinnet.

  Ihr, die des Zaubers Gurt umſchmiegt,
  Ihr Schönen! ſchönen Sieg nur ſiegt!

„Ach, Orlaminde liegt ſo fern,
  Ziehn dort wir hin, ich ſterbe!
Und huldigt meinem Eheherrn,
  Als mütterliches Erbe,
Nicht Culmbach, das vom Main umſchlingt,
An Albrecht's Rebenhügel gränzt!
  Dort ſoll ein herrlich Leben
  Mit Lieb' und Freude weben!"

  In nächſter Nacht bei Kuß und Spiel
  Erreicht ſchon ihr Wunſch ſein Ziel.

Die Horen fliegen, ſchon erſcholl
  Des Abſchieds dumpfe Stunde,
Ach ihr, den Pfeil im Buſen, quoll
  Die bitterſüße Wunde!
Ihm von des [illegible] Glut verzehrt,
Das Blut in allen Adern gährt,
  So ziehn zum neuen Neſte
  Sie hin nach Culmbach's Veſte.

  Wohl mir, daß nicht als Dritter ich,
  Unſelig Paar, geleite dich!

Wie Sumpfes Qualm und Roſenduft,
  Wie Strahl entfernt von Schatten,
So zwiſchen Jetzt und Einſt die Kluft
  Klafft gähnend unſern Gatten.
Der Graf, gelähmt an Sinn und Arm,
Schwankt unſtät hin durch ſtummen Harm,
  Starr', wie des Grames Bildniß,
  Sah er in öder Wildniß.

  Ein Tröpfchen Gift, wär' ich Gemahl,
  Wie dankt' ich dir die läng're Qual!

Ihm brach das Herz! — Im Wittwenflor
  Beſieht ſie des Spiegels Launen
Und lüſtelnd leihet ſie das Ohr
  Dem Rath, den Zofen raunen.
Graf Otto, mit Gepräng' und Pracht,
In's Grabgewölbe wird gebracht,
  Im weißen Nonnenſchleier
  Schaut ſie die Leichenfeier.

  Das Zwillingspärchen, ſchmerzgeſchmückt,
  So hold aus Himmelsaugen blickt!

Die Jo's Bremſ' einſt ſumm' und ſchwirr'
  Und ſtach und ſtach und ſummte,
Daß raſtlos Berg und Thal durchirr'
  Entflammt, die Schlauvermummte,
Ihr Stachel iſt noch heut gewetzt,
Sie ſchwirrt und ſticht und ſummt und hetzt,
  Und weißt du, wo ſie brüte?
  Im läſternen Gemüthe.

  Doch [illegible], die [illegible] Stab nicht ſchreckt,
  Und die nicht Jo's Bremſe weckt!

[illegible], umſchwirrt lag Morgens ſie,
  Da ſeufzt' die Lieblingszofe:

„Geſtrenge Frau, bei'm Burggraf, wie
  War's herrlich dort bei Hofe!
Soll ich, ihr ſeid ſo jung, ſo ſchön,
Im Wittwenbett verblühn euch ſehn?
  Was meint ihr, wenn er käme,
  Platz hier zur Seit' euch nähme?"

  Du Natur! in des Sprichworts Sinn,
  Trägſt du zum Quell das Waſſer hin!

„Hör', Trudchen, ſchleiche du dich fort,
  Sei dienſtbar mir im Stillen,
Laß fallen manches kluge Wort,
  Schlau fördernd meinen Willen!"
Sie flink bei'm Frühmett-Glockenſchall,
Zieht Burſch' und Klepper aus dem Stall,
  Strebt raſch mit feinen Ränken
  Ihr Werk zum Ziel zu lenken.

  Wirf nur den Angelhaken aus,
  Doch wird der Fiſch dir auch zum Schmaus?

Den Burggraf wurmt nun manche Jagd
  In fremdem Luſtgehege,
Vergeltend, drohend, ſein Verdacht
  Weckt Ahnungsſorg' ihm rege.
Er ſpricht: „Der Gräfin Orlamünd'
Iſt Hinderniß ihr Zwillingskind,
  Von ihrem Traualtare
  Ziehn mich zwei Augenpaare."

  Dich leitet Klugheit, doch mich ſchreckt
  Der Vorwandsſchleier, der ſie deckt.

Ein Blitz bei Gertrud's Botſchaft ſchlägt
  Der Wittwe durch die Glieder,
Erröthend und erbleichend frägt
  Sie ſtotternd, ſeufzt, und wieder. —
Ihr guter Geiſt, der längſt ſchon ſtrebt
Umſonſt, vom [illegible], erbebt,
  Vermag's nicht länger, hebet
  Den Fittig und entſchwebet.

  Kennt ihr ein Wetterglas, hervor
  Tritt, wenn die Jungfrau weicht, der Mohr!

Das Zwillingspaar auf jungem Klee
  Im Schatten lächelnd ſpielet,
Und ſanft beſtreut im Blüthenſchnee
  Mit Händchen, Füßchen wühlet;
Schon keimt's in ihrem Sinn empor,
Und Herzensblümchen ſprießen vor,
  O ſeht, wie's Schmeichelbübchen
  Umhalſt ſein Schweſterliebchen!

  Das Vög'lein ſingt im Morgenthau
  Und Abends würgt's des Sperbers Klau'!

Sie geht vorbei mit raſchem Fuß,
  Den Lieblichen, die Mutter,
Sie lall'n und werfen Kuß auf Kuß
  Holdſelig hin der Mutter,
Doch, was giebt ihnen ſie zurück?
O, fragt nicht, ihr [illegible]-Blick
  Zeigt ſattſam, was ſie brüte
  Im mörd'riſchen Gemüthe.

  Es [illegible] ſchauervoll dein Knäul
  Sich ab, in Gräul verwebt ſich Gräul!

Schon iſt durch Mutterhand vollbracht
  Der Frevelthaten [illegible]!
Den Jammerblick, Mitternacht,
  Deck' ihn mit ſchwarzer Hülle!
Und du! — Umſonſt die Linke reibt
Die Rechte, unvertilgbar bleibt
  Geſprenkelt rothes Leben
  An deinen Fingern kleben!

  Das Weltmeer, ſtrömt' es Bad dir fein,
  Es wüſche nicht die Flecken rein!

O ſeht, wie hold das Engelpaar —
  Zum Sarge wurd die Wiege,
Zum Siegsgewand der Grabtalar —
  In Himmelsträumen liege!
Die Todeswund' iſt wohl verſteckt,
Ein unſchuldsvolles Händchen deckt

Dem Knäblein und dem Mädel
Ach den durchſtochnen Schädel!

Geprägt in Todeszügen ſteht,
Ach, für die Mutter ein Gebet!

Auf volkbeſä'ter Straße zieht
Der Leichenzug der Kleinen,
Wehklage jammert, Andacht glüht,
Und aller Augen weinen.
Willſt du in tiefer Kloſtergruft,
Beſchirmet treu vor Zeit und Luft,
Die Zwillingsſärge ſehen?
In Himmelskron ſie ſtehen.

Da flammten, wohl manch' hundert Jahr,
Zwei Lämpchen ihnen am Altar.

Unſichtbar ſchwebt und ſinkt und ſteigt
Die ernſte Richterwage,
Umher von Mund zu Ohr ſchon ſchleicht
Die ſchaudervolle Sage.
Die edlen Häupter des Geſchlechts
Berathen ſich, ihr Spruch des Rechts
Schließt in des Kerkers Enge
Sie ein auf Lebens Länge.

Im Wonnebett der Liebeswuth
Und Züchtlingsſchragen, welch ein Tauſch!

Hof heißt die Stadt im Frankenland
Da ſtarr'n des Zwingers Zinnen,
Die enggewölbte Felſenwand
Umſchließt das Räumchen drinnen.
Durch's Gitter blinzt des Tages Spur,
Es pflaſtern Kieſelchen die Flur,
Nur Bank und Tiſch und Schragen
Sind Hörer ihrer Klagen.

Die hohlgetret'ne Kieſelflur
Trägt ſtürmender Verzweiflung Spur.

Bei'm Mittagsglöckchen ſchiebt ſich ein
Mit Faſtenſpeiſ' ein Teller,
Durch ſchmalen Spalt, es perlt ihr Wein
Im Quell und nicht im Keller.
Ach, und der Troſt, den uns gewährt
Des Menſchen Aug', iſt ihr verwehrt,
Kein Laut aus Menſchenkehle
Nah't ihrer Jammerhöhle.

Sie muß den Todtenkopf auf zwein
Gekreuzten Knochen vor ſich ſehn!

Es ſteigen raſtlos Sonnen auf,
Es ſinken Sonnen nieder,
Und wechſelnd kehrt der Stundenlauf
Im Lenz und Winter wieder.
Unſelig Weib! Es rächt Natur
An dir ſich, Nacht und Winter nur
Umgiebt dich, keine Schonung
Blickt mild in deine Wohnung.

Dem Jammerflehn der Richter Ohr
Bleibt ehern wie dein Kerkerthor.

Doch mählig, mählig wirkt der Zeit
Geheimer Zauber, ſchleichend
Wirkt Kerkerqual und Einſamkeit,
Das Felſenherz erweichend;
In einen Abgrund bringt ihr Blick,
Erbebend ſchaudert ſie zurück,
Stets gräßlicher entfalten
Sich ihr die Gräulgeſtalten.

Des Steines Kieſelſchooß, berührt
Vom Stahl, den Funken ſo gebiert.

Jedoch ihr lodert nicht in Gluth,
In laut'rer Flamm' ihr Funken,
Sie zagt und in Verzweiflungswuth
Liegt troſtlos ſie verſunken;
In ihrer Bruſt gewidmet war
Euch nimmer noch ein Weihaltar,
Euch beiden Himmelstöchtern
Des reinen Flämmchens Wächtern.

Ach, Glaub' und Lieb', aus eurer Hand
Ward ihr noch nie ein Himmelspfand.

O, hätteſt du als Sünderin,
In Staub und Aſche büßend,
Zermalmt das Herz, zerknirſcht den Sinn,
Gefleht, in Zähren fließend,
Dann hätten Glaub' und Lieb', erweicht,
Den Tröſtungsbecher dir gereicht,
Dann hätt' ein Blick von Oben
Das welke Herz gehoben.

Das Segenspflänzchen, perlenfeucht,
Von Früchten ſchwer die Sproſſen beugt.

Es ſteigen raſtlos Sonnen auf,
Es ſinken Sonnen nieder,
Und wechſelnd kehrt der Stunden Lauf
Im Lenz und Winter wieder.
Kein Schimmer tagt, ſie troſtlos liegt,
Des Jammerlebens Quell verſiegt,
Der ſchwache Puls nur ſchlaget
Von Todesgraun erreget.

Kein Labetröpfchen lindernd kühlt
Die Gluth, die ihr im Buſen wühlt.

Dem Ruhegeber, der befreit
Vom Joch den Lebensmatten,
Ihn bettet nach des Frohnens Zeit
In kühlen Grabesſchatten,
Dem Leidenlöſer, der nur reicht
Die Freundeshand, der ſelbſt ſchon leicht
Geſchürzt ſich fühlt zu bringen
Empor auf freien Schwingen.

So wie er ſproßt, im Neſte ſchon,
Den Fittig prüft des Adlers Sohn.

Gebrochnen Auges, wild ſie ſtarrt,
Die letzten Kräfte ſinken,
Sie röchelnd, zuckend, angſtvoll harrt — — —
Er nah't, ſie ſchaut ſein Winken.
Der Knochenmann, der ſchreckt ſie nicht,
Sie ſchreckt das ernſte Strafgericht,
Der Richterwage Neigen,
Ach, ihrer Schaale Steigen!

Wär' unſer Auge ſchuppenlos
Wir ſchauten unſrer Schaale Loos.

Ihr Stündlein ſchlug! — Verdammt ihr Geiſt,
Gebannt in enge Sphäre,
Irrt unſtät, ruhelos, verwaiſ't
Umher in öder Leere.
Der alte Sehnſuchtstrieb nicht ruht,
An Albrecht's Stamm, an Zollern's Blut —
So Drang und Zwang ſich gatten —
Geheftet bleibt ihr Schemen.

Wohin des Burggrafs Sippſchaft reicht,
Des Weibes Schemen dort ſich zeigt.

Gehüllt in weiße Wittwentracht,
Im weißen Nonnenſchleier,
So ſchleicht ſie nun um Mitternacht
Durch Burg- und Schloß-Gemäuer,
Die bleichen Händ' in's Kreuz gelegt
Auf flachem Buſen, unbewegt
Den Blick geſenkt zur Erde,
Mit ſtarrer Leichgeberde.

Die weiße Frau! Sie, allbekannt,
Zuerſt geſehn in Frankenland.

Wechſelgeſang Iſraels bei ſeiner Erlöſung aus der Babyloniſchen Knechtſchaft.

(Fragment aus dem Drama: Belſazer.)

Chor der Greiſe.

Du hatteſt, Adler, dem von dem Aufgang her
Der Retter winkte, hatteſt vom Erdenraum,
O Mann, die Bahn, vollbracht, und nahe
Säuſelt' es unter dem Fuß' und Fittig.

Wir zagten noch! O zürne, du Retter, nicht
Uns Erdenſöhnen, denen zum Erbe ward

Die Kleinmuth; die nach ihres Herzens
Spanne dich meſſen und dein Erbarmen!

Chor der Männer.

Hüter: freudig erſchallt nun von der Warte dein
Jubel! Hüter, die Nacht hat ſich in Sonnenſtrahl
Nun verwandelt, die Klage
Nun verwandelt in Harfenklang!

Feſſel, du biſt gelöſ't! Kerker, geöffnet ſind
Deine Thore! Du liegſt, blutige Drängerin,
Liegſt im Staub', und im Staube
Liegſt du, Wüthrich, o Belſazer!

Chor der Greiſe.

Hinab, o Babel! Setze, Geſchändete,
In Aſch' und Staub dich! Stolze Chaldäerin,
Entflechte deine Locken, ſchürze
Dich, und ermatt' an der Magde Mühle!

Du zarte Lüſtlin, krümm' in der Feſſel dich!
Wie deine Sklaven unter der Geißel einſt.
Ha, frei ſind ſie! Nun ſtampft auf deinen
Nacken die Ferſe des Ueberwinders!

Chor der Männer.

Erdenkönigin einſt! hüll' in den Schleier dich,
Wittwe! ſcheere dein Haupt; ſchleich' in den Zauberkreis;
Laß die Meiſter des Glücks dir
Rettung leſen im Sternenlauf!

Ach, ſie zagen, wie du, hüllen ihr graues Haupt
In den Mantel! — Wo war eure geprieſene
Kunde! Winkt der Mond euch
Keine Deutung der Flammenſchrift?

Chor der Greiſe.

Der Blitzſtrahl ſchießt! und plötzlich erſchallet laut
Des Donners Stimme! Siehe, ſo folgte ſchnell
Der Flammenſchrift das Angſtgewinſel,
Schallte das Echo der Siegsdrommete!

Chor der Männer.

Unſre Dank' mit ihr! Sonne der Hoffnung, du
Mond des Troſtes und du, untergegangen war't
Ihr, und Dunkel umhüllte
Unſern Kerker der Dienſtbarkeit!

Zweiter Wechſelgeſang

(anderer Greiſe und anderer Männer).

Chor der Männer.

Aus iſt's, Treiber, mit dir! Siehe zerbrochen iſt
Deine Geißel des Frohns, und in dem Staube liegt
Deiner wüthenden Herrſchaft
Völkertilgender Königsſtab!

Chor der Greiſe.

Nun feir't die Erde! Libanon's Jubel tönt,
Die Ceder ruft rauſchend der Tanne zu:
Der ſtolze Dränger liegt! Nun drohnet
Uns an der Wurzel nicht Axt und Hammer.

Die Hölle jauchzte, da du hinunter ſankſt,
Vom Seſſel hoben ihre Tyrannen ſich,
Und riefen höhnend: Ha! wie uns, ſind
Dir nun gefallen die Qualenlooſe!

Chor der Männer.

Deine Pracht iſt dahin! König, es ſchwindet dir
Tanz und Feiergeſang. Schweiger der Frevelluſt,
Nun ſind Motten dein Bette,
Deine Decke die Würmerbrut!

Endlich ſankſt du hinab, flammender Unglücksſtern!
Ha! du ſtrebteſt den Stuhl über die Sterne des
Lichts zu heben, zu fahren
Hoch auf Wolken, ein Gott, einher!

Chor der Greiſe.

Zur Hölle fährſt du, Wüthrich! Es ziſchet dir
Der Schatten Lache! Dir, o du Dürſtender
Nach Blut der Völker, der zur Wüſten
Machte das Land, und zur Trift die Städte.

Zwar viele Fürſten, Dränger des Landes, ruhn
Im Marmorgrabe! So nicht, o Belſazer,
Dein Leib! Er wird auf Scheidewege
Wie ein veraltet Gewand, geworfen.

Chor der Männer.

Da vermodre, Tyrann, deine zertretene
Leiche! Würger des Volks, der du in's eiſerne
Joch der Knechtſchaft die Deinen
Zwangſt, und Freie des Nachbarlands!

Die vier Chöre der beiden Wechſelgeſänge.

Der du den Dränger ſchlugſt und die Drängerin,
Der du den Deinen löſeſt der Knechtſchaft Joch,
O ſtürze jeden Dränger, löſe
Jedem Gefeſſelten ſeine Bande!

Chor der Jünglinge.

Säume nicht, Morgen! brich du hervor; ſchon dämmerſt du Freiheit!
Morgen! Es duftet der Thau ſchon und die Pappel des Thales.
Brüder, wendet euch weg von des Aufgangs purpurnem Fittig!
Wendet nach Salem euch hin! Heftet auf Salem den Blick;

Chor der Jungfrauen.

Schweſtern, wendet euch weg von der Morgenröthe nach Salem:
Wendet das Aug', und in ihm feuchte die Sehnſucht den Blick!
Du auch blickſt nach Salem, o ſchöner Morgen der Freiheit!
Lieblich duftet dein Thau, labet die Roſe des Thals!

Hananja, Miſael und Aſarja.

Erhebt die Häupter! Schaut der Berge Höh'
In goldnem Strahle! Dämmerung nebelt noch
Auf Erden; doch vom Himmel ſchwebet
Schön, wie ein Engel, der Morgen nieder!

Ein ſchöner Morgen! ſchöner als Lenze ſind
Im Glanz der Frühe! — Der dich errettet hat,
Läßt ſeines Auges Sonne leuchten,
Iſrael, träuft dir der Gnaden Fülle!

Chor der Aelteſten.

Träuft, ihr Himmel, o träuft Segen auf uns herab!
Purpurwolken, o thaut Heil in der Erde Schooß,
Daß die Schwangere gebähre
Fried', und Ruh', und Gerechtigkeit!

O, dann grünſt du empor, Juda, ein triefender
Oelbaum, rankſt empor, Iſrael, glänzend in
Traubenblut, wie an Eskol's
Bach die Rebe des Wunderſtamms.

Chor der Männer und der Jünglinge.

Dann entgürten die Krieger das Schwerdt, und geſchmiedet zur Sichel,
Mäht es die Saat, und der Spieß blühet, ein Sprößling, empor.
Unſer Retter im Himmel iſt unſer Schild, und es flammet
Seines Engels Schwerdt auf die Tyrannen hinab!

Chor der Jungfrauen.

O, dann blüht, wie die Roſ' im Thale, die Jungfrau von Zion.
Ihrer Unſchuld Gewand blendet im Lilienglanz;
Myrtenkränze ſchmücken ihr Haar, und ein heiliger Gürtel,
Rein von Golde gewebt, faltet ihr ſittſam den Schooß.

Chor der Weiber.

Dann, o Weiber, reihet mit Früchten das Bette der Keuſchheit;
Heil dir, die du gebierſt! Heil dir, o ſäugendes Weib!
Wir gebahren und ſäugten mit Jammer! — mit Wonne gebierſt du
Kinder des Segens, und ſäugſt Kinder des Segens, o Weib!

Chor der Greiſe.

Kindlein, euch ergreifet die Hand, die das Auge nicht ſiehet,
  Leitet auf ebener Bahn euch in ein heiliges Land.
Auch wir ſtrauchelten ohne ſie! und ohne des Führers
  Leuchte verlöre den Pfad unſer verlöſchender Blick!

Hananja, Miſael, Aſarja.

Der du, ſchaun wir empor, uns auf der Berge Höh'
Zeigſt den ſegnenden Strahl, faſſe der Wallenden
  Rechte, leucht' uns, und führ' uns
  In ein heiliger Vaterland!

Alle Chöre.

Greis, und Jüngling, und Mann, ſiehe, wir ſchaun empor!
Weib, und Jungfrau, und Kind! Faſſe der Wallenden
  Rechte, leucht' uns, und führ' uns
  In ein heiliger Vaterland!

Fragment aus dem Trauerſpiel Otanes.

Chor.

Im Purpurzelte ſaß, im entfernteſten
Der Winkel, tief zur Erde das Haupt gebeugt
  Die Fürſtin Suſias, entflochten
  Sank das Gewebe der braunen Locken.

Umringt von Mägden, hüllten die Trauernde
Der Magd Gewande; aber es täuſchte nicht
  Der Tugend Würde, nicht der Schönheit
  Liebliche Blume den Blick der Sieger.

Da floß die Thräne, rann auf den Schleier, rann
Auf ihre Füße; jammernd zerriß ſie das
  Gewand, und ſchlug den Schwanenbuſen!
  Banges Gewinſel der Jungfraun folgte.

Sie kannte nicht den Sieger, den edelſten
Der Götterſöhne, der von dem Weibe weg
  Sein Auge wandte, heilig, wie die
  Schweſter ſie ehrte, dem Gatten rufte.

Die Schlacht begann, der Donner des Wagenheers
Erſcholl, da kam ſie, hielt in der rechten Hand,
  Umweht vom Fittig, einen goldnen
  Helm in der linken ein Halsgeſchmeide.

Des Panzers Purpur wallt ihr vom Arm hinab;
So ſtand ſie vor ihm — „Weib, du entzeuchſt den Schmuck
  Dir ſelbſt!" — Ach, Abradates, du nur
  Biſt mir mein Ruhm, mein Stolz, mein Kleinod!

Sie ſelber ſchmückt' ihn, doch ihr entträufelten
Des Kummers Zähren, die ſie umſonſt verbarg;
  Da ruft ihm die Drommete — leiſe
  Flüſterte ſie mit der Liebe Worten:

„War je ein Weib, das mehr wie die Seele den
Geliebten liebte, bin ich das Eine Weib!
  O, ſtreite deiner werth, ich ſcheu ein
  Leben der Schmach, doch mit dir den Tod nicht!"

Ernſt und wehmuthsvoll hob er das Auge gen Himmel:
  Beſter, größter Gott, mache des Weibes mich werth!
Fleht' er, und ſprang in den Wagen, und faßte die Zügel indeſſen
  Küßte das liebende Weib, bis es entrollte, das Rad.

Ach, noch röthete nicht Paktolo's Welle der Abend,
  Als des Leichnams Haupt ihr in dem Schooße ſchon lag;
Ruhig blickte die Weinende bald gen Himmel und ruhig
  Bald auf den blutenden Leib ihres Geliebten hinab.

Denn ſie war entſchloſſen; ſie hatte den Tod und das Leben
  Ernſt gewogen: den Tod hatte die Treue gewählt;
Sterbend ſank der Liebenden Haupt auf die Bruſt des Geliebten;
  Beide ſchwebten zugleich in die Gefilde des Lichts.

Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg,

Bruder des Vorigen, wurde am 7. November 1750 in dem holſteiniſchen Flecken Bramſtedt geboren, er ſtudirte in Göttingen, wo er ebenfalls zu dem Dichterbunde gehörte und machte dann eine größere Reiſe mit ſeinem Bruder. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr anfangs däniſcher Kammerjunker in Kopenhagen, erhielt er im Jahre 1777 die Stellung eines fürſtbiſchöflich lübeckiſchen bevollmächtigten Miniſters daſelbſt. 1789 ging er als däniſcher Geſandter nach Berlin, wurde 1791 Präſident der fürſtbiſchöflichen Regierung zu Eutin und bereiſte in demſelben Jahre mit ſeiner zweiten Gemahlin Italien. Gewiß war dieſe Reiſe nicht ohne Einfluß auf Stolberg's ganze Gemüthsſtimmung und das Ereigniß, das mit dem Anfang des 19ten Jahrhunderts ſo großes Aufſehen erregte. Er war ein vieljähriger Freund von Johann Heinrich Voß, aber ſchon erregte ſein „Sendſchreiben an einen holſteiniſchen Kirchſpielvogt in Schweden," in welchem er ſich der Einführung der neuen von Adler verfaßten ſchleswig-holſteiniſchen Kirchenagende widerſetzte, bei den Liberalgeſinnten Befremden und Verdacht. Hatte er ſich in derſelben aber, wenn auch pietiſtiſch, doch als einen ſtreng lutheriſchen Orthodoxen gezeigt, ſo mußte ein Zeitalter, das die geheimen Uebergänge von dieſem Standpunct zum katholiſchen noch nicht kannte, auf das Aeußerſte erſtaunen, als Stolberg im Jahre 1800 alle ſeine Aemter niederlegte, nach Münſter ging, und, mit den größten Opfern, nebſt ſeiner ganzen Familie, von der nur Agnes, die älteſte Tochter ſich ausſchloß, zu der römiſchen Kirche übertrat. Das Erſtaunen ſprach ſich in zahlreichen Schriften, oft mit großer Erbitterung gepaart, aus; am tiefſten mußten Stolberg die heftigen Vorwürfe ſeines früheren Freundes, des alten Voß, der noch 1819 ihn angriff, verwunden. Er lebte längere Zeit zu Münſter und ſeit 1812 zu Tatenfeld bei Bielefeld. Endlich zog er ſich auf ſein Gut Sondermühlen im Osnabrückiſchen zurück, woſelbſt er am 6. December 1819 geſtorben iſt; noch ſeine letzten Tage waren durch Voß' Schrift getrübt. Er war auch Ritter des ruſſiſchen Alexander-Newsky- und St. Andreas-Ordens und ſeit 1815 Doctor der Philoſophie.

Von ihm erſchien:

Homers Ilias. 2 Thle. Flensburg und Leipzig, 1778. 1793. 2 Bde.
Jamben. Leipzig, 1784.
Die Inſel. Leipzig, 1788.
Reiſe nach Italien. Königsberg, 1794. 4 Thle.
Die Weſthunnen. Eutin, 1794.
Platons auserleſene Geſpräche. Königsberg, 1796—97. 3 Thle.
Vier Tragödien des Aeſchylos. Hamburg, 1802.
Oſſian's Gedichte. Hamburg, 1806. 3 Thle.
Geſchichte der Religion Jeſu Chriſti. Hamburg, 1806—1818. 15 Thle.
Büchlein von der Liebe. Hamburg, 1821. 3. Ausg.
Leben Alfred's des Großen. Münſter, 1816.
Drei kleine Schriften. Münſter, 1818.
Betrachtungen und Beherzigungen der heiligen Schrift. Hamburg, 1819—21. 2 Thle.
Kurze Abfertigung der langen Schmähſchrift des Hofrath Voß. Hamburg, 1820.
(Ueber die mit denen ſeines Bruders zugleich erſchienenen Werke, vergl. den vor. Artikel.)

Ueber die poetiſchen Arbeiten der beiden Brüder (ſ. den vorigen Artikel) ertheilt Bouterweck in ſeiner

Geſchichte der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften Bd. XI. S. 403 ſehr treffend mit folgenden Worten: Die Brüder Chriſtian Graf zu Stolberg, geboren im Jahre 1748, und Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg, geboren im Jahre 1750, theilten mit ihren Freunden Voß und Bürger ſchon zu Göttingen das Intereſſe für deutſche und griechiſche Poeſie. Ihre Gedichte, die zuerſt durch die Muſenalmanache und das deutſche Muſeum bekannt wurden, gaben ihrem Namen bald ein Gewicht, das noch vermehrt wurde, als im Jahre 1778 die homeriſche Iliade in Hexametern überſetzt von dem Grafen Friedrich Leopold zu gleicher Zeit mit Bodmer's Ueberſetzung deſſelben Gedichts herauskam. In dem folgenden Jahre beſorgte Boie eine Ausgabe der erſten Sammlung eigner Gedichte der beiden Brüder. Seit dieſer Zeit ſind zu denen vom Grafen Chriſtian nur wenige hinzugekommen, unter andern im Jahre 1787 zwei Schauſpiele mit Chören zugleich mit ähnlichen vom Grafen Friedrich Leopold, der nicht lange vorher, im Jahre 1784, in ernſten Satyren unter dem Titel Jamben ſich von einer neuen Seite gezeigt hatte. Der hohe Adel des Gefühls, durch den ſich faſt alle dieſe Gedichte, ſelbſt die volksmäßigen und kindlichen, auszeichnen, hätte ihnen unter Gleichgeſinnten Freunde erwerben müſſen, wenn auch ihr eigentlich poetiſcher Werth geringer wäre. Aber ſie gehören auch als Gedichte zu den vorzüglicheren aus dieſer Periode der deutſchen Literatur. Die Phantaſie ſchwingt ſich in ihnen nicht immer ſo hoch, wie das Gefühl; aber ſie erhebt ſich kraftvoll über das Gemeine, und verarbeitet den anziehenden Stoff in glücklichen Gedanken und Bildern mit männlicher Leichtigkeit zu einem ſchönen Ganzen. In der gewählten und doch ungezwungenen Sprache erkennt man die Zöglinge der alten Claſſiker. Im lyriſchen Rhythmus wird der Graf Friedrich Leopold von keinem deutſchen Dichter übertroffen. Er iſt auch der Einzige, deſſen Balladen in der Nähe derer von Bürger einen ehrenvollen Platz behaupten. In den Schauſpielen mit Chören, in gleichem Geiſt und Style von beiden Brüdern, wird das dramatiſche Intereſſe, das man vermißt, durch das lyriſche wenigſtens ſo weit erſetzt, daß Gefühl und Phantaſie immer hinlänglich beſchäftigt bleiben. Die Ueberſetzung der Iliade vom Grafen Friedrich Leopold mußte der von Voß den Platz räumen; aber ſie verdient im Andenken zu bleiben als ein Verſuch, den griechiſchen Dichter mit einer prunkloſen Feierlichkeit reden zu laſſen, die freilich verſchieden von ſeiner patriarchaliſchen Naivetät iſt.

Aus F. L. Grafen Stolberg's Gedichten und Jamben.

Ode.

An den Mai.

Eile nicht, ſchönſter Sohn des bunten Jahres!
Schütt', o glänzender Mai, die Roſenflügel
Ueber dieſer Wölbung der Eiche, dieſer
Wölbung der Buche,

Deren verſchlungne Wurzeln Sitz mir bieten,
Deren Wipfel umſchlungen kühle Schatten
Senken, und mit webendem Luftgeſäuſel
Sprachlos mir ſchmeicheln;

Hier, wo die Biene mich umſummet, vor mir
Sich an ſchwebendem Faden wiegt die Raupe,
Wo mir einſam Herwandelnden, einſam tönend
Wehmuth und Wonne.

Sehnſucht und leiſe Hoffnung Philomele
Singt in's ahnende Herz, bis laute Chöre
Rund umher wetteifernder Nachtigallen
Wecken den Träumer.

Bindet den holden Mai mit Geisblatt, Kinder,
Ihr mit Ranken des Weines, daß ſein Fittig
Weile; lulle, freundliche Philomele,
Lull' ihn in Schlummer!

Der Harz.

Herzlich ſei mir gegrüßt, werthes Cheruskaland!
Land des nervigen Arms und der gefürchteten
Kühnheit, freieres Geiſtes,
Denn das blache Gefild umher!

Dir gab Mutter Natur aus der vergrabenden
Urne männlichen Schmuck, Einfalt und Würde dir!
Wolkenhöhnende Gipfel,
Donnerhallende Ströme dir!

Im antwortenden Thal wallet die goldene
Fluth des Segens, und ſtrömt in den genügſamen
Schooß des lächelnden Fleißes,
Der nicht kärglich die Garben zählt.

Schafe weiden die Trift; auf der gewäſſerten
Aue brüllet der Stier, ſtampft das geſättigte
Roß; die bärtige Ziege
Klimmt den zackigen Fels hinan.

Wie der ſchirmende Forſt deinem erhabenen
Nacken ſchattet! er nähret ſtolzes Geweihe dir!
Dir den ſchnaubenden Keuler,
Der entgegen der Wunde rennt!

Dein wohlthätiger Schooß, ſelten mit goldenem
Fluche ſchwanger, verleiht nützendes Eiſen uns
Das den Acker durchſchneidet
Und das Erbe der Väter ſchützt.

Dir giebt reinere Luft und die teutoniſche
Keuſchheit Jugend von Stahl; mooſigen Eichen gleich,
Achten ſilberne Greiſe
Nicht der eilenden Jahre Flug.

Dort im webenden Hain wohnt die Begeiſterung;
Felſen jauchzten zurück, wenn ſich der Barden Sang
Unter bebenden Wipfeln
Durch das hallende Thal ergoß.

Und dein Herrmann vernahm's! Sturm war ſein Arm! ſein Schwerdt
Wetterflamme! betäubt ſtürzten die trotzigen
Römeradler, und Freiheit
Strahlte wieder im Lande Teuts!

Doch des Heldengeſchlechts Enkel verhüllten
Herrmanns Namen in Nacht, bis ihn (auch er dein Sohn!)
Klopſtock's mächtige Harfe
Sang der horchenden Ewigkeit.

Heil, Cheruskia dir! Furchtbar und ewig ſteht,
Gleich dem Brocken, dein Ruhm! donnernd verkünden dich
Freiheitsſchlachten! und donnernd
Dich unſterblicher Lieder Klang!

Die Natur.

Er ſei mein Freund nicht, welcher die göttliche
Natur nicht liebet! Engelgefühle ſind
Ihm nicht bekannt! Er kann mit Inbrunſt
Freunde nicht, Kinder nicht, Weib nicht lieben!

Ihm bebte nie von trunk'ner Begeiſterung
Die ſtumme Lippe! Schauer begegneten,
In hoher Wallung ſeiner Seele
Nie mit der ſteigenden Morgenſonne!

In deinen Wonnebecher, Allgütiger,
Entfielen niemals Thränen des Dankes ihm!
Sein Erb' iſt Taumel, oder Schlafſucht!
Wehmuth und Wonne des Weiſen Erbe!

Er iſt kein Sohn der Freiheit! Das Vaterland
Iſt Spreu dem Feigen! Sclave! dich freute nicht
  Die Römerſchlacht! Zu meinen Füßen
    Krümme dich, Raupe, daß dein ich ſpotte! —

Ich ſeiner ſpotten? — Weh mir! O zürne nicht,
Du Vater Aller! Wirbel und Staub ergriff
  Den Mann von Staub, daß er des Staubes
    Spottete, den er beweinen ſollte!

O ſei geſegnet, Thräne der Reue, mir!
Des Mitleids Thräne, mehr noch geſegnet, du!
  Nun werden, wie nach Frühlingsregen,
    Traulich die Blumen der Au mir lächeln!

Nur reinen Herzens duftet der Abendthau
Der bunten Lenzflur! Heilig nur ihnen ſind
  Der Eiche Schatten! Deine Segen,
    Einſamkeit, können nur ſie ertragen!

Woll'ſt oft, o ſanfte Mutter der Weisheit, mich
Auf ernſte Pfade leiten, im Mondenſchein,
  Wo nur der Denker tiefe Wahrheit
    Schöpfet, und glühender Stirne wallet!

Dann werden oft ſich ernſte Betrachtungen
In Harmonieen wandeln, Begeiſterung
  Wird mich erfüllen, daß die Thale
    Hallen mein Lied und die Felſengänge!

Wenn du mich förder leiteſt, Natur, ſo ſoll
Mein Lied dir jauchzen, weil ich ein Jüngling bin!
  Es ſoll dich feiern, wenn mit Silber
    Kürzere Locke die Scheitel ſchmücket!

Frauenlob.

Traun, der Mann iſt Neides werth,
Dem ſein Gott ein Weib beſcheert,
Schön und klug und tugendreich,
Sonder Falſch, dem Täublein gleich!

Seiner Wonne Maaß iſt groß!
Seine Ruhe wechſellos!
Denn kein Kummer nagt den Mann,
Den ſolch' Weiblein tröſten kann!

Wird des Mondes Silberblick
Lächelt ſie den Gram zurück;
Küßt des Mannes Thränen auf,
Streut mit Blumen ſeinen Lauf.

Wenn ihn jäher Muth empört,
Er nicht mehr des Freundes hört,
Wenn von Zorn die Bruſt ihm glüht
Und ſein Auge Feuer ſprüht;

O! dann ſchleicht ſie weinend nach,
Sänftigt ihn mit einem Ach!
Alſo kühlt der Abendthau
Die verſengte Blumenau!

Keine Mühe wird ihm ſchwer!
Keine Stunde freudenleer!
Denn nach jeder Arbeit Laſt
Harret ſein die ſüße Raſt!

Engel fördern ihre Ruh,
Drücken Weiber Augen zu!
Ihrer keuſchen Ehe Band
Knüpfte Gottes Vaterhand!

Gott ſchenkt ihren Söhnen Muth,
Für die Tugend reges Blut!
Stärket ihren jungen Arm,
Macht ihr Herz für Freiheit warm!

Mit verſchämten Reizen blühn
Ihres Bettes Töchter! glühn
Mit der Mutter Unſchuld, rein
Wie ein Quell im Sonnenſchein!

Drob erfreut der Vater ſich,
Drob die Mutter inniglich;
Ihr vereintes Dankgebet
Preiſ't den Geber früh und ſpät!

Gold hat keinen noch beglückt;
Falſcher Ehre Lorbeer drückt;
Wer nach Würden haſcht, greift Sand!
Wiſſenſchaft iſt oft ein Tand.

Aber Weiber giebt uns Gott!
Ohne ſie iſt Leben Tod!
Weiber leichtern jedes Joch!
Lieben uns im Himmel noch!

Das eine Größte.

Ländliche Ruhe, Freundſchaft, Liebe kränzen
  Uns mit Blumen der Freude! Freiheit giebt uns
    Mannſinn! aber göttlich zu leben iſt das
      Einige Größte!

Lied eines alten ſchwäbiſchen Ritters an ſeinen Sohn.

Aus dem zwölften Jahrhundert.

Sohn, da haſt du meinen Speer;
Meinem Arm wird er zu ſchwer!
Nimm den Schild und dies Geſchoß
Tummle du forthin mein Roß!

Siehe, dies nun weiße Haar
Deckt der Helm ſchon funfzig Jahr;
Jedes Jahr hat eine Schlacht
Schwerdt und Streitaxt ſtumpf gemacht!

Herzog Rudolf hat dies Schwerdt,
Axt und Kolbe mir verehrt,
Denn ich blieb dem Herzog hold
Und verſchmähte Heinrich's Sold!

Für die Freiheit floß das Blut
Meiner Rechten! Rudolf's Muth
That mit ſeiner linken Hand
Noch dem Franken Widerſtand!

Nimm die Wehr und wappne dich!
Kaiſer Conrad rüſtet ſich!
Sohn, entlaſte mich des Harms
Ob der Schwäche meines Arms!

Zücke nie umſonſt dies Schwerdt
Für der Väter freien Heerd!
Sei behutſam auf der Wacht!
Sei ein Wetter in der Schlacht!

Immer ſei zum Kampf bereit!
Suche ſtets den wärmſten Streit!
Schone deß, der wehrlos fleht!
Haue den, der widerſteht!

Wenn dein Haufe wankend ſteht,
Ihm umſonſt das Fähnlein weht,
Trotze dann, ein feſter Thurm,
Der vereinten Feinde Sturm!

Deine Brüder fraß das Schwerdt,
Sieben Knaben, Deutſchlands werth!
Deine Mutter härmte ſich
Stumm und ſtarrend, und verblich.

Einſam bin ich nun und ſchwach;
Aber, Knabe, deine Schmach
Wär' mir herber ſiebenmal,
Denn der ſieben andern Fall.

Drum ſo ſcheue nicht den Tod,
Und vertraue deinem Gott!
So du kämpfeſt ritterlich,
Freut dein alter Vater ſich!

Romanze.

In der Väter Hallen ruhte
  Ritter Rudolf's Heldenarm,
Rudolf's, den die Schlacht erfreute,
Rudolf's, welchen Frankreich ſcheute
  Und der Sarazenen Schwarm.

Er der letzte ſeines Stammes,
  Weinte ſeiner Söhne Fall;
Zwiſchen moosbewachs'nen Mauern
Tönte ſeiner Klage Trauern
  In der Zellen Wiederhall.

Agnes mit den goldnen Locken
  War des Greiſes Troſt und Stab;
Sanft wie Tauben, weiß wie Schwäne,
Küßte ſie des Vaters Thräne
  Von den grauen Wimpern ab.

Ach! ſie weinte ſelbſt im Stillen,
  Wenn der Mond in's Fenſter ſchien.
Albrecht mit der offnen Stirne
Brannte für die edle Dirne,
  Und die Dirne liebte ihn!

Aber Horſt, der hundert Krieger
  Unterhielt in eignem Sold,
Rühmte ſeines Stammes Ahnen,
Prangte mit erfocht'nen Fahnen,
  Und der Vater war ihm hold.

Einſt bei'm freien Mahle küßte
  Albrecht ihre weiche Hand,
Ihre ſanften Augen ſtrebten
Ihn zu ſtrafen, ach! da bebten
  Thränen auf das Buſenband.

Horſt entbrannte, blickte ſeitwärts
  Auf ſein ſchweres Mordgewehr;
Auf des Ritters Wange glühte
Zorn und Liebe; Feuer ſprühte
  Aus den Augen wild umher.

Drohend warf er ſeinen Handſchuh
  In der Agnes keuſchen Schoos:
„Albrecht nimm! Zu dieſer Stunde
Harr' ich dein im Mühlengrunde!“
  Kaum geſagt, ſchon flog ſein Roß.

Albrecht nahm das Fehdezeichen
  Ruhig, und beſtieg ſein Roß;
Freute ſich des Mädchens Zähre,
Die, der Lieb' und ihm zur Ehre,
  Aus dem blauen Auge floß.

Röthlich ſchimmerte die Rüſtung
  In der Abendſonne Strahl;
Von den Hufen ihrer Pferde
Tönte weit umher die Erde
  Und die Hirſche floh'n in's Thal.

Auf des Söllers Gitter lehnte
  Die betäubte Agnes ſich,
Sah die blanken Speere blinken,
Sah — den edlen Albrecht ſinken,
  Sank, wie Albrecht, und erblich.

Bang' von leiſer Ahndung ſpornet
  Horſt ſein ſchaumbedecktes Pferd;
Höret nun des Hauſes Jammer,
Eilet in des Fräuleins Kammer,
  Starrt und ſtürzt ſich in ſein Schwerdt.

Rudolf nahm die kalte Tochter
  In den väterlichen Arm,
Hielt ſie ſo zwei lange Tage,
Thränenlos und ohne Klage,
  Und verſchied im ſtummen Harm.

Stimme der Liebe.

Meine Selinde! denn mit Engelſtimme
  Singt die Liebe mir zu, ſie wird die Deine!
    Wird die Meine! Himmel und Erde ſchwinden!
      Meine Selinde!

Thränen der Sehnſucht, die auf blaſſen Wangen
  Bebten, fallen herab als Freudenthränen!
    Denn mir tönt die himmliſche Stimme: Deine
      Wird ſie! die Deine!

An Jünglinge.

Ihr fröhlichen Jünglinge, höret
Den fröhlichen Jüngling! Er lehret
  Euch glücklich und weiſe zu ſein.
Heut iſt mir's im Herzen ſo helle!
Ich ſchöpfe die Freud' aus der Quelle
  Im alten Hungariſchen Wein!

Auf, wackre Geſellen, und tränket
Mit Freude die Seelen! Es kränket
  Den hölliſchen Drachen das Glück.
Doch hütet euch, Brüder! Er lauſchet,
Und wo ſich ein Jüngling berauſchet,
  Da grinzt er mit ſchielendem Blick!

Oft führet er bei nächtlichen Fackeln
Die Reigen der Thoren; ſie wackeln
  Frohlockend, und träumen nicht Harm.
Er führt ſie im Taumel des Tanzes;
Noch duften die Blumen des Kranzes,
  Schon hält ſie die Lais im Arm.

Ich warne dich, flatternde Jugend:
Oft grenzet die Freude der Tugend
  An giftiger Laſter Genuß.
So ſchleichet, im freundlichen Schatten
Der Pappel, auf blühenden Matten,
  Die Natter, und ſticht dich im Fuß.

Drum merke dir, was ich dich lehre:
Auf daß dich der Feind nicht bethöre,
  So ſuche dir heut' noch ein Weib!
Statt länger zu flattern, erwähle
Ein Mädchen mit lieblicher Seele,
  Und eben ſo lieblichem Leib!

Es halte ſich jeder zur Schande,
Zu fliehn die holdſeligen Bande,
  Womit uns ein Weibchen umſchlingt!
Sie führt uns am roſigen Bändchen,
Mit ſammtnen, liebkoſenden Händchen,
  Bis ſie in den Himmel uns bringt!

O Wonne, ſein Weibchen zu wiegen
In Armen der Liebe, zu liegen
  Bei'm Weibchen in ſüßem Genuß!
Ich achte, mit neidenden Blicken
Und ſchmachtendem Geiſterentzücken,
  Umſchweben die Engel den Kuß.

Ich hätt' euch noch vieles gelehret;
Das Mädchen hier hat mich geſtöret;
  Sie weckte den Trunknen dort auf.
Wart, Brummer! Gleich wirſt du ihm büßen!
Er ſtraft dich mit duftenden Küſſen,
  Und haſcht dich im wankenden Lauf!

Die Büßende.

Ballade.

Hört, ihr lieben deutſchen Frauen,
  Die ihr in der Blüthe ſeid,
  Eine Mähr' aus alter Zeit,
Die ich ſelbſt nicht ohne Grauen
Euren Ohren kann vertrauen;
Denn mit Schrecken ſollt ihr ſchauen,
  Wie ein Ritter, ſonder Glimpf
  Rächte ſeines Bettes Schimpf.

In den alten Biederzeiten,
  Da noch Keuſchheit Sitte war,
Und ein Weib nicht um ein Haar
Durft' aus ihrem Wege gleiten,
Kam ein Rittermann von weiten,
Der zum Kaiſer ſollte reiten,
  Von Navarra's Fürſt geſandt
  In das heil'ge deutſche Land.

Einſt da Strom und Nachtwind brauſ'ten,
  Und ſein Roß ermüdet war,
  Ward er eine Burg gewahr,
Wo ein deutſcher Ritter hauſ'te,

Deſſen Hof der Sturm durchſauſ'te,
Und der Ulmen Haupt zerſauſ'te;
Freudig leitet' er ſein Roß
In das hochgethürmte Schloß.

Laut klopft er an's Thor; es klappen
Ihm die Zähn', er war erſtarrt;
Denn des Winters Froſt war hart.
Bald erſchienen edle Knappen,
Forſchten nach des Fremdlings Wappen,
Hielten ſeinen treuen Rappen,
Führeten dann bei Fackelſchein
Ihn in den Palaſt hinein.

Herzlich, nach der Deutſchen Weiſe,
Ging auf ihn der Deutſche zu:
„Komm, genieß bei mir der Ruh'
Nach der ſchweren Winterreiſe,
Und erquicke dich mit Speiſe!
Sieh', es glänzt von Reif und Eiſe
Dir das Haupthaar und der Bart;
Auch iſt deine Hand erſtarrt.“ —

Bei der krummen Hörner Schalle
Führt er den erfrornen Mann,
Einen Windelſteig hinan,
In die kerzenvolle Halle.
Seine Väter ſtanden alle,
Aus gegoſſenem Metalle,
Schön gewappnet, ohne Zahl
In dem ungeheuern Saal.

Hier heißt er das Mahl bereiten,
Und ſchon ſitzen ſie am Tiſch,
Unſre Helden trinken friſch
Aus Pokalen und aus breiten
Tummlern, nach dem Brauch der Zeiten;
Rheinwein und Tokayer gleiten
In die Kehlen glatt hinein,
Welſcher und Burgunder Wein.

Aber mitten in der Freude
Oeffnet eine Thüre ſich;
Stumm und langſam feierlich,
Kommt ein Weib in ſchwarzem Kleide,
Ohne Gold, Geſchmeid und Seide,
Abgehärmt von bitterm Leide,
Mit geſchornem Haupte, ſchön
Wie der blaſſe Mond zu ſehn.

Grauen überfiel und Beben
Den Navarrer; er ward blaß;
Ihm entſank ein Doppelglas.
Und er zweifelte ob Leben
Wär' im Weibe, ob ſie ſchweben,
Senken, oder ſich erheben
Würde, ein Geſpenſt der Nacht,
Das in grauſen Stunden wacht.

Aber näher kam ſie ihnen,
Setzte nun ſich an den Tiſch,
Aß zween Biſſen Brod und Fiſch,
Und ſie ſchellte; da erſchienen,
Mit des Mitleids trüben Mienen,
Knappen, ihrer Frau zu dienen;
Einem winkt ſie: er verſteht
Ihren Jammerblick, und geht.

Und ſchon hält er in der Linken
Einen Schädel, ſpült ihn rein,
Gießet Waſſer dann hinein,
[illegible] ihr [illegible] dar zu trinken;
Ach! ſie läßt die Augen ſinken,
Sieht den naſſen Schädel blinken,
Starret vor ſich, trinkt ihn aus,
Setzt ihn hin, und wankt hinaus.

„Ich beſchwöre dich, zu ſagen,“
Hub der fremde Ritter an:
„Was hat dir dies Weib gethan?
Wie kannſt du mit dieſen Plagen
So ſie martern? wie ertragen
Ihrer Thränen ſtumme Klagen?
Sie iſt ſchön, wie Engel ſind,
Und geduldig wie ein Kind.“

„Fremdling, ſie iſt ſchön! Ich baute
Auf die Schönheit all' mein Glück;
Labte mich an ihrem Blick,
Wann ſie bei der ſanften Laute,
Fromm und liebend auf mich ſchaute!
Ach! mein ganzes Herz vertraute
Sonder Zweifel ich ihr an,
War ein hochbeglückter Mann!

Ihre ſchönen Augen logen!
Wer ergründet Weibesſinn?
Ihre Liebe war dahin,
Einem Buben zugeflogen,
Den ich in der Burg erzogen!
Lange hat ſie mich betrogen;
Meines Herzens Lieb' und Treu'
Blieb ſich immer gleich und neu!

Als ich einſt von frohen Siegen
Unvermuthet kam zurück,
Ach! da ſah mein erſter Blick,
Der ſie fand nach langen Kriegen,
Sie in meinem Bette liegen
Mit dem Ehebrecher! Schmiegen
Thät er wie ein Lindwurm ſich,
Doch ihn traf der Todesſtich!

Aber ſie fiel mir zu Füßen,
Flehend: „Herr erbarme dich
Meiner, und erwürge mich!
Laß mich mein Verbrechen büßen!
Sieh, das Eiſen möcht ich küſſen,
Das da ſoll mein Blut vergießen,
Und mich bald in jener Welt
Meinem Trauten zugeſellt!“ —

In dem Augenblick gedachte
Ich in meinem Zorne doch
Ihrer armen Seelen noch,
Und das Bild der Hölle brachte
Schrecken in mein Herz; doch wachte
Meine Rache noch, und fachte
Meines Zornes Gluth; ich ſprach:
„Büßen ſollſt du meine Schmach!

Aber nicht mit deinem Leben! —
Denn was hätt' ich deß Gewinn,
So du führſt zum Teufel hin!
Nein, mit Thränen, Flehn und Beben,
Magſt du nach dem Heile ſtreben,
Ob dir wolle Gott vergeben;
Aber Jammer, Angſt und Noth
Geb' ich dir bis an den Tod!“

Da thät ich ihr Haupt beſcheeren,
Nahm ihr Gold und Edelſtein,
Hüllte ſie in Trauer ein,
Ungerührt von ihren Zähren.
Welche Schmerzen ſie verzehren,
Magſt du von ihr ſelber hören.
Faſſe dich, und folge mir
Hier durch dieſe Seitenthür!“ —

Und er führt' ihn eine lange,
Steile, dunkle Trepp' hinab.
„Ach! du führeſt mich in ein Grab!“ —
Rief der Ritter, und war bange.
„Graut dir ſchon vor dieſem Gange?
Aber horch dem leiſen Klange
Einer Laute! Bei dem Klang
Singt ſie ihren Bußgeſang.“ —

„Halt! nun ſind wir an der Schwelle!“ —
Rief der Deutſche, ſtieß an's Schloß;
Raſſelnd ſprang die Feder los,
Und ſie ſah'n ſie in der Zelle.
Von den Augen ſtürzt die helle,
Gottgeweih'te Thränenquelle,
Fließet aus zerknirſchtem Sinn,
Auf das off'ne Pſalmbuch hin.

„Ach! wie iſt ihr Schickſal bitter!“
Ruft der Gaſt, und geht hinein.
Stracks führt ihn an einen Schrein
Der geſtrenge deutſche Ritter.

Wie getroffen vom Gewitter
Sinkt er hinter einem Gitter,
O, wer hätte das geglaubt?
Ein Gerippe ſonder Haupt.

Als der Fremdling ſich ermannte,
Sprach der Deutſche: „Sieh' den Mann,
Der dies Weib hier liebgewann,
Erſt für ſie im Stillen brannte,
Dann ſein Feuer ihr bekannte;
Den ſie ihren Trauten nannte,
Der mit ſeiner Frevelthat
Mir mein Bett beſchimpfet hat!

Das iſt nun ihr größtes Leiden,
Daß ſie ihren Ehemann,
Der ſolch' Leid ihr angethan,
Muß beſtändig um ſich leiden!
Jenes Anblick gab ihr Freuden
Sonſt, nun möcht' ſie gern ihn meiden,
Doch ſie ſieht ihn, und beim Mahl
Iſt ſein Schädel ihr Pokal.“ —

Ehe ſie das Weib verlaſſen,
Wünſcht der Fremdling ihr Geduld,
Und Erlaſſung ihrer Schuld.
Sie antwortete gelaſſen
Mit geſenktem Blick und blaſſen
Lippen: „Ritter, nicht zu faſſen
Iſt mit Worten mein Vergehn!
Deiner Magd iſt recht geſchehn!“ —

Freundlich wünſcht ſie dem Ritter
Gute Nacht! Sie gehen fort
Aus dem jammervollen Ort.
Bilder ihrer Angſt erſchüttern
Den Navarrer; ſie verbittern
Ihm den dunkeln Weg; es zittern
Seine Kniee; banger Schweiß
Ueberläuft ihn, kalt wie Eis.

Endlich kömmt er in ſein Zimmer,
Bang' und kummervoll durchwacht
Er die lange Winternacht.
Ach! er ſah ihr Bildniß immer,
Wie ſie bei der Lampe Schimmer
Spielte, ſang und weinte. Nimmer
Ward wohl je ein Weib geſehn,
Das ſo elend war und ſchön.

Bei der goldnen Morgenröthe
Thät er ſeine Rüſtung an,
Ging hinein zum deutſchen Mann,
Nahm ihn bei der Hand und flehte,
Daß er, eh' der Gram ſie tödte,
Aus dem Jammer ſie errette;
Sprach es, ſchwang ſich auf ſein Roß,
Und verließ das alte Schloß.

Jahre währten ihre Leiden;
Ihre helle Thräne ſank
Täglich in den bittern Trank.
Abgeſtorben allen Freuden,
That ſie jedes Labſal meiden,
That an ihrem Gram ſich weiden,
Sang den frommen Bußgeſang
Täglich bei der Laute Klang.

Endlich rührt' ihr leiſes Stöhnen,
Und ihr demuthvoller Schmerz
Des geſtrengen Mannes Herz.
Wer vermag ſich zu den Tönen
Leiſer Klage zu gewöhnen!
Rührender bewegen Thränen
Einer ſtummen Dulderin
Jeden felſenharten Sinn.

Sieh, er ließ ſein raſches Dräuen,
Ihr die ganze Lebenszeit
Anzufügen ſolches Leid,
Sich aus Herzensgrunde reuen;
Nahm ſie in ſein Bett von neuem,
That ſich weiblich mit ihr freuen;
Zeugte Söhne, ſtark von Art,
Töchter, wie die Mutter zart.

Unſre Frauen zu belehren
Hab' ich ſolches kund gemacht,
Und in ſaub're Reimlein bracht;
Auch die Herrchen zu bekehren,
Die der Weiblein Herz bethören,
Und ſich täglich bei uns mehren.
Tauſend Schädel, die wir ſehn,
Sollten auf dem Schenktiſch ſtehn.

Hymne an die Sonne.

Sonne, dir jauchzet bei deinem Erwachen, der Erdkreis entgegen,
Dir das Wogengeräuſch des erdumgürteten Meeres!
Fliehend rollet der Wagen der Nacht in nächtige Wolken
Eingehüllt, und ſchwindet hinab in die ſchauernde Tiefe.
Segnend ſtrahlſt du herauf, und bräutlich kränzet die Erde
Dir die flammenden Schläfe mit thauendem Purpurgewölke.
Alles freuet ſich dein! in ſchimmernde Feiergewande
Kleideſt du den Himmel, die Erd' und die Fluthen des Meeres

Siehe, du leiteſt am roſigen Gängelbande den jungen
Freundlichen Tag; er hüllt ſich in deine Safrangewande.
Aber, wie wachſen ſo ſchnell die Kräfte des himmliſchen Jünglings!
Feuriger blickt er, er greift nach deinem ſtrahlenden Köcher,
Und ſchon ſchnellt er vom goldenen Bogen flammende Pfeile!
Zürne, Himmliſcher, nicht! und ſoll dein Bogen ertönen,
O, ſo richte dein furchtbar Geſchoß auf des Oceans Fluthen,
Auf der ſchneeigten Alpen herunter ſchmelzende Gipfel.
Und auf ſandige Wüſten, die Löwen und Tieger durchirren!
Zürne, Himmliſcher, nicht! Dir flehen der Vögel Geſänge;
Dir der ſäuſelnde Wald; und dir die duftende Blume
Wolleſt nicht des wehenden Zephyrs Flügel verſengen!
Wolleſt nicht austrinken des Labſal ſpendender Quellen!
Wolleſt vom zarten Gräschen den krümmenden Tropfen nicht nehmen!

Sonne, lächle der Erd', und gieß aus ſtrahlender Urne
Leben auf die Natur! Du haſt die Fülle des Lebens!
Schöpfeſt, näher dem Himmel, aus himmliſchen Quellen, und durſteſt
Selber nimmer! Als Gott, mit ſeiner Allmacht umgürtet,
Wie mit gürtendem Schlauch ein Sämann, Sonnen dahinwarf,
Millionen auf einmal, jede mit Erden umkränzet,
Rief er, Sonnen, euch zu: verbreitet Leben und Wärme
Auf die dürftigen Erden! Erbarmt euch der Dürſtenden, daß ich
Mich am großen Abend des Himmels euer erbarme!
Alſo rief er. Gedenke deß, o Strahlende! Früher,
Oder ſpäter kommt der große Abend des Himmels,
Da ihr alle, zahlloſes Heer von mächtigen Sonnen,
Werdet, wie Mücken am Sommerabend in Teiche ſich ſtürzen,
Mit erbleichenden Strahlen herunterfallen vom Himmel!
Euer harren Gottes Gerichte! Gottes Erbarmung
Wähne nicht zu vergeben! Der große Geber des Lebens
Wird gefall'ne Mücken, gefallne Sonnen, in neues
Leben rufen! Wie du auf ſchwärmende Mücken herabſchauſt,
Schaut er ewig herab auf alle kreiſende Himmel!

Der Rheinſtrom.

(Fragment aus der Hymne an die Erde.)

Dir gebühret ein eigner Geſang, o Rheinſtrom! vor allen
Flüſſen Deutſchlands biſt du mir werth! Dich ſah ich als Knabe,
Wo, mit umwölkter Hand, die Natur am gängelnden Bande,
Ueber Nebel und ſtürmenden Winden und zuckenden Blitzen,
Deinen wankenden Tritt auf zackiger Felſenbahn leitet!
Muthiger rauſchet der Jüngling einher, und ſeiner Umarmung
Stürzet die brünſtige Reuß mit ſchäumenden Wogen entgegen;
Züchtig folgt ihm die Aar in langſam ſchlängelnder Krümmung.
O wie ſtürzt er donnernd herab beim hallenden Laufen!
Unter dir beben die Felſen; die grünlichen Wogen verhüllen
Sich in glänzenden Schaum; der ſtaunende Waller vernimmt nicht
Seiner eignen Bewund'rung Geſchrei, und heilige Schauer
Faſſen ihn, wie ſie die Felſen und zitternden Eichen ergreifen.
Ernſt mit männlicher Kraft, theilſt du die Koſtnitzer Fluthen
Eileſt Städten vorbei, und trägſt auf mächtigem Rücken
Schwimmenden Reichthum, ſchützeſt die Grenzen des heiligen Reiches,

Und beschenkst die Ufer mit hangenden, goldenen Trauben!
O, wie glänzet die Freud' in Hochheims Bechern! ſie wandelt
Sich zum Lied' im Munde des Dichters! bringet mir, Freunde,
Schnell des goldenen Weins, auf daß ich würdig euch ſinge,
Wie die Nymphe des Mains den göttlichen Buhlen umarmet!

Siehe, ſie fleußt ihm entgegen in ſanfter Wallung, und bringt ihm
Edle Geſchenke, den Reichthum der fruchtbaren fränkiſchen Fluren;
Bringt ihm ſilberne Tropfen des allbezähmenden Steinweins,
Den an Würzburgs Felſen die heißere Sonne gereift hat.
Solche Gaben bringt ihm die Nymphe mit bebender Liebe;
Aber er faßt ſie mit mächtigem Arm, und führt ſie hinunter,
Durch kryſtallne Hallen, in ſeine ſtille Behauſung;
Glänzender rollen die feiernden Wogen; die ſchönen Geſtade
Hallen weit umher vom Brautgeſange der Fluthen!

Lied.

Ich ging im Mondenſchimmer
  Mit Lyda Hand in Hand,
Ach, ich vergeſſe nimmer,
  Was da mein Herz empfand!

Bald ſchien die Nacht mir lauer,
  Als ich vorher ſie fand,
Bald eilten kalte Schauer
  Aus mir in ihre Hand.

Auf ihren Augen ſchwebte
  Des Mondes Silberſchein,
Auf ihren Lippen bebte
  Sein ſanfter Strahl ſo rein.

Der Liebe Thränen bebten
  Aus meinem Aug' hervor,
Und leiſe Seufzer ſchwebten
  Hinauf zu Lyda's Ohr.

Sie ſchwieg — doch eine Thräne
  Bebt' ihr im Auge hell,
Der Mond ſchwamm auf der Thräne
  Wie auf dem Wieſenquell.

Ich ſchwieg — und ſah die Thräne,
  Sie meint' ich ſäh' ſie nicht!
Der Mond ſchwamm mit der Thräne
  Hinab in ihr Geſicht.

Nun ſchwanden Wald und Erde
  Vor meinem Angeſicht!
Nur Lyda blieb — ich werde
  So ſelig wieder nicht!

Abendlied eines Mädchens.

Wann des Abends Roſenflügel
Kühlend, über Thal und Hügel,
  Ueber Wald und Wieſe, ſchwebt;
Wann der Thau die Bäume tränket,
Sich in bunte Blumen ſenket,
  Und an jungen Aehren bebt;

Wann im Schalle heller Glocken
Heimwärts ſich die Schaafe locken,
  Und im Gehn das Lämmchen ſaugt;
Wann das Geißblatt ſüße Düfte
In dem Wehen leiſer Lüfte
  Labend mir entgegen haucht;

Wann die ſchweren Kühe brüllen,
Gern die blanken Eimer füllen,
  Und die Dirne melkend ſingt,
Dann, auf ihrem bunten Kranze,
Leicht, als ſchwebte ſie im Tanze,
  Süße Milch nach Hauſe bringt;

Wann die Erlen duftend ſäuſeln;
Wann die Mücken Teiche kräuſeln;
  Wann der Froſch ſich, quakend, bläht;
Wann der Fiſch im Waſſer hüpfet,
Aus der kalten Tiefe ſchlüpfet,
  Und der Schwan zum Neſte geht;

Wann, im Nachtigallenthale,
Heſper mit verliebtem Strahle
  Heimlich meine Quelle küßt;
Wann, wie eine Braut erröthend,
Luna freundlich kommt, und flötend
  Philomele ſie begrüßt:

Dann umſchweben ſüße Freuden,
Hand in Hand mit ſtillen Leiden,
  Meinen Geiſt; mein Auge weint.
Wann die Thrän' in Luna's Schimmer
Bebet, weiß ich ſelbſt nicht immer,
  Was die ſtille Thräne meint.

Manche nennt' ich Freudenthränen,
Die vielleicht geheimes Sehnen
  Dem getäuſchten Auge ſtahl;
Mancher leiſe Wunſch entbebte
Seufzend meiner Bruſt, und ſchwebte
  Ungeſehn im Mondenſtrahl.

Ich beſchwör' euch, Abendlüfte!
Ich beſchwör' euch, ſüße Düfte!
  Heſper! Luna! Nachtigall!
Sagt, beſchleichet dieſes Sehnen
Mich allein mit leiſen Thränen
  Im geheimen Mondenſtrahl!

Die Erſcheinung.

Hingeſunken am See, über den Düften des
Lenzes, dacht' ich nur Sie, fühlt' ich nur Sie allein,
  Die des Tags mir die Seele,
  Die des Nachts mir die Seele füllt.

Blüthen ſanken, und Thau fiel auf die Wimper mir,
Weſte wiegten mich ein; eh' ich die Augen ſchloß,
  Sah' ich funkeln den Abend,
  Hört' einſchlafend die Nachtigall.

Da erſchien mir im Traum' Eine der Himmliſchen,
Gleich dem Abendgeſtirn flammeten die Augen der
  Göttin, Seligkeit ſchwebte
  Auf den Lippen der Lächelnden.

Wie der Abend des Roſen Wölkchen mit Gold bedeckt,
Floß ihr Roſengewand über die göttlichen,
  Leicht hinſchwebenden Glieder,
  In Gedüft von Ambroſia.

Ehmals kannteſt du mich, ſprach ſie, und lächelte;
Ehmals kannteſt du mich, ſprach ſie, und träufelte
  Ihres himmliſchen Nektars
  In die bebenden Lippen mir.

Freude heiß' ich! es blüht bei den Unſterblichen
Meine Laube, doch ſenkt auch zu den Sterblichen
  Sich mein Fittig herunter,
  Und ich tränke mit Nektar ſie.

Komm, ich liebe dich, komm! Weihe die Leyer mir,
Mir dein klopfendes Herz, komm und entſage der,
  Die des Tags dir die Seele,
  Die des Nachts dir die Seele füllt.

Göttin, ſprach ich, für dich ſeufzen die Sterblichen,
Selig werden durch dich ſich die Unſterblichen!
  Ach, ich liebe dich, Göttin,
  Aber, Himmliſche, zürne nicht!

Sieh' ich folge dir nicht! Zürne der Sterblichen,
Zürne Lyda nur nicht! Kann ich entſagen der,
  Die des Tags mir die Seele,
  Die des Nachts mir die Seele füllt!

Sie entſchwand wie ein Blitz; und ich erwachte ſchnell;
Hochauf klopfte mein Herz, aber es klopfte der,
  Die des Tags mir die Seele,
  Die des Nachts mir die Seele füllt.

Ode.

An Agnes.

Warum an meinem Auge dein Auge hängt,
Wie auf dem Quell im Thale der Vollmond schwimmt,
Das weiß ich, Freundin; deiner Blicke
Zeichen versteh' ich, auch wenn du schweigest.

Warum ich schweigend lange dem Wellenspiel
Mit Wehmuth nachsah? fraget dein Auge mich;
Ob mit Erinnerung, ob mit Zukunft
Ueber den Wellen die Seele wage?

Ach beides, Freundin! War es nicht hier, daß uns
Den Brautgesang die Nachtigall flötete,
Du mit Vergißmeinnichtchen wandest,
Träufelnd von Thau und der Liebe Thränen?

In diesen Buchen säuselte sanft der West,
Ihr zartes Laub hing über den Häuptern uns;
In jener Krümmung tanzten Fische
Zwischen den Schemen der wilden Rosen.

Die wilden Rosen welkten, des Sommers Gluth
Gab dunklers Laub dem Haine; den falben Herbst
Vertrieb der Winter eilend, stand dann
Still auf dem See mit erstarrtem Fuße.

Die Knospen schwellen wieder, der Buchfink singt,
Das Veilchen blüht, das Lämmchen umhüpfet schon
Die Mutter, und das Reh verschmähet
Lange das Moos an dem alten Stamme.

So fliehn die Jahre, Weib, und es trennet uns
Ein Jahr vereinst, es lächelt im Lenzgewand
Vielleicht uns beiden, und der eine
Weinet im Sommer am Grab des andern.

Ich müsse weinen, Agnes, bei deinem Grab'!
Es wird mir Trost sein, daß du um mich nicht weinst,
Daß mein der Jammer ward, und daß du
Weinen mich siehst aus des Himmels Lauben;

Und daß von vielen Kindern die jüngste dir
Sei gleich geworden, liebend wie du, wie du
Voll reiner Unschuld, um die Mutter
Weinend, wie du um die Mutter weintest.

Du weinst? Sieh, ich küsse die Thräne dir
Vom schönen Auge, weine, Geliebte, nicht!
Wie klopft dein Herz! Ach, unsers Erstlings
Schöne, der unter dem Herzen schlummert!

Das befreite Deutschland.

November 1814.

Wenn der junge Tag, in der wallenden lockern Gold
Erstehend aus der Woge des Meers, zu dem Himmel schaut,
So erwachen mit ihm die Sänger des Hains:
Sie begrüßen der Erd' und des Himmels Kind mit Wonnegesang.

Nur der Höhle Sohn, der die Hürde bei Nacht belauert,
Entfernt sich mit schleichendem Tritt, und es hängt der Kauz
In verdorrtem Geäst. Die Strahlen des Tags
Sind verhaßt dem Gezücht, das im finstern Graun sich Wohlsein erspäht.

Es erschalle laut, o ihr Sänger des Vaterlands,
Der glühende deutsche Gesang aus der vollen Brust.
Wir sind frei! wir sind frei! — O Freiheit erkämpft
Mit dem Schwerdte des Ruhms, wer sich dein nicht freut, von [illegible]!

Wir sind frei durch's Schwerdt! Und durch uns ist Europa frei!
Es rühmte des schnellen Erfolgs sich der eitle Feind;
Was im Krieg er in zwanzig Sonnen errang
Und erschlich, er verlor's nach erneutem Kampf im achtzehnten Mond!

Was in zwanzig Sonnen errang und erschlich der Feind!
O nein! er beschlich uns vorlängst in der Sitten Gift,
In der gleißenden Sprache Schaum; in dem Tand,
Der für Weisheit ihm gilt, und auch uns galt, im schnödesten Wahn.

Wir verließen Gott, da verbarg er sich uns; doch blieb
Sein Zeuge, das Leiden, bei uns, und er weckte uns
Aus dem Schlafe der Schmach, aus dem Todesschlaf!
Und es kehrte zurück die verschämte Demuth, Glaube mit ihr;

Und die holde Hoffnung, geführt an der Liebe Hand,
Und Muth, wie nur Gott ihn verleiht, durch Vertraun in Ihn.
Da erhuben sich schnell so Fürsten als Volk
In der Stärke des Herrn, es ergriffen den Feind die Schrecken des Herrn!

Du bist frei, o Land der bewährten und festen Treu!
Verdien' es zu sein, von Europa das Herz!
In vereintem Gemüth zu hegen die Gluth,
Die, an himmlischem Strahl sich entzündend, leuchtet, wärmt und belebt.

Die Gränze.

Den 19. Januar 1814.

Du Gränze! Nein nicht Gränze, du alter Rhein!
Du Lebensblut, dem Herzen Teutoniens
Entströmend, beiden Ufern Segen
Spendend, und hohes Gefühl und Freude!

Du deutscher Hort, mächtiger Rhein! Dein Strom
Ist groß und hehr, nicht rauschend dem Ohre, schnell;
In stiller Eile, keine Wirbel
Sprudeln nicht auf, und sind unaufhaltsam;

[illegible] tief wie Meer, wie Germans Geschlecht [illegible]
Und kraftvoll, doch befreundet dem flachen Floß,
Das deinen Wogen sich vertrauend,
Fülle des Landes den Städtern zuführet.

Als Gott der Herr die Beste von Fluthen schied,
Und Inseln aus der Tiefe sich heben hieß,
Und Quellen aus dem Schooß der Berge
Rief, und dem Ocean Gränze setzte;

Gebot dem Sturme sprach; als das junge Licht
Die neue Schöpfung, welcher es Schöne gab,
Umstrahlte; da verweilte freundlich
Ueber dem Rhein, und des Rheines Ufern

Sein Sonnenstrahl; durchdrang mit der [illegible] Kraft
Der rheinischen Berge Schooß. Er empfing und barg
Die Gabe, bis aus Gold und Purpur
Träufelte Labsal von deutschen Reben.

Des Rheines werth, des Deutschen auch werth! voll Kraft,
Zu That entflammend und zu Gesang, nicht Schaum
Aufsprudelnd, lebenduftend, Helle
Strömend zum Geist, und das Herz durchglühend.

An beiden Ufern rankt die Traube, gülden
Auf hohen Hügeln, unten im Blumenthal,
Hier Kühlung aus des Ufers Wogen
Saugend, sich sonniger dort entflammend!

An beiden Ufern tönet des Deutschen Sinn
Aus deutschem Wort; dem edelsten Weine gleich,
Und der, o Rhein, ist unsre Sprache,
Reich wie dein Strom, mit geheimen Tiefen;

Dem eitlen Nachbar, der sich in Schaum berauscht,
Verstanden nimmer, nimmer empfunden! Laßt
Ihm seinen Schaum im Becher! ihm die
Sprache, die an der Empfindung hinstreift.

Ihn haben Schrecken Gottes, und deutsches Herz —
Heuschrecken gleich, die oft, mit der [illegible],
Der Landmann vor sich scheuchet, bis ihr
Schwirrender Schwarm in den Rhein sich stürzt —

So haben Schrecken Gottes, und deutsches Herz
Des Drängers Horden, welcher der Herrschaft sich
Bei uns vermaß, ihn selbst, den Dränger,
Herr von der Oder bis hin zum Rhodan

Geschreckt, verfolgt, zerstiebet! Er windet sich,
Und fleht um Frieden! Frieden, ja Frieden sei
Dem eitlen Volk, in alter Gränze;
Aber dem Deutschen sei deutsche Freiheit.

So weit die Sprache tönet, die trauliche,
Die fromme hehre; sie, der Empfindung, sie,
Geſpielin des Geſangs, der frei im
Tanze von Sphärengeſang einherſchwebt!

Ode.

Deutſchlands Beruf.

Ja, Herz Europens ſollſt du, o Deutſchland, ſein!
So dein Beruf! So ſtrömt die Empfindung dir
Aus vollen Adern, kehret ſtrömend
Wieder zu dir in den vollen Adern!

Gerecht in Erwägung, gewinnſt du jedem Blick,
Was ihm gegeben, eigneſt, verbeſſernd, dir
Das Gute zu von Allen, giebſt es
Allen veredelt zurück, unkundig

Des eitlen Neides, weil du, ſo gut als reich,
In eigner Fülle ſchaltend, des Heimiſchen
Mit Liebe pflegſt, doch auch des Fremden
Pflegeſt mit Liebe des weiten Herzens.

Nicht würdig dein, o Mutter Teutonia,
Verkennen deiner Söhne nicht wenige
Das Eigne; auch unwürdig dein ſind
Jene, die fremdes Verdienſt verkennen.

Denn Herz Europens ſollſt du, o Deutſchland ſein,
Gerecht und wahrhaft, ſollſt in der Mitten hoch
Die Fackel heben, die der Weisheit
Strahl und die Gluth des Geſanges verbreitet!

Unbrüderlich iſt der blinde Bewunderer nicht
Des Fremden, als des Fremden Verächter; laßt
Dem Arm die Ehre, laßt dem Fuß ſie,
Denn ſie erwarmen am Blute des Herzens.

Dem Knaben durch's Leben.

Sei deinen Freunden immer treu,
Und weich bei fremdem Schmerz,
Den Großen dieſer Erde ſei
Dein Nacken ſtarr wie Erz!
Die Wahrheit ſei dir nie ein Scherz!
Rein ſei dein Herz,
Und ſchaue glaubend himmelwärts!

Elegie.

An die Lieben in der Heimath.

Seid mir von ferne gegrüßt, im heiligen Lande der Freiheit
Und der Einfalt! Von fern ſeid mir mit Thränen gegrüßt!
Thränen ſtürzen herab auf die glühende Wange des Mannes,
Der als Jüngling ſich heiß fühlte, noch heißer als Mann,
Heißer als Mann für Freiheit und Recht! Die reifenden Jahre
Löſchten der flatternden Gluth Funken, und ſchüren die Gluth.
Alſo löſchet der Quell die fliegende Flamme der Stoppel,
Aber härtet das Erz, welches vom Feuer noch glüht.
Heißer wird mir jährlich das Herz, und ſtarrer der Nacken
Gegen jegliches Joch, ſchärfer die Schneide des Sinns,
Welche vom Vorurtheile die Wahrheit trennt, und die Hülle
Zitternden Wahnes entblößt, und die entblößte zur Schau
Hoch aufſteckt, des ziſchenden Spottes des Höflings nicht achtend,
Noch des Weiſen der Zeit, welcher ſich trüglicher ſchmiegt.
Wohl euch, meine Geliebten! im heiligen Lande der Freiheit
Und der großen Natur, ſeid mir von ferne gegrüßt!
Meine Seele ſchwebet mit euch im Weben des Rheinfalls,
Staunt und ſchwindelt mit euch neben dem Donner des Stroms,
Wo die grünliche Woge ſich birgt in Wolken des Schaumes,
Und mit ewigem Thau weit die Gefilde beſtrahlt,
Wo der Engel der Schweiz den ſiebenfarbigen Bogen
Täglich ſpannt, des Bunds ſtrahlenden Zeugen, des Bunds,
Welcher dauernde Freiheit verheißt dem Enkel des Enkels,
Bis dein Donner, o Rhein, zwiſchen den Felſen verſtummt!
Meine Seele ſchwebet mit euch im gleitenden Nachen
Ueber der ruhigen Zürch rebenumhangenen See;
Irrt an den Ufern der Sihl mit Lavater, irrt an der Limmat
Ufern mit ihm und euch, und mit dem redlichen Heß.
O, wie wiegt ſich mein Geiſt in wehenden Lüften der Freundſchaft!
O, wie ſchwingt ſich mit euch über den Sternen mein Geiſt!
Lavater, trage mich nicht auf deinen Flügeln zum Himmel;
Auch von dem Nordmeer ſchwebt über den Sternen mein Geiſt.
Laß mich weilen mit dir die Augenblicke der Täuſchung,
Ach, in der Freiheit Schooß, in den Gefilden der Ruh'!
Lebe wohl, und lebet ihr wohl! Nun reißt mich der Gotthard
Wolkenan! wie tobt doch von den Felſen die Reuß!
Hundert Ströme ſtürzen von überhangenden Klippen,
Felſen wälzend und Schaum, laut in die donnernde Reuß.
Du dort, ſchäumender Strom, du Felſenbohrer! mich gängelt
Krumme Begränzung hinauf, bis in dein wankendes Bett,
Welches die klimmende Gemſe nicht ſah; der fliegende Adler
Blickt herunter, und ſchaut kühn auf die Gipfel herab,
Wenn die ſchwarze Wolke dich, Gotthard, gürtet, indeſſen
Deine Scheitel ſich ſonnt, Sonne den Fuß dir beſtrahlt!
Stiller ſchwebt mein Geiſt auf dem See, den Thaten der Vorzeit
Kränzen, auf deinem See, Rächer der Thrannen, o Tell!
Hier entſprangſt du dem Nachen; nun ſteht die geweihte Kapelle
Hier, wo jährlicher Dank Gott, dem befreienden, tönt,
Deſſen umwölkter Rath Jahrhunderte duldet, daß frevler
Wüthrer bedrängen, der Staub über den Staub ſich erhebt;
Aber hinter der nächtlichen Wolke harret der Rache
Wagen, ſtampfen beſchäumte Roſſe mit Flammen im Blick.
Tell, dort klang dein Geſchoß; ſo klang dir's nicht an der Linde,
Wo den Apfel der Pfeil pflückte vom Scheitel des Sohns!
Dort erklang dein Geſchoß, und fürchtend ſtürzte der Zwingherr!
Dort, wo jährlicher Dank Gott, dem gerechten, ertönt,
Der in umwölkter Hand die ſchickſalwägende Wagſchal'
Hält; die Schale des Heils ſank auf die Alpen herab.
Heilig iſt jene Höhe vor allen Höhen, es ſchwuren
Arnold, Stauffach und Fürſt hier den erhabenen Eid.
Gott im Himmel es ſind ja auch der *Höhen in Deutſchland*,
Und der *Zwingherren* viel; ſind der *Geweihten* nicht drei! — — —
Wieder bin ich, ihr Lieben, bei euch, am Fuße des Jura!
Reben neigen ſich hier über mein Haupt in den See.
O, wie der thauende Abend Europens Felſen mit dunklem
Purpur röthet, ihr Bild wieget ſich ſanft auf dem See!
Dunkelnder ſchwindet das Thal, indeß mit leuchtendem Kranze
Noch die Sonne das Haupt ſchneeiger Berge bekränzt.
Das ſind *deine Kronen*, o Schweiz! ein ſeliger Schleier
Deckt ſie allmählich, es ſinkt ſchweigende Ruhe herab!

Lied.

Ich bin! des freuet ſich mein Herz!
Ich bin, und werde ſein!
Ein Stäubchen iſt des Lebens Schmerz,
Geſehn im Sonnenſchein.

Gehüllt in jener Sonne Schein,
Die nimmer untergeht,
Durch die, was war, was iſt, wird ſein,
Empor ging und beſteht.

Froh wandl' ich auf des Lebens Bahn
Entgegen ihrem Licht,
Das manchen Nebel, manchen Wahn
Mit goldnem Strahl durchbricht.

So führe mich der Stunden Hand,
Mir ſchwebe Hoffnung vor,
Und Liebe heb' an ſanftem Band
Mich aus dem Staub empor.

Ihr Odem haucht auf Land und Meer,
Sie ſteur't des Mondes Bahn,
Sie leitet der Geſtirne Heer,
Sie facht die Sonnen an.

Doch wärmer haucht und heller facht
Ihr Odem Geiſter an,
Und führt durch kurze Erdennacht
Sie auf den Ocean,

Wo laute Fluth des Jubels hallt,
Wo Licht dem Licht entſprüht,
Wo Wonn' an Wonne wogt und wallt,
Und Lied' an Lied erglüht!

Der Rath.

An Tobias Mumsen.

[illegible]

Niemand auf die Bildsäulen, welche von Gold gegossen waren, [illegible], nennt ihnen Waffen zu tragen, [illegible] Bogen und Pfeile zu führen, Speerschäfte und Schwerter zu [illegible], und Gewande mit weiten Falten zu tragen.

Plutarch in den Sprüchen der Könige und Feldherren.

Dank sei's den Weisen unsrer Zeit, wir sind
So weit gekommen, daß jedermann weiß
Die Freiheit sei ein Traum, ihr Ruhm ein Schall,
Des Narren Lohnung, und des Klugen Spott.
Die Macht, in welcher Rom und Griechenland
Dem Joche trotzend siegten, ist dahin,
Wofern sie jemals war, denn Welten ist
Es zweifelhaft, denn alle Thaten Roms
Und Griechenlands sind vielleicht auch nur
Ein Mährchen; kann man wohl mit Nüchternheit
Des Geistes glauben, daß dreihundert Mann
Den Tod so im Leibe haben, sich
Gewissem Tode kalt zu widmen, nur
Damit der kleinen Sparta [illegible] Volk
Des schweren Joch's im [illegible] Nacken frei
Sich träume! Welche Noth erfodert hier
Nicht Lügen! Oder wenn des Marathon
Ein Grieche lobt, daß Miltiades
Mit einer Hand voll Leuten, alle schlecht
Geordneter, denn Ordnung giebt der Zwang,
Des großen Königs ungeheures Heer
Zertrümmert habe, wie ein Fels im Meer
Den Nachen, der auf Wogen hüpft, zerschellt.
Wer möchte bei der Amme Mährchen sich
Zum Zweitenmal begeistern wie ein Kind,
Zu hören was das kranke Alterthum
Von Brutus und Timoleon erzählt,
Von Cato, der wie Werther sich entleibt,
Ein Werther ohne Lotte wollte denn
Ihm Cäsar nicht vergeben! konnt' er nicht
Der Erste einer an dem Hofe sein!

O Fürsten, Väter Eures Vaterlands!
Gelang' es euch das alberne Gewäsch
Der Griechen und der Römer allzumal
Durch Hand des Henkers zu verbrennen, und
Auch selbst die Kinder unsrer Zeit so
Zu ändern, daß nicht ohne Glimpf und Scheu
Die Wahrheit, wenn sie zu gefährlich ist,
Erschiene, Väter eures Vaterlands,
Ihr säßt ruhiger auf eurem Thron.

Ich sinne manchen Tag und manche Nacht
Mich schlaflos um das Wohl der Könige,
Des Segens Fülle schütten sie auf's Volk,
Versäumen eigne Ruh' und eignes Wohl.
O dürft' ich rathen! zwar ihr hört mich nicht,
Doch überlaßt mich meinem süßen Wahn,
Daß von den Weisen, die um euren Thron,
Wie Wasserblasen um die Klippen sind,
Mich einer hört, und, zu gelegner Zeit,
Euch ehrerbietig das Gehörte sagt.

Ein jeder Fürst hat zween Dämonen, die
Wie Nacht und Tag im ewgen Kampfe sind.
Der eine ist euch dienstbar, und sein Hauch
Wär't auf die Völker, die seit grauer Zeit,
Beglückt durch euch, dem Throne dienstbar sind.
Ich nenne ihn den nächtlichen, denn Ruh',
Des Schlummers Ruhe gießt er auf das Volk,
Es fühlt den heißen Strahl des Mittags nicht,
Der sein Gehirn ihm in dem Schädel dörrt,
Es fühlet nicht den Sturm der Mitternacht,
Wenn sein erstarrter Arm im Froste zuckt.

O selig ist der König, der vom Thron
Das Schnarchen des gestreckten Volkes hört!
Neptunus ähnlich, wenn der Wogen Schall
Die Stufen des Corallenthrons so laut
Umrauschet, daß des Schiffbruchs Krachen fern
Von ihm verhallet, und das Angstgeschrei
Der Scheiternden des Götterohres schont!

Der andre Dämon ist ein Feind der Ruh',
Ein Morgenstern, ein arger Lucifer!
Mit seiner Fackel wallet er umher,
Er stört die Völker aus dem süßen Schlaf,
Und weckt er auch nicht gleich ihr schweres Haupt,
So wirkt sein Einfluß doch auf ihren Traum.
Auch Träume sind gefährlich tiefem Schlaf,
Nur tiefer, schwerer, starrer Schlaf allein,
Nur schwarze Finsterniß, giebt wahre Ruh'!
Und dennoch ist gewisse Sicherheit
Niemals des Menschen Loos! Es schliefen auch
Die Schweizer tiefen, schweren, starren Schlaf,
Nun wachen sie bei'm hellen Licht des Tags!
Ja, was bemerkenswerth, und seltsam ist,
Ich hab' es selbst gelesen, sonst sagt' ich's nicht,
Ich raun' es ungern euch und leis' in's Ohr:
Die Freien unterstehn sich froh zu sein,
Und sind die Glücklichsten der Sterblichen!

Auch diese Britten wachet Lucifer,
Zwar streut des Thrones Dämon Mohn und Gold,
(Denn Gold ist kräftiger als Laudanum)
Aus vollen Händen, dennoch wacht das Volk;
Sein Beispiel schreckt wie die Schweizer euch.

Bewahret vor allem väterlich das Volk
Was Nerven stählt und Schwung dem Geiste giebt;
Was frommet ihm des Armes Kraft, seitdem
Der Krieg ein Spiel der Kunst geworden ist!
Und Geist ist ihm gefährlich! Brecht ihm früh
Den Fittig, weil er noch am Sumpfe steht,
Dem Jäger gleich, der früh die Schwanen lähmt,
Daß nicht, wenn er gemästet wiederkehrt,
Der schöne Vogel sich im Silberklang
Der Lüfte hebe, ihm zum bittern Hohn,
Verstummelt, was die Stirne tragen kann,
Um euren Thron, o spart zur Tugend nicht!
Ihr spart! für wen! für euer Volk doch nicht!
Erweicht durch Üppigkeit und bunten Tand
Den Unterthan, denn wer den Sinnen frohnet,
Ist kalt für Freiheit und dem Fürsten feil!
Ruft den Kastraten von der Tiber her,
Er ist der beste Sänger eures Reichs,
Er singet eurem Hof in weiche Ruh',
Ist leer an Kraft, von Leidenschaften frei.
Ein solches Volk wär' ganz Europa werth
Für einen König, käm' es nur nicht aus!

Das Schauspiel kann gefährlich werden! denn
Von eurer Bühne schreckt Hamlets Geist,
Kein Odoardo zuckt seinen Dolch,
Er rettet ihn mit seiner Eisenhand,
Das weiche Singspiel wieg' euch sanft ein,
Mit Frankreichs Tönen und mit Frankreichs Witz.
Die welsche Melodie erregt das Herz,
Weckt die Empfindung, giebt die Ebb' und Fluth,
Und eures Volkes Empfindung muß still,
Nicht tief, von euch durchschaut, und eingeschränkt
Wie ein Kanal in euren Gärten sein.

Tauscht eures Reiches edle Jugend früh
In's laue Bad französischer Sitten ein,
Und ja den [illegible] immer heiß,
Ein Volk, das täglich tanzt, gehorcht gern.

Ihr lasset spotten der Religion,
Ihr Geist ist Geist der Wahrheit und der Kraft,
Doch ehrt die Pfaffen, denn sie ehren euch.
Ihr Geist ist Geist der Schwachheit und des Wahns!
Von euch gemästet räuchern sie euch gern,
Und leiten eure Macht vom Himmel her.
Den wahren Priester haltet von euch ab,
Kein Evangelium verblendet seinen Blick,
Und bittre Wahrheit tönt aus seinem Mund.
Das Füllhorn eurer Gnade schütte Band
Und Stern und Schlüssel um den Thron umher,
Kein Zauber wirkt auf kleine Seelen so!
Er lehrt, was klein ist, schön, und verschmähn,
Was edel ist, gewohnt auf eure Hand
Hinauf zu schaun, wie buntes Federvieh
Sich alle Morgen um die goldne Saat
Der Hand versammelt, die es schlachten wird.

Der Rechtsgelehrte sonne sich im Glanz
Der Gunst, und knete das Gesetz wie Wachs.

Kein Kiel behaupte eures Schwerdtes Recht,
Eh' ihr im Trüben bei dem Nachbar fiſcht.

Es fröhne kriechend euch der Philoſoph,
Wenn ihm der Jüngling in dem Hörſaal lauſcht;
Er wäge Recht der Menſchheit und des Thrones
In Schaalen, denen ihr den Stempel gabt,
Nach eures Heiligthumes Seckeln ab.

Vor allem ſteh' ein ungeheures Heer
Bereit auf euren Wink — wenn auch kein Wolf
Der Heerde droht; denn unter uns geſagt,
Die Hunde beißen nicht den Wolf allein.

Das iſt die wahre Weisheit, dieſes iſt
Der Kern der Politik! ein ſüßer Kern!
Euch aufbewahrt! indeſſen nagt das Volk
Die Zähne ſich an harten Schaalen ſtumpf!

Die Weigerung.

An Zimmermann.

Nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quaero tristia — —
Horat.

Ich kann, ich darf, ich muß, ich will, o Freund,
Die Weiblein nicht erzürnen! reize mich
Nicht gegen ſie! Dem Pontifex allein
Vergönnte Roms Geſetz mit ſtrenger Hand
Veſtalen zu beſtrafen, dennoch durft'
Er nicht den Schleier heben, und ſein Blick
Blieb ehrfurchtsvoll, wie ſtreng die Hand auch war.
Ich höre deines Lächelns Frage ſchon:
Sind unſre Weiber denn Veſtalen? Nein,
So wenig als ich Pontifex, und als
Wir Römer ſind. Die Weiber waren ſtets,
Wenn Männer Männer waren, ihrer werth,
Nur weiblicher, ſonſt ihnen gleich. Als Rom
Die Feldherren von der Furche holen ließ,
Als weder Pyrrhus Gold noch Elephant
Den Helden rührte, hätte nicht ſein Gold,
Noch Pyrrhus ſelbſt, der Löw', ein Weib gerührt,
Die, ſtolz auf welſches Blut und keuſche Zucht,
Der Väter Thaten ihrem kleinen Sohn,
Indeß bei früher Lampe ſchon ihr Arm
Den zarten Faden von der Spindel wand
Erzählte, oder zu der Wiege Schwung
Dem kleinen Markus früh ein hehres Lied
Von Vaterland und Sieg und Freiheit ſang.
Die Kinderſtube bildete ſchon früh
Des Knaben Herz, eh' noch in Mavor's Feld
Der nackte Jüngling rang, und ſchweißbedeckt
Hinab ſprang in der Tiber kalten Strom.

Des Cato Kind, die ſchöne Porcia,
War ihres Vaters, ihres Mannes werth.
Der war der letzte Römer, ſie war nicht
Die letzte Römerin, denn ſelbſt zur Zeit
Des Sclavenjochs blieb Arria noch frei,
Gab lächelnd ihrem Mann den blut'gen Dolch,
Den Schlüſſel einer freien Welt, und ſprach
„Pätus, es ſchmerzet nicht!" was iſt der Tod
Der Schlacht wohl gegen dieſen Tod? und doch
War jene ſtärker noch als Arria,
Die, noch beſpritzt von ihrer Söhne Blut,
Von ihrer langen Marter nicht geſchreckt,
Dem ſiebenten, dem Jüngling, weinend rief:
„Mein liebes Kind, neun Monden trug ich dich
Hier unter dieſem Herzen, ſäugte dich
Drei Jahre und erzog mit Mühe dich.
Bedenk' an deinen Schöpfer, deinen Gott!
Erbarme deiner Mutter dich und ſtirb!"
Nichts größers that ein Mann; was Männer thun,
Poſaunt der Ruhm in ſpäte Zeiten aus,
Indeß am ſtillen Heerde, nicht bemerkt,
Im dunkeln Schatten der Beſcheidenheit,
Die Weibertugend tiefe Wurzel ſchlägt,
Und in dem Säuſeln ungeſtörter Ruh',
Mit ſanftem Wehen unſre Hütten kühlt.

O Freunde, laßt uns Männer Männer ſein,
So werden unſre Weiber Weiber ſein!
Von Wachs ſind ihre Herzen, bildet ſie
Mit leiſer, aber warmer Hand, wir ſind's,
Die ſie mißbilden, unſre Thorheit gießt
In unbefangne Seelen fremdes Gift;
Wir reißen aus des Hauſes Schatten ſie,
Und ſtellen ſie auf luft'ge Höhen hin,
Wo Frankreichs lauer Weſt Verderben haucht.
Wir tödten das Gefühl der reinen Bruſt,
Wenn Leichtſinn oder Spott des Heiligen
Von unſrer Lippe trieft, wenn unſer Blick
Des ſchlauen Doppelſinnes Sinn beſtimmt.
Und war der Väter Sprache ſchon zu keuſch,
Die ſtark und rein und reich und edel iſt;
Wir wählen kläglich unſers Feindes Sprache,
Die ſchwach und arm mit falſchem Sinne buhlt.
Der Schöpfung letztes Werk verderben wir,
Und ſpotten unſers Mißgeſchöpfes dann.
Sind wir vielleicht beſorgt, ſie würden uns
Verſchmäh'n, wenn ſie nur edel blieben? und
Für Sclaven anſehn, weil wir Sclaven ſind?
Die Schmach zum wenigſten trifft uns allein!

Ich habe keinen Cato noch geſehn,
Noch keinen Brutus, aber Weiber, die
O Porcia, an Seelenſchöne gleich,
Voll Lieb' und hohen Sinns wie Arria,
Und Mütter, die geflehet hätten: Kind,
Erbarme deiner Mutter dich und ſtirb!

Die Götzen.

Chiama vi il cielo, e intorno vi si gira
Mostrandovi le sue bellezze eterne,
E l'occhio vostro pur a terra mira.
Dante.

Der ungerechte Richter fragte: Was
Iſt Wahrheit? Hätt' er ernſthaft das gefragt,
In welcher Quelle ſtand er! Silberrein,
Den Himmel ſpiegelnd, wäre ſie geſtrömt,
Und hätt' auf ewig ſeinen Durſt gelöſcht.
Er trug den Schalk im Herzen, darum ward
Ihm keine Antwort, niedre Menſchenfurcht
Und Vorurtheil trieb ihn zum Frevel an.
Die trieben Tauſende zum Frevel an.
Der loſen bunten Theidinge ſind mehr
Als Muſchelſteine auf des Meeres Strand,
Und jeder wird begierig nachgehaſcht.
Die Thorheit läutet ſtets zur Kirchweih ein;
Gleich feilen Metzen winkt der ſüße Schwarm;
Der Lorbeer lockt den Jüngling in das Feld,
Der nicht für Vaterland und Freiheit kämpft;
Des Thrones Sclaven lockt ein Ordensband;
Auf ſchwarzgeſchwollnen Wogen ſchwebt der Geiſt,
Befrachtet mit dem Tand der Ueppigkeit.
Der bleiche Bergmann forſcht in tiefer Kluft,
Und ſchnappend, wie die Muſchel, die er fing,
Zieht dort ein Seil den Taucher in das Schiff;
Hätt' ich des Prieſters Lungen, unter dem
Die Kanzel mit geſchnitzten Engeln bebt,
Wenn er, indem ſein Mund die Wahrheit preiſ't,
Mit runden Worten ſeinen Zehnten häuft
Ich nennte doch der bunten Götzen nicht
Den tauſendſten, dem ſich Europa beugt;
Und minder noch den kleinen Hausgott, den
Auf eignem Heerde jeder Menſch verehrt,
Der immer ändernd, ein Chamäleon,
Die Farbe zeigt, in welcher jedes Jahr
Der Mann erſcheinet, der ihm Weihrauch ſtreut.
Denn jedes Alter, Jüngling, Mann und Greis,
Verändert ſeinen Abgott, bis der Tod
Den letzten ſtürzt. Bethörter Erdenſohn,
Der hülflos, weinend, nackt, das Licht erblickt,
Wenn er, nach langem Irren, nicht nur arm,
Nein, tiefverſchuldet in die Grube fährt;
Beklag' ihn, aber weil du lebſt nicht dich.
Der Sclave fröhnte nur dem eiteln Wahn,
Sein Lohn iſt nichtig, wie ſein Opferrauch.
Geh, ſtürze deinen kleinen Hausgott erſt,
Und kniee vor des Volkes Götzen nicht,
Verlaß die vielbetretnen Pfad' und ſuche
Die ſtille Weisheit, die ſich finden läßt,
Die nicht im Sonnenglanz auf Erden ſtrahlt,
Doch ſichern Mondenſchein dem, der ſie ſucht,

(Und Mondenſchein iſt auch der Sonne Licht)
Herunter ſchimmert, durch die Luft ihn führt,
Wo Thoren fallen von dem Dunſt getäuſcht,
Der flammend an den Rand des Pfuhles tanzt.
Ein ſchöner Vollmond ſcheint in unſrer Nacht,
Den guten Alten ſchien ſein Antlitz nicht.
Sie ſuchten Pfad bei ſchwachem Sternenſchimmer,
Und, o wie ſuchten ſie! wie riefen ſie
Sich warnend zu! Wie mancher Weiſe ging
Der Tugend ſtillen Dornenpfad, und bot
Entflammten Jünglingen die ſtarke Hand!
Wie lehrten ſie Verachtung jedes Tands!
Wie ſie der Selbſtverläugnung eignen Lohn!
Wie männlich trotzten ſie der falſchen Schaam
Der Unverſchämtheit Zwillingsſchweſter, die
Selbander nun beherrſchen unſre Zeit.
Denn wer erhebt die Stimme männlich nun
Im frechen Kreiſe, wenn der Wahrheit laut
Gehöhnet wird? Erbarmt des Knaben ſich
Wohl einer, einer ſich der Jungfrau, wenn
Des unbefangenen Ohres keiner ſchont?
Du Vater, iſt es dir genug nicht ſelbſt
Dein Kind zu morden? Biſt kein Ungeheuer,
Wenn du die gift'gen Pfeile ziſchen hörſt,
Und nicht den Schild vor ſeinen Buſen hältſt?

An Vorurtheilen krankte jede Zeit,
Nur unſre lehret, unſre weihet ſie!
Sie ſchwören heilig ihr, was heilig iſt
Erreget Spott, wie ein veraltet Kleid.
Und doch veraltet jeder Wahn dereinſt,
Nur nicht das Heilige, die Wahrheit nicht!
Die Wahrheit iſt des Geiſtes Leben, er
Erkrankt vom Wahn, und Lügen ſind ihm Peſt.
Die Wahrheit iſt des Himmels erſtes Kind,
Nur ſie iſt ſchön, in nackten Reizen ſchön,
Wie Eva, eh' die Schlange ſie betrog.
Wer ſie mit Einfalt ſucht, mit Inbrunſt liebt,
Den tränket ſie, dem öffnet ſie den Blick,
Den hebt ſie über jedes Leiden, ſchenkt
Geduld im Leben, und im Tode Ruh',
Der Dämm'rung Ruhe vor dem Morgenroth.
Nur Einfalt, keuſche Einfalt findet ſie,
Einfalt, die in dem reinen Herzen nur
Mit lautrem Oel der Inbrunſt Flamme nähret.
Der Schule eitler Lehrer ſieht ſie nicht,
Dem faul Geſchwätz von kalten Lippen trieft,
Er ſucht ſie nicht, der ſeinen Lohn dahin,
Wenn ihn des Miethlings feiles Blatt erhebt,
Und ſein Jahrzehend ihn zum Plato weiht.

Der Unterſchied.

Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!
Shakespeare.

Die Erde öffnet ihren Mund, und ſchlingt
In einem Biſſen Völkerſchaften ein;
Die hochgethürmten Städte, und das Dorf
Mit ſeinen Linden, unter deren Schutz
Nur eben eine frohe Knabenſchaar
Mit glatten Kieſeln aus dem nahen Bach
In junger Freude nach dem Ziele warf.
Des harten Schwelgers vollbeſetzter Tiſch
Stürzt mit des armen Landmanns Moosdach ein,
Der jenes Weinberg dieſen Augenblick
Mit ſeinem Schweiß begoß, und ſtill zu Gott
Emporſah, welcher ſein geängſtet Flehn
Zugleich mit ſeines Drängers Trotz vernahm,
Und beide vor den Richterſtuhl berief.
Wie viele Freuden ſchlang die Erd' hinab,
Doch auch wie viele Noth! Manch frommes Weib
Weint um den Gatten, den ſein Feld begrub;
Doch manches gute Mädchen konnte nur
Durch ſchnellen Tod dem vorgezählten Glück
Der reichen Heirath, dem verhaßten Bett
Des Freiers, den aus toller Zärtlichkeit
Bethörte Eltern wählten, ſo entgehn.
Ja, ſie entrann auf ewig ihm, indeß
Das fromme Weib den Mann einſt finden wird
Bei'm armen Winzer, der dem harten Vogt
Nicht mehr das thränenvolle Kerbholz zeigt.

Wer wahre Gluth im treuen Herzen hegt,
Wer oft ergrimmte, wenn ſein Flammenblick
Das Netz der Liſt, die Keule der Gewalt,
Und beide durch den Wahn geweihet ſah,
Der jammert nicht gedankenlos und feig
Mit ſeidnen Püppchen in dem Vorgemach,
Wenn auch die Zeitung, ſelbſt das wilde Meer
Beſchämend, ganz Formoſa auf einmal
Mit Millionen Menſchen in ſich ſchlürft.
Nur ſäh' er lieber dort des Oceans
Geſperrten Rachen, wo der Schwarzen Volk
In ſchattenloſen Inſeln, unter'm Strahl
Der heißen Sonne, von der Sonne fern,
Mit Blut des weißen Treibers Geißel färbt,
Und ſeiner Doggen Maul, wenn einer floh,
Und bellend ihn die laute Jagd verfolgt,
Dem mattgejagten Hirſche gleich — Mir fiel
Die Feder aus der Hand — Gerechter Gott!
Es martern Chriſten ein geſtohlnes Volk! —
Weg mit dem Schurken, welcher Menſchenkauf
Nicht Diebſtahl nennt! — Die Käufer ſchützt der Staat!
Der Staat, das blutbefleckte Ungeheuer,
Das wie Saturnus ſeine Kinder frißt,
Und dennoch wie ein Gott verehret wird.
Hier weine, wem vom Froſt der kalten Welt
Die Thräne nicht erſtarret! Und ſieht ſein Blick
Nicht über's Weltmeer, o ſo ſchau er hin,
Wo der Leibeigne unter ſchwerem Joch
Sich krümmt, und höre, wenn der freche Stolz
Behauptet, angeboren ſei das Joch
Dem Menſchen, gleich als ob's im Mutterleib
Ihm angewachſen wäre! — aber kalt
Bleibt hier der Weltling, den das Zeitungsblatt
Zu Thränen zwang, denn Recht und Unrecht ſind
Ihm leere Namen, nur des Todes Bild
Erſchüttert ſein Gebein, des Todes Bild,
Das ihm der Zeitungsſchreiber ſonder Glimpf
Und millionenfältig zeigt — indeß
Wie bald verſchwindet es! Die Oper tilgt
Die letzten Spuren ſeiner Angſt, und löſ't
Mit ſeinen Thränen einer Buhlerin
In Dido's Rolle ſeine Schauer auf.
Auch ich bedurfte der Erholung hier,
Und folgte gern dem ſeidnen Männchen nach.
Denn wenn die Galle ausgetobt hat,
So bleibt mir noch das Zwerchfell und die Milz.
Da ſitzen ſie, die kalten Herrchen, nun,
Und kalte Weibchen ſonder Hirn und Herz!
Wie glücklich an franzöſiſchem Gefühl
Sich zu erwärmen! ſitzen Affen gleich,
Die ſich im Winter ſammeln um das Feu'r
Im Walde; ſchlau genug ſich an der Gluth
Zu wärmen, doch zu thieriſch, eine Gluth
Zu nähren, ſpringen, wenn die Lohe ſinkt,
Sie neuen Affenſtreichen wieder zu.
Zu ſchwach, auf blut'gen Raub zu gehn, nicht träg'
Den Pflug zu ziehn, nicht an der Kette wach,
Leicht wie der Schaum der Wogen und ſo falſch
Verbuhlt und beißig, naſchend, ſchmeichelnd, feig
Und froſtig beide, trennt ein Unterſchied
Den Affen von den Schranzen: jener beißt
In ſeine Kette, dieſer küſſet ſie.
Den Affen reizt der rothen Farbe Glanz
Zum Zorn, Empfindung reizt des Höflings Spott!
Sein Lächeln täuſcht! Wer immer lächeln kann,
Der iſt ein Schalk! Sein glattes Antlitz gleicht
Dem falſchen Grund, den helles hohes Gras
Bedeckt, in dem verſinken Mann und Roß.
Der wahre Menſchenfreund — kein Weichling kann
Und kein gedankenloſer Wicht es ſein! —
Wird ſelten lächeln, ſcheint vielleicht ſogar
Dem Seelenpöbel als ein Menſchenfeind.
Der große Cato, welchen die Natur
Zur Probe ſtellte, was ein Menſch zu ſein
Vermag, erſchreckte blendend ſeine Zeit
Mit heißem Strahl, doch fühlte ſeine Zeit
Er ſei der liebevollſte Menſchenfreund.
Nur unſre ſeidne Brut verkennet ihn,
Halbſeidne Söhne der erſchlafften Zeit.
Denn ungemiſchte Seid' iſt rein und ſtark.
Der Menſchenfreund wird nie gleichgültig ſein;
Doch ich geſteh' es gern, er läuft Gefahr,
Daß überall verſtoßen und verkannt,
Die Menſchenliebe ſich in Menſchenhaß
Verwandle! Heraklit erfuhr es, und
Jean Jacques, der Heraklit von unſrer Zeit.

Die heißre Liebe ward zu größerm Haß
Wie Waſſer, das bei Tag geſiedet hat,
In kalten Winternächten ausgeeiſt,
Vom glatten Spiegel bis zum Grund erſtarrt.
Wohl dem, der warmes Herzens nach der Stadt
Entrann', eh' dieſer Froſt im Buſen ſtarrt!
Wohl ihm, wenn die Natur ſein volles Herz
Zum Einklang ihrer Liebestöne ſtimmt!
Des Waldes Lüftchen und der helle Bach,
Web'n Melodieen in die Seele ein,
Und löſen jedes ſtickende Gefühl.
Wenn große Seelen, welche hie und da,
Wie ſeltne Rieſen doch noch übrig ſind,
Ihn lieben, findet keine Seele mehr
In Menſchenhaß, der Uebel ärgſtes ein.
Ich danke Gott für mein Geſchick! ihr wißt's
O Freunde, daß die heiße Thräne oft
Auf's Blatt mir ſtürzte, Menſchenliebe mir
Die ſchwanke Geißel und den Bogen gab,
Sie gegen Narren, gegen Schalkheit den!
Und traf ich manchmal über's Ziel, verzeiht!
Ich traute dieſer Zeiten Nebel nicht,
Dem Schützen ähnlich, der in feuchter Luft
Die Saite ſchärfer ſpannt, und höher zielt.

Gott.

Wechſelgeſang.

Einer.

Wer ſpannet den Bogen
Im dunkeln Gezelt?
Wer ſchwärzet die Wogen?
Wer ſchrecket mit Blitzen die zagende Welt?

Alle.

Er ſpannet den Bogen
Im friedlichen Zelt,
Er ſtillet die Wogen,
Er tränket mit Labſal die lechzende Welt.

Einer.

Wer fähret auf Wettern
Im Wagen der Nacht?
Wer dräut zu zerſchmettern
Den Fels und die Ceder, die wankend erkracht?

Alle.

Es trägt Ihn im Sturme
Der Wagen der Nacht!
Dem Menſchen, dem Wurme,
Verkündet ſich ſegnend des Herrlichen Macht!

Einer.

Wer ſchaute die Roſſe
Von Seinem Geſpann?
Mit welchem Geſchoſſe
Durcheilt Er, mit Wettern umgürtet, die Bahn?

Alle.

Die Kraft und die Eile,
So heißt Sein Geſpann!
Des Mächtigen Pfeile
Sind Flammen; Unendlichkeit heißet die Bahn!

Einer.

Ihr höret ihn rollen
Den Wagen daher?
Er nahet! Ach, ſollen
Die Berge zerſchmelzen? verfliegen das Meer?

Alle.

Des Mächtigen Nähe
Beſeelet die Welt!
Hier iſt Er! O, ſpähe
Nach ihm nicht von ferne durch's Wolkengezelt!

Einer.

Wie ſoll ich Ihn kennen?
Wer zeiget mir Ihn?
O dürft' ich Ihn nennen,
Und zitternd vor Ihm in den Staub hinknien!

Alle.

Sein Nam' iſt Erbarmen,
Und Liebe Sein Thun!
Wir ſollen erwarmen
Von Lieb', und im Schooße, wie Kinder, Ihm ruhn.

Die Leiter.

Auf der Erde ſtehet die Leiter der Weisheit, und reichet
In den Himmel; wir ſehn wenige Sproſſen von ihr.
Mühſam klimmt der Gelehrte hinan, und purzelt und klimmet
Wieder hinan; und was hat der Gelehrte geſehn?
Unten ſchlummert der Dichter auf Moos, wie der Hirte von Kanaan,
Und es ſteigen zu ihm Söhne des Himmels herab.

Ständchen.

Trallara bideldumla trallara tralla!
Auf, Mädchen, erſcheine; dein Liebſter iſt da!
Ach, keine Geſpenſter!
Komm, öffne das Fenſter!
Laß rauſchen den Vorhang; dein Liebſter iſt da!
Trallara bideldumla trallara tralla!

Es laden aus der Linde Gerüche dich ein,
Es leuchtet das Würmchen mit grünlichem Schein,
Es glänzen die Erlen
Von thauigen Perlen,
Es beben die Sternlein im wallenden See,
Es duftet aus den Auen von ferne der Klee.

Es ſteiget aus Gewölken dort Luna empor
Im ſtrahlenden Schleier von ſilbernem Flor.
O Mädchen erſcheine
Im mondlichen Scheine!
Mir lächelt die Göttin mit freundlichem Schein,
Sie lächelt mir vergebens, ich harre ja dein.

Es hält dich, o Geliebte, mit ſchüchternem Blick
Und roſigen Wangen die Scham nur zurück;
Mit purpurnen Fäden
Umſpannt ſie mein Mädchen;
Sie raubet mir Freuden, und ſpinnet mein Glück;
Ich walle, du Geliebte, getröſtet zurück.

Es müßt', wenn du ſchlummerſt auf ſinkendem Flaum,
Wie Hauche des Abends dir flüſtern im Traum
Ein himmliſches Bübchen,
Gelagert im Grübchen
Der roſigen Wang', und dir zeigen das Bild
Von dem, der, o mein Mädchen, die Seele dir füllt!

Ode.

Die Töchter des Himmels.

Dieweil die ſchnellen Stunden im Fluge bald
Auf unſre Scheitel Blüthen des Lenzes ſtreun,
Bald Freude bringen, welche ihre
Schweſtern in ſchwellenden Trauben reiften,

So hätt' ich doch ſchon lange mich hingelegt
Zu meinen Vätern, und der entwölkte Mond,
Der mir im vollen Glaſe ſchimmert,
Würd' auf die einſame Waſe ſcheinen,

Die dicht am tiefen Bette mein Bruder mir
Gepflanzet, welche weinend die Schweſtern mir,
(Auch die, um welche nun ich weine!)
Hätten umſtreut mit des Lenzes Blumen:

Wenn nicht des Himmels Töchter von Kindheit an
Mich oft beſuchten, freundlich wie Abendroth,
Die eine, die Erinnrung heißet,
Herrlich die andre, wie Morgenſonnen.

O Hoffnung, wie die Sonne dem Morgenthau
Beschienet, welcher bebend am Gräschen wankt,
So schienst du oft auf meine Thräne,
Eh' sie von zitternder Wimper stürzte!

Wie mir die Morgensonne das Weltmeer oft
In ungemess'ner Ferne verherrlichte,
So zeigst du mir, o Kind des Himmels,
Hoffnung, unendliche Wonnemeere.

Oft geht die Hoffnung dicht der Erinn'rung nach;
Wenn diese weinend mir von den Todten spricht,
Schwebt jene schnell hervor, und lächelt,
Wie nur die Töchter des Himmels lächeln.

„Wer lächelt so, mein Trauter?“ Du fragst mich,
O Agnes! eifre nicht mit den Himmlischen,
Sie lieben beide dich, und reden
Oft mir von dir, und mit Flammenworten!

Wiegenlied,

zu singen für meine Agnes.

Lieblicher Knab', ich wiege
Singend dich ein in Schlummer,
Knabe, lächle noch einmal!

Eh' du die Aeuglein schließest,
Eh' du die Händchen streckest,
Knabe, lächle noch einmal!

Trug ich dich nicht neun Monde
Unter gedrücktem Herzen!
Knabe, lächle noch einmal!

Und da der Storch dich brachte,
Sah er nicht deine Mutter!
Knabe, lächle noch einmal!

Säug' ich dich nicht an meinem
Klopfenden Mutterherzen!
Knabe, lächle noch einmal!

Wenn du der Mutter lächelst,
Wird dich der Vater lieben.
Knabe, lächle noch einmal!

Joseph Ludwig Stoll,

1778 zu Wien geboren, wo sein Vater als Arzt in großem Ansehen stand, studirte Medicin und bereiste England und Frankreich, um sich auch der Arzneiwissenschaft zu widmen. Doch konnte er sich nicht entschließen, seine Freiheit den Schranken eines Berufs zu opfern. Er starb daher, nachdem er sein Vermögen verzehrt hatte, in Armuth und Elend am 22. Januar 1815 in seiner Vaterstadt.

Von ihm erschien:

Amors Bildsäule, dramatisches Gedicht. Wien, 1803.
Ernst und Scherz, Lustspiel. Berlin, 1804.
Briefe des Eipeldauers. Berlin, 1806.
Prometheus. Berlin, 1808 (mit L. von Seckendorf).
Die Schneckenkomödie, dramatisches Taschenbuch. Leipzig, 1810.
Poetische Schriften. Carlsruhe, 1811.

Ein gewandtes, vielseitiges Talent voll Zartheit, Laune und Witz, das bei größerer Festigkeit des Characters und unter günstigen Verhältnissen, sich gewiß höchst glücklich ausgebildet haben würde.

Ferdinand Stolle,

eigentlich Ludwig Ferdinand Anders (den Namen Stolle nahm er aus Dankbarkeit gegen seinen Oheim C. E. Stolle, der den früh verwaisten Knaben adoptirte, an), ward 1806 in Dresden geboren, erhielt dort seine Schulbildung und bezog dann 1827 die Universität Leipzig, wo er die Rechte studirte. Später gab er aber die juristische Laufbahn auf, und widmete sich ganz den schönen Wissenschaften. Er lebt gegenwärtig als Privatgelehrter und Doctor der Philosophie in Grimma.

Von ihm erschien:

Blüthen und Perlen. Leipzig, 1831.
Stella. Leipzig, 1832.
Sachsens Hauptstädte. Leipzig, 1834. 35. 2 Bde.
Nacht und Morgen. Novellen u. s. w. Leipzig, 1836.
Sommertage. Grimma, 1835.
Sachsens goldenes Büchlein. Meißen, 1836.
Camelien. Novellen u. s. w. Leipzig, 1838. 2 Bde.
Nationalversammlung der deutschen Lyriker. Grimma, 1838. Bd. 1—3.
1813. Ein historisch-romantisches Gemälde. Leipzig, 1837. 3 Bde.
Elba und Waterloo. Fortsetzung von 1813. Leipzig, 1838. 3 Bde.
Der Weltbürger. Historischer Roman. Leipzig, 1839. 3 Bde.
Der neue Cäsar. Seitenstück zu 1813. Leipzig, 1840. 3 Bde.
Deutsche Pickwickier. Komischer Roman. Leipzig, 1841. 3 Bde.
Einzelne Gedichte, Erzählungen u. s. w. in Journalen.

Reiche Phantasie, scharfe und lebendige Characterzeichnung, treffliche Darstellung und würdige Behandlung des Lebens und seiner Erscheinungen gehören zu den vorherrschenden Eigenschaften dieses eben so talentvollen als bescheidenen Schriftstellers. Viele geben seinen kleineren Arbeiten den Vorzug vor den größeren, da jene sorgfältiger ausgeführt scheinen. Ueber seine wohlthuende Gemüthlichkeit und die frohe, harmlose Laune in vielen seiner Mittheilungen herrscht nur eine Stimme der Anerkennung, mehr noch aber hat ihm sein hoher sittlicher Ernst, namentlich unter den Frauen, einen großen Kreis von Lesern erworben.

Genrebilder*).

Die deutschen Ostern.

Es gibt im deutschen Jahre zwei Zeiten, die in ihrem mystischen Nebelgrau jener hochschottischen, Ossian-besungenen Bergatmosphäre nicht nachstehen. Mit nassen dunkeln Vorhängen ist der Novemberhimmel umhangen. Gespenstisch werden von den losgelassenen Stürmen die feuchten Morgen- und Abendnebel wie ein Heer ungeschlachter Riesen über todtstille Fluren und Berge gejagt. Das feuchte Laub, die gestorbenen Kinder des letzten Frühlings, rauschen von Zeit zu Zeit empor; ein einsamer Rabe durchkrächzt den grauen einförmigen Himmel — es sind die Sterbewochen des verscheidenden Jahres.

Die andere geheimnißvolle Nebelzeit ist die der Frühlings-Tag- und Nachtgleiche. Die Natur liebt ihr Erwachen, wie ihren Tod in ahnungsreiches Dunkel zu kleiden. Aber ein ganz anderer Ton als aus dem grauen Spätherbste spricht und diesem Frühlingsdämmerreiche. Verwandten der Novembernebel, so verbreitet der klare kalte Dezemberhimmel eine große, weiße Leiche; aus dem Morgenroth dagegen bricht der Frühling strahlend und sonnengeweckt hervor.

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*) Aus „Camelien ꝛc. Leipzig 1838. 2 Bde.“

Wie der Himmel, so das Volk, das darunter wohnt. Ich mußte daher obige Worte voranschicken, bevor ich erwähne, daß das deutsche Ostern in jenes ahnungsreiche Frühlingsgrau fällt.

Ja, auch wir Deutschen glauben an eine Auferstehung, an einen Gott der Liebe und Gerechtigkeit; darum feiern wir unsere Ostern, und die Natur feiert sie mit uns. Gleichzeitig flammt es auf unseren Altären und Bergen. Die dunklen Winterträume dort oben zerrinnen und siegend tritt die Frühlingssonne in die schöne Welt.

Es gibt kein zweites Fest im Jahr, das so symbolisch zu uns spräche, so einfach, so tiefsinnig, und nur ein deutsches Gemüth vermag Ostern in seiner ahnungsvollen, heiligen Deutung zu verstehen.

Bedeutsam klingt die deutsche Osterglocke in dem Gemüthe des Knaben wieder, und wächst er zum Jüngling heran, wird die Ahnung zur Gewißheit. Auferstehen, Auferstehen, hier und jenseits, ist das hohe Lied der deutschen Ostern.

Wie eine vom Himmel gefallne Blume wandelt die Jungfrau zur Kirche, himmel-bräutlich, madonnenhaft.

Ich kenne Euch, ihr Madonnenaugen des Ostermorgens. Wie oft leuchtetet ihr mir in den dunkeln Hallen der Frühkirche. Gläubig hab' ich Jahre lang zu euch aufgeschaut, und mein Glaube hat mich nie betrogen.

Wie oft stand ich am Pfeiler rechter Hand, wenn Du frommes Heiligenbild, im alterthümlichen, seltsam geschnitzten Kirchenstuhle saßest und mit Gott sprachst und seinen Engeln. Hoch über uns klangen die Frühglocken in die dämmernde Welt. Wo nahmst Du nur die schönen rothen Mandelblüthen her, die stets neben dem Büchlein mit goldenem Schnitte lagen!

Zerfallen mit Kopf und Herz, voll sophistischer Spitzfindigkeiten, theologischer Skrupel und Zweifel war ich lange Zeit die Kirche geflohen wie ein Krankenhaus. Da rief mich einmal mit wunderbarem Klange die Osterglocke in die stillen Hallen. Ich schaute Dich und glaubte wieder an Engel, an einen Himmel, an Gott und Unsterblichkeit. Du warst mein Evangelium. In Deinen Locken blühten für unsern nordischen Himmel seltsam rothe Blumen; als ich sie näher betrachtete, waren es rothe Mandelblüthen.

Der Patron der Kirche hatte der Gemeinde ein treffliches Altarbild zum Geschenk gemacht. Es war ein Christuskopf. Von den Altarkerzen mild erleuchtet, blickte er zu der Gemeinde hernieder wie die versöhnende Liebe. Auch sie blickte zu dem Bilde auf mit Gott vertrauendem, hingebendem Auge. Ach, die schöne Sage von Pygmalion ist auch nur eine schöne Fabel gewesen, sonst würde das Altarbild durch die Himmelsblicke der Beterin Leben bekommen und sie davon geführt haben nach seiner Heimath.

Ich glaube, es ist auch geschehen. Als ich nach Jahr und Tag wieder am Pfeiler lehnte, saß auf ihrem Platze eine schwarzverschleierte Dame. Auch das Christusbild war mit Flor umhangen. Eine erbebende Ahnung durchzuckte mein Innerstes. Prophetisch klangen die Osterglocken in der Höhe. Ich folgte der Verschleierten auf dem Heimwege. Sie wandelte nach dem Kirchhofe und kniete an einem Grabe nieder. Auf dem Grabe aber blühten — schöne rothe Mandeln.

Die Nacht im Forsthause.

Rauschend schlugen die finstern Fichtenhäupter, vom Sturme gepeitscht, aneinander. Es war eine Nacht zum Tollwerden; aber in Deutschland wird man nicht so leicht toll. Unsere treffliche Philosophie, und jeder Deutsche ist geborener Philosoph, läßt es nicht zum Aeußersten kommen. Wir haben da ein reichhaltiges Lager von Gemeinplätzen und Sprichwörtern für die Stunden der Trübsal.

Ich stärkte mein durchnäßtes und verzagtes Gemüth mit solchen Gemeinplätzen, und erreichte auch glücklich eine Försterwohnung, die mitten im Walde lag. Die Hunde erhoben ein solch entsetzliches Geheul, als habe man sie vier Wochen lang auf mein theures Fleisch und Bein fasten lassen. Ich lebte damals wirklich der moralischen Ueberzeugung, daß ich die Sonne des nächsten Tages nicht erleben würde.

Das Forsthaus, soviel ich es im Finstern gewahren konnte, war so alterthümlich-romantisch, daß es jeder umsichtigen Theaterdirection als Muster zu empfehlen wäre, und die Leute, die mir entgegentraten, konnten sich getrost in die Brockhausische Urania finden lassen, als abgeschlossene und abgerundete Charaktere des Waldbruders Ludwig Tieck.

Eine tiefe Baßstimme richtete folgende Apostrophe an mich: „Plagt Sie der Satan, Herr Arian, in dem Teufelswetter! Ein Glück für Ihre Lenden, daß Sultan gekuppelt. Nun, sein Sie schönstens willkommen.“

Der Nimrod, der diese treffenden Worte sprach, war Niemand anders, als der Beherrscher des Waldes, der alte Oberförster H...., ein stattlicher Greis, wie ihn Iffland nicht gediegener hervorbringen konnte.

Sowie ich nur einigermaßen im Trocknen saß, brach die Poesie aus allen Winkeln hervor. Der Vater des Försters hatte den siebenjährigen Krieg mitgemacht, der Großvater, den dreißigjährigen. Ich lernte diesen Abend mehr deutsche Geschichte, als ein deutscher Professor im längsten Semester vorbringt. Wallenstein und Friedrich der Große wandelten in der kleinen Försterwohnung leibhaftig auf und ab.

Dabei saß die schöne Spinnerin, wie ein lebendiges Mährchen mir gegenüber. Sie gehörte zu jenen liebenswürdigen Gazellen, die von Kopf bis zu Fuß rehsittsam und übermuthsfröhlich; sobald aber ein Fremdling naht, wie erschrockene Rehe sich zurückziehen und die langen seidenen Wimpern tief und sittig über die blühenden Augen herabfallen lassen. Meine herzlichen Fragen wurden schüchtern, fast einsilbig beantwortet, und nur selten erhob sich der zarte Flor, und ich schaute in das reizende Reich der Unendlichkeit.

Zur irdischen Glückseligkeit gehört im Grunde sehr wenig. Ein gemüthlicher Sessel und vor uns eine siebenzehnjährige Göttin. Ich überlegte eben, wie dem Jüngling zu Muthe sein müsse, wenn jene süßen frommen Lippen zu ihm das bekannte Wort „Liebe“ sprächen, und jene Wundersterne dazu bekenntnißreich leuchteten, als mich der alte Förster mit der Frage unterbrach: „Ob ich den alten Pascha von Janina nicht für einen Höllenhund erkenne?“

Ich erkannte sofort den Ali Pascha für einen Höllenhund und erstattete Bericht über den Zustand der Griechen nach dem neuesten Hamburger Correspondenten. Mein Eifer für die heilige Sache machte mich warm, so daß ich mich plötzlich vom Arme des Försters mit Heftigkeit gepackt fühlte: „Mir aus der Seele gesprochen, Doktor, aber werden sie's aushalten! Der Kapudan ist unterwegs, der schießt nicht, der Himmelsakermenter.“

Ich gerieth immer mehr in's Feuer; der Alte war ganz Ohr — das Spinnrad schwieg und ein Paar Sonnen blickten zu mir auf himmelgroß, ein Paar verkündende Wolken, daß ich die Wahrheit gesprochen, wie sie geschrieben stand in meinem Herzen.

Ja, ich hatte wahr gesprochen, Hellas ward frei; ich aber war gefangen und bin es heute noch, gedenke ich zurück, ihr Sonnen im alten Forsthause.

Die Locken Germaniens.

Die deutsche Geschichte ist ein so verzweifelter Punkt für den gewissenhaften deutschen Historiker, daß sich einer der letztern vor nicht gar langer Zeit in einem eigenen Aufsatze zu der Anfrage getrieben fand: Gibt es eine deutsche Geschichte? Wenn man diese seltsame Sache mit besonnenem Blute überdenkt, und von den heutigen traurigen und bezopften Köpfen aufwärts steigt, durch die Schule der Perrücken und Zöpfe, bis zu den goldhaarigen Ahnen, so stellt sich allerdings das bedenkliche Resultat, daß es wohl allerlei deutsche Geschichten gibt, aber keine deutsche Geschichte. Nur zweimal findet eine Ausnahme statt, in zwei ziemlich von einander liegenden Zeiträumen. Diese beiden Ausnahmen ereigneten sich, als das deutsche Volk die Adler und Legionen der beiden Cäsaren Augustus und Napoleon theils erschlugen, theils aus dem Lande jagten.

Dem Ersten dieser deutsch geschichtlichen Momente, denn solche waren es, nur Hermannsbrüder, ging ein seltsamer Akt zuvor, der für das ganze deutsche Volk bis auf den heutigen Tag von einer beklagenswerthen symbolischen Vorbedeutung war. Die Römer nämlich, klassischen Andenkens, schnitten zwar den unterjochten Deutschen alle ungehorsamen Köpfe ab; das hätte sein mögen; wir wissen aus der Weltgeschichte, daß aus dieser Kopfabhackerei selten Gutes herauskommt; aber jene unternehmenden Quiriten gingen spekulativer zu Werke, sie bewirthschafteten die schön gelockten Köpfe als Wollhändler, schnitten, ich weiß nicht, ob die Schur, wie heutzutage, auf einen besonderen Monat beschränkt war, den goldgelben Flocken ab, und schickten sie schiffsweise als gesuchte Artikel an die römischen Frauen. So wurden die Deutschen gleich beim Beginn ihrer Geschichte, im vollsten Sinn des Wortes, geschoren.

Nun muß man zugeben, und alle deutschen Geschichten belegen es, daß der Deutsche einen Spaß versteht, sei er subtil oder grob, und nicht gleich wegen jeder Bagatelle zu den

Waffen greift, aber dieſe ſymboliſche Entmannung durch die römiſche Scheere war ihm außer Spaß und ſtieg in die gelüfteten Köpfe. Jeder, dem nur goldgelbes Haar auf dem Scheitel ſproßte, und das war bei jedem ächten Germanen der Fall, ergrimmte und griff zu den Waffen. So ward die Sache Nationalangelegenheit und darum gelang der Schlag im Teutoburger Walde, worüber wir heutzutage uns nicht genug verwundern können.

Jenes induſtriöſe Haarverſchneiden haben aber die Deutſchen Rom nie vergeſſen; und ſo oft in der Folge ein Kaiſer nach Italien zog, waren ſie bei der Hand und rächten den Lockenraub mit vandaliſchem Grimme. Sie mußten bei dieſen höchſt unerſprießlichen Expeditionen zwar oft außer den Haaren auch den Kopf laſſen; heldenhaft kämpfte das Kaiſerhaus der Hohenſtaufen faſt ſeine Lebzeit über im heilloſen Welſchland, bis es ſeinen letzten Kopf auf einem Schaffote zu Neapel einbüßte. Ziehen die Oeſtreicher nicht ſtets mit [illegible] über den Po, wenn in Italien die Revolutionsglocke läutet und blaſen Feierabend! und wer wollte endlich jenen zweitauſendjährigen Patriotismus verkennen in dem Buche des wackern Guſtav Nikolai! Bella Italia! Du haſt die goldenen Locken Italiens theuer bezahlt.

Rom, trotz der Niederlage im Teutoburger Walde, konnte von ſeinem Syſtem, den Deutſchen mit der Scheere in die Haare zu fahren, nicht laſſen. Als ſeine Präfekte und Lictoren Nichts mehr zu ſchaffen hatten im deutſchen Lande, erfand es die Tonſur und ſchor abermals mit großer Ruhe einen Theil der deutſchen Köpfe bis auf die Kopfhaut. Nun hatten die Deutſchen wieder viele Jahrhunderte an den Glatzen zu laboriren, bis Martinus Luther zu Wittenberg auftrat und als Bratfiſch des ſechszehnten Jahrhunderts den Haarwuchs beförderte.

In Folge dieſer Haarwuchs befördernden Lehre Luthers fuhren ſich die Deutſchen wiederum dreißig Jahre einander ſelbſt in die Haare, worauf unmittelbar das Zeitalter der Perrücken begann, unter welchen man die zerzauſten und zerſchlagenen Häupter verbarg. Es war eine dürre, unerquickliche Zeit, voller Bücher- und Puderſtaub, bis Napoleon gegen die deutſchen Perrücken zu Felde zog mit Kanonen und Dekreten. Da wuchſen den Deutſchen die Haare wieder, ſie erhielten Einheit und Mannskraft und jagten den neuen Auguſtus aus dem Lande.

Die deutſchen Turner, welche hierbei rüſtig geholfen hatten, ſahen jetzt wohl ein, daß die Kraft des deutſchen Volkes, wie beim ſeligen Simſon eigentlich in den Haaren ruhe, und darum ließen ſie ſich dieſelben ſo lang, wie immer möglich wachſen, bis ſich das neue Inſtitut des deutſchen Bundes dieſer altvaterländiſchen Sitte widerſetzte.

Es ſind an die zweitauſend Jahre, ſeit uns Rom die Haare verſchnitt; die mächtig ſchattenden Wälder von Altgermanien ſind gelichtet, und klar und unbeirrt ſcheint die Sonne über die deutſchen Lande. Es hat ſich darum unſer Haar ſichtbar gebräunt, und die goldgelben Locken, jene einſtige nationale Kopfbedeckung, werden immer ſeltener. Ueberdieß haben die zahlreichen Beſuche aus aller Herren Ländern eine jeder wiſſenſchaftlichen Unterſuchung hohnſprechende Haarverwirrung zurückgelaſſen, ſo daß ich bezweifle, ob die heutigen Römerinnen noch Verlangen nach unſeren Locken tragen. Man hat auch in dieſer Hinſicht die Fürſorge übernommen und liefert die ſchönſten Locken in allen Couleuren für Italien und Deutſchland.

Dieß iſt die Geſchichte der goldgelben Locken Germaniens.

Soll ich auch euer gedenken, ſeidene, zauberhafte Fäden, die ihr euch weich und zart um die Schläfe der Tochter Germaniens legt; oder tändelnd herabringelt in reizendem Muthwillen, oder traumhaft umſchattet blumenhafte Wonnen!

Was ſiehſt Du wie aus einem goldenen Traume zu mir auf, ſüßes, blondes Vermächtniß im einfachen Medaillon, ſeliges Pfand geſtorbener Seligkeiten! Fern in einem ſchönen Thale von Deutſchland, wo die Linden duften, und die Nachtigallen ſchlagen, ſchmückteſt Du jahrelang ein Frühlings-ſchönes Antlitz, bis die eigene zarte Hand ſelbſtmörderiſch Dich löſte aus dem goldenen Reiche der Schweſtern.

Schönſter Juniabend meines Lebens, heilige Vorfeier jenes großen Frühlingsfeſtes, deſſen Kerzen in einer anderen Welt flammen, deſſen Glocken in einer anderen Welt läuten, aber in geweihten Augenblicken herüberklingen durch unſere Nebeldecken und feuchten Wolkenſchichten.

Das Abendroth war einſam verblüht, hinter Gärten und Rebenhügeln; immer tiefer ſank die Welt in das große ahnungsreiche Grab der Dämmerung. Der bunte Schmelz der Blumenbeete zerfloß in duftendes Grau; nur die weißen Lilien leuchteten geiſterhaft in dunklen Räumen. Aber je tiefer der blühende Erdenſarg hinabſank in das ernſte Reich der Schatten, um ſo flammender und überzeugender entzündete ſich dort oben der ſonnengeſtickte Namenszug Gottes in unſterblicher Schöne.

Mitten im goldduftenden Dunkel, zwiſchen Blumen und Sternen, ſaß ich an der Seite Seraphinens, jenes herrlichen Kindes mit blondſeidenem Haar und frommen, wunderſchönen Augen. Eine tiefe Sabbathſtille ruhte heilig über der nächtlichen Schöpfung. Das Reich der Träume wob ſinnend ſeine goldenen Flören über Blüthen und Kelche. — Da wanden ſich leiſe und lind die Töne einer fernen Abendglocke durch Blätter und Stauden und legten ſich wie Himmelsgrüße einer ſchönen Welt an unſer Herz. Sie neigte wunderbar bewegt ihr ſüßes Haupt gegen meine Bruſt und ich hauchte einen leiſen Kuß auf die ſchöne Stirne.

O Seraphine, flüſterte ich, ſeligſter Traum meines Lebens, reizender Gedanke einer ſchönen Welt — und ich bat die Holdſelige, warum ich ſchon ſo oft vergebens gebeten, um eine Locke ihres ſchönen Haars. Sie antwortete nicht und blickte wie eine träumende Blume nach dem immer tiefer ſinkenden Abendſtern.

Er ſinkt gen Frankreich, ſprach ich leiſe, bald folg' ich ihm, und wiederholte meine Bitte in weichem flehenden Tone. — Da tönte eine bekannte Hofthürſchelle.

Die Aeltern ſind zurück, ſprach Seraphine, ſtand ſchnell auf und eilte den Gartengang entlang. Ich folgte. Im Wohnhaus am Eingang des Gartens war es lichthell geworden. Ich trat in den Salon, wo ich die heimgekehrten Aeltern begrüßte, und wo das Abendeſſen ſchon bereit ſtand.

Letztes heiliges Abendmahl in jenem ſchönen deutſchen Frühlinge voller Blumen und Liebe. Zum letzten Male ſaß ich gegenüber der reizenden Verkünderin einer Unſterblichkeit. Die Römer klangen an einander auf meine [illegible] Wiederkehr aus dem ſchönen Frankreich. Und als ich mit ihr anklang und der Ton ſo rein und golden die Luft durchzog wie ſterbendes Abendroth, verſank ich zum letzten Male in jene ſeligen Himmel ihrer blauen Augen; und unwillkührlich durchklang mich das reizende Lied des herrlichen Hoffmann von Fallersleben, das er einſt in heiliger Stunde gewiß auf eben ſo ſchöne Augen gedichtet hat:

> Ich ſchaute die blaue unendliche See,
> Da ward mir im Herzen ſo wohl und ſo weh.
> Doch als ich Dein blaues Auge geſehen —
> Da, weiß ich wirklich nicht, wie mir geſchehen.
> Und ob ich die blaue unendliche See
> Auch immer und immer [illegible],
> Das Waſſer immer von Waſſer [illegible] —
> Dem bög' ich ewig unendliche Liebe.

Zur Erinnerung an jenen Abend aber bewahr' ich eine der ſchönſten Locken Germaniens, welche mir Seraphine in ein goldgerändertes Stammbuchblatt gewickelt, plötzlich in die Hand drückte, als ich ſchwermuthsvoll ob des bevorſtehenden Abſchiedes durch das geöffnete Fenſter nach dem nächtlichen, duftenden Garten hinausſchaute. O ſeliger Augenblick! — Ich wollte ihr nacheilen, ihr dankend zu Füßen ſinken; aber ſie war bereits durch die Glasthür entſchlüpft. Ich klingelte. Die Thüre war verſchloſſen und meine Blicke trafen nur noch die Himmelsgeſtalt im himmelblauen Kleide, als ſie durch die zweite Thür entſchwebte.

Es war das letzte Mal. Ich habe ſie nie wieder geſehen; denn bereits am anderen Tage rief ſie ein Brief an das Sterbebette ihrer weiten entfernten Tante, welche ſich die letzten Augenblicke durch das Anſchauen eines Engels verſüßen wollte. Von Tag zu Tag verſchob ſich meine Abreiſe; Seraphine kehrte nicht zurück. So mußte ich fort, ohne Gruß und Kuß von ihr das Vaterland verlaſſen.

Das Poſthorn klang. Fort brauſte der Wagen auf der Straße nach Frankreich. Auf meiner Bruſt aber ruhte wie ein ſtiller Segen das letzte heiligſte Geſchenk, das ich im Vaterland erhalten — eine Locke Germaniens.

Die Schwalbenneſter-Revolution.

In einem deutſchen Fürſtenthume ereignete ſich der tragiſche Fall, daß mehrere Schwalben, die in einem Orangeriehaus ihre Neſter bauten, die Baumaterialien aus dem ausländiſchen Gebiete herüber trugen. Der Gutsherr, ein Patriot, ſo wie er von der Paſcherei erfuhr, gab den Befehl die unverſteuerten Neſter zu zerſtören. Ein böſes Beiſpiel verderbe gute Sitten, hatte er geſagt, denn er wußte für die verwickeltſten Fragen im Leben Sprichwörter.

Die gutsherrliche Executions-Armee ſetzte ſich ſofort gegen die Schwalbenneſter in Bewegung; die Bauern aber, die wie ihre ſämmtlichen Collegen im deutſchen Lande, die Schwalbenneſter an den Häuſern für glückliche Omina erkennen, wollten die Zerſtörung nicht zugeben und ſetzten ſich zur Wehre.

Der Gutsherr, weil er für ſolch' außerordentlichen Fall kein Sprichwort wußte, ließ anſpannen, fuhr nach der Reſidenz und ſchlug Lärm. Sogleich behandelte die deutſche Preſſe die kleine Revolution mit der ihr eigenthümlichen Delikateſſe; aber im Pariſer Tempo las ich bereits mit Kanonen. In das rebelliſche Dorf rückten Dragoner und verblieben daſelbſt, bis die Schwalben in die Winterquartiere zogen.

In ſolchen Miniatur-Revolutionen iſt die deutſche Geſchichte neuerer Zeit nicht arm. Oft waren die Urſachen noch unbedeutender als Schwalbenneſter.

Der Gutsherr, welcher der Schwalbenneſter-Revolution ſo determinirt auf den Kopf trat, war Niemand als Herr von X....., der als ſpäterer Landſtand die Kammeroppoſition vernichtete. Seine Sprichwörter und Bonmots waren gefürchtet. Mit einem Sprichworte ſchlug er einmal die ganze Debatte darnieder, die für das Miniſterium ſchon eine ſehr bedenkliche Wendung nahm. Die Oppoſition beſchwerte ſich nämlich über die vielen Cenſurlücken in der inländiſchen periodiſchen Preſſe. Man brachte die gravirendſten Beweiſe vor. Die Miniſterbank gerieth in die Enge. Da erhob ſich Herr von X.....:

„Meine Herren“, rief er, „ich verſichere auf Ehre, daß mich die Cenſurlücken nie incommodirt haben. Ich habe da meine Philoſophie und denke: „Was ich nicht weiß, macht mich nicht heiß.“

Die rechte Seite fand dieſe Anſicht eben ſo weiſe als beruhigend; das Miniſterium ſchöpfte friſchen Athem, und die Oppoſition blieb in der Minorität.

Ich lernte Herrn von X..... einmal in Baden-Baden perſönlich kennen. Er war der leibhafte Repräſentant des Conſervativ-Syſtems und hatte ſich ſelbſt vortrefflich conſervirt. Die Stürme der Revolution waren ſpurlos über dieſen deutſchen Schädel dahin gegangen. Seine einzige Sorge beſtand darin, noch ſo lange zu leben, bis den Franzoſen noch etwas Tüchtiges am Zeuge geflickt wäre. Herr von X.... hatte nämlich alle Urſache, mit Frankreich unzufrieden zu ſein. Die Franzoſen hatten nach und nach faſt ſeine ſämmtliche Vetterſchaft todtgeſchoſſen, von den Revolutionskriegen an bis Anno 1813. Er ſelbſt zählte mir eine Menge verfluchter Couſins auf.

Aber Papa, rief die zwanzigjährige Anna, die ausgegangene Pfeife des Vaters mit einem Fidibus anzündend, wie viel Couſins haſt Du nur gehabt! Da iſt der Bodo, der Albrecht, der Hans, der Kaspar, die ich alle nicht leiden kann, wegen der abſcheulichen Schnurrbärte.

Einfältig Kind, brummte der Alte, danke Gott, daß dem Vaterlande noch einige Stützen erhalten ſind. Wären jene Helden, fügte er zu mir gewendet mit leiſem Seufzer hinzu, nicht ſo frühzeitig gefallen, wer weiß, wie es jetzt ſtünde.

Es wäre Manches anders geworden, gegenredete ich.

Der Iſegrim ſteht noch vor mir, ſprach der deutſche Ritter mit ſtiller Begeiſterung, ein Prachtjunge. Die Geſchichte hätte einen Blücher mehr. Gott hab' ihn ſelig, er hieß eigentlich Moritz; aber die Familie nannte ihn Iſegrim.

Der mag erſt einen Schnurrbart gehabt haben, rief Anna mit komiſchem Entſetzen.

Lothringen und Elſaß mit ſammt dem Münſter entgingen uns nicht, behauptete der Alte, den ſchmachvollen Pariſer Frieden hätte Iſegrim nimmer zugegeben.

Ich betrauerte von Herzen den edeln Ritter.

Ein Flug durch's Gebirge.

Wenn man an einem heitern Sommertage eine der vielen anmuthigen Anhöhen der Dresdner Umgegend erſteigt und die Blicke über das weite ſchöne Elbthal dahinſtreifen, ſieht man den ſüdlichen Horizont auf ferne nebelhafte Berge herabſinken. Das ſind die blaugrauen Weiten des Erzgebirgs. Mährchenhaft weht es aus jener Gebirgsgegend in das lachende Thal herüber, und das Erzgebirge allein genießt in der Phantaſie der Dresdner mehr Zauber, als der blühendſte Mährchenalmanach. Denn in jenen Gebirgen rauſchen geheimnißvoll die dunkeln Bergwaſſer in unergründlichen, waldumnachteten Tiefen; da ſteigen in nächtlicher Stille die Silbereimer in die ſchwarzen Eingeweide der Erde; irren die Grubenlichter in zweideutigem Nebel und einſam nur klingt das Glöcklein der Hüttenwerke durch die todtſtille Gegend. Da blüht kein Frühling, lacht keine Roſe, da iſt der Gnomen und Erdgeiſter märchenhaftes Reich und die Armuth wohnt zwiſchen Silberhaufen. Die einzigen Silberblicke, die der Himmel den armen Gebirgsbewohnern verlieh, heißen Gottvertrauen und Zufriedenheit.

Der Gedanke an das kalte Erzgebirge an einem heißen Sommertage in Dresden, wirkt ſo erquickend, wie das erfriſchendſte Glas Erdbeereis bei Baldini auf der Brühl'ſchen Terraſſe.

Ich ſaß an einem ſchönen Sommerabende auf genanntem Vergnügungsorte; die untergehende Sonne, welche kaum eine Hand breit über den Rebenbergen der Lößnitz ſtand, warf ihren Roſenſchimmer verklärend über das reizende Abendbild. Die Fenſter der Loſchwitzer Weinberghäuſer ſtrahlten in prachtvoller Erleuchtung, über mir dufteten die Lindenblüthen, das Muſikkorps ſpielte das ſüße Duett aus Jeſſonda: Laßt uns dorthin, dorthin ziehen ꝛc., als plötzlich ein poetiſcher Freund zu mir trat und mit demoſtheniſcher Beredtſamkeit mir die Reize eines Flug's durch's hohe Erzgebirge in den jetzigen warmen Sommertagen auseinander ſetzte.

Bedenke nur, rief er begeiſtert, heute noch ſitzen wir hier im reizenden, ſonnigen Elbthale, inmitten der glockenreichen Königſtadt, inmitten von ſüßen Melodien, leuchtenden Roſen, und morgen ſchon hören wir die Urquellen rauſchen im hohen Gebirg, ſehen den einſamen Raubvogel über ſtarren Felſen kreiſen; Alles iſt todt und erſtorben —

„Das Glöcklein klingt, der Morgen graut,
Es wird im Bergmannshüttchen laut.“

Ich laſſe nie gern eine Gelegenheit vorüber, wo es gilt, eine poetiſche Idee zu realiſiren. Es ſind ſolche Zeiten Silberblicke, und je reicher das Leben an ihnen, deſto reicher iſt das Leben ſelbſt zu nennen. Meine Skrupel und Zweifel waren daher bald niedergeſchlagen und bereits am andern Morgen ſelbanderten wir frei und glücklich auf der Straße gen Freiberg dahin.

Das reizende Tharand iſt der letzte ſüdliche Stern der ſchönen Dresdner Umgegend. Darüber hinaus wird die Gegend waldſtiller, ernſter und höher. Je weiter wir vorwärts ſchreiten, deſto mehr Berge wälzen ſich zwiſchen uns und das zurückgebliebene Elbthal. Selbſt der Himmel verliert bald ſein erquickendes Blau, denn noch einige Stunden Wegs, und hie und da ſteigt die einförmige Rauchſäule der Hüttenwerke zu den Wolken. Wir ſind in das Reich des Plutus getreten. Das iſt aber ein eben ſo unliebenswürdiger Gott, wie ſein Herr Vetter Vulkan. Aſchgrau und Schwefelgelb brütet er wie der leibhaftige Geiz über Silberhaufen.

Die Bergſtadt Freiberg, acht Stunden von Dresden, iſt ſo alt wie die älteſten ſächſiſchen Sagen. Hier wird jene Kunſt, die Erde auszubeuten, methodiſch gelehrt; denn hier befindet ſich die berühmte Bergakademie, welche von Scholaren aus aller Herren Ländern beſucht wird. Selbſt Spanier ſtudirten noch vor nicht langer Zeit hier. Nachdem für Spanien die Silberblicke Amerikas erloſchen waren, kein Herz und keine Silberader der neuen Welt mehr für die katholiſchen Könige ſchlug und keine Silberflotte mehr einlief unter dem Donner der Karthaunen und dem Hurrah der Equipage in den Hafen von Kadix, ſah man eines Tags fremde ſüdliche Geſtalten mit ſtolzen Schritten und tiefkatholiſchen Geſichtern einherwandeln in den Straßen eines unſcheinbaren ſächſiſchen Bergſtädtchens. Spanien wollte nämlich nach dem Verluſte beider Indien in den eigenen Buſen greifen und aus den Tiefen ſeiner Sierras die Gold- und Silberquellen ſprudeln laſſen in nie geſehener Schöne. Ich weiß nun nicht, wie weit die Sache gediehen iſt; doch ſcheint mir, daß Freund Mendizabal bei den karliſtiſchen Händeln die Freiberger Studien vor der Hand habe dahin geſtellt ſein laſſen, indem er es für gerathener fand, zuvor den ſchönen Hamſterbau der ſpaniſchen Klöſter bergmänniſch zu bearbeiten.

An der Freiberger Bergakademie lehrte noch vor wenig Decennien der große Bergmann Abraham Werner, der Linné der Unterwelt, und noch heute lebt und wirkt ein gefeierter deutſcher Name in der kleinen Bergſtadt — der Oberberghauptmann Freiherr v. Herder, Sohn des Verfaſſers der Ideen zur Philoſophie der Geſchichte der Menſchheit.

Bevor ich die Bergſtadt, die nächſt ihrer Alterthümlichkeit wenig Bemerkenswerthes vorzeigt, verlaſſe, muß ich noch eines kleinen muſikaliſchen Meiſterwerks gedenken, das innerhalb Freibergs düſtern Mauern gedichtet und in Muſik geſetzt ward. Ich weiß nicht, ob das liebe Muſikſtück: „der Bergmannsgruß,“ Text von Döring, componirt von Anacker, außerhalb Sachſens ſo beliebt und bekannt iſt, wie innerhalb unſerer beſcheiden gezogenen Grenzen. Es erhält dieſes Tonwerk hauptſächlich dadurch einen eigenthümlichen Reiz, daß Dichtung und Töne inmitten des Bergmannslebens entſtanden, den Zauber und den Duft der Berge gleichſam in ſich geſogen und treu bewahrt haben.

Wenn man von Dresden nach Freiberg heraufgewandert iſt, denkt man wunder wie hoch man ſich befindet, während ſich im Süden neue, höhere Bergmaſſen gen Himmel wälzen. Immer öder und trauriger wird die Gegend, die Vegetation ſpärlicher, bald bleibt Flora's und Pomona's Reich ganz zurück, und man vernimmt nur das einſame Rauſchen finſterer Tannenwälder.

Wir beſchloſſen, das gewerbreiche Chemnitz, die Lebenspulsader des Gebirgs, rechter Hand liegen zu laſſen, und wanderten über das freundliche Bergſtädtchen Annaberg ſchnurſtracks auf jene vom Himmel verlaſſene Gegend zu, die man unter dem Namen des ſächſiſchen Sibiriens begreift.

Man kann das ſächſiſche Erzgebirge füglich in drei Gürtel theilen. Lebensgolden wogt es auf den ſüdlichen Abhängen, der üppige Saum iſt mit Blumen durchwirkt, fruchtbeladene Aeſte beugen ſich im Herbſte zur Erde, und der dankbare Boden nährt den fleißigen Bebauer. Noch baut ſich der Landmann ſein ſolides räumliches Wohnhaus, und die innere Einrichtung zeigt von dem behaglichen Auskommen des Eigenthümers. Aber ein ſchneidender Luftzug durchweht bereits die mittlere Region, und verbietet manchem reizende Kinde Florens, die goldenen Augen aufzuſchlagen. Der Fleiß der Menſchenhand muß hier nachholen, was der Erdboden verſagt. Unermüdlich ſchwirrt das Weberſchiffchen in den zahlreichen, großentheils ärmlichen Wohnungen. Tauſend und abertauſend Hände regen ſich in geſchäftiger Eile wie ein Ameiſenhaufe, vom armen Löffelſchmidt und Korbflechter bis zur blaſſen Spitzenklöpplerin, die bei dürftigem Lampenlicht von früh bis zum ſpäten Abend an ihrem kunſtreichen Gewebe ſitzt.

Steigen wir aber beherzt noch höher in die Berge hinein, in den dritten Gürtel, da ſchweigt alsbald die Gewerbthätigkeit des Fabriklebens; Alles wird ſtiller, todter; auf der Erde iſt für die Menſchen nichts mehr zu holen, und er ſteigt wieder in die Erde hinab, in das Reich der Gnomen und Metalle. Die Hütten werden ärmlicher, die Geſichter blaſſer; die kräftigen Fichten, die muntern Tannen, die wenig Stunden tiefer im Lande noch ſtolz und majeſtätiſch zum Himmel ſtreben, verlieren allen Muth und werden zwergartig. Dürftig nur noch gedeiht der einſame Ebereſchbaum mit ſeinen blutrothen Beeren am Wege, endlich erliſcht auch dieſer, und ſo weit der Blick troſtlos die todtkalte Gegend durchſtreift, trifft er auf Nichts, als auf einen theilnahmloſen Himmel und graues Elend.

Faſt wie Ironie ſieht es aus, wenn die armen Bewohner hier und da auf einem ſonnig gelegenen Plätzchen die unfruchtbare Erde umgewühlt und ein goldenes Saatkorn darin verſtreuet haben. Ich durchwanderte vor einigen Jahren im Anfang Oktober dieſe Gegend, da ſtand das ärmliche Korn mit ſeinen ſchwärzlichen Aehren noch auf dem Felde und der Hafer war noch ganz grün.

Die Armuth in dieſer, von allen Göttern verlaſſenen Region nimmt von Jahr zu. Beim angeſtrengteſten Fleiße verdient jetzt — im vollſten Sinne des Worts — eine Spitzenklöpplerin nicht das trockne Brod, denn ſie muß ihren Hunger großentheils mit Kartoffeln ſtillen. Dazu kommt noch, daß der Bergbau immer mehr in Verfall geräth. Auf der Erde Nichts, unter der Erde Nichts, ſind die Armen auf den Himmel angewieſen, wovon ſie leider nicht ſatt werden. Es iſt ein Jammer, wenn man in den Gegenden des höchſten Gebirgs, in Johann Georgenſtadt, Eibenſtock, Schönhaide, den blaſſen Leidensgeſtalten begegnet, die mit ſeltſamer Trauer zu dem durchwandernden Fremdling aufſchauen, der von glücklicheren Himmeln zu erzählen weiß.

Was helfen hier oben in dieſer Stiefmutter von Gegend alle Deklamationen von Heimath, Patriotismus und Vaterlandsliebe. Der Boden, der ſeine Kinder beim angeſtrengteſten Fleiße verhungern läßt, hat auch keinen Anſpruch auf die Liebe derſelben, und iſt irgend deutſchen Landsleuten eine glückliche Ueberfahrt nach Amerika zu wünſchen, ſo ſind es beſ[illegible]ner des ſächſiſchen Sibiriens.

[illegible] zwiſchen Sachſen und Böhmen beim Dorfe [illegible] ein gigantiſcher Berg zu den Wolken; [illegible]berg, und wer ihn erſtiegen, kann [illegible]. Man muß aber einen heitern Nach[illegible] die Vormittage ſind ſelten von Nebeln [illegible] mächtiges Stück von Böhmen, wie eine friſch [illegible] zu unſern Füßen. Ein gut bewaffnetes Auge [illegible] von Prag erkennen. Wenden wir uns, ſo über[illegible] Blick die beiden kalten Gürtel des Erzgebirges [illegible]horizont dämmert in lieber bläulicher Ferne das [illegible]men und ſeidenen Lüfte. Zur Linken breitet das [illegible] ſeine reichen Getreidefluren in endloſen Flächen aus [illegible] zur bayeriſchen Grenze; rechts aber verbauen die himmelhohen böhmiſchen Grenzgebirge faſt jede Ausſicht.

Auf dieſem höchſten Gebirge ſtanden wir und ſchauten wie Könige auf die große Welt zu unſern Füßen. Dort in weiteſter Ferne, hinter jenem blaſſen Nebelkreis, lag das Elbthal, Dresden, die lindenumblühte Brühl'ſche Terraſſe, wo wir noch ehegeſtern ſaßen, von lieblichen Melodien umweht. Hier in der erhabenen Einſamkeit tönte ein anderer Choral in den Kronen der dürftigen Tannen. Da unten lag Schönhaide, eine der traurigſten jener ſächſiſch-ſibiriſchen Kolonien mit ſeinen ärmlichen Hütten voll Hunger und Elend.

Kalt ſtrich der Wind aus Böhmen herüber. Mein Freund hatte eine Flaſche guten Medoc mit heraufgeſchleppt. Wir tranken auf das Wohl der armen Hüttenbewohner und auf das ſchöne Mitleid, daß es einkehre in die Paläſte und die Herzen der Reichen.

Klirrend flog die geleerte Flaſche in den Abgrund. Eine Schaar ſchwarzes Geflügel ſtieg erſchreckt hervor und umkreiſte mit heiſerm Geſchrei unſere Häupter; der Wind aus Böhmen pfiff ſchneidender; immer unheimlicher ward es auf der kalten Berghöhe. Da faßte mich der Freund am Arme.

„Laß uns dorthin, dorthin ziehn,
Wo die Blumen ſchöner blühn."

ſang er, und unter der Spohr'ſchen Melodie eilten wir den Berg herab.

Am andern Tage ging die Reiſe zur Poſt von Schneeberg aus, über Stollberg, Chemnitz, nach dem lachenden Elbflorenz, aus dem Winter in den Frühling zurück. —

Die ſächſiſchen Mädchen.

Um über den fraglichen Gegenſtand ein unbefangenes, philoſophiſches Urtheil abzugeben, iſt ein Haupterforderniß, daß man nicht ſelbſt verliebt iſt. Da ich mich, Gott ſei Dank, dermalen in dieſem glücklichen, emancipirten Zuſtande befinde, ſo ergreife ich die ſchöne Gelegenheit, und berichte, wie folgt:

Die ſächſiſchen Mädchen ſind ein herrliches Geſchlecht, das der liebe Gott zum Nutzen und Frommen ſeiner guten und getreuen Bewohner des conſtitutionellen Königreichs Sachſen beſonders erſchaffen hat, obſchon die königlich ſächſiſchen Mädchen nichts weniger als conſtitutionell geſinnt zu nennen, da der ſächſiſche Landtag gleich beim Beginn ſeiner Sitzungen die unpolitiſche Ungalanterie beging, das reizende Geſchlecht von ſeinen Sitzungen auszuſchließen und ſich ſeine Gallerie muthwilligerweiſe zu defloriren.

Es iſt ein uralt Bonmot, daß

„in Sachſen die ſchönen Mädchen wachſen."

Ging ich nun nicht ſo unparteiiſch zu Werke, ließ ich das Bonmot auf ſich beruhen, und die Welt käme hinſichtlich der ſächſiſchen Mädchen nur auf's Reine, aber ſo ſtreiche ich das ſchön und ſetze dafür hübſch. Nach dieſer Variation will ich das Sprichwort beſchwören, ſollte die Sache zum Proceſſe kommen. Hiemit ſoll nun nicht geſagt ſein, als ob in Sachſen nicht auch ſehr ſchöne Mädchen wüchſen, bewahre der Himmel! Auch leb' ich der moraliſchen Ueberzeugung, daß ſich 9/10 Theile meiner Landsmänninnen für ſehr ſchöne Mädchen halten.

Hätt' ich völlig freie Hand, würd' ich obiges Bonmot noch auf eine zweite Art variiren und ſchreiben:

„In Sachſen, wo die herzigen Mädchen wachſen."

Dieß kann ich ſogar auf geographiſchem Wege beweiſen. Deutſchland oder, wie die Turner wollen, Teutſchland, oder demagogiſch das deutſche Vaterland, oder laut der Wiener Congreßakte die deutſchen Bundesſtaaten ſind bekanntlich das Herz von Europa; Sachſen wiederum iſt das Herz von Deutſchland; kann es aber nach deutſcher Logik und Fundamentalphiloſophie anders kommen, als daß auf ſolch herzigem Terrain die meiſten herzigen Mädchen wachſen! Ein ſächſiſches Mädchen weiß mit ihrem kleinen Herzen in der Welt Gottes Nichts anzufangen, als ſich damit zu verlieben, und das macht das ſüße Kind eben ſo herzig und liebenswürdig.

Indem ich den letzten kühnen Satz niederſchreibe, fallen mir die Leipzigerinnen ein, und ich komme in nicht geringe Verlegenheit. Daß die Leipzigerinnen auch ſächſiſche Mädchen, kann ich nicht läugnen und gleichwohl paßt da mein Satz nicht, daß ſie mit ihren kleinen Herzen Nichts anzufangen wüßten, als ſich zu verlieben. Ich will mich auf gut conſtitutionellem Wege aus der Schlinge ziehen und ſo klar als möglich faſſen.

Jeder Mediciner, wenn er auch noch nicht promovirt hat, wird mir zugeſtehen, daß jedes irdiſche Mädchen, von andern iſt die Rede nicht, mit zwei Herzkammern geboren wird. Nun gut, ich mache jetzt die Nutzanwendung auf die ſächſiſchen Mädchen. Wenn ich von ihnen im Allgemeinen behaupte, daß ſie mit ihren Herzen Nichts anzufangen wüßten, als ſich damit zu verlieben, ſo ſoll das ſo viel heißen, daß ſie ſich mit beiden Herzkammern verlieben; die Leipzigerinnen machen aber eine Ausnahme und verlieben ſich blos mit Einer, während die Andere mit allerhand Contrebande, als da ſind Feronieren, Spitzen, Marabouts, Ballengagements und mit noch ſchlimmeren Dingen vollgepfropft iſt.

Die Leipziger Mädchen ſind wie ihre vaterländiſchen Colleginnen zwar conſtitutionelle Staatsbürgerinnen, aber liberaler geſinnt. Sie geben dem Zweikammerſyſtem den Vorzug. Es iſt da ein ewiger Streit der Intereſſen zwiſchen Liebe, Eitelkeit und Gefallſucht, während die Mädchen in der Provinz gar nicht wiſſen, daß ſie zwei Kammern haben, da in beiden nur die Liebe wohnt.

Die Mädchen in der Provinz, was ſoll das bedeuten? Es iſt gut, daß mir dieſe Redensart in den Weg kam, ich habe mich lange genug darüber geärgert, und erhalte nun Gelegenheit, einmal dem Leipziger Uebermuthe beizukommen.

Die Leipziger, doch damit ich nicht ungerecht werde, faſt nur das junge Leipzig, la jeune Leipsic, wenn es auch nicht ganz der Ueberzeugung lebt, daß Leipzig der Mittelpunkt der Erde und der Civiliſation, und daß der liebe Gott den 5400 Meilen langen Aequator blos erſchaffen hat, damit er ſich um Leipzig drehe, hat ſich ſeine eigene Geographie geſchaffen. Nach dieſem Leipziger geographiſchen Katechismus wird das Königreich Sachſen eingetheilt:

a) in die Stadt Leipzig, inclusive der Kohlgärten und Straßenhäuſer, und

b) in die Provinz.

Alles, was nicht Sahne ſtatt Rahm ſagt, was nicht zittert und bebert, ſondern nur zittert und bebt, gehört zur Provinz; das herrliche Dresden im blühenden Elbthale mit ſeinen Kunſtſchätzen, Dresden, die Haupt- und Reſidenzſtadt, das gewerbreiche Chemnitz mit ſeinen Fabriken — Alles iſt Provinz, hat neun Zehntheile weniger Anſpruch auf die ewige Glückſeligkeit, und Leipzig mit ſeinen fetten Lerchen und magern Profeſſoren iſt die allmächtig gebietende Urbs.

Doch ich kehre zu meinem Hauptthema den ſächſiſchen Mädchen, zurück.

Mir ward Gelegenheit, die ſächſiſche Flora in den verſchiedenartigſten Jahreszeiten zu beobachten. Wie manche ſelige Winternacht lehnte ich an einem Pfeiler der kerzenflammenden Ballſäle des Hotel de Pologne in Leipzig, und ſah die reizenden Guirlanden des Cotillon an mir vorüberſchweben. Ich habe ſie geſchaut die liebliche Flora der Leipziger Gewandhausconcerte, ſo wie die freundlichen Blumen der Reſidenz, in reizender Verklärung der hundertfach flammenden Kerzen, umwogt von den ſüßeſten Melodien Bellini's. Man befand ſich in einem Zaubergarten von Tauſend und Einer Nacht; man war berauſcht, entzückt, aber nicht — erquickt. Die lieblichen Blumen waren eben nichts als Ballblumen, und wenn man am Tage nach dem Ball den blaſſen kränklichen Geſtalten auf der Promenade begegnete, ſchwand vollends alle Poeſie.

Aber es gibt außer Leipzig und Dresden noch eine andere ſächſiſche Flora, die wie ein duftendes Veilchengefild in der Stille ihrer Berge und Thäler einſam blüht, des eigenen Werthes unbewußt, und ſie iſt die Nationalfarbe der ſächſiſchen Mädchen.

O durchwandere nur, geneigter Leſer, an ſchönen Sommerabenden die freundlichen ſächſiſchen Landſtädte, blicke auf nach den Fenſtern, wo Blumen herabnicken, und Du wirſt hinter den Blumen noch ſchönere Blumen verſteckt finden; wandle nur vorüber an den Steinbänken vor den Häuſern, wo ſie gern vereint ſitzt die holde nachbarliche Flora, plaudernd und Mährchen erzählend, und Du wirſt ſie oft der glänzendſten Damengallerie des Ballſaals vorziehen. Kehre nur ein in den einſam gelegenen Meiereien, den im Waldesgrün vergrabenen Förſterwohnungen und den hinter blühenden Linden verſteckten Pfarrhäuſern, und Du wirſt erkennen, daß in Sachſen auch Engel blühen, von denen kein Geograph und ſelbſt der königlich ſächſiſche ſtatiſtiſche Verein Nichts weiß.

Indem ich dieß ſchreibe, überkommt mich tiefe Wehmuth, denn ich muß ja Deiner gedenken, unnennbar ſüße Blume, die Du einſam und vergeſſen blühſt in Sachſens höchſtem Gebirg, wo man keinen Frühling kennt, träg der ſchwarze Hüttenrauch zum verödeten Himmel ſteigt, wo eintönig das Glöckchen des Bergwerks tönt, und am Wege der Ebiſchbaum mit ſeinen rothen Beeren kümmerlich nur gedeiht. Stiegſt Du herab von Deinem Wolkenſitze zu den Fluren des Frühlings, welch' ein Blumenregen von Huldigungen würde Dich begrüßen. So wirſt Du einſam blühen, einſam ſterben, und im Eiſe des Erzgebirgs wird Dein einſames Grab ſein. Denn Du biſt arm und ein Engel, zwei Eigenſchaften, die vollkommen geeignet ſind, hiernieden recht bald vergeſſen zu machen. Vielleicht, daß, wenn Du von hinnen gegangen, die Volksſage ihren Regenbogenſchimmer um Dich breitet, und Du den wenigen armen Leuten, die Dich kannten und als kleine Heilige verehrten, auch künftig als Heilige erſcheinſt und ſie ſtärkſt im frommen Wandel. Mir iſt Nichts von Dir geblieben, als ein einfach Lied, das ich ſpäter einer jungen Dame ſchenkte, der ich oft von Dir erzählte und die Dich innig liebte, weil ſie Dir ähnlich war. Obſchon ſich die Paar Verſe gedruckt vorfinden, ſei ihnen doch, da ſie ein ſächſiſches Mädchen charakteriſiren, ein Plätzchen gegönnt:

Hoch oben auf dem Felſen,
Wohin kein Auge ſieht,
In Frühlingspracht eine ſchöne
Vergißmein Blume blüht.

Tief unten lacht der Frühling,
Loben der Schwalben viel,
Es treiben in muntern Zweigen
Die Vögel ihr luſtiges Spiel.

Die Wolken und die Sterne
Achten der Blume nicht,
Es ſchaut kein freundlich Auge
In das ſo liebe Geſicht.

Kein Schmetterling umgaukelt
Das blühend ſchöne Kind —
Die ganze Welt da unten
Kennt nicht der Blume Sinn.

Das Abendroth iſt verklungen,
Die Sterne blicken herfür —
Die Blume iſt geſtorben —
Es weiß kein Menſch von ihr.

Der Leſer wird mir übrigens für dergleichen poetiſche Excurſe wenig Dank wiſſen. Ich gehe aber in mich, werde wieder ſtatiſtiſch und berichte wie folgt:

Unter zehn ſächſiſchen Mädchen iſt eins ſehr hübſch, eins recht hübſch, drei ſind hübſch, drei weniger hübſch, zwei gar nicht hübſch. Schön iſt ungefähr das Funfzigſte und häßlich das Dreißigſte.

Unter zehn ſächſiſchen Mädchen ſind ferner drei bis vier liebenswürdig, ein Paar ſind angenehm, die übrigen laſſen gleichgültig.

Geiſtreich ſind von Zehn eins oder zwei, gemüthreich aber acht.

Naivetät iſt ihre Cardinaltugend und Nationalfreude. Unter zehn befinden ſich [illegible] eine oder keine Naive.

Sich geſchmackvoll zu kleiden verſtehen unter Zehn nur drei oder vier. In Leipzig ändert ſich dies Verhältniß, da verſtehen es acht.

Von zehn Mädchen bekommen drei den Mann ihrer Wahl; ſechs heirathen, um unter die Haube zu kommen und eine bekommt gar keinen Mann.

Nichtsdeſtoweniger ſind von zehn Ehen zwei glücklich, fünf zufrieden, zwei unzufrieden und nur eine unglücklich zu nennen.

Nach dieſer Wahrſcheinlichkeitsrechnung, von der ſich jeder Leſer, ſo er nach Sachſen kommt, wird überzeugen können, ſei mir noch zu erwähnen erlaubt, wie man die hübſchen Sächſinnen in der Regel benamt.

Da ſtehen nun gleich im erſten Gliede die Marien. Sind zehn Mädchen beiſammen, ſind gewiß ein oder zwei Marien darunter; und ſonderbar, ein eigner Segen ruht auf den ſächſiſchen Marien, es ſind faſt ſämmtlich ſüße und holde Kinder. Daher das liebe Lied von Wilhelm Müller von den Lippen manches begeiſterten Marienliebhabers ertönt:

Maria möcht' ich Dich begrüßen!
Mein Herz hat ſtets Dich ſo genannt.
Geh' ich am klaren Bächlein ſtehen,
Seh' ich mich ſtill an ſeinem Strande;
Maria rieſeln ſeine Wogen,
Maria ſoll Dein Name ſein, u. ſ. w.

Nach den Marien kommen die Paulinen. Auch dieſe ſind in der Regel recht hübſch; und ich würde überhaupt bei jeder königlich ſächſiſchen Gevatterſchaft den guten Rath geben, das reſpective Töchterlein Marie oder Pauline zu taufen; es würde da gewiß einmal recht hübſch.

Auf die Paulinen folgen die Thereſen, dieſen die Sophien, die Luiſen, Henrietten, Amalien, die Julien und Emilien, dieſen die Charlotten und Karolinen, die Auguſten, Wilhelminen und Mathilden. Auch Clärchen gibt's die Menge, und in Dresden heißt alle Welt Ida.

Beſcheidenheit iſt eine der hervorragendſten Tugenden meiner ſchönen Landsmänninnen. Sie würden es daher nur ungern ſehen, wollte ich dieſes Kapitel, welches allein über ſie handelt, noch weiter fortſpinnen; obſchon mir der intereſſanteſte Stoff zu Gebote ſtünde, wo ich meine über allen Tadel erhabene Beobachtungsgabe im glänzendſten Lichte zeigen könnte. Indeß meine Galanterie iſt doch noch größer als meine Autoreitelkeit, was gewiß viel ſagen will, und indem ich dem Wunſche der beſcheidenen Schönen zuvorzukommen ſuche, ſchließe ich dieſen Aufſatz mit der Bitte an alle nicht ſächſiſchen Leſer, recht bald ſelbſt in mein freundliches Heimathland zu kommen und ſich von der Wahrhaftigkeit meiner Ausſagen über die ſächſiſchen Mädchen zu überzeugen.

Ich lebe und empfehle mich in der ſüßen Hoffnung, daß ſie die Reiſe nicht gereuen wird.

Ein theologiſches Fragment.

Es war ein klarer, fröſtelnder Spätherbſtmorgen, als Martinus Luther, gefeierten Andenkens, ſeine berühmten Controverſien an die Schloßkirche zu Wittenberg nagelte. Die Morgenſonne ſchien ſo nüchtern über die Dächer der kurſächſiſchen Univerſitätsſtadt, daß der Reformator für ſeinen hochheiligen Zweck gar keine geeignetere Zeit wählen konnte. Der Frühling mit den blühenden Altären und ſternegeſtickten Nachtigallnächten war nicht paſſend für die nüchternen Vernunftſchüler Meiſter Martins; auch der norddeutſche glut- und ſchweißreiche Sommer nicht; wohl aber jene klare, leidenſchaftloſe Herbſtſonne, wo die Natur das blühende Gewand abgeſtreift hat, die Sinne unbeſchäftigt läßt, und die Contemplation erleichtert. Als nach einigen Wochen die Novembernebel herabſanken, war die Saat bereits geſtreut und in den langen, ofenerwärmten Winternächten fand Bürger- und Rittersmann hinlängliche Muße, über die fünf und neunzig Sätze nachzudenken. Die Schneedecke des Winters 1517 bis 1518 ſchmolz, donnernd trieben die Eisſchollen der Elbe gen Norden — da brach die Saat der Reformation wohl erhalten und ſtark hervor.

Ich weiß nicht, wie lange jenes welterſchütternde Placat an der Schloßkirche zu Wittenberg angeheftet hing; aber heute noch, nach länger denn dreihundert Jahren, muß ich mich wundern, wie die damalige Sicherheits- und Wohlfahrts-Polizei der guten Univerſitätsſtadt ein ſolches polizeiwidriges Unternehmen ſo gelaſſen mit anſehen konnte. Ich kann mir die Sache nur daraus erklären, daß die damaligen weltlichen Behörden, die Fürſten, Grafen und Herren gegen den für ihre höchſt eigenen Gefälle ſo verderblichen Ablaßkram noch weit aufgebrachter waren als Luther ſelbſt; die beſſer Denkenden der Univerſität waren über die Abnormitäten der damaligen katholiſchen Kirche längſt im Klaren und der hausbackene, phantaſieloſe Sinn des Bürgers zu Wittenberg, einer Stadt an der proſaiſchen Elbe, ließ ſich durch die Declamationen Tetzels kein X. für ein U. machen. So war Luther nur das Organ der damaligen öffentlichen Meinung. Er hatte den Muth ſie auszuſprechen und anzuſchlagen an der Schloßkirche zu Wittenberg am 31. October 1517, und zu vertheidigen vor Kaiſer und Reich in der freien Reichsſtadt Worms. —

Frühlinge kamen und gingen. Da verſtummten allmählig in Folge jenes herrlichen Octobertages die katholiſchen Glocken in den Domen und Hallen, die ewigen Lampen erloſchen, die Heiligenbilder erbleichten und weinend ſank Madonna zu Boden. Aber auch dort, in den Gebieten der weithin rauſchenden Donau, in den fröhlichen Thälern von Ober- und Nieder-Oeſterreich, in der eiſenhaltigen Steier, wo Italien herüberrankt mit ſeinen blühenden Armen, und das harmoniſche deutſche Wort in melodiſchem Wohllaut zerfließt, ward es Lutherlaut und Tageshelle. Lange Zeit ſchleuderte der Vatican ſeine Blitze gegen den heranbrechenden Morgen; ſein Reich ſchien zu Ende im deutſchen Lande. Da ſchlug einer der römiſchen Blitze in die Hofburg zu Wien. Das junge deutſche Glaubenslicht ward jetzt zur Feuersbrunſt. In dreißig blut- und zornvollen Jahren legte das Haus Habsburg ſein religiöſes und politiſches Glaubensbekenntniß nieder. Mancher katholiſche Dom ſtürzte zuſammen, manches evangeliſche Bethaus ward geſchleift, und als man kampf- und blutmüde Frieden ſchloß, theilten ſich Luther und Papſt in das deutſche Reich. Jener behielt den Norden, dieſer den Süden. So iſt es geblieben bis auf den heutigen Tag.

Finſter und waldumnachtet erhebt ſich auf Böhmens und Sachſens Grenze ein hoher Berg mit baſaltner Kuppe und einer Eichenkrone. Man nennt ihn den großen Winterberg und er iſt einer der Markſteine zwiſchen dem proteſtantiſchen und katholiſchen Deutſchland. Weithin ſchweift von hier der Blick in das waldumdunkelte, tiefkatholiſche Böhmen, wo ſie vor Jahrhunderten freudig kämpften und bluteten für Huß und Luther und jetzt gläubig knien vor dem heiligen Nepomuck. Weithin ſchweift der Blick auf der anderen Seite in das lachende proteſtantiſche Sachſen. Der Gipfel ſelbſt des Berges iſt lutheriſch, vom nahen ſächſiſchen Grenzdorfe tönt einfach und ſtill die Glocke des reinen Evangeliums. Auf der entgegengeſetzten Seite des Berges beginnt Sanct Peters Macht. Tief unten im Thale tritt die Elbe aus Böhmen herüber und fließt dann ruhig fort durch lauter proteſtantiſche Länder bis zu ihrer Mündung im Meere.

Dort oben auf der unwirthbaren Höhe, wo das kleine Winterhaus erbaut ſteht auf hartem Baſalt, und umrauſcht wird von der einſamen Eichengruppe, in welcher wunderbare Lieder tönen, kehren in den Sommermonaten oft Harfenſpieler ein, welche aus Böhmen herüber kommen und die Beſucher des Winterberges durch ihr Spiel und ihre Melodien erfreuen.

Einſt hatte mich der Abend übereilt und ich war genöthigt, im Winterhauſe zu übernachten. Schon von fern wehte mir durch die Stille des Abends Harfenlaut entgegen. Die Sonne war hinter einer dunklen Wolkenwand untergegangen, und wie in einem grauen Mantel verſanken allmählig Städte und Dörfer, Berge und Wälder. In den Kronen der Winterberg-Eichen rauſchte es mährchenhaft. Der Abendhimmel umzog ſich immer dunkler und in den kleinen Fenſtern des Winterhauſes ward es lichthell.

Der Wirth kam mir entgegen, blickte nach Abend, verkündete heut noch ein kleines Unwetter und wünſchte mir Glück, noch trocken das Winterhaus erreicht zu haben. Ich war heute der einzige Gaſt und trat in die kleine aber gemüthliche Fremdenſtube. Zu meiner Bewillkommnung ertönte eine jener böhmiſchen Nationalmelodien, in welcher, wie in allen ſlaviſchen Liedern, ein ſo unendlicher Zauber liegt. Es war ein Adagio, aber ein Adagio, das durch Thränen lächelt.

Wer ermißt den abgrundtiefen Schmerz, der in den Mollaccorden jener weithinwohnenden Völkerſchaften ſpricht, die wir Slaven nennen. Sie klagen ſeit Jahrhunderten um einen unerſetzbaren Verluſt, der ſo groß iſt, daß ſie ihn nicht auszuſprechen wagen in Worten; aber wenn wir ihre Lieder hören, verſtehen wir ihn. Weich und ſchmerzvoll legen ſich dieſe Klänge an die deutſche Bruſt, die ſo gern theilnehmend mitſchlägt bei fremden Leiden.

Noch oftmals werden ſich die Berge und Thäler Slavoniens grün kleiden im Schmucke des Frühlings, und noch mancher Ring wird den Kern der deutſchen Eichen umgürten; aber einſt — dafür bürgt der Geiſt der Geſchichte, die große ſittliche Weltordnung — werden jene Molltöne wieder in Dur übergehen, und der Himmel wird ſich röthen — ich weiß nicht, ob von Freude oder von Blut und Racheflammen.

Das Muſikcorps auf dem Winterberge beſtand aus einem ziemlich bejahrten Böhmen und ſeiner Tochter, einer reizenden Slavin aus dem Reiche der Madonnen. Unter den langen dunkeln Wimpern glühte es tiefkatholiſch. Das dunkelſeidene Haar ſchlängelte ſich voll und reizend um das von Wunderhand gezeichnete Oval. Die kleine Goldhand flatterte los und ſpielend in den Saiten der Harfe. So ſaß ſie da, wie ein ſchönes frommes Legendenbild der Vorzeit.

O ihr ſchönen frommen Legendenbilder der alleinſeligmachenden Kirche, ich bin Proteſtant, aber gegen euch hab' ich nie proteſtirt. Ich glaube, daß ihr ſelig ſprechen könnt mit dem ſüßen Munde, und Unſterblichkeit verleihen mit den Gewißheit verkündenden Augen.

Der Wirth auf dem Winterberge hatte wirklich nicht unrichtig prophezeit. Es war ein Heidenwetter im Anzuge. Schon grollte und pfiff es ganz unheimlich in der rings aufgethürmten Felſenmaſſe. Ein fernes Wetterleuchten ſetzte die Gegend in momentane Beleuchtung.

Der Harfner war mit ſeiner Tochter vor das Winterhaus getreten. Das Mädchen hielt ängſtlich ſeinen linken Arm umſchlungen und blickte ſcheu nach dem heranziehenden Gewitter, bei jedem Blitz ihr Geſicht an der Bruſt des Vaters verbergend.

Ein langſamer Donner rollte jetzt durch's Elbthal, halb Sachſen und Böhmen den Beginn des Nachtgewitters verkündend. Der plötzlich herabfallende Platzregen trieb uns zurück in's Winterhaus. Der alte Böhme ſtellte ſich ſogleich an's Fenſter und ſchaute hinaus in das großartige Nachtſtück, während das Mädchen zitternd die Perlen des Roſenkranzes durch die Finger gleiten ließ. Immer wilder tobte das Unwetter. Von Zeit zu Zeit ſtürzte ein losgeriſſenes Felsſtück unter donnerähnlichem Gekrach in den Abgrund. Brauſend ſchlugen die Eichen auf ihrem baſaltenen Poſtament die naſſen Kronen gegen einander. Rings umher ewige Nacht, fortwährend von den goldenen Bändern der Blitze durchſchnitten. Der Donner rollte ununterbrochen.

Als aber das Toben der Natur ſeinen höchſten Grad erreicht hatte, das ſchöne Mädchen leichenähnlich zuſammengeſunken war, die Wirthsleute, die Bibel in der Hand mit bebenden Lippen daſtanden, und mir ſelbſt ganz und gar nicht wohl zu Muthe war, da die Blitze wie Raketen aus allen Weltgegenden gegen das Winterhaus herabfuhren — da griff der alte Böhme mit Einemmale nach ſeiner Harfe. Seine Blicke leuchteten, die Töne rauſchten und er ſtimmte an ein uraltes böhmiſches Volkslied. Es war ein wilder, todesmuthiger, kampffreudiger Schlachtgeſang aus dem Kriege der Huſſiten. Der ging aber nicht aus Moll, ſondern aus dem kräftigſten, freudigſten Dur. Ich hörte deutlich die Trommel Ziska's wirbeln, ich ſah die Taborer hoch zu Roß, die Eiſenkeule in der Fauſt, voran den ſchwarzen rache- und freiheitsſchnaubenden Schaaren. Es war ein heißer und blutiger Drang und Kampf für Glauben und Vaterland, und je lauter der Donner niederſchlug in die Felſen und dröhnend wiederhallte, um ſo lauter klang die Harfe. Ich hätte nie geglaubt, daß aus dieſem ſanften Inſtrumente ſolche Töne zu ſchlagen wären.

Aber der Sturm legte ſich, das Gewitter zog vorüber, nur noch aus der Ferne grollend und leuchtend, und leiſer klangen die Saiten. Da brach aus zerriſſenen Wolkendecken der Nachthimmel in ſeiner ſtillen Schöne, und nun perlten die Töne glaubensfreudig und ſiegesſicher und gingen über in den ewigen Choral des Lutherliedes: „Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott!“

Erſchrocken ſprang bei dieſen Klängen das frommbefangene Mädchen auf den Vater zu, und ſuchte ihn mit gefalteten Händen zu beſchwören. Zugleich blickte ſie ſcheu nach mir, den Wirthsleuten und dem in immer weiterer Ferne ſich zurückziehenden Gewitter, gleichſam als fürchte ſie, es werde zurückkehren ob dieſes ketzeriſchen Liedes.

Der Alte ließ ſich aber nicht ſtören und ſang laut und begeiſtert alle vier Verſe des großen Liedes. Es iſt kein Verräther unter uns, mein Kind, ſprach er, als er geendet, und würde es auch verrathen, ich kann mir nicht helfen; ſchau' ich Gottes Pracht und Herrlichkeit, da muß ich ſie ſingen, die alten herzerquickenden Lieder, und hätte ſie auch der fromme Pater Clemens noch ſo ſtreng verboten.

Das Mädchen ſchüttelte aber ungläubig und traurig das Madonnengeſicht, und küßte um ſo inniger das kleine Marienbild, das ſie in der Hand hielt. Sie wußte es ja wohl, die Himmelskönigin war es geweſen, die das Wetterhäuschen vor dem Blitz geſchirmt und das Gewitter gnädig hatte vorübergehen laſſen. Der Wirth klappte ſorgfältig die alte Hausbibel zu, in welcher er ſich während des Unwetters Troſt erholt, und ſtellte ſie ehrfurchtsvoll an den gewohnten Ehrenplatz. Er war überzeugt, die Bibel, dieſes heilige Buch, war es geweſen, der man die Rettung aus ſichtbarer Lebensgefahr verdankte. Der Harfner legte ſein Inſtrument ruhig in den Winkel; es war ihm ziemlich ausgemacht, hätt' er nicht das uralte Freiheitslied des Vaterlandes angeſtimmt, die Sache könnte ſchlimm werden.

Ich aber trat hinaus in die Sternennacht, wo in goldner Schrift des Ewigen Name in unvergänglichen Zügen brannte. Da unten wohnen die Sachſen und Böhmen. Oft bekämpften ſie ſich in blutigen Schlachten über den wahren Gott, und es war doch derſelbe Himmel, der über beide Länder mit gleicher Liebe herabſank! Waren es nicht dieſelben Sterne, welche über beide Länder mit gleicher Klarheit und gleicher Liebe leuchteten? Wie aber das Gewitter vorüberzog, ohne daß ſeine Blitze ein einziges Komma in jener Wahrheitsſchrift dort oben verrücken konnten, ſo wird die Wahrheit ſelbſt ſiegen über die Wolken und Stürme der Erde, und dereinſt nur Ein Gott, Ein Glauben, Ein Vaterland und Ein Himmel ſein auf Erden.

Gottlieb Stolle,

am 3. Februar 1673 zu Liegnitz geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und Halle, wurde Magiſter der Philoſophie und Hofmeiſter, 1713 Adjunct der philoſophiſchen Facultät zu Jena und 1717 Profeſſor der Politik und Präſident der deutſchen Geſellſchaft daſelbſt, nachdem er 1714 als Director des Gymnaſiums zu Hildburghauſen angeſtellt geweſen war. Er nannte ſich Leander aus Schleſien und ſtarb am 4. März 1744. Er ſchrieb:

Deutſche Gedichte. Jena. 8.
Auswahl im Almanach Luna von Franz Horn. für 1805. S. 262.

Unter den Schülern der ſogenannten Hoffmanns-Waldauſchen (zweiten ſchleſiſchen) Dichterſchule iſt St. unbedingt einer der talentvollſten, da er Leichtigkeit, Anmuth und Wohllaut mit Geiſt verbindet, und einen reineren Geſchmack hat als die Meiſten unter ſeinen Vorgängern und Zeitgenoſſen.

Meiſter Stolle, ſ. Minneſinger.

Adelheid von Stolterfoth,

am 11. September 1800 zu Eiſenach geboren, verlebte ihre Jugend mit ihrem Vater, einem preußiſchen Officier, zu Erlangen, ſpäter zu Bingen und ſeit 1819 hält ſie ſich zu Langenwinkel im Rheingau auf. Sie iſt königlich bairiſche Stiftsdame zu Birken.

Sie gab heraus:

Zoraide, romantiſches Gedicht in drei Geſängen. 1825.
(Gedichte in mehreren Zeitſchriften und Almanachen.)
Rheiniſcher Sagenkreis. Frankfurt, 1835.
Alfred, romantiſches Gedicht. Wiesbaden, 1834.

Ein ſchönes lyriſches Talent voll Wärme der Empfindung, Gluth der Phantaſie und Anmuth in der Darſtellung; beſonders glücklich in der Behandlung rheiniſcher Sagen.

Johann Jakob Stolz

ward am 31. December 1753 zu Zürich geboren, bekleidete zuerſt ſeit 1781 ein geiſtliches Amt in der reformirten Kirche zu Offenbach. Nachdem er aber 1784 nach Bremen berufen war, erhielt er als Prediger an der Martinskirche daſelbſt den Titel eines Doctors der Theologie und 1802 zugleich eine Profeſſur am Gymnaſium. 1810 wurde er Paſtor Primarius an derſelben Kirche, legte jedoch ſchon im folgenden Jahre ſeine Aemter nieder, um in der Vaterſtadt ſein Leben zu beſchließen. Er ſtarb zu Zürich am 12. März 1821.

Von ihm erſchien:

Sämmtliche Schriften des neuen Teſtaments, überſetzt. 1781—82. Zürich, 2 Thle.; neue Ausg. Hannover 1820.
Erläuterungen dazu. Hannover, 1809.
Predigten über die Geſchichte unſers Herrn. Frankfurt, 1782—86.
Chriſtliche Vorträge. Frankfurt, 1783.
Feſt- und Communionpredigten. Winterthur, 1788.
Briefe. Winterthur, 1789—90. 2 Thle.
Geiſt der Sittenlehre Jeſu. Lemgo, 1792—93. 3 Thle.
Die Liebe nach Paulus. Hannover, 1798.
Predigten über Merkwürdigkeiten des 18ten Jahrhunderts. Bremen, 1800—1802. 4 Thle.
Hiſtoriſche Predigten. Jena, 1805—1807. 2 Thle.
Predigten zur Beförderung der Humanität. Hannover, 1810. 2 Thle.

Die Psalmen. Zürich, 1814.
Vier Predigten. Bern, 1814.
Vermischte Schriften. Winterthur, 1816—17. 2 Thle.

Ein freisinniger, geistreicher Theolog, der sich besonders als Kanzelredner auszeichnete und namentlich durch seine gediegenen Predigten über historische Stoffe großes Aufsehen machte.

David. Achimelech, Achis*).

1. B. Sam. XXI. 1. 2. 3. 8 — 13.

David kam nach Nobe zu Achimelech, dem Priester. Achimelech erschrak, als er David entgegen ging, und sagte zu ihm: Warum kommest du allein, und ist niemand mit dir? David sprach zu Achimelech dem Priester: Der König hat mir ein Geschäft aufgetragen, und zu mir gesagt: Niemand soll wissen warum ich dich gesandt, und was ich dir aufgetragen habe; auch habe ich die Diener an einen gewissen Ort beschieden. Hast du nun etwas, so gieb es mir, etwa fünf Brode, oder was sich findet ..... Und David sprach zu Achimelech: Hast du nicht hier einen Spieß oder ein Schwerdt? Ich habe mein Schwerdt und meine Waffen nicht mitgenommen; denn die Sache des Königs war eilig. Der Priester sprach: Das Schwerdt Goliaths, des Philisters, den du im Terebinthenthale erschlagen hast, ist hier in einem Tuche eingewickelt hinter dem heiligen Kleide. Willst du dies nehmen, so nimm es; ein anderes als dies ist nicht hier. David sprach: Keins ist wie dieses; gieb es mir! Jetzt machte David sich auf, und floh vor Saul, und kam zu Achis, dem Könige zu Gath. Die Diener Achis's sagten zu ihm: Ist dies nicht David, der König des Landes? Sangen sie nicht spielend gegen einander von ihm: Geschlagen hat Saul seine tausend, und David seine zehentausend! Ueber diese Reden ward David betroffen, und fürchtete sich sehr vor Achis, dem Könige zu Gath. Da verstellte er seine Geberden vor ihnen.

Leicht werden gewisse Handlungen entweder zu strenge oder zu gelinde beurtheilt. Diejenigen, welche sich nicht anders als hart und schneidend darüber zu äußern wissen, setzen sich nicht in die Lage des Nächsten, der sich so betrug, und nehmen auf manches, was bei gerechter und billiger Beurtheilung dieser Handlungen in Anschlag gebracht werden muß, keine Rücksicht. Da ihre Denkart, selbst ihr Temperament und Naturell von dem ihres Nächsten sehr verschieden ist, und sie also freilich nie in Versuchung kommen, gerade so zu handeln, so können sie den, der so handelte, nicht begreifen, und ihr Unwille über sein Verhalten wird ohne Maaß ausgedrückt. Diejenigen hingegen, welche diese Handlungen in Schutz nehmen, sind in anderer Hinsicht zu tadeln; sie rechtfertigen, was höchstens entschuldiget werden kann und darf; sie erklären für allgemein erlaubt, was sehr bedenklich wäre, ohne genaue Bestimmung aller Umstände jedem Einzelnen zu erlauben. Es versteht sich, daß hier nicht von Handlungen die Rede ist, welche gegen den ausdrücklichen Buchstaben der zehn Gebote anstoßen; denn über diese urtheilt jedermann gleich, und es wird zum Beispiele allgemein für unerlaubt gehalten, sich an des Nächsten Leben, Ehegenossen, Vermögen, gutem Namen gewaltsam oder auf eine hinterlistige Weise zu vergreifen. Allein es giebt andere Handlungen, welche ungleich beurtheilt werden. Dahin gehört, was in diesem Abschnitte der Geschichte, und in dem unmittelbar Vorhergehenden und Nachfolgenden von David erzählt wird. Wir haben bereits gehört, daß David dem Gedanken trug, seinem Freunde Jonathan den Vorschlag zu thun, daß er seinem Vater sagen sollte, David sei nach Bethlehem gegangen, um an einer jährlichen Familien-Opfermahlzeit Theil zu nehmen; das geschah aber keineswegs, sondern er hielt sich in der Nähe des königlichen Hoflagers verborgen. Jonathan sollte also eine wissentliche Unwahrheit sagen. Heute hören wir abermal, daß David sich gegen den Oberpriester Achimelech eine wissentliche Unwahrheit erlaubte; er versicherte nämlich, er reise in Geschäften des Königs; dies war ganz falsch; denn er war auf der Flucht. Weiter lesen wir, daß er sich auch das in dem Heiligthume aufbewahrte Schwerdt Goliaths zu verschaffen gewußt habe, weil er, ganz der Wahrheit zuwider, versicherte, das ihm von dem Könige aufgetragene Geschäft sei so eilig, daß er sich nicht einmal mit den nöthigen Waffen für seine Reise habe versehen können. Was ist hievon zu halten? Die Urtheile darüber sind ungleich. Eben so verhält es sich mit demjenigen, was am Ende des Kapitels erzählt wird. David begab sich nämlich, diesen Nachrichten zufolge, auf seiner Flucht vor Saul in das Gebiet der Philister, an den Geburtsort Goliaths, zu dem dortigen Könige, ward aber bald erkannt, und mußte befürchten, an Saul ausgeliefert zu werden; um sich nun zu retten, stellte er sich unklug, nahm, um dafür gehalten zu werden, ungereimte und aberwitzige Handlungen vor, und erreichte seinen Zweck; man ward seiner überdrüssig, er wich allen Erklärungen über seine Person aus, und konnte sich durch die Flucht den befürchteten Gefahren entziehen. Auch hier kann man fragen: „Was ist davon zu halten? Ist ein solches Betragen Davids würdig, ist es anständig, ist es musterhaft und kann es Regel unsers Betragens sein?" Davon werde also jetzt geredet.

Es darf niemanden befremden, daß wir Davids Verhalten einer freien Beurtheilung unterwerfen. Die Geschichte erzählt nur, was geschehen ist, und überläßt das Urtheil über das Geschehene dem Leser. Mag immerhin David ein Mann nach Jehovens Herzen genannt werden, darum sind seine Handlungen dem Urtheile eines jeden, der urtheilen kann, nicht weniger unterworfen; ohnehin sagt jener Ausdruck nicht, daß sein ganzer Lebenswandel das Wohlgefallen eines heiligen und gerechten Gottes gehabt habe, sondern er will sagen, daß David als Regent die auf die Verehrung Jehovens, als Nationalkönigs gegründete Staatsverfassung aufrecht erhalten habe, und es wird ihm dadurch ein Vorzug vor Saul, seinem Vorgänger, zugeschrieben, dessen Verhalten [illegible] darum getadelt wird, weil er sich in die Formen dieser Staatsverfassung (Theokratie) nicht fügen wollte. Dadurch sind wir also in der freien Beurtheilung seines sittlichen Verhaltens nicht eingeschränkt; aber gerecht und billig sollen wir ihn beurtheilen; dies ist das Gebot unsers Herrn; wir sollen ihn nicht nach Grundsätzen richten, die er noch nicht kannte, jedoch eben so wenig für unsere Personen bessern Grundsätzen untreu werden, die wir als Christen kennen, und deren höhern Werth wir anerkennen müssen.

Wenden wir dies auf die vorliegende Geschichte an, so müssen wir zwar gestehen, daß David sich wissentliche Unwahrheiten erlaubte; allein um ihm nicht Unrecht zu thun, müssen wir zugleich bemerken, daß er dies, nach den Einsichten seines Zeitalters, nicht für unerlaubt hielt. Die noch rohern sittlichen Grundsätze jener Zeit erlaubten manches, was nach christlichen Grundsätzen nicht gebilligt werden kann; an Feinden Rache zu nehmen, galt für Tugend; sich nicht zu rächen, galt für Feigheit; einem Widersacher eine Unwahrheit zu sagen, auf der Flucht vor Feinden durch Unwahrheiten sich Rettung und Erleichterung seiner Lage zu verschaffen, ward nicht für tadelhaft gehalten; was in solchen Fällen zum Zwecke führte, ward gebilligt, und wenn es klug ausgedacht war, gepriesen. Wenn also David durch Jonathan dem Könige eine Unwahrheit sagen ließ, wenn er auf seiner Flucht vor Saul dem Priester eine Unwahrheit sagte, so machte er sich keine Vorwürfe darüber; er hielt es, unter den obwaltenden Umständen, für erlaubt, alles zu thun, wodurch er sein Leben sicher stellen konnte. Eben so verhält es sich mit seinem Betragen an dem Hofe des Königs zu Gath; wenn er sich unklug stellte, wenn er sich wie ein Wahnsinniger geberdete, um sich die Flucht zu erleichtern, so schadete dies seinem Rufe im geringsten nicht, wenn er nur seinen Zweck erreichte; er ward vielmehr als ein kluger Mann gelobt, wenn er diejenigen, die ihm schaden konnten, zu täuschen wußte. Die alten Geschichten erzählen ähnliche Dinge von Ulysses, von Solon, von Junius Brutus, der sich an dem Hofe des römischen Königs, Tarquinius, aufhielt, ehe er diesen Fürsten vom Throne stürzte; und indem sie solche Dinge von diesen Männern erzählen, wollen sie dieselben keineswegs herabsetzen, sondern sie halten vielmehr ihrer Klugheit eine Lobrede. Es würde demnach unbillig sein, wenn wir David nicht nach der herrschenden Denkart seines Zeitalters beurtheilten, und eine höhere Tugend von ihm foderten, als nach seiner Einsicht von ihm zu erwarten war.

Allein mehr können wir doch als Christen zu Davids Gunsten nicht sagen; wir können sein Betragen nicht als Regel unsers Verhaltens gelten lassen; wir können nicht zugeben, daß es dem Christen unter ähnlichen Umständen gezieme, sich wissentliche Unwahrheiten zu erlauben, oder die Würde eines vernünftigen Menschen zu verläugnen, um sich nur aus einer Verlegenheit zu ziehen. Die christliche Lehre macht uns mit einer edlern Denkart bekannt; ihren Grundsätzen zufolge, müssen wir das Nützliche und das Rechte sorgfältig unterscheiden; das Nützliche darf, wenn das Rechte darunter litte, wie in Betrachtung bei uns kommen; ſie erlaubt uns alſo auch keine Nothlüge; auch mit unſerm Schaden ſollen wir der Wahrheit gegen jedermann getreu bleiben. Klugheitsmaaßregeln erlaubt ſie uns zu unſerer Sicherheit zu ergreifen; allein nie darf dabei die Wahrheit verletzt, und die Aufrichtigkeit eines trugloſen Charakters dabei verläugnet werden. Nach chriſtlichen Grundſätzen könnte es demnach nicht gebilligt werden, wenn David dem Jonathan auftrug, ſeinem Vater zu ſagen, er ſei nach Bethlehem gegangen, um an einer Opfermahlzeit Theil zu nehmen, und er doch gar nicht geſonnen war, nach Bethlehem zu gehen, oder wenn er dem Oberprieſter ſagte, er reiſe in Geſchäften des Königs, vor welchem er doch die Flucht ergriff. Die Wahrheit ſoll dem Chriſten in jedem Falle heilig ſein; ob er gleich nicht verpflichtet oder auch nur berechtigt iſt, jedem alles zu ſagen, was ihm als wahr bekannt iſt, ſo muß es ſich doch mit dem, was er ſagt, wirklich ſo verhalten; er darf ſich nicht nach Willkühr Abweichungen davon erlauben; denn dadurch würde er die Zuverläſſigkeit eines redlichen Charakters verletzen; man könnte ſich in keinem einzelnen Falle darauf verlaſſen, ob er wirklich die Wahrheit ſagte; immer müßte man befürchten, daß vielleicht irgend ein unbekannter Grund ihn bewöge, ſich mehr oder weniger von der Wahrheit zu entfernen; und er ſelbſt würde ſich immer mehr an Unwahrheiten gewöhnen, wenn er einmal ſich berechtigt glaubte, von der Regel der Wahrhaftigkeit, ſo oft es ihm nützlich ſchiene, eine Ausnahme zu machen; er würde allmählig eine immer größere Fertigkeit erlangen, andre durch Unwahrheiten irre zu führen; mithin würde die edle Einfalt eines Menſchen ohne Falſch von Tage zu Tage mehr darunter leiden. Auch David ſcheint, zum Schaden ſeines Charakters, es ſchon zu einer gewiſſen Fertigkeit, Unwahrheiten zu ſagen, gebracht zu haben; immer ſtand ihm eine Unwahrheit zu Gebote, die er mit großer Unbefangenheit vorzutragen wußte, ſo daß andre leicht dadurch getäuſcht wurden. Läßt es ſich wohl denken, daß er bei dieſer Denkart nichts von der Aufrichtigkeit eines trugloſen Menſchen eingebüßt habe?

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*) Aus Stolz historischen Predigten.

Vielleicht wird man aber denken, daß es unſchädliche Unwahrheiten gebe, die man ſich wohl erlauben dürfe, und man wird vielleicht gerade David als Beiſpiel anführen, daß man ganz unſchädliche Unwahrheiten ſagen könne, weil es niemanden geſchadet habe, wenn er den König glauben machte, er ſei nach Bethlehem gegangen, wohin er doch zu gehen nicht gedacht. „Sollte, wird man ſagen, eine Unwahrheit unerlaubt ſein, die niemanden in der Welt ſchadet, „hingegen dem, der ſie ſagt, einen wichtigen Dienſt leiſtet!" Allein wir haben ſchon bemerkt: Nach chriſtlichen Grundſätzen darf das Rechte dem Nützlichen nicht untergeordnet werden; wir dürfen alſo auch nicht darum von der Wahrheit abweichen, weil wir einen Vortheil davon zu ziehen glauben. Auch läßt es ſich nie mit Sicherheit behaupten, daß eine Unwahrheit, die wir uns erlauben, ganz unſchädlich ſei. David hielt zum Beiſpiele die Unwahrheit, die er dem Oberprieſter ſagte, gewiß für ganz unſchädlich; ja er konnte ſich ſogar bereden, daß ſie dem Oberprieſter ſelbſt ſehr nützlich ſei, denn er konnte denken: „Zu ſeiner „eignen Sicherheit ſage ich ihm das Ding, das „nicht iſt; denn nun kann er einen Eid darauf ſchwören, er habe nichts um Davids Flucht gewußt; er kann „mit Wahrheit ſagen, er habe es für ſeine Pflicht gehalten, „den in Geſchäften der Regierung reiſenden Abgeordneten des „Königs zu unterſtützen; mithin wird meine Unwahrheit zu ſeiner eignen Rechtfertigung dienen, „wenn er wegen ſeines Verhaltens gegen mich zur Verantwortung gezogen wird, und ſeine Sicherheit wird „durch meine Unwahrheit befördert werden." Allein wie ſehr täuſcht ſich der Menſch, wenn er die Folgen ſeiner Handlungen in ſeiner Macht zu haben glaubt! Gerade die Unwahrheit, womit David den Oberprieſter täuſchte, war dem Oberprieſter und noch fünf und achtzig andern Prieſtern und deren Familien verderblich; denn dieſe Unwahrheit verleitete den Oberprieſter, mehr für David zu thun, als er ſonſt vielleicht für ihn gethan haben würde; und dieſe Unterſtützung des Flüchtlings ward von dem Könige als Hochverrath angeſehen, und Ahimelech und ſeine Familie mußten nebſt noch fünf und achtzig andern Prieſterfamilien unſchuldiger Weiſe mit ihrem Leben dafür büßen. Er alſo mußte ſich das ſchreckliche Unglück ſo vieler ſchuldloſen Menſchen vorwerfen; auch geſtand er ſelbſt, daß er die Schuld an ihrem Tode hätte. So ſehr kann der Menſch ſich betrügen, wenn er unſchädliche Unwahrheiten zu ſagen glaubt. Hätte David die Wahrheit geſagt, ſo würde es von dem Oberprieſter abgehangen haben, was und wie viel er für David thun wollte, und es wäre ſein eigner Wille geweſen, wenn er die Gefahr mit David getheilt hätte; er hätte ſich alsdann nicht ſicher geglaubt, und würde, ſo wie David, die Flucht haben ergreifen können; nun glaubte er aber, durch Davids Unwahrheit irre geführt, nur ſeine Pflicht gegen den König zu erfüllen, glaubte ſich mithin in Sicherheit, und verlor darüber mit ſo vielen Menſchen das Leben. Welche Warnung vor Unwahrheiten, auch vor ſolchen, die ganz unſchuldig ſcheinen! Alle unglücklichen Folgen, die daraus entſtehen, muß der ſich vorwerfen, der ſie ſich erlaubt. Wenn wir der Wahrheit, ſo gut wir ſie wiſſen, gemäß reden, wenn wir ehrlich und redlich handeln, auch da, wo es vortheilhaft zu ſein ſcheint, anders zu handeln, ſo mag daraus entſtehen, was da will, wir haben uns nichts vorzuwerfen; wir haben es zwar zu bedauern, wenn Unglück daraus entſteht; aber zum Vorwurfe kann es uns nicht gereichen. So bald wir uns aber eigenmächtig Abweichungen von der Wahrheit erlauben, ſo ſind wir für alles Unglück verantwortlich, das daraus entſtehen mag. Ferne alſo von uns, in irgend einem Falle, wie David, Unwahrheiten zu ſagen. Ferne von uns, Davids Betragen in dieſer Hinſicht zur allgemeinen Regel für unſer eignes Verhalten zu erheben! Was ihm, weil er noch keine beſſere Einſicht hatte, zu gut gehalten werden kann, das müßte an uns ſchon ſtrenger beurtheilt werden, weil wir hierüber zu einem richtigern Erkenntniſſe gelangt ſind.

Eben ſo verhält es ſich mit Davids Betragen in der Philiſter-Stadt Gath. Nachſichtig wollen wir es gerne beurtheilen, daß er ſich daſelbſt wie ein Unkluger geberdete, daß er aberwitzige Handlungen vornahm, um für einen Menſchen zu gelten, der ſeinen Verſtand verloren hatte, und ſeine Rettung ſich dadurch zu erleichtern. Allein wenn auch alle Weiſen Griechenlands und alle Helden Roms daſſelbe gethan hätten, ſo würde es doch unter der Würde des Chriſten ſein, ſich wahnwitzig und albern zu ſtellen, um dadurch einen Vortheil zu erhalten. Möge die alte Welt immerhin die Klugheit derjenigen geprieſen haben, die ſich in Gefahren auf ſolche und ähnliche Weiſe durch ihre Schlauheit gerettet haben, unter Chriſten gilt Klugheit bei weitem nicht ſo viel als Weisheit und ſittliche Würde. Wir dürfen, um die innere Unanſtändigkeit eines ſolchen Betragens zu fühlen, uns nur die Frage vorlegen: „Würde wohl Jeſus jemals ſich unklug und „wahnſinnig geſtellt haben, um einer Gefahr „dadurch zu entgehen?" Unſer aller Empfindung wird ſein: „Dies läßt ſich nicht denken; die ſittliche Würde Jeſu „würde es nie erlaubt haben, daß er ſich etwas der Art erlaubte." Er hatte andre, eines Weiſen würdige, Mittel in ſeiner Gewalt, wenn ſeine Widerſacher ihn greifen wollten, ſich aus ihrem Kreiſe zu begeben; durch Blicke voll Geiſt und Kraft, durch mächtig beredte Worte wußte er manche Gefahr von ſich abzuwenden; aber nie würde er ſich unklug geſtellt haben, um ſein Leben zu retten. Es giebt Hülfsmittel, deren ein Weiſer ſich nie bedient, geſetzt auch, daß er durch den Gebrauch derſelben die größten Gefahren von ſich abwenden und die glänzendſten äußern Vortheile ſich zueignen könnte. Und wenn es nun nach aller Chriſten Empfindung undenkbar iſt, daß Jeſus ſich jemals eines ſolchen Rettungsmittels bedient hätte, ſo würde es auch eines Verehrers Jeſu unwürdig ſein, ſich ſo zu betragen. Nicht alſo nach David, ſondern nach Jeſus wollen wir uns bilden; nach edlern Grundſätzen lehrt er uns handeln; er verfeinert unſer ſittliches Gefühl, ſo daß uns manches an David mißfällt, was er ſich vielleicht noch zum Verdienſte und zur Tugend angerechnet hat; er weckt in uns einen Sinn für größere ſittliche Vortrefflichkeit, als wir von keinem andern Menſchen lernen könnten. Er alſo ſei und bleibe unſer Vorbild; von ihm lernen wir nur Anſtändiges, Würdiges, Edles und Gutes. Die Nachahmung ſeiner wird uns in keiner Rückſicht nachtheilig ſein, ſondern unſre Vervollkommnung wird in jeder Rückſicht gewinnen, und wir werden dem Urbilde aller ſittlichen Güte immer ähnlicher werden.

Daniel Stoppe,

gegen Ende des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts zu Hirſchberg geboren, wirkte als Mitglied der deutſchen Geſellſchaft zu Leipzig und ſtarb 1741. Er hinterließ:

Erſte und zweite Sammlung deutſcher Gedichte. Frankfurt, 1728—42.
Der Parnaß im Sattler. Frankfurt, 1735.
Neue Fabeln und moraliſche Gedichte. Breslau, 1745. 2 Thle.

Ein gewöhnlicher mittelmäßiger Reimer, jedoch nicht ganz ohne Talent für das Komiſche, was er beſonders in Fabeln und noch mehr in einigen von ihm im ſchleſiſchen Dialect geſchriebenen Verſuchen bewies.

Heinrich Storch,

zu Petersburg, wahrſcheinlich 1759 geboren, lehrte eine Zeit lang am Landcadettencorps ſeiner Vaterſtadt und wurde im Jahre 1789 als Collegienaſſeſſor im Departement der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten angeſtellt. 1797 erhielt er den Titel eines Hofraths, 1801 ward er Collegienrath, bald Staatsrath und Ritter des St. Annenordens zweiter Claſſe daſelbſt. Seit 1816 trägt er auch den preußiſchen Adlerorden dritter Claſſe.

Er gab heraus:

Skizzen, Scenen und Bemerkungen aus einer Reiſe durch Frankreich. Heidelberg, 1787; neu 1790.
Gemälde von St. Petersburg. Riga, 1794. 2 Thle.
Materialien zur Kenntniß des ruſſiſchen Reichs. Riga, 1796—98. 2 Thle.
Hiſtoriſch-ſtatiſtiſches Gemälde des ruſſiſchen Reichs am Ende des 18ten Jahrhunderts. Riga, 1797—1803. 8 Thle.
Briefe über den Garten zu Pawlowsk. Petersburg, 1804.
Rußland unter Alexander dem Erſten. Leipzig und Petersburg, 1803—11.

St.'s Werke über Rußland ſind vortreffliche, mit großem Fleiß und ſorgſamer Darſtellung geſchriebene Hülfsmittel zur näheren Kenntniß dieſes Reichs.

Ludwig Storch

ward 1802 zu Ruhla geboren, lebt, nachdem er ſich früher in Leipzig und Stuttgart aufgehalten, jetzt als Doctor der Philoſophie und Privatgelehrter zu Gotha.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Die Beguine. Frankfurt, 1833. 3 Thle.
Bergmüllers Röschen. Die beſtrafte Untreue. Gotha, 1836.
Der Diplomat. Frankfurt, 1834.
Dur- und Molltöne. Leipzig, 1827 und 1832.
Erzählungen. Gotha, 1832.
Die Fanatiker. Leipzig, 1831.
Die drei Flämmchen. Gotha, 1824.
Der Fluch des Urahn. Gotha, 1835.
Förberts-Henne. Leipzig, 1830.
Der Freibeuter. Leipzig, 1834.
Der Freiknecht. Leipzig, 1830—33.
Das Fürſtenhaus von Gotha. Erfurt, 1826.
Der Glockengießer. Leipzig, 1830.
Heimgebrachtes. Stuttgart, 1829.
Die Intrigue. Frankfurt, 1828 und 1833.
Der Caricaturiſt. Frankfurt, 1835.
Knospen. Göttingen, 1824.
Die Königsbraut. Mainz, 1832.
Kunz von Kauffungen. Leipzig, 1828 und 1831.
Der Jacobsſtern. Frankfurt, 1836.
Thüringiſche Chronik. Gotha, 1841.
Erzählungen und Gedichte in Almanachen und Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein reiches Talent, voll Gluth der Phantaſie, poetiſcher Schöpfungskraft und lebendiger Darſtellungsgabe, aber nicht ruhig genug, um bei ſo bedeutenden Fähigkeiten ein vollendetes Kunſtwerk zu ſchaffen, was freilich auch wohl die Schuld des Druckes der Verhältniſſe ſein mag, die mitunter ſchwer auf ihm laſteten, und bei denen man daher die Biegſamkeit und Fruchtbarkeit ſeines Geiſtes um ſo mehr bewundern muß. In allen ſeinen Leiſtungen finden ſich ohne Ausnahme ſehr glückliche Momente, aber nicht ſelten auch üppige Auswüchſe. Sein gelungenſtes Werk bleibt ſein Kunz von Kauffungen; ſein gediegenſtes möchte dagegen wohl der Jacobsſtern ſein. Wäre es St. vergönnt geweſen, ſeinen Anlagen eine ungeſtörtere Entwickelung und größere Reife zu bereiten, ſo würde er gewiß einen ſehr hohen Rang unter unſeren Romandichtern einnehmen, da er jetzt ſchon zu den beliebteſten Erzählern gerechnet wird, und ſich eines ſehr großen Kreiſes von Leſern erfreut. Wie Treffliches er bei größerer Muße zu leiſten vermöge, beweiſe nachfolgendes Buch ſeiner lange und ſorgfältig vorbereiteten Chronik von Thüringen.

Aus Storch's Thüringiſcher Chronik.

Erſtes Buch.

Vorhalle der Geſchichte und das Königreich Thüringen.

Vom erſten Auftreten der Thüringer in der Geſchichte bis zum Untergange ihres Königreichs 404 bis 531 n. Ch.

Erſtes Kapitel.

Vorhalle der Geſchichte.

1.

Abſtammung und Name der Thüringer.

Zu Anfang des fünften Jahrhunderts der chriſtlichen Zeitrechnung tritt plötzlich ein deutſcher Volksſtamm in der Geſchichte auf, deſſen ſie früher nicht erwähnte, und den ſie mit dem Namen der „Thüringer," Toringer oder Döringer bezeichnet. Die Geſchichtſchreiber, die ſie zuerſt nennen, [1] ſprechen von ihnen, nicht als von einem erſt werdenden, ſich bildenden, ſondern als von einem fertigen, allgemein bekannten großen Volke. Es wäre demnach überflüſſig geweſen, die Zeitgenoſſen über daſſelbe belehren zu wollen. Und deshalb laſſen die Chroniſten uns, die ſpäten Nachkommen, auf die jene allgemeine, vorausgeſetzte Kenntniß der Verhältniſſe des thüringiſchen Volks durch mündliche Fortpflanzung nicht übergegangen iſt und der Natur der Sache nach nicht übergehen konnte, völlig im Dunkeln über die Abſtammung und das Entſtehen, über das Wachsthum und die Ausbildung dieſer Völkerſchaft zu einer ſolchen, und eben ſo wenig geben ſie einen Fingerzeig über die Entſtehung des Namens derſelben und deſſen Ableitung. Da nun nicht zu hoffen ſteht, daß noch alte und ausführlichere Geſchichtsquellen aus jenen nebelhaften Jahrhunderten werden aufgefunden werden, ſo iſt anzunehmen, daß über die geſchichtlichen Anfänge des thüringiſchen Volks und über die richtige Deutung ſeines Namens niemals eine genügende Helle verbreitet werden wird. Seine Wiege iſt, wie die meiſten Völker, mit dichten Schleiern verhängt, die kein menſchliches Auge, rückwärts ſchauend, je zu durchdringen vermag. Eine unfruchtbare und thörichte Mühe aber iſt es, ſich in gehaltloſen Vermuthungen zu ergehen, und, von Wortähnlichkeiten verleitet, wunderliche Schlüſſe zu machen. Selbſt die wahrſcheinlichſte Vermuthung, die nicht auf hiſtoriſchen Quellen fußt, ſchwebt in der Luft und kann keinen Platz in der Geſchichte finden. Die Bearbeiter der thüringiſchen Geſchichte haben ſich vordem in dieſer Beziehung viele Lächerlichkeiten zu Schulden kommen laſſen. [2] Wir ſind nicht mehr ſo kühn, in einer dichten Nacht, die anderthalb tauſend Jahre hinter uns liegt, Gegenſtände entdecken und unterſcheiden zu wollen; uns genügt, die erſten Strahlen der Geſchichtsſonne, welche die über das junge Thüringervolk gelagerten Nebelhüllen zerreißt und uns einige hervorragende Punkte des neuen Landes zeigt, ſorgſam zu ſammeln, und mit menſchlich ſchwachem Auge, das in jener Frühe die Sage nicht immer von der Geſchichte zu ſondern vermag, den allmäligen Sieg des Lichtes Schritt für Schritt zu verfolgen, bis endlich die ganze Landſchaft hell und frei vor unſern Blicken liegt.

Die Länderſtriche, in welchen wir die Thüringer bei ihrem Eintritt in die Geſchichte ſeßhaft finden, hatten vier Jahrhunderte früher, römiſchen Schriftſtellern zu Folge, die ſich mit den Zuſtänden deutſcher, mit den Römern in feindliche und freundliche Berührung gekommener Völkerſchaften beſchäftigten, die Stämme der Chatten, Cheruſker und Hermunder [3] inne, die einer jener Autoren mit den Sueven zum großen Hauptſtamme der Hermionen oder beſſer Herminen zählt. Der Name der Cheruſker und Hermunder iſt im Laufe jener vier Jahrhunderte verſchwunden, dagegen der der Thüringer aufgekommen. Der der Chatten und Sueven hat ſich in „Heſſen" und „Schwaben" bis auf den heutigen Tag erhalten. Ob nun Cheruſker und Hermunder, oder die Hermunder allein im Laufe jener nachtumhüllten Zeit einen neuen Völkerbund bildeten, der ſich, vielleicht von einem mächtigen Anführer, deſſen Andenken in der Geſchichte verloren gegangen, Thüringer nannte, oder ob die Thüringer ein eigner deutſcher Volksſtamm war, der jene von ihren Sitzen verdrängte und ſie ſelbſt einnahm: wer darf das Eine oder Andere behaupten? [4] Jedenfalls gehört die Geſchichte der Cheruſker und Hermunder, wie ſie uns die römiſchen Schriftſteller bruchſtückweiſe überliefert haben, nicht in eine thüringiſche Chronik, die es nur mit den Thüringern als ſolchen zu thun hat, ſondern in eine Geſchichte des deutſchen Volks überhaupt.

2.

Die Grenzen der Thüringer.

Die Grenzen der Wohnſitze der älteſten Thüringer anzugeben, iſt nicht minder eine Sache der Unmöglichkeit; denn die gleichzeitigen Geſchichtſchreiber reden davon nur in den unbeſtimmteſten Ausdrücken. Der Geſchichtsforſchung iſt daher nirgend ein ſicherer Anhaltepunkt gegeben, von wo aus ſie ſich weiter verbreiten könnte. So viel ſcheint nicht bezweifelt werden zu dürfen, daß die älteſten Thüringer ſüdlicher wohnten, als das Land gelegen iſt, dem ſie ſpäter ihren Namen gegeben, und wahrſcheinlich von den Quellen des Mains bis zur Donau hinab. Durch ihr Land gingen mehre Flüſſe, von denen zwei genannt werden „Nab," vermuthlich die Nabe, und „Reganum" die Regen, die beide in die Donau fielen.

Im ſechsten Jahrhundert, bevor ſie dem mächtigen Frankenbunde einverleibt wurden, beſaßen ſie einen großen Länderſtrich, aber man kann vom Umfange des Königreichs Thüringen nur in allgemeinen Angaben ſprechen. Im Norden berührte es das Gebiet der Sachſen, aber dieſe waren damals noch nicht ſo weit nach Thüringen vorgedrungen, als in der nächſtfolgenden Zeit, und Nordthüringen reichte über den Harz hinaus, bis an die Elbe; im Weſten dehnte ſich das Thüringerreich bis in die Gegend des Rheins und die Uferfranken waren hier die Nachbarn der Thüringer, wie die Alemannen im Süden jenſeits der Donau. Ob ſie im Oſten ſchon damals mit ſlaviſchen Wenden zuſammenſtießen, iſt ungewiß und zweifelhaft; hundert Jahre ſpäter war es der Fall.

3.

Die politiſche Verfaſſung der Thüringer.

Auch über die bürgerliche Verfaſſung der Thüringer in dieſen frühen Zeiten laſſen ſich keine beſtimmten Angaben machen. In das ſchon bezeichnete Dunkel iſt der Zeitpunkt gehüllt, wann ihre Regierungsform aus der patriarchaliſchen in die königliche überging. Nur der ſinkende Stern dieſes Königthums tritt blutroth flammend aus der geſchichtlichen Nacht hervor. Alles, was als früher geſchehen, von Spätern erzählt wird, ſind Sagen, womit hellere Jahrhunderte ſtets geneigt ſind, die dunkeln Partien der Jugend eines Volks auszuſchmücken und zu übermalen, wie das Brockengeſpenſt ſich abenteuerlich auf den Nebelſchichten geſtaltet, die die niedern, den höchſten Harzberg umgebenden Berge einhüllen.

Wie groß der Umfang der königlichen Gewalt war und ob nicht im Kriege größer als im Frieden, wie ihr Verhältniß zu den drei Volksklaſſen, den Adligen („Adelingen"), den freien Männern („Frilingen"), und den Leibeignen, und dieſer untereinander, läßt ſich, da Gleichzeitige nichts darüber niedergeſchrieben haben, nicht angeben. [5] Das thüringiſche Volk verlor viel zu früh ſeine Selbſtſtändigkeit, als daß ein Geſchichtſchreiber aus ihm hätte erblühen können. Unſere Quellen ſind meiſt fränkiſche und ſpäter ſächſiſche Chroniſten, die für die thüringiſchen Zuſtände und Verhältniſſe keine patriotiſchen Sympathien hatten und ihrer nur gelegentlich gedenken.

Zwar treten bei Tacitus auch ſchon Könige auf, aber man weiß nicht recht, was man aus ihnen machen ſoll, und zur Erklärung der ſpätern königlichen Würde bei den Franken und Thüringern können ſie nicht dienen. Die Adelinge waren jedenfalls nur urſprünglich reiche Grundbeſitzer, die ihren Knechten gegen beſtimmte Abgaben Theile ihrer Ländereien einräumten; dieſe Hinterſaſſen werden unter den Namen „Lazzen" und „Liten" aufgeführt. Sie ſind zu unterſcheiden von den Leuten, welche gekauft und verkauft wurden, alſo Leibeigene waren. Wer ſein kleines Gut ſelbſt bewirthſchaftete und keinen Zins einzunehmen hatte von Lazzen und Liten, ſcheint ein „Friling" geweſen zu ſein, ein freier Mann, der, auf ſeinem Erbe ſitzend, von Niemand abhängig war.

Aus dem Verhältniß der Adelinge zu ihren Knechten mochten ſich die Gemeinden gebildet haben, und aus der Vereinigung derſelben zu Trutz und Schutz und zur gemeinſamen Berathung gemeinſamer Angelegenheiten, die Gaue, deren in Thüringen unter der fränkiſchen Oberherrſchaft mehre genannt werden. Der Adel kam durch Reichthum, Anſehn und Kriegsthaten natürlich an die Spitze dieſer Verbindungen und übte Einfluß auf das übrige Volk aus. Die älteſten des Adels führten alſo auch den Vorſitz in den Volksverſammlungen der Gauen, und erhielten den Namen der „Grauen" (Greven). Später wurde der Weiſeſte oder Angeſehenſte mit dieſer Würde beehrt, der Name aber blieb, er war der Gau-Graf. Zur Schlichtung der Rechtshändel waren aber die Männer des Volks in Abtheilungen von je hundert gebracht, denen jedesmal ein beſonderer Graf vorſtand, der erſt gewiß der Hundert-Graf, und nur ſpäter, als die lateiniſche Sprache mehr aufkam, der Centgraf hieß. Es iſt ſehr wahrſcheinlich, daß die hundert Männer wiederum in zehn Abtheilungen zerfielen, und zehn Männer wiederum einen Vorſteher hatten, der ihre Rechtsangelegenheiten ſchlichtete. [6]

Zu beſtimmten Zeiten verſammelte ſich der ganze verwandte Volksſtamm zu Berathungen, die mehre Tage dauerten. Dies waren zugleich Feſttage für das Volk.

Das Bedürfniß gegenſeitigen Schutzes führte die einzelnen Gauen wieder zu größeren Bündniſſen zuſammen, und bei dieſen großen Veränderungen gingen wahrſcheinlich die Namen der Völkerſtämme, die zu ihnen traten, allmälig unter im gemeinſamen Namen des Bundes. Ein ſolcher Bund war jedenfalls der der Thüringer, ein ſolcher der der Franken u. A.

Wie nun dem einzelnen Gau ein Graf vorſtand, ſo mußte der Vereinigung vieler Gaue und Stämme ein vorragendes Haupt vorſtehen, und ſo entſtand aus der Natur der Sache die königliche Würde, die im Anfange gewiß nichts weiter war, als die Würde eines Vorſitzenden in der Volksverſammlung, der die Berathung leitete, dann aber als oberſter Richter zu größerer Macht gelangte.

4.

Kultur, Sitten und häusliches Leben der Thüringer.

Es läßt ſich faſt mit Beſtimmtheit annehmen, daß der Kulturzuſtand der älteſten Thüringer dem der übrigen deutſchen Völkerſtämme gleich war; wenigſtens iſt keine Nachricht vorhanden, die das Gegentheil für ſie in Anſpruch nähme. Sie waren einfache Kinder der Natur.

Als ein junges kriegeriſches Volk konnten die Thüringer nicht im Beſitz einer Geiſteskultur ſein, die der Jugend eines Volks niemals eigenthümlich iſt. Aber gewiß erfreuten ſie ſich der an allen deutſchen Stämmen gerühmten Tugenden der Treue, der Keuſchheit, der Gaſtlichkeit, der Herzenseinfalt, des Muthes und der Todesverachtung, und die bei den Römern allgemein verbreiteten Laſter waren der großen Menge unbekannt und wurden mit einer furchtbaren Strenge beſtraft. Wenn nun auch die Schilderungen der römiſchen Schriftſteller ſich auf Zeiten bezogen, welche über dreihundert Jahre vor das Auftreten der Thüringer fallen, ſo wechſelte das Eigenthümliche und Charakteriſtiſche im einfachen Volksleben der Deutſchen in jenen frühen Tagen zu wenig, und es wird zu oft ausdrücklich erwähnt, daß ſie an der Sitte der Väter feſtgehalten, als daß man nicht anzunehmen berechtigt wäre, was zur Zeit des großen römiſchen Schriftſtellers Tacitus von den Deutſchen überhaupt gegolten habe, dürfte eben ſo gut auch von den Thüringern ins Beſondere gelten: ja wir ſind anzunehmen berechtigt, daß die Sitten der Thüringer, die in der Mitte Deutſchlands wohnend, mit den ſpätern kraftloſen Römern in keine Berührung gekommen waren (ſonſt würden wir wahrſcheinlich durch römiſche Schriftſteller ihre erſte Geſchichte kennen), ein reineres Gepräge trugen, als die früherer deutſchen Völkerſtämme, welche in vielfachem Verkehr mit den Römern gelebt und viele Laſter derſelben überkommen hatten.

Zuerſt werden die Thüringer wegen ihrer ſchönen Pferde erwähnt (um 404); ſpäter findet man ſie unter den deutſchen Völkerſchaften genannt, welche wahrſcheinlich durch Bündniſſe von dem gewaltigen Hunnenkönige Attila gewonnen, in ſeinem Heere fochten und nach deſſen Tode (453) die Römer an der obern Donau auf eigne Hand feindlich anfielen. Sie waren alſo ein wohlberittenes, kampfgeübtes Volk. Ihre ungeheuern Wälder machten ſie dabei zu Jägern, ihre Flüſſe und Seen zu Fiſchern, ihre Thäler und Matten zu Hirten, ihre Ebenen zu Ackerbauern. Wenn ſchon zu Tacitus Zeiten der Ackerbau der Deutſchen auf keiner niedern Stufe ſtand, ſo darf man von den Thüringern erwarten, daß ſie verſtändige Landwirthe waren. Krieg und Ackerbau, vorzüglich wenn letzterer ſchon Jahrhunderte betrieben worden iſt und das Volk an den heimiſchen Boden gefeſſelt hat, bedingen Gewerbe, ja der Glanz des Königthums, ſei er in Vergleich mit ſpätern Zeiten auch noch unbedeutend, ſteigert das Bedürfniß und ruft ſeine Befriedigung hervor. Die an Pracht und Luxus gewöhnte Nichte Theodorichs des Großen, Königs der Oſtgothen, des Pflegers der Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften in Italien, deren gelehrte Bildung und feine Sitten von ihrem Oheim gerühmt werden, brachte gewiß Anſprüche aus Italien mit nach Thüringen, denen man zu genügen ſich beſtreben mußte, und ſo waren Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften in Thüringen höchſt wahrſcheinlich im Keimen begriffen, als ein grauſames Schickſal ihre Entwickelung hemmte.

Der adlige und freie Mann verachtete die Beſchäftigung des Ackerbaus und der Gewerbe, er lag den Waffenübungen und der Jagd ob. Die Knechte und Leibeigenen arbeiteten. Die Frauen ſpannen, webten und verfertigten die Kleider. Die Wolle des Schaafs und die Häute der Thiere wurden zur Bekleidung verarbeitet.

Auch das Bauweſen mußten die Thüringer ſchon in einer gewiſſen Vollkommenheit verſtehen, da in der Geſchichte ihrer Beſiegung durch die Franken eine befeſtigte Stadt genannt wird, wenn dieſe Angabe nicht auf einem Irrthum eines weit ſpätern ſächſiſchen Chroniſten beruht. Doch fällt die Erbauung der erſten Städte in dieſe Zeiten. Das Zuſammenleben in Städten ſetzt aber ſchon einen erhöhten Kulturzuſtand voraus.

Das häusliche Leben der Thüringer war, den erhaltenen Andeutungen nach, einfach und ehrenwerth. Der Mann hatte nur ein Weib und dadurch wurde der hohe moraliſche Werth der Ehe bedingt. Der Ehebruch wurde mit ſchmachvollem Tode beſtraft. Das ganze Volk der Thüringer ſcheint wuthentflammt über den Ehebruch ſeiner Königin Baſina geweſen zu ſein, und ſie durch einen verheerenden Einfall in das Ländergebiet ihres Verführers, des Frankenkönigs Childerich gerächt zu haben. Das konnte nur ein Volk, dem die Reinheit der Ehe als heilig galt. Die Frau war die Genoſſin, nicht die Sklavin des Mannes. Der Jüngling wuchs in Waffenübungen auf und weidete die väterlichen Heerden; die Jungfrau wurde von der Mutter im Spinnen und Weben unterrichtet. Die Geſchlechter lebten zuſammen, doch war Keuſchheit ihre höchſte Zierde. Erſt wenn der Jüngling reif war zum Manne und ſich durch Geſinnung und That als würdig bewährt hatte, vermählte er ſich nach dem Rath ſeiner Verwandten mit der gleichfalls reifen Jungfrau. Die Ausſtattung oder das Brautgeſchenk gab der Jüngling der Braut. Es beſtand in den früheren Zeiten, nach Tacitus, in einem Geſpann Rinder, einem Schlachtroß, einem Schilde, Speer und Schwert. Auch der thüringiſche König Herminfried ſandte die Brautgabe nach Italien, ausgezeichnet ſchöne ſilberfarbne Roſſe, als er um Amalberg, Theodorichs Nichte, freite.

Die Bande der Liebe und Tugend hielten das Haus zuſammen und gaben ihm eine hohe moraliſche Kraft. Dieſe äußerte ſich auch in körperlicher Stärke, ein kräftiges Geſchlecht nach dem andern erſtand aus dieſen Häuſern; die Körperſtärke, oft von den entſittlichten und geſchwächten Römern bewundert, öfter noch gefürchtet, war ein Reſultat der Reinheit und Tüchtigkeit der Geſinnung und Geſittung. Dieſe zeigte ſich unter andern auch in der Tugend der Gaſtlichkeit. Der Fremdling war in jedem Hauſe willkommen; er wurde als Freund betrachtet, ſein Haupt ſtand unter dem Schutze des Familienvaters, man pflegte ſein mit liebender Sorgfalt, und zwiſchen ihm und der gaſtlichen Familie wob ſich ein feſtes Freundſchaftsband.

Die Lebensmittel waren einfach und beſtanden meiſt nur aus Brod, Milch und Fleiſch. Butter ſcheint man ſchon bereitet zu haben. [7] Die feinen Erzeugniſſe der römiſchen Küche kannten gewiß nur wenige, die in Italien gelebt hatten. Eins war tadelnswerth, die Liebe zum Trunk. Schon Tacitus giebt an, daß die Deutſchen Bier gebraut haben. Wein erhielten ſie durch Handel von den Galliern, ſpäter von den Franken. Bei den Volksverſammlungen liebten ſie, ſich zu bezechen. Es galt für einen Ehrenpunkt, ja für eine Tugend (wie die Tapferkeit) viel zu trinken, und gerade dieſe zweideutige Tugend hat ſich ſchier am längſten erhalten.

5.

Die Religion der Thüringer.

Am meiſten iſt der Mangel beſtimmter Nachrichten über das innerſte Weſen, die Gefühlswelt unſrer vorchriſtlichen Vorfahren zu beklagen. Aber hier gerade fehlt uns jegliche Anſchauung. Wenn auch die Ueberlieferungen hinſichtlich der äußern Lebensverhältniſſe dürftig ſind, ſo läßt ſich aus ihnen doch wenigſtens ein Bild ſkizziren; was uns die Schriftſteller über das Verhältniß ſagen, in welches ſich die menſchliche Schwäche und Abhängigkeit jener edlen, reinen Menſchen zu einem höhern Walten ſtellte, läßt nicht einmal eine Vermuthung zu. Von dem eigenſten geiſtigen Lebensborn dieſes Volkes, wonach wir es allein richtig zu beurtheilen vermöchten, kennen wir nur einige Aeußerlichkeiten, aus denen man nur allgemeine Schlüſſe zu ziehen wagen darf. Aber auch dieſe dürfen nicht an das geiſtige Band dieſer äußern Erſcheinungen rühren, dürfen die Seele nicht erfaſſen wollen: dieſe iſt für ewig entflohen.

Man kann mit Gewißheit annehmen, daß das innere und äußere Religionsweſen der Thüringer d. h. ihre ſeeliſche Anſchauung des höchſten Weſens und der Kultus, ihre Götter- und Heldenſagen, im Allgemeinen nicht ſehr verſchieden war von dem der übrigen deutſchen Völkerſtämme. Die religiöſe Gefühlsweiſe aller Völkerſchaften, die durch Sprache, Sitte und mündliche Ueberlieferungen ſich als ſtammverwandt erwieſen, mochte in ihren Grundzügen wohl mit der der Bewohner des hohen Nordens, die ja auch deutſchen Urſprungs waren, zuſammenfallen; und die Götter- und Heldenſage der ſüdlichern deutſchen Volksſtämme war ihren Hauptmomenten nach wahrſcheinlich dieſelbe wie die ſkandinaviſche, die, in einer weit ſpätern Zeit zuſammengeſtellt, uns erhalten worden iſt. Aber wenn wir auf der einen Seite nicht wiſſen können, wie groß oder klein die Aehnlichkeit beider war, ſo auf der andern eben ſo wenig, wie weit die uns von ſo ſpäten Dichtern des Nordens aus alten Liedern und Sagen zuſammengeſtellte Religionslehre der frühern Wirklichkeit entſpricht, wie viel die Jahrhunderte, wie viel die chriſtlichen Dichter hinzugethan, weggelaſſen, verändert und verfälſcht haben [8].

Es iſt ſehr voreilig, als ausgemacht anzunehmen und hinzuſtellen, die Thüringer hätten die Götter der Skandinavier verehrt, ja wohl gar den Namen Thüringer vom Gotte Thor ableiten zu wollen. Alles was man zugeben kann, iſt, daß der Gott der Schlachten und Siege, Wodan, bei den Skandinaviern Odin, der bei den Sachſen, Longobarden, Alemannen verehrt wurde, auch die höchſte Gottheit der Thüringer geweſen ſein dürfte.

Tacitus nennt eine Gottheit der Deutſchen Mercur, eine andere Mars, d. h. er ſuchte dem deutſchen Kultus einen irgend ähnlichen römiſchen Begriff anzupaſſen, ſo gut es ging (denn er konnte ja den damit verbundenen Begriff der Deutſchen nicht kennen), und nannte nun den deutſchen Gott, deſſen eigentlicher Name ihm vielleicht nie genannt worden war, mit dem römiſchen. Ob nun Mercur oder Mars den Wodan bedeute, ob der andere vielleicht Thor war, das ſind Fragen, die niemals beantwortet werden können. Und wenn man nun auch nach Tacitus Worten „die Germanen verehrten am meiſten den Mercur, dem ſie auch an gewiſſen Tagen Menſchenopfer darzubringen für Pflicht halten,“ behaupten könnte, dieſer Mercur ſei Wodan geweſen; was wäre dadurch gewonnen!

Cäſar ſagt ganz kurz, die Deutſchen hätten keine Prieſter, brächten keine Opfer und hielten die Sonne, den Mond und den Vulkan für Götter. Dies ſcheint auf Sonnen- und Feuerdienſt zu deuten, aber von einer Verehrung dieſer Götter ſagt er nichts. Hinſichtlich der Opfer ſind Tacitus und Cäſar in Widerſpruch. Tacitus nennt noch den erdgebornen Gott Tuisco und deſſen Sohn Man als die Stammväter der deutſchen Heldengeſchlechter, und fügt hinzu, daß dieſe beiden in alten Liedern gefeiert würden. Schwerlich bezeichneten dieſe Namen Götter, denen ein beſonderer Kult geweiht war; ſie waren nichts als die mythiſche Wurzel des ganzen Volksſtammes, der Tuiſco, Duisko, Dutſke, der Deutſche, und der Man der Repräſentant des Volks überhaupt. Mit dem Religionsweſen ſelbſt hat dieſe an und für ſich wichtige Angabe nichts zu thun. Was Tacitus von jenem beibringt, iſt geeignet, uns einen würdigen Begriff von der geläuterten und erhabenen religiöſen Gefühlsweiſe unſerer Vorfahren zu geben. Er ſagt nämlich: die Himmliſchen wären ihnen viel zu groß, als daß ſie dieſelben in Wände einzuſchließen, oder ihnen irgend eine Aehnlichkeit des menſchlichen Antlitzes verleihen zu dürfen glaubten. Sie bezeichneten mit der Götter Namen das Geheime, das ſie nur mit Ehrfurcht ſchauten, und weiheten Haine und Wälder zu Plätzen ihrer Verehrung jenes Geheimen. Zwiſchen den Nachbarſtämmen der Chatten und Hermunder entſtand, ebenfalls nach Tacitus Erzählung, ein blutiger Kampf um die Salzquellen an einem Grenzfluſſe, den Spätere für die fränkiſche Saale halten, aus dem Grunde, weil der Glaube unter dieſen Völkerſchaften herrſchte, daß ſolche Orte dem Himmel am nächſten ſeien, und die Gebete von den Göttern nirgends beſſer gehört würden; daher komme durch die Gnade der Götter an jenem Fluſſe und in jenen Wäldern das Salz hervor, nicht wie bei anderen Völkern durch Austretung des Meers, wobei das Waſſer vertrocknete, ſondern über einen Haufen brennendes Holz gegoſſen, wobei das Salz aus zwei ſich widerſtrebenden Urſtoffen gerinne, dem Feuer und Waſſer. Aus der Geſchichte des heiligen Bonifacius, des Apoſtels der Thüringer, erfahren wir, daß er eine uralte, mächtige Eiche bei Geismar in Heſſen niederhauen ließ, unter welcher das Volk den Donnerer anbetete, welchem ſie vielleicht geweiht war. Ein Volk aber, das im Schattendunkel heiliger Haine, im Rauſchen eines alten ehrwürdigen Eichbaums, im geheimnißvollen Geflüſter der Quellen zum höchſten unſichtbaren Weſen betete, konnte in ſeinen Gefühlsbeziehungen unmöglich auf einer ſo niedrigen Stufe religiöſer Bildung ſtehen, wie man wohl glaubhaft zu machen geſucht hat. Man begreift nicht, wie man einem Volke das Götzenbilder aufbürden können, das ſo hohe und reine Begriffe von der Gottheit hatte. Und von Tacitus bis zu den Thüringern iſt doch nicht ſo weit, es ſind keine ſo wichtige Begebenheiten vorgefallen, daß die Völker aus einer edlen Religion in rohen Götzendienſt hätten verfallen können. Deshalb ſind alle die Götzenbilder, welche in Thüringen an verſchiedenen Plätzen geſtanden und zum Theil von Bonifacius zerſtört worden ſein ſollen, nur der Einbildungskraft chriſtlicher Schriftſteller entſprungen, denen die Anſchauung des Gottesdienſtes ihrer Altvordern verloren gegangen war. Solcher Götzen werden viele genannt, als der Krodo, der Biel, der Baſtard, die am Harze verehrt worden ſein ſollen, der Stuffo, der bei Eſchwege auf einem Berge geſtanden haben ſoll, die Lara und die Jecha, denen man den Sitz in der Gegend von Sondershauſen anwies, der Püſtrich, der noch vorhanden und auf dem Rothenberge in der Goldenen-Au gefunden wurde, der Jorran, der Loll bei Mainz, die Holle oder Holde im Thüringerwalde. Die jetzige Geſchichtſchreibung iſt von dieſen Irrthümern zurückgekommen, zu welchen wahrſcheinlich die Nachbarſchaft der ſlaviſchen Völker Veranlaſſung gab, welche in jeder Hinſicht tief unter den Deutſchen ſtehend, viele Götzenbilder hatten und anbeteten. Deutſche, die über Slaven Siege erfochten, mochten wohl ſolche Götzenbilder als Beute mit in ihre Heimath nehmen, die dann ſpäter zu ſo falſchen Deutungen Veranlaſſung gaben. Auch beging Karl der Große die Sünde an den Deutſchen, Slaven unter ſie zu verſetzen. Und wenn dieſe auch mit Gewalt getauft worden waren, ſo hingen ſie doch allzuhartnäckig an ihrem Aberglauben; und ſo war eine Verwechſelung Späterer, die dieſes Verhältniß nicht kannten, leicht möglich.

Es ſoll inzwiſchen keineswegs behauptet werden, daß die alten Thüringer gewiſſe Ideen oder Naturkräfte ſich nicht in beſtimmten, ihrer Kindlichkeit angemeſſenen Anſchauungen verſinnlicht hätten. Aber wer will jetzt noch feſtſtellen, was davon in das Gebiet der Religion, in das des Aberglaubens gehört, da wir von beiden kaum die äußern Grenzlinien kennen! Alle Völker ſind in ihrer Jugend denſelben Weg gewandelt; denn die Jugend eines Volkes hat, wie die des einzelnen Menſchen eine glühendere Phantaſie und einen unreifern Verſtand, als das ſpäte Alter; und einzelne dunkle Sagen, Gebräuche, die in vorchriſtlicher Zeit wurzeln, alte Namen, die an Localitäten haften geblieben ſind, deuten genugſam darauf hin. So iſt die der Sagenwelt angehörige, im Hörſelberge hauſende Frau Holle oder Holde, welche ſicherlich nur chriſtliche Mönche, in dem ihnen bekannten römiſchen Heidenthume einen analogen Begriff ſuchend, zur Frau Venus ſtempelten, eine ſolche verſinnlichte Idee. Sie fährt in den zwölf Nächten mit dem wüthenden Heere aus dem Berge heraus und umkreiſ't in der Mitternacht das Thüringerwaldgebirge. In den vom Aberglauben gewebten Hüllen dieſer merkwürdigen Sage ſcheint ein Religionskult unſerer heidniſchen Vorfahren verborgen zu liegen. Aber wer reicht uns den Schlüſſel zu dem Geheimniß! Dieſer iſt für ewig verloren gegangen.

So waren die Weihnachts-, Oſter-, Johannis- und Erntefeuer, die im Mittelalter Nachts auf den Bergen flammten, unbeſtreitbar heidniſchen Urſprungs, und deuten auf eine heilige Feier des Sonnenlaufs hin, jedesmal die Punkte bezeichnend, wann die Sonne der Erde am nächſten und am entfernteſten ſtand. Die heimlichen Zuſammenkünfte auf dem Brocken in der Walpurgisnacht, und die heiligen Feuer, die dort mit ſeltſamen Gebräuchen von den Thüringern und Sachſen, trotz des Verbots der herrſchenden Franken, abgebrannt wurden, ſcheinen ebenfalls ihren Urſprung in dem Sonnen- und Feuerkult zu haben, auf welchen Cäſar bereits hindeutet. Doch von der Feier der durch die größern Geſtirne beſtimmten Zeit-Abſchnitte im Jahreslauf mit dem der Sonne verwandten irdiſchen Feuer bis zum Anbeten der Sonne, des Monds und des Feuers iſt noch ein ungeheurer Weg.

Zum Kultus gehörten unſtreitig die Gebräuche, wodurch die alten Deutſchen die Zukunft erforſchen zu können glaubten. Tacitus berichtet darüber Merkwürdiges. Sie ſchnitten einen Zweig von einem Fruchtbaum, vielleicht von der bedeutungsvollen Miſtel, theilten ihn in Stäbchen und warfen dieſe, durch gewiſſe Zeichen unterſchieden, blindlings und nach Zufall über ein weißes Gewand hin. In öffentlichen Angelegenheiten that dies der Prieſter des Gaus, in häuslichen der Hausvater ſelbſt. Mit Gebet und zum Himmel gerichtetem Blick hoben ſie die Stäbchen dreimal auf und deuteten ſie nach den vorher eingedrückten Zeichen. War die Deutung ungünſtig, ſo fand über den in Frage ſtehenden Gegenſtand an demſelben Tage keine Berathung ſtatt; war ſie günſtig, ſo ſuchte man durch Vorbedeutungen Gewißheit darüber zu erlangen. Wie bei anderen Völkern befragte man die Stimmen und den Flug der Vögel, aber den Deutſchen eigenthümlich war das Befragen der Pferde. In den heiligen Hainen und Wäldern wurden auf öffentliche Koſten weiße Pferde unterhalten, die niemals eine Arbeit verrichteten. Dieſe wurden an den heiligen Wagen geſpannt, der Prieſter und der König oder Fürſt des Volks begleiteten ſie, und beobachteten und deuteten ihr Wiehern und Schnauben. Dieſes Befragen der Pferde fand bei der Menge wie bei den Vornehmen das größte Vertrauen. Wir wiſſen, daß Thüringen das Vaterland der herrlichſten ſilberfarbenen Pferde war, und ſo läßt ſich annehmen, daß dieſer religiöſe Gebrauch in dieſem Lande vorzüglich blühte.

Doch aus allen dieſen einzelnen Aeußerlichkeiten läßt ſich niemals ein Ganzes zuſammenſtellen, weil der innere geiſtige Zuſammenhang fehlt, die Gemüthsanſchauung, der eigentliche geiſtige Kern der Religion, und nur ſo viel kann man mit Gewißheit ſchließen, daß die religiöſen Begriffe unſerer heidniſchen Vorfahren, wenn auch den chriſtlichen gänzlich fremd und entgegengeſetzt, keineswegs ſo roh und ungeläutert waren, wie ſpätere chriſtliche Schriftſteller ſie darzuſtellen bemüht geweſen ſind, und daß die Form ihrer Gottesverehrung eine des höchſten Weſens keineswegs unwürdige war.

Mit beſtimmten Behauptungen in dieſer Beziehung kann man nicht vorſichtig genug ſein, und es iſt weit vernünftiger zu geſtehen, daß wir vom Religionsweſen der alten Thüringer ſo viel wie nichts wiſſen und niemals etwas wiſſen können, als in dem breiten und ausgefahrenen Geleis der früheren Chroniſten und Geſchichtſchreiber ſich bequem fort zu bewegen und mit anſtößiger Gewißheit zu erzählen, welche Götter die Thüringer verehrt, welche Gebräuche dabei obgewaltet, wo die Bilder derſelben geſtanden u. ſ. w.; lauter aus der Luft gegriffene Behauptungen, oder Schlüſſe aus dunkeln kurzen Angaben und Ortsnamen, aus denen man nichts ſchließen kann. Das lächerlichſte aber iſt, die poetiſchen Sagen der Edda abzuſchreiben und ſie für die Religion der Thüringer auszugeben.

Zweites Kapitel.

Das Königreich Thüringen.

1.

Sagen aus der frühesten Zeit der Thüringer. Sagenhafte Könige. Attila's Hochzeitfeier und großer Landtag in Eiſenach. [illegible]

Die Sage iſt die Amme der Völker, die Geſchichte deren Erzieherin. Auch die Kindheit des thüringiſchen Volks hat die Sage genährt und mannichfach umſchmückt. Der Chroniſt, der in unſrer Zeit die alten Begebenheiten wiedererzählt, berichtet zwar ihre Gedichte, aber er ſcheidet ſie ſo viel als möglich von den auf geſchätzten Quellen begründeten Ausſprüchen der Geſchichte; die Chroniſten der frühern Zeiten gaben dagegen die Plaudereien der Sage für Geſchichte und brachten dadurch große Verwirrung in dieſelbe.

In das Gebiet der Sage ſind eine Reihe von Königen, die über die Thüringer geherrſcht haben ſollen, nebſt ihren Thaten und Erlebniſſen zu verweiſen. Ihre mythiſchen Namen tauchen aus dem Nebel der Geſchichte Thüringens, ſelbſt noch Nebelgebilde, hervor, denn Bilder einer Spiegelung, die jeder Wirklichkeit entbehrt. Sie gleichen auch verwitterten Steinbildern, deren Züge und Schmuck durchaus nicht mehr zu erkennen ſind, und die die Sage für etwas ganz anders ausgiebt, als ſie zweifelsohne ihrer urſprünglichen Bedeutung nach waren. Da hören wir von einem Könige Erpes oder Erpo, der Erfurt (Erpesfurd) erbaut haben ſoll; von einem Könige Hover oder Hogelin, der ſich mit den Franken gegen die vordringenden Alemannen verbündet haben ſoll; von einem Könige Otterich oder Athanar, der den Römern unter Valentinian I. beigeſtanden und Cöln erobern helfen. Es werden ferner als Könige der Thüringer genannt Walderich oder Balderich, Witbulf oder Witbolf, Namen, an welche die Sage nicht einmal ein fabelhaftes Ereigniß knüpft. Freigebig dagegen hat ſie den König Gunther oder Guntbar bedacht, dem ſie die uralte Stadt Eiſenach — ſchicklicher als die jetzige Stadt gelegen — zum Königsſitz anweiſt, und eine wunderſchöne Tochter Kriemhilde zuertheilt. Dorthin, ſo erzählt ſie, kam der Hunnenkönig Attila, die Gottesgeißel der Völker, mit ſeinem Heere und gewann Kriemhilden zum Weibe. Zum Beilager ſchrieb Attila einen großen Landtag gen Eiſenach aus und lud alle deutſchen Fürſten ein. Es kamen ihrer auch Viele, die ſich um die Gunſt des gewaltigen Etzel [9] bewarben, oder ſchickten ihre Geſandten; glänzende Feſte wurden gefeiert, und das Rennen, Turnierſtechen und anderes Ritterſpiel dauerte viele Tage. Drauf wurden die Gäſte vom Hunnenkönige reich beſchenkt und gnädig entlaſſen. Er ſelbſt aber verweilte noch eine Zeit lang in Thüringen und ſoll ſogar deſſen König geworden ſein, war mild und koſtfrei, münzte die alten Decemopfennige, die man zuweilen noch ausackert, und hielt glänzenden Hof. Gern lagerte er mit ſeinem Heer bei Tonndorf hart am See, waidewerkte und fiſchte allda, wo man den Ort jetzt noch den Königsſtuhl heißt, und brach dann auf, das römiſche Kaiſerthum zu überziehen. — Dieſe Sage ſpielt offenbar in den Sagenkreis des Nibelungenliedes, des mitteldeutſchen Nationalgedichtes hinüber, wo König Etzel Kriemhilden, die Schweſter des Königs Gunther von Burgunden, freit. Schwerlich kam Attila auf ſeinem Zuge gegen die Franken und Römer nach Thüringen, ſonſt wäre dies von gleichzeitigen Schriftſtellern gewiß nicht unerwähnt geblieben.

Eben ſo ſagenhaft und geſchichtlich ungegründet iſt die Erzählung, welche die fränkiſchen Könige Chlodio oder Chlogio und Merwig oder Meroväus zu thüringiſchen Königen macht. Ein fränkiſcher Geſchichtſchreiber des ſechsten Jahrhunderts [10] ſagt, die Franken hätten zuerſt am Rhein gewohnt, wären dann über den Fluß geſetzt nach Thoringen, und hätten ſich Könige mit langen Haupthaaren gewählt. Der Frankenkönig Chlodio, welcher in dem feſten Schloſſe Dispargum gewohnt, das ſich im Landesgebiet der Thoringer befinde, habe von Dispargum aus erſt Kundſchafter nach der Stadt Camerich (Cambrai) geſchickt, und ſei dann, als alles wohl durchſpäht geweſen, ſelbſt dorthin aufgebrochen, und habe die Römer geſchlagen und die Stadt erobert. — Aus dieſer Stelle geht zu Genüge hervor, daß das Schloß Dispargum, die Reſidenz Chlodio's, am rechten Rheinufer und nicht in Thüringen zu ſuchen ſei, und daß Gregor von Tours, jener Geſchichtſchreiber, oder die Abſchreiber ſeiner Geſchichte der Franken Thoringen ſtatt Thongrien ſchrieben, und daß alſo der Volksſtamm, von welchem hier die Rede iſt, nicht die in der Mitte Deutſchlands wohnenden Thüringer, ſondern die am Unterrhein wohnenden Tungern, und Dispargum eine tungriſche Burg war. Dieſes Dispargum hat den thüringiſchen Geſchichtſchreibern ſehr viel Kopfzerbrechen gekoſtet und ihre Federn in große Bewegung geſetzt; es gab faſt eben ſo viele Dispargum, als Geſchichtſchreiber. Zuletzt nahm man als gewiß an, Dispargum habe bei Helmershauſen ohnweit Meiningen im Hennebergiſchen auf einem hohen Berge gelegen, der die Diesburg heißt. Man bedachte aber dabei nicht, daß die Reſidenz des Königs der Franken, die bereits über den Rhein geſetzt und in Gallien vorgedrungen waren, des Königs, der von Dispargum aus Vorkehrungen zur weiteren Eroberung Galliens traf, unmöglich in der Nähe des Thüringerwaldes liegen konnte. Es iſt nicht unwahrſcheinlich, daß Dispargum das alte Duisburg zwiſchen Cöln und Weſel im Lande der Tungern war.

So wenig nun Dispargum zu Thüringen gehörte, eben ſo wenig war Chlodio ein König der Thüringer, und ſein ſiegreicher Kampf gegen die Römer in Gallien geht die Geſchichte Thüringens nichts an. Aber nicht allein Chlodio, der erſte ſiegreiche Frankenkönig und Held, auch ſein Nachfolger in der Herrſchaft über die Franken, jener Meroväus, welcher der erſten fränkiſchen Königsdynaſtie den Namen der Merovinger gegeben hat, wird von der Sage ohne allen geſchichtlichen Grund zum thüringiſchen Könige erhoben. Merwig oder Meroväus, ſo erzählt ſie, war kein Sohn Chlodio's, wohl aber der Gemahlin deſſelben. Dieſe badete einſt im Meere, da rauſchte ein Meerwunder aus der Tiefe empor und zwang die reizende Königin zur Umarmung, deren Frucht Merwig war. — Die Zeit ſeiner Herrſchaft über die Franken fällt in die Jahre 447—456. Als thüringiſcher König iſt er eine rein mythiſche Perſon, und was von ihm gemeldet wird, gehört nur der Sage an. Er ſoll auf dem nachherigen Petersberge bei Erfurt ein Schloß, ebenſo in der Nähe Erfurts an der Gera einen Burgſitz, die Merwisburg, aus welcher hernach das jetzige Dörfchen Möbisburg entſtanden ſei, erbaut, ja Erfurt ſelbſt gegründet oder erweitert und verſchönert haben. Auch ſollen ihm die Städte Nordhauſen und Merſeburg ihren Urſprung verdanken. Die Thüringer, vom Joch der Hunnen ſchwer bedrückt, ſoll er dadurch befreit haben, daß er den als unbeſiegbar geltenden Attila aufs Haupt geſchlagen. Hier allein heftet ſich die Sage an ein geſchichtliches Factum; denn Attila wurde auf ſeinem Eroberungszuge durch Gallien von den vereinigten Römern, Weſtgothen und Franken unter dem Könige der letzteren, Meroväus, bei Chalons ſur Marne 451 gänzlich geſchlagen, und mußte ſich mit ſchwerem Verluſte zurückziehen. Nach dieſer Schlacht laſſen ſonſt die Geſchichtſchreiber den wilden Hunnenkönig nach Thüringen ziehen und das bereits erwähnte fabelhafte Beilager mit Kriemhild nebſt dem großen Landtage halten. Die Sage bindet ſich an keine Zeitrechnung. Was nicht geſchehen, ſondern nur erdichtet iſt, kann unter kein Datum gebracht werden.

2.

Das Haus des Baſinus.

Aus dem Wolkengebiet der Sage treten wir nun auf feſten geſchichtlichen Boden heraus. Aber noch iſt nicht alles wirkliches Land umher, die Bilder der Sage gaukeln immer noch herein, und es wird uns ſchwer, ja unmöglich, die Wirklichkeit von der Dichtung zu unterſcheiden. Der erſte geſchichtliche thüringiſche König iſt Baſinus oder Biſſin. Schwerlich war er überhaupt der erſte König der Thüringer; wie viele aber vor ihm regiert und wer, darüber ſchweigt die Geſchichte. Baſinus iſt allein merkwürdig durch die tragiſchen Ereigniſſe in ſeinem Hauſe, die den Untergang des Königreichs und die Unterjochung der Thüringer durch die Franken herbei führen.

Dem Könige Meroväus folgte in der Regierung über die ſaliſchen Franken ſein Sohn Childerich I. 457. Als ein Wüſtling verführte er die Töchter und Frauen ſeines Volks, erregte dadurch den gerechten Zorn deſſelben und wurde gewaltſam vertrieben, an ſeiner Statt aber der Römer Aegidius zum Könige erwählt, der nach dem Untergange des römiſchen Reichs in Italien ein Ländergebiet in Gallien als unabhängiger Fürſt beherrſchte. Childerich floh zu ſeinem Gaſtfreunde, dem Könige Baſinus von Thüringen, an deſſen Hofe er gaſtlich aufgenommen und acht Jahre wohl gehalten wurde. Zum ſchnöden Dank für ſolche Freundſchaft verleitete der wolluſtige Franke des Königs Baſinus Gemahlin, Baſina, zum Treubruch und gewann ſie zur Buhlin. Unterdeſſen hatte der Römer Aegidius, von Childerichs geheimem Freunde und Anhänger Wiomad dazu beredet, die Franken arg gedrückt, die nun hinwiederum Wiomads Zuflüſterungen Gehör gebend, ſich nach Childerichs milderer Herrſchaft zurück ſehnten, endlich auch den Aegidius vertrieben und den Childerich auf den Thron ſeiner Väter zurück riefen (463). Baſina, an den Umgang ihres Buhlen gewöhnt, verließ bald darauf heimlich ihren Gatten und folgte Childerich nach, der ſie auch zu ſeiner Gemahlin erhob. Sie wurde (466) von ihm Mutter des nachherigen Frankenkönigs Chlodowig des Großen, der die Frankenherrſchaft in Gallien feſt begründete, faſt das ganze Land eroberte, und alle Stämme der Franken unter ſeiner Herrſchaft vereinigte.

Es iſt geſchichtlich wahrſcheinlich, daß die Thüringer, von Rachedurſt über die erlittene Schmach ihres Königshauſes entbrannt, und von dem betrogenen Baſinus angeführt, einen verheerenden Einfall in das Frankenreich thaten. [11] Hier überließen ſie ſich, um Baſinus verletzte Ehre zu ahnden, einer zügelloſen, unmenſchlichen Grauſamkeit. Frech erſchlugen ſie die ihnen von den Franken des Friedens wegen geſandten Geiſeln, ſtürzten ſich dann wie wüthende Thiere über das wehrloſe Volk her, und raubten und mordeten, was ihnen vorkam. Die Knaben hingen ſie mit der [illegible] an Bäume auf, und mehr als zweihundert Jungfrauen zerriſſen ſie theils mit Pferden, [illegible] ſie [illegible] den Laſtwagen zermalmen, ihre blutigen Leichname aber zur [illegible] der Raubvögel und Hunde liegen. Dieſe Angaben ſtimmen freilich aus dem Munde eines ſpätern Frankenkönigs, der ſein Volk zur Wuth gegen die Thüringer aufreizen will, und machen mißtrauiſch. Inzwiſchen muß doch ein Ueberfall ſtatt gefunden haben, und wenn die Thüringer wirklich ſo viel Weiber mordeten, ſo ließ ſich dieſe Gräßlichkeit aus dem Umſtande erklären, daß ein Weib ihr Königshaus und ſie ſelbſt mit Schande befleckt hatte.

Dieſen Ausbruch eines rohen Haſſes vergalt hernach der Frankenkönig Chlodowig der Große (491) den Thüringern reichlich. Er überzog ſie mit einem großen Heere, erſchlug ihrer Viele und zwang die Uebrigen, den Franken einen Zins zu zahlen.

3.

Herminfrid der Brudermörder.

König Baſinus hinterließ drei Söhne, Baderich, Herminfrid und Berthar, wahrſcheinlich mit einer ſpätern Gattin als der Baſina gezeugt, die das thüringiſche Reich unter ſich theilten. Um ſich der zinsbaren Abhängigkeit von den Franken und deren wachſenden Uebermacht zu entziehen, ſuchten die thüringiſchen Könige mit großem Eifer die Bundesgenoſſenſchaft des in Italien zu gewaltiger Macht und Herrſchaft gelangten Oſtgothenkönigs Theodorich des Großen, in den altdeutſchen Heldenliedern, in denen er hochgefeiert wird, Dietrich von Bern genannt, weil er ſeine Reſidenz zuweilen in Verona (Bern) hatte. Die Oſtgothen waren früher wahrſcheinlich die Grenznachbarn der Thüringer an der Donau geweſen, als aber der Anführer der Heruler, Odoacer, 474 dem abendländiſchen römiſchen Kaiſerreich ein Ende und ſich zum Könige von Italien gemacht hatte, war Theodorich, von Thatenluſt, Ruhmgierde und Eroberungsſucht getrieben, 489 mit ſeinen Oſtgothen nach Italien gezogen, hatte den Odoacer beſiegt, und, nach kurzem Bündniß zu gemeinſchaftlicher Regierung mit ihm, erſchlagen, worauf er ſich zum Könige von ganz Italien erhoben hatte. Um dieſes mächtigen und weiſen deutſchen Fürſten Freundſchaft bewarb ſich vorzüglich Herminfrid, vielleicht der mächtigſte und kriegeriſchſte unter ſeinen Brüdern, und Theodorich ſagte ihm Amalberg, die Tochter ſeiner Schweſter, zur Gemahlin zu. Herminfrid ſchickte nach der alten Sitte die Brautgabe nach Italien, eine Anzahl ſilberfarbiger Roſſe, das Beſte, was Thüringen erzeugte. Hierauf langte die Braut ſelbſt in Thüringen an, und brachte ihrem Verlobten ein Schreiben ihres Oheim, von deſſen berühmten Kanzler Caſſiodor [12] verfaßt, mit, das in vielfacher Beziehung ſehr merkwürdig iſt. Theodorich ſchrieb an Herminfrid:

„Da wir Euch unter unſre Verwandten aufzunehmen wünſchen, ſo verbinden wir Euch unſre Nichte als ein theures Pfand mit göttlichem Segen, damit Ihr, ſelbſt von königlichem Blute entſproſſen, nun auch durch den Glanz des kaiſerlichen Blutes weithin ſtrahlen möget. Wir ſenden Euch die Zierde Eures Hofes, die Vermehrerin Eures Geſchlechts, die treue Genoſſin Eures Rathes, die ſüßeſte Wonne Eures Ehebettes, die nicht nur mit Recht die Herrſchaft mit Euch theilen, ſondern auch Euer Volk durch beſſere Einrichtungen bilden möge. Das glückliche Thüringen wird nun beſitzen, was Italien erzogen hat, die, in den Wiſſenſchaften bewandert, in den Sitten erfahren, nicht nur eine Zierde durch die Abſtammung, ſondern auch durch ihre weibliche Würde iſt: ſo daß Euer Vaterland nicht weniger durch ihre Sitten, als durch ſeine Triumphe hervorleuchten wird. — Wir grüßen Euch deßhalb mit geziemender Ehrerbietung, und thun Euch kund, daß wir von Euern angelangten Geſandten, die uns nach der Völkerſitte beſtimmten Geſchenke, ein allerdings unſchätzbares Gut, die mit Silberfarbe geſchmückten Roſſe, die ſich gar wohl zur Brautgabe eignen, empfangen haben. Bruſt und Schenkel derſelben ſind von ſanfter Fleiſchesfülle lieblich geſchwellt, ihre Seiten etwas in die Länge geſtreckt, dagegen der Bauch von ſtraffer Kürze; der Kopf giebt das Bild eines Hirſches, dem ſie es auch an Schnelligkeit gleich thun, und mit welchem ſie überhaupt Aehnlichkeit haben. Bei ihrer bedeutenden Fettigkeit ſind ſie doch zahm, bei ihrer großen Körperlaſt ſehr ſchnell, angenehm für das Auge, lieblicher noch für den Gebrauch; denn ſie ſchreiten ſanft einher und ermüden ihren Reiter nicht durch tolle Eile. Man ruht mehr auf ihnen, als daß man angeſtrengt wird, und mit weiſer Mäßigung gelenkt, können ſie in ſteter Bewegung lange ausdauern. Aber dieſe wenn auch noch ſo edle Heerde, dieſe wohlgezogenen Thiere, und alles andere Ausgezeichnete, was Ihr uns überſandt habt, werdet Ihr durch die übertroffen finden, welche alles mit Recht überragt und ſelbſt dem Kleinod der königlichen Würde noch höheren Glanz verleiht. Zwar hatten auch wir Euch zugedacht, was der fürſtliche Rang erheiſcht, aber nichts Größeres können wir Euch ſchenken, als wenn wir Euch mit der Zierde einer ſolchen Frau vermählen. Die Himmliſchen mögen mit Eurer Verbindung ſein, und wie uns ein Band der Liebe vereinigt hat, ſo möge die elterliche Freundſchaft auch unſere Nachkommen verbinden.“

Obgleich Amalberg Chriſtin war [13] und das Chriſtenthum zuerſt nach Thüringen verpflanzte, ſo entſprach doch ihr inneres Weſen dem in dieſem Briefe entworfenen Bilde keineswegs, wohl aber dem Stolze, der ſich darin ausſpricht. Mit aller Anmaßung der Nichte des großen Theodorich, des Eroberers und Beherrſchers von Italien, der ſich in ſeinem Schreiben an Herminfrid ſogar die kaiſerliche Würde beilegt, trat ſie in Thüringen auf. Zwar wurden durch dieſe Verbindung die Thüringer wieder unabhängig von den Franken, und dieſe aus Furcht vor dem mächtigen Oſtgothenkönige von fernern Gewaltthätigkeiten gegen jene zurückgehalten, aber in das königliche Haus der Thüringer war mit Amalberg der böſe Geiſt des Verderbens getreten. Voll unbändigen Stolzes, voll ungezügelter Herrſchſucht, voll Neid und Mißgunſt und voll tückiſcher Grauſamkeit, gebrauchte ſie ihre Schönheit nur um den ſchwachen Gemahl zu verlocken und zu bethören. Ihrem hochfahrenden Sinne war es unerträglich, daß ihr Gemahl nur einen Theil des Thüringerreichs beſaß und ſie flüſterte ihm zu, ſich zum Alleinherrſcher des ganzen Landes zu machen. Als er ihren böſen Rathſchlägen widerſtand, fand er einſt, zum Mahle gerufen, den Tiſch nur halb gedeckt. Dem darob Verwunderten rief ihr Hohn verächtlich zu: Dem halben König nur der halbe Tiſch! und ſtachelte ihn mit dieſen Worten zum entſetzlichen Entſchluſſe des Brudermordes. Zuerſt fiel Berthar vom Mordſtahle, und ſein Ländertheil ward Herminfrids Eigenthum. Baderich dagegen, noch bei Zeiten gewarnt, erwartete den treuloſen Bruder gerüſtet, und da dieſer ſah, daß er allein nichts gegen jenen werde ausrichten können, ſo ſandte er Boten an den König der Oſtfranken (Auſtraſier) Theodorich oder Dietrich I., den Sohn Chlodowigs I., und lud denſelben ein, ihm gegen Baderich beizuſtehen, den er des von ihm ſelbſt verübten Brudermordes beſchuldigte.

Nach Chlodowig des Großen Tode (511) hatten deſſen vier Söhne das Frankenreich unter ſich getheilt. Dietrich I. hatte Auſtraſien (Oſtfrankreich), das Land der Uferfranken von Cöln bis an die Grenzen der Thüringer und der Alemannen auf beiden Seiten des Rheins, und noch einen Theil von Aquitanien; Chlotar das Reich Soiſſon, das ſich von Soiſſon und Amiens bis zum Rhein und die frieſiſche Grenze erſtreckte; Chlodomir das Reich Orleans, das ſüdlich an das Königreich Burgund grenzte, und Childebert I. das Reich Paris, das die weſtlichen Provinzen bis zu den Pyrenäen begriff, erhalten.

Herminfrid verſprach Dietrich I. im Falle des Siegs die Hälfte von Baderichs Länderbeſitz, und der Oſtfrankenkönig, froh einer Gelegenheit, um die in Thüringen durch den Einfluß des Oſtgothenkönigs verlorne Uebermacht der Franken wieder, wenn auch nur theilweiſe herzuſtellen, willfahrtete Herminfrids Verlangen, und führte ihm ein Heer zu, um Baderich zu bekämpfen. Dieſer erlag denn auch der Gewalt der vereinigten Heere der Thüringer und Franken, und verlor zugleich Reich und Leben. Wie aber Herminfrid treulos gegen ſeine Brüder geweſen war, ſo nun gegen den Frankenkönig, dem er das für den Beiſtand gelobte Verſprechen nicht hielt, vertrauend auf die mächtige Stütze des gewaltigen Oſtgothenkönigs. Und ſo hatte denn Amalberg ihr ſtolzes Ziel erreicht: ſie war die Gemahlin des Alleinherrſchers der Thüringer.

4.

Beginn der Vergeltung.

So lange der Oſtgothenkönig Dietrich lebte, ſchwieg der Oſtfrankenkönig Dietrich und hielt die Rache gegen Herminfrid wegen des Wortbruchs zurück, als aber der gefürchtete Gothenheld 526 im höchſten Glanze ſeines Glücks geſtorben war, und die Herrſchaft einem Kinde, ſeinem elfjährigen Enkel Athalarich, und einem Weibe, der Mutter deſſelben, Amalaswinth (Dietrichs Tochter), die die Vormundſchaft führte, hinterlaſſen hatte, hielt es der Oſtfrankenkönig an der Zeit, Herminfrids treuloſen Wortbruch zu rächen. Dietrich I. verband ſich alſo (530) mit ſeinem Bruder Clothar I. dem Könige von Soiſſons, und beide brachten ein großes Heer zuſammen, um es gegen die Thüringer zu führen. Dietrich erinnerte dieſes Heer, um es zur Wuth aufzuſtacheln, an die gräßlichen Grauſamkeiten, welche die Thüringer (ſechzig Jahre zuvor bei ihrem Racheeinfall in das Frankenreich) an ihren Vätern und Verwandten verübt hatten, und brachte damit die Schmach in Verbindung, die er ſelbſt von dem Brudermörder Herminfrid erfahren hatte. Seine Abſicht gelang. Voll Grimm brach das Frankenheer gegen Thüringen auf, geführt von Dietrich und Clothar und von Theudebert, Dietrichs Sohn. Aber die Thüringer hatten Nachricht von dem feindlichen Zuge ihrer Nachbarn erhalten, und auf dem Felde, wo ſie zu ſtreiten gedachten, tiefe Gruben mit Raſen ſorgfältig überdeckt, in welche viele der fränkiſchen Reiter beim beginnenden Kampfe ſtürzten und umkamen, bis die Uebrigen den Betrug merkten und ihm aus dem Wege gingen. Dieſe Hinterliſt half den Thüringern zu nichts. Sie wurden von den dadurch nur noch erbitterten Franken in dieſem erſten Treffen geſchlagen, und mußten, ihrem fliehenden Könige folgend, bis an die Unſtrut zurückweichen. Die Franken ſetzten ihnen nach und bei Runiberg [14] kam es zu einer dreitägigen furchtbaren Schlacht, in welcher endlich die Thüringer nach der verzweifeltſten Gegenwehr gänzlich beſiegt wurden. Das Bett der Unſtrut war ſo mit Leichen angefüllt, daß die Franken, wie auf einer feſten Brücke, darüber ans jenſeitige Ufer gingen. Herminfrid floh und zog ſich mit ſeinen noch übrigen Leuten in eine Veſte zurück, die von einem viel ſpätern Chroniſten [15] Schidingi (Scheidingen) genannt wird, ein Name, den ſie höchſt wahrſcheinlich einem ſpätern Ereigniß verdankt und der ſich wohl in dem jetzigen Burg-Scheidingen erhalten hat.

Die Franken hatten aber auch Tauſende von ihren Streitern verloren, und König Dietrich hielt einen Kriegsrath, in welchem die Frage verhandelt wurde, ob man mit dem ſo ſehr geſchwächten Heere heim ziehen, ſich heilen, neue Kräfte ſammeln und ſpäter in verſtärkter Anzahl zurückkehren, oder den geſchlagenen Feind ſogleich weiter verfolgen ſolle. Einer der Fürſten, Namens Waltherich, rieth zum Erſtern. Aber ein Vertrauter des Königs, ein Leibeigener, der nicht mit Namen angeführt wird, entwickelte in ſeinem Vortrage die zweite Anſicht mit ſolchem Nachdruck, daß die Könige ihr beiſtimmten, und beſchloſſen wurde, die Thüringer noch ferner in ihrem Lande zu bekriegen. Doch mit der Einſicht, daß ſie allein nicht viel mehr ausrichten würden, kam ihnen der Entſchluß, die Sachſen, die alten erbitterten Feinde der Thüringer, [16] die jenſeits des Harzes nach dem Meere zu wohnten, zu Hilfe zu rufen. Es wurden Boten an dieſelben geſandt mit dem Verſprechen, ihnen, wenn die Thüringer von den verbündeten Franken und Sachſen gänzlich überwunden würden, einen Theil des eroberten Landes zum Lohne ihres Beiſtandes abzutreten. Den kampf- und eroberungsſüchtigen Sachſen kam dieſer Vorſchlag ſehr gelegen, und es ſtellte ſich ſogleich ein Heer von neuntauſend Mann unter neun Anführern bei den Franken in Thüringen ein.

5.

Scheidingens Fall. Der Thüringer Niederlage.

Die rieſigen Geſtalten der Sachſen riefen in den Franken ein Staunen hervor, das an Schrecken grenzte. Es ſchien ihnen, dieſe treuen Bundesgenoſſen dürften, wenn ſie erſt Herren des thüringiſchen Landes wären, leicht den Franken ſelbſt gefährlich werden. Und in Wahrheit war das Aeußere der Sachſen Ehrfurcht gebietend, Furcht erweckend. Lange Haare wallten ihnen über die breiten Schultern hinab, ein Kriegsmantel war ihre Bekleidung. Ihre Waffen beſtanden in langen Speeren, kleinen Schilden, auf die ſie ſich ſtützten, und großen Meſſern, die ſtatt der Schwerter an ihren Hüften hingen. Dieſes Meſſer hieß Sax, und von dieſer ihnen eigenthümlichen Waffe erhielten ſie, der an der Weſer und Niederelbe wohnende Völkerſtamm, höchſt wahrſcheinlich den Namen. Auf ihrer Fahne, die ihnen als ein Heiligthum galt, waren die Bilder eines Löwen, eines Drachen und darüber eines fliegenden Adlers zu ſehen. Als ſie angelangt waren, traten die neun durchs Loos gewählten Anführer, jeder mit hundert Mann Geleite vor Dietrich und erklärten ihm: die Sachſen hätten nur einen Willen, zu ſiegen oder zu ſterben. König Dietrich, nur die gegenwärtige Lage der Dinge erwägend, beſchwichtigte die Beſorgniſſe ſeiner Fürſten in Bezug auf die Sachſen, und ſchloß mit dieſen ein Bündniß, in Folge deſſen er ihnen befahl, die Stadt anzugreifen. Und ſchon am andern Tage ſteckten ſie dieſelbe mit Feuer an. Die belagerten Thüringer, dadurch auf das Aeußerſte gebracht, thaten einen verzweifelten Ausfall auf die neuen Feinde, und nur die Nacht machte dem wüthenden Gemetzel ein Ende, das auf beiden Seiten Vielen den Tod brachte, ohne den Sieg zu entſcheiden. Die Thüringer zogen nach ſo fruchtloſem Kampfe in die Veſte zurück, und Herminfrid, wohl einſehend, daß er keinen zweiten werde beſtehen können, ſann darauf, durch Unterhandlungen und Geſchenke vom Frankenkönig den Frieden zu gewinnen. Er ſandte deshalb einen ſeiner Getreueſten, Namens Hiring, mit all' ſeinen Schätzen in der Nacht heimlich in das Lager der Franken. Dieſer Hiring hatte ſich durch Scharfſinn, Entſchloſſenheit, Ueberredungsgabe und Muth erſt in die Gunſt der Königin Amalberg und dann des Königs Herminfrid zu ſetzen gewußt. Daß er ſchlau und geſchickt zu dem ſchwierigen Auftrage war, bewies der glückliche Erfolg, mit welchem er denſelben ausführte. Denn nicht nur, daß er mehre der fränkiſchen Großen durch Beſtechung gewann, es gelang ihm auch durch dieſe, dem Könige Dietrich die Ueberzeugung beizubringen, daß die Franken von der gänzlich gebrochenen Macht der Thüringer nicht das Mindeſte mehr, von den unbändigen Sachſen aber Alles zu fürchten hätten, und es daher gerathener ſei, die Thüringer zu ſchonen, und mit ihnen gemeinſchaftlich die gefährlichen Sachſen zu vertreiben. Dieſe Anſicht ſtimmte zu ſehr mit der Meinung der meiſten fränkiſchen Fürſten überein, als daß ſie nicht Alles hätten aufbieten ſollen, ihren König dafür zu gewinnen. Zwar hielt es ſchwer, doch ließ ſich Dietrich endlich zur Gnade gegen Herminfrid und die Seinigen beſtimmen. Es ward ſofort verabredet, daß am folgenden Tage ein Freundſchaftsbündniß zwiſchen dem fränkiſchen und dem thüringiſchen Könige aufgerichtet, und die durch das Treffen ohnedies geſchwächten Sachſen überfallen und vertrieben werden ſollten. Der ſchlaue Hiring that dieſe Freudenbotſchaft noch in der Nacht ſeinem ſchwer bedrängten Herrn zu wiſſen; er ſelbſt blieb in dem fränkiſchen Lager zurück, um jeder Willensänderung Dietrichs durch ſeine perſönliche Gegenwart vorzubeugen. Aber das mühſame Gebäude ſeiner Schlauheit zerſtörte der unglückliche Flug eines Vogels, der den Thüringern das Verderben nicht ſowohl weiſſagte, als vielmehr wirklich bereitete. Hirings Friedenskunde hatte ſich in der Stadt verbreitet und die angſterfüllten Gemüther beruhigt. Da ging einer der thüringiſchen Krieger aus der Veſte an das Ufer der Unſtrut hinaus, um mit ſeinem Falken auf dem Fluſſe Enten zu beizen für ſeinen Tiſch. Der Vogel aber flog einem am jenſeitigen Ufer wandelnden Sachſen zu. Lange bat der Thüringer vergebens um Zurückgabe des Falken, und nur erſt, als er dem Sachſen ein wichtiges Geheimniß zu entdecken verſprach, willigte dieſer in den Austauſch. Hierauf verrieth der Thüringer den bereits verabredeten Bund ſeines Königs mit den Franken gegen die Sachſen, und rieth dieſen, dem Verderben durch ſchleunige Flucht zu entrinnen. Der Sachſe gab den Vogel zurück, eilte in das Lager der Seinigen und verkündete die drohende Gefahr. Die Beſtürzung machte die Krieger rathlos; ſie erachteten, daß ſie den vereinten Franken und Thüringern nicht würden widerſtehen können, und gedachten deshalb in der Nacht die Flucht zu ergreifen. Da erhob Hathagaſt, einer ihrer Anführer, ein Greis mit jugendlichem Muthe, wegen ſeines Anſehens der „Vater der Väter" genannt, die heilige Fahne, und redete zu ſeinen Landsleuten: „Ich habe im Dienſte der Waffen ein hohes Alter erreicht und niemals einen Sachſen auf der Flucht geſehen. Soll ich nun in meinen Jahren thun, was ich nie gelernt? Zu kämpfen weiß ich und zu fallen, aber nicht zu fliehen. Seht auf unſre todten Brüder! Nicht geflohen ſind ſie, ſondern kämpfend gefallen. So laßt uns ein Gleiches thun! Aber ich ſetze mein graues Haupt zum Pfande, wir werden ſiegen, wenn ihr meinem Rathe folgt. Die vom Kampfe ermatteten Thüringer ſind durch das neue Bündniß mit den Franken in die Ruhe der Sicherheit gewiegt. Laßt uns die Veſte erſteigen, wenn ſie im erſten ſorgloſen Schlafe liegen, und alles niedermachen, was uns vor das Meſſer kommt. Auf und folgt mir zum Sieg und zur Rache!" Durch dieſe Worte von Muth und Kampfesluſt neu beſeelt, jauchzten ihm die Sachſen zu, und thaten, wie er gerathen hatte. Kurz vor Mitternacht überſtiegen ſie in aller Stille und ohne auf ein Hinderniß zu ſtoßen, die Mauern und mordeten die beſtürzt aus dem Schlafe emporfahrenden und wie Betrunkene in den Straßen umhertaumelnden Thüringer faſt ohne Widerſtand dahin. Der Sieg war leicht; denn der mit den Franken geſchloſſene Waffenſtillſtand hatte die Belagerten ſicher gemacht. Nur wenige der Unglücklichen retteten ſich durch die Flucht, bei weitem die meiſten geriethen in die Gefangenſchaft der Sachſen, und alle Erwachſenen wurden dem Tode geweiht, nur die Kinder verſchont. Als der aufgehende Morgen die blutigen Gräuel beleuchtete, pflanzten die Sieger ihren Adler vor dem öſtlichen Thore auf und errichteten einen Siegesaltar, an welchem ſie eine religiöſe Feier begingen. Das Siegesfeſt dauerte drei Tage, dann wurde die Beute getheilt und die Gefallenen beerdigt. Das Lob der Helden und vorzüglich Hathagaſts, des weiſen Rathgebers und greiſen Anführers, wurde wie das eines Gottes geſungen. Dieſer Tag ſoll der gemeinen Sage unter den Sachſen nach der erſte October geweſen ſein, der von ihnen lange Jahre hernach noch feſtlich gefeiert wurde. Das Jahr aber war höchſt wahrſcheinlich das 530ſte.

6.

Herminfrids Ende. Amalberg und ihre Kinder. Die heilige Radegunde.

König Herminfrid war mit Weib und Kindern dem Gemetzel der ſächſiſchen Meſſer glücklich entkommen, und hatte ſich, vom Dunkel der Nacht begünſtigt, durch die Flucht gerettet. König Dietrich belobte die Sachſen wegen ihrer Heldenthat und kehrte dann mit den Franken in ſein

Land zurück. Das ſüdliche Thüringen war ſein Eigenthum. Die Sachſen blieben im Beſitz des nördlichen bis an die Unſtrut reichenden Thüringens und der eroberten Königsburg, die wahrſcheinlich jetzt erſt den Namen Scheidingen erhielt, weil ſie die Scheide war der beiden Theile des eroberten Landes. Andere Namen, die an jene Theilung erinnern, ſind Sachſenburg, Frankenhauſen, Sondershauſen, d. i. die Gemarkung, wo ſich die beiden ſiegreichen Völker von einander abſonderten. Das gewonnene Land theilten Franken und Sachſen an Freunde und Freigelaſſene aus. Den Ueberreſt des beſiegten Volks machten ſie zinsbar.

Im folgenden Jahre ließ König Dietrich von Auſtraſien den unglücklichen Herminfrid freundlich zu ſich nach Zülpich entbieten, verſprach ihm Sicherheit und beehrte ihn, als er ankam, mit koſtbaren Geſchenken. Als ſie nun einsmals ſelbander auf der Stadtmauer luſtwandelten, wurde Herminfrid unverſehens von einem Dritten, den ein Chroniſt als Theudebert, Dietrichs Sohn, bezeichnet, in die Tiefe hinabgeſtoßen und kam elendiglich ums Leben. Der mit Verrath, Treuloſigkeit und Brudermord ſich befleckt, erhielt den Tod durch den treuloſen Gaſtfreund, ſo daß ſich die ſtrafende Gerechtigkeit des Himmels hier klar herausſtellt. Denn es leidet wohl keinen Zweifel, daß Herminfrid auf Veranſtaltung ſeines Wirthes ermordet wurde. Eben ſo wurden mehre Söhne Herminfrids auf Dietrichs Befehl umgebracht. Die Verurſacherin all' dieſes Unheils, die übermüthige Amalberg, entfloh mit ihren noch übrigen Kindern nach Italien, wo ihr Bruder Theodat bei der Amalaswinth, der Tochter Theoderichs des Großen und Beherrſcherin der Oſtgothen, in hoher Gunſt ſtand, ſo daß ſie ihn 534, nach dem Tode ihres unmündigen Sohnes Athalarich, zum Gemahl und Beherrſcher ihres Volks erhob, wofür er ſie noch in demſelben Jahre umbringen ließ. Am Hofe des oſtgothiſchen Königs wurden Herminfrids Kinder erzogen, von welchen ein Sohn, Namens Amalafrid, durch ſeine Schickſale merkwürdig geworden iſt. Ueber die fernern Erlebniſſe und das Ende der Amalberg haben die Geſchichtſchreiber jener Zeit nichts aufgezeichnet. Es war eine furchtbare Strafe für ſie, daß ſie erſt das mächtige thüringiſche, und dann das noch weit mächtigere Oſtgothenreich mit eignen Augen mußte zuſammenſtürzen ſehen.

Um den Mord der Amalaswinth zu rächen, überzog der oſtrömiſche Kaiſer Juſtinian I. den Oſtgothenkönig Theodat mit Krieg. Dieſer verlor 536 das Leben, und ſein Nachfolger im Königreich Vitiges (Wittig), wurde nebſt Amalfrid und deſſen Schweſter von Juſtinians ſiegreichem Feldherrn Beliſar, der Rom eingenommen und faſt ganz Italien erobert hatte, 541 gefangen nach Conſtantinopel geführt. Amalfrids Schweſter erhielt der Longobardenkönig Audoin vom Kaiſer Juſtinian zur Gemahlin; Amalfrid ſelbſt wurde von demſelben als Heerführer angeſtellt, und in einem großen Heere den Longobarden gegen die Gepiden zu Hilfe geſandt; denn Juſtinian I. begünſtigte die Longobarden ſehr, räumte ihnen Noricum und einen Theil Pannoniens ein, und hatte Bundesgenoſſenſchaft mit ihnen. Auf dieſem Heereszuge focht Amalfrid in der furchtbaren Schlacht, in welcher die Gepiden faſt gänzlich von den Longobarden aufgerieben wurden, 551. Einer nicht ſtreng hiſtoriſchen Angabe zu Folge, die aber gleichzeitig iſt [15], kam Amalfrid, der ſich als Feldherr berühmt gemacht hatte, auf einem Kriegszuge im fernen Morgenlande bald darauf ums Leben.

Unter den weiblichen Nachkommen des thüringiſchen Königshauſes, die den Untergang deſſelben, den Zuſammenſturz des Königreichs und die Unterjochung des thüringiſchen Volkes überlebten, ragt die edle Geſtalt einer frommen Dulderin beſonders hervor, und auf ihre ſchmerzlichen Züge fällt der düſtere Schein des letzten verglimmenden Abendroths der thüringiſchen Königsgeſchichte, die kaum ein Paar Stunden im hellen Sonnenglanze geſtanden hatte, und wirft ihr den Purpur eines hochtragiſchen Geſchicks um. Es iſt die heilige Radegundis, gewiſſermaßen der verſöhnende Gegenſatz der unheiligen Amalberg. Dieſe Radegund war eine Tochter des Königs Berthar, der zuerſt durch Herminfrids brudermörderiſche Hand fiel. Im Gefühle ſeiner Schuld ließ Herminfrid die Kinder des erſchlagenen Bruders an ſeinem Hofe mit ſeinen eigenen erziehen und ſchenkte vorzüglich der kleinen Radegund ſeine Liebe. Sie faßte eine große Neigung zu ihrem Vetter Amalfrid. Nach der Beſiegung der Thüringer wurde ſie die Gefangene der Franken. Zwiſchen den beiden Königen derſelben, Dietrich und Chlothar, beide von ihrer hohen Schönheit entflammt, kam es ihretwegen faſt zum blutigen Streit; jeder wollte ſie beſitzen. Durch die Entſcheidung des Looſes fiel ſie Chlothar zu, der ſie auf einem ſeiner Meierhöfe zu Athja im Viromandeniſchen vollends erziehen ließ. Dann vermählte er ſich mit ihr im Jahre 544. Es iſt bezeichnend für die Falſchheit und Grauſamkeit ſeines Charakters, daß er bald darauf ihren Bruder, deſſen Name nicht genannt wird, durch verworfene Menſchen umbringen ließ. Unmöglich konnte Radegundis einen ſolchen Gatten lieben. Der tiefe Seelenſchmerz über das furchtbare Geſchick ihres Hauſes lenkte ihren reinen kindlichen Sinn vom Irdiſchen ab und dem Göttlichen zu. Sie, die ein Königsgeſchlecht, das ihr blutsverwandt war, hinmorden, die ein mächtiges Reich, deſſen Fürſtin ſie war, zuſammenſtürzen, ein edles großes Volk, dem ſie angehörte, unterjochen geſehen hatte, konnte den Freuden der Erde keinen Geſchmack mehr abgewinnen. Wie die ſpätere heilige Eliſabeth, die Landgräfin Thüringens, mit der die heilige Radegund viel Aehnlichkeit hat, und deren Vorläuferin ſie gewiſſermaßen iſt, legte die thüringiſche Königstochter allen Schmuck ab und wandelte in Demuth vor dem Herrn; zur Nachtzeit verließ ſie das Lager ihres Gemahls und brachte in der Kirche im Gebet zu. Ihr weltlich geſinnter Gatte hatte deshalb nichts dagegen, als ſie ſich von ihm trennte, und in ein von ihr erbautes Kloſter zu Poitiers als Nonne trat, wo ſie durch frommen Wandel bald in den Geruch der Heiligkeit kam, in Folge deſſen ſie nach ihrem Tode auch unter die Zahl der Heiligen aufgenommen wurde. Mit ihrem Vetter Amalfrid ſcheint ſie bis zu deſſen Tode in einer ſehr freundſchaftlichen Verbindung geſtanden zu haben. Eben ſo mit einem andern Verwandten, Namens Artachis, der vielleicht ein Schweſterſohn Radegunds oder ein Nachkomme des thüringiſchen Königsgeſchlechts war, von welchem wir keine weitern Nachrichten überkommen haben [16]. Die ſtille Größe ihres Charakters gewann ihr die hochachtungsvolle Freundſchaft eines Dichters, des Venantius Fortunatus, Biſchofs von Poitiers, der mit ihr in ſtiller Abgezogenheit von der Welt lebte, und in ihrem Namen mehre uns erhaltene Elegien geſungen hat, rührende Klagelieder über den Fall des thüringiſchen Reichs und den Untergang des königlichen Hauſes. Dieſer einſame Jammerſchrei, der aus dem geſchichtlichen Dunkel jener Zeit zu uns hinüberdringt, ausgehend vom Grabhügel eines Königreichs, herzzerreißend und von hochpoetiſcher Natur, wenn auch nicht Ausführung, erinnert an die Geſänge Oſſians am Grabe Fingals. Aber Radegunds trauernde Unſchuld, wie ſie in jenen Liedern dargeſtellt iſt, weiß nichts von einer Blutſchuld in ihrem Hauſe; ſie bezeichnet den Fall deſſelben, wie ein Unglück, das mit geheimnißvoller Macht vernichtend über Völker wie über Einzelne hereinbricht. Die Herzen ihrer nächſten Verwandten ſind nicht mit Neid, Haß und Tücke erfüllt, Herminfrids Hände nicht mit Bruderblut befleckt, und ſo ſcheinen dieſe Gedichte mit den Geſchichtſchreibern in Widerſpruch zu ſtehen [17].

Durch Entſagung alles weltlichen Glanzes und durch ſtrenge Erfüllung der klöſterlichen Pflichten ſühnte die fromme Frau Amalbergs und Herminfrids Schuld, wiſſend oder nicht, ja im letzten Falle noch höher ſtehend. So iſt ſie die letzte verſöhnende Geſtalt, die ſchmerzzuckend aus dem Gewühle der Blutſchuld und des Verrathes auftaucht, einſam in der Nacht über die Leichen der erſchlagenen Ihrigen wandelt, und, die Thüre des öden Königshauſes ſchließend, verſchwindet, wie ein Stern aus der Nacht wirrer düſterer Wolken, die ihre verderblichen Blitze eben entſendet hatten, aufleuchtet, dann noch eine Zeit lang friedlich ſehnſüchtig ſchimmert und endlich verlöſcht, wie die Blitze verloſcht waren; und dann hüllt Nacht, tiefe Nacht den ganzen Himmel ein.

7.

Letzter Blick auf das gefallene Königreich.

Das Aergſte war geſchehen. Ein großes Königreich, das wahrſcheinlich das ganze mittlere Deutſchland in ſich begriff, war ſeinen treuloſen, übermüthigen Feinden erlegen [18]. Das thüringiſche Volk mußte mit dem Verluſte ſeiner Selbſtſtändigkeit büßen für die ſchwere Schuld zweier Königinnen ſeines Herrſcherhauſes und für die Schwäche und den Verrath ſeines letzten Königs. Denn was Baſina begonnen, hatte Amalberg vollendet; Herminfrid war nur das Werkzeug in der Letztern Hand. Das herrliche Land, zwiſchen Franken und Sachſen getheilt, iſt ſpäter nie wieder vereinigt worden, und da die Macht des thüringiſchen Volkes gebrochen, ihr Königreich, die Schutzmauer gegen die von Oſten kommenden wilden ſlaviſchen Völkerſchaften, umgeworfen war, ſo ſtanden dieſen nun die öſtlichen Landesgrenzen offen; ſie drangten von dort her immer drohender heran, und ihre verheerenden Einfälle blieben nicht aus, wodurch die Entwickelung des deutſchen Lebens in ſeinen zarteſten Keimen verletzt wurde. Der fränkiſche Königsſtamm hatte ſich ſchwer verſündigt an den Thüringern; dafür ſtarb er langſam ab, wie ein entkräfteter verdorrender Baum, und zwei Jahrhunderte ſpäter ſchob das Haus der Diener das in Schuld und Sünde entartete Königsgeſchlecht bei Seite und ſtieg ſelbſt auf den geraubten Thron. Das ſind die Werke der ewigen Vergeltung in der Weltgeſchichte.

Anmerkungen.

1) Der erſte Schriftſteller, welcher die Thüringer nennt, iſt Flavius Vegetius Renatus, der zu Anfang des 5. Jahrhunderts ein kleines Buch über das römiſche Kriegsweſen ſchrieb. Andere gleichzeitige Schriftſteller, die bald darauf die Thüringer nennen, ſind: Procopius, der Begleiter und Secretär des Beliſar auf deſſen Kriegszügen. Er ſchrieb eine Geſchichte der Kriege des Kaiſer Juſtinian mit den Perſern, Gothen, Vandalen und Mauren, und ſtarb gegen 560. Aimoin, Benedictiner-Mönch der Abtei Fleury an der Loire, wo er 970 aufgenommen wurde. Er ſchrieb unter Anderm fünf Bücher von den Thaten der Franken, die uns erhalten ſind. Sidonius Apollinaris, Dichter und Krieger, zu Lyon in der erſten Hälfte des 5. Jahrhunderts geboren, kämpfte gegen die Gothen und ſtarb als Biſchof zu Clermont in Auvergne 488. Er gedenkt der Thüringer in einem panegyriſchen Gedichte auf den römiſchen Kaiſer Avitus. Jornandes, ein Alane, der ebenfalls unter Kaiſer Juſtinian lebte und eine Geſchichte der Gothen ſchrieb, die als hiſtoriſche Quelle von großer Wichtigkeit, ſonſt aber in ſehr ſchlechtem Latein abgefaßt iſt. Andere werden weitläufiger beſprochen werden. Bei dieſen Schriftſtellern ſind die Thüringer ein Volk, das nicht mehr jung iſt. Dies führt zu der Annahme, daß ſie eben ſo alt ſind, wie die Sachſen, die Alemannen, Franken und Gothen. Auch dieſe Namen kannte man zur Zeit des Tacitus in Deutſchland noch nicht. Aber die großen Völkervereine, die ſie führten und in denen die Namen der früher genannten einzelnen Völker untergingen, entſtanden bald darauf, und wurden den Römern bekannt, weil ſie mit ihnen in Berührung kamen. Mit den in der Mitte Deutſchlands liegenden Thüringern konnten ſie es nicht, denn die Siegeszüge des in ſich ſelbſt ſcheußlich zerfallenden Roms hatten längſt aufgehört. Darum erfährt man den Namen der Thüringer erſt ſo ſpät, aber dann auch als den eines längſt beſtandenen Volks. Das Zuſammentreten der einzelnen Volksſtämme zu großen Völkerbündniſſen an den Grenzen Deutſchlands, wodurch allmälig die Alemannen, die Franken, die Gothen und die Sachſen entſtanden, mußten ja auch einen gleichen Bund im Herzen Deutſchlands hervorrufen. Und ſo waren die Thüringer der fünfte Verein, aus Cheruskern, Hermundern und einem Theil Chatten gebildet. (Luden Geſchichte des teutſchen Volkes 2. Bd.) Wenn man nun Thüringer von „Thor, der Berg" herleitet und mit „Bergvölker" überſetzt, ſo iſt man, mein' ich, der Wahrheit am nächſten gekommen.

2) Von den vielen Albernheiten, die in dieſer Beziehung zu Tage gefördert worden ſind, mögen der Curioſität wegen, nur einige hier Platz finden. Ein Chroniſt giebt an: Thüringer hieße ſo viel als duri homines, harte Menſchen, als ob ſie lateiniſch geſprochen hätten; Andere: ſo viel als Thörlinge, d. i. thörichte Menſchen, weil ſie, nach einer beim ſächſiſchen Chroniſten Witichind, deſſen nachher ausführlicher gedacht werden wird, erhaltenen Sage (die ebenfalls nachher erzählt wird), von den Sachſen bei deren Ankunft zu Schiffe im Hadeler-Lande bethört worden wären. Wieder andere leiten ſie von den alten Tyrigeten am Schwarzen Meere ab, deren Plinius, Strabo und Ptolomäus gedenken. Dieſe ſollten plötzlich mitten in das Herz Deutſchlands eingewandert ſein. Eben ſo zerlegte man das Wort in Theuer-Ringer und bewies daraus, daß ſie vortreffliche Ringer und Kämpfer geweſen ſein. Andere: Leute, die in „Dürren Ringen" d. i. in unfruchtbaren Kreiſen wohnen. Und Thüringen war ſtets ein ſo geſegnetes Land! — Man leitete ſie auch in gerader Linie von Japhets Sohn Thyras ab, und brachte ſie auf dieſe Weiſe unmittelbar mit dem Kaſten Noah in Verbindung. Gelehrte Leute thaten ſich etwas darauf zu gut, aus den Reudingern (Reudingi) des Tacitus, die er ein kleines deutſches Volk nennt und deſſen Wohnſitz er nicht angiebt, die Thüringer zu machen, und behaupteten, Tacitus habe ſich verhört oder verſchrieben.

Nicht ſo abgeſchmackt iſt wenigſtens die Ableitung von Thor, dem Sohne Wodans oder Odins, aber eben auch unhaltbar. Lächerlich dagegen iſt die Angabe, die Hermunder, die die Römer Hermunduri ſchrieben, hätten im Laufe der Jahrhunderte die zwei erſten Silben ihres Namens verloren und aus duri wäre Thuringi entſtanden. Davon gleich nachher. Es giebt derlei Ableitungen noch mehr, eine immer unſinniger als die andere; aber wozu das Papier damit füllen, das zu beſſern Dingen da iſt?

3) Ich ſchreibe Hermunder (wie Ferd. Wachter, der gelehrte ſelbſtforſchende Verfaſſer der Geſchichte Sachſens) und nicht Hermunduren, wie die meiſten Geſchichtſchreiber, den Römern nach: Hermunduri. Her die erſte Silbe hat ſich noch in unſerm „Herr" erhalten und iſt mit „Wehr" verwandt. Die Römer ſprachen es verdorben „Her" aus. „Mund" d. i. Mann, hat ſich noch in unſerm „Vormund" erhalten. Die Anhängſilbe er iſt die altdeutſche Mehrzahl und unſer angehängtes „en." Hermunder heißt alſo Hermunder. Die Römer verſtanden aber das Deutſche nicht hinlänglich und hingen ihre Endungen der einfachen und der Mehrzahl noch an das Wort und ſo entſtanden Hermundurus und Hermunduri, woraus die Deutſchen auf Treu und Glauben „Hermunduren" machten, dem Genius der deutſchen Sprache zuwider. Tacitus und Plinius nennen einen der deutſchen Hauptſtämme Hermionen, und der Letztere rechnet außer den Chatten und Cheruskern die Hermunder zu denſelben. Das Wort Hermionen mag Einer von dem Andern abgeſchrieben haben. Es ſoll wohl Herminonen, Herminonen heißen. Min iſt nur ein Umlaut von Mann, wie man in Herminius ſieht, der aus Herman (Arman) und frin zuſammengeſetzt iſt. Die Endung on iſt wiederum altdeutſch und drückt die Mehrzahl aus, unſer jetziges angehängtes „en." Hermanen heißt alſo Hermanen (nach verdorbener römiſcher Ausſprache: Hermanen), eben ſo viel und ganz daſſelbe was Hermunder. An das Hermanen hingen die Römer wieder ihre Endungen und ſo entſtanden Herminones oder Herminonen. Ganz daſſelbe Verhältniß findet mit den Teutonen ſtatt. Teut iſt die einfache Zahl, ein Deute (die Römer ſprachen es nur ſo hart und ſchrieben es dann auch Teut, niemals die Deutſchen ſelbſt). Teuton iſt die mehrfache Zahl, Deuten, die Deuten, das Volk der Deuten. Die Römer hängen ihre Endung noch daran, weil ſie die deutſche Endung nicht verſtehen, ſo kommen Teutones heraus. Aber wir Deutſchen ſollten ihnen nicht ewig nachbeten und von Hermionen, Teutonen, Ingävonen, Iſtävonen, Eburonen, Gutonen ꝛc. reden, ſondern von Herminen oder Herminonen, Teuten, Ingävnen, Iſtävnen, Eburen oder Eberen, Guten. — Wie unſre nächſten Nachbarn die deutſchen Namen entſtellen, davon liefern die Franzoſen täglich die lächerlichſten und ärgerlichſten Beweiſe. Und ſie kennen Deutſchland und die Deutſchen doch wahrlich beſſer (wenigſtens ſollten ſie, da ſie viel mehr Gelegenheit dazu haben), als die Römer unſre barbariſchen Vorfahren. Wenn nun einſt Deutſche deutſche Zuſtände und Namen unſrer Zeit nach den franzöſiſchen Quellen beſprechen und die Namen wiedergeben wollten, wie die Franzoſen dieſelben geſchrieben, welche Ungeheuer kämen da zum Vorſchein! Den Römern der alten Zeit iſt es aber in Bezug auf Deutſchland nicht viel beſſer gegangen, als den Franzoſen der Jetztzeit, ein Fingerzeig, daß man überhaupt auf die römiſchen Quellen nicht ſchwören ſoll.

4) Doch iſt das Erſte weit wahrſcheinlicher als das Andere, wie in der erſten Note dargethan iſt. Wären die Thüringer ein eingewandertes Volk und nicht ein Völkerbund von Volksſtämmen, die ſeit Urzeiten dieſe Erde inne gehabt, ſo hätte ſich gewiß irgend eine und wenn auch nur dunkle Spur eines ſolchen gewaltſamen Eindringens in das Herz Deutſchlands in der Geſchichte erhalten; denn ein ſolches Ereigniß wäre ja etwas ganz Außerordentliches geweſen. Man muß ſtets feſthalten, daß die Thüringer in der Mitte Deutſchlands wohnten, und ein fremdes Volk nicht wie eine Heerde Störche durch die Lüfte kommen und ſich hier herablaſſen konnte. Es leidet faſt keinen Zweifel: die Thüringer waren Eingeborne, ein Völkerbund aus den ſchon genannten, früher bekannten Stämmen zuſammengeſetzt. Die Deutſchen liebten ihre Stammſitze, wie alle Ackerbau treibenden Völker. Die ſogenannte große Völkerwanderung kann keinen Gegenbeweis abgeben.

5) Tacitus giebt ſchon mehre Klaſſen unter den Deutſchen an, aber die lateiniſchen Worte, die er für die beiden erſten Klaſſen gebraucht (nobiles und ingenui), geben uns durchaus keinen Begriff vom Verhältniß dieſer Volksklaſſen unter ſich und zu den andern. Das erſtere heißt freigeboren alſo Gegenſatz von freigelaſſen, was aber ein nobilis, ein Edler bei den Deutſchen war, darüber läßt ſich nichts behaupten und nichts beſtreiten. Das römiſche Wort mit dem römiſchen Begriff paßte jedenfalls nicht zu dem deutſchen Begriff, und das deutſche Wort Adeling iſt viel jünger. Den im ſpätern Mittelalter entſtandenen Adel in jene frühern Zeiten hinaufführen wollen, iſt eine Thorheit, die nur dem Hochmuthe und der Schmeichelei ihr Daſein verdankt.

Das kleine Buch des Tacitus, ſo unſchätzbar es auf der einen Seite iſt, weil es für ewige Zeiten ein großes reines Bild von den Deutſchen zur Zeit des größten römiſchen Verderbens aufgeſtellt und uns eine unerſchütterliche Grundlage edlen Nationalgefühls gegeben hat, iſt doch auf der andern, ſo bald man auf Einzelheiten eingeht, nur mit großer Vorſicht und Prüfung zu gebrauchen. Manches muß man geradezu dahin geſtellt ſein laſſen. Man darf es weder annehmen noch verwerfen. Tacitus kam nie nach Deutſchland, er konnte ſelbſt nicht Deutſch; er mußte alſo ſeine Angaben von Deutſchen entlehnen, die nach Rom kamen und Römiſch ſprachen. Volkseigenthümlichkeiten in einer fremden Sprache genau bezeichnen, iſt aber ſehr ſchwer, wenn nicht ganz unmöglich. Davon habe ich mich ſelbſt überzeugt. Ein Engländer, der nicht Deutſch aber vollkommen Franzöſiſch verſtand und ſprach, kam nach Gotha, um über thüringiſche Volkseigenthümlichkeiten (Idiom, Volksfeſte, Trachten, Sitten und Gebräuche) ein engliſches Buch zu ſchreiben. Ich ſollte ihm alles angeben. Ich ſuchte mich ihm franzöſiſch ſo klar als möglich zu machen, da ich es engliſch nicht ſo vermochte, wenn ich aber nachher ſein Manuſcript las, fand ich die lächerlichſten Irrthümer, und konnte ihm über manches trotz aller Mühe nicht den rechten Begriff beibringen. Der entſprechende Begriff fehlte ihm in der Seele. Wie oft mag es Tacitus eben ſo ergangen ſein, der edle, hochherzige Römer brachte durchaus keinen Begriff mit zu den ihm geſchilderten Volkseigenthümlichkeiten. Dann ſcheint auch das ganze Buch mehr eine Notizenſammlung, als eine vollendete Schrift zu ſein. Er wollte dieſe Sammlung wahrſcheinlich ſpäter zu einem größern Werke verarbeiten. Daher Alles ſo aphoriſtiſch und unzuſammenhängend. — Lazzen und Lite. Das erſtere Wort kommt von lazen, laſſen (ſ. v. als: entlaſſen) her, alſo ein Entlaſſener, Freigelaſſener; das zweite läßt ſich ſchwer erklären, ſcheint aber ganz dieſelbe Bedeutung gehabt zu haben.

6) Grave — Grave — Grafen. Derſelbe Begriff, daß das Alter und die demſelben anhaftende Erfahrung die Grundlage des eigentlichen Adelsſtandes bildet, findet ſich bei den Griechen, Römern, Franzoſen; immer iſt das Wort, welches die Würde des Standes bezeichnet, von der Würde des Alters entlehnt. Aus den Zehen-Grafen gingen die Hundertgrafen, aus dieſen die Gaugrafen, aus dieſen die Grafen der Völkervereine hervor, und dieſe endlich waren die Könige. Ebenſo war bei den älteſten Römern der oberſte Senator der König.

7) Dieſe Angaben ſind alle nach Tacitus gemacht; die Butter erwähnt Plinius, nennt zwar die Deutſchen nicht als Verfertiger, ſcheint aber unter dem Worte „Barbaren" auf ſie hinzudeuten.

8) Die Hauptquellen unſrer Kenntniß von der nordiſchen Götterlehre und Heldenſage ſind die beiden berühmten Bücher, die ältere und die jüngere Edda. Das Wort Edda heißt Stammmutter der Poeſie. Die ältere Edda enthält eine Sammlung alter Lieder und Geſänge, die ſich im Munde des Volks erhalten hatten. Sie wurde zu Anfang des 12ten Jahrhunderts veranſtaltet. Die jüngere Edda iſt über 150 Jahre ſpäter entſtanden und nach der ältern bearbeitet, ein Syſtem der nordiſchen Religionslehre. Wenn man bedenkt, daß im Laufe ſo vieler Jahrhunderte dieſe Lieder im Munde von Leuten, die Chriſten waren, die mannichfachſten Veränderungen erleiden, ja durchaus eine chriſtliche Färbung annehmen mußten, wenn man ferner nicht weiß, was die Sammler hinzugethan und davon gelaſſen, was alſo ächt iſt, ſo wird man nicht unbedingt alle Angaben der Edda für Glaubensartikel der nordiſch-deutſchen Volksſtämme halten. Die poetiſche Abrundung des Ganzen und der einzelnen Theile erregt ſchon Zweifel. Wenn man nun nicht Alles, was in der Edda ſteht, als unbezweifelten Ausdruck der Religion der nordiſchen Völker hinnehmen kann, wie viel weniger der ſüdlich wohnenden, die mit jenen gewiß nur in ſeltene Berührung kamen. Wie wären die Thüringer zu den Iſländern gekommen! Wie

kann man uns dieſe Berichte nun als die Religion der Thüringer aufbinden wollen? Es gehört viel Unverſchämtheit dazu.

9) Wie in den mittelhochdeutſchen Heldenliedern der Oſtgothenkönig Theoderich der Große ſtets „Dietrich von Bern“ (Verona) heißt, ſo der Hunnenkönig Attila ſtets „Etzel.“

10) Dies iſt Gregor von Tours (Georgius Florentinus Gregorius), ein Hauptquellenſchriftſteller für die frühere fränkiſche und deutſche auch für die erſte thüringiſche Geſchichte. Er war Biſchof von Tours, ſchrieb eine Geſchichte, oder vielmehr Kirchengeſchichte der Franken und ſtarb 595, 55 Jahre alt. Er wurde alſo 14 Jahre nach dem Untergange des thüringiſchen Reichs, wo alle Thatſachen noch im friſchen Andenken waren, geboren. Dies giebt ſeiner Geſchichte, die bis zu ſeinem Tode reicht, hohen Werth, obgleich ſie voller Mängel und Unrichtigkeiten iſt.

11) Nämlich aus der Rede, welche der Oſtfrankenkönig Theoderich an ſeine Franken hält (bei Gregor von Tours), als er über Herminafried herfallen will, um ſie zur Wuth gegen die Thüringer zu entflammen.

12) Magnus Aurelius Caſſiodorus, einer der gelehrteſten Römer ſeiner Zeit, bekleidete unter Odoacer mehrere Staatsämter in Rom und war beim Theoderich dem Großen Kanzler oder Geheimſchreiber. Nach des Königs Tode zog er ſich in ein von ihm erbautes Kloſter in Calabrien zurück, wo er mit ſeinen Mönchen ganz den Wiſſenſchaften lebte. Er ließ die alten Handſchriften abſchreiben und erhielt ſie dadurch, ſchrieb eine Geſchichte der Gothen, aus welcher Jornandes einen Auszug lieferte, ſammelte Theoderichs Zuſchriften und Verordnungen, wobei ſich auch jener Brief befindet, und verfaßte noch mehre auf uns gekommene Schriften.

13) Amalberg war zwar Chriſtin, gehörte aber, wie alle Gothen, der arianiſchen Partei an, die damals ſchon im Untergehen begriffen war. Wenn nun auch das arianiſche Chriſtenthum durch Amalberg in Thüringen Wurzel ſchlug, woran kaum zu zweifeln iſt, ſo wurde es doch durch die ſiegreichen Franken, welche ſtrenge Orthodoxen oder ächt katholiſche Chriſten waren, gewiß wieder ausgerottet und neuer Samen geſtreut. Aber wie lange vor Bonifacius war in Thüringen das Chriſtenthum bekannt, wohl gar verbreitet!

14) Ueber das Runiberg war unter den Geſchichtſchreibern ſonſt die größte Meinungsverſchiedenheit. Es wäre zu weitläufig, anzuführen, wohin jeder einzelne dieſe Schlacht verlegt hat. Bei Weißenſee heißt ein Gebirgszug noch Runeberg und bei Nebra liegt ein Berg, der Ronneberg heißt. Der ſächſiſche Mönch Witichind, der den Ort nennt, ſpricht aber nicht einmal von einem Berge, ſondern ſagt: Die Schlacht war an einem Orte, der Runibergum heißt. Witichind verwechſelt in dieſer Erzählung Perſonen und Begebenheiten, er ſtellt faſt Alles falſch dar, warum denn nicht auch einen Ort? und es iſt alſo lächerlich, auf das „Runiberg“ ſo große Wichtigkeit zu legen.

15) Witichind, der Mönch des Kloſters Corvei, von welchem ſpäter ausführlicher geſprochen wird.

16) Dieſe Worte Witichinds beziehen ſich auf folgende Sage, mit der er die Sachſen in die Geſchichte einführt: Die Sachſen kamen zu Schiffe im Hadeler Lande an der Elbmündung an, welches damals den Thüringern gehörte. Dieſe wehrten die Landung mit bewaffneter Hand ab, konnten aber doch nicht hindern, daß die Sachſen Beſitzer des Hafens blieben. Nach langem blutigen Streit, der Vielen von beiden Völkern den Tod brachte, ſchloſſen ſie einen Friedensvertrag des Inhalts, daß die Sachſen Handel treiben, aber kein Land erwerben, auch Niemanden mit Rauben und Morden ſchädigen ſollten. Den Sachſen wurde dieſer Friede auf die Dauer beſchwerlich. Da ging eines Tages ein ſächſiſcher Jüngling von den Schiffen aus in das Gebiet der Thüringer, der war geſchmückt mit einer goldenen Halskette und mit goldenen Armbändern. Ihm begegnete ein Thüringer und fragte ihn ſpöttiſch: warum er ſo viel Gold an ſeinem hungrigen Leibe trage? Ich ſuche einen Käufer dazu, verſetzte der Sachſe, da ich doch meinen Hunger damit nicht ſtillen kann. Was willſt du dafür haben? fragte der Thüringer. Gieb mir, was du willſt, es iſt mir jedes recht. — Wie? wenn ich dir nun dafür den Schooß voll Erde ſchüttete? rief der Thüringer lachend. — Gieb ſie! — Der Thüringer raffte Erde von einem nahen Haufen und warf des Sachſen Schooß voll, der ihm dafür den goldenen Zierath einhändigte und freudig zu den Seinen zurückkehrte. Dieſe verlachten und ſtraften ihn als einen Thoren. Die Thüringer dagegen prieſen ihren Landsmann ob ſeiner Klugheit, die für ein Paar Hände voll Erde ſo viel Gold eingetauſcht. Der Sachſe führte ſeine ihn ſo hart tadelnden Freunde auf das Feld hinaus und beſtreute daſſelbe mit der erkauften Erde ſo weit ſie reichte. Dort ſchlugen ſie ihr Lager auf. Die Thüringer ſchickten ſogleich an die Sachſen, nannten ſie bundbrüchig und begehrten ſofort die Entfernung des Lagers. Die Sachſen verſetzten, ſie hätten den Bund gehalten und wollten nur die mit ihrem Golde erkaufte Erde ruhig beſitzen, aber, wenn man ſie daran zu hindern verſuche, mit den Waffen vertheidigen. Die Thüringer verfluchten nun das ſächſiſche Gold und ihren Landsmann, der es gebracht und den ſie erſt ſo hoch geprieſen, und fielen das Lager der Sachſen mit blinder Wuth an. Von den Sachſen wohl empfangen und gänzlich geſchlagen, wichen ſie ins Land zurück und mußten nach jedem neuen Treffen, das ſie verſuchten und verloren, weiter weichen. Da begehrten ſie Frieden zu ſchließen und mit den Sachſen unbewaffnet zur Berathung zuſammen zu kommen. Dieſe aber hatten ihre Meſſer (Saxe) unter den Kleidern verborgen, fielen in der Verſammlung über die unbewaffneten Thüringer her, ermordeten ſie alle und nahmen ihr Land in Beſitz. — Dieſe Sage beweiſ't wenigſtens, daß die Sachſen die Thüringer für ein eben ſo altes Volk hielten, wie ſich ſelbſt.

17) Dies ſind die rührenden Klagegedichte, welche der Biſchof von Poitiers, Venantius Fortunatus, im Namen der heiligen Radegunde ſchrieb, und die uns erhalten worden ſind. Eins derſelben behandelt den Untergang des thüringiſchen Reichs.

18) Nur die Gedichte des Venantius Fortunatus erwähnen derſelben. Der fromme Biſchof von Poitiers ſchrieb auch ein Leben der heiligen Radegunde, aus welchem die Nachrichten über ſie geſchöpft ſind.

19) Man muß aber bedenken, daß Radegunde ein Kind war, als die Gräuel vorfielen; daß ſie am Hofe Herminafrieds mit Liebe und Sorgfalt erzogen wurde, wo man den näheren Zuſammenhang gewiß geheim vor ihr hielt, daß ſie dann im fernen Frankreich unter Fremden vollends aufwuchs, und zuletzt ihr Herz ganz dem Himmel zukehrte. Ein ſolch kindlich-reines, frommes Frauengemüth konnte ja nicht an die ſchwarzen Thaten glauben, die in ihrem Hauſe geſchehen waren, ſie mußte die Rache des Himmels als ein Unglück anſehen, das wie ein vernichtender Gewitterſturm über den Königsſtamm, in ihren Augen ſchuldlos wie ſie ſelbſt, hereingebrochen war. Und endlich hat ſie ja dieſe Gedichte nicht ſelbſt geſchrieben. Venantius Fortunatus aber war ein ſtiller frommer Dichter, eine jener rein gemüthlichen Naturen, die in beſcheidener, unbemäkelter Glückſeligkeit von der Bosheit der Welt niemals einen Begriff faſſen können. Sie wandeln wie Engel durch die Erdennacht, und ihr Gewand wird nie von Blut beſpritzt, das die tobende Wuth, die Liſt, die Habgier, die Grauſamkeit neben ihnen vergießt. Darum wiſſen jene Elegien nichts von dem Gräuel im Königshauſe der Thüringer. — So und nicht anders muß man ſie beurtheilen. Wenn irgend ein Gegenſtand in der ältern thüringiſchen Geſchichte, ſo iſt das Leben der heiligen Radegund von hoher poetiſcher Schönheit und einer dichteriſchen Bearbeitung werth. Alle hochtragiſchen Elemente ſind hier vereinigt, die der Schuld und die der Verſöhnung. Aber einen Meiſter verlangt dieſer unausgeſchöpfte Stoff, nicht einen Verſeſchmied, wie ſie Thüringen jetzt leider dutzendweiſe hervorbringt, die da meinen durch dürftige, in Klingklang gebrachte Gedichtchen ſich unſterbliche Namen zu erſchreiben.

20) Die nähern Umſtände des Untergangs des thüringiſchen Königsreichs werden ſtets verworren bleiben. Geſchichte und Sage ſchweifen ſo in einander, daß ſie nicht zu ſcheiden ſind. Wie ich ſie erzählt habe, laſſen ſie ſich nicht vereinigen. Gregor von Tours, der eigentliche Gewährsmann, erzählt die Begebenheiten ſchlicht und einfach bis zur Schlacht an der Unſtrut. Er berichtet: „Der Fluß war dergeſtalt mit Leichen angefüllt, daß die Franken über ſie hinweg wie über eine Brücke an das andre Ufer gingen. Nach dieſem Siege nahmen ſie das Land ein und brachten es unter ihre Herrſchaft.“ Hiermit bricht die Erzählung ab. Dann erzählt er kurz darauf den Tod Herminafrieds auf die von mir angegebene Weiſe. Von der Hülfe der Sachſen, von der Veſte Scheidingen und all den Begebenheiten, die mit den herbeigerufenen Sachſen zuſammenhängen, weiß er kein Wort, er, der ſchon 30 Jahre ſpäter ſein Buch ſchrieb! Hätte er ſo wichtige Dinge nicht wiſſen ſollen? Und abſichtlich verſchweigen konnte er ſie doch, ſeinem Volke gegenüber, das eben ſo genau damit vertraut ſein mußte, unmöglich. — Alle Begebenheiten, die das Erſcheinen der Sachſen vor Scheidingen im Folge hat, erzählt Witichind, Mönch zu Corvei, der in der zweiten Hälfte des 10ten Jahrhunderts lebte und eine Geſchichte der Sachſen ſchrieb. Alſo volle 400 Jahre nach jenen Ereigniſſen. Wie viel hatte die Sage, die unermüdliche Fälſcherin der Geſchichte, in dieſer Zeit hinzugethan und ausgeſchmückt! Dies beweiſen diejenigen Facta, die er mit Gregor von Tours zuſammen erzählt. Da iſt Alles entſtellt, unwahr und ſagenhaft. Er macht die Amalberg zur einzigen Tochter des großen Frankenkönigs Chlodowig, die deshalb die Erbin ſeines Reiches geweſen. Die Franken aber hätten aus Dankbarkeit den Dietrich, den er Thiaderich nennt, einen natürlichen Sohn Chlodowigs, zum König erhoben, und derſelbe eine Geſandtſchaft an Herminafrid geſchickt und um Friede und Freundſchaft gebeten. Der thüringiſche König ſei dazu geneigt geweſen und habe ſeine Fürſten und Räthe zuſammenberufen, und Alle, Einer ausgenommen, hätten für Friede und Eintracht geſtimmt. Dieſer Eine ſei Iring, der Vertraute der Königin Amalberg, ein kühner Mann, von ſcharfem Geiſt, klugem Rath und großer Beredſamkeit, geweſen. Dieſen hätte die Königin für ihre Anſicht gewonnen gehabt. Sie hätte nämlich keine Gemeinſchaft mit ihrem Knechte haben wollen, wie ſie den Thiaderich genannt, weil er der Sohn einer Magd geweſen. Iring nun habe ſich der Meinung aller übrigen Fürſten widerſetzt und Herminafrid beredet, Thiaderichs Antrag abzuſchlagen und dem Geſandten die Erklärung zu geben: Er wundere ſich, wie Thiaderich ſich des Reiches der Franken habe anmaßen können, da er nicht einmal ein freier Mann ſei. Mit ſeinem eigenen Knechte könne er, Herminafrid, keine Gemeinſchaft haben. Auf dieſe Botſchaft habe Thiaderich verſetzt: So muß ich wohl zu Herminafrids Dienſt eilen. Und ſo ſei er mit einem großen Heere nach Thüringen gezogen, und Herminafrid habe ihn an einem Orte erwartet, der Runiberg heiße. Dort ſei es zur Schlacht gekommen. Zwei Tage habe der Sieg geſchwankt; am dritten Tage haben ſich die Thüringer zur Flucht gewendet und ſich in eine Veſte, Namens „Schidinga“ an dem Fluſſe „Unſtrode“ geworfen. —

Soweit erzählen Gregor und Witichind faſt daſſelbe. (Von der Veſte weiß Gregor nichts, doch ſcheint er faſt darauf zu deuten.) Darf man nun mit Recht von Witichinds erwieſenen Fabeln in dieſer Erzählung auf das Folgende ſchließen, was Keiner weiter erzählt als er, ſo wird das ganze Auftreten der Sachſen in dieſem Kriege der Franken und Thüringer höchſt zweifelhaft. Später treffen Witichind und Gregor wieder zuſammen in der Erzählung von Herminafrids Tode. Gregors glaubwürdigen Bericht kennen wir. Witichind giebt abermals nichts als Sage, ja er ſelbſt giebt die Erzählung für nichts weiter aus. „Als Herminafrid des Reiches beraubt war, ſandte er den Iring, den Mann der Klugheit und Beredſamkeit, an Thiaderich. Iring jedoch verrieth des Mannes höchſte Ehre, die Treue. Für Gold und Ehrenſtellen übernahm er es, Herminafriden zu ermorden, und in die Dienſte des glücklichen Siegers zu treten. Herminafrid wurde zu Thiaderich eingeladen. Als er kam, warf er ſich dem Sieger, in deſſen Händen ſein Schickſal lag, zu Füßen. Iring ſtand neben dem Könige, wie ſein Waffenträger, mit entblößtem Schwerte. Und als nun Herminafrid zu Thiaderichs Füßen lag, ſtieß der verruchte Verräther ihm das Schwert durch den Rücken. Zugleich rief Thiaderich, der Urheber dieſer Schandthat, aus: Nichtswürdiger, fort aus meinen Augen! Ich will nicht Theilnehmer eines ſolchen Verbrechens ſein. — Iring antwortete: Wohl bin ich ein Nichtswürdiger. Ehe ich aber gehe, will ich mein Verbrechen ſühnen. — Mit dieſen Worten ſtieß er ſein gezücktes Schwert dem Könige Theoderich durch die Bruſt, und warf Herminfrieds Leichnam auf Theoderichs Leichnam, damit derjenige im Tode als Sieger erſcheinen ſollte, dem das Schickſal im Leben den Sieg verſagt hatte. Hierauf machte er ſich Bahn mit ſeinem Schwerte und verſchwand aus den Augen der Menſchen.“ Dies iſt Widukinds Sage. Iſt nun der Anfang ſeiner Erzählung, ſowie das Ende derſelben rein ſagenhaft und hiſtoriſch unwahr, wie wir ihm aus dem gleichzeitigen Frankenſchriftſteller Gregor beweiſen können, ſo haben wir ein Recht anzunehmen, daß auch die Mitte der Erzählung nur Sage iſt, und das gänzliche Schweigen des Gregor vom Auftreten der Sachſen gilt ebenfalls als Beweis dafür. Und ſomit wird denn das zu Hülfe rufen der Sachſen durch die Franken, das Erſtürmen Scheidungens ꝛc. zur bloßen Sage. Der Namen Scheidungen erregt ſchon von vorn herein Verdacht. — Freilich iſt, von der andern Seite betrachtet, der Untergang des mächtigen thüringiſchen Königreichs von zu großer Wichtigkeit, als daß wir es in der Erzählung Widukinds mit einer bloßen Fabel, ohne allen hiſtoriſchen Grund, zu thun hätten. Die Sage hatte ſich doch bei den Sachſen auf die erzählte Weiſe fortgepflanzt, und hätte ſie Widukind ſeinen Landsleuten nicht ſo bieten können. Ein hiſtoriſches Factum mußte zu Grunde liegen, wie bei allen Sagen, die ſich um große vorgeſchichtliche Begebenheiten ſpinnen. Die Sachſen mußten irgend beim Falle des thüringiſchen Reichs feindlich thätig geweſen ſein. Aus Nichts konnte eine ſolche Sage nicht entſtehen. Nur ſtellt gegen ihr eigentliches Weſen. Auch erzählt der Mönch Aimoin, daß die Thüringer ſich in eine Veſte an der Unſtrut geworfen, und ſtimmt alſo mit Widukind darin überein. Hier nun liegt die große Schwierigkeit, welche niemals befriedigend gelöſt werden wird. Ich ſtelle mir die Sache ſo vor, daß ſich nach Beſiegung der Thüringer durch die Franken das Königthum doch noch eine gewiſſe Zeit erhielt und endlich von den Sachſen geſtürzt wurde, daß alſo Widukind zwei Begebenheiten, die in der Zeit weit von einander liegen, zuſammenmengt, oder vielmehr nur der Sage folgt, die ſie zuſammen gezogen hatte. (Doch bleibt Gregors gänzliches Schweigen immer noch ein unauflösbares Räthſel.) Denn das iſt auch eine der Eigenthümlichkeiten der Sage, daß ſie zwei verſchiedene Begebenheiten, zwiſchen denen ein großer Zeitraum liegt, leicht und gern zuſammenwirft, mit einander vermengt und zu einer Begebenheit zuſammen ſchmelzt. Geſchichte kann hier nichts mehr werden. Roß und Reiter ſind im langen Laufe der Zeit eins geworden. Wer das Eine löſen will, zerſtört das Andere. Die hiſtoriſche Kritik legt ihre Waffe ab und läßt das Ganze unangetaſtet ſtehen, wie ein verwittertes Heiligenbild. Man ſucht Gregors und Widukinds Erzählungen zu verbinden, ſo gut es geht, und ſpricht dem Ganzen nicht die wenigſte hiſtoriſche Wahrheit aus. Damit hat man verthan.

Philipp Adam Storck,

1780 zu Traben an der Moſel geboren, war zuerſt als Lehrer an der Handelsſchule zu Hagen in der Grafſchaft Mark angeſtellt und übernahm 1810 die oberſte Leitung derſelben. 1817 ging er nach Bremen, wo er als Doctor der Philoſophie und Profeſſor an der Handelsſchule wirkte und am 19. April 1822 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Epiſoden aus einer Reiſe nach Paris im Sommer 1809. Eſſen, 1810.
Darſtellungen aus dem preußiſchen Rhein- und Moſellande. Eſſen, 1818. 2 Thle.
Gedanken über den deutſchen Handelsverein. Bremen, 1819.
Walters Scotts Fräulein vom See, überſetzt. Eſſen, 1819; neu 1823.
Scotts letzter Minſtrel. Bremen, 1820.
Burg Stokeby, überſetzt. Bremen, 1822.
Anſichten der freien Hanſeſtadt Bremen und ihrer Umgebungen. Frankfurt, 1822.

St. hat ſich beſonders als ſehr gewandter und geſchmackvoller Ueberſetzer ausländiſcher Poeſien große und wohlverdiente Anerkennung erworben.

Gottlob Chriſtian Storr,

am 10. September 1746 zu Stuttgart geboren, wo ſein Vater in hohen geiſtlichen Würden ſtand, entwickelte früh die fromme Geiſtesrichtung, die ihn ſpäter zu einem der Begründer der ältern Tübinger Schule machte. Durch langwieriges Augenleiden bisher faſt gänzlich vom öffentlichen Unterricht fern gehalten, doch von gewiſſenhaften Lehrern gründlichſt vorgebildet, bezog er in ſeinem 17ten Jahre die Univerſität Tübingen, beendigte 1768 ſeinen theologiſchen Curſus und bereiſte mit ſeinem Bruder, der Arzt war, die Niederlande, England, Frankreich und Deutſchland. In Leyden hörte er zwei berühmte Männer, durch deren Lehre er ſeine Anſichten philoſophiſch zu begründen ſuchte, Valckenaer und J. J. Schultens. In Paris traf er, mit ähnlichen Zwecken beſchäftigt, den großen Griesbach und den um die orientaliſchen Sprachen hochverdienten Kanzler Schnurrer, mit denen er ein inniges Freundſchaftsbündniß ſchloß. 1772 kehrte er in ſein Vaterland zurück, wurde ſogleich Repetent im Tübinger theologiſchen Seminar und 1775 als Vicarius nach Stuttgart berufen. Doch noch im nämlichen Jahre trat er, inzwiſchen durch gelehrte Abhandlungen bekannt geworden, als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie zum zweiten Male in Tübingen auf, und auch nicht viel ſpäter erkannte die theologiſche Facultät, welche Stütze ihrer Rechtgläubigkeit durch Storr zu Theil werden würde. Im Jahre 1777 wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor und Doctor der Theologie, Superintendent, Stadtpfarrer und vierter Frühprediger, 1786 dritter Profeſſor der Theologie, Superintendent des theologiſchen Seminars und dritter Frühprediger. Endlich wurde er 1797 als Oberhofprediger und Conſiſtorialrath nach Stuttgart berufen, wo er am 17. Januar 1805 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Rede vom Einfluß der Offenbarung in die Philoſophie. Tübingen, 1767.
Predigt von der Dreieinigkeit. Tübingen, 1778; neu 1800.
Predigt über die Unentſchuldbarkeit der Chriſten, wenn ſie nicht ſelig werden. Tübingen, 1779; neu 1801.
Predigt von der Anhänglichkeit an das Irdiſche. Tübingen, 1780.
Zwei Predigten am 17ten Sonntage nach Trinitatis. Tübingen, 1789.
Predigt bei der Niederlegung ſeines Amtes zu Tübingen. Tübingen, 1797.
Predigten, herausgegeben von Süßkind und Flatt. Tübingen, 1806 — 1809. 2 Thle.
Predigten über die Leidensgeſchichte, herausgegeben von Flatt. Tübingen, 1808.
Betrachtungen über den Brief Pauli an die Römer, in Wochenpredigten, herausgegeben von Klaiber. Tübingen, 1823.
Betrachtungen über verſchiedene Briefe des neuen Teſtaments, in Wochenpredigten, herausgegeben von Klaiber. Tübingen, 1824.

St. war zu ſeiner Zeit einer der gelehrteſten Theologen Würtembergs und einer der eifrigſten und gründlichſten Verfechter der Orthodoxie gegen die Neuerer. Als Kanzelredner erſcheint er indeſſen weniger bedeutend, da es ihm an Kraft und Aufſchwung, dagegen aber nicht an Innigkeit fehlte.

Samuel Johann Ernſt Stoſch

ward am 18. September 1714 zu Liebenberg bei Zehdenick geboren, ſtudirte zu Frankfurt an der Oder und ging 1735 als Prediger auf das Dorf Lino bei Rheinsberg, eine Schweizercolonie, 1769 auf das mit jenen verbundene Dorf, Lüdersdorf. Im Jahre 1782 wurde er königlicher Hofprediger an der Schloßkirche zu Küſtrin, Conſiſtorialrath und Inſpector einiger reformirten Gemeinden in der Neumark. Er lebte zuletzt im Ruheſtand zu Berlin, wo er am 27. Juni 1796 ſtarb. Er veröffentlichte:

Verſuch der richtigen Beſtimmung einiger gleichbedeutenden Wörter. Frankfurt an der Oder, 1777. 2. Ausg. 3 Thle.

Kritiſche Anmerkungen dazu. Frankf. a. d. O., 1775.

Kleine Beiträge zur Kenntniß der deutſchen Sprache, herausgegeben von Conrad. Frankfurt an der Oder, 1798.

Scharfſinn, Gründlichkeit und reiches Wiſſen verleihen ſeinen ſprachwiſſenſchaftlichen Arbeiten, namentlich ſeinen Unterſuchungen auf dem Gebiete deutſcher Synonymik bleibenden Werth.

Dietrich Heinrich Stöver

ward am 15. Juli 1769 zu Verden im Hannöverſchen geboren, ſtudirte zu Helmſtädt und privatiſirte zuerſt zu Altona, darauf ſeit 1793 zu Hamburg als Doctor der Philoſophie. 1810 erhielt er den Titel eines herzoglich-mecklenburg-ſchweriniſchen Legationsrathes; 1811 ward er Ritter des franzöſiſchen Lilien-, 1815 des ſchwediſchen Waſaordens zu Hamburg, wo er zurückgezogen den Wiſſenſchaften lebte, beſonders mit der Redaction des Hamburger Correſpondenten beſchäftigt, und am 13. April 1822 ſtarb. Er ſchrieb:

Hiſtoriſch-ſtatiſtiſche Beiträge zur näheren Kenntniß der Staaten und der neueren Weltbegebenheiten. Hamburg, 1789.

Archiv zur Länder- und Geſchichtskunde. Schwerin, 1790.

Leben Voltaire's von dem Marquis von Condorcet. Berlin, 1791.

Leben des Ritters Carl von Linné. Hamburg, 1792. 2 Thle.

Er redigirte das:

Politiſche Journal von 1786—1793 und den
Hamburger Correſpondent von 1793—1822.

Ein ruhiger und beſonnener, mit reichem Wiſſen ausgerüſteter politiſcher Schriftſteller, der unter den ſchwierigſten Zeitverhältniſſen ſeine Anſicht zu behaupten und durchzuführen verſtand und mit jenen Eigenſchaften die Gabe vortrefflicher Darſtellung zu verbinden wußte.

Chriſtian Friedrich Lebrecht Strack,

am 24. Januar 1781 zu Kloſter Roßleben geboren, wurde zuerſt als Veſperprediger zu Leipzig angeſtellt. Nach zwei Jahren, 1806, ging er nach Halle als Lehrer am Pädagogium, 1810 nach Werthheim am Main als Profeſſor am dortigen Gymnaſium und 1814 in derſelben Eigenſchaft nach Düſſeldorf. Seit 1817 lebt er als Doctor der Philoſophie, Director und Profeſſor der Vorſchule zu Bremen, ſegensreich wirkend.

Von ihm erſchien:

Eleah, Erhebungen des Herzens zu Gott. Frankfurt, 1814; 4. Ausg. 1826.

Eins der beſten neueren Erbauungsbücher, voll ächter, klarer Frömmigkeit, Innigkeit und Wärme in ſehr gelungener Form und trefflicher Diction.

Joſeph Anton Stranizky,

nach der Mitte des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts zu Schweidnitz geboren, ſtudirte zu Breslau und Leipzig, betrat aber bald, ſeinem innern Berufe folgend, als Mitglied der Veltheimiſchen Geſellſchaft als Komiker die Bretter. Beſonders als Hanswurſt errang er durch ſeine kecke Laune ſolchen Beifall, daß er, 1708, in Wien Schauſpieldirector wurde.

Von ihm erſchien:

Olla potrida des durchgetriebenen Fuchsmundi. 1722; neu 1728.

Hans Wurſt. Gedruckt in dieſem Jahre. Pinzerthal, 1787. 4. Ausg.

Ueber Stranizky bemerkt Menzel in ſeiner deutſchen Literatur Thl. III. S. 247 ſehr richtig: Er war der berühmteſte Schauſpieler ſeiner Zeit, ein Schleſier von Geburt, durch die Italiener gebildet, und führte 1708 das erſte deutſche Theater in Wien ein, deſſen Geiſt und Ton ſich im Leopoldſtädter bis auf unſere Zeit erhalten hat. Seine glückliche Miſchung des altdeutſchen mährchenhaften Faſtnachtſpieles mit der italieniſchen durch Gozzi veredelten Poeſie ſagte und ſagt dem heiteren Character der Oeſtreicher beſonders zu und war bei Weitem den kläglichen franzöſirten Antiken Lohenſteins vorzuziehen, obgleich ſich Stranizky keineswegs zur Höhe des Andreas Gryphius erhob.

Gottfried von Straßburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Straß

ward am 10. März 1766 zu Grünberg in der Neumark geboren, war zuerſt am königlichen Cadettencorps zu Berlin angeſtellt. 1802 wurde er Director zu Kloſter Bergen, 1812 zu Nordhauſen und 1820 zu Erfurt. Er iſt außerdem Doctor der Philoſophie und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens dritter Claſſe.

Er gab heraus:

Denina's Geſchichte Piemonts und der übrigen Staaten des Königs von Sardinien. Berlin, 1800—1804. 3 Thle.
Geſchichte der Deutſchen, tabellariſch. Berlin, 1802.
Der Strom der Zeiten, oder bildliche Darſtellung der Weltgeſchichte. Berlin, 1803.
Ueberblick der Weltgeſchichte. Berlin, 1803.
Ueber die Pflicht des Erziehers, auf den Geiſt des Zeitalters Rückſicht zu nehmen. Magdeburg, 1804.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte der techniſchen Cultur. Nordhauſen, 1813.
Ueber das Turnweſen. Halle, 1819.
Handbuch der alten Geſchichte. Jena, 1830. 2 Thle.
Einzelne Programme u. ſ. w.

Ein ausgezeichneter Schulmann, deſſen ſegensreiches Wirken ſich nicht blos auf die Anſtalt, welcher er vorſtehe, erſtreckte. Selbſt ein tüchtiger Hiſtoriker hat er beſonders durch ſeine trefflichen Lehrbücher ſich um die beſſere Behandlung der Geſchichte, namentlich auf Gymnaſien, große und bleibende Verdienſte erworben.

David Friedrich Strauß

ward am 27. Januar 1808 zu Ludwigsburg geboren, beſuchte die hohe Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt und trat 1821 in das theologiſche Stift zu Blaubeuren, das er 1825 mit dem theologiſchen Seminarium zu Tübingen vertauſchte. Nach zurückgelegten Studien wurde er 1830 Pfarrvicar und 1831 Lehrer am Seminar zu Maulbronn. Während des Winters 1831 hielt er ſich zu Berlin auf, und kehrte dann als Repetent nach Tübingen zurück. Die Herausgabe ſeines Werkes über das Leben Jeſu hatte ſeine Entlaſſung zur Folge. Eine Lehrerſtelle am Lyceum zu Ludwigsburg, welche ihm dafür ertheilt worden war, gab er 1836 wieder auf. Seit dieſer Zeit privatiſirt er in Stuttgart, da die Verhältniſſe ihm nicht geſtatteten, eine Profeſſur der Theologie in Zürich, zu der er 1839 war berufen worden, wirklich anzutreten.

Von ihm erſchien:

Das Leben Jeſu, kritiſch bearbeitet. Tübingen, 1835. 2 Bde. 3. Ausg. 1839.
Streitſchriften. Tübingen, 1837. 3 Hefte.
Zwei friedliche Blätter. Altona, 1839.
Characteriſtiken und Kritiken. Leipzig, 1839.
Hennel's Unterſuchung über den Urſprung des Chriſtenthums. Stuttgart, 1840.
Dogmatik. Tübingen, 1840. 1. Bd.

Ueber St. dogmatiſche Anſichten zu urtheilen iſt hier nicht der Ort. Als Schriftſteller im Allgemeinen nimmt er durch ſein reiches Wiſſen, ſeinen Scharfſinn und ſeine treffliche, klare und elegante Darſtellungsweiſe einen ſehr hohen Rang ein.

Gerhard Friedrich Albrecht Strauß

ward am 24. September 1786 zu Iſerlohn in der Grafſchaft Mark, wo ſein Vater Prediger war, geboren, und ſtudirte zu Halle und Heidelberg Theologie. Schon im Jahre 1809 wählte ihn die Gemeinde Ronsdorf im Herzogthume Berg zu ihrem Pfarrer; — hier war es, wo der erſte Band ſeiner Glockentöne, die in mehr als einer Sprache verbreitet ſind, entſtand. 1814 ward er nach Elberfeld berufen, wo er mitten in den Schrecken des Krieges unverzagt an der Wiedergeburt des religiöſen Lebens arbeitete. Im Jahre 1822 wurde er als Hofprediger und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie nach Berlin verſetzt, wo er noch gegenwärtig in dieſen Aemtern, auch als Director des homiletiſchen Seminars auf ausgezeichnete Weiſe wirkt. Er iſt Doctor der Theologie und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens dritter Claſſe.

Von ihm erſchien:

Glockentöne. Elberfeld, 1815—19. 7. Aufl. 1841.
Helon's Wallfahrt nach Jeruſalem. Elberfeld, 1820—21. 4 Thle.
Die Taufe im Jordan. Elberfeld, 1822.
Predigten. Berlin, 1826.

Tiefe ächte Frömmigkeit, Zartheit der Empfindung, Wärme des Herzens, ächt poetiſche Auffaſſung und Behandlung der höchſten Intereſſen der Menſchheit, treffliche Darſtellung und eine edle Sprache haben ſeinen Schriften einen höchſt bedeutenden Ruf erworben, den ſelbſt der Vorwurf ſeiner Gegner, daß er mitunter zu geſucht und ſüßlich ſei, nicht verringern konnte.

Adolf Friedrich Carl Streckfuß

ward am 20. September 1779 zu Gera geboren und ſtudirte, in Zeitz vorgebildet, ſeit 1797 in Leipzig die Rechte. Zu Dresden begann er im Juſtizamt ſeine öffentliche Laufbahn, ging indeſſen 1801 als Hofmeiſter nach Trieſt und 1803 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Wien, wo ihm von Collin und Caroline Pichler ſehr gewogen waren. 1806 kehrte er nach Sachſen zurück und übte Anfangs als Advocat, dann als Gerichtsactuar und ſeit 1807 als Secretär bei der Stiftsregierung zu Zeitz. Im Jahre 1812 ward er geheimer Secretair in Dresden, 1813 geheimer Referendar und erhielt bald nachher vom ruſſiſchen Gouvernement eine Einladung zur Hülfleiſtung bei der Finanzabtheilung. Die Beförderung zum geheimen Finanzrath bei demſelben Gouvernement ablehrend, zog er vor, in ſeiner frühern Stellung bei dem nachmals preußiſchen Gouvernement zu bleiben. Nach 1815 arbeitete er erſt im Gouvernement zu Merſeburg, wurde hierauf als erſter Rath bei der damaligen Regierung angeſtellt und 1819 nach Berlin berufen, wo er den Titel eines geheimen Oberregierungsrathes im Miniſterium des Innern und den rothen Adlerorden dritter Claſſe erhielt.

Er ſchrieb:

Altimon und Zomira, in ſechs Geſängen. Lpz., 1808.
Marie Belmonte, Tragödie. Zeitz, 1807.
Neuere Dichtungen. Halle, 1834.
Erzählungen. Dresden, 1813.
Erzählungen. Berlin, 1830.
Gedichte. Wien, 1804.
Gedichte. Leipzig, 1823. 2. Aufl.
Zwei Mährchen nach Gozzi. Berlin, 1805.
Julie von Lindau. Leipzig, 1815. 2 Thle. 2. Aufl.
Ruth, in vier Geſängen. Wien, 1805.
Clementine Wallner. Leipzig, 1811.
Arioſt's raſender Roland. Halle, 1818—23. 6 Thle.
Taſſo's befreites Jeruſalem. Leipzig, 1822 u. d. 2 Thle.
Dante's göttliche Komödie. Halle, 1824—26 u. d. 3 Thle.
Manzoni's Adelgis. Berlin, 1827.

Seine eigenen poetiſchen Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch glückliche Erfindung, anmuthige Phantaſie, warmes Gefühl, gute Charakterzeichnung und gelungene Darſtellung rühmlich aus; noch bedeutender ſteht er aber als Ueberſetzer der großen italieniſchen Dichter da, indem er mit tiefer, gründlicher Sachkenntniß ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, Wohllaut, Kraft und Reichthum verbindet.

Der heilige Dominik.

Im rauhen, härenen Gewande,
Ein Jüngling herrlich, hoch und ſchön,
Wallt einſam Dominik am Strande,
Ins weite Meer hinaus zu ſehn.
Da liegt es vor ihm ohne Gränzen,
Beſtrahlet von des Abends Gluth,
Und goldne Wolkenſchaaren glänzen
Hell aus der weiten Purpurfluth.

Und ſo ergreift ein heißes Sehnen,
Unendlich wie des Meeres Raum;
In ſeinem Auge zittern Thränen,
Der volle Buſen athmet kaum.
Ein ſüßes, himmliſches Verlangen
Hat ſeine reiche Bruſt erfüllt,
Mit Liebe mächtig zu umfangen,
Was gränzenlos ſich ihm enthüllt.

Er wirft ſich hin im brünſt'gen Flehen,
Zum Himmel Blick und Hand gekehrt:
„Laß, Herr, mein Gott, o laß geſchehen,
Daß leidend ſich mein Herz bewahrt!
In deiner Furcht, für meine Brüder
Ertrag' ich Alles mit Geduld.
O ſende mir Gewährung nieder
Zum Zeichen deiner Vaterhuld!“

So betet er, und plötzlich ſchallet
Ein Klageton zu ſeinem Ohr —
Von tauſend Ahnungen durchwallet,
Rafft ſich der Jüngling ſchnell empor,
Und ſieht ein Weib in herben Thränen,
Die Hand auf ihre Bruſt gedrückt,
Die ſtarr, mit wehmuthvollem Sehnen
Hinaus in weite Fernen blickt.

Da naht er ihr mit ſanfter Frage:
„Verkünde, Dulderin, dein Leid,
Und hemme nun den Strom der Klage,
Denn Hülf' und Rettung iſt nicht weit.
Was dich beſchwert, ich will es theilen,
Will dir mit treuer Freundeshand
Des Herzens tiefſte Wunde heilen,
Denn Gott der Herr hat mich geſandt.“

Er ſpricht's mit Kraft und mit Vertrauen,
Sein Auge glänzet göttlich mild,
Und herrlich iſt er anzuſchauen,
Als wie ein überirdiſch Bild.
Auch ſenkt ein wunderbares Hoffen
Sich heilend in der Armen Herz,
Ihr liegt ein neues Leben offen,
Und ihr im Buſen ſchweigt der Schmerz.

„„Mein Gatte,““ ſpricht ſie, „„zog von hinnen
Von Weib und Kind und Vaterland,
Um Glück und Reichthum zu gewinnen,
Nach der Levante fernem Strand.
Was acht' ich, ſprach er, die Gefahren!
Für die Geliebten zieh' ich aus,
Drum wird mich Gottes Hand bewahren,
Sie führt mich froh zurück ins Haus.

„„Er zog. Auf allen ſeinen Wegen
Begleitet treulich ihn das Glück,
Auch ſchifft er bald mit reichem Segen
Zum theuren Vaterland zurück.
Schon dämmern die bekannten Hügel
Der Heimath an des Himmels Saum,
Der Wind iſt günſtig, glatt wie Spiegel
Iſt rings umher des Meeres Raum.

„„Da ſegelt der Korſaren Horde
Herbei, wie ſcharfer Säbel blinkt,
Beim Widerſtand gezuckt zum Morde,
Und keine, keine Hoffnung winkt.
Nichts kann die Waffenloſen retten,
Sie fallen in der Räuber Hand
Beſchwert mit harten Sklavenketten
Gelangen ſie zu Tunis Strand.

„„Dort ſchmachtet er; mit Qual und Harme
Schmacht' ich im traurig öden Haus,
Und breite bang die leeren Arme
Nach ſeinem fernen Kerker aus.
Nichts hab' ich, ach! ihn zu befreien,
Mich feſſelt hier der Mutter Pflicht —
Ich kann nur mein Gebet ihm weihen,
Und Gott im Himmel hört es nicht.““

„Er hört es!“ ruft mit heil'gem Beben
Der Jüngling aus, „er iſt dir hold!
Zwar, dir den Gatten neu zu geben,
Beſitz' ich weder Gut noch Gold,
Doch brech' ich ſicher ſeine Ketten,
Nicht Leiden ſchreckt mich, noch Gefahr,
Und den Gefangenen zu retten,
Biet' ich mich ſelber dem Korſar.“

Er ſpricht's, und eilt von Haſt ergriffen
Zum Hafen in der Schiffer Kreis.
„Wer will mich hin nach Tunis ſchiffen?
Mein letztes Gut, es ſei der Preis!“
Er ruft's, und aus der Schiffer Kreiſe
Tritt einer vor, und ſpricht dies Wort:
„„Bereitet, Herr, euch zu der Reiſe,
Denn morgen zeitig ſchiff' ich fort!““ —

Und ſieh', da kommt aus fernen Weiten
Ein Schiff im ſtillen Hafen an,
Und aus dem ſchwanken Kerker gleiten
Die Schiffer in den leichten Kahn,
Und rudern emſig hin zum Strande
Und fühlen nun auf feſtem Grund
Im heiß erſehnten Vaterlande
Sich froh und glücklich und geſund.

Doch als das Weib ſie kaum erblicket,
Schreit ſie empor mit Jubellaut,
Ein Blitz der Wonne ſie durchzücket —
Es iſt ihr Gatte, den ſie ſchaut.
Sie fliegt ihm in die off'nen Arme,
Sie drückt ihn an die heiße Bruſt,
Sie iſt entrückt dem langen Harme
Und lacht und weint im Rauſch der Luſt.

Doch Dominik erſieht's, und hebet
Zum Himmel auf den frommen Blick,
„O Herr, was ſehnend ich erſtrebet,
Zu dulden für der Brüder Glück,
Es ward mir nicht von dir erfüllet,
Doch ihr Gebet haſt du gehört.
Haſt ihres Herzens Angſt geſtillet,
Drum ſei dein Name hochgeehrt.“

So betet er, und blickt mit Zähren
Der Luſt auf das beglückte Paar,
Das in des Himmels lichte Sphären
Entrückt durch ſüße Liebe war.
Und als ſie ſich dem Rauſch entwunden,
Als ihre Blicke nach ihm ſpähn,
War in der Dämmrung er verſchwunden
Und ward am Strand nicht mehr geſehn.

Pipin der Kurze.

„Der Stärkſte ſoll König der Starken ſein,
Der Größte Herrſcher der Großen!
Nicht ziemt's, daß Jenem, ſo ſchwach und klein,
Die mächtigen Recken Gehorſam weihn,
Zu Childerich ſei er verſtoßen!“

So murmelt's frecher und frecher im Heer,
So höhnen die kecken Vaſallen.
„O ſeht auf die Franken, ihr Völker, her,
Der Kleine, der Kurze, ihr Fürſt iſt Er,
Wohl wird's euch herrlich gefallen!

„Seht, wenn er reitet auf mächtigem Gaul,
Ein Aefflein auf hohem Kameele,
Reicht juſt ſein Helmbuſch dem Marſchall ans Maul;
Doch iſt er auch klein, ſo iſt er nicht faul
Zu trotzigem, ſtolzem Befehle.“

Und wohl vernimmt's der wackre Pipin,
Bemerkt, wie die Grollenden flüſtern,
Mit Murren folgend gen Welſchland ziehn,
Ihm ſäumig gehorchen und frevelhaft kühn
Sich mürriſcher täglich verdüſtern.

Und ſtark im Geiſte, gewaltig und klug,
Erwägt er's mit weiſen Gedanken.
„„Sei heut des Weges, der Mühen genug,
Gehemmt der Schaaren gewaltiger Zug!
Errichtet zum Fechtſpiel die Schranken.

„„Herbei gebracht der gewaltige Leu!
Den Kämpfer will ich ihm ſtellen!““
Wohl ſeltſam ſcheint die Beſtellung und neu,
Und mit Neugier murmeln, es murmeln mit Scheu
Die trotzigen ſtolzen Geſellen.

Rings wird der Platz mit Gittern umhegt,
Dahinter die Sitze der Ritter,
Erhaben des Königs Balcon — da frägt
Wohl Jeder, zu Unmuth und Sorgen erregt:
Wie ſchwach doch, wie ſchwankend das Gitter!

Ein Ruck mit der mächtigen Tatz' und es fällt,
Und das Ungethüm ſitzt uns im Nacken.
Doch der dort oben, der winzige Held,
Wohl hat er ſich trefflich ſicher geſtellt,
Zu ſchaun, wie die Krallen uns packen!

Und der Leu wird gebracht im vergitterten Haus,
An der Schranke geöffnet das Pförtchen,
Und der Thiere König, er ſchreitet heraus,
Und die Ritter erfaßt nun Schrecken und Graus,
Und keiner redet ein Wörtchen.

Doch zweifelnd ſieht ſich der Löwe befrein,
Und reckt in der Freiheit die Glieder,
Und ſchreitet getroſt in die Schranken herein,
Und zeigt der Zähne gewaltige Reihn,
Laut gähnend, und ſtreckt ſich nieder.

Vom Balcon ruft Pipin mit donnerndem Laut:
„„Ihr mannlichen, trotzigen Krieger,
Da ſchaut ein Kampfſpiel, ein würdiges, ſchaut!
Wer ſich zu meſſen mit dieſem getraut,
Den nenn' ich den erſten der Sieger.““

Und ein Ziſcheln, ein Murmeln, ein Murren erklingt,
Dumpf nur im Beginnen und leiſe.
Bald, wie wenn, ſtärker und ſtärker beſchwingt,
Mit wogenden Fluthen die Windsbraut ringt,
So ſauſt's und brauſet's im Kreiſe.

Und keck ſich empor tritt Gerhardt vom Stern,
Der Frechſte der frechen Kumpane;
„Der Vortanz verbleibe dem König und Herrn!
Auf, wage denn, Hoheit, wir laſſen dir's gern,
Herab von dem ſichern Altane!“

„„So ſei's!““ ſpricht Pipin, und ſich ſchwingend im Satz
Springt der Kurze, doch markig und ſehnig,
Vom Balcon herab auf den ſandigen Platz.
„„Auf, Bruder Leu, auf, wetze die Tatz'!
Auf, König, dich fordert ein König!““

Und ſchlägt ihn mit flacher Kling' auf den Bug,
Und erregt ihm den Grimm in der Seele.
Auf ſchnellt der Leu, wuthſchnaubend im Flug,
Doch bringt, eh' die Tatze, die zuckende, ſchlug,
Das Schwert durch den Rachen zur Kehle.

Und das Blut entſprudelt dem grauſigen Schlund,
Und über ſich ſtürzt er, und wendet
Drei, vier Mal die Augen, rollend im Rund,
Drei, vier Mal geißelt der Schweif den Grund,
Und er ſtreckt ſich, und zuckt und verendet.

Stolz ſchaut der König im Kreiſe herum,
Und die Ritter athmen beklommen,
Und blicken zu Boden erſtaunt und ſtumm,
Und der Hohe dreht ſtill verachtend ſich um —
Kein Murren ward weiter vernommen.

Des Narciſſus Verwandlung.

Narciß, der ſchönſte Hirt der Flur,
Von reicher Anmuth Glanz umſtrahlet,
Sucht überall der Schönheit Spur,
Die ſich in ſeinem Innern malet.

Was formlos ihm im Herzen wallt,
Will zum Gedanken er erwecken,
Beſtrebt, im Spiegel der Geſtalt
Das Namenloſe zu entdecken.

So irrt er über Berg und Thal,
Geäfft von leerer Hoffnung Schimmer,
Ermattet von der Sehnſucht Qual,
Und findet das Geſuchte nimmer.

Einſt ſieht er unter jungen Mai'n
Im Raſen eine Quelle ſpielen,
Sanft liſpelnd ladet ſie ihn ein,
Sein glühend Herz an ihr zu kühlen.

Narciſſus folgt dem Ruf, und giebt
Dem Blumenbord die holden Glieder;
Da ſtrahlet hell und ungetrübt
Ihm ſeiner Formen Zauber wieder.

Er ſieht's und ſtaunt, die Schönheit lacht
Aus ſtillen Wellen ihm entgegen,
Er fühlet ihre Göttermacht
Sein wonnetrunknes Herz bewegen.

Und er vergißt ſich ſelbſt, er ſieht
Nur ſie, die der Olymp geboren,
Der wild von Ahnungen entglüht
Er ew'ge Huldigung geſchworen.

An ſeine Bruſt voll Liebesgluth
Will er das Heißerſehnte reißen,
Doch wie er naht der ſtillen Fluth,
Zerrinnt es ſchnell in ihren Kreiſen.

„O weile, weile, ſüßes Bild,
Nur ein Mal ruh' an meinem Herzen,
Das du von Ewigkeit erfüllt,
Von Ewigkeit mit Luſt und Schmerzen.“

Er ruft's, und aus dem Quell hervor
Scheint nun das Bild — und, o Entzücken!
Es ſtreckt zu ihm die Arm' empor,
Und ſchaut ihn an mit Liebesblicken.

Und wie er lächelt, lächelt's ihm,
Und wie er weint, vergießt es Thränen,
Und wie er nahet, naht es ihm,
Und ſcheint entglüht von ſeinem Sehnen.

Da ſtürzt er mit der Liebe Wuth
Noch ein Mal zu der Quelle nieder,
Und ſchnell von der getrübten Fluth
Entweicht das holde Bildniß wieder. —

Narciſſus ſinkt am Ufer hin,
Und fleht zum Zeus: „Laß mich vergehen,
Soll nicht mein Geiſt und jeder Sinn
Beſitzen, was ich hier geſehen."

Und Zeus erblickt von ſeinem Thron
Des reinen Jünglings heilig Beben,
Ihm will er Troſt und ſchönen Lohn
Für die geweihten Flammen geben.

Denn weil ſein Herz dem Schönen weiht,
Der ~~weiht es einſt auch dem Guten~~,
Und läutert ſich zur Göttlichkeit
Durch beider nie getrennte Gluthen.

Und Zeus gelobt: „„Was dich durchwallt,
Kann nicht die Erde dir gewähren —
Und langſam würde die Gewalt
Der wilden Sehnſucht dich verzehren.

„„Das Schöne ſtürbe beim Beſitz,
Wollt' ich es deinen Wünſchen geben,
Drum, holder Jüngling, ſoll mein Blitz
Dich über Wunſch und Trieb erheben.

„„Doch eine Blume blühe da,
Wo einſt, zur Quelle hingeſunken,
Dein Blick das Tiefempfundne ſah,
In wunderbarem Schauen trunken.

„„In voller Blüthe ſoll die Macht
Des Sturmes ihren Stengel knicken;
Sie ſoll, wenn neu der Lenz erwacht,
Auch neu erblüht der Quelle nicken.""

Nicolaus Niembſch, Edler von Strehlenau,

als Dichter Nicolaus Lenau genannt, ward zu Csatad in Ungarn am 13. Auguſt 1802 geboren, ſtudirte zu Wien Philoſophie, Jurisprudenz und Medicin, und machte dann im Jahre 1832 eine Reiſe nach Nordamerika, von der er jedoch bald wieder nach Deutſchland zurückkehrte. Er hat ſich ſeitdem abwechſelnd in Stuttgart, Wien und Iſchl aufgehalten.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Stuttgart, 1832; 3. Ausg. 1838.
Neuere Gedichte. Stuttgart, 1838.
Fauſt. Stuttgart, 1835.
Savonarola. Stuttgart, 1837.
Frühlingsalmanach. Stuttgart, 1835.
Einzelne Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ueber die poetiſchen Leiſtungen dieſes ausgezeichneten Geiſtes im Allgemeinen äußert ſich der Verfaſſer des ihn betreffenden biographiſchen Artikel in dem Converſationslexikon der Gegenwart Band III. S. 917 ſehr treffend mit folgenden Worten: „Es iſt darin (in Lenau's erſter Gedichtſammlung) eine herrliche Naturmalerei, die ſich im Zarten wie im Großartigen und Schauerlichen gleich glücklich bethätigt, zuweilen jedoch ſich zu weit in Detailſchilderungen verliert; aber Alles iſt friſch, kühl und duftig, ein geſundes Leben naiver und unſchuldiger Urvegetation der Empfindung bekundend. Dies Feſtgeſtelltſein in der Unmittelbarkeit des Naturlebens iſt für St. durchaus bezeichnend; ſelbſt in ſeinen Reflexionen und Gleichnißreden kommt er ſtets auf eine gewiſſe Naturſymbolik zurück, nur daß wir hier einen Mangel wahrnehmen, welche den neuen Lyrikern überhaupt vorzuwerfen iſt; es bleibt nämlich der Gedanke häufig hinter ſeinem Bilde oder Gleichniß zurück, oft auch dieſe hinter jenem. Etwas ermüdend dürfte bei St. auch eine zu weichlich düſtere Ausſpinnung der Reflexionen, Empfindungen und Naturmalereien ſein, obgleich es ihm an andern Orten keineswegs an Präciſion, Heiterkeit und männlicher Kraft fehlt. Die ſprachliche Einkleidung, wenn ſchon ſie zuweilen das grammatikaliſche Geſetz verletzt, iſt oft überraſchend neu, der Rhythmus von hohem Wohllaut, Bild und Gedanke ſind meiſt originell, zuweilen jedoch geſucht und ſpielend; vortrefflich iſt St. da, wo er ſich der einfachen Weiſe des Volksliedes anſchließt." Dieſe Characteriſtik dürfte auch im Allgemeinen auf eine zweite Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte paſſen, welche unter dem Titel: „Neuere Gedichte" erſchienen iſt. Sie enthält des Vortrefflichen ebenfalls viel, wenn auch weniger als die erſte, wird aber durch eine Reihe polemiſcher Gedichte verunſtaltet, welche gegen St's frühere Tadler und Kritiker gerichtet ſind. Die politiſch freiſinnige Richtung des Dichters, welche ſich vorzüglich in ſeinen zum Theil außerordentlich ſchönen Polenliedern, die aber mehr elegiſche Nachklänge als zu Heldenthaten auffordernde Oden ſind, bekundet, trug dazu bei, dem Dichter ein ausgedehnteres Publicum zu verſchaffen, als die Repräſentanten deutſcher Lyrik, mit wenigen Ausnahmen, ſonſt um ſich zu verſammeln pflegen. Die lyriſche Seite iſt überhaupt die glänzendſte und hervorſtechendſte in St's. Talent. Auf die erſte Sammlung ſeiner Gedichte folgte das epiſch dramatiſche Gedicht „Fauſt", welches vorher als Fragment in dem von St. herausgegebenen „Frühlingsalmanach" erſchienen war. Das eigenthümlich grübelnde, ſelbſt finſter brütende Element in St. macht ſich auch in dieſem Gedichte geltend, und nach dieſer Seite hin, inſofern ſie ſich mit lyriſchen Elementen verſchwiſtert, liegen ſogar die köſtlichſten Partien des Dichterwerks; Vieles iſt hochpoetiſch und großartig aufgefaßt, Anderes mit üppiger, ſogar ſinnlicher Farbenglut dargeſtellt, und wieder Anderes überraſcht durch Originalität des Ausdrucks. Auch fehlt es dieſem Dichtwerke nicht an ſelbſtſtändigen Gedanken, aber wohl an innerer geiſtiger Einheit, an eigentlicher Ineinsbildung des Inhalts mit der Form und an humoriſtiſcher Lebensanſchauung. Eigentliches dramatiſches Intereſſe erwecken die Perſonen und die Handlung des Gedichts nicht, und Lyriſches, Dramatiſches und Epiſches drängt ſich, oft ohne Nothwendigkeit des Beieinanderſeins, auf- und ineinander; dazu iſt der Character der Volksſage bei St. faſt gänzlich verwiſcht. Aber das uralte Thema iſt ſo geiſtreich und in oft ſo überraſchender Weiſe variirt, daß man darüber die Mängel der Ausführung vergeſſen könnte. — — Einheitlicher, als der Fauſt, beſonders der Form nach, iſt ſein Savonarola; aber dies Gedicht iſt zu epiſch, um ein ſpeculatives, und zu ſpeculativ, um ein epiſches zu ſein, überhaupt zu reflectirend und exoteriſch, um ein reines Gedicht zu ſein.

Warnung und Wunſch.

Lebe nicht ſo ſchnell und ſtürmiſch,
Sieh' den holden Frühling prangen.

Hört seine Wonnelieder.
Ach, wie bleich sind deine Wangen!

Welkt die Rose, kehrt sie wieder,
Mit den lauen Frühlingswinden,
Kehren auch die Nachtigallen:
Werden sie dich wiederfinden!

„Könnt' ich leben also innig,
Feurig, rasch und ungebunden,
Wie das Leben jenes Blitzes,
Der dort im Gebirg verschwunden!"

Asyl.

Hohe Klippen, rings geschlossen,
Wenig kümmerliche Föhren,
Traurig flüsternde Genossen,
Die hier keinen Vogel hören;

Nichts vom lieblichen Gesange
In den schönen Frühlingszeiten;
Keinem wird es hier zu bange,
In so dunkeln Einsamkeiten.

Weiches Moos am Felsgesteine,
Schwellend scheint es zu begehren:
Komm, o Wolke, weine, weine
Mir zu die geheimen Zähren!

Winde hauchen hier so leise,
Nachhallstimmen tiefer Trauer,
Hier und dort die Blumenwaise
Zittert still im Abendschauer.

Und kein Bach nach diesen Gründen
Darf mit seinem Rauschen kommen,
Darf der Welt verrathend künden,
Was er Stilles hier vernommen;

Denn die rauhen Felsen sorgen,
Daß noch eine Stätte bliebe,
Wo ausweinen kann verborgen
Eine unglückliche Liebe.

Seemorgen.

(Auf dem Atlantischen Meere.)

Der Morgen frisch, die Winde gut,
Die Sonne glüht so helle,
Und brausend geht es durch die Fluth.
Wie wandern wir so schnelle!

Die Wogen stürmen sich heran;
Doch wie sie sich auch bäumen,
Dem Schiff sich werfen in die Bahn,
In toller Wuthe schäumen:

Das Schiff voll froher Wanderlust
Zieht fort, unaufzuhalten,
Und mächtig wird von seiner Brust
Der Wogendrang gespalten.

Gewirkt von gold'ner Strahlenhand
Aus dem Gesprüh' der Wogen,
Kommt ihm zur Seit' ein Irisband
Hellflatternd nachgeflogen.

So weit nach Land mein Auge schweift,
Seh' ich die Fluth sich dehnen,
Die uferlose; mich ergreift
Ein ungeduldig Sehnen,

Daß ich so lang' euch meiden muß,
Berg, Wiese, Land und Städte!
Da lächelt seinen Morgengruß
Ein Kind aus der Kajüte.

Wie fremd die Luft, das Himmelslicht,
Im kalten Wogenlärme,
Wie wohl thut Menschenangesicht
Mit seiner stillen Wärme!

Aus Faust.

Der Traum.

Matrosen singen hell ihr Abendlied,
Das kaum noch von der Sängerlippe schied,
Schon ohne Widerhall im Meere schwindet,
Wo Menschenstimme keinen Anklang findet,
Im Meer, das fremd und stolz, in kalter Größe,
Nicht rückhallt selbst des Himmels Donnerstöße.
Sanft kräuselnd regt die milde Luft das Meer,
Und drängt den Segler sachte vor sich her,
Wie ihren Liebling die verschämte Maid,
Der kühn um einen Kuß der Liebe freit,
Mit weicher Hand von ihrem Busen drängt,
Und doch in seinen Armen sich verfängt.
Die Sonne neigt hinunter sich im Westen,
Noch zittert auf der Fluth ihr Schimmerpfad:
Ein Weilchen daurt, gleich diesen Strahlenresten,
Die lichte Spur von einer edlen That.
Auf weitem Meer ist es ein traurig Grauen,
Den Untergang der Sonne anzuschauen;
Im Augenblicke wo die fremde See
Die Lebensfreundin Sonne ihm verschlang,
Durchzuckt des Wanderers Herz ein dunkles Weh,
Er sieht die Fluthen dämmern heimlich bang,
Beschleichen mag auf irren Meeresstraßen
Den Wandrer ein Gefühl, daß er verlassen;
Zum Himmel hebt er dann die Blicke gerne
Und sucht den Gruß der heimathlichen Sterne,
Die nie dem Menschenherzen näher kommen,
Als wo der Gruß der Erde ihm genommen,
Die nie die Seele himmlischer beflügeln,
Als auf des Meeres schwanken Grabeshügeln.
Wird solch Gefühl, o Faust, dein Herz beschleichen?
Erinnerung die Seele dir erweichen? —
Ihm naht des Schiffes Capitän und spricht,
Hindeutend auf der Sonne letztes Licht:
Der Sonnenuntergang regt mich zu denken
Wohl jedesmal an eine bittre Stund',
Als ich die todte Mutter mußte senken
Vom Bord hinunter in den Meeresgrund.
Es war ein Augenblick trüb, kummervoll,
Wie wenige so schmerzlich ihn erfahren,
So lang' ich noch hienieden lebe, soll
Das Herz mit seinem Kummer ihn bewahren.
Da lag sie auf dem Brette ausgestreckt,
Zu Füßen ihr gefügt ein Sack mit Sand,
Und harrend lehnt das Brett am Schiffesrand,
Ein kurz Gebetlein — der Matrose schnellt
Vom Brett die Todte lächelnd ab — sie fällt,
Und lange, lange sah ich sie noch sinken
Und mir mit ihrem weißen Tuche winken.
Von dannen zog das Schiff, mir war so schwer,
Daß ich allein die Mutter mußte lassen,
Wenn auch schon todt, im weiten, fremden Meer
Wo sie die kalten Ungeheuer fassen.
Und wenn ins Meer versinkt der Sonne Schein,
So fällt mir immer meine Mutter ein. —
Faust aber spricht: „Ihr seid mir wunderlich;
Wie konntet ihr auf rauhem Meere fahren,
Und doch so weiche Sitten euch bewahren?
Ganz anders stimmt diese Reise mich.
Was einst mich freute von den Erdengaben,
Was mich, weil ich's verloren, einst gekränkt,
Der Erde ganze Lust hab' ich versenkt
Ins tiefe Meer, und ihren Schmerz begraben.
Mir war das Meer des Schmerzes hohe Schule
Hier mag er würdig aufzuflammen lernen
Nur nach dem Ew'gen, leider ewig fernen,
Und daß er nicht nach dem Erschaffnen buhle.
Ein mächtig Wort: „Verachtung des Erschaffnen!"
Ich hab's erfaßt, daß es von Schuld mich heile,
Denn fernher schnellt Erinnrung ihre Pfeile,
Und nur der Stolz kann gegen Reue waffnen." —
Indessen schwand der Sonne letzter Schimmer,
Und leer und schlaff die Segel niederhangen,
Der Wind ist mit der Sonne schlafen gangen,
Die Wellen werden leiser, dunkler immer. —
Auf seinem Lager, schlummerharrend, liegt
Der Wanderer Faust, das Auge zu, das Ohr
Dicht an des Schiffes Bretterwand geschmiegt,
Schlaflieder murmelt ihm der Wellenchor.
Faust hört versunken im sanften Meerestosen
So nah den Tod an seinem Haupte kosen.
Bald ist's ein Rieseln, ein Geflüster bald,

Dann wieder ein geheimnißvolles Klingen,
Als wenn die Winde über Wieſ' und Wald
Den Reſt verſtreuter Glockentöne bringen:
Nun brauſt es dumpf, wie Waſſerfälle rauſchen,
Wie vom Gebirge herrliche Schalmeien,
Nun wieder hört ein träumeriſches Lauſchen
Von fernem Spielplatz luſt'ge Kinder ſchreien.
Fauſt höret wirrer ſtets des Meeres Wallen,
Der Uebermacht des Schlafes heimgefallen. —
Je trotziger ein Mann, auf ſich geſtellt,
In ſtolzer Einſamkeit ſich ſeine Welt,
Je tiefer muß er fühlen in der Nacht,
Wenn allgemach die Sinne ihm verſiegen
Wie ſüß es iſt, des Schlafes weicher Macht,
Dem Mutterkuſſe der Natur erliegen.
Bald hat die Seele Fauſt's ein Traum berühret,
Der ſie an leichter Schöpferhand entführet.
Der Träumer ſteht auf einem Inſelſtrand,
Von Meer umfluthet rings, das nirgends endet,
Ein Blüthenwald vom unbewohnten Land
Die Frühlingsdüfte in die See verſchwendet.
Bezaubernd klingt die tiefe Einſamkeit
Im Vogelſang, von Strömung nie bedroht,
Der Liebe Luſt, der Sehnſucht ſüßes Leid,
Im Oſten ſtrahlt ein helles Morgenroth.
Die Wellen glühn und ſingen Wonnelieder,
Melodiſch lockt zu ſich die Tiefe nieder.
Der Träumer lauſcht und meint ſie zu verſtehen,
Und jeden Gruß, den Frühlingslüfte wehen;
Und lange lauſcht er, wunderbar beklommen,
Der Luſt des Meers ſo heimathlichen Sprachen:
Nun ſieht er plötzlich, oſtenher geſchwommen,
Dem Untergang zugleiten einen Nachen;
Vorüber treibt am Eiland ihn der Wind,
Da wandert eine Frau mit ihrem Kind.
Ein ſchönes Kind, mit goldnem Lockenhaar,
Die Augen wie der Morgenhimmel klar,
Des Mundes Lächeln ſeliges Genügen,
Die Ruh' der Unſchuld in den holden Zügen.
Wie ſie an Fauſt vorüberfahren dicht,
Blickt ihm die Frau gar traurig ins Geſicht.
„O Mutter!" ruft er aus, — mit ſtillem Weinen
Legt ſie die Hand hindeutend auf den Kleinen:
„So warſt du einſt!" Das war ihr ſtummes Klagen,
Und ſchon hat ſie die Fluth dahingetragen.
Fauſt ſtarrt ihr nach und ſeinem Kindesbild,
Und wie ſie fort und immer ferner ſchwimmen,
Verſtummen in dem Wald die Frühlingsſtimmen,
Der Wind, die Waſſer rauſchen fremd und wild.
Und Abends iſt's, mit wildem Satze ſprang
Die Sonne plötzlich in den Untergang,
Am Himmel rollt einher ein ſchwarz Gewitter,
Der Sturm zerreißt den Blüthenwald in Splitter,
Und Blitze fahren, laute Donner krachen,
Und auf den Wogen kommt ein andrer Nachen.
Da wandert eine ſtarre, ſchreckensbleiche
Jungfrau, mit einer ſtarren, blaſſen Leiche.
Wie ſie an Fauſt vorüberfahren dicht,
Da blickt ſie ihm gar traurig ins Geſicht:
„Den ſchlugſt du todt!" Das war ihr ſtummes Klagen
Und ſchon hat ſie der Sturm dahingetragen.
„Maria!" ruft er aus — und iſt erwacht,
Und eilt aufs Deck, und jagend irrt umher
Sein Blick, noch trunken von des Traumes Macht,
Und ſucht das Boot im ſturmbewegten Meer.
Hier aber iſt kein Sturm, hier iſt kein Nachen,
Das Meer iſt ſtill, nur Mond und Sterne wachen.
Als die Geſtirne ihm ins Antlitz leuchten,
Erwacht er ganz, es flieht des Traumes Däuchten.
Das Meer iſt ſtill, nicht eine Welle ruft,
Und lauſchend ſtehn geblieben iſt die Luft;
So ſtill die Nacht, man hört des Herzens Klopfen,
Und ſchier den Thau vom Himmel niedertropfen,
Und ſchier den Mondſtrahl auf das Waſſer fallen;
Wie Fauſt hineinſtaunt in das tiefe Schweigen,
Da kommt Mephiſto, ſpricht: „Es iſt doch eigen,
Darein kann mein Geſchmack ſich gar nicht ſchicken,
Abſcheulich iſt die Stille, zum Erſticken.
Ich will vom Schlafe die Matroſen holen,
Daß ſie noch einmal ihre Lieder johlen.
Nach deinem Traum biſt du viel ernſter, blaſſer;
Ich höre lieber die Matroſen ſingen
Ihr gellend Lied, als auf das ſtille Waſſer
Die Thränen deiner Rührung niederklingen!"
„„Still, ſtöre nicht mit deinem ſcharfen Schrei
Die Nacht; die Zeit der Thränen iſt vorbei.
In Wolken ſind die Sterne nun verkrochen,
Wie Kinder ſich verkriechen in die Decken,
Wenn ſie an ihrem eignen Traum erſchrecken.
Der iſt ein Kind, den Träume unterjochen.
Mein traumgehetztes Blut mag ſchneller jagen,
Mein Herz erſchrecken, trauern und verzagen;
Doch wenn auch bei phantaſtiſchen Gewittern
Mir Nerv und Ader, Erdenkinder, zittern,
Erwach' ich, bin ich Herr in meinem Haus,
Und werfe den Geſpenſterſpuk hinaus.
Doch iſt's ein Uebel, daß ich Träume habe,
Wann Schlaf gefeſſelt meine Willensmacht,
Die grauſam, wie Hyänen, in der Nacht
Die Todten mir aufwühlen aus dem Grabe,
Dann hilft es nichts, daß ich den Wahn vernichtet,
Und doch den Thurm Verachtung aufgerichtet,
Von dem ich wachend auf das Mährchengrauen
Von Schuld und Reu' mag feſt herunter ſchauen,
Die Träume, ungelehr'ge Beſtien, ſchleichen
Noch immer nach des Wahns verſcharrten Leichen!""
So hadert Fauſt zur Flucht ein weich Gefühl,
Den Reſt des Traumes, während feucht und kühl
Nachtnebel übers dunkle Meer hinſchweifen
Und ſeine trotzigheiße Stirne ſtreifen.

Der Sturm.

Fauſt und Mephiſtopheles ſpazieren auf dem Verdeck.

Fauſt.

Wir wandeln auf dem Schifflein hin und her,
Das Schifflein jagt dahin im weiten Meer,
Das Meer iſt mit den Winden auf der Flucht,
Die Erde ſammt dem Schifflein, Meer und Winden,
Schießt durch den weiten Himmelsraum und ſucht
In ew'ger Leidenſchaft, und kann's nicht finden.
Mir iſt das Meer vertrauter, als das Land;
Hier rauſcht es unbeſtreitbar in die Seele,
Was dort ich leiſe, dunkel nur empfand,
Daß die Natur auch ew'ge Sehnſucht quäle;
Nach einem Glücke, das ſie nie gewinnt;
Und was da lebt im regen Labyrinth,
Kann ſich in Ruhe nirgendwo verſchanzen,
Stets in den Sturm der Sehnſucht fortgeriſſen;
Und flücht' ich nach den Grabesfinſterniſſen,
Muß meine Aſche um die Sonne tanzen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Nur ſcheinbar iſt die Ruhe ſelbſt der Rinder,
Die auf der Weide gehn in Maientagen,
Und Blumen morden, freſſen mit Behagen,
Herodes jeder Ochs der Frühlingskinder;
Indeſſen kocht in ſeiner kleinſten Ader
Das Leben mit dem Tod den heißen Hader.
Die Weide mahnt mich an den Roſſehirten;
Wir trafen ihn, als wir auf Abenteuer
Zu Pferd das Magyarenland durchirrten,
Im Wald, bei Nacht, an ſeinem Wachtfeuer.
Die ſchwarzen Hengſte graſten in der Runde,
Seltſam beſtrahlt, der wilde Mähnenhang
Im Nachtwind flog, und deinem Lauſchen ſang
Der Hirt ein traurig Lied aus fremdem Munde;
Dann ſchwieg er ſtill und ſtarrte in die Gluth,
Und thürmte drüber manche Blätterſäule,
Und ſtarrte wieder mit verſchloßnem Muth;
Da kam aus Schattendickicht eine Eule,
Und ſchwirrt' unheimlich krächzend um ſein Ohr,
Und der geneckte Hirte ſprang empor,
Griff in die Flamme mit gewalt'ger Hand
Und raffte einen ungeheuren Brand
Und ſchwang ihn um ſein Haupt in wilder Haſt,
Die Eule ſcheuchend fort, den ſchlimmen Gaſt.
Wie jener Hirt in Waldeseinſamkeit
Ums Haupt im Kreiſe ſchwang das Flammenſcheit,
So ſchwingt der ew'ge Hirt mit ſtarker Hand
Im Kreis ums feſte Haupt den Weltenbrand,
Zu ſcheuchen fort aus ſeiner Nacht die Eule,
Die ſonſt ihm krächzend naht: die Langeweile.

Fauſt.

Und wenn der Sterne große Wanderſchaaren
Nur Funken wären, jenem Brand entfahren,
Den um ſein Haupt der ſtarke Hirte ſchlägt,
Wo ſind die Roſſe, die der Hirte hegt?

Mephiſtopheles.

Die werden auch noch wo zu finden ſein.
Du treibſt mir die Metapher in die Enge,
Sie aber wäre nicht mein Töchterlein,
Wenn ſie ſich nicht aus deiner Frage ſchlänge.
Die Roſſe, die dem Hirten weiden gehen,
Und die allein dem alten Hirten theuer,
Um derentwillen brennt das Weltenfeuer,
Die Roſſe nennt der Philoſoph Ideen:
Mir aber iſt's ein inniges Ergötzen,
Heranzuſchleichen mich mit ſeinem Tritt,
Und plötzlich mich auf ſo ein Roß zu ſetzen
Und durch die Welt zu machen einen Ritt,
Bis mich das Roß abwirft, und ſcheu zurück
Zu ſeinem Hirten flieht und Weideglück;
Denn was Natur gebiert, die reiche Mutter,
Verzehrt die Heerd' als friſches Weidefutter.
Du, Rößlein, biſt für dieſes Loos zu gut,
Drum ſteck' ich lieber dich an meinen Hut.
Sieh dort am Himmel kommen andre Roſſe,
Dort kommt die ſchwarze Donnerwolkenheerde;
Kennſt du den Flug, die wilde Kraftgeberde?
Halloh! ſchon kracht das Schiff vom erſten Stoße!

Fauſt.

Wie wenn die Roſſe durch die Haide fliegen,
Hinſauſend an den ſchlanken Graſeshalmen
Und ſie mit ihrem Sturmgeſchnaube biegen,
Und ſie mit ihrem ſtarken Huf zermalmen:
Durchfliegen dieſe Himmelsroſſe raſend
Die grüne Meereshaide als Verwüſter,
Und wiehern Sturm aus aufgeriſſner Nüſter,
Der Maſten ſchlanke Halme niederblaſend.

Mephiſtopheles.

Halloh! es krachen, brechen unſre Maſten:
Siehſt du den Capitän, den ſchreckerblaßten?
Das iſt der Käfer, der am Halm gebaumelt,
Und mit dem abgeknickten nieder taumelt.

Fauſt.

Hört, bleicher Capitän! erhebt euch doch!
Das iſt kein Mann, weß Blut im Sturmgehudel
Geduckt zurückſchleicht, ein gepeitſchter Pudel,
Zur Herzenskammer, ſeinem Hundeloch.
Zeigſt du nicht augenblicklich Mannesmuth,
So werf' ich dich, beim Teufel! in die Fluth!
Schämſt du dich, Memme! vor dem Sturme nicht?
Ich dulde nicht die Schmach im Angeſicht,
Den Menſchen da in ſeiner Bettelblöße
Genüber der Natur in ihrer Größe.

Capitän.

Seit zwanzig Jahren fahr' ich dieſes Meer,
So ſchrecklich denk' ich keinen Sturm, wie der.
Wie jeder Nagel, jede Fuge kracht!
Weh' uns! wie Alles wankt und bricht und reißt!
Der nächſte Augenblick ein Ende macht!
Ich zittere nicht für mich, und ich erblaſſe
Nur, weil ich Weib und Kind nicht gern verlaſſe;
Sie ſollen beten einſt an meinem Grab.

Fauſt.

Verfluchter Mahner! feiger Wicht! hinab!
(wirft ihn in's Meer.)

Ein Prieſter
(auf den Knieen.)

Erbarme dich, du großer Gott!
Barmherz'ger, hilf in unſrer Noth!
Herr! deines Sohnes Chriſti Blut
Helf' in der Noth uns Armen,
Beſänft'ge mit Erbarmen,
Ein heilig Oel, die Sturmesfluth!

Matroſen.
(auf den Knieen.)

Erbarme dich, du großer Gott!
Barmherz'ger, hilf in unſrer Noth!

Fauſt
(ruft in die Wolken.)

Mach', was du willſt mit deiner Sturmesnacht!
Du Weltenherr, ich trotze deiner Macht!
Hier ſteht mein Leib am Rand des Unterganges,
Doch weckt der Sturm in meinem Geiſt die Urkraft,
Die ewig iſt, wie du, und gleichen Ranges,
Und ich verfluche meine Creaturſchaft!

Mephiſtopheles.

Braviſſimo! zu Schanden geht der Nachen;
Den kleinen Biſſen hat der Ocean
Lang hin- und hergeſpielt in ſeinem Rachen,
Nun beißt er drein mit ſeinem Klippenzahn.
(Wehgeſchrei der Mannſchaft.)
Nun ſchluckt er ihn! Fauſt! ſpring' auf dieſe Zacken,
Hier kann die tolle Fluth dich nimmer packen.

Fauſt.

Schon ſteh ich feſt; doch ſterben die Matroſen,
Wohl gerne lebten noch die Rettungsloſen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Sie haben meiſt das Eiland ſchon betreten,
Die Kerle ſchwimmen kräft'ger, als ſie beten!
Doch iſt der bleiche Capitän erſoffen,
Vergebens war auf trocknes Grab ſein Hoffen.
Und dort der Pfaff ein naſſes Ende nimmt,
Der mag doch kräft'ger beten, als er ſchwimmt.

von Strettlingen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Stricer,

um die Mitte des 16ten Jahrhunderts zu Lübeck geboren, lebte daſelbſt ſeit 1584 als Burgprediger und ſtarb am 23. Januar 1598. Er ſchrieb:

Der deutſche Schlemmer, ein geiſtlich Spiel. Magdeburg, 1588.
Daſſelbe niederſächſiſch. Frankfurt a. d. O., 1593.
Vom erbärmlichen Fall Adams und Evan, geiſtlich Spiel. 1590.

St. war nicht ohne dramatiſches Talent, was ſich beſonders in ſeinem raſchen lebendigen Dialog zeigt. Der ſchlechte Geſchmack ſeiner Zeit hielt jedoch auch ihn gefeſſelt.

Friedrich Karl von Strombeck

ward am 16. September 1771 zu Braunſchweig geboren, erhielt ſeine Vorbildung auf dem dortigen Carolinum und ſtudirte dann in Helmſtädt und Göttingen die Rechte. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn ward er Hofgerichts-Aſſeſſor zu Wolfenbüttel, 1799 Hof- und Abteirath von Gandersheim und Geſchäftsführer der Aebtiſſin, dann Hofgerichts-Aſſeſſor zu Braunſchweig. Bei Errichtung des Königreichs Weſtphalen wurde er

Präſident des Diſtrict-Civil-Tribunals zu Einbeck, dann Präſident der Geſetzgebungs-Commiſſion in Caſſel und darauf Ritter des Ordens der weſtphäliſchen Krone und Präſident des Appellationshofes in Celle. Dieſe wichtigen Functionen unterbrachen nur kurze Erholungsreiſen. Er war zum Reichsbaron und Staatsrath in Caſſel ernannt worden, als das Königreich Weſtphalen ein Ende nahm. Nun kehrte er nach Wolfenbüttel in den Privatſtand zurück und beſchäftigte ſich mit wiſſenſchaftlichen Arbeiten. Bei dem braunſchweigiſchen Landtage von 1819 führte er das Protocoll und wirkte ſeitdem als lippiſcher Geheime und Oberappellationsrath und braunſchweigiſcher Steuerdirector in vielſeitiger Thätigkeit zu Wolfenbüttel fort.

Die nicht juriſtiſchen und ſtaatswiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften dieſes ſo vielfach ausgezeichneten Mannes ſind:

Ueberſetzungen:
- Ovid's Kunſt zu lieben. Göttingen, 1795.
- Ovid's Heilmittel der Liebe. Göttingen, 1796.
- Tibull. Göttingen, 1799.
- Propertius. Braunſchweig, 1800.
- Tacitus Werke. Braunſchweig, 1815—16. 3 Bde.
- Salluſt. Göttingen, 1817.

Darſtellungen aus meinem Leben und meiner Zeit. Braunſchweig, 1832. 2 Bde.
Darſtellungen aus einer Reiſe durch Deutſchland und Italien. Braunſchweig, 1836. 3 Bde.
Darſtellungen aus einer Reiſe durch Deutſchland und Holland. Braunſchweig, 1838.
Darſtellungen aus einer Reiſe von Niederſachſen nach Wien. Braunſchweig, 1839.
Darſtellungen aus einer Reiſe durch Schweden und Dänemark. Braunſchweig, 1840.

Deutſcher Fürſtenſpiegel aus dem 16ten Jahrhundert. Braunſchweig, 1829.
Henning Brabant und ſeine Zeitgenoſſen. Braunſchweig, 1829.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Abhandlungen, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Tiefes Eindringen in den Geiſt des Originals, reiches Wiſſen und große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form verleihen ſeinen Ueberſetzungen einen bleibenden Werth. Seine Darſtellungen zeichnen ſich dagegen durch treffliche Auffaſſung, klare Lebensanſchauung, Gemüthlichkeit und treffliche Schilderung aus, nur iſt nicht zu leugnen, daß dieſer geiſtreiche aber durch ſeine günſtigen Verhältniſſe etwas verwöhnte Mann, mitunter dieſen oder jenen Gegenſtand nicht erſchöpfend und daher einſeitig beurtheilt und behandelt, trotz dem, daß echte Humanität immer die Baſis aller ſeiner Leiſtungen bleibt.

Stricker, ſ. Minneſinger.

Stromer, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Andreas Sebaſtian von Stumpf

ward 1772 zu Geſlach bei Würzburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Würzburg, woſelbſt er 1795 Bibliothekſecretär, 1800 Archivar und fürſtlicher Hof- und Regierungsrath und 1804 Profeſſor der Diplomatik wurde. 1806 folgte er einem Rufe als Landesdirectionsrath nach Bamberg, 1809 dem noch ruhmvolleren als Legationsrath und Reichsarchivar nach München. Auch wurde er als ordentliches Mitglied in die Academie der Wiſſenſchaften aufgenommen. 1814 kehrte er als geheimer Legationsrath und Director der Reichsarchiv-Commiſſion nach Würzburg zurück, wo er ſeit 1817 als Doctor der Philoſophie, Regierungsdirector des Untermainkreiſes und Ritter des Civilverdienſtordens lebte und am 16. April 1820 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Eulogius Schneiders Leben und Schickſale. Frankfurt, 1792.
Diplomatiſche Geſchichte der deutſchen Lige im 17ten Jahrhundert. Erfurt, 1800.
Denkwürdigkeiten der deutſchen Geſchichte. Erfurt, 1802—1807.
Hiſtoriſches Archiv für Franken. Bamberg, 1804.
Diplomatiſcher Beitrag zur Geſchichte des Landsberger Bundes. Bamberg, 1804.
Geſchichte des Kurhauſes Pfalzbaiern. Bamberg, 1804.
Kurze Geſchichte der Landſtände des jetzigen Großherzogthums Würzburg. Bamb., 1815.
Ueber Deutſchlands Wiedergeburt. Leipz., 1814.
Noch einige Worte über Deutſchlands gegenwärtig höchſtes Intereſſe. Leipzig, 1814.
Baierns politiſche Geſchichte. München, 1817. Bd. 1. Abth. 1. und 2.
Diplomatiſcher Beitrag zur europäiſchen Staatengeſchichte. Nürnberg, 1818.

Gründlichkeit, Scharfſinn und genaue Kritik, verbunden mit guter Darſtellung geben ſeinen hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen bleibenden Werth; leider hinderte ihn ſein frühzeitiger Tod an der Vollendung ſeines bedeutendſten Werkes, der Geſchichte Baierns.

Chriſtoph Chriſtian Sturm

ward am 25. Januar 1740 zu Augsburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Jena und Halle und wurde Magiſter der Philoſophie. Bis 1765 wirkte er am halleſchen Pädagogium; dann ging er als Conrector nach Sorau. 1767 kehrte er als Paſtor an der Marktkirche nach Halle zurück, wurde 1769 zweiter Prediger an der heiligen Geiſtkirche zu Magdeburg und endlich 1778 zum Hauptpaſtor an der Petrikirche und Scholarchen in Hamburg ernannt. Nach einem höchſt verdienſtvollen Wirken verſchied er daſelbſt am 26. Auguſt 1786.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Lieder für das Herz. Frankfurt, 1767.
Sammlung geiſtlicher Geſänge. Halle, 1774.
Lieder und Kirchengeſänge. Hamburg, 1780.
Geſangbuch für Gartenfreunde. Hamburg, 1781.
Der Chriſt in der Einſamkeit. Halle, 1763.
Der Chriſt am Sonntage. Halle, 1764—66.

Betrachtungen über die Werke Gottes in der Natur und der Vorſehung. Halle, neu 1797. 2 Thle.
Unterhaltungen mit Gott in den Morgenſtunden, neu herausgegeben von **Wilmſen**. Hannover, 1811. 2 Thle.
Predigten über die Epiſteln. Halle, 1771—78. 4 Thle.
Predigten über die Evangelien, herausgegeben von **Wolfrath**. Hamburg, 1792—96. 5 Thle.

Einer der beliebteſten und talentvollſten aſcetiſchen Schriftſteller, Kanzelredner und geiſtlichen Liederdichter ſeiner Zeit. Milde Frömmigkeit, Klarheit der Gedanken, Innigkeit und Wärme ſind ihm eigen und erwarben ſeinen Schriften zu ihrer Zeit einen großen Kreis von frommen und dankbaren Leſern.

Der Tag des Weltgerichts.

Wenn der Erde Gründe beben,
Und in Todtengrüften Leben
Und im Staube Jugendſtärke wallt;
Wenn des Auferweckers Stimme ſchallt:
Gott! erbarm dich unſer!

Wenn mit donnerndem Getümmel,
O Allmächt'ger, deine Himmel
Und des Erdballs Reiche ſchnell vergehn,
Und wir wankend auf den Trümmern ſtehn:
Gott! erbarm dich unſer!

Wenn auf deinem Wolkenwagen,
Von Zehntauſenden getragen,
Weltenrichter, du herniederfährſt,
Und den Uebelthätern Rache ſchwörſt:
Gott! erbarm dich unſer!

Wenn mit Zittern und Entzücken
Alle Völker nach dir blicken,
Und dein flammend Richterangeſicht
Fluch und Lohn in ihre Seele ſpricht:
Gott! erbarm dich unſer!

Wenn auch ich dann vor dir ſtehe
Und mein Aug' zu deiner Höhe
Bebend nur empor zu ſchauen wagt,
Wenn in mir die ganze Menſchheit zagt:
Gott! erbarm dich meiner!

Ottokar Sturm, ſ. F. C. Rambach.

Helfrich Peter Sturz

wurde am 16. Februar 1736 zu Darmſtadt geboren. Er ſtudirte von 1754—57 zu Göttingen, Jena und Gießen die Rechte und wurde nach zwei Jahren zu München Secretär bei dem Baron von Widmann, der damals kaiſerlicher Geſandter am dortigen Hofe war. Doch als Proteſtant in Baiern faſt ohne Ausſicht auf Beförderung, ging er nach einem Jahre nach Glückſtadt, wo er des Kanzlers von Eyben Privatſecretär wurde, für welchen er zwei Mal nach Wien, ſpäter nach Wetzlar reiſen mußte; zu Wien erhielt er den Titel eines bernburgiſchen Rathes. Der Kanzler erkannte die ganze Bedeutung ſeines Secretars und war großmüthig genug, ihn freiwillig 1762 einem glänzendern Wirkungskreiſe in Copenhagen entgegenzuführen. St. lernte ſchnell die däniſche Sprache. Der große Bernſtorf nahm ihn in ſein Haus auf, wo er die Stelle ſeines Privatſecretärs verwaltete, mit welcher er ſeit 1763 einen Poſten im Departement der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten verband. Hier verlebte er an der Seite des edlen und geiſtreichen Bernſtorf und im engen Bunde mit Klopſtock die ſchönſten Tage ſeines Lebens und entwickelte ſich unter dem Einfluß dieſes Umgangs und der hohen Sphäre der Geſellſchaft, welcher er angehörte, ſehr ſchnell zum Kenner der Welt und des Staatsweſens, zum Künſtler, Dichter und Schriftſteller. Im Jahre 1768 wurde er däniſcher Legationsrath und folgte dem Könige, Chriſtian dem Siebenten, auf deſſen Reiſe nach England und Frankreich. 1770 wurde ihm ſein Wirkungskreis im Generalpoſtdirectorium angewieſen und nichts ſchien ſeine glänzenden Ausſichten ſtören zu können, als die Kataſtrophe vom 17. Januar 1772 auch ihn, wenngleich unſchuldig, in Struenſee's Unglück verwickelte. Er ward verhaftet und erſt nach vier Monaten wieder auf freien Fuß geſetzt. Nun lebte er eine Zeit lang mit einer däniſchen Penſion in Glückſtadt und Altona. 1772 ward er däniſcher Seits als Regierungsrath in die oldenburgiſche Regierung geſetzt; 1775 zum oldenburgiſchen Staatsrath ernannt. So war ſeine äußere Lage geſichert und zahlreiche treue Freunde verbanden ſich mit ſeiner Gattin, ihm ſeine früheren Schickſale vergeſſen zu machen. Aber ſein inneres Leben war gebrochen und er zehrte ſich in Siechthum und Unmuth allmählig auf. Auf einer Reiſe nach Bremen im Jahre 1779 erhielt er Briefe aus Dänemark ſo überraſchend freudigen Inhalts, daß ſein ganzes Weſen dadurch in Erſchütterung gerieth; aber ſie wirkte zum Uebel. Nach zwei Tagen ſtarb er an einem hitzigen Fieber am 12. November 1779.

Von ihm erſchien:

Briefe eines Reiſenden. Schleswig, 1768—70.
Erinnerungen aus Bernſtorfs Leben. Schleswig, 1777.
Schriften. Leipz., 1779—82. 2 Thle.; neu 1786. 2 Thle.
Julie, ein Trauerſpiel. Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1782.

Einer der eleganteſten Proſaiſten ſeiner Zeit, welcher Scharfſinn, Adel der Geſinnung und feinen Witz mit einem überaus fließenden Styl verband, aber im fortwährenden Streben nach Eleganz und Glanz der Diction doch mitunter künſtelnd und manierirt wurde.

Aus Sturz's Schriften.

Pitt.

Pitt ſtand allein auf ſeiner hohen Stelle; die Fluth der neuen Sittenverderbniß ſtrömte tief unter ihm hin. Er hatte ſich ſelbſt gebildet, und ſank nie zur Nachahmung, auch der größten Männer herab. In ſeiner Geſtalt iſt ſtrenger Ernſt, wie in den Formen der älteſten Kunſt, und auch die Härte derſelben. Ihm iſt kein Staatsmann aus der Geſchichte zu vergleichen. Er verachtete die Politik; ihre Ränke waren ihm entbehrlich. Nie hat er geſtrebt Recht zu behalten; nie hat man ihn überredet oder bewogen. Er riß ein und baute, herrſchte, überwältigte; Englands Größe war ſein Ziel, und ſein Ehrgeiz Unſterblichkeit. Nie erhob ſich in ſeinem Lande ein großer Mann ohne Parthei; er allein vernichtete alle Partheien. Alle Britten waren mit ihm einig. Unter einem verkäuflichen Volk hat er nie eine Stimme gekauft. Frankreich ſank unter der Kraft ſeines Arms, der die Bourboniſche Ligue zertrümmerte, und Englands wogenthürmende Demokratie nach allen Richtungen ſeines Willens trieb. Er ſah in's Gränzenloſe, und maß das Schickſal von Jahrhunderten mit Einem Blick. Seine Anſchläge wurden immer durch unerwartete Mittel ausgeführt, die ſich den Umſtänden anſchmiegten, immer in die eigene Minute trafen, wo ſie gelingen mußten. Hinderniſſe und Kräfte waren ſeinem Geiſte auf einmal gegenwärtig, den gleichſam eine Gabe der Weiſſagung ſtärkte.

Dieſer Mann paßte nicht in ſeine Zeit, nicht unter die Pygmäen ſeines Jahrhunderts. Furchtſam blickten ſie an ihm hinauf; alle Claſſen der feilen Rotte zitterten bei dem bloßen Namen Pitt. Freilich beſitzt er die Verdienſte eines guten freundlichen Mannes nicht; dieſe ſind nur für Menſchen von minderer Größe. Unempfindlich gegen die ſanfteren Freuden des häuslichen Glücks, ſah er unverwandt auf Brittaniens Schickſal, trat unter ſeine Helden und Geſetzgeber hin, und entſchied's.

Seine Beredſamkeit war leicht und helle, drückte die erhabenſten Empfindungen durch gemeine Redensarten aus. Sie war weder dem reißenden Strom des Demoſthenes, noch der verzehrenden Flamme des Tullius ähnlich, ſondern ſie glich zuweilen dem Donner, zuweilen der Muſik der Sphären. Er verleitete, feſſelte den Verſtand nicht durch mühſam verkettete Schlüſſe, wie Mansfield; er war nie, wie Townshend, auf der Folter, um Witz und Talente zu zeigen: ſondern er umſtrahlte den Gegenſtand, und traf ſicher den Punkt, durch den Blitz ſeines Geiſtes, den man, wie den Blitz ſeiner Augen, nur empfindet, nicht beſchreibt. Er konnte nach Willkühr umbilden, erſchaffen, zerſtören. Er hätte ein wildes Volk unter Ordnung und Geſetze vereinigt. Er verſtand's, ein freies Volk wie Sklaven zu beherrſchen, ein Reich zu gründen, oder zu vernichten, und einen Streich zu ſchlagen, der durch die Welt wiederhallte *).

So war Pitt im letzten Krieg. Und wer konnte widerſtehn, als er in der Toga ſtand, und für die Colonien gegen die Stempelakte ſprach: „Eure Herrſchaft über Amerika iſt unumſchränkt, wenn es auf Regierung, auf Geſetzgebung ankömmt, aber ihr ſeid nicht befugt, Steuern von den Coloniſten zu fordern. Sie haben mit uns gleichen Anſpruch auf die Rechte der Menſchheit, auf die Rechte von England: ſie ſind keine Hurenkinder, ſondern eure Söhne. In unſerm Vaterland iſt das Recht, Steuern aufzulegen, weder ein Theil der regierenden, noch der geſetzgebenden Macht; Steuern ſind ein freies Geſchenk der Gemeinen. Dieſes Haus ſtellt die Gemeinen vor; darum geben und bewilligen wir, was wir geben können, unſer Eigenthum. Aber wenn wir dem König Steuern von Amerika bewilligen, ſo bewilligen Sr. Majeſtät Gemeinen von Großbritannien — unſer Eigenthum? nein, das Eigenthum Sr. Majeſtät Gemeinen in Amerika. Einige ſagen, die Coloniſten werden virtualiter durch dieſes Haus repräſentirt. Ich frage durch wen? durch Abgeordnete irgend eines Diſtrikts, irgend einer Stadt — wo ſind ſie? ein verächtlicher Einfall, der keine Widerlegung verdient. Warum wollt ihr unmittelbar in der Taſche eurer Brüder plündern? Steuern ſie nicht mittelbar beſchwerlicher als wir, durch eure Monopolien? Müſſen ſie nicht alles von euch, ſo theuer als ihr wünſchet, kaufen? Alles an euch, ſo wohlfeil, als ihr's wollt, verkaufen? Dürfen ſie den Segen ihres Landes und die Früchte ihres Fleißes irgend Jemand anbieten? Ihr erlaubt keinem Volke der Erde auf dieſem Markt neben euch zu ſtehn. Man erzählt uns, daß Amerika hartnäckig iſt, daß es einen öffentlichen Aufruhr gewagt hat. Ich, meine Landsleute — ich freue mich, daß es widerſteht. Drei Millionen Menſchen, die ſich freiwillig unter die Knechtſchaft beugten, würden künftig taugliche Werkzeuge ſein, auch uns das Joch auf den Nacken zu heften. Seit König William hat kein Miniſter den fürchterlichen Plan gewagt; er war unſern Zeiten vorbehalten."

„Wenn Amerika fällt, ſo wird es die Pfeiler des Staats ergreifen, und hinſtürzen auf die Trümmer unſerer Verfaſſung. — Iſt dieß euer gerühmter Friede? ihr wollt das Schwerdt nicht in die Scheide, ſondern in die Eingeweide eurer Brüder ſtecken."

Die Verehrer Pitt's wünſchen einen Tag aus ſeinem Leben zu vertilgen, deſſen Geſchichte Lord Cheſterfield in folgenden Worten erzählt: „Pitt hatte freie Hand alle Miniſter zu nennen; und errathen Sie, wozu er ſich gemacht hat? zum geheimen Siegelbewahrer und — werden Sie's glauben? zum Lord Chatham. Hier iſt der allgemeine Scherz, daß er die Treppe hinauf gefallen iſt, und zwar ſo unglücklich, daß er in ſeinem Leben nicht wieder auf die Beine kommen wird. Nun iſt er nichts mehr, als Lord Chatham, und in keiner Bedeutung mehr Pitt. Ich kenne in der Geſchichte kein ähnliches Beiſpiel. So in der Fülle ſeiner Macht wegzuſinken, im Genuß des befriedigten Ehrgeizes, das Volk, das Haus der Gemeinen zu verlaſſen, das ihm allein Macht gab, ihm allein Macht verſichern konnte, in's Hoſpital der Unheilbaren, in's Haus der Lords zu flüchten — es iſt ein unglaublicher Schritt **)."

Dennoch haben Andere den großen Mann nicht ohne Nachdruck vertheidigt, der entkräftet in Schatten zurücktrat, als England durch ihn triumphirte. Weder Würden noch Titel konnten Pitt erhöhen, ſondern er entwich allein dadurch dem Geräuſch und den Stürmen der Regierung, weil er Ruhe wünſchte nach unſterblichen Thaten; und verdient ſie vielleicht der Retter ſeines Volks nicht?

Aber als er neulich ſich wieder auf ſeinen Krücken empor hob, und im Parlament mit ſterbender Stimme rief: „Britten, ihr wollt Frieden kaufen? aufopfern Ruhm und Herrſchaft, nicht züchtigen Frankreich, das vor euch bebte, euch nun Hohn ſpricht? — Ich — zeuge wider euch bei der Nachwelt. Auf, laßt uns kämpfen, fallen, wenn es ſein muß, unter den Trümmern des Vaterlandes!" War das nicht wieder die große Seele Pitt's, die neuverklärt über ihrem Leichnam ſchwebte?

Die gegenwärtige Epoche von England erinnert an Rom's gefahrvollen Krieg mit Tarent und dem Chatham jener Zeit. Pyrrhus, als Bundsgenoß der Tarentiner, hatte den Conſul Lävinus überwunden, und ſtand mit ſeinem Heer nur achtzehn Stunden von Rom; aber weil er Römermuth zu würdigen verſtand, ſo trug er dem Senat gleich nach erfochtenem Sieg freiwillig einen Vertrag durch den Philoſophen Cineas an, der, durch Geſchenke und Gründe und durch allen Schmuck der Redekunſt, das Erbieten zu empfehlen wußte. Schon wankte der Rath, und Einige ſtellten vor, daß eine große Schlacht verloren ſei, daß eine zweite gefährlicher, entſcheidender werden könnte, weil manche Völker Italiens ſich mit Pyrrhus vereinigen wollten. Rom war im Begriff, einen ſchimpflichen Frieden, als eine Wohlthat, anzunehmen. Aber Appius Claudius lebte noch, der, im hohen Alter und des Geſichtes beraubt, fern von Geſchäften unter ſeinen Lorbeern ruhte ***). Er hörte nicht ſobald die friedliche Neigung des Senats, als er ſich in einer offnen Sänfte über den großen Platz von Rom nach dem Capitol bringen ließ. An der Thüre erwarteten ihn ſeine Schwiegerſöhne und Kinder, auf deren Arme geſtützt er in die Verſammlung trat, die bei dem Anblick des großen Mannes in ſtiller Ehrfurcht ſchwieg.

„Römer," ſprach er, mit zitternder Stimme, „ich bin ſchon lange blind, und ertrage mein Schickſal ungeduldig; aber heut wünſchte ich auch taub zu werden, um eure Schlüſſe nicht zu hören. Wo iſt euer Trotz, wo ſind die hohen Reden, die durch die Welt erſchallten? Eure Väter, rühmtet ihr, hätten den Alexander verachtet: habt ihr nicht oft wiederholt, daß Rom nur der Triumph noch fehlte, mit ihm gekriegt zu haben, daß er durch ſeine Flucht, oder durch ſeinen Tod euch verherrlicht haben würde? Das war alſo eitle Prahlerei? — Die Macedonier fürchtet ihr nicht; aber die Moloſſer und die Chaonier? Den Alexander fürchtet ihr nicht; aber wohl den Pyrrhus, der als Knecht bei ſeinen Knechten diente! — Ihr träumt Frieden zu kaufen; Krieg und Untergang werdet ihr für Schande kaufen! Wenn euch Pyrrhus gedemüthigt hat, wenn man euch erſt verachtet, ſo werden andere Feinde ſich waffnen, und über das erniedrigte, muthloſe Volk herfallen. — Ha, ihr Schutzgötter meines Vaterlandes! welcher Tag! — Pyrrhus ſiegt, und giebt Rom dem Spott aller Barbaren Preis ****)!"

Rom verwarf den Frieden und ſiegte.

Fragment aus den Papieren eines verſtorbenen Hypochondriſten.

Hypochondrie, polypenartiges Ungeheuer! hier lieg' ich ohne Rettung, und wind' ich, von deinen tauſend Armen umſtrickt.

Freilich war es meine Schuld (und dieß vermehrt meine Qual), daß ich mich im Genuß des Lebens übereilte, und ſeine Freuden und mich, in einer gedankenloſen Jugend, erſchöpfte. Ich war noch nicht dreißig Jahr alt, als ich ſchon zu leiden anfing. Immer ſchlug mir, wie ein Uebelthäter, das Herz; ich holte mühſam, wie Siſyphus unter ſeinen Felſen, Athem; auf traurige Tage folgten jammervolle Nächte; die Welt ekelte mir; ich ſeufzte nach Einſamkeit, und konnte mir ſelbſt nicht entfliehen. Ein franzöſiſcher Arzt verſicherte mich, daß ich nichts bedürfe, als viermal im Jahre einen Coup de lancette. Ihre Humeurs, ſprach er, kochen und ſtreben; Ihre Gefäße ſind überfüllt; Ihre Nerven überſpannt, und das freie Spiel Ihrer Lunge iſt gefeſſelt. Ich folgte viele Jahre ſeinem Rathe, und meine Beſchwerden nahmen fürchterlich zu.

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*) Bis hieher gehören einige Züge einem engliſchen Schriftſteller

**) Letters to Mr. Stanhope.

***) Es verlohnt ſich der Mühe aufzuführen, was Cicero von dieſem Manne ſagt. „Appius Claudius war nicht allein alt, ſondern auch blind; dennoch, als der Senat zum Frieden mit Pyrrhus geneigt war, ſprach er dawider, wie Ennius ſolches in folgenden Verſen ausdrückt.

„Wie iſt euer ſtandhafter Muth auf einmal ſo thöricht und tief herabgeſunken, ihr Römer!" Und an einer andern Stelle: „Appius ſtand ſeiner Familie vor, und war alt und blind; ſein Geiſt war geſpannt wie ein Bogen; er unterlag der Schwachheit des Alters nicht, und erhielt nicht allein Anſehn unter den Seinigen, ſondern er beherrſchte ſie auch. Er war gefürchtet von ſeinen Knechten, von ſeinen Kindern geehrt, und geliebt von Allen. In ſeinem Hauſe blühten alte väterliche Sitten und Zucht. Cato major, vel de senect. Cap. V et XI.

****) Plutarch im Pyrrhus.

Danken Sie Gott, daß Sie noch leben, ſchrieb mir ein Practicus; denn Aderlaſſen iſt ein langſamer Mord. Die Natur, die ſonſt allen Ueberfluß wegräumt, hat, wie Sie wiſſen, dem Blut keinen ordentlichen Ausgang geöffnet. Nun arbeitet Ihr ganzes Räderwerk träge, indem es an Säften, an Blut, an Oel zum Reibezeug mangelt. Ihr Magen hat ſeine Reizbarkeit verloren, und bereitet ſtatt Nahrung ein ſchleichendes Gift. Nehmen Sie von meinen Tropfen, die, ohne Ruhm zu melden, Wunder thun, und trinken Sie alten, wohlthätigen Wein. Anfangs fruchtete dieſe Curart; aber es waren nur Freuden eines Rauſches, nur Opiumsträume. Denn Morgens, eh' ich meine Tropfen verſchluckte, befand ich mich bald elender als jemals, und Nachmittags entfloh das Gefühl der Geſundheit mit den Dünſten des Weins.

Wohl! — declamirte mein gelehrter Profeſſor, ein Anderer hätte das ohne Tiefſinn vermuthet. Denn eine gewaltſame Anſtrengung entkräftet immer in dem nämlichen Verhältniß; man hat Ihre Nerven nur angeſpornt, nicht geſtärkt. Ihre Tropfen ſind nichts als eine Art Aquavit, und der Wein [illegible] nicht mehr der geſunde Saft der Traube, ſondern eine [illegible] verdorbene, fermentirte, oft durch Arſenik und Bleizucker *) vergiftete Infuſion, ein Getränk, das Krankheiten zeugt, entwickelt und nährt, und deſſen ſich die Vorſicht eben ſo zweckmäßig, wie der Peſt und Bajonetten, bedient, um Raum für künftige Geſchlechter zu machen. Waſſer, und nichts anders, müſſen Sie trinken, und Sie können des Guten nicht zu viel thun. Ich füllte, wie die Danaiden, ganze Ladungen Waſſer in meine Gefäße, dehnte meine Gedärme wie Sprützenſchläuche aus, ohne daß darum meine Kräfte ſich mehrten; ich wandelte immer kränker und ſchwächer, und endlich wie ein Schatten, umher.

Eine meiner Muhmen, eine ſittſame Witwe, ſchickte mir ihren jungen Hausmedicus zu, und dieſer trug eine ganz neue Lebensordnung vor. Man hat, liſpelte er, Ihre Conſtitution zu ungeſtüm behandelt. Wir müſſen leiſere Schritte thun, und den Launen Ihres Magens mit mehr Behutſamkeit ſchmeicheln. Trinken Sie Milch, die ſchon ein halbes Blut iſt, und der Natur die Arbeit der Chilification erſpart. Meiden Sie das Fleiſch; denn nur eine verdorbene Ueppigkeit hat dieſen blutgierigen Geſchmack eingeführt. Wir ſind nicht zu Tiegern im Walde erſchaffen. Das Pflanzenreich bietet uns eine geſündere Nahrung dar, und ganze Völker befinden ſich vortrefflich dabei. — Unter allen Diäten iſt mir keine übler bekommen. Um dieſe Zeit fiel mir ein Buch von einem Edinburger Arzt in die Hände, der Alles, was die Natur Genießbares aufſtellt, für eine geſunde Nahrung der Menſchen hält. Wir können, lehrt er, ohne Gefahr, bei dem Ruſſen und den Hottentotten ſchmarotzen. Nur die Menge, nicht die Mannigfaltigkeit ſchadet. Dieſe nützt vielmehr oft, indem eine Speiſe die ſchädliche Wirkung der andern aufhebt, wie z. B. das Alkali des Fleiſches die ſauren Pflanzenſäfte mildert. Es iſt wahrer Unſinn, das Fleiſch zu verbieten, das ſich am leichteſten mit unſerer Subſtanz aſſimilirt, das unſer Magen begehrt, für welches unſre Zähne gebildet ſind. Wir Britten leben vom Fleiſch, und ſind nervig und blutreich, und werden unter jedem Himmelsſtrich alt; auch hat die Erfahrung im letzten Krieg in Indien gelehrt, daß ein Heer Banianen vor einem kleinen Haufen Fleiſchfreſſer flieht.

Mir gefiel die Toleranz dieſes Mannes! aber ich verſuchte ſie zu meinem Unglück, vermuthlich weil meine Natur ſchon lange nicht mehr die angeborne, ſondern eine verkünſtelte, verdorbene Natur war.

Nebenher wechſelte ich eben ſo oft mit Arzneimitteln ab. Ich gebrauchte Stahl, China, Kräuterſäfte, Aſſa fötida, Seifenpillen u. ſ. w. je nachdem ich die Schwindſucht, die Waſſerſucht, die Gelbſucht oder irgend eine von den hundert Suchten befürchtete *). Da ich auch meinen Zuſtand in jedem Brunnenbuch, und zahlreiche Beiſpiele beſcheinigter Curen antraf, ſo trinke ich ſchon ſeit zehn Jahren die mineraliſchen Waſſer, wie ſie auf der Landkarte folgen.

Im verwichenen Sommer trat in Pyrmont eine hagre, hohläugige Geſtalt zu mir. Haben Sie, fragte das Geſpenſt mit bebender Stimme, auch das kalte Bad ſchon gebraucht? Es ſtärkt gewaltig. — Hier fiel es in Ohnmacht. Ich läugne die Kräfte des kalten Waſſers nicht. Im Waſſer zu leben, nennt Maillet **) respirer l'air natal, und es kann ſein, daß es zuweilen das ekelhafte Daſein manches Invaliden verlängert. Mir aber gerieth die Cur nicht, ich gebe vielmehr der Erkältung dabei meine Gliederſchmerzen Schuld, welche weder die Douſche noch das Senfbad, noch das Dampfbad, noch irgend ein warmes Bad, lindern will.

O Aeskulape! zürnet nicht, wenn mein Glaube an eure Kunſt zu wanken beginnt, wenn ein unglücklicher Actienſpieler über die Mäkler in Change-Alley ſchmält! Oft helft ihr unſtreitig, wenn uns ein wüthendes Fieber ergreift, wenn die Natur nur beſtürmt, nicht zerrüttet iſt; ihr dämpft den Aufruhr; ja ihr rettet zuweilen, wenn die Flamme durch alle Stockwerke lodert — wenn das Gebäude nur noch feſt iſt. Aber wenn der Grund wegſinkt, wenn die Fäulniß tief in den Hauptſtändern ſitzt, wenn ein chroniſches Uebel an unſerer Lebenskraft nagt, hilft alsdann Hygiea dem Elenden noch? Giebt es eine Wiſſenſchaft, die unterliegende Natur aufzurichten? oder, wenn ihr Funken noch glimmt, wenn ſie noch ſtrebt, iſt es weiſe, ſie durch Arzneien zu ermüden? in ihrem Gange zu verwirren? Und wer wählt unter der zahlloſen Menge von Mitteln, die oft nur die Mode des Tags in Schutz nimmt? Von der Transfuſion an bis zu Pomme's ***) Brühen, welche Reihe von Pflanzen, Salzen, Gummi, Metallen und Giften? Theerwaſſer, Schierling, Harzrauch und Eicheln, Guajak, Pomeranzenblätter, Käfer, Würmer und Bella Donna, Viperſuppen und Eſelsmilch, alle haben ihren Ruf überlebt; die Quaſſia ringt mit der China, und man fängt an vom Queckſilber übel zu ſprechen; Dominicetti fumigirt alle Zufälle weg; jener lockt funkenweiſe Krankheiten ab, oder zieht ſie durch Magnete wie Eiſenſtaub an; K. hilft durch die vim centrifugam, und P. heilt durch den Beiſchlaf das Podagra. Wehe dir Kranken, wenn du in die Hände eines Amateurs fällſt, der dich wie einen Apparatus betrachtet, um an der Veränderung deiner Farbe, deinem Puls, deinem Schweiß, deinen Zuckungen, die unterhaltende †) Wirkung ſeiner Verſuche zu beobachten! Wenn in einem deiner Haarröhrchen eine Stockung entſteht, ſo verordnet man dir auflöſende Mittel. Dieſe ſollen, im Magen mit fremden Säften vermiſcht, hundertfältig verändert, in tauſend Canäle vertheilt, mit einem Tauſendtheilchen an dem kranken Ort noch mächtig genug ſein, um die Verſtopfung aufzulöſen? Und wer iſt dir Bürge, daß ein allzu ſtarkes Reſolvens auf dem Wege zum Uebel nicht ein größeres Unheil anrichtet? Könnt ihr irgend einen wirkenden Balſam zu einer innern Wunde bringen? Nerven beruhigen, die lang zum Krampf gewöhnt ſind? ihre Federkraft herſtellen? oder muß ſich der Elende mit dem Araber tröſten, der, in ſeinem Harem iſolirt, umſonſt von Niebuhr's Reiſegefährten nur noch einmal die Freuden einer Nacht kaufen wollte?

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*) Ein Beiſpiel einer ſolchen Vergiftung, deſſen ein neues engliſches Werk erwähnt, intereſſirt die Menſchheit. Drei junge Leute von guter Familie hatten [illegible] mit jungen Frauenzimmern getrunken, der mit Arſenik abgeklärt war. Zwei ſtarben wenige Tage darauf. Der Dritte, vielleicht weil er ſtärker war, oder weniger trank, entging zwar dem ſchleunigen Tode, aber ſein Körper wurde mit Blutflecken bedeckt: alle ſeine Ausleerungen, ſein Speichel, ſein Harn, waren mit Blut gefärbt; er wurde abgezehrt, erholte ſich allmählich, führte einige Jahre ein ſieches Leben, und ſtarb an der Waſſerſucht. S. Observations critical and historical on the Wines of the ancients — by Sir Edward Barry Bar. 1775. Manche Patrioten haben dieſe ſchädlichen Mißbräuche gerügt. Unzer in ſeinem Arzt entdeckt eine Menge ſchädlicher Weinverfälſchungen. Nur unſere Polizei iſt noch träge, dieſem Menſchenmord zu ſteuern, und die Verbrecher zu ſtrafen.

*) Ein neuerer Genius hat den Einfall, für jede Sucht einen Arzt zu beſtellen, um jede gründlich zu erforſchen. Nach einer flüchtigen Berechnung der namhaften Seuchen, die ein Ingredienz dieſer beſten, freudigen Welt ſind, beſoldete der Regent alsdann ungefähr anderthalbhundert Leibärzte: erſt würde der Schnupfenarzt, dann der Fieberarzt, zuletzt der Schwindſuchtsarzt geholt. Man denke ſich den Competenzſtreit, die [illegible] [illegible]; der hat ſicher im Kartätſchenfeuer gewandelt, der [illegible] ſeinem Leben [illegible].

**) Unter dem Namen Telliamed behauptet er mit vielem Witze, daß wir urſprünglich im Waſſer lebten. Nichts iſt ſo abgeſchmackt, was nicht irgend ein Philoſoph behauptet hätte, ſagt Cicero.

***) Pomme, ein Arzt in Paris, der vor acht Jahren alle Krankheiten mit Hühnerbrühen heilte.

†) Unterhaltend heißt, nach der Sprache eines neuern Arztes, eine Convulſion ungewöhnlicher [illegible]. Wenn ein Elender, mit aufgetriebenem Bauch, verdrehten Augen und hängender Zunge, in ſchrecklichen Zuckungen heult, das iſt ein unterhaltender, intereſſanter Anblick. Als D'Amiens [illegible] war, drängte ſich ein wohlgekleideter Herr mit einem Fernglas an's Gerüſte, um die Operation näher zu betrachten. Der Henker half ihm ehrerbietig mit den Worten durch's Gedräng: place, place, Monsieur est un amateur.

Von Berger und Zimmermann, Wohlthäter der Menſchen, wenn euch einſt Muße am Abend eurer Tage erwartet, ſo ſchreibt ein Buch, das noch nicht geſchrieben iſt, von gewiſſer Erfahrung. Ihr beobachtet mit Hippokratiſchem Geiſt, ihr denkt großmüthig und edel, ihr verachtet die Syſtemſucht, und forſchet nach Wahrheit, denn euer Herz iſt empfindlich; — geſteht der Welt die Lücken eurer Wiſſenſchaft, und krönt dadurch euer ſegenreiches Leben; beſchreibt heilbare Krankheiten durch untrügliche Zeichen; nennt zuverläſſige Mittel, und in zweifelhaften Fällen ruft den Troſtbegierigen zu, ſich in die Arme der liebreichen Natur zu werfen, die öfter hilft als die Kunſt und gewiß ſeltener verdirbt! Euer Buch wird nicht groß ſein — ein berühmter engliſcher Arzt verſprach die ganze gegründete Arzneikunſt auf Einem Bogen zu hinterlaſſen. — Es ſei euer Codex, künftige Aerzte; und wenn es nicht geſchrieben wird, ſo rath' ich euch, was Sydenham Blackmoren rieth: leſ't nie ein ander Buch als den Don Quixote.

Etwas von Regenſchirmen.

Ich fürchte den Regen nicht, ſagte Joſeph auf der Parade zu Metz, als ein freundlicher Offizier ihm ſeinen Regenſchirm anbot, mit gaſtfreier Aufopferung ſeiner Friſur.

Der Mann dort, im ſeidenen Wagen, der ſich wollüſtig auf Stahlfedern wiegt, iſt Führer eines furchtbaren Volks, das auf ſeinen Wink Tod und Verwüſtung verbreitet.

Cäſar ging zu Fuße an der Spitze ſeines Heeres; ſein kahles Haupt war nur mit einem Lorbeerkranze*) bedeckt. Wann der kühne Imperator, mit der Flamme im Blick, einem fliehenden Signifer den Adler wegriß, und dann rief: Gefährten wer den Tod verachtet, folge mir nach! theile Tod aus, eh' er ihn empfängt! das mußte Römerſeelen erſchüttern.

Denkt euch nur manchen neuern Feldherrn, halb zur Mumie gebeizt und gewickelt in Vigognewolle, wann er mit einer ſublimirten Stimme zwiſchert:

> France! France! mes enfans, la journée est à nous!

muß das nicht die Helden à quatre sols par jour zu gewaltigen Empfindungen ſtimmen!

Die Franzoſen haben's oft mit einer ihnen eigenen Naivheit wiederholt, daß wir Neuern, oder ſie wenigſtens, tapferer ſind, als die Alten, weil wir uns ohne Helm und Schild herumſchlagen, und mit einer Sommerweſte ins Kanonenfeuer gehen. Aber die Krankenwärter zur Peſtzeit, welche, des Brods wegen, tauſendfachen Tod wagen, ſind darum dem Primipilen der Römer nicht ähnlich. Wenn ihr eure Armeen durch Rippenſtöße in lange dünne Reihen geordnet habt, ſind das Heere, wie Oſſian ſie ſchildert? as roll a thousand waves to the rocks, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Swaran**).

Lechzt jeder Krieger mit dürrer Zunge nach Rache? tobt in jeder Bruſt lodernde Ungeduld, den Feind zu faſſen und ſeine Seele zu ſchleudern auf eine vom Blitze des Himmels geröthete Wolke?

Oder iſt es eine aufgetriebene Heerde, zum Dezimiren verurtheilt, die fühllos, und oft zitternd, erwartet, wer der zehnte, der zwanzigſte ſein wird, den das blindgeworfene Todesloos trifft?

Eure Chocs — wenn die im Rauche ſchwankenden Maſſen, durch die Geſetze ihrer Organiſation, unwillkührlich auf einander treiben, gleichen ſie dem Handgemengen im Homer?

> Unter dem Streich der harten Hände knirſchten die Rücken,
> und der naſſe Schweiß lief von den Gliedern herunter;
> viele Striemen mit lodernden Blut entſchwollen den Seiten
> und den Schultern.
> Ilias XXIII. Geſ. Stolbergs Ueberſ.

Oder noch beſſer im Oſſian: Each rushes to the grasp of his foe; their sinewy arms bend round each other; they turn from side to side, and strain and stretch their large spreading limbs below***). Und wie klingt ein Kommandowort gegen den Zuruf des Vulteius: Comites, decernite letum.

Unſre Verfeinerung, Poliſirung, Filigraniſirung, das ganze künſtliche Syſtem unſerer Knechtſchaft, hat freilich einige Arten des Uebels ausgerottet, und manchen würdigen Mann, auch manchen Schurken, der Erde länger erhalten. Wir leben ſicherer, und ſchlafen unſere ſieben Stunden ruhiger; aber die Sehne des Geiſtes iſt erſchlafft und klingt nicht mehr auf unſerm Bogen von Korkholz.

Wer forſcht nach Hochgefühl der Menſchheit, Vaterlandsleidenſchaft, Opferdurſt für Freiheit und Geſetze, der ſehe ſich um in den Tales of former times.

Ein nordiſcher König, erzählen die Sagen, rüſtete ein Schiff aus, und wollte nur tapfere Gefährten. In ſeiner Halle lag ein Stein; wer den nicht aufheben konnte, wer ein furchtſames Wort ausſprach, wer das Geſicht verzog, wenn man mit einer Lanze, die nicht ſelten traf, darnach warf, der blieb zurück; man verglich ſich über Geſetze: der Degen mußte kurz ſein; jeder mußte ſeinen Feind gefaßt haben; Wunden wurden nur den folgenden Tag verbunden; im Sturm durfte nie das Segel unter die Hälfte des Maſtes herabgelaſſen werden. Nach vollendeten großen Thaten kamen ſie zurück. Ein ſchreckliches Ungewitter ſtürmte. Die einzige Rettung war, das Schiff zu erleichtern, oder das Segel ganz herunter laſſen. Alle drängten ſich, und die erſten am Rande ſprangen ins Meer. Das Schiff wurde leichter, und das Segel blieb. Es bedurfte des Looſes nicht. Jeder eiferte für die Geſetze zu ſterben.

Dieſe Erzählung ſchildert den Geiſt eines Volks, das in kleinen Haufen Thronen erſchütterte, das man ausrotten, aber nicht unterjochen kann.

Freilich ſind Sie uns, Monsieur le Marquis, mit ihren Kaloſchen, auf unſerm Parquet, mehr als dieſe Seeungeheuer willkommen, und wir wünſchen auch die Zeit der Regner Lodbroge und der Innisfaile nicht wieder zurück, weil wir den Stein in der Halle doch liegen laſſen müſſen. Aber, als Soldaten betrachtet, war das ſchmutzige Häufchen wohl ſo brauchbar, als ihre Legion portant des casques dorés, ombragés d'une touffe de crins blancs en forme d'éventail; und wenn Voltaire voller Verwunderung ſpricht:

> Comment ces courtisans doux, enjoués, aimables,
> Sont-ils dans les combats des lions indomptables?
> Poëme de Fontenoy.

ſo ließe ſich das Räthſel wohl noch erklären — weil es eigentlich auf das Comment ankommt.

Ueber die Verbeſſerung der Landſchulen.

Unſre Philantropen ſind nicht damit zufrieden, Menſchen für ihren Wirkungskreis zu bilden; ſie wollen, wie es ſcheint, die Gattung veredeln. Die Pflanze ſoll vollkommner in ihren Töpfen gedeihen, und in die alte Erde verſetzt, künftig allen Witterungen trotzen. Was will man nicht alles aus Bauernjungen erziehen! Aufgeklärte, polemiſche Chriſten, Patrioten, Weiſe, die, mit ihrem Zuſtand zufrieden, gegen alles Leiden gewappnet ſind, Philoſophen, welche Urſache und Wirkung, Grund und Verhältniß, Wahrheit und Irrthum erklären. Der Knabe ſoll's begreifen, daß Gehorſam, Zwang und Druck Befeſtigung ſeiner Wohlfahrt ſind, ein Satz, der dem Greiſe nicht anſchaulich einleuchtet, wenn man ihm ſeinen Sohn exportirt, oder wann er ſeinen Acker verlaſſen und das Land ſeines Herrn pflügen muß. Und was fordert man, um alle dieſe Wunder zu wirken? Nur die Kleinigkeit, eine Heerde ächter Menſchenkenner, die, wie Sokrates, ſpielend Weisheit einflößen, und jedem Alter, jedem Geiſte verſtändlich ſind, die jeder eigenen Empfänglichkeit tiefſinnig nachſpuren, in alle vielartige Triebfedern des Willens eingreifen, und jedem Kinde ſein verdauliches Theil Unterricht mit der Wage des Sanktorius zuwägen. Ich wünſche unſern Zeiten Glück, wenn die Reſewitze, die Baſedowe, die Salis, die Rouſſeaus, die Condillacs ſo zahlreich ſind, und wenn man ſie für hundert Thaler zu jeder Dorfſchule miethen kann.

Und doch iſt die Frage, was ſich von der überfeinerten Erziehung erhält, wann der abgerichtete Zögling, in die verwilderte Welt geſchleudert, unter allen Leidenſchaften ſeines Alters herumtreibt. Wird gegen mächtiges Gefühl etwas übriggebliebener Wortkram verſchlagen? Und die Ahndung entfernter Folgen den Reiz des Genuſſes überwinden? Auf dem Lande, wo Sklavenarbeit auch wieder Sklavenfreude fordert, wie des Hundes, der ſeiner Kette entrinnt? Wie behauptet ſich Lehre gegen das Beiſpiel der Alten, das wenig Tugenden predigt? Wie ein Sittenſpruch gegen manche Erfahrung, daß eine Lüge fruchtet, eine Wahrheit ſchadet, und der Betrug oft beſſer gelingt als die Redlichkeit? Ferne ſei's, daß ich Arbeit und Wünſche würdiger Menſchenfreunde tadeln ſollte. Ich bin von dem elenden Zuſtand unſrer Schulen überzeugt; und warum ſollten ſie nicht verbeſſert werden können? Aber erwartet keine Sprünge, keine ungeheure Revolutionen, weder im Reiche der Natur, noch der Vernunft.

Bildung der Seele bis ins vierzehnte Jahr iſt nichts mehr, als was in dieſem Alter Ritzen und Laufen, Heben und Tragen für den Körper iſt, noch nicht beſtimmte Anwendung, ſondern Uebung, Prüfung, Entwickelung der Kräfte. Im jungen Geiſt iſt nichts geſchäftig, als Gedächtniß und Einbildungskraft; jenes ſoll genährt, nicht überladen, dieſe erwärmt und nicht entzündet werden. Alle Erziehungsarbeit ſchränkt ſich darauf ein, das Vermögen junger Köpfe durch beſtändige Ermunterung zu der beſten Richtung ſanft zu lenken, und an ihrer Sinnlichkeit vorſichtig zu bauen.

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*) Den er, nach einem Dekret des Senats, beſtändig tragen durfte.

**) Wie tauſend Wellen gegen die Felſen rollen, ſo kam Swaran's Heer heran; wie ein Fels tauſend Wellen empfängt, ſo empfing Innisfail Swaran.

***) Jeder ſtürzt ſeinen Feind zu umfaſſen. Ihre nervige Arme ſchlingen ſich um einander, ſie drehen ſich von Seite zu Seite, und ſtrecken und dehnen am Boden ihre großen mächtigen Glieder.

Predigt darum weniger Religion und Tugend, ſondern, wie ein großer Schriftſteller ſagt, umringt die Seelen der Jugend damit. Laßt alles, was heilige Ehrfurcht verdient, immer in feierlichem Ernſt und Würde erſcheinen. Tief haftet ſinnlicher Schauer, und ſtimmt auf immer Begriffe von Gott und Erwartung eines künftigen Lebens. Auch uns Klügere befriedigt über das Unſichtbare Empfindung mehr als Erklärung, und Wortkram und Beweiſe verwehn bei dem Knaben, wie Schall in der Luft. Lehrt Kinder Wohlthun durch Wohlthaten lieben, ehrt jede kindliche Tugend, Mitleiden, Güte, Dankbarkeit, pflegt jede junge Freundſchaft, die alle Freuden des Lebens verherrlichet, und erſtickt in keinem Herzen die Blume Edens, Fröhlichkeit, die freiwillig keimt, aber in ihrer zarten Blüte oft durch einen Hauch getödtet wird. Ein froher Knabe wird ohne Kunſt ein zufriedener und ein glücklicher Mann.

Wo finden wir Lehrer? Darauf kommt freilich alles an. Schulgeſetze, vorgeſchriebene Methoden haben noch niemand erleuchtet, und es läßt ſich keine Klugheit verordnen. Seminarien ſind nur in großen Ländern möglich, und ich verlange keine Kandidaten des Predigtamts, wenn die Schule das Fegfeuer und die Kanzel der Himmel ſein ſoll. Meine Lehrer müſſen ihren Beruf als eine gewählte Beſtimmung ihres Lebens innig lieben, und fern bleibe von meinem Knaben die Blendlaterne, Kompendienweisheit. Aeltere Schüler aus den Gymnaſien ſind ſelbſt nur ältere Knaben, ganz ohne Menſchenkenntniß, und ohne Sanftmuth und Geduld. Nur die Klaſſe bleibt übrig, aus welcher man unſere Dorfſchulen gewöhnlich beſetzt, Schulmeiſterſöhne, Söhne armer Prieſter und kleiner Beamten, die, fertig im Leſen, Schreiben und Rechnen, einen Schuldienſt als das Ziel ihrer Wünſche betrachten, und ſich bis dahin mit Dienen ernähren. Knechte für den erhabenſten Beruf der Menſchheit! — Wer hat die Söhne der edelſten Römer erzogen? Ich verlange für meine Bauernjungen keine Lehrer aus einer höheren Kaſte.

Meine Bedingungen ſind erfüllt, wenn ihr Charakter ſanft, folgſam, ihr Verſtand offen, unverderbt, ihr Wandel ſittlich iſt. Ihre Vorbereitung wird in einer Normalſchule vollendet, deren Einrichtung Muſter und Geſetze für alle Schulen des Landes ſein wird. Jeder künftige Schulmeiſter muß darin ein ganzes Jahr gearbeitet haben.

Zu Lehrern dieſer Normalſchule ſind ein Paar aufgeklärte Männer nöthig, die reichlich bezahlt werden müſſen. Warum ſollten ſie nicht eben ſo gut als ein wohlverſorgter Prieſter bedacht ſein, der der Blüthe wartet, da jene den Baum an der Wurzel pflegen! Warum hat man immer den Erinnerer ſo ſehr über den Lehrer erhöht!

Ich fordere wenig Wiſſenſchaft, nur Eine Gabe Baſedows, ohne welche keine Erziehung gelingt, — das Talent, die Freundſchaft der Jugend zu gewinnen. Alles iſt verloren, wenn der Knabe Unterweiſung als eine Plage flieht, und ſich irgendwo glücklicher als in der Geſellſchaft ſeines Lehrers fühlt.

Religion iſt der ehrwürdigſte Theil des Unterrichts. Ich rede nur furchtſam davon. Das Chriſtenthum iſt leider! eine Wiſſenſchaft geworden, und wer begehrt den Rath eines Laien? Allgemein giebt man zu, daß eine brauchbare Anweiſung, welche die Glaubenslehren dringend und deutlich und für die Kinder begreiflich enthält, noch unter die frommen Wünſche gehört. Ein ſolches Lehrbuch iſt allerdings ſchwer. Nicht, weil es nicht angeht, die Wahrheiten unſers Glaubens in einen verſtändlichen Vortrag zu kleiden, ſondern weil man dazu eine Sprache wählen müßte, die den Wächtern in Zion zu unſymboliſch und darum zu gefährlich klingt. Wonne dem wohlthätigen Mann, der ſich an die bedenkliche Arbeit wagt! Ihn müßte Chriſtus Lehrart erleuchten, der wenig Geheimniſſe predigte, aber innig Liebe empfahl, der gern tröſtete, ſelten dräute, und ſich immer zum Begriffe ſeiner Zuhörer herabließ, der nichts tiefſinnig erklärte, ſondern durch Beiſpiele und Gleichniſſe ſprach, und der ſeine himmliſche Weisheit nie durch ſchulgerechte Schlüſſe bewies.

Ins Lehrbuch der Religion gehört zugleich die Moral, eine Frucht des nämlichen Baums. Beide ſind Geſetze der Liebe. Alles Glück der Menſchen ruht auf dem Rath: Begegne deinem Nächſten, wie du wünſcheſt, daß er dir begegne. Wenn dieſe Liebe mehr im Herzen, als im Verſtande, durch Beiſpiele mehr als durch Worte in der Jugend erweckt wird, ſo gedeiht ſie gern in jedem Buſen. Hiemit ſollte man, nach dem Rath der wohlthätigen Kaiſerin*), einen faßlichen Auszug der Landesgeſetze verbinden; denn der Bauer ſollte wiſſen, was das Geſetz von ihm fordert, damit er es nicht durch unverſchuldete Strafen, oder mit ſeinem Untergang durch Rabuliſten erfahre.

Ein Satz würde nach dem andern vorgenommen nicht durch peinliche Verhöre, nicht durch Auswendiglernen ohne Verſtand, ſondern der Lehrer muß ſich, nach Schloſſers und Rochows Rath, im Tone des Geſprächs mit ſeinen Schülern unterhalten, und jede Wahrheit ſo lange durch Fragen und Exempel erläutern, bis der Schüler, ohne die Worte des Lehrers zu wiederholen, den Sinn begreiflich machen kann. Eher haftet nichts, und dieſer Verſuch iſt Probe des Eindrucks. Aeltere Schüler ſchreiben ihren Begriff nach Vollendung des Unterrichtes nieder. Nichts berichtiget die Erkenntniß mehr, als wenn man zu dem Gedanken den ſchriftlichen Ausdruck finden muß.

Fertiges Rechnen und Schreiben iſt dem Landmann unentbehrlich. Letzteres würde nach geſtochenen Vorſchriften geübt; es iſt eben ſo leicht eine gute Hand, als eine ſchlechte zu lernen. Zur Erholung würde zuweilen aus Gellerts faßlichſten Schriften etwas laut vorgeleſen. Strafen beſtünden im Herunterſetzen und im Ausſchließen von Ergötzlichkeiten; Belohnung, außer dem Heraufrücken, wäre eine Bank im Chor der Kirche, die Bank der guten Schüler genannt. Der Abt von Sagan ſchlägt die Konduitenliſten vor, ein Einfall, der mit den Regimentsliſten verwandt iſt. Man muß durch die Form die Sache nicht erſchweren. Dafür iſt's genug, wenn auf jeder Kirchenviſitation jeder Lehrer einige der beſten Schüler nennt, und dieſe werden mit kleinen Geſchenken an Büchern und Kleidungsſtücken erfreut.

Aufſicht über die Schulen bliebe bei dem Konſiſtorium; aber ein Mitglied deſſelben wird zum Schulinſpektor ernannt, der den Superintendenten auf die Viſitationen begleitet, und die Geſchäfte der Schulen in der Verſammlung vorträgt. Auf ſeinen Vorſchlag würden auch die fleißigſten Lehrer durch außerordentliche Geſchenke ermuntert.

Aber, ruft mir ein wärmerer Jugendfreund zu, die Seele der Bauern iſt höherer Aufklärung fähig. Man muß mit einer verſtändlichen Logik anfangen, als Wiſſenſchaft die Vernunft zu gebrauchen. — Vermuthlich, weil die Profeſſoren der Logik die allervernünftigſten Menſchen ſind? — Und ſoll, fragt man ferner, der Bauer in ſeinem Beruf unwiſſend bleiben? Nicht den Ackerbau nach richtigen Vorſchriften lernen, damit endlich die ſchädlichen Vorurtheile ſchwinden? — Freilich iſt nichts herrlicher als Theorie, und wir würden alle beſſer chauſſirt ſein, wenn der künftige Schuſter ſein Handwerk nach Grundſätzen lernte.

Wird der Knabe ſeinen Vater bekehren? Oder glaubt ihr, wenn er heranwächſt, wenn er endlich ſelbſt ein Eigenthümer wird, daß er nun ſeinen geübten Landesgebrauch auf das Anſehen ſeines Schulmeiſters ändert? Lehrt durch Beiſpiele, ihr klügeren Wirthe! Wenn eure Künſte Vortheil bringen, ſo wird der Bauer ſinnlich zur Nachfolge gereizt. Dennoch fährt mein wohlgeſinnter Erziehungslehrer fort, kommt und ſeht, was in einer höheren Sphäre die Salis, die Baſedows mit ihrer Jugend ausrichten, wie die Rochows ihre Bauernjungen erziehen! Auf dem Sandfelde hinter meinem Hofe gelang es mir durch Dünger, Koſten und Arbeit eine grasreiche, blühende Wieſe zu erſchaffen; aber die Kunſt, die Lüneburger Haide urbar zu machen, iſt darum noch nicht erfunden. Wer in unſerer Welt allein nach hoher Vollkommenheit ringt, wird viel Vortreffliches ſagen, und wenig Gutes thun.

Ein Zweikampf, wie es wenige giebt.

In einer franzöſiſchen Garniſon ward ein junger Offizier eines Verſehens wegen auf die Wache geſetzt. Als er nach überſtandner Strafe ſich bei des Königs Lieutenant meldete, und dieſer ihn mit einem derben Verweis und einer väterlichen Vermahnung empfing, verlor der junge Ritter ſo ſehr alle Gelaſſenheit, daß er gegen den alten Mann die gröbſten Schimpfwörter ausſtieß. Der würdige Greis, durch Wunden und Jahre entkräftet, erwiederte mit bebender Stimme: Ich zittre, wie du ſiehſt. Ich habe nicht immer gezittert, und mein Sohn zittert nicht.

Der Sohn kam auf erhaltenen Brief von der fernſten Grenze des Reichs. Sie ſchlugen ſich heftig. Der Beleidiger trug eine Wunde davon, die nur in einem Jahre geheilt werden konnte.

Kaum erſchien er wieder, ſo war auch der Sohn wieder da: Sie haben meinen Vater beleidigt. — Wohl! Alſo hat der Stoß durch die Ribben meine Uebereilung noch nicht gebüßt? Sie beſtehen darauf — aber auf Kugeln.

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*) Instruction pour la Commission des loix.

Das Glück war dem Ritter wieder entgegen, und er lag an einer neuen Wunde viele Monate heftig danieder.

Der Sohn erſchien zum drittenmale: Beleidiger meines Vaters, ich fordre Genugthuung. — Sie ſind, wie ich ſehe, ſchwer zu befriedigen; geben Sie mir bis Morgen zu meiner Erklärung Zeit.

Der Ritter verſammelte die Kapitäne des Regiments, und trug ihnen die Sache, als kompetenten Richtern der Ehre, vor. Bin ich ſchuldig, fragte er, mich ſo lang herum zu ſchlagen, bis einer des andern Mörder wird?

Der Grenadierhauptmann nahm das Wort: Haben Sie denn den Alten ſchon um Verzeihung gebeten? — Nein. — Gleich auf der Stelle! damit hätten Sie den Anfang machen ſollen. — Der Ritter folgte. Als er aus der Thür des Alten trat, kam ihm der Sohn mit offnen Armen entgegen: Ich bitte um Ihre Freundſchaft, edler Mann. — Gut. Aber, zum Henker, warum ſagten Sie mir nicht eher, was Sie begehrten? — Das war meine Rolle nicht. Mein Vater konnte vergeben. So lang er nicht vergab, war es meine Pflicht ihn zu rächen.

Ihr Geſetzgeber, Satirenſchreiber, Philoſophen, wollt ihr dieſen Herausforderer für infam erklären?

Eine Wundergeſchichte.

Um jede Dame an ihrem Nachttiſch ſchwebt, wie Pope lehrt, ein Heer unſichtbarer Sylphen, um die neue Schöpfung zu vollziehen. Einer bläſt auf der bleichen Wange die Stäubchen des Karmins zurecht, andre wiegen ſich auf der ſpielenden Locke, andre zerren am treuloſen Buſenſchleier, und einer muß ſich oft in der hohlen Schnürbruſt, wie ein kleiner Siſiphus, martern. Viele ſind über das mannigfaltige Werkgeräthe der Schönheit geſetzt. Aus dieſer Mythologie läßt ſich ein ſeltener Vorfall erklären, der ſich in meiner Gegenwart neulich bei Themiren zutrug. Ihr Spiegel fing an reden; hört, was der Unbeſcheidene ſprach:

„Ich habe Ihnen gnädige Frau, viele Jahre redlich gedient, und ſie beehren mich dafür mit einem Vertrauen, deſſen ſich kein anderes Stück Ihres Nachttiſches rühmen kann. Sie ſchienen mit mir zufrieden zu ſein, wenn ich anders Ihr holdes, gefälliges Lächeln recht erkläre. Dieſe lange Bekanntſchaft giebt mir ein Recht zur Aufrichtigkeit. Von nun an darf ich Ihnen einige Fehler nicht verbergen, und vielleicht iſt dann Ihre Gnade vorbei.“

„Täglich ſagt' ich Ihnen, daß Sie ſchön und reizend ſind; wenn ich nun mein Wort zurücknehme? Themire, die Welt iſt in ihrem Urtheil mit mir einig; hören Sie von Ihrem alten Freunde in Ihrem Zimmer geduldig eine Wahrheit, die man ungern in den Blicken einer großen Verſammlung lieſt. Ich bin ein gefährlicher Liebling; zu lang darf man mit mir nicht umgehn. Fragen Sie mich ſeltner um Rath. Es giebt Verdienſte, die meines Beifalls nicht bedürfen. Sie können ſehr angenehm ſein, wenn ich auch noch ſo übel von Ihnen rede.“

Themire ward rings um Ihre Schminke bleich; eine Thräne ſtieg ins zornige Auge; ſie ſtieß verächtlich den geſchwätzigen Spiegel vom Tiſch, daß er in kleine Stücke zerbrach. Ich hörte ein leiſes Lachen des befreiten Silfen, der durch das offne Fenſter — ſeinen Abſchied nahm.

Ueber Klopſtock.

(Fragment.)

Ich habe Tellows Briefe an Eliſa mit innigem Vergnügen geleſen. Mögen ſie doch für den größten Haufen manch unwichtiges enthalten; mich interreſſirt jede Miene des Mannes, den ich mit warmer Zärtlichkeit liebe; alles erneuert mir den Genuß beſſerer, vergangener Zeiten.

Als ich im Hauſe des unſterblichen Bernſtorfs mit ihm lebte, mein Herz mit ihm theilte, über alle Wünſche glücklich war unter den beſten, edelſten Menſchen — heiterer Morgen einer trüberen Zukunft! — Meine Bekanntſchaft mit Klopſtock bildete ſich ſchnell, und in ſieben unvergeßlichen Jahren ſind, außer einer achtmonatlichen Reiſe, wenige Tage verfloſſen, worin wir uns nicht ſahen. Nie hat in dieſer Zeit ein Wölkchen Laune unſre Freundſchaft umdämmert; denn auch als Freund iſt Klopſtock

Eiche, die dem Orkane ſteht.

Gegenwärtig, ferne von ihnen, oder im täuſchenden Schatten, er verkennt ſeine Freunde nie. Hat er einmal geprüft und geliebt, ſo währt's ewig, laß auf ſein Urtheil Wahrſcheinlichkeiten und künſtlich erlogene Thatſachen ſtürmen.

Ich will, lieber Boie, auch aus meinem Gedächtniß einzelne Züge für die wenigen ſammeln, denen das Bild eines würdigen Mannes Geiſteswolluſt gewährt. Alles iſt mir ganz gegenwärtig; denn ich empfinde, lebe, genieße immer noch in der vergangenen Zeit.

Klopſtock iſt heiter in jeder Geſellſchaft, fließet über von treffendem Scherz, bildet oft einen kleinen Gedanken mit allem Reichthum ſeiner Dichtergaben aus, ſpottet nie bitter, ſtreitet beſcheiden, und verträgt auch Widerſpruch gern; aber ein Hofmann iſt er darum nicht, wenn ich auch nur einen Gefälligen unter dem Worte verſtehe, der ſich geſchwind bei Höhern einſchmeichelt. Seine Geradheit hält ihn vielmehr von der Bekanntſchaft mit Vornehmern zurück, nicht daß er Geburt und Würde nicht ſchätzte, aber er ſchätzt den Menſchen noch mehr. Er forſcht tiefer nach innerem Gehalt, ſobald ihn Erziehung und Glanz blenden können, und er fürchtet, als eine Beſchimpfung, die kalte, beſchützende Herablaſſung der Großen. Darum muß nach dem Verhältniſſe des Rangs immer ein Vornehmer einige Schritte mehr thun, wenn ihm um Klopſtocks Achtung zu thun iſt. Selten findet ihr ihn in der ſogenannten guten Geſellſchaft, im Zirkel abgeſchliffener Leute, bei welchen, wie auf König Williams Schillingen, kaum ein Gepräg mehr kenntlich iſt, die ſich täglich ohne Liebe ſuchen, ohne Kummer verlaſſen, über alles gleiten, und an nichts Theil nehmen, ihre Zeit unter Spielen und Schmauſen, wie eine Bürde, fortſchleppen — ſie ſind auf der Leiter der Weſen nur einen Sproß höher als Puppen im Uhrwerk, die, auf ihrer Walze befeſtigt, ſich ewig in der nehmlichen Schwunglinie drehen. Dafür zog Klopſtock lieber mit ganzen Familien ſeiner Freunde aufs Land: Weiber und Männer, Kinder und Diener, alle folgten und freuten ſich mit. Wir ſuchten dann unwegſame Oerter, finſtre, ſchauervolle Gebüſche, einſame, unbewanderte Pfade, kletterten jeden Hügel hinauf, ſpäheten jedes Naturgeſicht aus, lagerten uns endlich unter einer ſchattigen Eiche, und ergötzten uns an den Spielen der Jugend, ja nicht ſelten miſchten wir uns drein. Oft zeigte Klopſtock einen fernen Baum. „Dorthin!“ rief er, „aber geradezu — wir werden auf Moraſt und Gräben treffen — ei Bedächtlicher! ſo bauen wir Brücken;“ — und ſo wurden Aeſte gehauen; wir rückten, mit Faſchinen beladen, als Belagerer fort, ſicherten den Weg, und erreichten das Ziel. Klopſtock iſt immer mit Jugend umringt. Wann er ſo mit einer Reihe Knaben daher zog, hab' ich ihn oft den Mann von Hameln genannt. Aber auch dies iſt Gefallen an der unverdorbenen Natur. Deutſchland verdankt ſeiner Jugendliebe einige ſeiner beſſern Menſchen; unſre Stolberge und Karl Cramern hat ſeine Zärtlichkeit früh gebildet.

Klopſtocks Leben iſt ein beſtändiger Genuß. Er überläßt ſich allen Gefühlen, und ſchwelgt bei dem Mahle der Natur. Nur wenn ſie aus dem Kunſtwerk athmet, iſt die Kunſt ſeiner Huldigung werth; aber ſie muß wählen, was Herzen erſchüttert, oder Herzen ſanft bewegt. Gemälde ohne Leben und Weben, ohne tiefen Sinn und ſprechenden Ausdruck, eure Mieris, Netſcher und Slingelande feſſeln ſeine Beobachtung nicht; aber zeigt ihm Bouchardons Tireſias, wie er die Schatten beſchwört, Rembrandts Lazarus, wie er zum Leben erwacht, Rubens ſterbenden Chriſtus: dann hängt er trunken am Bilde. So auch Muſik. Sie durchſtrömt ihn, wann ſie klagt wie die leidende Liebe, Wonne ſeufzet wie ihre Hoffnung, ſtolz daher tönt wie das Jauchzen der Freiheit feierlich durch die Siegespalmen hallt. Immer muß ſie der Dichtkunſt nur dienen, des Sängers Stimme folgſam begleiten, nie das Lied verhüllen, ſondern leicht umſchweben wie der Schleier eine griechiſche Tänzerin. O, wie oft lauſchten wir an unſers Gerſtenbergs Klavier, wann er den holden Wechſelgeſang mit ſeiner zärtlichen Gattin anſtimmte!

Gerſtenberg lebte damals in Lyngbye, nahe bei Bernſtorf, und hatte durch eine Reduktion den größten Theil ſeiner Einkünfte verloren, aber in ſeiner Hütte wohnten heitre Ruhe der Jugend und alle Freuden der Liebe.

— Licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vita praecurrere amicos.

Hier ſang er ſeinen unſterblichen Skalden, manches holde katulliſche Lied, und erfand die goldenen Träume des guten leidenden Gabbo. Von ihm konnten die Hippiaſſe lernen, daß die Blume der Freude nicht auf ihren Parterren allein blühe, daß ſie auch für die Sterne und die Gerſtenberge auf einer Sandwüſte keimt. Wir eilten zum einſamen Haus, und verließen Paläſte, wie man, durch le Notres Gärten, nach dem kunſtloſen Hain eilt.

Die freudigſte Zeit des Jahrs für Klopſtock war,

Wann der Nachthauch glänzt auf dem ſtehenden Strom.

Gleich nach der Erfindung der Schiffahrt verdient ihm die Kunſt Tialfs ihre Stelle.

Wer nannte dir den kühneren Mann,
Der zuerſt am Maſte Segel erhob?
Ach! verging ſelber der Ruhm deſſen nicht,
Welcher dem Fuß Flügel erfand!

Eislauf predigt er mit der Salbung eines Heidenbekehrers, und nicht ohne Wunder zu wirken; denn auch mich, lieber Boie, der ich nicht zum Schweben gebaut bin, hat er aufs Eis argumentirt. Kaum daß der Reif ſichtbar wird, ſo iſt es Pflicht, der Zeit zu genießen, und eine Bahn oder ein Bähnlein aufzuſpüren. Ihm waren um Kopenhagen alle kleine Waſſerſammlungen bekannt, und er liebte ſie nach der Ordnung, wie ſie ſpäter oder früher zufroren. Auf die Verächter der Eisbahn ſieht er mit hohem Stolze herab:

Säumſt du noch immer an der Wallung auf dem Heerd', und ſchläfſt
Schwerathmend verbrannt ein! Weckt dich der ſilberne Reif
Des Decembers, o du Zärtling! nicht auf?

Eine Mondnacht auf dem Eiſe iſt ihm eine Feſtnacht der Götter:

Nur ein Geſetz: wir verlaſſen nicht eh' den Strom,
Bis der Mond am Himmel ſinkt!

Wenn ich das Geſetz durch Gloſſen verdrehte, oder es brach, ſo ward meine Sünde durch ein Hohngelächter gerügt. In dem Eislauf entdeckte ſein Scharfſinn alle Geheimniſſe der Schönheit, Schlangenlinien, gefälliger als Hogarth's Schwebungen, wie des pythiſchen Apolls; ſchöner als der Liebesgötter Locken wehet ihm Bragas goldenes Haar. Die Holländer ſchätzt er gleich nach den Deutſchen, weil ſie ihre Tyrannen verjagten, und die beſten Eisläufer ſind. Einſt traf ich ihn bei einer Karte in tiefem Nachſinnen an; er zog Linien, maß und theilte. — Wird es wohl gar ein Partagetraktat? oder ein Syſtem eines beſſern Staatsgleichgewichts? — Sehen Sie, rief er, man vereinigt Meere; wenn man dieſe Flüſſe verbände, hier einen Kanal zöge, dort noch einen, das wäre doch unſrer Fürſten noch würdig, denn ſo hätte man Deutſchland durch eine herrliche Eisbahn vereinigt. Er hat Geſetze für den Eislauf gegeben, mit einem Soloniſchen Ernſt. Ueber alles, auch über ſeinen Scherz, weiß er Würde zu verbreiten. Ich verwahre zwei Briefe von ihm für eine Dame geſchrieben, die mich zum Kampf herausforderte — auf ein Paar hölzerne Degen, hochtrabend — wie Longin für die Zenobia ſchrieb. Andere Briefe beſitze ich wenig von dieſem lieben ſophiſtiſchen Nichtſchreiber. Ich ließe gern ſeine Scheingründe gelten, wäre nur ein anderes Mittel bekannt, ſeiner abweſenden Freunde zu genießen. Aber die Noth iſt erfinderiſch. Viele ſeiner Freunde werden ihm nun vierteljährig ihre Briefe durch einen Notar einhändigen laſſen, der dann jedes Wort von ihm auffängt, und ein Inſtrument darüber verfertigt. Wollen Sie mir auch Ihre Vollmacht einſchicken?

In ſeiner ſchweren Geiſtesarbeit wird Klopſtock durch keinen Einbruch, keine Ueberraſchung geſtört. Ich hab' ihn, als er Herrmanns Schlacht und manche ſeiner Oden dichtete, zu allen Stunden des Tags und der Nacht überfallen. Nie ward er mürriſch; ja es ſchien, als wenn er ſich gern durch eine leichtere Unterhaltung erholte.

Klopſtock iſt dunkel. Tellow hat ihn gründlich vertheidigt. Grabt in der Mine, ſo findet ihr Gold, oder wann euch das zu mühſam wird, ſo leſt Ueberſetzungen von Junker, oder Collier's Kubachiade. Freilich feilt er ſo emſig die Sprache, ſchneidet ſo ſtreng den Ueberfluß weg, wägt ſo empfindlich dem Vers und dem Inhalt Tonlaut, Zeitmaaß und Wortlaut zu, ſchöpft ſo anhänglich aus der Gegenwart Eindruck, daß es ſo gemächlich nicht angeht, alle Nüancen ſeiner Darſtellung zu haſchen. Oft ſchreibt er nur das letzte Glied einer langen Gedankenreihe hin, und man muß mit ſeines Geiſtes Sitte vertraut ſein, wenn man ihm ſicher zurückfolgen will. Wer mit ihm gelebt hat, verſteht ihn leichter, weil er mehr als einen Faden hält, der ihn durch ſeine Schöpfungen führt; und darum iſt es nützlich und gut, daß jetzt ſchon Tellow ſeine Oden kommentirt.

Von Klopſtocks poetiſcher Ordnung, von ſeinem Gouffre, der Schriften verſchlingt und wieder auswirft — disjecta membra poetae — ließe ſich noch manches erzählen; aber Ehre, dem Ehre gebührt: ich habe Klopſtocks Papiere einſt in lauter goldenen Umſchlägen gekannt, zierlich auf ſeinem Schreibtiſch geordnet, wie die Briefe eines Stutzers; und das nenne ich die goldene Zeit ſeines Archivs. Sie währte ganzer acht Tage lang; und wer die Epoche zu erneuern Luſt hat, darf ihm nur ſeine Gedichte in Goldpapier zuſchicken.

Ein Brief, im Jahre 1768 auf einer Reiſe im Gefolge des Königs von Dänemark geſchrieben.

Paris den 20. Nov. 1768.

Wer Luſt hat einen Weiſen zu ſehen, unter dieſem ſybaritiſchen Volke, der nahe ſich ehrerbietig, wie man ſich den Gängen der Akademie zu Platons Zeiten nahte, um fünf Uhr Nachmittags den Zimmern der Mademoiſelle de l'Eſpinaſſe, wo, in einem auserleſenen Zirkel, Alembert erſcheint. Dies iſt der Mann, der aus ſich ſelber Fülle der Zufriedenheit ſchöpft, der, wie Cicero ſagt, omnia sua in se posita esse, humanosque casus virtute inferiores putat.

Er hat über den Werth der menſchlichen Dinge ſeine Prüfung vollendet, die Grenzen unſerer Erkenntniß umwandelt, und beſtimmt, mit mathematiſchem Scharfſinn, wo Wahrheit und Träume ſich ſcheiden. Wenn er, mit Bacons hellem Blick, alle Wiſſenſchaften durchſchaut, überall entdeckt, berichtigt, aufklärt, ſo übertrifft er den Britten durch ſeinen Geſchmack, durch ſein feines Gefühl des Schönen, und durch die Unſchuld ſeines Lebens. Er iſt eher kalt, als einladend; aber darum iſt Gefühl eigener Würde nicht Stolz bei dem Mann, der ſich auf der einmal erſtiegenen Höhe feſt hält. Strenge Wahl der Geſellſchaft iſt kein Eigenſinn, wenn man das kurze Leben nicht vertändeln will, unter leeren Köpfen, die ein Kompliment, wie ein Sonnenſtrahl Mücken, herbeizieht. In dem Kreiſe ſeiner Freunde, unter Menſchen, die er ſchätzt, iſt er gütig, ſanft, beſcheiden; dann theilt er ſich mit, doch ſittſam zu, ergießt ſich vertraulich, und nimmt alle Herzen ein. Um die Gunſt der Mächtigen buhlt er nicht, ob er ſie gleich nicht einfältig verachtet; aber er glaubt, daß ein wahrer Gelehrter klüger ihren Umgang meidet, weil ſich Freiheit nicht mit der nothwendigen Ehrfurcht für ihre Launen vereinigen läßt. Einer lebt indeß, der in allen Kampfſpielen der Jugend pulverem collegit olympicum, und Helden-, Bürger-, Dichter- und Weisheitskronen erſiegt hat. Friedrich ſchätzt ihn, und ſchreibt ihm ſchönere Briefe, als Trajan dem Plinius ſchrieb, ohne dafür zu verlangen, daß er ihm eine Lobrede vorleſe. Wenn Alembert von ihm, von ſeinem Aufenthalt in Sans-Souci redet, ſo glänzt ſein Auge, und ſein Ausdruck erwärmt ſich. „Man kennt," ſagt er, „dieſen König allein durch ſeine Thaten; die Geſchichte wird ſie nicht verſchweigen; aber was er für die wenigen iſt, die mit ihm leben, verkündigt ſie nicht, wie er dann durch treffenden Witz entzückt, durch reine Vernunft unterrichtet, allen Gram und alle Wonne der Freundſchaft theilt, zärtlich liebt und wieder geliebt wird. So ein König," ſpricht er, „ſteht für die Menſchen, und für die Menſchenherrſcher, wie die Regel des Polyklets für alle Künſtler da."

Katharinens Ruf und ſein Entſchluß, ihn abzulehnen, verherrlicht ſie beide. Es war ihrer Tugend gemäß, für ihren Sohn einen Erzieher zu wünſchen, den das Urtheil von Europa, wie einſt das Orakel den Sokrates für den Weiſeſten erklärte; er aber überzeugt beſcheiden, daß er nicht darein willigen durfte: „Warum ſollt' ich," fragte er freundlich, „die Vertrauten meines Herzens, den Himmel meiner Jugend verlaſſen, um mich in ein entferntes Land zu verpflanzen, das mir ewig fremd bleiben müßte? In meinem Alter hat der Geiſt ſchon unvergängliche Falten, der Geſchmack wird unbiegſam. Ich würde nicht in Rußland gefallen; mir würde dort alles zuwider ſein. Jetzt bin ich glücklich; ſoll ichs drauf wagen, ob ichs auch im Zwange der Höfe, unter tauſend Gefahren, ſein kann? Ueberfluß iſt äußerſt beſchwerlich, wenn man nur gebrauchen, und nicht verwalten mag. Pracht und Titel reizen mich nicht, oder ich hätte das Vertrauen der Kaiſerin weniger verdient. Es iſt wahr, die Philoſophie iſt alsdann nur ſchätzbar, wenn ſie thätig wird; eigener Vortheil darf hier nichts entſcheiden, und man ſollte keine Neigungen hören, wanns darauf ankommt, ausgebreiteter nützlich zu ſein; aber ich habe meine Kräfte geprüft: alles, was ich in meinen Büchern lernte, iſt ein wenig Wiſſenſchaft und Genügſamkeit, nicht die ſchwere Kunſt Monarchen zu bilden."

Unter den Neuern erinnert mich Niemand ſo lebhaft, als er, an die Weiſeſten unter den Römern. So ſtelle ich mir des Cicero Freund, den Q. Lucilius Balbus vor *). Er mag reden oder ſchreiben, immer iſt es feſte ſtrenge Vernunft, Schlußfolge tiefer Unterſuchung: nie wird man gewahr, daß er einkleiden will; er fällt nicht in den lehrenden Ton; er ſchimmert nicht, aber er leuchtet hell; ſein Ausdruck iſt männlich und ſtark; es iſt immer der Styl, der ſich genau zum Gegenſtande ſchickt; er greift nicht nach den bunten Blumen, die man heutiges Tages über Gemeinſätze ſtreut. Laſſen Sie

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*) Qui tantos progressus habebat in Stoicis, ut cum excellentibus in eo genere Graecis compararetur. Cic. de Nat. Deor. L. I.

nur ſeine Vorrede zur Encyklopädie, wie er da mit Adlerflug alles Wiſſen überſchwebt und vereinigt, zu der edlen Abſicht, das Glück des Menſchen zu erhöhn. Als unſer König die Akademie beſuchte, las Alembert, wie es die Gewohnheit fodert, einen an ihn gerichteten Aufſatz vor, nicht im froſtigen Lobrednerſtyl, ſondern unter der Wendung, ſeine Wißbegierde zu preiſen, war es Xenophon, der die Regenten unterrichtet.

„Wahrheit," ſagt er, „iſt allein unſers Fleißes, unſerer Anſtrengung werth; wann ich eine neue Wahrheit in der Meßkunſt finde, ſo vertauſche ich ſie mit keiner Freude, nicht mit dem reinern Vergnügen, das ein Gedicht, oder ein vollkommenes Schauſpiel gewahrt; denn meine Luſt iſt keine Täuſchung; die Seele legt zu der Summe ihres Reichthums etwas wirkliches hinzu. Wer mir," fuhr er fort, „eine neue Pflanze zeigt, iſt mir lieber als alle Dialektiker, die über Wahrſcheinlichkeiten vernünfteln; denn was iſt ihre Philoſophie? eine Meinung über Meinungen."

Unter Männern dieſer Gattung, und ihre Anzahl iſt nicht klein, lernt man die Franzoſen anders ſchildern, als es unſere ſchreibluſtige Jugend gewohnt iſt. Geſunde, nervige Philoſophie, aufgeklärte Menſchenliebe erheben jetzo dreiſt ihre Stimmen. Die Nation thut Rieſenſchritte, und bebt, im Patrioteneifer, nicht vor der Geißel des Deſpotismus zurück. Freilich fällt es auf, daß die Regierung Wahrheit verträgt, und ihr nicht folgt, daß ſie noch immer kleine Vorurtheile heiligt, und erkannte Rechte der Menſchheit verletzt. Nach Voltaires, Alemberts, Diderots und Helvetius Schriften, iſt es ſonderbar, daß man in dieſem Lande die Calas rädert, die Chalotais peinigt, jedem Verbrecher vor ſeinem Tode noch die Folter als eine Zeremonie beibringt. Man begreift nicht, wie man nützliche Bürger zwar ſtaatsklug duldet, aber ihre Nachkommen geſetzlich für Hurenkinder erklärt, daß man immer noch Lettres de Cachet ohne Namen, Billette für die Baſtille, wie Theaterbillette, an die Miniſter austheilt, und das Volk der Raubſucht der Finanzhermandad ohne Schutz überliefert. Aber die Aufklärung ſteigt nur allmählig empor; lange harrt ſie in der niedern Gegend. Manche Staaten gleichen den Alpengebirgen; wohlthätige Fruchtbarkeit weit in der Mitte, und die Gipfel bleiben kahl.

Die Mode.

Freund, kein Erdenbürger handelt frei!
Alle feſſelt Modetirannei;
Sie, die Damen, ſüßen Herren, Zofen
Durch Jahrtauſende Geſetze gab,
Schwingt auch über ſteife Philoſophen
Eigenſinnig ihren Zauberſtab.

Sie verordnet Anſtand, Sprache, Ton,
Lehrmethoden, Deklamation,
Eigne Schönheitslinien für den Rücken,
Wann er ſich vor Hochgebornen beugt;
Sie gebeut Mißfallen und Entzücken:
Wir gehorchen; die Empfindung ſchweigt!

Aus dem Füllhorn, das ſie lächelnd hält,
Sieh, was alles auf uns niederfällt:
Prieſterkragen, Poſchen, Locken, Zöpfe,
Federbüſche, tiefer Ehrfurcht werth,
Für Dragoner und für Mädchenköpfe,
Oder für ein ſtolzes Schlittenpferd!

War einſt Bayard wohl nicht kühn genug,
Weil ſein tapfres Herz im Küraß ſchlug?
Sind es Helden, die in Tuch und Seide
Bebend jauchzen, wann die Kugel fehlt?
Oder hat die Mode blos zum Kleide
Geſtern Eiſen, heute Stoff gewählt?

Auf der Kanzel lehrte ſie vorhin
Hohle Seufzer aus der Bruſt zu ziehn,
Und nun rührt ſie durch ein ſchmachtend Lächeln,
Durch ein frei hinwallendes Gewand,
Durch Begeiſtrungsblicke, durch das Fächeln
Mit der ſanft erhobnen weißen Hand.

Sonſt war Ordnung Stolz der Wiſſenſchaft;
Auch der Kunſt verlieh ſie Nervenkraft:
Nun verhöhnen wir das Schulgeſchwätze,
Folgen ſchöpferiſchen Launen nur.
Sklaven ſeufzen unter dem Geſetze,
Freie herrſchen über die Natur!

Und ſo ſchwingt ſich, zum Genie erklärt,
Strephon kühn auf Yorik's Steckenpferd,
Trabt mäandriſch über Berg und Aun,
Reiſt empfindſam durch ſein Dorfgebiet,
Oder ſingt, die Jugend zu erbauen,
Ganz Gefühl, dem Gartengott ein Lied.

Gott der Gärten, ſtöhnt die Bürgerin,
Lächle gütig! Roſen und Jasmin,
Haucht Gerüche! Fliehet, Handlungsſorgen,
Daß mein Liebſter heute noch in Ruh
Sein Mark-Einſatz-L'hombre ſpiele — Morgen
Schließen wir die Unglücksbude zu!

Elend — ruft die Dame beſſrer Art,
Ball iſt Mode, Schauſpiel, Schlittenfahrt;
Von dem Pöbel angeſtaunt, beneidet
Freiheit athmen; Mann und Wirthſchaft fliehn;
In ein halbes Rittergut gekleidet,
Kinder für das Hoſpital erziehn!

Großen ſchmeicheln, ſich vor Niedern blähn;
Heiß umarmen, die wir heimlich ſchmähn;
Um kein Epigramm zu unterdrücken,
Keinen Fehler, kein Verdienſt verzeihn;
Silberlocken frühlingsähnlich ſchmücken;
In der Schule klug wie Wittwen ſein.

In des Lebens kurzem Poſſenſpiel
Iſt nur Freude, nur Genuß das Ziel,
Jauchzt der Muſenſohn, von Wonne trunken,
Er, der kühn auf Adlerſchwingen fliegt,
Bis er, zur Vernunft herabgeſunken,
In dem Vorſaal ſeiner Götter kriecht.

Meine Mode, ſpricht ein weiſer Mann,
Iſt, dem Staat zu dienen, wenn ich kann,
Nachbarn gleich im Rathe zu votiren,
Feiner Ketzer Argliſt durchzuſehn,
Hunderte gelaſſen zu verlieren,
Und das Wechſelreiten zu verſtehn.

Du, mein Erbe! ruft ein Reichsbaron, *)
Deine Wiſſenſchaft ſei guter Ton!
Handle dreiſt, gebärde dich beſcheiden,
Lerne leben, werde kein Pedant,
Tanze zierlich, wiſſe dich zu kleiden,
Und vergeſſe niemals deinen Stand!

Grazie macht an Verdienſten reich;
Werde keinem plumpen Deutſchen gleich!
Deutſch beleidigt unſrer Fürſten Ohren;
Nur Paris kann große Männer ziehn;
Freiherrn ſind zum Glänzen nur geboren;
Laß um Jugend ſich das Volk bemühn!

Ob du junger Unſchuld Kränze raubſt,
Dir Betrug und Ehebruch erlaubſt,
Ob dich heimlich Neid und Hochmuth quälen,
Das entehrt dich Erſtgebornen nicht;
Denn die Mode duldet ſchwarze Seelen,
Aber keine Flecken im Geſicht.

Und ſo gaukeln wir im Gängelband
Durch das Leben, an der Mode Hand,
Ohne daß ſie je zurückkehrten,
Die verträumten Stunden unſrer Zeit.
Wann wirſt du einſt wieder Mode werden,
Vätertugend, deutſche Redlichkeit!

Empfindungen.

Glücklich iſt nicht, wer im goldnen Zauber
Seiner Schlöſſer ſchmachtet nach Genuß,
Wer bei Harmonieen wie ein Tauber
Gähnt, und ſeiner Herrſchaft Ueberdruß
Auf ſich ſchwer, wie Felſentrümmer, fühlet,
Gern dem Marterdiadem entſagt,
Das ihm nicht die heiße Stirne kühlet,
Wann ihn ſchwarze Königsſorge plagt.

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*) Chesterfield's Letters.

Laß ihn Schöpfer einer neuen Erde,
Felſen ebnen und Gebirg' erziehn,
Flüſſe lenken, laß auf ſein: es werde!
Freudenloſe Wüſten um ihn blühn;
Laß ihn ſchweben auf der Purpurwolke,
Näher dem Olymp, verehrt im Hain,
Bang umzittert von dem blinden Volke,
Und der Gott der Odendichter ſein;

In dem kalten, wonneleeren Herzen
Nagt der Ekel ſeiner Göttlichkeit,
Und er drängt ſich durch geweihte Kerzen,
Durch den Opferdampf, im Strahlenkleid,
Ach! umſonſt nach Freuden armer Hütten,
Seufzt nach Freunden, findet Knechte nur;
Blumen welken unter ſeinen Tritten,
Und vor ihm entfärbt ſich die Natur.

Wer umlockt ſeine bleichen Wangen
Freundlich mit dem frühbereiften Haar?
Und wer hängt mit innigem Verlangen
Aus der feilen Odalisken Schaar
An dem hohen Blick der Götterſöhne,
Unter'm Weihrauch, den ein Sklave ſtreut?
Ach! wer trocknet ihre ſtille Thräne
Durch den warmen Kuß der Zärtlichkeit!

Heil mir an der kühlen Felſenquelle,
Die zu Liedern reizet, und verſteckt
Unter Blumen rieſelt, endlich helle
Silberarme durch die Fluren ſtreckt,
Wenn ich oft, des Tages Arbeit müde,
Einſam hier durch Eichengänge ſchlich!
Ach! dann fühlt' ich's, innrer Seelenfriede
Und des Herzens Unſchuld lohnten mich.

Iſt ſie's, die in jenen Büſchen lauſchet,
Und die Lilienſtirne ſchüchtern hebt,
Und nun leiſer durch die Blüten rauſchet,
Und jetzt kühner durch die Zweige ſtrebt?
Und ich höre: Vater! rufen, lallen —
An der Tochter Hand erſcheint ſie mir.
Und ſie lächelt die Natur Gefallen,
Und der Weſte Schweigen huldigt ihr!

Ha! an ihren Buſen hingeriſſen
Junge Freudenthränen auszuſpähn,
Und den Thau der Wolluſt wegzuküſſen,
Weil der Liebe warme Seufzer wehn,
Und die Seele, aufgelöſt, ſchon freier,
Höher ſchwebt, die Erde ſchon verläßt,
Iſt zu viel — O Nacht, in deinen Schleier
Hülle unſrer Liebe Siegesfeſt!

David Theodor Auguſt Suabediſſen,

im Jahre 1773 geboren zu Melſungen, wo ſein Vater Juſtizamtmann war, erhielt wegen der Armuth ſeiner Eltern eine ſehr dürftige Vorbildung für die Academie, die er 1789 durch eine Freiſtelle an dem Stipendium zu Marburg beſuchen konnte. Bis 1793 war er durch eiſernen Fleiß ſo weit gekommen, daß er unter die Candidaten aufgenommen werden konnte. Nachdem er kurze Zeit als Hauslehrer gewirkt hatte, erhielt er 1795 eine Stelle an dem Stipendium zu Marburg, dem er ſelbſt ſeine Bildung verdankte. Er wurde 1800 Profeſſor der Philoſophie an der hohen Landesſchule zu Hanau, legte dieſe Stelle aber 1803 nieder, um eine Erziehungsanſtalt in Homburg vor der Höhe zu begründen, die er bald nach Hanau verpflanzte. Seit 1805 bekleidete er mehrere Stellen an Schulen in Lübeck, ſeit 1812 desgleichen in Caſſel, woſelbſt er auch Inſtructor des Prinzen Friedrich Wilhelm von Heſſen, jetzigen Kurprinzen und Regenten war. Endlich wurde er 1822 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie in Marburg angeſtellt; er hatte die Titel eines Doctors der Philoſophie und den einem kurheſſiſchen Hofraths. Jetzt wandte ſich ſein bisher beſonders auf Pädagogik gerichteter Sinn ausſchließlich der Philoſophie zu, die ihn ſchon als Jüngling unwiderſtehlich angezogen hatte. Erhard Schmid's, Reinhard's und endlich Kant's Schriften ergriffen ihn mit unwiderſtehlicher Gewalt. Doch ſtrebte er ſchon damals die ſtarre Form des Lehrgebäudes zu durchbrechen und ſo ſuchte er nun bei Spinoza, Fichte, Schelling und Jacobi eine freiere philoſophiſche Ueberzeugung. Ueber der Bearbeitung einer von der Geſellſchaft der Wiſſenſchaften zu Copenhagen geſtellten Preisaufgabe, die er glänzend löſte, befeſtigte ſich ſeine eigene Anſicht, von Kant losgeriſſen, jedoch ohne wiſſenſchaftliche Ausbildung. Auch ſeine zweite Preisſchrift, über die innere Wahrnehmung, wurde 1808 in Copenhagen gekrönt. So entwickelte er auch in Marburg eine ausgezeichnete Wirkſamkeit, welcher am 14. Mai 1835 durch den Tod ein Ziel geſetzt ward.

Er gab heraus:

Aufſätze, pädagogiſchen Inhalts. Leipzig, 1804.
Reſultat der philoſophiſchen Erforſchungen der menſchlichen Erkenntniß von Plato bis Kant. (Preisſchrift.) Marburg, 1805.
Briefe über den Unterſchied in der Erziehung von Knaben und Mädchen. Lübeck, 1806.
Ueber die innere Wahrnehmung. Berlin, 1808.
Die Betrachtung des Menſchen. Caſſel und Leipzig, 1814—18. 3 Thle.
Wiederherſtellung des Chriſtenthums durch Luther. Berlin, 1818.
Philoſophie und Geſchichte. Leipzig, 1821.
Zur Einleitung in die Philoſophie. Marburg, 1827.
Die Grundzüge der Lehre von dem Menſchen. Marburg, 1829.
Von dem Begriffe der Pſychologie. Marb., 1830.

S. iſt nur als Eklectiker zu betrachten, denn zu einem eigenen durchgebildeten Syſteme gelangte er nicht; demungeachtet aber hat er als philoſophiſcher Denker, wie als Pädagog die Wiſſenſchaft zu ſeiner Zeit durch ſeine Beſtrebungen und Leiſtungen weſentlich gefördert.

Suchenwirth, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Chriſtoph Joſeph Sucro,

am 14. December 1718 zu Königsberg geboren, bezog 1738 die Univerſität Halle, um Theologie zu ſtudiren und wurde Magiſter der Philoſophie. 1743 erhielt er die Profeſſur der Philoſophie und der griechiſchen Sprache, ſpäter die der Beredſamkeit am academiſchen Gymnaſium zu Coburg. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 8. Juni 1756.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lehrgedichte und Fabeln. Halle, 1747.
Kleine deutſche Schriften, herausgegeben von G. C. Harleß. Coburg, 1769.

S. war eigentlich durchaus kein Dichter, wußte aber zu damaligen Zeit nicht ohne Geſchick die Form zu behandeln und gute und geſunde Gedanken und Lehren in ein leidliches poetiſches Gewand zu kleiden.

Johann Joſias Sucro,

der jüngere Bruder des Vorigen, war wie Jener in Königsberg geboren und lebte als Cadetten-Prediger zu Berlin, woſelbſt er 1750 ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Die beſte Welt, Lehrgedicht. Halle, 1747.
Sammlung auserleſener Gedichte. Halle, 1747.
Erfahrungen. Brandenburg, 1758—66. 4 Thle.
Parallelen. Brandenburg, 1760.

Der jüngere S. beſaß noch etwas mehr Talent als ſein Bruder, doch beſchränkte er ſich auch nur auf didactiſche Stoffe, die er nicht ohne Geſchick behandelte.

Daniel Sudermann,

1550 zu Lüttich geboren, brachte ſeine Jugend — nach ſeinen eigenen Aeußerungen — an Höfen zu und lehrte ſpäter im Geiſt Schwendfeld's zu Straßburg, wo er im erſten Jahrzehend des 17ten Jahrhunderts geſtorben ſein muß.

Gleichniſſe, in welchen durch Vorſtellung leiblicher Figuren gar ſchöne geiſtreiche Lehren fürgebildet werden. Straßburg, 1624—26. 2 Thle.

Ein eifriger Schwärmer, der jedoch nicht ohne Talent für das religiöſe Lied war.

Johann Georg Sulzer,

am 16. October 1720 zu Winterthur im Canton Zürich geboren, das jüngſte von 25 Kindern, die ſeinem Vater, Rathmann und Seckelmeiſter, geboren wurden, verlor an demſelben Tage ſeine beiden Eltern und konnte von dem kleinen Erbtheil kaum zu ſtudiren hoffen. Der republikaniſche Sinn ſeiner Landsleute hauchte ihm früh unbegränzte Freiheitsliebe und der Abſcheu, den ſeinem Vater die Verfolgung der franzöſiſchen Reformirten einſt gegen allen Parteihaß eingeflößt hatte, dieſelbe Toleranz in Glaubensſachen ein. Ohne große Neigung kam er, um Theologie zu ſtudiren, 1736 mit ſchwachen Vorkenntniſſen auf das akademiſche Gymnaſium nach Zürich. Wolfs Metaphyſik regte ihn zuerſt zum Denken an. Große Männer wirkten von nun an auf ſeinen ſchwer zu erweckenden Geiſt, unter denen der Theolog Zimmermann, der Naturforſcher Johann Geßner, endlich Bodmer und Breitinger die bedeutendſten waren. Doch blieb ſeine Neigung zur Mathematik vorherrſchend, ja aus Freude an mechaniſcher Arbeit erlernte er die Buchbinderei auf das Gründlichſte. 1739, nachdem er ohne eine eigentliche Univerſität beſucht zu haben, ſeinen theologiſchen Curſus vollendet hatte, wurde er ordinirt und als Vicar dem Pfarrer zu Maſchwanden beigegeben. Kränklichkeit nöthigte ihn, dieſe Stelle gegen die eines Hofmeiſters im Schloſſe Wyden an der Thur zu vertauſchen; auch hatte ſich ſchon ſein Geiſt immer mehr von der Theologie der Naturwiſſenſchaft zugewandt. Eine ähnliche Stelle bekleidete er ſeit 1743 in Magdeburg. Hier war es, wo ihm durch Bekanntſchaft mit mehreren Dichtern, namentlich Gleim, die früher nicht geahnte hohe Bedeutung der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften aufging. 1747 nahm er einen Ruf als Profeſſor der Mathematik am Joachimsthaler Gymnaſium in Berlin an, 1750 ward er in die königliche Academie der Wiſſenſchaften aufgenommen. Der Tod ſeiner geliebten Gattin nöthigte den Tiefgebeugten, eine Reiſe in ſein Vaterland zu machen; von 1762 bis 1763 blieb er dort und fühlte ſich ſo von ihm gefeſſelt, daß er 1763 um Entlaſſung von ſeiner Stelle anhielt, um ſein Leben in der Schweiz zu beſchließen. Aber der König erhielt ihn Berlin durch eine ehrenvolle Anſtellung an ſeiner neugegründeten Ritteracademie, auch ſchenkte er ihm ein Gärtchen in Moabit. Jetzt lag ihm vor Allem die Regulirung der ſehr in Unordnung gerathenen Verhältniſſe der Oeconomie und eine Reform des Joachimsthaler Gymnaſiums ob; 1770 mußte er mit Sack und Spalding die Schulen von Kloſter Bergen, Stargard und Stettin unterſuchen. Aber ſeine Geſundheit begann mehr und mehr zu wanken; auf Haller's Rath bereiſte er 1775 die Schweiz, Südfrankreich und die Lombardei. Auf dieſer Reiſe erfreute ihn des Königs Gnade durch Ueberſendung des Titels eines Directors von der philoſophiſchen Facultät ſeiner Ritteracademie. Er kehrte nach Berlin zurück, aber ſeine Kräfte ſchwanden ſichtbar, und am 25. Februar 1779 machte der Tod ſeinem reichen Leben ein Ende.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lobrede auf den König. Berlin, 1756.
Moraliſche Betrachtungen über die Werke der Natur, herausgegeben von Sack. Berlin, 1741.
Allgemeine Theorie der ſchönen Künſte. Leipzig, 1772—74; neu 1792—94. 4 Thle.
(Litterariſche Zuſätze von Blankenburg. Leipzig, 1796—98. 3 Bde.)
(Nachträge von Schatz und Dyck. Leipzig, 1792—1808. 8 Bde. 8.)
Philoſophiſche Schriften. Leipzig, 1773—85. 3 Thle; neu 1800.

Ueber S. urtheilte am Treffendſten der große Herder im Octoberhefte des deutſchen Merkurs vom Jahre 1781 S. 30—35, wo er von ihm ſagt: „S's Verdienſte ſind die eines Pädagogen und Philoſophen, beide Worte im edelſten Verſtande genommen. Der Klang, den er als Naturkundiger und Mathematiker haben mochte, iſt außer meinem Urtheil. Als practiſchen Philoſophen über die Erziehung und Unterweiſung der Kinder kündigte ihn früh ein kleiner Verſuch (über Auferziehung und Unterweiſung der Kinder) an; ſein kurzer Inbegriff der Wiſſenſchaften, ſeine Vorübungen, die Einrichtung des Mitauiſchen Gymnaſiums, und viele Verdienſte, die er ſich um das Schulweſen in Berlin und andern preußiſchen Städten erworben, haben durch Rath und That dieſen kleinen Verſuch erhebet. Wenn es nun wirklich keine nützlichere Philoſophie giebt, als die den Menſchen, das Kind, den Jüngling bildet, ſo hat S. einen Rang über manchen ſcharfſinnigen und nutzloſen Erfinder. Ich ſetze in dieſes Fach auch einige ſeiner Schriftchen, die er über die Werke und Schönheit der Natur, über den Werth der Noachide, über die beſſere Anwendung der Künſte und ſonſt geſchrieben. Sie lehren keine neue Wahrheiten, aber ſie wenden alte gute Wahrheiten angenehm, faßlich, nützlich an. Ueber die Noachide iſt S. eigentlich kein ſtrenger Kunſtrichter.

ſondern ein Freund des Dichters, der die moraliſchen Schönheiten ſeines Gedichts entwickelt und der Jugend anpreiſet, wie er es auch im großen Wörterbuche der Künſte oft gethan hat. Der moraliſche Nutzen, auf den er überall die Künſte und jede ſchöne Wiſſenſchaft angewendet wiſſen will, iſt edel und wünſchenswerth, vielleicht aber nicht immer, inſonderheit auf den Wegen, die er vorſchlägt, erreichbar; nicht etwa nur äußerer Hinderniſſe, ſondern hie und da vielleicht des Begriffs der Kunſt ſelbſt wegen. Indeſſen ſind bei der großen Zweckloſigkeit und den zum Theil ſchändlichen Mißbräuchen, in die die beſten derſelben gerathen ſind, zu unſrer Zeit auch platoniſche Gedanken und Wünſche hierüber ſchätzbar. Als Philoſoph war S. ein Philoſoph des geſunden Verſtandes, der planen, nicht ſpitzfündigen Vernunft. Pſychologie war das Feld, wo ihm die Zerlegung der Begriffe am meiſten glückte. Und giebt es in der ganzen Philoſophie ein angenehmeres, nützlicheres Feld, als dieſes? Seine Theorie der angenehmen Empfindungen, ſeine Abhandlungen über Sprache und Vernunft, über dunkle Begriffe und Triebe, zuletzt über das Weſen und die Unſterblichkeit der Seele ſind voll ſchöner Wahrnehmungen. Wenn ſie die Begriffe nicht allemal zur vollſtändigſten Deutlichkeit heben, ſo ziehen ſie ſie doch aus der Tiefe ans helle, klare Sonnenlicht hervor, und ſind dem Leſer, inſonderheit dem ſich bildenden Jünglinge ſo unterhaltend als aufmunternd. Die Leiter, auf der der Philoſoph emporſteigt, läßt er ſtehen, und zieht ſie nicht ſtracks nach ſich; ein anderer kann und mag weiter ſteigen. Das größeſte Gebäude endlich, das S. errichtete, iſt ſein Wörterbuch der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte; ein babaliſches, vielleicht unvollendetes und ein zu vollendendes Gebäude, das ſeinen Erbauer aber, wenn es auch nur der erſte Erbauer wäre, gewiß nicht ohne Kranz ließ. An der Peterskirche in Rom haben viele gebauet, weil das Werk über Eines Menſchen Leben hinausreichte; ſelbſt der Plan derſelben ward einigemal geändert; das Gebäude kam indeſſen doch einmal zu Stande, und auch denen, die die Vollendung nicht erlebten, bleibt ihr Ruhm. Es iſt wohl unleugbar, daß S. den Plan, den er in den Literaturbriefen bekannt machte, nicht ganz erreicht hat. Er war nicht der einzige Arbeiter; ein Mann konnte bei ſo verſchiedenen Künſten nicht jedem Begriffe, jedem Hauptworte auf den Grund kommen; noch weniger in der, für jede zuſammenhangende Philoſophie fatalen Form eines zertrennenden Wörterbuchs, jeden Begriff, dem rechten Verhältniſſe nach, an Ort und Stelle führen; noch weniger, da bei verſchiedenen Künſten verſchiedene Mitarbeiter waren, die gemeinſchaftlichen Ideen verſchiedener Künſte auf dem kürzeſten Wege zu ihrer klaren Quelle leiten u. ſ. f. Aber wer wird Unmöglichkeiten fordern und wer einem, und zwar dem erſten Verſuche, das Geſchäft vieler Männer, vielleicht ganzer Jahrhunderte zumuthen? S. hat angefangen; wer baut weiter? Man binde, leite, ſimplificire die Begriffe, wo ſie noch nicht recht gebunden und ſimplificirt ſind; man ſtelle die Künſte und ihre Theile mit mehreren Verhältniß gegen einander, als ſich bei dem erſten Ueberblick eines Labyrinths von Gedanken und Worten thun ließ; inſonderheit führe man auch die Begriffe der Kunſt genetiſcher in ihre Geſchichte, und ſchärfe hie und da, was bei S. zu rund, zu allgemein geſagt ſein möchte. Das Werk, wie es iſt, iſt ein Denkmal des philoſophiſchen Sinnes der Deutſchen, mit La Combe und ähnlichen Büchern ſo wenig zu vergleichen, als der Palaſt mit einer Marktbude. Wenn man S. zum Theil ſtrenge beurtheilt hat, ſo kam es davon her, daß man ihn nach ſeinem eigenen Plane beurtheilte, und in dieſen hohen Ideen lange auf das Werk gewartet hatte; kurz, weil man ihn als Sulzer beurtheilte. Jetzt iſt wohl Niemand in Deutſchland, der den Werth ſeines Buchs verkennt; und auch ſelbſt die Mängel deſſelben, daß S. ſich mehr auf dem Wege des ſchlichten, geſunden Verſtandes hielt, als nach Höhen und Abgründen der Speculation einzelner ſeiner Begriffe umherkletterte, ſind zum allgemeinen Gebrauch des Buchs Empfehlung. Die ſchönſten Artikel in ihm ſind auch pſychologiſch und pädagogiſch; hierunter ſind manche, die für ganze Abhandlungen der Academie gelten möchten. In dieſem Werk iſt S. eine ganze Academie ſelbſt. In den letzten Jahren ſeines Lebens that der kranke Weltweiſe eine Reiſe durch die ſchönſten Gegenden Europens, um noch mit den letzten Blicken der Dankbarkeit die Schönheit einer Natur zu genießen, die er in ſeinen früheren Jahren ſo wahr, ſo fromm und edel geprieſen hatte. Er hoffte aus ihr noch Athem der Geſundheit zu holen: ſie konnte ihm aber denſelben für dieſe Welt nicht mehr geben. Er ging mit Geſinnungen, die ein Brief von Spalding in ſeinen letzten Tagen beſchreibt, in eine ſchönere Natur Gottes über."

Ode*).

(Dichtkunſt.)

Das kleine lyriſche Gedicht, dem die Alten dieſen Namen gegeben, erſcheinet in ſo mancherlei Geſtalt, und nimmt ſo vielerlei Charaktere und Formen an, daß es unmöglich ſcheinet, einen Begriff feſtzuſetzen, der jeder Ode zukomme, und ſie zugleich von jeder andern Gattung abzeichne. Von der Eiche bis zum Roſenſtrauch ſind kaum ſo viel Gattungen von Bäumen, als Arten dieſes Gedichtes von der hohen pindariſchen Ode bis auf die ſcherzhafte, niedliche Ode des Anakreons. Es ſcheinet, daß die Griechen den Charakter dieſer Dichtungsart mehr durch die äußerliche Form und Versart, als durch innerliche Kennzeichen beſtimmt haben. Die neuern Kunſtrichter geben Erklärungen davon, und beſtimmen ihren innern Charakter; aber wenn man ſich genau daran halten wollte, ſo müßte man manche pindariſche und horaziſche Ode von dieſer Gattung ausſchließen.

Nur darin kommen alle Kunſtrichter mit einander überein, daß die Oden die höchſte Dichtungsart ausmachen, daß ſie das Eigenthümliche des Gedichts in einem höhern Grad zeigen, und mehr Gedicht ſind, als irgend eine andere Gattung. Was den Dichter von andern Menſchen unterſcheidet, und ihn eigentlich zum Dichter macht, findet ſich bei dem Odendichter in einem höhern Grad, als bei irgend einem andern. Dieſes iſt nicht ſo zu verſtehen, als ob zu jeder Ode mehr poetiſches Genie erfordert werde, als zu jedem andern Gedicht; daß Anakreon ein größerer Dichter ſei, als Homer: ſondern ſo, daß die Art, wie der Odendichter in jedem beſondern Falle ſeine Gedanken und ſeine Empfindung äußert, mehr Poetiſches an ſich habe, als wenn derſelbe Gedanken, dieſelbe Empfindung in dem Ton und in der Art des epiſchen, oder eines andern Dichters, wäre an den Tag gelegt worden. Was er ſagt, das ſagt er in einem poetiſchen Ton, in lebhaftern Bildern, in ungewöhnlicherer Wendung, mit lebhafterer Empfindung, als ein anderer Dichter. Mit einem Wort, er entfernet ſich in allen Stücken weiter von der gemeinen Art zu ſprechen, als jeder andere Dichter. Dieſes iſt ſein wahrer Charakter.

Deswegen aber iſt nicht jede Ode erhaben, oder hinreißend; aber jede iſt in ihrer Art, nach Maaßgebung deſſen, was ſie ausdrückt, höchſt poetiſch; ihr Ausdruck, oder ihre Wendung hat allemal, wenn auch der Inhalt noch ſo klein, noch ſo gering iſt, etwas Außerordentliches, das den Zuhörer überraſcht, mehr oder weniger in Verwunderung ſetzet, oder doch ſehr einnimmt. Um dieſes zu fühlen, leſe man die zwanzigſte Ode des erſten Buchs vom Horaz. Mäcenas hat ſich ſelbſt bei dem Dichter zu Gaſte; in der gemeinen Sprache würde dieſer ihm geantwortet haben: Du kannſt kommen, wenn du mit ſchlechterm Wein, als deſſen du gewohnt biſt, vorlieb nehmen willſt. Ein Dichter, der ſich nicht bis zum Ton der Ode heben kann, würde dieſes etwas feiner und witziger ſagen: Horaz aber giebt dem Gedanken eine Wendung, wodurch er den empfindungsvollen ſapphiſchen Ton verträgt; und indem er ihn in einer hohen poetiſchen Laune vorträgt, wird er zur Ode.

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*) Aus Sulzer's Theorie der ſchönen Künſte.

Es iſt alſo nicht die Größe des Gegenſtandes, der beſungen wird, nicht die Wichtigkeit des Stoffs, darin man den Charakter dieſes Gedichts zu ſuchen hat; es erhält ihn allein von dem beſondern und höchſtlebhaften Genie des Dichters, der auch eine gemeine Sache in einem Lichte ſieht, darin ſie die Phantaſie und die Empfindung reizet. So leicht es iſt, das Charakteriſtiſche dieſer Dichtungsart bei jeder guten Ode zu empfinden, ſo ſchwer iſt es, daſſelbe durch umſtändliche Beſchreibung zu entwickeln.

Da ſie die Frucht des höchſten Feuers der Begeiſterung, oder wenigſtens des lebhafteſten Anfalls der poetiſchen Laune iſt: ſo kann ſie keine beträchtliche Länge haben. Denn dieſer Gemüthszuſtand kann ſeiner Natur nach nicht lange dauern. Und da man in einem ſolchen Zuſtande alles überſieht, was nicht ſehr lebhaft rühret, ſo ſind in der Ode Gedanken, Empfindungen, Bilder, jeder Ausdruck entweder erhaben, hyperboliſch, ſtark und von lebhaftem Schwung, oder von beſonderer Annehmlichkeit; alles Bedächtliche und Geſuchte fällt da nothwendig weg. Darum iſt auch die Ordnung der Gedanken darin zwar höchſt natürlich für dieſen außerordentlichen Zuſtand des Gemüthes, darin man nichts ſucht, aber einen Reichthum lebhafter Vorſtellungen von ſelbſt, von der Natur angeboten, findet; man empfindet, wie ein Gedanken aus dem andern entſtanden iſt, nicht durch methodiſches Nachdenken, ſondern der Lebhaftigkeit der Phantaſie und des Witzes gemäß. Es iſt darin nicht die nothwendige Ordnung, wie in den Gedanken, der ein zergliedernder, oder zuſammenſetzender Verſtand entwickelt, aber eine den Geſetzen der Einbildungskraft und der Empfindung gemäße, nach welcher der poetiſche Taumel des Dichters insgemein ſich auf eine unerwartete Weiſe endiget, und in dem Zuhörer Ueberraſchung oder ſanftes Vergnügen zurückläßt. Dadurch wird jede Ode eine wahrhafte und jede merkwürdige Schilderung des innern Zuſtandes, worin ein Dichter von vorzüglichem Genie, durch eine beſondere Veranlaſſung auf eine kurze Zeit iſt geſetzt worden. Man wird von dieſem ſonderbaren Gedicht einen ziemlich beſtimmten Begriff haben, wenn man ſich daſſelbe als eine erweiterte, und nach Maaßgebung der Materie mit den kräftigſten, ſchönſten, oder lieblichſten Farben der Dichtkunſt ausgeſchmückte Ausrufung vorſtellt.

Wir müſſen aber nicht vergeſſen, auch eine ganz eigene Versart mit zu dem Charakter der Ode zu rechnen. Man kann leicht erachten, daß ein ſo außerordentlicher Zuſtand, wie der iſt, da man vor Fülle der Empfindung ſingt und ſpringt, (dies iſt wirklich der natürliche Zuſtand, der die Ode hervorgebracht hat), auch einen außerordentlichen Ton und Klang verurſachen werde. Der Dichter nimmt da Bewegung, Wohlklang und Rhythmus, als bewährte Mittel, die Empfindung zu unterhalten und zu ſtärken zu Hülfe*). Ich habe anderswo eine Beobachtung angeführt, welche beweiſet, wie viel Kraft das Melodiſche des Sylbenmaaßes habe, um den Dichter in ſeiner Laune zu unterhalten**). In der Gemüthslage, worin der Odendichter ſich befindet, ſpricht man gerne in kurzen, ſehr klangreichen Sätzen, die bald länger, bald kürzer ſind, nach Maaßgebung der Empfindung, die man äußert.

Daher iſt zu vermuthen, daß jede wirkende Ode, ſie ſei hebräiſchen, griechiſchen oder celtiſchen Urſprunges, in dem Klange mehr Muſik verrathen wird, als jede andere Dichtungsart. Dieſes liegt in der Natur. Als man nachher die von der Natur erzeugten Oden zum Werk der Kunſt machte, dachte man vielfältig über das Sylbenmaaß nach, und das feine Ohr der griechiſchen Dichter fand mancherlei Gattungen deſſelben***). Die Anordnung der Verſe in Strophen, die nach einem Muſter wiederholt werden, ſcheinet blos zufällig zu ſein, ob ſie gleich jetzt beinahe zum Geſetz geworden.

Dieſes ſcheinet alſo der allgemeine Charakter aller Oden zu ſein.

In beſondern Zügen aber herrſcht eine unendliche Mannichfaltigkeit. In dem Ton iſt ſie entweder hoch, auch wohl durchaus erhaben, oder ſie iſt blos ernſthaft und pathetiſch, oder gar wohl nur klein, launiſch, oder lieblich. So viel Schattirungen des Tones von der durchdringenden Trompete und ſtürmenden Pauke, bis auf den ſanften Ton der Flöte ſind, ſo vielfältig kann der Ton ſein, in welchem der Odendichter ſingt; und in dem Ton iſt die Ode bald durchaus gleich, bald ſteigend, bald fallend. Eben ſo mannichfaltig iſt ſie in dem Plan, oder der Ordnung der Gedanken. Bisweilen läßt ſie uns den Dichter in lebhafter Empfindung ſehen, deren Veranlaſſung wir nicht wiſſen, bis er ganz zuletzt den Gegenſtand kurz anzeiget, der ihn in dieſen außerordentlichen Zuſtand geſetzt hat. So iſt Klopſtocks Ode an Bodmer. Der Dichter fängt ungemein feierlich und pathetiſch an:

Der die Schickungen lenkt, heißet den frömmſten Wunſch
  Mancher Seligkeit goldenes Bild
Oft verwehen, und ruft da Labyrinth hervor,
  Wo ein Sterblicher gehen will.

In dieſem Ton und in dieſer Materie über die verborgenen Wege der Vorſicht führt der Dichter bis gegen das Ende fort, ohne uns merken zu laſſen, wodurch dieſe feierlich ernſthafte Betrachtung veranlaſſet worden. Ganz am Ende entdecken wir ſie, da der Dichter ſie kurz anzeiget, und nun ſchweiget. Er kommt zuletzt auf dieſe Betrachtung:

Oft erfüllet er (Gott, der das Schickſal geordnet) auch, was das erzitternde
  Volle Herz kaum zu wünſchen wagt.
Wie von Träumen erwacht, ſehen wir dann unſer Glück,
  Sehens mit Augen und glaubens kaum.

Und nun zeiget er uns erſt die Veranlaſſung aller dieſer Betrachtungen, indem er ſchließt:

Dieſes Glücke ward mir, als ich zum erſtenmal
  Bodmers Armen entgegen kam.

Andermal läßt der Dichter gleich anfangs den Gegenſtand, der ihn belebt, ſehen, verweilet ſich kurz dabei, verliert ihn denn aus dem Geſicht, und hält ſich bis ans Ende mit Aeußerung der Empfindungen auf, die er in ihm veranlaſſet hat. Ein Beiſpiel hievon giebt uns Horazens Ode auf den über die See fahrenden Virgil. Der Dichter zeiget uns gleich ſeinen Gegenſtand, indem er mit dem Wunſch anfängt, daß das Schiff, dem die Hälfte ſeiner Seele anvertraut iſt, glücklich fahren möge. Denn verläßt er dieſen Gegenſtand; die Sorge für ſeinen Freund führet auf verdrießliche Betrachtungen über die Kühnheit der Menſchen, die es zuerſt gewagt haben, die See zu befahren; dann kommt er in dieſer Laune auf noch allgemeinere Betrachtungen über die Verwegenheit der Menſchen, die alles wagt, was ſie nicht wagen ſollte, bis er mit dem übertriebenen Gedanken ſchließt:

Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

Hier iſt alſo der Plan der angeführten Klopſtockiſchen Ode gerade umgekehrt. Beide zeigen uns den Gegenſtand, der den Dichter ins Feuer geſetzt, nur einen Augenblick, und halten ſich durch die ganze Ode bei der Wirkung deſſelben auf ihr Gemüthe auf.

Andremale füllt der Gegenſtand allein den ganzen Geſang aus. So iſt die zehnte Ode des Horaz im erſten Buche ein Lobgeſang auf den Mercurius, ohne die geringſte Ausſchweifung auf Nebenſachen; der Dichter wendet ſein Auge mit keinem einzigen Blick von ſeinem Gegenſtand ab. Klopſtocks Ode, die beiden Muſen, iſt eine höchſt poetiſche Beſchreibung des Gegenſtandes, ohne die geringſte Ausſchweifung auf Nebenſachen; und die meiſten Oden des Anakreons ſind liebliche Schilderungen eines Gegenſtandes, den der Dichter nicht einen Augenblick verläßt.

In andern Oden wechſeln Urſach und Wirkungen wechſelsweis ab. Der Dichter macht zwar öftere, aber kurze Ausſchweifungen von ſeinem Gegenſtand, kommt aber bald wieder auf ihn zurück. Oft aber ſehen wir ihn in einem hohen poetiſchen Taumel, deſſen Veranlaſſung wir kaum errathen, und unter deſſen mannichfaltigen Wendungen wir kaum einen Zuſammenhang erblicken. Ein Beiſpiel hievon giebt uns Horazens vierte Ode im dritten Buch. Der Dichter fängt an die Calliope, die vornehmſte der Muſen, vom Himmel herunter zu rufen, und bittet ſie irgend ein langes Lied, in welchem Ton es ihr gefallen möchte, zu ſingen; er läßt uns nicht merken, warum er dieſen Wunſch äußert. Gleich dünkt ihn, er höre den Geſang der Muſe, die gekommen ſei und nun im heiligen Haine herumirre. Aber jetzt erzählt er uns, wie er in ſeiner Kindheit, als er in einer Wildniß herumſchweifend eingeſchlafen, von wilden Tauben mit Laub bedeckt worden, um vor Schlangen und wilden Thieren ſicher zu liegen. Doch ſcheinet er uns merken zu laſſen, daß er dieſe Wohlthat den Muſen, ſeinen Schutzgöttinnen, zu danken habe. Denn fährt er voll Empfindung fort, die Muſen für ſeine Beſchützerinnen zu erkennen, mit denen er bald auf einem, bald auf einem andern ſeiner Landgüter ſicher herumirret. Ihnen verdankt ers, daß er weder in der Niederlage bei Philippi umgekommen, noch von dem umgeſtürzten Baum erſchlagen worden. Darum will er, von ihnen begleitet, in die entfernteſten furchtbareſten Länder reiſen, und ſich unter die wildeſten Völker wagen. Nun kommt er plötzlich auf den Cäſar und ſagt, daß er nach unzähligen vollbrachten Arbeiten des Krieges, da er jezt die Ruhe ſucht, ſie im geheimen Umgange mit den Muſen finde, rühmet ſie, daß ſie Luſt daran haben, ihm gelinde Rathſchläge einzuflößen. Denn kommt er auf den Krieg der Titanen, bei dem er ſich lang aufhält, und ſcheinet uns lehren zu wollen, daß Jupiter von der Pallas unterſtüzt, einen leichten Sieg über ſie erhalten, obgleich eine fürchterliche Macht gegen ihn geſtanden. Dieſes leitet ihn auf die wichtige Bemerkung, daß Macht ohne Ueberlegung unmächtig, hingegen mittelmäßige Stärke durch kluges Ueberlegen den Segen der Götter gewinne, und von großer Wirkung ſei. Denn lobt er auch von den Göttern, daß ſie alle Macht, die auf Unrecht abzielt, verabſcheuen, und erwähnet zur Beſtätigung dieſer Anmerkung die Strafen, die den hundertarmigen Gyges, oder Briareus, den verwegenen Orion, den Typhous, den Tytius und den Pirithous betroffen. — Und damit iſt die Ode zu Ende.

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*) S. Melodie; Takt; Rhythmus.

**) S. die Vorrede zu der erſten Sammlung der Gedichte der Frau Karſchin.

***) S. Sylbenmaaß; Versart.

Hier kann man kaum errathen, was für ein Gegenſtand, oder was für ein Gedanken den Dichter ſo lebhaft gerührt hat, daß er in einem ſo feurigen Ton erſt die Calliope vom Himmel ruft, denn ſo ſehr gegen einander abſtechende Vorſtellungen in dieſem Geſang vereiniget. Von den Auslegern des Horaz ſagt einer dieſes, ein andrer etwas anderes, und einige getrauen ſich gar nicht das Räthſel ſo aufzulöſen; ſo ſehr verſteckt iſt oft der Plan des Odendichters.

Weil es doch überhaupt einiges Licht über die Theorie der im Plan ſehr verſteckten Ode verbreiten kann, ſo will ich meine Gedanken über die Veranlaſſung und den Plan dieſer Ode hieher zu ſetzen wagen, den Batteux, wie höhniſch auch unſer ſonſt fürtreffliche Geßner dabei lächelt, wie mich dünkt, wenigſtens zur Hälfte errathen hat.

Cäſar hatte nun alle Vertheidiger der Freiheit, und zulezt auch ſeine Mittyrannen überwunden, und war allein Herr über alles. Horaz mochte in einer vertraulichen Stunde mit einem Freund, vielleicht dem Mäcenas, über die Lage der Sachen ſich unterredet haben: dabei kann einem von ihnen den Gedanken aufgeſtoßen ſein, daß dieſe, auf ſo große Macht gegründete Herrſchaft, vielleicht doch nicht ſicher genug ſei. Dieſe Vorſtellung rührete den Dichter auf das lebhafteſte, und dazu war freilich die Sache wichtig genug. Nun fällt ihm ein, wie dieſer Herrſchaft eine völlige Sicherheit zu verſchaffen wäre. Cäſar müßte die Künſte der Muſen in Flor bringen, dabei ſich durchaus einer gelinden Regierung befleißen, und alles mit großer, aber wahrhaftig weiſer Ueberlegung veranſtalten. Es ſei nun, daß der Dichter ſeine Gedanken hierüber blos ſeinem Freund zu eröffnen, oder gar den Cäſar ſelbſt errathen zu laſſen, ſich vorgeſezt habe, ſo war allemal die Sache höchſt bedenklich, und konnte weder allzudeutlich, noch geradezu geſagt werden. Darum nimmt der Dichter einen großen Umweg, und überläßt dem, für welchen die Ode geſchrieben worden, zu errathen, was er damit habe ſagen wollen.

Die feierliche Anrufung der Calliope iſt ſchon zweideutig: man konnte ſie auslegen, daß der Dichter die Göttin um ihren Beiſtand für dieſen Geſang anrufte; aber er meinte es ſo, ſie ſoll kommen, um mit allen Reizungen ihrer Geſänge dem Cäſar beizuſtehen, und durch Ermunterung vieler Dichter ſeinen Zeiten Glanz und mannichfaltige Annehmlichkeit zu geben. Er ſieht auch den Anfang dieſer guten Zeit: aber er will nicht zu offenbar ſprechen; er kommt plözlich auf ſich ſelbſt zurück, ohne den Hauptgedanken fahren zu laſſen, und erzählt, oder erdichtet, wie die Muſen ihn, weil ein Dichter aus ihm werden ſollte, beſchüzt haben, und noch beſchüzen. Dieſes iſt eine Art Allegorie, wodurch er zu verſtehen giebt, daß der, der nichts gefährliches, nichts gewaltthätiges gegen andre im Sinne hat, ſondern, wie ein unſchuldiger Dichter, blos ſich zu ergözen ſucht, ſonſt keine Anſprüche macht, und jedem ſeine Art läßt, auch nie etwas zu befürchten habe. Dieſes drückt er ſehr poetiſch aus, daß die Muſen ihm ſichern Schuz angedeihen laſſen. Damit beſtätiget er zwei Säze auf einmal; den, daß eine angenehme Regierung ſicher ſei, und den, daß der Regent wenigſtens den Schein annehmen ſoll, als wenn er gegen Niemand etwas Gewaltthätiges im Sinn habe. Nun kommt er wieder ganz natürlich und ohne Sprung, ob es gleich ſo ſcheinet, auf den Cäſar, der auch in dieſem Fall ſei, weil er ſich auch mit den Muſen beſchäftiget, die ihm deswegen Mäßigung und Gelindigkeit einflößen. Nun giebt er einen noch offenbaren Wink, um durch eine neue Allegorie zu zeigen, wie es wirklich leicht ſei, mit Ueberlegung und Weisheit ſelbſt gegen die Auflehnung einer noch größern Macht ſich in Sicherheit zu ſetzen, und allenfalls die Aufrührer, die insgemein ſich ihrer Macht auf eine unbeſonnene Weiſe bedienen, zu zähmen. Endlich giebt er noch eben ſo verdeckt und allegoriſch den Rath, durch eine gerechte und billige Staatsverwaltung die Götter für die neue Regierung zu intereſſiren, die alle auf Unrecht gehende Gewalt verabſcheuen und beſtrafen.

Dieſes iſt überhaupt der Weg, den der Dichter gerne nimmt, um von ſehr bedenklichen und gefährlichen Dingen mit Behutſamkeit zu ſprechen, und darin gleichet er dem Solon, der ſich närriſch anſtellte, um dem athenienſiſchen Volk einen dem Staate nüzlichen Rath zu geben, den er ohne Lebensgefahr geradezu nicht geben durfte.

Wir haben die verſchiedenen Arten der Ode in Abſicht auf den Ton und den Plan oder Schwung derſelben betrachtet. Eben ſo ungleich iſt ſie ſich ſelbſt auch in Anſehung des Inhalts, oder der Materie, die ſie bearbeitet. Sie hat überhaupt keinen ihr eigenen Stoff. Jeder gemeine oder erhabene Gedanken, jeder Gegenſtand, von welcher Art er ſei, kann Stoff zur Ode geben; es kommt dabei blos darauf an, mit welcher Lebhaftigkeit, in welcher wichtigen Wendung, und in welchem hellen Lichte der Dichter ihn gefaßt habe. Wer, wie Klopſtock ſo feierlich denkt, von Empfindung ſo ganz durchdrungen wird, oder eine ſo hoch fliegende Phantaſie hat, findet Stoff zur Ode, da, wo ein andrer kaum zu einiger Aufmerkſamkeit gereizt wird. Wer, als ein Mann von ſo einzigem Genie, würde einen Stoff, wie in der Ode Sponda, ich will nicht ſagen in ſo hohem feierlichen, ſondern nur in irgend einem der Leier, oder der Flöte anſtändigen Tone haben beſingen können? Der wahre Odendichter ſieht einen Gegenſtand, der mancherlei liebliche Phantaſien, oder auch wichtige Vorſtellungen, oder ſtarke Empfindungen in ihm erweckt; tauſend andre Menſchen ſehen denſelben Gegenſtand mit eben der Klarheit, und denken nichts dabei. Des Dichters Kopf iſt mit einer Menge merkwürdiger Vorſtellungen angefüllt, die wie das Pulver ſehr leicht Feuer fangen, und auch andere daneben liegende ſchnell entzünden.

Der gewöhnlichſte Stoff der Ode, der auch Dichter von eben nicht außerordentlichem Genie zum Singen erweckt, iſt von leidenſchaftlicher Art; und unter dieſen ſind die Freude, die Bewunderung, und die Liebe die gemeinſten. Die beiden erſtern ſind allem Anſehen nach die älteſten Veranlaſſungen der Ode, ſo wie ſie es vermuthlich auch von Geſang und Tanz ſind, die allem Anſehen nach urſprünglich mit der Ode verbunden geweſen. Der noch halb wilde, ſo wie der unmündige Menſch äußert dieſe Leidenſchaften durch Hüpfen, Frohlocken und Jauchzen. Ein feierliches Trauern, das bei dem noch ganz natürlichen Menſchen in Heulen und Wehklagen ausbricht, ſcheinet hienächſt auch Oden veranlaſſet zu haben; durch Nachahmung ſolcher von der Natur ſelbſt eingegebenen Oden, iſt der Stoff derſelben mannichfaltiger worden.

Man kann überhaupt die Ode in Abſicht auf ihre Materie in dreierlei Arten eintheilen. Einige ſind betrachtend, und enthalten eine affektvolle Beſchreibung oder Erzählung der Eigenſchaften des Gegenſtandes der Ode; andere ſind phantaſiereich, und legen uns lebhafte Schilderungen, von einer feurigen Phantaſie entworfen, vor Augen; endlich iſt eine dritte Art empfindungsvoll. Am öfterſten aber iſt dieſer dreifache Stoff in der Ode durchaus vermiſcht. Zu der erſten Art rechnen wir die Hymnen und Lobgeſänge, wovon wir die älteſten Muſter in den Büchern des Moſes und in den hebräiſchen Pſalmen antreffen. Auch Pindars Oden gehören zu dieſer Art, wiewohl ſie in einem ganz andern Geiſt gedichtet ſind: insgemein aber ſind ſie nichts anders, als höchſt poetiſche Betrachtungen zum Lobe gewiſſer Perſonen, oder gewiſſer Sachen. In dieſen Oden zeigen die Dichter ſich als Männer, die urtheilen, die ihre Beobachtungen und Meinungen über wichtige Gegenſtände empfindungsvoll vortragen. Der darin herrſchende Affekt iſt Bewunderung, und oft ſind ſie vorzüglich lehrreich.

Zu der zweiten Art rechnen wir die Oden, welche phantaſiereiche Beſchreibungen, oder Schilderungen gewiſſer Gegenſtände aus der ſichtbaren Welt enthalten, wie Horazens Ode an die blanduſiſche Quelle, Anakreons Ode auf die Cicade und viele andere dieſes Dichters. Man ſieht, wie dergleichen Geſänge entſtehen. Der Poet wird von der Schönheit eines ſichtbaren Gegenſtandes mächtig gerühret, ſeine Phantaſie geräth in Feuer, und er beſtrebt ſich, das, was dieſer ihm vormalt, durch ſeinen Geſang zu ſchildern. Bisweilen iſt es ihm dabei blos um dieſe Schilderung zu thun, wodurch er ſich in der angenehmen Empfindung, die der Gegenſtand in ihm verurſacht hat, nähret: andermal aber veranlaſſet das Gemälde bei ihm einen Wunſch, oder führet ihn auf eine Lehre, und dieſe ſezet er, als die Moral ſeines Gemäldes hinzu *). Von dieſer Art iſt die Ode des Horaz an den Sextius **), und viele andre dieſes Dichters. Sie ſcheinet überhaupt die größte Mannichfaltigkeit des Inhaltes für ſich zu haben. Denn die natürlichen Gegenſtände, wodurch die Sinne ſehr lebhaft gereigt werden, ſind unerſchöpflich, und jede kann auf mancherlei Art ein Bild einer ſittlichen Wahrheit werden. Dieſe Oden ſind auch vorzüglich eines überraſchenden Schwunges fähig, durch den der Dichter ſeine Schilderung auf eine ſehr angenehme, meiſt unerwartete Weiſe auf einen ſittlichen Gegenſtand anwendet, wovon wir Gleims Ode auf den Schmerlenbach zum Beiſpiel anführen können. Man denkt dabei, der Dichter habe nichts anders vor, als uns den angenehmen Eindruck mitzutheilen, den dieſer Bach auf ihn gemacht hat; zuletzt aber werden wir ſehr angenehm überraſcht, wenn wir ſehen, daß alles dieſes blos auf das Lob ſeines Weines abzielt; denn der Dichter ſetzt am Ende ſeiner Schilderung hinzu:

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*) S. Moral

**) Lib. I. Od. 4.

Jedoch mein lieber Bach,
Mit meinem Wein ſollſt du dich nicht vermiſchen.

Die dritte Art des Stoffs iſt der empfindungsvolle. Der Odendichter kann von jeder Leidenſchaft bis zu dem Grad der Empfindung gerührt werden, der die Ode hervorbringt. Alsdenn beſinget er entweder den Gegenſtand der Empfindung und zeiget uns an ihm das, was ſeine Liebe, ſein Verlangen, ſeine Freude oder Traurigkeit, oder auf der andern Seite ſeinen Unwillen, Haß, Zorn und ſeine Verabſcheuung verurſachet; die Farben zu ſeinen Schilderungen giebt ihm die Empfindung an die Hand, ſie ſind ſanft und lieblich, oder feurig, finſter und fürchterlich, nachdem die Leidenſchaft ſelbſt das Gepräg eines dieſer Charaktere trägt; oder er ſchildert den Zuſtand ſeines Herzens, äußert Freude, Verlangen, Zärtlichkeit, kurz, die Leidenſchaft, die ihn beherrſcht, wobei er ſich begnüget den Gegenſtand derſelben blos anzuzeigen, oder auch nur errathen zu laſſen. Gar oft miſchet er beiläufig Lehren, Anmerkungen, Vermahnung, oder Beſtrafung, zärtliche, fröhliche oder auch verdrießliche Apoſtrophen, in ſein Lied. Seine Lehren und Sprüche ſind allemal von der Leidenſchaft eingegeben, und tragen ihr Gepräg. Darum ſind ſie zwar allemal nachdrücklich, dem in Affekt geſetzten Gemüthe ſehr einleuchtend, bisweilen ausnehmend ſtark und wahr, andremal aber hyperboliſch, wie denn die Leidenſchaft insgemein alles vergrößert oder verkleinert, auch oft nur halb oder einſeitig wahr. Denn insgemein denkt das in Empfindung geſetzte Gemüth ganz anders von den Sachen, als die ruhigere Vernunft. Aber wo auch bei der Leidenſchaft der Dichter die Sachen von der wahren Seite ſieht, wenn er ein Mann iſt, der tief und gründlich zu denken gewohnt iſt: da giebt die Empfindung ſeinen Lehren und Sprüchen auch eine durchdringende Kraft, und erhebt ſie zu wahren Machtſprüchen, gegen die Niemand ſich aufzulehnen getraut.

Am gewöhnlichſten ſind die Oden, darin dieſer dreifache Stoff abwechſelt, da der Dichter von einem Gegenſtand lebhaft gerühret, jede der verſchiedenen Seelenkräfte an demſelben übet; da Verſtand, Phantaſie und Empfindung bald abwechſeln, bald in einander fließen. In dieſen herrſcht eine höchſt angenehme Mannichfaltigkeit von Gedanken, Bildern und Empfindungen, aber alle von einem einzigen Gegenſtand erweckt, der uns da in einem mannichfaltigen Licht auf eine höchſt intereſſante Weiſe vorgeſtellt wird.

Es wird etwas zu endlicher Aufklärung der Natur und des Charakters der Ode dienen, wenn wir durch einige Beiſpiele zeigen, wie ein Gedanken, eine Vorſtellung, die Aeußerung einer Empfindung zur Ode wird. Wir wollen dieſe Beiſpiele aus dem Horaz, als den bekannteſten Odendichter, wählen.

Die eilfte Ode des erſten Buches iſt nichts anders, als dieſer Satz: es iſt klüger das Gegenwärtige zu genießen, als ſich ängſtlich um das Künftige zu bekümmern. Er iſt auf die kürzeſte und einfacheſte Weiſe in eine Ode verwandelt. Dieſe Verwandlung wird dadurch bewirkt, daß der Dichter mit Affekt die Leukonoe anredet, und den allgemeinen Gedanken auf den beſondern Fall dieſer Perſon mit Wärme und lebhaftem Intereſſe anwendet, daneben alles mit ſtarken poetiſchen Farben malet. Die zehnte Ode des zweiten Buchs iſt die ganz gemeine Lehre, „daß ein weiſer Mann ſich weder durch das anſcheinende Glück zu großen und gefährlichen Unternehmungen verleiten, noch durch jeden kleinen Anfall des widrigen Glücks kleinmüthig machen läßt," höchſt poetiſch vorgetragen und ausgebildet. Der Dichter redet einen Freund an, dem er dieſe Lehre in einem warmen dringenden Ton einſchärft. Erſt wird ſie in einer kurzen ſehr maleriſchen Allegorie vorgetragen.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo, neque dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Littus iniquum.

Denn folget eine affektvolle Anpreiſung eines durch Mäßigung glücklichen Lebens, ſehr kurz und lebhaft durch ein paar maleriſche Meiſterzüge ausgedrückt.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Schon dieſe beiden Strophen ſtellen uns eine Ode dar. Aber es liegt dem Dichter ſehr am Herzen, ſeinen Freund gänzlich von jener Lehre zu überzeugen. Darum fährt er in dem affektreichen Ton fort zuerſt die heftige Unruhe, die die Hoheit begleitet, und die große Gefahr, die ihr drohet, durch zwei höchſt treffende allegoriſche Bilder zu ſchildern:

Saepius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus: et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres: feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

hernach ſeinen Freund zu erinnern, wie ein wahrhaftig weiſer Mann bei widrigem und günſtigem Glücke deſſen Veränderlichkeit bedenkt, deren ihn auch der Lauf der Natur erinnert. Daraus ziehet er den Schluß, daß ein gegenwärtiges widriges Glück eine beſſere Zukunft hoffen laſſe.

— Non si male nunc et olim
Sic erit.

Jetzt ſtellt er durch ein angenehmes Bild vom Apollo, der nicht immer in ernſthaften Geſchäften den Bogen ſpannt, ſondern auch bisweilen durch den Klang der Cither, ſich zu angenehmen Zeitvertreib ermuntert, vor, daß ein weiſer Mann ſich nicht ohne Unterlaß mit ſchweren Geſchäften abgiebt; und ſchließt endlich mit der Vermahnung, im widrigen Glücke ſich herzhaft, und im günſtigen vorſichtig zu zeigen, welches ebenfalls in einer ſehr kurzen und vortrefflichen Allegorie geſchieht.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

Hier ſieht man ſehr deutlich, wie eine gemeine Vorſtellung durch das Genie des Dichters zur Ode geworden.

Aus der fünften Ode des erſten Buches ſehen wir, wie ein bloßer Verweis, den der Dichter einem Frauenzimmer wegen ihrer Unbeſtändigkeit in der Liebe giebt, zu einer ſehr ſchönen Ode wird. Der Dichter wollte im Grunde nichts ſagen, als dieſes einzige: du biſt eine Unbeſtändige, die mich nicht mehr anlocken wird. Die Wendung, die er dieſem Gedanken giebt, und der höchſt lebhafte Ausdruck, machen ihn zur Ode. „Wen magſt du nun gefeſſelt halten, o! Pyrrha? — Ach der Unglückliche weiß nicht, wie bald du ihm untreu werden wirſt! Ich bin aus deinen Feſſeln, wie aus einem Schiffbruch gerettet, und habe meine naſſen Kleider aus Dankbarkeit dem Neptunus geweiht."

Man ſiehet aus dieſen Beiſpielen, wie ganz gemeine Gedanken durch den ſtarken Affekt, in dem ſie vorgetragen werden, und durch Einkleidung in lebhafte Bilder zur Ode werden. Würde Jemand ſagen: ſeitdem Sybaris die Lydia liebt, haſſet er die freie Luft und die Leibesübungen ꝛc. ſo lag ehedem der Sohn der Thetis verſteckt: ſo weiß man nicht, ob er ein ſatiriſches Epigramma machen, oder blos die ſeltſame Wirkung der Liebe an dieſem Beiſpiel in philoſophiſchem Geiſte zeigen will. Wenn aber dieſen Zuſtand des Verliebten einen Dichter von lebhaftem Genie in leidenſchaftliche Empfindungen ſetzt; wenn er ausruft: „Um aller Götter willen, o! Lydia, warum ſtürzeſt du durch deine Liebe den Sybaris in's Elend! Warum haßt er die freie Luft! u. ſ. w." ſo fühlt jeder ſogleich den Ton der Ode.

So kann auch eine bloße Schilderung eines Gegenſtandes, wenn ſich wahre Leidenſchaft und ſtarke dichteriſche Laune darin miſcht, zur Ode werden. Nichts anders iſt die Ode an die Tyndaris, als eine bloße mit viel Affekt gezeichnete Schilderung der Annehmlichkeit eines der Horaziſchen Landgüter, die er mit der Geliebten zu theilen wünſchet. So entſtehen auch aus poetiſchen und bilderreichen Schilderungen des innern Zuſtandes, darin ein Menſch durch irgend eine Leidenſchaft geſetzt worden, die angenehmſten, die feurigſten, die zärtlichſten, die erhabenſten Oden.

Dieſes kann hinlänglich ſein, um von der Natur und den verſchiedenen Charakteren der Ode, ſich wahre Begriffe zu machen. Nur muß man dabei nicht vergeſſen, daß es Dichter giebt, die bisweilen durch Kunſt, Zwang, oder aus bloßer Luſt nachzuahmen, ihr Genie in den Ton der Ode ſtimmen, und das, was ſie mit ſo viel Affekt oder Laune ausdrücken, nicht wirklich fühlen. Aber der Dichter muß ſehr ſchlau ſein, und ſeine Ode mit erſtaunlichem Fleiß ausarbeiten, wo wir den Betrug nicht merken, und wo wir ſeine verſtellte Empfindung für wahr halten ſollen. Es begegnet ihm ſehr leicht, daß das, was er ſagt, mit dem Ton, darin es geſagt wird, nicht ſo vollkommen übereinſtimmt, als es in der wirklichen Empfindung geſchieht. Selbſt Horaz konnte ſich nicht allemal ſo verſtellen, daß man den Zwang nicht merkte: ſeine Ode an den Agrippa*) iſt gewiß nur eine Ausrede, wo der Dichter das was er von ſeinem Unvermögen ſagt, nicht im Ernſt meinet. Von ſolchen Oden kann man nicht erwarten, daß ſie das Leben, oder die Wärme der Einbildungskraft und Empfindung haben, als die, welche in der wirklichen Begeiſterung geſchrieben worden. Da es eine der Eigenſchaften des dichteriſchen Genies iſt, ſich leicht zu entzünden: ſo kann auch die durch Kunſt, oder Nachahmung entſtandene Ode, der wahren, von der Natur eingegebenen, ſehr nahe kommen.

Von der Kraft und Wirkung der Ode kann man aus dem urtheilen, was wir in den Artikeln Lied, Lyriſch, hierüber bereits angemerkt haben. Empfindung und Laune haben etwas anſteckendes: in der Ode zeigen ſie ſich aber auf die lebhafteſte Weiſe: darum iſt dieſe Dichtart vorzüglich eindringend, auch wohl hinreißend. Es waren lyriſche Dichter, von denen man ſagt, daß ſie die noch halb wilden Menſchen gezähmet, und unwiderſtehlich, obgleich mit ſanftem Zwange dahin geriſſen haben, wohin ſie durch keine Gewalt hätten gebracht werden können. Die Ode hat mit dem Lied, das eine beſondere Art derſelben iſt, dieſes vor viel andern Werken der ſchönen Künſte voraus, daß ſie ihre Kraft auch bei noch rohen Menſchen zeiget, da die Beredſamkeit, die Malerei, und überhaupt die aus verfeinertem Geſchmack entſtandene Kunſt viel weniger populär iſt.

Zwar ſcheinet es, daß die hohe Ode ſich ſehr von dem Charakter, wodurch ſie auf den großen Haufen wirket, entferne, da viel Pſalmen, pindariſche und horaziſche Oden oft den feinſten Kennern nicht verſtändlich genug ſind. Man muß aber bedenken, daß uns in dieſer Entfernung der Zeit, in der ſo unvollkommenen Kenntniß der alten Sprachen und ſehr vieler Dinge, die zu jener Dichter Zeiten jedermann bekannt waren, manches ſehr ſchwer ſcheinet, was denen, für welche die Oden der Alten gedichtet worden, ganz geläufig geweſen. Denn iſt auch ein Unterſchied zu machen zwiſchen den Oden, die für öffentliche Gelegenheiten und für ein ganzes Volk, und denen, die nur bei beſondern, einen Theil der Nation, oder gar nur wenig einzelne Menſchen intereſſirenden Veranlaſſungen gedichtet worden. Jenen iſt das Populäre, Verſtändliche, weſentlich nothwendig; bei dieſen wird der Zweck erreicht, wenn ſie nur denen, für deren Ohr ſie gemacht ſind, verſtändlich ſind.

Von welcher Art aber die Ode ſei, wenn ſie einen von der Natur berufenen Dichter zum Urheber hat, und von ihm wirklich in der Fülle der Empfindung, oder des Feuers der Phantaſie gedichtet worden, ſo iſt ſie allemal wichtig. Sie iſt alsdenn gewiß eine wahrhafte Schilderung des Gemüthszuſtandes, in dem ſich der Dichter bei einer wichtigen Gelegenheit befunden hat. Darum können wir daraus mit Gewißheit erkennen, was für Wirkung gewiſſe merkwürdige Gegenſtände auf Männer von vorzüglichem Genie gehabt haben. Wir können den wunderbaren Gang, und jede ſeltſame Wendung der Leidenſchaften und anderer Regungen des menſchlichen Gemüthes, die mannichfaltigen, zum Theil ſehr außerordentlichen Wirkungen der Phantaſie, daraus kennen lernen. Wir werden dadurch von der uns gewöhnlichen Art, ſittliche und leidenſchaftliche Gegenſtände zu beurtheilen und zu empfinden, abgeführt, und lernen die Sachen von andern weniger gewöhnlichen Seiten anſehen. Manche Wahrheit, die uns ſonſt weniger gerührt hat, dringet durch die Ode, wo ſie in außerordentlichem Licht, und durch Empfindung verſtärkt, erſcheinet, mit vorzüglicher Kraft bis auf den innerſten Grund der Seele; mancher Gegenſtand, der uns ſonſt wenig gereizt hat, wird uns durch die höchſt lebhafte Schilderung des lyriſchen Dichters merkwürdig und unvergeßlich; manche Empfindung, die wir ſonſt nur durch ein ſchwaches Gefühl gekannt haben, wird durch die Ode ſehr lebhaft und wirkſam in uns. Alſo dienet überhaupt die lyriſche Poeſie dazu, daß jedes Vermögen der Seele dadurch auf mannichfaltige Weiſe einen neuen Schwung und neue Kräfte bekommt, wodurch Urtheilskraft und Empfindung allmählig erweitert und geſtärkt werden. Darum kann die Ode mit Recht auf den erſten Rang unter den verſchiedenen Werken der Dichtkunſt Anſpruch machen, und der Reichthum an guten Oden gehöret unter die ſchätzbaren Nationalvorzüge.

Die älteſten und zugleich vortrefflichſten Oden der alten Völker ſind ohne Zweifel die hebräiſchen, deren wir aber hier blos erwähnen, um den Leſer auf die höchſt ſchätzbaren Abhandlungen darüber zu verweiſen, die wir dem berühmten Lowth, einem Mann von tiefer Einſicht und von großem Geſchmack, zu danken haben**). Die Griechen beſaßen einen großen Reichthum, wie in allen andern Gattungen der Werke des Geſchmacks, alſo auch in dieſer; aber der größte Theil davon iſt verloren gegangen. Die Alten rühmen vorzüglich neun griechiſche Odendichter; dieſe ſind: Alcäus, Sappho, Steſichorus, Ibicus, Bachylides, Simonides, Alcman, Anakreon und Pindar. Die Oden der ſieben erſten ſind bis auf wenig einzelne Stellen verloren gegangen. Von Anakreon haben wir noch eine nicht unbeträchtliche Anzahl, und von Pindar eine ſtarke Sammlung, obgleich eine noch größere Menge ein Raub der Zeit geworden ſind. Aber der Stoff der übrig gebliebenen pindariſchen Oden iſt für uns weniger intereſſant, weil darin blos die Männer beſungen werden, die in den verſchiedenen öffentlichen Kampfſpielen der Griechen den Preis erhalten haben. Wir haben dieſem großen Dichter einen beſondern Artikel gewidmet*). Man muß auch die tragiſchen Dichter der Griechen hieher rechnen, denn in jedem Trauerſpiel kommen Geſänge der Chöre vor, die wahre Oden von hohem feierlichen Ton ſind. Sie haben vor allen andern Oden dieſes voraus, daß die Gemüther durch das, was auf der Bühne vorgegangen, auf das Beſte vorbereitet ſind, den Eindruck mit voller Kraft zu empfinden. Die genaueſte Ueberlegung hätte kein ſchicklicheres Mittel ausgedacht, den vollkommenſten Gebrauch von der Ode zu machen, als das, was die Gelegenheit hier von ſelbſt anbot. Wir haben anderswo geſagt, wie die Chöre in alten Trauerſpielen gelegentlich beibehalten worden. Wenn wir von dieſem Urſprung derſelben nicht unterrichtet wären, ſo würden wir denken, ſie ſeien mit guter Ueberlegung in das Trauerſpiel eingeführt worden, um der Ode Gelegenheit zu verſchaffen, in ihrer vollen Wirkung zu erſcheinen. Die Gemüther ſind durch die tragiſche Handlung zum Eindruck der Ode vorbereitet, und er wird durch den feierlichen Vortrag und die Unterſtützung der Muſik noch um ein merkliches verſtärkt. Dieſe Betrachtung allein ſollte hinreichend ſein, die Chöre wieder in die Tragödie aufzunehmen.

Es wäre ſehr zu wünſchen, daß ein in der griechiſchen Litteratur wol erfahrner Mann, von ſo reifem Urtheil und ſo feinem Geſchmack als Lowth, über die verſchiedenen Gattungen der griechiſchen Ode ſo gründlich und ausführlich ſchriebe, als dieſer vortreffliche Mann über die hebräiſche Ode geſchrieben hat. Dieſes würde ein Werk von ausnehmender Annehmlichkeit und für die Odendichter von außerordentlichem Nutzen ſein. Es iſt kaum eine Gemüthslage, in der ein Dichter ſich zur Ode geſtimmt fühlte, möglich, die dabei nicht vorkäme; von den kleinen lieblichen Gegenſtänden, wodurch die Seele in ſüße Schwärmerei geſetzt wird, bis auf die großen, die ſie mit Ehrfurcht, Schrecken und andern überwältigenden Leidenſchaften erfüllen, iſt kein Odenſtoff, den nicht irgend einer der griechiſchen Dichter behandelt hätte, wenn wir vom Anakreon bis auf die erhabenen Chöre des Aeſchylus heraufſteigen. Hier wäre alſo vortreffliche Gelegenheit für einen wahren Kunſtrichter, Ruhm zu erwerben.

Die Römer ſind, wie in allen Zweigen der Künſte, ſo auch hierin, weit hinter den Griechen zurück geblieben. Horaz war ihr einziger Odendichter, der den Griechen zur Seite ſtehen konnte; dieſes haben ſie ſelbſt eingeſtanden**). Aber dieſer allein konnte ſtatt vieler dienen. Er wußte ſeine Leier in jedem Ton zu ſtimmen, und hat alle Gattungen der Ode von der hohen Pindariſchen, bis auf das liebliche Anakreontiſche, und das ſchmelzende Sapphiſche Lied, glücklich bearbeitet.

Wir dürfen in dieſem Zweig der Dichtkunſt keine der heutigen Nationen beneiden. Klopſtock kann ohne übertriebenen Stolz dem Deutſchen zurufen:

> Schrecket noch anderer Geſang dich, o Sohn Teutons,
> Als Griechengeſang? —
> — So biſt du kein Deutſcher? ein Nachahmer
> Beladen vom Joche, verkennſt du dich ſelber!

Dieſen Vorzug haben wir vornehmlich dem Mann von außerordentlichem Genie zu danken, der mit gleichem Recht ſich dem Homer und dem Pindar zur Seite ſtellen kann. Nichts iſt erhabener, feierlicher, im Flug kühner, als ſeine Ode von höherem Stoff; nichts jubelreicher, als die von freudigem; nichts rührender, ſchmelzender, als die von zärtlichem Inhalt. Nur Schade, daß dieſer wirklich unvergleichliche Dichter in ſeinen Oden von geiſtlichem Inhalt, bisweilen auch bei weniger erhabenem Stoff ſeinen Flug ſo hoch nimmt, daß nur wenige ihm darin folgen können.

Nächſt dieſem verdienet Ramler eine anſehnliche Stelle unter unſern einheimiſchen Odendichtern. Er hat das deutſche Ohr mit dem Wohlklang der griechiſchen Ode bekannt gemacht.

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*) Lib. I. Od. 6.

**) Rob. Lowth de sacra poesi Hebraeorum praelectiones Academicae. Prael. XXV – XXVIII.

*) S. Pindar.

**) Lyricorum Horatius fere solus legi dignus. Quintil. Instit. Lib. X. Cap. 1. 96.

auch den wahren Schwung und Ton der horaziſchen Ode in der deutſchen vollkommen getroffen. Hierin ſcheinet er ſeinen Ruhm geſucht zu haben; denn man entdeckt leicht bei ihm den Vorſatz, ein genauer Nachahmer des Horaz zu ſein. Selbſt in der Wahl des Stoffs ſcheinet er des Römers Geſchmack zum Muſter genommen zu haben. Für die höhere Ode iſt Friedrich ſein Auguſt; zu der gemäßigten von ſanft empfindſamem, oder blos phantaſiereichem Inhalt, giebt ihm ein Mädchen, oder ein Freund, oder die Annehmlichkeit einer Jahreszeit den Stoff, den er allemal in einer höchſt angenehmen Wendung behandelt, und mit überaus feinen Blumen bekränzt. Was kann anmuthiger und lieblicher ſein, als ſein Amynt und Chloe? Höchſt maleriſch und phantaſiereich iſt die Sehnſucht nach dem Winter, und mit einem höchſt glücklichen und angenehmen Schwung hat der Dichter dieſe ſchöne Ode geendigt. Nichts iſt zärtlicher und von ſanfterem Ausdruck, als das wechſelſeitige Lied Ptolemäus und Berenice.

Auch Lange und Pyra, die es zuerſt gewagt haben, der deutſchen Ode ein griechiſches Sylbenmaaß zu geben, und Uz ſtehen mit Ehren in der Claſſe der guten Odendichter. Dieſer letztere hat oft, ohne den Horaz nachzuahmen, von wirklicher nicht nachgeahmter Empfindung angeflammt, in Schwung, Gedanken und Bildern, bald den hohen Ernſt, bald die Annehmlichkeit des Horaz erreicht. Cramer hat vorzüglich den Pſalm für ſeine Leier gewählt; ſein Vers ſtrömt aus voller Quelle. Wenn er weder die Hoheit noch die Lieblichkeit, noch die nachdrückliche Kürze des hebräiſchen Ausdrucks erreicht, ſo übertrifft er doch darin meiſtentheils ſeine deutſchen Vorgänger.

Ueberhaupt ſcheinet es, daß die Ode das Fach iſt, darin die deutſche Dichtkunſt ſich vorzüglich zeigen könnte: hätten nur unſre Dichter einen bequemern und höhern Standort, aus dem ſie zur beſten Anwendung ihrer Talente, die Menſchen und ihre Geſchäfte beſſer überſehen könnten!

von Sumauwe, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Suonegge, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Gottlieb von Süßkind,

am 17. Februar 1767 zu Neuſtadt an der Linde geboren, wurde zu Stuttgart erzogen und 1783 in das theologiſche Stift zu Tübingen aufgenommen. Nachdem er am Ende ſeiner Studienzeit Pfarrgehilfe geworden war, machte er 1790 eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland. Im Jahre 1791 wurde er Repetent am Stift zu Tübingen und Doctor der Philoſophie, 1795 Diaconus zu Urach und 1798 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie zu Tübingen. Hier entwickelte ſich und endigte auch ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſche Thätigkeit. 1805 ging er als Oberhofprediger und Conſiſtorialrath nach Stuttgart. Bald wurde er Oberſtudienrath, Feldpropſt und Ordensprälat, einige Jahre ſpäter Mitglied des Obercenſurcollegiums und 1814 Director des Oberſtudienrathes. Er ſtarb am 12. November 1829.

Von ihm erſchien:

Antrittspredigt. Tübingen, 1798.
Abſchiedspredigt. Tübingen, 1805.
Ueber die peſtalozziſche Methode. Stuttg., 1809.
Liturgie für das Königreich Würtemberg. Stuttgart, 1809.
Prüfung der ſchellingſchen Lehre von Gott, Vorſehung, Weltſchöpfung, Freiheit, moraliſchem Guten und Böſen. Stuttgart, 1812.
Predigten, herausgegeben vom Magiſter E. F. Süßkind. Stuttgart, 1831.
Vermiſchte Aufſätze, herausgegeben von E. F. Süßkind. Stuttgart, 1831.

Einer der gelehrteſten und ſcharfſinnigſten Theologen ſeines Vaterlandes, machte ſich v. S. um daſſelbe ſowohl als practiſcher Geiſtlicher, wie durch treffliche Schriften vielfach verdient.

Süßkind, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Wilhelm Süvern,

am 3. Januar 1775 zu Lemgo geboren, wo ſein Vater Prediger war, ſtudirte zu Berlin Theologie und Philologie und nahm 1796 eine Lehrſtelle am grauen Kloſter daſelbſt an. 1800 übernahm er mit einer Profeſſur das Directorium der Schule zu Thorn und 1803 daſſelbe zu Elbingen. 1808 wurde er endlich als Staatsrath und 1818 als geheimer Ober-Regierungsrath zu Berlin angeſtellt und mit dem rothen Adlerorden dritter Claſſe geſchmückt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 2. October 1829.

Er gab heraus:

Aeſchylus Sieben gegen Theben, überſetzt, nebſt ſeinen Abhandlungen. Halle, 1797.
Ueber Schillers Wallenſtein. Berlin, 1800.
Sophocles Trachinierinnen, überſetzt. Berlin, 1802.
Erinnerungen an merkwürdige Aeußerungen Friedrichs des Großen. Berlin, 1814.
Ueber Ariſtophanes Drama: Das Alter. Berlin, 1827.

Ein überaus feiner Kunſtkritiker bewährete S. namentlich ſeine tiefe claſſiſche Kunſtbildung durch ſeine meiſterhafte Ueberſetzung antiker Dramen.

Sylveſter, ſ. G. A. von Hardenberg.

Syntax (Peregrinus), ſ. Hempel.

T.

Talander, ſ. Bohſe.

Tannhäuſer, ſ. Minneſinger.

Fanny Tarnow

ward am 17. December 1763 zu Güſtrow geboren, verlor ihre Eltern früh, und lebte nach einander in Petersburg, Berlin, Lübeck und Hamburg. 1820 ließ ſie ſich in Dresden nieder, ſpäter in Weißenfels.

Ihre bedeutendſten Schriften ſind:

- Auswahl aus ihren Schriften. Leipzig, 1830. 15 Bde. 12.
- Novellen. Leipzig, 1830. 3 Bde.
- Auguſte. Leipzig, 1828. 2 Thle.
- Briefe. Berlin, 1819.
- Celeſte. Leipzig, 1834. 2 Thle.
- Erzählungen. Leipzig, 1820.
- Erzählungen. Leipzig, 1833—35.
- Sir Richard Falkonet. Leipzig, 1825.
- Lebensbilder. Leipzig, 1824.
- Thorilde von Adlerſtein. Leipzig, 1816.
- Viele andere theils originale, theils dem Engliſchen und Franzöſiſchen nachgebildete oder aus dieſen Sprachen übertragene Schriften.

Feine Charakterzeichnung, glückliche Erfindung der Situationen, lebendige Phantaſie, tiefes Gefühl, Klarheit und Kraft der Darſtellung, und ein ausgezeichneter Styl geben allen ihren Leiſtungen einen bleibenden hohen Werth. Sie zeichnet ſich vorzüglich dadurch von den anderen deutſchen Schriftſtellerinnen aus, daß ſie mit zarter Weiblichkeit den Adel der Seele zu ſchildern verſteht, und auf ihn nächſt dem Glauben, als das Wahre und Einzige hinweiſt, welches über alle Kämpfe des Lebens ſiegreich emporhebt.

Täſchler, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Tauler (Thauler)

ward im Jahre 1294 zu Straßburg, nach Andern zu Cöln geboren, trat ſehr jung in den Dominikanerorden ein, in welchem er ſich bald durch ſcholaſtiſche Gelehrſamkeit und Beredſamkeit hervorthat. Als der Ausgezeichnetſte der deutſchen Myſtiker, in denen im vierzehnten Jahrhundert die Gefühlstheologie gegen die Philoſophie ihre Rechte vertreten ſah, an der Spitze der Brüderſchaft der ewigen Weisheit, genoß er, auch im Lebenswandel höchſt erbaulich, die größte Theilnahme ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen und ſelbſt Luther bekannte große Sympathie für ſeine Predigten. Mitten in ſeiner glänzenden Laufbahn ward einſt der berühmte Doctor der Theologie von einem Laien überführet, daß er noch nicht ganz zur Gnade in der Selbſtverleugnung durchgedrungen ſei. Eines Sonntags verſtummte er plötzlich auf der Kanzel unter vielen Thränen und erſt nach zwei Jahren ſtill beſchaulichen Lebens wagte er wieder ſie zu betreten und redete mit neuen Zungen von der Luſt des Liebestodes in Gott. Er ſtarb im Dominikanerkloſter zu Straßburg am 16. Juni 1361.

Seine Werke erſchienen als:

- Sermones des hochgelerten in Gnaden erleuchten Dr. Johann Tauler, von latein in teutſch gewendt. Augsburg, 1498. 1508. Baſel, 1531. (Neu bearbeitet: Predigten. Frankfurt am Main 1826. 3 Thle.)
- Seine Opera, zu Cölln, 1548. (Ueberſetzt, mit Speners Vorrede. Nürnberg, 1688.)

Die Predigten entſprangen aus der Tiefe inniger gläubiger Begeiſterung und verbanden mit reichſter Wärme des Herzens große Einfachheit und Verſtändlichkeit, beſonders ſeitdem er ſich von der metaphyſiſchen Behandlung ſeiner Stoffe ab und der reinen geiſtigen Auffaſſung und Behandlung zuwandte. Für die Ausbildung deutſcher oratoriſcher und didactiſcher Proſa waren ſeine Kanzelvorträge von hoher Wichtigkeit, denn, wenn er ſie gleich deutſch hielt, während er ſie lateiniſch niederſchrieb, ſo daß ſie erſt wieder zurück in das Deutſche überſetzt werden mußten, ſo ward doch die Sprache außerordentlich durch neue Wortbildungen und Wendungen, welche er urſprünglich eingeführt und die ſein Ueberſetzer wieder anwandte, bereichert, um ſo mehr, als ſich viele hochbegabte Männer um ihn ſammelten, die ſeine Weiſe nachzuahmen und zu erreichen ſtrebten.

Zwei Predigten von Johann Tauler *).

1. Ueber Paul. II. ad Corinth. III. v. 6. Littera occidit, spiritus autem vivificat.

Item die bredie uſſer ſancte pauwels epiſtele des zwölften ſunnendages leret wie wir got liben ſöllent in allen ſinen gaben, in allen ſinen bürden mit rehter langbeitikeit.

„Die geſchrift die toetet, und der geiſt machet lebende.“ Es ſint zwo wiſen**); das volkes und der fründe gottes. Die eine das was die alte e, das alte geſetzede. Die ander die niuwe e, das niuwe geſetzde. Die alte geſetzde die muoſten alle menſchen halten die behalten ſolten werden, biz das chriſtus geboren wart, vn mit allen iren amptern, biz die niuwe e kam mit iren geſetzeden vnd iren amptern. Vnd iſt die alte geſetzde geweſen ein weg, ein ganze figure der niuwen geſetzde. Vnd ſihe ein ieſlich diſem niuwen rechte vnder die ougen. Vnd wart mit dem alten bereit zuo dem niuwen. Wan ein ieglich ding das enphohen ſol, das muos zuo dem erſten enpfenglich werden. Die alte geſetzde die hatte vil vntregenliche bürden, vnd hatte griuweliche vrteile vnd ſtrenge bewegunge der gerechtikeit gottes vnd ein vinſtere verre hoffenunge einre erloeſunge: wanne die pforten warent in gar vnd zuo mole beſloſſen, das ſu mit alme irme lidende vnd iren werken niut hin en mohten. Aber ſu begerten ſere, vnd muoſtent lange vnd ſwerliche beiten e danne die niuwe e keme: Das iſt fride vnd froide in dem heiligen geiſte. Wer nu zuo dem niuwen wil kummen, on allen zwifel, er muos mit dem alten vereinet werden. Er muos liden vnd tragen die burden vnd böigen ſich vnder die gewaltige hant gottes, daz ſu lident jnwendig vnd vſſewendig, wanne es der kummet. Kinder, ſehent für üch: dem dinge muos vil anders ſin danne ir wenent, und haltent die lere gottes veſte, vnd wer enpfangen hat, der halte vil wisliche, wie lange ir ſu habent, Vnd vnderbiegent üch, vnd tragent got in allen den wiſen vnd durch wen er kummet. Wellent ir iemer zuo dem niuwen kummen, ſo mueſſent ir das alte vor liden, vnd ſorgent üch in demuetikeit iuwers herzen, So wo üch iemer troſt geſchiht von innen vnd von vſſen. wan es en mag den weg niut durch: es muos diſen weg vnd keinen andern. Kerent es ir wie ir wellent, es muos ſin. dar vmb getroeſtent üch der ſacramente geiſtlicher erluchtunge, göttelich gefuelen vnd alle menſchliche helfe. Ir lieben, böigent den alten menſchen vnder die ambaht der alten e mit aller demuetikeit vnd gelaſſenheit, vnd lident got in allen ſinen goben mit allen ſinen bürden: in der worheit, ſin bürden ſint liber vnd ſin joch das iſt ſenfte. Lieben kinder, ich bevilhe üch von grunde mins herzen vnder daz gemerkniſſe des criuzes vnſers herren jheſu chriſti, Das das ſie in üch vnd vſſer üch, hinder üch vnd für üch, vnd mit ſtarker truckunge, mit grundeloſer gelaſſenheit, wie got wil vnd eweclîche gewellet hat: dan für üch mit verwegenheit aller zuokünftiger lidunge; Noch üch mit vernichtunge aller menſchen vnde ſmocheit vnd hinder reden. Alſus vndertrugt den alten menſchen vnder die alte e, biz das chriſtus in der worheit geborn wurt in üch in der niuwen e. Do wer fride vnd fröide vf ſtet in der worheit. Die heiligen vetterr, wie ſere ſu begertent, do muoſtent ſu dennoch beiten fünf tuſent ior: Aber in der worheit, woltent ir üch alſus loſſen, Ir endürſtent niemer ein ior gebeiten. gedenkent, obe ir ein virtzigiſten ritten hettent ein ior oder zwei, ir muoſtent es liden. Die ander lidunge der alten e das warent griuweliche urteil vnd ſwere bewegunge der gerechtikeit gottes. Das bewiſet ſich mit maniger wis, mit lidunge, mit biſſender conciencien. Das wellent ſoliche vs würken mit bichtende. das du tuſent werbe bichteſt, es en hilfet dich niut. So wanne tootſünde verrichtet ſint mit genuog tuonde, ſo ſol man das ander got loſſen vnd liden, biz das es got guot machet. Dichte ime die andern mit verdünſterunge jnwendig. das wellent ſu abe legen mit frogende vnd mit hoerende, vnd hoffent ir ſu füllent do iut niuwez hoeren, vnd ſenent ſich dar noch. Nu louf alle dine ior: es enhilfet dich niut. Du muoſt es von jnnen warten Vnd do nemen, oder do wurt niut vs. Ich han ouch geſehen den heiligeſten menſchen den ich ie geſach jnwendig vnd vſſewendig, der nie denne fünf bredigen allen ſinen leben *) gehort hette. Do er wuſte vnd ſach was der were was. Do gedochte er es were genuog, vnd ſtarp dem er ſterben ſolte vnd lebete dem er leben ſolte. Las das gemeine volk loſſen vnd hoeren, das ſu niut verzwifelnt noch in vngolouben en vallent: Aber alle die gottes jnwendig vnd vſſewendig wellent ſin, die kerent ſich zuo in ſelber vnd in ſich ſelber. Vnd wellent ir iemer tiurre werden, ſo mueſſent ir iuwer vs ſuochen begeben vnd üch in keren. Vnd mit worten gewinnet ir es niemer: Horent wie vil ir wellent; danne alleine minnent vnd meinent got von grunde iuwers herzen vnd iuwern nehſten alſo üch ſelber, Vnd loſſent alle ding vf in ſelber ſton, Vnd tuont iuwer herze mit den heiligen vettern gottes zuo begerende, vnd begerent das ir begerent, vnd loſſent alle ding. Das dritte das die alte e hatte, das was ein vinſter hoffenunge vnd verre einer erloeſunge: Wanne die pforten worent beſloſſen, Vnd en was enkein prophete der ſprechen mohte wenne die loſunge beſchehen ſolte. Alſo muos der menſche ſich gotte loſſen einvalteclichen in ganzer getruwunge vnd **) ſinen ewigen willen. Wanne er wil das es geſchehe in gebeitſamer geloſſenheit: Sicher ſo kummet er. Er wurt geborn: aber wanne, das ſtot ime. ettelichen in irme altere, ettelichen an irme ende. das bevilhe als ime. *) Vnd du endarfſt dich enkeiner ſunderlichen uebunge an nemmen: dan halt die gebot vnd den heiligen glouben. Die artikele des glouben die lerent vnd die heiligen gebot. Vnd lident üch vnd loſſent üch in allen dingen: Sicher ſo wurt in üch geborn chriſtus die niuwe e, fride in der worheit vnd froide in dem heiligen geiſte. Wurt in üch geborn ein engelich leben in ſubtilheit, in vernunft, das dunket üch ein groz ding. Nein, das iſt vil me: der geiſt machet lebende Ein wor götteliche leben ſin ſelbes über alle engelſch leben oder menſchen verſtentniſſe, über alle ſinne vnd vernunft. Aber durch diſen weg vnd niut anders wolkummet der menſche dar zuo, das er dis edel weſen verſtet, vnd floeret mit den ſinnen die inne vnd in der vernunft. Aber das man es ſe vnd das man es gewerde, do en mag man niut zuo kummen dan diſen weg were geloſſenheit: dan vindet man es ſicherlichen. Die lenden truogent die arken: nu die tragent vns die arken. So wer got nu niut wol liden in ſinre gerechtikeit vnd in ſinen urteilen, on allen zwifel, er vellet ewiklichen vnder ſine gerechtikeit vnd in ſin ewig urteil. Des en mag niut anders ſin. Kere es wie du wilt: du muoſt dich loſſen vnd liden in der worheit. So treit vns got in allen dingen: in allem lidende, in allen burden ſo dinet got ſin achſele vnder vnſer burden Vnd hilfet vns liden vnd tragen. durch got lident: Wan litten wir vns werlichen vnder got, ſo en würde vns kein liden noch niut unlidelich. wan wir nu ſint one got vnd ſtent in unſerre eigenre kranqheit, Dar vmb en mugen wir **) niut geliden noch gewürken. Das wir dis üch gottes alle tragen wurdeclichen, Des helfe vns got. Amen.

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*) Nach W. Wackernagel's Leſebuch.

**) Die Straßb. [illegible]. Es ſint zwei [illegible].

II. Ueber Luc. X. v 23: Beati oculi qui vident quae vos videtis.

Item die bredie uſſer ſancta lucas ewangelio des drittzehenden ſunnentages leret vns noch dem einen werden das got ſelber iſt, Vnd bekennen vnſer ſelbes blintheit vnd ſnoedikeit, do durch wir gezogen werdent zuo rehter demuetikeit geiſtes vnd naturen.

Man liſet das ſich vnſer herre zu einem male fröwete, do er jnwendig an ſach die von ſinem vatter furſehen warent, Vnd ſprach „Ich danken dir, himmeliſcher vatter, das du diſe ding heſt verborgen vor den groſſen vnd den wiſen dirre welte, Und haſt ſu geoffenbaret den kleinen." Do kerte er ſich zuo ſinen geminneten jungern Vnd ſach ſu an, vnd er hub an das ewangelium das man nu liſet von der wochen von der zit: „Beati oculi qui vident que vos videtis, Selig ſint die ougen die do ſehent das ir do ſehent. Wanne vil künige vnd propheten begertent zuo ſehende das ir do ſehent, vnd enſohent es niut; Vnd zuo hoerende das ir hoerent, vnd en hortent es niut." Do kam ein meiſter von der e Vnd wolte vnſern herren verſuochen vnd in do mitte verwerfen, Vnd froget in vnd ſprach „meiſter, was ſol ich tuon, das ich das ewige leben beſitze?" Vnd vnſer herre entwürte ime guetlich, vnd wuſte doch wol das ſin meinunge valſch waz, vnd ſprach „Wie liſeſtu in der e?" Do ſprach er „das man got minnen ſol von allem herzen vnd ſelen vnd von allem gemuete, vnd den nehſten alſo ſich ſelber." Do ſprach vnſer herre „das tuo, vnd du ſolt leben."" Nu nemen wir das erſte wort „Selig ſint die ougen die do ſehent das ir do ſehent." Der menſche hat zweierleige ougen, vſſewendige ougen vnd jnwendige ougen; Vnd were das jnnerliche ouge niut, So wer es herte ſnoede krang ding mit dem vſſewendigen ougen vmb den menſchen, Vnd ſo wer der menſche alſo ein vihe oder tier. Lieben kinder, wie mag nu das ſin, das die edele vernunft, das jnwendige ouge, alſus erbermeklich erblendet iſt, das es des woren liechtes niut en ſiht? der mordige ſchade iſt dannan von kummen: Do iſt ein dicke grob hut vnd ein dickes vel über gezogen: Daz iſt minne vnd meinunge der creaturen, oder es iſt der menſche ſelber oder ettewas des ſinen; Vnd von dem iſt der menſche blint vnd toup worden, ſu ſint in welicher ſtat ſu ſint, weltlich oder geiſtlich. Vnd die mit gont ſu zuo dem heiligen lichom vnſers herren, Vnd ie me ſu dar gont, ie touber ſu ſint vnd ie blinder ſu werdent vnd die hut ie dicker würt. Kinder, wannen von wenent ir das das kumme, das der menſche in ſinen grunt in keine wis mit niut kummen mag! Das iſt des ſchult: do iſt alſo manige dicke hut über gezogen, dicke alſo ohſen ſtirnen, Vnd die hant im ſin innerkeit alſo verdecket, das got noch er ſelber niut drin en mag: es iſt verwahſſen. Wiſſent, etliche menſchen mugent driſſig oder viertzig hiute haben, dicke grober ſwarzer hiute alſo beren hiute. Wele

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*) leben; die Baſterhandſchrift lebetagen.
**) vnd] in

*) üch fehlt. **) wir vns.

ſint dis dinge? das iſt ein iegliche ding do du dich mit willen zuo kereſt, Es ſi gemuetwillikeit an worten und an werken, an gunſt an ungunſt, Hochmuetikeit, eigenwillikeit, behegenlicheit debeines dinges ane got, hertmuetikeit, lihtuertikeit, unbehuotſamekeit der wandelungen. Diſer gelîche machent alle dicke hiute Und gros mittel die den menſchen die ougen verblendent. Und alſo balde alſo der menſche dis mit liden an ſihe und ſich gotte dis demuetiklichen ſchuldig git und ſin willen hat zuo beſſernde noch ſiner mahte, Zuo hant ſo wurt es alles guot; ſo ehte ſich der menſche demuetiklichen bekennet, So wurt es alles guot tot. Aber etlichen liuten den iſt rehte, was man in ſeit, das gat in zuo herzen niut; Rehte alſo obe ſu ſint entsloſſen, Alſo ſint in die vel gewahſſen vor den ougen und den oren. Die abgotte wellent ſu niut loſſen, weder künne ſu ſint. Sie tuent alſo frouwe Lia tet das ſi uf die abgotte ganz ſaſſen. Die bilde die man von den hat die machent hindernüſſe, Und die vel vallent inne für die inren ougen in die oren, das die ougen der vernunft niut mugent geſehen danan von ſu ſelig werden. Selig ſint die ougen denne die do ſehent das ir do ſehent. Ein menſche der do ſinne hette, der möhte an im ſelber pruefen: itali*) weltlichen herzen den alſo wol iſt mit den creaturen die zuo wole niut ſint; So muoß es ein wunder ſin mit dem dis wunder alles us gefloſſen iſt. Unſer herre der ſprach das ſine jungern ſelig weren mit irme geſihte. Wellen wir nu rehte pruefen, ſo ſullent wir wol ſelig ſin: Wanne wir ſehent herre me von unſerm herren ieſu Criſto Wanne die jungern toten. Wanne S. Peter oder ſant Johannes, ſu ſehent einen armen kranken lidelichen menſchen vor in gon, und wir bekennent in dem heiligen wirdigen glouben Einen groſſen wurdigen gewaltigen got und herren, der himmel und erden und alle creature von niht gemachet hat. Sehent wir dis rehte an, ſo ſint unſer ougen ſelig eweclichen. Lieben kint, die groſſen pfaffen und die leſemeiſter diſputierent weder bekentniſſe merer unde edeler ſi oder minne. Aber wir wellent nu alhie ſagen von den lebmeiſtern. Alſo wir dar kummen, denne ſullen wir aller dinge worheit wol ſehen. Unſer herre ſprach „eins iſt not." weles iſt nu dis**) eine das alſo not iſt? Das eine das iſt das du bekenneſt din niht das din eigen iſt, was du biſt und wer du biſt mit dir ſelber. Umb dis ein haſtu unſerm herren alſo angeſt gemachet, das er bluet ſweizete. Umb das du dis eine niut wolteſt bekennen, ſo ruoft er an dem cruze „got, min got, wie haſt du mich geloſſen!" wanne das eine des not iſt alſo gar von allen menſchen ſolte verloſſen ſin. Liebes kint, lo varn alles das ich und alle lerrer ie geleret und alle wurklicheit und ſchouwelicheit Uns hoch contemplieren, und lerent alleine das ein, das iuch das werde: So hant ir wole gearbeitet. Dar umb ſprach unſer herre „maria het den beſten teil uſſerwelt." In der worheit, kundeſtu dis alleine erlangen, ſo hetteſtu wol erlanget niut ein teil, ſunder alles. Dis eine iſt niut das etteliche liute kummen alſo vernunftelichen ſagen Von irme nihte und alſo demuetiklichen, Rehte alſo obe ſu die edel tugent weſentlichen beſeſſen habent; Und die ſelben ſint in irme grunde noch groſſer wanne der turn ſo. Diſe wellent gros ſin und ſchinen; ſu triegent die liute und aller meiſt ſich ſelber: wanne ſu ſint die, die in dem truge in der worheit blibent. Kinder, diſer grunt der iſt wenig liuten bekant: Zelent das dem menſchen die ſint die dis on ganze. Dis iſt niut in dem gedanke noch in der vernunft: Aber entriuwen, es hilfet gar wol dar zuo, das man es ſinneclichen für ſich neme Und von fliſſe kumme zuo weſende: Wan fliſſige uebunge die machet zuo leſt formelich und weſenlich. Alſo balde alſo man eins uf ſchendes gewar werde inwendig oder uſſewendig, Denne zuo hant ſol man nider ſinken in den aller tiefeſten grunt ſnelleclich ſunder beiten: In dem grunde entſinke in din niht. So kummen etteliche und ſprechent „ich tuon alle tage dis oder das: iſt das das leben unſers herren?" und alſus und alſo. Liebes kint, hetteſt du von keime tuende oder wiſe die du getuon maht, das das int fulle ſin, So wer dir vil weger das du niut enteteſt und kerteſt in das luter niht, niht tugen, niht vermugen, danne du in alſo groſſer wurglicheit ſtuendeſt inwendig und uſſewendig Und du dines nihtes vergiſſeſt. Nu reden wir von dem uſſern menſchen. Sich an, was biſtu? wannen von biſtu kummen? von einer unſtetiger unreiner fuler boeſer materien, die ungeluſtig iſt an ir ſelber und allen menſchen. Und nu, was biſtu worden? ein unreiner ſtinkender ſag vol bukes, und kein ſo edel, ſo reine ſpiſe noch trang in dich kummet noch ſo ſchoene noch ſo reine, es werde in der ſtinkende unde unlidelich und ſmachende. Und es en hat nieman den andern ſo liep, und der dar umb ſich dicke ſins ewigen lebendes hant vertreſt Und ewig helleſbrant hant gewoget zuo ſinde, ſtirbet er, das er in muge by ſich von***) geliden, Er ſtirbe in me wanne einen toten hunt. Nu hat got alle creaturen wider die nature geſetzt, den himmel, die ſunne und die ſternen. Nu friuret dich; nu zuo heis, nu zuo kalt; Nu riſſen, nu ſne; nu iſt dir wol, nu iſt dir we; Nu hunger, nu turſt; nu die wolfe, Nu die ſpinnen; nu die fliegen, nu die floehe: Und der enkanſtu dich dicke niut erweren. Nu ſich wie die tumben vihe herlicher ſint in ir naturen: in wahſſent ir kleider, do mitte ſu bedecket, iſt es warm, iſt es kalt. Und du muoſt von ime lehenen din kleit, und an dem ſelben armuete minneſt du luſt und genuegede und hochvart. Iſt das niut ein unſprechenliche blintheit? Die tier, das vihe genuegete an ſpiſe, an tranke, an kleider, an betten, als es got gemachet het. Nu ſich, was gehoert wunders dar zuo, das dine arme nature enthalten werde: Und do von nimmet man dar zuo groſſen luſt, und nebet groſſe gebreſten an der nutzunge der toten vihe. Hie vor alſo die heiligen ſoltent eſſen, ſo weindent ſu; und ſo ſu ſterben ſoltent, ſo lachetent ſu. Nu ſich vor an din niht. Was haſtu jomers in diner nature! Betteſtu gerne, vaſteſtu gerne, weineſtu gerne, was wurt dir es? das du wilt, das tuoſt du*). was wunders ſtet dicke in dir uf von maniger wunderlicher bekorunge, und wie manigen ſchrecken verhenget got uber dich Inwendig und uſſewendig! Ahte das du dis gelereſt: das iſt not. Gehab dich wol: got verhenget es alles umb din guot. Das du mit allem diſem in din niht gekereſt; Und iſt dir dis lihte vil nützer wanne das du in groſſen dingen ſtuendeſt. So kummen die liute uber dich mit grimmelichen geberden und ſweren worten, Und denne diſe groſſen vernunftagen mit den geſwindeſten groſten hochſten worten, rehte alſo ſu die apoſteln ſin. Liebes kint, ſinke in den grunt in din niht, und ſo den turn mit allen ſinen glocken uf dich vallen; So alle die tiufele die in der helle ſint über dich kummen, Himel und erde mit allen creaturen: Es ſol dir alles wunderlichen dienen. Sinke eine du: dir wurt das aller beſte teil. Nu ſprechent ſu „herre, ich gedenke alle tage das liden unſers herren, wie er ſtuont vor pilato und vor herode und an der ſulle, Und do und do." Liebes kint, ich wil dich leren. du ſolt alſus dinen got an ſehen: niut alſo einen lutern menſchen; Sunder ſich an den aller groeſten gewaltigeſten ewigen got, der himmelrich und ertrich mit einem worte gemachet hat und zuo nihte machen mag, und der uber weſentlich und über bekentlich iſt, Das der wolte alſo zuo niute werden für ſin arme creatur; und ſchame dich, du toetliche hunden menſche, das du ie ere und vorteil und hochvart gehabteſt, und underdruck dich under das cruze, wo es dir kummet, inwendig und uſſewendig; Buge din hochvertig gemuete under ſin dürnin krone, und volge dinem gecruzigeten got mit underworfenem gemuete in wore verkleinunge din ſelbes in allen wiſen, inderwendig und uſſewendig. Sit din groſſer got alſo gar zuo niute iſt worden und verurteilt iſt von ſinen creaturen und gecrüziget iſt und erſtorben, Alſus ſoltu mit gedultigeme lidende und mit aller lidender demuetikeit dich in ſin liden erbilden und dich darin trucken. Dis tuont die liute niut: Aber ein iegeliches gedenket wol an das heilige liden unſers herren In einer verloſchener blinder rower minne, Alſo das der gedang in der uebunge niut en wurket Das er ſins gemaches oder hochvart oder eren oder liplicher genuegede ir ſinne der umb enberen welle: Denne ſu verblibent als alſo ſu ſint. Ouch wie wenig frucht bringet das minnecliche liden unſers herren an den liuten. Die frucht ſchinet an dem erbilden und an dem leben und an den ſitten und an den werken. Liebes kint, alſus ſoltu dis heilige liden unſers herren ueben und überdenken, das es lebende frucht an dir bringe, Und ſolt dich ſelber verniuten, Und ſolt loſſen dich dunken das dich die erde unbillichen uf irme rucken tragen ſol Und das ſu dich niut verſlindet in ſich; und gedenke das manig tuſent menſchen in der helle ſint die lihte nie alſo vil untriwekeit gewunnent; Und het in got alſo vil liechtes gegeben Und alſo manig gros guot geton alſo er dir het geton, Sie werent dir ungeliche worden: Und er het din geſchonet und gebeitet, Und er hat ſu ewecliche verdampnet. Dis ſolt du dicke an ſehen und ſolt ein trahen waſſers niut mit friheit und vermeſſener getürſtekeit geturren nemmen denne mit temuetiget vorhte. Nime alle ding noch notdurft diner krankheit und niut noch genuegede. So kummen etteliche und ſagent von alſo groſſen vernunftigen und uber weſenlichen, uber formlichen dingen, Rehte alſo ſu uber die himele geflogen ſint; Und ſu bekantent noch nie einen trit uſſer in ſelber noch bekentniſſe irs eigenen nihtes. Sie mugent wol ſin kummen zuo vernunftiger worheit: Sunder zuo der lebenden worheit, do die worheit worheit iſt, Dar zuo kummet nieman denne durch diſen weg ſins nihtes. Und wer diſen weg niut gangen iſt, der ſol mit groſſeme ſchaden do ſton, do alle ding enbeckert werdent. O kinder, denne möhtent ſoliche wellen das ſu nie

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geiſtlichen ſchin hettent gewunnen, Vnd das ſu nie von hohen vernunftigen dingen hettent gehoeret ſagen noch do mitte vmbe gegangen hettent noch alſo groſſen nammen nie gewunnen en hettent. Vnd ſollent herre wunſchen das ſu alle ir tage mit dem vihe vf dem velde werent gangen vnd ir brotelin mit irme ſweiſſe gewunnen hettent. Kinder, es kummet der tag das got wil vorderunge tuon von den minnenclichen goben die er ime*) ſo milteclichen vmb ſtröwet Vnd der man ſo ſtrengclichen nu gebrucket ſunder alle fruht. Diſe verkleinunge ſol niht bringen ein zwifeliche vorhte, alſe die zwifeler: Sunder ſu ſüllen würcken einen demuetigen vnderval vnder got vnd vnder alle creaturen in rehter gelaſſenheit. Hat ouch der menſche nu in ime iut für demuetikeit, ſo wer es valſch. Der vmb ſprach vnſer herre „Ir werdent alſe dis kint, niergent abe ſol man haltent**), Loſſent die kleinen zuo mir kummen." daz ertrich iſt das aller niderſte von allen elementen Vnd hat den himmel von ſiner niderheit aller meiſt geſlohen, Vnd dannan von ſo iaget im der groſſe himmel mit aller ſiner kraft aller meiſt noch, Vnd ſunne vnd mone vnd alle die ſternen, Vnd würkent die aller groeſte fruht in der erden vor allen den hohen oberſten elementen. Wo ouch das tal aller tiefeſt iſt, do fluſſet das waſſer aller meiſt: Die telre ſint vil fruhtberre gemeinlichen wan die berge. Diſe wore verkleinunge die verſinket in das gotteliche innerliche abgründe. Kinder, do lont ſu ſich zuo mole in rehter worer verlornheit ir ſelbes. Das abgründe das inleitet das abgründe: Das geſchaffene abgründe das inleitet von ſiner tieffe wegen; Sin tieffe vnd ſin bekant niht das zühet das vngeſchaffen offen abgründe in das ander abgründe, vnd würt do ein einig ein; Ein niht in das ander niht. Das niht do S. Dyoniſius abe ſprach das got niht en ſi alles das man genemmen oder verſton oder begriffen mag. Do würt der geiſt gelaſſen in dem, das in got wolte alzuo mole niht machen. Vnd möhte er in dem zuo mole zuo nihte werden, er würde es von des nihtes minnen vnd*) das er verſunken iſt: wanne er en weis niht, er mint niht, er en ſmacket niht wan das ein. Kinder, diſe ougen die alſus ſint ſehende werden, die ſint wol ſelig, Vnd von dem möhte vnſer herre wol ſprechen „Selig ſint die ougen die do ſehent das ir ſehent." Das wir alle denne ſelig werden mit einer worer geſiht vnſers eigen nihtes. Des helfe vns got. Amen.

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*) ime] im. **) halten.

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Heinrich der Teichner, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Wilhelm Abraham Teller

ward am 9. Januar 1734 zu Leipzig geboren, erhielt unter der Leitung ſeines Vaters, Romanus Teller, eines zu ſeiner Zeit angeſehenen Theologen, eine vortreffliche Erziehung, die ihn befähigte, ſchon 1749 ſeine Studien in derſelben Wiſſenſchaft zu beginnen. 1753 wurde er Magiſter der Philoſophie, 1755 Katechet an der Petruskirche und bald darauf Baccalaureus der Theologie. In dieſem Grade durfte er dociren und in der Univerſitätskirche predigen. Schon 1756 legte er in einer Druckſchrift über den hebräiſchen Bibeltext ruhmvolles Zeugniß von ſeinen Studien ab. 1758 wurde er Sonnabendsprediger an der Nicolaikirche, nachdem er einen ähnlichen Ruf nach Göttingen abgelehnt hatte. Ganz unerwartet erhielt er im Jahre 1761 einen Ruf als Generalſuperintendent und ordentlicher Profeſſor in Helmſtädt und, nachdem er zu Leipzig vorher in einer höchſt merkwürdigen Disputation den Doctortitel ſeinen orthodoxen Gegnern abgezwungen hatte, trat er den neuen Wirkungskreis an. Hier bildete er ſein theologiſches Syſtem zum Aergerniß Vieler, aber unter dem Beifall der Stimmführer jener aufklärungsſtolzen Zeit vollkommen aus. Einen Ruf nach Halle an die Stelle des ſeligen Baumgarten ſchlug er aus Dankbarkeit gegen Braunſchweig aus; aber als im Jahre 1767 ein zweiter Ruf nach Berlin als Oberconſiſtorialrath und Probſt zu Kölln erfolgte, waren die Anfeindungen, die ihn wegen ſeiner jüngſten Schriften immer bitterer trafen, auf einen Grad geſtiegen, der ihm die Entfernung von Braunſchweig zur Pflicht machte. Jetzt begann die glänzendſte Periode ſeiner Wirkſamkeit, die ſich unter einem Fürſten wie Friedrich, unter Miniſtern, wie Münchhauſen und Zedlitz, in der innigen Verbindung mit Sack, Spalding und vielen anderen Mitſtrebenden nach vielen Seiten hin auf das Glücklichſte entfaltete. 1786 wurde er zum Mitgliede der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften ernannt. Auch an ihm gingen die der Aufklärung ſo verderblichen Folgen des Thronwechſels nicht ſpurlos vorüber; er erlitt die größten Kränkungen, blieb aber in ſeinem Glauben unerſchüttert, den er in den freimüthigſten Schriften bekannte; ſchlug eine ehrenvolle Rückberufung nach Helmſtädt aus und erwartete, überzeugt, auch durch dies Dulden ſeiner Sache zu helfen, — was er erwarten mußte, die Abſetzung ſelbſt; doch ſo viel wagten die hohen Gegner des Lichtes nicht. Er erlebte noch den Anbruch einer neuen Zeit mit des jungen Königs Thronbeſteigung und ſtarb, nur körperlich entkräftet, am 8. Decbr. 1804. —

Seine Schriften ſind:

Predigten. Braunſchweig, 1766.
Predigten von der häuslichen Frömmigkeit. Berlin, 1772.
Predigten an den Sonn- und Feſttagen des ganzen Jahres. Berlin, 1785 — 1794.
Predigten über die Evangelien in Verbindung mit anderen Schriftſtellern. Ebend. 1787 — 1790. 4 Thle.

Freimüthigkeit, lichtvolle Behandlung des Stoffes, wahre Aufklärung verbunden mit Religioſität und treffliche Darſtellung verliehen ſeinen Kanzelreden zu jener Zeit einen um ſo höheren Werth, als er einer der Erſten war, welche ſich von der herrſchenden ſtarren Orthodoxie abwandten und dieſe Bahn einſchlugen.

Tenelli, ſ. Millenet.

Wilhelm Gottlieb Tennemann

ward am 7. December 1761 zu Klein-Brembach bei Erfurt geboren, ſtudirte Philoſophie und wurde 1798 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, deren Doctortitel er ſchon längſt erworben hatte, in Jena angeſtellt. Seit 1804 wirkte er als Profeſſor der Philoſophie zu Marburg und ward 1816 daſelbſt auch als zweiter Univerſitätsbibliothekar verwandt. Er ſtarb am 1. October 1819.

Von ihm erſchien:

Lehren und Meinungen der Sokratiker über die Unſterblichkeit der Seele. Jena, 1791.
Syſtem der platoniſchen Philoſophie. Leipzig, 1792—1795. 4 Thle.
Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Leipzig, 1798—1820. 11 Thle.; 2. Ausg. von A. Wendt, 1829.
Grundriß der Geſchichte der Philoſophie. Leipzig, 1812; 3. Aufl. 1830.

T's vorzüglichſtes Werk, die Geſchichte der Philoſophie, zeichnet ſich durch Fleiß und reiches Wiſſen ſehr vortheilhaft aus, iſt dagegen aber nicht frei von Einſeitigkeit, da er dem Kantiſchen Syſteme ſich anſchloß und von dieſem Standpunkte aus Alles auffaßte und beurtheilte.

Wilhelm Ernſt Tenzel

ward am 11. Juli 1659 zu Greußen geboren, ſtudirte zu Wittenberg und wurde 1685 Lehrer am Gymnaſium zu Gotha und Aufſeher der Kunſtkammer und des Münzcabinets. 1702 ging er als Rath und Hiſtoriograph nach Dresden, legte dies Amt jedoch bald nieder und lebte als königl. polniſcher und kurfürſtlich ſächſiſcher Rath ſeinen gelehrten Beſchäftigungen. Er ſtarb am 24. November 1707. Er gab heraus:

Monatliche Unterredungen von allerhand Schriften. Leipzig, 1689 f. 17 Bde.
Curieuſe Bibliothek. Leipzig, 1704—1706. 3 Thle.

T. iſt in der Geſchichte der deutſchen Literatur von Intereſſe, da er zuerſt das Journalweſen in dieſelbe einführte. Wiſſenſchaftliche Streitigkeiten verſchiedener Art erwarben ihm damals einigen Ruf, der ihn jedoch, da er eigentlich nichts Bedeutendes leiſtete, nur ſehr kurze Zeit überlebte.

Johann Nicolaus Tetens

ward am 16. September 1737 zu Tetensbüll in der Landſchaft Eiderſtädt im Herzogthum Schleswig geboren, ſtudirte von 1755—1758 zu Roſtock und Copenhagen, promovirte zu Roſtock als Magiſter und trat 1759 als Privatdocent zu Bützow auf. 1763 erhielt er daſelbſt die ordentliche Profeſſur der Phyſik und bekleidete von 1765—1770 die Directorſtelle am dortigen, durch ihn neu organiſirten Pädagogium. Im Jahre 1776 folgte er einem Rufe nach Kiel, wo er die Profeſſur der Philoſophie und Mathematik erhielt; 1789 wurde er zum Aſſeſſor im Finanzcollegium und Caſſendirector in Copenhagen, darauf 1791 zum königlich däniſchen Staatsrath und Deputirten im Finanzcollegium, 1803 endlich zum Conferenzrath daſelbſt ernannt. Auch war er ſeit 1787 ordentliches Mitglied der königl. däniſchen Geſellſchaft der Wiſſenſchaften zu Copenhagen. Er ſtarb am 19. Auguſt 1807.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedanken über einige Urſachen, warum in der Metaphyſik nur wenige ausgemachte Wahrheiten ſind. Bützow, 1760.
Von den vorzüglichſten Beweiſen für das Daſein Gottes. Bützow und Wismar, 1761.
Ueber den Urſprung der Sprache und Schrift. Bützow und Wismar, 1772.
Ueber die allgemeine ſpeculative Philoſophie. Bützow, 1775.
Philoſophiſche Verſuche über die menſchliche Natur und ihre Entwickelung. Leipzig, 1777. 2 Bde.

T. erwarb ſich vorzüglich dadurch Ruf, daß er zu ſeiner Zeit Gegenſtände der practiſchen Philoſophie allgemein verſtändlich behandelte und auf eine klare und lichtvolle Weiſe darzuſtellen wußte.

von Tettingen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Theodor Chriſtian Tetzner

ward am 15. November 1792 zu Frankenhauſen geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle und Jena Theologie und wurde 1816 an der Erziehungsanſtalt zu Schnepfenthal angeſtellt. 1817 ging er als Lehrer an das Halle'ſche Waiſenhaus und Pädagogium, 1819 nach Magdeburg als Director der Handlungs- und Gewerbeſchule. Seit 1824 lebt er als Director der Bürgerſchule und Doctor der Philoſophie zu Langenſalza.

Er veröffentlichte:

Die Abende auf dem Herrmannſtein, Sagen für die reifere Jugend. Magdeburg, 1821.
Kurzer Leitfaden zum Unterricht in der deutſchen Sprache. Hannover, 1821.
Die Schule der ſieben Weiſen. Nordhauſen, 1822.
Leſebuch für Bürgerſchulen. Magdeburg, 1822.
Der Weg zum Leben. Nordhauſen, 1822.
Lehrreiche und unterhaltende Erzählungen für Knaben und Mädchen. Magdeburg, 1823.
Geſchichte der Römer. Brandenburg, 1824.
Geſchichte der Hellenen. Brandenburg, 1824.
Ausgewählte proſaiſche und poetiſche Leſeſtücke. Langenſalza, 1827.
Zeitgeiſt und Stock, zwei Schulreden. Langenſalza, 1827.

Ein wackerer Schulmann, der ſich namentlich durch treffliche Lehrbücher und ausgezeichnete Gelegenheitsreden einen ſehr geachteten Ruf erwarb.

Georg Teubner,

um das Jahr 1777 zu Schlitz geboren, lebte als Doctor der Philoſophie in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er gab heraus:

- Das ſilberne Kalb. Erfurt, 1803.
- Gott Metzels Zuchtruthe des Menſchengeſchlechts. Erfurt, 1804.
- Die Leiden des jungen Mop. Erfurt, 1804.
- Die ſilberne Kuh. Erfurt, 1805.

T. ſuchte in ſeinen humoriſtiſchen Schriften Jean Paul und Benzel Sternau nachzueifern, blieb aber weit hinter ſeinen Vorbildern zurück, da es ihm an Originalität und Tiefe fehlte.

Christian Friedrich Gottfried Teuſcher

ward im Jahre 1791 zu Delitzſch geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und lebte zuerſt als Pfarrer zu Blankenhain im Großherzogthum Weimar, bis er dem Ruf zu der Superintendentur zu Buttſtedt folgte. Er erwarb auch die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Saladdin, romantiſches Gedicht in vier Geſängen. Leipzig, 1819.

Glückliche Erfindung und treffliche Behandlung der Form und Sprache erwarben dieſem Gedichte den von den Herausgebern des Almanachs Urania für ein romantiſches Epos ausgeſetzten Preis.

Adalbert von Thale, ſ. Becher.

Der Thaler, ſ. Minneſinger.

Franz Ignaz Thanner

ward am 9. Februar 1770 zu Neumarkt in Baiern geboren, wirkte, nachdem er ſeine Studien vollendet, zuerſt als Gehilfsprieſter in der Domſtadtkaplanei, ſeit 1802 aber als Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Salzburg. 1805 ging er als Profeſſor der Philoſophie, deren Doctorwürde er ſchon beſaß, nach Landshut, 1808 auf einen ähnlichen Ruf nach Inſpruck, wo er blieb, bis er 1810 zum geiſtlichen Rath und Director des Lyceums zu Salzburg ernannt wurde.

Er gab heraus:

- Predigten und Predigtentwürfe. Salzburg, 1801.
- Verſuch einer faßlichen Darſtellung der kantiſchen Philoſophie. München, 1801 — 1805.
- Mutſchelle's Moraltheologie, fortgeſetzt. München, 1803.
- Der Transſcendentalidealismus in ſeiner dreifachen Steigerung. München, 1805.
- Idee des Organism, angewandt auf das höhere Lehrgeſchäft. München, 1806.
- Handbuch der Vorbereitung zum ſelbſtſtändigen wiſſenſchaftlichen Studium. München, 1807.
- Verſuch einer möglichſt faßlichen Darſtellung der abſoluten Identitätslehre. München, 1810.
- Logiſche Aphorismen. München, 1811.
- Lehr- und Handbuch der theoretiſchen und praktiſchen Philoſophie. München, 1811 u. 1822.
- Wiſſenſchaftliche Aphorismen der katholiſchen Dogmatik. München, 1816.

Th. ſchloß ſich den Naturphiloſophen an und zeichnete ſich durch treffliche Entwickelungen und Darſtellungen dieſes Syſtems ſehr vortheilhaft aus. Als katholiſcher Kanzelredner erwarb er ſich gleichfalls mit Recht einen geſeierten Namen.

Andreas Tharäus,

um 1570 geboren, lebte als Prediger zu Friedensdorf in der Niederlauſitz. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

- Erbärmliche Klage der lieben Frau Gerſte und ihres Bruders Herrn Flachs. (Abgedruckt in Dornavii Amphith. I., S. 222.)

die aber durchaus keinen Werth hat.

Zacharias Theobald,

am 29. März 1584 zu Schlackenwald in Böhmen geboren, war zuerſt Feldprediger, ſpäter als Paſtor im Dorfe Krafftshof angeſtellt. Er hatte den philoſophiſchen Doctorgrad und ſchon die Berufung zum Profeſſor der Mathematik in Prag erhalten, als er im Jahre 1627 ſtarb. Von ihm erſchien:

- Huſſitenkrieg: oder Geſchichte des Lebens und der Lehre Johann Huſſens. Breslau, 1750.

Eine für jene Zeit gut geſchriebene und durch die Behandlung des Inhaltes nicht minder werthvolle hiſtoriſche Leiſtung.

Ludwig Friedrich Franz Theremin,

am 19. März 1783 zu Gramzow in der Ukermark geboren, erhielt von ſeinem Vater, der Prediger der franzöſiſchen Gemeinde war, den erſten Jugendunterricht und beſuchte dann das franzöſiſche Gymnaſium zu Berlin und darauf die Univerſität zu Halle, wo Knapp und F. A. Wolf beſonders wohlthätig auf ihn wirkten. Im Jahre 1805 wurde er zu Genf ordinirt; als aber 1810 der nachmalige Staatsminiſter von Ancillon Erzieher des jetzigen Königs wurde, erhielt der junge Theremin deſſen Stelle als franzöſiſcher Prediger an der Werderſchen Kirche. Vollkommen entfaltete ſich aber erſt ſein Geiſt, als er ihn, ſeit 1815 als Hof- und Domprediger, auch in deutſcher Rede zeigen konnte. 1824 wurde er zum Oberconſiſtorialrath und vortragendem Rath in der Unterrichtsabtheilung des Miniſteriums der geiſtlichen und Medicinalangelegenheiten, 1840 zum Honorarprofeſſor der Theologie ernannt. Außerdem iſt er Doctor der Theologie und Ritter des rothen Adlerordens dritter Klaſſe. Er gab heraus:

Cervantes Drangſale des Perſiles und der Sigismunde. Berlin, 1808. 1r Thl.
Des Preußen und des Franken Tod auf dem Schlachtfelde, Gedicht. Berlin, 1813.
Die Beredſamkeit, eine Tugend. Berlin, 1814.
Predigten. Berlin, 1817. 4 Thle. Neue Ausgabe, 1826.
Hebräiſche Geſänge von Lord Byron. Berl., 1820.
Die Lehre vom göttlichen Reiche. Berlin, 1823.
Stimmen aus Gräbern. Berlin, 1828.
Adalberts Bekenntniſſe. Berlin, 1828. (1835.)
Das Kreuz Chriſti. Berlin, 1829. 1837.
Ueber die deutſchen Univerſitäten, ein Geſpräch. 1836.

Einer der ausgezeichnetſten lebenden Kanzelredner von eben ſo reicher als vielſeitiger Bildung. Wärme, Innigkeit des Gefühls, Tiefe und Lebendigkeit ſind ſeinen religiöſen Vorträgen, Klarheit und Gründlichkeit ſeinen didactiſchen Schriften, Treue und Eleganz ſeinen Ueberſetzungen, und Ideenreichthum, edel geſtaltende Phantaſie, Anmuth der Form und Wohllaut der Sprache ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen eigen.

Anton Friedrich Juſtus Thibaut

ward am 4. Januar 1774 zu Hameln geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen, Königsberg und Kiel, und wurde 1796 Doctor der Rechte zu Kiel. 1798 ward er als Adjunct, 1799 als ordentlicher Profeſſor an der Juriſtenfacultät daſelbſt angeſtellt. 1802 ging er nach Jena, drei Jahre darauf nach Heidelberg. In demſelben Jahre ernannte ihn die kaiſerliche Geſetzcommiſſion zu Petersburg zu ihrem Correſpondenten. Nach der Befreiung Deutſchlands von der franzöſiſchen Herrſchaft forderte er als eine der Hauptbürgſchaften für die Sicherheit des neuen Staatenbundes ein beſtimmtes, allgemeines deutſches Recht und rief dadurch Savigny's Gegenſatz hervor. Er lebte ſeit 1805 ununterbrochen in Heidelberg als Profeſſor und Juſtizrath; 1818 erhielt er den Character eines geheimen Hofraths und 1830 das Commandeurkreuz des zähringer Löwenordens. Es war in vieler Hinſicht für Heidelberg ein unerſetzlicher Verluſt, als Thibaut 1839 ſtarb, denn auch ſein Haus war ein Schutz edler Sitte und alter Muſik, der er, auch im heftigen Kampf gegen die neueren Richtungen, manche Stunden widmete.

Seine Schriften ſind:
Syſtem des Pandektenrechts. Jena, 1803. 2 Bde.; 8. Aufl. 1834.
Juriſtiſche Encyclopädie und Methodologie. Altona, 1797.
Verſuche über einzelne Theile der Theorie des Rechts. Jena, 1798; 2. Aufl. 1806.
Theorie der logiſchen Auslegung des römiſchen Rechts. Altona, 1799; 2. Aufl. 1806. 2 Bde.
Ueber Beſitz und Verjährung. Jena, 1802.
Beiträge zur Kritik der Feuerbachiſchen Reviſion der Grundbegriffe des Staatsrechts. Jena, 1802.
Civiliſtiſche Abhandlungen. Heidelberg, 1814.
Ueber die Nothwendigkeit eines allgemeinen bürgerlichen Rechts für Deutſchland. Heidelberg, 1814.
Nachlaß, herausgegeben von G. J. Guyet. Berlin, 1840.
Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunſt. Heidelberg, 1826. 2. Aufl.

Was Th. als Lehrer des Rechtes leiſtete, iſt hier nicht der Ort zu characteriſiren; dagegen aber zu bemerken, daß ſein didactiſcher Styl ſich durch Präciſion, Klarheit und Deutlichkeit ſo vortheilhaft auszeichnet, daß ſeine Schriften auch in dieſer Hinſicht als Muſter dienen können.

Johann Auguſt Thiele von Thielenfeld,

am 24. September 1752 zu Görlitz geboren, war königlich ſächſiſcher Conſiſtorialrath und privatiſirte zuletzt zu Dobern bei Spremberg, wo er 1820 geſtorben iſt.

Er gab heraus:
Ida und Alfred, Briefe über Fortdauer, Wiederſehen und Wiedererkennen. Sorau, 1814; Leipzig, 1818.
Anſichten wichtiger Gegenſtände des höheren geiſtigen Lebens. Leipzig, 1816.
Gründe für und wider den Selbſtmord. Leipzig, 1817.

Th. zeichnete ſich zu ſeiner Zeit durch geiſtvolle Erbauungsſchriften ſehr vortheilhaft aus und wurde viel und gern geleſen.

Carl Traugott Thieme,

am 28. Januar 1745 zu Canitz bei Oſchatz geboren, beſuchte die Fürſtenſchule zu Meißen und ſtudirte in Leipzig, wo er 1772 an der Peterskirche Nachmittagsprediger wurde. 1776 erhielt er das Rectorat am Lyceum zu Lübben in der Niederlauſitz, 1784 ward er in gleicher Stellung nach Merſeburg, 1790 nach Löbau verſetzt. Kränklichkeit nöthigte ihn, ſich von den Amtsgeſchäften zurückzuziehen; ſo privatiſirte er als Magiſter der Philoſophie zu Görlitz, wo er am 30. Mai 1830 ſtarb. Er veröffentlichte:

Erſte Nahrung für den geſunden Menſchenverſtand. Leipzig, 1778; 8. Aufl. (von Dolz) 1847.
Ueber die Hinderniſſe des Selbſtdenkens in Deutſchland. Leipzig, 1788.
Ideal eines Leſebuchs für Bürger- und Landſchulen. Leipzig, 1793.
Gutmann, oder der ſächſiſche Kinderfreund. Leipzig, 1794. 2 Bde. 10. Aufl. (von Dolz) 1830.
Die Gutmanniſche Schule. 1804.
Erdmann, eine Bildungsgeſchichte. Leipzig, 1801. 3 Thle.
Grundlinien zu einer Geſchichte aller poſitiven Religionen. Leipzig, 1802.

Ein ſehr tüchtiger Jugendſchriftſteller, der beſonders äußerſt vortheilhaft auf die beſſere Geſtaltung der niederen Schulen wirkte.

Moritz Thieme,

am 8. Mai 1799 zu Löbau geboren, Sohn von Carl Traugott Thieme, ſtudirte ſeit 1818 die Rechte zu Berlin und Leipzig und ließ ſich dann als Privatgelehrter, früher zu Wiederau und Deſſau, ſpäter zu Ilmenau nieder.

Er gab heraus:

Dramatiſche Spiele für die Jugend. Berlin, 1819. 1822.
Mährchen und Sagen für die Jugend. Berl., 1820.
Wanderung dreier Muſenſöhne an den Rhein. Halberſtadt, 1821.
Die Bilderlaube. Leipzig, 1821.
Geiſtergeſchichte oder keine. Leipzig, 1821.
Vorboten des Frühlings. Leipzig, 1822.
Der kleine Freiſchütz, Singſpiel. Leipzig, 1823.
Der Kampf des Alten mit dem Neuen. Eiſenberg, 1824.
Mina's Leben. Ilmenau, 1824.
Frauenmuth, Schauſpiel. Ilmenau, 1824.
Der kleine deutſche Cornelius Nepos. Ilmenau, 1824.
Kinder des Frühlings. Berlin, 1826.
Kleiner deutſcher Ehrentempel. Heidelberg, 1828.
Hedwig's liebſte Puppe. Berlin, 1829.
Edmund und Tony. Berlin, 1830.

Ein fleißiger Jugendſchriftſteller, der glückliche Erfindung mit Verſtändlichkeit und anmuthiger faßlicher Darſtellung verbindet, und ſich für ſeine Leiſtungen eines großen Kreiſes von Leſern in der Kinderwelt erfreut.

Friedrich Wilhelm Thierſch,

am 17. Juni 1784 zu Kirchſcheidungen in Thüringen, unweit Freiburg an der Unſtrut geboren, wirkte ſchon auf den Schulen zu Naumburg und Pforte durch ſein Beiſpiel auf die Mitſchüler ſehr günſtig; ſeit 1804 ſtudirte er zu Leipzig Theologie. 1807, nachdem er zu Dresden Candidat geworden, begleitete er zwei Liefländer nach Göttingen, wo Heyne ſeinem Intereſſe für Philologie reiche Nahrung bot. Er wurde Hilfslehrer am Gymnaſium daſelbſt, habilitirte ſich und war 1809 als Aſſeſſor zur Facultät. Doch hielt ihn Göttingen nicht ſehr lange. Jacobs hatte die junge Univerſität zu München verlaſſen und T. wurde von Niethammer zu deſſen Nachfolger beſtimmt. Die Streitigkeiten der Nord- und Süddeutſchen, welche zu dämpfen ihm mißlang, machten ſeine Stellung anfangs ſehr ſchwierig, ſelbſt bedenklich, doch ſtieg er in der allgemeinen Achtung und Theilnahme nur deſto mehr. Als Lehrer an der Univerſität und am Gymnaſium ſetzte er ſich mit Jacobi und Schelling in nahe Verbindung. Der Auftrag, die königlichen Prinzeſſinnen in der Geſchichte und Literatur zu unterrichten, bezeichnete ihm die Gunſt des Königs. Er gründete das philologiſche Inſtitut, welches 1812 der Academie angeſchloſſen wurde. Während des deutſchen Befreiungskrieges durfte er nur durch perſönliche Mitwirkung bei der kriegeriſchen Ausbildung der Jugend ſeine Theilnahme beweiſen, doch reiſte er 1813 nach Paris. Durch die Kriegsſtürme von dort vertrieben, kehrte er im folgenden Jahre noch einmal zurück, um die aus Baiern entführten Kunſtſchätze heimzufordern, doch konnte er, durch Napoleon's Flucht von Elba, erſt bei einem dritten Aufenthalt ſeinen Auftrag vollkommen ins Werk ſetzen. — Auch um Griechenlands Wiederaufblühen erwarb ſich Th. von den Einen zu hoch erhobenes, von den Andern ungerecht geſchmälertes großes Verdienſt. Seit 1812 ſuchte er das Land, das er auch als ſein geiſtiges Vaterland betrachtete, mit deutſcher Wiſſenſchaft in Verbindung zu ſetzen. Wie ſehr ihm dies gelang, beweiſt die ausgezeichnete Anerkennung, mit der ihn 1814 auf dem Wiener Congreß die bedeutendſten Griechen als Philhellenen feierten. Von 1822 bis 1823 bereiſte er Italien; 1826 ward er Profeſſor an der Münchener Univerſität. 1831 war das politiſch merkwürdigſte Jahr ſeines Lebens, in dem er Griechenland ſah und ſich ſolchen Einfluß auf die dortigen Angelegenheiten zu verſchaffen wußte, daß er ſich rühmen durfte, zu Otto's Thronbeſteigung nicht wenig mitgewirkt zu haben. 1832 kehrte er nach München zurück; 1836 durchzog er Frankreich und Belgien. Seitdem blieb er in München, woſelbſt er, als Doctor und Profeſſor der Philoſophie, Hofrath und Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften, als Lehrer ſehr gefeiert, bei Hofe hochgeachtet, ein für Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft, Schule und Staat unermüdlich thätiges Leben führt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Betrachtungen über die angenommenen Unterſchiede zwiſchen Nord- und Süddeutſchland. 1810.
Griechiſche Grammatik. Leipzig, 1826. 3. Aufl.
Ueberſetzung Pindar's. München, 1820. 2 Bde.
Ueber die Epochen der bildenden Kunſt unter den Griechen. München, 1829. 2. Aufl.
Reiſe in Italien ſeit 1822. Leipzig, 1826.
Ueber gelehrte Schulen, mit beſonderer Rückſicht auf Baiern. Stuttgart, 1826 — 1830.
Ueber die neugriechiſche Poeſie. München, 1828.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Die Darſtellung deſſen, was Th. als Philolog und Pädagog in ſtreng wiſſenſchaftlicher Hinſicht leiſtete, liegt außer den Grenzen dieſes Werkes. Geſchmack, Geiſt und tiefes Wiſſen mit einander verbindend, iſt er auch durch ſeine treffliche Behandlung der Form und Sprache, abgeſehen von ſeinen übrigen hohen Verdienſten, als ein didactiſcher Muſterſchriftſteller zu betrachten.

Ueber die Freiheit der Studien und die Selbſtſtändigkeit des Lebens auf deutſchen Hochſchulen, nach Sinn und Geiſt unſerer Satzungen.

Eine Inauguralrede, gehalten den 26. Nov. 1829.

Meine hochzuverehrenden Herren!

Das Amt, welches ich dieſes Jahr an unſerer Hochſchule bekleide, legt mir die Verpflichtung auf, nach Anordnung unſerer akademiſchen Thätigkeit in Gegenwart Ihrer Lehrer vor Ihnen über die Satzungen zu ſprechen, nach denen Ihr Leben und Studium geordnet und geführt wird.[1] Welchen Tag aber durften wir zu ſolcher Feierlichkeit geeigneter achten, als den Jahrestag ihrer Genehmigung durch unſern Monarchen, und was könnt' ich, umgeben von dieſer zahlreichen und hoffnungsreichen Jugend deutſcher und fremder Lande, die ſich um einen ſchon in fernem Alterthume gegründeten Herd der Bildung verſammelt hat, Ihrer Erwägung Würdigeres vorlegen, als die altüberlieferten Grundlage des akademiſchen Studiums und Lebens, auf welche die Univerſitäten von Deutſchland vor beinahe vier hundert Jahren gebaut wurden, und von denen allein ſie auch jetzt noch Kraft und Dauer empfangen. Oft befehdet und faſt aufgegeben in Zeiten geiſtiger Irrungen, als man gemeint war, die Bewegungen auf dem Gebiete des Denkens durch äußere Gewalt zu hemmen, verkannt in Zeiten, welche des freien Geiſtes dieſer alten ehrwürdigen Stiftungen verluſtig gegangen, haben ſie nicht aufgehört im Stillen als die verborgene Macht des Guten zu wirken, und ſind, nachdem die Ungunſt winterlicher Monde vergangen und der Athem des Frühlings wieder weckend über die ſonnigen Auen der Wiſſenſchaft ergoſſen war, in unſern Satzungen mit urſprünglicher Kraft wieder hervorgetreten, noch jetzt, wie vor vier Jahrhunderten, mächtig genug die Geiſter frei durch wahre Wiſſenſchaft, und ſtark durch Selbſtſtändigkeit des Beſtrebens zu machen, und die Hoffnung des Vaterlandes zu zeitigen, die wir in Ihrer Jugend vor uns erblühen ſehen. Ich ſpreche von der Freiheit der Studien und von der Selbſtſtändigkeit des Lebens auf deutſchen Univerſitäten, nach Geiſt und Sinn unſerer Satzungen.

Frei in ſeinen Studien iſt derjenige, welcher bei Anordnung und Führung derſelben nicht äußerem Zwange, ſondern der inneren Neigung, nicht dem Gebote der Macht, ſondern dem Rathe des Wohlwollens und der Erfahrung folgt, der ungehemmt von Schranken, mit denen Argwohn, Engherzigkeit oder Thorheit ſo gerne die akademiſche Laufbahn durchkreuzen, der Richtung folgt, die ihm der eigene Genius oder die Hand bewährter Führer zeigt, und in dem Gebiete menſchlichen Forſchens und Wiſſens, dem freieſten, weil es das geiſtigſte wie das unbedingteſte iſt, ſich keinem Anſehen und keiner Macht anders als durch freie Selbſtbeſtimmung unterwirft.

Wie aber keine Freiheit eine unbedingte, ſondern, gleich Allem, was da iſt, nur durch Begrenzung wirklich und erkennbar wird, ſo finden wir auch hier feſte Schranken angedeutet, in denen jene Freiheit der Studien allein denkbar und haltbar erſcheint. Nicht durch zufällige Anſicht oder Vorurtheil, ſondern durch die innere Natur der Sache ſind ſie gezogen, und dienen eben ſo als Markſcheide der geweihten Auen wie als Abwehr gegen Ungeweihte, die in ihr Heiligthum eindringen möchten. Reife der Jahre, vor deren Eintritt die Reife des Geiſtes nur gegen die Geſetze der Natur erſcheinen könnte, und Gründlichkeit der Vorbildung, ohne welche das Studium der Univerſität ſelbſt in das Gebiet der Schule herabſinken müßte, ſind die beiden weſentlichen Bedingungen, die auch unſere Satzungen an den Eingang in das akademiſche Leben geſtellt haben[2]; und, weit entfernt, ihre Schwächung zu begehren, werden wir es vielmehr als ein Heil der Univerſität betrachten, wenn nach dem Sinne der neuen Schulordnung der Anfang der akademiſchen Laufbahn in die Jahre männlicher Jugend weiter zurückgeſtellt[3] und die Vorbildung, auf ihre alte Grundlage befeſtigt, an Sicherheit und Stärke gewinnen wird[4].

Alle Hoffnungen, alle Segnungen der Univerſität ſind an dieſe Vorbedingungen geknüpft, und ohne ſie wird jede Gewähr zum Trug und jede Vorkehrung zur Thorheit werden, ſei es, daß man die Rathſchläge des Zwanges oder die Lehre der Freiheit dabei zu Hülfe ruft.

Was außerdem ſich als eine Schranke der allen deutſchen Univerſitäten eingebornen Freiheit der Studien darſtellen könnte, die Obliegenheit, dem Studium eine ſeiner Ausdehnung gemäße Zahl von Jahren zu widmen[5], oder was vorgeſchrieben iſt, die Ordnung und Regelmäßigkeit der Vorträge ſicher zu ſtellen[6], berührt den der Freiheit Würdigen nicht, und iſt allein dem Eilfertigen und Läſſigen zu heilſamer Hut angeordnet. Selbſt die Allgemeinheit der Verpflichtung, Vorleſungen zu hören[7], und den beſondern Wiſſenſchaften das Studium der allgemeinen zu verbinden[8], trifft nicht den Verſtändigen, welcher hier nur ausgeſprochen findet, was ihm die eigene Einſicht und Neigung gebietet, und iſt allein gegen die unſelige Einſeitigkeit auf dem Gebiete der Wiſſenſchaften und gegen den Müßiggang gerichtet, der des Zukünftigen unbekümmert durch die Anmuth und Fülle der akademiſchen Jahre wie in einem Traume hindurch geführt wird.

Ein Einbruch der öffentlichen Macht in die altakademiſche Freiheit der Studien erfolgt aber in dem Augenblicke, wo geboten wird, wozu der Würdige ſich nicht ohne Gebot durch inneren Trieb bewogen findet[9], wo der Zwang, beſtimmt den widerſtrebenden zu hemmen, zugleich den aufrechten Geiſt niederdrückt[10], wo dieſer genöthigt wird, dem Führer zu folgen, den er mit innerem Widerſtreben zurückſtößt[11], ſeine Thätigkeit auf Gegenſtände zu richten, die ihn zwecklos und verwirrend bedrängen, und in Unmuth, Ueberladung und Zerſplitterung die Freudigkeit, den Muth und die Kraft zum Kampfe verliert, der auch hier vor die Auszeichnung geſtellt iſt. — Weil aber nach dem Ausſpruche eines alten Dichters ein ungeziemendes Werk andere zeuget, die ſeinem Geſchlechte gleich ſind[*], ſo kann eine ſolche Ordnung nicht beſtehen, ohne durch andere von ihr hervorgerufene Verkehrungen die Natur der Univerſität vollends umzukehren, und mit ihrer Selbſtſtändigkeit, ihre Kraft und ihre Würde bloßzuſtellen. Darum wird nach Aufhebung der freien Studien eine ſolche Gebotordnung zugleich gebieten, was der Natur der Wiſſenſchaften widerſtrebt und ihren inneren Zuſammenhang auflöſet. Sie wird die Univerſität nöthigen, von der höheren, ſelbſtſtändigen Forſchung und freien Bewegung in die Enge der Schule herabzuſteigen[12] und, nachdem der Aufſchwung des Talents gehemmt iſt, der Mittelmäßigkeit Freiſtatt und Pflege bereiten. Durch ihre Gebote hervorgerufen, durch ihre Vorkehrungen unterhalten, wird Trug und Täuſchung ſich in das heilige Verhältniß zwiſchen Mann und Jüngling miſchen und mit der wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildung des Geiſtes zugleich die ſittliche des Charakters bloßſtellen[13]. Was in dieſem Sinne etwa Hemmendes und Störendes unter uns gefunden ward, das hat an dieſem Tage vor zwei Jahren die gottgeſegnete Hand des hochherzigen Monarchen vernichtet[14], als er die Satzungen, unter welchen wir leben, mit ſeiner königlichen Genehmigung bekleidete. Darum begrüßen wir die Wiederkehr und die Jahresfeier ihrer Genehmigung mit freudigem Gemüthe und dankbarem Herzen als die Frühlingsſonne, welche den erweckenden Strahl über die Leben ſproſſende Flur ausbreitet, und als das Auge Gottes über der Schöpfung lacht, in welcher die Naturen, allein ihrem inneren Triebe folgend, ſich in friſcher Kraft und Herrlichkeit ungehemmt und unverkümmert dem Licht entgegendrängen.

Verſchwunden iſt die Trennung der allgemeinen und beſondern Wiſſenſchaften, und die Nöthigung, aus dem, was man für Allgemein erklärt, wie aus einem Niederen und Geringeren zu dem Beſonderen hinaufzuſteigen: dem Studium der Philoſophie, der Natur, der Geſchichte, des Alterthums iſt nach Zertrümmerung jener Schranken die Bahn geöffnet, ſich erweckend, belebend und veredelnd über das ganze Gebiet der akademiſchen Thätigkeit auszubreiten. Zurückgezogen ſind die faſt unüberſehbaren Phalangen der durch Zwang gebotenen und nur durch Zwang haltbaren Lehrvorträge, und mit ihnen entſchwand die Gewähr des Zwanges durch jene Prüfungen, welche bei dem Strome der zu ihnen durch die Nöthigung getriebenen Jugend den Lehrer durch ein Uebermaß geiſttödtender und ſeiner unwürdiger Arbeiten beugten, und ſelbſt gegen Willen und ſittliches Gefühl der Einzelnen das Urtheil der Univerſität über Fleiß und Würdigkeit ihrer Bürger zu einer der grauſamſten und heilloſeſten Täuſchungen gemacht hatten, um ſo betrübender, weil es beſtimmt war, durch falſchen Schein die Leerheit und Erfolgloſigkeit zu verhüllen, mit der eine ſolche Studienordnung nur zu oft geſchlagen war. Es ehrt zwar die neue Ordnung, was durch Stiftungen oder durch die nothwendige Einrichtung in ſich abgeſchloſſener ehrwürdiger Inſtitute geboten wird[15], und auch von ihr ergeht das Gebot zum ernſthaften und anhaltenden Studium, Vorkehrungen ſind auch durch ſie getroffen, den Unfleiß zu hemmen, wie den Fleiß zu beleben[16], aber ſie ſind zurückgeführt auf den freien Verkehr der Jugend mit ihren Lehrern. Was ehedem als Zwang den Widerſtrebenden trieb, tritt jetzt dem Jüngling als Anweiſung zum Studium, als väterlicher Rath der Lehrer entgegen[17], und neben der großen und ſchönen Gelegenheit, durch das erweckliche Wort des mündlichen Vortrages den Weg zur Bildung und Wiſſenſchaft zu finden, ſteht ihm nach den Satzungen nichts im Wege, wenn er glaubt, des einzelnen von dem Vortrage weniger abhängigen, oder durch den Vortrag ihm verleideten Gegenſtandes durch eigenes Studium ſich ſchneller oder ſicherer bemächtigen zu können. Alle Gewähr ſeiner Studien iſt für ihn in die Fülle und das Einladende der akademiſchen Mittel, in die Wirkung des Beiſpiels, in das Anſehen und den Rath der Lehrer, in ſeinen freien Entſchluß, für den Staat aber nach Aufhebung jener hemmenden Vorkehrungen im Innern der Anſtalt jenſeits der Schranken der Univerſität in die Prüfung gelegt, welche vor dem Eingange in dem öffentlichen Dienſt einen jeden erwartet. Achtend die innere Unabhängigkeit der Hochſchule und des wiſſenſchaftlichen Geiſtes gewärtig, der allein unter ihrem Schirme erſtarken und über die Anſtalt ſich verbreiten kann, begehrt ſie von demjenigen, welcher ſeine durch wiſſenſchaftliches Studium gebildete Kraft dem öffentlichen Bedürfniſſe und Wohle bietet, nicht daß er durch die Vorlage von Zeugniſſen, in denen die Sprache ihre Bedeutung umgekehrt hatte, beweiſe, wen und was er gehört, ſondern daß er durch ſich ſelbſt nachweiſe, was er iſt und vermag.

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[*] τὸ γὰρ δυσσεβὲς ἔργον
μετὰ μὲν πλείονα τίκτει,
σφετέρᾳ δ' εἰκότα γέννᾳ. Aeschyl. Agam. V. 758.

Gegeben iſt ſofort einem Jeden die Möglichkeit, ſich nach ſeiner Neigung in den Studien einzurichten und zu bewegen, durch Ausſchließung des Widerſtrebenden und Zerſtreuenden für das Hauptſächliche, das Bildende die Kraft durch Beſchränkung zu ſammeln und das Studium durch Innigkeit zu verſtärken; gereiniget iſt ſein Verhältniß zu dem Lehrer von jeder unreinen Zuthat; keine niedere Rückſicht drängt ſich zwiſchen ihn und diejenigen Männer, denen er das Höchſte und Lauterſte ſeiner Bildung verdanken möchte. Unabhängig von einander und nur durch Achtung und Zuneigung verbunden, welche der Mann ſo leicht vom Jünglinge empfängt, der von ihm Rath und Belehrung ſucht, und ſo gerne dem redlichen Beſtreben erwiedert, wandeln ſie, gebend und empfangend, die freie Bahn des Wiſſens und des Forſchens, die allein zu den Höhen der Wiſſenſchaft und Bildung führt, welche zu erklimmen dem Zwange, dem Argwohne und der Beſchränktheit von jeher verſagt blieb. Zwar ſehen wir, da die Uebel langſamer ſind, als die Heilmittel, des Ungefugen nicht wenig zurückgeblieben; vorzüglich ſind die Geſtalten der Täuſchung nicht ganz gewichen. Noch zeigen ſie ihr unholdes Antlitz beſonders in jenen Papieren, auf denen, weil einmal durch ſie das Wort ſeine Bedeutung verloren hat, auch jetzo noch unbedingte Vortrefflichkeit demjenigen beſcheinigt wird, der ſich ſelbſt im Stillen eines ganz anderen bewußt iſt. Doch von dem Heerde der Wahrhaftigkeit und der Lauterkeit, welchen unſere Satzungen in dem Heiligthume der Bildung errichtet haben, werden durch den aus ihm hervorgehenden heiligen Schauer auch dieſe Unholde vollends ſcheu entfliehen, um ihren Zug gen Weſten nach dem eines beſſeren Schickſals ſo würdigen, aber nun in nächtliche Trauer verſenkten Sitze der Muſen hinzulenken, der allen Geiſtern des Zwanges und des Bannes, die aus unſern entſühnten Räumen vertrieben worden, zum Schrecken ſeiner Bürger Zuflucht eröffnet und Dienſt bereitet hat [10]). Auch müſſen wir die Hinderniſſe beklagen, welche gegen Willen und Abſicht der über uns waltenden weiſen und menſchenfreundlichen Obhut bewirkt haben, daß wir noch heute, am zweiten Jahrestage der königlichen Genehmigung unſerer Satzungen, die damals verheißene Einſetzung jener Prüfung vermiſſen, welche nach ihnen von nun an allein als Gewährleiſtung eines gedeihlichen Erfolges der Studien vom Staate betrachtet werden; und iſt irgend ein Wunſch billig und dringend, ſo iſt es gewiß dieſer, den wir mit vollem Vertrauen auf ſeine Gewährung ausſprechen, daß nicht auch im dritten Jahre unſere Hoffnung getäuſcht, ſondern dem Gebäude der freien Studien, außer welchem in Deutſchland der wahren Wiſſenſchaft zu wohnen unmöglich iſt, durch Einſetzung jener Gewähr Schluß und Halt auf den Hochſchulen von Baiern geſichert werde. Nicht nur demjenigen, welcher deſſen bedarf, iſt ſie eine Mahnung an das, was ihm zu thun obliegt, und wird dadurch heilſam auf Ordnung und Beharrlichkeit des Fleißes zurückwirken, ſondern auch jenem, welcher ohne ſolche Mahnung ſich und dem Staate genug thäte, wird ſie zur Stärkung und Beruhigung dienen, als eine erwünſchte Gelegenheit nach ſeinem Austritte aus unſerem Verbande männiglich zu beweiſen, was er geworden und dem Vaterlande zu leiſten fähig iſt. Daran aber ſchließen wir mit vollem Vertrauen ſeiner Erfüllung den zweiten Wunſch, daß jene Gewähr im Geiſte der Satzungen ſich auf das Weſentliche und Wichtige, was auch das Schwierige und Tieferliegende iſt, beſchränke, und nicht durch Ausbreitung über die Grenzen eines erreichbaren Maaßes die tiefere Begründung des Wiſſens in Gefahr ſtelle. Wohl gewährt, weiſe geordnet und verſtändig gehandhabt wird ſie von den äußeren Gewährleiſtungen die ſtärkſte, wird ſie der von der öffentlichen Macht erhobene Schild ſein, gegen Gefahr und Entartung die junge Ordnung zu ſchirmen, durch die allein unſere Hochſchulen zu der Würde und der Selbſtſtändigkeit ihrer deutſchen Schweſtern erhöht wurden.

An Ihnen aber iſt es, theure Jünglinge, die Hoffnungen derjenigen zu erfüllen, welche die einer gebildeten Jugend inwohnende Kraft und Neigung zum Guten für die einzig denkbare innere Gewähr der akademiſchen Studien halten, und die Beſorgniſſe der Aengſtlichen niederſchlagen, denen vielleicht auch jetzo noch Zwang und der Stab des Treibers nöthig ſcheint, damit das akademiſche Feld mit ſattſamer Betriebſamkeit geackert und beſtellt werde; vor Allem aber gilt es, das königliche Vertrauen zu rechtfertigen, aus welchem allein jene Löſung aller Feſſeln hervorging. „Vertrauen andere deutſche Staaten ihrer Jugend, warum ſoll ich nicht daſſelbe thun?“ [11]) Ja Er, deſſen königliches Gemüth voll unvergänglicher Friſche und eben darum der Jugend zugethan iſt, der wohl weiß, wo der Enthuſiasmus, die freie Kraft, die Huldigung und die Liebe des Guten am lauterſten zu finden iſt, er thut daſſelbe, er vertraut auch jetzo Ihnen, wo an manchen Orten die Andern, engherzigem Rathe nachgebend, Nutzen und Vortheil von Maßregeln der Beſchränkung ſuchen, die ſich uns als unnütz und nachtheilig bewieſen haben: und ſchon fängt das Vertrauen, bei dem allein die menſchlichen Dinge gedeihen, auch unter uns an, ſeine Frucht zu zeigen. Zwar fehlen auch unter uns nicht jene Beklagenswerthe, die verſäumt und dem niederen Triebe folgend, oder im leichtſinnigen Dienſte des Wahnes und Vorurtheils, ihrer Zukunft uneingedenk, in die Irrgänge des akademiſchen Lebens ſich verlieren; indeß ſie liegen außer dem Bereiche jeder Satzung der Hochſchule, und ſind den Maßregeln des Zwanges unerreichbar geweſen, wie ſie es dem Rathe der Vernunft ſein werden. Aber der ſtets wachſenden Zahl würdiger Jünglinge unter Ihnen, unſerer Jugend im Ganzen ſind wir das Zeugniß ſchuldig, daß unter ihr es mit jedem Halbjahre beſſer geworden iſt, ſeitdem die Univerſität durch ihre Satzungen an die wahre Beſtimmung deutſcher Hochſchulen gewieſen ward, eine Pflegerin freier Studien zu ſein.

Die Vorleſungen, ſowohl die, welche für die beſonderen Fächer eingeſetzt ſind, als die gleich wichtigen, in denen Gegenſtände der allgemeinen Bildung, in ihnen aber Grund und Bedingung jeder beſonderen enthüllt werden, ſind zahlreich und mit anhaltender Theilnahme beſucht, das Beſtreben der Einzelnen außer ihnen noch Rath und Anleitung des Lehrers durch eigenes Studium tiefer einzudringen, iſt keine Seltenheit mehr unter Ihnen, die Neigung für die Wiſſenſchaften, das Trachten nach einer vollen und freien Bildung iſt verbreiteter als je, und von Ihren Lehrern kann jeder diejenigen ſchon jetzo bezeichnen, welche einſt der Wiſſenſchaft zur Stütze, dem Vaterlande zur Zierde gereichen werden. Wer wollte bei ſo ſchönen Anfängen und unter den andauernden Wirkungen deſſelben wohlthätigen Lichtes nicht zum Vertrauen ſich erheben, daß die edlen Neigungen und Kräfte mehr und mehr die Herzen durchdringen und über die Anſtalt jenen wiſſenſchaftlichen Geiſt verbreiten werden, dem im Gebiete des Denkens und Forſchens keine Anſtrengung zu groß, kein Ziel zu hoch iſt, an deſſen Walten die Frucht der Bildung, die Ehre der Anſtalt, die Hoffnungen des Vaterlandes geknüpft ſind.

Doch unfruchtbar wäre die Bildung des Geiſtes, wenn ſie nicht durch eine Geſinnung getragen würde, die alles, was groß, ſittlich und heilig iſt, warm und innig umfaßt, und in Männlichkeit und Ehrenhaftigkeit des Charakters und Lebens ſich offenbart.

Wie aber die Bildung des Geiſtes, ſo kann auch die Geſinnung, der Athem und Lebenshauch, von welchem jene umfloſſen und genährt wird, ſobald die Jahre männlicher Jugend eingetreten ſind, allein da gedeihen, wo die Bewegung frei iſt und auf die ſittliche Kraft eben ſo wie dort auf die geiſtige vertraut wird. Darum haben ſchon die älteſten Ordnungen der Univerſitäten neben der Freiheit der Studien die Selbſtſtändigkeit des akademiſchen Lebens geſtellt, und unſere Satzungen folgen bei Allem was ſie hierin Förderliches vorkehren, eben ſo dem Bedürfniſſe wie dem Gebrauche dieſer altehrwürdigen Anſtalten. Allerdings hat die Umgeſtaltung der Zeiten und Staaten hier tiefer in die Univerſitäten eingegriffen und ſie eines großen Theiles jener bürgerlichen Berechtigungen entkleidet, mit welchen ausgeſtattet ſie aus den Jahrhunderten großer und ſtarker Corporationen in die ſpäteren, dem Geiſte derſelben abholden Zeitalter gekommen ſind; das Gebäude, ſeiner alterthümlichen Pracht und Ehrwürdigkeit allmälig entkleidet, ward der übrigen Bauart gemäßer und dem neuen Geſchmacke zuſagender eingerichtet. Dagegen aber genießt die Univerſität und die akademiſche Jugend ungeſchmälert den ganzen Umfang jener Berechtigungen, welche die verfaſſungsmäßige Freiheit des Staates jedem Bürger gewährleiſtet, nicht ausgenommen die Befugniß, ſich zu geſelligen Vereinen in jeder Weiſe zu verbinden, die ihren Neigungen und Bedürfniſſen gemäß und den öffentlichen Sitten nicht entgegen iſt. Was aber als Schranke ſich darſtellt, iſt auch hier die nothwendige Bedingung freier Bewegung im Leben, iſt die Gewähr der Freiheit gegen ihre bitterſten Feinde, den Mißbrauch und die Entartung. — Bleibt uns daneben in dem Verhältniſſe der Studirenden zur öffentlichen Behörde noch Manches zu wünſchen übrig, was durch die beſondere Lage der akademiſchen Jugend geboten, und ohne Störung der Staatsordnung gewährlich iſt, ſo dürfen wir bei dem milden und Ihnen holden Geiſte, der über uns waltet, der Gewährung mit Gewißheit entgegenſehen. Am meiſten aber werden Sie ſelbſt dieſe Gewährung herbeiführen und die beſſere Geſtaltung aller der Verhältniſſe befördern, wenn ſie entſchloſſen ſind, aus Ihrer Mitte ſelbſt die Hemmungen hinwegzunehmen, welche der Entwicklung eines freien und ſelbſtſtändigen akademiſchen Lebens entgegenſtehen. Ich meine die *ſtarren*, dem Ganzen *feindſeligen Formen* der Verbindungen, und als ihre Folge die *innere Zwietracht*.

Wenn ich hiermit auf die unter den Studirenden beſtehenden Geſellſchaften eingehe, ſo werde ich zwar durch unſere Satzungen dazu aufgefordert, welche ihren Beſtand unter beſtimmten Gewährleiſtungen anerkennen [30]) und deshalb eine offene Behandlung der Sache nöthig machen; doch ſtoß' ich zugleich auf eine beinahe allgemein verbreitete Meinung derjenigen, welche die Angelegenheiten der Univerſitäten ordnen und führen, nach welcher beſſer ſei, dieſen Gegenſtand, da er allen Maßregeln einer Umgeſtaltung oder Hebung ſeiner Gebrechen widerſtrebe, und nachdem auch der letzte große Verſuch einer allgemeinen Umbildung durch die Studirenden ſelbſt wegen Beimiſchung unlauterer und der Univerſität fremder Beſtrebungen verdächtig geworden und der öffentlichen Macht verfallen war, lieber nicht zu berühren und auf ſich beruhen zu laſſen. Jedoch wiſſen wir, daß ein erfahrener und muthiger Arzt, welcher einen Zuſtand mehrfachen Leidens behandelt, ſobald er in ihm noch lebensſproſſende Kräfte genug hervordrängen ſieht, denſelben nicht für unheilbar erklärt und aufgiebt, und ſeines Beiſpiels wollen wir zumal in ſolcher Sache eingedenk bleiben. Weit entfernt alſo jene Meinung zu theilen, nach welcher wir uns ſelbſt mit Unvermögen und Rathloſigkeit behaftet erklärten, wo wir doch zu rathen und zu helfen berufen ſind, halte ich es für beſſer, mich über den Gegenſtand offen gegenüber einer Jugend zu äußern, welche ſchon oft die Verkündigungen ihres Unheils erfolglos gemacht, und die ich für fähig halte, das Vertrauen zu erwiedern, aber für unfähig, das Wohlwollen von ſich zu ſtoßen. Ich darf dieſes um ſo mehr, da es mir widerſtrebt, mich denjenigen zu geſellen, welche dem engern Anſchließen ähnlich geſinnter Jugendgenoſſen in einer meiſt fremden, oft unholden und feindlichen Umgebung zur Wahrung ihrer Eigenthümlichkeit und zur Sicherung der ihnen zuſagenden Verhältniſſe und Freuden auch da, wo durch ſolche Verbindungen das Heiligthum der Geſetze nicht entweiht wird, mißbilligend entgegentreten. Denn welches auch das Mißfällige und Schädliche ſei, was ſich im Laufe der Zeiten an jenen Verbindungen hervorgethan hat, ſo gehört es eben doch hauptſächlich den Verhältniſſen und Umſtänden; ſie tragen, wie alles Menſchliche, die Farben der Zeit und ſtehen unter ihren Einflüſſen; aber hinter ihm erſcheint das *Weſentliche* ſtark genug, die Ungunſt der Verhältniſſe zu überwinden und ſich wohlthätig zu erweiſen. — Entſprungen aus demſelben Geiſte, der die Univerſitäten erzeugt und ſtark gemacht hat, ſind jene Verbindungen, mehr die Namen als die Sache wechſelnd, oft befehdet, oft entartet gleich ihnen zu uns herabgekommen. Sie hauptſächlich haben dem akademiſchen Leben einen ſelbſtſtändigen und ehrenhaften Charakter bewahrt und den Geiſt der Univerſitäten gegenüber einer Zeit geſchirmt, die allem Verbundenen und Ueberlieferten feind, mit verflachender Hand Staat und Leben aus ſeinen alten Formen und Gliederungen in Einzelnheiten zu zerſtäuben unabläſſig bemüht war. Was aber ihnen als eine mißfällige Form ſich angebildet hat, ihnen ſelbſt feindſelig entgegenwirkt und von jedem Unbefangenen unter Ihnen ſelbſt als hart und abſtoßend empfunden wird, iſt jenes Verſteifenſein auf Formen, die ihren Gehalt, auf Anſprüche, die ihren Grund verloren haben, jene Dienſtbarkeit gegen Einzelne, welche die Selbſtſtändigkeit Aller in Gefahr bringt und wieder jenes Ueberheben gegen die draußen Stehenden, wodurch die ganze akademiſche Genoſſenſchaft in kleinere Maſſen geſprengt und in Feindſeligkeit gegen einander getrieben wurde.

In demſelben Maße aber, in welchem jener große, edle und männliche Sinn urſprünglicher Verbindungen durch ſtarre Formen und zeitraubende Gebräuche verunſtaltet wurde, trübte ſich auch die Lauterkeit des Urtheils über das, was als Ehre und Ehrenhaft in der altritterlichen Zeit beſtanden hat, und der *Zweikampf*, von dem Schirme ritterlicher Jugend zur Verfechtung gleichgiltiger Begegnungen und unbegründeter Anſprüche herabgezogen, wurde zur grauſamſten Ironie ſeiner ſelbſt. Möge, wen nicht die Erwägung der Geringfügigkeit ſeiner meiſten Veranlaſſungen, nicht der Gedanke an die Seinigen und ihn ſelber, nicht die unerbittliche Strenge des Geſetzes, welches zu handhaben wir berufen ſind, nicht die Erinnerung an den Leidenstag, an welchem über dem blutigen Leichnam eines ihrer hoffnungsvollen Söhne das Bild unſerer Hochſchule ſich in Trauer verhüllte, wen nicht Noth noch Warnung zur Beſinnung bringt, möge dieſen doch der Abſcheu ſeines Monarchen bewegen, in deſſen reiner königlichen Bruſt die Ehre noch ihr Heiligthum fände, wenn ſie von der Erde verſchwunden wäre, und welcher den Zweikampf als den Fluch unſerer Zeit mit tiefem Unwillen von ſich ſtößt. Nicht das Unerhörte, das Ungewöhnliche fordern wir von Ihnen, nicht daß Sie aufgeben die Gefühle der Ehre, der perſönlichen Würde, auf welcher alles Ehrenhafte und Selbſtſtändige wie im Staate, ſo im akademiſchen Leben beruht, ſondern die Mehrung eben jenes männlichen Ernſtes im Leben, in welchem die wahre Ehre geborgen liegt, die in Schonung fremder Rechte die Gewähr der eigenen ſucht, und eben ſo bereit iſt, zufälliges Unrecht auszuſöhnen als für das von andern geſchehene die Sühne anzunehmen. Wo dieſer Ernſt waltet, iſt er und in ihm die wahre perſönliche Würde durch ſich ſelbſt geſchützt, und jeder, der ihn in ſich und andern nährt, erbaut und ſchmückt den Altar der Eintracht und der Ehre, unter deren Schirm allein die Selbſtſtändigkeit des akademiſchen Lebens beſtehen kann.

Wenn wir dieſes nicht nur als Wunſch, ſondern als Hoffnung ausſprechen, ſo werden wir durch manche Zeichen dazu bewogen, aus denen ein jeder wahrnehmen kann, daß derſelbe edlere Geiſt, deſſen Flügelſchlag wir in den Studien wahrnehmen, auch das akademiſche Leben zu bewegen anfängt. Denn es iſt die Art des Guten wie des Böſen nicht in einer Richtung zu beharren, ſondern ſich nach allen Seiten hin heilſam und bildend auszubreiten; und wie wäre denkbar, daß ein junges Gemüth, einmal von der Liebe zum Großen und Edlen berührt, nicht auch aus den Verhältniſſen des Lebens alles entfernen ſollte, was ihm als hemmend und ſeiner ſelbſt unwürdig entgegentritt? Keinem aufmerkſamen Beobachter iſt verborgen geblieben, daß bald nach der Verlegung der Univerſität in die Hauptſtadt im Innern jener Vereine, die unſere Satzungen geſtatten, das Bedürfniß eines mit den akademiſchen Zwecken zuſammenſtimmenden Lebens auf mannigfache Art fühlbar geworden. In Folge davon begann die Spannung zu weichen, welche zuvor den öffentlichen und innern Frieden unmöglich zu machen ſchien, und die Verträglichkeit gegen abweichende Anſicht und Neigung im Leben überwog den alten ausſchließenden Widerwillen. Auch haben ſie in ihrem Innern Frieden gegründet, Armen unter ihren Genoſſen ſich hülfreich erwieſen, Unſtetige zur Ordnung geführt, Unwürdige aus ihrer Mitte entfernt, und es iſt gut das anzuerkennen, und auf dieſe edlen Stoffe zur Bildung des akademiſchen Lebens hin zu weiſen, nachdem ihnen ſo viel Schlimmes iſt nachgeſagt worden und auch ſo Manches zur Laſt fällt. Noch aber iſt Vieles zu thun übrig; und was geſchehen muß, kann allein von Innen herausgebildet werden. Jedes Eingreifen von Außen in die Kreiſe alter und feſter Gewohnheiten, wo es über Rath und Vorſtellung, über die Wirkung des perſönlichen Vertrauens hinausgeht, iſt überall mehr ſtörend als förderlich geweſen. Deſto dringender jedoch iſt die Mahnung an Jeden, der es ernſt mit ſich und der Sache meint, ihrer Weiterbildung ſich nicht zu entziehen, eingedenk zu ſein der Gefahren, von denen das Leben der Univerſität in allen ſeinen Eigenthümlichkeiten fortdauernd bedroht iſt, und der Unmöglichkeit, daß jetzo noch in ihm Etwas Beſtand und Dauer haben könne, was ſeinen urſprünglichen Zweck und mit ihm ſeine Achtungswürdigkeit verloren hat. Ein jeglicher, wer in dieſer begonnenen Umbildung daran arbeitet, die Verhältniſſe und das Leben auf der Univerſität fortdauernd zu veredeln, und mit dem Geiſte der wahren Freiheit, Würde und Selbſtſtändigkeit mehr und mehr in Uebereinſtimmung zu bringen, kann einſt, wenn dieſe flüchtigen Jahre ihm ſchnell vergangen ſind, für ſeine ganze Zukunft das Bewußtſein in ſich tragen, daß er in dieſer für das Leben der Hochſchule entſcheidenden Zeit, der Bewahrung ſeiner Eigenthümlichkeit, der Läuterung ſeiner Vorzüge, daß er ſich der großen und nationalen Sache der Univerſität förderlich bewieſen habe.

Wenn aber in den einzelnen Vereinen ſich dem unbefangenen Beobachter das Daſein eines beſſern Geiſtes allmälig enthüllt, ſo iſt auch außer ihnen und in der Geſammtheit unſerer akademiſchen Jugend das Gefühl, das Bedürfniß nach einer Einigung der getrennten Theile zu einem Alle umfaſſenden Ganzen rege geworden. Unſere Univerſität ſah, die erſte unter ihren Schweſtern, von ihrer Jugend den mit überraſchendem Erfolge gekrönten Verſuch, eine ſolche Vereinung mitten in das Leben der Hochſchule hineinzuſtellen und auch in ihr das Geiſtige mit allem, was ein junges Gemüth erheben, was Gefühl und Sinn für die wahren Vorzüge, für die Herrlichkeit dieſer ſchönen Jahre und ihrer Beſtimmung wecken kann, zu verbinden. Einladend durch den Grundſatz, daß ſie ſich Keinem verſagt, welchen die Univerſität unter ihre Bürger zählt, verſöhnend durch die Anſicht, daß ſie keinem beſondern Vereine im akademiſchen Leben entgegenſteht, ſondern von ihrer Mitwirkung zu der Vereinbarung, in welcher ſich jeder zugleich als Glied eines größeren Ganzen fühlt, Halt und Dauer erwartet, gefahrlos gegen das Ganze wie gegen die Einzelnen dadurch, daß ſie keinen mit einer beſonderen Verpflichtung belegt, oder einer übernommenen zu entſagen nöthigt, hat ſie einen beſſeren freieren Geiſt auch unter den noch Zweifelnden oder Abgeſonderten dadurch enthüllt, daß dieſe, getroffen von der Idee dem gemeinſamen Leben ein Aſyl der Vereinbarung zu bereiten, jeder feindſeligen Begegnung ſich enthalten und den Burgfrieden geachtet haben, der an der Schwelle der akademiſchen Geſellſchafts-Aula allen Zwiſt der Eintretenden niederzulegen und ſich in ihren Räumen nur als Glied der freien, allgemeinen Genoſſenſchaft zu fühlen heißt, welche, die akademiſche Jugend ſelbſt darſtellend, ihr Daſein vor keinem Auge zu verbergen, ihr Wirken mit keinem Schleier zu verhüllen braucht, weil es auf das Rechte, das Würdige und Ehrenhafte gerichtet iſt.

Faſſen wir Alles, was in den Studien und dem Leben der Univerſität unter dem Schirm der Freiheit und Selbſtſtändigkeit, welche die Satzungen ihnen gewährt und gewährleiſtet haben, uns als einzelne Erſcheinung entgegentritt, in Einem Ueberblicke zuſammen, ſo wird auch dem Zweifelnden offenbar, daß in ihnen, wie viel auch noch zu wünſchen bleibt, und unter dem Einfluß der Anordnungen, unter denen wir ſtehen, eine Umgeſtaltung aller Verhältniſſe und Beſtrebungen zum Beſſeren ſich offenbart, und es iſt für mich ein erhebendes Gefühl, Ihnen, meine jungen Freunde, nach beſtem Wiſſen und Gewiſſen vor König und Vaterland dieſes Zeugniß geben zu können. Aber nicht ermatten darf die Kraft und der Wille, welchen Sie ein jeder in ſeinem Kreiſe bewährt, nicht genügend erſcheinen, was ſie gethan, nicht geſichert, was Sie erworben. Denn der Schwierigkeiten, des Kampfes und der Gefahren ſind viele, mit denen Ihr Pfad umlagert iſt. Schon ein Alter hat geſagt, die Knechtſchaft ſei leichter zu ertragen als die Freiheit, und dem Andern dienſtbar ſein gefahrloſer als ſeinem eigenen Willen folgen. Denn frei iſt nur, wer der Freiheit würdig iſt, und dieſes zu ſein, das iſt die Arbeit, das der Preis, des Schweißes der Edlen werth. Darum gebührt auch, die ganze Kraft des Gemüthes aufzurichten, um ihn zu gewinnen, und jedweden Kampf zu beſtehen, um ſeine Herrlichkeit zu ſchirmen. Was in der menſchlichen Natur Edles und Großes liegt, was den Jüngling, den Mann über ſich erhebt, was Bildung zeitiget und Tugend pflegt, es iſt in dem heiligen Kreis der Selbſtbeſtimmung, der offenen Huldigung des Würdigen und jener Thaten begriffen, zu denen der göttliche Trieb freiwaltend und unwiderſtehlich hinreißt und erhebt. Darum auf! jugendliche Sproſſen edler deutſcher Stämme, die der bairiſche Name vereint, zeiget vor den Genoſſen, welche das gemeinſame Vaterland aus freigehaltenen Anſtalten, welche Helvetien aus den ehrwürdigen Burgen ſeiner Unabhängigkeit, welche die alte Hellas aus heiliger Flur, welche das fernſte Ausland über den Ocean wie über die Steppen des ſtarken Norden unter Euch ſendet, zeiget vor Euch und der Heimath, daß der Ruf eines großſinnigen Monarchen, der das höchſte Gut ſeines Volkes, Eure Bildung Eurem freien Entſchluſſe anvertraute, nicht umſonſt an Eure Herzen ſchlug, daß ſein Hauch in ihnen die Flammen edler Entſchließung entzündete, ſtark und innig genug, Euer ganzes Trachten und Leben zu läutern, und dem Geiſt auf freier Bahn nach jenen Gütern vorzuleuchten, in denen alle Hoffnung, alle Ehre, alles Glück der Zukunft beſchloſſen iſt.

Anhang.

1) Nach einer k. Verordnung vom 26. Nov. 1827, daß über die Satzungen von dem Rektor bei dem Antritte ſeines Amts an die Studirenden eine den Geiſt und Zweck derſelben erläuternde Rede ſoll gehalten werden.

2) Dadurch, daß §. 6. Immatriculirung der Inländer nur gegen Vorlage ihrer Gymnaſialabſolutorien oder ihrer Lycealzeugniſſe geſchehen darf, und nach §. 7. auch Ausländer gehalten ſind, Zeugniſſe wie über ihr ſittliches Betragen, ſo über ihre wiſſenſchaftlichen Vorkenntniſſe vorzulegen.

3) Der neue Schulplan giebt nach §. 140 den Gymnaſien die oberſte Klaſſe zurück, die ihnen früher war entzogen worden, und geſtattet §. 169 den Uebergang auf die Univerſität nur nach vollendetem achtzehnten Jahre.

4) Die Vorbildung iſt durch jene Schulordnung hauptſächlich dadurch feſter begründet worden, daß §. 3 des Schulplans ihr Anfang zwei Jahre zurück in das achte Jahr des Knaben geſetzt und ihr zehn volle Jahre gewidmet, und daß durch Vermehrung der Stunden, für die Hauptfächer der alten Sprachen, der Mathematik und Geſchichte feſtere Begründung und größere Ausbreitung gewonnen, daß der Unterricht folgerecht geſteigert, die Autonomie der Schule und ihrer Zucht gewährt und der Lehrſtand durch Vertrauen und Belohnung gehoben wird.

5) „Für das Studium der allgemeinen und beſondern Wiſſenſchaften wird vorläufig bis zum Erſcheinen eines neuen Studienplans ein Zeitraum von fünf Jahren feſtgeſetzt. Denjenigen, welche einen zweijährigen Lycealkurſus zurückgelegt haben, iſt geſtattet, ihr akademiſches Studium mit drei Jahren zu beſchließen“ §. 13 der Satzungen. — Die hier angekündigte Beſtimmung des Schulplanes iſt in §. 148 deſſelben eingetreten: „Da das Gymnaſium in ſeiner künftigen Geſtaltung aus ſeinen bisher gewöhnlichen drei oberen Klaſſen und einer höheren beſtehen wird, ſo ſollen mit dem Anfange des nächſten Schuljahres 18[illegible], die Schüler der jetzt ſogenannten oberen oder fünften Klaſſe ſtatt auf die Univerſität oder in das Lyceum überzugehen, in jene höhere Gymnaſialklaſſe einrücken, dagegen aber wird ihnen die Gelegenheit eröffnet, ihr Univerſitäts-Studium um Ein Jahr zu verkürzen, und ſich ſchon nach zurückgelegtem vierten Jahre deſſelben zu der theoretiſchen Prüfung für ihr beſonderes Fach zu melden.“

6) Hierher gehören die Beſtimmungen in §. 1. „Inländern, welche nach Verlauf der erſten vier Wochen des Semeſters ſich zur Immatriculirung noch nicht gemeldet haben, ſoll dieſes Semeſter in die vorgeſchriebene Studienzeit nicht eingerechnet werden;“ dann der ganze III. Titel, welcher Beſtimmungen über die Dauer der halbjährigen Lehrkurſe, über die Inſcriptionen für Vorleſungen und Honorarien enthält, beſonders §. 21. die Verpflichtung mit dem Anfange des Semeſters pünktlich am Orte der Univerſität einzutreffen und daſelbſt bis zum Schluſſe der Vorleſungen zu beharren; und der VII. Titel, ſoweit er Disciplinarvorſchriften über den Fleiß der Studirenden enthält, vorzüglich §. 51. „Die Lehrer werden alle Mittel anwenden, ſich des Fleißes und der Fortſchritte ihrer Zuhörer zu verſichern; ſie werden deßhalb theils darauf achten, daß dieſelben mit den ihnen angewieſenen Plätzen in der Regel nicht wechſeln, theils durch freie Arbeiten, die ſie einer genauen Correktur und Beurtheilung unterwerfen, durch Disputatorien und Converſatorien oder durch andere angemeſſene Mittel den Zuhörern Gelegenheit geben, ihre wiſſenſchaftliche Thätigkeit zu bewähren, ſo wie die Lehrer verpflichtet ſind, den Unfleiß ihrer Zuhörer nicht nur zu rügen, ſondern auch bei fruchtloſer Warnung ihn erſt der Fakultäts-, dann dem Univerſitätsſenate anzuzeigen.“

7) §. 53: „Wenn ein Studirender keine, oder die von ihm gewählten Collegien nicht fleißig beſucht, noch irgend eines der Univerſitätsinſtitute ſorgfältig benutzt, ſoll der Univerſitäts-Senat auf erhaltene Anzeige ihn vorfordern, und wegen Verwendung ſeiner Zeit zur Rechenſchaft ziehen; dem Unfleißigen ſoll ſodann ein Verweis ertheilt und ein Termin geſetzt werden, nach deſſen Ablauf er Beweiſe ſeiner wiſſenſchaftlichen Thätigkeit während deſſelben vorzulegen hat. Vermag er dieſes nicht, ſo iſt ihm das akademiſche Bürgerrecht zu entziehen.“

8) §. 14. „Jeder Inländer, welcher die Univerſität in der Abſicht beſucht, ſich auf ein öffentliches Amt vorzubereiten, für welches ein vollſtändiges Univerſitätsſtudium erfordert wird, iſt verpflichtet, während ſeines Aufenthaltes an der Univerſität ſich, im Falle er kein Lyceum beſucht und abſolvirt hat, eben ſo dem Studium der allgemeinen Wiſſenſchaften d. h. der Philoſophie, der Mathematik, der Philologie, der Geſchichte und der Naturwiſſenſchaften, wie dem Studium der beſondern Wiſſenſchaften ſeines Berufs mit Ernſt zu widmen;“ und die Beſtimmung in §. 16, daß die theoretiſchen Prüfungen mit beſonderer Rückſicht der auch durch allgemeine Studien gewonnenen Bildung vorzunehmen ſind.

9) In den alten Geſetzen für die Studirenden an der k. b. Ludwig-Maximilians-Univerſität zu Landshut von 1814 gehört hierher II. Titel §. 1. „Der Inländer, welcher dereinſt in den Staatsdienſt, für welchen ein vollſtändiges Univerſitäts-Studium erfordert wird, eintreten will, muß durch Zeugniſſe beweiſen, daß er

a) die allgemeinen Wiſſenſchaften vorſchriftsmäßig gehört,

b) dem Studium derjenigen ſpeciellen Wiſſenſchaften, welche für den beſtimmten Staatsdienſt, dem er ſich widmen will, vorgeſchrieben ſind, in der dazu feſtgeſetzten Zeit ſich gewidmet (das heißt, wie die Einziehung der Semeſtralzeugniſſe lehrte, ſie ebenfalls gehört) habe“ — und §. 2. daß die von Gymnaſien Kommenden bei der Univerſität nur zum Studium der allgemeinen Wiſſenſchaften angenommen werden können. (Sie konnten nach der löblichen Kunſtſprache nur Philoſophen werden, und nach der Terminologie der Zeugniſſe durfte man beſtimmt annehmen, daß am Schluſſe des Semeſters unter 600 ſolchen jungen Ankömmlingen 300 Philoſophen von Auszeichnung waren); — dann §. 4. „Zu dem Studium der ſpeciellen Wiſſenſchaften darf keinem Candidaten der Zutritt geſtattet werden, der ſich nicht ausweiſen kann, daß er nach der Vorſchrift des §. 2 und 3 dem Studium der allgemeinen Wiſſenſchaften ſich gewidmet habe.

10) Es geſchah dieſes vorzüglich durch die unbedingte, Allen gleich gebotene Nöthigung alle dem Urheber jener Satzungen für den Einzelnen nöthig ſcheinenden Lehrgegenſtände bis auf den letzten zu hören, aus ihnen die Prüfung zu beſtehen und darüber das Zeugniß vorzulegen. Jede Selbſtbeſtimmung war ausgeſchloſſen, der Student ſtatt auf ſich auf dieſe Form gewieſen, die durch ihre Natur und Folgen bald eine leere geworden war, und allem Wiſſenſchaftlichen d. i. ſelbſtſtändigen Geiſte ſo ſehr im Wege ſtand, daß er in keiner Geſtalt ſich frei entwickeln konnte, und das hervorragendſte Talent in den ausgetretenen und öden Pfad des Herkommens gezogen wurde.

11) Ohne daß ich daran denke, irgend einem der akademiſchen Lehrer, die waren oder ſind, perſönlich zu nahe zu treten, will ich nur daran erinnern, was aus ſolcher Studienordnung, welche durch den Zwang die Hörſäle füllt, und dadurch die Bedingung, unter der Talente für den akademiſchen Vortrag ſich bilden, ihrer Natur nach aufhebt, für Folgen haben, und wie dieſe eben ſo auf die Theilnahme gerade

der ausgezeichnetſten und gewecktesten Jünglinge tödtlich zurückwirken muß, es einem jeden überlaſſen, aus ſeiner Erfahrung anzugeben, ob und in wiefern ſie in der That und Wirklichkeit eingetreten ſind.

12) Hauptſächlich durch die Einſetzung der Semeſtralprüfungen und das ganze Gefolge von Verkehrungen, mit welchen allein ſie gehandhabt werden konnten.

13) Die ganze Zeugnißordnung war trotz aller Vorkehrungen, wenn auch nicht auf Täuſchung berechnet, doch zur Täuſchung geworden. Die Inſcriptionen ſelber geſchahen, wie der Commiſſär an einer baieriſchen Univerſität durch Vergleichung der Liſten förmlich conſtatirt hat, nicht ſelten auf zwei ja drei Collegien, die zu derſelben Stunde geleſen wurden, die Prüfungen, welche nur flüchtig und dürftig ſein konnten, waren ungeeignet, das Urtheil der Lehrer zu beſtimmen, und ſo wird erklärlich, wie im Allgemeinen und auch in dieſem beſondern Falle für die ſämmtlichen Vorleſungen der zwei- und dreifach Inſcribirten unverminderter Fleiß und ausgezeichneter Fortgang konnte beſcheinigt werden. Alles ging dahin zuſammen, die Nichtigkeit und Verderblichkeit dieſer Anordnung mit einem falſchen Scheine zu umgeben, und der Einzelne konnte, ja kann zum Theil faſt jetzo um ſo weniger umhin, dem Zuge zu folgen, da keine königliche Behörde, kein Bureau, keine Magiſtratur, kein Ortsvorſtand ein Zeugniß, wo es noch begehrt wird, berückſichtiget, welches nicht jene Eminenz oder irgend ein anderes ihr nahekommendes Trugbild vorſpiegelt. Neben der Unmöglichkeit, einen wiſſenſchaftlichen Charakter zu entwickeln, trat die gleich ſtarre, ja noch ſchreckbarere Unmöglichkeit, das ſittliche Gefühl der Jugend zu wahren, klar hervor, und die Geſetze waren, ſo wenig es auch ihr Urheber geahnt hatte, zugleich eine Untergrabung des ſittlichen Charakters und eine der ſchlimmſten Quellen der Immoralität für die ſtudirende Jugend.

14) Dieſe Freiung der Univerſität und mit ihr der Beginn einer neuen Aera derſelben iſt in dem §. 16 enthalten, dem wichtigſten und dem weſentlichſten der Satzungen, neben dem alles Andere nur ordnend und helfend erſcheint: „Es bleibt den Studirenden überlaſſen, in welcher Zeitfolge und Ordnung ſie ſich diejenigen Kenntniſſe, welche ſie in der Prüfung für den Staatsdienſt bewähren müſſen, erwerben wollen. Was bisher zur Controlle und Ermittelung ihres Fleißes und Fortganges in den Studien angeordnet war, Semeſtral- und Abſolutorial-Prüfungen, dann die hierauf gegründeten Zeugniſſe und beſonderen Inſcriptionen bei den Facultäten werden aufgehoben, und als Gewährleiſtung eines gedeihlichen Erfolgs ihrer Studien ſollen von nun an allein die Ergebniſſe der Prüfung für den Staatsdienſt gelten, welche ſofort mit deſto größerer Strenge und mit beſonderer Berückſichtigung der auch durch allgemeine Studien gewonnenen Bildung vorzunehmen ſind.“

15) Nach §. 16 unterliegen Bewerbungen um Staatsſtipendien der Verordnung, welche nach dem Willen der Stifter ihren Genuß von Fleiß und Fortgang des Studirenden abhängig macht, und „eben ſo bleibt es in Hinſicht jener beſondern Inſtitute, an welchen jährliche oder halbjährliche Prüfungen vorſchriftsmäßig oder herkömmlich ſind, bei den bisherigen Beſtimmungen.“

16) Vergl. §. 18, 31, 36.

17) In §. 17 heißt es: „Auch ſoll, damit der Studirende ſogleich bei ſeinem Eintritte in die Univerſität über Umfang, Mittel und Folge der ihm obliegenden Studien ſich belehren kann, jede Facultät eine kurze und bündige Belehrung über Anzahl, Zuſammenhang und Methode der zu ihr gehörenden Wiſſenſchaften entwerfen, welche zuſammen gedruckt und jedem Studirenden gleichfalls bei ſeiner Immatriculirung zugeſtellt werden ſollen.“ Dieſer Verordnung iſt im Jahre [illegible] genügt worden, und jeder Student empfängt jene Anleitung als ein monitum paternum ſeiner Lehrer zugleich mit der Matrikel.

18) Es iſt Tübingen gemeint, welches durch ſeine Organiſation vom 18. Januar 1829 die alte Geſtalt der deutſchen Univerſitäten abgelegt, ſtatt des Rectors einen beſtändigen Canzler, ſtatt der wechſelnden Decane an der Spitze der Facultät je das älteſte Mitglied, und im Ganzen die Einrichtung jeder andern Landesſtelle von etwas gleichem Range mit wenigem Unterſchiede bekommen, und daneben mit dem Collegienzwang, den Semeſtralprüfungen und dem ganzen Gefolge jener hemmenden, allen wahren Geiſt der Univerſität zerſtörenden und ſie mit ſchweren Gebrechen behafteten Anſtalten begabt worden, welche unſere Univerſität von Ingolſtadt nach Landshut, von Landshut nach München geſchleppt hatte, um hier durch die weiſe Anſicht eines hochherzigen Monarchen von ihnen erlöſt und ihrer urſprünglichen Würde zurückgeſtellt zu werden. Es iſt gut, zu bemerken, was jeder in Würtemberg zuverläſſig erfahren kann, daß zu ſolchem Urtheil nicht irgend ein Anlaß von dem Monarchen, einem der wohlwollendſten und beſten Fürſten, welche die deutſchen Throne zieren, nicht von dem erfahrnen, in der alten würtembergiſchen Ordnung erzogenen Miniſter des Innern, ſondern von einem gebornen Franzoſen ausgegangen, welcher ſich zur Einführung dieſes wälſchen Erzeugniſſes undeutſchen Bannes mit einem Arzt und Profeſſor verbunden hatte, der dadurch zur Würde des Canzlers der Univerſität erhoben und auf den Trümmern der alten Ordnung in eine Macht eingeſetzt wurde, welche nicht fehlen wird, ihre Natur in den ſchlimmſten und zerſtörendſten Folgen zu offenbaren. Höchſt ungern entſchloß ich mich, ſolche Dinge hier öffentlich zur Sprache zu bringen; aber es gilt eine allgemeine, wichtige, das innere Leben und die innere Kraft von Deutſchland und ſeiner Bildung treffende Angelegenheit, und wehe dem, der, obwohl überzeugt, daß hier nur Uebles geſchah und durch Bezeichnung des Uebels vielleicht der Hülfe Raum gemacht werden könnte, dennoch vor der Rückſicht auf die Sache die Rückſichten der Beſorgniß oder der Perſonen vorwalten läßt!

19) Eigene Worte unſeres Monarchen, würdig der Geſchichte aufbewahrt und den Herzen unſerer Jugend eingegraben zu werden, geſprochen von ihm in dem entſcheidenden Augenblicke der Berathung über die Satzungen, als er ſich entſchloß, die alten Begrenzungen und Controllen aufzuheben, und der Univerſität nach langer Bedrängniß ihre urſprüngliche freie Form, mit ihr aber die Möglichkeit zu geben, von vielem und zahlreichen Leiden durch die entbundene innere Kraft zu geneſen.

20) Durch Allerhöchſtes Reſcript vom 31. Juli 1827 die Studentenvereine betreffend, von dem ein Auszug im Anhange der Satzungen mitgetheilt iſt.

Charlotte Thieſen,

als Schriftſtellerin Caroline Stille genannt, zu Schwartau im Jahre 1782 geboren, lebte bis 1821 mit ihrer Mutter in Celle. Nach dem Tode derſelben zog ſie nach Bremen. Sie ſchrieb:

Kleine Erzählungen, (herausgegeben von Thereſe Huber). Nürnberg, 1822.
Moraliſche Erzählungen für die Jugend. Heidelberg, 1828.
Maria Leſcinska, Gemahlin Ludwig des XV. Hamburg, 1829.
Neue Erzählungen für die weibliche Jugend. Leipzig, 1830.
Abendunterhaltungen. Bremen, 1832.

Gute Characterzeichnung, Scharfſinn, Lebenskenntniß und eine reine geſunde Moral haben ihren Schriften viele freundliche Leſer erworben.

Johann Otto Thieß,

am 15. Auguſt 1762 zu Hamburg geboren, ſtudirte zu Helmſtädt und ward 1783 als Nachmittagsprediger in der Vorſtadt St. Pauli angeſtellt. Im Jahre 1790 legte er dieſes Amt wegen Streitigkeiten mit der orthodoxen Geiſtlichkeit nieder und trat, von der Univerſität Gießen zum Doctor der Theologie ernannt, in Kiel als Privatdocent auf. 1792 wurde er Adjunct der Facultät und bald außerordentlicher Profeſſor. 1799 trat er, penſionirt, in den Privatſtand zurück, in welchem er zuerſt zu Itzehoe, und ſeit 1803 zu Borderholm bei Kiel lebte, wo er am 7. Januar 1810 ſtarb.

Er veröffentlichte:

Gedichte. Hamburg, 1783.
Chriſtliche Lieder und Geſänge. Hamburg, 1785 und 1794.
Chriſtliche Predigten. Hamburg, 1788. 1790.
Unſer Herr. Andachtsbuch. 1790.
Communionbuch. Leipzig, 1794.
Sonntagsunterhaltungen. Leipzig, 1798.
Ueber den Tod und das Leben. Leipzig, 1799.
Ueber die Liebe und Ehe. Leipzig, 1801.
Geſchichte ſeines Lebens. Hamburg, 1801.
Vorleſungen über die Moral. Leipzig u. Gera, 1801.
Klopſtock. Altona, 1805.
Predigten zur Beförderung einer heiteren Frömmigkeit. Altona, 1803.
Lieder dem Vaterland und der Religion. Kiel, 1807.
Neue Predigten. Glückſtadt, 1808.
Das ſittliche Leben nach der Schrift. Kiel, 1809.

Ein geiſtvoller und kenntnißreicher, aber zu raſch und flüchtig arbeitender Mann, wandte ſich Th. zu ſeiner Zeit den theologiſchen Neuerern zu und erwarb ſich Anſehen und Ruf, gerieth aber nach ſeinem Tode bald in Vergeſſenheit.

Friedrich Theophilus Thilo,

am 24. Juli 1749 zu Roda in Sachſen geboren, lebte zuerſt als Advokat und Finanzcommiſſar im Amte Wendelſtein in Thüringen; von hier zog er nach Frohburg, endlich als Accisinſpector nach Rochlitz, wo er am 26. März 1825 ſtarb. Er ſchrieb:

Sämmtliche Schauſpiele. Leipzig, 1780.
Emilie Sommer, Geſchichte in Briefen. Leipzig, 1780. 1785.
Lorenz Arndt von Blankenburg. Leipzig, 1784—1785.
Lebensſcenen aus der wirklichen Welt. Leipzig, 1784—1790.
Felix von Freudenfels. Leipzig, 1787—1788.
Menſchenſchickſale. Leipzig, 1791. 1792 u. v. A. m.

Th's Familiengemälde und Schauſpiele fanden zu ihrer Zeit viele Leſer um der innigen und warmen Darſtellung willen, deren ſie ſich erfreuten, geriethen dann aber bald in gänzliche Vergeſſenheit, da ſie ſich weder durch Originalität noch durch Ideenreichthum auszeichneten.

Friedrich Auguſt Deoſidus Tholuck

ward am 30. März 1799 zu Breslau geboren, und hatte ſchon angefangen in der Werkſtatt ſeines Vaters das Goldarbeiterhandwerk zu erlernen, als er es erlangte, die Gymnaſialbildung vollenden und die Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt beziehen zu dürfen. Koſegarten erweckte in ihm 1816 zuerſt die Vorliebe für die orientaliſche Literatur, die der Prälat von Diez, ehemals Geſandter zu Conſtantinopel, in Berlin nährte und befeſtigte. Dieſer übergab ſeinen Pflegeſohn bei ſeinem Tode dem Miniſter Altenſtein, den Th's längeren Aufenthalt in Berlin unter Ideler's und Wilken's größerem Einfluß auf ſeine Entwickelung möglich machte. Dies iſt der Zeitpunkt, in welchem aus dem begeiſterten Verehrer aller Weisheit der Welt der gläubige Chriſt zum Durchbruch gelangte, der ſeine frühere Lebenszeit als verloren, ſich ſelbſt als nunmehr gerettet anſah. Neander war Hauptveranlaſſung ſeiner Wiedergeburt. Seine Begeiſterung ſprach ſich in vielen raſch geſchaffenen Werken aus. Schon 1821, als der edle de Wette Berlin verlaſſen mußte, hatte Th. theologiſche Vorleſungen gehalten; 1824 ward er außerordentlicher Profeſſor dieſer Facultät. 1825 unternahm er mit Unterſtützung des preußiſchen Miniſteriums eine Miſſionsreiſe nach England und Holland, und erregte, in fremden Zungen redend, im Auslande großes Aufſehen, daheim durch unzeitige Klagen, die er dort über deutſche Theologie erhob, ſowie bei Vielen gerechtes Aergerniß. Dennoch ward er 1826 an die Stelle von Knapp als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie nach Halle berufen, mußte aber, weil ſein körperlicher Zuſtand ſehr angegriffen war, erſt eine Reiſe nach Italien machen und wirkte ein Jahr lang als Prediger der preußiſchen Geſandtſchaft zu Rom. Seitdem hat er Halle nicht mehr verlaſſen, wo er in unglaublich reger Wirkſamkeit als Lehrer von der großen Hälfte der Studirenden gefeiert, als Prediger ſehr verehrt wird und als Schriftſteller unermüdlich ſeinen theologiſchen Standpunkt mit allen himmliſchen und irdiſchen Waffen zu vertheidigen und geltend zu machen ſtrebt. Er lebt daſelbſt als königlich preußiſcher Conſiſtorialrath, erſter Univerſitätsprediger, Profeſſor und Doctor der Theologie und Philoſophie.

Seine aſcetiſchen Schriften und Predigten ſind:

Die wahre Weihe des Zweiflers. 1826. 5. Aufl.
Glaubwürdigkeit der evangeliſchen Geſchichte, für theologiſche und nichttheologiſche Leſer. Hamburg, 1837; 2. Aufl. 1838.
Predigten, gehalten zu Rom, Berlin, London und Halle. Berlin, 1829.
Sammlungen von Predigten im akademiſchen Gottesdienſt der Univerſität Halle. Hamburg, 1834—1838. Zweite Folge, 1839—1840.
Stunden der Andacht. Hamburg, 1840. 2 Bde.
Blüthenſammlung aus der morgenländiſchen Myſtik. Berlin, 1825.

Ueber dieſen merkwürdigen, vielfach angefeindeten, jedenfalls aber höchſt eigenthümlichen und bedeutenden Mann, äußert ſich der Verfaſſer des denſelben betreffenden biographiſchen Artikels in dem Converſations-Lexikon der Gegenwart Bd. IV. S. 47 fgde. ſehr geiſtreich und wahr mit folgenden Worten: „Auch Th's heftigſte Gegner müſſen in ihm vor Allem die außerordentliche Vielſeitigkeit anerkennen, welche ſeine Anlagen, ſeine Ausbildung und ſeine Thätigkeit auszeichnet. Zu den erſten gehört eine ſeltene Beweglichkeit und Raſtloſigkeit des Geiſtes, die lebendigſte Reproduction der mannichfaltigſten Gemüthszuſtände mit einem Wiſſen um ihre Unterſchiede und einer nur dadurch möglichen höhern Gewalt über die Sprache, und vorzüglich ein productives Talent, wonach unter ſeinen Händen „Alles ein Vehikel", unter ſeiner allegoriſch ſinnigen Durchdringung jeder, auch der unſcheinbarſte Stoff an Ideen ergiebig wird. Dabei ein Heranziehen und Benutzen am liebſten des Entlegenen und Ungewöhnlichen, ein reicher, wenn auch oft verhaltener Witz, ein Bedürfniß nach äſthetiſcher Aufregung bis zu einer Vorliebe für humoriſtiſch grellen Wechſel entgegengeſetzter Stimmungen, überhaupt eine Jean Paul'ſche Natur, nur bei ihm, der dieſes Talent nicht als Dichter, ſondern im Dienſte ſeines Berufs apologetiſch gebraucht, mit mehr rhetoriſchem Streben, wenn auch mit weniger Abſichtsloſigkeit und Kindlichkeit, als bei Jean Paul. Dieſelbe Vielſeitigkeit, wenn auch zugleich das Unruhige und Deſultoriſche, zeigt ſich in ſeiner gelehrten Ausbildung; er hat eine außerordentlich mannichfal[illegible] Beleſenheit, er kennt eine Menge Sprachen, alte, orientaliſche und neuere, und ſpricht namentlich mehrere der letzteren mit Eleganz. — — — Th's eigentliche dogmatiſche Richtung hat ſich ſeit 1830 fortwährend am deutlichſten ausgeſprochen in ſeinem „Literariſchen Anzeiger für chriſtliche Theologie und Wiſſenſchaft überhaupt", und zwar als eine durch innere Erfahrungen getragene Auffaſſung des Chriſtenthums, welche das Factum des Sündenbewußtſeins zum Mittelpunkte macht, hiernach eine nicht ſelbſt erworbene und erreichbare Erlöſung fordert, die im Chriſtenthume gegebene auch wieder als ein gottgegebenes Factum annimmt und an den Früchten erkennen will, und den in Aneignung derſelben erfahrenen Segen für eine beſſere Begründung hält, als Nachweiſungen der Begreiflichkeit und Verſtändlichkeit, vielmehr dafür eine Anhänglichkeit hat, welche durch unerklärlich Scheinendes nicht abwendig gemacht, ſondern nur noch mehr angezogen wird und welche ſich gedrungen fühlt, auch für Andere in apologetiſchen und halieutiſchen Beſtrebungen ſich zu äußern. In den letzten Zeiten hat Th. indeſſen mehr als früher ſeine chriſtlichen Ueberzeugungen mit der Philoſophie auszugleichen geſucht und dabei beſonders die Hegel'ſche berückſichtigt, wie er es denn „ſchon mit ſeiner Stellung als akademiſcher Theologe unvereinbar finden mußte, nach dem Verſtändniſſe eines ſo tief in die Zeit eingreifenden

Syſtems nicht zu ringen.“ Wenigſtens zeigt ſich bei ihm neuerlich eine vermehrte Bekanntſchaft mit den Schriften und der Ausdrucksweiſe dieſer Schule und eine zunehmende Anwendung deſſen, was ihm davon apologetiſch brauchbar ſcheinen konnte, und ſo hat er auch kürzlich ſelbſt erklärt, er könne ſich zwar nicht zu einer ſolchen Abtrennung der Theologie und Philoſophie entſchließen, wie ſie von Schleiermacher angeſtrebt ſei, er meine, daß die Dogmatik den Inhalt frommer Erregungen als einen dem denkenden Geiſte nothwendigen darſtellen ſolle; er halte der Wiſſenſchaft gegenüber eine freie Stellung und in dogmatiſcher Hinſicht die Zuverſicht feſt, daß der Chriſtenglaube ſich auch vor der Vernunft oder vielmehr als Vernunft rechtfertigen werde, daher ſei ihm auch das Studium der Philoſophie, und ſo auch der Hegel'ſchen, ein Bedürfniß geweſen und er erkenne in den Denkformen derſelben vielfach ſpeculative Wahrheit. Zugleich aber hat er doch auch erklärt, er halte jede Philoſophie für Zeitphiloſophie und die ſpeculative Dogmatik nur für Stückwerk; niemals könne die chriſtliche Wahrheit von der Wiſſenſchaft dividirt werden, ohne daß ein Bruch übrig bliebe, und immer werde die Geſchichte, wenn dies verkannt werde, Gewalt leiden müſſen, und ſo hoffe er auch, daß unter dieſen Beſchränkungen ſeine philoſophiſchen Studien nur zum Aufbau des ſeligmachenden Glaubens dienen würden. Auch iſt hier kein Zunehmen, ſondern nur ein Abnehmen ſeiner Anſchließung zu erwarten, denn der geiſt- und phantaſiereiche Verehrer von Claudius und Hamann kann nicht lange mit einer im Innerſten kalten und glaubensleeren Weltanſicht befreundet bleiben, beſonders wenn bald auch ihr äußerlich bedingtes „Eingreifen in die Zeit“ wieder vermindert ſein wird. Aber dieſes apologetiſche Verfahren dehnt Th. auch, wohin es weniger gehört und als wiſſenſchaftliches Vorurtheil nicht dem Glauben, ſondern der Forſchung ſchadet, zu unbedingt über hiſtoriſche und kritiſche Unterſuchungen aus, wie unter Anderem ſeine Schrift gegen Strauß: „Die Glaubwürdigkeit der evangeliſchen Geſchichte, für theologiſche und nicht theologiſche Leſer“, hier und da zeigt. Am zahlreichſten ſind in der letzten Zeit ſeine Beiträge zur praktiſchen Theologie geweſen. Außer ſeinen früher erſchienenen „Predigten, gehalten zu Berlin, Rom, London und Halle“ und außer einer Menge anderer in Halle oder auf Reiſen in Heidelberg, Straßburg, Kiſſingen und anderwärts gehaltener und einzeln erſchienener Predigten hat er die früher herausgegebenen vier „Sammlungen von Predigten im akademiſchen Gottesdienſte der Univerſität Halle“ denen er neuerdings eine „Zweite Folge“ beifügte, zuſammen unter dem Titel: „Predigten über Hauptſtücke des chriſtlichen Glaubens und Lebens“, mit einer lehrreichen und anziehenden Abhandlung über neuere Predigtweiſen bekannt gemacht, worin er der Predigt mehr Freiheit, Lebendigkeit und Volksmäßigkeit durch größere Annäherung an Sprache, Denkweiſe und Neigungen des jetzigen Zeitalters, mehr Friſche und Eindringlichkeit durch Aufhebung der ſteifen Form und der zwiſchen Prediger und Gemeinde befeſtigten Kluft zu vindiciren ſucht und bei ſeinen begründeten Beſſerungsvorſchlägen vielleicht nur zu wenig beachtet, daß die Gravität ſelbſt zum norddeutſchen Nationalcharakter gehört, welcher in ernſten Dingen durch zu viel Leichtigkeit und Formloſigkeit verletzt und geſtört wird. Dieſer Umſtand wird es auch ſtets Manchen unmöglich machen, ſich mit der Art zu befreunden, wie Th. in ſeinen Predigten und noch mehr in ſeinen „Stunden der Andacht“ nicht nur von der ihm eigenen erſchütternden Kraft, Einfachheit und Eindringlichkeit der Rede, ſondern noch öfter im ſchroffſten Wechſel von ſeinem reichen Witze, ſeinem Zuſtrömen intereſſanter, aber ſehr ungleichartiger Reminiscenzen und ſeiner Gabe, dieſe allegoriſch und humoriſtiſch anzuwenden, Gebrauch gemacht hat. Weniger wird ihm die ganz unbedingte Verwerfung und Verhöhnung ſchaden, welche auch kürzlich wieder in einer neuen Streitſchrift („Wie Hr. Dr. Tholuck die Schrift auslegt, wie er denn lehrt und dichtet“) und zwar nach Th's offenen Andeutungen („Zur Charakteriſtik rationaliſtiſcher Polemik, eine Beleuchtung der Schrift: Wie Hr. Dr. Tholuck die Schrift auslegt u. ſ. w.“) durch einen Specialcollegen über ihn ergangen iſt; denn allerdings wird ſchon der Umſtand, daß „dergleichen Schmähſchriften angeſtellter Lehrer jedesmal einen nachtheiligen ſittlichen Einfluß auf Univerſitäten ausüben“, gegen eine ſolche auf offenſive Polemik verwandte Mühe einnehmen und wieder aufmerkſamer machen auf die Lichtſeiten einer ſo begabten und ſo bedeutenden geiſtigen Eigenthümlichkeit, wie die hier angegriffene iſt.“

Thomann, ſ. Moeller.

Chriſtian Thomaſius (Thomas),

der ſich ſelbſt in ſeinen Schriften nur der deutſchen Endung ſeines Namens bediente — wurde am 1. Januar 1655 zu Leipzig geboren, wo ſein Vater, Jacob, Profeſſor und Rector an der Thomasſchule, ein Lehrer des Leibniz geweſen war. Im 16. Jahre wurde er Baccalaureus, im 17. Magiſter der Philoſophie. Seine Liebe zum Naturrechte beſtimmte ihn zum Juriſten: ſchon 1675 hielt er zu Frankfurt a. d. Oder Vorleſungen in dieſer Wiſſenſchaft und wurde 1697 Doctor der Rechte. Nach einem kurzen wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausfluge nach Holland begann er in ſeiner Vaterſtadt beſonders Naturrecht zu lehren, welches er, ſo ſehr es bisher vernachläſſigt war, für das Fundament der Jurisprudenz erklärte. Die unzähligen Anfeindungen, die der Mann des Fortſchrittes zu ertragen hatte, erreichten ihren Gipfel, als mit ſeinem 1688 erſcheinenden deutſchen Programm die neue Periode deutſcher Univerſitäten und deutſcher Wiſſenſchaften hereinbrach. Zugleich kündigte er, was ehedem unerhört war, deutſche Vorleſungen an und ſchwang in dem erſten in Deutſchland erſcheinenden Journal, über ſeine Gegner die Geißel bitteren Spottes. Aber ſeine Geſinnung wurde auf harte Proben geſtellt. Nicht genug, daß die von ihm angegriffenen Theologen Pfeifer und Carpzow den freien Geiſt als Atheiſten dem Volkshaß Preis gaben; nicht genug, daß ein anderer geiſtlicher Herr, der däniſche Oberhofprediger Maſius ihn des Majeſtätsverbrechens beſchuldigte; daß ſeine warme Fürſprache für den frommen, der rechtgläubigen Kirche verhaßten H. A. Francke ihn in die, ihm ſehr fremden, pietiſtiſchen Wirren verwickelte; er fühlte ſich getrieben, bei der Vermählung des Herzogs Moritz Wilhelm von Sachſen die Ehe zweier fürſtlichen Perſonen verſchiedener Confeſſion zu vertheidigen; da entbrannte der Zorn der Wittenberger Theologen gegen ihn, welche vergaßen, daß die Reformatoren einſt Bedenklicheres geſtattet, — da kam der Befehl, Th. Katheder und Preſſe zu verſchließen und ihn ſelbſt zu verhaften; ein Befehl, der Deutſchlands Schande ſein würde, hätte nicht Preußen im freudigen Willkommenheißen des Flüchtigen das erſte Vorzeichen ſeiner künftigen geiſtigen Bedeutung abgelegt. Friedrich der Dritte erlaubte ihm, an der Halle'ſchen Ritteracademie Vorleſungen zu halten. Er las ſeit 1690 mit außerordentlichem Beifall und ſein Katheder ward 1694 der Grundſtein der Friedrichsuniverſität. Er wurde hier als churfürſtlicher Rath und Lehrer der Rechte angeſtellt. Auch in Halle blieb er nicht ohne Feinde, doch konnte er ſich leicht gegen ihre Angriffe behaupten; ja Leipzig, das ihn einſt verbannt, rief ihn 1709 als Ordinarius der Juriſtenfacultät zurück. Natürlich blieb er ſeinem neuen Vaterlande getreu und erhielt den Titel eines Geheimeraths; 1710 wurde er zum Director der Friedrichsuniverſität und Decan der Juriſtenfacultät ernannt. Hier erreichte er im Bewußtſein, ſeinem Volk genützt zu haben, das er von Folter und Geſpenſterglauben befreite und ſeine Sprache ehren lehrte, ein hohes ruhmvolles Alter. Er ſtarb am 23. September 1728.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Monatsgeſpräche, oder, freimüthige Gedanken. Halle, 1688. 3 Thle.
Einleitung zur Vernunftlehre. Halle, 1691.
Einleitung zur Sittenlehre. Halle, 1692.
Ausübung der Sittenlehre. Halle, 1696.
Vom Weſen des Geiſtes. Halle, 1699.
Ausübung der Vernunftlehre. Halle, 1710.
Vgl.: Sein Leben, von Heinrich Luden. Berlin, 1803.

Ueber Th. haben bisher die verſchiedenſten Urtheile geherrſcht. Während Einige wie z. B. Schröckh ihn auf das Entſchiedenſte loben, ſprechen Andere wie z. B. J. Horn ihm alles tiefere Eindringen und alle Gründlichkeit ab, und werfen ihm Oberflächlichkeit und Wankelmuth vor. Die Wahrheit liegt wie immer in der Mitte. Am unpartheiiſchſten ſcheint uns Buhle in ſeinem Lehrbuche der Geſchichte der Philoſophie Th. 6. Abthl. 2. S. 1024 fgde. über ihn zu ſprechen, weshalb wir ſeinem Urtheile hier vorzugsweiſe eine Stelle einräumen. Es lautet: „Das vornehmſte Ziel, nach dem Th. mit unermüdetem Eifer ſtrebte, war, eine richtigere Beurtheilung der Gelehrſamkeit überhaupt bei dem Publikum zu veranlaſſen und mittelſt dieſer eine beſſere und in Beziehung auf das gemeine Leben und die wahre Beſtimmung des Menſchen zweckmäßigere Methode der Studien einzuführen. Die Gelehrſamkeit hat nach ſeiner Meinung gar keinen Werth, als ſofern ſie gemeinnützig iſt, und ihre Brauchbarkeit für die menſchliche Geſellſchaft unmittelbar bewähren kann. Nur derjenige iſt ihm ein Gelehrter, der einige Wahrheiten, wenn es auch nur wenige ſein ſollten, gewiß weiß, und von dieſen für die wirkliche Welt Nutzen zu ziehen verſteht; der dabei den Wahn ſeiner Mitmenſchen einſieht, und das Talent und die erforderliche Einſicht hat, um dieſen aufzudecken, und dadurch das Gedeihen der Wahrheit zu befördern. Die Gelehrſamkeit ſoll den Menſchen geſchickt machen, Wahres vom Falſchen, Gutes vom Böſen zu unterſcheiden, die wahrſcheinlichen Urſachen des einen und des andern anzugeben, und auf dieſe Art ſowohl ſeine eigene, als die Glückſeligkeit anderer Menſchen zu befördern. Sie beſteht aus zwei Haupttheilen: Gottesgelahrtheit und Weltweisheit, wovon jene in der Offenbarung, dieſe im menſchlichen Verſtande ihre Quelle hat, jene auf die Beförderung des ewigen, dieſe auf das zeitliche Wohl gerichtet iſt. Aus dieſer ſeiner Anſicht des Zwecks aller Wiſſenſchaften iſt der Eifer leicht zu erklären, womit er auf die damals gangbare ariſtoteliſch-ſcholaſtiſche Philoſophie losſtürmte. Er tadelte mit Recht an dieſer die Menge ſpitzfindiger, trockener, ſchwer verſtändlicher und im gemeinen Leben großen Theils unanwendbarer und entbehrlicher Speculationen, ſo wie an ihren Anhängern den ſclaviſchen Syſtemgeiſt. Aber wegen des Schlechten überſah und verwarf er öfters das Gute, was ſelbſt mit der wiſſenſchaftlichen Philoſophie in ihrem damaligen Zuſtande, wenigſtens mit der wiſſenſchaftlichen Philoſophie überhaupt genommen, verbunden iſt. Es ging ihm hier, wie allen Reformatoren, die ſich gewöhnlich in ihrem raſchen Ungeſtüme zu weit treiben laſſen. Dazu kamen ſeine natürliche Heftigkeit, ſein Hang zur Spötterei und Anmaßung, und das außerordentliche Glück, daß er mit ſeiner populären Manier, die Wiſſenſchaften und beſonders die Philoſophie zu behandeln, machte, wodurch er zuletzt für billige und minder einſeitige Urtheile ganz unfähig und auch ganz unempfänglich wurde. Eben weil er alle Subtilität in der Unterſuchung der philoſophiſchen Principien nicht bloß umging und vermied, ſondern ſogar verhöhnte und verlachte, ſo läuft auch Vieles, was in ſeinen Schriften über ſpeculative Philoſophie vorkommt, auf ein ſehr oberflächliches, ſeichtes Geſchwätz hinaus. Die Gründe ſelbſt, aus denen Th. alle höhere und ſubtilere Forſchung, ſowohl in der Philoſophie, als in allen anderen Disciplinen verwarf, ſind lauter ſolche, die auch ein ungebildeter Handwerksmann oder Bauer vorbringen würde. Mit ſeiner Verachtung aller ſubtilern Speculation und dem Streben nach Popularität verband Th. die entſchiedenſte Gleichgültigkeit gegen eine genaue philoſophiſche Sprache. Anſtatt die Wortſtreitigkeiten durch eine präciſe Beſtimmung der, den Worten und Ausdrücken zum Grunde liegenden, Begriffe zu verhindern, ſuchte er ihnen dadurch auszuweichen, oder andern dieſelbe zu erſparen, daß er dem gemeinſten Sprachgebrauche folgte, für dieſelben Gegenſtände und Begriffe bald dieſe, bald jene Wörter brauchte und ausdrücklich empfahl, es mit den Wörtern nicht ſo genau zu nehmen, und ſich lediglich an die Sachen zu halten. Man übe nur gewiſſe Tugenden aus und ſtreite nicht über ihre Benennungen; man binde ſich in Definitionen nicht an Wörter; wenn die Erklärung die Gegenſtände erkennen und unterſcheiden lehrt, ſo iſt es hinlänglich. Hier überſah Th. den innigen Zuſammenhang zwiſchen der Sprache und den Begriffen gänzlich und arbeitete aller Gründlichkeit der wiſſenſchaftlichen Erkenntniß, und aller beſtimmten Darſtellung derſelben ſchlechthin entgegen. Auf eine Schwierigkeit inzwiſchen, mit welcher Th. gar ſehr zu kämpfen hatte, muß man billig Rückſicht nehmen, und dieſe war die Unvollkommenheit der deutſchen Sprache zu ſeiner Zeit, deren er ſich faſt zuerſt für philoſophiſche Materie bediente, ſo wenig ſie auch noch zu einer angemeſſenen Bezeichnung derſelben geeignet war. Daher iſt ſein bunter, mit lateiniſchen und franzöſiſchen Wörtern durchwebter Styl zu entſchuldigen, wiewohl er als deutſcher Schriftſteller faſt noch mehr leiſtete, als man von ihm unter den Umſtänden hätte erwarten ſollen."

Moritz Auguſt von Thümmel

ward am 27. Mai 1738 auf Schönfeld, unweit Leipzig geboren, ſeit 1754 zu Roßleben vorgebildet, und im Jahre 1756 von Gottſched, damaligen Prorector, unter die Studenten von Leipzig aufgenommen. Die Freundlichkeit ſeines Characters erwarb ihm die Zuneigung Gellerts, Rabener's, Weiße's und Kleiſt's; ja ein alter Juriſt, Namens Balz, machte ihn 1776 zu ſeinem Univerſalerben eines Vermögens von 24,000 Thalern. 1761 trat er als Kammerjunker in die Dienſte des nachherigen Herzogs Ernſt Friedrich von Sachſen-Coburg, welcher ihn bei der Huldigung zum Geheimen Hofrath, 1768 zum wirklichen Geheimen Rath und Miniſter ernannte. 1783 zog er ſich aus dem öffentlichen Leben zurück und beſchloß ſeine Tage theils in Gotha, theils auf einem Gute ſeiner Gemahlin, Sonneborn. Er ſtarb bei einem Beſuche zu Coburg am 26. October 1817.

Von ihm erſchien:

Wilhelmine oder der vermählte Pedant, proſaiſch-komiſches Gedicht. Leipzig, 1764.
Die Inoculation der Liebe. Leipzig, 1771.
Kleine poetiſche Schriften. 1782.
Reiſen in die mittäglichen Provinzen von Frankreich. Leipzig, 1791 – 1805. 9 Thle.
Sämmtliche Werke. Leipzig, 1812. 6 Thle.; neue Ausgabe 1820. 7 Thle.

Ueber v. Th. urtheilt Bouterwek in ſeiner Geſchichte der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften Th. XI. S. 447 ſehr treffend mit folgenden Worten: „Th's natürlicher Geſchmack machte ihn von mehreren Seiten zu einem Zöglinge, aber nicht Nachahmer der Franzoſen. Wie Wieland verweilte er mit dem Wohlgefallen des Satyrikers bei den Schwächen des menſchlichen Herzens, den Reizen der Sinnlichkeit und der Thorheiten, die von keinem eigentlich böſen Willen ausgehen. Kein ſtrenger, noch weniger finſterer Zug war ſeiner Satyre eigen. Sein Muthwille band ſich aber auch nicht an die Geſetze der ernſteren Sittſamkeit, die den üppigen Scherzen keinen Zugang geſtattet. Von Wieland, der mehr Gelehrter war, unterſcheidet ſich Th. durch den nur ihm unter allen deutſchen Dichtern ganz eigenen Ton der großen Welt. Eine Fülle der Phantaſie und des ironiſchen Witzes durchſtrömt ſeine komiſchen Sittengemälde. Sprache und Styl umkleiden mit kunſtreicher Nachläſſigkeit die heitern Gedanken. Das Werk in zehn Bänden, das ſich eine Reiſe in das ſüdliche Frankreich nennt, darf mit noch mehrerem Rechte als die Wilhelmine, die ſchon im Jahre 1764 herauskam und als die Inoculation der Liebe, vom Jahre 1771, zu den eigentlichen Gedichten eben ſowohl, als zu den Romanen gezählt werden. Unter den metriſchen Stellen ſind einige auch in einem höheren Sinne poetiſch.

Wilhelmine.

Ein proſaiſch-komiſches Gedicht.

Erſter Geſang.

Nah an der glänzenden Reſidenz eines glücklichen Fürſten, nicht fern von der ſchiffbaren Elbe, verbreiteten ſich in dem anmuthigſten Thale zwanzig kleine Wohnungen fröhlicher Landleute. Junge Haſelſtauden und wohlriechende Birken verbauten dies Landgut in Schatten, und verſüßten dem fleißigen Bauer die entkräftende Arbeit, wenn der Hundsſtern wüthete; und, entblättert vom Boreas, flammte dies nutzbare Gebüſch in wohlthätigen Oefen, wenn der Winter das Thal mit Schnee füllte, und nun ein Nachbar zum andern ſchlich, um die langen müßigen Stunden durch ſchlaue Geſpräche zu verkürzen, bald auf den Durchmarſch der Preußen zu ſchmälen, bald die beſſern Beſuche eines freigebigen Kobolds zu erheben, oder auch über die Polizeibefehle der Regierung zu ſpotten. So lebten dieſe Hüttenbewohner ruhig und mit jeder Jahreszeit zufrieden.

Nur der Paſtor des Dorfes allein, der gelehrte Sebaldus, hatte ſeit vier unglücklichen Jahren die ländliche Munterkeit verloren, die ſonſt auch auf ſeiner offenen Stirne gezeichnet war. Ein geheimer Kummer peinigte ſein Herz. Wenn er die ganze Woche hindurch in der Einſamkeit ſeiner verrauchten Klauſe getrauert hatte, dann winſelte er am Sonntage der ſchlafenden Gemeinde unleidliche Reden vor, und ſelbſt bei dem theuer bezahlten Leichenſermon verließ ihn ſeine ſonſt männliche Stimme. Die Klügſten der Gemeinde marterten ſich umſonſt, die Urſache ſeines Leidens zu entwickeln: Was fehlt unſerm Magiſter? fragte einer den andern: Wir lieben ihn ja, er iſt der Vornehmſte im Dorfe, und er wird auch nicht etwa, wie dieſer oder jener — von einem hochmüthigen Junker geplagt, denn der unſere lebt, Gott ſei gedankt, ferne von uns, und verpraßt ſeine Renten in Frankreich. So klagten die Bauern den Kummer ihres Magiſters! Aber umſonſt blieb ihr mitleidiges Nachforſchen: der tiefſinnige Paſtor verbarg ſeine Sorgen der Neugier, und außer Sonntags, wo ſein Amt ihm gebot, ſchien ſeine Sprache verloren. Vier Jahrgänge finſterer Predigten hatt' er alſo geendigt; mit zitternden Händen geſchrieben und auf einen Haufen geſammelt, lagen ſie in einem verriegelten Schranke, oft von andächtigen Würmern beſucht, die alle Buchſtaben zerfraßen, und höflicher für die dankbare Nachwelt ſorgten, als der betrogene Buchhändler, der ſo oft mit dergleichen Poſtillen den einfältigen Freigeiſt beluſtigt. Aber die komiſche Muſe blickt ängſtlich über den heiligen Staub und über die traurigen Scharteken des Paſtors; ſie beſchäftigt ſich nur mit ſeinem Glücke — und erzählt den wunderbaren Traum, der ihm, bewillkommend an der letzten Stufe des Jahres, mit dem Ende ſeines ſchwindſüchtigen Kummers ſchmeichelte.

In der zwölften Stunde der Nacht, damals, als ſich das zwei und ſechzigſte blutige Jahr des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, von wenigen Minuten losgearbeitet hatte, um ſich an die Reihe ſo vieler vergangener Jahrtauſende zu hängen: ſo wie der furchtbare Nachtfalter, auf deſſen Rücken die Natur einen Todtenkopf gebildet, ſich mühſam aus dem Gefängniß ſeiner Puppe herauswindet, ſeine ſchweren Flügel verſucht, — und verſchwinden würde, wenn nicht ein naturforſchender Henker ſein Leben verfolgte. — Der ſpießt ihn mit einem glühenden Pfriemen gleich nach ſeiner Geburt, und ſetzt dieſen gräulichen Vogel in die bunte Geſellſchaft der Schmetterlinge, Heuſchrecken und Käfer. Da erſchien Amor dem eingeſchlummerten Prieſter, der über das Zudrängen dieſes kleinen Unbekannten heftig erſchrak, denn bisher hatt' er ihn nur aus dem großen Rufe ſeiner Verwüſtungen gekannt — wie etwan den Beelzebub oder den General Meyer; doch der freundliche Amor ließ ihn nicht lange in ſeinem ungewiſſen Erſtaunen, ſchüttelte ſeinen Köcher und ſprach alſo zu ihm: Entſchuldige den Amor, theurer Sebaldus! wenn er bisher wider deinen Willen dein Feind geweſen iſt, und erſchrick nicht über ſeine Erſcheinung, die dir ein Glück verkündigt, das dir [illegible] vormals nicht gleichgültig war. Wilhelmine — bei dieſem Namen durchſtrömte ein leuchtendes Roth die verfallenen Wangen des Paſtors — und Amor fuhr lächelnd fort: Ich ſehe, du erinnerſt dich noch dieſer lebhaften Schönen, die einſt, in dieſen Fluren geboren, nur von der unſchuldigen Natur erzogen ward, die dir oft in der feurigen Predigt, durch einen einzigen Blick ihrer hellblauen Augen, ein langes, verhaßtes Stottern — und wenn du allein wareſt, manchen lauten Seufzer erregte. — Ach ſie hätte dich gewiß zum Glücklichſten deines Standes erhoben, wenn nicht die Intrigue eines neidiſchen Hofes ſie deinem Kirchſpiel entführt, und unter die fürſtlichen Zofen verſetzt hätte. O wie traurig haſt du dieſe Zeit ihres Hofdienſtes hinſchleichen laſſen! Vergieb es mir, liebſter Magiſter, daß ich hier deiner Unſchlüſſigkeit ſpotte! Haſt du denn nie gehört und geleſen, wie oft die entſchloſſene und geſchäftige Liebe Klöſter geſtürmt, Mauern erſtiegen und ſich nachgiebige Nonnen abwendig gemacht hat, die zu einem ewigen frommen Müßiggange verdammt waren; und du! du verzagteſt dem Hofe ein Mädchen zu entziehen, das von keiner Aebtiſſin bewacht, und von dem Kloſtergelübde weit entfernt iſt, eine ewige Jungfer zu bleiben! Doch ich komme nicht her, dich mit Vorwürfen zu kränken — Das Ende deiner Leiden iſt da! Wie leicht wird dir es werden in Wilhelminens tröſtenden Armen, oder an ihrem wallenden Buſen der vergangenen traurigen Tage zu vergeſſen; der Aufſchub deines Verlangens — ja — er macht dir ſchwer zu ertragen. Doch jetzt vermehrt er dein Glück! Denn ſiehe! Mit munterm Geſicht erwartet dich die jüngſte, feurigſte Liebe! Sie würde kraftlos — ſchläfrig, ja wohl gar erloſchen ſein, wenn Wilhelminens Beſitz dich ſchon vor vier Jahren beglückt hätte. Ermuntere dich alſo und höre meinen liebreichen Rath: mungen wird die reizende Wilhelmine den graubärtigen Verwalter, ihren Vater, beſuchen — von keinem Höfling begleitet, wird ſie des Mittags zu ihm fahren. Welch ein bedeutender Wink, den das Schickſal dir giebt! Folge ihm — ſuche Wilhelminens Geſellſchaft und eröffne ihr, ſo rührend als du vermagſt, deine brennende Neigung! Sie — die gleich einem leichten Federballe von Hand in Hand geworfen, in der Höhe des Hofes flatterte — oft mit Schwindel herabfiel und wieder in die Höhe gejagt wird — ſie, die jetzt mit ernſthaftem Nachdenken der Ruhe entgegen ſeufzt — ſie — ich — ſchmeichle dir nicht, wird froh ſein, an deiner ehrwürdigen Hand den Verläumdungen der großen Welt zu entwiſchen, und ehe dieſe Neujahrswoche verläuft, kannſt du für deine treue Liebe belohnt ſein. So ſprach der philoſophiſche Amor, glaubte genug geſagt zu haben, und wollte verſchwinden, als ihm noch eine wichtige Erinnerung einfiel. — Mit der lächerlichen Miene eines jungen Offiziers, der zum erſten Mal einen armſeligen Poſten zu vertheidigen bekommt, und bei aller ſeiner Geſchäftigkeit bald den kleinen Umſtand vergeſſen hätte, die Parole zu geben — rief Amor: Bald hätt' ich nicht an das Wichtigſte gedacht. — Wär' es auch ein Wunder! und hab' ich nicht immer meinen Kopf ſo voll! Merke alſo noch dieſes, lieber Magiſter! Laß ja nicht die unwiederbringliche Zeit vorbeiſtreichen, damit nicht die Tage herannahen, wo der galante Hofmarſchall ſeine Ptiſanenkur ſchließt und die Schönheiten wieder aufſucht, die jetzt ſein durchwäſſertes Herz mediziniſch verachtet — Und morgen ſei bedacht, dich reinlich zu waſchen! Pudre deine beſte Perrücke, dein ſchwarzer Rock ſoll dir nicht ſchaden: nur ſei ſo dreiſt und munter wie ein Kammerjunker; dieſer ſiegt auch oft in der Trauer des Hofs, nicht immer im fröhlichen Jagdkleide. Und nun verſchwand Amor. — Das Rauſchen ſeiner Flügel erweckte auf einige Augenblicke den Paſtor; ſchwerfällig ſammelte er ſeine Gedanken — rieb ſich gähnend die Augen, und ſeine rohe Stimme erklang durch die Stille der Nacht: Welch ein Traum! Sollte es möglich ſein, daß er wahr wäre — o ſo wäre kein König glücklicher als der arme Paſtor Sebaldus — Doch eitle Hoffnung — die ſchönſten Träume betrügen! Hab' ich vier Jahre bei den eifrigſten Wünſchen hinſchmachten müſſen — warum ſollte denn jetzt die Liebe einen Elenden aufſuchen, der zu abgehärmt iſt, ihren Dienſten Ehre zu machen — Doch der morgende Tag wird mir dieſes Geheimniß erklären — Mit Geduld will ich ſeiner erwarten — Schon ſchlägt es zwei — Ach Wilhelmine! Angenehmer Schlaf! ſo murmelte der Paſtor und ſchnarchte.

Was können wir beſſeres vornehmen, komiſche Muſe, um nicht ſelbſt zu ſchlafen, als wenn wir in die vergangenen Zeiten blicken, Wilhelmine in ländlicher Unſchuld betrachten und erforſchen, wie des Magiſters Liebe und ſein Unglück entſtand, deſſen Ende ihm Amor in dieſer merkwürdigen Nacht verkündiget hat.

Schon der ſechzehnte Frühling hatte Wilhelminens Wangen mit einer höhern Röthe gemalt, ihre Augen funkelnder gemacht, und ihr Haar ſchwärzer gefärbt. Ihr neſſeltuchenes Halstuch hob und ſenkte ſich ſchon, aber keiner — iſt's möglich? — keiner von den hartherzigen Bauern gab Achtung darauf. Sie ſelbſt wußte noch nicht über ſüße Gedanken der Liebe zu erröthen, ihr Herz klopfte in immer ruhigen Pulſen, wenn ſie einſam das verdeckte Veilchen aus dem hohen Riedgraſe hervorpflückte, ein wahres Bildniß ihres eigenen jungfräulichen Schickſals, oder wenn ſie, an dem Ufer des rieſelnden Baches ſitzend, die bunte Forelle mit geſchwinden Augen verfolgte, und indeß den ſchönern Gegenſtand der Natur — ihr widerſcheinendes Geſicht aus der Acht ließ. Spottet nicht ihrer Unſchuld, ihr freundlichen Nymphen, die ihr ſo oft das mächtige Vergnügen eures eigenen Anſchauens genoſſen habt. Denn niemand hatte noch bisher Wilhelminen geſagt, wie reizend ſie ſei, und niemand, ich ſag' es mit Jammer, niemand als ein frommer ſchüchterner Mann, der Magiſter, hatte ſelbſt bis hieher den feinen Verſtand gehabt, ihre Vorzüge zu bemerken und nur von ihm allein ward ſie heimlich geliebet. Mit welchem zitternden Vergnügen ſchlich er ihr nicht auf jedem kleinen Spaziergange nach, und hielt ſich doch immer in einer ehrerbietigen Entfernung, und mit welcher ſüßen Betäubung unterſchied er nicht ihre liebliche Stimme, wenn das andächtige Geſchrei der Gemeinde durch die Sakriſtei in ſein lauſchendes Ohr drang! Schon ſann die Liebe ernſthaft darauf, ihn glücklich zu machen. Aber zwei andere Leidenſchaften, faſt eben ſo mächtig als jene, ſtritten heftig in ſeiner theologiſchen Seele, jagten die Liebe heraus und legten den Grund zu dem grauſamen Schickſale des Paſtors. Der Stolz war es und die Begierde nach einem bequemlichen Leben. Denn wenn ihn auf der einen Seite ſeines hinfälligen Herzens, die Tochter des vornehmen Kammerraths mit ihrer Neigung verfolgte, ſo beſtritt es auf der andern die Ausgeberin des Präſidenten. Ihre Wahl war der gewiſſe Beruf zum Vorſteher der Kirche. Als Superintendent konnt' er alsdann eines langen, ruhigen Lebens genießen, von den Truthahnen ſeiner freigebigen Dioeces und den Komplimenten gemeiner Pfarrherren gemäſtet. So wird oft ein Knabe geängſtet, wenn ihm ſein lachender Vater ein Stück kräftiges Brot und eine einzeine wohlriechende Erdbeere vorlegt. Was ſoll er wählen? Sein Gaum verwirft, was ſein hungriger Magen verlangt, doch ſeine minutenlange Näſcherei verachtet das Elend des ganzen Tages — Kurz entſchloſſen verſchluckt er die Erdbeere und übertäubt das Murren ſeines Magens durch erzwungene Geſänge. Eben ſo gewiß würde auch endlich der verliebte Magiſter ſeine kleine Wilhelmine gewählt haben, wenn nicht das feindliche Ungefähr und der hämiſche Neid den Unentſchloſſenen überraſcht und vier lange Jahre ſeine Liebe getäuſcht hätten.

Ein Spürhund der Liebe, ein leichtfertiger Page, der einſt in ſeinem Müßiggange dieſe ländliche Venus erblickte, prahlte mit ſeiner Entdeckung, daß ſein verliebtes Geſchwätz durch funfzig Thüren in die Ohren des aufmerkſamen Hofmarſchalls erklang, der ſogleich den ſultaniſchen Entſchluß faßte, mit den Reizen der holden Wilhelmine den Hofſtaat zu verſchönern und ſie dem unſaubern Dorfe und der Liſt eines Popen zu entziehen. Wenn die weibliche Elſter in der Mitte des Weinbergs eine volle Traube entdeckt, die von den hundert Blättern beſchützt die letzte Zeit ihrer Reife erlangt hat: ſo erweckt oft dies prophetiſche Geſchrei bei dem reiſenden Handwerksmann ein durſtiges Nachdenken — Er erſteigt den Weinberg und entzieht dem Stocke und der verjagten Schwätzerin die vortrefflichſten Beeren.

Der entſchloſſene Hofmarſchall fuhr, von der Kabale, ſeiner beſtändigen Schutzgöttin, begleitet, in hoher Perſon zu Niklas, dem Verwalter, überſah mit geſchwind forſchenden Blicken die Schönheit des verſchämten Landmädchens, und es währte nicht lange, ſo hatte er ſeine großmüthige Abſicht eröffnet. „Ich will," ſagte er freundlich zu dem Alten, „eure ſchöne Tochter in den glänzenden Poſten einer fürſtlichen Kammerjungfer erheben: dieß iſt die Urſache meines Beſuchs."

Betäubt von den höflichen Reden des vornehmen Herrn ſtand der alte Verwalter vor ihm, ſtrich ungeſchickt mit dem Fuß aus und fühlte ängſtlich ſeine Verwirrung. Der feine Hofmarſchall ließ ihm Zeit, Athem zu holen und verſuchte indeß mit Wilhelminen zu ſprechen: aber die Schöne verſtummte, blinzte mit den Augen, und ihr Blödſinn zeigte ihm eine ſo weiße Reihe von Zähnen, wie ſie ihm noch nie die vornehme Sucht zu gefallen, in dem langen Laufe ſeines Lebens verrieth. Die Verlegenheit der Tochter weckte zuletzt den Alten aus ſeiner Betäubung. Er nahm ſtotternd das Wort und als Vater gebot er der Schönen, ſie ſollte, weil einmal ihr gutes Glück es verlangte, zur Reiſe nach Hofe ſich geſchickt machen; und über den gütigen Herrn ſchüttelte ſeine ſchwere Zunge tauſend unvollendete Wünſche und abgebrochene Dankſagungen aus, und beredtere Thränen ſtrömten von ſeinen bleichen Wangen herunter. Damals waren noch zwanzig Minuten genug, die Schöne in ihrem beſten Putze zu kleiden; alsdann hob ſie der vergoldete Herr in ſeinen glänzenden Wagen, ſetzte ſich neben ihr und ließ die ſeidenen Vorhänge herunter. Darauf jagten ſechs wiehernde Hengſte durch die Reihen unzähliger Bauern, denen das ſtarre Erſtaunen die weiten Mäuler geöffnet. Und ſeit dieſer trüben Stunde ward das welkende Herz des Paſtors von keinem Strahle der Freude erwärmt, und nur in der letzten Nacht des kritiſchen Jahres erblickt er zum erſten Mal wieder die tröſtende Hoffnung.

Zweiter Geſang.

Die neue Sonne rollte den jungen Tag des Jahres herauf. Ihr ungewohnter Blick überſah ſchüchtern die Planeten, die ſie beſcheinen ſollte, und nun wandte ſie auch ihr unſchuldiges Geſicht zu unſerer Erdkugel. Ein Heer vorausbezahlter Gratulanten jauchzt ihr entgegen, andre — unglücklicher, zerriſſen das Neujahrsgedicht, ſeit dem froſtigen September geſchmiedet; denn ihr alter Mäcen iſt den heiligen Abend vorher geſtorben, und hinterläßt geizige Erben, die den Apoll ſammt den Muſen verachten und ungeheißne Arbeiten niemals großmüthig belohnen. Verjährte Rechte, drohende Wechſelbriefe, erfüllte Hoffnungen und erſeufzte Majorennitäten drängten ſich auf den Strahlen des neuen Lichts in das beunruhigte Herz des erwachten Sterblichen. Aber friedliebend und ſanft wirkt ſie, die mächtige Sonne, auf die Felſenherzen der Großen und in die morſchen Gebeine der Helden, die jetzt, voller Neigung zur Ruhe, ſich beſchwerlich von ihren Lagern erheben, um ihre Wunden verbinden und die Merkmale ihrer Tapferkeit vernähen zu laſſen. Stolz auf ihr Elend behängen ſie den krüppelichen Körper mit den bunten Zeichen des gnädigen Spottes der Fürſten, mit dem theuern Spielwerke von Kreuzen und Bändern; und die Empfindung ihres Heldenlebens wüthet in jeglicher Nerve. Betäubt von den murrenden Wünſchen der Thorheit und von den lauten Seufzern des Unglücks, ſtand die Sonne in wehmüthiger Schönheit am Himmel, fürchtete ſich, länger herabzuſchauen, und verſteckte ſich oft hinter ein trübes Gewölk. So ſteht ein blühendes, unſchuldiges Mädchen, zu arm ihr junges Leben zu erhalten, vor der verſammelten Schule der Maler, und verräth die geheimſten Schönheiten der Natur, für einen geringen unbilligen Preis, der Betrachtung der Kunſt. In ſchamhafter Einfalt verſteckt ſie ihre mächtigen Augen hinter eine ihrer jungfräulichen Hände, indem ſie mit der andern das letzte neidiſche Gewand von ſich legt, das ihre Reize verbarg, und nun — ängſtlich erwartet ſie nun den Verlauf der verkauften Stunde. Die geſchickteſten Jünglinge zittern bei dem Anblick der unverhüllten ſchönen Natur, und ihre ſonſt gewiſſe Hand zeichnet Fehler auf das geſpannte Papier. Der minderjährige Knabe allein übertrifft hier ſeinen Meiſter; denn in ſeinem kleinen, noch fühlloſen Herzen liegen jene ſympathetiſchen Triebe unentwickelt, und ſeine Hand lernt eher der Kunſt, als jenes der Liebe gehorchen. Und der voll Hoffnung erwachte Pfarrherr ging in der Frühe zu Niklas, dem Verwalter, wünſchte ihm ein fröhliches neues Jahr und ließ ſich wieder eins wünſchen; dann erzählte er ihm ſeinen nächtlichen Traum bündig und kurz — denn die gebietenden Glocken hatten ſchon zum dritten Male geläutet, und die geputzte Gemeinde ſah ſehnlich ihrem Herrn Paſtor mit ſeinem Neujahrswunſche entgegen. Ach wie fröhlich klopfte nicht Niklas dem Herrn Magiſter die Achſel, und zweifelte gar nicht an der Erfüllung des Traums. Hurtig beſtellt' er die Küche, damit ſie, zur Ehre eines ſo lieben Beſuchs, viele ſchmackhafte Gerichte den Mittag zu liefern vermöchte. Er bat auch den wertheſten Träumer zur Tafel und ging an ſeiner rechten Seite mit ihm vertraulich zur Kirche. Der künftige Herr Schwiegerſohn hielt eine erbauliche Predigt, bis unter Singen und Beten die Mittagsſonne hervortrat. Schon eilte die buntſchäckige Gemeinde mit geſättigter Seele und hungrigem Magen nach Hauſe, als der erwartete Wagen zur Höhe des Dorfes hereinſchimmerte. Mit weiten Schritten und fliegendem Mantel eilte der hagere Magiſter den ſechs Schimmeln vorzukommen, um ſeine Schöne aus dem Wagen zu heben. Keichend ſchmält er auf ſich, daß er ſo lange geprediget, aber dennoch überholt er die rollende Kutſche, und empfing die holde Wilhelmine an der Thüre ihrer vormaligen Wohnung. Von dem Zuruf ihrer herzugelaufenen Bekannten begrüßt, reichte ſie, nicht mehr eine Nymphe des Dorfs, ihrem unerkannten Liebhaber die Hand mit koſtbaren Ringen geziert, und ſagte höflich zu ihm: Wie geht es werther Herr Paſtor? Darauf umarmte ſie ihren alten weinenden Vater, der vor der Hofſtimme der Tochter erſchrak und nicht wußte, ob er mit ſeiner bäuriſchen Sprache ihre Ohren beleidigen dürfte. Noch ſcheuer und in einem unaufhörlichen Bücklinge ſtand ihr Liebhaber vor ihr, und huſtete immer und ſprach — nichts. Lange getraute er ſich auch nicht, ſie anzublicken; denn ihr hüpfender Buſen, von keinem ländlichen Halstuche bedeckt, war ein zu ungewöhnlicher Anblick für ihn, und ſetzte ſeine Nerven in ein fieberhaftes Erzittern. Mit zufriedenem Mitleiden beobachtete Wilhelmine den Einfluß ihrer Perſon, und riß endlich Vater und Liebhaber aus ihrer Betäubung. Ihre harmoniſche Stimme bildete manche vertraute Erzählung, bald von den Freuden des Hofs, von engliſchen Tänzen und überirdiſchen Opern und von den unnützen Verfolgungen ihrer lächerlichen Amanten; bald aber auch bejammerte ſie mit nachdenkender Stimme den ſteten Wechſel des Hofs und den Ekel, der, ein unermüdeter Verfolger aller rauſchenden Ergötzungen, hinterliſtig dem taumelnden Höflinge nachſchleicht — und da wünſchte ſie ſich — welch ein Vergnügen für den horchenden Prieſter — einſt wieder mit Ehren zur glücklichen Stille des Landes zurück. Unter dieſen anmuthigen Geſprächen, wovon meine Muſe nicht die Hälfte verräth, ſetzte ſich dieſe liebe Geſellſchaft vertraulich und ohne Gebet zu Tiſche. Erſchrocken dachte zwar der Magiſter daran, doch durft' er es jetzo nicht wagen, ſich wider die Gewohnheiten des Hofes zu empören. Um das Mittagsmahl zu verherrlichen, hatte die ſchöne Tochter des Hauſes vier Flaſchen des köſtlichſten Weines mitgebracht — Sie öffnete eine davon, und ſchenkte mit wohlthätigen Händen ihrem Liebhaber und Vater ſchäumende Gläſer ein. Lange beſah der Magiſter das unbekannte Getränke, koſtete es mit der Miene des Kenners und ließ doch ſein Feuer verrauchen! Endlich fragte er pedantiſch — Liebe Mamſell, für was kann ich das eigentlich trinken? Lächelnd antwortete ſie: es iſt von unſerm Burgunder. Nach ihm ſetzte man auch eine langhälſige Flaſche des ſtill ſcheinenden bleichen Champagners auf die Tafel. Schon ganz freundlich durch den Burgunder, reichte ſie der Magiſter den befehlenden Händen der Schönen; aber er wäre bald vor Schrecken verſunken, als der betrügeriſche Wein den Stöpſel an die Wand ſchmiß, und wie der vogelfreie Spion, der ſich einſam und ſicher in dem Walde geglaubt hat, durch den Mörſer eines feindlichen Hinterhalts aus ſeiner Ruhe geſchreckt wird — ſo betäubte der ſchreckliche Knall die Ohren des zitternden Paſtors. Erſt auf langes Zureden und hundert Betheurungen der Schönen, trank er den tückiſchen Wein und empfand bald deſſen feurige Wirkung; denn nun öffnete der laute Scherz und der wiederkehrende Witz ſeine geiſtigen Lippen — Antitheſen und Wortſpiele jagten einander, und da gewann er auf einmal den ganzen Beifall der artigen Wilhelmine, wie ihm ſein wahrhafter Traum vorher verkündigt hatte. Jetzt erſchrak er nicht mehr vor dem erhabenen Buſen, den er ſelbſt belebender fand, als den brauſenden Champagner — Dreimal hatt' er mit lüſternen Augen hingeſchielt, da ward er ſo dreiſt und wagte es, von dem alten Verwalter unterſtützt, das Herz der engliſchen Kammerjungfer zu beſtürmen. So viel Waffen der Liebe als nur ſeine unerfahrene Hand regieren konnte; ſo viel zärtliche Blicke, ſo ein gefälliges Lächeln, als ihm nur zu Gebote ſtehen wollte, verwendete er auf die Hoffnung einer geſchwinden Eroberung. Welch eine Verſchwendung von ſüßen rührenden Worten! Erſtaunt ſah Wilhelmine ihren dringenden Feind an, und dreimal wankte ſie — aber ein geheimer Stolz und die Rückſicht auf den Hof erhielt ſie noch, bis ihr endlich Vater und Liebhaber, immer einander unterbrechend, das Wunder des Traumes entdeckten — und da erkannte ſie ſelbſt in allem die ſichtbaren Wege des Himmels und ihren Beruf, und durch die Beredſamkeit des Paſtors bekehrt, entfernte ſie allen Zwang des Hofs von ihren offenherzigen Lippen: „Wohlan!“ ſagte ſie, nachdem ſie in einer kleinen freundlichen Pauſe die Beſchwerden und die Vortheile des Hymen gegen einander gehalten, und noch die reife Ueberlegung auf ihrer hohen Stirne ſaß — „Wohlan! ich unterwerfe mich den Befehlen meines Schickſals; ja, ich will ſelbſt mit Vergnügen das unruhige Leben des Hofes mit den ſtillen Freuden meines Geburtsorts vertauſchen, und da Sie mich einmal lieben, Herr Paſtor, ſo wird es unzeitig ſein, ſpröde zu thun — ich ſehe die Ungeduld Ihrer Neigung auf Ihrem Geſichte! Kommen Sie her, mein Geliebter, und“ — welch ein Triumph für einen Unerfahrenen, der nie den Ovid und das Syſtem einer verſuchten, klugen Lenklos geleſen — „küſſen Sie mich, und nehmen Sie zum Zeichen unſerer Verſprechung dieſen Ring an!“ Und mit unausſprechlichem Vergnügen kam der ſchwerfällige Liebhaber geſtolpert — küßte ſie dreimal und machte es zur Probe recht artig. Sie ſteckt' ihm einen Demant, in Form eines flammenden Herzens, an das kleinſte Glied ſeines Fingers, und er — welcher Tauſch! hätt' ihn nicht die duldende Liebe gerechtfertigt, überreicht ihr einen ziegelfarbenen Carniol, worin ein Anker gegraben war. Nun brachte jede Minute neuen Zuwachs von Liebe und Vertrauen in ihre verbundene Geſellſchaft, und frohe Geſpräche von ihrer baldigen Hochzeit beſchäftigten ihre unermüdeten Lippen. — Da ſagte Wilhelmine die merkwürdigen Worte: „Morgen, wenn die Göttin der Kabale auf den feuchten balſamiſchen Wolken des dampfenden Thees, nachdenkend, an den koſtbaren Plafonds herumzieht und ihre Anbeter ermuntert, und wenn die eigenſinnige Göttin der Mode ihren Liebling den Schneider zu wichtigen Konferenzen der Staatsräthe geleitet, oder damit Sie mich deutlich verſtehen: Morgen, wenn es früh Zehne geſchlagen, da rüſten Sie Sich, mein Geliebter, und machen Sie Ihre ſchuldige Aufwartung bei unſerm Hofmarſchall; bitten Sie ihn in demüthiger Stellung um die Erlaubniß zu meiner baldigen Heirath! Ich ſelbſt will ihn noch heute zu dieſem Ihren Geſuche vorbereiten, und ſo werden Sie dann Morgen gar keine Schwierigkeit finden. Er iſt der beſte Herr von der Welt; und wenn meine Bitten, wie ich aus guten Gründen mir ſchmeichle, etwas bei ihm vermögen, ſo geben Sie Acht! — ſo ſoll er ſelbſt bei unſerer Hochzeit erſcheinen, und durch ſeine ehrende Gegenwart unſer Feſt glänzender machen. Jetzt aber theilen Sie, ohne Komplimente, den Platz in meinem zweiſitzigen Wagen, damit Ihnen der Weg nach einem fürſtlichen Hauſe nicht eben ſo ſauer ankommen möge, als der benebelte Steinweg zu Ihrem Filiale!“ Zärtlich und ſüß verſprach der gehorſame Liebhaber ihr in allem zu folgen, und an der Hand ſeiner Geliebten verließ er jetzt ſein trauriges Kirchſpiel.

Noch halb berauſcht von dem Beſuche ſeiner Tochter und dem ſeltenen Weine, den er bei vollen Gläſern getrunken, ging nun der alte Verwalter aus, ſein häusliches Glück den Gevattern und der Verſammlung der Schenke zu verkündigen. Wie ſchien ſich doch alles zur Feier dieſes ſeines glücklichen Tages zu verbinden! Er hörte ſchon von weitem den Schall einer muthigen Fiedel. In der Freude ſeines Herzens vergaß er ſein Alter und tanzte mit Jauchzen der harmoniſchen Schenke entgegen. Ein ungewöhnlicher Schimmer umſtrahlte heute ihre rußigen Wände. — denn das Schickſal vergönnte dieſen Abend den fröhlichen Bauern ein ſeltenes Vergnügen. Die Schauſpielkunſt war vor kurzem mit allem dem Pomp ihrer erſten Erfindung eingezogen. Welch ein frohes Getümmel! Welch eine Luſt! Ein vielſtimmiger Mann ſchwebte wie Jupiter unſichtbar über einer lärmenden, thörichten Welt, lenkte mit ſeiner Rechten ganze tragiſche Jahrhunderte, und regierte mit gegenwärtigem Geiſte die ſchrecklichſten Begebenheiten und Veränderungen der Dinge, über welche die weiſeſten Menſchen erſtaunen. Jetzt ſah man hochmüthige Städte, wie ſie ſich über Dörfer erheben, — und augenblicklich darauf eingeäſchert oder in einem Erdbeben verſunken; Rom und Carthago, Troja und Liſſabon wurden zerſtört, und der Helleſpont ſchlug über ihre ſtolzen Thürme ſeine Wellen zuſammen. Was hilft es euch, ihr Tyrannen, daß ihr über Länder geherrſcht, arme Bauern gedrückt, und Nationen elend gemacht habt! denkt ihr wohl der Strafe des Zeus zu entfliehen! Ja, da ſieht man's. — Hier liegt nun der grauſame Nero in ſeinem Blute, und wird von ſeinen eigenen Grenadieren zertreten! Bald wird es auch an dich kommen, du übermüthiger Mann; Heliogabulus! Pompejus! oder wie du ſonſt heißen magſt. Seht nur, wie ſtolz er einhergeht und alle Leute verachtet, aber Jupiter winkt — und nun wird er unter Donner und Blitzen von den Saracenen ermordet. Doch wer kann ſie alle zählen — die Wüthriche, die hier fallen; und wo wollt' ich Worte hernehmen, die blutigen Scenen zu beſchreiben, die die gerührten Zuſchauer mit lautem Lachen beehren! Jetzt ſah man auch das bedrängte Friedrichshall von Carl dem Zwölften belagert! Schon war die Piſtole geſpannt, die dieſem ſchrecklichen Helden das Leben endigen ſollte — und ſchon wurden die Laufgraben geöffnet, und alles war voller Erwartung, als — der alte Verwalter hereintrat. Bei ſeiner längſt gewünſchten Ankunft verſtummte die Fiedel. Die große Verſammlung der Zuſchauer hob ſich von ihrem Sitze, ſchmiß eine allgemeine Bank um, und grüßte freundlich den Alten — eine Ehre, die vor ihm noch kein Sterblicher genoß — als nur der ehrwürdige Kato — und die vielleicht nach ihm keiner wieder genießen wird! Dieſer Zufall ſchob die Belagerung auf — eine glückliche Pauſe für Karln! und ſelbſt der Regierer der Welt ſtieg itzt in ſeinen Cothurnen von dem hohen Sitze des Olymps herunter, und ein ernſthaftes Stillſchweigen der ganzen Natur forderte den Alten auf, ſeine glückliche Geſchichte zu erzählen. Er that es mit vertraulicher Beredſamkeit, und man hörte ihm zu mit ſichtbarem Erſtaunen, und ſtemmte die Hände in die Seiten und ſchüttelte mit bedenklichen Mienen die Köpfe.

Indeſſen waren die beiden Verliebten nach drei kurzen hinweg geplauderten Stunden in den Mauern der Reſidenz. Der ehrwürdige Fremde begab ſich unter den Schutz des wirthbaren Hirſches, und Braut und Bräutigam trennten ſich hier bis auf ein glückliches Wiederſehn, mit höchſt zärtlichen Küſſen. Welche triumphirende Freude durchſtrömte nicht jetzt das Herz des verliebten Magiſters, als er ſich, ſeinen Betrachtungen überlaſſen, in dem weiten Zimmer des Gaſthofs allein ſah! — Eine ganz andre Empfindung ſeines Glücks, als er ſelbſt an dem vergnügten Tage ſeines überſtandenen Examens nicht gefühlt hatte! Denn damals machte der Präſident ſeinem ſtotternden Geſchwätze, durch ein ungehofftes Bene, ein freudiges Ende, und die gelehrten Herren Beiſitzer widerſprachen ihm nicht. Sollten ſie etwan durch lange Unterſuchungen ſich um die kurzen Luſtbarkeiten der Meſſe und den ſchwitzenden Candidaten ums Amt bringen? O nein! Aus Menſchenliebe hofften ſie, er würde es ſchon löblich verwalten, und ſie überließen die Seelen der Bauern ſeiner Treue und Gottes Barmherzigkeit. Mit mehrerem Recht freute er ſich jetzt, und ſchmeichelhaft fragt' er ſich: Iſt es nicht dein eignes Verdienſt, das ſpröbeſte Mädchen in einem Nachmittage beſiegt zu haben! Wie wohl that ich, daß ich meinem prophetiſchen Traume folgte, mich ſo dreiſt und munter bezeigte, wie die vornehme Welt es verlangt. Ach welch' eine Liebe für mich muß nicht in der Bruſt meiner Wilhelmine erwacht ſein, da ſie ſich ſo eilig entſchließt, den prächtigen Hof zu verlaſſen, um einem armen Dorfprediger zu folgen, deſſen altfränkiſche Wohnung — wer weiß wie manche Reformation überlebt hat.

Schon tönte der Wächter ſeinen letzten Nachtgeſang in einem tiefen verunglückten Baß — hüllte ſich in ſeinen Schafpelz und beurlaubte ſich von der Stadt. In gehöriger Entfernung ſchlichen die Spötter ſeiner Aufſicht, die glücklichen Diebe, ihm nach, weckten den Thorſchreiber auf, und erreichten bald das ſichere Gehölze: und am Horizont fing ſchon der Tag an zu grauen, eh' unſer Verliebter einſchlafen konnte. Wie war es auch möglich! Auf allen Seiten verfolgten ihn Unruh und Schrecken. Gleich häßlichen Geſpenſtern raſſelt' unter ihm mit Ketten der böhmiſche Fuhrmann: doch Gedanken der Liebe machten noch einen größern Tumult in ſeinem zerrütteten Herzen. Aus Müdigkeit fiel er endlich in die Arme des Schlafs — Doch auch der Schlaf eines Verliebten iſt Unruh — Denn ſobald er das Bellen der Hunde und das Raſen des Windes nicht mehr ſo deutlich vernahm, ſo bemächtigten ängſtliche Ahndungen ſich ſeines Gefühls. Bald träumt' er — ſeine berauſchte Seele erhöbe ſich über die Sonne und begrüße unbekannte Gefilde — Dann glaubte er wieder in einen bodenloſen Abgrund zu ſtürzen, ſchrie — ſträubte ſich — ſtieß ſich an den unruhigen Kopf, und erwachte in einem plötzlichen Schrecken. So ſteigt ein luſtiger Schwärmer durch die dunkle Nacht in einem Wirbel empor — wirft freundliche Sternchen von ſich, und brauſet unter Wolken; — bald darauf ſinkt er — nun ſinkt er — endet ſein kurzes Geräuſch, und zerplatzt mit einem lächerlichen Knall.

Dritter Geſang.

In einer prächtigen Wintertracht war heute die Sonne dem Erdball erſchienen; ihr Einfluß hatte die lebenden Geſchöpfe der Welt ſchon alle aus dem Schlafe geweckt, wenn ich in Savoyen die Murmelthiere, und in Deutſchland die Mädchen ausnehme, welche die Mode erzieht; ſogar die berühmten Schläfer der Reſidenz, alle Hofjunker und Staatsräthe waren erwacht, hatten nun ausgegähnt und fingen an ihren erhabenen Trieb nach Geſchäften zu fühlen; denn einige verſchluckten ſchon levantiſchen Kaffee und blätterten im Herrn und Diener *), oder bezeichneten, um nach vollbrachtem Tage wieder zu leſen, dankbar die rührende Stelle, bei der ihnen den Abend vorher — die Gedanken in Schlaf übergingen. Mit edlem Eifer übten ſich andere im Stillen die Zahlen der Würfel zu lenken, oder durch geſchwinde Volten (ein myſtiſches Wort) ſich über allen Wechſel des Glücks zu erheben. Die von flüchtigerm Geblüte flatterten ſchon über das Pflaſter, um die blaſſen Fräulein an der Toilette zu beſuchen, und ihnen durch mächtige Scherze rothe Wangen zu ſchaffen. Aber noch immer ſchnarchte der müde Magiſter; ja! er würde gewiß den Endzweck ſeiner Reiſe, den ſo wichtigen Beſuch bei dem Hofmarſchall, verſchlafen haben, hätte ihn nicht die käuliſche Stimme eines bärtigen Juden erſchreckt, der dreimal ſchon vergebens an die Stubenthüre klopfte.

Haben Sie etwas zu ſchachern! ſchrie der Hebräer gewaltig hinein, daß die Fenſter erklangen, und der betäubte Magiſter in die Höhe fuhr. Der Ungläubige entfloh — erſchrocken ſah der ſchläfrige Chriſt nach ſeiner tombacknen Uhr, erſtaunte, daß es ſo ſpät war, und warf ſich ſchleunig in ſeinen bepuderten Schwarzrock. Halb träumend lief er über die Gaſſen, und ohne Vorbereitung den Komplimenten des Hofmarſchalls entgegen. Aber welche Muſe beſchreibt mit den Einzug des frommen Pedanten in das vergoldete Zimmer des glänzenden Weltmanns! In einem Schlafrock von ſchwerem Stoffe empfing er den Paſtor mit offener Stirne und ſatiriſcher Miene, die ſein ſchlauer Diener verſtand, der hinter dem Rücken des armen Magiſters die galante Falſchheit wiederlächelnd bewunderte. Mit Huſten und Scharrfüßen ſuchte der Supplikant den Eingang zur Rede; aber als Ceremonienmeiſter trat der bellende Melampus ihm entgegen — nöthigte ihn ſtille zu ſtehen, und zerſtreute die hervorquellenden Worte, daß ſie ungehört vom Hofmarſchall ſich an den Spiegeln zerſtieben, und ihr Wiederhall den bebenden Pfarrherrn in Angſt und Schrecken verſetzte. Endlich legte des Hofmanns mächtige Stimme dem ergrimmten Cerberus Stillſchweigen auf. — Gehorſam kroch er zu den Füßen ſeines Herrn, und leckte ſchmeichelnd den ſaffianen Pantoffel. Darauf wandte ſich die Rede zu dem immer ſich bückenden Verliebten: „Ich weiß ſchon Ihr Anbringen, lieber Herr Paſtor, iſt es nicht wahr? Sie wollen uns unſere Wilhelmine entziehen! das ſchönſte und ehrlichſte Mädchen in dieſem ganzen Gebiete! Habe ich es nicht errathen, Herr Paſtor! Schon geſtern hat ſie mir ſelbſt Ihre Lieb' eröffnet, und mit verſchämtem Geſichte um den glücklichen Abſchied gebeten. — Wohlan! Ich werde kein Hinderniß ihrer Neigung und beſcheidenen Bitte in den Weg legen, wenn Sie mir anders eine kleine Bedingung verſprechen — werden ſie nicht unruhig, Herr Paſtor! Es hat mich unſre Wilhelmine gebeten, morgen ſelbſt bei Ihrer Hochzeit zu erſcheinen. — Mit Vergnügen will ich auch kommen, und will ſelbſt eine Geſellſchaft verſammeln, die Ihren Ehrentag glänzender machen wird, als eine Kirchmeß — eine Geſellſchaft, die meinem Stande gemäß iſt — wenn Sie — denn dieß ſei die Bedingung — wenn Sie die Tochter des alten Grafen von Nimmer vermögen, dieſes Feſt zu beleben. Er — der Ihr Nachbar iſt, und oft vor Ihrer Kanzel erſcheint, wird ſich nicht weigern, ſeine holde Klariſſe auf der Hochzeit eines erbaulichen Predigers tanzen zu laſſen — Der Comteſſe

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*) Eine Schrift Moſers.

aber ſagen Sie heimlich: Ich würde dabei ſein. Auf meinen Befehl, der über die fürſtliche Küche gebietet, ſollen alsdann hundert fette Gerichte Ihre hochzeitliche Tafel ſchmücken, und Madera — Rheinwein — Champagner und ſchwerer Eremitage ſollen in ſolchem Ueberfluß fließen, wie an dem Hofe eines geiſtlichen Fürſten.“

Wie vergnügt hörte nicht der Verliebte dieſe freundlichen Reden. — Gern und ohne Anſtand verſprach er, dieſen leichten Befehlen zu folgen, um ſich der hohen Ehre und Gnade würdig zu machen. Darauf nahm er Abſchied und ſchnappte nach dem Zipfel des Schlafrocks: aber mit höflichen, geübten Händen ſchlug der Hofmarſchall beide Theile zurück, ſtrich mit dem Fuße aus und empfahl ſich dem Paſtor Sebaldus. Bald nach ihm trat Wilhelmine herein, und brachte ihrem gnädigen Gönner Chocolade mit perlendem Schaume; da gab ihr der Marſchall das Dokument ihrer Tugend, den ehrlichſten Abſchied, ſauber auf Pergament geſchrieben, und ſiehe da! welche großmüthige Gnade! Er umarmte ſie mit gefälligen Händen, und küßte ſie zärtlich. Eine ganz ſapphiſche Empfindung ſtrömte durch ihr dankbares Herz, und trieb ihren wallenden Buſen empor, daß der blaßrothe Atlas zu kniſtern anfing, der ihn weit unter der Hälfte umſpannte. Ach welch ein reizender Buſen! o ſcherzhafte Muſe beſchreib ihn! Auf ſeiner linken Erhöhung lag ein mondförmiges Schönfleckchen angeheftet durch Gummi, von dem ein kleiner Liebesgott immer mit drolligten Reverenzen die Blicke der Grafen und Läufer — Laqueien und Freiherren auf ſich zog. Aber jetzt erhob ſich dreimal die warme bebende Bruſt, und trennte die gedörrte Muſche von Gummi. Der kleine Liebesgott — mit ſammt ſeinem Gerüſte, fiel — zwiſchen der Schnürbruſt — unaufhaltſam hinunter, daß die Schöne ſchrie, und der ernſthafte Hofmarſchall wirklich zu lachen anfing. So fällt ein prahlender Zahnarzt unter die morſchen Trümmer ſeines Theaters, indem er mit ſtampfender Beredſamkeit dem Pöbel winkt, ſein Rattenpulver zu kaufen. Sein erbärmlich Geſchrei, und das laute Lachen des Volks betäuben den Jahrmarkt, wenn ihn nun aus dem theuern Schutte ſein buntſchäckiger Diener hervorzieht.

Mit einer bedeutenden Röthe rauſchte bald die ſchöne Verlobte in die Verſammlung der übrigen Zofen des Hofs, die ſchon ihre glühenden Wangen beneiden, aber Wilhelmine vollendet ihrer aller Verzweiflung, als ſie ihnen den papiernen Triumph zeigt, den ſie jetzt vom Hofmarſchall erhalten. Aeußerlich klagen ſie zwar ihre verkaufte Geſpielin: „Ach du armes, verblendetes Mädchen! So willſt du denn fern von deinem verbrämten Amanten, in der Einöde des Landes dein junges Leben verſeufzen — und nur von Bauern bewundert, den ſtolzen Buſen erheben? So willſt du denn in einer dunkeln geiſtlichen Hütte als Frau Magiſterin wirthſchaften? Ach du armes, verblendetes Mädchen!“

So klagten alle die Zofen den Abſchied der erweichten Wilhelmine, aber heimlich wünſchte ſich jede, bald auch ſo beweint zu werden, und in den ſichern Armen des weiblichen Schutzgottes, des Hymen, den Wechſel des falſchen Hofes zu verlachen.

Vierter Geſang.

Auf den Uhren war ſchon der Mittag vorüber, aber in den Häuſern der Großen brach er erſt mit feſtlichem Pomp aus der Küche hervor — Hekatomben rauchten ihm — denn die mittägliche Sonne hat noch nicht ihre Anbeter verloren. — Mit mehrerem Eifer als wohl jemals ein ägyptiſcher Prieſter gehabt, feiern ſie täglich ihr Feſt, mit ſonnenreichen Geſichtern, bis das wohlthätige Licht den Kreis verläßt, und nun die ſtille Venus vom nächtlichen Himmel herabblinkt. Da erhub der geſättigte Pfarrherr ſeine geſtiefelten Beine, und trat mit zerſtreuten Gedanken ſeinen beſtimmten zwei Meilen langen Weg an. Die alles vermögende Liebe hatt' jetzt den Magiſter zu einem gemeinſamen Botenläufer erniedrigt, und er mußte, welche ſonderbare Bedingung — als ſein eigener Hochzeitbitter, noch ein zweites Jawort erbetteln, ehe ſie ihn glücklich zu machen verſprach. Der hochbeſchneite Weg ermüdete ſeine Knie, und die duftende Kälte kandirte ſeinen ſchwarzen Bart, und bracht' ihm Zahnweh. Aber noch ein größeres Uebel, als Zahnweh und Müdigkeit, lauerte in dem nahen Walde auf ihn. Welcher boshafte Genius war es, der in Geſtalt eines Holzhackers dem Prieſter entgegen kam! Ein unſchuldiges einfältigſcheinendes Geſicht, die Larve der Heuchelei, betrog den heiligen Wanderer. „Guter Freund,“ redete er ihn vertraulich an, „ſagt mir doch, iſt dieſes die rechte Straße nach Rennsdorf, dem Rittersitze des alten Grafen von Nimmer?“ Ehrerbietig nahm jetzt der Boshafte vor dem Paſtor den Hut ab und ſagte: „Wer Sie auch ſind — ehrwürdiger lieber Herr, ſo beklage ich Sie doch herzlich; denn dieſer falſche Holzweg, auf welchem Sie wandeln, wird Sie weit von Rennsdorf ablocken; und wenn endlich ſich die Schreckniſſe der Nacht über dieſe Heide verbreiten, ſo müſſen Sie Ihren ermüdeten Körper einer abgelegenen Schenke — einer Spitzbubenherberge vertrauen.“ Da ſchlug der erſchrockene Magiſter ſeine bereiften Fäuſte zuſammen. Lieber würd' er auf einen Ameiſenhaufen geſchlafen, oder wie ein Zigeuner den Anbruch ſeines Hochzeitfeſtes in einer hohlen Weide erwartet haben, als daß er einer Schenke das Vorrecht gegönnt hätte, ſeine geweihten Glieder zu bedecken. „O mein Freund,“ rief er, „den mir noch zu rechter Zeit ein guter Engel entgegen ſchickt, ach entfernt mich doch eilig von dieſem Fußſteige, der meine Gebeine umſonſt ermüdet, und zeigt mir den richtigen Weg, und nehmt im voraus für eure Bemühung ein dankbares Trinkgeld an.“ Hier zog er — gleich einer alchymiſtiſchen Phiole, einen langen Beutel heraus, der in der Farbe der Hoffnung künſtlich geſtrickt war. Ein billiger Zwiſchenraum ſcheidet dreißig Ephraimiten von einer güldenen Madonna. Ihres innern Werthes gewiß, erwartete ſie ruhig ihr verzögerndes Schickſal, da ſich indeß der jüdiſche Haufe mit Geräuſch bis an die Mündung des Beutels drängte, um bald erlöſet zu werden, und in einem ungewiſſen Kurſe betrügeriſch zu wuchern. Doch — indem noch der Paſtor die großmüthige Belohnung und das Verdienſt eines Wegweiſers berechnet, ſo verſchwindet Baarſchaft — Tagelöhner und Beutel, und der Gott der Kaufleute und Diebe verbirgt den Raub und den hurtigen Räuber in den Finſterniſſen des Waldes. Nun erfüllte eine lange unharmoniſche Klage des armen Magiſters die Lüfte: „O du treuloſer Verräther, ſo ſchrie er, wenn du auch — der du einen Prieſter beraubeſt, den Dreiangel des Galgens, der Kühhaut und den glühenden Zangen entfliehſt — ſo wird dich doch dein böſes Gewiſſen und mein Fluch verfolgen, daß, wenn das eiskalte Fieber deine Glieder zerrüttet, dir keine bittere Eſſenz und kein Kirchengebet helfen ſoll, wenn du es auch mit einem Gulden bezahleſt. Ohne Ernſt und Andacht und in dem gleichgültigen Tone geſprochen, in dem wir oft für den Römiſchen Kaiſer und alle weltliche Obrigkeiten beten, wird es in der Atmoſphäre der Kanzel zerflattern.“ — So ſchrie er und erholte ſich langſam unter einer überhangenden Eiche. Ungewiß durch die Lügen des Räubers, ob dies der rechte Weg ſei, überließ er ſich mit nagender Furcht ſeinem Verhängniß; doch die tröſtende Liebe leitete ſeine zweifelhaften Füße durch die finſtere Nacht glücklich in das labyrinthiſche Schloß des Grafen. Der zeitige Schlaf, und ein ſüßer Traum von einem Kapaune mit Auſtern beherrſchte ſchon den alten Gerichtsherrn, und es ſchliefen auch ſchon ſeine alten Bedienten, ob es gleich erſt Neune geſchlagen. Des ankommenden Fremdlings ehrwürdige Krauſe flößte dem Wächter des Hofes die ſchuldige Achtung ein, daß er ihn, nachdem er ſein Verlangen erforſcht, bis an die Stube der jungen Gräfin begleitete. Mit ihrer vertrauten Zofe, Sibylle genannt, ſaß die muntere Comteſſe, den einen ihrer niedlichen Arme auf ihre verſchobene Toilette gelehnt, und hielt in der andern einen vergoldeten zärtlichen Brief, den ſie erſt jetzt an den Hofmarſchall, ihren Geliebten geſchrieben. Sie las ihn mit gedämpfter Stimme ihrer kritiſchen Freundin vor, die aufmerkſam zuzuhören ſchien, und unmerklich nur gähnte. Aber wer kann das Schrecken beſchreiben, das dieſe zwei weiblichen Seelen ergriff, als der gekrümmte Zeigefinger des verſpäteten Paſtors an die Stubenthüre donnerte. Sie glaubten gewiß, ein prophetiſcher Verdacht habe die zänkiſche Gouvernantin erweckt, die wie ein Polizeiverwalter alles Unrecht entdeckte, und dem alten Grafen verrieth. Mit angenommener Freimüthigkeit gebot die betroffene Comteſſe ihrer Zofe, die verſchloſſene Kammerthüre hurtig zu öffnen; doch ihr furchſamer Wink widerſprach ihrem Befehle. — Die kluge Sibylle verſtand ihn, ging langſam zu Werke, klapperte ſcheinbar an der Thüre und ſchmählte entſetzlich auf das ſtrenge verroſtete Schloß, da indeß ihre Gebieterin die nöthige Zeit gewann, mit Eau de Lavande ihre Hände zu waſchen, die hier und da von der verrätheriſchen Dinte noch glänzten, und auch den anklagenden Brief aus dem Wege zu ſchaffen. Mit gegenwärtigem Geiſte, o wie liebenswürdig! ergriff ſie ihn, zerquetſchte ſeinen durchſichtigen Cavalier und das Poſthorn,*) und warf ihn klein gedrückt, hurtig unter das Bette; aber wie bereute ſie nicht den wohlgeſchriebenen Brief, als nun der nachbarliche Herr Paſtor zur Kammerthüre hereintrat. Einen ſolchen Wechſel von heftigen Schrecken und ſüßer Betrübniß empfand einſt der freigeiſtiſche Desbarreaux, als er ſich zur Faſtenzeit einen Eierkuchen erlaubte. Schon hatte ſein erzkatholiſcher Diener, blaß wie der Tod, das Gericht auf die einſame Tafel geſtellt, als ein geſchwindes

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*) Die damaligen Zeichen des ſogenannten Kavalier- oder Poſtpapiers.

Gewitter am Himmel heraufzog, ein ſchrecklicher Schlag die näſchige Seele betäubte, und ihm den erſten Biſſen im Munde zu Galle verwandelte. Was das für ein Lärmen um einen Eierkuchen iſt! ſchrie er bald unwillig, bald furchtſam; ergriff das rauchende Eiſen, und warf es im Eifer auf die beregnete Gaſſe; aber wie dauerte ihm nicht das verlorne gute Gericht, als das Gewitter vorüberging! Beſchämt warf er ſich ſeine zaghafte Eilfertigkeit vor, und quälte auf's neue den abergläubiſchen Koch, ihm ein anderes zu backen.

Kaum hatte der kriechende Pfarrherr ſeine ermüdeten Füße von dem niedrigen Armſtuhle geſtreckt, und mit gnädiger Erlaubniß die beklemmende Weſte geöffnet, ſo verrichtete er ſeinen Antrag mit der unnöthigen Vorſicht eines Pedanten. Er liſpelte heimlich der Gräfin und ihrer Vertrauten dies anbefohlne Geheimniß ins Ohr: der gnädige Herr Hofmarſchall werde dabei ſein — und keine, nein keine, als die gegenwärtigen Seelen konnten dieſe myſtiſchen Worte vernehmen.

Welch ein Tiefſinn bedeckte jetzt mit den Fittigen der Mitternacht das Kabinet der ſchönen Klariſſe! Ihre erfindungsreiche Liebe ſtritt immer mit der ſchwerfälligen Einſicht des Magiſters; doch beide mußten ſich der Erfahrung eines grauen Kammermädchens unterwerfen. Anſchläge wurden gefaßt, unterſucht und durch neue verdrängt! Lange ging das wichtige Projekt wie ein Würfel im Kreislaufe herum, ehe die liſtige Zofe mit der verſchmitzten, hohen Miene eines verſuchten Miniſters, ihre Gedanken in folgenden klugen Worten entdeckte. „Jetzt, ehrwürdiger Herr, da ſich Ihre Augen nach Ruhe ſehnen, ſo hören Sie kürzlich meinen unmaßgeblichen Vorſchlag: meine willige Stimme ſoll jetzt dem Wächter des Hofes befehlen, daß ſein ſicheres Geleite Sie den Windhunden vorbei in die Stube führe, die unſer Haushofmeiſter bewohnet. Dieſer wird gerne eine Nacht ſein Bette mit Ihnen theilen, und morgen meldet er Sie bei dem gnädigen Grafen. Dann gehen Sie nur unerſchrocken zu dem alten Papa; Er wird Ihnen gewiß Ihre Bitte gewähren; denn er liebet Sie von Herzen, und Ihre klagenden Jahrgänge haben ſeine hypochondriſche Bruſt mit Ehrfurcht für Sie, Herr Paſtor, erfüllet. Alſo ſchlafen Sie ſanft, bis die Morgenröthe Ihre geſtärkten Glieder zum fröhlichen Hochzeitfeſte erweckt!" Ein gütiger Beifall aus dem roſenfarbenen Munde der Gräfin belohnte die Einſicht der Zofe — auch der Magiſter wollte ihr gern ſeinen Beifall darüber bezeigen, aber ſeine Worte verwandelten ſich in gähnenden Mißlaut, ſo daß er zu Hülfe ein beredtes Kopfnicken rief. In wenig Minuten war jeder wichtige Umſtand nach Sibyllens Sinne geendet. Der Haushofmeiſter beherbergte den ſchnarchenden Magiſter, und die dunkelbraune Nacht verbarg ſeine heimliche Ankunft unter ihrem Schleier vor den mißtrauiſchen Augen der Gouvernante und vor dem murrenden Hofhunde.

Der volle Morgen hatte den hochgebornen Gerichtsherrn erweckt. Jetzt überdenkt er noch im Bette den Zuſtand ſeines Magens und fordert mit ſchwelgeriſcher Neugier den frühen Küchenzettel. — Da tritt der Haushofmeiſter herein und meldet ihm die Beherbergung des verſpäteten Pfarrherrn, und wie er jetzt, voll Verlangen Ihro Gräfliche Gnaden zu ſprechen, vor der Kammerthür lauſche. „Je, willkommen, werther Herr Paſtor, willkommen!" ſchrie der Graf dem Verliebten entgegen. Bückend trat dieſer vor das Vorhangsbette des Grafen, und ſein ſchwerer Athem blies ſogleich die hochzeitliche Bitte hervor, die er mit einer Menge von Wünſchen beſchloß, wozu ihm der Wechſel der Zeit die beſte Gelegenheit darbot. Bei ſtarkem ungeduldigen Herzklopfen wartete er nun, bis der Morgenhuſten des ſtotternden Grafen ſich legte — als er auf einmal dieſe deutliche Antwort vernahm: O ſehr gern will ich meiner Tochter das Vergnügen erlauben, an ihrem Ehrentage, lieber Herr Paſtor, im ſchönſten Putze zu glänzen. Der prieſterlichen Aufſicht überlaſſen, iſt ihre Jugend ſicherer, als unter meinem eigenen Dache. Ja, mein Freund verlaſſen Sie Sich darauf, ſie ſoll Nachmittags mit ſechs rüſtigen Pferden vor Ihrer Hausthüre erſcheinen, und das Hochzeitsgeſchenk will ich ſelber beſorgen. Damit aber auch Sie, mein Lieber, Sich nicht vor Ihrer nahen Hochzeit ermüden, oder wieder beraubt werden, und ſich im Walde verirren, ſo ſoll meine geſchwinde Jagdchaiſe Sie jetzt Ihren erwartenden Geſchäften zurück führen, und meine aufrichtigen Wünſche ſollen Ihnen folgen." Da ergriff der entzückte Magiſter die ſchwere Hand des Grafen von Nimmer, küßte ſie hundert Mal, und benetzte ſie mit Thränen der Freude, die ihm über ſeinen ſtachlichten Bart herunter rollten, wie ein plötzlicher Sommerregen über die glänzenden Stoppeln der Felder. Wie rechtmäßig war dieſe Freude; denn nach dieſem Orakelſpruche endigten ſich alle ſeine Leiden. Halb war nun ſchon die Bedingung des Hofmarſchalls erfüllt, und für die andere Hälfte wird die ſchöne Klariſſe ſchon ſorgen. Mit einem [illegible] Komplimente verließ er die Stube des Grafen. An der Treppe lauerte die verſchmitzte Sibylle auf ihn, und erforſchte den Ausgang der Sache. Mit zwei kurzen Worten entdeckt' er ihr die gnädige Erlaubniß ſeines Patrons; und indem er ſich in die Chaiſe warf, flog die erfreute Zofe zu ihrer Gebieterin. Nun beſchäftigte die Wahl eines reizenden Putzes den ganzen Vormittag beide weibliche Herzen, und alles lag ſchon in der ſchönſten Ordnung, ehe der langſame Alte ſeiner Tochter die Bitte des Bräutigams, und ſeine eigene väterliche Erlaubniß anzukündigen glaubte. Sie hörte ihn an, als ob ſie von nichts wüßte, und bedankte ſich gleichgültig für die vergönnte Spazierfahrt — und leichtfertig erkundigte ſie ſich nach den übrigen Gäſten der prieſterlichen Hochzeit; doch der gute Alte wußte ihr keine Nachricht zu geben. „Wer wird dabei ſein, ſprach er, als ſeine Confratres vom Lande." Indeſſen klopfte das Herz der jungen Gräfin ungeduldig nach ihrem lieben Hofmarſchall, bis der geſchäftige Putz die langen Minuten vertrieb, und ein ſanfter Wagen die freundliche Göttin, nebſt ihrer vielfarbigen Iris aufnahm, und zu dem Hofe des traurigen Schloſſes hinausflog.

Fünfter Geſang.

Der glücklich angelangte Magiſter fand ſeine verroſtete Pfarre zu einem Palaſte verwandelt, als er hinein trat. Ein Dutzend Bediente ſeines gnädigen Gönners hatten in ſeiner Abweſenheit die herkuliſche Arbeit unternommen, Stuben und Kammern zu ſäubern, und in der Küche herrſchte ein anſehnlicher Koch, deſſen eigenſinnige Befehle tauſend Geräthe verlangten, deren Namen noch nie in dieſem Dorfe waren gehört worden. Seine donnernden Flüche flogen in der Küche herum, daß der erſchrockene Pfarrherr mit einem Schauer vorbeiging, ſich in ſein ruhiges Muſeum ſetzte, und das Geſangbuch zur Hand nahm. Als ein Fremdling in ſeiner eigenen Behauſung, getraute er ſich nicht, jetzt von dem vornehmen Koche etwas zu eſſen zu fordern; lieber verſäumte er das Mittagsmahl, und tröſtete ſich geiſtlich mit dem fröhlichen Soupee.

Die dritte kritiſche Stunde des Nachmittags brach an, und lud durch ihren Glanz den Neid des ungebetenen Superintendenten und aller Amtsbrüder auf den Hals des armen Verlobten. Strenge dich an, Muſe! und hilf mir das Gewühl der Vornehmen beſchreiben, die ſich jetzt in das Haus des Pfarrherrn ſammelten. Zuerſt erſchien der lackirte Schlitten des Hofmarſchalls an der Spitze vieler andern. Vier deutſche Hengſte, chineſiſch geſchmückt, zogen ihn, und ein vergoldeter Jupiter regierte den ſchwarzbärtigen Kutſcher. — Ein muſikaliſches Silbergeläute hüpfte auf dem Rücken der Pferde, indem unter ihren ſtampfenden Füßen die fröhliche Erde davon flog. Schon von ferne erkannte der zitternde Pfarrherr ſeinen Gönner und an ſeiner Rechten die geputzte Braut. Mit unbeſchreiblicher Höflichkeit ging er dem fliegenden Schlitten entgegen — aber ſein wilder Fuhrer ſchwang die knallende Peitſche und wendete mit ſeinen vier Schimmeln in vollem Trabe um, daß der Magiſter, mit verzerrtem Geſicht, eilig wieder zurück ſprang. Mit majeſtätiſchem Anſtande ſtieg nun die einnehmende Wilhelmine von dem ſammetnen Sitze, und da verrieth ſich zugleich, auf einige ſüße Augenblicke für den entzückten Bräutigam, ihr kleiner vorgeſtreckter Fuß bis an die Höhe des ſeidenen Strumpfbandes, auf welchem mit Pünktchen von Silber ein zärtlicher Vers des Voltaire geſtickt war. Ach wohin weiß doch nicht ein franzöſiſcher Dichter zu ſchleichen! Geſteht es nur, ihr Deutſchen, bis dahin iſt noch keiner von Euern größten Geiſtern gedrungen. So bald ſie ausgeſtiegen war, umwallte ein dunkelfarbiger Stoff die verdeckten Schönheiten. Eine ſchneeweiße römiſche Feder bäumte ſich auf ihrem gekräuſelten Haare, und bog ſich neugierig über ihren wallenden Buſen, der unter den feinen Spitzen aus Brabant hervorblickte, wie der Mond hinter den Sprößlingen eines jungen Orangewäldchens. Nach ihr ſprang der anſehnliche Hofmarſchall unter die Menge der erſtaunten Bauern, die heute Arbeit und Tagelohn vergaßen, um das Feſt ihres Hirten zu begaffen. Ein gewäſſertes Band hing ſchief über dem laſurblauen Sammet ſeines Kleides; und der milde Einfluß ſeines Geſtirns ergoß ſich auf alle Geſichter, und nöthigte dem unbiegſamen Dreſcher den Hut ab. Alle Blicke wandten ſich jetzt einzig auf den geſtempelten Herrn — nicht einer fiel mehr auf Wilhelminen. Dieſe werden wir noch oft, ſagten die Bauern, als Frau Magiſterin bewundern, aber einen Hofmarſchall ſieht man nicht alle Tage. So vergißt man das alles verdunkelnde Licht des Olympus, wenn eine falſche Nebenſonne erſcheint, die plötzlich entſteht und verſchwindet.

Ein anderer Schlitten, unter dem Zeichen des Mars, der — eine ſeltſame Erfindung des witzigen Bildhauers — auf einem Ladeſtocke ritt, lieferte zwei aufgeblaſene Müſſiggänger am Hofe, Kammerherren genannt. Einſt hatten ſie in ihrer Jugend als hitzige Krieger einen einzelnen furchtſamen Räuber verjagt, und ſich und dem geängſteten Prinzen das Leben gerettet. Zur Belohnung hatten ſie ſich dieſes unthätige Leben erwählt, genoſſen einer fettmachenden Penſion, erzählten immer die große That ihres Soldatenſtandes — und gönnten gern ihre lärmende Gegenwart einem jeglichen Schmauſe. So lebten einſt die Erhalter des Kapitols, jene berühmten Gänſe, von den Wohlthaten der dankbaren Römer; ohne Furcht, geſchlachtet zu werden, fraßen ſie den ausgeſuchteſten Waizen von Latiums Feldern, für einen wichtigen Dienſt, den eine jede andere ſchnatternde Gans mit eben der Treue verrichtet hätte. Der flüchtige Merkur und vier ſchnaubende Rappen brachten die pygmäiſche Figur eines affektirten Kammerjunkers gefahren. Stolz auf einen eingebildeten guten Geſchmack, erſetzten ſeine reichen Kleider den Mangel ſeines Verſtandes. Zuverſichtlich beſaß er heut' eine glänzende Weſte, die, wie die weiße Wamme eines drolligen Eichhörnchens, unter ſeinem rothplüſchenen Rocke hervorleuchtete; und fröhlich dacht' er an die Verdienſte der weit koſtbarern zurück, die ſich noch in ſeiner Garderobe befanden. Ein paar blitzende Steinſchnallen, und eine Doſe, von Saint-Martin erſchaffen, waren ihm das, was einem rechtſchaffenen Manne ein gutes Gewiſſen iſt — ſie machten ihn zufrieden mit ſich ſelbſt und dreiſt in jeder Geſellſchaft. Jetzt lief er gebückt in die Pfarre hinein; gebückt, als ob ſein kleiner Körper befürchtete, an die altväterliche Hausthüre zu ſtoßen, die gothiſches Schnitzwerk verbrämte. Nun aber kam unter der Anführung einer gefälligen Minerva ein einzelner vernünftiger Mann gefahren, der, wenig geachtet von den Weiſen des Hofs, den Befehlen ſeines Herzens mit ſtrengem Eigenſinne folgte. Nie erniedrigte er ſich zu der Schmeichelei, und nie folgte er der Mode des Hofes, die das Hauptlaſter des Fürſten zu einer Tugend erhebt, und durch Nachahmung billigt. Vergebens — (konnt' es wohl anders ſein?) hofft' er in dieſem Getümmel ein nahes Glück, hier, wo man nur durch feine Ränke gewinnt, und wo die Blicke der Großen mehr gelten, als ein richtiger Verſtand und Tugend und Wahrheit. Er war es, der Wilhelminen zuerſt mit glimpflichen Worten vor der weiten Gefahr warnte, in die ihr Leichtſinn, und die verzärtelte Luft eines wollüſtigen Hofs ihre Jugend verwickelte, der ihr zuerſt den Gedanken erträglich und wünſchenswerth machte, wiederum die heitere, geſündere Luft ihres Geburtsorts zu athmen. Mit innrer Befriedigung ſah er, daß der heutige Tag ſeine Bemühung krönte, und dieſes frohe Gefühl beſchäftigte ihn einzig in dem Taumel einer thörichten Geſellſchaft. Ungern ſah ihn der Hofmarſchall in dem Kreiſe ſeiner Luſt. — Er aber trug ungekränkt dieſe ehrende Verachtung und gab ſich gern einem unruhigen Tage Preis, um ein verirrtes Mädchen in einer glücklich entſchloſſenen Tugend zu ſtärken. Stößt ihn aus — ihr Lieblinge und Weiſen des Hofs! Was helfen ihm alle ſeine Verdienſte? Daß ſie einſt vielleicht, in Stein gehauen, auf ſeinem Grabmale ſtehn und weinen! O wie thöricht! den Geboten des Himmels zu gehorchen, wo ein Fürſt befiehlt, und auf dem einſamen Wege der Tugend zu wandeln, wo noch kein Hofmann eine fette Pfründe erreicht hat. Wenn eine falſche wankende Uhr des Stadthauſes den Vorurtheilen der Bürger gebietet, ſo betrügt uns oft unſere wahre Kenntniß der Zeit um ihren Gebrauch; denn hier, wo ein jeder dem allgemeinen Irrthume folgt, den eine ſummende Glocke ausbreitet, und die entfernte Sonne für nichts achtet, was hilft es hier dem gewiſſen Sternſeher, daß er ſich allein nach ihren Befehlen richtet — und den Wahn der Stadt verlachet — und ſeine Stunden nach der Natur mißt? Mit allen ſeinen Kalendern wird er bald ſein Mittagsmahl — bald den Beſuch bei ſeiner Geliebten und den Thorſchluß verſäumen.

Zwei würdige Geſellſchafter beſchloſſen den Einzug in einem alten Schlitten, den ein unſcheinbares Bildniß beſchwerte. — Ob es einen verrauchten Vulkan oder einen aufgeblähten Midas vorſtellte, war für die Kunſtrichter ein Räthſel. Ein halbgelehrter Patricius, ehemaliger Hofmeiſter des Marſchalls, an Stande, ſo wie an Wiſſenſchaft, weder Pferd noch Eſel — nahm die eine Hälfte des bedeckten Sitzes ein, und auf der andern ſaß ein grauwerdender Hofnarr, der mühſam den ganzen Weg hindurch auf Einfälle dachte, in Verſen und Proſa die hohe Geſellſchaft zu ergötzen; aber ſein leerer Kopf blieb ohne Erfindung. Oft wünſchte der Arme, daß ſein Ritter ihm das Ruder aus den Händen nähm', das er ſo lange glücklich regiert, und um welches ſich jetzt der herrliche Läufer, der Oberkoch und eine dicke [illegible] riſſen.

Niemand ward mehr erwartet, als die junge Nymphe. Der Hofmarſchall ſtand ungeduldig an dem offenen Fenſter, und ſeine feurigen Blicke ſuchten, durch ein ungeduldiges Fernglas, auf dem Weg hin, woher die ſchöne Klariſſe kommen ſollte. Wimmernd rang der angſtvolle Magiſter die Hände, und verſicherte ohne Aufhören den ungeduldigen Hofmann: „die junge Dame werde gewiß kommen. Ach! ſagte er, ſie hat mir ja mit der aufrichtigſten Miene verſprochen, meine ſchwere Bedingung erfüllen zu helfen, und ſie wird mich gewiß nicht in meinen Nöthen verlaſſen.“ Unterdeſſen war auch ſchon der theure Mann angelangt, der dies Brautpaar feſter verbinden ſollte. Auf dem benachbarten Dorfe, wo Niemand die Reize einer Wilhelmine kannte, hatt' er von den drei Stufen ſeiner hölzernen Kanzel trotzig gefragt: ob jemand wider das Aufgebot ſeines Freundes etwas einzuwenden hätte? Und dreimal hatt' er die Verſammlung mit dieſen mächtigen Worten gebannt: der ſchweige nachmals ſtille! Sein ſchwarzfarbiger Mantel bedeckt' ein wildes Herz; ohne Neigung war er ein Geiſtlicher, und in dieſem gezwungenen Stande ward er ſelbſt in einem Amte mager, das ſeit dreihundert Jahren die Schwindſüchtigen fett gemacht hat. Mosheim und Cramern kannt' er nicht; er ſprach aber gern von dem General Zieten und dem luſtigen Treffen bei Roßbach. Seine Bauern, wild wie er ſelbſt, konnt' er lange nicht durch die Bibel bezähmen — aber es glückte ihm nach einer neuen Methode. Denn eh' er ſeinen Rednerſtuhl beſtieg, beſah er ſein florentiniſches Wetterglas, und rief prophetiſch alle die Veränderungen von ſeiner Kanzel, die es ihm ankündigte. Bald weiſſagt' er der angezogenen Gemeinde Regen und Wind in der Heuernte; bald aber beglückt' er ſie, zum Troſt, mit einem warmen Sonnenſchein in der Weinleſe. Die gerührten Bauern bewunderten den neuen Propheten, beſſerten ihr Leben, und beſetzten ſeitdem alle Stühle der Kirche. Nach einer langen gefeierten Pauſe — erſchien endlich die erſeufzte Gattin, feſtlich in ihrem Schmucke, und wunderſchön von Natur; und welch ein Glück für den Hofmarſchall, ohne Gouvernante erſchien ſie. Die Furcht vor einem Hochzeitsgeſchenk hatte dieſe geizige Seele zurückgehalten; und die ſonſt nie von der Seite ihrer jungen Dame wich, überließ heute zum Erſtenmale den langbewahrten Schatz einem liſtigen Geliebten, der die Zeit zu gebrauchen wußte. Mit funkelnden Augen empfing er die Schöne, auf deren Wangen ſich eine warme Röthe verbreitete, da ſie ihm die glatteſte Hand reichte, die auch in dem Augenblicke zärtlich gedrückt ward. Und nun war die ganze Bedingung erfüllt, die das Schickſal des armen Dorfpfarrers beſtimmte. Die vornehme Verſammlung begleitete ihn zur vollen Kirche, wo er durch ein vielbedeutendes Ja! vor der ganzen Gemeinde verſprochen, von ſeiner reizenden Braut alle die myſtiſchen Rechte der Ehe, und das beſchloſſene Glück und Unglück ſeines geiſtlichen Lebens mit Freuden empfing. Mit einer zurückhaltenden, beſcheidenen Miene empfing auch ſie von ſeinen Lippen das Bündniß der Liebe, worauf die eigenſinnige Zeit ihre Befehle ſchreiben wird, die kein Advokat auslöſcht. Ein geheimer Neid ſaß in den glatten Stirnen und in den Runzeln der weiblichen Gemeinde; aber die Männer blickten ihren bewährten Hirten mit lächelndem Mitleid an; denn die Erinnerung ihres ehemaligen glücklichen Traums, der heut' auch über ihren Pfarrherrn ſchwebte — und das wache Bewußtſein ihres jetzigen Schickſals brachte ein ernſthaftes Nachdenken in ihre Gemüther. Und nun beſaß der Beglückte ſeine Braut, die ihm kein Sterblicher wieder entreißen konnte. Nun hab' ich ſie endlich erhalten, die ſehnlichen Minuten, dacht' er, die mir vier Jahre lang entwiſcht waren; und voll Empfindung ſeines Glücks drückt' er oft ſeiner angetrauten Wilhelmine die kleine Hand, und führte ſie mit triumphirender Ruh' nach Hauſe. Aber ein wunderlicher, unerwarteter Gedanke, der ſich wider alles Vergnügen auflehnte, ſtieg jetzt aus dem klopfenden Herzen der armen Verlobten empor. — Iſt dies nicht, ſeufzte ſie bei ſich ſelbſt, das Leichengepränge deiner Schönheit? Kläglichſtes Geſchenk der Natur, das keinem weniger hilft, als dem, der es beſitzt! Was für unruhige Tage haſt du mir nicht verurſacht! und jetzt begräbſt du mich ſogar in eine ſchmutzige Pfarre! Aber ihr weiſer Freund und Rathgeber entdeckte kaum dieſen unzufriedenen Gedanken in ihrem bekümmerten Geſichte, als er durch einen ernſthaften Blick, gen Himmel geſchlagen, ihr denſelben verwies, ſie mit ihrem Schickſale verſöhnte, und ihr eine kleine tugendhafte Thräne ablockte.

Ein mathematiſcher Fourier hatt' indeß die hochzeitliche Tafel geordnet. Eh' man ſich ſetzte, bewunderte man ſeinen Geſchmack in einer mannigfaltigen Speiſe, und küßte dabei die Hände. Schimmernder Wein, der, wie die Begeiſterung der Liebe, nicht beſchrieben, nur empfunden werden muß, blinkte durch den [illegible] Dampf der theuern Gerichte, wie das Abendroth unter dem aufſteigenden Nebel hervor.

Jetzt ergriff der ſchwärmende Hofmarſchall die warme, weiche Hand der blauäugigen Wilhelmine, führte ſie an die oberſte Stelle der Tafel, und bat den dankbaren Magiſter, ſich neben ſeine Gattin zu ſetzen, und nicht durch den Zwang eines Neuvermählten die Freuden der Tafel zu ſtören. Ach! wie grob hier die verändernde Zeit die Mode zu erneuern! Er — der ehemals dem weinenden Pfarrherrn ſeine Geliebte entzog, giebt ſie ihm jezt bei einem freigebigen Gaſtmahle geputzt und artig wieder zurück, und macht ihm all ſein ausgeſtandenes Leiden vergeſſen. So überſchickte einſt der große Agamemnon ſeine Briſeis dem beleidigten Prieſter des Apoll, die der königliche Liebhaber der väterlichen Sehnſucht lange Zeit vorenthielt. Prächtige Geſchenke, und eine Hekatombe mußten den Alten tröſten, und ſeinen Gott verſöhnen, und in hohen Tönen beſang der Dichter der Ilias die Geſchichte, wie ich jezt die Hochzeit eines Magiſters beſinge.

Der Schmaus ging an! Ein köſtliches Gericht verdrängte das andere, und Bacchus und Comus tanzten um den Tiſch her. Der freimüthige Scherz, die feine Spötterei, und das fröhliche Lächeln vertrieben unbemerkt die taumelnden Stunden des Nachmittags, und der Geiſt der Komteſſe und des Champagners durchbrauſte die fühlbaren Herzen der Gäſte. Alles war munter und fröhlichen Muths. Nur der Magiſter und der Hofnarr — immer in ſich gekehrt, ſaßen unruhig an der frohen Tafel. Den einen überfiel bald ein theologiſcher Skrupel, bald ein Gedanke ſeiner künftigen Liebe; und der andere ängſtete ſich heimlich, daß es in ſeinem Gehirne ſo finſter, wie eine durchnebelte Winternacht ausſah. Wie oft buhlt' er vergebens um das belohnende Lächeln des Marſchalls, und wie oft verfolgte ſein ſchwerer Witz die flüchtigen Reden des luſtigen Kammerjunkers! aber eh' er ſie erreichte, waren ſie von der Geſellſchaft und von dem Redner ſelbſt vergeſſen, und mit Verdruſſe nahm er wahr, daß niemand ſeine Einfälle begriff, und alle ſeine witzige Mühe verloren ging. Ein alter hungriger Wolf ſchleicht ſo dem Fuchſe nach, der unbekümmert durchs Gras ſcherzt, den verdrießlichen Räuber bald nach dieſer, bald nach jener Seite hinlockt, und endlich doch ſeiner groben Tatze entwiſcht. Zur Erholung der geſättigten Gäſte, deren immer ſich anſtrengender Witz manchmal ſchlaff zu werden begann, rief der kluge Hofmarſchall den Verſtand des ſinnreichen Konditors zu Hülfe, der ſo oft ſeine Wirkung zeigt, wenn die langweiligen Reden eines Fürſten ſeinen Hof einzuwiegen drohen — und — auf einmal reizt eine überzuckerte Welt die weiten Augen der Gäſte. Faunen und Liebesgötter und nackende Mädchen, in einem poetiſchen Brennofen gebildet, ſcherzten ohn' Aufhören im funkelnden Graſe. In der Mitten entdeckte ſich eine lachende Scene unter einer hohen arkadiſchen Laube, von ewigem Wintergrün: die porzelanene Zeit war es, die mit einer furchtbaren Hippe den zerbrechlichen Amor in der Laube herumjagte — O wie wird es ihm gehen, wenn er ſich einholen läßt! denn der kleine loſe Dieb hat ihr Stundenglas liſtig entwendet, und ſchüttelt den Sand darinnen unter einander, worüber die hohe Geſellſchaft ſich innerlich freute. Ein voller Teller luſtiger Einfälle, in buntem Kraftmehle gebacken, ſtreute neues Vergnügen über die Tafel. Welche Vermiſchung von Dingen! Stiefeln und Unterröcke, Ferngläſer und Schnürbrüſte, Küraß und Palatins, Spiegel und Larven klapperten unter einander. Jedes öffnet' eine Figur, die ihm das Ohngefähr oder ſeine Neigung in die Hand gab; und die ausgewickelten Orakelſprüche wurden laut geleſen. Ein Putzkopf lieferte dem Hofmarſchall eine feurige Liebeserklärung — lächelnd ſah er ſeine gräfliche Nachbarin an, und überreicht' ihr die bunten Loſe. Sie ergriff einen Federhut, und las ſtotternd eine prophetiſche Beſchreibung des verliebten Meineids ab. Furchtſam gab ſie den Teller von ſich — Ein ungeſalznes Epigramm auf den Hymen lag in einem Strohhute gehüllt, und ward von dem Kammerjunker aus ſeinem Staube gezogen, und mit lautem Lachen ausposaunt — Die loſe Wilhelmine zerrieb eine Knotenperrücke, die in Knittelverſen den Kammerjunker würdig widerlegte — Nach ihr ergriff, aus verliebter Ahndung, der Magiſter ein [illegible] Herz, worin eine wichtige [illegible] war. Bedächtlich öffnet er es und fand dieſe wenigen Worte: ich liebe einen um den andern. — Wer hätt' es dieſem falſchen Herzen anſehn ſollen, rief er voller Verwunderung, und klebte mühſam die beiden Hälften wieder zuſammen. Alle noch übrigen Deviſen wurden von den beiden Kammerherren und dem Hofnarren zerknickt, die ganz ſtill die noch verborgenen Schätze des Witzes für ſich einſammelten, wie der Geizhals das wohlfeile Korn auf die theuern Zeiten der Zukunft.

Die verdrießliche Langeweile fing wieder an, den angenehmen Lärm der Geſellſchaft zu unterdrücken, als der ſchlaue Hofmarſchall es zeitig bemerkte, und ein [illegible] Hochzeitgeſchenk aus ſeiner Taſche hervorzog. Er wickelt' es aus dem umhüllenden Papier, und ermunterte die übrigen Gäſte, ſeinem Beiſpiele zu folgen. Ungezwungen ſtellt er ſich hinter den Stuhl der angenehmen Braut, und hing ihr ein demantnes Kreuz um, das an einem ſchwarz-moirnen Bande zwiſchen dem ſchönen Buſen hinunter rollte. — O was für ein Bewußtſein durchſtrömt' jezt die blutvollen Wangen der Schönen! Mit ungewiſſer Stimme dankte ſie dem galanten Herrn. Lange konnte ſie nicht ihre widerſtrebenden Augen in die Höhe ſchlagen, und die unzeitige Schaam brachte ſie in eine kleine Verwirrung. Ein ſolches Gefühl durchdringt oft die treuloſe Bruſt eines Hofmanns, wenn ſie nun zum erſtenmale unter dem ertheilten Ordensſterne klopfet. Furchtſam glaubt' er, die Gemahlin des Fürſten möchte das Verdienſt errathen, das ihm dieß Ehrenzeichen erwarb. Selbſt den ihm unbekannten lakoniſchen Worten des Sterns trauet er nicht, und er wird es nicht eher wagen, ſich unter ſeinen Kleidern zu drücken, bis ihm ſein troſtreicher Schreiber die goldenen Buchſtaben verſtändlich gemacht hat.

Was für köſtliche Geſchenke häuften ſich nicht in dem Schoße der glücklichen Wilhelmine — Spitzen und Ringe und Doſen und künſtliche Blumen — Ach! dachte der Paſtor — ach! ſo viel Reichthum habe ich ja nicht in meinem zehnjährigen beſchwerlichen Amte geſammelt — und wie wunderbar; als Herr ſeines Weibes dankt Er — auch Er! ſeinen großmüthigen Gönnern für dieſe Geſchenke. Man ſah es an dem ſatyriſchen Lächeln der Gäſte, wie gut ſeine fröhlichen Dankſagungen angebracht waren.

Sechſter Geſang.

So endigte ſich das fröhliche Hochzeitmahl. Die trunkenen Gäſte taumelten in dem kleinen Raume des Zimmers immer wider einander. Ein Evan Evoe umſchallte die Wände; Leuchter und Stühle drehten ſich in einem Kreis herum, und unvollendete Lieder und halbgeſtohlne Küſſe erfüllten die Luft. Die zerſtreuten Kammerherren, ohne Gedanken, in welchem frommen Hauſe ſie lebten, riefen nach einer Karte zum Pharao — die junge Komteſſe, ihres jungfräulichen Zwanges, und ihrer Gouvernantin uneingedenk, ſtellte ſich mit dem freundlichen Hofmarſchall in den einſamen Bogen des Fenſters, und dieſer genoß der ſüßen Betäubung der Schönen, ſo gut als er vermochte. Der kindiſche Kammerjunker verſuchte ſeinen Witz an dem ſchläfrigen Hofnarren, und alle Vortheile, die er über ihn erhielt, erzählt' er mit lautem Triumphe der aufmerkſamen Geſellſchaft. Aber Alle verachteten die harmoniſche Erinnerung des Nachtwächters, und überſahen das politiſche Gähnen des Neuvermählten, und lachten alle den Mond an. So taumeln oft die vermummten Geſchöpfe einer Maskerade widerſinnig unter einander, vergeſſen ihre Verkleidung, um nach dem Trieb' ihrer Sinne zu handeln — Rabbi Moſes zieht die verkappte Nonne zum ſchwäbiſchen Tanz auf, oder fordert ein Stück ſchmackhafte Cervelatwurſt. Der lange Türke trinkt im ſelben Burgunder die Geſundheit des allerchriſtlichen Königs, und die ſtroherne Pyramide fängt an, Knaſter zu rauchen.

Jezt ging der ungeduldige Ehemann in ſeine einſame Studierſtube — verwünſchte ſeine ſchwärmenden Gäſte und rief alſo zum Amor: „O du mächtiger Sohn der Cythere! haſt du mit deinen [illegible] nur darum [illegible], und mich deines Köchers gewürdiget, um mich jezt deſto mehr zu kränken, und mein dankbares Herz wider dich zu empören! Was hilft es, daß du mich nach den Reizen meiner Wilhelmine haſt ſchmachten gelehrt, — daß du mich durch ihr melodiſches Jawort beglückt haſt. — Was hilft es, daß mir dieſer Tag in der ſchönſten Feier entflohen iſt, wenn meine erſte Brautnacht langweilig und ungefeiert davon zieht! Die lächelnde Morgenröthe wird mich ſpottend an die neue Bekanntſchaft einer Freud' erinnern, die wider mein Verſchulden mir fremd geblieben iſt, und Wilhelmine wird mir mit ernſthaftem Lächeln in das Geſicht ſehn, wenn ſie die glückwünſchenden Bauern Frau Magiſterin grüßen. Dieſe Nacht, o Sohn der Venus! nur dieſe einzige Nacht, beherrſcheſt du noch mit dem Hymen in gemeinſchaftlicher Ehre. — So laß mir doch nicht durch das wilde Getöſe der angeheiterten Höflinge und durch das Wiehern ihrer Pferde, dieſe glücklichen Stunden entziehen, die keine Macht vermögend iſt, mir wieder zurück zu führen, ſollten ſie einmal davon ſein!“ Dieſe Seufzer des unruhigen Magiſters brachten den Stolz des kleinen Gottes in Bewegung. Er freute ſich, daß der dankbare Vermählte, nicht trotzig auf die dienſtbare Hülfe des Hymen, des Amors Freundſchaft noch ſuchte. Gütig entſchloß er ſich, dem Verliebten zu helfen, und den Jupiter und des Pantheons verirrte Bewohner und Ritter und Pferde hinaus zum Dorfe zu jagen. Welch' ein heroiſch Unternehmen — Welch' eine That!

Recht zu gelegener Zeit fiel dem kleinen Helden der Trojaniſche Brand ein, der die trotzige Garniſon der Griechen nöthigte, den flammenden Platz zu verlaſſen, und dieſe ſo oft beſungene ſchreckliche Geſchichte gab ihm eine ſinnreiche Kriegsliſt an die Hand, die er mit Glück und Tapferkeit ausführte. Er raubt aus den Händen des gefeierten Hymen die hochzeitliche Fackel, die lichterloh brannte, und ſtahl ſich unvermerkt in die Küche des Pfarrherrn. Von der edlen Kochkunſt verlaſſen, die vor kurzem zween ſchäferliche Hände darinnen beſchäftigte, ruht izt eine finſtere Traurigkeit unter ihren Gewölben. Auf dem warmen Herde lag eine ungebrauchte Speckſeite in der aufgehäuften Aſche verborgen, woran die ganze große geſchwänzte Armee des ſcherzhaften Mäoniden ſich hätte ſättigen können. Dieſes ungeheure Magazin ſteckte der freibeuteriſche Amor mit abwärts geſenkter Fackel in Brand. Auf einmal flog es, durch die fettige Flamme belebt, in die ſchwarze Eſſe, die ſich rauſchend entzündete — und ihr blutrothes Feuer dem Firmamente zuwälzte. — Es war geſchehen — Amor ſchüttelte ſeine Flügel und floh, und ſtellte ſich auf die knarrende Fahne des Kirchthurms. Hier ſtand er wie Nero, als er mit grauſamer Wolluſt ſeine Reſidenz brennen ſah, freute ſich ſeines gelungenen Anſchlags, und erwartete den erſchrecklichen Ausgang — Und nun — o Muſe! hilf mir das Getümmel beſchreiben, das in dem Hauſe des Magiſters entſtand, als die gräßliche feuerſchreiende Stimme ſich über das aufgeſchreckte Dorf ausbreitete. Das hohle furchtbare Getöne der ſtürmenden Glocken, die ein angſtvoller Cantor unermüdet läutete, verkündigte den verzagten Matronen ihren Untergang, und das Geſchrei der Kinder, und das Pochen der Nachbarn, und das Bellen der Hunde, machte eine finſtere unglückliche Nacht noch ſchrecklicher. Von dem ſtummen Entſetzen geführt, kam die verlorene Nüchternheit itzt wieder in die Verſammlung der Hochzeitgäſte zurück. Doch kaum begriffen ſie das drohende Unglück ihres betrübten Wirths, ſo flohen ſie ihn, als wahre Hofleute, mit eilenden Füßen, und nach einem kurzen gleichgültigen Lebewohl! verließen ſie alle das neue Ehepaar in Thränen. Aber, wie ehemals der junge Aeneas ſeinen alten frommen Vater aus dem flammenden Troja trug, ſo umfaßt' itzt der getreue Hofmarſchall ſeine weinende Clariſſe, und durch die Liebe geſtärkt, verachtet' er alle Gefahren. Das Feuer praſſelt' über ſein Haupt, und die Wellen des Fiſchbeinrocks ſchlugen über ſeine zerriſſenen Haarlocken zuſammen — dennoch bracht' er ſie glücklich an ihre ſichere Karoſſe, und übergab ſie den Händen ihrer ſchützenden Zofe. Und wie der unerſchrockne Weiſe, gegenwärtig in den größten Bedrängniſſen, ſich noch um Kleinigkeiten des Lebens bekümmert, oder ſo, wie der größte Lips Tullian auf dem Richtplatze, da ſchon der Stab gebrochen iſt, noch für ſeine Naſe beſorgt, um eine Priſe Rappé bat — noch ſchnupft' er ihn mit ſüßer Empfindung, in dieſer entſcheidenden furchtbaren Minute — reckte darauf mit einem Seufzer den Hals her, und befand ſich in der andern Welt, eh' er — nieſen konnte — eben ſo nahm noch itzt der Hofmarſchall drei verliebte Küſſe von ſeiner beängſtigten Schönen, und warf ſich mit unterdrückter Sehnſucht in ſeinen fortſchallenden Schlitten. Das Zeichen war gegeben, und nun flogen alle die unbändigen Pferde mit ihren Rittern davon, die mit ſtillem Vergnügen über ihre Sicherheit, oft nach der brennenden Pfarre zurück ſahn.

Kaum war die lärmende Verſammlung der Götter- und Menſchengeſtalten zum Dorfe hinaus, ſo gebot Amor: das Feuer ſollte verlöſchen — und es verloſch. — Zwar verkannte der blinde Pöbel die Hilfe des Amors, und jauchzend dankten die Bauern ihre Rettung einem ſchwarzen Dämon, der es gewagt hatte, auf's prieſterliche Dach zu ſteigen, wo er, dem Feuer zum Opfer, eine arme geraubte Najade der Elbe in den ſchwarzen Abgrund hinunter ſtieß, daß ihre zerſchmetterten Glieder in einer ſchmutzigen Küche ein unbekanntes Grabmal bedeckte.

Nun brachte der Gott der Liebe dem Hymen die hochzeitliche Lunte wieder zurück; darauf ging er Hand in Hand mit ihm zu dem getröſteten Verliebten, und ſammelte ſeine entzückten Dankſagungen in den leeren Köcher; denn der kleine Held hatte den Tag über alle ſeine Pfeile verſchoſſen. Die noch übrige Nacht hindurch wacht' er an dem rauſchenden Brautbett, und da der Morgen anbrach, erhob er ſich fröhlich in den Olymp auf den Strahlen der Sonne, die zuerſt dem frohen Magiſter die Miſchung von Schaam und gedemüthigter Sprödigkeit auf den Wangen ſeiner zufriednen Schönen ſichtbar machten, und ihn zu neuen Morgenküſſen erweckten. Wie reizend blickte nicht die vollendete Braut ihrem glücklichen Sieger in das männliche Geſicht! Gleich einer jungen Roſe, die ſich unter dem ſchwarzen Gefieder einer einzigen balſamiſchen Nacht entfaltet. Der überhangende Phöbus trifft ſie in ihrem vollen Schmucke an, und vergebens bemühen ſich ſeine brennenden Strahlen, ſie noch mehr zu entwickeln.

Jetzt ſtand der kleine Amor vor ſeiner freundlichen Mutter, und erzählt' ihr in ſcherzhafter Prahlerei ſeine Kriegsliſt und ſeinen Triumph, daß ſeine Stimme durch den Olymp ſchallte, und ſelbſt die beſcheidenen Muſen ihm Beifall zuwinkten. Ihr Lächeln löſte ſich in einen ſanften geiſtigen Sonnenſchein auf, wovon ein goldener Blick in die Welt drang, und unter ſo vielen tauſend poetiſchen Seelen die meinige allein begeiſterte. Ich hab' Alles gethan, was meine Muſe befahl; ich habe das Elend des verliebten Magiſters, und ſeine fröhliche Hochzeit beſungen, und hab' ein Werk verrichtet, daß durch eine ſchöne Druckerpreſſe vervielfältigt, der Vergänglichkeit trotzen kann.

L. Freiherr von Thumb,

in den neunziger Jahren des vorigen Jahrhunderts geboren, lebt als königlich würtembergiſcher Kammerherr zu Stuttgart und gab heraus:

Zwei Theaterſtücke. Tübingen, 1813.
Viola, oder Liebe um Liebe. Frankfurt, 1813.
Erzählungen und Novellen. Nürnberg, 1814—1815.
Der Redſelige, Luſtſpiel. Stuttgart, 1816.
Beiträge für die deutſche Schaubühne. Frankfurt, 1818.
Zwei Bühnenſtücke. Tübingen, 1820.
Die neue Schauſpielerſchule. Leipzig, 1821.
Neue Bühnenſtücke. Augsburg, 1824.
Das Recept für Magen und Herz. Hanau, 1826.

Seine meiſten Bühnenſtücke ſind größtentheils franzöſiſchen Originalen nachgebildet. Da er die gewählten Stoffe jedoch mit Geiſt, Eleganz und Lebendigkeit zu behandeln verſteht, ſo zeichnen ſie ſich unter der großen Menge ähnlicher Erſcheinungen ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Johann Thurmayr, genannt Aventinus,

ward 1477 zu Abensberg geboren, ſtudirte zu Ingolſtadt und trat daſelbſt, nach mehrfachen Reiſen, 1500 als Lehrer der Geſchichte auf. 1512 wurde er vom Kurfürſten von Baiern zum Erzieher der Prinzen Ludwig und Ernſt, 1517 zum Hiſtoriographen ernannt. Er lebte zuletzt in Nürnberg unter mancherlei Verfolgungen der Geiſtlichkeit, die ſeinen Freimuth fürchteten, bis zu ſeinem am 9. Januar 1534 erfolgten Tode.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Bairiſche Chronik. Frankfurt am Main, 1566; Baſel, 1580.
Dreißig Stammtafeln der bairiſchen Fürſten. Frankfurt, 1580.
Chronik vom Urſprunge der alten Deutſchen. Nürnberg, 1541.

Einer der vorzüglichſten Chronikenſchreiber früherer Tage, deſſen Text ſich bei guter Darſtellung namentlich ſeiner Kraft erfreut.

von Thurne, ſ. Minneſinger.

Georg Thym oder Klee

ward um das Jahr 1516 in Zwickau geboren, wurde Melanchthon's Schüler und zuerſt an der Magdeburger Schule, 1548 als Rector zu Zwickau angeſtellt. 1550 folgte er einem Rufe nach Goslar, von da ging er nach Wernigerode und ſtarb als Magiſter der Philoſophie zu Wittenberg. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt. Er ſchrieb:

Des Edlen Geſtrengen weitberühmten und ſtreitbaren Heldes, Thedel Unverferden von Wallmoden tapferer, männlicher und ritterlicher Thaten vielhübſch Geſchicht. Magdeburg, 1558.
(S. Ch. A. Reichards Beiträge zur Einſicht ins Geiſterreich Th. 1. S. 103 fgde.)

Einer der erſten deutſchen proſaiſchen Romane, der nicht ohne Intereſſe iſt.

Ludwig Tieck,

der größte jetzt lebende deutſche Dichter, ward am 31. Mai 1773 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudirte, nachdem er ſchon auf der Schule zu dichten angefangen, von ſeinem neunzehnten Jahre an zu Halle, Göttingen und Erlangen beſonders Geſchichte und die antike ſowie die moderne poetiſche Literatur, durch enge Freundſchaft mit Wackenroder vereint. Seine erſten Werke, in welchen eine neue poetiſche Richtung, deren Hauptbegründer er wurde, bald mit düſtern, bald heitern Tönen ſich entſchieden verrieth, erſchienen zu Berlin, wo er, mit dem jüngeren Nicolai befreundet, auch deſſen merkwürdigen Vater kennen lernte und von dieſem beſchäftigt wurde. Bedeutender war für ſeine Entwickelung der darauf folgende Aufenthalt in Jena, wo Fichte, Novalis und die Schlegel den Gleichgeſinnten freundlich aufnahmen; in deſſen Nähe geiſtesverwandt, doch ſchon beruhigt, Herder wirkte. Darauf ging er nach Hamburg, wo Friedrich Ludwig Schröder, der Romantiker, auf der Bühne ihn entzückte. Nachdem er ſich dort vermählt hatte, zog ihn Friedrich Schlegel nach Dresden; hier blieb er während der Jahre 1801 und 1802; darauf lebte er theils zu Berlin, theils zu Ziebingen, in der Nähe von Frankfurt an der Oder. 1805 trat er eine Reiſe nach Italien an, von der er nach einem Jahre krank heimkehrte; die erſte Ruhe ſuchte er in München, ſpäter wandte er ſich wieder ſeinem ländlichen Sitze unweit Frankfurt zu. Seit einer Reiſe nach England 1818 hat er Deutſchland nicht wieder verlaſſen. 1819 ging er nach Dresden, wo er 1825 den Hofrathstitel und die Intendanz des Theaters erhielt. Hier lebte er bis 1841, der Stolz Dresdens, freundlich dem Fremden zugänglich und heiter trotz großer Gichtleiden; auch ſchriftſtelleriſch ſehr thätig und — wenngleich von dem jungen Deutſchland viel gemißhandelt — einer großen Zahl alter Verehrer immer willkommen; in dieſem Jahre folgte er einer ehrenvollen Einladung des Königs von Preußen in ſeine Vaterſtadt, ohne jedoch ſeine Stellung in Sachſen aufzugeben. —

Seine Schriften ſind:

Abdallah. Berlin, 1795.
William Lovell. 1796.
Peter Leberecht. Berlin, 1796.
Peter Lebrechts Volksmärchen. Berlin, 1797. 3 Bde.
Ritter Blaubart. Berlin, 1797.
Der geſtiefelte Kater. Berlin, 1797.
Franz Sternbald's Wanderungen. Berlin, 1798. 2 Bde.
Don Quixote, von Cervantes. Berlin, 1799—1801; 3. Aufl. 1831.
Zerbino, die Reiſe nach dem guten Geſchmack. Romantiſche Dichtungen. Jena, 1799—1800. 2 Bde.
Genoveva. 1800.
Das Ungeheuer und der verzauberte Wald. Bremen, 1800.
Minnelieder aus dem ſchwäbiſchen Zeitalter. Berlin, 1803.
Kaiſer Octavianus. 1804.
Altengliſches Theater. 1814—1816. 2 Bde.
Phantaſus. Berlin, 1814.
Ulrich's von Lichtenſtein Frauendienſt. Tübingen, 1815.
Shakeſpeare's Vorſchule. Leipzig, 1823—1829.
Gedichte. 1821. 3 Bde.

Novellen:

Die Gemälde, Novelle. 1822.
Die Reiſenden. 1823.
Die Verlobung. 1823.
Märchen und Zaubergeſchichten. Breslau, 1829.
Der Aufruhr in den Cevennen. Berlin, 1826.
Novellenkranz. Berlin, 1831.
Der junge Tiſchlermeiſter. Berlin, 1836.
Dramaturgiſche Blätter. Breslau, 1826. 2 Bde.
Vittoria Accorombona. Berlin, 1840. 2 Bde.
Geſammelte Schriften. Berlin, 1828—1829. 15 Bde.
Einzelne Novellen u. ſ. w. in Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Es ſei dem Herausgeber geſtattet, ſeine Anſicht, die er in einem früheren Werke über dieſen großen Dichter ausſprach, hier zu wiederholen, da er derſelben unverändert treu geblieben iſt. „So wie T. hat wohl Keiner den romantiſchen Charakter des Mittelalters aufzufaſſen, und im glühendſten und dabei doch zarteſten Farbenſpiel wieder zu geben verſtanden. Es iſt, als wenn die alte ächte Frömmigkeit, die tiefe Liebe, die Kraft und Ehrbarkeit jener entlegenen Tage wieder auferſtanden wären und unter uns herum wandeln in ſeinen Werken, um in edler Oppoſition die Nichtigkeit, Leere und Hohlheit des Alltags zu zeigen, ohne uns dabei allen Troſt zu rauben, denn ſie erhöhen die Luſt und Freude an jenen Herrlichkeiten. Dabei zeigt ſich nirgends falſcher Prunk, ſelbſt im Spott nicht, denn auch in dieſem herrſcht die wahre Bonhommie der Gemüthlichkeit vor, mit welcher der Schalk, der das ganze Reich des Witzes, ſammt allen ſeinen Nebenprovinzen zu commandiren verſteht, die Gemeinheit der Geſinnungen und des Strebens, die Alltäglichkeit des Haufens verſpottet und geißelt. — T. iſt deshalb ein ſo ächter deutſcher Dichter, weil er alles Schöne des Auslandes in ſich aufgenommen und es ſo mit ſeiner innerſten Eigenthümlichkeit zu verſchmelzen gewußt hat, daß ein drittes originales Ganze daraus entſprang, und ſich aus dieſem die beſtimmteſte Selbſtſtändigkeit in ſeinen Leiſtungen offenbart. Nachdem T. ſich in anderen Fächern der Poeſie durchaus als ein Meiſter bewährt hatte, brach er in ſeinen ſpäteren Jahren der deutſchen Novelle eine eigenthümliche neue Bahn, indem er, mochte er nun einen hiſtoriſchen Stoff behandeln oder die Fabel ſelbſt erſchaffen, ſich ſtets einer beſtimmten ausgeſprochenen Erſcheinung des Beſtehenden bemächtigt, und dieſe ſowohl erzählend als reflectirend von allen Seiten darzuſtellen weiß. — Die große Kunſt, welche er hier offenbart, liegt darin, daß er Alles, Charaktere und Situationen, ſo verſchieden dieſe auch in ihren Grundbeſtandtheilen von einander ſind, in das beſtimmteſte Verhältniß zu jener Hauptidee bringt, ſo daß Alles, wie die Strahlen in einem Brennſpiegel, zuletzt in einem Punkte zuſammentrifft und trotz dem, daß der Dichter gelegentlich nach allen Seiten ſchweift, ſich doch wieder genau concentrirt, ohne daß der Leſer die Abſichtlichkeit bemerke, oder durch jene Abſchweifungen geſtört werde. — Das Eigenthümlichſte dabei iſt ſeine ironiſche Weltanſicht, welche Alles ſchildert, wie es eben iſt, ſo daß wir leicht glauben, es ſei auch ſo im Gemüthe des Dichters, der ſich nirgends ſubjectiv äußert, ſondern gerade jedes Object in ſeiner ausgebildetſten Subjectivität vorführt, und uns eben dadurch die Thorheit, Leere und Nichtigkeit der Erſcheinungen in das hellſte Licht ſtellt. Hier offenbart ſich der feinſte Spott, eben deshalb ſo fein, weil nirgends ſubjective Gereiztheit ſichtbar iſt; der Dichter ſteht über dem Ganzen, weil das Ganze außer ihm liegt, und nur indem wir das ihm Verwandte durch die Geſammtdarſtellung erkennen, ahnen wir ſeine Vortrefflichkeit, die uns immer klarer und deutlicher wird, je mehr wir die geiſtige Kraft haben, ſeinen Standpunkt zu erreichen. Eben durch dieſe Natürlichkeit ſehen T's Novellen ſo leicht aus und fanden ſo viele Nachahmer, die jedoch alle weit hinter ihrem Vorbilde zurückblieben."

Nacht.

Im Windsgeräuſch, in ſtiller Nacht
Geht dort ein Wandersmann,
Er ſeufzt und weint und ſchleicht ſo ſacht
Und ruft die Sterne an.
Mein Buſen pocht, mein Herz iſt ſchwer
In ſtiller Einſamkeit,
Mir unbekannt, wohin, woher,
Durchwandl' ich Freud und Leid.
Ihr kleinen gold'nen Sterne
Ihr bleibt mir ewig ferne,
Ferne, ferne,
Und ach! ich vertraut' euch ſo gerne!

Da klingt es plötzlich um ihn her,
Und heller wird die Nacht,
Schon fühlt er nicht ſein Herz ſo ſchwer,
Er dünkt ſich neu erwacht.
O Menſch, du biſt uns fern und nah,
Doch einſam biſt du nicht;
Vertrau uns nur, dein Auge ſah
Oft unſer ſtilles Licht.
Wir kleinen gold'nen Sterne
Sind dir nicht ewig ferne;
Gerne, gerne
Gedenken ja deiner die Sterne.

Der Troſtloſe.

Dicht von Felſen eingeſchloſſen,
Wo die ſtillen Bächlein gehn,
Wo die dunklen Weiden ſproſſen,
Wünſch' ich bald mein Grab zu ſehn.
Dort im kühlen, abgeleg'nen Thal
Such' ich Ruh' für meines Herzens Qual.

Hat ſie dich ja doch verſtoßen,
Und ſie war ſo ſüß und ſchön!
Tauſend Thränen ſind gefloſſen,
Und ſie durfte dich verſchmäh'n —
Suche Ruh' für deines Herzens Qual,
Hier ein Grab im einſam grünen Thal.

Hoffend, und ich ward verſtoßen,
Bitten zeugten nur Verſchmäh'n —
Dicht von Felſen eingeſchloſſen,
Wo die ſtillen Bächlein gehn,
Hier im ſtillen einſam grünen Thal
Such' zum Troſte dir ein Grab zumal!

Frühe Sorge.

Durch die bunten Roſenhecken
Fliegen Schmetterlinge hin,
Munt're Lerchentöne wecken
Schon die Tageskönigin.

Immer wach ſind meine Sorgen,
Nimmer ruht dies treue Herz,
Und ein jeder rothe Morgen
Findet meinen regen Schmerz.

Wollt ihr mich der Qual entbinden?
Hört ihr, Götter, mein Gebet?
Kann ich nie die Ruhe finden,
Die mein Herz von euch erfleht?

Zuverſicht.

Wohlauf! es ruft der Sonnenſchein
Hinaus in Gottes freie Welt!
Geht munter in das Land hinein
Und wandelt über Berg und Feld!

Es bleibt der Strom nicht ruhig ſtehn,
Gar luſtig rauſcht er fort;
Hörſt du des Windes munt'res Weh'n?
Er brauſt von Ort zu Ort.

Es reiſt der Mond wohl hin und her,
Die Sonne ab und auf,
Guckt über'n Berg und geht in's Meer,
Nie matt in ihrem Lauf.

Und, Menſch, du ſitzeſt ſtets daheim,
Und ſehnſt dich nach der Fern';
Sei friſch und wandle durch den Hain,
Und ſieh die Fremde gern.

Wer weiß, wo dir dein Glück blüht,
So geh' und ſuch' es nur;
Der Abend kommt, der Morgen flieht,
Betrete bald die Spur.

Laß Sorgen ſein und Bangigkeit,
Iſt doch der Himmel blau,
Und wechſelt Freude ſtets mit Leid,
Dem Glücke nur vertrau'.

So weit dich ſchließt der Himmel ein,
Geräth der Liebe Frucht,
Und jedes Herz wird glücklich ſein,
Und finden, was es ſucht.

Schlaflied.

Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten
Der grünen dämmernden Nacht;
Es ſäuſelt das Gras auf den Matten,
Es fächelt und kühlt dich der Schatten,
Und treue Liebe wacht.
Schlafe, ſchlaf' ein,
Leiſer rauſchet der Hain,
Ewig bin ich dein.

Schweigt, ihr verſteckten Geſänge,
Und ſtört nicht die ſüßeſte Ruh,
Es lauſcht der Vögel Gedränge,
Es ruhen die lauten Geſänge,
Schließ, Liebchen, dein Auge zu.
Schlafe, ſchlaf' ein,
Im dämmernden Schein
Ich will dein Wächter ſein.

Murmelt fort, ihr Melodieen,
Rauſche nur, du ſtiller Bach.
Schöne Liebesphantaſieen
Sprechen in den Melodieen,
Zarte Träume ſchwimmen nach.
Durch den flüſternden Hain
Schwärmen gold'ne Bienelein
Und ſummen zum Schlummer dich ein.

An Novalis.

I.

Wer in den Blumen, Wäldern, Bergesweiden,
Im klaren Fluß, der ſich mit Bäumen ſchmücket,
Nur Endliches, Vergängliches erblicket,
Der traure tief im hellſten Glanz des Maien.

Nur der kann ſich der heil'gen Schöne freuen,
Den Blume, Wald und Strom zur Tief' entrücket,
Wo unvergänglich ihn die Blüth' entzücket,
Dem ew'gen Glanze keine Schatten dräuen.

Noch ſchöner deutet nach dem hohen Ziele
Des Menſchen Blick, erhabene Geberde,
Des Buſens Athem, Sehnſucht nach dem Frieden.

Seit ich dich ſah, vertraut' ich dem Gefühle,
Du mußteſt von uns gehn und dieſer Erde,
Du gingſt: lebe' wohl; wir ſind ja nicht geſchieden.

II.

Wenn ſich die Pflanz' entfaltet aus dem Keime,
Sind Frühlingslüfte liebliche Genoſſen,
Kommt goldner Sonnenſchein herabgefloſſen,
Sie grünt und wächſt, empfindet ſüße Träume.

Bald regt ſie ſich, in Aengſten, daß ſie ſäume,
Luft, Sonne, Waſſer, die ſie ſchon genoſſen,
Macht quellend Leben und den Kelch erſchloſſen;
Nun iſt es Nacht, ſie ſchaut die Sternenräume.

Da fühlt ſie Liebe, und den kühlen Lüften
Giebt ſie, von tiefer Inbrunſt angeflogen,
Den Blumengeiſt und ſtirbt in ſüßen Düften.

So wurdeſt du zum Himmel hingezogen,
Sanft in Muſik ſchiedſt du in Freundesarmen,
Der Frühling wich, und Klagen ziemt und Trauern.

Die Roſe.

O glücklich, glücklich, du Perſien!
Perſien, Wunderland des Morgens!
Süße Fluren, heilige Wälder,
O der Glanz des vollen Stromes,
Meer mit deinem weiten Spiegel,
Luft mit deinem lauen Odem,
Quellen, mächtige Gebirge,
Heimath, wo die Lieder wohnen!
Aber ihr vor allen, Gärten!
Seid gegrüßt mir, Lauben, dorten
Möcht' ich auf den Fluren wandeln,
Wenn ſie blühen roth von Roſen,
Roſe, liebſte Mädchenblume!
Roſe, die du dort geboren!
Ach! wie iſt ein Liebesblut
Das Gefilde, wenn du oben
In Geſträuchen blühend dichte
Wankſt und zitterſt mit den Knospen,
Und die heißen Sommerwinde,
In der Liebesgluth verloren,
Küſſend buhlen, ſich berauſchen;
Nein, ſo ſchön iſt nichts geworden,
Was die Erde liebend treibet,
Was vom Himmel ſchaut die Sonne,
Als flatternd auf grünem Stengel
Meine liebſte rothe Roſe;
Roſe, liebſte Mädchenblume,
Liebesblume, ſüße Roſe!

Wie ich dich in Händen halte,
Die zur Lieb' ich mir erkoren,
Und ich ſchau in deine Blätter,
In dein Roſenreich, das rothe,
Und ich frage die Bedeutung
Und wie du zur Welt geboren,
Bin ich trunken und umflogen
Süßen Rauſches aufgehoben;
Liebesblume, Mädchenblume,
Wonneblume, ſüße Roſe!

Nicht umſonſt biſt du erſt quellend
Eingehüllt in deiner Knospe;
Alſo ſchläft des Mädchens Buſen,
Eh' die Liebe ihn erhoben:
Und das Roth, ein heimlich Feuer,
Bricht hervor ſüß angeſchwollen,
Und wie ein verſtohlen Küßchen
Hangſt du an dem Zweig gebogen:
Aber inniger entbrennen
Lüfte, die dich aufgeſogen,
Immer ſüßer träumſt du Liebe,
Haſt die Luft in dich gezogen,
Immer buhleriſcher küſſet
Dich das Licht, das dir gewogen,
Und du läſſeſt nun die Scham,
Und es bringt zu deinem Schooße
Alle Kraft des heiligen Aethers,
Seine Pfeile, glänzend golden, —
Mußt du welken in der Liebe,
Mädchenblume, ſüße Roſe!

Als die Göttin ſonſt der Liebe,
Venus, auf der Erden wohnte,
Und zum Erſtenmal ſie wandelnd
Trat der grünen Wieſe Boden,
Jungfrau noch und unvermählet,
Aus dem Meere jüngſt entſproſſen, —
Aus der Zeugungskraft des Waſſers
War das Licht empor geflogen, —
Und ſie ſtand, ſich ſelbſt bewundernd,
Selber über ſich betroffen,
Ihre Schönheit, ihre Anmuth
Mußte Venus ſelber loben,
Und der Himmel glänzte heller,
Wie den Blick ſie aufgeſchlagen,
Und die Erde grünte grüner
Von dem Fuß getreten, ſtolzer
Sangen murmelnd blaue Wogen
Von dem Wunderſchein vergoldet,
Und die Tauben girrten inn'ger
Und die Nachtigall ſchlug voller,
Hub und breitete ihr Lied aus
Wie ein Kleid von ſüßem Wohllaut,
Deckte Wald mit und Gefilde,
Daß die Bäume treibend quollen,
Noch nicht war die Liebesblume
Lebend, meine ſüße Roſe.

Aus dem Walde tritt ein Jüngling,
Und von Flammen angeweht
Ringen zündend ihre Blicke,
Brennen nicht mehr hier und dorten,
Doch der Jüngling tritt zur Jungfrau;
Und ſie hatten ſich umſchloſſen,
Und die Unſchuld lehrt ſie küſſen
Und es treibt zum ſüßen Zorne,
Wie ſie ſehnen und ermatten,
Kaum erkannt ein Liebeswollen:
Und im Sträuben und Ergeben
Löſet ſich der wunderholde
Zauber, Liebe wird zur Liebe,
Und der Flur wird von dem Zorne,
Von den Küſſen, von der Milde
Ein Andenken wie zum Solde
Dargebracht; der heiligen Glut
Zittert gleich das Feld voll Wolluſt,
Und es rauſchen und es treiben
Lockend ungeſtüm die rothen
Blumen her, bedecken bluthig,
Lächelnd, Hügel, voll und voller,
Knospend, blumend, ganz den Anger,
Und die Göttin weiht die Roſe
Zu dem Eigenthum der Liebe:
Alſo wurdeſt du geboren,
Mädchenblume, Liebesblume,
Wonneblume, ſüße Roſe!

Die Lilie.

Sei du mein Geſang, o weiße,
Heil'ge, ſanfte Liebeslilje;
Wenn ich dich mit Lippen küſſe,
Weißt du, wie ich innig liebe.

Keiner ſoll die Roſe ſchelten,
Deren ſüßes Blut durchdringet
Unſer Blut mit froher Sehnſucht,
Zündet in dem Herzen Schimmer:
Aber wer den blauen Aether
Kannte und das Licht des Himmels,
Und die ſtille Kraft der Wellen,
Liebt auch dich, heilſel'ge Lilje.

Unter Felſen, unter Wäldern
In dem einſamſten Gefilde
Wo nur heilig Rauſchen wohnte,
Geiſter in den Quellen rieſelnd
Mit den Bäumen ſich beſprachen
Und ſich in dem Echo riefen,
Lebten zwei Geliebte glücklich,
Selig ganz in ihrer Liebe.
Aus der wüſten Welt geflohen
Fanden ſie die Ruhe wieder,
Und ihr Herz in Blumen, Bäumen,
Bergen und der heil'gen Stille.
Einſt, als ſie nach langen Küſſen
Sich beglückt in Armen hielten,
Und die Blicke zu einander
Sehnſüchtig, befriedigt ſpielten,
Blickte er in ihre Augen,
Sie in ſeines Herzens Tiefe,
Und, ſo wie aus Geiſterbrunnen,
Stiegen beiden in die lichten
Augen auf zwei große Thränen,
Die ſie feſt in Zittern hielten.
„Was bedeuten,“ ſprach er ſeufzend,
„Die Gefühle, Liebe, dieſe
Wehmuthvollen ſüßen Thränen,
Die in Andacht du erwiderſt?
Nein, ich mag ſie nicht verbergen,
Gern hab' ich ſie dir gewieſen,
Und die Thräne ſoll nicht rinnend
Aus dem Blicke niederfließen.“ —
„„Ein Geheimniß iſt es,““ ſprach ſie,
„„Wonach dieſe Waſſer ziehen,
Daß ſie gerne mit der Andacht
Wollen aus dem Herzen gehen,
Aber ſchwach ſind ihre Arme,
Und es fällt ins Dunkle wieder,
Und ermüdet ſinkt die Thräne
Ueber unſre Wange nieder.““ —
„Alſo nur iſt Erd und Waſſer,“
Sang er, „Luft, Licht und Geſtirne
Aus der Sehnſucht hergequollen,
Ein Geheimniß aufzufinden,
Klar im Golde funkelt Sehnſucht,
Süß Ermatten glänzt im Silber;
Wollte ſich doch deine Thräne
Auch geſtalten als Erinn'rung!
Ward ja aus der Fluth Geheimniß
Doch der Bau der Welt gebildet,
Süße Geiſter, regt euch alle,
Daß ein Sein der Thrän' entquille,
Und ein neues Gold wird leuchten,
Süßer, ſanfter, glänzen milder.“ —
Und es waren Geiſter nahe,
Die im Quell mit Blumen ſpielten,
Sie erhörten das Gebet, die
Thränen ſanken, Blumen ſtiegen,
Griffen, hielten feſt die Erde,
Und geheimnißvoll zwei Liljen
Sahen bis auf die Entzückten,
Inniger fühlten ſie die Liebe,
Dunkle, goldne, ſilberweiße,
Alſo warſt du, Liebeslilje.

Die Zeichen im Walde.

„O mein Sohn, wie gräßlich heulend
Klagt herauf vom Meer die Unke!
Hörſt du wohl die Raben krächzen?
Die Geſpenſter in dem Sturme?“ —

„„Vater, laßt die Sorge fahren,
Denn die Wolken ziehn hinunter;
Bald wird ſie der Mond beſiegen,
Der zu ſcheinen ſchon beginnet.

„„Durch die Thäler ſtreift der Nebel,
Schon erglänzen fern die Burgen,
Schaut, ſchon leucht't das Kruzifixe,
Das Kapellenbild da drunten.““ —

„Ach, du Kruzifix gütig,
Laß vom Schatten dich verdunkeln!
O Maria-Bild, ſei gnädig,
Bleib in Finſterniß verſchlungen!

„Laßt ihn los, den alten Sünder,
Raben laßt den alten Weiſen:
Tod und Sünde, ſeine Freunde,
Und die Hölle ihm verbunden!

„Wie die Nacht bald leucht't, bald dämmert,
Schauernd in dem Wolkenzuge,
Iſt es wie ein tiefes Auge,
Da der Erdfeind herblickt dunkel.

„Wie die Wälder ſauſen, ſchallen,
Rauſchen ab die Felſenbrunnen,
Hör' ich Wald, Thal, Berg und Klüfte
Summen: Komm zu uns herunter.“ —

Und es ſpricht ſein Sohn ihm tröſtend,
Der ihn liebt, Sohn Sigismunde:
„„Ach, mein Vater, wär' vorüber
Dieſe ſchreckenvolle Stunde!

„„Soll ich nach dem Beicht'ger laufen?
Nach dem Arzt, daß ihr geſundet?
Soll ich beten? Geht zum Heiland,
Tröſtet euch an ſeinen Wunden.

„„Wollt ihr ſterben, alter Vater,
Von Verzweiflung, Angſt bezwungen:
O wie laſſ' ich doch die Seele,
Die ſich Gott und Heil entrungen?

„„O beſinnet euch auf die Güte,
Auf die ew'ge, ew'ge Tugend,
Die herab uns ſprang, den Sündern,
Von des Gemarterten Blute.

„„Denkt den Vater, denkt Marien,
Unſrer ew'gen Liebe Mutter,
Denkt den Geiſt, das unergründlich
Heilig und dreifaltig Wunder.

„„Daß wir leben, ſind wir Sünder,
In dem Tod die Liljenblume;
Reue kann uns Gott verſöhnen,
Auf macht er die Heiligthume.

„„Unſre Angſt klopft an die Pforten:
Auf, o lieber Vater, thue!
An dem Schloſſe ſitzt Erbarmen,
Schiebt den Riegel bald zurücke.

„„Ohne Schätzung iſt der Himmel,
Dennoch mag er Kauf erdulden;
Unſre Thränen nimmt Sankt Peter,
Schätzet ſie als Münze gülden.

„„Schnee und Regen gehn hernieder,
Alle Ströme gehn bergunter,
Jeder Stein, hinaufgeſchleudert,
Muß zur Erd' herab zur Stunde;

„„Alſo zieht den Menſchen Sünde,
Niemals kann er ganz geſunden,
Daß er aufrecht ſchaut zum Vater,
Sind die himmliſchen fünf Wunden.

„„Da dem Himmelreich hernieder,
Aus fünf Quellen wonnig blutend,
Da erwuchs das Paradies,
Aus fünf Wurzeln göttlich blumend.

„„Da erbebte die Erde furchtbar,
Und zerbarſt in große Klüften,
Und die Herzen wurden offen,
Weiter Liebe tiefe Wurzel.

„„Steigt hinein in seinen Himmel,
Wächst hinauf in seine Ruhe,
Rankt hinan in schön Gebeten;
Große Kraft hat Herz und Zunge.

„„Ihr seid selbst ein Zweig vom Baume
Welcher steht in Gottes Stunde;
Alle Zweig' und Laub sind Engel,
All' formirt zu seinem Ruhme."" —

Abwärts wandte sich der Alte,
Weil er keine Gnade wußte,
Denn sein Ohr vernahm die Worte,
Doch sein Herz war fern vom Muthe.

„Du mein einzig Kind!" begann er,
„Niemals ward dir Schwester, Bruder;
Als sie dich gebar, da schied sie,
Deine treue fromme Mutter.

„Nur auf kurze Zeit geliebet
War dem Frevler Kunigunde;
Du warst fromm, mein Sohn, und heilig,
So wie ihre Todesstunde.

„Und so oft dein Blick geleuchtet,
Sah' ich immer diese Stunde;
Und mein Herz zerriß die Sorge,
Schnürte fester mich im Bunde.

„Darum war ein grimmer Wechsel
Stets von Haß und Lieb' im Busen,
Bei der Wiege stand ich lauernd,
Und mein Arm den Dolch erhube.

„Aber dann die stillen Augen,
Die sich aus einander schlugen,
Brachten Frucht und Liebe wieder,
Und die Angst ward wieder Ruhe.

„Also bist du mir erwachsen,
Immer war mir fremd dein Thun;
Liebst du mich mit ganzer Seele,
Kannst mir doch nicht sein zum Schutze.

„Innerst recht in meiner Seele
Sind die Kräfte, die du meinst,
Gottlos abgewandt vom Heile,
In der Frevel Tiefe wuchern.

„Nicht ist mir der Christ gestorben;
Andern Mächten mit dem Blute,
Das ich, trotzend ihm, vergossen,
Bin ich eisenfest verbunden.

„Mir sind andre Paradiese,
In dem Graus sind meine Blumen;
Himmelsmächten widerstrebend,
Folg' ich meinem dunkeln Fluge."

Weinend nimmt der Sohn die Hände,
Weinend spricht der Sigismunde:
„„Vater, was ihr fehltet, gebt mir,
Gebt mir, ach! die trübe Kunde!

„„Daß uns Gott erlösen wollte
Von dem allerschlimmsten Bunde,
Drum gab er den Eingebornen;
Himmel ist uns so gefunden.

„„Jedem Sünder, der ihm traute,
Ist Vergebung noch gelungen,
Der Allmächt'ge kann vergeben,
Und es will auch der Allgute.

„„Nur nicht widerstrebt dem Geiste,
Ohne Sühnung ein Verschwinden;
Diese Sünde thut ihr, Vater,
Seiner Verzeihung abgerungen.

„„Leben, Blut und Herz und Glauben
Will ich auf zum Werke rufen,
Alle Kräfte sollen streiten,
Siegen ob dem schlimmsten Truge."" —

Da erwacht der alte Vater
Sehnend, wie aus einem Schlummer,
Und es rinnen große Thränen
Seinem trüben Aug' hinunter.

„Auf!" so spricht er, „was der Himmel
Für Gewalt erleid', versuche;
Ob so späte Reu' im Sterben
Wiederbring' verlorne Tugend.

„Geh' hinunter nach dem Walde;
Was die Zeichen dort im Grunde
Aller Welt verbergen, hole;
Betend find' ich dann wohl Ruhe."

„„Und was sind denn diese Zeichen?
Deine Reden sind mir dunkel.
Wie soll ich in Nacht sie treffen?
Wo im Walde soll ich suchen?"" —

„Kennst du nicht, fernab im Forste,
Tief ein Thal, von Tannen dunkel,
Wo ein Stein, bekreuzt mit Dolchen
Weiß da steht auf trübem Grunde?

„Oftmals hast du mich gefraget,
Wann wir jagten in der Runde,
Was der Stein bezeichnen solle;
Noch verschwieg ich dir die Kunde.

„Das ist nun das erste Zeichen,
Mir ein Zeichen meines Kummers.
Den erhebe, bringe zu mir,
Was du finden wirst da drunten.

„Und zwei Dolche wirst du finden
In der Erde wenig Schuhe.
Ach, damit hab' ich erstochen
Ihn, den Liebling meiner Jugend!

„An dem Platze war's geschehen,
Und da setzt' ich meiner Tugend
Dieses Zeichen, die gestorben
In des liebsten Freundes Blute.

„Aufgekeimt wie junge Lämmer
Spielten wir in jeder Stunde,
Er bewohnte, die du jenseits
Schimmern siehst, die alten Burgen;

„Mit dem Alter wuchs die Liebe,
Und er hieß mich seinen Bruder,
Und gelobte, wann er stürbe,
Mir zu geben seine Burgen;

„Nahm mich brünstiglich in die Arme,
Und versprach mit einem Schwure,
Eine Gattin nie zu freien,
Nimmer um ein Weib zu buhlen.

„Also schied er selber wieder.
Bald darauf erhielt ich Kunde,
Daß er oft hinüber ritte
Zu der schönen Kunigunde.

„Da erwacht' es wie ein Brausen
Tief in meines Herzens Grunde,
Geister rotten sich zusammen,
Steigen aus dem finstern Schlunde.

„Diese Feste nur die meine,
Sie die schönste in der Runde,
Und die Fremde, als das schönste
Weib in jedes Mannes Munde;

„Sie belauscht' ich, sah sie selber,
Fühlte bald die tiefe Wunde,
Die mir Sinn und Leben raubte;
Dachte sie nur jede Stunde.

„Alle Freundschaft ward vergessen,
Was er that zu meinen Gunsten,
Die Gestalt, sein lieblich Wesen,
Kuß und Handdruck war verschwunden.

„Der Begierde Stachel fühlend,
Der je ſcharf und ſchärfer wurde,
Mied ich ihn, wo ich ihn ſchaute,
Fürchte mich vor ſeinem Gruße.

„Meine Liebe ward ihm fremde.
Ihn gereute ſeine Jugend,
Und er freite um die Schöne
Bei den Aeltern Kunigundens.

„Lieber war ich ihr geworden
Sie verſprach mit einem Kuſſe
Mein zu ſein, doch war ihr Vater
Jenem hold ob ſeinem Gute.

„Alſo traf ich ihn im Holze,
Haß und Brunſt in meinem Muthe,
Daß ich ſchnell ihn ohn' Erbarmen
Mit der Lanze niederſchlage.

„Und die Dolche waren plötzlich
In der Hand, ob ich nicht wußte,
Wie, woher; ſo eilt der Böſe,
Daß in uns erſtirbt das Gute.

„Seine Augen baten flehend,
Zugeſchloſſen war mein Buſen,
Und das Herz, das mir geſchlagen,
Das zerſtach ich, der Verfluchte;

„Trennte drauf das Haupt, das liebe,
Mit dem Schwerte von dem Rumpfe,
Und verbarg es in der Erde
Weiter ab im dunkeln Grunde.

„Dieſes iſt das zweite Zeichen
Gehe hin, den Stein verrücke,
Bringe den geliebten Schädel,
Eh' ich zu die Augen drücke.

„Weiter ab, wo Wald zu Ende,
Steht bei dem Wachholderbuſche
Endlich noch das dritte Zeichen,
Ach! wo find' davor ich Ruhe!

„Alſo war mein Freund erblichen,
Alſo ſtarb der edle Kunze.
Bald darauf ward ich vermählet
Mit der ſchönen Kunigunde.

„Und die Freunde meines Freundes
Forſchten nach, wie er verblutet,
Und von mir ward gleich das Schlimmſte
Von den Forſchenden vermuthet.

„Angeklagt des ſchnöden Mordes
Ließen mich die Richter rufen;
Und ich fand den ſtrengſten Richter
Schon in meinem eignen Buſen.

„Schwer im Wochenbett darnieder
Lag die Gattin Kunigunde,
Und es hatte ſich der Kranken,
Wie ſie ſtarb, ein Sohn entwunden.

„Alles Glück war abgeſchlachtet,
Meine Bruſt die Mördergrube,
Ehre, Hoffnung, Liebe! Leben
Ausgetilgt und jedem Buben

„War mein Herz nun preisgegeben;
Und mir grinſten Höllenhunde,
Und ich riß mit wüſtem Streben
Das, was mich an Gott gebunden.

„Mitternacht lag auf dem Lande,
Da verließ ich dich im Schlummer
Und die Leiche meiner Gattin;
Ging hinab die hohen Stufen.

„Wild zur Wildniß ging ich nieder,
Sternen und dem Himmel fluchend;
Nach der Nacht ſtreckt' ich die Arme,
Und der Mond ging trübe unter.

„Daß die Klüfte wiederſchallten,
Fing ich an, ſo laut zu rufen,
Eingeweiht zu tiefſtem Grauſen
Ward ich bald den finſtren Zunften.

„Und der böſe Feind erſchiene
Finſter meinem böſen Muthe,
Und er nahm ein Schreiben von mir,
Das ich ſchrieb mit meinem Blute,

„Ihm zu eigen mich zu geben,
Unter ſeinem grimmen Schutze
Sicher ſein mein Leib und Leben,
Nur die Seele war verſchuldet.

„Dieſe Schrift ward eingeſchloſſen,
Daß ichs ſah, in erzner Truhe,
Unterm Steine eingegraben
Dort im dunkelgrünen Grunde.

„Dieſes iſt das dritte Zeichen
Dorten beim Wachholderbuſche.
Welche Macht kann es befreien,
Bringen mir die Eiſentruhe!

„Reichthum, Ehre ward verliehen
Dem, der ab ſich that dem Guten.
Heute iſt der Preis verfallen,
Und ich fühl' der Hölle Ruthen.

„Kannſt du mir die Zeichen bringen,
Iſt es dir, o Sohn, gelungen,
O ſo möcht es mir gerathen,
Daß ich mich hinaufgeſchwungen.

„Sieh, der Mond ſcheint hell und heller,
Ach, ſo liebe Sterne lugen
In den Grund hinab, und ſanfte
Herrſcht im Thal und Wald die Ruhe.

„In ſich klingt der Himmelsbogen,
Regnen nieder Segensfluthen,
Ein Erbarmen winkt von oben:
Eile denn zum Wald hinunter!" —

Wie der Sohn den Vater anſchaut,
Will er ihn ſo fremd bedünken,
Schaudernd wendet er ſich von ihm,
Geht hinab die Felſenſtufen.

Und er naht dem Kruzifixe,
Der Kapelle dort im Grunde;
Und er wirft ſich knieend nieder,
Betet da in tiefen Brunſten.

Erd' und Himmel, Berg und Waldung,
Blum' und alle Kreaturen,
Er ſich ſelber, ſind wie Fremdling,
Findet nicht die vor'gen Fluren,

Taumelnd tritt er in den Wald ein,
Irrend ſucht er wohl die Spuren,
Die ihn nach den Zeichen leiten,
Die er ſonſt im Thal gefunden.

Durch die Blätter geht ein Flüſtern,
Lichter gehn ihm vor dem Fuße,
Da erblickt er mit den Dolchen
Weißen Stein auf dunklem Grunde.

Mühſam wälzt er fort den Marmor,
Und er gräbt nur wenig Schuhe,
Sieh, da ſind die beiden Dolche
Und er ſteckt ſie in den Buſen.

Weiter geht er, bange ſinnend,
Jenes zweite Zeichen ſuchend;
Fern ab jenem lenkt der Stein ihm
Seine Schritte, wohl zweihundert.

Schwerer iſt er abzuwälzen,
Nach dem Zeichen wächſt ſein Hunger,
Sollten ihm die Sehnen reißen,
Achtet's nicht; es iſt gelungen.

Aus dem Boden ſteigt ein Schädel,
Und er hört fernab ein dumpfes
Winſeln, ob es Geiſter wären,
Oder ein Geheul der Unken.

Und der Wald iſt ſchon zu Ende;
Nahend dem Wachholderbuſche
Sieht er auf dem größten Steine
Eine Menſchenbildung ruhen.

„„Fort da, Fremdling! du mußt weichen,
Dieſen Ort muß ich durchſuchen,
Denn da unten liegt ein Kleinod
Von des Vaters Eigenthume.““ —

„Wie ſo unhold!“ ſagt der Fremde;
„Wohlbekannt iſt deine Jugend,
„Sonſt war mir ein Freund dein Vater,
Denn ich heiß' mit Namen Kunze.“ —

„„Kunze iſt dein Name, ſprichſt du!““
Ruft erſchreckend aus der Junge;
„„Der iſt todt, ſo ſagt mein Vater,
Und begraben längſt, der Gute.““

„Wird noch ſtets ſein Wahnſinn irren?“
Sprach der Mann mit dumpfer Zunge;
„Sollen wir uns nie verſöhnen?
Nimmer iſt es mir gelungen.

„Zwietracht hielt uns lang' entfremdet,
Und er wähnt, daß er erſchlunge
Seinen treuſten Freund und liebſten,
Seinen beſten Waffenbruder.“

Freudenthränen weint der Jüngling,
Da der dieſe Wort' anhube.
„„O ſo komm' mit mir! mein Vater
Iſt ſchon nahe ſeiner Grube.

„„Zeig' ihm jetzt dein Angeſichte,
Daß er Wähnen von ſich thue,
Daß er fröhlich möge ſterben
Und in Gottes Schooß dann ruhe.

„„Ach! wie ſoll ich dir vergelten,
Was du mir erzeigſt ſo Gutes!
Wiederum darf ich ihn lieben,
Denn er iſt ja rein vom Blute.““

Nebenher gehn beide rückwärts,
Große Schatten auf den Fluren,
Und der Fremde dünkt ſo ſeltſam,
Wie er ſchreitet, Sigismunden.

Nachtgevögel ſchwärmt herüber,
Und Geſchrei erfüllt die Kluften.
Sieh'! da ſtehn ſie vor dem Schloſſe,
Welches golden liegt im Dufte.

„Laß uns nicht den Umweg nehmen
Vor dem Kruzifix da drunten,“
Sagt der fremde Mann; „hier oben
Geht ein Fußpfad, den ich wußte.

„Als ich ſonſt mit deinem Vater
Spiele trieb in dieſen Schluchten.“
Und der Jüngling folgt ihm gerne,
Doch nimmt dieſer Gang ihn Wunder.

Denn ſo oft er hier gewandelt,
Hat er nie den Weg gefunden.
„„Um ſo beſſer,““ ſagt er freundlich,
„„Bringen wir dem Alten Ruhe.““

Und ſie gehn hinauf die Stiegen,
Wendeltreppen, welche dunkel.
Schon erglänzt aus dem Gemache
Licht, das bei dem Alten funkelt.

Und es öffnet ſich die Thüre,
Und ſie treten in die Stube,
Und der Alte fährt zurücke,
Sich entſetzend, aus dem Stuhle.

„O mein Sohn, ſind dies die Zeichen,
Dieſes die verſprochne Ruhe?
Du bringſt mir an deiner Hand hier
Selbſt den Feind von meiner Ruhe!

„Ja, der Menſchen Erbfeind iſt es.“ —
„„Kennſt du mich?““ — ſo fragt der Dunkle;
„„Nimm hier, was du mir geſchrieben,
Deine Seel' nehm' ich hinunter.““

Wieder brauſt der Sturm und heulet
Raſſelnd her vom alten Thurme,
Und die Raben krächzen lauter,
Und es dröhnt der Ton der Unken.

Winſelnd windet ſich der Alte,
Und der Satan ſchlägt ihm Wunden,
Todt liegt er in ſeinem Bette,
Als der Morgen aufgedunkelt.

Aber fremd ſind alle Züge,
Keine Miene kennt der Junge,
Nicht mehr weiß, ob's Traum geweſen
Oder Wahrheit, Sigismunde.

Er beſtattet ihn zur Erden,
Wo die Zeichen ſtehn im Grunde,
Macht ſich ſelbſt zum Eremiten,
Trauernd von derſelben Stunde;

Thut ſich ab der Ritterkleider,
Pönitenz und ſchwere Bußen
Uebt er Tag und Nacht und ſinget
Requiem dem todten Buhlen.

Nun hört man das Glöcklein ſchallen
Durch der Nächte ſtille Ruhe,
Seine Stimme weint dazwiſchen,
Daß er Gottesdienſte thue.

Keinen Menſchen ſieht er wieder,
Nähret ſich von Kraut und Wurzeln,
Gott nur will er gern verſühnen;
Bald verfallen ſeine Burgen.

Durch das Thal ſieht man ihn ſchleichen,
Gram verzehrt die friſche Jugend;
Bauern fanden ſeinen Leichnam,
Legten ihn ins Grab zur Ruhe.

Aus Kaiſer Octavianus.

Prolog.

(Trompeten. Eine Schaar von Kriegern zieht durch den Wald.)

Chor.

Auf, tapfere Männer
Und folgt dem Getön!
Es führen uns ſchon
Trommeten von dannen.
Die Fahnen im Winde
Rothglühend voran,
Das Echo im Walde —
Der Frühling gelinde —
Das Herz geht uns auf
Im Walde.

Ein Ritter.

Wie froh der Buſen ſchlägt,
Wie frei das Herz ſich regt,
Wenn es den Panzer ſpürt,
Die goldne Sonne ſcheint:
Wohlan, wo biſt du, Feind?
Hörſt du die Jubelklänge!
Siehſt du die frohe Menge
Entgegen dir geführt,
Die ziehend mit Gepränge
Dich flücht'gen einholt balde
Im Walde!

(Ziehen vorüber.)

(Ein Zug von Schäfern und Schäferinnen, tanzend und ſingend, mit Flöten und Schalmeien.)

Schäfer.

Die Mailuſt iſt begonnen,
Der Baum hat ſeine Grüne,
Die Blätter ſchon gewonnen.
Wie ſeufzten alle Knaben:
O, daß der Mai erſchiene,
Daß wir die goldnen Gaben
Bald möchten wieder haben!
Fort mit dir, Winter kalte,
Komm wieder Sonnenſchein,
Fließt wieder, Bäche, munter
Den grünen Plan hinunter,
Singt wieder Vögelein
Im Walde.

Schäferinnen.

Und ſeht, er iſt gekommen,
Das goldne Kind, der Mai,
Iſt allen angekommen,
Das Eis iſt weggenommen,
Die Fluren ſind ſo neu.
Er bringt uns alles wieder,
Schon tönen Frühlingslieder,
Die kühlen Bächlein rauſchen
Vom Hügel hergeſchwommen,
Die Vöglein alle tauſchen
Die tauſend Melodieen,
Die goldnen Blümlein blühen
Im Walde.

Vereinigtes Chor.

Der Winter floh, ein Schatten,
Und ließ die Erde los,
Nun blüht der grüne Schooß,
Nun ſieht man auf den Matten,
Im kühlen Waldesſchatten,
Das Wild, die Vögel fliehen,
Eins nach dem andern ziehen,
Und liebend ſich begatten.
Gegrüßt ſei, holder Mai!
Die Lieb' iſt dein Geſpiele,
Wenn ich den Frühling fühle,
Wird auch mein Leben neu,
Der Liebe Tempel ſei
Im Walde.
(Ziehen vorüber.)

Der Dichter (tritt auf).

Wie ſehnſuchtsvoll fühlt ſich mein Herz gezogen,
Dem friſchen grünen Walde zugelenket,
Von Bächen wird das neue Gras getränket,
Die Blumen ſchaun ſich in klaren Wogen,
Ein blau Kryſtall erſcheint der Himmelsbogen,
Zur blüh'nden Erde liebend hergeſenket,
Die Sonne zeigt, daß ſie der Welt gedenket,
Sie hat die Blumen küſſend aufgezogen.
Die Pflanzen glänzen, Waſſerwogen lachen,
Die muntern Thiere regen ſich in Sprüngen,
Der Vogel ſingt, vom grünen Zweig umrauſchet,
Wenn Thiere, Waſſer, Blumen, Flur erwachen,
Läßt höher noch der Menſch die Stimm' erklingen,
Der Dichter fühlt von Gottheit ſich berauſchet.

Chor

(von der einen Seite, mit Trompeten, wie in der Ferne.)

Das Herz geht uns auf
Im Walde.

Chor

(von der andern Seite mit Flöten in der Ferne.)

Der Liebe Tempel ſei
Im Walde.

Der Dichter.

Es lebt der Wald von wunderbaren Zungen,
Die Flöten girren, der Trommete Klänge
Ermuntern laut der Waldvögelein Gedränge,
Dem Frühling und dem Mai wird Gruß geſungen,
Die Fahnen dort ſind kühn empor geſchwungen,
Im blanken Erze tummelt ſich die Menge,
Dort ſingt ein Schäferchor Liebesgeſänge,
Und Flöten, Horn und Wald in eins erklungen.
Drein gießt ſich Duft von Baum- und Blumenblüthe,
Es brennt der Wald im hellen, grünen Feuer,
Und Geiſter in den Zweigen ſich entzünden,
Da regt die Poeſie ſich im Gemüthe,
Es greift der Dichter nach der goldnen Leyer,
Er will ſein volles Herz der Welt verkünden.
Hör', Echo, du im Thale drunten! — unten
Baumzweige über meinem Haupte droben — oben!
Die alte Zeit kömmt nie in meine Sinnen, — innen
Gefühle wunderſel'ger Stunden — ſtunden
Im Herzen auf und mich bezwangen — Wangen
Und ſüße Lippen, Buſen, Locken — locken
Der Sehnſucht reizende Gefühle — fühle!

Ein Liebender (tritt auf).

Hier iſt der Bach, das grünende Gebüſche,
Wo einſt bei eines ſchönen Morgens Friſche,
Ach meiner allzuſel'gen Hand
Die reizendſte der Hände ſich verband,
Wie ihre Gunſt die Schäferin geſtand.
Alle Wünſche, alle Träume
Waren herrlich nun geſtillt,
Das Verlangen war erfüllt,
Fröhlich rauſchten grüne Bäume
Aus geh' ich, die Spur zu finden,
Alles ſagt mir von dem Glücke,
Jene Zeit kömmt mir zurücke.
Mußte ſie ſo ſchnell verſchwinden!
Ach wie war die Stunde ſüße,
Als ſich unſre Blick' erkannten,
Unſre Herzen ſchnell entbrannten,
Sich begegneten die Küſſe.
Jeder Frühling ſagt mir wieder,
Kommt der Herbſt, bin ich vermeſſen,
Kommt der Winter, ſeh' ich glänzen
Manche Schönheit bei den Tänzen,
Und die Einz'ge wird vergeſſen.
Aber wenn die Blumen ſprießen,
Wenn die Nachtigallen ſingen,
Muß ſie wieder mich bezwingen,
Ich den ſchnöden Frevel büßen.
Fließet, fließet, treue Thränen,
Herz vergeh im tiefen Schmachten,
Mögt ihr Augen euch umnachten,
Leben, löſ' dich auf im Sehnen.

Ein Pilgrim (kömmt).

Was heute war, iſt morgen ſchon verſchwunden,
Es wechſeln ohne Raſt des Lebens Stunden,
Fortuna rennt unſtätig durch die Welt
Und weiß nicht wo, weiß nicht, wenn einer fällt,
Sie ſpielt mit Zepter, Herrlichkeit und Kronen,
Blind geht ſie hin, wo irgend Menſchen wohnen,
Unglück und Leid, und Thränen und das Lachen,
Sind die Begleiter, die den Hofſtaat machen,
Sie kümmert's nicht, wer jammert, wer gewinnt,
Sie kömmt und flieht, forteilend wie der Wind.
Ohne Ruhe ewig wandelnd
Geht ſie fort, weiß nicht wohin,
Irr und unſtät iſt ihr Sinn,
Nur nach blinder Laune handelnd.
In das laute Lachen ſtreut ſie
Unvermerkt der Thränen Saat,
Und den Jammer, wenn auch ſpat,
Durch ein holdes Glück erfreut ſie.
Dies ſah ich auf allen Wegen,
Und die falſche Welt verlaſſend,
Und das Weib Fortunam haſſend
Wall' ich einer Klauſ' entgegen.

Der Dichter.

Durch Himmelsplan die rothen Wolken ziehen,
Beglänzt von der Sonne Abendſtrahlen,
Jetzt ſieht man ſie in hellem Feuer glühen,
Und wie ſie ſich in ſeltſam Bildniß malen:
So oftmals Helden, große Thaten blühen,
Aufſteigend aus der Zeiten goldnen Schaalen,
Doch wie ſie noch die Welt am ſchönſten ſchmücken,
Fliehn ſie wie Wolken und ein ſchnell Entzücken
Was dieſer fliehende Schimmer will bedeuten,
Die Bildniſſ', die ſich durch einander jagen,

Die Glanzgeſtalten, die ſo furchtbar ſchreiten,
Kann nur der Dichter offenbarend ſagen;
Es wechſeln die Geſtalten, wie die Zeiten,
Sind ſie euch Räthſel, müßt ihr ihn nur fragen.
Ewig bleibt ſtehn in ſeinem Lied gedichtet,
Was die Natur ſchafft und im Rauſch vernichtet.
Es wohnt in ihr nur dieſer ewge Wille,
Zu wechſeln mit Gebären und Erzeugen,
Vom Chaos zieht ſie ab die dunkle Hülle,
Sie weckt die Töne auf aus ihrem Schweigen,
Ein Lebensquell regt ſich die alte Stille,
In der Gebilde auf und nieder ſteigen,
Nur Phantaſie ſchaut in das ewige Weben,
Wie aus dem Tode keimt ein neues Leben.

Der Ritter (kömmt zurück).

Die Feinde ſind entflohn, die muth'gen Krieger
Gehn ohne Blut, mit unzerſchlagnem Helm
Zurück ins Vaterland. — Schon wird es Abend,
Die laue Luft zieht durch die Blätter labend,
Auf Harniſch und auf Schild erglänzt der Schein,
Der Himmel funkelt wie ein rother Wein,
Der lockend im Pokal vom Golde ſchwimmt,
Und Glanz von ihm in ſeine Röthe nimmt.

Ein Hirtenmädchen (kömmt).

Das Feſt iſt vorüber,
Schon winken von ferne
Die lieblichen Sterne
Des Abends herüber.
Nun klinget die Flöte
Noch zärtlicher drein,
Im lieblichen Schein
Der ſinkenden Röthe.
Die andern beginnen
Wohl liebliche Töne,
Will jeder die Schöne
Mit Liedern gewinnen.
Mich laſſen ſie gehen,
Folgt keiner zum Hain,
Ich muß nun allein
Im Walde hier ſtehen.
Ich bin noch ein Kind,
Drum darf ich es wagen
Mein Leiden zu klagen
Dem nächtlichen Wind.
Im künftigen Lenze
Der Schäfer mich ſucht,
Dann nehm' ich die Flucht,
Er windet mir Kränze,
Dann fürcht' ich die Buchen,
Die finſtere Eiche,
Er wird im Geſträuche
Im Dunkeln mich ſuchen.

Ein Reiſender (tritt auf.)

So leg' ich hier den ſchweren Bündel nieder,
Der mir den Weg faſt zu beſchwerlich macht.
Ich habe nun der Länder gnug geſehn
Und will mich im Erinnern ſchön ergötzen.
Nichts geht doch der Bequemlichkeit zuvor.
Wie freu ich mich auf meine alten Freunde,
Auf die Verwandten und auf Frau und Kinder
Und Nachbarn, ihnen alles zu erzählen;
Die größte Luſt kömmt immer hinten nach.

Ein zweiter Reiſender (tritt auf).

Weit hinaus treibt mich das Sehnen,
Wundervolles Land zu ſchauen;
Keiner darf ſich ſelbſt vertrauen,
Oder ſich als weiſe wähnen;
Das erfordert manche Künſte,
Mancherlei muß man erfahren,
Und oft ſieht man erſt nach Jahren:
Alles waren eitle Dünſte.
Darum will ich in die Weite,
Manches Glück wird mir begegnen,
Auch mag's manchmal Schläge regnen,
Doch folgt Morgen auf das Heute.
Jeder führt etwas im Schilde,
Und umſonſt iſt nichts auf Erden,
Darum ſcheu' ich nicht Beſchwerden,
Wenn ich mich nur etwas bilde.

Ritter.

Beglückt, wer mit den aufgeſpannten Flügeln
Sein Schiff dahin auf ebnem Meere führt,
Er ſieht um ſich die große Fläche ſpiegeln
Und wird von keiner bleichen Furcht berührt,
Er lenkt den Kiel nach ſeiner Heimath Hügeln,
Den Lauf untrüglich der Magnet regiert,
Die Sterne lenken an dem Himmelsbogen,
Gehorſam dienen Winde, wie die Wogen.

Erſter Reiſender.

Was hab' ich nun von meiner ganzen Reiſ',
Als daß ich nunmehr weiß, was ich nicht wußte,
Wodurch mir jetzt die Zeit noch länger währt?
Als ich den Weg vor meinen Füßen hatte,
Dacht' ich, es müßte was Beſonders werden,
Nun, da ich endlich denn zurückgekehrt,
Dünkt mir das Ganze nicht der Rede werth.

Zweiter Reiſender.

Wundervolle Berge warten
Meiner, und die Waſſerfälle,
Glänzend ſpringt wohl manche Quelle
In dem blumgezierten Garten.
Bäume rauſchen, Gemſen klimmen
Oben ſchwindlicht am Geſteine,
Freundlich ſind im Mondenſcheine
Städte da mit Thürm' und Zinnen.
Manches wird ſich noch begeben,
Mancher Rauſch und manche Schöne,
Mancher Zwiſt, den ich verſöhne,
Fügt ſich luſtig in mein Leben.

Ein Küſter (tritt auf.)

Da hab' ich nun auf weiten Wegen
Hin und zurücke reiſen müſſen,
Das iſt mir herzlich ungelegen,
Denn meine Beine müſſen's büßen,
Und alles aus dem dummen Grunde,
Weil unſre Uhr nicht richtig geht,
So daß ſie immer eine Stunde
Nach dreien Stunden ſtille ſteht.
Das Dach iſt nicht ganz regendichte,
Und immer ſcheut das Dorf die Koſten,
Das macht die Uhr nun ganz zunichte,
Denn Werk und alle Räder roſten.
Kommt in Tumult drauf die Gemeine
Und alle machen groß Geſchrei,
Es iſt zwölf Uhr, ſo ruft der Eine,
Der Andre ſchwört, es ſei ſchon drei.
Die Einheit fehlt dem ganzen Werke,
Es läuft nun gegen alle Regel,
Und Keiner iſt's, der ſich nicht merke,
Denn jedes Bauerkind wird zum Flegel.
Man kann nun nicht zu rechten Zeiten
Die liebe Kinderlehre halten,
Mit Sicherheit die Glocken läuten,
Da ſich die Dinge ſo geſtalten.
Die Ordnung iſt nun auch begraben,
Und Alles ſchwimmt in Anarchie,
Und bis auf die Currende-Knaben,
Lebt Jeder wie das liebe Vieh.
Doch iſt die Uhr nur erſt im Stande,
Und das geſchieht in kurzer Friſt,
So weiß doch jedermann im Lande,
Woran er mit ſich ſelber iſt.

Erſter Reiſender.

Das iſt gewiß, nichts in der ganzen Welt
Geht über eine recht honette Uhr.
Warum? Man weiß dann ſtets in jeder Stunde,
Wie viel die Glocke eigentlich geſchlagen.
Man iſt dann nicht zu ſpät und nicht zu früh,
Man geht zur rechten Zeit zu Bette,
Man treibt's Studiren niemals über Macht,
Und da das Leben aus der Zeit beſteht,
So muß man auch beſtändig darnach ſehn,
Woran es an der Zeit iſt in der Welt.

Zweiter Reiſender.

Ach! und dann das dumpfe Läuten,
Das vom Kirchhof ſchön herüber
Einem kann ſo viel bedeuten.

Nichts auf Erden iſt mir lieber.
Und die ernſten Glockenſchläge
In der ſtillen Mitternacht
Machen alles Grauſen rege,
Wenn ich grade noch gewacht.
Nie möcht' ich die Uhren miſſen,
Und auf meinen weiten Gängen
Will ich allenthalben wiſſen,
Wo doch wohl die Glocken hängen.

Der Dichter.

Es klingt ein altes Lied mir in mein Ohr,
Drum zögert, eilt nicht allzuſchnell von hinnen,
Ich fühle ſchon bezaubert meine Sinnen,
Im Wunderglanze ſteigt das Bild empor.
Es thun ſich Thiere, Länder, Meer' hervor,
Da glänzen Burgen, königliche Zinnen,
Ein Knab' will mit dem Rieſen Schlacht beginnen,
Ein Kinderpaar, das ſich im Wald verlor,
Es toben wild der Heiden rohe Schaaren,
Die Chriſtenheit zu ſtürzen all' entbrannt,
Doch Liebe hat den Heiden angelacht,
Ein ſchönes Frauenbild mit goldnen Haaren,
Die Augen, wie der reinſte Diamant,
Das kühne Herz dem Glauben dargebracht. —
Doch ſchaut, welch' Bildniß reitet durch den Wald!
Iſt's eine Jägrin, die dem Wild nachrennet?
Die Kriegesgöttin, die im Zorn entbrennet,
Den Feind verfolgt mit ſiegender Gewalt!
Iſt es die Liebe, die den Aufenthalt
Des Himmels läßt, und unſrer Erde gönnet,
Daß man ſich wiederum als Göttin kennet!
Noch nie ſah ich ſo herrliche Geſtalt.
Mein Herz erbebt in freudigem Entzücken,
Mich zieht an ſich das wunderbare Weſen,
So göttlich groß, ſo lieblich hoch und mild,
O nahe dich, du herrlich Frauenbild,
Ich bin von jedem Leiden gleich geneſen,
Wenn du mich würdig hältſt, mich anzublicken.

Erſter Reiſender.

Wir ſtehn, ſo glaub' ich immer, in der Schonung,
Die abgehegt vom andern Walde iſt,
Der Jäger kommt, uns Alle abzuſtrafen:
Ich hab' ſo viel Erfahrung doch gewonnen
Auf meinen Reiſen, daß ich mich mit Klugheit
Vor allem Schaden hüt'. Ich geh nach Hauſe.
(Geht ab.)

Zweiter Reiſender.

Ich verweile mich zu lange,
Wie die Zeit ſo ſchnell vergeht,
Keine Stunde ſtille ſteht,
Die Betrachtung macht mir bange.
Warum ſoll ich hier noch harren!
Die Geſellſchaft macht mir Reue,
Und nun kommen vollends neue,
Endlich wird man gar zum Narren.
(Geht.)

Der Küſter.

Ich frage nur: kann dies die Uhr mir beſſern?
Wenn das nicht iſt, ſo ſuch' ich einen Meiſter,
Der wieder Alles in die Richtung bringt,
Was uns den Kopf nur gar zu ſehr verwirrt.
(Geht ab.)

Der Dichter.

Halt an, du wunderbares Bild! wer biſt du,
Auf dieſem weißen, königlichen Zelter?
Mit Federbüſchen in dem Winde flatternd,
Die weiße Bruſt mit blauem Schleier ſchmückend,
Im Munde Lächeln, in den Augen Ernſt,
Auf vollen Wangen Throne für die Liebe!
Wie iſt, ich kenne dich, doch biſt du fremd,
Ich habe nie ſo Wunderherrliches,
So Liebliches geſehn, ſo fremde Tracht.

Die Romanze auf einem Pferde.

Romanze.

Hältſt du mit des Roſſes Zügel
Auf in meinem ſchnellen Jagen!
Wer ich bin, will ich nach Wahrheit
Dir jetzt ohne Säumen ſagen.
Mit dem Namen nennt man mich nur
Wenn man von mir ſpricht, Romanze,
Ich durchzieh die Welt mit Freuden,
Streue Luſt aus, wo ich wandle.
Meine Eltern will ich nennen,
Glaube heißt mein edler Vater,
Und die Mutter iſt die Liebe,
Die den Glauben nahm zum Gatten.
Beide haben mich erzeuget,
Als ſie ſehnſuchtsvoll entbrannten,
Und an meiner Mutter Brüſten
Wuchs ich auf, in ihren Armen,
Als die neue Lehr' erblühte,
Hochroth wehten Chriſtenfahnen,
Kreuze drein die Krieger führten,
Und die Heidengötter ſanken.
Flohe Venus, die betrübte,
Nach dem einſam dunklen Walde,
Venus, aus dem Meer geboren,
Trauernd, daß kein Tempel ſtande,
Wo man der Verführerin
Opfer noch und Weihrauch brannte;
Und voll Trug hüllt ſie die Glieder
In die büßenden Gewande.
Wie ein Pilgermädchen heilig
War ſie gänzlich umgeſtaltet,
So fand ſie ein Eremite,
Der mit ihr durch Felſen wallte.
Venus war erfreut des Truges,
Und ihr weltlich Herze lachte
Als der fromme Mann erglühte,
Seine Brunſt geſtand im Wahne.
Drauf gebar ſie nach neun Monden
Liebe mit dem Heil'genglanze,
Aber ſie ward eingeſchloſſen
In der Felſenklüfte Spalten,
Daß ſie keinen Trug erſinne,
Und die Liebe nicht verwandle:
Selbſt erzog, ernährt' ſich dieſe
Von dem ſüßen Himmelsmanna,
Und ſie blühte auf, ein heiliger
Ueberirdiſch ſchöner Garten;
Drauf vermählte ſich der Glaube
Mit der ſüßen, die ſo zarte,
Denn er ſprach: Wen ſoll ich freien?
Alle Mädchen, die ich ſahe,
Alle Frauen, die ich kenne,
Hält die Eitelkeit gefangen.
Von der Welt und von der Sünde
Losgeriſſen, muß mich laben
Streit für Gott und Chriſt und Geiſte,
Hält mein Herz in goldnem Brande;
Wenn ich nun die Gattin wähle,
Die nach Erdenfreuden trachtet,
Wird mein ſtiller Sinn von jener
Wie die Sehnſucht wohl verachtet.
Da erblickte er die Holde,
Meine Mutter, als er ſahe,
Daß [illegible] Bild auf Erden wohne,
Wünſcht' er ſich ihre Gnade,
Und ſie zogen durch die Welt hin,
Liebe wie [illegible] Sonnenſtrahlen,
Wie des [illegible] ſanfte Lichter
Schien der [illegible] durch die Thale.
Neue Liebe, neues Leben
Schuf den Menſchen neue Sprache,
Liebevoll war Glauben immer,
Glauben nur ein Liebsgedanke.
Das bezwang die härtſten Herzen,
Alle zu dem Kreuze kamen:
Ewig, ewig ſei die Liebe!
Rief voll Inbrunſt nun der Vater;
Ewig ſei der Glaube blühend!
So die hohe Mutter ſang,
Und die frommen Menſchen riefen
Zu den beiden Wünſchen: Amen!

Dichter.

Steig von deinem Roß alsbalde,
Biſt du wohl vom Jagen müde,
O vergönnt, daß ich dich ſehe,
Das macht meiner Seelen Friede.
Immer war nach dir mein Sehnen
Schöne Tochter hoher Liebe,
Edles Kind des ſanften Glaubens,
Unerwartet kommſt du nieder.
Aber ſage mir, du Holde,

Wenn es dir alſo gefiele,
Blieben denn die Eltern einſam,
Haben ſie der Freunde viele!

Romanze.

Von dem Roſſe will ich ſteigen,
Hier im zarten Graſe ſpielen;
Bald erſcheinet mein Gefolge,
Tapferkeit, Scherz, Glaub' und Liebe.
Die zwei erſten, die ich nannte,
Sind uns ſehr getreue Diener,
Eine werthe Magd dem Vater
Iſt die Tapferkeit beſchieden.
Er allein mit tiefer Inbrunſt
Konnte nicht das Schwert regieren,
Denn es ziemet ſeiner Rechte
Kreuz und Oelzweig nur zu führen.
Tapferkeit ergab ſich ihme,
In den allertreuſten Dienſten,
Hohes Ganges geht das Mägdlein,
Streit für ihn iſt ihre Zierde.
Liebe fühlte, wie die Andacht;
Beten, heilige Gefühle,
Sie in Demuth würden wandeln,
Weil ihr Herz zu oft gerühret,
Sprach: wo find' ich einen treuen
Und mir froh ergebnen Diener?
Daß ich freies, inneres Leben
Und verſchönt die Erde ſpüre?
Da kam hüpfend Scherz gelaufen,
Sprach: ich fühl' mein Herz erglühen,
Ueberwunden von der Schönheit,
Will ich ewig nach dir ziehen.
Gibt es Liebe ohne Scherzen,
Kann man ſcherzen ohne Liebe!
Reines Waſſer fließt erzeugend,
Aus dem Waſſer Blumen blühen.
So ſteht Scherz im Lohn der Mutter,
Bei dem Vater dient die Kühne,
Ich das Kind voran, mir folgen
Tapferkeit, Glaub', Scherz und Liebe.

Glauben und Liebe (treten herein).

Glauben.

Ei, du böſes, wildes Kindlein,
Sage doch, wo biſt du blieben?

Romanze.

Ritt voran durch grüne Waldung,
Durch die ſanften Thale hüben.

Liebe.

Fliehſt du uns, geliebte Tochter,
Biſt du gern von uns geſchieden?

Romanze.

Nichts kann mich von dir zertrennen,
Nie bin ich von euch vertrieben,
Meine Liebe iſt euch ewig,
Aber gern ſchein' ich zu fliehen,
Dann vermerk' ich, wie ihr beide
Mir nach durch die Thäler ziehet. —
Jener dort mit ſüßem Kreuze,
Und dem ſchönen Chriſtusbilde,
Eine Taube auf dem Herzen,
Iſt der Glaube, wie du ſieheſt,
Hat er nicht rechte Vateraugen?
Muß man nicht Vertrauen fühlen?
Sieh, in dieſem holden Lächeln
Kann man recht die Sehnſucht fühlen.
Jene dort, ſo wie Madonna,
Die zur Erde ſteigt hernieder,
Alle Herzen an ſich lockend,
Iſt die Mutter mein, die Liebe.
In der Hand hat ſie zwei Blumen,
Eine Roſe, eine Lilie,
Die mit inn'ger Liebesſehnſucht
Immer zu einander blühen.
Roſe lächelt voll Verlangen,
Wird von Freude angetrieben,
Lilie hat den heil'gen Willen,
Reiner Glanz iſt ihr beſchieden.
Beide Blumen trägt die Mutter,
Beiden iſt ſie treu geblieben,
Will die Rothe trunken machen,
Schaut ſie ihre Schweſter drüben,
Will die Bleiche Frommes ſprechen,
Sanft erheitern, ſanft betrüben,
Schaut ſie auf die Rothe ſehnlich,
Und ihr Auge lachet wieder.
Recht ein Herz ſpricht aus den Augen,
Senken ſie ſich golden nieder,
Wer ſie anſchaut kann nicht ſorgen,
Denn ihr Blick iſt allzulieblich,
Was die Frühlingsſonne meinet,
Und nicht Worte kann erſinnen,
Was die zarten Blumen wollen,
Wonach alle Farben zielen,
Das verkünden dieſe Augen,
Und die goldnen Augenlieder.
Spürſt du nicht, ſie tragen Worte,
Frühling, Blume, Sonn' im Blicke!
Und ſo klingt dieſelbe Sprache,
In dem Schwung der ſchönen Glieder,
Jede Falte des Gewandes
Fließt zu Füßen rührend nieder.

Glauben.

Ja ich bin, den du beſchrieben,
Kennt ihr, Menſchen, wohl den Glauben?
Lange herrſcht' ich hier auf Erden;
Habt ihr noch die alten Augen?
Sehnſucht flohe, ſo wie Pfeile
Fliehn vom Bogen, mich zu ſchauen,
Damals wollte jedes Herze
Nur durch meine Hülfe bauen.
Nicht auf Erde, nicht auf Zeitlich
Ging ihr innigſtes Vertrauen,
Blumen, Gold und Menſchen ſelber
Sind nur Miſchung aus dem Staube.
Jenſeit allem, was du denkeſt,
Fühleſt, höreſt, oder ſchaueſt,
Liegen, die du erſt verließeſt,
Deine vaterländ'ſchen Auen.

Pilgerin.

Ach, wie froh, daß du erſchienen,
Iſt die ſeligſte der Frauen,
Ich mit meinem Pilgerſtabe
Nahe dir mit heiligem Schauer,
Willſt mich Arme nicht verwerfen!
Du biſt meine feſte Mauer,
Lange ſucht' ich dich vergebens,
Hier beendigt ſich die Trauer.

Liebe.

Sind noch welche, die mir trauen,
Die ſich meinem Dienſt ergeben,
Leben, wie die ſtillen Prieſter,
Ewig mit geweihtes Leben!
Vormals waren alle Thaten,
Alles kühne Heldenſtreben,
Alle Kämpfe, die geſchahen,
Alle Lieder, alle Weiſen,
Nur von meinem Hauch ermuntert,
Nur von meinem Geiſt erreget,
Blühend ſtanden alle Gärten,
Liebe ſchmückte alle Wege,
Keiner war, der mich nicht kannte,
Hingegeben ſtillem Sehnen,
Inbrunſt glänzte in den Augen,
Herz des Lichtes, Wurzel, Quelle!

Der Liebende.

Wenn die holde Stimme rufet,
Könnte da wer widerſtehen!
O wer zöge ſich zurücke,
Wenn der Liebe Fahnen wehen!
Wenn du willſt mein Hauptmann heißen
Will ich gern im Heere ſtehen,
Alle Wünſche ſtreben zu dir,
Niemals will ich von dir gehen.

Glaube.

Wenn du glaubſt und niemals zweifelſt,
Wirſt du ſtets dein Glücke ſehen.

Liebe.

Die du längſt geſucht, ſie ſteht dort,
Gehe zu ihr, freundlich rede.

Der Liebende.

Himmel! ſie, die Theure, iſt es?
Pilgerin, willſt du mich kennen?

Pilgerin.

O wie könnt' ich dich verläugnen?
Dich nicht meinen Liebſten nennen?

Beide.

Alſo waren wir uns nahe,
Und wir glaubten uns ſo ferne,
Und uns trennte keine Weite,
Nur die allernächſte Nähe.
Ja, wir haben uns gefunden,
Und nun mag uns nichts mehr trennen,
Scheiden kann nicht Raum und Zeit, die
Sich in Glaub' und Lieb' erkennen.

Glaube.

Doch wo bleibt das kühne Mädchen?
Tapferkeit, ſo komm von dorten!

Liebe.

Scherz, herbei zu mir behende!
Warum hältſt du dich verborgen?

Tapferkeit und Scherz (treten herein)

Scherz.

Sieh, hier iſt dein treuſter Diener.

Tapferkeit.

Dir bin ich berufen worden.

Scherz.

Eilend komm' ich hergelaufen.

Tapferkeit.

Weilten auf dem Hügel droben.

Romanze.

Jenes Mädchen in dem Harniſch,
Blanken Helm auf dunkler Locke,
Löwe ihr zur Seite gehend,
Und die Brüſte ſchön erhoben,
Tapferkeit wird ſie genennet:
Niemals iſt genug zu loben
Ihre Schönheit, die ſo furchtbar
In den kühnen Augen wohnet.
Schild und Panzer, Eichenzweige
Führt ſie, Wehrgehenke golden,
Was der Vater ſagt, das thut ſie,
Angefriſcht von ſeinem Lobe. —
Jener, der ein Knabe ſcheinet,
Iſt vor langer Zeit geboren,
Aber nimmer kann er altern,
Jugend bleibt dem Scherz zum Lohne.
Um die Liebe hüpft der Junge,
Die erfreut ſich an dem Holden,
Alles jauchzt an ihm, vom Haupte
Bis hernieder zu den Sohlen.
Wen er anrührt, muß geſunden,
Fühlt erfriſcht den Todesodem,
Keine Macht kann ihn bezwingen,
Unglück trotzt er und dem Tode.
Wo er weilet, iſt der Frühling,
Lacht er, Blumen aufgebrochen;
Leid und Jammer, Weheklage
Stirbt dem weg, den er erkoren,
Alte Märchen weiß er, ſchöne,
Er iſt ſelber wie gewoben
Aus den reinſten Phantaſieen,
Von dem Lichte ausgeboren.

Liebe.

Warum biſt du mir entwichen,
Diener, der du Treu' gelobet?

Glaube.

Dienerin, du bleibſt an meiner
Seite, geh mir nicht verloren.

Liebe.

Immer muß ſie dich begleiten,
Scheint es faſt, du könnteſt ohne
Gattin leichter fröhlich leben,
Als ohn' ſie, die herrlich thronen
Muß in deiner Bruſt, ich neide
Ihr die allerſchönſte Krone,
Mehr, als mich, haſt du ſie immer
Zur Vertrauten auserkoren.

Glaube.

Wie kann mich dein Vorwurf treffen,
Aber daß du mit dem Sohne,
Mit dem Knaben ewig tändelſt,
Und wenn nicht von ihm betrogen,
Doch verwildern kannſt am Ende,
Haſt du Thorheit eingeſogen:
Möchteſt einſt vergeſſen leichte,
Daß wir in dem Himmel wohnen.

Romanze.

Wild erſchien' ich, gegen Glauben,
Gegen Liebe, raſch und rohe,
Dennoch bind' ich ſie zuſammen,
Bin die Eintracht dieſer Hohen.
Zürne keiner ob dem andern,
Du nicht ob dem jungen Sohne,
Mutter du nicht ob der Jungfrau,
Ihr müßt bei einander wohnen.
Niemals kann die Liebe zweifeln,
Glauben traut nicht dem Argwohne,
Ich bin euer Kind, vereine,
Diener, Vater, Magd, die Höhe.

Tapferkeit.

Biſt du dort ein Kriegsmann worden?
Trägſt du Panzer, ſammt dem Helme?

Ritter.

Freudvoll war ich immerdar
Und von Herzen dir ergeben,
Keine höhre Luſt mir wiſſend,
Als den Erzruf der Trommete,
Schilder, in der Sonne ſpiegelnd,
Feinde auf der grünen Ebne.

Tapferkeit.

Immer ward ein Mann erfunden
Und es lohnt dir einſt die Ehre.

Ritter.

Alles will ich fahren laſſen,
Will der Ruhm nur mein gedenken.

Scherz.

Du im leichten Hirtenkleide,
Willſt du mir nicht näher treten?
Komm und ſag' mir, wer du ſeieſt,
Daß ich deine Augen ſehe.

Hirtenmädchen.

Immer haſt du mir gefallen,
Und mir iſt, daß ich dich kenne,
Meine aber, daß wir künftig
Mehr uns werden kennen gerne.
Die Geſpielen ſind gegangen
Nach den grünen Fluren ferne,
Nennen mich die kleine Unſchuld,
Weil ich noch nicht küſſen lerne.
Aber Lieb' und Luſt zum Dinge,
Wie man wohl zu ſagen pfleget,
Macht die Arbeit ſehr geringe,
Und ich will gern Lehre nehmen.

Scherz.

Kleine Unſchuld, du gefällſt mir,
Immer möcht' ich bei dir leben,

Wie du Mädchen, ſo ich Knabe,
Beide gleiche Kinder eben.

Mädchen.

Freundlich wollen wir mitſammen
Viele Märchen, Poſſen reden.

Scherz.

Lieblich wollen wir zuſammen
Durch die grünen Felder gehen.

Mädchen.

Und wer Blumen ſieht am Waſſer,
Soll ſie für den andern leſen.

Ritter.

Süßes Mädchen, zartes Kindchen,
Jetzo muß ich zu dir ſprechen:
Willſt du nicht mein Liebchen heißen,
Muß mein Herze innen brechen.

Mädchen.

Du gefällſt mir, muß ich ſagen,
Schild und Harniſch, und der Degen,
Und der Helm mit ſeinem Buſche,
Nicht iſt mir das Gold entgegen:
Willſt du wohl mein Liebſter heißen,
Da ich nur ein kindiſch Mädchen!

Ritter.

Kann was ſchöner ſich verbinden,
Als der Menſch mit Unſchuld, Scherze!

Romanze.

Und du ſtehſt ſo einſam ſinnend,
Gar nichts ſagt zu dir dein Herze!

Dichter.

Wer empfindet, wer entzückt iſt,
Kann er glühend Worte reden!
Wenn dein Blick mein Herze anlacht,
Bin ich nicht mehr auf der Erden.
Was ich wollte, was ich ſuchte,
Was mir Keiner konnte geben,
Seh ich ſpielend dich umſchweben,
Wenn du lächelſt, will die Seele
Fort aus dem Gefängniß ſtreben,
Sich in dieſe Lippen fangen,
In die rothen Feſſeln legen:
Mit dem Lächeln auferblühen,
Sich in goldne Freiheit heben,
Mit dem leiſen Seufzer wieder
In dem holden Kerker leben.
Kannſt du mir gewogen ſein!
Möchteſt du mich nicht verſchmähen!
O dann würd' ich in der Freude
Ueberſelig untergehen.
Du biſt Liebe, du biſt Glauben,
Du biſt Tapferkeit und Scherzen,
Wenn ich deinen Blick empfinde,
Kann ich alles leicht verſtehen.
Jeder hat, was er gewünſchet,
Nach dem Herzen ſich erwählet,
Willſt du günſtig mir erſcheinen,
Hab' ich nicht des Glücks verfehlet.

Romanze.

Wenn du dieneſt, wenn du treu bleibſt,
Will ich dich mit Muth befreien,
Bleibe meiner eingedenk,
Wenn die andern mich verſchmähen.
Einmal hab ich dich durchleuchtet,
Nun mußt du mir treu beſtehen,
Und dein Herze wird geläutert,
Wie der Blick durch Silber gehet.
Folge denen, die mir dienten,
Liebe ſie mit voller Seele.
Wer da will ein Prieſter heißen
Muß des Tempels nie vergeſſen. —
Mondbeglänzte Zaubernacht,
Die den Sinn gefangen hält,
Wundervolle Märchenwelt,
Steig' auf in der alten Pracht!

Muſik.

Mit Trompeten kommen die Krieger auf der einen, die Schäfer mit Flöten auf der andern Seite zurück. In der Mitte ſtehen Glauben und Liebe, zur Seite des Glaubens Tapferkeit, zwiſchen ihnen der Liebende und die Pilgerin, neben der Liebe der Scherz, zwiſchen beiden der Ritter und das Hirtenmädchen, im Vorgrunde der Dichter und die Romanze.

Chor der Krieger.

Ueber die Berge, über die Bäume,
Schwebt des Mondes goldner Flimmer,
Durch den Wald ſenkt ſich der Schimmer,
Drin erwachen zarte Träume,
Geiſter ſchweifen ſacht
Durch die grüne Nacht
Im Walde.

Chor der Schäfer.

Der Tag verſteckt ſich in den Schatten,
Mondenlicht will uns verkünden,
Daß ſich Traum und Wahrheit gatten,
Sich die Geiſter wieder finden,
Die auf Erden hier geſchieden,
Die das Irdiſche getrennt;
Wenn Mondſchein brennt
Dann wandeln ſie in Frieden
Im Wald.

Liebe.

Liebe läßt ſich ſuchen, finden,
Niemals lernen, oder lehren.
Wer da will die Flamm' entzünden,
Ohne ſelbſt ſich zu verzehren,
Muß ſich reinigen der Sünden.
Alles ſchläft, weil er noch wacht,
Wann der Stern der Liebe lacht,
Goldne Augen auf ihn blicken,
Schaut er trunken von Entzücken
Mondbeglänzte Zaubernacht.

Tapferkeit.

Aber nie darf er erſchrecken,
Wenn ſich Wolken dunkel jagen,
Finſterniß die Sterne decken,
Kaum der Mond es noch will wagen,
Einen Schimmer zu erwecken.
Ewig ſteht der Liebe Zelt,
Von dem eignen Licht erhellt;
Aber Muth nur kann zerbrechen,
Was die Furcht will ewig ſchwächen,
Die den Sinn gefangen hält.

Scherz.

Keine Liebe hat gefunden,
Dem ein trüber Ernſt beſchieden,
Flüchtig ſind die goldnen Stunden,
Welche immer den vermieden,
Den die bleiche Sorg' umwunden.
Wer die Schlange an ſich hält,
Dem iſt Schatten vorgeſtellt,
Alles, was die Dichter ſangen,
Nennt der Arme, eingefangen,
Wundervolle Märchenwelt.

Glauben.

Herz im Glauben auferblühend
Fühlt alsbald die goldnen Scheine,
Die es lieblich in ſich ziehend
Macht zu eigen ſich und ſeine,
In der ſchönſten Flamme glühend.
Iſt das Opfer angefacht,
Wird's dem Himmel dargebracht,
Hat dich Liebe angenommen,
Auf dem Altar hell entglommen
Steig' auf in der alten Pracht!

Allgemeines Chor.

Mondbeglänzte Zaubernacht,
Die den Sinn gefangen hält,
Wundervolle Märchenwelt,
Steig' auf in der alten Pracht!

Aus Prinz Zerbino.

Der Garten.

Neſtor (tritt auf.)

Hab' ich in meinem Leben ſo was geſehen! Was das hier für eine Einrichtung iſt! Kein Garten, ſondern eine Wildniß. Ich glaube, wenn ich mich lange hier aufhielte, könnte ich in der That unſinnig werden. Und warum nicht! Iſt es wohl andern ehrbaren Leuten aus wohlfeilern Urſachen begegnet. — Blumen, ſo hoch wie kleine Bäume, Lilien die höher ſind als ich, mit einem Blumenſtern, den man nicht umſpannen kann, große Roſen an Roſen, zwiſchen himmelhohen Eichen, Baumgänge, die ſo hoch ſind, daß der Blick ſie kaum erreichen kann, — und alles in ſolchem Ueberfluß, alles ſo gedrängt an einander, daß der ganze Garten wie ein einziger dicht geflochtener Blumenkranz ausſieht. Und alles brummt und ſingt, und hat ordentlich Einfälle! Ich möchte manchmal lachen, wenn ich nicht um meinen Verſtand ſo ſehr beſorgt ſein müßte.

Der Wald. Der friſche Morgenwind
Durch unſere Zweige geht,
Rührt jedes Blatt geſchwind,
Wenn er ſo wohlgemuth durch alle Aeſte weht.
Rühr' dich, o Menſchenkind,
Was ſoll die Bangigkeit!
Wirf ab dein kleines Leid,
Komm, komm in unſern Schatten grün,
Wirf alle Sorgen hin,
Erſchließ dein Herz der Freudigkeit.

Neſtor. Iſt das nun nicht eine ganz verfluchte Art, zu rauſchen! Ich habe doch nun, ſo lange ich denken kann, ſchon manchen Wald geſehen, aber dergleichen iſt mir noch nicht arrivirt.

Der Wald. Wir rühren mit Zweigen
In den Himmel hinein,
Und ſpüren ſo eigen
Den glänzenden Schein;
Mit Fingern, mit Zweigen, mit Aeſten,
Durchrauſcht von ſpielenden Weſten,
Durchſungen von Vöglein,
Freun wir uns friſch bis in die Wurzeln hinein.
Wir rauſchen, wir flüſtern, wir wogen,
Geſchirmt vom blauen Himmelsbogen,
Von freundlichen Lüften durchzogen.
Frühlingsglanz!
Frühlingsglanz!
Sei gegrüßt, ſei gegrüßt von Abend zu Morgen,
Von Morgen zu Abend,
Komm, Menſch, ſei frei von Sorgen
In unſerm Schatten, der brüderlich labend.

Neſtor. Sei frei von Sorgen! Eben Euer verdammtes Geſchwätz, das beinahe an das Vernünftige gränzt, macht mir die meiſten Sorgen. — Das Tollſte iſt, wenn ſie nun alle zuſammen muſiciren und zwitſchern; wenn es nicht um die Merkwürdigkeit wär', ſo wär ich ſchon längſt wieder weggelaufen.

Der Wald. Jeder ſein eigen,
Birken, Tannen, Eichen,
Stehn wir durchſammen verwirrt,
Doch keiner den andern irrt,
Der ſtreckt die Zweig' in die Weite,
Rührt ſchirmend das Gras mit der Hand,
Der ſteht zum Himmel gewandt,
Führt jeder ein Rauſchen, ſein eigen,
Und ſchüttelt ſich friſch in den Zweigen,
Doch fließt der mannigfalt'ge Klang
In Einen brüderlichen Chorgeſang.
So auch die Menſchen mitſammen
Die verſchieden von Einem nur ſtammen,
Jeder rührt ſich in ſeinen Zweigen,
Doch alle ſtreben zum Lichte zu ſteigen,
Wenn ſich auch viele gegen die Erde neigen,
Sie alle Brüder ſein,
Verſchiedenheit iſt nur Schein,
Sie rauſchen verworren durch einander hinein,
Wird dem Klugen ein einziger Chorgeſang ſein.

Neſtor. Sieh da, ſieh da, predigt meiner Seel die Toleranz trotz dem Beſten unter uns. Nur ein bischen konfuſe, Ideen und Sprache etwas verworren; übrigens aber möchte man doch des Teufels darüber werden.

Roſen. Biſt du kommen, um zu lieben,
So nimm unſre Blüthe wahr,
Wir ſind röthend ſtets geblieben,
Prangen in dem Frühlingsjahr.
Als ein Zeichen ſind die Büſche
Mit den Roſen überſtreut,
Daß die Liebe ſich erfriſche,
Ewig jung ſich ſtets verneut.
Wir ſind Lippen, rothe Küſſe,
Rother Wangen ſanfte Gluth,
Wir bedeuten Liebesmuth,
Wir bezeichnen, wie ſo ſüße
Herz und Herz zuſammenneigt,
Liebesgunſt aus Lippen ſteigt.

Neſtor. Ich wette, daß in dieſer Roſe keine Spur von ächter Moralität zu finden iſt.

Roſen. Küſſe ſind verſchönte Roſen
Der Geliebten Blüthezeit,
Und ihr ſüßes, ſüßes Koſen
Iſt der Wünſche ſchön Geleit,
Wie die Roſe Kuß bedeut't,
So bedeut' der edle Kuß
Selbſt der Liebe herrlichſten Genuß.

Neſtor. Ich hab's gleich gedacht, daß ſo etwas heraus kommen würde.

Roſen. Liebe iſt es, die die Röthe
Allerwege angefacht,
Liebend kommt die Morgenröthe
Roth ſteigt nieder jede Nacht:
Roſen ſind verſchämte Röthe,
Sind die Ahndung, ſind der Kuß;
In Granaten ſteigt die Röthe
Zeigt ſich in der höchſten Pracht,
Sind der Liebe vollſter Genuß.

Neſtor. Immer daſſelbe! Immer daſſelbe!

Lilien. Wende dich zu unſern weißen Sternen,
Mondſchein ſind ſie in der Sonne,
Ahndung unbekannter Wonne,
Freud' und Leid, doch in der Ferne,
Nur Erinnerung, man hegt ſie gerne.

Neſtor. Das iſt ſehr unverſtändlich.

Lilien. Unſer Lieben, unſer Dichten,
Liebe, dichte Dämmrung nur,
Ernſt und freundlich zeigen wir die Spur,
Blumenandacht,
Stille Nacht,
Wen'ge Herzen, die ſich zu uns richten.

Neſtor. Das glaub' ich ungeſchworen. Welche ſeltſame Reden! Drum hab ich auch immer nicht gewußt, warum mir die Lilien ſo abſonderlich vorgekommen ſind.

Lilien. Blumenandacht,
Heitre Nacht,
Unſchuld und Pracht;
Wir ſtehn ſo hoch als ſtille Warten,
Auf denen Sinn und Geiſt wohl ruht:
Geht er vorüber Roſengluth,
Iſt ohne Wunſch und Glanz der fromme Muth,
Dann mögen wir wohl gerne auf ihn warten.

Neſtor. Ich bin wohl ein rechter Narr, daß ich mich mit dieſen Creaturen unterhalte.

Die Gebüſche. Komm! komm!
Das Blättergeräuſch,
Es lockt dich,
Unſer Glanz,
Unſer friſches Grün;
Wir lieben dich,
Trag' uns dein Herz entgegen,
Was verſchmähſt du uns!
Alles kann nicht Wald ſein,
Alles kann nicht Blume ſein,
Muß auch Kinder geben.

Neſtor. So! Eine ſchöne Entſchuldigung. Und als Wald und Blum' wärt Ihr auch etwas Rechts!

Der Wald. Wandl' im Grünen,
Willſt du die Blumen verſtehn,
Mußt du erſt den Wald durchgehn.
Iſt dir erſchienen
Der Sinn des Grünen
Dann magſt du die Blumen verſtehn.

Neſtor. Nun ſeht nur die Unverſchämtheit!

Der Wald. Grün iſt das erſte Geheimniß
In das die Natur ſich weiht,
Die erſte Farbe iſt grün,
Grün ſchmückt ſich die ganze Welt,
Ein lebendiger Odem,
Ein lieblich Element,
Womit alles froh umſchloſſen iſt.
Grüne bedeutet Lebensmuth,
Den Muth der frohen Unſchuld,
Den Muth zur Poeſie.
Grün ſind alle Blumenknospen
Und die Blätter um die Blumen,
Dann entſpringt der Farbenglanz
Aus dem mütterlichen Grün.

Die Tulipanen. Wer mag von Farben ſprechen,
Wenn wir zugegen ſind!
Keine andre Blum' gewinnt,
Beginnen wir zu ſprechen.
Was ſoll Blumenandacht,
Was der Kuß bedeuten!
Wir prangen in der kühnſten Pracht,
Kein andrer wag's mit uns zu ſtreiten,
Wir glänzen daher in vollſter Macht,
Brauchen nichts anders zu bedeuten
Als daß in uns der Schein von tauſend brennenden Farben lacht.

Stehn wir in Beeten zuſammen,
Und geht der Wind durch uns Blumen hin,
So wanken und zucken unzählige Flammen
Und blenden, verwirren den fröhlichen Sinn.
Kühn die Blätter ſich formiren,
Stellen eine Urne dar,
Gelb und Roth und Blau ſie zieren,
In uns aller Farben Schaar;
Noch im Verblühen mit Farben wir prangen,
Daß in voller Majeſtät
Die Tulpe mit ausgeſpreiteten Flügeln ſteht:
Wozu die Sehnſucht, wozu Verlangen!

Neſtor. Ich merke, die Tulpe ſpielt den Freigeiſt unter den Blumen, und macht gewiſſermaßen Satiren auf die Lilien.

Veilchen. In der Stille
Von Blättern, den grünen,
In ferner Hülle
Wir Blumen dienen.
Wagen's nicht uns aufrecht zu ſtellen,
Fürchten die Sonnenblicke, die hellen.
Gras unſre Geſchwiſter;
Ueber uns Buſchgeflüſter;
Im einſamen Thal
Gedeihn wir zumal.

Vergißmeinnicht. Wir Blümlein
Am Bach,
Mit blauem Schein
Müſſen gar kleine ſein,
Locken die Augen doch nach.
Wir ſehen
Uns helle
In der Welle
Als Stern.
Unſchuldige Kindlein
Mit ſüßem blauen Schein:
Möchten wir größer ſein!

Feldblumen. Du gehſt vorüber,
O Lieber!
Und ſiehſt nicht,
Fühlſt nicht,
Wie ſchön das grüne Gras,
Wie erfriſchend und kühl und naß,
Und dazwiſchen die goldenen Sterne;
Mußt du denn ſtets nach der Ferne!

Vogelgeſang. Wir luſtigen Bürger in grüner Stadt
Rauſchen und ſchwärmen,
Singen und lärmen
Vom Morgen zum Abend, und ſtets ſind wir ſatt.
Die Bäume mit Schatten,
Zur Wohnung beſtellt,
Zur Nahrung die Matten,
Die freie, weite Welt. —
Wie uns das gefällt!
Gefällt!
O herrliche Welt!

Das Himmelblau. Sie alle umſchließ' ich mit Armen linde,
Sie alle tränk' ich an meinen Brüſten
Mit Düften.
Ich ſende die kühlenden Winde,
Ich ſchaue tief auf ſie hinunter,
Sie alle ſchauen doch zu mir daher,
Alle macht mein klarer Anblick munter,
Die herrliche Bläue im unergründlichen Meer.
Wolken kommen, Wolken ziehn,
Wolken fliehn,
Treiben in meinem Gebiete hin und her;
Sind dem größeren Blick des Waldes Blätter,
Der Blumen Putz überfliegt der Glanz
Des Abend- und des Morgenroth's heraufgezogen,
Der kühn geſpannte Regenbogen,
Im goldnen Abendmeer die tauſend Flammenwogen,
Im furchtbaren Wetter,
Der Wolken Tanz,
Der Blitze zückender Glanz. —

Neſtor. Es geht zu weit, — ich vergeſſe mich ſelbſt; — immer und ewig allein zu ſtehen, und doch ein unaufhörliches Geſchwätz anhören zu müſſen, das iſt zu toll. — Wer kömmt denn da? Ein Weib, dem Anſcheine nach. Sie iſt ſchön gewachſen, aber doch zu groß, gar zu groß. Das ſcheint hier der allgemeine Fehler.

Die Göttin (tritt herein).

Göttin. Wer biſt Du?

Neſtor. Ich? Aufzuwarten, ein Reiſender, im gegenwärtigen Augenblick bald unſinnig, weil ich nicht weiß, ob ich verrathen oder verkauft bin.

Göttin. Gefällt es Dir ſo wenig im Garten der Poeſie?

Neſtor. Mit Eurer Erlaubniß, daß ich ein wenig zweifeln darf. Poeſie? Der Garten der Poeſie? Hm; Ihr wollt meinen Geſchmack und geſunden Menſchenverſtand wohl nur ein wenig auf die Probe ſtellen.

Göttin. Wie das?

Neſtor. Die Poeſie müßte nach meinem Bedünken, nach meinen ſchwachen Einſichten wohl eine etwas andere Geſtalt haben. Das iſt ja gleichſam hier wie in einem Narrenhauſe.

Göttin. Ergötzen Euch denn dieſe Blumen nicht?

Neſtor. Nein wahrhaftig nicht, denn ich ſehe zu gut ein, daß es gar keine Blumen ſind.

Göttin. Wie könnt Ihr dieſen irr'gen Glauben hegen?

Neſtor. Weil ich in meinem Leben ſchon gar zu viele Blumen geſehen habe. Ja wenn ich nicht die erſtaunliche Erfahrung hätte, ſo könnte ich mir vielleicht eher eine Naſe drehen laſſen. Meine Eltern haben ja ſelbſt einen Garten hinter dem Hauſe gehabt, und da hab' ich die Blumen ſelber oft gepflanzt und an die Stöcke gebunden.

Göttin. Wofür erkennt Ihr aber dieſe Pflanzen?

Neſtor. Ich erkenne ſie für Narren, denn etwas anders können ſie auch wohl ſchwerlich ſein; ehrliche Blumen ſind es wenigſtens nicht. Seht ſie doch nur an, ſie ſcheinen ja wahre Ungeheuer. Nein, ich muß die Ehre haben Euch zu ſagen, das Weſentliche an einer Blume iſt eine gewiſſe Kleinheit und Niedlichkeit. Und dann nicht ſolche übertriebene Menge; ich mag ſonſt wohl Blumen, und ſie geben uns eine gewiſſe Erquickung und Ergötzlichkeit, aber das muß ſich mit dieſen Dingen in Schranken halten, und die Liebe nicht ſo in's Excentriſche gehn.

Göttin. Ihr vergeßt, daß dies die wahren Blumen ſind,
Die Blüth', die in Blüthe ſteht; die Erde
Kennt nur den ſchwachen Schatten dieſer Herrlichkeit.

Neſtor. Nun ja, das iſt die rechte Höhe, ſo machen es dieſe Idealiſten immer; wenn man an ihre Hirngeſpinnſte nicht glauben will, ſo wollen ſie einem gar weiß machen, daß dies die rechte und wahre Art ſei, wie eigentlich alles übrige in der Welt ſein müſſe. Und wenn ich auch alles übrige vertragen könnte, ſo iſt mir das ewige Singen und Sprechen dieſer Dinge äußerſt fatal.

Göttin. Haben Euch die Blumen ſonſt nie angeſungen?

Neſtor. Ha! ha! für wen ſeht Ihr mich denn an? Die Blumen ſollten gut angekommen ſein, die ſich dergleichen Ungezogenheiten unterfangen hätten.

Göttin. Was macht Ihr aber eigentlich in der Welt?

Neſtor. Ich ſtelle einen Märtyrer vor, ich gehe für die allgemeine Wohlfahrt zu Grunde. Ich bin auf der Reiſe, und mein Prinz kann nicht eher ſeine vollſtändige Geſundheit erhalten, bis wir den guten Geſchmack angetroffen haben.

Göttin. Was nennt Ihr den guten Geſchmack?

Neſtor. Ich will es Euch ſchon anvertrauen, weil Ihr mir ziemlich lehrbegierig ſcheint. Seht, der Geſchmack, — als wenn ich ſagen wollte, ein Gedicht, — nun müßt Ihr aber recht begreifen, denn ich ſtrenge mich nur ſo an, um Euch die Sache recht klar und deutlich zu machen, — alſo, wenn Ihr Euch ein klaſſiſches vollendetes Gedicht denkt, — klaſſiſch nehmlich, was, — nun, das ergiebt ſich von ſelbſt, oder ſo ein Epigramm, ein Heldengedicht, eine Tragödie, worin alle Regeln obſervirt, niemals verwandelt —

Göttin. Ich verſtehe Euch nicht; meint Ihr vielleicht überhaupt die Kunſt?

Neſtor. Nun ja, es wird ohngefähr ſo zutreffen. Wenn ihr die Claſſiker geleſen hättet, da würdet Ihr mich ſchon eher verſtehn. Hätt' ich' doch nur meine Grundſätze der Kritik bei mir!

Göttin. Laßt ſich den Kranken gleich hierher verfügen,
In dieſem heil'gen Aufenthalte wird
Er gleich von allen Uebeln ſich erlöſt
Befinden, denn hier wohnt die Poeſie.

Neſtor. Hierher! Wahrhaftig, das fehlte ihm noch, um in die alte Raſerei zurück zu verfallen. Ihr habt große Vorſtellungen von Euch und Eurem Garten, ich ſehe ja auch nicht einmal einen einzigen Dichter.

Göttin. Dort wandeln ſie im dunkeln Gange, jetzt
Seh ich wie ſie die Schritte zu uns lenken.

Die Dichter (treten herein).

Neſtor. Sind das nun wirklich und in der That Dichter?

Göttin. Unnöthig ſcheinſt du zweifelhaft zu ſein.

Neſtor. Man muß ſich ein bischen mit dergleichen Behauptungen in Acht nehmen. Seht nur, wie ſie unhöflich ſind, ſie kümmern ſich gar nicht um mich, und doch bin ich hier fremde.

Göttin. Sie haben Dich noch nicht bemerkt.

Neſtor. Noch eins, ich werde ja in Eurem Garten gar keine Raupen gewahr, und doch iſt es jetzt die Zeit.

Göttin. Kein Ungeziefer naht dem heiligen Bezirke.

Neſtor. Nun das iſt doch von allen Dingen das unnatürlichſte und unwahrſcheinlichſte. Nein, das wird Euch nimmermehr ein einziger Menſch glauben, ſeht, meine liebe Frau, ein ſolcher Garten iſt bisher noch gar nicht erhört geweſen. Da kommen die Dichter auf uns zu, nun will ich ihnen doch, mit Eurer Erlaubniß, ein wenig auf den Zahn fühlen.

Göttin. Ihr ſeid von ſeltner Munterkeit des Geiſtes.

Neſtor. Wie heißt denn der finſtre alte Murrkopf hier?

Göttin. Ehrwürdiger ſprich, es iſt der große Dante.

Neſtor. Dante! Dante! Ich jetzt beſinn' ich mich, er hat ſo eine Comödie, gleichſam ein Gedicht über die Hölle geſchrieben.

Dante. Gleichſam ein Gedicht? Wer biſt du, daß du alſo ſprichſt?

Neſtor. Nu, nur nicht ſo böſe, ich bin ein Freund von Dir und von Euch allen, denn ich liebe die Dichtkunſt und bringe oft meine müßigen Stunden mit Euren Schnurrpfeifereien hin.

Dante. Schnurrpfei — wie war das Wort, das Du ſo eben nannteſt?

Neſtor. Ha ha ha! Er kennt die Schnurrpfeifereien nicht und hat ſelbſt welche gemacht. Das bedeutet ſo Euer dummes Zeug, Eure luſtigen Capriolen, was Ihr gemacht habt, und womit man die Zeit ganz artig vertrödeln kann.

Dante. Wer biſt du, ſchale Unbedeutenheit,
Daß du dich dieſer frechen Sprach' erkühnſt?
Hat dich kein Laut aus meinem Werk getroffen?
Biſt du in alter Blindheit ein Bewohner
Von Religion und Poeſie verlaſſen?

Neſtor. Aergert Euch nicht ſo, alter Mann, denn die Wahrheit zu ſagen, ſo habe ich Euch niemals geleſen.

Dante. Und kommt daher und ſpricht von meinem Werk;
Die göttliche Komödie Schnurrpfeiferei!
Ein ſchändliches, barbariſch Wort, und kaum
Der frommen Zunge abzulocken!

Neſtor. Seid ſtille, ſag' ich Euch, und laßt uns einmal ernſthaft ſprechen. Seid ihr denn in der That jemals ein Dichter geweſen?

Dante. Arioſt! Petrarca!

Neſtor. Nun, nun, die Zeiten haben ſich ſeitdem gewaltig geändert, damals, ja damals, — aber jetzt ſeid Ihr zu ſchwer zu leſen, und auch außerdem noch ennuyant.

Dante. Damals! was meinſt du damit, Wurm?

Neſtor. Ein hitziger Kopf! — Nun damals will ich nur ſagen, war es erſtaunlich leicht ein Dichter zu ſein, weil wie ich geleſen habe, vor Euch in neuerer Zeit eben keine Poeten exiſtirt hatten; darum müßt Ihr nur Euer Glück anerkennen, denn im Grunde wäre doch jeder andre damals eben ſo wie Ihr berühmt und bewundert worden.

Dante. Es hätte alſo nur an dir gelegen,
Nur an der Zeit, die dich an's Licht geworfen
In jenem früheren Jahrhundert, und
Du hätteſt auch wie ich die Welt erſtaunt?

Neſtor. Natürlich, ja was noch mehr iſt, ich denke es ſogar in unſerm Zeitalter, wo es doch tauſendmal ſchwerer iſt, dahin zu bringen. Erſt fang' ich ſo ſachte, ſachte mit Abhandlungen für Monatsſchriften an, in denen ich meinen aufgeklärten Kopf entdecke und irgend einen Schwärmer oder Pietiſten ganz artig und ſauber in ſeiner Blöße darſtelle, dann ſchreib ich gegen Geſpenſter, dann einen Roman gegen Euch und alles was mir nicht in den Kopf will, dann laß' ich mir merken, daß mir im Grunde gar nichts in der Welt recht iſt, bis ich am Ende immer höher, immer höher komme, anfange zu raiſonniren und zu ennuyiren, was man nur leiſten kann, bis mich die Leute endlich aus Langeweile für den erſten Menſchen in der Welt halten. — Aber dergleichen Zeug, wie Eure ſogenannte Comödie, hätte ich doch auch meiner Seele nicht in jenem aufgeklärten Zeitalter geſchrieben. Hölle und Paradies! Und alles ſo umſtändlich, wie ich mir habe ſagen laſſen. Fi! ſchämt Euch, ein alter erwachſener Mann, und ſolche Kinderpoſſen in den Tag hineinzuſchreiben.

Dante. Die Gottheit hat es mir alſo verliehen,
Vom milden Himmel wurde mir vergönnt,
Ein kühner Sänger mein prophetiſch Lied
Zur Glorie der katholiſchen Religion
In reinſter Begeiſterung zu ſprechen.

Neſtor. Nu, das iſt es ja eben, wovon wir reden. Die katholiſche Religion, das iſt nur, was uns übrigen vernünftigen Leuten gerade der Stein des Anſtoßes.

Dante. Was denkt's Gewürm bei dieſem Ausdruck denn?

Neſtor. Verflucht hitzig von der Seite! — Was man ſich dabei denken ſoll, weiß bei uns jedes Kind, daher es auch ein Sprichwort, ſogar bei den gemeinen Leuten geworden iſt, daß wenn man etwas recht Tolles, Unvernünftiges, oder auch Langweiliges hört, man zu ſagen pflegt: Ei, darüber könnte man katholiſch werden.

(Dante wendet ſich unwillig von ihm, und geht in den Gang zurück.)

Neſtor. Die Dichter ſind ein verfluchtes Volk. Nichts als Undank, wenn man ſich für ihre Werke intereſſirt!

Arioſt. Der Proteſtant proteſtirt ja gegen alles Gute und beſonders gegen die Poeſie.

Neſtor. Alle durch die Bank grob! Wer ſeid Ihr denn?

Arioſt. Ich nenne mich Ludovico Arioſt.

Neſtor. Aha! Mit Euch bin ich ſchon ein wenig mehr bekannt, ſeid auch amüſanter wie jener Brummbär, aber entſetzlich unmoraliſch. Menſch, Menſch, wie habt Ihr ſo manches beim Durchblättern können ſtehen laſſen!

Arioſt. Ha ha ha!

Neſtor. Lacht nicht, lacht nicht, um Gotteswillen, wenn ich nicht gänzlich an Eurem Herzen verzweifeln ſoll. Aus Liebe zur Menſchheit, aus Liebe zur Tugend, hättet Ihr manche von den argen Poſſen durchaus nicht niederſchreiben ſollen.

Arioſt. Aus Liebe zu den Menſchen hab' ich es gethan, aber was iſt die Menſchheit?

Neſtor. Die Menſchheit, — mich wundert's, daß Ihr davon nichts wißt, — ſeht, das iſt ſo die Welt im Groß-

Jetzt ſteigt übrigens die Menſchheit erſtaunlich, man hat ſogar Erwerbſchulen angelegt, man prügelt die Soldaten ein bischen weniger, man — nu, ſeht Ihr, das nennen wir ſo Menſchheit.

Arioſt. Darüber ließe ſich vielleicht ein Luſtſpiel ſchreiben.

Neſtor. Es geſchieht ohne Euch genug, dazu kommt Ihr zu ſpät, alles für die Menſchheit.

Arioſt. Und ſind ſie ſehr luſtig, dieſe Luſtſpiele?

Neſtor. Wo denkt ihr denn hin! Nun ja, da ſieht man Euch das rohe Zeitalter recht an. rührend iſt's, zum Weinen, alles voller Prediger und Prinzen, und Böſewichter, und hoher edler Menſchen.

Gozzi. Dieſer wäre eine ziemlich gute Maske.

Arioſt. Lieſt man denn meine bunten Lieder noch?

Neſtor. So wie's kömmt, manche halten gar viel von Euch, im Grunde aber hat man jetzt mit ſeiner Veredelung ſo viel zu thun, daß einem zum Spaß nicht viele Zeit übrigbleibt, mich etwa und andere dergleichen Dichterfreunde abgerechnet. Wir haben nun einmal die Schwachheit.

Arioſt. Närriſcher, es muß jetzt eine erbärmliche Zeit auf Erden ſein.

Neſtor. Wie Ihr's verſteht! Nein, mein Beſter, das zu beurtheilen iſt für Euch wohl zu hoch. Dergleichen Noth- und Hülfsbücher, dergleichen zarte vortreffliche Regenten, Taubſtummen-Inſtitute, Cabinetsordern, Leſebibliotheken, wohlthätige Journale, Pockennoth und Akazienbäume habt Ihr in Eurem Leben gewiß nicht vernommen.

Arioſt. Du raſeſt.

Neſtor. Und ſchöne Weiblichkeit und zuckerſüße Häuslichkeit, und wahre Menſchenempfindung, und Wohlwollen und Mitleiden einer mit dem andern. —

Arioſt. Das ſcheint mir in der That nöthig.

Neſtor. Unentbehrlich! Ja, Ihr ſolltet nur jetzt leben. Man wäre im Stande, und verböte Euch zu exiſtiren, wo Ihr Euch nur blicken ließet.

Arioſt. O Schade, daß ich nicht zur Erde zurückkehren kann.

Neſtor. Uebrigens kann man jetzt Euer Gedicht noch aus andern Rückſichten entbehren, denn der größte Deutſche Poet hat ſo ohngefähr das Beſte aus Eurer Manier genommen, und in ſeinem herrlichen Oberon trefflich verſchönert; dabei hat er auch den ſogenannten Stanzen eine ſchöne Originalität beigebracht, indem er ſie freier, unkünſtlicher, liebenswürdiger entſtanzt und umgeſtanzt hat.

Arioſt. So?

Neſtor. Fleißig hat man Euch nachgeahmt und verbeſſert. — Wie iſt denn Euer Name?

Petrarca. Ich heiße Petrarca.

Neſtor. Ich habe alſo die Ehre, ein ſehr verliebtes Gemüth kennen zu lernen. Ihr werdet auch zu Zeiten überſetzt, das heißt, ein oder zwei von Euren Sonetten, denn viel von dem Zeuge iſt über die Gebühr langweilig. Sagt mir nur, wie Ihr der Dinge nicht überdrüßig geworden ſeid!

Petrarca. Du biſt ein wunderlicher Kauz. Haſt du denn meine Sonette verſtanden?

Neſtor. Ach, lieber Gott, was iſt da ſonderlich zu verſtehen, immer Liebe und immer wieder Liebe, dergleichen iſt für mich nicht. — Ich möchte faſt darauf wetten, daß Ihr der bekannte Taſſo ſeid.

Taſſo. Nicht anders.

Neſtor. Ja, Ihr habt's auch gut gemeint, das kann man gar nicht läugnen. — Wer iſt der freundliche Mann dort!

Taſſo. Er iſt der Caſtilianiſche Poet Cervantes.

Neſtor. Je Poſſenreißer, Poſſenreißer, komm doch vor und ſei nicht ſo blöde, dich mag ich erſtaunlich gern leiden, denn du biſt ein luſtiger Geſelle.

Cervantes. Was willſt du von mir?

Neſtor. Dein Ding, dein Don Quixote iſt zum Todtlachen, aber was ſollen die Novellen drinn?

Cervantes. Auch Don Quixote hat das gefragt.

Neſtor. Nu, antworte drauf.

Cervantes. Was ſoll das ganze Buch?

Neſtor. Das ſag' Er nicht, mein Beſter, denn erſtens hat das Buch andre viel beſſere veranlaßt, zum Beiſpiel den Don Sylvio von Roſalva, alſo iſt das ſchon ein gewiſſer beträchtlicher Nutzen, und dann iſt es ja zum Todtlachen, es iſt keiner unter uns, der das dumme Zeug nicht geleſen hätte, nein, ſei Er nur ruhig. Schade, daß Er nicht jetzt lebt, aus Ihm hätte was werden können.

Cervantes. Bin ich, der ich in meinem Leben ſchon ſo viel Schlimmes erfuhr, nach meinem Tode ſo tief heruntergeſunken, daß der Pöbel mich für ſeinen Geſellen und Bruder erkennt?

Neſtor. Sei Er nicht betrübt, von ganz reputirlichen Leuten wird er geleſen, und in den Ueberſetzungen läßt man ſeine Gedichte und dergleichen, was nicht zur Sache gehört, aus, da hat das Ding denn ein recht feines Anſehn.

Cervantes. Und die zarte Galatea kümmert keinen?

Neſtor. Je das ſind ja Jugendſchwächen, die vergiebt man Ihm, lieber Freund.

Cervantes. Das muß ich doch meinem Freunde Shakſpeare erzählen, wenn er wieder kommt.

Neſtor. Alſo der Teufelskerl iſt auch hier! Eine kurioſe Geſellſchaft! Es giebt doch auch nicht einen einzigen klaſſiſchen und korrekten Menſchen hier, an dem man ſein Gemüth auf eine verſtändige Weiſe erquicken könnte. Und das ſoll der Garten der Poeſie ſein! Der Schwärmerei der Phantaſterei, das will ich eher zugeben.

Göttin. Wen vermiſſeſt du?

Neſtor. Da hat doch nun, nur ein ſchlechtes Beiſpiel zu geben, die deutſche Nation ſchon längſt ihr goldenes Zeitalter der Poeſie gehabt, und ich ſuche unter dieſen Blumen und altfränkiſchen Dichtern vergebens einen Hagedorn, Gellert, Geßner, Kleiſt, Bodmer, — ich ſehe keinen einzigen Deutſchen.

Göttin. Die du nennſt, kennen wir nicht, aber dort ſteht der wackere Hans Sachs.

Hans Sachs. Kennſt du mein Faſtnachtsſpiel vom Dokter mit dem Narrenſchneiden?

Göttin. Ein blumenvoller Hain iſt zubereitet
Für jenen Künſtler, den die Nachwelt ehrt,
Mit deſſen Namen Deutſchlands Kunſt erwacht,
Der Euch noch viele edle Lieder ſingt,
Um Euch in's Herz den Glanz der Poeſie
Zu ſtrahlen, daß Ihr künftig ſie verſteht;
Der große Britte hofft ihn zu umarmen,
Cervantes ſehnt nach ihm ſich Tag wie Nacht
Und Dante dichtet einen kühnen Gruß,
Dann wandeln dieſe heiligen vier, die Meiſter
Der neuen Kunſt, vereint durch dies Gefilde.

Neſtor. Wer in aller Welt könnte denn das ſein?

Bürger (ihm leiſe in's Ohr). Goethe.

Neſtor. O geht mir doch mit dergleichen, ich ſelbſt habe erſt neulich Herrmann und Dorothea, der Genius der Zeit forderte das, ſo rezenſirt, daß man ja blind ſein müßte, wenn man den Verfaſſer noch länger für einen Dichter halten wollte.

Sophokles (tritt herein).

Sophokles. Was muß ich vom Dante hören! Ihr verſchmäht es nicht, dieſen Läſterer hier in dieſem reinen Aufenthalte zu dulden!

Neſtor. Wer iſt der gewaltige Herr?

Cervantes. Es iſt luſtig, Sophokles, ihn ſprechen zu hören.

Neſtor. Ach, iſt das der Grieche Sophokles? — Einen ſchönen guten Morgen, Ihr Gnaden.

Sophokles. Ich mag nichts mit ihm zu thun haben. Laßt einige Genien kommen, ihn fortführen, und ihn dann etwas Speiſe reichen.

Neſtor (indem er fortgeführt wird). Ihro Gnaden ſind ja ein Grieche, ich habe ja einen großen Reſpekt vor Ihnen, — nur ſind, wie man ſagt, Ihre Chöre etwas ſchwer, — ſo übel wird einem Freunde der Dichtkunſt mitgeſpielt! —

Sophokles. Wie hatte ſich dieſer Barbar hier eingefunden!

Göttin. Er kam von ſelbſt herein, war im höchſten Grade modern und gläubig.

Sophokles. Unrecht thatet Ihr, o weiſe Dichter, auf ſeine Reden Acht zu geben, ſoll ich anders meine Meinung ſagen.

Cervantes. Die Irdiſchen haben uns niemals begriffen, weshalb verwunderſt du dich alſo? (Sie gehen ab.)

Die Blumen. Der Abend ſinkt hernieder,
Die Nachtviolen wachen auf,
Und gießen in die Lüfte
Die ſüßen Düfte.
Wir ſingen leiſe Lieder,
Die Nachtviolen wachen auf,
Und ſtrömen ſüße Düfte
Durch die Lüfte.

Der Hexen-Sabbath.

Novelle.

In Arras lebte, in den letzten Regierungsjahren Philipp des Guten, eine reiche ſchöne Wittwe, die ſich am liebſten, da ſie mit ihrem Manne nicht glücklich geweſen war, Frau Catharina nennen hörte. Sie beſaß ein großes Haus in der Stadt, in welchem ſie viele Geſellſchaft ſah, ſo wie vor dem Thore einen anmuthigen Garten, wo in den Sommertagen ihre Freunde oft im kühlen Saale ſich um ſie verſammelten.

Philipp, den ſeine Zeitgenoſſen den Guten nannten, war in ſeinem hohen Alter ſchwach geworden, und ſeine Günſtlinge benutzten ſeine Launen und wechſelnden Stimmungen, um ſich zu bereichern und vieles durchzuſetzen, worüber die Unterthanen mit Recht Klage führen konnten. Die Mächtigen, der hohe Adel, die Reichen handelten oft nach Leidenſchaft und Willkühr, und jedermann war in dem wohlhabenden blühenden Lande mehr oder minder darauf angewieſen, ſich ſelber Recht zu ſchaffen, und durch Kraft der Waffen Anhang oder Protectoren ſich zu ſichern, um nicht beeinträchtigt zu werden.

Der Herzog Philipp war mit ſeinem Sohne Carl geſpannt. Beide hatten Urſache, ſich über einander zu beklagen und Günſtlinge und Schmeichler wendeten alle Künſte an, um dieſe Verſtimmung in Zwietracht und einen öffentlichen Bruch zu verwandeln.

So waren zwei Partheien im Lande, die ſich entgegen arbeiteten. Die des Sohnes hatte ſich verſtärkt, ſeitdem der Dauphin von Frankreich, Ludwig, ſeinem alten, argwöhniſchen Vater mißtrauend, ſich als Flüchtling unter den Schutz des Herzogs Philipp des Guten nach Burgund begeben hatte. Der Sohn, Carl, Graf von Charolais glaubte, und wurde von ſeiner Umgebung in dieſer Meinung beſtärkt, daß der Dauphin ſeinen Einfluß benutze, um ihm ſeinen Vater Philipp ganz zu entfremden. Entfernen ſich die Gemüther, die durch Bande des Bluts, durch Dankbarkeit und Wohlthat verbunden ſind, erſt von einander, ſo wird dem Bösgeſinnten leicht, gerade dieſe unverſöhnlich und auf immer von einander zu trennen.

Alle Stände litten, indem ſich das Mißtrauen immer beſtimmter ausſprach, und ſich die Partheien immer ſchärfer gegenüber ſtellten.

In einem ſo reichen Lande, wie es unter der Regierung Philipp des Guten alle Provinzen von Burgund waren, gab es freilich auch viele Menſchen, die ſich wenig um die Gefahren des Staates, oder um die zunehmende Macht Frankreichs kümmerten, und nur dafür hauptſächlich ſorgten, wohlbehaglich ihr Einkommen zu verzehren, mit Verſtand ihr Vermögen zu verwalten, und mit Heiterkeit das ungewiſſe Leben zu genießen, daß ſo Viele unter den Anſtalten verlieren, indem ſie es herausputzen und zu etwas Würdigerem erheben wollen. Der Kreis von Freunden und Bekannten, der ſich bei der verſtändigen Frau Catharina verſammelte, war in der Stadt Arras als ein ſolcher bekannt, in welchem man dem Kummer, der Furcht, den Grübeleien, oder fern und ſelbſt nahe liegender Beſorgniß keinen Raum geſtattete. So wenig die kluge Frau ihren Umgang beſchränkt hatte, ſo ſehr ſie gern Menſchen um ſich von allen Ständen ſah, ſo zogen ſich doch die finſtern Gemüther, oder diejenigen, die nur dem Gewinne oder ihren Tagesgeſchäften lebten, von ſelbſt zurück, weil man wußte, daß nur von Dichtkunſt, Malerei, Feſten, Putz, oder luſtigen Geſchichten in dieſem Hauſe die Rede war. Schien es alſo, daß die weltliche Freude eine zu ausſchließende Rolle hier ſpielen dürfe, ſo verweigerten dennoch ernſte Gemüther, und ſelbſt angeſehene Geiſtliche nicht, Theil an dieſer Heiterkeit zu nehmen, denn ein langer Friede, durch die Weisheit des Regenten erzeugt und erhalten, hatte Luſt, Ueppigkeit und Pracht befördert und der Herzog und ſein Hof gaben das Beiſpiel und ermunterten zur Nachahmung, das arme Leben mit allem Glanz aufzuſchmücken, deſſen es fähig iſt, obgleich Philipp fromm war und die Kirche und ihre Regenten hochachtete und verehrte.

Im Garten der Frau Catharina Deniſel war an einem heitern Sommertage eine Geſellſchaft verſammelt, die ſich an Liedern und Saitenſpiel ergötzte. Beaufort, ein alter, angeſehener Edelmann und Ritter war heut der vornehmſte in der Verſammlung, er war in der ganzen Stadt wegen ſeinen Sitten, ſeiner Freundlichkeit und Milde, ſo wie wegen ſeines großen Reichthumes geſchätzt und geliebt. Er war mit ſeinem Sohne Friedrich zugegen, um von der artigen Frau, die er ſchon ſeit lange kannte, Urlaub zu nehmen, weil er ſich in Geſchäften auf einige Tage nach Gent begeben wollte. Friedrich war ſchwermüthig, denn er entfernte ſich nur ungern, ſelbſt auf kurze Zeit, von Arras, weil er, wenn er ſeinen Vater nicht gefürchtet, alle Stunden ſeines Lebens an der Seite der Frau Catharine zugebracht hätte, die ihn gern ſah, die aber verſtimmt wurde, wenn er ſeine Leidenſchaft zu deutlich zeigte, oder in die Geſellſchaft trat, in welche er nicht geladen war.

Erfriſchungen, Wein, Obſt und Gewürz in Zucker wurden herum gegeben, als der alte Beaufort das Wort erhob und ſagte: meine Freundin, dieſen anmuthigen Saal, dieſe glänzenden, ſchön gewirkten Tapeten, und Euer liebliches, holdes Antlitz, deſſen Lächeln alle dieſe bunten Figuren bleich macht, werde ich nun auf eine oder zwei Wochen nicht ſehen, denn ich habe Geſchäfte in Gent mit dem großen Grafen von Etampes, dem Vetter unſers gnädigen Herzogs. Dieſe vornehmen Herren brauchen, eben weil ſie zu Zeiten großmüthig und freigebig ſind, immerdar Geld; und zuweilen nehmen ſie es mit der Art, es zu erringen, nicht ſo gar genau und chriſtlich. Da ſollen wir wieder beiſteuern, und der Vorwand dazu iſt ziemlich nichtig. Die Stadt, die ſchon genug gethan hat, wird gedrückt, und ſo viel auch aufgebracht wird, ſo zerrinnt es doch unſerm Herrn wieder unter den Fingern, weil er zu gütig iſt.

Ein geiſtlicher Herr, der etwa vierzig Jahr alt ſein mochte, wendete ſein ſchönes volles Antlitz herum, ſah mit klugen Augen den Ritter an, und ſagte mit wohlklingender Stimme: Gewiß, Herr Ritter, hat Euer Stand, und der der Bürger, zu klagen Urſach; aber was ſollen wir Geiſtlichen erſt ausſprechen! Wir, die wir ſo ſchwer vor einigen Jahren taxirt wurden, als mit ſo großen Feierlichkeiten der Zug gegen Conſtantinopel beſchloſſen wurde, um den Türken wieder von dort zu vertreiben! Alle die Summen, die wir und das Land hergaben, verſchwinden, und es geſchieht nichts, und kann und wird niemals etwas geſchehen. Und doch wird immerdar wieder Nachſchuß begehrt, und immer wieder reicht die Summe nicht aus. Wenn wir aber verarmen, wie ſoll es der Armuth ergehn, die wir ernähren müſſen!

Herr Dechant, verehrter Herr Marck, antwortete der alte Ritter, Ihr findet in der Kirche immer neue Quellen, um den Verluſt wieder zu erſetzen; ſind aber unſre Güter verpfändet und mit Schulden belaſtet, dringt der Kaufmann auf plötzliche Rückzahlung, ſo ſind wir ganz und auf immer verloren. Und doch können wir uns nicht ſo einſchränken, wie es dem Geiſtlichen vergönnt iſt, wie es ihm ſogar zur edlen und heiligen Pflicht gemacht wird; kommt der Fürſt oder deſſen Sohn zu uns, gilt es einen Aufzug, ein Bankett, dem Grafen Etampes zu Ehren, oder den großen Croys, den Herren, die faſt allein das Land regieren: kommt gar der Dauphin von Frankreich einmal zu uns herüber, ſo müſſen wir in Kleidern und Livreen glänzen, und dürfen nicht fragen, um wie viel unſre Schulden zunehmen, oder wie ſehr dadurch unſre Nachkommen verarmen.

Wächſt uns, ſagte der Dechant lächelnd, das Getreide unſichtbar nach, wie Ihr behauptet, ſo wißt Ihr vom Adel dagegen Künſte, es auf offner Straße, in der Stadt oder auf dem Felde, am lichten Tage mit ſcharfer Sichel zu ſchneiden. Noch vorgeſtern iſt bei Douay, unter dem nichtigſten Vorwand eines alten Zankes, ein reicher Mann aus Seeland eingefangen worden; der übermüthige Ritter hat ihn gefänglich eingeſteckt, und ſo lange gemißhandelt, bis er ihm zweitauſend Goldſtücke durch einen andern Kaufmann ausgeliefert hat.

Der alte Ritter ſtand auf und ſagte mit zornigem Geſicht: Herr Dechant, Ihr ſeid ein wackrer Mann, aber mit der Zunge noch etwas zu jung. Ich könnte erwiedern, daß die Kirche, Pabſt und Kleriſei, mit Ablaß, Jubeljahr, und auf wie andre Weiſe noch, Gelder zwar nicht gewaltthätig erpreſſen, aber doch auch, wie manche Freigeſinnte ſagen, durch Mißbräuche und falſche Deutung an ſich bringen. Ich bin keiner dieſer Freigeſinnten, und will gegen die Kirche, die ich fromm verehre, nichts einwenden und vermuthen, weil es unerlaubt iſt. Jener gewaltthätige Räuber, von dem Ihr eben ſprachet, iſt mir weitläuftig befreundet, aber weder ich noch andre echte und wahre Ritter werden ſein Mißthun billigen oder rechtfertigen. Ich bin jetzt, unter den Augen meiner Mitbürger, ſiebenzig Jahr alt geworden, aber ich fordere Euch, oder wer es ſei, ſelbſt meine bitterſten Feinde, auf, mir das Kleinſte zu beweiſen, worin ich von dem Wege Rechtens abgewichen wäre. Jeder mag ſein Thun verantworten, vom Höchſten bis zum Niedrigſten. Unſer glorreichſter Fürſt, den die Welt bewundert, iſt zu alt und nachgiebig, um allenthalben, wo es nöthig wäre, das Schwert der Gerechtigkeit walten zu laſſen; auch erfährt er nicht alles, und ſo iſt Gewaltthat, Willkühr und Laune des Hochmuthes in unſerm Lande freilich nicht ſo bewacht und beſtraft, wie in Frankreich. Doch ich fühle mich rein, und darf es ausſprechen, und deshalb geſtehe ich Euch, daß mich Euer Wort beleidigt hat.

Der geiſtliche Herr erhob ſich, und reichte dem alten Ritter die Hand, indem er in einem freundlichen, faſt bittenden Tone ſagte: Nicht ſo war es gemeint, mein geehrter, wackerer Freund; ein Wort giebt das andere, bald im Ernſt, bald im Scherz; doch vergebt mir, wenn Ihr aus meiner Rede etwas anderes herausgehört habt, denn wahrlich, es war nicht meine Abſicht, Euch im mindeſten zu verletzen.

Wie kommen wir nur, ſagte die freundliche Frau Catharina, auf ſo ſonderbare, widerwärtige Geſpräche! Laßt die jungen Nichten der Frau Wacker wieder einmal das Lied ſingen, welches neulich unſer Freund Labitte gedichtet hat.

So geſchah es; die jungen Mädchen wurden von ihrer alten Baſe ermuntert, und Friedrich nahm die Laute, um ſie zu ihrem zärtlichen Geſange zu begleiten. Als ſie geendigt hatten, fragte der Dechant, von wem dieſe zärtlichen Verſe gedichtet ſeien, die ſich dem Ohr und Herzen ſo ſchmeichelnd einfügten.

Kennt Ihr das ſchöne Lied nicht? erwiederte Frau Catharina. Es iſt ja von unſerm vielbekannten Labitte, dem beliebten Dichter.

Iſt dieſer jetzt hier? fragte der alte Ritter.

Schon ſeit geraumer Zeit, erwiederte Friedrich; vor Jahren war er auch in unſerm Hauſe.

Ich kenne wohl, ſagte der Ritter, manche ſeiner älteren Gedichte; auch weiß ich, daß er ein guter Maler iſt.

Er iſt eine Zier, fuhr Catharina fort, unſerer Dichtergeſellſchaft; und eine unbegreifliche Munterkeit und Kraft hält ihn aufrecht, ſo alt er nun auch iſt. Wer ihn nicht kennt und ihn zum erſtenmale erblickt, hält ihn für einen einfältigen, faſt blödſinnigen Menſchen; auch hat er Stunden, in welchen er nur wenig Verſtand verräth. Doch plötzlich erfaßt ihn die Laune, oder eine Stimmung zur Poeſie, und er ſpricht und ſingt die wunderbarſten Sachen und Gedichte. Er iſt es manchmal allein, der lange Zeit hindurch unſre Geſellſchaft beluſtigt.

Ganz recht, ſagte der Dechant hinzu, es iſt derſelbe alte Thor, den [illegible] den einfältigen, den blödſinnigen oder dummen Abt [illegible], weil man nicht weiß, ob er ſich albern ſtellt, oder es wirklich iſt. Ich habe nie begriffen, wie Menſchen noch als Greiſe den Luſtigmacher ſpielen mögen.

Ihr ſeid viel zu hart, ehrwürdiger Herr, ſagte Catharina ſehr freundlich; ſoll Alles auf eine und dieſelbe Art ſein? Ich verſichere Euch, der gute Alte macht ſich niemals verächtlich, ſo ſeltſam auch manchmal ſeine Reden ausfallen mögen. Sein Sinn iſt ernſt, ich habe ihn ſelbſt ſchwermüthig geſehen, und wenn ein ſolcher, der ohne Weib und Kind, ohne Bruder und Schweſter, nicht im Ueberfluß lebend, ſich über die dunkle Beſtimmung des Daſeins durch Scherz und Laune, Spaß und Witz, die manchmal an die Tollheit gränzen, zu tröſten ſucht, und andere erheitert und ergötzt, indem er ſeine Lebensgeiſter in der Geſellſchaft erhöht, ſo darf man ſolchen nicht mit jenen gemeinen Narren vergleichen, die das Edle verſchmähen und in den Staub treten. Er iſt ein guter, lieber alter Mann, einfältig wie ein Kind, leichtgläubig und harmlos. Deshalb wird ſein beſſerer Sinn auch oft von Liſtigen gemißbraucht, die ihn lächerlich machen. Wenn es geſchieht, und er einſieht, wie boshaft man mit ihm umgegangen iſt, ſo iſt er der Erſte, welcher Alles vergiebt. Iſt dieß nicht die chriſtliche Tugend?

Ohne Zweifel, antwortete der Dechant, doch wäre es noch chriſtlicher, wenn er zu allen dieſen Anſtößen keine Gelegenheit gäbe.

Friedrich nahm das Wort und ſagte: Nicht ſo, ehrwürdiger Herr; ſollen wir dem Scherz und Gelächter gar keine Stelle einräumen, ſo durften wir jungen Geſellen nur lieber Maulkörbe tragen, die die Lippen zu Ernſt und Ehrbarkeit feſt zuſammen ſchnüren. Man muß die Thorheit erleben, um ſpäter Unglück ertragen und Weisheit begreifen zu können. Glaubt Ihr nicht, daß in ſolchen Späßen, die oft zweideutig ausſehn und dem Tadel unterliegen dürfen, ſich nicht auch Liebe, Gefühl und eine Art Frömmigkeit zu Zeiten erziehn laſſen?

Beſchont mich mit dergleichen Fragen, ſagte der Dechant in übler Laune, denn da ich ſie nicht verſtehe, weiß ich keine Antwort darauf zu geben.

Der Vater ſah den Sohn mit einem ſtrengen Blick an, worauf Friedrich mit Laune und Freundlichkeit erwiederte: Ich will Niemand ärgern, ſondern jene Vorrede ſollte nur die Einleitung zu einer kleinen unbedeutenden Geſchichte abgeben. Unſer guter Labitte war ſchon im vorigen Jahre, als er noch draußen in Douay wohnte, eine Zeit lang hier bei uns. Wir ſuchten ihn auf, da wir ſchon längſt ſeine ſchönen Lieder geſungen hatten, und er gab ſich uns ſo freundlich hin, als wenn er der jüngſte und unerfahrenſte von uns Allen wäre. So verlor ſich bald die fromme Scheu vor dem Manne, der auch den Lobgeſang auf die Maria gedichtet hat, der bei uns zur Erbauung dient, wenn feierliche Umgänge gehalten werden, oder wenn man das große Erntefeſt feiert. Er nahm uns in ſeine Wohnung, und ließ uns zugegen bleiben, wenn er an ſeinem Bilde malte, das, wenn es auch nicht die vorzüglichſten erreicht, doch anmuthig wurde und uns mit ſeinen klaren Farben ergötzte.

Der Mann hat einen weißen Pudel, den er ſchon ſeit manchem Jahre mit der größten Zärtlichkeit liebt. Dieſes Thier mit ſeinen langen Ohren und aufgelocktem Fell iſt zu Hauſe ſein beſtändiger Geſellſchafter. Er ſpielt mit ihm, er ſpricht zu ihm, erzählt ihm, als wenn der Hund ihn verſtehen könnte. Da wir zuweilen den halben Tag bei dem alten Maler zubrachten, ſo wurde der Hund, der ſchon geſellig war, auch bald mit uns allen vertraut und zuthunlich. Er machte auch uns ſeine Künſte, die der Maler ihm gelehrt hatte, und freute ſich in Sprüngen, wenn er einem von der jungen Bande auf der Straße begegnete. Wir wunderten uns oft über die Leichtgläubigkeit unſeres Labitte, dem man, weil er ſich um weltliche Händel und Staatsſachen ſo gar nicht kümmerte, alles Mögliche einbilden konnte, wenn auch jedes Kind die Fabel begriffen hatte.

So geſchah es denn, daß wir ihm erzählten, ſein Hund ſei um vieles klüger, als er es ſelber wiſſe. Wir hatten des Pudels Geburtsſtunde von unſerm Freunde erfahren, und ſo hatte uns ein leichtfertiger Aſtrolog das Horoskop des Künſtlers geſtellt, aus welchem hervorging, daß ein Weſen, in dieſer Stunde, unter dieſen Aſpekten geboren, die auffallendſten Geiſtesfähigkeiten in ſich vereinige. Es ſchmeichelte dem Alten, daß das Thier, welches er liebte, außer ſeiner Treue noch ſo viele Vorzüge beſitze. Wir wußten, daß er an einem Morgen ſchnell zum Statthalter gerufen werden würde, um deſſen Bildniß zu malen; er war auf dem Spaziergange, und mußte auf einen Augenblick in ſein Haus gehen, um ſeinen beſſern Mantel umzulegen und ſeine Farben zu holen. Einer der Genoſſen, der in demſelben Hauſe wohnte, hatte auf unſern Wink den gelehrigen, freundlichen Pudel genommen, ihn aufrecht ſitzend in einem Seſſel feſtgebunden, und vor ihm eine Chronik, die auf einem Pulte lehnte, aufgeſchlagen. Wir ſchlichen uns in den Saal, um den Alten, wenn er eintreten würde, zu beobachten. Hinter einem großen Gemälde verſteckt, ſahen wir vor uns die poſſirliche Geſtalt des Hundes, der aufrecht ſitzend, die Pfoten auf den Tiſch geſtützt, in der koſtbaren pergamentnen Handſchrift zu leſen ſchien, indem ihm die lange rothe Zunge aus dem Maule hing, und er, von den Bändern geklemmt, keuchend Athem holte, wie einer, der tief von dem, was er lieſet, ergriffen iſt. Der Maler tritt haſtig ein, fährt zerſtreut und fahrig, nach ſeiner Weiſe, in die Kammer, kommt gleich in ſeinem neuen Mantel zurück, nimmt vom Tiſch die Pinſel, und ſieht plötzlich ſeinen weißen, zottigen Freund im Studium des Froiſſard begriffen. Die Miene des Erſtaunens, der aufgeriſſene Mund, die großen Augen, ſeine Stellung, alles dies iſt nicht zu beſchreiben. Er hört die mahnende Glocke ſchlagen, und ſtürzt in größter Eile wieder aus dem Hauſe. Der Hund wird gleich losgebunden, und wir zerſtreuten uns.

Am andern Tage ſind wir in der Weinſchenke heiter verſammelt, und der Alte kommt auch wohlgemuth zu uns. Man ſah ihm an, daß er ein Geheimniß auf dem Herzen habe, welches ihn drückte, und daß er den Muth und günſtigen Augenblick nicht finden könne, es uns mitzutheilen. Als ihn die Weinlaune mehr beherrſchte, ſagte er endlich: Freunde, junge Menſchen, wenn Ihr nur ein wenig ſolider dächtet, ſo könnte ich Euch wohl etwas erzählen, das ſchon der Beachtung würdig iſt. Aber Ihr ſeid zu leichtſinnig und zu ungläubig. Ihr werdet mir nicht glauben, und in Eurem Spott der Unerfahrenheit das abſtreiten wollen, was ich mit meinen eigenen Augen geſehen habe, und das wird mich dann verdrießen.

Wir ermunterten ihn, ſich uns edel und offen mitzutheilen. Die Rede kam auf den Pudel, und deſſen Lob wurde von neuem geſungen. So eröffnete er uns denn endlich, wie er geſtern unvermuthet die Entdeckung gemacht habe, daß das gute verſtändige Vieh ſeine beſten Eigenſchaften verberge und verſchweige: er habe dieſen Tyras nehmlich überraſcht, der ſich deſſen nicht verſehen habe, wie er Geſchichte hinter ſeinem Rücken ſtudirt und mit großem Eifer leſe, ſo von dem Gegenſtande hingeriſſen, daß er ihn ſelbſt, ſeinen Herrn, nicht einmal bemerkt habe. Wie er nach zwei Stunden zurückgekommen, ſei das Buch wieder an ſeinen Platz geſtellt geweſen, und der beſcheidne Student habe wieder, als ſei nichts vorgefallen, und als könne er kein Waſſer trüben, auf die gewöhnliche Hundeweiſe unter dem Tiſche gelegen. Mit ernſter Miene hörten wir zu, und erklärten dann, er erzähle uns in dieſer Sache nichts Neues, denn wir hätten dergleichen ſchon längſt gemerkt, wie der Hund ſeine Abweſenheit benutze, um ſich, ohne damit zu prahlen, im Stillen mehr auszubilden. Keiner hätte ihm etwas davon ſagen wollen, weil er ſchon ſo oft klage, daß man ihn necke; man ſei aber überzeugt, der Hund werde ſich auch nächſtens im Schreiben, vielleicht im Malen üben.

Der Alte war entzückt und rief aus: Wenn mein Tyras mich einmal durch ein gelungenes Bild von eigener Erfindung überraſcht, oder durch ein gutes Gedicht, ſo ſoll er bei mir Zeitlebens die beſten Tage haben. Welch ein Hund! Man kann ja von ihm noch das Unwahrſcheinliche, ja das Unmögliche erwarten, da er es ſchon ſo weit gebracht hat. — So ſehr ſich meine Spielgenoſſen über dieſe Albernheit des Alten freuten, ſo war mir dieſe ſeine mehr als kindliche Einfalt eine zu rührende Erſcheinung, als um es dulden zu können, daß er noch länger ein Spielball der übermüthigen Jugend ſein ſollte. Ich ging am folgenden Morgen zu ihm, und eröffnete ihm den ganzen Handel. Er war ſehr beſtürzt und traurig, nicht darüber, daß man ihn ſo arg geneckt hatte, ſondern daß ſeinem Hunde nun jene Fähigkeit abgehe, über welche er ſich ſchon ſo ſehr gefreut habe. Es iſt doch Jammerſchade, ſagte er dann, daß ſo alles Geſchaffene ſich in Schranken bewegen muß. Man findet doch auch ſo gar nichts, bei dem nicht das Hohe und Geiſtige mit dem Richtigen, dem ganz Armſeligen verbunden iſt, ja in dieſem Dummen, Nichtsnutzigen nur wurzeln und aus ihm erwachſen kann. Unſre ſchönſten Gemälde ſtehn da auf Holz, die Farben ſind Saft aus Pflanzen, Pulver aus Erde und Metall. Staub, Näſſe, Licht, alles arbeitet daran, den Schimmer wieder zu trüben. Der Dichter ſingt, und wird heiſer, er vertraut dem Pergament und dem Papier ſeine hellen Gedanken: ſie vergehen und verſchrumpfen, und haben nur für Wenige, in wenigen Augenblicken geleuchtet. Wie man ſich begeiſtert dünken mag, ſo fällt man doch, wie ſich der Zeiger der Uhr nur etwas weiter bewegt, in Müdigkeit, Hunger und Durſt zurück, und was eben noch das Feuer ins Auge trieb, iſt jetzt ein kalter, oder unverſtändlicher, oder ſelbſt widerwärtiger Gedanke. Der Hund verſteht mich nicht, und ich nicht den Hund. Von dem Geheimniß der Welt und der Schöpfung weiß ich nun gar nichts, und Ihr, junges Volk, verſteht nicht einmal, wie man die Farben reiben muß. Warum Roth roth, und Blau blau iſt, weiß kein Menſch; noch weniger, was das Roth iſt. Wir gehen eben ſo gut, wie Tyras, auf vier Beinen; er kann dienen und Schildwacht ſtehen, aber er muß doch wieder in die Quadratur ſeiner Füße und Beſtimmung zurück. Wir richten auch unſern Geiſt nach oben, und ſind beflügelt, ſchauen und glauben, und müſſen platt wieder zur Erde in den Staub niederfallen. — So räſonnirte er viel durch einander, nahm dann mein Taſchentuch und hieß mich gehen. Als ich auf der Straße in einem fernen Theil der Stadt war, rannte mir der weiße Pudel nach, ſprang an mich hinauf, zerrte mich am Kleide, und belferte und kläffte in ſeinen hohen Tönen, mit denen er Freundlichkeit ausdrückte. Ich merkte nun wohl, daß er mich zurück haben wollte, und ging auch mit ihm wieder nach der Wohnung ſeines Herrn. — Da ſeid Ihr wieder, rief mir der Maler lachend entgegen. Seht Ihr nun wohl, daß in ſeinem Fache der Hund mehr iſt als wir Alle! — Ich wies ihm nach einer halben Stunde nur Euer Tuch und winkte damit hinaus, er beſchnupperte es eifrig, ſprang Euch nach und hat Euch durch die Witterung bald aufgefunden. Macht das einmal nach, wenn ich Euch auch deutlich ſage, holt mir den Ferdinand, Beppo, den Melzer, oder wer es nur ſei. Trefft Ihr ſie nicht zu Hauſe, und erfahrt dort nicht, wohin ſie gegangen ſind, ſo ſteht Ihr ganz dumm und völlig hülflos da; ja Euern beſten Freund oder Euer Liebchen könnt Ihr nicht aus der dringendſten Lebensgefahr reißen, wenn Ihr es nicht mit dürren Worten erfahrt, wo und wie ſie anzutreffen ſind.

Der Dechant nahm nach dieſer Erzählung wieder das Wort und ſagte: Wenn dieſer konfuſe Menſch, wie es ſcheint, einigen Verſtand hat, ſo wäre es wohl ſeine Pflicht, mit dieſem ſeinen ganz augenſcheinlichen Blödſinn auszubeſſern, damit er zum Menſchen würde. Immer habe ich es geglaubt, und dieſe Schilderung beſtärkt mich wieder in meiner Meinung, daß die Dummheit im Menſchen meiſtentheils etwas Freiwilliges ſei, das man aber verwerfen und ſich den Verſtand aneignen muß. Aber bequem iſt es ſich ſo gehn zu laſſen, allen Launen zu folgen, ihnen Trägheit, Spaß und Laune die Herrſchaft einzuräumen, und das göttliche Ebenbild in uns auszulöſchen.

Seid nicht ſo unbillig, ehrwürdiger Herr, ſagte die freundliche Frau Catharina. Die Gaben ſind verſchieden, die Geiſter mannigfaltig, und das iſt das Erfreulichſte der Schöpfung. Wir können uns nicht alle gleich und ähnlich ſein, ja wir ſollen es auch gewiß nicht. Dieſer faßt in der Schärfe des Geiſtes die Bedeutung der Dinge in ſeinem Verſtande auf, und weiß von allem Rechenſchaft zu geben. Heil ihm, denn er iſt wach im Erkennen, und wird weder vom Aberglauben beherrſcht werden, noch ſich den Täuſchungen der Phantaſie, oder den blinden Leidenſchaften ergeben. Ein ſolcher Prüfender iſt frei und ſicher im Gebiet der Sinne und des Denkens. Doch der Dichter, der Künſtler, der Maler muß jenem Schein, dem der Scharfſinnige entfliehen will, mehr Weſen, dem Schatten mehr Körper, und ſeinen Träumen mehr Wirklichkeit zugeſtehen, wenn ihm nicht in ſeinem Handwerk die Arme ermüdet und ungläubig am Leibe niederfallen ſollen. Und unſer alter, lieber Lahitte nun gar. Er kommt mir vor, wie ein in Menſchengeſtalt verwirklichter Traum, der unter uns herſchreitet, um von den ſeltſamſten Gegenden, die wir niemals beſuchen, Kunde zu bringen. Der Glaube an Wunder iſt ihm der natürlichſte, ſeine Phantaſie umkleidet ihn wie ein Mantel und er ſieht für ihn keine Unmöglichkeit. Kann er durch dieſe Traumfähigkeit etwas auffaſſen, ſo ſieht er weiter wie die meiſten Menſchen, und ſpricht tiefſinnig und prophetiſch; ſoll er auf dem Wege unſers gewöhnlichen Verſtandes etwas begreifen, ſo erſcheint er ganz unfähig und blöde. Sein Weſen, ſein Umgang, ſeine Laune, iſt deshalb ſo wunderſam, daß jeder, der ihn kennt und verſteht, ihn von Herzen lieb gewinnen muß; daß er aber auch allen, die ihn ſo, wie die übrigen Menſchen, nehmen und auffaſſen wollen, nur als unbeholfener und langweiliger, unwiſſender Geſellſchafter erſcheint. Er iſt wie ein Spielkamerad von Thieren und verklärten Geiſtern; das Irdiſche an ihm iſt wie Verkleidung bei einem Maskenanzug, und dahinter glänzt ein Elfe: Oberon, der König der Feen.

Genug und übergenug! rief der Dechant aus; der alte Thor muß ſich glücklich ſchätzen, daß er von ſo ſchönen Lippen ſo kräftig vertheidigt wird. Er hat Recht, Wunder und das Wunderbare zu glauben, denn dieſe Gunſt, die ihm ſelbſt widerfährt, iſt ſeltſam und unbegreiflich genug.

Der Zorn des Dechanten ſtieg noch höher, als jetzt ein aufwartender Knabe die Ankunft des alten Mannes meldete. Man ſah dieſen auch alsbald, auf ſeinem Stab gelehnt, durch den Garten ſchreiten. Der Geiſtliche ſtand auf und nahm Abſchied von der Dame und der übrigen Geſellſchaft, und hörte nicht auf Catharinens Bitte, daß er noch verweilen möge. Als er dem Alten vorbeiging, der ihn freundlich und achtungsvoll begrüßte, dankte er kaum, was der Maler in ſeiner argloſen Weiſe nicht bemerkte.

Der junge Friedrich ging dem Alten entgegen und Catharina begrüßte ihn herzlich. Meine theuren, verehrten Freunde, ſagte der Alte mit erſchöpfter Stimme, erlaubt mir, daß ich mich niederſetze, denn ich bin ſehr ermüdet, und die Sachen, die ich draußen auf dem Markt habe hören müſſen und erläutern ſollen, haben mir alle Kraft geraubt.

Er ließ ſich im Gartenſaale lächelnd nieder, und ſagte nach einiger Zeit, indem ihn Alle neugierig betrachteten: In der Stadt tragen ſie ſich mit der Nachricht, daß nicht weit von Mecheln vor einigen Tagen in der Nacht ein großer Stein vom Himmel gefallen ſei, von einer Materie, die kein Menſch kennt, und jemals geſehen hat. Er hat ein tiefes Loch in den Erdboden, auf dem Acker eines guten Landmannes geſchlagen, und man grübelt, deutelt und prophezeit nun, was dieſer ſonderbare Fall zu bedeuten habe. Einige meinen, es ſage uns den Tod unſers guten alten Herzoges an, manche böſe Menſchen gehen noch weiter, und meinen, unſer Philipp würde ſterben, und unter ſeinem Sohne Carl, dem verwegenen Fürſten, das ganze Land zu Grunde gehen.

Am einfachſten, ſagte der alte Ritter, iſt anzunehmen, daß die ganze Sache erlogen ſei, wie es denn viele dergleichen kindiſche Mährchen giebt, an denen ſich das gemeine Volk ergötzt.

Nein! nein! rief der Maler, der Naturfreund Melchior, der ſo viele Steine ſammelt, hatte ſich gleich ein Stückchen von dieſer Materie ſenden laſſen, und zeigte es den Neugierigen vor.

Und wie ſahe es aus? fragte Beaufort.

Halb wie Glas, antwortete Lahitte, wie ſo grobes, grünliches, trübes, dickes Glas in der Maſſe, halb wie Eiſenſchlacke, halb wie ganz unförmlich geſtaltet, halb wie ein Ding, das man ſchon ſonſt geſehen hat, und dann wieder wie etwas, worauf ſich Keiner beſinnen kann. Es iſt eben ein kurioſes Ding, und verdient wohl eine genauere Betrachtung, denn ich dachte gleich daran, daß ſich ſo was nicht malen ließe, und in einem Bilde eine ſchlechte Figur machen würde.

Der alte Ritter lachte über die Beſchreibung und ſagte: Sollte es vielleicht nicht wirklich eine Erzſchlacke ſein, die man aus einem Bergwerke gebracht hat?

Nein, ſagte Labitte, denn dergleichen unnützes unterirdiſches Ungeziefer hab' ich wohl oft ſchon auf meinen Reiſen ſonſt geſehn. Der freundliche Denker und Philoſoph, der Küſter drüben an unſrer Cathedrale, der Dichter Wundrich, ſagte: es ſei offenbar ein Stück, welches vom Mond herunter gefallen ſei. Er glaubte nehmlich, die Geſtirne hätten eben ſo gut Krankheiten zu überſtehen, wie die Menſchen und Thiere, und unſre Erde ſei auch nicht von ſolchen Fiebern, Catharren, Coliken, Gicht und Schwindſucht frei zu ſprechen. Er habe ſeit lange unſern alten herkömmlichen Mond beobachtet, und nach ſeinem unpartheiiſchen Urtheil ausſagen müſſen, daß er ſchon ſeit einigen Jahren an einer bedenklichen Bläſſe leide. Dieſe zeige ſich um ſo auffallender, wenn er in der Fülle ſein rundes Geſicht aufblaſe, und uns die runden Backen und ſeine aufgetriebenen Augen ſo recht vollſtändig hinhalte. Neulich, ſagte Wundrich, als ich in einer Frühlingsnacht den Runden beobachtete, erſchrak ich faſt über die Geſichter, die er plötzlich ſchnitt, denn es war nicht anders, als wollte er nun eben zu ſprechen und zu heulen anfangen. Seht, Männer, fuhr der gelehrte Künſtler fort, mag es nun ſein, was es will, aber er hat ſich etwas zu Gemüthe gezogen, er iſt nicht mehr der Alte, jener rüſtige, friſche, unermüdete Nachtwanderer, mit dem kerngeſunden, rothen, feurigen Antlitz, das dem dicken Dorfſchulzen gleicht, wenn er Abends aus der Schenke kommt, ſondern er pimpelt, bläſſelt und wimmelt und wahbelt nur ſo nächtlich dahin, und ſo iſt es natürlich, daß er abbröckelt, in Nerven- oder Altersſchwäche hie und dort ein Stück von ſeinen Gliedern und Beſtandtheilen abfallen läßt, die nun uns, ſeinen nächſten Erben und Nachbarn, zuſterben. Drum eben, fuhr der Naturfreund fort, merken wir nichts davon, wenn andre Geſtirne, Sirius, Orion, Bär, Löwe oder Morgenſtern dergleichen Anwandlungen kriegen, weil ſie uns zu entfernt ihr Weſen treiben. Ich ſelbſt aber fürchte faſt, wenn unſer Küſter recht haben ſollte, daß es in ſo Kurzem um den ganzen lieben Mond gethan ſein möchte, und, wenn Alles ſo beſchaffen iſt, wie das, was er uns jetzt geſendet hat, ſo iſt es nicht der Mühe werth, auf ſeinen Sterbefall und ſein Vermächtniß Hoffnungen zu gründen, denn der Bauer meint, zu gar nichts ſei der Abfall der Mondwelt und dieſe Probezeichnung des jüngſten Tages zu gebrauchen, ſondern es liege nur ſeinem Acker zur Laſt und verderbe ihn. Man will alſo das dumme Ding einer überreifen, ins Holz gewachſenen Schöpfung dort wegnehmen, und zum Angedenken der wunderbaren Begebenheit in der Kirche aufhängen. Fragt ſich nur, ob der Mond, wenn die Umſtände ſich wieder einmal ändern, und er den Rauſch ausgeſchlafen hat, nicht dieſen alten Knopf von ſeinem Alltags-Wamms, oder was es ſein mag, wieder zurückfordert, um ihn ſich von der Jungfrau am Himmel wieder an ſeine Stelle, wo er hingehört, nähen zu laſſen.

Die Sache läßt ſich bedenken, ſagte der Ritter Beaufort: indeſſen hat das was für ſich, was jener Mann von der Krankheit der Planeten vermuthet und fürchtet. Ein Neffe von mir hatte noch vor zwei Jahren zwei ſchöne und große Landgüter; er zeigte ſich darum auch hier und in Brüſſel, als ein Client des Grafen Etampes, in großem Glanz; und ſeht, dieſe Theile der Erde ſind ihm ſo rein weggeſchwunden, daß er jetzt Schulden halber im Gefängniß ſitzt.

Seht Ihr wohl? antwortete der Maler; dieſe Schwindſucht iſt alſo augenſcheinlich und wird auch von andern Leuten bemerkt. Auf der andern Seite aber iſt es, als wenn oft eine Waſſerſucht, ein Anſchwellen und Aufquellen die arme Erde befällt und ängſtigt. Die Familie Croy war immer ſchon mächtig und groß, aber wie ſind ihre Ländereien ſeit Menſchengedenken aufgequollen! Daſſelbe kann der Graf Etampes, der nahe Verwandte unſers Herzoges, an ſeinen Grundſtücken beobachten. Aber noch ſonderbarer iſt es mit dem jungen Köſtein, den wir alle als einen Lumpen, Taugenichts und Habenichts gekannt haben; der junge blondlockige Bengel kam in die Dienſte unſers Herzogs, erſt Aufwärter, dann Page, dann Liebling; und wie er nur erſt ein ganz kleines Gärtchen, mit einem beſcheidenen Häuschen, von ſeinem zu gnädigen Herrn erhalten hatte, — o Wunder! — ſo war dieſes Fleckchen unſerer Burgundiſchen Erde gerade ein ſo fruchtbares, ſchwangeres, quellendes und treibendes, daß es in wenigen Jahren alle benachbarten Aecker, Gärten, Felder und Wälder ganz mit magnetiſcher Kraft an ſich gezogen hat, ſo daß es faſt lächerlich wird, wenn man die erſte Grundlage, die kleine Mutter aller dieſer großen, ausgereckten Kinder, mit den Rieſen-Armen und Beinen, betrachtet. Nun will man, und ſelbſt unſer Erbherr, der Carl von Charlerois, dies Wunder auf die Schwäche unſers alten Herzoges ſchieben; und es iſt offenbar eine Schwäche unſers Erdballs, und der gute Philipp muß, ſelbſt gegen ſeinen Willen, dieſer Nachgiebigkeit des Bodens nachgeben, weil er mit aller ſeiner Macht dies Zuſammenſchießen der Landgüter doch nicht verhindern konnte.

Alter Freund, warnte der Ritter, ſprecht Euch nicht in Euern eignen Schaden hinein; Alle, die Ihr da nennt, ſind mächtig, und könnten Euch, wenn ſie es vernehmen ſollten, verletzen.

Nein, werther Freund, antwortete Catharina, ſtatt des Malers; unſer guter Fürſt iſt zu milde, um Tadel, auch wenn er ernſt gemeint iſt, ſo zu ahnden, wie wir es nur in Geſchichtchen älterer Zeiten von Tyrannen leſen; um ſo weniger zürnt er, der ſelber gern ſcherzt, über Scherz, und ſeine Günſtlinge, und ſelbſt ſein Sohn, durften es nicht wagen, über dergleichen zu klagen, oder es mit Strafen verfolgen zu wollen. Das ſind die freundlichen, ruhigen Tage, die wir dem Frieden und der hohen Geſinnung des Fürſten zu danken haben. Iſt es nicht eben ſo mit der Geiſtlichkeit und ihren frühern Anmaßungen! Sie ſind beſchränkt, und ſelbſt die Inquiſition, die über die Gewiſſen und die Ketzerei wachen ſoll, iſt kaum zu ſpüren, und darf nur die gröbſten Vergehen, Abfall von der Kirche, Gottesläugnung und dergleichen vor ihren Gerichtshof ziehen.

Der alte Beaufort warf der Redenden einen ernſten Blick zu, er ſchwieg eine Weile nachdenkend und ſagte dann: Ihr mögt Recht haben, im Weſentlichen, und wir ſollen unſer Glück mit Dank erkennen. Doch iſt mir eigentlich nur wohl, wenn ich mich aller dieſer Gedanken entſchlage. Vieles vergeſſen, noch mehr nicht ſehen, über das, was man ſieht, nicht zu viel denken, unterkriechen, wenn Sturm und Platzregen kommen, lieber kleines Unrecht dulden, als ſich im Bewußtſein der gerechten Sache zu männlich widerſetzen — das iſt, was ich immer befolgt, und wobei ich und mir ähnliche Männer uns wohl befunden haben. Sprechen wir lieber noch von jenem Mondſtein.

Recht! ſagte Labitte; die Politik und das Räſonniren über Staat und Fürſt iſt immer verdrießlich; wir wollen philoſophiren. — Und ſo denke ich denn von jenem Stein eigentlich ganz anders als der gelehrte Küſter. Nicht wahr, Ihr alle kennt das Sprichwort, womit alle Menſchen ſo oft die zu weit getriebene Aengſtlichkeit abweiſen: wenn der Himmel einfällt! — Mancher ſagt: dann werden die Lerchen wohlfeil; Andre: dann brauchen wir keine Schlafmützen mehr — und dergleichen unnütze Redensarten: — dieſe Begebenheit zeigt uns aber, daß wohl einmal unter gewiſſen Umſtänden der Himmel einfallen könne, und dieſer große, ungerathene und unbrauchbare Stein iſt eben ein Stück aus dem Himmel, und ein ſcharfes Auge würde droben auch wohl das Loch entdecken können, wo er eigentlich hingehört.

Nun, das wäre mehr als ein Wunder! rief Friedrich.

Junger Menſch, ſagte der blaſſe Alte, der Ihr Euch gar zu gern verwundert, — es giebt gar kein Wunder; Alles, was geſchieht, geſchieht ganz natürlich, einfach, wenn auch nicht alltäglich, nach nothwendigen Geſetzen, wenn auch unſern dummen oder verwöhnten Sinnen nicht immer begreiflich. — Sollte die Luft nicht das älteſte Element ſein? In der Schrift ſcheint es wenigſtens vor dem Licht das Majorat zu haben. Die Erde war im Anbeginn bloß hart, wüſt, unbrauchbar, vielleicht wie jener Mondſtein, nur im Großen; Licht war nicht, die Luft, die zarte, bewegliche, ſich dehnende, ziehende, belebende und tiefathmende, hatte wohl auch damals, vor dem Anfange der Zeiten, den ſtarren Klumpen, im Schreck über die werdende Schöpfung ausgeſtoßen. Die Waſſer bewegten ſich, die immer eins und daſſelbe Gemüth mit der Luft ſind, nur im andern Kleide. Mit dem neuen Spielgenoſſen, Licht, fing nun erſt recht das ſonderbare Handthieren an. Da wurde dem ſtarren Erdklumpen ſo zugeredet, geliebkoſt, er ward gedrückt, gewiegt, geſchüttelt, verkehrt und bekehrt, daß er es ſich denn gefallen ließ, aus ſeinem ſtarren Weſen nachgiebig und durch all das wunderliche Weſen gerührt, die Gartenerde in ſich zu zerbröckeln, und ſo den Bäumen, Gräſern, Halmen und Blumen den mütterlichen Boden anzuweiſen. Aber die alten Träume und Tücken kamen wieder; aus den Launen brachen von unten aus der Tiefe die Gebirge hervor, und ſtrebten und wuchſen hinauf, um Wald und Wieſe zu beſchämen und zu verhöhnen; aber die Liebe kletterte nach, und hing ihre grünen Kränze faſt bis in die gerunzelte, weiße, verdrießliche Stirn der Alpen hinein; zurückgeſchreckt blieb das Grün in ſcheuer Entfernung, aber die heitere Luft gab den ernſten, blendenden Schnee, und die muntern, hüpfenden Quellen, die beredſamen Bäche, die muthigen Ströme tanzten doch oben um den Alten her, der keinen Spaß verſtehen und von feiner Liebe was hören wollte. Wer ſteht uns denn dafür, daß nicht damals auch die Luft, in welcher ſich alles gebärt, auch Steine, Berge, Gebirge niedergeworfen hat, um jenen harten Launen und ſcharfen Einfällen der Erde entgegen zu kommen? Die Luft zieht das Waſſer, das als Regen niederfällt, alles Waſſer kann Dunſt, Wolke, Luft werden; alle Nebel, Wolkenmaſſen, und auch die klarſte, blauſte Luft, kann, angeſteckt, angerührt, durch die Umſtände perſuadirt zu Waſſer werden. Warum denn nicht zu Stein? Nun, hinauf muß es rieſeln, herunter muß es grieſeln; fugen muß ſich's, und dann iſt es wenigſtens eben ſo natürlich und begreiflich, als daß die Pflanze in der Erde aus dem verfaulten Keime wächſt. Ja, es kann geſchehen, wenn ſich der Himmel ſo verhärtet, daß einmal eine thurmdicke Kruſte herunterfällt, und Städte, Wälder, ja ganze Länder zudeckt. Weil die uralten Ungezogenheiten und groben Späße der Elemente und ihrer Geiſter aufgehört haben, weil das Volk wohlerzogen ſcheint, muß es darum immer ſo bleiben? Vielleicht ſchlummern ſie, vielleicht ſind ſie bei der Mama in der Putzſtube in feiner, artiger Geſellſchaft, und ſchneuzen höchſtens einmal mit einem kleinen Trompetenton die Naſe. Aber ſie können wohl wieder einmal ins Bengelhafte gerathen, und nicht darauf achten, ob ſie die neuen Manchetten und Halskrauſen zerreißen. Die uralten Geiſter, die auf Penſion ſitzen, fabeln gewiß, unſre ſanfte, artige Welt ſei der Untergang der Welt, und die Erde nichts beſſeres als ein Käſe, den Millionen Würmer und Maden durchfreſſen und zermürbt haben. Geht für uns die Welt unter, ſo munkeln ſie wohl, nun fängt die wahre Schöpfung erſt wieder an, und die alte Ordnung würde wieder hergeſtellt. Eſſen wir, trinken wir, ſo lange etwas da iſt und wir noch Zähne haben, von denen mir die meiſten fehlen; reſpektiren wir die Luft, wie ich geſagt habe, und bedenken, daß, wenn es nach meinem Glauben Luftgebirge giebt, die Menſchen nicht völlig zu verachten ſind, die auf Luftſchlöſſer rechnen und ſie zu bauen ſuchen. — Alles jedoch ſei mit Vergunſt meines großen Meiſters geſagt und ſeiner höhern Einſicht unterworfen. —

Friedrich lachte laut; doch deſſen Vater blieb ernſthaft und ſagte dann: Meiſter Labitt, alles, was man von Euch erzählt, ſo wie das, was ich jetzt von Euch gehört habe, iſt höchſt ſonderbar. Es ſcheint, daß Ihr das Meiſte in der Welt aus einem andern Geſichtspunkt betrachtet, als die übrigen Menſchen.

Geehrter Herr, erwiederte Labitt, indem ſich ſein bleiches Antlitz zu einem übertriebenen Lächeln verzog, das iſt meine Art ſo; wie ich mich etwas krumm halten muß, von Alter und Schwäche, wie ich übertrieben mager bin, wie mein Bart nur dünn und mein weniges Haupthaar faſt ganz ausgefallen iſt, wie ich eine beinahe zu lange Naſe habe, und meine Lippen beim Sprechen und Schweigen in ihrer Bläſſe immerdar zittern, ſo iſt es auch mit meinem Geiſt, meiner Sprache und meiner Art mich auszudrücken, beſchaffen. Glaubt mir nur, die menſchlichen Gedanken ſind wie das Wetter. Oft iſt es recht blau und hell in mir, aber wenn ich eben an etwas anderes als an die Gedanken denke, ſo weiß ich es ſelber nicht, daß ich nachdenkliche Sachen und weiſe Sentenzen von mir gebe; erzählen mir nach einigen Tagen meine jungen Freunde davon, ſo erbaue ich mich ſelbſt an meinen Ausſprüchen und lerne viel aus ihnen. Dann kommen dichte Wolken und Hagelſchauer und verfinſtern meine Seele. Drinnen kochen und gähren dann wieder zukünftige Gedanken, und wenn ich gerade bei Laune bin, ſehe ich ſelber dieſem tollen Weſen zu. Ach! Sonnenſchein! Freunde! das iſt etwas Großes! Wer hat ihn immer? Und könnte ihn immer brauchen, wenn es uns auch vergönnt wäre?

Ja, dann, in dieſen herrlichen Momenten, bin ich wirklich ſehr geſcheidt, und nicht nur klüger wie die andern Menſchen, ſondern ich übertreffe mich ſogar ſelbſt. Ich habe es oft geſagt, ich hätte es zu etwas Außerordentlichem gebracht, auch in meiner Kunſt, wenn es nicht Ein Ding mir unmöglich gemacht hätte, und zwar etwas recht Erbärmliches, was die Menſchen eine Kleinigkeit nennen, und die es doch wahrlich nicht iſt. Aber blind und verworren bleiben ſie freilich immer in ihren Beſtrebungen.

Und das iſt? fragte lächelnd Catharina. Schade iſt es doch immer, daß Ihr nicht ſo vortrefflich geworden ſeid, wie es Euch, Euren Ausſagen gemäß, ſo nahe lag.

Spottet nur! rief der Alte, Ihr bleibt doch mein Liebchen, und die holdſeligſte Creatur, die ich jemals gekannt habe. Um Euch aber die Sache deutlich zu machen, muß ich Euch erzählen, daß ich, wenn mich die Thoren auch oft ketzeriſch nennen, eine viel zu große Ehrfurcht vor dem Schöpfer, und eine ſo innige, liebevolle Anbetung ſeiner Herrlichkeit habe, daß ich dem Geſellen, der ihm gegenüber arbeitet, nicht die Macht und ungeheure Wirkung und Furchtbarkeit zutrauen kann, die ihm die unwiſſende Menge, aus abergläubiſcher Angſt vor ihrer eigenen Thorheit, zuſchreiben will. Durch kleine Erbärmlichkeiten macht ſich dieſer Geiſt Luft, und hindert freilich auch durch dieſe das Große und Edle. Wenn ich recht mit meinem Geiſte einverſtanden bin und ihm zuhöre, in der Sabbatsſtille meines ausgeklärten Gemüthes immer ſchönere und feinere Gedanken und Bilder aufſteigen, wenn ich dann mein Sein und Fühlen ausſtrecke, weiter, immer weiter, und ich ſchaue und weiß, jetzt iſt das Rechte und Beſte unterwegs, und wird gleich in die aufgeräumte Putzſtube meiner Seele anlangen — hetſch! iſt alles weg, denn ich muß nieſen; wenigſtens einmal, oft auch in drei Repetitionen. Der Moment nimmt mir das Bewußtſein, ich bin auf einen Augenblick nicht mehr als ein Pfahl oder Stock, — und, wie nüchtern, arm, düſter, jammervoll iſt es nachher in meinem Innern: Alles, was glänzte, liegt wie altes, widerwärtiges Getrödel in einer Polterkammer durcheinander, mit Staub und Spinneweben überzogen, ſo daß ich keinen der Fetzen, die eben noch Gedanken und Entzückungen waren, aus dem Gerümpel hervorlangen mag, um mir nicht die Hände meines kümmerlichen Bewußtſeins zu beſchmutzen. Denn meine Dummheit iſt wenigſtens noch beſſer als das Denken und Anſchauen, was ich jetzt treiben könnte. So iſt es mir auch immer beim Malen ergangen. Ich habe mir mehr wie einmal eingebildet, wenn ich vor meiner Tafel ſaß, ich könnte die Werke meines Freundes Johann, des von Eyck, erreichen; ich war ſelig in der Arbeit, die Farben wurden immer glänzender, die Mienen immer heller und menſchlicher, — nun kommt mir eins jenes verdammte Nieſen, aus iſt Alles, todt; wenn ich die Augen wieder brauchen kann, ſtehn Fratzen und ſchmierige Oelflecke auf dem Holze, und alle Anmuth iſt in dieſes hineingeſchlagen; ich ſehe im Pinſel, den ich noch eben in Freude fliegen ließ, nur einen Theil des unſaubern Schweines, von dem er genommen iſt. Das hat immerdar mein Leben verkümmert. So weiß ich nun ſchon, ſtreckt einmal der Geiſt ſich in mir ſo aus, daß ich nahe daran bin, die Bande zu zerreißen, ſo werde ich augenblicklich nieſen. — und oft, wenn ich zerſtreut bin und an gar nichts denke, ſo weiß ich am Nieſen, wenn es mich befällt, daß ſo eben in meinem Innern der Feſtkuchen gebacken wurde, um dem verlornen Sohn in Proceſſion entgegen zu gehen. Nun fällt Kuchen und Kalb, Sohn und Vater, Sünder und Gerechter zugleich in den Brunnen. Man kann wohl auch fragen, ob es nicht ſelbſt ſo feine, geiſtige Wahrnehmungen giebt, die ohne weiteres, wie ein zu ſcharfes Licht, auf die Naſe wirken, und ſie zum innerlichen Krampfe zwingen. Es kommt aber auf daſſelbe hinaus, ob ich es phyſiſch, ob geiſtig betrachte. Dieſe Gedanken ſind mir einmal nicht gegönnt; ſtatt im Gehirne eine höhere Stelle zu ſuchen, rennen ſie abwärts und erlöſchen in jenem Kitzel, der in einem Ton ausbricht, welcher aller Muſik ſich durchaus feindlich entgegen ſtellt. — Daß der Fliegengott, Beelzebub, dem Denker und Andächtigen oft eine Fliege ſendet, um ihn zu ſtören und zu empören, das haben ſelbſt fromme Theologen eingeſehen und ausgeſagt.

Guter, lieber Schwager, ſagte der alte Ritter, indem er ihm die Hand gab, gehe es Euch recht wohl in den letzten Jahren Eures Lebens, und möge dieſe krauſe Laune Euch nie verlaſſen. Was Eure Zunge bei dieſen Erzählungen allein verſchuldet, wie viel aus Eurem Herzen kommt, das möchte ſchwer zu unterſcheiden ſeyn.

Er beurlaubte ſich von der Wirthin und der übrigen Geſellſchaft. Er verſteht Dich nicht, ſagte Friedrich, der gute Vater. Er meint, alles Denken müſſe immer gerade aus gehen. Er iſt auch kein Freund der Dichtkunſt. Deine Gedichte kennt er gar nicht.

Ja, ja, ſagte der Maler, die Menſchen ſind ſeltſam. Immer nur gerade aus denken! Nicht ſingen mögen! Meine Gedichte nicht kennen! Wir haben Schlund, Hals, Gaumen, Lippen, Zähne. Es zeigt ſich deutlich der Gebrauch von allem, ob der Erſte, Nothwendigſte der Beſte, wer kann es ſagen? Wir ſollen ſchlingen, kauen, eſſen, und außerdem vernünftig mit allem dieſem Handwerkszeuge ſprechen. Gut, wir thun es auch Alle. Aber, wenn nun Gaum und Zunge den liebevoll geiſtigen Wein auf die feine wunderfühlige Probierwage legt? Und zungelt, ſchlürfert, lippelt, und der Schlund auch zur Zunge wird? Wenn das ſchon mit bei der Schöpfung ausbedungen iſt, wie ich doch glaube, warum ſoll Kauen des Brodtes und Schlucken des Waſſers oder Bieres rechtgläubiger ſein? Die Lippen ſchon prüfen den Wein, die Naſe riecht ſeine Geiſter ahnend, und Gefühl, ſtummes, iſt mehr als Auge und Ohr. Statt zu ſprechen, ſingt nun gar das Maul. Es ſoll nichts Vernünftiges, Nutzbares oder Erbauliches, ſondern eben nur Geſang werden, der eben ſo hoch über das nüchterne Reden ſteht, wie der heitere Rauſch über die Sättigung des Durſtes. Und wer unter den Sterblichen hat denn den unnützen, widerſinnigen, ganz vernunftwidrigen Kuß erfunden? Da treten die Lippen nun vollends aus Reih und

Glied, und das Auge glänzt vor Freude, daß ein Druck mehr iſt als Vernunft, Licht, Geſang, Poeſie und Philoſophie; daß nur durch das Maul das Maulen auf die ſüßeſte Art in ſprachloſe Freude übergehen kann. Ja, Menſchenkinder, es iſt Euch viel vergönnt, daß das Lippenweſen ſo fein über den Zähnen aufgeklebt iſt. Und dann noch das Lächeln als Zugabe. — Seht! ſeht nur Frau Catharinen an, und die jungen Mädchenkinder dort! Möchte man nicht die ganze Seele zwiſchen die Mündchen und die Lippenröthe legen, daß ſie dort in Liebe gewiegt würde, und als der holdſeligſte Gedanke aufblühen könnte!

Er ſtand auf und küßte nach der Reihe Catharinen, die Mädchen und die alten Frauen. Friedrich ſah ſeinem Beginnen ſo eifrig zu, als wenn er den Wunſch und die Abſicht habe, ſeine Freiheit nachzuahmen; doch ein ſtrenger Blick Catharinens nahm ihm den Muth.

Die Geſellſchaft wendete ſich wieder zum Geſange und zur Muſik. — Nicht wahr, ſagte Labitt nach einiger Zeit; Ihr ſeht doch auch alle die kleinen Geiſter von allen Farben, roth, weiß, gelb, blau und ſcheckig, die in der Luft auf den Tönen, wie auf ausgeſpannten Seilen, tanzen und ſpringen! Und da oben ſitzen andere mit ehrbaren Geſichtern und in weiten Gewändern, und nicken gar ernſthaft und ſchlagen den Takt, um das tolle Unweſen in Ordnung zu halten. So iſt es immer. Der Unſinn hat nichts zu bedeuten, und iſt weder toll noch erfreulich, wenn nicht Sinn und Vernunft die Aufſicht über ihn führen, und ſeine Raſereien bedeutſam machen. So herrſcht auch in dieſem Wirrwarr der Takt, die Töne ſchwingen in Melodie um: und kein Schmidt, kein Schiffbaumeiſter kann ſeine Abſicht fördern, wenn nicht eben ſo Takt und Puls das Werk bewachen. Nur der ſogenannte Teufel kennt weder Maaß, Takt, noch Melodie; er hat das Maul blos zum Sprechen, darum iſt er ſo unglücklich, und kann, wie er ſich auch anſtellt, ſo wenig ausrichten.

Ihr ſprecht ſo vertraut von ihm, ſagte Friedrich, als wenn Ihr ihn perſönlich kenntet.

Kenne ich den miſerabeln Knirps denn nicht etwa perſönlich? rief der Alte im halben Rauſche; ſo viel, wie man ein ſolches klägliches Unweſen, das keine Perſon hat, kann perſönlich kennen lernen. Da draußen im Walde hält der Armſelige manchmal ſeinen Sabbath, und da bin ich neulich hinaus gelaufen, um ihm meine Aufwartung zu machen und ihm meine ganze Verachtung und Geringſchätzung zu zeigen. Er ſaß auf drei uralten Kröten, das ſollte ſeinen Thron vorſtellen, auf dem Kopfe hockte als Krone eine Fledermaus, ſein Mantel beſtand aus Spinnweben, und eine Scheere eines großen Hummers ſollte das Scepter bedeuten. Blähte ſich das dumme Vieh nicht, als wenn er Monarch des Erdbodens wäre! Fröſche, Unken, Molche, Spinnen, manches Geziefer kniete und kroch vor ſeinem Throne. Auf Beſenſtielen, in Backtrögen ritten und fuhren ein Dutzend alte, runzlichte Weiber, um ihn zu verehren, herbei, die Luft verfinſterte ſich, indem ſie kamen. Die Abgeſchmackten konnten die Herrlichkeit der Natur und Schöpfung nicht mehr ſehen und fühlen; ſie hatten die heilige Anbetung, das ſüße Grauen vor dem Vater und Schöpfer der Welt auf immer verloren, ſie empfanden nichts beim Kirchengeſang, beim Ton der Nachtigall, bei Gedicht und Muſik, und waren nur für das Abgeſchmackte, Aberwitzige begeiſtert, weil der Menſch irgend etwas verehren muß; ihre Tollheit trug ſie durch die Lüfte, um hier anzubeten, und dem Kläglichen ein Harem durch ihre Buhlſchaft zu bilden. Der Kerl wurde dann auf ſeinen Kröten auch immer aufgeblaſener, und lächelte die Unholdinnen in ſeiner Manier recht freundlich an. Kleine bucklichte Pygmäen von böſen Geiſtern ſchwirrten und tanzten in der Luft, ein Igel ſpielte auf der Trommel, eine Heuſchrecke auf dem Hackebret, aber alles ohne Takt. Der Mond ſah kläglich und mit ſchiefem, verhöhnendem Geſicht auf das Geſindel, und ich ſtand in der Ferne unter einem Baum, um die ganze Hofhaltung aufzuzeichnen.

Ganz recht, ſagte Friedrich, das iſt das berüchtigte Gemälde, welches Ihr ſchon vor Jahren zu Stande gebracht habt, und das Euch von manchem Kunſtfreunde viel bittern Tadel zuzog. Man meinte, der Gegenſtand ſei häßlich und aberwitzig zugleich, und man begriff nicht, wie derſelbe Mann, der die Mutter des Herrn, die gebenedeite Jungfrau in einem Liede ſo ſchön beſungen hat, dieſe Widerwärtigkeit mit ſo vielem Fleiße und dem Aufwand ſo vieler Zeit hatte ausführen können.

Der Alte lachte ſelbſtgefällig und ſagte: Macht man einmal etwas zu ſeiner eigenen Freude, ſo will es den Leuten, für die man ſich oft geplagt hat, in der Regel nicht gefallen. Ich wollte dem dummen Teufel, oder dem Teufel der Dummheit, der mich oft ſtört, auch einmal eins verſetzen.

Ihr wißt aber, fuhr Friedrich fort, daß der herrliche Maler, Johannes, ſelbſt Euer Bild ſehr ſcharf damals getadelt hat, und geſagt, ſo etwas dürfe gar nicht dargeſtellt werden.

Ich weiß es! rief Labitt aus; iſt denn das nun etwas andres, als das ganz einfache Nein? Wahrlich, ich ſage Euch, es werden nicht viele Tage in's Land gehen, ſo werden wir einen Ueberfluß von dieſen Bildern, von Hexen, Teufeln, Beſchwörung und dergleichen haben, und meine Sache iſt nur anſtößig geweſen, weil ſie die erſte dieſer Art war. — Jeder Erfinder iſt der Märtyrer ſeiner Originalität. Viel ſchlechtere Sachen werden nach meinem Tode Aufſehen und Verwunderung erregen, und, wenn es geſchieht, ſo wird kein Menſch dann mehr von dem armen Peter Labitt nur reden.

Es war ſpät geworden, und die Geſellſchaft erhob ſich. Iſt es Euch nicht bange geweſen, ſagte die kleine Sophie, als Ihr, mein theurer Herr Labitt, mit dem Satan ſo ganz allein im Walde waret?

Nein, ſagte der Maler, denn ich muß Euch ſagen, wen man recht von Herzen verachtet, den fürchtet man nicht. Und doch thut man vielleicht nicht wohl, denn oft, ſehr oft iſt das, was uns verächtlich ſcheint, nur eine Maske des Fürchterlichen.

Alle begaben ſich zur nahen Stadt, und nur Friedrich blieb zurück, obgleich es den Scheidenden auffiel, um mit der Dame Catharina ein ſonderbares Geſpräch zu führen. Sie ſah es ungern, daß der Jüngling verweilte; indeſſen meinte ſie, da er ſich nicht rathen ließ, ihm jetzt im Vertrauen alles ſagen zu können, was ſie für nöthig hielt.

Wie alſo Friedrich vom Gartenthore wieder umkehrte, war ſie faſt erzürnt, denn ſie ſah, daß die Uebrigen dieſes Betragen des Jünglings auffallend fanden. Indeſſen, da es nicht zu ändern war, nahm ſie ſich vor, ganz aufrichtig mit ihm zu ſprechen, denn ſie kannte ſeinen Sinn und auch den Gegenſtand des Geſpräches, zu welchem er ſich wieder wenden würde.

Sie ſetzten ſich im Gartenſaal, indem ſich der Himmel ſchon röthete. Alles verkündet die Nähe des Abends, ſagte Catharina, und Ihr wollt nicht zu Eurem Vater kehren, der Euch ſehnlich erwartet, und der auf mich zürnen wird, weil er meint, ich halte Euch zurück.

O nein! rief Friedrich aus, durch meine Klagen, durch meinen Verdruß iſt er genug davon unterrichtet, wie Ihr es nicht ſeid, die mich aufmuntert, länger zu verweilen.

Aber, mein lieber junger Freund, ſagte die verſtändige Frau mit heiterer, einſchmeichelnder Rede, warum ſtrebt Ihr denn nun ſchon ſeit Monaten, dieſe Eure Freundſchaft, die ich ſo hoch achte, die zu meinem Lebensglück gehört, mir zu entreißen? Warum wollt Ihr mich überreden, es könne ein anderes Verhältniß zwiſchen uns ſtatt finden, welches Ihr ein innigeres nennt?

Ja, rief Friedrich, ich muß noch Einmal Euer Ohr mit allen jenen Wünſchen, Forderungen und Fragen beſtürmen, die Ihr ſo weit von Euch werft! Jetzt iſt es ein Jahr, ſchöne Frau, daß ich Euch kenne. Ohne Vorurtheil, ohne Leichtſinn bin ich in Euer Haus getreten; ich hörte nicht auf ſo manches Geſchwätz, was der und jener, armſelige Menſchen, mir hatten mittheilen wollen. Ihr wißt, mein Sinn iſt ernſt, ſo thöricht ich wohl manchmal im Haufen meiner Jugendgefährten erſcheinen mag; meine Wünſche ſind lauter, mein Leben war einfach und rein, ſo vielfach Baſen und Splitterrichter meine jugendliche Heiterkeit und den erlaubten Leichtſinn haben verläſtern wollen. So erwachte mein Herz in Eurer Nähe zum erſten Mal, und was ich mir ſagte, wie ich gegen dieſes Gefühl kämpfte, das zur brennenden Leidenſchaft wurde, ſo war Alles vergeblich; ja, jeder Einwurf, jedes Hinderniß entzündete und verſtrickte mich nur mehr. Es iſt keine Täuſchung, keine Aufwallung unreifer Jugend, nein feſte Ueberzeugung, daß Ihr, nur Ihr das Glück meines Lebens machen könnt. Wenn Ihr, Geliebte, nicht alle Liebe läugnet, ſo müſſen Euch meine Worte, meine Bitten endlich gewinnen.

Catharina betrachtete ihn lange mit den großen braunen Augen, und ſagte dann mit dem Ausdruck des Schmerzes: Mein geliebter Freund, es thut mir weh, daß Ihr noch immer beharrt. Glaubt mir, ich kenne Euch beſſer, als Ihr Euch ſelbſt; die Welt, wie das Leben, ſind mir vertrauter, da Ihr noch eben im Frühling des Jahres ſteht, und ich mich dem Herbſt und Winter ſchon nähere. Ihr wißt es ja, mein Freund, daß ich mehr als zehn Jahre Euch voraus bin. Ihr ſeid kaum fünf und zwanzig und ich ſechs und dreißig. Schon ſeit zwölf Jahren bin ich Wittwe, nachdem ich in einem bittern Eheſtande die ſchrecklichſten Erfahrungen und Schmerzen gewonnen habe. Jetzt, das weiß ich, dünkt es Euch, als wenn in meinem Beſitz Euer Leben erſt anheben würde. Dieſe Täuſchung des Gefühls und der Phantaſie iſt in der Natur ſo feſt begründet, daß Euch Jeder als ein Läſterer erſcheint, der Euch das Gegentheil darthun will. Aber mir werdet Ihr das Wort vergönnen, das ich in Eurer und meiner Sache ſprechen darf. Durch den Beſitz, durch einen kurzen Rauſch des Genuſſes würde Eure Sehnſucht befriedigt, das Unbedingte und Unbeſchränkte Eurer Leidenſchaft gemäſiegt und beſchloſſen, und das verirrte Gefühl aus der [illegible]ſchen Täuſchung zur Wahrheit und Natur zurückkehren. Ni[illegible] daß Eure Neigung erlöſche, daß Ihr Euren Entſchluß bereuetet, daß Eure Liebe ſich in Haß und Widerwillen verkehren könnte! Ihr ſeid zu edel, Ihr würdet mir Euer Unglück, Eure Enttäuſchung verſchweigen, durch Zärtlichkeit, Aufopferung und Wohlwollen mich und Euch hintergehen wollen. Aber unglücklich würdet Ihr ſein, und fühlen und ſehen, wie Ihr Eure Jugend an eine Einbildung, einen leidenſchaftlichen Eigenſinn verloren hättet. Die Natur verlangt es, daß in der innigſten Verbindung, auch wenn beide Liebende im Jugendrauſche träumen, jene quälende und beſeligende Unruhe und Sehnſucht erliſcht. Ich aber würde Eurer erwachten Phantaſie ſehr bald als eine ältere Schweſter, vielleicht nach einem Jahre als eine mütterliche Freundin gegenüber ſtehen. Die Reize, die ich noch etwa aus meinem Schickſale und meiner längſt entwichenen Jugend davon getragen habe, müſſen binnen Kurzem ſchwinden: ſoll ich erwarten, daß auch mein Alter reife, Schwäche, Bläſſe, Runzeln! Eine Krankheit kann in wenigen Wochen dieſen Nachſommer der Wangen und Augen zerſtören, — und für dieſen kurzen Beſitz einer Schönheit, die in Eurer Umarmung in Aſche und Staub zerfällt, wollt Ihr den Hohn Eurer Landsleute, den Zorn Eures Vaters, die Verachtung der Jungfrauen auf Euch laden! Wie manches ſchöne Auge zielt nach Euch, wie manches junge Herz wünſcht im Stillen, Euch zu gewinnen. Ernüchtert wäret Ihr nun an mich, vielleicht auf lange gekettet. Nicht löſen läßt ſich das Band, wie es leicht ſich anlegen läßt. Hätte ich erſt das höchſte Elend meines kummervollen Lebens gewonnen. Ich müßte Euch im ſtillen Gram, in Reue ſchwinden ſehen; ich müßte mir den bittern Vorwurf machen, daß ich Euch nicht rein, nicht wahrhaft genug geliebt habe, indem ich ſo ſchwach habe ſein können, Eurem Ungeſtüm nachzugeben. Und wenn ich es nun erlebte, wie es doch ohne Zweifel geſchähe, daß Euer Sinn ſich einer edeln Jungfrau näherte, die Euer Gemüth zu würdigen wüßte, ſo ſtände ich als die Furie, als ein Geſpenſt zwiſchen Eurem Glück, und ich müßte mich verachten und meinen Tod ſo ſehnlich herbei wünſchen, daß Nadel, Scheere und Meſſer in meinen Händen zu Strafe und Rache gegen mich werden könnten.

Friedrich ſtand auf und ſchritt durch den Saal. Sie ſah es wohl, wie er ihr die Thränen verbergen wollte, die ſich aus ſeinen heißen Augen drängten. Endlich, nachdem er lange, um ſich zu kühlen, in den Garten geblickt hatte, kam er zurück und ſagte: Mögt Ihr Recht haben, mag die Vernunft ſo ſprechen: aber iſt es gut, iſt es, möcht ich ſagen, fromm, ſo verſtändig zu wägen, und Herz und Leben ſo in die Dienſtbarkeit der anſcheinenden Nothwendigkeit herabzuzwingen? Nicht alles, was unvermeidlich iſt, kann und ſoll darum vermieden werden. Das iſt kein Schickſal, daß wir uns der Natur und ihren Geſetzen fügen: ſondern daß wir unſerer Kraft vertrauend, auch in den Kampf gehn, um ſtärker als die Geſetze zu ſein, uns höher zu ſtellen, als dieſe Natur: nun beginnt das wahre Schickſal im Ringen, und wie wir Stand halten oder erliegen, kann erſt der Inhalt und die Aufgabe unſeres Lebens werden. Und was weiß denn die Liebe von Zeit, Tagen und Jahren! Der Held ſtürzt in den Feind, und der Augenblick des Sieges, indem der Feind mit allen Panieren flieht, genügt ihm übervoll, und er ſieht lächelnd das Blut aus ſeinen Todeswunden ſtrömen. In wie manchem Gedicht bewundern und beneiden wir den Liebenden, der endlich den Lohn ſeiner Schmerzen erhält, und beſeligt in der Geliebten Armen ruht: dieſer Moment iſt ſein Leben, ſeine Vergangenheit und Zukunft, wir preiſen ihn, wenn der Tod auch ſchon hinter dem Lager lauert, und beweinen in unſern Thränen nicht ihn, ſondern das Räthſel des Daſeins ſelbſt, das eben das Höchſte, das Einzige, Innigſte, Göttlichſte und Edelſte, das Unnennbare Glück, die Liebe freilich nur in unſerer Einbildung ruht, daß alles dies kein Unterpfand in der Wirklichkeit aufzeigen kann, und daß das Unſterbliche nur am Staube gebunden erſcheinen kann. Damit, wenn Ihr dieſen Glauben nicht verleugnen könnt, ſind auch alle Eure Zweifel und Einwendungen abgewieſen.

Für Euch wohl, erwiederte ſie ſchmerzlich lächelnd, aber nicht für mich; immer bleibt die Frage übrig, daß da ſich einer von uns aufopfern ſoll, welcher es von beiden ſei: Ihr leugnet, daß Ihr es ſeid, ſo muß ich alſo die Geopferte ſein, und wie das Eure Liebe verlangen kann, begreife ich nicht.

Nein, rief Friedrich aus, Ihr ſollt eben ſo glücklich ſein, als ich mich fühlen werde! Das könnt Ihr, wie ich aus dieſen Reden ſchließen muß, auf keine Weiſe, und ich bin alſo elend.

Ich bin unglücklich, erwiederte ſie, wenn ich Eure Freundſchaft verliere.

O, Catharina, rief Friedrich jetzt in der höchſten Leidenſchaft: Freundſchaft! Was iſt ſie, was ſoll dies unverſtandene Wort! Wiſſen die Menſchen ſchon nicht, was ſie mit dem Ausdruck „Liebe" meinen, ſo denken ſie bei dem Laute „Freundſchaft" noch weniger. So tief kann ich mein Gefühl für Euch nicht hinunter ſtimmen, ſo kalt, gewogen, gleichgültig kann ich in Eurer Nähe nicht ſein: ich bin es nicht, wenn ich nur an Euch denke, wenn Euer Bild in mir aufſteigt. Iſt das Leben denn einmal wahnſinnig, warum wollen wir uns dem Taumel nicht hingeben! Iſt es der Tod, der in allem Leben wirkt, iſt es die Verzweiflung, die ſchon in der Freude ſchlummert, — fügen wir uns denn und ſein wir Sterbliche, da uns das Ewige, Bleibende nicht gegönnt iſt. Im Moment, im Rauſch, im Wollen erhaſchen wir es, und können dem Vergangenen doch nachrufen: du warſt es! du ſollſt es geweſen ſein!

Laßt uns abbrechen, ſagte Catharina, wohl giebt es Freundſchaft, die auch glücklich macht. Indem ich Euren Geiſt und Werth begreife und Ihr meinen Charakter verſteht, uns Lieder und Geſänge näher treten, die Behaglichkeit des Daſeins, die edle Rührung, und wir uns einer am andern erfreuen, und ſo alle Güter durch unſer Verſtändniß heller glänzen. Verſucht es ſo mit mir, und Ihr ſollt zufrieden ſein.

Das iſt es ja, rief der Jüngling, was ich nur halb an Euch verſtehe und die Welt ganz mißdeutet. Ich muß es Euch ſagen, und Ihr wißt es ja wohl zum Theil, wie viel unwürdige Verläumdung man an Euern Namen knüpft, wie man Euch mißverſteht, wie man das Beſte Euch zum Schlimmen ausdeutet, Eure Liebe zur Kunſt Euch zum Verbrechen macht, und ſelbſt Eure Wohlthätigkeit verunglimpft, weil Ihr immer heiter ſcheint, und jeden Prunk der Religioſität, jedes Prahlen mit Frömmigkeit, alles, wodurch ſich die meiſten Menſchen Ehrfurcht verſchaffen, gefliſſentlich vermeidet.

Was ſoll ich thun! rief Catharina, nicht ohne einigen Unwillen aus; mich in ein Kloſter ſperren! Nur die Geſellſchaft langweiliger alter Weiber und mürriſcher Prieſter aufſuchen! Oder mein Leben in Bußübungen, ſogenannten guten Werken, als Mitglied einer frommen Schweſterſchaft zermartern! Der Muſik, der Heiterkeit, dem Lachen und Scherz ſcheu aus dem Wege treten, als wenn Alles nur Bosheit, Laſter und Erzeugniß der Hölle ſei! Ich kann es nicht, und will es nicht, um das zu werden, was die Knechte tugendhaft nennen. Meine Ehe war Schmerz, das Schickſal erlöſte mich von meinem Tyrannen: ich habe alle Hoffnung meiner Jugend, alle jene goldenen Träume, die den Buſen der Jungfrau umgaukelten, mit eigenen Händen längſt begraben: aber ich habe auch Trauer und Wehmuth überſtanden. Schmerz iſt mein Leben, hoffnungslos meine Zukunft und darum kann ich mit der Gegenwart ſcherzen, darum bin ich froh, weil ich mich ſelbſt nicht mehr verlieren kann, darum ſind mir Gedicht und Geſang ſo lieb und befreundet, Geſpräch und Gedanke, edle Menſchen, wie Ihr, und Bücher, weil ich kein Irdiſches, kein Bedürfniß an ſie knüpfe, keine Erwartung einer andern Erfüllung, die noch außerhalb dieſer zarten Freude liegt.

Gut alſo, ſagte Friedrich; iſt es nun nicht beſſer, klüger, edler, durch eine neue, glücklichere Ehe jenen Schwägern unmittelbar die Zunge zu lähmen, um ſo, auch ohne den mindeſten Vorwurf, ohne den kleinſten Verdacht ſich dieſe Güter alle anzueignen. Und glaubt Ihr wirklich, daß nicht Zeiten kommen dürften, wo ein Beſchützer, ein Ehemann Euch unentbehrlich wäre! Wo es Euch ſpäterhin gereuen möchte, daß Ihr nicht irgend einen Gemahl, ſchon Eurer äußern Lage wegen, gewählt hättet! Beglückt Ihr mich durch Eure Hand, ſo iſt auch dies gewonnen, und mein höchſtes Glück zugleich mir obenein in den Kauf gegeben.

Ich verſtehe Euch nicht, ſagte Catharina; wir genießen eines glücklichen Friedens, unſer Fürſt beſchützt uns, wir Alle erfreuen uns ſeiner; woher ſoll Hader, Zwietracht oder Krieg uns kommen! Und ſelbſt, wenn auch —

Ihr habt wirklich nicht bemerkt, fuhr Friedrich eifernd fort, daß der Dechant, dieſer ehrgeizige, heftige Mann, mehr als Freundſchaft und Wohlwollen für Euch empfindet! Seid Ihr wirklich ſo arglos, und wohnt Euch nicht die Frauenfeinheit bei, dergleichen zu erſpähen und zu verſtehen! So iſt die Liebe, die Eiferſucht denn ſcharfſichtiger. Dieſer Dechant bewacht Eure Blicke, er erröthet, wenn Ihr ihm naht, er erblaßt, wenn Ihr vertraulich Eure Hand in die meinige legt. Iſt er zugegen, ſo könnt Ihr kein Wort ſprechen, keinen Schritt thun, keine Meinung äußern, keine Höflichkeit einem Gaſte erzeigen, die er nicht beobachtet, prüft, und Euch in ſeiner Seele grollt und hadert. Seine ſcharfen Blicke geizen, um die Eurigen aufzufangen; mit jedem Jüngling, der Eure Zimmer verläßt, wird ſein Buſen erleichtert; er ſeufzt, ohne es zu wiſſen, wenn ein Fremder eintritt, der jung und ſchön erſcheint. Wie wollt Ihr dieſer Leidenſchaft ausweichen! Wie viel Unheil kann ſie Euch bringen! — Liebt Ihr mich auch nicht, ſo wie ich Euch, wollt nicht, könnt es vielleicht nicht. Vertrauteſte meiner Seele, ſo nehmt mich doch als Wächter, Schutz; kümmert Euch nicht, wie glücklich ich bin, denn ich bin es gewiß, und kann dann auch die Gefahren bekämpfen, die Euch bedrohen.

Catharina lächelte und ſagte dann: O, Ihr wollt mich durch Schlauheit und Furcht in Euer Netz ziehen. Ihr Argliſtiger! Woher Gefahr? Die Zeit iſt ſo herangewachſen, daß die Geiſtlichkeit und ſelbſt Petri Stuhl, nur noch diejenigen ſchrecken, die ſich wollen ſchrecken laſſen. Unſre Obrigkeiten ſind eiferſüchtig auf ihre Rechte und Gewalt, und laſſen niemals Abt und Kloſter, ſelbſt nicht den Biſchof einſchreiten, wie es wohl ehemals geſchah. Spottet man nicht oft und zu viel über Prieſter, Kirche und Glaubensartikel? Jenen finſtern Jahren ſind wir auf immer entrückt, das dunkle Gewölbe des Aberglaubens und der Schrecken iſt verriegelt und auf ewig verſchloſſen. Die Welt iſt heiter geworden und wird ſich immer mehr aufhellen, das wiſſen die Prieſter ſelbſt und verkündigen es.

Man geht oft eben ſo gern zurück, als man vorſchreitet, bemerkte Friedrich.

Das iſt, antwortete ſie, in Sachen des Landes, der Regierung, der Geſchichte unmöglich.

Und dieſer Dechant iſt unerträglich! rief der Jüngling, ſeht Euch vor mit ihm!

Er iſt ein frommer, edler Mann, erwiederte Catharina, der mir wohl will, und freien, hellen Geiſtes iſt. Er kennt die Welt und Menſchen, aber ſein Gewiſſen und ſein Beruf wird ihm nie erlauben, den Leidenſchaften, die ihm Sünde ſind, Gehör zu geben. — Weil ich Euch ſo bekümmert ſehe, und weil Ihr mein Vertrauen verdient, ſo kommt morgen, zwei Stunden etwa vor Sonnenuntergang, zu mir; ich bin dann einſam, wir werden nicht geſtört, und ich will Euch einen Theil meiner Geſchichte erzählen. Dann, ſo kenne ich Euch, werdet Ihr mir ſelber zureden, meinem Entſchluß getreu zu bleiben.

Gekränkt, betrübt verließ ſie Friedrich, denn ſie hatte ihm ſelbſt, wenn auch freundlich lächelnd, einen Abſchiedskuß verweigert.

Am folgenden Tage, als Frau Catharina in ihrem Garten bei einer Arbeit ſaß, meldete ihr die Dienerin den Beſuch des Dechanten. Sie ging ihm entgegen, etwas verwundert, daß der geiſtliche Herr ſo früh ſchon zu ihr eintrete. Beide gingen in den Saal, der gegen den Garten offen war, und ſetzten ſich, die friſche Kühle des anmuthigen Morgens zu genießen. Einige Dienerinnen gingen ab und zu in Geſchäften des Hauſes, der Gärtner arbeitete in der Nähe, und der Wirthin war offenbar dieſe Störung erwünſcht, um dadurch den Anſchein zu vermeiden, als walte ein Geheimniß zwiſchen ihr und dem Dechanten ob. Dieſer aber ſchien dieſe Störung des Geſpräches weniger gern zu ſehen, denn er war verlegen, und mehr wie einmal ſtockte die Unterhaltung, indem er Neuigkeiten erzählte, und vom Hofe in Brügge, vom Erben des Reiches, von Rom und manchen andern Gegenſtänden redete.

Am meiſten erging ſich ſein Witz über den Stellvertreter des Biſchofs. Derjenige, der den Stuhl von Arras beſaß, war auf einer Geſandtſchaft in Rom, und ſein Stellvertreter war ein Biſchof in partibus, der von Baruth, der nach den Schilderungen des geiſtreichen Dechanten einer der ſonderbarſten Menſchen war. Dieſer kleine, ſtets verdrießliche Mann ſtand in Arras beim Adel wie beim Bürgerſtande nur in geringer Achtung, weil er ohne Anſtand beim Gottesdienſte war, verſtändigen Rath nur ſelten anhörte, und den Gelehrten durch ſeine Unwiſſenheit manche Blöße gab.

Catharina war verwundert, daß der Dechant von ſeinem zeitigen Vorgeſetzten ſo ohne Rückhalt ſprechen konnte. Dieſer aber, als ſie ihm dies bemerkte, antwortete lachend: Schöne Frau, Euch darf ich es doch wohl nicht erſt ſagen, in welcher merkwürdigen Criſis ſich unſere Zeit befindet. Das alte Regiment der Geiſtlichkeit iſt zu Ende, und wenn ſie ſich nicht der Welt bequemen und nach ganz andern Grundſätzen handelt, ſo muß ihre Macht in allen Ländern zerbrechen. Die Bücher und Erzählungen des Boccaz, ſo wie ſo vieler andrer hellen Köpfe, haben allenthalben Eingang gefunden, ſogar der Bauer lacht über Vieles, vor dem er noch vor dreißig Jahren in ſcheuer Ehrfurcht kniete. Ein großes Elend für die Chriſtenheit mag es ſein, daß der Türke Conſtantinopel, wie wir es erlebt haben, eroberte; aber wie viel die Bücher und Wiſſenſchaften, die dadurch nach dem Abendlande mit flüchtigen Griechen herübergekommen ſind, wirken werden, läßt ſich gar nicht beſtimmen, da ſchon ſeit wenigen Jahren faſt Alles eine andre Geſtalt gewonnen hat. Und vorzüglich in unſern Ländern, die, ohne uns zu täuſchen, durch Friede, Wohlſtand und Handlung, in Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft jetzt wohl höher, als alle andern, ſtehen. Wie geſagt, dieſe Macht der Cleriſei iſt geſchwächt und gebrochen, wenn es gleich verderblich werden könnte, falls die Welt darnach ſtrebte, ſie ganz zu vernichten. Wir alſo ſind ohne Gefahr für die Welt, und derjenige unſeres Standes, der noch die veralteten Rechte geltend machen will, kann nur, wie dieſer klägliche Biſchof, lächerlich werden. Nicht ſo iſt es mit dem Adel. Er mißbraucht ſeine Stellung und Macht. Alle Thaten verderblicher Willkühr, alle Unterdrückung geht von ihm aus, und der Prinz wird genug zu thun finden, um, vielleicht mit Gefahr ſeines Lebens, alles böſe Unkraut auszujäten, welches ſo wild und üppig allenthalben empor geſchoſſen iſt, weil der alte Gärtner viel zu ſchwach wird, den Wuchs dieſes Giftes zu beſchränken. Ein Kampf gegen den Adel wird der Zukunft eben ſo nothwendig ſein, als er es jetzt gegen die Mißbräuche der Kirche war.

Und Ihr meint, ſagte Catharina, jene ſchreckliche Finſterniß, der wilde Aberglaube, die Verfolgung und Martern, wovon wir mit Grauſen leſen, wenn wir die alten Chroniken aufſchlagen, könnten niemals wiederkehren?

Gewiß nicht, ſagte der Dechant; alles, was Irrthum und Wahnſinn der Art hervorbringen konnte, iſt zu Ende, dieſe Krankheit des Gemüthes hat ſich erſchöpft. Der Krieg hat Graul genug ausgeſäet, dieſe Wuth, die Engländer und Franzoſen damals an einanderhetzte, und das letzte traurige Opfer des Aberglaubens und der Verfolgung, die arme Johanna von Arc, von der wir in unſerer frühen Jugend ſo viel haben reden hören, hat die Reihe jener Martern geſchloſſen.

Wenn Ihr Recht habt, gelehrter Herr, antwortete die Frau, ſo haben wir auf jeden Fall viel gewonnen.

Gewiß, erwiederte der frohſinnige Geiſtliche, und darum iſt alles, was dieſer gute, liebe Biſchof, dieſer kümmerliche Athanas, thut und will, nur komiſch. Der lächerlichſte Zug ſeines Charakters iſt der, daß er ſich die feinſte und umfaſſendſte Kenntniß der Menſchen zutraut. Er ſieht nur wenige Leute und ſtudiert gar nicht, ſo wenig weltliche wie geiſtliche Schriftſteller, und dennoch hat er eine ſo hohe Meinung von ſich, daß er ſich ſelbſt für gelehrter als alle Gelehrte hält. Das Unglück ſeines Lebens iſt es geweſen, daß er vor faſt zehn Jahren bei dem großen Jubelfeſte in Rom zugegen war, und er damals die Stelle eines Pönitentiarius beim Pabſte hatte. Dies iſt dem ſchwächlichen Manne ſo zu Kopfe geſtiegen, daß er ſich ſeit dieſer Zeit wie ein wahrer Apoſtel vorkommt. Wie Ihr wißt, hat ſich damals eine unzählige Menſchenmaſſe aus ganz Europa in Rom zuſammengedrängt. Er fand eine Gelegenheit, die freilich wohl nicht wieder kommt, Spanier, Engländer, Deutſche, Franken, Ungarn, Polen und Niederländer aller Art und von allen Ständen zu ſehen. Sein Beruf machte es ihm zur Pflicht, da dieſer Menge auch die große Anzahl von Prieſtern in Rom nicht genügte, mit Vielen und den Verſchiedenſten in ein vertrautes Verhältniß zu kommen, und dieſe tauſend und tauſend Beichten und Bekanntſchaften und Erzählungen der Pilger haben ihm, wie ich die Sache begreife, ſeinen ſchwachen Geiſt geradezu geſtört und verdreht, er iſt ein verrücktes Haupt, ein dummer Mann geworden, und da manche vom Pöbel ihn und ſeine Verkehrtheit verehrten, ſo ſpielt er den Begeiſterten und Propheten.

Seid Ihr nicht vielleicht unbillig gegen den Mann, fragte die Frau mit Beſcheidenheit, der im Ruf der Frömmigkeit ſteht? Man ſagt, Ihr habt oft Streit mit ihm, und, wenn er Euch drückt, ſo iſt es begreiflich und vielleicht verzeihlich, daß Ihr ihn verkennt.

Ihr ſollt ſelbſt urtheilen, ſchöne Freundin, ſagte der Geiſtliche mit lachender Miene. In voriger Nacht ließ er mich eilig zu ſich rufen. Ungern kleidete ich mich an und ging hinüber. Er war in ſeinem Schlafgewande und ganz verſtört. Schreiend kam er mir entgegen und klagte, daß er gar nicht mehr ſchlafen könne, allnächtlich werde er von Geſpenſtern und böſen Geiſtern geſtört und beunruhigt. Er zeigte nach einem dunkeln Winkel der Stube und rief: Seht! Freund! da ſteht immer noch das große Vieh, und glotzt mich mit ſeinen grünen Augen an! Vertreibt ihn, beſchwört ihn, damit ich Ruhe gewinne.

Ich wußte nicht, ob ich lachen ſollte, ich fing aber an, nach ſeinem Wunſche zu beten und zu beſchwören. Eifriger! ſchrie der Wahnſinnige, der Kerl iſt abgehärtet, aus ſo einfachem ruhigem Gebete macht er ſich nichts, der will ſchon ſtärker angegriffen ſein. — Ehrwürdiger Herr, erwiederte ich, nicht ohne Verlegenheit, Ihr ſeid einſichtiger, frömmer, älter, als ich, wenn Ihr ihn ſelber bannen wolltet, würde er Eurem ſtärkern Worte gewiß leichter, als dem meinigen ſchwachen, gehorchen. — Nicht unwahr, ſagte der Biſchof; und wenn ich ihn mit meinen Feueraugen ſo recht ſtarr anſchaue, ſeht, ſo zittert die ganze Creatur, wie der Nebel im Morgenwinde. Das Gethier hat aber, wie ich ſchon lange gemerkt, eine ſonderbare Sympathie zu mir, es kommt eben ſo oft freiwillig, als es wieder von einem mächtigern Geiſte, um mich zu turbiren und zu entſetzen, abgeſendet iſt; denn Ihr müßt wiſſen, daß der verdammten Beſtie wohl in meiner Nähe iſt, von meiner heiligen Weihe ſtrömt auf ihr etwas über, und mildert auf Augenblicke ſeinen unſeligen Zuſtand. Seht, darum wird er auch ſchwächer und ohnmächtiger durch Eure Gegenwart, denn er kann Euch und Euer etwas weltliches Weſen nicht ausſtehen, weil ſeine Qual durch Euer Naheſein verſtärkt wird. Der ganze Kerl wird ſich, ſo barbeißig er thut, gleich davon machen müſſen, denn Geſellſchaft, das ſehe ich ihm an, kann er durchaus nicht vertragen. — Nach einigen Gebeten war denn auch wirklich, nach der Ausſage des Biſchofs, das Ungeheuer verſchwunden. Er dankte mir für meine Bemühung und fügte hinzu, es ſei auch eine nicht zu verachtende Gabe, daß ich ſo ſcharfe, grimmige und witzige Höllengeiſter, wie die, die ihn quälten, durch eine gewiſſe Mittelmäßigkeit meines Geiſtes, durch das Unbedeutende, ja faſt Langweilige, was mir anklebe, verſcheuchen könne; der Arbeiter im Weinberge müßten eben manche und von verſchiedenen Tugenden und Qualitäten ſein. Ja, beſchloß er, das habe ich ſchon bemerkt, in Eurer Nähe hält kein Geiſt aus, weil Ihr das ſeid und vorſtellt, was man geiſtlos nennt. Dankt dem gütigen Himmel für dieſe Gabe und wuchert mit Eurem Pfunde.

Catharina lachte laut und ſagte dann: Dem guten alten Herrn legt Ihr allerliebſte Sachen in den Mund; weil Ihr Scherz liebt und verſteht, macht Ihr den lächerlich, der nur ernſthaft ſein kann und mag.

Nein, rief der Dechant, eben in ſeinem ſteinharten Ernſte hat er mir buchſtäblich ſo dieſe Worte geſagt. Glaubt mir, theure Freundin, man braucht bei manchen Menſchen nichts zu erfinden, wenn man von ihnen wieder erzählt, ſo fern ſtehn ſie mit ihrem Weſen der hergebrachten Möglichkeit. Nachher führte er mich zu einem Seſſel, und ich mußte ihm dieſen entzaubern helfen. Er erzählte mir, daß, ſo oft er in dieſem ſitze und meditire, ſteige jedesmal hinter ſeinem Rücken ein ungeheures, widerliches Fratzengeſicht empor, und gucke ihm über die Schultern in ſein Buch; er ſei oft erſchrocken, und habe darüber den Faden ſeiner Gedanken verloren; manchmal aber habe er lachen müſſen, was noch ſchlimmer ſei, denn im Gelächter erlöſche alle Frömmigkeit, und das, was die Menſchen Lachen nennten, ſei eigentlich der beſtimmteſte Gottesleugner. Seht, werthe Frau, ſo denkt, handelt und träumt dieſer ſonderbare Mann, den wir wohl zu den wahnſinnigen rechnen müſſen. — Doch, warum ſo viel von dieſem Thoren ſprechen! Dieſen klaren Augen gegenüber! Wenn der Wahnſinn dort in jener finſtern Gegend eines willkührlichen Aberglaubens liegt, ſo iſt in dieſem Lächeln und liebevollen Blick Freude, Vernunft und die Wahrheit, um die es ſich allein der Mühe lohnt, das Leben noch ſo weiter zu leben.

Ihr ſeid ſehr artig, Herr Dechant, ſagte Catharina nicht ohne Verlegenheit; wie ſollte man glauben, daß ein Prieſter auch wie ein Weltmann ſo überfeine Schmeicheleien und Unwahrheiten einer alternden Wittwe vorſagen könnte! Möchte ich Euch doch auch faſt für einen böſen Geiſt halten, der mir erſchiene, um mich zu thören, ſo wie jener Euren Biſchof irrte, wenn gleich Eure Geſtalt nicht ſo abſchreckend iſt.

Ihr ſeid witzig und bitter, ſagte der Dechant, und das habe ich nicht um Euch verdient. Ihr ſprecht das Wort Prieſter mit einem beſondern Ausdruck. Euch, der Verſtändigen, brauche ich doch wohl nicht zu ſagen, daß alles Abſchreckende, Beſchränkende, Vernichtende und Furchtbare, was ehemals in dieſem Laut liegen konnte, jetzt ſeine Bedeutung verloren hat. Ihr kennt und wißt von den Italienern. Sind ſie doch oft genug als Geſandte, Reiſende, Geſchäftsträger in unſerm Lande. Ihr habt ſo viele Franzoſen geſehen, auch von dieſen ſind, wie oft, die vorzüglichſten Männer in Eurem Hauſe geweſen. Mag der Haufen, der gemeine Mann, der Arme, oder der zünftige Prieſter, der nichts Anderes kennt als den Zehnten und die Beiſteuer, die ihm aus Beichtehören und Meſſeleſen erwächſt, am Buchſtaben, an der todten Lehre haften, und aus dem Mißverſtand den Sinn, aus der kalten Verzweiflung den Troſt holen wollen. Wir alle, wir Höherſtehenden, wir Begünſtigten, wiſſen, daß das Geheimniß eben ein verriegeltes Thor für jeden iſt, der draußen bleibt; daß aber derjenige, welcher den Schlüſſel beſitzt, in dieſen Lehren und Ueberlieferungen, in dieſen Gebräuchen und Strafen die Erklärung ſieht und faßt, die ihn eines freieren und edleren Lebens würdig und fähig macht. Was der Geweihte in allen Zeiten lehren konnte, er, dem die Binde von Augen fiel, der ſich weder durch Buchſtaben noch Geſpenſt ſchrecken ließ, das verſteht derjenige, der ohne Frage und Antwort zum Bunde hinzugelaſſen iſt. Das Göttliche iſt nur darum ein Geheimniß, weil es der Haufe nicht verſteht und nicht verſtehen kann. Wunder iſt Alles, oder Nichts. Der verſteht das Wundervolle nur, der im verſchloſſenen Buſen die Erklärung ſchon hinzu bringt. Geſetz und Schranke dient nur, den Pöbel abzuhalten. Der erkennende Geiſt, der Erhabene, derjenige, welcher lieſet, ohne ſich mit den Buchſtaben zu quälen, erreicht ſogleich, ohne auf Staffeln hinauf zu klettern, die höchſte, oberſte Stufe. Dasjenige, was in unſerer Religion das Göttliche, Wahre, Ewige iſt, war ſchon da, bevor die Menſchen noch von Chriſtenthum oder Chriſtus wußten. Wir ſind nur dadurch Chriſten, indem wir als Schüler das öffentlich bekennen und ausſagen, was ehemals ein Geheimniß war. Das alte Geheimniß, was der Vorzeit unverſtändlich und ein Gräuel war, iſt nun auch nach außen gekehrt, und dafür das, was in frühern Jahrhunderten allverſtändlich war, wiederum zum Geheimniß geworden. Denn ſo erzeugt ſich immerdar das Verſtändniß aus dem Unverſtändlichen. Derjenige aber, der Beides verbinden kann und mag, nur er allein iſt der wahre Menſch der Natur und der Religion; ihm allein ſind alle Zeiten erſchloſſen, und nur er iſt der Freiheit fähig, welche die Apoſtel in räthſelhaften Worten dem wahren Chriſten verheißen haben. Die Biſſen mit den reinen und unreinen Thieren deutet darauf hin; der Spruch: dem Reinen iſt Alles rein, nicht weniger. Aber nur die Auserwählten haben den Muth, das ganze Leben in allen ſeinen Kräften zu erfaſſen, und niemals nach Reue, Vorwurf und allen den Armſeligkeiten zurück zu blicken, durch welche jene ſchwachen Geiſter geängſtiget werden, die immerdar der Sünde hingegeben ſind, indem ſie tugendhaft zu ſein wähnen, und nicht wiſſen, wo ſie den ewigen reinen Urquell der Wahrheit ſuchen ſollen.

Ich verſtehe Euch und Eure Weisheit nicht, antwortete Catharina; Ihr haltet mich für zu wiſſend und gelehrt, daß Ihr mir dieſe Gedanken mittheilt.

Und wandelt doch, ſagte der Dechant lebhaft, ſeit Jahren in unſerer Mitte nach dieſer Einſicht, befolgt doch in Eurem Daſein und Walten dieſe Lehren. Ich habe Euch deshalb ſeit lange bewundert; dieſe Stärke des Charakters, dieſe Freiheit der Geſinnung iſt es, die Euch mein Herz gewonnen haben. Ja, geliebte Frau, verſtehen wir uns ganz, ſprechen wir ganz offen mit einander, damit wir uns kennen und uns gegenſeitig glücklich machen. Seit lange ſchon, ſo wie ich Euch kannte und beobachtete, habt Ihr mein Gemüth entzündet, alle meine Gefühle erregt, und die leidenſchaftlichſte Liebe hat ſich meines ganzen Weſens bemächtigt. Mein Stand, mein Gelübde, alte Satzungen und Vorurtheile, der Aberglaube und die Unvernunft haben mich, wenn ich mich allem dieſen fügen will, auf immer elend gemacht und mein Daſein vergiftet. Genuß und Schönheit, Natur und Wahrheit, Kunſt und Einſicht werden mir zum Fluch, wenn ich mich dieſen Einrichtungen einer längſt raſend gewordenen Welt fügen will. Wohin ich blicke, hat ſich der denkende Prieſter, der Pabſt auf ſeinem Thron, der Biſchof, ſo wie der einſame Mönch, alle haben ſich dieſen ſtrengen Satzungen entzogen. Wir ſelber müſſen jene witzigen Geſchichten und anſtößige Begebenheit belachen, welche von Prieſtern erzählt werden, und deren Wahrheit wir nicht leugnen können. Derjenige, der in der ächten, alt ſtrengen Furcht Gottes, in der Beobachtung jener Geſetze wandelt, die heilige Männer mit verfinſterten Stirnen vorſchrieben, bleibt ehrwürdig und groß, wenn er kämpft und ſiegt; immer iſt es erbebend, wenn das Sterbliche dem Unſterblichen (wie die Menſchen denn nun einmal dieſe Trennung gemacht haben) geopfert wird. Alles in der Welt iſt wahr, und Alles unwahr; der Denkende und der Grübler ſind eben diejenigen, die am meiſten in die Irre gerathen werden. Schon in den früheſten Zeiten, und bei Aegyptern wie Perſern, meinte der Prieſterſtand, er müſſe durch vorgegebene Entfernung von aller Freude, von allem Glück und Genuß, der das Leben der Sterblichen erhöht und ihm Inhalt giebt, das Volk blenden und in Unterwürfigkeit erhalten. Aber auch Vernunft beherrſcht die Unvernunft, auch der Schein vertritt die Wirklichkeit, und feiner Anſtand, Freundlichkeit und Weltklugheit entwaffnen den rohen Haufen. Man verletze nur nicht den Schein, man fordere das öffentliche Urtheil nur nicht heraus, und man herrſcht noch ſicherer als jener finſtere Ernſt, der mit ſeinen Schreckniſſen doch manchmal nicht auslangt. Das iſt die Kunſt des Lebens, Alles mit einander auszugleichen, und dieſe große Kunſt iſt es, die ich an Euch immer habe bewundern müſſen. Denn eben ſo, ja ſchlimmer noch, wird Euer Geſchlecht, die Frau ſo wie das Mädchen, von Vorurtheilen und Aberglauben umgarnt und umſtellt. Argwohn, Eiferſucht, Läſterung ſtehen Wache, und ſenden die Bosheit, wie eine verzehrende Flamme, durch die Welt, um Spott und Schmach, Verfolgung, Schande, ja Einkerkerung und Tod, auf jene herabzuziehen, die die Satzung verletzten und dem Triebe des Herzens oder der Natur folgten, oder die ſelbſt ganz unſchuldig ſich nur der Heiterkeit, dem Scherz und Lachen auf Stunden hingaben. Wie iſt die Welt durch jenen finſtern Ernſt entſtellt, der in allen Landlungen als Geſetz, Moral, Sitte und Religion auftreten will. Wie hat er die natürlichſten Verhältniſſe zerriſſen, alle Freuden vernichtet, das Schöne entwürdigt und die Natur ſelbſt in ein Geſpenſt verwandelt. Das ſind in ſolcher Irrſaal die wahren Menſchen, die ſich auch beim Pöbel nichts vergeben, und dennoch ſich und ihrer wahren, unverfälſchten Beſtimmung leben; die nicht von blinder Leidenſchaft hingeriſſen, Unglück in Familien verbreiten, gute, wahre Ehen verderben, deren es freilich nicht ſo gar viele giebt, und dadurch, indem ſie Elend veranlaſſen, jenen finſtern Geſetzgebern, den wahnſinnigen Asceten und Einſiedlern, wieder in die Hände arbeiten, die uns immerdar predigen, die Freiheit ſei das Böſe an ſich ſelbſt, und der Menſch ſei nur um ſo beſſer, frommer und tugendhafter, je mehr er eiſerne und unzerbrechliche Schranken um ſich ziehe. Ihr ſeid ein Muſter Eures Geſchlechtes, und beweiſet uns, daß auch Weiber Philoſophen ſein können. Ihr benutzt Eure Stellung, um Euch ſelbſt und das Leben auf die feinſte und freieſte Art zu entwickeln und zu genießen. Jung und Alt umgiebt Euch, Dichter und Künſtler, Mädchen und Frauen entziehen ſich Eurem Umgange nicht: der vornehme Ritter, der ſtille Bürger, der Geiſtliche achtet Euch, und immer habt Ihr einen Günſtling, einen jungen und ältern Mann, der dieſe Auszeichnung verdient. Ihr verachtet die Läſterung und wißt ſie zu zähmen, ſie wird niemals Frechheit und Anklage. Sei Liebe eine himmliſche Entzückung, ſei die wahre Ehe eine heilige Einrichtung, immer werden ſich edle Menſchen finden, die von einer einzigen, ewigen Liebe, die von einer Verbindung, die Geſetz und Kirche weiht, nicht befriedigt werden können. Ihr gehört zu dieſen Frauen, und Ihr ſeid mir darum nur noch liebenswürdiger. Und in dieſem Sinne wage ich nicht zu viel, da ich weiß, daß Ihr mir nicht unhold ſeid, Euch meine Liebe und Leidenſchaft für Euch zu bekennen. Glaubt nicht, daß mein Gefühl, oder mein Glück, wenn Ihr mir holdſelig entgegen kommt, mich roh und unfreundlich machen wird. Wie könnte ich verlangen, daß Ihr für mich allein Augen und Sinn haben ſolltet? daß Euch nicht Andere, Jüngere und Schönere auch gefallen? Noch weniger fällt mir ein, Euer Verhältniß mit Friedrich, das Euch zu beglücken ſcheint, aufzulöſen. Aber auch mir könnt Ihr Freundlichkeit, Gunſt und Liebe zuwenden, und mein ſtilles, unbekanntes Glück ſoll Euch nichts rauben, und keinen Seufzer um ein verlornes koſten. Aber noch inniger werden wir uns dann verſtehen, und durch mein Verhältniß zur Kirche und zur Welt iſt Eure Stellung noch ſicherer und feſter. Gehört Friedrich zu jenen Schwachen, die nur an eine ausſchließende Liebe glauben können, die den verehrten Gegenſtand wie einen Beſitz, wie ein Eigenthum behandeln wollen, ſo ſind wir klug und erfahren genug, ihm unſere Verbindung verhüllen zu können.

Während dieſer langen Rede war die überraſchte Frau ganz in ſich und in die Worte des Dechanten verſunken; ſie war erſchreckt und erſchüttert, und gewann erſt wieder die Gewalt über ſich, als ſie ſich in den Armen des Dechanten ſah, und einen brennenden Kuß ſeines Mundes auf ihren Lippen fühlte.

Sie ſtand auf, ganz mit Röthe übergoſſen, ſah ſich um, und bemerkte, daß die Dienerinnen ſich entfernt hatten. Sie ging durch den Saal, und drückte den Arm des Geiſtlichen von ſich, der ſie in vertraulicher Umſchlingung begleiten wollte. Ich ſehe Euch erſchüttert, ſagte er endlich, und das iſt, was ich am wenigſten erwarten konnte.

Wie! rief Catharina, ſo wenig habt Ihr mich gekannt? O über die klägliche Beſtimmung des Weibes! Sind wir nicht ganz wie alte Baſen und Muhmen, ganz eingewickelt in Herkommen und in trübe Langeweile des Hausweſens, ſo meint Jeder, wir ſind auch als freie Beute jedem Gelüſte Preis gegeben. Daß der Pöbel ſo von mir denkt, habe ich verachten können; daß aber diejenigen, die ſich meine Freunde nennen, mich nicht achten und verſtehen, muß mich innigſt kränken. Ja, tief ſchmerzen muß es mich, mich ſelbſt, mein Geſchlecht und die Natur muß ich verachten, daß ein Mann, der mir würdig dünkte, den ich mir befreundet wähnte, mir dieſe Worte ſagen, dieſe Vorſchläge einreden darf. Es iſt denn doch ein Zeichen, daß in allen, allen Männern eine tiefe unvertilgbare Verachtung der Weiber und ihrer Beſtimmung wohnt, die manche nur, wenn ſie ſich für verliebt ausgeben, leicht mit Phraſen und ſüßen, eigennützigen Gefühlen verhüllen. Durch meine Jahre glaubte ich endlich vor aller dieſer Mißhandlung, die die Männer immerdar an der Schönheit ausüben, die ſie anzubeten wähnen, geſichert zu ſein; ich folgte meinen unſchuldigen Launen, ich ergötzte mich am Geiſte und an der Reife der Männer; ich hatte mit meinem Leben und allen Hoffnungen abgeſchloſſen: mein Gefühl und mein Herz wahrte ich und trug meine Leiden nicht zur Schau, um die Heiterkeit der Geſellſchaft nicht zu ſtören, und dieſe Opfer wie Mittheilungen ziehen es mir zu, daß ich verkannt und erniedrigt werde. Ihr ſprecht von der Freiheit, als dem edelſten Beſitz des Geiſtes, und nehmt doch ſchon ohne Frage an, das Weib könne nur ein Genuß, ein Zeitvertreib ſein, geadelt genug, wenn ſie Euren Sinnen Befriedigung gewährt. Daß ſie auch in der Liebe ſelbſt ein Opfer bringt, daß ſie auch im ſüßeſten Einverſtändniß fürchten muß, im Herzen, das ihr ganz ergeben, möchte jenes Gefühl der Verachtung erwachen, welches ſie und ihr ganzes Geſchlecht erniedrigt, daß ſie alſo immerdar, auch angebetet, auch beglückt, immerdar an jenem Abgrund ſteht, der ſie und die Liebe in jedem Augenblick verſchlingen kann, das iſt Euch in Eurer tyranniſchen Männerſicherheit noch niemals eingefallen. Ja, jener Fluch, den die erſte Mutter des Menſchengeſchlechts empfing, iſt keine bloße Sage, die bittre Wahrheit, die täglich, ſtündlich jedem fühlenden Herzen in Erfüllung geht. Ich muß glauben, daß auch in der wahren, edlen Liebe des beſten Mannes, in ſeiner Schwärmerei und Begeiſterung, dieſe Verachtung unſers Geſchlechtes, dieſe unbewußte Verhöhnung des Edelſten in uns, einen Theil ſeiner Schwärmerei ausmachen muß.

Wie Ihr es nun nehmt, deutet und nennt, rief der Dechant ſehr bewegt: mit andern Worten, Ihr ſeid Weiber und wir ſind Männer; um dieſes klare Geheimniß, um dieſes Räthſel, welches keiner Löſung bedarf, dreht ſich Alles. Das einfache, ungetrübte Naturgefühl weiß von dieſem Schmerz und dieſer Grübelei nicht, es nimmt ſelbſt den Scherz und alle Empfindungen, die Ihr krampfhaft aufgeregt Verachtung nennt, leicht und heiter auf. Sei Alles, was Euch ſchmachvoll dünkt, nun auch Natur-Nothwendigkeit; aber warum Fluch? Alles, was lebt, hat ſeine Schranken, und lebt nur in dieſen; Alles, was Ihr erſinnt und denkt, könnt Ihr Euch nur in Bedingung, in Beſchränkung denken; das Unbedingte, Schrankenloſe iſt ein Nichts. In dieſe Bedingung ſich heiter fügen, ſogar den Vortheil dieſer Schranken verſtehn, iſt die Aufgabe des Lebens, und die Liebe, wie Ihr auch widerſtreiten mögt, gleicht alle dieſe Widerſprüche und Kämpfe am ſchönſten aus. Wer von den Sinnen und der Sinnlichkeit geringe denken will, der muß auch alle Kunſt und Poeſie verdammen, und warum ſoll ihm der Schmuck der Natur und die Farbe der Blumen, der Wohllaut der Muſik und alle Schöpfung irgend etwas ſein? Schlimm, verehrte Frau, daß gerade das, was ich an Euch hochſchätze, mit Euren tiefſten Unwillen zuſetzt, indem er es das Verwerfliche, Sündliche nennt.

Wir wollen nicht ſtreiten, ſagte ſie, denn wir verſtehen uns nicht. Aber glaubt mir, ein Verhältniß, wie Ihr es annehmt, hat zwiſchen mir und Friedrich nie ſtattgefunden, und kann auch niemals eintreten. Was mir das Leben noch ſein kann, die Freuden, die mir noch blühen, ſind nicht aus jenem Garten, in welchem mit Euch zu wandeln Ihr mich zwingen wollt. Friedrich iſt mein Freund, eben ſo, wie Ihr es waret; mein Umgang mit ihm, mein Vertrauen zu ihm war nicht anders, als zu manchem, den ich in meinem Hauſe geſehen habe, ſeitdem ich Wittwe bin.

Der Dechant ſah die Frau mit ſcharfen Augen an, indem beide ſtill ſich gegenüber ſtanden. Wenn es wahr iſt, ſagte er dann, wodurch Ihr nicht im mindeſten in meiner Achtung ſteigen würdet, — wozu dann dieſer ausgewählte Anzug? Dieſe Farben, von denen Ihr ſo genau wißt, wie ſie Euch kleiden? Dieſer Schmuck um Haupt und Bruſt? Warum muß dieſe ſo reizend, ſo verrätheriſch ſich blähen, nur halb verhüllt ſein, um mit dem Elfenbein der blendenden Schultern zu wetteifern! Warum denn dieſer feine, goldverzierte Schuh? Dieſer glänzende Gürtel, der ſo ſchön Euren edlen und vollen Wuchs bezeichnet? Warum wollt Ihr in Jedem, der Auge und Sinne hat, dieſe Trunkenheit erregen, und ſie niemals, wie die tödtlichen Sirenen, befriedigen?

Catharina weinte. Was iſt Euch? fragte der Dechant erſchrocken. Nun ja, ſagte ſie, ſo ziemt es ſich, ſo muß es ſein, daß derjenige, der am Mißverſtehen ſeine Freude hat, Alles mißverſtehen muß. Wie die Roſe ſich bei der Sommerwärme entfalten muß, und ſchöner und immer ſchöner blühen, bis ſie am Sonnenſtrahl verblaßt und bald [illegible] oder in Staub zerfällt, eben ſo in Unſchuld wird das Weib ſich durch Schmuck, Putz, Zier und Sauberkeit verſchönen. Sie will freilich gefallen, ſie will es, ohne es ſich [illegible] oder darüber zu denken. Jene Schroffgeſinnten, die mit Bedacht der Zier aus dem Wege gehen, und ſich in verwilderter Nachläſſigkeit ſelbſt verhäßlichen, ſind keine Weiber, und ihrer giebt es nur wenige. Euer Wort erinnert mich, wie bald es mir geziemen wird, vielleicht ſollte es jetzt ſchon geſchehen, mich in die Gewänder zu verhüllen, die dem Alter wohl anſtehen.

Nein! rief der Geiſtliche, Ihr ſeid reizend, und wißt es; noch lange wird ſich Eure Schönheit erhalten, denn ſie iſt großartig und edel, nicht den vergänglichen Zufälligkeiten anvertraut. Aber verwerfen ſollt Ihr mich darum nicht, weil ich Euch vergöttere, weil ich Euch nicht glaube, denn auch dieſe ſüße, Unſchuld und Jugend ſpielende Lüge iſt dem Weibe als Mitgift von der ewigen Natur zur Ausſtattung mitgeden. Opfert mich nicht ganz dieſem Friedrich, den ich nicht verdrängen will; beglückt ihn und mich. Noch iſt Eure Regierung der Schönheit nicht beſchloſſen, theilt künftig noch Andern Eure Gunſt mit, wenn dieſer, wenn ich Euch Langeweile mache; aber erkennt den Bund an, den ich als einen ſolchen anbiete, der uns geziemt, der mein Leben verherrlicht, der erſt allen jenen freundlichen Worten, die Ihr mir manchmal geſagt habt, Seele, allen holden Blicken Geiſt einhaucht.

Catharina wandte ſich ab, um ſich in ihr Gemach zu begeben. Nein, verlaßt mich nicht ſo, mit dieſer Verachtung nicht, denn dieſe muß ich für Lüge halten: Ihr bildet Euch ein, jenem Jüngling dadurch treu zu bleiben, und verachtet ſo die ſchönſte Region Eures Geiſtes. Haß erfüllt Euch dann ſtatt Liebe, und dieſer könnte aus Eurem Herzen, eben weil ich Euch ganz angehöre, in das meinige herüber ſpritzen. Wahrt Euch, ich bitte, in Eurem Hochmuth, und laßt die Klugheit wenigſtens das thun, was Neigung verſagt. Mäßigt Euch und ſchont mich mindeſtens. Es könnte ſich, das fühl' ich, eine Hölle in meinem Herzen erzeugen, ſo ſehr ich alle finſtere Leidenſchaften, die alle aus der Eigenliebe fließen, immer gehaßt habe. Seht Euch vor, überkluges, tugendſames Kindchen. Ihr wollt mit mir ſpielen und Eurem Stolze ein Feſt geben: aber hütet Euch, ich bin kein Jüngling.

Welche Sprache, rief Frau Catharina aus, indem ſie ſich umwendete: wie ziemt ſie Euch zu mir! Wißt, hört, es iſt mir gleichgültig, ob Ihr es glaubt: ich habe mir nichts vorzuwerfen. Gott kennt mein Herz und meinen Wandel.

Gut, ſagte der Dechant, indem er ſich, um fortzugehen, nach dem Garten wendete, die Welt ſoll alſo Unrecht haben, alle Gerüchte ſollen lügen, die Frau Deniſel könnte ſich einem Gottesgerichte unterwerfen. Aber auferſtehen werden denn doch vielleicht einmal alle die Sünden, die jetzt im Winkel ſchlummern und begraben ſcheinen, die Verführung des jungen Friedrich — — nun! warum ſeht Ihr mich ſo zornig an? Den Namen könnt Ihr alſo hören, und mit Ruhe, — gut — aber auch, wenn ich Robert ausſpreche? —

Er kehrte um, ſie aber ſtürzte blaß in den Seſſel und ſah nicht, wie er Haus und Garten verließ. — Als ſie ſich von ihrem Schreck erholt hatte, ſuchte ſie ſich durch Thränen zu erleichtern.

Am Nachmittage traf Friedrich ſeine verehrte Freundin noch weinend und in Schmerz aufgelöſet. Sie empfing den Jüngling freundlich, mochte ihm aber jetzt noch nicht anvertrauen, wie ſehr ſie vom Dechanten gekränkt worden ſei, weil ſie ſeine Heftigkeit fürchtete. Sie gedachte aber der Warnungen, die Friedrich ihr noch geſtern gegeben hatte, und ſie erinnerte ſich nun mit Schmerz, wie leichtſinnig ſie die Entdeckungen ſeiner Eiferſucht abgewieſen. Friedrich war ſehr bekümmert. Er ſuchte die Geliebte zu tröſten und zu beruhigen, aber Catharina war ſo tief betrübt, daß ſeine Reden nur wenig Eingang fanden.

Nach einer Pauſe ſagte die Frau: Mein theurer, mein wahrer Freund, ich hatte dieſe Stunde dazu beſtimmt, um Euch Etwas von meinen Schickſalen zu erzählen, damit Ihr mich näher kennen lerntet; und ſo wie ich meinem Gedächtniß das trübe Blatt meines Lebens wieder aufgerollt habe, hat mich ein ungeheurer Schmerz befallen. Ach freilich! ſind wir meiſtentheils nur glücklich, wenn wir in Zerſtreuungen, in Nebenſachen uns ſelbſt vergeſſen.

Meine Eltern, die in der Nähe unſerer Stadt Beſitzungen hatten, waren reich. Ich ward als das einzige Kind mit aller Liebe und Sorgfalt erzogen. Man kam allen meinen Wünſchen zuvor, und meine Mutter, die ſchwach war und faſt verliebt in ihr verzärteltes Kind, verdarb mich und beſtärkte mich in meinem kindiſchen Eigenſinn. Mein Vater zeigte mir ſeine Liebe durch Geſchenke; er liebte den Prunk, war aber ein ernſter, ja finſtrer Mann, den keiner niemals lachen oder lächeln ſah. Als ich nun zur Beſinnung kam, erfuhr ich und bemerkte es ſelbſt, wie er gänzlich ein Werkzeug der Prieſter ſei, die ſich aller ſeiner Kräfte bemächtigt hatten und ihn unbedingt regierten. Er war in ſeiner Jugend Soldat geweſen, und erzählte ſelbſt zuweilen von jener Zeit mit Grauen, und klagte ſich auf dunkle Weiſe vieler Vergehungen an. Es ſchien mir, als ich erſt fähig war, nachzudenken und über dergleichen Dinge ein Urtheil zu faſſen, daß er in ſeiner wilden Jugendzeit die Freiheit gemißbraucht hatte, die der Krieg und der Beruf des Soldaten bei ſo vielen zur Zügelloſigkeit ſteigern.

So hatte er ſich nun vorgeſetzt, ſeine früheren Sünden durch Buße und ſtrengen Wandel abzubüßen. In dieſer Sinnesart beſtärkte ihn vorzüglich ſein abergläubiger Beichtvater, der jedes Geſchöpf nur wie einen abgefallenen böſen Geiſt betrachtete, und in jeder unſchuldigen Freude eine Gottesläſterung ſah. Meine Mutter, deren weltliche Geſinnung dieſem Weſen widerſprach, fühlte ſich in dieſem finſtern Treiben oft ſehr unglücklich, beſonders da mein Vater immer verſchloſſener und trübſinniger wurde: ſie äußerte wohl, indem ſie ſah, daß jedes Jahr ihr mehr und mehr alle jene Feſte, Reiſen, Geſellſchaften und weltliche Freuden raubte, auf welche ſie mit Sicherheit gerechnet hatte, daß ſie niemals die Verbindung mit meinem Vater eingegangen wäre, wenn er früher ſchon ſo ſtreng und unfreundlich geweſen wär.

So ward meine Jugend, die heiter zu beginnen ſchien, bald verfinſtert, und noch mehr, als mein Vater verlangte, daß ich an ſeinen Andachtsübungen Theil nehmen ſollte. Chriſtenthum und Religion, wie ich ſie nun kennen lernte, was dieſe Prieſter ſo nannten, war abſchreckend und furchtbar. Der Gott, den ſie erkennen konnten, war nur ein grauſamer Tyrann, der an Qualen, die er verhängte, an ſinnreichen Strafen, die er auf Kind und Kindeskind ſendete, ſeine Freude hatte; das Leben war ein Gefängniß, der Menſch nur geſchaffen, um zu büßen. Die Opferung des Sohnes verſöhnte zur Vergeltung Blut; Haß, Verfolgung, Bitterkeit und Verzweifeln war es, woran ſich dieſe Chriſten als ſolche erkannten.

Mein jugendlicher Sinn wendete ſich mit Abſcheu von dieſen Vorſtellungen. Es geſchieht ſo oft, daß Kindern und jungen Gemüthern auf dieſe Weiſe ſelbſt das Edelſte und Größte auf immer oder auf lange verleidet wird, und ich bemerkte nicht an mir allein, daß die Mädchen und Jünglinge, die man vorſätzlich zu Frommen und Rechtgläubigen ausbilden wollte, am leichteſten in Unglauben und Widerwillen gegen die Religion verfielen. So war es auch mit mir. Es hatten ſich mehr Mädchen meines Alters zuſammen gefunden, und wir bildeten gleichſam eine ſtille Verſchwörung gegen die Kirche und ihre Geſetze, wir brachen in unſern Verſammlungen die Faſten, und ahmten die Lächerlichkeiten der Prieſter und unſerer Beichtväter nach. Als die Sache verrathen ward, entſtand, wie leicht zu begreifen, ein ungeheures Geſchrei. Wir waren alle verdammt, und es konnten kaum Bußen genug und hinreichende Grauſamkeit erſonnen werden, um dieſen entſetzlichen Abfall wieder einigermaßen zu vergüten. Ich wurde menſchenſcheu, gab mich ſelbſt auf, und mein Leben war mir in der Jugend ſchon verbittert. Jetzt befreundete ich mich mit den Vorſtellungen des Todes und der Verweſung, da ich hier keine Freude haben ſollte und mir jenſeit keine denken konnte, daher war mein Wunſch und meine ganze Sehnſucht nach der Vernichtung gerichtet. Ich glaubte weniger als jene, aber um nicht wieder den grauſamen Mißhandlungen derer zu verfallen, die für meine Seele ſorgten, lernte ich lügen und heucheln, und war in meiner Treuloſigkeit auf dem Wege, ganz ſchlecht zu werden. Meine Mutter bejammerte meinen Zuſtand, wußte aber keinen Rath, da man ſie ſo eingeſchüchtert hatte, daß ſie kein Wort für mich zu ſprechen wagte. Auch litt ſie an einer Krankheit, die allgemach ihre Kräfte verzehrte, und an der ſie wirklich nach einigen Monden ſtarb. Ich hatte ſie leiden ſehen, und ihre Schmerzen hatten mir oft das Herz zerſchnitten. Ich begriff es nicht, daß ſie ungern ſtarb, daß ſie noch, ſelbſt mit allen dieſen Leiden, zu leben wünſchte. Ich beneidete ſie und wünſchte mich an ihre Stelle; gern hätte ich meine Geſundheit und Jugend gegen die Vernichtung ausgetauſcht, in welche ſie jetzt, nach meiner Ueberzeugung, eingegangen war. In jener Stimmung, in welche ich damals gerathen war, erſchien mir nichts ſo fürchterlich, als zu leben, da zu ſein. Die ganze Schöpfung ſchien mir die Wirkung eines furchtbaren Fluches, oder der Niederſchlag ehemaliger, wahnſinniger Geiſter, die auch verſchwunden waren in das Nichts, und nur das tolle Werk ihrer Raſerei zurück gelaſſen hatten, daß ſich nun irr und zwecklos fortbewegte und ängſtigte, und ſich in Verzweiflung dem Tode entgegen quälte. Ich kann nicht Worte finden, meinen damaligen Zuſtand zu ſchildern, es iſt mir auch nicht möglich, ihn mir deutlich zu vergegenwärtigen. Aber wahr iſt, daß ich ganz und unerſchütterlich überzeugt war, es ſei kein Gott. Wie mir nun Kirche, Prieſter, Religionsübung erſchien, wie mir die Lehren, die Wunder, die Meſſe und alles Chriſtliche vorkamen und in das Ohr tönte, würde, wenn man es beſchreiben wollte, das ſeltſamſte Gemälde einer Verſtimmung des Herzens und der Seele geben. Indem ich mich in der Kirche in mein Gebetbuch niederdrückte, von meinem Schleier verhüllt, mußte ich oft laut in bitterm Hohn der Verzweiflung lachen, welches meine gläubigen Nachbarn für Thränen der Buße und Erſchütterungen der Reue hielten, da meine Gottloſigkeit ſtadtkundig geworden war.

Ich ſchwankte an der Gränze des Wahnſinns hin. Schlimmer als jede Entartung iſt dieſe innere Verweſung des Herzens. Ich weiß nicht, was aus mir geworden wäre, wenn ich nicht, als ich zur Jungfrau erwachſen war, einen wahrhaft frommen Mann, einen Prieſter hätte kennen lernen, der von einer Wallfahrt nach Jeruſalem zurück kam: Dieſer Pater Philipp, der in einem benachbarten Kloſter ein Bruder war, löſte allgemach meine Seele aus ihren Todesbanden. Daß nur Liebe der Geiſt der Religion, vorzüglich aber des

Geiſterthums ſei, dieſes Gefühl, dieſe Ahndung ging nach und nach in meinem erſtorbenen, felſenharten Gemüthe auf. Alles, was ich verhöhnt hatte, erſchien mir nun als ein ſüßes Geheimniß, in welches ſich mit allen Kräften unterzutauchen, himmliſche Wolluſt war. Als ich erſt als Schülerin in dieſe Lehre eingeweiht war, ſprang mein Geiſt auch ſogleich von einem zum andern Aeußerſten: denn mir genügte nicht Wort, Bild und Wunder, ich glaubte alles noch inniger, in einem höhern Sinne zu verſtehen und zu erfaſſen. Meine Trunkenheit hob mich oft wie über die Erde und alle Bedingungen des zeitlichen Daſeins hinweg. Ich ſchaute, ich war entzückt, und rühmte mich, daß der Geiſt Gottes in mir ſei. Philipp ſuchte dieſe Gefühle zu mäßigen und mich von dieſer Schwärmerei zu heilen, welche er eben ſo gottlos als jenen ſtarren Unglauben ſchalt. Ich verſtand ihn damals nicht, und wähnte ſchon, in einer höhern Weisheit, als mein Lehrer, einheimiſch zu ſein. Wahrſcheinlich wäre mein Abfall von dieſer ſchwindelnden Höhe noch gefährlicher und heilloſer als mein früherer geworden, wenn nicht das Glück oder mein Schickſal, vielleicht der Himmel, vielleicht ein böſer ſchadenfroher Geiſt, mir einen Mann entgegengeführt hätte, der ſo in meinem Herzen das Gefühl der irdiſchen und ewigen Liebe anzündete, daß in dieſem Schimmer ſich alles ſühnte und erquickte, alle jene über die Erde fliegenden Gefühle und Phantaſieen ſich im nächſten Gefühle milderten und zum Verſtändniß wurden.

Ja Friedrich, ich habe einmal geliebt, ich bin geliebt worden, und meine Liebe war kein Irrthum, war es wenigſtens in ihrem erſten Frühlingsalter nicht. Ach nein, die Liebe ſelbſt iſt niemals ein Mißverſtändniß, nur ſtößt und verwundet ſie ſich leicht an dieſen Mißverſtändniſſen des Lebens und der Wirklichkeit.

Ein Mann, der ſchon das Jünglingsalter überſchritten hatte, Robert, ward durch den Pater Philipp in unſer Haus eingeführt. So wie ich ihn nur erblickte, mußte ich Vertrauen zu ihm faſſen. Jetzt begann der Frühling meines Lebens, jetzt erſt fand ich mich ſelbſt im Abglanz meines Freundes, im Verſtehen ſeines hohen Geiſtes erwachte meine Seele erſt von ihren Träumen.

Ihr ſeht, mein trauter Friedrich, daß ich ganz wie zu einem geliebten Bruder zu Euch ſpreche. Mein Bildniß wird nach dieſen Geſtändniſſen meines Glückes und Unglückes klarer in Eurer Seele ſtehn. Dieſer Robert hatte viele Länder durchwandert und war in Jeruſalem mit dem Bruder Philipp bekannt worden. Seine Seele kam der meinigen entgegen und wir verſtanden uns.

Ohne Wunſch, ohne Streben war dieſe Liebe. Es genügte uns Geſpräch, Blick, Verſtändniß, Beiſammenſein. Robert war ganz glücklich, und ich war beſeligt, daß er nicht mehr begehrte. Ein ganzer, heiterer, höchſt beglückter Sommer verfloß uns in dieſer kriſtallreinen Freude. Aber es ſollte nicht immer ſo bleiben. Durch meinen Geliebten erfuhr ich zuerſt von einem gewiſſen gereinigten Chriſtenthum, das ſich im Stillen verbreitet, und in vielen Ländern die hellern Geiſter, die kräftigeren Gemüther zu einem geheimen, unſichtbaren Bunde vereinigt hatte. Dieſes Bündniß war gegen die verfolgenden Prieſter und den tödtenden Buchſtaben ihrer todten Satzungen gerichtet. Schon früher, belehrte mich mein Freund, hatten Waldenſer und Albigenſer dieſelben Erleuchtungen geſucht, doch bei der faſt allmächtigen Hierarchie jener Tage waren ſie vertilgt worden, weil ſie ihre Einſichten zu offenkundig gemacht hatten: das empörte Volk, das den geiſtigen Sinn nicht faſſen konnte, mordete die Prieſter und zerſtörte die Kirchen, und Clerici wie Regenten vertilgten mit Feuer und Schwert dieſe Rebellen. Seitdem bewachte die geiſtliche Inquiſition und der Dominikaner-Orden die Länder. Man freut ſich, daß man heut zu Tage über dergleichen zu vertrauten Freunden, wenn auch noch nicht öffentlich, ſprechen darf. Dieſe Einſichten vermehrten das Glück meiner Liebe, und ich that mir ſelbſt das Gelübde, mich niemals zu vermählen, um in dieſem geiſtigen Bunde meine ganze Befriedigung zu finden, und ſo am ſchönſten mein Leben zu erfüllen.

Aber es war mir nicht vergönnt, meinen Vorſatz auszuführen. Die Prieſter, die ſich zwar nicht die Macht der frühern Jahrhunderte anmaßen durften, waren doch in Wuth, als ſie hie und da auf die Spuren dieſer unſichtbaren Gemeine gekommen waren, und ſie zürnten um ſo mehr, weil alle diejenigen, die ſie auf ihrem dunkeln Wege entdeckten, zu den tugendhafteſten und frömmſten Chriſten gehörten, die ſie ſelbſt vielfach gelobt und andern als Muſter zur Nachahmung aufgeſtellt hatten. Mein Vater ſchäumte vor Wuth, und der angeklagte verdächtige Robert durfte unſer Haus nicht mehr betreten. Damit nicht zufrieden, ſuchte mein Vater mit unter ſeinen geiſtigen Zunftgenoſſen einen Gemahl aus, der mich genauer bewachen und vor allen Verirrungen bewahren ſollte. Ein ehemaliger Soldat, noch älter als mein Vater, war derjenige, den die Prieſter auserkohren, um meine Seele zu retten. Sein Wandel war in der Jugend und in jenen Feldzügen ſo ruchlos geweſen, daß man ſprichwörtlich denjenigen, den man als abſcheulich bezeichnen wollte, nur „ſo arg, als Demiel" nannte. Obgleich ſich dieſer Sünder bekehrt hatte, auf jene Weiſe nämlich, auf welche ihn jene abergläubigen Prieſter hatten bekehren können, ſo war der Zorn und die Wuth des alten Rieſen immer noch furchtbar und ungeheuer. Viele Fehler hatte er nach ſeiner Meinung abgelegt, aber niemals, wie er ſelbſt bekannte, hatte er ſich die geringſte Mühe gegeben, ſich des Trunkes zu entwöhnen, und ſelbſt ſein Beichtvater durfte ihm mit dieſer Anmuthung nicht beſchwerlich fallen. Dadurch wurde ſein Zorn, an den er ſich ſeit früher Jugend gewöhnt hatte, bei jeder Gelegenheit, auch der geringfügigſten, in ihm aufgeregt, er kannte ſich ſelbſt nicht, und wußte nicht, was er in dieſer thieriſchen Wuth begann. Sehr oft, und wohl die Folge ſeiner wilden ausſchweifenden Jugend, fiel er dann in Krämpfen nieder, in welchen er ſchäumte und ſich ohne Bewußtſein wälzte. Oft hatte man ſchon glauben müſſen, daß er in ſolchem Anfalle ſeinen Geiſt aufgeben würde. So ſehr war das Gemüth meines armen Vaters verfinſtert worden, daß er den Einreden ſeiner geiſtlichen Freunde nachgab, und mir dieſes Ungeheuer zum Gatten beſtimmte. Daß jede Einrede von mir vergeblich ſein würde, wußte ich, und ich verlor auch kein Wort gegen meinen Vater, um ihn auf andere Gedanken zu bringen.

Aber zu meinem Freunde Philipp flüchtete ich, den ich bei einer Muhme von mir traf. Er tröſtete mich; aber welcher Troſt konnte fruchten! Einigemal ſah ich auch meinen Geliebten heimlich. Er war in Verzweiflung. Wie glücklich ich in deiner Nähe, im Bewußtſein deiner Liebe war, rief er aus, davon biſt du Zeuge geweſen; kein Wunſch, keine Begier beſtürmte dich. Vielleicht ſoll der irdiſche Menſch nicht ſo geiſtig ſchwärmen und ſich ſeinem Berufe, der Aufgabe des Lebens entziehen, die er freilich auch mit den Niedrigſten theilt. Aber meine Seele duldet es nicht, dich in den Armen jenes Ungeheuers ſo völlig entweiht, ſo bis zum Entſetzlichen geſchmäht zu denken. Jetzt iſt die Begier, dich ganz mein zu nennen, daß du mir als Gattin angehörſt, geheiligt worden. Jetzt iſt es meine Pflicht, dich zu dieſem Schritt zu überreden, durch meine Liebe dich zu ihm zu zwingen, wenn du dich weigern ſollteſt.

In der Verwirrung aller meiner Lebensgeiſter folgte ich ſeinen Einreden nur gar zu gern. Ich ward ſein Weib und Philipp ſegnete unſern Bund.

Wir ſahen uns oft bei jener Muhme, einem liebevollen, ſchwachen Weſen, die durch unſre Noth war gerührt worden. Da aber zu befürchten ſtand, daß mein Vater alles entdecken würde, ſo hatten wir die Flucht beſchloſſen; wir hatten vor, uns nach England zu wenden, wo Robert angeſehene Freunde hatte. Doch zu ſpät. Mein Vater traf mich, indem ich einen Brief an Robert ſchrieb, aus ihm erſah er, daß er mein Gatte war. Er ſchäumte und war entſetzlich in ſeiner Wuth. Ich ward eingeſperrt und bewacht. Er wendete ſich an Biſchof und Clerici. Philipp ward als Verbrecher angeklagt und mußte entfliehen, ich weiß noch jetzt nicht, wohin. Alle Worte, Bitten und Klagen waren vergeblich. Durch Geld — o was vermag das Geld nicht — brachte man es dahin, daß meine ſcheinbare Ehe, ſo nannte man ſie, für ungültig erkannt und aufgelöſt wurde: ich ſei noch nicht mündig geweſen, und habe mich alſo, vorzüglich ohne Wiſſen meines Vaters, noch nicht verſprechen können: Philipp ſei ein Abtrünniger und kein Prieſter, er habe alſo das Sakrament nicht verwalten und ſpenden dürfen, und von jener Sünde des Concubinats ward ich, als Unwiſſende, Thörichte, von meinem Beichtvater, nachdem ich mancherlei Bußen hatte üben müſſen, losgeſprochen. Ich war wieder vernichtet und zum zweiten Mal um mein Leben, und um ein verſchönertes, veredeltes betrogen. Ich mußte mich und die Welt und Menſchen verachten, um ſo mehr und ſchmerzlicher, da der rohe, gefühlloſe Demiel keinen Anſtand nahm, mich nach dieſem öffentlichen Schimpf als ſeine Gattin heimzuführen.

O! es iſt entſetzlich, was der Menſch erleben und ertragen kann, und kein Mann kann es fühlen und wiſſen, um wie viel furchtbarer noch das Schickſal des Weibes iſt. Sei er durch Unglück an eine Gattin gekettet, die er haſſen oder verachten muß, — ſo vernachläſſigt er ſie, findet im Geſchäft, Arbeit, Geſellſchaft, oder bei andern Weibern, ſelbſt im Laſter, Zerſtreuung und Troſt. Giebt er ſich in ſchwachen Stunden dem aufgedrungenen Weibe hin — er verliert nicht ſeinen Werth, nicht ſich ſelbſt in ihren Armen. — Ja, Freund, wir ſind ſchon in der Geburt, ſeit dem Beginn der Schöpfung verflucht, und nur wenigen, nur Auserwählten iſt es vergönnt, ſich dieſer Schmach und Verwerfung zu entziehen, und dieſen gelingt es doch wohl nur, wenn ſie ſich der Alltäglichkeit, den kümmerlichen Gewohnheiten des Lebens, der hoffnungsloſen Mittelmäßigkeit unbedingt ergeben, und einem

Gatten angeſchloſſen ſind, der auch von ſich und dem Leben nichts als ein jammervolles Unbedeutendes erwartet. — Gefühl, Liebe, Sehnſucht nach Wahrheit und unſterblichen Gütern überliefert uns immer wieder dem ſchadenfrohen böſen Feinde.

Was mir am leidlichſten ſchien, ja was mir eine Art von Troſt gewährte, war die Grauſamkeit, mit der mich dieſer aufgedrungene Gatte mißhandelte. Mein Vater, die Prieſter und er waren übereingekommen, daß er mich, als Erſatz der Kirchenbuße, wegen meiner Abtrünnigkeit täglich züchtigen und ſtrafen könne, auch ohne alle Veranlaſſung, ohne daß ich gegen ihn den kleinſten Fehl, nach ſeiner Meinung, begangen habe. Dies zu thun vergaß mein Peiniger nie. Meine Geſundheit ſchwand, mir war alles gleichgültig, ich ſtand in keinem Verhältniß, in keinem Zuſammenhange, weder mit Gott noch Menſchen. — Ach! mein Freund, ich habe viel gelitten, ich habe viel gefehlt, und auch an der Liebe mich verſündiget. Damals wünſchte ich kaum noch den Tod, denn Sein und Nichtſein lag in der fürchterlichſten Gleichgültigkeit vor mir. Ich glaube, eine Pflanze hat mehr Stolz.

Unvermuthet lichtete ſich mein Daſein wieder aus. Die Liebe macht liſtig und erfinderiſch, und ſo hatte Robert Mittel gefunden, durch Verkleidung unkenntlich gemacht, wieder in die Stadt zu kommen; er hatte mit meinem Peiniger Bekanntſchaft gemacht, und als armer Bittender deſſen Gunſt ſo ſehr gewonnen, daß dieſer ihn in ſeine Dienſte nahm. Wie erſtaunte, wie erſchrak ich, ja hielt es für ein Wunder, als mein Mann mir meinen Geliebten, meinen Gatten ſelbſt in mein Zimmer führte, und dieſem die Aufſicht über mich anvertraute.

Freilich hatte ſich mein Leben nun verwandelt. Die Kunſt des Robert vermochte viel über den unmenſchlichen Deniſel, nur konnte er ihn nicht überreden, die Strafen, mit denen er mich täglich heimſuchte, zu unterlaſſen. In der Abweſenheit des Mannes war Robert mein Geſellſchafter. Oft aber, wenn Deniſel keine vornehmen Freunde fand, mußte Robert mit ihm trinken und ſchwärmen; in dieſen wilden Stunden erzählte er ihm von den Streichen ſeiner Jugend, von ſeiner Rohheit und Mordſucht im Kriege, von den Weibern und Mädchen, die er verführt und elend gemacht hatte, von den Bauern und Bürgern, die er geplündert oder in ihren Häuſern verbrannt hatte. Auch jetzt noch, ob er gleich Greis war, hatte er noch ſeine Liebſchaften mit gemeinen und liederlichen Dirnen. Alles dies erzählte mir Robert, und es war natürlich, daß ich meinen Quäler nur um ſo mehr verachtete und haßte.

War mein Weſen verwandelt, ſo war auch Robert nicht mehr, wie ich ihn ehemals gekannt hatte. Sein Sinn war weltlicher, heftiger, ja ich mag es wohl ſo ausdrücken, roher geworden. Die Gelage, zu welchen er meinen Mann begleiten mußte, waren ihm bald nicht mehr ſo zuwider, wie Anfangs; ich entſchuldigte es, wenn ich ihn manchmal berauſcht ſah, daß er ſich der Umgebung und dem Willen ſeines Herrn fügen müſſe. Wollte ich, wenn ich ihn jetzt betrachtete, meine Empfindung für ihn mit jener meſſen, wie ſie noch vor Kurzem, wie ein Engel leuchtend, durch meine Seele flog, ſo ſchnitt es durch mein Herz; ich konnte mich jenes Himmelsklanges nicht erinnern, und mir war, als ſei alles nur Lüge geweſen, welche mir eine Seligkeit erheuchelt hatte.

Warum, Freund, führe ich Euch dieſe Wanderung durch die furchtbare Wüſte meines Gemüthes? Ihr ſollt mich kennen lernen, damit Ihr Euch und mich beruhigt. Aber richtet nicht zu ſtrenge, und entzieht mir Eure Achtung und Freundſchaft nicht.

Heftiger geworden, in einen Mann verwandelt, der ſich viel weltlicher als ehemals zeigte, glaubte Robert ſich durch ſeine ihm von der Kirche gegebenen Rechte ermächtigt, vertraulich mit mir umzugehen, und auf das neu geſchloſſene Bündniß keine Rückſicht zu nehmen. Alle meine Zweifel wußte er mit ſeiner Beredſamkeit zu widerlegen, ſeine Bitten beſtürmten mich, die Achtung vor mir ſelbſt hatte ich längſt verloren, meinem Quäler glaubte ich keine Pflicht ſchuldig zu ſein, Religion und Prieſter hatten ſich mir als Feinde, die erkäuflich waren, gegenüber geſtellt, und ſo ergab ich mich ihm, in der Ueberzeugung, ihn glücklich zu machen.

Ich fühlte, daß er mich noch liebte, aber jene Heiligkeit war aus ſeiner Liebe entſchwunden; er ehrte mich nicht, er achtete mich nicht mehr; Mitleid, Erbarmen hatte er mit mir, und ſich ſelbſt hielt er ebenfalls gering, und ſuchte jetzt durch Leidenſchaft und Heftigkeit zu erſetzen, was ſeinen Gefühlen an Innigkeit abging. Und doch waren wir glücklich, ſo ſehr, als es arme Verirrte ſein können, die jede Leuchte in der Nacht verloren haben.

Muthwille, Scherz und Witz ſollten unſer Daſein erhöhen, wir freuten uns, wenn der gemeine Deniſel durch eine neue Liſt betrogen wurde, wenn ein Anſchlag gelang, ihn vom Hauſe fern zu halten, wenn wir, ſeine Trunkenheit benutzend, in ſeiner Nähe uns Liebkoſungen erlaubten. Robert wurde mit jedem Tage ausgelaſſener; mit den grellſten Farben ſchilderte er mir jetzt oft die Ausſchweifungen des rohen Gemahls, und ich freute mich dieſer Darſtellungen und lachte. Doch ward es noch ſchlimmer. Mein vormaliger Gatte und jetziger Geliebter konnte ſich, um ſeinen Herrn nicht mißtrauiſch zu machen, vielleicht ſchon durch eignen Leichtſinn dazu bewegt, dem nicht entziehen, hie und da auch eine Liebſchaft anzuknüpfen und ein ärgerliches Abenteuer zu beſtehen. Wenn er mir dieſe Geſchichten eben ſo umſtändlich und anſtößig erzählte, ſchnitt freilich eine brennende Eiferſucht durch meinen Buſen, aber ich lachte doch, weil mir das ganze Leben als ein albernes Poſſenſpiel, eine widrige Fratze erſchien. Längſt ſchon war durch Robert jene weibliche Heiligkeit meines Weſens verletzt, ſchon in ſeinen herzlichſten, liebevollſten Stunden mußte ich ihm vieles vergeben, und um ihn zu entſchuldigen, redete ich mir vor, er könne nicht anders ſein, denn dies ſei die Natur der Männer. Jetzt hatte ich nun entdeckt, daß auch im beſſeren Weibe, und für ein ſolches hatte ich mich gehalten, das Unheimliche, Frevle und Freche ſchlummre, das nur durch Leidenſchaft und Selbſtvergeſſen geweckt werden dürfe, um harmloſen Scherz, holdſelige Schalkheit und ſüßen Muthwillen in das Widerwärtige und völlig Unweibliche zu verwandeln.

Ja, ich geſtand es mir, ich ſei eine Buhlerin, nichts beſſer als Hunderte, die ich ehemals verachtet und verabſcheut hatte. Ich meinte dann, das ſei Schickſal und das menſchliche Leben. Wir bildeten jetzt in unſerm Hauſe eine Gruppe, wie eine der vielen, die uns Boccaz ſo witzig und kräftig ſchildert.

Woher nehme ich den Muth, Euch alles das zu ſagen, was die Schweſter vielleicht dem Bruder verſchwiege? Weil ich Euch ganz vertraue, und weil Ihr mir helfen ſollt, wenn Ihr mich ganz und alle meine Verirrungen kennt.

Immer dreiſter und unbeſonnener wurden wir in unſerem Taumel. An einem Tage, an welchem wir uns am ſicherſten glaubten, überraſchte uns der grauſame Deniſel. — Dieſe Stunde war die furchtbarſte, die ich noch erlebt hatte, ſo entſetzlich auch mein Leben geſtaltet war. Kein Menſch vermag die Wuth meines Mannes zu beſchreiben. Nicht bloß war er darüber in Verzweiflung, daß ich ihn getäuſcht hatte, ſondern daß es durch den geſchehen ſei, den er mir im vollſten Vertrauen zum Wächter geſetzt hatte. In ſeiner Wuth befiel ihn jener tödtliche Krampf, der ihn ſo oft leblos niederſtreckte.

Er kam wieder zu ſich, und ſtatt Ausbrüche neuer Wuth, die wir erwarteten, erhob er ſich, ſetzte ſich matt in einen Seſſel und weinte laut und heftig. Da er unſer Erſtaunen ſah, ſagte er ſchluchzend, indem er noch ohne Faſſung war: Ja, Ihr Schändlichen, Ihr ſeht etwas, das mir ſelbſt ein Wunder dünkt. Seit meiner Kindheit habe ich keine Thränen vergoſſen, ſo viel Elend ich auch ſah und erlebte. Wißt denn, ſchon ſeit lange hat mich die ruhige Ergebenheit dieſes Weibes, ihre Geduld, mit der ſie meine Grauſamkeit ertrug, tief bewegt. Ich empfand, wie unglücklich ſie ſein mußte, und warf einen reuenden Blick in mein Leben. Ich nahm mir feſt vor, beſſer zu werden, und ſie fortan gut und freundlich zu behandeln; ſie ſollte künftig nur Güte in mir finden und ſich mit mir verſöhnen. Dieſem Menſchen, den ich liebte, dachte ich eine Summe zu ſchenken, daß er nicht mehr Diener zu ſein brauche, ſondern mein Freund würde. Gemeinſam wollten wir in Liebe und Ruhe leben, ich wollte mich von jenen haſſenden Prieſtern zurückziehen, denn ich ſchämte mich vor dieſer Catharina, die mir wie eine Heilige gegenüber ſtand. Und nun! ich ſehe, ſie iſt ſchlechter als ich, ſie verdient nur meine Verachtung.

Jetzt ſtellte ſich Robert ihm gegenüber, gab ſich zu erkennen, nannte ſeinen Namen, erzählte ſein Unglück, und wollte ihm deutlich machen, daß er ſelbſt mir früher angehört habe, und daß unſre Verbindung vom Prieſter geweiht und eine rechtmäßige Ehe geweſen ſei, die widerrechtlich ſei aufgehoben worden. Als Deniſel erfuhr, ſeit wie lange er ſchon ſei getäuſcht worden, und mit welchen Künſten ſein größter Feind ſich ihm genähert und ſeine Freundſchaft erworben habe, gerieth er von neuem in Wuth und Raſerei. Er ſtürzte, indem er einen Dolch faßte, auf Robert, um ihn zu ermorden; dieſer aber ſtieß ihn mit ſolcher Gewalt zurück, daß der Alte rücklings über ſtürzte, wiederum in ſeine Krämpfe fiel und ſich nicht erhob. Er war geſtorben.

Robert fand zuerſt Sprache und Beſinnung wieder. Was wir in dieſen Augenblicken erlebt hatten, war ſo erſchütternd, ſo allgewaltig in unſer Leben gedrungen, daß wir fühlten, eine neue Bahn liege vor uns, wenn wir uns nicht zu Grunde richten ſollten. Robert war in Reue und Troſtloſigkeit zerfloſſen. Die herzzerreißendſte Anklage ſeiner ſelbſt floß von ſeinen Lippen, wie er mich, die er zu lieben und zu verehren gemeint, in den Abgrund gezogen habe, und wie er jetzt ſeine und innigſt fühle, daß die Liebe ſelbſt das Böſe ſei; wie er jetzt verſtehe, daß im erſten Keime derſelben, in der früheſten und unſchuldigſten Regung, die ihn wie mit himmliſcher Heiligkeit überſchüttet habe, ſchon das Laſter geſchlummert. Das Leben ſelbſt, ſo fuhr er fort, ſei Sünde, und das Gift in dieſem regiere. Er bereue auch jetzt alle ſeine Irrthümer gegen die Kirche, er widerrufe jene Lehren, die er und Philipp ihren Vertrauten gepredigt hätten, und einzelne ſchlechte Prieſter könnten niemals die hohe Würde des Standes erniedrigen.

Er war ganz vernichtet, erflehte in Thränenergüſſen meine Verzeihung, daß er mich zur Sünde verleitet habe, und ging, ſich mit der Kirche zu verſöhnen. Seit dem, ſo hat man mir erzählt, lebt er unter ſtrengen Büßungen in einem Walde als Einſiedler.

Es machte kein Aufſehen, daß Deniſel geſtorben war; er war Greis, es war bekannt, daß die fallende Sucht ihn ſchon oft dem Tode nahe gebracht hatte. Auch mein Vater verließ bald die Zeitlichkeit, und ich war mir nun, im Beſitz eines mäßigen Vermögens, ſelber überlaſſen; denn Vieles, das wir früher beſeſſen hatten, war durch Deniſel und meinen Vater an Klöſter und Kirchen vergabt worden. —

Nun wißt Ihr Alles, mein vertrauter Freund, und ich hoffe, Ihr helft mir dieſes Leben erheitern, welches ich mir erwählt habe, nachdem ſo viele Stürme mein Gemüth erſchütterten.

Liebe Catharina, ſagte der junge Mann, Euer Bekenntniß hat Euer ganzes Weſen mir näher gebracht, und doch wieder ſeid Ihr mir fremder und entfernter als geſtern. Ich meine nur, da Ihr ſchon früher nachgabt, um einen andern zu beglücken, ſolltet Ihr um ſo leichter meinen Bitten nachgeben.

Lieber Friedrich, antwortete ſie, ich habe in allen dieſen Jahren nicht aufgehört, mich als Roberts wahre, vom Prieſter angetraute Gattin anzuſehen. Ich wäre, wenn es ſeine Reue und Zerknirſchung zugelaſſen hätte, wohl mit ihm, da ich nun frei war, nach England gereiſet. Ich liebe ihn noch, ſein Bild wohnt in meinem Herzen, ich darf ihm die Treue nicht brechen. Ihr verwundert Euch vielleicht, wenn ich Euch ſage, daß ich ſelbſt jene Umwandlung ſeines Weſens ſo wenig verſtand, wie billigte. Gewiß hatten wir uns ſchwer verſündiget, und viele Augenblicke der Schaam und Reue hatten mich zu dem Vorſatz geführt, beſſer zu werden. Meine unſterbliche Seele bedurfte es, aus dem Zuſtande der Erniedrigung wieder erhoben zu werden. Aber nicht durch Untreue gegen mich und das Edelſte, was ich geſchaut und erlebt hatte, durfte die Beſſerung anheben. Sein Bild, jenes Frühlingsgefühl, welches den Winter meines Herzens damals durch Duft, Glanz und Blüthe vertrieben hatte, war mir noch heilig, muß es mir in Ewigkeit bleiben. Ich kann nicht jenen Glauben aufgeben, alle jene Anſichten, die ich damals durch Robert und Philipp gewann; denn ſie läuterten und erhoben alle meine Seelenkräfte. Und ſo bin ich ſeitdem allgemach und ſicher zu meiner frühern Lebensweiſe zurück gekehrt, in Schaam und Vergeſſenheit ſind jene unſeligen Verirrungen begraben, mit jedem Tage ward ich ſicherer, feſter und im Herzen glückſeliger. Werdet Ihr mich verſtehen, wenn ich Euch ſage, daß ich es nicht faſſe, wie jene wilde, verzweifelnde Reue, Buße und Troſtloſigkeit, Selbſtquaal und Selbſtverachtung uns dem Ewigen näher bringen ſoll? Im Anſchauen des Schönen und Edlen, im Glauben an meine Liebe, im Genuß von Kunſt und Poeſie, im Umgang mit Freunden und edlen Menſchen habe ich die Verklärung meiner Seele geſucht und gefunden. Die Süßigkeiten des Glaubens und der Religion ſind mir näher gekommen und eindringlicher geworden, und alles Unedle iſt mir fremd, nicht unverſtändlich, da ich es erlebte, aber weit entrückt. So bleibt Ihr nun auch ferner mein Freund, Theuerſter, und mißverſteht mich niemals.

Friedrich war in tiefes Nachſinnen verloren, er fuhr aus dieſem auf, als wenn er ſeine Gedanken wie mit Gewalt von ſich verſcheuchen wollte, betrachtete ſeine Freundin dann, und eine Thräne der Rührung floß aus ſeinem Auge. In dieſer Stunde, ſagte ſie, da Ihr ſo bewegt ſeid, hört noch einige Worte von mir geduldig an, geduldig und ohne Zorn.

Friedrich ſetzte ſich wieder, Catharina nahm ſeine Hand und ſagte mit den lieblichſten Tönen: Euer Vater war bei mir, er iſt ein guter, lieber Mann, der zärtlich um Euer Wohl beſorgt iſt. Die Hoffnung Eurer Familie beruht auf Euch. Sammelt Euer Gemüth, edler Freund, faßt den Entſchluß, der Euch, von ſo wackern Eltern ſtammend, geziemt. Jetzt müßt Ihr unbezweifelt einſehn, daß keine Verbindung unter uns möglich iſt, da ſelbſt die Geſetze der Kirche wie des Staates, wenn auch ſonſt keine Hinderniſſe wären, ſie unmöglich machen. Das liebliche Mädchen, Sophie, welches Ihr neulich hier ſaht, die, von edlen Eltern ſtammend, Euch Reichthum, Schönheit und alles Wünſchenswerthe bringt, — macht dieſe glücklich; denn man ſieht, daß ſie Euch verehrt. Je früher Ihr dieſen Entſchluß faſſen könnt, um ſo früher erfreut Ihr Euren Vater, deſſen Alter ſchon ſo vorgerückt iſt, daß er Euch vielleicht bald kann entriſſen werden. Dann ſind wir Alle froh und zufrieden, und jenes Glück, das wir uns wünſchen, iſt uns freundlich geſichert.

Friedrich ſprang auf, faßte Catharinens Hand, ſah ihr ſcharf in's Auge, und ſagte dann: Alſo daher Eure Weisheit! Ihr verſchmäht es nicht, Euch zur Unterhändlerin mißbrauchen zu laſſen, um die Abſichten eines alten Mannes durchzuſetzen, der nur auf Geld und Beſitz ſieht, und dieſen eigenſinnigen Wünſchen das Wohl ſeines einzigen Sohnes opfern will? Und doch wollt Ihr meine Freundin ſein! Nein, elend, verachtet, verſtoßen lieber als eine ſolche Verbindung! Muß ich denn gerade in eine Ehe treten, wenn Ihr meinen Wunſch ſo beſtimmt und mit aller Kälte zurück weiſet! Und Ihr fühlt nicht, daß nur die Einſamkeit noch mein Glück ſein kann, die Flucht vor ſolcher vernünftig berechneten Ehe! Ihr habt ja den Fluch dieſer tyranniſchen Verkuppelung an Euch ſelbſt erfahren, und ſolltet mindeſtens diejenigen nicht in das Joch zwingen wollen, die Ihr Eure Freunde nennt.

So iſt dies denn, ſagte Catharina trauernd, die Frucht meines Vertrauens? Ihr wollt mich lieben, und könnt mich ſo ganz mißverſtehen? Ihr ſagt, daß Ihr mich achtet, und traut mir doch eine geringe Geſinnung zu!

Ich weiß nicht mehr, was ich bin, was ich denke! rief der heftige Jüngling; Ihr ſeid es ſelbſt, die mich irre macht in allen meinen Erkenntniſſen; kann ich denn noch ſagen, was ich wünſche? Ob ich liebe? In wie fern ich Euch verſtehe! Ihr wollt es ja ſelbſt, daß eine unermeßliche Kluft zwiſchen unſern Herzen ſein ſoll. Warum zürnt Ihr mir nun, wenn ich den Riß noch größer mache? Eure Erzählung, Euer Gefühl kann es mir nicht deutlich machen, wie ich Euch entſagen müſſe; iſt denn nun nicht beſſer, wir nehmen an, dies unergründliche Mißverſtehen beruhe ſchon auf innerm Hader, auf einer unſichtbaren Feindſchaft, die ausbrechen muß! Ja, könnte man die Liebe auflöſen, ſei es auch durch lange Geduld, wie einen künſtlich verſchlungenen Knoten; der aber liebt nicht, der ſagen kann: Ich will von der Zeit und Zukunft meine Geneſung erwarten, denn im gegenwärtigen Augenblick iſt und ſtrebt die ganze Kraft der Liebe und weiß von keinem Morgen und Uebermorgen! Gut denn; wir gehen nun auf verſchiedenen Bahnen, und ich weiß in Zukunft, daß, wenn Ihr mich freundlich anblickt, Ihr nur darauf ſinnt, mir wieder eine andre Ehehälfte annehmlich zu machen. Das ſagt wenigſtens meinem Vater, daß Ihr redlich ſeinen Auftrag ausgerichtet, aber keinen Dank dafür geerndtet habt.

Er ſtand auf und ging, ohne der Trauernden noch einen Blick zu gönnen. In der Gartenthür ſtand er ſtill, ſchaute um, und ſah das ſehnſüchtige Auge der Gekränkten. Vergebt mir, rief er, indem er zurückkehrte: der tiefe Schmerz hat auch ſein Recht, und ich fühle wohl, aus räthſelhaftem Geluſt kränkt man nur den recht ſchmerzlich und vorſätzlich, den man auf das innigſte liebt. Dieſe Schmerzen, die ich ſo roh und wild Euch gebe, ſind ja nur eine andre Art von Liebeserklärung, und ich muß mich bewachen und mir in die Zügel fallen, um mich nicht noch mehr zu erniedrigen. Schändlich könnte ich in dieſen Augenblicken werden, und innerlich bin ich es ſchon, aber ich will Euch den Anblick erſparen. Vergebt mir denn, wie Ihr könnt. Aber Ihr könnt nicht, da das Wort einmal geſprochen iſt. Wenn ich mich bis daher für gut hielt, ſo bin ich jetzt zu der Ueberzeugung gekommen, daß ich ganz ſchlecht bin und werden kann.

Er entfernte ſich, und Catharina blieb in tiefer Trauer zurück. So müſſen ſich alſo, klagte ſie, die Menſchen, die ſich verſtehn und lieben, am ſchlimmſten verletzen! So führt gerade die Einigung der Seelen zur feindlichſten Entfernung! Ja, wenn ſich nicht Leidenſchaft in Freundſchaft und Liebe miſchte, ſo wären ſie himmliſche Güter. — Und was wäre Freundſchaft und Liebe ohne Leidenſchaft? Würde ich gekränkt ſein, wenn nicht dieſe ſüße Leidenſchaft, dies ſelige Einsſein und innere Näherverwachſen der Empfindung und des Verſtändniſſes mich an ihn mit ewigen Banden gekettet hätte! Und liebe ich ihn denn vielleicht? — Ja und Nein. — Nicht wie Robert, nicht als Gatten, — und doch kann ich ihn nicht entbehren, und doch hat er mein Herz zerriſſen. — Ja wohl beſteht unſer Leben nur darin, daß wir immer und immer wieder alle Güter, allen Beſitz aufopfern müſſen. — Unſer Daſein iſt wie der Sturm auf der See; mehr und mehr werfen wir über Bord, um uns ſelbſt nur zu retten, und gehn doch wohl auch unter; oder, wenn wir endlich landen und uns geborgen nennen, ſo ſind wir Bettler, und es verlohnt ſich nicht, das nackte Leben fortzuleben.

Nacht und Schlaf unterbrachen endlich dieſe Klagen.

In einem Winkel der Vorſtadt lebte in einer unbemerkten Hütte eine alte, ſonderbare Frau, ganz von der Welt zurückgezogen, die bei den Nachbarn, vielen Prieſtern und denen, die nicht blos weltlich geſinnt, und ſich um die Einſamen bekümmerten, in dem Ruf der Heiligkeit ſtand. Sie war ſo arm, daß ſie bettelte und nur von Almoſen und Wohlthaten lebte. Für ſich ſelbſt bedurfte ſie faſt nichts, ſie lebte von Brot und Waſſer, und verſagte ſich jede Erquickung, denn das Gebet und der fleißige Beſuch der Kirche war ihre höchſte Labſal. Aber verarmte, elternloſe Kinder unterſtützte ſie, brachte ſie in den Häuſern armer, gutwilliger Handwerker unter, und ſprach darum die Wohlthätigkeit Gutgeſinnter an, um die Pflegeeltern der Waiſen zu unterſtützen. Für diejenigen, die ſchwer krank lagen, die keine Hülfe hatten, bettelte ſie unermüdet bei den Vornehmen, und zürnte nie, oder klagte, wenn ſie auch wieder und immer wieder, oft mit harten Worten, abgewieſen wurde, nicht ſelten von den übermüthigen Dienſtboten oder von ſolchen Reichen, die noch niemals von ihr vernommen hatten, gemißhandelt wurde.

So wie ſie aus ihrer finſtern Hütte auf die Straße trat, fiel ſie Allen am Licht des Tages als ein ſonderbares Schauſpiel auf. Sie war mit Lumpen bedeckt, in Holzſchuhen ging ihr nackter Fuß, die greiſen Haare ſtrebten reich und lang aus einer ſchwarzen, kleinen Tuchmütze hervor, die ſich eng dem Kopfe anſchloß. Ihre weißen, ſtruppigen und langen Augenbraunen verſchatteten die dunkeln großen Augen. Ihr Antlitz war kreideweiß, am meiſten die lange vorſtehende Naſe. So erſchien ſie Allen, vorzüglich der Jugend, wie ein Leichnam, oder wie ein Geſpenſt. Die Buben auf den Straßen nannten ſie nur die alte verrückte Gertrude, und liefen ihr ſchreiend und ſie verhöhnend nach; die ſchlimmſten warfen ſie dann mit Steinen, und würden ſie verwundet, wohl gar getödtet haben, wenn die ältern Leute die Frechen nicht gehemmt und beſtraft hätten. Sie ſelbſt aber blieb immer ruhig und freundlich, erwiederte niemals ein böſes Wort, beklagte ſich auch nicht, ſondern wandelte fort, ohne ſich nur nach den Scheltenden und Höhnenden umzuſehen.

Der Küſter Wundrich, ein kleines, ſtets heiteres Männchen, wandelte jetzt nach der ſtillen, einſamen Gaſſe, in welcher die Hütte der Alten lag. Er kannte ſie und brachte ihr das, was ihm von weichherzigen Menſchen war mitgetheilt worden, damit ſie es an die verarmten Kinder und nothleidenden Kranken vertheilen könne.

Indem Wundrich ſich der Hütte näherte, überlegte er noch einmal, wie er am beſten ſeinen Auftrag ausrichten könne; denn ſo freundlich, ruhig und demüthig die Alte war, ſo hatte er doch ſchon die Erfahrung gemacht, daß es nicht immer leicht ſei, ſie zu einer Sache zu bereden, die ihrer Gemüthsweiſe entgegen war.

Leiſe öffnete er die kleine Thür, und indem er die innere öffnen wollte, ſprang ihm eine Ziege ſo heftig entgegen, daß ſie ihn bald umgerannt hätte. Sieh da! ſieh da! rief der kleine Mann aus, was ſchafft ſich denn unſre alte Wahrſagerin für gehörnte Freunde an, die den Fremden ſo ungeſtüm begrüßen? Stille, ſtille Kind! Du mußt bei unſrer feinſprechenden Gertrud um eine beſſere Erziehung bitten.

Er machte die Thüre auf, und vor ihm drängte ſich die Ziege in die kleine, finſtre Stube. Nur wenig Licht fiel durch die runden, verfinſterten Scheiben, am grellſten hob ſich ein hölzerner Chriſtus am Kreuz hervor, der lebensgroß die eine ganze Wand bedeckte, mit Farben bemahlt. Der vermagerte Leichnam, mit den ſtark hervorgetriebenen Rippen in der hochgewölbten Bruſt, dünnen Beinen und Armen war einer jener widerwärtigen, mit denen viele Kirchen und Kapellen verunziert waren.

Die Alte kauerte im Winkel, ſo klein zuſammengezogen, daß ſie faſt unſichtbar war. Wundrich entdeckte ſie an der Ziege, die ſich vor ſie ſtellte, um von der Alten gemelkt zu werden. Bei dieſem Geſchäft kehrte das Thier ſein kluges Geſicht mit den ſtarren großen und geſpaltnen Augen zu dem Küſter wie höhniſch herum, als wenn es ihm deutlich machen wolle, wie viel Recht es habe, in der Kammer zu ſein.

Die Alte begrüßte ihren Bekannten mit einer kleinen Bewegung des Hauptes, indem ſie ungeſtört, und ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, ihr Geſchäft verrichtete. So habt Ihr Euch ja eine Geſellſchafterin zugelegt, ſagte Wundrich; die Einſamkeit iſt Euch doch wohl zu läſtig geworden. Der Springinsfeld iſt aber für Eure Haushaltung etwas zu munter, wenn Ihr ihn nicht als Thürhüter anſtellen wollt, der mit Hörnerſtößen die Fremdlinge von Eurem Palaſte abweiſt.

Die Alte ging jetzt, ohne nur aufzuſehen, mit der Schale, in welcher ſie die Milch gefaßt hatte, ſtillſchweigend in eine finſtre Kammer. Nach einiger Zeit kam ſie zurück, öffnete ſtumm die große Thür und ließ die Ziege heraus, die nach dem Hofe ſprang, auf welchem ſich ein ſchmaler Grasplatz befand.

So, ſagte Wundrich, nun ſind wir allein und kein Menſch kann unſer geheimes Geſpräch behorchen und verrathen. Nicht wahr? Nun, ſo redet doch, alte gute Meiſterin, die Ihr hier abſeits wie eine Hexe oder Zauberin wohnt. Kocht Ihr brav Liebestränke? Beſchwört Ihr Euch wohl ſelbſt ein Liebchen daher? Kommen viele Kunden zu Euren Sprüchen? Warum redet Ihr denn heute ſo gar nichts?

Wenn Ihr vernünftig anfangt, ſagte die Alte, ſo giebt es vielleicht etwas zu antworten.

Hier, ſagte der Küſter, nehmt, was mir eingekommen.

Ohne das Paket anzuſehen, legte es die Alte in einen Kaſten.

Es iſt Gold dabei, ſagte Wundrich, verzettelt es nicht; ich bringe Euch diesmal viel.

Viel oder wenig, ſagte Frau Gertrud; es iſt da und wird morgen nicht mehr da ſein; die Noth wächſt immer, wie die Saat auf dem Felde, und das Almoſen will immer nicht zur Sichel werden, es zu ſchneiden. — Setzt Euch.

Wohin? ſagte Wundrich; altes Kind, ich werde mich, wie die Ziege vorher, da auf vier Beine hinſtellen, und Euch ſo in das blaſſe Angeſicht ſchauen.

Da, antwortete ſie, iſt der kleine Schemel unter dem Kreuz; lehnt Euch an das.

Und ſo dem Heiland den Rücken kehren? fragte der Geiſtliche.

Das thut ihr ja doch immer, erwiederte ſie; wenn er Euch einmal anblickte, würdet Ihr Euch die unnützen Reden abgewöhnen. Ihr ſeid gut, aber Ihr könntet noch viel beſſer werden.

Der Küſter ſetzte ſich auf den niedern Schemel und lehnte ſich an das Bild; die Alte aber kauerte wieder in ihren Winkel und nahm einen Roſenkranz in die dürren Hände.

Wie geht's Euch ſonſt? fragte Wundrich.

Wie immer, antwortete ſie, gut; ich kann meinem Schöpfer und Heiland nicht dankbar genug ſein, wie ich hier ſchon im irdiſchen Leben ſo überſchwenglich glücklich bin.

Es iſt erbaulich, ſagte er, daß Ihr Euch ſo begnügt. Aber neulich, als Euch die Buben ein Loch in den Kopf geworfen hatten, das Euch viele Schmerzen machte; wie war es da?

Ach! erwiederte ſie faſt lachend, ich habe durch meine Sünden viel Schlimmeres verdient.

Ihr ſündigt nicht, Alte! rief Wundrich gerührt, ſchweigt ſtill, Sybille, und läſtert Euch nicht ſelber, gutes, liebes Weib.

Ihr kennt mich nicht, ſagte ſie gelaſſen, ich bin ſo ſündig, wie irgend ein Menſch, und der Herr iſt ſo gütig und freundlich gegen mich, daß er nicht mit mir in's Gericht hat gehen wollen. Die Wunde iſt ganz geheilt, und ich kann den Kopf beſſer brauchen als jemals. O die Gnade, die mir der Herr erwieſen hat! Ich konnte krank ſein, und bin geſund; ich könnte weit weg im Heidenlande leben, und bin hier als Chriſtin geboren, von frommen Eltern, in der Nähe ſchöner Kirchen und ehrwürdiger Prieſter, ich könnte gottlos und verſtockt ſein, und der Herr hat durch ſeine Gnade mein Herz ſchon vor vielen Jahren angerührt; ich könnte blind und taub ſein, aber ich vernehme die heiligen Glocken, ich höre den Geſang der Kirche, ſein Wort dringt durch mein Ohr in meine Seele; ich ſehe ſeine Sonne und ſeine Geſtirne, ja ſchon früh fällt und ſchleicht ein Strahl durch die matten Scheiben und vergüldet das todte Antlitz meines Heilandes dort, der dann wie mit Stimmen zu mir ſpricht, und wie mit Liebesblicken in mein Herz hinein leuchtet.

Liebe alte Segensſprecherin, fing Wundrich wieder an, der Dechant Dubos iſt ein verſtändiger Mann und meint es gut mit Euch. Ihr ſollt Euch im Spital ſelbſt eine Zelle ausſuchen, da wird man Euch verpflegen; Ihr ſeid der Kirche näher, Ihr braucht nicht mehr Almoſen zu heiſchen, und Euer hülfloſes Alter iſt ganz ruhig und ohne Sorgen. Der Herr ſchätzt Euch hoch, er hat von Eurem Wandel gehört; er wünſcht, daß Eure Tugend belohnt werde, und daß Ihr doch endlich die guten Tage kennen lernt.

Küſter, ſagte Gertrud verdrießlich, ſchwatzt nicht ſo albern, wo wäre Tugend an mir zu finden? Wenn ich für meine Kinderchen bettle, ſo gehe ich nur meinem Vergnügen nach, und kein Menſch ſoll mir dieſe Freude nehmen. Dann ſehe ich die Kleinen ſelbſt, wie ſie gedeihen, ob ſie die rechte Pflege haben; tröſte die Kranken, gebe den armen Pflegeeltern, und bin ſo froh in meiner Seele, daß ich laut dem Geber aller Güter danken muß. Was geht mir hier ab? Die alte Stube verlaſſe ich einmal nicht. Was kümmert mich der Herr Dechant, ſo ſehr ich ihn verehre! Er ſoll mich in Ruhe laſſen, ſo wie ich ihn nicht ſtöre. Giebt er mir Almoſen, um ſo beſſer für meine Kinderchen; kann und will er nicht, ſo werde ich auch nicht über ihn klagen.

Der Biſchof von Beruth, fuhr der Küſter fort, möchte Euch in ſeiner Nähe haben, er nennt Euch eine heilige Frau und ein Muſter für die Chriſtenheit. Geht es nach ihm, ſo bleibt Ihr nicht arm, ſondern ſtellt Euch in der Stadt an die Spitze einer frommen Schweſterſchaft, [illegible]waltet das Almoſen und ſeid ſelbſt der Noth enthoben, [illegible]nießt noch Ehre und Achtung; und gebt ſo Veranlaſſung, daß ſich die chriſtliche Gemeine an Euch erbaue.

Küſter! Küſter! rief die Alte, wahrlich, wahrlich, ich ſage Euch, Ihr ſeid ein Schalk! Ihr wollt mir da von einem frommen Biſchofe etwas aufbinden, das ihm keine Ehre macht, wenn er es geſagt haben ſollte. So ſelten ſollte es um einfältige Chriſten ſtehn, daß man ſie bei mir, hier in der Hütte, aufſuchen müßte! Ein Biſchof, ein Geſalbter des Herrn ſollte ſo gottloſe, troſtloſe Reden führen! Ein armes Bettelweib bin ich, das ſo, wie Andre an Tanz und Mahl, ihre Luſt an Betteln hat; ich ließe es gewiß, wenn es mir nicht Spaß machte. Und hört, Küſtermann, ich will weder den Herrn Dechanten, noch den Herrn Biſchof ſehen; ich will nichts verhandeln und thun, was mir noch in meinen alten Tagen meinen oft zerſchlagenen Kopf verrücken könnte. Ja, ich habe viel erlebt, und denke und meine über vieles hinweg zu ſein. Aber man lernt die Welt und ſich niemals zu Ende kennen, denn der Menſch bleibt dumm und voll böſer Trachtens, wenn er auch Methuſalems Jahre erreichen ſollte. Das fehlt noch, daß ſie mir die Schüſſel des geiſtlichen Hochmuthes ſo nahe rückten, daß der betäubende kräftige Geruch mir in die Naſe ſtiege, und mich dort hinſetzte, um davon zu naſchen und zu ſpeiſen. Jeder Menſch muß ſich das aus dem Wege ſtellen, was ſeinen Glauben irrt. Vermögen, Anſehn, Ehre, Aufſehn machen, das alles könnte mich weit, weit weg führen. Für mich iſt die Armuth, der Hohn der Knaben, der Uebermuth der Großen, der Ekel, mit dem die Reichen auf mich herab ſehen; dieſe Demüthigung iſt mir werth, denn mein Herz war böſe und eitel, und erſt, da mir der Herr ſo gnädig war, mich ſo zu führen, wie jetzt, bin ich glücklich geworden.

Der Küſter ward ſtill und dachte über die wunderbare Gemüthsart der Alten. Er merkte, daß alles, was ihm aufgetragen war, bei ihrem feſten Sinne nicht durchzuſetzen ſei. Er wollte ihr deutlich machen, daß ſie entweder als Vorſteherin einer Schweſterſchaft mehr Gelegenheit finde, wohlthätig zu ſein, oder, ſelbſt [illegible]aus, Geld und Eigenthum beſitzend, mit weit mehr Sicherheit ihrem ſchönen Gefühle folgen könne. Im Großen, beſchloß er, könnt Ihr, gute Frau, dann das thun und ausüben, was Euch jetzt ſchon glücklich macht. Dieſes Glück wird Euch aber doch durch eignen Mangel, durch die Hartherzigkeit der Menſchen und durch ſo manches Hinderniß verkümmert, welches Euch nachher nicht mehr quälen würde.

Freund, ſagte ſie immer noch verdrießlich, laßt ab von mir, denn Ihr werdet mich doch nicht überreden. Daß ich ganz arm, und bettelarm bin, das iſt meine Freude und meine Andacht. Mein Heiland hatte auch nicht, wo er ſein Haupt hinlegte. Wenn ihr meinen Sinn nicht verſteht, ſo laßt mir wenigſtens Ruhe. Faſt alle Menſchen glauben, ſie fingen erſt an zu leben, wenn ſie Eigenthum erwerben. Ich habe alles verloren und vergeudet, und ſeitdem iſt mir erſt wohl. Der heilige Vater Franciscus und mancher Andre, auch Sankt Rochus, Alexius, dachten eben ſo. Es iſt eine Seligkeit ſchon hier auf Erden, ganz arm zu ſein und nichts zu beſitzen. Nun weine ich nicht mehr über die Bettler, Hülfloſen und Kranken, nun gehöre ich ſelbſt zu dieſer Gilde, und kann erſt glauben, daß alle meine Brüder ſind. Wie andre Menſchen ſich nach Freuden, Muſik und Tanz und großen Feſten ſehnen, ſo ging meine Sehnſucht auf dieſe Armuth hin. Jeder muß wiſſen, wie er in ſeinem Glauben treu ſein und verbleiben kann.

Sagt mir, alte Verwunderliche, fragte der Küſter, iſt denn das nicht auch vielleicht eine Eitelkeit, daß Ihr ſo das Erſtaunen Eurer Freunde, der Nachbarn und des Volkes erregen wollt?

Ihr ſeid ein Verſucher! rief ſie aus, darüber werde ich im Stillen meinen Heiland befragen und Euch nächſtens Antwort ſagen. Ach! Ihr Weltlichen, Ihr wißt nicht, wie vieles Ihr aufgebt, um nur Menſchenkinder zu ſein, um Euch mit Weisheit, Glück, Reichthum zu blähen und den Andern überzuragen. Unten, im Staube liegen, von Allen verachtet ſein, von den Stolzen mit Füßen getreten zu werden, o, das iſt das liebe Wohlbehagen, die ſüße Einſamkeit des Herzens und der Liebe. Wer noch Sorgen hat und Vermögen, Haus und Kind, der kann den Heiland nicht aus vollem, überwallenden Herzen lieben. Und wer noch etwas vorſtellen will und irdiſche Ehre genießen, der iſt nicht ruhig, der fließt und fluthet noch in Drangſalen hin und her.

Nun, wie Ihr wollt, ſagte Wundrich; ſagt ja doch das Sprichwort: des Menſchen Wille iſt ſein Himmelreich.

Ja wohl, antwortete die Alte, die jetzt redſelig geworden war; nur muß der Menſch auch einen wahren Willen haben, der ihm die rechte Stelle in ſeiner Welt anweiſt. Ich bin todt und lebe nur noch der Gnade. Der Kirchengeſang, die Meſſe, — ach! lieber Freund und Herr — wenn ich das Haus Gottes betrete, und der feierliche hohe Dom umfängt mich ſo liebreich und ehrwürdig: da fällt doch gleich jeder Zweifel, jede irdiſche Angſt zu Boden. Der Duft des Rauchwerkes, die Stimme des Prieſters vom Altar weckt, ſo wie ich mich nun niederwerfe, eine ſehnende Inbrunſt in meinem Herzen auf. Die brennenden Kerzen erinnern mich mit ihrer ſtillen Flamme an das Geheimniß der Welt und Schöpfung, und ein ſüßes Grauen wandelt in meinem Weſen auf und ab, was ſie bedeuten könnten. Ich ſinne und bete, und der Schöpfer und der Heiland rühren mit inwendigem, unausgeſprochenem Worte meine Seele an. Da iſt in mir eine Liebe über alle Liebe, eine Seligkeit und Wonne; ein himmliſches Athmen, und nun klingt die Glocke und die Wandlung iſt geſchehen, da geht der Schauer durch alle Adern und das Mark der Gebeine, und ich weiß, daß ich eine Chriſtin bin und der nahe, verkörperte Heiland mich liebt.

Die Augen der Alten leuchteten, und Wundrich betrachtete ſie mit Erſtaunen. So komme ich denn, fuhr ſie fort, neugeſtärkt nach Hauſe. Warum ſoll ich mich in meinem Weſen und Beruf ſtören laſſen! Wozu Geld, Weltlichkeit, beſſere Speiſe! Ihr wißt es auch nicht, der Ihr Euch in den Häuſern umtreibt, welche Kraft, Herrlichkeit und Wohlgeſchmack im klaren, friſchen Waſſer webt und kühlt. Der Brunnen drüben, aus welchem ich ſchöpfe, iſt mir faſt wie meine irdiſche Kirche. Er giebt mir die Genüge und Fülle.

Bücher ſehe ich auch, ſagte der Küſter.

Nur wenige, antwortete ſie. Ach! die ſüßen Geſänge auf die heilige Jungfrau, die ich alle auswendig weiß, und mir ſo herſage und in ihnen bete, wenn ich mir eine rechte Freude einmal machen will.

Haſt du, Seele, nicht für Wunden
Süßen Balſam aufgefunden,
Wenn in Glanz und Abendblüthen
Geht die Herrin der Natur,
Wonneklang auf ihrer Spur,
Troſt und Heilung allen Nöthen!

Wie im Frühlingsabend Haine
Von dem Nachtigallton durchklingen,
So ertönt, wenn ich ihr weine,
Der Holdſel'gen ſüßes Singen,
Ach, die Königin, die reine,
Will ſich gern hernieder ſchwingen,
Sag' ich, was ich lieb' und meine,
Wird ſie Englein mit ſich bringen,
Kinder, lachende Geſtalten,
Die in klaren Händen halten
Blumen duftend, weiße Blüthen,
Himmels-Roſen, Troſt und Segen,
Die mir alle Noth vergüten,
Lind ſich um die Seele legen.

Blüthen hüllen wie Gewande
Weich den liebekranken Geiſt,
Zitternd ſprengt er ſeine Bande,
Und die Erdenhülle reißt.

Flügel werden Glück' und Kranz,
Leicht entfliegt er auf zum Licht,
Und nun ſieht er noch im Glanz
Ach! Mariens Angeſicht.

Wo ſie hinblickt, ſproßet Glauben,
Lieb' und Sehnſucht in der Welt,
Fliegen wie die weißen Tauben
Durch das lichte Himmelszelt,
Aus dem Lächeln träuft Verſöhnen
Wie Rubinen
Hoffnung thauend in das Herz
Starrer Sünder, und es ſchmelzen
Aller Gottesläugnung Felſen,
Und in wunderſüßem Schmerz
Kommt der Verirrende
Sich ſelig Verirrende,
Wie ihn die weihende
Mutterhand der Liebe rühret
Und zum Heiland zärtlich führet.

Zürnen kannſt du nicht, nur klagen,
Die den Heiland nicht vertragen
Wenn dein Mund die Bitten ſpricht,
Wollen Sohn und Vater ſchelten,
Wirſt du ſelber für den Frechen,
Der dich höhnt, noch freundlich ſprechen,
Nicht darf er die Sünd' entgelten,
Dein Schutz fehlt uns nimmer nicht.

Dies iſt, ſagte der Küſter Wundrich, aus einem Gedichte meines Freundes Sabitt, des alten Malers.

So! antwortete die Alte, des Mannes, den ſie den Einfaltspinſel oder den dummen Abt nennen, um ihn zu verſpotten! Ich habe es ſchon vor vielen Jahren ſingen hören.

Nun ſo lebt wohl, gute Freundin, ſagte Wundrich, indem er ſich erhob. In dieſem Augenblick ertönte aus der kleinen Kammer ein lautes Geſchrei, und die Alte rannte ſchnell hinein. In der Eile vergaß ſie die Thüre zuzuſchließen, und der Küſter, welcher neugierig geworden war, näherte ſich leiſe und ſchaute durch die Spalte. Ein ſchwer Verwundeter, der den Ausdruck eines Sterbenden hatte, lag auf dem ſchlechten Lager. Es ſchien, daß ſich im Schlummer ein Verband gelöſt hatte, denn die Alte ſtillte das Blut und legte friſche Leinwand um, nachdem ſie eine Salbe aufgeſtrichen hatte. Wundrich war erſtaunt und erſchrocken, denn er glaubte den Verwundeten zu erkennen. Nachdem die Alte den Kranken getröſtet hatte, und er wieder beruhigt war, reichte ſie ihm eine Schale Milch, die er mit Begier ausleerte. Sie machte ihm ſein Lager wieder zurecht, betete über ihm, ſegnete ihn ein und ging dann in ihre dunkle Stube zurück. Sie ſchien zu erſchrecken, als ſie die Thür offen ſah, und verſchloß ſie mit dem Ausdruck des Unwillens.

Gute alte Mutter, fing Wundrich wieder an, Ihr thut immer noch mehr Gutes, als man ſchon von Euch weiß, oder Euch zutraut. Wird es Euch denn nicht zu viel in Eurem hohen Alter?

Ach was! ſagte ſie mit zögernder Stimme, warum zu viel? Der Herr ſchenkt mir ja zu ſolchem Dienſte Geſundheit und Leibeskräfte. Er hat mir vor drei Wochen dieſen Leidenden vor meine Schwelle gelegt, und ich nahm in der Nacht, als er mir ſchon wie ein Sterbender vorkam, dieſen Armen in mein kleines Haus. Es war eine furchtbare Schlägerei geweſen, ein Paar Menſchen blieben todt, dieſen hatten ſie auch ſo liegen laſſen. Als ich nach Mitternacht heraustrat, ächzte er ſchwer. Ich legte ihn dort in das Bett und verband ſeine Wunden, die ſehr ſchlimm und tief waren. Er murmelte allerhand unverſtändliches Zeug, und wollte mir viel erzählen. Ich verlangte aber nichts zu wiſſen, denn dieſe Welthändel gingen mich nichts an. Als er am andern Tage etwas mehr bei ſich war, bat er mich, keinem Menſchen etwas davon zu ſagen, daß er bei mir ſei. So habe ich ihn gepflegt, und ſeine ſchlimmen Wunden, die erſt immer weiter um ſich fraßen, fangen nun endlich an, einen beſſern Anſchein zu gewinnen. Der Arme iſt mir ſeitdem ſehr lieb geworden, und ich möchte ihn ſchon nicht entbehren. Ich bin kein ſchlechter Wundarzt, und ich verpflege ihn beſſer wie es im Spital geſchehen würde. Zu ſeinem Beſten habe ich auch die Ziege angeſchafft, deren Milch ihm gut bekommt und ſeine ſcharfen Säfte mildert. Ich tröſte ihn, und der arme Menſch wendet ſich durch meine ſchwache Bemühung ſeinem Heilande mehr zu, als er früher gethan haben mag. Da der Elende nicht zur Kirche gehen kann, ſo leſe ich ihm Gebete vor, er hört dazu das Läuten von ferne, ich ſperre dieſe Thür auf, und er ſieht von ſeinem Lager den gekreuzigten Heiland hier an der Wand. So leben wir mit einander, und er iſt froh, daß er mein Gaſt geworden iſt; ich fühle mich glücklich, dieſen unverhofften Beſuch in meinem kleinen Haushalt bekommen zu haben. Wenn Ihr mich aber lieb habt, Küſter, ſo erzählt keinem Menſchen, daß Ihr den armen Unglücklichen in meinem Hauſe gefunden habt. Er will es auch nicht, daß irgend ein Menſch darum wiſſe.

Ich glaube das gern, antwortete Wundrich; Ihr aber, Alte, müßt ja doch erfahren, wen Ihr beherbergt, denn es iſt ja kein anderer, als der Mörder Denis, den unſer Herzog, und noch mehr der Prinz Carl, ſchon ſeit einigen Monaten ſo eifrig ſuchen laſſen. Er hat einen Freund des Herzogs heimtückiſch erſchlagen, einen Jüngling, der mit dem Liebling des Herzogs, dem reichen, hochmüthigen Keſtein, nahe verwandt iſt. Der Strauß von neulich, hier in der Vorſtadt, iſt gewiß entſtanden, weil ihn die Herzoglichen, oder Freunde des Grafen Crops haben greifen oder aus dem Wege räumen wollen. Frau, Frau, welche Verantwortung zieht Ihr Euch zu, wenn Ihr ſolchen Sünder bei Euch verſteckt haltet.

Seht Ihr, wie Ihr nun ſeid, ſagte die Alte bittend, Ihr Leute nehmlich, die Ihr noch immer in der Welt leben wollt! Sünder, Mörder, alle die Worte und Schimpfreden fließen Euch ſo leicht von der Zunge, als wenn ſie nichts zu bedeuten hätten. Er hat mir ja vielleicht Alles ſelbſt gebeichtet. Wir ſind zumal Alle arme Sünder vor dem Herrn. Er war ſterbend, blutend, zerſchlagen, und mein Bruder. Was gehen mich Eure Händel und Verſchwörungen und Verfolgungen an, wo faſt immer einer ſo frevelhaft verſchuldet iſt wie der andere! Ihr ſolltet, als ein Geiſtlicher, beſſer denken. Darum ſagt auch kein Wort, weder dem Biſchof, noch Diaconus, noch irgend einem Menſchen, von meinem lieben Gaſt. Wollt Ihr mir das verſprechen!

Der Küſter ſtand nachdenklich. Ich kann ihn ja jetzt noch nicht aus dem Hauſe werfen! rief die Alte ungeduldig; er kann noch nicht gehen und ſtehen, er kann ſich nicht regen, ſo ſchlimm haben ſie den Armen zugerichtet.

Ich kann es Euch nicht ſo unbedingt verſprechen, antwortete Wundrich: denn wenn die Sache entdeckt wird, ſo würde ich auch meines Schweigens halb verantwortlich. Der junge Herr iſt gar ſo argwöhniſch, der alte Herr ſchwach, die Crops grauſam und leichtſinnig und der großthuende Keſtein ein ſchadenfroher Narr. So kommt man, mag man faſt nur auf ihren Schatten treten, in Verwicklung und Elend, aus dem man ſich nicht wieder herausſtricken kann.

Küſter, rief die Alte beängſtigt, nur acht Tage haltet Euer gewiſſenhaftes, politiſches Maulwerk. Es wird Euch ja kein Menſch darum befragen. Was wären denn meine Liebesdienſte, wenn ſie den Hülfloſen mir von meinem armſeligen Bette wegriſſen, um ihn zu quälen, zu foltern, oder hinzurichten! So hätte ich ihn ja nur eingefangen, um ihn tückiſch der Marter zu überliefern. Da müßte ich es ja verwünſchen, daß ich Euch nur je gekannt, daß ich nur je die kleinſte Gabe von Euch angenommen hätte. Immer, immer noch bin ich mit der Welt zu ſehr verwickelt. Im Walde ſollte ich leben, und auch keinem Geiſtlichen trauen, und keinen mit Augen ſehen, — und beſſer noch, ſterben! — Laßt mir meinen armen Freund ungeſtört, den armen Verblutenden. Ihm wäre ja ſonſt beſſer geweſen, ich hätte ihn an der kalten Nachtluft liegen und hinfahren laſſen. — O du mein Heiland! ich glaubte nun ſo ruhig ſein zu können, ſo von allem Wirrwarr des verächtlichen Lebens erlöſt, und nun muß wieder ein einziger Augenblick, ein dummer Leichtſinn, eine Vergeßlichkeit, daß ich die Thür nicht zuſchließe, die Jämmerlichkeit muß mich wieder allen Sorgen und Qualen überliefern, als wenn ich noch jung und rathlos wäre, wie damals. Küſter, Ihr könnt nicht ſo ruchlos ſein, mir meinen armen Schelm und Schächer verrathen zu wollen.

Gebt Euch zufrieden, ſagte der Küſter gerührt, ich verſpreche Euch, nichts zu ſagen. Es war ja auch möglich, daß ich ihn nicht ſah, daß ich ihn nicht erkannte; ich habe mich auch wohl geirrt, und der Leidende iſt ein ganz anderer. Es iſt finſter bei Euch, meine Augen ſind nicht die beſten.

Recht! rief die Alte, wir wollen uns beide recht tüchtig etwas vorlügen, um nur gute, milde Chriſten zu bleiben, um uns durch die Wahrheit nicht zu Henkersknechten zu machen. Ihr ſeid beſſer, Herr Wundrich, als ich geglaubt habe. Haltet Euch wacker, und ich werde Euch immer danken.

Jetzt nahm der Küſter von der Alten, die mehr beruhigt ſchien, Abſchied. Die Alte begleitete ihn, und als ſie auf den Gang kamen, lief die Ziege vom Hofe zu ihnen und drängte ſich ſchmeichelnd an Gertrud. Dieſe machte die Hausthür auf, um den Beſuch zu entlaſſen; aber obgleich die Alte ihre Ziege bei den Hörnern feſt hielt, ſo ſprang dieſe doch vor dem Küſter vorbei und auf die Straße hinaus. Die alte Frau lief ihrer Ziege nach, rief und lockte, nannte ſie mit den zärtlichſten Namen, und der Küſter half, ſo gut er konnte. Das Haus ward verſchloſſen, aber die Ziege war ſchon in die nächſte Gaſſe gerathen, und die Alte winkte dem Geiſtlichen, ihr zu folgen und den Flüchtling einfangen zu helfen.

Der Küſter wurde immer verlegener. Er wollte der Alten, die ihm als eine fromme, faſt heilige Frau erſchien, nicht ſeinen Dienſt verſagen, und doch fürchtete er, in dieſer Treibjagd lächerlich zu erſcheinen, da ſich ſchon einige junge Buben aus den Häuſern verſammelten, um der Alten und ihrer Ziege nachzulaufen. Seine Gutmüthigkeit ſiegte dennoch über ſeine Aengſtlichkeit, und er rannte in die andre Gaſſe, um die Ziege der ſchreienden Alten entgegen zu ſcheuchen. Die kluge Ziege aber, als wenn ſie dieſen Kriegesplan begriffe, rannte wieder in eine andre Nebengaſſe, um dieſe Abſicht zu vereiteln. Da ein Hallo in dieſem abgelegenen Viertel der Stadt ertönte, ſammelten ſich immer mehr der müßigen Jungen, die theils der Alten, theils der Ziege nachliefen. Am ſchlimmſten aber wurde es, als eine ganze Schule aus einem finſtern Hauſe brach und den Tumult zur Reife brachte. Einige der größeren Jungen kannten die alte Gertrud und ſchrieen: Hexe! Hexe! Andere riefen: Ihr Kobold, die Ziege, iſt ihr weggelaufen! Halloh! halloh! Andere riefen dazwiſchen: Der Beſchwörer, der Hexenmann iſt auch gekommen! Auf ſie drein! auf die Sünder! — Der Küſter wollte ſich in Autorität ſetzen und rief: Still! ungezogene Bengel! Ich bin der Küſter von der Cathedrale! Die fromme Gertrud iſt eine ſtille, wohlthätige, heilige Frau! Ich werde Euch, boshaftes Geſindel, der Strafe überliefern!

Das Getümmel aber war ſchon ſo laut geworden, daß ſeine Ermahnung wie ſein zürnendes Wort erfolglos verhallte. Einer von den Buben warf mit Obſt nach der alten Frau; der Apfel flog ziſchend an ihren Rücken, und ein allgemeines Gelächter jubelte. Hierauf griffen einige zu Steinen, und Wundrich wie Gertrud wurden von größeren und kleineren getroffen. Schon fiel die Alte wehklagend nieder, und es würde wahrſcheinlich auch dem Küſter ſchlimm ergangen ſein, wenn jetzt nicht eine Anzahl von Männern, die durch die Straße gingen, dem Unfug geſteuert hätten. Am ſchnellſten aber ſtiftete der Dechant Friede, der mit einigen Dienern von ſeinem Garten herein kam und vom Geſchrei und Toben nach dieſer einſamen Gaſſe war gezogen worden. Ein angeſehener Canonicus, Melchior, welcher ſein Gaſt geweſen war, begleitete ihn. Beim Anblick dieſer vornehmen Geiſtlichen floh die ungezogene Jugend, und der Dechant ſtellte den verwundeten und übel zugerichteten Küſter zur Rede, wie er ein ſolches Aergerniß veranlaſſen, und ſich mit den Jungen auf der Gaſſe ſchlagen könne.

Wundrich vertheidigte ſein Betragen, wie er nur die fromme Gertrud habe retten wollen, jene tugendhafte Alte, die von allen Verſtändigen hoch geehrt werde, und nun dort ſchwer verwundet liege, von den böſen Buben verletzt, wie ihr ſchon, wegen ihres ſonderbaren Aeußern, öfters geſchehen ſei.

Wie! ſagte der Canonicus, jene Bettlerin, die dort liegt, iſt die Gertrud, die man wohl eine Heilige nennen möchte? — Der Dechant rief ebenfalls mit Erſtaunen aus: Himmel! noch niemals habe ich dieſe ehrwürdige Frau geſehn, die wir alle nicht genug achten können: und ſo ſchmählich iſt ſie behandelt worden!

Die Männer eilten mit ihren Dienern nach der Stelle, wo die Alte faſt ohne Bewußtſein lag. So wie ſich das Getümmel verlaufen hatte, war die Ziege auch zurückgekommen und ſtand jetzt ruhig neben Gertruden, und ſah ſie aufmerkſam an, als wenn ſie ſie tröſten wolle. Die Diener nahmen die Alte auf, welche ſtark blutete, und die nur langſam, auf die Männer geſtützt, gehen und ſich bewegen konnte. So ward ſie nach ihrer Hütte geführt, indem der Dechant und der Canonicus ſie aufmunternd und tröſtend begleiteten. Auch der Küſter folgte in einiger Entfernung, und erwartete, daß jene Geiſtlichen an der Thür umkehren, und die Verwundete ihm übergeben würden. Sie ſchloß zitternd auf, und Alle gingen mit ihr, indem die Diener ſie in einen kleinen Seſſel legten. Jetzt wurde dieſen aufgetragen, nach einem Wundarzt zu gehn, und der Canonicus zeigte ſich vorzüglich theilnehmend. Herr Dechant, ſagte er zu ſeinem Freunde gewendet, dieſer Tag iſt mir ein Freuden- und Trauer-Tag, den ich nicht leicht vergeſſen werde. Freudig iſt er mir, da ich Eure edle Geſellſchaft genoſſen habe, und dann noch zur Bekanntſchaft eines Weſens gelangte, das ich, nach meiner Einſicht, heilig nennen muß, wenn man irgend einen Sterblichen alſo nennen darf. Höchſt traurig iſt dieſer Tag, da wir den Hohn und die Schmach geſehn, mit welchem der Pöbel immerdar das Göttliche verfolgt.

Ach Gott! ach Gott! rief die Alte jetzt, ſoll man ſo hohe Herren in meiner Hütte ſehen! Ich bitte, bitte, entfernt Euch, Hochwürdige, damit ich mich wieder beſinnen kann, denn Ihr paßt nicht für dieſe Wände.

Was iſt Euch, was iſt Euch, Mutter Gertrud! tönte jetzt aus der kleinen Kammer eine matte Stimme. — Der Küſter wurde blaß und Gertrud rang die Hände, als ſie ſah, daß ſich der Canonicus erhob. Bleibt! bleibt! ſchrie ſie ängſtlich; laßt die Thüre zu, um Gotteswillen! Erlaubt mir, daß ich in meinem Hauſe auch etwas zu befehlen habe, ich bitte demüthig.

Der Canonicus aber hatte die Thür ſchon geöffnet, ſah hinein, und fuhr mit dem Ausdruck zurück: Wie! der Mörder Denis hier? der meinen Neffen umgebracht hat? der Menſch, den die Fürſten ſo emſig ſuchen laſſen! — Den beherbergt Ihr! — O wunderbarer Tag und höchſt wunderbare Entdeckung!

Die Diener kamen mit dem Wundarzt, welcher die Wunden der Alten, die jetzt wieder ohne Bewußtſein war, unterſuchte und verband. Der Canonicus ſandte die Diener ſogleich wieder nach einer Tragbahre, um den Kranken nach dem Spital zu bringen, der ſich erſchreckt in ſeine Kiſſen verhüllt hatte.

Jetzt kamen die Träger mit der Bahre, und man nahm den Kranken vorſichtig aus dem Bette. Er ſchloß die Augen, indem er durch das Zimmer getragen wurde; die Alte aber erhob ſich weinend und klagend: So wird mir, rief ſie aus, mein theuerſtes Kleinod ſo grauſam entriſſen und geraubt, und von Männern, welche behaupten wollen, daß ſie mich achten und lieben! Ach! der Arme! Nun ſoll er reden, Antwort geben und vielerlei treiben, und kaum hält er noch Leib und Seele zuſammen. Meine Erquickung und Erbauung, mein Troſt geht mit dem Elenden aus meinem Hauſe, und ich weiß nicht mehr, weshalb ich noch leben ſoll.

Der Canonicus trat zu ihr und ſagte: Ich gehe jetzt mit jenem Denis, um ſelber zu ſehn, daß er gut behandelt und ſo verpflegt werde, wie ſein Zuſtand es erfordert. Ihm ſoll, liebe, fromme Frau, kein Unrecht geſchehen, und ich will, wenn es nöthig iſt, ſelber ſein Vertheidiger werden, obgleich er mich am ſchmerzlichſten gekränkt hat.

Er ging mit den Trägern und Dienern fort; der Wundarzt, welcher jetzt mit dem Verbande fertig war, entfernte ſich ebenfalls, mit der Erklärung, daß er am Abend wiederkommen wolle.

Der Dechant ſetzte ſich jetzt zu der Kranken, faßte ihre zitternde Hand und ſagte: Ich irre mich nicht, gute Frau Gertrud, dieſer Schreck und dieſe Wunde haben Euch ſo erſchüttert, daß Ihr aufgereizt und in krampfhaftem Zuſtande Euch befindet. Sammelt Euch wieder, daß Ihr geſund werdet, beruhigt Euch und faßt darin einen Troſt, daß viele rechtſchaffene Männer der Stadt, viele Geiſtliche und fromme Menſchen Eure Aufopferung und Tugend anerkennen. Lebt in der Stadt, in unſerer Nähe, ſo ſeid Ihr auf immer den Mißhandlungen eines rohen Pöbels entzogen.

Nein! nein! rief ſie aus, Ihr könnt mich nicht beſchwatzen, lieber vornehmer Herr Dechant. Ich bin jung geweſen und habe in der Welt gelebt; auch war ich nicht immer ſo arm, wie Ihr mich jetzt ſeht. Kein Vertrauen auf die Vornehmen, keine Freundſchaft mit den Reichen! — Die Liebe Gottes kennen ſie nicht, Mitleid und Erbarmen ſind Ihnen fremd; Eigennutz iſt ihr Kopfkiſſen, Grauſamkeit iſt ihr Bett. Was ſoll ich unter dieſen! Ich habe nicht vor dreißig Jahren ſchon dieſen Zuſtand gewählt, habe nicht damals alles fortgegeben, und befinde mich ſeit ſo langer Zeit wohl und glücklich, um unter Eure billige, kluge, verſtändige Menſchen wieder zurück zu gehn, die für jede Schande und jede Mißhandlung eine ſcheinbare Ausrede haben. Seit ich die Bettler kenne, kenne ich die Herzen, welche mein Heiland angerührt hat. — Aber wahr iſt es, ich bin tief, tief erſchüttert. Seit mein Kleinod aus der Hütte fortgeſchleppt iſt, ſehe ich keinen Troſt für mich. Und die Jungen auf der Straße haben darin recht, daß dieſe Ziege gewiß ein böſer Geiſt oder ein Kobold iſt, der den Armen verrathen und mir das Unglück zugezogen hat. — Küſter, lieber Freund, laßt das böſe Thier gleich nachher abholen, denn ich kann es nicht mehr vor Augen ſehen.

Ihr glaubt nicht, fuhr der Dechant fort, daß Euer Zuſtand mich rührt, daß ich Euch meine Liebe beweiſen möchte. Ihr ſeid zu eigenſinnig und halsſtarrig, und Euer Sinn weiſt meine Freundſchaft zurück! Iſt das fromm und chriſtlich! Iſt es recht!

Herr Dechant, ſagte die Alte, Eure Zunge iſt weich und Eure Stimme ſanft. Mein Geiſt treibt mich an, ich möchte und ſollte Vertrauen zu Euch faſſen, aber dann ſtößt es mich wieder von Euch zurück, Eure Miene, Eure Augen — das Herz zieht ſich zuſammen, und ich möchte weinen und verzweifeln.

Ihr ſeid im Fieber, ſagte der Dechant, und Arznei muß Euch vorerſt helfen.

Ja! ja! rief ſie mit verzerrtem Antlitz und faſt lachend, Krankheit, Wahnſinn iſt Euch Menſchen Alles, was nicht mit Euren feinen Rechnungen ſtimmt. Seit ich mich mit meinem ganzen Herzen zum Heiland gewendet habe, wollte ich mit dieſer geprieſenen Vernunft nichts mehr zu ſchaffen haben. Beten, Mitleid bedürfen und Mitleid üben, hungern und den Hungernden tröſten iſt ſeitdem mein Handwerk geweſen; Ihr, Hochverſtändiger, macht ſo viele Ausnahmen, Ihr findet ſtündlich, der und jener habe ſein Unglück verdient, als wenn Ihr ſelbſt ſchon der Richter waret der Lebendigen und der Todten. — Ja! ja! Ihr habt recht das Antlitz, Herr Dechant, als möchtet Ihr gern Menſchen zu Qualen verdammen! O weh! Euer feuriges, kluges Auge ſchneidet mir durch die Seele! — Ach! Ihr werdet mich und Andre quälen! Nein, Ihr liebt mich nicht! Es ſteht ein dunkler, ſcharfer Geiſt hinter Euch, der es nicht leidet, daß Ihr Euer Herz zu einem ſo armen, alten, häßlichen Weibsbilde wendet. Ja, ja, wie ich ſagte, Ihr auch ſeid grauſam, Ihr habt Freude an der Qual, und die Liebe Gottes iſt nicht in Euch! Weh dem Tage und der Stunde, da ſo vornehme Beſuche in meine Hütte gekommen ſind!

Der Dechant ſah den Küſter mit einem ungewiſſen, fragenden Blicke an, und dieſer, welcher ſich zurückgezogen hatte und am Fenſter ſtand, ſagte: Sie iſt krank, ehrwürdiger Herr, wie Ihr ſelber bemerkt habt, ſie weiß eigentlich nicht mehr, was ſie ſpricht, und darum könnt Ihr auch der Armen nichts zum Uebeln deuten.

Daß ſie meine Freundin iſt, werde ich ihr beweiſen, antwortete der Dechant, ſo wenig ſie auch geneigt ſcheint, meinen Worten Glauben beizumeſſen.

Er gab der Alten die Hand und entfernte ſich nachdenkend, indem er in der Thür noch ſagte: Freund Wundrich, verachtet es nicht, heut Abend noch zu mir zu kommen.

Die Alte ſah dem Scheidenden mit einem ſcharfen Blicke lange nach und ſagte dann, indem ſie ſich wieder aufrichtete:

Ich bin ganz geſund, der Dechant verſteht ſich auf Krankheit nicht beſſer wie auf Chriſtenthum. Ja, ja, er mag ſich nur vorſehen, daß er mit ſeinem anſcheinend guten Willen nicht mein Uebelthäter wird. Sein Verſtand iſt auch nicht einer der hellſten und dauerhafteſten; weltlich ja, aber nach dem Ueberirdiſchen reicht ſein brauner, feuriger Blick nicht, den hat er zu tief in die Gluth der Leidenſchaft getaucht. Wenn man ihm recht ins Auge ſchaut, ſo verſteht man wohl, was die Geiſter zu bedeuten haben, die die Geſtalten der Engel des Lichtes annehmen können. Das iſt nun ſchon Dechant und des Biſchofs rechte Hand, das denkt natürlich darauf, auch Biſchof zu werden. Das Unglück von dieſem, das Leiden von jenem, der Sturz eines Dritten, die Zurückſetzung eines Vierten, das Wohlgefallen der Vorgeſetzten, Schmeichelei dem Mächtigen, nicht widerſprechen dem Herrſcher, dem Fürſten ſich gefällig machen, den Bürger freundlich grüßen, bei den Brüdern für gelehrt und weiſe gelten, das ſind die Staffeln der Leiter, auf welcher dieſe Menſchlein hoch und höher ſteigen. So war aber die Leiter nicht, von welcher Jakob im Traum die Engel hernieder ſteigen ſah. Jene Staffeln waren Demuth, Geduld, Liebe, Freundſchaft und Dienſtbarkeit. Wehe dem, der noch mit der Welt ſich will zu ſchaffen machen, und doch Chriſto angehören. Niemand kann zweien Herren dienen. Ja wohl!

Wundrich ſagte: Alte, liebe Freundin, ich kenne Euch gar nicht wieder. Wo iſt die Geduld von ehemals, die ſtille, einfache Demuth, jene Einfalt, mit der Ihr Euch von allen heftigen Gedanken und Leidenſchaften abwendetet! Thut nicht Andern Unrecht, damit Ihr nicht das größte Unrecht gegen Euch ſelbſt verübt.

Ihr habt Recht, guter Küſter, erwiederte ſie heftig, ich fühl' es, ich bin bezaubert, und die böſe Ziege hat es mir angethan, die Ihr mir auch gleich, das Zauber-Unthier, aus dem Hauſe ſchaffen müßt. Ich ſehe nichts als Elend und Qual. Wohin ich die Augen meiner Seele richte, nur Unruh und Verwirrung, und die ganze Stadt in Aufruhr. Das Böſe wächſt und wächſt, bis es alle guten Kräfte überſchüttet, und Wahnwitz ſitzt am Steuerruder, um in Tod und Verderben hinein zu fahren. Das Auge der Vorſehung iſt verſchwunden, und dunkelſchwarze Wolken ziehn ſich vor des Himmels freundliche Güte. Ich bin nicht mehr die ich bin, und der Dechant weicht und wankt nicht, mir ſelbſt mein eignes Weſen abzuſtreiten. Ihr, Küſter, ſeid auch nicht mehr, wie Ihr wart, oder meine Seele erkennt Euch nicht mehr. Alles ſteht ſchief und krumm, und wie ich einfältig war, ſo wächſt der Stolz der Jugend meiner chriſtlichen Demuth wieder über den Kopf.

Alte, liebe Freundin, ſagt Wundrich, ergebt Euch nur nicht dieſem Schwärmen. Es ſcheint wirklich, daß Euch die Sinnen aus den Fugen gerathen ſind, denn Ihr ſprecht nicht ausbündig klug. Indeſſen erholt ſich auch die Vernunft bei mir manchmal, und macht ein ſolches Wurſtgemengſel von verſchiedenen Gedanken, das, wenn nur der Pfeffer nicht darin geſpart iſt, ſich immer ohne Nachtheil genießen läßt, denn die einfache Koſt des alltäglichen Verſtandes mundet nachher um ſo beſſer. Die Ziege, den ungezogenen Schüler, will ich abholen laſſen, denn wenn Ihr der Creatur die Freundſchaft aufgeſagt habt, ſo iſt unter Euch doch kein rechtſchaffener Umgang mehr möglich. Lebt wohl und beſinnt Euch, altes liebes Weſen, denn Ihr ſeid verſtändig, wenn Ihr nur wollt, ſo ſehr Ihr auch heut auf den Kopf gefallen ſeid.

Lebt wohl, rief ſie ihm nach; werdet Ihr mich denn auch wohl in meiner neuen Wohnung beſuchen!

Wo wollt Ihr denn hin, fragte der Küſter, indem er ſchon in der Thüre ſtill ſtand.

Ich ſehe ſie nur, faſelte ſie, weiß aber nicht, wo ſie liegt, ſie iſt aber noch finſterer, als dieſe, noch unfreundlicher, aber viel Elende ſind in der Nähe, auch hoffärtige, wandelnde, frech umſchauende Leichen. Ja, wir ſind alle zu einer ſeltſamen Hochzeit eingeladen, und die Kerzen und Fackeln brennen hell, das giebt ein Jauchzen und ein Zetergeſchrei, und keiner kennt den andern.

Wundrich ſchüttelte ſein greiſes Haupt, und entfernte ſich mit dem Vorſatze, den Arzt zu ſenden, und ſonſt auf Hülfe für die Arme zu denken, die er ſeit ſo manchem Jahre gekannt und geliebt hatte.

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Indem die Frau Catharina Deniſel die Erfahrungen überdachte, welche ſie ſeit kurzem gemacht hatte, überſchlich ſie das Gefühl, daß ſie an ſich ſelbſt und an denen, die ſie am innigſten ſich verwandt wähnte, von neuem irre wurde. Die Ruhe des Herzens, die ſie errungen hatte, war ihr wieder verloren gegangen, und es war ihr peinlich, alle die Gedanken und Gefühle wieder durchkämpfen zu müſſen, mit welchen ſie glaubte, ſchon ſeit lange Frieden geſchloſſen zu haben.

Als ſich daher wieder eine zahlreiche Geſellſchaft in ihrem Garten verſammelt hatte, konnte ſie die Heiterkeit nicht finden, die man ſonſt an ihr gewohnt war. Der Dechant war zugegen und Friedrich, die Muhmen waren heiter und ſangen. Während der Muſik benutzte der Dechant einen Augenblick, als Catharina aufgeſtanden war, um mit ihr in den Raum eines Fenſters zu treten. Ihr habt mir, ſchöne Frau, begann er, nicht erlaubt, Euch früher zu ſehen und allein zu ſprechen, ich muß daher jetzt dieſe Gelegenheit ergreifen, in welcher wir weniger beobachtet werden. Könnt Ihr nicht vergeſſen und vergeben, was ich Euch neulich im Vertrauen geſagt habe, ſo kann ich eben ſo wenig meine Leidenſchaft aufgeben. Aber warum ſollen wir mit einander grollen und ſchmollen! Wozu den Leuten ein Schauſpiel geben und unnütz Geſchwätz veranlaſſen? Bezwingt Euer Herz, und ſtellt Euch mir wieder ſo unbefangen, wie ehemals, gegenüber.

Es ſei, antwortete ſie nicht ohne Verlegenheit, ich will ſtreben, meine vormalige Heiterkeit wieder zu finden. Und wenn Ihr mich nicht unnöthig quält, ſo erwächſt auch wohl das alte Vertrauen wieder unter uns.

Nur, fuhr er fort, ſeid nicht ſo zurückſtoßend, vermeidet mein Geſpräch nicht ſo auffallend. Euer Weſen ſelbſt iſt ja Freundlichkeit, das Opfer kann Euch ja ſo viel nicht koſten.

Catharina wendete ſich wieder zur Geſellſchaft, zu welcher der Küſter Wundrich getreten war. Dieſer ging dem Dechanten entgegen, und erzählte ihm, wie die alte Gertrud immer noch phantaſire und das Fieber nicht weichen wolle. Die Krankheit der alten Frau hatte Aufſehn in der Stadt gemacht, und alle erkundigten ſich nach dem Zuſtande der Frommen. Es iſt ſeltſam, berichtete der Küſter, wie im Phantaſiren alle ihre Begriffe ſich verwirren. Bald hält ſie ſich für verzaubert und klagt die böſen Menſchen an, die ihr die Bosheit angethan haben, dann verwechſelt ſie ſich mit jenen, und erzählt, ſie ſelbſt ſei dieſe Zauberin, und der böſe Geiſt habe ſich ihr einverleibt, um den ehemaligen guten aus ihr zu vertreiben. So ſucht und verliert ſie ſich abwechſelnd und ich fürchte, ſie hat ihren Verſtand auf immer verloren.

Es iſt zu fürchten, ſagte der Dechant, doch ſind freilich die Beiſpiele ſeit neuerdings nicht ſelten, daß durch die Imagination, böſen ſtrengen Willen, und durch ſeltſame Künſte das Gemüth eines andern bezwungen werden kann.

Wie! Herr Dechant! rief Friedrich aus, mit dergleichen unbegreiflichen Vorſtellungen kann ſich Euer Verſtand vertragen! Das ſind ja eben die verwirrten, gottloſen Begriffe, gegen welche der erlauchte Geiſtliche kämpfen müßte, um ſie gänzlich und auf immer auszurotten.

Junger Mann, erwiederte der Dechant mit einiger Hoheit, ſo lange die Kirche, die Concilien, und alle Kirchenväter nebſt dem Papſte und dem Collegio der Cardinäle die Möglichkeit der Bezauberung, der Einwirkung böſer Geiſter zugeben und als Lehrſatz aufſtellen, ſo lange dieſer nicht von jenen aufgehoben und vernichtet wird, ſind wir beide wohl zu ſchwach und ungelehrt, ihn für Unſinn erklären zu dürfen.

Catharina ſah ihren Verehrer verwundert mit großen Augen an, und Friedrich rief unwillig aus: Nun wahrlich, wenn wir dahin zurück kehren ſollen, ſo iſt es beſſer, Denken und Sinnen aufzugeben, um nur im finſtern Joch des Aberglaubens wieder zu wandeln. Und von Euch, geehrter Mann, hätte ich, wie wir Euern Scharfſinn zu kennen glaubten, dieſen Ausſpruch wohl am wenigſten erwartet, denn wir ſchienen uns über dieſe Punkte zu verſtehen.

Was Zweifel und vertrauliche Mittheilung ſich erlauben, ſagte der Dechant, ſollte von den Klugen auch immer nur als ein Pfand der Freundſchaft angeſehen und geachtet werden. Ein andrer bin ich, als ein armer, irrender Menſch, der Scherz verſteht und befördert, und der ſich auch wohl Zweifel, Einwürfe und Grillen erlauben darf: und ganz ein andrer bin ich als Prieſter oder Bürger des Staates, oder Theilnehmer am großen chriſtlichen Bunde. Wie ich mich den Befehlen meines Herzogs, den Geſetzen der Obrigkeit unterwerfen muß, ſo muß ich auch jenen Satzungen Folge leiſten, die mir die Kirche hinſtellt, wenn meine armen hinfälligen Sinne ſie auch vielleicht nicht begreifen können.

Catharina war verwirrt, Friedrich aber in Zorn. Das iſt es ja, rief er entrüſtet, worüber ſeit Jahrhunderten der Streit der Geiſter hinüber und herüber geht. Wenn die Beſſeren und Klügeren nicht mehr zuſammen halten wollen, ſo werden von dem erſt neu aufgeführten Gebäude die Stützen hinweg geſchlagen, und woran ſollen ſich die Vernünftigen in Zukunft anders erkennen, als an der Vernunft?

Wir wollen nicht ſtreiten, ſagte der Dechant, am wenigſten mit Heftigkeit, denn umſtoßen werden wir die Stellen der geheiligten Offenbarung niemals, in denen von Bezauberten und böſen Geiſtern die Rede iſt, die Erklärungen dieſer hochwichtigen Worte und Erzählungen ſind auch ſchon lange von den ehrwürdigſten Männern, nicht ohne Inſpiration, feſtgeſtellt. Lernen ſollen wir, nicht meiſtern. Aber auch in ſo fern wir uns außer der Kirche, als zweifelnde, irrende Weſen befinden, können wir doch wohl manches begreifen, was auch jener Offenbarung auf natürlichem Wege entgegen kommt. Wer vermag denn die wunderbare Kraft des Willens zu leugnen! Was erfinden, erſtreben, gewinnen wir nicht durch dieſen, wenn wir ihn zur höchſten Kraft und Energie hinauf ſpannen! Soll unſre Herzensliebe auf Freunde, Verwandte und Kinder keinen Einfluß haben? So unſer Gebet, wenn die ganze Inbrunſt des Herzens fleht, die Geiſter der Verſtorbenen nicht erreichen, oder in unſre Nähe ziehn! der Liebende erzählt ja wie oft, daß er die Gedanken und Gefühle ſeiner Verlobten aus weiter Ferne ahndet. — Und wir? Dem böſen, kräftigen Willen, der ſich ganz in ſeiner herben Bosheit zuſammenzieht, ihm ſollte alle Kraft des Wirkens mangeln! Vielleicht iſt dieſer noch ſtärker als jener, da ſich unſre verderbte Natur mehr zum Haß als zur Liebe neigt. Stechend und widerwärtig iſt uns ſchon der Blick manches Menſchen, verletzend ſein Ton, ſchwache Naturen können ſchon durch dieſe der Krankheit nahe kommen. Alſo iſt es auch nicht ganz vernunftwidrig anzunehmen, daß der feſte Vorſatz verdorbener, laſterhafter Menſchen auf die reine Natur verderblich wirken könne, vorzüglich wenn dieſe ſich nicht dagegen wahrt und dem Feinde keine Vorſicht entgegen ſetzt. Will der Rechtgläubige dieſe Wirkung, die eine unſichtbare iſt, durch Geiſter geſchehen laſſen, ſo kann der Zweifler auch gegen dieſen Ausdruck, der dann für Willenskraft ſteht, nicht viel einzuwenden haben. Das Geheimniß iſt aber, daß wir wohl beſtändig von Geiſtern und Engeln umgeben ſind, die uns ſchützen und bewahren, die ſich, wenn wir tugendhaft wandeln und heilig denken, in unſrer Nähe wohl befinden, und uns ſelbſt durch ihre Lieblichkeit läutern und verklären. Die Schrift lehrt uns, daß Engel, und die mächtigſten, glänzendſten, gefallen ſind; ihr Beſtreben kann nur Gott und ſeinen Kräften ſich entgegen richten, ihnen kann nur wohl ſein, wenn der Menſch, das Ebenbild Gottes, ſich verfinſtert, denn der geſchaffene freie Menſch kämpft alsdann dem Licht und dem Himmel entgegen; und dieſe gefallenen Engel ſollten ſich nicht mit dem böſen, gottloſen Gemüthe vereinigen können, und das ſchon geſättigte Herz mit Bosheit überſättigen! dem Sterblichen ſcheinbar zu Dienſten ſein, um ihn zu beherrſchen! Wer das Beſſere glauben kann, muß nicht mit bloßem Zweifel und eigenſinniger Willkühr das Schlimmere leugnen wollen. Uns iſt Flöte und Schalmei Organ für unſere Melodie und Muſik, und wir Menſchen ſind auf ähnliche Art Organ für die Geiſterwelt.

Mit dem Küſter entfernte ſich jetzt der Dechant Marck, und beide wollten für die alte Gertrud Sorge tragen. Die Geſellſchaft begab ſich nun in die Kühle des Gartens, und Friedrich benutzte die Gelegenheit, um ſeiner Freundin Catharina in einen Seitengang zu folgen, der ſie von der übrigen Geſellſchaft etwas abſonderte. Ihr ſeht nicht wohl aus, mein junger Freund, begann die Frau; Ihr warfet mir vorher ſo zornige Blicke zu, daß ich vor ihnen erſchrecken mußte.

Ich bin Euch gefolgt, ſagte Friedrich, um Abſchied von Euch zu nehmen. Ihr hättet mir ja, da Ihr mir ſchon ſo viel vertrautet, auch das hauptſächlichſte Geheimniß enthüllen können, und Euer Weſen, das mir ſo unverſtändlich erſcheint, wäre mir dann wohl klar geworden.

Ich verſtehe Euch nicht, ſagte Catharina; könnt Ihr Euch nicht deutlicher machen!

Nun gut, verſetzte Friedrich bitter, ich will es verſuchen. Warum habt Ihr es mir verſchwiegen, daß Ihr mit dem Dechanten in einer geheimen vertrauten Verbindung lebt! Meine Warnung, die ich Euch neulich ſo gutmüthig geben wollte, erſcheint mir jetzt lächerlich, und wie mußt Ihr in Eurem Herzen meine kindiſche Einfalt verhöhnt haben. Das alſo iſt die kurze Löſung des Räthſels, warum Ihr mein Herz und meine Hand verſchmäht. Die Ehe dünkt Euch zu feſſelnd und grauſam, und Ihr findet ein Glück in einer leichter zu löſenden Verbindung mit dieſem gewandten und zweideutigen Geiſtlichen.

Catharina ließ ſich ermüdet auf einen Raſenſitz nieder und ſagte mit matter Stimme: Friedrich, ſeit ich Euch neulich mein Herz ganz eröffnet habe, geht Ihr recht gefliſſentlich darauf um, mich zu zerreißen und zu zerſtören. Ich könnte fragen: wer giebt Euch das Recht, ſo mit mir zu ſprechen! Das will ich nicht, ich frage nur: was berechtigt Euch zu dieſem ganz unwürdigen Verdacht!

Friedrich blickte ſie ſcharf an und ſagte: Die auffallende Art, mit welcher Ihr Euch vorhin aus der Geſellſchaft mit ihm ins Fenſter zurück zoget, dort das eifrige, leidenſchaftliche Geſpräch, Eure brennenden Blicke, ſeine Röthe, das Zittern Eurer Hand, welches ich wohl bemerkt, alles dieſes muß ja jeden Zweifel in meiner Bruſt zerſtören, wenn ich auch gern noch zweifeln wollte.

Catharina trocknete ihre Thränen und ſagte: So mußt Ihr denn erfahren, was ich Euch verſchweigen wollte, um Euer aufgeregtes Gemüth nicht noch mehr zu reizen. Euer Argwohn gegen den Dechanten Marck war nur zu gegründet, er hat mir frech, mit vielen Worten, vor kurzer Zeit eine unwürdige Leidenſchaft bekannt, und wir trennten uns in Zorn. Ich war ſichtlich verſtimmt, daß er es heut von neuem wagte, unſre Geſellſchaft zu beſuchen; ich konnte meinen Widerwillen gegen dieſen Mann zu wenig verhehlen. Er führte mich beiſeit, um mich um Mäßigung zu bitten. — Sie erzählte dem Freunde alles und ſchloß mit den Worten: So hängt alles zuſammen, und das war die Urſache meiner Verlegenheit, meiner Leidenſchaft und meines Zitterns. Euer unwürdiger Argwohn hat Alles falſch ausgelegt.

Friedrich neigte ſich auf die weiße ſchöne Hand, drückte einen heftigen Kuß darauf und ſagte: Es iſt nun einmal Euer Schickſal, mir immerdar zu vergeben, und meine rohe Ungeduld wird ſich noch oft an Euch verſündigen. Aber wohl und leicht iſt mir wieder nach Eurer Erklärung, und daß ich jenen Phariſäer und Gleißner nicht ſo zu haſſen brauche, wie ich ihm ſchon ergrimmt war, da Ihr nicht ſeine Beute geworden ſeid. Laßt uns nun wieder fröhlich ſein und des ſchönen Tages genießen.

Kommt zur Geſellſchaft, antwortete ſie, damit wir nicht ein zweites Aufſehen erregen, das mißgedeutet werden könnte. Ich will verſuchen, ob ich fröhlich ſein kann; aber eine düſtre Ahndung liegt auf meiner Seele und drückt alle meine Kräfte zu Boden. Ich kann, ſo ſehr ich mich beſtrebe, alle meine früheren Gefühle nicht wiederfinden.

Sie gingen, und ein lautes Gelächter ſchallte ihnen aus dem Baumgange entgegen. Der alte Maler Labitt war zur Geſellſchaft gekommen, und die Mädchen und jungen Männer ergötzten ſich an ſeinen Erzählungen und Scherzen.

Ihr kommt gerade recht, rief er Friedrich entgegen, um an unſern Späßen und Anordnungen Theil zu nehmen. Ihr, Frau Deniſel, ſeid eine ſchöne, mächtige Zauberin, wir Alle ſtehn in Euren Dienſten und müſſen Euren Hof ausmachen, ſo poetiſch, ſcherzend, herrlich, wie uns die Dichter von der herrlichen Göttin der Liebe und dem wunderſamen Venusberge vorgeſungen haben. Setzt Euch, Frau Catharina, auf dieſen Hügel, und wir Alle theilen uns in die Geſchäfte des Hofdienſtes. Ich will den Ceremonien-Meiſter machen, der Euch die verſchiedenen Geſtalten vorführt. So alt, bleich, mager und gebrechlich ich ſein mag, ſo will ich doch vor Euch, Großmächtige und Leuchtende, meinem Amte Genüge leiſten. Ich könnte mich auch, meiner moraliſchen Schwächlichkeit wegen, für den getreuen Eckart ausgeben; da es dieſes alten Helden Art aber iſt, alle Fremdlinge warnend vom Venus-Hofhalt zurück zu weiſen, ſo bleibe ich lieber meiner erſten Beſtimmung getreu. —

Catharina ſaß auf dem Hügel, und Labitt faßte Friedrichs Hand und ſagte: Seht hier, Königin, der getreue, liebeſchmachtende Triſtan, der ſich, in Sehnſucht aufgelöſt, Eurem Schutze empfehlen will. — Friedrich mußte ſeine Knie beugen und wurde dann zum Handkuſſe gelaſſen. — Der alte Beaufort, der auch erſt kürzlich in den Garten getreten war, mußte als König Artus figuriren, Sophie ward als Iſolde vorgeführt, ein junger Mann als Parzifal, ein andrer als Gawein, und Wundrich, der mit Günther, einem Befreundeten, zurückgekehrt war, mußten als Marſchall Kay und Iwan ſich vorſtellen laſſen. — Hierauf wurden von den jungen Leuten Tänze im Garten angeordnet, denen ſich aber Catharina entzog. Labitt und Friedrich folgten ihr in den Saal, und nachdem Beaufort der Muſik und dem Springen einige Zeit zugeſehen hatte, entfernte er ſich wieder. Günther und Wundrich gingen durch den Garten, um ſich verſchiedene Dinge mitzutheilen.

War es nicht eine ſchöne Zeit, ſagte Labitt, nachdem man ſich im Saale niedergelaſſen hatte, in jenem dreizehnten Jahrhundert, als der Kaiſer Friedrich ſelber ſich mit Freuden Dichter nannte, als in jener bewegten Welt die ſüßen und tiefſinnigen Gedichte von Lancelot, Triſtan, Parcifal, Titurell, Iwan und Erick allgemein gekannt, geleſen und geſungen wurden! Liebe, Frühling und Wunder war der Inhalt aller Lieder und die Freude der Welt, ſo wild ſich auch Helden, Städte und Kirche gegen einander feindlich bewegen mochten. Unſer Zeitalter, wie verfinſtert iſt es gegen jenes! Die Welt war heiter und freundlich, denn die Phantaſie jener Menſchen war wie in Frühlingswärme ausgelichtet. Der Zauber, welcher Chateau Merveil band, war nicht finſter und grauſig; ſelbſt das, was die Menſchen die böſen Kräfte nannten, war nicht in wilden, verzerrten Figuren vorgeſtellt. Im Titurell und der ſchönen Sage vom heiligen Graal iſt ſelbſt kein Widerwille gegen die Heidenſchaft ausgeſprochen, und die Geſtalten der Saracenen treten in Heldengröße auf. Die Religion und ihre Geheimniſſe, die Kirche, das Ceremoniel, die Heiligkeit des Prieſters, der Glaube an den Heiland, alles iſt ſo ſüß und freundlich gemalt, ſo aus dem Schatten alles Haſſes herausgerückt, daß ich nur die lieblichſten und blühendſten Gemälde unſers herrlichen Johannes von Eyck damit vergleichen konnte. Neben den Geheimniſſen der Sage, der Zauberei, der Religion und Liebe webt ſich auch noch das Wunder der Feen hinein, die Göttinnen genannt werden, und auch in Liebe mit dieſem oder jenem Helden verbunden ſind. Dieſe Artusgedichte ſind die ausgeblümte Frühlingspracht der Welt und Poeſie, und nichts, nichts darf ſich mit ihnen vergleichen.

Wie ſchön waren jene Tage, ſagte Frau Catharina mit anmuthiger Trauer, als ihr mir damals die ſchönen Sachen vorlaſet und erklärtet. Man konnte ſo ganz die jetzige rohe Welt vergeſſen, ihre Kriege und Zerſtörungsſucht, die Frechheit des Soldatenſtandes und den Verrath der Großen.

Ach! rief Labitt aus, in der Wirklichkeit ſah es auch nicht immer artig aus, in jener Zeit, wo dieſe Gedichte galten; denn wo ein Ezzelin regierte, wo ein Carl von Anjou geizte und grauſamte, waren vom Baume der Zeit eben keine lieblichen Früchte zu brechen. Aber was die Menſchen Gedicht, Sage, Phantaſie nannten, das war von Himmelsheiterkeit durchwebt. Wie liſtig und ſchalkhaft ſind die vielen Zauberpoſſen, die ſelbſt in den großen, würdigen Gedichten erzählt werden! Da iſt ſo ganz die Bosheit des Teufels, das Sataniſche der Höllengeiſter vergeſſen, daß auch das Schlimme ſich nur wie eine ſeltſame, wunderliche Geſtalt in den bunten Reigen der edlen Tanzenden ſpringend mit bewegt. Die Menſchenart war eine edlere, das Jahrhundert ein geläuterteres, es bedurfte nicht des Grauſens, der Geſpenſter und Qualen, des Widerwärtigen und Abſcheulichen, um die Phantaſie in Thätigkeit zu ſetzen. Auch der Untergang des Artus und ſeiner Helden, der Tod Triſtans und ſeiner Geliebten, der Wahnſinn Iwans, das Leid der Sigune, alles iſt groß, gelinde, und die Noth des Lebens noch lieblich und reizend.

Ich glaube wohl, ſagte Friedrich, daß der edle Ton und die lichte Farbe dieſer Gedichte jenes Zeitalter charakteriſirt; der Menſch war innerlich aufgehellt, und ſeine Würde zeigte ſich wohl darin, daß er ſich keine Scheuſale hinſtellte, um ſich ſelbſt davor zu entſetzen, dies Gelüſte, was immer eine kranke Welt bezeichnet, war ihm auch nicht ſo nahe getreten, weil die Ketzergerichte der Dominikaner, die Vertilgung der Albigenſer, und ſo manches, was jeder in der Nähe erlebte, Schrecken und Grauſen genug in der Wirklichkeit darſtellten.

Ihr habt wohl Recht, antwortete der Alte; wer Fiſche im eignen Teiche hat, braucht ſie nicht auf dem Markte zu ſuchen. — Sollte, könnte aber nicht auf ähnliche Art, wie jene Dichtungen dazumal die Gemüther der Menſchen erhellten, die vieldeutige, bildungsreiche Religion des Chriſtenthums die Sehnſucht, Hoffnung, die Trauer und Freude der Menſchen beleben und in Thätigkeit ſetzen! Was ängſtigen uns dieſe Prieſter immerdar mit Buße, den Martern der Hölle, dem Zorn ihres Gottes, wie ſie ihn ſich denken. Ihre Kirchenceremonieen, ihre Gebete und Kniebeugungen, alles ſoll nur abzielen, den furchtbaren Unbekannten guter Laune zu machen, damit er das Elend des Lebens, Armuth, Krankheit, und was den dürftigen Menſchen immer quält, nur nicht noch mehr anhäufe. Von den Martern und dem ſchmerzlichen Tode des Erlöſers und ſeiner früheren Bekenner ſprechen ſie am liebſten, und ſo machen ſie aus einer ſüßen Trunkenheit, aus einem Rauſch der Liebe eine Geſpenſter- und Todes-Angſt. Freilich liegen alle Wunder, und folglich auch die des Grauſens, auch die Luſt an der Verweſung, in unſerm Innern; aber wir ſollten uns beſtreben, das Lichte, Edle, Himmliſche, Liebevolle und Beſeligende aus dieſen unergründlichen Tiefen hervorzurufen, und von dem Böſen, Truglichen zu entbinden, was es in ſeinen dunkeln Feſſeln hält, um uns als Menſchen, als Berufene zu erkennen, und ſo im Glanz der ächten Religion unſern eigenen Triumph zu feiern.

Die ächte Religion! ſagte Catharina: das iſt eben der Streit! keiner glaubt, an der unächten ſich verloren zu haben.

So iſt es, ſagte Labitt: die Leidenſchaft des Menſchen kann keine Unterſchiede machen. Nur vom Menſchen geht das Böſe aus, indem er ſeine Kräfte, die urſprünglich gut ſind, willkührlich in das Nichtige wirft, die Lüge erweckt, und den Tod in das Leben ruft. Nur ſind jene Geſpenſter, die erſt nur lächerliche Phantome und nichtige Schemen waren, durch ſeine Bosheit und Wuth gepanzert, nun ziehen ſie mit faſt undurchdringlichen Harniſch dahin und vernichten die Welt, und richten ſich dann auch gegen ihre Lügenmeiſter, der ihnen erſt den Geiſt haſſend eingeblaſen hat.

Gut ſind die Kräfte des Menſchen urſprünglich! fragte Friedrich; da ſcheint Ihr doch zu ſehr vom Sinn und dem Ausſpruch der Offenbarung abzuweichen.

Erlaßt mir, junger Freund, ſagte der Maler mit Wehmuth, nähere Erklärungen. Wo das Wort ſich Bahn machen will und einſchneidet, da wird immer Geiſt und Sinn zertreten und untergewühlt, um das Wort nachher für Sinn ausgeben zu können. Ward nach der alten Sage der Menſch frei erſchaffen, ſollte er als ein Unſterblicher da ſtehen, und in Gott, als ſeinem Boden, wurzeln, ſo iſt, menſchlich zu reden, das Verbot, nicht das Gute und Böſe erkennen zu dürfen, unbegreiflich. Denn erſt dadurch wird er Menſch und ſich ſeiner Freiheit bewußt. In wie ferne ihn die Schlange belogen hat, daß er Gott noch ähnlicher werde, iſt eine verwickelte und bedenkliche Unterſuchung. Die Tiefe des Abgrundes hat ſich dadurch in ihm aufgethan, die ihm vorhin verſchloſſen war; aber er kann nun erſt, indem er in dieſe Tiefe ſchaut, mit freier Liebe den Gott der Liebe anbeten und ſich ihm widmen und opfern, wenn er früher faſt nur als beſeelte Pflanze wie unwillkührlich ſein bewußtloſes Herz zu ſeinem Vater erhob, dem Zuge der Natur ſo nachgebend, wie die Roſe aufblüht und ihre Düfte ausſtreut. Mag er durch dieſen Abfall auch erſt den ſeltſamen Bedingungen ſeines irdiſchen Daſeins verfallen ſein, ſo hat er ja dadurch auch die Schaam und die Einſicht vom Edel und Unedel gewonnen, und wie ihn dieſe Schaam in ſeiner Erniedrigung unter das harmloſe Thier ſtellt, ſo erhöht ſie ihn auch, und giebt ihm einen Maaßſtab für die Unendlichkeit ſeiner Kräfte, mildert ſeinen Stolz, ſänftigt ſeinen Hochmuth, und macht ſelbſt ſeine Liebe und den Rauſch des Genuſſes demüthig. Er hat, ſagen ſie, auf dieſem Wege auch den Tod gefunden. Mag ſein: aber war denn ſein erſter Zuſtand etwas anders, als ein verhüllter Tod! Könnten wir in Wahrheit uns in jene blinde, unbewußte Ruhe zurück wünſchen, ſo ſehr ſie immer als Ziel unſerer Wünſche, als Lohn unſerer Kämpfe und Unruhe in unſerer Phantaſie lockend daſteht! Was iſt Tod! Was iſt Leben! Wenn ich das Wort im Innerſten verſtehen will, ſo verſchwindet wohl der Unterſchied, und ich ſehe, daß jedes nur eine andre Offenbarung des Lebens ſei. Sage denn gegen Sage, ſo erklärt mir ein Bild wohl ein anderes, und in dieſen Gegenden kommen wir niemals weiter. Wir können hier, was wir Offenbarung nennen, nicht beim Wort nehmen, denn hier iſt der Buchſtabe nichts und der Geiſt alles. So ſchwärme ich denn, wie Andre es gethan haben. — Alles dies ſei mit Erlaubniß meines hohen Meiſters geſagt. — Der Alte nahm bei dieſen Worten ſein Barett mit einer ehrerbietigen Geberde vom Kopfe.

Erlaubt, fiel ihm Friedrich ein; dieſe Redensart, wenn Ihr etwas erklärtet, ſo ſprachet, wie jetzt, oder auch Scherze vortruget, habe ich Euch ſchon oft brauchen hören; uns allen muß das auffallen: könnt oder wollt Ihr mir eine Erklärung darüber geben!

Der Alte war erſt ſehr ernſthaft, lachte dann gutmüthig, und formte dann wieder ſein Geſicht zur Ehrbarkeit, indem er ſagte: Nun Jüngling, glaubt Ihr mir denn, wenn ich Euch ſagen oder verlügen möchte, daß ich ein Eingeweihter in Geheimniſſen ſei, derentwegen vielleicht die alten Templer geſtürzt wurden! Daß ich ein Vertrauter und Lieblingsſchüler eines großen Meiſters bin, den ich nicht nennen darf! Daß unſersgleichen, ſo wie die Eingeweihten der Griechen, in den Myſterien, das ächte, ungefälſchte Chriſtenthum beſitzen und bekennen! Alles könnte ja Wind ſein und iſt es auch. Es iſt eine Sache, die ich mir ſo angewöhnt habe, und wobei ich mir etwas nicht eben Unvernünftiges denke.

Catharina ſann tief nach, denn ſo manche Geſpräche Roberts ſo wie Philipps, wachten wieder lebendig in ihrem Geiſte auf. Labitt fuhr fort: Ich könnte ja auch meinen lieben, alten, längſt verſtorbenen Meiſter in der Malerei, den herrlichen, wahrhaft frommen und gottſeligen Hubert von Eyck, meinen, von dem ich ſo vieles Sinnige vernommen habe, als ich faſt noch ein Kind war. Der Mann Gottes war ein Auserwählter, ein fertiger Menſch, ſo wie es auch unſer Johannes iſt. Dieſe Erdgebornen haben die Schlacken abgelegt und triumphiren in Liebe und Freude, wenn Johannes auch das jüngſte Gericht auf die herkömmliche Weiſe hat malen müſſen. Dieſe Meiſter richten aber und verdammen keinen; die Erde verdient es nicht, daß es ihr geſchieht, und der Geiſt verträgt es nicht, denn er kehrt doch irgend einmal zur Wahrheit zurück.

Fahrt fort, ſagte Friedrich; ich bin erfreut, Euch ſo bei Laune zu ſehen. Euer Geſpräch iſt mir immer fruchtbar geweſen, und ich merke wohl, daß, wenn ich Euch nicht ganz verſtand, oder mir manches Thorheit ſchien, ich nur den Zuſammenhang Eurer Gedanken nicht begriff. In Eurer Seele, Meiſter, muß es wunderbar ausſehen; ſie iſt die Werkſtatt der bunteſten, ſeltſamſten und verſchiedenartigſten Bildungen. Eure Laune iſt ſo, daß ſie mir ſchon oft Schwindel erregt hat; dann ſprecht Ihr wieder ſo tiefſinnig, daß ich lange über ein hingeworfenes Wort von Euch ſinnen kann. Ich möchte wohl in dem lichten Blumengarten mit meiner Seele wohnen, in welcher die Eure einheimiſch zu ſein ſcheint. Ach! lieber Freund, was müßt Ihr in Eurer Jugend für ein liebenswürdiger Menſch geweſen ſein!

Der Alte ſchmunzelte, lachte dann und ſagte mit ſeiner ſeltſamen Miene im geſpitzten Geſicht: Ach nein! ich habe davon niemals viel rühmen können. Man iſt nun einmal da, ſo wie man da iſt, ſo ſchlimm und gut, ſo häßlich und verzeichnet, wie es Natur und Zufall nun einmal beſtimmten. Was die Seele ſelbſt an ihrer Hütte baut, iſt ſchwer auszumitteln, und nicht alle Seelen ſind gerade in der Architektur Kenner und Meiſter. Mancher Schönheitsſinn iſt wohl zur luſtigen Strafe in einen häßlichen Körper eingeſperrt. Andere wie unſer Johannes, haben darum das Malen und Bilden ſo leicht, weil Geiſt und Körper ſchön ſind. Seht nur unſre Frau Catharina an, da haben alle Geiſter mitgewirkt, ſie recht ſchön und wohlgefällig auszubauen. Wißt Ihr noch, ſchöne liebe Freundin, wie Ihr mir damals als Modell zur heiligen Catharina ſaßet? Ein andermal formte ich ſelbſt die Mutter des Heilandes, die glorreiche Maria nach Euch ab. Am meiſten aber gelang die Magdalena, und alle Welt wollte das hübſche Bild haben, ſo daß ich es auch mehrmals kopiren mußte. Damals lebten wir auch recht fröhlich mit einander. Die Zeiten wechſeln freilich, und nichts iſt beſtändig, als der Unbeſtand. Um nun nicht meine Rede zu vergeſſen, von der ich eigentlich ausgegangen war, ſo kann es wohl ſein, daß ich auch einen ganz andern mit meinem Handwerksgruß meine. Ich ſagte alſo, Bild könne ein Bild und Sage die Sage erklären, weil uns der eigentliche Urtext doch verloren gegangen iſt, und wir uns nur mit den Auslegungen behelfen müſſen. Iſt alſo, wie eine alte Kunde es von ſich giebt, ein Theil der geſchaffenen Engel abgefallen, und waren es eben, wie auch verlauten will, die kräftigſten und glänzendſten, ſo kann dieſer Abfall doch auch nur ſo verſtanden werden, daß ſie eine andere Bahn ſuchten, ein anderes Wirken, Schaffen und Beleben als jene orthodoxen, oder mehr paſſiven Geiſter, die in der Region blieben, die ihnen angewieſen war, und von ihrer Freiheit, die ihnen ebenfalls gegeben war, keinen Gebrauch machten. So entſtand alſo durch ihren Sturz in die Tiefe wohl das, was wir die Wirklichkeit nennen. Sie iſt nichts als eine Ueberhebung über das Geiſtige, wodurch ſich dieſes mit dem Nichts, dem Vergänglichen auf das innigſte verbindet und mit ihm durchdringt, wodurch es die Materie, die Zeit und das körperliche, ſichtbare Weſen erſchafft. So iſt der Tod in das Leben gerufen, und das Leben iſt mit dem Tode vermählt worden: beide eins und unzertrennlich. Und was iſt nun Lucifer? Was ſchon viele Alte gelehrt haben, die Kraft, die die Welt, die Bewegung, das Leben der Natur, Geiſt und Strömung der Materie in Bewegung ſetzt, und durch ſcheinbare Vernichtung ſchafft, und durch ſcheinbare Schöpfung vernichtet. So gebaren die Elohim die Welt. Als nun die Menſchen vom Herrn als Mittelgeiſter hingeſtellt waren, ergaben ſich dieſe, in Begeiſterung, um die Natur und ihre Tiefen zu ergründen, ebenfalls dem Wirken dieſes hohen, kräftigen Geiſtes, und wurden erſt wahrhaft, natürlich und kreatürlich, als ſie ſich entzückt in den Tod geſtürzt hatten, um das Leben zu finden. Doch immer wieder werden ſie durch Sehnſucht und Liebe, Hingebung und Demuth zum ewigen Anfang, der ohne Anfang iſt, hingetrieben, und in dieſer Andacht ſteigt der Vater ſelbſt in die brünſtige, entzündete Seele und löſcht alles Irdiſche, Troſtloſe durch ſeine Gegenwart auf Augenblicke im zagenden Geiſte des Menſchen aus. Dieſe Liebe zum Unſichtbaren, dieſe Wolluſt im opfernden Hingeben hat uns der Sohn gelehrt, und ſo iſt die Religion Chriſti die Religion der Liebe. Diejenigen, die ſich ganz dieſer ſüßen Vernichtung weihen, ſtreben den Zauber der Kraft zu zerbrechen, und ſich wieder in das Reich des Unſichtbaren, des Unwirklichen zu begeben. Wer aber im Wechſel bald ſeinen Geiſt mit allem Leben jener Wirklichkeit zukehrt, und ſich dann wendet, um auch aus dem Quell der heiligen, weſenloſen Liebe zu trinken, der iſt der vollkommene wahre Menſch. Das Verſinken in die Ruhe, in den Tod wird ihm neue Stärke geben, um die wirkende Unruhe, das ſich verwandelnde, ſtets forttreibende Irdiſche zu genießen und zu verſtehen, und die Sättigung im Leben und Schaffen wird ihn erſt genug läutern, um jener Ruhe und des in ſich ſelbſt Verſinken, um in Gott unterzugehen, fähig zu werden. Was iſt uns Mittler, um uns dem Allerhöchſten, dem Unbegreiflichen zu nahen? Chriſt ſoll es ſein, in ſeiner Menſchen- und Kindergeſtalt, in ſeinem Lehren und Leiden, in unſrer anbetenden Liebe und ſchmerzlichem Mitleid. Aber auch die Geſchichte, die Natur, die Kunſt, Poeſie und Muſik, ſo wie der Gedanke und die Philoſophie, können und ſollen uns Vermittler ſein. In allen dieſen wirkt und herrſcht jener hohe Feuergeiſt, jener kräftige Engel, der ſich vom Unſichtlichen trennte, und ſich des Scheines, des Nichts, des Vergänglichen erbarmte, um auch dieſes zum Triumph zu führen, und jenen Allmächtigen, Unausſprechlichen im ſogenannten Irdiſchen zu verklären. Dieſer Lichtträger oder Lucifer, iſt es, der im Helden, Denker, Begeiſterten, Dichter und Künſtler regiert und webt. Was dieſer hohe Geiſt hervorbringt, iſt freilich vor dem Auge des ganz in die Unſichtbarkeit verſenkten Religiöſen ein Nichts, ein Atom, ein Moment; aber in dieſem Moment erhebt ſich die ganze Ewigkeit. Ihr werdet es oft erlebt haben, mein Freund, daß im Beſchauen eines ſchönen Gemäldes, in der Muſik, oder wenn ein edles Gedicht Euch wahrhaft entzückt hat, Ihr im höchſten innigſten Verſtändniß auf einen Augenblick ganz in das Kunſtwerk übergegangen, und für dieſen Moment Euch ſelber todt ſeid. Das iſt der Augenblick der Weihe und der Seligkeit. Und gleich darauf, wenn Ihr zu Euch und zur Beſinnung zurückkehrt — was blickt Euch in der Erinnerung des Entzückens und Verſtändniſſes für ein Auge an? Der Ewige, Unausſprechliche ſelbſt, der in Eure edelſten Kräfte hineingeſtiegen war, Ihr habt Ihn erlebt und gefühlt, und in dem innerſten Heiligthum der Kunſt oder Natur, welches dieſer Kunſtgeiſt Lucifer Euch ſchuf und öffnete, iſt doch nur wieder Er. Dieſer erinnernde Rückblick, in welchem Ihr Ihn erkennt, iſt der fruchtreichſte, ergiebigſte Eures Lebens, denn in ihm erzeugen ſich tauſend neue Gedanken und Gefühle zu künftigen großen Verſtändniſſen. In ſolchem Moment weiß der Denker, ſo wie der begeiſterte Freund der Kunſt, daß er Ihn geſchaut hat, und die Idee, wie es Platon nennt, iſt ihm entgegen gekommen. Aus dem augenblicklichen Tode iſt das höchſte Leben erwachſen, und nur im Rückblick der Beſinnung wird er dann erkannt, indem er ſich uns ſchon wieder entzieht, ſo wie Telemach im Entweichen erſt Pallas erkennt, oder Jakob nach dem Kampfe, mit wem er gerungen hat, die Jünger den erſtandenen Heiland, nachdem er in Emaus entſchwunden iſt. Ja, Freund, ſo ſehen wir in dem Ungrund zuweilen ihn ſelbſt, und der Heiland führt uns in milder Geſtalt der Liebe zum Ewigen, vor dem wir nur zittern könnten, enthüllte er ſich uns in ganzer Macht; ſo ſind die Engel und Geiſter Vermittler, alle die Heiligen, Wunderthäter und Märtyrer, der Anblick des Kreuzes, der Kirche, der Lichter und Sacramente: aber nicht weniger jene kräftigen Geiſter der Erde, vor denen ſich der Unverſtändige mit Scheu zurückwendet; dieſe Kräfte der Natur, der Kunſt, des Friedens, der Geiſt der Schönheit, des Scherzes und des Witzes ſind uns ebenfalls Vermittler, und geben uns den gemilderten Anblick des Ewigen, und unſer Herz iſt in Liebe geſättigt und jauchzt, von den Wogen der Liebe getragen und gehoben; denn dieſe, wohin ich nur blicke, kommt mir in tauſend wechſelnden Geſtalten entgegen. Der Heerführer und hochkräftige Fürſt dieſer iſt der geſchmähte Lichtbringer, Lucifer, der Erreger des irdiſchen Glanzes, der Freude, der Kunſt und aller Poeſie. Und dieſen geheimnißreichen Meiſter, dem wir Alle das Schönſte zu danken haben, begrüße ich in allen Stunden, wie eben jetzt wieder, und wünſche, daß ich nichts geſprochen haben möge, was ihm entgegen iſt.

Es ſei Euch Dank geſagt, antwortete Friedrich, tief nachdenkend, daß Ihr die Erde, das Irdiſche und die Wirklichkeit, ſo wie den Schein und die ſchnell vorübergehende Entzückung aller Kunſt, ſo hoch habt würdigen wollen; das Leben ſelbſt erſcheint ſo, wenn man Euren Grillen oder Einbildungen folgt, in einem weit ſchöneren und würdigeren Lichte; aber hütet Euch, daß Euch jene Kurzſichtigen nicht irgend einmal vernehmen, die alles nur nach dem Winkelmaße meſſen, und das Geiſtige mit den geſtempelten Gewichten wiegen wollen; dieſe könnten Euch böſe Ausdeutungen Eurer Poeſie machen.

Es hat nichts zu bedeuten, ſagte der Maler; denn ſie ſind ſchwach, körperlich ſowohl als geiſtig. Sie verſtehen mich auch nicht, wenn ich nicht, um ſie zu ärgern, dürre und grob alles ſagte; und warum ſollte ich ſie angreifen? Bin ich doch im Weſentlichen mit dieſen Prieſtern und allen Frommen einverſtanden. Aber ich deute mir die Lehre; ich fable, wo Grund und Boden ausgeht. Alle Maler und Dichter haben es von je ſo gemacht, wenn man es gleich vielen, und vor allen dem großen Dante, ſehr verdacht hat.

Catharina ſagte: Eure Reden und ſchwärmende Phantaſieen, lieber Alter, haben mich wehmüthig geſtimmt. Wenn ich Euren Dichtungen folgen möchte, ſo ſchwindelt mir auch und der Boden verſinkt mir unter den Füßen. Iſt es nicht beſſer, ſich dem Leben und der Poeſie unwiſſend und beſcheiden hinzugeben, als, wenn auch im Bilde, den Grund des Verſtändniſſes finden zu wollen!

Auch ſo iſt es gut, antwortete Labitt; wer Ruhe dabei findet, iſt im Recht. Jeder mag ſeinen eignen Weg gehn, nur ohne Hochmuth oder verdummenden Eigenſinn, ſo wird jede Seele ſich auch wahrhaft ſelbſt antreffen. Ach! liebſte Freundin, darum iſt meiner Seele die Verehrung und Anbetung der Maria auch ſo nothwendig und unentbehrlich. In dieſer Geſtaltung der vergötterten weiblichen Natur hat ſich die innige Poeſie des Chriſtenthums erſt beſchloſſen. Die Liebe ſelbſt, das ſtille Entzücken, die Verehrung der Ruhe, derhimmliſchen Ergebung, alles Süße, wovon das Kind ſchon ſtill befriedigt wird und wonach der Greis ſich noch ſehnt, was der roheſte Böſewicht und der wildeſte Heide, der Gottesleugner und der Freche, der an Unſchuld und Jungfrauen frevelt, was alle dieſe nie ganz in ſich vertilgen können, iſt in dieſem Glauben, in dieſem Bilde uns ſichtbar und überzeugend nahe gekommen. Dieſe ſchöne Demüthige, dieſe kindliche Jungfrau, welche niemals zürnen kann, deren Fürbitte und Liebe ſich nie erſchöpft, die nie ermüdet, ſich dem Flehenden zu nahen, die immerdar vergiebt, und der Reue freundlich entgegen tritt, alle dieſe himmliſchen Tugenden des ächten Weibes, welche nie glänzen, der Menge und dem ſtürmiſchen Gemüthe nie ſichtbar werden, auch dieſe mußten vergöttert und in die Lehre einer wahren allgemeinen Kirche aufgenommen werden. Der ſchlichteſte Sinn, dem alle Geheimniſſe verſchloſſen bleiben, kann in dieſer Anbetung ſeine Fülle und Genüge finden und den Durſt ſeines Herzens löſchen.

Und wie! erwiederte Catharina, wenn ich Euch auch ganz in dieſem letzten Gefühle folge und verſtehe, fallt Ihr dennoch nicht in eine Art von Heidenthum! Ja Ihr dürftet vielleicht deſſen abgöttiſche Bilder nach Eurer Denkweiſe nicht ſo ganz aus Eurem Pantheon fortweiſen, da Ihr ſchon mit Entzücken von den Feen und den Geiſtern ſprecht, die, nach dem Glauben mancher, die Natur bewohnen und beleben ſollen.

Der Dichter, ſagte Labitt, muß auch nichts ſo unbedingt abweiſen. Laſſen wir jene Götterbilder immer als natürliche Kinder meines Lucifer gelten, womit auch der ſtrenge Prieſter nach ſeinem Alphabet einverſtanden ſein wird. Die Dialekte gehen wunderſam durch einander: wenn die Maurergeſellen, indem ſie vom Thurme ſteigen und mit unverſtandenen Worten an einanderſtoßen, nur nicht in Schlägerei verfallen, ſo iſt die Sache auch an ſich gut, daß jener unnütze Thurm nicht ausgebauet wurde. Wir wären gewiß niemals einig, wenn nicht jeder etwas Anderes wollte und fände. Ihr erwähnt wieder jene Feen aus den Gedichten und der freundlichen Liebes-Anſicht jener Tage. Wie abſcheulich, was uns ſeitdem ſo oft vom Satan, von der Hölle, den Martern, der Scheußlichkeit der Magie und der Zauberei iſt gelehrt worden! Wohin hat ſich dieſelbe menſchliche Phantaſie verirrt, wenn wir von dem abgeſchmackten Unſinn des Hexen-Sabbaths vernehmen; Wahnſinn und Dummheit, welchen ſelbſt Männer, die ſich verſtändig dünken, hie und dort ihr Ohr leihen.

Ich habe noch wenig oder nichts davon vernommen, ſagte Catharina, ich kenne nur durch Euer ſeltſames Bild einiges von dieſen tollen Aberglauben. Ich meinte aber, alles ſei nur ein wilder Scherz, und kein Menſch könne glauben, daß etwas Wahres zum Grunde liege.

Nein! nein! rief der Maler lachend; ſie erzählen, wie alte Weiber wirklich durch eine Hexenſalbe, die ihnen natürlich der Teufel bereiten lehrt, auf einem Beſenſtiel, wenn ſie dieſen beſchmieren, meilenweit durch die Luft fliegen können. Auch verwandeln ſie ſich in Wölfe, Bären und andere Geſtalten. Dem Satan, welcher bei dem Feſte als Bock, Affe oder Schwein präſidirt, wird dann ewige Treue geſchworen. Man ſchmauſet und tanzt nachher, und Unſitte und Unzucht wird ausgeübt, wie ſie die beſchmutzteſte und verdorbenſte Seele nur erſinnen kann. Wir brüſten uns mit Weisheit und Gelehrſamkeit, unſere Malerei und Baukunſt iſt ohne Zweifel herrlich geworden; aber kann dies, zuſammt den weltberühmten, koſtbaren Feſten unſers burgundiſchen Hofes unſre Zeit als eine treffliche rechtfertigen, wenn dieſer mehr als thieriſche Aberwitz in dieſe fröhliche Muſik ſo widerwärtig hineinſchreit! —

Das Geſpräch ward jetzt ein allgemeines und heiteres, weil die Mädchen, ſo wie die älteren Frauen, ebenfalls in den Saal traten. Man genoß die dargereichten Erfriſchungen, und aller Augen wurden jetzt nach der Thür des Gartens gerichtet, durch welche die hohe ſchöne Geſtalt eines Jünglings eintrat, welchem einige geſchmückte Diener folgten. Er war in himmelblauen Sammt gekleidet, und ſein Mantel war von hellrothem, geflammten Atlas. Sein edler Wuchs wurde auch durch ſeine ſtolze Haltung erhöht, denn er erhob übermüthig den langen Hals, der glänzend aus einer einfachen Krauſe hervorſtieg. Sein blaues Barett war mit Edelſteinen und einer koſtbaren Reiherfeder geſchmückt, und indem er durch den Garten ſchritt, glaubten alle in dieſer Erſcheinung einen der vornehmſten jungen Herren des Landes zu erkennen. Er kam in den Gartenſaal, ging auf die Wirthin ſtolz aber freundlich zu, verneigte ſich vor ihr, indem er den Hut abnahm, und ſagte dann mit feinem Ton: Ihr kennt mich wohl nicht mehr, ſchöne Frau!

Frau Deniſel erhob ſich, ging dem vornehmen Fremden mit Ehrerbietung entgegen und ſagte: Nein, mein verehrter Herr, ich weiß nicht, wen mein armes Haus in Euch beherbergt.

Es ſind freilich nun ſchon zwölf Jahre her, ſagte der Fremde, daß ich als ein Knabe in dieſem Garten ſpielte. Damals war ich der arme Köſtein, der Eurer Güte ſo manches zu danken hatte.

Iſt es möglich! ſagte die Frau verwundert, daß man ſich ſo verwandeln kann! Nein, niemals, gnädiger Herr, hätte ich Euch wieder erkannt, ſo völlig, ſo durchaus habt Ihr Euch verändert. Und wie dankbar muß ich ſein, daß Ihr Euch in Eurem jetzigen Zuſtande meiner noch erinnert.

Man ſetzte ſich, und der ſchlanke Köſtein nahm ſeinen Platz neben der Frau des Hauſes, welche er mit der größten Freundlichkeit behandelte. Mein Schickſal, ſagte er, iſt ein außerordentliches zu nennen. Arm, ohne Eltern und Verwandte, lebte ich hier in dieſer Stadt. Die Geiſtlichkeit war freundlich gegen mich und nahm ſich meiner Erziehung an; ein reicher, gut denkender Bürger, Schakepeh, eröffnete mir ſein Haus und behandelte mich wie ſein Kind. Von ihm wurde ich nach Gent geſchickt, wo ich in das Haus des hohen Prinzen, des Grafen Etampes, aufgenommen wurde. Der Graf war freundlich gegen mich, und ſtellte mich unſerm Herzoge, dem guten Philipp vor. Der liebe, herrliche Fürſt nahm mich wie ſeinen Sohn auf, er ſchenkte mir Haus und Gut, er erlaubte mir, daß ich immer um ihn ſein durfte, ja ſeine Gunſt nahm ſo zu, daß er faſt nicht mehr ohne mein Geſpräch und Umgang ſein mochte. Er hat mich zum Ritter und reich gemacht, und ich darf mich rühmen, daß er auf mein Wort und meinen Rath achtet; und freilich, da die Zeit ſich ſo gefährlich geſtaltet, ſo thut er Recht, ſeine wahren Freunde von den falſchen zu unterſcheiden, damit, wenn es die Noth erfordert, er nicht ganz ohne Hülfe ſei.

Friedrich, der dieſen Köſtein, den Günſtling des Herzogs, von dem das ganze Land ſprach, noch niemals geſehen hatte, verwunderte ſich über dieſe Reden, die der junge Ritter ſo leicht von ſeinen Lippen fallen ließ.

Jetzt, fing dieſer wieder an, habe ich eines ſonderbaren Vorfalles wegen, die Reiſe hierher gemacht. Mein Vetter, der Canonikus Melchior, meldet mir, daß jener böſe Denis, der einen fernen Verwandten von uns heimtückiſch ermordet hat, zufällig ſei entdeckt worden und krank im Spital liege. Dieſer boshafte Menſch, den ich ehemals wohl gekannt habe, muß uns erklären, was er gegen uns und die Herren von Croys und den Grafen Etampes im Schilde führt, und mit wem er noch verbunden ſein mag.

Er erhob ſich jetzt und rief aus: Ei! iſt das nicht unſer Vater Labitt? — Ei, lieber Alter, Ihr lebt alſo noch! — Er umarmte den Maler mit vieler Herzlichkeit und ſchüttelte ihm freundlich die Hand. — Ihr habt wohl, ſagte er dann, alle die loſen Streiche vergeſſen, die ich Euch damals, in Geſellſchaft von andern Buben, ſpielte!

Freilich, freilich, ſagte der Alte, denn es ſind doch einige Jahre ſeitdem verfloſſen. Jetzt ſeid Ihr ein Staatsmann und von großem Einfluß. Viel Ehre, daß Ihr Euch noch eines armen alten Mannes erinnert. Hütet Euch nur, daß Euer Muthwille jetzt nicht unſern alten Herzog beſchädigt, der freilich der Freunde bedarf.

Immer noch wie ſonſt! ſagte Köſtein lachend, es iſt Recht, daß Ihr mich ganz wie Euern ehemaligen Zögling behandelt. Unſer alte Herr aber kennt ſeine Leute und weiß ſie zu wählen. Seine bösgeſinnten Feinde ſtehen leider auf der Seite ſeines Sohnes und Erben. Der Prinz, der ſeine männlichen Jahre erreicht hat, wird nur gar zu leicht von böswilligen Menſchen und Verleumdern gelockt. Wir haben hinlänglich gegen dieſe zu kämpfen und müſſen ſtets ein wachſames Auge auf alle Bewegungen unſerer Feinde haben.

Friedrich zog ſich von dieſem Geſpräche ſcheu zurück. Er begriff nicht, wie ein Mann, der am Hofe und im vertraulichen Umgange der Großen lebte, mit dieſem leichtſinnigen Stolze von ſeinen Verhältniſſen reden konnte. Er ſchloß daraus, daß das Alter den Herzog noch ſchwächer und nachgiebiger gemacht habe, als man gewöhnlich glaubte, wenn er einem ſolchen unbeſonnenen Jünglinge, wie dieſer Köſtein war, ſein unumſchränktes Vertrauen ſchenken könne. Frau Catharina, die dem jungen Freunde mit ihren Blicken folgte, ſchien ſeine Meinung zu errathen. Der Maler machte ſich im Gegentheil mit dem jungen Ritter immer mehr zu thun und wurde noch vertraulicher und freundlicher. So ſeht Ihr, fragte er, den Dauphin von Frankreich auch wohl zuweilen?

Faſt täglich, antwortete Köſtein, und er iſt immer ſehr gnädig gegen mich, indem er mich vor vielen andern auszeichnet. In dieſem verſtändigen Herrn erkennt man niemals, ſeinem Aeußern und Betragen nach, den Fürſten und den künftigen Regenten der großen Monarchie. Er iſt leutſelig, geſprächig, redet gern ſelbſt mit den allergeringſten Leuten, trägt ſich in ſeinen Kleidern faſt immer bürgerlich, und iſt am heiterſten, wenn er ſeinen Rang und ſeine Beſtimmung vergeſſen kann. Ja, mein alter Freund, wie hätte ich mir das vor zwölf Jahren einbilden können, daß ich jetzt nur mit großen Herren und Regenten umgeben wurde, und mit ihnen allen auf dem vertrauteſten Fuß? Denn ich muß ſagen, unſer großer mächtiger Herzog liebt mich ſo ſehr, daß er mir nicht leicht eine Bitte verſagt, beträfe ſie auch einen noch ſo wichtigen Gegenſtand:

Könnte man nicht, ſagte der Maler, auf dieſem Wege unſern zu eifrigen ſtellvertretenden Biſchof von Baruth entfernen? den kleinen Bernhard? Der Mann macht ſich lächerlich und kann dem geiſtlichen Stande keine Ehrfurcht erwerben.

Mit der Geiſtlichkeit, antwortete Köſtein, laſſen wir uns nicht ein; das iſt der einzige Punkt, wo mein wackerer, edler Herzog immer eine Art von Scheu und Furcht zeigt. Er ſetzt ſeinen Stolz mit darin, für einen rechtgläubigen Chriſten und einen Vertheidiger der heiligen Kirche zu gelten. Er hat auch keinen Einſpruch ſich erlaubt bei der ſonderbaren Begebenheit, die ſich jetzt in Lanares zugetragen hat. Ich bin über dieſen Ort auf meiner jetzigen Reiſe gekommen, weil ich dort eine bedeutend große Summe einzunehmen hatte. Sie waren eben dabei, einen Gottloſen oder Ketzer zu verbrennen, wegen, ich weiß nicht welchen Lehren, die ſie ihm zur Laſt legten.

Wie! rief Frau Catharina mit Entſetzen aus: wiederum hört man von dergleichen Abſcheulichkeiten! Wo iſt die Hoffnung, ja die Ueberzeugung geblieben, die wir ſchon gefaßt hatten, daß von dieſen Grauſamkeiten niemals mehr die Rede ſein ſolle?

Friedrich hatte ſich im Unwillen erhoben. Labitt ſah ſchwermüthig aus, aber Köſtein ſagte ganz gleichgültig: Lieben Leute, was ſoll denn mit Menſchen geſchehen, die auf keine Vermahnung, weder weltliche noch geiſtliche etwas geben wollen? Immer beſſer, man verbrennt ſie, oder ſchafft ſie auf andre Art aus der Welt, als daß ſie noch Viele mit ihrem böſen Beiſpiele und Wandel anſtecken.

Da es ſpät war, trennte man ſich. Köſtein ging wieder zum Canonicus, um mit dieſem Abrede wegen ſeines Proceſſes zu treffen, und Friedrich begab ſich mit Labitt zu Wundrich, um über dieſen Vorfall, weshalb der junge Köſtein nach Arras gekommen war, ſo wie wegen der alten Gertrud nähere Erkundigung einzuziehen.

Einer der reichſten Bürger von Arras gab alljährlich ein großes Feſt, zu welchem er die meiſten ſeiner Bekannten einlud. Da der heitere Mann ein ganz außerordentliches Vermögen geſammelt hatte, durch Holzhandel und ſeine Verbindungen mit dem Auslande, da er in Antwerpen, noch mehr aber in Brügge, große Geſchäfte machte und ſein Vermögen mit jedem Jahre zunahm, ſo war dieſe Verſammlung in ſeinem großen Hauſe für die ganze Stadt Arras gewiſſermaßen ein Feſt zu nennen. Schakeped war gegen jedermann wohlwollend, gegen die Armuth ſehr wohlthätig, mit Niemand verfeindet, lebte ohne Neid und Mißgunſt, und unterſtützte Handwerker und ärmere Kaufleute auf alle Weiſe: darum vergaben ihm auch die Vornehmeren ſein bürgerliches Weſen, ſeine etwas rauhe Zutraulichkeit und den ſpaßhaften Ton, den er ſich oft gegen jedermann erlaubte. Am ſchönen Sommertage ſtrömte eine große Schaar von Gäſten nach ſeinem weit ausgedehnten, glänzend aufgeſchmückten Hauſe, das in der Hauptſtraße einen großen Raum einnahm und viele andere Häuſer überragte, ob es gleich nur von Holz gebaut war. In der Mitte ſprang die Wand mit Fenſtern vor, und bildete gleichſam einen Thurm, aus welchem man rechts und links die Straße weit hinunter überſehen konnte. An beiden Enden des Gebäudes waren ähnliche Thürme angebracht, das Dach beſtand aus fünf geſchmückten Giebeln, und allenthalben lief ein künſtliches Schnitzwerk um Fenſter und Thüren, wodurch das Haus ein ſeltſames und abenteuerliches Anſehn gewann, aber trotz dieſer Alterthümlichkeit nicht unangenehm dem Blicke erſchien. Schakeped hatte das Gebäude ganz nach ſeiner Laune ausgeführt, und keinen Rath und Einwand eines Bauverſtändigen anhören wollen.

Auf das Feſt, welches jetzt gefeiert wurde, war die Stadt und die Maſſe der geladenen Gäſte diesmal begieriger als je, weil der Günſtling des Herzoges, der junge Köſtein, heute als der Vornehmſte der Verſammlung hier glänzte, wo er ehemals als Knabe, der von Wohlthaten erzogen wurde, von denſelben, die ihm heut ihre Ehrfurcht bezeigen mußten, vor zwölf Jahren kaum war beachtet, oft bemitleidet, zuweilen verſpottet worden. Alle waren neugierig darauf geſpannt, wie ſich dieſer Emporkömmling, von ſeinen hohen Beſchützern entfernt, benehmen würde.

Er war früher gekommen, und wandelte Arm in Arm mit dem alten Schakeped durch die aufgeputzten Räume, und erinnerte ſich, bald gerührt, bald mit Lachen, wie er in früher Jugend in dieſen Zimmern und Sälen oft mit Angſt ſich umgetrieben habe, wenn ſein alter Wohlthäter etwa nicht bei guter Laune geweſen ſei. Der alte Holzhändler erfreute ſich an dem heitern, einfachen Weſen ſeines ehemaligen Schützlings, dem es wohl that, einmal den Zwang des Hofes zu vergeſſen, und ſich in Erinnerungen ſeiner Kindheit zu ergehn. Als beide alles betrachtet hatten, ſtellte ſich Köſtein in den vorſpringenden Altan oder Thurm des mittlern Zimmers, um an der Seite ſeines Wirthes in die Straße hineinzuſehen. Alle Fenſter waren hinaufgezogen, und der junge ſchöne Mann ſtand halb an die Säulen und halb an den alten Bürger gelehnt, wie ein Fürſt in ſeinem ritterlichen Schmucke da, ſo daß alle Vorübergehenden mit Ehrfurcht zu dem Söller hinauf ſchauten, und die gemeinen Bürger, die von Köſteins Ankunft noch nichts erfahren hatten, ſich über den Holzhändler verwunderten, der einen ſo glänzenden Prinzen am Arme hatte.

Jetzt kam Friedrich mit ſeinem Vater, dem Ritter Beaufort, und beide grüßten hinauf. Lebt der mürriſche Beaufort noch! ſagte Köſtein; den Sohn habe ich ſchon draußen bei der Frau Deniſel geſehn. Die beiden wurden von Dienern empfangen, und an der Treppe, im großen Vorſaal, wurden ſie von der ſchönen Sophie, der Tochter des Hauſes begrüßt. — Jetzt ſchritt die ſchlanke, große und ſchön gekleidete Frau Catharina über die Straße, von ihrem alten Freunde, dem Maler Labitt, geführt. — Was die große, mächtige Frau ſo ſchön bleibt und jugendlich! rief Köſtein; ſchreitet ſie nicht an der Hand des alten Narren wie eine Fürſtin einher! — Mit höflichem Gruß traten die beiden in den kühlen Flur des Hauſes. — Jetzt kam der Dechant über die Straße gegangen, vor dem ſich alle Bürger in Ehrfurcht neigten, indeſſen er ſie mit einem vertraulichen Lächeln grüßte. Köſtein ſagte: Der Marck, dieſer Dechant iſt ein würdiger und verſtändiger Mann; mich wundert nur, daß er nicht zugleich mit dem Canonicus, meinem Vetter kommt. — Indem eilte der Canonicus Melchior aus der Nebengaſſe und holte den Dechanten noch ein, bevor dieſer die Schwelle des Hauſes betreten hatte.

Männer vom Magiſtrat kamen mit ihren Frauen und Töchtern, noch einige der vornehmſten Bürger, die zugleich Schöffen der Stadt waren, einige Edelleute mit ihren Gemahlinnen oder Töchtern, und nach einiger Zeit hörte man auch von ſchmetternden Trompeten das Zeichen, daß es Zeit ſei, ſich an die Tafel zu ſetzen. In der Mitte ſaß Köſtein; ihm zunächſt eine Edeldame, und auf der andern Seite die Tochter des Hauſes, neben welcher Friedrich hatte Platz nehmen müſſen. Ihnen gegenüber hatte der Dechant ſeinen Platz, neben Rittern und Magiſtratsperſonen; in ihrer Nähe ſaß zwiſchen Frauen und Mädchen der alte Ritter Beaufort; in eine Ecke, um behaglich zu ſein, hatte ſich der fröhliche Wirth zurückgezogen, und neben ſich die Frau Catharina, die er gern ſah und hörte, Platz nehmen laſſen, ſo wie den alten Maler, den er herzlich liebte. Bei der Tafel ertönte eine anmuthige Muſik, die auf einer kleinen Gallerie im hohen Saale geſtellt war. Diener warteten auf, mit reinlich gekleideten Mägden wechſelnd, und man ſah im ganzen Saal nur heitre Geſichter und Lachen und hörte nur fröhliches Schwatzen. Guter Wein und treffliche Speiſen erfreuten alle Herzen, und abwechſelnd wurden des Wirths, der Gäſte, der Damen, mehrmals Köſteins, dann wieder des Herzogs Geſundheit nach der Sitte des Landes ausgebracht, und jedesmal beantwortete die Muſik das Lebehoch.

Indem das Geſpräch allgemein und immer lauter wurde, konnte man die Rede des Einzelnen nicht mehr vernehmen. Bei eingetretener Stille ſagte der Wirth: Es thut mir leid, daß der alte, gute Wundrich, einer meiner liebſten Freunde, nicht hat herkommen können oder wollen; er hatte aber ſo viel mit ſeiner kranken Gertrud zu thun, daß er es mir diesmal, das erſtemal in meinem Leben, geradezu abgeſchlagen hat, an dieſem feierlichen Tage mein Gaſt zu ſein. Der gute Alte fehlt mir außerordentlich, und ſein leerer Platz da thut meinen Augen weh.

Er erſcheint vielleicht etwas ſpäter, ſagte der Canonicus, denn er will keinem andern, als ſich ſelbſt, die Kranke anvertrauen; er giebt ihr die Medikamente ein und ſucht ſie zu erheitern. Auch iſt ſie mehr melankoliſch als krank. Er fürchtet, daß ſie wahnſinnig bleibt.

Schade! ſagte Schakeped; ſo wäre uns eine Fromme oder wohl gar Heilige ſo aus Reih und Glied gelaufen, um im Narrenthum zu endigen. Warum gränzt nur die Unklugheit immer ſo nahe an das Allerbeſte im Menſchen?

Der Dechant erwiederte: Doch wohl, weil das Beſte und Edelſte immer ganz geiſtiger Natur iſt und ganz mit der Liebe eins. Wir erleben es aber auch oft, wie leicht ſich und wie ſchnell die heftigſte innigſte Liebe in fürchterlichen und grauſamen Haß umſetzen kann.

Davon ſind freilich alle Geſchichten und Gedichte voll, ſagte Flamand, ein junger Advokat, der ſich in alle hübſche Mädchen verliebte, und deshalb die Fabel der Stadt geworden war. Frau Catharina hatte zum Dechanten bei ſeinen Worten hingeſehn und ein ſtechender Blick des Geiſtlichen begegnete ihr, der ſie ſo anſtarrte, daß ſie verlegen es lange nicht wagte, wieder empor zu ſchauen.

Wir bedürfen der Geſchichte nicht, ſprach der Dechant, um dieſe Wahrheit einzuſehn. Alle Aeußerſten berühren ſich. Die wildeſten Ketzer waren diejenigen, die vorher im Ruf der Frömmigkeit geſtanden hatten. Wir leſen, daß oft brünſtige Seelen, die wahrhaft den Herrn in der Jugend liebten, im Alter ſo herbe abfielen und ſich dem Schöpfer abwandten, daß ſie Gott verfolgten und das Heilige im Grimme zu vernichten ſtrebten.

Kann ſein! rief Schakeſpeh, aber laßt uns nicht bei Tiſch ſo ganz auf erbauliche Geſpräche führen. Bringt lieber was Thörichtes auf das Tapet, und wenn der ehrwürdige Herr Dechant der Aufgabe nicht gewachſen ſein ſollte, ſo übernimmt mein alter Labitt, oder mein junger Flamand, oder eins von den ſchönen lachenden Mädchen die Mühe, die ja alle aus der Thorheit herausblühen, wie die Roſe aus ihrer Knoſpe. Lacht, Menſchenkinder, und ſprecht thörichtes Zeug! —

Ja wohl, ſagte Flamand, wäre es beſſer, nur das Heitre, oder Seltſame vorzutragen. Drei Meilen von hier liegt ein Dorf, in welchem der verſtändige Schulze vier alte Weiber hat einziehen und criminel verklagen laſſen. Und warum? Sie ſollen Hexen ſein und alle Wochen oder monatlich den Hexen-Sabbath einmal beſuchen. Das ganze Dorf iſt über dieſe verſtändige Sache in Allarm, denn jedes Weib und jeder Mann ſteht in Gefahr, von der Weisheit dieſes Schulzen ebenfalls in das Gefängniß geworfen zu werden. Er hört nehmlich die Wahnwitzigen an, und ſie dürfen dieſe und jene nennen, welche ſie ebenfalls auf dem Hexen-Sabbath wollen geſehen haben, und da dieſer Traum, oder die Einbildung bei dem Richter für Wahrheit gilt, ſo iſt es nicht unmöglich, daß er ſein ganzes Dorf nach und nach, ſo wie die Bauern der benachbarten Oerter in die Gefängniſſe ſteckt.

Viele lachten, und da der Dechant ganz ernſthaft blieb, ſagte der Ritter Beaufort: Wie kommt es, geiſtlicher Herr, daß der Biſchof, oder der Prieſterorden und die Herrn Canonici nicht dieſem Unfug ſteuern?

Der Dechant ſah ihn mit einem ſonderbaren Lächeln an, und erwiederte: Es iſt wunderbar, wie die Geiſtlichkeit alles Auffallende, Thörichte oder auch nur Unbegreifliche richten und ſchlichten ſoll, und wie uns dieſelben, die dergleichen erwarten, auch immer wieder vorwerfen, daß wir uns in alles miſchen, was uns nicht kümmern ſollte. Geſchieht etwas Ruchloſes, Gottloſes, ſo heißt es: das hätten die Prieſter verhindern können und ſollen, und durch ihre Säumniß ſind ſie gewiſſermaßen des Verbrechens mitſchuldig! Erkennen wir geiſtliche und weltliche Strafen für nothwendig, um den Uebel, das immer mehr um ſich greift, zu ſteuern, ſo fordert man Langmuth, Vergebung, Lammsgeduld von uns, und meint, die Kirche ſei nur da, um zu ſegnen.

Warum wollt Ihr mich ſo mißverſtehen, trefflicher Herr! ſagte Beaufort: Euer Stand iſt ſo nothwendig, wie jeder andre, und ohne Kirche iſt kein chriſtlicher Staat möglich. Was die unwiſſende Unzufriedenheit der Schwätzer tadelt, kümmert mich nicht; aber einem Wahnwitzigen, der ſein Amt mißbraucht, dürft Ihr und müßt Ihr keck und mit ſchlichtem Wort entgegen treten. Auch dürfte, wenn einer tadeln wollte, dieſer wohl fragen: Wie kommt der finſtre Aberglaube, dieſer Unſinn unter jene Landbewohner, die in einfacher Arbeit der Natur und Wahrheit ſo viel näher ſtehen! Wie iſt es möglich, daß der Schultheiß, ein Mann, der als der Klügere, von der Gemeine gewählt wird, auf dieſen Unſinn als Richter hört! Ein Unzufriedener würde dann wohl bemerken dürfen, ohne ſich von der Wahrheit zu ſehr zu entfernen, daß jene Prieſter auf dem Lande, ſo wie die Lehrer in den Dorfſchulen zu unwiſſend ſind, weder Vernunft noch Religion kennen, und jene Stellen ihnen nur anvertraut werden, weil ſie zu keinem andern Geſchäfte brauchbar ſind, indeß die gebildeten, gelehrten Geiſtlichen nur nach Einkünften und hohen Plätzen ſtreben, mit gleichgültigem Sinn die kirchlichen Ceremonien üben, und den Bürger und das Volk ſich ſelber überlaſſen.

Meine Herrn Ritter, ſagte der Dechant, dieſer Tadel iſt ſchlimmer und ungegründeter als jener, den Ihr eben erſt als unnützes Geſchwätz wolltet abgewieſen wiſſen. Dieſe Geſinnung iſt es aber, welche den Einfluß der Kirche und der frommen Prieſter ſchwächt, ja faſt vernichtet. Wen ſollen wir erziehen, wann ſich jeder klüger als die Kirchendiener, als die Lehrer des göttlichen Wortes wähnt!

Ihr ſeid zu ſcharf, geiſtlicher Herr, rief Köſtein von ſeinem Sitze gleichgültig hinüber: Jeder Stand hat ſeine Plagen und findet ſeine Verleumder, alle haben aber auch ihre Freude, und wie ſehr die geiſtlichen Herrn nur auf ihren Vortheil ſehen, das iſt eine Sache, über die ſchon in alten Zeiten iſt geklagt worden.

Als Schakeſpeh ſah, daß man verſtimmt war, rief er: Bei Tiſch geht alles drauf und drein, man kann und ſoll nicht jedes Wort abwägen: Freunde ſind wir alle, ſonſt wären wir nicht hier verſammelt, und kein Wohlwollender wird ein haſtiges Wort übel auslegen wollen.

Die Mahlzeit war geendet, und alle ſtanden auf, mehr verſtimmt als erheitert. Man begab ſich in einen andern Saal, um eingemachte Früchte, Zucker, Obſt und ſüßen Wein als Nachtiſch zu genießen. Catharina war nachdenkend, und hörte nicht auf die Scherze ihres Wirthes. Friedrich blieb mit ſeinem Vater, Köſtein und einigen Rathsherren im Zimmer, weil ſich unter ihnen ein lebhaftes Geſpräch angeſponnen hatte. Labitt ging träumend hin und her, da er, wie faſt jeder, ziemlich viel des ſtarken Weins genoſſen hatte.

In einem Bogenfenſter, welches mit Blumenranken umhangt war, hatte ſich Catharina zurückgezogen. Sie hörte nicht auf die Geſpräche der andern, die von den Früchten, oder dem Zuckerwerk nahmen, ſondern ſie ſah ſtarr vor ſich nieder, weil ihr Gemüth, ohne Gegenſtand zwar, tief bewegt war. Sie ſann nach, warum ſie traure, und ein zagendes Zittern ſie durchbebe, als ſie die Augen erhob und über den Dechanten erſchrak, der ſich ſtill an ihre Seite geſetzt hatte. Was iſt Euch? fragte der Geiſtliche theilnehmend. Weiß ich es ſelbſt! antwortete ſie; ich betrat mit Heiterkeit dieſes Haus und werde es nun tief betrübt verlaſſen, ohne daß mir etwas begegnet ſei, das ich traurig, oder nur unangenehm nennen könnte. Es ſcheint oft in der Luft eine Schwermuth zu regieren, die ſich den Menſchen unmittelbar einſenkt, denn alle waren heut, ſo ſchön das Wetter iſt, verſtimmt und zu Verdruß und Händeln aufgelegt.

Es iſt wohl oft, ſagte der Dechant, das Vorgefühl unſers künftigen Schickſals, welches der inwendige Geiſt ſchon vorausſieht, ohne Bild und Geſtalt. Das mag wohl jene unnennbare Angſt ſein, die zuweilen alle unſre Kräfte zuſammendrückt. Die Erfüllung des Vortraums kommt oft erſt nach Jahren. Auch mich quält oft ſolche Angſt, von der wir nicht wiſſen, ob wir ſie eine geiſtige oder körperliche nennen ſollen. — Freundestroſt iſt in dieſer Verſtimmung das höchſte Glück, aber Ihr habt Euch mir entzogen und wollt Euch immer mehr entfremden, ja es gefällt Euch, mich zu Euern Feinden zu zählen. Seht aber ein, ſchöne Freundin, daß zwei Menſchen, die Verſtand haben, ſich einigen ſollten, ſich nützen, ſich gegenſeitig beruhigen, einer dem andern helfen. Jeder kann ſchaden und nützen. Und wenn es wahr iſt, wie ich es denn nur zu gern glaube, daß Ihr mit Friedrich nicht in jener Verbindung ſteht, die ich argwohnte, ſo ſolltet Ihr, Holdſelige, nicht länger mein Geſuch und mein Bündniß abweiſen.

Catharina ermuthigte ſich und ſah ihn mit ihren großen Augen durchdringend an: Es kann nicht ſein, ſagte ſie dann ruhig, ich erkläre es Euch feſt und beſtimmt.

Ihr werdet es einmal bereuen, fuhr der Dechant dringend fort, auch iſt es unmöglich, daß eine ſo wahre Leidenſchaft, wie es die meinige iſt, keine Erwiederung finden ſollte. Erinnert Ihr Euch wohl einer alten Armgart, die aus Euerm Hauſe ſich mit einem Bauern verheirathete?

O ja, antwortete ſie, ſehr gut, ſie war ſchon lange Wittwe geweſen und beging die Thorheit, nachdem ſie einige Jahr die Aufſicht meines Hauſes geführt hatte, ſich mit einem jüngern Manne zu verbinden, der ſie des kleinen Vermögens wegen nahm. Sie iſt unglücklich, ich habe ſie nun ſchon mehrmals unterſtützen müſſen; der Mann iſt ein Trinker, und ſie iſt krank und gebrechlich geworden.

Ihr Elend, ſagte der Dechant, hat ſie bis zur Verzweiflung getrieben, nachdem ihr Verſtand ſchon gelitten hatte. Jetzt ſitzt ſie draußen im Gefängniß und wird morgen zur Stadt gebracht werden.

Und was hat ſie begangen? fragte Catharina in großer Spannung.

Ein Verbrechen, an welches Ihr nicht zu glauben vorgebt, das aber unſer Biſchof und manche von der Cleriſey als das größte und ungeheuerſte anſehen.

Wie! rief Catharina, mit krankhaftem Lachen, welches ſie unterdrückte: eine Hexe iſt ſie wohl gar!

Sie hat ſich ſelbſt als ſolche angegeben, erwiederte der Dechant, indem er ſcharf in das Auge der Frau Demiſel blickte, die ihn mit durchdringlicher Frage anſchaute. Er hielt ihren ſtarren Blick aus, ohne ſich zu verwirren, und ſagte nach einer langen Pauſe: worüber dieſes Wundern?

Ueber Euern unerſchütterlichen Ernſt, ſagte ſie, ſelber ſehr ernſt.

Die Sache wird unterſucht werden, antwortete er leichthin, in den Formen, nach Herkommen und Geſetz. Das geiſtliche Gericht wird ſondern, was Wahnſinn, Krankheit, Einbildung und Wahrheit iſt.

Wahrheit! rief ſie, faſt kreiſchend aus, war halb aufgeſtanden und ſank in den Seſſel zurück: ſagtet Ihr, nanntet Ihr Wahrheit! ſprach ſie dann, wie mit erſchöpfter Stimme.

Wohl, Wahrheit, fuhr der Dechant milde fort; wie anders! Unſer Biſchof iſt, wenn auch beſchränkt, doch fromm wenn nicht der Gelehrteſte, doch von chriſtlicher Liebe durchdrungen. Seine Beiſitzer, die Canonici, wir und die andern Prieſter werden ihm helfen und ſeine Meinung erläutern. Die Sache wird ſich, ſo hoffe ich zuverſichtlich, bald zum Guten wenden. — Aber Ihr wechſelt, bald mit Gluth, bald mit Leichenbläſſe. Ihr ſeid nicht wohl, ſchöne Frau.

Doch, ſagte ſie, nur für den Augenblick ein weniges verrückt. So, ſo könnt Ihr ſprechen! Ihr, von deſſen Lippen ich noch vor wenigen Tagen ganz andere Gedanken und Worte vernahm?

Wie ich gegen die vertrauteſten Freunde, zu der Geliebten meiner Seele rede, ſagte der Prieſter, iſt ganz ein anderes, denn ich ſpreche dann nur mit mir ſelber. Zu dieſen wollt Ihr aber nicht gehören, Ihr kündigt mir im Gegentheil Euern Haß an. Ihr ſeid, als leidenſchaftliche Frau, zu voreilig, mit dem abzuſchließen, was Ihr Wahrheit nennt. Wie neulich ein Mondſtein herunter gefallen iſt, was ich auch nie geglaubt hätte, wenn ich die große, ſchwere, fremdartige Maſſe nicht ſelbſt geſehn hätte, ſo kann ich auch noch, und eben ſo Ihr, Vieles, Vieles lernen und erfahren, von dem ſich in unſrer gewöhnlichen Stimmung unſer Glaube mit Widerwillen abwendet. Dieſe Hexen haben ſich ſelbſt angegeben, ſie ſchworen, daß ſie jenen Sabbath beſucht haben, den ſie eben ſo lächerlich als entſetzlich beſchreiben. Sie haben andre Männer und Frauen, Bekannte wie Unbekannte dort angetroffen, ſie nennen Namen, ſie bezeichnen die Geſtalten, ſie erzählen wieder, was dieſe geſprochen haben, ſie wiſſen um Geheimniſſe der Familien, die ſie auf dem natürlichen Wege nicht haben erfahren können. Da der Prozeß ſchon eingeleitet iſt, ſo kann es nicht fehlen, daß dieſer und jener, der es ſich jetzt noch nicht träumen läßt, mit in die Unterſuchung gezogen wird. Verdrüßlich iſt es, wenn Kranke oder Melancholiſche ihre Einbildungen oder Träume, oder ſelbſt nur das Gelüſt, dieſem und jenem einen Schreck zu machen, mit der Wahrheit und ihrer wirklichen Ueberzeugung verwechſeln. Darum iſt es jetzt mehr Noth, als je, Freunde zu ſuchen, verkehrt iſt, ſie von ſich zu ſtoßen.

Er faßte die Hand der Frau, und ſah ſie mit zärtlichem Blicke an. Catharina zog ihre Hand gelinde zurück, und ſagte mit ruhigem, kalten Ton: Nun! Dieſe Armgart, die mich mehr kennt, wie irgend wer in der Stadt, die mich mehrmals beſucht, die ſeit zwei Jahren von meinen Wohlthaten lebt: nicht wahr, ſie hat vielleicht ſchon ausgeſagt, daß ſie mich auch auf ihrem Hexen-Sabbath angetroffen hat?

Nicht anders, geliebte Catharina, ſagte der Dechant mit ſanfter, gleitender Stimme, Ihr ſeid die allererſte, die ſie genannt hat.

Jetzt ſtand die Frau auf, erhob ſich in ihrer ganzen Größe und ſah ſtolz auf den Dechanten hinab. Ihr dauert mich unendlich, ſagte ſie, aber es ſchneidet mir durch das Herz, daß ich Euch ſo tief, ſo tief verachten muß. — Sie fiel wieder in ein krampfhaftes Lachen, welches ihren Körper heftig erſchütterte, dann machte ſie dem Schluchzen durch einen Strom von Thränen Luft, indem ſie ſagte: Ich glaubte die Menſchen zu kennen, aber ſie waren mir fremd, ich glaubte viel, auch großen Schmerz erlebt zu haben, aber die wahre hohe Schule fange ich jetzt erſt an, zu beſuchen. Dechant, ärmſter aller Menſchen, jene verruckten alten Weiber, die Dummheiten faſeln und den Namen Gottes mißbrauchen, ſind doch weit edler, beſſer und ſelbſt klüger, als ihr. Alſo dafür, daß Ihr mich gegen dieſe Reden, Ausſagen vertretet, Dinge, für die ich keinen Namen habe, dafür, daß Ihr Euch nicht auch aberwitzig anſtellt, und die niederträchtigſte Heuchelei als Diener des ewigen Gottes treibt, dafür ſoll ich Euch meine Gunſt verkaufen, und Ihr redet dann wohl ein mildes, kluges Wort für Eure Buhlerin: mit dieſer lacht Ihr dann wohl über die mehr als aberwitzige Verblendung jener elenden Vetteln und Eures Biſchofs. Nein, das wird nie, nie geſchehn!

Gewiß nicht, ſagte der Dechant, Ihr nehmt dieſe Sachen, die eigentlich wahre Kindereien ſind, viel zu wichtig. Wie könnte man Euch, was könnte Euch gefährden? Es thut mir weh, daß ich Euch dieſen Schrecken gemacht habe, habe machen müſſen. Wie ſoll ich das wieder vergüten?

Daß Ihr mich nie wieder ſeht, ſagte Catharina, indem ſie ſich wieder erhob, daß Ihr es vergeßt, wie wir uns je gekannt haben, daß Ihr meinen Namen nicht mehr nennt.

Gut, ſagte der Dechant, es mag ſich wohl ſo treffen; aber wodurch habe ich denn nur das, was Ihr doch für eine Strafe, und zwar eine recht empfindliche nehmt, verſchuldet?

Wodurch? rief ſie mit ſchneidendem Ton: dadurch, daß Ihr Euch nicht gleich den ſchändlichen Dummheiten widerſetztet, daß Ihr nur mit einem ernſthaften Geſicht ihrer erwähnen konntet, daß Ihr von mir ſo geringe dachtet, geringer als von einem Thiere, daß dieſe Abgeſchmacktheiten mich ſchrecken würden, daß Ihr Euch alſo dieſer Fragen bemächtigt, um Eure niederträchtige, ſündliche Lüſternheit ſo zu büßen, und mich auf ſo wohlfeile Art zu Eurer Sklavin zu machen.

Sie wollte ſich mit dem Ausdruck der tiefſten Verachtung entfernen, aber der Dechant, tief erſchüttert, hielt ſie gewaltſam beim Kleide feſt, und ſetzte ſie wider ihren Willen in den Seſſel zurück. So iſt es nicht, ſagte er dann, indem er den Blick erhob, bei Gott, ganz ſo iſt es nicht, nicht ſo ſchlimm habe ich es mit Euch gemeint, ſo ſehr Ihr mich gekränkt und beleidigt habt. Man iſt ſchlimm, aber doch nicht ganz ſo verworfen, wie Ihr glaubt.

Was wollt Ihr mit mir? ſagte ſie, den Dechanten abwehrend. Ich kenne Euch nicht mehr. Soll ich Hülfe rufen? Soll ich Euch, wie einen Hund, mit Füßen von mir ſtoßen?

Ihr ſprecht ja, ſagte der Dechant wieder bitter und mit einem grinſenden Lächeln, wie eine Fürſtin der Tugend und Ehre. Wehrt Euch! wehrt Euch, wenn auch nicht gegen die Ausſagen der blödſinnigen Armgart, doch gegen den Ernſt, der Euch von einer andern Seite bedroht. Ja, es wird Ernſt, ſo wenig Eure Hochfahrenheit auch dem warnenden Freunde glauben, und ſeine Liebe und Hülfe annehmen will. In Langoes iſt ein frommer Einſiedler, der ſeit Jahren dort im nahen Walde lebte, eingezogen worden. Das geiſtliche Gericht hat ihm den Prozeß gemacht. Aus Briefen, Papieren, die man bei ihm fand, aus ſeinen Geſtändniſſen, die er theils frei, theils auf der Folter ablegte, iſt hervorgegangen, daß er ein verruchter Ketzer, ein Rebell gegen die Kirche, ein Waldenſer war, der Lehre zugethan, wodurch dieſe Frevler ſchon früh die Kirche ſtürzen wollten. Vor drei Tagen iſt er verbrannt worden. Man hat auch Blätter von Eurer Hand gefunden. Der verbrannte Miſſethäter iſt Niemand anders als Euer geliebter Robert.

Catharina ſtieß einen lauten, durchdringenden Schrei aus und lag todtenblaß und regungslos wie eine Leiche im Seſſel.

Alles lief herbei. Ein Theil der Geſellſchaft, die um das Bankett, oder den Nachtiſch, ſaß und ſtand, hatte ſchon mit Verwundern dem lebhaften Geſpräche aus der Ferne zugeſehn, welches der Dechant mit Frau Catharina führte. Der Wirth war um die Frau, die er immer geehrt hatte, ſehr beſorgt. Er ließ eine Sänfte holen, und die Kranke, als ſie wieder zur Beſinnung gelangt war, nach ihrem Hauſe führen, von ſeinen Dienern begleitet. Der Dechant, den man befragen wollte, was vorgefallen ſei, war, ohne daß man es bemerkt hatte, ſchon fortgegangen. Was kann geſchehen ſein! ſagte Schakepeh, ich meinte immer, unſer Herr Dechant ſei mit der Frau Deniſel gut Freund. Es war ja, als wenn ſie lebhaft ſtritten, und er ihr zuletzt etwas Entſetzliches ſagte.

Die Frauen und Mädchen waren ſehr beſorgt, und Schakepeh, verdrüßlich geworden, rief aus: An dieſen Schmaus werde ich gedenken! Iſt es nicht, als wenn heute böſe Geiſter in meinem Hauſe ihr Spiel trieben? Noch nie ſind alle meine Gäſte ſo verſtimmt und ärgerlich geweſen, und kein Menſch weiß, wo das Unheil herkommt, oder wer es erregt. Sollte man nicht an Zauberei und Hexen glauben, von denen die Pöbelleute jetzt wieder faſeln wollen?

Indem vernahm er wieder im benachbarten Zimmer ein lautes Gezänk. Erſchrocken ſprang er hinein, und diejenigen von ſeinen Gäſten, welche noch zurückgeblieben waren, folgten ihm nach. Köſtein war es, der trunken und vom Zorne heiß, gegen Friedrich den Degen gezogen hatte. Einige ältere Männer hielten den wüthenden Jüngling feſt, und ſuchten ihm die Waffe aus der Hand zu ringen. Köſtein hatte noch einige Kelchgläſer Wein auf das Wohlſein des Herzogs Philipp, ſeines großen Beſchützers getrunken: der Ritter Beaufort hatte ihm Beſcheid gethan, und dann die Geſundheit des Prinzen Carl, des Grafen von Charolais ausgebracht, welche der ſchon trunkne Köſtein in ſeinem Uebermuthe verweigerte. Beaufort und ſein Sohn Friedrich hatten dies übel empfunden, ſie wollten ihn zwingen, ihnen Beſcheid zu thun, und Köſtein, anſtatt ſich zu beſinnen, hatte ſich in heftige Schmähungen gegen den Prinzen ergoſſen. Böſewichter! rief eben der erhitzte Jüngling, als Schakepeh mit ſeinen Gäſten in den größern Saal trat, ich will Euch lehren, den alten Herrn meinen Fürſten reſpektiren! Auf den Knieen ſollt Ihr, Rebellen, ſeine Geſundheit trinken, und den Boden dazu küſſen. Was ſoll uns dieſer Prinz? Dieſer Händelmacher? Dieſer Unfähige? Er der alle Welt haßt, und von allen gehaßt wird!

Schakepeh trat näher und ſagte: Kind! ſchreit nicht ſo alberne Reden heraus! Her mit dem Degen, den Ihr ſo wenig, wie die Zunge, zu regieren wißt.

Er geſellte ſich zu den Rathsherren, die den wüthenden Köſtein feſt hielten, und nahm dieſem das Schwerdt aus der Hand, welches der Trunkne jetzt nicht zu bemerken ſchien, denn er nahm plötzlich, ganz freundlich den alten Schakepeh beim Kopf, warf ſich in ſeine Arme, küßte ihn herzlich und ſagte: Ihr ſeid doch noch ein verſtändiger Mann, der weiß, was ſich geziemt, und wie man ſich gegen ausgezeichnete

Gäſte, die am Hofe vielen Einfluß haben, zu betragen hat. Kauderwelſche Menſchen aber, wie der alte Ritter dort, haben in dem kleinen Neſt hier keine Lebensart, keine Ritterſitte gelernt, ſie wiſſen keine Unterſchiede zu machen. Aber wartet nur, Ihr tückiſchen Kleinbürger! Der Prinz, mein Graf Etampes, ja der Herzog ſelbſt ſoll es erfahren, wie ſchlecht Ihr von ihm geſprochen habt, und wir wollen alsdann doch ſehn, ob wir nicht Euern rebelliſchen Nacken beugen können.

Herr Schakeped, ſagte der alte Beaufort, der auch vom Wein und Zorn erhitzt war, ich brauche Euch wohl nicht erſt zu ſagen, daß der trunkne junge Mann etwas Inhaltloſes daher faſelt, Ihr kennt mich lange genug, ſo wie ich auch meine Denkungsart niemals verſchwiegen habe. Ich verehre den Fürſten, den guten Philipp, aber wir müſſen auch deſſen einzigen Erben hochachten und lieben, wenn wir Patrioten ſein wollen.

Friedrich ſagte, ſelbſt zornig: Zürnt nicht, mein Vater, es iſt der Mühe nicht werth. Der junge Mann hat nicht Erfahrung und Ueberlegung genug, er kann Euch nicht beleidigen.

Köſtein ward hierüber von neuem wüthend. Ich kann Euch und jedermann beleidigen! rief er aus; das Vorrecht wird und ſoll mir bleiben! Ich habe ſchon manchen beleidigt, in Brügge, Gent und Brüſſel, und die kleinen Bürgersleute habens hinnehmen müſſen, ohne nur das Maul aufzuthun! Ich war gegen hundert Menſchen völlig im Unrecht, und doch haben ſie ſich nicht verantworten dürfen. Das fehlt noch, daß man mir, oder einem Prinzen von Geblüt, oder dem Herrn von Croys noch viel widerſpräche, wenn wir im Unrecht ſind! Das wäre ja eine ganz neue Haushaltung!

Gevattersmann, ſagte jetzt Schakeped, ſetz dich vor's erſte da nieder, und trink einen Becher kühlen Brunnenwaſſers, das wird deinem vornehmen Eifer gut thun. Wir müſſen alle als gute Freunde und Nachbarn leben. Du haſt die Gabe, den Leuten Unrecht zu thun, und ſie ohne Noth zu beleidigen, das ſehn wir ja alle: aber Herr Beaufort und wir haben auch die Gabe, dir zu vergeben und einzuſehen, daß du ein junger leichtſinniger Thor biſt, dem die Hofgunſt in den Kopf geſtiegen iſt, und der nun in ſeinem Wirrwarr alle zuſammen wettern möchte, wenn wir es litten. Nicht wahr, ſo verhält ſich die Sache, wenn wir es beim Lichte beſehn!

Köſtein lachte wieder und umarmte von neuem ſeinen Wirth. So iſt es, ſagte er fröhlich, du haſt es getroffen, und dir als meinem zweiten Vater, als dem Verſtändigſten hier, als dem muſterhaften Bürger, der ſo vortreffliche Weine in ſeinem Keller hat, übergebe ich nun mein Schwerdt und nenne mich deinen Gefangenen, bis ich mich von dir ranzionirt habe.

Er faßte nach dem Degen und war ſehr verwundert, nur die Scheide anzutreffen. Wer ſprach von Zauber! rief er aus; ja wohl, ich ſehe es, wir ſind alle behext! Das ſtarke Schwerdt iſt verſchwunden, und wenn Stahl und Eiſen nachgeben muß, ſo ſoll mein Herz nicht mehr als der Degen verhärtet ſein. Ich nehme es gnädig und wohlwollend an, daß der Ritter Beaufort und ſein Sohn mich um Verzeihung bitten, und vergebe den lieben guten Leuten, die freilich niemals am Hofe gelebt haben. — Er umarmte mit vornehmer Herablaſſung den alten Ritter und Friedrich, die ungewiß ſchienen, ob ſie auf dieſe Worte nicht von neuem etwas erwiedern müßten. Schakeped hinderte aber einen neuen Ausbruch des Zornes, indem er Alle nach der Reihe umarmte und ſie dann nach dem Bankett führte, indem er ſagte: verſüßt hier im Confekt und Zucker die Bitterkeit Eurer Geiſter. Nichts beſſer als ſo ein Niederſchlag von ſüßen Sachen, ſo daß der kräftige Geiſt ſich einer gewiſſen ſanften Schwermuth und Sehnſucht ergiebt, die ihm recht ſchwärmeriſch aus dieſen Dingen da erwächſt, ſo daß, wenn der Menſch etwas zu viel genießt, aus dieſen lauen und flauen Empfindungen einer geläuterten Moral der fleißige Näſcher ſich bis zur wahren körperlichen Uebelkeit und einem wohlthuenden Ekel empor ſchwingen kann.

Sie ſetzten ſich beruhigt nieder, und Köſtein, welcher neben der ſchönen Sophie Platz gefunden hatte, war gegen dieſe beſonders freundlich. Der Ritter Beaufort ſchämte ſich jetzt ſeiner Hitze, und ſprach mit Friedrich, deſſen jugendliche Wangen noch glühten, wie man niemals und unter keinen Umſtänden ſeinem Zorne Raum geben müſſe.

So war die Ruhe des Hauſes wieder hergeſtellt, und Labitt, welcher, ſelber bald trunken, für ſeinen Freund, den jungen Friedrich, lebhaft Parthei genommen hatte, ſetzte ſich auch zu Schakeped nieder, um von den gezuckerten Früchten zu genießen. Ihr ſeid der ächte Friedensſtifter, Freund, ſagte er zum Alten, denn Euer Wein, der erſt den Zwiſt erregt, beſänftigt ihn auch wieder. Wenn es wirklich ſchadenfrohe Geiſter giebt, ſo haben ſie heute ihren Faſtnachts-Aufzug in dieſen Sälen gehalten. Mir deucht, meinem verklärten Auge ſind ſie auch ſichtbar geweſen. Das gaukelte von allen Seiten, an den Fenſtern, über der Tafel, und die Geiſterkerle, die lange rothe Naſen hatten, hielten dieſe immer über den Kelchgläſern, noch ehe die Gäſte daraus tranken. Hatten ſie nun den Duft eingeſogen, ſo glänzten und gläſerten die grünen, widerwärtigen Augen noch grüner. Und bei dieſer Gelegenheit habe ich die naturhiſtoriſche Bemerkung gemacht, daß die Arten des Weines verſchiedene Arten von Geiſtern anziehen und ſichtbar machen. Denn ich, der ich ein Fürſt und kommandirender Feldherr über alle dieſe Arten von Kobolden bin, und jedem gleich an der Naſe anſehen kann, wohin er zielt, oder was er meint, hielt alle dieſe geflügelten, ſchwebenden, Duft einſchlürfenden Vagabunden durch meinen Blick in eine gewiſſe Ordnung, denn ſonſt hätten ſich wohl heut ganz andre Prügeleien in Euren hübſchen Sälen kund gethan. Ich brachte es aber dahin, daß ſie den Anſtand doch einigermaßen beobachteten. Ach! Ihr glaubt nicht, wackrer Schakeped, als die hübſchen Mägde den ſüßen, lieben Wein aus Languedoc hereinbrachten, der in den Kriſtallgläſern ſo zart ſchwebte und bebte, was ſich da ſchöne, roſenroth durchſichtige Sylphiden mit den brennenden Lippen an den Rand drängten, um von der zauberiſchen Flut zu nippen. Darauf ſchlugen ſie die himmelblauen Augen ſo entzückt auf, daß es von dem klaren Schimmer ſelbſt im Saale leuchtete: die eine, die etwas zu viel getrunken haben mochte, ſchwebte nach dem Fenſter und ſetzte ſich dort in den großen Blumenkranz, ſteckte ihr krauſes Köpfchen in die kühle, eben aufgeblätterte Roſe und ſchlief nun ſo ſüß und entzückend ein, daß ich mich in das Feenkind mit meinem ganzen Herzen verliebt habe. Wenn ſich der blanke Buſen im Schlummer hob und ſenkte, ſo wallten die Roſenblätter gelinde, und das Aurikelchen daneben bebte vor Wonne. Dem groben Blick ſchien es, als ſpiele nur die Sommerluft manierlich in den bunten Blätterchen. Ei, Alter, es verlohnte ſich ſchon deswegen der Mühe, einmal zu ſterben, um dieſe Kinderchen mehr in der Nähe kennen zu lernen, und ihnen die Liebeserklärung zu machen. Nachher kam eine Fliege durch das Fenſter geflogen, ſtieß in ihrer groben Ungeſchicklichkeit an die Roſe, und mein Liebchen wachte wieder auf. Nun ſetzte ſie ſich aufrecht, legte die Beinchen ruhend über einander, und ſah alles aufmerkſam an, was die wilden, thörichten Sterblichen im Saale vornahmen. Glaubt Ihr wohl, edler Mann, daß einer von den rothnaſigen Kerlen jetzt mit dem Kindgeiſte ein dummes Geſpräch anfangen wollte? Der Stümper war auf gemeine menſchliche Art ſo ſimpel hin betrunken, und verſtand nicht den edlen Rauſch meiner Sylphe. Sie winkte ihm aber mit den weißen Fingern, gegen die die Lilienblume noch ſchmuzig iſt, ſo majeſtätiſch und doch ſo freundlich ernſt, daß er nicht den Muth hatte, ſeine Dummheiten oder Liebeserklärungen anzubringen. Nun glaubte ich gewonnen Spiel zu haben, und lächelte ſie mit ſo vieler Holdſeligkeit an, als ich nur zu Stande zu bringen wußte; da ſchlug ſie aber ein ſo lautes und poſſierliches Gelächter auf, daß ich beſchämt von meinem Traum erwachte. Ich ſaß gerade dem Spiegel gegenüber, und erſchrak vor der grinſenden Fratze, die ich mir ſelbſt entgegen hielt.

Der verſtimmte Schakeped hörte nur halb auf das Geſchwätz des alten Malers hin, denn ihm war, als wenn eine trübe Ahndung ihm ſagte, daß neue Unruhe oder neuer Zwiſt dieſen Tag wiederum verſtören würden. Auch ſchwebte ihm immer noch das Bild der ohnmächtigen, leichenblaſſen Frau Catharina vor den Augen. Er mochte den heiter faſelnden Labitt nicht durch die Nachricht von der plötzlichen Krankheit der Frau überraſchen, weil er wußte, wie ſehr der Maler ihr Freund war. Dieſer hatte den ſonderbaren Vorfall nicht bemerkt, weil ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit indeſſen im andern Saale war beſchäftigt geweſen. Es war dem Wirthe daher lieb, daß Labitt noch weiter dichtete, und einige der jüngern Leute der Laune des Alten gern zuhörten. Noch mehr war er erfreut, als Köſtein ſich jetzt erhob, um Abſchied zu nehmen; daſſelbe that der Ritter Beaufort und Friedrich, deſſen Augen vergeblich die Frau Deniſel geſucht hatten. Köſtein, ganz ernüchtert, wie es ſchien, ging ohne Nachweiſung ſelbſt zu dem Tiſche, auf welchem ſein Degen lag, ſteckte ihn ruhig an und ſagte dann, indem er dem Ritter die Hand reichte: So ſind wir denn alſo wieder Freunde, und bleiben ſolche.

Beaufort gab ihm nachläſſig die Hand und ſagte leichthin: Warum nicht? Was man im Trunke ſpricht, vergißt ſich am leichteſten.

Kann ſein, erwiederte Köſtein, indem er ſtolz das Haupt aufrichtete und mit wichtiger Miene ſein koſtbares Barett aufſetzte. Aber wir Hofleute, fuhr er lächelnd fort, ſind tückiſch, wir haben unſre Freude an der Bosheit, und nichts geht über die Luſt, als den Gegner, den man ſicher gemacht hat, ſo recht plötzlich, wie ein Blitz aus heiterm Himmel, zu beleidigen und ihm recht empfindlich wehe zu thun. Von dergleichen Feinheiten des Lebens wißt Ihr hier herum nun freilich nichts, Ihr Holzhändler, Tapetenweber oder Ritterſleute aus dem vorigen Jahrhundert. Wer aber mit Grafen und Herren umgeht, mit den Croys, den Etampes, den Herzogen, der lernt auch dieſen hohen Geſchmack unter den Gerichten der Lebensmahlzeit am meiſten ſchätzen und genießen.

Friedrich wollte etwas antworten, hielt aber auf einen ernſten Wink des Vaters ſeine Rede zurück, und Schakepey, der den jungen übermüthigen Ritter noch begleitete, kam ganz heiter die breite Treppe wieder herauf und trat geſprächig zur Geſellſchaft, um in dieſer noch eine frohe Stunde zu genießen, da ſich der Unruheſtifter endlich friedfertig entfernt hatte, als eine neue Erſcheinung ihn und alle, die noch zugegen waren, heftig erſchreckte, und ihre Gemüther mit Grauen erfüllte.

Der Küſter Wundrich ſtürzte blaß, entſtellt, mit aufgeſträubtem Haar und allen Zeichen des Entſetzens herein. Seine Kleidung war unordentlich, die Krauſe ſeines Halſes verſchoben, und ſo wie er eintrat, fiel er, bevor er noch jemand begrüßt hatte, matt in einen Seſſel nieder. Die Bruſt klopfte ihm, er ſuchte nach Athem und Stimme, aber das Wort verſagte ihm. Ihm folgte ein ſtarker, feſt gebauter und unterſetzter Mann, ein alter Freund des Schakepey, Peter Carrieur, der reichſte Tapetenwirker der Stadt Arras. Auch dieſer ſchien aufgebracht und erſchrocken, hatte aber doch mehr Faſſung behalten als der Küſter.

Alles drängte ſich um den wohl gekannten Wundrich, und Labitte zeigte ſich am meiſten beſorgt. Der Wirth des Hauſes reichte dem Erſchöpften ſelbſt einen Becher Wein, damit dieſer ſich erholen und ſeine Kräfte wiederfinden möge. Carrieur ging indeſſen im Saale auf und ab und ſtampfte heftig mit den Füßen.

Endlich hatte ſich Wundrich etwas gefaßt und ſagte nun mit matter Stimme zu Schakepey und den Umſtehenden: Verzeiht, daß ich Euch durch meinen Eintritt dieſen Schrecken verurſacht habe, aber ich weiß wirklich nicht, wie ich zu Euch gekommen bin. Ich erinnere mich plötzlich, daß ich Euch verſprochen hatte, Euer großes Feſt mit feiern zu helfen. Die Zeit war ſchon vorüber, und ich komme jetzt her, zu einem alten Freunde, bei dem ich Troſt finde, oder dem ich meine Klagen ſagen darf.

Ihr wißt, daß unſre alte Gertrud ſeit einiger Zeit krank und das iſt, was man unklug nennen muß. Ich habe ſie geſehn und getröſtet, und ſie ſchien wieder auf dem Wege der Beſſerung. Geiſtlichkeit und viele vom Adel und Bürgerſtand halten das liebe alte Weib für eine Heilige, die auch ſeit Jahren mit ſchmerzlicher Aufopferung ſich ſo milde, wohlthätig und demüthig erzeigt hat, daß ſie für das Muſter einer wahren und unverfälſchten Chriſtin gelten konnte.

Ihr habt von dem Geſchwätz vernommen, wie einige dumme alte Weiber in einer Art Wahnſinn ſich ſelbſt, nachdem die Bauern ſie lange ſchon ſo geſcholten, für Hexen angegeben haben. Wir glauben über dieſen Unſinn lachen zu können. Eine alte Magd, die der Alten zuweilen etwas hilft, ihr auch vom Dorfe Kohl oder ſonſt ein Gemüſe bringt, erzählt unſerer Gertrud von dieſen Albernheiten. Als ich zu ihr komme, finde ich ſie ſehr matt und ſchwach, und ſie bittet und forſcht, ob es nicht möglich ſei, daß der Biſchof zu ihr kommen oder ſie zum Biſchof gehen könne. Ich begriff die Bitte nicht, da ſie niemals mit den Herren aus der Geiſtlichkeit, mit den Prälaten ſich hat einlaſſen wollen. Ich ſuchte ihr die Grille auszureden, aber ſie beharrte feſt, weil ſie etwas Wichtiges entdecken wolle und müſſe. So trug ich denn dem Herrn Biſchof von Baruth die Sache vor, und er ging mit mir zum alten, wunderbaren Weibe hinaus. Die Vorſtadt und die Nachbarſchaft verwunderte ſich, daß der hohe Prälat in eigner Perſon die Hütte beſuchte.

Wie wir hineintraten, fand ich die Alte wie verwandelt. Sie erhob ſich heftig, ſie bewegte ſich ſchnell, ihre Augen glänzten auf unnatürliche Art, und ſie hatte faſt das Weſen einer Trunkenen. Ich entſetzte mich vor dem Anblick, ſie aber, die mein Erſtaunen ſah, lachte mir höhniſch ins Geſicht. Der Biſchof breitete die Arme aus, indem er ſie ſegnete, und ſagte: Fromme, heilige Frau, ſei mir gegrüßt, nach deren Anblick mein Auge ſich ſchon lange geſehnt.

Sie ſah ihn an und lachte wieder, beugte ſich dann und fiel zu ſeinen Füßen nieder. Ihr irrt, gnädiger Herr, rief ſie, ich wollte Euch eröffnen, daß ich die größte, die allerſchlimmſte Zauberin auf der ganzen Welt bin. Seit Jahren bin ich verworfen und heuchle in Bosheit Chriſtenthum, Demuth, Wohlthun und Frömmigkeit. Ja, hoher Biſchof, ſeit vielen Jahren habe ich mich mit meinem eignen Blute dem Satan und allen Teufeln verſchrieben, habe Gott und Chriſtum auf ewig verleugnet, meinem Antheil an der Seligkeit abgeſagt, und bin nichts als eine verruchte Hexe und Zauberin, die den Scheiterhaufen verdient. Seit manchem Jahre habe ich mit vielen andern faſt alles Unglück, welches unſre Stadt betroffen hat, herbei gezaubert, die Dürre, den Mißwachs, die Feuersbrünſte, den Tod ſo mancher guten Menſchen, Alte wie Junge. Immer höher iſt meine Bosheit geſtiegen, und ich war nun dabei, die Brunnen zu vergiften und Alles zu verderben, ſo weit mein Wunſch und Wille nur reichen mochte. Das verſprach mir auch mein Geiſt, der in Geſtalt einer Ziege ſeit einem Monat mit mir hauſte. Nehmt nun mein Bekenntniß an, glorreichſter Herr, gebt mir meine Strafe, ſo kann meine arme, ſo tief verſchuldete Seele vielleicht noch gerettet werden.

Der Prälat ſtand da, in Staunen aufgelöſt; ich entſetzte mich vor dieſem Wahnſinn der Armen und näherte mich demüthig dem Biſchofe, um den Unſinn der Alten zu entſchuldigen.

Der Küſter hielt inne, um ſich wieder zu erholen. — Und der Biſchof? fragte Schakepey. — Und wie ward es? riefen viele Stimmen durcheinander.

Hier nun, hier, ſo ſchrie Carrieur mit donnernder Stimme, hier fängt es nun an, Freunde, wo uns allen das Blut in den Adern ſtocken muß. Hört ihn nur, unſern wackern Küſter, laßt ihn nur zu Ende erzählen!

Wundrich ſtand auf und ſah ſich in der Verſammlung um. Ja, lieben Freunde und verehrte Männer, ſagte er mit feierlicher Stimme, berathet Euch, ſinnt, denkt, wie uns Hilfe werde. Denn der Biſchof, ohne auf meine Mahnung zu achten, wies mich ſtrenge zurück und hieß mich ſchweigen. Seit lange, rief er, habe ich eine ſolche Entdeckung, wenn auch nicht aus Eurem Munde, Frau Gertrud, erwartet. Man wird gewiß Rückſicht darauf nehmen, daß Ihr Euch freiwillig, obgleich Ihr im Geruch der Heiligkeit ſtandet, angegeben habt.

Ich fuhr zurück, denn dieſe Rede hatte ich nicht erwartet. Er aber rief ſeine Diener, die auf der Gaſſe ſeiner warteten, und hieß ſie die Häſcher holen. Es geſchah. Der Pöbel hatte ſich ſchon verſammelt. Die Häſcher kamen mit einer Trage, auf welcher man die Verbrecher, wenn ſie nicht mehr gehen können, zur Folter ſchleppt. Der Biſchof trat heraus. Wir haben, rief er, hier eine ſchreckliche Zauberin und furchtbare Hexe entdeckt! — Ja! ja! rief Gertrud mit gellender Stimme, ich bin eine Hexe! ich bin mit dem Satan vermählt! — Sie hatte in der Eile ihre ſchwarze Kappe verloren und die greiſen Haare flatterten im Winde, indem ſie auf der Tragbahre ſaß. — Ein Zetergeſchrei verfolgte ſie. Sie iſt im Gefängniß, unterirdiſch verſchloſſen, mit Ketten und Eiſen belegt, an die Wand geheftet, denn man hat Furcht, es könne ihre Ausſage ſie gereuen, und ſie ſich in der Nacht, durch Hülfe ihrer Geiſter, wieder in Freiheit ſetzen.

Alle waren vor Schrecken blaß. Jeder ſchwieg, keiner wagte, laut Athem zu holen. Iſt es möglich! ſagte endlich Schakepey, als er die Sprache wiedergefunden hatte, kann es einen Geiſtlichen, einen verſtändigen Menſchen, ja einen Thoren hier in der Stadt oder irgend wo in der Welt geben, der nicht den baaren ſtarren Aberwitz der Alten erkennt! Daß ſie krank iſt! Daß ſie faſelt! Und der Oberſte, der Beſchützer des Ketzergerichtes, der Biſchof, macht Ernſt!

Das iſt es, ſchrie Carrieur, was wir eben nicht dulden müſſen! Er, der arme, kleine, verdrückte und ſchwachköpfige Biſchof iſt ja zehnmal dummer und aberwitziger als dieſe alten Weiber. Die vom Dorfe hat er auch ſchon hieher holen und in die Inquiſition bringen laſſen. Indeſſen ihr hier ſchmauſet und guter Dinge ſeid, geht an der andern Ecke der Stadt Vernunft und Menſchenverſtand zu Grunde. Wir müſſen gegen dieſen Biſchof proteſtiren, der Herzog muß uns helfen. Keiner von uns iſt ſicher, daß die Verruchten ihn nicht in Bosheit und Dummheit angeben. Nicht iſt es nöthig, daß einem ein Verbrechen bewieſen wird, oder eine falſche Lehre, eine Ketzerei, oder daß er verbotene Bücher beſitze, welches alles, wenn von neuem die Welt durch dergleichen Verbote, Hausſuchungen und Fragen beläſtigt wird, ſchon ſchlimm genug iſt; ſondern, ſo hat der Biſchof es ſchon in unſrer Gegenwart ausgeſprochen, wen dieſe Hexen (Gott verzeihe mir, daß ich ſie auch ſo nenne!) auf ihrem Hexen-Sabbath (der nur in ihrer verrückten Einbildung iſt) geſehen haben wollen, auf wen ſie ausſagen, der wird auch unmittelbar vor das Gericht gezogen. Da hilft denn natürlich kein Leugnen, und Vernunft und Verſtand genug haben, dieſen ruchloſen Aberwitz Aberwitz zu ſchelten, iſt dann natürlich ſchon Verbrechen und hinreichende Verdächtigkeit. Um aber dieſe Geiſtlichen zu ſchrecken und es möglich zu machen, daß der alte Herzog die Sache wichtig genug nimmt, ſollten wir Bürger uns alle zuſammenthun, mit Waffen und Fahnen vor die Inquiſition und die Wohnung des Biſchofes ziehn, den Thörichten zwingen, ſein Amt, dem er nicht gewachſen iſt, aufzugeben, und alles ruhen zu laſſen, bis unſer wackrer Biſchof, der verſtändige Mann, von Rom zurückkehrt.

Keine Uebereilung! ſagte Schakepey, mäßigt Euch, lieber, heftiger Mann. Die Sache, wie ſie jetzt liegt, iſt klar, und es iſt Hoffnung, daß noch ſo viel Vernunft im Lande wächſt, um dieſen Aberwitz unſchädlich zu machen. Könnten aber viele vom hohen Adel bei dieſer Gelegenheit von Rebellion ſprechen, ſo würde unſer Herzog gewiß ſich ganz auf die Seite der Geiſtlichen ſtellen. Man würde beides verwechſeln, und wir Bürger müßten dann das Bad bezahlen, was bis jetzt nur von gutgemeinter Einfalt einigen alten Weibern zugedacht iſt.

Dieſer Meinung waren auch die Männer vom Magiſtrat und einige Schöffen. Man wollte gleich am folgenden Tage etliche aus ihrer Mitte nach Brügge zum Herzoge ſenden, um dieſem Unweſen Einhalt zu thun. So war man wieder einigermaßen beruhigt, als der junge Advokat Flamand das Wort nahm: Ihr überſehet nur eins, lieben Männer, daß der Herzog hierbei keine Stimme hat, oder nur wenigen Einfluß ausüben kann. Das Ketzergericht iſt da, ſeit länger als zwei Jahrhunderten in ſeiner Einrichtung beſtehend. Dieſer ſtellvertretende Biſchof iſt der Präſident deſſelben; ihm liegt es ob, es zu verwalten und zu regieren. Nun haben wir in unſerm glücklichen Lande ſeit lange von keinem entdeckten und beſtraften Ketzer etwas vernommen, eben ſo wenig von Zauberern und Hexen; in Paris, Brüſſel, und in manchen großen Orten, ſelbſt in Rom und Florenz, ſchreibt man Bücher und Erzählungen, die den Glauben an Zauberei verſpotten. Viele meinen, daß, ſowie die Wiſſenſchaft, die Kenntniß der Natur und ſelbſt künſtliche Erfindung zunehmen, jener Glaube, den ſie Aberglauben nennen wollen, immer mehr abnehmen und endlich ganz verſchwinden werde. Aber — giebt es wirklich keine Ketzerei mehr? Wandeln keine Geiſter mehr um, die die Kirche und den Papſt ſtürzen, die geheiligten Lehrſätze unſerer Religion entkräften möchten? — Das wird keiner zu behaupten wagen. In Langres iſt erſt vor wenigen Tagen ein großer Ketzer, der Eremit Robert, verbrannt worden. Nach der Meinung der rechtgläubigen Chriſten hat er ſeinen Tod verdient, eben ſo wie die Kirche vor zwei Jahrhunderten gegen die Waldenſer und Albigenſer mit Feuer und Schwert wüthen mußte, um die Religion und das Chriſtenthum aufrecht zu erhalten. — Wir haben ſeit lange nichts von Zauberern vernommen. Sind ſie deshalb nie geweſen? Iſt alles, was die Schrift, die Väter, die Geſchichte von ihnen erzählt, darum Lüge? Neu iſt es gewiſſermaßen, und in ſo fern es Frage iſt, auch faſt lächerlich, was von dieſem Hexen-Sabbath, den Ceremonien, dem Tanzen dort, dem Schmaus erzählt wird; indeſſen, warum ſoll ſich die Wirkung der böſen Geiſter, wenn dieſe denn doch einmal nicht zu leugnen ſind, nach den verſchiedenen Jahrhunderten und Zeitläuften nicht auf verſchiedene Art äußern? Der Böſe gewinnt eben die Wahnſinnigen nur durch Wahnſinn, und wie er früher in Macht triumphirte und durch Glanz blendete, ſo beſticht er jetzt das Thieriſche und Verworfene im Menſchen durch Abſcheulichkeit und kindiſche Gaukelei.

Und ſo kann nur ein Schuft ſprechen! ſchrie der wüthende Peter Carrieur, indem ſeine gewaltige Fauſt zugleich den jungen Mann beim Halſe ergriff. Der ſtarke Mann machte Miene, den noch Hülferufenden aus dem Fenſter zu ſchleudern. Der Wirth aber widerſetzte ſich aller Gewaltthätigkeit, und brachte mit ernſten und freundlichen Worten alles wieder zur Ruhe. Flamand war todtenblaß geworden und verließ mit kurzem Abſchiede das Haus.

Alle beurlaubten ſich jetzt, verſtimmt, erſchreckt, betrübt, voll Sorge, was ſich aus dieſer Begebenheit entwickeln möchte. Labitt blieb zuletzt, und zu dieſem ſagte bald ſcherzhaft der wohlmeinende Schatreck: Freund Poet und Maler, Euch ſollten dieſe wilden Bürgersmänner eigentlich ein wenig auf die Finger klopfen, denn Ihr habt durch Euer Gemälde vom Hexen-Sabbath die Menſchen vielleicht zuerſt wieder auf dieſe Fragen und Abentheuer gebracht.

Nun, nun, ſagte Labitt; die Dummheit war ſchon da, ſchon als Spaß im goldnen Eſel. Aber freilich, ich hätte mit meinen Farben beſſere Geſtalten anſtreichen können. Unſer Verſtand iſt ein ſchwaches Werkzeug, da die alte Gertrud ſo hat unſinnig werden können. Wir ſollen uns Alle hüten.

Die Stadt Arras war nach dieſen Vorfällen in großer Aufregung. Keiner hätte geglaubt, daß dergleichen Unerhörtes plötzlich geſchehen könne. Die Reichen, die Verſtändigen, die Bürger und die Frauen ſahen, daß plötzlich etwas als Ernſt behandelt wurde, worüber ſie wohl nur als über einen Gegenſtand des Lachens geſprochen hatten. Viele unter dem Pöbel, manche aus den ärmern Claſſen hatten ihrer Schadenfreude keine Hehl, daß etwas geſchehen war, welches die Klügeren niemals hatten glauben wollen. Viele Prieſter gaben ſich ein geheimnißvolles Anſehn, und beantworteten die mancherlei Fragen nur mit bedenklicher Miene, die von den Zudringlichen an ſie gerichtet wurden.

Die Schöffen und die Bürgerſchaft, mit einigen der Adligen verbunden, ſendeten einige ehrbare Männer an den Herzog, um ihre Beſchwerden vorzutragen.

Der Biſchof von Baruth hatte am folgenden Tage die vornehmſten Geiſtlichen, unter welchen ſich auch der Dechant und der Canonicus Melchior befanden, zu einer Synode berufen. Er trug ihnen vor, was ſie ſchon wußten, und da keiner antwortete, forderte er ſie auf, ihm ihre Meinung frei und unverhohlen mitzutheilen. Der Dechant ſchwieg, aber Melchior machte ihn auf die Unwahrſcheinlichkeit und das Thörichte dieſer Vorfälle, Schilderungen und Anklagen aufmerkſam, er wünſchte, daß man dieſe Frauen als Kranke behandle, ſie freigebe und alles unterdrücke.

Die kleine Geſtalt des Biſchofs erhob ſich im heftigen Zorn. Er ging dem Sprechenden ganz nahe und ſah dieſem ſcharf in die Augen. Nein, ſagte er dann, aus Euch ſpricht nur Einfalt und Gutmüthigkeit, und Ihr ſeid kein Mitglied dieſes heiligen Ordens.

Wie meint Ihr das, Herr Biſchof? fragte Melchior erſtaunt.

Ihr wißt, ſagte der Biſchof, daß ich im Jahre 1450 in Rom war, und dort das große Jubiläum mit gefeiert und erlebt habe. Dort hatte ich Gelegenheit, die Welt kennen zu lernen. Rom, die große Stadt, war ſo mit Fremden und Pilgrimmen aus allen Ländern Europens überdrängt, daß ſie kaum Platz fanden und ſich täglich die ſonderbarſten und bedenklichſten Vorfälle ereigneten. Auch fand ich Gelegenheit, mich bei den frömmſten und gelehrteſten Prieſtern zu unterrichten. Schon damals vernahm ich von Zaubereien und unerlaubten Künſten, die man ſeit Jahrhunderten, im Norden wie im Süden, getrieben hatte. Dieſe Schulen der Zauberei, von denen wir ſchon in ſehr alten Chroniken leſen, ſind niemals untergegangen. Und immer iſt dieſes Verbrechen mit der Gottloſigkeit der Ketzerei verbunden geweſen. Alle früheren Manichäer, Donatiſten, Arrianer, nachher die Waldenſer und Albigenſer, zu Zeiten die Juden, ſind Zauberer geweſen, und haben durch ihr Verbündniß mit dem Satan es wie oft möglich gemacht, mit einem Schein von Tugend, Weisheit und Frömmigkeit zu glänzen, und arme Unwiſſende zu blenden und zu verführen. Immer wieder wird die Bosheit auf eine Zeit verſchwiegen und unterdrückt, ſie tritt von neuem hervor, und wieder muß die rechtgläubige Kirche dagegen kämpfen. Es iſt Bosheit und Unglaube, zu ſagen, dieſe Abſcheulichkeiten ſeien nicht wirklich und nur Erzeugniſſe einer kranken Einbildung. Jeder, der dies dreiſt behauptet, macht ſich ſelber der Zauberei und eines Bündniſſes mit böſen Geiſtern verdächtig, wenn er nicht bald von ſeiner Unwiſſenheit zurückkommt. Aber ich bin damals, in Rom, erſchrocken, wie viel Menſchen, die unter dem Vorwande, als Chriſten das Jubeljahr zu feiern, nach Rom kamen, ſich dem Teufel, der Ketzerei und Zauberei ergeben haben. Viele Tauſende ſind von Chriſto abgefallen und ſeine Feinde geworden, Millionen dieſer Böſewichter ſind in allen chriſtlichen Ländern verbreitet. Von den höchſten Theologen belehrt, ſah und erfuhr ich, daß Cardinäle, Biſchöfe und Prälaten, der Weltgeiſtlichen und Mönche zu geſchweigen, dieſem gottloſen, ungeheuern Bunde angehören, Soldaten, Bürger, Ritter, Studenten, Kaufleute und Bauern in allen Ländern. So iſt es nahe daran, daß ſich die Kirche auflöſt und unſre heilige Religion geſtürzt wird. Was fehlt noch, als daß ſich irgendwo ein mächtiger, unternehmender Fürſt an die Spitze dieſer Abtrünnigen ſtellt, und er kann Papſt und Clerisei, Rom und die Geſetze Gottes umwerfen, und ein neues Reich beginnen, in welchem Chriſtus von ſeinem Stuhle geſtoßen wird. Den Ausbruch dieſer furchtbaren Begebenheit können wir jeden Augenblick erwarten. Wer weiß, wo jetzt ſchon der Fürſt oder König lebt, der ſich zum Heerführer dieſer Bande machen möchte. Darum müſſen wir von der Geiſtlichkeit dagegen kämpfen mit allen unſern Kräften, mit Lebensgefahr, um dieſen großen, furchtbaren Augenblick zu verhindern oder zu verzögern, durch Schreck und Furcht die widerſpenſtigen Gemüther in die Bahn des Glaubens zurück zu treiben. Mögen die Ueberweiſen unſer Werk und unſern Eifer verlachen und verſpotten; auch die Apoſtel wurden verhöhnt, auch der Heiland verachtet.

Noch muß ich zweier Dinge erwähnen, die meinen Brüdern vielleicht wunderbar, manchem unglaublich ſcheinen mögen. Alle Welt weiß, daß damals in Rom die Brücke über den Tiberſtrom zerbrach und Hunderte in den Fluthen ihren Tod fanden, viele auf immer verſtümmelt waren und krank und elend blieben. Das aber wußten ich nur und die Freunde, die mit mir in die Geheimniſſe drangen, daß die Zauberer dieſes Unglück herbeiführten, denn alle die dort umkamen, waren Fromme und Rechtgläubige.

Das zweite Wunder iſt, daß ich von meinem ehemaligen, frommen, heiligen Lehrer die Gabe erhielt, jedem Ketzer, Hexenmeiſter, jeder Hexe es an den Augen anſehn zu können, ob ſie zu der verworfenen Zunft gehören. Mich kann daher kein Menſch trügen. Mein iſt das Amt, die Unterſuchung, die Verantwortlichkeit vor Gott und Menſchen mein, und ſo weit ich wirken und helfen kann, ſoll zum Beſten der Menſchheit und dieſer armen Seelen ſelbſt, keine von dieſen Angeklagten anders als auf dem Wege des Scheiterhaufens zur Buße und Verſöhnung gelangen.

Alle erſchraken. Die Canonici ſahen ſich ſchweigend an und der Dechant fragte endlich: Auch die alte Gertrud?

Wie anders? erwiederte der Biſchof. Sie hat mit Umſtänden, mit überzeugenden, ſich ſelbſt angegeben. Sie muß nun, freiwillig oder auf der Folter, andre Mitſchuldige anzeigen, nicht minder jene Armgart und die andern Weiber, damit wir unſre Stadt und Gegend ſäubern können.

Man ging wieder auseinander. Die Einrede der Geiſtlichen hatte nichts gefruchtet, da der Biſchof ſich auf frühere Proceduren und vorgeſchriebene Formen berief, da alle ſeinen Wahnſinn fürchten mußten, der keinen Anſtand nahm, jeden Widerſpruch mit dem Namen Ketzerei zu bezeichnen.

Der Dechant blieb zurück. Im Vertrauen auf ſein früheres Verhältniß mit dem Biſchofe wollte er ihm deutlich machen, wie viel er wage, wenn er ſich bei der Bürgerſchaft ſo ſehr verhaßt mache; wie vielleicht der Herzog, ja der Pabſt ſelbſt, dieſe Strenge nicht billigen möchten. Er ſuchte ſeinen Stolz in Bewegung zu ſetzen, daß ſein Ruhm bei dieſem ſonderbaren Unternehmen leiden könne.

Schweigt! rief der Biſchof im höchſten Zorne, ich kenne Euch ganz. Es fehlt nur um weniges, ſo ſteht Ihr ſelbſt unter den Ketzern. Weiß ich nicht, wie vertraut Ihr mit der verruchten Hexe Deniſel umgegangen ſeid? Eine Freundſchaft mit dem verworfenen, gottloſen und laſterhaften Weibe, die allen Ehrbaren ein Anſtoß und Aergerniß war! Seid Ihr nicht freiwillig zur alten Hexe Gertrud hingelaufen? Eure Zweifelſucht, Eure Luſt am Witz und grübelnder Unterſuchung ſind ſchon die Vorſchwelle zur Zauberei und Gottesverläugnung.

Wie könnt Ihr, ſagte der Dechant, meinen Umgang mit einer Frau, die Ritter und Kaufleute beſuchten, ſo ärgerlich auslegen? Als wir die Schriften von Langres und die Bekenntniß des hingerichteten Robert erhielten, war ich es, der Euch, ſelbſt unerbrochen, alle jene Briefſchaften und Papiere übergab. Nachher, als Ihr mir ſie zur Unterſuchung gabt, konnte ich die Blätter, welche die Deniſel betrafen, zurück behalten. Daß ich aber ſo offen verfuhr, muß Euch beweiſen, wie wenig ich mir vorzuwerfen habe, und wie mein Verhältniß zu dieſer Frau ein ganz untadeliges muß geweſen ſein.

Ihr hättet mir die Blätter zurückhalten können? rief der Biſchof erboſt: Ihr irrt! Thatet Ihr es, ſo wart Ihr ſelbſt verloren, armer Menſch. Ihr ſelbſt hattet mir in vertraulichen Stunden ſchon zu vieles von dieſer Deniſel vorgeſchwatzt; ich hörte Euch zu und antwortete nicht; aber ich habe mir alles gemerkt und eingeprägt. Und haben denn nicht Hunderte die gottloſen Worte dieſer Deniſel und des alten verruchten Labitt gehört? Alles ſoll bei Euresgleichen für Scherz und Witz, oder Poeſie und artige Phantaſiebilder gelten, worin aber das ganze Gift der Hölle verborgen liegt. Nein, Mann, noch bin ich Euer Freund; noch, ich ſehe es Euch an, ſeid Ihr nicht ausdrücklich von Gott abgefallen. Darum wahrt, ſo lange es noch Zeit iſt, Eure Seele und Eure Ehre als Prieſter. Morgen werde ich ernſter mit Euch ſprechen. Euer Liebchen wird heut noch in Gewahrſam genommen; ſie und der alte Maler, den das Volk nur den dummen Abt nennt, ſollen uns wohl, ſie mögen wollen oder nicht, die eigentlichen Obern ihrer Rotte verrathen.

Herr Biſchof, rief der Dechant, Ihr könntet ſo weit gehen, und dieſe Armen, Unſchuldigen —

Noch ein ſolches Wort! ſagte der Biſchof, indem er den Beſtürzten mit dem Ausdruck der tiefſten Verachtung anſah — und Ihr ſitzt gefeſſelt im dunkeln Gefängniß. Ich muß wiſſen, was ich zu thun, was ich zu laſſen habe. — Kommt jetzt mit mir zur alten Gertrud, um ein vorläufiges Verhör mit ihr anzuſtellen.

Sie verließen den Palaſt, um ſich nach dem Gebäude der Inquiſition zu begeben. Auf der Straße hatte ſich das Volk zuſammengerottet und ſprach und erzählte von dieſen neuſten Begebenheiten. Der Andrang war groß, und man bemerkte erſt die kleine Figur des Biſchofs nicht. Viele ſchalten, andre ſpotteten, und zwei freche, gemeine Dirnen, die ſich aus einer kleinen, finſtern Gaſſe an das Licht gewagt hatten, ſagten zu einem engliſchen Soldaten: Freund Engelbert, habt Ihr auch ſchon die dummen Geſchichten gehört? Die andre rief: Hexen! Hexen! Das iſt doch einmal etwas Neues vom Jahr: unſer Biſchof ſorgt dafür, daß wir Spaß haben, der erbärmliche kleine Knirps.

Der Biſchof ſtand hinter ihnen, winkte den Häſchern und rief: Nehmt dieſe beiden Dirnen feſt, belegt ſie mit Ketten, ſie ſind ſelbſt Hexen, bringt ſie in den Gewahrſam, der Scheiterhaufen wartet ihrer.

Wir Hexen! ſchrieen die Dirnen mit Entſetzen, — woher? warum?

Die Häſcher ergriffen ſie gewaltſam. Sie kreiſchten, riefen um Hülfe, und das Getümmel ward ſo groß, der Andrang der Neugierigen ſo gewaltſam, daß der Biſchof verhindert wurde, ſeinen Weg fortzuſetzen. Die Häſcher waren mit ihrer Beute auch in den ſchreienden und fragenden Volkshaufen eingeklemmt, und immer mehr Menſchen ſtrömten aus den Gaſſen herbei, um zu erfahren, was ſich begeben habe. Der Dechant wollte ſprechen, um die tobende Menge zu beruhigen, aber ſeine Stimme ward in dem lauten Geſchrei, ſelbſt von den Nächſten, nicht vernommen.

Jetzt näherte ſich ein ehrbarer Mann, der nicht mehr jung war und in der Stadt eines großen Anſehns genoß. Er, als Schöff, hatte das Recht, ſich um die Urſach des Tumultes zu erkundigen; auch machte ſeine Gegenwart das Volk ſcheu, denn diejenigen, die ihn bemerkten, wurden jetzt ſtill und traten auseinander. Er fragte und hörte, und da er vernahm, daß der Biſchof mit dem Scheiterhaufen gedroht hatte, ſo machte er ſich Platz bis zu dem kleinen Manne, begrüßte ihn höflich und ſagte dann: Verehrter Herr, es thut mir leid, Euch hier ſo zwiſchen dem ſchreienden Volke zu finden, und das aus Urſach jener beiden unzüchtigen Dirnen; dieſe, da ſie ſich ungebührlich gegen Euch betragen haben, ſollen alsbald aus der Stadt gewieſen werden, der ſie nur Aergerniß geben. Habt daher die Güte, den Dienern und Häſchern zu befehlen, ſie einſtweilen frei zu laſſen, damit das Volk ſich wieder beruhige.

Herr Taket, erwiederte der Biſchof trotzig, wer giebt Euch das Recht, Euch in meine Amtsgeſchäfte zu drängen? Dieſe jungen Hexen ſind der Inquiſition verfallen und ſollen von der und mir gerichtet werden. Die Verweiſung aus der Stadt wäre für ihre Bosheit nur eine geringe Strafe.

Taket ſah den Geiſtlichen aufmerkſam an, betrachtete wieder die weinenden Dirnen, die ſich den beiden Männern zu Füßen geworfen hatten und die Hände rangen, und erwiederte mit einigem Unwillen und ſcharfem Tone: Herr Biſchof, ich darf Eure Rechte bezweifeln, daß ihr alſo verfahren mögt. Ihr möchtet vorerſt uns Schöffen von dieſen Vergehungen Nachricht ertheilen, und ſo gelangte Eure Klage, wenn ſie gegründet iſt, an die Obrigkeit unſrer Stadt. Ich zweifle, daß das geiſtliche Gericht alſo willkürlich verfahren darf, und obenein in einer ſo höchſt ſeltſamen Sache, von der wir faſt nie gehört haben, oder wo das vorgegebene unbegreifliche Verbrechen jedesmal von denen, die nicht vom Wahne hingeriſſen waren, bezweifelt wurde. Woher wißt Ihr, daß ſie Hexen ſind, dieſe Unglücklichen? Was meint ihr überhaupt mit dieſem Namen?

Herr, rief der Biſchof, der ſchon die Faſſung verloren hatte, Ihr ſprecht, als wenn Ihr mich hier öffentlich verhöhnen wolltet? Von der alten Hexe Elsbeth, die vom Dorfe hereingebracht worden iſt, ſind dieſe ebenfalls angegeben, weil die Alte mit ihnen gemeinſam den verruchten Hexen-Sabbath gefeiert hat.

Der Schöffe Taket lächelte. Dieſes alte Weibsbild, ſagte er, iſt mir nicht unbekannt, denn ſie iſt die Frau meines Gärtners draußen. Laßt Euch aber dienen, Herr; dieſe Alte, die von jeher confuſe war, hat ſich ihre Armuth ſo zu Gemüthe gezogen, denn ſie war immer hoffärtig, daß ſie ſeit Kurzem verrückt geworden iſt. Ich habe den Leuten immer geholfen, aber die Wirthſchaft wurde zu ſchlecht verwaltet, und jetzt wollte ich ſchon, dem Manne das Leben zu erleichtern, die Unkluge in den Narrenthurm ſchaffen.

Wolltet Ihr? rief der Biſchof; ei, wie fein! Sie in den Narrenthurm ſchaffen! Nicht wahr, dahin würdet Ihr mich auch gern abliefern wollen, wenn es Euch geſtattet würde? Freilich, wenn ſich das Gewiſſen rührt, wenn man aus ſolchen Augen ſchaut, ſo kann man nicht wünſchen, daß die Kirche hergeſtellt und erhalten werde. Glaubt Ihr etwa, daß ich Euch nicht kenne? Denkt Ihr mir zu entgehen? Das Gericht iſt offen, und wird wiſſentlich keinen Schuldigen entſchlüpfen laſſen.

Der Schöffe Taket war ſo erſtaunt, daß er Anfangs keine Worte finden konnte. Endlich fuhr er auf und ſagte: Ich verſtehe Euch nicht, geiſtlicher Herr, und mag Euch nicht verſtehen, denn Eure Rede iſt ohne Sinn. Trotz ſei dem geboten, der mich eines Verbrechens bezüchtigen kann. Ihr werdet aber vorerſt dieſe beiden Dirnen der Obrigkeit der Stadt und mir übergeben, bis ſie verhört ſind, und hier nicht Kläger und Richter zugleich in einer Perſon ſpielen wollen, denn es iſt doch unerhört, auf Angabe von Unklugen unſchuldige

Menſchen einer tollen Bosheit bezüchtigen und ſie ohne Unterſuchung ſtrafen zu wollen.

Da das Volk dieſe Rede des Schöffen vernahm, der von allen hochgeachtet wurde, ſo erhob ſich von neuem ein Geſchrei, Steine flogen, man machte die Dirnen von den Häſchern frei, und dieſe bemühten ſich, fliehend das Gewühl der Menſchen zu durchbrechen. Da erhob ſich der Biſchof auf die Schwelle eines Hauſes, vor welchem er ſtand, und rief: Wer ſich an den Dienern der Obrigkeit vergreift, iſt im Bann der Kirche, und ein ſolcher, wenn er nicht augenblicks vom böſen Werke abſteht, ſei verflucht. — Alles war ſtill geworden, und die Häſcher kehrten zurück und bemächtigten ſich der Dirnen von neuem. — Die Diener der Obrigkeit, welche dem Schöffen gefolgt waren, ſtanden regungslos. Der Biſchof winkte wieder und fuhr mit erhabener Stimme fort: Zugleich befehle ich, daß die Häſcher dieſen argen Ketzer und Hexenmeiſter greifen, dieſen verruchten Johann Taket, der hier einen Aufruhr hat erregen wollen, denn jene Zauberin Elsbeth hat auch ihn als einen Mitgenoſſen ihres ſataniſchen Bundes freiwillig angegeben.

Alle ſtanden ſtumm und blaß. Der Schöffe ſah nach den Dienern der Gerechtigkeit, welche ſich zitternd zurückzogen, ohne nur nach dem Angeklagten umzuſchauen. Ihr Bürger und Ihr übrigen wackern Leute hier, rief Taket ganz außer ſich, könnt Ihr es dulden, daß ein Mann, den Ihr als unbeſcholten alle kennt, hier von einem Wahnſinnigen gemißhandelt werde? Daß auf die Anklage einer verrückten Bettlerin, die von meinen Wohlthaten gelebt hat, ich für einen Zauberer und Verbündeten des Satans gelten ſoll? — Er blickte umher, aber alle waren ſchon von ihm zurückgewichen, alle entfernten ſich, von ſtummer Angſt gefeſſelt, und die Häſcher führten ihn, der nun ruhig wurde, als er ſah, daß jeder Widerſtand vergeblich ſei, nach der Inquiſition.

Hierauf ging der Biſchof weiter, das Volk zerſtreute ſich, erſchreckt und betäubt, und der Dechant folgte ſeinem Vorgeſetzten in tiefen Gedanken. Ich weiß, ſagte der Biſchof zum Dechanten, daß Ihr mich ſtets für einen ſchwachen Mann angeſehen habt, weil ich Euren gelehrten Floskeln nicht habe Rede ſtehn können und mögen. Ihr ſeht jetzt meine Kraft und Macht. Die Menſchen und ihre Satzungen ſind mir gleichgültig, und ich laſſe jedem gern die Ehre, gelehrter zu ſein als ich; aber wo es das Reich Gottes gilt, da ſollt Ihr erfahren, daß ich ſtandhafter und kräftiger bin als irgend wer. Ihr wart der Erſte, der mich auf dieſen und jenen Unfug in der Stadt aufmerkſam machte, Ihr dachtet vielleicht, mit dem Feuer zu ſpielen und mich nur zu necken; Ihr ſeht aber, daß Euer philoſophiſcher Spaß zur lichten Flamme ausſchlägt, die Euch und alle verzehren kann.

Beide gingen in das große Gebäude der Inquiſition, um die Schuldigen noch einmal zu hören, bevor die Folter angewendet würde, der ſie vielleicht entgehen konnten, wenn ſie eine recht große Zahl von Mitſchuldigen angaben.

Nachdem ſich das Volk wieder zerſtreut hatte, ſah man den Canonikus Melchior mit ſeinem Vetter, dem jungen Ritter Köſtein, über den Platz wandeln. Sie erwarteten den jungen Flamand, den Advokaten, um den verwundeten Denis wieder zu beſuchen, und ſeine Ausſage, wegen des Mordes, aufzuſchreiben. Der Canonikus war ſehr verſtimmt und aufgeregt, weil es ihn verdroß und erſchreckte, daß ein Prälat, den Alle bis dahin nur gering geſchätzt, ja wohl verachtet hatten, plötzlich eine ſo drückende Tyrannei über ſie Alle ausübte. Die letzte Begebenheit, von der er Zeuge geweſen war, hatte ihn erſchreckt und um alle Faſſung gebracht. Jetzt, ſagte er zu dem Jüngling, kann es kaum einer mehr wagen, ihm zu widerſprechen, wenn er nicht ſogleich Gefahr laufen will, auch als Zauberer dem Gefängniß überliefert zu werden. Das gräßlichſte Unheil ſchwebt uns allen über den Häuptern; denn da er keinen Anſtand genommen hat, den wackern Taket, welchen die ganze Stadt ehrt und liebt, unter dieſem Vorwand gefangen zu nehmen, ſo wird er nicht zaudern, auch den Vornehmſten und Frömmſten zu bezüchtigen. Es iſt furchtbar und entſetzlich, daß aus einem ſo unſcheinbaren Funken ſich ſo plötzlich dieſe Flamme hat entzünden können.

Er kämpft für ſeinen Stand und für Euch, ſagte Köſtein; und wenn der Mann nicht ſo ausgemacht dumm wäre, ſo könnte man ihn für einen der allerliſtigſten Prieſter halten, die nur jemals die Welt regiert und betrogen haben. Aber er iſt ſo gewiſſenhaft dumm, daß er gewiß Zeit ſeines Lebens noch niemals eine Liſt begriffen, noch weniger eingefädelt hat.

Wie meint Ihr das? fragte Melchior.

Ihr ſeht ja, antwortete der Ritter, daß es von je her einen Kampf zwiſchen den Geiſtlichen und Weltlichen gab. Dieſe Kriege, welche ſie mit einander führen, erſcheinen in verſchiedenen Geſtalten, und bald iſt das Recht auf dieſer, bald auf jener Seite, oft haben beide Partheien gleich viel Recht und Unrecht. Seit lange ſcheint mir die Sache ſchon ſo verwickelt, die vielfältigen Faden ſo verſchlungen, die eigentliche Religion aber ſo tief in den Knoten hineingeknüpft, daß ſie keiner mehr ſehen und unterſcheiden kann, wobei es doch noch eine Frage bleibt, ob durch einen künftigen Alexander, wenn er das Geſtricke mit dem Schwerte durchhaut, die Welt was Erkleckliches gewinnen möchte.

Junger Mann, ſagte Melchior, Ihr ſprecht heut, gegen Eure Gewohnheit, ſo vielſinnig, daß ich Eure Meinung kaum errathen kann.

Und doch habt Ihr die Hiſtorien ſtudirt, antwortete Köſtein, und die Geſchichte Eurer Kirche und ihrer Ausbreitung, ſo wie Eurer Händel mit tauſend Ketzern und vielen Sekten, mit den Deutſchen Kaiſern und den Tempelherren und Frankreich. Mir ſcheint, die Kirche iſt dadurch ſo mächtig, und zu Zeiten ſo allmächtig geworden, daß ihre Satzungen, Lehren, Wunder, Heilige und Feſte ſich immer vermehrt, und das erſte unſcheinbare Bild zu einem gewaltigen Coloß ausgearbeitet haben. So folgt jeder neuen Lehre und Erſcheinung, jeder Offenbarung, eine neue Auslegung, ein neues Feſt, ein neuer Kirchendienſt. Die Menge wird durch die ſinnliche Erſcheinung, durch den Aberglauben, durch Beichte und Ablaß gefeſſelt und regiert. Die Vorbitten der Heiligen, die Wallfahrten, das Jubiläum, die Orden und Bettelmönche, die neuen Wunder, alles dient nur, die Kirche und ihren Vorſteher, den Papſt, mächtiger zu machen, indem die Menſchen immer darauf hingewieſen werden, an dem Buchſtaben zu halten, den ſie durch Glauben, Freude, Trauer, Büßung und Geißelung, durch Glanz und Kirchenfeſte, Rührung und Putz ſo viel beleben dürfen, als ſie nur wollen. Und iſt es nicht ein ſchönes Leben und Weben in dieſem fortwährenden Traum? Aber der Geiſt iſt ihnen unterſagt; dieſen ſuchen, oder gar finden, iſt die größte, die unverzeihlichſte Sünde; denn in ihm und durch ihn genügt der Menſch ſich ſelbſt, und findet alle jene noch ſo großen und glänzenden Anſtalten überflüſſig. Religion und Glaube werden nun ſeine nächſten Hausgenoſſen, er braucht den Heiland nicht in Gebäuden und Schränken, nicht in frommen Ländern oder Legenden der Dichter zu ſuchen, denn er fühlt ihn, als ſein eigenſtes Herz, als den erſten Pulsſchlag ſeines Weſens.

Steh' ſtill, Vetter, ſagte der Canonicus, und laß Dich einen Augenblick betrachten. Woher kommt Dir dieſe Weisheit, die Dich auch auf den Scheiterhaufen führen kann, wenn unſer begeiſterter Biſchof etwas von ihr vernimmt?

Die Sorge wäre lächerlich, ſagte Köſtein: wer ſo feſt ſteht, wie ich, wer dem Herzoge alles ſagen darf, was er nur will, der kann bei dieſem alten ſchwachen Herrn wohl Andre ſtürzen, ſelbſt aber niemals geſtürzt werden. Ich ſag' Dir, Vetter, ich bin dem herrlichen Fürſten unentbehrlich, und kann von ihm verlangen, was ich nur will; aber freilich darf ich ihm dieſe Geſinnungen auch nicht merken laſſen, weil er mich nicht verſtehen würde, er auch die Kirche ſo ehrt, und die Geiſtlichen aufzuregen und zu bekämpfen ſo ſehr fürchtet, daß er in ſeinem hohen Alter niemals auf etwas eingehen würde, was ihre Macht zu brechen droht.

Sei alſo vorſichtig, ſagte der Canonicus.

Dieſe Vorſicht, erwiederte der Vetter, lernt ſich wohl am Hofe. Ich will Dir nur, dem verſtändigen Prieſter, deutlich machen, wie mir alle die Erſcheinungen vorkommen, die ſich hervorgethan haben, ſeit die Kirche mächtig und mächtiger geworden iſt. Sie iſt das Gefäß geworden, in welchem einzig und allein Glaube, Chriſtenthum, Heiland und Gott ſchweben, und nur aus dieſem den durſtigen Seelen mitgetheilt werden können. Außerhalb dieſes Gefäßes iſt die Wüſte, der Tod, das Heidenthum, das Böſe, der Satan. Schon immer haben Denker, Fürſten und Völker ſich dieſem nicht fügen wollen, weil ſelbſt der Fromme ſieht, daß dort alles einem willkührlichen Aberglauben anheim fallen kann. Kluge Fürſten ſahen früh ein, daß unter dieſem Vorwand Papſt und Cleriſei die Herrſchaft der Welt an ſich reißen konnten. So entſtanden die Kämpfe in verſchiedenen Geſtalten, und die Lehre der Arrianer ward als Ketzerei ausgerottet, obgleich ſie eine Zeitlang herrſchend war. Fromme, ächte Geiſtliche und große Päpſte ſahen aber auch in andern Zeiten ein, daß freche und kluge Fürſten den Vorwand, ſich von der Tyrannei der Kirche und Cleriſei loszureißen, nur benutzten, um ſich ſelbſt zu Tyrannen zu machen, und die Völker, ſammt der Kirche, in den Staub zu treten. Und ſo waren denn die geſchmähten Prieſter wieder oft die Vertreter der Freiheit und der Tugend. Wenn einmal Krieg und Kampf ſein muß, ſo hat dieſes Ringen wenigſtens eine edlere Geſtalt als das Balgen und niederträchtige Raufen, welches unſre Vorfahren erlebt haben, und das unſern Nachkommen vielleicht bevorſteht. Als die Frömmigkeit in den Waldenſern ſich nun offenkundig als Kampf und Verfolgung gegen die Prieſter ausſprach, und die Vernichtung dieſer forderte, da war die Sache wieder ſo einfach und klar geworden, daß die Kirche, wenn ſie nicht geſtürzt ſein wollte, wohl zu jenen abſcheulichen Mitteln ihre Zuflucht nehmen mußte, durch welche jene armen, erleuchteten Menſchen auf die gräßlichſte Weiſe vernichtet wurden. Aber ſeit dem, dünkt mir, iſt auch die Lehre dieſer Ketzer, in tauſendfachen Geſtalten und Umbildungen, immer allgemeiner geworden. Gedichte, Scherze, Gelehrte, Kaufleute, Zünfte, viele von den Geiſtlichen, Fürſten; alles rennt, mancher ſelbſt unbewußt, gegen die alte Kirche an, die ſchon vieles von ihrem Glanz und ihrer Untrüglichkeit verloren hat. Der ächte Prieſter, der ganz von ſeiner Beſtimmung durchdrungen iſt, muß jetzt auf Tod und Leben kämpfen. Heut iſt es aber viel ſchwerer, der mehr ungläubigen und ſchon zweifelnden Welt deutlich zu machen, was Ketzerei ſei, oder ſie gegen dieſe zu entflammen. Da iſt es nun recht willkommen und paſſend, daß ſich ein Greuel aufthut, eine ganz nahe und perſönliche Gegenwart des Teufels, angemalt und ausgebildet, wie ihn der gemeinſte Pöbel faßt und gerne hat. Was hilft es, wenn der Verſtändige dieſen Popanz verlacht? Die Autorität der Kirche, der Aberglaube, die Gewalt der Menge und des gemeinen Volkes werden es ſchon durchſetzen und die Feineren dürfen ſich nicht Preis geben. Ja, es iſt faſt zu erwarten, daß dieſer tolle Aberglaube, wie Peſt, die Welt durchraſen wird, und unzählige Opfer dahin raffen, und daß die ſogenannten Denker und Gelehrten eben ſo viel Argumente für ihn erſinnen werden, wie ſie für jeden andern Unſinn erfunden haben. Und am Ende, ob die ſchuldloſen Opfer dem Hexen-Sabbath, oder dem Streit um das Palladium, oder dem Arrianismus, oder dem Glauben der Waldenſer fallen, oder der Lehre des Huß, kommt das nicht alles auf eins hinaus? Auch dem Götzen der Freiheit, auch dem Handelsvortheil, auch dem Eigenſinn und der Habſucht des Adels ſind ſchon Viele geſchlachtet worden. Man muß lachen, wenn Viele glauben, daß die Menſchen vernünftiger und beſſer werden, und daß die Welt ſich immer mehr in Zukunft auslichten ſoll. Das iſt auch wieder Aberglauben, und vielleicht, wenn die Kirche einmal geſtürzt iſt, fordert er auch ſeine Opfer. Jetzt aber wird Schreck, Angſt und Furcht in allen Familien und Ständen ſich erzeugen, und das Anſehn der Geiſtlichen iſt auf eine Weile wohl wieder gerettet. Darum hütet Euch, einſichtsvoller Vetter, zu ſtark und kräftig gegen dieſen Unſinn zu reden, denn Ihr bekämpft dadurch Euch ſelbſt und Euren Beruf; tragt aber auch nicht ohne Noth Brände hinzu, denn an denen wird es nicht fehlen.

Melchior ſtand wieder ſtill, und ſah den jungen unklugen und überklugen Propheten mit Erſtaunen an. Jetzt glaube ich wirklich, ſagte er dann, daß zuweilen ein Geiſt von den Lippen der Unmündigen weiſſagen kann. Ich vermuthe faſt, Du verſtehſt Deine eignen Worte nicht ganz, wenn ich Deinen Leichtſinn, Dein umfahriges, unſtätes Weſen, Deinen kindiſchen Dünkel und Deine Naſeweisheit bedenke.

Köſtein ſah den Oheim freundlich an und lachte laut und herzlich. Geht es denn, ſagte er dann, mit Deinem Biſchof etwa in einer andern Melodie? Ihn hat auch ein fremder, hocherleuchteter Geiſt der Weiſſagung befallen. Denn der klügſte, geriebenſte und durchtriebenſte Pfaffe hätte doch nichts Beſſeres thun können, als für Geld und gute Worte ein Paar alte Weiber zu gewinnen, daß ſie dieſe Albernheit von ihrem Hexen-Sabbath ausſagen mußten, um in dieſer ganz neuen Form die Sünder und Abtrünnigen anzugeben. Offenbar benutzt ein Satan, oder Beelzebub, oder ſonſt ein ſchadenfroher Geiſt dieſen Kopf, in dem er leicht Quartier finden konnte, weil er ſo leer iſt, und alſo jedem Gaſte offen ſteht, um ihm dieſe Dummheiten einzublaſen. Dieſer fromme Biſchof glaubt ſie nun wirklich, und handelt bloß nach ſeinem Gewiſſen. Lächerlich und tröſtlich iſt es nur, daß, wenn die Kirche wirklich von Gott iſt, wie doch ſo Viele ſagen, der böſe Geiſt der Lüge alſo nun ſelbſt dazu wirken muß, dieſe zu ſtärken, und ſo manchen Bauſtein, der heruntergefallen war, wieder mit vieler Müh und Sorgfalt einzufügen.

Komm, mein Freund, ſagte Melchior; dieſe Art, die Dinge der Welt anzuſehen, will mir nicht zuſagen. Auch iſt unſer Geſchäft ſo ernſt, daß es wohl geziemlich iſt, unſern Geiſt dazu zu ſammeln.

So heiter und leichtſinnig Köſtein zu ſeinem verwundeten Feinde ging, ſo ernſt und verſtimmt kam er von dieſem zurück, weil er vernahm, daß er ſich jedem vorläufigen Verhöre weigere und ſich jeder Unterſuchung entziehe. Der Sachwalter des Gefangenen erklärte nämlich, dieſer Denis, der jene Ermordung eines Verwandten Melchiors und Köſteins nicht leugnen wolle und könne, habe ſich auf den Erbprinzen des Burgundiſchen Hauſes, auf Carl, Grafen von Charolais, berufen, indem er ſich nur in ſeiner Gegenwart, und zwar nur ihm allein, erklären könne, weshalb er jene That unternommen habe; er wolle dem Prinzen zugleich ſo hochwichtige Geheimniſſe entdecken, daß er ſeiner Gnade und Verzeihung faſt verſichert ſei.

Als Melchior ſeinen Vetter ſo nachdenkend ſah, ſagte er: Ich fürchte, Du haſt auf die Gnade des Herzoges zu viel gebaut, und dich in Complotte und Schlechtigkeiten mit dieſen Croys, dem Grafen Etampes und ihren großen und kleinen Helfershelfern verſtrickt. Es iſt ja bekannt genug, wie aufſäſſig ſie alle dem Erben des Herzogthumes ſind. Der Dauphin Ludwig, ſo ſehr er hier Schutz und Liebe bei unſerm Philipp gefunden hat, ſchürt doch immer das geheime Feuer. Alle ſind gegen den Erben und lauern ſchon auf den Tod unſers alten Fürſten; die meiſten mehr oder minder mit Frankreich im Einverſtändniß.

Jetzt gehſt Du zu weit, lieber Vetter, ſagte Köſtein, der ſich wieder zu ſeinem gewöhnlichen Leichtſinn zwang. — Fühlſt Du Dich nicht rein, ſagte der Canonicus, ſo benutze die Zeit, die Dir noch gegönnt iſt, und mache Dich über die Gränze.

Das wäre eine treffliche Auskunft! rief Köſtein; und meine Gemahlin, meine Landgüter, meine Schätze, mein jährliches großes Gehalt, alles dahinten laſſen, um einem nichtigen Geſpenſt zu entfliehn!

Das vielleicht, ſagte Melchior, nicht ſo weſenlos iſt, als dieſe Hexen und ihr Sabbath.

Sie trennten ſich, und Köſtein verſchloß ſich auf ſeinem Zimmer, um ſeiner Lage nachzudenken und wie er ſich benehmen ſolle.

Die Stadt war in ein ſtummes Erſtaunen, in Betäubung und Schreck verſenkt, denn alles, was geſchah, war ſo plötzlich und ohne Vorbereitung eingedrungen, war dem gewöhnten ſichern Lebensgange ſo entgegen geſetzt, daß keiner ſich faſſen und ſammeln konnte, ſondern Alle wie in einem ängſtigenden Traume feſtgehalten, ohne Heiterkeit, Kraft und Entſchluß fortlebten, völlig ohne Rath und Hülfe. Peter Carrieux ſchien der Einzige, der entſchloſſen war, dieſe eindringende unerhörte Gewalt durch Gewalt zu vertreiben; er rieth, die Bürger zu bewaffnen, die Gefangenen mit Gewalt zu befreien, und den Biſchof, als unfähig, ſein Amt zu verwalten, vorläufig als krank zu behandeln, bis er vom Papſte ſeiner Würde entſetzt ſei; er war überzeugt, daß der Herzog und der Adel dieſen gewaltſamen Schritt, wenn ſie erführen, was ihn veranlaßt, billigen, ſich ihm wenigſtens nicht widerſetzen würden. Er, einer der reichſten Männer des Landes, erbot ſich, die vielen Arbeiter ſeiner Fabriken zu bewaffnen und der Bürgerſchaft zu Hülfe zu ſenden. Aber Schakepeh und die meiſten Schöffen erſchraken vor dieſer Maasregel, weil ſie zum Bürgerkriege führen könne, welcher vielleicht gar den Untergang ihrer Stadt herbeiführen möchte.

Wenn wir uns nicht einigen können, ſagte Carrieux, ſo ſind wir freilich nur ſchwach. Sieht aber der Fürſt unſern Ernſt, und daß dieſer Aufſtand kein Vorwand iſt, um ihm ſeine Rechte zu verkürzen, ſo wird er unſre Geſinnung achten. Könnt Ihr es denn dulden, daß auf offnem Platz der wahnwitzige Prieſter unſern würdigen Schöffen von den Häſchern hat ergreifen und als des Scheiterhaufens würdig in das Gefängniß werfen laſſen! Die Sache ſpricht, ohne unſre Worte, für ſich ſelbſt. Zaket ſoll ein Hexenmeiſter ſein, ſich dem Satan verſchrieben und einen Gaſt beim Hexen-Sabbath abgegeben haben! Seit unſre Stadt gebaut iſt, iſt noch unter keinem ſo dummen Vorwande ein Bürger in den Kerker geführt worden.

Gebt Euch Geduld, Zornesmann, ſagte Schakepeh, daß das nicht kann geduldet werden, ſehen wir Alle ein, nur verderben wir nicht durch Uebereilung und Zorn unſre gute Sache. Erwartet die Boten von unſerm gütigen Herzoge zurück, er wird uns Recht ſprechen, und ſeine Bürger, die er liebt, durch welche er reich und mächtig iſt, nicht unter ſo nichtigem Vorwande verderben laſſen. — Man ging wieder auseinander, ohne einen Beſchluß gefaßt zu haben. Der reiche Peter Carrieux wollte über dieſe Schwachheit verzweifeln. Jachzornig, wie er war, hatte er unbeſonnen einige Worte gegen ſeine Arbeiter fallen laſſen, und indem er jetzt nach dem großen Hauſe ging, wo die Tapetenwirker für ihn arbeiteten, ſah er in ſeinem Hofe ein großes Getümmel. Die meiſten ſeiner Arbeiter waren dort verſammelt, und Guntram, der älteſte unter ihnen, ein rieſengroßer Mann von wilder Natur, theilte ihnen Waffen aus. Was iſt das! rief Peter. — Wir wollen Eure Stadt vertheidigen, ſagte Guntram; alle dieſe guten Geſellen ſind frohen Muthes, und wollen mit uns leben und ſterben.

Peter Carrieux befahl ihnen, die Waffen nieder zu legen und wieder an ihre Arbeit zu gehen; dem großen heftigen Mann aber winkte er zu bleiben, und ging mit ihm in ſeinen Garten, in welchem ſie nicht gehört werden konnten. Warum übereilt Ihr Euch ſo! ſagte der Herr zu ſeinem Geſellen. Die Bürger würden nicht zu uns ſtehn, die Schöffen ſind unentſchloſſen und voll Angſt, der Adel zöge vielleicht gegen uns. Dann wären wir verloren, wenn der Herzog nachher noch ſeine Reiſigen gegen uns ſchickt. Ja, wären wir einig und dächten Alle ſo wie ich, ſo wollten wir dieſem kleinen verrückten Biſchof bald ſein Spiel verderben.

Wie Ihr wollt, Herr, ſagte Guntram; aber Ihr ſeid in dieſen Dingen nicht ſo erfahren wie ich. Ich habe den großen Aufſtand in Gent mitgemacht, früher war ich Soldat; wo es Lärmen und Scharmützel gab, da wurde ich von meinem Gemüthe hingezogen. Es liegt oft nur an einer Kleinigkeit, daß eine ganze Stadt und Landſchaft in den hellen Aufruhr hinausbricht. Sitzt Alles ſtill und läßt ſich alles Unheil auf Ohren und Rücken regnen, ſo ereignet ſich freilich nichts. Aber oft bedarf es nur einer Handvoll Menſchen, die ſteif und feſt auf ihrem Willen beſtehen, ſo befeuert das die Andern; der Schläfrigſte wirft ſeine Mütze ab und ſetzt fluchend den Sturmhut auf; der Spektakel ergreift Alles; in jeder Gaſſe rühren ſich die Menſchen und beſinnen ſich darauf, daß ſie etwas zu verfechten haben. Wie ein Fieberhitziger ſteckt einer den andern an, und ſie trotzen, ſchreien und toben, und wiſſen oft ſelbſt nicht, was ſie wollen. Manchmal haben ſie keine Sache zu verfechten, die finden ſie dann aber im Tumult. O, ich weiß mit den Geſchichten Beſcheid und kenne das Gemüth meiner Landsleute. Einer, dann etliche, dann mehr müſſen nur voran. Jeder denkt dann, die haben Hinterhalt, ſo laufen ſie mit und begeiſtern ſich und andre. Die Maſſe wächſt, wie ein gerollter Schneeballen, und indem ſich jeder auf den andern verläßt, wird er ſelber muthig. Und Ihr nun gar! Ihr habt ja die allerbeſte Sache von der Welt zu verfechten. Jetzt ſind es gerade dreißig Jahre, als ich dabei ſtand, wie das gute Mädchen von Orleans verbrannt wurde. Das tapfere Kind, das damals den jetzigen Franzen-König aus ſeinem Elend errettete, ſollte nun auch eine Hexe ſein. Das, dachten wir alle, wäre nun gewiß die letzte Hexe, die ſie auf den Scheiterhaufen ſetzten, denn die ſchändliche Lüge ſprang allen in die Augen. Die Menſchen weinten und ächzten, als ſie das geduldige, ſchöngelockte Schlachtopfer in ſeinen qualvollen Tod hineingehen ſahen. Ich verſichere Euch, hätten ſich nur vierzig Menſchen einen ächten Muth faſſen können, ſo wäre wohl das ganze Volk, trotz den Engliſchen Soldaten, zur Meuterei erwacht. Laßt uns gewähren, Herr, und Ihr ſollt Wunder ſehen.

Ich verbiete Dir jedes Unternehmen, ſagte Garrieux, wenn Du nicht willſt, daß ich Dich, ſo nützlich Du mir biſt, fortſchicken ſoll.

Meinthalb, ſagte Guntram verdrießlich; aber ich gebe Euch mein Wort, daß Ihr es noch bereuen werdet, ſo unſern guten Willen verkannt zu haben.

Köſtein, von der Forderung und Apellation des verwundeten und kranken Denis erſchreckt, nahm unvermuthet von ſeinen Freunden, Bekannten und dem Canonicus Melchior Abſchied, um ſchnell zum Herzog zu reiten, damit ihm die Berufung auf deſſen Sohn keinen Schaden bringen möge. Er war überzeugt, daß es nur weniger Worte beim alten Fürſten bedürfe, um Alles niederzuſchlagen, was irgend Wahres oder Unwahres gegen ihn vorgebracht werden könnte. Melchior war um ſeinen Vetter beſorgt; dieſer aber verlachte in ſeinem jugendlichen Uebermuth nur die Furcht des älteren Mannes.

Friedrich war eben bei der tief betrübten Frau Catharina, um ſie zu tröſten, als ſie durch einen Boten, den ſie nicht kannte, und der ſich ſchnell wieder entfernte, folgendes Blatt erhielt. Die Schrift war verſtellt, und der Schreiber nicht mit Sicherheit zu errathen.

„Entflieht! Noch heut, wo möglich noch in dieſer Stunde. Am ſicherſten nach Frankreich oder Deutſchland. Zaudert nicht. Wählt das Land, das ihr am erſten erreichen könnt. Nehmt Juwelen und Geld mit, ſo viel Ihr könnt. Morgen iſt Alles zu ſpät. Laßt auch das Beſte zurück, um Euch nur ſelbſt zu retten.“

Sie ſahen ſich an und auch Friedrich war erblaßt. Ich fliehe, ſagte ſie, denn ich errathe, von wem dieſes Blatt kommt; es iſt eine That der Reue, denn der Dechant hat erſt dieſen Unſinn des Biſchofs befördert, den er jetzt vielleicht gern zur Vernunft bringen möchte. Es ſcheint alſo, die Sache wird ernſter, als ſelbſt unſre böſeſte Furcht ahnden konnte.

Wie kann ich Euch nützen, arme Freundin! fragte Friedrich; ſoll ich Euch begleiten? Braucht Ihr mehr Diener?

Nichts von alle dem, ſagte ſie, was nur Aufſehen machen würde. Ich gehe in einer Stunde mit meinem Reiſewagen fort, als wenn ich jemand auf dem Lande beſuchen wollte, und ſuche die Küſte zu erreichen, um von da nach England zu gehen. Ich habe am Hofe dort einige Jugendfreundinnen, die mich aufnehmen werden. Zwar iſt mir nach dem entſetzlichen Schickſale meines geliebten Robert das Leben verhaßt, aber ich will nicht ſo ſterben, unter Martern, als Scheuſal, ein Opfer des Aberwitzes.

Friedrich nahm mit einer herzlichen Umarmung Abſchied von der ſchönen Frau. Er konnte nicht weinen, aber ſein Herz war unendlich beſchwert, und als er aus der Thüre trat, verſagten ihm die Knie, ihn aufrecht zu erhalten. Er kehrte noch einmal um, ſich etwas mehr zu ſammeln, und ſagte erſchöpft: Daß ich Euch ſo verlieren ſoll, die ich niemals mein nennen durfte, konnte uns wohl keiner vorherſagen.

Vielleicht ſehen wir uns wieder, und bald, antwortete ſie; dieſer Traum der Thorheit, dieſer Schwindel muß ja doch bald vorüber gehn. Wahrt Eurer Geſundheit, geliebter Freund, gedenkt Eures alten Vaters.

Noch einmal drückte der Jüngling die ſchöne Geſtalt an ſein Herz, dann eilte er ſchnell aus dem Hauſe, um einen Vorſatz auszuführen, der ihm im letzten Augenblick wieder Kraft und Hoffnung gegeben hatte. Er eilte nehmlich nach der Reſidenz des Biſchofes, und ließ ſich bei dieſem melden und um eine Unterredung bitten. Ein Prieſter führte ihn durch die Gemächer in das Zimmer des Biſchofes, den er in Geſellſchaft des Dechanten traf. Der kleine Mann ſaß und hielt das feurige Auge ſtarr auf ein Blatt geheftet, welches er las und dann unterſchrieb. Der dienende Prieſter nahm es dann aus ſeiner Hand und entfernte ſich ſtumm und mit einer tiefen Verneigung. Noch blieb der Biſchof in ſeiner nachdenkenden Stellung, der Dechant ſtand verlegen und es ſchien, als wage er es nicht, ſein Auge zum Jüngling zu erheben. Endlich ſtand der Prälat auf, als wenn er aus tiefem Sinnen erwachte, ging auf Friedrich zu, trat ihm ganz nahe vor das Antlitz, und ſah ihm ſcharf und brennend in ſeine Augen, mit einem ſo langen und unermüdlichen Blicke, daß Friedrich die Augen niederſchlug und wie in Beſchämung erröthete. — Es iſt richtig! ſagte der Biſchof dann, wie ich es vermuthet habe, und trat wieder zurück; ich habe Euch lange nicht geſehn, junger Mann, und Ihr habt Euch wunderbar verändert.

Ihr wart lange nicht in unſerm Hauſe, verehrter Herr, antwortete Friedrich, und kein Geſchäft führte mich in das Eurige, ſo iſt mein Antlitz Euch fremd geworden, und Ihr findet es verändert, weil vielleicht früher Kummer ſeine Kennzeichen hineinſchrieb.

So! antwortete der Biſchof trocken, und heut führt Euch ein Geſchäft zu mir?

So iſt es, antwortete Friedrich; aber es wird mir ſchwer, den Anfang meiner Bitte, oder Vorſtellung, oder wie ſoll ich es nennen, zu finden; aber ich möchte Euch Manches im Namen unſrer ganzen Stadt an das Herz legen, was Ihr nicht von Euch weiſen ſolltet.

Alſo ſeid Ihr ein Abgeſandter von der Stadt? fragte der Biſchof, und ſprecht in ihrem Namen?

Nichts weniger als das, ſagte Friedrich; nur mein eigner Entſchluß hat mich hierher getrieben.

Die Stadt, antwortete der Prälat kurz, hätte freilich wohl auch einen Aeltern und Verſtändigern ſenden mögen. Alſo aus eignem Antrieb beliebt es Euch, mir manches zu eröffnen? — ſo redet denn.

Ich beſchwöre Euch, ſagte Friedrich, verachtet meine Jugend und mein gutmeinendes Wort nicht, damit Ihr Euch nicht den Fluch Eurer Mitbürger, der Geiſtlichkeit und der Zukunft durch raſches und leidenſchaftliches Thun herbeiziehen möget. Es iſt nicht anders möglich, Euer Gemüth muß erwachen, Eure Vernunft muß ſich überzeugen, daß Ihr jetzt ein Werk begonnen und unternommen habt, welches nur mißverſtandner geiſtlicher Eifer, falſche Frömmigkeit und eine Sucht, das Abentheuerliche zu glauben und leere Phantaſieen für Wahrheit zu nehmen, hat hervorbringen können. Auf dieſe ſchwindelnde Spitze ſetzt Ihr Euren Ruf, Eure Würde, Euer Verhältniß zur Cleriſei und zum Papſt. Kehrt um, guter ſchwacher Mann, ſo lange es noch Zeit iſt, und geſteht als Chriſt Eure Uebereilung ein.

Ohne Zweifel, ſagte der Biſchof mit Hohn; und was treibt Euch dazu, Euch in Dinge zu mengen, die Euch gar nicht berühren, und weit über Eure Begriffe und Fähigkeiten liegen?

Wie! rief Friedrich mit Unwillen; es ſoll mich nicht, nicht jeden berühren und mit Schmerz und Pein durchdringen, wenn ein würdiger Mann, wie unſer Schöffe Laket, uns grauſam geraubt und als Verbrecher dem Pöbel Preis gegeben wird!

Er iſt alſo kein Zauberer und Hexenmeiſter? fragte der Prälat.

Gewiß nicht, erwiederte Friedrich; ſo wenig als ich es bin.

Der Biſchof lachte laut auf, und der Jüngling, von dieſem kalten Hohn noch mehr aufgereizt, verlor ſeine Faſſung ganz und ſagte mit zornglühenden Augen: Laßt ihn frei, den würdigen Schöffen, ſo wie die andern armen Opfer eines irrigen Verſtandes. Kann es Euch denn wirklich darum zu thun ſein, mit Wahnſinnigen einen Prozeß auf Leben und Tod zu führen? Iſt es erhört, daß man auf die Ausſagen von Verrückten andre Unbeſcholtene einkerkert und ihr Leben in Gefahr ſetzen will?

Dieſe Unbeſcholtenen, fing der Prälat wieder an, liegen Euch alſo ſehr am Herzen? Unbeſcholten ſind die beiden Dirnen wohl auch, die vom Laſter ihren Unterhalt gezogen haben? Wollt Ihr nicht für dieſe auch als Ritter auftreten?

Das iſt etwas ganz anderes, antwortete Friedrich; die Dirnen ſind verwerflich, und die Stadt kann ihnen verboten werden.

Sie ſind aber wenigſtens eben ſo gut, ſagte der Biſchof höhnend, als Eure Liebchen, die Frau Catharina Deniſel, die doch auch ein eben ſo ſchändliches Gewerbe getrieben hat.

Plötzlich ward Friedrich leichenblaß vor Zorn, er verlor auf einen Augenblick das Bewußtſein und ſtürzte auf den Prälaten los. Als er wieder zur Beſinnung kam, ſtand der Dechant vor ihm, der zwiſchen beide getreten war. Laßt ihn nur, rief der Biſchof, er muß ja ſeine Jugendheldin, die Hexe, in Schutz nehmen, er, der, wie ich ihm gleich beim Eintritt auch aus ſeinen Augen las, ſelbſt ein Hexenmeiſter iſt!

Hör' ich wirklich dieſe unſinnigen Worte? rief Friedrich in der höchſten Bewegung aus; oder iſt alles nur ein aberwitziger Traum? Und Ihr, Herr Dechant, könnt, ohne ein Wort zu ſprechen, dieſe Läſterungen eines Raſenden ſo ruhig anhören?

Schimpft nur, ſagte der Biſchof; dem Verbrecher, der ſeinen Untergang vor Augen ſieht, muß man es erlauben. Ihr wollt es wohl leugnen, daß Ihr noch kürzlich im Garten dieſer Deniſel einen Hexen-Sabbath gefeiert habt, bei welchem der verrückte Labitt den Ceremonien-Meiſter und Marſchall des Satans gemacht hat? Daß die Hexe ſich dort, als Stellvertreterin des Teufels, als Frau Venus mit ihrem ganzen Hofhalt gezeigt hat? Daß Ihr dabei auch ein dienender Satansbruder wart, und der Hexe demüthig huldigtet? Müßt Ihr nicht aller dieſer Dinge geſtändig ſein? O, meine Spione ſind gut, und auch Buſch und Strauch hat manchmal Ohren.

Jetzt erſt kenne ich Euch, ſagte Friedrich mit kalter Verachtung, und es iſt unter der Würde eines jeden Menſchen, der noch eines Gedankens fähig iſt, auf den Aberwitz eines Narren zu antworten.

Friedrich wollte ohne Gruß und ohne irgend ein Zeichen von Hochachtung ſich entfernen, aber der Biſchof rief: Bleibt! Antworten werdet Ihr ganz gewiß, entweder im Guten und freiwillig, und dann kann, wie ſehr Ihr mich auch läſtern mögt, die Kirche noch mit Mitleid Eurer Jugend gedenken, die dem Irrthum und der Verführung, beſonders durch ſchöne Weiber, ausgeſetzt iſt; oder Ihr geſteht gezwungen, durch das Mittel, welches für verſtockte Sünder da iſt, durch die Folter.

Die Thür öffnete ſich, und Häſcher traten herein, die den betäubten Friedrich in Empfang nahmen, um ihn in den Kerker zu ſchleppen. Auf der Straße begegnete ihm ein Zug, vom Geſchrei des Pöbels und lautem Lachen und Jubel begleitet. Als er näher kam, ſah er, daß es Frau Catharina war, die, ſo wie er, in den Kerker geführt wurde. Wir ſehn uns früher wieder, als wir dachten, ſagte ſie mit mildem Ausdruck, indeſſen Friedrich, von blinder Wuth betäubt, nicht fähig war zu ſprechen. Die Schadenfreude des Pöbels, die über das Unglück und die Schande der ſchönen, reichen Frau frohlockt hatte, ward dadurch geſtört, daß Friedrich, der Sohn des geliebten Ritters, den alle ehrten, ebenfalls derſelben Schmach war Preis gegeben worden. Der Vater vernahm mit Entſetzen, was ſeinem Sohne begegnet ſei, und berieth ſich mit ſeinen Freunden, welche Mittel man ergreifen müſſe.

Es war ein betrübender Anblick für alle Freunde des Alten, wie Labitt troſtlos durch die Stadt irrte, als er erfahren, daß Friedrich und Catharina gefangen ſeien. Allenthalben ſuchten ſeine Klagen Hülfe, er war in der Furcht, daß man auch ihn anklagen würde, und ſo geſchah es auch, indem er eben weinend im Hauſe des Schakepeh Mitleid erflehte. Der Greis war ganz ohne Faſſung; er rief, als er über die Straße geführt wurde, den Küſter Wunderich ſich zu Hülfe, der aber mit troſtloſem Kopfſchütteln und bleichem Antlitz ſich von ihm entfernte.

Man hoffte jede Stunde auf die Boten, die vom Herzoge zurückkommen ſollten. Sie erſchienen freudig nach einigen Tagen, und verkündigten, daß der Erfolg ihrer Sendung über Erwarten glücklich ſei, und daß die Noth und der Schimpf, welche ihre Stadt bedrohten, binnen Kurzem abgewendet würden.

Alle reichen Bürger und Schöffen, ſo wie Ritter Beaufort, eilten nach dem großen Gaſthauſe des reichen Joſſet, denn dieſer war es geweſen, der als Sprecher der Bürgerſchaft ſich dem Herzoge Philipp vorgeſtellt hatte.

Joſſet, ein wohlbeleibter, fröhlicher Mann, der auch Schöffe war, und von allen Menſchen wegen ſeines Wohlwollens und heitern Sinnes geliebt wurde, erzählte, wie freundlich er von dem alten Fürſten ſei aufgenommen worden, wie gern man ihn angehört und alle Umſtände habe vortragen laſſen. Gewiß, ſo ſagte der Herr, iſt dieſe Sache denkwürdig und höchſt ſeltſam; ich will nicht, daß meine geliebten Unterthanen, einen Aberglauben zum Vorwand nehmend, gemißhandelt werden. Der Biſchof darf nicht über ſeinen Bezirk hinausgreifen. Die Sache iſt ſo ſeltſam, daß ſie genau unterſucht werden muß, und wer im Unrecht iſt, ſoll der Strafe nicht entgehen. Der Geiſtliche ſoll durch Ermahnung ſtrafen, durch Tugend ermuntern und mit Liebe den Fehlenden aufrichten, aber nicht Henker und Beil zu Hülfe rufen. Wir haben geſehen, welcher Mißbrauch mit Worten getrieben wurde, als das arme Mädchen von Orleans, jene Pucelle, hingerichtet wurde.

Der liebe, edle Herr! rief Schakepeh aus. Wußt' ich es doch, daß er dieſer verächtlichen Tyrannei ſteuern würde.

Am folgenden Morgen, fuhr Joſſet fort, ließ uns der erhabne Mann wieder in ſeinen Palaſt fordern. Er war noch milder und gütiger als am vorigen Tage. Eure Erzählung, ſagte der freundliche Fürſt, hat mich in der ganzen Nacht beſchäftigt; ſie iſt ſo ſonderbar, daß ich viel darüber habe denken müſſen. Menſchen, denen man nichts Wirkliches, keine That beweiſen kann, dieſe werden als Verbrecher ergriffen, weil andre, die vielleicht im Gemüthe krank ſind, ſie bei einer Verſammlung böſer Geiſter wollen geſehn haben, zu welcher dieſe Ankläger ſelbſt durch die Luft auf Gabeln, Beſen, Trögen und Böcken auf unbegreifliche Art hingefahren ſind. Iſt es nicht, als wollte ich meine Räthe und Freunde des Mordes und Hochverraths anklagen, weil ich oder einer meiner Diener ſie im Traume hat ein Verbrechen begehen ſehen? Und weil ich zeigen will, wie ſehr ich meine gute Stadt Arras und ihre Bürger liebe, habe ich, auch den Rath von Freunden anhörend, beſchloſſen, meinen Vetter, mein nahverwandtes Blut, den Grafen von Etampes, mit unbeſchränkter Vollmacht nach Arras zu ſenden, um in meinem Namen, und ſo weit meine Macht und Gerichtsbarkeit reicht, zu handeln.

Daran erkenne ich den großen Fürſten! rief der alte Beaufort höchſt erfreut aus; das giebt uns Troſt und Kraft. Vor dem Grafen, dieſem mächtigen Herrn, wird der feige Biſchof ſich in ſeine Zelle zurück flüchten müſſen. Der edle Graf muß empört ſein, daß man den Adel und deſſen Vorrechte ſo mit Füßen tritt. Er wird mir ſogleich meinen Sohn zurück geben, und dieſen Geiſtlichen, die unter den verächtlichſten Vorwänden die Tyrannen ſpielen wollen, zeigen, wie man einen ſo alten adligen Stamm, wie den meinigen, nicht verletzen darf.

Ja, rief der zornige Carrieur aus, der kräftige Graf muß uns aber nicht bloß beiſtehn, er muß auch dieſen frechen Prieſter und andre ſeines Gelichters beſtrafen. Er muß ein ſtarkes Beiſpiel geben, damit es keiner wieder wagt, jemals einen ſolchen Unſinn aufzuführen.

Freilich, rief Joſſet, der Gaſtwirth. Wir leben ja jetzt wie in einem Narrenhauſe, und müſſen uns Fratzen erzählen laſſen, die wir ſchon als Kinder abgeſchmackt fanden. Und die blödſinnigen Erzähler ſchneiden dabei ſo ernſthafte Geſichter, als wenn ſie uns die heilige Schrift erklärten.

Alle waren froh und drückten ſich freudig die Hände; als ſich aber Beaufort zu Schakepeh wendete, um auch dieſen zu umarmen, wich der Kaufmann zurück, und ſetzte ſich ſchweigend und verdrießlich in einen Winkel. — Was iſt Euch? fragte Beaufort; wollt Ihr an unſerer Freude nicht Theil nehmen?

O wir Armen, ſagte Schakepeh, und nahm den Kopf zwiſchen beide Hände; ich fürchte jetzt, ja ich bin davon überzeugt, unſre Sache iſt verloren, und ſchlimmer, als wenn ſie ganz allein in den Händen des Biſchofs geblieben wäre.

Er ſpricht wieder einmal Unſinn! rief Carrieur; alles will er beſſer wiſſen, der launenhafte Mann, der mit jedem Tage ſeine tiefſinnige Weisheit wechſelt.

Aber laßt ihn reden, ſagte Beaufort, daß er uns deutlich machen kann, wie er es meine; denn ich begreife ſeine Betrübniß durchaus nicht.

Herr Ritter, ſagte Schakepeh, indem er dem alten Beaufort die Hand reichte, Ihr wißt es, ohne daß ich Euch jetzt zu ſchmeicheln brauche, wie wir Bürger Euch achten und lieben. Ich haſſe den Adel nicht, ſo vielfachen Verluſt ich auch durch Edelleute und ihre Wortbrüchigkeit erlitten habe. Oft hat uns der Adel geſchützt, und mehr wie einmal im Kriege gerettet; — aber dieſe Großen, dieſe höchſten und prinzlichen Edelleute, die unſerm Fürſten am nächſten ſtehn, dieſe Croys, die Etampes, Nivernois, zu dieſen können und ſollen wir kein Vertrauen faſſen. Dieſe Geldgierigen, die die Liebe unſers Fürſten, das Glück des Landes, Krieg, Elend und Theurung, Bündniß mit Fremden und alle Umſtände immer nur benutzt haben, ſich zu bereichern, dieſe ſind weder Adlige noch Bürger des Landes. Sie kennen kein Vaterland, ſie wollen und lieben nur ſich. Immer verſchwendend, ſcheinbar großmüthig, und immer wieder knickernd, wuchernd, wie ein Jude, und lieblos ihre Vorrechte und Stellung zum Lande nur zu Erpreſſungen benutzend, ſind ſie die, welche die Kräfte unſers Herzogthums eigennützig wegſaugen. Denkt an mich, wenn dieſer gemüthliche vornehme Herr uns erſt völlig unglücklich macht.

Wie kann er es? ſagte Beaufort; wer würde ihm darin beiſtehen?

Ich verlaſſe mich ſonſt auch auf die Vornehmen nicht, ſagte Peter Carrieux; aber bei dieſer Gelegenheit kann er doch nur ſeinen Vortheil finden, ſich dem Biſchof zu widerſetzen.

Ihr ſprecht auch, Freund Schakepeh, fiel Joſſet ein, als wenn die großen Herren gar kein Gewiſſen hätten, keinen Gott glaubten und keine Strafe fürchteten.

Sie haben ihr eignes, abgerichtetes Gewiſſen, ſagte Schakepeh, das auf jeden Fall ganz anders als unſer bürgerliches ausſieht. Es hat ein Weſen wie das Chamäleon, und ſpiegelt alle Farben. Ihr Gewiſſen iſt, ihren Stamm groß und reich zu machen, ihr Blut für eine ganz andre Brühe zu halten, als die in den Adern der übrigen Menſchen gährt, ihre Ehre über alles zu ſchätzen, und ſie aufrecht zu halten, ſich auch vor keiner Niederträchtigkeit zu fürchten; am meiſten hilft es aber dazu, Geld und immer nur wieder Geld zu ſammeln, auf allen Wegen und durch alle Mittel. Da unſer Herr aber, ſo weiß er iſt, zu Zeiten ein Verſchwender iſt, ſo ſind ſie es auch, machen Schulden, und treiben wieder, wo ſie nur können, ihre Verluſte ein, und denken weder an Gewiſſen, Gott, Strafe noch Religion.

Er iſt ein Menſchenfeind geworden, ſagte Joſſet, und heut hat er wieder die Laune des Widerſpruchs. Beaufort aber war nachdenklich geworden, und die überwallende Freude Carrieux's war auch verſtummt.

Ein junger Menſch, Caspar, ein Verwandter des Gaſtwirthes Joſſet, trat jetzt herein und ſagte: Denkt Euch, meine Herren, die ſeltſame Geſchichte! In ſeinem Gefängniſſe hat ſich der alte Maler Labitte mit einem Federmeſſer die Gurgel abgeſchnitten. Es iſt ihm zwar nicht ganz gelungen, aber er iſt doch ſo verwundet, daß er kein Wort ſprechen kann.

Alle waren betrübt, und in ſeinem Mitleid ſagte Carrieux auf ſeine zornige Weiſe: Im Glück und Unglück bleibt der Labitte ein alter Eſel. Mit Recht nennen ſie ihn den blödſinnigen Abt. Einfältiges Menſchenkind. Er bildet ſich nun ein, er kann und braucht in den Verhören nichts zu beantworten, er kann nun nichts geſtehn, weder von ſich noch von andern. So ſehr hat ihm die Angſt alle Beſinnung genommen, daß er vergißt, wie er doch ſchreiben kann, und wie ſie ihn dazu ſchon anhalten werden.

Freund Carrieux, ſagte Schakepeh mit einem ſo weichen Ton, daß es ſchien, er müſſe gewaltſam ſeine Thränen zurückhalten, Ihr ſeid ſelbſt heut am Tage ein wenig einfältig. Der gute Alte, einer meiner liebſten Freunde, einer der ehrlichſten Menſchen, die ich je gekannt habe, in ſeiner Todesangſt hat er nicht ſo ganz den Verſtand verloren, wie Ihr es glaubt. Er hat ſich die Sprache geraubt, um den Elenden nicht auf der Folter antworten zu dürfen; mit dieſer müſſen ſie ihn doch mindeſtens verſchonen, wenn er ihnen ſchriftlich Antwort geben ſoll. O der kläglichen Zeit, wenn unbeſcholtene, tugendhafte Bürger auf dergleichen Liſt und Auskunft verfallen müſſen, um nur ihre Glieder zu retten, daß ſie ihnen nicht unter unduldbaren Qualen zerriſſen werden.

Beaufort, der plötzlich an ſeinen Sohn denken mußte, hielt die ſtürzenden Thränen nicht zurück. Er umarmte den alten Schakepeh heftig und eilte nach Hauſe, um ſich ungeſtört ſeinem Schmerz zu überlaſſen.

Schakepeh nahm von den Bürgern Abſchied, indem er ſagte: vielleicht habt Ihr Recht, und alles fügt ſich zum Guten. Daß wir aber dergleichen hoffen, daß wir es ein Glück nennen müſſen, von ſolchem Unſinn erlöſt zu werden, iſt ſchon Elend genug. Mein armer, liebevoller Labitte! Dieſer Freund, ſo ganz Kindertraum, Wohlwollen, Spiel und Tiefſinn. O, er lernt im Greiſenalter das Leben noch von einer ſchlimmen Seite kennen. Und wer ſchützt uns, die wir uns alle ſeine Freunde nannten? — Hofft Ihr auf den Grafen Etampes und ſein verſtändiges Wirken; es gehe Euch wohl. Ich denke deſſen wohl entübrigt zu ſein, wenn ich gleich bei meinem Entſchluſſe viel einbüßen ſollte.

Was habt Ihr vor? fragte Joſſet.

Nichts Beſonderes, erwiederte Schakepeh, ihr werdet es ſchon erfahren. Mit dieſen Worten verließ er die Freunde.

Als er in ſein großes, ſchönes Haus trat, ſah er die Säulen, Thürme, den Altan, die breite Treppe und die großen Zimmer, allen koſtbaren Hausrath und ſeine Kleinodien eins nach dem andern genau an, ſchüttelte bedenklich den Kopf und warf ſich dann gewaltſam in eine heitere Laune, die ihm ſonſt ſo natürlich war. Bei Tiſche erzählte er fröhliche Dinge, um ſeine Tochter, die ſchöne Sophie zu zerſtreuen, die um Friedrich, Labitte und Frau Catharina viel am Morgen geweint hatte. — Nach Tiſche nahm er ihre Hand und ſagte: Ja, Kindchen, das war mein Lieblings-Projekt, wie ich es auch niemals verſchwiegen habe, Dich mit dieſem Friedrich Beaufort zu verehelichen. Sein Vater ſchien auch damit einverſtanden, und es fehlte nur noch an dem jungen Menſchen, der keiner Neigung zu einem hübſchen Mädchen fähig ſchien. Sieh, mein kleiner Engel, Dich hat er freilich bezaubert, das haſt Du Dir auch merken laſſen, und ich habe es längſt bemerkt. Dafür haben ſie ihn nun auch zur Strafe als Hexenmeiſter feſtgeſetzt. Dort, im Gefängniſſe, wird er in ſich gehn, ſeine ſchwarze Kunſt ablegen, und Du kannſt unterdeß ein wenig zaubern lernen. Laſſen ſie ihn dann wieder aus ſeinem Loche an das Tageslicht, ſo übſt Du Deine kleinen Künſte an ihm aus, und es wird zu meiner Freude doch wohl noch ein Paar aus Euch. Weil aber hier bei uns in Arras das Zaubern, wie Du ſiehſt, ſo ſtrenge verboten iſt: wie wär's, wenn Du Dich zu Deiner Muhme nach Paris aufmachteſt, die Du ſchon ſo lange haſt beſuchen wollen? Grüße ſie von mir, und laß Dich dort im Hexen unterrichten, Du kleiner, zarter Engel.

Er küßte ſie gerührt, und das erſtaunte Mädchen ſagte: Wie Ihr es befehlt, mein Vater, obgleich ich auf dieſe Reiſe gar nicht vorbereitet bin. Wenn reiſe ich?

Jetzt gleich, ſagte Schakepeh; ich habe den Wagen ſchon einrichten laſſen, die Pferde ſind auch ſchon vorgeſpannt, ſichere Leute und Diener werden Dich begleiten.

Mein Vater, ſagte Sophie beſtürzt, gleich jetzt? Wie iſt das möglich!

Ich folge Dir bald nach, ſagte der Vater; in wenigen Tagen ſiehſt Du mich auch dort in Paris, ſo bald ich nur meine nothwendigſten Geſchäfte geordnet habe.

Alſo keine Trennung! ſagte Sophie. — Nein, mein Kind, erwiederte der Vater, indem er ſeine Thränen nicht mehr zurückhalten konnte; lange möchte ich Dich nicht aus meinen Armen laſſen.

Sie ſtiegen die Treppe hinab, und das Kind verwunderte ſich, den Reiſewagen, unter deſſen aufgeſpannter Leinwand ſie ſitzen ſollte, mit ſo vielen Sachen bepackt zu ſehen. Sie erfuhr, daß alle ihre Kleider und Wäſche, vorzüglich aber alle ihre Kleinodien, goldnes Geſchirr und eine große Summe in Gold und Silber, ſich in den Kaſten befand, die dem Wagen aufgeladen waren. Alles dies, ſagte der Vater, giebſt Du in Paris in die treuen Hände Deines Oheims, meines lieben, verſtändigen Bruders, der Dir ſo Deine Mitgift bewahren wird. Ich hoffe noch in wenigen Tagen eine große Summe mit mir zu bringen. Nun, Herzchen, ſieh Dir noch einmal Haus, Zimmer, die Schränke und Spiegel an, falls dies das letztemal wäre, daß ſie Dir als Dein Eigenthum vor Augen ſtänden.

Lieber Vater, ſagte ſie zitternd, Ihr ſprecht ſo räthſelhaft. Wollt Ihr Alles verkaufen? Wollt Ihr von hier wegziehen? Wollt Ihr in Paris Euren Handel fortſetzen?

Kann ſein, kann nicht ſein, antwortete der Vater; es iſt ja auch möglich, daß man mir das Haus und Alles drinn und draußen abkaufen will, ohne es mir zu bezahlen. Kann nicht ein Erdbeben Alles verſchlingen? Ein Brand? Man muß ſich für alle Fälle vorſehen.

Weinend fiel die geängſtigte Sophie dem Vater um den Hals. Er tröſtete und beruhigte ſie, rief die bewaffneten Diener herbei und ſagte ihnen nochmals, wie die Reiſe gehen und wo ſie Halt machen, die Nacht ausruhen und nirgend länger verweilen ſollten, als es, um die Pferde ruhen zu laſſen, nothwendig ſei. Für jede Stadt gab er ihnen Briefe mit, an Handelsfreunde, und ſo fanden ſie auch bei dieſen an jedem Tage friſche Pferde. So wie ſie auf das Gebiet Frankreichs kamen, durften ſie verweilen, und die dem Hauſe verbundenen Kaufleute ſicherten ihnen, wie Schakepeh wußte, einen ruhigen und ſichern Aufenthalt. Mit Freuden ſah der Alte ſeine Tochter wegfahren, denn mit ihrer Entfernung war ihm die größte Angſt vom Herzen gewälzt. Ruhiger wollte er in ſein Haus zurückgehen, als ihn ein ſonderbarer Anblick noch auf der Straße feſthielt.

Es ritten bewaffnete Wächter daher, die den jungen Koſtein in ihrer Mitte führten. Er ſaß auf einem ſchlechten Pferde, das ohne allen Schmuck war, er ſelbſt trug nur geringe Kleidung, ſein Antlitz war traurig und ſeine Haltung ohne Stolz. Schakepeh ſah wohl aus dieſem Anzeichen, daß er als Gefangener zurückkam, und die Gunſt ſeines großen Herzogs ihn vor dieſer Demüthigung nicht hatte ſchützen können.

Der Bürger näherte ſich dem Gefangenen, der ſein Pferd anhielt, und ſagte: Freund, Ihr kommt ſchneller wieder, als wir denken konnten. Was iſt Euch begegnet?

Meine Feinde, ſagte Koſtein, haben für einen Augenblick den Sieg davongetragen. Aber in wenigen Tagen wird meine

Ehre von neuem glänzen; mein großer Beſchützer und Freund, der Graf Etampes, iſt unterwegs und wird mir die vollkommenſte Rechtfertigung verſchaffen.

Ich wünſche Euch das beſte Glück, ſagte Schakepeh, indem er ihm die Hand reichte. Koſtein ritt weiter, nach dem Hauſe, das ihm vorläufig war angewieſen worden, um dort bewacht zu werden. Schakepeh wendete ſich an den letzten Wächter mit der Frage, warum der Ritter ſo behandelt werde. Ich verſtehe die Sache nicht weiter, antwortete dieſer, aber ernſthaft iſt ſie: denn auf Veranlaſſung des kranken Denis iſt der Prinz, der Graf Charolois, ſelbſt als Kläger gegen den Ritter aufgetreten, und beſchuldigt ihn des Hochverraths. Der Erbprinz, wird auch, ſagt man, hierher kommen, vielleicht ſogar der Herzog.

O weh! ſagte Schakepeh, du armer Koſtein! Deine Laufbahn ſcheint mir ſchon geendigt. Gegen ſo hohe Klagen wirſt du dich ſchwerlich rechtfertigen können. Der Prinz ſelbſt dein Gegner! dem dich der Herzog ſchon Preis gegeben hat! Wer wird ſich nun noch deiner annehmen wollen?

Er ging zum Canonicus Melchior, um ihm dieſe Nachricht mitzutheilen. Der Canonicus hatte die Sache ſchon erfahren und war in Angſt. Hätten wir doch, rief er aus, dieſen unglückſeligen Denis bei der alten Gertrud gelaſſen, wo er vielleicht ſtillſchweigend geſtorben wäre, oder wenigſtens nicht dieſe ungeheure Anklage gegen meinen Vetter erhoben hätte. Denn er thut es, um ſich zu retten und ſeinen Mord zu rechtfertigen. So bricht denn Elend von allen Seiten herein. Und ich muß fürchten, daß meine Verwandſchaft mit Koſtein mich auch in die unglückſelige Sache verwickelt.

Labitte hatte indeſſen in ſeinem Gefängniſſe, in troſtloſer Verzweiflung und alles Rathes entblößt, folgendes ſeltſame Bekenntniß aufgeſchrieben, welches die Verwirrung ſeiner Sinne vor den Verſtändigen am deutlichſten beurkundete.

So ſoll ich denn, Ihr geiſtlichen Väter, ſchriftlich meine Bosheiten geſtehen, weil ich nicht ſprechen kann, und mir durch eigne Schuld das Maul geſtopft iſt. Die Zunge, durchſchnitten und eines Theils beraubt, iſt doch ſo groß und aufgeſchwollen, daß ſie mich faſt am Athmen, noch mehr aber am Trinken und Eſſen hindert. Gewiß zur Strafe für alles Übermuth, was ſie getrieben und geredet hat. Soll das Gehirn, weil es unkluge Dinge beherbergte, eben ſo anwachſen, ſo muß mein Kopf, ſo hart er auch ſein mag, zerberſten.

So habt Ihr denn alſo, liebwerthe Herren, meinen weißen Pudel ſchon, zuſammt der Ziege der Frau Gertrud, als böſe Zaubergeiſter verbrennen laſſen. Es war dem Zoras nicht an der Wiege geſungen, daß er ſo wie Herkules zum Olymp ſteigen ſollte, und Feuer nöthig ſei, die Kapſel zerſpringen zu machen, die ſeinen Geiſt zum Blühen brachte. Ob er ſich gewundert hat? Er war nur daran gewöhnt, aus dem Waſſer zu apportiren, im Feuer iſt er gewiß ſtecken geblieben. Da hat er ſich ſelbſt nur herausholen können und zum Scheiter ſagen: da bin ich wieder! Ich hielt den weißen klugen Schelm nur für einen ganz gewöhnlichen Hund, nebenher Pudel. Aber freilich: was iſt ein Hund? Weiß mir das einer der hochwürdigen Herren zu ſagen? Aus ſeinem Blaffen und Bellen habe ich es nie heraushören können. Er wußte es wohl ſelbſt nicht, und verfiel darum jedesmal in dieſes Stottern oder Stammeln, wenn er von ſich Kunde geben ſollte. Ein Geiſt war er wohl. Ihr ſagt, ein gefallener. Kann auch ſein. Vielleicht ſind die Geiſter für uns hier auf Erden nur dann da, wenn ſie gefallene ſind, das heißt, geſchaffene. In ſo fern ſie aus dem ewigen Urquell des höchſten Gottes frei gemacht, und dem Daſein anvertraut worden, iſt das ſchon ein Abfall vom Ewigen, Unausſprechlichen zu nennen. Kann Zoras ein abgefallener Geiſt ſein, ſo mußte er wohl durch ſeine pudelnärriſche Hundenatur, wie in einer der unterſten Klipp- und Pfennig-Schulen, hindurch, um in eine höhere Claſſe zu kommen. So mag auch das Feuer-Examen für den Candidaten in ſeiner nicht ganz rein weißen Zottel-Toga ein recht menſchliches Beförderungsmittel geweſen ſein, ihn auf eine beſſere Bank hinaufzupracticiren, auf welcher er aber vielleicht wieder als Ultimus ſitzt, und als Pennal von allen andern Mitſchülern gehänſelt und torquirt wird. Ihr meint es aber eigentlich nicht ſo, ſondern behauptet, da Ihr den Teufel und Satan nicht bloß vom Hörenſagen kennt, das luſtige Vieh ſei aus der ſogenannten Hölle deſertirt, und habe ſich bei mir für einen Hund ausgegeben. Nun könnte ich zwar einwenden, daß mir des Zoras Vater und Mutter ſchon als augenſcheinliche, unzweifelbare Hunde bekannt geweſen, aber die Ausſage, daß er achte Hunde-Ahnen habe aufweiſen können, würde bei Euch wenig fruchten, da Ihr von der Meſalliance innigſt überzeugt ſeid, durch die ein hoher Höllenfürſt ſich erniedrigt hat, um als mein Zoras auf vier Beinen ſich umzutreiben. Dieſer ſchwarze Prinz hat mich dann auch beſtrickt, oder ich erſt ſcheinbar ihn: wir haben uns einander einverleibt und dies holliſche Paktum hat mich zum Zauberer und Ketzer gemacht.

Es iſt wahr, vernünftige Seelenhirten: wenn eine Gans in ihrer Ruhe einhertritt, ſo läßt ſie ſich ſchwerlich beikommen, daß auf ihr ſchon jene ſchickſalsſchwangere Feder wachſe, mit welcher ein Gottesleugner die Bücher ſchreiben wird, welche an der Kirche den Eckſtein und Stützpfeiler einwerfen können. Eben ſo leſen wir ja auch ſchon im goldnen Eſel, daß es Zauberſalben gegeben, die Menſchen verwandeln. Hat eine Feder die Kraft, tingirt vom ſchlimmen Geiſt des Schreibenden: was widerſpricht dem, daß ich Salbe, aus Kräutern, Schwämmen, Mooſen und Hexeneiern präparirt, an einen guten, fähigen Beſenſtiel ſchmiere, der nur einiges Ingenium verräth, um mit ihm durch die Lüfte zu fahren? Konnte die Gans die Apoſtel widerlegen, mein Zoras ein Hexengeiſt ſein, ſo ſehe ich keine Urſach, wenn man nur halbweg Ovidii Metamorphoſen geleſen hat, warum ein ſo unterrichteter, angeſtrichener und aufgezäumter Beſenſtiel nicht ein Pferd ſollte ſein können. Alles kommt nur auf die Uebung an. Ein ſolcher eingerittener Beſen, und vollends, wenn es viel wären, oder man die beſten zuſammenhielte, und ſie Kinder zeugen ließe, könnte unſerem Herzoge von größerem Nutzen ſein, als viele ſeiner Grafen und Herren, Ritter und Stallmeiſter, die umgekehrt, manchmal, wenn ſie reiten und ſtreiten ſollen, ſich in Beſenſtiele verwandeln und zu Hauſe hocken, ſo daß keine Hexenſalbe, von Ehre, Nachruhm, Dienſtpflicht und Schande zuſammengerührt, ſie aus ihrem Winkel treiben kann.

Freilich bin ich einer der oberſten Hexenmeiſter, der große Marſchall und Turniervogt, der die Ceremonien bewacht, daß auf unſerm Sabbath nichts ungeziemliches vorfalle. Ich führe die jungen, ſchüchternen Hexen ein, mache ihnen Muth, lehre ihnen die Verbeugungen etcetera. Ihr habt wohl ſelbſt vor Jahren über mein Gemälde dieſes Hexen-Sabbathes gelacht. Ja, damals, Erlauchtete, wart Ihr noch nicht erleuchtet und freutet Euch über den Spaß, den ich von allen Malern zuerſt erfunden hatte. Nun ſeht Ihr aber beim Licht der Scheiterhaufen heller und wißt Alles anzudeuten, und daß unſer eins, Zoras und Ich und Ziege, den Teufeln ſo müſſen geopfert werden, wie die Heiden den Göttern ihre Opfer brachten. Vielleicht legt Ihr es auch auf Hekatomben an, wenn gerade der Geburtstag des Beelzebub ſein ſollte.

Als Erfinder dieſes After-Sabbaths ſitze ich nun hier zum Dank, faſt eben ſo, wie Miltiades, Themiſtokles und Ariſtides verbannt wurden. Aber warum habe ich denn auch die Schönheit und den Reiz immerdar verehrt, und in der Perſon der Catharina Deniſel angebetet? So alt ich war, war ich närriſch von ihr bezaubert. Sie ſagten mir nach, und es träumte mir oft, ich ſei in ſie verliebt. Kann das, frage ich Euch ſelbſt, mit natürlichen Dingen zugehn? Warum iſt denn keine ſchöne Jungfrau oder züchtige Matrone in unſern kleinen garſtigen Biſchof verliebt? Weil er ſich von Gott, als ein wahrer frommer Chriſt, die Gnade erbeten hat, ſo häßlich zu ſein, daß viele, beſonders ſublime Menſchen einen Abſcheu vor ihm empfinden. Er wird niemand reizen, und ſo ziemt es dem Frommen. Freilich dienen ſo Dichter und Maler dem Morgenſtern, dem Lucifer, dem Fürſten der Schönheit. Iſt Schönheit da, wenn ſie nicht begeiſtert und entzückt? Armes Volk, das nicht, wie vom Blitz, davon getroffen wird.

So verdrehen ſie mir aber das Wort im Munde, was mir, wegen der zu großen Zunge, einigermaßen läſtig wird. Dieſer Lucifer ſoll der ältere Bruder des Heiland ſein, der Majoratsherr, dem die Herrſchaft gebührt, der verſtoßen iſt. Aber er hat ja alles, was er ſich wünſcht. Kein Kampf des Eteokles und Polynikes. Das heißt ja meinen Glauben ganz entſtellen. Keiner wird mit dem andern tauſchen wollen. Der Geiſt, der uns und Alles beſeelt, kann ſich nur offenbaren, wenn er im Blut, Sehnen, Adern und Fibern und Nerven regiert. Iſt nun alles Sichtbare, Körperliche an mir Hölle und Teufel, Tod und Verderben, ſo muß der Geiſt, der ſich in dieſe Röhren des Todes präcipitirt, wohl auch ganz Hölle werden; weil er immerdar in dieſen Gelenken ſpielt, und in dieſem Giftqualm plätſchert und ſich drinne gefällt, wie das Vögelchen, das im Springquell badet und ſpringt.

Ja, meine Herren, die Magie iſt nicht zu läugnen. Indem ich die ſchwarzen Worte ſchreibe, lache ich über die krauſen und eckigen Zeichen, und weiß, daß Ihr die frommen Augen darüberlaufen laſſet und die Schnörkel zu verſtehen glaubet, glaubt Gedanke, Ueberzeugung, Geiſtiges aus dieſen Tintenflecken Euch formiren zu können. O, wenn es ſo iſt, welche Zauberer ſeid Ihr! Lehrt doch Andern die Kunſt. Und wenn Ihr ſie nicht verſteht? Der Fall iſt möglich. Muß ich doch, trotz meiner Schmerzen, über die Geſichter lachen, die Ihr ſchneidet, indem Ihr die Köpfe ſchüttelt.

Nun ſagen ſie, der Satan laſſe ſich, wenn ihm gehuldigt werde, nicht auf dem Geſicht, ſondern auf dem entgegengeſetzten Theile huldigen, dem wir, menſchlich gewohnt, nicht gern eine ſolche Auszeichnung zukommen laſſen. Ich ſage aber, ländlich, ſittlich. Ueber dieſen heterodoxen Kuß denke jeder, wie er will. Er ſitzt drum gern als Affe, oben auf ſeinem Thron. Nun wißt Ihr, gelehrte Männer, am Affen iſt, nach unſern Weltbegriffen, das Angeſicht auch nicht ſehr holdſelig. Wir haben einmal die Angewöhnung, dieſes Verſtutzte, Wackelnde, Aeugelnde und Verzwickte dieſer Phyſiognomie häßlich zu finden. Purpur-Roth und Azur-Blau gelten aber bei allen Menſchen für ſchöne, herrliche Farben, und ich als Maler bin vorzüglich dieſer Geſinnung. So denken auch Fürſten und Herren, von Salomon an, und kleiden ſich prachtvoll. Eine Sorte von Affen iſt nun von der Mutter Natur ſo angemalt, daß Striche, wie vom ſchönſten Ultra-Marin, Zinnober und Carmin, ihm über die Naſe und Wangen laufen, wie ein fein illuminirtes Wappen. Dem Heraldiker muß ein ſolcher Affe erwünſcht, wenn nicht verehrungswürdig ſein. Wie aber noch mehr jener, der dieſelben Streifen, vornehmer als der römiſche Senator, als Lehnbrief und ſchöngefärbtes Wappen beſitzt, von der verhätſchelnden Natur ihm auf den Theil gemalt, auf welchem er ſitzt! Ihr habt gewiß, Ehrwürdige, auch von dieſen Affen mit Erſtaunen geſehn. Küſſen Abergläubige dieſe Farben, an jener Stelle, die in allen Schilden von Spanien, Frankreich, England, Burgund und Deutſchland leuchten, und am Arme oder auf dem Rücken ſo manches Wappen-Heroldes Ehrfurcht gebieten, ſo kann man jene, die die Vaſallenpflicht noch weiter treiben, nur vielleicht bemitleiden, gewiß aber nicht verdammen. Doch Alles ſei Eurem Ermeſſen, noch mehr aber meinem großen Meiſter anheimgeſtellt.

Das iſt der Geiſt dieſer Welt, der mich zum höchſten Schöpfer und deſſen Sohn auf eine mir verſtändliche und eigne Art führt. Soll und muß es durch Feuer geſchehen, ſo zittre ich davor, als Menſch, weil es ſchmerzhaft ſein mag; aber jener wird mich vielleicht, wenn ich ſo hinaufgeſendet werde, mit ſanftem Wort kühlen und tröſten. Springt mit Tyras auch entgegen, lerne ich ebenfalls von dieſem etwas, wie es ſchon hier geſchah.

Uebrigens bitte ich um Gnade, und verſichere, ich bin ein rechtgläubiger Chriſt. Aber wie es beweiſen? Daß ich verdamme alles, was ich je gedacht? Ja, auch. Daß ich alles bekenne, was man verlangt? Kann auch geſchehen.

Nach einigen Tagen ritt der Graf Stampes mit ſeinem Zuge feierlich in Arras ein. Die Stadt und das Rathhaus waren geſchmückt, und die Schöffen, ein Theil der Bürgerſchaft, ſo wie viele vom Adel, empfingen ihn und gingen ihm entgegen. Der Graf, ein anſehnlicher Mann in ſeinen beſten Jahren, hochgewachſen und ſchön, gewann durch ſeine Freundlichkeit und ſeinen edlen Anſtand ſogleich das Vertrauen Aller, die mit ihm ſprachen. Er war mittheilend und ohne alle Zurückhaltung; er hörte die Beſchwerden, die ihm vorgetragen wurden, mit Theilnahme, und ſagte endlich, als ihm die Schöffen die willkührliche Handlung des Biſchofs erzählten, und wie er den unbeſcholtenen, wackern Taket auf offener Straße ſelbſt verhaftet habe: Faßt Euch in Geduld, meine wackern Herren; gewiß ſoll ſich die Geiſtlichkeit nichts anmaßen dürfen, was ihr, ihren Rechten nach, nicht zuſteht. Ich werde Eure Gerechtſame bewahren, da Ihr Euch keine Eingriffe in die der Kirche geſtattet. Ich handle hier im Namen und in der Perſon des großen Herzogs, meines Vetters, der Euch alle wie ſeine Kinder liebt. Eine Kleinigkeit kann leicht eine Stadt verwirren und in Unglück bringen. Es iſt zu loben, daß Ihr ſo ruhig geblieben ſeid und alles der Weisheit des Fürſten anheim geſtellt habt. Ich gebe Euch mein fürſtlich Wort, daß Ihr mit mir zufrieden ſein werdet. Gottloſigkeit, Ketzerei, offenbaren Abfall vom Chriſtenthum, oder Empörung gegen die Kirche werdet Ihr nicht vertreten wollen, und ſo könnt Ihr darauf vertrauen, daß jeder Eurer billigen Wünſche bei mir ein geneigtes Gehör finden wird.

Alle beurlaubten ſich, der Graf ſtieg vor ſeiner Wohnung ab, und bat den Ritter Beaufort, mit ihm in ſein Gemach hinauf zu ſteigen.

Ihr ſeid am ſchlimmſten verletzt, ſagte der Graf, als ſie ſich im Saale befanden und allein waren, man hat Euch Euren hoffnungsvollen Sohn unter einem nichtigen Vorwande geraubt. Allein Euch ſoll vollkommene Genugthuung werden.

Ein betrübter Vater, erwiederte der Ritter, wird ſich Euch ewig dankbar erkennen. Wir ſtehen hier alle in der Stadt erſtarrt und ohne Faſſung, als wenn vor jedem ein Blitz niedergeſchlagen wäre. Wir wiſſen nicht, ob der Biſchof wahnwitzig iſt, oder ob er aus Bosheit ſo handelt; ob irgend eine andre Abſicht hinter dieſem Beginnen lauert, welches kindiſch wäre, wenn es nicht ſo Viele an Ehre und ihren guten Namen kränkte, und wohl in jeder gut geordneten Stadt bis jetzt unerhört geweſen iſt.

Ihr wolltet mich vor einiger Zeit in Gent beſuchen, fuhr der Graf freundlich fort, indem er den Ritter nöthigte, ſich neben ihm in einen Seſſel zu ſetzen.

Euer Gnaden Briefe ſelbſt, die ich am folgenden Tage erhielt, bewogen mich, meine Reiſe, zu welcher ich mich ſchon eingerichtet hatte, wieder einzuſtellen, antwortete Beaufort.

Ich weiß, antwortete der Graf, denn ein plötzlicher Auftrag des Herzogs zwang mich, Gent ſchnell zu verlaſſen. So kann ich denn mündlich meine Verabredungen mit Euch treffen, der Ihr meine Aufträge immer freundlich und mit großer Pünktlichkeit beſorgt habt.

Nur diesmal, antwortete Beaufort, werde ich Euch nicht mit der geforderten Summe, die allzugroß iſt, dienen können. Sie überſteigt meinen Credit; ich habe neuerdings Capitale verloren, meine Güter haben nur wenig Ertrag geliefert, und alles, was ich draußen habe bauen müſſen, hat ſchon die Einkünfte von manchem Jahr im Voraus verzehrt. Selbſt wenn ich das Aeußerſte und meinen eignen Ruin wagen wollte, ſo würden mir doch die bürgerlichen Kaufleute oder die großen Fabrikherren für Euch nichts vorſchießen können oder wollen.

Ich weiß, ſagte der Graf verſtimmt, dieſe Menſchen haben immer tauſend Ausflüchte. Sie berufen ſich auf die Kriegsſteuer, auf die außerordentlichen Gaben, die der Herzog zu verſchiedenen Malen gefordert hat, auf die zunehmende Theurung und tauſend andere Dinge; und doch ſind alle reich, beſitzen große Häuſer, und prunken wie Ritter und Graf.

Sie ſind freilich wohl reich, erwiederte der Ritter, aber wie viele baare Auslagen muß ein ſolcher Teppichwirker machen, wie große Summen muß er täglich ſeinen Arbeitern und Untergebenen auszahlen. Hier darf er niemals im Rückſtande ſein, und eine einzige verſäumte Woche würde ihn verderben. So iſt es mit dem Holzhändler und Tuchwirker ebenfalls. Wagten ſie es, ein ſolches großes Capital auf einmal ihrem Geſchäfte zu entziehen, ſo würden ſie plötzlich allen Credit verlieren, wenn die andern Bürger es erführen. Darum iſt ihr Reichthum nur ſcheinbar ſo groß, da immerdar große Summen ausſtrömen, und ſie auch für den Fall ſorgen müſſen, wenn auswärtige Zahlungen nicht eintreffen, oder Kaufleute, von denen ſie zu fordern haben, bankrott machen. Dazu kommt noch, mein gnädiger Herr, daß alle dieſe Menſchen Euch, was ihnen nicht zu verargen iſt, weniger als andern vertrauen, eben weil Ihr ſo reich, mächtig und groß, und gewiſſermaßen der Erſte nach unſerm Fürſten ſeid. Sie haben keine Mittel in Händen, das Ihrige wieder zu erhalten, wenn es Euch durch die Umſtände unmöglich fällt, ihnen nach Bequemlichkeit zurück zu zahlen.

Der Graf lachte und ſagte: Ich verſtehe Euch, Beaufort, und ihr denkt natürlich eben ſo, und ich darf es Euch ebenfalls nicht verargen. So ſeid Ihr nun, Ihr zu treuherziger Ritter, dem ich wahrlich Dank ſchuldig bin; Ihr denkt ſo arg von uns, und noch mehr Eure Bürgersleute und Zunftmeiſter. Freilich kann das Darlehn oft nicht zurückgegeben werden. Iſt es darum verloren! Kann ich Euch nicht Gunſt gewähren, Privilegien! Euch dahin weiſen und ſtellen, wo Ihr vierfach das von andern gewinnt, was Ihr vielleicht an mir verlieren müßt? Ich ſpreche ſo aufrichtig, weil ich Euch kenne und achte.

Hoher Graf, ſprach Beaufort etwas verlegen, Ihr habt es ſelbſt ſchon geſagt, daß für uns dergleichen nicht paßt. In welche weite und ungewiſſe Diſtrikte würde uns ein ſolches Treibjagen führen! Wie viel Freundſchaften müßten wir erwerben, um nur ſicher zu werden, wie viele heimliche Feindſchaften würden uns zu untergraben ſuchen.

Ich wäre nicht in dieſer Verlegenheit, ſagte der Graf, wenn die Vermählung meiner Schweſter mich nicht ganz ausgeplündert hätte. Baare Summen, die ich zahlen, prächtige Feſte, die ich geben mußte, und durch welche Tauſend ſich reich gemacht haben. Was helfen mir für den Augenblick meine großen, unermeßlichen Güter und Schlöſſer! Diejenigen, die für vorgeſchoſſene Summen ſich auf zwei Jahr meiner Einkünfte bemächtigt haben, darf ich, meiner eignen Ehre wegen, nicht verdrängen, ſie genießen ebenfalls des höchſten Schutzes. So verwickelt eins das andre, und Ihr, die Ihr uns vielleicht aus der Ferne beneidet, wißt nicht, wie viel Drangſal und Verdruß aller Art uns zur Laſt fällt. Auch kann ich die Gnade des Herzogs nicht immer in Anſpruch nehmen, zu welchem ſchon alle Augen gierig hingerichtet ſind.

Freilich hat jeder Stand ſeine Beſchwerde, ſagte Beaufort; aber einem erlauchten Fürſten muß es immer leichter fallen, als einem gewöhnlichen Privatmanne, dieſe Hinderniſſe zu beſiegen. Ich ſehe alſo wohl, Gnädigſter, ich muß auch in dieſem Jahr die ſchrecklichen Wucherzinſen für Euch zahlen, die mir ſchwer fallen werden, da Ihr, nach Euren Aeußerungen, meine Bürgſchaft jetzt noch nicht auslöſen könnt.

Guter Beaufort, ſagte der Graf, es iſt das Wenigſte, was Ihr für mich thun könnt, da Ihr mir jene größere Summe nicht ſchafft, auf die ich gerechnet hatte. Gehabt Euch wohl, Freund, und ſpeiſet morgen mit mir; ich werde auch einige andere von Eurem Adel einladen laſſen.

Beaufort entfernte ſich, froh, daß er nicht einen härtern Stand, den er gefürchtet, gehabt hatte. Er begab ſich noch zu der Geſellſchaft der Bürger, die ſich beim reichen Joſſet, im großen Hauſe, verſammelt hatte, nachdem ſie der Graf Etampes beurlaubt hatte. Man ſtritt eben mit dem heftigen Carrieux, der mit der Rede und Verheißung des Grafen ſehr unzufrieden war, weil er ſie zu unbedeutend fand. So machen es dieſe Herren, rief er jetzt, ſie wollen es mit Niemand verderben, und wer dieſer Weiſe folgt, muß immer den Beſſeren ſchädlich werden. Er wird ſich nun ſo hin und her winden, daß er gar nichts thut, und bei dieſer ſcheinbaren Klugheit und Unpartheilichkeit müſſen die liſtigen Pfaffen gewinnen. Und Schakepeh! — hat er ſich wohl im Zuge ſehen laſſen? — Iſt er wohl herangekommen, wie wir ihn doch luden? — Wenn die Bürger ſelbſt ſo gleichgültig gegen die Verletzung ihrer Rechte ſind, ſo arbeiten ſie ja ihren Feinden in die Hände, und wir dürfen uns nicht verwundern, wenn der Adel uns ganz fallen läßt.

Schakepeh, ſagte der Gaſtwirth Joſſet, muß etwas Großes im Schilde führen. Er hat ſo viel Geld in der Eile einkaſſirt, als er nur immer konnte; er hat einigen Schuldnern ein Drittheil ganz erlaſſen, um nur das Uebrige zu bekommen. Mir hat er ſogar ſein großes ſchönes Haus angeboten, und zwar, wenn ich ihn baar bezahlen wolle, um einen ganz ſchwachen Preis; ich gewänne die Hälfte, wenn ich es brauchen könnte, oder die Summe baar hätte. In allen dieſen Dingen verfährt der Mann, der ſonſt die Ordnung ſelbſt iſt, ſo haſtig, daß ich fürchten muß, er macht bankrott und will nur eilig, mit großen Verluſten, Geld zuſammentreiben, um noch etwas zu retten.

Das kann unmöglich ſein, ſagte Beaufort ruhig, denn er hat mir nur heut, lange vor dem Termine, eine bedeutende Summe gezahlt, die ihm, wenn er in Gefahr ſtände, zu wichtig ſein muß. Ich vermuthe, er will Arras ganz verlaſſen, um anderswo, vielleicht in einem fremden Lande, ſich mit ſeinen Reichthümern niederzulaſſen.

Carrieux ſchrie laut auf. Das wäre entſetzlich! ſagte er dann; wäre es wirklich ſchon ſo weit gekommen, daß der Bürger hier im Lande keine Sicherheit mehr fände?

Melchior hatte ſich indeſſen auf die Bitte des jungen Koſtein zum Grafen begeben, den er mit dem Ritter Conrad beim Schachſpiel fand. Er ſagte dem Grafen in aller Demuth, daß der bedrängte Koſtein, von Allen verlaſſen, ſeinen Schutz und ſein Wohlwollen anriefe, das er ihm ſo oft bewieſen habe; er erinnerte an jenes gnädige, faſt freundſchaftliche Vertrauen, mit dem er dem Verfolgten ſo oft entgegengekommen, ja er ließ von den Dienſten, die Koſtein dem hohen Grafen beim Herzoge geleiſtet, auf kluge und beſcheidene Weiſe Einiges einfließen, um ſeinen Bitten mehr Gewicht zu geben. Der Graf ſagte aber kalt: Lieber geiſtlicher Herr, in dieſer Sache kann ich durchaus gar nichts thun, da ich zu ganz andern Unterſuchungen, wie Ihr es ſelbſt wohl wißt, hieher geſendet bin. Kann ſich der junge Koſtein gegen die ſchwere Anklage rechtfertigen, ſo wird er meine Freundſchaft wie ſonſt genießen; kann er es nicht, ſo wäre es wohl ungeziemend, dem Herzoge und Thronerben hier mit Herrſchſucht oder ungeziemender Protektion entgegen treten zu wollen.

Der Gefangene, ſagte Melchior, wünſcht nur, daß Ihr ihm ein unſchuldiges Zeichen Eurer beſtehenden Gunſt zukommen laßt, damit ſeine Feinde nicht zu frech gegen ihn auftreten, und die Richter, wenn ſie ihn völlig ohne Schutz ſehn, ſich partheiiſch auf die Seite ſeiner Gegner wenden.

So müßte ich ihn wohl gar, entgegnete der Graf ſchneidend, indem er aufſtand, in ſeinem Gefängniß beſuchen? Herr Canonicus, es handelt ſich hier um die Beſchuldigung des Hochverrathes. Eine ſo hochwichtige Anklage, die bewieſen werden muß, oder ſchwer auf das Haupt des Klägers zurückfällt, kann man nicht mit Protektion, mit Gunſtbezeugung oder Einſchüchterung zum Schweigen bringen. Ihm wird ein unpartheiiſches Gericht werden, deſſen kann er verſichert ſein.

Melchior entfernte ſich, und der Graf ſetzte ſich zum Spiel wieder nieder. Da ihn der Herzog, mein Vetter, hat fallen laſſen, ſagte er, der wie kindiſch in den Laffen verliebt war, ſo muß unſer Graf Charolais ſchon Beweiſe ſeiner Anklage vorgelegt haben. Was der Kindiſche ſich dabei denkt, zu mir zu ſchicken. Als wenn ich mich ſelbſt verdächtig machen würde, um dieſen Glückspilz, dem zornigen Thronerben gegenüber, zu retten. Mag er es haben und nun ſehn, wohin Frechheit und Uebermuth führen. Er, der mit uns in der Pracht wetteiferte, der ſein Weib ſo herausſtaffirte, daß am Hofe meines Vetters ſich meine Gemahlin einmal ſchämen mußte, weniger und nicht ſo koſtbaren Schmuck an ſich zu ſehn, als in welchem das ſonſt ſo arme Fräulein glänzte. Der Fall dieſes Aufſchößlings mag eine Lehre und Warnung für alle ähnlichen Glücksritter werden.

Melchior kam ohne Troſt zu ſeinem bekümmerten Vetter, dem er in milden Ausdrücken erzählte, wie er ſo gar nichts beim Grafen, auf welchen Koſtein ſehr gerechnet, hätte ausrichten können. Der rathloſe Jüngling warf ſich verzweifelnd in den Seſſel und weinte und ſchluchzte laut. So ſind ſie, ſagte er dann, dieſe Großen! Wie oft hat er mich gebraucht, ihm bei meinem Herzoge dieſes oder jenes auszumachen, ſo manches durchzuſetzen, was gegen alles Recht war. Er wußte, daß der alte Herr mehr auf meine Scherze hörte, und ihm meine Freundlichkeit mehr gefiel, als wenn der Graf oder andre Verwandte etwas durchtreiben wollten. Nun zittern ſie alle vor dieſem Thronerben, und Alle haſſen ihn, und wünſchen, daß er unterginge. Aber ſie werden auch einſt ihre Strafe finden. Ich dachte ſo ſicher zu ſtehn, daß ich mich bloß zu den Feinden des Prinzen Carl geſellte; es ſchien, als wenn alle die von der andern Parthei mich gar nicht entbehren könnten, ſolch ein unbedingtes Vertrauen bewieſen ſie mir alle. Allen habe ich geholfen, und keiner dankt es mir. Noch jetzt, ganz neulich gab ich dieſem Etampes einen klugen Rath, wie er zu großen Summen gelangen könne, die er einzunehmen wünſcht. Seine Hoffarth, und die noch größere ſeiner Schweſter, hat ihn das Unermeßliche gekoſtet. — Komme ich nur aus dieſer Lage, ſollen ſie aber auch ſehn, was ſie an mir verloren haben.

Melchior verließ den Jüngling, tief betrübt, daß ſein Unglück ihm den Verſtand, den er noch kürzlich bewundern müſſen, ſo völlig geraubt hatte.

Mit einigen ſeiner Edelleute begab ſich der Graf Etampes in die Wohnung des Biſchofes. Dieſer war von Prieſtern umgeben, unter denen ſich der Dechant und der Canonicus Melchior befanden. Der Graf ſetzte ſich dem Sitze des Biſchofes gegenüber, und erklärte ihm die Abſicht, aus welcher der Regent des Landes ihn nach Arras geſendet habe. Daß der gnädige Fürſt wünſche, daß nicht ohne die äußerſte Noth etwas Grauſames und Hartſcheinendes geſchehen möge; wie ſehr es der Graf bedaure, daß ſchon der angeſehenſte Theil des Bürgerſtandes ſich in der Verhaftung ſeines Schöffen gekränkt fühle, und wie er nicht zugeben könne, daß das Gericht der Clerici ſich in die Gerichtsbarkeit des Magiſtrats und der Schöffen und Vorſtände des Bürgerweſens dränge.

Der Biſchof antwortete: Von dem allen, geehrter Fürſt und Herr, iſt von unſerer Seite nichts geſchehen. Die Herren des Adelſtandes und des Bürgerweſens kennen nur zu wenig, wie weit die geiſtlichen Rechte ſich erſtrecken, und haben die ſehr ausgedehnte Gerichtsbarkeit der Inquiſition vergeſſen, weil ſeit lange kein Verbrechen ſich zutrug, welches ſie zu richten, oder vielmehr, weil ſie in ihrer chriſtlichen Aufmerkſamkeit nachgelaſſen hatte. Daß ich ſelbſt, aus eigner Vollmacht, den Schöffen Zaket verhaftete, getraue ich mir vor jedem geiſtlichen und vernünftigen weltlichen Gerichte zu verantworten, denn mehr als Ein Zeuge ſeines Verbrechens iſt gegen ihn aufgetreten. Ich kann es aber, als Präſident des Gerichtes der Inquiſition, als ſtellvertretender Biſchof und geiſtliches Oberhaupt dieſer Stadt, niemals zugeben, daß ſich weltliche Richter oder Männer vom Adel meine Rechte und die Rechte der Kirche anmaßen, und ſo kann Eure Sendung von unſerm gnädigſten Herzog unmöglich gemeint ſein, da es weltbekannt iſt, wie hoch er die Heiligen verehrt; ſondern ſeine edle Abſicht iſt gewiß, daß er einen allgemein verehrten Fürſten ſeines Hauſes ſendet, um Pöbel wie Bürger, Adel wie Geiſtlichkeit durch die Autorität dahin zu vermögen, daß alles auf dem Wege des Rechtes, der Sitte und der Billigkeit geſchehe; und ſo treten wir von der Geiſtlichkeit Euch mit demſelben herzlichen Vertrauen entgegen, welches Euch der edle Bürgerſtand ſchon bewieſen hat.

So iſt es allerdings gemeint, antwortete der Graf, und Ihr habt die Abſichten unſers gnädigſten Landesherrn ganz richtig ausgedeutet.

Nehmt gütig, erwiederte der Biſchof, dieſe Akten, die die Anklagen, Zeugenverhöre und Beweiſe enthalten, alles, was wir bis jetzt auf dem freundlichen Wege haben entdecken können. Der Herzog hat uns auch einige Doktoren der Rechte wie der Theologie von Löwen geſendet, und ſo viel ich weiß, ſind alle mit meinem Verfahren, das ich bis jetzt beobachtet habe, einverſtanden.

Der Graf blätterte in den Akten, gab ſie den Rittern, die mit ihm gekommen waren, zur Anſicht und ſagte dann: Geehrter Herr, die Sache an ſich ſcheint für ſich zu ſprechen, ſo wenig ich mir ein Urtheil in dieſen verwickelten geiſtlichen Angelegenheiten und in dieſen ſonderbaren Begebenheiten erlauben darf. Denn höchſt wunderlich ſind dieſe Bekenntniſſe und Ausſagen. Aber warum haben die hieſigen Einwohner ein ſolches Aufhebens von dieſen fratzenhaften Geſchichten gemacht, daß ſie ſogar die Autorität des Fürſten ſelbſt zu Hülfe gerufen? Zwei liederliche Dirnen, eine alte Bettlerin, drei jammervolle Weiber vom Lande, und eine Frau von zweideutigem Rufe in der Stadt, nebſt einem blödſinnigen Gemäldepfuſcher, ſind hauptſächlich und zuerſt angeklagt, und deren Schuld ſcheint, eigenen Geſtändniſſen nach, ſo ziemlich erwieſen; denn das Verbrechen des Taket, und noch mehr des jungen Beaufort, iſt noch dunkel. Steht es aber ſo, ſo iſt der Handel, meines Ermeſſens, nicht ſo hochwichtig, jene Sünder mögen verdammt oder freigeſprochen werden.

Hier kommt mein gnädigſter Herr, rief der Biſchof neu belebt, auf den Punkt, welcher, wie ich immer ſagte, und wie meine geiſtlichen Mitbrüder von mir ſchon gehört haben, der wichtigſte iſt. Dieſe armen Seelen, die jetzt in unſern Gefängniſſen ſitzen, haben aus blödem Sinn, gewiſſermaßen in einem Anfall von Lebensüberdruß, ſich ſelbſt und ihr hölliſches Bündniß verrathen; der Maler, ſowie die Frau Deniſel, die von den Uebrigen angeklagt ſind, wollen leugnen, und Beaufort und Taket noch ſtärker; aber, verehrter Herr, alle dieſe Armſeligen ſind, wie Ihr ganz richtig geahndet habt, nicht die Kraft und der Kern der hölliſchen Brüderſchaft, ſie ſind nur der leichte Vortrab des ſataniſchen Heeres. Land und Stadt, Kirche und Fürſtenthum, ja Europa und Rom und der Papſt ſind von dem unendlich weit verbreiteten Bündniß bedroht, zu welchem ſelbſt Prieſter ſich bald und ganz haben verführen laſſen, ſelbſt Biſchöfe und Cardinäle. Seit lange ſtrebt man dahin, auch Fürſten und Könige für dieſen Gräuelbund zu gewinnen, und es ſteht dahin, ob es nicht ſchon gelungen iſt, wenn wir beobachten, wie dieſer und jener Prinz, der und jener König ſich gegen Papſt und Kirche betragen, welche Meinungen und Reden ſie dulden, oder ſelber ausſprechen. Und ſo werdet ihr mir, Gnädigſter, da Ihr dieſe Geſinnung offenbart, behülflich ſein, die Reichen und Mächtigen auszuſpüren, und der Strafe zu überliefern, und wir armen Geiſtlichen dürfen dann, von Eurer Autorität geſchützt, um ſo feſter den Frevel auszurotten ſtreben, ohne vor den Drohungen des unverſtändigen Pöbels zu erſchrecken.

Der Graf neigte beifällig ſein Haupt und hatte die Akten des Proceſſes wieder in die Hand genommen, die er tiefſinnend betrachtete. Er war ganz in Gedanken verſunken, doch ſchien er nicht zu leſen, und es entſtand eine lange Pauſe. Endlich fuhr er wie aus einem Traume auf, legte die Blätter auf den Tiſch, erhob ſich, grüßte den Biſchof mit vieler Ehrerbietung, und verließ mit ſeinem Gefolge den Saal. Der Biſchof verabſchiedete die Geiſtlichen und ſendete nach den Doktoren, die von der Univerſität Löwen gekommen waren, um ſich mit dieſen zu berathen.

In der Stadt hatte ſich die Stimmung auffallend verändert. Der Pöbel, der Anfangs die ſeltſame Sache nur als eine Neuigkeit angeſtaunt hatte, lebte jetzt in Schadenfreude, daß ein Ereigniß hervorgetreten war, welches auch die Reichen und Angeſehenen bedrohe. Viele Mönche und unwiſſende Geiſtliche, deren Phantaſie von dieſen Bildern des Aberwitzes ergriffen war, lehrten und predigten in Häuſern und Gaſſen von der Möglichkeit und Wahrhaftigkeit dieſer Gräuel, wodurch Weiber und ſchwache Gemüther des Bürgerſtandes auch überzeugt wurden. Wie etwas Erfreuliches und Unterhaltendes erzählte man ſich in Geſellſchaften neue Tollheiten, die die Gefangenen bekannt und ausgeſagt haben ſollten. Als der verſtändige Küſter Wundrich auf der Gaſſe einen ſolchen Haufen von Bethörten belehren wollte, war er in Gefahr, gemißhandelt zu werden, und einige der Gläubigſten wollten ihn ſchon, als neu entdeckten Zauberer, mit Gewalt zur Inquiſition ſchleppen. Wundrich nicht allein, ſondern faſt alle Geiſtlichen, die den Aberwitz einſahen, wurden eingeſchüchtert, und ſprachen nur offen zu Gleichdenkenden, oder wo ſie ſicher zu ſein glaubten. Da das Mährchen nun allgemein bekannt und verbreitet war, ſahen boshafte Weiber und Männer, Tagelöhner und Hausbedienten jedem Vornehmen, dem ſie auf der Straße begegneten, mit Frechheit in das Geſicht, als wenn ſie ebenfalls die Kunſt des Biſchofs überkommen hätten, die Zauberer an den Augen zu erkennen. Da geht auch wohl ein Gaſt des Scheiterhaufens! mußte mancher würdige Mann hinter ſich her ſagen hören, wenn einem vom Pöbel ſein Halsſchmuck, oder die ſchöne, ſchmucke Kleidung geärgert hatte. So war Furcht in jeder Familie, und keiner wagte mehr, unbefangen ſeinen Geſchäften nachzugehen, oder ſeine Freunde zu beſuchen, noch weniger aber, wie ſonſt ſo oft geſchah, beim Gaſtwirth Joſſet mit andern Fröhlichen ein heiteres Gelag in deſſen großen Sälen zu feiern.

In dieſer Stimmung ſchloſſen ſich hier viele Bürger, und ſelbſt Adelige, der Proceſſion an, welche der Biſchof angeordnet hatte, um den Himmel um Gnade anzuflehen für eine Stadt, die ſo tief in Sünde verſunken war. Singend und betend ging der Zug, der Biſchof an der Spitze, durch die Gaſſen, um dann in der Cathedrale den Gottesdienſt zu feiern. Ein Wagen, ſchwer bepackt, hielt vor dem großen Hauſe des Schakepeh, und der ſtattliche Bürger ſtand in Reiſekleidern davor, im Begriff, das Fuhrwerk zu beſteigen. Da er die ſingende Menge herunterkommen ſah, und die Proceſſion der Geiſtlichen, ſtellte er ſich anſtändig hin, nahm ſeinen Hut ab und betete, um der geiſtlichen Ceremonie ſeine Ehrfurcht zu beweiſen. Jetzt ſtand der Biſchof dicht an ihm, gab das Kreuz, das er trug, aus den Händen, und der Geſang verſtummte. Was macht Ihr hier, Freund Schakepeh! fragte der Biſchof.

Ich wollte ſo eben eine Reiſe in Geſchäften machen, antwortete der Bürger; mein Handel ruft mich nach Antwerpen, ich habe dorten Summen einzufordern, die ich nur erhalten kann, wenn ich perſönlich erſcheine.

So! ſagte der Biſchof; fein ausgedacht. — Er ſah den Bürger, welcher mit bloßem Kopfe vor ihm ſtand, lange und bedeutend an, indeſſen mancher aus dem Zuge, der zu Schakepehs Bekannten gehörte, näher getreten war, um zu ſehen, was geſchehen würde. — Da der Biſchof den Bürger immer noch durchdringend anſchaute, verlor dieſer die Geduld, ſetzte den Hut auf ſein Haupt und ſagte: Nun iſt es genug, guter Herr, die Pferde, Diener und meine Geſchäfte warten auf mich; wenn ich zurückkomme, ſo laßt mich nur rufen, und ich will Euch dann mein Geſicht, ſo lange Ihr wollt, zum Betrachten hinhalten.

Es wird mir wohl jetzt noch bleiben! rief der Biſchof mit heiſerer Stimme, denn ich erkläre Euch, daß Ihr mein Gefangener ſeid! Ihr ſeid ein alter Freund des Zauberers Labitt und der Frau Deniſel, ſo wie des jungen Beaufort, und mein Auge hat in Eurem Ohre Sünde erkannt.

Gevattersmann! rief Schakepeh im Zorn, wenn Ihr immer über den Durſt trinkt, oder von Natur ſo dummhäuptig ſeid, ſo könnten wir eben ſo gut den Wetterhahn droben auf dem Rathhauſe zum Biſchof haben. Laßt mich ungeſchoren!

So iſt es nicht gemeint, antwortete der Biſchof mit Gelaſſenheit und Ruhe. Er winkte, und die Häſcher, die herbeigekommen waren, näherten ſich dem Bürger. Laßt mich! rief Schakepeh; ſind wir hier unter Räubern und Mördern? Ihr wackern Bürgersleute, die Ihr hier wie Staare und Dohlen in dem ſchwarzen Zuge mittrippelt, hat denn keiner mehr ein Gemüth für die Freiheit, um ſich dieſer Tyrannei zu widerſetzen? Blödſinnigſter aller Menſchen! Ich, der Bürger und Holzhändler Schakepeh ſoll ein Hexenmeiſter ſein! Ich habe mehr zu thun, als die Alfanzereien auf Eurem Hexen-Sabbath mitzumachen.

Die Schergen hielten den Widerſtrebenden; und da Schakepeh bemerkte, wie hier und dort einer von ſeinen Bekannten, die er für wackere Männer gehalten hatte, ſich fortſchlich, andre aber die Augen ſchon zur Erde niederſchlugen, ſo ſagte er im Verdruß: Packt mich nicht, Ihr Herren Schergen, die Ihr jetzt unſre freie Stadt ſo verſtändig regiert, ich werde Euch freiwillig nach dem Gefängniſſe folgen. Aber wehe den hohen Herren, die es dahin kommen laſſen! Es muß alles zu Grunde gehen, wenn beim Bürger keine Kraft und beim Geiſtlichen kein Verſtand zu finden iſt, und wenn die, die uns ſchützen ſollten, uns verderben.

Als er fortgeführt war, bemerkte der Biſchof mit Verdruß, daß die Proceſſion ſich ſehr vermindert hatte, denn faſt alle der wohlhabendern Bürger waren ſtill und traurig nach ihren Häuſern geſchlichen, alle liebten den Mann, den ſie jetzt hatten mißhandeln ſehn.

Als wieder das geiſtliche Gericht verſammelt war, wurde nach den Anzeigen, die die alte Gertrud, ſo wie die übrigen Weiber aus der Dorfgemeinde gemacht hatten, beſchloſſen, auch den reichen Gaſtwirth Joſſet einzuziehen, der um ſo verdächtiger ſchien, weil bei ihm mehr wie einmal, eben ſo wie bei der Frau Deniſel, der Maler Labitt bei fröhlichen Gelagen zugegen geweſen war, wo man von Frau Venus, Lucifer, unbekannten Obern geſprochen, und den Satan, ſo wie den Hexen-Sabbath, lächerlich vorgeſtellt habe. Noch andre angeſehene Bürger wurden an demſelben Tage verhaftet.

Als Peter Carrieux inne ward, wohin ſich die Sache jetzt wendete, ſagte er: Nun ſehe ich ein, wie Schakepeh der Klügſte von uns allen war, deſſen Verſtand es vorherſah, wie es nun gekommen iſt; aber es hat ihm doch auch nichts geholfen, da er nicht früher abreiſen konnte.

Und Ihr wollt immer noch nicht meinem Rathe folgen? rief der rieſengroße Guntram; Euch bleibt ja doch nichts anderes übrig, und je früher Ihr dazu thut, je beſſer iſt es für Euch. Laßt uns Arbeiter, ſo wie wir da ſind, zu den Waffen greifen, denn wir ſind wahrlich jetzt auf unſre Fäuſte angewieſen, da es keine Gerechtigkeit mehr im Lande giebt. Ihr habt auch zuweilen mit dem heitern Alten, dem Labitt, geſcherzt, Ihr ſeid auch im Hauſe der Frau Deniſel geweſen;

wollt Ihr es abwarten, bis ſie Euch ebenfalls in die Inquiſition führen, und über Dummheiten verhören?

Indem ſie noch ſprachen, kam ein Bote des geiſtlichen Gerichts, der den Bürger und Teppichwirker Peter Carrieux vor das geiſtliche Gericht der Inquiſition zitirte, weil er der Zauberei und der Hexenkünſte verdächtig ſei, als Mitgenoß und Freund des Labitt, welcher ſchon im Gefängniß alles freiwillig bekannt habe. Carrieux ſtand einen Augenblick zweifelhaft, ob er dieſer Citation Folge leiſten ſollte: Guntram warf ihm einen bedeutenden Blick zu und ſchielte nach der Rüſtung; da aber der verſtändige Bürger bedachte, daß man die Schergen ſenden würde, um ihn mit Gewalt fortzuführen, zog er es vor, dem Boten der Geiſtlichkeit freiwillig zu folgen.

Als der Herr des Hauſes fortgegangen war, verſammelte der zornige Guntram alle Geſellen, Diener und Handlanger, und ſtellte ihnen vor, wie ſie alle zu Bettlern werden müßten, nun ihr Herr verhaftet ſei; es ſei nicht daran zu denken, daß man ihn ſo bald wieder freigeben würde, wahrſcheinlich gehe der Unſinn ſo weit, ihn zu verdammen. Alle nahmen ſchnell Rüſtungen, Schwerter und Schilde, weil ſie den Verſicherungen des alten, erfahrnen Guntram glaubten, wie ſich die ganze Stadt, wenn nur ein Anfang gemacht würde, für ſie bewaffnen müßte. Sie ſtürmten mit Geſchrei hinaus und rannten vor den Pallaſt des Biſchofs hin. Aber kein Bürger erhob ſich, in der Nähe des Getümmels verſchloß man die Läden, das Haus des Biſchofs und die Inquiſition waren feſt verrammelt.

Die Geſellen tobten, und zerſchlagen, was ſie erreichen konnten; da aber Reiſige, welche der Graf Etampes, unter Anführung eines Ritters, ſchickte, ſich zeigten, ſchlichen ſich viele der Aufrührer davon. Die Muthigen, welche blieben, hatten mit den bewaffneten Reitern einen ungleichen Kampf zu beſtehn; erſt als verſchiedene getödtet und ſchwer verwundet waren, nahmen die Uebrigen die Flucht und wurden in den Gaſſen verfolgt. Der lange Guntram riß mit ſeiner Rieſenſtärke eine verſchloſſene Hausthüre auf, ſprang über den Flur, rannte in den Garten, und kletterte über deſſen Mauer hinweg, worauf er bald in einſamen Gegenden verſchwand, wodurch er ſich ſeinen Verfolgern entzog, die nicht begreifen konnten, wohin er ſo ſchnell entkommen war. Darüber verwundert Ihr Euch! ſagte einer von den Lanzenknechten. Er iſt ja auch einer von denen, die mit dem Teufel ein Bündniß aufgerichtet haben, ſo hat der Satan unſre Augen verblendet, oder den thurmhohen Böſewicht durch die Lüfte oder auf einem Sturmwind davon geführt. Vielleicht hat er im Hauſe einen eingeweihten und ſündlich getauften Beſen gefunden, und iſt auf dieſem, wie auf dem beſten Pferde, in alle Welt hinein geritten.

Der alte Beaufort ſaß troſtlos in ſeinem innern Zimmer. Er hatte das Vertrauen zum Grafen Etampes verloren, da dieſer ſich ſo wenig der willkührlichen Tyrannei des Biſchofs widerſetzte, daß vielmehr ſeit ſeiner Anweſenheit weit mehr Verhaftungen, und von viel bedeutenderen Menſchen, ſtattgefunden hatten. In ſeinem Kummer überraſchte ihn der Ritter Conrad, einer der Vertrauten des großen Grafen Etampes. Nach den Begrüßungen und einigem Geſpräch ſagte Conrad: Werther Herr, Eure Bürgerſchaft handelt nicht klug daran, in offenbare Empörung gegen das Geſetz hinauszubrechen, da durch die Gegenwart meines gnädigen Grafen der Stadt doch ein Unterpfand gegeben, daß ihr auf keine Weiſe Unrecht geſchehen ſoll.

Bedenkt, mein werther Herr, erwiederte Beaufort, daß es keineswegs die Bürgerſchaft war, die ſich empörte, ſondern es war nur eine Rotte von Arbeitern, die jetzt, nach Einziehung des Peter Carrieux, um ihren Unterhalt beſorgt iſt. Und es iſt wahr, die Stadt wird bald wie verwaiſet und ausgeſtorben ſein, wenn man fortfährt, ſo das Gewerbe zu ſtören.

Erlaubt, Herr Ritter, erwiederte Conrad, es war ein großer Volkshaufen, es waren Bürger, die uns bekämpften, ich bin ſelbſt zugegen geweſen. Ein Ritter, der treffliche Adelbert, mein vorzüglicher Freund, iſt in dieſem Strauß erſchlagen; vier der Reiſigen ſind verwundet, und fünf Lanzenknechte liegen mit tödtlichen Stichen in der Bruſt im Spital. Soll da unſer Graf nicht die Geduld verlieren, wenn er ſehn muß, daß dieſelben Bürger, welche er beſchützt, ſich ihm ſo mörderiſch widerſetzen?

Beaufort ward roth und ſagte nicht ohne Bitterkeit: Könnten wir alle von dieſem Schutze doch nur etwas gewahr werden. Daß der Graf ſo ganz mit unſerm Biſchofe, den wir immer nur gering geachtet haben, einverſtanden ſein würde, konnten wir wohl niemals befürchten, als wir uns ſeines Eintritts erfreuten.

Was ſollte er thun? erwiederte Conrad; der Kirche und ihren Satzungen feindlich widerſtreben? Sich zu den Meuterern geſellen? Die Angeklagten frei ſprechen, bevor noch eine Unterſuchung eingeleitet war? Den Kirchenbann und die Ungnade des frommen Herzogs wagen?

Es kann von allem, ſagte Beaufort, innerlichſt gekränkt, nicht die Rede ſein; es kann überhaupt keine Rede, und über nichts mehr, geführt werden, ſo wie der Graf es nur irgend der Mühe werth findet, nach dieſen Ausſagen und Anklagen hinzuhören. Wenn er ſie wirklich in ſeiner Seele nicht für aberwitzig hält, oder ſich nur, wer weiß, warum, die Miene giebt, ſie nicht ſo zu nehmen, ſo iſt es mit meinem Witze völlig zu Ende.

Es iſt begreiflich, antwortete Conrad mit einigem Hohn, daß Ihr und Euresgleichen die Sache möchtet für abgemacht halten, bevor ſie noch einmal angefangen hat; wir andern aber —

Ich und meinesgleichen? fragte Beaufort mit Heftigkeit, indem die Hand nach der Schwertſeite griff; was meint Ihr damit?

Keine Privatzwiſte, ſagte Conrad mit großer Kälte, denn es handelt ſich jetzt um ganz andre Dinge, und ich bin Streites wegen von meinem Grafen nicht hergeſendet worden. Weil der hohe Graf Euch perſönlich ehrt und Euch befreundet iſt, weil er Euren Stand achtet, ſo hat er mich, ſeinen Vertrauten, einen Euch ebenbürtigen Ritter, abgeſchickt, um Euch kund zu thun, daß Ihr auf wichtige und unabweisliche Anzeigen verhaftet ſeid, und daß Ihr Euch mit mir, damit kein Aufſehn erregt werde und man Euch nicht beſchimpfen könne, ſogleich zum Biſchof begeben ſollt.

Man wagt es! rief Beaufort im größten Erſtaunen aus; an den Adel legt man die Hand, an den freien Rittersmann? Was habe ich mit dem albernen Biſchof zu verrechnen, außer daß ich meinen Sohn von ihm fordern muß?

Er nahm den Degen, ſetzte das Barett auf, und ging mit Conrad die Stiege hinunter. So finde ich wenigſtens, ſagte er, Gelegenheit, dieſem böswilligen Prälaten Alles zu ſagen, was ich von ihm denke.

Als ſie auf die Straße traten, wurden ſie vom Pöbel verfolgt, der ſich vor dem Hauſe verſammelt hatte, denn es mußte ſchon ausgekommen ſein, daß man den alten Ritter Beaufort zum Verhaft und in das Verhör der Geiſtlichen führe.

So iſt es Recht! rief ein Lahmer; auch die Reichen, auch die Vornehmen müſſen an's Gericht. Die Böſewichter! Gott der Herr hat ihnen ſchon ſo Vieles verliehen, Geld vollauf und alle Herrlichkeiten, und ſie müſſen ſich doch aus Bosheit noch mit dem Satan verbinden! Indeß wir Hungernde, Kranke —

Beaufort wandte ſich um. Er kannte den Bettler, der oft Almoſen von ihm empfangen hatte. Spießling! alter Soldat! rief er ihn an, ich gab Dir oft, nimm auch dies noch, vielleicht zum letztenmal. Ich vergebe Dir.

Der alte Krüppel war beſchämt und ſchlich weinend davon. Die Uebrigen erinnerten ſich der Güte des greiſen Ritters, und verließen ihn, ihrer Schlechtigkeit ſich bewußt, und ſo gelangte er ohne Begleitung und Beſchimpfung in die Wohnung des Biſchofes.

Die Sache des jungen Ritters Köſtein, die ſehr geheim gehalten wurde, hatte indeſſen dem Anſchein nach auch eine ſchlimmere Wendung genommen. Er war in ein ſtrengeres Gefängniß gebracht, und Niemand, auch ſein Vetter Melchior nicht, durfte ihn beſuchen und ſprechen. Man erfuhr nur ſo viel, daß er beſchuldigt ſei, dem Leben des Prinzen Carl nachgeſtellt zu haben. Dieſen Erben des Reichs erwartete man, um den peinlichen Proceß des jungen Ritters zu beendigen.

Alles war in der Stadt in Verzweiflung, eine Angſt hatte ſich aller Gemüther bemächtigt. Niemand wagte, zu verreiſen, wenn es ſein Geſchäft noch ſo dringend verlangte, um ſich nicht dem Verdacht des argwöhniſchen Biſchofs auszuſetzen, ſein Gewiſſen treibe ihn fort und er wolle ſich der Strafe entziehen. Fremde vermieden jetzt, auf ihren Wanderungen Arras zu berühren, aus Furcht, auch zu den Hexenmeiſtern und Zauberern gezählt zu werden. Dieſe Begebenheit hatte allenthalben das größte Aufſehn erregt, und man ſprach darüber auf mancherlei Weiſe. Glaubten die ſchwachen Gemüther die Wahrheit der Anklage, ſo ſpotteten andere um ſo bitterer, vorzüglich in Frankreich, über dieſe augenſcheinliche Thorheit; die Feinde von Burgund und des Herzogs enthielten ſich nicht, laut auszuſagen, Philipp benutze dieſen Aberglauben, um ſich zu bereichern.

In Arras ſelbſt wagte Niemand mehr, laut zu ſprechen, ſeit diejenigen, die man als die kühnſten Gegner dieſes Hexenproceſſes kannte, ſelbſt als Mitſchuldige waren eingezogen worden. Dem Biſchofe gegenüber hatte man noch einigen Muth behalten, ſich ihm zu widerſetzen; aber ſeit der große Graf von Etampes mit ſeinen Rittern, Reiſigen und Lanzenknechten in der Stadt wohnte, war auch der Verwegenſte verſtummt. Im Kreiſe der Familien flüſterte man, daß es leicht ſei, der wahnſinnigen Gertrud in den Mund zu legen, was man nur wolle, und daß ſie und die Bäuerinnen Mitſchuldige ihres Sabbaths genannt, deren Namen ſie früher nie gekannt hätten.

Es war ſeltſam, daß die Richter der Sache eben ſo befangen und ſchüchtern waren. Viele, wie der Dechant, ſahen den Unſinn und das Widerſprechende der Ausſagen ein; der Dechant aber war, durch frühere leichtſinnige Aeußerungen, ſo völlig in der Gewalt des Biſchofes, daß er am eifrigſten den Proceß betrieb, und allen Verſtand aufbot, aufmerkſam die früheren Begebenheiten und Hexen-Geſchichten las und ſammelte, um ſich ſeinem Vorgeſetzten nun als einen Gelehrten zu zeigen, damit dieſer nicht, in ſeinen plötzlichen Launen, ihn ſelber den Gefangenen und Angeklagten beigeſellte. Einige der Doctoren meinten, die Weiber ſeien von einer Gemüthskrankheit befallen, in welcher ſie ſich alles, was ſie ausgeſagt, nur eingebildet hätten; ſei aber die Sache ſelbſt unwahr, ſo könne die Ausſage und das Zeugniß von Thörichten nicht gegen wackre unbeſcholtne Männer auf irgend eine Weiſe gelten. Ein junger Mann dachte dadurch der Sache den Ausſchlag zu geben, daß er rieth, man ſolle eins dieſer Weiber, in Gegenwart von Zeugen, ſich oder einen Stock mit der Zauberſalbe beſtreichen laſſen, um zu ſehen, was ſich ergeben werde. Bliebe ſie, wie er glaubte, zur Stelle, oder ſiele vielleicht nur in Schlaf, ſo ſei die Unwahrheit von ſelbſt entſchieden. Dieſer ward aber von den Eifrern überſtimmt, und man entgegnete ihm, daß, ſo wie die Hexe oder der Zauberer im Gewahrſam einer ächten Obrigkeit ſei, ſie ihre Zaubermacht verlieren; auch könne der Teufel ihnen vielleicht immer noch geſtatten, zu ihm zu kommen, und an ihrer Stelle einen Scheinkörper zurücklaſſen, um die Richter zu blenden. Dieſer Verſuch ſei alſo der verwerflichſte, weil durch ihn nichts bewieſen werden könne, und man außerdem noch in Gefahr gerathe, die Hexe ſelber einzubüßen. Es war nah daran, daß den Biſchof und die Eifrigen ſeiner Parthei den jungen Rathgeber ſelbſt für einen Genoſſen des Sabbaths erklärten, denn ſie meinten ſchon, der Teufel ſelbſt könne nur dem Gelehrten einen ſo liſtigen und verderblichen Rathſchlag eingegeben haben, der, wenn er ausgeführt würde, wohl gar dem ganzen Hexen-Proceß ein Ende machen dürfte.

Die alte Gertrud, Armgart und Elsbeth ſagten von ſich und andern aus, was man nur wollte. Labitt, der ganz zerſtört war, erzählte ſchriftlich allerhand durcheinander, von ſeinen Grillen über Kunſt und Natur, von ſeinen Gedanken über die Schöpfung und Lucifer, und daß er den Hexen-Sabbath müſſe gekannt haben, weil er ihn ſonſt nicht habe malen können; dann phantaſirte er wild, wie vertraut er mit allen Teufeln, aber eben ſo mit den Heiligen und dem Himmelreiche ſei, und daß er, ſoweit er vermocht, Jung und Alt in ſeine Anſichten der Dinge eingeweiht habe. Die Frau Deniſel hatte ſich völlig der Betrübniß ergeben; ſie konnte und wollte die Spiele nicht leugnen, in denen ſie, nach Labitts Anordnung, figurirt habe, als Venus, oder Göttin; eben ſo bekannte ſie ihren vertrauten Umgang mit Robert, von deſſen Ketzereien ſie allerdings Kunde gehabt. Friedrich und deſſen Vater leugneten Alles, nur geſtand der Letzte, als man ihn erinnerte, daß er als König Artus im Garten der Frau Catharina eingeführt ſei. Taket, Schakepeh und Jeſſet wollten auf nichts eingehen, bekannten aber ihre Freundſchaft zu Labitt; am hartnäckigſten und heftigſten war Carrieur, der ſeine Richter immer mit Zorn und Verachtung behandelte, und ihnen, vorzüglich dem Biſchofe, oft die härteſten Dinge ſagte, und eben ſo wenig den Grafen Etampes verſchonte, wenn dieſer bei den Verhören zugegen war.

Bei denen, die beſtändig leugneten, hatte man die Folter angewendet. Da ſie gequält eben ſo wenig geſtanden, fanden die Eifrer, das eigene Geſtändniß ſei überflüſſig, da die ganz zerknirſchte Gertrud, ſowie Armgart und Elsbeth, die ſich völlig bekehrt hatten, mehr als genug freiwillig von allen jenen Verſtockten ausſagten, um von deren Mitſchuld überzeugt ſein zu können.

Als man nun endlich zum Urtheilſpruch kam, waren Viele der Meinung und zeigten, um dieſe zu verſtärken, Briefe aus der Fremde vor, in denen eben ſo geurtheilt wurde: daß, da, alles auch zugegeben und angenommen, was die Weiber in überreizten und verwirrten Zuſtänden von ſich und andern ausgeſagt haben, ſie ſelbſt, ſowie ihre angeklagten Mitſchuldigen doch weder Raub und Mord, noch Entheiligung der Hoſtie ausgeübt, oder irgend ſonſt ein todeswürdiges Verbrechen begangen, ſondern von Phantaſie, Neugier und Vorwitz verführt, vielmehr ſich einer Verſündigung hingegeben, für die in den Geſetzen noch keine Strafe ausdrücklich nahmhaft gemacht ſei, da dieſe ſeltſame Begebenheit faſt als die Erſte in ihrer Art betrachtet werden könne: ſo ſcheine es billig und gerecht, daß man einige mit Kirchenbuße, die Reichern durch Geld zu beſtrafen, Allen aber aufzulegen habe, ſich durch Faſten, Gebet und Wallfahrten nach heiligen Orten wieder zu reinigen, um als geſäuberte Glieder in die chriſtliche Gemeinſchaft wieder eintreten zu können.

Die Vernünftigern unter den Richtern meinten die Sache dadurch entſchieden zu ſehn, und der Tollheit ſchon überflüſſig nachgegeben zu haben. Der Biſchof aber erhob ſich in ſeinem frommen Eifer und rief: Nein, das ſoll unter uns hier nicht geſagt und gelehrt werden, daß dieſer entſetzliche Abfall von Gott, dieſes feierliche Verbündniß mit dem Satan, dieſes Bekennen ketzeriſcher und ganz unchriſtlicher Lehren eine leichte und läßliche Sünde ſei, die mit ſanfter Strafe gebüßt werden könnte. Wahr iſt es, wir hörten bis jetzt nur von dieſem und jenem Magier, der ſich dem Satan ergeben hatte, um abſcheuliche Zwecke durchzuſetzen, der durch dieſe oder jene Künſte ſtrebte, den Fürſten zu ermorden, den Feind des Landes zu begünſtigen, ſich am Gegner zu rächen, oder irgend eine vornehme Frau zur Gegenliebe zu nöthigen. Meiſtentheils gebrauchten dieſe Böſewichter zu ihren verruchten Thaten geweihte Hoſtien, um ihren Mord auszuüben. Dieſe Abſicht weder, noch dieſe Entweihung hat ſich aus den Bekenntniſſen der hieſigen Sünder ergeben. Ich meine aber, ſich gegen Gott und Chriſtus aufzulehnen, ſeinem Bunde zu entſagen, und ſo ſchändlich des heiligen Sabbaths zu ſpotten, wie es ſo oft auf dieſem Hexen-Sabbath geſchah, ſei Frevel, noch verruchter, als jene Entweihungen und Mordverſuche. Freilich iſt dieſe Sabbath-Feier etwas Neues und Unerhörtes, aber unſre Nachkommen, die frommen Chriſten der künftigen Jahrhunderte müſſen uns nicht eines frevlen Leichtſinns beſchuldigen können. Furchtbar muß die Strafe, eindringlich die Warnung ſein, damit die Bosheit geſchreckt werde, die die Ermahnungen der Liebe nicht anhören will. Mein und unſer aller hier Verſammelten Stolz muß es ſein, daß dieſer Proceß, die Unterſuchung und das Wunder deſſelben, ſo wie es das erſte große Beiſpiel eines ſo ungeheuren und verbreiteten Bündniſſes iſt, auch als ein Muſter in der Führung, als ein Regulativ in der Beſtrafung für alle künftigen Zeiten daſtehen muß. Denn wahrlich, wahrlich, ich ſage Euch, unendlich viele ſind von dieſem Gift, von dieſer Krankheit angeſteckt, und ich ſehe im Geiſte voraus, daß künftig in allen Ländern dieſe Schandthaten ſich entdecken werden.

Alle Abergläubigen in der Verſammlung ſtimmten ihm bei, und da der Graf Etampes ebenfalls äußerte, man dürfe die chriſtliche Liebe nicht ſo unbedingt walten laſſen, um ſo unerhörte Frevel der Strafe zu entziehen, ſo ging nach neuen Unterſuchungen einige Tage ſpäter der ſtrenge Vorſchlag des Biſchofs durch.

Als Advokat des Biſchofs hatte ſich in dieſem Proceß vorzüglich der junge Flamand thätig erzeigt. Er hatte ſehr viel dazu mitgewirkt, daß endlich faſt alle, die bis dahin immer noch leugneten, alles, oder doch das meiſte eingeſtanden, deſſen ſie beſchuldigt wurden. Nur Carrieur und Beaufort blieben feſt.

Der Dechant, der aus Furcht eifrig zur Verdammung der Schuldigen mitgewirkt, erbat ſich vom Biſchofe die Erlaubniß, den alten Ritter in ſeinem Gefängniſſe beſuchen zu dürfen. Er hatte umſonſt gewünſcht, Labitt oder die Frau Catharina zu ſehen, denn beides hatte ihm der Biſchof ſtrenge verweigert. Da jetzt aber der Dechant verſprach, er wolle es durch dieſen Beſuch dahin bringen, daß auch Beaufort alles eingeſtehe, ſo bewilligte ihm der ſtrenge Biſchof endlich ſein Geſuch.

Der Ritter war erſtaunt, den Dechanten in ſein Gefängniß kommen zu ſehn. Es iſt ſonderbar, fing er an, daß wir uns hier treffen; keiner von uns hätte dies wohl vor acht Wochen glauben können. Ihr Herren von der Geiſtlichkeit zeigt uns, was Ihr vermögt, aber Ihr benutzt Eure Herrſchaft auf eine Weiſe, daß Euch doch alles den Gehorſam aufkündigen wird.

Ich kam, ſagte der Dechant, zerknirſcht und tief bekümmert, in guter Abſicht zu Euch. Ich wünſchte Euch zu retten, und das iſt nur möglich, wenn Ihr Alles eingeſteht.

Elender! Wahnſinniger! rief der Greis in der höchſten Entrüſtung; alſo auch an mir wollt Ihr die verächtlichen Künſte verſuchen, die Euer Burſch, der klägliche Flamand, bei den übrigen Gefangenen angewendet hat? Leben und Sicherheit verſpricht er, wenn ſie durch eine elende Lüge den ungeheuren Aberwitz eingeſtehen und bekräftigen wollen. Auch mein junger Sohn, ſo höre ich, hat die Ehre ſo ſehr vergeſſen, um alles zu bekennen, was die Raſenden von ihm verlangen. Freilich muß der Biſchof und die Knechte ſeines Gelichters es dahin zu bringen ſuchen, um nicht ganz von Schmach überkleidet vor der Welt dazuſtehn. Sein Aberwitz muß doch eine Art von Entſchuldigung zu erringen ſuchen: und um nur eine kümmerliche Ehrenrettung zu finden, beredet er mich durch Euch, ſeinen verworfenen Knecht, ebenfalls in ſein Lied einzuſtimmen. Aber vor wem kann ihn dieſe Maaßregel ſchützen! Kein Verſtändiger jetzt, keiner in Zukunft wird etwas von dieſen Fieberträumen glauben. Er kann und darf nicht weiter gehn, als er bis jetzt gethan hat, und er muß ſchließen, mit Schande gebrandmarkt. Und darum iſt es meine Pflicht, für meine beſchimpften und gekränkten Mitbürger zu ſtehn, und mit meiner ganzen Kraft gegen dieſe elende Tyrannei zu kämpfen.

Verachtet mich, ſagte der Dechant, alter, würdiger Greis, ich verdiene jede Schmach. Durch Ueberklugheit, durch Liſt, die ich mir zutraute, habe ich mich zum Sklaven dieſes Biſchofes gemacht. Ich muß ihm dienen, wenn er mich nicht ſelbſt ſchmählich aufopfern ſoll. So habe ich mir mit meiner eingebildeten Weisheit die Ketten ſelbſt geſchmiedet. Durch meine Leidenſchaft für die Frau Catharina, meine Eiferſucht: ihr wollte ich drohen und ſie dadurch in meine Gewalt bekommen; Winke, Worte ließ ich gegen den Biſchof fallen, deſſen Einfalt, ich Kurzſichtiger, verachtete. Sein tückiſches Gemüth hat jeden Laut aufbewahrt. Eine Raſerei bemächtigt ſich, wie aus der Luft herabgeweht, einiger alten Weiber, und ſie ſagen Unſinn aus, der ſich immer mehr und mehr bei jeder neuen Frage zu einem wilden Mährchen ausſpinnt. Plötzlich iſt das Entſetzen perſönlich in unſerm Hauſe, und alle meine Freunde ſind in ein Netz verwickelt, das, wie es aus Luft gewebt, doch unzerreißbar iſt. Glaubt mir, theurer Mann, ich bereue mein Thun, ja mein Leben, aber wir ſtehen der jämmerlichen Nothwendigkeit Angeſicht an Angeſicht gegenüber; gebt nach, ſagt zu allen Thorheiten, die man Euch abfordern mag, Ja, ſonſt ſeid Ihr verloren.

Thue er doch, rief Beaufort, ſein Aeußerſtes! Was kann er ausrichten? Hand an mich legen! Das wagt der Verächtliche nicht. Sein Aeußerſtes, ſein Frechſtes war, daß er mich hieher zu ſchicken ſich unterfing; nun muß er wieder umkehren, und nur Schaam und Reue bleibt ihm übrig.

Der Dechant ſah den Greis an, brach in Thränen aus, und ſtürzte dann zu ſeinen Füßen nieder. Er ergriff die Hand des Alten und küßte ſie inbrünſtig. Unter Schluchzen rief er: Nein! nein! auf dem Wege verderbt Ihr Euch und Euren Sohn! Bedenkt die Schande, die auf Euren Namen fällt, bedenkt das unausſprechliche Elend. Der Biſchof läßt Euch mit feſter Gelaſſenheit den Scheiterhaufen zuerkennen; rettet Euch und Euren jungen Sohn, wenn auch mit Verluſt Eurer Habe. Nur durch ein unbeſchränktes Eingeſtehn aller dieſer eingebildeten Sünden könnt Ihr Euer Leben retten; denn alsdann tritt der Graf Etampes zu Eurem Beſten gewißlich auf, der Euern Untergang nicht will, der Euch retten möchte, wenn Ihr dieſen Weg einſchlagt.

Wie? ſagte der Ritter in tiefem Sinnen; Ihr ſagt mir Wunder. Ich glaubte, der Prälat könne nie im Ernſt daran denken, nur die ärmſte dieſer armen Weiber hinzurichten, — und Ihr denkt, er könnte ſelbſt mich verderben wollen? Der Graf, der Herzog könnten, dürften dies irgend zugeben?

Der Geiſtliche hatte ſich erhoben, ſetzte ſich neben den Gefangenen, und nahm deſſen Hand in die ſeinige. O mein theurer, theurer alter Freund, ſagte er dann: lernt Ihr denn jetzt ſo ſpät erſt die Menſchen kennen! Der alte, ſchwache Herzog meint es mit aller Welt gut, aber alles geſchieht doch immer, wie er es nicht will. Sein Vertrauteſter, der Graf, iſt an ſeiner Statt, als Stellvertreter, hergeſendet. Dieſer, ſtatt Euch und die Bürger zu ſchützen, hat mit Klugheit gleich die Miene angenommen, als wenn er in Liebe und Ehrfurcht für die Kirche an die Wichtigkeit dieſes Proceſſes und den Inhalt der Klagen glaube. Seit ſeiner Anweſenheit haben die Bettlerinnen erſt die Wohlhabenden der Stadt und Euch angegeben. Sind dieſe überführt, ſo fällt ihr Gut dem Herzoge anheim, und, wie ich glaube, iſt alles ſchon dem Buſenfreunde, dem Günſtlinge, zugeſichert. Beharret Ihr nun und läugnet jetzt, ſo iſt der Biſchof gezwungen, nach ſeiner Ueberzeugung, Euch hinzurichten; geſteht Ihr Alles, ohne irgend etwas auszunehmen, ſo kann er Euch wie ein verirrtes, armes Weſen behandeln, das Mitleid verdient, und er erläßt Euch mit chriſtlicher Gnade den Scheiterhaufen. Der Graf iſt nicht blutdürſtig und kein Unmenſch, ſo habſüchtig er auch ſein mag; er bittet dann, aus Mitleid für Eure Verirrung, kräftig vor, und Ihr ſeid gerettet.

Beaufort war ſehr nachdenkend geworden. Freilich, ſagte er endlich, fällt, unter dieſen Umſtänden, dieſe Hexengeſchichte wie eine plötzliche große Erbſchaft vor die Füße dieſes Grafen andern; meines Freundes, wie er ſich ſo oft nannte. Soll es nun einmal ein Bluthandel werden, ſo bedinge ich mir aber auch das Leben meines Sohnes mit ein, der ja ſchon alles geſtanden hat, und dem man, als einem jungen Manne, der der Verführung ausgeſetzt iſt, noch leichter vergeben kann. Dechant, könnt Ihr mir auf Euer Gewiſſen verſichern, daß, wenn ich bekenne, mein Sohn mit mir gerettet iſt, ſo will ich mich fügen und zu allem Ja ſagen.

Ich glaube es verſichern zu können, ſagte der Dechant. Er umarmte den Ritter, und ging, einigermaßen beruhigt, zu ſeinem Biſchofe, der die Nachricht, daß ſich der verſtockte Sünder endlich bekehrt habe, mit großer Freude vernahm.

Um dieſe Zeit ſtarb der alte König von Frankreich, Carl der Siebente. Kein Monarch hatte ſo viele und ſonderbare Abwechſelungen des Schickſals erfahren. Sein Sohn, Ludwig der Eilfte kehrte jetzt nach Frankreich zurück, um in Rheims gekrönt zu werden. Die Bewegung, welche dieſe Vorfälle in Burgund verurſachten, benutzte der Küſter Wundrich, um in einer Verkleidung zu entfliehen. Er begab ſich nach Rheims, wo er, von angeſehenen Freunden beſchützt, wieder eine Anſtellung als Geiſtlicher erhielt.

Von dort ſchrieb er folgenden Brief nach Paris, an ſeine Freundin Sophie, der jungen Tochter des Schakepeh.

„Erfahrt vor allen Dingen, geliebtes Kind, daß Euer theurer Vater, mein ſehr werther Freund, dem entſetzlichen Schickſale, welches ihn bedrohte, entronnen iſt. Verarmt iſt er zwar, aber ſein Leben iſt gerettet. Es war ein furchtbarer, trauriger Tag, als vor dem Thore, im Freien, jene Hinrichtungen vorfielen, die unſre Stadt Arras und die Geiſtlichkeit fort mit Schande bedecken. Alle, bis auf unſern feſten, eigenſinnigen Carrieur, hatten die Verbrechen eingeſtanden, deren man ſie bezüchtigte. Alle übergaben ſich, bis auf dieſen zu ſtrengen Mann, der unbedingten Gnade oder Strafe der Kirche.

Auf dem Markt ward den Verbrechern, wie man ſie nannte, ihre Sünde, die ſie begangen, von neuem vorgeleſen, und von neuem geſtanden ſie die Ketzereien, das Beſuchen des Teufels-Sabbaths, die Verwandlungen, die ſie unternommen, die Tänze, die ſie gefeiert, und wie ſie auf Beſen, in Mulden, auf Ziegen und Böcken, auf Ofengabeln und Kröten hingeritten und gefahren ſeien; wie ſie den Satan verehrt und ſich ihm zu eigen gegeben. Die alte Gertrud lachte und war erfreut; die ſonſt ſo ſchöne Frau Deniſel war blaß und abgefallen; der alte wunderliche Labitt war wie verklärt; Euer Vater und die Männer wagten vor Schaam nicht die Augen zu erheben, nur Carrieur läſterte und fluchte, und ſchalt ſeine Richter Narren und Blödſinnige. Hierauf wurden ſie dem weltlichen Gerichte übergeben, und der Richter erklärte Labitt, Frau Deniſel, Armgart, Elsbeth und die dritte Bäuerin, ſo wie zwei liederliche Dirnen aus Arras, nebſt Peter Carrieur, dem Scheiterhaufen verfallen. Labitt konnte nicht ſprechen und Frau Catharina war ſtumm, aber Carrieur ſprach wieder laut von Schändlichkeit und Lüge, und die übrigen Weibsperſonen heulten und ſchrieen, betheuerten ihre Unſchuld, und ſelbſt die alten Bäuerinnen erklärten, wie alles nur in ihnen Krankheit und Einbildung geweſen, wie man ihnen die Anklagen in den Mund gelegt, und der Advokat Flamand verſichert habe, es würde ihnen nichts geſchehen, wenn ſie nur bei ihrer Ausſage blieben und immer mehr eingeſtänden. So wurden ſie hinaus geführt, und es war tief erſchütternd, mit welchen Blicken der junge Friedrich im Zuge nach der Frau Catharina hinſah.

Draußen, beim Scheiterhaufen, ſagten noch einmal alle, daß ſie unſchuldig hingeopfert würden; Carrieur hielt noch eine Anrede an ſeine Richter, nur die wahnſinnige Gertrud lachte und jubelte und bekannte ſich als Hexe. In kurzer Zeit waren ſie nicht mehr. Nur wenige Bürger waren dem Zuge gefolgt; alles war ſtill und traurig, jeder hatte ſich in ſeinem Hauſe verſchloſſen.

Auf einer hohen Bühne, dem Scheiterhaufen gegenüber, wurden die Männer ausgeſtellt, die, als reuig bekennend, ihre groben Irrthümer einſehend, und ſich in den Arm der Kirche werfend, begnadigt wurden, nehmlich der Ritter Beaufort und ſein Sohn Friedrich, Schakepeh, Euer Vater, und die Schöffen Taket und Joſſet. Der Biſchof ſtand oben, ermahnte ſie, und berührte ſie dann nach der Reihe verſchiedene Male mit einer Ruthe, als Zeichen der geiſtlichen Strafe. Dann wurden ſie in das Gefängniß zurückgeführt, wo ſie noch einige Zeit bleiben werden. Das Vermögen der Frau Catharina, ſo wie des reichen Carrieur, iſt ganz an den Herzog, das heißt, an den Grafen Etampes gefallen. Auch Beaufort, Taket und Joſſet, ſo wie Euer Vater, müſſen den Klöſtern, noch mehr aber dem Herzoge, oder dem Grafen zahlen, daß ihnen eben nur ſo viel bleiben wird, ein dürftiges Leben zu friſten. Die Güter ſind eingezogen, die Häuſer verkauft. Um einen ziemlich hohen Preis hat der junge Advokat Flamand vom Grafen das Haus Eures Vaters gekauft, und wird ſich dort mit einer jungen hübſchen Frau einrichten. Es ſcheint, Alle haben gewonnen. Wenn der Graf durch die Straßen reitet, wenden die Bürger die Augen von ihm ab; der Advokat iſt dreiſt und benimmt ſich als reicher Mann.

Da dieſes Unheil hat geſchehen können, ſo ſpreche man nur nicht davon, daß wir beſſer und klüger geworden ſind als unſere Vorfahren. Manche träumen ſogar, alle Völker würden nach und nach veredelt, und das ganze Menſchenweſen menſchlicher.

Der liebevolle, poetiſche, ſinnreiche Labitt ſteht in ſeiner ſanften Miene immer noch neben mir. Seine Scherze und Späße ſind für ihn zu grimmigen Feinden geworden, und ſeine Erleuchtung hat ihm zum ſchmählichen Tode heimgeleuchtet. Er hatte Unrecht, die Macht des Satans zu leugnen, denn aus jedem lachenden Wort iſt ihm ein Höllengeiſt erwachſen, der ihn und andere Unſchuldige den Henkern übergeben hat.

Mich wollte der Biſchof auch als einen Freund des Labitt greifen laſſen, und ich benutzte die letzte Stunde, um hieher zu entfliehen. Er hat ſogar verlangt, daß mich die hieſige Kirche ihm ausliefern ſoll; aber man hat ſein Begehren mit Verachtung zurückgewieſen. Hier ſpricht alle Welt, auch die Geiſtlichkeit, nur mit Abſcheu von jenem unſinnigen Prozeß in Arras. — Der Himmel behüte Euch. —“

In Arras war die Stadt nach kurzer Zeit mit einer andern großen Erſcheinung beſchäftigt, denn der Graf von Charolais, der Erbprinz von Burgund, zog wirklich mit einem großen Gefolge ein. Die Klagen wegen des gefangenen Beaufort und der Uebrigen wies er von ſich, weil er den Grafen Etampes, der ihm ſchon feindlich genug war, nicht kränken wollte, da er fürchten mußte, daß die Ausſagen des Denis oder Köſtein ſchon manches gegen dieſen und der ihm verbündeten Familie Croys ausſagen möchten.

Alle dieſe Händel, Anklagen und Proceſſe, in denen durch die Kleinen die Großen ſo leicht verwickelt waren, erregten dem alten friedfertigen Herzoge ein Grauen, und er hätte gern alles dieſer Art ohne Unterſuchung der Vergeſſenheit übergeben. Dieſen Widerwillen benutzten ſeine Freunde und Günſtlinge, um alles, was ihnen und ihren Partheien ſchaden konnte, dem alten Manne als gleichgültig oder verdächtig vorzuſtellen, ſo daß er alles, was er nur konnte, von ſich ſchob, und ſich ſelbſt lieber hinterging, und nicht ſehn wollte, was ſich ſeinen Blicken aufdrang, als daß er ſcharf und feſt eingeſchnitten hätte, weil er nicht wiſſen konnte, wie tief ſein Meſſer eindringen müſſe. So hätte er auch dieſe Händel und die Anklage gegen Denis, ſo wie deſſen Rechtfertigung, gern unbeachtet gelaſſen. Aber dieſe Anklage des verzweifelten Denis, welcher ſich auf den Erben des Reichs ſelber berief, und dieſen zum Richter über ſich und den jungen Günſtling aufforderte, machte es dem Herzoge unmöglich, dieſe Händel nicht zu beachten. Um ſo weniger, da der Graf Charolais dieſe Klage ſo heftig auffaßte, daß er die Sache ganz wie ſeine eigne nahm, und knieend ſeinen Vater bat, dieſen Prozeß, der nicht weniger als ſein Leben bedrohe, in ſeine eignen Hände nehmen zu dürfen. Auf dieſe Bitte des Sohnes und Erben ließ der Vater ſogleich Köſtein, ſeinen thörichten Günſtling, der Wache übergeben, und als einen des Hochverrathes Angeklagten nach Arras führen, um ſeinem Ankläger, Denis, gegenüber geſtellt zu werden.

Wie viel der Prinz Carl nun auch erlangt hatte, ſo wußte er doch, daß, wenn auch Köſtein aufgeopfert würde, man die Sache doch wohl ſo führen könne und werde, daß von demjenigen, was er eigentlich zu wiſſen begehre, nur wenig zu Tage kommen möchte. Er vermuthete, daß die Richter ſelbſt den Kläger wie Beklagten ſo führen und lenken würden, daß die vielverſchlungene Verwicklung ſich in Privathändel und perſönlichen Haß und Mord auflöſen würde. Der Prinz ſah manches deutlich und ahndete noch weit mehr, und doch mußte er ſich geſtehn, daß er nicht wünſchen könne, Alles zu erfahren, und das weit verbreitete Netz des Verrathes ganz zu faſſen und mit allen ſeinen Fäden in den Händen zu haben. Konnte er als Fürſt handeln, ſo war viel gewonnen. Aber vom Argwohn des Vaters konnte er es nicht erwarten, daß dieſer ihn zu ſeinem Stellvertreter ernennen und ſich von den Regierungsgeſchäften zurückziehen würde. Hätte der alte Fürſt auch ſelbſt aus Ueberdruß einen ſolchen Entſchluß faſſen können, ſo widerſetzten ſich alle Räthe und alle Verwandte des Herren einem ſolchen Schritte mit allen Kräften und auf jede Weiſe, weil die meiſten fürchten mußten, daß der junge Prinz damit anfangen würde, ihnen allen Einfluß zu entziehen. Seine raſche, zornige Art, ſeine unfreundliche Laune hatte zu oft ſchon ſeinen Widerwillen gegen die Vertrauten und Günſtlinge ſeines Vaters kund gegeben.

Denis war früher ein Diener des Ritter Köſtein geweſen, von deſſen Gnade er lebte. Denis hatte dann Reiſen unternommen, und keiner wußte, wohin oder zu welchem Endzweck. Nur ſo viel hatte man erfahren, daß er in Frankreich und Italien geweſen ſei. Seit der Dauphin von Frankreich am Hofe Philipps lebte, hatten ſich die meiſten Freunde des Herzoges an den Dauphin geſchloſſen, vielerlei mochte verabredet ſein, worauf diejenigen, die gegen den Prinzen Carl waren, mit Sicherheit rechnen konnten, da jetzt dieſer eilfte Ludwig zum König von Frankreich gekrönt war.

Denis hatte ſich endlich mit ſeinem Beſchützer Köſtein entzweit. Sie ſtritten um eine Schuld, die der junge Köſtein nicht anerkennen wollte. Denis erlaubte ſich ſonderbare Reden, über welche diejenigen erſchraken, die ihn in ſeiner frühern Abhängigkeit geſehen hatten. Er bedrohte Köſtein und gab zu verſtehn, deſſen Wohlfahrt liege unbedingt in ſeinen Händen. Köſtein, der dies vernahm, verlachte dieſe Drohungen, und gab ſich die Miene, Denis zu verachten. Er brachte aber durch Geſchenke einen armen Verwandten des Canonicus Melchior dahin, daß dieſer es über ſich nahm, den unnützen Schwätzer Denis aus dem Wege zu räumen. Als Denis dies erfuhr, ſuchte er ſich auch eine Parthei zu machen, und nach einigen Tagen fand man den Vetter des Canonicus ermordet. Seitdem war Denis unſichtbar geworden, weil alle Welt ihn für den Mörder hielt, und die Gerichte einen Preis auf ſeinen Kopf geſetzt hatten. Man ſuchte ihn emſig auf, ohne ihn finden zu können. Dem Herzoge hatte man erzählt, dieſer Mörder trachte nicht nur nach dem Leben ſeines Lieblings, des jungen Köſtein, ſondern nach dem des Fürſten ſelber. Die Nachſuchungen und das Forſchen nach dieſem Denis war nun um ſo heftiger. Er war offenbar von mächtiger Hand beſchützt; und da ſeine Gegner doch endlich ſeinen Aufenthalt in Arras entdeckten, ſo ſuchten ſie ihn in einer Nacht meuchleriſch aus dem Wege zu räumen. Er war nicht ohne Hülfe und Begleitung, und jener Strauß erfolgte. Köſtein und deſſen Freunde hielten ihn für todt, und er war verſchollen, bis Melchior ihn durch Zufall bei der alten Gertrud entdeckte. Hätte der Canonicus die Geſinnung des jungen Köſtein mehr gekannt, ſo würde er den Gefangenen vielleicht nicht den Gerichten übergeben haben: denn der Günſtling, der die Sache ſchon für ganz abgemacht hielt, mußte jetzt von neuem in die Fragen und Antworten eingehn. Er dachte es indeß durch ſeine Stellung und die Gunſt des Herzoges durchzuſetzen, und hielt es nicht für ſchwer, ſeinen ehemaligen Vertrauten einem ewigen Gefängniß überliefern zu können. Jetzt wendete ſich Denis an den Grafen Charolais ſelbſt und behauptete, Köſtein habe ihn nach Turin geſendet, um Gift für ihn zu kaufen, mit welchem der Ritter den Erben Burgunds langſam hinrichten wolle.

Wenn Carl, den die Welt nachher den Kühnen nannte, auch dieſe Beſchuldigung glaubte, ſo hatte er in ſeiner Stellung immer nur wenig gewonnen, wenn ihm der unbedeutende Köſtein aus ſeinem Wege geräumt wurde. Er war bei mehreren Verhören ſelbſt zugegen, und Denis mußte dem Ritter ſeine Anklage ins Angeſicht wiederholen. Köſtein leugnete bald, bald gab er zu, und entſchuldigte ſich nur damit, die geheimen Schächtein hätten kein Gift, ſondern ein künſtlich bereitetes Liebespulver enthalten, durch welches Köſtein die Liebe und das Vertrauen des Thronerben habe erwerben wollen, weil er deutlich deſſen Haß gegen ihn erkannt habe. Die Pulver ſelbſt aber waren nicht mehr vorhanden und in andern Verhören ſchien es wieder, als ſei dieſes Vorgegebene nur eine armſelige Lüge des Denis, der ſich durch dieſe gegen die ſchweren Anklagen Köſteins und des Canonicus Melchior retten wollte.

Richter und Beiſitzer, Advokaten wie Schöffen führten die Sache ſo, daß der Prinz wohl merkte, wie durch höhern Einfluß Alles gehemmt ſei und der Prozeß weſentlich nicht aus der Stelle rücke. So oft die Unterſuchung ſich zu den Gewaltigen des Landes zu lenken ſchien, ſo oft Kläger und Angeklagter auf dieſen oder jenen irgend eine Hinweiſung vorbrachten, ſo wurde bald auf mehr oder minder künſtliche Art die Sache wieder in einen andern Weg geleitet. Denis ſchien weniger als Köſtein zu wiſſen, aber man mußte glauben, daß Köſtein den Glauben gefaßt hatte, er könnte ſein Leben retten, wenn er ſchwiege, durch Widerſprüche ſeine eignen Ausſagen ſchwäche und lieber ſich Lügen beweiſen ließe, als daß man ſeiner Wahrheit vertraute.

Endlich wurden beide, Kläger und Angeklagter, des Todes ſchuldig befunden. Köſtein, als Giftmiſcher, welcher den Prinzen hochverrätheriſch habe hinrichten wollen, und Denis als Mörder und Mitwiſſender dieſes Plans.

Am Tage vor ſeinem Tode ließ Köſtein den Grafen Carl um ein vertrautes Geſpräch in einem einſamen Zimmer erſuchen, wo ſie von Niemand behorcht werden könnten. Die Richter und Edelleute wollten dem Prinzen abrathen, den Böſewicht vor ſich zu laſſen, der vielleicht in Verzweiflung jetzt noch einen Mordverſuch an ſeiner geheiligten Perſon wagen würde. Doch Carl lächelte und ließ den Verbrecher vor ſich erſcheinen. Alle übrigen mußten das Zimmer verlaſſen und Köſtein, krank, blaß und ſchwach kniete vor dem Thronerben nieder.

Der Graf Charolais ſtand groß und ſchlank vor dem in den Staub geworfenen Sünder, ſah ihn aus ſeinem trotzigen braunen Geſicht mit den dunkeln Augen ſcharf an und ſagte, indem er ihm mit der Hand winkte: Steht auf, Köſtein, was habt Ihr mir zu ſagen!

Köſtein ſtand zitternd auf, warf den ſcheuen Blick umher und fragte: Iſt auch gewiß Niemand zugegen?

Niemand, der uns hören könnte, ſagte der Prinz: Ihr ſaht ſelbſt, wie ſie ſich alle in das fernſte Vorgemach zurückgezogen haben. Ich denke aber doch, Ihr werdet mir hier die Geſchichte von der Vergiftung oder von den Liebestränken nicht wiederholen wollen, oder alle jene Thorheiten, was Euch gegen Denis aufgebracht, oder was Ihr gegen den Elenden verſchuldet haben ſollt. Ich denke, um dergleichen war es Dir beim Bitten um dieſes Geſpräch nicht zu thun.

Nein, mein gnädigſter Herr und Fürſt, ſagte Köſtein, ſondern da ich ſehe, daß mein Leben verfallen iſt, daß die Hoffnungen, die man mir machte, trügeriſch ſind, will ich Euch vor meinem Tode wenigſtens einen Dienſt leiſten, da ich Euch durch mein Leben ſo ſehr entgegen geſtrebt habe.

So ſprich, ſagte der Fürſt.

Der Graf Etampes, der jetzt hier zugegen iſt und mich mit ſo vielen Verſprechungen hinterging, iſt einer Eurer ſchlimmſten Feinde. Aber wo hättet ihr die nicht? Die Nivernois, die Croys, die Räthe Eures Vaters, faſt alle Großen des Landes. Man hat auch mich gemißbraucht, den alten Fürſten gegen Euch aufzubringen, Euch zu verläumden; die Parthei der Franzoſen im Lande und unter Eurer nächſten Umgebung iſt ſehr groß. Man vertraute mir manches, und mehr noch habe ich errathen und erhorcht, da man mich für leichtſinnig und unbedeutend hielt, und viele ſich in meiner Nähe ohne Rückhalt betrugen.

Fahre fort, ſagte der Prinz, und ſprich offen, da Du nichts mehr zu wagen haſt.

Eure nächſten Diener, ſagte Köſtein, ſind Euch ungetreu, wie Ihr Euch noch in dieſer Woche davon überzeugen könnt. Wenn Ihr nach Gorkum von hier geht, ſo ſind alle Anſtalten getroffen, Euch auf einem Schiffe heimlich zu entführen.

Der Prinz ſprang zurück. Wie! rief er aus; Du lügſt!

Ein flüchtiger Brabanter, Rubempré, iſt dort in der Stadt; ſein Schiff iſt im Hafen. Er verweilt da unter allerhand Vorwänden. Orli, Euer Kammerdiener, Franz, Euer Stallmeiſter, wiſſen um die Sache. Am Abend in der Dämmerung, indem Ihr nach Hauſe geht, ſollt Ihr unter einem glaublichen Vorwand in eine Barke gelockt, und von dort mit Gewalt auf das ſegelfertige Schiff gebracht werden, welches dann ſogleich in See ſticht.

Der Prinz hatte ſich entfärbt und war in tiefem Sinnen. Und wohin mich führen! fragte er dann.

Darüber ſind die Verräther wohl noch ſelbſt nicht einig. Genug, Euer Leben iſt in Gefahr, wenn Ihr dieſer Bosheit nicht zuvorkommt. Wie Euch der König von Frankreich haßt und fürchtet, brauche ich Euch nicht zu ſagen. Euer Vater iſt ſo gut, daß er der edelſte der Menſchen ſein würde, wenn ſeine Schwäche, ſein Mißtrauen ihn nicht immer wieder in die Hände Eurer Feinde lieferte. So ſehr er Euch liebt, ſo giebt es Stunden, wo ſein Mißtrauen, von den Croys und der franzöſiſchen Parthei genährt, ſo ſtark wird, daß er Euch fürchtet, vor Eurer Heftigkeit zittert, und Euch die ſchwärzeſten Complotte gegen ſeine Staaten und ſeine Perſon zutraut. Wie gereut es mich, daß ich mich ſelbſt dazu habe mißbrauchen laſſen, ſo viele ſeiner heitern Stunden zu vergiften. So glaubt er jetzt, Ihr habt Euch vom Hofe entfernt, um nach Holland zu gehn, und Euch dort als Souverain und unabhängigen Fürſten zu erklären.

Der Prinz ſchlug die Hände im Erſchrecken zuſammen. Nein! rief er dann, bleich im Geſicht, ich habe niemals glauben können, daß es die Bosheit meiner Feinde ſo weit treiben würde! — Er ging im Zimmer mit großen Schritten auf und ab. — So iſt es mit mir denn ohngefähr eben ſo, — ſprach er für ſich ſelbſt, — wie es mit dieſem Dauphin Ludwig und ſeinem Vater Carl ſtand! — Dieſes ewig wache Mißtrauen — dieſe grübelnde Zweifelſucht — dieſe Unfähigkeit, Glauben zu faſſen — ſie vergiftet jede Liebe, ſie machen die Bande der Natur ſchwach und zerreißen ſie oft. — Zwar bin ich kein ſchleichender, boshaft kluger Ludwig, und mein Vater iſt ſtärker als der ſchwache Carl es war — und doch! — Oft iſt es ja nur Nothwehr, wenn das doch endlich geſchieht und geſchehen muß, was erſt nur Lüge und Verläumdung war! — Wie traurig, wenn auch der beſte Sohn nach dem letzten Tage des Vaters ausſehen muß, durch welchen er erſt frei und mündig wird! —

Sein Blick war zornig, ſeine Wange roth geworden. — Und dieſer Rubempré, fragte er haſtig, indem er ſich wieder nahe vor Köſtein hinſtellte, — welcher iſt es? Der Baſtard oder deſſen Bruder?

Ihr wißt, ſagte Köſtein, der Bruder, der ſonſt auch ein lieber und vertrauter Diener Eures Vaters war, iſt jetzt bei Ludwig dem Eilften in großem Anſehn, nachdem er Eure Dienſte hier, mit ſchlechtem Vorwande, verlaſſen hatte; dieſer hat wohl, auf Befehl des Königs, den Baſtard ausgeſendet, um Euch zu fangen. Ludwig rechnet feſt auf Euren Untergang, und wird gewiß, wenn Ihr ihn nicht überflügelt, alles verſuchen, um Euch zu ſtürzen. Vielleicht will er Euch als Geißel entführen, um Eurem Vater Provinzen abzudringen; vielleicht iſt es auf Euren Mord abgeſehn. Die nächſten Mitgenoſſen und Unterhändler dieſer Bosheit ſind Eure ſchlimmſten Feinde, die Herren von Croys. Aber, wenn es Euch auch gelingt, dieſen Baſtard zum Geſtändniß und zur Strafe zu bringen, dieſen Croys werdet Ihr, ſo lange Herzog Philipp lebt, niemals etwas anhaben können, und dieſer Rubempré iſt ſo klug und vom liſtigen König gewiß ſo vorbereitet, daß Ihr Euch hüten müßt, daß in der Unterſuchung die Anklage des Verbrechens nicht gegen Euch ſelbſt gewendet werde.

Gut! gut! rief Charolais, dem Anſchein nach wieder beruhigt. Ich ſehe immer deutlicher, ich ſtehe auf einer dünnen Eisrinde über einem Abgrunde. Das Nothwendigſte iſt vorerſt, dieſen Rubempré zu fangen, und mich dann mit meinem Vater ganz und herzlich auszuſöhnen, um ihm die Augen zu öffnen.

So thut, mein gnädigſter Herr, denn einige Eurer nächſten Umgebung, ſcheinbar Eure Freunde, und die gegen Euch immer ſo eifrig auf den Herzog Philipp ſchelten, ſuchen Euch täglich zu überreden, Euch in Holland, oder hier in Flandern als unabhängig zu erklären und die Fahne des offenbaren Aufruhrs zu ſchwingen. Ich brauche Euch ſie nicht zu nennen, die ſchon mehr wie einmal Euch dies als das einzige Mittel, Euch zu retten, heftig angeprieſen haben. Ihr habt ihnen ſchon ein geneigtes Ohr geliehen; ja im vorigen Monat ſeid Ihr ſchon ſchwankend geweſen. Alles dies weiß der Herzog, denn von den Croys, die mit dieſen redlichen Herren Eurer Umgebung in Verbindung ſtehn, erfährt Euer Vater alles. Und mit Zuſätzen und Uebertreibungen, wie Ihr Euch ſelbſt vorſtellen könnt.

So iſt mir denn, rief der Fürſt wehmüthig und erzürnt aus, der Vater faſt ein eben ſo gefährlicher Feind als der König von Frankreich! Und nirgend Freunde!

Ihr entfernt ſie durch Eure Heftigkeit, ſagte Köſtein, und durch Eure wechſelnde Laune, ſo daß es kaum möglich iſt, Vertrauen zu Euch zu faſſen. So höre ich wenigſtens alle die ſprechen, die ſich, weil ſie es vielleicht gut meinen, entſchuldigen wollen.

Schweig! ſagte der Fürſt mit einiger Entrüſtung; ich habe Dich nicht rufen laſſen, daß Du mir Lehren geben ſollteſt; und wenn auch vielleicht einiges Wahre in Deinen Worten wäre, ſo ziemt dem tiefgebornen Vaſallen nicht, ſie auf dieſe Weiſe auszuſprechen.

Vergebt mir, ſagte Köſtein demüthig; einer, der doch zum Tode verdammt iſt, wagt mehr als der Freund und Rathgeber.

Und ſo danke ich Dir, ſprach der Fürſt; oder haſt Du mir noch etwas zu entdecken?

Noch eine Anzeige kann ich Euch mittheilen, ſprach der junge Mann zagend, die Euch vielleicht die unglaublichſte von allen dünken wird. Als jene dort in Gent, Brüſſel und Brügge von dem Unſinn hier, dem Hexen-Prozeß, erfuhren, ſo verſchmähten dieſe große Herren auch dieſe thörichten Begebenheiten nicht. Ich ſprach mit dem Grafen Etampes, der jetzt die Stadt bei dieſer Gelegenheit geplündert, und das Vermögen der reichſten Einwohner im Namen Eures Vaters eingeſtrichen hat, und er fand nicht nur meinen hingeworfenen Rath, daß ihn der Abfall dieſer verkehrten Menſchen aus allen ſeinen Verlegenheiten helfen könnte, ſehr vernünftig, ſondern er meinte auch gleich, es ſei von der höchſten Wahrſcheinlichkeit, daß Fürſten und Herren, Monarchen und große Charaktere wohl auch ſchon von dieſer Gottloſigkeit durchdrungen ſein möchten. Noch mehr ergriff die Familie Croys, die ſich immer durch Rechtgläubigkeit und frommen Sinn ausgezeichnet hat, dieſe aberwitzigen Geſchichten. Man freute ſich, daß der blödſinnige Biſchof hier in ſeiner Verblendung die Sachen ſo ernſthaft nahm. Man wartete es nur ab, wie Bürgerſchaft und Adel, wie Frankreich und die übrigen Provinzen dieſen Prozeß anſehn würden. Alle hofften eifrig, das Feuer ſollte alle Stände und die Vernunft aller Menſchen ſogleich ergreifen. Man hörte nicht auf eine Einwendung, daß jede tüchtige Dummheit Jahre brauche, um ſich einzuwurzeln und die ſegenreichen Früchte zu tragen. Ja, mein Prinz, wäre Frankreich und Deutſchland, vorzüglich aber Euer Land, in einen pöbelhaften Jubel und Glaubenseifer über dieſe ruchloſen Anklagen und Verhaftungen ausgebrochen, hätten ſich nicht Adel und Bürgerſtand, vorzüglich aber die Univerſität von Paris und die Doktoren dagegen erklärt, ſo — —

Nun, ſo! rief der Prinz; ſprich, Unglücklicher! —

So, ſagte Köſtein zögernd, — ſo hatte dieſer und jener es wohl einer Armgard, oder Thalburg, oder wie die alten Weiber heißen mögen, auf die verdorrte Zunge gelegt, Euern Namen zu nennen, und Euch als einen Genoſſen des Sabbaths anzuklagen. —

Der Prinz ging plötzlich wieder auf und ab und rief:

Sollte es möglich ſein! So ſehe ich denn wie man meinen Vater und auch mich verachtet! — Ich will Dir hierin nicht glauben, Thörichter. — Haſt Du aber nicht, ſprich ſelbſt und ungezwungen, Deinen Tod zehnfach verdient, der Du ſo um alle dieſe Complotte wußteſt, zu ihnen gehörteſt und ſchwiegſt?

Des Todes, ſagte Köſtein ruhig, bin ich ſchuldig; ich ſterbe, aber Ihr könnt nicht alle hinrichten laſſen, die eben ſo, oder noch mehr ſchuldig ſind als ich.

Du haſt Recht, Elender, antwortete der Fürſt, winkte, und ließ Köſtein wieder fortführen, der am folgenden Tage enthauptet wurde, ſo wie Denis, ſein ehemaliger Geſell.

Der Prinz ging nach Gorkum und ließ dort den Baſtard Rubempré verhaften, verſöhnte ſich mit ſeinem Vater, und gerieth in tiefe Verwicklung mit ſeinem Adel und dem Könige von Frankreich.

Das Leben des Dechanten war gebrochen. Sein geiſtlicher Stolz war zu einer irren, ungenügenden Demuth, ſeine Sicherheit des Wiſſens zum leeren Zweifel, und ſein feſter Sinn zur Haltungsloſigkeit herabgeſunken. Seine Mitbrüder erkannten ihn kaum wieder, wenn ſie ihm begegneten.

Der Biſchof, jetzt noch dreiſter geworden, ließ wiederum Bürger und Kaufleute, auch Bauern verhaften, die ſich verdächtig gemacht hatten oder die angezeigt waren; der Dechant aber zog ſich von allen Unterſuchungen und Verhören zurück, Krankheit vorſchützend, welche ihm auch aus Angeſicht und Auge zu ſprechen ſchien.

Er vermied die Menſchen, irrte gern im Felde umher, und verſchloß ſich dann wieder in ſeiner ſtillen Zelle. Dort blätterte er in einer Nacht in Papieren und Briefen, die ihm noch aus dem Nachlaß der alten Gertrud, von der Unterſuchung ihrer Anklage, waren liegen geblieben; andre hatte ihm der Biſchof, nach gefälltem Urtheil, wieder zurückgeſendet. Da ſie freiwillig alles ſelbſt bekannt hatte, ſo waren dieſe Blätter nicht beachtet worden, und der Dechant nahm ſie jetzt, in tiefer Nacht, um ſich zu zerſtreuen, wieder vor. Unvermerkt war er in Briefſchaften mit aller Aufmerkſamkeit feſtgehalten, die von der Jugendgeſchichte der alten Zauberin vieles erzählten; ſie war die Tochter vornehmer und reicher Eltern in Gent, hatte viele Freier gehabt und einen nach dem andern höhniſch abgewieſen. Ihre Schönheit lockte aber neue an, die eben ſo hart behandelt wurden. Dies alles zeigte ſich auf alten vergelbten Blättern, zerriſſenen Zetteln und in einer alten Kapſel, welches alles auf dem Grunde eines halb vermoderten Kaſtens, des einzigen, den die Alte beſaß, gelegen hatte. Von ihr waren dieſe Blätter gewiß vergeſſen worden, ſonſt hätte ſie ſie wohl nicht aufbewahrt.

In der Kapſel fand ſich eine Sammlung von Briefen, welche mehr zuſammen hingen; ſie waren faſt alle von derſelben Hand. Ein junger, ſchöner Krieger hatte endlich den Zauber der Spröden gebrochen, ſie war ihm mit Wohlwollen, ſpäter mit Liebe entgegengetreten. Bald war ihr Verhältniß ein vertrautes geworden. Unwillkührlich ſtellte ſich dem Dechanten das Bild der Frau Catharina vor, indem er dieſes Lob der Schönheit, die Schilderung der Reize las; er ſchauderte, wenn er einen Augenblick wieder an die alte, greiſe, wahnſinnige Gertrud dachte, an welche ein wilder und frecher Jüngling, in Liebe erglüht, dieſe trunknen Worte vor vielen Jahren gerichtet hatte. Der ſchwärmende Soldat vertheidigte ſich in andern Briefen gegen Anklagen, verſprach beſſer zu werden und wieder die Kirche zu beſuchen. Es fand ſich ſogar das Zeugniß eines Prieſters, daß er wieder gebeichtet und am Sakrament Theil genommen hatte. Nun wurde auch der Name dieſes Kriegers deutlicher, der Zeit nach traf es ebenfalls zuſammen, daß er kein anderer war, als der Vater der Catharina Deniſel. Nun fehlten Blätter, und es war plötzlich von einem Knaben die Rede, welchen der Liebende heimlich bei guten und ſichern Leuten untergebracht hatte. Die Briefe tröſteten, die Worte, wie gezwungen ſie geſtellt waren, ſuchten zu beruhigen. Es ergab ſich, daß die Eltern der ſchönen Gertrud vor Gram geſtorben waren, da ſie die Schmach ihres Kindes entdeckt hatten. Wieder Troſt und Nachricht vom Knaben, der von einer wohlwollenden Frau auf dem Lande verſorgt wurde. Er beſchreibt die Lage des Dorfes und des Hauſes. Er kann aber ſeine Verlobte, auch ein reiches, angeſehenes Mädchen, nicht verlaſſen; ſelbſt ſein Beichtvater macht es ihm zur Gewiſſensſache. Dieſe Verlobte war die Mutter der Deniſel, wie es Name und Familie zeigte. Jetzt ſah man, wie die kürzeren und ſeltneren Briefe das Erlöſchen ſeiner Leidenſchaft deutlich ausdrückten. Die Wittwe des Waſſermüllers hatte dem Beichtvater den Knaben, der ſchon drei Jahr alt war, übergeben; er wollte ihn zum Geiſtlichen erziehen. Dieſer Prieſter hieß Dubos; ein ſtrenger Mann; er meldete plötzlich, der kleine Markus ſei verſtorben. — Ein wilder Brief der Gertrud, wie es ſchien der Entwurf eines abgeſendeten, ſchilderte ihr Elend; ſie wollte alles, was ſie beſaß, den Armen geben, und unbekannt, zur Strafe und Abbüßung ihrer Sünden, als Bettlerin leben. — Sie mußte dieſen Vorſatz wohl ausgeführt haben, und in Arras, einer fremden Stadt, hatte ſie ſich verborgen und den Augen aller Bekannten und Freunde entzogen.

Plötzlich geſchah wie ein heftiger Ruck im Gehirn des Leſenden. Ihm ſchwindelte. Er las wieder, und immer deutlicher wurden ihm die Erinnerungen, immer klarer trat alles in Zuſammenhang. Er erinnerte ſich jener Mühle im ſchönen Thal, er gedachte des ſtrengen, finſtern Prieſters, von dem er den Namen Dubos hatte annehmen müſſen. Als man ihn ſelbſt zum Prieſter weihte, forſchte er bei Dubos nach ſeinen eigentlichen Eltern, da er doch kein Sohn eines Geiſtlichen ſein könne. Dubos hatte ihm im Vertrauen eröffnet, er ſei die Frucht der Sünde und möge ſeinem Urſprunge nicht nachforſchen, auch ſeien alle ſeine Angehörigen geſtorben, die man ſchon längſt vor ihrem Tode von ſeinem Hinſcheiden überzeugt habe, um ihn ganz für die Kirche, als einen Sohn derſelben, ohne Einſpruch von andern erziehen zu können. Seine Eitelkeit erſchrak damals vor dieſer Entdeckung, und er ſelbſt ging von der Zeit an allen Fragen über ſeine Herkunft am meiſten aus dem Wege.

Jetzt enthüllte ſich ihm das ganze entſetzliche Geheimniß. Gertrude war ſeine Mutter geweſen und Catharina Deniſel von ſeinem Vater her ſeine Schweſter. Von Leidenſchaft geblendet hatte er dieſe verrathen, und dazu geholfen, ſie und die eigne wahnſinnige Mutter dem Scheiterhaufen zu überliefern.

Ein ungeheurer Haß gegen den Biſchof und gegen ſich ſelbſt ergriff ſein zerrüttetes Gemüth. Er verließ die Zelle und irrte die ganze Nacht wehklagend in der Stadt umher. Die Einwohner erſtaunten, ihm am Morgen ſo zu begegnen, der alle Zeichen des Wahnſinns an ſich trug. Ohne Zuſammenhang erzählte er jedem von ſich, dem Biſchof, der alten Gertrud und der ſchönen Deniſel. Der Biſchof, der von ſeiner Verrücktheit hörte, ließ ihn nicht vor ſich, als er dieſen um ein Geſpräch erſucht hatte, und man führte ihn noch an demſelben Tage in ein Zimmer des Narrenthurms, wo er nach einigen Wochen in ſeinem Elende verſchied, indeß man ſich in der Stadt mit den ſeltſamſten Gerüchten von ihm trug. Zum Theil hatte man die Wahrheit errathen, alles aber ward durch die Zuſätze und Erzählung der gemeinen Bürger in ein grauſenhaftes Mährchen verwandelt.

Der Biſchof ſah ſeine Krankheit und Raſerei nur für Beſtrafung an, die ihm wegen ſeines vertrauten Umgangs mit der Hexe Deniſel vom Himmel verhängt ſei. Er war froh, daß der Dechant ſo von ſeinem geiſtlichen Amte entfernt war, denn er kämpfte immer mit ſeinem Gewiſſen, ob er ihn nicht als Zauberer und Ketzer verhaften und verdammen ſollte.

In dieſer Stimmung, ſich ſchon freuend, wie viel die neuen Verhöre der Eingekerkerten und die Ausſagen auf der Folter wieder ergeben, welche Entdeckungen aus ihnen hervorgehn müßten, erhielt der Prälat folgendes ſeltſame Blatt, welches ſein Gemüth noch höher aufſpannte.

„Morgen, gegen die Zeit der Dämmerung, ſeid Ihr allein, denn Alles folgt der großen Prozeſſion, die Ihr diesmal nicht begleiten wollt. Hoher Mann, wenn Ihr um die Zeit, doch ohne alle Begleitung, einen Unbekannten in dem dunkeln Buchengange Eures Gartens ſprechen wollt, ſo kann dieſer Euch viel wichtigere Entdeckungen mittheilen, ſonderbarere als alles, was bisher gefunden iſt. Mißtraut Ihr mir, ſeid Ihr nicht ganz einſam, ſo erſcheint Niemand, und Ihr bleibt vom hohen Geheimniß ausgeſchloſſen.“

Das Blatt war ſonderbar undeutlich geſchrieben, und der Biſchof ging mit ſich ſelbſt zu Rathe, wie er ſich zu benehmen habe. Da es ihm aber ſchien, daß ein Gleich- und Wohlgeſinnter, ein Eifernder für die gute Sache ihm dieſe Worte geſendet hatte, ſo theilte er Niemand den Inhalt deſſelben mit, und erwartete mit Ungeduld die Dämmerung. Da er ſich nicht wohl befand, entfernte er, um ganz einſam zu ſein, alle Diener, und begab ſich dann am Abend in den dunkeln, abgelegenen Buchengang. Er erſtaunte, den Unbekannten, einen rieſengroßen Mann, der ſeine ſtarke Figur bis auf den Kopf ſogar in einen ſchwarzen Mantel gehüllt hatte, ſchon dort zu finden.

Schüchtern näherte ſich der Prälat der großen finſtern Geſtalt und ſagte: Ihr ſchon hier? Der Thürhüter hat noch Niemand eingelaſſen.

Brauch' ich des Eingangs dort! antwortete der Fremde mit dumpfer tiefer Stimme; mir ſtehn alle Wege offen, und ich hätte Euch deshalb eben ſo gut in Eurem Zimmer, ohne Anmeldung, beſuchen können.

So! ſagte der Biſchof, und es ſchauerte ihn. Und was könnt Ihr mir entdecken!

Daß, wenn Ihr nicht morgen ſchon, rief der Verhüllte, morgen ſchon alle die unſchuldig Eingekerkerten freigebt, Ihr, Unſinnigſter, ſelbſt in wenigen Wochen als Ketzer und Hexenmeiſter den Scheiterhaufen beſteigt, auf derſelben Stelle, wo Ihr jene Armen, falſch Angeklagten oder Wahnſinnigen habt hinrichten laſſen.

Der kleine Biſchof zitterte und mußte ſich an einen Baum lehnen. Und, wenn ich ſie nicht freiſpreche! ſagte er mit dünner, faſt erlöſchender Stimme, indem er ſich zu ermannen ſtrebte.

Zehn böſe, wilde Menſchen haben ſich verſchworen, wenn Ihr nicht von Eurem Raſen laſſet, Euch einſtimmig als einen der oberſten Hexenmeiſter anzugeben, ſagte jener. Sie alle ſind ſelber in den Sabbath eingeweiht, ſind alle Zauberer: aber ſie ſind ſo von böſen Geiſtern beſeſſen, daß ſie ſich alle mit Lachen wollen verbrennen laſſen, wenn ſie Euch, giftigen Pfaffen, nur ebenfalls den Flammen überliefern können. Sind alſo die Gefangenen morgen nicht frei, ſo tobt morgen ſchon der Zeter durch die ganze Stadt, daß Ihr auch ein Mitglied des Hexen-Sabbaths ſeid; die Bürger und der Adel, die Ihr gemißhandelt habt, werden es glauben, und Ihr werdet nach denſelben Formen gerichtet und verdammt, die Ihr ſelber eingeführt, und die Ihr nicht wieder umſtoßen könnt.

Wer ſeid Ihr denn, klagte der Biſchof, furchtbarſter aller Menſchen?

Ich bin kein Menſch! rief der Fremde mit donnernder Stimme, und ſchlug den Mantel vom Geſichte zurück, das ſchwarz, verzerrt und mit brennenden Augen den bald ohnmächtigen Prälaten angrinzte; der Satan bin ich, ſagte die hohe Geſtalt, der Dir ſchon ſonſt Geiſter und Geſpenſter zugeſendet hat, um Dich zu ängſtigen. Keinen von den Unſchuldigen, die Du haſt hinrichten laſſen, habe ich bekommen, und Carrieur war ein frommer Mann; aber auf Deine Seele rechne ich!

Der Biſchof ward von ſeinen Leuten, die ihn ſuchten, da es finſter geworden war, ohnmächtig auf der Erde gefunden. Er war ſeitdem ſtill und gemüthskrank, ließ die Eingekerkerten frei, und zog ſich, als ſchwach am Verſtande, von allen Geſchäften zurück. Guntram, der zurückgekommen war, hatte, für ſeine Kraft ein Leichtes, die Mauer des Gartens überſtiegen, um in der Maske den Prälaten zu erſchrecken. Und ſo endigte mit einer Poſſe dieſes frazenhafte Poſſenſpiel der unmenſchlichſten Tragödie, die Unvernunft gedichtet und blödſinnige Grauſamkeit hatte aufführen laſſen.

Als der Herzog von Burgund, Philipp der Gütige oder Gute, mit dem Grafen Etampes und ſeinen übrigen Günſtlingen zuſammenkam, ward auch die Rede auf die Hexengeſchichten von Arras gewendet; ich will nicht, ſagte er, da der Biſchof krank iſt, daß in dieſer Sache fortgefahren werde. Ich glaube, daß der von Beruth nur das Heil der Kirche und die Unverletzlichkeit der Religion im Auge gehabt hat. Aber unſre Nachbarn ſind erſchreckt, die Sache iſt räthſelhaft, der ſtärkſte Ankläger iſt krank geworden, der Dechant iſt wahnſinnig; — kann man es, unter dieſen Umſtänden, nicht auf ſich ſelbſt beruhen laſſen?

Der Graf Etampes gab dem Herzoge Recht und bewunderte deſſen Klugheit und Menſchenliebe. — Nun gut, fuhr der alte, kranke Herzog fort, ich habe mich mit meinem Sohne verſöhnt, und wünſche, daß alle meine Vaſallen jetzt, dieſe Ausſöhnung beherzigend, ihn als mein zweites Ich, als meine eigne Perſon anſehen mögen. Graf Etampes, lieber Vetter, von Deutſchland, Frankreich und England habe ich Briefe erhalten, die mir melden, daß ich, als meineidiger Fürſt, unter dem Vorwand der Ketzerei, mich des Vermögens meiner Unterthanen bemächtige, und ſie, damit keine Einrede ſtattfinde, verbrennen laſſe, um ihnen den Mund zu ſtopfen. Ihr, Vetter, ſeid mein Zeuge, daß dem nicht ſo iſt; wir müſſen aber den böſen Menſchen die Mäuler ſtopfen, die immerdar ſchwatzen, ohne daß ſie ſelber wiſſen, was ſie eigentlich ſagen. Ich bin alſo der Meinung, daß man der Frau des Köſtein, obſchon er wegen Hochverrath hingerichtet iſt, die Güter und das Vermögen des Mannes laſſe, welches ich ihm alles geſchenkt habe. Er war, ſeine Bosheit abgerechnet, ein guter Junge, und man muß auch nicht immer das Aeußerſte durchſetzen wollen.

Der Graf verneigte ſich und war derſelben Meinung. Er war für jetzt aus allen ſeinen Verlegenheiten gerettet, und wenn er auch die Summe, für welche ſich Beaufort verbürgt hatte, bezahlte, ſo blieb ihm doch von den eingezogenen Gütern ſo viel übrig, daß dieſe Wiederzahlung einer alten Schuld nur eine Kleinigkeit war.

Der eigentliche Biſchof von Rom kehrte jetzt von ſeiner Geſandtſchaft zurück. Er mißbilligte das Verfahren ſeines Stellvertreters, und eben ſo der Papſt. Noch mehr that dies der berühmte Aeneas Sylvius, Graf Piccolomini, welcher jetzt den Stuhl beſtieg. Doch blieb der Hexen-Prozeß noch in der Schwebe.

Nach zwei Jahren ward Schakepeh, der Ritter Beaufort, Taket und Joſſet freigeſprochen, aber ſie waren verarmt. Jetzt ließ Schakepeh ſeine Tochter von Paris zurückkommen, die wenigſtens ihre Mitgift gerettet hatte, obgleich dies als ein Geheimniß verſchwiegen wurde. Sie vermählte ſich dem jungen Friedrich, und die Eltern kauften vom Grafen Etampes jene unſcheinbare Hütte in der Vorſtadt, in welcher Gertrud gelebt hatte. Nach und nach ließen die Familien von ihrem klug geretteten Vermögen etwas mehr ſehn, kauften die Nebenhäuſer, die auch nur unſcheinbar waren, und bauten neue.

Endlich, als der Biſchof, der Dechant, der alte Herzog, Graf Etampes längſt verſtorben waren, und ſchon lange vor ihnen der alte Beaufort, als Burgund geſtürzt und zwiſchen Frankreich und Oeſtreich getheilt war, als Friedrich von ſeiner liebenswürdigen Sophie ſchon erwachſene Söhne und Töchter hatte, ward jener Hexen-Prozeß von 1459 noch einmal durchgeſehn, und völlig kaſſirt und für null und nichtig erklärt. Man rief aus, daß Peter Carrieur, der Maler Labitt, Frau Catharina, die alte Gertrud und die übrigen Weiber, welche verbrannt waren, ſo wie Beaufort, deſſen Sohn, Taket, Joſſet, Schakepeh, und wer noch beſchuldigt war, völlig unſchuldig, rein und tugendhaft befunden waren, und das Gedächtniß und die Ehre ihrer Familien und ihres Namens wieder hiermit hergeſtellt würde.

Aber das Vermögen, das Leben der Angeklagten war verſchwunden und längſt vernichtet. Friedrich, ſo wenig wie Sophie oder deren Kinder, wollten bei dieſer Ehren-Erklärung gegenwärtig ſein. An derſelben Stelle, wo vor vielen Jahren die Angeklagten waren verbrannt worden, wurde, nachdem man ihre Ehrenrettung laut vorgeleſen hatte, eine luſtige Comödie geſpielt, über welche die Zuſchauer viel lachten. Und doch war dieſer unſinnige Hexen-Prozeß nur der erſte große in Europa, nach deſſen Form bis 1700, bis auf Thomaſius und Spee's Einrede, ſo viele Unſchuldige und Wahnſinnige dem Feuer geopfert wurden.

Johann Friedrich Tiede

ward am 9. April 1732 zu Paſewalk geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1752 zu Halle Theologie und wurde 1757 als Sekretär des Generals Mayr, 1759 aber als Feldprediger bei dem Regiment Anhalt-Bernburg angeſtellt. 1774 folgte er einem Ruf als Oberprediger nach Schweidnitz und Schulinſpector mehrerer Kreiſe. Er ſtarb daſelbſt als Conſiſtorialrath am 19. October 1795.

Von ihm erſchien:

Friedrich von Preußen, Ode. Stettin, 1752.

Moraliſche Reden. Halle, 1763—1769; neu 1793.

Auserleſene Lieder für die Garniſongemeinde. Halle, 1760; neu 1769.

Unterhaltungen mit Gott in den Abendſtunden. Halle, 1771. 1772. (9. Aufl. von Wilmſen. Hannover, 1813.)

Caſualreden. Halle, 1777—1796.

Sowohl durch ſeine Erbauungsſchriften wie durch ſeine Kanzelreden erwarb ſich T. zu ſeiner Zeit einen dauernden Ruf.

Thomas Franz Tiede

ward am 15. Juni 1762 zu Paſewalk geboren, wurde, nachdem er das Studium der Theologie auf Univerſitäten vollendet hatte, 1783 Inſpector und Lehrer an der Friedrichsſchule zu Breslau, 1785 Prediger in Steinſeifersdorf bei Reichenbach, 1786 Diakonus und bald darauf Oberprediger zu Reichenbach, wo er am 22. Januar 1824 ſtarb. Von ihm erſchien:

Der Communicant. Breslau, 1801.
Sonntagsabende, Andachtsbuch. Breslau, 1799.
Die denkwürdigſten Jahrstage Schleſiens. Glatz, 1802—1804.
Merkwürdigkeiten Schleſiens. Reichenbach, 1804.
Die Siege bei Leipzig. Berlin, 1813.
Die letzten Stunden. Berlin, 1814.
Kanzelgemälde und Altarſtücke aus den Zeiten der Dienſtbarkeit und der Morgenröthe der Erlöſung. Berlin, 1814—1816. 1818.

Seine Erbauungsſchriften wie ſeine Predigten zeichneten ſich durch Wärme, Klarheit und Lebendigkeit aus und fanden zu jener Zeit viele Freunde.

Dieterich Tiedemann

ward am 3. April 1748 zu Bremervörde im Herzogthum Bremen geboren, ſtudirte ſchon auf dem Athenäum zu Bremen philoſophiſche Schriften und ging 1767, ohne ſich für eine beſtimmte Wiſſenſchaft berufen zu fühlen, nach Göttingen. Käſtner flößte ihm die größte Neigung zur Mathematik ein, doch fand er ihre Schwierigkeit für ſich unüberwindlich. Ueber dem Leſen der Fielding'ſchen Romane, durch Rouſſeau und Pascal ergriffen, kehrte er zu dem Ideal ſeiner Kindheit, der Theologie zurück: doch konnte er ſich mit der Dogmatik nicht befreunden. Nicht beſſer ging es ihm in der Jurisprudenz: die Unumſchränktheit philoſophiſcher Studien befriedigte ihn allein. Doch mußte er, um ſeinen Vater zu beſchwichtigen, 1769 das Opfer bringen, eine Hauslehrerſtelle in Liefland anzunehmen, die ihn vier Jahre lang ſeinen Lieblingsbeſtrebungen entzog. Im Jahre 1773 kehrte er in ſeine Heimath, 1774 nach Göttingen zurück, wo er in dürftigen Umſtänden theils ſchriftſtellerte, theils Studenten unterrichtete. Aber Heyne erkannte die Anlagen des ſchüchternen Manns, der eine Zierde ſeines Seminars war, und nahm die Profeſſur der alten Literatur zu Caſſel, zu welcher er Tiedemann vorgeſchlagen, ohne ihn zu fragen, für ſeinen Schützling an. Tiedemann, bisher nur Doctor der Philoſophie, folgte dieſem Rufe und gewann in der damals geiſtig angeregten Stadt, an der Seite von Dohm, Georg Forſter, Johannes Müller eine herrliche Stellung. Im Jahre 1786 bei der Auflöſung des Carolinums wurde er mit mehreren ſeiner Collegen nach Marburg verſetzt und erhielt den Hofrathstitel. Er ſtarb am 24. Mai 1803.

Er gab heraus:

Verſuch einer Erklärung des Urſprungs der Sprache. Riga, 1772.
Syſtem der ſtoiſchen Philoſophie. Leipzig, 1776. 3 Thle.
Unterſuchungen über den Menſchen. Leipzig, 1777. 1778. 3 Thle.
Griechenland's erſte Philoſophen. Leipzig, 1780.
Geiſt der ſpeculativen Philoſophie. Marburg, 1791—1797. 7 Thle.
Theätet. Frankfurt, 1794.
Idealiſtiſche Briefe. Frankfurt, 1798.
Handbuch der Pſychologie, herausgegeben von Wachler. Leipzig, 1804.

T. ſchloß ſich als Philoſoph keinem beſtimmten Syſteme an, ſondern ſuchte als Eklektiker vermittelnd einzutreten und zeichnete ſich hier durch Scharfſinn und reiches Wiſſen ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Chriſtoph Auguſt Tiedge

ward am 14. December 1752 zu Gardelegen in der Altmark geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle die Rechte und erhielt bald ein Secretariat bei dem Landrath zu Magdeburg. Doch unbefriedigt durch die juriſtiſche Laufbahn, wandte er ſich 1776 nach Elrich in der Grafſchaft Hohenſtein als Erzieher. Hier ſchloß er mit Göckingk, Gleim und Klamer Schmidt einen zärtlichen Freundſchaftsbund; auch lernte er Eliſe von der Recke damals zuerſt kennen. 1784 zog er Gleim und Schmidt zu Liebe nach Halberſtadt. 1792 jedoch ging er als Geſellſchafter, Privatſecretär und Erzieher in das Haus des Domherrn von Stedern und überſiedelte 1797 mit dieſer Familie von Neinſtädt bei Quedlinburg nach Magdeburg, wo ihm Archenholz, Matthiſſon und Köpken ſeine alten Freunde erſetzen. 1798 begleitete er Frau von Stedern nach Quedlinburg und blieb bei ihr, bis ſie 1799 ihrem Gatten folgte, der vor fünf Jahren geſtorben war. Er hätte mit der Penſion, die ſeine Freundin ihm beſtimmt, recht gut von einer Vicariatspräbende, die Gleim ihm verſchafft, leben können, doch war er zu gebeugt, als daß er nicht wünſchen mußte, ſeinen Wohnort zu ändern. Nach einigen Reiſen hielt er ſich abwechſelnd in Halle und Berlin auf; — hier fand er Frau von der Recke wieder und begleitete ſie auf ihren Reiſen durch Deutſchland, die Schweiz und Italien von 1805—1808 und, nach ihrer Heimkehr, erſt nach Berlin, 1819 nach Dresden. Der im Leben ihr unzertrennlicher Freund geweſen, ſollte auch nach ihres Teſtaments Beſtimmung, als ſie 1833 ſtarb, in den Räumen ſeine Tage beſchließen, die in unveränderter Einrichtung ihn immer an die verklärte Freundin erinnern mußten. Erſt im Jahre 1840 ſtarb er, nachdem er noch vor Kurzem eine ſchwere Krankheit überſtanden hatte. — Seine Schriften ſind:

Urania. Halle, 1801; oft aufgelegt.
Frauenſpiegel. Halle, 1806.
Elegien und vermiſchte Gedichte. Halle, 1803; 2. Aufl. 1814.
Das Echo; oder: Alexis und Ida. 1812.
Aennchen und Robert. Halle, 1815.
Denkmale der Zeit. Halle, 1814.
Die Wanderer, am Geburtstage der verewigten Königin Louiſe.
Lebensbeſchreibung der Herzogin Anna Charlotte Dorothea von Curland. Leipzig, 1823.
Geſammelte Werke. Halle, 1823—1829.
Wanderungen durch den Markt des Lebens. Halle, 1836.
Nachlaß, herausgegeben von Falkenſtein. Dresden, 1841.

T. iſt von einer ſpäteren Generation häufig und nicht ganz mit Unrecht wegen ſeiner zu ſehr verherrſchenden Sentimentalität getadelt worden, durch welche er dagegen in ſeiner Blüthezeit, wo die allgemeine Neigung ſich dieſer Richtung zuwandte, große Geltung und Berühmtheit erlangte. Tiefes und warmes, wenn auch nicht immer männliches Gefühl, Innigkeit und Zartheit und eine ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, weiſen ihm jedoch immer einen hohen Rang unter den deutſchen Dichtern an. In der didactiſchen Poeſie, wenn man anders überhaupt dieſe Gattung gelten laſſen will, ſteht er unerreicht da, indem er ſeine Stoffe mit eben ſo großer Gewandtheit als Anmuth zu behandeln wußte, und mehrere ſeiner Epiſteln und Elegieen, ſowie viele Einzelnheiten in ſeiner *Urania*, können mit vollem Recht in ihrer Art Anſpruch auf den Namen von Meiſterwerken machen.

Vertrauen auf Gott.

Groß iſt der Herr; die Berge zittern
Vor ſeiner Gottesmajeſtät,
Wenn er in dunkeln Ungewittern,
Der Heilige, vorüber geht.
Doch Liebe ſtrömt aus ſeiner Hand
In finſtern Wolken auf das Land.

Vom Raum, wo ſich der Halm entfaltet,
Bis zu der letzten Sonn' hinaus,
Herrſcht ſein Geſetz; als Vater waltet
Er durch das große Weltenhaus;
Der Leben giebt und Freude ſchafft,
Mit Liebe waltet er und Kraft.

Was dich auch drückt, mein Herz, er rettet!
Vertrau'n zu ihm iſt deine Pflicht.
Er, der dem Wurm ein Lager bettet,
Der Gott verläßt den Menſchen nicht.
Der ſo viel giebt und mehr verheißt,
Erhebe dankend ihn, mein Geiſt!

Vermiß dich nicht, mit ihm zu rechten,
Mit Demuth nahe dich dem Herrn!
In trauervollen Mitternächten
Iſt dir der Ewige nicht fern.
Mit deinem Frieden, deinem Harm
Wirf ſeiner Huld dich in den Arm.

O ſchwinge dich empor vom Staube,
Verfinſtern deine Tage ſich;
Zu ihm blick' auf, und bet', und glaube!
Verſagend ſelbſt erhört er dich;
Doch nie enthüllt die Ungeduld
Das heil'ge Dunkel ſeiner Huld!

Gott fehlet nicht! O Seele, thue
Was dir gebührt, ſei fromm und gut!
Verſage dir nicht dieſe Ruhe;
Aus ihr erwächſt der hohe Muth,
Der, wenn das Unglück uns umſtürmt,
Uns rettet, tröſtet, hebt und ſchirmt.

Vertraue Gottes Vaterhänden,
Wenn er den frömmſten Wunſch verſagt;
Was hier beginnt, wird dort vollenden,
Wo dir ein neues Leben tagt.
Es ruh'n im engen Raum der Zeit
Die Keime deiner Ewigkeit.

Skolie.

Pflanzt die Gläſer auf den Tiſch!
Trinkt die ſchwarzen Sorgen nieder!
Windet Kränze! ſinget Lieder!
Myrt' und Aſter ſind noch friſch:
Singet, und dann trinket wieder!

Unſre Pflanzen, groß und klein,
Mögen gern im Naſſen ſprießen,
Gern des milden Thau's genießen:
Nur die Freude läßt allein
Sich mit Rebenſaft begießen.

Hier ſoll Freud' und Friede ſeyn,
Und der [illegible]
Finde heute keinen Leſer!
Jedes Herz ſei hell und rein,
Rein und hell, wie unſre Gläſer!

Laßt im Sturm die wilde Zeit,
Finſter wolkig, brauſen, wogen!
Einen lichten Friedensbogen
Hat die ſanfte Fröhlichkeit
Ueber unſern Kreis gezogen.

Frohſinn würzt ein Feſtgelag,
Er macht Seel' und Leib geneſen.
Jener Ernſt von finſterm Weſen
Soll zur Strafe Tag für Tag
Bonaparte's Thaten leſen!

Leben ſoll die beſſ're Zeit!
Und kein Gott ſoll die Blüthen
Ihres Lebens niederwüthen!
Leben ſoll die Menſchlichkeit,
Trotz den Gothen und den Scythen!

Leben ſoll der Freunde Kreis!
Bei den Seelen, die ihn weihen,
Nichts ſoll dieſen Kranz entzweien!
Klingt die Gläſer an! wer weiß,
Ob wir bald uns wieder freuen!

Ständchen.

Alles ruht. Wie abgeſchieden,
Abgelöſt iſt jedes Joch;
Selbſt der Gram entſchlief in Frieden.
Meine Liebe, wachſt du noch?
Höre meinen leiſen Laut,
Der ſich nur der Nacht vertraut!

Töne leiſer, dunkle Grille,
Dort im nahen Gartenhain!
Um ihr Fenſter weht die Stille,
Ruhig iſt ihr Kämmerlein.
Störe du, mein Lautenton,
Ida nicht! ſie ſchlummert ſchon.

Um die nahe Kirchhofmauer
Wandeln, wie die Sage ſpricht,
Nächtlich düſtre Geiſterſchauer;
Doch die Liebe fürchtet nicht.
Auch beſeelt der Raum mit Muth,
Wo die ſanfte Unſchuld ruht.

Stummer wird's, und immer ſtummer.
Lüftchen, wecke ſie nicht auf.
Bringeſt du zu ihrem Schlummer
Meines Liedes Ton hinauf!
Er verwandle dann vor ihr
Sich in einen Traum von mir!

An den Schlaf.

Sohn der Nacht! laß um Eliſen
Deine Stille niederthau'n,
Duftig, wie auf Lilienwieſen
Sommerliches Abendgrau'n!

Rein, wie Himmelsluft, ergieße
Sich die Ruh' um ihr Gemüth;
Und mit ſchönen Bildern ſchließe
Sich ihr ſanftes Augenlied!

Nieder ſink' es, wie ein Schleier,
Welcher zwiſchen *dieſer* Welt
Und der ſtillen Seelenfeier
Ihres *innern* niederfällt!

O, kein Trauerbild beflecke
Dieſer Augen heil'ge Ruh'!
Wie in Wölkchen, Schlummer, decke
Dies Geſtirn der Liebe zu!

Komm aus Grotten frommer Hirten,
Wo die Nachtigall noch ſäumt,
Während Zephyr, unter Myrten,
Süß von Blumenküſſen träumt.

Schwebe nieder, holder Schlummer,
Himmliſch, wie die Lieb', und mild,
Wie der Friede, der den Kummer
Weich in ſeine Flügel hüllt!

Schwebe nieder, wie die Blüthe,
Leiſe, wie das Herz ihr wallt,
Wenn's von einer That der Güte,
Tief im Innern, wiederhallt!

Zu den Bildern ſchöner Träume,
Die durch ihre Seele ziehn,
Schöpf' aus Quellen lichter Räume
Zarte Roſen-Phantaſie'n!

Schöpfe nicht bei den Cypreſſen,
Aus des Letheſtromes Fluth!
O, ſie darf ja nichts vergeſſen!
Engelthat iſt, was ſie thut.

Darum führe du ihr Lieder
Sanft, mit deinem Lilienſtab,
Einen ſchönen Tag vorüber,
Dem ſie eine Krone gab!

Elegie auf dem Schlachtfelde bei Kunnersdorf.

Nacht umfängt den Wald; von jenen Hügeln
Stieg der Tag in's Abendland hinab;
Blumen ſchlafen, und die Sterne ſpiegeln
In den Seen ihren Frieden ab.
Mich läßt hier in dieſes Waldes Schauern,
Wo der Fichtenſchatten mich verbirgt;
Hier ſoll einſam meine Seele trauern
Um die Menſchheit, die der Wahn erwürgt.
Drängt euch um mich her, ihr Fichtenbäume!
Hüllt mich ein, wie eine tiefe Gruft!
Seufzend, wie das Athmen ſchwerer Träume,
Weh' um mich die Stimme dieſer Luft.
Hier an dieſes Hügels dunkler Spitze
Schwebt, wie Geiſterwandel, banges Grau'n;
Hier, hier will ich vom bemooſten Sitze
Jene Schädelſtätten überſchau'n.

Dolche blinken dort im Mondenſcheine,
Wo das Erndtefeld des Todes war;
Durcheinander liegen die Gebeine
Der Erſchlag'nen um den Blutaltar.
Ruhig liegt, wie an der Bruſt des Freundes,
Hier ein Haupt, an Feindes Bruſt gelehnt,
Dort ein Arm vertraut am Arm des Feindes. —
Nur das Leben haßt, der Tod verſöhnt.
O, ſie können ſich nicht mehr verdammen,
Die hier ruh'n; ſie ruhen Hand an Hand!
Ihre Seelen gingen ja zuſammen,
Gingen über in ein Friedensland;
Haben gern einander dort erwiedert,
Was die Liebe giebt und Lieb' erhält.
Nur der Sinn der Menſchen, noch entbrüdert,
Weiſ't den Himmel weg aus dieſer Welt.
Hin eilt dieſes Leben, hin zum Ende,
Wo herüber die Zypreſſe hängt:
Darum reicht einander doch die Hände,
Eh' die Gruft euch aneinander drängt!

Aber hier, um dieſe Menſchentrümmer,
Hier auf öder Wildniß ruht ein Fluch;
Durch das Feld hin ſtreckt ſich Mondenſchimmer,
Wie ein weites, weißes Leichentuch.
Dort das Dörfchen unter Weidenbäumen;
Seine Väter ſah'n die grauſe Schlacht:
O ſie ſchlafen ruhig, und verträumen
In den Gräbern jene Flammennacht!
Vor den Hütten, die der Aſch' entſtiegen,
Ragt der alte Kirchenthurm empor,
Hält in ſeinen narbenvollen Zügen
Seine Welt noch unſern Tagen vor.
Lodernd fiel um ihn das Dorf zuſammen;
Aber ruhig, wie der große Sinn
Seiner Stiftung, ſah er auf die Flammen
Der umringenden Verwüſtung hin.
Finſter blickt er, von der Nacht umgrauet,
Und von Mondesanblick halb erhellt,
Ueber dieſen Hügel, und beſchauet,
Wie ein dunkler Geiſt, das Leichenfeld.

Mag, o Lenz, dein Angeſicht hier lächeln!
Jeder Windſtoß, der den Wald bewegt,
Iſt ein großer Seufzer, der das Röcheln
Der Gefall'nen durch die Wildniß trägt.
Dieſe Greiſin, dieſe düſt're Fichte
Zeigt die Narben, die auch ſie empfing,
Weiſ't dahin, wo blutig die Geſchichte
Böſer Zeiten ihr vorüber ging.
Als hier wild die Waffendonner ſtürmten,
War ſie noch mit Jugendkraft umlaubt,
Und, wie Hände der Natur, beſchirmten
Ihre Schatten ein geweihtes Haupt.

Hier ſah Friedrich ſeine Krieger fallen. —
Herrſcher deiner Welt, du warſt ſo groß;
Aber doch — das härteſte von allen
War dein Loos, es war ein Königsloos.
Mann des Ruhmes, konnten alle Blüthen
Jenes Kranzes, der ſein Haupt umfing,
Konnt' ihn dir die Muſenhuld vergüten,
Dieſen Weg, der über Leichen ging!
Menſchen fielen, gleich gemähten Aehren,
Ach, ſie fielen dir, du großer Mann!
Da, da war es, als dein Herz in Zähren
Auf den blutbeſpritzten Lorbeer rann. —

Hier der See, und dort des Stromes Fluthen
Spiegelten zurück das Todesſchwert;
Dieſer Himmel ſah das Opfer bluten;
Dieſer Hügel war ein Opferheerd;
Hier im Bach hat Menſchenblut gefloſſen;
Wo der Halm im Monde zuckend nickt,
Hat vielleicht ein Auge, halb geſchloſſen,
Nach der Heimathgegend hingeblickt.
Da, wo die Cicad' im düſtern Thale
Durch die Nacht der Ulmenwaldung tönt,
Da, da hat vielleicht zum letzten Male
Manches zarte Lebewohl geſtöhnt.
Und der ſtille Wandrer, welcher traurig
Sich dem Grau'n der Gegend überläßt,
Fühlt ein dumpfes Ahnen, das ſo ſchaurig
Ihm den Athemzug zuſammenpreßt.

War es Klang von einer fernen Quelle,
Was ſo dumpf zu meinem Herzen ſprach?
Oder ſchwebt Geſeufz' um jede Stelle,
Wo ein Herz, ein Herz voll Liebe, brach?
Iſt es Wandel einer düſtern Trauer,
Was am Sumpf dem Hagebuſch entrauſcht,
Und nun ſchweigt, und, wie ein dunkelgrauer
Nebelſtreif, im Nachtgeflüſter lauſcht?
Wandelſt du dort, arme Mädchenſeele,
Der die Wuth den holden Freund entriß?
Schatteſt du dort um die Todtenhöhle
Durch das Nachtgrau'n deiner Finſterniß? —

Aber ſtill! was flimmert durch die Zweige,
Wie ein weißer, ſchleiervoller Geiſt?
Jeder rohe Laut der Wildniß ſchweige!
Dieſe Stell' iſt heilig! hier fiel Kleiſt.
Wo den Raum die Ulmen überſchleiern,
Sank der Frühlingsſänger in den Staub;
Dieſe Stelle will ich heilig feiern;
Ach! und kann ſie nur beſtreu'n mit Laub.
Rinnen laß hier eine Silberquelle;
Winde deinen ſanftern Blumenhag,
Holder Frühling, um die rauhe Stelle,
Wo dein edler Sänger blutend lag.
Hier aus dieſem wildernden Geſträuche,
Wo der deutſche Mann ſein Blut verlor,
Hebe ſich, im Schatten einer Eiche,
Grün ein zartes Myrtenreis empor;
Und im dunkelgrünen Eichenlaube
Girre, wenn der Lenz vorüberzieht,

Klagend eine ſilberweiße Taube
Nach dem Sänger Lalage's ihr Lied.
Aber in dem Myrtendunkel ſäume
Die Begeiſt'rung einer Nachtigall,
Und die Waldluft ſchweb' um ihre Träume,
Wie ein ſanft gehall'ner Widerhall.
Leiſe ſchwebe ſie durch's Laub des Strauches,
Das der Boden dieſer Stelle trieb,
Wie der Nachhall eines Flötenhauches,
Der uns aus des Dichters Leben blieb;
Und im zarten Weiß der ſanftern Trauer
Nahe ſich die Mondnacht dieſem Raum,
Feiernd trete ſie in ſeine Schauer,
Wie ein heiliger Erinn'rungstraum.

Zwar den fernen Geiſt kann nichts erſtatten;
Doch er ſchwand nicht ganz aus unſerm Blick:
Der geweihte Mann wirft ſeinen Schatten
Dort noch aus Elyſium zurück.
Viel der edeln Männer ſind gefallen;
Aber Kleiſt, dein Name tritt hervor,
Tritt hervor, und hebt, geweiht vor Allen,
Aus der Fluth der Zeiten ſich empor.
Hier fand mancher Jüngling, welcher muthig
Einen Namen ſucht', ein ſtilles Grab;
Manche Hoffnung riß der Tod hier blutig
Vom Idol der gold'nen Zukunft ab.

Sagt, was iſt, was gilt ein Menſchenleben,
Was die Menſchheit vor dem Weltengeiſt,
Wenn der wilde Tod aus den Geweben
Ihres Daſeins ſo die Faden reißt!
Welche Fäden ſind hier abgeriſſen!
Und was fällt, wenn nur ein Haupt zerfällt! —
Hier ſtehn wir, und hinter Finſterniſſen
Steht der hohe Genius der Welt!

Stürme fahren aus dem Schoos der Stille,
Und die Zeit, mit Trümmern wüſt umringt,
Zählt am Uferrand der Lebensfülle
Jeden Tropfen, den der Sand verſchlingt.
Schwankend irren wir im finſtern Sturme;
Wechſeltod beherrſcht die Finſterniß;
Er beraubt den Halm, und giebt dem Wurme,
Giebt dem Halm, was er dem Wurm entriß.

Luſtig ſpielt das Laub des Ulmenbaumes
An den friſchen Aeſten um den Stamm:
Regt darin ſich noch ein Reſt des Traumes,
Der einmal in Nervenſäften ſchwamm?
Jenen Kopf bewohnten einſt Gedanken,
Stolz vielleicht und Dünkel ſeine Stirn:
Jetzt durchkriecht ein Nachtwurm ihn; und Ranken
Wilder Kräuter nährte ſein Gehirn.
Dieſer Staub am Wege hing um Seelen;
Wo ich trete, ſtäubt vielleicht ein Herz.
Gott! und hier aus dieſen Augenhöhlen
Starrete zu dir hinauf der Schmerz.

Welch ein Anblick! — Bieder, Volksregierer,
Hier bei dem verwitternden Gebein
Schwöre deinem Volk ein ſanfter Führer,
Deiner Welt ein Friedensgott zu ſein.
Hier ſchau her, wenn dich nach Ruhme dürſtet!
Zähle dieſe Schädel, Völkerhirt,
Vor dem Ernſte, der dein Haupt, entfürſtet,
In die Stille niederlegen wird!
Laß im Traum das Leben dich umwimmern,
Das hier unterging in ſtarres Grau'n!
Iſt es denn ſo reizend, ſich mit Trümmern
In die Weltgeſchichte einzubau'n!

Einen Lorbeerkranz verſchmäh'n, iſt edel!
Mehr als Heldenruhm iſt Menſchenglück!
Ein bekränztes Haupt wird auch zum Schädel,
Und der Lorbeerkranz zum Raſenſtück!
Cäſar fiel an einem dunkeln Tage
Ab vom Leben, wie entſtürmtes Laub;
Friedrich liegt im engen Sarkophage;
Alexander iſt ein wenig Staub.
Klein iſt nun der große Weltbeſtürmer;
Es verhallte, lauten Donnern gleich;
Längſt ſchon theilten ſich in ihn die Würmer,
So wie die Satrapen in ſein Reich!

Fließt das Leben auch aus einer Quelle,
Die durch hochbekränzte Tage rinnt;
Irgendwo erſcheint die dunkle Stelle,
Wo das Leben ſtille ſteht und ſinnt.
Katharina's Lorbeerthaten zogen
Gern verhüllt den Letheſtrom hinab;
Beſſ're retten ihre Gruft, und legen
Sanft're Kronen nieder auf ihr Grab.

Dort, dort unten, wo zur letzten Krümme,
Wie ein Strahl, der Lebensweg ſich bricht,
Tönet eine feierliche Stimme,
Die dem Wandrer dumpf entgegen ſpricht:
„Was nicht rein iſt, wird in Nacht verſchwinden;
Des Verwüſters Hand iſt ausgeſtreckt;
Und die Wahrheit wird den Menſchen finden,
Ob ihn Dunkel oder Glanz verſteckt!"

Die Blume der Lauenburg.

Seht ihr die alte Lauenburg
Hoch auf dem Harze ſchimmern?
Durch Wildniß geht der Weg hindurch
Zu ihren wüſten Trümmern.
Da blühet ein Blümchen um Mitternacht,
Das ſchimmert in blendender Lilientracht.

Es leuchtet einen Stundenſchlag
Ins finſtre Thal hinunter;
Dann geht es, wie ein ſtiller Tag
Der Unſchuld, heilig unter;
Dann iſt es, als wandelten Geiſter dort
Um einen geweiheten Friedensort.

Und eine ſanfte Lichtgeſtalt,
Umwebt von Himmelsdüften,
Schwingt ſich empor, und wallt, und wallt,
Und ſchwindet in den Lüften.
Es webet und ſäuſelt, wie Ferngetön,
Herab aus den Lüften um Thal und Höhn.

Im Thal ſtand einſt ein Hüttchen, klein,
Und grün umrankt und mooſig;
Da blühte Bertha ſtill und rein,
Ein Mägdlein, zart und roſig,
Es mochte gern über den grünen Zaun
Die ſpielenden Lämmer der Wieſe ſchaun.

Der Junker jagte durch das Thal
Nach Hirſchen und nach Rehen;
Da ſah er früh im Morgenſtrahl
Am Zaun das Mägdlein ſtehen.
„Was ſchauſt du hier," ſprach er, „am grünen Zaun?
Komm' mit mir! dort oben iſt mehr zu ſchaun!"

„Du ſollſt mein trautes Liebchen ſein,
Zu ſchön für eine Hütte." —
Doch Bertha ſprach: „„Das kann nicht ſein!""
Und floh in ihre Hütte.
Da fand ſie die Mutter am ſtillen Heerd:
„„Ach Mutter! der Junker hat mein begehrt."" —

„„„Ob auch der Junker dein begehrt;
Laß dich ſein Schloß nicht blenden!
Schon manche Jungfrau kam entehrt
Zurück aus ſeinen Händen.
O bringe den Jammer nicht über mich!
Mein Töchterlein, ſäume nicht, rette dich!""" —

„„Wohin, o Mutter, retten mich
Vor ſeinem Dienerſchwarme!""
So weinte ſie, und ſtürzte ſich
Der Mutter in die Arme. —
„„„Ein Kloſter, mein liebliches Töchterlein;
Das hüllt dich in ruhige Schatten ein.

„„„Da ſchmücket dich mit keuſchem Glanz
Die Hochgebenedeite;
Da prangſt du mit dem Myrthenkranz
Im Chor der Himmelsbräute;
Da wirſt du in grauſicher Mitternacht
Von ſchirmenden Engeln getreu bewacht.""" —

„„So führ', o Mutter, führe dann
Dein Kind zur Kloſterſtille.

Daß vor der böſen Welt fortan
Der Schleier mich verhülle!‘“
Da führte die Mutter das Töchterlein
Zur Stille des Kloſters getroſt hinein.

Und als der Junker das vernahm,
Gebot er ſeinen Leuten,
Das Mägdlein, das ihm ſtill entkam,
Gewaltſam zu erbeuten.
Da wurde das Kloſter wohl hart bedrängt,
Und krachend das eiſerne Thor geſprengt.

Die wilden Räuber ſcheuten ſich
Nicht vor der heil'gen Stelle;
Sie riſſen Bertha freventlich
Aus der geweihten Zelle.
Sie ward in der grauſigen Mitternacht
Zur Lauenburg ſtürmend hinauf gebracht.

„Willkommen!“ rief des Junkers Spott,
Den all' ihr Flehn nicht rührte,
„Ich nahm ja nur vom lieben Gott
Zurück, was mir gebührte.
Drum trockne nur immer dein ſchön Geſicht!
Es koſtet das liebliche Leben nicht!“ —

„Du Sohn Maria's!‘“ rief ſie laut,
„Du Gottesſohn, o ſende
Mir Hülf' und rette deine Braut,
Daß keine Schmach ſie ſchände!
Ihr Lüfte des Himmels, ihr Blumen, ſprecht!
O ſprecht, wenn kein Rächer die Unſchuld rächt!

„Doch ſtill! ich hör' ein leiſes Wort;
Ich darf Erlöſung hoffen.
Ein Engel kommt! ich ſehe dort
Den lichten Himmel offen!‘“
Begeiſtert ſchon blickte ſie himmelwärts,
Und leiſer und leiſer verſtummt ihr Herz.

Entronnen aller Erdennoth
Und aller Schmach entnommen,
Führt ihren Geiſt der Engel, Tod,
Ins ſtille Land der Frommen.
Es war eine lichte Geſtalt zu ſehn;
Da wollten die Räuber vor Angſt vergehn.

Und wo ſich Bertha's Auge ſchloß,
Den Raum weiht' eine Blume,
Die lichtvoll aus dem Boden ſproß,
Zu einem Heiligthume.
Wenn die der verſpätete Wandrer ſchaut,
Dann ruft es ihm nach, wie ein Seufzerlaut.

Sie blinkt alljährlich nur ein Mal
In nächtlich dunkler Feier,
Still, wie ein ſchauerlicher Strahl,
Vom öden Thurmgemäuer.
Ein Lüftchen umweht ſie, das flüſtert ſchwach
Die ſterbenden Laute der Unſchuld nach.

Seht hin! wo einſt die Feſte ſtand
Mit ihren ſtolzen Thürmen,
Trotzt öde nur noch eine Wand
Der Zeit und ihren Stürmen.
Da blühet das Blümchen um Mitternacht
Im Schimmer der blendenden Lilienpracht.

Herakles.

Mit dem Hochgefühl des Sehnens,
Das zu Götterthaten weiht,
Flieht der hehre Sohn Alkmenens
In den Schooß der Einſamkeit.
Tief im Herzen warme Schläge,
Fühlt er, was er ſoll und will;
Und an einem Scheidewege
Steht er ſinnend plötzlich ſtill.

Dunkler jetzt, und wieder heller
Schwebt ihm fern die Zukunft vor.
Ahnungsvoll, und ſchnell und ſchneller
Wallt ihm doch das Herz empor.
Wird ein Wunder ſich entfalten?
Iſt ihm eine Gottheit nah?
Zwei erſcheinende Geſtalten
Stehn vor ſeinem Blicke da.

Eine der Geſtalten leuchtet
Wie der friſche Blumenring,
Der, vom erſten Thau befeuchtet,
Um die junge Tellus hing.
„Liebe!“ ſprach ſie, „was die Erde
Süßes hat, ich weih' es dir,
Sohn des Himmels; aber werde
Mein Getreuer, folge mir!“ —

Zauber ſprühn aus ihren Blicken;
Und ein weicher Schlummerduft
Trägt ein taumelndes Entzücken
Um ſie her im Hauch der Luft.
Halb dem Zauber hingegeben,
Hat der Jüngling kaum Gewalt,
Seine Blicke zu erheben
Zu der ſtillern Huldgeſtalt.

Ruhig naht ſie, wie der Friede,
Aber, wie mit Schmach bedeckt,
Fühlt ſich zitternd der Alcide
Von der Tugend angeſchreckt. —
„Keine Freuden goldner Tage,“
Spricht ſie, „kann ich dir verleihn.
Rette, kämpfe, dulde, wage!
Deiner würdig, biſt du mein.“

„Siegen ziemt dem Göttersohne;
Sich beſiegen aber, weiht
Ihm die höchſte Strahlenkrone
Himmliſcher Unſterblichkeit.“ —
Und der Jüngling — ſchöner blühend
Stand er da vor der Natur,
Als er heilig ſich und glühend
In die Hand der Tugend ſchwur.

Seine eigne Flamme dämpfend,
Willig Schwächern unterthan,
Geht der ſtarke Sieger kämpfend
Seine große Heldenbahn.
Ungeheuer kämpft er nieder;
Aber ſeinem Frieden droht
Eine fürchterlichere Hyder,
Als in Lerna's Sumpf, den Tod.

Ach, daß ihn die Tugend warne!
Weh! der freie Sieger fällt
Ueberwunden in die Garne,
Die der Reiz der Luſt ihm ſtellt.
Friede noch, allein Iole
Tritt ihm in den Heldenlauf,
Und er opfert dem Idole
Seine ganze Hoheit auf.

Wie ein Blitz aus heitrer Bläue
Stürzt herein das Mißgeſchick.
Grauſe That und Schmach und Reue
Hängen an Iolens Blick.
Sieh! er reißt ſie ohn' Erbarmen
Mit Verrath und Meuchelmord
Aus des grauen Vaters Armen,
Aus des Bruders Armen fort!

Plötzlich fällt die Eumenide
Des Gewiſſens ihm an's Herz;
Und der ſüße Lebensfriede
Wandelt ſich in wilden Schmerz.
Schrecklich rafft er ihn zuſammen,
Seines Geiſtes letzten Schwung;
Auf dem Oeta in den Flammen
Büßt er die Entgötterung.

Und der Gott erringet wieder,
Was der Erdenſohn verlor;
Die Verſchattung ſinkt darnieder,
Die Verklärung ſtrahlt empor.
Schon der letzte Seufzer dringet
Aus der Sterblichkeit herauf,
Und die freie Seele ſchwinget
Sich ins Reich der Tugend auf.

Aus Urania.

Erſter Geſang.

Klagen des Zweiflers.

Mir auch war ein Leben aufgegangen,
Welches reich bekränzte Tage bot;
An der Hoffnung jugendlichen Wangen
Blühte noch das erſte, zarte Roth.
Auf der Gegenwart umrauſchten Wogen
Brannt' ein Morgen, ſchön, wie Opfergluth;
Hohe Traumgeſtalten zogen
Stolz, wie Schwäne, durch die rothe Fluth;
Leichte Stunden rannen ſchnell und ſchneller
An dem halberwachten Träumer hin,
Und die Gegend lag ſchon hell und heller,
Nur auch wahr, da vor meinem Sinn.

Forſchend blickt' ich in die weiten Räume;
Aber bei dem zweifelhaften Licht
Sah ich oft nur meine Träume!
Wahrheit ſelbſt, die Wahrheit ſah ich nicht!
O der Helle, die dem guten Schwärmer
Nichts zu zeigen hat, als ſeine Nacht!
O des Lichtes, das den Glauben ärmer,
Und die Weisheit doch nicht reicher macht!

Stolze Weisheit! durfteſt du mir's rauben,
Das erhabne, ſtille Seelenglück?
Nimm, was du mir gabſt; nur meinen Glauben,
Meine Hoffnung nur gib mir zurück,
Daß mein Haupt auf ihren Schooß ſich neige,
Und dies Herz, das ſchwere Seufzer trug,
Ihr die Narben von den Wunden zeige,
Welche mir das harte Leben ſchlug.
Wie geſchreckt von einem grauſen Fluche,
Der aus einem Himmel mich verſtieß,
Fahr' ich zitternd auf, und ſuche
Mein verlornes Paradies.

Friede war um mich. Durch Blumenſtellen
Wandelte mein unbefangener Schritt,
Wie ein Lenztag, der aus ſeinem hellen,
Sonnenrothen Morgenhimmel tritt.

Hin, dahin iſt dieſe holde Jugend
Einer Zeit, die blühend mich umfing!
Stumm die Gegend, wo die ſtille Tugend
Einer hohen Seele ging!
Jedes Thal, voll Ruh' und Abendröthe,
Mahnet mich an Hebra's Seelenflug,
Als ſie auf den Blick zum Himmel ſchlug,
Und der Geiſt, der ihr Gefühl erhöhte,
Meine Seel' auf Engelflügeln trug.
Mitten durch die finſtern Grabzypreſſen
Leuchtet jener Abend mich noch an.
Jener Sternenabend — unvergeſſen
Strahlt mich ſeine ernſte Feier an.
Wie verherrlicht! wie empor gehoben!
Einer heiligen Entzückung gleich,
Rief ſie aus: „Zum Wiederſehn dort oben
Sei gegrüßt, du ſtilles Geiſterreich! —“
Zu dem Strahl, der ihr Gemüth entbrannte,
Flog mit ihr auch meine Seel' empor.
Ach! die Zeit, als ich noch glauben konnte,
Sie ging unter, wie ein Meteor,
Das am ausgeſtorbnen Horizonte,
Keinen Wiederaufgang feiern darf!
Zeig' am Leben mir die rothe Stelle,
Jenen Lichtblick, den die Morgenhelle
Einer andern Welt herüber warf!
Ja! wir dünken uns erhabne Götter,
In des Lebens Seligkeit vertieft;
Doch wie anders, wenn ein dunkles Wetter
Unſern innern Lichttag prüft!

Finſter ſchweigend liegt vor mir die Ferne.
Wie vom Sturm empor gejagt,
Richtet zwiſchen mir und meinem Sterne
Sich der Zweifel auf, und fragt:
„Sein und Werden! ſeid ihr Dunſtgebilde,
Die aus tiefer Nacht herüber wehn,
Und zerflatternd in dem Traumgefilde
Dunkler Phantaſieen untergehn! —“

Wenn ich ſinnend durch das Leben walle:
Dann erſcheint mir das Gewühl der Zeit,
Wie der Zauberzug einer Schattenhalle,
Wo die Täuſchung ihre Bilder reiht.

Traurig! traurig! ſeine Zauberhütten,
Wie an einem Abgrund, in das Grauen
Einer ewigen Zerſtörung, mitten
Unter Trümmerhaufen eingehauen!
Keinen Aufſchluß eines hohen Strahles,
Der den Sinn des großen Bilderſaales
Der Natur enthüllt, iſt zu ſchauen!
Könnte Gott, der ſo den Menſchen machte,
Daß er Wahrheit ſucht, könnt' er ihn
Doch verdammen, daß er hier verſchmachte!
Ihm den Becher zeigen, und entziehn!

Gott! ein Gott! ach, irrend ſucht' ich ihn! —
Draußen in der blumenreichen Hülle
Seines Tempels, fand ich keine Spur;
Sucht' Hoffnung, Troſt und Ruh', und fiel
Weinend in die Arme der Natur.
An die Sterne heftet' meine Klagen
Manches tiefe, ſeufzende Warum!
Keine Antwort bringt zu meinen Fragen;
Alles ſchweigt, die Mitternacht iſt ſtumm.

Nächtlich einſam wankt' ich durch die Haide,
Wo mein Geiſt den weiten Raum durchſchweift.
Wer enthüllt mir dieſe Sternenweite
An dem herrlichen Prachtgebäude?
Wer enthüllt die Flammenſchrift mir
An der Kuppel dieſes hohen Domes?
Waltet eines Gottes Finger hier?
Waltet er im Glanz des Weltenſtromes,
Und im Bach, der durch die Felſen hüpft!
Lebt ein Gott im Menſchen und im Wurme?
Hör' ich dort ihn in dem Donnerſturme?
Hier im Säuſeln, das durch Myrthen ſchlüpft?

Sieh! am Himmel leuchten tauſend Kerzen
Einen ſtillen Geiſt zu Gott hinauf;
Aber blickſt du auf den Lebenslauf
Deiner Welt: dann ſchreien tauſend Schmerzen
An dem tief zerriſſnen Herzen
Eingeſungne Zweifel wieder auf.

Freundlich tritt die Sonn' auf ihre Wolke;
Doch den Wahn, der Menſchen noch bethört,
Strahlt ſie nicht hinweg aus dieſem Volke,
Welches ewig, ewig ſich zerſtört.
Sieh! da ziehn die wilden Blutvergeuder,
Mord in Händen, Mord im wilden Blick!
Iſt ein Gott! ein Rächer! und die Schleuder
Seines Blitzes hält den Strahl zurück!
Elend ſeufzet dort in dunkler Kammer!
Laſter ſiegen, wo die Tugend fällt!
Iſt ein Gott! und ſo gedrückt vom Jammer
Die hinausgeſtoßne Welt!
In Zypreſſen hüllt ihr Haupt die Duldung,
Und die Tugend erntet Hohn und Spott!
Unſchuld trägt die Strafe der Verſchuldung!
Edle darben! und es iſt ein Gott! —
Oder führt den großen Zug ein Blinder?
Waltet überall ein blindes Loos?
Sind die Welten ausgeſetzte Kinder?
Fielen ſie auf keinen Pflegeſchooß? —
Aber ſieh! es leuchtet, ſtill und groß,
Hohe Weisheit auf an jeder Pflanze,
Von dem königlichen Cederkranz
Bis hinunter auf das niedre Moos. —

Dennoch, tief verhüllt und leiſe,
Schreitet eine finſtre Macht daher,
Für das Ungefähr zu weiſe,
Für die Weisheit zu ſehr Ungefähr.
Ja! das iſt die Macht, die feindlich
Unſern ſchönſten Traum zerſtören darf;
Die den Kranz zerreißt, den ſtill und freundlich
Zarte Lieb' in unſer Leben warf.
Stimmentöne ziehn um unſre Lauben,
Seufzend hier, dort jauchzend, ab und auf.
Eine Stimme ruft den Glauben,
Eine andre jagt den Zweifel auf.
Sagt, wo wird dies Streitgetön verhallen!

Fragt des Dulders thränenvoller Blick,
Waltet dort in jenen Sonnenhallen
Ein verſöhnendes Geſchick?
Unter welcher neuen Frühlingskrönung
Wird die Liebe ihrem Himmel weihn? —
Oder wird kein Feſt der Welterlöſung,
Und wird nirgend Recht und Friede ſein? —

Ob ein Gott ſei? ob er einſt erfülle,
Was die Sehnſucht weinend ſich verſpricht?
Ob, vor irgend einem Weltgericht,
Sich dies räthſelhafte Sein enthülle?
Hoffen ſoll der Menſch! er frage nicht!

Die du ſo gern in heil'gen Nächten feierſt,
Und ſanft und weich den Gram verſchleierſt,
Der eine zarte Seele quält,
O Hoffnung! laß, durch dich empor gehoben,
Den Dulder ahnen, daß dort oben
Ein Engel ſeine Thränen zählt!

Wenn, längſtverhallt, geliebte Stimmen ſchweigen;
Wenn unter ausgeſtorbnen Zweigen
Verödet die Erinnrung ſteht:
Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlaßner trauert,
Und, von der Mitternacht umſchauert,
Sich auf verſunkne Urnen ſpäht:

Und blickt er auf, das Schickſal anzuklagen,
Wenn ſcheidend über ſeinen Tagen
Die letzten Strahlen untergehn:
Dann laß ihn, um den Rand des Erdentraumes,
Das Leuchten eines Weltenraumes
Von einer nahen Sonne ſehn! —

Aus den Blicken dieſer Hoffnung ſchimmert
Warmes Leben in den kalten Schooß
Eines Daſeins, dem ein hartes Loos
Jede Ruh und jeden Troſt verkümmert.
Wenn ſie aufgeht — o wie ſtill und groß!
Wie ein Engel, ſtill und groß erſcheinend!
Was Tyrannen hart und ſeelenlos
Vor ſich niedertraten, neigt ſich weinend,
Selig weinend hin auf ihren Schooß.

Süße Hoffnung! unter Friedensharfen
Bildete ſich dein Vergötterungstraum;
Kalter Todesſtürm' und Zweifel warfen
Nachtgewölk in dieſen lichten Raum.
Wankend irr' ich, wie in dunkler Höhle,
Die den Blick in's Freie mir beſchränkt;
Und die Seele — — doch was iſt die Seele?
Weißt du, wie ſie lebt, und wie ſie denkt?
Weißt du, ob ſie einſt noch retten werde
Dieſes Leben ihrer innern Welt,
Wenn um ſie das Haus von Erde,
Wo ſie wohnt, in Staub zerfällt?
Ihre Kraft, muß ſie durch Schmerzen reifen,
Ohne je der Reife ſich zu freun? —
Keine Antwort! dieſe Fragen greifen
Finſter in die Finſterniß hinein.
Nur ein ſchwermuthsvolles Mondgeflitter
Wirft ihr durchs Gefängnißgitter
Einen matten, kranken Strahl herein.
Ach! ſie ſchaut hinaus, und draußen wanken
Die Gedanken um ein weites Grab.
Blüthen ſinken, Früchte fallen ab
Von den Zweigen, ſo die Höhl' umranken.

Trat ich hin an den Naturaltar,
Um darauf als Opfer zu verbluten?
Bringt das Leben ſeine zwei Minuten
Zitternd der Vernichtung dar?
Leer war meine Stelle, eh' ich war:
Iſt der Schritt zum Nichtſein nicht derſelbe,
Der der Schritt vom Nichtſein iſt?
Sieh! wir treten in dies Prachtgewölbe,
Schaun hinauf, und ſcheiden unvermißt.
Frag' das Leben! hat es mehr zu ſagen?
Schleicht dort nicht in abgeblühten Tagen
Die Vergangenheit, wie ein Geſpenſt?
Frage dich, ob du den Mann noch kennſt,
Der, vom Glanze ſeiner Geiſtesgaben
Weggeſunken, nun im Dunkel lebt?
Eh' der Raſen uns begräbt,
Hat uns ſchon die Zeit begraben.

O, Natur! an deinem Blutaltar
Trifft die Zeit, und bringt den Stolz der Höhen,
Selbſt der Tugend heilige Trophäen
Bringt ſie dir, zu theuern Opfern, dar! —
Armes Daſein, das, ſich ſtolz erhebend,
Ueber ſeinen Raum hinüber lauſcht,
Immer, hin nach Idealen ſtrebend,
Mangel nur um andre Mangel tauſcht!
Eingeweiht zum Lichtgenoſſen,
Fragt der Forſcher, wo die Wahrheit wohnt;
Aber ſieh! der Himmel iſt verſchloſſen,
Wo die hohe Göttin thront.
Ach! wir ſpähn und ringen nur vergebens!
Nebelmaſſe ſtarrt um unſre Bahn;
Und am finſtern Eingang dieſes Lebens
Harret ſchon auf uns der Wahn,
Der uns fort durch jede Krümme
Labyrinthiſcher Gewinde reißt!
Dennoch hat die Wildniß eine Stimme,
Die uns Seligkeit und Licht verheißt. —

Seligkeit! — aus welcher lichten Sphäre
Warfſt du deine Schatten uns herab?
Dunkel ſpiegelt er in jeder Zähre,
Die auf Freudentrümmer fällt, ſich ab.
Neuer Fülle zündet tiefres Sehnen
In dem kummervollen Buſen an.
Einſt verarmt, was dürftig hier begann:
Warum fordern unſre Thränen,
Was kein Gott gewähren kann?

„Laß uns, ſpricht ein Weiſer, laß hienieden,
Wenn wir das erträumte Dort nicht ſchaun,
Laß durch Tugend uns den Frieden
Eines Erdenhimmels baun!“ —
Einen Frieden mitten im Getümmel
Dieſes wandelbaren Glücks?
Armes Herz! ſo baue deinen Himmel
In die Schranken eines Augenblicks! —
Möge ſich der hohe Weiſe rühmen,
Dieſe Weisheit zu verſtehn:
Sich den Weg zum Nichtſein zu beblümen:
Ich kann nicht ſo glorreich untergehn.
Winken dort nicht höhere Berufe:
Dann iſt Tod, und nichts, als Tod um mich!
O dann ſteht das Thier auf ſeiner Stufe
Höher, ſeliger, als ich!

Fröhlich zirpt die Grille durch die Haide,
Fröhlich hat ſie ein Mal ausgezirpt,
Wenn der Menſch mit jeder Freude,
Die dahin ſtirbt, Einmal ſtirbt.

O, Zerſtörung! welche Todeswunden
Drohn den feierlichſten Weiheſtunden!
In die Luſt verkleidet ſich der Schmerz.
Liebe! Lieb', um deine Roſentage
Flattert ſelig der bekränzte Scherz;
Dort ſieh hin! am ſtummen Sarkophage
Weint und blutet ein verwaiſtes Herz! —
Lieb' und Freundſchaft! müßt ihr ſo verſchwinden
Im Gebiete, das ein Wurm verheert?
Und ihr dürft ein Engelreich verkünden,
Das die großen Opferungen ehrt?

Dies Emporſchaun von dem engen Thale,
Iſt es Wahnſinn? iſt's ein Flug im Traum? —
Und doch leuchtet's oft in dieſem Raum,
Als ob Götterglanz vorüber ſtrahle. —
O, der edle, hohe Tugendſinn!
Wird er nie Vollendungskronen tragen?
Geißeln uns ſo zwecklos hundert Plagen
Durchs Gewühl des Lebens hin?
Eines Lebens, das wir nicht begreifen,
Wenn es darum nicht der Zeit entquoll,
Um an einer Ewigkeit zu reifen.
Welch ein Leben! Weißt du, was es ſoll?
Sieh es an! kein Fiebertraum iſt bunter:
Weiſe fallen, die ein Narr begräbt;
Hebra's Seelenlicht ging unter,
Und der düſtre Wahnſinn lebt!
Schau! hier ſinkt der Kindheit friſche Jugend,
Dort des Alters graue Kindheit hin!
Frag' das Laſter, frag' die Tugend!
Hat das Leben einen Sinn?

Iſt der Lichttag göttlicher Aurele,
Daß zur Nacht hinab zu ſinken, werth?
Wird die Nacht in der Tyrannenſeele
Nie zum heitern Lichttag aufgeklärt?
Bebend tret' ich an die dunkle Pforte,
Wo die trauernden Zypreſſen wehn;
Murmeln hör' ich dumpfe, düſtre Worte:
„Blühen, wachſen, welken und vergehn!“ —

Wag' es nicht, das Haupt empor zu heben!
Vor dir ſteht er, des Vernichters Thron;
Und zum Menſchen tritt das kalte Leben,
Spricht: „Ich bin das Elend; du mein Sohn!“ —
Ja, der Lufthauch, der den Halm umfächelt,
Hob das Röcheln einer Bruſt empor;
Und der Thau, worin die Roſe lächelt,
Drang, als Scheidethrän', einmal hervor!
Was erringt die junge Kraft des Strebens?
In dem zarten Pulſe klopft und dringt
Ein Zerſtörer an die Thür des Lebens,
Bis der Einbruch, den er droht, gelingt.

Sagt, verborgne Mächte! warum wüthen
So vom Sturme nieder unſre Blüthen?
Warum fällt der Menſch nicht unbedroht?
Wird ihm nichts den finſtern Gang vergüten?
Warum fühlt denn Er nur ſeinen Tod?
Sprecht! hat die Natur des Todes Schrecken
Darum in dies Daſein hingeſtellt,
Um den Erdentraum hinauf zu wecken
Zu der Feier einer Götterwelt?
Sagt! was giebt der Tugend Muth, zu handeln,
Kraft, ſich auf zu kämpfen, wenn ſie ſinkt,
Und getroſt den Klippenweg zu wandeln;
Wenn da drüben keine Krone winkt?

Wird die kalte Weisheit Fluthen hemmen,
Die der Sturm auf wilden Flügeln trägt?
Dieſe Welle, die das Ufer ſchlägt,
Wird, troz ihr, das Ufer überſchwemmen.
Mächtig dränget uns durch Luſt und Schmerz
Die Natur, von That zu That, hinüber.
Gib dem Herzen eine andre Fiber:
Und es iſt nicht mehr dies Herz;
Und es knüpfen andre Folgenreihen
Sich an andre Thatenreihen an.
Wenig von dem Mann, dem wir verzeihen,
Oder den wir richten, iſt der Mann.
Nur ein Funken Lebensfeuer minder
In Piedro's flammenreichem Blut:
Und er wurde nicht der grauſe Sünder,
Und Banina nicht ein Raub der Wuth.
Mit dem Rachedurſt der Eumeniden,
Der ſich flammend durch ſein Herz ergoß,
Mußt' er's rächen, daß die Gattin Frieden
Mit des Vaterlandes Mördern ſchloß.
Mußte — denn er hörte vor dem Grimme,
Der ihn aufſtürmt, keine ſüße Pflicht,
Hörte nicht der Unſchuld ſanfte Stimme,
Hört den Schrei der zarten Kinder nicht!

Welch ein Widerſtreit der Kräfte,
Der den Willen hier und dort hin reißt!
Iſt es Ebb' und Fluth der Nervenſäfte?
Iſt es Körper oder Geiſt?
Iſt der Menſch ans große Rad gekettet,
Das ſich ewig um ſich ſelber kreiſ't:
Was iſt unſre Tugend dann? was rettet
Dann die Freiheit unſerm Geiſt?
Tugend! Tugend! deine Kränze pflegend,
Feiert dich das ſtille Herz ſo gern;
Aber hin durch dieſe heitre Gegend
Zieht das Schickſal, wie ein Nebelſtern.
Dürfen wir von Freiheit träumen?
Fühlen wir bei jedem Schritte nicht
Unſre Ketten und ihr Laſtgewicht?
Heil'ge Stellen ſelber mußt du räumen,
Wenn gebieteriſch das Schickſal ſpricht.

Mögen wir dem Doppelzwang entfliehen?
Wir ſind Kinder der Natur
Und des Schickſals. Ihren Phantaſieen
Hingegebne Kinder ſind wir nur.
Sturm von außen, Sturm von innen
Reißt den Menſchen aus dem Schooß
Seiner Ruh; und frevelndes Beginnen
Iſt nicht Schuld, es iſt ſein Loos;
Iſt der Geiſt, der — unbekümmert,
Ob das Gute endlich ſiegt,
Oder ob's ein Raſender zertrümmert —
Durch das weite Leben fliegt.

Rauſchen hört der Menſch die dunkle Schwinge;
Die den Ozean der Welt bewegt,
Felſen hebt und Felſen niederſchlägt.
Stürmend reißt ihn fort die Fluth der Dinge!
Weiß er, wie? wohin die Fluth ihn trägt?
Ihre Welleneile jagt den Weiſern,
Wie den Thoren, hin durch Schmerz und Luſt.
Hart und drückend, kalt und eiſern
Liegt des Schickſals Hand auf unſrer Bruſt.

Tugend! Tugend! doch ſoll ich dich feiern!
Eine leiſe Stimm' im Herzen ſpricht's.
Ach! wer mag das Räthſel mir entſchleiern,
Daß der Menſch hier alles wird und nichts!

Sieh! da ſteh ich nun und wanke,
Gleich dem Wandrer auf beſchneiter Bahn.
Und in einem wüſten Ozean
Rudert, ohne Kompaß, mein Gedanke,
Ohne je dem Ufer ſich zu nahn.
Und kein Pharus wirft auf ſo viel Syrten,
So viel Klippen ein vollkommnes Licht.
Ach! kein Pharus leuchtet zu den Myrten,
Wo die Freiheit ihre Kränze flicht.

Tugend! Tugend! doch ſoll ich dich feiern!
Iſt's ein Gott, der, hinter dunkeln Schleiern,
Wunderbar zu meinem Herzen ſpricht?
Brannt' ein Gott dies Feuer ungeſtillter,
Heißer Sehnſucht tief ins Leben ein?
Werd' ich einſt, du heiliger Verhüllter,
Werd' ich freier, und dir näher ſein! —

Heil'ge Nacht! du führeſt deine Globen
Still und friedlich durch den Himmelsraum.
Wohnet Licht und Friede nur dort oben?
Iſt hienieden alles Traum?

Traumgeſtalten gleich, dahin geſchwunden
Sind, im wilden Kampfe des Gewühls,
Die erhabnen, großen Weiheſtunden
Unſers zarteſten Gefühls.

Hat der edle Sieger welke Kränze,
Hat er Todtenkränze nur gepflegt,
Die er, ſchwindend, an der öden Gränze
Dieſes Lebens niederlegt?

Ruhe, dich! dich ſuch' ich, holder Friede!
Suche dein Geſtirn am Himmel auf.
Tief im Dunkel, tief verirrt und müde,
Schließt dein Pilger ſeinen Lauf.

An meinen alten Ueberrock.

Zu Ende geht hier alles nachgerade;
Der Zedernwald, ſo wie der Roſenſtock,
Der Liebe Huld und Majeſtäten-Gnade,
Das Pallium und mein profaner Rock.
Mein guter Frack, an dem mit ihren Zähnen
Die alte Zeit ſchon hin und her genagt,
Die nichts verſchont, was wir auch ewig wähnen,
Die ſich ſogar an Pauli's Buch gewagt,
Worin er doch von hohen Excellenzen,
Voll Demuth, wie in Fürſtenhallen, ſpricht.
Er meint es gut, er meint in ihrem Licht
Zur Ewigkeit ſo mit hinein zu glänzen;
Die Motten nur erlaubten das ihm nicht.
Verzeih, o Frack, daß ich von dir mich ſcheide.
Luiſa ſelbſt, die doch ein ſchlechtes Kleid
Dem Manne gern, doch nie dem guten Kleide,
Das zu ihr tritt, den ſchlechten Mann verzeiht:
Luiſa meint, daß wir uns trennen müſſen;
Du ſeiſt, meint ſie, ein wenig angeriſſen;
Und weil ſie's meint, wohlan, ſo ſcheiden wir.
Ich lernt' in dir, und übe nun an dir
Die große Kunſt, das Liebſte ſelbſt zu miſſen.
Bei weitem zwar biſt du nicht ſo zerfetzt,

Als Ehren Kuhns durchlöchertes Gewiſſen,
Das er getroſt durchs Einmaleins erliegt.
Indeſſen blieb dir doch ſo manche Narbe,
Wir haben oft uns durchs Gebüſch gedrängt;
Dazu hat längſt die Pfirſichblüthen-Farbe
Der Sonnenſtrahl von dir hinweg geſengt;
Auch merk' ichs wohl, du biſt nicht im Geſchmacke
Der Mode mehr, die uns tyranniſirt:
Denn warum ſahn der Mann im ſeidnen Fracke,
Und jener Pfahl, mit Port-epee geziert,
So kalt auf mich, daß mich noch jetzt friert?
Was warf die wohlgeſteifte Frau Baläne
Verachtend mir mit hoher Miene vor?
Was bäumte ſich die hochgeborne Mähne
Des Löwenſterns ſo gegen mich empor?
Hab' ich's verdient? Ich läugn' es nicht, zuweilen
Bracht' ich mich ſelbſt um eine reiche Huld.
Mein lieber Frack, wir wollen ehrlich theilen,
Zum wenigſten trägſt du die halbe Schuld.
Doch mag es ſein! uns kann das wenig ſchaden.
Der Stern, der jetzt im vollem Glanze ſteht,
Kommt an ein Ziel, daß er im Trödelladen
Des Judenthums demüthig untergeht.
So traurig geht's dann unter, dieſes Hehre,
Dies Prachtgeſtirn im Nebel ſeines Lichts!
Und wie ging's auf in ſeiner Strahlenſphäre?
Groß wie die Pracht der ganzen Welt aus Nichts.
Ein ſolch Geſtirn — oft ſtrahlt es theure Wonne
Hinein ins Herz, nur wahres Leben nie!
Denn ſteht es nicht oft mit der Geiſtesſonne,
Wie man das nennt, in einer Aphelie!
Doch wollen wir der Hoheit es verzeihen,
Daß ſie vor uns in Wolken ſich verbarg;
Allein daß auch von ſchlichten Bürgerreihen
Kein Gruß auf uns herab fiel: das iſt arg!
Zwar weiß ich wohl, daß ſich das Ding, die Ehre,
Wie Thau, der ſich aus Nebel nieder ſenkt,
An Roſen und — an Diſtelköpfe hängt;
Doch lernt' ich auch in meiner Lebenslehre,
Daß uns das Ding in manchen Lagen drängt,
So daß wir oft nicht mehr entweichen können,
Zum wenigſten etwas dafür zu thun.
Ich möchte gern dich mir noch länger gönnen,
Mein guter Frack, allein wir müſſen nun.
Der Wohlſtand will's, wir müſſen nun uns trennen.
Du wirſt fortan von deinem Dienſte ruhn.
Du weißt es ſelbſt, in Kleiderſtolz zu praſſen,
War eben nie mein höchſter Lebenspunkt.
Wie hab' ich mich geſträubt, dich zu verlaſſen!
Nun aber ſieh! da liegt ſchon dein Adjunct.
Ich werde nichts bei dieſem Tauſch gewinnen,
Und meine Ruh iſt bald mit dir dahin!
Ich bleibe fort, zum wenigſten von innen,
Das, was ich war, und was ich jetzo bin.
Doch weiß ich wohl, daß Kleider Leute machen;
Nur Menſchen — nein, die machten ſie noch nicht;
Denn Klelia gehört noch zu den Drachen,
Pull iſt ein Narr und Kuhn ein Böſewicht:
Die alle Drei als Leute viel bedeuten,
Als Menſchen nur drei Seelenhülſen ſind.
So ſieht man denn, iſt man nicht gar zu blind,
An Titel, Staat und andern Außenſeiten,
Daß überall, auch unter hohen Leuten,
Viel Hülſenwerk und wenig Körner ſind.
Der Menſch iſt Menſch, die Leute ſind verſchieden.
Klaus war ein Menſch, ein echter Menſch, allein,
Was brachte das dem armen Hirten ein!
Er war als Hirt aufs Höchſte nur zufrieden!
Mit Menſchenſinn — ach! wer das Leben kennt,
Der weiß, man reicht nicht aus damit hienieden.
Man braucht noch mehr, man braucht zu ſeinem Frieden
Etwas von dem, was man die Leute nennt.
Nur dies beſeelt ein ſeelenloſes Leben;
Füllt aus, und wär's an Kopf und Herzen hohl.
Dies Etwas kannſt du mir nicht ferner geben.
Drum, lieber Frack, von Herzen Lebewohl!
Du biſt mit mir auf Einer Flur geboren;
Als Kind hab' ich wohl um das Lamm geſpielt,
Von welchem ſie zu dir die Wolle ſchoren;
Ob dies mein Herz vielleicht noch heimlich fühlt?
Es fühlt, daß ich von Sympathieen ſcheide,
Die man ſo ſchwer — ja wohl ſo ſchwer! gewinnt?
Ich weiß es nicht; ich weiß nur, daß wir beide
Bis jetzt ein Herz, Ein Geiſt geweſen ſind!
O lebe wohl! Ein Lebewohl zu ſagen,
Ziemt dem, der noch ein Herz im Buſen trägt;
Und du, du haſt das meinige getragen,
Das heut in dir zum letzten Male ſchlägt.
Mein treuer Frack, von dem ich ungern ſcheide,
Warſt mein Gefährt' in Regen, Sturm und Schnee.
Mit dir beſtieg ich meine Lieblings-Höh,
Und blickt' hinaus ins offne Feld der Freude.
Mit dir durchſtreift' ich Felſenkluft und Haide,
Den Abendwald, worin der Uhu heult.
Mit dir hat oft bei jener Thränenweide,
Wann's dämmerte, die Wehmuth ſich verweilt.
Mein guter Frack, ſo Alles, Harm und Freude,
Haſt du getreu, als Freund, mit mir getheilt;
Und, wenn mein Geiſt im öden Lebensſchwarme
Trotz allem Kampf, am Ende dort erlag,
Wie flog ich dann erlöſt in deine Arme
Hin zum Erſatz für den verlornen Tag!
Verſtrömt war nun, wovon ich jetzt noch gähne,
Die Schwätzerfluth; die um mein Ohr geſchäumt.
Verſchwunden war die ſteife Frau Baläne,
Mit Stickerei beſäet und beſäumt!
Ich durfte nun die feierliche Mähne
Des Löwenſterns, die ſich zu hoch gebäumt,
Mit freiem Spott ein wenig niederziehen;
Nun durfte ſich mein holder Genius
Mir freundlich nahn, um mir mit ſeinem Kuß
Die Bitterkeit des Zwanges zu verſüßen.
Nun ſpielte ſanft die liebliche Magie
Der Geiſteskraft um meinen freien Buſen.
Ich war ein Gott, ich lag im Arm der Muſen,
Ein Leben quoll wie lauter Melodie
Aus mir hervor; und weg von dem Gewimmel
Des Poſſenſpiels, das ſeine Puppenwelt
Mit viel Geſchrei und wirrigem Getümmel
Fein aufgeſteift auf ſeine Bude ſtellt,
Flog ich empor zu meinem Sternenhimmel,
Wo unberührt vom Lärm der Puppenwelt
Die Stille wohnt, zu der mein Herz ſich hält.
O dieſen Geiſt der feierlichſten Stunden,
Den hohen Sinn der weiſen Mitternacht
Hab' ich in dir, mein guter Frack, empfunden!
Das Würdigſte hab' ich in dir gedacht;
Und iſt einmal mein Grab nicht ganz verſchwunden,
Mit dir hab' ich den kleinen Kranz erwacht;
Drum möcht ich gern ein wenig dich vergöttern!
Und grünt mir einſt aus meiner Muſenzeit
Ein kleines Reis von den berühmten Blättern,
Die Franz, der Koch, an meine Suppe ſtreut:
So ſei auch dir davon ein Blatt geweiht!

Johann Heinrich Tieftrunk

ward 1760 zu Stove bei Roſtock geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und promovirte als Doctor der Philoſophie. Zuerſt als Nachmittagsprediger, dann am Joachimsthal zu Berlin angeſtellt, erhielt er durch ſeine Schriften ſolchen Ruf, daß er 1792 zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Philoſophie in Halle gewählt ward, woſelbſt er 1838 in hohem Alter ſtarb. Von ihm erſchien:

Einzig möglicher Zweck Jeſu aus dem Grundgeſetze der Religion entwickelt. Berlin, 1793. 2. Aufl.

Cenſur des chriſtlich-proteſtantiſchen Lehrbegriffs. Berlin, 1791—1794. 3 Bde.

Die Mündigkeit der Religion. Berlin, 1800. 2 Bde.

Philoſophiſche Unterſuchungen über das Privat- und öffentliche Recht. Berlin, 1797—1799. 2 Bde.

Philoſophiſche Unterſuchungen über die Tugendlehre. Halle, 1805. 2 Bde.
Grundriß der Sittenlehre. Halle, 1803. 2 Bde.
Die Denklehre im reindeutſchen Gewande. Halle. 1825.
Das Weltall nach menſchlicher Anſicht. Halle, 1821.

Ein ſehr ſcharfſinniger Denker der Kantiſchen Sch der das Syſtem ſeines Meiſters mit Erfolg weiter bilden ſuchte und vorzüglich auf dem Gebiete der R gionsphiloſophie und Moral Erfreuliches leiſtete.

Chriſtian Friedrich Timme

war 1752 zu Arnſtadt geboren und lebte als Privatgelehrter zu Erfurt, wo er am 7. Juni 1788 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Luſtſpiele:
Der abgedankte Officier. Erfurt, 1778.
Die gute Ehefrau. Erfurt, 1779.
Der ſchöne Lieutenant. Erfurt, 1781.
Der Tauſch der Brüder. Erfurt, 1781.

Romane:
Faramond's Familiengeſchichten. Erfurt, 177 1781.
Der empfindſame Maurus Pancratius Ogor nus Kurt. Erfurt, 1781—1783.

T. war nicht ohne Talent für das Komiſche, be beitete jedoch die von ihm gewählten Stoffe zu oberfl lich, um ſich eines dauernden Beifalles zu erfreuen.

Johann Friedrich Wilhelm Tiſcher

ward am 5. Auguſt 1767 zu Deutſchen geboren, ſtudirte und promovirte als Doctor der Philoſophie zu Leipzig und wurde 1793 Paſtor in ſeiner Vaterſtadt. 1796 ging er als Superintendent nach Jüterbogk, 1798 nach Plauen im Voigtlande. 1802 wurde er zum Doctor der Theologie, 1815 zum Ritter des Civilverdienſtordens gewählt. Seit 1823 wirkte er als Superintendent zu Pirna. Er veröffentlichte:

Lebensbeſchreibungen berühmter Reformatoren. Leipzig, 1793—1804. (10 Thle.; auch einzeln zu haben).
Pſychologiſche Predigtentwürfe. Leipzig, 1795—1798.
Sinngedichte. Leipzig, 1800.
Predigten über das menſchliche Herz. Lei 1825.
Beobachtungen des menſchlichen Herzens. Gnomen. Dresden, 1820.
Einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

Ein ausgezeichneter Denker, deſſen biographiſche beiten wie ſeine Kanzelreden ſowohl um der vortreffli pſychologiſchen Entwickelung, wie um der meiſterha Darſtellung willen, ihm einen ſehr geachteten Na erwarben.

Friedrich Wilhelm Tittmann

ward am 29. April 1784 zu Wittenberg geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1800 zu Leipzig und Wittenberg die Rechte, promovirte in der philoſophiſchen Facultät und wurde 1804 als geheimer Archivscanzliſt in Dresden angeſtellt. In der Muße, welche dieſe Stellung ihm gewährte, machte er große hiſtoriſch-politiſche Studien, die ihm bald auch öffentliche Anerkennung verſchafften. 1822 wurde er Doctor der Rechte, 1823 Oberconſiſtorialrath und 1836 Archivar zu Dresden, wo er noch lebt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber den Bund der Amphiktyonen. Berlin, 1812.
Ideen zur Politik und Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staatengeſellſchaft. Dresden, 1816.
Ueber Erkenntniß und Kunſt in der Geſchichte. Dresden, 1817.
Darſtellung der Verfaſſung des deutſchen B des. Leipzig, 1818.
Darſtellungen der griechiſchen Staatsverf ſungen. Berlin und Leipzig, 1822.
Geſammelte Blätter aus Wilhelms Papier Dresden, 1825.
Ueber Cenſur und Preßfreiheit, in Pölis J büchern. 1832.
Ueber die Beſtimmung der Gelehrten. Be 1833.
Blicke auf die Bildung unſerer Zeit. Lei 1835.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Ein durch reiche Wiſſenſchaftlichkeit, wie durch grü liche Forſchung und meiſterhafte Darſtellung gleich ausgezeichneter Hiſtoriker und Publiciſt, deſſen Stu auf dem Gebiete griechiſcher Geſchichte und Politik mentlich, von bleibender Geltung ſind.

Johann Peter Titz

ward am 10. Januar 1619 zu Liegnitz geboren, ſtudirte zu Danzig und Roſtock und bekleidete am Danziger Gymnaſium zuerſt die Stelle eines Conrectors, ſpäter eines Profeſſors der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit. Er ſtarb am 7. September 1689.

Von ihm erſchien:

Lucretia, ein epiſches Gedicht. Danzig, ohne Jahrs
Unterricht zur deutſchen Poeſie. Danzig, 164

Ein unbedeutender Poet, deſſen Lucretia eben ſo fehlt war wie ſeine deutſche Poetik.

Johann Tobler

ward am 8. April 1732 zu St. Margaretha im Rheinthal geboren, ſtudirte zu Zürich und wirkte zuerſt als Katechet der Gemeinde zu Unterſtraß bei Zürich. 1754 ward er als Pfarrer nach Emmingen, 1768 als Diaconus am Frauenmünſter nach Zürich verſetzt. Seit 1777 war er an der Großmünſterkirche daſelbſt zweiter Archidiaconus und zweiter Chorherr. Er ſtarb am 3. Februar 1808. Von ihm erſchien:

Sämmtliche Erbauungsſchriften. Zürich, 1776.
Blätter vermiſchten Inhalts. Zürich, 1783.
Kanzelvorträge. Zürich, 1769.
Predigten für die Familienandacht. Offenbach, 1788.
Auferſtehungslehre des Apoſtels Paulus in zehn Predigten. Zürich, 1792.
Predigten bei beſonderen Gelegenheiten. Halle, 1801.
Oden. Zürich, 1805.

T. erwarb ſich zu ſeiner Zeit einen geachteten Namen durch ſeine Kanzelreden und Erbauungsſchriften, welche ſich durch Wärme, Klarheit, Würde und Einfachheit vortheilhaft auszeichnen. — Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen ſind dagegen unbedeutend.

Toggenburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Ernſt Heinrich Toelken,

ward am 1. November 1785 zu Bremen geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen und machte 1808 mit dem Baron Otto von Stackelberg eine Fußreiſe nach Rom. 1811 habilitirte er ſich als Doctor der Philoſophie und Lehrer der Alterthumswiſſenſchaften zu Göttingen; 1816 folgte er dem Rufe als außerordentlicher Profeſſor an die Univerſität zu Berlin, wo er nicht lange darauf wirklicher Profeſſor, Secretär der Academie der Künſte und Director des Antiquariums bei dem königlichen Muſeum wurde. König Friedrich Wilhelm IV. ernannte ihn bei der Huldigung zum Geheimen Regierungsrath.

Er gab heraus:

Ueber das Basrelief und den Unterſchied der Plaſtik und Malerei. Berlin, 1815.
Ankündigung und Plan wiſſenſchaftlicher Vorträge über die Mythologie, beſonders der Griechen. Göttingen, 1813.
Rede bei der Gedächtnißfeier Rafaels zu Berlin. Berlin, 1820.
Ueber das verſchiedene Verhältniß der antiken und modernen Malerei zur Poeſie. Berl., 1822.
Berliner Kunſtblatt, von Toelken und Förſter. 1828—1829.
Ueber den proteſtantiſchen Geiſt aller wahren Kunſt und deren neuere Entwickelung in Deutſchland. Berlin, 1839.

Einer der vorzüglichſten lebenden Forſcher und Kritiker auf dem theoretiſchen Gebiete der Künſte, deſſen Schriften, durch die in denſelben vorherrſchende reiche Gelehrſamkeit, Gründlichkeit, Verſtändlichkeit und meiſterhafte Darſtellung ihm einen hochgeachteten Namen erwarben.

Tomaſini, ſ. J. H. Weſtphal.

Karl Töpfer

iſt der Sohn eines geheimen Archivars, und 1792 zu Berlin geboren. Er genoß daſelbſt eine gute klaſſiſche Ausbildung, allein unwiderſtehliche Neigung trieb ihn auf das Theater. Von Strelitz, wo ſein Erfolg gering war, ging er nach Breslau, von da nach Brünn, endlich 1815, einem Rufe folgend, auf das Wiener Burgtheater, wo er zwar Glück machte, aber bald erkannte, daß er mehr zum Bühnendichter, als zum Mimen berufen ſei. Er ſchrieb in belletriſtiſchen Journalen, bald auch Bühnenſtücke, die ſich ſchnell der armen Repertoirs weit und breit bemächtigten. 1820 verließ er das Theater, erwarb ſich 1822 von Göttingen durch eine Abhandlung über die griechiſche Tragödie das philoſophiſche Doctordiplom und zog nach Hamburg, woſelbſt er, einer Bühne nahe, welche ſeine Stücke gut und mit Beifall aufführt und die er in ſeinem Blatt „Thalia" durch wohlwollende Kritiken zu heben ſtrebt, als Privatgelehrter lebt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

a) Dramatiſche:

Der Tagesbefehl, Drama. 1810.
Der Empfehlungsbrief.
Hermann und Dorothea.
Ein Stündchen Incognito.
Spenden für Thalien's Tempel. Leipzig, 1823.
Luſtſpiele. Berlin, 1830—38. 3 Bde.
Karl der Zwölfte auf der Heimkehr.
Gebrüder Foſter.
Die Einfalt vom Lande.
Die Zurückſetzung.
Die Waſſerkur.

b) Novelliſtiſche:

Zeichnungen aus meinem Wanderleben. Hannover, 1823.
Der Herr im grünen Frack. Caſſel, 1827.
Muck Kobold und Peter Meffert. Caſſel, 1827.
Der lebende Todte. Caſſel, 1828.
Ferner Erzählungen, Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u.ſ.w.

Gute Erfindung, ein raſcher und lebendiger Dialog, reicher Witz, Lebenswahrheit und eine gewandte Behandlung haben ſeinen dramatiſchen Leiſtungen allgemeinen Beifall erworben, ſo daß er mit Recht zu den beliebteſten Luſtſpieldichtern der Gegenwart gehört.

Joſeph Auguſt Graf zu Törring,

geboren am 1. December 1763, lebte zu München als bairiſcher Reichsrath, Staatsminiſter und Präſident des Staatsraths, auch Ritter des St. Georgs- und Großkreuz des Civilverdienſtordens. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 9. April 1826. Von ihm erſchienen:

Agnes Bernauerin, Trauerſpiel. München, 1780. Mannheim, 1791.
Kaſpar der Thoringer. Klagenfurth, 1785.

Beide Stücke, Nachbildungen des Goethiſchen Götz von Berlichingen, zeichneten ſich durch inneres Leben, conſequente Durchführung der Charaktere, intereſſante Situationen und treffliche Diction aus und haben ſich daher lange auf der Bühne erhalten, auf der ſie hier und da ſelbſt jetzt noch gern geſehen werden.

Balthaſar Ludwig Tralles

ward am 1. März 1708 zu Breslau geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig und Halle Medicin, und practicirte mit ſolchem Erfolg, daß er die glänzendſten Einladungen an verſchiedene Höfe erhielt. Doch ſchlug er alle aus und blieb in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, vom Herzog von Gotha 1767 zum Rath, vom König von Polen 1787 zum Hofrath ernannt; er ſtarb am 7. Febr. 1797. — Er veröffentlichte:

Verſuch eines Gedichts über das ſchleſiſche Rieſengebirge. Leipzig, 1750.
Zufällige Betrachtungen über Leſſing's Nathan. Berlin, 1779.
Schreiben von der deutſchen Sprache und Literatur. Berlin, 1782.

Ein Nachahmer Haller's, der jedoch weit hinter demſelben zurückblieb.

Ernſt Chriſtian Trapp

ward am 8. November 1745 zu Drage in Holſtein geboren, zeigte früh große Neigung und Anlage zum Pädagogen, die er als Lehrer an den Schulen zu Segeberg, Itzehoe, Altona und am Philantropin zu Deſſau ausbildete. 1779 folgte er dem Ruf als Profeſſor der Pädagogik nach Halle, legte dies Amt aber 1783 nieder, um das Campe'ſche Inſtitut auf dem Hammerdeich bei Hamburg zu übernehmen. Nach drei Jahren ging er als Schulrath nach Wolfenbüttel und lebte da bis an ſeinen, am 18. April 1818 erfolgten Tod. Er gab heraus:

Unterredungen mit der Jugend. Hamburg und Kiel, 1775.
Tägliches Handbuch für die Jugend. Hamburg und Kiel, 1784.
Theologiſcher Beweis, daß Doctor Bahrdt Schuld am Erdbeben in Calabrien ſei. Hamburg und Kiel, 1786.
Debatten, Beobachtungen und Verſuche. Braunſchweig, 1789.
Neue Sammlung von Reiſebeſchreibungen. Braunſchweig, 1794.
Pädagogik. Berlin, 1780.
Friederike Weiß und ihre Töchter. Berlin, 1805.
Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

T. war bedeutender durch ſeine practiſchen Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete der Pädagogik, als durch ſeine theoretiſchen; noch unbedeutender aber ſind ſeine ſatyriſchen Verſuche.

Johann Gottlieb Trautſchold,

iſt am 26. Februar 1777 zu Peineck im Saalfeld'ſchen geboren und lebte nach ſeinen akademiſchen Jahren zuerſt als Hauslehrer bei dem Grafen Schulenburg. Im Jahre 1807 wurde er Diakonus zu Friedrichſtadt bei Dresden, 1814 Paſtor zu Gröbern und Großdobritz bei Meißen. Seit 1824 iſt er Paſtor zu Kötzſchenbroda bei Dresden. Von ihm erſchien:

Das Leben der Andacht, in 100 geiſtlichen Liedern. Leipzig, 1817. Zweites Hundert, 1820.
Kleine Bilderwelt. Meißen, 1821.
Bibelgenuß in dichteriſchen Darſtellungen. Meißen, 1823.
Einzelne Predigten, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in der Abendzeitung und anderen Journalen.

Innigkeit, Klarheit, reiche Phantaſie, Wärme des Gefühls und treffliche Behandlung der Sprache und Form, verleihen den Predigten und Gedichten, beſonders aber den religiöſen Liedern dieſes wackeren Geiſtlichen einen wahren und bleibenden Werth.

Hans Karl Heinrich von Trautzſchen

ward am 26. Juni 1730 zu Wittgendorf bei Zeitz geboren und diente vom Jahre 1755 an im ſächſiſchen Militär. Im Jahre 1763 trat er in den Privatſtand zurück, nahm jedoch 1778 von Neuem eine Stelle bei dem Generalſtabe an, die ihm zu Ernſtthal im Schönburgiſchen ſeinen Aufenthalt anwies. Seit 1784 privatiſirte er zu Dresden, mit dem Titel eines ſächſiſchen Obriſtlieutenants; und ſtarb daſelbſt am 26. October 1812.

Er veröffentlichte:

Militäriſche und literariſche Briefe. Leipzig, 1769.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Chemnitz, 1771.
Deutſches Theater. Leipzig, 1772. (Nachdruck. Prag, 1774.)

Den meiſten Beifall erwarben ſeine dramatiſchen Arbeiten, vorzüglich ſeine Trauerſpiele, welche zu ihrer Zeit gern auf der Bühne geſehn wurden.

Johann Friedrich Treitſchke,

im Jahre 1785 zu Leipzig geboren, privatiſirte längere Zeit in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, bis er als k. k. Hofoperndichter und Regiſſeur nach Wien berufen ward. Er lebt dort jetzt als Doctor der Philoſophie und k. k. Hofökonom.

Er gab heraus:

Singſpiele nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Wien, 1803—1808. 3 Bde.
Mit Streckfuß: Muſenalmanach auf 1805. Wien.
Taſchenbuch für 1807. Wien.
Gedichte. Wien, 1817.

T. wußte franzöſiſche Sing- und Luſtſpiele mit großer Gewandtheit auf die deutſche Bühne zu verpflanzen; ſeine lyriſchen Poeſieen fanden dagegen geringere Beachtung bei dem Publikum, obwohl manche, wie z. B. die hier mitgetheilten vortrefflich ſind.

Polychloros.

I.

Heute, wo der Spätherbſt ſcheidet,
Spärlich nur die Sonne lacht,
Bricht ins Leben Polychloros
Aus der Chryſaliden Nacht.

Fliegt hinab, hinan, durch Auen,
Ueber Wieſen, Wald und Flur;
Aber reizlos, gelblich trauernd
Starret ringsum die Natur.

Matt vom irren, langen Wandern
Weilt er auf entlaubtem Baum,
Putzt die Aeuglein mit den Füßen,
Möcht erwecken dunklen Traum;

Denn ihm iſt: als andres Weſen,
Einſt in einer andren Welt,
War ihm, was er jetzt vermiſſet,
Reich und herrlich beigeſellt.

Damals ſah er grün die Bäume,
Blumen viel, die nicht mehr ſind.
Und die Sonne ſchien viel wärmer,
Und die Lüfte wehten lind.

Damals hatt' er keine Flügel,
Doch auch keiner Wünſche Qual.
Wenige verſchlungne Zweige
Galten ihm für Berg und Thal.

Ach, da wohnten mit ihm Brüder
In geſchloſſnen, engen Reihn.
Jetzt auf ungemeſſner Weite
Iſt er einſam und allein.

Alſo blickt die Sehnſucht düſter
Nach vergangner Tage Zier.
Pfeifend warnt der Sturm aus Norden:
„Polychloros, flieh von hier!

Nicht verſchwende Zeit und Kräfte,
Kämpfend gegen dein Geſchick.
Was du ſchlummernd einſt verloren,
Kehrt im Schlummer dir zurück!“

Dort der Kirchhofmauer Spalte
Nimmt den armen Pilger auf.
Ungeſtörte ſtille Ruhe
Zeiget freudeleerem Lauf.

II.

Winter iſt vorübergangen,
Frühling nahet ſchmuckbegränzt;
Knospen ſchwellen voll Verlangen,
Primeln ſtehen, Glocken hangen,
Und das Chor der Tulpen glänzt.

Alles lebt und webet wieder,
Käfer, Bienen ſummen ſchon,
Fiſche ſchwimmen auf und nieder,
Vöglein üben neu die Lieder,
Die mit ihnen weit entflohn.

Auch zu Polychloros Zelle
Dringt des Zaubers ſtarke Macht.
Sanft durchwärmt vom Lebensquelle,
Küßt ihn eines Zephyrs Welle,
Und er regt ſich, — dehnt ſich, — wacht!

Schlüpfend taumelnd vor ins Freie,
Sieht die theure Kinderwelt:
Grüne Bäume, Himmelsbläue,
Bunte Blüth' und Blumenreihe, —
Alles feſtlich aufgeſtellt.

Fliegt hinab, hinan, durch Auen,
Ueber Wieſen, Wald und Flur,
Schaut, und kann nicht ſatt ſich ſchauen,
Mag ſich Eines kaum vertrauen:
Seines Gleichen fehl' ihm nur!

„Wem gehört die dunkle Hülle,
Die ſich ungeduldig rührt?
Lauſchen will ich leiſ' und ſtille,
Welchen Zweck ſie wohl erfülle,
Ob ſie auch den Frühling ſpürt?“

Jetzt! o jetzt! die Schaale ſpaltet, —
Polychloros ſieht ſein Bild,
Das ſich regſam raſch entfaltet,
Mit den Schwingen wogt und waltet,
Herwärts lächelnd freundlich mild.

Wechſelworte ſchnell entbrennen:
„Liebchen, ſprich, wie kenn' ich dich?“
„„Dich auch, Lieber, ſoll ich kennen!““
„Immer möcht' ich mein dich nennen.“
„„Immer dein, ſo nenne mich!““

Und noch vor dem Mittagsſtrahle
Hat er ſich die Braut errafft,
Tanzt mit ihr im goldnen Saale,
Ißt und trinkt zum Feiermahle
Zuckerſtaub und Honigſaft.

Wie ſie küſſen, flattern, ringen, —
Nehmen, was Natur gebot!
Höher kann nicht Wonne bringen! —
Abends, wenn Cicaden ſingen,
Eine ein [illegible] war.

Treizſaurwein, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Friedrich Freiherr von der Trenck,

mehr wegen ſeiner ſonderbaren und unglücklichen Schickſale, als durch ſeine Schriften bekannt, wurde am 16. Februar 1726 zu Königsberg geboren. Nachdem er frühzeitig ſeine academiſchen Studien abgebrochen hatte, trat er 1744 bei dem Ausbruche des zweiten ſchleſiſchen Krieges als Adjutant in Friedrich's II. Dienſt. Die verhängnißvolle Verwandtſchaft mit dem berüchtigten Pandurenoberſt führte ihn, wegen Verdacht des Verraths auf die Feſtung Glaz. Verſuche zu Flucht ſteigerten des Königs Erbitterung, endlich entkam er nach einer Fußreiſe von 168 Meilen zu ſeiner Mutter. Jezt wollte er wirklich begehen, wofür er ſchon beſtraft war: aber Franz von der Trenck war bereits gefangen und nicht dazu geneigt. Er ging nach Moskau, von da nach Danzig, wo er, obwohl Rittmeiſter in kaiſerlichen Dienſten, von preußiſcher Seite aufgehoben ward, um in ein unüberwindliches Gefängniß nach Magdeburg gebracht zu werden. Erſt im December 1763 durfte er wieder nach Prag gehen. Er führte von nun an ein unſtätes Leben in Wien, Aachen, Spaa und Mannheim; erſt Friedrich Wilhelm II. gab ihm ſeine confiscirten Güter in Preußen zurück. Aber ſein wilder Geiſt rannte ſeinem Untergange entgegen; er begab ſich nach Paris mitten in die Stürme der Revolution und wurde durch eine Ironie des Schickſals am 25. Juli 1794 als Spion der fremden Mächte auf Robespierre's Befehl guillotinirt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Sämmtliche Gedichte und Schriften. Leipzig, 1786. 8 Thle.

Lebensbeſchreibung. Berlin und Wien, 1786. 4 Bde.

Große Lebendigkeit, Freiheitsliebe und Witz charakteriſiren ſeine Schriften, denen jedoch ſtrenggenommen nur des Verfaſſers Schickſale wahres Intereſſe verliehen.

Gottfried Reinhold Treviranus

war am 4. Juli 1776 zu Bremen geboren, ſtudirte von 1793—1796 zu Göttingen Medicin und Naturwiſſenſchaften und wurde 1797 als Profeſſor der Mathematik an dem Lyceum ſeiner Vaterſtadt angeſtellt. Später wirkte er ſegensreich als praktiſcher Arzt, ohne jedoch auch der theoretiſchen Medicin, obwohl mit wenig Freude an ihren neueren Richtungen, ungetreu zu werden. Er ſtarb zu Bremen, am 16. Februar 1837.

Von ihm erſchien:

Phyſiologiſche Fragmente. Hannover, 1797—1799. 2 Bde.

Biologie oder Philoſophie der lebenden Natur. Göttingen, 1802—1822. 6 Bde.

Erſcheinungen und Geſetze des organiſchen Lebens. Bremen, 1831—1832. 2. Bde.

Die Lehre vom Geſchlecht der Pflanzen. Bremen, 1822.

Scharfſinn, gründliche Forſchung, Ideenreichthum und eine vortreffliche Darſtellung weiſen ſeinen Schriften, beſonders ſeiner Biologie, in welcher er ſich dem Syſteme Schelling's anſchloß, einen hohen Rang an.

Daniel Wilhelm Triller

ward am 10. Februar 1695 zu Erfurt geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1713 zu Leipzig die Medicin und trat daſelbſt, nachdem er 1718 zu Halle die Doctorwürde erhalten hatte, als Docent in ſeiner Facultät auf. 1720 wurde er Landphyſikus zu Merſeburg, 1730 aber Leibarzt des Erbprinzen von Naſſau-Saarbrück, den er bis 1732 durch die Schweiz, Holland und Frankreich begleitete. 1744 wurde er ordentlicher Rath und Leibarzt des damals zu Frankfurt am Main befindlichen Reichs-Hofrathscollegiums, dem er aber nur ein Jahr treu blieb, indem er im nächſten Jahre zum Leibarzt des Herzogs von Sachſen-Weißenfels ernannt ward. Bei dem Tode deſſelben, erhielt er 1746 die erſte mediciniſche Profeſſur in Wittenberg, mit dem Character eines königl. polniſchen und kurfürſtlich ſächſiſchen Hofraths und Leibarztes. Er ſtarb in hohem Alter, am 22. Mai 1782.

Er gab heraus:

Neue äſopiſche Fabeln. Hamburg, 1740. 1750.

Der ſächſiſche Prinzenraub. Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1743.

Poetiſche Betrachtungen. Hamburg, 1725—1739. 1750—1755. 6 Thle.

Der Wurmſaamen, Heldengedicht. Hamburg, 1751.

Die geprüfte Pockeninoculation, phyſikaliſch-moraliſches Gedicht. Frankfurt a. M., 1766.

Ein eifriger Anhänger Gottſched's und ein heftiger Gegner Klopſtock's, deſſen Richtung er in ſeinem komiſchen Epos, der Wurmſaamen, zu bekämpfen ſuchte, fehlte es T. an Allem, was man von einem Dichter fordern muß; nur eine gewiſſe Glätte und Sauberkeit in Behandlung der Form iſt ihm nicht abzuſprechen. Ohne Begeiſterung, Kraft, Gedanken und Natürlichkeit, blieb er ein mittelmäßiger Reimer ſein ganzes Leben hindurch. Folgendes Pröbchen wird das hier Geſagte vollkommen beſtätigen.

Aus Triller's Sächſiſchem Prinzenraube.

Wie ſich ein Geier früh in ferne Höhen ſchwinget,
Und mit geſchärftem Blick in niedre Gegend dringet,
Bis er an einem Bach ein ſichres Täubchen ſchaut,
Das ſeine Federn putzt, und ſeiner Unſchuld traut,
Sich dann im Kreiſe dreht, urplötzlich niederſchießet,
Das unverwarnte Thier an Klau und Schnabel ſpießet,
Es mit ſich aufwärts reißt, die Lüfte ſchnell zertheilt,
Und mit dem warmen Raub nach ſeinem Lager eilt:
So eilte gleichfalls Kunz mit dem erhaſchten Raube,
Nicht anders, wie allhier der Geier mit der Taube,
Nach ſeinem Raubneſt zu, das er in Hoffnung ſah,
Denn Böhmen lag bereits auf halbe Meile nah.

Hier dacht er ſich nun bald in Sicherheit zu ſchauen,
Hier wollt' er ſeinen Raub der Veſtung anvertrauen,
Hier ſann er ſchon im Geiſt auf großes Löſegeld,
Und was ein ſüßer Wahn ihm ſonſt noch fürgeſtellt.
Doch wollte wechſelsweis die feſte Hoffnung wanken,
Der Reiter lag ihm noch zu friſch in den Gedanken:
Wie, ſprach er bei ſich ſelbſt, komm' ich nach Freiberg hin?
Was hab' ich da zu thun? es will mir nicht in Sinn;
Vielleicht will ſich mit mir der Churfürſt dort vergleichen,
Vielleicht will er daſelbſt mir alles überreichen
Und willig zugeſtehn, was ich ohn' alle Frucht,
Zum Vortheil meines Rechts, bisher bei ihm geſucht.
So, und doch anders nicht, weiß ich dies zu erklären,
Was mir der Geiſt geſagt; ſonſt werd' ich nie begehren,
Nach Freiberg hin zu ziehn, ſo lang' der Churfürſt nicht
Mir billigen Vergleich und neue Huld verſpricht.

Doch Freiberg war das Wort, das Cunzen zittern machte;
So oft er nur daran in ſeinem Sinn gedachte,
Doch wußt' er nicht warum! er ſann zwar hin und her,
Allein es war umſonſt, ſein Herze blieb ihm ſchwer:
So pflegt der arme Menſch in dieſen Eitelkeiten
Was Böſes öfters gut, und Gutes ſchlimm zu deuten,
So wird oft Schädliches vor Nützliches erwählt,
Weil ihm das wahre Licht zu der Erklärung fehlt.

Nun waren ſie zum Wald bei Wieſenthal gekommen;
Nachdem die Sonnengluth um Mittag zugenommen;
Ach, Cunz! fing endlich hier Prinz Albrecht ſchmachtend an,
Ich kann nicht weiter fort, es iſt um mich gethan,
Die Kräfte ſind erſchöpft, ich kann mit leerem Magen
So einen harten Trab nun länger nicht vertragen,
Da ich den halben Tag und faſt die ganze Nacht
So ohne Koſt und Trank, als ſchlaflos, zugebracht.
Bedenk' doch, was du thuſt, bedenke meine Jahre,
Und wirf mich nicht ſo jung ſchon auf die Todtenbahre,
Erwäge meine Noth und meiner Eltern Leid,
Und übe gegen ſie und mich Barmherzigkeit.
Gönn' mir ein wenig Ruh, mich wiederum zu laben,
Gieb etwas Speiſe her, ſo gut ſie hier zu haben,
Ach! reiche mir doch nur ein wenig Waſſers dar,
Sonſt komm' ich ganz gewiß in tödtliche Gefahr.

Doch dieſen Einfall ſchien der Schutzgeiſt beizutragen,
Denn ob dem zarten Prinz gleich länger fort zu jagen,
Faſt unerträglich fiel; ob Durſt und Hunger gleich
Ihm mächtig zugeſetzt; war er doch nicht ſo weich,
Den annoch kurzen Ritt nicht weiter auszuſtehen;
Vielmehr dacht' er hierdurch den Stricken zu entgehen,
Er hörte fern und nah, wie man zum Stürmen ſchlug,
Und alſo meinet' er, durch einigen Verzug,
Die ihnen nachgeeilt, auf rechte Spur zu bringen,
Daß ſie ihn löſeten, den Cunzen aber fingen:
Auch in dem Walde ſelbſt hofft er Jemand zu ſehn,
Dem er erzählen könnt', was ihm zu Leid geſchehn,
Der ihm behülflich wär', ſich glücklich loszureißen,
Voraus, wenn er zugleich ihm großen Lohn verheißen,
Drum ſtellte ſich der Prinz ſo ſchwach und hungrig an,
Damit er, wie gedacht, nur Zeit und Raum gewann.

Cunz, mehr von Scham und Angſt, als Mitleid, angetrieben,
Zwang ſich nun auch einmal, ein gutes Werk zu üben,
Er hub den Prinz vom Pferd, und führt ihn bei der Hand
In kühlen Wald hinein, damit er Schatten fand.
Fünf Reiter, die dabei, hieß er voraus zu reiten,
Und Schweinitz und ein Knecht blieb bei ihm, zum Begleiten.
Weil es nun in dem Wald viel reifer Erdbeer gab,
Las Cunz die beſten aus, und brach die rothſten ab,
Mit dieſen von Natur umſonſt geſchenkten Früchten
In ſeiner Mattigkeit den Prinzen aufzurichten,
Damit er Kraft empfing, die Reiſe zu vollziehn,
Die Cunzens Meinung nach bald wohl vollendet ſchien.
Hier war der Schauplatz nun, wo Gottes Vorſicht wachte,
Und dem verſtrickten Prinz die Freiheit wiederbrachte,
Dies iſt des Höchſten Art: je größer die Gefahr,
Je näher ſtellt er ſich mit ſeiner Hülfe dar.

Es wohnte daherum ein armer Kohlenbrenner,
Ein Ausbund redlicher und treugeſinnter Männer,
Georg Schmidt genannt, bei dem im rauhen Wald
Der Sitten Unſchuld mehr, als ein Geſetz, galt.
So wird die Tugend oft in armer Leute Hütten
Viel mehr, als im Pallaſt der Mächtigen, gelitten,
Drum ward er auch von Gott zum Werkzeug auserkieſt,
Daß Sachſens Untergang verhindert worden iſt.

Es war die Mittagsgluth zum höchſten Punkt geſtiegen,
Und Luft und Land erhitzt, die meiſten Vögel ſchwiegen,
Das Wild lag im Geſträuch in Ruh, und kühlte ſich,
Der ganze Wald war ſtill, und ſchien halbfürchterlich:
Nur blies ein ſanfter Weſt mit liſpelndem Geziſche
Bisweilen in das Haar der leichtbewegten Büſche;
Der nahgelegne Bach, der über Kieſel rann,
Gab ſittſam ſeinen Lauf mit ſanftem Murmeln an.
Der Köhler ſuchte nun, der Hitze zu entweichen,
Die in der Hütte war, den Schatten einer Eichen,
Hier lag er ausgeſtreckt, von Schweiß und Arbeit matt,
Der Baum dient ihm zum Dach, das Gras zur Lagerſtatt,
Der Wald zum Schaugerüſt, ihm Freude zu erwecken,
Die Frömmigkeit zum Schutz vor Angſt, Gefahr und Schrecken,
Sein Schürbaum lag ihm nah, ſein ſtarker Hund nicht weit,
Und hielt vor ſeinen Herrn getreue Wachſamkeit.

Indem er dergeſtalt nicht völlig ſchlief, noch wachte,
Und in ſich ſelbſt vergnügt, an mancherlei gedachte;
Schien ihm, als rief' ihm was mit leiſer Stimm' ins Ohr:
Steh' eilends auf und hilf! Er hub ſein Haupt empor,
Und ſah beſtürzt umher: ſein Hund fing an zu bellen,
Sprang auf, und witterte die fremden Raubgeſellen
Von weitem allbereit! Der Köhler eilte fort,
Nahm ſeinen Schürbaum mit, und kam an dieſen Ort,
Zu welchem ihn die Spur des wackern Hundes führte,
Der immer heftiger die laute Stimme rührte.
Hier merkt er nun gar bald, daß es nicht richtig ſei,
Der nur gehörte Ruf fiel ihm gleich wieder bei,
Des Prinzen Angeſicht wies ihm in ſeinen Zügen
Ein wunderbar Gemiſch von Hoffnung und Vergnügen,
Von Zweifel, Angſt und Furcht; doch auch von Majeſtät,
Wie denn Gott denen meiſt, die er zum Thron erhöht,
Die Zeichen ihres Stands auf ihre Stirnen präget,
Daß jeder, der ſie ſieht, vor ſie ſchon Ehrfurcht heget,
Ob er ſie gleich nicht kennt: drum ſprach er alſobald
Die Fremden ernſtlich an: was habt ihr hier im Wald,
In dieſer Einſamkeit, gleich um Mittag zu ſchaffen?
Und warum reiſet ihr gepanzert und mit Waffen?
Wo denkt ihr ſonderlich mit dieſem Knaben hin,
Der nicht gemeiner Art, wie ich der Meinung bin?
Es ſei nun, was es ſei; ſo muß ich erſt erfahren,
Wie es mit Euch bewandt? ihr müßt mir offenbaren,
Wohin die Reiſe geht; wer, und woher ihr ſeid,
Eh' laß ich euch nicht fort: drum gebt mir gleich Beſcheid.
Wofern ihr redlich thut, wie ich zur Zeit noch meine;
So hoff' ich, daß man mir mein Bitten nicht verneine:
Wo aber ſich Betrug in euren Handel miſcht,
So glaubt nur ſicherlich, daß ihr mir nicht entwiſcht.

Doch dieſe Tapferkeit, mit Dreien anzubinden,
Die mächtiger, als er, ihn leicht zu überwinden,
Das unerſchrockne Herz, das hier der Köhler wies,
Und ſich nicht von Gewehr und Waffen ſchrecken ließ,
Kam nicht ſo wohl von ihm, als mehr von Gottes Güte,
Die gab ihm Zuverſicht und ein beherzt Gemüthe,
So, daß er die Gefahr, der er ſich ausgeſetzt,
Wie groß ſie in der That, doch als vor nichts geſchätzt.
Allein der Heldenmuth, der ſich bei ihm befande,
Entging um ſo viel mehr der feigen Räuberbande;
Ein gut Gewiſſen macht, daß man ſich freudig wagt,
Ein böſes aber iſt ſtets furchtſam und verzagt.

Des Köhlers Frage nun klang in des Cunzen Ohren
Gleich als ein Donnerſchlag: ſein Muth war ihm verloren,
Und ſeine Zunge ſtarr: doch, als er ſich gefaßt,
Sprach er halbzitternd: Freund, thu mir nicht Ueberlaſt,
Und laß mich ruhig ziehn, was haſt du mich zu fragen,
Wer dieſer Knabe ſei? doch kann ich dir wohl ſagen,
Es iſt ein böſer Bub und ungerathner Sohn,
Der trotzte ſeinem Herrn und lief im Zorn davon;
Nun aber hat ſein Herr mir ernſtlich anbefohlen,
Den Buben wiederum zur Strafe heim zu holen.
Nein, ſagte jener drauf, des Knabens Angeſicht
Sieht viel zu redlich aus zu einem Böſewicht,
Ich kann dem Anſehn nach, ein unſchuldvolles Weſen
Und laſterfreies Herz aus ſeinen Mienen leſen;
Stellt ſich die Bosheit gleich bisweilen engelrein,
Scheint dieſer junge Menſch doch davon frei zu ſein,
Und hat zu einem Schalk zu adliche Geberden.

Hier fiel Cunz im Geſträuch durch ſeinen Sporn zur Erden,
Mehr durch Gewiſſensangſt, als Waffenlaſt gedrückt;
Sobald der freie Prinz nun dieſen Fall erblickt,
Raunt' er in ſchnellſter Eil' dem Köhler in die Ohren:
Befreie mich, mein Freund, ich bin ein Prinz geboren,
Der Churfürſt Friederich, der mein Herr Vater iſt,
Wird dein Vergelter ſein, wo du mein Retter biſt.

Als dieſes Schweinitz ſah, entblößt er ſeinen Degen,
Und hiebe nach dem Prinz, ihn tödlich zu erlegen,
Er hätt' es auch vollbracht, wofern des Höchſten Hand
Durch ſeinen Schutzgeiſt nicht den Hieb noch abgewandt.
Denn dieſer hat den Streich des Schwertes aufgehalten,
Daß es dem Prinzen nicht den zarten Kopf zerſpalten;
Er war auch Urſach dran, daß Cunz ſich ſelbſten fing,
Und mit dem langen Sporn in dem Geſträuche hing.
Weil er ſein Roß nicht gern aus ſeinen Händen ließe,
Das ihm noch zu der Flucht den beſten Schutz verhieße,
So mangelt' ihm die Kraft, drum fiel es ihm zu ſchwer,
Daß er von ſeinem Fall ſelbſt aufgeſtanden wär'.

Und du, du willſt dich noch, du Räuber, widerſetzen?
Und meinen Landesherren am Leben ſelbſt verletzen?
War es noch nicht genug, daß du ihn weggeraubt?
Und wagſt du dich ſogar an ſein geheiligt Haupt?
Nun ſeh' ich ganz gewiß aus euren böſen Thaten,
Daß dies die Wahrheit ſei, was mir der Prinz verrathen;
So ſprach aus edlem Zorn des Köhlers treuer Mund,
Und hiermit hetzt er gleich auf Schweinitz ſeinen Hund,
Der ihn dann überfiel und bei der Kehle hielte,
Indem Cunz auf der Erd' des Schürbaums Streiche fühlte.
Zwar wehrt' er ſich ſo gut, als es ihm möglich war,
Bei gegenwärt'ger Noth und künftiger Gefahr.
Er ſchalt, er ſchlug, er warf; er konnte doch nicht ſiegen,
Und blieb in dem Gebüſch mit ſeinen Sporen liegen.
Man hätt' ihn auch vielleicht des Lebens ganz beraubt,
Wofern es anders nur der fromme Prinz erlaubt;
So aber bat er vor, des Cunzens zu verſchonen,
Aus Mitleid, oder auch, ihn würdig zu belohnen.
Wie wenn ein wildes Schwein, das bald in Sumpf verfällt,
Sich gegen einen Bär noch frech zur Wehre ſtellt,
Mit allen Kräften beißt, ergrimmet um ſich hauet,
Und in der Todesangſt noch ſeinen Waffen trauet,
Bis der erhitzte Bär ihm in den Nacken greift,
Und die behaarte Haut im Zorn herunterſtreift;
Nicht anders wurde Cunz vom Köhler überwunden,
So hielt der Bär das Schwein mit ſeiner Klau gebunden;
Und ſo bekam nunmehr das dunkle Traumgeſicht
Des fürſtlichen Gemahls hierdurch erſt völlig Licht.
Denn davon hat der Bär urſprünglich hergerühret,
Den noch des Köhlers Stamm in ſeinem Wappen führet,
Dieweil der Bär im Traum dem Eber Einhalt that,
Daß er den Rautenſtock nicht ſchändlich niedertrat.

Nachdem das Lärmen nun im Walde weit erſchollen,
Und auch der wackre Hund beſtändig fortgebollen;
So lief des Köhlers Weib, Maria Walderin,
Aus Neugier oder Angſt zu dieſem Platze hin;
Da fand ſie ihren Mann mit zwei bewehrten Leuten,
Durch tapfern Muth und Arm, in heißem Eifer, ſtreiten,
Und meinte, wie es auch die lautre Wahrheit war,
Es wäre dieſer Feind ein mördriſch Räuberpaar.
Sie gab den Köhlern gleich das ſonſt gewohnte Zeichen,
Sie ſollten ihrem Mann geſchwinde Hülfe reichen,
Und ſchlug auf einer Art mit einem Zſchörper an,
Als welches man im Wald gar weit vernehmen kann.
Auf den bekannten Schall kam ſtracks ein ganzer Haufen
Von Köhlern, hier und dort, zuſammen hergelaufen,
Von welchem der ein Beil, der einen Schürbaum, trug,
Womit der auf den Cunz, der auf den Schweinitz ſchlug.
So blieb der Jäger ſelbſt in ſeinem Garne hangen,
Und der erſt Andre fing, ward jetzo ſelbſt gefangen;
So ward der dunkle Spruch des Geiſtes klar gemacht:
Nimm dich vor rother Frucht und Kohlen wohl in Acht!
So pflegt des Voglers Liſt in die gelegten Schlingen,
Durch rother Beeren Koſt, die Vögel leicht zu bringen;
Und alſo ward auch Cunz auf ſeiner Flucht beſtrickt,
Und kam um Glück und Haupt, indem er Erdbeer pflückt.

Als er den Ernſt nun ſah, und daß man ihn gebunden,
War aller Frevelmuth und Trotz bei ihm verſchwunden,
Er ſtand beſtürzt, beſchämt, und war voll Angſt und Schmerz,
Reu', Zweifel, Hoffnung, Gram und Furcht durchdrang ſein Herz;
Er legte ſich nunmehr vom Drohen auf das Bitten,
In Meinung, ſich durch Liſt der Feſſel zu entſchütten,
Und ſprach mit leiſer Stimm', den Köhler folgend an:

Wie ſo ergrimmt, mein Freund? was hab' ich dir gethan?
Gieb mich doch wieder frei, du ſollſt ja dieſen Knaben,
Wenn du darauf beſtehſt, von mir gutwillig haben,
Thu' mit ihm, was du willſt; vielleicht erfährſt du bald,
Wer, und woher er ſei; nur mir thu' nicht Gewalt.
Und laß mich wieder los! was wirſt du doch erwerben,
Daß du ſo eifrig ſuchſt, mich ſchändlich zu verderben?
Die Freiheit iſt mir lieb; bin ich gleich ohne Schuld,
Wie ich verſichern kann: fehlt mir doch die Geduld,
Den ungewohnten Zwang der Banden zu ertragen.
Wer hat ſich über mich mit Rechte zu beklagen?
Bedenke, was du thuſt! du glaubeſt dem Bericht
Des Knabens allzu viel; mir aber glaubſt du nicht;
Da jenen doch Betrug, Haß, Liſt und Rachſucht treibet,
Die Wahrheit gegentheils auf meiner Seite bleibet:
Wie! oder meinſt du, daß kein bejahrter Mann
Die Wahrheit ſprechen mag, ein Kind nicht lügen kann?

Wer, ſprach der Köhler drauf, Recht oder Unrecht habe?
Laß ich unausgemacht; doch dünkt mich, daß der Knabe
Gerechter ſei, als du: ich trau' mehr auf ſein Wort,
Denn auf das deinige, und laß dich drum nicht fort.
Doch biſt du ſonder Schuld, wird dich die Unſchuld ſchützen.
Du ſollſt, verſichre dich, bei mir nicht lange ſitzen.
Der Abt von Grünhain mag allhier den Ausſpruch thun,
Was dieſer mir gebeut, dabei laß ichs beruhn.

Ach! ſagte Cunz beſtürzt, laß mich doch nur entrinnen!
Du kannſt durch meine Flucht ein großes Gut gewinnen.
Nimm dieſen Beutel Geld vor meine Freiheit an,
Der dich und dein Geſchlecht viel Jahr' ernähren kann.
Was! rief der Köhler aus, ſuchſt du mich zu beſtechen,
Wie? ſoll ich um dein Geld Eid, Treu und Glauben brechen?
Dein Anerbieten mehrt bei mir nun den Verdacht,
Daß du das Bubenſtück, den Prinzenraub, vollbracht.
Des Geldes iſt zu viel, die Freiheit zu erkaufen,
Wenn du dich ſicher weißt, doch wird der ſchöne Haufen
Mir viel zu wenig ſein, wofern du ſchuldig biſt,
Weil eine Welt voll Geld alsdann zu wenig iſt,
Mein geldgeiziges Herz zum Unrecht zu verführen,
Und gegen meinen Herrn die Treue zu verlieren,
Darum behalt dein Geld, es wird dich nicht befrein,
Ein gut Gewiſſen ſoll mein größter Reichthum ſein.

Cunz ſchwieg für Scham und Leid, und ward gleichwohl getrieben,
An ſeinem Feinde ſelbſt die Tugenden zu lieben.
Doch wünſcht' er ihm nur itzt was minder tugendhaft,
So käm' er durch ſein Geld aus der Gefangenſchaft.

Allein er mußte fort, wohin der Köhler wollte,
Bis man Befehl erhielt, wo er verbleiben ſollte;
Nun ſtellte ſich bei ihm des Laſters Größe dar,
Das klein ſo lange ſchien, bis es verübet war.

Dieſelbe Höh' des Walds, wo ſich dies zugetragen,
Heißt itzt der Fürſtenberg, wie die Geſchichten ſagen,
Dieweil des Fürſten Sohn daſelbſt die Freiheit fand,
Die man im Gegentheil dem Cunz mit Recht entwandt.
Fürſt Albrecht ſelbſten kam nach fünf und zwanzig Jahren
An dieſen Ort, wo ihm die Rettung widerfahren,
Nachdem er nun den Platz mit allem Fleiß beſehn,
Rühmt' er des Höchſten Schluß, der ihm, als Prinz, geſchehn;
Und weil ſich damals noch drei alte Männer fanden,
Die zu derſelben Zeit dem Köhler beigeſtanden,
Als Cunz gefangen ward, hat er aus Dankbarkeit
Durch fürſtliches Geſchenk ſie insgeſammt erfreut.

Carl Bernhard von Trinius

war im Jahre 1773 zu Erfurt geboren, ſtudirte Medicin, wirkte zuerſt ſeit 1805 als praktiſcher Arzt zu Haſenpoth, und zwar mit ſolchem Glück, daß der Herzog Alexander von Würtemberg ihn 1807 zu ſeinem Leibarzt ernannte. In dieſer Stellung lebte er eine Zeit lang zu Wien; ſpäter ging er nach Petersburg, wo er Doctor der Medicin, ruſſiſch kaiſerlicher Hofrath, Lehrer des Großfürſten Thronfolgers, auch Ritter des St. Annenordens 2., und des Wladimirordens 3. Claſſe wurde.

Er gab außer mehreren naturhiſtoriſchen Werken in deutſcher, franzöſiſcher und lateiniſcher Sprache heraus:

Dramatiſche Ausſtellungen. Berlin, 1820.

Einzelne Gedichte in Journalen und Almanachen.

Gedankenreichthum, lebendige Phantaſie und gewandte Behandlung der Form, erwarben ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen allgemein eine freundliche Aufnahme.

Johann Chriſtian Trömer

ward im Anfang des 18. Jahrhunderts wahrſcheinlich in Leipzig geboren und war bei dem Steuerweſen angeſtellt; er ſchrieb unter dem Namen **Jean Chretien Toucement**, der Deutſch-Franzos. Später war er königlicher Poſt- und Reiſecommiſſär zu Dresden, wo er 1737 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Des Deutſch-Franzos Schriften. Leipzig, 1736; neu Nürnberg, 1772.
Nackricht von ehne Krieg, die in die Sommerʒeit ſein Ankefang kenomm, ſolle man nenn Ruſſiſch Spiel. 1760.

Eigentlich der einzige deutſche makaroniſche Dichter, ſchrieb Tr. in einem Miſchmaſch von franzöſiſch und deutſch, wie es ungefähr ein Franzoſe ſprechen würde, luſtige und poſſenhafte Gedichte, die nicht ohne Witz und Laune, und namentlich für die Kenntniß der Sittenzuſtände ſeiner Zeit von Intereſſe ſind. Eine kleine Probe möge hier, um der Merkwürdigkeit willen, folgen.

Vom Schmidt ʒu Uttjerbock.

Vor diß, in ehn kewiſſe Land
Die alle Leute wohl bekannt,
Da wohn ehn Schmidt ſu Uttjerbock
Mit ehne ſchwarß und weiſe Rock;
Man nenn Ihn ſteß die fromme Schmidt,
Weil er ab ehn reckt kut Kemuth.
Denn er thu ſteß viel kute Werck,
Wie alle Leut ahn wohl kemerck;
Die Leut die ahn kar nicks ſu eß,
Er thu ſie Speiß mit viel Caress,
Er keb ſie Brod mit Kraut und Wurſt,
Ehrnock er ſtill ock ihre Durſt:
Die Leut die ahn kar kehne Kleid,
Er Kleid ſie nack Nothdurfftikeit.
Die krancke Leut, die woll crepir,
Er thu ſie offt revisitir.
Er keb ſie kuten Arzeney,
Und thu ſie kuts nock vielerley.
Er laß die arme Tod bekrab.
Wenn ihre Freund kehn Keld nit abb.
Enfin! was man kan pretendir,
Daſ thu die fromme Schmidt prestir.
Ehnmal es iß ſu ihm kekomm
Ehn heiliak Mann, die ock leb fromm
Die bitt kar ſehr den Meſter Schmidt,
Weil abend iß und er iß müd.
Er ſoll ihm daſ mal permittir,
Bey ihm ſu nehm ſein Nackt Quartir.
Der fromme Schmidt von Uttjerbock
Mit ſeine ſchwarß und weiſe Rock.
Der ſpreck: Ick will das kerne thu
Ick wünſch nur, daß du mack kut ruh.
Er keb ihm Brod, er keb ihm Schinck,
Er keb ihm ock kut Bier ſu trinck.
So bald als komm der Morgend Taak,
Der Frembd er woll ſick weiter traak
Dock er ſpreck erſt: mein liebe Mann
Du abſt mir viel ſu kut kethan.
Ick bin dir reckt viel obligir
Vor Eß, vor Trinck, und vor Quartir.
Davor mein liebe ehrlick Schmidt
Du kan dir ehne Knad ausbitt;
All was du willſt, du kan verlangk.
Du ſoll kleick deine Bitt erlangt.
Die Schmidt ſaak: Ick bin obligir,
Daß du mir woll recompensir.
Ick brauck kar nicks in dieſe Welt,
Denn ick bin reick, und abb viel Keld.
Und ick mack nicks mehr pretendir.
Ick bin kar nicks interessir.
Darauf antwort die fremde Mann,
Eh bien! Du abſt mir kuts kethan.
Ick kan das dock kar nit verkeß,
Daß du ſo ohfflick biſt keweß.
Drum ick will kerne danckbar ſeyn;
Ick will dir ehiff in Himmel neihn.
O! ſpreck die Schmidt: Mein liebe Ehrr,
Spahr dir die Müh, ick bitt dir ſehr,
Ick kan in Himmel ſo passir,
Weil ick viel kute Werck prestir.
Ick abb nock kar nicks böſ kethan,
Ick leb ſo fromm, all wie ick kan.
Ick thu nit Spiel, ick thu nit ſauff,
Ick thu nit fluck, ick thu nit rauff,
Ick thu die Faſten observir,
Ick thu ock kar nit courtisir.
Ick ſanck ock nit, ik thu nit ſtehl.
Ick thu ock ſonſt kehn kroße Fehl.
Ick thu kar niemand blessir,
Und abb ock kehn Menſch massacrir.
Ick thu all kut an arme Leut,
Und keb ſie ihr Nothdürfftikeit.
Enfin! es kan nit anders ſeyn
Ick muß komm in die Himmel neihn.
Meintabiben ſpreck die fremde Mann,
Ick abb dir mein Offerte kethan.
Willſtu mein kute Sinn verſchmäh,
Eh bien! ick muß es laß keſcheh.
Allehn, ick kan nit fort marchir,
Als ehn undanckbar Passagir,
Darum mein liebe Meſter Schmidt
Thu du dock nur um etwas bitt.
Du kan ja bitt nack deine Will
Ick will dir en Moment erfüll;
Ick trett mein Reiß nit eher an,
All biß ick dir ehn Knad kethan.
Nu endlick thu der Schmidt parir,
Weil ihn der Fremd ſo ſehr forcir.
Er ſpreck: Weil nit kan anders ſeyn
Meintabid ick keb mein Will darein,
Ick will mir nur 3 Stück ausbitt,
Wenn du wilt thun, mehr ick will nit.
Su erſt, in meine Stube ſteh
Ehn kroße Stuhl, wie du da ſeh.
Die Stuhl ick abb laß mack vor mir,
Dock viel Leut thu ſick drein placir.
a Part die krobe Bauer Leut
Die ſeß ſick darein alleʒeit.
Wenn du nun kanſt die Kunſtſtück mack,
Wie ick das wünſch, ick woll brav lack.
Du ſoll die Stuhl ſo preparir,
Wenn ſick jemand in Stuhl placir,
Und er woll von die Stuhl auf ſteh,
Daß er nit kan von Stelle keh.
Und daß er muß in Stuhl bleib ſiß
Wenn er kleick wie ehn Ochſe ſchwiß.
So lank all biß ick commandir,
Daß er kan von die Stuhl marchir.
Der Frembe ſpreck: mein liebe Schmidt
Daß iß ehn reckte ſchleckte Bitt.
Ick will ſie dir kar kern kewähr;
Du kan von mir nock mehr bekehr.
Der fromme Schmidt von Uttjerbock
Mit ſeine ſchwarß und weiße Rock.
Er ſpreck: Kleick dieſe Augkenblick
Ick will bitt um das 2te Stück.
Ick abb in meine klehne Gart
Ehn Apffel Baum von kute Art,
Davon die Apffel reckt kut ſchmeck,
Daß man muß alle Fingker leck.
Daſ wehß kar wohl viel ſchlimme Leut,
Die ſtehl ſie mir bey die Nackt Zeit.
Und thu ſo ſchelmiſch partagir,
Daß übrigk bleib nit viel vor mir.
Wenn nun ſteigk ehn uff Baum ihnauf,
So mack, daß er muß bleib darauf,
Biß daß ick keb Permission.
Daß er darf wieder keh davon.
Der Fremd er rickt den Baum ſo ſu,
Daß er muß dieſe Wunder thu.
Nu ſpreck die fromme Meſter Schmidt:
Jeßund es komm mein leßte Bitt:
Ick abb ehn kroße Kohlen Sack.
Ick bitt, daß du woll ihn ſo mack.
Das wenn ick ſteck Jemand ihnein,
Oder es kriegk von ſelber drein,
Daß er ſo langk muß drein restir,
Biß ick ihn wieder dimittir.

Denn manckemal es komm die Dieb,
Da will ick Sack vor Thüre ſchied
Da kann ick hübſch die Diebe fangk,
Ehrneck ſie werd an Kalgk kehangk.
So kreick die fromme Paſſagier
Sie abt den Schmidt gratificir
Und endlick ſie nehm ihr Abſchied
Von ihre Wirth den fromme Schmidt:
Nit langk wie das ſo abt paſſir,
Da komm die Monſieur Tod marchir
Mit ſeine Uhr und Senſe Steck
Zu fromme Schmidt von Uttjerbock;
Der Tod er kloff ſtarck an das Hauß.
Der Schmidt er frakt: Wer iß denn drauß;
Der Tod er ſpreck: Mack du nur auf,
Es iß jemand, der will was kauff.
Darauf der Schmidt ſchließ auf die Thür,
Da tret die Monſieur Tod ehrfür.
Par bleu: wie thu die Schmidt erſchrock
Wie er ſeh die Monſieur Pußweck.
Er ſagt zu Tod: Mein liebe Mann,
Du treff bey mir kehn Herbergk an.
Allehn die Tod die thu nur lack,
Und ſpreck: Ick frakt da nicks darnack
Dein Leben Stund iß all paſſir.
Du muß in Reick der Tod marchir.
Und abit dir nur nit langke auf,
Die Uhr ſie iß kanß auskelauff.
Die Schmidt iß reckt voll Angſtlickeit,
Er woll ſick nit zu ſterb bereit.
Jedock zu ehne kute Klück
Er denck an ſeine Kunſten Stück.
Er denck, nu wart du ſchlimme Tod,
Du ſoll mir kriegk dein turckiſch Noth.
Er ſpreck mit ehn barmeherzigk Arth:
Ehrr Tod thu nur ehn biſſel wart,
Ick will zu Reiß mir preparir
Und will kern mit dir fort marchir.
Allehn du werd wohl müde ſeyn,
Seß dir dieweil in Stuhl jhnein.
Du kan Commodité kebrauck,
Und kan ehn Feiffel Toback rauck.
Der Tod der iß ſo tumm keweß,
Und abt ſick in der Stuhl keſeß,
Er kriegk ſein Feuer Merſ ehrauß,
Und abit ehn kiehne Tobac Schmauß.
Par bleu! Er mack ſo kroße Damff
Daß man könn kriegk davon den Kramff.
Wie er ſiß in dem Stuhl nit langk:
Es werd ihm krauſam Angſt und bangk,
Er rippel und er rappel ſick,
Und mack reckt fürckterlicke Blick.
Er thu die Schmidt ſtarck admonir,
Sie ſoll mack fort, ſie woll marchir.
Und endlick ſpreck die fromme Schmidt:
Nu ick bin fertigk, ick keh mit.
Der Tod woll aus die Stuhl aufſteh,
Allehn er wehß nit, wie zu keh,
Er mack ſick wie er will movir,
Er kan nit aus die Stuhl marchir.
Ey, ey, wie thu die Schmidt brav lack,
Sie plagk die Tod ſie ſoll fort mack.
Die Tod ſie raſſel mit ſein Behn
Und bleck vor Angſt ſein Kalber Zähn,
Der Schmidt der thu was reckts bravir,
Die Tod ſie ſoll dock fort marchir.
Da ſpreck der Tod: Mein liebe Mann!
Seh du dann nit, daß ick nit kan.
Das iß mir kehne mal paſſir,
Daß ick bin word ſo ſehr vexir.
Ick wehß nit, ob ick bin beher,
Ick martter mir daß ick muß krep.
Wenn du kan ehlff, ick thu dir bitt,
Ack ehlff mir liebe Bruder Schmidt.
Der Schmidt ſagk: Nu du nit kan fort,
Du Schurck, nu keb du kuten Wort,
Schau, ſchau du Beſtialité,
Erſt, du ſpreck mit Brutalité:
Schmidt deine Stund iß all paſſir,
Du muß in Reick der Tod marchir,
Jetzund du nenn mir dein mon Frere,
Allehn ick danck vor dieſe Ehr,
Der Teuf er mack dein Bruder ſeyn,
Der ſchick ſick zu die Strecke Bein.
Wer dir kehéiß, zu mir zu keh,
Er helff dir eck aus Stuhl aufſteh!
Der Tod er thu reckt lamentir,
Und ſie thu die Schmidt promittir,
Wenn er ihn nit mehr werd ſo kränck,
Er woll ihm nock 10 Jahre ſchenck.
Sie keb ihm ihre Klapper Hand,
Und ihr Parol zu Unterpfand.
Darauf es laß der Schmidt keſcheh,
Daß darf von Stuhl der Tod auf ſteh.
Der Tod er arger ſick kanß kranck,
Und marchir fort mit ſchwehr Kedanck.
Er abt ſick reckt viel chagrinir
Daß ihn der Schmidt abt ſo touchir.
Indeß der Schmidt er lack ſick ſatt,
Daß er den Todt betrogen abt.
So bald als nu 10 Jahr um ſeyn,
Ehrr Tod ſtell ſick hübſch wieder ein,
Er thu reckt ſehr brutaliſir,
Als wie ehn böſe Kerquir.
Er bleck die Zähn mit kroße Krauß,
Und ſchrey wie ehne Fleder Maus.
Fort Schmidt du Hund du muß nu ſterb,
Der Schmidt denck, du ſoll dock nicks erb,
Komm denn du Ripps Rapps nock ehnmal,
Wart, wart, ick will dir ſchon bezahl.
Er mack den Tod viel Compliment,
Und bitt ihn in ſein Logiment.
Der Tod er ſchüttel ſeinen Kopf,
Und ſpreck: Denck du, ick bin beſoff?
Mein du denn, daß ick abb verkeß,
Wie ick in ſchlimme Stuhl keſeß.
Ick muß ehn tumme Ochſe ſeyn,
Wenn ick marchir in Stuh jhnein.
Fort, fort, mack nur nit viel Façon,
Daß mal du kriegk kar kehn Pardon.
Der Schmidt thu ſick ſehr ſoumittir,
Und ſpreck: Er woll kern mit marchir,
Er woll ſick nur zu reckte mack
Und woll ſuck ſeine Reiße Sack.
Der Tod laß ſick nock perſuadir,
Und thu vor Stuben Thür reſtir.
Indeß er denck, weil er muß wart,
Er keh ehn biſſel in der Kart.
Es werd ihm dock nun nit manquir,
Daß er den Schmidt kan attrapir.
Allehn das war ehn kroße Fehl,
Daß er ſick das Plaiſir erwehl.
Denn als er in den Kart paſſir,
Er thu die Baum ſtreick obſervir.
Darauf die ſchöne Apffel wachß,
Die ſchöner ſeyn als in kanß Sachß.
Der Tod kriegk ehn kroß Appetit,
Daß er davon nehm etlick mit,
Er denk, in ſeine Schnapſe Sack
Er woll ſick ehn Partie einpack.
Dock weil er ſie kan nit erreick,
Er muß uff Apffel Baum nauf ſteigk
Mit ſeine langke Truthahn Fuß,
Und denck nit, daß er kriegk Verdruß.
Worum! der Schmidt abt wohl keſeh,
Und laß daſ kar zu kern keſcheh.
So bald als nur der Tod ihnauf,
Da komm der Meiſter Schmidt kelauff
Mit ehne kroße Ochſſen Stangk,
Und ſeine Knecht mit Schmide Zangk,
Sie komm als wie der Bliß kerenn,
Und thu wenn ſie den Tod nit kenn.
Sie ſchrey, du Schelm, du Apffel-Dieb,
Daß wir dir fangk, das iß uns lieb.
Alle ſchlagk zu ihr kut Camrad,
Weil er uns thu ſo kroße Schad.
Par bleu! wie ſchlagk die Schmidt Knecht zu,
Sie abit kar kehne biſſel Ruh,
Der Tod mack ſchrey nur wie er will,
Sie ſchlagk drauf loſ, und abit nit ſtill.
Das thu ſo ehn Kerumpel mack
Als wie uff welſche Nußen Sack,
Der Tod woll kerne echapir,
Allehn das mal er muß paſſir.
Und er thu mit ſein Schade ſeh,
Das es ihm wie in Stuhle keh.
Dorum er richt ſick nack der Ort,
Und keb an Schmidt reckt kute Wort,
Er ſoll ihn dock nit ſchlagk ſo ſehr,
Er woll zu ihm komm kar nit mehr.
Der Meiſter Schmidt hör endlick auf,
Und er ſchau uff die Baum hinauf,

Er thu, als wenn er reckt erſchreck,
Das er krichlagt die Ehrr Puhweck.
Er thu eck als wenn ihm wär leid,
Und ſpreck mit kroß Scheinheiligkeit:
Ehrr Tod ſie thu mir pardonnir,
Daß ick ſie abb incommodir.
O! ſey ſie dock uff mir nit böß.
Daß ſie abt kriegk ſo krobe Stöß.
Par bleu! Wir abn nit kern kethan.
Wir denck wir treff ehn Dieb da an.
Der Tod denck uff ehn kluge weiſ
Ick muß in ſauer Apffel beiß.
Du biß mir wohl die reckt Keſell,
Ick muß mir nur eck was verſtell.
Er ſpreck: Mein liebe Mehſter Schmidt,
Ick weyß ſchon, du kan davor nit,
Dock du ſoll mir die Lieb erzeigk
Und ſoll mir laß von Baum abſteigk.
Der Schmidt ſpreck: Ja mit all Plaiſir,
Komm nur ehrab von Baum marchir.
Der Tod bemüh ſick was er kan,
Allein es keh ihm kar nit an.
Er muß ſich uff der Baume bleib
Zu Schmidt ſein luſtigk Zeit vertreib,
Er thu den Tod reckt brav vexir,
Er ſoll dock komm, ſie woll marchir.
Dock weil die Tod nit runter kan,
Der Schmidt thu ihm viel Schimpf-Wort an.
Er ſpreck: nu ſchau du Menſche Fucks,
Keit ick abb dir nock mal belucks.
Du ſuper klugke Weiſe Naſ
Jetzund du zitter wie ehn Haſ,
Du kan die kantze Welt bezwingk.
Und kan dock nit von Baum abſpringk.
Daſ ſchmeck wie bitter Mantel Kern.
Wart Vogkel du ſolt peiffen lern.
Dem Tod werd reckt viel Angſt und bangk,
Der Schmidt kriegk ſeine Hopffe Stangk,
Und keb dem Tod viel Naſe Stüber
Daß er bekomm das kalte Fieber.
Der Tod thu dem Schmidt offerir.
Wenn er ihn das mal liberir,
Er woll ihm die Parole keb,
Daß er ihn woll laß ewigk leb.
Er woll ihn nit mehr perturbir,
Wenn er ihn das mal laß paſſir.
Er ſoll ihm nur ehff aus die Noth,
Er woll das abit als ehrlick Tod.
Der Schmidt er thu das acceptir,
Und thu ihn das mal liberir.
Der Tod mack mit die Schmidt Contract,
Ehrnock er abt ſick fort kepackt.
Er abt erbärmlick ausgekriſch,
Es thu ihm alle Klieder weh.
Er nehm ehn kantz betrübt Abſchied,
Von ſeine Feind die fromme Schmidt.
Von ſeine Hopffen Stangk Tracteur.
Und danck kar ſchleckt vor all Honneur.
Es lauf der Monſieur Senſe Mann
So uertick fort all er nur kan,
Er abt ſick kar nit umkeſeh.
Biß er komm, da ehn Wind Mühl ſteh.
Da ſeß er ſick an Wind Mühl Haus,
Und woll da ruh ehn biſſel aus.
Wie er nun da ſo trauriak ſiß,
Und eck vor Angſtlickeit brav ſchwitz.
Da komm der Teuffel an marchir,
Daß ihn der Tod kaum obſervir.
Der Tod wie er den Teufel ſeh,
Er ſpreck: Du Beſtialite!
Wer Teuf wer abt dir der keſchick?
Keb pack dir weck du Kalgken Strick,
Und wenn du nit will retirir,
Ick will dir Teuf kleick maſſacrir.
Der Teuf ſpreck: Foudre! mon Couſin,
Was abſtu denn vor kroß chagrin?
Par bleu! was iß dir denn paſſir?
Ick abb dir kar nit degouſtir.
Der Tod ſpreck: (mit betrübt Viſage.)
O mir verkeh wohl die Courage.
So lang all eck kewes der Tod,
Ick abb keabbt nock kehn ſo Noth.
Kennſtu die Schmidt ſu Ütterbock
Mit ehne ſchwarß und weiße Rock!
O der verfluckte Zauber Mann
Der ath mir kroße Tort kethan.
Ick komm und woll ihn coponir,
Er abt mir ſelbſt bald maſſacrir.
O liebe Ehrr mon Frere Couſin,
Du klaub nit, was das vor Chagrin.
Par bleu! ick abb mir alterir,
Daß ick vor Zorn bald muß crepir.
Der Tod abt Teufel all keklagk,
Wie er vom Schmidt iß werd keplagk.
Wie er abb in die Stuhl keſeß,
Und wie er uff die Baum kewes.
Der Teufel fangk reckt an ſu lack,
(Wie er vernehm ſa ſchöne Sack)
Er thu ſick krauſam viel moquir.
Und ſpreck ſu Tod: (Ihm ſu touchir)
Je du biß ja die Menſche Freß,
Und biß ſo tumme Narr kewes.
Du thu ja alles maſſacrir
Und laß dir von ehn Schmidt vexir.
Je du ehnfältigk Putze weck!
Man ſoll dir in ehn Eſel Steck,
Der Tod ſpreck mit kroß alterir,
Daß dir das Wetter fricaſſir.
Du Teufel Teuf iß das Raiſon,
Daß du mir vexir ſans Façon!
Ick bin ehn kroß betrübte Mann
Und du thu mir eck Schande an.
Du Naſe ſchwartz abſt kut partie
Keb nur, und thu du eck probir.
Du Teufel Ahne Fütter Viſage,
Keb hin, und probir dein Courage,
Der Teuf ſpreck: O! die arme Troff
Ick will ſie bald kriegk vor die Schoff.
Ick abb ſchon manche Menſch keohl,
Ick kriegk den eck uff mein parol.
Der Teuffel thu mit Tod parir,
Er woll den Schmidt weck transportir.
Der Tod ſpreck: Ick will uff dir wart,
Biß du komm mit die Ziegen Bart.
Kaum! der Teuf iß fort marchir,
Und iß bei Schmidde arrivir.
Er woll kleick in die Aubß keſchwind.
Allehn er kan kehn Lock mit find
Da er ſick neihn kan practicir,
Daſ thu ihm ſchon viel chagrinir.
Er keh wie Katz um heiße Brei,
Daſ mack ihn viel Fick Fackerey.
Darum der arme Teuffel Troff,
Er muß ſein an die Hauß Thür kloff.
Dock eh die Thür werd auf kethan,
Der Schmidt fragk erſt: wer kloff denn an?
Der Teuf antwort: mein liebe Schmidt,
Ick bin Ehrr Teuf ick thu dir bitt,
Keb mir dock ehne Nackt Quartir,
Ick will dir kar nit moleſtir.
Der Schmidt ſpreck: Je du Teufel Teuf,
Ick will dir was uff Puckel keiff.
Der Teuf darf nit in meine Aubß,
Es iß da nicks vor ihn ſu ſchmauß.
Du kan dir deine Wege ſcheer,
Und kan keb hin, wo du komm her.
Der Teufel keb reckt kute Wort.
Er ſpreck: Ick kan nit weiter fort,
Ick abb mir ehne Behn vertret,
Logir mir nur in dein Secret.
Er denck, bin ick nur ehnmal drein,
Der Schmidt ſoll balde meine ſein.
Der Schmidt merck kar wohl was paſſir,
Wart Teuf ick will dir ſchon curir.
Er denck in ſeine Schmidte Koff,
Ick will dir ſchon die Fell aus kloff.
Er ſpreck ſu Teufel Paſſagir,
Du ſoll wohl kriegk ehn Nackt Quartir,
Bey mir die Schmidt ſu Ütterbock,
Wenn du fahr ein ſu Schlüſſel Lock;
Denn weil es iß ſchon finſter Nackt,
Die Aubß Thür werd nit uff kemackt.
Der Teuf thu kerne acceptir,
Wenn er nur kan in Aubß logir.
Er freu ſick ſchon in ſeine Sinn,
Wie er vom Tod die Wett kewinn.
Allehn der Schmidt er war ſu klugk,
Er merck vom Teuffel ſein Betrugk.
Er denck, ick muß dir prevenir,
Daß du mir nit kan attrapir,
Keſchwind er nehm ſein Kohlen Sack
Und thu ihn vor die Schlüß Lock mack.

Alsdenn er ruff: Nu komm ehrein,
Kleich fahr der Teuf ßu Schlüß Lock rein.
Alleyn ſie fahr in Kohlen Sack,
Da thu die Schmidt die Sack ßu mack.
Die arme Teufel muß nu ſeh,
Daß man mit ſie mack attrapé.
Er fraak, Ehrr Schmidt was ſoll das ſein,
Daß du mir ſteck in Sack ihnein!
Ick kan in Kohlen Sack nicks ſeh,
Laß mir dock aus die Sack raus keh.
Der Schmidt ſpreck: Ey du Teufel Teuf,
Nu du ſoll tanß, wie ick werd feiff.
Was ahſtu Teuf bey mir ßu thu!
Wart, wart, ick will dir trinck ehns ßu,
Denck du denn nit, daß ick wohl merck,
Was du woll mack vor ſchlimme Werck
Mit mir, ick arme ehrlick Mann.
Alleyn du komm kanß unreckt an.
Du Teuf dick ſoll der Teufel ohl,
Wenn du nit mack reckt Capriol.
Der Teuf er thu ſick excusir,
Er ſchwöhr bey alle Kreß Vezier.
Bey alle alte Junakker Schuh
Er ahb ihm woll kehn Leid anthu.
Der Schmidt er ſpreck: Es iß ſchon reckt,
Ick kenn dir ſchon du kute Kneckt.
Wer trau dir und dein Vetter Tod,
Er komm kewiß in kroße Noth.
Du thu die kanße Welt belügk,
Und ahſt dir jeßund ſelbſt betrügk.
Der Schmidt ruff ſeine Schmiede Kneckt,
Allo ihr Purſch nu arbeit reckt.
Schmeiſt Sack mit Teuffel uff Ambos,
Und ſchlagkt nur wacker uff ihn los.
Die Schmiede Kneckt ahn kleick kethan,
Sie packt ihn wie die Häſcher an.
So bald ſie uff die Ambos liegk,
Da thu ſie die Schmid Hammer kriegk.
Poß tauß! wie ſchmeiß die Schmidte druff
Das keh die Piff, die Paff, die Puff.
Die Schmiede Kneckt ſie bild ſick ein,
Der Teufel werd ehn Stock Fiſch ſeyn.
Ey, ey, wie thu die Teuffel ſchrei,
Ihr Schelm ihr ſchlagk mir all entßwey.
Er thu wie ehne Löwe brüll,
Alleyn ſie ahlt drum dock nit ſtill.
Biß endlick, daß ſie werde müd,
Da ſingk der Teuf ehn Sterbe Lied.
Und bitt man ſoll ihm pardonir,
Er woll kehn mal mehr retournir.
Nu endlick laß die Schmidt keſcheh,
Und ſpreck die Kneckt ſoll ihn laß keh.
Jedock der Teuf muß promettir
Er woll ſick wieder retirir,
Wo er ßuvor war rein kekrock,
Als nehmlick durck die Schlüſſel Lock.
Der fromme Schmidt von Uttjerbock,
Der ahlt den Sack vor Schlüſſel Lock,
Ey, ey, wie war der Teuf keſchwind,
Er retirir ſick wie der Wind,
Alleyn er kriegk nock uff die Wegk
Ehn ahlbe uhndert kute Schlägk.
O wie marchir der Teuffel fort,
Und er verfluck die ſchlimme Ort.
Wo ihm iß ſo malheur passir.
Vor Angſt er thu nit observir,
Daß ihm die Hüfft entßwey keſchmiß,
Und ehne lahme Teuffel iß.
Biß bey die Tod er arrivir,
Die thu ihn ſchön beneventir.
Sie ſpreck: Du komm kanß malheureux,
Willkomm Diable Boiteux,
Du ahſt wohl brav bekomm ßu trinck,
Daß du ſo krauſam viel muß hinck.
Vielleickt du ahſt ehn Ubner Augk,
Laß dir die Schmidt was keb ßu brauck.
So kebts, die Teuffel knappe Schuh
Die rickt ehn ſo die Füße ßu.
Du ahſt ock wohl das Podagra,
Singk nur Rundadinellula.
Wie iß! Du kan kehn Wort parlir.
Du ſeyn ja reckt viel Consternir.
Der Teuf er ſeh ſo morbleu aus
Wie ehn bancrotte Tauben Auß.
Vor Zorn er kan nit repondir,
Weil er ſick nit kan revangir.
Par bleu! Er mack ſo viel Gramace,
Als wie uff Jaad die wilde Kaß.
Und wie er ſick recolligir,
Er fangk an ſehr ßu fulminir.
Er ſpreck: Mein kute Vetter Tod,
Du ahſt keahbt kehn ſolcke Noth,
Als wie ick in die Kohlen Sack.
Ick wehß nit wer den ahb kemack.
Kehn Fluck man kan nock mehr erdenck,
Die er nit in die Kohl Sack ſchenk:
Er thu den Tod all rapportir,
Was ihm iß bey die Schmidt passir.
Der Tod er lack ihn redlick aus.
Ahb ick dir nit keſagk voraus.
Du ſeyn ja ehn Poltrons,
Und mack dir ſelbſt ſo kroß Verdruß.
Eh bien es iß dir reckt keſcheh,
Ick woll daß dir nock ſchlimmer keh.
Ehn andermal bleib aus die Auß,
So dörf du kehn Schmithammer ſchmauß.
Und thu dir nit mehr ſo moquir,
Wann andern ehn Malheur passir.
Alleyn! was iß nunmehr ßu thu!
Das beſt iß, wir keh uns ßu Ruh,
Wir könn das dock nit anders mack,
Wir muß nur mit Kedult ertragk.
Vielleickt die Zeit werd permittir,
Daß wir uns könn nock revangir
Komm wir woll keh in ſchwarze Bär,
Und woll ehn Flaßel Wein verßehr.
Wer wehß wen wir da rencontrir,
Der Deutſch Francos ſoll uns tractir.
So consolir in ihre Noth
Die 2 ßuſammen der Teuf und Tod.
Das war die Historie von Schmidt ßu Uttjerbock,
Von Teufel und von Tod, wie die ſeyn werd betrock.

von Tromlitz, ſ. von Witzleben.

David Trommer,

um das Jahr 1663 zu Plauen geboren, lebte als Magiſter der Philoſophie, gekrönter Dichter und Pfarrer zu Baiern, nachdem er zu Zülsdorf und Buckau in Kurſachſen geſtanden hatte. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Geiſtliches Singeſpiel von der Verehelichung Iſaaks und der Rebekka. Leipzig, 1691.

Eine ſchwülſtige Arbeit, im Lohenſteiniſchen Geſchmack.

Ignaz Paul Vital Troxler

ward am 17. Auguſt 1780 zu Bero-Münſter im Canton Luzern geboren, und wurde zu Solothurn und Luzern auf Jeſuitercollegien gut unterrichtet. Kurze Zeit darauf diente er bei dem Ausbruch der franzöſiſchen Revolution als Secretar des Regierungsſtatthalters; der Drang nach Wiſſenſchaft trieb ihn jedoch auf deutſche Univerſitäten zum Studium der Medicin und Philoſophie. In Jena ward er, 1800, von Schelling fortgeriſſen; dann ſtudirte er zu Göttingen und Wien. Er bereiſte 1806 Italien und ließ ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr in Luzern als praktiſcher Arzt nieder. Doch ein wahres freies Wort, das er während einer Epidemie gegen den daſigen Sanitätsrath ſchrieb, vertrieb ihn. Nun ging er nach Wien, bereiſte dann Holland, Frankreich, Italien und kehrte 1806 nach Münſter zurück. 1814 ward er politiſch verdächtig und nur durch hohe Verwendungen gerettet. Nach einer diplomatiſchen Miſſion nach Wien und Berlin wohnte er 1816 in Aarau und nahm 1820 — nachdem er mehrere ausländiſche Berufungen mit unerſchütterlichem Patriotismus ausgeſchlagen hatte — den philoſophiſchen Lehrſtuhl zu Luzern an. Von hier vertrieben ihn die Jeſuiten, die alle ſeine trefflichen pädagogiſchen Unternehmungen zu Schanden machten. Er ging nach Aarau, wo er als Lehrer, Arzt und Vorſteher einer polytechniſchen Schule wirkte. 1830 wurde er als Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Baſel berufen, aber auf den Verdacht der Theilnahme am Aufſtand der Baſler Landſchaft ſchon im folgenden Jahre abgeſetzt. Später lebte er in Aarau, wurde 1832 Mitglied des großen Raths des Cantons Aarau, zugleich Ehrenbürger von Bern und Profeſſor an der dortigen Univerſität, wo er gegenwärtig noch wirkt.

Er veröffentlichte:

Ueber das Leben und ſein Problem. Göttingen, 1807.
Elemente der Bioſophie. Leipzig, 1808.
Blicke in das Weſen der Menſchen. Aarau, 1812.
Ueber die Schweiz. Aarau, 1815.
Schweizeriſches Muſeum. Aarau, 1816.
Philoſophiſche Rechtslehre. Zürich, 1820.
Fürſt und Volk. Aarau, 1821.
Was verloren iſt, und wie zu gewinnen? Glarus, 1822.
Luzern's Gymnaſium und Lyceum. Glarus, 1823.
Ueber die römiſche Kirche, ihre Gebrechen und Verbeſſerung. Aarau, 1829.
Metaphyſik. Aarau, 1828.
Logik. Stuttgart, 1829.
Vorleſungen über Philoſophie. Bern, 1835.

Tr. wird mit folgenden Worten ſehr treffend von Menzel in deſſen deutſcher Literatur Band I. Seite 309 characteriſirt: „Troxler huldigt ebenfalls noch dem Dualismus, dem Gegenſatz der zwei Principe. Er iſt eine der eigenthümlichſten Erſcheinungen in unſerer Literatur, und druckt ſelbſt einen großen real-idealen, praktiſch-ſpeculativen Gegenſatz aus. In der politiſchen Umwälzung der Schweiz äußerſt thätig, predigte er dort die Demokratie noch in der Demokratie und würde ſie in der dritten Potenz predigen, wenn er ſie in der zweiten durchgeſetzt hätte. Seine philoſophiſche Lehre aber ſchwebt in einer weiten und ruhigen Höhe über dem kleinen Getümmel der Basler und Luzerner, Berner und Aargauer Revolutionen, und ſcheint nicht das Mindeſte mit demſelben gemein zu haben. Doch hat ſich Troxler zu einer Modification ſeiner frühern Anſicht bekannt und in gewiſſer Beziehung dem freiheitsſtolzen Fichtianismus genähert, ohne deshalb die Lehre Schelling's vom Gegenſatze aufzugeben. Er verlegt nur die Identität der Gegenſätze wieder rückwärts in das Fichte'ſche Ich. Er nimmt eine innerſte lebendige Einheit an, gleichſam im Weltſamenkorn, das Alles in ſich enthalte und aus ſich hervortreibe, im Gegenſatz gegen jene unlebendige ideale Einheit, die nur eine wechſelſeitige Aufhebung und Vernichtung der Pole iſt. Wie der ganze Baum im Samenkorn, und das Samenkorn im Baum, ſo ſei auch die ganze Welt trotz ihrer Mannigfaltigkeit beſtändig zugleich in der lebendigſten Einheit, und wie alle Kräfte und Erſcheinungen der Welt aus jenem innerſten Einheitskorn hervorgegangen, ſo wieſen ſie auch alle darauf hin und geben davon Zeugniß, keineswegs bloß die einſeitige Denkkraft. Nun iſt aber Troxlers tiefſinnige und kühne Lehre folgende: Die Einheit aller Dinge iſt in der menſchlichen Seele, in ihr liegt der Abgrund des Göttlichen, wie die ganze Natur. Alles kann der Menſch nur in ſich und durch ſich erkennen. Mit Gott iſt er keineswegs bloß auf eine hiſtoriſche Weiſe durch Chriſtus verbunden, ſondern unmittelbar und weſentlich. Mit der Natur iſt er nicht nur äußerlich durch die Sinnlichkeit verbunden, ſondern die ganze Natur iſt ſchon unmittelbar in ſeiner Sinnlichkeit. In ſeiner Seele aber iſt die Einheit von beiden, von allem. Die Seele iſt das Urſprüngliche, alles Entfaltende, alles Umfaſſende. Der innerſte Kern der Seele aber iſt das Gemüth, und ihr Gegenpunkt, darin ſie ſich reflektirt, die Sinnlichkeit. Um dieſe beiden Brennpunkte kreiſen beſtändig in entgegengeſetzter Richtung zwei Kräfte der Seele, zwei Pſychen, die eine vom Gemüth hinabſteigende, überſinnliche, das Sinnliche vergeiſtigend, die andere von der Sinnlichkeit aufſteigende, unterſinnliche, das Geiſtige verſinnlichend. An jene beiden ruhenden Brennpunkte nun und an dieſe beiden ewig beweglichen Kräfte vertheilt er alle Seelenvermögen und alle äußerlich gewordenen derſelben entſprechenden Erſcheinungen oder Dinge."

Friedrich Carl Adolf von Trützſchler

ward am 3. Juni 1751 zu Kulmitzſch bei Weida im Voigtlande geboren, ſtudirte ſeit ſeinem 15. Jahre in Jena die Rechte und wurde 1771 als Aſſeſſor bei der Landesregierung zu Altenburg angeſtellt. 1774 wurde er Hof- und Conſiſtorialrath, 1783 Conſiſtorialpräſident und geheimer Regierungsrath, 1780 Vicekanzler, 1794 Geheimrath und wirklicher Kanzler, 1804 wirklicher Geheimrath und 1820 Präſident des geheimen Rathscollegiums zu Gotha; doch behielt er ſeinen Wohnort immer in Altenburg. Erſt 1830 nahm er, nachdem er ſchon vor neun Jahren ſein 50jähriges Dienſtjubiläum gefeiert hatte, ſeinen Abſchied. Er ſtarb am 31. Juli 1831 zu Falkenſtein im ſächſiſchen Voigtlande. Er war Großkreuz des königlich ſächſiſchen Civilverdienſt- und des weimariſchen Falkenordens.

Außer mehreren juriſtiſchen Schriften veröffentlichte er:

Eliſe, Schauſpiel. Altenburg, 1777.
Liebe und Tod. Altenburg, 1778.
Lydia. Leipzig, 1779.
Karl von Helberg. Altenburg, 1781.
Geſchichte der Emilie Goldbach. Altenburg, 1782.

Gute Charakterzeichnung und das Talent, die Aufmerkſamkeit des Leſers oder Zuſchauers bis zum Schluſſe zu ſpannen, erwarben ſeinen belletriſtiſchen Schriften zu ihrer Zeit ein geneigtes Publikum.

von Trymberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Adolph Ritter von Tſchabuſchnigg

ward am 20. Juli 1809 zu Klagenfurt geboren und ſtammt aus einer reichsritterlichen Familie des Herzogthums Kärnthen. Er ſtudirte auf dem dortigen Gymnaſium und Lyceum und dann auf der Univerſität die Rechte und trat 1832 als Rathsauſkultant in den Staatsdienſt. Von hier wurde er als Juſtizbeamter nach Trieſt verſetzt, wo er gegenwärtig noch verweilt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Leipzig und Dresden, 1833.
Novellen. Wien, 1835. 2 Bde.
Immergrün. Wien, 1837.
Ironie des Lebens. Roman. Wien, 1840. 2 Bde.
Gedichte, Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Journalen und Almanachen.

Innigkeit, reiche Phantaſie, tiefes Gefühl und eine freie Lebensanſchauung, verbunden mit einem unermüdlichen Streben nach Vervollkommnung, haben ihm einen ſehr geachteten Rang unter den Dichtern ſeines Vaterlandes erworben.

Tſchachtlom, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Andreas Tſcherning

ward am 18. October 1611 zu Bunzlau in Schleſien geboren, und mußte ſchon im 19. Jahre als Proteſtant vor den Gefahren des 30jährigen Krieges flüchten; 1630 begann er in Görlitz durch Unterricht ſein Leben zu friſten. In ruhigeren Tagen ging er auf die Schule zu Breslau, 1635 auf die Roſtocker Univerſität, mit Empfehlungen von Opitz an Peter Laurenberg, der ſich ſeiner ſehr annahm, verſehen. 1637 mußte er nach Bunzlau heimkehren, wurde aber durch die religiöſen Unterdrückungen bald aufs Neue vertrieben. Er wandte ſich zum zweiten Male nach Breslau, das von Neuem ihm eine Vaterſtadt, ja die Quelle und Urſache ſeines Lebensglückes wurde. Seine Gönner daſelbſt machten ihm möglich, einen längſt gehegten Wunſch, die unterbrochenen Studien in Roſtock zu vollenden, zu Stande zu bringen. Er ward Docent und als 1644 Laurenberg ſtarb, deſſen Nachfolger als Lehrer der Dichtkunſt. Sein Glück war nun entſchieden, aber leider von kurzer Dauer, da ihn der Tod ſchon am 27. September 1659 ereilte.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Deutſcher Gedichte Frühling. Breslau, 1642.
Vortrab des Sommers deutſcher Gedichte. Roſtock, 1655.
Poetiſche Schatzkammer. Lübeck, 1659; in 12.
Ueberſetzung von Ali's arabiſchen Sprichwörtern. Roſtock, 1642.

Tſch. gehört zu den talentvollſten Nachahmern ſeines Vorbildes Opitz, namentlich zeichnen ſich ſeine lyriſchen Gedichte durch Anmuth, Kraft und gute Behandlung der Sprache aus, nur entlehnte er zu viel von ſeinem Meiſter und bewegte ſich daher nicht mit Freiheit und Selbſtſtändigkeit, mit denen er ungleich mehr hätte leiſten können.

Andenken an Gott.

Denk an Gott zu aller Zeit,
Ueberlege ſeine Güte
Tag und Nacht dir im Gemüthe,
Die ſchon währt von Ewigkeit.
Er iſt unſer Fels in Noth;
Denk an Gott!

Haſt du guten Stand und Ruh',
Geht dir alles nach Behagen:
Schreib es ihm mit Danke zu.
Kommt dann Trübſal eingeſchlagen,
Treiben Menſchen aus dir Spott:
Denk an Gott!

Fallen Krieg und Seuchen ein:
Wer an ſeinen Gott gedenket,
Kann im Glauben ſicher ſein.
Wird der Brodtkorb hoch gehenket,
Regnet doch der Himmel Brodt.
Denk an Gott!

Jüngling, weil dir deine Kniee
Noch bei grünen Kräften blühen:
Sei nicht ſtolz, gebrauche ſie,
Schone dich nicht zu bemühen;
Aber halt' auch dieß Gebot:
Denk an Gott!

Weil du ſchwach wirſt, alter Greis,
Weil dein kaltes Haupt beſchneiet,
Weil der matten Glieder Eis
Schon das Ende prophezeiet,
Weil du wagſt das letzte Loth;
Denk an Gott!

Lob des Geſanges.

Wer ungereget
Die Sinnen träget,
Wenn Künſtler ſingen
Und Saiten klingen,
Iſt taub an Ohren
Und krank geboren:
Weil ſonſt ſich reget
Was Sinnen träget.

Gott will durch Singen
Und Saitenklingen
Nicht nur auf Erden
Gerühmet werden,
Man ſoll ihn oben
Auch alſo loben:
Da wird das Singen
Viel ſchöner klingen.

Mehr Luſt für Ohren
Iſt nicht geboren;
Sie treibt vom Herzen
Verdruß und Schmerzen,
Kann tiefer dämpfen,
Giebt Muth zu kämpfen,
Macht durch die Ohren
Uns neu geboren.

Was hier ſich reget
Und Sinnen träget,
Heißt David ſingen.
Er heißet klingen
Vor Gottes Ohren
Was je geboren,
Weil er gereget,
Was Liebe träget.

Aegidius Tſchudi,

aus altem Patrizierſtamm 1505 zu Glarus geboren, ſtudirte in Baſel und Paris. 1528 ſandte ihn Glarus im Reformationsgeſchäft nach Einſiedeln zur Tagſatzung; 1529 wurde er zum Landvogt in Sargans; 1533 zum Landvogt in Baden und 1549 zu demſelben Amte von Neuem gewählt, nachdem er inzwiſchen acht Jahre in franzöſiſchen Dienſten geſtanden hatte. 1556 wurde er Statthalter, 1558 Landammann zu Glarus. In dieſer Würde ſtarb er 1572 am 28. Februar.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:

Schweizerhiſtorie, von 1000—1470.

Leben und Schriften, von J. Fuchs. St. Gallen, 1805.

Tſchudi's Werk iſt eine wichtige Quelle für die Schweizer Geſchichte und um ſo verdienſtlicher, als es, ſich vor ähnlichen Arbeiten jener Zeit höchſt vortheilhaft auszeichnend, auch wegen ſeiner Sprache und Darſtellung, die ſich bedeutend über das Gewöhnliche erheben, wahre Anerkennung verdient.

von Türlin, ſ. Minneſinger.

Tüſch, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Auguſt Detlev Chriſtian Twesten

ward am 11. April 1789 zu Glückſtadt geboren, ſtudirte Philologie und Theologie in Kiel, wurde Doctor der Philoſophie und dann als Lehrer und Inſpector an zwei Gymnaſien in Berlin angeſtellt. Im Jahre 1814 folgte er einem Rufe als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie an der Univerſität zu Kiel und zeichnete ſich hier durch zwanzigjährige bedeutende Wirkſamkeit rühmlichſt aus. Nach Schleiermachers Tode rief man ihn von Neuem auf das Ehrenvollſte nach Berlin zurück, wo er gegenwärtig als ordentlicher Profeſſor und Doctor der Theologie und Ritter des Danebrog, noch in regſter Thätigkeit lebt.

Er gab in deutſcher Sprache heraus:

Logik und Analytik. Schleswig, 1825.

Grundriß der analytiſchen Logik. Kiel, 1834.

Die ungeänderte augsburgiſche Confeſſion (mit Harms). Kiel, 1819.

Vorleſungen über die Dogmatik der evangeliſch-lutheriſchen Kirche. Hamburg, 1826. 1. Bd. 1838. 4. Aufl. 1837. 2. Bd.

Nachricht von dem zu Gettysburg in Penſylvanien zu errichtenden theologiſchen Seminare u. ſ. w. Hamburg, 1826.

Recenſionen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Ueber Tw's Dogmatik als deſſen Hauptwerk, urtheilt der Verfaſſer des denſelben betreffenden Artikels im Converſationslexikon der Gegenwart Bd. V. Abth. 2. S. 138 folgendermaßen, indem er die von dieſem bedeutenden Theologen eingeſchlagene Richtung treffend charakteriſirt: Tw. ſucht hier nach Schleiermachers Vorgange die Gebiete der Philoſophie und der Dogmatik zum Vortheil für beide völlig zu ſcheiden. Als die eigentliche Aufgabe der Dogmatik betrachtet er die wiſſenſchaftliche Darſtellung des unmittelbaren religiöſen Bewußtſeins, und näher des gemeinſamen Glaubens der chriſtlichen, der evangeliſchen, und weiter etwa der proteſtantiſchen Kirche, wie derſelbe unmittelbar und unabhängig von philoſophiſcher Demonſtration im Gefühl ihrer Mitglieder lebendig iſt. Er „muthet dem Philoſophen auf keine Weiſe zu, ſich der Dogmatik unterzuordnen, ſondern nur, wie dieſe, ſeine Grenze anzuerkennen, d. h. ſo wenig abſprechen zu wollen über Das, was Sache des religiöſen Gefühls, als dieſe über Das, was Sache der Erkenntniß ſei.“ Die Dogmatik aber ſoll ſich gründen auf die Vorausſetzung, daß „das Gefühl, als unmittelbares Bewußtſein Deſſen, was iſt, nicht trügen könne,“ wie z. B. wer die Wiedergeburt und ihre Wirkungen in ſich erfahren habe, ſich durch keine philoſophiſche Auseinanderſetzung beſtimmen laſſen werde, zu glauben, daß die Wiedergeburt nichts ſei. Sie hat nach Tw. nur die Aufgabe, für den Inhalt dieſes religiöſen, chriſtlichen, evangeliſchen, proteſtantiſchen Gefühls einen wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausdruck zu finden, wobei ſie zur Reflexion über das Gefühl genöthigt, und, während ſie das Gefühl und den Glauben als ein factiſch Gegebenes annehmen und unangetaſtet laſſen muß, doch ſelbſt Irrthümern ausgeſetzt iſt, welche gleichſam Ueberſetzungsfehler ſind, da ſie nur entſtehen, ſo oft ihr dieſe Uebertragung des Gefühls in die Sprache der Wiſſenſchaft nicht gelingt. Tw. hält es wohl auch „für das höchſte Ziel des Theologen, Das, was ſich wiſſen läßt, auch wirklich zu wiſſen,“ aber er „kann und will ſich doch über den Erfolg keine Illuſionen machen, kann nicht den Willen für die That, nicht das Verſprechen für die Erfüllung nehmen,“ und kann ſich nicht verhehlen, „daß es wichtige Dogmen gibt, die ihm bei allen vielgerühmten Beweiſen dafür durchaus problematiſch bleiben würden, wenn er das Wort der Schrift nicht als entſcheidend wollte gelten laſſen.“ So iſt Tw's „Dogmatik“ eine der bedeutendſten Vertretungen der Richtung, durch welche, indem ſie die Sache des Chriſtenthums zu einer Sache der Erfahrung und des Lebens macht und ſie dadurch vom Streit der Philoſophenſchulen emancipirt, allein eine befriedigende Vermittelung der Hauptdifferenzen vorbereitet werden kann.“

Twinger, ſ. Meiſterſänger.

Gabriel Tzſchimmer

lebte zwiſchen 1659 und 1681 zu Dresden und ſchrieb:

Durchlauchtigſte Zuſammenkunft, oder: Erzählung, was H. Johann Georg der Zweite in Dresden im Februario des Jahres 1678 an allerhand Aufzügen, Schauſpielen, Opern u. ſ. w. Denkwürdiges aufführen und vorſtellen laſſen. Nürnberg, 1680. 2 Bde. fol.

ein für die Geſchichte der deutſchen Bühne ſehr wichtiges und intereſſantes Werk.

Heinrich Gottlieb Tzſchirner

wurde am 14. November 1778 zu Mittweida in Sachſen geboren. Mit Pöliz beſuchte er die Schule zu Chemnitz; zu Leipzig, wo er ſeit 1796 ſtudirte, war der bekannte Theolog Winter ſein Stubengenoß. Reinhard gab ihm, den er im Examen kennen gelernt hatte, Gelegenheit, 1800 in Wittenberg als Docent aufzutreten. 1801 zog er nach ſeinen Geburtsort, um ſeinen alten Vater zu unterſtützen, deſſen Diakonat auf ihn überging. In demſelben Jahre ward er als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie nach Wittenberg gerufen, 1809 in derſelben Eigenſchaft nach Leipzig. 1814 ging er als Feldprobſt mit den Truppen, die Karl August von Weimar führte, nach Frankreich, während Winter, von Wittenberg flüchtig, ſein Katheder in Leipzig inzwiſchen beſorgte. Noch in demſelben Sommer kehrte er von Paris zurück: im Frühjahr 1815 ſollte er Roſenmüller's Beiſtand als Archidiaconus an der Thomaskirche zu Leipzig werden, und wurde, als jener plötzlich ſtarb, zugleich ſein Nachfolger im Ephorat. Allein ſchon ſeit 1823 hatte er mit Bruſtleiden zu kämpfen, die ihn oft Monate lang Kanzel und Katheder zu meiden zwangen und denen er endlich am 17. Februar 1828 unterlag. Er war Doctor der Philoſophie und Theologie, Domherr von Meißen, Ritter des ſächſiſchen Civilverdienſtordens und des däniſchen Danebrog. —

Seine Werke ſind:

Predigten in der Univerſitätskirche zu Leipzig gehalten. Leipzig, 1812—1816.
Predigten in der Univerſitätskirche zu Leipzig gehalten von 1817—1818. Leipzig, 1828.
Geſchichte der Apologetik. Leipzig, 1806.
Leben und Ende merkwürdiger Selbſtmörder. Leipzig, 1805.
Neunter und Zehnter Theil zu Schröckh's Kirchengeſchichte. Leipzig, 1812.
Briefe durch Reinhard's Geſtändniſſe veranlaßt. Leipzig, 1811.
Ueber den Krieg. Leipzig, 1815.
Die Sache der Griechen, die Sache Europa's. Leipzig, 1821.
Der Uebertritt des Herrn von Haller. Leipzig, 1821.
Proteſtantismus und Katholicismus. Leipzig, 1822.
Die Gefahr einer deutſchen Revolution. Leipzig, 1823.
Die Rückkehr katholiſcher Chriſten in Baden zum evangeliſchen Chriſtenthum. Leipzig, 1823.
Das Reactionsſyſtem. Leipzig, 1823.
Briefe über Religion und Politik. Leipzig, 1828.
Der Fall des Heidenthums, herausgegeben von Niedner. Leipzig, 1829.
Vorleſungen über die chriſtliche Glaubenslehre, herausgegeben von K. Haſe. Leipzig, 1829.
Viele einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.
Vergl. Tzſchirners Denkmal von W. T. Krug. Leipzig, 1828.

Einer der eifrigſten und redlichſten Kämpfer für Licht und Glaubensfreiheit zeichnete ſich T. auf dem Gebiete der Theologie durch reiche und gründliche Gelehrſamkeit, Scharfſinn, Freimüthigkeit, Selbſtſtändigkeit und Originalität eben ſo rühmlich aus, wie er als Kanzelredner durch ſeine vortrefflichen Predigten voll Klarheit, Begeiſterung, Liebe und feiner pſychologiſcher Entwickelung höchſt ſegensreich wirkte.

U.

Friedrich von Uechtritz,

im Jahre 1800 am 12. September zu Görlitz in der Lauſitz geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig die Rechte und trat ſchon damals als Dichter und Novelliſt auf, ohne jedoch großes Aufſehen zu erregen. Erſt Tieck's Theilnahme an ſeinen Leiſtungen, welche derſelbe durch eine Vorrede zu U's Alexander und Darius beurkundete, verſchaffte ihm 1827 zu Berlin Anerkennung, beſonders bei den Anhängern des Dichters, erregte aber freilich zugleich gegen U. eine heftige Polemik und überſpannte Hoffnungen auf ſein Talent. 1828 wurde er als Landesgerichtsaſſeſſor nach Trier, 1829 nach Düſſeldorf verſetzt, wo er vereint mit Immermann Kunſtſinn zu erregen ſtrebte und auch nach dem Tode des Letzteren dem Theater und der Akademie ſeine Theilnahme erhalten hat.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Chryſoſtomus, Drama. Brandenburg, 1822.
Trauerſpiele. Berlin, 1823. (Rom und Spartacus, Rom und Otto der Dritte.)
Alexander und Darius, mit einer Vorrede von Tieck. Berlin, 1827.
Das Ehrenſchwert, Trauerſpiel. 1828.
Roſamunde, Trauerſpiel. Düſſeldorf, 1833.
Die Babylonier in Jeruſalem. Düſſeldorf, 1836.
Blicke in das Düſſeldorfer Kunſt- und Künſtlerleben. Düſſeldorf, 1839—1841.

Adel der Geſinnung, reiche Phantaſie, gute Erfindung und Anordnung und eine glänzende und würdige Behandlung der Sprache und Form, weiſen U's dramatiſchen Leiſtungen einen ſehr ehrenwerthen Rang an. Wenn er ſich mehr zu concentriren wüßte und das lyriſche Element nicht zu häufig bei ihm in der Tragödie das vorwaltende wäre, ſo würde der Eindruck ſeiner Werke auf der Bühne auch bleibender und nachhaltiger ſein. Als ſeine ausgezeichnetſte Arbeit betrachtet man mit Recht: Die Babylonier in Jeruſalem. Hier tritt dem Leſer bei großen Gaben überall dichteriſche Reife und beſonnene Klarheit entgegen. Für einen Auszug ſchien uns jedoch nur folgende treffliche Scene aus U's erſtem Werke paſſend.

Chryſoſtomus.

Vierter Aufzug.

Vierte Scene.

(Biſchöflicher Pallaſt.)

Cyprianus ſitzt und ſchreibt. **Chryſoſtomus** tritt herein.

Chryſoſtomus.

Und ſind die Briefe fertig!

Cyprianus.

Ja, Hochwürd'ger.
An jeden Biſchof, den Ihr mir als Euern
Freund nanntet —

Chryſoſtomus.

Nicht als meinen Freund,
Als einen frommen Knecht des Herren. — Weiter!

Cyprianus.

An jeden dieſer frommen Männer hab' ich,
Wie Ihr befohlen, einen Brief geſandt,
Worin ich ihn geladen zum Concilium,
Das Ihr zu halten denkt.

Chryſoſtomus.

Wohl, Cyprianus.
(Pauſe.)
Die Zeit wird bald nun kommen, wo die Menſchen,
Die blöden Menſchen, es erkennen werden,
Daß er mich zum Geſandten hat erkoren,
Der ſeine weitverirrten Kinder ſoll
Zurück zur Unſchuld, Gottergebenheit
Der erſten Chriſten führen, wie ſie ſich
Vereinigt unter Leitung der Apoſtel; —
Und daß, wie es die Kirche damals war, —
Die Kirche, die der Herr als Menſch geſtiftet
Und den Apoſteln ſterbend dann vertraute, —
Wie ſie es da in den Apoſteln war,
Die ſelber in der Heiden nächt'ge Herzen
Den Himmel blicken ließ, daß ſie entſündigt
Durch ſeinen bittern Tod, den Herrn erkannten,
So die Eccleſia wiederum es ſein ſoll,
Wodurch — wie vormals die Apoſtel — ich
Solch keuſches, gottergebnes Daſein werde
Heimführen in die Wohnungen der Menſchen.
(Pauſe.)

Vereitelt hat er meiner Gegner ſünd'gen
Verruchten Angriff durch die Sünde ſelber,
Die ſo ſich ſelber hat gelähmt. Gelähmt iſt
Durch des Vigilius Eitelkeit und Selbſtſucht
Die Bosheit meiner Feinde, — der Auguſta.
Erheben will ich mich mit Macht, — die Diener
Und Kinder Gottes um mich her verſammeln,
Der ich berufen ward, ſie zu berufen,
Und im Concilium, das ſich ſo wird bilden,
All jene Biſchofe, die der Auguſta
Gottloſen Wünſchen frech ſich zugeſellt,
Und jetzt gehofft auf des Arcadius Beitritt,
Um mich zum zweitenmale zu bekämpfen,
Mich und den Himmel, — aus der Kirche ſtoßen,
Zur Hölle ſtoßen, wie Sanct Michael.

Cyprianus.

Vergebt mir, wenn ich wag', Euch eine Bitte
In Demuth vorzulegen. Eure Feinde
Sind wohl zurückgeſchlagen, nicht bezwungen;
Wär es darum nicht wohlgethan, Hochwürd'ger,
Wenn Ihr, gleich ihnen, ehe das Concilium
Sich feierlich um Euern Stuhl verſammelt,
Um die Beſtät'gung des Arcadius bätet.

Chryſoſtomus.

Nein, Cyprianus.

Cyprianus.

Dann vergebt!

Chryſoſtomus.

Ich bin
Nicht willens, aus kleinmüth'ger Furcht und Sorge
Mein großes Ziel mir ſelber zu vernichten.
Ich will die Menſchen, die in Sündenſchlamm
Verſunknen Menſchen durch die Kirche rein'gen,
Ich will die Kirche reinigen vor Allem
Zum lautern, wenn auch irdiſchen Gefäß,
Worin die Himmelsfluth geboten werde,
In der die ſünd'gen Menſchen ſollen baden,
Um ſich vom Schlamm der Sünden zu entladen.
Wie könnt' ich aber jemals das vollenden,
Wenn über dies Gefäß in ſeinem Umfang
Nicht ich, nicht der Allmächtige durch mich,
Nein des Arcadius Wort zu richten hätte.

Cyprianus.

Es wär nur ſichrer, wenn Ihr nach und nach —

Chryſoſtomus.

Um eine Stunde meines Ziels Erreichung
Verzögern, wär' ſchon frevelnde Verzagtheit.

Was iſt Arcadius, die Verfaſſung und
Regierung dieſes Lands, als das Gewand,
Das irdiſche-vergängliche, worin
Der Griechen Volk ſich fröſtelnd eingehüllt,
Und deſſen Schnitt und Form nach dem Bedürfniß
Der Schwäche dieſes Volkes ſich gerichtet!
Denn ſo veränderlich und ſo vergänglich
Sind dieſe Formen, wie die Menſchen ſelber.

Arcadius und ſein Hof und der Beamten
Zahlloſes Heer iſt nur ein abgenutztes
Und unbehülfliches Gewand der Zeit.
Und dieſer eitle Herrſcher über die
Vergänglichkeit — er ſollte richten können
Ueber das Einz'ge, was auf Erden dauert,
Ueber die Kirche, die der Herr geſtiftet,
Daß ſie, ein lautres wenn auch irdiſches
Gefäß, die Heiligung den Menſchen biete!

Und wenn nun dies Gefäß vom gift'gen Odem
Der kühn nach Herrſchaft ringenden Verderbniß
Selbſt angehaucht ward, daß ſein Glanz verblindet
Und Dunſt die lichte Fluth darin bedeckt;
Wenn dann der Himmel einen Mann berufen
Durch wunderbares Traumgeſicht, und ihn
Mit ſtarkem Arm zum Hüter des Gefäßes,
Daß er es rein'ge von dem gift'gen Nebel,
Beſtellt hat, darf der Gottgekräftigte
Die Sünd' erſt um Erlaubniß fragen, wenn er
Die Sünde will bekämpfen, ſoll er ſelber
Die Herrſchaft der Vergänglichkeit, die ſchon
Zur Sünde wird, wenn ſie das Ew'ge will
Beherrſchen, anerkennen und ſich binden
An die Geſetze, welche ſie geſchaffen
Und die mit ihr vergehen werden, — die
Mit des Arcadius Reich vergehen werden?

Cyprianus (beſcheiden).

Allein Arcadius und die vor ihm
Auf ſeinem Thron geſeſſen, ſind ſie nicht
Die Quelle, draus die äußre Macht gefloſſen,
Die Euerm hohen Stuhl verbunden iſt?
Und doch gedenkt Ihr, dieſe äußre Macht
Von ihnen unabhängig hinzuſtellen?

Chryſoſtomus.

Was ſollt' ichs leugnen? Dahin geht mein Streben —
Und wohlberechtigt tret' ich in die Schranken.

Denn, Sohn, wenn du von meinen Rechten ſprichſt,
Und dann an jene alten Pergamente
Gedenkſt, worin ſie aufgezeichnet ſtehn,
Wie ſie von Menſchen mir verſtattet worden,
So irrſt du, Lieber.
Meine höchſten Rechte
Sind nicht entfloſſen ſo getrübter Quelle,
Nicht Menſchengunſt — die Gnade Gottes hat mich
Zum großen Werk der Heiligung gerüſtet.
Drum frag' ich nicht vermoderte Papiere,
Um zu erfahren, was ich darf und nicht darf, —

Mein Innres frag' ich — und den Willen Gottes,
Der ſich darinnen offenbart.

Cyprianus.

Ihr ſeid
Zu groß für dieſe Erde, hoher Herr,
Und doch befürcht' ich, daß Ihr nicht den Kerker
In den dies arme Leben iſt verſchloſſen,
Zum freien Spielraum Eures reinen Willens
Ausdehnen werdet. Ach, der ew'ge Gott
Hat ja auch dieſen Kerker angeordnet.

Chryſoſtomus.

Ja wie er auch die Hölle hat geordnet —
Für die Verdammten. — Aber wenn ein Sel'ger
Herniederſteigt in jene Nachtgefilde,
Was kann die Macht der Hölle gegen ihn?

Cyprianus.

O nichts vermag ſie, denn der ſel'ge Geiſt
Hat keinen Theil an ihr, doch Ihr, Hochwürd'ger,
Ihr ſeid ein Menſch, Ihr lebt im Erdenkleide,
Ihr ſeid den ird'ſchen Schmerzen unterworfen.
Drum fürcht' ich, dieſe Erde wird ſich rächen
An Eurem ird'ſchen Theil, der ihr gehört,
Für die Verſchmähung Eures ſtolzen Geiſtes.

Chryſoſtomus.

Sie mags verſuchen und ſie hats verſucht
Und Gott hat mich geſchützt. Preis dem Allmächt'gen!
(Ein Diener tritt herein.)

Diener.

Der Bruder Alarichs mit ſeiner Braut.

Chryſoſtomus.

Sie ſind willkommen!
(Diener ab.)

Chryſoſtomus (zu Cyprianus).

Alles iſt beſchloſſen.
Die Briefe ſind geſchrieben. — Jetzt zur Ruhe,
Jetzt laß uns froh ſein mit den Fröhlichen,
Mit deiner Schweſter, ihrem Treugeliebten!
(Ataulf und Anna kommen.)

Anna.

Hier bring' ich Euch den guten Ataulf, Herr,
Ihr wünſchtet ihn zu ſehn, mit ihm zu ſprechen.

Chryſoſtomus (lächelnd).

Ei freilich wünſcht' ich das. Seid mir willkommen!

Anna.

Es führt uns gar beſondrer Anlaß heut
Zu Euch, der bald recht ſchlimmes End' genommen.
Doch Gott hat uns beſchützt, wie ſeine Kinder,
Und eben, weil der liebe Gott ſo gar
Auffallend hier im Spiele, kommen wir
Zu Euch.

Chryſoſtomus.

Erklärt Euch!

Ataulf (vortretend).

So erfahrt denn, Herr,
Daß die Auguſta mich verlocken wollen
Zur ſchlimmſten Sünde — (nun iſts kein Verrath,
Wenn ich auch Alles, Alles Euch entdecke,
Sie ſelber hat durch ihre Mordverſuche
Jedwedes Pflichtband zwiſchen uns zerriſſen.) —
Zur ſchlimmſten Sünde wollte ſie mich locken. —
Denkt, an der Anna ſollt' ich untreu werden!
Und weils nicht möglich war, ſo wollte ſie
Mich erſt erſtechen laſſen durch den Comes —
Nun das war Tändelei und nicht zu fürchten,
Ich ſtach den Comes nieder, — ging nach Hauſe.

Chryſoſtomus.

O die Entſetzliche!

Ataulf.

Was hat ſie nicht
In jener böſen Stunde mir verheißen!
Ich glaube gar auch des Arcadius Thron!

Chryſoſtomus.

Und ſie — in voller Jugendkraft und Schönheit
Prangt ſie auf dieſem Thron, den ſie geſchändet!
O unerforſchlich, Herr, ſind deine Wege,
Sie iſt der Sünde Haupt — dies Haupt herab,
Und unabwendbar wär' der Sieg des Lichts,
So lang ſie noch vom höchſten Thron hernieder,
Auf dem die eitle Sünde je geſeſſen,
Die wolluſttrüben Blicke darf verſenden
Und die Verlockung paaren mit der Macht,
So lang iſt es noch Nacht, und ich muß wirken.

Ataulf.

Ihr fürchtet Euch vor der Auguſta, Herr?
Mit der iſts wohl vorbei, denn ſeit ſie mich
In ihre Schlingen nicht verlocken können,
Iſt ſie gar bleich geworden, wie zum Tode,
Und heute, wie ſie uns das Gift geboten —

Chryſoſtomus.

Das Gift!

Anna.

Deswegen kamen wir, Hochwürd'ger.

Ataulf.

Ja, wie ſie uns das Gift geboten und
Wirs nicht getrunken, wofür Gott zu danken,
Da iſt ſie ganz und gar verrückt geworden.

Chryſoſtomus.

Verrückt!

Ataulf.

Ja, ganz wahnſinnig. Gott hat ſie
Geſtraft.

Chryſoſtomus.

So war der Sünde Haupt gefallen.
Laß dich umarmen, junger Freund! — du biſt
Ein Engel Gottes, den er mir zum Beiſtand
Zuſendet mit dem Flammenſchwert der Jugend. —
Dank dem Allmächt'gen! — Bleibe bei mir, Ataulf,
Denn der Erwählten ſind ſo wenig, Sohn,
In dieſer traur'gen Zeit, daß ſie in feſtes
Und inn'ges Bündniß ſich verſchlingen müſſen.

Ataulf.

Doch rechnet Ihr auch mich zu den Erwählten?

Chryſoſtomus.

Ich nenne jeden ſo, der dieſer Erde
Verlockungen im Herrn beſiegt, den Willen
Des Ew'gen thut, den er den Menſchen allen
Oder auch ihm allein nur offenbart hat.

Ataulf.

Nun, wenn Ihr die zu den Erwählten rechnet,
Die, ſo wie ich, in ſolcher Lage handeln,
Dann ſagt nur nicht, daß ihrer wenig wären.
Viel Tauſend meines Volks — ſo helf mir Gott!
Sie hätten ſich weit tücht'ger noch betragen.
Wir ſind ein wildes, doch ein muth'ges Volk —
Wer etwas Muth hat, kann nicht anders thun,
Muß ſolchen wind'gen Comes niederſtechen.

Chryſoſtomus.

Die Reinheit iſt ja mit der Kraft verbündet, —
Das deutet der heldenmuth'ge Jüngling,
Den ich im Traum geſehn. — Ein großes Volk
Voll Kraft und reiner Jugend! — o mein Traum!

Ataulf.

Ihr ſcheint die Griechen, Biſchof, nur zu kennen.
Wir ſind in Vielem gegen ſie, wie Kinder.
Allein auch darin, daß in uns das Leben
Noch nah der Quell' und darum reiner fließt.

Chryſoſtomus (für ſich hin).

„Ein neues Leben, eine ſchön're Zeit,"
Sprach der Apoſtel, „wird der Erd' entblühen." —
Und dieſe ſchön're Zeit herbeizuführen,
Dazu ward ich berufen durch den Traum.
Ich fühl' in mir die nöth'ge Kraft, — es hat
Jene Verheißung göttlicher Gewährung
Nur meines Innern Pforten aufgeſprengt,
Daß ſich die Kraft lichtſtrahlend draus erhebe,
Und dieſe Welt mit reinen Tugenden
Bepflanze, denen eine Saat des Lebens,
Wie einſt geblüht hat in den erſten Chriſten,
Aufs Neu zum Heil der Erde mag entſprießen. —
Was wollen dieſe Zweifel! — O was will
Der Jüngling, ſeine Jugend und ſein Volk?

Ataulf.
Wir werden dieſe Hauptſtadt bald verlaſſen,
Hochwürd'ger Herr.

Chryſoſtomus.
So wollt Ihr mich verlaſſen?

Ataulf.
Mich zieht die Sehnſucht nach der lieben Heimath.
(Ein Diener tritt herein.)

Diener.
Der alte Thorismund.

Chryſoſtomus.
So führ' ihn her!
(Diener ab. Thorismund kommt.)

Ataulf.
Willkommen, Vater!

Thorismund.
Spracht Ihr etwa ſchon
Mit dem Hochwürd'gen von der argen Sache?

Anna.
Nein, lieber Vater.

Chryſoſtomus.
Sagt, was führt Euch zu mir?

Thorismund.
Ihr habt ja immer, Herr Chryſoſtomus,
Euch doch gerühmt und oft gepredigt, daß
Der Kirche Reinigung Euch ſehr am Herzen,
Ganz überaus am Herzen liege. Drum
Wend' ich mich jetzt an Euch, Hochwürdigſter.
Der Archipresbyter Liberius
Hat meiner Anna ſündlich nachgeſtellt.
Die hat ihm zwar erwiedert, wie ſichs ziemt,
Doch wünſcht' ich nicht, daß er ganz ſtraflos bliebe.
(Er giebt dem Chryſoſtomus das Gebetbuch.)
Leſt aber ſelbſt, hochwürd'ger Herr, die Verſe
Die er in dies Gebetbuch frech geſchrieben!
(Dem Chryſoſtomus das Crucifix übergebend.)
Leſt ſelbſt die Schrift hier an dem Crucifix,
Das ein verruchter Mönch, den er geſandt,
In Annens Schlafgemach hinſtellen wollte.

Chryſoſtomus.
Die Sünde droht von allen Seiten her,
Den Himmel höhnend, — gotteslaſterlich. —
Doch mag ſie nur! — hier kann ich ihr begegnen.
(Pauſe.)
Ich bet' Ihn an im Staube. — Daß Er jetzt,
Gerade jetzt, wo ſich die Zweifel nahten,
Unlöslich die Gelegenheit mir bietet,
Auf dem betretnen Wege fortzukämpfen,
Wird mir zum klaren Zeichen, daß er ſelber
Des Traumes ſchöne Bilder mir geſandt,
Daß es kein leeres Truggeſicht geweſen.
(Zu Thorismund.)
Beruhigt Euch, mein guter Alter, denn
Ich will genug Euch thun, beim Namen Gottes!
Ihr ſelbſt ſollt einſehn, daß die Reinigung
Der Kirche mir ſehr ernſt am Herzen liege.
Denn — ich entſetze den Liberius.
Er iſt nicht länger Archipresbyter.

Cyprianus.
Liberius! Ihr entſetzt ihn! — o wie bin ich
Im Innerſten zerriſſen! — Der die Schweſter
Beleidigt hat — und doch — Ihr könnt nicht, Herr,
O nein, Ihr könnt nicht, müßt es widerrufen.

Chryſoſtomus.
Und warum muß ich!

Cyprianus.
Habt Ihr, hoher Herr,
Vergeſſen, daß Vigilius, ſein Oheim,
Wie ſeinen Sohn ihn liebt! O der Präfectus
Iſt gar zu reizbar, würd' Euch nie vergeben,
Wenn Ihr in ſeinem Neffen ihn beleidigt.

Chryſoſtomus.
Liberius Maaß iſt voll.

Cyprianus.
Nur jetzt verſchont ihn!
Wenn nun Vigilius Euch verließe, wenn er
Nun auch auf Eurer Gegner Seit' hinträte,
Und ſeine Macht vereinte mit der ihren,
Wer könnt' Euch retten, — o wer ſollt' Euch ſchützen?

Chryſoſtomus (zürnend).
Ungläubiger, ſo meinſt du denn wirklich,
Daß nur Vigilius mich und ſeine Gunſt,
Nicht Gott, nicht meine gottverliehne Kraft
Aufrecht erhält! Ungläubigſter von Allen,
Dem ich erſchloſſen meines Buſens Grund
Und ihm die Schätze drin gewieſen, der mich
Geſchaut, begleitet hat in meinem Wirken.

Was wär ich, wenn Vigilius nur mich hielte!
Noch heute wollt' ich meine Würd' ablegen,
Fern von den Menſchen ſelber mich verbannen,
Und dort betrauern mein verlornes Streben,
Weil es nicht beſſre Stützen ſich gewonnen.
Was wär ich, wenn Vigilius nur mich hielte!

Doch, Dank dem ew'gen Gott, es iſt nicht alſo,
Ich fühls, daß eigne Kraft er mir gegeben.
Zum mindſten bin ich Biſchof von Byzanz. .
Darum entſetz' ich den Liberius.

Und zweifelt Ihr an meiner Kraft, Ungläub'ge,
O, ſo erinnert Euch an jenen Tag,
Wo der gefallne Günſtling des Arcadius,
Eutropius, auf des Altars Stufen lag! —
Von ſämmtlichen Anhängern ſeines Glanzes
Von allen Freunden ſeines Glücks verlaſſen,
Drückt' er ſich an die kalten Marmorſtufen —
Feſt angeklammert, — als ob die ihn retten,
Beſchützen ſollten vor der Wuth des Volkes,
Das nach dem Blute des Gefallnen lechzte.
Da trat ich vor ihn hin — ein Engel Gottes, —
Worte des Friedens, der Verſöhnung floſſen
Von meinen Lippen und das Volk beſann ſich
Und griff in ſeine eigne Bruſt und weinte,
Wie es der Flüchtigkeit des Menſchenglücks
Und ſeines eignen kleinen Glücks gedachte.
Nur ich verließ den ganz Verlaſſnen nicht —
Und wenn ich ſelbſt nun ſo verlaſſen ſtände,
Glaubſt du, daß ich mich ſelbſt verlaſſen würde?

Haſt du ſo ganz vergeſſen jene Nacht,
Wo ich durch Gott und durch des Volkes Muth
Und Treue meinen Feinden obgeſiegt,
Wo mich das frohe Volk auf ſeinen Schultern
Vor dem Pallaſt vorüber unter Saiten-
Und Flötenſpiel beim Schein der Fackeln trug!
Vertraue, wenn du mir, wenn du dem Traume,
Den mir der Ew'ge ſandte, nicht vertrauen willſt,
Zum mindſten auf des Volkes treuen Muth,
Der ſich in jener Nacht ſo ſchön erprobt hat!

Cyprianus.
Doch war Vigilius damals krank, Hochwürd'ger,
Und Eure Feinde wen'ger gut gerüſtet.
Bedenkt, ſie haben ein'ge tauſend Krieger —
Aus ſichrer Quelle weiß ichs, — bei dem Dux
Von Thrazien beſtellt, die vor den Thoren
Ein Zeichen Eurer Gegner nur erwarten,
Um durch Byzanz ſich zu ergießen und
Das Volk in Zaum zu halten. Alſo hofft,
Hochwürd'ger, nicht zu ſehr auf dieſes Volk!

Chryſoſtomus (heiter).
Liberius wird entſetzt. — Es gilt die Probe.
Wenn ein Vigilius mich ſtürzen könnte,
So hätt' ich nur geträumt und wär' erwacht.
Wohl träumt' ich einſt. — Er ſandte mir den Traum,
Verhieß im Traum mir, daß ein ſchönres Leben
Der Erde bald und leuchtend ſoll' entblühen —
Ein ſchönres Leben! — Jüngling ſprachſt du nicht
Viel tauſend andr' aus deinem Volke hätten
Gleich dir gehandelt!

Ataulf.
Weiß ich doch nicht, Biſchof,
Wie Euch mein Handeln ſo verwundern kann.
Ei freilich hätten wohl die meiſten Gothen
Gethan, wie ich, — und nicht die Gothen bloß,
Auch die Burgunder, auch die Franken, Herr.
Wir ſind ja all' aus gleichem Stamm — Germanen.

Chryſoſtomus.

Aus gleichem Stamm, — Germanen. —
(Er verſinkt in tiefes Sinnen.)

Cyprianus (heimlich zu Ataulf und Anna).

Liebe Anna,
Mein theurer Ataulf, wenn Ihr irgend mich
Ein wenig liebt, ſo bittet den Hochwürd'gen,
Daß er nur jetzt nicht den Liberius
Entſetzen möge, denn er wär' verloren.
Ihr ſeht ja ſelbſt wohl ein, — er wär' verloren.
O ich beſchwör' Euch —

Anna.

Ataulf, nicht mein Ataulf!

Cyprianus (zu Thorismund).

Und Ihr, mein Vater, laßt jetzt Euern Groll!
O glaubt, es thut mir weh, — ſehr weh, mein Vater,
Daß meine Schweſter ſo gequält iſt worden.
Doch, gebt nicht zu, — (Ihr dürft ja nicht, mein Vater!) —
Daß ſich der heil'ge Biſchof Euretwegen
Ins Unglück ſtürze!

Thorismund.

Nun da mag er ſelbſt ſehn.

Anna (zu Ataulf).

Geh, Ataulf, ſags dem Biſchof!

Ataulf.

Mein Hochwürd'ger,
Um meinetwillen und der Anna willen
Iſts nicht erſt nöthig, daß der Herr Liberius
Der Archipresbyter gezüchtigt werde,
Die Anna hat am beſten ihn gezüchtigt.

Chryſoſtomus.

Meinſt du, mein Knabe, mit den hellen Augen,
Du, der die Kaiſerin zum Wahnſinn brachte
Durch ſeine Jugend! — willſt du mirs nicht gönnen,
Nicht gönnen, Braungelockter, daß auch ich
Für die verheißne neue Lebensſonne,
Die uns erquicken ſoll nach langer Nacht,
Arbeiten und die Schatten vor ihr her
Zertheilen möge! — Das verlange nicht,
Erwarte nicht, mein Jüngling, denn du haſt
Doch niemals ſo geträumt, wie ich.

Ataulf.

Geträumt!
Mir iſt das Wachen lieber, als das Träumen.

Cyprianus.

Zu Euern Füßen lieg' ich hier und flehe.
Laßt mindeſtens das Concilium, das Ihr
Berufen habt, darüber richten, Herr,
Ob der Liberius zu entſetzen ſei!

Chryſoſtomus (nach einer Pauſe).

Ich bin nicht übermüthig, Cyprianus,
Und glaube nicht, daß dieſer ſchwache Arm
Genüge, meines Geiſts erhabne Ahnung
Auf dieſer Erde zu verwirklichen.
Darum berief ich das Concilium,
Der Diener Gottes heilige Verſammlung,
Und acht' es für der Himmelsgnaden höchſte,
Daß ich berufen ward, ſie zu berufen.
Doch was mit ihrer Hülf' ich ſoll vollführen
Und was allein, das werd' ich ſelbſt entſcheiden.
Was dieſen Fall betrifft, — ſo wird Liberius
Von mir allein entſetzt, — und wärs auch nur
Um zu erproben des Vigilius Macht,
Um zu erproben meine hohe Sendung.
(Er geht ab. Die Andern ſtehen ſchweigend.)

Herrmann Wilhelm Franz Uelzen

ward 1758 zu Celle im Hannöverſchen geboren, ſtudirte in Göttingen Theologie, lebte dann von 1780 bis 1784 als Hauslehrer in Oldenburg und Bremen und von 1784 bis 1786 als Mitglied des Predigerſeminars und Hoſpes zu Kloſter Loccum. Dann ward er Prediger zu Langelingen bei Celle, wo er am 8. April 1808 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:
Taſchenbuch für Jünglinge. (Mit Grome und Rotermund.) Bremen, 1786—87.
Gedichte. Bremen, 1795—96. 2 Thle.
Mannichfaltigkeiten. (Mit W. Benecke.) Leipzig 1807.

U. war nicht ohne Talent für die lyriſche Poeſie, beſonders für das leichtere Lied; minder glückten ihm die anderen Gattungen derſelben.

Johann Ludwig Uhland

ward am 26. April 1787 zu Tübingen geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt ſeit 1805 Jurisprudenz, wurde ſodann Advokat und 1810 Doctor der Rechte. Darauf machte er eine Reiſe nach Paris, beſonders um auf der königlichen Bibliothek die Manuſcripte des Mittelalters zu ſtudiren. Seit dem Herbſt 1812 lebte er zu Stuttgart, eine Zeit lang im Büreau des Juſtizminiſteriums beſchäftigt. 1819 wurde er vom Oberamte Tübingen und im folgenden Jahre von ſeiner Vaterſtadt zum Mitgliede der Ständeverſammlung erwählt, in der Folge machte ihn die Kammer zum Beiſitzer des weitern Ausſchuſſes; den Platz im engern hatte er abgelehnt. 1830 wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor der deutſchen Sprache und Literatur; aber bald legte er dieſe Stelle nieder, wie er ſchon früher der Poeſie faſt entſagt hatte, um allein ſeinen ſtändiſchen Verpflichtungen nachzukommen.

Er gab heraus:
Gedichte. 1829. 11. Aufl.
Ueber Walther von der Vogelweide. Stuttgart, 1822.
Ueber den Mythus von der nordiſchen Sagenlehre vom Thor. Stuttgart, 1836.
Dramatiſches:
Herzog Ernſt von Schwaben. Heidelberg, 1817.
Ludwig der Baier. Berlin, 1819.

Schon früher ſprachen wir folgende Anſicht über U. aus (Siehe die neueſte Literatur Europa's, dargeſtellt in ihren bedeutendſten Erſcheinungen, Seite 660), auf die wir um ſo lieber zurückkommen, als die Jahre uns in derſelben immer mehr befeſtigten. — „U. iſt durchgängig ſubjectiv, ſelbſt da wo er erzählend verfährt, denn aus ſeiner Vortragsweiſe blickt ſeine innerſte eigenthümliche Geſinnung ſtets ſiegreich hervor. In Allem was er bringt, offenbart ſich die edelſte, reinſte Natur, das redlichſte Gemüth. — Wie wir in Goethe's Liedern das Schönſte und Hervortretendſte des deutſchen Charakters herausfühlen, ſo finden wir bei ihm den deutſchen Charaktergang in vollſter Wahrheit und darin ſteht er höher als Goethe. Er ſchildert nicht fremde Gefühle als ſeine eigenen, ſondern nur ſeine eigenen ſelbſt, aber dieſe ſind ſo echt, daß ſie jedem Alter, jedem Stande als ein gemeinſames ſchönes Gut entgegentreten. Dabei iſt in U. ſo viel deutſche Zartheit, neben großer Würde und inniger Tiefe der Leidenſchaft und Alles dieſes ſo wahr dargeſtellt, daß es nie möglich wird, ſich den Dichter vom Menſchen getrennt zu denken. Eine reiche, doch ruhige und eben dadurch gleichmäßig wirkende Phantaſie, lebendige Auffaſſung der Schönheiten des Alls, die ſich kindlich auch am Kleinſten freut und in Allem den großen Gedanken ſieht, der ſich ein feſtes Band durch Alles hindurchſchlingt, unendlicher Zauber der Sprache, Anmuth der Bilder, Wohlwollen im Ernſt und Scherz ſind Eigenſchaften, die die ſichere Grundlage bilden, aus welcher ſich U's poetiſche Schöpfungen entwickeln. Vergangenheit und Zukunft müſſen ihm wie die Gegenwart ihre Schätze eröffnen, damit er ſie gegenſeitig ſchmücke und durch ſie den Adel des Menſchengeſchlechtes hervorheben, zur Freude, zur Ermahnung wie zum Beiſpiel. Ueber Allem aber, ſchwebt bei ihm eine wahre, antike Ruhe und eine ſeltene Einfachheit, die keines anderen Schmuckes bedarf, als des ihr angeborenen. — Seine beiden dramatiſchen Arbeiten Ernſt von Schwaben und Ludwig der Baier ſind tiefgefühlte Meiſterwerke, wie Alles, was dieſer große Dichter in der Fülle ſeines Reichthums bringt. Es iſt lebhaft zu bedauern, daß er nicht weiter drang auf dieſer Bahn, von ihm wäre das Heil zu hoffen geweſen, auf das wir ſeit Schiller vergeblich harren — und doch ſind jene eben angeführten Dichtungen der Menge kaum dem Namen nach bekannt — weil ſich die Menge überhaupt nicht auf ſtille Größe verſteht.“ —

Geſang der Nonnen.

Erhebet euch mit heil'gem Triebe,
Ihr frommen Schweſtern, himmelan,
Und ſchwebt auf blüh'nder Wolkenbahn!
Da leuchtet uns die reinſte Sonne,
Da ſingen wir in Frühlingswonne
Ein Lied von dir, du ew'ge Liebe!

Ob welken alle zarte Blüthen
Von dem Genuß der ird'ſchen Glut:
Du biſt ein ewig Jugendblut
Und unſrer Buſen ſüße Fülle,
Die ew'ge Flamme, die wir ſtille
Am Altar und im Herzen hüten.

Du ſtiegeſt nieder, ew'ge Güte,
Du lagſt, ein lächelnd Himmelskind,
Im Arm der Jungfrau, ſüß und lind;
Sie durft' aus deinen hellen Augen
Den Glanz der Himmel in ſich ſaugen,
Bis ſie der Glorie umglühte.

Du haſt mit göttlichem Erbarmen
Am Kreuz die Arme ausgeſpannt.
Da ruft der Sturm, da dröhnt das Land:
Kommt her, kommt her von allen Orten!
Ihr Todte, ſprengt des Grabes Pforten!
Er nimmt euch auf mit off'nen Armen.

O Wunderlieb', o Liebeswonne!
Iſt dieſe Zeit ein Schlummer mir,
So träum' ich ſehnlich nur von dir;
Und ein Erwachen wird es geben,
Da werd' ich ganz in dich verſchweben,
Ein Glutſtrahl in die große Sonne!

Freie Kunſt.

Singe, wem Geſang gegeben,
In dem deutſchen Dichterwald!
Das iſt Freude, das iſt Leben,
Wenn's von allen Zweigen ſchallt.

Nicht an wenig ſtolze Namen
Iſt die Liederkunſt gebannt;
Ausgeſtreuet iſt der Samen
Ueber alles deutſche Land.

Deines vollen Herzens Triebe,
Gieb ſie keck im Klange frei!
Säuſelnd wandle deine Liebe,
Donnernd uns dein Zorn vorbei!

Singſt du nicht dein ganzes Leben,
Sing' doch in der Jugend Drang!
Nur im Blüthenmond erheben
Nachtigallen ihren Sang.

Kann man's nicht in Bücher binden,
Was die Stunden dir verleih'n:
Gieb ein fliegend Blatt den Winden,
Munt're Jugend haſcht es ein.

Fahret wohl, geheime Kunden,
Nekromantik, Alchymie!
Formel hält uns nicht gebunden,
Unſre Kunſt heißt Poeſie.

Heilig achten wir die Geiſter,
Aber Namen ſind uns Dunſt;
Würdig ehren wir die Meiſter,
Aber frei iſt uns die Kunſt.

Nicht in kalten Marmorſteinen,
Nicht in Tempeln, dumpf und todt:
In den friſchen Eichenhainen
Webt und rauſcht der deutſche Gott.

Des Knaben Berglied.

Ich bin vom Berg der Hirtenknab',
Seh' auf die Schlöſſer all' herab,
Die Sonne ſtrahlt am erſten hier,
Am längſten weilet ſie bei mir.
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge!

Hier iſt des Stromes Mutterhaus,
Ich trink' ihn friſch vom Stein heraus;
Er brauſ't vom Fels in wildem Lauf,
Ich fang' ihn mit den Armen auf.
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge!

Der Berg, der iſt mein Eigenthum,
Da ziehn die Stürme rings herum,
Und heulen ſie von Nord und Süd,
So überſchallt ſie doch mein Lied:
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge!

Sind Blitz und Donner unter mir,
So ſteh' ich hoch im Blauen hier;
Ich kenne ſie und rufe zu:
Laßt meines Vaters Haus in Ruh'!
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge!

Und wann die Sturmglock' einſt erſchallt,
Manch Feuer auf den Bergen wallt,
Dann ſteig' ich nieder, tret' in's Glied,
Und ſchwing' mein Schwert, und ſing' mein Lied:
Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge!

Einkehr.

Bei einem Wirthe, wundermild,
Da war ich jüngſt zu Gaſte;
Ein gold'ner Apfel war ſein Schild
An einem langen Aſte.

Es war der gute Apfelbaum,
Bei dem ich eingekehret;
Mit ſüßer Koſt und friſchem Schaum
Hat er mich wohl genähret.

Es kamen in ſein grünes Haus
Viel leichtbeſchwingte Gäſte;
Sie ſprangen frei und hielten Schmaus
Und ſangen auf das Beſte.

Ich fand ein Bett zu ſüßer Ruh'
Auf weichen, grünen Matten!
Der Wirth, er deckte ſelbſt mich zu
Mit ſeinem kühlen Schatten.

Nun fragt' ich nach der Schuldigkeit,
Da ſchüttelt' er den Wipfel.
Geſegnet ſei er allezeit
Von der Wurzel bis zum Gipfel!

An den Unſichtbaren.

Du, den wir ſuchen auf ſo finſtern Wegen,
Mit forſchenden Gedanken nicht erfaſſen,
Du haſt dein heilig Dunkel einſt verlaſſen
Und trateſt ſichtbar deinem Volk entgegen.

Welch ſüßes Heil, dein Bild ſich einzuprägen,
Die Worte deines Mundes aufzufaſſen!
O ſelig, die an deinem Mahle ſaßen!
O ſelig, der an deiner Bruſt gelegen!

Drum war es auch kein ſeltſames Gelüſte,
Wenn Pilger ohne Zahl vom Lande ziehen,
Wenn Heere kämpften an der fernſten Küſte:

Nur um an deinem Grabe noch zu beten
Und um in frommer Inbrunſt noch zu küſſen
Die heil'ge Erde, die dein Fuß betreten.

Todesgefühl.

Wie Sterbenden zu Muth, wer mag es ſagen?
Doch wunderbar ergriff mich's dieſe Nacht;
Die Glieder ſchienen ſchon in Todes Macht,
Im Herzen fühlt' ich leiſes Leben ſchlagen.

Den Geiſt befiel ein ungewohntes Zagen,
Den Geiſt, der ſtets ſo ſicher ſich gedacht;
Erlöſchend jetzt, dann wieder angefacht,
Ein mattes Flämmchen, das die Winde jagen.

Wie? hielten ſchwere Träume mich befangen?
Die Lerche ſingt, der rothe Morgen glüht,
Ins rege Leben treibt mich neu Verlangen.

Wie? oder ging vorbei der Todesengel?
Die Blumen, die am Abend friſch geblüht,
Sie hangen hingewelket dort vom Stengel.

Erſterbene Liebe.

Wir waren neugeboren, himmliſch helle
War uns der Liebe Morgen aufgegangen.
Wie glühten, Laura, Lippen dir und Wangen!
Dein Auge brannt', es ſchlug des Buſens Welle.

Wie wallt' in mir des neuen Lebens Quelle!
Wie hohe Kräfte raſtlos mich durchdrangen!
Sie ließen nicht des Schlafes mich verlangen,
Lebendig kurzer Traum verrieth die Stelle.

Ja! Lieb' iſt hoher Leben im gemeinen;
Das waren ihre regen Lebenszeichen:
Nun ſucht' ich ſie an dir, in mir vergebens.

Drum muß ich, Laura! dich und mich beweinen:
Wir beide ſind erloſchner Liebe Leichen,
Uns traf der Tod des liebeloſen Lebens!

Geiſterleben.

Von dir getrennet, lieg' ich wie begraben,
Mich grüßt kein Säuslein linder Frühlingslüfte;
Kein Lerchenſang, kein Balſam ſüßer Düfte,
Kein Strahl der Morgenſonne kann mich laben.

Wenn ſich die Lebenden dem Schlummer gaben,
Wann Todte ſteigen aus dem Schooß der Grüfte,
Dann ſchweb' ich träumend über Höh'n und Klüfte,
Die mich ſo fern von dir gedränget haben.

Durch den verbotnen Garten darf ich gehen,
Durch Thüren wandl' ich, die mir ſonſt verriegelt,
Bis zu der Schönheit ſtillem Heiligthume.

Erſchreckt dich Geiſterhauch, du zarte Blume!
Es iſt der Liebe Wehn, das dich umflügelt.
Leb wohl! ich muß ins Grab, die Hähne krähen.

Oeder Frühling.

Wohl denk' ich jener ſel'gen Jugendträume,
Obſchon ſich die Gefühle mir verſagen,
Wann in den erſten, milden Frühlingstagen
Im Buſen ſich mir drängten volle Keime.

Die Ahnung lockte mich in ferne Räume,
Wenn wo ein Laut des Lenzes angeſchlagen;
Die Hoffnung wollte ſich zum Lichte wagen,
Wie aus den Knospen friſches Grün der Bäume.

Doch nun, da ich das Höchſte jüngſt genoſſen,
Geriſſen aus dem innigſten Vereine,
Vom reichſten Paradieſe kaum verſtoßen:

Was ſollen nun mir halbergrünte Triften,
Einſamer Amſelſchlag im todten Haine,
Ein armes Veilchen, noch ſo ſüß von Düften!

Des Sängers Fluch.

Es ſtand in alten Zeiten ein Schloß, ſo hoch und hehr,
Weit glänzt' es über die Lande bis an das blaue Meer,
Und rings von duft'gen Gärten ein blüthenreicher Kranz,
Drin ſprangen friſche Brunnen in Regenbogenglanz.

Dort ſaß ein ſtolzer König, an Land und Siegen reich,
Er ſaß auf ſeinem Throne ſo finſter und ſo bleich;
Denn was er ſinnt, iſt Schrecken, und was er blickt, iſt Wuth,
Und was er ſpricht, iſt Geißel, und was er ſchreibt, iſt Blut.

Einſt zog nach dieſem Schloſſe ein edles Sängerpaar,
Der Ein' in goldnen Locken, der Andre grau von Haar;
Der Alte mit der Harfe, der ſaß auf ſchmuckem Roß,
Es ſchritt ihm friſch zur Seite der blühende Genoß.

Der Alte ſprach zum Jungen: „Nun ſei bereit, mein Sohn,
Denk unſrer tiefſten Lieder, ſtimm an den vollſten Ton,
Nimm alle Kraft zuſammen, die Luſt und auch den Schmerz!
Es gilt uns heut, zu rühren des Königs ſteinern Herz.“

Schon ſtehn die beiden Sänger im hohen Säulenſaal,
Und auf dem Throne ſitzen der König und ſein Gemahl;
Der König, furchtbar prächtig, wie blut'ger Nordlichtſchein,
Die Königin ſüß und milde, als blickte Vollmond drein.

Da ſchlug der Greis die Saiten, er ſchlug ſie wundervoll,
Daß reicher, immer reicher der Klang zum Ohre ſchwoll;
Dann ſtrömte himmliſch helle des Jünglings Stimme vor,
Des Alten Sang dazwiſchen, wie dumpfer Geiſterchor.

Sie ſingen von Lenz und Liebe, von ſel'ger goldner Zeit,
Von Freiheit, Männerwürde, von Treu und Heiligkeit;
Sie ſingen von allem Süßen, was Menſchenbruſt durchbebt,
Sie ſingen von allem Hohen, was Menſchenherz erhebt.

Die Höflingsſchaar im Kreiſe verlernet jeden Spott,
Des Königs trotz'ge Krieger, ſie beugen ſich vor Gott,
Die Königin, zerfloſſen in Wehmuth und in Luſt,
Sie wirft den Sängern nieder die Roſe von ihrer Bruſt.

„Ihr habt mein Volk verführet, verlockt ihr nun mein Weib?“
Der König ſchreit es wüthend, er bebt am ganzen Leib,
Er wirft ſein Schwert, das blitzend des Jünglings Bruſt durchdringt,
Draus, ſtatt der goldnen Lieder, ein Blutſtrahl hochauf ſpringt.

Und wie vom Sturm zerſtoben iſt all der Hörer Schwarm.
Der Jüngling hat verröchelt in ſeines Meiſters Arm;
Der ſchlägt um ihn den Mantel und ſetzt ihn auf das Roß,
Er bind't ihn aufrecht feſte, verläßt mit ihm das Schloß.

Doch vor dem hohen Thore, da hält der Sängergreis,
Da faßt er ſeine Harfe, ſie aller Harfen Preis,
An einer Marmorſäule, da hat er ſie zerſchellt,
Dann ruft er, daß es ſchaurig durch Schloß und Gärten gellt:

„Weh' euch, ihr ſtolzen Hallen! nie töne ſüßer Klang
Durch eure Räume wieder, nie Saite, noch Geſang,

Nein! Seufzer nur und Stöhnen, und ſcheuer Sklavenſchritt,
Bis euch zu Schutt und Moder der Rachegeiſt zertritt!

Weh euch, ihr duft'gen Gärten im holden Maienlicht!
Euch zeig' ich dieſes Todten entſtelltes Angeſicht,
Daß ihr darob verdorret, daß jeder Quell verſiegt,
Daß ihr in künft'gen Tagen verſteint, verödet liegt.

Weh dir, verruchter Mörder! du Fluch des Sängerthums!
Umſonſt ſei all dein Ringen nach Kränzen blut'gen Ruhms,
Dein Name ſei vergeſſen, in ew'ge Nacht getaucht,
Sei, wie ein letztes Röcheln, in leere Luft verhaucht!"

Der Alte hat's gerufen, der Himmel hat's gehört,
Die Mauern liegen nieder, die Hallen ſind zerſtört,
Noch eine hohe Säule zeugt von verſchwundner Pracht,
Auch dieſe, ſchon geborſten, kann ſtürzen über Nacht.

Und rings, ſtatt duft'ger Gärten, ein ödes Haideland,
Kein Baum verſtreuet Schatten, kein Quell durchdringt den Sand,
Des Königs Name meldet kein Lied, kein Heldenbuch;
Verſunken und vergeſſen! das iſt des Sängers Fluch.

Das Glück von Edenhall.

Von Edenhall der junge Lord
Läßt ſchmettern Feſttrommetenſchall,
Er hebt ſich an des Tiſches Bord
Und ruft in trunkner Gäſte Schwall:
„Nun her mit dem Glücke von Edenhall!"

Der Schenk vernimmt ungern den Spruch,
Des Hauſes älteſter Vaſall,
Nimmt zögernd aus dem ſeidnen Tuch
Das hohe Trinkglas von Kryſtall,
Sie nennen's: Das Glück von Edenhall.

Darauf der Lord: „dem Glas zum Preis
Schenk rothen ein aus Portugal!"
Mit Händezittern gießt der Greis,
Und purpurn Licht wird überall,
Es ſtrahlt aus dem Glücke von Edenhall.

Da ſpricht der Lord und ſchwingt's dabei:
„Dies Glas von leuchtendem Kryſtall
Gab meinem Ahn am Quell die Fei,
Drein ſchrieb ſie: Kommt dies Glas zu Fall,
Fahr' wohl dann, o Glück von Edenhall!

„Ein Kelchglas ward zum Loos mit Fug
Dem freud'gen Stamm von Edenhall;
Wir ſchlürfen gern in vollem Zug,
Wir läuten gern mit lautem Schall;
Stoßt an mit dem Glücke von Edenhall!"

Erſt klingt es milde, tief und voll,
Gleich dem Geſang der Nachtigall,
Dann wie des Waldſtroms laut Geroll,
Zuletzt erdröhnt wie Donnerhall
Das herrliche Glück von Edenhall.

„Zum Horte nimmt ein kühn Geſchlecht
Sich den zerbrechlichen Kryſtall;
Er dauert länger ſchon, als recht,
Stoßt an! mit dieſem kräft'gen Prall
Verſuch' ich das Glück von Edenhall."

Und als das Trinkglas gellend ſpringt,
Springt das Gewölb' mit jähem Knall,
Und aus dem Riß die Flamme dringt!
Die Gäſte ſind zerſtoben all'
Mit dem brechenden Glücke von Edenhall.

Ein ſtürmt der Feind, mit Brand und Mord,
Der in der Nacht erſtieg den Wall,
Vom Schwerte fällt der junge Lord,
Hält in der Hand noch den Kryſtall,
Das zerſprungene Glück von Edenhall.

Am Morgen irrt der Schenk allein,
Der Greis, in der zerſtörten Hall',
Er ſucht des Herrn verbrannt Gebein,
Er ſucht im grauſen Trümmerfall
Die Scherben des Glücks von Edenhall.

„Die Steinwand, — ſpricht er — ſpringt zu Stück,
Die hohe Säule muß zu Fall,
Glas iſt der Erde Stolz und Glück,
In Splitter fällt der Erdenball
Einſt gleich dem Glück von Edenhall."

Junker Rechberger.

Rechberger war ein Junker keck,
Der Kaufleut' und der Wanderer Schreck.
In einer Kirche, verlaſſen,
Da that er die Nacht verpaſſen.

Und als es war nach Mitternacht,
Da hat er ſich auf den Fang gemacht.
Ein Kaufzug, hat er vernommen,
Wird frühe vorüberkommen.

Sie waren geritten ein kleines Stück,
Da ſprach er: „Reitknecht! reite zurück!
Die Handſchuh' hab' ich vergeſſen
Auf der Bahre, da ich geſeſſen."

Der Reitknecht kam zurück ſo bleich:
„Die Handſchuh' hole der Teufel Euch!
Es ſitzt ein Geiſt auf der Bahre;
Es ſtarren mir noch die Haare.

„Er hat die Handſchuh angethan
Und ſchaut ſie mit feurigen Augen an,
Er ſtreicht ſie wohl auf und nieder;
Es beben mir noch die Glieder."

Da ritt der Junker zurück im Flug,
Er mit dem Geiſte ſich tapfer ſchlug,
Er hat den Geiſt bezwungen,
Seine Handſchuh wieder errungen.

Da ſprach der Geiſt mit wilder Gier:
„Und läßt du ſie nicht zu eigen mir,
So leihe mir auf ein Jährlein
Das ſchmucke, ſchmeidige Pärlein!"

„Ein Jährlein ich ſie dir gerne leih',
So kann ich erproben des Teufels Treu'.
Sie werden wohl nicht zerplatzen
An deinen dürren Tatzen."

Rechberger ſprengte von dannen ſtolz,
Er ſtreifte mit ſeinem Knecht im Holz.
Der Hahn hat ferne gerufen,
Da hören ſie Pferdehufen.

Dem Junker hoch das Herze ſchlug,
Des Weges kam ein ſchwarzer Zug
Vermummter Rittersleute;
Der Junker wich auf die Seite.

Und hinten trabt noch Einer daher,
Ein ledig Räpplein führet er,
Mit Sattel und Zeug ſtaffiret,
Mit ſchwarzer Decke gezieret.

Rechberger ritt heran und frug:
„Sag an! wer ſind die Herren vom Zug?
Sag an, traut lieber Knappe!
Wem gehört der ledige Rappe?"

„Dem treueſten Diener meines Herrn,
Rechberger nennt ihn Nah und Fern.
Ein Jährlein, ſo iſt er erſchlagen,
Dann wird das Räpplein ihn tragen."

Der Schwarze ritt den Andern nach;
Der Junker zu ſeinem Knechte ſprach:
„Weh mir! vom Roß ich ſteige,
Es geht mit mir zur Neige.

„Iſt dir mein Rößlein nicht zu wild,
Und nicht zu ſchwer mein Degen und Schild:
Nimm's hin dir zum Gewinnſte,
Und brauch' es in Gottes Dienſte!"

Rechberger in ein Kloſter ging:
„Herr Abt, ich bin zum Mönch zu gering

Doch möcht' ich in tiefer Reue
Dem Kloſter dienen als Laie."

„Du biſt geweſen ein Reitersmann,
Ich ſeh es dir an den Sporen an,
So magſt du der Pferde walten,
Die im Kloſterſtalle wir halten."

Am Tag, da ſelbiges Jahr ſich ſchloß,
Da kaufte der Abt ein ſchwarz wild Roß,
Rechberger ſollt' es zäumen,
Doch es that ſich ſtellen und bäumen.

Es ſchlug den Junker mitten auf's Herz,
Daß er ſank in bitterem Todesſchmerz.
Es iſt im Walde verſchwunden,
Man hat's nicht wieder gefunden.

Um Mitternacht, an Junkers Grab,
Da ſtieg ein ſchwarzer Reitknecht ab,
Einem Rappen hält er die Stangen,
Reithandſchuh am Sattel hangen.

Rechberger ſtieg aus dem Grab herauf,
Er nahm die Handſchuh vom Sattelknauf,
Er ſchwang ſich in Sattels Mitte,
Der Grabſtein diente zum Tritte.

Dies Lied iſt Junkern zur Lehr' gemacht:
Daß ſie geben auf ihre Handſchuh Acht,
Und daß ſie fein bleiben laſſen,
In der Nacht am Wege zu paſſen.

Graf Eberſtein.

Zu Speier im Saale, da hebt ſich ein Klingen,
Mit Fackeln und Kerzen ein Tanzen und Springen.
Graf Eberſtein
Führet den Reihn
Mit des Kaiſers holdſeligem Töchterlein.

Und als er ſie ſchwingt nun im luſtigen Reigen,
Da flüſtert ſie leiſe, ſie kann's nicht verſchweigen:
„Graf Eberſtein,
Hüte dich fein!
Heut Nacht wird dein Schlößlein gefährdet ſein."

Ei! denket der Graf, Euer kaiſerlich Gnaden,
So habt Ihr mich darum zum Tanze geladen!
Er ſucht ſein Roß,
Läßt ſeinen Troß
Und jagt nach ſeinem gefährdeten Schloß.

Um Eberſtein's Veſte da wimmelt's von Streitern,
Sie ſchleichen im Nebel mit Haken und Leitern.
Graf Eberſtein
Grüßet ſie fein,
Er wirft ſie vom Wall in die Gräben hinein.

Als nun der Herr Kaiſer am Morgen gekommen,
Da meint er, es ſei die Burg ſchon genommen.
Doch auf dem Wall
Tanzen mit Schall
Der Graf und ſeine Gewappneten all.

„Herr Kaiſer! beſchleicht Ihr ein ander Mal Schlöſſer,
Thut's Noth, Ihr verſtehet auf's Tanzen Euch beſſer.
Euer Töchterlein
Tanzet ſo fein,
Dem ſoll meine Veſte geöffnet ſein."

Im Schloſſe des Grafen, da hebt ſich ein Klingen,
Mit Fackeln und Kerzen ein Tanzen und Springen.
Graf Eberſtein
Führet den Reihn
Mit des Kaiſers holdſeligem Töchterlein.

Und als er ſie ſchwingt nun im bräutlichen Reigen,
Da flüſtert er leiſe, nicht kann er's verſchweigen:
„Schön Jungfräulein,
Hüte dich fein!
Heut Nacht wird ein Schlößlein gefährdet ſein."

Die Bidaſſoabrücke.

Auf der Bidaſſoabrücke
Steht ein Heil'ger, altergrau,
Segnet rechts die ſpan'ſchen Berge,
Segnet links den fränk'ſchen Gau;
Wohl bedarf's an dieſer Stelle
Milden Troſtes himmelher,
Wo ſo Mancher von der Heimath
Scheidet ohne Wiederkehr.

Auf der Bidaſſoabrücke
Spielt ein zauberhaft Geſicht:
Wo der Eine Schatten ſiehet,
Sieht der Andre goldnes Licht;
Wo dem Einen Roſen lachen,
Sieht der Andre dürren Sand;
Jedem iſt das Elend finſter,
Jedem glänzt ſein Vaterland.

Friedlich rauſcht die Bidaſſoa
Zu der Heerde Glockenklang,
Aber im Gebirge dröhnet
Knall auf Knall den Tag entlang;
Und am Abend ſteigt hernieder
Eine Schaar zum Flußgeſtad,
Unſtet, mit zerriſſ'ner Fahne,
Blut beträufelt ihren Pfad.

Auf der Bidaſſoabrücke
Lehnen ſie die Büchſen bei,
Binden ſich die friſchen Wunden,
Zählen, wer noch übrig ſei!
Lange harren ſie Vermißter,
Doch ihr Häuflein wächſet nicht.
Einmal wirbelt noch die Trommel
Und ein alter Kriegsmann ſpricht:

„Rollt die Fahne denn zuſammen,
Die der Freiheit Banner war!
Nicht zum erſten Male wandelt
Dieſen Grenzweg ihre Schaar;
Nicht zum erſten Male ſucht ſie
Eine Freiſtatt in der Fern',
Doch ſie zieht nicht arm an Ehre,
Zieht nicht ohne günſt'gen Stern.

„Der von vor'gen Freiheitskämpfen
Mehr, als Einer, Narben führt,
Heute, da wir alle bluten,
Mina! bliebſt du unberührt;
Ganz und heil iſt uns der Retter,
Noch verbürgt iſt Spaniens Glück;
Schreiten wir getroſt hinüber!
Einſt noch kehren wir zurück."

Mina rafft ſich auf vom Steine,
Müde ſaß er dort und ſtill,
Blickt noch einmal nach den Bergen,
Wo die Sonne ſinken will:
Seine Hand, zur Bruſt gehalten,
Hemmt nicht mehr des Blutes Lauf,
Auf der Bidaſſoabrücke
Brachen alte Wunden auf.

Harald.

Vor ſeinem Heergefolge ritt
Der kühne Held Harald,
Sie zogen in des Mondes Schein
Durch einen wilden Wald.

Sie tragen manch' erkämpfte Fahn',
Die hoch im Winde wallt,
Sie ſingen manches Siegeslied,
Das durch die Berge hallt.

Was rauſchet, lauſchet im Gebüſch?
Was wiegt ſich auf dem Baum?
Was ſenket aus den Wolken ſich
Und taucht aus Stromes Schaum?

Was wirft mit Blumen um und um?
Was ſingt ſo wonniglich?
Was tanzet durch der Krieger Reihn?
Schwingt auf die Roſſe ſich?

Was koſ't ſo ſanft und küßt ſo ſüß?
Und hält ſo lind umfaßt!
Und nimmt das Schwert, und zieht vom Roß,
Und läßt nicht Ruh noch Raſt?

Es iſt der Elfen leichte Schaar;
Hier hilft kein Widerſtand.
Schon ſind die Krieger all dahin,
Sind all im Feenland:

Nur er, der Beſte, blieb zurück,
Der kühne Held Harald.
Er iſt vom Wirbel bis zur Sohl'
In harten Stahl geſchnallt.

All ſeine Krieger ſind entrückt,
Da liegen Schwert und Schild,
Die Roſſe, ledig ihrer Herrn,
Sie gehn im Walde wild.

In großer Trauer ritt von dann
Der ſtolze Held Harald,
Er ritt allein im Mondenſchein
Wohl durch den weiten Wald.

Vom Felſen rauſcht es friſch und klar,
Er ſpringt vom Roſſe ſchnell.
Er ſchnallt vom Haupte ſich den Helm
Und trinkt vom kühlen Quell.

Doch wie er kaum den Durſt geſtillt,
Verſagt ihm Arm und Bein;
Er muß ſich ſetzen auf den Fels,
Er nickt und ſchlummert ein.

Er ſchlummert auf demſelben Stein
Schon manche hundert Jahr,
Das Haupt geſenket auf die Bruſt,
Mit grauem Bart und Haar.

Wann Blitze zucken, Donner rollt,
Wann Sturm erbrauſt im Wald,
Dann greift er träumend nach dem Schwert,
Der alte Held Harald.

Sängerliebe.

Seit der hohe Gott der Lieder
Mußt' in Liebesſchmerz erbleichen,
Seit der Lorbeer ſeiner Schläfe
Unglückſel'ger Liebe Zeichen:

Wundert's wen, daß ird'ſchen Sängern,
Die daſſelbe Zeichen kränzet,
Selten in der Liebe Leben
Ein beglückter Stern erglänzet?

Daß ſie ernſt und düſter blicken,
Ihre Saiten traurig tönen,
Daß von Luſt ſie wenig ſingen,
Aber viel von Schmerz und Sehnen?

Sängerliebe, tief und ſchmerzlich,
Laßt euch denn in ernſten Bildern
Aus den Tagen des Geſanges,
Aus der Zeit der Minne ſchildern!

1. Rudello.

In den Thalen der Provence
Iſt der Minneſang entſproſſen,
Kind des Frühlings und der Minne,
Holder, inniger Genoſſen.

Blüthenglanz und ſüße Stimme
Konnt' an ihm den Vater zeigen,
Herzensgluth und tiefes Schmachten
War ihm von der Mutter eigen.

Selige Provencer Thale,
Ueppig blühend wart ihr immer,
Aber eure reichſte Blüthe
War des Minneliedes Schimmer.

Jene tapfern, ſchmucken Ritter,
Welch ein edler Sängerorden!
Jene hochbeglückten Damen,
Wie ſie ſchön gefeiert worden!

Vielgeehrt im Sängerchore
War Rudello's werther Name,
Vielgeprieſen, vielbeneidet
Die von ihm beſungne Dame.

Aber Niemand mocht' erkunden,
Wie ſie hieße, wo ſie lebte,
Die ſo herrlich, überirdiſch
In Rudello's Liedern ſchwebte.

Denn nur in geheimen Nächten
Nahte ſie dem Sänger leiſe,
Selbſt den Boden nie berührend,
Spurlos, ſchwank, in Traumesweiſe.

Wollt' er ſie mit Armen faſſen,
Schwand ſie in die Wolken wieder,
Und aus Seufzern und aus Thränen
Wurden dann ihm ſüße Lieder.

Schiffer, Pilger, Kreuzesritter
Brachten dazumal die Mähre,
Daß von Tripolis die Gräfin
Aller Frauen Krone wäre.

Und ſo oft Rudell es hörte,
Fühlt' er ſich's im Buſen ſchlagen,
Und es trieb ihn nach dem Strande,
Wo die Schiffe fertig lagen.

Meer, unſicheres, vielbewegtes,
Ohne Grund und ohne Schranken!
Wohl auf dieſer regen Wüſte
Mag die irre Sehnſucht ſchwanken.

Fern von Tripolis verſchlagen,
Irrt die Barke mit dem Sänger;
Aeußrem Sturm und innrem Drängen
Widerſteht Rudell nicht länger.

Schwer erkranket liegt er nieder,
Aber oſtwärts ſchaut er immer,
Bis ſich hebt am letzten Rande
Ein Pallaſt im Morgenſchimmer.

Und der Himmel hat Erbarmen
Mit des kranken Sängers Flehen,
In den Port von Tripolis
Fliegt das Schiff mit günſt'gem Wehen.

Kaum vernimmt die ſchöne Gräfin,
Daß ſo edler Gaſt gekommen,
Der allein um ihretwillen
Uebers weite Meer geſchwommen.

Alſobald mit ihren Frauen
Steigt ſie nieder, unerbeten,
Als Rudello, ſchwanken Ganges,
Eben das Geſtad' betreten.

Schon will ſie die Hand ihm reichen,
Doch ihm dünkt, der Boden ſchwinde;
In des Führers Arme ſinkt er,
Haucht ſein Leben in die Winde.

Ihren Sänger ehrt die Herrin
Durch ein prächtiges Begängniß,
Und ein Grabmal von Porphyr
Lehrt ſein trauriges Verhängniß.

Seine Lieder läßt ſie ſchreiben
Alleſammt mit goldnen Lettern,
Köſtlich ausgezierte Decken
Giebt ſie dieſen theuren Blättern;

Lieſt darin ſo manche Stunde,
Ach! und oft mit heißen Thränen,
Bis auch ſie ergriffen iſt
Von dem unnennbaren Sehnen.

Von des Hofes luſt'gem Glanz,
  Aus der Freunde Kreis geſchieden,
  Suchet ſie in Kloſtermauern
  Ihrer armen Seele Frieden.

2. Durand.

Nach dem hohen Schloß von Balbi
  Zieht Durand mit ſeinem Spiele;
  Voll die Bruſt von ſüßen Liedern,
  Naht er ſchon dem frohen Ziele.

Dort wird ja ein holdes Fräulein,
  Wann die Saiten lieblich rauſchen,
  Augen ſenkend, zart erglühend,
  Innig athmend, niederlauſchen.

In des Hofes Lindenſchatten
  Hat er ſchon ſein Spiel begonnen,
  Singt er ſchon mit klarer Stimme
  Was er Süßeſtes erſonnen.

Von dem Söller, von den Fenſtern
  Sieht er Blumen freundlich nicken,
  Doch die Herrin ſeiner Lieder
  Kann ſein Auge nicht erblicken.

Und es geht ein Mann vorüber,
  Der ſich traurig zu ihm wendet:
  „Störe nicht die Ruh' der Todten!
  Fräulein Blanka hat vollendet.“

Doch Durand, der junge Sänger,
  Hat darauf kein Wort geſprochen.
  Ach! ſein Aug' iſt ſchon erloſchen,
  Ach! ſein Herz iſt ſchon gebrochen.

Drüben in der Burgkapelle,
  Wo unzähl'ge Kerzen glänzen,
  Wo das todte Fräulein ruht,
  Hold geſchmückt mit Blumenkränzen:

Dort ergreifet alles Volk
  Schreck und Staunen, freudig Beben,
  Denn von ihrem Todtenlager
  Sieht man Blanka ſich erheben.

Aus des Scheintods tiefem Schlummer
  Iſt ſie blühend auferſtanden,
  Tritt im Sterbekleid hervor,
  Wie in bräutlichen Gewanden.

Noch, wie ihr geſchah, nicht wiſſend,
  Wie von Träumen noch umſchlungen,
  Fragt ſie zärtlich, ſehnſuchtsvoll:
  „Hat nicht hier Durand geſungen?“

„Ja! geſungen hat Durand,
  Aber nie mehr wird er ſingen.
  Auferweckt hat er die Todte,
  Ihn wird Niemand wiederbringen.“

Schon im Lande der Verklärten
  Wacht' er auf und mit Verlangen
  Sucht er ſeine ſüße Freundin,
  Die er wähnt vorangegangen;

Aller Himmel lichte Räume
  Sieht er herrlich ſich verbreiten;
  Blanka! Blanka! ruft er ſehnlich
  Durch die öden Seligkeiten.

3. Der Kaſtellan von Couci.

Wie der Kaſtellan von Couci
  Schnell die Hand zum Herzen drückte,
  Als die Dame von Fayel
  Er zum erſten Mal erblickte!

Seit demſelben Augenblicke
  Drang durch alle ſeine Lieder,
  Unter allen Weiſen, ſtets
  Jener erſte Herzſchlag wieder.

Aber wenig mocht' ihm frommen
  All die ſüße Liederklage,
  Nimmer darf er dieſes hoffen,
  Daß ſein Herz an ihrem ſchlage.

Wenn ſie auch mit zartem Sinn
  Eines ſchönen Lieds ſich freute,
  Streng und ſtille ging ſie immer
  An des ſtolzen Gatten Seite.

Da beſchließt der Kaſtellan
  Seine Bruſt in Stahl zu hüllen
  Und mit aufgeheft'tem Kreuz
  Seines Herzens Schlag zu ſtillen.

Als er ſchon im heil'gen Lande
  Manchen heißen Tag geſtritten,
  Fährt ein Pfeil durch Kreuz und Panzer,
  Trifft ihm noch das Herze mitten.

„Hörſt du mich, getreuer Knappe!
  Wann dies Herz nun ausgeſchlagen,
  Zu der Dame von Fayel
  Sollſt du es hinübertragen!“

In geweihter, kühler Erde
  Wird der edle Leib begraben;
  Nur das Herz, das müde Herz,
  Soll noch keine Ruhe haben.

Schon in einer goldnen Urne,
  Liegt es, wohl einbalſamiret,
  Und zu Schiffe ſteigt der Diener,
  Der es ſorgſam mit ſich führet.

Stürme brauſen, Wogen ſchlagen,
  Blitze zucken, Maſte ſplittern,
  Aengſtlich klopfen alle Herzen,
  Eines nur iſt ohne Zittern.

Golden ſtrahlt die Sonne wieder,
  Frankreichs Küſte glänzet drüben,
  Freudig ſchlagen alle Herzen,
  Eines nur iſt ſtill geblieben.

Schon im Walde von Fayel
  Schreitet raſch der Urne Träger,
  Plötzlich ſchallt ein luſtig Horn
  Sammt dem Rufe wilder Jäger.

Aus den Büſchen rauſcht ein Hirſch,
  Dem ein Pfeil im Herzen ſtecket,
  Bäumt ſich auf und ſtürzt und liegt
  Vor dem Knappen hingeſtrecket.

Sieh! der Ritter von Fayel,
  Der das Wild ins Herz geſchoſſen,
  Sprengt heran mit Jagdgefolg
  Und der Knapp' iſt rings umſchloſſen.

Nach dem blanken Goldgefäß
  Taſten gleich des Ritters Knechte;
  Doch der Knappe tritt zurück,
  Spricht mit emporgehaltner Rechte:

„Dies iſt eines Sängers Herz,
  Herz von einem frommen Streiter,
  Herz des Kaſtellans von Couci,
  Laßt dies Herz im Frieden weiter!

Scheidend hat er mir geboten:
  Wann dies Herz nun ausgeſchlagen
  Zu der Dame von Fayel
  Soll ich es hinübertragen.“

„Jene Dame kenn' ich wohl!“
  Spricht der ritterliche Jäger
  Und entreißt die goldne Urne
  Haſtig dem erſchrocknen Träger!

Nimmt ſie unter ſeinen Mantel,
  Reitet fort in finſtrem Grolle,
  Hält ſo eng das todte Herz
  An das heiße, rachevolle.

Als er auf ſein Schloß gekommen,
  Müſſen ſich die Köche ſchürzen,
  Müſſen gleich den Hirſch bereiten
  Und ein ſeltnes Herze würzen.

Dann, mit Blumen reich beſtecket,
  Bringt man es auf goldner Schaale,
  Als der Ritter von Fayel
  Mit der Dame ſitzt am Mahle.

Zierlich reicht er es der Schönen,
  Sprechend mit verliebtem Scherze:
  „Was ich immer mag erjagen,
  Euch gehört davon das Herze.“

Wie die Dame kaum genoſſen,
  Hat ſie alſo weinen müſſen,
  Daß ſie zu vergehen ſchien
  In den heißen Thränengüſſen.

Doch der Ritter von Fayel
  Spricht zu ihr mit wildem Lachen:
  „Sagt man doch von Taubenherzen,
  Daß ſie melancholiſch machen:

Wie viel mehr, geliebte Dame,
  Das, womit ich Euch bewirthe!
  Herz des Kaſtellans von Couci,
  Der ſo zärtlich Lieder girrte!“

Als der Ritter dies geſprochen,
  Dieſes und noch andres Schlimme,
  Da erhebt die Dame ſich,
  Spricht mit feierlicher Stimme:

„Großes Unrecht thatet Ihr.
  Euer war ich ohne Wanken,
  Aber ſolch ein Herz genießen
  Wendet leichtlich die Gedanken.

Manches tritt mir vor die Seele,
  Was vorlängſt die Lieder ſangen,
  Der mir lebend fremd geblieben,
  Hält als Todter mich befangen.

Ja! ich bin dem Tod geweihet,
  Jedes Mahl iſt mir verwehret,
  Nicht geziemt mir andre Speiſe,
  Seit mich dieſes Herz genähret.

Aber Euch wünſch' ich zum Letzten
  Milden Spruch des ew'gen Richters.“ —
  Dieſes alles iſt geſchehen
  Mit dem Herzen eines Dichters.

4. Don Maſſias.

Don Maſſias aus Gallizien
  Mit dem Namen: der Verliebte,
  Saß im Thurm von Arjonilla,
  Klagend um die Treugeliebte.

Einen Grafen, reich und mächtig,
  Gab man jüngſt ihr zum Genoſſen,
  Und den vielgetreuen Sänger
  Hält man ferngebannt, verſchloſſen.

Traurig ſang er oft am Gitter,
  Machte jeden Wandrer lauſchen,
  Theure Blätter, liederreiche
  Ließ er oft vom Fenſter rauſchen.

Ob es Wandrer fortgeſungen,
  Ob es Winde hingetragen:
  Wohl vernahm die Heißgeliebte
  Ihres treuen Sängers Klagen.

Ihr Gemahl, argwöhniſch ſpähend,
  Hatt' es alles gut beachtet:
  „Muß ich vor dem Sänger beben,
  Selbſt wenn er im Kerker ſchmachtet!“

Einſtmals ſchwang er ſich zu Pferde,
  Wohlgewaffnet, wie zum Sturme,
  Sprengte nach Granada's Grenze
  Und zu Arjonilla's Thurme.

Don Maſſias, der Verliebte,
  Stand gerade dort am Gitter,
  Sang ſo glühend ſeine Liebe,
  Schlug ſo zierlich ſeine Zither.

Jener hub ſich in den Bügeln,
  Wuthvoll ſeine Lanze ſchwingend;
  Don Maſſias iſt durchbohret,
  Wie ein Schwan, verſchied er ſingend.

Und der Graf, des Siegs verſichert,
  Kehret nach Gallizien wieder.
  Eitler Wahn! es ſtarb der Sänger,
  Doch es leben ſeine Lieder;

Die durch alle ſpan'ſchen Reiche
  Tönevoll, geflügelt, ziehen,
  Andern ſind ſie Philomelen,
  Jenem nur ſind ſie Harpyen.

Plötzlich oft vom Freudenmahle
  Haben ſie ihn aufgeſchrecket,
  Aus dem mitternacht'gen Schlummer
  Wird er peinlich oft erwecket:

In den Gärten, in den Straßen
  Hört er Zithern hin und wieder,
  Und wie Geiſterſtimmen tönen
  Des Maſſias Liebeslieder.

5. Dante.

War's ein Thor der Stadt Florenz,
  Oder war's ein Thor der Himmel,
  Draus am klarſten Frühlingsmorgen
  Zog ſo feſtliches Gewimmel?

Kinder, hold wie Engelſchaaren,
  Reich geſchmückt mit Blumenkränzen,
  Zogen in das Roſenthal
  Zu den frohen Feſtestänzen.

Unter einem Lorbeerbaume
  Stand, damals neunjährig, Dante,
  Der im lieblichſten der Mädchen
  Seinen Engel gleich erkannte.

Rauſchten nicht des Lorbeers Zweige,
  Von der Frühlingsluft erſchüttert?
  Klang nicht Dante's junge Seele,
  Von der Liebe Hauch durchzittert?

Ja! ihm iſt in jener Stunde
  Des Geſanges Quell entſprungen;
  In Sonetten, in Canzonen
  Iſt die Lieb' ihm früh erklungen.

Als zur Jungfrau hold erwachſen,
  Jene wieder ihm begegnet,
  Steht auch ſeine Dichtung ſchon
  Wie ein Baum, der Blüthen regnet.

Aus dem Thore von Florenz
  Zogen dichte Schaaren wieder,
  Aber langſam, trauervoll,
  Bei dem Klange dumpfer Lieder.

Unter jenem ſchwarzen Tuch,
  Mit dem weißen Kreuz geſchmücket,
  Trägt man Beatricen ein,
  Die der Tod ſo früh gepflücket.

Dante ſaß in ſeiner Kammer,
  Einſam, ſtill, im Abendlichte,
  Hörte fern die Glocken tönen
  Und verhüllte ſein Geſichte.

In der Wälder tiefſte Schatten
  Stieg der edle Sänger nieder,
  Gleich den fernen Todtenglocken
  Tönten fortan ſeine Lieder.

Aber in der wildſten Oede,
  Wo er ging mit bangem Stöhnen,
  Kam zu ihm ein Abgeſandter
  Von der hingeſchiednen Schönen;

Der ihn führt' an treuer Hand
  Durch der Hölle tiefſte Schluchten,
  Wo ſein ird'ſcher Schmerz verſtummte
  Bei dem Anblick der Verfluchten.

Bald zum ſel'gen Licht empor
Kam er auf den dunkeln Wegen,
Aus des Paradieſes Pforte
Trat die Freundin ihm entgegen.

Hoch und höher ſchwebten Beide
Durch des Himmels Glanz und Wonnen,
Sie, aufblickend, ungeblendet,
Zu der Sonne aller Sonnen;

Er, die Augen hingewendet
Nach der Freundin Angeſichte,
Das, verklärt, ihn ſchauen ließ
Abglanz von dem ewigen Lichte.

Einem göttlichen Gedicht
Hat er Alles einverleibet,
Mit ſo ewigen Feuerzügen,
Wie der Blitz in Felſen ſchreibet.

Ja! mit Fug wird dieſer Sänger
Als der Göttliche verehret,
Dante, welchem ird'ſche Liebe
Sich zu himmliſcher verkläret.

Romanze vom Recenſenten.

Recenſent, der tapfre Ritter,
Steigt zu Roſſe, kühn und ſtolz;
Iſt's kein Hengſt aus Andaluſien,
Iſt es doch ein Bock von Holz.

Statt des Schwerts, die ſcharfe Feder
Zieht er kampfbereit vom Ohr,
Schiebt, ſtatt des Viſirs, die Brille
Den entbrannten Augen vor.

Publikum, die edle Dame,
Schwebt in tauſendfacher Noth,
Seit ihr bald, barbariſch ſchnaubend,
Ein Siegfried'ſcher Lindwurm droht,

Bald ein ſüßer Sonettiſte
Sie mit Lautenklimpern lockt,
Bald ein Mönch ihr myſtiſch predigt,
Daß ihr die Beſinnung ſtockt.

Recenſent, der tapfre Ritter,
Hält ſich gut im Drachenmord,
Schlägt in Splitter alle Lauten,
Stürzt den Mönch vom Kanzelbord.

Dennoch will er, groß beſcheiden,
Daß ihn Niemand nennen ſoll,
Und den Schild des Helden zeichnet
Kaum ein Schriftzug, räthſelvoll.

Recenſent, du Hort der Schwachen,
Sei uns immer treu und hold!
Nimm zum Lohn des Himmels Segen,
Des Verlegers Ehrenſold!

Das Schloß am Meere.

Haſt du das Schloß geſehen,
Das hohe Schloß am Meer?
Golden und roſig wehen
Die Wolken drüber her.

Es möchte ſich niederneigen
In die ſpiegelklare Fluth;
Es möchte ſtreben und ſteigen
In der Abendwolken Gluth.

„Wohl hab' ich es geſehen,
Das hohe Schloß am Meer,
Und den Mond darüber ſtehen,
Und Nebel weit umher.“

Der Wind und des Meeres Wallen
Gaben ſie friſchen Klang?
Vernahmſt du aus hohen Hallen
Saiten und Feſtgeſang?

„Die Winde, die Wogen alle
Lagen in tiefer Ruh,
Einem Klagelied aus der Halle
Hört' ich mit Thränen zu.“

Saheſt du oben gehen
Den König und ſein Gemahl?
Der rothen Mäntel Wehen?
Der goldnen Kronen Strahl?

Führten ſie nicht mit Wonne
Eine ſchöne Jungfrau dar,
Herrlich wie eine Sonne,
Strahlend im goldnen Haar?

„Wohl ſah ich die Eltern beide,
Ohne der Kronen Licht,
Im ſchwarzen Trauerkleide;
Die Jungfrau ſah ich nicht.“

Die Mähderin.

„Guten Morgen, Marie! ſo frühe ſchon rüſtig und rege?
Dich, treuſte der Mägde, dich machet die Liebe nicht träge.
Ja, mähſt du die Wieſe mir ab von jetzt an in drei Tagen,
Nicht dürft' ich den Sohn dir, den einzigen, länger verſagen.“

Der Pächter, der ſtattlich begüterte, hat es geſprochen,
Marie, wie fühlt ſie den liebenden Buſen ſich pochen!
Ein neues, ein kräftiges Leben durchdringt ihr die Glieder,
Wie ſchwingt ſie die Senſe, wie ſtreckt ſie die Mahden danieder!

Der Mittag glühet, die Mähder des Feldes ermatten,
Sie ſuchen zur Labe den Quell und zum Schlummer den Schatten.
Noch ſchaffen im heißen Gefilde die ſummenden Bienen,
Marie, ſie ruht nicht, ſie ſchafft in die Wette mit ihnen.

Die Sonne verſinkt, es ertönet das Abendgeläute,
Wohl rufen die Nachbarn: „Marie, genug iſt's für heute!“
Wohl ziehen die Mähder, der Hirt und die Heerde von hinnen,
Marie, ſie dengelt die Senſe zu neuem Beginnen.

Schon ſinket der Thau, ſchon erglänzen der Mond und die Sterne,
Es duften die Mahden, die Nachtigall ſchlägt aus der Ferne,
Marie verlangt nicht zu raſten, verlangt nicht zu lauſchen,
Stets läßt ſie die Senſe, die kräftig geſchwungene, rauſchen.

So fürder von Abend zu Morgen, von Morgen zu Abend,
Mit Liebe ſich nährend, mit ſeliger Hoffnung ſich labend;
Zum dritten Mal hebt ſich die Sonne, da iſt es geſchehen,
Dort ſeht ihr Marien, die wonniglich weinende, ſtehen.

„Guten Morgen, Marie! was ſeh' ich! o fleißige Hände!
Gemäht iſt die Wieſe! das lohn' ich mit reichlicher Spende;
Allein mit der Heirath — du nahmeſt im Ernſte mein Scherzen
Leichtgläubig, man ſieht es, und thöricht ſind liebende Herzen.“

Er ſpricht es und gehet des Wegs, doch der armen Marie
Erſtarret das Herz, ihr brechen die bebenden Knie.
Die Sprache verloren, Gefühl und Beſinnung geſchwunden,
So wird ſie, die Mähderin, dort in den Mahden gefunden.

So lebt ſie noch Jahre, ſo kummer, erſtorbener Weiſe,
Und Honig, ein Tropfen, das iſt ihr die einzige Speiſe.
O haltet ein Grab ihr bereit auf der blühendſten Wieſe!
So liebende Mähderin gab es doch nimmer, wie dieſe.

Taillefer.

Normannenherzog Wilhelm ſprach einmal:
„Wer ſinget in meinem Hof und in meinem Saal?
Wer ſinget vom Morgen bis in die ſpäte Nacht,
So lieblich, daß mir das Herz im Leibe lacht?“

„Das iſt der Taillefer, der ſo gerne ſingt,
Im Hofe, wann er das Rad am Brunnen ſchwingt,
Im Saale, wann er das Feuer ſchüret und facht,
Wann er Abends ſich legt und wann er Morgens erwacht.“

Der Herzog ſprach: „Ich hab' einen guten Knecht,
Den Taillefer, der dienet mir fromm und recht,
Er treibt mein Rad und ſchüret mein Feuer gut,
Und ſinget ſo hell, das höhet mir den Muth.“

Da ſprach der Taillefer: „„Und wär' ich frei,
Viel beſſer wollt' ich dienen und ſingen dabei.
Wie wollt' ich dienen dem Herzog hoch zu Pferd!
Wie wollt' ich ſingen und klingen mit Schild und mit Schwert!""

Nicht lange, ſo ritt der Taillefer ins Gefild,
Auf einem hohen Pferde, mit Schwert und mit Schild.
Des Herzogs Schweſter ſchaute vom Thurm ins Feld,
Sie ſprach: „Dort reitet, bei Gott! ein ſtattlicher Held."

Und als er ritt vorüber an Fräuleins Thurm,
Da ſang er bald wie ein Lüftlein, bald wie ein Sturm.
Sie ſprach: „Der ſinget, das iſt eine herrliche Luſt!
Es zittert der Thurm und es zittert mein Herz in der Bruſt."

Der Herzog Wilhelm zog wohl über das Meer,
Er fuhr nach Engeland mit gewaltigem Heer.
Er ſprang vom Schiffe, da fiel er auf die Hand:
„Hei! — rief er — ich faſſ' und ergreife dich, Engeland!"

Als nun das Normannenheer zum Sturme ſchritt,
Der edle Taillefer vor den Herzog ritt:
„„Manch Jährlein hab' ich geſungen und Feuer geſchürt,
Manch Jährlein geſungen und Schwert und Lanze gerührt.

„„Und hab' ich euch gedient und geſungen zu Dank,
Zuerſt als ein Knecht und dann als ein Ritter frank:
So laßt mich das entgelten am heutigen Tag,
Vergönnet mir auf die Feinde den erſten Schlag!""

Der Taillefer ritt vor allem Normannenheer
Auf einem hohen Pferde mit Schwert und mit Speer.
Er ſang ſo herrlich, das klang über Haſtingsfeld,
Von Roland ſang er und manchem frommen Held.

Und als das Rolandslied wie ein Sturm erſcholl,
Da wallete manch Panier, manch Herze ſchwoll,
Da brannten Ritter und Mannen von hohem Muth,
Der Taillefer ſang und ſchürte das Feuer gut.

Dann ſprengt' er hinein und führte den erſten Stoß,
Davon ein engliſcher Ritter zur Erde ſchoß,
Dann ſchwang er das Schwert und führte den erſten Schlag,
Davon ein engliſcher Ritter am Boden lag.

Normannen ſah'n's, die harrten nicht allzu lang,
Sie brachen herein mit Geſchrei und mit Schilderklang.
Hei! ſauſender Pfeile, klirrender Schwerterſchlag!
Bis Harald fiel und ſein trotziges Heer erlag.

Herr Wilhelm ſteckte ſein Banner aufs blutige Feld,
Inmitten der Todten ſpannt' er ſein Gezelt,
Da ſaß er am Mahle, den goldnen Pokal in der Hand,
Auf dem Haupte die Königskrone von Engeland.

„Mein tapfrer Taillefer, komm, trink mir Beſcheid!
Du haſt mir viel geſungen in Lieb' und in Leid,
Doch heut im Haſtingsfelde dein Sang und dein Klang,
Der tönet mir in den Ohren mein Lebenlang."

Der blinde König.

Was ſteht der nord'ſchen Fechter Schaar
Hoch auf des Meeres Bord?
Was will in ſeinem grauen Haar
Der blinde König dort?
Er ruft in bitterm Harme
Auf ſeinen Stab gelehnt,
Daß überm Meeresarme
Das Eiland wiedertönt:

„Gieb, Räuber, aus dem Felsverließ
Die Tochter mir zurück!
Ihr Harfenſpiel, ihr Lied, ſo ſüß,
War meines Alters Glück.
Vom Tanz auf grünem Strande
Haſt du ſie weggeraubt,
Dir iſt es ewig Schande,
Mir beugt's das graue Haupt."

Da tritt aus ſeiner Kluft hervor
Der Räuber, groß und wild,
Er ſchwingt ſein Hünenſchwert empor
Und ſchlägt an ſeinen Schild:

„„Du haſt ja viele Wächter,
Warum denn litten's die?
Dir dient ſo mancher Fechter,
Und keiner kämpft um ſie?""

Noch ſtehn die Fechter alle ſtumm,
Tritt keiner aus dem Reihn,
Der blinde König kehrt ſich um:
„Bin ich denn ganz allein?"
Da faßt des Vaters Rechte
Sein junger Sohn ſo warm:
„„Vergönn' mir's, daß ich fechte!
Wohl fühl' ich Kraft im Arm.""

„O Sohn! der Feind iſt eiſenſtark,
Ihm hielt noch keiner Stand.
Und doch! in dir iſt edles Mark,
Ich fühl's am Druck der Hand.
Nimm hier die alte Klinge!
Sie iſt der Skalden Preis.
Und fällſt du, ſo verſchlinge
Die Fluth mich armen Greis!"

Und horch! es ſchäumet und es rauſcht
Der Nachen übers Meer,
Der blinde König ſteht und lauſcht,
Und Alles ſchweigt umher;
Bis drüben ſich erhoben
Der Schild' und Schwerter Schall,
Und Kampfgeſchrei und Toben,
Und dumpfer Widerhall.

Da ruft der Greis ſo freudig bang:
„Sagt an, was ihr erſchaut!
Mein Schwert, ich kenn's am guten Klang,
Es gab ſo ſcharfen Laut."
„„Der Räuber iſt gefallen,
Er hat den blut'gen Lohn.
Heil dir, du Held vor Allen,
Du ſtarker Königsſohn!""

Und wieder wird es ſtill umher,
Der König ſteht und lauſcht:
„Was hör' ich kommen über's Meer?
Es rudert und es rauſcht."
„„Sie kommen angefahren,
Dein Sohn mit Schwert und Schild,
In ſonnenhellen Haaren
Dein Töchterlein Gunild.""

„Willkommen!" — ruft vom hohen Stein
Der blinde Greis hinab —
„Nun wird mein Alter wonnig ſein
Und ehrenvoll mein Grab.
Du legſt mir, Sohn, zur Seite
Das Schwert von gutem Klang;
Gunilde, du Befreite,
Singſt mir den Grabgeſang."

Das traurige Turnei.

Es ritten ſieben Ritter frei
Mit Schildern und mit Speeren,
Sie wollten halten ein Turnei,
Des Königs Kind zu Ehren.

Und als ſie ſahen Thurm und Wall,
Ein Glöcklein hörten ſie läuten;
Und als ſie traten in Königs Hall',
Da ſahen ſie Kerzen ſtehen.

Da ſahen ſie liegen todesblaß
Die holde Adelheide,
Der König zu ihrem Haupte ſaß
In großem Herzeleide.

Da ſprach der ſtolze Degenwerth:
„Das muß ich immer klagen,
Daß ich umſonſt gezäumt mein Pferd,
Mein Schild und Speer getragen."

Drauf ſprach der jung' Herr Adelbert:
„Wir ſollen das nicht klagen!
Des Königs Tochter iſt immer werth,
Daß wir drum fechten und ſchlagen.""

Herr Walther ſprach, ein Ritter kühn:
„„Nach Hauſe woll'n wir reiten,
Es kann uns wenig Heil erblühn,
Um eine Todte zu ſtreiten.““

Sprach Adelbert: „„Wohl iſt ſie todt,
Doch lebet keine ſo Holde.
Sie trägt einen Kranz von Roſen roth
Und einen Ring von Golde.““

Sie ritten auf den Sand hinaus,
Die freien Ritter ſieben,
Sie ſtritten alſo harten Strauß,
Bis ſechſe todt geblieben.

Der ſiebente war Herr Adelbert,
Der Sieger über Alle.
Er ſtieg ſo bleich von ſeinem Pferd,
Und trat in Königs Halle.

Er nahm den Kranz von Roſen roth,
Dazu den Ring von Golde,
Er fiel zur Erde bleich und todt,
So bleich, wie ſeine Holde.

Der König trug ein ſchwarz Gewand,
Er ließ die Glocke läuten,
Sechs freie Ritter von dem Sand
That er zu Grab begleiten.

Der ſiebente war Herr Adelbert
Mit ſeiner Adelheide.
Die liegen zuſammen in kühler Erd'
Ein Stein bedecket Beide.

Des Goldſchmieds Töchterlein.

Ein Goldſchmied in der Bude ſtand
Bei Perl' und Edelſtein:
„Das beſte Kleinod, das ich fand,
Das biſt du doch, Helene,
Mein theures Töchterlein!“

Ein ſchmucker Ritter trat herein:
„„Willkommen Mägdlein traut!
Willkommen, lieber Goldſchmied mein!
Mach mir ein köſtlich Kränzchen
Für meine ſüße Braut!““

Und als das Kränzlein war bereit
Und ſpielt' in reinem Glanz,
Da hängt' Helen' in Traurigkeit,
Wohl als ſie war alleine,
An ihren Arm den Kranz.

„„Ach! wunderſelig iſt die Braut,
Die's Krönlein tragen ſoll.
Ach, ſchenkte mir der Ritter traut
Ein Kränzlein nur von Roſen,
Wie wär' ich freudenvoll!““

Nicht lang', der Ritter trat herein,
Das Kränzlein wohl beſchaut':
„„O faſſe, lieber Goldſchmied mein,
Ein Ringlein mit Demanten
Für meine ſüße Braut!““

Und als das Ringlein war bereit
Mit theurem Demantſtein,
Da ſteckt' Helen' in Traurigkeit,
Wohl als ſie war alleine,
Es halb ans Fingerlein.

„„Ach! wunderſelig iſt die Braut,
Die's Ringlein tragen ſoll.
Ach, ſchenkte mir der Ritter traut
Nur ſeines Haars ein Löcklein,
Wie wär' ich freudenvoll!““

Nicht lang', der Ritter trat herein,
Das Ringlein wohl beſchaut':
„„Du haſt, o lieber Goldſchmied mein,
Gar fein gemacht die Gaben
Für meine ſüße Braut.

„„Doch daß ich wiſſe, wie ihr's ſteh,
Tritt, ſchöne Maid, herzu,
Daß ich an dir zur Probe ſeh
Den Brautſchmuck meiner Liebſten;
Sie iſt ſo ſchön, wie du.““

Es war an einem Sonntag früh,
Drum hat die ſchöne Maid
Heut angethan mit ſondrer Müh,
Zur Kirche hinzugehen,
Ihr allerbeſtes Kleid.

Von holder Scham erglühend ganz
Sie vor dem Ritter ſtand.
Er ſetzt ihr auf den goldnen Kranz,
Er ſteckt ihr an das Ringlein,
Dann faßt er ihre Hand.

„„Helene ſüß, Helene traut!
Der Scherz ein Ende nimmt,
Du biſt die allerſchönſte Braut,
Für die ich's goldne Kränzlein,
Für die den Ring beſtimmt.

„„Bei Gold und Perl' und Edelſtein
Biſt du erwachſen hier,
Das ſollte dir ein Zeichen ſein,
Daß du zu hohen Ehren
Eingehen wirſt mit mir.““

Der Roſenkranz.

In des Maies holden Tagen,
In der Aue Blumenglanz
Edle Knappen fechten, jagen
Um den werthen Roſenkranz,
Wollen nicht mit leichtem Finger
Blumen pflücken auf dem Plan,
Wollen ſie als wackre Ringer
Aus der Jungfrau Hand empfahn.

In der Laube ſitzt die Stille,
Die mit Staunen Jeder ſieht,
Die in ſolcher Jugendfülle
Heut zum erſten Male blüht.
Volle Roſenzweig' umwanken
Als ein Schattenhut ihr Haupt;
Reben mit den Blüthenranken
Halten ihren Leib umlaubt.

Sieh! im Eiſenkleid ein Reiter
Zieht auf krankem Roß daher,
Senkt die Lanz' als müder Streiter,
Neigt das Haupt, wie ſchlummerſchwer;
Dürre Wangen, graue Locken;
Seiner Hand entfiel der Zaum.
Plötzlich fährt er auf, erſchrocken,
Wie erwacht aus bangem Traum.

„Seid gegrüßt auf dieſen Auen,
Schönſte Jungfrau, edle Herrn!
Dürfet nicht ob mir ergrauen,
Eure Spiele ſchau ich gern.
Gerne möcht' ich für mein Leben
Mit euch brechen einen Speer,
Aber meine Arme beben,
Meine Kniee wanken ſehr.

„Kenne ſolche Zeitvertreibe,
Bin bei Lanz' und Schwert ergraut,
Panzer liegt mir noch am Leibe,
Wie dem Drachen ſeine Haut.
Auf dem Lande Kampf und Wunden,
Auf dem Meere Wog' und Sturm;
Ruhe hab' ich nie gefunden,
Als ein Jahr im finſtern Thurm.

„Weh! verlorne Tag' und Nächte!
Minne hat mich nie beglückt!
Nie hat dich, du rauhe Rechte,
Weiche Frauenhand gedrückt.
Denn noch war dem Erdenthale
Jene Blumenjungfrau fern,
Die mir heut zum erſten Male
Aufgeht als ein neuer Stern.

„Wehe! könnt' ich mich verjüngen!
Lernen wollt' ich Saitenkunſt,
Minnelieder wollt' ich ſingen,
Werbend um der Süßen Gunſt.
In des Maies holden Tagen,
In der Aue Blumenglanz
Wollt' ich freudig fechten, jagen
Um den werthen Roſenkranz.

„Weh! zu früh bin ich geboren!
Erſt beginnt die goldne Zeit,
Zorn und Neid hat ſich verloren,
Frühling ewig ſich erneut.
Sie, in ihrer Roſenlaube,
Wird des Reiches Herrin ſein.
Ich muß hin zu Nacht und Staube,
Auf mich fällt der Leichenſtein!“

Als der Alte dies geſprochen,
Er die bleichen Lippen ſchloß.
Seine Augen ſind gebrochen,
Sinken will er von dem Roß.
Doch die edlen Knappen eilen,
Legen ihn ins Grüne hin!
Ach! kein Balſam kann ihn heilen,
Keine Stimme wecket ihn.

Und die Jungfrau niederſteiget
Aus der Blumenlaube Glanz;
Traurig ſich zum Greiſe neiget,
Legt ihm auf den Roſenkranz:
„Sei des Maienfeſtes König!
Keiner hat, was du, gethan.
Ob es gleich dir frommet wenig,
Blumenkranz dem todten Mann!“

Der junge König und die Schäferin.

I.

In dieſer Maienwonne,
Hier auf dem grünen Plan,
Hier unter der goldnen Sonne,
Was heb' ich zu ſingen an!

Wohl blaue Wellen gleiten,
Wohl goldne Wolken ziehn,
Wohl ſchmucke Ritter reiten
Das Wieſenthal dahin.

Wohl lichte Bäume wehen,
Wohl klare Blumen blühn,
Wohl Schäferinnen ſtehen
Umher in Thales Grün.

Herr Goldmar ritt mit Freuden
Vor ſeinem ſtolzen Zug,
Einen rothen Mantel ſeiden,
Eine goldne Kron' er trug.

Da ſprang vom Roß geſchwinde
Der König wohlgethan,
Er band es an eine Linde,
Ließ ziehn die Schaar voran.

Es war ein friſcher Bronne
Dort in den Büſchen kühl;
Da ſangen die Vögel mit Wonne,
Der Blümlein glänzten viel.

Warum ſie ſangen ſo helle?
Warum ſie glänzten ſo baß?
Weil an dem kühlen Quelle
Die ſchönſte Schäf'rin ſaß.

Herr Goldmar geht durch Hecken,
Es rauſchet durch das Grün;
Die Lämmer drob erſchrocken,
Zur Schäferin ſie fliehn.

„Willkommen, Gottwillkommen,
Du wunderſchöne Maid!
Wärſt du zu Schrecken gekommen,
Mir wär' es wahrlich leid.“

„‚Bin wahrlich nicht erblichen,
Als ich dir ſchwören mag,
Ich meint', es hab durchſtrichen
Ein loſer Vogel den Hag.‘“

„Ach! wollteſt du mich erquicken
Aus deiner Flaſche hier,
Ich würd' es ins Herz mir drücken
Als die größte Huld von dir.“

„‚Meine Flaſche magſt du haben,
Noch keinem macht' ich's ſchwer,
Will Jeden daraus laben,
Und wenn es ein König wär'.‘“

Zu ſchöpfen ſie ſich bücket,
Aus der Flaſch' ihn trinken läßt.
Gar zärtlich er ſie anblicket,
Doch hält ſie die Flaſche feſt.

Er ſpricht, von Lieb' bezwungen:
„Wie biſt du holder Art!
Als wäreſt du erſt entſprungen
Mit den andern Blumen zart;

„Und biſt doch mit Würd' umfangen,
Und ſtrahleſt doch Adel aus,
Als wäreſt hervorgegangen
Aus eines Königs Haus.“

„‚Frag meinen Vater, den Schäfer,
Ob er ein König was!
Frag meine Mutter, die Schäf'rin,
Ob ſie auf dem Throne ſaß!‘“

Seinen Mantel legt er der Holden
Um ihren Nacken klar,
Er ſetzet die Krone golden
In ihr nußbraunes Haar.

Gar ſtolz die Schäferin blicket,
Sie ruft mit hohem Schall:
„‚Ihr Blumen und Bäume, bücket,
Ihr Lämmer, neigt euch all'!‘“

Und als den Schmuck ſie wieder
Ihm beut mit lachendem Mund,
Da wirft er die Krone nieder
In des Bronnens klaren Grund.

„Die Kron' ich dir vertraue,
Ein herzlich Liebespfand,
Bis ich dich wieder ſchaue
Nach manchem harten Stand.

„Ein König liegt gebunden
Schon ſechzehn lange Jahr',
Sein Land iſt überwunden
Von böſer Feinde Schaar.

„Ich will ſein Land erretten
Mit meinen Rittern traut,
Ich will ihm brechen die Ketten,
Daß er den Frühling ſchaut.

„Ich ziehe zum erſten Kriege,
Mir werden die Tage ſchwül.
Sprich! labſt du mich nach dem Siege
Hier aus dem Bronnen kühl?“

„‚Ich will dir ſchöpfen und langen,
So viel der Bronn vermag,
Auch ſollſt du die Kron' empfangen
So blank, wie an dieſem Tag.‘“

Der erſte Sang iſt geſungen,
Er folget gleich der letzt';
Ein Vogel hat ſich geſchwungen,
Laßt ſehen, wo er ſich ſetzt!

II.

Nun ſoll ich ſagen und ſingen
Von Trompeten und Schwerterklang,
Und hör' doch Schalmeien klingen,
Und höre der Lerchen Geſang.

Nun ſoll ich ſingen und ſagen
Von Leiden und von Tod,
Und ſeh doch die Bäum' ausſchlagen
Und ſprießen die Blümlein roth.

Nur von Goldmar will ich melden,
Ihr hättet es nicht gedacht:
Er war der erſte der Helden,
Wie bei Frauen, ſo in der Schlacht.

Er gewann die Burg im Sturme,
Steckt' auf ſein Siegspanier;
Da ſtieg aus tiefem Thurme
Der alte König herfür.

„„O Sonn'! o ihr Berge drüben!
O Feld und o grüner Wald!
Wie ſeid ihr ſo jung geblieben,
Und ich bin worden ſo alt!““

Mit reichem Glanz und Schalle
Das Siegesfeſt begann;
Doch wer nicht ſaß in der Halle,
Das nicht beſchreiben kann.

Und wär' ich auch geſeſſen
Dort in der Gäſte Reihn,
Doch hätt' ich das Andre vergeſſen
Ob all dem edeln Wein.

Da thät zu Goldmar ſprechen
Der königliche Greis:
„„Ich geb' ein Lanzenbrechen!
Was ſetz' ich euch zum Preis?““

„Herr König hochgeboren,
So ſetzet uns zum Preis
Statt goldner Helm' und Sporen
Einen Stab und Lämmlein weiß!“

Um was ſonſt Schäfer laufen
In die Wett' im Blumengefild,
Drum ſah man die Ritterhaufen
Sich tummeln mit Lanz und Schild.

Da warf die Ritter alle
Herr Goldmar in den Kreis,
Er empfing bei Trommelſchalle
Einen Stab und ein Lämmlein weiß.

Und wieder begann zu ſprechen
Der königliche Greis:
„„Ich geb' ein neues Stechen
Und ſetz' einen höhern Preis.

„„Wohl ſetz' ich euch zum Lohne
Nicht eitel Spiel und Tand,
Ich ſetz' euch meine Krone
Aus der ſchönſten Königin Hand.““

Wie glühten da die Gäſte!
Beim hohen Trommetenſchall
Wollt' jeder thun das Beſte,
Herr Goldmar warf ſie all'.

Der König ſtand im Gaden
Mit Frauen und mit Herrn,
Er ließ Herrn Goldmar laden,
Der Ritter Blum' und Stern.

Da kam der Held im Streite,
Den Schäferſtab in der Hand,
Das Lämmlein weiß zur Seite
An roſenrothem Band.

Der König ſprach: „„Ich lohne
Dir nicht mit Spiel und Tand,
Ich geb' dir meine Krone
Aus der ſchönſten Königin Hand.““

Er ſprach's und ſchlug zurücke
Den Schleier der Königin;
Herr Goldmar mit keinem Blicke
Wollt' ſehen nach ihr hin.

„Keine Königin ſoll mich gewinnen
Und keiner Krone Strahl,
Ich trachte mit allen Sinnen
Nach der Schäferin im Thal.

„Ich will zum Gruß ihr bieten
Das Lämmlein und den Stab.
So mög' euch Gott behüten!
Ich zieh ins Thal hinab.“

Da rief eine Stimm' ſo helle,
Und ihm ward mit Einemmal,
Als ſängen die Vögel am Quelle,
Als glänzten die Blumen im Thal.

Die Augen thät er heben,
Die Schäferin vor ihm ſtand,
Mit reichem Geſchmeid' umgeben,
Die blanke Kron' in der Hand.

„„Willkommen, du viel Schlimmer,
In meines Vaters Haus!
Sprich! willſt du ziehn noch immer
Ins grüne Thal hinaus?

„„So nimm doch zuvor die Krone,
Die du mir ließeſt zum Pfand!
Mit Wucher ich dir lohne,
Sie herrſcht nun über zwei Land'!“

Nicht länger blieben ſie ſtehen,
Das Eine vom Andern fern.
Was weiter nun geſchehen,
Das wüßtet ihr wohl gern!

Und wollt' es ein Mädchen wiſſen,
Dem thät ich's plötzlich kund,
Dürft' ich ſie umfahn und küſſen
Auf den roſenrothen Mund.

Jungfrau Sieglinde.

Das war Jungfrau Sieglinde,
Die wollte früh aufſtehn,
Mit ihrem Hofgeſinde
Zum Frauenmünſter gehn.
Sie ging in Gold und Seide
Mit Blumen und Geſchmeide,
Das ward zu großem Leide.

Es ſtehn drei Lindenbäume
Wohl vor der Kirchenpfort',
Da ſaß der edle Heime,
Der ſprach viel leiſe Wort':
„Was Gold, was Edelſteine!
Hätt' ich der Blumen eine
Aus deinem Kranz, du Feine!“

So ſprach der Jüngling leiſe,
Da trieb der Wind ſein Spiel,
Daß aus der Blumen Kreiſe
Die ſchönſte Roſe fiel.
Herrn Heime thät ſich bücken,
Die Roſe wegzupflücken,
Damit wollt' er ſich ſchmücken.

Da war ein alter Ritter
In Sieglindens Chor,
Dem war es leid und bitter,
Gar zornig trat er vor:
„Muß ich dich Hofzucht lehren!
Darfſt du vom Kranz der Ehren
Ein Läublein nur begehren!“

O weh dem Garten immer,
Der ſolche Roſen bracht'!
O Heil den Linden nimmer,
Wo ſolcher Streit erwacht!
Wie klangen da die Degen,
Bis unter wilden Schlägen
Der Jüngling todt erlegen!

Sieglinde beugt' ſich nieder
Und nahm die Roſ' empor,

Steckt' in den Kranz ſie wieder,
Und ging zur Kirche vor.
Sie ging in Gold und Seide
Mit Blumen und Geſchmeide,
Wer that ihr was zu Leide!

Vor Sankt Mariens Bilde
Nahm ſie herab die Kron':
„„Nimm du ſie, Reine, Milde!
Kein Blümlein kam davon.
Der Welt will ich entſagen,
Den heiligen Schleier tragen
Und um die Todten klagen.““

Abſchied.

Was klinget und ſinget die Straß' herauf?
Ihr Jungfern, machet die Fenſter auf!
Es ziehet der Burſch' in die Weite,
Sie geben ihm das Geleite.

Wohl jauchzen die Andern und ſchwingen die Hüt',
Viel Bänder darauf und viel edle Blüth':
Doch dem Burſchen gefällt nicht die Sitte,
Geht ſtill und bleich in der Mitte.

Wohl klingen die Kannen, wohl funkelt der Wein:
„Trink aus und trink wieder, lieb Bruder mein!“
„Mit dem Abſchiedsweine nur fliehe,
Der da innen mir brennt und glühet!“

Und draußen am allerletzten Haus,
Da gucket ein Mägdlein zum Fenſter heraus,
Sie möcht' ihre Thränen verdecken
Mit Gelbveiglein und Roſenſtöcken.

Und draußen am allerletzten Haus,
Da ſchlägt der Burſche die Augen auf,
Und ſchlägt ſie nieder mit Schmerze
Und legt die Hand aufs Herze.

„Herr Bruder! und haſt du noch keinen Strauß!
Dort winken und wanken viel Blumen heraus.
Wohlauf, du Schönſte von Allen,
Laß ein Sträußlein herunter fallen!“

„Ihr Brüder, was ſollte das Sträußlein mir?
Ich hab ja kein liebes Liebchen, wie ihr.
An der Sonne würd' es vergehen,
Der Wind, der würd' es verwehen.“

Und weiter, ja weiter mit Sang und Klang!
Und das Mägdlein lauſchet und horchet noch lang.
„„O weh! er ziehet, der Knabe,
Den ich ſtille geliebet habe.

„„Da ſteh ich, ach! mit der Liebe mein,
Mit Roſen und mit Gelbveigelein;
Dem ich Alles gäbe ſo gerne,
Der iſt nun in der Ferne.““

Das Nothhemd.

„Ich muß zu Feld, mein Töchterlein,
Und Böſes draut der Sterne Schein,
Drum ſchaff' du mir ein Nothgewand,
Du Jungfrau mit der zarten Hand!“

„„Mein Vater, willſt du Schlachtgewand
Von eines Mägdleins ſchwacher Hand?
Noch ſchlug ich nie den harten Stahl,
Ich ſpinn' und web' im Frauenſaal.““

„Ja! Spinne, Kind, in heiliger Nacht!
Den Faden nach der hölliſchen Macht!
Draus web' ein Hemde, lang und weit!
Das wahret mich im blut'gen Streit.“

In heiliger Nacht, im Vollmondſchein,
Da ſpinnt die Maid im Saal allein.
„„In der Hölle Namen!““ ſpricht ſie leiſ',
Die Spindel rollt im feurigen Kreis.

Dann tritt ſie an den Webeſtuhl
Und wirft mit zager Hand die Spul;
Es rauſcht und ſauſt in wilder Haſt,
Als woben Geiſterhände zu Gaſt.

Als nun das Heer ausritt zur Schlacht,
Da trägt der Herzog ſondre Tracht;
Mit Bildern, Zeichen, ſchaurig, fremd,
Ein weißes, weites, wallendes Hemd.

Ihm weicht der Feind, wie einem Geiſt,
Wer böt' es ihm, wer ſtellt ihm dreiſt,
An dem das härteſte Schwert zerſchellt,
Von dem der Pfeil auf den Schützen prellt.

Ein Jüngling ſpringt ihm vor's Geſicht:
„Halt, Würger, halt! mich ſchreckſt du nicht.
Nicht rettet dich die Höllenkunſt,
Dein Werk iſt Tod, dein Zauber Dunſt.“

Sie treffen ſich und treffen gut,
Des Herzogs Nothhemd trieft vom Blut;
Sie haun und haun ſich in den Sand
Und Jeder flucht des Andern Hand.

Die Tochter ſteigt hinab ins Feld:
„„Wo liegt der herzogliche Held?““
Sie find't die todeswunden Zwei,
Da hebt ſie wildes Klaggeſchrei.

„Biſt du's, mein Kind? Unſel'ge Maid,
Wie ſpanneſt du das ſchlimme Kleid?
Haſt du die Hölle nicht genannt?
War nicht jungfräulich deine Hand?“

„„Die Hölle hab' ich wohl genannt;
Doch nicht jungfräulich war die Hand.
Der dich erſchlug, iſt mir nicht fremd,
So ſpann' ich, weh! dein Todtenhemd.““

St. Georgs Ritter.

1.

Hell erklingen die Trommeten
  Vor Sankt Stephan von Gormaz,
  Wo Fernandez von Kaſtilien
  Lager hält, der tapfre Graf.

Almanſor, der Mohrenkönig,
  Kommt mit großer Heeresmacht
  Von Kordova hergezogen,
  Zu erſtürmen jene Stadt.

Schon gewappnet ſitzt zu Pferde
  Die kaſtiliſche Ritterſchaar;
  Forſchend reitet durch die Reihen
  Fernandez, der tapfre Graf:

„Paskal Vivas! Paskal Vivas!
  Preis kaſtiliſcher Ritterſchaft!
  Alle Ritter ſind gerüſtet,
  Du nur fehleſt auf dem Platz.

„Du, der erſte ſonſt zu Roſſe,
  Sonſt der erſte zu der Schlacht,
  Hörſt du heute nicht mein Rufen,
  Nicht der Schlachttrommeten Klang!

„Fehleſt du dem Chriſtenheere
  Heut, an dieſem heißen Tag?
  Soll dein Ehrenkranz verwelken,
  Schwinden deines Ruhmes Glanz?“

Paskal Vivas kann nicht hören,
  Fern iſt er im tiefen Wald,
  Wo auf einem grünen Hügel
  Sankt Georgs Kapelle ragt.

An der Pforte ſteht ſein Roß,
  Lehnt Speer und Stahlgewand,
  Und der Ritter kniet betend
  Vor dem heiligen Altar:

Iſt in Andacht ganz verſunken
Höret nicht den Lärm der Schlacht,
Der nur dumpf, wie Windestoſen,
Durch die Waldgebirge hallt;

Hört nicht ſeines Roſſes Wiehern,
Seiner Waffen dumpfen Klang.
Doch es wachet ſein Patron,
Sankt Georg, der Treue, wacht;

Aus der Wolke ſteigt er nieder,
Legt des Ritters Waffen an,
Setzt ſich auf das Pferd des Ritters,
Fleucht hinunter in die Schlacht.

Keiner hat wie er geſtürmet,
Held des Himmels, Wetterſtrahl!
Er gewinnt Almanſors Fahne
Und es flieht die Mohrenſchaar.

Paſkal Vivas hat beſchloſſen
Seine Andacht am Altar,
Tritt aus Sankt Georgs Kapelle,
Findet Roß und Stahlgewand;

Reitet ſinnend nach dem Lager,
Weiß nicht, was es heißen mag,
Daß Trommeten ihn begrüßen
Und der feſtliche Geſang:

„Paſkal Vivas! Paſkal Vivas!
Stolz kaſtiliſcher Ritterſchaft!
Sei geprieſen, hoher Sieger,
Der Almanſors Fahne nahm!

„Wie ſind deine Waffen blutig,
Wie zermalmt von Stoß und Schlag,
Wie bedeckt dein Roß mit Wunden,
Das ſo muthig eingerannt!"

Paſkal Vivas wehrt vergebens
Ihrem Jubel und Geſang,
Neiget demuthsvoll ſein Haupt,
Deutet ſchweigend himmelan.

II.

In den abendlichen Gärten
Ging die Gräfin Julia,
Fatiman, Almanſors Neffe,
Hat die Schöne dort erhaſcht;

Flieht mit ſeiner ſüßen Beute
Durch die Wälder Nacht und Tag,
Zehn getreue Mohrenritter
Folgen ihm gewappnet nach.

In des dritten Morgens Frühe
Kommen ſie in jenen Wald,
Wo auf einem grünen Hügel
Sankt Georgs Kapelle ragt.

Schon von Weitem blickt die Gräfin
Nach des Heiligen Bild hinan,
Welches ob der Kirchenpforte,
Groß in Stein gehauen, prangt:

Wie er in des Lindwurms Rachen
Mächtig ſticht den heil'gen Schaft,
Während an den Fels gebunden
Bang die Königstochter harrt.

Weinend und die Hände ringend
Ruft die Gräfin Julia:
„Sankt Georg, du heil'ger Streiter,
Hilf mir aus des Drachen Macht!"

Siehe! wer auf weißem Roſſe
Sprengt von der Kapell' herab?
Goldne Locken wehn im Winde
Und der rothe Mantel wallt;

Mächtig iſt ſein Speer geſchwungen,
Trifft den Räuber Fatiman,
Der ſich gleich am Boden krümmet,
Wie der Lindwurm einſt gethan.

Und die zehen Mohrenritter
Hat ein wilder Schreck gefaßt,
Schild und Lanze weggeworfen,
Fliehn ſie über Berg und Thal.

Auf den Knieen, wie geblendet,
Liegt die Gräfin Julia;
„Sankt Georg, du heil'ger Streiter,
Sei geprieſen tauſend Mal!"

Als ſie wieder hebt die Augen,
Iſt der Heilige nicht mehr da,
Und es geht nur dumpfe Sage,
Daß es Paſkal Vivas war.

Aus: Ernſt von Schwaben.

Zweiter Aufzug.

An der Heerſtraße.

Ernſt, in geringer Tracht.

Dort hebt der Dom von Baſel ſich empor,
Nicht darf ich's wagen, der Landflüchtige,
In's Thor der Stadt, das gaſtlich offen ſteht,
Hineinzuſchreiten wie ein andrer Mann.
Der breite Heerweg ziehet ſich hinauf,
Ich aber darf gebahnte Straßen nur
Durchkreuzen, wie ein aufgeſcheuchtes Wild,
Das quer hinüber nach dem Walde flieht.
Zween Herren reiten mit Gefolg heran,
Am Kreuzweg halten ſie, ſie ſteigen ab,
Sie wandeln hieher, nach dem Schattenſitz.
Er iſt's, er iſt's, Graf Odo, ja er iſt's!
Und auch den Andern ſollt' ich kennen, ja!
Wie ſchlägt mein Herz! der Vater Edelgard's!

Ernſt tritt in das Gebüſch zurück, während die Grafen Hugo von Egisheim und Odo von Champagne auftreten.

Hugo.

Ich bat Euch abzuſteigen, werther Graf!
Wir trennen uns an dieſem Scheideweg,
Euch führt die Straße rechts nach der Champagne,
Mich jene links zum kaiſerlichen Hof.
Damit nun dieſe Scheidung unſrer Bahn
Nicht eine Trennung ſei für immerdar,
Vergönnt ein wohlgemeintes Abſchiedswort!
Es iſt in vor'gen Zeiten wohl geſchehn,
Daß Ihr den ältern Freund um Rath befragt,
Vergebt ihm, wenn er ungebeten jetzt
Mit ſeinem Rath erſcheinet!

Odo.

Sprecht, Herr Graf!

Hugo.

Ihr habt in Baſel ſelbſt Euch überzeugt
Von der burgund'ſchen Großen Wankelmuth.
Ihr ſaht die ſtürmiſchen Verſammlungen
Herüber und hinüber wogen.

Odo.

Nun!

Hugo.

Als erſt gemurmelt ward, daß Herzog Ernſt
Entlaſſen ſei aus ſeiner Kerkerhaft
Und hergeſtellt in herzogliche Macht,
Da war es all vergeſſen, daß man jüngſt
Dem Erbvertrag einhellig beigeſtimmt,
Den Rudolph mit dem Salier neu beſchwor.
Um Euch, den Blutsverwandten Ernſt's, den gleich
Betheiligten, erhob ſich das Gedräng,
Die Loſung: Ernſt und Odo!

Odo.

Und wozu
Mir dieſes jetzt?

Hugo.

Als aber bald darauf
Der Bann, die Achtung Ernſt's verlautet war,
Da wechſelte der Wind.

Odo.
Erlaßt mir das!

Hugo.
Die Loſung: Kunrad!

Odo.
Graf, gehabt Euch wohl!

Hugo.
Noch nicht, mein Freund! das eben macht mir Sorge,
Daß Ihr ſo feindlich, mit verbißnem Groll,
Nach Hauſe kehret.

Odo.
Wißt Ihr das gewiß?

Hugo.
Noch iſt mein Auge nicht ſo alterſchwach,
Daß ihm der Blicke Zorn, der Lippen Trotz
Und jeglicher Bewegung Haſtigkeit
An Euch verborgen bliebe. Theurer Freund!
Nicht in vereinter Kraft mit Herzog Ernſt
Wär's Euch gelungen, noch viel weniger
Könnt Ihr's allein erzwingen, hofft es nicht!
Unbeugſam ſteht des Kaiſers Wille, groß
Iſt ſeine Macht, vermeidet ſeinen Grimm!
Verderben würd' er Euch. O ſchleudert nicht
Die Fackel in das unglückſel'ge Land,
Das noch vom alten Kriegesbrande raucht!
Ihr werdet nicht, gebt mir darauf die Hand!

Ernſt tritt hervor und faßt den Mantel des Grafen Odo.

Odo.
Ein Bettler zerrt mich hier und einer dort.
Was bettelſt du?

Ernſt.
Das Erbe von Burgund.

Odo.
Ernſt!

Hugo.
Herzog Ernſt!

Ernſt.
Nicht er, ſein Schatten nur,
Sein irrer Geiſt, der auf dem Kreuzweg ſpukt.

Odo.
Wahnwitziger!

Ernſt.
Wär' ich wahnſinnig worden,
Wen dürft' es wundern? doch ich bin es nicht.
Noch weiß ich gut, daß du Graf Odo biſt,
Mein Vetter und Miterbe von Burgund.
Dir laur' ich an den Straßen auf, von dir
Begehr' ich Hülf' in meiner Noth.

Odo.
Zur böſen Stunde biſt du mir genaht,
Wo mir's im Buſen kocht, im Hirne brennt.
Wie du ſo ſchmählich, ſchmählich mich getäuſcht.
Als Herzog hoch zu Roß, an Heeresſpitze,
Einziehend in Burgund, mein Kampfgenoß,
So hab' ich dich erwartet, und es ſtand
In deiner Macht. Für einen Landsverwieſnen
Betrogſt du mich — und läufſt nun ſelbſt daher,
Ein weggejagter Bettler, und verlangſt,
Ich ſoll die nackten Lenden dir mit Purpur
Bekleiden, ſoll dir auf dein ſtruppig Haar
Die Krone ſetzen, ſoll auf meinen Schultern
Thron-an dich ſchleppen. Nein! du kennſt mich falſch.
Nicht will ich an Geächtete mich ketten.
Frei will ich ſchreiten an mein hohes Ziel.
Gelüſtet's dich nach Kronen, frage nur
Den Alten hier, der weiß für Alles Rath!

(gehend.)

Mein Roß!

Ernſt.
O Schmach! o racheloſe Schmach!
Auch du biſt ehrlos, herzogliches Schwerdt,
Und keines Freien Klinge kämpft mit dir.

Hugo.
Unglücklicher!

Ernſt.
Du fühleſt Mitleid noch
Und ungetröſtet ſoll ich nicht von hier.
Du ſiehſt dich ſorglich um, ſei ohne Furcht!
Wir ſind hier unbehorcht, kein Lauſcher wird's
Verrathen, wenn du den Verbannten hörſt.
Ich will dir ferne ſtehen, daß mein Hauch
Dich nicht berühre, noch mein Gewand dich ſtreift.

Hugo.
Könnt' ich dir Troſt gewähren, o wie gern!

Ernſt.
Ehrwürd'ger Greis! wenn die Erinnerung
Vergangner Tage dich nicht ganz verließ,
So wirſt du dich entſinnen, daß ich einſt,
In ſchönrer Zeit, um deine Tochter warb.
Nicht will ich die Bewerbung jetzt erneuen,
Ich wär' ein unglückſel'ger Bräutigam.
Wollt' ich zur Kirche führen meine Braut,
Kein hochzeitlich Geleite träf' uns nach,
Vor meinem Anblick kreuzte ſich das Volk,
Kein Feſtklang tönte von dem Glockenhaus,
Noch die Poſaune von des Thurmes Kranz.
Und wollt' ich mit ihr nahen dem Altar,
So ſchwiege Chorgeſang und Orgelſchall,
Der Prieſter höbe dräuend ſeine Hand
Und ſpräche Fluch, ſtatt Segen, über uns.
Nein! werben darf ich nicht um Edelgard,
Auch hab' ich's um dich ſelber nicht verdient.
Drei feſte Burgen hab' ich dir zerſtört,
Weil du zum Kaiſer, deinem Vetter, hielſt.
Nur Eines bitt' ich, ſag' es mir zum Troſt:
Hat deine Tochter, wenn einmal von mir,
Von meinem Mißgeſchick, die Rede ward,
Hat ſie, ich meine nicht, um mich geweint,
Nein! ob das Aug' ihr flüchtig überlief,
Nur wie ein leichter Hauch den Spiegel trübt?
Ob ſie, geſeufzet nicht, nein! tiefer nur
Geathmet, wie man oft im Traume pflegt?

Hugo.
Von Thränen und von Seufzern merkt' ich nichts,
Nur daß ſie ernſter, feierlicher ward.
Mildthätig, hülfreich war ſie ſchon zuvor,
Jetzt gab ſie gänzlich ſich der Armuth hin.
Wie fromme Wittwen pflegen, ſpendete
Die jungfräuliche Wittwe jeden Tag
Almoſen, war der Kranken Wärterin,
Erquickte Pilger und Gefangene.

Ernſt.
Gefangene!

Hugo.
Bis nun die Botſchaft kam,
Daß du mit Acht belegt und Kirchenbann,
Da bat ſie freundlich eines Morgens mich
Sie zu geleiten zum Ottilienberg.
Du kennſt das Kloſter, das von ſeiner Höh'
Das ſchöne Elſaß weithin überſchaut.
Als ſie vom Zelter dort geſtiegen war
Und in der Hand den Ring der Pforte hielt,
Da ſprach ſie: „wohlgelegen iſt dies Stift,
Man ſieht von ſeiner Schwelle weit umher
Die Stadt' und Burgen, Fluß und Feld und Hain,
Und allen Reichthum dieſer ſchönen Welt
So freundlich und ſo blühend hingelegt,
Daß, wem nicht alles Erdenglück erſtarb,
Wem nicht die Hoffnung ganz entwurzelt iſt,
Hier an der Pforte noch umkehren muß."
Mit dieſem trat ſie in der Mauern Kreis.
Und dort im Hofe quillt ein heil'ger Born,
Ein wunderkräft'ger, der die Augen ſtärkt
Und ſelbſt der Blindheit nächt'ge Binde löst.
Damit benetzte ſie der Wimpern Saum:
„Mein Aug' iſt trübe worden — hob ſie an —
Und wohl bedarf ich, daß ein Himmelsthau
Zur ew'gen Klarheit mir den Blick erſchließt."
So ſagte ſie dem Ird'ſchen Lebewohl.

ab.

Ernſt.
Auch du hinab, du goldner Liebesſtern,
Der meiner Jugend Pfade ſchön erhellt,
Der tröſtend in mein Kerkergitter ſchien!
An dieſes Weibes liebevoller Bruſt

Hätt' ich geneſen können. Vieles noch
Und Härtres hätt' ich auszuſtehn vermocht,
Wenn ſie mir blieb. Noch kannt' ich keine Schmach,
Kein Drangſal, keine Wunde, keinen Schmerz,
Dafür nicht ſie der ſüße Balſam war.
Ja! ſie erquickte mich Gefangenen,
Sie hatte dem erſchöpften Pilgersmann
Noch einſt den friſchen Lebenskelch gereicht.
Nun muß ich wandern meinen rauhen Pfad
Einſam, umnachtet, ewig herbergelos.

Er will abgehen, ein Kriegsknecht vertritt ihm den Weg.

Kriegsknecht.
Halt!

Ernſt.
Wer da?

Kriegsknecht.
Halt!

Ernſt.
Zurück! ich ſag', zurück!
Du biſt gedungen, mich zu morden. Ja!
Schon lang verfolgſt du mich. Heb' dich hinweg!
Noch wehr' ich um mein elend Leben mich,
Noch bin ich Mördern kampfgerecht.

Kriegsknecht.
Stoß zu!
Triff dieſes Herz!

Ernſt.
Mein Werner! o mein Werner!

Werner.
Dein Werner, und der Deinige ſo ganz,
Und ſo mit jedem Athemzug, mit jedem
Blutstropfen —

Ernſt.
Jetzt bin ich geborgen, Gott
Verließ mich nicht.

Werner.
O du getreuer Freund!
Du edles Herz! du lautres Gold!

Ernſt.
Halt ein!

Werner.
Wie viel, wie viel haſt du für mich gethan,
Geduldet! nie vergelt' ich dir's.

Ernſt.
Du haſt
Voraus vergolten.

Werner.
Nichts hab' ich gethan.
Du biſt der einzig Treue.

Ernſt.
Laß uns hier
Im Schatten ruhn, ich bin vom Wandern müd.
Die Eiche breitet uns ein wirthlich Dach.
Mir iſt, als ob ich wieder Herzog ſei,
Als wären wir an einem ſchönen Tag
Hinausgeritten auf die Falkenjagd
Und hätten uns zu Mittag hier geſetzt.
Erzähle, Werner, wo du warſt indeß,
Wie du gelebt!

Werner.
In Frankreich ſah ich zu,
Wie dort der König ſeine Fürſten zähmt,
Da kam von Aachen her mir der Bericht,
Durch einen Kriegsknecht, der nach Solde ging,
Daß du aus deiner Kerkerhaft befreit,
Daß du geächtet und gebannet ſeiſt,
Und zwar um meinetwillen. Augenblicks
Riß ich dem Knechte ſeinen Mantel ab,
Und gürtete ſein kurzes Schwert mir um,
Und lief nach deinen Fährten, edles Wild,
Und habe dich ergriffen.

Ernſt.
Werner, ſprich!
Auf dir auch laſtet Acht und Kirchenfluch:
Wie haſt du es gemacht, daß du ſo feſt,
So aufrecht bliebeſt! Hoher, kräftiger
Erſcheinſt du mir, als ich dich je gekannt.

Werner.
Es heißt, die Saat gedeih' im Wetterſchein,
Vom Bannſtral, glaub' ich, wuchs auch mir die Kraft.

Ernſt.
Mir däucht es, deine Treue hat's gethan.

Werner.
O! machte Treue kräftig und geſund,
Dann müßteſt du wie eine Roſe blühn.
Woraus *mein* Leben ſeine Nahrung zieht,
Was mich erhält und was mich kräftiget,
Iſt die Erinnerung eines großen Tags,
An dem die deutſche Freiheit mir erſchien
In offnem Wirken, in lebend'ger Kraft.
Dieß Angedenken trug ich auf der Flucht
Mit mir, als ein gerettet Heiligthum,
Und unter dieſer hohen Eiche hier,
Uralt, doch grünend, wie die Freiheit ſelbſt,
Stell' ich mein wunderthätig Bild dir auf,
Daß es gerad' im Abgrund unſrer Noth
Erhebend ſich beweiſe dir und mir.

Ernſt.
Wenn etwas noch mich aufzurichten taugt,
Ein Wort aus deinem Munde muß es ſein.

Werner.
Nicht blos, daß in der Stunde der Geburt
Der Sterne Wechſelſtand geheimnißvoll
Die menſchlichen Geſchicke vorbeſtimmt:
Noch mitten oft in's Leben tritt ein Tag,
Der unſrem Weſen erſt den Vollgehalt,
Der unſrer Zukunft, allem unſrem Thun
Die unabänderliche Richtung giebt.
Auch mich ergriff ein Tag für alle Zeit,
Vollkommen klar bin ich mir deß bewußt.
Der fromme Kaiſer Heinrich war geſtorben,
Des ſächſiſchen Geſchlechtes letzter Zweig,
Das glorreich ein Jahrhundert lang geherrſcht.
Als nun die Botſchaft in das Reich erging,
Da fuhr ein reger Geiſt in alles Volk,
Ein neu Weltalter ſchien heraufzuziehn.
Da lebte jeder längſt entſchlafne Wunſch
Und jede längſt erloſchne Hoffnung auf.
Kein Wunder jetzo, wenn ein deutſcher Mann,
Dem ſonſt ſo Hohes nie zu Hirne ſtieg,
Sich, heimlich forſchend, mit den Blicken maß!
Kann's doch nach deutſchem Rechte wohl geſchehn,
Daß, wer dem Kaiſer heut' den Bügel hält,
Sich morgen ſelber in den Sattel ſchwingt.
Jetzt dachten unſre freien Männer nicht
An Hub- und Haingericht und Markgeding,
Wo man um Eſch und Holztheil Sprache hielt;
Nein! ſtattlich ausgerüſtet, zogen ſie
Aus allen Gauen, einzeln und geſchaart,
In's Maienfeld hinab, zur Kaiſerwahl.
Am ſchönen Rheinſtrom, zwiſchen Worms und Mainz,
Wo unabſehbar ſich die ebne Flur
Auf beiden Ufern breitet, ſammelte
Der Andrang ſich, die Mauern einer Stadt
Vermochten nicht das deutſche Volk zu faſſen.
Am rechten Ufer ſpannten ihr Gezelt
Die Sachſen, ſammt der ſlav'ſchen Nachbarſchaft,
Die Baiern, die Oſtfranken und die Schwaben,
Am linken lagerten die rhein'ſchen Franken,
Die Ober- und die Niederlothringer.
So war das Mark von Deutſchland hier gedrängt,
Und mitten in dem Lager jeden Volks
Erhub ſich ſtolz das herzogliche Zelt.
Da war ein Grüßen und ein Händeſchlag,
Ein Austauſch, ein lebendiger Verkehr!
Und jeder Stamm verſchieden an Geſicht,
An Wuchs und Haltung, Mundart, Sitte, Tracht,
An Pferden, Rüſtung, Waffenfertigkeit,
Und alle doch *ein* großes Brudervolk,
Zu gleichem Zwecke feſtlich hier vereint!
Was Jeder im beſondern erſt berieth,
Im hüllenden Gezelt und im Gebüſch
Der Inſelbuchten, mählig war's gereift
Zum allgemeinen, offnen Beſchluß.
Aus Vielen wurden Wenige gewählt,
Und aus den Wenigen erkohr man Zween,

Allbeide Franken, fürſtlichen Geſchlechts,
Erzeugt von Brüdern, Namensbrüder ſelbſt,
Konrade, längſt mit gleichem Ruhm genannt.
Da ſtanden nun auf eines Hügels Saum,
Im Kreis der Fürſten, ſichtbar allem Volk,
Die beiden Männer, die aus freier Wahl
Das deutſche Volk des Thrones werth erkannt
Vor Allen, die der deutſche Boden nährt,
Von allen Würdigen die Würdigſten,
Und ſo einander ſelbſt an Würde gleich,
Daß fürder nicht die Wahl zu ſchreiten ſchien
Und daß die Wage ruht' im Gleichgewicht.
Da ſtanden ſie, das hohe Haupt geneigt,
Den Blick geſenkt, die Wange ſchamerglüht,
Von ſtolzer Demuth überwältiget.
Ein königlicher Anblick war's, ob dem
Die Thräne rollt' in manchen Mannes Bart.
Und wie nun harrend all die Menge ſtand
Und ſich des Volkes Brauſen ſo gelegt,
Daß man des Rheines ſtillen Zug vernahm,
Denn niemand wagt' es, Dieſen oder Den
Zu küren mit dem hellen Ruf der Wahl,
Um nicht am Andern Unrecht zu begehn
Noch aufzuregen Eiferſucht und Zwiſt:
Da ſah man plötzlich, wie die beiden Herrn
Einander herzlich faßten bei der Hand
Und ſich begegneten im Bruderkuß.
Da ward es klar, ſie hegten keinen Neid
Und Jeder ſtand dem Andern gern zurück.
Der Erzbiſchof von Mainz erhob ſich jetzt:
„Weil doch — ſo rief er — Einer es muß ſein,
„So ſei's der Aeltre!“ Freudig ſtimmten bei
Geſammte Fürſten, und am freudigſten
Der jüngre Konrad; donnergleich erſcholl,
Oft wiederholt, des Volkes Beifallsruf.
Als der Gewählte drauf ſich niederließ,
Ergriff er ſeines edlen Vetters Hand
Und zog ihn zu ſich auf den Königsſitz.
Und in den Ring der Fürſten trat ſofort
Die fromme Kaiſerwittwe Kunigund,
Glückwünſchend reichte ſie dem neuen König
Die treubewahrten Reichskleinode dar.
Zum Feſtzug aber ſchaarten ſich die Reihn,
Voran der König, folgend mit Geſang
Die Geiſtlichen und Laien, ſo viel Preis
Erſcholl zum Himmel nie an einem Tag.
Wär' Kaiſer Karl geſtiegen aus der Gruft,
Nicht freudiger hätt' ihn die Welt begrüßt.
So wallten ſie dem Strom entlang nach Mainz,
Woſelbſt der König im erhabnen Dom
Der Salbung heil'ge Weihe nun empfing.
Wen ſeines Volkes Ruf ſo hoch geſtellt,
Dem fehle nicht die Kräftigung von Gott!
Und als er wieder aus dem Tempel trat,
Erſchien er herrlicher, als kaum zuvor,
Und ſeine Schulter ragt' ob allem Volk. —
Das iſt der große Tag, der mich ergriff,
Der mich in allem Drangſal friſch erhält.

Ernſt.

Ein großer Sinn faßt große Bilder auf,
Ein andrer andre. Dazumal, als du
Dem freien Vaterland ins Auge ſahſt,
Erglänzte mir der erſten Liebe Huld
In eines Mägdleins minniglichem Blick.
Ich war ein Jüngling, ſtand in Vormundſchaft
Von meinem Ohm, dem Erzbiſchof von Trier,
Und noch war mir des Reiches Sache fremd.
Wohl kamen andre Zeiten ſtrengere,
Die mich gerüttelt aus dem Liebestraume.

Werner.

O nicht vergeß' ich's, mit dem alten Welf
Von Altdorf und mit andern ſchwäb'ſchen Herrn
War ich geritten auf das Maienfeld.
Wir tränkten eben unſre Pferd' im Rhein,
Da kameſt du den Strom herabgeſchifft
Auf einer leichten, buntverzierten Jacht.
Du ſelbſt im Fürſtenſchmuck, zur Seite dir
Graf Hugo mit der ſchönen Edelgard,
Und ſchwebend auf dem Schiffesrande ſaß
Ein Sänger, der die Harfe lieblich ſchlug.
Des Stromes Klarheit aber ſpiegelte
Die glänzenden Geſtalten.

Ernſt.

Schöne Zeit!
Wie iſt das alles längſt den Strom hinab!

Werner.

Auch was vor mir ſo groß und herrlich ſtand,
Es iſt nicht mehr, nur im Gedanken lebt's.
Der Mann, den wir zum König uns gewählt
Und der ſo demuthsvoll das Haupt geneigt,
Er hat's emporgeworfen, ihn verlangt
Nach Unbeſchränktheit, nach Alleinherrſchaft
Und nach der Erblichkeit in ſeinem Stamm.
Die ihn erwählten tritt er in den Staub,
Den Konrad den er jenesmal geküßt,
Hat er genöthigt, nach dem Schwert zu greifen,
Des Reichs verwieſen iſt der graue Welf,
Der Herzog Adalbert von Kärnthen irrt
Mit ſeinen Söhnen heimatlos umher.
Und du, mein Herzog, o wie hat er dich
Vom Anbeginn verfolgt, beraubt, zerknirſcht!
Ich bin dir zugethan durch Lehenseid,
Der Freundſchaft heilig Band verknüpfet uns,
Doch wär' ich nicht dein Mann und nicht dein Freund,
Dein Banner hätt' ich dennoch aufgeſucht,
Damit ich ihn bekämpfe, dem auch ich
Einſt zugerufen auf dem Feld der Wahl.

Ernſt.

Wohl wittert jedes Weſen ſeinen Feind.
Drum hegt auch dir der Kaiſer wildern Haß
Und unverſöhnlicheren, als mir ſelbſt.

Werner.

Von dieſem Haß, den ich allein verwirkt,
Mußt du, Unglücklicher, das Opfer ſein.
Nicht ich bin elend, denn mich treibt die Glut,
Die ich an jenem Tag in mich geſaugt.
Du aber haſt nach Frieden dich geſehnt,
Und mußt nun ſo unendlich friedlos ſein,
Und haſt für all die Treue keinen Dank
Von mir, als daß ich ſchadenfroh und ſtolz
Auf dich hinblicke, wie du nun ſo ganz
Verlaſſen daſtehſt und ſo ganz entblößt,
Und wie nun ich dein einz'ger Lehnsmann,
Der Einz'ge bin, der dich noch Herzog nennt,
Und wie nun mir allein die Ehre bleibt,
Dir Dienſt zu leiſten bis zum letzten Hauch.

Ernſt.

Gewaltiger! was neigſt du dich vor mir?

Werner.

O wahrlich! nie in deinem Fürſtenglanz,
Erſchienſt du mir ſo herrlich, ſo erlaucht,
So würdig jeder tiefſten Huldigung,
Als wie du jetzt in freierkorner Schmach,
In deiner Selbſtverbannung, vor mir ſtehſt! —
Doch nein! ſo ganz vergeſſen biſt du nicht.
In Schwaben, wo dein Vater Herzog war,
Wo ihn und dich ein biedres Volk geliebt,
Wo Mancher jetzt auf ſeiner Veſte hauſt,
Der unter deinem Banner einſt gekämpft,
Dort muß von dir noch ein Gedächtniß ſein,
Dorthin ſei unſer irrer Pfad gelenkt,
Des Schwarzwalds dichter Schatten nehm' uns auf!

Ernſt.

Dir folg' ich, und wenn Alles mich verſchmäht,
Du wirſt mich nie verlaſſen.

Werner.

Siehſt du hier?
Der Handſchuh, den ich aus dem Koller zieh',
Er ward vom Kaiſer in den Staub geſchleudert,
Daß er verſchmähet und zertreten ſei.
Der Kriegsknecht hob ihn auf und gab ihn mir,
Und dieſer Handſchuh liegt an meiner Bruſt.

Beide ab.

Friedrich August Ukert

ward am 28. October 1780 zu Eutin geboren, woſelbſt er früh den Unterricht von Johann Heinrich Voß und Bredow genoß. Zu Anfang dieſes Jahrhunderts ſtudirte er in Halle, wo Friedrich August Wolf, Noeſſelt und Knapp ihn am meiſten anzogen und förderten. Von da ging er nach Jena, wo er bei Griesbach, Schütz und Eichſtädt, die ſich um ihn viel Verdienſt erwarben, auch Voß wiederfand. Von 1804—1807 war er Hauslehrer zu Danzig, dann ward ihm die Erziehung der beiden Söhne Schillers und ſeines Neffen von Wolzogen anvertraut. 1808 erhielt er einen Ruf nach Gotha, zuerſt als Inſpector am Gymnaſium und zweiter Bibliothekar. Neben mehreren kleinen Aemtern, blieb die Profeſſur am Gymnaſium und die Bibliothek das Hauptgebiet ſeiner außerordentlichen Wirkſamkeit, durch die er ſich fortwährend große Verdienſte erwirbt. Mit ſeinen Verhältniſſen in Gotha durchaus zufrieden, hat er mehrere ehrenvolle Berufungen nach Erfurt, Leipzig und Berlin abgelehnt. Er lebt dort als Profeſſor, Bibliothekar und Doctor der Philoſophie, in Verbindung mit den meiſten wiſſenſchaftlichen Geſellſchaften Deutſchlands.

Von ihm erſchien, außer mehreren Ueberſetzungen:

Gemälde von Griechenland. Königsberg, 1810.
Bemerkungen über Homer's Geographie. Weimar, 1815.
Handbuch der Geographie der Griechen und Römer. Weimar, 1816. 1819.
Vollſtändiges Handbuch der Geographie (mit mehreren andern Gelehrten). Weimar, 1819 ff. 24 Thle.
Mit A. Heeren: Geſchichte der europäiſchen Staaten. 1828. (16 Lieferungen. Hamburg, 1829—1840.)
Viele einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in gelehrten Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

U. verbindet mit Gründlichkeit, reichem Wiſſen, Scharfſinn und Geſchmack eine ſehr klare und elegante Darſtellung und hat ſich beſonders große Verdienſte um die Behandlung der alten Geographie in Deutſchland erworben.

Christian Samuel Ulber

ward am 26. Auguſt 1714 zu Landshut in Schleſien geboren, ſtudirte ſeit 1732 in Jena und erhielt 1738 die Pfarre Heinersdorf bei Liegnitz. 1741 ward er in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Diaconus, bald Archidiaconus und Senior: aber 1757 folgte er dem Rufe nach Hamburg, wo er am 27. Auguſt 1776 als Hauptpaſtor an der St. Jakobi-Kirche und Scholarch ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gottgeheiligte Betrachtungen über den leidenden und ſterbenden Jeſus. Breslau, 1749; neu 1766.
Der chriſtliche Kreuzträger. Liegnitz und Hamburg, 1760—1769.
Die Gott lobenden und bittenden Stimmen der Andacht. Liegnitz und Hamburg, 1763. 1764.

U. zeichnete ſich als geiſtlicher Liederdichter durch Innigkeit, Kraft, Klarheit und gute Behandlung der Form vortheilhaft für ſeine Zeit aus.

Johann Jacob Ulrich

ward 1569 zu Zürich geboren, ſtudirte zu Heidelberg und Marburg Theologie, wurde Magiſter der Philoſophie und 1592 als Profeſſor der Theologie in ſeiner Vaterſtadt angeſtellt, wo er 1638 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Von der Vorſehung Gottes.
Chriſtliche Ermahnungen an die Wiedertäufer.
Gottſelige Gedanken von gegenwärtigen Sterbeläuften u. A. m.

U. erwarb ſich durch die Innigkeit und Wärme in ſeinen Predigten viel Beifall zu ſeiner Zeit.

Johann Karl Unckel

lebte in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts und der erſten des 17ten als Buchführer zu Frankfurt am Main (Näheres iſt nicht über ſeine Lebensverhältniſſe bekannt) und verfaßte:

Pfalz, Sachſen, Brandenburg. Frankfurt, 1619. in 4.

ein großes beſchreibendes Gedicht, das jedoch ohne poetiſchen Werth iſt.

Friederike Helene Unger,

eine Tochter des General von Rothenburg, ward 1751 zu Berlin geboren, vermählte ſich mit dem Profeſſor der Xylographie J. F. Unger, der zugleich eine Buchhandlung und Buchdruckerei leitete, und ſetzte nach deſſen Tode das Geſchäft fort. Sie ſtarb in ihrer Vaterſtadt am 21. September 1813.

Neben vielen Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen, Franzöſiſchen und Italieniſchen gab ſie anonym heraus:

Julchen Grünthal; eine Penſionsgeſchichte. Berlin, 1784. N. A. Berlin, 1798. 2 Bde.
Gräfin Pauline. Berlin, 1800. 2 Thle.
Bekenntniſſe einer ſchönen Seele. Berlin, 1806.
Der junge Franzoſe und das deutſche Mädchen. Hamburg, 1810.

Gute Sittenſchilderung und eine angenehme Darſtellung erwarben dieſen Romanen, zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens, ein freundliches Publikum; namentlich wurde Julchen Grünthal häufig geleſen.

Johann Auguſt Unzer

ward am 29. April 1727 zu Halle geboren, bezog 1742 die Friedrichsuniverſität, wo er ſchon in ſeinem 18. Jahre anonym als Schriftſteller auftrat, und wurde 1747 als Adjunkt des Profeſſor Junker in Stand geſetzt, ſeine mediciniſchen Kenntniſſe im Waiſenhauſe vielfach anzuwenden. Er wurde Doctor und hielt Vorleſungen über Medicin und Philoſophie. 1750 ließ er ſich in Hamburg nieder, ſiedelte aber bald nach Altona über, wo ſich ihm eine ausgebreitete Praxis eröffnete. Er ſtarb am 2. April 1799.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Neue Lehre von den Gemüthsbewegungen. Halle, 1746.
Gedanken von Einfluß der Seele in ihrem Körper. Halle, 1746.
Gedanken vom Schlaf. Halle, 1746.
Der Arzt, mediciniſche Wochenſchrift. Hamburg, 1759–1764. 12 Thle.; neu 1770. 8 Thle.
Sammlung kleiner Schriften. Leipzig und Hamburg, 1766–1767. 3 Thle.

U. war einer der erſten deutſchen Aerzte, welcher Gegenſtände der Arzneiwiſſenſchaft, die von allgemeinem Intereſſe waren, in einer klaren, verſtändlichen Sprache behandelte und der Menge zugänglich machte. Er trug dadurch um ſo mehr zur Verbreitung einer naturgemäßen Lebensweiſe und zur Beſeitigung vieler Irrthümer bei, als er ſeinen Schriften auch den Werth einer guten und für die damalige Zeit geſchmackvollen Darſtellung zu verleihen wußte.

Johanne Charlotte Unzer geborne Ziegler,

die Gattin des berühmten Arztes J. A. Unzer, wurde 1724 zu Halle geboren. Sie erhielt im Jahre 1753 den poetiſchen Lorbeerkranz von Helmſtädt und wurde Ehrenmitglied der engliſchen und braunſchweigiſchen, deutſchen Geſellſchaften zu Göttingen und Helmſtädt. Sie ſtarb am 29. Januar 1782 zu Altona. (S. den vor. Artikel).

Von ihr erſchien:

Verſuch in Scherzgedichten. Halle, 1751. 1753. 1766.
Verſuch in ſittlichen und zärtlichen Gedichten. Rinteln, 1760. Halle, 1766.

Sittliche Würde, Adel der Geſinnung und Leichtigkeit und Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form und Sprache, erwarben ihren Gedichten zu jener Zeit rühmliche Anerkennung.

Johann Chriſtoph Unzer

ward am 17. Mai 1747 zu Werningerode geboren, war ein Neffe des Arztes Unzer, ſtudirte Medicin und lebte als Doctor der Medicin, Profeſſor der Phyſik und Naturgeſchichte und Stadtphyſikus zu Altona. Er ſtarb auf einer Reiſe nach Carlsbad zu Göttingen am 20. Auguſt 1809.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Diego und Leonore, Trauerſpiel. Hamburg, 1775.
Schauſpiele. Hamburg, 1782.
Geſchichte der Brüder des grünen Bundes. Berlin, 1782.
Hinterlaſſene poetiſche Schriften. Altona, 1811. 2 Bde.

Ein feines und angenehmes Talent, das ſich den Beſtrebungen ſeiner Zeit anſchloß, aber ſich mehr durch gefällige Behandlung der Form als durch den eigenthümlichen poetiſchen Werth ſeiner Leiſtungen auszeichnete. Seine beſte Arbeit iſt ein Luſtſpiel: die neue Emma.

Johann Peter Uz

ward am 31. October 1720 zu Anſpach geboren, erhielt von ſeinem Vater, einem Goldſchmied, die ſorgfältigſte Erziehung und eine gute Ausbildung auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Poeſie und Malerei waren ſchon damals ſeine Lieblingsſtudien, Horaz und Anacreon feſſelten ſeine weiche Empfindung am Meiſten. Seit 1739 ſtudirte er zu Halle Philoſophie, Geſchichte und Jurisprudenz. Mit Gleim und Götz ſchloß er hier ein zartes Freundſchaftsbündniß; ſie überſetzten und reimten in Gemeinſchaft, vom friſchen Hauch der Zürcher Kritik angeweht. Als Gleim nach Berlin kam, verließ auch Uz um 1743 die Univerſität und kehrte in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, wo er 1748 Secretär beim Juſtizcollegium wurde. 1763 ging er als Aſſeſſor des kaiſerlichen Landgerichts nach Nürnberg; 1790 wurde er burggräflicher Director daſelbſt und Geheimrath. Als Anſpach preußiſch wurde, ernannte ihn ſein neuer Monarch zum wirklichen Juſtizrath und Landrichter, in welchem Amte der unermüdliche Greis bis zu ſeinem am 12. Mai 1796 erfolgten Tode thätig wirkte. —

Er ſchrieb:

Lyriſche Gedichte. Berlin, 1749. Anſpach, 1755. Leipzig, 1756—1765.
Sämmtliche poetiſche Werke. Leipzig, 1768; neu 1772. Herausgegeben von C. F. Weiße. Wien, 1804.

Sehr ſchön ſagt Herder im dritten Stück ſeiner Adraſtea von Uz: „Wenn nach griechiſcher Weiſe einem Verſtorbenen ſein Ehrenzeichen, eine bekränzte Lyra auf's Grab geſetzt werden ſollte, ſo gebührte ſie ihm; eine Lyra mit dem dreifachen Kranze der Dichtkunſt, der Weisheit und des thätigen Verdienſtes umwunden. Eben er traf den Ton, in dem die Lehre, jedermann verſtändlich, in feurigen oder ſanften Sylbenmaaßen unſer Gemüth durchdringt, und es in ſüßer Begeiſterung mit ſich fortzieht oder fortreißt. Seine beſten Oden ſind ein Lehrbuch der liebenswürdigſten Moral in ſüßen Geſangweiſen. Wenn er gleich Horazens Sylbenmaaße nicht gebraucht hat, ſo ſpricht doch Horazens Geiſt durch ihn im Inhalt ſowohl als im Schwung und in der Anordnung ſeiner Oden.“

Lob des Erlöſers.

Ich will, ich muß von Jeſu ſingen!
Aus Liebe kam er in die Welt.
Die Wahrheit flog mit güldnen Schwingen
Ihm göttlich ſtrahlend beigeſellt,

Als Finſterniß der dickſten Schatten
Noch über allen Völkern lag,
Und auch die Weiſen keinen Tag,
Kaum eine ſchwache Dämmrung hatten.

Ihr Völker, in Judäens Gränzen
Erſcheint ein wunderbares Licht!
Des Jordans weiße Fluthen glänzen,
Wie von der Sonnen Angeſicht.
Ich ſehe Cedern ſich vergulden,
Die Cedern auf dem Libanon!
Der neue Morgen ſchimmert ſchon
Bis zu den dunkelſten Gefilden.

Gott kommt vom Himmel, euch zu lehren;
Seht, wie vor ihm die Erde ſchweigt!
Die Heiden drängen ſich, zu hören,
Da ſich der große Lehrer zeigt;
Er lehret uns die Gottheit kennen,
Und ladet uns zum neuen Bund:
Durch ihn darf unſer ſcheuer Mund
Gott wieder unſern Vater nennen.

Da unſer ſchuldiges Geſchlechte
Dem Tode heimgefallen war,
Stellt ſich der einzige Gerechte
Zum Opfer der Verſöhnung dar.
Verloren waren Adams Kinder!
Der Sohn des Gottes Zebaoth
Erniedrigt ſich zum Kreuzestod,
Und ſtirbt für abgefallene Sünder.

Er ſtirbt, und war aus Gott geboren!
Weg, Zweifel, der mir Jeſum raubt!
Wie grimmig ziſcht vor meinen Ohren
Die Natter, ſchwellend um dein Haupt!
Ich bete, Herr, vor dir im Staube!
Du redeſt, und ein himmliſch Licht
Strahlt ſieghaft mir ins Angeſicht;
Du redeſt, und ich hör' und glaube!

Wie! Der für mich am Kreuz erblaßte,
Eröffnete des Tauben Ohr,
Rief, die des Todes Arm umfaßte,
Allmächtig aus dem Grab hervor,
That über menſchliches Vermögen;
Und ſollte Menſch, nur Menſch allein,
Nicht Gott, nicht mein Erlöſer ſein,
Und hundert Wunderwerke lögen!

Er iſts, er kann ſich nicht verhehlen,
Er iſt es, Gott von Ewigkeit!
Ich ſchwör' es bei den großen Seelen,
Den Märtyrern der alten Zeit,
Die ſich nach dieſem Jeſu nannten,
Und mit erhabnem Heldenmuth
Auch auf der Folter, in der Gluth
Verfolgter Chriſten Gott bekannten.

Verehrt, verehrt ihn, alle Lande!
Der Jeſu, der im Grabe liegt,
Zerbricht des Todes ehrne Bande,
Lebt ewig, und ſein Glaube ſiegt.
Sein Glaube, dieſe zarte Pflanze,
Grünt aus verſtrömtem Blut hervor,
Und hebt im Sturm das Haupt empor,
Und prangt mit ungeſchwächtem Glanze.

Was lehnen wüthende Nerone
Sich wider den Meſſias auf!
Ihr Ungeheuer auf dem Throne,
Tyrannen, ſammelt euch zu Hauf!
Wo ſeid ihr! Doch ſie ſind verſchwunden;
Und alle Heiden müſſen ſehn,
Daß Menſchen Gott nicht widerſtehn,
Und unſer Jeſus überwunden.

Die Wünſche.

Welche Gottheit ſoll auch mir
Einen Wunſch gewähren!
Unentſchloſſen irr' ich hier
Zwiſchen den Altären.

Sorgen ſchwärmen rund herum
Und den Gott der Schätze,
Und der Ehre Heiligthum
Liegt voll falſcher Netze.

In der Schönheit Schooße liegt
Amor, der mit Küſſen
Sich an ihren Buſen ſchmiegt:
Kann ich Amor'n miſſen!

Nein, er ſoll mir günſtig ſeyn;
Doch ich will auch lachen,
Und er muß bei meinem Wein
Mich nicht irre machen.

Ruhm und du geflügelt Gold!
Ich entſag' euch beiden:
Wenn ihr ſelbſt mich ſuchen wollt,
Will ich euch nicht meiden.

An die Sonne.

O Sonne, Königin der Welt,
Die unſer dunkles Rund erhellt,
In lichter Majeſtät;
Erhab'nes Wunder einer Hand,
Die jene Himmel ausgeſpannt,
Und Sterne hingeſä't!

Noch heute ſah ich deinen Glanz:
Mir lacht in ihrem Blumenkranz
Noch heute die Natur.
Der Vögel buntgefiedert Heer
Singt morgen mir vielleicht nicht mehr,
Im Wald und auf der Flur.

Ich fühle, daß ich ſterblich bin!
Mein Leben welkt, wie Gras, dahin,
Wie ein verſchmachtend Laub,
Wer weiß, wie unerwartet bald
Des Höchſten Wort an mich erſchallt:
Komm wieder in den Staub!

Wenn mich das finſt're Grab verſchlingt,
Ein ewig Schweigen mich umringt,
Mich die Verweſung nagt:
Alsdann bleibt alles doch zurück,
Und hätte gleich ein lächelnd Glück
Mir keinen Wunſch verſagt!

O Thorheit, wenn ich mich verkannt
Und nach der Erde Lieblingstand,
Nach großem Gut gegeizt!
Wenn mich der Ehre ſchimmernd Kleid
Und aller Prunk der Eitelkeit
Zu nied'rem Neid gereizt!

Verlangt mein leiſer Wunſch zu viel?
Verfolg ich ein zu weites Ziel,
Auf ungewiſſem Pfad!
O Gott, ich beuge mich vor dir!
Hier bin ich, es geſchehe mir
Nach deinem beſſern Rath!

Der Menſch, der aufgeblaſ'ne Thor,
Schreibt ſeinem Schöpfer Weisheit vor?
Dir, großer Menſchenfreund!
Du liebſt ihn mehr, als er ſich liebt,
Wenn deine Huld nicht immer giebt,
Was jedem nützlich ſcheint.

Wann der bethaute Morgen lacht,
Wann von den Fittigen der Nacht
Die Stunden kühler ſind;
Spricht mir die Weisheit liebreich zu:
O Sterblicher, was ſorgeſt du
Und wünſcheſt in den Wind!

Der dich gemacht, ſorgt auch für dich!
Nicht auf die Erde ſchränket ſich
Der Plan des Himmels ein.
Dies Leben iſt ein Augenblick,
Ein Frühlingstraum das längſte Glück!
Du ſollſt unſterblich ſeyn!

Gedanke der Unſterblichkeit,
Der über Erde, Welt und Zeit
Ein edles Herz erhebt!
Empöre dich in meiner Bruſt,
Wenn die Sirene falſcher Luſt
Mich klein zu machen ſtrebt!

Die Roſen um des Laſters Haupt
Verblühen, ehe wir's geglaubt,
Und ihr Genuß entehrt.
Ich bin ein Pilgrim in der Zeit,
Nur Freuden einer Ewigkeit
Sind meiner Sorgen werth.

Gieb mir, o du, der willig giebt,
Ein Herz, das nur das Gute liebt,
Und rein und heilig iſt!
Mach andre groß, o Gott! Ich ſei
Vergnügt und meiner Pflicht getreu
Ein Weiſer und ein Chriſt.

Theodicee.

Mit ſonnenrothem Angeſichte
Flieg ich zur Gottheit auf! Ein Strahl von ihrem Lichte
Glänzt auf mein Saitenſpiel, das nie erhab'ner klang.
Durch welche Töne wälzt mein heiliger Geſang,
Wie eine Fluth von furchtbar'n Klippen
Sich ſtrömend fort und brauſt von meinen Lippen!

Ich will die Spötter niederſchlagen,
Die vor dem Unverſtand, o Schöpfer, dich verklagen:
Die Welt verkündige der höhern Weisheit Ruhm!
Er öffnet mir des Schickſals Heiligthum;
Und Licht bezeichnet ſeine Pfade,
Wie Titans Weg vom öſtlichen Geſtade.

Die dicke Finſterniß entweiche,
Die aus dem Acheron, vom ſtygiſchen Geſträuche,
Mit kaltem Grauſen ſich auf meinem Wege häuft,
Wo ſtolzer Thoren Schwarm in wilder Irre läuft,
Und auch der Weiſe furchtſam ſchreitet,
Oft ſtille ſteht und oft gefährlich gleitet!

Die Riſſe liegen aufgeſchlagen,
Die, als die Gottheit ſchuf, vor ihrem Auge lagen:
Das Reich des Möglichen ſteigt aus gewohnter Nacht.
Die Welt verändert ſich, mit immer neuer Pracht,
Nach tauſend lockenden Entwürfen,
Die eines Winks zu ſchnellem Seyn bedürfen.

Der Sextus einer beſſer'n Erden
Zwingt nicht Lucretien, durch Selbſtmord groß zu werden:
An keinem Dolche ſtarrt ihr unbeflecktes Blut.
Das leichenvolle Rom, der Schauplatz feiger Wuth
Und viehiſcher Domitiane,
Herrſcht unverheert in einem ſchönern Plane.

Doch Dämmerung und kalte Schatten
Gehn über Welten auf, die mich entzücket hatten!
Der Schöpfer wählt ſie nicht! Er wählet unſre Welt,
Der Ungeheuer Sitz, die, Helden beigeſellt,
In ewigen Geſchichten ſtrahlen,
Der Menſchheit Schmach, das Werkzeug ihrer Qualen.

Eh' ihn die Morgenſterne lobten,
Und auf ſein ſchaffend Wort des Chaos Tiefen tobten,
Erkor der Weiſeſte den ausgeführten Plan:
Und wider ſeine Wahl will unſer Maulwurfswahn,
Will ſtolze Blindheit Recht behalten,
Und eine Welt im Schooß der Nacht verwalten?

Von welcher Sonne lichtem Strahle
Weicht meine Finſterniß! Wie, wann aus feuchtem Thale
Der frühe Wandersmann auf hohe Berge dringt,
Schnell eine neue Welt vor ſeinem Aug' entſpringt,
Und Reiz die große Weite zieret,
Wo ſich der Blick voll reger Luſt verlieret.

Denn Fluren, die von Blumen duften,
Gefilde voll Geſangs und heerdenvolle Triften
Und hier kryſtall'ne Fluth, vom grünen Wald umkränzt,
Dort ferner Thürme Gold, das durch die Wolken glänzt,
Begegnen ihm, wohin er blicket:
So wird mein Geiſt auf ſeinem Flug entzücket.

Ich habe mich empor geſchwungen,
Wie groß wird mir die Welt! die Erde flieht verſchlungen,
Sie macht nicht mehr allein die ganze Schöpfung aus!
Welch kleiner Theil der Welt iſt Rheens finſt'res Haus!
Und, Menſchen, welche kleine Heerde
Seid ihr nur erſt auf dieſer kleinen Erde?

Gönnt gleiches Recht auf unſerm Balle
Geſchöpfen and'rer Art! Ihr Schöpfer liebt ſie alle:
Die Weisheit ſelbſt entwarf der kleinſten Fliege Glück,
Ihr Schickſal iſt beſtimmt, ſo gut als Roms Geſchick
Und als das Leben einer Sonne,
Die glänzend herrſcht in Gegenden der Wonne.

Seht, wie in unermeſſ'ner Ferne
Orion und ſein Heer, ein Heer bewohnter Sterne,
Vor ſeinem Schöpfer ſich in lichter Ordnung dringt.
Er ſieht, er ſieht allein, wie Sonn' an Sonne hängt,
Und wie zum Wohl oft ganzer Welten
Ein Uebel dient, das wir im Staube ſchelten.

Er ſieht mit heiligem Vergnügen
Auf unſ'rer Erde ſelbſt ſich alle Theile fügen,
Und Ordnung überall, auch wo die Tugend weint:
Und findet, wenn ſein Blick, was böſ' und finſter ſcheint,
Im Schimmer ſeiner Folgen ſiehet,
Daß, was geſchieht, aufs Beſte ſtets geſchiehet.

Es leide mit geprieſ'nem Muthe
Die Gattin Collatins! es keimt aus ihrem Blute
Die Freiheit eines Volks, die einſt Catone zeugt:
Bis kühne Tyrannei, vom Laſter groß geſäugt,
Die ſpätverlaſſ'ne Tugend rächet,
Und Rom durch Rom beſtraft und ſtrafend ſchwächet.

Entkräftet in verdienten Ketten,
Wie ſoll ſich Latium vor fremdem Joche retten?
Sieh! das entmannte Rom verfällt in Schutt und Graus.
Der kalte Norden ſpeit ein Volk der Wilden aus,
Das durch's Verhängniß überwindet,
Im Finſtern ſaß und Licht und Wahrheit findet.

Die ihr ein Stück vom Ganzen trennet,
Vom Ganzen, daß ihr blos nach eurem Winkel kennet
Verwegen tadelt ihr, was Weiſe nicht verſteh'n.
O könnten wir die Welt im Ganzen überſeh'n,
Wie würden ſich die dunkeln Flecken
Vor unſerm Blick in größern Glanz verſtecken!

Soll Welten alles Böſe fehlen?
So mußte nie den Staub der Gottheit Hauch beſeelen,
Denn alles Böſe quillt blos aus des Menſchen Bruſt:
So muß der Menſch nicht ſeyn: welch größerer Verluſt!
Die ganze Schöpfuug würde trauern,
Die Tugend fliehn und ihren Freund bedauern.

Ihr Weiſen, hättet nie entzücket,
Die ihr die Schöpfung mehr, als hundert Sonnen ſchmücket.
Und Ordnung herrſchte nicht im Reiche der Natur,
Die niemals flüchtig ſpringt und ſtufenweiſe nur
Auf ihrer güld'nen Leiter ſteiget,
Wo ſich der Menſch auf mittlern Sproſſen zeiget.

Vom Wurme, der voll größ'rer Mängel
Auf ſchwarzer Erde kreucht, und vom erhab'nen Engel
Sind Menſchen gleich entfernt, und beiden doch verwandt.
Ihr freier Wille fehlt, ihr himmliſcher Verſtand
Entflieget nie der engen Sphäre:
Stets feſſelt ihn des Leibes träge Schwere.

Es rauſchen laute Spöttereien
Um mein verachtend Ohr: viel ſtolze Klugen ſchreien
Dem armen Sterblichen des Willens Freiheit ab.
Die Sklaven, welche das, was weiſe Güte gab,
Der Menſchheit Vorrecht nicht erkennen,
Und, gleich dem Vieh, ſich deſſen unwerth nennen!

Verzärtelt eure Leidenſchaften;
So herrſchen ſie zuletzt; ſie bleiben ewig haften;
Ein diamantnes Band knüpft ſie an euer Herz.
Der freigebor'ne Geiſt erblickt nicht ohne Schmerz
Sich endlich in verjährten Banden,
Und iſt ein Knecht, weil er nicht widerſtanden!

In allen Ordnungen der Dinge,
Die Gott als möglich ſah, war Menſchenwitz geringe:

Der Menſch war immer Menſch, voll Unvollkommenheit;
Durch Tugend ſoll er ſich aus dunkler Niedrigkeit
Zu einem höhern Glanz erheben,
Unſterblich ſeyn nach einem kurzen Leben.

Mein Schickſal wird nur angefangen,
Hier, wo das Leben mir in Dämmerung aufgegangen:
Mein Geiſt bereitet ſich zu lichtern Tagen vor,
Und murrt nicht wider den, der mich zum Staub erkor,
Mich aber auch im Staube liebet,
Und höhern Rang nicht weigert, nur verſchiebet.

Aus: die Kunſt, ſtets fröhlich zu ſein.

Erſtes Buch.

Des Weiſen wahres Glück wird nicht vom Ort entſchieden:
Er kann ſtets Gutes thun, und überall zufrieden
Und immer glücklich ſein: denn ſeine reinſte Luſt
Entſpringt nicht außer ihm, ſie quillt aus ſeiner Bruſt.

Was iſt Glückſeligkeit, die alle Zungen preiſen?
Erkenntniß, Tugend ſelbſt, die Königin des Weiſen,
Und was die Schule ſonſt das höchſte Gute nennt,
Oft prächtiger beſchreibt, als noch dem Weſen kennt;
Beglücken uns, o Freund, indem ſie uns vergnügen,
Sind Quellen unſers Glücks, die niemals uns betrügen;
Doch jenes Glück nicht ſelbſt, nach dem der Weiſe fragt,
Nach dem des Narren Wunſch umſonſt ſich müde jagt.
Vergnügen fühlen wir, wann wir uns glücklich fühlen:
Und wir verdammen doch, auf ſtrengen Richterſtühlen,
Die Wolluſt Epikurs, die keinem Thoren lacht,
Obgleich ihr Name täuſcht, und Narren lüſtern macht?
Vergnügen, Wolluſt, Luſt (die Namen ſind verſchieden,
Die Sach' iſt einerlei:) was Sterbliche zufrieden,
Wahrhaftig glücklich macht, wird auf die Sinne nicht
Vom Weiſen eingeſchränkt, der vom Vergnügen ſpricht.
Und wie? Sind Menſchen denn blos Körper, die verweſen?
Lebt nicht in ihrem Leib ein Geiſt von edlerm Weſen?
Verpflegt ein Sterblicher ſein ſchlechtes Theil allein,
Und ſeine Seele darbt, wie kann er glücklich ſein?
Das höchſte Glück iſt nicht, wo noch Begierden klagen,
Noch hungrig, unvergnügt, an einer Seele nagen,
Und ein zu ſtarker Trieb, den die Natur geſäugt,
Sich unbefriedigt fühlt, und nur gezwungen ſchweigt.

Du lächelſt? und verlangſt, den Glücklichen zu kennen,
Der niemals klagen darf? Denn was wir Erde nennen,
Ein immer ſtürmiſch Meer! wird ſchwerlich Menſchen ſehn,
In deren Segel ſtets die Winde günſtig wehn.
Man findet ſie vielleicht beim ungefundnen Weiſen,
Den uns Chryſipp's Roman, den Zenons Träume preiſen,
Der ſeiner Schmerzen lacht, wenn ihn die Gicht entſeelt,
Stets herrſcht und alles hat, auch wann ihm alles fehlt.

Nein, Freund, mir träumte nie von ganz vollkommnem Glück:
Die Erde hat es nicht, ſtets fehlt's an einem Stück.
Des Lebens Güter ſind vertheilt mit weiſer Hand:
Gemeiner Mangel iſt ein allgemeines Band.
Wollt' auch ein mildes Glück, was jedes wünſcht, gewähren,
Wird ein gewährter Wunſch nicht neuen Wunſch gebähren?
Wer iſt vollkommen weiſ'? und iſt es allezeit?
Und wird nicht überraſcht von blinder Sinnlichkeit?
Auch um den Weiſen ſchleicht, in unbewahrten Stunden,
Die Unzufriedenheit: zerfleiſcht von hundert Wunden
Die magre Furie, die unerſättlich macht,
Und uns noch ärmer macht, als die Natur uns macht.
Soll drum der Philoſoph nicht in erhabnen Bildern
Des Weiſen prächtig Glück, des Weiſen Adel ſchildern?
Sein kühn gezeichnet Maaß beſchämet ſtolzen Wahn:
Und wer nicht nahe kömmt, hat nicht genug gethan.

Vollkommenheit, die ſelbſt vor Gottes Angeſichte
Stets gegenwärtig glänzt, umſtrahlt vom Sonnenlichte,
Nach deren Rath er ſchuf, und was er ſchuf, regiert,
Das Ordnung überall das große Ganze ziert,
Sie aller Weſen Zweck, des Weiſen höchſte Liebe,
Reißt ihn, vom ſchnöden Tand, vom Staub unedler Triebe,
Nur ihrem Reize nach; und wie er Schritt vor Schritt
Ihr immer mehr ſich naht, wächſt ſein Vergnügen mit:
Indem er immer nun in reinem Lichte wandelt,
Und immer edler denkt, und immer edler handelt;
Fühlt ſeine Seele ſich von hoher Luſt entzückt,
Die ihrer würdig iſt, und fühlet ſich beglückt.

Wie Menſchen glücklich ſind, kann er ſchon glücklich heißen,
Obgleich noch Dornen ihm den müden Fuß zerreißen,
Obgleich der Glückliche nicht allzeit ungekränkt
Auf weichen Roſen ruht, und ſich mit Nektar tränkt.
Stets überwiegt in ihm die Schmerzen das Ergötzen;
Die Weisheit wird, was fehlt, aus ihrem Schatz erſetzen:
Sie giebt Zufriedenheit; und ein zufriednes Herz
Fühlt ſeine Freuden ganz, und halb nur ſeinen Schmerz.

Doch zürnet blinder Wahn, daß Menſchen ſich vergnügen?
Er höre die Natur: kann die Natur betrügen?
Sie beut uns reine Luſt in vollen Bechern dar,
Und wir verſagen uns, was uns beſtimmet war?
Denn ſieh zum Himmel auf! bald funkeln tauſend Sterne,
Zum Dienſt der Mitternacht, in jener blauen Ferne;
Bald, wann der junge Tag durch graue Schatten bricht,
Lacht holdes Morgenroth und Titans güldnes Licht.
Das Jahr verändert ſich, verändert unſre Freuden,
Wann Gras und Blumen jetzt der Erde Schoos bekleiden,
Jetzt Saat, jetzt mildes Obſt ihr ſchönes Haupt bekränzt,
Sie hat verſchiednen Putz, und Luſt für alle Zeiten;
An ihr iſt alles Reiz: wir ſehn auf allen Seiten
Die fette Flur geziert mit angenehmem Grün,
Die Berge prächtig ſtehn, die niedern Thäler blühn;
Und fröhliches Gewühl auf heerdenvollen Matten,
Gebüſche voll Geſangs und ſtiller Wälder Schatten,
Hier See, dort felſigt Land, und aus dem dunkeln Hain
Die Quellen murmelnd fliehn, und endlich Flüſſe ſein.

Iſt alles nicht für uns, was wir ſo reizend finden?
Wir treten in die Welt mit Sinnen, zu empfinden.
Du weißt, wann friſcher Weſt die Sommertage kühlt,
Mit welcher Wolluſt ihn die heiße Wange fühlt.
Was dachte die Natur, uns einen Leib zu bilden,
Den bunter Nelken Glanz in lachenden Gefilden,
Und ihr gewürzter Hauch, der Nachtigallen Schlag,
Der Pfirſich zartes Fleiſch, empfindlich reizen mag?
Iſt ſie's, die unſern Leib mit junger Schönheit ſchmückt,
Und uns ein Auge giebt, das dieſer Schmuck entzückt,
Das für die Grazien nicht blind, gleich Thoren, iſt,
Und fröhlich glänzend ſieht, was Liebe feurig küßt:
Wer ſieht's und zweifelt noch, ob ſie vergnügen wollte?
Verband ſie nicht mit Luſt, was uns erhalten ſollte?
Die Speiſe, die uns nährt, ergötzt auch unſern Mund:
Bewegung, die vergnügt, erhält den Leib geſund.

Die Kunſt ſchafft neue Luſt: mit zauberiſchen Farben
Erweckt ſie, was einſt war, und Menſchen, welche ſtarben:
Ein leblos Erz beſeelt ihr ſchöpfriſch kühner Arm:
Sie lockt Harmonie aus dem geſtrichnen Darm.
Der Kenner ſchweigt entzückt, wann ihm die Muſen ſingen;
Noch ſüßer muß dem Freund des Freundes Rede klingen.
Wie lieblich iſt für uns der Wahrheit Unterricht,
Und wann die Tugend laut in unſrer Seele ſpricht!
Soll angebotne Luſt in hundert Quellen fließen,
Und uns verboten ſein, ſie fröhlich zu genießen?
Nicht, weil der Schöpfer will, allein durch unſre Schuld,
Herrſcht mürriſcher Verdruß und Gram und Ungeduld.

Darf dein ermüdet Ohr ich mit Geſichten quälen,
So ſoll, was Mirza ſah, die Muſe dir erzählen.
Es lieben, wie du weißt, die Muſen unſrer Zeit
Des Orients Geſchmack und ſein geblümtes Kleid.
Bekümmert und vertieft in forſchenden Gedanken,
Sah Mirza das Geſchöpf mit ſeinem Schöpfer zanken,
Den Menſchen elend ſein; und ſchwarzer Sorgen Heer
Stieg wolkicht von ihm auf, wie Staub am rothen Meer.
Die Fichten rauſchten wild um ſeine dunkle Höhle,
Und liſpelnd nährt' ein Bach die Schwermuth ſeiner Seele.
Des Unmuths trübes Glas verkürzte ſein Geſicht,
Als eine Stimme rief: ſteh auf und richte nicht!
Er ſah ein luſtig Thal, das, mit Gebüſch umfloſſen,
Ein Garten Gottes war, wo Bäche ſilbern floſſen.
Balſamiſcher Geruch durchſtrich den kleinen Raum,
Und unter Cedern ging ein Menſch im tiefen Traum.
Die Lilje buhlt umſonſt nach ſeinen ſtarren Blicken;
Die ſüße Feige ſprach: tritt her, dich zu erquicken.
Umſonſt! er ſah ſie nicht, er ſah nur in den Sand,
Nach einem ſchnöden Kies, der glänzt' und ſchnell verſchwand.
Er kam zum Roſenſtrauch; die raſchen Finger brachen
Begierig Roſen ab, und ihre Dornen ſtachen.
Er ſah durch hohes Gras die bunte Schlange fliehn:
Muthwillig kroch er nach, und ſie verwundet' ihn.
Wehklagend ſchrie der Menſch: ach! wär' ich nie geboren!
Hat eine ganze Welt ſich wider mich verſchworen?
O Aufenthalt der Qual! — Halt' ein! was zürneſt du,

Wenn du dich elend machſt! rief ihm die Stimme zu.
Du, den die Freude ſucht, fliehſt, was du ſuchen ſollteſt,
Und könnteſt glücklich ſein, wenn du vernünftig wollteſt:
Genieß deines Glücks! die Kunſt, ſich zu erfreun,
Iſt für den Sterblichen, die Kunſt beglückt zu ſein.

An Herrn Hofadvokat G***.

Du, den Anſpach mir, den mir die jungen Freuden,
Umkränzt mit Epheu, zugeführt,
Als mich der Himmel hieß auf Rembilds Fluren weiden,
Der oft mit mir beim Wein dem Vorzug nachgeſpürt,
Wie ächte Weſen ſich vom Pöbel unterſcheiden,
Wenn, unbetäubt von rauhen Leiden,
Vom Glanz der Großen ungerührt,
Sie jenen ſtandhaft ſehn, ſie dieſe nicht beneiden:
Mein G***, wenn ſonſt nichts beweiſt,
Daß ein verwandtes Blut in unſern Adern fleußt;
Wenn weder Leichenſtein, noch Wappen übrig bliebe:
So überzeugen meinen Geiſt
Der Herzen gleichgeſinnte Triebe
Zu Wein und Muſen gleiche Liebe,
Zu Mädchen auch und ſchlauvermerkter Luſt
Auf ihrem Mund, an ihrer Bruſt.
Ich hör' mit entzückten Ohren,
Wenn dein [illegible] Saitenſpiel
Von unſrer Freundſchaft ſchallt, und wie ein gleich Gefühl
Dich mir gewählt, mich dir erkoren.
Ach! Jude, Bauer, Schelm, Betrüger oder Thoren
Sind, unter lärmendem Gewühl,
Mein Umgang, ſeit ich dich verloren:
Nach dem, im Schoos der Vaterſtadt,
Nun wieder, wie vorhin, zu dornichten Geſchäften,
Die unſer himmliſch Theil an Staub und Erde heften,
Mich Themis angewieſen hat.
Du, dem ein günſtig Glück ein ſorgenfreies Leben,
Und ohne Sklavendienſt, was du bedarfſt, gegeben;
Dem unverwehrt iſt, frei zu ſein
Und ungeſtört ſich zu erfreun:
Darf meine Muſe dich in deinem Lehnſtuhl ſtören,
Und achteſt du auf ihre Lehren,
Wenn mit entwölktem Angeſicht,
Sie, als ein Seneka, im Schooß der Wolluſt ſpricht:
Freund, ſo verlange nicht,
Mit Ketten mühevoller Pflicht,
Die um der Ehrſucht Arme rauſchen,
Dein ſtilles Glücke zu vertauſchen.

Der Weiſe, deſſen Herz von Menſchenliebe flammt,
Flieht nicht vor anvertrauten Bürden,
Doch drängt er ſeinen Hals nicht in das Joch der Würden,
Aus einem niedern Stolz, den ſeine Bruſt verdammt.
Sein Herz iſt groß genug, die Größe zu verachten,
Die farbigt ſchwillt und plagt, ob kleine Seelen dachten,
Die nach dem bunten Tande ſchmachten,
Und um ein ſchimmerreiches Amt,
Das ihrer nicht bedarf, noch ſie bedürfen, laufen,
Der Hoheit Sklaven ſind und neue Feſſeln kaufen.
Der Thor bleibt ſtets ein Thor, auch in der Ehre Schoos;
Und wird von innrer Knechtſchaft Schande,
Von Knechtſchaft ſchlimmer Art, aus eines Rud'rers Bande
Selbſt unterm Purpur los.
Die Höhe, wo er ſteht, macht keinen Gecken groß:
Sie läßt, wie klein er ſei, nur deſto weiter ſehen.
Ein Sturm des Glücks verſchlägt ihn an entweihte Höhen:
Ein ſtürmiſch Glück
Schlägt wieder ihn zurück:
Wie eine träge Regenwolke
Sich auf des Windes Flügeln hebt,
Und über einem ganzen Volke
Mit fürchterlichem Schatten ſchwebt,
Sie rauſcht in ungewohnter Sphäre:
Nicht lange! denn die eigne Schwere
Drückt ſie zur Erde bald herab,
Die ihr den Urſprung gab.

Gieb nicht im Frühling muntrer Jahre
Verblendeten Begierden Raum;
Und überlaß den Geiz der Kindheit grauer Haare
Den Stolz der Ehre Sommertraum.
Die Sorgen ſtören ihn mit ſchreckenden Geſtalten:
Durch Niederträchtigkeit wird, was ihn reizt, erlangt,
Durch Niederträchtigkeit erhalten:
Und ſchmilzt, wie Frühlingsreif, der an der Sonne prangt.
Der große Liebling großer Fürſten
Mag unerquickt nach Ruhe dürſten:
Sie flieht ihn ſchüchtern überall.
In jedem dunkeln Laut, in Blicken und Geberden
Zeigt bange Furcht ihm ſeinen Fall:
Der Sklave fürchtet, frei zu werden!
Freund, von des Irrthums Bruſt entwöhnt,
Laß dich kein Puppenſpiel von goldner Freiheit ſcheiden!
Und brich die Roſen aller Freuden,
Die keine Reu umdornt, kein ſpätes Ach! umtönt.
Der weiſen Wolluſt ſei dein Garten eingeweihet
Die, von der Weisheit Hand gekrönt,
Mit ernſter Tugend nie entzweiet,
Die ernſte Tugend ſelbſt mit Fröhlichkeit verſöhnt.

Seh ich unter grünen Lauben,
Bei dem Gotte froher Trauben,
Und beim Saitenſpiel der Muſen,
An des beſten Mädchens Buſen,
Dich, vom ſichern Buſch verdeckt,
Unter Blumen hingeſtreckt:
Hör' ich unter Nachtigallen
Deine ſüßen Lieder ſchallen:
Lieder, wie mein Chaulieu ſang,
Wann er frei von ekelm Zwang
Und bei ſpätem Weine wachte!
Bacchus, wann ſein Lied erſcholl,
Ließ den trunknen Becher voll,
Der ihm in die Augen lachte;
Und, gelehnt auf ſeinen Stab,
Der vom heil'gen Epheu rauſchte,
Hing er ſchweigend hin und lauſchte,
Bis der Dichter durſtig ſchwieg, Bacchus ihm den Becher gab.

Doch meinen Dichtergeiſt umnebeln leichte Träume!
Du ruheſt jetzt wohl nicht im Schatten deiner Bäume,
Nun, da ſie faſt entblättert ſtehn,
Und rauhe Winde nur in öden Gärten wehn:
Da nach des Herbſtes milden Segen,
Das greiſe Jahr mit kaltem Regen
Die Fluren umgewühlt, wo Raben einſam gehn.
Wann Zephyr die verjüngten Blätter
Und Floren und die Liebesgötter
Aus duftendem Gefieder bringt,
Und in der Frühlingsluft die frühe Lerche ſingt:
Alsdann wird Amor dich im Grünen wieder finden,
Dich, der ſein Sklave ſchon, ihm nur entwiſchet war,
An ſeinem flammenden Altar
Mit Blumen ewig feſte binden,
Zu ſeiner andern Sklaven Schaar.

Laß von den Grazien dir eine Gattin wählen,
Die nicht von den gemeinen Seelen,
Blos wirthlich, reich, vielleicht getreu,
Doch ohne Zärtlichkeit und lauter Pöbel ſei.
Zwar war, wie unſre Väter wiſſen
Von keinen engliſchen Clariſſen:
An ihre Würde reicht kein ſterblich Mädchen hin.
Ach! Harlowe's Tochter ſtarb! auf Erden war kein Gatte
Für ſie, die nichts vom Weibe hatte,
Als Reizungen und Eigenſinn.
Du, Freund, biſt ſelbſt ein Menſch, und wirſt ein menſchlich Weſen
Zu einer Gattin dir erleſen:
Zu glücklich, wenn ſie dir, vom Himmel mild bedacht,
In einen holden Leib, zu ſchlauer Luſt gemacht
Auch eine Seele zugebracht,
Die denkt und edel denkt, die Tugend liebt und kennet,
Und dich, als Freundin, liebt, wann ſie dich Gatten nennet!
O Wolluſt, nicht blos einer Nacht!
Die Tage werden dir in ihrem Arm verſchleichen,
So ruhig, als ein Bach, der unter finſtern Sträuchen,
Von hohen Bäumen rund umwacht,
Stets ungerunzelt lacht:
Hoch über ihm hinweg brauſt unter nahen Eichen
Der ſchwarzen Stürme Wuth, die niemals ihn erreichen.

V.

Karl Auguſt Varnhagen von Enſe

ward 1785 zu Düſſeldorf geboren, ſtudirte zu Halle, Berlin und Tübingen Medicin und trat 1809 in öſterreichiſche Kriegsdienſte, welche er aber aufgab, um als Hauptmann und Adjutant des Generals Tettenborn den ruſſiſchen Fahnen während des Befreiungskrieges zu folgen. 1814 veranlaßte ihn Fürſt Hardenberg in ſeine Kanzlei einzutreten, in welcher Funktion er den Congreß zu Wien beſuchte und nach Paris reiſte. Von hier wurde er als Chargé d'Affaires und nach kurzer Zeit als Miniſterreſident nach Karlsruhe geſandt. Gegenwärtig privatiſirt er mit einer Penſion in Berlin als geheimer Legationsrath.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Mit A. v. Chamiſſo: Muſenalmanach für 1804–1806.
Mit W. Neumann: Erzählungen und Spiele. Hamburg, 1807.
Die Verſuche und Hinderniſſe Karls. Berlin, 1808.
Geſchichte der Hamburger Begebenheiten im Jahre 1813. London, 1813.
Geſchichte der Kriegszüge des Generals von Tettenborn in den Jahren 1813 und 1814. Tübingen, 1814.
Deutſche Erzählungen. Tübingen, 1816.
Vermiſchte Gedichte. Tübingen, 1816.
Biographiſche Denkmale. Berlin, 1824–1830. 5 Thle.
Denkwürdigkeiten des Philoſophen und Arztes J. B. Erhard. Stuttgart, 1830.
Die Sterner und die Pſitticher. Berlin, 1831.
Zur Geſchichtſchreibung und Literatur. Berlin, 1833.
Denkwürdigkeiten und vermiſchte Schriften. Mannheim, 1837. 4 Bde. 12.
Leben des Feldmarſchall Schwerin. Berlin, 1841.
Viele einzelne Aufſätze, Gedichte, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ueber V. äußert ſich einer ſeiner eifrigſten aber unbefangenen Verehrer Heinrich Laube (Moderne Characteriſtiken Th. II. S. 299) mit folgenden Worten: „Seine ſpecielle Stellung in unſerer Literatur iſt die eines Kritikers und Biographen. Die Fähigkeit zur Kritik und Biographie iſt ſehr verwandt mit der Fähigkeit des höheren, geſelligen Umgangs oder richtiger: ſie iſt der nächſte Schritt, welcher auf den Umgang folgen muß, um der Gegenſtände für eine wirkliche Kenntniß Herr zu werden. Der Umgang iſt die Vorbereitung dazu, die hier bei nöthiger Unterordnung ſchwindet am Schreibtiſch, aber die Liebe, das Anſchmiegen, das Aufnehmen bleibt. — Im Umgange ſpricht ſich zunächſt das Weſen unſerer Bildung aus. Da dieſe bei Varnhagen ſo hervorſtechend human und fein iſt, ſo haben auch ſeine Schriften dieſen Charakter erhalten. Er iſt unſer feinſter und humanſter Kritiker und Biograph. Jenes hat er namentlich in ſeinen reichen Beiträgen für die Berliner Jahrbücher der Kritik bewährt, welche 1833 unter dem Titel „Zur Geſchichtſchreibung und Literatur" geſammelt erſchienen ſind, dieſes in ſeinen biographiſchen Denkmalen. Die letzteren betreffen zumeiſt Staatsmänner und Krieger und lehren unwiderleglich die Nothwendigkeit, den Menſchen nicht blos in den einzelnen Aeußerungen ſeiner Berühmtheit ſondern als ganzes mannigfaches Weſen auch mit Fehlern und Schwächen darzuſtellen. — — Einfach und ſauber iſt ſein (Varnhagen's) Wort, klar und voll Ordnung. — — In Summa iſt Varnhagen von Enſe der Inbegriff jener höheren deutſchen Kritik, an die wir denken, wenn wir uns in Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft anderer Völker überheben, jener Kritik, welche den Schmerz über häuslichen Jammer im Herzen tragen, und doch klare Worte ſtrenger Unpartheilichkeit über Freund und Feind auf der Lippe haben kann. Dieſen deutſchen Stolz, das Beſte ohne Anſehn der Perſon zu würdigen, auch dann zu würdigen, wenn man es ſelbſt nicht beſitzt, dieſen Stolz repräſentirt Varnhagen."

Rahel Antonie Friederike Varnhagen von Enſe,

geborene Rahel Levin, die Tochter eines angeſehenen jüdiſchen Kaufmannes zu Berlin, ward daſelbſt 1771 geboren, erhielt eine treffliche Erziehung, vermählte ſich, nachdem ſie zur chriſtlichen Religion übergetreten war, am 27. September 1814 mit Varnhagen von Enſe und ſtarb in ihrer Vaterſtadt am 7. März 1833. Nach ihrem Tode veröffentlichte ihr Gatte ihren Briefwechſel unter dem Titel:

Rahel, ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde. Berlin, 1834. 3 Bde.

und fügte ſpäter, zur Ergänzung hinzu:

Gallerie von Bildniſſen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechſel. Leipzig, 1836. 2 Bde.

Sie war eine merkwürdige und ſeltene Erſcheinung; da ſich jedoch Alles, was wir von ihr beſitzen, auf ihre perſönliche Individualität bezieht, ſo kann ſich die rein literariſche Kritik nicht geſtatten, ein Urtheil darüber zu fällen.

Valentin Karl Veillodter

ward am 10. März 1769 zu Nürnberg geboren und widmete ſich nach vollendetem Schulcurſus dem Studium der Theologie, dem er zu Jena und Altdorf oblag. Nach beendigten Studien wurde er 1791 zum Nachmittagsprediger an der Kreuzkirche ſeines Geburtsortes berufen, welche Stelle er aber 1801 wieder aufgab, um ein Pfarramt zu Walkersbrunn anzunehmen. Hier blieb er bis 1809, wo er wieder nach ſeine Vaterſtadt berufen wurde, um das Amt eines Stadtpfarrers an St. Aegidien zu verſehen. Gleich im folgenden Jahre wurde er Mitglied der Kommiſſion, welche die theologiſche Aufnahmsprüfung und die Aufſicht über die Schullehrer des betreffenden Diſtriktes zu beſorgen hatte. — 1814 wurde er zum königl. baieriſchen Dekan und zum Hauptpaſtor zu St. Sebald in Nürnberg ernannt. Er ſtarb am 9. April 1828.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Predigtſammlungen. Nürnberg, 1794—97. 2 Thle. 1799. 2 Thle. — Leipzig, 1805—6. 3 Thle. 1810—11. 2 Thle. — Nürnberg, 1815—17. 2 Thle. 1820—21. 2 Thle.
An junge Chriſten bei der erſten Feier des heiligen Abendmahls. Nürnberg, 1798.

Kommunionbuch für gebildete Chriſten. Nürnberg, 1798.
Gebete am Morgen und Abend. Nürnberg, 1801.
Erzählungen, Lieder und Fabeln. Nürnberg, 1803.
Beicht- und Kommunionbuch für chriſtliche Landleute. Nürnberg, 1803.
Ideen über Leben, Tod und Unſterblichkeit. Nürnberg 1809.; 3. Ausg. 1815.

Einer der bedeutendſten und ausgezeichnetſten Kanzelredner und Erbauungsſchriftſteller neuſter Zeit, voll wahrhaft hoher und edler Begeiſterung, tiefen Gefühls, Kraft und Klarheit, Würde und Feuer, vorzüglich da, wo er ſich über die höchſten und wichtigſten Intereſſen und Erſcheinungen des menſchlichen Lebens ausſpricht.

Karl Franz van der Velde

wurde am 27. Sept. 1779 zu Breslau geboren. Er widmete ſich dem Studium der Jurisprudenz theils auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt, theils in Frankfurt a. d. O. Nach beendigten Studien wurde er Auscultator zu Breslau, 1804 Stadtgerichtsdirector zu Winzig, 1814 Stadtgerichtsaſſeſſor zu Breslau. — 1818 verließ er ſeine Vaterſtadt wiederum, um als Stadtrichter nach Zobten ſich zu begeben, doch kehrte er 1822 als Juſtiz-Kommiſſarius dahin zurück. Er ſtarb am 6. April 1824.

Seine geſammelten Schriften enthalten:

Th. 1—4. Dresden, 1820. (Erzſtufen und Prinz Friedrich).
Th. 5—7. 1821. (Eroberung von Mexico).
Th. 8—10. 1822. (der Maltheſer, die Lichtenſteiner, die Wiedertäufer).
Th. 11 und 12. 1823. (die Patrizier, Guido).
Th. 13—18. 1824. (Arwed Gyllenſtierna, das Liebhabertheater, der böhmiſche Mägdekrieg, Chriſtine und ihr Hof).
Th. 19. 1825. (das Horoſcop) 3. Ausg. von K. A. Böttiger und Th. Hell.

Der Herausgeber erlaubt ſich hier ein Urtheil zu wiederholen, das er bereits in ſeiner allgemeinen Geſchichte des Romans S. 372 über van der Velde ausſprach. Durch Art und Weiſe der Auffaſſung und Behandlung der von ihm gewählten Stoffe ſchließt ſich v. d. V. de la Motte Fouqué an und bildet ſo den Uebergang im Romane von den deutſchen Romantikern bis zu den Formen Walter Scott's. Er war innerlich eine wirklich poetiſche Natur, und behandelte daher nur Stoffe, welche ſein Gemüth erfreuten und ſeine Phantaſie anregten, aber ihm fehlte die Kraft, den eigentlich waltenden Geiſt im Leben und der Geſchichte zu erkennen, und ſo vergriff er ſich ſtets ſowohl bei der Anlage und Durchführung der Charaktere, als auch bei den Situationen, in welche er dieſelben brachte. Dagegen beſaß er das Talent, Umgebungen und Verhältniſſe gleichviel ob richtig erfunden oder nicht, mit großer Anmuth und Reichthum zu ſchildern, und ſich ſelbſt bei ihrer Geſtaltung in eine Welt zu verſetzen, die ihm willig alle Mittel, deren er bedürftig zu ſein glaubte, darbot. Betrachtet man Walter Scott als einen in ſich fertigen Mann, ſo iſt van der Velde mit ihm verglichen ein nicht minder glücklich ausgeſtattetes Kind, aber nicht mehr und nie weiter kommend. Dieſe kindliche Liebenswürdigkeit blickt auch überall bei ihm durch; ſie hindert ihn nicht, Fehler auf Fehler zu häufen, aber ſie bewahrt ihn vor Uebertreibung. Seine Helden handeln oft äußerſt inconſequent, werden häufig zur Unzeit ſentimental, aber ſie bleiben immer liebenswürdig, wie er; ſeine Beſchreibungen umgiebt ſtets ein zauberiſcher Glanz und Schimmer, ſeine Landſchaften haben immer einen Ton, der ſich vielleicht in der Wirklichkeit nur ſelten findet, doch das Auge zu jeder Zeit erfreut. Tiefere Leidenſchaften verſteht er freilich nicht darzuſtellen, das Verhältniß des Einzelnen zum großen Geſammtweſen einer bedeutenden Epoche nicht klar und beſtimmt hervorzuheben, die Gegenſätze nicht ſcharf zu ſondern — lauter große Mängel an einem Dichter hiſtoriſcher Romane, das weiß ich ſehr wohl — aber alle ſeine Gebilde haben etwas Anziehendes, das ſich bei einigen bis zu hoher Anmuth ſteigert, wie z. B. in der Erzählung Asmund Thorſtlingurſen in den Erzſtufen, welche ſichtlich durch la Motte Fouqué's Thiodolf entſtanden iſt, aber doch ein eigenthümliches, Herz und Sinn gewinnendes Leben hat. Seine Irrthümer darf man ihm daher auch nicht ſo hoch anrechnen, wie es ſpätere und namentlich jüngere Kritiker gethan; gefördert wurde der hiſtoriſche Roman dagegen nur in ſofern durch ihn, als er das größere Publicum dafür einzunehmen verſtand, das ganze Genre poetiſch und mit Liebe auffaßte, nicht daran durch mühſelige Combinationen künſtelte und keine falſchen undichteriſchen Tendenzen hineinbrachte. Mit etwas mehr Genie und etwas weniger Talent hätte er gewiß weit Größeres geleiſtet; von dem Erſteren hatte er ein Bischen zu wenig, von dem zweiten etwas zu viel. Das Weibliche herrſchte in ſeiner Natur zu ſehr vor, darum drang er nicht in die Geſchichte ein und verfehlte die Charaktere; er glich einem Maler mit außerordentlichem Sinne für die Farbe, der aber nicht zeichnen konnte und es auch nie hatte lernen können, weil ihm die Natur den angebornen Blick für die Verhältniſſe verſagt.

Der Wunſch des Canfu.

(Einem zärtlichen Mädchen nacherzählt.)

Die Morgenröthe brannte hinter den Zedern herauf, welche die dürftige Hütte des Ziegenhirten Canfu beſchatteten, und die höchſten Wipfel begannen ſich ſchon zu vergolden. Hell erklang die Jagd des Chalifenſohnes Maikur in dem Gebirge Gabel el Arab. An einer Palme ſtand Guſſarat, Canfu's ſchöne Nichte, und horchte begierig nach dem fernhallenden Lärm, und ihre ſchwarzen Augen ſchienen mit ihren Strahlen die Waldnacht durchdringen zu wollen, um den königlichen Jäger zu erblicken. Da trat Kelanu, ihres Oheims Sohn, nach dem Willen der Eltern ihr künftiger Gatte, zu ihr. Haſt du die Ziegen noch nicht gemolken! frug er ſie verdrüßlich. Der Vater wird die Heerde bald austreiben.

Aber Guſſarat ſah in die Ferne und antwortete nicht.

Ungeduldig ging Kelanu noch näher zu ihr hin, und wiederholte ſeine Frage.

Was kümmern mich Eure Ziegen! rief Guſſarat heftig. Melkt ſie ſelbſt, wenn ihr Milch haben wollt.

Das iſt wieder ſo eine Antwort, wie ich ſie von dir gewohnt bin, murrte Kelanu. Wenn ich ſie den Eltern brächte, ſo würde es dir übel ergehen, aber ich bin beſſer als du. Ich werde lieber die Ziegen ſelber melken, damit ich dir Schläge erſpare.

Thu', was du willſt, antwortete Guſſarat kurz.

Und nicht einmal Dank, brummte Kelanu fortgehend. Wenn die ſchlimme Dirne nur nicht ſo hübſch wäre, ich hätte ihr ſchon lange den Handel aufgeſagt; aber wenn ſie ſich nicht in Kurzem ganz und gar ändert, ſo geſchieht es doch noch, denn ihr Uebermuth iſt unerträglich!

Guſſarat hörte nicht auf ſein Schelten, ſondern blieb ſtehn an der Palme, immer unverwandt nach der Ferne hinüberſehend. Unterdeß kam der Jagdlärm näher. Plötzlich brach ein großer Tiger durch das Gebüſch, aus Pfeilwunden blutend, ſchäumend vor Angſt und Wuth. Mit zwei gewaltigen Sprüngen war er an der erſchrockenen Guſſarat vorüber. Mit furchtbarem Gebell folgte ihm die Meute der kampfluſtigen Hunde, Jagdtroß zu Fuß und Roß ſtreifte vorbei und zuletzt kam auf einem ſchwarzen Araber ein ſchöner Jüngling durch hohe Miene und edle Geſtalt, wie durch die Juwelen des Turbans kenntlich.

Allah erhalte den Sohn des Chalifen, unſern Herrn, rief Guſſarat, und ſank ſchamerröthend, ihre Hände über dem vollen Buſen kreuzend, auf ihre Kniee.

Naſikar hielt ſein ſchnaubendes Roß an. Mir iſt ſehr heiß, rief er dem knieenden Mädchen freundlich zu. Bringe mir einen Becher Waſſer, Kleine!

Welches Glück! jauchzte Guſſarat, ſprang in die Hütte, und kehrte blitzſchnell zurück mit einem Becher voll ihrer beſten Ziegenmilch, die ſie dem Fürſtenſohne mit freudefunkelnden Augen auf das Pferd reichte.

Du giebſt ja mehr, als ich dich bat, ſprach Naſikar, zwiſchen dem Trinken dem Mädchen gnädig zulächelnd. Dafür möge Dir der Prophet dereinſt einen recht guten Mann beſcheeren.

Verlegen ſenkte Guſſarat die Blicke zur Erde. Der Tiger hat ſich gelegt, und leiſtet grimmigen Widerſtand, meldete heranſprengend ein Jäger. Alſo drauf! rief luſtig Naſikar, warf Guſſarat den geleerten Becher zu, riß dem Jäger den Wurfſpeer aus der Hand, und ſprengte fort.

Ach! ſeufzte Guſſarat im ſeligen Wahne ihres eitlen, ſtolzen Herzens, den ſie irrig für Liebe hielt, und drückte den Becher, den Naſikar's Lippen geweiht, an Mund und Herz.

Und du ſteckſt noch immer auf der alten Stelle? fragte Kelanu, der mit Hamen und Ruder aus der Hütte trat. Jetzt kann ich dir aber nicht mehr helfen, denn ich muß an den Fluß, um zu fiſchen, und du ſollſt der Mutter helfen beim Käſemachen.

Das mag ein Geſchäft ſein für Ganfu's Weib! rief das hochmüthige Mädchen, den Kopf werfend; die Hände, die den Sohn des Chalifen bedient haben, werden ſich nicht damit beſudeln.

Der Sohn des Chalifen war hier? fragte Kelanu erſtaunt.

Allerdings, antwortete Guſſarat ſtolz. Wie von Mekka's heiliger Stätte trafen die Worte der Huld von ſeinen Roſenlippen, und ſeine Magd hat Gnade gefunden vor ſeinen Augen.

Biſt du bei Sinnen? fragte Kelanu ärgerlich, daß du den Gedanken erhebſt bis zu dem Erben des Thrones!

Wenn ſich die königliche Ceder hinabneigt zu der niedern Liane, ſprach Guſſarat begeiſtert, wie ſollte ſich dieſe nicht entflammt fühlen von heiliger Gluth, und ſich nicht an dem ſtolzen Baume hinaufranken mit liebenden Armen.

Nun iſt der Narrheit genug! rief Kelanu entrüſtet. Der Thronfolger iſt ein ſchöner Jüngling und einſt unſer Herr, und du biſt eine hochmüthige, mannstolle Dirne, das iſt der Schlüſſel zu deinem thörichten Geſchwätze. Dergleichen unſinnige Träumereien mußt du den Abſchied geben, wenn aus uns noch jemals ein Paar werden ſoll!

So meinſt du wirklich, erwiederte Guſſarat verächtlich, daß ich mich je an einen niedrigen Ziegenhirten wegwerfen werde, ſo gemein von Geſtalt als von Sitten!!

Sey ganz ruhig, ſchrie Kelanu wüthend. Vor dieſer Schmach biſt du ſicher, dein Leben lang. Der niedrige Ziegenhirte achtet ſich viel zu gut für dich. Fluch und Verderben über mich, wenn ich dir je die Hand reiche zum Ehebunde. Bei meines Vaters Bart! Ehe ich mich zwingen laſſe, dich heim zu führen als mein Weib, ehe fliehe ich aus dem Hauſe meiner Geburt zu den räuberiſchen Stämmen der Wüſte, und nimmer ſoll Kelanu's Stimme mehr den Wiederhall nachrufen in dem Gebirge Gabel el Arab!

Er ſtürzte fort, von Guſſarat's Hohngelächter begleitet. Da rief in der Hütte Hanter, Ganfu's Weib, mit zornigem Tone den Namen der läſſigen Nichte.

Verhaßtes Joch der Knechtſchaft, ſprach dieſe, wann wird es mir gelingen, dich abzuwerfen! ſchickte noch einen ſehnſüchtigen Blick nach dem fern verhallenden Jagdgetöſe, und ging unmuthig in die Hütte.

Finſter kam der alte Ganfu mit ſeiner Ziegenheerde hinter der Hütte hervor. Er hatte den ganzen Wortwechſel zwiſchen ſeinem Sohne und ſeiner Nichte mit angehört, und tief bekümmert trieb er ſeine Thiere nach der Weide am Ufer des Bergſtromes. Aus den Beiden wird nimmermehr ein Paar! ſeufzte er für ſich. Die unartige Hitze meines Buben und der Hochmuth der Narrin, Feuer und Waſſer! zwei Elemente, die ſich ewig haſſen, und ſich vermiſchen bei der ſtrömenden Berührung! So murrend ging er immer fort hinter den Ziegen her, bis er endlich bei dem Strome anlangte, der ſich dort mit donnerndem Getöſe von dem Felſen in die Tiefe ſtürzte, an den untern Klippen zerſtäubend, ſich in weiße Schaummaſſen auflöſte, und dann, noch zitternd und rauſchend von dem gewaltigen Fall, zwiſchen den hohen Steinufern fortrauſchte.

Die Heerde breitete ſich aus auf der fetten Kräuterweide, und Ganfu legte ſich auf einen großen Stein am Ufer, ſtarrte ängſtlich in das vorüberfluthende Gewäſſer, und ſah den Schaumhügeln zu, die, je weiter ſie ſich vom Falle entfernten, je kleiner wurden, und endlich ganz verſchwanden.

Das ſind die Wünſche und Pläne der armen Sterblichen! ſprach er bei ſich. Je länger der Lebensſtrom fließt, deſto bedeutender werden ſie, und verſinken endlich ungehört und unerfüllt. Dieſe Verbindung war meine letzte Hoffnung, der einzige Wunſch, der mir übrig geblieben war von tauſend zerſchellten, der einzige ſüße Traum, den ich mir aufbewahrt für die Neige des herben Lebensbechers. Der Gedanke war ſo freundlich, ſo natürlich, daß mein Sohn die Tochter meines guten Bruders ehelige, daß dann die beiden Kinder, durch doppelte Bande verknüpft, die liebevollen Pfleger meines Alters würden. Wie oft habe ich mich in den Staub gedemüthigt vor Allah, und mit Inbrunſt zu ihm gefleht, um ihm endlich Gewährung abzuringen. Umſonſt! Er will ſeinen Willen! Was kümmert ihn das Gebet eines armen Ziegenhirten, wie könnte ihn der Dank erfreuen, der aus der dürftigen Hütte des Ganfu zu ihm emporſteigen würde! Auf ſeinem goldnen Throne ſitzend, von den Engeln des Himmels und den Völkern der Erde gefeiert, lächelt er verächtlich auf den niedern Wurm herab, der ſich erdreiſtet, auch einmal etwas wollen zu dürfen, der es wagte, Gewähr zu hoffen für das Beſte ſeiner Gebete!

Während Ganfu alſo mit dem Himmel rechtete, wurde er einen nackten Menſchenkörper gewahr, den der brauſende Strom mit ſich dahinriß. Nachdem er mit dem Waſſerfall herabgeſtürzt war, ſchwamm er auf der Waſſerfläche ruhig, ohne ein Zeichen des Lebens. Ganfu, deſſen Herz wohl trotzig und verzagt, aber nicht böſe war, konnte das nicht ſehen, ohne helfen zu wollen. Er ſtieg hinab in den Strom, und ſich an einer Uferklippe feſthaltend, ſtreckte er ſeinen gekrümmten Hirtenſtab nach dem heranſchwimmenden Leichnam aus. Es gelang ihm, dieſen zu faſſen und heran zu ziehen, worauf er ihn vollends an das Ufer brachte.

Es war der Körper eines wunderſchönen Frauenzimmers, mit dem Gepräge des Todes überzogen, mit geſchloſſenen Augen, und einer Miene, deren freundlicher Ausdruck Ganfu [illegible], ſo vollendet ſchön die Formen des Geſichts waren. Der erſtaunte Ganfu warf ſein Obergewand auf die triefende Leiche, und blieb rathlos bei ihr ſtehn, weil ihn eine geheime Scheu abhielt, ihre Wiederbelebung zu verſuchen. Doch kaum hatte die Sonnenwärme und Ganfu's Gewand das Waſſer von dem Körper abgetrocknet, als dieſen eine ſanfte Röthe überzog. Plötzlich richtete ſich die ſchöne Geſtalt auf, und öffnete die ſchwarzen blitzenden Augen, aus denen ein Blick auf Ganfu ſchoß, vor dem dieſer erſchrocken zurückwich, da es ihm nicht klar war, ob Dankbarkeit für die Rettung, ob ſchneidender Hohn daraus ſprach. In dem Augenblicke breiteten ſich weiße, zarte, ſchimmernde Flügel von ihren Schultern aus, und gleich dem Adler, der nach der Sonne fliegt, flog die ſchöne Unbekannte in die Luft empor.

Mit großen Augen ſtarrte Ganfu ihr nach. Sie flog dem Felſen des Waſſerfalles zu, und umkreiſ'te dort den Gipfel des Gebirges, als ob ſie einen Raub erſpähete. Da erſchien ein anderes geflügeltes Weſen in der Luft. Wüthend griff die weibliche Geſtalt es an, aber nach kurzem Kampfe überwunden, ſtürzte ſie von neuem in den Strom, und zum zweitenmal riſſen ſeine Fluthen ſie den Waſſerfall herab und Ganfu's Rettungshand entgegen.

In ſchweigendem Erſtaunen zog Ganfu den Körper abermals heraus, der, nachdem er trocken geworden, wie das erſte Mal auflebte und im unbeſchreiblichen Zauberglanze, mit den leuchtenden Schwingen, vor dem Ziegenhirten ſtand.

Es iſt vergebens, ſprach das wunderbare Weib mit einem ſchmerzlichen Lächeln, es iſt vergebens, gegen eine Macht zu ſtreben, die mir überlegen iſt. Ohne deine Hülfe war ich verloren, denn meine Natur iſt ſo beſchaffen, daß, während das [illegible] die Erde bewohnt, das Waſſer mein Leben aufzulöſen vermag. Ich bin [illegible], von dem Geſchlechte der guten und ſchönen Geiſter, die es wagen, Salomons Siegel und Mahomeds Geboten nicht zu gehorchen. Meine einzige Luſt iſt: dem Willen des Propheten zu widerſtehen. Da lockt mich ſo eben im Kampfe mit einem jener Dämonen [illegible]. Der Boshafte, der die Unvollkommenheit meiner Natur kannte, wählte abſichtlich dieſen Ort zum Angriff, und ſtürzte mich in die Fluthen, in der Hoffnung, mich zu zerſtören. Ich wußte aber Jemanden in der Nähe, zu meiner Hülfe bereit, und unwiſſend wie Allah, der dem Gebet nimmer [illegible] will. Was Er dir verſagt, Ganfu, das will ich dir gewähren. Sprich du nur unverzüglich, denn meine Macht iſt beſchränkt, und ich darf den Menſchen ohne ihre eigne Zuſtimmung weder helfen noch ſchaden.

O reizender Geiſt! erwiederte Ganſu in thörichter Freude. Du haſt meine volle Einwilligung. Vereinige nur meinen Sohn Kelanu durch das Band der Ehe mit Guſſarat, meiner Nichte, und ewig will ich deinen Befehlen gehorchen!

So kehre getroſt in deine Hütte zurück, rief Germarada mit einer Miene voll hämiſchen Triumphes, denn die Erfüllung deines Wunſches hat bereits begonnen.

Und der Geiſt ſpannte ſeine Flügel aus und flog in die Höhe, und mit einem Gefühl, aus Grauen und Reue gemiſcht, ſtürzte Ganſu auf ſein Angeſicht nieder.

Als die Sonne hinter dem Gebirge verſank, kehrte Ganſu mit der Heerde zu ſeiner Hütte zurück. Huadir, ſein Weib, kannte das Glöckchen der Ziegen, und eilte ihrem Manne entgegen. Wo iſt Kelanu geblieben? fragte ſie ihn erſtaunt.

Kelanu iſt nicht mit mir gegangen, antwortete Ganſu befremdet. Ich hatte ihm geboten, im Fluſſe Fiſche zu fangen zur Abendkoſt.

Das weiß ich wohl, verſetzte Huadir. Er hat auch ſein Geſchäft ausgerichtet, aber nachher ging er fort, dich zu ſuchen, als die Sonne noch in den Thälern war.

Ganſu erſchrak über dieſe Worte, denn er erinnerte ſich, daß es um die Zeit geweſen, da er dem Geiſte Germarada ſeine Einwilligung gegeben.

Wäre er vielleicht ausgegangen ein Reh zu ſchießen? fragte er bekümmert, oder iſt er bei Guſſarat?

Bogen und Köcher hangt ruhig in der Kammer, antwortete Huadir, und Guſſarat, die heute zu keiner andern Arbeit zu brauchen war, muß fleißig ſpinnen in der Hütte. Ihre Geſellſchaft ſucht er gewiß nicht. Eher glaube ich, daß er fortgegangen iſt, ſie zu vermeiden.

Das iſt ein großes Unglück! jammerte Ganſu und rang die Hände.

Wie kommſt du mir vor, Ganſu! fragte Huadir. Soll das verzagte Weib den muthigen Mann tröſten? Iſt doch der Burſche alt genug und der Gebirgswege kundig. Hätte er ſich auch verirrt, er weiß ſich ſchon wieder herauszufinden. Komm zum Abendeſſen. Dem Landläufer wollen wir ſeinen Antheil aufheben.

Sie ging hinein. Troſtlos blieb Ganſu ſtehen. Ich habe in mein eignes Unglück gewilligt, klagte er, und Germarada hat mir die einzige Freude meines Herzens geſtohlen! O, großer Prophet, ſieh meinen Kummer, und ſtrecke deinen mächtigen Arm aus zu meiner Hilfe! Aber ach, ich darf dich nicht anrufen; denn ich habe mich mit deinen Feinden verbündet, und mit Recht haſt du mich verlaſſen!

Rathlos war Kelanu unterdeß in den Bergen herumgeſchweift. Wohlbekannt in den Thälern und Felſen des Gebirges, in dem er geboren war, wußte er auch alle die Kerbe zu finden, die ſein Vater hier und da in Steine und Baumſtämme gehauen hatte, zu Merkzeichen in den verſchlungenen Bergpfaden, aber heute ſchien ihn ſeine Kenntniß zu verlaſſen. Lange war er herumgewandert, ohne den Wegweiſer am Strome finden zu können, und als endlich die Nacht hereinbrach, hatte er den Weg völlig verloren, und ſtand auf einer unfruchtbaren Haide, von allen Seiten mit hohen Felſen umgeben.

Da ward ihm bange an dem unbekannten, unheimlichen Orte. Sein Vater, verwildert durch das wüſte Waldleben und durch manche Sorge, hatte nichts gethan für ſeine junge Seele. Er war nur herangewachſen, gleich den Thieren des Gebirges. Er wußte nichts von höheren Dingen, und kannte keine Macht, die er anrufen könnte in den Stunden der Noth. Da ſchrie er laut den Namen: Ganſu, und bat ihn um Rettung aus dieſer Wildniß! Aber Ganſu hörte ihn nicht, der Vater hatte ſeinen Sohn dahingegeben, und Muhamed wollte den nicht retten, der nichts von ihm wußte.

Jetzt brach mitten auf der Haide eine kleine blaue Flamme aus der Erde hervor. Sie wuchs mit jedem Augenblick, und loderte endlich hoch empor, gleich einer feurigen Garbe; und zugleich erhob ſich ein Sturmwind, der um die Felſengipfel heulte, aber die Mitte der Haide konnte er nicht erreichen, wo Kelanu ſtand und die blaue Feuergarbe brannte.

Und hoch in der Luft erſcholl ringsum ein gräßliches Geheul und Gekrächz und Geziſch, das immer näher kam, und ſich endlich niederließ auf die Haide, und ein Gewimmel geflügelter häßlicher Geſtalten umwand jetzt das Feuer, und Kelanu ſah ſich rings eingeſchloſſen von dem ſcheußlichen Geiſterkreiſe.

Da ſchwebte ein ſchönes Weib aus der Menge hervor, und ergriff mit einem Blicke voll wilder Freude Kelanu's zitternde Hand.

Ihr freien Geiſter, ſprach ſie zu ihren Genoſſen, ſeht hier in eurer Mitte einen Jüngling, der unſerer Macht anheimgefallen iſt. Sein Vater hat ſich unſerer Herrſchaft unterworfen, und Kelanu iſt den Verächtern Muhameds übergeben. Laß uns daher ſehen, königliches Geſchlecht! wie weit das menſchliche Herz fähig iſt, in den kühnen Grundſätzen unterrichtet zu werden, vor denen die knechtiſchen Jünger des Propheten von Mekka zittern!

Ein Gemurmel, gleich dem erſten Grollen des Erdbebens, drückte den Beifall der wilden Verſammlung aus; indem krachte ein Donnerſchlag, und in einem Blitze erſchien ein fürchterliches Weſen in der Mitte der Geiſter. Rieſig über ſie emporragend, ſchwang es die dunkeln ungeheuren Flügel, ſein wildes Geſicht trug zugleich den Stempel der Größe und Verworfenheit, und ſeine unruhigen Augen leuchteten von einem innern zehrenden Feuer und ſchoſſen ihre Strahlen im Kreiſe herum.

Allahoara! heulten die Geiſter und warfen ſich nieder auf ihr Angeſicht, ihrem aufrühreriſchen Anführer die Huldigung darbringend, die ſie dem Herrn des Himmels und der Erde verweigerten.

Bebend, wie das Laub der furchtſamen Espe, näherte ſich die freche Germarada dem gewaltigen Gebieter, und nöthigte Kelanu, ſeine Knie vor ihm zu beugen.

Ich weiß, was du gethan haſt, Germarada, ſprach Allahoara mit einer Stimme, die dem fernen Gebrüll des Löwen glich, und ich lobe deine Sorgfalt und Treue für unſere Sache. Nimm zum Lohne das Amt einer Erzieherin bei dem Jünglinge. Bringe ihn in unſern Palaſt im Mittelpunkte der Erde, führe ihn durch alle Schätze unſers Geſchlechtes, laß ihn in allen den Künſten unterweiſen, die er zu den Thaten bedarf, welche wir von ihm fordern werden, und mache ihn zu einer brauchbaren Geißel der [illegible] Sklaven des [illegible] Muhamed.

Die Worte waren kaum verklungen, da rauſchte es rings in der Luft, wie eine Hagelwolke, die, vom Sturme gepeitſcht, davoneilt. Blitze zuckten, Donner rollten. Allahoara war verſchwunden mit ſeiner Rotte. Fürchte dich nicht! mahnte Germarada den Jüngling, den ſie feſt umſchlang mit ihren Armen. Unter ihrem mächtigen Fußtritt bebte der Boden, die Gipfel der Felſen zitterten von der gewaltigen Zauberei, und das Thal ſank mit der unglücklichen Beute der Geiſter hinunter in die grauſe Tiefe.

Mit einem Erdſtoß hielt ſich das hinabgeſunkene Thal feſt in dem Innern der Erde, und von allen Seiten öffneten ſich die Felſen, die es umgaben, lange und unregelmäßige Bogen und Gänge bildend, die den Blick frei ließen in weite Säle und Gewölbe. Germarada führte den erſtaunten Kelanu in einen langen Saal, von tauſend Kerzen erleuchtet, deren Schein [illegible] Spiegelwände zurückwarfen, daß ein Glanz, dem Sonnenlicht ähnlich, die Augen des Jünglings blendete. Hier hingen in langen Reihen die herrlichſten Kleider aus allen Zonen der Erde; [illegible] Gewand [illegible] geſchmückt, [illegible], der [illegible] bequeme, [illegible] Gewand, und der bunte Fell-, Feder- und Muſchelſchmuck der wilden Nationen.

Das dürftige Gewand, das du trägſt, iſt deiner unwerth, ſprach Germarada. Wähle hier nach deinem Geſchmack, und ſcheue dich nicht, das köſtlichſte zu wählen. Was deinem Herzen gefällt, iſt dein.

Lange betrachtete Kelanu mit Neugier und Luſt den bunten Schimmer der Farben und Metalle und Edelſteine, ſtreckte unentſchloſſen die Hand bald dahin, bald dorthin aus, und gelangte über der Menge der Herrlichkeiten, unter denen er zu wählen hatte, zu keiner Entſcheidung.

Nimm doch [illegible], ſprach Germarada, als ſie ſeine Unentſchloſſenheit wahrnahm. Sie ſind beſtimmt für einen jungen, kräftigen Mann, und ſprechen zugleich deine künftige Beſtimmung aus. Denn der Liebling unſers Geſchlechtes iſt geboren zum [illegible] Beherrſcher der Menſchen.

Mit geheimem Entzücken warf ſich Kelanu in den Kaftan von dunkelblauer Seide, von Gold und Saphiren ſtrahlend, und band den [illegible] Turban, deſſen Diamantenſchmuck ein [illegible] Reiherbuſch überragte, um die Stirne.

Du biſt noch ſchöner, als ich glaubte, rief Germarada mit [illegible] Blicken, deine Jugend ſtrahlt in dieſem Schmuck mit [illegible] Reizen! Eilig führte ſie den Jüngling vor die nächſte Spiegelwand, die ihm ſeine volle Geſtalt [illegible]. Erſchrocken und entzückt betrachtete er ſein [illegible] glänzendes Bild in dem klaren Kryſtall, und [illegible] daß ihm Germarada mit [illegible] Weil [illegible] ſich von ihm, und die [illegible] mit ihrem Gefolge, und [illegible] die [illegible] Macht, die ihr nachfolgen ſollten.

Du mußt ermüdet ſein, ſprach jetzt Geimaraba, von der langen mühſeligen Wanderung im Gebirge und von Allem, was ſich ſeitdem mit dir zugetragen. Darum ſtärke dich durch einen kurzen Schlaf zu herrlichen, nie geahnten Genüſſen und zu einem Unterricht, der dich ſpielend das lehren ſoll, was die armen hülfloſen Sterblichen in einem Menſchenalter nicht begreifen lernen.

Sie führte ihn in ein Nebengemach, wo ihm unter einem prächtigen Baldachin ein köſtliches Sopha die hohen ſeidenen Polſter entgegenblähte. Eine Lampe, die in einer Vaſe von rothem Kryſtall brannte, goß ein freundliches Abendroth auf die Schlummerſtätte herab. Kelanu's Sinne umſchleierten ſich, und er ſank auf das Lager nieder. Schlummere ſanft, und die Mächte der Erde hüten deinen Schlaf, flüſterte Geimaraba, und verſchwand. Eine ſanfte Muſik ertönte aus der Ferne, immer ſchwächer und ſchwächer, und als ſie verſtummte, war Kelanu entſchlafen.

Aber ſein Schlaf war nicht traumlos. Es dünkte ihm: er ſehe ſeinen Vater Cantu auf dem Gebirge Gabel el Areb. Sein Geſicht war finſter, wie der ſchwarze Abgrund der Felſenkluft, ſeine Stimme glich dem Brauſen des zornigen Meeres, wenn es gegen Klippen brandet. Er ſchalt ſeinen Sohn wegen ſeiner ſchönen Kleidung und befahl ihm, ſein Hirtengewand wieder anzuziehen, und den verirrten Ziegen nachzuziehn auf dem Berggeſtein. Empört über die unwürdige Zumuthung, widerſprach Kelanu. Drohend hob Cantu den Hirtenſtab gegen ihn. Furcht und Zorn weckten den Jüngling, und als er die Augen aufſchlug, ſtand Geimaraba vor ihm, ein liſtiges Lächeln auf dem ſchönen Geſichte.

Voll von dem Gegenſtande, mit dem er ſich ſo eben beſchäftigt, erzählte ihr Kelanu ſeinen Traum. Alberner Vater! rief ſie ſpottend, erbärmlicher Cantu! Soll Kelanu, der Schützling der Geiſter, Geimaraba's Auserwählter, auf die Thorheiten eines kindiſchen Greiſes achten, und wieder an den armen Cantu denken? Nein, Jüngling, verachte die Lehren, die dir je dieſer nichtswürdige Ziegenhirte gegeben, und denke nicht mehr an die einfältigen Ermahnungen deiner unwürdigen Eltern. Kelanu wurde geboren zu herrſchen! Wie darf denn ein künftiger König hören auf die Lehren der Armuth und Elend?!

Und ſie führte Kelanu durch einige weite Hallen und lange Gänge in einen hohen herrlichen Saal. Hier umringte ihn eine Schaar ſchön gekleideter Jünglinge mit großer Freude und demüthigen Begrüßungen, und nachdem ſie ſeine Geſtalt, ſeinen Anſtand, ſeine Kleidung nach Kräften geprieſen, riefen ſie ihn jubelnd zum Sultan ihrer Vergnügungen für dieſen Tag aus, und geleiteten ihn wie im Triumphe zu einem goldenen Seſſel, der unter einem Thronhimmel ſtand.

Ein ſchwelgeriſches Mahl wurde aufgetragen, und die bunteſte Unterhaltung rauſchte um die Tafel. Uebertriebene Lobpreiſungen, die jedes Wort Kelanu's begleiteten, giftiger Witz, der die Gegenwärtigen tückiſch verletzte und die Abweſenden ſchonungslos zerriß, ſcharfſinnige und luſtige Läſterungen Alles, wollüſtige Anſpielungen und Erzählungen, die der unſchuldige Kelanu nur zu ſchnell verſtehen lernte, würzten die Speiſen, und jetzt gingen kryſtallne Pokale in die Runde, in denen der edelſten Weine Gold und Purpur funkelte; bedenklich zögerte Kelanu, den Becher zu nehmen, aber der Tiſchgenoſſen Gelächter beſtrafte ihn ſogleich dafür.

Du denkſt doch wohl nicht gar an das Verbot des elenden Mahomed? fragte ihn ſein Nachbar. Haſt du vergeſſen, daß du ihm abgeſchworen und einem größeren Herrn angehörſt? Was die Erde giebt, iſt zu unſerm Genuß da, und der wäre wohl ein unſinniger Thor, der dürſten wollte, wenn ſich ihm der Becher darbietet, aus dem er Kraft und Luſt trinken kann, und neue Kraft zu neuer Luſt.

Dieſer Grund ſchien der Begierde Kelanu's unwiderlegbar. Er leerte den Becher mit raſchen Zügen, und bald brannten ſeine Wangen von ungewöhnlicher Glut, und ſeine Augen blitzten von wildem Verlangen nach einem Gegenſtande, den er noch nicht kannte.

Da ertönte plötzlich der Zimbeln und Flöten lieblicher, freudiger Klang, und vier und zwanzig junge Sclavinnen tanzten in den Saal. Blumenkränze ſchmückten die Rabenlocken, die, auf den vollen Buſen herabfließend, ſeinen Schnee noch blendender hervorhoben, und aus den blühenden Geſichtern lachten große, dunkle, ſchelmiſche Augen, welche lüſtern und verführeriſch nach der Tafelgeſellſchaft blickten. Noch reizender erſchienen die ſchönen Formen in den verſchiedenen Stellungen und Wendungen des künſtlichen Tanzes, der mit jedem Takte wolluſtathmender wurde.

Freut dich das Leben unter Geimaraba's Führung? flüſterte eine ſüße Stimme neben ihm, und eine heiße, weiche Hand drückte ſanft die ſeine. Er blickte zur Seite, und Geimaraba ſelbſt, in der Tracht der Tänzerinnen, nur unendlich reizender durch unſterbliche Geiſterſchöne, ſaß neben ihm, und ihre dunkeln Augenſonnen brannten tief in ſein Herz.

Ach, Geimaraba! ſeufzte er, den Händedruck erwiedernd, und ſank, berauſcht von Wein und Sinnlichkeit, an den Buſen des Geiſtes.

Fort! flüſterte Geimaraba leiſe in den Saal hin, und wie vom Sturmwinde erfaßt, verſchwanden Tafelgäſte und Tänzerinnen aus dem Saale, und die ſchimmernde Kerzenpracht wich einem ſanften Mondenlichte.

Geimaraba! ſeufzte Kelanu, und hob ſeine Augen zu ihr empor, und furchtſam näherten ſich ſeine Lippen den ihren.

Geimaraba, ſprach er kühner, und ſchloß das ſchöne Geſpenſt in ſeine Arme.

Ganz mein! rief ſie mit wilder Glut. Aber dabei funkelte es in ihrem Blicke ſo feindlich und grimmig, daß Kelanu entſetzt zurückfuhr und ſich mit der Kraft der Angſt aus ihren Armen riß.

Aus deinen Augen funkelt das Feuer der Hölle! ſtammelte er, du biſt nicht geſchaffen für die Umarmung eines Sterblichen! Blöder Thor! ſprach ſie lächelnd, und ſtreckte noch einmal die Arme nach ihm aus.

Jetzt kommt mir die Erinnerung, rief Kelanu, die Hände wie zum Schutz vorhaltend. Du biſt ein böſer Geiſt, du liebſt mich nicht, du willſt mich nur verderben, hebe dich weg von mir!

Kindiſches Kind! ſprach ſie mit Hohngelächter. Du biſt noch nicht reif für meine Liebe. Dein Gemüth, durch eine elende Erziehung verwöhnt, iſt noch zu weichlich. Es muß erſt geſtählt werden durch die Unterweiſungen unſerer Meiſter, bis du dahin gelangſt, daß du nichts mehr fürchteſt, nicht einmal Allahs rächenden Donner!

In einer kleinen Hütte, der Behauſung des Mangels und der Unſauberkeit, ſtand Geimaraba mit Kelanu. Eine alte gräßliche Here, um deren gelbe ſchmutzige Knochenhaut nur noch einzelne ekelhafte Lumpen hingen, kam an einer Krücke herangehinkt, und kniete demüthig nieder vor der ſchönen Geimaraba.

Ich will dieſen Schüler einige Zeit bei dir laſſen, Morad, ſprach der Geiſt. Unterweiſe ihn in deinen Künſten, und mache ihn zu einer brauchbaren Ruthe für das menſchliche Geſchlecht.

Morad erhob ſich von ihren Knieen, ſchielte Kelanu mit ihren Triefaugen hämiſch an, hob plötzlich die Krücke auf, und ſchmetterte ihn mit einem gewaltigen Schlage über das Haupt zu Boden.

Als er von der Betäubung zu ſich kam, ſprang er entrüſtet auf. Er war mit Morad allein, Geimaraba hatte ihn verlaſſen.

Stirb von meiner Fauſt, Ungeheuer! ſchrie er, und wollte über die Here herfallen; aber ſie berührte ihn grinſend mit ihrer Krücke, und der Muth, wie die Kraft, ihr zu ſchaden, war bei ihm verſchwunden, und eiskalt rann das Blut in ſeinen erſchlaffenden Adern.

Herunter mit der Narrentracht, Burſche, keifte die Here, herunter damit, und nimm den Krug und hole mir Waſſer aus dem Sumpfe dort.

Noch einmal regte ſich in Kelanu die Luſt zum Widerſtande. Aber Morad hob die Krücke, und da es ihm ſchon klar geworden, daß er hier der Schwächere war, ſo nahm er gehorſam den ſchönen Turban vom Kopfe, zog den herrlichen Kaftan aus, ergriff den Krug, und brachte ihn bald zurück, mit dem Schlammwaſſer des Sumpfes gefüllt.

Iß! ſprach Morad gebieteriſch, ihm ein Stück ſtinkendes Fleiſch reichend. Kelanu hatte ſchlechte Luſt dazu, aber ein drohender Blick des Scheuſals und die Achtung vor ihrer Krücke drang ihm die abſcheuliche Speiſe auf, und er verſchlang ſie, grimmig auf ſeine Quälerin blickend.

Dieſe kauerte ſich während der Mahlzeit ihm gegenüber auf die Erde. Der Unterricht der Armuth und Unterdrückung iſt mannigfaltig, belehrte ſie ihn ruhig. Er macht den Menſchen barmherzig oder grauſam. Er lehrt den niederträchtigen Schooßhund ſich ſchmiegen und kriechen, und den Rachen des Tigers läßt er dampfen von Mord und Blut.

Des Tigers Loos iſt das meine, erwiederte zornig Kelanu, wenn du nur das erſte Opfer meines Grimmes wirſt.

Der Morad Segen, welcher Fluch iſt, begleite dich! ſprach die Here mit einem tückiſchen Beifallslächeln, erhob ſich auf ihrer Krücke, und faßte ſeine Hand mit ihrer naßkalten Knochenfauſt.

Willſt du mich wieder zu Geimaraba bringen? fragte Kelanu mit wehmüthiger Sehnſucht, aber das lebendige Gerippe ſchüttelte ſeinen Todtenſchädel, und zog den Jüngling mit ſich fort, bis an den Schlund einer Felſenhöhle, die voller Leichname lag.

Dem Tode keck in die Augen ſehen, kreiſchte die Hexe, das bewährt den Muth des Mannes. Lerne es, Kelanu. Dieſe Höhle iſt deine Ruheſtätte für dieſe Nacht.

Nimmermehr! rief Kelanu ſchaudernd, und wollte entfliehen. Aber Morad ergriff ihn bei den dunkeln Locken, ſchleifte ihn daran in die Höhle, und ſchleuderte ihn auf die Leichen. Dann murmelte ſie einige unbekannte Worte, und hinkte davon.

Kelanu wollte ihr folgen, aber ihr Zauber hielt ihn in der Höhle zurück. Schrecklich quälten ihn Furcht und Entſetzen und Ekel, aber dieſe Gefühle wurden immer ſchwächer, je länger er ſich in dem ſcheußlichen Aufenthalte befand, und die allmächtige Gewohnheit machte ihm endlich dieſen Anblick ſo erträglich, daß er dazu gelangte, die Ermüdung zu fühlen, die ſich mit dem Bedürfniß des Schlafes bei ihm einſtellte. Er ſah ſich in der Höhle nach einer bequemen Lagerſtätte um, und da er keine fand, ſo bereitete er ſich aus zwei Leichen, die er übereinander ſchichtete, ein Ruhekiſſen für ſein Haupt, legte ſich getroſt darauf nieder, und ſchlief bald ein.

Als er erwachte, ſtand Morad und Geimaraba am Eingange der Höhle. So iſt es recht, grinſ'te die Hexe. Du machſt meiner Erziehung Ehre, Kelanu. Wer alſo zu ſchlafen vermag, für den iſt jedes Schrecken der Erde nur ein Spiel.

Hat Kelanu ſeine Lehrzeit ausgeſtanden? fragte Geimaraba.

Ja, antwortete Morad. Sein Herz iſt nunmehr gehörig gehärtet, durch Elend und Grimm und Entſetzen, und empfänglich für die Lehren des Betruges und der Heuchelei.

Geimaraba ſtand mit Kelanu vor einem alten Thurme. Ein ſchlau blickender Greis in einem braunen Derwiſch-Gewande, mit einem langen Silberbarte, einen großen Roſenkranz am Gürtel, trat aus der Pforte.

Nervan, du Freund unſers Geſchlechtes, ſprach Geimaraba. Nimm dieſes Küchlein unter deine Flügel, und unterweiſe es in den Künſten, die dich reich gemacht haben und geehrt unter den einfältigen Sterblichen.

Demüthig verbeugte ſich Nervan, und Geimaraba verſchwand.

Kelanu trat mit dem Greiſe in deſſen gewölbte Zelle. Hohe eiſerne Kaſten, mit ſieben Schlöſſern verwahrt, und Schränke mit Rechnungsrollen gefüllt, ſtanden an den Wänden umher. Auf einem Marmortiſche in der Mitte des Gemaches lag ein großer Haufen Goldſtücke, eine Goldwage, einige Feilen und anderes Geräthe.

Siehe hier deine erſte Arbeit, junger Menſch, ſprach Nervan, Kelanu zu dem Marmortiſche führend. Die Goldſtücke dieſes Haufens befeile rund um, bis du ihr Gewicht um ſo viel gemindert haſt, daß ſie dieſen Muſterſtücken gleich wiegen. Mit dieſem ſtählernen Rädchen gibſt du ihnen dann den genommenen Rand zurück. Sei fleißig und geſchickt, und liefere die Feilſpäne treulich an mich ab.

Was machſt du aber mit den befeilten Goldſtücken? fragte Kelanu, ſich gehorſam an die Arbeit ſetzend.

Ich gebe ſie als vollwichtig aus, antwortete Nervan, lächelnd über die treuherzige Frage.

Geht denn das ſo an? fragte Kelanu, der ſich in dieſem Augenblicke dunkel daran erinnerte, was ihm ſein Vater über den Betrug im Handel und Wandel geſagt hatte.

Es iſt ein Tribut, den der Weiſe erhebt von der Einfalt ſeiner Mitwelt, belehrte ihn Nervan, und fragte dann: Kannſt du ſchreiben? Es thut auch weiter nichts, ſagte er, als Kelanu die Frage verneinte. Zu dem Geſchäft, wozu dich Geimaraba beſtimmt hat, haſt du es nicht unumgänglich nöthig. Du hätteſt mir blos in einer Schuldverſchreibung die Zahlen ein wenig abändern ſollen, denn meine Augen werden ſchon ſchwach. Aber ich werde mich diesmal ſchon ſelbſt darüber machen.

Und er ſetzte ſich ſogleich an einen andern Tiſch zu dieſer Arbeit nieder, kratzte auf dem Pergamente mit einem Meſſerchen aus, was ihm nicht taugte, ſchrieb dafür hinein, was ihm gut ſchien, brummte bei dieſem Geſchäft eine Sura des Korans in den Silberbart, und Kelanu's Feile, die die Goldſtücke benagte, begleitete die erhabenen Prophetenworte mit ihrem eintönigen Geräuſch.

Du ſchreibſt alſo mehr in den Schuldſchein, als darin ſteht? fragte Kelanu nach einer Weile den Alten.

Allerdings, erwiederte Nervan, das Gegentheil wäre eine elende Abänderung!

Wenn dich aber nun der Schuldner der Verfälſchung anklagt vor dem Richter, wendete Kelanu ein, da beſtehſt du ja mit Schanden.

Dann, antwortete Nervan, lege ich meine Hand auf den Koran, oder worauf es ſonſt dem Richter beliebt, und ſchwöre, daß der böſe Zahler gelogen hat.

Ein falſcher Eid! rief Kelanu entſetzt.

Thor! ſchalt Nervan. Was iſt ein Eid? Die Anrufung eines Weſens, von deſſen Daſein wir ſo gut als nichts wiſſen, zur Zeugſchaft über eine Thatſache, von der dieſes Weſen nichts weiß. Ich bin alt geworden, aber niemals habe ich geſehen, daß Allah den Meineidigen geſtraft hätte. Und wäre ja noch ein Bedenken dabei, ſo giebt es auch dafür Rath. Du denkſt dir bei dem Eidſchwur andere Worte, als du ausſprichſt. Die ausgeſprochenen Worte ſind für den Richter und für den Gegner, die gedachten beruhigen dich, und ſo iſt Allen geholfen.

Die Feile und die Worte des Korans ſummten von neuem durch die Zelle. Wozu plagſt du dich aber in deinen alten Tagen mit ſo ſchlechten Künſten? fragte Kelanu ärgerlich über die langweilige Beſchäftigung. Ich dächte doch: an den Eiſenkiſten, die ich hier ſehe, hätteſt du genug dein ganzes Leben lang.

Da haſt du einen ſehr unrichtigen Gedanken ausgeſprochen, mein Sohn, erwiederte Nervan. Der Menſch hat nie genug, und des Geldes kann er nie zu viel haben. Das Geld iſt der eigentliche Muhamed der gebildeten Welt, weil der Eigennutz ihr Allah iſt. Geld iſt das einzige Ding hienieden, das einen wahren bleibenden Werth hat. Freilich darf man es nicht, wie einige blödſinnige Thoren thun, in den Kaſten ſchließen, und darüber wachen, gleich dem hehren Greif über den Zauberſchätzen, die er nicht genießen kann. Nein, man muß es ausſenden, und arbeiten laſſen in der Welt, damit die ausgeflogenen Tauben neue Gefährten mitbringen aus fremden Schlägen, und ſo immer vorwärts ſchreiten und Zinſen auf Zinſen häufen, bis die irdiſche Allmacht errungen iſt; denn der wirklich Reiche iſt der König der Erde, und für Geld iſt ſie ihm feil mit allen ihren Schätzen.

Mit allen? fragte Kelanu erſtaunt.

Mit allen! fuhr Nervan fort. Alles, was nur möglicher Weiſe verkauft werden kann, iſt für Geld zu haben. Für Geld überläßt ſich die Schönheit den Umarmungen eines Pavians, für Geld ſpricht der Kadi dir Recht, ſpricht der Iman dich ſelig. Geld öffnet dir den Divan, wie das Harem des Chalifen, für Geld kannſt du Ehrentitel und Ehrenzeichen haben, zu jedem Preiſe und von jeder Güte. Herrſchaft über Meer und Länder wird zwar mit einer andern Münze bezahlt, mit Menſchenblut, aber Menſchenblut ſteht wieder zu guten Preiſen feil in allen Welttheilen, und ein Wechsler, der ſein Geſchäft recht verſteht, kann ſich in kurzer Zeit bis zum Gebieter der Erde hinaufwuchern.

Du willſt mir einwenden, ſprach Nervan eifrig zu dem kopfſchüttelnden Kelanu, daß man noch keinen Juden oder Armenier findet auf einem der Throne Europa's oder Aſiens. Das iſt blos ein ſchlauer Kunſtgriff, erſonnen von der Weisheit dieſer Männer. Zufrieden mit der Macht, überlaſſen ſie den Sultanen und Chalifen großmüthig die äußern Zeichen derſelben, und herrſchen auf dieſe Weiſe gewaltiger und ſicherer, als ſie herrſchen würden mit der oft ſo unbequemen Krone auf dem Haupte.

Die vortreffliche Vorleſung wurde unterbrochen. Ein vierſchrötiger Kerl mit einem koloſſalen Turban und breitem Säbel, von zwei andern mit Beil, Stab und Geißel ausgerüſteten Gefährten begleitet, trat in das Gemach und brummte: Mich ſchickt der Kadi.

Dieſer Mann kommt wie gerufen! ſprach Nervan zu Kelanu. Du ſollſt mit ihm dein Probeſtück machen. Dein Verhalten dabei wird entſcheiden, ob ich dich aus der Lehre entlaſſen kann. Eine Wittwe hier in der Nähe war mir nach dieſer Schuldverſchreibung fünfzig Goldſtücke ſchuldig. Ich habe hundert daraus gemacht. Der Kadi iſt pflichtgemäß bereit mir die verlangte Rechtshülfe angedeihen zu laſſen, und du ſollſt dieſe Rechtshülfe in meinem Namen leiten. Ich will dich mit keiner langweiligen Unterweiſung heimſuchen. Merke nur das Eine: Geld allein iſt Weſen, alles Andere iſt Schein. Hier gilt es blos mir meine hundert Goldſtücke zu verſchaffen, durch Ergreifung Alles deſſen, was die Schuldnerin hat, ihre Perſon nicht ausgenommen. Für Klagen über Betrug — eine eherne Stirn, für Bitten — ein ehernes Herz. Die Worte: Aufſchub, Nachſicht, Schonung, Mitleid, ſind böſe Zauberformeln, durch welche ſich einfältige Leute täuſchen laſſen, und vor denen der Weiſe ſein Ohr verſchließen muß.

Kelanu ſtand mit ſeinem Gefolge in der dürftigen Hütte der Schuldnerin. Der befürchtete Einwand war bereits mit edler Unverſchämtheit niedergeſchlagen worden. Das alternde Weib, Redlichkeit, Mangel und tiefen Gram in dem blaſſen, magern Geſicht, jammerte zu Kelanu's Füßen, und eine flüchtige Erinnerung an ſeine Mutter wollte ihm ſchon das Herz erweichen; aber Nervans Lehren hatten ihn zu [illegible], als daß dies Gefühl hätte Beſtand haben können. Er gab den Bütteln den Befehl zur Auspfändung. Gleich

Harpyen ſtürzten ſie ſich auf das ärmliche Hausgeräth, und ſchleppten es hinaus vor die Hütte.

Nur die Lagerdecken meiner Kinder laßt mir! flehte die Wittwe, als die Unholde zurückkehrten; aber Kelanu winkte, und auch dieſe wurden genommen.

Bald kehrte der Machtbote des Kadi zurück. Ihm folgte ein Mann von höchſtwidrigem Anſehn, eine dicke Peitſche in der Hand. Das ganze Gerümpel iſt nicht fünf Goldſtücke werth, ſagte der Gerichtsdiener. Darum wird die Perſon aushelfen müſſen. Hier iſt ein Sclavenhändler.

Ewige Barmherzigkeit! kreiſchte das unglückliche Weib zu Kelanu hinauf. Wenn Ihr ein Menſch ſeid, verkauft mich nicht. Meine armen Kinder ſind noch ſo klein. Sie würden umkommen ohne Mutterpflege!

Mein Meiſter muß um jeden Preis befriedigt werden, antwortete Kelanu hart, weißt du keinen andern Rath dafür, ſo muß ich dich verkaufen.

Nur einen kurzen Aufſchub, nur einige Nachſicht, flehte die Wittwe. Ich bin geſchickt in allerlei künſtlichen Arbeiten, die theuer bezahlt werden. Ich will meine Schuld nach und nach ehrlich abverdienen, und du haſt dann noch die Genugthuung, neben der Behauptung deines Rechtes Mitleid geübt zu haben gegen eine unglückliche Familie.

Weinend klammerten ſich die Kinder um Kelanu's Kniee und heulten: Laß uns unſre Mutter.

In der augenblicklichen Rührung, die er darüber empfand, ſchien es ihm, als ob dieſer Vorſchlag annehmbar ſei; aber ſogleich fiel ihm ein, daß die Worte, die die Schuldnerin gebraucht, zu den böſen Zauberformeln gehörten, vor denen ihn Nervan gewarnt hatte.

Du hörſt es ſelbſt, wie geſchickt dies Weib iſt, ſprach er zu dem Sclavenhändler. Du wirſt alſo kein Bedenken tragen, hundert Goldſtücke für ſie zu bezahlen, da ich ſie dir für keinen geringen Preis laſſen kann.

Der Sclavenhändler widerſprach, wollte abdingen, und zählte endlich die Goldſtücke auf, die Kelanu einſtrich.

Mutter, Mutter! ſchrieen die Kinder, und hingen ſich von allen Seiten feſt an die verzweifelnde Frau. Aber Kelanu ging trotzig auf ſie zu, und riß die Kinder von ihr los.

Hier iſt deine Sclavin, rief er, das arme Weib dem Menſchenhändler zuführend; dann ging er fort, und das Jammergeſchrei der verwaiſten Kleinen tönte herzzerſchneidend hinter ihm.

Du biſt ſchon ein ganz verſtändiger Menſch geworden in der kurzen Zeit, ſprach Nervan, als Kelanu ihm über die Ausrichtung des empfangenen Auftrags Bericht erſtattet hatte. Du biſt es wohl werth, daß ich dich jetzt in mein beſtes Geheimniß einweihe. Du weißt nun, warum du erwerben mußt, du weißt, was dazu gehört. Du mußt nun auch noch lernen, wie du dir das Erworbene ſichern kannſt. Der bloß Reiche ſteht jederzeit auf einer gefährlichen Spitze. Der Neid, die Faulheit, die Ungeſchicklichkeit, die Habſucht Anderer feinden ihn an, und leicht wird er ihren Angriffen erliegen, wenn nicht ein beſonderer Talisman ihn ſchützt. Das iſt ein Ruf, der ihm die Liebe und den Schutz der Menge verbürgt, und Tücke und Gewaltthat von ihm zurückſchreckt. Solcher Ruf iſt von gar mannigfaltiger Art und Beſchaffenheit. Ich aber glaube das beſte Theil erwählt zu haben, und will meine Wahl dem Liebling der Geiſter nicht verſchweigen. Folge mir.

Und er führte den Jüngling aus dem Schatzgemache in eine Nebenzelle, und ſchloß ſorgfältig die Thür hinter ſich zu. Erſtaunt ſah ſich Kelanu um in dem neuen Zimmer. Es war vom Boden bis zum Schlußſtein des Deckengewölbes von weiß gebleichten Menſchengebeinen erbaut, und oben am Geſimſe und unten liefen als Verzierung ſchön geordnete Reihen von Todtenſchädeln. Schaudernd blickte Kelanu auf ſeinen Führer und erſtaunte über die plötzliche Verwandlung, die ſich mit deſſen Geſichte zugetragen hatte. Der Mund, um den ſonſt ein liſtiges Lächeln ſpielte, ſtand offen, gleich dem Munde eines Sehers, der prophetiſche Worte verkünden will. Die tückiſch eingekniffenen Augen ſtarrten begeiſtert gen Himmel, und mit einer Stimme voll Salbung fragte er den Jüngling: Was denkt das ſchwache Reiß von dem Baume der Sterblichkeit über dieſe Wohnung?

Ich denke, erwiederte Kelanu verdrießlich: Morab hat das Fleiſch abgefreſſen und Nervan die Knochen übrig gelaſſen.

So denken die Söhne der Thorheit, ſprach Nervan gelaſſen, einen Schwamm unter ſeinem Gewande hervorziehend. Was ihre Augen ſehen, das glauben ſie, und ihre Seelen werden irre geführt durch die Sinne ihres Leibes. Solche ſchwache Urtheile erniedrigen dich vor den Menſchen, über denen du doch hoch ſtehen mußt, wenn es dir wohlergehen ſoll auf dieſer Narrenwelt. Nimm daher dieſen Schwamm und wiſche dir die Augen damit.

Kelanu gehorchte, und als er die Augen aufſchlug, befand er ſich mit ſeinem Führer nicht mehr in dem ſchauerlichen Knochenhauſe, ſondern in einer prächtigen Moſchee, die mit den Gräbern der Sultane und Propheten geſchmückt war, und in der eine Menge gläubiger Muſelmänner ihre Gebete herſagten.

Thue das, was du mich thun ſiehſt, gebot Nervan dem Jünglinge, warf ſich vor einem der Gräber auf das Angeſicht nieder, betete inbrünſtig, und wiederholte dabei, zur großen Erbauung der Anweſenden, fleißig den Kernſpruch des Korans: Allah iſt Gott, und Muhamed iſt ſein Prophet.

Im höchſten Grade erſtaunt, folgte Kelanu dem Beiſpiel des Lehrers. Als dieſer ſeinen Gottesdienſt beendet und ſich wieder von der Erde erhoben hatte, zog er einen Beutel voll kleiner Silbermünzen aus ſeinem Gewande, gab ihn Kelanu, und gebot dieſem das Geld an die Bettler auszutheilen, die die Pforte der Moſchee umlagerten. Kelanu gehorchte. Der Segen des barmherzigen Erbarmers über den frommen, gläubigen Muſelmann, der die Vorſchriften des Propheten ſo treulich erfüllt! ſchrie der zerlumpte Chor, und Kelanu kehrte zu Nervan zurück. Dieſer ergriff ſeine Hand, murmelte einige geheimnißvolle Worte, und ſtand im Augenblicke drauf mit ihm wieder in dem bekannten Schatzgewölbe.

Du biſt mir unbegreiflich, weiſer Nervan, ſprach Kelanu hier. Biſt du nicht ein Diener des Geſchlechtes der freien Geiſter, die Muhamed verachten? Wie kommſt du dazu, in Muhameds Tempel deine Andacht zu verrichten, und den gläubigen Muſelmännern deine Schätze aufzuthun?

So denken die Söhne der Thorheit, erwiederte Nervan. Was ihre Augen ſehn, das glauben ſie, und ihre Seelen werden irre geführt durch die Sinne ihres Leibes. Wiſſe, du Feder, die du auf der Fläche der See ſchwimmſt, aber die Klippen nicht ſiehſt, die ſie verbirgt, daß der höchſte Unglaube, die wahre ewige Verneinung, ſich in nichts ſo gewaltig und entſcheidend ausſpricht, als in der Verſpottung Allahs und ſeines Propheten durch erkünſtelte Andacht. Heuchelei iſt die ſtärkſte Waffe unſers Geſchlechtes. Laß Muhameds leichtgläubige Anhänger dich für fromm und gottesfürchtig halten. Zeige dich ihnen, ausgeſtreckt liegend im Gebete in ſeinen Tempeln, opfere dem gläubigen Bettlergeſindel einige Münzen von deinen zuſammengeſtohlenen Schätzen, ſo wird die Schwärmerei deine Laſter zu Tugenden umfärben, und deine Sünden werden für Vollbringung der Vorſchriften der Religion gelten.

Wie biſt du mit deinem Schüler zufrieden? fragte Geiwaraba, die plötzlich zwiſchen ihnen ſtand.

Er könnte ungelehriger ſein, erwiederte Nervan. Nur bei Ausrichtung eines Auftrages von mir hätte ihn faſt eine Anwandlung thörichten Mitleids beſchlichen. Zwar wehrte er ſie noch glücklich genug von ſich ab, aber weniger, weil er ſeine Thorheit erkannte, als weil er ſeine baldige Entlaſſung aus der Lehre wünſchte, die an ſeine Standhaftigkeit geknüpft war.

So mußt du ſchon noch ein wenig Sultan ſpielen, ehe du es wirſt, ſagte Geiwaraba, Kelanu's Hand ergreifend, denn ohne ein hartes Herz kann ich dich nicht brauchen.

In einem ſtolzen Königsſaale, unter einem goldnen Thronhimmel, auf Polſtern von Goldſtoff ſaß Kelanu, und Emire und Veziere lagen anbetend vor ihm auf den Knieen.

Du haſt den Divan getränkt aus dem Borne deiner Weisheit, mächtiger Sultan, ſprach, ſich erhebend, der erſte Vezier, und mit pflichtmäßigem Eifer werden deine Sclaven deinen Willen vollſtrecken. Aber jetzt ſind die Stunden der Ruhe und Erholung gekommen, und der Stahlbogen deines hohen Geiſtes muß abgeſpannt werden durch irdiſche Freuden. Gefiel es meinem Herrn, die Sonne ſeiner Gegenwart leuchten zu laſſen im Cirkus? Die Spiele harren nur deiner Ankunft.

Kelanu hatte von der Ergötzlichkeit, die ſeiner harrte, keinen Begriff, aber er neigte doch gewährend ſein Haupt, und die Großen des Reichs geleiteten ihn durch Marmorgalerien zu einem großen Amphitheater, das von Zuſchauern wimmelte. Ein neuer Thronhimmel harrte dort ſein, ſein Gefolge ſtellte ſich ihm zur Seite, und der Klang einer wilden Muſik, die jetzt losrauſchte, gab das Zeichen zu blutigen Thiergefechten, einem Schauſpiel, das für Kelanu eben ſo neu als anziehend war. Aber dieſe Kämpfe trugen alle den Stempel der Unwürdigkeit und Grauſamkeit. Der gewaltige Auerſtier unterlag der Ueberzahl der grimmigen Doggen, und gegen den einzelnen königlichen Löwen wurden drei Tiger losgelaſſen, die ihn trotz ſeines tapfern Widerſtandes in Stücken zerriſſen. Anfänglich widerte das Schauſpiel den Jüngling an, und er kehrte ſich weg, wenn die angreifenden Beſtien den ruhmloſen Sieg erſtritten hatten und das Zerfleiſchen des Beſiegten begann, aber nur zu ſchnell hatte er ſich daran gewöhnt, und als der edle Elephant, von den Stoßwaffen mehrerer Nashörner durchbebet, donnernd zur Erde ſtürzte und mit trauerigem Gebrüll verendete, da miſchte Kelanu ſchon ſein Beifallgelächter in den Jubel der blutgierigen Menge.

Genug der gemeinen Thierhetze, rief jetzt der erſte Vezier hinunter. Laßt die Fechter herein!

Und von einem Trauermarſche begleitet, traten paarweiſe zwölf nackende Sclaven in den Circus, mit kleinen runden Schildern und breiten blanken Säbeln bewaffnet, und die einzelnen Paare ſtellten ſich ſtreitfertig einander gegenüber. Bei dem Schmettern der Trompeten begann der wüthendſte Einzelkampf, und der Sand des Kampfplatzes, vom Blut der Thiere befeuchtet, trank bald das Blut der elenden Menſchen, die ſich für die Augenluſt ihrer Brüder zerfleiſchen mußten. Nach kurzer Zeit lagen ſechs Beſiegte todt am Boden, und die ſchwer verwundeten Sieger wurden vom Platze getragen.

Dieſe Hunde waren ſchlecht eingeübt, rief der Vezier. Die Luſt hätte viel länger gedauert, wenn ſie ihre Schuldigkeit beſſer gethan hätten. Laßt andre kommen, daß das Spiel von neuem beginne!

Kelanu hatte noch nie des Menſchenmordes gräßliche Geſtalt erblickt. Sein Gemüth empörte ſich gegen die Erneuerung des Gemetzels, und er fragte unwillig: Sind wir auch berechtigt, ſo grauſam zu ſpielen mit dieſen Unglücklichen?

Das ſtumme Lächeln ſeiner Großen bewies ihm die Thorheit ſeiner Frage. Nur zwei Stände giebt es in der Welt, belehrte ihn ſein Vezier: Herrſcher und Sclaven. Befehlen, empfangen, genießen, iſt des Herrſchers Beruf, gehorchen, geben und dulden geziemt dem Sclaven, und ſein einziger Ruhm iſt: das, was er hat und was er iſt, freudig ſeinem Gebieter zu opfern. Du biſt Herr hier! Dein Wille iſt der einzige Sultan, dem du zu gehorchen haſt, und dein Wort iſt für deine Sclaven der Rathſchluß der Götter!

Während dieſe Rede tief eindrang in Kelanu's eitles Gemüth, hatte ſich der Circus mit neuen Opfern gefüllt, und von neuem begann der blutige Kampf. Kelanu ſah ihm fortan weit gelaſſener zu. Das Mitleid entſchlummerte immer feſter in ſeiner Bruſt. Bald betrachtete er das gräßliche Schauſpiel nur noch mit den Augen der Neugier, und konnte ſich ſchon darüber freuen, wenn einem der Fechter ein geſchickter Streich gelang, der den Gegner tödtete oder verſtümmelte. Das Gefecht dauerte weit länger als das vorige, endlich lagen die Kämpfer blutend und ſterbend am Boden, bis auf das letzte Paar, welches alle Kraft und Kunſt aufbot, die Zuſchauer recht lange zu ergötzen. Jetzt ſtürzte der eine Fechter verwundet nieder, und hob bittend die Hand auf, der Sieger aber packte ihn bei den Haaren, hob den blutigen Säbel, und ſah fragend zu Kelanu hinauf.

Was ſoll das? fragte Kelanu ungeduldig. Warum haut er nicht zu? Der Beſiegte bittet um ſein Leben, erwiederte der Vezier, und der Sieger überläßt dir die Entſcheidung. Solche Gnade iſt aber etwas Ungewöhnliches, und ich halte es für anmaßend, daß ein Sclave ewig leben will.

Ja wohl! rief Kelanu, winkte dem Sieger, der Todesſtreich fiel, und der ganze Circus jauchzte aus einem Munde: Heil, Heil, Heil unſerm Sultan Kelanu!

Hinter einem goldnen Dreifuß, beladen mit Pokalen, in denen das Blut der edeln Traube von Schiras perlte, ſaß Sultan Kelanu in ſeinem Harem, deſſen Schönheiten ſein Befehl zuſammengerufen hatte. Die Blüthe aller Länder der Erde von der üppig gebauten dunkelſchwarzen Afrikanerin mit dem blendend weißen Schmelz der Augen und Zähne und den ſchwarzen Kraushaaren, bis zu der großen, kräftigen Nordländerin mit der Schneehaut, den blauen Augen und goldnen Locken, und alle Farben, die zwiſchen dieſen beiden Endpunkten liegen, füllten wimmelnd das ſchimmernde Gemach, und flüſterten, lächelten, ſchmachteten, gingen und rauſchten unter einander herum, je nachdem jede glaubte, daß ſie das Eine oder das Andere, ihre Augen, oder Zähne, ihren Wuchs oder Gang, Hand oder Fuß, oder was jede ſonſt am ſchönſten zu haben vermeinte, von der vortheilhafteſten Seite zu zeigen vermochte, um das Auge des Gebieters auf ſich zu ziehn.

Lange genoß Kelanu die Süßigkeit der Ungewißheit, aber endlich ſprang er auf, um eine wunderſchöne Circaſſierin für die Königin des Harems zu erklären. Da winkte ihm ein Stummer mit Eil' und Angſt in den Vorſaal. Mit einem ſehr beſtürzten Geſicht trat ihm ſein erſter Vezier entgegen.

Die neue Kopfſteuer, ſprach er, die dein Schatz bedurfte, Sultan, hat deine Unterthanen ſchwierig gemacht. Achtzehn Viertel deiner Hauptſtadt haben Abgeordnete an dich geſchickt, welche um die Abſchaffung dieſer Abgabe bitten.

Führe mich zu ihnen, ſprach Kelanu, verdrießlich über die Störung ſeiner Freude, ich will ihre Beſchwerde anhören.

Das ſei ferne von meinem Herrn! antwortete der Vezier. Damit der König ſtets der Ehrfurcht ſeiner Sclaven verſichert bleibe, beherrſche er ſie unſichtbar, gleich der Gottheit! Würdige deinen Knecht, der Bote und Vollſtrecker deines Willens zu ſein.

Sind die Klagen meiner Unterthanen gegründet? fragte Kelanu.

Die Bedürfniſſe des Staates, erwiederte achſelzuckend der Vezier, der Aufwand, durch den die Würde meines Herrn behauptet werden muß, die Feſte, zur Erholung von den Regierungs-Geſchäften unentbehrlich, erfordern manche Opfer. Doch lebt ja das Volk von einem Tage zum andern, und wenn es ſich nur noch einige Luſtbarkeiten verſagen, nur noch etwas fleißiger arbeiten wollte, ſo könnte es bei der neuen Kopfſteuer recht wohl beſtehn.

Du ſagſt mit milden Worten, ſprach Kelanu, ſich ſchon erhitzend, daß meine Unterthanen aus Ueppigkeit und Trägheit unruhig ſind. Haſt du ihnen nicht hierüber deine Meinung eröffnet?

Ich habe es gethan, erwiederte verlegen der Vezier. Aber ihre Antwort war ſo unbeſcheiden, daß ich deßhalb eigentlich Bedenken trug, die frechen Menſchen des Anblickes deiner Perſon zu würdigen.

Nun? fragte Kelanu heftig, und ſeine Augen brannten.

Sie verlangen die Einſchränkungen, die ich ihnen anmuthete, von Dir, großer Sultan, erwiederte der Vezier. Verminderung des Heeres, das du doch bedarfſt gegen die innern und äußern Feinde, Abſchaffung der Fechtſpiele im Circus, Einſchränkung deines Harems —

Genug! rief Kelanu wüthend. Sage den Unverſchämten, daß es bei der Kopfſteuer bleibe, und daß die Elenden, die ſich noch einmal zu aufrühreriſchen Botſchaften an ihren Herrn hergeben werden, ihre Häupter laſſen ſollen an der Schwelle meines Palaſtes!

Der Vezier betete vor Kelanu an, und eilte fort. Dieſer kehrte in den Harem zurück. Noch einmal hielt er allgemeine Heerſchau über die ſchönen Sclavinnen, und als ihm nach langem Küren und Vergleichen die Circaſſierin noch immer die ſchönſte dünkte, ergriff er ſie plötzlich bei der Hand von Elfenbein, und hocherröthend und mit freudefunkelnden Augen ſank ſie, ein Bild entzückter Ergebung, zu ſeinen Füßen.

Da erhob ſich in der Ferne Unglück weiſſagend ein wüſtes Getümmel, und abermals ſtürzte der unwillkommne Stumme herein, den Sultan durch Zeichen beſchwörend, ihm zu folgen.

Im höchſten Zorne über die abermalige Störung eilte Kelanu hinaus. Noch beſtürzter als das erſte Mal nahte ihm der Vezier.

Ich habe deinen Befehl vollſtreckt, meldete er, und die Flamme des Aufruhrs raſt durch deine Hauptſtadt. In unabſehbaren Haufen ſtrömt das Volk gegen deinen Palaſt, Tod und Verderben dir drohend.

Das Verderben über ihren Kopf, rief Kelanu wüthend, und riß den Säbel des Veziers aus der Scheide. Wo iſt meine Leibwache, wo iſt mein Heer!

Deine Trabanten, erwiederte der Vezier, und die Truppen, die in der Stadt liegen, haben ſich vor dem Palaſt aufgeſtellt und erwarten deine Befehle.

Hinaus! donnerte Kelanu, und ſtürzte aus dem Palaſte. Die Truppen begrüßten ihn durch Zuruf und Waffengeklirr. Näher und näher erſcholl das Angriffsgebrüll des Volkes. Ein köſtlich geſchmücktes Roß wurde Kelanu vorgeführt. Er ſchwang ſich hinauf und ſprengte vor die Kriegerhaufen. Helft mir die Aufrührer vernichten! ſchrie er ſie an. Zum Lohne gebe ich Euch meine Hauptſtadt preis. Ihr mögt plündern, morden und brennen nach Eurem Gelüſt! Jetzt zum Siege!

Heil unſerm Sultan! jubelten die Schaaren, und ſetzten ſich in Bewegung. Faſt zugleich brachen aus der nächſten Straße des Volkes wild empörte Wogen gegen den Palaſt los. An der Spitze ſeiner Reiter warf ſich der muthige Kelanu mitten in das Getümmel und bald ward das Gemetzel allgemein. Die Volkshaufen wichen zurück, grimmig von Kelanu verfolgt. Von Straße zu Straße, von Platz zu Platz trieb er ſie vor ſich her, und wo ſie verſuchten, ſich feſtzuſetzen in den Häuſern, da flammten dieſe empor als Brandopfer des königlichen Zornes. So ward ſchonungslos gewüthet in der unglücklichen Stadt, bis der Abend hereinbrach, bis alle Aufrührer gefallen oder geflohen waren und kein Feind mehr zu bekämpfen übrig blieb. Da wendete Kelanu mit ſtolzer Freude ſein Roß um, und zog mit ſeinen jubelnden Söldnerſchaaren über die Leichen der Erſchlagenen triumphirend nach ſeinem Palaſte zurück.

Von der Blutarbeit verſchnaufend, lag Kelanu auf ſeinen Polſtern, und ſah mit wildem Lächeln in die rothen Feuerwollen, die ſich hier und da aus den bezwungenen Stadtvierteln emporwälzten. An hundert Rebellen ſind gefangen worden mit den Waffen in der Hand, meldete eintretend der Vezier.

Laß ſie ſogleich niederhauen im Hofe des Pallaſtes, befahl Kelanu, und der Vezier eilte fort. Bald tönte das Todesgeheul der Verurtheilten kläglich zu dem Gemache des Sultans hinauf. Er hörte ihm erſt eine Weile lächelnd zu, und ſprang dann an das Fenſter, um ſich an dem blutigen Schauſpiel zu weiden. Aber die Diener ſeines Zornes waren ſehr ſchnell geweſen. Der Feuersbrunſt trauriger Schein beleuchtete nur noch Leichen, und eben ſtürzte das letzte Opfer in ſein Blut. So ziemt es ſich! rief Kelanu, deſſen Herz ſich nun völlig verſteinert hatte, und wie die Grauſamkeit öfters eine ſchreckliche geheimnißvolle Verwandtſchaft mit der Wolluſt zu zeigen pflegt, ſo flogen jetzt ſeine Gedanken von der Schädelſtätte ſeines Grimmes wünſchend hinüber zu den Freuden ſeines Harems, zu denen ihn heute der Aufruhr ſo unwillkommen geſtört hatte. Da ſtand auf einmal Geimarada vor ihm, ſchöner, als er ſie je geſehen, aber auch ſchrecklicher. Der vollkommene Körper ſchien zu glühen von dem Wiederſcheine der fernen Brände, und heller als dieſe brannten Grimm und Freude und wildes Sehnen in ihren Augen.

Jetzt biſt du geweiht zu Geimarada's Umarmung! rief ſie mit furchtbarer Zärtlichkeit, ihre Arme gegen ihn ausbreitend.

Göttliches Weib! ſtammelte Kelanu, von dem Anblick ergriffen, und von Blutvergießen und ſchnöder Luſt gleich trunken, ſank er an den Buſen des böſen Geiſtes.

Von Geimarada's Küſſe geweckt, erwachte Kelanu am andern Morgen.

Es iſt genug geſchehen für unſere Zwecke, mein Kelanu, ſprach ſie. Du hatteſt von der Natur ſtarke Leidenſchaften und Begierden empfangen, deine Eltern haben ſie ungefeſſelt wachſen laſſen, und ich habe dich gelehrt, dich ihnen ganz hinzugeben. Du biſt jetzt eine geſchickte Geiſſel für die Gläubigen, und es iſt Zeit, daß du das Reich des Chaliſen zu Bagdad ſieheſt, das noch heute das deinige werden ſoll.

Wozu ſoll ich mir erſt ein Reich in der Ferne aufſuchen? fragte Kelanu befremdet, da ich ja hier ſchon unumſchränkter Sultan bin durch die Gunſt deines Geſchlechtes?

Albernes Kind! liſpelte Geimarada, ihn küſſend. Ahneſt du denn nicht, daß Alles, was du hier erlebt, nichts war als magiſche Täuſchung, die zu deinem Unterricht gehörte? Du biſt nie aus unſerm Palaſte im Kern der Erde gekommen. In ſeinen Felſenhallen hatten wir dir dein kurzes Traumreich gebaut. Aus Schattenbildern wählteſt du dir eine Schöne aus, und an der Spitze eines Schattenheeres haſt du gegen Schatten gefochten. Hier iſt nichts wirklich, als meine Zärtlichkeit für dich, und die Eindrücke, die in deinem Herzen zurückgeblieben ſind von Allem, was du bisher erfahren. Jetzt erſt trittſt du ein in das Reich des Seins, und jetzt gilt es zu zeigen, was du gelernt haſt in der Schule der Geiſter. Fort nach Bagdad!

In einem Gemache des Chaliſen-Palaſtes zu Bagdad ſtand Geimarada mit Kelanu. Ein ſchöner Jüngling, reich gekleidet, ſchlummerte auf einem Sopha.

Kelanu, ſagte Geimarada. Du ſiehſt hier Raalfur, den Sohn und Erben des Chaliſen von Bagdad.

Alſo meinen Nebenbuhler um Bagdads Krone! antwortete dieſer mit mordluſtigen Augen; ich habe aber keinen Dolch, den Schlaf dieſes holden Jünglings zu verewigen.

Das iſt uns auch nicht erlaubt, flüſterte Geimarada. Dürften wir unſere Jünger zum offnen Kampfe wider die Söhne der Gläubigen führen, ſo ſollteſt du einen Köcher voll Pfeile haben, alle mit Scorpionengift beſtrichen. Aber unſere Macht wird gehemmt durch den Muhamed, den wir verabſcheuen. Nie hätte ich dich auch hierher bringen dürfen, hätte dieſer Raalfur nicht den Zorn des Propheten auf ſich gezogen. Deine Hand darf aber nicht wider ſein Leben ſein. Ich werde ihn in Sicherheit bringen und dir ſeine Geſtalt geben.

Indem ſie dies ſagte, hauchte ſie Kelanu an, der augenblicklich des ſchlafenden Raalfur Geſtalt annahm. Eine Berührung ihrer Hand verwandelte Raalfur in einen grünen Papagei, der, als habe er die Gefahr erkannt, die ihm drohte, ſich ermunternd erhob und ängſtlich rufend im Gemache herum flatterte. Kelanu ſprang ihm nach und erhaſchte ihn.

Fort mit dem Vogel! rief ihm Geimarada mit ſtrengem Ernſte zu. Er darf nicht in deinen Händen bleiben.

Warum nicht? fragte Kelanu tückiſch. Ich wünſche ſicher zu gehen. Ich könnte einſt leicht die Gunſt verlieren, und dann möchteſt du leicht dieſen Raalfur gegen mich gebrauchen, wie du mich jetzt als Werkzeug gegen ihn brauchſt. Wenn ich aber dem Papagei den Hals umdrehe, ſo habe ich von dem Thronerben nichts mehr zu fürchten.

Eben wollte er den Papagei erwürgen, als Geimarada ihm denſelben mit Gewalt entriß. Wie, Böſewicht! rief ſie zornig. Biſt du ſo zügellos in deiner Bosheit, daß die Befehle deiner Beſchützerin nichts über dich vermögen? So komme der Fluch der Blindheit über dich, und damit deine einfältige Zunge nicht die Geheimniſſe unſers Geſchlechtes verrathe, ſo will ich die Erinnerung der Vergangenheit von dir nehmen.

Und verflucht, ſchrie wüthend der erblindende Kelanu, verflucht ſei durch den Propheten, den du haſſeſt, dein verworfenes Geſchlecht! Mögen Eure Bemühungen ewig von den Flüchen derer begleitet werden, denen Ihr zu dienen meint. Es iſt weder Friede noch Freundſchaft, weder Dank noch Liebe bei denen, die Böſes thun, und die müſſen Euch am erſten fluchen, die Ihr am meiſten zu ſegnen trachtet!

Geimarada antwortete auf dieſe Strafrede nichts, denn ſie merkte es wohl an dem Grauen, das ihr ankam, daß nicht Kelanu zu ihr ſprach, ſondern der Prophet zu Mekka durch Kelanu's Mund. Heulend flog ſie hinweg, und ſuchte mit Gewiſſensangſt die Höhlen der Erde und die Thäler des Todes.

Traurig ſtand Kelanu da in ſeiner doppelten Dunkelheit, denn auch die Erinnerung der Vergangenheit war von ihm genommen, und er ſtarrte mit den Augen ſeines Leibes und Geiſtes zugleich in einen öden, finſtern, bilderleeren Raum.

Da öffneten die Kämmerlinge und die Stummen die goldenen Pforten des Gemaches, und warfen ſich vor dem falſchen Raalfur auf die Erde.

Der Leu, ſprach der oberſte Kämmerling, hat ſeine Augen geſchloſſen, und der Chalif von Bagdad, dein Vater, iſt in den neunten Himmel hinaufgeflogen. Die Houris baden ſeinen koſtbaren Leib in Strömen von Milch, und ewige Jungfrauen ſchmücken bei ſeiner Annäherung die Lauben des Paradieſes neu. Er iſt unbeſchädigt über den glühenden Reif gegangen, und lebt in Ehren unter dem Geſchlecht der Gläubigen.

Kelanu hörte die Stimme des Redners, den er nicht ſah. Er tappte nach der Gegend hin, woher ſie erſcholl, und die Kämmerlinge erſtaunten nicht wenig, als ſie ihren Chaliſen ſo ungewiß um ſich herum greifen ſahen, gleich einem Blinden.

Welch ein Unglück hat unſern König und Herrn befallen? rief der Oberſte der Kämmerlinge. Warum weigert er ſich, die Sclaven zu ſehn, die zu ſeinen Füßen liegen? Ganz Bagdad wartet mit verlangenden Augen, ſeinen neuen Chaliſen zu erblicken, und Raalfur würdigt die Getreuen keines Blickes, die ihn für ihren Herrn erkennen!

Laßt denn einen reichen Lohn für den ausrufen, befahl Kelanu, der dem Chaliſen von Bagdad die Kraft des Geſichts wiedergeben wird.

Sieben Tage zogen die Herolde mit Trompeten umher, und riefen die reichſte Belohnung für den aus, der Raalfur, dem Chaliſen von Bagdad, die Kraft des Geſichts wiedergeben würde.

In dichtgedrängten Haufen ſtrömten Bagdads Ärzte nach dem Palaſte, und alle verſprachen dem blinden Chaliſen das Geſicht, aber keiner vermochte Wort zu halten. Alle Mittel ſchlugen fehl bei dem unglücklichen Kelanu, der den Glanz des Thrones, den er nicht ſehen konnte, mit dem Verluſte des edelſten Sinnes nur zu theuer bezahlt hatte.

Dieſe fehlgeſchlagene Hoffnung entzündete Kelanu's böſes Herz zum wüthendſten Grimme, und er befahl alle Ärzte hinzurichten, denen ſeine Heilung mißlänge. Täglich wurde fortan das Beil des Scharfrichters mit Blut geröthet. Bagdad betrauerte den Verluſt ſeiner Ärzte, aber den Augen des Chaliſen blieb das Licht fremd.

Einige Zeit darauf brachte der Oberſte der Kämmerlinge mit mitleidigem Geſicht einen ſchönen jungen Mann, in der Tracht eines Arztes, in das Gemach des blinden Tyrannen.

Ein neuer Arzt, ſprach er traurig, der ſich vermißt, dem Chaliſen zu ſeinem Geſicht zu verhelfen.

Der Arzt betete an vor Kelanu, aber dieſer befahl ihm verdrüßlich, ohne Verzug zum Werke zu ſchreiten, weil das Beil des Henkers ſchon auf ſein Haupt warte.

Der junge Mann erſchrak nicht über die grauſame Drohung. Er ſtand auf, zog einen Beutel aus ſeinem Gürtel, nahm ein Pulver heraus, blies es dem Chaliſen in das Geſicht, und die Schuppen fielen von ſeinen Augen, und Kelanu ſah das Licht, und mit Entzücken den Mann, der es ihm wiedergeſchenkt hatte.

Laßt den Arzt, gebot er ſeinen Kämmerlingen, in meinem Reiche ſtehen über alle meine Veziere und Edle. Ehre begleite ihn und jede neue Sonne ſehe ihn Glück und ſeinen

Ruhm verwehrt! Verlange von mir, was dein Herz wünſcht, ſprach er zu dem Arzte, und wenn es mein halbes Königreich wäre, du ſollſt es erhalten!

O Khalif, erwiederte der Arzt. Fern ſei es von mir, Ehre und Reichthum zu ſuchen. Gewähr mir nur einen Betrag, und das Herz deiner Magd wird auf immer zufrieden ſein.

Kelanu fuhr auf, und ſah ſeinen Heiler ſchärfer an. An der plötzlichen Schamröthe auf dem ſchönen Geſicht, an den niedergeſchlagenen Augen erkannte er bald, daß er mit einem Frauenzimmer rede.

Glücklich bin ich, rief er, daß die Natur ſelbſt eine würdige Vergeltung für meine rettende Aerztin beſtimmt hat. Ja, ſchöne Fremde, du biſt die Sultanin meines Herzens, und ſollſt meine Freuden mit mir theilen und mein Reich.

Wonnetrunken ſtürzte die Fremde zu Kelanu's Füßen. Die geringſte deiner Sclavinnen zu ſein, rief ſie begeiſtert, war der kühnſte Wunſch der Gulfarat, eines niedern Hirtenmädchens aus dem Gebirge Gabel el Arab.

Ich kenne das Gebirg nicht, von dem du ſprichſt, antwortete Kelanu, ſie aufhebend. Aber das Paradies ſelbſt würde durch die Geburt meiner liebenswürdigen Sultanin nicht erniedrigt werden. Du biſt ein Kleinod, das meiner Krone neuen Glanz geben wird, und dieſer Tag noch ſoll dich zu der Gebieterin des Khalifen Kalifar erheben.

Es iſt bitter, ſprach Gulfarat, daß Kalifar das Gebirge Gabel el Arab nicht kennt, wo er den Tiger erlegt hat auf den Felſen, die über meines Oheims Hütte hängen. Erinnert ſich mein Herr nicht, wie er mich damals um einen Becher Waſſer gebeten? Ich aber brachte dir die Milch unſerer Ziegen, und deine Huld beglückte die arme Gulfarat mit einem lieblichen Scherze, den ich jetzt prophetiſch nennen möchte.

Ach, holdes Mädchen, ſeufzte Kelanu. Mit meinem Geſicht verlor ich jede Erinnerung des Vergangenen. Ich kannte ſogar meinen Stand nicht einmal, als meine Sclaven zu mir kamen, bis mein getreuer Kämmerling mir meinen Titel ſagte. Aber ob du vom Throne oder aus einer Hütte herkommſt, ob du, gleich dem Saphir, aus den Tiefen der Erde, oder, gleich dem Morgenſterne, aus dem Palaſte der Sonne gekommen biſt, dein Werth iſt in dir ſelbſt, und kann keinen größern Glanz von dem erhalten, was ihn umgibt. Durch was für eine Kunſt aber, ſchöne Gulfarat, haſt du dies Wunder vollbracht? Wer hat dir Schätze der Arzneikunſt vor dir aufgethan? Woher hat eine junge Dirne aus dem Gebirge eine Kenntniß erworben, größer als die der weiſeſten Aerzte von Bagdad?

Einige Zeit, nachdem du in unſern Bergen gejagt hatteſt, erzählte Gulfarat, erfuhr ich den Tod des Khalifen [illegible] und das Unglück ſeines Thronerben. Da flatterte meine Sehnſucht auf Zauberflügeln hinüber nach Bagdad zu meinem Herrn, und mir [illegible] gegen die Frau meines Oheims der Wunſch, dir zu deinem Geſicht zu verhelfen.

Aber wenig ſchalt ſie mich, wegen meiner Einfalt, wie ſie die Stimme meines Herzens nannte, und trieb mich fort, unſere Heerde auf die Weide zu führen. Meine Füße gehorchten dem Gebot meiner Baſe, aber mein Herz flog, wie der [illegible], über die Felſen, hin zu meinem Herrn, dem Khalifen. Als ich ſo ſeufzend hinter meinen Ziegen herging, kam mir eine junge Schäferin entgegen. Ihr goldenes Haar war mit dem Schmuck der Fluren durchflochten, Blumenkränze beſchatteten ihr Gewand. Leicht und anmuthig hüpfte ſie hervor nach den Tönen einer Flöte, auf der ſie blies, und fröhlich ſprang ihre weiße Lämmerheerde ihr nach.

Als ſie mir näher kam, lächelte ſie mich an. Schöne Gefährtin der Ziegen, ſpottete ſie auf eine höchſt reizende Weiſe, wie magſt du dich ſo gern hier an dem engeſten Boden deines Wohnortes betrüben! Glückliche Gulfarat, deren Verzagen Geheimniß iſt, eine noch glücklichere Huabir, welche gefangen iſt durch die glänzende Liebenswürdigkeit ihrer Mienen! Schau doch deinen verwaiſten Ziegen nach, liebe Gulfarat! rief ſie plötzlich mit ſchallendem Gelächter. Dort klettert eine an einem Abgrunde herum!

Ich ſah hin, die Ziege war wirklich in Gefahr, aber der Schäferin Rede ſchnitt mir zu tief in das Herz. Schönes Mädchen, bat ich ſie, vermehre nicht mein Unglück durch deine grauſamen Spöttereien, ſondern es lieber durch Mitleid und guten Rath.

Iſt denn Gulfarat Willens, fragte die Schäferin jetzt plötzlich ernſthaft, dem Rathe ihrer Freundin zu folgen?

Ja, rief ich, befreie mich nur von meinen unwürdigen Verhältniſſen, und ewig will ich deine Magd ſeyn.

So kehre zurück in die Hütte deines Oheims, befahl mir die Schäferin, und gehorche in nichts, was dir auch von denſelben werden von deinen Verwandten. Wenn ich dich treu erfunden, ſo ſollſt du mich nach drei Tagen wieder auf dieſer Stelle antreffen.

Flötend hüpfte ſie fort, und verſchwand bald mit ihrer Heerde zwiſchen den Felſen.

Am Abend kehrte ich mit der Heerde zurück nach der Hütte meines Oheims. Huabir erbot mir ein Plätzchen zu ſchlafen für den morgenden Feſttag, aber ihr Befehl galt mir nicht ſo viel, als das Verſprechen, das ich der Schäferin gegeben hatte. Huabir tobte vor Zorn, und rief meinen Oheim zu Hülfe, daß er ihr die widerſpenſtige Nichte zum Gehorſam bringe.

Sanfu haßte mich, weil er mir die Schuld beimaß, daß ſein Sohn aus dem Vaterhauſe entflohen war. Er freute ſich des Vorwandes, ſeinen Groll an mir auszulaſſen, ſchleppte mich aus der Hütte, band mich an einen Baum, und mein Blut floß unter unbarmherzigen Geißelſtreichen.

Wer iſt der Böſewicht, rief Kelanu aufſpringend, der ſich unterſtanden hat, die Schönheiten meiner liebenswürdigen Gulfarat zu verletzen? Bei dem Bilde der Verheerung! Er und ſein verruchtes Weib ſollen die ausgeſuchteſten Martern erleiden! Laßt ſie, winkt er den Kämmerlingen, vor dem Morgen einfangen, vor meinen Divan ſchleppen, und laßt ein Blutgerüſt aufrichten, damit ganz Bagdad ein Zeuge ihrer Beſtrafung werde!

Ja, ſprach Gulfarat triumphirend. Alle müſſen die Strafe der Verbrecher wahrnehmen!

Fahre fort in deiner Erzählung, bat Kelanu. Ich ängſtige mich, wenn ich daran denke, wie du der Bosheit deiner Feinde entronnen biſt.

Zwei Tage, erzählte Gulfarat weiter, wurde ich von Sanfu und ſeinem Weibe eingeſperrt und gemißhandelt. Am dritten Tage, als Sanfu bei der Heerde war, überliſtete ich Huabir's Wachſamkeit. Ich rang mit ihr, ſie ſchrie um Hülfe, es war aber Niemand in der Nähe. Endlich überwältigte ich ſie, ließ ſie ohnmächtig auf der Erde liegen, und eilte nach dem Orte, wo mich die Schäferin verlaſſen hatte. Bei Sonnen-Untergang erſchien meine ſchöne Gebieterin, aber ihre Heerde folgte ihr diesmal nicht. Sie hielt einen Beutel und ein Bündel Kleider in ihren Händen. Nimm dieſen Beutel, meine muthige Schülerin, ſprach ſie zu mir, und zieh' dieſe Kleider an, die die Tracht eines Arztes zu Bagdad ſind. Ich will dich noch dieſen Abend führen, du mußt verlangen vor den Khalifen gelaſſen zu werden, und wenn du ihm etwas von dem Pulver in dieſem Beutel in die Augen ſtreuſt, ſo wird er ſein Geſicht wieder erhalten. Entzückt warf ich mich in die Kleider, die Schäferin blies mich an, in dem Augenblick befand ich mich vor dem königlichen Palaſte zu Bagdad; wie mein frommer Wunſch erfüllt wurde, weiß mein Herr, und Stadt und Reich werden bald glückliche Urſache haben.

Dieſer Tage, ſprach Kelanu zärtlich, werde ich mich ſo bereit mit Entzücken erinnern, denn ich habe nicht allein das Licht meiner Augen, ſondern auch einen Gegenſtand empfangen, der der Betrachtung ſo werth iſt.

Er nahm die [illegible] Zauberin bei der Hand, und ließ ſie noch an demſelben Tage als Sultanin von Bagdad ausrufen, und in das Schmettern der Pauken und Trompeten, die laute Erhebung des ſtaunenden Volks vermiſchend, ertönten die Hufſchläge der Reiter, die zu Sanfu's und ſeines Weibes Verhaftung aufbrachen nach dem Gebirge Gabel el Arab, und die Arbeiten der Zimmerleute, die das Blutgerüſt für die Unglücklichen vor dem Palaſte des Khalifen aufrichteten.

Huabir rief mit dem Manne um den verlornen Sohn, und dem [illegible] über die ungerathene Nichte entgegen. Der arme Sanfu hatte die treue Gefährtin ſeines kummervollen Lebens begraben, und lag in der Nacht einſam auf ſeinem dürftigen Lager, die trübe Vergangenheit noch einmal durchdenkend.

Da erklangen plötzlich Roſſeshufe und Säbelklirren an die Hüttenthür, und rauhe Stimmen verlangten tobend Einlaß.

Sanfu ſah durch das Gitter, und erkannte die Trabanten des Khalifen. Erſchreckt von deren Anblick, der unter des neuen Herrſchers blutiger Regierung nur Böſes bedeuten konnte, brach er in laute Klagen aus.

Ihr Geiſter der Luft! jammerte er, wo iſt Kelanu, mein Sohn? Wo ſind die Verſprechungen, die Ihr dem unglücklichen Sanfu gegeben? Helft mir jetzt aus meiner Angſt und Noth!

Da überſchwebte ein ſchwacher blauer Schimmer die Kammer, und Gelmiraba ſtand vor ihm.

Was verlangt mein Unterthan? fragte ſie mit ſüßlichem Lächeln.

Die Trabanten des Khalifen ſtürmen meine Hütte, antwortete Sanfu, und zu [illegible] iſt guter Geiſt, daß ſie die Boten des Todes ſind.

Fürchte nichts, Sanfu, ſprach Gelmiraba mit ſanftem

Spott. Erinnere dich deſſen, was ich dir geſagt. Wer darf, was der Engel ſchrieb? Eben jetzt ſollſt du Kelanu in den Armen der verrätheriſchen Guſſarat ſehen. Mehr fordere nicht von mir. Dein einziger Wunſch war die Ehe deines Sohnes mit deiner Nichte. Die freien Geiſter ſind zufrieden, wenn ſie ihr Verſprechen erfüllen. Wenn wir deinen Wunſch gewährten, was haſt du noch zu fordern? Ob die blinden Wünſche der Sterblichen aus der Quelle ihrer Weisheit oder ihrer Thorheit fließen, das kümmert unſer unſterbliches Geſchlecht wenig!"

Verächtlich wendete ſie ſich von Sanfu, breitete ihre Nebelflügel aus und verſchwand vor ſeinen Augen. Unterdeß hatten die Trabanten die Hüttenthür geſprengt, brachen in die Kammer Sanfu's, banden den Unglücklichen, und ſchleppten ihn mit ſich fort nach Bagdad."

Ehe die Sonne erwacht war vom Traume der Nacht, ward der Gefangene in den Vorhof des königlichen Palaſtes geführt, und der erſte Morgengruß, den die Kämmerlinge dem Chalifen und ſeiner Sultanin brachten, war die Botſchaft, daß zwar Husdir ihrem Grimme entronnen ſei durch den Tod, daß aber Sanfu in Ketten ſeiner Strafe harre. Guſſarats Augen ſchwammen in boshafter Freude bei dieſer Nachricht, und Kelanu erhob ſich zornig, den Feind ſeiner Sultanin vor ſeinen Augen martern zu ſehen.

Neben dem Blutgerüſt war ein Thron erbaut, auf welchen Kelanu und Guſſarat mit den Großen ihres Hofes ſtiegen. Die Straßen waren mit erwartenden Augen gefüllt, und die ganze Stadt drängte ſich in blutiger Begierde, das blutige Schauſpiel ſo nahe als möglich anzuſehen. Kelanu hatte befohlen, daß keine ſchreckende Ceremonie ausgelaſſen werden ſolle. Seine kurze Herrſchaft war eine Herrſchaft der Grauſamkeit geweſen, und bei dieſer Hinrichtung war er geſonnen, ſich ſelbſt zu überbieten.

Zwanzig ſchwarzgekleidete Sclaven, mit kahlen Köpfen und entblößten Füßen, jeder einen Todtenſchädel und eine brennende Fackel von ſtinkendem Geruche tragend, eröffneten den fürchterlichen Zug. Ihnen folgten ſechs andere, durch enge, mit Gebeinen bemalte Kleider in wandelnde Gerippe umgeſchaffen, jeder ein Stück rohes Fleiſch im Munde, von dem das Blut herabtroff. Hierauf erſchienen zwölf rieſengroße Männer. Ihre Geſichter waren feuerroth gemalt, Rauch dampfte aus ihren Naſenlöchern und jeder trug ein nackendes Kind in ſeinen Armen, dem er wirkliche Marter anthat. Denn ſo groß war Kelanu's Grauſamkeit, daß er dieſen unmenſchlichen Zuſatz zu dem gräßlichen Trauerſpiele nicht verlieren wollte, ſondern lieber befohlen hatte, zwölf Kinder aus der Stadt dazu herbeizuſchaffen.

Das Geſchrei der armen Kinder rührte die Herzen des Volkes, und war zugleich eine Verſchärfung der Qual des unglücklichen Sanfu, der hinter den zwölf Rieſen hergeſchleppt wurde. Acht Sclaven, in Tigerhäute eingenäht, trugen ihn. Jeder Sclave hielt einen eiſernen Haken, der in das Fleiſch des Opfers griff, und ſo zum Handgriff diente, es in der Marter zu erhalten.

Guſſarats Bosheit war aber damit noch nicht zufrieden. Sie rief von ihrem Throne herab, daß die Sclaven ihre Haken noch tiefer in das Fleiſch ihres Feindes drücken ſollten. Dieſe gehorchten, und das Jammergeſchrei des Elenden erſcholl ſo kläglich, wie nur Allahs Feinde es ausſtoßen, und nur böſe Geiſter es ohne Erbarmen und Grauen hören können. Bagdad aber ſeufzte, als es die Tyrannei ſeines Chalifen und die Grauſamkeit ſeiner Sultanin wahrnahm.

Jetzt rollte plötzlich ein ſtarker Donner durch den klaren blauen Himmel, und in dieſem Augenblicke ſtand auf dem Blutgerüſte ein ſchöner Jüngling von übermenſchlicher Größe. Zwei große weiße Flügel leuchteten von ſeinen Schultern, eine goldene Rüſtung deckte ſeinen Körper, purpurrothe Flammen wehten als Federbuſch von ſeinem goldnen Helme, auf ſeiner linken Hand trug er einen Papagei, und in der Rechten ſchwang er ein leuchtendes Demantſchwert.

Kelanu ahnte Böſes aus dieſer Erſcheinung. Greift den Frevler! ſchrie er, mit ſeiner angebornen Heftigkeit von dem goldenen Seſſel aufſpringend, und riß den Säbel aus der Scheide. Greift ihn, rief Guſſarat, die die Verzögerung ihrer Rache beklagte, ihm wüthend nach.

Aber mit edlem Zorn in dem Geſicht ſtreckte der Jüngling ſein Schwert gegen die beiden Ungeheuer aus, und ſie blieben unbeweglich in der Stellung ſtehn, die ſie eben angenommen hatten.

Verflucht ſeid, rief jetzt der Rächer mit Donnerſtimme, ihr Handlanger und Werkzeuge der Grauſamkeit!

Und als er dieſe Worte geſprochen, ſchien der ganze Zug in Flammen zu ſtehen, und in einem Augenblicke war Alles, bis auf Sanfu und die zwölf Kinder, zu Aſche verbrannt.

Sanfu's Sinne waren ſchon faſt erſtarrt im Tode, und das Licht verging vor ſeinen Augen. Als der Jüngling erſchien, hatte er nur noch ſo viel Leben, daß er das ſehen und verſtehen konnte, was geſchah.

Das Gebot deines Propheten war dir beſchwerlich, redete der Jüngling ihn an, und die unerforſchlichen Wege des großen Allah ſchienen dir krumm und unrichtig. Sollten wohl die Gedanken des ewigen Gottes ſich nach den deinigen richten? Sollte die Hand deſſen, der die Sonne ſchuf, von den albernen Rathſchlüſſen eines Erdenwurmes gelenkt werden? Kurzſichtiger! Was haſt du dadurch gewonnen, daß du Muhameds Dienſt verlaſſen und den geſetzloſen Zutritt der abtrünnigen Geiſter geſucht haſt? Weil der Prophet wußte, daß aus Kelanu's und Guſſarat's Verbindung nur Böſes entſtehen könne, ſo hatte er in ſeiner Weisheit beſchloſſen, ſie auf immer von einander zu trennen, und dadurch das Leben ſeines Verehrers Sanfu zu ſegnen. Aber weil du Muhamed verläugnet und dich mit ſeinen Feinden verbunden haſt, ſo hat er es zugelaſſen, daß ſie deinen Frevel durch die Gewährung deines thörichten Wunſches ſo ſchrecklich beſtraft haben. Sieh! denn, du armer Abgefallener, die Begierden deines Herzens erfüllt!

Und er ſtreckte das leuchtende Schwert nach Kelanu aus, und der Schein von Naskurs Geſtalt fiel ſammt dem Chalifenſchmucke ab von ihm, und Sanfu erkannte ſeinen Sohn. Mit dumpfem Erſtaunen ſah der arme Vater zu ſeinem Peiniger hinauf, und Kelanu war außer ſich, als er mit ſeiner vorigen Geſtalt auch ſein Gedächtniß wieder erhielt, und zugleich erkannte, daß ſeine Grauſamkeit wider ſeinen eigenen Vater gerichtet geweſen.

Verfluchte Geimarana! ſeufzte ſterbend der unglückliche Sanfu. Du haſt wirklich Kelanu mit der hochmüthigen Guſſarat vereinigt. Dein Wort iſt erfüllt und Sanfu ein Opfer ſeiner eigenen Thorheit!

Die Augen ſtarr auf ſeinen Mörder gerichtet, verſchied er. Mit wüthenden Blicken hatte Guſſarat die ſeltſame Verwandlung angeſehen. Statt mit dem geliebten Chalifen Naskur, ſah ſie ſich mit dem verhaßten Hirtenſohne Kelanu vereinigt, und war nicht länger Sultanin von Bagdad, ſondern ein geringes Hirtenweib auf Gebel el Kora. Ihre Zunge war mit Bosheit beladen, aber gefeſſelt durch die magiſche Kraft des leuchtenden Schwertes. Unter dem Volke von Bagdad, das wimmelnd das Blutgerüſt umgab, erhob ſich ein Gemurmel des Abſcheues, der Freude und der Neugier. Es ſah ſich von einem Tyrannen befreit, aber es begriff nicht, wie der Sohn eines Ziegenhirten die Perſon ſeines Chalifen hatte vorſtellen können.

Der Jüngling ſchien in den Seelen der Menge zu leſen. Bewohner Bagdads, redete er ſie an mit majeſtätiſchem Ernſte, Ihr vermißt Euern rechtmäßigen Gebieter. Seht ihn in der Geſtalt dieſes Vogels, die er der Bosheit der abtrünnigen Geiſter verdankt. Glaubt aber nicht, daß Allah dieſe Verwandlung zugelaſſen haben würde, wenn nicht Naskur durch ſeine Vergehungen dieſe Strafe verdient hätte. Seine Geringſchätzung der Pflichten der Religion, ſeine thörichte Leidenſchaft für die Jagd und andere einem Fürſten unanſtändige Ergötzungen, über denen er es verſäumte, ſich zur Erfüllung ſeiner Regentenpflichten vorzubereiten: alles dies hatte ihm Allahs Unwillen zugezogen. Jetzt aber hat ſein Leiden ein Ende, und Haſſarak, Bagdads Schutzgeiſt, iſt von Muhamed geſandt worden, den Chalifen ſeinen Unterthanen zurückzugeben.

Er berührte den Papagei mit ſeinem Schwerte, bald ſtand Naskur vor den Augen der gerührten Menge, deren dankbarer Jubel in den Himmel emporſtieg, Naskur aber knieete auf dem Gerüſte nieder.

Im Staube mich demüthigend, betete er mit lauter Stimme, flehe ich Allah an um Verzeihung und Frieden. Ihm gebührt Ehre und Anbetung, und ſo wenig Er unſers Dienſtes bedarf, ſo undankbar ſind wir, wenn wir dieſen Dienſt verabſäumen. Er empfange meine Gelübde für die treue Erfüllung meiner Herrſcherpflichten. Er verleihe mir Kraft, ſie zu üben zum Heil der Völker, die ſeine Gnade mir anvertraut hat. Es gefällt mir, ſprach Haſſarak, daß deine erſten Worte ein Dankgebet und ein frommer Entſchluß waren. Nachdem du dich aber nun vor Allah gedemüthigt haſt, Chalif, ſo beſteige deinen Thron, und beginne deine Regierung mit Gerechtigkeit über dieſe Sünder gegen Allah und Allahs Volk.

Laßt ſie alle, befahl Naskur, das Gerüſt beſteigen, welches ſie zu anderm Zweck erbauen ließen. Aber ihr Tod zeuge nicht von der Abſcheulichkeit ihrer Verbrechen, ſondern von der Menſchlichkeit des Richters.

Und die Trabanten ergriffen die Verurtheilten, und führten ſie von dem Throne auf das Blutgerüſt, wo der Nachrichter ihrer bereits harrte. Kelanu ſtieg mit wildem Trotz hinauf, Guſſarat ſchien die Gegenwart ihres Gefährten unerträglicher zu finden, als das Schickſal, das ihr bevorſtand.

Ehe Kelaun vor dem Blocke niederknieete, ſtampfte er wüthend mit dem Fuße, und ſeine Fauſt und ſeine Augen drohten gegen die Tiefe hinab. Ich bin lebenslang ein Sclave des Böſen geweſen, ſprach er dumpf. Ich habe gearbeitet und nicht eingeſammelt. Ich habe mit Sorgen geſäet, und nicht in Freuden geerndtet. Ich habe den Troſt Anderer vergiftet, aber es iſt kein Segen in meinen Schooß gefallen! Ich bin gehaßt von den Söhnen der Menſchen, verdorrt ſind die Pfade, die ich betreten habe. Meine Thaten ſind zu gefräßigen Geiern geworden, die mein Eingeweide zerfleiſchen, und die ſcharfen Klauen der böſen Geiſter harren meiner an dem Orte der Qual. Schlage denn zu, Beil, weil Allahs Blitz zögert mich zu zerſchmettern, daß mein Andenken auf ewig verlöſche auf Erden!

Die Häupter der Verbrecher waren gefallen. Möchten doch, ſprach Haſſarak zu dem Chalifen, alle deine Urtheilsſprüche dem erſten gleich ſein an Gerechtigkeit und Menſchlichkeit. Dann werden dir deine Unterthanen mit Freuden gehorchen, und Allah, der die wahren Gläubigen belohnt, wird dich dereinſt aufnehmen in die ſeligen Wohnungen ſeines ewigen Paradieſes.

Und Haſſarak ſpannte die glänzenden Flügel aus, und die Arme ſegnend über Bagdad ausbreitend, verſchwand er in den Wolken. Kaalkur aber und ſein ganzes Volk ſtürzten nieder auf ihr Angeſicht, und alle riefen mit Dankbarkeit und Inbrunſt: Allah iſt groß!

von Veldeck, ſ. Minneſinger.

Velſchberger, ſ. Meiſterſinger.

Karl Venturini,

geboren am 30. Jan. 1771 zu Braunſchweig, ſtudirte Philoſophie und Theologie zu Helmſtädt, worauf er einige Zeit als Secretar des Etatsraths von Schirach zu Altona lebte. 1795 erhielt er am Erziehungsinſtitute zu Kopenhagen die Stelle eines Lehrers der Statiſtik und Geſchichte, begab ſich aber nach einigen Jahren in ſein Vaterland zurück und wurde Pfarrer zu Hordorf bei Braunſchweig, wo er noch lebt.

Er gab heraus:

Leſebuch der Geſchichtskunde älterer Zeiten. Kopenhagen, 1799.
Pythagoras und ſeine Zeitgenoſſen. Chemnitz, 1801. 2 Thle.
Muhamed Abul Caſem. Kopenhagen, 1802—3. 2 Bde.
Natürliche Geſchichte des großen Propheten von Nazareth. Kopenhagen, 1800—2. 3 Thle.
Chateaubriand's Genius des Chriſtenthums. Amſterdam, 1803. 2 Thle.
Hermann der Sachſen Herzog. Kopenhagen, 1804.
Kloſterzwang und Kloſterfurcht. Kopenhagen, 1805.
Handbuch der vaterländiſchen Geſchichte. Braunſchweig, 1805 u. 6. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte des Urchriſtenthums. Rom, 1807—9. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte unſrer Zeit. Leipzig, 1811—14. 3 Thle.
Geſchichte der ſpaniſchen und portugieſiſchen Thronumkehrung. Altona 1812—21. 3 Thle.
Rußlands und Teutſchlands Befreiungskriege. Leipzig, 1816—19 4 Thle.
Teutſches Heldenbuch. Braunſchweig, 1821. 2 Thle.
Scandinavien und Karl XIV. Braunſchweig, 1821. 2 Thle.
Margarethe von Nordheim. Leipzig, 1824. 2 Thle.
Erich Stenbock. Leipzig, 1828. 2 Thle.
Chronik des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Leipzig, 1826 flgde.
Jean Cavalier. Leipzig, 1831. 2 Bde.

V. zeichnet ſich als Hiſtoriker vorzüglich durch fleißige Studien und eine geiſtreiche und elegante Darſtellung aus. Seine Romane erfreuen ſich guter Erfindung der Situationen, treffender Charakterentwickelung und gewandter Behandlung des Stoffes. Seine früheren theologiſchen Schriften dagegen zogen ihm eben ſo heftigen Tadel zu, als ſie ihm wegen des darin bewieſenen Scharfſinns und Muthes Ehre machten.

Johann Bernhard Vermehren

wurde 1774 zu Lübeck geboren, und ſtarb, noch nicht 30 Jahre alt, als Privatdocent zu Jena am 29. November 1803.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:

Ueber Schillers Maria Stuart, Gedicht. Jena, 1800.
Muſenalmanach für 1802 u. 1803. Leipzig und Jena.
Schloß Roſenthal, ein Mährchen. Berlin, 1803.

V. ſchloß ſich in ſeinen Beſtrebungen der romantiſchen Schule an, und bemühte ſich vorzüglich um Vollendung in der Form, ohne jedoch Hervorſtechendes zu leiſten.

Gerhard Ulrich Anton Vieth,

am 8. Jan. 1763 zu Hooksiel im Jeverſchen geboren; wurde Schulrath und Director der fürſtlichen Hauptſchule zu Deſſau, wo er auch als 73jähriger Greis im Jahre 1836 ſtarb.

Er veröffentlichte:

Verſuch einer Encyclopädie der Leibesübungen. Ber 1794—95. 2 Thle.
Phyſikaliſcher Kinderfreund. Berlin, 1798—1809. 10 Thle.
Sammlung einiger Schulreden. Deſſau, 1818.
Lehrbücher der Mathematik und Phyſik rc.
Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Ein tüchtiger Pädagog, deſſen treffliche Schulreden namentlich verdienen hervorgehoben zu werden, da ſie weniger als ſeine Lehrbücher Verbreitung fanden und viel Gutes enthalten.

Vintler, ſ. Meiſterſinger.

Jakob Vogel

war kaiſerlich gekrönter Poet und Barbier zu Stößen zwiſchen Weißenfels und Naumburg in der letzten Hälfte des ſechszehnten Jahrhunderts. Ueber ſeine näheren Lebensumſtände iſt nichts bekannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Wandersregeln. Jena, 1617—18. 3 Thle.
Ungriſche Schlacht. Jena, 1626.

Didactiſche und deſcriptive Reimereien im Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit.

Nicolaus Vogt

ward zu Frankfurt a. M. im Jahre 1763 geboren, widmete ſich vorzüglich dem Studium der Geſchichte und wurde zuerſt als ordentlicher Profeſſor derſelben zu Mainz angeſtellt. Hierauf lebte er in Aſchaffenburg und ſpäter in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als großherzoglich frankfurter geheimer Legationsrath und Oberſchulinſpector; einige Jahre nachher wurde ihm auch die Senatorwürde ertheilt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1830.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Syſtem des Gleichgewichts. Mainz, 1785.
Ueber die europäiſche Republik. Frankfurt, 1787—92. 5 Thle.
Guſtav Adolph. Frankfurt, 1790. 2 Thle.
Heinrich Frauenlob. Frankfurt, 1792.
Rheiniſche Bilder. Frankfurt, 1793.
Das Urtheil des Paris, Farce. Frankfurt, 1792.
Shakeſpears Beruf und Triumph. Frankfurt, 1792.
Geſchichte der franzöſiſchen Republik. Frankfurt, 1792.
Syſtem des Gleichgewichts und der Gerechtigkeit. Frankfurt, 1802. 2 Thle.
Anſichten des Rheins. Frankfurt, 1804.
Die Ruinen am Rhein. Frankfurt, 1809.
Die teutſche Nation und ihre Schickſale. Frankfurt, 1810.
Abriß einer Geſchichte der Teutſchen. Frankfurt, 1810.
Hiſtoriſches Teſtament. Mainz, 1814 u. 15. 3 Thle.
Rheiniſche Geſchichten und Sagen. Frankfurt, 1817. 3 Thle.
Rheiniſche Bilder. Frankfurt, 1821.

Lebendige Darſtellung, Scharfſinn und gewandte Behandlung erwarben ſeinen zahlreichen Schriften viele Freunde, reichten aber nicht hin, ihnen einen bleibenden Werth zu verleihen.

Friedrich Siegmund Voigt,

ein Sohn des 1823 verſtorbenen geheimen Hofraths und ordentlichen Profeſſors J. S. Voigt zu Jena, wurde im Octbr. 1781 zu Gotha geboren und widmete ſich der Medicin und Botanik, welche letztere er 1803 als Privatdocent zu Jena lehrte. Im folgenden Jahre wirkte er als praktiſcher Arzt in Gotha, verließ aber dieſe Stellung bald wieder, um nach Jena zurückzukehren, wo er 1807 außerordentlicher Profeſſor und Director des botaniſchen Gartens wurde. 1817 wurde er großherzoglich weimariſcher Hofrath, ſpäter geheimer Hofrath und 1818 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Botanik.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Darſtellung des natürlichen Pflanzenſyſtems von Juſſieu. Leipzig, 1806.
Syſtem der Botanik. Jena, 1808.
Von der Wichtigkeit des Naturſtudiums. Jena, 1814.
Die Farben der organiſchen Körper. Jena, 1816.
Von dem Werthe der Naturgeſchichte. Jena, 1816.
Grundſätze einer Naturgeſchichte. Frankfurt, 1817.
Ueberſicht der Naturgeſchichte. Jena, 1819.
Syſtem der Natur und ihrer Geſchichte. Jena, 1823.
Almanach der Natur. Jena, 1822.
Cuvier, das Thierreich.
L. C. Richard, Analyſe der Frucht.
Sauſſure, chemiſche Unterſuchungen.

Abgeſehen von dem wiſſenſchaftlichen Werthe, zeichnen ſich V's naturhiſtoriſche Schriften noch beſonders durch eine klare, deutliche und allgemein verſtändliche Darſtellung, der es jedoch keineswegs an Eleganz und Lebendigkeit fehlt, ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Johannes Voigt,

geboren am 27. Aug. 1786 zu Bettenhauſen, einem Dorfe bei Meiningen, beſuchte das Gymnaſium zu Meiningen und ging von da nach Jena, um dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters gemäß, Theologie zu ſtudieren. Indeſſen zog er das Studium der Geſchichte vor und widmete ſich dieſem mit entſchiedener Liebe. — 1809 wurde er als Lehrer an das Pädagogium zu Halle berufen, 1817 aber Archivdirector und Profeſſor der hiſtoriſchen Hülfswiſſenſchaften zu Königsberg und 1821 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte daſelbſt.

Er gab heraus:

Hildebrand als Papſt Gregor VII. Weimar, 1815.
Geſchichte des Lombardenbundes. Königsberg, 1818.
Leben des Profeſſors C. J. Kraus. Königsberg, 1819.
Das Ordenshaus Marienburg in Preußen. Halle, 1820; 2. Ausgabe 1822.
Darſtellung der ſtändiſchen Verhältniſſe Oſtpreußens. Königsberg, 1822.
Geſchichte der Eidechſengeſellſchaft in Preußen. Königsberg, 1823.
Johann v. Lindenblatts Jahrbücher herausgegeben von V. und F. W. Schubert. Königsberg, 1823.
Geſchichte Marienburgs. Königsberg, 1824.
Geſchichte Preußens bis zum Untergang der Herrſchaft des teutſchen Ordens. Königsberg, 1826—30. 3 Thle.
Leben des Reichs-Burggrafen und Grafen F. F. A. zu Dohna-Schlobitten. Leipzig, 1833.

Einzelne Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Unter den deutſchen Geſchichtsforſchern nimmt V. einen ſehr ehrenvollen Rang ein, wegen der in ſeinen Schriften vorherrſchenden Gründlichkeit, Klarheit und Ueberſichtlichkeit, ſo wie wegen der eleganten und geſchmackvollen Darſtellung, die er ihnen zu gleicher Zeit zu verleihen weiß.

P. Voigt, ſ. Meiſterſinger.

Traugott Gotthilf Voigtel,

geboren am 19. März 1766 zu Eisleben im Mansfeldiſchen, wurde zuerſt Lehrer am lutheriſchen Gymnaſium zu Halle, außerdem 1799 außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie und 1804 ordentlicher Profeſſor. Hierauf legte er ſeine Stelle am Gymnaſium nieder und erhielt 1809 die zweite Oberbibliothekarſtelle daſelbſt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Verſuch eines hochteutſchen Handwörterbuchs. Halle, 1793—95. 3 Thle.
Lehrbuch der proſaiſchen Schreibart. Halle, 1802.
Geſchichte des teutſchen Reichs unter Otto dem Großen. Halle, 1802.
Handwörterbuch der teutſchen Sprache. Halle, 1804.
Verteutſchungswörterbuch. Halle, 1811.
Teutſche Geſchichte. Halle, 1818.
Verſuch einer Geſchichte des preußiſchen Staats. Halle, 1819.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher als vielſeitig gebildeter Gelehrter, machte ſich V. vorzüglich durch ſeine lexikographiſchen und theoretiſchen Schriften um die deutſche Sprache und deren Fortbildung verdient.

Gabriel Voigtländer

war um 1633 Stadtpfeifer zu Lübeck und wurde ſpäter, 1639, königlich däniſcher Feld- und Hoftrompeter. Sein Todesjahr iſt unbekannt. — Er veröffentlichte:

Allerhand Oden und Lieder (mit Muſikbegleitung). Lübeck, 1650.

Ein glückliches und witziges Talent, das zu einer anderen Zeit und mit reicherer Bildung ausgerüſtet, gewiß Vorzügliches geleiſtet haben würde.

Heinrich Friedrich Magnus Volger

wurde am 13. Novbr. 1785 zu Hatdorf geboren, wo ſein Vater Prediger war. Er ſtudierte zu Göttingen und erhielt 1807 einen Ruf als Lehrer an das Pädagogium zu Ilfeld, welche Stelle er aber durch mancherlei Umſtände niederzulegen ſich genöthigt ſah. Als Romanſchreiber nimmt er den Namen Adolf Bühren an. — Seine Schriften ſind:

Adolphine, die ſchöne Seiltänzerin. Braunſchweig, 1823.
Vier Wochen in Pyrmont oder wer's Glück hat führt die Braut heim. Braunſchweig, 1824.
Die Reiſe zum Martinsabend. Leipzig, 1825. 2 Thle.
Das Feuerwerk, oder die ſeltſame Bekanntſchaft. Fulda, 1826. 2 Thle.
Die Erzählung auf der Flucht. Fulda, 1827.

Gute Erfindung und eine anmuthige Darſtellung verliehen ſeinen Schriften vielen Reiz, ohne ihnen jedoch Anſpruch auf künſtleriſche Vollendung geben zu können.

Wilhelm Friedrich Volger

ward am 31. März 1794 zu Neetze bei Lüneburg geboren, wo ſein Vater, aus einer hannöverſchen Patrizierfamilie ſtammend, ſelbſt Prediger war und ging 1812 nach Göttingen, um Theologie zu ſtudiren, doch folgte er bald ſeiner Neigung zu geographiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Forſchungen. Er erwarb zu Göttingen die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde und wurde, nach ſeiner Heimkehr nach Lüneburg, 1815 erſter Collaborator am Johanneum, dann Subconrector und 1830 Rector daſelbſt. 1836 erhielt er dazu die Direction der zwei Jahre früher errichteten Realklaſſen.

Von ihm erſchien:

Länder- und Völkerkunde. Hannover, 1820; 2. Auflage, 1833.
Lehrbuch der Geographie, erſter Curſus. Hannover, 1839; 9. Aufl.
Lehrbuch der Geographie, zweiter Curſus. Hannover, 1839; 5. Aufl.
Lehrbuch der Geographie, dritter Curſus. Hannover, 1837; 2. Aufl.
Handbuch der Geographie. Hannover, 1836; 4. Aufl.
Lehrbuch der Geſchichte, erſter Curſus. Hannover, 1836; 4. Aufl.
Lehrbuch der Geſchichte, zweiter Curſus. Hannover, 1836; 2. Aufl.

Einer der gründlichſten und zuverläſſigſten Geographen neuerer Zeit hat V. vorzüglich durch ſeine trefflichen Lehrbücher großen und bleibenden Nutzen geſtiftet.

Christian Daniel Voß

wurde am 24. Aug. 1761 zu Querum bei Braunſchweig geboren. Nachdem er ſeine Studien abſolvirt hatte, erhielt er eine Hauslehrerſtelle zu Braunſchweig und 1786 wurde er als Lehrer an das Pädagogium nach Halle berufen, in welcher Stellung er bis zum Jahre 1799 blieb, wo er eine Profeſſur des Staatsrechts und der Kameralwiſſenſchaften an der dortigen Univerſität erhielt; auch ertheilte ihm der weimariſche Hof den Titel eines herzoglich weimariſchen Rathes. Sein Todestag iſt der 27. April 1821.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Eduard, eine Geſchichte. Leipzig, 1790. 2 Thle.
Hiſtoriſche Gemälde. Leipzig, 1790—93. 4 Thle.
Geſchichte des Hauſes Stuart. Leipzig, 1794—97. 4 Thle.
Geſchichte der engliſchen Revolution. Berlin, 1797.
Das Jahrhundert der Aufklärung. Altona. 1797—1800. 3 Thle.
Handbuch der allgemeinen Staatswiſſenſchaft. Leipzig, 1797—1802. 6 Thle.
Verſuch über die Erziehung für den Staat. Leipzig, 1799. 2 Thle.
Geiſt der merkwürdigſten Bündniſſe und Friedensſchlüſſe des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts. Gera, 1801—4. 5 Thle.
Rußland beim Anfange des 19. Jahrhunderts. Leipzig, 1802—14. 2 Thle.
Parallelen. Amſterdam, 1809—12. 2 Thle.
Die Zeiten. Weimar, Halle u. Leipzig, 1805—19.

Scharfſinn, Geiſt, Gewandtheit und Vielſeitigkeit erwarben ſeinen Schriften großen Beifall und ſeinem Journal: die Zeiten, einen ausgebreiteten Kreis von Leſern.

Johann Heinrich Voß

am 20. Februar 1751 zu Sommersdorf im Mecklenburgiſchen geboren, konnte nach beendigter Schulzeit durch die Armuth ſeines Vaters, der ſeit 1772 als Schulmeiſter ſeine Familie dürftig ernährte, die Univerſität nicht eher beziehen, bis er, von 1769—1772 als Hauslehrer auf Ankershagen, ſich ſelbſt einige Mittel dazu verſchafft hatte. Aber ſein akademiſches Leben gab ihm für ſeine trübe Jugend Erſatz! Er wurde Eins der thätigſten Mitglieder des Göttinger Dichterbundes, deſſen Freuden und Anregung er drei Jahre lang genoß. Außer Heyne zogen ihn die Docenten wenig an. Seit 1775 lebte er einige Jahre zurückgezogen zu Wandsbeck unweit Hamburg, des alten Asmus Lieblingsſitze. 1778 wurde er Rector zu Otterndorf im Lande Hadeln, 1782 erhielt er daſſelbe Amt zu Eutin. 1786 ernannte ihn der Prinz Peter Friedrich Ludwig zu Holſtein-Gottorp zum Hofrathe; derſelbe ſetzte ihm 1802, als er wegen ſeiner Kränklichkeit das Schulamt niederlegen mußte, eine lebenslängliche Penſion von 600 Thalern aus. Seiner Freiheit ſich bedienend zog er nach Jena; doch war das dortige Klima ſeiner Geſundheit nachtheilig. Daher brachte er ſeine letzten Jahre in Heidelberg zu, wo er durch eine neue Penſion des Kurfürſten von Baden in äußerlich glücklichen Verhältniſſen lebte. Nur verbitterte er ſeine Tage durch die heftigſten Streitigkeiten, die er als Vorkämpfer des rationalen Proteſtantismus gegen den Symboliker Creuzer zu Heidelberg und gegen Leopold Stolberg führte, als dieſer zu Münſter „ein Unfreier geworden war". Er ſtarb am 30. März 1826.

Seine deutſchen Schriften ſind:

Sämmtliche Gedichte. Königsberg, 1802. 7 Thle.
Ausgabe letzter Hand. Königsberg, 1825. 4 Thle.
Ueberſetzung von Homer. 4 Thle.
Ovid, 2 Thle. Virgil. 3 Thle. Heſiod und Orpheus. Horaz, 2 Thle.
Tibull und Lygdamus. Theokrit, Bion, Moſchus. Ariſtophanes. 3 Thle.
Shakſpeare, bis 1829. 9 Thle.
Mythologiſche Briefe. Königsberg, 1794. 2 Thle. neue Ausg. 3 Thle. 1827.
Ueber Gleim's Briefſammlung. Heidelberg, 1807.
Ueber Götz und Ramler. Mannheim, 1809.
Abriß meines Lebens. Rudolſtadt, 1818.
Wie ward Fritz Stolberg ein Unfreier? Im Sophronizon 1819.
Beſtätigung der Stolbergſchen Umtriebe. Stuttgart, 1820.
Voß gegen Perthes. Stuttgart, 1822.
Antiſymbolik. Stuttgart, 1824—26. 2 Thle.
Kritiſche Blätter. Stuttgart, 1828. 2 Thle.
Briefe, herausgegeben von A. Voß. Halberſtadt, 1829.

Ueber dieſen für deutſche Geiſtesbildung ſo bedeutenden, in neuerer Zeit von einer Partei eben ſo heftig angefeindeten, wie von der anderen über die Gebühr geprieſenen Mann, urtheilt, namentlich was ſeine früheren Leiſtungen als Dichter und Ueberſetzer betrifft, am Unbefangenſten der treffliche Bouterweck in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Th. 11 S. 400 mit folgenden Worten: „Natureinfalt, mit Ernſt und Würde verbunden, iſt die Grundlage ſeiner Dichtungen. Wo der Scherz in ihnen ſich hören läßt, weicht er nie aus der Bahn der beſonnenſten Sittlichkeit. Klar und wahr treten die Gedanken und Bilder hervor. Das Gefühl, das aus ihnen ſpricht, iſt warm aus der Seele gequollen, ohne irgend einen Zuſatz von ſchwärmeriſcher Selbſtbethörung. Die Phantaſie des Dichters ſteht immer unter der Aufſicht eines prüfenden Verſtandes. Die Form dieſer Gedichte iſt überall feſt und beſtimmt. Die deutſche Sprache hat außer Klopſtock kein anderer ſo gründlich ſtudirt, und keiner hat ihr ſo viele Geheimniſſe entlockt, die dem nicht verborgen bleiben dürfen, wer ſie ganz als Meiſter beherrſchen will. Das Verdienſt, das ächte Volkslied im Geiſte des Zeitalters gebildet zu haben, theilt Voß mit Bürger; aber in Voß'ens Volksliedern und auch in ſeinen übrigen lyriſchen Gedichten und Elegien erkennt man noch mehr die Grundzüge des deutſchen Nationalcharakters. In der Poeſie der Ode iſt Klopſtock Voß'ens Muſter geblieben. Auch der Ausdruck religiöſer Gefühle in mehreren der vorzüglichſten dieſer Oden iſt klopſtockiſch, nur ohne die Dunkelheit, die Klopſtock für keinen Fehler hielt, wo er Andern zu errathen gab, was ihm ſelbſt klar war. Seitenſtücke zu den Liedern von Voß ſind ſeine idylliſchen Gedichte. Auch ſie ſind, ungeachtet der antiken Form in Hexametern und in einem zum Theil theokritiſchen, zum Theil homeriſchen Style, ſo nationaldeutſch, wie wenig andere Gedichte in der deutſchen Literatur. Sie verſetzen uns weder in ein griechiſches, noch in ein romantiſches Arkadien, noch in die ideale Unſchuldswelt Geßner's. Das ländliche Leben, das den Dichter im nördlichen Deutſchland umgab, ſpiegelt ſich in dieſen Nachbildungen der Wirklichkeit ſo klar, als ob die Phantaſie nur ein geringes Verdienſt um ſie hätte. Aber eben darin zeigt ſich die Kunſt dieſer treuen Naturgemälde, daß der Dichter, ohne ſie zu idealiſiren, der gemeinen Wirklichkeit das entzogen hat, wodurch ſie zurückſtoßend wird, und daß er mit der feinſten Beſtimmtheit das Anziehende hervorgehoben hat, das eine poetiſche Bildung annimmt. Eine ſolche Gattung von Idyllen gab es vorher nicht in deutſcher Sprache. Beſonders hat das ländliche Gedicht *Luiſe*, das dieſe idylliſche Poeſie auf eine ähnliche Art erweitert, wie Geßner der ſeinigen durch den *erſten Schiffer* einen größeren Umfang gab, die Zuneigung verdient, die es bei dem Publicum gefunden hat. Von *komiſchen Idyllen*, die nicht Parodieen ſein ſollen, wußte man auch in Deutſchland nichts, bis die von Voß ſogar den plattdeutſchen Dialekt der holſteiniſchen und mecklenburgiſchen Bauern zu einer Dichterſprache in Hexametern machten. Durch alle dieſe ländlichen Gedichte iſt der Hexameter auf eine ſolche Art in der deutſchen Sprache nationaliſirt, daß er ſeitdem das Fremdartige, das ihm noch anhing, völlig verloren hat, und mit Dichtungen, die ſich dem Volksliede nähern, eben ſo gut harmonirt, wie mit Klopſtock's Epos. Ueber den Werth der *Ueberſetzungen* der griechiſchen und römiſchen Dichter, die durch Voſ'ens Talent, die deutſche Sprache in allen ihren Gelenken zu bewegen, in Deutſchland ganz, wie ſie lebten, aus den Gräbern hervorgerufen zu ſein ſchienen, wird man künftig ein ſichereres Urtheil fällen können, wann die Zeit gelehrt haben wird, ob die deutſche Sprache an die durch dieſe Ueberſetzungen ihr eingedrückten griechiſchen und lateiniſchen Formen ſich gewöhnen kann. Gewiß iſt, daß es in keiner neueren Sprache eine Ueberſetzung der homeriſchen Gedichte giebt, die der deutſchen von Voß den Vorrang im Ganzen ſtreitig machen dürfte. Auch um die *Vervollkommnung der deutſchen Verskunſt nach Grundſätzen* hat ſich kein Dichter ſo verdient gemacht, wie dieſer. Auf ſeine *Zeitmeſſung der deutſchen Sprache*, am Ende der Ausgabe ſeiner Schriften vom Jahre 1802, wird jede künftige Metrik, die dieſe Bemühungen fortſetzt, ſich beziehen müſſen."

Morgenlied.

Erwacht in neuer Stärke,
Begrüß' ich, Gott, dein Licht,
Und wend' auf deine Werke
Mein frohes Angeſicht.
Wie herrlich ſtrahlt die Sonn' empor,
Und weckt des Lebens lauten Chor!

Wir fei'rten all' ermattet
Und ſehnten uns nach Ruh':
Da ſchloß, von Nacht umſchattet,
Dein Schlaf die Augen zu.
In Neſt und Höhle lag das Thier,
Gebettet auf weichem Lager wir.

Da floß aus deiner Fülle
Erquickung unbemerkt;
Wir lagen ſanft in Stille,
Aufathmend und geſtärkt;
Wir fühlten unſer Leben kaum,
Und um uns ſpielt' ein leichter Traum.

Bald hellte ſich die Frühe
In kühlem Morgenwehn.
Auf Einmal ſteigt, o ſiehe!
Die Sonne roth und ſchön;
Erſt Berg und Wipfel, dann das Thal,
Mit Thau betröpfelt, glühn im Strahl.

Von Jubeln lebts und webet
Durch Feld, Gebüſch und Luft;
Das Vieh voll Muthes ſtrebet,
Und ſchnaubt den friſchen Duft.
Das Vöglein ſchüttelt ſich vom Thau,
Fliegt auf, und ſingt im hellen Blau.

Mit heiter'm Aug' und ſinnend
Geht nur der Menſch, und ſchafft,
Sein Tagewerk beginnend,
Voll Luſt und junger Kraft;
Er geht mit Singen und Gebet;
Und was er vornimmt, das geräth.

Gott, deine Sonne taget,
Und ſtrahlt uns Lieb' und Macht!
Wohl uns hinfort, wenn's taget
Nach unſrer letzten Nacht!
O Gott! in deinem Sonnenſchein,
Wer wollte nicht auch gern erfreu'n?

Waldgeſang.

Grüne Dämmerung des Haines
Schattet uns umwebend,
Sanfter Glanz des Sonnenſcheines
Blinkt durch Laub, es blinkt des Weines
Glanz entgegen, bebend.

Heit'res Auges ruh'n wir alle
Unter blauem Himmel,
Hell erklingen uns Kryſtalle,
Mit Geſang und Vögelſchalle
Durch das Laubgewimmel.

Mägdlein, friſcher heut und röther,
Schaffen Reiz dem Feſte;
Sonnenhell der Augenäther,
Schallen ſie, wie leichtgewebter
Blumenduft im Weſte.

Schmachtend ſingt aus jungen Sproſſen
Philomel'; o höret!
„Bald iſt unſre Zeit verfloſſen:
Liebt und freut euch, o Genoſſen,
Weil der Frühling währet!"

Reigen.

Sagt mir an, was ſchmunzelt ihr?
Schielt ihr's auf das Kirmeßbier!
Daß ich ſo vor Freude ſtrahle,
Und auf einem Bein mich drehe!
Schnurren um und um!

Kommt die ſchmucke Sünderin
Euch denn gar nicht in den Sinn,
Die mich neckt mit Haſelnüſſen,
Und dann ſchreit: Ich will nicht küſſen!
Nun, ſo ſchert euch zum....!

Dieſen Strauß und dieſen Ring
Schenkte mir das kleine Ding!
Seht, ſie horcht! Komm her, mein Engel!
Tanz' einmal mit deinem Bengel!
Dudeldidel dum!

Fiedler, fiedelt nicht ſo lahm;
Wir ſind Braut und Bräutigam!
Fiedelt friſch; ich mach' es richtig!
Und beſtreicht den Bogen tüchtig
Mit Kalfonium!

Poliſch muß hübſch luſtig gehn,
Daß die Röcke fliegen wehn!
Wart', ich werd' euch 'mal kuranzen!
Meint ihr, Trödler, Bären tanzen
Hier um Seil herum?

Heiſa luſtig! nun kommt her!
Unten, oben, kreuz und quer,
Laß uns Arm in Arm verſchwinden,
Und an unſern Brauttanz denken!
Heiſa! rund herum!

Ha! wie ſchön das Hackbrett ſummt,
Und der alte Brummbaß brummt!

Ha! wie drehn ſich rings ohn' Ende
Hut und Hauben, Thür' und Wände!
Dudeldidel, dudeldidel dum!
Dudeldidel dum dum dum!

An Selma.

Du jungfräulicher Geiſt, gleich den Vollendeten
Schon im Staube verklärt: ſchmachtet umſonſt mein Blick,
Deiner Herrlichkeit Abglanz,
Jene Blüthengeſtalt, zu ſchau'n!

Ach! ſo war mir zur Qual dieſes phantaſtiſche
Herz, das genialiſch Zaubergebilde ſchafft,
Dann in nichtiger Sehnſucht
Nach dem fliehenden Traume ſtrebt!

Traum! Den göttlichen Traum bildet ihr Genius mir!
Ihren ahnenden Wunſch hüllt er in Morgenglanz,
Bracht' in Düften des Schlummers
Dann die heilige Bildung mir!

Uns, zur Liebe geweiht, ach! zu der innigſten
Seelenliebe geweiht: warum beſtrahlt der Mond,
Still die Welten durchwandelnd,
Uns durch Hügel und Thal getrennt?

Oft beſeelteſt du uns, Liebe; doch unerkannt
Schien dein Odem uns bald ſäuſelnder Frühlingshauch,
Bald ein Nachtigallſeufzer,
Bald Erfriſchung der Sommernacht.

Liebend pflückten wir oft thauige Roſen uns,
Oft Violen zum Strauß, ſchwebten in Blüthenduft
Mit Geſang, wie die Vögel
Durch den ſchimmernden Aether, hin.

Liebend hörten wir oft murmeln den Erlenbach,
Sah'n aufſteigen den Mond, ſchwinden das Abendroth
Voll ſüßſchwärmender Wehmuth,
Dachten Tod und Unſterblichkeit.

Schon im himmliſchen Thal, wo wir, noch Seelen nur,
Träumten, ſpielten wir ſtets unter demſelben Strauch,
Pflückten einerlei Blumen,
Horchten einerlei Harmonieen.

Ach! wann dämmerſt du einſt? Eile, geflügelter!
Selma ſeufzet dir auch! Eile, du Wonnetag,
Der zu meiner Geliebten
Ueber Hügel und Thal mich führt!

Selma, wenn dir alsdann ſchnelle Vergeſſenheit
Deiner leichteren Tracht, wenn dir der Wangen Gluth
Und des klopfenden Herzens
Ahnung ſagte, daß ich es ſei!

Die Sterne.

Fleug auf durch Gottes Sternenheere,
Mein wonnetrunkner Geiſt,
Hin, wo die letzte trübe Sphäre
Im grauſen Chaos kreiſt!
Wie hehr ſich Millionen Himmel
Um Millionen Sonnen dreh'n!
Wie rollt der Sonnen Glanzgewimmel
Aus tiefſter Fern' in höchſte Höh'n!

Entbrannt von Mutterlieb' umſchweben
Sie, Gott, dein Angeſicht,
Die Sonnen rings, und ſchöpfen Leben
Aus deinem Quell, und Licht;
Und tränken Töchter jed' und Söhne,
Euch, Erden, und ihr Monde weit!
Ihr taumelt, ſatt der Kraft und Schöne,
Und donnert Gottes Herrlichkeit!

„O Vater!" preiſt ihr hohes Klanges:
„Du hüllteſt uns in Glanz!
„Du lehrteſt, froh des Preisgeſanges,
„Uns Harmonie und Tanz!
„Den [illegible], durchbrauſt von Meeren,
„Erſchuf voll Keim' uns deine Hand:
„Daß Pflanz' und Leben wir gebären,
„Und wimmle Waſſer, Luft und Land!

„Du ſchmückſt der Berge Haupt mit Wäldern,
„Mit Erz der Berge Schooß:
„Du ſchenkſt Getreid' und Kraut den Feldern,
„Der Wildniß Heid' und Moos!
„Vom Eis des Pols zum Sonnenfeuer,
„Von Alpenhöh'n zur tiefſten Fluth,
„Schwärmt zahmes Vieh und Ungeheuer,
„Gewürm und Fiſch und Vögelbrut!

„Doch herrſchend ragt in ſeiner Stärke
„Der Geiſt, von Staub umhüllt,
„Das Wunder deiner Wunderwerke,
„Der Menſch, dein Ebenbild.
„Er forſcht, und ſtaunt, der Weſen Leiter
„Vom Sandkorn bis zum Engelchor,
„Voll Zweck und Eintracht, und ſteigt weiter
„Zur Weisheit und zur Lieb' empor.

„Aufrecht das Haupt zu ew'ger Schöne,
„Verſchmäht er, was nur nährt,
„Und ſchauet tief des Staubes Söhne
„Dem Staube zugekehrt;
„Er, Himmelsſohn, der Willkühr Schranken
„Nicht duldend, keines Glaubens Knecht,
„Erhebt Gedanken auf Gedanken,
„Und ſchwebt in Gottes Licht und Recht.

„Durch Drangſal, Gott, und harte Mühe,
„Regſt du des Geiſtes Kraft,
„Damit ſein ſchwang'rer Keim entblühe
„Zu edler Wiſſenſchaft.
„Und wann, am ſtäten Licht verſchmachtet,
„Die Wiſſenſchaft zu Trägheit welkt:
„Schnell ſtürmſt du, daß die Heitre nachtet,
„Von ſchwarzem Wahn und Trug umwölkt.

„Bald ringt der Geiſt hindurch zur Klarheit,
„Der Urkraft ſich bewußt,
„Vertraut der ſelbſterrung'nen Wahrheit,
„Und ahnet Himmelsluſt.
„Ihm lächelt ſelbſt der Tod, ein Retter!
„Es dorre Laub vom Herbſt verſtreut,
„Es ſäuſle Mai um junge Blätter;
„Der Weiſe denkt Unſterblichkeit.

„Lobſingt durch aller Himmel Ferne!
„Ein Retter iſt der Tod!
„Im Reigentanz, ihr Morgenſterne,
„Lobſinget unſerm Gott!
„Und Vorgefühl des beſſern Lebens
„Durchſchau' ihn, ſanft hinabgethaut,
„Wer durch die Nacht, voll heißes Strebens,
„Empor zu unſerm Reigen ſchaut!"

Die Veredelung.

Der Geiſteswildheit Nacht voll Grauen
Lag öd' und dumpf auf Deutſchlands Gauen;
Da wandte Gott ſein Angeſicht,
Und rief herab: Es werde Licht!
Die Nacht verdämmert; Dämm'rung ſchwindet:
Der Wild', ein kaum belebter Kloß,
Wird Menſch, blickt um ſich, und empfindet,
Was wahr und edel iſt und groß.
Wir alle! wir alle!
Wir heben Herz und Hand!
Es rufe Mann und Weib, das Kind am Buſen lalle:
Heil, Freiheit, dir! Heil, Vaterland!

Vernunft, durch Willkühr erſt befehdet,
Doch kühn und kühner, ſingt und redet
Von Menſchenrecht, von Bürgerbund,
Von aller Satzung Zweck und Grund.
In Zauberſchrift umhergeſchwungen,
Fliegt tauſendfach der weiſe Schall,
Hat bald des Volkes Herz durchdrungen,
Und ſchafft Gemeinſinn überall.
Wir alle! wir alle!
Wir heben Herz und Hand!
Es rufe Mann und Weib, das Kind am Buſen lalle:
Heil, Freiheit, dir! Heil Vaterland!

Nicht herrſcht durch fremder Formeln Düſter
Hinfort Gerichtsherr oder Prieſter;
Das Volksgeſetz wägt grad' und gleich
Gerechtigkeit für Arm' und Reich.
Nicht mehr verfolgt wird Lehr' und Meinung,
Nicht gilt für Gottesdienſt ein Brauch.
Nur Lieb' iſt aller Kirchen Einung,
Der Tempel und Moskeen auch.
Wir alle! wir alle!
Wir heben Herz und Hand!
Es rufe Mann und Weib, das Kind am Buſen lalle:
Heil, Freiheit, dir! Heil, Vaterland!

Nur Tugend, nicht Geburt, giebt Würde;
Vertheilt nach Kraft iſt Amt und Bürde!
Der bauet Kunſt, Gewerb' und Saat;
Der ſchmückt den Geiſt, der Heer und Staat;
Der, gegen Feind' und Unterdrücker,
Trägt Obermacht zu treuer Hut,
Und giebt, des treuen Volks Beglücker,
Ihm Rechenſchaft von Hab' und Blut.
Wir alle! wir alle!
Wir heben Herz und Hand!
Es rufe Mann und Weib, das Kind am Buſen lalle:
Heil, Freiheit, dir! Heil, Vaterland!

Was zittert ihr, der Staaten Wächter?
Veredelt ſtrebt das Volk, nicht ſchlechter!
Vom Mißbrauch nur geneſt der Thron,
Vom Wahne nur Religion!
Die Feſſel ſtrengt ihr an! Vergebens!
Nur Freiheit ruft uns unſer Gott!
Dem Geiſt im Vollgefühl des Strebens
Iſt aller Welten Macht ein Spott!
Wir alle! wir alle!
Wir heben Herz und Hand!
Es rufe Mann und Weib, das Kind am Buſen lalle:
Heil, Freiheit, dir! Heil, Vaterland!

An Selma.

Denkt mein Mädchen an mich! Balſamiſcher duftet der Garten
Nach dem Regen, und Glanz träufelt am grüneren Buſch.
Aber ich hefte den Blick auf den Bach, der voller hinabſtürzt,
Gleite ſanft wie ein Traum gegen die ſchäumende Fluth,
Und mein horchendes Ohr hört leiſen Laut, wie des Mädchens
Liebe ſeufzendes Ach, tief in des Falles Geräuſch.
Denkt mein Mädchen an mich! und erfüllt mit zitternder Ahnung
Hier in Blumengedüft, etwa ihr Engel mein Herz?
O ſo beſchwör' ich dich bei des Mädchens reinſter Empfindung,
Die ihr mit Himmelswonn' Augen und Wangen verklärt;
Zeige mir die Geſtalt der Herrlichen, welche voll Tiefſinn,
Fern auf verlaſſener Flur, ihres Getreuen denkt!
Irrt ſie im bunten Thale, von frohen Geſpielen genöthigt,
Stumm, den grünen Hut über die Augen geſenkt;
Pflückt ohn' Abſicht Blumen, und ſpringt nicht freudig zur Blüthe
Jenes Hollunders, der einſt unſere Küſſe verbarg?
Oder zum rieſelnden Quell, den in hohler Hand ſie bei Mondſchein
Einſt zu trinken mir bot? Spielte ſie zögernd im Quell,
Unachtſam des Getändels um ſie; und liſpelt vergebens
Ihr die Freundin ins Ohr: Mädchen, du biſt ja ſo ſtill!
Oder ſitzt ſie einſam im grünen Dunkel der Laube,
Auf der Stelle, wo einſt mir an dem Herzen ſie lag?
Die ihr die ſonnigen Blätter mit duftender Kühle durchathmet,
Weht mir den Roſenbuſch, freundliche Weſte, zurück!
Ach! ſie lehnt die Stirne, von braunen Locken umflattert,
Hingeſenkt auf die Hand, an den gebogenen Aſt;
Thränen netzen die Hand und die glühende Wange; ſie ſeufzet,
Nennet mich, und ſchwer zittert ihr Buſen empor.
Selma, Selma! weine nicht ſo! Du weineſt um mich zwar;
Aber es bricht mir das Herz, Beſte, dich weinen zu ſeh'n.
Der mit ſegnendem Blicke ſo ähnlich unſere Seelen
Schuf, ſo wunderbar uns beide vereinigte, Gott,
Unſer Vater, beſchied uns Trennungen; aber nicht zürnend
Bald vereint uns, bald! wieder ein ewiger Bund!
Still! ſie athmet leiſ', auf die müde geweinten Wimper
Gießt mein Genius ihr duftigen Schlummer herab,
Und umſtrahlt ihr den Geiſt mit des heiligen Tages Erſcheinung,
Der den Locken der Braut Roſen und Myrthen umflicht:
Athemlos umarmt ſie des Bräutigams Bild, und mit holdem,
Wolluſt ſchmachtendem Laut drückt ſie ihn feſter ans Herz.
Seht! und wie Abendroth auf regenbeträufelter Roſe,
Schimmert ein Lächeln ſanft über ihr naſſes Geſicht.

Der ſiebzigſte Geburtstag.

Auf die Poſtille gebückt, zur Seite des wärmenden Ofens,
Saß der redliche Tamm in dem Lehnſtuhl, welcher mit Schnitzwerk
Und braunnarbigem Juchten voll ſchwellender Haare geziert war:
Tamm, ſeit vierzig Jahren in Stolp, dem geſegneten Freidorf,
Organiſt, Schulmeiſter zugleich, und ehrſamer Küſter,
Der faſt Allen im Dorf, bis auf wenige Greiſe der Vorzeit,
Einſt Taufwaſſer gereicht, und Sitte gelehrt und Erkenntniß,
Dann zur Trauung geſpielt, und hinweg ſchon Manchen geſungen.
Oft nun faltend die Händ', und oft mit lauterem Murmeln
Las er die tröſtenden Sprüch' und Ermahnungen. Aber allmählig
Starrte ſein Blick und er ſank in erquickenden Mittagsſchlummer.
Feſtlich prangt der Greis in geſtreifter kalmankener Jacke;
Und bei entglittener Brill' und ſilberfarbenem Haupthaar
Lag auf dem Buche die Mütze von violettenem Sammet,
Mit Fuchspelze verbrämt und geſchmückt mit goldner Troddel.

Denn er feierte heute den ſiebzigſten frohen Geburtstag,
Froh des erlebten Heils. Sein einziger Sohn, Zacharias,
Welcher als Kind auf dem Schemel gepredigt, und, von dem Pfarrer
Auserſehn für die Kirche, mit Noth vollendet die Laufbahn
Durch die lateiniſche Schul' und die theuere Akademie durch,
Der war jetzt einhellig erwählter Pfarrer in Merlitz,
Und ſeit Kurzem vermählt mit der wirklichen Tochter des Vorfahrs.
Fernher hatte der Sohn zur Verherrlichung ſeines Geburtstags
Edlen Toback mit der Fracht und ſtärkende Weine geſendet,
Auch in dem Briefe gelobt: er ſelbſt und die freundliche Gattin,
Hemmeten nicht Hohlweg' und verſchneiete Gründe die Durchfahrt,
Sicherlich kämen ſie Beide, das Feſt mit dem Vater zu feiern,
Und zu empfahn den Segen von ihm und der würdigen Mutter.
Eine verſiegelte Flaſche mit Rheinwein hatte der Vater
Froh ſich geſpendet zum Mahl, und mit Mütterchen auf die Geſundheit
Ihres Sohnes Zacharias geklinkt und der freundlichen Gattin,
Die ſie ſo gern noch ſähen, und Töchterchen nennten, und bald auch
Mütterchen, ach! an der Wiege der Enkelin oder des Enkels.
Viel noch ſprachen ſie fort von Tagen des Grams und der Tröſtung,
Und wie ſich Alles umher auflöſ' in behagliches Alter.

„Gutes gewollt, mit Vertrauen und Beharrlichkeit, führet zum Ausgang!
Solches erfuhren wir ſelbſt, du Trauteſte; ſolches der Sohn auch!
Hab' ich doch immer geſagt, wenn du weineteſt: Frau nur geduldig!
Bet' und vertrau'! Je größer die Noth, je näher die Rettung!
Schwer iſt aller Beginn; wer getroſt fortgehet, der kommt an!"

Feuriger rief es der Greis, und las die erbauliche Predigt
Nach, wie den Sperling ernährt und die Lilie kleidet der Vater.
Doch der balſamiſche Trank, der alternde, löſ'te dem Alten
Sanft den behaglichen Sinn, und duftete ſüße Betäubung.

Mütterchen hatte mit Sorg' ihr freundliches Stübchen gezieret,
Wo von der Schule Geſchäft ſie ruheten, und mit Bewirthung
Rechtliche Gäſt' aufnahmen, den Prediger und den Verwalter:
Hatte gefegt und gewühlt, und mit feinerem Sande geſtreuet,
Reine Gardinen gehängt um Fenſter und luftigen Alkov,
Mit rothblumigem Teppich gedeckt den eichenen Klapptiſch,
Und das beſtäubte Gewächs am ſonnigen Fenſter gereinigt,
Knoſpende Roſ' und Levkoj' und ſpaniſchen Pfeffer und Goldlack
Samt dem grünenden Korb Maililien hinter dem Ofen.
Ringsum blinkten geſcheuert die zinnernen Teller und Schüſſeln
Auf dem Geſims; auch hingen ein Paar ſtettiniſche Krüge
Blaugeblümt an den Pflöcken, die Feuerkieke von Meſſing,
Beſen und Mandelholz, und die zierliche Elle von Nußbaum.
Aber das grüne Klavier, vom Greiſe geſtimmt und beſaitet,
Stand mit bebildertem Deckel, und ſchimmerte; unten befeſtigt
Hing ein Pedal; es lag auf dem Pult ein offnes Choralbuch.
Auch den eichenen Schrank mit geflügelten Knöpfen und Schnörkeln,
Schraubenförmigen Füßen und Schlüſſelſchilden von Meſſing —

Ihre ſelige Mutter, die Küſterin, kauft ihn zum Brautſchatz —
Hatte ſie abgeſtäubt und mit glänzendem Wachſe gebohnet.
Oben ſtand auf Stufen ein Hund und ein züngelnder Löwe,
Beide von Gyps, Trinkgläſern mit eingeſchliffenen Bildern,
Zwe'n Theetöpfe von Zinn, und irdene Taſſen und Aepfel.

Als ſie den Greis wahrnahm, wie er ruht' in athmendem Schlummer,
Stand das Mütterchen auf vom binſenbeflochtenen Spinnſtuhl,
Langſam, trippelte dann auf knirrendem Sande zur Wanduhr
Leiſ', und knüpfte die Schnur des Schlaggewichts an den Nagel,
Daß ihm den Schlaf nicht ſtörte das klingende Glas und der Gukauk.
Jetzo ſah ſie hinaus, wie die ſtöbernden Flocken am Fenſter
Rieſelten, und wie der Oſt dort wirbelte, dort in den Eichen
Rauſcht' und die Spuren verwehte der hüpfenden Krähen am Scheunthor.
Lange mit ernſtem Geſicht, ihr Haupt und die Hände bewegend,
Stand ſie vertieft in Gedanken, und flüſterte halb, was ſie dachte:

„Lieber Gott, wie es ſtürmt und der Schnee in den Gründen ſich aufhäuft!
Armer, wer jetzt auf Reiſen hindurch muß, ferne der Einkehr!
Auch wer, Weib zu erwärmen und Kind, auswandert nach Reisholz,
Hungrig oft und zerlumpt! Kein Menſch wohl jagte bei ſolchem
Wetter den Hund aus der Thür, wer ſeines Viehs ſich erbarmet!
Dennoch kommt mein Söhnchen, das Feſt mit dem Vater zu feiern!
Was er wollte, das wollt' er, von Kind auf! Gar zu beſonders
Wühlt mir das Herz! Und ſeht, wie die Katz' auf dem Tritte des Tiſches
Schnurrt, und das Pfötchen ſich leckt, und Bart und Nacken ſich putzet!
Das bedeutet ja Fremde, nach aller Vernünftigen Urtheil!"

Sprach's, und trat an den Spiegel, die feſtliche Haube zu ordnen,
Welche der Vater verſchob, mit dem Kuß ausgleichend den Zwieſpalt;
Denn er leerte das Glas auf die Enkelin, ſie auf den Enkel.
„Nicht ganz ſchäme ſich meiner die Frau im modiſchen Kopfzeug!"
Dachte ſie leiſ' im Herzen und lächelte ſelber der Thorheit.

Neben dem ſchlummernden Greis, an der andern Ecke des Tiſches,
Deckte ſie jetzt ein Tuch von feingemodeltem Drillich,
Stellte dann die Taſſen mit zitternden Hände in Ordnung;
Auch die blecherne Doſ', und darin großklumpigen Zucker,
Trug ſie hervor aus dem Schrank und ſcheuchte die ſumſenden Fliegen,
Die ihr Mann mit der Klappe verſchont zur Wintergeſellſchaft:
Auch dem Geſimſ' enthob ſie ein Paar Thonpfeifen mit Poſen,
Grün und roth, und legte Toback auf den zinnernen Teller.

Als ſie drinn umher den Empfang der Kinder bereitet,
Ging ſie hinaus vorſichtig, damit nicht knarre der Drücker,
Aus der Geſindeſtube darauf, vom rummelnden Spulrad,
Rief ſie, die Thür halb öffnend, Marie, die geſchäftige Hausmagd,
Welche gehaſpeltes Garn von der Wind' abſpulte zum Weben,
Haſtiges Schwungs, von dem Weber gemahnt und eigenem Ehrgeiz.
Heiſer ertönte der Ruf; und gehemmt war plötzlich der Umſchwung:
„Flink, lebendige Kohlen, Marie, aus dem Ofen geſcharret,
Dicht an die Platte der Wand, die den Lehnſtuhl wärmet im Rücken,
Daß ich friſch (denn er ſchmeckt viel kräftiger) brenne den Kaffee!
Heize mit Kien dann wieder und Torf, und büchenem Stammholz,
Ohne Geräuſch, daß nicht aus dem Schlaf aufwache der Vater!
Sinkt das Feuer in Gluth, dann ſchieb den knorrigen Klotz nach,
Der in die Nacht fort glimme, dem leidigen Froſte zur Abwehr!
Siebzigjährige ſind nicht Fröſtlinge, wenn ſie im Sommer
Gern an der Sonn' ausruhn und am wärmenden Ofen im Winter!
Auch für die Kinderchen wohl braucht's gründliche Wärme zum Aufthaun!"

Und der Ermahnenden folgte Marie, und ſprach im Herausgehn:
„Barſch durchkältet der Oſt; wer im Sturm luſtreiſet, iſt unklug;
Nur ein wahliges Paar, wie das unſrige, bammelt hindurch wohl!
Wärmenden Trank auch bracht' ich den Kälberchen heut' und den Milchkühn,
Auch viel wärmende Streu in das Fach. Schönmädchen und Blüming
Brummten im Trog, und leckten die Hand, und ließen ſich krauen."

Sprach's, und ſobald ſie dem Ofen die funkelnden Kohlen entſcharret,
Legte ſie Feurung hinein und weckte die Gluth mit dem Blasbalg,
Huſtend, und ſchimpfte den Rauch, und wiſchte die thränenden Augen.

Emſig ſtand an dem Heerde das Mütterchen, brannte den Kaffee
Ueber der Gluth in der Pfann', und rührte mit hölzernem Löffel;
Knatternd ſchwitzten die Bohnen und bräunten ſich, während ein dicker
Duftender Qualm aufdampfte, die Küch' und die Diele durchräuchernd.
Sie nun langte die Mühle herab vom Geſimſe des Schornſteins,
Schüttete Bohnen darauf, und feſt mit den Knieen ſie zwängend,
Hielt ſie den Rumpf in der linken, und dreht' in der Rechten den Knopf um;
Oft auch hüpfende Bohnen vom Schoos haushälteriſch ſammelnd,
Goß ſie auf graues Papier den grob gemahlenen Kaffee.
Plötzlich hemmte ſie nun die raſſelnde Mühl' in dem Umlauf,
Und zu Marie, die den Ofen verſpundete, ſprach ſie gebietend:

„Eile, Marie, und ſperre den wachſamen Hund in das Backhaus,
Daß, wenn der Schlitten ſich naht, das Gebell nicht ſtöre den Vater!
Denkt auch Thomas an die Karpfen für unſeren Sohn und den Paſtor,
Der uns zu Abend beehrt, ihr Lieblingseſſen von Alters?
Hol' er vor dunkler Nacht! Sonſt geht ihm der kitzliche Fiſcher
Schwerlich zum Hälter hinab. Aus Vorſicht bring' ihm den Beutel!
Wenn er auch trockenes Holz für die Bratgans, die wir geſtopfet,
Splitterte! Bring' ihm das Beil, und bedeut' ihn! Dann im Vorbeigehn
Steig' auf den Taubenſchlag, und ſieh, ob der Schlitten nicht ankommt!"

Kaum geſagt, ſo enteilte Marie, die geſchäftige Hausmagd,
Nehmend von rußichter Mauer das Beil und den maſchigen Beutel;
Lockte den treuen Monarch mit Geburtstagsbrocken zum Backhaus
Fern an den Garten hinab, und ſchloß mit der Krampe den Kerker.
Anfangs kratzte der Dogg', und winſelte; aber, ſobald er
Wärme roch vom friſchen Gebäck des feſtlichen Brodes,
Sprang er bebend auf den Ofen, und ſtreckt' ausruhende Glieder.
Jene lief in die Scheune, wo Thomas mit gewaltiger Arbeit
Häckerling ſchnitt, denn ihn fror, und ſie ſagt' in der Eile den Auftrag.

„Splittere Holz für die Gans, und hol' in dem Beutel die Karpfen,
Thomas, vor dunkler Nacht! Sonſt geht dir der kitzliche Fiſcher
Schwerlich zum Hälter hinab, trotz unſerem Sohn und dem Paſtor!"

Thomas antwortete drauf, und ſtellte die Häckerlinglad' hin:
„„Splitter', Marie, und Karpfen verſchaff' ich dir früher, denn noth iſt!
Wenn an dem heutigen Tage ſich kitzlich zeiget der Fiſcher,
Treib' ich den Kitzel ihm aus, und bald iſt der Hälter geöffnet!""

Alſo der rüſtige Knecht; da rannte ſie durch das Geſtöber,
Stieg auf den Taubenſchlag, und puſtete, rieb ſich die Hände,
Steckte ſie unter die Schürz' und ſchlug ſich über die Schultern,

Als ſie mit ſchärferem Blick in des Schnees umnebelnden Wirbeln
Spähete, ſiehe, da kam's mit verdecktem Geſtühl wie ein Schlitten,
Welcher vom Berg in das Dorf herklingelte. Schnell von der Leiter
Stieg ſie herab, und brachte der emſigen Mutter die Botſchaft,
Welche der Milch abſchöpfte den Rahm zu feſtlichem Kaffee:
„Mutter, es kommt wie ein Schlitten; ich weiß nicht ſicher, doch glaub' ich!“
Alſo Marie: da verlor die erſchrockene Mutter den Löffel;
Und ihr bebten die Knie', und ſie lief mit klopfendem Herzen
Athemlos! ihr entflog im haſtigen Lauf der Pantoffel.
Jene lief zu der Pfort' und öffnete. Näher und näher
Kam das Gekling' und das Klatſchen der Peitſch' und der Pferde Getrampel.
Nun, nun lenkten herein die muthigen Roſſ' in den Hofraum,
Blank geſchirrt, und der Schlitten mit halb ſchon offnem Verdeckſtuhl
Hielt an der Thür', und es ſchnoben, beſchneit und dampfend, die Renner.

Mütterchen rief: „„Willkommen!““ daher, „„Willkommen, ihr Kindlein!
Lebt ihr auch noch!““ und reichte die Hand' in den ſchönen Verdeckſtuhl;
„„Lebt in dem grimmigen Oſt mein Töchterchen!““ Dann von den Kindern,
Selbſt ſich zu ſchonen, ermahnt: „„Laßt, Kinderchen!““ ſprach ſie, „„dem Sturmwind
Wehret das Haus! Ich bin ja vom eiſernen Kerne der Vorwelt!
Stets war unſer Geſchlecht kernalt und Verächter des Wetters;
Aber die jüngere Welt iſt zart und ſcheuet die Zugluft.““

Sprach's, und den Sohn, der dem Schlitten entſprang, umarmte ſie eilig,
Hüllte das Töchterchen dann aus bärenzottigem Fußſack,
Und liebkoſete viel, mit Kuß und bedauerndem Streicheln,
Zog dann Beid', in der Linken den Sohn, in der Rechten die Tochter,
Raſch in das Haus, dem Geſinde des Fahrzeugs Sorge vertrauend.
„„Aber wo bleibt mein Vater? Er iſt doch geſund am Geburtstag?““
Fragte der Sohn. Schnell tuſchte mit winkendem Haupte die Mutter:

„„Still! das Väterchen hält noch Mittagsſchlummer im Lehnſtuhl!
Laß mit kindlichem Kuß dein junges Gemahl ihn erwecken,
Dann wird wahr, daß Gott im Schlafe die Seinigen ſegnet!““

Sprach's und führte ſie leis in der Schule geſäubertes Zimmer,
Voll von Tiſch und Geſtühl, Schreibzeug und bezifferten Tafeln,
Wo ſie an Pflock' aufhängte die nordiſche Wintervermummung,
Mäntel, mit Flocken geweißt, und der Tochter bewunderten Leibpelz,
Auch den Flor, der die Wangen geſchirmt und das ſeidene Halstuch.
Und ſie umſchloß die Enthüllten mit ſtrömender Thräne der Inbrunſt:
„„Tochter und Sohn, willkommen! Ans Herz willkommen noch ein Mal!
Ihr, uns Altenden Freud', in Freud' auch altet und greiſet
Stets einmüthigen Sinns, und umwohnt von gedeihenden Kindern!
Nun mag brechen das Auge, da dich wir geſehen im Amtsrock,
Sohn, und dich ihm vermählt, du friſch aufblühendes Herzblatt!
Armes Kind, wie das ganze Geſicht roth glühet vom Oſtwind!
O du Seelengeſicht! Denn ich duze dich, weil du es forderſt!
Aber die Stub' iſt warm und gleich ſoll der Kaffee bereit ſein!““

Ihr um den Nacken die Arme geſchmiegt, liebkoſ't die Tochter:
„Mutter, ich duze dich auch, wie die leibliche, die mich geboren;
Alſo geſchah's in der Bibel, da Herz und Zunge vereint war:
Denn du gebarſt und erzogſt mir den wackern Sohn Zacharias,
Der an Wuchs und Gemüth, wie er ſagt, nachartet dem Vater.
Mütterchen, habe mich lieb! Ich will auch artiges Kind ſein.
Fröhliches Herz und rothes Geſicht, das hab' ich beſtändig,
Auch wenn der Oſt nicht weht. Mein Väterchen ſagte mir oftmals,
Klopfend die Wang', ich würde noch krank vor lauter Geſundheit.“

Jetzo ſagte der Sohn, ſein Weib darſtellend der Mutter:
„„Mütterchen, nehmt ſie auf Glauben! So zart und geſchlank, wie ſie daſteht,
Iſt ſie mit Leib und Seele vom edelſten Kerne der Vorwelt,
Daß ſie der Mutter nur nicht das Herz abſchwaze des Vaters!
Komm' denn, und bring' als Gabe den zärtlichſten Kuß zum Geburtstag.““

Schalkhaft lächelte drob, und ſprach die treffliche Gattin:
„Nicht zur Geburtstagsgabe! Was Beſſeres bring ich im Koffer
Unſerem Vater zur Luſt, und dem Mütterchen ohne dein Wiſſen!“

Sprach's, und faßte dem Manne die Hand; die führende Mutter
Oeffnete leiſe die Thür', und ließ die Kinder hineingehn;
Aber die junge Frau, voll Lieb' im lächelnden Antlitz,
Hüpfte voraus, und küßte den Greis. Mit verwunderten Augen
Sah er empor, und hing in der trauteſten Kinder Umarmung.

Der Frauentanz.

Die Mädchen.

Mit heran in den Tanz,
Wer den jugendlichen Kranz
Ungefälſcht auf dem Scheitel bewahret!
Mit heran! wir verſtehn,
In dem Reigen uns zu drehn,
Wie er miſcht, wie er trennt, wie er paaret!

Die Weiber.

Sacht, ihr Kinder!
Tanzt gelinder!
Schaut auf unſern Ehrentanz!
Unſre Hauben,
Mögt ihr glauben,
Sind ſo gut, wie euer Kranz!

Die Mädchen.

In's Geſicht uns geſchaut,
O ihr Tänzer, ob die Braut,
Wie im Kranz, in der Haub' euch gefalle!
O wie ſchön! o wie jung!
Zu der Wendung und dem Sprung
Wie gewandt und wie leicht ſind wir alle!

Die Weiber.

Liebe Männer,
Ihr ſeid Kenner;
Rühmt doch unſrer Hauben Schnitt!
Laßt die tollen
Drehn und rollen!
Tanzt bedachtſam, Schritt vor Schritt!

Die Mädchen.

Ja gedrehet! ja gerollt!
Wie die Regel es gewollt!
Mit hinauf! mit hinab! in die Runde!
Uns gefaßt in den Arm,
Daß der Athem, o ſo warm!
Sich begegn' an der Wang' und dem Munde!

Die Weiber.

Wir auch ſchreiten,
Gleich den Bräuten,
Noch verliebt und ehlich treu!
Freundlich blickend,
Händedrückend,
Gehn wir uns im Tanz vorbei!

Die Mädchen.

O herum mit Geſang,
Ungekettet noch von Zwang!
O herum in dem freieren Tanze!
Wann die Haub' uns geziemt,
Sei das Häubchen auch gerühmt!
Doch zuvor noch gehüpft in dem Kranze!

Alle.

Dann ſo friedlich
Und gemüthlich
Tanzen wir den Weiberſchritt!
Nach der Weiſe
Tanzet leiſe
Auch das fromme Männchen mit!

Die kleine Näherin.

Schweſterchen, mein Finger thut
Mir ſo wehe!
Leih mir deinen Fingerhut,
Daß ich nähe;
Eh Mama zu fragen kömmt:
Kind, wie weit das neue Hemd?

Bald mit Lobe neckt' er mich,
Bald mit Tadel;
Plötzlich hat er einen Stich
Von der Nadel:
So entriß der Nimmergut
Mir im Zorn den Fingerhut.

O ich rang, das glaube du,
So gewaltig!
Stich nur, lacht' er, ſtich nur zu;
Dies behalt' ich!
Und im Ringen, o Verdruß!
Raubt' er mir noch einen Kuß!

Schweſter, mehr wie einen Zoll
Biſt du größer;
Wie man was vertuſchen ſoll,
Weißt du beſſer.
Mutter, ſag' ich, ſuche doch!
Mäuschen trug ihn wohl in's Loch!

Die Kartoffelernte.

Kindlein, ſammelt mit Geſang
Der Kartoffeln Ueberſchwang!
Ob wir voll bis oben ſchütten
Alle Mulden, Körb' und Bütten;
Noch iſt immer kein Vergang;

Wo man nur den Bulten hebt,
Schaut, wie voll es lebt und webt!
O die ſchöngekerbten Knollen,
Weiß und roth, und dick geſchwollen!
Immer mehr, je mehr man gräbt!

Nicht umſonſt in bunter Schau
Blüht' es röthlich, weiß und blau!
Ward gejätet, ward gehäufet:
Kindlein, Gottes Segen reifet!
Rief ich oft, und traf's genau!

Einſt vom Himmel ſchaute Gott
Auf der Armen bittre Noth:
Nahe ging's ihm; und was that er
Uns zum Troſt, der gute Vater?
Regnet' er uns Mannabrot!

Nein, ein Mann ward ausgeſandt,
Der die neue Welt erfand!
Reiche nennen's Land des Goldes;
Doch der Arme nennt's ſein holdes
Nährendes Kartoffelland!

Nur ein Knöllchen eingeſteckt,
Und mit Erde zugedeckt!
Unten treibt dann Gott ſein Weſen!
Kaum ſind Hände genug zum Leſen,
Wie es unten wühlt und heckt!

Was iſt nun für Sorge noch?
Klar im irdnen Napf und hoch,
Dampft Kartoffelſchmaus für alle!
Unſre Milchkuh auch im Stalle
Nimmt ihr Theil, und brummt am Trog!

Aber, Kindlein, hört! ihr ſollt
Nicht verſchmähn das liebe Gold!
Habt ihr Gold, ihr könnt bei Haufen
Schöne Saatkartoffeln kaufen,
Grad' aus Holland, wenn ihr wollt!

Die Arbeiter.

Friſchen Muth, ihr wackern Leute!
Chor. Greift mit an!
Wer was kann, der zeig' es heute,
Chor. Was er kann!
Wer nicht aufſtand mit dem Hahne,
Brav zu ſchaffen, den ermahne
Weib und Mann!
Chor. Wer nicht u. ſ. w.

Friſcher Muth in allen Thaten
Chor. Giebt uns Kraft!
Fortgehn ſieht man und gerathen,
Chor. Was man ſchafft!
Deß wird Jeder überdrüſſig,
Der, wenn andre ſchaffen, müſſig
Steht und gafft!
Chor. Deß wird u. ſ. w.

Sagt, was führt in Sorg' und Zweifel?
Chor. Müſſiggang!
Müſſiggang iſt aller Teufel
Chor. Ruhebank!
Wer umſonſt als Hummel immer
Zehren will, dem ſchmecket nimmer
Speiſ' und Trank!
Chor. Wer umſonſt u. ſ. w.

Wir mit derbem Hunger gehen
Chor. Froh zu Tiſch!
Lecker ſcheinet, was wir ſehen,
Chor. Fleiſch und Fiſch!
Fleiſch und Fiſch ſind hohe Mahle!
Aber auch bei kalter Schale
Sind wir friſch!
Chor. Fleiſch und u. ſ. w.

Derber Hunger würzt uns alles,
Chor. Kalt und heiß!
Satt auch ſingt man, froh des Schalles,
Chor. Froh mit Schweiß!
Denn nach Tiſch iſt Ruheſtunde;
Luſtgeſang in ſteter Runde
Stärkt den Fleiß!
Chor. Denn nach u. ſ. w.

Das Nachleben.

Jung iſt alles heut und fröhlich;
Denn der Tag iſt ſchön;
Und die Weiblein hüpfen wählig
Trotz den jungen Rehn.
Alter Mann, du lachſt der Sprünge,
Fröhlich, aber alt!
Setzt euch, Freund'; ein Lied erklinge
Durch den grünen Wald.

Seht, der Vater nickt uns dankend!
Hier euch ausgeſtreckt,
Wo der dünne Schatten wankend
Uns den Raſen fleckt.
Liebſt du mehr der Wärm', o Alter?
Mädchen machen warm!
Nimm die Wild' und ſteur' als Walter
Unſerm Mädchenſchwarm.

Ernſthaft, Kinder! Hier vor Jahren
War der Alt' noch jung,
Und mit ungebleichten Haaren
That er manchen Sprung.
Künftig reden wir von Tugend
Und von alter Zeit,
Wann die ausgelaſſne Jugend
Allzu wild ſich freut.

Schaut an jenem Baum die Namen,
Meiſt verwachſen ſchon!
Sie, die jung hieher einſt kamen,
Sind nun all' entflohn.
Ihr nur werdet ausgedeutet,
Die ihr Stadt und Land
Einſt durch gute That erfreutet;
Mehr ſind unbekannt.

Heil dem Alten, deß Gedächtniß
Kind und Enkel liebt;
Der der Nachwelt zum Vermächtniß
Thaten übergiebt!
Ob wie Schatten auch verſchwebet
Auf Geſchlecht Geſchlecht;
Wer was Gutes that, der lebet
Erſt im Tode recht!

Tönt durch alle Zeit, Geſänge,
Tönt dem Guten Dank,
Der uns ſchuf die Schattengänge
Und die Raſenbank!
Ihn im jungen Lenz beſinget
Hier die Nachtigall!
Ihm in ſchwüler Nacht erklinget
Horn und Wiederhall!

Aus des neuen Lebens Sterne
Schwebt er oft herab
Durch die Bäum', und ſchauet gerne
Freuden, die er gab.
Horcht, wie ſanft ein leiſer Schauer
Von dem Wipfel fleußt!
Gebt, ſo ruft's, dem Leben Dauer!
Dank dir, guter Geiſt.

Das Wintermahl.

Immerdar mit Schnee und Eis
Laßt den Winter ſchalten!
Wer vom Winter Böſes weiß,
Mag's für ſich behalten!
Dichtgedränget Mann und Weib,
Pflegen wir mit Punſch den Leib;
Wie den Fuchs die Grube,
Wärmet uns die Stube.

Tadel hört der Winter viel:
Manchem wird's zu luftig,
Wenn er athmet, dem zu kühl,
Dem zu dumpf und duftig;
Manchem dünkt im weißen Schnee
Gar zu einfach Land und See;
Gern zum Tappen ſchöb' er
Ewiges Geſtöber.

Uns auch machen Nord und Oſt
Oft den Pol zu düſter;
Und was unſer Dach umtoſt,
Dünkt uns kein Gefluſter.
Doch das eng verſchloſſne Haus
Heitert Wärm' und froher Schmaus.
Uebles kommt zum Uebeln
Durch das ſtarre Grübeln.

Könnten wir den alten Pol
Wie ein Uhrwerk ſtellen:
Wälſchlands Sonne ſollt' uns wohl
Paradies erhellen!
Aber grämlich kreiſt der Bär
Dort um unſern Scheitel her,
Vom beſchneiten Nacken
Schüttelnd Reif und Zacken!

Auf! den Frühlingsgeiſt geſchöpft,
Mit geſchweifter Kelle!
Wenig Tropfen eingetröpft
Schaffen Mild' und Helle!
Schaut und voll iſt jedes Glas!
Voll das große Deckelfaß!
Unverſieglich fleußt es,
Voll des milden Geiſtes!

Ja, den Paradieſeslenz,
Zucker, Rack, Citronen,
Gabt ihr uns die Quinteſſenz,
Kinder heißer Zonen!
Hat euch kluge Hand gebraut:
Froſt und Ungeſtüm verthaut,
Wie am Morgenſtrahle,
Um die heiße Schale!

Wenn ihr, Freund', im Herzen kalt,
Gleich dem Schneemann wäret;
Gleich dem Schneemann würd' euch bald
Haupt und Hirn verkläret!
Hünenſchultrig, wohlgebaucht,
Glänzt die ſchneeige Durchlaucht;
Vor der Augenflamme
Staunet Kind und Amme.

Eingeſchenkt den Frühlingsſaft,
Ihr des Feſtes Horen!
Wer ihn trinkt, fühlt Götterkraft,
Fühlt ſich neugeboren!
Hell in heller Gläſer Klang
Stimmt melodiſcher Geſang;
Gleich dem Lenz entdunkelt,
Lacht das Aug' und funkelt!

Sehnſucht des Alters.

Freundlich iſt das Wetter
Für mich alten Mann!
Blumen treibt's und Blätter,
Daß man's ſehen kann!
Leiſ' im Sonnenſcheine
Wank' ich hier und dort;
Denn die alten Beine
Wollen nicht mehr fort!

Nah, ihr lieben Bäume,
Nahe muß ich ſeyn,
Wie die braunen Keime
Bald entgrünt ſich bläh'n;
Wie hier kaum gefaltet
Blüth' aus Knospen bricht,
Dort ſchon hell entfaltet
Reiches Obſt verſpricht!

Manches Jahr gekoſtet
Hab ich's, und gedankt,
Wann ihr, Blätter, ſproßtet,
Wann ihr welkend ſankt!
Mancher ſchon der Brüder
Hier und überall
Sank beim Sproſſen nieder,
Sank beim Blätterfall!

Wär' es Gottes Wille;
Gern entſchlief' ich bald:
Denn des Geiſtes Hülle
Wird ſo ſchwach und kalt!
Schauer faßt und Beben
Mich vom Fuß zu Haupt,
Wann Gewölk im Schweben
Mir die Sonne raubt!

Wie das Bienchen ſchaffend
Dort zur Arbeit ſingt;
Arbeitlos und gaffend
Schau' ich's unverjüngt!
Trau'n, vordem nicht ſäumig
Trug ich Müh' und Laſt:
Aber jetzo träum' ich,
Abgeſtorben faſt!

O gebenedeites,
Heiliges Geton,
Wann des Grabgeläutes
Dumpfe Halle wehn!
Matt vom Weltgetümmel,
Sehn' ich mich zu ruhn!
Bald, o Gott, im Himmel
Gieb mir was zu thun!

Huldigung.

Oben glänzt des Himmels Bläue,
Weit umher die ſchöne Flur.
In des großen Tempels Freie
Schwör' ich Treue,
Gottes Abglanz, dir, Natur!

Brich, o Geiſt, des Wahnes Schranken,
Wo dich Ort geengt und Zeit!
Auf zu Gott entfleuch mit franken
Lichtgedanken,
Endlos durch Unendlichkeit!

Schau, wie hehr und wunderprächtig
Alles ſtrahlt, ſo hoch du drangſt!
Vater, gut und weiſ' und mächtig,
O wie dacht' ich
Dein mit Schwermuth, dein mit Angſt?

Aller Weſen Stimm' erhebet:
Gott iſt Gott! in hellem Chor.
Wo ein Staub ſich regt und lebet,
Alles ſtrebet
Zu der Geiſter Wonn' empor.

Allem Volk in's Herz geſchrieben
Ward ſein ewiges Gebot:
Reine Menſchlichkeit zu üben;
Ich zu lieben
Gott in uns, im Bruder Gott!

Ueberall ertönt von Allen
Fromme Sehnſucht, frommer Dank.
Gott vernimmt mit Wohlgefallen
Dort das Lallen,
Dort gereiftern Lobgeſang.

Wunderbar durch Glanz und Trübe
Wird der Geiſt uns angefacht.
Ob der Staub um uns zerſtiebe;
Gottes Liebe
Läutert auch durch Todesnacht!

Der Geſunde.

Geſund an Leib und Seele ſein,
Das iſt der Quell des Lebens.
Er ſtrömet Luſt durch Mark und Bein,
Die Luſt des tapfern Strebens.
Was man mit friſchem Herzensblut
Und keckem Wohlbehagen thut,
Das thut man nicht vergebens.

Wer rein, wie Gott ihn ausgeſandt,
Auf Gottes Pfaden gehet,
Voll Stärke hebt er Fuß und Hand,
Und trägt das Haupt erhöhet.
Er herrſcht, als Gottes Ebenbild;
Was ſeine Zunge ſpricht, das gilt;
Und was er ſchafft, beſtehet.

Braucht's Wort und That, voran iſt Er,
Kein Feiger, noch Verſtummer!
Und ſchlage Sturm und Wetter her;
Dem Starken droht kein Kummer.
Sein Werk gedeiht in Hitz' und Froſt;
Ihm würzt der Hunger jede Koſt;
Ihn labt der ſüße Schlummer.

Dann ſchaut er froh das ſchöne Feld
Im Glanz des Morgenlichtes,
Und fühlt: ein Vater ſchuf die Welt,
Kein Gott des Strafgerichtes.
Er ſinget Lied und Dank dem Herrn,
Und freut ſich auch an andern gern
Des frohen Angeſichtes.

So wandelt er getroſt fortan,
Bei wohlerworbner Habe,
Geliebt als Jüngling und als Mann,
Geliebt als Greis am Stabe.
Zuletzt von ſeiner Siegheit matt,
Verſinkt er alt und lebensſatt,
Wie reife Frucht, zum Grabe.

Frühzeitig welket und erſchlafft
Der Zärtling und der Praſſer,
Gleich Maienbäumchen, deren Kraft
Der Wind' entfleußt wie Waſſer.
Erſchlaffend trauert er, und bereut,
Vom Lenz und Frühroth unerfreut,
Und wird ein Menſchenhaſſer.

Geſundheit, heiliges Geſchenk,
Dich preiſen wir in Chören!
O ſein wir deiner eingedenk,
Bevor wir dich entbehren!
Oft kränkt ein jugendlicher Sprung,
Ein Lüftchen und ein kühler Trunk:
Laßt Gottes Gab' uns ehren!

Julius von Voß

wurde am 28. Aug. 1768 zu Brandenburg geboren; er widmete ſich dem Militärdienſte. Nachdem er bis zum Range eines Lieutenants gelangt war, entſagte er ſeinem bisherigen Stande; wahrſcheinlich, um ſeiner Neigung zu ſchriftſtelleriſchen Arbeiten ſich ungeſtörter hingeben zu können. Außerdem erhielt er als Auszeichnung den preußiſchen Militär-Verdienſtorden; ſein Aufenthaltsort war meiſt Berlin. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1832 an der Cholera. —

Seine bedeutendſten Schriften ſind:
Luſtſpiele. Berlin, 1807—13.
Poſſen- und Marionettenſpiele. Berlin, 1816.
Neue dramatiſche Schwänke. Berlin, 1817.
Theaterpoſſen. Berlin, 1819 und 20. 2 Thle.
Neuere Luſtſpiele. Berlin, 1821. 2 Thle.
Fünfundzwanzig Theaterſpiele. Berlin, 1822.
Neue Theaterpoſſen. Berlin, 1822.
Trauerſpiele. Berlin, 1823.
Neuere Luſtſpiele. Berlin, 1823. 2 Thle.
Auswahl neuer Luſtſpiele für's Hoftheater. Berlin, 1824—27. 7 Thle.
Kleine Romane. Berlin, 1811—16. 11 Thle.

Außer dieſen umfaſſenderen Werken ſchrieb er noch eine ziemlich bedeutende Zahl Romane und einzelne Schauſpiele.

Sehr treffend charakteriſirt ihn Menzel in ſeinem Werke über die deutſche Literatur Th. V. S. 86 mit folgenden Worten: „Die meiſte Energie in frivolen Charakterbildern der Zeit offenbarte Julius von Voß, der die preußiſchen Zuſtände vor und unmittelbar nach der Schlacht von Jena beſſer aufgefaßt hat, als irgend ein Anderer. Mehrere ſeiner Romane ſchildern das Junkerthum, die Liederlichkeit u. ſ. w. im damaligen preußiſchen Heere, und dem Geſchichtsforſcher wird es vielleicht nirgends ſo klar, warum Alles ſo kommen mußte, als bei dieſer Lectüre des feinſten Beobachters. In ſeinen „Flitterwochen“ entwirft er ein Bild jener gottloſen übereilten Ehen und Scheidungen, wie ſie damals in Berlin ſehr häufig waren, eine meiſterhafte Schrift von tiefer pſychologiſcher Wahrheit gleich den beſten Satyren der Alten. In ſeinem „Herrn von Schievelbein“ ſtellt er einen Glückspilz dar, der ohne irgend ein Verdienſt zu den höchſten militäriſchen und politiſchen Würden gelangt, wozu er in der damaligen Zeit Vorbilder genug fand. Durch des „Künſtlers Erdenwallen“ führt er uns mitten hinein in die äſthetiſche Faſelei, Theater- und Concertwuth, die ebenfalls damals in Berlin ihren Umſchwung nahm. Und ſo ſind faſt alle ſeine Romane und Luſtſpiele treue Bilder ſeiner Zeit; ja ſelbſt ſeinen ſchmutzigen Gemälden aus der Pöbelwelt, z. B. die „Liebe im Zuchthauſe“ iſt eine kräftige Wahrheit des Pinſels nicht abzuſprechen. Solche Schriftſteller, die von ihrer eigenen Zeit nicht mit Unrecht verachtet werden, erhalten doch für die Folgezeit Bedeutung, wie ein Petronius. Wenn Tauſende von albernen Empfindungen, ſentimentalen Tugendſpiegeln, hiſtoriſchen Romanen u. ſ. w. vergeſſen ſein werden, weil ſie Unwahres darſtellen, werden die Schriften dieſes Julius von Voß noch Geltung haben wegen der Wahrheit, mit der ſie ſeine Zeit in einem Moment des tiefſten ſittlichen und politiſchen Verfalls ſchildert.“

von Vriberg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Christian Auguſt Vulpius,

geboren zu Weimar am 22. Juni 1763, ſetzte nach vollendeter Schulbildung ſeine Studien auf den beiden Univerſitäten Jena und Erlangen fort und befand ſich, nach erlangter Doctorwürde der Philoſophie, 1787 und 1788 zu Nürnberg als Geſellſchafter und Sekretär des Grafen von Soden. Darauf lebte er bis zum Jahre 1790 abwechſelnd in Leipzig und Erlangen, von wo er ſich nach Weimar begab, um auf einige Zeit die Stelle eines Theaterdichters zu verſehen. Im Jahre 1797 wurde er Bibliotheksſekretär und 1805 Bibliothekar und Inſpektor des weimariſchen Münzkabinetes. Im Jahre 1816 erhielt er den Titel eines großherzoglichen Rathes und außerdem noch die Auszeichnung des weißen Falken-Ordens. Er ſtarb am 26. Juni 1827.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Abentheuer des Prinzen Kalloandro. Berlin, 1796. 2 Thle.
Abentheuer des Ritters Palmendos. Leipzig, 1784.
Abentheuer und Fahrten des Bürgers und Barbiers Sebaſtian Schnaps. Leipzig, 1798.
Aloiſio und Dianora, oder der Pilger und die Nonne. Quedlinburg, 1826.
Armidoro, Roman vom Verfaſſer des Rinaldo Rinaldini. Rudolſtadt, 1804. 2 Bde.
Aurelia, Roman. Rudolſtadt, 1804.
Aurora, ein Gemälde der Vorzeit. Leipzig, 1800. 2 Thle. Mit Kpfrn.
Auswahl romantiſcher Gemälde. Zittau, 1793. 3 Thle. Mit 2 Titelvign.
Bibliothek des romantiſch Wunderbaren. Leipzig, 1805. 2 Thle. Mit Kpfrn.
Romantiſche Blätter. Leipzig, 1795.
Geſchichte Blondchens. Ein überaus wahrſcheinlicher Roman. Halle, 1787.
Bublina, die Heldin Griechenlands unſerer Zeit. Gotha, 1822. 2 Thle. Mit Kpfrn.
Erlinde, die Ilm-Nixe. Meißen, 1827. Mit 1 Steindruck.
Romantiſche Erzählungen. Hof, 1801. Mit 1 Kpfr.
Fernando und Kaliſte. Zittau, 1792. Mit 1 Titelvign.
Fürſtinnen, unglücklich durch Liebe. Rudolſtadt, 1801. Mit 1 Kpfr.
Gabrino, einer der abentheuerlichſten Ritterromane. Berlin, 1785.
Gallerie der unterhaltendſten Geiſter- und Zaubergeſchichten. Quedlinburg, 1826. 3 Thle.
Geheimniſſe aus der Fürſten- und Kloſterwelt. Erfurt, 1809.
Romantiſche Geſchichten der Vorzeit. Leipzig, 1792—98. 10 Bde.
Harlekins Reiſen und Abenteuer. Halle, 1798.
Glorioſo der große Teufel, Roman in 3 Thlen. Rudolſtadt, 1806.
Hulda, oder das ſchöne Waſſerfräulein. Leipzig, 1804.
Frau Helda Waldina, die wilde Jägerin. Rudolſtadt, 1805.
Johann von Leiden. Wahre Geſchichte der Vorzeit. Leipzig, 1805. Neue Ausgabe.
Leidenſchaft und Liebe. Trauerſpiel in 5 Aufzügen. Leipzig, 1799.
Don Juan, der Wüſtling; nach dem Spaniſchen des Tirſo de Molina. Penig, 1805.
Karl der Zwölfte bei Bender. Schauſpiel in 5 Acten. Rudolſtadt, 1800.
Leontino, eine romantiſche Geſchichte. Rudolſtadt, 1804.
Lucindora, die Zauberin. Erzählung aus den Zeiten der Mediceer. Leipzig, 1810.
Die Nonne im Kloſter Odivales. Frankfurt, 1803. Mit 1 Kpfr.
Operetten. Baireuth, 1790. 16 Bdchen.
Drei Luſtſpiele. Baireuth, 1791.
Der Malteſer. Ein hiſtoriſcher Roman. Leipzig, 1804.
Opern aus verſchiedenen Sprachen überſetzt und für die teutſche Bühne neu bearbeitet. Leipzig, 1794. 1. Band.
Orlando Orlandini, der wunderbare Abentheurer. Rudolſtadt, 1802.
Don Pedro, ein Roman. Berlin, 1785.
Die Portugieſen in Indien. Ein hiſtoriſch-romantiſches Gemälde. Hof, 1793. 2 Thle. Mit 1 Kpfr.
Rinaldo Rinaldini, der Räuberhauptmann. 5. ganz umgearbeitete Ausgabe. Leipzig, 1824. 4 Thle. Mit 18 Kpfrn.
Lionardo Monterbello, oder der Carbonari-Bund. Fortſetzung des Rinaldini. Leipzig, 1821. 2 Thle. Mit Kpfrn.
Die Roſe, eine tragiſch-komiſche Erzählung. Baireuth, 1791. Mit 1 Vignette.
Eduard Roſenthal; eine abentheuerliche Geſchichte. Leipzig, 1784. 2 Thle.
Thüringiſche Sagen und Volksmährchen. Gotha, 1822. 2 Bdchen.
Adolph von Schönthal. Eine Geſchichte dieſes Jahrhunderts. Halle, 1787.
Die Schreckenshöhle, oder die Leiden der jungen Miranda. Leipzig, 1810.
Serafina, Trauerſpiel in 5 Aufzügen. Halle, 1790.
Die Sicilianer. Rudolſtadt, 1803. 2 Bde.
Skizzen aus dem Leben galanter Damen. Regensburg, 1791—93. 4 Sammlungen.
Sommertags-, Nachts- und abentheuerliche Romane. Erfurt, 1788. 2 Thle.
Graf Thalheim, eine romantiſche Geſchichte. Erfurt, 1806.
Theodor, König der Korſen. Rudolſtadt, 1801. 3 Bde. Mit 3 Kpfrn.
Thermitonia, das Buch der Geiſtereien. Leipzig, 1825. Mit 1 Vign.
Truthina, das Wunderfräulein der Berge. Erfurt und Gotha, 1822.
Die Vorzeit. Ein Journal für Geſchichte, Dichtung, Kunſt und Litteratur des Vor- und Mittelalters. Erfurt, 1817—20. 4 Bde. Mit illuminirten und ſchwarzen Kpfrn.
Meine Wanderungen. Leipzig, 1787.
Wellenthal. Penig, 1805.
Zauberromane. Leipzig, 1803. 2 Thle.
Die Zigeuner; Roman nach dem Spaniſchen. Rudolſtadt, 1802.
Der Zwerg; ein Roman. Rudolſtadt, 1803. Mit 1 Kpfr.

Ein unermüdlicher Schriftſteller war V. keinesweges ohne Talent der Darſtellung und der Erfindung, namentlich romantiſcher Situationen, aber er wandte die ihm von der Natur verliehenen Gaben nicht auf die rechte Weiſe an und ſtieg zu dem ſchlechten Geſchmack der Maſſe hinunter, anſtatt dieſe, wie er gekonnt hätte, zu ſich heraufzuziehen. Durch ſeinen Rinaldo Rinaldini brach er den Räuberromanen, die ſeitdem wie ein unvertilgbares Geſchwür an unſerer mittleren Literatur haften geblieben ſind und großen Schaden geſtiftet haben, die Bahn und eine Legion von Nachahmungen, deren noch jeder Tag neue erzeugt, folgte. Seine hiſtoriſchen Arbeiten ſind geſchickt zuſammengeſtellte Compilationen. —

W.

Johann Friedrich Ludwig Wachler

wurde am 15. April 1767 zu Gotha geboren. Er beſtimmte ſich für die Theologie und ſtudierte dieſelbe zu Jena und Göttingen. Nach beendigten Studien wurde er 1789 als Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Rinteln berufen, nahm aber ſogleich im folgenden Jahre den Ruf als Rektor an der Schule zu Herford an. Schon nach vier Jahren, 1794, verließ er dieſe Stellung wieder, um das Amt eines ordentlichen Profeſſors der Theologie zu Rinteln zu bekleiden. 1801 wurde er zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der Philoſophie und ſpäter auch der Geſchichte an der Univerſität Marburg ernannt. Auch dieſen Wirkungskreis verließ er, um 1815 als Regierungs-, Conſiſtorial- und Schulrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Breslau ſich zu begeben. 1824 gab er ſein Amt als Conſiſtorial- und Schulrath auf, um die Oberbibliothekarſtelle zu verſehen, die er bis zu ſeinem am 4. April 1838 erfolgten Tode bekleidete. —

Seine Schriften ſind:

Verſuch einer allgemeinen Geſchichte der Literatur. Lemgo, 1793—1801. 3 Thle.
Handbuch der allgemeinen Geſchichte der literariſchen Kultur. Marburg, 1804. 2 Thle.
Grundriß der Geſchichte der ältern, mittlern und neuern Zeit. Marburg, 1807.
Geſchichte der hiſtoriſchen Forſchung und Kunſt. Göttingen, 1812—1820. 2 Bde.
Lehrbuch der Geſchichte. Breslau, 1817; 5. Ausg. 1828.
Anſichten über Teutſchlands Zukunft. Breslau, 1817.
Freimüthige Worte über die allerneueſte deutſche Literatur. Breslau, 1817—1819. 3 Hefte.
Münſchers Lebensbeſchreibung. Frankfurt, 1817.
Vorleſungen über die Geſchichte der deutſchen Nationalliteratur. Frankf. 1819—1821. 2 Thle.
Philomathie. Frankfurt, 1818—1822. 3 Thle.
Lehrbuch der Literaturgeſchichte. Leipzig, 1826.
Die pariſer Bluthochzeit. Leipzig, 1828. 2. Ausg.

W. hat ſich namentlich großes Verdienſt durch ſeine Forſchungen und Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete der Literargeſchichte, da er mit reichſtem Wiſſen gründlichen Scharfſinn und die Gabe trefflicher Anordnung und Darſtellung verband, erworben. Als Hiſtoriker im Allgemeinen zeichnete er ſich aus durch Begeiſterung für Wahrheit und Recht, treffendes Urtheil, und edle, würdige Diction.

Carl Adolph von Wachsmann

ward am 27. September 1787 zu Grünberg in Schleſien geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und trat früh in preußiſche Kriegsdienſte, an dem Feldzuge von 1806—1807 Theil nehmend. Nach dem Frieden von Tilſit in das Badenſche Militair übertretend, focht er in Tyrol und Vorarlberg mit und ging dann zu dem in Spanien ſtehenden Badenſchen Contingent. Hier benutzte er alle ihm werdende Muße, um die Sprache, Literatur und Sitte dieſes merkwürdigen Landes auf das Genaueſte kennen zu lernen, wozu ein längerer Aufenthalt in der Mancha und in Madrid ihn beſonders befähigte. Seine Geſundheit litt jedoch ſehr von den Beſchwerlichkeiten, die er im activen Dienſt zu tragen hatte; er kehrte daher 1811 nach ſeinem Vaterlande zurück, nahm ſeinen Abſchied, verheirathete ſich und lebte nun bis 1818 in wiſſenſchaftlicher Stille auf ſeinen Gütern in Schleſien. Der Tod ſeiner geliebten Gattin beſtimmte ihn, ſich nach Breslau zu begeben, um ſich dort zu einer Reiſe in den Orient vorzubereiten. Er ließ jedoch dieſen Plan fahren, kaufte ſich im Rieſengebirge an und lebte, zum zweiten Male glücklich vermählt, bis 1833 auf ſeinen Beſitzungen. Dann ſiedelte er nach Dresden über, wo er gegenwärtig noch ſeinen Wohnſitz hat.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Erzählungen und Novellen. Leipzig, 1830—1842. 21 Bde.
Lilien. Taſchenbuch. Leipzig, 1838 flgde.
Das Urtheil des Vaters. Hiſtor. Schauſp. Breslau, 1836.
Monographie der Inſel Helgoland. Dresden, 1842.
Viele belletriſtiſche, ethnographiſche, ſtrategiſche, ökonomiſche, kritiſche u. ſ. w. Aufſätze und Abhandlungen in Almanachen und Zeitſchriften.

Reiche Lebenserfahrung, glückliche Erfindungsgabe, lebendig wirkende Phantaſie, gute Charakterzeichnung und ein blühender Styl befähigen v. W. Ausgezeichnetes namentlich im Fache der Erzählung zu liefern, um ſo mehr, als er hiſtoriſche Ereigniſſe zum Mittelpunkte ſeiner Novellen macht und ihnen auf dieſe Weiſe einen bleibenden Werth verleiht, der durch das Streben dieſes Dichters, allem Falſchen und Unwahren männlich, aber ruhig, entgegen zu treten, noch erhöht wird.

Ernſt Wilhelm Gottlieb Wachsmuth,

am 28. December 1784 zu Hildesheim geboren und unter dürftigen Verhältniſſen, die ſein ungemeiner Fleiß durch Stundengeben erträglich machte, auf dem Gymnaſium daſelbſt ausgebildet, bezog 1803 die Univerſität Halle, um Theologie zu ſtudiren. Beſonders Fr. A. Wolf übte auf ihn einen großartigen Einfluß und er beſtimmte ſich für die academiſche Laufbahn. Doch wurden ſeine Vorbereitungen dazu unterbrochen, als er nach kurzer Anſtellung am Pädagogium zu Magdeburg 1811 einem Rufe als Subrector am Gymnaſium zu Zerbſt folgte. Hier wandte er ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit den neuern Sprachen zu und erlangte dadurch für geſchichtliche Forſchungen, ſeine Lieblingsneigung, außerordentliche Vortheile. Im Jahre 1815 erhielt er eine Lehrerſtelle an der Hauptſchule, zugleich eine außerordentliche Profeſſur für engliſche und italieniſche Literatur an der Univerſität Halle. Dieſe Doppelſtellung machte ihm den ſonſt ſehr angenehmen Aufenthalt in Halle ſo ſchwer, daß er 1820 den Ruf nach Kiel als Profeſſor der alten Literatur und Director des philologiſchen Seminars nicht ausſchlagen konnte. 1825 im Herbſt ward er als Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Leipzig berufen, woſelbſt er noch mit vielem Erfolg für die Verbreitung ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft, auch in Vorleſungen für die gebildete Bürgerſchaft, als Docent und Schriftſteller gleich unermüdlich wirkt. Er iſt Doctor der Philoſophie und Ritter des Dannebrog-Ordens.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- (mit G. F. R. Günther) Athenäum, Zeitſchrift. Halle, 1816—1818. 3 Bde.
- Geſchichte der Römer. Halle, 1819.
- Entwurf einer Theorie der Geſchichte. Halle, 1820.
- Grundriß der allgemeinen Geſchichte der Völker und Staaten. Leipzig, 1826—1839.
- Helleniſche Alterthumskunde. Halle, 1826—1828. 2 Thle. 4 Bde. 1830.
- Aeltere Geſchichte des römiſchen Staats. Halle, 1819.
- Hiſtoriſche Darſtellungen aus der Geſchichte der neueren Zeit. Leipzig, 1830—1831. 3 Bde.
- Europäiſche Sittengeſchichte. Leipzig, 1831—1839. 5 Bde.
- Geſchichte Frankreichs im Revolutionszeitalter. Hamburg, 1840.

Gründliche Gelehrſamkeit, Scharfſinn, eindringende Forſchung, Gedankenreichthum und Kraft und lebendige, beſeelte Darſtellung haben W. eine ſehr geachtete Stellung unter den deutſchen Hiſtorikern erworben, troß dem daß ſein Styl von Einigen als geſucht und geziert angegriffen worden; ein Tadel, der ihn jedoch keineswegs und nicht überall ſo ſtrenge trifft, als er ausgeſprochen ward.

Ferdinand Wachter,

am 29. Juni 1794 auf dem Rittergute ſeines Vaters zu Rentendorf in dem, damals kurſächſiſchen neuſtädter Kreiſe geboren, ſtudierte ſeit 1816 zu Jena die Rechte. Er habilitirte ſich daſelbſt 1820 als Doctor der Philoſophie und erhielt 1834 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur dieſer Facultät.

Seine Schriften ſind:

- Die Unanwendbarkeit des Hexameters und der ihm verwandten Versarten in der deutſchen Sprache. Jena, 1820.
- Die Liebesraſenden und der Brudermord. Jena, 1821.
- Offried und Reggau, ein ſcherzhaft-ernſtes Gemälde. Neuſtadt a. d. O., 1821.
- Brunhild, Trauerſpiel. Jena, 1821.
- Roſimund, Trauerſpiel, und Minnelieder. Jena, 1823.
- Thüringiſche und oberſächſiſche Geſchichte bis 1247. Leipzig, 1826. Fortſetzung, Leipzig, 1830.
- Forum der Kritik im Gebiet der Geſchichte. Altenburg, 1828.
- Snorri Sturluſon's Weltkreis (Heimskringla überſetzt). Leipzig, 1835—1836. 2 Bde. bis jetzt.

Einer der gelehrteſten und gründlichſten Forſcher und Kenner auf dem Gebiete deutſcher, beſonders thüringiſcher Geſchichte.

Johann Georg Wachter

wurde am 7. März 1673 zu Memmingen geboren. Er ſtudierte zu Tübingen, Leipzig, Halle und Frankfurt, und unternahm nach abſolvirten Studien auf Koſten des Kurfürſten von Brandenburg eine Reiſe nach Holland. Nach Beendigung derſelben lebte er als Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Berlin und genoß eine ihm ausgeſetzte Penſion. Als er dieſe unter Friedrich Wilhelm I. verloren, ging er zuerſt nach Dresden, dann nach Leipzig, wo ihm eine nicht unanſehnliche Beſoldung auf Lebenszeit vom Magiſtrate ausgeſetzt wurde. Er ſtarb am 7. November 1757.

Sein Werk:

- Glossarium germanicum, continens origines et antiquitates totius linguae Germanicae. Lips. 1737. 2 Tom.

wird als eine treffliche Vorarbeit für alle ſpäteren Unterſuchungen und Forſchungen auf dieſem Gebiete noch immer mit Recht ſehr geſchätzt.

Georg Philipp Ludwig Leonhard Wächter

ward am 25. November 1762 zu Uelzen im Lüneburgiſchen geboren, ſtudierte in Göttingen Theologie und lebte ſodann als Kandidat zu Hamburg. 1792 wohnte er unter den Hannöverſchen Truppen einigen Feldzügen gegen die Franzoſen bei und ward vor Mainz verwundet. Nach Hamburg zurückgekehrt war er am Erziehungsinſtitut des Profeſſor Voigt thätig. Seit 1814 übernahm er ſelbſt die Leitung dieſer Anſtalt. Als Schriftſteller trat er gewöhnlich pſeudonym als Veit Weber auf. Er ſtarb am 11. Februar 1837.

Er gab heraus:

- Sagen der Vorzeit. Berlin, 1787—1798. 7 Thle.
- Holzſchnitte. Berlin, 1793.
- Hiſtorien. Hamburg, 1794.
- Wilhelm Tell, Schauſpiel. Hamburg, 1794.
- Der Nachtbote. Berlin, 1793.
- Für Freiheit und Recht; zwei Reden. Hamburg, 1815.
- Ulrich von Hutten. Hamburg, 1818.
- Einzelne Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

W's Sagen der Vorzeit, mit denen er, durch Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen angeregt, das Thun und Treiben während des deutſchen Mittelalters in Erzählungen darzuſtellen ſuchte, machten zur Zeit ihres Erſcheinens, vorzüglich wegen des Gegenſatzes, den ſie zu dem vorherrſchenden ſentimentalen Ton bildeten, großes Aufſehn und wurden begierig geleſen. Licht und Schatten verſtand ihr Verfaſſer allerdings in ſcharfem Contraſte wirken zu laſſen, auch iſt ihm eben ſo wenig Originalität als genauere Kenntniß jener Zeiten abzuſprechen, aber es fehlten ihm Anmuth, Grazie, Feinheit der Empfindung und wahrhaft poetiſche Durchdringung der von ihm behandelten Stoffe, und das Intereſſe des Publikums an ſeinen Schriften verlor ſich bald, ſo daß er den ihm zu Theil gewordenen literariſchen Ruhm lange überlebte, um ſo mehr, als ſeine anderen Schriften den Sagen der Vorzeit in jeder Hinſicht nachſtehen.

Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder

ward 1772 zu Berlin geboren, wo ſein Vater Rath und Bürgermeiſter war, und ſtudierte zu Berlin und Halle Jurisprudenz. Er war ein vertrauter Freund L. Tieck's, da er zugleich mit demſelben ſowohl ſeine Schul-, als Univerſitätsjahre verlebte. Er ſtarb aber leider noch ſehr jung am 13. Februar 1798 als Referendar bei dem Kammergericht zu Berlin.

Von ihm erſchien:

Herzensergießungen eines kunſtliebenden Kloſterbruders, herausgegeben von L. Tieck. Berlin, 1797.

Dies in mancher Hinſicht treffliche, durch Tiefe und Reichthum der Gedanken und gründliche Kenntniß der Kunſt vorzüglich ausgezeichnete Buch, läßt, trotz der Hinneigung zur Myſtik, auf das Lebhafteſte bedauern, daß ſein talentvoller Verfaſſer ſchon ſo früh ſeinem Vaterlande entriſſen wurde.

Carl Heinrich Wilhelm Wackernagel,

am 23. April 1806 zu Berlin geboren, ſtudierte, von Kindheit an im Kampfe gegen dürftige Verhältniſſe geübt, von 1824 — 1827 in ſeiner Vaterſtadt unter Lachmann's mächtigem Einfluß beſonders deutſche Literatur. Seit ſeinen akademiſchen Jahren privatiſirte er bis 1830 zu Breslau; 1831 kehrte er nach Berlin zurück, wo er jedoch nach mehreren vergeblichen Verſuchen keine entſprechende Anſtellung fand. Daher folgte er im Frühlinge 1833 einem Ruf an die Univerſität und das Pädagogium zu Baſel, wo er 1835 zum ordentlichen Profeſſor der deutſchen Sprache und Literatur ernannt, und, nachdem ihm 1836 das preußiſche Bürgerrecht entzogen worden war, 1837 mit dem Bürgerrecht beſchenkt wurde.

Er veröffentlichte:

Das Weſſobrunner Gebet und die Weſſobrunner Gloſſen. Berlin, 1827.
Gedichte eines fahrenden Schülers. Berlin, 1828.
Geſchichte des deutſchen Hexameters und Pentameters bis auf Klopſtock. Berlin, 1831.
Die Verdienſte der Schweizer um die deutſche Literatur. Baſel, 1833.
Die altdeutſchen Handſchriften der Baſ'ler Univerſitätsbibliothek. Baſel, 1835.
Ueber die dramatiſche Poeſie. Baſel, 1838.
Schwabenſpiegel, erſter Theil. Zürich und Frauenfeld, 1840.
Deutſches Leſebuch. Baſel, 1839 — 1840. 2 Bde. 2. Aufl.

Höchſt verdient um die nähere Kenntniß der deutſchen mittelalterlichen Literatur durch ſeine eben ſo geiſtreichen als gründlichen und genauen Forſchungen und Leiſtungen, hat er ſich auch als lyriſcher Dichter durch die Friſche, Wahrheit, Naivetät und Lebendigkeit ſeiner Poeſieen ſehr rühmlich vor der Menge ausgezeichnet.

Der Tropfen.

Ein Tropfe fällt, es klingt
Das Meer nur leiſe,
Die Stelle wird umringt
Von Kreiſ' an Kreiſe.

Und weiter, immer mehr;
Nun ruht es wieder.
Wo kam der Tropfen her?
Wo fiel er nieder?

Es war ein Leben nur,
Und nur ein Sterben,
Und kam, auch eine Spur
Sich zu erwerben.

Die Alpenroſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Vergönne mir, daß ich dich lob' und preiſe;
Vergönn's dem Winde, daß er mit dir koſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Ich bin der Wind, doch nicht in Windes Weiſe:
Ich nehme nur dein Lob mit auf die Reiſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Hier vor den Leuten lob' ich dich in Verſen;
Mit mir und dir allein thu ich's in Proſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Du liebesrothe hoffnungsgrüne Süße,
Du hoffnungsgrüne liebesrothe Loſe!

O Alpenroſe!
Als Falter komm' ich zu dir hergeflogen,
Daß ich dich ſchauen mög' und möge loben.

O Alpenroſe!
Der Falter bin ich, der von deinem Throne
Sich Edelſteine holt für Kleid und Krone.

O Alpenroſe!
Der Falter bin ich, der von deinem Brodem
Nur einzig lebt, und webt in deinem Odem.

O Alpenröslein!
Gott lohne dir's, du grün beſchattet Sträußlein:
Ich weiß ja deines Dankens nur ein Bröslein.

O Alpenroſe!
Als du entſproſſeſt aus der Mutter Schooße,
Da wog das Schickſal nichts als weiße Looſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Ob rings die Sonne funkl' im thauigen Graſe,
Du blüheſt ſiegreich fort in deinem Mooſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Schön iſt die Roſ' im Thal, doch ſchöner biſt
Hoch über Thal und Staub erblühte Roſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Die Nachtigall ſitzt da auf ihrem Reiſe
Und zweifelt, welche Roſe ſie erkieſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Ich zweifle nicht: vom Dorn der Dornenroſe
Iſt wund mein Herz: o heil' es, dornenloſe!

O Alpenroſe!
Schau wie ſich auch mit ihren weißen Maien
Im Gärtlein dort die Tulpen all erboſen.

O Alpenröslein!
Das Bäslein nimmt ſein elfenbeinern Döslein
Und ſchnupft und giebt dem Bäslein auch ein Prislein.

Roſe der Alpen!
Laß ſie den Turban rechts und links nur ſtülpen:
Zuletzt vergilbt der Neid doch alle Tulpen.

O Alpenroſe!
Du grünſt und blühſt und glühſt bei Schnee und Eiſe
Der Schnee hat Sorge, daß er nicht zerfließe.

O Alpenroſe!
Ein Bächlein hüpft aus der kryſtallnen Klauſe
Und ſpricht von dir mit plauderhaftem Koſen.

O Alpenroſe!
Du grünſt und blühſt und glühſt bei Schnee und Eiſe:
Rund um mein Herz blühſt du in heißer Weiſe.

O Alpenroſe!
Auf lebt mein Herz und wird zur grünen Wieſe,
Die rings umſäumt das ſüße Roth der Roſe.

O Alpenrose!
O grün' und blüh', daß diese kahle Felsen
Sich grün belauben mag' und roth bedecken.

O Alpenrose!
Ein zitternd Tröpflein hält dein Kelch umschlossen:
Ist's Thau? sind's Thränen, die auf dich geflossen?

O Alpenrose!
Die Thräne ruht in deinem stillen Schooße,
Die Thräne, meiner Liebe treuster Bote.

O Alpenrose!
Du liebesrothe hoffnungsgrüne laß,
Du hoffnungsgrüne liebesrothe sah'!

Christian Jacob Wagenseil

ward am 23. November 1756 zu Kaufbeuern geboren, und privatisirte Anfangs, nachdem er das Studium der Jurisprudenz absolvirt hatte, in seiner Vaterstadt, sich blos der Schriftstellerei hingebend. Später erhielt er daselbst die Stelle eines Actuars und 1795 eines Kanzleidirektors, Archivars und Bibliothekars. 1804 wurde er als Stadtkommissär nach Kempten versetzt, und kurze Zeit darauf zum Kreisrath des Illerkreises ernannt, dann aber als königlicher Regierungsrath zu Augsburg berufen, wo er 1837 starb.

Seine vorzüglichsten Schriften sind:

Schildheim, eine Geschichte. Gotha, 1779. 2 Thle.
Ehrlichkeit und Liebe, Schauspiel. Gotha, 1779.
Die Freimaurer, Lustspiel. Kaufbeuern, 1780.
Beitrag zur Weisheit und Menschenkenntniß. Gotha, 1780 u. 81. 4 Thle.
Neue Beiträge. Dessau, 1783. 2 Thle.
Der Abschied des Kalas. Drama. Kaufbeuern, 1781.
Historische Unterhaltungen. Augsburg, 1781. 6 Thle. Neue Ausgabe 1811.
Vaterlandsgeschichte. Augsburg, 1781—1790. 3 Thle.
Vermischte Gedichte und prosaische Aufsätze. Kempten, 1785—1814. 3 Thle.
Der abenteuerliche Simplicissimus. Leipzig, 1785.
Der Gang der Vorsehung. Leipzig, 1791 u. 1792. 2 Thle.
Die Hausfreunde. Leipzig, 1807.
Neues historisches Handbuch. Augsburg, 1820—22. 3 Thle.
Ulrich von Hutten. Nürnberg, 1823.
Geschichte gefallener Minister u. s. w. Karlsruhe, 1823 u. 24. 2 Thle.
Beitrag zur Geschichte der Reformation. Leipzig, 1829.
Literarischer Almanach von Katzenberger dem Jüngeren. Leipzig, 1827 flgde.

Ein gewandtes und gefälliges Talent, ausgezeichnet durch gute Darstellung vorzüglich historischer Gegenstände, jedoch zu rasch und nur für das größere Publikum arbeitend, als daß er etwas Bedeutendes von bleibendem Werthe hätte liefern können.

Ernst Wagner

ward 1768 am 2. Februar zu Roßdorf bei Meiningen geboren, wo sein Vater Pfarrer war, blieb im älterlichen Hause bis zu seinem Abgang auf die Universität Jena, da er durch seinen in der alten Literatur ziemlich bewanderten Vater ohne weiteren Unterricht bis zu dieser Reife herangebildet worden war. Von Jena zurückgekehrt erhielt er in seinem Geburtsorte vom Freiherrn von Wechmar die Stelle eines Gerichtsactuars, Privatsekretairs und Verwalters, welchem Amte er bis 1805 vorstand, wo er als Kabinetssekretair nach Meiningen berufen wurde. Er starb daselbst am 25. Februar 1812.

Seine Schriften sind:

Die reisenden Maler. Leipzig, 1806. 2 Thle. Neue Ausgabe 1823.
Willibald's Ansichten des Lebens. Meiningen u. Hildburghausen, 1805. 2 Thle. Neue Ausg. Leipz. 1822.
Reisen aus der Fremde in die Heimath. Hildburghausen, 1808—1810. 2 Thle.
ABC eines 30jährigen Fibelschützen. Tübingen, 1810.
Isidora. Tübingen, 1812.
Gesammelte Schriften, herausgegeben von Mosengeil. Leipzig, 1824—1828. 12 Bde. in 12.

Glückliche Erfindung, gute Charakterzeichnung, reiche Naturanschauung, Wärme und Innigkeit, so wie Anmuth der Darstellung und gefälliger Witz, zeichnen W's Romane sehr vortheilhaft aus und werden sie im Andenken der Lesewelt noch lange erhalten. Schade, daß hier und da eine versteckte Lust an Sinnlichkeit hervorblickt, die nicht kräftig und großartig genug, um entschieden hervorzutreten, mitunter dem Tone des Ganzen etwas Weichliches und Süßliches verleiht, und so dem Totaleindrucke schadet.

Auszug aus E. Wagner's historischem ABC.

Affectirtes Wesen. Ist auf der lieben deutschen Erde eine sehr häufige Erscheinung, die wir alle täglich an unsern Gespielen und sonst bemerken können. Meine erste Affektation, deren ich mich aus den Kinderjahren erinnere, und die mir jetzt abscheulich vorkommt, bestand darin, daß ich lange Zeit, — Gott weiß, warum, — behauptete, „Gemüse“ zu sagen, klinge bäurisch; es müsse heißen „Gemüs.“ Dies dauerte, als ich jenen Namen auch wirklich schon buchstabiren und gesetzt hatte, noch aber ein ganzes Jahr lang bei mir, nämlich als boshafte Dummheit; und ich weiß, daß ich insgeheim, voll Verdruß über die ein Mal erkannte Wahrheit, doch noch einige „Gemüse“ sagende Bauernknaben mit vornehmer Miene verspottet habe. Man kann wohl annehmen, daß alle Ziererei im Ganzen mit dem Range steigt und abnimmt, und in den allervornehmsten und gebildetsten Zirkeln darf eigentlich gar keine natürliche Willkühr mehr herrschen, sondern nur die reinste, von allem wirklichen Betragen schon gänzlich befreite Affektation. Auch der deutsche Landmann ist nicht mehr ganz frei von affektirtem Wesen, wiewohl es in dieser Klasse bis jetzt viel seltner vorkommt, als unter den Handwerkern und bei der sogenannten Mantelfamilie. Es äußert sich indessen unter den Landleuten meistens blos in der Sprache, und klingt fast immer komisch, weil der Bauer — in der Meinung, gegen die Bauernsprache zu rebelliren, — sich gewöhnlich nur gegen die deutsche Sprache auflehnt. So sagte ja das bekannte zur Dame gewordne niedersächsische Bauernmädchen: „die schönste Stadt in der Welt sei und bleibe doch Wolfenbeutel.“ Ein hessischer Bauer erzählte mir im Sonntagsrock: „er besitze sehr schöne Feldgäuter und besonders eine mächtig große Weise.“ (Feldgüter, Wiese.) Ein Thüring'scher Bauer wollte unter mehreren Herren von W. den, welcher den Beinamen der Surinam'sche oder der Surinamer hatte, nennen, und nannte ihn: „den Herrn Sauer-Einnehmer von W.“ Ein Fränkischer Dorfschenkwirth (übrigens freilich auch zugleich ein breitmauliger, ungeheurer Narr) nannte mir zum vorräthigen Mittagsessen: „grüne Erweisen mit jungen Kändern und Behütung!“ d. i. Erbsen mit Kuchen (Küchlein, jungen Hühnlein) und Hütlen*). Doch, Gute, dem Ohre gebührt! Seine trefflichen Behütens! haben auch mich damals bis jenſeits [illegible] fränkiſchen Berge und Thäler vor allem Hunger kräftiglich bewahrt. Uebrigens, und beiläufig angemerkt, hat der wunderliche Ausdruck jenes Wirths in mein Gedächtniß einen ſeltſamen Eindruck gegraben, vermöge deſſen ich mir jedes einzelne Stück von jener [illegible], es möge mir nun als Kloß oder Hütz, und nicht gerade unter der Exklamation „Behütens!“ dargeſtellt werden, nicht anders denken kann, als mit einem Ausrufungszeichen dahinter; — alſo etwa in dieſer Figur: O!! Selbſt beim Andenken an ganze Schüſſeln voll ſtecken noch die Ausrufungsſtänglein ſo luſtig daraus hervor, wie grüne Peterſilienſtiele zwiſchen den rothgeſottenen Krebſen.

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*) Hütle nennt man in einigen fränkischen Gegenden eine Art von sehr festen Klößen. Daher kommt das Räthsel: „Welches ist der Unterschied zwischen Hütlen und Klößen?“ Antwort: die Gleichenberge. Nämlich: jenseits der fränkischen Gleichenberge bei Römhild (d. h. mir, der jetzt in Sachsen-Meiningen diese Seite bewohnt) nennt man diese Magenpflasterchen „Hütle,“ jenseits „Klöß.“

Abformen. Ich habe herzlich lachen müſſen, als ich zum erſten Mal einen Bildhauer über den lebendigen Kopf formen ſah, wiewohl mich auch der abzukonterfeiende Patient zugleich von Herzen dauerte. Ein ähnliches Gefühl ergreift mich ſtets, wenn ich einen Porträtmaler ſeinen Kopf erſt durch das Glas aufreißen ſehe. Beides mag wohl ſicherlich nicht das Rechte ſein; denn — abgerechnet auch, daß jene ſchöne Aehnlichkeit, die das Gemüth frei empfängt, abſpiegelt und mit ſchöner Willkühr wiedergiebt, hierbei immer geſtört, und mehrentheils durch die trotzige proſaiſche Regel eines hochgemeinen natürlichen Geſetzes gänzlich vertilgt werden muß, — kann ich mich dabei auch nie des Gedankens an Dieberei erwehren; wenigſtens fällt mir ſtets zugleich aus dem römiſchen Rechte das „vi, clam, vel precario“ ein. Die Idee davon mag mir wohl mein Vater einſt in einem ganz ſchlichten Verweiſe mitgetheilt haben. Ich hatte nämlich den Kupferſtich eines Doctor Luther an der Fenſterglastafel nach und nach bis auf die ſchwächſten Schattenlinien abgezeichnet, den er dann zu ſeiner Verwunderung ähnlich fand. Aber als ich ihm voll Freude meine Verfahrungsart meldete, vernichtete er den kleinen Künſtler mit den Worten: „Ja, nun glaube ich dir wohl, mein Sohn! Aber das iſt keine Kunſt!“

Anfang eines poetiſchen Genuſſes. Wer kennt nicht jene himmliſchen Vorzeichen, in welchen ſich uns die Erſcheinung des Schönen blitzend verkündigt! Wenn die ſtumpfe Welt und die Proſa der Vielwiſſerei uns lange mit Arbeit umdüſtert hielten, und nun auf ein Mal ein Ton der Kunſt, wie ferne Frühlingsmelodie aus dem Lande der Freiheit, näher und näher wehend tönt! — o wie ſchwillt die liebende Seele zu neuem Leben auf! So iſt's dem Menſchen am letzten, heiligen Abend eines vieltägigen Regenwetters, das mit einem grauen Tage endlich beſchließt. Graulich und glatt dämmert noch der Abendhimmel über mir. Auf ein Mal krümmen ſich prächtige Purpurwürmer durch's Gewölk hin, und im Abendlande ſchießt es weich, wie goldne Wolle, und der letzte Strahl der Sonne bricht am Horizonte wie ein Blitz hervor. Denn von dorther naht mir ſchon ein breiter Streif des alten Blau's, und bald iſt der weſtliche Halbkreis bis herauf zu meinem Haupte gereinigt, und glühend ſtieben die Gewölke im ſtreichenden Purpurgewühl nach Oſten zu ihrer Nacht hinab, und ich ſehe mit Gewißheit der erſten ſternhellen Nacht entgegen, und ſehe dem Ende der vielen künftigen ſchönen Tage vor mir! So iſt es meiner Seele, wenn der erſte Hauch eines göttlichen Gedichts mir den Himmel des Lebens wieder erſchließt! Dann horche ich, wie nach fernheranziehenden bräutlichen Geſängen hin; ich harre und zögre noch mit dem Genuſſe, ſuche geſchwinde noch ein irdiſches Geſchäft, um es — zu beſeitigen, pflege mich flüchtig mit Speiſe und Trank, ziehe einen beſſern Rock an, waſche meine Hände, ſchaffe Einſamkeit und Stille um meinen Stuhl her, und — genieße dann! O Dichter! Säheſt du mich da, du müßteſt dich glücklich fühlen, daß eine menſchliche Seele dich ſo voll, ſo warm und in ſo dankbarer Andacht zu lieben vermag, daß ſie in ſo gänzlichem Selbſtvergeſſen ſich dir ergiebt!

Apoſtroph. Immer fällt mir bei dieſem Worte das „neutrum cum apostropho“ ein! Es war eine ſchwache Seite meines Vaters, die das Kind hier freimüthig der Welt aufdecken will, da ſie die einzige iſt, auf der ich den Herrlichen jemals betraf. Er gab mir nämlich auch in der franzöſiſchen Sprache den erſten Unterricht, und lehrte mich darin drei genera kennen, das Maskulinum le, das Femininum la und — das Neutrum cum apostropho (l'enfant, l'agneau.) Erſt nach ſeinem Tode ſah ich dieſe Unrichtigkeit ein, und finde ſie noch jetzt ſo komiſch, daß ich mich kaum des Lachens enthalten kann; wie ich auch dabei, — beſonders in dieſem Augenblick, — immer unruhig ans Herz greife, wegen meiner Schadenfreude; denn außerdem konnte ich ſeinen Kenntniſſen nie Etwas anhaben, ſo ſehr ich mich hierum bemühte und er ſelbſt mich dazu ermunterte. Wüßte ich nur, wer ihm jene Irrlehre beigebracht hat! — denn es gab wohl nie einen redlichern Wahrheitsforſcher als ihn, und auf einzelne Autoritäten hielt er nichts. Faſt vermuthe ich daher, daß Obiges ein Mal auf dem königlichen Pädagogium in Halle, — wo mein Vater Lehrer geweſen war, — wirklich eine Zeit lang allgemein geglaubt worden ſein muß. Du guter, ehrlicher Vater! Du warſt ein vortrefflicher Lateiner, Grieche, Ebräer, Chaldäer, Syrer und Araber; und dabei doch ein ächter Deutſcher! Aber — als Schüler des ſanften und doch ernſt-ſyſtematiſchen Baumgarten in Halle — o war es dir denn ſo ſehr zu verübeln, daß du der barbariſchen franzöſiſchen Sprache auch ſolche hübſche drei genera zu verſchaffen wünſchteſt, wie andere honette Sprachen ſich deren rühmen! — Aber ſchweig endlich, du gottloſer Rabenſohn! — — Nein, wohl mir! Sein Geiſt winkt freundlich! — und horch! „Verzeihung dem Kinde, das noch mit dem verklärten Vater unter geweihten Thränen zu ſpielen wagt!“ flüſtert es mir jetzt ſanft von der heiligen Aſche herüber.

Caſtrat. Die Stimme eines ſolchen würde mich nur unter der einzigen Bedingung wirklich rühren oder entzücken können, wenn er verborgen ſänge und mir für eine Frauensperſon angegeben würde. Selbſt ein Mal, bei einigen großen Chören, wo es doch überhaupt nur auf vollſtändigen Diskant ankam, konnte mein Gemüth ſich nicht ganz von gewiſſen widrigen Gefühlen trennen. Auch habe ich mir nie denken können, daß ein Caſtrat ſeinem Herrn, der ihn anfertigen ließ und kennt, irgend einen ächten Kunſtgenuß gewähren könne; und in der Jugend habe ich daher lange geglaubt, man verkleide dergleichen Burſche und gebe ſie für ſeltne Frauen aus, um nur die Fremden damit zu täuſchen.

Dunſt. Dummheit. Ich habe mir die Dummheit ſtets als einen gewiſſen Dunſt oder Nebel vorgeſtellt! und freilich mag auch wohl kein Dunſt für den Menſchengeiſt ſo tödtlich ſein als der, womit die Dummheit ihn betäubt und — wenn ſie nämlich ein Mal großgezogen und mit vornehmer Eitelkeit ausgeſtattet iſt, — auf ewig umſchließt. Es giebt kein Heilmittel für ſolche Elende! d. h. außer dem großen Gegengifte, das freilich den Kopf noch mehr als jener Dunſt betäubt, — ich meine eine Kugel oder einen tüchtigen Schuß Vogeldunſt. Wie ſchön iſt es, von dieſem Uebel frühe, wenn es noch klein iſt, befreit zu werden! Aber wie ungern braucht man die ſchmerzhafte Kur! Doch ich muß ein Pröbchen von Dummheit aus meiner eignen Jugend geben! Als Knabe von 12 Jahren ſtand ich einſt mit einem ältern, mir noch neuem Freunde ſehr fröhlich im Garten ſeines Hauſes. Wir ahmten die Muſikanten auf dem Thurme nach und blieſen auf ſelbſtgemachten Schallmeien, die wir für Zinken ausgaben, den Choral „Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht ſingen“ andächtiglich über die Stadtmauer hinab in's freie Feld. Nach Beendigung des erſten Verſes, der mich hoch entzückte, ſchwieg ich ſtille. Mein Freund wollte, daß wir noch einen Vers blieſen, ich verſicherte aber, daß ich nur den erſten könne. Er ſah mich ſtarr an, fing heftig an zu lachen und bat endlich, ich möchte nur den erſten Vers nochmals mit ihm blaſen. Das geſchah ohne Anſtand und ich fand hier gar nichts zu lachen, wiewohl jener, noch ehe der Vers aus war, wieder hell auflachte und fort in ſeine Schule lief. Ich ſann lange nach und hielt endlich den neuen Freund nicht etwa für boshaft und klug, nein, für läppiſch und dumm. Ich ſprach nicht wieder mit ihm darüber, weil ich ihn ſehr ſelten wiedergeſehen habe. Die Sache beunruhigte mich nachher noch oft heimlich, und ich habe gar nichts zu meiner Entſchuldigung anzuführen, als daß ich, wie mir aus andern Umſtänden erinnerlich iſt, in der Jugend nie eine Melodie habe ſingen oder pfeifen können, ohne den Text mit zu denken. Aber was geſchieht mir? In meinem 39. Jahre (ich hoffe wenigſtens, es war noch vor dem 40ſten), leſe ich in einem Tageblatt unter andern Anekdoten auch die von einem höchſt dummen Manne, der in ſeinem Teſtament verordnet, „die Thürmer ſollen jeden Sonntag den vierten Vers aus einem gewiſſen Kirchenliede ihm zu Ehren vom Thurme blaſen.“ Schnell erinnerte ich mich meines längſt verſtorbenen Freundes; wie Schuppen fiel es mir von den Augen. Mein Blick ſuchte den Spiegel; ich war über und über roth geworden!

Erfindungen. Alle irdiſchen Erfindungen, — vom friedlichen Pflugeiſen an bis zum bevölkerten Kriegsſchiffe, deſſen Kiel die Spiegelauen des Weltmeers furchet, — werden doch nach meinem Sinn von einer einzigen aufgewogen: von der Erfindung des Kuſſes.

Eſſen. Es iſt oft eine ſehr erfreuliche Entdeckung für mich geweſen, daß der deutſche Landmann mit dem Akte des Eſſens eine gewiſſe Heiligkeit verbindet, und ich habe das dabei zum Grunde liegende reinmenſchliche Gefühl ſtets mit Rührung getheilt. Die uneinigſten Familien werden friedlich, ſobald das Tiſchgebet geſprochen iſt. Man beeifert ſich alle Strafen und Zänkereien ſo weit als möglich von der Tiſchzeit zu entfernen. Der ſtrengſte, hartherzigſte Bauer jagt ſeine Arbeiter wohl aus der Ruhe, aber, ſelbſt bei der augenſcheinlichſten Gefahr im Verzuge, faſt nie vom Eſſen auf. Wer die ärmſte Familie beim Eſſen trifft und, wie faſt immer geſchieht, dazu eingeladen wird, der kann auch faſt immer überzeugt ſein, daß er durch die Theilnahme Freude erregt. So viel dieß geſagt iſt (denn es gilt ſelbſt vom Geizigen), ſo wahr wird es von jedem Beobachter erfunden werden. Die Augenblicke des Eßgenuſſes machen dieſe Klaſſe unbeſchreiblich ſanft und gut; der Segen Gottes, der ein Mal angeſchafft und bereitet daſteht, nimmt nun einen allgemeinen, heiligen Charakter an, er erſcheint dieſer unſchuldsvollen Welt als geweihte Labung für ſich und den hungrigen Bruder; er iſt nun wieder in Gottes Eigenthum, — und wie oft habe ich die gierigſten Kinder ſich das Beſte verſagen ſehen, um es den Gäſten anbieten zu dürfen. Der Grund hievon iſt noch gar nicht in der wohlthätigen Geſinnung oder in der eigentlichen Gaſtfreiheit zu ſuchen, ſondern er liegt dermalen bloß in der augenblicklichen gemüthlichen Betrachtung und Anſicht des Eſſens. Wenn der Bauer zu einem böſen Nachbar, Advokaten, Richter oder zu einem andern Feinde im größten Zorn, in voller Wuth hinrennt, — gleich ſteht er betroffen, höflich und beſcheiden da, ſobald er ſeinen Gegner beim Eſſen findet. Ich ſelbſt habe einſt als Beamter dieß bemerkt, indem ich mehrmals die erſte Wuth hitziger Partheien gegen mich ſich auf ein Mal bloß dadurch entwaffnen ſah, daß ich zufällig es mir ſo eben vortrefflich ſchmecken ließ. Die wörtliche Denkformel heißt dann ungefähr ſo: „hab' ich dich endlich, du infame Kanaille! — Halt! — nun freilich — Gott geſegne dir's!“

Erbvertheilungen ſind für mich höchſt intereſſant und beluſtigend. Ich habe die elterliche und die meines liebſten Jugendfreundes mitgemacht, und bin gerade bei dieſen beiden — da ich mich längſt reſignirt hatte, — der lachendſte von allen Miterben geweſen, über welchen die frommen Erblaſſer gewiß aus ihren ſchönen Himmelsauen herüber recht herzlich gelacht haben mögen. Es fehlt da niemals an ſeligen Momenten, heimlichen Thränen und öffentlichen komiſchen Ereigniſſen. Freilich muß die Theilung unter guten, gefühlvollen Menſchen vorgehen. Herrlich iſt's, wenn zuweilen bei Vertheilung der Kleidungsſtücke die Weiber doch hier und da wegen angeblicher Verkürzung ein wenig empfindlich werden, anfangen zu weinen, und nun von den Männern (die hier in der Regel der uneigennützigere Theil ſind) gebührend ausgelacht werden. Die höchſte Luſt gewährt das Anfertigen der Verzeichniſſe, welche die Intereſſenten, indem ſie alles herumgeben und vorzeigen, einander ſelber diktiren. So erinnere ich mich aus dem Verzeichniß einer ſehr gemüthlichen Erbvertheilung zweier Stücken, die ich beſonders lieb gewann. Das erſte hieß: „des Verſtorbenen ſogenannter Auerbachshof, worin allerlei Kleinigkeiten befindlich.“ Dieſer letztere Ausdruck war aber gelogen; denn das liebe Käſtchen enthielt Sachen von unſchätzbarem Werth, und ich handelte es nachher für eine namhafte Summe an mich und netzte es oft mit geweihten Thränen. Da gab es köſtliche Glasperlen, zerbrochene Ringe, Kettchen, halbe ſilberne Hemdknöpfe, Denkſteinchen und tauſend andere Kleinodien mit daran gebundenen Nachrichten über ihren Urſprung und Werth; — kurz, ſo oft der Verſtorbene bei keinem Kaufmanne, ja bei keinem Hausgenoſſen und Freunde mehr Rath und Hülfe fand, ſchloß er nur getroſt ſeinen Auerbachshof auf, — und niemals iſt er unbefriedigt davon gegangen! Das andere war ein Haarbeutel. Wir wollten nämlich das Verzeichniß ein wenig ſyſtematiſch machen, und ich behauptete, man müſſe mit den Weſten anfangen, weil die Weſte zunächſt an dem, was am Freunde das Beſte geweſen ſei, am Herzen liege, und weil eine der vorliegenden mir ſelbſt ſehr am Herzen lag. Allein die Andern meinten, der Kopf müſſe den Anfang machen, denn dieſer ſei und bleibe doch das Hauptſtück vom Menſchen; und ſo rief denn, als ich nachgegeben, Einer aus: „Ein Haarbeutel!“ — „Iſt alt!“ ſeufzte ein Anderer. „Klein!“ ſchmähte ein Dritter. „Aber doch noch gut!“ lächelte der Vierte friedlich, und zeigte den armen Wurm entſchuldigend dem Protokollführenden vor. So wurden denn einmüthig ins Verzeichniß die folgenden wenigen Worte geſetzt, die mich noch in dieſem Augenblicke (wer kann wiſſen, warum?) zu ſanftem, aber unverkennbar tiefem Mitleiden rühren, — damals aber faſt zum Weinen bewegten; nämlich: „Nr. 1. Ein kleiner, alter, guter Haarbeutel.“ — Ach, wohin hat wohl der Wind dich armen Kleinen, oder deine Aſche verſtreut, du — Guter!

Frühlingslüfte, durchwogt von der erſten Würze der Knospen und der Jugendwärme des zarten Jahres, befruchten auch den Geiſt des Menſchen; und nie überließ ich mich ihrem holden Spiel, ohne ſie leiſe zu fragen: „Wo auf Erden öffnet ihr wohl heute den bräutlichen Buſen des jungen Genius? Wo lockt ihr jetzt die erſten Klänge der Poeſie aus einem unſterblichen Gemüthe hervor?“

Feines Betragen wird jetzt allmählig immer ſeltner gefunden werden, je mehr der Satz „daß daſſelbe jeder Trefflichkeit und Tugend erſt den rechten Werth und die leichtere Möglichkeit zum Geltendmachen und zur Ausübung giebt,“ von den Erziehern mißkannt und vernachläſſigt wird. Man ſagt den Kindern nur: „Ihr ſollt gute Menſchen werden, — und ſo und ſo müßt ihr es anſtellen.“ Aber kein Menſch ſagt ihnen mehr: „Ihr müßt den Leuten mit eurem Geſpräche nie auf den Leib rücken, oder ihnen ins Geſicht reden, damit ihr nicht einmal nüchtern, oder gar mit riechendem Athem, daſſelbe thut, und euch dadurch bei Jedermann unleidlich macht.“ Man hält die Mädchen wohl zum Waſchen und zu andern Reinlichkeiten an. Aber niemand ſagt ihnen mehr, wie ſorgfältig und oft man die Ecken des Mundes reinigen muß; wie leicht ſich durch bloßes Reden ein Schaum am Munde erzeugt; wie unangenehm, rauh und buntſcheckig oft gerade der ſchönſte Mund dadurch wird, daß man ihn zu trocken hält, oder gar braun und blau leckt u. ſ. w. Was hilft denn alles Sein, ja, wie wäre es möglich, wenn es ſich nicht im Betragen ausdrückte? (Dabei fällt mir ein, daß ich neulich einen klugen phlegmatiſchen Knaben fragen hörte: „Nicht wahr, Herr Hofmeiſter, — wenn ich auch nicht viel weiß und kann; wenn ich nur tugendhaft bin?“) Wäre meine obige Klage ungegründet, wie hätten mir denn überall in den vornehmſten Klaſſen ſo viele Erſcheinungen begegnen können, die mich unangenehm daran erinnerten, ja die mich oft bei Erblickung eines ſchönen, durch Vernachläſſigung entſtellten Angeſichts von Herzen die alten Gouvernanten (die dergleichen recht wohl wußten, ſahen und einſchärften!) ſtatt unſerer jetzigen „Bonnen,“ (die über Jene — und wohl gar ſelber zwiſchen zwei allerliebſten „Sperlingsecken“ hervorſpötteln!) wieder herbeiwünſchen ließen! Das Schlimmſte bei allen ſolchen Dingen iſt, daß nachher die Welt, die fremde Geſellſchaft, ſie zu rügen unterläßt, weil eine ſolche Rüge für beide Theile höchſt unbequem iſt und von der einen Seite meiſtens nicht wohl und vollſtändig gegeben, von der andern aber dennoch faſt immer vollſtändig übel genommen wird. Es gehört ein eignes Talent dazu, um hier eine vertrauliche Anſinnung zu wagen, beſonders gegen Frauen, die nicht ausgemacht reizend ſind. Wüßte nur Jedermann das, was ihm Gott an Körper und Geiſt verliehen hat, auf die gemäßeſte und bequemſte Art zu gebrauchen, es in Ordnung und zu Rath zu halten, das Rechte damit zu machen: — wie viel angenehmer würde unſer geſellſchaftliches Leben ſein!

Freundſchaft. (S. den Art. Liebe.) Oft ſchien mir der Freundſchaft Silberborn reiner und himmliſcher zu rinnen, als der heißſprudelnde Quell der Liebe. „Denn dort, ſprach ich, wagt der Menſch ſein Blut, ſein Leben, und ihm winkt zum Lohne faſt ſtets ein ewiger Frieden der Seele: doch hier, — o wie oft wagt nicht ſelbſt der Beſte ſeine Seele für die Wonne zeitlicher Luſt!“ Aber wenn ich dann wieder die heiligen Abgründe der Liebe zu meſſen ſtrebte, wenn ich, entzündet von der Religion, zu den Sternen aufſchaute, — wo blieb da die Freundſchaft?! Freundſchaft iſt gut, Liebe iſt ſchön; jene vergleiche ich der Redlichkeit, dieſe der Tugend. Der Freundſchaft Grenzen umgiebt die Liebe, aber die Grenze der Liebe heißt Unendlichkeit. Freundſchaft iſt Proſa, Liebe Poeſie. Freundſchaft iſt eine Göttin, Liebe ein Gott; — ja die Liebe beugt ſich unter kein Geſchlecht; ſie iſt das große allerthätige Neutrum, das All, dem alles Daſein folgt, dem kein Mund noch Griffel einen andern Namen geben ſoll, als — Liebe.

Fertig werden mit allem, was man treibt, iſt eine große Kunſt. Ich ärgere mich oft, daß die Menſchen mit ihren Geſchäften, Kunſtwerken, Beſuchen, Anſtalten, Toiletten, auf ihren Spaziergängen u. ſ. w. nicht fertig werden können, ſondern ſich bei jeder Kleinigkeit aufhalten, die ſie dermalen doch nicht zu erſchöpfen vermögen, und der ſie vielleicht ein Beſſeres oder Schöneres aufopfern; und dennoch kann ich ſelbſt ſehr ſelten ſagen: ich bin mit dieſer Sache fertig. — Ein ächter Hofmann muß eigentlich ſtets fertig ſein. — Mit unſern Entſchlüſſen werden wir in der Regel niemals fertig. Der Deutſche überhaupt liebt es, ſich durch kleine Sachdienlichkeiten auf ſeinem Wege aufhalten und zerſtreuen zu laſſen, — und dieß iſt ein Zeichen von Genialität. Der Franzoſe iſt immer fertig, und wird es doch nie.

Gehorſam, als bloß gefordertes Gehorchen, hat mich faſt immer erbittert. Der Vernunft und den ihr gemäßen Geſetzen gemäß zu handeln, iſt der Menſch ſchuldig. Daß aber zu dieſem Gehorſam die Kinder (große und kleine), ſo oft gezwungen werden müſſen, und nicht durch Gründe Neigung zu faſſen vermögen, — das iſt ein Unglück für das Menſchengeſchlecht, ein Schickſal, welches mit aller menſchlichen Bosheit und Schuld in der innigſten, beweinenswertheſten

Verknüpfung ſteht. — Soviel iſt gewiß: Kannſt du deinem Kinde, dem Untergebenen, der Geliebten oder dem Freunde Gehorſam aus Neigung einflößen, ſo machſt du jeden dieſer Menſchen zu deinem Diener und zugleich — glückſelig.

Genius. Ich fand faſt an allen fremden Orten, die ich öfters beſuchte, ſtets einen guten und einen böſen Genius! Ich reiſe z. B. nach X. und ärgere mich beim Anblicke der Stadt, daß ſie ſo ſchlechte Gaſthöfe beſitzt. Aber eben begegnet mir Herr B., der mich dort ſchon einmal mit großer Liebe aufnahm, und ruft mir gleich aus ſeinem Wagen eine freundliche Einladung auf morgen Mittag an ſeinen vortrefflichen Tiſch zu. „Das geht ja gut!" denke ich heiter, und bin froh, daß der Wagen ſchon an dem hübſchen Thore hält. Aber da ſteht der grobe, abſcheuliche Soldat, mit dem ich das vorige Mal Streit bekam, gerade wieder am Schilderhäuschen; und nun iſt mir die ganze Entree verſalzen! — Da ich die Stadt X. verlaſſen will, um nach C. zu reiſen, fehlt es, wegen der ſtarken Durchmärſche, an Pferden. Ich mache einen letzten Verſuch auf der Poſt, werde abgewieſen, fluche heimlich. Aber auf dem Rückwege begegnet mir wieder der freundliche B., der zufällig heut noch nach C. fährt und mich mitnehmen will. Wir fahren glücklich und ohne zu halten aus dem Thore. Unweit der Stadt hält der Kutſcher in einem engen Wege, weil ein Schiebkärrner ſich mitten in die Straße gepflanzt hat, und erſt ſein ganzes Holz umladet, ehe er ausweichen kann oder will. Die Pferde werden endlich ungeduldig, reißen am Wagen, es bricht gar ein Stillſcheit, der Bediente wird zurückgeſchickt, um ein anderes zu holen, wir gehen aus Verdruß eine Strecke zu Fuß, und indem ich vor dem Schiebkärrner vorüberſchreite, (und ihm gern den Schiebkärrnergruß zuriefe, wenn ich das nicht für gottlos hielte,) ſehe ich mit Schrecken, daß es abermals mein grober Soldat von neulich her iſt, welcher heute Holz einfährt; und ich verbeiße meine Wuth. Aber der kleine Zufall bringt uns doch um eine ganze Stunde Zeit, und obendrein, noch ehe wir C. erreichen, in ein fürchterliches Gewitter! Nun ſind wir endlich in C. und erfahren ſogleich, daß dort heute Abends ein prächtiges Stabat mater aufgeführt wird, wozu aber ſchon geſtern kein Billet mehr zu haben geweſen. Aus Verdruß will ich Beſuche machen, und fange bei der Gräfin D. an, die mich hier von jeher am meiſten protegirte. Im erſten Augenblicke zeigt es ſich dort, daß dieſe eigentlich die ganze heutige Muſik allein veranſtaltet hat; ſie ladet mich dazu ein, verſchafft mir ſogleich zwei Billets für mich und den guten B., und will ſogar im Concerte meine Nachbarin ſein. Wer iſt froher als ich! Die Gräfin nimmt mich mit; aber kaum ſind wir aus dem Wagen und im Saale, als meine Gönnerin zur Prinzeſſin von E. gerufen wird, und alſo mir ihre Entſchuldigung macht. Ich ſehe verlegen nach einem guten Platze umher; da ergreift plötzlich der unerträgliche Schwätzer F. meine Hand und nöthigt mich mit ſeiner gewöhnlichen Freundlichkeit, (die ich ſchon lange „mein ſchwarzes Schickſal von C." nannte,) den beſten Platz — das heißt neben dem ſeinigen — einzunehmen. Während der Muſik plappert er unaufhörlich. Am Schluſſe komme ich glücklich von ihm los, und indem ich beim Ausgange mich erinnere, daß ich mein Abendeſſen zu beſtellen vergaß, bringt mir ein Bedienter die Einladung zur Gräfin. Ich freue mich von Herzen auf die geiſtreiche Geſellſchaft, in die zum Glück der *unausſtehliche F. nicht aufgenommen iſt*, und eile, dahin zu kommen. Aber auf dem Vorſaale ſchon dringt mir ein bekannter ſchnarrender Ton in die Ohren, ich öffne, und da ſteht und demonſtrirt ſchon lange der gräßliche F., der ſich endlich auch hier Zutritt verſchafft hat, um mich überall zu verfolgen. — Und ſo ungefähr geht es mir denn an den meiſten Orten, die ich öfters beſuche. Selbſt auf meinen kleinen Wanderungen zum heiligen Muſenberge zeigen ſich mir oft jener gute, jener ſchwarze Genius. Oft, wenn ich mühſam jene breite, ſtaubige Chauſſee hinanklomm, gedrängt von tauſend Wandrern, beiſeite gedrückt von den groben Fuhrleuten, verächtlich lorgnirt von Manchen, die auf dem großen Pferde ſaßen, und ermattet von Mühe und Angſt, — da erſchienſt du mir, o ländliche Muſe, in deiner anmuthigſten Geſtalt und winkteſt dem Freunde aus zartem Myrthengebüſch, und kühlteſt ſeine Stirne mit deinem himmliſchen Kuſſe und führteſt ihn ſanft aufwärts durch ein ſtilles Thal, den nähern Weg. Da ſchaute ich fröhlich hinauf und ſah mit heiliger Sehnſucht jene Höhen glänzen, wo du in ewiger Jugend und Luſt mit den Seligen wohnſt, und bald erblickte ich das Getümmel der weitherumziehenden Heerſtraße ſchon tief unter mir. Aber plötzlich entſchwebte mir deine göttliche Geſtalt, — und ein hämiſcher Satyr ſtieß mich wieder hinüber auf den heißen Fahrweg!

Gipfel. So oft ich eine moraliſche oder phyſiſche Bergeshöhe ſchon über die Hälfte erſtiegen hatte, waren mir alle Hinderniſſe ziemlich gleich unwichtig, und ich wußte dann faſt gewiß, daß ich nun hinaufkommen würde. Vom Thale herauf ziehen wir noch gern langſam und blicken zurück, laſſen uns auch allenfalls auf Eſeln fortbringen; aber weiter oben wird es anders. — Wer wollte auch in der Nähe des Gipfels noch auf den mühſamen Pfad und die Klippen und Dornen, die er unter ſich hat, zurückblicken! Aufwärts und edel ſchaut dann der ſehnſüchtige Menſch. Die neuen Weitfernen will er erſchauen, die bald vor dem Siegreichen ſich ausbreiten werden!

Gewitter. Ich habe nie begreifen können, warum ſo viele der neuern Menſchen wollen, daß man ſich vor Gewittern nicht fürchten ſoll. Nehmt mir die Furcht davor, ſo nehmt ihr mir auch die Freude daran und die Andacht dabei! So manches ſchrecklich ſchöne Gewitter hat mir geſchadet, meinen Nächſten erſchlagen, die Flur verhagelt, Dörfer fortgeriſſen, Menſchen und Vieh getödtet, und nur andere, fremde Gegenden beglückt, — und ich ſollte nicht mit Andacht, Furcht und Zittern aufſchauen zum barmherzigen Lenker der Weltereigniſſe, wenn ein ſchweres Wetter heraufzieht! — Welch abgeſchmacktes unmenſchliches Anſinnen einiger — ſelbſt furchtſamen Pädagogen! — Ich habe nämlich zum Glück ſehr oft bemerkt, daß die, welche während eines Gewitters den Weibern und Kindern ſo viel vom Nutzen und Wohlthun der Gewitter und von der Thorheit aller Furcht dabei vorpredigten, gerade die Furchtſamen waren, und die Predigt aus eigner Furcht und Angſt abhielten, ſo wie man im Dunkeln gern laut wird. Sobald ich mich von der Richtigkeit dieſer meiner Bemerkung ein Mal überzeugt hatte, probirte ich das Mittel jener Herren ſelbſt, fing beim nächſten Gewitter an zu predigen; — es ging vortrefflich; man verſuche es nur, es hilft und ſchafft die Angſt vom Herzen weg! Der Grund mag wohl auch darin liegen, daß man ſich dabei gewiſſermaßen als eine officielle göttliche Perſon fühlt. Wer ſich wirklich nicht fürchtet, pflegt gewöhnlich beim Gewitter von ganz fremden Dingen zu ſprechen, und zeigt ſich nicht inſpirirter und nicht ruhiger, als er gewöhnlich iſt. Doch ſind dergleichen Leute auch zuweilen nur klug, und im Herzen doch nicht ganz rein geheilt. Wer ſich aber tüchtig und ehrlich fürchtet, der ſucht beſonders (wie z. B. ich), das gegenwärtige Gewitter recht zu loben, („Welch herrlicher Regen! Wie wird ſich alles erquicken! Wie wird die Gerſte wachſen! Nun kann es noch Klee geben!" u. ſ. w.) und gibt ſich wenigſtens alle Mühe, das Gewitter — ſo lange es noch irgend möglich iſt und die Schloſſen nicht gar zu dicht fallen, — zu entſchuldigen, nämlich über das, was es ſchon angerichtet hat oder eben jetzt thut. Dagegen ſucht er alle Gründe Anderer — wenn ſie behaupten, es komme nicht hierher, ſei leicht, thue nichts, oder ſei ſchon vorüber, — ſorgfältig zu widerlegen, und zuckt über die Zukunft noch ſtets die Achſeln, mit einem bedenklichen „Man kann dieß noch gar nicht wiſſen! Wir wollen's hoffen! Ja, ja — aber! Hm, ſo weit ſind wir noch nicht — denn die Wolken kamen ja ganz dick und ſchneckentell angezogen!" u. ſ. w. — Kurz, er ſchmeichelt dann immer ein Bischen, weil er nicht ganz traut. — Große und ähnliche Angſt fühlte ich auch oft im Mai, wenn viele warme Frühlingstage jeden zarten Keim des Pflanzenreichs hervorgelockt hatten, die Wieſen und Fruchtbäume im vollen Blüthenſchmucke da ſtanden, und nun nach einem Gewitter plötzlich eine kalte Nacht eintrat, vor deren Anbruch ich ſchon manches zarte Gräschen an feuchten Plätzen unterſuchte, und — erſtarrt fand! Der Mißmuth des Landmenſchen über einen ſolchen gewiſſen Nachtreif grenzt dann oft an Gotteslaſterung. Aber zu unſerer Beſchämung finden wir es am Morgen faſt nie ſo ſchlimm, als wir träumten, und die holde Natur weiß auch mitten in ihrem unbegreiflichen Vernichtungsgange unbegreiflich zu ſchützen. Größer aber war meine Bangigkeit nie, als wenn ich ſah, wie ein ſchweres Wetter über eine in voller Pracht und Schönheit daſtehende Ernte hereinzubrechen drohte. Ein reicher Segen zeitigte einſt rings um mich her in der Fülle des Sommers und ſchien ſich ſchon der Sichel entgegen zu beugen. Mir war das Einbringen deſſelben anvertraut; ich hielt ſein Gedeihen und Verderben für das meinige, und ſann bereits auf ſchnelle Förderung des herrlichen Erntegeſchäfts. Da zog über den Wald eine ungeheure Wetterwolke heran. Ich konnte vom Gang aller heute ſchon vorübergezognen Wolken ziemlich richtige Schlüſſe machen, und ach, die jetzt erſcheinende nahm ihre Bahn nach der Mitte meiner Flur! Es tönten die erſten dumpfen Schläge; in der Mitte der Schwärze bildete ſich das entſetzlich furchtbare Hagelzeichen; — bald noch eins, und ſelbſt ein drittes zu beiden Seiten! Hilf, Helfer im Himmel! Immer näher wogt das finſtere Ganze. Nun raſſelt es zwiſchen den Wolkenbergen wie fernſchmetternde Wagenräder, denn dort ertönt jetzt das Vereinigungsgeräuſch von zwei elektriſchen Geſchlechtern wie Brautgetümmel ungeheurer Geiſter; näher und höher tönt das Raſſeln! — — Dank, allmächtiger Helfer! Dank dir! Dein Odem wandte das Verderben, und der freundliche Wald ſtreckte auf ſeines Gottes Geheiß Millionen Arme mächtig zum Wolkenheer empor, um den großen Kampf auszukämpfen, zu dem die theure zarte Flur zu ſchwach war! — Da blickte mein träufelndes Auge empor, als die Lerchen wieder ſangen; und ſanftſchwankende Töne entwanden ſich meinen wehmüthigen Lippen:

„Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht ſingen?
„Sollt' ich ihm nicht dankbar ſeyn?"

Humor. Die reine Satyre iſt mir zu derb, zu viereckig, und geht mit ihrer Verſtändigkeit zu jähr und einzig auf fremdes Unglück aus. Der bloſe Witz iſt mir zu fein, macht mich durch ſeine fliegende, geiſtreiche Kälte zu oft nieſen, hat mir ſo wenig Zweck und zu viel Selbſtſtändigkeit. Aber der Humor tanzt und ſpringt mit beiden ſo klug als wild umher, arbeitet ſie zur Naivität ab und um, und oft, — wenn jene Zwei ihm, wie gewöhnlich, vorwerfen, ſein Herz ſei beſtändig beſoffen und wolle nur ſtets in der Brühe ſeiner eignen Seligkeit herumſchwimmen, — hat der mehr als Nüchterne ihnen während deſſen ſchon ein Bein geſtellt. Aber er wirft Niemand um; — und das hat mir ihn ſo lieb gemacht! Der ächte Humor kämpft nicht gegen jene Beiden, (ich ſehe ihn gern in ihrer Geſellſchaft,) er ſpielt nur mit ihnen, und oft ein ſchönes hohes Spiel, indem er der Satyre auf ihre großen Carreaux und dem Witz auf ſeinen „Treff" immer gutmüthig klein Pique zuwirft und beiden manches angehende Coeur-Trümpfchen entlockt. Und daß er am Ende immer ſo wunderbar mit dem Coeur-As den letzten Stich macht, darin beſteht er eben, der ächte.

Hineintragen. Es iſt bewunderungswürdig, welche Reichthümer unſre Phantaſie, indem wir eine intereſſante Geſchichte leſen, noch zwiſchen die Darſtellung hineinträgt! Beſonders wenn die Geſchichte eine bedeutende Ueberſchrift hat, auf deren Erfüllung wir nun paſſen. Wenn ich z. B. im Ziegler oder Franziſci die Ueberſchrift las: „Der fünfzehnte Junius. Wurde N. N. mit ſieben Dolchſtichen grauſamlich ermordet —" oder gar: „Fiel Abends das grauſame Bombardement von N. N. durch die Engländer vor" — wie war dann ſchon vor dem Leſen die Phantaſie geſchäftig! Ich ergriff ſogleich Parthei und ſetzte mich an die Stelle der bedrohten Stadt; ja ich war ſelbſt dieſe Stadt. (Dieß geſchah indeſſen bei Belagerungen nur dann, wenn die Ueberſchrift „das blutige, doch muthige N." oder ein ähnlicher Ausdruck mir die Stadt als Sieger ankündigte, ſo wie ich überhaupt in allen See- und Feldſchlachten faſt immer die Parthei des Siegers nahm.) Nun las ich die erſten Zeilen, und — ſtand dann ſelbſt am bedrohten Ufer feierlich da. Die wilde Flotte nahte langſam, und in der düſtern Abenddämmerung ſchien ſie über ihren Donnerkeilen zu brüten. Ich traute ihrer Stille nicht, denn bald ſollte ſie ja die Stille dieſer Nacht ermorden; — nach wenigen Augenblicken ſah ich bei jenen Schlünden plötzlich die Schlachtlaternen flimmern, und das entſetzliche Geſchrei der gellenden Commandopfeife verkündigte ſchon den praſſelnden Einſturz meiner Paläſte, wie der Blitz den Donner u. ſ. w. Kurz, ich trug immer zum Voraus eine große Menge von (wahren, und vermuthlich eine noch größere von falſchen) Umſtänden hinein, daß es dann nur weniger Worte meines Erzählers ſelbſt bedurfte, um mich in meiner gereizten Stimmung zu erhalten. Ja, je weniger er in das Detail ging, je mehr Räume er meiner Phantaſie offen ließ, je lieber war es mir insgeheim, je öfter las ich ihn von neuem.

Johannisbeeren. Der fruchtbare Johannisbeerbuſch iſt mein liebſter Strauch auf der weiten Erde. Er war das Erſte, was ich je pflanzte, das Erſte, was dem Kinde gerieth; auch iſt er das Erſte, was man im Jahre pflanzt; er geräth am leichteſten, trägt bald und faſt alljährlich Früchte, und die Ernte von ihm iſt eine der früheſten. Daher werden wohl ſehr viele Menſchen dieſe Freude daran mit mir theilen. Es war ſtets meine erſte Gartenluſt, daß ich ſchon im Februar oder März, ſobald der Schnee verſchwunden und der hübſche gelbe Raſen durchgeſchaut war, alle Stellen, wo noch irgend ein Johannisbeerbuſch ſtehen konnte, mit den ſchönſten Stecklingen bepflanzte, die alten verdorbnen durch neue erſetzte, und dabei oft mit Entzücken den mir ſo wohlſchmeckenden erſten Saft des Jahres aus dem grünen Holze der abgeſchnittenen Zweige ſog. Auch junge Blutnußhecken pflanzte ich ſtets um dieſe Zeit und liebte ſie ſehr wegen des herrlichen Purpurblümchens an der Knospe. Dieſe erſten Gartenſtunden waren unſtreitig die ſchönſten und zarteſten. Welche unſägliche und ewige Freuden für die Kindheit liegen nicht in den ſelbſtgepflanzten und gerathnen Bäumchen! O ihr lieblichen Fruchtſtrauchwäldchen meiner Kindheit! Ihr waret groß genug, dem Kinde Schatten zu geben! Warum ſeid ihr von der Erde verſchwunden! Warum könnt ihr nicht auch mein niedriges Grab nun ſo ſanft beſchatten, wie damals meine Sommerſtunden!

Iſraeliten. In der Bibel, die ich frühe las, lag für mich die ganze Weltgeſchichte. An die Apoſtelgeſchichte und die Sendſchreiben des heiligen Paulus knüpfte ich dann erſt die römiſche und weitere Geſchichte, — deren Wichtigkeit etwa vom Kaiſer Auguſtus anfing. Vermuthlich wird auch wohl jede Erziehung, mit der die Bibel ſogleich verbunden wird, eine ſolche Weltanſicht bewirken. Abgeſehen hiervon, bleiben aber auch wirklich die Iſraeliten immer ein höchſt wichtiges und intereſſantes Bild des großen Schickſals. Ihre gemeine Unreinigkeit hat die Verachtung der Nachwelt erregt. Allein ſie ſind für die Geſchichte das merkwürdigſte Beiſpiel, welches die Gottheit zur Belehrung darüber aufſtellte, wie ſie nicht erkannt und verehrt werden wolle, — und ihr Untergang, ihr ödes Herumirren unter den Nationen, iſt eine Warnung für alle Geſchlechter, welche die Wahrheit haſſen. Wollte Gott, wir könnten das Unſrige von dieſer thörichten Sünde frei ſprechen! Uebrigens nahm ich freilich die Iſraeliten für viel bedeutender an, als ſie in Vergleichung mit andern Völkern der Erde jemals waren. Und dieſe irrige Unterſtellung habe ich auch durch nachherigen hiſtoriſchen Unterricht nicht ganz vertilgen können. Noch immer betrachtete ich die Iſraeliten, bis zu Jeſus von Nazareth, (nicht die heutigen Juden, die mir ganz modern und geſchichtlich erſcheinen), als unſere Vorfahren und ehrwürdige Voreltern, deren heilige Länder auch als unſer Vaterland erſcheinen. Abraham war ſtets auch mein Erzvater, und zu ſeiner Zeit waren nach meiner Meinung noch immer keine andern Menſchen auf der Erde zu ſehen, als er und ſeine Familie, die ſich nun allmälig umher verbreitete. Die lichteſten Punkte ihres Aufenthalts ſind für mich in der Gegend des Hains zu Mamre.

Kluge Kinder haben mich ſtets beſorgt gemacht. — Lache nicht über dein Kind, wenn es um ein Stückchen Zucker für „das arme müde Steckenpferdchen" bittet, und dann daſſelbe ſelbſt ſpeiſet, dagegen aber das ihm beſtimmte Brod, „damit der Hund es ihm nicht nehme," in den Winkel verſteckt, wo der Hund es gewiß bald finden muß — oder wenn es dir, um dich wieder gut zu machen, die drolligſte Geſchichte haben zu erzählen weiß, wie weit es ſich heute von ſeinen „ſechs ſchwarzen Hengſten," die in ſechs ſchwarzen Bohnen beſtehen, habe herumkutſchiren laſſen: — dergleichen Kinder ſind gewöhnlich die heitereſten und waren mir von jeher fürchterlich. Das iſt nicht die ſchöne Selbſttäuſchung der kindlichen Phantaſie: Nein, es iſt der eigennützige alte Taugenichts, den du ſchnell bannen mußt, ehe er die Krallen auf ewig in das Herz des jungen Windbeutels drückt!

Kupferſtiche. Die erſten Illuminirten, die man in der Jugend ſieht, bleiben auch — geſchmückt mit der Farbenglorie der Erinnerung, — ewig die ſchönſten. Ich hatte das Glück, zuerſt drei große Stücke zu ſehen, die nicht zu den ſchlechteſten gehörten, und die ein reicher Fremder mir und meinen Geſchwiſtern zum Geſchenke mitbrachte. Alle drei glänzten im prächtigſten Farbenreichthum. Es ward uns ſehr eingeſchärft, ſie zu ſchonen, und man ließ ſie uns nur bei beſondern Gelegenheiten, an Feſt-, Krankheits-, Freuden- und Vatertagen betrachten; und dann war auch ihre Wirkung immer die ſicherſte und beſte. Der erſte Kupferſtich war ein Jagdſtück. Der Wald, durch den die Jagd zog, ſchimmerte ſo herrlich bunt! Alle Jäger ſprengten, auf herrlichen Pferden und mit reichen, dick bordirten Kleidern angethan, einem ungeheuren Eber nach, über den ſieben Hunde her waren; den achten hatte er jämmerlich zerhauen. Die Verſe unter dem Bilde, die mir damals vorzüglich werth waren, und mich bei jeder neuen Betrachtung auch neuen Sinn im Gemälde ahnen ließen, habe ich leider vergeſſen — und daraus ſchließe ich, daß es doch wohl das ſchlechteſte unter allen geweſen ſein mag. Das zweite ſtellte eine große Promenade vor dem Thore von München, Wien oder Paris vor, die mit vergoldeten und verſilberten Galawagen, mit Reitern und Fußgängern bedeckt war, und noch im Schatten mächtighoher Lindenbäume zwiſchen hellen Sonnenblicken gar kühl und luſtig dazuliegen ſchien. Die Pracht, den ungeheuern Reichthum, und beſonders das äußerſt vornehme Betragen, was hier augenſcheinlich herrſchte, weiß ich nichts in der Welt zu vergleichen! Die Damen, ſo ſtolz! — die prächtigſten Herren, doch ſo tief demüthig vor Jenen! Ja, ein jeder Herr, der irgend eine Jacke von Purpur oder Karmin trug, hielt zwiſchen ſeinen Fingern dem gebückten Bettler ein Goldſtück entgegen, das, wenn man die Proportion erwog, wenigſtens eine Preismedaille von hundert Dukaten ſein mußte. „Hier, dachte ich, gehen nur die Rechten, Wahren ſpazieren! Hier muß das Betteln Etwas eintragen; — und, welche Goldſtücke mögen nun wohl erſt aus den Kutſchen herabfliegen, wenn ſchon die Fußgänger ſo großmüthig ſind!" Unten ſtanden folgende Verſe:

„Wie ſchicklich kann man ſich alsdann doch ergehen
In dieſer angenehmen Sommerszeit!
Man pflegt ſich auf das Pferd und in die Kutſche zu ſetzen,
Und macht dem Frauenvolk dadurch oft große Freud'.“

Alſo machte der Dichter nicht ein Mal viel Weſens von obiger Pracht, die mich ſo ganz verblendete! Er ſprach nur von Drachen, und ſchien anzunehmen, alles übrige müſſe von Rechtswegen ſo ſein, was ich es dort zum größten Erſtaunen fand! War das eine Welt! — „Hei!“ (ſagt der herrliche Dichter der Nibelungen ſo oft,) Hei, was da große Ehre geflogen ward!“ Und, daß hier doch alles eigentlich nur auf gelegentheitlichen Genuß der angenehmen Sommerszeit berechnet ſein ſollte, das ſteigerte mein äſthetiſches Gefühl und gab mir erſt die rechten Ideen vom Wohlſtande und koſtſpieligen Leben dieſer großen Welt. „Ei, ei, ſprach ich, gleichſam mit tiefen Bücklingen der Seele, zu meinen bunten Fratzen: ihr ſeid erhabenen und überaus vornehmen Menſchen! Ich möchte wohl erſt ein Mal in eure Tafelzimmer und Prunkſäle ſchauen.“ Dann fiel es mir freilich zuweilen ſchmerzlich ein, daß alle die dummen Teufel nur gemalt waren; aber da tröſtete mich wieder die angenehme Sommerluft, die im ganzen Bilde zu wehen ſchien, und ſie hauptſächlich ſtärkte meinen Glauben an die Möglichkeit und poetiſche Wahrheit ſolcher ungeheuren Erſcheinungen und Ereigniſſe. Die Zeit, in welcher die Handlung meines Bildes ſpielte, habe ich ſtets auf einen Sonntag nach der Nachmittagskirche feſtgeſetzt; denn das war in meinem kleinen Sinne die einzig ſchickliche Stunde, in der man, etwa nach dem Genuß eines tüchtigen Kaffee's, „ſo großer Ehren pflegen“ konnte. Das dritte Bild endlich ſtellte einen öffentlichen Erholungs-, Spiel- und Luſtort vor. Auch dieſes Stück war ſehr reich, und man hatte den theuern Karmin und die Gold- und Silberfarben nirgends daran geſpart. Jedermann beluſtigte ſich im Grünen, und es wurde ſogar auf einem mit Goldhaufen beladnen Tiſche unter freiem Himmel Bank gemacht. Zahlreiche Geſellſchaften tranken Thee, hielten Wettlauf, Tanz u. ſ. w. Alle Hauptfiguren aber ſchienen an mehreren Arten des Kegelſpiels Theil zu nehmen, wovon auch die Unterſchrift beſonders redete:

„Jede Dame hat verlobt in's Spiel von Kegelſchieben,
Womit man ſich doch oft gar ſehr ermüden kann.
Die Andern wollen ſich dabei in dem Schmarachein üben,
Wo eine Kugel leicht ſchlägt neun Kegel an.“

Bei aller möglichen und hartnäckigen Anſtrengung habe ich doch leider bis dieſen Augenblick niemals herausbringen können, was für ein Spiel eigentlich das Schmarachein ſei. Keine Menſchenſeele hat mich jemals über dieſe ſchöne und kräftige Benennung berichten können! Oft habe ich wehmüthig vor dem geliebten, nur allzuundeutlichen Bilde ausgerufen: „Himmel! ich wollte ja gern allem Kegeln, ja dem ganzen Billardweſen (deſſen Seligkeiten mir noch unbekannt ſind), auf ewig entſagen, wenn ich nur erſt ein einziges Mal in meinem Leben ſo recht nach Herzensluſt — ſchmarachein könnte!

Kindheit. Das Leben der Kindheit ſetzt eine Mutter, oder doch einen Vater, oder allerwenigſtens Geſchwiſter voraus, in jedem dieſer Fälle aber auch ein gewiſſes häusliches Verhältniß, das ich nicht beſchreiben kann. Daher können gar viele Menſchen (z. B. früh verwaiſte Waiſen, ſolche, die ſehr bald in große Penſionen kamen, auf Reiſen großgezogen wurden, und überhaupt ein nicht unbeträchtlicher Theil der Vornehmen, der Großſtädter u. ſ. w.) nicht eigentlich ſagen, daß ſie eine Kindheit gehabt, oder eine Jugend gekannt oder gelebt haben. Ihr Schickſal ſchmerzt mich. Aber zum Glück, — Dank ſei der milden Weisheit Gottes für dieſe himmliſche Gnade! — zum Glück habe ich bemerkt, daß ihnen oft durch ein eignes kindliches Naturell, durch ein ſeliges, reiches Leben oder andere göttliche Begünſtigungen in der Folge bald ein ſchöner Erſatz für jene großen Entbehrungen von der holden Natur geleiſtet ward. Entbehren müſſen ſie aber doch gar Manches! — und gern wollte ich gegenwärtiges ſchon an ſich breites Büchlein noch weiter ausſpinnen, wenn ich ihnen dadurch verſtändlich werden könnte; wenn ich nur ſie dadurch zu Mitgenoſſen meiner eignen ſeligen Nachgenüſſe zu beleben vermöchte, — die Armen! — Gott, welchen unendlichen Dank bin ich dir vor vielen Andern ſchuldig!

Langeweile habe ich nur dann gefühlt, wenn ich mich vor einer beſchwerlichen Arbeit fürchtete; — wenn ich zu einer ſolchen Arbeit (mit der ich im Rückſtande war, für die ich wohl Kräfte, ja Willen, aber ein allzuſchwaches Fleiſch fühlte,) von außen, aber nicht hinlänglich, angetrieben ward, mich nun vor ſie hinſetzte, böſen und liederlichen Gedanken nachhing, gähnend meine Unthätigkeit mit Unvermögen zu entſchuldigen ſuchte, bald mich wieder tadelte, ängſtlich nach der Uhr ſah, ob ſie mich noch nicht zu einer andern unvermeidlichen Arbeit oder zum Eſſen oder zum Schlafe rufen wolle, dann wieder ſeufzte, und ſo immer tiefer in den ſchrecklichen Müßiggang verfiel! O, ihr ſchrecklichſten Momente meines Lebens, — in welchen zuweilen der Menſch nahe daran iſt, ſich ſelbſt für ſchlecht zu erklären! — Konnte ich euch durch tiefes Beiſtragen von den Tafeln meines Gewiſſens vertilgen, — ach, ich wollte mich ja ganz in bußfertige Reue verſenken! Oft rief ich da aus: „Wie glücklich iſt doch der Bettler, der keine Pflichten kennt!“ — [illegible], [illegible] auf dieſer Erde! Aber ihr habt einen jetzt in mein jammervolles Angeſicht, ſtört die bittre [illegible], von der es überſchwemmt wird, — o ihr würdet mit mir meinen, daß euer Bruder, — daß ein Menſch, der ſo vieles Gute kannte, — dennoch ſo vieles Gute nicht that, und indem er ſich ſelbſt darüber anklagte, es doch unterließ, — und daß nun dieſem Armen jetzt nicht Erde noch Himmel das Verlorne je wiederzubringen vermögen! Ihr würdet ein Beiſpiel nehmen an ihm! Ihr würdet die Peſt der Langenweile von der Erde vertilgen, und würdet jeden Moment von jeder ſo ſchrecklichen [illegible] ſchnell befreien durch muthige Thatkraft, und würdet — ſelig ſein dann ihr! — — — Ach, ſchwebet ihr jetzt tröſtend zu mir her, ihr wonnevollen, anmuthigen Stunden meines ſchönen Müßiggangs, — wo ich, in erfreulicher Muße, oder nach einer rechten That, den blumenbekränzten Kahn meiner Phantaſie ſo heiter lachend, und auf dem Strome des Innern zwiſchen den blüthenvollen und grünenden Inſeln einer ſchönen Lieblingswelt dahin ſchiffte, von keiner drängenden Arbeitsluſt zurückgehalten, von keiner verſäumten Pflicht geängſtigt! Und nun ſagt mir, gute Menſchen: wie iſt es möglich, daß man in ſolchem Müßiggange jemals von der Langenweile gedrückt werde! Ich habe dies nie begreifen können, denn nie war ich herrlicher, voller und ſeliger beſchäftigt, als in den ſonnigen Stunden jener ſüßen Muße!

Lob. Was ich liebe, das lobe ich gar oft und gern mit der größten Inbrunſt. Schmeichelei habe ich nie; — doch mögen vielleicht manche, die mich nicht genau gekannt, zuweilen mein Lob für Schmeichelei genommen haben. In meinem Sinne aber war von jeher das Loben vom Schmeicheln himmelweit unterſchieden, und ſo hoffe ich, daß mein Loben keinem Menſchen ſchädlich geworden ſei. Doch bin ich ein Mal plötzlich über mich erſchrocken, als ich einer ſchönen Freundin, die ſchwanger war, betheuerte, ſie würde uns gewiß ein wahres Engelskind zur Welt bringen, worauf die Beſcheidene mir lächelnd verwarf, meine Schmeichelei ſchone nicht einmal das Kind im Mutterleibe. Aber hüte dich, die Menſchen eher zu loben, als du weißt, daß ſie dein Lob wirklich verdienen. Denn im Lob trifft du ein Mal mit mehreren derſelben, oder gar mit allen, die du in deinem Kreiſe gelobt haſt, öffentlich zuſammen; die Geſellſchaft verlangt ein deinem Urtheile gemäßes Betragen. Jeder der Gelobten fordert laute oder ſtillſchweigende Beſtätigung; jeder Getadelte will dich nun zur Rechenſchaft ziehen; und wenn du dann mit Vorurtheil geurtheilt haſt, ſo wirſt du die Beſten kränken oder die Geringſten beleidigen, und in große Noth gerathen. Uebrigens bin ich ſehr oft beim Lobe Anderer betrübt, und bei ihrem Tadel ganz unbekümmert geweſen. Mein Gewiſſen war mir faſt immer der ſtrengſte und ſicherſte Richter. Auch haben Gedanken, wie nachfolgende, ſtets zu meinem gewöhnlichen gehört: „Was dieſen Menſchen an jenen Menſchen oder ihren Werken gefällt, das gefällt mir gerade nicht, und deßhalb möcht ich ſie durchaus nicht loben, wiewohl die Beurtheiler darin allerdings recht haben, daß es herrliche Menſchen oder Werke ſind.“ Ferner: „Jener Menſch oder ſein Werk iſt höchſt erbärmlich, aber Eurer Gründe und Ausſtellungen wegen wahrlich nicht! Denn gerade die gereichen ihm noch zur größten und einzigen Ehre.“ u. ſ. w. Dergleichen Gedanken, [illegible] ärgerlich ſie mich auf die Menſchen machten, haben ſich [illegible] — o Gott, in manchen Zeiten alltäglich aufgedrängt! Und — wer wird nicht von ihnen geplagt!

Lächerlich. Es giebt wenige — ich möchte ſagen keine, — abſolut oder allgemein und nothwendig lächerliche Gegenſtände. Nichts iſt ungewiſſer und ſchwankender, als irgend eine Theorie des Lächerlichen; denn ſo verſchieden die Menſchen ſind in Rückſicht der Genialität, des Verſtandes, der Vernunft, des Geſchlechts, Herzens, Standes, der äſthetiſchen Bildung überhaupt u. ſ. w., ſo verſchieden ſind auch ohnehin die Gegenſtände, welche ein Jeder lächerlich zu finden vermag oder finden muß. Außerdem hängt aber auch noch das Lächerliche ſo ſehr von Zeit, Umſtänden, Darſtellung, Art, Umgebungen, und andern Bedingungen ab, wie faſt kein anderer Gegenſtand; und man kann daher niemals mit Sicherheit auf ſeine volle Wirkung rechnen. So viel iſt gewiß: Gemeine Menſchen müſſen in der Regel zehn Gegenſtände lächerlich finden, ehe dem Genius einer lächerlich vorkommt, ſo lange nämlich unter den Gegenſtänden keine beſondere Auswahl getroffen wird. Denn von vielen tauſend Dingen, welche den Genius als hübſch, naiv, heiter, witzig, lächelnswerth, gemüthlich, intereſſant u. ſ. w. anſprechen, findet der Gemeine ſchon vielleicht die Hälfte, und mit ihr den Genius ſelbſt, vollkommen lächerlich. Was ſich von dieſen Sätzen umkehren läßt, das überlaſſe ich jedem ſelbſt zur Probe; nur vergeſſe man dabei nicht, daß Gemeinheit die Genialität keineswegs ausſchließt. Mich hat das Lächerliche hauptſächlich dadurch geneckt, daß mir manche Sachen ein Mal lächerlich, nach einiger Zeit kaum belächelnswürdig, nach mehreren Jahren aber wieder höchſtlächerlich vorkamen u. ſ. w. Beſonders geht es mir ſo mit zwei Anekdoten, über die ich mehr gelacht habe als über alles in der Welt, und die mich heute wieder ein Mal nicht als lächerlich anſprechen. Doch, ich will ſie erzählen, und den Leſer ſelbſt über ihr Lächerliches urtheilen laſſen. Ich ging mit einem Kreiſe (Unterjäger, Holzmann,) auf die Jagd. Unterwegs erkundigte ich mich danach, „wie ſeine Flinte ſich halte," die vorzüglich gut war. Er ſchalt ſie als ganz verdorben, hoffte aber, ſie werde bald wieder richtig ſchießen. Lange fragte ich vergebens nach der Urſache, wodurch das Gewehr verdorben worden. Endlich kam folgendes heraus. Er habe die Flinte Einem geliehen, der damit, zur Kur für ſeinen an den ſchwindenden Dingern (der Schwindſucht) kranken Sohn, einen von dieſem gegen einen Grenzſtein geſchoſſen. Zum Glück aber ſei es mit dem Jungen durchaus beſſer geworden; und ſobald derſelbe wieder auf den Beinen ſei, werde auch die Flinte ſo gerade ſchießen wie ehemals; außerdem aber nimmermehr! Vielleicht iſt auch das eigne Bild des Erzählers (welcher aus lauter komiſchen Aggregaten beſtand,) eine Haupturſache davon, daß das Lächerliche dieſes Aberglaubens mich oft ſo gewaltig erſchüttert hat. Die zweite Anekdote erzählte mir ein vorderöſterreichiſcher Beamter. Es ward kurz nach ſeinem Amtsantritt ein Jude vor ihn geſtellt, den man wegen Defraudation ſeines Leibzolls im Verdacht hatte. Derſelbe legitimirte ſich aber durch Vorzeigung von drei gedruckten, quittirten Zollzetteln, die auf zwei Kälber und eine Sau lauteten. Auch ſagte der Zolleinnehmer aus, die Sache habe ihre Richtigkeit; denn für den Juden-Leibzoll ſeien keine beſondern Zettel gedruckt, und ein Jude ſei eben ſo hoch eingeſchätzt, als etwa drei Thiere. So gräßlich mir dieſe Geſchichte anfangs in's Herz ſtach, ſo lächerlich erſchien ſie mir hinterher, als erlaubte Begrenztheit des Beamten. Uebrigens hätte ein Anderer als ich die beiden jetzt erzählten Anekdoten wohl in witziger Form zugeſpitzt. Ich aber wollte den Leſer nicht täuſchen, da es mir dabei nur um das Hiſtoriſche aus meinem Gemüthe zu thun war.

Liebe. (S. d. Art. Freundſchaft.) Himmliſches Wort! Wie konnte ich den Buchſtaben L. denken, ohne das Ganze deiner fünf ſüßen Ziffern mit ewig gleichem, unbeſchreiblichem Verlangen wieder zu grüßen! Du göttlich ſchönes Kind, das ſtets die liebende Armuth in unſäglicher Sehnſucht vom jungen Gott des Reichthums empfing und unter den Freudenthränen der Schwelgung zur begnadigten aller Stunden gebar! Oft ſchwebſt du, gleich dem Geſang der Lerche, über den Frühlingen der Erde; und wie ſelig ſind deine Boten, deine Bleibenden! Oft ſchmachten deine Lieben, wie die Nachtigall, und neigen ſich, ach, zum ſterbenden Fall! Oft trifft du die bangende Jugend ſchwül, wie das erſte Frühlingsgewitter die kaum aufgeblühten Fluren. Durch's Auge fährt dann der feurige Gott wie ein Blitz; im Buſen bebt das erſchrockne Herz wie vom Donner getroffen; aber wohlthätig rieſelt der ſüße Thränenregen hernieder! Oft — — aber, heilige Gottheit! Wie konnte ich Armer deine Wunder würdig ſingen! Dieſe göttlichen Wunder, die ich Unwürdiger ewig fühlte und nie begriff! Dein war ich, o Liebe; dein bin ich, und im Strome deines heiligen Lichtes will ich auch verſinken, und — erwachen!

Lebensfülle. Ich habe ſie ſtets am herrlichſten in den Momenten der eingetretenen Ruhe nach körperlicher Anſtrengung empfunden. Z. B. in Berggegenden, wenn ich mich einige Minuten lang niederſetze; in Ebnen, wenn ich ſtehen bleibe; im Hauſe beim Anfange des Abendeſſens; am Arbeitstiſche hauptſächlich nach einem ſtarken Gang; wo gewöhnlich Geiſt und Körper am zufriedenſten mit einander ſind; wo man alles Denken und Dichten, ja ſelbſt Feder und Tinte am meiſten liebt; wo man das vorher Gearbeitete mit größerem, gleichſam erſt kürzlich erworbenem Scharfſinne, und mit ganz neuen Blicken betrachtet, und zu Berichtigung der Fehler und Vermehrung des Guten gleiche Kraft und Begierde fühlt. Das, was man gewöhnlich Begeiſterung nennt, war mir faſt einerlei mit Lebensfülle, und zu dieſem Zuſtande fand ich ſtets und vor allen Dingen eine vollkommne Nüchternheit nothwendig. Daß es wirklich Menſchen gebe, welche, wie man behauptet, die Begeiſterung durch ſtarke Getränke herbeizurufen oder gar feſtzuhalten vermögen, ſcheint mir unglaublich. Von Andern hingegen, die ſich einbilden, ihre Lebensfülle nicht erträglich zu finden, ſich die Adern aufbeißen, wirkliche Aderlaſſen, Erkältungen und andere Executionstruppen gegen die Fülle ihres überladenen Lebens bis zu deſſen Ermattung anrücken laſſen, habe ich ſelbſt manche Beiſpiele erlebt. Der Grund war aber gewöhnlich affektirt, nie ächte Genialität; und ich konnte auch einen ſolchen nicht affektirenden Menſchen doch unmöglich geſünder benennen, als — Hans Dampf.

Mitleiden. Alle Kinder, die noch unverdorben ſind, haben einen natürlichen Hang zum Mitleiden. Dieſe Anlage iſt ſo entſchieden, und ich habe ihre Spuren ſo durchgängig und ohne Ausnahme gefunden, daß ich das Mitleiden als das erſte göttliche Angeſicht im menſchlichen Gemüthe, wodurch ſich dieſes von aller bloß organiſirten Natur unterſcheidet, betrachte. Ich habe in den Geſichtern meiner Kinder, lange vor der Entwicklung ihres Sprachvermögens, ganz dieſelben Züge erſcheinen ſehen, welche das Mitleiden hervorbringt, und ich habe ihnen dieſe Gefühle wirklich durch meine Bewegungen zu erregen vermocht und ſogar dieſelben mehrmals, durch gewiſſe Zeichen der Wehmuth und eines wachſenden Schmerzes, bis zum Uebergang in Thränen geſteigert. Was meine eignen vielfältigen Erinnerungen aus der Kindheit betrifft, ſo hat ſich mein Mitleiden und Bedauern (d. h. außer wirklichen Leidensfällen), vorzüglich in folgenden Lagen geäußert: wenn ich einen Menſchen ausgelacht ſah, welcher traurig dazu ſchwieg; wenn Jemand ſo auffallend beſchämt ward, daß ich die Beſchämung ſpürte; wenn ein Vornehmer einen zerriſſenen Strumpf, Schlafrock, ſchlechte Schuhe, ſchmutzige Wäſche u. ſ. w. trug, wobei ich ſtets auf Armuth rieth; wenn Jemand über die Theurung eines gewiſſen Nahrungsmittels, Kleidungsſtücks u. ſ. w., deſſen Vorzüge ich ſo eben genoß, klagte; wenn ein Knabe mit ſehr harten, aufgeriſſenen Händen oder blutigen Flecken im Geſichte vor mir ſtand; (ja ſchon ein jedes Kind, in deſſen Geſicht ich Schmutzflecken, einen Kirſch- oder Heidelbeerbart ſah, dauerte mich ſehr merklich und kam mir leidend vor;) beſonders aber, wenn ich einen Knaben in der Herbſt- oder Winterkälte herumlaufen ſah, deſſen Weſte von der Hoſe ein Paar Hände breit abſtand, ſo, daß im Zwiſchenraume die Blöße des Bauchs einzig von dem dünnen Hemde bedeckt war: dieß kam mir immer höchſt bedauernswürdig vor und ließ mich empfindliche Froſtſchauer, ja die höchſte Noth ahnen; und je mehr ſich ein ſolcher Junge anſtrengte, je freundlicher er um mich her ſprang, (denn vermuthlich war ihm ſelbſt oft ſehr wohl dabei zu Muthe,) und je größern Dienſt er mir leiſtete, je inniger dauerte mich der Arme; und wer in einer ſolchen Verfaſſung mich um etwas bat, der konnte alles von mir erpreſſen. (Ohnedies ſchlägt wohl Niemand irgend eine Bitte ſo ungern, und im Nothfall noch mit ſo viel Antheil ab, als ein Kind!) Doch war wohl dieß ſchon Gefühl über eine Miſchung von Bewunderung und Mitleiden. (S. d. Art. Erbvertheilung.)

Mond. Dieſes freundliche Licht hat beſonders dreierlei Empfindungen in mir erregt. Erſtlich im Sommer gewährte mir der Mondſchein (hauptſächlich um die Zeit des vollen Lichtes,) eine oft erprobte Sicherheit vor Nachtgewittern, die dann wirklich äußerſt ſelten zum vollen Ausbruche kommen. Im Winter verwandelt ſich jene Sicherheit in ein Gefühl von erhöhter Häuslichkeit; ja auch die ganze ſtarre Natur erſchien mir faſt wirthlicher als am hellen Tage, ſobald der Mond ſchien. Auch habe ich es mehrmals ganz entſchieden in reinen Winternächten empfunden, daß man im hellen Mondſcheine wärmer ſteht, als im Schatten. (So wie ich überhaupt von jeher Licht und Wärme für ganz einerlei gehalten, oder doch gefühlt habe.) Zweitens hat der Mond immer gar ſchöne Todesgedanken in mir erweckt, beſonders als ich ein Mal nahe an der hochliegenden väterlichen Dorfkirche wohnte. Welchen ſeligen Abend habe ich dort am fünften Junius 1803 verlebt! (Mein irdiſches Leben war damals matt und verarmt; ich lebte gleichſam mitten im Kriege; die Gemeinde war gegen ihre Obrigkeit in der bedenklichſten Widerſpenſtigkeit, — und ach, es drohte auch mein eigner Friede zu weichen!) Die Herrlichkeit des Spätroths begann in Weſten zu verglimmen, und ich trat an das ſüdliche Fenſter. Da ſtand ſchon der Mond freundlich neben der alten Kirche! Ueber den alten morſchen Fruchtbäumen des Kirchhofes, — über jenen theuern Todten, die längſt von ihrer egyptiſchen Dienſtbarkeit entbunden waren und keinen Krieg mehr kannten; über den Gräbern der Eltern, des Bruders, des Kindes! Aus dem Lieblingswalde meiner Kindheit war er aufgeſtiegen; voll und rein ſtand er da zwiſchen weißen, ſanftgekräuſelten Wölkchen, in die ſich ein ſeltſam verſchimmertes und doch ſehr dunkles Blau eindrängte, woraus die himmliſche Kugel, wie aus grundloſen Tiefen einer traurigen Unendlichkeit, ſich ſo tröſtend hervorbog. So wie das Abendroth dort vollends verden ſchwand, ſodern ſich hier allmälig ein ſanftes, geheimes Nachbild, welches aber bald nach ewigen Fernen fort zu ziehen ſchien — ach, und mit ihm zogen auf Mondesſtrahlen die ſchwindenden Seelenbilder meiner Lieben, und meine eigne wehmuthsvolle Seele! O wie fröhlich ſtand da die heilige Kugel meinem warmen zerfließenden Buſen gegenüber! — O Mond, wie tröſtend ſtandeſt du da über meinen Todten! — — [illegible] iſt mir oft der Vollmond zum freundlichen Bürgen für die morgende Wiederkunft der Sonne geworden, wenn ich ihr in ſehnſuchtsvoller Bangigkeit die Worte aus jenem herrlichen Sterbelied nachſang:

„Schaut, die Sonne geht zur Ruh,
Kommt doch morgen wieder!“

Einſt, auf einem Lieblingsberge, (es war am zwanzigſten October 1804,) befiel mich eine beſondere Angſt um die morgende Wiederkehr der ſcheidenden Allerwärmerin. Auf dem Feuerſtrome der Abendröthe trieben hellgoldne Schaumflocken. Ein zackiger Karminſaum glühte am Rand einer dichten ſchwarzen Wolkentiefe, gleichſam ein ſtillſtehender Blitz in finſtrer Nacht. Aber das ganze glühende Gewölk mit ſeinen dunkeln Thälern und Gruben ruhte auf einem weit ausgebreiteten Purpurmantel, der unter den finſtern Schatten blutig hervorflammte, bis hoch über mein Haupt und nun nach allen Seiten hin ohne merkbare Grenzen in ein blendendes Lichtgold zerfloß. Da kam von Oſten herauf die ernſte Nacht. Mich überlief ein Schauder, als ſie ſo grau und froſtig auf den Schwingen der Morgenluft über den Horizont heranzog. „Ach,“ rief ich, „ſollte morgen aus jener todten Leere, aus jenen ſo ganz ausgeſtorbenen Regionen, das goldne Sonnenlicht wiederkehren! Warum hoffſt du nicht, getreue Seele!“ Aber ſieh da! Von einem fernen Waldkopfe des Thüringers Gebirges trat jetzt der Vollmond leiſe herüber, und auf ein Mal war jene düſtere Nacht wieder freundlich! Sie war nun nicht mehr kalt noch öde, ſondern bewohnt und wirthlich! Mächtig drang die große Kugel herauf; aber ihr gegenüber wollte das Abendroth noch nicht weichen, und flammte wieder röther an den Zinnen des Rhöngebirges. Ach, es war eine Wundernacht um mich her, zwiſchen dieſen zwei Lichtgegenden!

Namen ſind mir von allen bekannten Menſchen höchſt wichtig und bedeutend; doch nur die Vornamen. Bei Frauen habe ich ſogar oft vergeſſen, ihre Zunamen zu erfragen. Sobald mir geſagt wird, meine neue Bekanntſchaft heiße z. B. Chriſtiane, ſogleich werde ich manche ihrer Eigenſchaften errathen, ſchon ehe mein Auge ſie ſieht. Noch glücklicher bin ich im Errathen des Taufnamens eines mir neu vorgeſtellten Menſchen; und dieß geht auch natürlicher zu als jenes — denn man kann wirklich in gewiſſem Sinne ſagen: der Menſch bildet ſich ſeinem Hauptvornamen allmälig nach, und dieſer malt ſich im Menſchenantlitz endlich aus. Wer hierüber lacht, den frage ich auf ſein Gewiſſen: Sieht nicht mancher Menſch ganz genau ſo aus, als müſſe er ſchlechterdings z. B. Johannes, oder Gottlieb, oder Philippine heißen! Und heißt er nicht am Ende wirklich ſo! — Hat man nun aber dieſen „Zufall“ mehrmals beſtätigt gefunden, ſo betrachte man alsdann im Geiſte nur etwa ein ganzes Dutzend von Johannesen, Gottlieben oder Philippinen — und ich wette darauf, man wird in jedem ihrer Geſichter Etwas von dem Allgemeinen, das ſie einander ähnlich macht und von allen anders Benannten unterſcheidet, wirklich anſchauen; aber freilich wird Niemand dieß Etwas anzugeben, zu nennen, oder zu beſchreiben vermögen. — Bei den Thieren iſt es ganz anders. Ich habe an keinem Hunde jemals einen der gewöhnlichen Hundenamen errathen können, ſobald nämlich z. B. ein Spitz- oder Mopshund nicht auch wirklich Spitz oder Mops hieß. Kein Eigenname hat Aehnlichkeit mit dem Hunde; kein Hund mit ſeinem Namen. Der Unterſchied liegt ganz gewiß bloß in der Abweſenheit des Gemüths und aller Sittlichkeit. Daher wird man auch finden, daß Kinder ihr Lieblingshündchen, wenn es beſonders gut und faſt gemüthlich iſt, ſelten mit dem ihm beigelegten Namen, ſondern oft in jeder Woche mit einem andern Scherz-, Spitz- oder Liebesnamen, ja oft am liebſten nur „Hündchen“ benennen. Mir ſelbſt iſt es auch, in Rückſicht meiner und meines Haushundes Wechſelneigung, und aller ſeiner Tugenden, vollkommen einerlei, ob ich ihn Endymion oder Vornhalt's, (auch Vornhol's — das zugleich das gewöhnliche Stich- und Fangwort der Metzger iſt,) Luna oder Liſe nenne.

Namen-Cumulation. Auf dem Lande wird ſie wohl am meiſten und ärgſten gefunden; — die Spitznamen gar nicht mitgerechnet. Heißt nur erſt ein Menſch Hans, ſo nennt man ihn, ſobald er ſein Haus an das Dorfwaſſer baut, ſicherlich Waſſerhans. Hat er etwa einen kurzen, ſtämmigen Sohn, ſo heißt dieſer natürlicher Weiſe Waſſerhanſendicker, und deſſen Tochter wird dann ohnehin als „das Waſſerhanſendickenmädchen“ fortgeführt. Die Cumulation wächſt ſo lange fort, bis entweder die Menſchen den ungeheuern Namen nicht mehr auszuſprechen vermögen, oder bis einmal der Urenkel etwas Wichtiges, z. B. einen dummen Streich, auf eigne Hand liefert; oder bis ein letztes Familienglied etwa durch langes Leben in der Fremde u. ſ. w. eine Veränderung bewirkt. So habe ich ſelbſt vor der Auswanderung aus meinem Geburtsorte wirklich folgende zwei Namenlaſtträgerinnen gekannt: Ein recht hübſches Mädchen, die Margarethe Trautwein hieß und „das [illegible]mädchen“ genannt ward, und eine tüchtige Arbeiterin Margrethe Eliſabeth Trautwein, welche „[illegible]“ hieß. — Wie oft habe ich vor einem ſolchen Koloß von Namen ſtaunend ausgerufen: Was will noch aus dem Kindlein werden!

Nachahmen. Ich bin im Gebrauche dieſes Wortes ſehr vorſichtig. Nicht derjenige ahmt nach, der nur dem Zwecke des Andern nachſtrebt, der nur daſſelbe thut oder thun will, was Einer vor ihm that; — ſogar nicht immer der, welcher lange nach einem Andern deſſen Bild, That, oder Gedanken mit faſt gleichbedeutend noch ein Mal wiedergiebt; — noch vielweniger der, welcher anſcheinend Eins und vollkommen Daſſelbe dem Andern, doch trefflicher, nachthut. Sonſt müßte ja der Genius am meiſten nachahmen, welcher die höchſten ſo wie die gemeinſten Kräfte und Geiſter gleichſam als Bache in die heilig flutende Kraft ſeines Schöpferſtromes aufnimmt. (S. d. Art. Stehlen.)

Obligation. Ich habe manchen höchſt vergnügten Augenblick vor einem halben Rieſe gedruckter und noch unendoſſirter Schuldverſchreibungen (unterzeichneter oder Jungfern-Obligationen) zugebracht. Alle dieſe keuſchen Seelen ſprachen mich, hier im ganzen Bündel, und noch vor Empfängniß eines bürgerlichen Lebens, ſo unſchuldig und bloß gelehrt an! Ich ſelbſt mußte mich dermalen ſo ſicher vor ihnen, daß ich ſie recht lieb gewann. Und wenn ich dann blätterte und fand, daß eine gerade ſo ausſehe wie die andere, und nun doch die verſchiednen, vielen, großen und kleinen Summen erwog, die hier noch Platz hatten und meine Freundinnen nun bald verunſtalten ſollten, und der armen Schlachtopfer gedachte, deren Namen bald darunter — theils an drei Kreuze gehängt, — prangen mußten: ach, da nahm ich mir oft recht von Herzen feſt vor, wenigſtens mich ſelbſt vor allem näheren Umgange mit dieſen ſchuldloſen Mädchen eifrig zu hüten; und ich kann wirklich dergleichen ſinnige Beſchauungen jedem ehrlichen Manne als Stärkungsmittel zur Sparſamkeit empfehlen! Ein ſolcher Verſuch zur allgemeinen Bekanntſchaft mit ihnen (und dieß ſchöne Geſchlecht kann, wie geſagt, nur im Ganzen bewundert werden,) wird gewiß nicht ſo theuer zu ſtehen kommen, und weit größern Genuß gewähren, als wenn man mit einer Einzelnen in nähere Verbindung treten wollte.

Paradieſesfreuden. Eine der Hauptfreuden wird nach meinem Dafürhalten folgende ſein: Dort wird kein Vorurtheil mehr es verhindern, daß im Blumenkelche jeder Freude auch zugleich die Wahrheit aufblühe; dort alle wird endlich der Königsſohn unausgelacht zum Stallknecht hinlaufen und „Väterchen!“ rufen dürfen. Denn über alle dergleichen Nebenpunkte ſind wir dann längſt einig, da ja die Hauptſache in unſerer Lebensrolle öffentlich abgerollt vorliegt, und da jede der bisher jungfräulich verborgen geweſenen kleinen Jungfernwahrheiten nun von jedem Manne und Jedermann erkannt werden darf! — O wie wird mir das Land der Lügen verhaßt und langweilig, wenn ich jenes ſeligen Aufenthalts gedenke!

Poetiſche Blumen. Wenn Ihr eine ächte findet, recenſirt ſie doch nicht mehr; denn ihre Zartheit erträgt keine Kritik! Seht doch den guten Linné an! Er lobt und tadelt ſeine Blumen nicht, er zeigt ihr Daſein nur an und klaſſificirt ſie; und das will ich Euch allenfalls auch erlauben, wenn Ihr eine neue entdeckt. Aber mir will auch das Klaſſificiren gar ſelten gelingen; und darum danke ich nur Gott, der zuweilen einen neuen Lichtfunken aus der ſchönen Seelenwelt im menſchlichen Gemüth aufblühen läßt, wie eine Blume. Ich labe mein Herz am Dufte ſolcher ächten Blümlein, aber — ich kenne ja nicht das Weſen des kleinen Halmes, auf den ich trete, wie viel weniger dann deren Eines!

Pfeifen hat mir in meinem Leben mehr, und beſonders öfteres und längeres Vergnügen gewährt, als alle übrige Muſik zuſammen genommen. Ich hatte nämlich von jeher ein vortreffliches muſikaliſches Gedächtniß. Als achtjähriger Knabe machte ich zufällig die Entdeckung, daß ich denſelben Ton zugleich ſingen und pfeifen könne. Ich bildete dieſe Gabe aus, lernte ſehr bald den Diskant jeder Melodie pfeifen und den Baß dazu brummen, und wußte endlich (vermöge des ſogenannten Doppelpfiffs und meiner geſchmeidigen Baßſtimme,) vom Diskant und Baſſe noch ſo viel Zeit und Fülle abzumüßigen, daß ich jetzt ſogar im Stande bin, das, was mir bei Lieblingsſtellen vom Tenor und Alt unentbehrlich iſt, auch noch mit hören zu laſſen. Meine Freunde haben dieß Talent oft bewundert, welches wahrſcheinlich mein höchſtes Lebensglück begründet hat, indem vielleicht Niemand auf Erden der Tonkunſt ſo reiche, ſtille, einſame und höchſt wunderbare Genüſſe abzugewinnen vermag, als ich. — Getreuer, guter Gott! Meine meiſten durchwachten Nächte konnte ich in Symphonieen umwandeln — und oft weckte mich meine eigne Stimme aus einem melodiſchen Traume zum andern! — O Vater, wie doch beglückt oft deine Allmacht ein unwürdiges Geſchöpf! — Möchte doch auch meinen Söhnen noch daſſelbe Talent zu Theil werden, zu dem ich ſie oft mit Rührung hinwies. — So vermag ich auf dem Gipfel eines Berges Beethovens Symphonieen (und vorzüglich gut die heroiſche Nummer 3, die ich nach dreimaligem Anhören von Takt zu Takt auswendig wußte und nimmermehr vergeſſe!) mir ſelbſt ganz vollſtändig zu geben; ja, noch mehr, ich vermag einem muſikaliſchen Freund, der ſie noch nicht kennt, in Rückſicht auf die Harmonie, damit bekannt zu machen. So trage ich Haydns ganze „Schöpfung" in meinem Herzen, und kann jedem Muſiker, welcher ſie kennt und liebt, ſtundenlange höchſtangenehme Reminiscenzen daraus geben, ſobald er nur den Text ſelbſt weiß und im Herzen mitſpricht, und übrigens ſich nicht von Nebendingen ſtören läßt; — z. B. davon, daß in den Chören meine Finger oder Füße die Paukendienſte verrichten. (Dabei muß ich anmerken, daß ich aus dem Chore „Dich beten Erd' und Himmel an" mir ſelbſt immer nur einzelne kleine Stellen laut wiederzugeben vermag, — aus Rührung.) Uebrigens iſt es eine nicht leichte Kunſt, gut und angenehm zu pfeifen, beſonders da das Pfeifen bei Leuten von Bildung ein Mal in ſchlechtem, eigentlich in gar keinem Credit ſteht, und ein vornehmer Menſch im Grunde nie pfeifen darf, und nie angepfiffen werden kann. Es ſieht auch ſtets höchſt komiſch aus, wenn z. B. ein Tagelöhner, der einen Geheimenrath nicht mehr mit der Stimme erreichen kann, hinter demſelben her ſpringt und aus Leibeskräften — pfeift! Gewöhnlich hilft da noch obendrein alles Pfeifen nicht, denn ein Vornehmer ſieht ſich in der Regel nach keinem Pfiffe um, — es müßte denn im Walde der Spitzbubenpfiff ertönen. Am gemeinſten unter allen klingt der gewöhnliche Anrufspfiff der Landleute; etwas honetter hört ſich ſchon der Hunde- und Bedientenpfiff an, und am vornehmſten klingen die verſchiedenen Jagdpfiffe, die ich beſonders liebe.

Prädikate. Einer Perſon oder Sache die ihr jedes Mal gebührenden richtigen und wahren Prädikate beizulegen, erfordert eine gewiſſe Ruhe und Beſonnenheit. In dieſer Rückſicht habe ich die paſſendſten Ausdrücke und die glücklichſte Auffindung des Schicklichen vorzüglich aus dem Munde der Landleute gehört. So erklärte mir ein Jäger in der Schneiße, (ich weiß kein andres Wort für die Schlingenanſtalt im Walde zum Fang der Herbſtvögel,) woher es komme, daß die Meiſen oft ganze Strecken der Schneiße ausbeeren, ohne daß eine einzige ſich fange. „Eine Meiſe, ſagte er: hängt ſich nur unten an die Beeren, aber der Vogel (die Droſſel,) kommt großmüthig," d. i. er legt ſich ſo gerade oben in den Bügel, daß er den Kopf ſogleich in die Schlingen ſteckt. Ein Knecht fuhr mich mit zwei muthigen Pferden einen ſteilen Berg hinab. Mir war bange, daß die Zugſtränge reißen möchten. „Fürchten Sie ſich nicht, ſagte er: die Pferde zerreißen nichts, ſie ſind muthig, aber ſie ziehen gar ſittſam."

Rache. Ich habe dieſem Worte niemals viel Sinn abgewinnen können; und wiewohl ich die eigentliche Racheluſt ſehr oft geſpürt, iſt doch ſelten viel daraus geworden. Gott hat mehrmals die Rache verboten. Dieß und meine eignen häufigen Gefühle von arger Erbitterung haben mir zwar bewieſen, daß die Rachbegierde allerdings wohl in der menſchlichen Natur müſſe vorhanden ſein; aber dennoch habe ich, (Gott verzeihe mir's, daß ich dieß ſo gerade herausſage!) jenen göttlichen Befehl ſtets für ein wenig überflüſſig gehalten. Beſonders in der Kindheit machte ich häufige Erfahrungen darüber, daß der Menſch doch eigentlich zu gut für alle gründliche und erſchöpfende Rache iſt. Dachte ich nun vollends an Gott, — an den Barmherzigen und Gnadenreichen, — ſo war mir in der ganzen Bibel kein Spruch tröſtender als der: „Die Rache iſt mein; Ich will vergelten, ſpricht der Herr." „O, wenn Du vergelten willſt, — dann hat es gute Wege!" ſprach ich oft gerührt, und pries die Menſchheit ſelig. — Und, wie klug, wie angemeſſen unſrer praktiſchen Lebensweisheit erſcheint mir die Regel des Heilandes: „Liebet eure Feinde, ſegnet die euch fluchen, thut wohl denen, die euch beleidigen!" Es iſt doch wahrlich das einzige ſichre Mittel, ſich ſeine Feinde, wo nicht vom Halſe, doch aus dem Gewiſſen fortzuſchaffen! Ich habe jene Regel während meines Lebens vielleicht ängſtlicher zu befolgen geſtrebt, als richtig zu faſſen gewußt. Wenn ich einen Menſchen kannte, der durch imponirenden Stolz, durch ſeine widrige Phyſiognomie, durch unvermittliches Weſen, Rohheit, Spott, Verachtung oder grobe Reden mir als Feind erſchien, (denn ärgere Feinde habe ich wohl in meinen beſchränkten Kreiſen nicht gehabt, und finden ſich deren doch, ſo bitte ich ſie himmelhoch, ſich wo möglich gleich heute, wo es noch Zeit iſt, zu melden, und gern will ich mich nach Vermögen in Geld oder guten Worten mit ihnen abzufinden ſuchen!) dann ſann ich immer darüber nach, ob es nicht möglich ſei, einen ſolchen Menſchen lieb zu gewinnen, mit ihm bekannt zu werden, ſein Widriges zu verſchmerzen, von der ganzen widrigen Empfindung loszukommen, (der leidige menſchliche Egoismus! S. d. Art. Wohlthätigkeit) oder ihm auf irgend eine Art gefällig zu werden. Und kaum ein Paar Mal in meinem Leben iſt mir dieß mißglückt. Ich weiß wohl, daß eine ſolche Denkungsart in mancher Rückſicht fehlerhaft iſt, ja einen Mangel an unbefangner, gerader Männlichkeit, und mitten in einer verdammlichen Weichheit einen eben ſo verdammlichen Stolz beweiſt. Aber ich war doch ein Mal von jeher ſo; und viele Menſchen müſſen wohl ſo ſein. Doch ich komme wieder auf die Rache zurück. Sie endet faſt immer da, wo ſie wirklich beginnen ſoll, oder artet doch dann in andere Leidenſchaften aus. Ich könnte wohl den Menſchen, der mir den Vater oder Sohn erſchlagen, meine Ehre geraubt u. ſ. w., mit einem Schlage tödten; aber nur mit dem erſten, ſchwerlich mit einem zweiten. Denn ſo wie ich ihn (iſt es auch nach jahrelangem Streben) erreiche, ſobald er in die Gewalt meiner Rache gegeben iſt, und endlich vor dieſer ungeſchützt daſteht, verfliegt ſie ſchnell, und ſelbſt der erſte Schlag wäre nicht mehr ihr Werk, ſondern die Ausgeburt eines ſchnell wiederkehrenden, augenblicklichen Wahnſinnes aus Schmerz oder Zorn. Der gerichtliche Kläger dringt auch bei Verbrechen meiſtens weniger auf die Beſtrafung (ja oft Erlaß), als auf Eingeſtändniß des Sieges, der Uebermacht, der Beleidigung, Sünde u. ſ. w. Freilich, ſo lange die Rache komiſch bleibt, kann ſie bis ins Unendliche reizen; aber der erſte Uebergang zum Tragiſchen wird ſie faſt immer vernichten. (S. d. Art. Schadenfreude.) Hier iſt übrigens nur vom gewöhnlichen Menſchen die Rede; nicht vom Auswurfe der Menſchheit. Ich glaube, daß ſelbſt der hartgewöhnte Weltüberwinder ſeinem Feinde in demſelben Augenblicke Gutes zu thun anfangen wird, indem er endlich den Fuß auf den Nacken des Ueberwundenen ſetzt.

Schadenfreude, — oder wie ſoll ich jenes unreine Gefühl nennen, das, ich geſtehe es frei! auch mich gar oft berückt hat, wenn ich bei dem Gedanken an hoffärtige, imponirende, mich drückende oder gering ſchätzende Menſchen mir dieſe in der Zukunft als verarmt oder gar meiner Hülfe bedürfend dachte, mich ſelbſt dagegen, mit wachſender Luſt der Phantaſie, in eine künftige, mit allen Glücksgütern reichlich begabte Lage verſetzte. Das Gute, das ich Jenen dann erzeigen wollte, war unermeßlich groß; mit der zarteſten Schonung wollte ich es ihnen anbieten; kein leiſer Vorwurf aus der gegenwärtigen für mich drückenden Zeit ſollte an mir ſichtbar werden. Summen wollte ich aufwenden, um nur ganz beſcheiden Ihnen zu zeigen, wer ich eigentlich ſei; im überreichen Hochgenuſſe meiner koloſſalen Güte und Größe ſollten ſie mit feurigen Kohlen auf dem Haupte daſtehen, und ſehen, „in welchem ſie einſt geſtochen!" So habe ich mir oft in wonnevoller Phantaſie die herrlichſten Paläſte geſchaffen; ungeheure Landgüter mit ganzen Landſchaften umher für mich ausgeziert; ja, die Pläne dazu mit der Bleifeder wirklich entworfen; dort ganze Geſellſchaften von jenen Menſchen mit hoher Pracht, Art und Eleganz empfangen, bewirthet, beſchenkt; ihnen fürchterliche Capitale vorgeſchoſſen, (doch ſtets ohne Zinſen und in der Hoffnung, daß ſie einſt um Erlaß bitten würden), und ſie im Geiſte mit wahrer Freude endlich den Bettelſtab ergreifen ſehen; und nun — mußten ſie von mir großem Danken durch eine Kleinigkeit ſchnell auf den alten oder gar einen höheren Gipfel irdiſcher Glückſeligkeit wieder erhoben werden! — So viel muß ich mir dabei ſelbſt bezeugen. Ich verlangte und wünſchte ihren Ruin nie, als inſofern ich — aber einzig ich, — ihnen wieder aufhelfen konnte. Allein meine Hauptfreude hierbei hoffte ich doch immer darin zu finden, daß ich von jenen Geſellſchaften dann gerade die Perſonen, welche jetzt zurückgeſetzt, gleich mir gering geachtet, oder gar verſpottet wurden, auszeichnete und ehrte. Um ihretwillen allein ſollten die jetzt ſo ſtolzen und hochnaſigen Hauptperſonen dann gleichſam nur um Gotteswillen, und wie Hündlein oder Arbeitsbeutel mitgenommen werden. Ihren verkehrten, unleidlichen Sinn wollte ich mit nachläſſig hingeworfnen (mehrentheils gelehrten, dermalen aber leider ſchwer durchzuſetzenden) Behauptungen ſo im Vorübergehen ganz gelind zu Boden ſchmettern. Sie wollte ich bloß mit allem Irdiſchen ſättigen; mit jenen Auserwählten aber wollte ich in himmliſcher Wahrheit und Klarheit leben und ſchwelgen. Den Stolzen und Gewaltigen ſollte gezeigt werden, daß ſie mit ihrem anmaßenden und widerſprechenden Weſen von jeher Unrecht, ich aber nebſt meinen Schützlingen Recht gehabt. Rechthaberei lag alſo wohl hauptſächlich hierbei zum Grunde. — Meine ſogenannten Feinde (ſ. d. Art. Rache) zu Boden getreten zu ſehen, ohne ſelbſt ſie ſogleich emporheben zu können, das war mir von jeher nur ein ekelhaftes Bild. Demungeachtet kann ich aber auch nicht ſagen, daß ich das Böſe beſtraft, das Gute belohnt und anerkannt wiſſen wollte. Und daher wurde dieſe Beglückungswuth eine unreine, [illegible], [illegible] Sehnſucht nach Verſchwendung, die ſich zwar mit den Jugendjahren ſehr verringerte, deren Erinnerung mir aber in der Folge oft den Hang des Menſchen zur Wohlthätigkeit und zu edlen Handlungen überhaupt (ſ. d. Art. Wohlthätigkeit), natürlicher Weiſe ſehr verdächtig machen mußte.

Schiebkärrner (ſ. d. Art. Genius), ſind in der Regel äußerſt zornig, übler Laune und grob: dies alles aber noch in höherem Grade, ſobald ſie nicht ſchieben, ſondern gar ziehen. Das Ziehen ſcheint überhaupt dem Deutſchen die niedrigſte und abgeſchmackteſte Arbeit zu ſein; und daher kommt es vielleicht, daß unſer Volk ſchwerer als andere daran geht, den Triumph- und Fürſtenwagen in die Stränge zu fallen und Gauldienſte zu übernehmen. Zumal bei Feuerſpritzenproben habe ich oft dieſes ſich äußern ſehen. Im Anfange haben die Spritzenmeiſter die ganze Spritzenbehörde voll Jungen. Nach den erſten paar hundert Schritten fällt ſich jeder davon, bis auf wenige ächte Waſſercanaliſten, die ſich zum Fortſchieben verſtehen oder dem Fortſchiebenden laſſen. Am wüthendſten wird ein Schiebkärrner dann, wenn ihm ein Fußgänger begegnet, der ſich ermüdet anſieht und Jenen mit folgendem ſehr gewöhnlichen, geläufigen Gruß anredet: „O, wie gut habt ihr es nicht! Ihr könnt doch fahren, ich aber muß zu Fuße gehen!“ Ein vornehmer Freund grüßte einſt in meiner Gegenwart einen Schiebkärrner ſo. Der Mann murmelte aber nur wenig Etwas für ſich und fuhr weiter. „Was denken ſie von ſeinem Murmeln?“ fragte ich. Ich denke, ſagte mein Freund, daß ich das nicht thun möchte, was er murmelt oder denkt.

„Sei bedankt!“ Wie oft habe ich darüber nachgeſonnen, wie man wohl dieſen Ausdruck für alle Redensarten, die, außer dem ſchlichten Zeitworte ſelbſt, noch vom Danke ſprechen, paſſend machen und allgemein einführen könnte. „Ich bedanke mich“ widerſpricht offenbar und geradezu dem obigen, doch ein Mal anerkannt guten Ausdruck, und heißt ſoviel als „ich gebe den Dank, welchen ich dir ſchuldig zu ſein glaube, mir ſelbſt.“ Sollte es bedeuten, „ich belohne, beſchenke oder betrachte mein Gefühl für dich mit Dank“ ſo kommt dieß doch gar zu gezwungen heraus! Vollends, wenn ich hören muß: „Geſtern habe ich mich auch recht ſchön bei dem Herrn Miniſter bedankt!“ dann erſchrecke ich gleichſam, als hätte der Menſch im Angeſichte des Miniſters die größte Grobheit verübt! Doch ich will nicht laut ſprechen, denn wenn es unſere neueſten Sprachforſcher und hauptſächlich die Puriſten erfahren, ſo machen ſie mich gewiß durch einen weit ſchlimmern Ausdruck vollends unglücklich!

Schöne Frauen. Man ſagt, ſie hätten meiſtens ungetreue Ehemänner. Auch ich habe dieß oft beſtätigt gefunden, doch nur bei ſolchen, die durch eine gewiſſe Regelmäßigkeit für das gelten konnten, was man gewöhnlich ſchön nennt; ſeltner bei denen, die durch einzelne ſchöne Züge oder Formen reizen. Jene ſind dann meiſtens kalter Natur, oft auch durch gewohnte Bewunderung und Selbſtgefühl kalt oder nachläſſig; und dies ſcheint mir die Urſache des leidigen Uebels zu ſein. Oft mag auch frühe Erſchlaffung dabei zum Grunde liegen, da die Schönheit eine gar zarte Blume iſt, und ihre Eigenthümer gewöhnlich mehr liebende Herren als Gärtner ſein wollen. Zuweilen iſt auch die Urſache nur darin zu ſuchen, daß der, welcher viel Schönes, und gleichſam von allem das Rechte kennt, in der Folge von jedem neuen und auffallenden höhern einzelnen Reize freilich ſtärker entzündet werden muß als ein Anderer. Jede, die im gegebenen Falle den Grund des Uebels kennt, kann hier durch Klugheit ſehr vieles gut machen. Die Hauptregel iſt dieſe: Auch für die ſchönſte Frau giebt es keine wichtigere und ſchwerer zu behauptende Eroberung, als die ihres Ehemannes.

Selbſt. Jeder Menſch ſucht überall nur ſich und ſeine eignen Ideen, die er mit ſich herumträgt, und glaubt ſie auch auf den erſten Anblick noch wirklich zu finden. Neulich beſuchte mich ein zerſtreuter, aber vielſeitig gebildeter Kunſtliebhaber. Er ergriff ſogleich vom Tiſch ein numerirtes Verzeichniß großer Dichter, das wenigſtens zehn Seiten, und ſagte dann erſt: „Was haſt du da! Zeugenartikel?“

Sokrates. Ein edler Menſch! Immer bin ich als Jüngling in den Tagen des ſcholaſtiſchen Streites wieder zu ihm zurückgekehrt, und ſtets hat die Anmuth ſeiner Philoſophie mich von neuem lieblich überraſcht. Was war es, das er ſo treulich ſuchte, in ſich ſelbſt, wie in der Natur und den Sälen und Hallen, ſo redlich bei Freunden und Gäſten, wie bei der ſchönen Aſpaſia und jenen reizenden Weibern des Alterthums! — Einzig das Schöne! Der Menſch in ſeiner Schönheit war ihm alles Uebrige auch. Und im höchſten Ideal des Schönen fand der Liebenswürdige ſeinen Gott!

Sonderbare Menſchen bleiben oft in jeder Lage, wohin man ſie zu bringen pflegt, nichts als — ſonderbar, ungenießbar, verſtockt, unnahbar. Ihre Stunde iſt nun ein Mal hienieden noch nicht gekommen, und ſie wagten unter den Landleuten ſo ſeltſam herum wie Waſſerratten oder Erznachtigallen. Um einen Zopf aus China, einen Fußſtrich Landes in Weſtgalizien, eine Nonnenburg in Südamerika zu erwerben, gehen ſie jeden Vertrag ein: aber ſobald man ihnen dergleichen Sachen aus Weſtindien, Oſtgalizien oder Nordamerika für jene ſubſtituiren will, wird aus der ganzen Sache nichts! Und wagt man etwa gar die Behauptung, es gebe hier zu Lande auch dergleichen Dinge, — gleich fahren ſie auf, ſchreien über das nichtswürdige Vaterland, ſchelten auf die Unwiſſenheit, über große Unkunde in Rückſicht der beſten irdiſchen Schätze u. ſ. w. Man erkennt ſie ſehr bald an den Meinungen, die ſie im gewöhnlichen Leben äußern. Jede Erſcheinung ſoll ſeltſam, wunderbar, d. h. ungemein, alltäglich — nämlich dumm, — erklärt werden; alles knüpfen ſie an gewiſſe fixe Ideen an. Z. B. du gehſt mit einem vor das Thor und hörſt den ſo eben erklingenden Geſang eines Finken. Gleich demonſtrirt er dir, daß man jetzt bald im Dorfe und glaubt den ſchönen Geſang ganz werde entbehren müſſen, da die Sperlinge, die Hauptfeinde jenes Vogels, nach und nach alle ausgerottet wurden. (Die Sache iſt dieſe: Er hat zufällig in ſeiner Jugend ein Mal zwei ſolche Vögel mit einander kämpfen ſehen. Alles Uebrige iſt Einbildung.) Du bemerkſt auf dem Pfade die Spur eines Hühnerhundes. „Eines Hühnerhundes!“ lächelt er: „Wiſſen Sie, was für eine Fährte das iſt? Eine Fiſchotter!“ (Nämlich alte Leute in dem Städtchen haben ihm erzählt, daß ehemals im nahen Flüßchen eine Fiſchotter ihr Weſen trieb, die vielen Schaden ſoll verübt haben. Seitdem findet er überall die Spuren derſelben.) Ich habe einen ſchwärmenden Mann gekannt, der einige Jahre nach einem gewiſſen gelehrten Streit, der in unſrer Geſellſchaft geführt wurde, ſich ſtill und feſt einbildete, er habe daſſelbe von Kammern und Gänſen gehört. Dergleichen ſeltſame Menſchen ſind mir ſehr oft vorgekommen. In der Regel ſind ſie ſchwärmeriſch. Widerſpricht man ihnen, ſo fangen ſie an zu zweifeln, zu bedauern, und ſagen ihre Meinung ſo voll wahrhaft Gewiſſe über die Sache, daß man ſich todtlachen möchte. Ich ſchüttle dann immer den Kopf und denke: Seine Stunde iſt noch nicht gekommen!

Schlüſſelblumen. Ich ziehe ſie und die ſogenannten Primeln wegen ihres ungemein lieben, einem nicht ſehr kundigen den Menſchen oft kaum merkbaren, aber herzlichen und wahrhaft ſüßen Geruches faſt allen übrigen Blumen vor. Ein dicht bepflanztes Beet voll ſchöner Primelarten (ich beſitze deren gegenwärtig zwei und dreißig) in ſonniger Blumenſtraße, wild dampfend in der erſten Frühlingsgluth; ein ſummender Bienenchor darüber, welches mitten im Geniſten den Blumenſtaub zur Befruchtung trägt und forttragen mag: — o das iſt für mich die höchſte Weihnachtszeit! Wie kommt es doch, daß unſre neueſten Dichter noch nicht darauf gefallen ſind, die fünf blutrothen Flecken im Kelch der Schlüſſelblume, die Shakſpeare ſchon beſingt, zum Denkmal der fünf Wunden zu weihen? Mir nannte einſt mein eignes Kind, das entzückt zwiſchen duftenden ungeheuern Sträuchen ſpielte und ihre Goldkelche einſog, dieſe Flecken „fünf blutende Wunden,“ und behauptete, die Bienen hätten es gethan. Aber mich durchfuhr ein ſtiller Schauer, als hätte Gottes Finger in dem Kinde die Blumen und meine Seele berührt.

Streben. Wer nach etwas Gutem wirklich ſtrebt, den behandle man doch ja mit Achtung und laſſe ihn ungeſtört, unbeurtheilt und ungeneckt, bis er ſiegt oder erliegen muß! Beſonders gilt dieß von allen artiſtiſchen Tendenzen. Die ſtrebende Kunſt arbeitet ſich oft durch dunkle, ſeltſame Pfade und Nebelmaſſen, — und findet ſich endlich im Allerheiligſten der Natur ſelbſt wieder.

Spaziergang. Viele Menſchen wollen und können nicht bloß luſtwandeln, ohne dabei einen andern, fremden Zweck zu ihrem Hauptzwecke zu machen. Sie müſſen irgendwo auf dem Lande Jemand beſuchen, zum Wein, Bier oder Milch gehen, einen Freund begleiten, in Geſellſchaft wandern, oder wenigſtens einen Acker beſehen. Ich dagegen liebe auf jedem Spaziergange Einſamkeit und gänzliches Ueberlaſſen an den Genuß des reinen Luſtwandelns; ja ich haſſe und vermeide jeden fremden Zweck, den ich noch außer dem Gange ſelbſt beabſichtigen ſoll. Ein Berg, Hügel, oder doch eine beträchtliche Anhöhe iſt die Hauptbedingung bei allen meinen Spaziergängen. Da ich in Berggegenden geboren, erzogen und alt geworden bin, ſo fühle ich in jeder Ebne ſo lange Angſt, Bangigkeit und Langeweile, bis ich einen etwas hohen Standpunkt erreicht habe. Sehe ich mich endlich auf dem Gebirge geſichert und gerettet, welchen himmliſchen Anblick gewährt mir dann die große Ebne! Aber begehrlich wird ſie mir nie; denn um mich her und hinter mir, über Berg und Thal, da liegt mein Vaterland; — vor mir aber nur eine prächtige Fremde, die mein Blick gaſtlich durchſchifft, indem er ſich ſchon jenſeits derſelben ſehnend nach neuen Bergfernen hinrichtet, die ihm wieder näher, heimiſcher und verwandter entgegenſchimmern. Hier ſchließt ſich dann die Phantaſie mit einem gewiſſen Zuſtande der Ruhe an, jeder nahe und ferne Gegenſtand erhält nun ſeine eignen einzelnen Reize für mich; jeder neue Dorf- und Herrenſitz ſcheint mit neuen Phantaſien und Lebensmelodien beladen, in mich zurückzukehren, und ich lebe im herrlichſten Vollglanze der großen Welt! (Denn das iſt ſie, ihr lieben, guten, engliſchen Pariſer! Und auf dieſen Glauben will ich fröhlich ſterben!) Wie oft habe ich bei tagelangen Fußmärſchen durch eine fruchtbare Ebne aus der Tiefe der ſtaubigen Chauſſée brünſtig zum blauen Gebirge aufgeblickt, und mit Thränen das alte Lied geſungen:

„Zieh', mein Auge, nach den Bergen
Schau unverwandt hinauf!
Denn auf den grünen Bergen
Geht dein Heil dir auf!"

Sagt, was ſollen mir die herrlichſten Saatfelder und Auen, wenn ich ſie nicht zu überſehen vermag! Was ſollen mir die dichten, reichen Farbenteppiche, mit welchen der Sommer mich umgürtet; jenes ſaftſame Grün eines ungeheuren Getreidefeldes, durchwirkt mit dem grellen Roth der Klatſchroſe, beſäumt mit dem hellen Blau der Cyane, breit geſtickt mit dem kreiſchenden Gelb der Rübſamenblüthe und entzündet von der Sonnengluth — was ſoll mir das alles hier unten, wo es mich zu erſticken droht, wo es mir wollüſtig, grell, ja zuletzt ekelhaft vorkommt; wo ſeine Nähe meine Fantaſie ſo ſchwer drückt wie ein Dunſtrauch! Stellt mich lieber auf einen Hügel; dort falle ich auf meine Kniee und danke dem Herrn für all jenen reichen Segen, für das, was ich überblicke und was ich nicht ſehe. Nur auf einer Höhe iſt mir die Anſicht des Unabſehlichen erträglich. Nur im Walde fühl' ich mich frei und ungedrückt unter den Maſſen des üppigſten Grüns. Jeder Menſch verbindet ja auch ſchon von Jugend auf mit dem Begriffe des Flachfeldes Hitze, mit dem des Waldes aber Kühlung. Ich habe es lange Zeit für unmöglich gehalten, daß ich jemals in einer freien, ebnen Gegend wohnen könnte, bis mir die Erfahrung bewieſen hat, daß ſolche Gegenden, ſobald man ſie in der Nähe betrachtet, zum Glücke doch nie ganz leer an Hügeln und ſchönen Höhen ſind.

Stehlen. — Stehlen! — Nun ja, ich habe als Knabe ein Mal geſtohlen, — und zwar unſerm Nachbar Orgelmacher einen prächtigen Apfel. Er war ſo ſchön! Des Morgens ſah ich ihn unweit unſers Gränzzaunes im Graſe liegen, — ein Pfund wog er wenigſtens, — citronengelb war er, und hatte die ſchönſten Karminflecken. Eſſen wollte ich ihn nicht, aber haben! Des Mittags betrachtete ich ihn wieder; des Abends lag er noch immer. „Herr Rommel, ſprach ich bei mir ſelbſt, iſt doch ein liederlicher Mann! Hätten wir ſolches Obſt im Pfarrgarten, es ſollte wohl ſorgfältiger geſammelt werden!" Am andern Morgen glänzte er im Thau, lockte mich ſchlau an, und ſchien immer zu rufen: Nimm mich mit, nimm mich mit! Da legte ich mich auf den Bauch, ſtreckte meine Hand durch den Zaun, ergriff ihn in einer Art von zitterndem Schrecken, und die Sonne ging über meinem Bubenſtück auf. Ich aß noch im Garten mein Morgenbrod, — aber mit ſo unbehaglichem Appetit wie ein angeſchoſſener Eſel, — und trat dann angſtvoll in's Zimmer, als eben mein Vater ſein Morgenpfeifchen füllte. Indem er nach mir herum ſah, hielt ich den Apfel ſo ungeſchickt, daß er ihn ſogleich bemerkte, mit ſchnellem Blick das fremde Obſt erkannte, alles errieth, den Stammelnden peinlich befragte und das Geſtändniß leicht erhielt. Ich bat recht ſehr um Prügel; aber er kannte ſeinen Mann; — ich mußte ſogleich ſtatt aller Strafe das ſiebente Gebot herbeten, dann meinen Diebſtahl dem Eigenthümer ſelbſt wiederbringen, ihm alles eingeſtehen und um Verzeihung bitten. O des furchtbaren, ungeheuren Ganges! Denn ich war vielleicht ſchon acht Jahre alt. — Die erſten zwei Worte, die ich ſprach (nämlich „Herr Rommel!") ſind mir mein Leben lang die fürchterlichſten unter allen menſchlichen Worten geblieben! Aber dann, nach dieſen, war alles gut. Es kam eine Freudigkeit über mich; ich ſagte alles treulich, was mir befohlen war; blickte dann weinend nieder, der Mann klopfte mich freundlich auf die Schulter; die Frau wollte mir alle Taſchen voll Obſt ſtecken, und in meinem Herzen blieb nur eine ſanfte Wehmuth zurück. — Von dieſer Zeit an iſt es mir nie wieder in den Sinn gekommen zu ſtehlen. Beſondere Grundſätze, außer dem ſiebenten Gebote, habe ich mir niemals deshalb gemacht. Nachgedacht habe ich oft darüber, wenn ich von Jemand zu einem fremden Geldkaſten geſchickt ward, oder allein mit dem Schlüſſel vor einem fremden wichtigen Schranke ſtand, „wie ein Menſch wohl ſtehlen könne!" In Verſuchung aber bin ich nie gekommen. Doch gereicht mir dies keineswegs zur beſondern Ehre. Denn der Grund davon iſt wahrſcheinlich: Ein gewiſſes Streben, in der Mode zu ſein und für geſchmackvoll zu gelten, welches mir ſchon frühe beſonders eigen war. Und ich hielt das Stehlen ſo wie manche andere groben Vergehungen von jeher für äußerſt dumm, abgeſchmackt und längſt außer der Mode. Dieß hat ſich ſo entſchieden in mir fortbewahrt, daß ich noch jetzt mir feſt einbilde, ein Menſch, welcher ſtiehlt, welcher betrügt, ſein Amt auf unerlaubte Art benutzt, Geſchenke nimmt, aus Privatrückſichten parteilich iſt u. ſ. w. — könne unmöglich ein guter Geſellſchafter, geſchweige denn Schriftſteller oder Künſtler ſein. Ich halte auch oft dieſe Geſinnung für das höchſte Glück, mit dem mich Gott begnadigt hat. Literariſchen Diebſtahls, wie man es fälſchlich nennt, bin ich mir auch nicht bewußt. (Siehe übrigens die erſten Zeilen des Art. Nachahmen.) Gedanken, die ich nicht los werden konnte und doch nicht für mein hielt, habe ich hoffentlich überall mit Gänſefüßen bezeichnet — und ſo befehle ich meine Seele Gott! — Hierbei muß ich gleichwohl noch eines beſondern Diebſtahls erwähnen, der mich ſtets von Herzen gefreut hat; denn die zwei erſten Buchſtaben dieſes Artikels mahnen meine ganze Seele an den ſüßen Namen eines überreichen, oft und viel von mir beraubten Eigenthümers! Doch Er, der ſich immer des treueſten, bewundernswürdigſten Gedächtniſſes erfreute, hatte für dieſe Diebſtähle keins! Ja, Ihr müßt wiſſen, gute Leſer, daß meine beſten Gedanken, — wenn Euch jemals irgend etwas erfreut hat an dieſen flüchtigen Bildern, deren irdiſche Spur gar bald auch mit meinem Staube vermodern wird, — daß ſie oft allein die ſeinigen waren; oder doch oft nur ſolche, die wir einſt auf Bergeshöhen in ſüßer Wechſelluſt ausgetauſcht hatten! Auguſt, ich weiß, daß du jener ſeligen Bergſtunden ewig gedenken wirſt, worin ſo rauſchende himmliſche Heere von freundlichen und ernſten Gedanken uns umleuchteten, umſchatteten! Wie herrlich bewegt, recitirten wir da und ſchrieen gegen einander, daß Bote und Botin an ihrem Bergkreuz fürchten mußten, ſie fochten für zwei Wahnſinnige oder Hexenmeiſter! Und wenn mein allzuheftiges Freuden- und Herzensgelächter ſich bis zum höchſten Lärm geſteigert hatte, und meine beſchwerliche Freundſchaft dich zu erſticken drohte, — wie ſchön lagerte ſich dann zwiſchen die Gelagerten ein ſtundenlanges Stillſchweigen, gleich einer freundlichen Pauſe; und wie blickten dann die fernen Gebirge und Thäler und alle ringsumliegenden Weltbilder ſo mächtig auf den Centralpunkt unſrer Bergruhe herein! Weißt du wohl, daß wir oft in dieſem Stillſchweigen noch mehr zu genießen glaubten, als in jenem Wettgeſchrei? Und wie wir dann wieder über einen unbekannten blauen Gebirgsthurm uneinig wurden und plötzlich aufſprangen und in neuen prächtigen Streit geriethen über die Namen jener großen Gedächtnißſäulen von Gottes namenloſer Kraft und Herrlichkeit! — Und dann, unſre Nächte in den Thälern! Auguſt, unſre Träume! Kennſt du noch die heitre Mondnacht in Bade zu Liebenſtein? Wo ich dich um die Mitternacht im Traume ſo ſchön und wunderbar ſchlagen hörte, wie eine liebe Nachtigall, und wo du, als ich ſachte zu dir trat, im leiſen Flüſtern jener Worte aus Göthe's Fiſcher:

„Sein Herz wuchs ihm ſo ſehnſuchtsvoll,
Wie bei der Liebſten Gruß"

ſelig lächelnd erwachteſt! — O du guter, ſanfter Menſch! Habe Dank, für deine Liebe! Du gabſt mir ja ſtets alles, was du hatteſt! Dein Herz theilteſt du mit dem Freunde; auch deine Gedanken gabſt du mir! Ach, ich nahm ſie dir oft freudig, weil ich ſelbſt dein zu ſein glaubte und dich ewig lieben will! Oft, du göttliche Seele, gefielen dir deine Meinungen beſſer, wenn du ſie von mir wieder laſeſt, und du wußteſt nicht mehr, daß ſie die deinigen waren, — oft nur durch meinen Eigenſinn entſtellt! — Sagt, wen müßte ſolche ſtille, unbewußte Güte nicht zu Thränen rühren!

Treue in der Liebe halte ich für das Hauptkennzeichen, wodurch ſich die reine Liebe von der bloß ſinnlichen Neigung unterſcheidet. Bei der letztern kommt ſehr wenig darauf an, ob der eine Theil ſich ſeiner gethanen Schwüre erſt etwas ſpäter erinnert, als der andere die ſeinigen wieder vergaß. Denn Liebende dieſer Art müſſen einander aus einem der Natur vollkommen gemäßen thieriſchen Triebe ungetreu werden, ſobald der reizendere Gegenſtand ihnen erſcheint. Wird nicht die edle Biene von Hybla ſchnell aus Inſtinkt die alberne Haſenpappel verlaſſen, ſobald die Düfte des ſiciliſchen Quendels ſie zum köſtlicheren Genuſſe laden! Daher wird bei ſolchen Liebenden die Treue nur ſelten und blos einſeitig vorkommen wie Pferde- oder Hundetreue.

Tod. So tritt denn hervor, du gute, ſtille Geſtalt, die alles Irdiſche freundlich überſchattet! Laß mich dir einen

Augenblick betrachten, du Bild des großen Schweigens in der Natur? Ich habe mir den Tod nie als einen Genius, nie als ein Gerippe, nie als eine menſchliche Geſtalt gedacht, ſondern nur unter einem einfachen grauen Bilde, das ſich netz- und ſcheibenförmig in und endlich über jedem einzelnen Leben ausbreitet. Auch das Grab dacht' ich mir niemals ſchwarz, ſondern als eine graue, dämmernde Erſcheinung. Bei den Bildern der Griechen, Chriſten u. ſ. w. vom Tode habe ich immer eine gewiſſe Zerſtückelung, eine Unvollkommenheit oder Halbheit gefühlt. Denn du, ſtilles Bild, ſcheineſt mir nie einem Volke, ſondern recht eigentlich der ganzen Erde anzugehören. Deine dunkelnde Scheibe, die allmälig mit uns aus dem Leben emporwächſt und endlich alles emporgewachſene Leben ſanft überdeckt, erſchien mir als ein Troſt und Schatten der Welt, nie als eine lebendige Geſtalt, aber ein Schirm über allem Lebendigen, ein kühles Obdach, dem alles irdiſche Leben nach und nach ſanft zuwächſt und anſtrebt, bis es im letzten Zucken den ſtrahlenden Kern des ewigen Lebens frei geben muß. Ich will in dieſer Vorſtellung von dir beharren, denn ſie thut meinem Herzen wohl. Breite dann auch leiſe und mild deine Schattenflügel über mich, wann es zum letzten Mal ſchlägt, dieſes Herz, welches dem freundlichen Erdenleben viel tauſend warme Grüße bot und abgewann, und mitten unter tauſend Lebensgrüßen doch viel tauſend Seufzer zu deinem kühlen Schattenland und nach den Palmenauen des heiligen Vaterlandes ſandte! Nie habe ich unmenſchlich dir gerufen, nie unmenſchlich dich gefürchtet; denn du biſt ein Werkzeug in der Hand des Vaters. Er will, und du öffneſt mir mein Grab. Und ſiehe da — das Grab ſelber wird zum Schlüſſel des Lebens!

Ungewöhnliches — es beſtehe in Thaten, Zeichen oder Worten, — kann oft einen Menſchen in ſeinem höchſten Zorn und Grimm plötzlich irre machen, beſänftigen oder gar erſchrecken. Von der Wirkung ungewöhnlicher Worte habe ich ein merkwürdiges Beiſpiel auf der Akademie mitangeſehen. Einer meiner Bekannten, der es oft nicht unterlaſſen konnte, die Leute im Vorübergehen ein wenig zu necken, ärgerte ſich ſtets über die Grobheit der Weiber auf dem Fiſchmarkte, weil dieſe ihm jeden noch ſo kleinen Spaß ſogleich mit den abſcheulichſten und unnatürlichſten ſeltſamſten Schimpfreden verdarben und verleideten. Beſonders haßte er Eine davon bis auf den Tod, weil ihre Flüche wahrhaftig fürchterlich klangen, und weil er es noch nicht vermocht hatte, ſie zum Schweigen oder um das letzte Wort zu bringen. Einſt berichtete er, das Geheimniß hierzu ſei wahrſcheinlich gefunden, und lud eine Geſellſchaft ein, um wenigſtens von ferne den Spaß mit anzuſehen, der ihn zu ſeiner Rache führen ſollte. Wir traten in die Nähe. Er ſelbſt ging an dem Weibe vorüber, drehte ſich aber ſchnell wieder zu ihr und fragte: „Was koſtet dieſer Bückling?“ „Achtzehn Pfennige“ war die Antwort. „Viel zu theuer!“ ſagte er gelaſſen, und ſchlug das Weib mit dem Bückling ein wenig an beide Ohren, rieb ihr dann ſehr freundlich den Fiſch ein Paar Mal unter der Naſe herum, legte ihn wieder an ſeinen Ort und nahm höflich ſeinen Abtritt. Sie ſprang auf, ſtemmte beide Arme in die Seite und — fing an! Er hörte aufmerkſam zu, und nach den erſten zehn oder zwölf Schimpfworten zog er plötzlich einen Foliobogen, worauf das hebräiſche Alphabet geſchrieben ſtand, hervor, entfaltete ihn und begann ganz langſam, aber mit fürchterlicher Baßſtimme folgender Maßen zu ſchimpfen: „Was! — I du verfluchter Aleph, du Beth, du Gimmel, du Daleth, du He, du Wau, du Sain, du Cheth, du Tet, du Jod, du Caph, du Lamed, du Mem, du Nun, du Samech, du Ajin, du Pe, du Zade, du Reſch, du Schin, du Sin, du Thau!“ — Nach den erſten zehn Begrüßungen ward das Weib ſtill und ſetzte ſich, und der ganze Fiſchmarkt fing an zu lachen. Am Ende ſtarrte ſie ihn an, konnte vor Erſtaunen kein Wort vorbringen und litt es ſtill und geduldig, als der Siegreiche ſein Proklamo wieder einpackte und davon ging. Aber eine Andere rief ihm zu: „Es iſt doch hübſch, wenn man was gelernt hat!“ und bat ihn um Abſchrift.

Voß und Koſegarten haben wirklich Recht: Es giebt doch nichts Seligeres, Sittſameres und Andächtigeres, als eine Pfarrerstochter, wenn ihr Vater in der Sakriſtei ſtill ſitzt, und der Geliebte — predigt!

Vorhümpler. So nennt man in den ſüdöſtlichen Gegenden am Thüringer Walde den verſtorbenen Mann einer zum zweiten Mal verheiratheten Frau. Beide Eheleute geben ihm zuweilen dieſen Namen. Man findet ſelbſt in Akten Stellen wie dieſe: „Comparenten (oder Comparent): dieſe angeerbte Schaumünze komme noch von ihrem (ſeinem) ſeligen Vorhümpler her, und habe deswegen einen ganz beſondern Werth.“ — Ein ſolcher ſeliger Mann mit einem ſolchen ſeltſamen Namen hat von jeher — und noch in ſeinem Grabe, ſo oft ich ihn nennen hören, — unter die Gegenſtände gehört, die mich, ich weiß nicht warum, (ſ. d. Art. Mitleiden) ganz entſetzlich dauern.

Vertraute Briefe. — Tretet ein wenig auseinander, ihr Herren, denn ich will heftig werden und ſchelten! — „Wie!“ Ja alle vertrauten Briefe ſind und bleiben mir ewig ein fremdes anvertrautes Eigenthum. Sie ohne beſondere Erlaubniß des Lebendigen, und hauptſächlich des todten Eigenthümers, Andern, oder gar der Welt bekannt zu machen — das iſt mir eine offenbare Verletzung des Depoſiti, welche nach römiſchen Rechten (hört ihr wohl?) infamirende [illegible] nach ſich zieht. — Ich verbitte mir alſo ſolchen — pfui, wie garſtig iſt's, unmittelbar (d. h. ſobald ihr es gethan habt), infam zu werden! Bedenkt das wohl! — Was? Es wäre etwa nicht wahr? Ich muß es wiſſen; — denn ich habe dritthalb Jahre lang die Rechte ſtudiert, und etwas Rechtſchaffenes gelernt! — Iſt es nicht wahr, liebes, beſtes Publikum, daß das alles wahr iſt? Halte doch ja über meiner (Zuhörers) Meinung, ſo lange dir noch ein Auge offen ſteht, du Verehrtſte! — Und dich allein geht auch eigentlich die Sache an (und nur die Briefe nicht?) aber mich Unpartheiiſchen intereſſirt ſie im Grunde gar nicht. — Denn was mich ſelbſt betrifft, ſo weiß ja die Welt längſt (und ich werde es noch öffentlich und feierlich erklären), daß ich, außer einigen Sachen, zu welchen ich mich bekannt (wozu auch noch dieſes A. B. C. mit gerechnet werden ſoll), keine Zeile geſchrieben habe,*) und daß alles das Wenige ohnehin ſchon viel zu viel iſt, daß ich aber, was insbeſondere Briefe anlangt, niemals irgend Jemanden eine Zeile geſchrieben habe. Meine Freunde haben mich oft um Briefe bombardirt, aber keiner hat jemals Antwort erhalten. Wer von ihnen das Gegentheil zu behaupten wagt, der beweiſe es mir mit meiner eignen Handſchrift, — ich werde ihm dagegen eine Abſchrift zurückſenden, und eine [illegible] hinten dran, die er nicht in's Fenſter ſtecken, geſchweige drucken laſſen ſoll! — Sollte daher ja irgend ein Couſin de mes amis (denn von Freundinnen rede ich gar nicht — die würden mir ja übel für „ſo was“ ſein!) nach meinem Tode Etwas von mir drucken laſſen, ſo habe ich ja durch Vorſtehendes jetzt zum Voraus allen dergleichen Produkten den Stempel der Unächtheit und Falſchheit aufgedrückt. Wie erfreut, ich darf ganz unbeſorgt ſein, und ich wollte bei dieſer Gelegenheit mich nur ein wenig wichtig machen, daran erinnern, daß ich auch ein Schriftſteller (das heißt: Bücherſchreiber) bin und daß ich meinen literariſchen Nachruhm eben ſo ſehr liebe und verehre wie Ernſt Wagner. (Man ſehe in deſſen Reiſen aus der Fremde in die Heimath im zweiten Bande die große Note.) Und ſo wäre ich für meine Perſon eigentlich fertig. — Aber jetzt im vollem Ernſte: Pfui, ihr Unedeln! Könntet ihr jemals die ſchönen Flammen des fröhlichen Wahnſinnes, der ſich ganz hingebenden Freundſchaft, der gemüthlichen Liebſeligkeit, des hohen Zornes über die Welt u. ſ. w., deren Spuren ſich nur ſo leicht flatternd und flüchtig dem Papiere einprägten — euch unkenntbar, euren Kindern und dem Publikum aber ärgerlich, oft lächerlich, und nie vollkommen verſtändlich, — könntet ihr ſie zuſammenbringen, — könntet ihr ſie in ihnen unſre Freundſchaft und alles redliche Vertrauen gemeinſam auf öffentlichem Markte verbrennen — o ſo hole euch und alles Geſindel der Kukuk baldmöglichſt!

Wohlthätigkeit. Ich bin nicht ſehr dafür, in ſo fern ſie nämlich Geld oder Nahrung austheilt. Treibet die Teufel mit Stecken und Schlägen aus dem Menſchen, damit die reinen Geiſter frei in ihm ſchaffen können — dann ſeid ihr die wahren Wohlthäter der Menſchheit! Wenn ihr muthig und männlich alles Böſe und Elend mit Feuer und Schwerdt verfolgt, — was wird dann auf Erden übrig bleiben können, als das Gute und die Glückſeligkeit? Wenn ihr als reine Denuncianten, als treue Fiskale der Menſchheit verfahret, dann werdet ihr edel und groß handeln — aber nie dann (ſ. den Art. Schadenfreude), wenn ihr euch zu faulen, furchtſamen und falſchen Gnadenverſchwendern herabwürdigt, die ſich nur bequemes Wohlbefinden ſichern, und ihre Freundſchaft lieber aus dem Auswurfe der Menſchheit bilden, als Feinde und Haſſer dulden wollen.

Mannigliches Leben. Es giebt Zeiten im Leben, wo dem Menſchen vor vielen auf ein Mal erſcheinenden Freuden bange wird. Am häufigſten habe ich dieß Gefühl freilich in der Kindheit erfahren. Z. B. um die Weihnachtszeit erſchienen mir oft noch andere glückliche Zufälle, als Späße, Vergnügungen, fremde Geſchenke, Beſuche, Neuigkeiten u. ſ. w., wovon ich manches herzlich wegwünſchte.

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*) Ich nehme hierdurch zwei Fragmente aus, die ich einer Freundin, reſpective zur Benutzung übergeben habe.

manches mit größerer Luſt zu genießen, manches auch nur mit deſto höherer Freude und Sicherheit weggeworfen ſcheint, weil ich doch noch genug Herrlichkeiten übrig behielt, und weil mich die gehäufte Freudenlaſt gleichſam drückt. In ſolchen Momenten kann auch die kleinſte intereſſante oder tendre Begebenheit den bisherigen Reichtum ſo ſchnell zum Ueberfluſſe ſteigern, daß man der Verſchwendung ſich zu ergeben geneigt wird. So ging auch z. B. mein kleiner Junge am letzten Tage des Weihnachtsfeſtes bereits mit weinerlichen Augengeberden um, da die kleinen Vorräthe bald aufgezehrt waren. Plötzlich tritt ſeine Schweſter mit der Nachricht ins Zimmer, daß binnen einer Stunde der Kronprinz von *** durch die Stadt reiſen werde. „Der Kronprinz von ***! (ſchrie der erfreute Kleine). Ei, Vater — da ſchneid' ich meiner Frau noch einen Pfefferkuchen an!" — Ich hatte gar nichts dagegen; denn vor dreißig Jahren hätte ich daſſelbe gethan — und noch geſtern that ich etwas Aehnliches.

Xenium iſt ein Buch-, oder Neujahrs-, oder Geburtstagsgeſchenk, und zwar — wie ich mir immer gedacht hatte, — ein ſolches, das man iſt, verzehrt, „der's Herz ſchlägt." Auch jene Xenien, worin einſt Göthe und Schiller das ganze gelehrte Deutſchland mit ſo reichlicher Spende erfriſchten, habe ich nie für Xenien gehalten, wie viele Dichter ſeitdem die Xenien nennen; dazu waren mir jene viel zu gemüthlich. Es waren auch wirklich recht ſchöne herzliche Gaben dabei, welche hier und da wahre Freude müſſen erregt haben. Daß aber die meiſten dieſer kleinen Reizmittel Verdrießlichkeiten erregten, daran war nicht ſowohl ihre eigne Natur als die Natur des deutſchen Parnaſſes Schuld; — und dies darf daher die Natur eines Xeniums keineswegs verändern.

Johann Chriſtian Wagner

wurde am 23. Juni 1747 zu Pößneck bei Saalfeld geboren; er widmete ſich der Rechtswiſſenſchaft und wurde herzogl. ſachſen-hildburghauſiſcher wirklicher Rath und Präſident der Landesregierung zu Hildburghauſen, wo er am 14. Juni 1825 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Hildburghäuſiſches Geſangbuch für die kirchliche und häusliche Andacht. Hildburgh. 1808.
Gibelreden oder Zimmermannsſprüche. Hildburghauſen, 1812.

Innigkeit, Wärme, wahre Frömmigkeit und gute Behandlung der Form, zeichnen die von ihm verfaßten, in dem obengenannten Geſangbuche befindlichen 91 geiſtlichen Lieder ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Johann Jacob Wagner,

am 21. Januar 1775 zu Ulm geboren, ſtudirte in Jena und Göttingen in der Sturm- und Drangperiode, als Fichte's und Schelling's kühne Rede alle Gemüther in Bewegung ſetzte. Er ward, als ſeine Richtung noch Kant und Plato ausſchließend angehörte, Doctor der Philoſophie; ſpäter trat er zu Fichte mit einer Vertheidigung von deſſen Angriff auf Nicolai. Die längſte Zeit feſſelten ihn Schelling's Ideen, bis er ſich mehr und mehr auch von dieſem entfernte und 1804 öffentlich durchaus losſagte, um unter geringer Theilnahme des philoſophirenden Publikums ein eigenthümliches Syſtem auszubilden. Er hatte einige Jahre zu Jena und Göttingen als Privatdocent gewirkt, privatiſirte dann zu Nürnberg und Salzburg, bis er eine ordentliche Profeſſur zu Würzburg erhielt. 1809 ließ er ſich zu Heidelberg nieder, kehrte aber 1815 nach Würzburg zurück.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Wörterbuch der platoniſchen Philoſophie. Göttingen, 1799.
Ueber Fichte's Nicolai, oder Grundſätze des Schriftſtellerrechts. Nürnberg, 1801.
Theorie der Wärme und des Lichts. Leipzig, 1802.
Von der Natur der Dinge. Leipzig, 1803.
Verſuch über das Lebensprincip. Leipzig, 1803.
Syſtem der Idealphiloſophie. Leipzig, 1804.
Philoſophie der Erziehungskunſt. Leipzig, 1804.
Ueber die Trennung der legislativen und executiven Staatsgewalt. München, 1804.
Ueber das Weſen der Philoſophie. Würzburg, 1804.
Grundriß der Staatswiſſenſchaft. Leipzig, 1805.
Von der Philoſophie und Medicin. Bamberg, 1805.
Ideen zu einer allgemeinen Mythologie der alten Welt. Frankfurt, 1808.
Theodicee. Bamberg, 1809.
Mathematiſche Philoſophie. Erlangen, 1811.
Organon der menſchlichen Erkenntniß. Erlangen, 1830.
Der Staat. Würzburg, 1811.
Religion, Wiſſenſchaft, Kunſt und Staat. Erlangen, 1819.
Syſtem des Unterrichts. Aarau, 1821.
Syſtem der Privatökonomie. Aarau, 1836.
Das Ständchen, Luſtſpiel. Jena, 1798.

Ueber W.'s Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete philoſophiſcher Forſchung äußert ſich Menzel in ſeinem Werke über die deutſche Literatur Th. I. S. 298 mit folgenden Worten: „Wagner in Würzburg hat auf dieſelbe Weiſe (wie Aſt) eifrig, unermüdlich, conſequent die Lehre vom ſymmetriſchen Gegenſatz als Philoſophie des Alls, durchzuführen geſucht. Echt poetiſch beginnt er damit, das ganze All als eine ewige Hochzeit und Vermählung der beiden Weltprincipe anzuſehen, im Gegenſatz gegen diejenigen Schüler Schelling's, die, wie Görres und Schlegel, mehr einen ewigen Kampf derſelben annahmen. Aber die Ausführung dieſer liebenswürdigen Idee hat das Schickſal aller übertriebenen Conſequenzen gehabt. Die Vierzahl übrigens, die einfach aus der Zweizahl hervorgeht, iſt eben deshalb nicht das, was, wie es gewöhnlich geſchieht, als das eigentlich Characteriſtiſche dieſes Syſtems bezeichnet zu werden verdient. Die Ehe, die Vermählung des Sauerſtoffs und Waſſerſtoffs, die in das geiſtige Gebiet hinauf verfolgt wird und in allen möglichen Verwandlungen und geiſtigen Verfeinerungen immer wiederkehrt, das iſt das Charakteriſtiſche in Wagners Lehre."

Heinrich Balthaſar Wagnitz

ward am 8. September 1755 zu Halle geboren, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt Theologie und wurde nach Beendigung ſeines Studiums zuerſt zum Diakonus an der Nicolaikirche und Zuchthausprediger zu Halle, 1805 zum Profeſſor und Inſpector des theologiſchen Seminars, 1807 zum Superintendenten, 1809 zum Oberprediger und 1817 zum Conſiſtorialrathe ernannt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1834.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

- Zur Ehre Chriſti und ſeiner Religion. Halle, 1784—1786. 2 Thle.
- Moral in Beiſpielen. Halle, 1787—1790. 6 Thle. Neue Ausgabe 1810—1820.
- Gebete für Zuchthäuſer. Magdeburg, 1792.
- Kurze Gebete auf alle Tage der Woche. Halle, 1799.
- Religionslehre in Beiſpielen. Halle, 1800. 2 Thle.
- Memorabilien. Halle, 1802—1806. 2 Thle.

Als theologiſcher und didaktiſcher Schriftſteller hat ſich W. vorzüglich durch ſeine trefflichen Anleitungen und Hülfsmittel für die Erhebung des täglichen Lebens durch Religion und Moral einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben.

Johann Sal. Wahll

ward geboren zu Altenburg am 11. November 1641 und ſtudierte zu Jena, worauf er zuerſt Rector in Ronneburg wurde und ſpäter als Director des Gymnaſiums zu Altenburg lebte. Er ſtarb am 29. October 1686.

Von ihm erſchien:

- Gründliche Einleitung zu der rechten reinen und galanten deutſchen Poeſie. Altenburg, 1723.

Eine nur für den Literärhiſtoriker intereſſante, ſonſt aber geiſtloſe und unbedeutende Arbeit.

C. Juſt. Wahrlieb, ſ. Joh. Ad. Bergk.

Friedrich Wilhelm Waiblinger

wurde 1804 zu Reutlingen geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung, ging dann nach Italien und ſtarb ſchon am 17. Januar 1830 zu Rom.

Er gab heraus:

- Lieder der Griechen. Stuttgart, 1823.
- Phaeton, ein philoſophiſcher Roman. Stuttgart, 1823. 2 Thle.
- Drei Tage in der Unterwelt. Stuttgart, 1826.
- Blüthen der Muſe aus Rom. Berlin, 1827—1829.
- Anna Bullen, Königin von England; Trauerſpiel. Berlin, 1829.
- Taſchenbuch aus Italien und Griechenland. Berlin, 1830.

Ein bedeutendes aber unreifes und überſprudelndes Talent, dem es trotz reicher Phantaſie und glücklicher Darſtellungsgabe an Ruhe und Beſonnenheit fehlte, um etwas Bleibendes zu leiſten. Schwankend in ſeiner Richtung, ging Waiblinger endlich in jener genialen Zügelloſigkeit unter, die er als ein Vorrecht der Poeſie betrachtete und aus dieſer in das Leben hinübertrug, während er, nachdem er zuerſt Goethe, dann Byron nachzuahmen verſucht, ſich zuletzt der Tieck'ſchen Weiſe in ihrer neueren Richtung anſchloß.

Burkard Waldis,

wahrſcheinlich zu Altendorf an der Werra in Heſſen geboren, war Kaplan der Landgräfin Margarethe, bei welcher er zuletzt in Abterode lebte, woſelbſt er nach 1554 geſtorben ſein muß. Sein übriges Leben iſt ſehr wenig bekannt; in ſeinen Schriften erſcheint er nach durchlebter Jugend, in der er auf weiten Reiſen mancherlei Gefahren beſtand, von der römiſchen Kirche abgefallen bis an ſeinen Tod ein tapferer Verfechter der Reformation.

Er veröffentlichte:

- Eſopus ganz neu gemacht, mit 100 neuen Fabeln. Frankfurt a. M. 1548. 55. 57. 65. 84.
- Pſalter in neue Geſangsweiſe gebracht. Frankfurt, 1553.

Ueber B. Waldis urtheilt Bouterwek in der Geſchichte der Poeſie Th. IX. S. 448 ſehr treffend: „Das vorzüglichſte Verdienſt, das W. ſich um dieſen Theil der Nationalliteratur (die Fabeln) erworben hat, beſteht in ſeiner Erzählungsart. Schon in dieſer Hinſicht wäre er mit dem franzöſiſchen Fabuliſten Lafontaine zu vergleichen; aber er gleicht ihm auch darin, daß er nicht ſowohl eine neue Art, Fabeln zu erzählen, erfand, als den alten Styl durch neue Reize belebte. Hätte Waldis im Zeitalter und unter den Umgebungen Lafontaine's gelebt, ſo würde er vielleicht auch die naive Eleganz und Grazie der Erzählungskunſt des franzöſiſchen Meiſters erreicht haben. Im ſechzehnten Jahrhundert, und in Deutſchland geboren und gebildet, blieb Waldis im Ganzen dem Geſchmacke getreu, der damals der herrſchende in ſeinem Vaterlande war; aber er vervollkommnete, wenn gleich nicht die Dichtungsart, doch den ſeit Boner's Zeiten in der deutſchen Literatur hergebrachten Styl der Fabel durch eine Cultur, die man damals in Deutſchland kaum zu ſchätzen wußte. Die Fabeln von Waldis ſind nicht nur mit gefälliger Natürlichkeit und Gewandtheit erzählt, ſie unterſcheiden ſich auch von den meiſten deutſchen Gedichten des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts durch eine, nicht ſelten muſterhafte Präciſion der Sprache. Nur die Moralen, die Waldis jeder Fabel anhängt, ſind in das Langweilige gedehnt, und oft ganz überflüſſig. Unter den Schwänken, mit denen das vierte Buch reichlich ausgeſtattet iſt, ſind mehrere platt, aber auch einige gar drollig, und die meiſten nicht ſchlecht erzählt. Die wenigen unſittlichen Späße, die in ihnen vorkommen, ſind gegen dasjenige, was ſich von ähnlicher Art in den Werken mancher andern Satyriker und komiſchen Erzähler aus dem funfzehnten und ſechzehnten Jahrhundert findet, für Kleinigkeit zu achten."

Vom lügenhafften Jüngling.

Sich zu verſuchen ein junger Knab
  Weit hin in fremde Land begab,
Daß er viel ſähe, hört' mancherlei,
  War aus ungefähr ein Jahr, zwei, drei;
Als er nun wieder heim hin kam,
  Sein Vater ihn einſt mit ſich nahm,
Daß er Geſellſchaft hätt' und Kurzweil,

In einer Stadt über zwei Meil,
Da ſchwatzten ſie von mancherlanden;
Der Vater fragt, was er in Landen
Von Wunder geſehn und ſeltſam Thier.
Er ſprach, Vater, nun glaubet mir
Am Meer zu Liſſabon im Sund
Sah ich ſo gar ein großen Hund,
Der wurd geſchätzt viel Tauſend werth;
Und war viel größer denn ein Pferd.
Der Vater ſtaunt¹) die Lügen merken;
Sprach, daß bei allen geſchaffnen Werken
Deßgleichen nicht geſehn, gehört, noch geleſen
Es iſt ein großer Hund geweſen.
Doch findt man gar viel ſeltſam Stücken.
Gleich wie da vor uns iſt ein' Brücken,
Wer des Tags hat ein' Lug' gelogen,
Und kommt daſelbſt hinüber gezogen,
Der ſelbander oder allein,
Mitten auf der Brücke bricht ein Bein.
Der Knab' erſchrak, wollt' doch nicht gern
Ein Lügner ſein, der Ehr' entbehren,
Begab ſich aber ein' kleine Weil,
Sprach: Vater, wollt nicht ſo eil'n;
Sagt mir auch etwas ſeltſam Schwank'!
Er ſprach, des Hund's ich noch gedenk
Der iſt geweſen ohne Meß.²)
Er ſprach, er war nicht alſo groß;
Wenn ich die Wahrheit ſagen ſoll,
Wie ſonſt ein Eſel war er wohl.
Da begunten ſie der Brücke nahen.
Er ſprach, ich kann mich nicht entſchlagen³)
Der G'danken dieſes Hundes bald;
Sprach, er war wie ein jährig Kalb.
Sie gingen fort bis am Mittag,
Und daß die Brück' da vor ihn'n lag.
Der Knab' ſprach, wollt Euch nicht bekümmern;
Ich kann Euch zwar verhalten immer
Den Schwank, den ich Euch vom Hunde ſagt,
Damit ihr mich nicht weiter fragt:
Er war gleich wie ein andrer Hund;
Denn⁴) daß er um und um war bunt,
Und ſcheckicht über ſeinen Rucken.
Er ſprach, ſo iſt auch dieſe Brücken
War nicht gefährlicher denn die andern;
Magſt wohl unbeſchädigt darüber wandern.
Allein hüt dich ein andermal,
Wenn du willt ſagen, bedenk dich wohl,
Daß du alſo gar krumm nicht dreheſt,⁵)
Daß du es auch zu ſtehen⁶) weißt.

Wer ſich aufs Singen will begeben,
Der muß nicht allzu hoch anheben,
Daß ers auch kann zum End' ausführen,
Alſo, wem's Lügen will gebühren,
Der muß nicht nauf in d' Wolken treiben,
Hienieden bei der Erden bleiben,
Sonſt geht's ihm wie dem Edelmann,
Der nahm ſich großer Lügen an,
Zeugt⁷) mit ſein Knecht, der bei ihm war,
Ders ihm verjahet⁸) ganz und gar,
Damit der Junker blieb bei Ehren,
Als er nun that die Lüg' vermehren,
Und log von Lüften und den Winden,
Drauf konnt' der Knecht kein' Antwort finden.
Und ſprach zum Junker: Nicht alſo!
Wollt Ihr Eurs Lügens werden froh,
So bleibt hienieden bei der Erden,
Auf daß Euch mög' geholfen werden,
Denn wenn Ihrs allzu grob wollt ſpinnen,
Werd't Ihrs zuletzt nicht [illegible]⁹) können.

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[1] fing an. [2] ohne Maß. [3] nicht entſchlagen, erwehren. [4] außer. [5] [illegible] [6] zu verantworten. [7] rief ihn zum Zeugen. [8] bejahet. [9] [illegible]

Anton Wall, ſ. Chriſtian Leberecht Heyne.

Joh. Iſab. Eleonore von Wallenrodt, geb. von Koppy,

ward am 28. Februar 1740 zu Uhlſtadt bei Orlamünde geboren, vermählte ſich 1762 mit dem Rittmeiſter v. Wallenrodt, welcher 1776 zu Breslau als preuß. Major und Ritter des Ordens *pour le merite* ſtarb. Darauf lebte ſie abwechſelnd zu Berlin, Prag und Leipzig, zuletzt bis zu ihrem am 11. Oct. 1819 erfolgten Tode bei ihrer Tochter, der Frau von Krockwitz, zu Lampersdorf bei Bernſtadt in Schleſien.

Sie gab heraus:

Die drei Spinnrocken. Leipzig, 1793.
Wie ſich das fügt. Leipzig, 1793. 3 Thle.
Emma von Ruppin. Leipzig, 1794. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte Theophraſtus Gradmanns. Leipzig, 1794. 2 Thle.
Heinrich Roberts Begebenheiten. Riga, 1794. 3 Thle.
Phantaſien. Halberſtadt, 1794.
Adolph und Sidonie. Halle 1796 u. 97. 2 Thle.
Prinz Haſſan. Leipzig, 1798.
Goldfriedel. Gera, 1797. 2 Thle.
Ritter Wolfram von Veinigt. Berlin, 1816. 2 Ausg.
Karl Moor. Mainz, 1801.
Erzählungen und Anmerkungen auf Reiſen. Prag, 1810. 3 Thle.
Empfindungen des Geiſtes in Gedichten. Berlin, 1798.
Selbſtbiographie in Briefen. Leipzig u. Roſtock, 1796 u. 97. 2 Thle.

Nicht unglückliche Erfindung und eine gewandte Darſtellungsgabe erwarben ihren zahlreichen Romanen zu ihrer Zeit den Beifall des größeren Publikums; doch litten dieſelben durch Flüchtigkeit und Mangel an Ruhe zu ſehr, als daß ihnen eine höhere Anerkennung hätte zu Theil werden können.

Ferdinand Franz Wallraf

ward am 20. Juli 1748 zu Köln, wo er auch ſeine Studien machte, geboren, erhielt 1772 die Prieſterweihe und wurde kurz darauf Lehrer am montaniſchen Gymnaſium. 1784 ward ihm eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie und zwei Jahre darauf eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Naturgeſchichte, Botanik und Aeſthetik an der Kölner Univerſität. Vier Jahre nach einander (1794—98) war er Rector derſelben, und nachdem dieſe Hochſchule aufgehoben worden war, trat er als Profeſſor der ſchönen Literatur und Geſchichte an die Centralſchule. Auch war er Kanonikus und ſeit 1818 Ritter des rothen Adlerordens III. Er ſtarb am 18. März 1824.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Beſchreibung der kölniſchen Münzſammlung des Domherrn von Merle. Köln, 1792.
Taſchenbuch der Ubier für 1799 und 1800. Köln.

Agrippina, Gemahlin des Klaudius. Köln, 1808.
Das Muſeum zu Paris. Köln, 1801 u. 2. 2 Hfte.
Biographie des Pfarrers P. Lurd. Köln, 1810.
Beiträge zur Geſchichte von Köln und der Umgebung. Köln, 1818.
Altdeutſche Zeit und Kunſt. Frankfurt, 1824.

Durch ſeinen Patriotismus und ſeine glühende Kunſtliebe hat ſich W. unſterbliche Verdienſte um ſeine dankbare Vaterſtadt erworben. Als Schriftſteller leiſtete er Treffliches auf dem Gebiete hiſtoriſcher Forſchung und als tiefer und gründlicher Kenner der bildenden Künſte.

Walter von Metz, ſ. Minneſinger.

Walter von der Vogelweide, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Leonhard Walz

ward am 21. September 1740 zu Lörrach geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und wurde nach Ablauf ſeiner Studienzeit Hof- und Stadtvikar zu Karlsruhe, verließ aber 1771 dieſe Stellung, um ſich als Diaconus nach Pforzheim zu begeben, von wo er 1782 als Hofdiakonus nach Karlsruhe zurückkehrte. Später wurde er nach einander daſelbſt zum Oberhofprediger, Oberkirchenrath und Director der Prüfungskommiſſion ernannt. Er ſtarb am 8. November 1817. — Von ihm erſchien:

Predigten. Karlsruhe, 1813.
Neues badiſches Geſangbuch. Kehl, 1786.

Ein ausgezeichneter Prediger, der ſich beſonders durch ſeine trefflichen Gelegenheitsreden einen weitverbreiteten Ruf erwarb.

Chriſtian Leberecht Traugott Wankel

wurde am 18. April 1785 zu Schkeuditz geboren, widmete ſich der Theologie und erhielt 1813 das Paſtorat zu Merſeburg in der Vorſtadt Altenburg, nachdem er die ſeit 1811 von ihm bekleidete Predigerſtelle zu Hohenlohe bei Lützen aufgegeben hatte. Er ſtarb am 3. März 1829.

Er gab heraus:

Predigten und Gelegenheitsreden. Merſeburg, 1824 u. 27. 2 Sammlungen.
Drei geiſtliche Lieder von ihm befinden ſich im Merſeburger Geſangbuche.

Innigkeit, lichtvolle Klarheit und treffliche Anordnung verleihen ſeinen Predigten bleibenden Werth.

Mark. Alexius Zorobabel, Herr zu Warburg,

ohne Zweifel ein Pſeudonym, welcher ſich **Aureus eques veritatis exul in Sodalitio Pasquino Civis Romanus** zu Leyrenburg unterſchreibt. Man hat in ihm den Rector Heinrich Schaevius zu Thorn erkennen wollen, dem man die Erfindung der Leberreime zuſchreibt.

Das unter jenem Namen erſchienene Buch heißt:

Des Uhralten Lever Maß luſtiger Correſpondenz-Geiſt mit Clem. Marot, Jan Trompeter, dem luſtigen Heerpaucker, Jan Tambour, Polniſchem Sackpfeifer Courtiſan, Pucinello, Quacker, Dremann und Wenner, ſammt der ganzen fürtrefflichen luſtigen Geſellſchaft. Herausgedruckt zu Lirum Larum Lützenburg. Anno 1668.

Es iſt eine der erſten deutſchen Anecdotenſammlungen und enthält, neben manchem Anziehenden, viele Plattheiten und Alltäglichkeiten.

Jacob von der Warte, ſ. Minneſinger.

Gottfried Weber

ward 1779 zu Freinsheim in Rheinbaiern geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte, trat in Staatsdienſte und rückte bis zu dem Amte eines General-Staatsprocurators 1832 in Darmſtadt vor, wo er 1837 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber chronometriſche Tempobezeichnung. Mainz, 1817.
Verſuch einer geordneten Theorie der Tonſetzkunſt. Mainz, 1817; 3te Aufl. in 5 Lief. Mainz, 1831.
Nachricht über mündliche und öffentlich Gerichtsverfahren. Darmſtadt, 1819.
Pragmatiſche Geſchichte der Verhandlungen der Landtage des Großherzogthums Heſſen. Darmſtadt, 1828.
Allgemeine Muſiklehre. Darmſtadt, 1822; 3te Aufl. Mainz, 1831.
Cäcilia. Zeitſchrift für Tonkunſt. Mainz, 1824 fgde.

Durch ſeine trefflichen Schriften über Muſik, namentlich durch ſeine Theorie hat ſich W. außerordentliche und bleibende Verdienſte um eine eben ſo gründliche als geiſtreiche Behandlung der Tonkunſt erworben.

Karl Julius Weber

ward 1767 zu Langenburg geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte, diente vor 1806 mehreren deutſchen Fürſten, lebte darauf eine Zeit lang als Privatmann und wirkte ſpäter von 1820—1824 als Abgeordneter von Künzelsau in der Würtembergiſchen Ständeverſammlung. Er ſtarb am 19. Juli 1831 zu Kupferzelle.

Er gab, jedoch anonym, heraus:

Die Möncherei, oder geſchichtliche Darſtellung der Kloſterwelt und ihres Geiſtes. Stuttgart, 1818—20. 3 Bde.
Das Ritterweſen. Stuttgart 1822—24. 3 Bde.
Deutſchland oder Briefe eines in Deutſchland reiſenden Deutſchen. Stuttgart, 1826—27. 2 Bde.

Kenntniſſe, Geiſt und tüchtige Geſinnung ſind dieſem wackern Kämpfer für Licht und Wahrheit eigen; ihr Werth wird durch die heitere Laune und den geſunden Blick, mit welchem er Menſchen und Zuſtände erfaßt und darſtellt, bedeutend erhöht; ſein Witz iſt aber oft zu derb, ſein Humor oft zu ſinnlich; Beides ſchadet daher dem Geſammteindrucke und noch mehr der Wirkung ſeiner Schriften.

Karl Maria von Weber,

geboren zu Eutin am 18. December 1786, war von ſeiner früheſten Jugend für die Muſik entſchieden eingenommen; nachdem er unter Abt Vogler ſeine Kunſt ſtudirt und einige Künſtlerreiſen beendigt hatte, erhielt er 1803 die Stelle eines Muſikdirectors zu Breslau, und 1806 zu Karlsruhe in Schleſien. Durch den Krieg von dort vertrieben, machte er wiederum Kunſtreiſen und dirigirte 1813—16 die Oper zu Prag, nach welcher Zeit er als königl. Kapellmeiſter zu Dresden in ſächſiſche Dienſte trat. Er ſtarb auf einer Kunſtreiſe zu London am 5. Juni 1826.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Tonkünſtlers Leben, eine Arabeske. Dresden, 1828. 2 Thle.
Hinterlaſſene Schriften, herausgeg. von Th. Hell. Leipzig, 1828 u. 29. 3 Thle.

W's Schriften kommen zwar ſeinen Compoſitionen nicht gleich, beurkunden aber auch, welchen großen Schatz von Geiſt, Laune, allgemeiner Bildung und Darſtellungstalent dieſer ausgezeichnete Meiſter beſaß und mit welchem tief poetiſchem Geiſte er die Erſcheinungen des Lebens ſowohl wie der Wiſſenſchaft und der ſchönen Künſte zu durchdringen und ſich anzueignen verſtand.

Wilhelm Eduard Weber,

Einer der Sieben, — am 24. Oktober 1804 zu Wittenberg geboren, beſuchte, ſeit der Verſetzung ſeines Vaters, des Theologen Michael Weber, nach Halle das dortige Pädagogium und ſtudirte die Naturwiſſenſchaften. Sehr früh ließ er in einzelnen durch Journale veröffentlichten Abhandlungen ſeinen Scharfſinn bewundern. Nachdem er eine Zeit lang außerordentlicher Profeſſor in Halle geweſen, ward er 1831 auf Gauß' Empfehlung auf den Lehrſtuhl der Phyſik, den Tobias Mayer's Tod erledigt hatte, als ordentlicher Profeſſor nach Göttingen berufen. Er wirkte dort auf die großartigſte Weiſe, gemeinſchaftlich mit Gauß, bis er am 14. December 1837 mit den bekannten ſechs Profeſſoren abgeſetzt ward. Seit jener Cataſtrophe machte er mehrere Reiſen nach England und durch Deutſchland, kehrte aber nach Göttingen zurück, wo er, wenn auch dem öffentlichen Hörſaal entzogen, doch unerſchüttert ſeinen erdumfaſſenden Forſchungen folgt.

Er gab heraus:

Reſultate aus den Beobachtungen des magnetiſchen Vereins. Göttingen, 1837—38; Leipzig, 1839—40.
Atlas des Erdmagnetismus, nach den Elementen der Theorie entworfen. Leipzig, 1840.

Ein tiefer und gründlicher Forſcher in ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft, zeichnet ſich W. zu gleicher Zeit auch durch das Talent klarer und trefflicher Darſtellung aus.

Wilhelm Ernſt Weber,

am 14. Oktober 1790 zu Weimar geboren, ſtudirte zu Leipzig, beſonders unter Beck's Einfluß, Philologie, wurde 1813 daſelbſt Doctor der Philoſophie und 1814 Erzieher im Hauſe des Grafen Benzel-Sternau. Nach für ſeine ganze Ausbildung ſehr vortheilhaften Jahren, die er in dieſer Stellung theils zu Aſchaffenburg, theils auf einem Gute unweit Hanau verlebte, ward er als Profeſſor der alten Literatur zu Chur in Graubündten aufgenommen. Der Umgang mit Orelli ließ ihn die bedeutenden Unbequemlichkeiten, die dieſes Amt für den deutſchen Gelehrten haben mußte, vergeſſen, doch nach zwei Jahren folgte er gern einem Ruf als erſter Oberlehrer am Gymnaſium zu Wetzlar. 1823 ward er zum Prorector und Profeſſor in Frankfurt am Main gewählt, für deſſen Gymnaſium und ſtädtiſches Muſeum er bis 1829 unermüdet thätig war. In dieſem Jahre übernahm er das Directorium des Gymnaſiums zu Bremen, welches er noch mit größter Rüſtigkeit und glücklichſtem Erfolg verwaltet.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Die griechiſchen Elegiker, überſetzt. Wetzlar, 1821—22; Frankfurt, 1824.
Kaiſer Marcus Salvius Otho. Frankfurt, 1815.
Freuden und Leiden des Schulmanns. Bremen, 1831.
Schule und Leben. Halle, 1837.
Vorleſungen zur Aeſthetik, vornämlich in Bezug auf Schiller und Goethe. Hannover, 1831.
Goethe's Fauſt. Halle, 1836.
Claſſiſche Dichtungen der Deutſchen. Bremen, 1830.
Ueber die myſtiſchen Tendenzen unſerer Zeit. Darmſtadt, 1829.
Ueber Freiheit, ihre Förderungen, ihre Hinderniſſe und ihre Erſcheinung in den Staatsformen. Bremen, 1831.

W. zeigt deutlich in ſeinen Schriften, was ein Mann zu leiſten vermag, der mit dem Geiſte des Alterthums innig vertraut, die dort gewonnenen Reſultate auf Leben und Wiſſenſchaft der Gegenwart zu übertragen und anzuwenden weiß. So iſt er überall als ein geſchmackvoller Beförderer des Guten und Schönen, als ein beſonnener aber unermüdlicher Vertheidiger des Lichtes, der Wahrheit und des Rechtes aufgetreten und hat ſowohl durch ſeine literariſchen Leiſtungen, wie als practiſcher Schulmann höchſt ſegensreich gewirkt.

Veit Weber

aus Freiburg im Breisgau, kämpfte in den Reihen der Schweizer gegen den ſtolzen Herzog von Burgund und begeiſterte ſeine Kampfgenoſſen durch ſeine Lieder; man hat ihn nicht unpaſſend den Tyrtäus des 15. Jahrhunderts genannt. Dieſe Lieder finden ſich in Diebald Schillings Schweizer-Chronik, ſind aber auch von H. Schreiber beſonders herausgegeben. Freiburg, 1819. Sie zeichnen ſich durch Kraft und Schwung, ſowie durch Lebendigkeit und friſche Anſchauung ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Georg Rudolph Weckherlin

wurde am 25. Septbr. 1584 zu Stuttgart geboren, ſtudirte zu Tübingen Jurisprudenz, und bereiſte dann Deutſchland, Frankreich, England; worauf er Secretär des Herzogs von Würtemberg wurde. Später wirkte er bis zu ſeinem im Jahre 1650 erfolgten Tode als Geſandtſchaftsſecretär bei der deutſchen Kanzlei zu London.

Seine Gedichte finden ſich in:

Zwei Büchlein Oden u. Geſänge. Stuttgart, 1618.
Geiſtliche u. weltliche Gedichte. Amſterdam, 1641 u. 48. 2 Sammlungen.

Der geiſtreichſte und talentvollſte Vorgänger Opitzens und ein deutſcher Patriot im beſten Sinne des Wortes, zeichnete ſich W. durch Wärme und Tüchtigkeit der Geſinnung und lebendige Anſchauung, ſowie durch glückliche, wenn auch oft zu breite Darſtellung ſehr vortheilhaft aus, dagegen vergriff er ſich in der Form, den Genius der deutſchen Sprache in dieſer Hinſicht verkennend, indem er nur die Sylben in ſeinen Verſen zählte, ohne auf die Kürze oder Länge derſelben zu achten, während er auf der andern Seite wieder Präciſion und Reinheit des Ausdruckes ſehr ſorgfältig beobachtete.

An Myrta.

Ich — treulos! — Ich — ein Flattergeiſt? —
Welch ein Verdacht! O komm! Bereue!
Ich weiß, der Gott der Liebe preiſt,
Wie deine Schönheit, meine Treue.

Wer könnte wohl mit Andern dich,
Bild der Vollkommenheit, vergleichen,
Und von den Schäfern allen mich
Wer an Beſtändigkeit erreichen?

Als dein zu bleiben, ich verſprach,
Hab' ich mir ſelbſt nichts vorbehalten,
Und deine Zärtlichkeit — o Schmach! —
Dein feſter Glaube ſollt' erkalten?

In dir ja wohnt mein Herz und Sinn;
Nur, dich zu lieben, athm' ich Leben.
Wenn ich dein, Myrta, nicht mehr bin,
So ſprich: wem haſt du mich gegeben?

Luſt und Pein.

O der bitterſüßen Schmerzen!
Ich ertrage ſie voll Muth;
Denn ſie fühlt in ihrem Herzen
Gleiche wunderbare Gluth;
Ja, ſie will mit holden Blicken
Mich verſehren und erquicken.

Meiner Augen Klage mehret
Meines Herzens tiefe Qual;
Roſa's Herz iſt auch verſehret,
Mir verrath's ihr Augenſtrahl.
Ja, ſie will mit Feuerblicken
Strafen mich und ſüß erquicken.

Dieſe Stern' in allen Stunden
Schimmern ſo trophäenreich,
Daß ſie nah und fern verwunden,
Cephalus Geſchoſſe gleich,
Und zugleich mit Wonneblicken
Mich durchpfeilen und erquicken.

Darum muß die Welt bekennen
Deiner Augen Pracht und Macht.
Ja, wo deine Fackeln brennen,
Iſt verwichen dunkle Nacht.
Denn du kannſt mit Wunderblicken
Rings bedrohen und entzücken.

Welch unſägliches Ergötzen,
Findet euch mein Herz ſo klar,
Und verehrt euch, ſeine Götzen,
Auf dem reizendſten Altar.
Möchtet ihr mit Himmelsblicken
Niemand ſonſt, als mich, erquicken!

Möchtet ihr's doch nicht verſchmähen,
Wenn mein Herz ein Opfer thut,
Dieſen Phönix anzuſehen,
Der verbrennt in Liebesgluth.
Denn ihr könnt durch zaub'riſch Blicken
Tod mit Leben neu erquicken.

Wilhelm Ludwig Weckhrlin,

geboren am 7. Juli 1739 zu Bothnang im Würtembergiſchen, lebte, ohne irgend ein Amt zu bekleiden, als Privatmann abwechſelnd in Paris, Nördlingen, Wien, Augsburg und Anſpach, in welcher letztern Stadt er am 24. November 1792 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Denkwürdigkeiten von Wien. 1777.
Anſelm Rabioſus Reiſe durch Ober-Deutſchland. Salzburg, 1778.
Felleiſen. Nördlingen, 1778.
Chronologen. Frankfurt, 1779—83. 12 Thle.
Das graue Ungeheuer. 1784—87. 12 Thle.
Hyperboreiſche Briefe. Nürnb., 1788—90. 7 Thle.
Paragraphen. Nürnberg, 1791—93. 3 Thle.

W. war einer der unerſchrockenſten und kühnſten politiſchen und ſatyriſchen Schriftſteller ſeiner Zeit. Obwohl aus Wien verbannt und ſpäter als Pasquillant verfolgt und eingekerkert, gab er doch mit unerſchütterlicher Ruhe fortwährend und bis zu ſeinem Tode ähnliche Schriften heraus, Lüge und Obſcurantismus mit ſchneidender Laune und in trefflicher Darſtellung bekämpfend.

Friedrich Wilhelm Wedag

wurde im September 1758 zu Nienrode in Weſtphalen geboren, und widmete ſich der Theologie, die er zu Halle und Duisburg ſtudirte. Nach beendigten Studien wurde er erſter reformirter Prediger zu Dortmund, jedoch 1788 nach Zollikofer's Tode an deſſen Stelle nach Leipzig berufen. Er ſtarb daſelbſt am 18. Mai 1799.

Von ihm erſchien:

Predigten zur Berichtigung irriger Vorſtellungen u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1793; Neue Ausg. 1817.
Die Religion als beſtändige Gefährtin auf dem Pfade des Lebens. Leipzig, 1794.
Handbuch über die frühere ſittliche Erziehung. Leipzig, 1795.

Zollikofer war das Vorbild, welchem dieſer treffliche Mann als Kanzelredner nachzuſtreben ſuchte; wenn er dieſes Muſter auch nicht ganz erreichte, ſo zeichnen ſich doch ſeine Predigten durch Wärme des Gefühls, lebendige Darſtellung und treffliche Diction ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Christian Friedrich Weichmann,

geboren zu Braunſchweig, ſtudirte Theologie und bekleidete zuletzt die Stelle eines herzogl. braunſchweigiſchen Hof- und Konſiſtorialrathes zu Wolfenbüttel; er ſtarb 1769.

Er gab heraus:

Die Poeſie der Niederſachſen. Hamburg, 1721—38. 6 Thle. Neue Ausgabe 1725—38.

Seine Sammlung iſt für den Literärhiſtoriker nicht ohne Intereſſe, für den Freund der Poeſie bietet ſie aber wenig Anziehendes dar, da ſie, mit geringen Ausnahmen, nur Mittelmäßiges als Zeichen des Verfalls des Geſchmackes in jener Periode enthält.

Karl Weichſelbaumer

ward am 8. Auguſt 1791 zu München geboren, wo er auch ſeine Studien machte und als **Dr.** der Philoſophie und expedirender geheimer Secretair des Miniſterium des königl. Hauſes lebt.

Er gab heraus:

Ueber die Verwandtſchaft und Verſchiedenheit der Poeſie und Philoſophie. München, 1813.
Menoikeus, Trauerſpiel. Bamberg, 1821.
Oenone, Trauerſpiel. Bamberg, 1821.
Niobe, Trauerſpiel. Bamberg, 1821.
Dido, Trauerſpiel. Bamberg, 1821.
Abendbilder. Bamberg, 1822.
Die Vertrauenden. Ulm, 1825 u. 26. 2 Thle.
Dramatiſche Dichtungen. Ulm, 1829.
Taſſilo, ein hiſtoriſches Trauerſpiel in fünf Acten und einem Vorſpiel. München, 1833.
Unterhaltungen. Ulm, 1831.
Orpheus; eine Zeitſchrift, in 4 Heften. Nürnb. 1824—25.

Ein talentvoller, begabter Dichter, der lebendige Phantaſie, Gedankenreichthum und Tiefe des Gefühls mit Correctheit und Kraft verbindet, und ſich vorzüglich das klaſſiſche Alterthum zum Vorbilde gewählt hat, wodurch jedoch ſeine dramatiſchen Dichtungen nicht ſo bekannt geworden ſind, wie ſie es in reichem Maaße verdienen.

Achilles Jaſon Weidmann

aus Halle in Schwaben, lebte in der zweiten Hälfte des 16ten Jahrhunderts und beſchrieb die Schwänke des Peter Lewe, ſeines Landsmanns, der von ſeiner Stärke ſeinen Namen Löwe erhalten hatte, in folgender gereimter Schrift:

Hiſtorn des Peter Lewe, des andern Kalenbergs. 1613. 1620. 8.

welche dem Volke ſo wohl gefiel, daß ſie unter demſelben ziemliche Verbreitung fand.

Paul Weidmann,

geboren zu Wien im Jahre 1746, wurde Hofconcipiſt an der k. k. Hofſtelle in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, nachdem er zuvor [illegible] daſelbſt die Stelle eines Official in der Kabinetskanzlei verſehen hatte. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1811.

Von ihm erſchien:

Schauſpiele: Anna, Dido, Pedro und Ines, Adelheid, Hababah, Pizarro, Merope ꝛc. Wien, 1775. 3 Thle.

Karl's Sieg, Heldengedicht. Wien, 1775. 2 Thle.

Die Parodiade, ſcherzhaftes Heldengedicht. Wien, 1776.

Satiren. Deſſau und Leipzig, 1784.

Ein unbedeutender, vorzüglich als Satiriker höchſt mittelmäßiger Poet.

Valentin Weigel

1533 zu Hayn geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und wurde nach zurückgelegten Studien und nachdem er die Würde eines Magiſters der Philoſophie erlangt, Pfarrer zu Tſchopau im Meißniſchen. Er ſtarb am 10. Juni 1588.

Von ihm erſchien:

Kirchen- und Hauspoſtille, Weg und Weiſe alles zu erkennen, Anleitung zur teutſchen Theologie, von dem Leben Chriſti und den falſchen Propheten ꝛc.

W. machte zu ſeiner Zeit Aufſehen als Myſtiker, Theoſoph und Alchymiſt, iſt aber jetzt ganz vergeſſen; doch war er nicht ohne Talent und ſein Styl zeichnet ſich für jene Zeit vortheilhaft aus.

Kajetan von Weiller

ward am 2. Auguſt 1762 zu München geboren. Er ſtudirte daſelbſt und in Freiſingen Theologie und wurde 1785 zum Prieſter geweiht. Da ſein Vermögen durch ſeine Studien aufgegangen war, ſah er ſich genöthigt, blos durch Privatunterricht ſein Leben zu friſten, bis er 1792 als Lehrer an der Realſchule zu München angeſtellt wurde. Er wurde nun kurz nach einander Profeſſor und Rector des dortigen Lyceums, Mitglied der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften, Director aller Lehranſtalten der Hauptſtadt, Ritter des Civilverdienſt-Ordens und endlich 1823 Generalſekretär der Akademie. Er ſtarb am 23. Juni 1826.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Ueber die gegenwärtige und zukünftige Menſchheit. München, 1799.

Verſuch einer Jugendkunde. München, 1800.

Lehrgebäude der Erziehungskunde. München, 1802. 2 Thle.

Erbauungsreden. München, 1801—4. 3 Thle.

Mutſchelle's Leben. München, 1803.

Der Geiſt der allerneueſten Philoſophie der Herren Schelling, Hegel und Comp. München, 1803. 2 Thle.

Anleitung zur freien Anſicht der Philoſophie. München, 1804.

Verſtand und Vernunft. München, 1806.

Ideen zur Geſchichte der Entwickelung des religiöſen Glaubens. München, 1808—14. 3 Thle.

Geſchichte der Philoſophie. München, 1813.

Grundlegung der Pſychologie. München, 1818.

Das Chriſtenthum in ſeinem Verhältniſſe zur Wiſſenſchaft. München, 1821.

Mit Schlichtegroll und Thierſch: F. H. Jacobi nach ſeinem Leben, Lehren und Wirken. München, 1819.

Characterſchilderungen ſeelengroßer Männer. München, 1826.

Ein Schüler Jacobi's und einer der eifrigſten Widerſacher Schellings, kämpfte W. unermüdlich und mit großer Kraft, von der Natur ſehr günſtig ausgeſtattet, als ein origineller und ſcharfer Denker, für die Reinheit des evangeliſchen Chriſtenthums in der katholiſchen Kirche.

Karl Bernhard, Herzog von Weimar,

geboren am 30. Mai 1792 zu Weimar, Bruder des regierenden Großherzogs, bereiſte 1825 u. 1826 Nordamerika und bekleidete ſeit 1830 die Stelle eines königl. niederländiſchen Generallieutenants.

In deutſcher Sprache ſchrieb er:

Reiſe des Herzogs Bernhard von Weimar durch Nordamerika, herausg. von H. Luden. Weimar, 1828. 2 Bde.

eine der beſten und unpartheiiſcheſten Schilderung der vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.

Christian Weiſe

wurde am 30 April 1642 zu Zittau geboren, beſuchte das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und vollendete ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Ausbildung auf der Univerſität zu Leipzig, wo er 1663 Magiſter der Philoſophie wurde. Nach abgelaufener Studienzeit wurde er Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Weißenfels, und 1678 Rector der gelehrten Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo er am 21. October 1708 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die drei Hauptverderber. Leipzig, 1671.

Die drei Erznarren. Leipzig, 1676.

Geſtürzter Marggraf von Ancre. Leipzig, 1681.

Zittauiſches Theatrum. Leipzig, 1683.

Komödienprobe. Leipzig, 1695.

Troſt- und Sterbandachten. Leipzig, 1720.

Ueberflüſſige Gedanken der grünenden Jugend. Leipzig, 1680.

Neue Jugendluſt. Leipzig, 1684.

Politiſcher, geläuterter, gelehrter, freimüthiger, vertrauter Redner. Leipzig, 1677—1700.

Kurieuſe Gedanken in Verſen. Leipzig, 1691.

Ueber W. urtheilt Bouterwek in ſeiner Geſchichte der deutſchen Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Th. X. S. 328 ſehr treffend: „Einer der fleißigſten in dieſer Reihe von Verfaſſern deutſcher Theaterſtücke, die niemand mehr lieſet, iſt der zu ſeiner Zeit ſehr geprieſene Schulrector zu Zittau, Chriſtian Weiſe, der vom Jahre 1642 bis 1708 lebte. Er müßte mit Auszeichnung genannt werden, wenn ſein patriotiſcher Eifer, die deutſche Literatur in Aufnahme zu bringen, nicht durch die Art, wie er dieſes Geſchäft betrieb, mehr geſchadet, als genützt hätte. Beſonders für die Jugend auf den Schulen, wo die deutſche Sprache noch immer nicht ſehr geachtet wurde, aber auch für das größere Publicum, das ſeine Arbeiten dankbar aufnahm, ſchrieb er außer vielen Luſtſpielen auch ſatyriſche Romane, Anweiſungen zum galanten Briefſtyl, eine Poetik, und mehrere Beiträge zur Rhetorik. Seine Frömmigkeit beglaubigt er durch die von ihm verfaßten und herausgegebenen Tugendlieder und andere geiſtliche Gedichte. Weiſe wollte zeigen, daß man ein verdienſtvoller und chriſtlicher Schulrector ſeyn könne, ohne dem lateiniſchen Pedantismus ergeben zu ſein. Sein Geiſt hatte überhaupt viel Gewandtheit, und zu komiſchen Dichtungen unverkennbare Anlage. Aber um dem Pedantismus zu entgehen, gab ſich dieſer galant ſein wollende Schulmann ganz dem ſchlechten Modegeſchmacke ſeiner deutſchen Zeitgenoſſen hin. Durch ſeine theoretiſchen Schriften ſuchte er nur die Unarten, die er hätte beſtreiten ſollen, auf Grundſätze zurückzuführen! Seine Kritik beförderte dieſelbe zügelloſe Geſchwätzigkeit, die ſich in ſeinen komiſchen Erfindungen zeigt. An der Verbindung der dramatiſchen Poeſie mit der Muſik ſcheint ihm wenig gelegen geweſen zu ſein; doch Einiges mußte auch in den Luſtſpielen, die er in Proſa ſchrieb, wenigſtens zum Beſchluſſe geſungen werden. Uebrigens gehören auch dieſe Luſtſpiele zu den Gattungen von Mißgeburten, die auf dem deutſchen Theater keine Reform aufkommen ließen."

Chriſtian Weiſflog

ward am 27. December 1780 in Sagan geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte, ward Dr. juris und lebte dann in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Stadtgerichtsdirector. Er ſtarb am 17. Juli 1828 zu Warmbrunn in Schleſien.

Von ihm erſchien:

Phantaſieſtücke und Hiſtorien. Dresden, 1825—29. 12 Bände.

Einzelne Erzählungen u. ſ. w. in Journalen, namentlich in der Abendzeitung u. ſ. w.

Anmuthige Darſtellung, glückliche Erfindung, Innigkeit und Wärme des Gefühls und eine glückliche humoriſtiſche Auffaſſung des bürgerlichen Kleinlebens haben W's Schriften zu ihrer Zeit einen ausgebreiteten Kreis von Leſern erworben, der ſich auch jetzt noch, hin und wieder, gern mit ihm beſchäftigt.

Biographiſche Spittelfreuden des abgeſetzten Privatſchreibers Jeremias Kätzlein.

Eine Erzählung von Chr. Weißflog.

Da bin ich denn nun, im Hafen des Friedens bei dir Maria,

> Cujus animam gementem
> contristantem et dolentem
> pertransivit gladius.

Bei Ihnen, Wohlgeborner Herr Kommerzienrath mit dem grünen Pelze und dem ſteifen Zopfe, bei Euch, trauter Magiſter David, in der kühlen Sabbathruhe, nach einem langen, ſchwülen Sommertage im freundlichen Hauſe, das die Barmherzigkeit gebaut und die Milde erhält — im Spittel!

Aber was weinſt du denn immer und ewig, wenn du vor dem Myrtenſtocke ſtehſt — Maria! Sei doch luſtig und guter Dinge, wie ich! Biſt du noch nicht im Klaren, daß der ſelige Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator Krunitz ja gar nicht an dem geſtrickten Nacht-Kamiſole, mit den roſaſeidnen Schleifen geſtorben! Siehſt du es noch nicht deutlich, daß dein Myrtenſtrauch ja eben der iſt, den er für dich zog zum Brautkränzlein! Oder — iſt dir's nicht recht, daß die Jugend flog, wie Schwalben vor dir hin! Nehm' ich denn einen Anſtoß dran und paſſen wir nicht herrlich zuſammen, du, eine blühende Jungfrau von zwei und vierzig Jahren und ich — übermorgen ſechzig! Muß nicht, wenn es eine glückliche Ehe geben ſoll, der Mann beträchtlich älter ſein, als die Frau! Und was ſind denn ſechzig Jährlein? Wurden nicht die lieben Erzväter der Bibel fünf-, ſechshundert und mehr Jahre alt und waren gewiſſermaßen, eh ſie das erſte hundert zurückgelegt und die Kinderſchuhe ausgezogen, noch dumme Jungen, die von Papa und Mama noch nirgend in Geſellſchaft mitgenommen werden konnten und erſt im zweiten hundert anfingen, die ſüßen Gefühle zu ahnen, die jetzo unſern Herrlein von vierzehn Jahren ſchon ganz klar und deutlich ſind! Was wollen alſo die lumpigen ſechzig ſagen! — O Maria! gar nichts — gar nichts! — Jugend! — Was iſt Jugend! — Ein negativer Begriff, ein Deficit von Runzeln, grauen Haaren und dergleichen, ſonſt in der Welt nichts poſitives! — Ein Traum! Maria, ein Traum! Das Alter nur iſt Wirklichkeit, und du und ich, wir ſind nun — wirklich. Und doch gäb' auch ich dieſe Wirklichkeit hin für den Traum, mein Herzblatt, könnt' ich ihn damit zurück erkaufen. Denn ich mag nicht wirklich ſein, ich will träumen und ſollte mir's der Kreis-Phyſikus noch weiter und breiter atteſtiren, als ſchon geſchehen, daß es bei mir — wie ſich die dumme nüchterne Welt ausdrückt — übergeſchnappt und ich eben deshalb hier bin. O Jugend! Jugend! du biſt auf ewig dahin und kehrſt nie wieder und Sapperment! das könnte mich raſend machen! Aber nur luſtig, Maria! Wenn die Veilchen wieder blühen und die Lerche ſingt und die Nachtigall und andres Ungeziefer der Art, dann iſt Hochzeit, denn dann werden wir doch wieder jung mit dem jungen fröhlichen Lenze und der Herr Kommerzienrath ſollen auf der Hochzeit tanzen, mit dem ſchiefen Beine, und Ihr, ehrlicher David, predigen als Doktor Luther, aus der leeren Zuckertonne. Es iſt eine feine Kanzel und oft hab ich ſie Euch ſchon mit grünen Zweigen geſchmückt.

Die Alten links, ſollen jeder ein Weißbrod haben mit Käſe und ein halbes Aquavit und die Verrückten rechts — — O pfui! Nicht das Wort! Sie ſind eigentlich die, die das Schickſal zurecht gerückt — zum ſeligen Traume — in die ewige Jugend, das weiß auch der Muſelmann, der darum Reſpekt vor ihnen hat — die ſollen Semmelmilch eſſen mit uns unter den Bäumen. Denn leben ſie nicht alle mit mir in einem Himmel! —

Wie oft, wenn ich ſonſt in der brennenden Sonne mit dem Aktenpakete, ſchwitzend unter einer Perrücke, die dürre, trockene Straße hinauf wanderte nach dem Amte, labte mich das alte, ſtattliche, ſteinerne Gebäude mit ſeinen lang ausgeſtreckten Schatten. Wie oft ſchaute ich da wehmüthig durch die Spalten des Bretterzauns in den dunkeln Garten und ſehnte mich mit dem Ausrufe des Horaz an ſeinen Freund Septimius:

> O, dieſer Erdenwinkel lächelt mir vor allen!

dahinein. Und wenn ich dann am Abend wieder heim ging, matt und abgetrieben und auf den Bänken vor dem Hauſe unter den Weinranken und Kirſchbäumen mit den glänzenden ſchwarzen Früchten, ruhige Greiſe ſaßen, die ihr Abendbrod verzehrten und mir von oben durch's Gitterfenſter lachend eine Wappmännige die Roſe nachwarf und zurief: Schlaf wohl, mein Schatz, morgen ſehn wir uns wieder! — ach! wie ſeufzte ich dann: Wer doch auch ſo glücklich wäre, wie Ihr! — Und — nun bin ich's wirklich, nun bin ich im Spittel, nun ſitz ich mit den Greiſen auf einer ſteinernen Bank unter dem Weinlaube und wandle im Schatten der Bäume des Gartens! Wie ich dahin gekommen, das will und muß ich ſchriftlich zu Papiere bringen, ſintemal es wohl manchen, unter denen, die die Phantaſieſtücke und Hiſtorien meines geweſenen Prinzipals, und in ſelben gleich vorne mein Brieflein an den verſtorbenen Herrn Kammergerichts-Rath E. T. A. Hoffmann geleſen, jucken und treiben dürfte, zu wiſſen, was aus dem Privatſchreiber Jeremias Kaplein geworden, ob er bereits Todes verfahren oder noch im mühſamen Amte quaestionis fungire, oder, da er nun gar öffentlich als Schriftſteller, ungerüffelt, ja, im Gegentheile vom kritiſchen Dreifuße herab gnädiglich angeſtachelt, aufgetreten, zu höherem Poſten und Würde gelanget. Darum alſo, und daß die, die an mir armen Menſchen ein Intereſſe gewonnen, doch wiſſen, woran ſie ſind, verwache ich nun die einſamen Stunden der Nacht, wenn alles um und neben mir im Lande und hier im Hauſe ſchläft, oder von Rechtswegen ſchlafen ſollte und — ſchreibe. Ich kann's nicht laſſen und es thut mir gütlich, wie Balſam auf eine alte ſchmerzliche Wunde, daß ich endlich ſchreiben darf, was ich will, nicht was andre mir mit Krähen- und Hühnerpfoten vorgekleckſt und ich bin glücklich, daß mein langes Kopiſtenelend nun kommen zu einem ſeligen End, da es ja doch auf Erden für ein Menſchenkind mit leidlich eigener Denkkraft nichts Miſerableres und Seeletödtenderes giebt, als Tag für Tag zu ſitzen im Abſchreiben, vornehmlich Advokatiſchen Wuſtes, zugleich auch ein Kalkulator und Steuerkontrolleur nicht auf Roſen wandelt, der ſein Lebelang die dürre Rechenweiſe: ſechſe von fünfen kann ich nicht, borg' ich mir eins, abſeufzt und im Addiren Ellenlanger Zahlenreihen verzweifelt, weshalb man auch den Inbegriff alles Erbärmlichen und Drückenden Kalamität genannt, weil Calamus die Schreibfeder heißt und der Unglückliche, der zum kalamiren, d. h. zum Federfuchſen verdammt iſt, füglich als der Weiſel, Hauptmann und Polarſtern menſchlicher Trübſal gelten kann, jedoch mit vorbehaltenen Rechten der Schulmeiſter. Und darum heißt auch die bitterſte Erdgalle der Wurzelwelt billig — Kalmus. Doch das hat nun, wie geſagt, ein Ende. Warum und wie das aber ſo gekommen, und wie ich vor's erſte in die Kalamität gerathen, das — o ihr fühlenden Seelen, die ich hiermit ſammt und ſonders durch geziemendes Abnehmen der Schlafmütze ſalutire — ſollt ihr nun in möglichſter Einfalt und Kürze erfahren.

Mögen obſcure Scribenten, aus Bosheit darüber, daß ſie von Haus aus nichts ſind und auch niemals etwas zu werden Ausſicht haben, immerhin auf die Vorzüge der Geburt ſchimpfen oder verächtlich das Maul über die Trauben ziehen, die ihnen zu hoch hängen; ich bin andrer Meinung, und denke, daß jene Vorzüge denn doch beſſer ſind, als gar nichts. Ja, ich bilde mir was darauf ein, aus einer alten Familie zu ſtammen. Denn mein Vater, Anno 1725 geboren, wäre nun gerade hundert Jahr, wenn er noch lebte und mein Großvater noch älter. Item war erſterer beim Finanzminiſterio angeſtellt — General-Landes-Steuer-Kaſſen-Stubenheizer. Ich genoß daher eine, meinem Stande angemeſſene Erziehung, d. h. frequentirte die öffentliche Schule, wo damals die Lehrer nur ſehr unbedeutend weniger hungerten, als jetzt und deshalb die liebe Jugend auch nur eben ſo unbedeutend größere Fortſchritte in litteris et moribus machte, erhielt manche öffentliche Belobigung meines Fleißes in Baumklettern und Vogelneſter ausnehmen, knieete nur etwa über den andern Tag auf Erbſen, wegen verpönter botaniſcher Excurſionen in die Pilze oder in die Schoten ungeſchlachter Bauern, wurde aber öfter mit dem Schulverdienſtorden des grauen Müller-Löwen dekorirt, wegen meines eminenten Dichtertalentes, welches der alte brummige Subrektor Seemaus „Lügen“ nannte, dem ich dafür Maikäfer auf die Axel und Hummel in die Tabaksdoſe applicirte und trug des Sonntags einen rothplüſchnen Rock, den mir die Mutter aus dem ihr vom Präſidenten geſchenkten alten Ueberzuge ſeines Lehnſeſſels hatte machen laſſen. Aber dieſer Rock ward für mich die Quelle unendlichen Drangſales, denn überall hieß ich nun darum die „Feuerkröte.“ Man kann denken, daß ich, den die gütige Natur mit derben Fäuſten begabt und mit dem beſten Willen, mich ihrer ſattſam zu bedienen, mir das Ehrenprädikat nicht geduldig und ungeahndet gefallen ließ. Blutige Köpfe waren daher an der Tagesordnung und gewöhnlich jeder Sonntag, an welchem ich meinen [illegible] in der [illegible] prangen mußte, ein Tag des Schreckens und Entſetzens auf unſerer Gaſſe. Was half es, daß ich daheim den vermaledeiten Rock unter bittern Thränen mit Füßen trat, ich mußte ihn doch wieder anziehen, denn — ich hatte keinen andern, und zudem war auch der Herr Präſident, der den Plüſch geſchenkt, mein Pathe, und verſüßte mir mit manchem Apfel und Zuckerbrod mein Elend, aus Erkenntlichkeit, daß ich den Fleck, mit dem ſein Liebwertheſter ſo viele Jahre in traulicher Freundſchaft und Nähe verlebt und der manches erdulden müſſen, öffentlich als Ehrenkleid an mir ſelber herum ſchleppe. Ja, er ging noch weiter, nahm mich einſt lächelnd bei der Hand — ich mochte ein Bengel von funfzehn Jahren ſein — und führte mich die ſteinernen Treppen des Kollegienpalais mit den Worten hinauf: nun will ich dir zeigen — mein Söhnlein! — welch ein Glück ich dir zugedacht, ſo du fein fleißig biſt und folgſt. Schau! In dieſen Himmel ſetz' ich dich! — Er öffnete den Himmel. — Es war die Kanzleiſtube. Ein ſtinkender Aktendunſt quoll mir an dem heißen Auguſtnachmittage um fünf Uhr daraus entgegen. Grabesſtille herrſchte und nur das Kritzeln der Federn war hörbar, wie das einſame Freſſen der zwanzigtauſend Seidenraupen in einer deutſchen Plantagenſtube. Ein halb Schock bleiche Geſtalten, mit und ohne Brillen, ſaß umher, und wenn einer mit trübem Seufzen das Haupt erhob, ſo ſah man nur blaſſe, hängende Wangen, nur hervorſtehende Knochen in dem gelben, ſchwindſüchtigen eingefallener Kammergeſichte. Siehe — mein Söhnlein! — ſchmunzelte der Präſident — das ſind die Kopiſten, und ſo du fromm biſt und was lernſt, ſollſt du auch hier ſitzen, wie die.

Nur die erſte Hälfte dieſer troſtvollen Verheißung hörte ich deutlich, denn bei der andern ergriff mich ein paniſcher Schreck. Ich entſprang mit Blitzesſchnelle der graulichen Stube, als ſollte ich nun eben ſchon angenagelt werden in dieſem Kopiſtenhimmel, und lief in's Freie, begütigend mein Entſetzen und den Sturm meiner Seele in allerlei Unfug und Petulanz.

Als ich ausgewüthet und wieder nach Hauſe kam, hatten die Eltern die Herablaſſung des gnädigen Pathen und mein ungebührliches Entweichen erfahren und der Vater nahm mich, nach einigen — einleitenden Demonſtrationen, das heißt nach einigen — wie man zu ſagen pflegt — Kopfnüſſen, koram.

Range! — eröffnete er das Verhör — nun ſage endlich, da ich ſehe, daß du das Gute, was man mit dir vor hat, nicht erkenneſt, was willſt du werden in dieſer Welt!

Ein Komödiant — gab ich, ingrimmig über das mir Zugedachte, zur Antwort — oder ein Seiltänzer, am liebſten aber — gar nichts.

Wa — wa — was du Böſewicht! — ſtotterten die Eltern in höchſtem Entſetzen über dieſes unerwartete frevelhafte Geſtändniß und über den Gräuel, den ich durch Erwählung einer ſolchen Lebensart in die ehrbare Familie zu bringen gedacht — auf die liederliche Weiſe willſt du dich legen! Ein Komödiant! — Ein Seiltänzer! — Dafür ſoll geſorgt ſein. Den Hals wollen wir dir umdrehen, und dazu wird der gnädige Herr Präſident helfen. Nicht von der Stelle ſollſt du von Früh bis in die Nacht und ſchreiben bis du ſchwarz wirſt und — Kopiſt!

Wirklich ſchien es mit dieſer Drohung Ernſt werden zu wollen, denn ich wurde nun förmlich dem Seemaus übergeben, bei dem ich von Sonnenaufgang bis Sonnenuntergang ſchreiben, lateiniſch lernen und rechnen, dabei Küchen- und Hausrüpel ſein, Holz hacken, Stiefel putzen und das kleine Kind warten mußte. O, wie bitter wurde mir die ſchmähliche Gefangenſchaft! Wie ſehnte ich mich, wenn die Februarſonne ſo warm in die kleinen ſechseckigen Fenſterlein meiner Schulſtube ſchien und ich nun wußte, daß der prächtige Schneemann draußen, den meine jubelnden Kameraden aufgerichtet und mit ſtattlichen Augen geſchmückt, die ſie dem Schmiede aus dem Kohlenſchuppen gemauſt, unfehlbar vor die Hunde gehen müſſe, wenn ihm nicht mit neuen Anlagen zu Hülfe geeilet werde, wie ſehnte ich mich da hinaus! Aber mit eiſerner Fauſt hielt mich der vermaledeite Schreibzwinger und das — war meine Jugend! Dennoch wünſch' ich, ich wäre noch beim Seemaus, und jung, wie damals. Denn über die Freude und das innige Gefühl der armen, unſchuldigen Knabenluſt, die ſich auch in meinem Kerker fand und ſich in jedem Kerker findet zu einem fühlenden Gemüthe, wie die freundliche Spinne zu dem Naturforſcher Quatremere geht gar nichts.

In unſerm Hofe war ein Gärtchen. Gott, wie glücklich war ich, wenn ich mit dem kleinen Kinde im erſten Frühlinge da unter dem Hollunderbaum auf dem neugrünenden Raſen ſitzen durfte und hie und da ein ſcharlachrothes Sammetwürmlein hervorkroch und die Fliegen fröhlich an der Mauer ſummten und alles duftete nach friſcher Erde und hervorsprießenden Kräutern! Und wenn ich nun des Abends die Frösche emsig schreien hörte, weit draußen im Waldteiche; wie rief ich da, hin nach der Gegend: o, wer bei euch wäre, ihr herrlichen Frösche! Wehmüthige Thränen tropften aus meinen Augen herab auf das junge Gras; aber dennoch war ich in meiner Verlassenheit selig. Nur die Stube, die verdammte Stube und das Schreiben — nein, das war nicht zum Aushalten. Eine Erlösung sah ich nicht, wohl aber im schaudernden Hintergrunde den auf mich wartenden Kopistenjammer. Was blieb mir also übrig, als die Gelegenheit abzulauern und mich aus meiner Gefangenschaft selber zu ranzioniren, das heißt — davon zu laufen! Wohin, und was anfangen; das war mein geringster Kummer, und Vater und Mutter zu verlassen, sie vielleicht nicht wieder zu sehen, mir ganz egal. Geschwister hatte ich nicht, und im väterlichen Hause überhaupt nichts liebes, als einen Staarmatz, den ich selber noch halb nackt aus der Kirche genommen und an dem mein Herz hing, den ich aber auch zu vergessen hoffte, bei den viel tausend Vögelein draußen im Freien und im duftenden, dämmernden Walde. Ich lief daher immerfort, ohne umzuschauen und kam auf's nächste Dorf, wo eben ein Thespiskarren seinen Einzug hielt. Himmel! wie ward mir, als nun mit einem Male die Erfüllung meines sehnlichsten Wunsches in den zusammengeleimten und geflickten Fetzen der abgetragenen Rosamunden und Schäferinnen und in den silberpapiernen Harnischen und Schildern der tapfern Helden und Ritter vor mir stand! Wie vergaß ich Hunger und Durst, als nun in der Scheune, in die ich ohne den Logenbrief — den ich nicht hatte — hereingeschlüpft, die Asiatische Banise aufgeführt wurde, der wüthende Chaumigrem mit entsetzlichem Gebrülle dem unglücklichen Pegu den Untergang zubrüllte, und wie schauderte ich, als der Papiermond sich verfinsterte, das Kolophonium blitzte, der Donner vom Boden einer leeren Wassertonne rumpelte und selbst den Verfasser in Angst wurde! Wie hielt ich es da für die größte Erdenseligkeit, mit blitzen und donnern und wüthen zu können, auf den Brettern! Wie träumte ich mich da hinein in den Triumph, als Held in der glänzenden Rüstung da droben zu stehn, zu meinen Füßen meine Widersacher in der Stadt und ich nun ihnen wie ein Löwe zubrüllend: Sehet da die Feuerkröte, ihr Tausendsapperlot! — Und dennoch, so sehr mich der Traum entzückte, er genügte mir nicht, es fehlte mir etwas, ich wußte selber nicht was. Endlich mit einem Male schlug es hell, wie ein Blitz in mein Innres und jauchzend und springend rief ich mein „Heureka! ich hab' es gefunden" aus, in dem lauten Jubel: Juchhe! Sie haben ja keinen Hanswurst!

Du hast Recht — mein Sohn! — sagte der Direktor, dessen Kennerauge in mir die Weltbürgerschaft entdeckt haben mochte und der mich spähend auf's Korn genommen, der fehlt uns, der ist uns abgegangen, und Senator geworden in Riesebeutel. Aber was willst du damit sagen!

Was ich damit sagen will? — gnädiger Herr Komödiantenpräsident! antwortete ich — das, daß ich Ew. Excellenz Hanswurst selber sein möchte.

Du? — erwiderte der Direktor — hast du Talent? — Glaube mir — mein Sohn! — es ist nichts leichtes, ein Narr zu sein. Kluge gelehrte Leute, hangende und bangende Thränenhelden und Heldinnen, girrende Schäfer, brüllende Tyrannen, die findet man überall zu Schocken, aber ein rechter, echter Narr — o mein Sohn! — das ist was seltenes, das ist ein Juwel, das man in Gold fassen muß. Denn zur ergötzlichen Narrheit gehört mehr, als zur langweiligen Klugheit. Willst du ein Narr sein, den ich brauchen kann, so zeige dein Talent und mach mir einen Spaß vor, aus dem Stegreif.

Was sollte ich thun? Zwar jagte mir das Examen rigorosum, das mir nun so plötzlich auf den Hals fiel, einen leichten Frost durch die Glieder, aber schnell ermuthigte ich mich, denn es galt ja mein Wohl und mein Weh, und fing an, Gesichter zu schneiden, wie ich sie nur je in den üppigsten Schäferstunden des Genius, daheim, umgeben von meinen jubelnden Kameraden, erfunden.

Nicht übel! — rief der Direktor — und dieser Zuruf, bei dem ich das nur mühsam verhaltene Lachen des ernsten Mannes deutlich entdeckte, befeuerte mich dergestalt, daß ich in den allerausserordentlichsten Grimassen, die ich selber in mir nicht geahnet, mich übertraf und der Direktor nun laut lachte, daß ihm der Bauch wackelte. Dies war neues Oel in mein Feuer. Flugs improvisirte ich eine Scene aus meiner vergangenen Feuerkrötenschaft mit solcher Virtuosität, daß der Direktor aus den Lachthränen heraus einmal über das andere wieherte: Es ist mein Ende! Es ist mein Ende! Wetterjunge, du sollst Hanswurst sein!

Ein unerdenklicher Rath, der so eben erst ganz frisch aus der Form kommend, sich zum ersten Male mit dem langersehnten Titel nennen hört, kann die Erdenseligkeit und die Götterwonne nicht fühlen, die mich bei dieser Beförderung ergriff. Ich sprang wie toll und schrie, daß Banise mit dem bereits halb abgewaschenen und noch halb mit Bolus angestrichenen Gesichte herbei lief und Chaumigrem voll Entsetzen in's Souffleurloch stürzte und die Kommandantenweinflasche zertrümmerte: Juchhe! ich bin der Hanswurst! Victoria! Victoria! Ich bin der Hanswurst!

Der Direktor berief nun die Bande zusammen und stellte mich ihr in meiner neuen Qualität vor, als ein Subjekt von zwar noch rohen, aber viel versprechenden Talenten. Gleich den Tag darauf machte ich mein Probestück. Sie gaben das Trauerspiel: Hamlet, Prinz von Dänemark. Natürlich war alles, was ich dazu lieferte, reine Erfindung von mir selber, denn ich hatte im Leben von diesem Hamlet noch nichts gehört und gelesen, jedoch schon manchmal daheim mich in's Puppentheater gestohlen, wo ich mir das Prinzip gebildet, daß ein Trauerspiel ohne Hanswurst sich gar nicht denken lasse. Meine Späße mochten daher freilich nicht eben immer die edelsten und passendsten sein, das fühlte ich selber, als ich dem Geiste und der Ophelia in ihrem Wahnsinne das Hanswurstmanzerin anhing und in der Scene, wo der Sohn der Mutter den Sündenspiegel vorhält, unter dem verdeckten Tische Fratzengesichter schnitt und bald wie ein Hund winselte, bald wie eine Katze miaute, und dem Könige, wie er kniend betete, von hinten die Perücke auf's Maul klebte; aber sie erreichten den Zweck. Denn schallendes Gelächter und das Lob der Kenner und des Theaterrecensenten, der auch hier seine eigene Loge — im Bansen hatte, wo er leiblich vor Prügeln gedeckt war: daß der Hanswurst bei der Sache eigentlich das Kraut fett gemacht und trotz seiner Jugend so gut gespielt, wie ein ganz alter Narr, erhob mich in die äußersten Räume der Seligkeit, und meine Tage flossen wonnig dahin, sogar, was auch nicht zu verachten — unbeneidet von meinen Kameraden, maßen ich vor der Hand um's liebe Brod, einen neuen Rock und die Ehre diente. Ja, Madam Hasel, welche die Heldinnen machte, und Mamsell Theresel, der bei ihrer sechs und vierzigjährigen Jugendblüthe besonders die schmachtenden und naiven Rollen sehr glückten, beehrten mich wechselseitig mit ihrer zarten Freundschaft und Liebe und letzte spielte mir sogar einmal ein zärtliches Gedicht in die Hand, in dem unter andern die Verse vorkamen:

Mein armes Herz fühlt grimme tiefe Wunden,
seit meine Sehnsucht dich, Hanswurst, erfunden
und thränend schaut mein Aug' in's Sterngewimmel
zum Narrenhimmel.

Du wärest mein Leben, du wärest mein Entzücken;
Komm', o Theurer! mich an's Herz zu drücken,
Denn meine Lippen [illegible] müssen,
Hanswurst, dich küssen!

Schade nur, daß meine siebenzehnjährigen Gefühle es noch nicht verstanden und wagten, sympathetisch in diese zarte Minneweise einzustimmen.

Mein Name wurde natürlich flugs verändert und ich hieß nun Monsieur Murr, woher es auch wohl kommen mochte, daß ich unentdeckt, unverfolgt von den Meinen und unaufgegriffen blieb. Auch machten wir uns meistens bald aus der Gegend und zogen weit und breit im Lande herum, bald nach Norden, bald nach Süden im lieben Vaterlande, wo es uns heut gut, morgen schlecht ging und ich in meiner Kunst täglich neue Fortschritte machte.

Was soll ich Euch — meine empfindsamen Leser! — mit langer Weile quälen durch Erzählung der Abenteuer und Abwechslungen meiner lustigen Komödiantenfahrt! Was soll ich Euch referiren, wie oft sich unsre Bande in den zwölf Jahren häutete, das heißt, alte Mitglieder abstreifte und neue gewonnen, wie oft der Direktor Abbitte thun und Schulden halber in der Büttelei sitzen mußten, welche Stürme das Herz des nun immer männlicher und verständiger werdenden Monsieur Murr bewegt und wie die edle Kunst sich damals bei uns und überhaupt in Deutschland gestaltete, das würde allein einen Band füllen, den am Ende kein Mensch läse. Ich schweige daher von allen diesem und sage nur so viel, daß mir die ganze Sache sich bald von einer ganz andern Seite darstellte, je länger ich das Wesen trieb, immer mehr und mehr der schöne Traum entschwand, der mich ins Komödiantenleben verlockt und dieses selbst mir endlich fatal und bitter wurde, wie Galle. Spaß mußte ich schlechterdings machen, alle Tage, da half nichts vor, ich mochte hungrig oder satt, gesund oder krank, lustig oder traurig sein, und eben das, daß ich gezwungen als Pickelhäring Lachen hervorbringen mußte bei andern, wenn mir's selber am wenigsten lächerlich war, das brachte mich zur Verzweiflung und machte mich mürrisch und melancholisch, so, daß ich nun recht gut begriff, wie wahr die bekannte Anekdote sein könne, nach welcher einmal zu einem Arzte in Wien ein anſtändig gekleideter Mann mit leidenvoller Kummermiene in die Stube trat und ihn dringend um Hülfe gegen die tiefe Melancholie flehete, die ſich ſeiner bemeiſtert. Mein Herr — erwiderte ihm der Arzt — da weiß ich Gott ſei Dank guten Rath. Gehn Sie nur in's Theater zu dem Kasperl, wenn der Sie nicht kurirt, ſo hilft Ihnen nichts. Ach! — entgegnete trübſelig der Patient — der Kasperl — der bin ich ja ſelber!

Gerade ſo ging es mir. Ich war der Unglücklichſte in der ganzen Bande. Selbſt der Name „Hanswurſt“ den ich früher gewiß um keinen Rathstitel vertauſcht haben würde, er ſchien mir nun verächtlich, als unter meiner Menſchenwürde. Nur des Abends wagte ich auszugehen, denn ließ ich mich bei Tage blicken; ſo war ich da, wo ich einmal aufgetreten, der Ball muthwilliger Rangen, die mich heerdenweis verfolgten, theils beſchimpften, theils vergötterten. Ich war ein Spott in allen meinen Beziehungen und Handlungen. Selbſt meine Leiden, ſelbſt mein Ächzen erregte Gelächter. Ich hatte in Wahrheit aufgehört, Menſch zu ſein und war nur — Narr und noch dazu ein [illegible] Narr. Aber was dem Faſſe eigentlich den Boden ausſtieß und meiner ganzen Künſtler-Karriere ein plötzliches Ende machte, daran denke ich noch jetzt mit Schaudern.

Wir waren nämlich in ein Städtlein eingerückt, wo eben Jahrmarkt war und wo ich am ſelbigen Abende im Trauerſpiel Romeo und Julie, als Romeo ganz unbändig Spaß machen ſollte, indem ich da, bei der Vergiftung, mit einem breiten Haarbeutel angethan aufzutreten pflegte, der dann das Wiedererwachen Juliens im Sarge und ihre Vereinigung mit mir im Tode, den ſie aus der nämlichen Feldflaſche mit kräftigen Zügen ſog, ungemein erbaut machte. Wie ich ſo Nachmittags durch die Gaſſen ſchlendere, im Orte, wo ich noch nicht bekannt war, nach dem Marktplatze, hör' ich Trompetenſtöße, die ferne Lache des Pöbels und werde von der nun ſtärker und neugieriger wogenden Menſchenmaſſe mit fortgezogen. Himmel! wie erſchrak ich, als ich mit einem Male vor mir am Kreuzwege ein Theater aufgeſchlagen, auf demſelben einen ſtattlichen Marktſchreier in [illegible] Treſſenkleide, den Degen an der Seite und bei ihm — mich ſelber ſah, nämlich einen Pickelhäring in der Hanswurſtjacke. Ich gedachte vor Scham und Ärger in die Erde zu ſinken. Denn nun ſah ich meine allertiefſte Erniedrigung, mein zur Karrikatur verzerrtes Menſchenantlitz im treuen Spiegel vor mir. Verfluchte Schande! — knirſchte ich — und meine Hände zuckten krampfhaft bei den Zoten und Poſſen, die nun geriſſen wurden und die leider nichts anders waren, als eine Quinteſſenz meiner eigenen, allervortrefflichſten pöbelhafteſten. Da dröhnte der Markt von rohem Gelächter. Da dacht' ich, die Lache gilt mir. Da jagte mich der unheimliche Spuk fort und mit grauſenvollem Entſetzen, als ſei das Zeichen Kains auf meine Stirne gedrückt, mit Gewaltes Eile von dannen, durch die gaffende Menge, die meine Rippenſtöße zertheilte, immer fort, fort durch die Gaſſen, bis in den entfernteſten Winkel meines Quartiers. Hier ſchwamm der ſchon lange in mir ſchlummernde Grimm über mein elendes Handwerk herauf, wie ein ſiedender Keſſel. Feſt ſtand mein Vorſatz, mich der Hölle zu entreißen, die ich ſonſt für den Himmel gehalten. Ich zerriß wüthend die Zeichen meiner Schande aus der Theatergarderobe; warf mein armſeligen Mantel über die Schulter und floh, ohne von Jemand Abſchied zu nehmen, als ſei der Satan mir auf der Ferſe zur Stadt hinaus, fort immer fort in's Freie, Weite.

Wie ich nun da war und am Walde, von wo ich tief unten im nebligen Thal die fernen Thürme der Stadt nur noch wie durch einen Schleier erblickte: da machte ich erſchöpft Halt, da athmete ich zum erſten Male wieder frei und tief aus der gepreßten Bruſt und ſchüttelte mich, als ſolle die ſchmähliche Vergangenheit von mir abfallen. Da war der Sturm der Seele verrauſcht und ruhigere Beſonnenheit zurückgekehrt. Da fragte ich mich aber auch zum erſten Male wieder: Wohin nun, Jeremias? Eine unnennbare Wehmuth überfiel mich und matt ſank ich nieder in's Moos und Heidekraut unter den rauſchenden Tannen. Es war hier alles ſo einſam, ſo feierlich, ſo ſtill und duftend und ich in tiefer Einſamkeit allein. Wie Schattenbilder flog die Vergangenheit vorbei an meiner Seele, mein [illegible], mit dem ich Vater und Mutter verlaſſen und den mit [illegible] Beruf, der — ich fühle es — doch wohl ehrenvoller war, als mein elendes Narrenthum, und es erwachten bittere Erinnerungen der Reue.

Da lag ich nun lange Weile unter Wurzeln [illegible] wie [illegible] Hülle [illegible] weinte ich mich aus. Niemand ſah ſie und kein Rudel muthwilliger Buben rief jubelnd: Ha, ha, ha, der Hanswurſt weint!

Holla! Holla! Herr Kommerzienrath! was ſchreien Hochdieſelben denn ſo erbärmlich im Schlafe, drüben in Dero Kämmerlein? Stecken Sie etwa wieder einmal — wie Sie mir ſchon oft zu erzählen beliebten, bei Bergen in Norwegen dem Wallfiſche im Rachen, dem Sie einige Pfund Fiſchbein auszubrechen intendirt, der aber den Spaß beinahe übel genommen, und Sie ganz gewiß gefreſſen haben würde, wenn nicht gerade in dem Augenblicke ſeine Gedanken nach ſeinem Hintertheile gezogen worden wären, wo ſie eben Ihre Leute ihm einige Tonnen Speck ausgeſchnitten, weshalb er Sie dann mit dem Fiſchbein in Frieden fahren laſſen! — Doch, Sie ſchweigen, Sie ſchlafen wieder und es iſt wohl nicht von Nöthen, daß ich mich hinüber bemühe zu Ihnen mit der Cremor Tartari Büchſe, kraft meines Amtes, als Spittelwärter. Sie erlauben mir daher auch, zurückzukehren unter den Baum im Walde, aus deſſen Moos das rothe Würmlein hervorkroch.

Was ſoll mit dir nun werden, Jeremias? — fragte ich mich nochmals — Graben mag ich nicht, noch ſchäm' ich mich zu betteln. Wieder unter die Komödianten gehn, die Tröpfe mit Helm und Harniſch, Kron' und Zepter vertauſchen! — Ach! es erſchien mir eins ſo miſerabel und fatal, wie das andere. Der ganze Stand war mir ein Greuel und ein glänzendes Elend, das Herumvagiren in der weiten Welt und in gänzlicher Liederlichkeit, ein Abſcheu. Schauer, wie nach [illegible], that ſich vor mir der erſchütterndſte [illegible] auf und in einer unendlichen Wehmuth war mir nun die ſtille [illegible] am Ort des Friedens und der Ruhe, abgeſtorbener irdiſcher und menſchlicher Leidenſchaften, ſo, wie mir noch immer die Kolonien der Herrnhuter ſich darſtellten. Hier iſt nun alles ſo ſtill, ſo heimlich, ſo ſchattenvoll. Dieſe Menſchen ſind glücklich, aber das Feuer des Lebens mit ſeiner Wärme, mit ſeinem Lichte, wie mit ſeinem Brennen und Blenden iſt von ihnen gewichen. Sie wandeln im [illegible] voll Kraft und Drang rund um eine kalte Leidenſchaftloſigkeit, im Herrn entſchlafene Leichname, mitten unter ihren Gräbern von Linden umduftet, vom [illegible] umweht. Im Anfange ergreift dieſer ſtille Friede das Herz mit unwiderſtehlichem Zauber, und es ſehnt ſich, zu tauchen die Täuſchungen des bewegten [illegible] Treibens der Welt in dieſe Stille; doch bald entſchwindet der ſchwärmeriſche Traum und bald wird es eben der fühlenden, lebenden Bruſt bange in dieſem einſamen Grabe des Lebens. Nur die Reſignation findet in dieſer Dämmerung einen Paraklet, wie mir es nun die [illegible] ſchien.

Die Jugend iſt dir ja doch dahin, armer Alter! — trauerte ich — und du haſt dich ihrer nicht freuen können! In Druck, Armuth und Spott ſind deine ſchönſten Jahre vergangen und was nun noch kommt an [illegible], iſt nicht der Rede werth. Ob nun die Wangen verrunzeln und der Körper vollends zerfällt [illegible], aber im unruhigen Treiben und Irren, [illegible], das iſt am Ende den Wangen und dem Körper ganz egal. Darum fort, fort nach dem Orte meiner Geburt! Suche dir wieder das verlorne Paradies — o Jeremias! Ach! und mein lieben Eltern! Wie ſoll ich [illegible] Ihr werdet den Reuigen aufnehmen und der gnädige Herr Präſident ſich mitleidig des [illegible] erinnern, der ihn ſo lang in Ehren gehalten und treuer [illegible] Verehrung. Und dann [illegible] Sonn- und Feiertags hinaus [illegible] zu den alten Spielplätzen meiner Jugend, in den herrlichen Wald, wo die [illegible] und ich die [illegible] gefühlt als Knabe. Darum fort, fort, Alter! Dir winkt die Vaterſtadt!

Dann iſt mir wie dir, mein [illegible] geht!

So reflektirte ich am Ende, ſchnitt mir einen [illegible] und wanderte nach der Heimath, die freilich ferne war.

Wie ich nun die Thürme der geliebten Stadt vor mir erblickte in der Ferne, durch die grünen Laubmaſſen hindurch; wie ſchlug da mein Herz, bang und wehmüthig froh.

Ich mochte kaum zum Thore hineinſchreiten — dacht' ich — da wird's mir den Athem rauben: die [illegible] iſt wieder da! Mama! — rief ich und freute mich ſchon auf dieſen Anklang aus meiner Jugendzeit und vergaß im [illegible] den [illegible].

Gütiger Gott! — Ich war zum Thore hinein, wanderte durch die Straßen, die alten Häuſer ſtanden noch, wo und wie ſie vordem geſtanden, aber Niemand kannte mich. Die Jugendfreunde waren verſtorben und verweht in die Fremde. Natürlich! Denn die meiſten ehemaligen Gespielen hatten ſich zerſtreut in die Welt, nach allen Himmelsgegenden, manche hatten geheirathet, und ich, und mein [illegible] gen Handwerksburſchenleben, oder ſaßen bereits feſt in ehrbarer Philiſterei, als Bürger und Meiſter. Nun ging's nach der Töpfergaſſe, an der Stadtmauer.

Schon von fern ſtreckte mir das elterliche Haus ſeinen verräucherten ſchwarzen Holzgiebel entgegen mit dem geländerten Altane, der, wie die hängenden Gärten Semiramis, etwas ſchief auf den geſunkenen Balken quer am Hauſe eben dahin lief. Mein Herz klopfte hörbar. Nun wird die Mutter herauskommen, auf den Altan — dacht' ich — in ihrer ſchwarzſammtnen Haube und nach der Wäſche ſehn, die da trocknet, nun der Vater über den Geſprächen im Reiche der Todten ſitzen, brummen in der Stube im Lederſtuhle. Ach! was ſoll ich ihnen ſagen! Ach was werden ſie ſelber ſagen!

Eitler Wahn nochmals! — Keine Mutter kam heraus in ihrer ſchwarzſammtnen Haube! Und der Vater — — nun freilich, der ſaß allerdings bei den Geſprächen im Reiche der Todten, denn beide waren lange ſchon — heimgegangen in's Land der Ruhe, und die in ihrem Hauſe wohnten an der Stadtmauer — kannten mich nicht. Auch der Präſident, auch der Baumeiſter Germann lebte nicht mehr.

So iſt denn alles todt! — rief ich mit bittern Thränen auf ihren Gräbern im ſtillen Friedhofe, auf den ich mich nun, wie zu meiner eigentlichen Heimath — denn hier waren ja alle meine Lieben — geflüchtet. — So iſt denn alles dahin in der kurzen Zeit von zwölf Jahren? So bin ich denn nun wirklich allein in der vollen lebendigen Welt, wie hier, unter den Abgeſchiedenen?

Sie ſind nicht allein, Bürger! — antwortete eine Stimme.

Ich blickte erſchrocken auf und ſah zwei anſtändig ſchwarz gekleidete Männer, welche wahrſcheinlich die Monumente und merkwürdigen Inſchriften dieſes ſtillen Ortes betrachteten. Mit langem Blicke ſtarrte mich der eine an und rief dann dem andern zu: Ma foi! Pethion, wie er leibt und lebt! — Bürger, wer ſind Sie?

Bürger! — Bürger! — erwiederte ich ſcheu und erſtaunt und dachte dabei ſofort — es war in den erſten Jahren der franzöſiſchen Revolution — an die neue Sitte der transrhenanen Ohnehoſen.

Wie ſoll ich Sie ſonſt nennen? — fiel der Fremde ein. Mein Freund? Oder mein Herr? Das erſte ſind Sie nicht, das andre muß ich mir tüchtigſt verbitten. Aber Bürger ſind Sie, ſo gut wie ich und der und alle, wenn auch nicht eingeſchworen in die Menge innerhalb ſtädtiſcher Ringmauern; doch ein Weltbürger, ein Kosmopolit. Und das iſt der allgemeinſte, ehrenvollſte Titel. Darum noch einmal. Sie ſcheinen verloren zu haben, was man nicht gern verliert und nimmer wieder findet, und tragen dabei ein merkwürdiges Geſicht. Wer ſind Sie?

Das „merkwürdige Geſicht“ fuhr mir ſchreckend durch die Glieder, denn ich dachte ſogleich: der ſieht dir den Hanswurſt an der Naſe an. Darum frug ich bitter zurück: Wer ſind denn Sie? Sie tragen auch ein merkwürdiges Geſicht.

Kann ſein! — entgegnete der Fremde. Ich bin der Graf Mirabeau und mein Freund der General, Marquis de la Fayette.

Eiskalter Schauer überrieſelte mich. Denn ich wußte allzugut, daß erſterer lange ſchon todt und letzterer eben in dieſem Augenblicke nicht hier in der Reſidenz eines deutſchen Fürſten ſein konnte. Düſter dämmerte ſchon der Abend, unheimlich bemalte ſelber Mondſchimmer die Urnen und Engel auf den Leichenſteinen, und warf weite finſtre Schlagſchatten über die Gräber. Ohne zu antworten ſtand ich auf und wollte mich, ſcheu den Blick von den beiden Geſtalten abwendend, von dannen ſchleichen. Da ergriffen ſie mich bei den Armen, der eine rechts, der andre links, hoben mich über die Gräber, und ſchwebten ſo mit mir hinaus zur offnen Kirchhofsthür, während ich in der Angſt meines Herzens alle Stoßgebetlein meiner Jugend herausdrängte, denn ich war überzeugt, nun eben hole mich der Teufel.

Bürger, was iſt Ihnen? — frug der eine — als ſie mich herausgebracht, und auf der Gaſſe niedergelaſſen. Sie zittern, Sie ſchwitzen Angſtſchweiß. Kommen Sie mit in unſer Hotel.

Hotel! — dacht' ich. — Nun, da pflegt ja doch der Teufel nicht zu wohnen, auch ſchien mir die ganze Rede nicht teufliſch, und wie ich mir nun die Figuren näher betrachtete, ſelbſt dieſe nicht. Uebrigens war mein eignes Hotel vor der Hand noch der freie Himmel. Das Hotel der beiden Fremden alſo — ſie mochten nun ſein, was und wer ſie wollten — mit ſeinem nothwendigen Appendix von Eſſen und Trinken, Sopha und Bett und ihre Einladung hatten immer ein liebliches und nicht zu verachtendes Wort. Meine Angſt zerſchmolz in Hoffen und mein Seufzer: Vor dem Teufel uns bewahr! im nahen Geruche der Fleiſchtöpfe Egypti, zum ſtillen Tiſchgebete: Komm Herr Jeſu und ſei mein Gaſt.

Man ſieht daraus mein mildes Gemüth, da ich, kaum den Klauen des Satans entronnen, und noch ſelber nichts Warmes labendes habend ſchon in der Hoffnung auch an andre dachte und vornehme Gäſte lud.

Ich ging daher ohne weiteres Bedenken mit, und erſtaunte über die goldverbrämten dienſtbaren Geiſter, die im grünen Löwen meine Begleiter in Empfang nahmen.

„Setzen Sie ſich, Bürger! Stärken Sie ſich mit einem Glas Hochheimer; und erzählen uns Ihre Poſſenreißergeſchichte!“ Dieſen troſtvollen Zuruf ließ ich mir nicht zweimal ſagen. Ich ſetzte mich, trank und erzählte — die klare ungeſchminkte Wahrheit, denn was konnte ſie mir noch ſchaden. Meine Aufrichtigkeit, meine luſtigen Fahrten und nun meine ſchlechten Ausſichten in die Zukunft, gewannen mir das Mitleid und die Theilnahme meiner Zuhörer, die ich immer noch nicht näher kannte, die aber doch nicht die beſagten franzöſiſchen Herrſchaften ſein konnten, da ſie deutſch ſprachen, ſo gut wie ich. Der Graf Mirabeau ſchlug mich auf die Schulter und ſprach: Sie gefallen mir. Wollen Sie mein Secretair ſein, ſo ziehen Sie Ihren bisherigen Namen aus, heißen Pethion und reiſen morgen mit mir zurück auf mein Gut, wo ſich das Weitere finden wird. Ich bin der Graf Hohenburg und mein Freund iſt der Baron von der Wieden, eigentlich ſind wir beide, wie wir uns auf dem Kirchhofe genannt.

Mit Freuden ſchlug ich ein. War ich doch nun vor dem Verhungern geſichert, und, wenn ſchon auch nur Schreiber in einer franzöſiſchen Sauce, doch errettet vom Kopiſtenquälgeiſt des Finanzkollegii, der mir nun wieder gerade ſo ekelhaft vorkam, wie ſonſt. Meine wehmüthige Reſignation verwandelte ſich ſchnell wieder in Anſprüche an die Freuden der Welt, und ich begriff nun ſehr wohl, daß nur ein erzdummer Teufel, oder ein Kranker das Leben mitten im Leben wegwerfen könne aus Ueberdruß, um ein Phantom, um eine ungewiſſe Hoffnung — um nichts. Daß ich dieſelbe Nacht köſtliche Träume gehabt, das kann ich eben nicht ſagen, da ich niemals ſonderlich viel vom Träumen gehalten, und gerade dieſe Nacht, nach einer langen Fußreiſe und reichlichen Erquickung des Leibes und Beruhigung der Seele, feſt, wie ein Todter ſchlief. Aber daß mein Erwachen glücklich war, das wird mir jeder glauben, wenn er hört, daß der erſte Blick meiner ſich öffnenden Augen auf ganz neue Kleider vom Kopf bis zum Fuße fiel, die mir an die Stelle der ziemlich alten und ſchäbigen auf den Stuhl vor meinem Bette gelegt waren. Sogar eine tombakne Uhr hing dabei, und auf dem Tiſche ſtand die freundliche Kaffeekanne und ein Teller mit Butterſchnitten, ſo groß, wie die Stadtthür.

O Segen über dich, du würdiger Graf Mirabeau! — rief ich, als ich in die neuen Beinkleider fuhr — hätt' ich doch nimmer geglaubt, daß du Wildfang, der du Vater und Geliebte ſo bitter, bis zum Tode gekränkt, ſo mild gegen einen armen Erdenwurm ſein könnteſt! — Nun vielleicht iſt's der Brummſtall in Vincennes, der dich zur Raiſon gebracht, ſintemal es auf Erden kein beſſeres Mittel gegen üble Laune und boshafte Mucken giebt, als Gefängniß, Hunger und Prügel und es iſt Schade, daß die Kultur des ſanften Zeitalters in Europa dieſe Trias harmonica zerriſſen und den Prügel nur den Chineſen gelaſſen, die damit das große, weite Reich in wunderbarer Ordnung halten, da auch Sr. Excellenz der Staatsminiſter von einer Rekreatio mit dem Bambus nicht ſicher iſt.

Darum denn, wenn es ſo ſein ſoll, vorwärts Jeremias, ins fröhliche Leben!

Wirklich ging es auch nun bald vorwärts, nachdem ich mich vorher kürzlich überzeugt, daß die redliche Juſtiz mein geringes elterliches Erbe dergeſtalt emſig und genau verwaltet, daß durch deſſen jährliche Berechnung, vielfältige Dekrete und Verfügungen, Gebührenrechnungen, Tantiemen und dergleichen mir die Mühe, auch nur einen Deut davon in die Taſche zu ſtecken, gänzlich erſpart worden, und bald langten wir auf dem Schloſſe meines neuen Patrons an, der in der That kein anderer war als der Graf Hohenburg, ſo wie ſein Freund, der Baron von der Wieden. Warum ſie ſich ſelber mit den Namen der beiden Koryphäen der Revolution getauft, das blieb mir nicht lange ein Räthſel. Sie lebten und webten in der franzöſiſchen Revolution, und welche Seele iſt nicht davon elektriſirt worden! Wen haben dieſe Maſſen von Wundern, dieſe rieſenhaften Erſcheinungen nicht ergriffen! Des Grafen Ideal war der kühne, freiſinnige Demoſthenes Mirabeau, des Barons, der edle La Fayette, darum gab es für ſie nichts Höheres auf Erden, als zu denken wie ſie und zu handeln wie ſie, und darum nannten ſie ſich daheim und überall, wo ihr rechter Name nicht von Nöthen, alſo. Auch ließen ſie wechſelſeitig alle Wochen auf ihren Schlöſſern

Konvent, wo ihre gleichgeſinnten Freunde und Narren, die ſich gemein ließen, die Neuigkeiten jenes großen Dramas wiederkauten und ſelbſt höchſt ergötzliche Scenen zum Beſten gaben. Da deklamirte ein ernſter Condorcet über die unveräußerlichen Rechte des Menſchen, ein Barnave über das agrariſche Geſetz, da prahlte ein magrer Krippenreiter — Barrere — ein Baron mit von Weindunſt angeſchwollenem Haupte und funkelnder Rubinnaſe — Anacharſis Clootz — zum allgemeinen Gelächter, vom Siege der Vernunft, die nun ſchon den Großtürken zum Sansculotte gemacht, oder als Redner des Menſchengeſchlechts. Da gab es einen Wohlfahrtsausſchuß, nämlich feine Jüngler und wackre Brüder — der Graf und der Baron lebten in fröhlichem Hageſtolzſtate — denen das Küchen- und Kellerdepartement überwieſen war, und die für Kaviar, Auſtern und Johannisberger zu ſorgen hatten, da einen öffentlichen Ankläger, der die kleinen geheimen Schwachheiten der Herren Deputirten an's luſtige Tageslicht zog. Sogar eine Guillotine ſtand auf dem Schloßhofe des Grafen, unter deren Beile die zum Bratſpieße verurtheilten Gänſe und Truthühner bluteten und das Räumchen, wo ſie ſtand, hieß — der Grève-Platz. Man ſieht hieraus unbeſchwert, daß die Sache bei den Vernünftigen, alſo auch bei meinem Grafen ein noch unklares Gemiſch von Wahrheit, Spaß und Ironie war. Sie wußten ſelber noch nicht, auf welche Seite ſie ſich definitiv ſchlagen ſollten. Die Idee, die Theorie ſchien ihnen erhaben, göttlich, die Anwendung, die Praxis mehr als teufliſch und beides zuſammengemengt gab eine Mittelfarbe — das Lachen.

Nicht ſo vernünftig nahmen ihre Bauern, die die intereſſante Unterhaltung ihrer Herren erſchnoben und die großen Neuigkeiten aus Paris durch die Willfährigkeit der Tagesblätter brühwarm in der Schenke hatten — die Sache. Bei ihnen war ſie bitterer Ernſt, Freiheit und Gleichheit ihr Loſungswort. Sie lechzten nach der Erlöſung von der Frohne und nach den Geldkaſten, Scheunen und Kellern der Reichen; hatten eben auch ihren Konvent und erſt vor Kurzem dem Abbé Sieyes, ihrem dürren hagern Schulmeiſter, der einen wüthenden Marſeiller Hymnus gegen die Bauernſchinder von der Tribüne — das heißt, vom Schenkſtocke des Kretſchams herabgebrüllt, eine Ehrenwurſt dekretirt. Der hinkende Bader, mit den aufgeworfenen, zuckenden Wulſtlippen war ihr Marat, ein langer meckernder Schneider, Egalité, der Grobſchmidt, Danton, ein Stelzfuß von Huſaren-Unterofficier, der General Dumouriez, der Büttel Maximilian Robespierre. Selbſt der Nachtwächter, der Präſident des Sicherheitsausſchuſſes, konnte hinter dem Patriotismus der Uebrigen nicht zurückbleiben, und ſang nun nicht mehr zum Schluſſe ſeines Stundenabrufes: Lobet Gott den Herrn! ſondern: — Lobet Gott, den Bürger! Nur die Müller, die die Briſſotiner ſein ſollten, waren widerſpenſtig, wollten durchaus den Ekelnamen nicht dulden, mit dem ſich der Begriff von Schelm, wie von ſelbſt verband, kamen deshalb ſchon weit früher, als ihre Vorbilder in Paris, nicht mehr in den Konvent und ließen nicht ab, wo ſie nur konnten, ihren Gegnern, der Bergpartei, die kräftigen Fäuſte fühlbar zu machen, ſo oft ſie deshalb auch bereits im Violon — das heißt, im Loche — brummen müſſen.

Mir konnte das ganz egal ſein, denn ich hatte vollauf, was zur Lebensnahrung und Nothdurft gehört und miſchte mich in die ganze Geſchichte nicht, obſchon ich als Pethion, Sekretair des Konvents war und im Wohlfahrtsausſchuſſe, wegen meiner beſondern Virtuoſität im Hühnermäſten und Guillotiniren Sitz und Stimme hatte, denn mir war, beſonders im Anfange, das Ding unklar, ich wußte nicht, ob es Scherz oder Ernſt ſei und ſaß bei den pathetiſchen Reden im Konvente da, wie verrathen und verkauft. Dabei hatte ich überdem Arbeit die Fülle, freilich nichts als Abſchreiben der kritzlichen Konzepte meines Herrn, der trocknen, handdicken Rechnungen des Amtmanns und der langweiligen Exceptionen des eben ſo langweiligen Gerichtshalters, der als Chaumette im Konvente das nämliche war, was ich unter den Komödianten geweſen.

So ging denn die Sache einige Jahre ganz ſcharmant und wäre noch länger ſo gegangen, wenn ich vernünftig geweſen wäre und nicht täppiſch nach dem Fräulein noli me tangere meines gnädigen Prinzipals gegriffen hätte. Aber mich ritt — wie man zu ſagen pflegt — der Satan und es traf bei mir ein, wie es im Sprüchworte heißt: wenn dem Jeremias zu wohl iſt, geht er auf's Eis und bricht das Bein.

Jenes Fräulein noli me tangere war nämlich ein ſchmuckes, blondes Couſinchen des Herrn Grafen, von achtzehn Jahren, keine Comteſſe, ſondern nur ein ſchlichtes Fräulein, und noch dazu ein ganz armes, aber liebreizend, wie Hebe, mit ſchmachtenden blauen Augen und einem Mäulchen, wie eine friſch aufgeſprungene Roſenknospe.

Sei nicht eiferſüchtig — Maria! denn du biſt ja viel ſchöner in deiner reifen Fülle. War jene ein Dijon-Röslein, eine ſich eben erſt entfaltende Camellia japonica Maidenblush: ſo biſt du ja meine Rosa unica, weiß und — wie keine Roſe auf Erden — etwas gelb ſchattirt, und jene Verirrung war nur ein kurzer Uebergang und gehörte mit zu den Albernheiten meiner Jugend, wenn man nämlich das Alter des Vierunddreißigers noch Jugend nennen kann, und die Jugend — Sapperment! die iſt doch zum Henker, und dich liebe ich mit meiner dauerhafteſten Liebe, nämlich mit der letzten, über die Klapperbein ſein ſegnendes Amen ſpricht.

Konnte ich dafür, daß Amor — ſpät genug — auch mir mein Recht anthat! Konnte ich — Unglücklicher! — es ahnen, daß mein Graf, der vierzigjährige Junggeſelle, ſich eben das Couſinchen nach vorheriger ſtillen, von allen unbemerkten Probe und Auskoſtung, zur Dame ſeines Herzens erwählet, die auserſehen, ihn in's lange geflohene Ehejoch zu ſpannen! War ich nicht auch ein ganz erträgliches Mannsbild und als wohl akkreditirter Privatſekretair und Pethion befugt, auf eine auskömmliche Verſorgung in der bedeutenden Herrſchaft zu rechnen! und war Nantchen — wie ſchon geſagt — nicht nur ein ganz armes Fräulein? — O, als ich ſie einſt im Garten über den angeſchwollenen Graben hob — ich ſah es von Weitem, wie ſie ängſtlich am Ufer herum trippelte, eine ſchmale Stelle ſuchte und ſie nicht fand und doch hinüber mußte und wollte, und ich nun herbei lief und nun die ſüße Laſt in meinen Armen hielt und mit ihr nun leicht hinüber ſchwebte an's andre Ufer, und ſie nun mit der Purpurgluth der Wangen und mit ſcheuem Blicke der großen herrlichen Vergißmeinnichtaugen mir verlegen lächelnd dankte, und mich dabei „lieber Pethion!“ nannte: da fuhr der Satan in mein Herz, wie einſt dem Judas, als er den in Sardellenſauce eingetauchten Biſſen empfing: da entbrannte mein beklagenswürdiges Herz in lichterloher verrückter Liebe. Daß auch ich Eindruck auf ſie gemacht, das war mir ganz außer allem Zweifel. Denn warum wäre ſie ſonſt ſo roth geworden, ſo verlegen? Warum hätte ſie ſonſt mich den „lieben Pethion“ genannt, warum unter meinem Fenſter gekichert, als ich auf der Viola d'amour geſpielt und dazu beweglichſt mit ſüßer Fiſtel lamentirt:

Willſt du die Ruhe finden,
Die mich gefliſſentlich flieht,
O, ſo verlaß die Linden,
Wo dir ein Denkmal blüht!

Ich hatte nämlich ihren holden Namen zierlich in ihre Lieblingslinde geſchnitten, oben darüber eine Krone und zu beiden Seiten hielten ihn zwei Löwen mit den Pranken, wie ein Bäckerſchild, und ich wußte, daß ſie den Namen mit großer Verwunderung und Freudigkeit betrachtet und nun eben unter meinem Fenſter Erdbeeren im Garten ableſe! Warum — fragte ich mich nochmals — hätte ſie das alles gethan, wenn nicht auch in ihr Herzchen der loſe Schalk mit Pfeil und Bogen ſeinen Einzug gehalten und mir da die freundliche Stätte bereitet hätte. Darum fing ich nun an zu ſpintiſiren, wie und auf welche Weiſe ich zum Ziele gelangen, hauptſächlich wie ich den Grafen zur Einwilligung ſtimmen könne, denn ſie war doch immer ein Fräulein, ich wenig mehr als gar nichts und der gebietende Herr und Couſin, trotz ſeines Weltbürgerthums — ein Graf. Lange wälzte ich mich ſchlaflos, wie das anzufangen, lange ging ich, wie vor den Kopf geſchlagen in meiner Angſt und Seelenarmuth herum. Endlich hatte ich's gefunden und jauchzte vor Freude und Seligkeit. Der Konvent war das Mittel. Von da aus konnte ich den Grafen bearbeiten und ihn nach und nach zur Sache leiten, bis der letzte entſcheidende Schlag vorbereitet. Ich fing daher, um mir eine größere Wichtigkeit zu verſchaffen und die Augen mehr als bisher auf mich zu ziehen an, im Konvente mich — wie man zu ſagen pflegt — mauſig zu machen. Erſtaunt blickten mich die Mitglieder an, noch erſtaunter und verwunderter, doch ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, der Graf. Das geht gut, Jeremias! o das geht ſcharmant! — rief ich mir ſelber jubelnd zu und wurde nun mit jedem Tage frecher und dreiſter, ja beinahe wirklich ſo frech, wie ein Pariſer Citoyen und immer höher ſtieg die ſtille, ſchweigende Verwunderung des Grafen und des ganzen Konventes, denen der mit einemmale ſo ſonderbar aufgethaute Pethion ein Räthſel war. Wozu mir einmal der Hausdoktor im Konvente auf Befehl des Grafen an den Puls griff, das konnte ich nicht errathen, aber jetzt ſehe ich ſchon ein, warum es geſchah.

Da hielt ich es nun an der Zeit, förmlich und völlig los zu brechen. Der nächſte Konventstag war zur großen Entwickelung beſtimmt. An dieſem Tage wollte ich zwei Fliegen mit einer Klappe ſchlagen, nämlich durch eine feurige Rede ſämmtliche Deputirte mir und meinem Vorhaben ganz und gar gewogen machen, hauptſächlich den Grafen, und dem geradezu klaren Wein einſchenken und mit franzöſiſchen Principien ihn überzeugen, daß ſeine Einwilligung Pflicht und es von mir bloße Güte ſei, ſolche nachzuſuchen und anzunehmen. Und hatte ich nun dieſes große Werk vollbracht, dann wollte ich des Abends, wenn alles ſchlief, förmlich zum Fenſter hinein zur Geliebten meines Herzens Sturm laufen. Denn ich wußte, Nantchen ließ die Fenſter ihres Schlafkabinets im obern Stocke, hinaus nach dem Garten, des Nachts über in der ſchwülen würzigen Sommerluft ſtets offen und anders, als ſo, ihr anzukommen, war, trotz meiner häufigen Verſuche, nicht möglich. Immer, wenn ich ſie zu einem heimlichen Wörtchen zu erwiſchen gehofft, war ſie mir entſchlüpft, ſogar das zärtliche Brieflein, das ich ihr einſt in die Hand gedrückt, hatte ſie in einem Anfalle von Krampf fallen laſſen, ſo, daß ich nur ſchnell mit dem Fuße darauf treten mußte, damit die andern den verwünſchten Zettel nicht ſähen, bis ich unbemerkt wieder damit in die Taſche fahren konnte, von wannen er gekommen. Sie iſt ein Mädchen — dacht' ich da — ſie kann nicht, wenn ſie auch will, vor den verdammten Schnapphähnen, die auf jedes Wort, auf jeden Blick lauern. Aber in der heimlichen Stille ihres Schlafkloſets, wo ſie — o Jerum, o Jerum! — ſchon alle die neidiſchen Hüllen abgelegt, die die Eleuſiniſchen Geheimniſſe der Leibe meinen ſpähenden Augen verbergen; da wird ſie, wenn der erſte Schreck und Scheinzorn vorüber, den ich ja gleich mit den von ihr lange erſehnten Küſſen beſchwören kann, frei und ungehindert mit ſüßem Geſtändniß mir in die Arme ſinken und meinen klugen, kühnen Einfall mit himmliſcher Minne belohnen. Juchhe Jeremias! dann biſt du am fröhlichen Ziele! So jauchzte ich in ſeliger Zuverſicht und ſprang wie ein Böcklein.

Zuvörderſt ging es nun an das Elaboriren der Rede, deren pathetiſches Declamiren ich mir vor dem Spiegel einübte, wobei mir meine Studien unter den Komödianten gar erſprießlich zu Hülfe kamen.

Endlich war der große Tag erſchienen. Gravitätiſch wanderte ich, mit meiner Rolle unterm Arme nach dem Konventsſaale, gravitätiſch grüßte ich zu beiden Seiten rechts und links und ließ mich an meinem Sekretairtiſche nieder. Still und vornehm hörte ich die Vorträge der andern Deputirten an, und hielt abſichtlich mit meinem eigenen zurück, bis ganz zuletzt. Denn — dacht' ich — Ende gut, alles gut, der Schluß kröne das Werk, kein anderer, nachkommender Eindruck ſchwäche die Kraft deiner Ciceronianiſchen Rede — o Pethion!

Endlich waren die andern fertig. Da ſchwebte ich hervor und ſchwang mich auf die Rednerbühne. Tiefes, erwartungsvolles Schweigen herrſchte im Saale, denn es war mein erſter öffentlicher Vortrag, mein — wie der Engländer ſich ausdrückt — **Maiden Speech**, und das mit vollem Rechte, da der Grundtext dazu ein Mädchen war. Ich räuſperte mich, lüpfte die Halsbinde rings um mit dem Finger, wie es die damalige Sitte, breitete meine Papiere auf das Pult und las:

Hochanſehnlicher, Sehr verehrungswürdiger Konvent!

Gleich wie die Eiszapfen der hölzernen, weit in die Straße reichenden Dachrinnen in Schleſien vom warmen Strahle der Sonne ſchmelzen, triefen und endlich den argloſen Paſſanten auf die Köpfe fallen; alſo hat auch die Sonne der Aufklärung und Vernunft die alt- und kleinſtädtiſchen Vorurtheile des finſtern, kalten Deutſchlands geſchmolzen. Manche die darunter weggingen, ſind mit dem Tropfbade davon gekommen, manchen aber iſt der ſchwere Klumpe auf's Kranium geſtürzt, wo denn damit — wenn nicht Beſſerung und Abflachung der ariſtokratiſchen und bigotten Galliſchen Organe des Hauptes, doch ſchneller und ſanfter Tod bewirkt worden. Vieles, woran unſre dummen Eltern noch ſteif und feſt geglaubt, iſt uns ein Mährlein, manches, was ihnen ehrwürdig war — ein Gelächter. Denn wem iſt nun noch der rechtmäßige Fürſt des Landes ein unverletzlicher Repräſentant des höchſten Weſens? Wem dieſes höchſte Weſen nicht ſelber blos die Hauptperſon ergötzlicher Mummerien und dramatiſcher Vorſtellungen, in denen kein Menſch mehr etwas Wahres ſucht! Wo dünkt ſich nun nicht der göttliche Sauhirt des Odyſſeus eben ſo gut, ja noch vornehmer zu ſein, als Odyſſeus ſelber! Wo ſtehen nun nicht die Fleiſcher und Schuſter auf und werden Geſetzgeber und Rathsherrn, ſo gut wie Legendre und Simon in Paris! Wo hat nicht die Ehe nun vollends noch den letzten lächerlichen Anhauch eines heiligen Standes verloren, ſeit uns die Franken überzeugt, daß es dazu gar nicht der Religion bedürfe! Wer hält noch jetzt Widerſpenſtigkeit der Untergebenen und Rebellion für Sünde, ſeit wir wiſſen, daß das zu den erſten unveräußerlichen Menſchenrechten, ja ſogar zu den heiligſten Pflichten gehört! Wo ſehnet man ſich nun nicht nach der praktiſchen Anwendung der Gleichheits-Theorie, die mit einemmale den Lazzaronis — und das iſt immer die Mehrzahl der Bevölkerung — das Eldorado müßigen Wohllebens öffnet, Brod giebt und — Circenses, nämlich ſelige Hetz- und Hepp-Hepp-Scenen gegen die Vornehmen und Reichen und ergötzlichen Mord und Todſchlag? Und wem haben wir Deutſchen dieſe Fortſchritte in der Kultur zu danken? Wem anders als den Zeitungsſchreibern, den Journaliſten und unter ihnen beſonders den literariſchen Hökerweibern, die über die Fakta ihren pragmatiſchen Senf gießen, vor allem aber den patriotiſchen Klubs und Filial-Konventen? Wie gerne zählte ich auch unbedingt unſre verehrungswürdige Verſammlung zu dieſen hellſtrahlenden Lichtern; aber ich kann nicht, denn lange ſchon hat es mir das Herz gepreßt, zu ſehen und zu erfahren, daß hier Freiheit und Gleichgewicht nur in den Worten zu finden, nicht in der That. Die Bauern unſrer Dörfer ſind elende Sclaven nach, wie vor, müſſen zinſen, wie ſeit Olims Zeiten und werden in täglicher Frohne geſchunden. Ja, was ſag' ich, in täglicher Frohne! In mehr als täglicher! Denn die Zweihufner zu Reichenfelde haben in der Woche ſieben Hofetage! Thut man nun auch, wie billig, den Sonntag für gar nichts oder für einen Werkel- und Arbeitstag, wie die andern hält, ſich alſo hierbei noch nicht das „mehr als täglich" rechtfertigte; ſo ſtellt ſich doch ſolches in der Ernte dar, wo eben dieſe armen Zweihufner, außer den ſieben Hofetage, wöchentlich noch einen ſogenannten „Martertag" haben, an welchem ſie von Sonnenaufgang bis Untergang auf dem Felde arbeiten müſſen, wofür ihnen jedoch billige Entſchädigung gereicht wird, nämlich alljährlich am heiligen Weihnachtsabende je dreien von ihnen — ein Häring! — — Iſt das Aufklärung? — Iſt das Achtung der Menſchheit — im Menſchen? Ja, haben nicht neulich zehne in's Hundeloch gemußt, weil ſie ſich aus dem Dominialforſte Holz geholt, wo es doch die Natur keinem Baume in die Rinde gegraben, daß er nur für die Tyrannen wachſe! Und hat nicht erſt vorgeſtern der Bürger Chaumette einen Briſſotiner, der vor ihm wegen Diebſtahl in Inquiſition geſtanden, einen Schlingel genannt? Er, der überdem ſchon als Richter es wiſſen ſollte, daß niemand zarter behandelt werden muß, als ein Spitzbube vor Gericht, den, im geringſten an ſeiner Ehre zu kränken, in der Proceß-Ordnung auf's härteſte verpönt iſt! O dieſe weiſen Geſetzgeber haben die Menſchenrechte beſſer gekannt, als wir glauben, und ſchreiben expreß vor, daß jeder Delinquent ad Generalia auf das ſorgfältigſte befragt werde, ob er etwa an ſchlechtem und verdorbenem Magen leide, oder ſonſt woran laborire, welches in der Büttelei beſſere Verpflegung erfordere als er draußen gehabt. Iſt es darum nicht doppelt Unrecht, daß hier und gerade bei uns, die Freiſinnigen, welche ſich ſchon kühn zur Gleichheit der Güter emporgeſchwungen, ſo ſchlecht behandelt werden? Und hat nicht ſogar der Graf Mirabeau und der Marquis de la Fayette in der Kirche, bei den dortigen dramatiſchen Vorſtellungen und Deklamations-Uebungen — einen Sperrſitz? Hat nicht letzterer neulich auch einem Bürger attaché — was die ariſtokratiſche Welt „einen Bedienten" nennt — mit eigener Hand ein Paar Ohrfeigen gegeben, weil er ſich in ſeinen Keller geſchlichen und einige Fläſchlein Nierenſteiner zu ſich genommen? — Iſt das Humanität? Iſt das Weltbürgerſinn?

Mehr noch könnte ich rügen, ich könnte ſagen, wir haben einen öffentlichen Ankläger, der weit entfernt, wie Fouquier Tainville den Stall der Nation mit blutigem Beſen zu fegen und dem Meiſter Hämmerling in die Hände zu arbeiten, ſich nur mit Allotriis befaſſet und des bloſen Spaßmachens verdächtig iſt; aber ich will ſchweigen. Doch kann und darf unſer ehrwürdiger Konvent und am allerwenigſten der höchſt vortreffliche Bürger-Präſident, der Graf Mirabeau, nicht länger den ſchielenden Schein und das verbrecheriſche Anſehn behalten, als ſei es uns mit promulgirten Grundſätzen keinesweges ein rechter Ernſt, ſondern unſer ganzes Gebären nur ein üppiger Spaß zur Unterhaltung, oder gar noch etwas Schlimmeres — Ironie! — Ich ſchaudre, wenn ich nur an die Möglichkeit ſolches entſetzlichen Verdachtes denke. Ich erblicke die Geiſter unſrer erhabnen Vorbilder, die längſt in das Land ewiger Freiheit, entweder auf dem gewöhnlichen Wege alles Fleiſches gegangen, oder dahin durch Meiſter Samſon expedirt worden, wie ſie racheſchnaubend auf uns herabſchauen. Ich ſehe, wie der Pariſer Mirabeau ſich im Grabe wälzt und Chaumette, Robespierre, Fouquier Tainville, Carrier, Anacharſis, Danton, Couthon und St. Juſt ſich an den blutigen Hals greifen und mit geballten Fäuſten drohen. Ich ſehe mich ſelber — nämlich den wirklichen Pethion, von dem kein Menſch recht weiß, wo er geblieben, aus einem Graben auftauchend, in welchem er erſtickt. Alle ſchreien über die ſchändliche Traveſtie. Ich ſeh das ſchlechte Beiſpiel, das wir geben, wie eine Harpie über uns ſchweben und die dumme Welt gerade zu dem Gegentheile von dem verlocken, was unſre Worte verkünden. Ich höre, wie ſie über Deutſchland krächzt: Glaubet ihnen nicht! Ihre Redner des Menſchengeſchlechts, ihre Thomas Payne, ihre Barrere, ihre Barnave, ihre Condorcet ſind nichts als elende Pickelhäringe! So wie ihre Mutter-Loge, der Konvent in Paris, längſt Todes verblichen, und ihr Konvent nur noch als die Haare und Nägel zu betrachten, die dem Leichnam im Grabe fortwachſen; ſo iſt auch ihr Patriotismus nur ſchnödes Haar und Horn, ohne eignes Leben, Freiheit und Gleichheit ein Hirngeſpinnſt. Nur der Ariſtokratismus, nur Bigotterie, Aberglaube und Tyrannei, Adelſtolz und der Geldſack iſt etwas Wirkliches! Darum zurück in die alte Nacht des Feudalismus, in die Mönchskutte, in's Hundeloch der Gewalt!

Schweigt, ihr grinſenden Larven, ihr drohenden Spukgeſtalten! Euer Spott, euer Hohn ſoll uns nicht treffen. Es wird etwas geſchehen, was Euch, ja die ganze Welt überzeugen muß, daß wir der Freiheit würdige Söhne ſind, daß wir unſere Worte mit Thaten beſiegeln, alſo hier eigentlich der Konvent erſt recht anfängt, wie das Rohrwaſſer, wenn es dort aufgehört. Ein erhabenes Gemüth wird ſich ſelber zum Opfer bringen, wie Curtius ſeinen Mitbürgern. Er wird ſich über das Gewöhnliche hinweg ſchwingen, in einen ſauern Apfel beißen, ein Individuum des verhaßten Adels zu ſich hinauf in die reine Sphäre des allein achtbaren Bürgerſtandes erheben und damit zu erkennen geben, daß auch ein rechtſchaffener Adlicher ein Menſch ſei, den man keineswegs gänzlich verabſcheuen dürfe. Und der höchſt ruhmvolle Konvent wird Beifall rufen, obſchon er leider meiſt aus Grafen, Baronen und Edelleuten beſteht, die jedoch gerade dadurch ihren Freiheitsſinn glänzend beurkunden und zeigen werden, wie würdig ſie des Namens „Bürger" ſind.

Ich ſehe Euer Erſtaunen — Hochverehrte! und Eure Mienen fragen: Wer iſt das erhabene Gemüth, wer iſt Curtius, der dieſes Opfer bringt und in den ſauren Apfel beißt! O, Ihr Trefflichen! Er ſteht vor Euch. Ich bin es, ich, ich ſelber!

Darum frohnet in Gottes Namen, Ihr Bauern, ſchindet Euch im Martertage, Ihr Zweihufner, nach wie vor, bis an der Welt Ende! Schimpfe — würdiger Chaumette! — fürder, ſoviel du willſt, oder ſoviel du nur Strafe zu zahlen Luſt haſt! Brummt im Loche — ihr Holzdiebe! das alles kann nun unſerem Ruhme nicht mehr ſchaden, die Reinheit unſerer Geſinnungen nicht mehr verdächtigen, denn in dem Beiſpiele, welches gegeben werden ſoll, wird unſern bitterſten Feinden der Glaube in die Hände kommen, daß wir es ehrlich und redlich gemeint und am Tage, an welchem Hymen das Opfer bekränzt, würdig und gerecht der Hymnus ertönen:

Allons enfans de la Patrie,
Le jour de Gloire est arrivé!

Triumphirend ſtieg ich von der Rednerbühne herab. Ich hatte mich zuletzt in der Steigerung der Stimme und Aktion ſelber übertroffen, und ſah, wie von ſtarrem Staunen ergriffen, kein Mitglied der Verſammlung eines Wortes mächtig war, bis die Sitzung ein Ende hatte und die Deputirten aus dem Saale flohen als jage ſie eine ſpukhafte Erſcheinung.

Es iſt unmöglich, die Gefühle zu ſchildern, mit denen ich wieder meine ſtille Stube betrat. Cicero und Burke waren gegen mich nur miſerable Stümper und gern hätte ich laut vor Freude über den Schloßhof geſchrieen in meiner unendlichen Wonne und Seligkeit. Aber ich bezwang den raſenden Sturm, bis ich im Zimmer war. Da konnt' ich mich nicht länger halten, ich drückte mit Freudenthränen die mir dahin gefolgten zwei Windhunde an mein jubelndes Herz und tanzte mit ihnen herum im brauſenden Hymnus:

Allons enfans de la Patrie,
Le jour de Gloire est arrivé!

wobei denn die enfans de la patrie mit entſetzlichem Geheule akkompagnirten.

Zur Abendtafel ging ich mit Fleiß nicht und ließ mich krank melden, denn es behagte mir nicht ſonderlich, um gewiſſermaßen die Huldigungen und Gratulationen, mit denen man mich, wie ich glaubte, überſchütten mußte, ſelbſt zu heben und mit dem Klingelbeutel einzukaſſiren. Auch mußte ich mich zu dem wichtigen Werke, welches ich dieſen Abend noch vorhatte, ſammeln, und gehörig durch ſorgfältige Toilette vorbereiten, doch gelang es mir noch vorher, dem luſtig ſchäkernden Nantchen die Worte zuzuflüſtern:

Im Sternenſchein heut biſt du mein,
Da ſteig ich zu dir in den Himmel hinein.

Ich Eſel! — ich hätt' es können bleiben laſſen, ſchon wäre vieles anders gekommen. Aber ſo iſt der Menſch. Mäßigung im Unglück iſt ſchwer, doch Mäßigung und Vorſicht im Glücke noch tauſendmal ſchwerer, und man hat Beiſpiele, daß ſtarke Seelen, die eine Zentnerlaſt von Leiden nicht zu Boden drücken konnte, einem Sonnenſtiche des Glückes erlagen.

Bald ſtand ich nun ſtattlich geputzt vor dem Spiegel, im neuen ſeegrünen Frack mit Roſa-Futter beflaſtert mit blanken ſtählernen Tellerknöpfen, an beiden Seiten des, wie ein beſchneieter Alpengletſcher, eingepuderten Hauptes, Locken, wie Piſtolenläufe, duftend wie eine Zibethkatze vom reichlichſt über meine ganze Oberfläche geſprengten Eau de mille fleurs. Ich war unbeſchreiblich liebenswürdig und zitterte vor ſchmachtender Erwartung des erſehnten Augenblickes, wo alles im Schloſſe ſtill war und ſchlief, und Venus mir freundlich zum kühnen Rittgange funkelte.

Der Augenblick verzögerte ſich diesmal ungewöhnlich, da ſämmtliche Konventsglieder gerade heut beſonders Luſt zu haben ſchienen, länger als ſonſt ſich den Nektar des Grafen Mirabeau ſchmecken zu laſſen. Es ſchlug zehn, es ſchlug elf, ach! noch immer tönte vom andern Flügel des Schloſſes herüber ſchallendes Gelächter der fröhlichen, zechenden Gäſte, die wahrſcheinlich dabei auch meiner liebreichſt gedachten. Mein Herz klopfte, wie ein Kupferhammer, und ich verwünſchte das heilloſe Bacchanal, das mir gerade heut ſo wenig gelegen kam.

Endlich ward es ſtiller, endlich war das Leben im Geſellſchaftsſaale erſtorben, endlich herrſchte rund um nur die ſchweigende Nacht, und nur die Nachtigall wachte noch in den blühenden Linden des Parks mit ſüßer Liebesklage und die zirpenden Heimchen. Endlich ſah ich am Scheine des Lichtes, der aus Nantchens Schlafkabinette in den buchsbelaubten Alazien draußen herüberſchwebte, daß ſie nun da ſei. Endlich hörte ich, wie ſie die Fenſter öffnete. Endlich war der ſelige Augenblick erſchienen und gerade als der Nachtwächter unten im Schloßhofe den Abruf der zwölften Stunde mit ſeinem „Lobet Gott, den Bürger" beſchloß, ſchlich ich zitternd, bangend und verlangend in den Garten, ſchrotete ſtill und heimlich die Baumleiter herbei, legte ſie an die Spalier-Aprikoſen der Mauer unter Nantchens Fenſter und ermuthigte mich zu dem großen Werke durch den letzten Stoßſeufzer: Fils de saint Louis, monte au ciel!

Wunderbarlich dadurch geſtärkt trat ich nun auf die erſte Stufe der Leiter, dann auf die zweite, dann immer höher und höher, bis ich merkte, daß mit noch einer Stufe mein glückliches Angeſicht der Angebeteten in's Zimmer ſchauen werde. Lange hielt ich, wie im Vorgefühle einer großen Kalamität, den ſchon gehobenen Fuß zurück. Endlich mußte es ſein, endlich that ich den verhängnißvollen Schritt, endlich ſchaute ich in meinen Himmel mit dem gepuderten Haupte, aber endlich war ich auch beinah vor Schreck herabgeſtürzt auf die proſaiſche Erde. Denn in meinem Himmel war der Teufel — der Graf Mirabeau, in vollem Anzuge, wie er im Konvente geweſen, der, ſo wie ich das Haupt zum Fenſter hineinſtreckte, mir gelaſſen zurief: Bürger! Sie ſind ein Narr!

O Gott! warum rührte mich nicht auf der Stelle der Schlag! Wie kam es, daß ich die Kraft behielt, ſacht und ſchweigend, wie ein Krebs, wieder zurück zu kriechen, von wannen ich gekommen! Aber wie ich nun wieder auf meinem Zimmer war, da tobte ich in raſendem Grimme, ungewiß in brauſendem Sturme der Seele, wer mich betrogen, ob Heva, die Schlange, ob der Graf, ob ich mich ſelber.

Am folgenden Morgen ward es mir klar, denn da gab mir der Graf fein und gut ohne weiteres den Laufpaß. Da erfuhr ich ſeine Intention mit dem Couſinchen, erfuhr, wie ſie mich zum Beſten gehabt, wie er mir auf die Sprünge gekommen, die tolle Konventsrede ihm vollends die Augen geöffnet, Couſinchen ihm meine ihr zugeflüſterte Rittgangsverabredung brühwarm referirt und er ihr verſprochen, ſie ſchützend mich abzulauern.

So iſt denn alles ein Narrenſpiel! — rief ich wüthend und hieb mit dem Ziegenhainer in die Schlehdornſträuche an der Straße, auf der ich nun wieder dahin wanderte in die weite Welt, daß die Zweige flogen. So bin ich denn richtig wieder unter Komödianten geweſen, die mich in meiner alten Qualität gebrauchet — als Hanswurſt! — O Tauſendſappermeut! Wie glücklich hätte ich ſein können, als reiner Schreiber, ohne weiteren verfänglichen Zuſatz, wenn man mir nicht die Schellenkappe angehangen und mich zu ſchnödem Spott und Irrſal verlockt hätte. Und wohin nun mit den elenden zwanzig Gulden, dem Reſidue des kärglichen Lohnes von fünf ſchmachvollen Jahren! Immer tiefer hinein geht es in's Leben, immer dunkler und trüber wird der Horizont der Zukunft! O grauſames, bitteres Schickſal! Ich habe keine Eltern, keinen Bruder, keine Schweſter, keinen Freund, keine Geliebte! Wohin ich auch den irren Fuß ſetze, ich finde keine Heimath!

Faſſen Sie Muth, lieber Herr! — tröſtete ein ſanftes Stimmlein hinter mir, wo ſchon lange meine Exklamationen bemerkt worden — oft kommt die Hülf' aus Winkeln her, wo man es nicht vermuthet!

Erſchrocken blickte ich mich um nach der milden Tröſterin.

Du warſt es — Maria!

Noch ſtehſt du vor mir, wie damals vor fünf und zwanzig Jahren, in deinem reinlichen blaugeblumten, weißen Kattunkleidchen, das Bündel mit Wäſche unterm Arm, ein ſchlankes, blondes, blühendes Mägdlein von ſiebenzehn Frühlingen! — Wie iſt doch die Zeit vergangen! — Da waren wir beide noch jung und gedachten nicht, daß wir endlich, nachdem ich hierhin gegangen und du dorthin gehen müſſen, auf wunderlichen Wegen des Lebens und Schickſals, uns hier wieder finden ſollten zu ewiger ſüßer Vereinigung — im Spittel.

Verdenkt es mir nicht — freundliche Leſer! — daß ich hier die Feder niederlege und mich ein wenig ausweine in der ſtillen einſamen Nacht, bei der bitterſüßen Rückerinnerung. Wie glücklich hätte ich damals ſein können mit nur einem kleinen Klümplein Goldes, ſo groß etwa, wie meine Schlafmütze, oder als feſtſitzender Fixſtern im Kopiſtenhimmel! Das holde Weſen an meiner Seite würde mir ihn zum Paradieſe gemacht haben. Wie glücklich, ohne den Querſtrich, den uns, als ich ſchon im Vorhimmel an Mariens Hand war, der allgemeinſte Störenfried menſchlicher Hoffnungen, herbeigerufen von ſchwarzer Bosheit, zog! — Nun! es ſollte nicht ſein!

Sie iſt von Nantchens Geſchlecht und Farbe — dacht' ich, als der erſte freudige Lichtſtrahl dieſes Findens in meiner Bruſt vorüber gezuckt und mir die Nacht meines Schmerzens, meiner erlittenen Täuſchung, meines Zweifelns an Lieb' und Freundſchaft nur noch fühlbarer gemacht. — Fliehe dieſe Sirenen, ſie ziehen in den Abgrund! Und dennoch konnt' ich es nicht laſſen, zu ihr hinüber, auf die andre Seite des Weges, wo ſie leicht neben mir dahin ſchwebte, erſt verſtohlen, dann immer freier, endlich mit herzlichem Wohlwollen über ihre Theilnahme an meinem ihr ganz unbekannten Leide, und mit Selbſtvorwürfen über meine ſtumme, ſtörrige Grobheit, die ihr nicht einmal ein freundliches Wort erwiedert, zu blicken. Wie ſollte ich nun das wieder gut machen! — Daß ſie auch nicht auf Roſen durch's Leben wandle, das ſagte mir der Kontraſt ihrer feinen Geſtalt, mit der armen Bürde, welche ſie trug, und Mitleid mit der, die ſelber vielleicht der Hülfe bedürftig, mir Mitleid bezeigt, erfüllte mein Herz. Ihr Bündel — fing ich furchtſam an — liebes Mamſellchen — denn das Bürgerthum hatte ich an der Grenze der Hohenburgiſchen Herrſchaft von meinen Füßen geſchüttelt — ſcheint Ihnen beſchwerlich zu werden in der drückenden Sonnenhitze! Wollen Sie mir's wohl erlauben, zu tragen! Ich vergaß in dem Augenblicke, daß mir ſelber ein, wenn auch ziemlich ſchlappes Ränzel über den Schultern hing, was ſie auch als Grund ihrer Weigerung gab, die mich aber nur um ſo beharrlicher machte, ihr auf dieſe Weiſe meine ſchnell wachſende Neigung zu erkennen zu geben. Kurz, ich ließ nicht nach, bis ich die ſüße, die leichte Laſt auf den Ziegenhainer gegabelt über der Achſel in traulicher Nähe mit meiner eignen fahrenden Habe dahin tragen durfte. Die nähere Bekanntſchaft und wechſelſeitige Mittheilung war dadurch beſtens eingeleitet und ich erfuhr nun, daß ſie eine elternloſe Waiſe von guter Herkunft ſei, der auch noch die letzte Stütze, eine weitläufige Verwandte, bei welcher ſie bis jetzt gelebt, geſtorben, weshalb ſie denn nach der Reſidenz pilgere, um dort bei dem Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator Krünitz — einem noch weitläuftigeren Verwandten und ſechzigjährigen Hageſtolze, einem eigenſinnigen Geizhalſe, der ſie längſt ſchon in ſeinen Dienſt verlanget, Zuflucht, die eben nicht glänzend erſchien, zu ſuchen. Auch ich hoffte von dieſer Reſidenz, die weit, weit von der Reſidenz meiner Geburt entfernt war, mein Glück, und ſo wanderten wir denn traulich zuſammen, wobei mir gleich der Gedanke durch den Kopf fuhr, ich könne wohl gar eben auch bei dem Krünitz Dienſte erhalten. Abſchreckend freilich kam mir der Vogel nach der Beſchreibung Mariens vor, die ihn übrigens auch nur vom Hörenſagen kannte; doch ſchon die Ausſicht, mit Marien unter einem Dache zu leben, verſüßte mir das Bittere, das ein ſolcher Dienſt unſtreitig haben mußte, immer mehr und mehr, je länger ich mit dem holden Mägdlein zuſammen war, der ich denn auch meinen Wunſch und meine eigene Lebens- und Leidensgeſchichte, jedoch beides mit großer Vorſicht und letzteres mit poetiſcher Freiheit, das heißt mit Hinweglaſſung und Vertuſchung der parties honteuses, mittheilte und mich innig freute, daß die ſanft erröthende Gefährtin nicht erſt viel gegen das gemeinſchaftliche Dach proteſtirte.

So kamen wir in der prächtigen Stadt an, nachdem Marie mir freundlich verſprochen, das Terrain für mich bei dem alten Vetter zu rekognosciren, auch davon mir in meiner Herberge Kunde zukommen zu laſſen, ſo bald als möglich.

Ich wartete zwei, drei Tage. Umſonſt! Keine Nachricht kam! Ich ſtrich wie ein verliebter Pflaſtertreter an dem alten Hauſe des Oberhofgerichts-Prokurators vorüber, ſpähete nach allen Fenſtern. Vergeblich! Die Thüre blieb verſchloſſen und Niemand ließ ſich an den verhangenen Fenſtern blicken.

Fünf Tage vergingen ſo in ängſtlichem Harren, Hoffen und Zweifeln. Schon war ich entſchloſſen, am Morgen darauf, mich bei dem Krünitz ſelber zu introduciren, da er bei näherer Erkundigung mir wenigſtens als ein überall in großem Anſehen ſtehender Mann geſchildert wurde, als Marie am Abende zuvor, an der Thüre des Gaſthofes, wohin ſie mich herunter rufen laſſen, mir faſt athemlos ſagte: das ſei der erſte freie Augenblick, den ſie ſich zum Ausgehen ablauern können, da der Vetter ſie wie eine Gefangene eingeſperrt hatte. Glücklicher hätte ſich's aber nicht treffen können, denn der vorige Privatſchreiber des Herrn Vetters ſei verſorgt worden und letzterer brauche einen neuen, weshalb ich mich nur kecklich morgen früh um zehn Uhr melden ſolle.

An ein weiteres Fragen nach der Gelegenheit des Hauſes und des Herrn und was ich etwa zu beobachten, war gar nicht zu denken, da der Leichtfuß ſcheu und furchtſam entflohen war, ehe ich nur vom Sehen und Hören zum Reden hatte kommen können.

Und wiederum prangte ich am Morgen drauf in dem ſtattlichen ſeegrünen Frack, der mir noch vor Kurzem eben ſo wenig zu beſonderem Ruhm verholfen, als der vermaledeite Plaiſirfleck des Präſidenten. Und wiederum klopfte mein Herz in banger Erwartung und ſehnendem Verlangen nach der Aſſekuranz vor dem Verhungern und — dem gemeinſchaftlichen Dache.

Wirſt du mich auch jetzt wieder betrügen, tückiſches Schickſal! — fragte ich und ordnete die Locken, ließ aber weislich das Eau de milles fleurs zurück, ſintemalen es hier nicht principaliter einer Geliebten, ſondern einem alten verſtockten Juriſten galt, dem ſolcher Duft nur Haſenfußwitterung ſein mußte und begab mich mit ſonderbarem Tremuliren und ahnungsvollem Schauder nach dem ominöſen, ſtillen Zwinger, in welchem eine alte Magd mich empfing und hinaufwies in die Schreibſtube des Herrn.

Da ſtand nun dieſer Herr vor mir, ein kleines, altes, verhutzeltes Männlein, mit ungepuderter, ſtruppiger Atzel. Er hatte einen Schlafrock an, deſſen Farbe die Zeit zu einem gänzlich unklaren Begriffe verwandelt, der in tauſend Fetzen und Löchern ſchon mehrere Jahre ſich ſeinem endlichen Berufe — dem Lumpenkaſten eines Haderſammlers — entzogen haben mußte. Beſchäftiget, kleine Stückchen Bindfaden ſorgfältig an einander zu knüpfen, würdigte mich der Prokurator kaum eines Blickes, ſondern fragte nur mürriſch: was man wolle.

Ja — dacht' ich — das iſt das Bild des häßlichſten Geizes, und bedauerte im Herzen die arme Maria und zitterte, ungewiß, ob es nicht beſſer ſei, draußen zu verhungern, als in dieſem Kerker, meinen Wunſch in kurzen wenig bedeuten, faſt gleichgültigen Worten heraus. Und nun erſt nahm mich der Alte näher auf's Korn, ſteckte die Brille vor und betrachtete mich lange ſchweigend von oben bis unten. Hm, hm — ſagte er endlich — man iſt von Gott mit geſunden, faſt möchte ich ſagen wohl proportionirten Gliedmaßen begabt, ſcheint auch bereits die Kinderſchuhe abgelaufen zu haben, item die Hörnlein, welches gar wünſchenswerth und erſprießlich bei einem Privatſchreiber und Famulo. — Nun wir wollen ſehen! Man ſetze ſich hierher an den Tiſch und elaborire ſein Curriculum vitae, das aber nur eine Quartſeite füllen darf und rechne mir dieſes Exempel. Zu dieſem gebe ich eine Stunde Zeit, was davon die Arbeit übrig läſſet, während welcher ich mich in meine Bibliothek begebe, das verwende man zum beliebigen Genuſſe des Frühſtücks. Maria! — rief er hinaus — bringe dem Subjekte dort einen Teller mit Wurſt und Butterbrod, zwei kleine Schnittlein von jedem, aber eine Flaſche Würzburger. Und damit ließ er mich allein, allein mit meinen ſonderbaren Gedanken, mit dem aufgegebenen Penſo und meiner freundlichen Marie, die nun das kleine Tiſchchen deckte und das Befohlene auftrug.

Marie! — rief ich ihr entgegen — wohin ſind wir gekommen! Marie! holder, freundlicher Engel des Lebens in dieſer finſtern Aktengruft, einen einzigen, allereinzigen Kuß zur Stärkung dem zagenden Subjekte! Aber ſtumm, mit dem Finger auf dem Mund zeigend, entwand ſie ſich mir, doch tröſtend durchzuckte mich ihr leiſer, kaum merklicher Händedruck und muthig ſchritt ich zur Arbeit, die in weniger als einer halben Stunde vollendet war, der Lebenslauf — verſteht ſich, wieder mit poetiſcher Freiheit — kurz und bündig und in Ziffern und Buchſtaben, wie geſtochen.

Nun machte ich mich über das Frühſtück.

Wunderbar! — dacht' ich — dieſer Geizhals läßt dir zu eſſen und zu trinken vorſetzen, zwar nur zwei kleine Schnittlein Wurſt und Brod, doch eine Flaſche guten Weins! — Was bedeutet das! — Ich verlor mich in fruchtloſem Sinnen und Grübeln und vergaß dabei das Eſſen, trank aber nur ein einziges Glas Wein, um bei dem nun noch zu erwartenden mündlichen Examine rigoroso meine ganze ruhige Beſinnung zu behalten.

Die Stunde war vergangen, der Alte wieder in der Schreibſtube und las meine ihm überreichten Aufſätze mit lakoniſchem hm, hm, ging dann an mein Speiſetiſchchen, hob die Bouteille in die Höhe und ſah durch's Fenſterlicht nach dem Weine.

Man hat nur wenig von der Gottesgabe zu ſich genommen — brach er endlich das Stillſchweigen — iſt man kein Liebhaber vom Wein, oder mundet die Sorte nicht?

Keins von beiden, Herr Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator! — antwortete ich — der Wein iſt ſehr gut, ich trinke auch gerne welchen, wenn ich ihn habe, doch immer nur wenig, da viel, wie ich merke, mir nicht zuſagt.

So! ſo! — erwiderte der Prokurator — nun das iſt recht gut. Die gefertigten Specimina ſind nicht übel und ſo man in andern Dingen gleiche Applikation bezeigt, könnte das Anſtellungsgeſuch wohl in nähere Erwägung gezogen werden. Iſt man denn auch geübt, fremde Handſchriften nachzumachen, Dokumente zu radiren und auf ſchickliche Weiſe den Inhalt zu ändern, ihre Briefe unmerklich zu öffnen und Abdrücke von Siegeln zu fertigen?

Das habe ich noch nicht verſucht, Herr Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator — rief ich und fühlte mein Geſicht von brennendem Unwillen überflogen.

Nicht? — dehnte der Alte — Ei, da iſt man noch ſehr unerfahren. Indeß, was man nicht weiß, kann man lernen, wenn man Gelegenheit hat — guten Willen.

Freundlicher wurde ſein Auge und mit einer gewiſſen Art von Vertraulichkeit zog er mich näher an den Aktentiſch und langte eine voluminöſe Urkunde mit vielen Siegeln hervor. Man ſehe! — flüſterte er leiſer, indem er ſcheu um ſich blickte, als fürchte er, belauſcht zu werden. — Dieſes hier iſt das Teſtament des Grafen Hellborn. Mein Klient wünſcht, den eingeſetzten Erben daraus verdrängt zu wiſſen, dagegen ſich an deſſen Stelle. Es kommt dabei nur auf geſchickte Ausmerzung dieſer acht Worte hier an, ſo wie, daß dafür die andern Worte, wie ich ſolche hier aufſetze — er ſchrieb ſie auf einen Papierſchnitz — eingerückt werden. Man hat Aehnlichkeit mit der Handſchrift, darum verſuche man es, das Desideratum auf kluge Weiſe zu beheben, da ich ſelber ſolches nicht zu bewirken vermag.

Nimmermehr! Herr Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator — fiel ich ihm erbittert in die Rede — nimmermehr werde ich ſolchen Schelmenſtreich vollbringen!

Ei, ei — lächelte der Alte — wer wird denn gleich in dermaßen anzügliche Redensarten ausbrechen, die faſt lauten wie grobe Injurien! — Was iſt ein Schelmenſtreich? Antwort: ein ſchadhafter Betrug. Dieſer iſt hier nicht in Casu, denn der eingeſetzte Erbe iſt ein liederlicher Taugenichts, der das bedeutende Vermögen in Kurzem verpraſſen, mein Klient hingegen ein Mann, der es zu Rathe halten, ja wohl gar davon viel Gutes thun würde den Armen, Wittwen, Waiſen, Kirchen und Schulen, weshalb denn auch ſothane Malice keineswegs ein ſchadhafter Betrug, ſondern ein Gott wohlgefälliges Werk — —

Und immer und ewig — unterbrach ich ihn — ein Spitzbubenſtreich bliebe, da das Geſchriebene des Schreibenden unveräußliches Eigenthum iſt, woran verfälſchend Hand zu legen Niemanden ein Recht oder die Befugniß zuſteht, eigenthümlich abzuändern, am wenigſten bei Teſtamenten oder Kontrakten, alſo hier, wie ich ſchon geſagt, eine Schlechtheit, mit der ich nachmals mich zu verſchonen bitte.

Ei! — — wirklich! — grinſete der Krünig — Nun da könnte freilich aus der Anſtellung in meinem Dienſte nichts werden, ſintemal an klügeren und fügſameren Subjecten dermalen, Gott ſei Dank, kein Mangel. Hätte man ſich aber vernünftig finden laſſen; ſo wäre nicht nur die Sache gemacht, ſondern auch noch obenein ein halbes Dutzend angenehmer Goldfüchslein zum Auf- und Angelde zu gewinnen. Man überlege daher den Casum näher im ſtillen, einſamen und reiflichen Nachdenken, während ich einſtweilen einen Abtritt nehme und entſchließe ſich zu der verlangten Emendation, oder packe ſich von dannen reinis impensis, das heißt, nach vorhergegangener Bezahlung des genoſſenen Frühſtücks.

Nein — rief ich ihm nach — ergrauter Böſewicht! hier bedarf es keiner weitern Ueberlegung. Hundertmal lieber will ich wieder als armer, ehrlicher Hanswurſt auf den Brettern ſtehen und Spaß machen, um ein Gericht Eſſen, als in ſeiner Goldfabrik arbeiten! Du und ich, wir paſſen nicht, denn bin ich auch kein Tugendſpiegel und wenig mehr als ein Vagabunde und habe gewühlt in thörichtem Unverſtande mit dem Pöbel der Freiheit und Gleichheit im Konvente; doch befleckt Betrug und Verbrechen nicht meine Seele.

Jetzt ſtand daher mein Entſchluß, dem Prokurator kurz und gut den Handel aufzukündigen und den Staub auch dieſes verruchten Advokaten-Sodoms von meinen Füßen zu ſchütteln. Nur daß ich Marien in dieſer moraliſchen Mördergrube, in dieſem elenden Kerker zurücklaſſen ſolle, das ſchlug mich nieder und ich wußte dagegen nicht Rath, nicht Hülfe, da ich ſelber nun hülflos war. O, wie ſehnte ich mich, ihr nur noch ein einziges trauriges Lebewohl ſagen zu dürfen. Wie ſchaute ich mit naſſem Blicke nach der Thüre, daß ſie ſich öffne und mir die Geliebte zum Scheidekuſſe des Abſchiedes hereinführe! — Die Thür öffnete ſich, aber nicht die Geliebte, nur der verhaßte Seelenverkäufer trat herein.

Nun, wie iſt's — fragte er — hat man ſich des Beſſeren beſonnen und ſich entſchloſſen zu dem, was frommet und nützt?

Ja — antwortete ich kurz und verächtlich und nahm meinen Hut — ich habe mich entſchloſſen. Ich mag Ihren Dienſt nicht mit Schlechtem erkaufen, wünſche aber dabei, daß Ihr erhabener Schutzpatron Sie zum Segen der Welt hole, ſo bald als möglich.

Mit dieſen Worten wollte ich ſchnell zur Thür hinaus, doch der Alte erwiſchte mich mit kräftiger Fauſt und zog mich zurück, mit den Worten: Gemach, gemach! Ihr romanhafter Brauſewind! Damit kommt man nimmer durch die Welt!

Mags — erwiderte ich — und ſtrebte mich dem unheimlichen Zwange zu entreißen, doch er drückte mich nieder auf das lederne Sopha und ſtand mit übereinander geſchlagenen Armen, mich lange ſchweigend betrachtend, vor mir. Seine Augen glänzten. Mir ward wunderbar zu Muthe, ja ich hätte nun nicht von der Stelle gekonnt, wenn ich auch gewollt, ſo feſt fühlte ich mich durch einen unwiderſtehlichen Zauber gebannt.

Da brach er endlich das drückende Schweigen und ſagte langſam: Und das iſt Euer Ernſt! das iſt Euer wirklicher Ernſt, Jeremias Käslein? Nun! Ich mag Euch nicht zwingen zu dem, was Euch nicht munden will, dennoch ſollt Ihr mein Schreiber ſein, auch ohne das! Das alberne Mägdlein hat wahrhaftig Recht! Darum ſollt Ihr bei mir bleiben, und fortan: Jeremias heißen und „Ihr“! Merkt es wohl, das „Ihr“ iſt bei mir ein Ehrenname. Nehmt Euch in Acht vor dem „Sie“ und Gott helfe Euch zu dem „Du!“ Vor der Hand wird zwar von baarem Lohne nicht die Rede ſein, bis ich weiß, wozu Ihr zu gebrauchen, aber was zur Leibesnahrung und Nothdurft gehört, das ſoll Euch werden. Wollt ihr nun unter dieſen Bedingungen mein redlicher und ehrlicher Schreiber und Famulus ſein?

Ich will! — platzte ich unwillkürlich heraus, denn ich fühlte mich mit einemmale unausſprechlich wohl, ja, die ganze Sache verändert, ich wußte nicht warum.

Nun gut — endete der Alte — ſo gehet und beziehet Euer Quartier im Dachſtüblein und kommt hernach flugs herunter in's Partheienzimmer — zu Vereidigung. Marie! — rief er hinaus — der Jeremias hat ſein Examen beſtanden, du magſt ihn inſtalliren in die Schreiberſtube.

Gott! wie war mir, als nun draußen die holde Führerin mich erwartete mit freudeſtrahlendem Blick und ich mit ihr die Treppen glücklicher und vorwurfsfreier hinaufſtieg, als auf die verwünſchte Leiter im Garten des Grafen Mirabeau. Wie ward mir, als wir nun droben waren in der abgeſchiedenen Einſamkeit und nun Marie meinen innigen erſten Kuß der Liebe — aber auch nur den einen — erröthend duldete und mir kurz ſagte: ſie habe freilich gleich am erſten Abende ſchon dem Vetter von mir erzählt, von einer Bekanntſchaft und von meinem Wunſche, wozu indeß Anfangs der Vetter keine Ohren gehabt, den folgenden Tag aber die Sache wiederholt und nicht locker gelaſſen, bis endlich am fünften der Vetter ſie bedeutſam angeſchaut, das Haupt geſchüttelt und nach einigen bedenklichen hm, hm, ihr geheißen, den Patron kommen zu laſſen, daß er ihm auf den Zahn fühle, wobei er ihr jedoch auf's Strengſte verboten, weder jetzt noch künftig ihm irgend etwas, den Charakter des Alten betreffend, mitzutheilen, welches ſie denn auch dermalen und fürder treulich zu halten geſonnen. Beſonders ſtrenge ſei irgend ein näherer freundlicher Umgang zwiſchen ihr und mir verpönt und augenblicklicher Laufpaß darauf geſetzt, wornach ich mich alſo zu richten.

Hat nichts zu ſagen! — erwiderte ich lachend — Die Augen des Vetters werden keine Argusaugen, ſein Hungerdienſt hier auch nur ein Intermiſtikum ſein, wo ich ſtillſchweiglich, wenn ich nur erſt eingewurzelt bin, uns Beiden eine beſſere Stätte zu bereiten gedenke. Und ſo ging ich denn heiter und leichten Muthes, obſchon noch nicht im Klaren darüber, was ich aus dem Alten machen ſolle, wieder herunter und ward in's Partheienzimmer gelaſſen, wo der Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator meiner bereits wartete in ſtattlicher ſchwarzer Amtstracht; den kleinen ſilbernen Degen an der Seite, die Hände weiß bedeckt von den feinen Spitzenmanſchetten und auf dem Haupte die ſchneeweiße Perrücke. Auf dem großen, grün überzogenen Tiſche ſtand unter und zwiſchen den Geſetzbüchern ein ſilbernes Kruzifix.

Ich geſtehe, mir wurde bei dem feierlichen Anblicke dieſer Stube, wie des ernſten Mannes, der nun ein ganz anderes Anſehn hatte, als vorher im zerriſſenen Schlafrocke, um den auch hier ein beſondrer Nimbus der Ehrwürdigkeit zu ſchweben ſchien, ganz kalt, wie einem, der beim Baden nach und nach in friſches Waſſer taucht. Es verſetzte mir den Athem und niemals gewiß iſt ein Dienſteid andächtiger abgeleiſtet worden, als der, den ich nun ſchwor.

Nun — ſprach der Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator, als es zu Ende war — daß Ihr auch dieſen Eid jederzeit gewiſſenhaft halten und ſolchen niemals verletzen werdet, weder aus Menſchenfurcht, noch Haß und Neid, oder um Geſchenk und Gabe willen, oder aus irgend einer andern unerlaubten Abſicht, das trau ich — mein Jeremias Dir — wollt' ich ſagen Euch zu und Ihr werdet mir darauf die Hand geben. Ich gab ſie ihm und ſpürte, wie ſeine eigne bei dem leiſen Drucke zitterte und ſah, wie ſeine Augen ein feuchter Schleier überzog und es war mir, als ſtehe mein Vater vor mir und meine Augen füllten ſich mit Thränen.

Bald wurde ich nun in den Pflug der Arbeit geſpannt. Wahrlich dieß Joch war nicht ſanft, meine Laſt nicht leicht. Von Tagesanbruch bis in die Nacht mußte ich eifrig im Abſchreiben oder Protokolliren. Nur den ſchmutzigen Geiz, deſſen Sitz ich hier, beim erſten Anblick erwartet, fand ich nicht, vielmehr reichliche, wenn auch frugale Koſt, in allen Arbeiten meines Prinzipals aber den durchaus geraden, unbeſtechlichen, dabei ſehr erfahrnen Geſchäftsmann, ſo, daß mir nun der erſte Auftritt mit ihm als das, was er wirklich war, erſchien — als Prüfung meiner eigenen Redlichkeit und Mäßigkeit, noch mehr, als meiner Kenntniſſe. Auch ſah ich manchen Rechtſuchenden, der in ſein ſtilles Gemach bange zu zitternd ging, mit Thränen herauskommen; aber es waren Thränen der Freude und des Dankes.

Und dieſer Wohlthäter — fragte ich einſt ganz laut vor mich hin — umhüllet ſich geſliſſentlich mit dem Scheine des Gegentheils? — Wozu das? Warum kleidet er ſich in den abſchreckenden Cynismus und ſammelt emſig Bindfadenreſte, Couvertſiegel, Papierſchnitzel, Stecknadeln?

Warum? — antwortete der Alte hinter mir, der mich belauſcht hatte — Warum? Könnte ich geben, wenn ich nicht ſammelte und ſparte? Und muß ich nicht rauh und widerwärtig erſcheinen von Außen, auf daß nur die, die den Glauben haben an Menſchengefühl und an mich, zu meinem Innern gelangen und ich nicht geſchunden werde von Kretzi und Pletzi und ganz und gar ausgezogen zur Ungebühr?

Daß ich's kurz mache. Mein Leben in dieſem Hauſe war ſechs Jahre lang ein Leben voll Arbeit, aber auch ein Leben der Zufriedenheit, der Wonne im Bewußtſein meiner erfüllten Pflichten, der immer wachſenden Zuneigung meines Prinzipals, der ſtillen, heimlichen Liebe meiner Maria, welche letztere der Alte bald genug merkte, doch — mir unerklärbar — zu ignoriren ſchien. Nur eins gefiel mir nicht. Noch immer nämlich bekam ich keinen Gehalt, noch immer hatte ich keine Ausſicht zu einem feſten Poſten und war — nah an Vierzig. Dies, und daß der Prinzipal meinen diesfälligen Anſpielungen ſtets geſliſſentlich auswich, nur dies machte mich manchmal höchſt niedergeſchlagen und traurig und eben ſo meine Maria.

Endlich, an des Alten ſiebenzigſten Geburtstage, ſollte ſich alles Räthſelhafte löſen.

Ein Verwandter des Prokurators, Aſſeſſor eines Provinzial-Kollegii, ein langer, kalter, ſpähender Laban, den der milde Vetter ſtudiren laſſen, zur Verſorgung gebracht und erhalten bis jetzt, beſuchte uns, um den Geburtstag des Wohlthäters mit zu feiern. O, wäre er geblieben, wo der Pfeffer wächſt! Er war die Schlange, die zwei ſchuldloſe Menſchen aus dem Paradieſe trieb.

Daß ihm das innige Verhältniß, in welchem ich mit Marien zu dem Alten ſtand, ich und ſie und das uns gezeigte Wohlwollen ein Dorn im Auge, das gab ſchon ſein lauſchendes Schweigen, ſo wie mancher heimliche Judasblick zu erkennen, wenn auch ſeine Zunge nur glatte, ſüßliche Worte lispelte. Doch das irrt mich nicht. Denn was kann er dir ſchaden — dacht ich — bald zieht er ja wieder fort, von wannen er kommen.

Da erſchien der Tag der Feier, an welchem der Aſſeſſor mit pathetiſcher Rede dem würdigen Greiſe ein Band, bedruckt mit ſchwülſtigen Verſen überreichte, ich aber ihm nichts darbringen konnte, als den ungeſchminkten herzlichſten Ausdruck meiner innigſten Empfindung, Marie aber ein, von ihr mühſam bei Nacht geſtricktes Schlafhäubchen, mit milden Thränen der Liebe und dem Wunſche, daß er recht ſanft darinnen ſchlafen möge auf Erden.

Das werde ich! — meine liebe Tochter — antwortete der Alte gerührt — und du magſt mir es auch anziehen, zum letzten ſanfteſten Schlafe in der Erde.

Der noch recht fern ſein möge! — flötete der Aſſeſſor mit einem giftigen Seitenblicke auf die Geberin.

Wie Gott will! — ſchloß der Greis, der von einer ſonderbaren Ahnung überfallen ſchien, die ihn nicht verließ den ganzen Tag und auch durch ſeine Heiterkeit bei dem frohen, glanzvollen Mittagsmahle und den herrlichen Lebehochs ſeiner zahlreichen Freunde durchſchimmerte, die da in Jubel und Biederſinn um ihn verſammelt waren.

Viel wohler ſchien ihm zu werden, als ſich nun gegen Abend die Gäſte verloren. Da begab er ſich in ſeine Schreibſtube, winkte mir und Marien, mit zu kommen, zog den Staatsrock aus und den Schlafrock an, und ſetzte ſtatt der Feſtkogel die kühle Mütze auf's Haupt. So! — rief er, tief Athem holend — Nun bin ich wieder zu Hauſe! Kommt her, Maria und Jeremias, denn es bedünkt mich nun an der Zeit, daß ich Euch Euren Lohn zahle, für ſechsjährige treue Dienſte und ungeheuchelte Liebe, jetzt, da ich es noch kann, ſintemal es mir vorkommt, als läute man mir ſchon das Glöcklein zum Thorſchluſſe. Dir, Maria, die Verlaſſene! war ich Vater vom erſten Augenblicke. Darum widerte es mich Anfangs an, deinen Begleiter auf der Reiſe hierher, in welchem ich nur einen Lump und Vagabunden erblickte, zu mir in Dienſt und Haus zu nehmen und nur die Beharrlichkeit, mit der du ſeine Parthie ergriffen, woraus ich denn alsbald vermerkte, wie viel die Glocke geſchlagen, und das und jenes, was mir nach deiner Relation an dem Burſchen gefiel, beſtimmte mich, einen Verſuch zu machen. Dabei traute ich deinem Tugend- und Ehrgefühle und — du haſt mich nicht betrogen. Denn die ſüßen, unſchuldigen, heimlich abgeſtohlenen Viertelſtündlein, die ich freilich nicht merken ſollte, die auch allerdings gegen die Abrede waren, die ich aber doch erwittert, waren ja wohl nothwendig, daß Ihr Euch kennen und achten lerntet, im Bewußtſein eurer Schuldloſigkeit, weshalb ich auch ſchwieg und that, wie Unverſtand. Ihr aber — mein Jeremias! — waret ein treuer Knecht in meinem Dienſte mit unermüdeter Emſigkeit, unbezweifelter Rechtlichkeit, mit wahrer Freundſchaft und wahrer Liebe für mich. Darum ſeid Ihr denn auch heut pro primo avancirt und „Du" geworden, welches „Du" kein leerer Narrentitel, kein Kalbariſches Erz iſt, das wie Gold ausſieht, doch weit davon entfernt iſt, Gold zu ſein. Dieſes „Du" iſt ein Sola-Wechſel, ausgeſtellt von meiner Liebe auf Gut und Blut meine ganze Habe aller Orten, wo ich zu treffen und zahlbar, nach Sicht — ein Privilegium exclusivum, mit mir zu ſchalten nach Luſt und Belieben. — Sehet, mir gab das Schickſal auf Erden kein liebendes Weib zur Begleiterin, keine Kinder zur Freude meines Alters. Wohl ſchmerzlich fühlte ich dieſen Mangel, da mich Gott mit dem geſegnet, was ihr irdiſches Glück hätte begründen können. Lange ſchaute ich aus in die Welt und unter meine Bekannte und Verwandte, die Lücke zu füllen. Umſonſt! — Ich fand nur Habſucht und Liſt und — blieb allein. Der Aſſeſſor, mir der Nächſte, erfüllt mich mit unheimlichem Grauen. Ach, ſein Herz iſt kalt wie Friedhofluft, trocken wie Bimſtein! Darum ſann ich mich denn, daß Ihr mir eingeſchlagen möchtet und — Gott Lob! es iſt geſchehen und Ihr ſeid nun meine Kinder, Du, Jeremias, mein Sohn, Du, Maria, meine Tochter. Und Ihr ſollt wiſſen, daß Ihr einen Vater habt. Deshalb, Jeremias, bereite dich, ſo wie der todtkranke Oberhofgerichts-Sekretair Neumann, der noch wenige Tage leben kann, heim gegangen, rückſt du an ſeine Stelle — es koſtet mich nur ein Wort. — Dann — Maria! — dann ſchneide ich dir das Kränzlein vom Myrtenſtocke am Fenſter, den ich ja für dich gezogen und gehegt und morgen übergebe ich dem Gerichte mein Teſtament, das Euch zu meinen Erben einſetzt und deſſen Entwurf in meinem Pulte ſchon bereit und fertig da liegt.

Ein leiſes Geräuſch an der Thüre machte ſich hier bemerkbar. Ich allein nur erhaſchte noch mit flüchtigem Blicke den Moment, wo ſie, vorher nur unmerklich in einem kleinen Spalt von einem Lauſcher in der andern Stube geöffnet, ſanft wieder hinein in den Schluß gezogen wurde.

Die Sache war mir klar. Aber hatte ich denn jetzt Zeit und kaltes Gemüth, weiter darüber nachzudenken? Lag es mich nicht eben ſo gut wie Marien, dankend und ſelig an der Bruſt des milden Vaters, der uns irgend gar nicht aus ſeinen Armen laſſen wollte, als ſei es der letzte Gruß ſeiner Liebe auf Erden? War denn nicht nun mein Sehnen geſtillt, meine Zukunft ein Blumengarten? Und durfte ich denn nun nicht vor den Augen des Vaters meine Braut herzen und küſſen und ſie mich? — O, es war der glücklichſte Augenblick meines Lebens, alles, was nun noch bitter folgte bis heut, nur der letzte Nachklang jener Wonne meines verlornen Paradieſes!

Der Abend verging uns im kleinen friedlichen Familienkreiſe, wo nun der Aſſeſſor das Lieblingsgetränk des fröhlichen Alten, der in neuer Heiterkeit ſcherzte und lachte, den glühenden Burgunder-Kardinal im anſtoßenden Kabinete bereitete und einſchenkte.

Iſt er gut, lieber Vater? — fragte er beim erſten Glaſe, das er ihm reichte.

Scharmant! war die Antwort — nur ein wenig zu ſtark, zu herbe. Etwas mehr Zucker könnte nicht ſchaden.

Waren vorher unſre Herzen der Freude ſchon geöffnet, ſo trieb nun der feurige Nektar unſre frohe Stimmung bis auf den höchſten Grad, wir würden auch gewiß noch länger getrunken und gejubelt haben, wenn nicht der Vater am Ende ſchläfrig geworden wäre und nach dem Bette verlangt hätte. O, warum ſagte ich ihm blos meine herzliche gute Nacht! Warum küßte ich nicht die treuen Hände, die mich geſegnet? Warum ſchloß ich ihn nicht feſt an mein ſchlagendes Herz?

Nur Marien war es vergönnt. Dieſer, ſagte er: Komm mit — liebe Tochter! — Du ſollſt mir nun dein Jäckchen ſelbſt anziehn und ſehen, wie es ſitzt. Und ſie ging und durfte ſich noch der innigen Umarmung des Vaters freuen — der letzten auf Erden. Denn am andern Morgen fand man den Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator todt in ſeinem Bette. Ein Schlag hatte ihn getroffen. Sein Geſicht war aufgedunſen und die rothſeidnen Bänder des Schlafjäckchens ſchnitten in das aufgetriebene Fleiſch der Arme und des Nackens ein.

Denke ſich jede fühlende Bruſt, wie dieſer Anblick uns zu Boden ſchmetterte. Wir hielten das Gräßliche nicht für möglich. Wir riefen den Vater mit allen Schmeichelnamen der Liebe. Wir zerriſſen die ſeidenen Schleifen, wir rieben, wir wuſchen — Alles umſonſt!

Offenbar die Folge dieſer unvernünftigen, preſſenden Bekleidung, nach dem übermäßigen Genuſſe des geiſtigen Getränks! — ſprach der Aſſeſſor mit ſataniſchem Mundverzerren zu Marien gewandt, die verzweifelnd die Hände rang, und wie ich, den geliebten Todten mit Thränen und Küſſen bedeckte. Was ſoll das Heulen! — Das Unglück iſt geſchehen! Er erwacht nicht wieder! Der Schlag hat ihn gerührt. Niemand kann untröſtlicher ſein als ich, über den unerſetzlichen Verluſt, obſchon mein Herz kalt iſt wie Froſchhaut und trocken wie Bimſtein! Dafür iſt das Auge deſto wärmer und näſſer! Mags, das ändert hier nichts. Die Todten bleiben todt. Wohl dem, der ſelig ſtirbt, ohne lange Marter, wie dieſer, wenn auch von lieben ſanften Händen, die es freilich ſo böſe eigentlich nicht gemeint haben mögen, wie ich in chriſtlicher Milde gerne zugeben will.

Ja, der Schlag hat ihn gerührt — bezeugten die herbeigerufenen Aerzte, heimlich aber murmelte man — von Opium.

Da lag nun meine Hoffnung, mein Glück. Da ſtand nun Maria und jammerte: O ich bin's, ich habe dich gemordet und dir das Nachtkleid angezogen, wie du ſagteſt zum Schlafe in der Erde, und bald werden ſie kommen und mich abholen ins Kriminalgericht!

Beruhige dich, Maria! — tröſtete ich — Du biſt ja unſchuldig, es mag nun ſein, wie es wolle! Gott ſieht in die Herzen!

Umſonſt! Sie erfüllte das Haus mit entſetzlichem Geſchrei, und als nun die Glocken den Verluſt des edlen Mannes der erſtaunten Stadt verkündeten, da trat ſie leichenblaß in mein Zimmer, ihr Auge war matt und ohne Thränen. Nun kommt der Kriminalrath — rief ſie — und die Schergen mit den Ketten! Pflege den Myrthenſtock Jeremias, daß ich ihn finde bei der Auferſtehung und bekränze das Grab des Vaters mit Roſen!

Vergebens war mein Zureden. Sie flog die Treppe hinunter, wie ein brauſender Sturmwind und — war verſchwunden. Jedes Nachforſchen, wo ſie hingekommen, blieb fruchtlos und mir am Ende die Gewißheit, daß man ſie ſchon finden werde zu ſeiner Zeit, angeſchwommen an's Weidenufer des tiefen Fluſſes.

So waren denn alle meine Hoffnungen zertrümmert.

Den bittern Kelch voll zu machen, fragte mich am Tage nach dem Begräbniß der Aſſeſſor, der nun als nächſter Inteſtaterbe des Prokurators ſich in den Beſitz ſeines Nachlaſſes geſetzt, nach meinem Kontrakte, um mich, dafern noch etwas am Lohne rückſtändig, abzufinden. — — Ich hatte keinen, und meine Verſicherung, daß ich noch keinen Pfennig Lohn erhalten, wurde blos mit höhniſchem Lachen beantwortet. Auch wollte ſich kein Teſtamentsentwurf im Pulte des Verſtorbenen finden laſſen. An den Poſten des ſterbenden Oberhofgerichts-Sekretairs war vollends gar nicht zu denken, da der geltende Fürſprecher nun fehlte, auch darauf ein Heer von Schützlingen anderer Patrone lauerte. Was blieb mir alſo übrig, als nach der kurzen und bündigen Weiſung des Aſſeſſors wiederum mein Ränzel zu ſchnüren und den treuen Wanderſtab zu ergreifen.

Vornehm drückte mir der Aſſeſſor beim Abſchiede einen Dukaten in die Hand, den ich ihm jedoch grimmig vor die Füße warf und begleitet von ſeiner Hohnlache dem Zimmer wie einer Hölle entſprang, in welcher ich den Teufel mir auf der Ferſe ſitzen ſah. Unten an der Hausthüre aber ſtand die alte Beate, mit den rothgeweinten Triefaugen, die mir wie Marien immer wohlgewollt, zum letzten traurigen Valet — dem einzig redlich gemeinten in dieſem Hauſe. Sie ſuchte dabei mit der Hand mir an die Rocktaſchen zu kommen. Aber es mißglückte und ein ledernes Beutelchen fiel vor mir nieder, ein Beutelchen mit zehn Thalern ſauer erſparten Lohnes. O, ich dummes Thier! — rief ſie erſchrocken — Werden Sie nun noch den armen Reiſepfennig nehmen, da es ſo gar albern herauskommt?

Ja, entgegnete ich — gute Beate! treue Seele! Den nehme ich, er rettet mich vor dem Verhungern. Gott mag es Euch vergelten, wenn ich es nicht kann!

Hinter mir ſchloß ſich nun die Thüre des Hauſes, in welchem ich ſechs Jahre ſo unausſprechlich glücklich geweſen. Wieder ein Theil meines Lebens war wie ein Traum vergangen und wieder der freie Himmel mein Obdach und die große leere Welt meine Heimath. Mir ekelte vor der Stadt, in welcher ſo wehmüthige Erinnerungen mich umgaben. Von Marien war noch keine Spur gefunden. Was ſollte ich alſo länger hier! Ich eilte daher das Weite zu gewinnen und holte aus tiefer Bruſt erſt dann wieder frei Athem, als ich vom Waldhügel herab die Thürme fern hinter mir in ſanfter Dämmerung ſah, wie damals, als ich dem Hanswurſtthum entſprungen. Und wie damals fragte ich mich wieder: Wohin nun Jeremias?

Wohin! — antwortete ich — Nun, der Naſe nach! Führt ſothaner Wegweiſer nicht den, dem alle zwei und dreißig Striche der Windroſe offen ſtehen, immer die richtige Straße! O Jeremias, du biſt, du bleibſt, was du wareſt, von Jugend an — ein Weltbürger, ein Kaul in hac lacrymarum valle, wie es im Salve Regina heißt.

Und das blieb ich auch wirklich, zog kreuz und quer im Lande herum und dankte Gott, wenn ich meine Füße unter den Schreibtiſch eines Advokaten ſtecken durfte, bei ihm zu dienen um's liebe Brod in ſchmachtigem Kalamiren.

Was ſoll ich euch — o Ihr ehrlichen, aber auch höchſt ungeduldigen Leſer, die ihr am Ende mich gar nicht mehr leſet, wenn des Dinges zu viel wird, langweilen mit breitem Erzählen, wo ich mich überall herum getrieben, welchen Herren ich gedient; was ſolches für Käuze geweſen, item, was ich dabei profitirt. — Ach! ich übergehe das mit Stillſchweigen. Einen Krünitz fand ich nicht wieder, und was ich bei der Sache endlich profitirt, iſt — das kahle Haupt unter meiner Agel und — der Spittel.

Mein letzter Prinzipal, der mich ab und zur Ruhe geſetzt und bei dem ich zehn Jahre fungirt als Privatſchreiber, war auch ein Advokat und daneben — nun, Ihr kennt ihn vielleicht, zwar nicht von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht, wobei Ihr auch gar nichts verliert, wohl aber aus ſeinen Scripturen, die ich ihm dabei mundirt. Soll ich's euch beſchreiben, wie er ausſieht, ob er groß iſt oder klein von Statur, ob er einen ſchwarzen Rock trägt, oder einen grauen, ob er den Kaffee mit Milch trinkt, oder ohne, oder gar keinen, ob er Taback raucht oder nicht, welche Mucken und Thims ihn zwicken und plagen! Was könnte Euch das intereſſiren! Ueberdem lebt er ja auch noch, denkt nicht daran, dem irdiſchen Jammerthale ſo bald Valet zu ſagen, welches Valet — wie er meint — denn doch, ohne vieles Denken, zu ſeiner Zeit von ſelbſt kommt, iſt mithin auch bis dato noch kein Braten für die biographiſche Küche! Lebende Schriftſteller aber, deren Perſonalia und Schlafrockſcenen man den Zeitgenoſſen auftiſcht, ſind in der Regel, wenn ſie nicht, wie ich, ſich ſelber biographiren, nur ein ſchlechtes Gericht für Koch und Gaſt. Denn erſterer erhält ſelten Dank dafür, wie der Koch des Generals Moreau, eine Ehrenkaſſerolle vom armen, gewaltſam an's Tageslicht und in den Topf gezognen literariſchen Troglodyten, und der Gaſt verdirbt ſich meiſt immer an der nur halb gar gekochten Speiſe den Magen, und dankt es dem Koche am Ende mit dem Henker, daß er das liebliche, ideale Traumbild zu einer ledernen Wirklichkeit, zu einem elenden Frikaſſee verarbeitet, aus deſſen Ueberbleibſeln die Nachwelt, wenn ſie überhaupt noch die Perſon und Sache der Rede werth hält, ein noch viel elenderes Ragout aufwärmt. Daher ſchweige ich billig über alle Perſonalia beſagten meines gemeinen Prinzipals.

Er war mit mir zufrieden, bis er ſelber das Unkraut unter den Weizen ſäete, das heißt, durch ſeine Phantasmata mich zu ſchnödem Irrſale verlockte. Denn nun, wie ich ſolche durch Abſchreiben zum Drucke präpariren mußte, prägten ſich ſelbige meiner Imagination ſo tief ein, daß ich ſie am Ende für wahr hielt, ſo wie der Lügner ſich durch öfteres Erzählem, in ſeine Erdichtungen gemüthlich ſo hineinlügt, daß er zuletzt ſelber daran glaubt.

Aber iſt denn nicht auch wirklich von jenen Hiſtorien manches gewiß und wahrhaftig ſo, wie es geſchrieben ſteht, obſchon es ausſieht, wie reine Erdichtung oder phantaſtiſcher Traum? Habe ich denn nicht wirklich mit dieſen meinen leiblichen Jeremiasaugen noch dieſen Sommer Eps, den Zwiebelkönig[1]), in unſerm Spittelgarten geſehen?

Es war ſeine Stunde, nämlich, von neun bis zehn Uhr des Abends im Auguſt, als ich ohne alle arge Gedanken noch einmal zu den Maulwurfsfallen im Gurkenquartiere ging, um nachzuſchauen, ob die Fallen von tückiſcher Hand wiederum aufgezogen, wie gewöhnlich. Wirklich fand ich's wieder ſo und verwünſchte unmuthig den unbekannten, nie zu erwiſchenden Frevler, der ſolches gethan. Da huſchte aus den Zuckererbſen das zwergige Männlein hervor, gerade ſo, wie es mein Prinzipal beſchrieben, blitzte mich mit den weiß und blau, wie Irrwiſche leuchtenden Augen an und grölzte mit heiſerer Stimme: Menſchenwurm! was thun dir meine Leute, unſere ſchwarzen Huſaren, daß du ſie verfolgſt mit deinen Schlingen und Gruben? Nimm dich in Acht, du Schelm, daß ich dir nicht den Denkzettel reiche! Denn gönneſt du ihnen nicht fürder das unſchuldige Vergnügen des unterirdiſchen Spazierganges, oder des Vorpoſtenreitens im Gnomiſchen Dienſte, hart an der Oberſchale unſeres Reiches, das dir wenig ſchadet; ſo ſei verſichert, daß ich zu dir komme in dein Gemach um Mitternacht, dich zu drücken wie ein ſchwerer Alp!

Entſetzt und ſchaudernd lief ich zurück in meinen Spittel, aus dem mir oben herab vom Dachfenſter der Graf Mirabeau in der Schlafmütze entgegen rief: Bürger, Sie ſind ein Narr!

Mag's ſein, daß mir der Doktor am Morgen drauf zur Ader ließ. Was geſchehen war, war doch geſchehen. Und hat mich nicht ſogar, als ich eines Abends vor der Thüre auf der ſteinernen Bank ſaß, der Herr Stadtſchreiber Hinzelmann aus Katzweiler[2]), der — wie Ihr wiſſet — der Galan der alten Barbara Murchel, beim dortigen Bader Nepomuck Schwepperlein — eigentlich ein ſchwarzer Kater und ſeit zwei hundert Jahren auf Reiſen iſt, beſucht! — Wie er ſo an der Mauer die Gaſſe herunter ſchlich, hielt ich ihn freilich für weiter nichts, als für eine ganz gewöhnliche Katze. Aber bald genug ward ich andrer Meinung, als er ſich an mich drückte, den Buckel hob, den ſtarren Schweif an mein rechtes Bein ſchlug und zärtlich miauete: Guten Abend, lieber Herr Vetter Jeremias Katzlein! Wie befanden ſich Ew. Hochedelgeboren? Hat Barbara Murchel nicht ein Brieflein an mich bei Wohldemſelben zur Beſtellung hinterlaſſen, als ſie vergangene Walpurgisnacht hier vorbei über Oſchatz nach dem Blocksberge geritten?

Das ich denſelben Abend wiederum Cremor Tartari trinken müſſen, aus eigner Büchſe; was ändert das? Was wahr iſt bleibt wahr, und man wird mir wohl zutrauen, daß ich einen Stadtſchreiber von einem gewöhnlichem Kater zu unterſcheiden im Stande. Auch früher ſchon, als ich noch bei meinem Prinzipal arbeitete, hatte ich eine Unterredung mit der Spinne Fintaich[3]), die, wie bekannt, den armen Eps wegen ſeiner kleinen Galanterie mit der Waſſerroſe ſo unbarmherzig geknöchelt. Schlechte Seele! — fuhr ich ſie an — du willſt eine Gnomenfürſtin ſein und feine Erziehung haben und weißt nicht, daß in der vornehmen und gebildeten Welt, ſie klüglich ein Auge zudrückt, damit er es zu ſeiner Zeit eben ſo mit beiden thue?

Mein Herr lächelte zwar, als er mich bei dieſer Unterhaltung ertappte, und ſchüttelte mit dem Haupte; aber was ſollte denn ich thun, als er von ſeinem Freunde, dem Doktor im Bade, den Krückſtock mit dem elfenbeinernen Noſtradamuskopfe geſchenkt bekam, und nun ſteif und feſt glaubte, das ſei wirklich der alte Magier, deſſen Leiche zu Salon in einen Knochen verhärtet, nachher in Nürnberg zu allerlei Spielzeug und Nippes verſchnitzt und verdrechſelt worden, deren jeglichem die Zauberkraft des ehemaligen Ganzen beiwohne, wenn man ſie nur kenne und zu gebrauchen wiſſe! Was ſollte ich dazu ſagen, daß er manchmal Stunden lang vor dem Klaviere ſaß, mit ſtarr geſenktem Blicke auf die Klaviatur, keinen Takt anrührte, und doch am Ende behauptete, er habe ſich nun eben im richtigen Vortrage der großen Beethoven'ſchen Symphonie ſelber übertroffen, oder alleweile eine Oper fertig gemacht, die auf der Stelle ihre tauſend Dukaten werth ſei? Warum hat man denn ihm nicht zur Ader gelaſſen oder Cremor Tartari gereicht? Warum atteſtirt es nicht auch dem der Kreisphyſikus, daß es bei ihm übergeſchnappt — Sapperment! — wie bei mir!

Freilich trieb ich hernach die Sache in's Große, ſchob in Deduktionen, Defenſionen und Berichte, die ich abzuſchreiben hatte, wenn mir Stellen darin nicht kräftig genug und zu trocken erſchienen, Verbeſſerungen eigner Fabrik ein, die meiſt wörtliche Stellen aus den Phantaſieſtücken und Hiſtorien meines Prinzipals oder angenehme Variationen derſelben waren und die ihm hernach mancherlei Verdruß machten, beſonders, wenn er im Anfange die Munda unterſchrieb und abgehen ließ, ohne ſie vorher durchzuleſen. Aber hatte ich nicht immer Recht und dieſe meine Geiſtesſtimmung, die die nüchternen Geſchäftsmenſchen nur nicht verſtanden, oder zu ſchätzen wußten, ſeiner eigenen Verführung, die wenigſtens den Acker zur nachher üppig darauf hervorgehenden Frucht bereitete, zu danken? Konnte ich verrückt werden — o Himmel! — wenn er es nicht ſelber war? Und bin ich denn auch verrückt? — Merkſt du mir — o du redlicher Leſer! — in dieſer Scriptur wohl das geringſte davon an? — Daß ich manchmal — notabene manchmal — wunderliche, oder erhabene Gedanken habe; kann man das „Verrücktheit" nennen? Und wäre es, wäre die unausſprechliche Seligkeit, die mich in ſolchen Stunden jung macht, reich, vornehm, klug, Wahn; o ſo ſegne ich den Wahn, der beſſer iſt, als die erbärmliche Wirklichkeit. Dieſen Wahn, dieſe Seligkeit habe ich, wie ſchon geſagt, ihm zu verdanken, ſo wie — eben auch den Spittel, noch eh ich in ihn förmlich einſtallirt wurde. Erhobſt nicht auch du mich dazu, die das Schickſal nach langer Trennung mir wieder gab zu ewiger Vereinigung?

Es war ein ſchwüler Sommerabend, als ich einſt wieder einmal matt und abgetrieben vom Amte nach Hauſe ſchlich, vor dem friedlichen Hauſe vorbei. Ach! — da ſehnte ich mich wieder, wie immer, in die Kühle des ſchattenvollen Gartens. Was hindert dich denn, hineinzugehen? — ſprach ich, als ich das Hausthor offen ſtehen ſah, wo man durch das dunkle Gewölbe in den Hof, aus dieſem hernach in den Garten kommt. Doch eine Scheu, eine Bangigkeit überfiel mich, als ſei dieſer Eingang die Pforte der Unterwelt, aus welcher man nie mehr zurückkehrt, wenn man einmal den kühnen Fuß hineingeſetzt. Mein Herz klopfte ſo ſtark und noch ſtärker, wie damals, als ich den erſten Schritt in das Haus des Oberhofgerichts-Prokurators that. Aber dennoch wagte ich es, zwar furchtſam in das Gewölbe, ſchlich mich durch den Hof, öffnete leiſe das Gitterthor und ſtand nun unter den Bäumen im grünen heimlichen Garten, in welchen ich ſo manchmal durch die Spalten des Bretterzauns mit einiger Wehmuth geſchauet. — Ich ſtand im Haine meiner Zukunft, vor der Erfüllung meines Schickſals, am Vorhange des Iſis-Tempels!

Bald gewahrte ich, daß ich nicht allein ſei. Am Waſſerſpiegel, ganz hinten unter den Akazien, wo das kleine Blumengehege, ſah ich, von mir abgewandt ein Frauenbild im langen, weißen ſchimmernden Kleide, das auf irgend etwas nachdenklich aufmerkſam ſeine Gedanken zu richten ſchien. Unbeweglich ſtand die Geſtalt, die ich für ein Gebilde von Stein gehalten haben würde, wenn nicht, faſt unmerklich, ihr Gewand im leiſen Abendhauche ſich bewegt hätte. Unwillkürlich näher gezogen vom Zauber geheimer Achtung, ſchlich ich durch die Seitengänge, immer weiter und weiter hin, bis ich von der Geſtalt nur noch wenige Schritte entfernt war. Da weckte ſie mein leiſer, doch in dieſer Einſamkeit immer noch hörbarer Fußtritt. Da wandte ſie ſich im purpurnen Schimmer des Abendrothes, der durch die dunkeln Baummaſſen der Akazien brach.

Da ſah ſie mich, ich ſie. Da ſchritten wir langſam näher und betrachteten uns lange in feierlichem Schweigen. Da reichten wir uns endlich in einem Momente die zitternden Hände. Sie ſtammelte: Jeremias! ich: Maria! Unſere Thränen floſſen in bitterſüßer Wehmuth. Wir hatten uns wieder gefunden, aber — wie!

Jeremias! — ſagte ſie nach langer Pauſe, tief athmend — wie biſt du alt geworden, in den acht Tagen und wie haben ſich deine Locken verwandelt, man ſollte ſchwören, du trugſt eine Perrücke! Siehe mich an! Bin ich nicht noch eben ſo friſch und munter, wie damals, als wir uns begegneten, auf der Reiſe, ich mit der Bürde, du mit dem Ranzel! Und ſchaue hier den Myrthenſtock. Iſt er nicht trefflich gewachſen, ſeit wir uns nicht geſehen? Und weiß ich's nun nicht ganz gewiß, daß den Vater die heiligen Engel geholt in den Himmel, in der Sankt Johannisnacht, und er ja gar nicht am Jäckchen geſtorben?

O Maria! — fiel ich ein — du hier! Hier im Spittel! Und du biſt nicht todt und lebſt! O ſage, wie kommſt du hierher?

Das ſollſt du erfahren — mein Freund! — erwiderte ſie. — Denn ſind wir nicht Brautleute? Iſt nicht nun die Hochzeit, ſobald der Vater aufwacht, da der Sekretair Kaumann nun lange ſchon todt iſt, in deſſen Stelle du gerückt?

[1–3] Siehe Phantaſieſtücke und Hiſtorien von Weisflog, Bd. I.

Komm mit, daß ich dir alles erzähle, aber weg von dieſem Orte, wo ich nicht frei leben kann, wie ich will!

Sie nahm mich bei der Hand. Unbemerkt tropften meine Thränen hernieder auf den Raſen, denn ich wußte nun, welcher Wurm dieſe Roſe zernagt. Wir wandelten einſam unter den Bäumen. Da verſpürte ich, daß der Irrwahn ſie verließ, je weiter wir uns entfernten vom Waſſerſpiegel und von den Blumen. Ein mildes Gefühl des Troſtes zog in meine verwundete Bruſt und mit wachſender Beruhigung ſah ich, wie ſie bald gänzlich befreit von den Träumen ihres nebelvollen Schickſals, mir zu erzählen vermochte, was ſich mit ihr begeben, wie ſie in Todesfurcht und Seelenfolter, mit raſender Geiſteszerrüttung aus dem Hauſe des Vaters gerannt, weit hinaus in's Freie. Damals habe ſie nicht gewußt, weder wo ſie hingerathen, noch wie lange dieſer ihr Zuſtand der Beſinnungsloſigkeit gedauert. Endlich nach vielen Jahren, die ihr vergangen, wie ein dumpfer Schlaf, habe ſie ſich in einem Hauſe wieder gefunden, das ſie nachher für das Irrenhaus der Reſidenz erkannt. Da habe der Arzt an ihrem Bette geſeſſen, wo ſie, nach einem ſchrecklichen Falle und langer Krankheit mit einem Male zum klaren Bewußtſein erwacht. Da habe man es denn wagen können, ihr zu entdecken, daß ſie bei ihrer Flucht ſich acht Tage lang menſchenſcheu in Feldern und Wäldern herumgetrieben, von Beeren und Korn ihr Leben gefriſtet, endlich aufgegriffen und in das Irrenhaus gebracht worden, wo ſie ſich fünfzehn Jahre in ununterbrochenem Wahnſinne befunden. Inzwiſchen ſei der Aſſeſſor, der nachher Rath geworden, gefoltert von Gewiſſensbiſſen verſtorben, von ſeinem Vermögen aber, das zerſtoben, wie Spreu im Winde, doch noch ſo viel gerettet worden, daß er reuevoll auf ſeinem Todtenbette ihr eine Penſionsſtelle hier im Spittel dieſer entfernten Provinzialſtadt erkaufen können, da doch Umſtände ihren völligen Rücktritt in die Welt unmöglich gemacht. Und ſo lebte ſie denn hier ſeit fünf Jahren, während welchen ſie nie erfahren können, was aus mir geworden, da ſie ſelber das Haus nie verlaſſen, auch ſie mich längſt für todt gehalten. Die Umſtände, die ſie in dieſem Aufenthalt hier noch ferner feſt bannten, die wiſſe ich nun, da ich ſie gerade an dem Orte getroffen, der, wie ſo manches andere noch ihre ſtille Melancholie, wie ihre Träume aus der Vergangenheit errege.

Tief hatte mich dieſes Wiederfinden und das Schickſal der armen Maria ergriffen! Wie vor den Kopf geſchlagen ging ich herum in finſtrer Trauer über unſer ſo grauſam verpfuſchtes Leben, über die verlorne Jugend, die niemals, niemals mehr wiederkehrt. Maria ſtand vor mir überall. Bald nahm meine Seele die Farbe der übrigen an und von da ab inkommodirte mich der Kreisphyſikus mit ſeinen unnützen Fragen, mit ſeinen Pillen und Aderläſſen. Meinen Prinzipal hatte ich übrigens ſofort von der Sache in Kenntniß geſetzt, da ich wußte, daß das gerade Waſſer auf ſeine Mühle ſein würde, ſintemal ſich daraus wohl eine leidliche Hiſtoria dürfte fabriciren laſſen. Seine Theilnahme für mich und Marien, die er zum öftern beſucht, war Balſam in mein Herz, und vermehrte ſich, als er nun gewahrte, welchen Eindruck dieſe Kataſtrophe auf mich gemacht. Täglich durfte ich meine Maria ſehen. Aber täglich vermehrte und vergrößerte ſich auch das angebliche Elend, welches meine arme Feder im Dienſte ſtiftete. Ja mein Prinzipal wäre nach den konfuſen Begriffen ſeiner Behörden, die in Amtsſachen auf pedantiſche Weiſe nur das Rechtliche, nicht das Romantiſche goutiren, ſchlechterdings verloren geweſen, wenn er nun nicht alle meine Munda ſorgfältig durchgeleſen hätte. Denn ſo mußte ich unter andern ein Urtel mundiren, in Sachen eines armen Mädchens gegen ihren Verführer, in welchem der letztere — ein frecher, liederlicher Taugenichts, zur gewöhnlichen, ſehr geringen Entſchädigung der Entehrten, ſo wie zum, wo möglich noch elenderen Erziehungsbeitrage für das Kind verurtheilt wurde, für welchen man nicht einen Hund zu ernähren im Stande. Das erbitterte mich. Wie! — rief ich — Dieſer Kerl ſoll leben und Mutter und Kind verhungern, während er ſchwelgt! Mit nichten! Sterben muß die Kanaille, wenn ſie nicht davon läuft, was ihr nicht zu verdenken wäre! Ich veränderte daher das ganze Erkenntniß, verurtheilte den Beklagten ohne Weiteres — — zum Tode, ſetzte die Klägerin und das Kind zu ſeinen Erben und ſagte in den Entſcheidungsgründen unter andern folgendes:

„Der Mörder, der mit dem Vorſatze zu morden, ſeinem Mitmenſchen das Leben raubt, wird nach dem Geſetz des eigenen Lebens verluſtig. Ob der Gemordete ein Kind ſei, eine Stunde alt, das vielleicht in der nächſten ohnedem geſtorben wäre, wie recht und billig, da es auf dieſe Weiſe in ewiger Jugend verbliebe und die Qualen des Lebens nicht litte, oder ein Familienvater; das iſt hier egal. Die Kindermörderin gelangt nicht minder zum Rabenſteine, wie der Raubmörder auf offener Heerſtraße. Allein ob der Mörder mit dem Leibe ſeines Schlachtopfers auch zugleich deſſen Seele verderbt, wenn es eine hat, wie doch öfters der Fall; darnach wird nicht gefragt, und dennoch iſt der Mord der Seele nach den Begriffen unſers Glaubens, gräßlicher, als der Mord des Leibes, abſonderlich, wenn ſothaner Mord durch Opium von einem Aſſeſſor begangen wird, per indirectum. Wer ſolchen Mord zugleich mit dem Morde des Leibes verübt, hätte er zehn Leben, mit allen würde er ſein Verbrechen nicht büßen. Was iſt aber Beklagter anders, als ein ſolcher doppelter, ja, — wenn man das Kind gewiſſermaßen auch für einen Menſchen hält — ein vierfacher Mörder! Er, verſenkt in den Schlummer der Liederlichkeit, hat abſichtlich ein unſchuldiges Mädchen verführt und die Folgen ſeiner That waren ihm wohl bekannt. Er hat das Laſter in ihre Seele gepflanzt und das Laſter der Mutter, wie ſein eigenes auf ſein Kind vererbt. Die Mutter, in ihrer individuellen Lage, kann und wird ſich nie mehr zur Tugend erheben. Schon jetzt leidet ſie auch körperlich an den Folgen ihres Vergehens zugleich mit ihrem Kinde. Beide ſterben langſam und qualvoll dahin an Leib und Seele und der Beklagte iſt ihr Mörder. Daß er beide nicht formell mit der Axt todtgeſchlagen, ſondern ihnen das langſame, aber gewiß tödtende Gift eingeflößt, wie unerkanntes Opium in einem wohlſchmeckenden Glaſe Burgunder Kardinals, das ſollte ſeine Strafe nur noch ſchärfen, da die Geſetze heimlichen Giftmord ſtrenger ahnden, als jeden andern, notabene, wenn er entdeckt wird, weil im Gegentheile der Aſſeſſor doch Rath wird, auch die Nürnberger keinen henken, ſie hätten ihn denn zuvor. Es mag jedoch Mutter und Kind auch geneſen: immer iſt und bleibt ihr Leben gewaltſam verkürzt, und ſei es um ein Jahr, um einen Tag. Und wäre es nur um eine Stunde; der, der ſolches gethan, hat die Strafe des Mordes ſo gut erwirkt, wie jede Kindesmörderin, die durch ihre That den natürlichen Tod nur beſchleunigt und höchſtens kann dies die Strafe des Mörders vom Rade zum Schwerte vermildern. Daß er abſichtlich gemordet, das unterliegt keinem Bedenken, da er bei ſeiner Bildung die Folgen ſeiner That ſehr wohl gewußt, auch nicht in betrunkenem Rauſche, ſondern mit liſtiger Ueberlegung gefrevelt, als er die Verführte zu ſeinem Willen verlockt.

Ganz ſie zu entſchädigen mit Gelde, das iſt er nicht im Stande. Und hätte er auch den Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator Krünitz beerbt; wer bürgt ihm dafür, daß ihm am Ende noch ſo viel übrig bleibt, Mutter und Kind in den Spittel einzukaufen, — dem Tauſendſapperlot! Eben ſo unmöglich iſt nach ſeinen Verhältniſſen eine Verehelichung mit der Klägerin. Allein damit doch etwas gethan werde, muß er ſchleunigſt und ohne weitere Defenſion, damit er ſich indeß nicht verfriſtet, vom Leben zum Tode gebracht werden, Mutter und Kind aber Erbe ſeines Nachlaſſes ſein, weshalb denn überall, wie geſchehen zu erkennen geweſen von Rechtswegen."

Armer Jeremias! — rief mein Prinzipal wehmüthig, als er dieſes Mundum geleſen, und eine Thräne fiel aus ſeinen Augen herab auf den verderbten Stempelbogen. In welcher Welt lebſt du! Was würde aus der Bevölkerung werden, wenn du Geſetzgeber oder Regent wäreſt! Was aus mir ſelber, wenn ich dein Urtheil publicirte! — Nein! Bis hieher und nicht weiter!

Von nun an durfte ich nicht mehr ſchreiben. Mein langes Kopiſtenelend war kommen zu einem ſeligen Ende. Zu einem ſeligen! ſeufzte ich, als ich das mündliche Abſetzungs-Dekret erhielt — Ach! noch immer mit derſelben Milde von meinem Herrn behandelt, doch im Gefühle meiner nunmehrigen Ueberflüſſigkeit bei ihm, ſo wie überhaupt im Leben, wußte ich ja lange nicht, woran ich eigentlich ſei, ob er mir das Gnadenbrod oder den Laufpaß geben werde — wieder hinaus in die freie, weite Welt.

Keins von Beiden erfolgte. Auch dieſes Räthſel löſete ſich. Die drückende Schwüle der Ungewißheit ward zum ſanften Abendhauche kühlender Erholung.

Was heißt — fragte mich nach einigen Tagen mein Prinzipal —

Otium divos rogat in patenti
prensus Aegaeo

zu deutſch?

Um Ruhe — war meine Antwort — um Ruhe fleht ſeinen milden Patron der arme Jeremias, der auf dem weiten Meere des Lebens hin und her geſchleudert worden.

Ganz recht! — entgegnete der Prinzipal — Und wo findet der arme Jeremias ſeine Ruhe? fragte er weiter —

Im Grabe! — erwiderte ich, mit traurig zu Boden geſenkten Blicken — bis dahin aber, daß ich zu dem friedlichen Port gelange — —

In der Vereinigung mit Marien — fiel mein Herr ein — Nicht wahr! Nun ich hab' es errathen. Ich hab' es vorder gewußt, daß es ſo kommen werde. Treue, zehnjährige Dienſte kann auch ich vergelten, obſchon ich kein reicher Oberhofgerichts-Prokurator bin. Darum hab' ich es nun bei dem Magiſtrate erlangt. Sie ſind Spittelvoigt in der Georgen-Anſtalt mit auskömmlichem Gehalt und hier iſt die Beſtallung.

Im Spittel bin ich? Im Spittel — rief ich außer mir vor Freude — bei Marien? Bei meiner Maria?

Ja! fuhr mein Prinzipal fort — Bei Ihrer Maria! Auch ſie weiß es ſchon und iſt glücklich, und es wird nun von Euch abhängen, wann der Myrthenſtock im Garten ſeine Zweige geben ſoll zum Brautkränzlein.

O, ſo ſchimmert denn auch mir noch — jubelte ich — und Marien ein freundliches Abendroth auf Erden! So iſt es denn wirklich wahr, daß ich fortan ganz und gar ſein und leben ſoll im kühlen Hauſe, im dunkeln ſchattenvollen Garten?

Wirklich! — ſchloß mein Wohlthäter und ſchon den Tag darauf war meine feierliche Inſtallation.

Geführt von einem Rathsdeputirten zur Rechten, von meinem Herrn zur Linken, zog ich nach dem Spittel.

Da empfingen mich ſeine Bewohner, alle ſtattlich geputzt, die zitternden, lächelnden Greiſe mit freundlichem Händedrucke — ſie kannten mich ja ſchon alle — und die Verrückten ſtreuten Blumen. Der Kommerzienrath im grünen, langen Pelze — wie immer, ſeit er ſich, wie er ſagte, auf einer Fußreiſe über das Eismeer und den Nordpol totaliter verkältet, obſchon er ſich im neun und achtzigſten Grade der Breite, bei einem freundlichen Gaſtwirthe, der ſich da auf dem Rücken eines Kraken etablirt und eine Reſtauration angelegt, eine warme Bierſuppe kochen laſſen — hielt ſeine hohe Bergeiſtange mit den bunten, flatternden Wimpeln und rief: O, ſchönſter Tag meines Lebens, an welchem ich mit meinen glücklichen Augen in ſiegbaftem Einzuge zu ſeiner Reſidenz den großen Radjah erblicke, mit dem ich bei Kabul auf dem Elephanten gefrühſtückt und Chokolade getrunken! — Willkommen mein Schatz! lachte das Mägdlein mit der weißen Roſe. Willkommen! ſchrieen und murmelten alle.

Nur Maria fehlte. Das wußte ich ihr Dank, denn die ſchwebte ja hoch über allen dieſen. Sie gehörte nicht zu ihnen und drinnen — davon war ich überzeugt — harrete ſie ja doch meiner mit Sehnſucht und Liebe. Hatte ſie nicht ſchon den Tag vorher mein Gemach ſtattlich aufgeputzt und mir den vollen Becher mit Aſtern auf den Tiſch geſetzt und lächelnd dabei geſagt: Siehe dieſe herrlichen Veilchen, Jeremias! Du denkſt vielleicht, es ſind Blumen des Herbſtes und grämſt dich, daß nun bald der Winter komme, wo du ſchlafen mußt und ich. Glaube den täuſchenden Augen nicht! Es ſind Veilchen, blaue duftende Märzveilchen! liebliche Kinder des Frühlings, die Boten, die uns die wiederkehrende Jugend verkünden!

Aber aus ſeiner Zuckertonne erhob ſich der Magiſter David mit halbem Leibe und perorirte:

Laßt, eh' wir unſre Andacht ſchließen
— Ihr lieben Chriſten! — Eure Thränen fließen,
daß alles gar ſo eitel iſt.
Wir werden alt und ſchwach, geboren kaum.
Des Lebens Jugend ſchwindet wie ein Traum,
aus dem man wieder andre Träume ſprießen,
die all' im letzten Schlafe man vergißt.
Doch eben, daß das Träumen und das Wähnen
nicht ewig dauert, trocknet Eure Thränen.
Ich ſelbſt — Lutherus, wie Ihr wißt —
ich habe ſeit dreihundert Jahren
des Schickſals Wechſel auch erfahren,
und nach des Lebens irrem Lauf,
der kühle Spittel nahm mich auf,
der freundlich, ſtill und frei iſt von Beſchwerde,
wie ſein Herr Bruder unten in der Erde,
den man das Grab heißt. Wie des Meeres Welle
in tiefer Menſchenbruſt auch ſchäumt und wogt,
Der Sturm verbrauſt, die Nacht wird ſternenhelle,
wenn lächelnd Euch an ſeiner ſtillen Schwelle
Freund Klapperbein empfängt — der Spittelvoigt.
und Fürſtenmäntel, wie der Bettler Kittel,
ſie müſſen alle in den Spittel!
Denn alle gingen die da kamen
und aus iſt meine Predigt. Amen!

Johann Nicolaus Weislinger

wurde 1691 zu Püttlingen in Lothringen geboren. Er bekleidete das Amt eines Definitors des Rural-Kapitels Ottersweyher, dann eines Pfarrers zu Kapell im Breisgau, und ſtarb nach 1752.

Von ihm erſchien:

Friß Vogel oder ſtirb. Straßburg, 1723.
Der neue lutheriſche Heilige P. Prosper. Koſtnitz, 1729.
Des allenthalben feindſeligſt angegriffenen Weislingers höchſt billige und gründliche Antwort ꝛc. Kapell, 1733. 2 Thle.
Hutterus delarvatus. Konſtanz u. Augsburg, 1730.
Auserleſene Merkwürdigkeiten von alten und neuen theologiſchen Marktſchreiereien. Straßburg, 1738. 4 Thle.
Zweihundertjähriges Jahrgedächtniß auf Luther's Todesfall. Straßburg, 1746.

Ein unermüdeter geiſtlicher Klopffechter und einer der heftigſten Gegner Luther's und der Reformation, zeichnete W. ſich jedoch nur durch ſeine Galle, Plumpheit und Gemeinheit aus.

Chriſtian Felix Weiße

ward am 28. Januar 1726 zu Annaberg geboren, erhielt, nach dem Tode ſeines Vaters, ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf dem Gymnaſium in Altenburg und ſtudirte dann ſeit 1745 Philologie und Theologie in Leipzig. Hier übte der Umgang mit Klopſtock, Cramer, Gellert, Rabener, Käſtner u. A. und ganz vorzüglich mit Leſſing, einen ganz eigenthümlichen Reiz auf ihn aus, und trieb ihn an, ſich ſelbſt in poetiſchen Arbeiten zu verſuchen. 1750 ward er Hofmeiſter eines Grafen von Geyersberg, den er ſpäter nach Paris begleitete. Als er von dort zurückgekehrt war, lebte er eine Zeit lang bei dem Grafen von Schulenburg auf Burgſcheidungen und am Hofe zu Gotha, bis er 1761 Oberſteuerſecretair zu Leipzig und ſpäter Kreisſteuereinnehmer wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt nach einem langen arbeitſamen Leben, auf das höchſte von ſeinen Mitbürgern verehrt und geliebt, am 16. December 1804.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Beitrag zum deutſchen Theater. Leipzig, 1759—68; 2. Aufl. 1767 fgd. 5 Thle.
Komiſche Opern. Leipzig, 1767—71. Neue Ausg. 1777. 3 Thle.
Trauerſpiele. Leipzig, 1776—80. 4 Thle.
Luſtſpiele. Leipzig, 1783. 3 Thle.
Lyriſche Gedichte. Leipzig, 1772. 3 Bde.
Der Kinderfreund. Leipzig, 1776—82. 24 Bde.
Briefwechſel der Familie des Kinderfreundes. Leipzig, 1783—92. 12 Thle.
Autobiographie. Leipzig, 1807.
Viele Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen, Franzöſiſchen u. ſ. w. Auch war er Redacteur der Bibliothek der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften und freien Künſte.

Es fehlte W. durchaus an eigentlicher Originalität und an dem Muthe, etwas Neues zu wagen, trotz dem, daß gerade ſeine Zeit ſo mächtig ſich entwickelte und bedeutenden Neuerungen die Bahn brach. Er iſt als der letzte Anhänger des franzöſiſchen Geſchmackes zu betrachten und ſeine Leiſtungen, beſonders die dramatiſchen, waren deshalb nicht ohne Wirkung auf die Menge, weil er denſelben durchaus etwas Verſtändliches brachte und namentlich fremde Stoffe mit Geſchmack und Talent für Deutſchland zu behandeln wußte. Am glücklichſten iſt er daher auch in der leichteren Gattung, vorzüglich im Luſtſpiel und noch mehr in der Operette, welche letztere jedoch erſt ihren eigentlichen Glanz durch Hillers Compoſition erhielt. Weiße's lyriſche Dichtungen zeichnen ſich eben ſo durch gefällige und gewandte Behandlung der Gegenſtände und durch Correctheit und Leichtigkeit aus, dagegen fehlt es ihnen aber faſt durchgängig an Neuheit der Gedanken, an Tiefe und Gluth der Empfindungen und an poetiſcher Kraft. Seine Jugendſchriften waren für die Zeit, in der ſie entſtanden, recht wohl gemeint und erfreuten ſich auch recht großer Verbreitung. Jetzt ſind ſie nur noch ein veraltetes Zeugniß der damaligen beſchränkten Anſichten in Allem, was die Erziehung und Bildung der Kinder betraf.

Aus: Weiße's Richard der Dritte.

Richard. Die Königin. Eliſabeth.

Königin.

Grauſamer! ſollen wir vielleicht das Beiſpiel ſehn
Von einem Todtenfeſt, dir, Wütherich, zu begehn!
Iſt unſrer Freunde Mord, ſind unſrer Kinder Schmerzen
Des Buhlers erſt Geſchenk? der Weg zu unſern Herzen?

Richard.

Ja, wenn die Wohlthat uns das Herz nicht öffnen kann.
Ich biet' in dieſer Hand ihr Kron' und Scepter an;
Ha! iſt ihr dies Geſchenk zu klein? der Britten Kronen?
Wohlan! wie ſoll man denn dies Opfer ihr belohnen?

Eliſabeth.

Vor Unmuth ſpringt mein Herz noch unter ſeiner Laſt!
Du ſprichſt von Kronen? Du! die du geſtohlen haſt?
Doch will ich dir nochmals, noch hundertmal dir ſagen,
Und hätte deine Hand mir Welten angetragen;
So ſprách' ich: fort, Tyrann! nimm deine Welten hin!
Ich bin mir eine Welt und bleibe, was ich bin.
Ein tugendhaftes Herz und ein unſchuldiges Leben,
Nicht Kron und Scepter ſinds, die unſern Werth uns geben.

Richard.

Der ſüßen Schönen kann ich dieſen Wahn verzeihn.
Die Liebe gibt ihr ihn und nicht die Staatskunſt ein:
Sie wird im dunkeln Hain Richmonden eh beweinen,
Als in des Purpurs Glanz auf einem Throne ſcheinen.

Eliſabeth.

So weint ſie nicht um Blut, das du vergoſſen haſt,
Unſchuldig, ungedrückt von deiner Krone Laſt!
Trag' du die Kron' allein! glänz' auf dem Thron der Britten!
Nur eines Räubers Huld iſt, was wir von dir bitten:
Nimm uns, was übrig iſt! nimm Kron und Scepter dir!
Das Leben ſchenk' uns nur, und dafür danken wir.

Richard.

Ha! kann die Königin dies unbeſtrafend hören!
Ich weiß es, dies ſind nicht der weiſen Mutter Lehren;
Sie kennet, welch ein Glück der Purpur uns verheißt,
Der Wunſch, das höchſte Ziel von einem großen Geiſt!
Mit andern Augen wird ſie meine Huld betrachten:
Ich weiß, ſie lehrte dich —

Königin.

Dich und den Thron verachten.
Wie lange ſprichſt du noch gekränkter Tugend Hohn!
Wer ſind Wir, und wer Du, und weſſen iſt der Thron,
Den du verſchenken willſt? — Geh! eil', es aufzuſchlagen,
Das höllenſchwarze Buch von deinen Lebenstagen;
Kein Blatt! ein jedes klagt ein teufliſch Laſter an.
Kein Schritt! und Blut und Tod bezeichnen deine Bahn!
Die Erde, wo du ſtehſt, raucht auf von deinem Grimme,
Wo du ein Grabmal ſiehſt, tönt der Erſchlagnen Stimme,
Sie tönt, ſchreit auf zu Gott! und Gott, Gott höret ſie,
Spannt ſeine Donner an, und kommt ſpät oder früh!
Die Dienrin ſeines Zorns auf ausgeſpannten Flügeln,
Die Rache rauſchet ſchon von jenen Leichenhügeln
Und ſchwebet über dir! ich hör' ſie, Böſewicht,
Ich hör' ich ſehe ſie: und du erzitterſt nicht?
Was willſt du? —

Richard
(zieht den Degen und geht nach der Prinzen Schlafgemach).

Dieſes ſoll dir gleich die Antwort geben!

(Die Königin fällt ihm zu Füße und hält ſeine Arme umfaßt, Eliſabeth ergreift ihn bei dem Arme.)

Königin.

Nicht eher! raube mir zuvor mein trauriges Leben!
Sie! eine Königin, die mehr den Thron geſchmückt
Als du, liegt tief vor dir im Staube hingebückt!
Stoß zu; ſo lange bleib' ich auf den Boden liegen!
Tod iſt dein Lieblingswort und Qualen dein Vergnügen.
Was zauderſt du? bin ich nicht dieſer Gnade werth?

Eliſabeth
(reicht ihm mit abgewandtem Geſichte die Hand).

Tyrann! hier iſt die Hand! die haſt du ja begehrt!
Komm! führ' dein Opfer fort! führ' es zu den Altären:
Hier will ich — ew'gen Haß dir vor dem Prieſter ſchwören:
Doch hüte dich, daß nicht vor Ungeduld mein Geiſt,
Sobald du dich mir nahſt, ſein Sclavenhaus zerreißt,
Den ſchnöden Leib dir läßt, zu ſeinem Urſprung fliehet,
Und voll Verachtung dort auf dich hernieder ſiehet;
Unſichtbar dich verfolgt, in Träumen dich erſchreckt,
Und alle Furien zu deiner Marter weckt!

Königin
(ſchlägt die Hände zuſammen und hebt ſie gen Himmel).

Was thuſt du, Tochter? Weh! weh mir! —

Eliſabeth.

Es iſt geſchehen!
Hier iſt die Hand, Tyrann, laß uns zum Altar gehen!

Richard.

Genug! o ſchöne Wuth! ſo lang gefällſt du mir —
Dein Drohen ſchreckt mich nicht, die Bürgen hab' ich hier,
(er zeigt nach Schlafgemach)
Und wenn —

Eliſabeth.

Dies ſchwör' ich dir! bei Gott ſei es geſchworen
Und allen Heiligen: die Hand ſoll dich durchbohren
Und dein meineidigs Herz zerfleiſchen, wo es nicht
Der Prinzen Leben ſchont, und die Bedingung bricht:
Die Hand (die iſt nun dein) wirſt du doch ſo viel lehren
Ein Blut, wie deines iſt, frohlockend zu zerſtören! —
Nur die Bedingung! — nichts — ſonſt nichts —

Richard.

Es ſoll geſchehen.
Die Prinzen leben —

Königin.

Ach! darf ſie die Mutter ſehn?

Richard.

Bald! —

Eliſabeth.

Und warum nicht jetzt?

Richard.

Die Thüren ſind verſchloſſen.
Doch ſoll ſie Catesby, noch eh der Tag verfloſſen
Dir öffnen — und ſo oft, als du gebieten wirſt!

Eliſabeth.

Ha! ſiehe zu, Tyrann, daß du uns nicht verführſt!
Ich bin das Opfer! —

Königin

Sie! welch Opfer! meiner Seele
Geliebtes, beſtes Kind! — (gen Himmel) dir befehle
Ich ſie und uns —

Richard.

Dich ſoll des Opfers nicht gereun,
Und Richard wird für euch mehr, als ihr glaubet, ſein!
(Zur Eliſabeth) Bald ſoll die Liebe dich zu mir zum Altar führen!
Und alsdann öffnen ſich auf ewig dieſe Thüren;
Ja, Königin, alsdann — genug! ich ſag' es zu!
Geht und beruhigt euch —

Eliſabeth
(ganz ſchwach, ergreift ihre Mutter bei der Hand).

Ja, ich bedarf der Ruh!
Ach! liebſte Mutter, komm, und wein' in meine Zähren!
Vielleicht, daß wir auch bald dies einzge Glück entbehren!
(Sie gehen ab.)

Richard (allein).

Geht nur, Unglückliche! geht nur! Ihr ſollt ſie ſehen,
Das hochgeprieſ'ne Paar! ſie, meines Zorns Trophäen!
Bald ſoll ſie dieſe Fauſt gleich einem Sturm ergreifen
Und wie das Laub im Herbſt von ſtolzen Aeſten ſtreifen —
Bei Gott — bald fürcht' ich mich! — ich ſchäme mich vor mir!
Wie Löwen gingen ſie auf ein gejagtes Thier,
Entathmet, ſtumm, betäubt, ſchaut' ich nach jener Höhe,
Als ob ich ſchon den Tod herunter ſteigen ſähe! —
Und dieſes iſt ein ſanft und zärtliches Geſchlecht?
Und ſie ſind nicht beſtraft! und ich bin nicht gerächt?
(Er zieht den Degen und ſieht ihn an.)
Biſt du auch ſcharf genug? — Ja, auf der Götterſitze
Schlägt nicht ein Jupiter, wie ich, mit dieſem Blitze! —
(Er fährt jählings zuſammen.)
Ha! welche kalte Hand fuhr über mich dahin! —
Wie? — was? — ich glaube gar, daß ich ein Träumer bin!
Es war der Tod! — er kömmt! mein Freund kennt meine Stimme!
Komm! ſtähl' ein ſchüchtern Herz und füll' es ganz mit Grimme!
Es ſträubt ſich — und warum? klopft ſcheu und unruhvoll!
Ich fürchte mich doch nicht, daß ich jetzt morden ſoll?
Die Feinde meines Glücks? Die Räuber meiner Größe?
Zwei Kinder! weiter nichts, als zween herzhafte Stöße —
Und doch — (höhniſch) Ja, dieſes wird vielleicht mir fürchterbar ſein,
Wenn ſie voll Todesangſt durchdringend „Oheim!“ ſchrein?
Wenn ſich der kleine York an meinem Buſen windet,
Und mich zu küſſen glaubt, und ſich durchſtochen findet?
Wenn Eduard, den ſchon der Thronen Stolz erfüllt,
Für ſeinen Bruder fleht, und für ſich trotzig ſchilt! —
Weh ihm! — Den Augenblick ſoll er nicht überleben,
Und ſchrecklich ſein Gehirn an düſtern Mauern kleben! —
Mich ſchaudert! — Still! — wer ruft? — die Stimme Heinrichs! — Ja! —
Noch einmal! — noch einmal! — da floh ſein Schatten! — da! —
Er kömmt zurück! — er rauſcht — er ſchreitet hin und wieder! —
Er ſteht! — Sein Auge rollt! — gießt Flammen auf mich nieder!
Er droht! — er winkt! er winkt! — umſonſt! — ich folge nicht!
Er flieht! die Erde bebt! — weg ſchreckliches Geſicht!
Verdammte Phantaſie! wie oft wirſt du mich plagen? —
Ich Feiger! werd' ich noch zuletzt vor Schatten zagen?
Wo bleibt doch Tyrell! — ſtill! — er iſt's! —

Richard. Tyrell.

Richard.

Du kömmſt ſehr ſpät!

Tyrell.

So bald, als dein Gebot mich hergerufen hat! —
Doch welche Bläſſe, Herr, bezeichnet deine Wangen?
Haſt du, eh du hier warſt, die Nachricht ſchon empfangen,
Daß Richmond voller Wuth den Angriff nun gewagt? —

Richard.

Verwegner! hab ich noch vor einem Feind gezagt?
Schweig' meinen Zorn! — doch wie! iſt er zurück getrieben?
Hat nicht mein Heer die Hand voll Volk gleich aufgerieben?
Iſt Richmond nicht entflohn?

Tyrell.

Der Streit begann erſt itzt.
Voll Muth ſcheint Richmonds Heer und Richmond ſelbſt erhitzt.
Man ſah ein wenig ſelbſt dein Heer zurück ſich ziehen,
So ſchien es, ſagt man —

Richard.

Sprich lieber gar, ſie fliehen.
Durchbohrteſt du den nicht, der dir die Nachricht gab? —
Nenn' ihn, es wartet ſein ein unvermeidlich's Grab! —
Doch eine große That ſollſt du erſt mit mir theilen!
Dann will ich voller Muth auf jenes Schlachtfeld eilen:
Dann bring' ich im Triumph, gekrönt mit Sieg und Glück,
Das blutbeſpritzte Haupt des Bräutigams zurück!
Was werden über ihn für ſchöne Thränen fließen!
Dann wird ſie mit die Hand vom Blute trocknen müſſen.
Wie ihre Thränen ich! Ich werd' es lächelnd ſehn,
Und jeden Schreckenszug in ihren Mienen ſpähn;
Ha! der Gedanke ſelbſt beflügelt meine Stärke —
Auf! Tyrell! nimm den Dolch: komm zu dem großen Werke! —
Du bebſt — Verfluchter! wie! — Du bebſt! vor wem! vor mir!
Gut! wenn du vor mir bebſt, alsdann verzeih ich dir —
Nur nicht vor einem Mord von dieſen Königsknaben,
Mit ihnen wirſt du ſonſt ein gleich Verhängniß haben.

Tyrell.

Doch Herr —

Richard.

Kein Wort! — Sieh her,
(Er zeigt ihm den Dolch.)
Du ſiehſt, er iſt gezückt.
Du kennſt mich — folge mir — mach dich zum Mord geſchickt!
Ein weibiſch Mitleid ſteht nicht Dienern meiner Rache:
Die Wuth iſt ihre Pflicht und Tödten ihre Sache.
Verſtopf dein zärtlich Ohr dem kindiſchen Geſchrei,
Und zeig', wie ſehr dein Arm des Beifalls würdig ſei —
Ohn' Aufſchub! ſtoß zuerſt, wenn du mich willſt verſöhnen

Tyrell.

Ich folge — welche Qual, den Wütrichen zu dienen!

(Sie gehen mit gezückten Dolchen nach dem Zimmer, wo Prinz Eduard und York verſchloſſen ſind.)

Gedichte von C. F. Weiße.

Der Sieg über ſich ſelbſt.

Hört zu! ich will die Weisheit ſingen:
Die Kunſt, ſich ſelber zu bezwingen,
Kenn' ich, ich kenne ſie allein.
Es lehrt kein Doktor und Profeſſor
Sie leichter, gründlicher und beſſer:
Trinkt Wein!
So lernt ihr weiſe ſein.

Müßt ihr euch vor Markolfen beugen,
Seht ihr ihn täglich höher ſteigen,
Weiſt er euch ab, läßt Narren ein!
Laßt ſie ſich Reverenzen machen,
Und ihr, den Dummkopf zu belachen,
Trinkt Wein!
Da ſeid ihr groß, er klein.

Zwingt euch Galantens Glück zum Neide,
Deckt euch nur Woll', ihn Sammt und Seide;
Seht ihr, er muß gefahren ſein.
Er fahr' und überrechne Schulden!
Und ihr! für euren letzten Gulden
Trinkt Wein!
So ſchlaft ihr ruhig ein.

Wenn Nachbarn eure Rechte kränken,
Mit arger Liſt und böſen Ränken;
Wer ſoll euch ſeinen Beiſtand leihn?
Geht ja nicht hin zum Advokaten;
Ihr könnt euch ſelbſt am klügſten rathen:
Trinkt Wein!
So werdet ihr verzeihn.

Wenn Chloris unempfindlich bleibet,
Und Spott mit euren Flammen treibet,
Und Scherz mit eurer Liebespein:
So raſ't nicht gegen euer Leben;
Statt euch mit Gifte zu vergeben,
Trinkt Wein!
So wird die Lieb' euch reun.

Mittel der Deutſchen wider die Schwermuth.

Trotzt auf den Vorzug nur, entfernte Nationen!
Nein, Deutſchlands Klugheit lob' ich mir:
Und die in Süd' und Weſt und in Nordoſten wohnen,
Sind halb ſo weiſe nicht als wir.

Der leichte Franzmann pfeift und ſchneidet Kapriolen,
Der römiſche Kaſtrate ſingt:
Der Britte greift nach Strang, nach Degen, nach Piſtolen,
Der Deutſche, was thut der? er trinkt!

Lieder für Kinder.

Der junge Baum.

Das liebe, kleine Bäumchen hier
Iſt, ſagt Papa, gleich alt mit mir,
Und trägt, ſo jung und zart,
Schon Früchte von der beſten Art.

Es lohnt dem Vater, deſſen Hand
So vielen Fleiß darauf verwandt:
Wie wird es ihn erfreun,
Wird es zum Baum erwachſen ſein!

O! bin ich nicht dem Bäumchen gleich?
Zwar jetzt nur noch an Blüthen reich:
Doch giebt mir Gott Gedeihn;
So will ich's auch an Früchten ſein.

Das Veilchen.

Warum, geliebtes Veilchen, blühſt
Du ſo entfernt im Thal!
Verſteckſt dich unter Blättern, fliehſt
Der ſtolzen Blumen Zahl?

Und doch voll Liebreiz duftſt du,
Sobald man dich gepflückt,
Uns ſüßre Wohlgerüche zu
Als manche, die ſich ſchmückt.

Du biſt der Demuth Ebenbild,
Die in der Stille wohnt,
Und den, der ihr Verdienſt enthüllt,
Mit frommem Dank belohnt.

Der Mai.

Es lächelt auf's neu
Der fröhliche Mai
In buntem, feſtlichem Kleide:
Von Höhen und Thal
Tönt überall
Die ſüße Stimme der Freude.

In Wieſen und Flur
Giebt uns die Natur
Die ſchönſten Blumen zu pflücken:
Drum will ich zum Tanz
Mit einem Kranz
Die blonden Haare mir ſchmücken.

Doch ſollt' ich nicht den,
Der alles ſo ſchön
Erſchuf, erſt brünſtig erheben?
Durch Jubelgeſang
Preiſ' ihn mein Dank,
Doch mehr — mein künftiges Leben!

Das Kartenhäuschen.

Lacht nur, guten Leute, lacht,
Daß mein Haus, das ich gemacht,
Eine leichte Luft zerſtört!
Iſt dieß Lachens werth?

O! ihr baut auch oft in Wind!
Sagt, was eure Schlöſſer ſind,
Die ihr euch ſo hoch erbaut,
Und mit Stolz beſchaut?

Werden ſie noch morgen ſtehn?
Ja — vielleicht, wir wollen ſehn!
Stört nicht oft ein Augenblick
Unſer ganzes Glück?

Die kleinen Leute.

In Lilliput, (ich glaub' es kaum,
Doch Swift erzählt's) giebts Leute
So groß als ungefähr mein Daum:
Man denk' erſt in der Weite!
Da müſſen ſie gewiß ſo klein
Als bei uns eine Mücke ſein.

O wär' ich dort, wie groß wär' ich!
Man nennte mich den Rieſen,
Und mit den Fingern würd' auf mich,
Wo man mich säh', gewieſen:
Dort, ſprächen ſie, dort gehet er!
Und vor mir ging ein Schrecken her.

Doch, wenn ich nun nicht klüger wär'
Als jetzt; ſie aber wären
Geſitteter, verſtändiger,
Wie? würden ſie mich ehren?
Ich glaube kaum. Sie würden ſchrein:
Im Leibe groß, am Geiſte klein!

Auf einen künſtlichen Garten.

Dein Garten iſt ſehr ſchön geſchmückt!
Hier Statuen und dort Caſcaden;
Die ganze Götterzunft, hier Faunen, dort Najaden,
Und ſchöne Nymphen, die ſich baden:
Und Sand, vom Ganges hergeſchickt,
Und Muſchelwerk und güldne Vaſen,
Und Porcellan auf ausgeſchnittenen Raſen,
Und buntes Gatterwerk und... eines ſuch ich nur...
Iſt's möglich, daß was fehlt? „nichts weiter als Natur."

Der Grobian.

Ein hochgeborner Herr, dumm, wie ſehr viele ſind:
Doch aufgeblaſen, ſtolz, den Kopf voll Spreu und Wind,
Der, weil ein Federhut ihn ſchmückte,
Sich nie vor einem Bürger bückte,
Der Herr von Bent, ſo hieß der Mann,
Stieß jüngſt an einen Bauer an; ...
„He, Flegel! ſiehſt du nicht vor dir?"
Was ſeid ihr, ſprach der Knoll, denn für ein großes Thier?
Ich? Schlingel, ich? — ein Cavalier!
„Verzeihn Sie, gnäd'ger Herr, da war es freilich dumm,
Man geht ja wohl der Eſel wegen um."

Der Glückliche und der Weiſe.

Wer das kann, was er will, iſt ein glückſel'ger Mann,
Doch weiſ' und groß iſt der, der das will, was er kann.

Die Freundſchaft.

Der Freund, der mir den Spiegel zeiget,
Den kleinſten Flecken nicht verſchweiget,
Mich freundlich warnt, mich ernſtlich ſchilt,
Wenn ich nicht meine Pflicht erfüllt:
Das iſt ein Freund,
So wenig er es ſcheint!

Doch der, der mich ſtets ſchmeichelnd preiſet,
Mir alles lobt, nie was verweiſet,
Zu Fehlern mir die Hände beut,
Und mir vergiebt, eh' ich bereut:
Das iſt ein Feind,
So freundlich er auch ſcheint!

Der Greis.

Dort fiel ein armer, alter Greis!
Sein Haupt war wie das Silber weiß,
Und ihm verſagt ſein zitternd Knie,
Und ach — die böſen Knaben die,
Wie lachten ſie!

Mich dauert dieſer gute Mann!
Wer eines Alten ſpotten kann,
Iſt der wohl werth, jetzt jung zu ſein?
Iſt der wohl werth, einſt alt zu ſein?
Wahrhaftig, nein!

Das Lamm.

Wie nah, du armes Lämmchen, du,
Wie nahe gehſt du mir!
Noch ſpielſt du ſorglos und in Ruh,
Und ach! was drohet dir!

Von dem, der dir das Futter giebt,
Glaubſt du, er ſei dein Freund? —
Dich liebt er, weil er ſich nur liebt,
Und iſt dein ärgſter Feind!

Die rothe Schleife, welche ſich
Jetzt um dein Hälschen ſchlingt,
Ach! iſt das Band, woran man dich
Zum Tode morgen bringt.

Und dieſe Hand — mit ſanftem Muth
Wird ſie von dir geküßt?
O! wüßteſt du, daß morgen Blut,
Dein Blut von dieſer fließt!

Wohl dir! genieß in Glück und Ruh
Der kurzen Lebensfriſt!
Was hülf es dir, ach, wüßteſt du,
Was dir beſchieden iſt!

Der Schneemann.

Der ſchöne Schneemann — ei wie groß!
Ein rieſenmäßiger Coloß ...
Doch ach! die liebe Sonne ſcheint,
Und er zerrinnt, eh' man's gemeint.

Ihm gleicht ein eitler, leerer Kopf.
Von weitem glänzt der arme Tropf:
Doch der Verſtand beleucht' ihn nur,
So ſchmilzt die ſchimmernde Figur.

Der thörichte Wunſch.

O! daß ich nicht ein Vogel bin,
So ſchnell und federleicht,
Der über Berg und Thäler hin
In Augenblicken ſtreicht!

Dann flög' ich über Land und See,
Durchreiſ'te jeden Ort,
Wär' bald im Thal, bald in der Höh,
Bald hier, bald wieder dort.

Dann ſucht' ich ſtets den Ort mir aus,
Wo Lenz und Sommer blühn,
Und baute mir mein flüchtig Haus
In ſchönſten Oertern hin.

Bald ſchwäng' ich mit der Lerche Schall
In Lüften mich empor:
Bald ſchlüg' ich, wie die Nachtigall,
Aus dunkeln Sträuchen vor.

Bald flög' ich, wie ein Adler fliegt..
Doch — welch ein Schuß geſchah!
O weh! ein armer Vogel liegt
In ſeinem Blute da.

Wohl mir, daß ich kein Vogel bin!
Jetzt würd' ich nicht mehr ſein.
Gott dankend, will ich künftighin
Mich meiner Menſchheit freun.

Die Bienen.

Tragt nur in die Zellen ein,
Kleine Honigſammlerinnen!
Jetzt bei warmem Sonnenſchein
Sucht ihr Schätze zu gewinnen.
Müßiggänger haßt man hier!
Fleiß und Arbeit ſind euch Freude,
Und das Beſte ſammelt ihr
Auf der blumenvollen Weide.

Wenn nun bald ein rauher Nord
Ueber jene Hügel ſtreichet,
Und die ſchönen Blumen dort
Von der bunten Flur verſcheuchet;
Dann ſitzt ihr in Sicherheit:
Voll ſind eure Vorrathskammern,
Und euch lehrt die Dürftigkeit
Nicht vor andern Thüren jammern.

Doch ihr ſorgt nicht nur für euch;
Nein, bei eurem ſüßen Fleiße
Seid ihr auch für andre reich,
Dankbegierig, milde, weiſe:
Ihr verzinſt das kleine Haus
Reichlich dem, der es erbauet,
Und er leiht mit Wucher aus,
Der euch in der Theurung trauet.

Euer blühendes Geſchlecht
Möge jährlich ſich vermehren,
Und das weiſe Bürgerrecht
Nie ein falſcher Fremdling ſtören:
Blumen will ich pflanzen, hier
Jedes Blümchen ſorgſam ſchonen,
Und ihr ſollet mich dafür
Einſt mit Honigſeim belohnen.

Der Kräuſel.

Mein Kräuſel hüpfet froh umher,
Wenn ich ihn fleißig treibe:
Doch ganz unthätig liegt er hier,
Wenn ich in Ruhe bleibe. —

Wer ſtets dem Glück im Schooße ruht,
Wird oft zur Tugend träge:
Doch er wird thätig, weiſe, gut,
Fühlt er des Unglücks Schläge.

Der Morgen.

Willkommen ſchöner Morgen!
Wär' ich nicht früh erwacht,
So bliebſt du mir verborgen,
Als wär's noch immer Nacht.
Luſt, Wunder und Entzücken
Begegnen meinen Blicken:
Schön iſt's, wohin ich ſeh',
Im Thal' und auf der Höh'.

Wie Diamanten blitzen,
So blitzt der Sonnenſtrahl
Im Thau. Der Berge Spitzen
Sind ſchön und ſchön das Thal.
Rings um mich her iſt Freude
Im Feld und auf der Weide!
Schön iſt's, wohin ich ſeh',
Im Thal und auf der Höh'.

Ihr wißt nicht, reiche Praſſer,
Was ihr für Glück verſchlaft,
Seid eure eignen Haſſer,
Und durch euch ſelbſt beſtraft!
Verſchlaft die ſchönſten Stunden,
Nie ſei von euch empfunden,
Was dieſe ſchöne Welt
Für Wunder in ſich hält!

Ich aber will es fühlen. —
Indem die Weſte mir
In Locken lieblich ſpielen,
Sitz' und betracht ich hier.
Gott! iſt mein irdiſch Leben
Mit ſo viel Glück umgeben,
Was wird das Leben ſein,
Das dort uns ſoll erfreun!

Der Aufſchub.

Morgen, morgen, nur nicht heute!
Sprechen immer träge Leute.
Morgen! heute will ich ruhn!
Morgen jene Lehre faſſen,
Morgen dieſen Fehler laſſen,
Morgen dieß und jenes thun!

Und warum nicht heute? morgen
Kannſt du für was anders ſorgen!
Jeder Tag hat ſeine Pflicht.
Was geſchehn iſt, iſt geſchehen;
Dieß nur kann ich überſehen;
Was geſchehn kann, weiß ich nicht.

Wer nicht fortgeht, geht zurück;
Unſre ſchnellen Augenblicke
Gehn vor ſich, nicht hinter ſich.
Das iſt mein, was ich beſitze,
Dieſe Stunde, die ich nütze.
Die ich hoff', iſt die für mich?

Jeder Tag, iſt er vergebens,
Iſt im Buche meines Lebens
Nichts, ein unbeſchriebnes Blatt!
Wohl denn! Morgen, ſo wie heute,
Steh' darin auf jeder Seite
Von mir eine gute That.

Das Vergnügen, wohl zu thun.

Der arme Mann! die Gabe,
Die ich gegeben habe,
Was bringt ſie mir für Seligkeit!
Mein Herz fühl' ich erweitert,
Und meine Stirn' erheitert
Voll himmliſcher Zufriedenheit.

Sein Auge floß von Zähren,
Den Dank mir zu gewähren,
Schien jeder Ausdruck ihm zu ſchwach:
Mir drückt er mit Entzücken
Die Hand, und ſah mit Blicken
Der Wehmuth unverwandt mir nach.

Iſt Mitleid mit dem Armen
Und Wohlthun und Erbarmen
Mit ſo viel reiner Luſt verwandt:
So ſei in meinem Leben
Mir oft dieß Glück gegeben,
Und immer offen meine Hand.

Die Vorſicht.

Ein junges, muthiges Roß,
Dem Arbeit nicht ſo wohl gefiel
Als Freiheit, Müßiggang und Spiel,
Riß ſich von ſeinem Joche los,
Und floh davon auf grüne Weiden
O! welche Freuden;

Der Lenz und Sommer ſtrich
In frohem Müßiggange hin,
Ihm kam die Zukunft nicht in Sinn:
Es lebte jetzt und freute ſich;
Allein der Winter nahm die Freuden
Den grünen Weiden.

Die Wieſen wurden leer!
In Lüften ſtürmt ein rauher Nord;
Das Pferdchen floh von Ort zu Ort,
Und fand kein Dach, kein Futter mehr;
Jetzt warf es ängſtlich ſeine Blicke
Auf ſich zurücke.

Ich Thor! rief es, ach: ach!
Hätt' ich die kurze, ſchöne Zeit
Das bischen Arbeit nicht geſcheut!
Jetzt hätt' ich Haber, Heu und Dach.
Wie ſchändlich! für ſo kurze Freuden
So lang' zu leiden!

Scherzhafte Lieder.

Die Haſelſträuche.

Heil euch, verwachſenen Haſelſträuchen!
Wie ſehr liebt euch die Jugend nicht!
In eure Schatten ſeh ich manchen Schäfer ſchleichen
Mit ſeiner Schäferin, ſobald die Sonne ſticht.
Warum denn ſchleichen ſie hinein? —
Es wird des Schattens wegen ſein.

Heil euch, fruchtbaren Haſelſträuchen:
Auch wann die Sonne nicht mehr ſticht,
Im Herbſt ſeh ich ſehr oft den Schäfer zu euch ſchleichen
Mit ſeiner Schäferin: des Schattens wegen nicht;
Warum denn ſchleichen ſie hinein!

An ein junges Mädchen.

Du kleine Blondine,
Bezauberſt ja ſchon!
Die ſprechende Miene
Kann bitten, kann drohn.

Schon hebet den Schleier
Die wachſende Bruſt,
Die Blicke ſind Feuer
Und tödtende Luſt.

Schon ladet zum Küßchen
Der ſchwellende Mund,
Schon wölbet dein Füßchen
Sich niedlich und rund.

Du ſingeſt, du ſpieleſt,
Du tanzeſt, wie ſchön!
Und willſt, was du fühleſt,
Dir ſelbſt nicht geſtehn.

Die Mutter mag ſagen,
Du ſeiſt noch ſo klein:
Du darfſt es nur wagen,
Es nicht mehr zu ſein.

Noch kleiner, Roſette,
Iſt Amor, als du. —
O! laß ihm zum Bette
Dein Herzchen doch zu!

Das goldene und eiſerne Zeitalter.

Wo Fürſten und Tyrannen wüthen,
Wenn man nicht glaubt, was ſie gebieten,
Und Dummheit den Verdienſten draut:
Da herrſchet die eiſerne Zeit.
Doch wo ein guter König thronet,
Der Bosheit ſtraft, der Tugend lohnet,
Die Künſte hebt und gern verzeiht:
Da blühet die goldene Zeit.

Wo Nachbarn über Kleinigkeiten
Mit Nachbarn vor Gerichte ſtreiten,
Und Geld mehr gilt als Billigkeit:
Da herrſchet die eiſerne Zeit.
Wo Brüder Brüder nie verklagen,
Und gern bei Gläſern ſich vertragen,
Wenn ſie ein kleiner Krieg entzweit:
Da blühet die goldene Zeit.

Wo man reimreiche matte Thoren,
Und wären ſie hochwohlgeboren,
Mit Epheu krönt und Wunder ſchreit:
Da herrſchet die eiſerne Zeit.
Wo zauberiſche Flöten ſpielen,
Und Dichtern, deren Lied wir fühlen,
Die Welt verdienten Weihrauch ſtreut:
Da blühet die goldene Zeit.

Wo Mädchen ohne Liebe küſſen,
Und mehr als ihre Mütter wiſſen,
Und buhlen blos aus Lüſternheit:
Da herrſchet die eiſerne Zeit.
Wo ſie erröthend widerſtreben,
Um ſiegender ſich zu ergeben,
Beſiegt von Treu' und Zärtlichkeit:
Da blühet die goldene Zeit.

Wo man gefärbten Wein verkaufet,
Naumburger Wein Burgunder taufet
Durch Saufen guten Wein entweiht:
Da herrſchet die eiſerne Zeit.

Doch wo er ungeſchwefelt blinket,
Wo man empfindet, was man trinket,
Mit Freunden trinkt, ſich deſſen freut:
Da blühet die goldne Zeit.

Wo Schönen griechiſch disputiren
Und mit Gronoven Kriege führen,
Von Dintenflecken nie befreit:
Da herrſchet die eiſerne Zeit.
Doch wo ſie Gellerten empfinden,
Mit feinem Witz Verſtand verbinden,
Das Herz nicht den Verſtand entweiht:
Da blühet die goldene Zeit.

Wo man die Schwermuth Weisheit nennet,
Dem Jüngling kein Glück vergönnet,
Das ihm der Jahre Lenz gebeut:
Da herrſchet die eiſerne Zeit.
Wo bei der Jugend leichten Tänzen
Der Greis gekrönt mit Roſenkränzen
Sich der genoſſnen Jugend freut:
Da blühet die goldene Zeit.

Der Jüngling an die Freude*).

Du Freude biſt mit mir geboren:
Einſt unter jenem Roſenſtrauch
Haſt du mir ewig Treu' geſchworen,
Und dieſe ſchwör' ich dir jetzt auch.

Du hüpfteſt, mir als Kind, zur Seiten
Und ludeſt mich durch Näſcherei'n,
Geſchwätz und Scherz und Fröhlichkeiten
Zu deiner zarten Freundſchaft ein.

Bald ſannſt du kleine Pfänderſpiele
Mit andern art'gen Kindern aus:
Du liefſt mit mir bald nach dem Ziele,
Brachſt bald mir einen Blumenſtrauß.

Du wiſchteſt mir der Kindheit Zähren
Mit bunten Vogelſchwingen ab,
Und lehrteſt mich der Luſt entbehren,
Die mir mein kleines Glück nicht gab.

Als Jüngling gabſt du meinen Sinnen
Gefühl für Grazie und Scherz:
Für mich gabſt du den Schäferinnen
Gefälligkeit und Lieb' ins Herz.

Du gabſt mir Flügel an die Füße
Zum Tanz bei ſüßer Harmonie:
Du ſchaffteſt mir von Spröden Küſſe,
Und du, du ſelber würzteſt ſie.

Du gabſt mir treue Freund' und Brüder,
Geſchmack für Liebe, Wein, Geſang:
Drum preiſen dich auch meine Lieder,
Drum preiſ't in ihnen dich mein Dank.

Soll mir einſt Hymens Fackel brennen,
So zünde du ſie ſelber an,
Und laß mich keine Gattin kennen,
In der ich dich verkennen kann!

Die kleinen Pfänder meiner Liebe
Hilf du mir ſelber auferziehn:
Nie ſei ihr Himmel ſchwül noch trübe,
Damit ſie dir zu Ehren blühn.

Erwärm' auch, wenn ich älter werde,
Noch liebreich mein erkaltend Herz,
Und ſchmücke noch für mich die Erde
Mit Fröhlichkeit, Geſang und Scherz:

Und führe mich zu meiner Bahre
Nicht krumm, nein heiter, wie zum Tanz,
Und ſchlag' um meine Silberhaare
Noch ſterbend deinen Roſenkranz!

Der Mann an die Freude.

O Freude, die du dieſes Leben
Mir immer noch erträglich machſt,
Und wenn ja Stürme ſich erheben,
Mit manchem Sonnenblick mir lachſt:

Wie preiſ' ich dich! Schon auf dem Schoße
Der ſanften Mutter kannt' ich dich,
Ich pflückt' an ihrer Bruſt die Roſe
Und ſcheute nicht der Dornen Stich.

Sobald kein Leitband mich mehr hielte,
Verfolgt' ich deine Blumenſpur:
Dich fand ich überall: dich fühlte
Ich auf der lächelnden Natur.

Dich haſcht' ich mit vergnügten Sprüngen
Auf Wieſen und am Waſſerfall,
In Würmchen und in Schmetterlingen!
Und in dem leichten Federball.

Kaum hing am Kinn die Pflaumenfeder,
So trugeſt du in meinem Blut
Durch das ſanft ſchwellende Geäder
Ins junge Herze frohen Muth.

Gab mir das Glück nicht Geld und Ehre,
So gab es mir ein Saitenſpiel,
Und du gabſt mir die weiſe Lehre,
Zur Freude brauche man nicht viel.

Dich ſchlürft' ich, hatt' ich Wein, im Weine,
Dich zog ich auch im Waſſer ein:
Du träumteſt ſtill mit mir im Haine,
Und ſcherzteſt in der Mädchen Reih'n.

Raubt' ich aus ihren blonden Locken
Ein Band, entriß ich ihrer Bruſt
Der Hyacinthe Silberglocken:
So lacht' ich aller Fürſten Luſt.

O laß mich dich als Mann noch fühlen!
Gieb mir ein ſtets zufrieden Herz,
Und denen, die jetzt um mich ſpielen,
Stets meiner erſten Jahre Scherz.

So ſeh' ich mich verjüngt in ihnen
Und tanz', indem die Schläfe mir
Von Kränzen, die ſie winden, grünen,
Mein Leben durch, geführt von dir.

Gieb mir am Abend meiner Tage
Ein fröhlich Alter, ohne Stab,
Ein Sterbekiſſen, ohne Klage,
Ein ſpät und ein geruhig Grab.

Ja, breit' auf dieß ſelbſt deine Flügel,
Daß es kein finſtrer Gram entweih:
Und meines Grabes Blumenhügel
Die Ruhſtatt deiner Kinder ſei!

Die zufriedene Liebe.

An Chloen.

O Chloe! in dem Schatten hier
Genieß mit mir dein Leben!
Die Götter können dir und mir
Kein größer Glücke geben.

Der Baum, der uns jetzt Schatten giebt,
Wird bald den Lenz betrauern;
Doch ſoll auch unſre Zärtlichkeit
Des Lebens Winter dauern.

Wir leben ſtill, wir leben frei
Und ringen nicht nach Freuden,
Die allzulaut und ungetreu,
Sobald ſie kommen, ſcheiden.

Was brauchen wir des Glückes Gunſt
Mit ſeinen Gütern allen!
Die Liebe lehrt uns ja die Kunſt,
Uns ewig zu gefallen.

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*) Dieſes Lied iſt mit dem folgenden einerlei Inhalts. Der Verfaſſer hatte es verlegt, und verfertigte nach einerlei Ideen das folgende. Es fand ſich wieder. In der Ungewißheit, welches den Vorzug hat, läßt er von beiden dem Leſer die Entſcheidung.

Chriſtian Hermann Weiße,

zu Leipzig im Jahre 1801 geboren, Enkel vom Verfaſſer des „Kinderfreundes,“ ſtudirte Jurisprudenz, ließ ſich aber 1822, um Geſchichte zu leſen, in ſeiner Vaterſtadt nieder. Mehr und mehr der moniſtiſchen Schule zugewandt, wurden ſeine Vorleſungen ſeit 1825 immer entſchiedener philoſophiſch; doch wurde bald ſeine Abweichung von der hegelſchen Anſicht bemerklich. Von Jena mit der theologiſchen Doctorwürde beſchenkt, zog er ſich 1837 gänzlich von dem öffentlichen Lehramt auf ſeinen Landſitz zu Stötteritz bei Leipzig zurück. In neueſter Zeit wandte er ſich wieder dem Katheder zu.

Er gab heraus:

Ueber den Begriff, die Behandlung und die Quellen der Mythologie. Leipzig, 1827.
Ueber den gegenwärtigen Standpunkt der philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaft. Leipzig, 1829.
Syſtem der Aeſthetik als Wiſſenſchaft von der Idee der Schönheit. Leipzig, 1830.
Ueber das Verhältniß des Publikums zur Philoſophie im Zeitpunkte von Hegels Abſcheiden. Leipzig, 1832.
Ueber die Legitimität der gegenwärtigen franzöſiſchen Dynaſtie. Leipzig, 1832.
Die Idee Gottes. Dresden, 1833.
Die philoſophiſche Geheimlehre über die Unſterblichkeit des menſchlichen Individuums. Leipzig, 1834.
Theodicee, in Reimen. Dresden, 1834.
Büchlein von der Auferſtehung. Dresden, 1836.
Grundſätze der Metaphyſik. Leipzig, 1835.
Kritik und Erläuterung des goethe'ſchen Fauſt, nebſt einem Anhang zur ſittlichen Beurtheilung Goethe's. Leipzig, 1837.
Die evangeliſche Geſchichte kritiſch und philoſophiſch bearbeitet. Leipzig, 1838.

Ein ſcharfer und gründlicher philoſophiſcher Denker, ſchloß ſich W. anfangs dem neueſten Syſteme an, ſchritt aber über daſſelbe hinaus und ſuchte, vorzüglich in ſeinen letzten Schriften, die wirkliche Welt mit den philoſophiſchen Gedanken in Einklang zu bringen und Beiden, ohne daß ſie einander beeinträchtigten, ihr gutes Recht zu erhalten und ihnen vollkommene Geltung zu gewähren.

Heinrich Hatzbold von Weißenſee, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johanna Franul von Weißenthurn,

1773 zu Koblenz geboren, war die Tochter eines gewiſſen Grünbergs, der Anfangs baieriſcher Offizier, zuletzt aber Schauſpieler war und früh ſtarb. Sie wuchs unter dürftigen Verhältniſſen auf, betrat in ihrem 15. Jahre zum erſten Male die Bühne zu München; erhielt dann einen Ruf als Hofſchauſpielerin nach Wien, den ſie annahm. Sie vermählte ſich dort mit dem Patricier von Weißenthurn aus Fiume, erhielt 1829 vom Kaiſer die goldene Ehrenmedaille, und trat nach langem Wirken 1841 mit entſchiedenſter Anerkennung von der Bühne ab.

Sie ſchrieb:

Schauſpiele. Wien, 1810. 6 Bde. 7r u. 8r Bd. Berlin, 1817. 9r—12r Bd. 1810—29.

In guter Schule gebildet, erkannte J. v. W. was beſonders auf der Bühne wirkte, und ſchrieb in dieſem Sinne, ohne der Wahrheit und dem guten Geſchmacke zu nahe zu treten, ihre dramatiſchen Arbeiten, welche ſich auch durchgängig freundlichen Beifalls zu erfreuen hatten und von denen mehrere, namentlich einige ſehr gelungene Luſtſpiele, ſich fortwährend auf dem Repertoire erhalten haben.

Friedrich Chriſtoph Weißer,

geboren zu Stuttgart am 7. März 1761, wurde zuerſt Landſchaftsſekretär, 1807 Oberſteuerrath und zuletzt königl. würtembergiſcher Oberfinanzrath. Seit 1822 wurde er in den Ruheſtand verſetzt. Er ſtarb 1836 im Januar.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Acht Romanzen. Leipzig, 1804.
Kleine Satyren. Leipzig, 1805.
Sinngedichte. Zürich, 1805 u. 1806. 2 Thle.
Die Mährchen der Scheherezade. Leipzig, 1809.
Scherz- und ernſthafte Miscellen. Leipzig, 1808.
Satyriſche Blätter. Leipzig, 1812. 2 Thle.
Mährchen. Frankfurt, 1816.
Schalkheit und Einfalt. Berlin, 1822. 2 Thle.
Poetiſche Satyren. Berlin, 1823.
Lilien und Roſen. Ulm, 1823.
Poetiſch-ſatyriſche Pinſelſtriche. Ulm, 1823.
Muſe und Muße. Ulm, 1824.
Ernſte und heitere Stunden. Berlin, 1824.
Ernſte, fröhliche und ſcherzende Muſe. Halle, 1826. 2 Thle.
Neue Sammlung proſaiſcher Werke. Augsburg, 1827. 3 Thle.
Mit F. Haug: Epigrammatiſche Anthologie. Zürich, 1807—1809. 10 Thle.

W. war nicht ohne Witz und Talent für die Form, arbeitete aber zu flüchtig und leichtfertig, um etwas Bedeutenderes zu leiſten. Am gelungenſten ſind einige ſeiner Epigramme.

Johann Ignatz Weitzel

ward am 24. October 1771 zu Johannisberg geboren und ſollte nach dem Willen ſeines Vaters Schneider werden; allein da er zu etwas Höherem ſich beſtimmt fühlte, ging er auf die Schule zu Mainz, wo er ſich durch ſeine eigene Kraft durchhelfen mußte. Seine academiſchen Studien vollendete er zu Jena und Göttingen. In ſein Vaterland zurückgekehrt verſah er bei der franzöſiſchen Behörde bis 1800 mehrere Aemter. Darauf begab er ſich nach Mainz und wurde dort bald Profeſſor am kaiſerlichen Lyceum. 1815 nahm er einen Ruf als

Hof- und Reviſionsrath nach Wiesbaden an, und 1820 ward er Bibliothekar, wo er am 8. Januar 1837 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Egeria, Monatsſchrift für Geſchichte, Geſetzgebung und Politik. Frankfurt, 1801.
Andau, oder der unſichtbare Bund. Frankf. 1805.
Egeria, oder die Feindſchaft aus Liebe. Mainz, 1809.
Rheiniſches Archiv für Geſchichte und Literatur, mit Nicolaus Vogel. Mainz, 1810.
Denkſchrift von Napoleon Buonaparte. Mainz, 1814.
Auguſt und Wilhelmine. Mainz, 1815. 2 Thle.
Hat Deutſchland eine Revolution zu fürchten? Mainz, 1829.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Mainz, 1820 u. 21. 3 Thle.
Das Merkwürdigſte aus meinem Leben. Mainz, 1821. 2 Thle.
Der heilige Bund. Wiesbaden, 1823.
Europa in ſeinem gegenwärtigen Zuſtande. Wiesbaden, 1824.
Betrachtungen über Deutſchland. Leipzig, 1829.

Ein gründlich durchgebildeter, kenntnißreicher, ſcharfſinniger, geſchmackvoller Publiciſt und belletriſtiſcher Schriftſteller, voll Klarheit und Kraft, erwarb ſich W. vorzüglich durch ſeine trefflichen geſchichtlich-philoſophiſchen Entwickelungen und ſeinen echten, auf Ueberzeugung beruhenden Liberalismus einen ſehr geachteten Ruf.

Karl Theodor Welcker

ward zu Oberfleiden bei Marburg am 20. März 1790 geboren und ſtudirte die Rechte zu Gießen und zu Heidelberg; dann widmete er ſich der akademiſchen Laufbahn, bekleidete nach einander Profeſſuren der Rechte in Gießen, Bonn und endlich ſeit 1822 zu Freiburg im Breisgau. Hier wirkte er mit großer Kraft für den Liberalismus, und zeichnete ſich beſonders als Deputirter auf dem Badenſchen Landtage aus, wo er vorzüglich 1830 lebhaft für die Preßfreiheit ſprach. Unermüdlich fuhr er ſeit dieſer Zeit fort, in Reden und Schriften ſeine Anſichten und ſeine Ueberzeugung auszuſprechen, Anfangs mit großer Heftigkeit, ſpäter ruhiger und gemäßigter. Auf einer Reiſe durch den Norden Deutſchlands in neueſter Zeit erhielt er überall die unzweifelhafteſten Beweiſe der Anerkennung von einem großen Theile der Nation, wurde jedoch nach ſeiner Rückkehr quiescirt.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Die letzten Gründe von Recht, Staat und Strafe. Gießen, 1813.
Die vollkommene und ganze Preßfreiheit nach ihrer ſittlichen, rechtlichen und politiſchen Nothwendigkeit. Freiburg, 1830.
Die Univerſal- und die juriſtiſch-politiſche Encyklopädie und Methodologie. Stuttgart, 1829. 1. Bd.
Ueber das rechte Verhältniß von bürgerlicher Ordnung, Kirche und Schule, mit Rückſicht auf badiſche Staatsgrundſätze. Freiburg, 1828.
Oeffentliche actenmäßige Vertheidigung gegen die öffentliche Verdächtigung der Theilnahme oder Mitwiſſenſchaft an demagogiſchen Umtrieben. Stuttgart, 1823.
Die Vervollkommnung der organiſchen Entwickelung des deutſchen Bundes zur beſtmöglichſten Förderung deutſcher Nationaleinheit und deutſcher ſtaatsbürgerlicher Freiheit. Karlsruhe, 1831.

Viele einzelne Aufſätze und Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften, wie z. B. den Kieler Blättern, dem Freiſinnigen ꝛc. — Seit 1834 gab er gemeinſchaftlich mit v. Rotteck (S. d. Artikel) und nach deſſen Tode allein das Staatslexikon heraus, aus welchem mehrere von ihm geſchriebene Artikel auch beſonders abgedruckt erſchienen.

Ueber W.'s Wirken kann erſt die ſpätere Zeit entſcheiden, da er ſich noch zu ſehr innerhalb der Gegenwart und ihrer Bewegungen befindet. Ein ebenſo gründlicher als ſcharfſinniger Rechtskundiger und Rechtslehrer, hat er durch ſeine unerſchrockene Vertheidigung der Preßfreiheit und des Liberalismus einen ſehr bedeutenden und bleibenden Einfluß auf das geſammte Deutſchland ausgeübt.

Gebhardt Leberecht Blücher, Fürſt von Wahlſtadt*): (und der große deutſche Freiheitskrieg).

(Aus von Rotteck's und Welcker's Staats-Lexikon. Band II.)

Kräftige menſchliche Beſtrebungen und Thaten bilden an ſich einen würdigen Gegenſtand menſchlicher Betrachtung. Höheren Werth erhalten ſie, wenn ihr Gegenſtand groß iſt, den höchſten, wenn ſie zugleich ihrem Schauplatz und Zuſammenhang nach einem der großen Hauptacte im Drama der Menſchengeſchichte angehören und bedeutend in denſelben eingreifen. Mit den bedeutendſten, mit den unglücklichſten wie mit den ruhmvollſten Ereigniſſen, welche ſeit Jahrhunderten das deutſche Vaterland erlebte, mit den wichtigſten Veränderungen, welche der ſtaats- und völkerrechtliche Zuſtand von Europa und vorzüglich von Deutſchland in der Periode der neueren Zeit erfuhr, iſt der Name Blücher unzertrennlich verbunden. Wie verſchieden auch bedeutende hiſtoriſche Perſonen, ihre Verdienſte und ihre Mängel, je nach den verſchiedenen Standpunkten der Menſchen beurtheilt werden mögen, in einem Punkte werden, was Blücher betrifft, alle ſich leicht vereinigen, welche die erhebende Zeit der großen Freiheitskämpfe ſich lebhaft vergegenwärtigen wollen: unter allen den hohen und glänzenden Namen aller europäiſchen Nationen, welche in den Jahren 1813, 1814, 1815 gegen die Napoleoniſche Welttyrannei kämpften, trat wenigſtens in der Zeit dieſer glorreichen Kämpfe ſelbſt keiner mehr hervor, als der Name Blücher. Bei Freund und Feind, im In- und Ausland, bei der Jugend, im Volk und in den Heeren hat Niemand eine allgemeinere moraliſche Bewegung der Begeiſterung und des Schreckens, der Liebe und des Haſſes bewirkt, als der „Marſchall Vorwärts", als der „Vater Blücher", der jugendlich feurige Greis von mehr als ſiebenzig Jahren.

Solche erhebende, ſolche vereinigende und vorwärts treibende Begeiſterung in ſchwerem gemeinſchaftlichen Kampfe iſt ſicher der Wirkung nach an ſich ſchon höchſt bedeutend; alsdann zumal, wenn ſo, wie damals, der Sieg nur durch ſo viele und große freiwillige Opfer und Anſtrengungen zu hoffen iſt, und wenn es gilt, die ſchwerfällige, locker verbundene Maſſe ſo vieler Regierungen, ſo verſchiedenartiger Volksſtämme und Heere einem Gegner, wie Napoleon, gegenüber zuſammen zu halten und zu nachdrücklichen harmoniſchen Bewegungen gegen das gemeinſchaftliche Ziel zu beſtimmen. Nicht gut hiſtoriſch aber wäre es, die genügenden Gründe von großen Dingen nur allein in kleinen Urſachen, die Kräfte zu großen Thaten lediglich in Aeußerlichkeiten und Zufälligkeiten oder in nur unbedeutenden und kleinlichen perſönlichen Eigenſchaften ſuchen zu wollen.

Schon jene große Wirkſamkeit für unſeren öffentlichen Zuſtand und die weſentlich politiſchen Kräfte, durch welche dieſe Wirkung hervorgebracht wurde, fordern natürlich auch das Staats-Lexikon zu einer Betrachtung derſelben auf.

Aber ſelbſt die Betrachtung der höheren Bedeutung und des ganzen Zuſammenhanges jener Freiheitskämpfe ſcheint vorzugsweiſe an dieſe Perſönlichkeit ſich knüpfen zu wollen. Blücher hatte bereits nicht blos in den früheren Revolutionskriegen 1793 und 1794 und in dem unglücklichen Feldzuge von 1806 mit einer damals ſeltenen, mit der vorzüglichſten Auszeichnung gekämpft. Er, der Greis Blücher, war auch im ganzen Befreiungsheere der Einzige, der zugleich die Schlachten des ſiebenjährigen Kriegs und die von Leipzig und Belle-Alliance mitgekämpft hatte, und in deſſen früherer Lebensgeſchichte vor allen ein Ereigniß hervortritt, welches ſo, wie für ſeinen eignen Charakter, ſo auch für die Zeit Friedrichs des Großen bezeichnend iſt.

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*) Die reinen Quellen hat mit großer Vollſtändigkeit die ausführliche Biographie Blüchers, die von Varnhagen von Enſe (Biographiſche Denkmale Thl. III S. 461 — 480) angegeben. Einige eigene Kunden dem Verfaſſer dieſer Zeilen zu Gebot.

Seit der letzten Hälfte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts aber begann, ſeit der franzöſiſchen Revolution trat ſichtbarer hervor, und durch den ſiegreichen Ausgang der großen Freiheitskriege und die Verwirklichung der ſie eröffnenden fürſtlichen Verheißungen ſollte ſich glücklich entſcheiden ein großer Entwicklungskampf für Deutſchland und Europa. In reichen, großen und bedeutenden Ereigniſſen, wie ſie oft der lange Lauf vieler Jahrhunderte nicht vereinigt, wie man ſie ſeit der kirchlichen Reformation im ſechszehnten Jahrhundert nicht ſah, wollte ſich gegen Ende des achtzehnten und im Anfange des neunzehnten eine neue Reformation, eine neue Bildungsperiode entwickeln. Es war die politiſche Reformation, welche an die Stelle des Feudalweſens und der feudaliſtiſchen Verfaſſungen und desjenigen, was von der hierarchiſchen blinden Glaubensgewalt in ſie zu verwachſen war, freie Nationalſtaaten, freie ſtaatsbürgerliche Verhältniſſe und Verfaſſungen ſetzen wollte. Sehr erklärlich aber erhielten die bewußteren wie die unbewußteren Beſtrebungen für die neue politiſche Zeit zuerſt mehr einen negativen Charakter, das heißt, ſie zerſtörten nur die alten Formen und Verfaſſungen der Feudalzeit, ohne daß noch die neuen Formen und Verfaſſungen gegründet oder befeſtigt wurden. Bis zu einem gewiſſen Grade ſetzt ja überhaupt von ſelbſt die Zerſtörung des alten Baues den neuen voraus. In den großen, ſchwer ganz zu umfaſſenden Verhältniſſen von Religion und Politik aber werden außerdem nur allzugewöhnlich die Gegner der einen, einſeitigen Richtung, durch die menſchliche Schwäche, zuerſt ſelbſt zu der entgegengeſetzten Einſeitigkeit fortgeriſſen. Selbſt ſo große Geiſter, wie Voltaire und Friedrich der Große, bekämpften, bei allem Ernſt der Geſinnung für's Gute doch nicht den Aberglauben, ohne den Glauben zu zerſtören, oder ohne auf die Seite des Unglaubens zu treten, nicht die Anarchie, ſei es eine feudale oder eine demokratiſche Anarchie, ohne durch Zerſtörung und Anfeindung aller Freiheit einem eben ſo verderblichen Abſolutismus in die Hände zu arbeiten. Die Gegner des Unglaubens und des Deſpotismus dagegen ſuchen uns wieder dem Myſticismus und der Anarchie zu überliefern. Nur die allmälig in den Vor- und Rückſchwankungen gewonnene praktiſche Bildung oder der Einfluß ſeltner bildungskräftiger Männer führt die Völker zur glücklichen Vereinigung von Religion und Aufklärung, von Ordnung und Freiheit. Die natürlichen Folgen nun aber von der Zerſtörung der alten politiſchen Formen und Verfaſſungen der Feudalzeit, ohne daß noch die neuen ſtaatsbürgerlichen repräſentativen Verfaſſungen gegründet oder feſt und wirkſam wurden, mußten in Europa unvermeidlich die abſolute deſpotiſche Gewalt der an der Spitze ſtehenden monarchiſchen oder republikaniſchen Machthaber begründen. Vollends aber entſtand in Frankreich zuerſt ein furchtbarer Deſpotismus. Theils geſchah dies durch die verderbteſte abſolute Königsmacht, durch die unter ihr ausgebildete Verderbniß des franzöſiſchen Volks, endlich durch die maßloſe Selbſtſucht und Herrſchſucht Napoleons, des übermächtigen Erben der franzöſiſchen Revolution. Mit allen durch das Freiheitsſtreben, durch die Revolution ſelbſt aufgeregten, ihr längere Zeit bewußtlos dienſtbaren Kräften ſchien dieſe Napoleoniſche Herrſchaft, welche ſich an die Stelle der erſtrebten Freiheit ſetzte, in den innern und äußern Verhältniſſen aller europäiſchen Nationen eine Unterjochung täglich mehr ausbilden zu wollen, die um ſo unerträglicher wurde, je allgemeiner der Widerſpruch derſelben mit den angeregten Ideen, mit der Beſtimmung der Zeit, mit der innern und äußern oder der nationalen und der verfaſſungsmäßigen Freiheit erkannt wurde. In dem Streben für dieſe doppelte Freiheit mußte alſo ebenſo der Kampf der übrigen europäiſchen Völker gegen Frankreich entbrennen, wie er früher zum Theil von der abſolut gewordenen Fürſtengewalt gegen die von Frankreich ausgehende Verbreitung der Freiheitsgrundſätze geführt wurde. Schon ſehr frühe war in der franzöſiſchen Revolution nicht blos das Streben nach Freiheit in innere Anarchie und Deſpotie, ſondern auch in Verletzung gegen fremde Nationen übergegangen. Und bald wurde jetzt alle Gewaltthat der abſoluten franzöſiſchen Könige, namentlich auch gegen Deutſchland, überboten. Verblendung und Ehrgeiz hatte insbeſondere einen großen Theil der Franzoſen, und namentlich die Heere, zu Genoſſen und Werkzeugen der Napoleoniſchen Unterdrückung, und als ſolche auch zu den Feinden der für ihre Freiheit kämpfenden Völker gemacht. Aber auch die Franzoſen kehrten, wie ſich nachher zeigen wird, vorzüglich durch den deutſchen Freiheitskrieg, von ihrer Verblendung und einſeitigen Richtung allmälig mehr und mehr wieder zur urſprünglich erſtrebten Freiheit zurück.

In dieſen großen europäiſchen Entwicklungskampf fällt Blüchers Leben und Wirkung. Blücher war zu Roſtock den 16. Dec. 1742 geboren. Sein Vater, ebenſo wie ſeine Mutter aus Mecklenburg abſtammend, war Rittmeiſter in heſſencaſſeliſchen Dienſten geweſen, und hatte ſich auf ſein kleines Rittergütchen Großrenſow zurückgezogen. Wir wiſſen von ihm faſt nur, daß ihn, wie die Mutter, der Sohn mit dankbarer Verehrung nannte, und dann, daß er gegen einige Tanten, welche dieſem Sohn bei ſeiner Geburt einen aus den Schäferliedern ſeiner Zeit geborgten fremden, ſchäferlichen Namen zudachten, ſtatt deſſelben vielmehr die für ihn paſſenderen kräftigen deutſchen: Gebhardt Leberecht, durchſetzte. Die Unruhen des langen Haders zwiſchen dem Herzog und der landſtändiſchen Ritterſchaft hatten den Vater vor Blüchers Geburt bewogen, nach Roſtock zu ziehen. Die des ſiebenjährigen Krieges beſtimmten ihn ſpäter, ſeine Söhne Ulrich und Gebhardt auf die Inſel Rügen zu ſeinem Schwiegerſohne v. Krackwitz zu ſchicken. In Mecklenburg wie auf Rügen mag wohl wenig wiſſenſchaftlicher Unterricht die Knaben an das Zimmer gefeſſelt haben. Selbſt die franzöſiſche Sprache hatte, in einer Zeit, wo alle deutſche Nationalität in elender Nachäffung des Franzoſenthums unterzugehen ſchien, Blücher, der einſt in Paris deutſch ſprechen und dem deutſchen Namen ſeine Achtung wieder erwecken ſollte, nicht erlernt. Deſto kräftiger entwickelte er unter freiem Himmel, bei einiger Theilnahme an landwirthſchaftlicher Thätigkeit und bald auf wildem Roß, bald auf dem ſtürmenden Meer im Wettkampf mit ſeinen Altersgenoſſen in freiem glücklichen Jugendleben ſeine [illegible], unverwüſtliche körperliche Conſtitution, ſeine [illegible] der Körpergewandtheit, des kühnen unerſchütterlichen Muthes, des geraden Sinns und Blicks und des tüchtigen Charakters, ſo wie die unzerſtörliche Heiterkeit und Lebensluſt und ſeine offne gutmüthige Treuherzigkeit Geringe und Vornehme. Fiſcher am Oſtſeeufer der Inſel Rügen erzählten, „daß ihre „Väter den Feldmarſchall wohl gekannt, da ſie noch Buben „geweſen und mit dem wilden Junker und ſeinem älteren „Bruder Ulrich ſo manchen Streich ausgeführt hätten. Da „ſei der Junker Leberecht immer voran geweſen. Was „Keiner gewagt, habe er unternommen, und Alle hätten ihm „gehorchen müſſen, weil Keiner ſo großes Herz gehabt. Ihm „ſei kein Baum zu hoch geweſen. In die Schluchten der „Kreidefelſen (wo heutiges Tags es angeſchlagen iſt, daß „wegen der Lebensgefahr Niemand hineinſteigen darf) kletterte „er hinab bis zu der Brandung des Meeres, ohne Schwindel. „Beim Sturme rief er ſeine Gefährten in den Nachen und „ſchlug mit dem Ruder gegen die empörten Wellen, als „wollte er ſie ſchweigen heißen“ *). Bei ſolcher Stimmung mußte das Soldatenleben in dem auf Rügen liegenden ſchwediſchen Huſarenregiment von Mörner anlocken. Aber die älterliche Zuſtimmung wurde verweigert. Da verließen im dritten Jahre des ſiebenjährigen Krieges beide Knaben heimlich den Schwager und ſuchten Aufnahme in jenem Regiment. Sie erhielten, nachdem endlich der Vater eingewilligt hatte, die gewünſchte Anſtellung. Aber bald wurde auf einem Streifzuge in die Uckermark der vierzehnjährige Junker Gebhardt mit verwundetem Pferde von einer überlegenen Anzahl preußiſcher Huſaren gefangen. Ein Huſar nahm ihn vor ſich auf ſein Pferd. So nun trug dieſes ihn ſeinem großen Schickſal entgegen. So brachte es den Preußen den Helden der Befreiungskriege. Dem preußiſchen Huſarenoberſt v. Belling gefiel der ſchöne muthige Knabe. Er gewann ihn lieb, behielt ihn auf ſein Ehrenwort bei ſich, und bot ihm wiederholt preußiſche Dienſte an. Dieſe aber lehnte Blücher, ſo lange er noch ſeinen ſchwediſchen Abſchied nicht erhalten konnte, ſtandhaft ab. Endlich nach einjährigem Harren glückte es durch einen günſtigen Zufall, ihn zu erhalten. Blücher wurde preußiſcher Fahnenjunker, bald (1760) Cornet und Adjutant ſeines väterlichen Gönners, der ihn ausrüſtete. Er half nun mit Eifer und Muth den ſiebenjährigen Krieg, welcher nach langer Zerrüttung und Erſchlaffung die erſte erhebende Bewegung in Deutſchland erzeugte, muthig zu Ende kämpfen. Blücher focht mit Auszeichnung in den Schlachten von Kunersdorf und Freiberg, in welcher letzteren er verwundet wurde. Er rückte bis zum älteſten Staabsrittmeiſter vor. Da fiel Belling in Ungnade bei Friedrich dem Großen und Blücher

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*) Förſter, der Feldmarſchall S. 3.

wurde, ohnerachtet ſeiner Gegenvorſtellungen, bei der nächſten Beförderung in der Abtheilung der Escadron einem jüngeren Rittmeiſter v. Jägerfeld nachgeſetzt. Der König ſelbſt hatte bereits dieſe Dienſteinrichtung gegen Blüchers Vorſtellungen genehmigt. Dennoch ſchrieb Blücher die kühnen Worte an ſeinen großen König: „Der von Jägerfeld, der kein anderes Verdienſt hat, als der Sohn des Markgrafen von Schwedt zu ſein, iſt mir vorgezogen. Ich bitte Ew. Majeſtät um meinen Abſchied." Friedrich befahl, ihm Arreſt zu geben, damit er ſich eines Beſſern beſinnen könne. Blücher ſaß und ſaß, dreiviertel Jahre lang, und blieb bei ſeiner Erklärung. Da erklärte ſeinerſeits der König: „der Rittmeiſter von Blücher iſt ſeiner Dienſte entlaſſen; er kann ſich zum Teufel ſcheeren." Blücher liebte leidenſchaftlich den Kriegerſtand. Er war damals vermögenslos, dazu verlobt mit einer ebenfalls vermögenslosen Braut, einer Fräulein von Mehlin, der Tochter eines ehemaligen ſächſiſchen Oberſten, der in Polen Güter gepachtet hatte. Nur die innere Empörung eines unabhängigen feſten Charakters gegen das Unrecht, nur ein tiefes Gefühl für das Recht, welches Blücher in ſeiner Perſon verletzt glaubte, konnte ihn in ſolcher Lage, in ſolcher Zeit unbeſchränkter Fürſtenherrſchaft, in welcher vollends im Militair ſchon der Zweifel an der Unfehlbarkeit königlichen Willens als Verbrechen galt, zu ſo kühnem, unerſchütterlichem und aufopferungsvollem Rechtstrotz ſelbſt gegen ſeinen großen König beſtimmen. Es ſind aber dieſelben Gefühle und Kräfte, welche zum Kampf gegen fremde Unterdrückung und welche gegen die Willkür der verſchiedenſten Art im Innern begeiſtern und ſtählen. Ein aufopferungsvoller, muthiger geſetzlicher Widerſtand gegen Unrecht der Gewalt, zum Schutz des gemeinſamen Rechts, iſt meiſt ſchwerer, oft heilſamer, als Angriff.

Blüchers Freunde fürchteten, er werde ſeine [illegible] aufgeben müſſen. Er that es nicht. Er nahm [illegible] Pachtgut ſeines Schwiegervaters in Unterpacht, heirathete und lebte mit ſeiner Gattin, die ihm ſechs Kinder gebar, obwohl oft zum Kriegsdienſt ſich zurückſehnend, doch fünfzehn Jahre lang glücklich in ländlicher Einſamkeit. Durch einſichtsvollen und eifrigen Betrieb des Landbaues, worin er als Muſter galt, erwarb er ſich bald ein kleines Landgut in Pommern und durch Charakter und Benehmen die Achtung und Liebe ſeiner Umgebung, ſo daß ihn, den geborenen Ausländer, die pommeriſchen Landſtände zum Landrath der Provinz ernannten. Selbſt der große König bezeugte ihm, der dem Lande einige Dienſte geleiſtet hatte, wiederholt mündlich und in Briefen und durch Geldgeſchenke ſeine Achtung und, wie es ſcheint, die Abſicht, das Vergangene zu vergüten. Nur erlaubte eine falſche Vorſtellung von der königlichen Würde nicht, dieſes auf die auch nur den Schein eines königlichen Irrthums oder Unrechts eingeſtehende Weiſe, nämlich durch eine paſſende Wiederanſtellung, zu thun. Die letztere war erſt möglich nach Friedrichs Tode. Doch hielt zuerſt gutmüthiges Nachgeben gegen die dringenden Bitten ſeiner Gattin Blücher ab, Schritte zur Erfüllung ſeiner Wünſche zu verfolgen. Einſt aber, bei einer Heerſchau in Pommern, bemerkte Friedrich Wilhelm II. mit Wohlgefallen einen Mann, der durch ſeine männliche Schönheit und als kühner trefflicher Reiter unter den Zuſchauern ſich auszeichnete. Mit den Worten: „Der könnte uns Allen was zu rathen aufgeben," wandte ſich der König zu ſeinen Cavalerieofficieren und erkundigte ſich. Es war Blücher. Der König, diesmal beſſer als ſein großer Vorfahr, den rechten Mann erkennend, trug ihm huldvoll den erſehnten Rücktritt in die Armee an. „Ja, mit Freuden, wenn ſein Recht ihm würde," war Blüchers Antwort, und es ward ihm. Er erhielt 1787, ſeinem ausdrücklichen Wunſche gemäß, gerade in ſein altes Regiment den Wiedereintritt und die Majorsſtelle vor demſelben v. Jägerfeld, dem er einſt nachgeſetzt wurde; und ſein Patent wurde zurückdatirt auf 1779, eine Zeit, wo der König, der es unterzeichnete, gar noch nicht regierte.

An der Spitze deſſelben rothen Huſarenregiments, von Golz, kämpfte 1793 und 1794 Blücher in den Feldzügen am Rheine, zuerſt als Obriſt, bald, zur Belohnung ſeiner Verdienſte, als Generalmajor und als Inhaber des Regiments und mit dem rothen Adlerorden geſchmückt. In den Kämpfen von Giſoing, Luxemburg, Kaiſerslautern, Morſchheim, Weidenthal, Edesheim, am Malzberge und bei Moorlautern zeigten ſich Blüchers kühner Geiſt und ſeine Freude am Kampfe, der ſchnelle Blick und Entſchluß in jeder Lage, die von Tollkühnheit entfernten vorſichtigen Anſtalten, wie die Energie der Ausführung, endlich die begeiſterte Liebe und Folgſamkeit, welche des Anführers Vorangehen in jeder Gefahr und Mühſeligkeit und das gutmüthige, treuherzige Wohlwollen ſeinen Kriegern einflößten. Man nannte ihn den neuen Ziethen. Beinahe 4000 Gefangene, darunter 150 Offiziere und ein Generallieutenant, einige tauſend Pferde, 11 Kanonen und 5 Fahnen hatte unter ſeiner Führung ſein Regiment gewonnen, nie, mit Ausnahme von ſechs Mann, Gefangene verloren.

Schon glänzte Blüchers Name. Doch ſollte er ſeinen vollen Glanz vor ſeinem Greiſenalter nicht erwerben. Dieſes verhinderte Deutſchlands unglückliches Schickſal, begründet durch allbekannte Mängel und Urſachen, durch die innern Verhältniſſe und durch ihre Folgen, die Niederlagen im Kriege, insbeſondere der baſeler Friede und die Demarcationslinie, welche das in die Revolutionskriege hineingezogene übrige Deutſchland preußiſcher Seits ebenſo wie der Friede von Campoformio öſterreichiſcher Seits hülflos ließen, ſodann ferner die unglückliche Zögerung des bereits ausmarſchirten preußiſchen Heeres 1805 und er[illegible] die furchtbaren Ereigniſſe von 1806. In der auf den [illegible]ſiter Frieden folgenden Waffenruhe hatte ſich Blücher nach dem Tode ſeiner erſten Gattin zum zweiten Male vermählt und zwar mit einer ſchönen Oſtfrieſin, einem Fräulein von Colomb. Im Jahre 1801 war er General-Lieutenant geworden und 1802 und 1803 hatte er, beauftragt mit der Beſitznahme von Erfurt, Mühlhauſen und Münſter, und dann als Gouverneur von Münſter durch ſein menſchenfreundliches, zutrauliches Weſen manche Schwierigkeiten und Härten des neuen Zuſtandes der Bewohner beſeitigt. Auch als Schriftſteller trat nun Blücher auf. Er ließ 1796 ſein Tagebuch ſeiner Feldzüge am Rhein erſcheinen, welches Sachkundige zu den beſten Werken dieſer Art zählen, ein lebendiges Abbild ſeiner ritterlichen Kriegsthaten, ſeiner liebenswürdigen Perſönlichkeit. — Im Jahre 1805 ſchrieb er die ſchon durch ihren Titel und die darin ausgeſprochenen Grundideen merkwürdige Schrift: Gedanken über Formirung einer preußiſchen Nationalarmee, in welcher er ſchon damals fordert, jeder Preuße müſſe Soldat, die Dienſtzeit kurz, die Behandlung beſſer werden*).

An dem unglücklichen Tage von Jena hatte Blücher in noch untergeordneter Stellung an der Spitze von fünfundzwanzig Escadronen Cavalerie und einiger reitenden Batterien, über welche man ihm erſt auf dem Schlachtfelde den Befehl anvertraute, das Seinige gethan. Sein Pferd wurde ihm unter dem Leibe getödtet. Als der ungeordnete Rückzug und die Auflöſung der Armee erfolgte, führte er vermittelſt einer kühnen Kriegsliſt 5000 Mann mitten durch die feindlichen Reiterdiviſionen Klein und Laſalle hindurch und zog noch das weimar'ſche Corps unter dem Herzog von Braunſchweig-Oels an ſich. Um einen Theil der feindlichen Heeresmacht von dem Herzen der Monarchie und von den wenigen dem König übrigen Truppen bis zur Ankunft der Ruſſen abzuziehen, warf er ſich nun mit ſeinen 15,000 Mann nach Mecklenburg; alsbald aber, durch Murat, Soult und Bernadotte von 80,000 Mann umzingelt, mit Verwerfung aller ihrer Capitulationsanträge, nach Lübeck. Da aber die ſchlecht befeſtigte Stadt, trotz aller Gegenwehr und des unermüdlichen perſönlichen Kampfes des Anführers, ſelbſt noch in den Straßen der Stadt, von der feindlichen Uebermacht erſtürmt war, mußte er endlich in Ratkau, einem Dorfe bei Lübeck, ehrenvoll capituliren. Doch verweigerte er hartnäckig, die Capitulation zu unterzeichnen, bis ihm die ungewöhnliche ausdrückliche Hinzufügung geſtattet wurde, „daß er nur deswegen capitulire, weil er weder Munition noch Brod und Fourage habe." „Ihm wurde" — ſo berichtet Varnhagen von Enſe über Blüchers Theilnahme an dieſem unglücklichen Kriege (S. 118) — „in den Augen des Kriegers nur Achtung und Bewunderung zu Theil. Von allen preußiſchen Feldherren und Truppenſchaaren, die bis dahin den Kampfplatz betreten, hatte er allein den Ruhm der Waffen behauptet und in dem allgemeinen Unglück, welches ihn ſchon mitergriffen hatte, vorüber allen breiten Abwegen der Schande, auf ſchmalem Pfade ſich zum ehrenvollen Ziele durchgerungen. Seinem Kreiſe war kein Verzagen, welches überall Schlag auf Schlag die Geprüfteſten ergriff, kein Unmuth und keine Schwäche genaht. Seine Truppen hatten ſich tapfer, ausdauernd bis zum letzten Augenblick gehalten. Ein ſolches Beiſpiel war in jenen Tagen der Verdunkelung und Trauer ein helles Feuerzeichen, an welchem die Flamme der Hoffnung und Zuverſicht ſich wieder entzünden konnte. So auch war bald der Sinn und das Urtheil des Volks vorherrſchend für Blücher entſchieden. Nicht in Preußen allein, auch in Hamburg, wo das Unglück der Nachbarſtadt tief gefühlt wurde (und wo Blücher die Zeit ſeiner Kriegsgefangenſchaft verlebte), und in Lübeck ſelbſt

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*) Noch eine dritte Schrift ſchrieb Blücher: Bemerkungen über die Inſtruction und das Exerciren der Cavalerie. 1797. Sie ſoll theoretiſch nicht bedeutend ſein. Blücher war Praktiker.

„zeigte die Miene für ihn und ſeine Krieger ihre Theilnahme, „ihren Eifer. Der Feind, hier ein unzweideutiger Zeuge, „bewies ihnen ſeine Achtung auf alle Weiſe; ja er ſetzte ſie „oft in Verlegenheit durch den Vorzug, den er ihnen vor „den Gefährten einräumte, die nicht das Glück gehabt, unter „Blüchers Befehlen zu ſtehen." Eine Einladung von Bernadotte, mit ihm ſpazieren zu fahren, lehnte Blücher, dem das Franzoſenthum in Deutſchland, ſeitdem es ſo offenbar ſelbſt der fremden Unterdrückung diente und huldigte, verhaßt war, und in deſſen Hauſe auch von den Seinigen kein franzöſiſch gehört wurde, mit der Entſchuldigung ab, „er ſpreche nicht franzöſiſch und ſei zu alt, es zu lernen."

Wir brauchen hier nicht aufzuzählen die ganze Reihe trauriger Ereigniſſe, welche die Schlacht von Jena eröffnete, die faſt unbegreifliche moraliſche Zerrüttung, welche ſie zu Tage brachte, die völlig vertheidigungsloſe Uebergabe der Feſtungen Hameln und Nienburg, Erfurt und Magdeburg, Spandau, Stettin und Küſtrin, Glogau, Breslau, Brieg und Schweidnitz, den Einzug der Feinde in Berlin und ihren Empfang daſelbſt, die Zerſtückelung der preußiſchen Monarchie, die höchſt drangvolle Lage des durch die ruſſiſche Allianz geretteten, vom Feinde ausgeſogenen und militairiſch beſetzten übriggebliebenen Theils und die Unterdrückung von Deutſchland. Es ſollte der Welt offenbar werden, daß zahlreiche wohlbeſoldete Heere und treffliche Feſtungen, daß gefüllte Schatzkammern und ein äußerlich ſehr ausgebildeter, wohlgeordneter Staatsmechanismus, daß ſelbſt, was namentlich höher ſteht, ein vortreffliches Fürſtenhaus mit allgemein und laut ausgeſprochener Liebe und Verehrung für daſſelbe, daß geiſtige Bildung und wohlerworbener Kriegsruhm — daß alles dieſes noch nicht genügt, um einen Staat gegen große, oft lange verborgene Gebrechen und in der Stunde großer Gefahr gegen den Untergang zu ſchützen. Es ſollte, größer im furchtbarſten Unglück, als je im glänzendſten Glück, daſſelbe Preußen in den Jahren 1807 bis 1813 der Welt zeigen, wodurch die wahren, unzerſtörbaren Staatskräfte wachſen, wodurch ſelbſt kleine, an materiellen Mitteln ſchwache Staaten unüberwindlich und ſiegreich werden und, ſofern ſie dem aufgefundenen rechten Wege treu bleiben, in glorreicher Entwicklung fortſchreiten können. Mit rühmlicher Weisheit und eines reinen Willens ſich bewußt, ſuchte die Regierung nicht, wie die Thoren, in Andern und in Zufälligkeiten, ſondern im Innern des Staats ſelbſt, die Quellen ſo großen öffentlichen Unglücks und in völliger Selbſterkenntniß die Bedingung der Herſtellung. Muthvoll ließ ſie Wort und Schrift zur lauten, oft bittern Enthüllung aller wahren und vermeintlichen Gebrechen und Fehler der Behörden und der Einrichtungen, der Verfaſſung und der Verwaltung frei. Energiſch begründete und vorbereitete ſie dann durch Stein und Scharnhorſt in dieſen wenigen Jahren, mit den beſchränkteſten Mitteln, in der durch den übermüthigen Feind beengteſten Lage Alles, was 1813 — 1815 die glorreiche Befreiung und Wiedergeburt möglich machte, Alles, was noch jetzt der Stolz und die Hoffnung Preußens iſt, deſſen Dauer und weitere Entwicklung, nach dem Wort eines der edelſten ſeiner Staatsmänner, dem Staate die Bürgſchaft leiſten ſoll, daß ihm niemals ein neues Jena gefährlich oder nöthig ſei. Durch die Befreiung des Bauernſtandes von der Unterdrückung des Feudalismus, durch die freie Städteordnung, durch die Gleichheit der öffentlichen Pflichten und Rechte, und endlich durch die ausdrückliche Verheißung einer repräſentativen Provinzial- und Reichsverfaſſung (Edict vom 28. October 1810) wurde der Nation eine allgemeine freie ſtaatsbürgerliche Verfaſſung vorbereitet und verbürgt. Durch die einſtweilen dem Weſen nach ſchon gewährte Freiheit des Worts und der Schrift, durch die neue Gründung von Univerſitäts- und Schuleinrichtungen im liberalſten Geiſte wurde der Nation die geiſtige Erhebung und Waffe gegeben. Das Zerbrechen des ſchimpflichen Stocks, der bei Jena als ſo nichts vermögend ſich gezeigt hatte, die für alle Bürger gleiche und unablösliche Waffenpflicht und die Landwehr endlich gaben hier die treffliche kriegeriſche Wehrordnung. Der Grund von Preußens, von Deutſchlands Unglück und Schmach, Feudalismus und Verfaſſungsloſigkeit, und die Aufgabe der neuen Zeit war alſo klar erkannt. Licht und Recht, Freiheit und Ehre wurden überall als der Preußen Loſungsworte erklärt. Und wahrlich, nicht etwa, weil die vorzüglichſten Wiederherſteller der Größe Preußens, Stein, Scharnhorſt und Blücher, ebenſo wie Hardenberg, zufällig in andern deutſchen Ländern geboren waren, ſondern weil man tief erkannt hatte, daß für Preußen nur durch deutſche Cultur und Freiheit, durch das Vorangehen in ihnen und in freier inniger Verbindung mit Deutſchland, Sicherheit und Gedeihen ſei, huldigte man in Wort und Werk auch dieſer Idee. Mit ſolchen Waffen konnten die Regierung und ein Bund begeiſterter Vaterlandsfreunde, der Tugendbund, durch allgemeine Verbreitung einer moraliſchen Erhebung der Nation unter den Augen des argwöhniſchen, die Landesfeſten beſetzenden Feindes, die Befreiung des Vaterlandes vorbereiten.

Blücher war bald nach ſeiner Gefangennehmung, ſeinen dringenden Bitten gemäß, gegen den von Schill gefangenen Marſchall Victor ausgewechſelt, von dem König mit dem ſchwarzen Adler belohnt und zu einer kühnen Unternehmung nach Pommern entſendet worden. Der Friede zu Tilſit hinderte ſie. In der Umgebung des Königs, alsdann im Kriegsdepartement, dann Generalgouverneur von Pommern, ſtets auf gleiche Weiſe ſtimmte Blücher ein in die Rüſtung des neuen Preußens, ſuchte er Vertrauen und Muth und kriegeriſche Tüchtigkeit zu verbreiten. Ihm wurde daher eben ſo wie Stein, die Ehre, von dem übermüthigen Sieger, als einer der Männer bezeichnet zu werden, die, weil er ſie fürchtete, die preußiſche Regierung außer Dienſt ſetzen mußte. Blücher, der ſchon, bald nachdem, nicht ſeiner Neigung gemäß, der Tilſiter Friede geſchloſſen war, immer auf's Neue durch Briefe an den König und durch mündliches Wort zum Krieg gegen den Unterdrücker Deutſchlands getrieben, trieb jetzt auf's Neue und lebhafter, ſobald die erſte Gelegenheit dazu kam. Schon 1809, wo er kränklich war, antwortete ihm Scharnhorſt auf ſeine Mahnungen und Vorſchläge: „Ihr Brief hat mir unbeſchreibliche Freude gemacht. Ich „ſehe es, was Sie ſagten, Ihr Geiſt hat nicht gelitten. Sie „ſind unſer Anführer, unſer Held, und müßten Sie auf einer „Sänfte uns vorgetragen werden. Nur mit Ihnen iſt Entſchloſſenheit und Glück." Als Schill 1809 ſeine kühne Unternehmung begann, hatte Blücher auf ihre Billigung gehofft, bereits kriegeriſche Vorbereitungen gemacht, mußte ſie aber, dem königlichen Befehl gemäß einſtellen.

Von Jahr zu Jahr war unterdeſſen Napoleons Uebermacht angewachſen. Doch hatte er noch immer durch die unter ihm überall und auch in dem rheiniſchen Bunde nach dem Beiſpiel Frankreichs bewirkte wohlthätige Zerſtörung des Feudalismus und die Einführung der Gleichheit öffentlicher Pflichten und Rechte, ſowie durch die ſcheinbar freien ſtändiſchen Verfaſſungen, die er in Frankreich beſtehen ließ, in allen von ihm geſtifteten Staaten, in dem Königreich Weſtphalen, in den Großherzogthümern Berg und Frankfurt, in Holland wie in Polen, ja ſelbſt in Spanien und Italien einführte, eine ſehr große Zahl ſelbſt der edelſten Männer — ich nenne nur Johannes Müller — getäuſcht und dadurch vorzüglich eine große Kraft für ſich gewonnen. Wer dieſes überſieht, kann die damalige Zeit nicht verſtehen. Auch das Schreiben an den Fürſten Primas, wodurch Napoleon feierlich proteſtirt, daß man etwaige Willkür der Rheinbundsfürſten ihm zuſchreibe*), ſeine ſorgfältige Schonung der deutſchen Unterrichtsanſtalten, namentlich der akademiſchen Lehrfreiheit, und Anderes bewieſen deutlich, daß er den Glauben: Freiheit und Fortſchritt ſeien auf ſeiner Seite, zu würdigen wußte. Doch bei jeder Zunahme der Macht zerſtörte ſein deſpotiſcher Uebermuth immer mehr dieſe Täuſchungen, und das durch ſeine Freiheit allein unbeſiegbare Britannien rüſtete zur Rettung Europa's immer neue Kämpfer. Da erſchütterten endlich die ungewöhnlich frühe Winterkälte, der Brand von Moskau und vor Allem die ſo höchſt unpolitiſche Täuſchung der gerechten Erwartungen der Polen auf alsbaldige Wiederherſtellung ihrer Freiheit, welche ihm ſicheren Rückzug und neue Hülfsquellen geboten hätte, ſeine Macht, und der General York gab mit kühner Seele das Signal zum allgemeinen Befreiungskrieg.

Er begann. Aber es iſt nöthig, um die Geſchichte gegen Verfälſchungen zu vertheidigen, und um Blüchers Wirken zu verſtehen, ſich deutlich zu erinnern, wie er begann. Zum erſtenmale ſeit der franzöſiſchen Revolution eröffneten die ein Vierteljahrhundert hindurch immer und immer beſiegten Regierungen den Kampf mit dem Loſungswort, nicht bloß der Sicherung der Thronrechte und der äußern, ſondern auch der innern ſtaatsbürgerlichen Freiheit. Herüber von der bisher unbeſiegbaren feindlichen Macht und auf ihre Seite beſchworen ſie jetzt die moraliſche Kraft der großen Idee der Zeit, die Kraft der Freiheit und der öffentlichen Meinung ſiegeskräftiges Panier. Die verbündeten Monarchen eröffneten den Krieg durch die gemeinſchaftliche feierliche Proclamation von Kaliſch vom 25. März 1813. Darin erklären ſie: „Daß ſie, dem Wunſche des deutſchen Volkes begegnend, ſie „den Deutſchen auffordern, ſich anzuſchließen und zu kämpfen „mit Herz und Sinn, mit Gut und Blut, mit Leib und Leben „für die Rückkehr der Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit Deutſchlands

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*) Winkopp's rheiniſche Bundesacte. B. 109.

„und für die Wiederkehr eines ehrwürdigen Reiches in zeitgemäßer Geſtaltung, welches allein den Fürſten und Völkern Deutſchlands angemeſſen iſt, diene und in ſeinen Grundzügen und Umriſſen möglichſt aus dem eigenen Geiſte des deutſchen Volkes hervorgehen ſolle, damit Deutſchland verjüngt und ſelbſtkräftig und in Einheit gehalten unter Europa's Völkern daſtehe.“ „Für dieſen Zweck“ — ſo erklären ſie, ſo erklärt namentlich auch Fürſt Metternich noch zwiſchen dem erſten und zweiten Kriege auf dem wiener Congreß — „für dieſen Zweck haben die Völker die Waffen ergriffen, und alle Staaten, welche der großen Allianz ſich anſchloſſen, erklärten ſich ſchon durch ihren Beitritt für denſelben Zweck[1].“ Dieſer Zweck wird eben ſo oft wiederholt, von allen Regierungen einſtimmig auch bezeichnet „als eine der öffentlichen Meinung, dem Zeitgeiſt und der Erwartung der Zeitgenoſſen, als den allgemeinen Wünſchen und gerechten Anſprüchen der deutſchen Nation entſprechende nothwendige Feſtſetzung und Sicherſtellung der ſtaatsbürgerlichen Rechte und ſtändiſcher Verfaſſungen, mindeſtens mit den Rechten der Preßfreiheit, der Steuerbewilligung, der Zuſtimmung zu den Landesgeſetzen und der Verantwortlichkeit der Staatsdiener.“ Und als 1815 der neue, gefährliche Krieg drohte, da nahm man ſchnell auf dem wiener Congreß die über den Länderſtreit faſt vergeſſene deutſche Verfaſſungsſache wieder vor. Da erklärten alle Regierungen eben ſo einſtimmig: „daß unter den dringenden Umſtänden der gegenwärtigen Lage der Dinge durch neue Zuſicherung dieſer Rechte in der, wenn auch noch unvollſtändigen Bundesacte, die Völker, um mit Vertrauen und Muth, mit Kraft und Freudigkeit den neuen Kampf zu beginnen, über dieſe Rechte beruhigt werden, daß ſie zur Ueberzeugung gelangen müßten, daß die bereits dargebrachten Opfer, ſo wie die neuen Anſtrengungen für ihre theuerſten Intereſſen, für ihre unverjährbaren Rechte geleiſtet und erheiſcht würden.“[2] Mehrere Regierungen ertheilten jetzt ebenfalls unmittelbar vor Eröffnung des neuen, ſchweren Krieges ihren Völkern noch beſondere ähnliche Zuſicherungen, Verſprechungen wahrer, zeitgemäßer Conſtitutionen oder Repräſentativverfaſſungen, ſo z. B. die Könige von Baiern und von Würtemberg, der Großherzog von Baden. So auch der König von Preußen (deſſen Bevollmächtigte in ihren fünf Entwürfen zur Bundesverfaſſung ſtets jene obigen Rechte im ausgedehnteſten Umfang als weſentlich erklärten) in der neuen Zuſage einer reichsſtändiſchen repräſentativen Verfaſſung durch das königliche Edict vom 22. Mai 1815, und durch die Beſitzergreifungspatente der alten und neuen Provinzen[3]. Wohl alle konnten ſpäter am deutſchen Bundestage die Geſandten ſich in Beziehung „auf eine allgemeine, baldmöglichſte Begründung landſtändiſcher Verfaſſung, die an ſich ſchon den Rechten gemäß iſt,“ auf dieſe feierlichen Grundverträge der Regierungen mit der Nation und den Bürgern, „auf die Zuſagen, welche den Völkern während des Freiheitskriegs laut und öffentlich gemacht wurden,“ berufen, und erklären, „daß Deutſchland nur darum mit dem Blute der Völker befreit und die Länder ihren rechtmäßigen Regenten zurückgegeben worden, damit überall ein rechtlicher Zuſtand an die Stelle der Willkür treten möge“[4].

Ueberall wurde dabei die öffentliche Meinung als Leiterin für die Regierungen feierlich anerkannt und an die Spitze geſtellt[5]. Blucher aber, der Feldherr der Verbündeten, erließ den 23. März 1813 bei dem Vorrücken ihrer Heere in Deutſchland, eine Proclamation zunächſt an die Sachſen, „ſeine deutſchen Mitbürger oder ſeine deutſchen Brüder, mit welchen er gemeinſchaftlich für Vaterland und Freiheit kämpfte.“ (S. ſeinen Aufruf an das Heer vom 23. April.) In dieſer Proclamation nun wird Preßfreiheit verheißen und deren Unterdrückung als ein Hauptgrund der jetzt vom Volke verlangten Erhebung gegen die Napoleoniſche Sklaverei und den Rheinbund erklärt. Mit dem Einrücken in Sachſen wird ſogleich auch die Verheißung verwirklicht[1]. In der That wurde faſt überall, wohin ſich die Herrſchaft der verbündeten Armeen erſtreckte, Wort und Schrift frei. Dem Herausgeber des ſo höchſt liberalen Rheiniſchen Merkurs, den auch Blücher für einen mächtigen Alliirten der verbündeten Heere erklärte, ſagte er noch ſpäter zu Ende des Jahres 1815 nach dem zweiten pariſer Frieden: „Schreiben Sie nur immer zu, gegen wen es auch ſei; ich nehme Alles auf mich. Wenn's nur wahr iſt, ſo mögen Sie Alles drucken laſſen. Aber, das ſage ich Ihnen, wahr muß es ſein“[2].

Schon vor dem Befreiungskriege hatten aber auch die Schriftſteller, welche für die zukünftige Befreiung Deutſchlands zu wirken ſuchten, und von welchen im Kriege nicht wenige in bedeutender öffentlicher Wirkſamkeit auftraten, ſtets auch für freie Verfaſſung als einen Haupttheil und eine Grundbedingung der Befreiung geſprochen. Selbſt Herr von Gentz in Berlin hatte in ſeiner Berliner Monatsſchrift (z. B. Bd. II., S. 776 flg.) mit Begeiſterung ſogar auf die nordamerikaniſche Freiheit „mit ihren wohlthätigen, glücklichen Folgen als Pflanzſchule von Weisheit und Kraft für unſern alternden Erdtheil hingewieſen, die nachſtmögliche bürgerliche Freiheit als den letzten Zweck, als das Ideal jeder politiſchen Verbindung“ erklärt und „die Zerſtörung der durchaus verderblichen, mittelalterlichen und feudaliſtiſchen Verhältniſſe, als die höchſte Wohlthat, als die weſentliche Aufgabe der Zeit“ geprieſen. Hr. von Gentz erklärte in dieſen Ausführungen auf eine für die bisheriſche Auffaſſung jener Zeitverhältniſſe eben ſo bezeichnende Weiſe insbeſondere auch die von ihm ſchon in der berühmten Zuſchrift an Se. Majeſtät den König von Preußen ſo energiſch geforderte Preßfreiheit „als unzerſtörbares Recht geſitteter Völker, ihre Beeinträchtigung nicht blos als muthlos und als politiſch verderblich, ſondern als die ſchwerſte Rechtskränkung, als Beleidigung der Menſchheit, ja als abſcheuliches (!) Hinderniß menſchlicher Vervollkommnung, als frevelhaftes und zugleich fruchtloſes Beſtreben, als ein Beſtreben, welches zuletzt unvermeidlich den Haß derer, gegen die es gerichtet iſt, und ihre Neigung, Gewalt mit Gewalt zu vertreiben, erwecken müſſe“ (S. 296, 312. 318). Und Friedrich von Schlegel hatte in ſeinen öffentlich zu Wien vor zahlreichem Publikum gehaltenen Vorträgen über die deutſche Geſchichte überall die freie Verfaſſung als die Grundlage der Größe der Staaten, ihre Zerſtörung als Grund ihres Unglücks nachgewieſen und eine Staatsform ohne freie ſtändiſche Verfaſſung geradezu eine Unform genannt. Gleiche Grundſätze ſprachen vollends jene die wahrhaft zahlloſen Flugſchriften und die vielen in ganz Deutſchland begierig geleſenen liberalen Tagblätter und Zeitſchriften aus, welche, veranlaßt, ermuntert, belobt von den Fürſten, ihren Miniſtern und Feldherren, oder ohne dieſes, als freiwilliges Contingent zur großen heiligen Nationalallianz und zur Verſtärkung der öffentlichen Meinung von einzelnen Schriftſtellern ausgingen. Wir erinnern beiſpielsweiſe an den preußiſchen Correſpondenten, vom Geh. Staatsrath Niebuhr redigirt, an die allgemein geleſenen deutſchen Blätter, auf höhere Veranlaſſung und unter Mitwirkung der gediegenſten Staatsmänner, zuerſt in Leipzig, dann in Freiburg (hier von K. v. Rotteck) herausgegeben, an den rheiniſchen Merkur von Görres, die Nemeſis von Luden, an die Schriften von Jahn, Arndt, Kohlrauſch und ſo viele andere. Die Forderungen der Freiheit, von Tacitus an in Deutſchland nie verſtummt, verſtärkt durch die Reformation, durch die Begeiſterung für die erſten Ideen der franzöſiſchen Revolution, dann durch die Bewunderung der engliſchen Verfaſſung, welche Britannien unbeſiegt erhielt und Europa rettete, wurden jetzt auf's Neue wieder in der ganzen Nation vernommen. So allgemein hatte die Idee verfaſſungsmäßiger Freiheit in Europa geſiegt, daß ſelbſt Spanien, welches jetzt, nächſt England, am meiſten Allen als Vorbild galt, vor Allem ſie in ſeinem Befreiungskampf hergeſtellt hatte, und daß die Monarchen unmittelbar nach dem Sieg ihre Wiederherſtellung ſelbſt für die beſiegten Franzoſen und Polen begründeten und ſchützten. Ja, es befanden ſich während des Freiheitskrieges Schriftſteller und Freiheitsredner in den großen Hauptquartieren angeſtellt, ſo Arndt in dem der Hauptarmee, Auguſt Wilhelm Schlegel in der Nordarmee, Steffens in der Armee von Blücher. Der Verfaſſer dieſer Zeilen war Zeuge, daß Blücher ſelbſt mit ſeinem ganzen Generalſtabe den Freiheitsreden, welche Steffens in Gießen (ſpäter in Marburg, überhaupt in den Umgebungen des Hauptquartiers) an die Bewohner, die Beamten, die Profeſſoren, die ſtudirende Jugend hielt, durch perſönliche Gegenwart höheres Gewicht gab.

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[1] Klüber's Acten des wiener Congreſſes. Heft I. S. 61 und 104.

[2] Klüber's a. a. O. I. S. 31. 45. 57. 65. 69. 72. 101. 104. 125. 131, 134. IV. 41. 44. 48. 50. 51. 104. V. 1. 3. 19. 55, 107, 169. 185. 299. VI. 298. VII. 299. 309. 358. VIII. 37. 444. 425. 499. 512. 541. 524. 529. 539. 547. 551. 565. S. auch dieſe urkundlichen Erklärungen von dem erſten und zweiten Befreiungskriege in C. Th. Welckers Vervollkommnung der organiſchen Entwickelung der deutſchen Bundesverfaſſung. Karlsruhe bei Groos. S. 18—40. Die Beweiſe, daß man überall an wahre zeitgemäße Repräſentativ-Verfaſſungen dachte, ſ. insbeſondere S. 39 ff.

[3] S. die zuletzt citirte Schrift S. 39 ff.

[4] Protokolle der deutſchen Bundesverſ. I. S. 14 flg. S. 30, 50, 51, 54. 100. 146. 191. und die vielen Stellen, welche die Schrift in der vorletzten Note, S. 18 flg. anführt.

[5] S. die vorigen Noten und öſterreichiſchen und preußiſchen Kriegsmanifeſte, nach welchen die Geſinnungen des deutſchen Volkes den Krieg erklärten und den Beſchlüſſen der Regierungen vorauseilten. Schmidt's Zeitſchrift: der deutſche Bund. I. S. 40. 51. 61.

[1] Varnhagen, S. 146. 150.

[2] Varnhagen, S. 380.

So wurde alſo wirklich auf jede denkbare Weiſe die allgemeine Begeiſterung und das Vertrauen auf die verheißene wahre, innere wie äußere Freiheit [illegible]. Es wurden durch dieſe Begeiſterung Männer und Frauen und die [illegible] Vereine betrieben, es wurde das Volk und die Gebildeten, welche als Freiwillige ihre höhere, begeiſterte Stimmung den Heeren mittheilten, zu Opfern jeder Art beſtimmt. Es wurde durch Landwehr, Landſturm und Freiſchaaren das Volk bewaffnet und trotz aller früheren Leiſtungen und Opfer, ohne Macht für die Regierungen, in kürzeſter Friſt die größten Kriegsſchaaren, welche deutſche Länder jemals aufſtellten, zuſammengebracht und ihre treffliche Ausrüſtung bewirkt. Nur ſo, durch jenes Vertrauen, durch dieſe Begeiſterung, nur durch ſolchen wahren Volkskrieg wurde der bisher unüberwindliche, noch immer an Mitteln überreiche Feind beſiegt. Blücher aber wurde der Held des deutſchen Volkskrieges.

Der tiefe, richtige Blick von Scharnhorſt, der 1806 unter ihm diente, hatte den 71jährigen Greis dazu auserſehen, entgegenſtehende Zweifel beſeitigt und ſich ihm als General-Quartiermeiſter beigeſellt, in welcher Stelle, nach ſeinem Falle bei Lützen, Gneiſenau ihm folgte. — Blücher und das vereinigte ruſſiſch-preußiſche Heer kämpften ruhmvoll gegen Napoleon bei Lützen (2. Mai) mit 90,000 gegen 120,000, und bei Bautzen (20—21. Mai) mit 90,000 gegen 140,000 Mann. Der Kaiſer Alexander lobte Blüchern nach der Schlacht von Lützen mit dem Georgenorden und mit der Erklärung: „Die von Ihnen an dieſem ſchönen „Tage geleiſteten Dienſte, Ihr Eifer und glänzende Art, ſich „jederzeit da zu befinden, wo die Gefahr am größten iſt, Ihre „Beharrlichkeit, das Feld der Ehre ſelbſt verwundet nicht zu „verlaſſen, mit einem Wort, Ihr ganzes Benehmen hat mich „mit Bewunderung und Dankbarkeit erfüllt.“ In beiden Schlachten hatte man kein Geſchütz verloren, eben ſo wenig als Gefangene, ja bei Lützen Geſchütz genommen und das Schlachtfeld behauptet, und Napoleon erkannte mit Schrecken den neuen Geiſt in dem Heere. Dennoch mußte man zurückgehen. Blücher hatte dem guten Vernehmen der verbündeten Heere mit Selbſtverläugnung das große Opfer gebracht, den Oberbefehl dem ruſſiſchen Feldherrn, Grafen Wittgenſtein, zu überlaſſen. Nun half ſein Vorwärtsdrängen und das ſiegreiche Behaupten ſeiner Stellung nicht. Saumſeligkeit und Mißgriffe konnte er nicht verhindern. Einen Augenblick des interimiſtiſchen Oberbefehls während des Rückzugs nach Schleſien benutzte er ſogleich, um den Feldzug vor dem großen Waffenſtillſtand (vom 4. Juni bis 17. Auguſt) mit dem glänzenden ſiegreichen Reitergefecht bei Haynau (26. Mai) ruhmvoll zu beſchließen. Doch eine angebliche höchſt wichtige Meldung inmitten des Unternehmens, welches ruſſiſcher Seits nicht gern geſehen wurde, ſchien es vereiteln zu wollen. Sie berichtete ihm und ſeiner Umgebung höchſt bedenklich, man müſſe den Rückzug beſchleunigen, bereits ſtehe Napoleon Blüchern im Rücken. Blücher, nicht der Mann, das begonnene Unternehmen durch Zweifel ſich verderben zu laſſen, und ſtets bedacht, auch die ſtörenden Beſorgniſſe ſeiner Umgebung ſchnell und kräftig niederzuſchlagen, antwortete höchſt unwillig in ſeiner derben Soldatenſprache: „Steht er mir im „Rücken, nun, ſo iſt mir's recht angenehm, da kann er mich „ja geradeweg — — — Vorwärts, Kinder!“ Und ſchnell war der Sieg entſchieden. Mit einem Verluſt von nur 50 Todten und Verwundeten waren über 1500 Feinde niedergehauen, 400 Gefangene und 11 Kanonen genommen, die Stimmung der Seinen gehoben und dem verderblichen Nachdringen des Feindes ein Ende gemacht.

Auch nach dem Waffenſtillſtand, ja während des ganzen Feldzugs, waren Blüchers Verhältniſſe ſchwierig und ungünſtig genug. Napoleon war der allgewaltige, von ſich allein abhängige Gebieter ſeines großen, ihm unbedingt gehorſamen Heeres und aller ſeiner Unterfeldherren. So nicht Blücher. Sein Heer war zuſammengeſetzt aus Ruſſen und Preußen und ſeine Unterbefehlshaber, Langeron, Sacken, York, hatten zum Theil ſchon ſelbſt das oberſte Commando geführt. Dazu nun neben ihm und ſeiner nicht ſehr großen ſogenannten ſchleſiſchen Armee rechts in der Mark die weit ſtärkere Nordarmee unter Bernadotte oder dem Kronprinz von Schweden, und links in Böhmen die noch größere Hauptarmee mit dem Oberbefehl über alle Heere unter Schwarzenberg und den Monarchen. Verderbliche Störungen durch Eiferſucht und Mißverſtändniſſe ſchienen da unvermeidlich. Gleicher Eifer, gleiche Treue, ſelbſtverläugnende Unterſtützung, wie Blücher ſie ſtets leiſtete, begegneten ihm faſt niemals. Ja in einer Zuſammenkunft der Monarchen und Bernadotte's in Trachenberg (9. Juli) hatte man ohne ſein Wiſſen beſchloſſen, ſein Heer ſolle für ſich allein gar nicht ſchlagen, ſondern nur zur jeweiligen Unterſtützung der beiden andern Heere bereit bleiben. Und dieſes war ſogar ſeinem Unterbefehlshaber Langeron zur Nachachtung mitgetheilt. Als er endlich von Barclay de Tolly (11. Auguſt) ſelbſt erfuhr, ſo mußte man freilich auf ſeine Erklärung: „daß er lieber das Commando niederlege“, wenigſtens mündlich die Sache zurücknehmen. Dieſes aber erfuhr Langeron nicht, und dieſer vereitelte ihm nun durch eigenmächtiges Zurückgehen ſeine beſchloſſenen Schlachten, und ſelbſt noch in der Schlacht an der Katzbach einen Theil ſeines Planes. Doch begeiſtert und aufopfernd für die große Sache, klug und geduldig ſtets ohne Eiferſucht und gutmüthig nachgebend, unerſchütterlich feſt aber, wo es galt, beſiegte er ſtets alle Schwierigkeiten.

Nach dem Waffenſtillſtande zog Napoleon von Dresden aus zuerſt gegen Blücher, um mit großer Uebermacht ſein Heer zu vernichten (21. Auguſt). Aber Blücher zwang ihn durch kluges Ausweichen und gute Stellungen, zurückzugehen. Alsbald aber drang nun Blücher ſelbſt gegen Macdonald und deſſen drei Armeecorps vor, und die glänzende Schlacht an der Katzbach am 26. Auguſt, demſelben Tage, wo die große Hauptarmee vor Dresden unglücklich focht. Dieſer erſte große Sieg gab das Signal zu den bald folgenden Siegen. Glänzend hatte ſich Blüchers ſchneller Entſchluß, ſeine perſönliche Sicherheit, ſein ſtarkes Vorwärtsſtreben bewährt. Der anfängliche Plan, die Schlacht auf dem linken Ufer der Katzbach zu ſchlagen, wozu bereits die Anſtalten getroffen waren, ward durch zuvorkommendes Uebergehen des Feindes auf das rechte Ufer vereitelt. Schnell iſt der neue Plan gefaßt und die Anordnung der Armee verändert. Die Unruhe der Seinigen aber beſeitigt Blücher, indem er ſie glauben läßt, Alles gehe nach Wunſch und Berechnung, durch die Worte: „Nun haben wir genug Feinde herübergelaſſen; „jetzt vorwärts, Kinder, d'rauf los!“ Als es ſich auf einem Punkte zum Schlimmen zu wenden ſcheint, iſt er mit den Worten: „Ich werde ſie gleich 'mal anders ſehen, laßt mich „nur erſt unter ſie kommen“, ſo wie es ſein [illegible] war, ſelbſt an der Spitze einer Reiterſchaar. Siegreich geht's voran. Und bald ruft es ihm von allen Seiten, wo er ſich naht, den Sieg zu [illegible], und Vorwärts, Vorwärts zu [illegible], fröhlich entgegen: „Aber der“, Vater Blücher, ruft „geht's gut!“ Und zwei Adler, 20,000 Gefangene, 103 Kanonen, 250 Pulverwagen waren erbeutet. Mit einem eigenen Verluſt von nur 1000 Mann hatte er dem Feinde einen Verluſt von 30,000 beigebracht. Faſt nur mit dem Bajonet und dem Gewehrkolben hatten die tapfern Landwehrmänner gekämpft. Von [illegible] aus ruft er ſeinem Heere zu: „Schleſien iſt vom Feinde befreit, laßt uns dem Herrn der „Heerſchaaren, durch deſſen Hülfe ihr den Feind niedergeworfen, einen Lobgeſang ſingen und für den uns verliehenen „herrlichen Sieg danken.“

Bald erfolgten jetzt auch die Siege der beiden andern Armeen bei Culm und bei Dennewitz. Blücher, ſchnell durch die Lauſitz [illegible], ſtrebt das ganze Heer der Verbündeten zum Vorgehen über die Elbe zu beſtimmen und ſo den Feind aus ſeinem herrlichen Standort Dresden herauszuzwingen, deſſen Trefflichkeit auch Friedrich erkannt hatte und von wo jetzt der Kaiſer mit Uebermacht bald auf dieſes bald auf jenes der einzelnen Heere vernichtend ſich zu werfen ſuchte. Blüchern war der ſchöne Name „Vorwärts“ geworden, ein Name, das Volk und Heer durchdringend und verbindend, von ſiegreicher Kraft. Doch die Abneigungen der andern Heerführer kann das bloße Wort nicht beſiegen. Da beſchließt er durch ſein eigenes Voranziehen ſie nachzuziehen. Die abermals verſuchten Angriffe des Kaiſers (4. u. 22. Septbr.) hatte er durch kluges Ausweichen und feſte Stellungen vereitelt. Dem Kronprinzen von Schweden hatte er endlich die Zuſage, daß er mit ihm (am 1.) die Elbe überſchreiten wolle. Aber das Wort bleibt unerfüllt und durch die Säumniß des Nordheeres ſieht Blüchern allein die Macht des Feindes auf der andern Seite des Fluſſes entgegen, ſo daß Blüchers Unterfeldherren zweifeln und abrathen. Dennoch aber wagt Blücher bei Wartenburg (3. Oct.) den kühnen, heldenmüthig durchgeführten ſiegreichen Uebergang. So zieht er den Kronprinzen ſich nach, und mit dem franzöſiſchen Kaiſer, der ihnen folgen muß, endlich auch die zögernde Hauptarmee. Zwar den Kronprinzen kann er kaum abhalten, einer feindlichen Kriegsliſt folgend, wieder über die Elbe zurückzugehen. Ja dieſer verſucht, jedoch vergeblich, vermöge einer angeblichen Oberbefehlshabergewalt, ihn nachzuziehen. Auch vermag Blücher, der jene Kriegsliſt richtig beurtheilt hatte, als der Kronprinz ſein Vorhaben endlich gezwungen aufgab, den Allzuvorſichtigen, durch ſeine Nachgiebigkeit, durch ſein williges Uebernehmen der ſchwerſten, undankbarſten Stellung bei ſeinem Entſchluß einer gemeinſchaftlichen Schlacht feſtzuhalten. [illegible] ſie endlich auf ſeine Bedingungen für den 11. Oktober zugeſagte Hülfe bleibt abermals aus. Dem jetzt aus dem großen Hauptquartier eintreffenden Befehl, von der Saale wieder zur Elbe zurückzugeben, hat Blücher dennoch glücklichen Widerſpruch entgegen. Er nöthigt vielmehr auf dieſe Weiſe das Hauptheer nach ſich zur Nachfolge und führt den Kampf ſeiner erſten glorreichen Entſcheidung bei Leipzig entgegen. Den 16. beginnen die Verbündeten, in weitem Kreiſe Leipzig und das franzöſiſche Heer umgebend, den Angriff. Bei Wachau und Lindenau hatte das tapfer kämpfende Hauptheer gelitten, und die Siegesglocken in Leipzig ertönten. Da macht Blüchers glänzender Sieg bei Möckern, den er bei ganzer Unthätigkeit des Kronprinzen allein gewonnen, ſie gänzlich verſtummen und der Sieg des 18. iſt vorbereitet. Die Waffenruhe am 17. unterbricht nur er, indem er den Herzog von Padua ſchlägt und nach Leipzig treibt. Am 18., am Tage des allgemeinen, ruhmwürdigſten Kampfes überläßt Blücher mit abermaliger großer Selbſtverleugnung dem Kronprinzen die beſſere Stellung, ja, um ihm nun jeden Vorwand zu entziehen, bewilligt er die zuletzt geäußerte Forderung, von ſeiner ſo ſehr geſchwächten Armee 30,000 Mann zu überlaſſen. Doch will er ſie, um ſie nicht zu verlaſſen, unter dem Kronprinzen ſelbſt commandiren. Als nach vergeblichem Widerſpruch der Kronprinz die Parthe nur an weiter unterhalb die Brücke bei Taucha paſſiren will, wobei die ganze Armee unmöglich hätte zur Schlacht kommen können, iſt er mit ſeinen 30,000 Mann ſchnell bei Mockau durch das Waſſer am jenſeitigen Ufer und läßt dem Kronprinzen ſagen: „er ſei über.“ So iſt er auch hier voran und überall im ſiegreichen Kampfe, als die Schweden anlangen. Seine Umſicht, Ausdauer und entſchloſſene That [illegible], reißt Alle mit ſich fort. Auch am 19. iſt ſeine Armee die erſte, die ſtürmend in Leipzig eindringt. Auf dem Marktplatze umarmt ihn der Kaiſer Alexander mit den Worten: „Retter von Deutſchland!“ und führt ihn dem gerührten Danke ſeines Königs entgegen. „Durch Ihre Siege“, erklärt ihm dieſer, „werden Sie Ihre Verdienſte um „das Vaterland überhäufen, als ich mit den Beweiſen meiner „Dankbarkeit folgen kann.“ Er ernannte ihn zum Feldmarſchall, der Kaiſer von Oeſterreich zum Großkreuz des Maria-Thereſien-Ordens. Alexander, der keinen Orden mehr für ihn hatte, überſchickte ihm mit einem reichen Ehrendegen. Nach der Schlacht iſt Blüchers Armee in der Verfolgung des Feindes voran und erleidet neue Drangſale, beſonders bei Freiburg a. d. Unſtrut. Da Wrede mit der bairiſch-öſterreichiſchen Armee dem fliehenden Feinde auf der Straße nach Mainz ſich entgegenſtellt, ſo eilt ihm Blücher von Fulda aus, um ihm die Straße nach Coblenz abzuſchneiden, nach Gießen zuvor, wo er nun ſein Hauptquartier nimmt. Hier wurde ſein Einzug empfangen, nachdem man kaum die Berichte von der Schlacht bei Leipzig geleſen. Der [illegible] alle zog er nach als Feind an. [illegible] den Namen in allen deutſchen Herzen. Der ruſſiſche und zugleich franzöſiſche Commandant, der Univerſitätskanzler und der Regierungspräſident aber verboten am Morgen des Einzugs durch Ausſchellen und Anſchlag unter Androhung „härteſter Ahndung“ jeden Jubel des Volks. Man denkt ſich leicht die Wirkung ſolcher Aengſtlichkeit, die natürlich auch Blücher noch vor dem Einzug erfuhr. Nie werde ich den unauslöſchlichen, und doch von allen Bildern und Ideen und Geſichtszügen, von den Bewohnern und Einwohnern, ſo [illegible] und zum Theil auf die ehrwürdigſte Weiſe ausgeſprochenen Siegesjubel bei ſeinem Einzuge vergeſſen, niemals den ergreifenden Eindruck der Perſönlichkeit des greiſen Helden von herrlicher Geſtalt, mit dem ſchön und edel geformten Haupt und Antlitz, mit dem ſcharfen und doch freundlichen Blick, mit ſo manchem erhebenden und treffenden Wort des ebenſo [illegible] als des kräftigen Kriegers aus der Zeit ſeines Aufenthaltes in Gießen. Manche hielten Unannehmlichkeiten für ſeine [illegible] geſinnten Männer für möglich, doch Blücher ſtrafte ſie nach ſeiner Weiſe nur mit einem derben Wort. Er lud ſie, als ſie ihm aufwarteten, zur Tafel für denſelben Abend. Und als nun es [illegible], welche [illegible] wurde, der Champagner kam, erhob er ſich und mit dieſem Gaben, von welchen der Reſt des einen noch die Stelle zeigte, wo der Stern der [illegible] abgenommenen Ehrenzeichen geſeſſen hatte, anſtoßend, ſagte er: „Nun, meine Herren, meine Lieb- „[illegible]: Gut deutſch, aber an den Galgen.“

Blücher aber hielt mit dem Rückzug der Franzoſen über den Rhein die Aufgabe noch keineswegs für vollendet. Ihm war klar — und er ſprach dies jetzt beſtimmt aus, bald nachher auch in den Proklamationen an ſein Heer vom 30. December und an die Franzoſen vom 1. Januar, ſo wie in der merkwürdigen Rede an die Deputation von Nancy (17. Januar) und der Proklamation von Laon (11. März) — daß Napoleon fallen müſſe, daß man ihm und ſeinen Anhängern, die ſie am [illegible], den Kampf auf Leben und Tod, den übrigen, den friedlichen Franzoſen, Friede und Freiheit ankündigen müſſe. Paris war ſein Ziel. Er fürchtete die Wirkung der verſchiedenen ruſſiſchen, ſchwediſchen, öſterreichiſchen, deutſchen Intereſſen und Abſichten, die Intriguen und Schwächen der Zaghaftigkeit und unzeitigen Friedensliebe, wovon man bereits die Anzeichen ſah. Dieſen waren die Erfolge zu groß, um ſie ſchnell und ganz als wohlerworben zu benutzen. Blücher drängte im Hauptquartier, wo bald die Unterhandlungen mit Napoleon begonnen und durch [illegible] Frankfurt, oft ſehr derbes Wort, durch die für ſich und ſein Vorwärts im Volksmund gewonnene begeiſterte öffentliche Meinung. Das erſte Wort [illegible] ließ er in Gießen, wie nachmals, auf raſchen Uebergang über den Rhein! und das derbe Wort des ruhmgekrönten Feldmarſchalls gegen die Zaghaften ſchlug bewußte Wunden, da die öffentliche Meinung ſo entſchieden für ihn war. Noch mehr aber brachte er dieſe öffentliche Meinung dadurch zur Sprache und Wirkſamkeit, daß er am 6. November von ſeinem Hauptquartier zu Gießen aus ohne Weiteres den Zug nach Frankreich über Cöln begann. Freilich erreichte ihn am 11. ſchon der Befehl mit dem beſtimmten Gegenbefehl. Seine Armee mußte wieder zurückgehen, doch blieb der Eindruck ſeines Unternehmens und es halfen ihm ſeine Energie und [illegible] perſönlichen Wirken in Frankfurt und die immer ſtärkere Gewalt der öffentlichen Meinung endlich zum Sieg.

Nachdem er vorher den Feind ſo, wie bei Wartenburg, durch Kriegsliſt getäuſcht, überſchritt ſeine Armee am 1. Januar 1814 mit dem Schlage zwölf Uhr, unter dem Lärm des Neujahrsgeſchützes gleichzeitig bei Mannheim, Caub und Coblenz den Rhein. Die Franzoſen ſuchte er von Napoleon getrennt auf die Seite der Alliirten zu bringen, indem er auf Napoleons Unterdrückung und auf die höchſt merkwürdigen Vorgänge in Paris am 29. December 1813 verwies, wo nach Raynouards und Lainé's kräftigen Darſtellungen der geſetzgebende Körper vom Kaiſer Wiederherſtellung der Freiheit gefordert, der Kaiſer aber den geſetzgebenden Körper nach Hauſe geſchickt und ſich den einzigen Repräſentanten Frankreichs genannt hatte. Die ſtrengſte Schonung gegen die franzöſiſchen Bürger, welche Napoleon ſich nicht anſchließen möchten, empfahl er auf ſeine unvergleichliche Weiſe ſeinen Soldaten. „Die Bewohner“ — ſo ſagt ſeine Proclamation — „ſind uns nicht feindlich geſinnt. Ich habe ihnen „Schutz ihrer Perſonen und Sicherheit ihres Eigenthums ver„ſprochen. Ich that's in Eurem Namen. Ihr müßt's hal„ten!“ Seine Armee, jetzt verſtärkt durch das vierte und fünfte deutſche Armeecorps, nahm wieder die Mitte ein zwiſchen der großen Armee, welche zu ſeiner Linken, ſüdlich von der Schweiz aus, vorrückte, und zwiſchen der Nordarmee, welche — jedoch größtentheils wegen Bernadotte's Zaudern nur theilweiſe — zu ſeiner Rechten von den Niederlanden aus vorrücken ſollte. Wie früher Leipzig, ſo mußte nun Paris der Zielpunkt werden. Am 17. Januar zog Blücher in Nancy ein, am 29. in Brienne, wo ihm ein Ueberfall [illegible] große Gefahr brachte, aber den Zweck, ſeine Verbindung mit der Hauptarmee zu verhindern, nicht erreichte. Schon wieder hatte er jetzt mit den Intriguen und Schwankungen der Friedenspartei im Hauptquartier und gegen die Auſchliermungen an den früheren Rückzug aus Frankreich während der Revolution zu kämpfen. Er trieb nach Paris und erbot ſich, bei einiger Unterſtützung durch die Hauptarmee, die ihm Heer noch nicht vereinigt war, den Kaiſer ſogleich zu ſchlagen. Das Vertrauen der Monarchen und Feldherren übertrug ihm darauf am 1. Februar über einen Theil der Hauptarmee, über die Truppen unter Wrede, Giulay und dem Kronprinzen von Württemberg, den Oberbefehl für eine Schlacht bei Brienne oder la Rothière. Er ſchlug. In [illegible] Berichte [illegible] die verbündeten Heerſchaaren. Als es der Entſcheidung galt, da rief Blücher: „Ihr nennt „mich den Marſchall Vorwärts; nun will ich Euch zeigen, „was vorwärts heißt!“ Und an der Spitze einer tapfern Schaar ſtürmte er voran auf den entſcheidenden Punkt, und das Dorf la Rothière, Napoleons feſte Stellung, iſt genommen. Die erſte Schlacht auf franzöſiſchem Boden war gewonnen. Angeſichts ſeiner militäriſchen Wiege war der große feindliche Feldherr von Blücher beſiegt, hatte 3000 Gefangene und 73 Kanonen verloren und ſah auf's Neue den Glauben an ſeine Unüberwindlichkeit gründlich untergraben.

Blücher, jetzt mit größerem Nachdruck nach Paris treibend, rückte an der Spitze ſeiner Armee mit Schnelligkeit an die Marne und, ſchon die Hauptſtadt bedrohend, bis Meaux vor. Langſamer und weniger glücklich operirte die große Armee ihrerſeits an der Seine. Aber mit der ganzen Kraft ſeines großen Geiſtes, durch die reich an Hülfsmitteln und ſeine Heerſchaaren durch die Schnelligkeit ſeiner Bewegungen faſt verdoppelnd, kämpfte der Kaiſer. Hatten die Idee der Freiheit und die franzöſiſche Nation noch mit ihm gekämpft, hätte er es nur wagen dürfen, eine Volkswehr aufzurufen, wahrlich, in dem weiten kriegeriſchen Frankreich, diesmal größer, als das Volk, an deſſen Spitze Friedſich ſiegreich gegen den größten Theil von Europa kämpfte, in demſelben Frankreich, das in der Revolution noch ungerüſtet, überall von auswärtigen und innern Feinden beſetzt, begeiſtert durch ſeine Freiheitsideen, ſie alle ſo glorreich beſiegte, der Sieg hätte ſein werden müſſen. Mit Blitzesſchnelle von einem Heere der Verbündeten zu dem andern eilend, benutzte er jede Blöße, jede Lücke. So warf er ſich jetzt zuerſt auf die Blücher'ſche Armee, welche durch fehlerhafte und der Abrede zuwiderlaufende Bewegungen der Hauptarmee, ohne daß Blücher es wußte, auf der rechten Seite entblößt war und vereinzelt ſtand. Zuerſt überraſchte und ſchlug er den General Olsuſieff bei Champaubert (10. Febr.), dann Sacken bei Montmirail (11. Febr.) und hierauf York bei Chateauthierry (12. Febr.), ſchnitt ſie von dem Reſt der Armee unter Blücher ab und warf ſich auf dieſen bei Joinvilliers und Etoges (14. Febr.). Er umzingelte deſſen Heerhaufen dergeſtalt, daß nur das Durchſchlagen in Quarré's einen durch die ſeltenſte Geiſtesgegenwart bewundernswürdigen Rückzug gegen Chalons zu möglich machte. Ein franzöſiſcher Berichterſtatter (Koch, Memoires) geſteht, daß die Franzoſen die Geiſtesgegenwart Blücher's bei dieſem Rückzuge bewunderten. „Er ſammelte," ſo fährt Koch fort, „ſein „Fußvolk, mitten unter den Angriffen der Cavalerie, eine Sache, „die ſo ſchwer gelingt, daß ſie in gleichem Grade den Feldherrn und ſeine Soldaten ehrt." Bald bei der Vorhut, bald bei der Nachhut, war Blücher überall, wo die Feinde am heftigſten drängten. Aber ſo furchtbar ſah er, trotz aller Ordnung des Rückzugs, die Seinigen fallen, daß er zuletzt im bitterſten Schmerz jede, auch die nöthigſte Vorſicht für ſeine Perſon aufgab, auch als alle Ordonanzen zu ſeiner Seite fielen, im ſtärkſten Kugelregen unbeweglich ausharrte und ſeines jungen Adjutanten, des Grafen Noſtiz Mahnung, ſich zu retten, zurückwies, da ſagte ihm dieſer: „Nun, wenn Ew. „Excellenz ſich hier, wo noch nichts verloren iſt, todtſchießen „laſſen, ſo wird die Geſchichte auch nicht viel Rühmliches davon zu erzählen haben." Da ſah ihn Blücher ernſt an und mit den Worten: „Nun, Noſtiz, ſo laſſen Sie uns reiten!" trieb er ſein Pferd an. Gleich darauf kamen Gneiſenau und andere Officiere und ſuchten den ſchon Vermißten. „Na, „Gneiſenau," — rief er, ſchon wieder im Beſitz ſeiner heitern Zuverſicht, Jenem entgegen — „nun es heute noch nicht mit „mir zu Ende gegangen, hat's damit auch noch lange Zeit! „Es wird nun ſchon wieder gehen; wir werden noch Alles wieder gut machen!" Die vier vereinzelten Gefechte hatten 14,000 Mann, faſt den vierten Theil der Armee, darunter 6000 Gefangene und 27 Kanonen gekoſtet und Napoleon berichtete nach Paris: „die Blücher'ſche Armee ſei vernichtet." Doch ſchnell vereinigte nun Blücher in Chalons alle ſeine Heertheile mit ſich und großmüthig ſprach er in ſeinem Bericht ſeine Generale frei und nahm alle Schuld auf ſich. Selbſt die Führer der Hauptarmee verſchonte er mit Vorwürfen, dachte vielmehr auf ihre Unterſtützung und bot Schwarzenberg ſeine alsbaldige Unterſtützung zu einer Hauptſchlacht an. Er hätte tollkühn ſcheinen können, aber Blüchers Muth wuchs mit dem Unglück. Schwarzenberg war unterdeſſen mit dem Hauptheere allmälig bis gegen Fontainebleau vorgedrungen geweſen; im Fluge aber hatte Napoleon ſich jetzt von Blücher, von der Marne zur Seine eilend, wieder auf das Hauptheer geworfen. Er ſchlug die Ruſſen ſiegreich bei Nangis (17. Febr.) und die Würtemberger bei Montereau (18. Febr.) und am 19ten war Schwarzenbergs Heer im vollen Rückzuge, doch hatte er Blüchern bereits geantwortet, wenn dieſer noch mit 30,000 Mann am 22ſten in Mery zu ihm ſtoßen könne, ſo wolle er dort ſich ſtellen und eine Hauptſchlacht liefern. Blücher antwortete: „Ich werde ſchon am 21ſten mit 53,000 Mann und 300 Kanonen zur Stelle ſein." Und wirklich traf er am 21ſten noch zur rechten Zeit in Mery ein, um die Wittgenſtein'ſche Armee von einer großen Niederlage zu retten. Von den franzöſiſchen Schriftſtellern, die überhaupt öfters bemerken, da oder dort habe man an der Lebhaftigkeit und dem Nachdruck der Bewegungen bemerkt, daß man es mit Blücher zu thun habe, berichtet hier Fain in ſeinem Geſchichtsbuch: „Das ganze Heer Schwarzenbergs war im Zurück„weichen. Ueberall ſtieß Napoleon auf Truppen, welche „wenig Widerſtand zu leiſten begehrten. Die Hartnäckigkeit „der Gegenwehr bei Mery ſetzt in Erſtaunen. Man fragt, „wer dieſer trotzige Feind ſei. Napoleon erfährt, es ſeien „Truppen von Blücher. Er will es nicht glauben, er meint, „dieſe Truppen müßten noch 30 Stunden weit von hier weg „ſein. Doch es war ſo; nun iſt Alles begreiflich, nur nicht, „wie dieſe Truppen, die ſich bei Chalons kaum von ihrer „Niederlage erholt haben könnten, überhaupt ſo ſchnell wieder „und jetzt hier auf dem Kampfplatz erſcheinen konnten." Aber leider harrte Blücher in Mery vergeblich auf die Betheiligung zur verſprochenen Hauptſchlacht. Er konnte Schwarzenberg nicht dazu bewegen. Schon hatte dieſer den Franzoſen einen Waffenſtillſtand angetragen und man hoffte wieder auf die Friedensunterhandlungen auf dem Congreſſe zu Chatillon. Schwarzenberg beſteht darauf, ſeinen Rückzug bis nach Chaumont und Langres zu verfolgen. Vergeblich läßt ihn Blücher durch Grolmann beſchwören, ſeinen Vorſatz aufzugeben. Ja Schwarzenberg befahl Blücher an dieſen Rückzug ſich anzuſchließen, und förmlich ausgefertigt langte alsbald derſelbe Befehl aus dem großen Hauptquartier an. Hätte Blücher gefolgt, ſo war der Feldzug verloren und ein unglücklicher, ſchimpflicher Rückzug aus Frankreich unvermeidlich. Schon hatte Napoleon das ſtolze Wort geſprochen: „Jetzt bin ich näher an Wien als die „Feinde an Paris!" da faßte Blücher den kühnen, in ſeinen Folgen welthiſtoriſchen Entſchluß, nicht zu folgen, vielmehr ſeine Verbindungen mit der Hauptarmee abzubrechen, mit ſeiner Armee ſchnell zum zweitenmal an der Marne nach der Hauptſtadt vorzudringen, dadurch die Hauptarmee von Napoleons Verfolgung zu befreien, und ſie ſo dem Vorgehen nach Paris wieder günſtiger zu ſtimmen. Durch dringende Vorſtellungen bei den Monarchen von Preußen und Rußland (der Kaiſer von Oeſterreich war ſchon früher rückwärts in Dijon) wußte er, nachdem er bereits unverweilt ſeinen Plan in Ausführung gebracht, auch die nachträgliche rühmliche Genehmigung zu dem Geſchehenen zu erlangen und ſelbſt eine Vermehrung ſeiner Armee durch das Winzingerodiſche und Bülow'ſche Corps von der auf's Neue zaudernden Nordarmee und durch das weimariſche Corps zu erwerben. Er warf Marmont bei Sezanne und überſchritt die Marne bei La Ferté. Sein Plan, die große Armee zu befreien, war ſchnell erreicht. Schon am 7. März ſtand wieder ihm Napoleon bei Craon zur Schlacht gegenüber. Unverantwortlich verſpätete ſich Winzingerode mit 11,000 Mann Reiterei und mit der reitenden Artillerie. Blücher mußte ſich zurückziehen. Doch Unfälle und verlorene Schlachten ſchlugen ihn und ſein Heer nicht nieder. Schon den nächſtfolgenden Tag (am 9. März) boten ſie dem Kaiſer bei Laon eine neue Schlacht an. Sie wurde glänzend gewonnen und dadurch den Alliirten die Thore von Paris eröffnet. Mehr als 50 Kanonen, 100 Pulverwagen und mehr als 2000 Gefangene waren der Preis eines glänzenden nächtlichen Angriffs am 9ten gegen einen geringen eigenen Verluſt. Napoleons eigener Angriff am 10ten wurde ſiegreich zurückgeſchlagen. Napoleon ohne den leidigen Blücher auch nur zu nennen, berichtete nach Paris, er habe gefunden, daß die Höhen von Laon uneinnehmbar ſeien. Seine Angriffe auf die Blücher'ſche Armee aber mußte er nun aufgeben. Er wendete ſich wieder gegen das Hauptheer. Dieſes, durch Blüchers kühnen Vorgang beſtimmt, war unterdeß ebenfalls zum zweitenmale von der Seine nach Troyes, Sens und Provins vorgerückt. Es hätte ſchon am 5. März vor Paris ſtehen können. Aber 90,000 Mann ſtark, hatte es ſich durch 32,000 Mann unter Macdonald vierzehn Tage lang faſt an derſelben Stelle in Unthätigkeit halten laſſen. Doch war Napoleon, der in Rheims den General St. Prieſt überfallen hatte, ſo geſchwächt, daß er bei Arcis ſur Aube ſeinen neuen Angriff auf die verbündeten Heere (20. März) nicht durchſetzen konnte. Da ſuchte er durch eine kühne Kriegsliſt die beiden Heere von dem Vordringen nach Paris abzuwenden. Durch einen Rückzug über Vitry und Saint Dizier warf er ſich in ihren Rücken, hoffte, ſie ſich nachzuziehen und, gelehnt an ſeine Grenzfeſtungen und unterſtützt durch den Mangel der ausgehungerten Gegenden und durch das zur Verzweiflung aufgereizte Volk, ſie ins Verderben zu ſtürzen. Und das Hauptheer begann wirklich bereits in die Falle zu gehen. Napoleon, in übereilter Siegesfreude, äußerte: „Man hat von Frieden geſprochen, aber ich unterhandle nicht mit Gefangenen." Diesmal konnte jedoch Blücher, unterſtützt durch einen aufgefangenen Brief von Napoleon an die Kaiſerin, der die Liſt enthüllte, bei den Monarchen ſchnell ſein Vorwärts nach Paris durchſetzen. Er ſelbſt ſchreibt an einen deutſchen Fürſten: „Nachdem ich den Napoleon bei Laon geſchlagen, beſtand ich gegen die Meinung „aller Umgebungen der Monarchen darauf, mit beiden Heeren „auf Paris loszumarſchiren und Napoleon machen zu laſſen. „Es würde dann ſchon Alles ſich finden, wenn wir die Hauptſtadt hätten." Am 23. wurde wirklich im Hauptquartier zu Vitry mit freudiger Zuſtimmung jetzt auch des bedenkenden Schwarzenberg das Vorrücken beider Armeen beſchloſſen. Napoleon ließ ſich durch die ihm von Blücher klug nachgeſchickte Reiterei des Generals Winzingerode zu dem Wahne verleiten, die Armeen folgten ihm. Als er endlich, ſeine Täuſchung erkennend, eiligſt gegen Paris zurückging, war es bereits zu ſpät. Am 30ſten griffen die Alliirten Paris an. Blücher, der unterwegs gegen Marmont und Mortier und den General Pacthod die Unfälle im Februar ſiegreich gerächt hatte, endigte durch Erſtürmung des Montmartre glorreich den Feldzug. Am 31ſten zogen die Verbündeten in die Hauptſtadt ein.

Der Kaiſer Alexander erließ jetzt in ſeinem und ſeiner Bundesgenoſſen Namen die Erklärung an die von ihrem Despoten befreite franzöſiſche Nation, ſie möge ſich eine andere Regierung erwählen. Mit dem treubrüchigen Napoleon würden die Verbündeten nicht unterhandeln. Der Senat aber ſetzte den Kaiſer ab, und gab, zurückkommend auf die Erklärungen im geſetzgebenden Körper 29. Dec. 1813, des Kaiſers Unterdrückung der verfaſſungsmäßigen Freiheiten, insbeſondere auch der Preßfreiheit, als Grund an. Napoleon wollte Paris ſtürmen. Aber jetzt verſagte ihm auch ſeine Armee durch die Marſchälle den Gehorſam. Er mußte mit der Inſel Elba und einer Jahresrente zufrieden ſein. Der Senat entwarf nun in Eile eine neue liberale Verfaſſung, die auch der geſetzgebende Körper eben ſo eilig gut hieß. Von beiden wurde Ludwig XVIII zurückgerufen. Dieſer erklärte vor ſeinem Einzuge in der Proclamation von St. Ouen, daß auch er die Grundlage der neuen Verfaſſung annähme, verſprach jedoch dieſelben, „weil die Verfaſſungsurkunde zu ſehr das Gepräge „der Eile an ſich trage,“ in einer vollſtändigeren Urkunde zu verwirklichen, und erfüllte in Uebereinſtimmung mit den Wünſchen der Sieger dieſes Verſprechen durch die am Tage nach ſeinem Einzuge in Paris publicirte Charte vom 4. Juni.

Blücher hatte ſchon vor der Schlacht von Laon, von einem fieberhaften Zuſtande ergriffen, ſich nur durch die Kraft und Spannung des Geiſtes und die Größe ſeiner Aufgabe aufrecht erhalten. Er commandirte auf dem Montmartre nur aus dem Wagen und wegen ſchweren Augenleidens mit einem grünen Damenhut bedeckt. Nun drohte eine ſchwere Krankheit dem Greis das Leben oder mindeſtens das Geſicht zu rauben. Er war ſechs Tage lang blind, doch ſiegte bald ſeine kräftige Natur.

Vergeblich eiferte Blücher jetzt mit ſeinen oft ſehr derben Erklärungen gegen den für die Feinde zu günſtigen Frieden. Alle deutſchen Länder wünſchte er für Deutſchland. Die Zurückrufung der Bourbons gefiel und bürgte ihm nicht. Er ſagte laut voraus, daß man ſo nur einen Waffenſtillſtand ſchließe. Und er hatte recht geſehen. Die Partei der adeligen Emigranten und ihre reſtaurirende Vernichtung und Bedrohung aller Früchte der Revolution, und namentlich der auch in der Charte anerkannten Freiheitsrechte, öffnete dem von Elba zurückkehrenden Napoleon die Bahn. Daß jetzt erſt Ludwig XVIII. vor den ſchnell verſammelten Kammern die Charte durch feierlichen Eid beſchwor, iſt zwar für die Idee der Zeit ſprechend genug, konnte aber nun nicht mehr helfen. Napoleon ſeinerſeits beſchwur auf dem Maifelde jetzt noch größere Freiheit, und rüſtete die Armeen.

Vom Tage der Nachricht von Napoleons Landung erſchien Blücher, der nach beendigtem Feldzug einen ſchlichten Bürgerrock liebte, unter dem Zujauchzen des Volkes in Berlin wieder öffentlich in der Feldmarſchallsuniform und trieb zur energiſchen kräftigen Rüſtung. Unter Erneuerung der ſchon oben erwähnten Verheißungen wurde ganz Deutſchland auf's Neue zu den Waffen gerufen. In der Mitte des Junius 1815 ſtand Blücher bereits nach raſchen Märſchen mit ſeinem Heere an der Maas und Sambre, zunächſt an der franzöſiſchen Grenze, mit dem Hauptquartier zu Namur, den Franzoſen unter dem Kaiſer gegenüber. Ihm zur Seite ſtand die aus Engländern, Niederländern und Deutſchen gebildete Armee unter Wellington, mit dem Hauptquartier zu Brüſſel. Beide Feldherren hatten ſich ſchnelle gegenſeitige Hülfe verſprochen. Napoleon warf ſich zuerſt auf Blüchers Heer. Ein franzöſiſcher Schriftſteller gibt als Grund an, Napoleon habe darauf gerechnet, Blücher würde nach ſeiner Weiſe dem angegriffenen Wellington zur Hülfe eilen und wenn ihm ſelbſt nur einige Bataillone zu Gebot ſtänden; Wellington dagegen würde, bevor er nicht ſein Heer verſammelt habe, Blüchern keine Hülfe bringen. Bei Ligny kämpften 130,000 Franzoſen gegen 90,000 Preußen heiß und erbittert. Aber die Hülfe von Bülow und Wellington, in deren zuverſichtlicher Erwartung die Schlacht angenommen worden, blieb aus. Das Corps von Bülow und die letzten Befehle an daſſelbe hatten ſich verſpätet. Wellington aber hatte geſäumt, ſeine verſchiedenen Corps zu vereinigen, und nun wurde er mit dem einen, was Blüchern zu Hülfe kommen ſollte, bei Quatrebras ſelbſt angegriffen. Kurz die 20,000 Mann, die er noch am 16ten gegen Mittag Blüchern um zwei Uhr perſönlich verſprochen hatte, blieben aus. Die Franzoſen erhielten das Uebergewicht. Da ſetzte ſich Blücher, um, wie oftmals, durch ſeine perſönliche Tapferkeit und einen feurigen Angriff auf den rechten Punkt den ſiegreichen Ausgang herbeizuführen, an die Spitze der Reiterei. Aber ſie wurde von den franzöſiſchen Cüraſſieren geworfen. Blüchers Pferd, von tödtlicher Kugel getroffen, ſtürzt und wirft ſich auf den greiſen Helden, der im Falle noch ruft: „Noſtiz, nun bin ich verloren!“ Ihm bleibt, während zuerſt die Preußen und die verfolgenden Franzoſen, dieſe im Hinwege und dann auch im Rückwege, dicht an ihm vorbeiſprengen, nur ſein treuer Noſtiz als Schützer und Retter zur Seite. Als die Preußen in Verfolgung der von ihnen zurückgeworfenen Franzoſen zurückkehren, da hält ſie Noſtiz ſchnell an. Dem Feldmarſchall wird unter ſeiner Bürde auf- und auf ein Pferd geholfen. Es war gerade noch zur rechten Zeit; denn jetzt eben drangen die Feinde in Maſſe vor. Die Niederlage des Blücherſchen Heeres war vollſtändig. Mehr als 12000 Todte und Verwundete und 21 Kanonen waren verloren. Aber der heroiſche Muth des Feldherrn und ſein Vertrauen, durch das doppelt ſchwere Schickſal und ſelbſt durch ſeine empfindlichen körperlichen Leiden unerſchüttert, ja gehoben, wendeten das Unglück zu neuem erhöhtem Ruhm. „Wir haben Schläge „gekriegt, lieber Gneiſenau, wir müſſen es wieder ausbeſſern.“ Mit dieſen Worten begrüßte heiter der Greis in einer Bauernhütte, wachend unter ringsumher Schlafenden, den eintretenden Freund. Seine Seite war ſtark zerſchlagen. Er litt große Schmerzen und konnte ſich nur mit großer Beſchwerde bewegen. Doch Kopf und Herz waren geſund. Den Bericht an den König ordnete er noch ſelbſt. Als er eben damit fertig war, wollte ihm der Wundarzt die gequetſchte Seite einreiben. Blücher fragte, was er da habe? Auf die Antwort, es ſeien Spiritualia, verſetzte er: „Auswendig hilft „das nicht viel. Ich will dem Ding beſſer beikommen,“ ließ ſich Champagner bringen, trank dem Courier zu und rief ihm nach: „Sagen Sie nur Sr. Majeſtät, ich hätte kalt nachgetrunken, es würde beſſer gehen!“ Der Tagesbefehl am folgenden Morgen ſchließt mit den Worten: „Ich werde Euch „wieder vorwärts gegen den Feind führen. Wir werden ihn „ſchlagen, denn wir müſſen.“ Wellington, welcher bei Quatrebras ebenfalls von Ney war geſchlagen worden, fragt an demſelben 17ten in der Frühe an, ob Blücher morgen am 18ten ihm mit zwei Heertheilen beiſtehen könne zu einer Hauptſchlacht? „Mit der ganzen Armee!“ war Blüchers Antwort. Und er hielt Wort. Selbſt dem abgeſonderten preußiſchen Armeecorps unter Thielemann, das bei Wavre, um Blücher von Wellington abzuziehen, von Grouchy mit Uebermacht bedrängt war, verſagte er die wiederholt erbetene Hülfe. „Dort bei Wellingtons Heer iſt die Entſcheidung!“ ſprach er, in dem gemeinſchaftlichen Kampf ſtets gleich treu und neidlos dem verbündeten Heere helfend, wie dem eigenen. Was Blücher durch dieſe Geſinnung in den Freiheitskriegen geleiſtet, liegt vor Augen. Wer in der Geſchichte hundert Schlachten und Feldzüge an „entgegengeſetzten“ Eigenſchaften der Feldherrn ſcheitern ſah, wird es ganz zu würdigen verſtehen. Aber es ſchienen die Schwierigkeiten faſt unüberwindlich. Blücher hatte den 17ten ganz im Bette zubringen müſſen und beſtieg am 18ten nur mit großen Schmerzen und unter Sorgen der Seinigen das Pferd. Der Weg war für die angegriffenen Truppen weit und ſumpfig. Der Regen goß in Strömen. Aber Blücher ermuthigte, belebte Alle und trieb auf jede Weiſe: „Vorwärts, Kinder, vorwärts!“ Den Regen nannte er ſeinen Alliirten von der Katzbach. Er war bald hier, bald da, wo es ſtockte, und ermunterte, rieth, befahl. Aber es ging wegen des entſetzlichen Weges nur ſchwer und langſam. Schon hatte man durch einen Umweg wegen eines brennenden Dorfes viele Zeit verloren und beängſtigende Nachrichten kamen wiederholt vom Schlachtfelde. Von den in Schlamm und Pfützen mühſam vorarbeitenden Kriegern aber vernimmt man das Gemurmel: „es gehe nicht, es ſei unmöglich.“ Da redet Blücher mit tiefſter Kraft: „Kinder wir müſſen vorwärts. Es heißt wohl, es geht „nicht! Aber es muß gehen; ich habe es ja meinem Bruder „Wellington verſprochen. Hört ihr wohl? Ihr wollt doch „nicht, daß ich wortbrüchig werden ſoll!“ Und ſo ging es denn mit allen Waffen unaufhaltſam vorwärts. Ihm gehorchten die Herzen, das machte Unmögliches möglich. Und es war Zeit. Wellingtons Heer hatte von der Uebermacht ſchon zu viel gelitten und ſchien ihr bald weichen zu müſſen. Er hatte bereits einzelne Theile des Schlachtfelds, den Meierhof la Haye-ſainte und das Wäldchen Hougomont, dem Feinde überlaſſen. Schon war die Straße nach Brüſſel mit Flüchtigen aus Wellingtons Heere bedeckt. Schon hatte Napoleon drei Uhr Nachmittags einen Courier nach Paris abgefertigt mit der Nachricht, daß der Sieg nicht mehr zweifelhaft ſei. Da endlich konnte Blücher mit tüchtiger Kraft die Feinde im Rücken und in der Seite angreifen. Blüchers Erſtürmung des Dorfes la Haye-ſainte entſchied die Niederlage. Wellington erklärte in ſeinem Bericht an ſeine Regierung: „Ich würde meiner Ueberzeugung und dem Marſchall Blücher und der preußiſchen Armee nicht Gerechtigkeit „widerfahren laſſen, wenn ich nicht den glücklichen Erfolg dieſes furchtbaren Tages ihrem ſo herzlichen und zeitgemäßen Bei-

„Hande zuſchriebe." Ein Augenzeuge berichtet über Blücher: „Die Soldaten nannten ihn in den Schlachten in Belgien nur „den Wegweiſer, weil er ſtets an der Spitze ſich befand. Der „Feldmarſchall flog im dichteſten Pulverdampf daher. Es war „eine Freude, ihn zu ſehen. Commandirte er, dann funkelte „ſein Blick. Ging's vorwärts, dann ſang er. Hielt er im Kugelregen, dann rauchte er ſo ruhig, wie im Schlafzimmer, „ſeine Pfeife, die er an einer Kanonenlunte ſich angezündet hatte."

Doch den vollen Erfolg dieſer großen Schlacht, die gänzliche Auflöſung der feindlichen Armee, den Verluſt alles Geſchützes, kurz, daß es ein Sieg wurde, wie wenige in der Geſchichte, dieſes bewirkte Blücher erſt dadurch, daß er ihre Verfolgung übernahm. Seine Armee, die in drei Tagen zwei ſolche Schlachten geſchlagen, nach einer ſolchen Niederlage ſo Bewundernswerthes geleiſtet hatte, verfolgte noch in derſelben Nacht den fliehenden Feind ſo ſchnell, daß ſie ihn aus neun verſchiedenen Bivouacs, wo er eine kurze Ruhe ſuchte, aufjagte. „Der letzte Hauch von Menſchen und Pferden muß zur Verfolgung aufgeboten werden," das war des Feldherrn Meinung, und Gneiſenau, dem an dieſem Tage zwei Pferde unter dem Leibe erſchoſſen und der Griff des Degens durch eine Kugel zerſchmettert worden, vollzog ſie treulich. Der zwei und ſiebenzigjährige Greis ſelbſt, welcher ſo Großes erfahren und gethan hatte, erbeutete noch am Abend der Schlacht in Genappe des Kaiſers Wagen mit deſſen Kaiſermantel und Ordensſternen und ſeinen Hut und Degen, welche er, überraſcht von der ſchnellen Ankunft der Preußen, bei eiligem Beſteigen eines Pferdes zurücklaſſen mußte. Als jetzt Blücher in dem mit Verwundeten angefüllten Genappe ein Nachtquartier bezog, ſah er bei ſeinem Eintritt die Leute beſchäftigt, eilig aus ſeinem Zimmer ſechs ſchwer verwundete Franzoſen fortzuſchaffen. Aber der menſchenfreundliche Feldherr, obwohl ſo ſehr der Ruhe bedürftig, litt es nicht, daß ſie um ſeinetwillen geſtört würden, ſondern ließ ihnen alle Hülfe und Linderung bereiten, die ihr Zuſtand verſtattete. Blücher haßte die Franzoſen, ſo lange und ſo weit ſie als übermüthige und gefährliche Unterdrücker der Freiheit des deutſchen Vaterlandes dieſem und ihm gegenüberſtanden, vor Allem alſo den Bonapartismus und eine undeutſche ſchmachvolle Förderung dieſer Unterdrückung von unſerer Seite. Aber gegen wehrloſe Feinde empfahl er ſtets Schonung und übte ſie auf die edelſte, menſchlichſte Weiſe. Schon von Belle-Alliance aus hatte er, der überhaupt ausgedehnten Briefwechſel liebte, eigenhändig an Schwarzenberg geſchrieben: „Mein Freund! die ſchönſte Schlacht iſt geſchlagen, der herrlichſte Sieg iſt erfochten. Ich denke die Bonapartiſtiſche Geſchichte iſt nun wohl vorbei. Belle-Alliance am 19. Juni. Ich kann nicht mehr ſchreiben, denn ich zittre an allen Gliedern. Es war zu viel!" Und noch in dieſer Nacht beſorgte er die Proclamation an ſein Heer und den Anfang des ausführlichen Berichts, Arbeiten, bei welchen er ſtets weſentlich mitzuwirken liebte, was auch ihre eigenthümliche ergreifende Weiſe erklärt. Schon am 29ſten ſtand er mit ſeiner Armee vor den wohlbefeſtigten Linien von Paris, welches eine mit der ſeinigen gleich ſtarke Armee vertheidigte. Alle Anträge zu einem Waffenſtillſtande ohne Einnahme der Hauptſtadt verwarf er unerbittlich. Nach einem höchſt kühnen Uebergang auf das linke Seineufer, dem einzigen freien Angriffspunkt gegen Paris, und indem er die Feinde bei Sevres, Pleſſis, Piquet und Iſſy ſchlug, zwang er die Hauptſtadt zur Capitulation und das Heer zum Abzug, und beendigte ſo auch dieſen Feldzug nicht minder ruhmvoll, als den erſten. Am 7. Juli zog er in Paris ein und nahm ſein Hauptquartier im kaiſerlichen Schloß Saint Cloud. Der Kaiſer aber, deſſen Plan, ſich zum Dictator zu erklären und die Kammern nach Hauſe zu ſchicken, an der Freiheitskraft, vorzüglich von Lafayette, ſcheiterte und deſſen Freiheitsliebe eben ſo wenig in der franzöſiſchen Nation, als ſeine Friedensliebe bei den Verbündeten wahren Glauben hatte erwecken können, mußte abermals dem Thron entſagen.

Es ſchien die Abſicht Wellingtons und anderer Verbündeten, aus Schonung für die Bourbons und ihre Herrſchaft die Einnahme von Paris nicht zu erzwingen. Dieſes und die Bemühungen für die Bourbons gefielen Blüchern nicht. Er wünſchte für die Franzoſen ihre volle innere Freiheit. Nur wollte er beſſere Wiederherſtellung und Bürgſchaft für Deutſchland. Er eiferte in dieſer Hinſicht auf's Neue für beſſere Friedensbedingungen. Und durch ſeine Raſchheit konnte er, noch ehe die Monarchen und Miniſter ankamen, mehr noch als durch Worte wirken. In den Unterhandlungen über den Waffenſtillſtand gebrauchte er einen den Franzoſen ſeit lange ungewohnten Ton und die deutſche Sprache. Dennoch rieth der große Carnot, lieber mit Blüchers derber Geradheit, als mit Wellingtons höflicher Zweideutigkeit zu unterhandeln. Blücher verwarf es entſchieden, daß die Hauptſtadt wiederum, ſo ganz gegen der Franzoſen Verfahren in Deutſchland, von Einquartierung frei bleibe, verfügte ſchnell die Beſchlagnahme der aus Deutſchland geraubten Kunſtſchätze und ſchrieb Contributionen aus. Sein Vorangehen und ſeine lauten, energiſchen, durch die öffentliche Meinung unterſtützten Worte trugen auch bei zu dem jetzt beſſeren Frieden. Auch wurde merkwürdigerweiſe den Franzoſen die Erhaltung ihrer freien Verfaſſung jetzt förmlich durch den Friedensſchluß verbürgt, doch gefielen die Bedingungen Blüchern nicht ganz und er fürchtete neue Gefahren. Bei einem großen Feſtmahle, welches Wellington den in Paris verſammelten Miniſtern, Diplomaten und Feldherren gab, brachte er den Trinkſpruch aus, den man in England mit großem Beifall den Blüchers-Toaſt nannte: „Mögen die Federn der Miniſter nicht wieder „verderben, was durch das Schwert der Heere mit ſo vieler Anſtrengung gewonnen worden!"

Auch nach der Rückkehr aus den Feldzügen maßte ſich zwar Blücher keineswegs die Rolle eines Staatsmannes oder eine Einmiſchung in die Verwaltung an; aber er hielt als Privatmann mit ſeinem geſunden Rechtsgefühl und praktiſchen Sinne feſt an den großen Grundſätzen, durch welche Preußen wieder ſtark und groß und Deutſchland gerettet war, welche mit den Herrſchern und der Nation auch er in den Freiheitskriegen mit Ueberzeugung öffentlich ausgeſprochen, durch welche er geſiegt hatte. Er war ſehr weit entfernt von der reactionären Beſtrebung derjenigen, welche dieſe Grundſätze und ſelbſt alle Begeiſterung für Freiheit und Vaterland während der Freiheitskriege jetzt ableugneten, welche ſogar damals, nämlich vor ihrer Erneuerung durch die königliche Erklärung vom 17. Januar 1820, die Verheißung der Reichsrepräſentation auslöſchen wollten, und welche den alten Staatskanzler jetzt deshalb anfeindeten, weil er den freien Grundſätzen Sanction und zum Theil ſchon die Verwirklichung verſchafft hatte. Sein oft äußerſt derber Tadel gegen den altgewordenen Staatsmann und manche neuern Maßregeln war ganz anderer Art. Blücher blieb in ſeinen Geſinnungsäußerungen, in ſeinen kräftigen, oft ausführlichen, aber leicht dahinfließenden und meiſt allgemein ergreifenden Reden an das Volk, ſo z. B. in den freien Städten, in Frankfurt (1815), in Hamburg (1816), und bei Gaſtmählern, und in ſeinen kurzen Kraft- und Schlagwörtern, von welchen, wo er hinkam, ſogleich viele in Umlauf waren, völlig der Mann des Volks. Manche Privatäußerungen waren ſo ſtark und derb, zuweilen auch gegen Perſönlichkeiten verletzend, daß, wie ſein ausführlichſter verdienter Biograph bemerkt, ihre Bekanntmachung zum Theil erſt in einer ſpätern Zeit zu erwarten iſt. Und wir wollen ebenfalls einzelne, die wir vernahmen, hier nicht wiederholen. Auch beſeitigte er ſelbſt zuweilen ein tieferes Eingehen in politiſche Discuſſionen durch einen Scherz. So erwiderte er auf gewiſſe Klagen in Beziehung auf Preußens Conſtitution: „Der Staat hat keine beſſere Conſtitution als ich; im „Kriege ſind wir friſch, aber im Frieden will's nicht recht gehen."

Mit Wärme hielt insbeſondere Blücher feſt an der großen Grundlage der Gleichheit und innigen Verbindung zwiſchen dem Krieger- und Bürgerſtand und zwiſchen Adeligen und Bürgerlichen. So war ſein Trinkſpruch bei dem großen Feſte, welches ihm nach ſeiner erſten Rückkehr von Paris die Standesvertreter der Monarchie gaben: „Der glücklichen „Verbindung des Krieger- und Bürgerſtandes vermittelſt der „Landwehr!" An der königlichen Tafel, bei einem großen Feſte am 13. Auguſt 1814, bat Blücher um die Erlaubniß, die Geſundheit des Fürſten Staatskanzlers ausbringen zu dürfen, „welcher dadurch, daß er das Zutrauen Sr. Majeſtät und der „Nation verdient und erlangt, ſo wie durch den Geiſt, welchen „er der Staatsverwaltung eingeflößt, jene innige Verbindung „der Nation zu einem Ganzen bewirkte, wodurch die großen „Leiſtungen möglich geworden und es dahin gekommen iſt, daß „man in Preußen jetzt nicht weiß, wo der Kriegerſtand aufhört „und der Bürgerſtand anfängt. Ich wünſche," ſo fuhr Blücher fort, „daß dieſe glückliche Verſchmelzung unauflöslich „bleibe." Am 16. Juni 1816 hatten die Badegäſte in Carlsbad ein Feſt zur Feier des Jahrestages der Schlacht von Belle-Alliance veranſtaltet und die Preußen Blüchern dazu eingeladen. Jedoch hatten die Vornehmern ſich von den Bürgerlichen abgeſondert. Da fand ſich Blücher zuerſt bei der Mittagstafel der Bürgerlichen ein, zu dem Balle am Abend aber erklärte er „nur dann kommen zu können, wenn die unſtatthafte Abſonderung aufhöre." In ſeinem Trinkſpruch ſagte er hier: „Ehrenzeichen, Titel, Würden, Belohnungen aller „und jeglicher Art, ſind mir zu Theil geworden. Meinen „ſchönſten Lohn aber finde ich in der Liebe meiner Landsleute, „in der Achtung meiner Zeitgenoſſen und in dem Bewußtſein, „meine Pflicht im ſtrengſten Sinne des Worts mit Aufopferung „aller meiner Kräfte erfüllt zu haben." — An den Wohlthätigkeitsvereinen in London ſchrieb Blücher, der oft ſeine Bewunderung Englands ausſprach: „Wenn es meine äußern Verhältniſſe erlaubten, ſo möchte ich mein Leben in England beſchließen. Unter einem Volke zu leben, das durch ſeine

„Verfaſſung ſo groß vor allen andern daſteht, das „ſich in Allem ſo ſehr auszeichnet und ſeinen Reichthum auf ſo „viel, anderwärts unbekannte großherzige Weiſe verwendet, muß „zugleich erhebend und beruhigend ſein." Mit welcher Energie ſich Blücher am Ende des Jahres 1815 für die 1813 in ſeiner erſten Proclamation verheißene, aber damals ſchon angefochtene unbeſchränkte Preßfreiheit ausſprach, wie er, der gerade, oft derbe Wahrheitsfreund, gar keine andere Grenze derſelben ſich denken konnte, als die Wahrheit ſelbſt, dieſes wurde ſchon oben berührt.

Im Sommer 1816 beſuchte Blücher ſein Vaterland Mecklenburg. Er wurde von dem Fürſten und dem Volk auf das Höchſte geehrt. In Doberan, an der großherzoglichen Tafel, dankte er dem Großherzog, der alle braven Mecklenburger hatte leben laſſen, im Namen derſelben und ſagte unter Anderem: „Es iſt mir eine Ehre, den Mecklenburgern anzu„gehören. Gott hat es mir, einem Mecklenburger, gelingen laſſen „mitzuhelfen, daß die Welt befreit würde vom Sklavenjoch des „Tyrannen. Mir iſt noch mehr gelungen! Was ich unter „allen Verhältniſſen meines Lebens tief im Herzen bewahrte „und was ich mit innigſter Sehnſucht zu erreichen wünſchte, „das iſt erreicht. Ich bin nun da froh und frei, in dem Lande, „wo ich geboren ward, wo ich meine Knabenjahre verlebte, „wo die Gebeine meiner braven Eltern ruhen. Gott, du weißt, „wie ich mich geſehnt habe, ehe auch ich mein Grab fülle, zu „beten an ihrem Grabe" (er that dieſes einige Tage nachher in der Kirche zu Roſtock). „Gern ruhte ich an ihrer Seite, „wenn vielleicht bald mein Auge im Tode ſich ſchließt. Doch „ich wünſche nichts mehr. Zu viel habe ich ſchon erreicht, mehr „als ich verdiene. Mein Herz gehört Euch. Liebt mich wieder! „Bleibt, wie ich Euch finde, treu Eurem Gott und der Wahr„heit, treu Eurem Fürſten, ſo bleibt Ihr Euch ſelbſt getreu!"

Solcher Liberalität, Pietät, Treue und Herzlichkeit der Geſinnung, wie ſie ſich in dem Bisherigen äußert, entſpricht Blüchers ganzes begeiſtertes treues Wirken. Selbſt bei ſeinen Fehlern kommt ſie noch zu Tage. Bekannt iſt ſeine Leidenſchaft für's Wageſpiel. Wir wollen ſie nicht entſchuldigen durch die gleiche Leidenſchaft unſerer kriegsmuthigen altdeutſchen Vorfahren. Aber es war ein ſchöner Sieg der Pflicht, daß Blücher während der ganzen Zeit eines Feldzugs nie auch nur ein einzigesmal ſpielte. Sehr auffahrend und derb und ohne wiſſenſchaftliche Ausbildung war der in den Heerlagern des ſiebenjährigen Kriegs erwachſene Kriegsheld. Aber mit einigen heftigen derben Worten, von ihm ſelbſt öfter zuweilen in verſöhnenden Scherz gewendet, war meiſt ſein Verdruß ausgetilgt. Nie ſah man ihn ſchlagen. Freundlich und mild gegen Schwächere, gegen Frauen und gegen ſeine Krieger, ſcheute er ſich nicht, dieſen mit Achtung ein vergangenes Unrecht abzubitten. Bei dem Uebergang über die Elbe bei Wartenburg ſagte er zu ſeinen Soldaten: „Vorwärts, „Kinder! und gut ausgehalten, die Brücke laſſe ich hinter „uns abbrechen!" Da vernimmt man Murren und mehrere Soldaten rufen laut: „So brauche man ihnen nicht zu kom„men. Sie würden ja wohl ihre Schuldigkeit auch ohne das „gethan haben, das hätten Sie wohl gewußt." Da erwiedert der wackere Feldherr kräftig und zutraulich: „Ihr habt recht, „Kinder, da hat der alte Blücher wieder einmal etwas Dum„mes geſagt. Aber bös war's nicht gemeint. Wir kennen „uns ja ſchon!" Und: „Hurra, Vater Blücher!" ſo ging's vorwärts. Auf eines Vornehmen etwas geringſchätzende Aeußerung über die gemeinen Soldaten erwiederte er warm: „Der Soldat hat ſo gut Ehre, als die Fürſten und die Offiziere, und unſere Ehre beſteht durch ihre Ehre!" Die Feinen mögen wohl Anſtoß genommen haben, wenn Blücher ſelbſt im Frieden die Soldaten in alter herzlicher Weiſe behandelte, wenn der Feldmarſchall auch in Berlin keinen Anſtand nahm, den gerade vorbeigehenden Landwehrmann anzuhalten und, an deſſen Pfeifenſtummel ſeine Tabackspfeife ſteckend, ſie in dieſer Gemeinſchaft anzurauchen. Aber die Krieger vergaßen ihm dies ſicher nicht. Er ſorgte überhaupt auch im Frieden gern für ſie. Von dem engliſchen Hülfsverein für verwundete Krieger wußte er für die ſeinigen 264,000 Thaler zu erhalten. Wie manchesmal ſprach Blücher in einigen derben Worten, wie wir ſie ja ſelbſt bei dem großen Dichter vom Götz leſen müſſen, bewußter und tiefer ergreifend, als alle Redekünſtler. So ſagte er einſt zu einem Regiment, das geſtern ſiegte, und das er heute auf's Neue zum Sturm kommandirte, die Soldaten anredend: „Kerls, ihr ſeht ja aus „wie die Schweine! Aber ihr habt die Franzoſen geſchlagen. „Damit iſt's aber noch nicht genug. Ihr müßt ſie heute wie„der ſchlagen, denn ſonſt ſind wir All — —". Das ſind rednerische Motive, wie ſie Demoſthenes nicht beſſer hat. Als bei dem Rheinübergang ein Bataillon, das ſehr gelitten hatte, in düſterer Haltung an ihm vorbeizog, rief er ihnen traulich zu: „Nun, Kinder, ſollt ihr auch ſo lange in Frankreich „bleiben, bis Ihr alle franzöſiſch könnt!" und das ganze Bataillon wurde guter Laune. Es ging ihm nie Luſt und Kraft aus, mit einem guten Worte den Seinigen ſeine heitere Zuverſicht und unerſchütterliche Entſchloſſenheit mitzutheilen, ſie dadurch und durch begeiſterte Liebe für die Sache und für ihren Feldherrn zu einem einzigen Körper zu vereinigen und zu beleben. So wenig in der Nacht als am Tage fehlte ihm der ſchnelle ſichere Entſchluß wie das kräftige ermuthigende Wort. So erweckt ihn einſt ängſtlich ſeine Umgebung mit der Nachricht: Napoleon ſei im Anzug, eine gewiſſe kühne Bewegung gegen ihn auszuführen. Kaum gähnend erwiedert er: „Da kann er die ſchönſten Schmiere kriegen," ordnete die nöthige Vorkehrung an, legte ſich herum und ſchlief weiter. — Gelehrte Wiſſenſchaft war ihm freilich fremd. Aber gewiß, er hatte Beides, um ſie zu ehren, und er hatte innere Tüchtigkeit und Bildung genug, um ſie und jedes tüchtige Wirken zu ſchätzen. Niemals hörte man ihn von der Wiſſenſchaft, noch weniger von der Religion geringſchätzig ſprechen. Als er 1816 in Hamburg und Altona weilte, und dort bei ſeinen Bekannten aus ſeiner Unglückszeit wiederholt angeſprochen vergaß, ſah man den alten Feldmarſchall nie am Grabe des ihm einſt befreundeten Klopſtock an der Straße bei Altona vorbeigehen, ohne daß er den Hut abnahm und ſich bückte.

Vor Allem aber in dem Verhältniß zu ſeinen Mitfeldherren, Wittgenſtein, Schwarzenberg, Kronprinz von Schweden, Wellington, zu ſeinen Unterbefehlshabern und zu ſeinen zwei Generalquartiermeiſtern, Scharnhorſt und Gneiſenau, bewies Blücher beharrlich, in Verbindung mit ſeinem ſo wohl begründeten Selbſtgefühl, die ſchönſte Treue und Pietät und Selbſtentſagung für die große Sache, die liebenswürdigſte Redlichkeit und Beſcheidenheit. Er wußte, daß die Feinde und die Friedensfreunde unter den Verbündeten, welche beide ſein feuriges Vorwärts! haßten, ihn den Huſarengeneral nannten und gern auch das, was nur er im Heere und in der Schlacht wirkte, ganz ſeinen unſterblich verdienten Generalquartiermeiſtern zugeſchrieben hätten. Aber Niemand hat zu allen Zeiten lauter ihre Verdienſte erhoben, als gerade er, der gebietende Feldherr, welcher ſtets eben ſo willig beſſerem Rathe nachgab, als er alle Berechnungen und Pläne durch die lebendige Auffaſſung und Durchführung belebte, das Beſchloſſene mit eigenthümlicher Energie, ohne Wanken verwirklichte und bei jeder neuen Wendung der Dinge mit ſchnellem Blick und ſicherem Tact neuen, meiſt Sieg bringenden Entſchluß wußte. Von Scharnhorſt ſagte er bei einem Feſte, welches ihm die Freimaurerloge Royal York (er hatte in dieſen Myſterien die Meiſterſchaft erhalten) veranſtaltete, am Schluß ſeiner Rede: „Biſt Du gegenwärtig, Geiſt meines Freundes, mein Scharnhorſt, dann ſei Du ſelbſt Zeuge, daß ich ohne Dich nichts würde vollbracht haben!" Ueber Gneiſenau äußerte er ſich ſtets nicht minder anerkennend und beſcheiden. Als man in einer Geſellſchaft ſich gegenſeitig ſchwere Aufgaben ſtellte, verhieß Blücher, er wolle thun, was ihm kein Anderer nachmachen könne, er wolle ſeinen eigenen Kopf küſſen. Alle ſind erwartungsvoll. Da küßte er Gneiſenau mit herzlicher Umarmung. Einſt überhäufte man ihn mit Lobreden. Da erhob er ſich ungeduldig und ſprach mit edler Begeiſterung die ſchönen Worte: „Was iſt's, das Ihr rühmt? Es „war meine Verwegenheit, Gneiſenau's Beſonnenheit und „des großen Gottes Barmherzigkeit."

In ſolchen Geſinnungen ſah endlich der edle Greis heiter und ruhig ſein Ende nahen. In den vier Jahren nach ſeinen letzten großen Siegen quälten ihn öfter ſchmerzliche Leiden. Doch genoß er noch fröhlich bald auf ſeinen Reiſen, bald in Bädern, bald auf ſeinem Landgut, bald in der Hauptſtadt mit aller Heiterkeit die Freuden des Lebens. Im September 1819 verſchlimmerte ſich ſein Uebel ſehr. Am 5. ſagte er zu dem Adjutanten, welchen der König zu ihm geſendet hatte, und welcher ihn durch die Erklärung ſeiner Aerzte beruhigen wollte: „Ich weiß, daß ich ſterbe, denn ich fühle es beſſer, „als die Aerzte, die meinen Zuſtand nicht mehr beurtheilen „können. Ich ſterbe gern, denn ich bin zu nichts mehr nütz. „Sagen Sie dem König, daß ich ihm treu gedient und ihm „treu ſterbe." Aehnliches wiederholte er dem König, der ihn Tags darauf ſelbſt beſuchte, und empfahl ihm ſeine Gattin. (Er hinterließ wenig.) Zu ſeinem Freunde und Retter, Graf Noſtiz, dem er ebenſo mit unwandelbarer dankbarer Treue anhing, als dieſer ihm, ſprach er, als derſelbe ihm einen Labetrank reichte: „Nicht wahr, mein lieber Noſtiz, Sie „haben Manches von mir gelernt! Jetzt ſollen Sie auch von „mir lernen, wie man ruhig ſtirbt." Sanft entſchlief er am Abend des 12. Septembers und wurde, ſeinem Wunſche gemäß, unter freiem Himmel bei den drei Linden an der Straße von ſeinem Gute Krieblowitz begraben, geehrt durch Todtenfeier und öffentliche Trauer von König und Heer und von manchem Verein im deutſchen Vaterlande, ſo von der Bürgerſchaft der freien Stadt Hamburg.

Eine ſolche Perſönlichkeit, ein ſolches Wirken waren wohl geeignet, eine allgemeine Begeiſterung in Volk und Heer und große Erfolge hervorzubringen.

Die begeiſterte Stimmung des Volks für Blücher aber darf beiſpiellos genannt werden. Seine verſchiedenen Züge durch Deutſchland waren fortwährende Triumphzüge. Die Städte, in die er kam, wie z. B. Magdeburg, Caſſel, Coblenz, Cöln, Aachen, Frankfurt, Hamburg, feierten großartige Volksfeſte, bei welchen jeder Stand, jedes Alter, jedes Geſchlecht dem freundlichen Helden zu huldigen wetteiferte. Und auch wo er länger weilte, wie in den freien Städten Hamburg und Frankfurt, da wollten die immer neuen Feſte, der immer erneuerte laute Jubelruf des Volkes nicht enden. Und Blücher war nicht unempfindlich für ſolchen oft rührenden und ergreifenden Ausdruck von Liebe und Dankbarkeit. Er, der gerne und gut öffentlich redete, dankte hinwiederum in herzlichen, die edelſten Volksgeſinnungen bekräftigenden Reden an die Verſammelten. Der durch kein feindliches Geſchütz zu erſchütternde Kriegsheld war dabei oftmals tief ergriffen und gerührt. Mit Thränen im Auge und mit den Worten: „Es iſt die höchſte Zeit, daß ich gehe, ich „erliege ſonſt,“ wehrte er bei dem letzten Scheiden von dem ihm ſo theuren, als wohlwollenden Hamburg weitere Ehrungsbeweiſe ab und trat zur Thür. Und nicht in Deutſchland allein, ſondern in dem alten England, in der Hauptſtadt der Welt, wie in Oxford, dort, wo die alte Freiheit den Takt des tüchtigen Volks für Tüchtiges und Großes ausgebildet hat und wo das verbreitetere Leſen ausführlicher Nachrichten in den Zeitungen vollſtändigere Kenntniß der Zeitgeſchichte begründet, als anderwärts, empfing den deutſchen Helden dieſelbe Geſinnung. Der Prinz Regent hatte ihn als ſeinen Gaſt eingeladen, „um ihm — wie er ſchrieb — ſeine Bewunderung und ſeinen Dank auszudrücken.“ Er kam nach dem erſten Pariſer Frieden, alſo noch ehe er den Britten ihren Ruhm bei Waterloo erkämpfen half, zugleich mit den Monarchen, mit Wellington, der eben in Spanien und Frankreich ſeinem Vaterlande ſo außerordentlich großen Ruhm erworben hatte, und mit andern berühmten Feldherren. Aber auf die auffallendſte Weiſe wendete ſich die allgemeinſte Begeiſterung aller Stände, ſelbſt der vornehmſten Frauen, die ſich zu ſeinem Leben drangten, dem „Marſchall Vorwärts“ dem „Beſieger des Tyrannen“ (the Conqueror of the Tyrant) zu. Da half keine Abwehr ſelbſt gegen das buchſtäbliche Tragen auf den Händen, gegen das Ausſpannen der Pferde und gegen das Andrängen, daß jeder wenigſtens einmal ſeine Hand drückte. Der donnernde Beifallsruf, oft von Hunderttauſenden und gleich dem Geſchütz der Feldſchlacht, ertönte, ſobald Blücher in Bewegung war. Und während eines fünfwöchentlichen Aufenthalts, vom Tage der Ankunft (6. Juni) bis zum Tage der Abreiſe (11. Juli), bei welcher er, bis zum Meere begleitet von Hunderttauſenden, unter dem Donner der Kanonen und des Beifallsrufes ſich einſchiffte, dauerte, von allen Ständen getheilt, das große Volksfeſt, ſprachen die allgemeine Liebe und Verehrung oft in den ergreifendſten, wie in den ergötzlichſten Zügen ſtets neu ſich aus. Blücher ſagte: „Ich muß über mich ſelbſt wachen, „daß ich nicht zum Thoren werde.“ Alle Zeitungen kamen darin überein, daß ſeinem vaterländiſchen Kriegshelden, daß ſelbſt ſeinem Nelſon das engliſche Volk keine ſolche Begeiſterung, Liebe, Dankbarkeit und Bewunderung ausdrückte.

Mit ſolchen Anerkennungen der Völker verbanden ſich entſprechende Belohnungen der Fürſten, zahlreichere, ausgezeichnetere und größere, als ſie einem andern Feldherrn zu Theil wurden. Die höchſten Orden aller europäiſchen Fürſten, die von Frankreich ausgenommen, ſchmückten den Helden. Nach der zweiten Einnahme von Paris mußte ſein dankbarer König ein neues Ehrenzeichen für ihn allein erfinden, ſo wie ihn ſchon früher Englands Herrſcher mit einem ſolchen vor den Augen des engliſchen Volkes zierte. Durch die Ertheilung der Feldmarſchalls- und der Fürſtenwürde, deren Name, zur Erinnerung an die Schlacht an der Katzbach, von dem nahen Wahlſtadt entlehnt wurde, durch wiederholte große Geldgeſchenke und reiche Einkünfte, durch Landgüter und ein Haus in Berlin, durch die große fürſtliche Dotation, endlich durch ein prachtvolles, coloſſales Standbild in der Hauptſtadt lohnte ihn ſein Königshaus auf das Großmüthigſte.

Auch noch zwei andere ſolcher Standbilder, wahre Kunſt- und Nationaldenkmale — eine ſeltene Zierde für Deutſchland — erhalten Blüchers Andenken bei der Nachwelt. Das eine von der Provinz Schleſien auf dem großen Marktplatz in Breslau errichtet, das andere von der Geſammtheit der Mecklenburger unter Leitung der Stände zu Roſtock auf dem Blücherplatz. Dieſes ſtellt ihn nach Göthes Vorſchlag als Marſchall Vorwärts im deutſchen Löwengewand dar, während das zu Berlin ſeine eigenthümliche Neigung, durch eigne Theilnahme am Gefecht die Sache im rechten Augenblick zur Entſcheidung zu bringen, andeutete. Die Stadt Berlin ehrte ihn durch Denkmünzen und ſo wie London und Hamburg durch die Bürgerwürde, die Univerſitäten Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin durch die Doctorwürde und Hamburg und Altona durch Stiftung des Blücherſtiftes „zur Feier ſeiner Ehrentage und zur möglichſten Verbreitung ſeiner liebenswürdigen Eigenſchaften und „Tugenden.“ Zahlloſe Büſten, Gemälde, Kupferſtiche und Bilder aller Art, eine Anzahl von Biographieen und eine große Reihe von Gedichten, darunter ſolche von Deutſchlands edelſten Dichtern, Göthe, Uhland und Fr. L. Graf zu Stolberg, von Arndt und Rückert, ſuchten ſein Andenken zu erhalten, auszubreiten und zu verherrlichen.

Und groß und leicht erklärbar, wie dieſe Begeiſterung für Blücher, waren die Erfolge ſeines Wirkens für die große Sache.

„In Blüchers Hauptquartier und Heer war“ — nach dem Ausdruck eines ſeiner Biographen — „der Sitz der entſchloſſenſten Thatkraft, der unternehmendſten Kühnheit. Der „eigentliche Kern der Kriegsführung, der thätige Anſtoß und „das hinreißende Beiſpiel waren hier.“ — „Durch den ganzen Krieg hindurch war“ — ſo fügt ein anderer hinzu — „Blüchers treibendes Vorwärts das bewegende Princip des „Kampfes. Wie hätten wir ſonſt nach Paris kommen mögen!“ Daß aber nun dem ſo war und daß nach demſelben Schriftſteller „das ganze Heer auf ihn mit unerſchütterlichem „Glauben vertraute, mit ihm freudig focht, daß ſein Name „den Ruhm größerer Feldherren neben ihm und ihm gegenüber „verdunkelte, daß er allein in ganz Deutſchland, ja von England, als der Held des Krieges gefeiert wurde, dieß erklärt ſich daraus, daß Blücher ganz der Richtung des damaligen Volksgeiſtes entſprach, daß er in Wort und That „des Volkes Stimme verkündete, in jeder That das vollbrachte, „woran das Volk ſelbſt ſeine Hand gelegt hätte.“ Derſelbe Schriftſteller ſchließt ſeine Biographie Blüchers mit der feierlichen Aufforderung an die Städte, „wenn die dem Reich „verſprochene Verfaſſung auch ihnen, für welche durch die „Städteordnung von 1808 die Einleitung zu beſſeren Verhältniſſen gemacht iſt, ein geordnetes Bürgerthum bringen „werde,“ das Bild Blüchers „als Wahrzeichen ihrer Freiheit“ aufzupflanzen*). Es war, wie die [illegible] anerkannten, ein von den Volksstimmungen beschlossener, wie die feierlichen Freiheitsverheißungen und die Aufrufe an Jugend und Volk erklärten, ein nur durch Begeisterung und Aufopferung des Volkes für die Freiheit siegreich zu führender Krieg, kurz ein wahrer Volkskrieg. Und Blücher war das Volksbild in diesem Kriege. Er war es, indem er ganz einging in das Vorwärtsstreben seiner Zeit und, durchdrungen von der Gesinnung seines Volks, sie, so viel an ihm war, verwirklichte, sie nährte und steigerte in Wort und Werk. Er war es vor Allem dadurch, daß er dieses auf eine Weise und mit den Eigenschaften that, welche, an sich groß, für ein thätiges Volk und Heer unmittelbar ergreifend sind. Er that es nämlich mit der ganzen Kraft eines tüchtigen Charakters aber mit der Treue und Wärme der Gesinnung und dem ihr zugehörigen, nie wankenden Entschluß und kühnen, begeisterten Muthe, treuherzig und gutmüthig gegen die Seinen, die Schwachen und Bedrängten, eine eherne Brust gegen den gewaffneten Feind, voll Lebensmuth und Vertrauen — ein ächt deutscher Held. Daß Blücher hierdurch und weiter durch die [illegible] Ausdauer seiner, zahlreicher Berechnungen, nach deren Inhalt, daß durch des Volkes eigene Begeisterung für seine Freiheit und Ehre und durch ein von ihr durchdrungenes [illegible] die Schlachten siegte, daß — wodurch die Gegner Blüchern herabzusetzen meinten — war ihm und seines Volkes [illegible] Stolz. Und in dem Grade, als diese Gesinnung fehlte, wie z. B. bei Schweden und Russen, um so mehr mußte natürlich in diesem Kriege bei Freund und Feind, trotz aller Tapferkeit und Kunst, That und Ruhm zurückstehen. Wie hoch man auch mit Recht die Mittel und Kräfte der Kunst und Wissenschaft, der Berechnung und des Verstandes schätzen mag, dabei soll es — so warnen der ganze große Freiheitskampf und seine Helden seit dem Beginn der französischen Revolution — doch nimmermehr kommen, daß man deren künstlich berechneten und zugerichteten Kräften und Mitteln die großen Kräfte der Naturgaben, des Charakters, der moralischen Eigenschaften und einer erwachten tüchtigen Volksgesinnung nachsetzt. Möchte doch nunmehr nicht bloß der großen Sache des Jahrhunderts, der Freiheit — da wo ihr ferner Dinge ohne heiligen Krieg zu gewinnen [illegible] — auch für den Frieden und unter den Diplomaten und Ministern ein solcher Marschall Vorwärts erstehen, wie es für den Krieg der alte Blücher, wie es den Preußen [illegible] auch im Frieden der alte Stein gewesen. Gern Arbeiten, Talente, Kenntnisse, Einsichten, wer mag sie so vielen der neueren Staatsmänner absprechen wollen. Aber eine gründliche Erfassung der großen Ideen der Zeit und des Volks that uns noth und ein Charakter, um sie durchzuführen, jene Wärme und Treue der Gesinnung, jene Unerschütterlichkeit des Entschlusses und des Muthes für das einmal als gut und recht Erkannte, ein Mann, der, so innig verbunden mit dem Volk, wie Blücher mit dem Heere, so fest vertrauend auf Gott und die gute Sache in unserer großen Zeit, nicht aus zagender Vorsicht zehnmal größere Gefahren herbeiführt, als er zu beseitigen vermeint, ein solcher, der so kräftig, so siegreich die innere Freiheit und Ehre gegen innere und äußere Feinde erkämpft, wie Blücher die äußere.

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*) Förſter, der Feldmarſchall S. 496. Aber es iſt unumgänglich nothwendig, unſere [illegible] Grundanſicht von Blüchers öffentlicher Rolle gegen Widerſpruch von [illegible] zu vertheidigen. [illegible]

Erhebend zugleich und mahnend bleibt aber stets der Blick auf diese deutschen Heere, welche im ersten Vierteljahrhundert der französischen Revolution immer auf's Neue geschlagen wurden, als sie kämpften gegen die nationale Begeisterung und Freiheitskraft der Franzosen und gegen ihre in derselben gebildeten Heere, welche dagegen, nach allen Niederlagen, nach allen Verstümmelungen und Beraubungen der deutschen Länder, ebenso furchtbar dastanden, wie das übermächtige, von Sieg und Beute geblendete Frankreich als gelähmt erscheint, sobald die Rollen wechselten, sobald die Deutschen ihrer Unterdrückung, die Franzosen dagegen ihres Widerspruchs mit der großen Idee der Zeit sich bewußt geworden. Erhebend und mahnend vor Allem ist der auf solchem Grund und Boden geführte Kampf der beiden am meisten hervorstechenden Kriegshelden in den Freiheitskriegen 1813 bis 1815.

Dort der menschenverachtende Kaiser, von colossaler Größe durch Geist und Feldherrnkunst, Sieger in hundert Feldschlachten, aber als er, mit offenbar gewordenem Treubruch gegen das Prinzip seiner Erhebung, durch eine Politik der Lüge und Selbstsucht und durch Soldatenthum die Freiheit vernichtet und gegen freiheitsdurstende Völker kämpft, ein- und abermal niedergeworfen von dem [illegible] genannten Greis Blücher, und ausgestoßen von Europa, auf der öden Felseninsel, jenseits der Linie, tantalische Qualen erduldend.

Hier der menschenfreundliche Greis Blücher, nicht groß und gewaltig durch die außerordentliche Geisteskraft und kriegswissenschaftliche Ausbildung und Kunst, aber den bisher unbesiegten furchtbaren Gegner und sein gewaltiges Reich wiederholt zertrümmernd und, mit dem Lorbeer der glorreichsten Siege umwunden, an der dankbaren Liebe und Bewunderung seines Vaterlandes und Europa's sich mit gerechtem Stolze erhebend und erfreuend — so groß und siegreich, weil er mit allen Kräften einer tüchtigen Natur so treu und unerschütterlich, so begeistert und charakterfest, mit seinem Volk und für dessen Freiheit gestritten.

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gen und die Freiheit großen Werth legt, [illegible]

L. Wellentreter, s. Heinroth.

Helfrich Bernhard Wenck,

geboren zu Idstein 1739, war hessen-darmstädtischer geheimer Oberconsistorial- und Oberschulrath, Professor und Director des Pädagogiums zu Darmstadt, Historiograph und Bibliothekar, und starb daselbst am 27. April 1803.

Er gab heraus:

Hessische Landesgeschichte. Darmstadt, 1783—1803. 3 Bde.
Leben des Dr. L. J. F. Höpfner. Frankfurt, 1797.
Ehrendenkmal des Landgrafen Ludwig IX. von Hessen. Frankfurt, 1790.

Seine historischen Forschungen sind Beweise seiner Gründlichkeit und seiner Kenntnisse.

Georg Friedrich Chriſtian Wendelſtadt

ward zu Hanau am 26. April 1774 geboren und widmete ſich dem Studium der Medicin. Er wurde zuerſt practicirender Arzt zu Wetzlar und 1806 kurerzkanzleriſcher Medicinalrath. 1807 gab er ſeine amtliche Stellung auf und bezog ein Landgut, nahm aber wieder naſſauiſche Dienſte und lebte als Obermedicinalrath zu Hadamar. Er ſtarb am 10. Auguſt 1819.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Geſchichtliche und naturhiſtoriſche Fragmente. Osnabrück, 1798.
Mediciniſches Kochbüchlein. Frankfurt a. M., 1803.
Rheinreiſe von Mainz bis Neuwied im Juli 1812. Hadamar, 1814.
Rancé, romantiſche Tragödie. Hadamar, 1814.
Die Völkerſchlacht bei Leipzig. Heldengedicht in 4 Geſängen. Hadamar, 1815.
Durchflug durchs Fürſtenthum Siegen. Dortmund, 1818.

Ein talentvoller und geiſtreicher Arzt, deſſen Epos als der gelungenſte Verſuch einer poetiſchen deutſchen Verherrlichung der Leipziger Völkerſchlacht zu betrachten iſt.

Amadeus Johann Gottlieb Wendt

ward am 29. September 1783 zu Leipzig geboren, vollendete ſeinen academiſchen Curſus auf der Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo er dann als Privatdocent auftrat und 1811 das Amt eines außerordentlichen Profeſſors der Philoſophie und Cuſtos der Univerſitätsbibliothek erhielt, in welcher Stellung er bis 1815 blieb, in welchem Jahre er ordentlicher Profeſſor wurde. 1824 wurde er ſächſiſcher Hofrath und 1829 nahm er einen Ruf nach Göttingen an, wo er 1836 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Weihgeſchenk der Univerſität zu Leipzig bei ihrer vierten Säcularfeier. Leipzig, 1809.
Grundriß der philoſophiſchen Rechtslehre. Leipzig, 1811.
Reden über die Religion. Sulzbach, 1813.
Leipziger Kunſtblatt. 12 Hefte. Leipzig, 1817 u. 18.
Taſchenbuch zum geſelligen Vergnügen. Leipzig, 1819 — 1826.
Roſſini's Leben und Treiben. Leipzig, 1825.
Ueber Zweck und Mittel, Gegenwart und Zukunft der Freimaurerei. Reden. Leipzig, 1828.
Muſenalmanach. Göttingen, 1830 flgde.
Ueber die Hauptperioden der ſchönen Kunſt oder die Kunſt im Laufe der Weltgeſchichte dargeſtellt. Leipzig, 1831.
Ueber den gegenwärtigen Zuſtand der Muſik, beſonders in Deutſchland. Göttingen, 1836.

W. hat ſich vorzüglich als trefflicher Redner, gründlicher Kunſtkenner und gewandter lyriſcher Dichter einen geachteten Namen erworben.

von Wengen, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Chriſtoph Wenzel

ward am 8. Februar 1659 zu Unterellen bei Eiſenach geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und beſuchte die beiden Univerſitäten Erfurt und Jena. Dort ſtudirte er Philoſophie und Medicin, hier Theologie, und wurde dann M. und Dr. der Medicin; 1695 aber Director der Schule zu Altenburg. Seit 1713 bekleidete er dieſelbe Stelle am Gymnaſium zu Zittau, wo er am 2. März 1723 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Cypreſſenwald. Jena, 1701.
Hiſtoriſche Reden. Leipzig, 1712.
Altenburgiſches Roſengebüſch. Bautzen, 1719.
Cedernwald. Jena, 1724.
Opern: Die drei Hauptbeherrſcherinnen menſchlicher Begierden. Altenburg, 1697.
Die zugleich gerathene Kinderzucht. Altenburg, 1700.
Der unerkannte Jeſus. Budiſſin, 1719.

Ein mittelmäßiger Poet, der jedoch nicht in dem Maaße, wie die übrigen Anhänger der zweiten ſchleſiſchen Schule, dem falſchen Prunk und Schwulſt huldigte.

Johann Auguſt Weppen

ward am 28. Januar 1741 zu Nordheim geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung, ſtudirte in Göttingen Jurisprudenz, wurde 1764 Auditeur, 1766 aber Actuar beim Amte Brunnſtein, und erhielt noch in demſelben Jahre den Titel Amtmann nebſt der Gerichtshalterſtelle zu Oldershauſen. Seine ſchwankende Geſundheit nöthigte ihn jedoch, ſeiner amtlichen Thätigkeit zu entſagen und ſich auf ſein Landgut zu Wickershauſen zurückzuziehen. Er ſtarb am 18. Auguſt 1812.

Von ihm erſchien:

Der Liebesbrief; komiſches Gedicht in 4 Geſängen. Göttingen, 1768.
Heinrich der Lange; hiſtoriſches Gedicht. Göttingen, 1778.
Die Kirchenviſitation; komiſches Gedicht in 12 Geſängen. Göttingen, 1781.
Gedichte. Göttingen, 1783. 2 Thle.
Der heſſiſche Officier in Amerika; Luſtſpiel. Göttingen, 1783.
Das Freiſchießen; Operette. Göttingen, 1786.
Das ſtädtiſche Patronat; komiſches Heldengedicht in 6 Geſängen. Göttingen, 1787.
Erzählungen, Sinngedichte und Sittengemälde. Hannover, 1796.

Ein leichtes und gefälliges Talent, das ſich mit Glück in der naiven und komiſchen Erzählung verſuchte und deſſen Leiſtungen zu ihrer Zeit gern und viel geleſen wurden.

Hugo von Werbenwag, ſ. Minneſinger.

Dietrich von dem Werder

ward am 17. Januar 1584 zu Werdershauſen geboren, bekleidete eine Zeit lang am Hofe des Landgrafen von Heſſen das Amt eines Hofmarſchalls, folgte aber dann Guſtav Adolphs Fahnen. Vom Jahre 1635 an war er Amtshauptmann und Kriegsrath zu Aſchersleben. Er ſtarb am 18. December 1657 auf ſeinem Gute zu Rainsdorf.

Er gab heraus:

Gottfried oder erlöſetes Jeruſalem. Frankfurt, 1626.
Arioſt's raſender Roland. Leipzig, 1632.

Eins der eifrigſten Mitglieder der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft, in welcher er der Vielgekörnte hieß, leiſtete W. für ſeine Tage als erſter deutſcher Ueberſetzer der beiden großen italieniſchen Dichter ſehr Tüchtiges, indem er trotz dem Zwange, den ihm ſeine damals noch ſehr ſpröde und unbeholfene Mutterſprache auferlegte, dennoch nicht allein tief in den Geiſt ſeiner Vorbilder einzudringen, ſondern auch Vieles in denſelben ſehr wacker und auf eine, für jene Verhältniſſe höchſt gelungene Weiſe wieder zu geben verſtand.

Paris von dem Werder

ward 1623 zu Kaſſel geboren; er war der Sohn und Erbe Dietrichs von dem Werder, und fürſtlich anhaltiſcher Rath. Er ſtarb zu Deſſau 1674.

Von ihm erſchien:

Zwanzig heroiſche hochdeutſche Frauenreden. Naumburg, 1659.

die jedoch nicht von Bedeutung ſind.

Abraham Gottlob Werner

ward am 25. September 1750 zu Wehrau in der Niederlauſitz geboren und widmete ſich den Bergwiſſenſchaften, in denen er ſich zu Bunzlau, Freiberg und Leipzig ausbildete. Er wurde zuerſt Inſpector des Naturalienkabinets zu Freiberg, dann Profeſſor, Bergrath und 1816 Ritter des Civilverdienſt-Ordens. Er ſtarb zu Dresden am 30. Juni 1[illegible]

Von ihm erſchien:

Von den äußerlichen Kennzeichen der Foſſilien. Leipzig, 1774.
Neue Theorie von der Entſtehung der Gänge. Freiberg, 1791.
Oryktognoſie oder Handbuch für die Liebhaber der Mineralogie. Leipzig, 1792.
Letztes Mineralſyſtem. Freiberg, 1818.

W's unſterbliche Verdienſte um die Geognoſie und Mineralogie, welche nie vergeſſen werden können, zu würdigen, wäre hier am unrechten Orte. Es muß genügen zu bemerken, daß ſeine Schriften auch hinſichtlich der Darſtellung ein lebendiges Zeugniß ſeiner Genialität, ſeines Scharfſinns und ſeiner reichen Bildung ſind.

Bruder Werner, oder Werner der Pfaff, ſ. Minneſinger.

Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner

ward am 18. November 1768 zu Königsberg geboren, wo er auch ſeine Studien vollendete. Er wurde 1793 Sekretär bei der Kriegs- und Domänenkammer zu Petrikau und bald darauf in ähnlichem Amte nach Warſchau verſetzt. Später erhielt er die Stelle eines geh. Sekretärs zu Berlin, legte ſie aber bald wieder nieder, und lebte nun meiſt auf Reiſen. 1809 wurde er vom Herzog von Heſſen-Darmſtadt zum Hofrath ernannt, und im folgenden Jahre trat er zu Rom in die katholiſche Kirche ein, wurde 1814 Prieſter zu Aſchaffenburg, 1817 zum Ehrendomherrn in Kaminiek ernannt und 1821 Mitglied des Ordens der Redemptoriſten. Er ſtarb am 17. Januar 1823 in Wien.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Königsberg, 1789.
Die Söhne des Thals; dramatiſches Gedicht. Berlin, 1803. 1. Thl.: Die Templer auf Cypern. 2. Thl.: Die Kreuzbrüder. Berlin, 1803.
Das Kreuz an der Oſtſee; Trauerſpiel. Berlin, 1806; 2. Ausg. 1823.
Martin Luther, oder die Weihe der Kraft; Tragödie. Berlin, 1807.
Attila, König der Hunnen; Tragödie. Berlin, 1808.
Wanda, Königin der Sarmaten; Tragödie. Tübingen, 1810.
Klagen um Louiſe von Preußen. Rom, 1810.
Kunigunde die Heilige; Schauſpiel. Leipzig, 1815.
Der vier und zwanzigſte Februar; Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1815; 2. Ausg. 1819.
Die Mutter der Makkabäer; Tragödie. Wien, 1820.
Letzte Lebenstage. Wien, 1823.
Lebensabriß; (von Hitzig, zum größten Theil aus W's Briefen herausgegeben). Berlin, 1823.
Einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

Ueber W's poetiſches Streben und ſeine Leiſtungen äußert ſich Menzel in ſeinem Werke über die deutſche Litteratur Th. IV. S. 219 ſehr treffend mit folgenden Worten: „Werner ſuchte dieſe Erhebung und Beſeelung (der dramatiſchen Poeſie) dadurch zu bewerkſtelligen, daß er die Zaubermächte oder myſtiſchen Geſellſchaften, von denen die Leitung und Prüfung der Uneingeweihten abhängen ſollte, geradezu in Delegirte Gottes verwandelte, und das ganze Wunderweſen unter die religiöſen Ideen der Vorſehung und Prädeſtination brachte. Dieſer Mann beſaß poetiſches und noch mehr leidenſchaftliches Feuer, aber vielleicht ein zu trockenes Gehirn, denn wer mag leugnen, daß es ihm ein wenig angebrannt war! Rettung ſuchend vor der im Innern ihn verzehrenden Glut warf er ſich in jenes Meer von Gnade, wo dergleichen arme Sünder gewöhnlich den irdiſchen Menſchen ablegen, um den himmliſchen anzuziehen. In ſeiner tiefen Zerknirſchung galt dem Dichter jetzt der Wahlſpruch der Frommen:

Eigene Gerechtigkeit
Iſt vor Gott ein ſcheußlich Kleid!

in ſeiner ganzen Härte. Er erkannte, daß eigene That und Tugend eitel ſei, daß der Menſch willenlos und blind den Schluß des Verhängniſſes vollziehe, daß er zu allem ſeinem Thun und Leiden prädeſtinirt ſei. Alle ſeine Gedichte verkündigen dieſe Lehre. Seine Helden werden am Gängelbande des Verhängniſſes in das helle Reich von „Azur und Licht" oder in das dunkle von „Nacht und Glut" geführt. Eine myſtiſche Geſellſchaft übernimmt die irdiſche Leitung und man kann darin ein Analogon der hierarchiſchen Tribunale nicht verkennen. Jene Söhne des Thals, jene myſtiſchen Alten bilden bald eine heilige Fehme, bald unter einem allerheiligſten Aelteſten ein Inquiſitionsgericht, und dieſer Alte vom Thal und Berge kann wie der Großinquiſitor in Schillers Don Carlos von dem Helden der Tragödie jedesmal ſagen:

Sein Leben
Liegt angefangen und beſchloſſen in
Der Santa Caſa heiligen Regiſtern.

„Die Helden ſind von Geburt an zu dem beſtimmt, was ſie thun oder leiden müſſen. Die einen ſind Sonntagskinder, geborne Engel, die nach einigen Theaterpoſſen, nachdem ſie wie Tamino durch's Feuer und Waſſer gegangen ſind, wohlbehalten in den ihnen längſt beſtimmten Himmel einziehn. Das Schickſal ſpielt eine Zeit lang Verſtecken mit ihnen, hier wird dem Auserwählten das geheimnißvolle Thal, dort die myſtiſche Geliebte verborgen, und zuletzt wird ihnen die Binde von den Augen genommen. Der Schüler wird ein Eingeweihter und der Geliebte findet ſeine andere Hälfte, wären die beiden Leute auch noch ſo weit von einander entfernt, das Schickſal bringt ſie zuſammen, und ſollten ſich „der Nordpol zum Südpol beugen" müſſen.

„Da den Helden auf dieſe Weiſe alle Freiheit genommen iſt, ſo kann auch dieſe Art von Poeſie niemals zur tragiſchen Würde ſich erheben, wie große Mühe Werner ſich auch deshalb gegeben hat. Indeß mangelt es ſeinen Gedichten nicht an religiöſem Tiefſinn und an einer gewiſſen Glut der Andacht, beſonders in den lyriſchen Stellen, die ihnen außerhalb der Bühne einen Werth verleihen. Auch hat er faſt immer nur die Lichtſeite jenes Fatalismus aufgefaßt, ſein einziges vollkommenes Nachtſtück war der vier und zwanzigſte Februar. In den letzten Jahren iſt jene erſte Gattung der fataliſtiſchen Poeſie mit dem ganzen Apparat von myſtiſchen Geſellſchaften und menſchenbeglückenden Zauberbanden im Verborgenen beinah' verſchollen. Man lacht nur noch darüber."

Aus: „die Mutter der Makkabäer."

Tragödie von F. L. Z. Werner.

Fünfter Akt.

(Das Innere der Colonnade des Jupitertempels. Über den ganzen halbzirkelförmigen Säulengang läuft eine Gallerie ohne Bedachung, die oben offen iſt, ſo daß darüber die Luft erſcheint. Die Colonnade ſelbſt iſt nicht offen, ſondern mit verzierten Wänden ausgefüllt, und im Hintergrunde mit einer großen Flügelthüre geſchloſſen. Im Mittelraum auf einem Piedeſtal, die coloſſale Statue des Jupiters von Bronze, in der rechten erhobenen Hand den Donnerkeil, in der linken ruhenden den langen Stab haltend. Zu beiden Seiten innerhalb der Colonnade ſind ſchon die im Triumphzuge vorhin getragenen Trophäen aufgeſtellt: nämlich das eherne Meer, der goldne Leuchter, der Schaubrodtiſch und die Tafeln mit dem hohenprieſterlichen Gewande. Vor der Bildſäule des Jupiters ſteht eine runde bekränzte griechiſche Ara, auf der eine Opferflamme brennt. Links im Vordergrunde ein Thron mit zwei Polſtern, dem gegenüber eine Treppe, zu der über die ganze Colonnade laufenden Gallerie hinaufführt.)

Der Oberprieſter (kniend).

Die Prieſter des Jupiters
(kniend am Altar des Jupiters).

Die Großen des Reichs, die Unterfeldherren, Trabanten, Bürgermeiſter, Rath und Volk von Antiochia (im Hintergrunde).

Oberprieſter.

Des Opfer-Thiers Eingeweide ſahn
Wir Haruſpicen, kund hat es gethan,
Daß, eh' die Sonne ſinkt, Gefahren nah'n!
Trauer bedräuet des Triumphes Bahn!
D'rum ſchrei't zum Zeus!

(er kniet wieder.)

Die Großen, die Unterfeldherren, Trabanten, Bürgermeiſter, Rath, die Kinder und Volk
(indem ſie alle niederknieen).

Hilf, Angſt hat uns umfah'n!

(Die ſechs der Bundeslade vorangehenden Poſaunenbläſer treten auf, die wie beim Triumphzuge wenige Töne blaſen, und ſich alsdann ſeitwärts ſtellen. Dann wird von den zwölf alten jüdiſchen Leviten die Bundeslade langſam hereingetragen. Unmittelbar hinter ihr treten Jaſon, der ſich gleich an den Thron ſtellt, dann Benoni, Michir, Joab, Achas, Ezeth und Jacob gefeſſelt und gleich hinter ihnen Salome ungefeſſelt ein.)

(Kaum hat die Bundeslade erſcheint, ſo fällt der Donnerkeil mit Geräuſch aus der Hand des Jupiters.)

Alle Knieenden (mit Entſetzen).

Weh' uns!

Oberprieſter
(ſich mühſam vom Schrecken ſammelnd).

Ein Omen, das noch nicht erlebt! —

(zu den Leviten.)

Sclaven, die Lade, welche Grauß umweht,
Setzt ferne ſie vom Donnergott!

Die zwölf Leviten
(ſetzen die Bundeslade ganz in den Vorgrund in die Mitte, und ſtellen ſich, ſechs zu jeder Seite der Bundeslade, die Geſichter gegen dieſelbe gekehrt und zu den Boden gebückt, ausgeſtreckt ſtehen, in welcher Stellung ſie unbeweglich, bis gegen Ende des Akts verharren.)

Jaſon (vor ſich).

Wie bebt
Das Volk! —

Salome
(auf der entgegengeſetzten Seite, dem Throne gegenüber mit ihren ſechs Söhnen ſtehen bleibend, zu letzteren ſprechend).

Der Cherubim darüber ſchwebt!
Gefangene, Gott Jehovah erbebt!

(Heliodor und ſeine zwei Trabanten, dann die vier Edelknaben mit den Kiſſen, worauf die Inſignien, dann Antiochus Epiphanes, den Prinzen Antiochus Eupator auf dem Arm.)

Heliodor (laut ausrufend).

Antiochus Epiphanes, der Sohn
Des Donners, nahet!

(er ſtellt ſich mit den Trabanten ſeitwärts an den Thron.)

Antiochus.

Scepter her und Kron'!

(er nimmt zweien der ihm nachtretenden Edelknaben, einem die Krone ab, die er ſich aufſetzt, dem andern das Scepter, und beſteigt den Thron, auf den er das Kind zur Linken und ſich zur Rechten ſetzt. Dann zum Volk.)

Ich kam, ich ſah', und ich beſiegte Zion!
(auf die Bundeslade zeigend.)
Gebeugt liegt Jehovah vor meinem Thron!
(zu den Prieſtern.)
Zündet das Opfer an!

Der Oberprieſter.
Es zittert ſchon!

Antiochus (zu Jaſon).

Iſraels Hoherprieſter, zum Altar
Des Zeus tritt opfernd hin! — Mach's offenbar,
Judäas Glaube ſei vertilget gar!

Jaſon
(zum Altar tretend und die Hand mit dem Bruſtſchilde erhebend, aber mit merklich zitternder Stimme).

Der Glaube Jupiters allein iſt wahr —
Ihm opfr' ich — Namens meines Volks — Fluch Jehovah
und ſeiner Schaar! —

Salome.

O Blitz des Rächers, ſchone noch!

Antiochus (zum Volk).

Ihr hört,
Daß ſelbſt ſein Hoherprieſter ab ihn ſchwört!
Jetzt leg' das Bruſtſchild, das das Volk bethört,
Zur Bundeslade! —

Jaſon (verlegen und zögernd).

Herr! —

Antiochus.

Sonſt trifft mein Schwert
Dich! —

Jaſon (geht zur Bundeslade).

Salome
(ihm entgegen eilend, ſehr raſch).

Unglückſeliger, halt' ein!

Jaſon
(ohne auf ſie zu hören, tritt raſch zur Lade und legt das Bruſtſchild darauf, in demſelben Augenblicke fährt ein ſehr ſtarker Blitz aus der Bundeslade und erſchlägt ihn, ſo daß er gleich todt niederfällt).

Das Volk.

Wehe!

Salome
(mit einem ſchmerzhaften Blick gen Himmel).

Dein Zorn hat ihn zerſtört!

Antiochus.

Ein Gaukelwerk — ich kenn' es ſchon!
Iſt todt der Bube? —

Helioder
(ſich dem Leichnam Jaſons nähernd, mit zitternder Stimme).

Ja!

Antiochus (laut auflachend).

Ihm ward ſein Lohn!
Der Blitz des Gauklers Jehovah prallt ab von meiner Kron'!
(Der Blitz fällt aus der Hand des Jupiters.)

Oberprieſter
(gegen den König vortretend).

Ein zweites Omen! Herr, es ſtürzt dein Thron!
Errette dich, dem alle Götter drohn!

Antiochus
(zu der auf der andern Seite ihm gegenüberſtehenden Salome hinüberrufend).

Du Nemeſis! Bebſt du vor Göttern?

Salome
(laut zu ihm hinüberſchreiend).

Nein!

Antiochus.

Wohl! Wir ſprechen ihnen Hohn!

Oberprieſter (zu Antiochus).

Erzittre! —

Antiochus (ſtolz und ruhig).

Alles iſt erwogen!
Nikanor hat Verrath gepflogen,
Doch eilt ihm Rach' entgegen ſchon!
Den Judenfeldherrn, ihm verbunden,
Ihn den mein Arm hat überwunden,
Auch ihn trifft des Verrathes Lohn!

Salome
(ſich dem Throne nähernd, laut zu Antiochus).

Nicht dein Arm hat ihn überwunden,
Den Feldherrn Iſraels, verbunden
Du mit dem Scheuſal Jaſon,
Ihr habet Iſrael betrogen!
Verrath habt ihr zuerſt gepflogen,
(auf Jaſon zeigend.)
Wie den trifft dich Verrathes Lohn!

Antiochus.

Ein ſolches Wort mir, das heißt wagen!
Könnt' der von Erz dort
(auf die Statue des Jupiters zeigend.)
das mir ſagen,
Ich ſchlüg' ihn nieder!

Oberprieſter (entſetzt zurückfahrend).

Vater Zeus!

Antiochus
(ohne auf ihn zu achten, gegen Salome fortfahrend).

Doch dich ereil' ich nicht im Zorne,
Weil du mir Oel vom Nektarborne
Geſpendet, biet' ich dir den Preis!
Beſteige meinen Thron und theile,
Als Mutter, meiner Krone Pracht!

Oberprieſter (zu den Prieſtern).

Iſt es erhört! —

Salome (zu Antiochus).

Dir naht in Eile
Der Todesſtunde finſt're Nacht! —
(Salome mit einem Blick gen Himmel.)
O bis bereut er hat, verweile
Noch Jehovah! —

(zu Antiochus.)
Den du verlacht
Bet' an, Tyrann!

Oberprieſter.

Ich komm' von Sinnen! —

Antiochus (zu Salome).

Glanz kann dich alſo nicht gewinnen! —
Nicht Glanz noch Furcht! — Den Göttern eigen
Iſt das — ich ehre, Nymphe, dich!

Oberprieſter.

Nein, Herr, ich kann nicht länger ſchweigen,
Die Gemeinde —
(auf Salome zeigend.)
tödte mich,
Herr, aber laß vor Zeus ſich beugen
Die Jüdin! —

Antiochus.

Die da beugen ſich! —

Salome (zu Antiochus).

Es hat dich Stolzen Gott verblendet!
(zum Volke.)
O bleibt der Demuth zugewendet! —

Antiochus.

Sich beugen die! — Das möcht' ich ſeh'n!
Laß, Prieſter, ſie zum Opfer geh'n!

Oberprieſter (zu zwei Prieſtern).

Bringt die Opferſpeiſen her,
Zum Altar des Jupiter,
Ihr Gefang'nen, tretet vor!

Salome (zu den Söhnen).

Auf ſich ſchließt das Himmelsthor!
(ſie tritt mit ihren Söhnen zum Altar.)

Antiochus
(zu den Makkabäern).

Sklaven! —

Salome
(ihm entgegenrufend).

Helden! Meine Söhne!

Antiochus.

Iſt's wirklich nur ein Weib,
Nur ein irdiſch Weib?

Salome.

Ich höhne
Deinen Hohn!

Antiochus (vor ſich).

Ein Zeitvertreib
Wär's, zu ſchauen, ob ſie kröne,
Geht's den Söhnen an den Leib,
Ihren hohen Muth —!
(laut.)
Wohlan,
Bringt die Opferkoſt heran!

Zwei Prieſter
(bringen große Palme, mit noch dampfenden Opferſpeiſen herbeigetragen.)

Antiochus
(gebieteriſch zu den Makkabäern.)
Eßt ihr von dem Opferbiſſen
Oder ſterbt!

Benoni
(kühn hervortretend zum Antiochus).
Was frägſt du viel?
Und was willſt du von uns wiſſen?
[illegible] iſt unſer Ziel!

Antiochus.
Willſt von Henkershand zerriſſen,
Bube, ſein! — Iſt Tod ein Spiel?

Benoni.
Brechen unſers Herrn Gebot! —
Lieber wollen wir den Tod! —

Salome.
Halleluja, daß geboren
Hat mein Schooß den Heldenſohn!

Sibil
(mit Verzweiflung, nach ihr Jonathas).

Sibil
(den Benoni umklammernd).
Haſt du meinen Tod geſchworen? —
Iſt das meiner Liebe Lohn!

Salome.
Eleazars Kind — verloren
Haſt du dich! —

Antiochus (wild).
Wer nennt zum Hohn
Mir den Störer meiner Ruh'! —
(zu den Trabanten, auf Benoni zeigend.)
Führt zum Tod' ihn! —

Benoni (zu Antiochus).
Folge du! —
(will den ihn abführenden Trabanten folgen, indem er ſich von der immer ihn umſchlungen haltenden Sibil ſanft loszuwinden ſucht.)

Sibil
(Benoni umklammernd, und ihn faſt gewaltſam vor den Thron ziehend, zu Antiochus, indem ſie vor ihm auf die Kniee ſinkt.)
O hab' Erbarmen,
Mit ihm, dem Armen!

Antiochus.
Wer biſt du?

Sibil.
Ach, ſeine jammernde Braut!
Erſt nur ſeit geſtern ihm angetraut! —

Salome.
O der Schmach! Hinknie'n vor dem Tyrannen!! —
(zu Benoni.)
Heldenſohn, kann dich ein Weib übermannen!!

Benoni (zu Salome).
Laß mich noch einmal
Eh' ich zum Todesthal
Hinſcheide, ſonnen mich in Sibils Blick! —
(er umſchlingt Sibil liebevoll.)

Antiochus (höhniſch).
Jetzt wird er weiſe.
Reicht ihm die Speiſe!

Oberprieſter
(dem Benoni die Prieſter mit den Opferſpeiſen zuführend).
Opferkoſt rettet dein Leben!

Salome
(immer näher zu Benoni tretend, indem ſie die Prieſter mit den Speiſen von ihm abwehrt).
Zurück! —

Benoni
(zu Sibil halbfragend).
Sibil! —

Salome
(von der andern Seite zu Benoni).
Du wankeſt!

Sibil (zu Salome).
O kennſt du die Liebe!
Grauſame! — Willſt du verdammen die Triebe,
Welche Gott ſelbſt ſchenkt der Treue zum Lohn?
Mein iſt er, welchen du mordeſt, den Sohn!

Benoni.
Raſende!

Sibil.
„Vater und Mutter verlaſſen
Sollſt du, und liebend dein Weib nur umfaſſen!“
Sprach Gott zum Manne ſchon auf Edens Flur!
Bricht ſein Gebot denn das Recht der Natur?

Salome
(gen Himmel blickend).
Oeffne die Augen der läſternden Blinden!

Sibil.
Du biſt blind! Willſt dir die Augen verbinden!
Kennſt du Liebe, das göttliche Licht,
Würgeſt den Sohn du, den Gatten mir nicht!

Salome.
Jungfrau! — Der Glut und Treu' der Mutterliebe
Es gleichet ihr an Stärke nichts auf Erden,
Im Himmel nichts, als Der, Der ihn gegründet!
Was ſonſten Liebe heißt, kann Haß auch werden,
Und durch den glühendſten der Himmelstriebe
Wird Höll' auch oft in unſrer Bruſt entzündet;
Doch ewig treu verbündet
Bleibt Mutterliebe — will, wie Gott, nicht tödten,
Leiden nur! — Von tieferm Schmerz zerfleiſchet
Iſt mein Herz, als der Wahnſinn, der dich täuſchet!
Komm' an mein Herz, — ich theile deine Nöthen!
Doch flammt mir auch, ſelbſt im gebrochnen Herzen,
Das Abramsopfer durch die Nacht der Schmerzen.

Sibil.
Mutter — kannſt du vergeih'n?

Salome.
Auch mit dir weinen!

Sibil (zu Benoni, ſehr innig).
Gehſt du zum Tode —!!

Benoni ([illegible] gen Himmel blickend).
Ja!

Salome (freudig).
'S iſt doch mein Sohn!

Sibil ([illegible]).
Du gehſt zum Tod — ſcheideſt von der Deinen!

Benoni.
Weil Gott mich ruft!

Salome.
Gönn' ihm die Palmen-Kron'!

Antiochus
(der auf Sibil lüſtern geblickt hat, zum neben ihm ſtehenden Heliodor auf ſie zeigend, [illegible]).
Die Judenbraut iſt köſtlich!

Heliodor (eben ſo zu Antiochus).
Ich ſollt's meinen!

Antiochus (zu Sibil).
Hör', ſchönes Bräutlein, ich ſchenk' dir zum Lohn,
Auch ſonder Opfer deines Bräutigams Leben,
Doch du mußt Paphos Opfer noch dieſe Nacht mir geben!

Salome (zu Antiochus).
Du, dein Reich wird, Frevler, ſchon gewogen,
Zu leicht befunden!

Sibil.
Ha, dies Bubenſtück
Reißt mich, Tyrann, aus meiner Qualen Wogen!
Ich trotze dir und deinem Tigerblick!
Siehſt meinen Vater du, er ſpannt den Bogen
Auf dich! —
(zu Benoni.)
Stirb! Eleazars Tochter bleibt zurück —

Antiochus (entſetzt).
Ihr —
(das Wort erſtirbt ihm auf der Zunge.)

Sibil.
Zu Rachen unſerm [illegible]!

Salome.

Segen
Sprach Gott!
(zu Benoni.)
Geh', Makkabäer, ihm entgegen!

Benoni
(tritt erhaben zum König und reicht ihm die Hand).

Antiochus
(faßt ſeine Hand, halb beſchämt, halb wüthend zurück, und verbirgt ſie [illegible] in ſeinem Mantel).

Sibil (zu Benoni).
Was thuſt du! —

Salome.
Makkabäerspflicht! — Er ſegnet
Den Mörder!

Sibil (ſchmerzlich beſchämt zu Benoni).
Bin ich's werth die Braut zu ſein! —

Benoni
(Salomen und Sibil die Hand zum Abſchiede reichend).
Lebt wohl!

Salome
(mit Zuverſicht zu ihm, indem ſie ihm die Hand auf's Haupt legt).
Die erſte, welche dir begegnet,
Bin ich — dort unter jenen lichten Reih'n!

Sibil (im bitterſten Schmerz).
Und ich —?

Benoni (wie prophetiſch).
Wer wie den Thau den Segen regnet,
Er wird den Makkabäerſtamm erneu'n,
Jungfrau, durch dich!

Sibil.
Durch mich —!!

Benoni (erhaben zu ſeinen Brüdern).
Herr, Brüder, beten
Will ich, daß ihr euch lernt vor Gott zu treten!

Oberprieſter
(hämiſchen [illegible] zu den Trabanten).
Führt ihn zum Tod', den Trotz zu büßen!

Benoni
(zu den ihn ergreifen wollenden Trabanten).
Kommt!

Abir
(eben als Benoni herausgehen will, völlig gewaffnet, den Helm auf dem Haupte, Lanze und Schild in der Hand und das Schwert an der Seite, ſchnell hereintretend).
Nein!

Salome (freudig auf ihn zueilend).
Mein Abir! —

Abir
(vor Salome niederſtürzend, und ihre Kniee mit Inbrunſt umklammernd).
Ich es rinnt
Mein Reueſtrom; zu deinen Füßen
Zurückkehrt dein verlornes Kind!

Salome
(ihn umklammernd, mit dankbarem Blick gen Himmel).
Herr, deine Segensfluthen fließen
Dem, der in Thränen Dich gewinnt!

Benoni.
Du kommſt zu theilen unſern Tod!

Abir.
Zu retten euch von Todesnoth!
(von den Knieen aufſpringend, und zum Throne eilend.)
König Antiochus!

Benoni
(zu Sibil und ſeinen Brüdern).
Laßt uns beten!

Benoni, Sibil, Machir, Juda, Achas, Arath, Jakob und Jonathas
(knieen ſich rückwärts hin, und verweilen während den folgenden Reden im ſtillen Gebet).

Abir (zum Antiochus laut rufend).
Syriens König! —

Antiochus
(der, ſeitdem er ſich das Haupt verhüllt hat, in [illegible] verſunken, da geſeſſen hat, ſich nun enthüllend).
Wer ruft mich? —

Abir.
Hör' an!
Kennſt du mich noch? Schon einmal getreten
Bin ich vor deinen Thron! —

Heliodor
(zu Antiochus, auf Abir zeigend).
Der junge Mann
Welcher gefangen zu Garizim — retten
Wollteſt du ihn, weil er Tapf'res gethan,
Botſt ihm Dienſt an!

Antiochus.
Der ausrief im kühnen
Uebermuth: „Tödten dich will ich, nicht dienen!"

Abir.
Das ſprach ich, ja! — Du ſchenkteſt mir das Leben!

Salome
(die gleich, ſobald Abir vor den Thron getreten, ſich ihm zur Seite geſtellt hat, den Blick gen Himmel, auf Antiochus [illegible]).
D'rum ſchenk' ihm Rettung, Gott, von Satans [illegible]!

Abir.
Vergelten will ich's! — Du biſt Preis gegeben
Uns Makkabäern!

Antiochus.
Trotzkopf, wagſt du Spott! —

Abir
(auf Salome und ſeine Brüder zeigend).
Laß die da frei! — Wo nicht, ſo wirſt du beben
Vor Gottes Rächerarm!

Antiochus.
Ich bin Gott!

Salome
(zu Abir, auf Antiochus zeigend).
Der Herr hat ganz mit Blindheit ihn geſchlagen,
Wie Sennacheribs Reuter, Roß und Wagen!

Abir (zu Antiochus).
Der Herrſchaaren Herr
Brauſt dir entgegen,
Gegen dich ſchwingt er ſein rächendes Schwert!

Antiochus
(auf die Bundeslade zeigend).
Lügner, da liegt er,
Kann ſich nicht regen,
Ich hab' geſtürzet ihn, hab' ihn zerſtört!

Ein Trabant tritt auf.

Trabant
(eilig vor den König tretend).
Herr, von den Zinnen
Melden die Wächter,
Daß über's Blachfeld heranwallt ein Troß
Vieler Geſchwader zu Fuß und zu Roß!

Antiochus.
Ihr ſeyd von Sinnen!

Salome (zu Antiochus).
Gottesverächter!
Nahe die bange, die ſtrafende Zeit,
Eh' dir die lange Nacht einbricht noch heut!

Antiochus
(ſich vom Throne erhebend, jedoch ohne herunter zu ſteigen).
Selbſt will ich's anſchau'n!

Ein Krieger des Lyſias tritt auf.

Krieger
(vor den Thron tretend, zu Antiochus).
Herr, dir ſagen
Läßt Lyſias, er ſei geſchlagen
Im [illegible] dein Knecht dir vor,
Den Judenfeldherrn und Nikanor!

Antiochus.
Ha, doppelt Sieg!

Salome.
Er lügt! —

Abir.
Im Bunde
Iſt Lyſias!

Antiochus.
Schweigt, Höllenhunde!

Abir
(wüthend das Schwert ziehend).

Was das?! —
(indem er mit gezücktem Schwert auf den König eindringt.)
Stirb!

Heliodor und das Gefolge
(ihre Schwerter entblößend, und ſich dem Könige ſchützend nahend).
Hochverrath!

Machir, Juda, Achas, Arath, Jakob und Jonathas
(ſpringen bei dieſem Geräuſch gleichzeitig von den Knieen auf, und nähern ſich Salomen und Abir).

Benoni
(bleibt wie entzückt, fortbetend, und von der neben ihm knieenden Cilli umſchlungen, knieen).

Salome
(erhaben zwiſchen Abir und die auf ihn Eindringenden tretend, zu letztern).
Haltet ein!
Erſt will ich ihn dem Tode weih'n!
(Heliodor und das eindringende Gefolge bleiben durch Salome's Blick gleichſam erſtarrt, bald auf ſie, bald auf den König blickend, ſtehen.)

Antiochus
(bleibt unbeweglich, den Blick auf Salome und Abir geſpannt, auf dem Throne ſitzen.)

Salome (zu Abir).
Dein Schwert!

Abir.
O Mutter!
(er gibt ihr das Schwert.)

Salome.
Auch die Lanze,
Das Schild! —

Abir
(indem er ihr Lanze und Schild gibt).
Ich trug's mit Ehren!

Salome.
Ja!
Was hier mit Ehren ſteht — im Glanze
Des ew'gen Lichts ſteht's auch ſo da!

Abir
(kniet vor ihr nieder).

Salome
(ihm, nachdem ſie ſeine Waffen einem Trabanten gegeben hat, die Hände auf's Haupt legend.)
Einſegn' ich dich zum Marterkranze! —
(ihn von den Knieen erhebend, und höchſt erhaben vor Antiochus ſchreitend.)
Tyrann von Antiochia,
Du Läſt'rer dieſes Heldenerben,
Auch er — verehr' ihn! — weiß zu ſterben!

Antiochus (zu Salome).
Durch Großmuth möcht' mich beſchämen
Dein Stolz, doch bring' ich ihn zum Ruh'n!
(zu Abir.)
Für deinen Hochverrath nicht nehmen
Will, Jüngling, ich dein Leben nun!
Doch wirſt dafür du dich bequemen
Zur Opferkoſt!

Abir.
Ich will's nicht thun!

Antiochus (zum Gefolge).
Verſtümmelt ihn an Händ' und Füßen,
Dann ſterb' er erſt den Trotz zu büßen!

Machir
(kühn hervortretend zu Antiochus).
Du Wütherich der ſondergleichen,
Hätt' meinen Pfeil ich — (für ſich.) dir in's Herz! —

Antiochus (zu Salome).
Das auch dein Sohn! —

Salome
(bejaht es ſchweigend, und ſchlägt dann ſchmerzvoll den Blick gen Himmel).

Antiochus (wüthend froh).
Ha, gibſt du Zeichen
Endlich doch auch von ird'ſchem Schmerz,
Du Dämon! —
(zu den Prieſtern auf Machir zeigend.)
Eilt auch dem zu reichen
Die Opferkoſt! —
(zu Salome.)
Ha, Weib von Erz,
Schmilzt es? —

Salome
(mit einem Blick gen Himmel, auf Machir zeigend).
Wirſt Du Gott Kraft verleih'n! —

Antiochus
(zu Machir, auf die Opferſpeiſen zeigend, die dieſem die Prieſter vorhalten).
Iß, Büblein!

Machir.
Tück'ſcher Henker, nein!

Antiochus.
Ha, gift'ge Natter!
(zum Gefolge.)
Streckt die drei Brüder,
Den, der dort betet und dieſe zwei, nieder,
Reißet mit glühenden Zangen ihnen aus
Zungen und Glieder, dann würgt ſie mit Graus!

Abir.
Was du, Erzböſewicht, raubſt uns, das Leben
Iſt nur das Zeitliche, Gott hat's gegeben;
Ewiges Leben Er zuſagt und hält
Jedem der freudig für ſein Geſetz fällt!

Antiochus.
Trotzet dann, wenn man euch ausreißt die Glieder!

Machir.
Sie gab uns Jehovah, nehm' Er ſie wieder!

Antiochus.
Zum Tode fort! Auch der!
(auf Benoni zeigend.)

Zwei Trabanten
(ergreifen Abir und Machir, und feſſeln ſie).

Ein dritter Trabant (nähert ſich dem Benoni).

Salome
(dem Trabanten voreilend, zu Benoni).
Benoni!
(ſie hebt ihn und Cilli, die ſie dabei ununterbrochen, jener wie entzückt und erſtarrt, dieſe ihn umſchlingend, auf den Knieen gebetet haben, ſanft auf.)

Benoni
(tief aufathmend, wie ein aus einem Traume Erwachender, und Salome und Cilli ſanft anblickend, mit ſchmelzender Stimme).
O ſchon war ich im Paradieſe!

Salome.
Du zieh'ſt erſt hin, mein heil'ger Sohn!

Abir und Machir
(zu Benoni).
Ja, Bruder, komm'! —

Benoni
(immer wie im Entzücken, auf Abir und Machir zeigend).
O Mutter, dieſe —
Sie ſtrahlen!

Salome.
Sie zieh'n auch zur Kron'!
(zu Abir und Machir.)
Doch ihr, was ich euch unterwieſen,
Vergeßt ihr's?! —

Abir und Machir
(einander umſchlungen haltend, vor des Königs Thron tretend, zu Antiochus).
Segen ſey dein Lohn!

Salome
(ſie raſch und freudig umfaſſend).
Jetzt kommt zu Gott!

Antiochus (zu Salome).
Den Spott bezahl'! —
(zu Benoni, Abir und Machir.)
Zieht! —
(zu Salome.)
Du ſchauſt hier an ihre Qual!

Die drei Trabanten
(führen Benoni, Abir und Machir durch eine der Mittelpforten ab).

Die andern Trabanten
(reißen Salome und Sibli, Juda, Achas, Arath, Jakob und Jonathas, die ſich an die Abgeführten angeklammert hatten, gewaltſam von ihnen los).

Antiochus
(zu den Trabanten).
Zeigt das Hochzeitmahl der Braut!
(höhniſch auf Sibli zeigend.)

Sibli (flehend zu Antiochus).
Tödt' auch mich! —

Antiochus.
Nein, das wär' Schade! —

Ein Trabant
(öffnet die Mittelpforte, durch welche die drei Brüder abgeführt ſind).

Sibli
(eilt ab, der Trabant folgt ihr).

Antiochus
(zu den andern Trabanten, auf Salome zeigend).
Um zu ſeh'n, ob's der nicht graut,
Führt ſie hin zur Balluſtrade,
Von wo man den Richtplatz ſchaut!
(er zeigt auf den Theil der über der Colonnade befindlichen Gallerie, der dem im Vorgrunde ſtehenden Throne gegenüber iſt.)

Salome.
Satan, ja — das iſt uns Gnade!
(Zu den vier, noch auf der Bühne befindlichen, Söhnen.)
Kommt, die Märt'rer ſegnen wir!

Antiochus.
Nein, die Buben bleiben hier!

Salome und Jonathas
(der ſie unterſtützt, werden von zwei Trabanten die Treppe, welche zur Gallerie führt, heraufgeführt, und erſcheinen alsbald ſämmtlich auf der vorbezeichneten Stelle der Gallerie).

Juda, Achas, Arath und Jakob
(knieen ſich, ſtille betend, nieder).

Jonathas
(gleich wie er auf der Gallerie erſchienen iſt, entſetzt aufſchreiend).
Voll Blut, voll Blut
Schwimmt der ganze Himmel!

Salome.
Ha, wie voll Wuth
Sich drängen im Getümmel
Die Schergen — ſie führen Benoni — zum Feuer!

Siblis Stimme
(hinter den Pforten angſtvoll herübertönend).
Oh!

Jonathas.
Sibli klammert ſich an ihn!

Salome
(nach dem unmittelbar hinter der Mitte des Hintergrundes, nämlich hinter den geſchloſſenen Flügelthüren der Colonnade und durch dieſelben verdeckten Richtplatze blickend, und laut hinüberrufend).
Mein Getreuer,
Mein heil'ger Benoni! Muth! Sterbensmuth! Lebensmuth! —

Jonathas.
Wie ſie die Henker entkleiden mit Wuth!

Salome.
Denkt dran, was Hiob ſang,
Als Qual ihm zum Herzen drang:
„Ich weiß,“ ſang er, von Nacht durchweht,
„Ich weiß, daß mein Erlöſer lebt!
Und am letzten Tag' werd' ich auferſtehn,
Und werd', wenn es auch jetzo mir graut,
Wieder umgeben mit meiner Haut,
In meinem Fleiſche den Herren ſehn!
Ich werd' Ihn ſelbſt ſehn, mit meinen Augen
Werd' ich Ihn anſchau'n, ich ſelbſt, kein And'rer!
An dieſer Hoffnung läßt Er mich ſaugen!“
Alſo ſang Hiob! —

Jonathas.
Sie küſſen einander!

Benonis, Abirs, Machirs Stimmen
(hinter den Thorflügeln her ertönend).
Ich weiß, daß mein Erlöſer lebt! —

Salome
(immer herüberrufend).
Heilige Knaben,
Denkt an die drei, die im Glutofen haben
Herrlich den Herrn gebenedeyt,
Der von den Flammen ſie freudig befreit! —

Benonis, Machirs, Abirs Stimmen
(wie zuvor).
Lob ſey dem Herren, der Herr iſt gut! —

Jonathas.
Wie unter dem gewaltigen Keſſel die Glut
Herziſcht! Das Oel drin, wie's aufkocht! —

Salome.
Hinein
Stürzen ſie ihn —!
(ſie verhüllt ſich die Augen).

Siblis Stimme (ſehr laut aufkreiſchend).
Ah!

Jonathas.
Sibli's Angſtſchrei'n!
Ohnmächtig ſinkt ſie hin! —

Salome.
Gott, er iſt Dein!
Aber nur Kraft mir zur ſeelenzerſchneidenden Pein!
(weinend.)
O es iſt ſchwer doch von Märtyrern Mutter zu ſeyn! —

Antiochus
(mit wildem Hohne zu ihr, zu der er immer unverwandt vom Throne hingeſtarrt hat, emporrufend).
Nemeſis! — Niobe! Biſt du bezwungen?

Salome
(ohne auf ihn zu hören, zu Jonathas, immer zum Richtplatz hinblickend).
Alter, das Sterblied, das Moſes geſungen,
Schrei's dem Benoni zu — mir ſtirbt der Ton!
(weinend gen Himmel blickend.)
Glücklicher Abraham, dir ward geſchenket der Sohn!

Jonathas
(laut zum Richtplatz herüber ſchreiend).
„Mein iſt die Rache,“ ſprach Gott,
Seinem Knecht Moſes, Herr Zebaoth!
Ich will's vergelten zu ſeiner Zeit!
Der Feinde Fuß ſoll wanken, der Tag des Verderbens iſt bereit!
Die Zeit fleucht heran in der Donnerwolk'!
Der Herr wird richten ſein Volk,
Und wird ſeiner Knecht' ſich erbarmen!

Salome
(zum Richtplatz weinend, doch laut herüber ſchreiend).
Und wird ſeiner Knecht' ſich erbarmen!

Benonis, Abirs, Machirs Stimmen
(leiſe antwortend).
Er wird ſeiner Knecht' ſich erbarmen!

Salome
(zu Jonathas, halb weinend, halb freudig).
Hörſt's, wie ſie beten! —

Jonathas.
O ſiehſt du den armen
Abir! —

Salome.
Nein —! —
(plötzlich aufſchreiend, und das Geſicht verhüllend.)
Ah! —

Jonathas.
O Rachegott!
Sie ſchinden ihn mit teufliſchem Spott
Lebendig! — Erde, verſchling ſie die Rott'!

Salome.
O ruf ihm zu des Moſes Sterbgeſang!
(mit faſt erſtickter Stimme.)
Ich kann's nicht! —

Jonathas
(wieder laut zum Richtplatz herüber ſchreiend).
Und Jehovah ſprach: „weinen wird's bang
Den Heiden, wenn die Rache des Herrn ſie verzehrt!
Wenn ſie wehklagen,
Wird Er ſie fragen:
Wo ſind nun die Götter, die ihr habt verehrt! —“

Benonis, Abirs und Machirs Stimmen
(lauter als zuvor rufend).
Hallelujah!

Salome
(frohlockend, und mit gewaltſam zuſammengenommener Kraft zu Antiochus herüber ſchreiend).
Hörſt! — Meine Söhn'!

Antiochus
(auf die vier jüngſten knieend betenden Söhne zeigend, zu ihr).
Die vier doch auch! —
(zu Heliodor, auf Juda zeigend.)
Du, führ' mir her den größten Knaben!

Heliodor
(geht zu den vier betenden Makkabäern, und führt den Juda zum König).

Salome
(zu Juda auf die Bühne herüberſchreiend).
Sohn, Meinen erſchien Gott im flammenden Strauch! —

Juda
(gelaſſen zu ihr herausrufend).
Du kennſt mich! —

Antiochus
(zu Juda, als dieſer ihm vorgeführt wird, auf die fortwährend von den beiden Prieſtern gehaltenen Opferſpeiſen zeigend).
Iß! —

Juda
(ſehr ruhig zum Antiochus).
Die Hoffnung haben
Auf Gott — das iſt wohl ſtets das Beſt',
Dieweil der Herr uns nie verläßt!
Wenn Einen auch die Menſchen tödten,
Soll deß man tröſten ſich in Nöthen,
Daß man von ihm wird auferweckt!

Antiochus (wüthend).
Iß, ſag' ich! —

Juda (immer gelaſſen).
Das wird nicht geſchehen!

Antiochus (zu den Trabanten).
So reißt den Troß'gen fort — und ſtreckt
Ihn auf die Marterbank! —

Juda.
Meinſt du, daß das mich ſchreckt? —
Gott ſegne dich! —
(herausrufend zu Salome, immer ruhig und ſehr gelaſſen.)
Leb', Mutter, wohl! — Auf baldig's Wiederſehen!
(er wird abgeführt.)

Antiochus (ihm bewundernd nachſehend).
Iſt das ein Knabe — iſt's ein Heros? — Beym Styx, er macht mich ganz zu Spott!
(nachdem er dieſe letzten Worte nicht wüthend, aber mit dumpfer Beſchämung geſagt hat, verſinkt er in tiefes Nachdenken.)

Salome
(die vor Freude über den Juda faſt ganz den Richtplatz vergeſſen, und immer nach Juda hingeſchaut hat, jetzt freudig zu Jonathas).
Siehſt du, wie ſtark iſt der Herr in den Seinen! —
(Man hört zwey ſtarke Beilſchläge vom Richtplatze her).

Jonathas.
Sie hacken dem Abir die Füß' ab! —

Salome
(mit Inbrunſt auf die Kniee ſtürzend, und zum Himmel blickend).
Stärk' ihn auch und mich in den Peinen! —

Antiochus
(wie aus einem tiefen Gedanken aufſpringend von ſeinem Sitze, doch ohne den Thron zu verlaſſen, wüthend aufſchreiend).
Zu Spott?! — Wer macht zu Spott mich?! —

Eine donnernde Stimme
(tönt von oben herab, von der Seite her, wo die drey Knaben knieen).
Gott!

Antiochus
(das Scepter hinwerfend, das Schwert zückend, und, mit gezücktem Schwert und ſtarren Augen, vom Thron herab gegen die Seite, wo die drey noch übrigen Söhne knieen, rennend, und aufſchreiend, alles mit Blitzesſchnelle).
Eleazar — fleuch! —

Heliodor
(eilt ihm gleichzeitig nach).

Jonathas (zu Salome).
Machir und Juda! Siehſt
Wie ſie zerfleiſchen ſie?! —

Salome
(die bis dahin auf den Knieen gebetet hat, aufſpringend, mit frohlockender, doch vom Schmerz faſt erſtickter Stimme, zu Jonathas).
Den Sterbgeſang! — Du glühſt,
Rächer am Himmel ſchon,
Der in der niederſtürzenden Abendſonn'
Du Feuer ſprühſt! —

Jonathas.
Hörſt du nicht auch ein Jagen
Von Roſſen —?

Salome
(zum Richtplatz zeigend).
O daß die mir nur nicht verzagen,
Donn're du ihnen zu des Moſes Sterbgeſang!

Jonathas
(zum Richtplatz ſehr laut herüberſchreiend).
„Seht nun," ſprach Gott, „daß allein Ich nothwendig,
Und daß ohne Mich kein andrer Gott iſt!
Ich will tödten und machen lebendig,
Schlagen und heilen zu gleicher Friſt!
Und iſt Keiner, welcher befreit
Aus Meiner Hand, und Ich will Meine Hand
Strecken durch alle Himmel und Land,
Und ſagen: Ich leb' in Ewigkeit! —"
So ſpricht der Herr! —

Antiochus
(ſich etwas aus ſeiner Betäubung, in der er bis jetzt geſtanden, erhebend, aber wie wahnſinnig zu Heliodor, nach Jonathas hinaufzeigend).
Du — mich freut's, was der Graukopf dort ſchreit!

Heliodor
(zitternd und nur halb laut zu ihm).
Mich nicht! — Mir iſt's, als ob in allen Adern
Mir Eis gegoſſen ſey! —

Abirs, Machirs und Judas Stimmen
(immer leiſer vom Richtplatze her).
Gott lebt in Ewigkeit!

Salome.
Benoni rief's nicht mit! —

Jonathas.
Der hat in Gottes Streit
Geſieget ſchon!

Antiochus
(mit geſchwungenem Schwerte, wieder wüthend nach der Seite, wo die Knaben knieen, aufſchreiend).
Ha, willſt du wieder mit mir hadern!
Iſt's nicht genug dir, daß du jede Nacht
Grinſend und blutig mich weckſt, hältſt du auch Abends ſchon Wacht,
Verfluchter Pfaff Eleazar?!
(zu den Trabanten.)
Schleppt ihn fort!

Heliodor.
Wen denn?

Antiochus
Den blut'gen Judengreis — den Eleazar!
(immer auf die Stelle hinter den drey Knieenden hinweiſend.)

Heliodor.
'S iſt ja Niemand dort!

Oberprieſter
(der immer, halb entfernt, halb erhöht, am Altar geſtanden hat, jetzt raſch hervortretend, mit Wuth zum König).
Ein Judenzauber iſt's! — Laß nur [illegible] ſterben!

Achas
(von den Knieen aufſtehend, und zum Oberprieſter tretend, zutraulich und bittend).
Ja, grauſer Vater, hilf uns den Himmel auch erwerben!

Oberprieſter
(zu den bey ihm ſtehenden Prieſtern, auf den Achas zeigend).
Hat nicht der Furie Sohn ein Aug', ſo himmliſch und ſo blau,
Wie Glaukopis Athäne!
(zu Achas.)
Büblein, iß!

Salome
(die immer unter der Zeit mit allen Aeußerungen des Schmerzes bald zum Richtplatz, bald nach ihren auf der Bühne knieenden Kindern geſchaut hat, jetzt ſich über die Baluſtrade hinüberbeugend, und zu Achas herunterrufend).
Denke d'ran, daß an ich's ſchau'!
Und Gott, und auch Benoni oben!

Achas, Arath und Jakob

(letztere beide jedoch ohne von den Knieen aufzuſtehen, zu Salome heraufſprechend, aber im ruhigen, friedlichen Tone).

Iſt er bey Gott ſchon? —

Salome (herunter rufend).

Ja!

Achas.

Ich geh' Gott auch gleich loben!
Nur hat Er eben jetzt es mir noch aufgetragen,
Dem Heidenkönig hier noch was zu ſagen!
(zu Antiochus.)
Du friedenloſer Mann!

Antiochus

(der bis jetzt immer nach der Seite geſtarret hat, jetzt wie vom Traum erwachend).

Ha!

Achas

(zutraulich ihn anfaſſend).

Sieh mich doch nur an!

Antiochus

(wie wahnſinnig ſcherzend).

Du lächelſt ſanft, Cupido!
(ſchauernd, ſeitwärts blickend).
Dort, der erwürgte Greis kann
Nur grinſen! —

Achas (immer ſanft).

Es läßt Jehovah dir verkünden:
Weil Macht du bey Menſchen haſt, übeſt du Sünden,
Und thuſt was du willſt, ob du ſterblich gleich biſt!
Drum kündet durch mich dir, der Wahrheit iſt:
Du ſollſt es nicht glauben, daß unſer Geſchlecht
Von Gott ſchon verlaſſen ſey! Gott iſt gerecht!
Geduld ſollſt du haben, und warten und ſehen,
Wie groß ſeine Macht iſt; dein Stamm wird vergehen
Zur Strafe, das ſag' ich dir, Gott iſt nicht fern!
Jetzt ſegn' ich dich! —
(ihn zutraulich bittend).
Tödt' mich! Ich ſcheide ſo gern! —

Antiochus

(immer wie im Wahnſinn, zu Heliodor, auf Achas und die beiden noch knieenden Makkabäer zeigend).

Du Tempeldieb! Nicht wahr — das ſind vornehme Herrn!! —

Oberprieſter

(zu zwei Trabanten, auf Achas zeigend).

Führt ſchnell der Furie Sohn zum Tod, ſonſt rett' ich ihm noch's Leben,
Mir Liebeszauber hat ſein Aug', ſein Blauaug' eingegeben!

Die zwei Trabanten (wollen den Achas abführen).

Salome

(von der Baluſtrade herunterrufend).

Achas, blick' mich noch einmal an!

Achas

(zu ihr hinauf blickend).

Liebſt mich! —

Salome

(mit einem entzückten Blick gen Himmel).

Schon nahſt du labend!
(herunterrufend zu Achas.)
Ja, Achas, ja! Stirb hübſch vernünftig!

Achas (heiter).

Wird Morgen nicht aus Abend!! —
(Er wird abgeführt.)

Salome

(wieder nach der Richtſtätte blickend, zu Jonathas, aber ſchon beruhigter).

Wo iſt denn Abir?

Jonathas.

Danke Gott, ſie haben abgeſchlagen
Ihm ſchon das Haupt!

Salome

(ruhig, mit einem Blick nach oben).

Dank', Jehovah!

Jonathas.

Nun hörſt doch Schrei'n und Zagen
Nah' ſchon! —

Salome (heiter).

Dort zieht auch Achas hin zur Marter! —

Jonathas.

Macht dir's Bangen?

Salome

(lächelnd und ganz ruhig).

Nein! —

Einer von den Trabanten

(auf der Baluſtrade, zum andern lächelnd aber leiſe, nach Antiochus verſtohlen blickend).

Der wird zappeln, der Tyrann, wenn ſie ihn heut' noch fangen!

Antiochus

(zu Heliodor mit gedämpfter Stimme, auf die beiden noch knieenden Kinder zeigend).

Sprach ich zuvor nicht — die da wären vornehme Herrn —
Das Wort entfuhr zu ſchnell mir, ich nähm' es wieder gern!
(mit wahnſinniger Wuth aufſchreiend.)
Bin ich allein denn Herr hier nicht? — Wer kann hier Herr ſeyn? —

Die vorige donnernde Stimme von oben

(noch drohender).

Gott!!

Antiochus

(indem er auf den knieenden Arath losſtürzt, und ihn bey den Haaren emporreißt).

Ha, büß mir, Goldwurm, dort des ewig grinſenden Eleazars Spott!

Salome

(donnernd zu Antiochus herüberſchreiend).

Du, deiner Schergen Niedrigſter, halt ein!
Durch dich ſoll er nicht ſterben! —

Antiochus

(läßt ſchnell den Arath los, und fährt mit wahnſinnigem Entſetzen zurück).

Salome.

Arath, was ſprach im goldnen Schein'
Des Tempels, Gott zu dir! — Jetzt ſag's!

Arath.

„Geſegnet ſollt ihr ſeyn,
Du und dein Stamm!“ So ſprach der Herr! —
(zum König.)
Und du laß dich nicht irren,
Du, dem für ſeine Frevel Gott that Geiſt und Sinn verwirren!
Wir leiden dieß um unſrer ſelbſt, weil wir an Gott geſündigt,
An Ihm, der immer Wunder thut, mehr als die Welt verkündigt.
Doch glaube nicht, daß ungeſtraft du heute noch wirſt bleiben,
Der, gegen Den du kämpfeſt, Gott wird heut' dich noch zerſtäuben!

Antiochus

(durch Wuth über ihn wieder zur Beſinnung gebracht, zu den Trabanten).

Schneidet die Läſterzung' ihm aus! Auch dem!
(auf Jakob zeigend).
(Trabanten ergreifen Arath und Jakob.)

Jakob.

Ich will noch leben!

Antiochus.

Brav, Knabe, du biſt klug! — So laßt die Opferkoſt ihm geben!

Jakob.

Gebt her — mich hungert auch!
(er nähert ſich den beiden Prieſtern mit den Opferſpeiſen).

Salome

(in tödtlichſter Angſt, indem ſie die Treppe herunterzueilen will).

Jakob!

Jakob

(hält etwas inne).

Oberprieſter

(heraufrufend zu den Trabanten).

Ihr haltet ſie!

Salome

(zu den Trabanten, die ſie halten wollen, wüthend herrlich).

Weg da! —
(Sie eilt die Treppe herunter auf die Bühne.)

Trabant

(oben auf der Baluſtrade).

Wie das Meduſenhaupt mit den Augen verſteinert ſie die!

Jakob
(ſchon die Hand nach der Opferſchale ſtreckend, zu Urath).
Du — nimmſt auch! —

Salome
(ſich zwiſchen ihre beiden Söhne und die Prieſter, die ihnen die Opferſchale bieten, drängend, und eben ſo ſchnell mit den beiden Kindern auf die Kniee hinſtürzend).
Kinder, nicht ich hab' euch Leben,
Gott hat in mir euch die Seele gegeben,
Gott hat gebildet euch, herrlich und klar!
Er hat die Welt und uns Menſchen geſtaltet,
Der mit Barmherzigkeit über uns waltet,
Wollt ihr das Leben, ſo bringt es Ihm dar!

Antiochus (zu Salome).
Schweig, Furie!
(zu Jakob).
Knäblein, dir ſey es geſchworen,
Folgſt du mir, nicht deinen Brüdern, den Thoren,
Schwör' ich's dir bei meiner ſtrahlenden Kron',
Reich ſollſt und glücklich ſeyn, Freund mir und Sohn!
Nur daß den Gaumen die Opferkoſt letzt!

Jakob.
Topp dann — ein Wort, ein Mann! Her nur geſetzt!

Die Prieſter
(ſetzen ihm eine Opferſchale auf den Altar).

Oberprieſter.
Der Bube freut mich!

Salome
(Jakobs Kniee umklammernd).
Hab' Erbarmen
Mit mir, der troſtloſen, elenden Armen,
Die dich neun Monat getragen im Schooß,
Drei Jahr geſäugt hat, gezogen dich groß!
Sieh doch, geliebtes Kind, Himmel und Erden,
Alles, was war und was iſt und ſoll werden,
Kündet dir an, den Vater des Lichts,
Der uns barmherzig gemacht hat aus Nichts!
Vor dieſem Henker
(auf Antiochus zeigend).
wirſt du doch nicht beben,
Unwerth doch ſeyn nicht, daß ewiges Leben
Sey mit den heiligen Brüdern dein Theil?
O ſtirb, erbarm' dich und wähle das Heil! —

Jakob
(ganz trocken zu Antiochus und den Prieſtern, auf die Opferſpeiſen deutend).
Nun gebt doch her, — was wollt ihr denn noch harren? —

Die Prieſter
(bringen ihm die Speiſen).

Jakob (zu Salome laut).
Mutter, ſteh' auf! Ich halt' ſie ja zum Narren!

Salome
(ſchnell von den Knieen aufſtehend).
Du böſes Kind, was ängſtig'ſt mich?

Jakob
(auf den König zeigend).
Dem Dieb
Von unſerm Blut, gebührt ja Spott! Verzieh! —
(zu Antiochus, den Urath ihm nachführend.)
Wir brechen Moſes Recht nicht, ſchlechter König,
Denn groß war Moſes, und du biſt ſehr wenig!
Ich bin ein kleiner Wicht, und größer doch
Bin ich als du zehntauſendmal wohl noch!
Ob ich auch klein bin, kann ich ſtolz doch ſpotten
Dir Elendem und deiner Henkerrotten,
Der Gott, der unſ're Sünden ſtraft mit Pein,
Wird wieder ſeinen Knechten gnädig ſein!
Wir zwei, wir ſterben, wie die fünf gethan,
Gott bittend, huldvoll ſeinem Volk zu nah'n!
In mir und dem wird enden Gottes Zorn,
Doch dich erſäufen wird ſein Qualenborn,
Und zwingen wird dich Gott in kurzer Friſt,
Tyrann, zu ſchreien, daß allein Er Gott iſt!

Salome
(ihn entzückt auf den Arm nehmend).
Mein Troſt und Stolz, laß im Triumph mit dir zu Gott mich rennen!

Oberprieſter
(wüthend zu den Prieſtern, auf Salome zeigend).
Mit ihren zwei Leoparden laßt die Löwin dort verbrennen!

Salome
(zum Oberprieſter, ſehr verächtlich).
Du — Knecht! —
(ſie will, Jakob auf dem Arm und Urath an der Hand, zwiſchen den beiden Prieſtern abgehen.)

Antiochus
(tief bewegt, und wieder bei völliger Beſinnung, zu Salome).
Willſt, große Niobe, du dich von mir im Zorne trennen?

Salome
(dem ſich vor ihr beugenden Antiochus die rechte Hand auf's Haupt legend, ſehr feierlich).
Ich weiß, daß mein Erlöſer lebt! — Lern' ſterbend Ihn erkennen! —
(Sie geht majeſtätiſch mit ihren zwei Söhnen, den Jakob auf dem rechten Arm tragend, den Urath mit der linken Hand führend, zwiſchen den beiden Prieſtern durch die Mittelpforte zum Richtplatz ab.)

Antiochus
(nach augenblicklichem Beſinnen).
Laßt frei ſie! —

Oberprieſter.
Herr, du haſt geſchworen
Den Juden, die nicht opfern, Tod!

Ein Trabant (tritt eilends auf).

Trabant (zu Antiochus).
Herr, rette dich, du biſt verloren!
Der Makkabäer ſtürmt und droht!

Antiochus
(mit donnernder Stimme).
Schwert mir und Helm! Noch leb' ich, ihr Thoren! —
Her's, Feinde! — zittert, Zeus, Zebaoth! —

Die Edelknaben
(bringen ihm eilends den Helm und das Schwert).

Antiochus (waffnet ſich).

Salomes Stimme.
(triumphirend und laut vom Richtplatz herüberſchallend).
Wer iſt wie Gott! —

Uraths Stimme (eben ſo).
Wie Gott! —

Jakobs Stimme.
Wie Gott! —

Salomes Stimme.
Erfüllet iſt der Segen
Des Makkabäerſtamm's! —

Jonathas
(immer noch auf der Baluſtrade, zu den Seiten der ihm noch treu gebliebenen Trabanten, nach dem Richtplatz, auf Salome, Urath und Jakob herüberzeigend, mit Entzücken).
Sie zieh'n ſtolz der Verklärung entgegen! —

Salomes, Uraths und Jakobs Stimmen
(wie vor, aber noch lauter vom Richtplatz herüberſchallend).
Wer iſt wie Gott! —

Jonathas
(wie vor, zum Richtplatz hinüberſchauend).
Die Flamme ſich beugt,
Während die Heil'ge den Holzſtoß beſteigt!

Antiochus
(der ſich indeß gewaffnet hat, das Schwert ziehend, zu den Trabanten).
Kommt, das Verhängniß, es iſt erwacht;
Ich raſte nicht, bis ich Jeruſalems Pracht
Zur Todtengruft aller Juden gemacht! —
(indem er eben forteilen will, bleibt er, wie vom plötzlichen, krampfigten Bauchſchmerz überfallen, zum Boden hinſtarrend, ſtehen.)

Ein zweiter Trabant
(tritt ſehr ſchnell auf, und ſtürzt zu Antiochus).
Der Feind, der Feind iſt da!
Du biſt verrathen,
Flieh, denn im Augenblick
Sind ſie ſchon hier!

Jonathas
(auf der Baluſtrade vor Freude hüpfend, und zum Richtplatz ſehr laut hinüberſchreiend).
Halleluja! Gott iſt da,
Rächend die Miſſethaten!
Hausfrau, komm' aus den Flammen zurück,
Deine Erlöſer, deine Retter ſind hier!

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Salome's Stimme
(vom Richtplatz her, leiſer, wie ſchon durch die Flammen gedämpft, aber doch ruhig und feſt.)

Ich weiß, daß mein Erlöſer lebt — daß ſein ich ewig bin!

Einige Prieſter
(ſtürzen mit Geſchrei herein.)

Wehe, wehe,
Der Makkabäer!

Heliodor (zu Antiochus).

Rette dich, Herr! — Wie gewurzelt am Boden ſteht er und
windet ſich, ſtarr vor ſich hin!

Antiochus
(der immer ſo da geſtanden hat, mit allen Zeichen eines ſehr krampfigten, convulſiviſchen Leibesſchmerzes jetzt auffahrend zu Heliodor.)

Tempelräuber!
Kannſt du die Herzen, die Leiber
Retten, wenn ſie von Schlangen durchwühlt? —
Furiengluthen,
Raſende, feurige, zuckende Fluthen,
Wie ein zum Orkus Verdammter ſie fühlt,
Brennen mich, zwicken mich, Irions Geier
Nagt mir die Leber! —
(den Heliodor krampfigt umklammernd.)
Hilf, mein getreuer
Höllengeſell mir! — Die glühende Pein
Wirft mich zu Boden! O hört mein Schrei'n,
(auf die Kniee ſtürzend.)
Jupiter! Zebaoth! Ihr Eumeniden,
Wühlend und glüh'nd in mir, laßt mich mit Frieden!

Heliodor.

Rette dich, daß dich die Feind' nicht erſchlagen!

Antiochus
(ſich halb ohnmächtig vom Boden aufraffend.)

Ja — retten — flieh'n — helft mir auf den Wagen!
Retten — flieh'n — vor dem Feind nicht — vor mir!
Denn hier iſt der Feind mir — hier und hier!
(auf das Haupt, das Herz und den Leib zeigend, indem er dem Heliodor in die Arme ſinkt.)

Heliodor (zum Antiochus).

Eile! —
(zu einigen Trabanten.)
Er liegt wie Blei! —

Antiochus
(ſich immer aus Heliodors Armen halbohnmächtig wieder aufrichtend.)

Wer wird mich retten!
Die Schlangen glüh'n — klammern wie Kletten
An's Herz mir ſich! —
(er ſchaut plötzlich auf, beinahe heulend und bitterlich weinend.)
Treibſt du noch mit mir Geſpenſtern Spott,
Ziſchende Schlangenrott'!! —
Ihr ſieben glänzenden Makkabäer,
Ihr lächelnden —
(plötzlich vom Leibſchmerz convulſiviſch ergriffen.)
Ha, jetzt tödtet's mich! — Fluch euch, ihr
Schlangendreher! —
(nach einer kleinen Pauſe, in der er ſeinen Schmerz zu übermannen verſucht hat.)
Des geplünderten Tempels Gluth,
Sie glüht, brennt in mir mit Drachenwuth! —
Der erwürgten Millionen Wirbeltanz
Umkreiſ't mich beim Furienfackelglanz! —
Eleazar, — das Makkabäerweib
Durchwühlen lächelnd das Hirn mir, das Herz und den Leib! —
O Zebaoth, du haſt geſiegt! —
O ſei verſöhnend! — Es erliegt
Mein Trotz! —

Heliodor
(zu den Trabanten auf den König zeigend.)

Tragt fort ihn! —

Antiochus
(ſich von den ihn anfaſſenden Trabanten losreißend, und wieder auf die Kniee ſtürzend.)

Nein, nur noch einmal
Schrei' ich hinaus aus der Nacht der Qual:
Nicht ſich der ſterblichen Menſchen Geſchlecht
Vermeſſe, Dem gleich zu ſein, der wägt und rächt! —
Es iſt ein Gott! — Wird er ſich mein noch erbarmen?! —

Ein Prieſter
(auf Antiochus deutend, der einem neuen convulſiviſchen Anfall erliegt.)

An allen Gliedern ſchüttelt's den Armen! —

Antiochus
(ſich mühſam erholend, doch immer im Sprechen von Zuckungen unterbrochen.)

Beten will ich — beten! — Ich, der ich dachte
Sie zu vertilgen — die heilige Stadt —
Der ich eine Todtengrube d'raus machte —
In meinem frevelnden, ſinnloſen Rath! —
Ich, der die Juden werth nicht geachtet —
Daß ſie des Grabes Freiſtatt umfaſſ' —
Ich, der ſie wollte — wenn Alle verſchmachtet —
Geben den Vögeln und Thieren zum Fraß! —
(mit gewaltſam zuſammengeraffter letzter Kraftanſtrengung.)
Ich will ſie frei jetzt laſſen,
Gleich Bürgern von Athen,
Den heil'gen Tempel faſſen
In Schmuck, wie nie geſeh'n! —
Opfergeräth und Ketten
Von Gold — o nur mich retten
Von dieſen Höllenweh'n! —
(wieder von Convulſionen überwältigt.)
Ha, wieder mich's anpackt! — Ein Jud' will ich werden,
Und Zebaoth's, meines Beſiegers, Gewalt
Verkündigend preiſen, wo immer auf Erden
Die läſternde Stimme der Thoren erſchall't!
(wieder von Schmerzen ganz erſchöpft, mit immer ſchwächer Stimme.)
Umſonſt! — der Rache Zorn — iſt über mich gekommen —
Zu hart, ach! — doch gerecht! — Verzweiflung hält umklommen
Mein Leben — gerne ſtürb' ich — wär ich nur ihr entnommen! —
Der Styx — er hat mich ſchon umſchwommen, —
Die Nacht des Erebus — grinſt ſchon von Gluth durchglommen! —
Wird wer — barmherzig — richten — mich?! —
(er ſinkt ohnmächtig auf den Knieen um.)

Das Volk
(im Hintergrunde, mit wildem bitterm Hohne laut auf ihn hinſchreiend.)

Die Höllenrichter! —

Sanfte Stimmen
(wie Geſang von Oben.)

Gott!!!

Heliodor
(zu den Trabanten, die den hingeſunkenen Antiochus aufheben.)

Tragt fort ihn — ſchnell! —

Antiochus
(wird von einigen Trabanten ohnmächtig von der Bühne getragen.)

Heliodor
(gen Himmel, dorthin, von wo die Töne klangen, blickend.)

Von dieſen Tönen hallt's nach in mir
wie ew'ger Spott! —
(Er geht im tiefern Nachdenken nach der Seite, wohin Antiochus abgetragen wird, ab.)

Jonathas
(der bis dahin unverwandt auf der Baluſtrade zum Richtplatz hingeſtarrt hat, jetzt plötzlich entzückt aufſchreiend.)

Der Feldherr, der Herrſcher, der tapfere Degen!
Der Retter, der Befreier, auf, ihm entgegen!
(er eilt die Treppe der Baluſtrade herunter auf die Bühne.)

Judas Makkabäus den kleinen Demetrius, Sohn Nikanors, an der Hand, mit einem Trupp iſraelitiſcher Krieger, ſtürzt, von der entgegengeſetzten Seite, nach der der König abgetragen worden, auftretend. Hinter den Kriegern iſraelitiſches Volk, heiteren Geſichtes, ſich tumultuariſch auf die Bühne drängend.

Jonathas
(dem Judas Makkabäus entgegen eilend, und vor ihm auf die Kniee ſtürzend.)

Dir Heil von Iſrael — dreifacher Segen!

Judas Makkabäus
(mit mächtiger Stimme.)

Erlöſer Zebaoth! — Wo ſind die Makkabäer! —

Nikanor, Lyſias, ſyriſche Unterfeldherren und Krieger
(treten ſchnell herein.)

Nikanor
(wüthend zum Throne eilend.)

Da den Sohn
Erwürg' ich des Tyrannen, ſtatt ſeiner, der entfloh'n!
(er reißt den kleinen Antiochus Eupator vom Thron, und will ihn mit dem Schwert durchbohren.)

Der Oberprieſter, die Prieſter und das Volk
(gleichzeitig aufſchreiend).
Weh!

Judas Makkabäus
(den Nikanor, eben wie dieſer den jungen Antiochus durchbohren will, erblickend, und Nikanors Sohn plötzlich vom Boden aufgreifend, und ihm das Schwert auf die Bruſt ſetzend, ſehr raſch und faſt gleichzeitig zu Nikanor, gewaltig und dräuend).
Bube! Kinder würgen
Willſt du? — Dein Sohn, den ich durchbohr',
Soll für des Knaben Haupt mir bürgen!
(auf den kleinen Antiochus zeigend).

Nikanor
(den kleinen Antiochus immer noch in der nämlichen Stellung haltend).
'S iſt unſers Todfeind's Sohn!

Judas Makkabäus.
Du Thor! —
Meinſt du, wir Makkabäer ſind
Kindesmörder! — Hingeſetzt das Kind! —

Nikanor
(höhniſch trotzig zu ihm).
Wir Makkabäer! — Nein, erſchlagen
Hat alle Deinen der Tyrann!

Judas Makkabäus (zuſammenſchaudernd).
Ha! —
(ſich ſchnell faſſend.)
Sind ſie's, doch ſoll man nicht ſagen:
Der Held der Makkabäer kann
Auch Kinder würgen! Nicht verklagen
Soll mich unſchuldig Blut —!

Nikanor.
Wohlan!
(indem er den kleinen Antiochus hinlegt.)
So künd' ich Fehde dir!
(zu ſeiner Schaar.)
Zu'n Waffen!

Judas Makkabäus
(indem er den Sohn Nikanors auch hinlegt, zu Nikanor).
Wohl! — Dort der Unſchuld Recht zu ſchaffen!

(Indem beide Partheien mit gezückten Schwertern auf einander eindringen wollen, eröffnen ſich in demſelben Augenblick, wie von einem gewaltſamen Sturmwind aufgeriſſen, die Pforten des Hintergrundes, und der Richtplatz mit dem auf einem Hügel noch brennenden Scheiterhaufen wird ſichtbar. Rechts am Hügel iſt der coloſſale Keſſel, in welchem Benoni gemartert worden iſt.)

Sibli
(kniet mit zerſtreuten Haaren am Keſſel, über dem ſie das Haupt, wie in troſtloſer Erſtarrung hineinblickend, hingebeugt hält. Auf dem übrigens ſonſt ganz menſchenleeren Richtplatze herumliegende Marterinſtrumente bezeichnen die ſchon vollzogene Hinrichtung der ſämmtlichen Märtyrer.)

Judas Makkabäus
(bei dieſem Anblick mit gräßlichem Schmerze ſehr laut aufſchreiend).
Gott! —

Salomes Geiſt
(über den Flammen des Scheiterhaufens erſcheinend, eben als beide kriegeriſche Partheien auf einander eindringen wollen, mit majeſtätiſcher Stimme).
Löſchet, Flammen!

(Die Flammen verlöſchen, ſo daß Salome's und ihrer beiden jüngſten Söhne bereits verbrannten Ueberreſte auf dem Scheiterhaufen ſichtbar werden.)

Judas Makkabäus, Nikanor und die beiden ihnen folgenden Kriegshaufen bleiben, wie erſtarrt nach Salome hinblickend, ſtehen, eben ſo die andern Perſonen, die vorher im Hintergrunde geſtanden, und ſich gleich beim Auseinanderraſſeln der Mittelpforten entſetzt zu beiden Seiten der Bühne vertheilt haben.

Salomes Geiſt
(während das geſchieht, in ihrer Rede fortfahrend).
Stürze, Bild des Götzen!

(Die Bildſäule Jupiters ſtürzt mit Krachen, und in mehrere Stücken zerſpringend, zu Boden.)

Oberprieſter, Prieſter und das Syrervolk
(ſtürzen auf die Kniee, die Häupter an den Boden gedrückt).

Salomes Geiſt
(zu Judas Makkabäus und Nikanor).
Und euch befehl' im Namen ew'ger Liebe
Ich, eure Märtyrin — ſchließet den Frieden! —
Du, Bruder, hemm' des Schmerzes nied're Triebe,
Laß dich die Glorie deines Stamm's ergötzen,
Durch dich und Sibli ſoll er blüh'n hienieden! —
Nikanor, dir beſchieden
Iſt nicht, die du geraubet haſt, die Krone,
Dem jungen König dort leg' ſie zu Füßen,
Und Lyſias, die Rachſucht abzubüßen,
Sei du Schirmvogt von des Knaben Throne! —
Jetzt ſchließ ich meinen Lebenslauf, den ſchönen,
Und fahr' in Flammen auf zu meinen Söhnen!
(ſie verſchwindet.)

Judas Makkabäus.
Die Heil'ge hat mir Troſt in's Herz geſprochen!

Nikanor und Lyſias
(dem Judas Makkabäus die Hände reichend).
Und wie die Göttin ſprach, ſo ſoll's geſcheh'n!

Nikanor
(ſetzt den kleinen Prinzen Antiochus wieder auf den Thron, indem er und Lyſias, nachdem beide vor dem Prinzen die Kniee gebeugt, ſich zur Rechten und Linken des Thrones ſtellen).

Heliodor (tritt auf).
Die Schuld hat Nemeſis ſatt noch gerochen,
Antiochus, ich ſah ihn ſterben ſehn,
Von giftgefüllten Schlangen todt geſtochen,
Die aus ihm wuchſen, mußt' er untergehn,
Der reuvoll ſtarb, in unnennbaren Qualen,
Die Schuld, die ungeheure, zu bezahlen!

Judas Makkabäus.
Ich fluch' ihm nicht! —

Heliodor.
Eh' er den Geiſt verhauchet,
Sprach er: „Künde den Kindern Iſrael,
Daß ob mein Schwert von ihrem Blut gleich rauchet,
Ich ihnen dennoch meinen Sohn empfehl',
Das Volk des Herrn in Segen iſt getauchet,
Und deſſen Kraft, ſie blieb auch mir nicht hehl,
Was ich geraubt, mein Sohn ſoll es vergüten,
Ihr Segen mag mein ſchuldvoll Haupt behüten! —
Er ſtarb — lächelnd — in Qual! —

Judas Makkabäus
(nachdenkend zu Heliodor).
Hat ihn geſehen
Die Märtyrin? —

Heliodor.
Sie gab den Segen ihm!

Judas Makkabäus.
Dann iſt mir alles klar, was jetzt geſchehen!
Die Heil'gen hört der Herr der Elohim! —
Friede ſei mit ihm! —

Heliodor.
Auch ich fühle wehen
Des gold'nen Ritters heil'gen Ungeſtüm!
Er bot mir Segen an, ich, der Verruchte,
Wählte den Fluch — d'rum trifft mich, was ich ſuchte!
(er ſtürzt ſich in ſein Schwert, und ſtirbt.)

Judas Makkabäus
(nach der Seite, wohin der König abgetragen ward, zeigend).
Gewogen Jener und zu leicht erachtet!
(auf Heliodors Leichnam zeigend.)
Gewarnet Der — und ew'ger Qual zu Theil! —
(zu den jüdiſchen Kriegern.)
Volk Iſrael, das Schrecken noch umnachtet,
Verlaß mit mir des Heidentempels Gräu'l!

Sibli
(die bisher immer erſtarrt am Keſſel gekniet, und ſich während Judas Makkabäus letzten Worten von den Knieen erhoben hat, jetzt durch die offen gebliebenen Pforten majeſtätiſch zu ihm tretend, ſehr erhaben).
Oheim des Gatten, der mir iſt geſchlachtet,
Mir ſprach ſein Geiſt: der Makkabäer Heil
Sei meiner Huld vertraut und deinem Segen,
D'rum tret' ich Jungfrau-Wittwe dir entgegen!

Judas Makkabäus.
Ich faſſe dich, auch du haſt überwunden
Den Tod — d'rum nimm des Makkabäers Hand!
(er reicht ihr die Hand.)
Gebiet' mit Helden Gottes! —
(zum Volk ſich wendend.)
Volk, verſchwunden
Die Trauer iſt, wir zieh'n in unſer Land,

Und Friede wieder werd' im Land erfunden,
Und Eintracht, Vätertreu' und Glaubensband!
Helft mir die Städte bau'n, ich will ſie ſchützen,
Daß Jeder kann am eig'nen Weinſtock ſitzen! —

Vor allem aber laßt uns, was verwüſtet,
Das Heiligthum reinen, prachtvoll es erneu'n!
Der Schönheit Sohn, dem Menſchen, es gelüſtet,
Geſchmückt und ſchön ſich ſeines Herrn zu freu'n:
Und Jehovah, der uns durch Trauer rüſtet,
Er ſalbt mit Freudenöle, die bereu'n;
Er hat verdiente Schmach von uns genommen,
D'rum werde nun die Pracht Ihm angeglommen!

Es werd' am fünf und zwanzigſten gehalten
Des neunten Monden der Erneu'rungstag,
Ob ird'ſchem Goldesglanze ſoll entfalten
Geſang den himmliſch gold'nen Flügelſchlag,
Des Glaubens Gold wird in den Herzen walten!
Mir ſagt der Geiſt, der nimmer lügen mag:
Dieß Feſt wird einſt Deſſen Triumph verſchönen,
Der kommen wird, um alle Schuld zu ſühnen! — *)

Nachdem ich dieß bewußtlos auch verkündet —
Den Geiſt in uns enträthſelt nicht der Sinn —
Sprech' ich, der Stämme Richter, die verbündet:
Zweitauſend Silberdrachmen ſendet hin
Gen Zion, daß Sündopfer werd' entzündet
Für Alle, die des Siegertod's Gewinn
In unſern heil'gen Schlachten hat getroffen,
Dieweil wir Gläub'gen die Verklärung hoffen!

Denn hofften wir nicht, daß auch, die erlegen
Im heil'gen Streit, erſtehn einſt unverſehrt,
So wär' es Thorheit, der Gebete Segen
Erflehn für die, die traf des Todes Schwert.
Doch die Gerechten ziehn auf Grabeswegen
Zum Auferſtehungstag', der ſie verklärt,
Wo die Gereinigten zum Throne treten;
D'rum iſt es fromm, für die Verſtorbnen beten!

Nur keiner ſoll der Heldin Tod beklagen,
Die ſieben Söhne trieb zum heil'gen Streit;
Hoch ſollen ihr der Völker Herzen ſchlagen,
Preis ſei den Märtyrern in Ewigkeit!

(zu den noch immer knieenden Leviten.)

Erhebt die Arche, Prieſter, ſie zu tragen
Zum Tabernakel heim der Herrlichkeit,
Dort wollen wir die Bußpſalmen ſingen,
Dem alten Gott ein neues Opfer bringen!

Die zwölf Leviten

heben auf und erheben die Arche. In demſelben Augenblick eröffnet ſich der Himmel, und auf einer leuchtenden Wolke erſcheint über der Arche

Salome's Geiſt

(in einem weißen, purpurfarbigen, mit goldenen Sternen beſäeten Mantel, der über ihre ſieben, darunter in weißen, glänzenden, mit purpurfarbigen Stolen geſchmückten Gewändern, ſchwebend erſcheinenden, verklärten Söhne ausgebreitet iſt. Salome erhebt in der rechten Hand hoch ein großes, ſtrahlendes Kreuz. Ueber dieſer Gruppe ſchweben in lichten Wolken acht kleine Engel, die über den Häuptern der Mutter und ihrer ſieben Söhne Sternenkronen und Palmenzweige halten, während eine ſanfte Muſik die Worte der folgenden Geſänge begleitet. Alle anderen unten auf der Bühne befindlichen Perſonen, die zwölf die Arche tragenden Leviten ausgenommen, ſinken beim Anblick der Erſcheinung ehrfurchtsvoll nieder).

Salome's Geiſt (mit Verklärung).

Ein reines Opfer wird ſich Gott bereiten,*)
Durch das wird Er, im reinen Liedesklange,
Den Heiden Seinen großen Namen künden!
Es wird, vom Aufgang bis zum Niedergange
Vereinend alle Opfer, Völker, Zeiten,
In reiner Mutterliebe ſich entzünden,
Reinen die Welt von Sünden! —
Und Millionen Märt'rer, erkoren
Zu waſchen ſich im Blut des Opferlammes,
Mit uns, den Heil'gen, Blüthen eines Stammes,
Blüh'n noch am Thron und werden einſt geboren!

Jonathas
(feierlich auf die Erſcheinung deutend).

Das iſt des Kreuzes Stern mit ſeinen ſieben Sternen!

Salome und die ſieben Makkabäer
(im geſangartigen Chor).

Segen mit euch! — Wir zieh'n ewig Liebe zu lernen! —
(Die Erſcheinung verſchwindet, die harmoniſchen Klänge verſchweben.)

Der Vorhang fällt.

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*) Es iſt hier das von Judas Makkabäus auf den 25ſten Tag des neunten Monden (Chisleu) angeordnete ſogenannte Erneuerungsfeſt (τὰ ἐγκαίνια) gemeint, deſſen in unſern Monat December fallende Feier auch unſer göttlicher Heiland beigewohnt hat.

*) Malachia, Cap. 1. V. 11.

Chriſtian Wernicke

ward um 1660 geboren, ſtudirte zu Kiel die Rechte und wurde Legationsſekretär. Er ſtarb gegen 1710 in der Eigenſchaft eines däniſchen Etatsrathes und Reſidenten am Hofe zu Paris. Sein Geburtsort, ebenſo wie ſein Geburts- und Sterbejahr ſind nicht zu ermitteln.

Er ſchrieb:

Ueberſchriften oder Epigrammata. Amſterdam, 1697. Wieder herausgegeben von Bodmer. Zürich, 1763. in 8.

Verſuch in ein Heldengedicht und etlichen Schäfergedichten, mehrentheils aber in Ueberſchriften. Amſterdam, 1704.

Ueber W. fällt Manſo (in den Charakteren der vornehmſten Dichter aller Nationen Bd. VI. St. 1. S. 276) folgendes ſehr treffende Urtheil: „Wernicke ſchrieb, außer einigen unbedeutenden Eklogen und einem kleinen komiſchen Heldengedichte, zehn Bücher Ueberſchriften oder Sinngedichte, welche aus Sittenſprüchen und Epigrammen beſtehen und von ihm ſelbſt mit oft witzigen, oft ſcharfſinnigen Anmerkungen erläutert werden. Wenn Wernicke lehrt, ſo lehrt er ſtets mit Nachdruck und Ernſt, und wenn er die Thoren angreift, ſo geht er mehr darauf aus, ſie zu züchtigen und zu ſtrafen, als dem Spotte und dem Gelächter Preis zu geben. Man kann ihm mit Recht nachrühmen, daß er ein gelehrter, an Erfindungen reicher, und in Wendungen glücklicher Dichter iſt, aber man darf ihm mit eben ſo vielem Rechte vorwerfen: daß er den Gedanken nicht immer den Worten zu unterwerfen weiß, daß er oft undeutlich wird, und es noch öfter ſein würde, wenn ſeine Anmerkungen den Leſer nicht zurechtwieſen, endlich daß er ſeinen Vorgänger Logau zwar an Würde, Scharfſinn und Beobachtungsgeiſt übertrifft, aber ihm in der Geſchmeidigkeit der Sprache und leichten Handhabung des Reims nachſteht."

Epigramme von Chr. Wernicke.

An einen Splitterrichter.

Magſt du, was meine Fehler ſind,
Von meinem Feinde gerne hören,
So laß auch meinen Freund dich lehren,
Was man bei mir für Tugend find't.
Spricht man dort Uebles ohne Maaße,
Und legt man hier zu viel mit zu;
So wähle du die Mittelſtraße
Und denk', ich bin ein Menſch, wie du.

Auf die Menge franzöſiſcher Bücher.

Daß ein franzöſiſcher Bel Eſprit
Manch artig Buch vergold't im Schnitt
In Holland uns beſcheert;
Daß er uns nicht ſein Pfund verhehlt,
Das Jahr durch Monat-Bücher zählt,
Iſt nicht verwundernswerth.
Er macht kaum ſeine Feder naß,
Und künſtelt ohne Müh'.
Wahr iſt's, er ſchreibt, ich weiß nicht wie;
Doch auch, ich weiß nicht was.

Cornelius Tacitus.

Wir deuten jedes Wort mit viel Verſtand und Müh';
Die Leſer machen ihn geſcheuter, als er ſie.

Auf Palämon.

Palämon der beſitzt des Königs Gunſt und Ehr.
Ich folg' ihm durch den Saal bis an des Palaſts Thor.
Ich buck'; er ſieht ſich um: ich neige mich; er lacht.
Ich habe geſtern noch, ſagt er, an Ihn gedacht.
Ich glaub' es, ohne kein Vermeſſen,
Und find' es in der That,
Daß er ſich meiner hat
Erinnert, um mich zu vergeſſen.

Erfahrenheit ohne Klugheit.

Es iſt ein allgemeiner Wahn,
Daß Klugheit man nach Jahren mißt;
Erfahrenheit ohne Klugheit iſt
Ein Blinder auf gewohnter Bahn.

Klugheit ohne Erfahrenheit.

Der, wenn er geht, den Weg erſt mißt,
Den macht mancher Umſchweif träge;
Denn Klugheit ohn' Erfahrenheit iſt
Ein Sehender auf fremdem Wege.

Friedrich Auguſt Klemens Werthes

ward am 12. October 1748 zu Buttenhauſen in Schwaben geboren, privatiſirte nach vollendeten Studien an verſchiedenen Orten, war dann der Hofmeiſter zweier jungen Adlichen zu Göttingen, und wurde darauf Profeſſor der italieniſchen Literatur zu Stuttgart, welche Stelle er 1784 niederlegte, um als Profeſſor der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften nach Peſth zu gehen. Er gab jedoch nach 10 Jahren auch dieſes Amt auf, und lebte nun als Privatmann Anfangs zu Ludwigsburg, und darauf zu Stuttgart, wo er am 5. December 1817 ſtarb.

Er veröffentlichte:

Hirtenlieder. Leipzig, 1772.
Lieder eines Mädchens. Münſter, 1774.
Sing- und Schauſpiele: Orpheus, Deukalion u. ſ. w.
Begebenheiten E. Bomſtons; Roman. Altenb. 1782.
Sieben Heroen in ſieben Geſängen. Augsb. 1816.
Ueberſetzt: Gozzis theatraliſche Werke. Bern, 1777—1795. 5 Thle.
Schönheiten italieniſcher Dichter nebſt dem Orlando Furioſo. Bern, 1791.

Ein Mann von Geſchmack und Talent, der jedoch am meiſten als Ueberſetzer leiſtete und daher immer mit Achtung genannt zu werden verdient.

Ignatius Heinrich Freiherr von Weſſenberg-Ampringen,

dieſer hochverehrte und berühmte katholiſche Geiſtliche, wurde am 4. November 1774 zu Dresden geboren, widmete ſich der Kirche und wurde 1802 vom Fürſten Dalberg zum Generalvicar und Präſidenten der geiſtlichen Regierung des Bisthums Konſtanz und 1814 zum Coadjutor ernannt. 1817 ward er Bisthumsverweſer und er trat dieſes Amt an, obwohl der heilige Vater ihm durchaus ſeine Beſtätigung verſagte; auch erhielt er in demſelben Jahre die Würde eines Dr. der Theologie. Das angetretene Amt eines Bisthumsverweſers bekleidete er bis 1827, wo in Folge eines Concordates das Bisthum Konſtanz für aufgelöſt erklärt wurde. Seit dieſer Zeit lebte er als Privatmann dort.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Zürich, 1800 u. 1801. 2 Thle.
Geiſt des Zeitalters. Zürich, 1801.
Spee's Gedichte. Zürich, 1802.
Die Hauptepoche der Weltgeſchichte vor Chriſti Geburt. Zürich, 1804.
Deutſche Lieder. Zürich, 1809.
Chriſtkatholiſches Geſang- und Andachtsbuch. Zürich, 1812. 2 Thle.
Blüthen aus Italien. Karlsruhe, 1818.
Die Bergpredigt. Konſtanz, 1819.
Jeſus der Kinderfreund. Konſtanz, 1820.
Johannes. Konſtanz, 1821.
Das Gebet des Herrn. Zürich, 1821.
Das Volksleben zu Athen im Zeitalter des Perikles. Zürich, 1821.
Die Auferſtehung unſers Herrn. Konſtanz, 1821.
Das heilige Abendmahl. Konſtanz, 1822.
Magdalena. Konſtanz, 1824.
Ueber den ſittlichen Einfluß der Schaubühne. Konſtanz, 1824.
Lieder und Hymnen. Konſtanz, 1825.
Ueber den ſittlichen Einfluß der Romane. Konſtanz, 1826.
Neue Gedichte. Konſtanz, 1827.
Die chriſtlichen Bilder. Konſtanz, 1828. 2 Thle.
Nicodemus. Konſtanz, 1829.
Chorlieder. Konſtanz, 1830.
Julius, Pilgerfahrt eines Jünglings. Stuttgart, 1831.
Mittheilungen über die Verwaltung der Seelſorge. Augsburg, 1832. 2 Bde.
Ueber Schwärmerei. Heilbronn, 1832. 3 Hefte.
Einzelne Gedichte, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

W. iſt einer der edelſten, freiſinnigſten, mildeſten und doch zugleich kräftigſten Männer, welche Deutſchland zu den ſeinigen zählt; ein wahrer Prieſter des Herrn, ein echter und treuer Freund ſeines Vaterlandes, ein begeiſterter Kämpfer für Recht, Wahrheit und Licht. Abgeſehen von den anderen hohen Eigenſchaften, welche ſeine Dichtungen auszeichnen, giebt denſelben vorzüglich die in ihnen vorwaltende Geſinnung einen unvergänglichen Werth und ſtellt W. den erſten Geiſtern der Nation in dieſer, wie in anderer Hinſicht unbedingt zur Seite.

Gedichte von v. Weſſenberg.

Ueber den Verfall der Sitten und des Staatslebens in Deutſchland.

Saevior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.
Juvenal.

Gerecht und edel ſind des Mannes Klagen,
Daß in der Menſchheit ſonnenhellen Tagen
Die freche Dirne Sittenloſigkeit
Von manchen ſelbſt, die der Erleuchtung Orden tragen,
Zur Göttin eingeweiht,
Durch Deutſchlands Gau'n jetzt auf des Sieges Schwingen rauſchet.
Ach! unter ihres Buſens Weben lauſchet
Verzweiflung — Tod in ihres Blickes Feuerglanz,
Und ſchleichendes Verderben in dem Kranz

Den Mohn, den ſie um des Thoren Schläfe windet —
Wenn er, von ihrem Flammenaug' entzündet,
Der Zauberin ſich in die Arme wirft,
Und mit geſchwinden — heißen Zügen
Die honigſüßen Laſter ſchlürft,
Die in der Wolluſt Taumel-Becher liegen.

O Vaterland! mir rinnt die bittre Thräne
Für deiner Hertha Töchter, deines Tuisko Söhne,
Die, hingeriſſen durch des Beiſpiels Nervenkraft,
Die ehmals Helden ſchuf, itzt Sklaven ſchafft,
Der ſchnöden Modegöttin jede Tugend weihen.
Ha! Frankenland — des Leichtſinns Schlangen-Neſt,
Aus deinem Eingeweide ſchlich die Peſt
Der weibiſchweichen Sitten in die männervollen
Gefilde Teuts; und ach! der Edelmuth
Der aus des Deutſchen Seele koloſſaliſch ragte,
Wich mit der Mädchenwange keuſcher Glut,
Die jedem Schurken einſt den Kuß verſagte,
Hinweggeſchwemmt vom Strome der Empfindelei;
Und durch der Mode bange Tyrannei,
Die jeden Tugendkeim, dem Wurme gleich, zernagt,
Verwelkten das Gefühl der Unſchuld und der Hang
Zu häuslichem Vergnügen, und die beſſre Liebe,
Die einſt Thusnelda's Herz mit allgewalt'gem Triebe
An Hermanns Flammenbuſen ſchlang,
Wie die Natur mit mildem Zwang
Des Epheu's Schwachheit um den Stamm der Eiche ſchlinget.
Als, o Natur! mit Reizen, die kein Kröſus dinget,
Die Liebe deinem ſchönen Gang
Noch folgte, ward des Jünglings Feuerliebe
Beim zärteren Geſchlecht, das er mit ihr vermählt:
Der ſanftern, himmelvollen Liebe Glück;
Und ſchamhaft, und mit holdem Widerſtreben
Ergab des Jünglings ſeelenvollem Blick
Des Mädchens Liebe ſich für's ganze Leben.
Jetzt zuckt Lüſternheit aus falſchem Mädchen-Blick,
Und lispelnd girrt's der ſieche Jüngling ihr zurück.
Die Sittſamkeit, der Unſchuld Engelwache ringet
Nicht mehr mit der Verwegenheit
Des ſchmeichelnden Verführers. Seine Rede dringet
Wie Balſam in das junge Herz, und ach! der Zeit!
Der Vater ruft dem Sohne nimmer
Die Warnung zu: „Mein Freund! Nicht jeder Schimmer
Iſt Goldes Spur — merkſt du es nicht,
Wie ſich dein weicher Pfad zum Abgrund bricht.“
Und Mütter ſehen ihre Tochter, ohne Schauern,
Dem Buſen einen Blumenſtrauß vertrau'n,
In deſſen Mitte Baſilisken lauern.
Der Leichtſinn findet nirgend Einen Zaun!
Geſchweig' durch der Begierden lärmendes Gewimmel
Verſtummet des Gewiſſens zarter Laut. Wo ſpricht
Es noch zur Jugend: „Nicht beim lauten Bacchanal,
Und in der Wolluſt glatten Armen nicht,
Und nicht in eitlem Prunke beſtärk'tem Gaukelſaal —
Nur in des Menſchen Innerm wohnt ſein Himmel!“
Selbſt dieſe heil'ge Stimme ſchweiget — Ach!
Mir rollet, Freund! ein heißer Bach
Vom Auge; denn, wo ſie verſtummt iſt, und der Jugend,
Die zaudernd noch am Scheidewege ſteht,
Des weiſern Alters Stab durch's Dorngefild der Tugend
Nicht mehr den Pfad zur Wahrheit zeigt, — da geht
Der allzumürbe Staat auf üpp'gen Blumenwegen
Mit ſchnellem Schritt dem Untergang entgegen!

Ha, Frankreich! — lachend goſſeſt du dein Gift
In Deutſchlands Herz, und lachend ſiehſt du nun den Segen,
Der aus geleert'nem Giftpokale trieft,
Denn Deutſche lachten mit, und tranken — Weh' den Thoren! —
Den ſüßen Becher, bis ſie jeden Sinn verloren
Für Tugend und Religion. —
Zuerſt ſchlich das Verderbniß auf den Thron,
Vom Throne durch die erſten Stufen goß
Sein Quell ſich in die nahgelegenen Paläſte;
Von da in's adeliche Ritterſchloß;
Vom Ritterſchloß in niedre Hütten, wo die Reſte
Des Tugendthums noch ſchlummerten; und nun —
Nun ſeh' ich Freund! mit ſchauerlichem Schmerze,
Des Laſters Fluch auf Deutſchlands Herze ruh'n!
So bilden ſich im Teich die hundert Wellenkreiſe
Um einen Stein, der ſich vom Ufer riß.

Der Etikette Poſſenſpiel verſtieß
Von Deutſchlands Höfen jenen Geiſt der Volksväter,
Der ſegnend ehemals über ihren Gauen flog,
Und ihren Arm, als Genius und Retter
Mit Donner rüſtete, wenn je das Wetter
Des Krieges drohend an die Grenze zog.
Die offne, biedre Freundlichkeit des Fürſten
Verſchloß in eines Harems Kerker ſich;
Man ſah ſein Herz nicht mehr nach Volksbeglückung dürſten,
Und jedes ernſtere Geſchäft wich
Dem Hang nach glänzenden Vergnügen.
Als Pantheons der Wolluſt, ſtiegen
Theater jetzt empor; für ſeinen theuern Schweiß
Gab man, um ſein Gefühl von Elend zu betrügen,
Das Volk in frecher Muſen zauberiſchem Kreis
Der Natter der Verderbniß preis.
Der deutſche Fürſt ward Sklav gebietender Maitreſſen,
Da lagen jetzt Verdienſt und Fähigkeit vergeſſen.
Der Weiſe ward verdrängt, der Schmeichler drang hervor,
Nur auf des Goldes, der Gunſt und der Kabale Stufen
Schwang man zu Ehrenſtellen ſich empor.
Miniſters — Kreaturen der Maitreſſen, ſchufen
Mit Satansliſt den Hof zum Paradies,
Und das bevölkerte Land zum Land des Elends.
Das Land, das leiſe murrend ſeine Feſſeln fühlte,
Das ſeufzend ſeine Henker Väter hieß. — —
Die Väter ſchwelgten im Palaſt; und in den Hütten
Des Landmanns, der den Mächtigen das Brod
Mit ſaurer Arbeit zollt, lag bleiche Hungersnoth.
Sie predigten dem Volk die Freiheit in den Sitten,
Und zwangen es zugleich in Feſſeln ein.
Ihr Machtſpruch mußte nun Statthalter der Geſetze,
Des Herrſchers Wohl des Volkes Götze,
Der Politik Religion der Sklaven ſein —
Der hölliſchen, die kalt durch's Herz der Menſchheit wühlet,
Mit Nationen, wie mit Kugeln ſpielet,
Und ihrer dumpfen Sklaverei ſich freut.

Zwar hatte längſt der Ahnen Biederzeit
Die, wenig raiſonnirend, mehr und weiſer wirkte —
Aus kluger Sorg', es möcht' die unbezirkte
Gewalt des Herrſchenden, vom Hang zur Despotie
Verführet, ſpät oder früh,
Die Nation als ſeinen Knecht behandeln,
Und zwiſchen ihm und ihr den ungeheuren Spalt
Erbau'n, der Würmer trennt von Gottes Allgewalt,
Um alles Recht in ſeine höchſte Gunſt zu wandeln —
Zur Gegenwehr den Volksſchutz der mit Harmonie
Und Kraft gerüſteten Vertreter feſtgegründet
Nachahmend der Natur erhabne Magie,
Die jede Kraft durch eine andre bindet,
Und weiſ', durch Alpen dort des Windes Energie,
Und hier des Stromes Drang mit hohen Ufern dämmet.
Auch wich die Herrſchſucht oft der Stände Macht,
Die ſahn ſich ihrer Klauen Griff entgegenſtemmen.
Doch — „Trenn' das Volk“ und „Eile ſacht!“
Dieß ſind der Politik ſo hoch berühmte Waffen,
Die ſicherer zerſtören als der Donnerkeil,
Als Herrſchaft, als alle Mächte, die mit Eil'
Und öffentlich darnieder raffen.
Durch ſie beſiegt, ſchmolz auch des Volkes Schild,
Erlag der Herrſchaft auch das Ephorat der Stände.
Zwar ließ ſie noch — ſein Schattenbild!
Doch, da der Liſt! nur ſich zum Inſtrumente,
Um frech dem Schandmal ihrer Tyrannei
Von der Geſetzlichkeit das Siegel aufzudrücken.
So ward der Standſchaft — Spiegelfechterei,
Dem Volk das Ziel des Fluches und der Höhnerei!

Des Luxus Flitterwand barg ſchlecht die tiefen Wunden,
Die uns die Wolluſt ſchlug, und Weichlichkeit,
Des Luxus Tochter, hielt mit ſchwacher Binde
Das Aug' des betäubten Volks gebunden,
Das ahndungslos am Abgrund ſtand —
Die Söhne Deutſchlands wurden nimmer deutſch erzogen;
Der Luxus ſchickte ſie nach Frankenland,
Wo ſie, der Geiſt vom ſchönen Modetand
Leichtfertiger Philoſophie betrogen,
Und in der Thorheit Labyrinth verirrt,
Mit Frankreichs Sitten früh die Laſter Frankreichs ſogen.
Auch deutſche Mädchen wurden dort gepflogen,
Und von der Politeſſe Meiſter brillantirt,
Und kehrten dann — das Köpfchen leer von der für Mütter
Und Gattinnen ſo nöth'gen Hauskenntniß,
Nur ausmeublirt mit ſchalem Anſtandsflitter,
Voll eitler Sucht das Herz nach falſchem Weltfirniß,
Entblößt von Unſchuld, in die Fluren Deutſchlands wieder,
Und deutſche Frauen wurden — Dirnen — weint ihr Enkel!
So ſinkt am welken Stengel,

Vergiftet von des Wahnes ſüßem Gift,
Der Gärten Stolz, die Frühlingsroſe nieder.
Durch's unerſättliche Getrieb der Eitelkeit
Dem zarten, reinen Glück entriſſen,
Das nur im Schooß der Eingezogenheit gedeiht,
Ward das Geſchlecht der Weiber von Genüſſen,
Die ſie vormals mit Recht den Männern überließen,
All' ſeiner ſanften Zier entweiht,
Und durch Verweichlichung der Männer hingeriſſen
Verſchwand auch alle Männlichkeit.
Doch die von der Natur ſo ſorglich abgeſonderten
Geſchlechter freuten ſich, weil wild und ungeſcheut
Der ſüße Taumel hin und wieder ſtreifte,
Wie Kinder, ihrer Ungebundenheit;
Von Tugend blieb jetzt an des Anſtands glatter Rinde
Nur eine ſchwache, täglich ſchwächere Tinct.
Der Aufwand ohne Mäßigkeit,
Den Eitelkeit und Schwelgerei beſchirmen,
Erhob das Geld, doch über allen Reiz der Würden,
Zum höchſten, allgemeinſten Ziel.
Vor dieſem Gott ſah man im ſklaviſchen Gewühl
Magnat und Fürſt und Pöbel niederfallen,
Und Geldgier kratzt jedes edlere Gefühl
Aus ihrer blindergebenen Vaſallen
Verzagter Bruſt mit ihren ehernen Krallen.
Gewiſſenhaftigkeit galt nun ſo viel.
Die [illegible], feil für Geld nach Vortheil verſchloſſen,
Entfloh die Freundſchaft; nur als Lotterſpiel
Ward an der Börſ' dein Bund, o Hymen, jetzt geſchloſſen!
Die einſt des Deutſchen Muth zu hohen Thaten ſchwellt,
Die Ruhmbegier ſank allgemein verhöhnet,
Als Kinder-Vorurtheil, und Bürgerwerth
Blieb noch — im Herzen! — Nein! doch war zu voll
Vom Eignen ich! doch, weil der Klingklang magiſch tönet —
Dem Ton zu lieb' auf manchen Lippen ſteh'n,
Und ſoll noch jetzt als gute Münze geh'n,
Die jede Schurkerei beſchönet.
Auch ſah man nun, dem Standesvorurtheil entwöhnet,
Sich Edle, Prinz' um Eine Schauſpielerin dreh'n,
Gleich einem Maskenball in bunten Affengruppen. —
Der Adel Deutſchlands, einſt der edle Kern der Truppen,
Des Thrones und des Volks getreue Wache, ſank
Zum Soldknecht tief herab, an Geiſt und Körper krank!
Die jungen Ritter wurden Stutzer, art'ge Puppen,
An Kenntniß arm, und ärmer noch an Kraft und Muth.
Von ihrem Adel blieb — die Nachwelt wird es melden! —
Ein Stammbaum und ein Rittergut,
Auf dem der Kreditoren bange Hoffnung ruht.
Weh', weh' dem Land, das ſolchen wunderkühnen Helden,
Und ſolchen wunderweiſen Führern ſich vertraut!
Der Feldherr wird dem Landmann Geißel und Verräther
Dem Vaterlande ſeiner Väter.
Der Richter wird ein Schelm, und der Miniſter baut
Auf den Ruin des Volks den Gipfel eigner Größe.
Dann lacht er teufliſch auf die nackte Blöße
Des Unterthans, den, rauh für jeden Klagelaut,
Die Hütte des Barbaren ſelbſt entkleidet,
Und ſein entmenſchtes Geierauge weidet
Beim kalten Schauer der Natur.
Der lacht ſich an den Schandtrophäen, die ſich drängen
Auf jammervoller, menſchenleerer Flur,
Der ſeine Staatskunſt durch verkaufter Söldner Mengen,
Und durch den Druck der Steuern ohne Zahl
Bevölkerung und Wohlſtand ſtahl. —

Indeß zerſtreute der Aufklärung Mittagsſtrahl
Die täuſchende, geheimnißvolle Wolke,
Durch welche lang die Prieſter dem guten Volke
Entzaubert waren, und mit Einemmal
Sank jetzt das Dunſtgebild vor ſeinen Augen.
Es ſah', daß jene, die der Bienen Honig ſaugen,
Auch Menſchen ſein aus Fleiſch und Blut.
Da ſchrieb der Geiſt: „Seine Majeſtät der König,
Sind Sie der beſte Mann im Land nicht, ſind nur wenig!"
Doch ſpäter ſchien der Pöbel ſich zum König gut.
Natürlich! wenn des Königs Wirkungsſphäre
Auf die des [illegible] eingeengt wäre! —
Das Volk ſah' im Palaſt und auf dem Thron'
Kein Fünkchen mehr von Tugend und Religion.
Da hielt es bald das edle Paar für nicht'ge Grillen,
Nun achtet es nicht mehr der Gottheit Willen,
Und dieſes Volk ſoll Fürſten noch gehorchen! — Nein!
Ach nein! Es wird', es muß ſich ihres Sturzes freun!
O Menſchenherrſcher! ſeht — wie wenig nützt
Aufklärung ohne Beſſerung der Sitten!
Wie lang ſtützt nicht das Volk bei eurem Drohn und Bitten
Jetzt, da der Fürſtenhaß die blut'ge Fahne ſchwingt,
Und Tauſende ſchon auf einen Thronen [illegible] —
Das Volk das willig Gut' und [illegible] —
Das Volk muß nun den Angriff unſrer Feinde dämpfen,
So lang' ihm noch der Hohn vom Munde klingt:
„Wie! ſoll der Sklav um ſeine roſt'ge Feſſel kämpfen!"

So, Freund! ſo ſchlich die Peſt des Laſters erſt hinauf,
Und ſtieg dann wüthend auf des [illegible] Stufen wieder
Durch alle Reih'n des Bürgers und der Stände nieder,
Und wer, Geliebter, hemmet ihren Lauf!
Ha! kann der Kranke ſich im Fiebertaumel
Vollkommner Geſundheit, ſelber heilen,
Der Krankheit Quell Geneſung uns ertheilen,
Und das aus einem Strom zum Ocean
Sich ſchwellende Gewäſſer ſelbſt den Damm ſich legen,
Dann wäre Hoffnung! Aber nun,
Da alle ſich im Taumeltrank des Laſters regen,
Nach Einer ſchlechten Form des Herzens und Gewiſſens Thun
Sich bildet, die Höhern nur zur Thorheit höher klimmen,
Und die Regierenden, wie die Regierten auf
Dem Strome des Verderbens eingeſchlummert ſchwimmen;
Wer unterbricht des Stromes wilden Lauf!
Die Kabinette! — Ha, des Staatenwohls Sirenen,
Die lachend Recht und Wahrheit höhnen,
Die Unſchuld noch mit dem Betrug der Menſchheit krönen
Und, da ſie mit durchſichtiger Sophiſterei
Die [illegible] in ein Tummelfeld umzuwandeln wähnen,
Nur zur Erhaltung ihrer Tyrannei
An ihren [illegible] noch den Fußſchemel ſetzen!
Wie [illegible] der der Sittlichkeit zu friſchen Kräften,
Der ihre Kraft ſelbſt, als Meuchelmörder bricht!
Die Geiſtlichkeit! — Ach! wie Viele ſind der Würde
Des Gottesamtes voll und ihrer heil'gen Pflicht!
Ihr Wort beleuchtet zwar der Tugend hehre Fährte,
Doch leider! nur ihr Wort — ihr Wandel nicht!
Und ſind nicht, ſind vom Beiſpiel, ſchöne Worte
Was Segel ohne Wind,
Was Waffen ohne Muth ſind!
Ja, Freund! nur Thaten öffnet ſich des Herzens Pforte!
Und ach! wie liegt die Geiſtlichkeit jetzt [illegible],
Das Heil der [illegible], überall [illegible]!
Das Bardenvolk! — O Freund! was konnten ſeine Lieder
Im Bund der Tugend nicht! — doch ach! verkehrt
Zum Lobe für Cytherens Bundesglieder —
Sind ſie jetzt noch des Namens: Bardenlieder werth!
Wer gäbe Gott, der Menſchheit die Geſundheit wieder,
Wenn ein ſüßes Gift den letzten Keim verzehrt!
Die Philoſophen! — Ha! wer glänzt mit hohem Namen
In unſerm Vaterland! — Der Witz, der Flatterſinn,
Die Klügelei, ſich ſchon der Tugend zu entzieh'n,
Die aus dem zweiten Babylon herüber kamen,
Und jene [illegible], die bei dem Lampenlicht
Das [illegible] ſpinnt, und früh dem Kämpen
Die Knoſpen ſeiner Tugend bricht! —
Vom Munde ſolcher Philoſophen trieft nicht Weisheit;
Nicht Wahrheit iſt's, was ihr Buchſtabe ſpricht.
Durch ſie wird ſelbſt die Wahrheit Irrthum, und die Klarheit
Der Weisheit wird in ihren Schriften Nacht.
Ihr ſchimmerndes Geſchwätz, was iſt es, ach, — die Lehren
Der Sinnenluſt, in ein Syſtem gebracht,
Um den bereits verſtimmten Tugendſinn
Mit glühender Sophiſtik vollends zu bethören,
Und, ſtatt zur Gottheit ihn empor zu zieh'n,
Zum unter'n Thiergeſchlechte die Menſchheit zu entehren!
Und was, das Ding: Metaphyſik! —
Ein elendes Gewirre, das den Blick
Des Unbefangnen nur an ſich zu kehren,
Und den erhabnen wilden Zug
Der Sittlichkeit herauszuführen nie vermag!
Von ihren ſtolzen unnahbaren Höhen
Hat manchen Glauben und Schwindel ſchon
Geboren, nicht Einer in der Wahrheit Land gefunden!
Nur Zweifel machen dort und unbeſtimmten Ton,
Die Kopf und Herz nicht beſſern, nur verwildern.
Die ſchönen Muſen! — Ach die ſchönen Muſen ſchildern
In Wolluſt athmenden, verführeriſchen Bildern
Den Sieg des frohen Laſters, und ihr Hohn,
Geſchmückt von der Mode flitterndem Siegel,
Trifft Unſchuld und Religion —
Die Königin Religion, den letzten Zügel
Der Leidenſchaft, wenn ſie auf wildem Flügel
Gebundne Völker in's Verderben reißt —
Religion, die jedem Menſchen ſeine Pflichten,
Und jenen, die ſie treu entrichten,

Die Palme der Vollendung weiſt.
Mit ihr löſt ſich das letzt' Band der Ordnung auf.
Zerriſſen iſt's! — der Frevel ſtürmt im Siegeslauf!
Ich ſeh': Die Nachwelt [illegible], beſpritzt durch [illegible] Lüſte,
Und grimmig knirſchend jenem Fürſtenjoch,
Schwingt der Empörung Fackel hoch! —
Sie zündet raſend das verhaßte Prunkgerüſte
Des [illegible] Despotismus an,
Und wird ihr eigner Tyrann.
Dann huldigt ſie, berauſcht von wilden Demagogen,
Nach Freiheit — einem Regenbogen,
Der [illegible] nur auf des Zufalls blindem Fittig irrt,
Wo ſie, im Rauſch der [illegible] [illegible],
Der Sitten Reinheit nicht [illegible]:
Und taumelt, von der Hoffnung Irrwiſchſchein geführt,
Durch Ströme Bürgerbluts und hunderttauſend Wehen,
Um hier dem Schlunde: Despotie,
Der ihr der tiefſte dünkt, zu entgehen,
Dort in den tiefern: Anarchie!

O Freund! — o Vaterland!
Beim Ahnen dieſer grauſen Szene
Sinkt mir vom Aug' die kummervolle Thräne,
Der matte Pinſel aus der Hand!

An die Götter der Theorien des Schönen.

Eh' die Kunſt, dank euren Theorien!
[illegible] im Kampf mit der Natur,
Konnte jedes Herz für's Schöne glühen;
Doch des Schönen Harmonien
Fühlte man nur.

Im Gebiete der Schönheit zu zerſpalten,
Deren Zauber man nicht fühlt,
Wird euch, tiefen Denkern, vorbehalten,
Die ihr die Natur mit kalten
Grübelei'n durchwühlt!

Euch nur ziemt, zu prangen auf Altären,
Die der Alten Unverſtand
[illegible] weihte und Homeren,
Deren Kopf nicht immer erklären,
Was ihr Geiſt empfand.

[illegible] Ruhme euch, deren [illegible]
Um den goldnen Satz ſich drehn,
Der da [illegible] den Schwärmern von Sophismen:
„Was uns durch der [illegible] Prismen
Schön erſcheinet, iſt ſchön!"

Doch, bedächtlich! [illegible] jetzt [illegible]
Um den blühenden Parnaß!
[illegible] mit Formen von der Kunſt Gepräge!
Wer [illegible] Kraft, den [illegible]
Euer Winkelmaaß!

Mag dann ſpotten das Genie des Dichters
Eurer Regeln heil'gem Dunſt!
Übt der Aberglaub doch, ſeit eurer [illegible]
Zauberei, das Amt des Richters
Ueber ſchöne Kunſt!

Die Schule der Weisheit.

Von heiligem Dünkel aufgebläht
Der Phariſäer im Tempel ſteht,
Und rühmet: Er ſei wie andere nicht,
Nicht würdigt zu ſchauen der arme Wicht
Das [illegible] Angeſicht. —
Doch in des Tempels Eck von fern,
Zum Boden ſenkend den Augenſtern,
Schlägt auf die wehmutsvolle Bruſt,
Des eignen Unwerths ſich bewußt,
Ein Zöllner, und ſeufzt demüthiglich:
„Des armen Sünders erbarme dich!"
Der Lehrer von Nazareth hört's und ſpricht:
„Der iſt gerecht — der andere nicht!"
Die Schüler drein ſchauten die Augen groß.
D'rauf kleine Kinder auf Jeſu Schooß
Die Mütter brachten vertrauensvoll,
Daß er mit der Hand ſie ſegnen ſoll.
Die Jünger drob wurden roth und bleich —
Sie träumten juſt vom ird'ſchen Reich,
Und riefen mit Hohn: Packet euch!
Doch ernſtlich der Herr ſie ſchweigen hieß,
St. Peter die Schlüſſel fallen ließ.
Der Herr dann ſagt mit Sanftmuth dies:
„In Gottes Reich nicht erkoren ſind,
Die nicht ganz werden wie ſolch ein Kind!"

Die Mauſoleen.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
Horat.

Trauert, o Muſe! ſchwer um edle Herrſcher
[illegible]! [illegible] der Harf' und Wehmuth!
Und beſcheiden, über der Großen Mängel
Breite den Schleier!

Läſtert der Undank an der Menſchenfreunde
Urne; lauter und heller [illegible] deinen
Tugend-Lobſtrom, und in den Lobſtrom miſche
[illegible] die Thräne!

Aber, [illegible] läſtert' Tyrannen
Und Eroberer! Mit weggewandtem Antlitz
Schlüpf' vorbei ihr lügenden Mauſoleen —
Schweige von ihnen!

Der Krieg.

Wie wenn aus faulen, ſtinkenden Sümpfen oft
Ein Heer von Dünſten aufſteigt, den Mittag ſchwärzt
Und langſam ſich in dunklen Zügen
Hoch auf unwirthſam Gebirge lagert;

Wenn dann ein furchtbar-ſchauderndes Schweigen folgt,
Und eingeſchlummert jegliches Menſchenherz
Erzittert, und die liederreiche
Kehle des Sängers im Walde bebet;

Und jetzt der Sturm mit tobendem Flügelſchlag
Die Donnerwolken wild an einander jagt,
Daß Wälder ſtürzen, und die Saaten
Unter dem Zorne des Hagels ſinken; —

So ſah ich jüngſt (noch ſchauert die Nerve mir!)
Den Krieg in [illegible] Rüſtung mit wildem Flug
Vom Land, das [illegible] ſich dann
[illegible] Welttheils [illegible], [illegible] rauſchen.

Sein Auge blickte ganzen Geſchlechtern Tod,
Peſt und Zerſtörung ſchnaubte ſein Odem. — Ach!
Zerknickt von ſeinem Huf, ſtarben
Blüthen und Keime der Lebensſchätze.

Doch, während Er noch einmal die Geißel [illegible]
An [illegible] der Völker, rief ſie ein Zauberklang
Zur Kampfeswuth auf, der Freiheit Segen
Ihnen [illegible] als [illegible].

Die Menſchheit ſank! — In Wehmuth verſunken, rief
Des Kummers [illegible] im Angeſicht, ſah ich ſie
Auf der Anbetung heiligem Fittig
Vor dem Allmächtigen niederſchweben.

„Ach Vater! rief ſie, der du mit Weisheit mir
Das Schickſal unerforſchlich vor's Auge webſt —
Wie kann die zarte Saat des Segens
Unter den Schlägen des Sturmes reifen?

Sieh, wie des Abgrunds Geiſt die Menſchlichkeit
Umzingelt, um ſich mit Zerſtörung und Haß
Zu [illegible], und des [illegible] [illegible]
Selbſt in die Arme des Todes zu wandeln.

O [illegible] Ziel der Mordſucht, ein nahes Ziel!
Ein Wink nur, Vater! Und, wie der Frühling, [illegible]
Dein Friedensodem niederſchimmern,
Daß er die Menſchlichkeit wieder pflanze.

O laß die Herrſcher dann, wie die Sonne, mild
In ihren Staaten Segen verbreiten! laß
Wie Brüder ſich umarmen alle
Völker in deiner Erbarmung Schatten!" —

So rief die Menſchheit aus. Mehr noch ſprach ihr Aug'
Mit Thränen. Doch ein Engel erſchien, — der Troſt,
Und in die Demantſchale faßt er
Jegliche Thrän' und enttrug zu Gott ſie.

Freiheitshymnus,

der in Monarchien ſo gut, wie in Republiken geſungen werden darf.

Freiheit! Himmelskind, zerſchlage
Mit Alzidens Kraft das Joch!
Unter ihm erſchallt die Klage
Tiefgebeugter Menſchheit noch!

Freiheit! Freiheit! mit zur Sonne
Jubelnd ſteigt der Lerche Flug,
Folgt mein Herz mit Götterwonne,
Siegſt du je, dem Siegeszug!

Nicht dem Siegeszug des Schwindels,
Der jetzt Staaten um ſich kehrt.
Nein! vom Ruf des Raubgeſindels
Ward mein Herz niemals bethört.

Dir nur Tilgerin der Ketten,
Die durch Zauberreiz und Trug
Menſchen in's Verderben retten,
Jauchzt mein Herz im Siegesflug!

Göttin! unter deinem Scepter
Schmiegt ſich jede Leidenſchaft;
Für der Tugend Sieg belebter,
Sinkt für's Laſter ihre Kraft.

Wo dein Sonnenſtrahl nicht leuchtet,
Nicht dein milder Odem weht,
Und dein Thau das Herz nicht feuchtet,
Welkt der Tugend Blumenbeet!

Ach! was ſind uns alle Güter
Dieſes Erdrunds — ohne dich? —
Tantals Aepfel, lahme Glieder,
Dolch- und Skorpionen-Stich!

Und was ſind die Mühſamkeiten,
Die dein Zauberhauch verſüßt!
Träume, durch den Klang der Saiten
Von der Seele weggeküßt!

Dich verleihn nicht Kaiſerthrone,
Dich entreißt kein harter Dey!
Sklaven waren die Nerone,
Epiktete blieben frei!

Nicht an Ort und Zeit gebunden,
Herrſchſt du, wo die Tugend ſiegt!
Jeder hat den Schatz gefunden,
Der im Kampf nicht unterliegt!

Gerne weilſt du, wo den Bürger
Einfalt vor Verderbniß wahrt!
Aber mit dem Tugendwürger —
Luxus warſt du nie gepaart!

In Palläſten und in Hütten
Hebt ſich deines Fittigs Schwung,
Wohnt in ihnen edler Sitten
Reinheit und Beſeligung!

Aber ferne von Palläſten
Flieht dein Tritt von Hütten fern,
Wo die Lüſte ſich verpeſten
Edler Sitten eiſner Kern!

Ferne biſt du, wo die Kette
Blutig an dem Volke klirrt,
Das, ein Ball, auf der Raquette
Schlauer Hofkavalier irrt.

Ferner noch, wo unbeſchränket
Jeder Wicht ſein Weſen treibt,
Wo den Staat der Pöbel lenket,
In's Exil die Weiſen ſtäupt.

Fern, wo Unſinn der Tyrannen
Jeden Keim des Geiſtes knickt,
Und Genie's, ſie zu entmannen,
In der Willkühr Formen drückt.

Ferner noch, wo Geiſt der Sekte
Ueber Jeden, der das Licht,
Das ſie auf den Leuchter ſteckte,
Nicht anbetet, — Bannfluch ſpricht.

Wo du nicht im Herzen throneſt,
O da biſt du Schall und Tand!
Nur des Herzens Dienſt belohneſt
Du mit Gottes Ordensband!

Aller Herzen alſo werde
Freiheit! du die Königin!
Auf der weiten, runden Erde
Weh' dein Fittig her und hin!

Doch, du Hirtin kleiner Heerde!
Haſt du gleich noch ferne hin
Bis zum Königthum der Erde, —
Sei doch meine Königin!

An die Fürſten.

O Fürſten! — wollt Ihr länger noch Fürſten ſein;
So wißt: „daß Menſchen Ihr ſeid, daß Menſchen Ihr
  Beherrſcht, daß Gott auch über Euch herrſcht,
  Und daß Ihr ewig nicht herrſcht!“ Sonſt weh' Euch!

Weh' Euch! Denn zwiſchen Menſchen und Beſtien
Kennt jetzt der Völker Auge kein Mittelding;
  Der Zauberwahn von Erbegöttern
  Säugte das Kind; doch ihn höhnt der Jüngling.

Wär' aber euch das Volk nur ein frohnend Vieh
Und rathlos, nun — was fabelt von Unrecht Ihr,
  Wenn Euch das Vieh vom Nacken ſchüttelt,
  Grimmig Euch unter die Klauen ſtampfet?

Doch, hat vielleicht die Schlange der Hoffart Euch
Den Glauben abgelogen: es walte Gott
  Auch über Thronen; — O Ihr werdet's
  Schon noch erfahren, doch — zum Verderben!

Und achtet Ihr der Flüche der Nachwelt nicht,
Und ſpottet Ihr der rächenden Ewigkeit; —
  Gern wird die Nachwelt euch — vergeſſen,
  Aber die Ewigkeit! wird's gewiß nicht! —

Nur Euch, Ihr Menſchenherrſcher mit Menſchlichkeit
Und Gottesfurcht, und Sinn für Unſterblichkeit
  Nur Euch ſchützt die Aegide Gottes,
  Denn Ihr ſeid Pfleger des Gartens: Menſchheit!

Meine Freude.

1794.

Wenn mordgefüllte Waffenreihen
Hier Tod, und dort Verderben ſpeien,
  Dann fühl' ich keine Luſt.
Doch, wenn der Friede Felder bauet,
Und Segen auch in Hütten thauet,
  Schwellt Freude mir die Bruſt.

Wenn auf dem Thron das Laſter ſitzet,
Das Teufel mehr als Engel ſchützet,
  Dann fühl' ich keine Luſt —
Doch, wenn die Tugend Scepter führet
Und Goldpalläſt und Hütte ziert,
  Schwellt Freude mir die Bruſt.

Wenn wilde Keuler, gleich Tyrannen
Den Segen von der Saat verbannen,
  Dann fühl' ich keine Luſt.
Doch wenn der Fürſt, wie Joſeph*) heget
Und Bauern mehr, als Eber ſchätzet,
  Dann hüpfet mir die Bruſt.

Wenn ſich der Stolz, die Pracht der Großen
Vom Schweiß nährt, der dem Pflug entfloſſen,
  Hebt Wehmuth mir die Bruſt.
Doch wenn der Bau'r für ſich auch ſchwitzet,
Und ihm die Aernte ſelber nützet,
  Dann fühl' ich wahre Luſt.

---

*) Kaiſer Joſeph II., der alle Jagdbedrückungen in ſeinen Erblanden aufhob.

Wenn Favoriten, wenn Maitreſſen,
Den Schweiß gequälter Völker freſſen,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt.
Doch mehrt der Fürſt durch ſchöne Thaten
Die Kraft und Anmuth ſeiner Staaten,
  Dann fühl' ich hohe Luſt.

Wenn Herrſch- und Habſucht feiler Metzen
Ein ganzes Land in Leid verſetzen,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt.
Doch, wenn die Kraft der keuſchen Liebe
Im Fürſten zähmt die Herrſchertriebe,
  Dann fühl' ich Götter Luſt!

Wenn Fürſten zu den nächſten Stufen
An ihren Thron nur Schmeichler rufen,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt.
Doch, wenn Verdienſte, nicht blos Ahnen,
Den Weg zu Ehrenſtellen bahnen,
  Dann fühl' ich wahre Luſt.

Wenn Fürſten ſich der Wolluſt weihen,
Mit Roſen ihren Thron beſtreuen,
  Dann fühl' ich keine Luſt.
Doch wenn der Fürſt dem Volke lebet,
Und über ihm ſtets ſegnend ſchwebet,
  Froh ſchwillt mir dann die Bruſt.

Wenn Willkühr das Geſetz regieret
Und es von jeder Macht entzieret,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt.
Doch wenn nur das Geſetz entſcheidet,
Nach ihm der Hirt die Völker weidet,
  Dann fühl' ich hohe Luſt.

Wenn fühllos, Völker zu zerſtücken
Eroberer ihre Völker ſchicken,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt.
Doch, wenn nur, um ihr Volk zu ſchützen,
Die Herrſcher mit dem Kriege blitzen,
  Dann fühl' ich wahre Luſt.

Wenn jetzt ein Kriegsheld alt, erkranket,
Als Bettler an der Krücke wanket,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt.
Doch, wenn der Thron den Muth belohnet,
Den Krieger nicht für ihn geſchonet,
  Dann labt mich wahre Luſt.

Wenn auf bedrängter Wittwen Thränen
Die Großen unbarmherzig höhnen,
  Hebt Wehmuth mir die Bruſt;
Doch wenn die Wittwen und die Waiſen
Die Großen ihre Väter preiſen,
  Dann hüpft mein Herz vor Luſt!

Wenn ſich zum Thron die Unterthanen
Durch Königsmord die Pfade bahnen,
  Dann ſchauert mir die Bruſt;
Doch wenn die Völker ihre Klagen
Beſcheiden vor den Herrſcher tragen,
  Dann fühl' ich Herzensluſt.

Wenn blinde Völker Blut und Leben
Für ein Phantom von Freiheit geben,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt;
Doch wenn die Fürſten ſelbſt die Bürden
Des Unterthans erleichtern würden;
  Dann fühlt' ich hohe Luſt!

Wenn Fürſten taub zu lauten Klagen,
Nur herrſchen, um empor zu ragen,
  Dann fühl' ich keine Luſt;
Doch wenn der Völker harten Nöthen
Die Fürſten Hülf' und Linderung böten,
  Schlüg freudig mir die Bruſt!

Wenn toller, als Barbarenhorden,
Die Brüder ihre Brüder morden,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt;
Doch wenn die Eintracht Ketten windet,
Und Völker eng an Völker bindet,
  Dann ſchwimmt mein Herz in Luſt.

Wenn die Dukaten der Klienten
Des Richters Spruch, wie Moosrohr, wenden
  Klemmt Unrecht mir die Bruſt;
Doch, wenn nach heiligen Geſetzen
Die Richter Recht und Unrecht ſchätzen,
  Dann hüpft mein Herz vor Luſt!

Wenn unverſchämt der Barden Saiten
Die Jugend in's Verderben leiten,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt;
Doch, wenn ihr Saitenſpiel zur Tugend,
Die Eltern zaubert und die Jugend,
  Dann wogt mein Herz in Luſt.

Wenn junge Laffen grauen Greiſen
Sich ſchämen Ehrfurcht zu erweiſen,
  Dann fühl' ich keine Luſt;
Doch wenn der Sohn die Väter ehret,
Und willig ihre Lehren höret,
  Schwellt Freude mir die Bruſt.

Wenn eitler Stutzer ſchaale Rotten
Frech alles Heilige beſpotten,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt;
Doch wenn die Jugend Gott verehret,
So kindlich, wie es Jeſus lehret,
  Dann ſchwimmt mein Herz in Luſt!

Wird Weisheit ſtolzer Thoren Pflaſter,
Sinkt Furcht Allvaters, ſiegt das Laſter,
  Dann blutet mir die Bruſt.
Nur Ihr, des Menſchen ſchönſte Triebe!
O Jugend, Weisheit, Gott- und Menſchenliebe!
  Ihr Grazien! — ſeid meine Luſt.

Allgemeines Gebet.

Du biſt, o Unerforſchlicher! weil du biſt!
Nur weil du biſt, bin Ich, und iſt alle Welt!
  Der Glühwurm, wie die Sternbahn, Alles
  Betet, vor Allem der Menſch: „O Vater!“

Was dein Verſtand nicht weiß, nicht umſpannt dein Arm
Nicht einſieht deine Weisheit, das iſt nicht. Doch
  Du biſt der Geiſter Sonne! Liebe
  Füllt dein Gemach, und der Engel Andacht!

Der Seraphs höchſter, will er dich nennen, ſchweigt,
Und hüllt ſein Antlitz! O Unausſprechlicher!
  Wie nennte Dich des Lichtmeers trüber
  Tropfen! Wie wagt' ich's nur! Hallelujah!

Der Ruf, den du gehaucht haſt in unſer Herz,
Verbürget uns im Dunkel des Labyrinths
  Erſt Dämmerung, dann Mittag. Heller
  Wird's mir und heller. „Dein Reich erſchien uns!“

Dein Wille thut ſich Engeln und Menſchen kund,
Die Erde, wie der Himmel verkündige
  Des Willens Achtung, nicht in leerem
  Wortgeklingl', aber in Herz und Wandel;

Nicht unſer Wille, Deiner geſcheh'! Wir ſind
Ja Kinder, Du der Vater! dem Endlichen
  Iſt wenig Raum und Zeit enthüllet,
  Du nur, Unendlicher! ſchau'ſt das Ganze!

Der du mit unſerm Leibe den Wurm ernährſt,
O laß uns nicht erhungern den Geiſt, und nicht
  Des Geiſtes irdiſchen Gehülfen!
  Stille der Kinder Bedürfniß, Vater!

Was würden wir entflammt der Sünder Dich
Zur Rache, wie den Menſchen der Menſch, o Du
  Der Menſchlichkeit ſtets unerreichtes
  Urbild! — Du ſegneſt den Gottesläſtrer!

Denn, wüßt' er, was er thut, ach! er thät' es nicht! —
Verſchieden ſind die Gäng' deiner Fügung nur,
  Zu Dir erziehſt du dennoch Alle
  Kinder! — „O Menſchlichkeit werde herrſchend!“

Nicht nur Maſchine ſchufſt Du den Menſchen Dir,
Die dein Geſetz übt, weil ſie es ſklaviſch muß.
  Du gabſt ihm Freiheit! — O des höchſten
  Götterrechts! möcht' ich es ſtets erhalten!

Der Dornen Vater heilt an der Blüthenſtrauch
Des Erdelebens mehr nicht, als nöthig iſt,
Um — o der Ausſicht! — uns durch Tugend
Würdig zu machen der Himmelswonne!

Das Landleben.

Heil' und ſelig wer fern' von dem Gewühle des Hofs
In dem Tempel Natur Gott und der Freundſchaft lebt!
Tauſend Freuden genießt er,
Die der Sklave der Thorheit mißt.

Jeder Liebreiz der Flur zaubert der Andacht Glut
Auf ſein ſtaunend Geſicht; Alles, vom Glühwurm bis
Zu der Quelle des Lichts
Predigt Weisheit des Schöpfers ihm.

Jeder magiſche Schlag, welcher vom leiſen Puls
Unſrer Mutter Natur an ſein geſchmeidig Herz
Sanft wie Harfenklang bebet,
Weckt die Funken der Sittlichkeit.

In dem Spiegel des Bachs lernt er Wahrhaftigkeit,
Und die Ranke, die ſich feſt an die Ulme ſchmiegt,
Heißt ihm folgen dem Weiſern,
Und vertrauen dem Heiligen.

Schon durch Brillen von Staub ſieht er im Feierglanz
Nach dem Brauſen des Sturms und in dem Abendgold
Eines ſchweißvollen Tages
Heitre Bilder der Ewigkeit.

Und kein Laſter des Hofs, keine der Furien,
Die dem Dummkopf das Herz foltern mit Schlangenbiß,
Nah't der Wohnung des Edeln,
Dem aus Tugend ſein Himmel quillt.

Froſt im Auge ſieht er Thoren nach Dunſt und Rauch
Und nach ſchimmerndem Zwang buhlen; auf ſeiner Bruſt
Glänzt der Ordensſtern: Tugend,
Blumen kränzen die Scheitel ihm.

Wie der Waſſerſtrahl ſich blitzend zum Himmel hebt,
Dann durch Schwerkraft ſo ſchnell wieder zur Erde ſinkt,
So erſcheint ihm der Flitter
Einer launigen Fürſtengunſt.

Seinen ſtillen Genuß tödtet der Ekel nicht,
Denn er kommet und geht mit dem Bedürfniß nur,
Nie begähnt er den Waldſang,
Der den Takt giebt zur Feldarbeit.

Oftmals, wenn er den Blick auf das Verderbniß wirft,
Das der Luxus dem Hof, dieſer dem Adel reicht,
Und das Beiſpiel des Adels
In die Hütten des Volkes gießt.

Wenn er ferner bedenkt, wie in der Einfalt Schooß
Andern Segen, und ſelbſt glücklich der Adel war —
Da rinnt ihm die Thräne
Vom Geſicht, und er ruft dann aus:

Heil' und ſelig wer fern' von dem Gewühl des Hofs
In dem Tempel Natur Gott und der Freundſchaft lebt!
Schon auf Erden erzeuget
Und genießt er Elyſium! —

An den Schlaf.

Holde Gottheit! ſchweb' hernieder,
Deck' die müden Augenlider
Mit den Flügeln ſanfter Ruh
Bis zum nächſten Morgen zu!

Flieh den Geizhals, der den Schätzen,
Seinen kummervollen Götzen,
Tag und Nacht Altäre baut,
Tag und Nacht in Sorgen graut!

Flieh das Laſter des Tyrannen,
Dem der Fluch der Unterthanen,
Die ſein eiſner Scepter plagt,
Furcht in's wilde Stahlherz jagt!

Flieh das Waffenbett des Helden,
Deſſen Stolz in ganzen Welten,
Die ſein Arm in Feſſeln ſchlägt,
Schrecken und Verderben trägt!

Fliehe weit von goldnen Schlöſſern,
Wo man noch aus vollen Fäſſern
Schäumende Pokale leert,
Und die Nacht in Tag verkehrt!

Flieh den Sklaven ſchnöder Freuden!
Laß ihn jede Kraft vergeuden,
Während er dich ſtolz verlacht,
Und in Paphos Tempeln wacht!

Flieh' und komm' in leichten Bildern
Jugendfreuden mir zu ſchildern,
Und umſchweb' mein frohes Herz
Mit der Unſchuld ſanftem Scherz!

Flöß mir in die matten Glieder
Neue Duld- und Thatkraft wieder,
Daß ſobald die Lerche ſchlägt,
Friſches Blut ſich in mir regt!

Daß ich dann die ſüßen Pflichten
Meinem Schöpfer froh entrichten,
Froh mich durch des Tages Bahn
Meinen Brüdern widmen kann!

Der Kirchhof im Dorfe.

Mögen Andre lieber bei den Säulen,
Deren Inſchrift, zu der Menſchheit Hohn!
Vom Despoten Götterthaten lügt, verweilen,
Oder in dem Pantheon.

Blutbetriefter Weltbezwinger, oder,
Wo in Wundern Macht und Kunſt geblüht,
Ueber der verſunknen Reiche Schutt und Moder!
Fern' entſchwebe du, mein Lied!

Und verweil', von Dämmerung umhüllet,
Auf den ſtillen Gräbern, die ſo oft
Mit der Tugend heitrer Ruhe mich gefüllet
Die ein beſſ'res Leben hofft!

Hier iſt Friede, wo, von Gott geſäet
Menſchenſaat der Auferſtehung reift,
Wo des Frommen Seufzer leiſ' zum Himmel wehet,
Still die Thräne niederträuft.

Hier iſt Troſt! Hier zeigt die Morgenröthe
Sich dem Greiſ' beim Lebens-Untergang!
Hier entwickeln ſich Entſchlüſſe, hier Gebete!
Hier, hier weile, mein Geſang!

Flattert lieblich an dem Kreuz ihr Kränze
Auf das ſchlummernde Gebein herab!
Wehmuth, Dank und Liebe pflückten euch dem Lenze
Mit den Hochzeitkränzen ab! —

Wenn noch Alles ſchlummert, kommt zum Hügel
Ihres Bräutigams die junge Braut.
Sie ſtreut Blumen, weil ihr Blick, der Unſchuldſpiegel,
Feuernd Engelsſprache thaut.

Still belauſcht ein Bauerjung' die Thräne,
Die zum Bräutigam ſie niederthaut.
Und er ſteht gerührt und wählt die treue Schöne
Feſt im Herzen ſich zur Braut.

Doch kaum weckt das Frühroth die Gemeine,
Sieh! da kniet ſchon mit der Kinder-Schaar
Um das Grab die Wittwe, ſegnend die Gebeine
Deſſen, der ihr Gatte war.

Und jetzt fließt die Red' vom ſanften Munde:
Kinder! denket oft des braven Manns,
Der hier ruhet! Allen, Allen in der Runde
Hieß er nur der wackre Hans.

Denn in ſeinem Thun und Laſſen blühte
Frohe Genügſamkeit und ſtiller Fleiß,
Und durch Beiſpiel, Weisheit, Biederkeit und Güte
War's ein weiter Segenskreis.

Kindlich das Gemüth zu Gott erheben,
Sah man ihn im Glück und in der Noth.
Einem heitern Wieſenbache glich ſein Leben,
Sonnen-Abſchied war ſein Tod.

Sterbend noch empfahl er euch, wie täglich:
„Flieht wie Peſt den Müſſiggang, und ach!
Mehr als Brand — den Hader, und — ſo viel euch möglich,
Ahmet Gott im Wohlthun nach!

Dann vertraut dem Geber alles Guten
Er iſt Gott im Hagel wie im Thau,
Groß und gütig in der Wuth geſchwellter Fluthen,
Wie auf reichthumſchwangrer Au!“ —

Kinder! was der Vater euch gelehret,
Zu erfüllen, wird euch nie gereu'n!
Liebt ihr eure Mutter, Kinder, o ſo ſchwöret:
„Was der Vater war, zu ſein!“

Und ſo bebet von der Kinder Wange
Still der Schwur; und Alle, groß und klein,
Schwören jetzt mit hohem, ſehnſuchtsvollem Drange:
Was der Vater war, zu ſein!

Weiter jetzt, o Lied! im Bilderſaale
Lieber Todten! Sieh! die Muſe winkt!
Und beſing' die Guten, eh' vom Mittagsſtrahle
Dir der matte Flügel ſinkt; —

Weſſen iſt, vom Geisblatt ſanft umgittert,
Jenes Maal, bei dem die Armuth weint?
Ha! die Zähre, die in ihrem Auge zittert,
Ruft: hier ruht ein Menſchenfreund!

Heil Ihm, ruft ſie betend, Heil und Frieden!
Was ein Regen dürrem Wieſenplan,
Was obſtreiche Schatten Lechzenden und Müden,
War den Dürftigen der Mann!

Näher tret' ich jetzt dem Monumente,
Ueber dem ein Genius ſich hüllt.
Sing', o Lied! was ihm den Blick beim Monumente
So mit tiefer Trauer füllt.

Ha! die Inſchrift ſagt es: „Hier bedauert
Ihren Freund die Menſchlichkeit. — Er fiel —
Nicht im Siegsgewand, vor dem der Menſchheit ſchauert,
Nein! er fand ein edleres Ziel!

Als er Menſchen retten wollte, fiel er!
Aber vor der Menſchheit ſtieg er hoch;
Hoch empor zum Heiland als ſein treuer Schüler;
Hoch bei Jeſus lebt er noch!

Fürchterlich, von Frühlingseis geſchwollen,
Donnerte der Strom um's Brückenhaus;
Pfeiler ſtürzten, der Bewohner Klagen ſchollen
Angſtvoll durch der Fluth Gebraus.

Mancher ſah's mit Thränen aber zagend
Blieb er ſteh'n, mit ſtärkſter Sympathie
Sah's des Grafen Sohn und ſchwamm zur Rettung fragend:
Bin ich nicht auch Menſch, wie ſie!

Doch den Edeln ſchlang der Grimm der Wogen,
Denn die Gottheit wog der Abſicht Werth,
Und von Engeln ward der Held emporgezogen,
Wo Unſterblichkeit ihn ehrt!“ —

Feſtlich, o Geſang! begrüß den Helden!
Der der Menſchlichkeit den Sieg errang!
Mag der Völkerwürger Thaten höher gelten!
Jenen nun hebt mein Geſang!

Doch laß hören, was, auf's Grab hindeutend,
Dort ein Greis zu zween Jüngern ſpricht!
Jener Greis iſt Richter in dem Dörfchen ſtreitend
Steh'n die Andern vor Gericht.

„Deſſen Staub hier ruht, der ſieht mit Zähren
Euern Hader und bereut's gewiß,
Wenn, — als Zunder eure Eintracht zu verſtören,
Er ſein Gut euch hinterließ.

Ihr ſeid euch zur Plage — wie vergebens!
Iſt doch Alles nur ein Reiſegeld
Für die Pilgerſchaft des kurzen Erdenlebens,
Ohne Werth in jener Welt.“

Alſo ſpricht der Greis, — und Engel feiert
Dieſer Scen'! Verſöhnungsſchwur im Mund,
Fällt das Streitpaar um den Hals ſich, und erneuert
Enger noch der Eintracht Bund! —

Einſam ruht, von Epheulaub beſchattet,
Hier der Freunde Sarkophag. So feſt,
Wie die Epheuranke mit der Ulm' gegattet,
Hielt der Freund am Freunde feſt!

Und dort winkt, vom Eichenkranz gekrönet,
Liebevoll ein Aſchenkrug und ſpricht:
„Deſſen Flöt' vom Reiz der Unſchuld dir getönet,
Jugend! den vergeſſe nicht!“

Ernſt ſteht von der Cypreſſ' umflüſtert,
Auf der Raſenhöh' ein Monument,
Und an ihm, das Aug' mit Wehmuthsflor gedüſtert,
Die Religion gelehnt.

Ihrem Pfarrer pflanzte die Gemeine
Dieſes Denkmal frommen Dank geweiht.
Denn er war ihr, was dem Kind ſein Vater, ſeine
Mutter — voll der Zärtlichkeit: —

Sich'rer Stab den Schwachen, Allen Lehrer
Mehr durch That, als Worte, Friedensbot'
Den Bedrängten, ungeheuchelter Verehrer
Gottes, warmer Patriot. —

Aber doch ſinkt jetzt die Sonn' und winket
Zur Erholung! Von den Gräbern flieht
Matt der Geiſt, und ruht. O Lied dein Flügel ſinket!
Ruhe denn auch du, mein Lied!

Unter'm Holder ſchlummer' ein in Frieden!
Ruhe ſanft! zur ſchwülen Mittagszeit
Ruhten auch die Todten, als ſie noch hienieden
Wandelten im irdnen Kleid. — —

Doch was hör' ich! Grabgeläute tönet!
Schaurig wallt ein Trauerzug daher.
Ach! des Sarges Kränzchen ſagt mir's und es ſtöhnet
Ringsum: Röschen iſt nicht mehr!

Röschen, der, von Zaubermacht beſieget,
Männlich ſchön des Jünglings Herz geglüht, —
Troſt der Eltern, Zierde des Dörfchens — ach ſie lieget
Kaum entknoſpet, ſchon verblüht!

Schweigend klagt das Dörfchen ſeine Lücke,
Trauernd ſteht's von Tanz und Freude leer!
Und der Alten und der Jungen naſſe Blicke
Sagen ſich's: Sie iſt nicht mehr!

Doch jetzt haucht der Prediger, wie Oden
Gottes, über die Betrübten hin
Das troſtreiche Wort: „Verpflanzt in beſſern Boden,
Blüht ſie, und wird ewig blüh'n!“

Und er zeigt im feinen Schmetterlinge,
Der jetzt um die Bahre tanzt, ein Bild,
Wie der Leib des Menſchengeiſts gebundne Schwinge
Zur Unſterblichkeit enthüllt:

Länger ſchweift der Berge Schatten. Röthlich
Flimmt am Kirchthurm ſchon das Abendgold.
Sei willkommen, ſtille Zeit! für's Aug' ſo göttlich
Schön und mild, dem Ernſt ſo hold!

Von dem Felde kehrend, blickt der Bauer
Grüßend, liebe Todtenflur, auf dich!
Mancher denkt auch wohl mit ſanft gemiſchtem Schauer:
„Bald empfängt dies Bett auch mich!“

Mädchen kommen von der Wieſ' und bringen
Blumenopfer ihren Todten dar,
Beten dann — ſo beten Engel! — oder ſingen
Am Unſterblichkeits-Altar.

Doch, von Vielen jetzt umkniet, raget
Eines Grabes feierliche Zier
Hoch hervor. Der Wandrer ſtehet ſtill, und fraget:
„Leute! wen verehrt ihr hier?“

„Den wir ehren, iſt der Allbekannte
Mildenburg, erwiedert Groß und Klein.
Wahrlich! wißt ihr nichts von Ihm — im ganzen Lande
Müßt ihr ein Fremdling ſein!

Weit und breit ſind ſeines Wohlthuns Spuren,
Denn er rief: es werde Glück und Licht!
Ihm verdanken wir den Wohlſtand unſrer Fluren,
Reine Sitten, hellen Unterricht.

Unſre Beglückung war der Garten,
Den er ſich zum Paradieſe ſchuf,
Menſchen ſeine Lieblingspflanzen; Sie zu warten
Sein erhabener Beruf.

Vormals höhnte Jagdluſt unſerm Schweiße,
Kläger ſchwiegen, Menſchen litten Noth;
Er, ein Menſch! rief aus: Die Frucht gehöret dem Fleiße!
Und die Räuber ſchoß er todt.

Streitſucht weckte vormals unſre Hütte,
Hauchte Zwietracht, nährte Haß und Neid.
Er erſchlug die Hyder mit dem Zauberſtabe
Menſchlicher Billigkeit.

Wie im Sklavenjoch der Landmann ſchmachte
Sonder Muth und ſonder Energie,
Sah er, und zerbrach das Joch, und pflanzte
Unter uns die Induſtrie.

Tief in Nacht war unſer Geiſt verſunken,
Unter'm Thiere lag der Menſch verirrt;
Da erweckte Er in uns den Gottesfunken,
Der uns unſre Pflichten lehrt.

Schwere Bürden drückten uns darnieder,
Frohndienſt ſchlich unſer Leben hin;
Sieh'! da gab der Freund uns Feſte, gab uns Lieder,
Und mit ihnen frohen Sinn!

Zwar entriß der Tod ihn; doch er lebet
Noch im Tode, der, — kein Schattenbild, —
Ueber uns mit leiſem Segensſturme ſchwebet,
So wie Er, gerecht und mild." — —

Das Geſicht vom Abendſtrahl beſchienen,
Seht, vom Tagesfleiß zu ruh'n, ein Greis
Auf die Bank ſich, und ſein Geiſt — mit heitern Mienen
Schaut er auf des Lebens Kreis.

O er fühlt mit ſtillem Wonnebeben,
Wie die Sonn' dem Leben untergeh'n,
Ueberzeugt, daß, wie die Morgenſonn' ſein Leben
Herrlicher wird auferſteh'n.

Steigend ſteigt indeß der Mond und leuchtet
Sympathetiſch auf der Liebe Glück,
Schwellet mit Empfindungen das Herz und feuchtet
Mit Empfindungen den Blick.

Wie ſich, als Adonis und Cythere
Schöner, dort ein Jüngling mit der Braut
Der umlaubten Grott' naht! Wie zur Sternenſphäre
Himmelblick ihr Auge ſchaut!

Zeug' o Mond! von reiner Luſt getrieben,
Hand in Hand, geloben ſie ſich jetzt:
„Wie die Aeltern ſich mit Zärtlichkeit zu lieben,
Bis der Tod ihr Grabmal ſetzt!"

Doch auch Sie verſchwinden! — Stille
Herrſcht um mich! Wie [illegible]
Schwebt der Geiſter Tanz. Befreit vom Druck der Hülle
Dehnt mein Ich den Fittig aus.

Aber mit balſamiſchem Gefieder
Sinkt der Schlaf. Kaum fühl' ich ſeinen Zwang!
Sanft bemächtigt er ſich meiner Augenlider,
Sanft entſchlummert mein Geſang!

Lied beim Bittgang um die Fluren.

Chor von Knaben und Mädchen.

Blick' o Gott! mit Wohlgefallen
Auf die Flur, die wir durchwallen!
Unſer Herz erweitert ſich;
Denn es ſieht im Vater dich.
Deine milde Hand giebt Segen,
Giebt uns Sonnenſchein und Regen.

Das Volk.
Deine milde Hand giebt Segen,
Giebt uns Sonnenſchein und Regen.

Chor ꝛc.
Freudig ſtreuten wir den Samen;
Denn wir ſtreuten ihn im Namen
Deſſen, der mit Einem Ruf
Erde, Sonn' und Pflanze ſchuf.
Dein, o Vater! iſt der Segen;
Dein iſt Sonnenſchein und Regen.

Das Volk.
Dein, o Vater! iſt der Segen ꝛc.

Chor ꝛc.
Sä'n und pflanzen hilft noch wenig!
Das Gedeihen giebt kein König.
Keiner hat mit aller Macht
Nur ein Blatt hervorgebracht.
Gott, von oben kommt der Segen,
Kommt uns Sonnenſchein und Regen.

Das Volk.
Gott, von oben kommt der Segen ꝛc.

Chor ꝛc.
Der ſo ſchön die Blumen kleidet,
Der ſo reich die Vögel weidet,
Alles nähret in Feld und Hain,
Wird für uns auch Vater ſein.
Ja, dem Frommen giebſt du Segen,
Giebſt ihm Sonnenſchein und Regen.

Das Volk.
Ja, dem Frommen giebſt du Segen ꝛc.

Chor ꝛc.
Laß mit Frucht den Baum ſich ſchmücken,
Reich an Korn den Halm ſich bücken,
In der Rebe Trauben glüh'n,
Wieſen für die Heerde blüh'n!
Ueberall auf unſern Wegen
Walte väterlicher Segen!

Das Volk.
Ueberall auf unſern Wegen ꝛc.

Chor ꝛc.
Schone, Vater, im Gewittern!
Schone, wenn wir bebend zittern!
Ruf' in der Gewitternacht
Mit der Stimme deiner Macht
Uns zurück von böſen Wegen!
Auch dein Donner bringt Segen!

Das Volk.
Schreck' uns ab von böſen Wegen ꝛc.

Chor ꝛc.
Ruhen laſſen wir den Samen
In des Allgütigen Namen,
Der den Leib im Grabe läßt,
Bis er glorreich auferſteht.
Alle Frommen führt ſein Segen
Einſt dem Erntetag entgegen.

Das Volk.
Alle Frommen führt ſein Segen ꝛc.

Frühlings-Feier.

Wie entzückend verklärt Himmel und Erde ſich!
Welchem Gott, o Natur! giebſt du dies Siegesfeſt!
Naht des Frühlings Triumphzug! —
Ha! er ſchwebt vom Olymp herab!

Schöner, lächelnder Lenz! [illegible] mit Blumenkranz,
Nachtigallengeſang, [illegible],
Alles lebt und jauchzt;
Milder Strahl iſt die Sonne ſelbſt!

Doch, was ſeh' ich? es hüllt ſchöner ſich noch dem Blick!
Welche Grazien Reih'n, [illegible] zeigt der Hain,
Philomele girret
Flöter, [illegible] die Quelle tönt!

Jenem Engel ähnlich, weihenden Blickes, Gott
Doch, holdſelige Scham! birgſt den heitern Ernſt.
Unter Sterblichen wandelt
Ihr, Unſterbliche, Göttern gleich!

Jüngling, ähnlich dem Mai! kennſt du die Zaubermacht
Dieſer Himmliſchen nicht? Siehe! dir winkt Natur
In das Eden der Unſchuld,
In der Tugend Elyſium.

Wie durch Wieſen der Bach hell, doch beſcheiden fließt,
Segenreicher, ein Strom, Ufer nicht überſchwemmt, noch
Felſen, bis er zu Meer wird —
Alſo walle dein Leben auch!

Süße Hoffnungen blüh'n hier an dem grünenden
Schatten, welcher dem Schweiß Kühlung verſpricht, und ſanft
Schlingt am Stamme ſich die Rebe —
Ahm', o Jüngling! dem Baume nach.

Wie die Gegend vor dir, blühend, zum Paradies
Kraft mit Anmuth vereint, herrlich und doch ſo mild,
Groß ſei alſo die Seele
Dir, und edeln Gefühles voll!

Iſt's nicht Sie, die du liebſt, welche den heitern Greis
Aus der Hütte dort führet, daß er die ſteigende
Frühlingsſonne begrüße!
Erröthend ſagt es dein Blick: Sie iſt's! —

„Kind, ſei ſtets der Natur zärtliche Schülerin,
Nicht entweiht von der Kunſt, ſanft wie die Maienluft,
Hold durch Scham, wie das Veilchen,
Gleich der ſilbernen Quelle rein!

„Wie ein Genius mild, weiche von dir, o Kind!
Nie der Mutter, auf dich himmliſch ſich neigend Bild!“ —
So mit Rührung der Vater,
Und die Thräne des Mädchens bebt.

Doch, ein Engel, vor ſie tritt der Geliebte jetzt,
Und das ſegnende Wort ſpricht der entzückte Greis:
„Erd' und Himmel vergehen —
Eure Liebe vergehe nie!“

„Wie die Tugend, von der eure Liebe ſtammt,
Blüh' ſie jugendlich fort, ſtets wie der ſchön're Lenz,
Der im Garten des Frommen
Unverwelklich, wie Amor, blüht!“

Das Veilchen.

Holdes Veilchen!
Blühſt ein Weilchen
Auf des Frühlings Spur;
Zaubernd webet
Dir das Leben
Frühlings-Freuden nur.

Giebſt mit Düften
Sanft den Lüften
Kunde deines Glücks;
Himmelsbläue
Strahlt im Blaue
Deines Kinderblicks.

Geht ein Mädchen
Frei das Pfädchen,
Wo du ſittſam blühſt,
Wünſch' ihm leiſe
Deine Weiſe,
Eh' du ſtill verblühſt!

Himmliſch ſchmücke
Wang' und Blicke
Ihm ein reines Herz;
Herz umlacht' es,
Stets umlacht' es,
Heiter kindlich Scherz.

Der Menſch.

Im unermeſſ'nen Schöpfungschor
Ragt ſtrahlend der Menſch hervor.
Seht! wie er da, voll Majeſtät,
Ein Gott im Tempel Gottes geht!

Der Kraft und Anmuth Fülle ſtrahlt
Von ſeiner herrlichen Geſtalt;
Es adelt ſie ein höh'rer Sinn,
Sie ſcheint der Erde Staub zu flieh'n!

Ihr Bau ſtrebt auf zum Sonnenlicht;
Aus jedem ihrer Züge ſpricht
Der Odem, der vom Himmel zeugt,
Dem alles Irdiſche ſich neigt.

Wie ſpiegeln Geiſt und Welt ſo hell
Sich in des Auges heiterm Quell!
Es blickt mit Wißbegier umher,
Und taucht ſich in das Sternenmeer.

Die Sterne miſſet der Verſtand;
Was immer iſt, wird ihm bekannt;
Den Schatz im dunkeln Erdenſchooß
Erſpäht er, wie das Alpenmoos.

Was lebt und webt im Schöpfungsraum,
Das bändigt er mit ſtarkem Zaum;
Selbſt der ungezähmte [illegible]
Ward ſeiner Klugheit unterthan.

Was vom [illegible] die Fabel weiß,
Das thut noch jetzt des Menſchen Fleiß;
Noch täglich weist er Wüſtenei'n
Zu frohen [illegible] an.

Die Sonnenpferde zähmt er ſich,
Berechnend jeden Himmelsſtrich;
Den Lauf des Blitzes lenket er,
Und macht ſich ſelbſt zum Donnerer.

Der Sprache Zauber fließt vom Mund;
Geſchloſſen iſt der Geiſter Bund,
Der durch ein Wunder Welt mit Welt
In ew'ger Ebb' und Fluth erhält.

Vom Südpol bis zum Eispol reiſt
In Wort und Schrift des Menſchen Geiſt;
Unſterblich ſteht am Throne der Zeit
Der Genius der Menſchlichkeit.

Geſchmückt mit Schönheit allzumal,
Strebt er nach hohem Ideal,
Verſchönert die Natur, und ſchafft
Sie neu, geprägt mit Meiſterkraft. —

Und Ihr erröthet nicht, wie ihr
Dem Menſchen gleichgeſtellt das Thier! —
Ihm, den Natur zum König krönt,
Das Thier, das ihm als Sklave fröhnt?

Doch höher noch erhebet Ihn
Des Herzens zarter Engelſinn;
Der iſt der Herkunft [illegible],
Des Götteradels Siegelbrief.

O Tugend, o Religion!
Ihr hebt den Menſchen auf den Thron;
Ihr wandelt ihn zur Gottheit um,
Sein Leben in Elyſium.

In eurer Zauber eingeweiht,
Gewinnet die Luſt an Lieblichkeit,
Und unverwelklich ſchlingt ihr Band
Sich in des Wiederſehens Land.

Vom Sichtbaren ſteigt der Menſch zu Gott,
Im irdiſchen Thun erkennt er Gott;
Ihm ſpiegelt ab des Schöpfers Bild,
Was nur dem Auge ſich enthüllt.

Er kämpft ein Held für Recht und Pflicht;
Verfolgung ſtürmt, er wanket nicht;
Wird Lagermuth des Frommen Loos,
Er ruht, ein Kind in Gottes Schooß.

Sein Reich iſt nicht von dieſer Welt;
Ein Keim, von höherm Licht erhellt,
Bürgt ihm nach kurzer Prüfungszeit
Für Aerndten der Unſterblichkeit!

Die Hoffnung.

Heil'ger Urquell ew'ger Wahrheit,
Dem des Tages Licht entſprang,
Als ein Abglanz deiner Klarheit
Deren Macht das Chaos zwang,
Strahlt auch jenes Sterngefunkel,
Das in's Herz die Hoffnung gießt.
Ach! wer blickte ſonſt durch's Dunkel,
Das des Lebens Pfad umfließt!

Hoffnung ſtillt der Freundſchaft Sehnen,
Dämpft der Sorgen Mißgetön,
Läßt den bangen Schmerz, durch Thränen,
Beſſrer Tage Frühroth ſeh'n.
Hoffnung leuchtet uns vom Kreuze
Auf des hehren Dulders Grab,
Der der Tugend Engelreize,
Der Unſterblichkeit ihr gab.

Doch uns ſtrahlt nur in dem Aether,
Der das Reich der Liebe füllt,
Ein von Hoffnung ausgeſäter
Sternenhimmel klar und mild.
Wo der Selbſtſucht freche Dirne
In's Gemüth ihr Schandmal brennt,
Da erlöſchen die Geſtirne
An der Hoffnung Firmament.

D'rum, o heil'ger Quell der Wahrheit,
Laß' in deiner Schöpfungen
Reinem Spiegel ew'ger Klarheit
Uns den Geiſt der Liebe ſeh'n!
Wenn die Menſchen menſchlich werden,
Wird des Wahnes Trugbild flieh'n,
Und den Schmachtenden auf Erden
Nie der Hoffnung Stern entzieh'n!

An die Erinnerung.

Dank, Erinn'rung! dir, du holde
Himmelheitre Tröſterin!
Denn vom Frühroth bis zum Abendgolde
Hellſt du mir den trüben Sinn;
Hellſt ihn durch des Pinſels Zauberbilder,
Durch der Töne brüderlichen Klang,
Und durch Freudenbecher, milder
Als der Götter Lieblingstrank.

Wenn des Daſeins Prisma ſich verdunkelt
In des Schickſals Schauernacht,
Schon kein Lichtchen mehr im Fernen funkelt,
Und kein Troſt mehr dem Gemüthe lacht,
Taucht ſich in der Kindheit Fabelauen
Zaubervoll dein Pinſel ein —
Weg iſt das Gewittergrauen!
Sieg! und ich in Roſenſchein!

Wenn der Sorgen Natternbrut mich foltert,
Kummer mir am welken Herzen nagt,
Eine Horde Leidenſchaften poltert,
Durch die Schwermuth keine Sonne tagt;
Wenn umſonſt, durch's neblichte Gebüſche
Licht zu ſpäh'n, mein banges Auge fleucht,
Und Verzweiflung die ſo ſchwer geprüfte
Seele, wie ein Sturmwind, beugt —

Heil! da rufſt du mit geweihtem Schlage,
Aus der Harfe meiner Blüthenzeit,
All' den Jubel kunſtloſer Tage
Und ſokrat'ſche Heiterkeit;
Und den magiſchen Akkorden
Weicht der Sorgen Natterbrut,
Weichen der Dämonen ſchwarze Horden,
Weicht der Schwermuth heiße Fluth.

Oft, wenn durch des Fleißes tauſend Krümmen
Mein Verſtand zum fernen Ziele kreucht,
Und zur Tugend aufzuklimmen,
Meinem Willen faſt Chimäre däucht —
Ah! wie ſtählt ein Blick in deinen Spiegel
Da mir die geſenkte Lebenskraft,
Und mein Geiſt ſchwebt auf, als hätt' er Flügel,
Spottend jeder Leidenſchaft.

Wenn mein Boot an öde Felſenküſten
Ohne Stern und Compaß ſich verirrt,
Und mich dann durch unwirthſame Wüſten
Ein durchglühter Sandpfad führt;
Wenn kein Blümchen da mein Aug' entzücket,
Kein bemoostes Hirtenbett',
Und kein Quell mich Lechzenden erquicket,
Keiner mich zum Schlummer lädt —

Göttliche! da füllſt du die geleerten
Becher, und die Gegenwart
Wandelt wunderbar ſich zum entbehrten
Tempe, wo ſich Luſt mit Luſt gepaart.
Steppen bieten mir kriſtallne Quellen,
Felſen Ruhebett und Baldachin,
Und der Wildniß dunkeln Pfad erhellen,
Sterne, die von Liebe glüh'n.

Wandl' ich blind auf ungeprüften Straßen,
Steh' ich unbewußt an grauſem Schlund,
Will die Hyder Bosheit mich ſchon faſſen,
Lockt mich der Verführung ſüßer Mund,
Sieh'! da rufſt du mir: „Betrogner Knabe!
Wiſſe: Gift iſt's, was die Dirne beut!"
Und entdeckſt mit weiſem Stabe
Mir das Eis, mit Blumen überſtreut! —

O ſo bleibe ferner noch, du Holde!
Schutzgeiſt mir und Tröſterin,
Und vom Frühroth bis zum Abendgolde
Helle ferner mir den trüben Sinn.
Hell' ihn mit dem ausgeübten Guten
Einſt beim letzten Sonnenuntergeh'n,
Und laß dann mich in des Lebens Fluthen
Eine frohe Zukunft ſeh'n!

Pſyche.

Die arme Waiſe,
Sie ſeufzt und bebt;
Aus dem Gehäuſe
Ihr Fittig ſtrebt.

Nach jedem Sterne
Streckt ſie die Hand;
Dort glänzt — ach! ferne
Ihr Vaterland.

Umſonſt nach Klarheit
Sehnt ſich ihr Blick,
Nach Licht' und Wahrheit
Ihr Geiſt zurück.

Mit bunten Schranken
Hemmt Sinnentrug
Ihr der Gedanken
Aetheriſchen Flug.

Sie ſchlägt die Flügel
Im Käfig wund;
Ihr macht kein Spiegel
Ihr Weſen kund.

Die arme Waiſe!
Sie ringt und ſtrebt
Aus dem Gehäuſe,
Und ſeufzt und bebt.

Die ſchöne Spinnerin.

Spinn', o Mädchen!
Froh die Fädchen
Für dein Brautgewand;
Schöner kleide
Dich's, als Seide,
Und als goldner Tand.

Noch ein Fädchen
Spinn', o Mädchen!
Ganz aus Liebe ſpinn's!

In der Treue
Himmelsblüthe
Tauch' es, ſüßen Sinns!

Dieſes Fädchen
Leit', o Mädchen,
Dich durch Gottes Flur!
Himmliſch weben
Dann dein Leben
Einfalt und Natur.

Auf dem Grabe meiner Mutter.

Beſte der Mütter! als du, ſanft entſchlummernd,
Wie ein Engel mich ſegneteſt, und wenn ich
Deine Bruſt als Knabe mit Kränzen ſchmückte,
Rann mir die Thräne!

Denn als der Blumen liebſte dich verwelken
Sah' ich nur, und mir war kein ſüßes Ahnen,
Die verwelkte je in verklärter Schönheit
Wieder zu ſehen.

Aber jetzt blickt mein Auge hell und ſegnend
Aufwärts, ſeit der Vernunft entbundner Fittig
Ueber's Grab mich ſchwinget, und kühn der Zukunft
Lüftet den Schleier!

Der Ruhm.

Jüngling! dem das Auge lodert,
Hohen Schwung die Seele fodert,
Wenn des Ruhms Poſaun' erklingt,
Biſt der Menſchheit Freunden theuer!
Heilig, göttlich iſt das Feuer,
Das dein edles Herz durchdringt!

O bewahr' es! — Keines Nebels
Buntes Spiel, kein Wahn des Pöbels
Trübe je ſein reines Licht!
Selbſtſucht dürf' es nie entweihen
Seelenloſer Schmeicheleien
Kalter Hauch verweh' es nicht!

Mögen dich der Welt Sirenen
Locken mit den weichſten Tönen,
Ungerührt ziehſt du vorbei!
Pflückſt auch nicht die ſchönſte Blume
Flücht'ger Luſt am Weg zum Ruhme,
Horchſt nur hoher Melodei.

Gottes treu'ſter Seraph leite
Deinen Heldengang, und breite
Seinen Fittig über dich!
Denn dir lauert manches wilde
Ungethüm — ach! mit dem Bilde
Hohen Ruhmes ſchmückt es ſich!

Genien, zu ganzer Welten
Glück berufen, hat nicht ſelten
Solche Truggeſtalt bethört,
Und ſie wurden — Teufel — Ganze
Welten [illegible] im Glanze
Ihrer [illegible] — zerſtört.

Erſt [illegible],
Wo [illegible]
Ih[illegible] weht,
Sa[illegible];
Mit [illegible]
Jetzt den [illegible] zu ſpät.

Millionen, bleich [illegible]
Schwebten grollend [illegible]
Rieſen Höll' in ihr[illegible]
Rache grinſten nun, in [illegible]
Schaar, gerühmter Thaten [illegible],
Eh'mals ihrer Seele Luſt...

Jüngling hohen Sinnes! — Schimmert
Dir ein Ruhm, der ſich nicht kümmert
Um der Unſchuld ſtilles Glück,
Und um Wahrheit — dieſe wendet
Sich erröthend — unverblendet,
Edler! bebe du zurück.

Nur die Tugend prägt den Stempel
Echten Ruhms; ſein heiter Tempel
Iſt der Tugend Heiligthum.
Sei Ihr Held! — Mit ew'ger Schöne,
Freund! verklärt ſie ihrer Söhne
Reinen, göttergleichen Ruhm.

In dem Kampfgewühl des Lebens
Nagt an ihrem Kranz vergebens
Noch mit ſtumpfem Zahn der Neid.
Doch am Weltgerichte ſchweigen
Niedre Tadler; beſſrer Zeugen
Jubel ruft: Unſterblichkeit!

Das Gericht der Könige.

Wie freudig wiegt, mit Früchten geſchmückt, ſein Haupt
Der hehre Palmbaum über dem Silberbach —
Im Blumenufer labt ſich jubelnd
Mädchen und Knab' an den ſüßen Gaben —

Im Laubdach flötet heimlich die Nachtigall,
Und auf dem Wipfel ſonnet der Goldfink ſich,
Die Schöpfung ſegnend, ſteht geſegnet
Sich von der Schöpfung die gute Palme.

So auch der Fürſt, der Vater des Volkes iſt.
Mit hoher Wonne ſpiegelt er ſich im Quell
Der freien Volksgeſinnung, täglich
Aehnlicher Gott ſich zu bilden ſtrebend.

Nur den Tyrannen ſchrecket im Mund des Volks
Die Wahrheit. Thränen ſtraft er! Jetzt ſchlägt der Thor
Den Spiegel, wie ein Kind, mit Fäuſten —
Schleifet ihn jetzt zum gefäll'gen Prisma.

Doch — ding' ein Nero jeder Vergötterung Kunſt!
Umhüll' ihn ſelbſt der Weihrauch des Seneka!
Er drohte, deinen Brand zu rächen,
Sklaviſches Rom! in dem Blut der Unſchuld —

Vergebens! — Kaum verſtummet der Zeitgenoß!...
O Sieg der Wahrheit! — Wo nur die Sonne ſcheint,
Da feiert auf geſtürzten Stolzes
Schimpflichen Trümmern dein Feſt die Menſchheit.

Zum Spiegel hellt ſich, ſchwingſt, o Geſchichte! du
Den Zauberſtab, der Vorzeit getrübter Strom;
Da ſitzen zu Gericht die Völker.
Sieh! den Tyrannen entſinkt der Lorbeer.

Gleich einem Traum verſchwinden Jahrtauſende.
Hört! die Poſaune rufet in's Weltgericht!
Die Waage tönt; der Cherub lieſt auch
Kaiſern ihr Urtheil vom Buch des Ew'gen.

Der Sclavengeiſt der Deutſchen.

Den Huf dem Roſſe,
Dem Fiſch die Floſſe
Gab die Natur —
Dem Adler Flügel;
Der Gottheit Siegel
Dem Menſchen nur.

Daß er nicht diene,
Sagt jede Miene;
Der freie Blick,
Der Stellung Adel,
Trifft wohl ein Tadel
Dies Meiſterſtück!

Doch, ach! der Wandlung!
In Sinn und Handlung
Ein Sclav iſt Er.
Ha! wie er ſchmeichelt,
Und kriecht und heuchelt
Um Götzen her.

In Staub verſunken,
Erloſch ſein Funken
Des Götterſinns;
Sein Herz lockt jeder
[illegible] Köder
Des Goldgewinns.

Mit ſtieren Blicken
Kriegt ſein Entzücken
  Nach dem Popanz;
Reibt ſich die Augen,
Ruft aus mit Pauken:
  „Welch hoher Glanz!“

Nach ſeinen Regeln
Weiß ihn zu kegeln
  Die Politik;
Nimmt ohn' Erbarmen —
Doch ſpricht zum Armen
  Sie viel von Glück.

Mit ſchlauem Witze
Pappt ſie die Ritze
  Des Kerkers zu —
Stiert ja der Wahrheit
Zu helle Klarheit
  Doch nur die Ruh.

Der Sclavengilde! . . .
Sie preiſt die Milde
  Des Drängers noch.
Mag ſie denn kriechen,
In Angſt erbleichen
  Am theuren Joch!

Ruht ſich's doch linder
Für Helden-Kinder
  Im Wiegenbett,
Als, wo die Ahnen
Auf blut'gen Bahnen
  Für ſie geſä't.

Ihr Winkelriede!
Der Freiheit müde,
  Kränzt man das Joch.
Drum ſtarrt und gähnet
Das Volk, erwähnet
  Man euer noch.

Ein Ghenkis ſiege,
Wo ihr im Kriege
  Für Freiheit ſankt,
Jetzt keine Thräne
Der feilen Söhne
  Euch leiſe dankt! . .

Heil dem Geſchlechte,
Das ſich der Rechte
  Des Laſtthiers freut!
Einſt ſchleicht kein Drama
Ein Daira-Fama —
  Ah! goldne Zeit! —

Warnung.

Wenn ein Jüngling dir naht, der dir zu ſcheinen wünſcht,
Was ſein Inn'res nicht iſt, der nur zu glänzen ſtrebt
    Mit Kunſtfeuern des Witzes —
    Achte, Mädchen! des Eitlen nicht.

Koſ't von Tugend er dir, ſüß wie der winkenden
Nymphe Flöspel am Quell, während ſein Blick verräth,
    Daß die Tugend ihm fremd iſt —
    Wende, Freundin! vom Schwätzer dich.

Oder wirft er ſein Herz Jeder zu Füßen, ſchwankt
Wie ein Schilfrohr ſein Sinn, Spielzeug der Lüfte — Ha!
    Solch ein Jüngling, wie könnt' er
    Sichre Stütze der Gattin ſein!

Lügt dir aber ſein Mund edle Gefühle vor,
Die ſein Herz nur verlacht, wie ein Romanenheld
    Uebertreibend und faſelnd —
    Flieh', ach! fliehe den Skorpion! . . .

Harre, Freundin! des Manns, welcher mit Biederſinn
Feſt am Guten ſich hält, feſt an Natur und Gott;
    Schamhaft aber mit Wärme
    Spricht von Tugenden, die er übt.

Gott, der zartes Gefühl dir in die Seele goß,
Welcher Schimmer vom Gold, Schein von der Wahrheit löſ't,
    Führet dich, Edle! dem Edeln,
    Wie die Tugend dem Himmel zu!

Lorenz von Weſtenrieder

ward am 1. Auguſt 1754 zu München geboren, vollendete ſeine theologiſchen Studien in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und wurde, noch nicht zwanzig Jahre alt, als Profeſſor der Dichtkunſt nach Landshut berufen; aber nach kaum einem Jahre verließ er dieſe Stellung wieder, um an der Univerſität zu München eine gleiche einzunehmen. Er wurde nun nach einander zum wirklichen geiſtlichen Rath, zum Schulrath, zum Büchercenſurrath, zum Scholaſticus, zum Hofrath u. ſ. w. ernannt, auch erhielt er das Ritterkreuz des Civilverdienſt- und Ludwigordens. Er ſtarb am 14. März 1829.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die beiden Kandidaten; Luſtſpiel. München, 1774.
Marc Aurel; Drama. München, 1776.
Reden. München, 1779.
Der Traum in drei Nächten. München, 1782.
Leben des guten Jünglings Engelhoff. München, 1782. 2 Thle.
Baierſche Beiträge zur ſchönen Literatur. München, 1779—1781.
Allgemeine Erdbeſchreibung. Amberg, 1773. 3 Thle.
Jahrbuch der Menſchengeſchichte in Baiern. München, 1782. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte von Baiern. München, 1785. 2 Bde.
Baierſcher hiſtoriſcher Kalender. München, 1786—1816. 20 Bde.
Beiträge zur vaterländiſchen Hiſtorie u. ſ. w. München, 1788—1817. 10 Thle.
Geſchichte der königlich-baierſchen Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften. München, 1807. 2 Thle.
Hiſtoriſche Schriften. München, 1825.

Klarheit, Eleganz und treffliche Darſtellung geben den Schriften dieſes redlich ſtrebenden Mannes, dem es beſonders darum zu thun war, die Aufklärung, vom katholiſchen Standpunkte aus, in ſeinem Vaterlande Baiern möglichſt zu befördern und zu verbreiten, einen bleibenden Werth.

Reinhard von Weſterburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Johann Weſtermann

ward 1742 zu Geismar geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, war eine Zeit lang Rektor zu Lehe und lebte zuletzt als Kandidat zu Bremen, wo er 1784 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Allerneueſte Novellen. Bremen, 1765—1780. 18 Thle.

W. iſt einer der erſten, welche im 18. Jahrhundert das Sonett wieder in die deutſche Poeſie einführten; ſeine Leiſtungen waren aber zu unbedeutend, um die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit für ſich zu gewinnen.

Georg Chriſt. Ehrhard Weſtphal

ward 1752 zu Quedlinburg geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und war zuerſt bis 1785 Prediger zu Halberſtadt. Er wurde hierauf geiſtlicher Inſpektor und Prediger zu Halle und ſpäter Conſiſtorialrath. Außerdem war er Dr. der Philoſophie und Theologie. Er ſtarb am 2. December 1808.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Portraits. Leipzig, 1779—1782. 2 Thle.
Abelwald. Leipzig, 1781. 2 Thle.
Streifereien im Gebiete der Menſchheit. Leipzig, 1792.
Predigten. Halle, 1788. Berlin, 1795. 2 Bde.

W's Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch geſunde Moral, treffliche Charakterzeichnung und gute Darſtellung vortheilhaft aus.

Johann Heinrich Weſtphal

ward am 31. Januar 1794 zu Schwerin geboren, wo ſein Vater Domorganiſt war. Er erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung, ſtand in den Jahren 1813 und 14 im lützowſchen Corps in den Reihen der Freiheitskämpfer und bekleidete dann ſeit 1817 eine Stelle als Lehrer der Mathematik an einem Erziehungsinſtitute, welches er aber 1818 verließ, um als Lehrer der Mathematik an das Gymnaſium zu Danzig ſich zu begeben. Nach vier Jahren gab er auch dieſe Stelle auf, um Italien, Sicilien und Egypten zu bereiſen. Er ſtarb 1825 in Italien.

Seine theils unter ſeinem, theils unter dem Namen J. Tommaſini gedruckten Schriften ſind:

Leben, Studien und Schriften des Aſtronomen J. Hevelius. Königsberg, 1820.
Naturwiſſenſchaftliche Abhandlungen. Danzig, 1821.
Nicolaus Kopernikus. Konſtanz, 1822.
Aſtrognoſie. Berlin, 1822.
Briefe aus Sicilien. Berlin, 1825.
Spaziergang durch Kalabrien und Apulien. Berlin, 1828.
Die römiſche Campagna. Berlin, 1829.

Seine Schilderungen italieniſcher Gegenden und Zuſtände erwarben ſich vorzüglich durch ihre Wahrheit, Einfachheit und Treue großen Beifall.

Engel Chriſtine Weſtphalen,

eine Tochter des Kaufmanns von Axen, wurde zu Hamburg am 8. December 1758 geboren, verheirathete ſich 1785 mit dem Kaufmann und Senator J. J. C. Weſtphalen und ſtarb 1837 daſelbſt.

Sie gab heraus:

Charlotte Corday; Trauerſpiel. Hamburg, 1804.
Gedichte. Hamburg, 1809—1811. 3 Thle.
Geſänge der Zeit. Hamburg, 1815.
Petrarka. Hamburg, 1806.

Wärme des Gefühls, lebendige Phantaſie, Zartheit und Eleganz ſind namentlich ihren lyriſchen Dichtungen eigen, ihren dramatiſchen Leiſtungen fehlt es dagegen an Kraft und Präciſion.

Wilhelm Martin Leberecht de Wette,

Dr. der Philoſophie und Theologie, wurde am 14. Januar 1780 zu Ulla bei Weimar geboren. Er vollendete ſeine academiſchen Studien zu Jena, wo er auch 1805 Docent und 1807 außerordentlicher Profeſſor wurde. 1809 verließ er dieſe Univerſität, um einen Ruf als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie zu Heidelberg anzunehmen; aber hier blieb er nur ein Jahr, indem er in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Berlin berufen wurde. Da er wegen eines Troſtſchreibens an Sand's Mutter 1819 plötzlich ſeine Entlaſſung bekam, ſo begab er ſich nach Weimar, wo er lebte, bis er 1822 als Profeſſor der Theologie nach Baſel berufen wurde. Hier wirkt er gegenwärtig noch in vollſter geiſtiger Kraft.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Aufforderung zum Studium der hebräiſchen Sprache und Literatur. Jena, 1805.
Beiträge zur Einleitung in das A. T. Halle, 1806. 2 Thle.
Die Pſalmen, überſetzt. Heidelberg, 1824.
Lehrbuch der hebräiſch-jüdiſchen Archäologie. Leipzig, 1814.
Lehrbuch der chriſtlichen Dogmatik. Berlin, 1813—1816. 2 Thle.
Ueber Religion und Theologie. Berlin, 1815.
Einleitung in die Bibel. Berlin, 1817—1826. 2 Thle.
Chriſtliche Sittenlehre. Berlin, 1819. 3 Thle.
Zur chriſtlichen Belehrung und Ermahnung. Berlin, 1819.
Drei Predigten. Berlin, 1821.
Theodor, oder des Zweiflers Weihe. Berlin, 1822. 2 Thle.
Vorleſungen über die Sittenlehre. Berlin, 1823 u. 24. 2 Thle.
Luthers Sendſchreiben, Briefe und Bedenken,

kritiſch und hiſtoriſch bearbeitet. Berlin, 1826 — 1829. 6 Thle.
Heinrich Melchthal, oder Bildung und Gemeingeiſt. Berlin, 1829. 2 Thle.
Viele einzelne Predigten, Abhandlungen u.ſ.w.

Einer der vorzüglichſten aber durchaus ſelbſtſtändigen Anhänger Schleiermachers, erwarb ſich de W. nicht allein durch ſeine tiefe Gelehrſamkeit, ſeine Klarheit und den Reichthum ſeiner Gedanken, ſondern auch durch ſeine ſeltene Meiſterſchaft in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, einen glänzenden Ruf, wenn gleich ſeine theologiſchen Romane nicht als ganz gelungen zu bezeichnen ſein möchten.

Die tröſtende und heiligende Kraft des chriſtlichen Glaubens an die Unſterblichkeit *).

Text. Joh. 14, 1 — 6.

Und er ſprach zu ſeinen Jüngern: Euer Herz erſchrecke nicht. Glaubet ihr an Gott, ſo glaubet ihr auch an mich. In meines Vaters Hauſe ſind viele Wohnungen. Wenn's nicht ſo wäre, ſo wollte ich zu euch ſagen: Ich gehe hin, euch die Stätte zu bereiten. Und ob ich hinginge, euch die Stätte zu bereiten, will ich doch wieder kommen, und euch zu mir nehmen, auf daß ihr ſeid, wo ich bin. Und wo ich hingehe, das wiſſet ihr, und den Weg wiſſet ihr auch. Spricht zu ihm Thomas: Herr, wir wiſſen nicht, wo du hingehſt, und wie können wir den Weg wiſſen? Jeſus ſpricht zu ihm: Ich bin der Weg, und die Wahrheit, und das Leben. Niemand kömmt zum Vater, denn durch mich.

Die verleſenen Textesworte verſetzen uns in die letzte Stunde, welche unſer Heiland mit ſeinen Jüngern kurz vor ſeiner Gefangennehmung zubrachte. Er hatte ihnen ſo eben ſeinen nahen Tod verkündigt, und ſie dadurch mit Schrecken und Betrübniß erfüllt. Da ſprach er ihnen Muth und Troſt ein mit den Worten: Euer Herz erſchrecke nicht! Er forderte ſie auf, Gott und ihm zu vertrauen, und wies ſie hin auf die ewigen Wohnungen im Hauſe ſeines Vaters, wohin er gehe, ihnen eine Stätte zu bereiten, und von wannen er wiederkommen werde, um ſie zu ſich zu nehmen; er tröſtete ſie mit der Hoffnung der ewigen Ruhe und der Wiedervereinigung mit ihm bei Gott im Himmel. Ach! damals faßten die Jünger den Troſt dieſer Hoffnung nicht, und ihrem thränenvollen, trüben Blicke blieb das Himmelslicht derſelben noch verborgen; denn noch fehlte ihnen der feſte, lebendige Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit. Als der Tod über ihren Meiſter einen flüchtigen Sieg davon getragen hatte, und das Grab ſeinen Leib verborgen hielt: da waren ſie niedergeſchlagen und traurig, und gaben alle ihre Hoffnungen auf; da gedachten ſie nicht der Worte ihres Herrn: Euer Herz erſchrecke nicht, glaubet an Gott und glaubet an mich. Als er aber, durch die Kraft des Vaters auferweckt, ſich ihnen wieder lebend, als Sieger des Todes, zeigte: da faßte die Hoffnung Wurzel in ihrem Herzen; da verſtanden ſie es, daß er zum Vater ging, um ihnen eine Stätte zu bereiten; da erſchien er ihnen als der, welcher dem Tode die Macht genommen und das Leben und ein unvergängliches Weſen ans Licht gebracht hat (2 Tim. 1, 10.), als der, welcher die Auferſtehung und das Leben iſt (Joh. 11, 25.). Seine Auferſtehung war ihnen Pfand und Gewähr ihrer Auferſtehung; ſein Sieg über den Tod weckte in ihnen den Siegesmuth der Unſterblichkeit. Und ſo iſt auch uns dieſer troſtvolle Glaube geworden, und in dieſen Tagen des Andenkens an die Auferſtehung Chriſti haben wir uns von neuem darin befeſtigt. Der Tod iſt verſchlungen in den Sieg. Tod, wo iſt dein Stachel? Hölle, wo iſt dein Sieg? Gott ſei Dank, der uns den Sieg gegeben hat durch unſern Herrn Jeſum Chriſtum (1 Kor. 15, 55 — 57.)! — Wir armen, ſchwachen Menſchen bedürfen nur zu ſehr des Troſtes, der im Glauben an die Unſterblichkeit liegt. Nur oft iſt unſer Herz erſchrocken und voll Traurigkeit; unſerm trüben Blicke verbirgt ſich nur zu leicht das Licht der Hoffnung, das uns den ſchweren, mit Dunkel bedeckten Weg erhellen ſollte; von den Stürmen der Erde erſchüttert, laſſen wir den ſichern, feſten Anker unſerer Seele fahren, der hineingehet in das Inwendige des Vorhangs, dahin der Vorläufer für uns eingegangen iſt (Ebr. 6, 19. 20.). Laßt uns daher auch dieſe der Andacht geweihte Stunde, wo unſer Blick noch auf das heilsvolle Ereigniß der Auferſtehung unſers Heilandes gerichtet iſt, dazu benutzen, uns im Glauben an die Unſterblichkeit zu befeſtigen, indem wir die tröſtlichen und ermuthigenden Worte des Heilandes an ſeine Jünger mit einander betrachten. Sie enthalten aber nicht allein die tröſtliche Verheißung deſſen, was uns jenſeit des Todes erwartet, ſondern auch die Bedingung, unter welcher wir der Erfüllung theilhaftig werden können, — die Forderung, uns derſelben würdig zu machen. Wir wollen daher nach Anleitung dieſer Worte unter dem Beiſtande Gottes mit einander betrachten:

Die tröſtende und heiligende Kraft des chriſtlichen Glaubens an die Unſterblichkeit.

Gott, der allein Unſterblichkeit hat, der da wohnet in einem Licht, da Niemand zukommen kann (1. Tim. 6, 16.)! du wollteſt uns nicht die Beute der Todesfurcht ſein, uns nicht im Dunkel der Hoffnungsloſigkeit wohnen laſſen; darum ſandteſt du deinen Sohn, daß er den Tod beſiegte, und uns berufe von der Finſterniß zu ſeinem wunderbaren Licht (1. Petr. 2, 9.); du wollteſt uns, deine ſchwachen Kinder, zu dir ſammeln in deine ewigen Wohnungen: darum führteſt du den großen Hirten der Schafe von den Todten aus (Ebr. 13, 20.), daß er uns voranginge und uns den Weg zu dir bahnte. O gieb, daß der Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit in unſern Herzen feſte Wurzel faſſe, daß wir vom Dunkel dieſer Erde den Blick hoffnungsvoll zu dem Lichte, in welchem du wohneſt, emporrichten, daß wir nie erſchrecken noch zagen, daß wir freudigen Muthes den Weg wandeln, den du uns zum ewigen Heile führeſt, daß wir deinem Sohne folgen, welcher der Weg, und die Wahrheit, und das Leben iſt, und durch ihn zu dir, dem Vater, und in die Wohnungen des ewigen Friedens bei dir kommen. Amen.

I. Der chriſtliche Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit hat einestheils eine tröſtende Kraft. Euer Herz erſchrecke nicht, ſagt Chriſtus zu den Jüngern, und beruhigt ſie dann mit der Verheißung: In meines Vaters Hauſe ſind viele Wohnungen, und ich gehe hin, euch eine Stätte zu bereiten. Der Hinblick auf das Haus des himmliſchen Vaters, wohin wir nach dieſem Leben kommen werden, tröſtet uns für die ſchmerzvollen Verluſte, welche uns der Tod bringt; dieſer Hinblick tröſtet uns aber auch für Alles, was wir hienieden entbehren, für alle Mängel und Unvollkommenheit dieſes Lebens, erhebt uns über die engen, drückenden Schranken der Erde, und erquickt die nach dem Höhern ſtrebende Seele mit hoffnungsreichen, ſeligen Ahnungen.

1) Der Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit tröſtet uns erſtens für die Verluſte, welche wir durch den Tod leiden, und zwar erleichtert er uns den Abſchied von der irdiſchen Heimath, an welche uns ſo viele Bande knüpfen, wo wir uns glücklich fühlen, indem er uns auf unſre wahre, ewige Heimath im Hauſe des himmliſchen Vaters hinweiſt.

Die Erde iſt unſre wahre Heimath nicht: wir ſind auf ihr Fremdlinge und Pilgrime, und das Leben auf ihr iſt eine Wallfahrt; aber nur zu leicht werden wir auf ihr einheimiſch. Wenn das Kind aus dem Schlummer der Unbewußtheit erwacht, ſo blickt es ſtaunend um ſich her, wie in einer fremden Umgebung. Vater und Mutter, Geſchwiſter und Angehörige empfangen es mit liebevollen Blicken und befreunden es mit der Fremde, in welche es ſich verſetzt ſieht. Aber bald dringen auch die ſchimmernden Reize der Erde in ſein Auge, und wecken in ihm die Begierde des Beſitzes und Genuſſes; es ſtreckt die Hände aus nach dem, was ihm Luſt und Freude verſpricht; es läßt ſich verſtricken von den Netzen der Lockung, und fühlt ſich bald von tauſend Banden feſtgehalten an dem Boden, den es kaum mit Zagen betreten hatte. Dem Erwachſenen öffnet ſich dann der Kreis der Wirkſamkeit, in welchem er ſeine Kräfte üben und ſeine Thätigkeit entfalten kann. In der Arbeit und Wirkſamkeit liegt eine reiche Quelle von Lebensfreuden verborgen, welche, da ſie reiner und geiſtiger ſind, als die der Sinnengenüſſe, uns nur noch inniger mit der Erde befreunden. In unſerm irdiſchen Wirkungskreiſe dienen wir Gott und dem Nächſten, gebrauchen die Gaben, welche uns Gott verliehen, werden der Kraft unſeres Geiſtes inne, und gewinnen ein höheres Selbſtgefühl. Aber mit der reinen Luſt der Thätigkeit und des Strebens verbindet ſich die Luſt der Selbſtſucht. Der Lohn, welchen uns die Erde für unſere Arbeit ſpendet, reizt unſere Begierde, und der Genuß dieſes Lohnes, wenn wir ſo glücklich ſind, ihn zu erringen, erfüllt unſere Seele mit der falſchen Liebe zum Irdiſchen. Umgeben von den Gütern dieſer Erde, den Früchten unſerer Bemühungen, fühlen wir uns an die Stätte, die wir einnehmen, gefeſſelt, und überlaſſen uns der Täuſchung, das Glück dieſes Lebens werde uns auf ewig gehören. So wird uns die Erde, wo wir nur Gäſte

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*) Aus des Wilhelm Martin Leberecht de Wette's Predigten, theils auslegenden, theils abhandelnden Inh. Erſte Sammlung. Berl. 1825.

und Pilger ſind, durch reine und warme Liebe, durch geiſtige und irdiſche Freuden, zur Heimath und zum Wohnſitz unſers Glückes, und das Leben zur ſüßen Gewohnheit. Wenn aber dann der Tod uns entgegen tritt mit ſeiner ſchreckenden Geſtalt, und uns von der Erde abfordert; ſo erbebt unſer Herz, und grauenvolles Dunkel umwölkt unſern Blick. Wir ſollen dieſen freundlichen, vom Sonnenlicht beſchienenen, von tauſend Reizen ſchimmernden Wohnſitz verlaſſen, und dem unwillkommenen Führer in das Dunkel des Grabes, in das ſtille Reich des Todes, folgen. Ach! hier verlaſſen wir Alles, was uns lieb iſt, und was erwartet uns jenſeit der dunklen Pforte? Weggeriſſen aus unſerer Heimath, — in welche ſchauerliche Oede werden wir verſetzt werden? was ſollen wir in dem unbekannten Lande? — Aber ſo fragen wir nur, wenn wir keinen Glauben haben, wenn der Schrecken die Hoffnung in unſerm Herzen unterdrückt hat, und die falſche Liebe zum Irdiſchen uns erfüllt. Der Chriſt weiß, daß ihn der Tod in das Haus des himmliſchen Vaters führt, in ſeine ewige Heimath, für welche er geſchaffen iſt. Es iſt ihm keine dunkle, unbekannte Oede, es iſt das vom ewigen Lichte erhellte wahre Vaterland, wo er ſich erſt heimiſch fühlen wird. Lebe wohl, ruft der ſcheidende Chriſt der Erde zu, lebe wohl, Land der Wallfahrt und der Prüfung, ich kehre in die Heimath, in des Vaters Haus! Auch du gehörſt zu den Wohnungen des Vaters, und biſt ein Theil ſeiner herrlichen Schöpfung; du warſt für mich die Schule, wo er mich mit väterlicher Güte erzog und übte, und Dank ihm für alles Gute, das ich auf dir empfangen habe; aber du biſt nur ein äußerer, ferner Vorhof des großen Hauſes des Weltalls, nun trete ich ihm näher, und ſeine Vatergüte wird ſich mir noch reicher offenbaren. Fahret hin, ihr Freuden der Erde, die ich mit Dank gegen den Schöpfer genoß, an die ich aber nie mein Herz hängte, die ſich oft trübten durch Sorgen und Schmerzen, fahret hin; meiner wartet im Hauſe des Vaters ewige ungetrübte Seligkeit!

Aber der Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit tröſtet uns auch für den Verluſt deſſen, was uns mit Recht auf Erden lieb und werth und nicht bloß irdiſch iſt, für den Abſchied von unſern Geliebten und den Austritt aus unſerer Wirkſamkeit, indem er uns dafür Erſatz verheißt.

Ein edles Herz liebt und wird geliebt; zarte, heilige Bande knüpfen es an Vater, Mutter und Geſchwiſter, an Gatten, Kinder und Freunde. Dieſe Liebe iſt nicht bloß irdiſch, und nicht verwerflich; ſie gehört unſerm beſſern Selbſt an; es verbinden ſich damit die heiligſten Pflichten der Treue und Dankbarkeit, und in ihr bewährt ſich die Liebe zu Gott, deſſen heiliger Wille ſie geboten hat. Aber demungeachtet iſt ſie dem irdiſchen Wechſel ausgeſetzt, und die Quelle der bitterſten Schmerzen; oft zerreißt der Tod ihre zarten Bande, ſo daß ſich das liebende Herz, in ſeinem Innerſten verwundet, verbluten möchte. Ach! wer erſchrickt und zagt nicht, wenn er den geliebten Verwandten und Lebensgenoſſen, das geliebte Kind, den theuern Freund auf das Krankenlager hingeworfen ſieht, — wenn die Bläſſe des Todes das geliebte Antlitz bedeckt, — wenn das Licht der Augen, an welchem der liebende Blick hing, erlöſchen will? Wer, der die kalte Hand des Todes an ſeinem Herzen fühlt, ſieht unerſchüttert die Geliebten um ſein Bett ſtehen, und die Thränen des Schmerzes im abgewendeten Blicke verbergen? Er ſoll von denen ſcheiden, in deren trautem Kreiſe er das Glück des Lebens fand, wo er ſich heimiſch fühlte, wo er ſeine ſchönſte Beſtimmung erreicht hatte. Es ſchmerzt, wenn man die Heimath und die Geliebten nur auf kurze Zeit verlaſſen muß; und er ſoll ſie auf ewig verlaſſen. Sehnſüchtig blickt der Reiſende nach dem Orte zurück, von dem er ſcheiden muß, und freut ſich ſchon der künftigen Rückkehr; der Sterbende aber wird nie wiederkehren, und die Heimath ſammt den Geliebten ſinkt ihm in ewige Nacht. Ach! und wie ſollen die Zurückbleibenden den Schmerz bezwingen, wenn der Geliebte von ihnen geriſſen wird? Soll die Mutter, die Gattin nicht weinen, wenn das Kind, der Gatte, die ſie mit warmer Liebe umfing, aus ihren Armen in das gähnende Grab hinabſinken? Ja, unerſchüttert, thränenlos kann auch der Chriſt nicht bleiben, wenn ihn der Tod von den Seinen hinwegrückt, wenn er in das Grab der Geliebten blickt. Aber der Glaube beruhigt und tröſtet ihn. Es iſt das Haus des himmliſchen Vaters, wohin der Scheidende geht; aus dem Kreiſe der irdiſchen Liebe und Freundſchaft hinweggehoben, empfangen ihn die Arme der ewigen Vaterliebe. Alle Liebe, die er hier genoſſen, war nur der Ausfluß des Urquells aller Liebe, in dem er ſich nun erquicken wird, der ihm nun in ſeiner ganzen Fülle entgegenſtrömt. Er iſt nicht aus dem Kreiſe der Liebe in eine kalte Fremde hinausgeſtoßen; er iſt in das wahre Vaterland der Liebe eingekehrt. Weinet nicht, ſagt der ſterbende Chriſt zu den Zurückbleibenden, ich verliere eure Liebe nicht, indem ich von euch ſcheide, ich gewinne ſie unendlich vervielfacht in der Liebe des himmliſchen Vaters; und auch ihr verliert meine Liebe nicht, ſie wird ſich dort, geläutert, in den Strom der göttlichen Liebe und mit ihm in eure Herzen ergießen, und ein ſeligeres Gefühl wird eure Bruſt erfüllen. Weine nicht, Mutter, ſagt das Kind, daß ich deinen Armen entriſſen werde; ich werde dort nicht verwaiſt ſein, ich werde im Schooße der ewigen Vaterliebe ruhen; weine nicht, daß ich dich nicht mehr lieben kann; dort werde ich Gott lieben und in ihm auch dich, und unſre Herzen werden ſich berühren, wenn auch du deine Liebe Gott zuwendeſt!

Der Tod iſt aber nur eine kurze Trennung für den gläubigen Chriſten. Es iſt des himmliſchen, des allgemeinen Vaters Haus, wohin die Sterbenden gehen; und wie lange währt es, ſo folgen wir ihnen nach! Wir ſind alle Kinder deſſelben Vaters, auf der Wallfahrt begriffen, fern von ſeinem Hauſe; und einſt kehren wir Alle zurück und finden uns Alle zuſammen. Hier auf der flüchtigen Reiſe des Lebens drängt ein Wanderer den andern, und es iſt uns kein ruhiges Beiſammenwohnen vergönnt; der Jüngling drängt den Greis von hinnen, daß er ſeinen Platz einnehme, der Sohn folgt dem ſcheidenden Vater, um bald ſeinem Sohne wieder Platz zu machen. Dort aber im Hauſe des Vaters, in der ewigen Heimath, da iſt bleibende Ruhe, ſeliges, ungeſtörtes Beiſammenwohnen. Und die Bande, welche heilige Liebe hienieden geknüpft hat, werden ſich dort wieder zuſammenſchlingen; die Seelen, welche für einander geſchaffen ſind, werden ſich dort wieder finden; denn die Liebe hört nimmer auf (1. Cor. 13, 8.). Im Vaterland der Liebe, im himmliſchen Vaterhauſe, werden wir uns nur reiner und heiliger lieben. O entzückender Gedanke! wir werden uns mit unſern Geliebten wieder zuſammenfinden, um einander nie wieder zu verlaſſen, um mit einander die ganze Seligkeit der Liebe zu genießen! O was iſt der Schmerz des Todes gegen dieſe ſelige Hoffnung! wie verſchwinden die Schreckbilder ſeiner kurzen Nacht vor der Morgenröthe, welche jenſeits für uns anbricht! So ziehet denn hin, ihr geliebten Sterbenden, begleitet von den Thränen unſerer Sehnſucht, nicht unſers troſtloſen Schmerzes, ziehet hin in das ewige Vaterland, wohin wir euch folgen werden! Bald iſt auch unſre Laufbahn vollendet, und der beſchwerlichen Wanderung müde, kehren wir dann in dem Hafen der Ruhe ein, wo ihr uns mit offenen Armen empfanget. Himmliſche Sehnſucht hebt die Seele zu euch empor, daß ſie euch nachfliegen möchte; o eilt ihr Stunden, daß der ſelige Augenblick erſcheine, wo wir uns wieder ſehen!

Neben der Trennung von ſeinen Lieben, ſchmerzt den edlen, beſtrebenden Menſchen, welchen der Tod abruft, nichts ſo ſehr, als der Austritt aus dem Kreiſe ſeiner Wirkſamkeit; denn auch dieſe Liebe gehört ſeinem geiſtigen, beſſern Selbſt an. Der Scheidende hat ein edles, wohlthätiges Werk begonnen, und ſoll es unvollendet verlaſſen; die Saat, die er ausgeſtreut, beginnt zu keimen und zu ſproſſen, und er ſoll ſie nicht blühen und Früchte tragen ſehen. Er hat für die Wahrheit gewirkt, und muthig mit der Finſterniß gekämpft; ſchon ſind die Wolken derſelben vor ihm gewichen, und er hofft ſie ganz zu vertreiben: da tritt ihm der Tod entgegen und hemmt ſeinen Siegeslauf. Mit edlem Schmerz verläßt er die Bahn, und ſehnſuchtsvoll blickt er nach dem Ziele, das er nicht erreicht hat. Oder er hat für die Gerechtigkeit gekämpft, und die Rechte der gedrückten Menſchheit vertheidigt. Schon fangen die Ungerechten und Unterdrücker an, vor ihm das Feld zu räumen: da erliegt der tapfere Streiter dem Feinde, dem Niemand entrinnt, und ſehnend haucht er ſeine Seele in Seufzern für die Sache, der er ſein Leben gewidmet, aus. O warum kann ich nicht, ſeufzt er, nur noch einen Sieg erkämpfen, nur noch dieſen Feind der Gerechtigkeit zu Boden ſtrecken! O heilige Sache der Unſchuld, warum durfte ich dir nicht den Triumph erringen? Gern hätte ich mein Leben dafür geopfert, warum muß ich es zu früh und ſieglos hingeben! — Aber beruhige dich, edler Streiter! du gehſt in deines Vaters Haus, zum Urquell der Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit und alles Guten, wofür du hier gelebt und gewirkt haſt, wofür du auch dort leben und wirken wirſt. Du betrittſt eine höhere Laufbahn, wo dir ſchönere Palmen winken; aus dem irdiſchen Weinberg Gottes wirſt du in den himmliſchen verſetzt, wo ſchönere Früchte reifen, als hier auf der rauhen Erde. Und was du hier gewirkt haſt, iſt nicht verloren, weder für dich noch für die Welt. Selig ſind die Todten, die in dem Herren ſterben; denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach (Offenb. 14, 13.). Dort ernteſt du die Früchte der Saat, die du hier geſäet; dort empfängſt du die Krone für die Kämpfe, die du hier gekämpft haſt.

2) So tröſtet uns der Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit für die Verluſte, welche uns der Tod bringt, für den Verluſt alles deſſen, was wir hienieden lieben, und was uns die Erde zur Heimath unſeres Glückes und unſerer Freuden macht. Aber wie Viele ſind auf dieſer Erde glücklich? Weſſen Herz fühlt

nicht irgend eine ſchmerzliche Entbehrung, eine drückende Schranke? Welcher Edle kann hier ſeine Heimath finden? Je höher die Seele ſtrebt, deſto mehr entbehrt ſie auf der Erde, deſto mehr fühlt ſie ſich hier fremd und beengt, deſto drückender ſind ihr die Schranken, die ſie umfangen; und eine Sehnſucht erfüllt ſie, wie das Heimweh nach einem beſſern Vaterland. Auch dafür bietet uns der Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit Troſt. Er tröſtet uns zweitens *für alles, was wir auf dieſer Welt entbehren, erhebt uns über das drückende Gefühl der irdiſchen Unvollkommenheit*, und nährt die Sehnſucht mit ſeligen Hoffnungen, indem er uns eben das erſehnte beſſere Vaterland verheißt.

In meines Vaters Hauſe ſind viele Wohnungen. Dieſe Worte unſeres Erlöſers eröffnen der frommen, ſehnſuchtsvollen Ahnung ein unendliches Feld, und auf ihren Schwingen erhebt ſich die gedrückte Seele über das Leiden dieſer Erde. Hier wohnen wir im kalten, rauhen Vorhof des großen Vaterhauſes, und ſind in denſelben, wie in einen engen Kerker, dem wir nicht entfliehen können, feſtgebannt; der irdiſche Leib feſſelt uns an einen beſtimmten Raum, der uns mit drückenden Schranken umgiebt, wo wir, wenn auch mit widerſtrebendem Herzen, ausharren müſſen. Dort ſind wir in des Vaters Haus, in der ſeligen Nähe der ewigen, unendlichen Vatergüte, und viele Wohnungen ſind in demſelben, unendlich iſt der Raum, der uns dort empfängt; dort ſind die engen Schranken niedergeriſſen, welche uns hier umſchließen; dort zieht uns nicht der ſchwere, irdiſche Körper nieder; dort ſchwingt die Seele frei ihre Fittige, und durchfliegt unbehindert die unendliche Laufbahn des Strebens. Welche Wohnung uns Gott dort anweiſen wird, wiſſen wir nicht; aber gewiß wird es eine ſchönere, als die irdiſche, und eine Wohnung der Seligkeit und des Friedens ſein, wo unſere Sehnſucht geſtillt wird. Mit verklärtem Leibe werden wir ſie betreten, und ſie wird uns mit dem Glanze himmliſcher Klarheit umleuchten. So wie unſer beſſeres Selbſt, von ſeinen Mängeln und Flecken entkleidet, in urſprünglicher Herrlichkeit aus dem Grabe erſtehen und das Ebenbild Gottes tragen wird: ſo wird auch die Wohnung, welche wir dort einnehmen, von Allem, was uns hier drückt und beengt, frei und der würdige Schauplatz eines höheren, reineren, ſeligen Lebens ſein. Und wie die Seelen von Natur verſchieden und mit eigenthümlichen Trieben und Fähigkeiten begabt ſind, ſo werden ſie auch dort eine jede die ihrer Eigenthümlichkeit entſprechende Wohnung finden, wo ſie ihre Thätigkeit entfalten, ihre Sehnſucht ſtillen können. Denn in des Vaters Hauſe ſind *viele Wohnungen*; dort ſind wir nicht, wie hier, alle in Eine Wohnung feſtgebannt, wie verſchieden auch unſere Sinnesart, unſer Streben und unſere Sehnſucht iſt; dort findet Alles ſeine wahre, ewige, ſelige Beſtimmung; dort iſt das Ziel und der Ruhort jedes Strebens und jeder Sehnſucht.

So erhebe uns denn dieſe frohe Ahnung über alle Mängel und Schranken der Erde, und erheitere uns in jeder Betrübniß. — Es giebt Menſchen, denen auf der Erde Alles zuwider iſt, die kein Glück und keine Ruhe finden können. Während Andern Alles entgegenlächelt und Genuß und Freude bietet, ſo daß ſie hier eine glückliche Heimath finden und ſich wohl und heimiſch fühlen: ſo ſehen ſich Jene, wie auf eine rauhe, wüſte Klippe verſchlagen, von den Wogen des Ungewitters umbrauſt, von allem entblößt, was nicht nur zur Lebensfreude, ſondern auch zur nützlichen, erfreulichen Wirkſamkeit nothwendig iſt. Faſt ſcheint es, als wenn ſolche Menſchen von der Erde, als einem ihnen fremden Element, abgeſtoßen würden, während die Glücklichen, durch eine innere Verwandtſchaft von ihr angezogen, in freundlicher Wechſelwirkung mit allem Irdiſchen ſtehen. Tröſtet euch, ihr Unglücklichen, ihr Geplagten und Gedrückten! Die Erde iſt eure Heimath nicht; es wartet euer ein beſſeres Vaterland; dort oben in den vielen Wohnungen des Vaters iſt auch ein Ort der Ruhe und des Friedens aufbewahrt, wo ihr für alles Leiden Troſt und Erſatz finden werdet! — Manchen bietet die Erde die ſchönſten ihrer Freuden, die Freuden der Liebe und Freundſchaft; ſie ſind glücklich im Kreiſe ihrer Lieben, von liebenden Verwandten umgeben, an der Seite eines gleichgeſinnten, zärtlichen Gatten, an der Hand eines von gleicher Begeiſterung erglühenden, daſſelbe Ziel verfolgenden Freundes. Andere aber ſtehen allein und verlaſſen, und haben nie das Glück gekannt, von Eltern und Geſchwiſtern geliebt zu ſein; von Fremden umgeben, trat ihnen überall die Kälte und Selbſtſucht, aber keine Liebe entgegen, und auch keinen wahren Freund konnten ſie finden. Wer, dem ein ſo liebeleeres Leben beſchieden iſt, und der ein Herz im Buſen trägt, fühlt nicht die Sehnſucht nach dem entbehrten Glücke? Es lebt vielleicht auf der Erde eine Seele, die ihn lieben würde, aber er kennt ſie nicht, und wenn er ſie kennt, kann er nicht zu ihr gelangen. In dieſer Welt ſind Gute und Böſe, Fromme und Gottloſe, Edle und Unedle unter einander gemiſcht, wie Waizen und Unkraut. Mancher edle Menſch ſieht ſich in Verhältniſſe geſtellt, die ſeinem Herzen nicht zuſagen, die ihn zum Schlechten und Gemeinen hinabdrücken, die ihm in der Ausbildung ſeines Geiſtes, in der Vervollkommnung ſeiner unſterblichen Seele hinderlich ſind. Sehnſuchtsvoll ſieht er über die Schranken hinüber, aber er kann ſie nicht überſteigen; ſein Herz verlangt nach einer Gemeinſchaft, in der er ſich gehoben und gefördert ſähe, aber er kann ſie nicht finden. Tröſtet euch, ihr ſehnſuchtsvollen Seelen! dort oben in des Vaters Haus, da fließt in überſchwenglicher Fülle der Strom der Liebe, dort werden eure ſchmachtenden Herzen erquickt werden. Im ewigen Reiche des Vaters iſt der Waizen vom Unkraute geſäubert, da ſind die Böſen von den Guten ausgeſchieden, und ſtören nicht mehr ihren Frieden. Dort ſind die Schranken der Körperwelt gefallen, und dem befreiten Geiſte ſtehen die vielen Wohnungen offen im unendlichen Hauſe des Vaters: da findet die Sehnſucht das lange Entbehrte, da vereinigen ſich die für einander Geſchaffenen, dienen in ſeliger Gemeinſchaft Gott, und ſtimmen mit einander ein in den heiligen Einklang der himmliſchen Lobgeſänge. Harre aus, ſehnſuchtsvolles Herz, nähre dich vom ſeligen Gefühl der Hoffnung, und ſei in dir ſtill und freudig! — Andere fühlen ſich auf dieſer Erde fremd und unglücklich, weil ihnen keine freudige Wirkſamkeit beſchieden iſt, weil ſie ſich in ihrem Streben verkannt, behindert und von Widerſachern befeindet und verfolgt ſehen. Alle edlern Seelen, alle edlern Geiſter theilen mehr oder weniger dieſes Loos. *Ihrer iſt die Welt nicht werth* (Ebr. 11, 38); ſie ſuchen, was droben iſt, und der große Haufe iſt auf das Irdiſche gerichtet; ſie wirken und kämpfen für Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit, und die Menge jagt nach dem Schein und dient der Selbſtſucht; was Wunder, wenn ſie verkannt und verfolgt werden! Manche aber ſind beſonders dazu beſtimmt, den Kreis ihrer Wirkſamkeit zu verfehlen, Verkennung und Verfolgung zu finden. Sie ſind in eine Umgebung geſtellt, die ihrer nicht würdig iſt; das Leben ihres Volkes, ihrer Vaterſtadt ſteht noch auf einer zu niedrigen Stufe, oder ſie ſind über ihr ganzes Zeitalter zu ſehr erhaben, die Finſterniß, die ſie umgiebt, faßt nicht das Licht, das ſie in ſich tragen und ausſtrömen; ſie ſind die Vorläufer einer beſſern Zeit, die von einer höhern Welt herabgeſandten Boten, welche hier keine Heimath finden können. Tröſtet euch, ihr edeln Seelen, ihr erhabenen Geiſter! dort im Hauſe des Vaters erwartet euch die Laufbahn, auf welcher ihr euer Streben entfalten könnt, wo euch das erſehnte Ziel winket; dort in den vielen Wohnungen findet ihr die Stelle, die euch gebührt. Dort herrſcht die Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit, denen ihr hier vergebens euer Leben weihtet; dort ſtrahlt das Licht, das hier von der Finſterniß getrübt iſt, in urſprünglicher Klarheit; dort waltet der Geiſt, der hier unwürdige Feſſeln trägt, in ſeiner angebornen Freiheit. — So tröſtet und erhebt euch, alle ihr gedrückten, ſehnſuchtsvollen Seelen, richtet den Blick empor zum Hauſe des himmliſchen Vaters und ſeinen vielen Wohnungen! Dort iſt Ruhe, Friede, Freiheit, und Alles, was die Sehnſucht ſtillt; dort herrſcht die Liebe, die Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit.

II. Laßt uns nun aber auch andern Theils die *heiligende Kraft* des Glaubens an die Unſterblichkeit in unſer Herz faſſen, indem wir die Bedingung kürzlich betrachten, unter welcher uns die Erfüllung unſerer Hoffnungen zu Theil werden kann. Als Thomas den Herrn fragte, welches der Weg ſei, auf welchem man ihm zu dem Hauſe des Vaters folgen könne? antwortete er: *Ich bin der Weg und die Wahrheit und das Leben; Niemand kommt zum Vater, denn durch mich.*

1) Chriſtus fordert hiernach erſtens von uns, daß wir uns durch ſeine Wahrheit und das Leben, das in ihm iſt, *läutern und reinigen*. Wir ſollen die Wahrheit, die er uns gebracht, in unſer Herz aufnehmen, und durch die Gemeinſchaft mit ihm, in einem neuen, höheren Leben wandeln. Die Wahrheit Chriſti verträgt ſich nicht mit der Liebe zum irdiſchen Schein, zu den Scheingütern dieſer Welt; das Leben in ſeiner Gemeinſchaft beginnt mit der Ertödtung des alten, irdiſchen Menſchen ſammt ſeinen Lüſten und Begierden. Soll uns alſo die Erfüllung der Hoffnung werden, daß wir dort im Hauſe des Vaters Erſatz finden für den Verluſt deſſen, was wir lieben, und die Stillung der Sehnſucht, die hier unbefriedigt bleibt: ſo laſſet uns unſere Liebe und unſere Sehnſucht heiligen und reinigen durch die Wahrheit und das Leben in Chriſto. Laßt uns nur lieben, was wahrhaft und ewig liebenswerth iſt und unſere Sehnſucht nur auf wahre und bleibende Güter richten. Ihr, die ihr euch glücklich fühlt auf dieſer Erde, hängt euer Herz nicht an ihre Güter und Freuden, verunreinigt es nicht mit fleiſchlicher Liebe, und vergeſſet nicht, daß ihr für ein beſſeres Vaterland beſtimmt ſeid! Nur wenn euer Herz ſchon hier nach oben gerichtet iſt, wenn ihr euch Schätze für den Himmel

ſammelt, werdet ihr in das Haus des Vaters gelangen, in welches nichts Irdiſches eingeht: denn Fleiſch und Blut können nicht das Reich Gottes ererben (1. Cor. 15, 50.). Und ihr Unglücklichen und Gedrückten, nähret keine unreine Sehnſucht nach dem, was euch der Vater weiſe verſagte, um euch zu läutern und eure Seele zu erheben; hoffet nicht den Erſatz des entbehrten irdiſchen Glückes, hoffet eine höhere, reinere Seligkeit; machet euch ganz los vom Fleiſch und Blut, welche nicht das Reich Gottes ererben können! Nur dann wird euch die Stillung eurer Sehnſucht werden, nur dann werdet ihr den Frieden finden im Hauſe des Vaters. — Ihr, die ihr euch glücklich fühlt in der Liebe eurer Angehörigen, und die Schrecken des Todes durch die Hoffnung des Wiederſehens im Hauſe des Vaters beſchwichtigen möchtet! Liebet, die ihr liebt, mit reiner Liebe, nicht mit der Begierde und Eitelkeit des Fleiſches und Blutes, liebt in ihnen, was geiſtig und ewig iſt, liebt in ihnen, was Gott und Chriſto angehört. Nur dann wird euch die Hoffnung des Wiederſehens wahrhaft tröſten und nur dann wird ſie in Erfüllung gehen. Die verklärte Liebe wird die verklärten Gegenſtände ihrer Zärtlichkeit wiederfinden in den Wohnungen der Verklärung. Und ihr, denen ein liebeleeres Leben beſchieden ward, welche vergebens die Gegenſtände ihrer Sehnſucht zu umfangen wünſchen, hütet euch, daß nicht eine falſche Sehnſucht, eine verfeinerte ſinnliche Begierde euch verlocke! Nur die reine Sehnſucht wird geſtillt werden in den himmliſchen Wohnungen; nur die Sehnſucht, die mit der Sehnſucht nach den ewigen Gütern bei Gott, mit der heiligen Liebe des Himmels, eins iſt, wird dort ihre Befriedigung finden. — Ihr ſtrebenden und wirkenden Geiſter, die ihr euch glücklich und heimiſch fühlt in dem Kreiſe, den ihr erfüllet! Iſt euer Wirken der Wahrheit und dem Leben in Chriſto geweihet; dienet ihr nicht euch und eurer Selbſtſucht, ſondern Gott und ſeinem heiligen Willen; ſuchet ihr nicht, was euer, ſondern was Gottes iſt: dann dürft ihr getroſt dem Rufe des Vaters folgen, und euern irdiſchen Wirkungskreis verlaſſen: ihr nehmet mit euch, was unſterblich iſt, und findet es herrlicher wieder. Und ihr, welchen dieſe Welt feindlich widerſtrebt, die Mitwirkung verſagt und Haß und Streit entgegenſetzt, prüfet euch, ob euer Streben rein, von Selbſtſucht und Eigenſinn frei ſei, und ob ihr nicht durch Hoffahrt und Stolz euch ſelbſt eure Widerwärtigkeiten bereitet! Iſt es die Wahrheit Chriſti, welche die Welt verſchmäht, indem ſie euch nicht höret? Iſt es das Leben in Chriſto, deſſen Kraft aus euch wirkt, und von der Welt zurückgeſtoßen, fruchtlos zu euch zurückkehrt? Iſt dieſe Wahrheit und dieſes Leben in euch, dann getroſt, ihr muthigen Kämpfer, ihr treuen Dulder! dort geht ihr in das reine Licht, in das wahre, ſelige Leben ein, dort empfanget ihr die Palme des Sieges.

2) Ich bin der Weg, ſagt Chriſtus: Niemand kommt zum Vater, denn durch mich. Der Weg aber, den er wandelte, auf dem wir ihm folgen ſollen, war der Weg des Gehorſams und der Pflichterfüllung, und führte durch Leiden zur Herrlichkeit; und er ſagte dieſe Worte, als er eben im Begriff war, in den Tod zu gehen, um den Willen des Vaters zu erfüllen. Die heiligende Kraft des Glaubens an die Unſterblichkeit iſt daher zweitens eine ſtärkende; ſie ſtärkt uns, daß wir in Gehorſam gegen Gott, in ſtrenger Pflichterfüllung, den Lebensweg wandeln, wenn er auch durch Leiden führt. Diejenigen, welche ungeduldig, verzagt und mürriſch ſich von dem Wege wenden, auf dem ihnen der Herzog der Seligkeit vorangeht, werden nicht zum Vater kommen; nur wenn wir mit Chriſto leiden, werden wir auch mit ihm verherrlicht werden; und wenn wir ihm folgen, wird er wieder kommen und uns zu ſich nehmen, auf daß wir ſeien, wo er iſt. Ihr Unglücklichen, denen dieſe Erde ein Ort der Mühe und Entſagung iſt! ihr Trauernden, welche am Grabe ihrer Lieben weinen! ihr Sehnſüchtigen, deren Bruſt ſtille Seufzer heben! ihr Kämpfer und Dulder für die Sache Gottes und Chriſti! gedenket der Worte: Welche ich lieb habe, die ſtrafe und züchtige ich (Offenb. 3, 19.), und ſei getreu bis in den Tod, ſo will ich dir die Krone des Lebens geben (Ebendaſ. 2, 10.)! Die Leiden und Entſagungen, welche euch auferlegt ſind, ſollen euch beſſern und läutern, und eure Herzen von der Erde zum Himmel erheben. Erkennet gehorſam die weiſe Fügung des Vaters und ſeid getreu in der Duldung und in der Erfüllung eurer Pflichten, getreu bis in den Tod! In dieſem treuen Gehorſam ſtärke euch die Hoffnung und erhalte euer Herz aufrecht. Hebt euern Blick empor zum Hauſe des Vaters, zu den Wohnungen des Friedens, aber bezwinget eure Sehnſucht, bis ihr ſeinen Ruf vernehmt; eilt ihm nicht ungeduldig entgegen, ſondern behauptet die Stelle, die euch angewieſen iſt, und erfüllet ſie mit treuer Uebung der Pflicht! Wie lange währt es, ſo erſchallt der Ruf der Erlöſung. Siehe! ich komme bald, ſagt Chriſtus: halte was du haſt, daß Niemand deine Krone nehme (Offenb. 3, 11.)!

So kehre denn der Glaube an die Unſterblichkeit mit ſeiner ganzen tröſtenden und heiligenden Kraft in unſre Herzen ein. Er tröſte uns, wenn wir den irdiſchen Schauplatz unſerer Freuden, den trauten Kreis unſerer Lieben, den frohen Uebungsplatz unſerer Kräfte verlaſſen müſſen; er tröſte uns, wenn wir am Grabe theurer Todten weinen, und trockne unſere Thränen und mache ſie wenigſtens ſanfter fließen. Er erhebe uns über den Druck, die Entbehrung und den Kampf dieſes Lebens, und nähre unſere Sehnſucht mit ſeligen Ahnungen. Aber er heilige auch unſre Herzen, und reinige ſie von aller falſchen, irdiſchen, fleiſchlichen Liebe und Sehnſucht, von aller Selbſtſucht und Hoffahrt, er öffne unſern Geiſt der Wahrheit Chriſti, und erwecke in uns ein reineres, höheres Leben. Endlich ſtärke er uns im Gehorſam der Pflichterfüllung und Duldung, und gebe uns Kraft, den Weg zu wandeln, auf dem uns Chriſtus zum Vater führt. O Chriſtus, Anfänger und Vollender des Glaubens, komme wieder, uns zu dir zu nehmen, auf daß wir ſeien, wo du biſt, auf daß wir bei dir und dem Vater ſeien, mit Allen, die wir reines Herzens lieben, und welche dein eigen ſind; komme, führe uns Alle in deines Vaters Haus, in die Wohnungen des ewigen Friedens! Amen.

Johann Carl Wetzel

wurde am 31. October 1747 zu Sondershauſen geboren, wo ſein Vater als fürſtlicher Mundkoch lebte. 1764 begab er ſich auf die Univerſität zu Leipzig und ward 1769 Hofmeiſter bei einem Grafen von Schönburg in der Lauſitz. Darauf beſuchte er Berlin, Hamburg, London, Paris und Wien, in welcher letzteren Stadt er eine Zeit lang als Theaterdichter ſich aufhielt. Von dort ging er nach Leipzig zurück, verfiel in eine unglückliche Geiſteszerrüttung und kam in dieſem Zuſtande 1786 wieder nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt, wo er Anfangs von ſeinem erübrigten Schriftſtellerhonorar, ſpäter aber theils von der Gnade des Fürſten, theils von andern menſchenfreundlichen Vereinen und von ſeiner Familie unterhalten wurde. Er ſtarb am 28. Januar 1819.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der Graf von Wickham; Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1774.
Tobias Knaut. Leipzig, 1774. 4 Thle.
Belphegor. Leipzig, 1776. 2 Thle.
Satiriſche Erzählungen. Leipzig, 1777 u. 78. 2 Thle.
Luſtſpiele: 1778 — 1786. Zelmor und Ermide; Schauſpiel. Leipzig, 1779.
Herrmann und Ulrike. Leipzig, 1779. 4 Thle.
Die wilde Betty. Leipzig, 1779.
Wilhelmine Arend. Leipzig, 1782. 2 Thle.
Werke des Wahnſinns. Erfurt, 1804. 2 Thle.

Ueber W. urtheilt Küttner in ſeinen Charakteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten S. 537 flg. ſehr richtig mit folgenden Worten: „Der Verfaſſer Tobias Knaut's iſt ein witziger, ſinnreicher Plauderer von philoſophiſchem Kopfe, reifer Urtheilskraft und Menſchenkenntniß. Wenn er Sterne's Manier nicht immer ſo ſichtbar nachahmte, wenn er die Weitſchweifigkeit und Witzelei unſrer empfindſamen Modeſchriftſteller ernſtlicher gemieden, und den Ton in ſeinem Vortrage gleicher und natürlicher gehalten hätte, ſo müßten ſeine Werke allgemeiner geliebt und geleſen werden. Scenen aus dem niedrigen Leben ſchildert er ungemein anziehend; er ertappt immer mit bewundernswürdigem Glücke die kleinſten Züge von Lächerlichkeit und Schwachheit, und malt ſie meiſterlich aus. Viele eingedrängte Epiſoden, häufige Reflexionen, gedehnte Beſchreibungen und die Verſchwendung des Witzes und der Laune ſchaden in allen ſeinen Romanen, Geſchichten und Erzählungen dem Intereſſe des Ganzen. Nützliche Moral, mit treffender Satire gemiſcht, verſchönert das Einförmige ſeiner ſittlichen Schildereien. Auf dem Theater möchten ſeine Luſtſpiele nicht ſo gefallen, als beim Leſen. Die ungekünſtelte Anlegung und Entwickelung des Plans, die feine Zeichnung ſeiner Charaktere, die geſchickte Führung der Scenen und der leichte, muntere Dialog, reizen durchgehends, aber oft fehlt es an Leben und Handlung und natürlicher Sprache; der blendende Witz in der Unterredung, der überfeine Ton der großen Welt, verbunden mit einiger Geſchwätzigkeit, ſcheinen durch in ganzen Auftritten. Doch iſt er frei von den ekelhaften Poſſen und Zuckungen mancher neueren Komiker."

Tilemann Dothias Wiarda

ward im October 1746 zu Emden geboren, vollendete nach erhaltener Vorbildung ſeine juriſtiſchen Studien zu Halle, und wurde ſogleich nach dem Schluſſe derſelben Advocat von 1770 — 1780, darauf Landſchaftsſecretär und unter der holländiſchen Herrſchaft 1808 Aſſeſſor des Landvogteiamts. Unter der hannöverſchen Regierung war er Landſyndikus zu Aurich und außerdem Hofrath, Ritter des Guelphenordens. Er ſtarb am 7. März 1826.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Geſchichte der ausgeſtorbenen alten frieſiſchen Sprache. Aurich, 1784.
Altfrieſiſches Wörterbuch. Aurich, 1786.
Vollſtändige Oſtfrieſiſche Geſchichte. Aurich, 1791 — 1817. 10 Thle.
Ueber teutſche Vornahmen und Geſchlechtsnahmen. Berlin, 1800.
Aſegabuch. Berlin, 1805.
Geſchichte und Auslegung des ſaliſchen Geſetzes. Bremen, 1808.
Willkühren der Brockmänner. Berlin, 1820.

W. erwarb ſich durch ſeine gründlichen Forſchungen auf dem Gebiete der altfrieſiſchen Sprache und Verfaſſung, ſo wie durch ſeine trefflichen hiſtoriſchen Arbeiten große und bleibende Verdienſte um die Geſchichtſchreibung ſeines Vaterlandes.

Georg Wickram

ward zu Anfange des ſechszehnten Jahrhunderts in Colmar geboren und verwaltete zu Burkheim das Amt eines Stadtſchreibers, wo er wahrſcheinlich nach 1562 ſtarb. Näheres iſt nicht über ihn bekannt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ein hübſch neu Faſtnachtsſpiel der treu Eckart genannt. Straßburg, 1538.
Ein recht ſchon chriſtlich Burgerſpiel, Tobias genannt. Straßburg, 1562.
Der Rollwagen von Schimpf und Ernſt. Straßburg, 1557.
Der Goldfaden. Nürnberg, 1665. Neu bearbeitet von Clemens Brentano. Heidelberg, 1809.

W. beſaß ein hübſches, lebendiges Talent der Darſtellung und war nicht ohne glückliche Erfindungsgabe; namentlich wurde ſein Roman „der Goldfaden" in früherer Zeit als ein ſehr beliebtes Buch gern und viel geleſen.

Chriſtoph Martin Wieland

wurde am 5. September 1733 zu Oberholzheim bei Biberach geboren. Sein Vater, der ſpäter nach Biberach verſetzt wurde, begann ſchon frühe ihn zu unterrichten, ſo daß er bereits im ſiebenten Jahre den Cornelius Nepos, und im dreizehnten den Virgil und Horaz las. Auch beurkundete der dreizehnjährige Knabe ſein dichteriſches Talent in mannigfachen Verſuchen. In ſeinem 14. Jahre kam er auf die Schule zu Kloſterbergen, wo er zwei Jahre blieb und ſich dann auf die Univerſität zu Erfurt begab, welche er jedoch bald mit der zu Tübingen vertauſchte. Er ſollte zwar nach dem Willen ſeines Vaters Jura ſtudiren, allein ſeine Neigung zum Dichten ließ ihm wenig Raum für jene Wiſſenſchaft. Von Tübingen aus ſchickte Wieland die erſten Geſänge eines Heldengedichtes an Bodmer, deſſen Aufmerkſamkeit durch dieſe Leiſtung ſehr erregt wurde, ſo daß er den Jüngling zu ſich nach Zürich einlud. W. folgte der Einladung und verweilte in der Schweiz bis 1760, in welchem Jahre er als Kanzleidirector in den Rath von Biberach aufgenommen ward. Hier blieb er, bis er 1769 zum Profeſſor der Philoſophie und der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften nach Erfurt berufen wurde. Doch verließ er dieſe Stadt ſchon 1772 wieder, um als Erzieher des Erbprinzen nach Weimar zu gehen; indem er zugleich den Titel eines Hofrathes erhielt. Als ſein Zögling erwachſen war, zog er ſich auf ſein Gut zu Osmannſtedt zurück, wo er bis 1803 blieb. Dann begab er ſich wieder nach Weimar, wo er in glücklicher Muße am 20. Januar 1813 ſeine Tage beſchloß. Er war Ritter der franzöſiſchen Ehrenlegion und des ruſſiſchen St. Annenordens zweiter Klaſſe.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Epiſche Gedichte: Der geprüfte Abraham 1753. Cyrus 1757. Idris und Zenide 1768. Der neue Amadis 1771. Oberon 1780.
Komiſche und ernſthafte Erzählungen: Kombabus, Endymion u. ſ. w. 1753.
Lehrgedichte: Die Natur der Dinge 1751. Anti-Ovid 1752. Moraliſche Briefe und Erzählungen 1752. Araspes und Panthea 1761. Muſarion 1768. Die Grazien 1770.
Romane: Don Sylvio von Roſalva 1764. Agathon 1766. Die Abderiten 1774. Dſchinniſtan 1786 — 1789. Peregrinus Proteus 1791. Agathodämon 1799. Menander und Glycerion 1804. Krates und Hipparchia 1805.
Dialoge: Nachlaß des Diogenes 1770. u. ſ. w.
Dramen: Lady Johanna Gray; Trauerſpiel, 1758. Clementina von Porretta; Trauerſpiel, 1760. Alceſte; Singſpiel, 1773. Die Wahl des Herkules 1773. Roſamunde; Singſpiel, 1778.
Ueberſetzungen: Shakeſpeare's theatraliſche Werke 1762 — 1766. 8 Bde. Horazens Briefe 1782. 2 Bde. Satiren 1786. 2 Thle. Lucians Werke 1788. 6 Thle. Ciceros Briefe 1808 ff. 6 Thle.
Zeitſchriften: Der deutſche Merkur 1773 — 1810. und das attiſche Muſeum 1796 — 1803. 3 Bde.

Die beſte allgemeine Charakteriſtik Wieland's hat unbedingt Bouterwek in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie und Beredſamkeit Th. XI. S. 107 geliefert; weshalb ſie hier um ſo mehr eine Stellung finden möge, als ſie ſtets Geltung behalten wird. Er ſagt: „Klopſtock's und Wieland's Namen bezeichnen zwei Extreme. Während Klopſtock die Poeſie des Ueberſinnlichen im feierlichſten Ernſte bis zur Ueberſpannung trieb, kehrte Wieland lachend, und aller Ueberſpannung den Krieg erklärend, den überſinnlichen Dingen den Rücken zu. Leichtſinnig ſollte ſeine Poeſie eben ſo wenig ſein, als ſein perſönlicher Charakter es war; aber ſie ſollte ſich einer Philoſophie unterwerfen, die er in der Schule der franzöſiſchen Senſualiſten für die einzige geſunde anzuſehen gelernt hatte. Auf dieſe Art wurde Wieland ein philoſophirender Dichter der Sinnlichkeit, wie Deutſchland noch keinen gehabt hatte. Aber weit entfernt von der Abſicht, einer Sinnlichkeit das Wort zu reden, die den Menſchen zum Thier erniedrigt, wollte dieſer Dichter eine Tugend, die ihm nach der Lehre Shaftesbury's mit der Liebe zum Schönen gleichen Urſprungs ſchien, allem, was er für überſpannte und phantaſtiſche Tugend hielt, als die einzig wahre gegenüberſtellen. Sein Ideal von moraliſcher Liebenswürdigkeit ruhte auf ſeinem Gefühle, dem er aber ſogleich mißtraute, wenn es ſich der Ueberſpannung zu nähern ſchien. Seine Satyre ſollte eben ſo unbefangen die Schwächen des menſchlichen Herzens aufdecken, als Allem entgegen wirken, was er in das große Fach der Schwärmerei und der Vorurtheile eintragen zu müſſen glaubte. Das Bewußtſein der ſtrengen Rechtlichkeit ſeiner eignen Sitten ließ ihn nicht bezweifeln, daß er als Dichter, beſonders als Satyriker, unbedenklich auch die üppigſten Reize der Sinnlichkeit ſo verführeriſch malen dürfe, als die Geſetze des Schönen es erlauben. Nur was die Grazien beleidigt, ſollte nach ſeinen Grundſätzen auf das ſtrengſte aus dem Gebiete der Poeſie verwieſen werden. Dieſe äſthetiſche Moral, die Wieland in die deutſche Literatur einführte, wirkte ſehr nützlich als Gegengewicht gegen den falſchen Rigorismus, von dem die Kritik in Deutſchland gedrückt wurde. Erſt durch Wieland lernten die Deutſchen die äſthetiſche Geiſtesfreiheit kennen, ohne welche das Ziel in gewiſſen Dichtungsarten unerreichbar iſt. Auch im Conflikte mit der klopſtockiſchen Poeſie wirkte die wielandiſche wohlthätig auf den Geſchmack der Deutſchen, indem ſie die Meinung zerſtörte, daß der Geiſt eines großen Dichters immer dem Himmel mehr zugekehrt ſein müſſe als der Erde. Gegen die Schwärmerei, zu der keine neuere Nation mehr, als die deutſche, geneigt iſt, hat die Satyre nie mit ſo fein geſchliffenen Waffen geſtritten, als in Wieland's Schriften. Aber wer die Art von Philoſophie, die zum Weſen der wielandiſchen Poeſie gehört, nur für eine blendende Scheinphiloſophie erkennt, die den Glauben an alles Höhere in und über den Menſchen zerſtört, und die Begriffe von wahrer Sittlichkeit verfälſcht, der muß auch die wielandiſche Poeſie gerade von dieſer Seite, die dem Dichter ſelbſt die liebſte geweſen zu ſein ſcheint, ſehr unerfreulich finden. Der äſthetiſche Werth der Schriften Wieland's erſcheint daher auch am reinſten in denjenigen ſeiner Gedichte, die mehr darſtellen, als lehren, oder wenigſtens nicht, wie die Romane dieſes Dichters, mit einem Scheine von philoſophiſcher Bündigkeit Grundſätze einleuchtend machen ſollen, die für Jeden, wer ſich nicht zu ihnen bekennt, etwas Zurückſtoßendes haben. Auf der Höhe, zu der Wieland als Dichter ſich aufgeſchwungen hat, iſt er um ſo merkwürdiger, da ihm weder auffallende Originalität, noch deutſche Nationalität zugeſprochen werden darf, auch außerdem ſeine Poeſie mehrere ſchwache Seiten hat; denn mit allen ſeinen Mängeln und Fehlern bleibt er doch, was auch eine ſchielende Kritik, ihn zu verkleinern, vorbringen mag, einer der großen Dichter, die der Stolz der deutſchen Literatur ſind. Ein deutſcher Nationaldichter im vorzüglichſten Sinne konnte er nicht ſein, da ſeiner Nation eben jene Anſichten fehlten, die er ihr von der Kunſt und vom Leben geben wollte. Daher ging auch von ſeinem perſönlichen Charakter, in welchem ſo viel Deutſches lag, daß er ſich ſelbſt nicht ungern einen „ehrlichen Schwaben" nannte, ſo wenig in ſeine Gedichte über. Die alten Griechen waren das Volk, bei dem er die Geiſtesrichtung und Bildung, die er jeder andern vorzog, am deutlichſten und anziehendſten wahrzunehmen glaubte. Daraus erklärt ſich, warum er ſo gern die Scene zu ſeinen Dichtungen, beſonders den Romanen, nach Griechenland und in die Zeiten des claſſiſchen Alterthums verlegte. Aber das Antike vermiſchte ſich in Wieland's Phantaſie ſogleich mit dem Modernen. Sein empfängliches Gemüth hatte aus ſeiner Lectüre alles in ſich aufgenommen, was ihm einen Zug von wahrer Humanität zu haben ſchien. Vieles vom Geſchmacke der Franzoſen hatte er mit ihrer Philoſophie eingeſogen; ſo vieles, daß er den Beinamen „der deutſche Voltaire" in und außer Deutſchland davon trug, obgleich in Allem, was Voltaire geſchrieben hat, keine Spur des wielandiſchen Ideals von moraliſcher Liebenswürdigkeit zu finden iſt. Unter den italieniſchen Dichtern war vorzüglich Arioſt derjenige, deſſen Laune mit Wieland's Art, zu dichten, zuſammenſtimmte. Auch andere ausländiſche Schriftſteller, zum Beiſpiel Lucian und Cervantes, haben Antheil an Wieland's Werken. Aber nur ein Paar Mal, zum Beiſpiel in dem Don Silvio, den erſten und ſchwächſten unter Wieland's Romanen, und in den Göttergeſprächen, die ihn auch nicht berühmt gemacht haben würden, erſcheint er ſeit der Emancipation ſeines vorher ganz gefeſſelten Geiſtes als ein Nachahmer, der beſtimmte Muſter vor Augen hatte. In allen ſeinen übrigen Gedichten und geiſtreichen Schriften iſt das vielfache Fremde, das er ſich angeeignet hatte, ſo harmoniſch verſchmolzen mit dem Geiſt und Style, an dem man ihn ſelbſt erkennt, daß er über alle Dichter, in deren Werken das bloße Nachahmungstalent vorherrſcht, erhaben, und in ſeiner Art einzig iſt. Wieland's Originalität liegt in der nicht auffallenden, aber darum doch ihm allein eignen Art, wie ſein freier Geiſt, der keinem Muſter vorzugsweiſe huldigte, die menſchliche Natur, beſonders die Schwächen des menſchlichen Herzens, zum Stoffe ſeiner Dichtungen machte. Er ergriff dieſen Stoff, mehr ſeinem Gefühle, als Regeln folgend, mit einer in der deutſchen Literatur neuen Kühnheit, um Alles, was mit ſeinen Begriffen von geſunder Vernunft und moraliſcher Liebenswürdigkeit nicht übereinſtimmte, in ein komiſches Licht zu ſtellen. Lächeln mochte ſeine Muße noch lieber, als lachen. Dieſe unverſiegbare Heiterkeit, verbunden mit dieſer Menſchenkenntniß, dieſer Feinheit des Witzes und des Geſchmacks, und einer ſolchen Fülle der Phantaſie, in einem ſo weichen, üppigen, nachläſſig ſcheinenden, und doch ſo gebildeten Style findet man bei keinem andern Dichter. Die ſcherzende und ironiſche Grazie haben die Deutſchen erſt durch ihn näher kennen gelernt. Aber die Fehler, von denen Wieland's Schriften nicht frei zu ſprechen ſind, hängen mit der ihm eignen Art, zu dichten und zu ſchreiben, ſo genau zuſammen, daß er ſelbſt auch nach der großen Veränderung, die mit ſeinem Geſchmacke vorgegangen war, ſie nicht bemerkte. Seine Poeſie, obgleich mit vielem Kunſtverſtande aus der Natur und dem menſchlichen Herzen geſchöpft, behielt gewöhnlich einen zu ſtarken Anſtrich von ſeiner Lectüre. Gelehrte Anſpielungen, die dem poetiſchen Intereſſe fremd ſind, kommen beſonders in Wieland's kleineren Gedichten um ſo mehr zur Unzeit vor, da ſie ſeiner Muſe das Anſehen einer Pedantin geben, wo ſie am heiterſten und freieſten ſcherzt. Auch die Leichtigkeit ſeines Styls wird zuweilen ermüdend durch die nie nachlaſſende Umſtändlichkeit. Man wünſchte, daß er wenigſtens nicht Alles mit ſo vielen Worten ſagen möchte. Eine gewiſſe Monotonie in ſeinen Gedichten iſt auch dadurch entſtanden, daß ſeine Lieblingsbetrachtungen, zum Beiſpiel die Betrachtung der Keuſchheit auf der Probe, ſich ſo oft in ihnen wiederholen, und daß überhaupt in ſeinen Gemälden der Schwächen des menſchlichen Herzens nicht genug innere Mannigfaltigkeit ſich findet. Aber um die Schattenſeite der Schriften Wieland's im Verhältniſſe zu der glänzenden Seite beſtimmter zu würdigen, muß man erſtens die ſämmtlichen Jugendſchriften dieſes Mannes, deſſen Feder ſo ſelten ruhte, von denjenigen ſeiner Werke abſondern, aus denen allein man ſeine Eigenthümlichkeit kennen lernt, und unter dieſen muß man wieder in mehr als einer Hinſicht die Romane und was Wieland ſonſt in Proſa geſchrieben hat, von ſeinen metriſchen Dichtungen unterſcheiden.“

Oberon.

Zehnter Geſang.

1.

Schon ſinkt der Tag, und trauernd wirft die Nacht
(Ach! nicht vertraulich mehr in ſüßer Herzensfülle
Von Liebenden und Freunden zugebracht)
Mitleidig ihre trübſte Hülle
Ums öde Eiland her, wo aus der tiefen Stille
Nun keinen Morgen mehr der Freude Lied erwacht;
Nur ein Verlaſſner von allem, was er liebet,
Der Pflichten ſchmerzlichſte durch ſtilles Dulden übet.

2.

Ihn hört Titania, in ein Gewölk verhüllt,
Tief aus dem Wald herauf in langen Pauſen ächzen,
Sieht den Unglücklichen in ſtummer Angſt verlechzen,
Und wendet ſich von ihm. Denn, ach, vergebens ſchmilzt
Ihr zartes Herz von innigem Erbarmen.
Ein ſtärk'rer Zauber ſtößt mit unaufhaltbarn Armen
Sie weg von ihm; und wie ſie überm Strand
Dahin ſchwebt, blinkt vor ihr ein Goldreif aus dem Sand.

3.

Amanda hatte ihn, im Ringen mit den Söhnen
Des Raubers, unvermerkt vom Finger abgeſtreift.
Die Elfenkönigin, indem ſie ihn ergreift,
Erkennt den Talisman, dem alle Geiſter fröhnen.
Bald, ruft ſie freudig, iſt das Maß des Schickſals voll!
Bald werden wieder dich die Sterne mit verſöhnen,
Geliebter! Dieſer Ring verband uns einſt; er ſoll
Zum Zweitenmal zu meinem Herrn dich krönen!

4.

Inzwiſchen hatte man im Schiff, mit großer Müh,
Amanden, die in Ohnmacht lag, ins Leben
Zurück gerufen. Kaum begannte ſie
Die ſchweren Augen troſtlos zu erheben;
So fiel vor ihr der Hauptmann auf die Knie
Und bat ſie, ſich dem Gram nicht länger zu ergeben:
Dein Glück iſt's, ſprach er, bloß, wovon ich Werkzeug bin,
In wenig Tagen biſt du unſre Königin.

5.

Beſorge nichts von uns, wir ſind nur dich zu ſchützen
Und dir zu dienen da: dich, Schönſte, zu beſitzen
Iſt nur Almanſor werth, der dir an Reizen gleicht
Er wird beim erſten Blick in deinen Feſſeln liegen;
Und, glaube meinem Wort, du wirſt ihn mit Vergnügen
Zu deinen Füßen ſehn. Der Hauptmann ſpricht's und reicht
(Um allen Argwohn, den ſie hegen mag, zu ſtillen)
Ein reiches Tuch ihr dar, ſich ganz darein zu hüllen.

6.

Der iſt des Todes (fährt er fort,
Mit einem Blick und Ton, der alles Volk am Bord
Erzittern macht) der je des Frevels ſich verwäget
Und ſeine Hand an dieſen Schleier legt!
Betrachtet ſie von dieſem Augenblick
Als ein Juwel, das ſchon Almanſorn angehöret.
Er ſagt's, und zieht, damit ſie ungeſtöret
Der Ruhe pflegen kann, ehrbezeugend ſich zurück.

7.

Amanda, ohne auf des Raubers Wort zu hören,
Bewegungslos, betäubt von ihrem Unglück, ſaß,
Die Hände vor der Stirn, die Arme aufgeſtützt
Auf ihre Knie', mit ſtarren, thränenleeren
Erloſchnen Augen da. Ihr Jammer iſt zu groß
Ihn auszuſprechen, ihn zu tragen
Ihr ſtarkes Herz zu zart. Ach! dieſen letzten Stoß
Erträgt ſie nicht! Sie ſinkt, doch ſinkt ſie ohne Klagen.

8.

Sie ſchaut nach Troſt ſich um, und findet keinen; leer
Und hoffnungslos, und Nacht, wie ihre Seele,
Iſt alles, alles um ſie her,
Die ganze Welt verkehrt in eine Mörderhöhle!
Sie ſtarrt zum Himmel auf — auch der
Hat keinen Troſt, hat keinen Engel mehr!
Im Abgrund der Verzweiflung, wo ſie ſchwebet,
Steht noch der Tod allein, der ſie im Sinken hebet.

9.

Mitleidig reicht er ihr die abgezehrte Hand,
Der letzte, treuſte Freund der Leidenden! Sie ſteiget
Hinab mit ihm ins ſtille Schattenland,
Wo aller Schmerz, wo aller Jammer ſchweiget;
Wo keine Kette mehr die freie Seele drückt,
Die Scenen dieſer Welt wie Kinderträume ſchwinden,
Und nichts aus ihr als unſer Herz uns bleibt;
Da wird ſie alles, was ſie liebte, wiederfinden!

10.

Wie ein verblutend Lamm, ſtill duldend, liegt ſie da,
Und ſeufzt dem letzten Augenblick entgegen:
Als, in der ſtillen Nacht, ſich ihr Titania
Troſt bringend naht. Ein unſichtbarer Regen
Von Schlummerdüften ſtärkt der ſchönen Dulderin
Matt ſchlagend Herz, und ſchließt den äußern Sinn
Unmerklich ein. Da zeigt ſich ihr im Traumgeſichte
Die Elfenkönigin in ihrem Roſenlichte.

11.

Auf! ſpricht ſie; faſſe Muth! Dein Sohn und dein Gemahl,
Sie athmen noch, ſind nicht für dich verloren.
Erkenne mich! Wenn du zum Drittenmal
Mich wieder ſiehſt, dann iſt, was Oberon geſchworen,
Erfüllt durch eure Treu'. Ihr endet unſre Pein,
Und wie Wir glücklich ſind, ſo werdet Ihr es ſein.
Mit dieſem Wort zerfließt die Göttin in die Lüfte,
Doch weben, wo ſie ſtand, noch ihre Roſendüfte.

12.

Amand' erwacht, erkennt an ihrem Duft
Und Roſenglanz, die nur allmählich ſchwanden,
Die göttergleiche Frau, die in der Felſengruft
Gleich unverhofft, ihr ehmals beigeſtanden.
Gerührt, beſchämt von dieſem neuen Schutz,
Ergeußt ihr Herz mit dankbarlichem Beben
Das Pfand von ihres Sohns und ihres Hüons Leben,
Und beut mit ihm nun jedem Schickſal Trutz.

13.

Ach! wüßte ſie, was ihr (zu ihrem Glücke)
Verborgen bleibt, wie troſtlos dieſe Nacht
Ihr unglückſeliger Freund, mit ſiebenfachem Stricke
An einen Eichenſtamm gebunden, zugebracht,
Wie brach' ihr Herz! — Und Er, vor deſſen Augenblicke
Nichts dunkel iſt, der gute Schutzgeiſt weilt!
Er ſteht, am Quell des Nils, auf einer Felſenſpitze,
Die, ewig unbewölkt, die reinſten Lüfte theilt.

14.

Den ernſten Blick dem Eiland zugekehrt,
Wo Hüon ſchmachtet, ſteht der Geiſterfürſt, und hört
Sein Ächzen, das aus tiefer Ferne
Zu ihm herüber bebt, — ſchaut nach dem Morgenſterne,
Und hüllt ſich ſeufzend ein. Da nähert, aus der Schaar
Der Geiſter, die theils einzeln, theils in Ringen,
Ihn überall begleiten und umſchwingen,
Sich einer ihm, der ſein Vertrauter war.

15.

Erblaſſend, ohne Glanz, naht ſich der Geiſt, blickt
Ihn ſchweigend an, und ſeine Augen fragen
Dem Kummer nach, der ſeinen König drückt:
Denn Ehrfurcht hält ihn ab, die Frage laut zu wagen.
Schau auf, ſpricht Oberon. Und mit dem Worte weiſt

In einer Wolke, die mit ausgeſpanntem Flügel
Vorüber fährt, ſcheint dem beſtürzten Geiſt
Des armen Hüons Bild als wie in einem Spiegel.

16.

Verſunken in der tiefſten Noth,
An ſeines Herzens offnen Wunden
Verblutend, ſitzt er da, verlaſſen und gebunden
Im öden Wald, und ſtirbt den langen Martertod.
In dieſem hoffnungsloſen Stunde
Schwellt ſeine Seele noch das zürnende Gefühl:
„Verdient' ich das? verdiente das Amanda!
Iſt unſer Elend nur der höhern Weſen Spiel!

17.

„Wie untheilnehmend bleibt bei meinem furchtbarn Leiden
Hier ruhig alles um mich her!
Kein Weſen fühlt mit mir; kein Sandkorn rückt am Meer
Aus ſeinem Platz, kein Blatt in dieſen Laubgebäuden
Fällt meinetwegen ab. Ein ſcharfer Kieſel wär',
Um meine Bande durchzuſchneiden
Genugſam — ach! im ganzen Raum der Zeit
Iſt keine Hand, die ihm dazu Bewegung leiht!

18.

„Und doch! wenn meine Noth zu wenden
Dein Wille wär', o Du, der mich dem Tod ſo oft
Entriſſen, wenn ich am wenigſten gehofft,
Es würden alle Zweig' in dieſem Wald zu Händen
Auf Deinen Wink!" — Ein heil'ger Schauder blitzt
Durch ſein Gebein mit dieſem Himmelsfunken;
Die Stricke fallen ab, er ſchwankt, wie wonnetrunken,
In einen Arm, der ihn unſichtbar unterſtützt.

19.

Es war der Geiſt, dem Oberon die Geſchichte
Des treuen Paars im Walde ſehen ließ,
Der dieſen Dienſt ihm ungeſehn erwies.
Der Sohn des Lichts ertrug dem kläglichen Geſichte.
Ach! rief er, inniglich betrübt,
Und ſank zu ſeines Meiſters Füßen,
So ſtrafbar als er ſei, bedenk du, der ihn geliebt,
Wer ſeiner Noth dein großes Herz verſchließen!

20.

Der Erdenſohn iſt für die Zukunft blind,
Erwiedert Oberon: wir ſelbſt, du weißt es, ſind
Des Schickſals Diener nur. In heil'gen Finſterniſſen,
Hoch über uns, geht ſein verborgner Gang;
Und, willig oder nicht, zieht ein geheimer Zwang
Uns alle, daß wir ihm im Dunkeln folgen müſſen.
In dieſer Kluft, die mich von Hüon trennt,
Iſt mir ein einzigs noch für ihn zu thun vergönnt.

21.

Flieg hin, und mach' ihn los, und trag ihn auf der Stelle,
So wie er iſt, nach Tunis vor die Schwelle
Des alten Ibrahim, der, nahe bei der Stadt,
Die Gärten des Serai's in ſeiner Aufſicht hat.
Dort leg ihn auf die Bank von Steinen,
Hart an die Hüttenthür, und eile wieder fort:
Doch hüte dich, ihm ſichtbar zu erſcheinen,
Und mach' es ſchnell, und ſprich mit ihm kein Wort.

22.

Der Sylfe kommt, ſo ſchnell ein Pfeil vom Bogen
Das Ziel erreicht, bei Hüon angeflogen,
Löſt ſeine Bande auf, ſchwingt ſich mit ihm,
Und trägt ihn, über Meer und Länder, durch die Lüfte
Bis vor die Thür des alten Ibrahim;
Da ſchüttelt er von ſeiner ſtarken Hüfte
Ihn auf die Bank, ſo ſanft als wie auf Pflaum,
Dem guten Ritter däucht, was ihm geſchieht, ein Traum.

23.

Er ſchaut erſtaunt umher, und ſucht ſich's wahr zu machen!
Doch alles was er ſieht beſtätigt ſeinen Wahn.
Wo bin ich? fragt er ſich, und fürchtet zu erwachen.
Indem beginnt, nicht fern von ihm, ein Hahn
Zu krähn, und bald der zweite und der dritte;
Die Stille flieht, des Himmels goldnes Thor
Eröffnet ſich, der Gott des Tages geht hervor,
Und alles lebt und regt ſich um die Hütte.

24.

Auf einmal knarrt die Thüre, und kommt ein langer Mann
Mit grauem Bart, doch friſch und roth von Wangen,
Ein Grabſcheit in der Hand, zum Haus heraus gegangen:
Und beide ſehn zugleich, was keiner glauben kann,
Herr Hüon ſeinen treuen Alten
In einem Unterwamms — der gute Scherasmin
Den werthen Herrn, den er für todt gehalten,
In einem Aufzug, der nicht glückweiſſagend ſchien.

25.

Iſt's möglich? rufen alle beide
Zu gleicher Zeit — „Mein beſter Herr!" — „Mein Freund!"
„Wie finden wir uns hier!" — Und, außer ſich vor Freude,
Umfaßt der alte Mann des Prinzen Knie, und weint
Auf ſeine Hand. Ihn herzlich zu umfangen
Bückt Hüon ſich zu ihm herunter, hebt
Ihn zu ſich auf, und küßt ihn auf die Wangen;
Gott lob, ruft Scherasmin, nun weiß ich, daß Ihr lebt!

26.

Was für ein guter Wind trug Euch vor dieſe Schwelle!
Doch zum Erzählen iſt der Ort hier nicht geſchickt;
Kommt, lieber Herr, mit mir in meine Zelle,
Eh' jemand hier Zuſammen uns erblickt.
Auf allen Fall ſeid Ihr mein Neffe Haſſan (flüſtert
Er ihm in's Ohr) ein junger Handelsmann
Von Haleb, der die Welt zu ſehn gelüſtert,
Und Schiffbruch litt, und mit dem Leben nur entrann.

27.

Ja, leider! bleibt mir nichts, ſeufzt Hüon, als ein Leben
Das keine Wohlthat iſt! — Das wird ſich alles geben,
Erwiedert Scherasmin und ſchließt ſein Kämmerlein
Ihm hurtig auf, und ſchließt ſich mit ihm ein.
Da, ſpricht er, nehmt Platz; bringt dann auf einem Teller
Das beſte, was ſein kleiner Vorrathskeller
Vermag, herbei, Oliven, Brot und Wein,
Und ſetzt ſich neben ihn, und heißt ihn fröhlich ſein.

28.

Mein beſter Herr, daß wir nach allen Streichen,
Die uns das Glück geſpielt, ſo unvermuthet hier
Zu Tunis vor der Hüttenthür
Des Gärtners Ibrahim uns finden, iſt ein Zeichen,
Daß Oberon ganz unvermerkt und ſtill
Uns alle wiederum zuſammenbringen will.
Noch fehlt das Beſte; doch zum Pfande für Amanden,
Iſt wenigſtens die Amme ſchon vorhanden.

29.

Was ſagſt du! ruft Herr Hüon voller Freuden.
Demſelben Ibrahim, dem ich verdinget bin,
Dient ſie als Sklavin hier, erwiedert Scherasmin.
Wie wird das gute Weib die Augen an euch weiden!
Drauf fängt er ihm Bericht zu geben an,
Was er in all' der Zeit gelitten und gethan,
Und was ihn, unverrichteter Sachen,
Bewogen, von Paris ſich wieder wegzumachen.

30.

Und wie er ihn zu Rom im Lateran geſucht,
Und, immer dort viel Wochen ohne Frucht
Erwartend, unvermerkt ſein Bischen Geld verzettelt,
Darauf mit Muſcheln ausſtaffirt,
Und durch die halbe Welt als Pilger durchgebettelt,
Bis ihn ſein guter Geiſt zuletzt hieher geführt,
Wo Fatme, die er unverhofft gefunden,
Auf beßre Zeit mit ihm zu harren ſich verbunden.

31.

Zum Glück iſt immer unverſehrt
(Setzt er hinzu) das Käſtchen mitgezogen,
Das euch der ſchöne Zwerg zu Askalon verehrt;
Denn, wie ich ſehe, Horn und Becher ſind entflogen.
Verzeiht mir, lieber Herr! ich rühr' den wunden Ort;
Es war nicht hübſch von mir, ſo frei heraus zu platzen;
Die Freude, daß ich euch gefunden, macht mich ſchwatzen;
Allein, ihr kennt mein Herz, und weiter nun kein Wort!

32.

Der edle Fürſtenſohn drückt ſeinem guten Alten
Die Hand, und ſpricht: Ich kenne deine Treu'.
Laßt alles ruhen, Freund, ich weiß dir nichts verhalten;
Allein, vor allem, hilf in einem Ding mir bei.
Das Käſtchen, das du mir erhalten,
Iſt an Juwelen reich. Denkſt du nicht auch, es ſei
Am beſten angewandt, mit einem Pferd und Waffen
Und ritterlichem Schmuck in Tunis anzuſchaffen!

33.

Es ſind zwölf Stunden kaum, ſeit eine Räuberſchaar
Amanden mir entriß, mir, der am öden Strande
Allein mit ihr und unbewaffnet war.
Sie führen ſie vielleicht in jene Mohrenlande,
Nach Marok oder Fez, gewiß nach einem Platz,

Wo Hoffnung iſt, ſie theuer zu verkaufen:
Allein kein Harem ſoll mit meinen höchſten Schatz
Entziehen, ſollt' ich auch die ganze Welt durchlaufen.

34.

Der Alte ſinnt der Sache ſchweigend nach.
„Die Gegend, wo ihr euch mit Rezia befunden,
Iſt alſo wohl nur wenig Stunden
Von hier entfernt? — Nicht daß ich wüßte, ſprach
Der junge Fürſt; vielleicht ſind's tauſend Stunden:
Mich trug, unendlich ſchnell, ich weiß nicht wer,
(Doch wohl ein Geiſt) aus einem Wald hierher,
Wo mich das Räubervolk an einen Baum gebunden.

35.

Das hat, ruft jener aus, kein andrer Arm gethan
Als Oberons. Ich ſelber, ſpricht der Retter,
Ich trau' ihm's zu, und nehm's als ein Verſprechen an,
Er werde mehr noch thun. So bitter
Die Trennung iſt, ſo ſchreckenvoll das Bild
Des holden Weibs in wilden Räuberklauen:
Dieß neue Wunder, Freund, erfüllt
Mein neu belebtes Herz mit Hoffnung und Vertrauen.

36.

Der müßte ja ganz herzlos, ganz von Stein,
Und ohne Sinn, und gänzlich unwerth ſein,
Daß ſich der Himmel ſeinetwegen
Bemühe, (hätt' er auch von dem die Hälfte nur
Erfahren, was mir widerfuhr)
Wer Kleinmuth und Verdacht zu hegen
Noch fähig wär'. Es geh' durchs Feuer oder Flut
Mein dunkler Weg, ich halte Treu' und Muth.

37.

Nur, lieber Scherasmin, wenn's möglich iſt, noch heute
Verſchaffe mir ein Schwert und einen Gaul.
Zu lang' entbehr' ich beides! — an der Seite
Der Liebe zwar — doch jetzt, in dieſer Weite
Von Rezia, däucht mir, mein Herzblut ſtehe faul
Als wie ein Sumpf, bis ich die ſchöne Beute
Den Heiden abgejagt. Ihr Leben und mein Glück,
Bedenk' es, hangt vielleicht an einem Augenblick.

38.

Der Alte ſchwört ihm zu, es ſoll' an ihm nicht liegen
Des Prinzen Ungeduld noch heute zu vergnügen.
Doch unverhofft hält ſeines Eifers Lauf
Am erſten Abend ſchon ein leidiger Zufall auf.
Denn Hüon fühlte von ſo viel Erſchütterungen,
Die Schlag auf Schlag gefolgt, auf einmal ſich bezwungen,
Und brachte, matt und glühend, ohne Ruh,
Die ganze Nacht in Fieberträumen zu.

39.

Die Bilder, die ihm ſtets im Sinne lagen,
Beleben ſich; er glaubt mit einem Schwarm
Von Feinden ſich ergrimmt herum zu ſchlagen:
Dann ſinkt er kraftlos hin, und drückt im kalten Arm
Die Leiche ſeines Sohns; bald kämpft er mit den Fluten,
Hält die verſinkende Geliebte nur am Saum
Des Kleides noch; bald, ſelbſt an einem Baum
Gebunden, ſieht er ſie in Räuberarmen bluten.

40.

Erſchöpft von Grimm und Angſt ſtürzt er aufs Lager hin
Mit ſtarrem Blick. Dem treuen Scherasmin
Kommt ſeine Wiſſenſchaft in dieſer Noth zu Statten.
Denn dazumal war's eines Knappen Amt
Die Heilkunſt mit der Kunſt der Ritterſchaft zu gatten.
Ihm war ſie ſchon vom Vater angeſtammt,
Und viel geheimes ward auf ſeinen langen Reiſen
Ihm mitgetheilt von Rittern und von Weiſen.

41.

Er eilt, ſobald der ſchöne Morgenſtern
Am Himmel bleicht, (indeß bei dem geliebten Herrn
Als Wärterin ſich Fatme emſig zeiget)
Dem Garten zu, worin noch alles ruht und ſchweiget;
Sucht Kräuter auf, von deren Wunderkraft
Ein Eremit auf Horeb ihn belehret,
Und drückt ſie aus, und miſchet einen Saft,
Der binnen kurzer Friſt dem ſtärkſten Fieber wehret.

42.

Ein ſanfter Schlaf beginnt ſchon in der zweiten Nacht
Auf Hüons Stirne ſich zu ſenken.
Mit liebevoller Treu' gepfleget und bewacht,
Und reichlich angefriſcht mit kühlenden Getränken,
Fühlt er am vierten Tag ſo gar ſich hergeſtellt,
Und ſich, ſobald der Mond die laue Nacht erhellt,
In einem Gärtnerwamms, womit man ihn verſehen,
Mit Scherasmin im Garten zu ergehen.

43.

Sie hatten in den Roſenbüſchen,
Nah an der Hütte, noch nicht manchen Gang gethan,
So kommt die Amme (die, was neues aufzufiſchen,
Sich oft dem Harem naht) mit einer Zeitung an,
Die kräft'ger iſt als irgend ein Laudan,
Des Kranken Blut und Nerven zu erfriſchen:
Es ſei, verſichert ſie, beinahe zweifelsfrei,
Daß Rezia nicht fern von ihnen ſei.

44.

Wo iſt ſie? wo? ruft Hüon mit Entzücken
Und Ungeduld, auffahrend — Hurtig! ſprich!
Wo ſahſt du ſie? — Geſehn? erwiedert Fatme, ich?
Das ſagt' ich nicht; allein, ich laſſe mich zerſtücken
Wenn's nicht Amanda iſt, die dieſen Abend hier
Gelandet. Höret nur, was die Minute mir
Die Jüdin Salome, die eben
Vom innern Harem kam, für ganz gewiß gegeben.

45.

Kurz, ſprach ſie, vor der Abendzeit
Ließ auf dem hohen Meer ſich eine Barke ſehen;
Sie flog daher mit Vogelsſchnelligkeit,
Die Segel ſchien ein friſcher Wind zu blähen.
Auf einmal ſtürzt aus wolkenloſen Höhen
Zickzack ein feur'ger Strahl herab,
Und mit dem erſten Stoß, den ihm ein Sturmwind gab,
Sieht man das ganze Schiff in voller Flamme ſtehen.

46.

An Löſchen denkt kein Menſch in ſolcher Noth.
Das Feuer tobt. Vom fürchterlichſten Tod
Umſchlungen, ſpringt aus ſeinem Flammenrachen
Wer ſpringen kann, und wirft ſich in den Nachen.
Der Wind macht bald ſie von dem Schiffe los,
Treibt ſie dem Ufer zu, doch eine Viertelſtunde
Vom Strand, ergreift den Kahn ein neuer Wirbelſtoß,
Und ſtürzt ihn um, und alles geht zu Grunde.

47.

Die Leute ſchrei'n umſonſt zu ihrem Mahom auf,
Arbeiten, mit der angeſtrengten Stärke
Der Todesangſt, umſonſt ſich aus der Flut herauf:
Nur eine einz'ge Frau, die ſich zum Augenmerke
Der Himmel nahm, entrinnet der Gefahr,
Wird auf den Wellen, wie auf einem Wagen,
Ganz unverſehrt, und unbenetzt ſogar,
Dem nahen Ufer zugetragen.

48.

Von ungefähr ſtand mit Almanſaris
Der Sultan juſt auf einer der Terraſſen
Des Schloſſes, die hinaus ins Meer ſie ſehen ließ,
Erwartungsvoll den Ausgang abzupaſſen.
Ein ſanfter Zephyr ſchien die Frau herbei zu wehen.
Doch, um ſich nicht zu viel auf Wunder zu verlaſſen,
Winkt jetzt Almanſaris, und hundert Sklaven gehn
Bis an den Hals ins Meer, der Schönen beizuſtehn.

49.

Man ſagt, der Sultan ſelbſt ſei an den Strand gekommen
Und habe ſie, von einem Idſchoglan,
Der aus dem ſtrudelnden Schaum bis zur Terraſſ' hinan
Sie auf den Rücken trug, ſelbſt in Empfang genommen,
Man konnte zwar nicht hören was er ſprach,
Doch ſchien er ihr viel höfliches zu ſagen,
Und, weil's an Zeit und Freiheit ihm gebrach,
Sein Herz ihr, wenigſtens durch Blicke, anzutragen.

50.

Wie dem auch ſei, dies iſt gewiß,
(Fährt Fatme fort) daß ſich Almanſaris
Der ſchönen Schwimmerin gar freundlich und gewogen
Bewieſen hat, und ihr viel ſchönes vorgelogen,
Wiewohl der Fremden ſeltner Reiz
Ihr gleich beim erſten Blick Almanſors Herz entzogen;
Und daß ſie ein Gemach bereits
Im Sommerhaus der Königin bezogen.

51.

Angſt, Freude, Lieb' und Schmerz, malt, während Fatme ſpricht,
Sich wechſelsweiſ' in Hüons Angeſicht.
Daß es Amanda ſei, ſcheint ihm, je mehr er denket,
Je minder zweifelhaft. Es zeigt ſich ſonnenklar,

Daß Oberon, wiewohl noch unſichtbar,
Die Zügel ſeines Schickſals wieder lenket.
Wohlan denn, Freunde, rathet nun,
Was meinet ihr? was iſt nunmehr zu thun?

52.
Dem Sultan mit Gewalt Amanden zu entreißen,
Das würde Roland ſelbſt nicht wagen gut zu heißen,
Erwiedert Scherasmin; wiewohl es rathſam iſt,
Uns ingeheim, auf alles was geſchehen
Und nicht geſchehen kann, mit Waffen zu verſehen.
Doch vor der Hand verſuchen wir's mit Liſt!
Wie, wenn ihr, da ihr euch doch nicht des Grabens ſchämet,
Bei Ibrahim als Gärtner Dienſte nähmet?

53.
Geſetzt, er macht auch Anfangs Schwierigkeit,
Er ſieht euch ſchärfer an, und ſchüttelt
Sein weiſes Haupt: mir iſt dafür nicht leid:
Ein ſchöner Diamant hat manches ſchon vermittelt.
Laßt dieſe Sorge mir, Herr Ritter! Zwiſchen heut
Und morgen ſehn wir euch, troz aller Schwierigkeit,
Zu einem Gärtnerſchurz betitelt;
Das weitre überlaßt dem Himmel und der Zeit.

54.
Der Vorſchlag däucht dem Ritter wol erſonnen,
Und wird nun ungeſäumt und klüglich ausgeführt.
Der alte Ibrahim iſt bald ſo gut gewonnen,
Daß er den Paladin zum Neffen adoptirt,
Zu ſeinem Schweſterſohn, der von Damask gekommen,
Und in der Blumenzucht beſonders viel gethan;
Kurz, Hüon wird zum Gärtner angenommen,
Und tritt ſein neues Amt mit vielem Anſtand an.

Eilfter Geſang.

1.
Die Hoffnung, die ihr ſchimmerndes Gefieder
Um Hüon wieder ſchwingt, Sie, die er einzig liebt,
Bald wieder ſein zu ſehn, die goldne Hoffnung giebt
Ihm bald den ganzen Glanz der ſchönſten Jugend wieder.
Schon der Gedanke bloß, daß ſie ſo nah ihm iſt,
Daß dieſes Lüftchen, das ihn kühlet,
Vielleicht Amandens Wange kaum geküßt,
Vielleicht um ihre Lippen kaum geſpielet;

2.
Daß dieſe Blumen, die er bricht,
Und maleriſch in Kränz' und Sträuße flicht,
Und in dem Harem ſie, wie üblich iſt zu ſchicken,
Vielleicht Amandens Locken ſchmücken,
Ihr ſchönes Leben vielleicht an ihrer lieblichen Bruſt
Verduften, — der Gedank' erfüllt ihn mit Entzücken;
Das ſchöne Roth der Sehnſucht und der Luſt
Färbt wieder ſeine Wang' und ſtrahlt aus ſeinen Blicken.

3.
Die heiße Tageszeit vertritt das Amt der Nacht
In dieſem Land', und wird verſchlummert und verträumet.
Allein, ſo bald der Abendwind erwacht,
Fragt Hüon, den die Liebe munter macht,
Schon alle Schatten an, wo ſeine Holde ſäumet!
Er weiß, die Nacht wird hier mit Wachen zugebracht;
Doch darf ſich in den Gärten und Terraſſen
Nach Sonnenuntergang nichts männlichs ſehen laſſen.

4.
Die Damen pflegen dann, beim ſanften Mondesglanz
Bald paarweis, bald in kleinen Rotten,
Die blühenden Alleen zu durchtretten;
Und ziert die Fürſtin ſelbſt den ſchönen Nymphenkranz,
Dann kürzt Geſang und Saitenſpiel und Tanz
Die träge Nacht; drauf folgt in ſtillen Grotten
Ein Bad, zu dem Almanſor ſelbſt (ſo ſcharf
Gilt hier des Wohlſtands Pflicht) ſich niemals nähern darf.

5.
Amanden (die, wie unſer Ritter glaubte
Im Harem war) zu ſehn blieb keine Möglichkeit,
Wofern er nicht ſich um die Dämmerungszeit
Im Garten länger ſäumt' als das Geſetz erlaubte.
Er hatte dreimal ſchon die unruhvollſte Nacht
In einem Buſch, an dem vorbeizugehen
Wer aus dem Harem kam, genöthigt war, durchwacht,
Gelauſcht, gegafft, und ach! Amanden nicht geſehen!

6.
Fußfällig angefleht von Fatme, Ibrahim,
Und Scherasmin, ihr und ſein eignes Leben
So offenbar nicht in Gefahr zu geben,
Wollt' er, wiewohl der Sonnenwagen ihm
Zu ſchnell hinab gerollt, am vierten Abend (eben
Zur höchſten Zeit) ſich noch hinweg begeben,
Als plötzlich, wie er ſich um eine Hecke dreht,
Almanſaris ganz nahe vor ihm ſteht.

7.
Sie kam, gelehnt an ihrer Nymphen eine,
Um, lechzend von des Tages ſtrengem Brand,
Im friſchen Duft der Pomeranzenhaine
Sich zu ergehn. Ein leichtes Nachtgewand,
So zart, als hätten Spinnen es gewebet,
Umſchattet ihren Leib, und nur ein goldnes Band
Schließt's um den Buſen zu, der durch die dünne Wand
Mit ſchöner Ungeduld ſich durchzubrechen ſtrebet.

8.
Nie wird die Bildnerin Natur
Ein göttlicher Modell zu einer Venus bauen
Als dieſen Leib. Sein reizender Kontur
Floß wellenhaft, dem feinſten Auge nur
Bemerklich, zwiſchen dem Genauen
Und Ueberflüſſigen, ſo weich, ſo lieblich hin;
Schwer war's dem kälteſten Joſephsſinn,
Sie ohne Lüſternheit und Sehnſucht anzuſchauen!

9.
Es war in jedem Theil, was je die Fantaſie
Der Alkamenen und Lyſippen
Sich als das Schönſte dacht' und ihren Bildern lieh;
Es war Helenens Bruſt, und Atalantens Knie,
Und Leda's Arm, und Erigonens Lippen.
Doch bis zu jenem Reiz erhob die Kunſt ſich nie,
Der ſtets, ſobald dazu die Luſt in ihr erwachte,
Sie zur Beſiegerin von allen Herzen machte.

10.
Der Geiſt der Wolluſt ſchien alsdann
Mit ihrem Athem ſich den Lüften mitzutheilen,
Die um ſie ſäuſelten. Von Amors ſchärfſten Pfeilen
Sind ihre Augen voll, und wehe dann dem Mann,
Der mit ihr kämpfen will! Denn könnt' er auch entgehen
Dem feurig ſchmachtenden Blick, der ihn ſo lieblich kirrt,
Wie wird er dieſem Mund voll Lockungen, wie wird
Er ſeinem Lächeln widerſtehen?

11.
Wie dem Sirenenton der zauberiſchen Stimme,
Der des Gefühls geheimſte Saiten regt?
Der in der Seele Schooß die ſüße Täuſchung trägt,
Als ob ſie ſchon in Wolluſtkränzen ſchwimme!
Und wenn nun, eh' vielleicht die Weisheit ſich's verſah,
Verräth'riſch jeder Sinn zu ihrem Sieg vereinigt,
Den letzten Augenblick der Trunkenheit beſchleunigt:
O ſagt, wer wäre dann nicht ſeinem Falle nah?

12.
Doch, ruhig! Fern iſt noch und ungewiß vielleicht
Der Schiffbruch, der uns jezt faſt unvermeidlich däucht.
Zu fliehen — ſonſt auf alle Fälle
Das klügſte — ging in dieſem Augenblick
Nicht an — ſie war zu nah — wiewohl an Hüons Stelle
Ein wahrer Gärtner doch geflohen wär'. Zum Glück,
Hilft, falls ſie fragt, ein Korb mit Blumen oder Früchten,
Den er im Arme trägt, ihm eine Antwort dichten.

13.
Natürlich ſtuzt die ſchöne Königin,
In ihrem Wege hier auf einen Mann zu treffen.
Was machſt du hier? fragt ſie den Paladin
Mit einem Blick, der jedem andern Neffen
Des alten Gärtners tödtlich war.
Doch Hüon, unterm Schirm geſenkter Augenlider,
Läßt auf die Knie ſich mit edler Ehrfurcht nieder,
Und ſtellt den Blumenkorb ihr als ein Opfer dar.

14.
Er hatte (ſpricht er) bloß es ihr zu überreichen,
Die Zeit verſäumt, der allen ſeines gleichen
Die Gärten ſchließt. Hat er zu viel gethan,
So mag ſein Kopf den raſchen Eifer büßen.
Allein die Göttin ſcheint in einen mildern Plan
Vertieft, indeß zu ihren Füßen
Der ſchöne Frevler liegt. Sie ſieht ihn gütig an,
Und ſcheint mit Mühe ſich zum Fortzürnen zu entſchließen.

15.
Den ſchönſten Jüngling, den ſie jemals ſah — und ſchön
Wie Helden ſind, mit Kraft und Würde — fremde
Der Farbe nach — in einem Gärtnerhemde —
Dieß ſchien ihr nicht natürlich zuzugehn.
Gern hätte ſie mit ihm ſich näher eingelaſſen,
Hielt nicht der ſtrenge Zwang des Wohlſtands ſie zurück.
Sie winkt ihm endlich weg; doch ſcheint ein Seitenblick,
Der ihn begleitet, viel, ſehr viel in ſich zu faſſen.

16.
Sie ſchreitet langſam fort, ſtillſchweigend, dreht ſogar
Den ſchönen Hals, ihm hinten nachzuſehen,
Und zürnt, daß er dem Wink ſo ſchnell gehorſam war.
War er, den Blick, der ihm erklärte, zu verſtehen,
Zu blöde? Fehlt's vielleicht der reizenden Geſtalt
An Seele? Trügt das ungeduld'ge Feuer
In ſeinem Aug'? Macht Gefahr ihn kalt?
Wie, oder ſucht er hier ein andres Abenteuer?

17.
Ein andres? — Dieſer Zweifel hüllt
Ihr plötzlich auf, was ſie ſich ſelber zu geſtehn
Erröthet. Unruhvoll, verfolgt von Hüons Bild,
Irrt ſie die ganze Nacht durch Lauben und Alleen,
Horcht jedem Lüftchen, das ſich regt,
Entgegen, jedem Blatt, das an ein andres ſchlägt:
Still! ſpricht ſie zur Vertrauten, laß uns lauſchen!
Mir däucht, ich hörte was durch jene Hecke rauſchen.

18.
Es iſt vielleicht der ſchöne Gärtner, ſpricht
Die ſchlaue Zof'; er iſt, wofern mich alles nicht
An ihm betrügt, der Mann, ſein Leben dran zu ſetzen,
Um hier, im Hinterhalt, an einen Buſch gedrückt,
Mit einem Anblick ſich noch einmal zu ergötzen,
Der ihn ins Paradies verzückt.
Wie wenn wir ihn ganz leiſe überraſchten,
Und auf der friſchen That den ſchönen Frevler haſchten!

19.
Schweig, Närrin, ſpricht die Haremskönigin;
Du faſelſt, glaub' ich, gar im Traume!
Und gleichwohl richtet ſie geraden Wegs zum Baume,
Woher das Rauſchen kam, die leichten Schritte hin.
Es war ein Eidechs nur geweſen,
Der durchs Geſträuch geſchlüpft. — Ein Seufzer, halb erſtickt
Halb in den Strauß, den ſie zum Munde hielt, gedrückt,
Bekräftigt, was Nadin' in ihrem Blick geleſen.

20.
Unmuthig kehrt ſie um, und mit ſich ſelbſt in Zwiſt
Beißt ſich die Lippen, ſeufzt, ſpricht etwas, und vergißt
Beim dritten Wort ſchon was ſie ſagen wollte,
Zürnt, daß Nadine nicht die rechte Antwort giebt,
Und nicht erräth, was ſie errathen ſollte;
Die ſchöne Dame iſt, mit einem Wort — verliebt!
Sogar ihr Blumenſtrauß erfährt's — wird, ohn' ihr Wiſſen
Zerknickt, und, Blatt für Blatt, verzettelt und zerriſſen.

21.
Drei Tage hatte nun das Uebel ſchon gewährt,
Und war, durch Zwang und Widerſtand genährt,
Mit jeder Nacht, mit jedem Morgen ſchlimmer
Geworden. Denn, ſo bald der Abendſchimmer
Die bunten Fenſter malt, verläßt ſie ihre Zimmer,
Und ſtreicht, nach Nymfen Art, mit halb entbundnem Haar,
Durch alle Gartengäng' und Felder, wo nur immer
Den Neffen Ibrahims zu finden möglich war.

22.
Allein, vergebens lauſcht' ihr Blick, vergebens pochte
Ihr Buſen Ungeduld: der ſchöne Gärtner ließ
Sich nicht mehr ſehn, was auch die Urſach' heißen mochte.
Unglückliche Almanſaris!
Dein Stolz erliegt. Wozu dich ſelbſt noch länger quälen,
(Denkt ſie) und was dich nagt, Nadinen, die gewiß
Es lange merkt, aus Eigenſinn verhehlen!
Verheimlichung heilt keinen Schlangenbiß.

23.
Sie wähnt, ſie ſuche Troſt an einer Freundin Buſen:
Doch was ſie nöthig hat iſt eine Schmeichlerin,
In dieſer Hofkunſt war Nadine Meiſterin.
Der Saft von allen Pompelmuſen
In Afrika erfriſchte nicht ſo gut
Der wolluſtathmenden Sultanin gährend Blut,
Als dieſer Freundin Rath und zärtliches Bemühen,
Den Mann, den ſie begehrt, bald in ihr Netz zu ziehen.

24.
Um Mitternacht und bei verſchloßnen Thüren
Ihn in den Theil des Harems einzuführen
Worin Almanſaris ganz unumſchränkt befahl,
Schien nicht ſo ſchwierig, ſeit der Sultan, ihr Gemahl,
Der Leidenſchaft zur ſchönen Zoradinen
(Wie ſich die junge Fremde hieß,
Die durch ein Wunder jüngſt an dieſem Strand erſchienen)
Ganz öffentlich und frei ſich überließ.

25.
Die Amme hatte ſich im Schließen nicht betrogen:
Es war Amanda ſelbſt, die aus der Räuber Macht
Titania durch einen Blitz gezogen
Und unverletzt an dieſen Strand gebracht.
Ihr wißt, was ſich begab, als ſie ans Land gekommen;
Wie ihr Almanſor ſtracks ſein flüchtig Herz geweiht,
Und wie mit neidiſcher verſtellter Zärtlichkeit
Almanſaris ſie aufgenommen.

26.
Der Sultan war vielleicht der allerſchönſte Mann,
Auf den die Sonne je geſchienen,
Und wußte deſſen ſich ſo ſiegreich zu bedienen,
Daß ihm noch nie ein weiblich Herz entrann.
Zum erſtenmal bei dieſer Zoradinen
Verliert er ſeinen Ruhm. Für ſie iſt nur Ein Mann
Auf Erden; ſie hat keine Augen, keinen
Gedanken, keinen Sinn, als nur für dieſen Einen.

27.
Die Würde ohne Stolz, die edle Sicherheit,
Die anſtandvolle, unverſtellte
Gleichgültigkeit und ungezwungne Kälte,
Womit ſie ihn, der hier befehlen kann, ſo weit
Von ſich zu halten weiß, daß er, wie ſehr er brennet,
Ihr kaum durch einen ſtummen Blick
Zu klagen wagt, — dieß alles ſieht und nennet
Almanſaris der Buhlkunſt Meiſterſtück.

28.
Gewohnt, des Sultans Herz nach ihrer Luſt zu drehen,
Zu herrſchen über ihn, im Harem unbeſchränkt
Zu herrſchen, könnte ſie den Zepter ungekränkt
Von dieſer Fremden aus der Hand ſich ſpielen ſehen?
Zwar leiht ſie ihrem Haß ein lächelndes Geſicht,
Und thut, als zweifle ſie an Zoradinen nicht:
Doch überall iſt's in des Harems Mauern
Verborgner Augen voll, die all ihr Thun belauern.

29.
Allein, ſeitdem des ſchönen Gärtners Reiz
Mit Amors ſchärfſtem Pfeil ihr ſtolzes Herz durchdrungen,
Hat Luſtbegier die Eiferſucht verſchlungen.
Ihr Ehrgeiz weicht nun einem ſüßern Geiz,
Dem Geiz nach ſeinem Kuß. Ihn wieder zu beſiegen
Iſt nun ihr einz'ger Stolz. Mag doch die ganze Welt
Zu Zoradinens Füßen liegen,
Wenn ſie nur den ſie liebt, in ihren Armen hält!

30.
Sie ſelbſt befördert nun den Anſchlag — Zoradinen,
Entfernt von ihr, in einem andern Theil
Des Harems, den Almanſor ſchon in Eil'
Für ſie bereiten ließ, anſtänd'ger zu bedienen,
Der Fremden wahrer Stand, wiewohl ſie ihn noch nicht
Geſtanden, macht dieß zu einer Art von Pflicht;
Beim erſten Anblick könn' es keinem Aug' entgehen,
Sie ſei gewohnt nichts über ſich zu ſehen.

31.
Indem Almanſaris, mit liſt'ger Höflichkeit,
Auf dieſe Weiſe ſich in ihren eignen Zimmern
Von einer Zeugin, die ihr läſtig iſt, befreit,
Läßt, ohne ſich um ſie, und wie ſie ſich die Zeit
Vertreiben kann und will, im mindeſten zu kümmern,
Almanſor, der nun ganz ſich ſeiner Liebe weiht,
Ihr freien Raum, Entwürfe auszubrüten,
Wozu im Harem ihr ſich hundert Hände bieten.

32.
Unmäßig grämt indeß der ſchöne Gärtner ſich,
Daß ihm — der ſchon ſeit mehr als ſieben Tagen
Die Mauern, wo Amanda trau'rt, umſchlich,
(Denn daß ſie trau'rt, das kann ſein eignes Herz ihm ſagen)
Das holde Weib auch durch ein Gitter nur
Zu ſehn, nur ihres leichten Fußes Spur,
(Er würd' ihn, o gewiß! aus tauſenden erkennen!)
Die unmitleidigen Geſtirne noch mißgönnen.

33.

Er wirft ſich unmuthsvoll bei ſeinen Freunden hin:
„Könnt ihr, wenn ihr mich liebt, denn keinen Weg erſinnen,
Nur einen einz'gen Mund im Harem zu gewinnen,
Der meinen Namen nur und daß ich nah ihr bin
Ins Ohr ihr flüſtre?“ — Still! da kommt mir was zu Sinn,
Ruft Fatme aus: Ihr ſollt ihr einen Mahneh ſchicken!
Geht nur, die Blumen, die uns nöthig ſind, zu pflücken;
In dieſer Sprache bin ich eine Meiſterin.

34.

Und Haſſan eilt, wie Fatme ihm befohlen,
Ein Myrtenreis, und Lilien, und Schasmin,
Und Roſen und Schonkilien herzuholen,
Drauf heißt ſie ihm ein Haar aus ſeinen Locken ziehen,
Nimmt dünnen goldnen Draht, und windet
Und dreht das Haar mit ihm zuſammen, bindet
Den Strauß damit, und drein ein Lorbeerblatt
Worauf er A und H, verſchränkt, gekritzelt hat.

35.

Nun, ſpricht ſie, wenn ich's noch mit Zimmetwaſſer netze,
So iſt's der ſchönſte Brief, den je ein Herzensdieb
Von eurer Art an ſeine Liebſte ſchrieb.
Wollt ihr, daß ich's geſchwind euch überſetze?
Verliere keine Zeit, ruft Hüon, tauſend Dank!
Du kannſt nicht bald genug mir eine Antwort bringen;
Die Liebe ſchütze dich und laß' es dir gelingen!
Geh, wir erwarten dich auf dieſer Raſenbank.

36.

Die gute Fatme ging. Allein, weil ihr kein Zimmer
Im innern Theil des Harems offen ſtand,
So lief der Strauß durch manche Sklavenhand,
Und ward zuletzt (wie ſich der Zufall immer
In alles ungebeten miſcht)
Durch einen Irrthum von Nadinen aufgefiſcht,
Und ihrer Königin, nachdem ſie erſt durch Fragen
Das Wie und Wann erforſcht, frohlockend zugetragen.

37.

Weil Fatme dieſen Brief gebracht,
Die Sklavin Ibrahims, ſo konnte der Verdacht
Auf keinen andern als den ſchönen Haſſan fallen;
Und daß er aus des Harems Schönen allen
Der Schönſten gelten muß, ſcheint eben ſo gewiß;
Zumal nach dem was jüngſt ſich zugetragen.
Was könnte denn das A und H ſonſt ſagen,
Als — Haſſan und Almanſaris!

38.

Und hatte ſie, wiewohl es nicht zu glauben,
Auch eine Nebenbuhlerin;
Nur deſto mehr Triumph für ihren ſtolzen Sinn,
Der Feindin mit Gewalt die Beute wegzurauben!
Die Eiferſucht, die dieß auf einmal rege macht,
Vereinigt ſich mit andern ſanftern Trieben,
Nicht länger als bis auf die nächſte Nacht
Den ſchönen Sieg, nach dem ſie dürſtet, zu verſchieben.

39.

Indeſſen kommt, entzückt von ihres Auftrags Glück,
Und ohne Argwohn, hintergangen
Zu ſein, faſt athemlos, mit glühend rothen Wangen
Vor Freud' und Haſtigkeit, die Amme nun zurück.
Ihr Blick iſt ſchon von fern als ein Sonnenblick
Aus Wolken, die ſich juſt zu theilen angefangen.
Herr Ritter (raunt ſie ihm ins Ohr) was gebt ihr mir,
So öffnet heute noch ſich euch die Himmelsthür?

40.

Mit einem Wort, ihr ſollt Amanden ſehen!
Noch heut, um Mitternacht, wird euch die kleine Thür
Ins Myrthenwäldchen offen ſtehen:
Der Sklavin, die euch dort erwartet, folget ihr
Getroſt wohin ſie geht, und fürchtet keine Schlingen;
Sie wird euch unverirrt an Ort und Stelle bringen. —
Das gute Weib, dem nichts von Argliſt ſchwant,
Verläßt ſich auf den Weg, den ſie ihm ſelbſt gebahnt.

41.

„Wie hoch, o Fatme! bin ich dir verbunden!
Ruft Hüon aus — ich ſoll ſie wiederſehen!
Noch dieſe Nacht! Und wär's durch tauſend Wunden
Unmittelbar von Ihr in meinen Tod zu gehn,
Kaum würde weniger die Nachricht mich erfreuen!“
Mein beſter Herr, ich habe guten Muth;
Die Sterne ſind uns hold, ihr werdet ſie befreien,
(Spricht Scherasmin) und alles wird noch gut.

42.

Gebt mir drei Tage nur, um heimlich eine Pinke
Zu miethen, die nicht fern in einer ſichern Bucht
Vor Anker liegen ſoll, bereit, beim erſten Winke
So bald der Augenblick zur Flucht
Uns günſtig wird, friſch in die See zu ſtechen.
Noch läßt's das Käſtchen uns an Mitteln nicht gebrechen;
Nur Geld genug, ſo iſt die Welt zu Kauf,
Ein gold'ner Schlüſſel, Herr, ſchließt alle Schlöſſer auf!

43.

Indeß, daß unſer Held die Zeit von ſeinem Glücke
Mit Ungeduld an ſeinem Pulſe zählt,
Und weil ſein Puls mit jedem Augenblicke
Bebender ſchlägt, ſich immer überzählt,
Seufzt, nicht geduldiger, die reizende Sultane,
Gerüſtet ſchon zum Sieg, die Mitternacht herbei,
Gefällig hat der Zufall ihrem Plane
Die Hand, und machte ſie von allen Seiten frei.

44.

Ein großes Feſt, der ſchönen Zoradinen
Zu Ehren im Palaſt vom Sultan angeſtellt,
Wobei die Odalisken all' erſchienen,
Gab ihr in ihrem Theil des Harems offenes Feld.
Daß ſich Almanſaris für überflüſſig hält
Bei dieſer Luſtbarkeit, ſchien keinem ungebührlich;
Im Gegentheil, man fand das Kopfweh ſehr natürlich,
Das, wie gebeten, ſie auf einmal überfällt.

45.

Die Stunde ruft. Der ſchöne Gärtner nahet
Sich leiſe durchs Gebüſch der kleinen Gartenthür.
Wie klopft ſein Herz! Ihm fehlt der Athem ſchier,
Da eine weiche Hand im Dunkeln ihn empfahet,
Und ſanft ihn nach ſich zieht. Stillſchweigend folgt er ihr,
Mit leiſem Tritt, bald auf bald ab, durch enge
Sich oft durchkreuzende lichtarme Bogengänge,
Und nun entſchlüpft ſie ihm vor einer neuen Thür.

46.

Wo ſind wir? flüſtert er, und tappt mit beiden Händen.
Auf einmal öffnet ſich die Thür. Ein matter Schein
(Wie wenn ſich, zwiſchen Myrthenwänden
Mit Epheu überwölbt, in einem Frühlingshain
Der Tag verliert) entdeckt ihm eine Reihe Zimmer
Die ohne Ende ſcheint; und, wie er vorwärts geht,
Wird unvermerkt das matte Licht zum Schimmer,
Der Schimmer ſchnell zum höchſten Glanz erhöht.

47.

Er ſteht betroffen und geblendet
Von einer Pracht, die alles was er je
Geſehn, beſchämt; ſo ſehr iſt Gold und Lapis Lazuli,
Und was Golkond' und Siam reiches ſpendet,
Mit ſtolzer Ueppigkeit hier überall verſchwendet.
Doch unbefriedigt ſucht ſein liebend Aug' — Sie.
Wo iſt Sie? ſeufzt er laut. Kaum iſt ſein Ach entflogen,
So wird, in einem Blitz, ein Vorhang weggezogen.

48.

Zu beiden Seiten rauſcht der reiche Goldſtoff auf,
Und welch ein Schauſpiel zeigt ſich ſeinen ſtarren Blicken!
Ein goldner Thron, und eine Dame drauf,
So wie ein Bildner ſich, verloren in Entzücken,
Die Liebesgöttin denkt. Zwölf Nymphen, jede jung
Und voller Reiz, wie Amors Schweſtern ſchweben
In Gruppen rings umher, — um, gleich der Dämmerung,
Den ſteigenden Triumph der Sonne zu erheben.

49.

Von roſafarbner Seide kaum
Beſchattet, ſchienen ſie, zu ihrer Dame Füßen,
Wie Wölkchen, die in einem Dichtertraum
Um Cythereens Wagen fließen.
Sie ſelbſt, im reichſten Putz und mit Juwelen ganz
Belaſtet, zeigt ihm bloß, daß all dies bunte Funkeln
Nicht fähig iſt, den angebornen Glanz
Von ihrer Schönheit zu verdunkeln.

50.

Herr Hüon, (der ſich nun den Gärtner Haſſan nennt)
So wie ſein Aug' ſich zu ihr erhebt — erkennt
Almanſaris, erſchrickt, verwirrt ſich, wankt zurück.
Dieß überwältigende wollüſt'ge Traumgeſicht
Was ſoll es ihm? — Er ſieht Amanden nicht!
Sie ſuchte hier ſein Herz, Sie ſuchten ſeine Blicke.
Almanſaris, die ſehr verzeihlich irrt,
Glaubt, daß ihr Glanz allein ihn blende und verwirrt.

51.

Sie ſteigt vom Thron herab, kommt lächelnd ihm entgegen
Und nimmt ihn bei der Hand, und ſcheint bereit für ihn
Die Majeſtät, vor der ihm ſchwindelt, abzulegen,
Und allen Vortheil bloß von ihrem Reiz zu ziehn.
Unmerklich wird ihr Anſtand immer freier;
In ihren Augen brennt ein lieblich lodernd Feuer
Und ſpielt elektriſch ſich in ſeinen Buſen ein;
Sie drückt ihm ſanft die Hand, und heißt ihn fröhlich ſein.

52.

Halb unentſchloſſen ſcheint ſein Blick ihr was zu ſagen;
Sie winkt die Nymphen weg, und weg iſt auch ſein Muth;
Er ſcheint zu furchtſam nur die Augen aufzuſchlagen.
Die Scene ändert ſich. Ein zweiter Vorhang thut
Sich auf. Almanſaris führt ihren blöden Hirten
In einen andern Saal, wo rings umher die Wand
Bekleidet war mit Roſen und mit Myrthen,
Und mit Erfriſchungen ein Tiſch beladen ſtand.

53.

Beim Eintritt werden ſie mit Sang und Klang empfangen,
Aus Saiten und Geſang ertönt der Freude Geiſt;
Und Haſſan ſetzt, wie ihm's die Dame heißt,
Ihr gegenüber ſich. Erröthendes Verlangen
Und ſchöne Ungeduld bekennet, furchtſam dreiſt,
In ihrem ſchwimmenden Blick, auf ihren glühenden Wangen,
Ihm ſeinen Sieg; allein, aus ſeinen Augen bricht
Wie aus Gewölk ein traurig düſtres Licht.

54.

Zwar irrt, nicht blöde mehr, ſein Blick von freien Stücken
Auf ihren Reizungen umher;
Doch nicht aus Liebe, nicht mit ſchmachtendem Entzücken
Nicht, wie ſie wünſcht, vom Thau wollüſtger Thränen ſchwer.
Er iſt zerſtreut, er ſcheint ſie zu vergleichen:
Und jeder Reiz, der ihm nachſtellend ſich enthüllt,
Malt nur lebendiger Amandens edles Bild,
Und muß, beſchämt, dem keuſchen Reize weichen.

55.

Vergebens reicht ſie ihm den blinkenden Pokal
Mit einem Blick, der Amors ganzen Köcher
In ſeinen Buſen ſchießt. Beim frohſten Göttermahl
Reicht ihrem Herkules den vollen Nektarbecher
Mit ſüßerm Lächeln ſelbſt die junge Hebe nicht.
Umſonſt! Mit froſtigem Geſicht
Nimmt er den Becher an, den kaum ihr Mund berührte,
Und trinkt, als ob er Gift auf ſeiner Zunge ſpürte.

56.

Die Dame winkt; und ſchnell ſchlingt ſich die Schweſterſchaar
Der Nymphen, die vorhin den goldnen Thron umgaben,
In einem Tanz, der Todte auf der Bahr'
Mit neuen Seelen zu begaben,
Und Geiſter zu verkörpern fähig war.
In Gruppen bald verwebt, bald wieder Paar und Paar,
Sieht Hüon hier die lieblichſten Geſtalten
In tauſendfachem Licht freigebig ſich entfalten.

57.

Vielleicht zu deutlich nur, ſcheint alles abgezielt
Begierden ihm und Ahnungen zu geben:
Er fühl' es immerhin, denkt ſie, wenn er nur fühlt.
Wie reich das Schauſpiel iſt, das hier die Schönheit ſpielt!
Wie reizend iſt der Arme leichtes Schweben,
Der Hüften üppiger Schwung, der Knöchel wirbelnd Beben!
Wie ſchmachtend fallen ſie, mit halb geſchloſſnem Blick,
Als wie in ſüßen Tod, jetzt ſtufenweiſ' zurück!

58.

Unwillig fühlt die überraſchten Sinnen
Der edle Mann in dieſer Gluth zerrinnen.
Er ſchließt zuletzt die Augen mit Gewalt,
Und ruft Amandens Bild zum mächt'gen Gegenhalt;
Amandens Bild, aus jener ernſten Stunde,
Als er, den Druck noch warm auf ſeinem Mun-
Von ihrem Kuß, zu Dem, der die Natur
Erfüllt und trägt, den Eid der Lieb' und Treue ſchwur.

59.

Er ſchwöret ihn, aufs neu, in Gedanken
Auf ſeinen Knie'n vor dieſem heiligen Bild:
Und plötzlich iſt's, als hielt ein Engel ſeinen Schild
Vor ſeine Bruſt, ſo matt und kraftlos ſanken
Der Wolluſt Pfeile von ihr ab.
Almanſaris, die Acht auf alles gab,
Was ihr ſein Blick verrieth, klatſcht ſchnell in ihre Hände,
Und macht auf einen Wink dem üpp'gen Tanz ein Ende.

60.

Und ob ſie gleich mit Müh' kaum über ſich gewann,
Dem marmorharten jungen Mann
In ihren Armen nicht Empfindung abzuzwingen,
Verſucht ſie doch noch eins, das ſchwerlich fehlen kann:
Sie läßt ſich ihre Laute bringen,
Auf ihrem Polſterſitz mit Reiz zurück gelehnt,
Und zum Bezaubern faſt, durch ihre Gluth verſchönt.
Was wird ihr durch die Gunſt der Muſen nicht gelingen?

61.

Wie raſch durchläuft in lieblichem Gewühl
Der Roſenfinger Flug die ſeelenvollen Saiten!
Wie reizend iſt dabei aus ihrem offnen weiten
Rückfallenden Gewand der ſchönen Arme Spiel!
Und, da aus einer Bruſt, die Weiſe zu bethören
Vermögend war, das mächtige Gefühl
Sich in Geſang ergießt, wie kann er ſich erwehren
Auf ſeinen Knie'n die Göttin zu verehren!

62.

Süß war die Melodie, bedeutungsvoll der Sinn.
Es war das Lied von einer Schäferin,
Die lange ſchon ein Feu'r, das keine Raſt ihr gönnet,
Verbarg — doch nun dem allgewalt'gen Drang
Nicht länger widerſteht, und dem, der ſie bezwang,
Erröthend ihre Pein und ſeinen Sieg bekennet.
Das Lied ſtand zwar im Buch; allein ſo wie ſie ſang,
Singt keine, die nicht ſelbſt in gleichen Flammen brennet.

63.

Hier weicht die ſtolze Kunſt der ſiegenden Natur;
So lieblich girrt der Venus Taube nur!
Die Sprache des Gefühls, ſo mächtig ausgeſprochen,
Der ſchönen Töne klarer Fluß
Durch kleine Seufzerchen ſo häufig unterbrochen,
Der Wangen höhers Roth, des Buſens ſchnelles Pochen,
Kurz alles iſt vollſtrömender Erguß
Der Leidenſchaften, die in ihrem Innern kochen.

64.

Im Uebermaß von dem was ſie empfand,
Fällt ihr zuletzt die Laute aus der Hand.
Die Arme öffnen ſich — Doch Hüon, dem es graute,
Greift eilends noch im Fallen nach der Laute
Wie ein Begeiſterter, und ſtimmt mit mächt'gem Ton
Die Antwort an, geſetzt, daß eine andere ſchon
Sein Herz beſitzt, und daß im Himmel und auf Erden
Ihn nichts bewegen kann, ihr ungetreu zu werden.

65.

Feſt war ſein Ton, und unbeſtechlich ſtreng
Sein edler Blick. Die Zauberin, wider Willen,
Fühlt ſeine Obermacht. Sie blaßt, und Thränen füllen
Ihr zürnend Aug'; die Luſt kommt ins Gedräng
Mit ihrem Stolz. Sie eilt ſich zu verhüllen;
Verhaßt iſt ihr das Licht, der weite Saal zu eng;
Mit einem kalten Blick auf ihren
Rebellen, winket ſie, ihn ſchleunig abzuführen.

66.

Die Gipfel glänzten ſchon im erſten Purpurlichte,
Als unſer Held, die Stirn in finſtern Gram
Gehüllt, zurück zu ſeinen Freunden kam.
Erſchrocken laſen ſie in ſeinem Angeſichte
Beim erſten Blick die Hälfte der Geſchichte.
Unglückliche, ſpricht er zu Fatmen, die vor Scham
Zur Erde ſinkt, wohin war dir dein Sinn entflogen?
Doch — dir verzeih' ich gern — du wurdeſt ſelbſt betrogen.

67.

Und als er drauf, was ihm in dieſer Nacht
Begegnet war, erzählt, faßt er den guten Alten
Warm an der Bruſt, und ſchwört: ihn ſoll die ganze Macht
Von Afrika nicht länger halten.
Mit Schwert und Schild, wie einem Rittersmann
Geziemt in den Palaſt zu dringen,
Und ſeine Rezia dem Sultan abzuzwingen.
Du ſiehſt nun, ſpricht er, ſelbſt, was ich mit Liſt gewann!

68.

Zu ſeinen Füßen fleht ihn Scherasmin, und lange
Vergebens, nur drei Tage noch dem Zwange
Der nöthigen Verborgenheit
Sich in Geduld zu untergeben,
Und nicht durch einen Schritt, den ſelbſt die Tapferkeit
Verzweifelt nennt, ſein und Amandens Leben
Zu wagen; bittet nur um dieſe kurze Zeit,
Um jedes Hinderniß von ſeiner Flucht zu heben.

69.
Auch Fatme fleht auf ihren Knieen, ſtreckt
Ihr Haupt der Rache dar, wofern ſie zu Amanden
Ihm binnen dieſer Friſt den Zugang nicht entdeckt.
Sie ſchwört, zum zweitenmal ſoll kein Betrug zu Schanden
Sie machen — Kurz, der Ritter ſelber fühlt;
Daß ihm ſein Unmuth nicht den beſten Weg empfiehlt;
Er giebt ſein Wort, und kehret in den Garten
Zurück, um ſeines Dienſts und des Erfolgs zu warten.

Zwölfter Geſang.

1.
Indeſſen ſucht auf Polſtern von Damaſt
Almanſaris, mit Amors wildſtem Feuer
In ihrer Bruſt, umſonſt nur eine Stunde Raſt.
Iſt's möglich, oder hat das ſchnöde Abentheuer
Der letzten Nacht ihr nur geträumt? Ein Mann
Verachtet dich, Almanſaris! Er kann
Dich ſehen und für eine andre brennen,
Kann dich verſchmähn, und darf es dir bekennen!

2.
Zur Wuth treibt der Gedanke ſie;
Sie ſchwört ſich grenzenloſe Rache.
Wie häßlich wird er ihr! Ein Ungeheu'r, ein Drache
Iſt lieblicher, als ihre Fantaſie
Den Undankbaren malt — Wie lang'? — In zwo Minuten
Iſt ſie des vorigen ſich ſchon nicht mehr bewußt:
Bald ſoll er tropfenweiſ' im Staub vor ihr verbluten,
Bald drückt ſie ihn entzückt an ihre Bruſt.

3.
Nun ſteht er wieder da in ſeiner ganzen Schöne,
Der erſte aller Erdenſöhne,
Ein Held, ein Gott! — Unmöglich iſt er nur
Der Neffe Ibrahims; in ſeinem ganzen Weſen,
In ſeinem Ton und Anſtand iſt die Spur
Von dem, was er umſonſt verbergen will, zu leſen;
Wo iſt der Stempel der Natur,
Der einen König macht, ſichtbarer je geweſen!

4.
Er, er allein iſt ihrer werth,
Iſt werth in ihrem Arm ſich zu vergöttern.
Und, o! ihr fehlt ein Blitz, die Feindin zu zerſchmettern,
Die ihn bezaubert hält und ihr den Sieg erſchwert!
Doch, wie, Almanſaris! Fühlſt du dich ſelbſt nicht beſſer?
Gönn' ihm den kleinen Stolz, ſich pfauengleich zu blähn
In ſeinem Heldenthum! Selbſt der zu widerſtehn!
Das alles macht doch nur die Luſt des Sieges größer!

5.
Beſtürm' ihn erſt, eh' du den Muth verlierſt,
Mit jedem Reiz, auf den ſich wahre Schönheit brüſtet;
Bedien', damit du ihn um ſo viel ſichrer rührſt,
Der fremden Waffen dich, womit die Kunſt uns rüſtet;
Er fühl' und ſeh', was Götter ſelbſt gelüſtet!
Und wenn du dann ſein Herz noch nicht verführſt,
Er dann dich noch verſchmäht — dann, Königin, erwache
Dein Stolz, und ſchaffe dir die ſüße Luſt der Rache!

6.
So flüſtert ihr aus einer Zofe Mund
Der kleine Dämon zu, den ihr, mit vollem Köcher,
Gebietriſch ſitzen ſeht auf dieſem Erdenrund!
Der alle Welt aus ſeinem Zauberbecher
Berauſcht, und den, wer ihn nicht beſſer kennt,
Zur Ungebühr den Gott der Liebe nennt!
Denn — jeder jungen unerfahrnen Dame
Zur Nachricht ſei es kund! Asmodi iſt ſein Name.

7.
Almanſaris, in deren warmem Blut
Schon ein Verführer ſchleicht, iſt gegen den Betrüger
Von außen, weniger als jemals auf der Hut;
Sein Anhauch nähret und ſchwellt ihre Gluth,
Und kaum, daß ſie zur Zier dergleichen thut
Als widerſtände ſie, ſo iſt Asmodi Sieger.
Die Zofe Schmeichlerin, ſein würdiges Organ,
Legt den Entwurf ſogleich mit vieler Klugheit an.

8.
O! raubet nun dem Blitz die Feuerſchwingen,
Ihr Stunden, ihn herbei zu bringen,
Den ſüßen Augenblick! Zu langſam ſchleichet ihr
(Wie ſchnell ihr eilt!) der lechzenden Begier!
Doch — ſie iſt's nicht allein, die jetzt Sekunden zählet:
Auch Hüon überlebt, von Ungeduld gequälet
Den trägen Gang der drei verhaßten Tage kaum,
Und wachend und im Schlaf iſt Rezia ſein Traum.

9.
Der zweite Morgen war dem ſehnlichen Verlangen
Der Haremskönigin nun endlich aufgegangen;
Goldlockig, ſchön und roſenathmend ſtieg
Er, wie der Herold auf, der ihr den ſchönſten Sieg
Verkündigte; ſchon ſäuſelt durch die Myrthen
Die, dicht verwebt, der Grotten ſchönſte gürten,
Ein leichter Morgenwind, und tauſendſtimmig ſchallt
Der Vögel frühes Chor im nah gelegnen Wald.

10.
Doch um die Grotte her iſt unterm Myrthenlaube
In ew'ger Dämmerung das Heiligthum der Ruh.
Hier girret nur die ſanfte Turteltaube
Dem Zauber ihrer Sehnſucht zu.
In dieſen lieblichen Gebüſchen,
Dem dunkeln Sitz verborgner Einſamkeit,
Pflegt öfters ſich zur ſtillen Morgenzeit
Almanſaris mit Baden zu erfriſchen.

11.
Der anmuthsvolle Morgen rief
Den ſchönen Haſſan auf, indeß noch alles ſchlief,
Die Blumenkörbe voll zu pflücken,
Die er, mit jedem Tag, dem Harem zuzuſchicken
Verbunden war; als ihm ein Sklav' entgegen lief
Und keuchend ihm befahl die Grotte auszuſchmücken.
Der Neger fügt, zur Eil' ihn anzuſpornen, bei,
Daß eine Dame dort zu baden Willens ſei.

12.
Verdroſſen geht Herr Hüon auszurichten
Was ihm befohlen war. Er füllt mit bunten Schichten
Von Blumen, Florens ganzem Schatz,
Den größten Korb, und eilt zum angewieſnen Platz,
Fern iſt's von ihm, der Sache mißzutrauen.
Allein, beim Eintritt in die Grott' fällt auf ihn
Ein dumpfes wunderbares Grauen
Und ein verborgner Arm ſcheint ihn zurück zu ziehn.

13.
Betroffen ſetzt er ſeine Blumen nieder;
Doch faßt er Augenblicks ſich wieder
Und lächelt ſeiner Furcht. Das zweifelhafte Licht,
Das unter tauſendfachem Flittern
In dieſem Labyrinth mit ſichtbar'm Dunkel ficht,
Iſt ohne Zweifel Schuld an dieſem kind'ſchen Zittern,
Denkt er, und geht getroſt, bei immer hellerm Schein,
Mit ſeinem Blumenkorb ins Innerſte hinein.

14.
Hier herrſcht ein Tag wie zu verſtohlnen Freuden
Die ſchlaue Luſt ein Zauberlicht ſich wählt,
Nicht Tag, nicht Dämmerung; er ſchwebt zwiſchen beiden,
Nur lieblicher durch das, was ihm zu beiden fehlt.
Er glich dem Mondſchein, wenn durch Rebenlauben
Sein Silberlicht zerſchmilzt in blaſſes Roth.
Der Held, wiewohl ihm hier noch nichts Gefährlichs droht,
Erwehrt ſich kaum, bezaubert ſich zu glauben.

15.
Was er am wenigſten ſich überreden kann,
Iſt, daß man hier, wo alles um und an
Von Blumen ſtrotzt, noch Blumen nöthig hätte.
Doch, wie ſein Auge nun auf allen Seiten irrt,
O wer beſchreibt, wie ihm zu Muthe wird,
Da ihm auf einem Ruhebette
Sich eine Nymph' aus Mahoms Paradies
Im vollen Glanz der reinſten Schönheit wies!

16.
In einem Licht, das zauberiſch von oben
Wie eine Glorie auf ſie herunterſtrömt,
Und durch die Dunkelheit des übrigen erhoben,
Mit ihres Buſens Schnee die Lilien beſchämt;
In einer Lage, die ihm Reizungen entfaltet
Wie ſeine Augen nie ſo ſchön entſchleiert ſahn;
Mehr werth als alles was zum Farren und zum Schwan
Den Jupiter der Griechen umgeſtaltet.

17.
Die Gaze, die nur wie ein leichter Schatten
Auf einem Alabaſterbild
Sie hier und da umwallet, nicht verhüllt,
Scheint mit der Nacktheit ſelbſt den Reiz der Scham zu gatten.

Wo, Feder, wo Apell und Tizian
Beſtürzt den Pinſel fallen ließen!
Der Ritter ſteht, und bebt, und ſchaut bezaubert an,
Wiewohl ihm beſſer wär die Augen zuzuſchließen.

18.

In ſüßem Irrthum ſteht er da
Und glaubt, doch nur zwei Augenblicke,
(So ſchön iſt was er ſieht) er ſehe Rezia.
Allein, mit Recht mißtrauiſch einem Glücke,
Das ihm unglaublich däucht, tritt er ihr näher, ſieht,
Erkennt Almanſaris, und wendet ſich und flieht;
Er flieht, und fühlt im Fliehn von zwei elaſtiſch runden
Milchweißen Armen ſich gefangen und umwunden.

19.

Er kämpft den ſchwerſten Kampf, den je ſeit Joſephs Zeit
Ein Mann gekämpft, den edlen Kampf der Tugend
Und Liebestreu' und feuervollen Jugend
Mit Schönheit, Reiz und heißer Ueppigkeit.
Sein Will' iſt rein von ſträflichem Entzücken;
Allein, wie lange wird er ihrem ſüßen Flehn,
Den Küſſen voller Gluth, dem zärtlich wilden Drücken
An ihren Buſen, widerſtehn!

20.

O Oberon, wo iſt dein Lilienſtängel,
Wo iſt dein Horn in dieſer Fährlichkeit?
Er ruft Amanden, Oberon, alle Engel
Und Heilige zu Hülf' — Und noch zu rechter Zeit
Kommt Hülf' ihm zu. Denn juſt, da jede Sehne
Ermatten will zu längerm Widerſtehn,
Und mit wollüſt'ger Wuth ihn die erhitzte Schöne
Faſt überwältigt hat, läßt ſich Almanſor ſehn.

21.

Gleich einem angeſchoſſnen Wild,
Und wüthend, eine Frau, die ihn verſchmäht, zu lieben,
Hat er, verfolgt von Zoradinens Bild,
Schon eine Stunde ſich im Garten umgetrieben:
Der Zufall leitet ihn in dieſes Myrtenrund;
Er glaubt die Stimme von Almanſaris zu hören,
Und, we[illegible]ie Grottenthür nur angelehnet ſtund,
Geht [illegible]ein, ſich näher zu belehren.

22.

Der Dämon, der durch ſeiner Prieſterinnen
Gefährlichſte des Ritters Treu' beſtritt,
Wird ſchon von fern an ſeinem Sultansſchritt
Almanſors nahe Ankunft innen.
O Hülfe, Hülfe! ſchreit das ſchnell gewarnte Weib,
Und wechſelt ſtracks mit Hüons ihre Rolle,
Stellt ſich, als kämpfte ſie um ihren eigenen Leib
Mit einem Wüthenden, der ſie entehren wolle.

23.

Ihr wilder Blick, ihr halb zerriſſenes Gewand,
Ihr fliegend Haar, des jungen Gärtners Schrecken,
Der von der unverſeh'nen kecken
Beſchuldigung wie blitzgetroffen ſtand;
Der Ort, wo ihn der Sultan fand,
Kurz, alles ſchien ihm den Frevler zu entdecken.
O, Allah! ſey gelobt, rief die Betrügerin,
Daß ich Almanſorn ſelbſt die Rettung ſchuldig bin!

24.

Drauf, als ſie ſchamhaft ſich in alle ihre Schleier
Gewickelt, lügt ſie, mit dem Ton
Der Unſchuld ſelbſt, ein falſches Abenteuer:
Wie dieſer ſchändliche verkappte Chriſtenſohn,
Da ihr die Luſt im Kühlen ſich zu waſchen
Gekommen, ſich erfrecht ſie hier zu überraſchen,
Und wie ſie mit Gewalt ſich ſeiner kaum erwehrt,
Als ihn, zum größten Glück, der Sultan noch geſtört.

25.

Um von dem häßlichen Verbrechen,
Deß er beſchuldigt wird, den Ritter los zu ſprechen,
Bedurft's nur einen unbefangnen Blick;
Doch ſeinem Richter fehlt auch dieſer einz'ge Blick;
Der Held verachtet es, mit einer Frauen Schande
Sich ſelbſt vom Tode zu befrein;
Er ſchmiegt den edeln Arm in unverdiente Bande,
Und hüllet ſchweigend ſich in ſein Bewußtſein ein.

26.

Der Sultan, den ſein Unmuth zum Verdammen
Noch raſcher macht, bleibt dumpf und ungerührt.
Der Frevler werd' in Ketten weggeführt,
(Herrſcht er den Sklaven zu, die ſein Befehl zuſammen
Gerufen) werfet ihn in eine finſtre Gruft;
Und morgen früh, ſo bald vom Thurm der Imam ruft,
Werd' er im äußern Hof ein Raub ergrimmter Flammen,
Und ſeine Aſche ſtreut mit Flüchen in die Luft!

27.

Der Edle hört ſein Urtheil ſchweigend, — blitzet
Auf das verhaßte Weib noch Einen Blick herab,
Und wendet ſich, und geht in Feſſeln ab,
Auf einen Muth, den nur die Unſchuld giebt, geſtützet.
Kein Sonnenblick erfreut das fürchterliche Grab,
Worin er nun tief eingekerkert ſitzet;
Der Nacht des Todes gleicht die Nacht, die auf ihn drückt
Und jeden Hoffnungsſtrahl in ſeinem Geiſt erſtickt.

28.

Ermüdet von des Schickſals ſtrengen Schlägen,
Verdroſſen, ſtets ein Ball des Wechſelglücks zu ſein,
Seufzt er dem Augenblick, der ihn befreit, entgegen.
Schreckt ihn das Vorgefühl der ſcharfen Feuerpein:
Die Liebe hilft ihm's übertäuben!
Sie ſtärkt mit Engelskraft die ſinkende Natur.
Bis in den Tod (ruft er) getreu zu bleiben
Schwur ich, Amanda, dir, und halte meinen Schwur!

29.

O daß, geliebtes Weib, was morgen
Begegnen wird, auf ewig dir verborgen,
Auf ewig auch, dir, treuer alter Freund,
Verborgen blieb'! — Wie gern erlitt' ich unbeweint
Mein traurig Loos! Doch wenn ihr es erfahret,
Erfahret, weſſen ich beſchuldigt ward, und mit
Dem Schmerz um meinen Tod ſich noch die Schande paaret
Zu hören, daß ich nur was ich verdiente, litt! —

30.

O Gott! es iſt zu viel auch dieß noch zu erdulden!
Es büße immerhin für meine Sündenſchulden
Der ſtrengſte Tod! Ich klage niemand an!
Dieß einz'ge nur, o Oberon, gewähre
Dem, den du liebteſt, noch: beſchütze meine Ehre,
Beſchütze Rezia! — Du weißt, was ich gethan!
Sag' ihr, daß ich, den heil'gen Schwur der Treue
Zu halten, den ich ſchwor, den Feuertod nicht ſcheue.

31.

So, ruft er aus, und vom Vertraun geſtärkt
Daß Oberon ihn hört, berührt ihn unvermerkt
Der mohnbekränzte Gott des Schlummers,
Mit ſeinem Stab, dem Stiller alles Kummers,
Und wieget ihn, wiewohl nur harter Stein
Sein Kiſſen iſt, in leichte Träume ein.
Hat ihm vielleicht, zum Pfand, daß bald ſein Leiden endet,
Der gute Schutzgeiſt ſelbſt dies Labſal zugeſendet!

32.

Noch lag die halbe Welt mit Finſterniß bedeckt,
Als ihn aus ſeiner Ruh ein dumpfes Klirren weckt.
Ihn däucht, er hör' im Schloß die ſchweren Schlüſſel drehen;
Die Eiſenthür geht auf, des Kerkers ſchwarze Wand
Erhellt ein blaſſer Schein, er höret jemand gehen,
Und ſtämmt ſich auf und ſieht — im ſchimmernden Gewand,
Die Krone auf dem Haupt, die Lampe in der Hand,
Almanſaris zu ſeiner Seite ſtehen.

33.

Sie reicht die Lilienhand ihm, reizvoll lächelnd, dar,
Und — Wirſt du, ſpricht ſie, mir vergeben,
Was nur die Schuld der Noth, nicht meines Herzens, war?
O du Geliebter, hängt an deinem ſchönen Leben
Mein eignes nicht! Ich komme, der Gefahr
Dich zu entziehn, (trotz deinem Widerſtreben)!
Vom Holzſtoß dich, wozu dich der Barbar
Verdammt, auf einen Thron, den du verdienſt, zu heben!

34.

Die Liebe öffnet dir der Hoheit Sonnenbahn:
Auf, mache ſie von deinem Ruhm erſchallen!
Nimm dieſe Hand, die dir ſich ſchenket, an;
In einem Wink ſoll dein Verfolger fallen,
Und all ſein Volk, wie Staub, um deine Füße wallen;
Im ganzen Harem iſt mir alles unterthan!
Vertraue dich der Liebe ſichern Händen,
Und, was ſie wagte, wird dein eigner Muth vollenden!

35.

„Hör' auf! o Königin! dein Antrag häufet bloß
Mein Leiden durch die Qual, dir alles abzuſchlagen.
O! warum zwingſt du mich's zu ſagen?
Ich kaufe mich durch kein Verbrechen los!“

Iſt's möglich, ruft ſie, kann ſo weit der Unſinn gehen?
Unglücklicher, im Angeſicht
Der Flamme, die bereits aus deinem Holzſtoß bricht,
Kannſt du Almanſaris und einen Thron verſchmähen?

36.

Sag mir, verſetzt er, Königin,
Ich könnte dir mit meinem Blute nützen,
So ſoll die Luſt, womit ich eil' es zu verſpritzen,
Dir zeigen, ob ich unerkenntlich bin!
Ich kann, zum Danke, dir mein Herzensblut, mein Leben,
Nur meine Ehre nicht, nicht meine Treue geben.
Wer Ich bin weißt du nicht, vergiß nicht wer du biſt,
Und muthe mir nichts zu, was mir unmöglich iſt.

37.

Almanſaris, aufs äußerſte getrieben
Durch ſeinen Widerſtand, ſie wendet alles an,
Was ſeine Treu' durch alle Stufen üben
Und ſeinen Muth ermüden kann.
Sie trotzt, ſie droht, ſie fleht, ſie fällt, verloren
In Lieb' und Schmerz, vor ihm auf ihre Kniee hin:
Doch unbeweglich bleibt des Helden feſter Sinn,
Und rein die Treu', die er Amanden zugeſchworen.

38.

So ſtirb denn, weil du willſt! — ruft ſie, des Athems ſchier
Vor Wuth beraubt: ich ſelbſt, ich will an deinem Leiden
Mein gierig Aug' mit heißer Wolluſt weiden!
Stirb als ein Thor! des Starrſinns Opferthier!
Schreit ſie mit funkelndem Aug', und flucht der erſten Stunde
Da ſie ihn ſah, verwünſcht mit bebendem Munde
Sich ſelbſt, und ſtürmt hinweg, und hinter ihr
Schließt wieder klirrend ſich des Kerkers Eiſenthür.

39.

Inzwiſchen hatte das Gerüchte,
Das Unglücksmärchen gern verbreitet und verziert,
Von ihrem Herrn die traurige Geſchichte
Auch Scherasmin und Fatmen zugeführt.
Der ſchöne Haſſan, hieß es, ſei im Bade
Vom Sultan mit Almanſaris allein
Gefunden worden und morgen, ohne Gnade
Werd' er, im großen Hof, ein Raub der Flammen ſein.

40.

Ob Hüon ſchuldlos ſei, war ihnen keine Frage;
Sie kannten ja der Sachen wahre Lage.
Doch hätt' er auch gefehlt, ſo war er mitleidswerth.
In Fällen dieſer Art wird echte Treu' bewährt.
Anſtatt die Zeit mit Jammern zu verderben,
Beſchloſſen ſie, das äußerſte für ihn
Zu wagen, um ihn noch aus dieſer Noth zu ziehn,
Und, ſchlüg' es fehl, mit ihrem Herrn zu ſterben.

41.

Kurz eh' der Tag begann, gelingt es Fatmens Muth
Und Wachſamkeit, die Hüter zu betrügen,
Und unerkannt ſich bis ins Schlafgemach zu ſchmiegen,
Wo Rezia, von Hüon träumend, ruht.
Des unverhofften Wiederſehens Freude
Macht einen Augenblick ſie ſprachlos alle beide.
Das erſte Wort, das Fatme ſprechen kann,
Iſt Hüon, iſt Bericht von dem geliebten Mann.

42.

Was ſagſt du, goldne Amme! ruft Amande,
Und fällt ihr um den Hals — Mein Hüon mir ſo nah?
Wo iſt er? — Ach! Prinzeſſin, was geſchah!
(Schluchzt jene weinend) Hilf! zerreiße ſeine Bande!
Spreng ſeinen Kerker auf! Dem Unglückſel'gen droht,
Aus Liebe bloß zu dir, ein jämmerlicher Tod.
Und drauf erzählt ſie ihr genau die ganze Sache,
Und ihres Ritters Treu', und der Sultanin Rache.

43.

Schon, ruft ſie, ſteht der Holzſtoß aufgethürmt,
Nichts rettet ihn, wenn ihn nicht Zoradine ſchirmt!
Mit einem Schrei der Angſt, halb ſinnlos, fährt Amande
In wilder Haſt von ihrem Lager auf,
Wirft, wie ſie ſteht, im leichten Nachtgewande,
Den Kurde um, und eilt in vollem Lauf
Des Sultans Zimmer zu, durch alle Sklavenwachen,
Die ſie mit Wunder ſehn, und ſchweigend Platz ihr machen.

44.

Sie dringt hinein, nicht achtend, daß es früh
Am Tage war, und wirft mit lilienbloſſen Wangen,
Und Haaren, die zerſtreut um ihre Schultern hangen,
Sich vor dem Sultan auf die Knie':
„Almanſor, laß mich nicht vergebens
Dir knieen! Schwöre, wenn mein Leben dir
Erhaltungswürdig ſcheint, daß du die Bitte mir
Gewähren willſt! Es gilt die Ruhe meines Lebens!"

45.

Begehr', o Schönſte, ſpricht erſtaunt und froh zugleich
Der Sultan, laß mich nicht in Ungewißheit ſchweben!
Dir zu gefallen iſt mein feurigſtes Beſtreben;
Begehre frei! Mein Schatz, mein Thron, mein Reich
Nichts iſt zu viel, was ich zu geben
Vermag. Ein einzigs nur behält ſich Manſor vor,
Dich ſelbſt! — „Du ſchwörſt es mir!" — Der liebestrunkene Mohr
Beſchwört's — „So ſchenke mir des Gärtners Haſſan Leben!"

46.

Wie! ruft er mit beſtürzter Miene,
Welch eine Bitte Zoradine!
Was geht das Leben dich von dieſem Sklaven an?
„O, viel, Almanſor, viel! Mein eignes hängt daran!"
Sprichſt du im Fieber? Schwärmeſt du? Verzeihe,
Doch, du mißbrauchſt des unbegrenzten Rechts,
Das dir die Schönheit giebt. — Am Leben eines Knechts
Der ſein Verbrechen büßt! — „Er büßt für ſeine Treue!"

47.

„Mir iſt ſein Herz bekannt, er hält an ſeiner Pflicht,
Iſt ſchuldlos, iſt ein Mann von unverletzter Ehre;
Und doch — o Manſor! — wenn er ſchuldig wäre,
So räche ſein Vergehn an Zoradinen nicht!"
Mit Augen, die von kaum verhaltnem Grimme funkeln,
Ruft Manſor: Grauſame, was quält dein Zögern mich!
Welch ein Geheimniß dämmert aus dem dunkeln
Verhaßten Räthſel auf? Was iſt dir Haſſan? Sprich!

48.

„So wiſſ' es denn, weil mich die Noth zum Reden zwinget.
Ich bin ſein Weib! Ein Band, das nicht zerreißen kann,
Ein Band, geweiht im Himmel ſelber, ſchlinget
Mein Glück, mein Alles feſt an den geliebten Mann.
Uns drückt mit ſeiner ganzen furchtbarn Schwere
Des Schickſals Arm — Wer weiß, wie bald an dich
Die Reihe kommt? — Du ſiehſt mich elend — Ehre
Mein Leiden, Glücklicher! — Du kannſt es, rette mich!"

49.

Wie! du biſt Haſſans Weib, und liebſt ihn? — „Ueber alles!"
Unglückliche, er iſt dir ungetreu! —
„Er ungetreu? die Urſach' ſeines Falles,
Ich bin's gewiß, iſt einzig ſeine Treu'." —
Ich glaube was ich ſah! — „So ward er erſt betrogen,
Und du mit ihm!" Mit zürnendem Geſicht
Spricht Manſor: Spanne nicht den Bogen,
Zu ſtolz auf deinen Reiz, ſo lange bis er bricht!

50.

Dein Haſſan ſtirbt — und ich kann nichts, als dich beklagen.
Er ſtirbt! ſchreit Rezia — Tyrann,
Er, dem ein Wort von dir das Leben ſchenken kann,
Er ſtirbt? Du haſt ein Herz mir das zu ſagen!
Er hat des Harems Zucht verletzt,
Erwiedert Manſor kalt; ihm iſt der Tod geſetzt!
Doch, weil du willſt, ſo ſei des Sklaven Leben,
Sein Leben oder Tod, in deine Hand gegeben!

51.

Gieb, Schönſte, mir ein Beiſpiel edler Huld,
Gieb mir die Ruh, die du mir raubteſt, wieder!
Ich lege Kron' und Reich zu deinen Füßen nieder;
Ergieb dich mir, ſo ſei dem Frevler ſeine Schuld
Geſchenkt! Er zieh', mit königlichen Gaben
Noch überhäuft, zu ſeinem Volk zurück!
O zögre nicht, die Güte ſelbſt zu haben
Die du begehrſt! — Ein Wort macht mein und ſein Geſchick!

52.

Unedler, ruft mit Engels Zürnen
Das ſchöne Weib, ſo theuer kauft der Mann,
Den Zoradine liebt, ſein Leben nicht! — Tyrann,
Kennſt du mich ſo? — Die ſchlechteſte der Dirnen,
Die mich bedienten, einſt, verſchmähte deinen Thron
Und dich um ſolchen Preis! Zwar ſteht, uns zu verderben,
In deiner Macht; doch, hoffe nicht davon
Gewinn zu ziehn — Barbar, auch Ich kann ſterben.

53.

Der Sultan ſtutzt. Ihn ſchreckt des edeln Weibes Muth
Sein ſtolzes Herz wird mehr von ihrem Dräun gerühret

Als da ſie bat; doch ihre Schönheit ſchüret
Das Feuer der Begier zugleich in ſeinem Blut.
Was wagt er nicht, ihr Herz mit Liebe zu beſtechen?
Wie bat er ſie! wie ſchlangenartig wand
Er ſich um ihren Fuß! — Umſonſt! Ihr Widerſtand
War nicht durch Drohungen, war nicht durch Flehn zu brechen.

54.

Sie blieb darauf, ihr ſoll der Tod willkommner ſein.
Der Sultan ſchwört mit fürchterlicher Stimme
Bei Mahoms Grab, nichts ſoll vor ſeinem Grimme
Sie retten, geht ſie nicht ſogleich den Antrag ein.
„Iſt's nicht mein letztes Wort, ſoll Allah mich verdammen!
Hört man den Wüthenden bis in den Vorſaal ſchreien:
Entſchließe dich, ſei auf der Stelle mein,
Wo nicht, ſo ſtirb mit dem Verworfnen in den Flammen!“

55.

Sie ſieht ihn zürnend an, und ſchweigt. — Entſchließe dich,
Ruft er zum zweiten Mal. — O ſo befreie mich
Von deinem Anblick, ſpricht die Königin der Frauen:
Des Todes Grinſen ſelbſt erweckt mir minder Grauen.
Almanſor ruft, und giebt, von Wuth erſtickt,
Den grauſamen Befehl, und Höllenfunken ſprühen
Aus ſeinem Aug'. Der Schwarzen Erſter bückt
Sich bis zur Erde hin, und ſchwört, ihn zu vollziehen.

56.

Schon ſteht der gräßliche Altar
Zum Opfer aufgethürmt; ſchon drängt ſich Schaar an Schaar,
Das Volk herzu, das, gern in Angſt geſetzet,
An Trauerſpielen dieſer Art
Die Augen weinend labt, und ſchaudernd ſich ergötzet.
Schon ſtehn, zum Leiden und zum Tode noch gepaart,
An einen Marterpfahl gebunden,
Die einz'gen Liebenden, die Oberon rein erfunden.

57.

Ein edles Paar in Eins verſchmolzner Seelen,
Das treu der erſten Liebe blieb,
Entſchloſſen, eh' den Tod in Flammen zu erwählen,
Als ungetreu zu ſeyn ſelbſt einem Thron zu Lieb'!
Mit naſſem Blick, die Herzen in der Klemme,
Schaut alles Volk gerührt zu ihnen auf,
Und doch beſorgt, daß nicht den freien Lauf
Des Trauerſpiels vielleicht ein Zufall hemme.

58.

Den Liebenden, wie ſie gebunden ſtehn,
Iſt zwar der Troſt verſagt, einander anzuſehn;
Doch, über alles, was ſie leiden
Und noch erwarten, triumphirt
Die reinſte, ſeligſte der Freuden,
Daß ihre Lieb' es iſt, was ſie hierher geführt.
Der Tod, der ihre Treu' mit ew'gem Lorber ziert,
Iſt ihres Herzens Wahl; ſie konnten ihn vermeiden.

59.

Inzwiſchen ſiehet man mit Fackeln in den Händen
Zwölf Schwarze ſich dem Opfer paarweiſ' nahn.
Sie ſtellen ſich herum, bereit, es zu vollenden,
So bald der Aga winkt. Er winkt. Sie zünden an.
Und ſtracks erdonnert's laut, die Erde ſcheint zu beben.
Die Flamm' erliſcht, der Strick, womit das treue Paar
Gebunden ſtand, fällt wie verſengtes Haar,
Und Hüon ſieht das Horn an ſeinem Halſe ſchweben.

60.

Im gleichen Augenblick, da dieß
Geſchah, zeigt ſich von fern in zwei verſchiednen Reihen,
Von ängſtlicher Bekümmerniß
Geſpornt, Almanſor hier, und dort Almanſaris.
Er Zoradinen, Sie den Haſſan zu befreien.
Halt! hört man ſie aus allen Kräften ſchreien;
Auch ſtürzt mit blitzendem Schwert durch die erſchrockne Menge
Ein ſchwarzer Rittersmann ſich mitten ins Gedränge.

61.

Doch Hüon hat das Pfand, das nun ſein Oberon
Verſöhnt iſt, kaum mit wonnevollem Schauern
An ſeinem Hals erblickt, ſo ſetzt er ohne Zaudern
Es an den Mund, und lockt den ſchönſten Ton
Daraus hervor, der je geblaſen worden.
Sein edles Herz verſchmäht ein feiges Volk zu morden;
Tanzt, ruft er, tanzt, bis euch's den Athem raubt;
Dieß iſt die einz'ge Rach', die Hüon ſich erlaubt.

62.

Und wie das Horn ertönt, ergreift der Zauberſchwindel
Zuerſt das Volk, das um den Holzſtoß ſteht,
Schwarzgelbes, lumpigtes, halb nackendes Geſindel,
Das plötzlich ſich, wie toll, im ſchnellſten Wirbel dreht;
Bald miſchet ſich mit allen ſeinen Negern
Der Aga drein; ihm folgt — was Füße hat
Bei Hof, im Harem, in der Stadt,
Vom Sultan an bis zu den Waſſerträgern.

63.

Unluſtig faßt der Schach — Almanſaris beim Arm;
Sie ſträubt ſich, doch was hilft ſein Unmuth und ihr Sträuben?
Der Taumel reißt ſie fort, ſich mitten in den Schwarm
Der Walzenden mit ihm hinein zu treiben.
In Kurzem iſt ganz Tunis in Alarm,
Und niemand kann auf ſeiner Stelle bleiben:
Selbſt Podagra, und Zipperlein, und Gicht
Und Todeskampf befreit von dieſer Tanzwuth nicht.

64.

Indeſſen, ohne auf das Poſſenſpiel zu blicken,
Hält das getreue Paar, in ſeligem Entzücken,
Sich ſprachlos lang' umarmt. Kaum hat ihr Buſen Raum
Für dieſen Ueberſchwang von Freuden.
Er iſt nun ausgeträumt der Prüfung ſchwerer Traum!
Nichts bleibt davon als was ihr Glück verſchönt:
Gebüßt iſt ihre Schuld, das Schickſal ausgeſöhnt,
Aufs neu von ihm vereint, kann nun ſie nichts mehr ſcheiden!

65.

Theilnehmend inniglich, ſieht, noch auf ſeinem Roß
Der biedre Scherasmin (Er war der ſchwarze Ritter)
Der Wonne zu, worin ihr Herz zerfloß.
Er iſt's, der wie ein Ungewitter
Vorhin daher geſtürmt, um das geliebte Paar
Zu retten aus der feigen Mohren Händen,
Und, ſchlüg's ihm fehl, ein Leben hier zu enden,
Das, ohne ſie, ihm unerträglich war.

66.

Er ſpringt herab, drängt durch den tollen Reigen
Mit Fatme, die ihm folgt, ſich hinan,
Den Liebenden von ihrem Throne ſteigen
Zu helfen, und ſie im Triumphe zu empfahn.
Groß war die Freude, doch ſie ſchwoll noch höher an,
Da ſie den wohlbekannten Wagen,
Von Schwanen durch die Luft, ſtets niedriger, getragen,
Zu ihren Füßen nun auf einmal halten ſahn.

67.

Sie ſteigen eilends ein. — Die Mohren mögen tanzen
So lang' es Oberon gefällt!
(Wiewohl der Alte raſpeln oder ſchanzen
Für eine beſſre Kurzweil hält.)
Der luft'ge Faeton fliegt, leicht und ohne Schwanken,
Sanft wie der Schlaf, behender als Gedanken
Mit ihnen über Land und Meer,
Und Silberwölkchen wehn, wie Fächer um ſie her.

68.

Schon tauchte ſich auf Bergen und auf Hügeln
Die Dämmerung in ungewiſſen Duft;
Schon ſahen ſie den Mond in manchem See ſich ſpiegeln,
Und immer ſtiller ward's im weiten Reich der Luft;
Die Schwanen ließen jetzt mit ſinkendem Gefieder
Allmählig ſich bis auf die Erde nieder;
Als plötzlich, wie aus Abendroth gewebt,
Ein ſchimmernder Palaſt vor ihren Augen ſchwebt.

69.

In einem Luſtwald, mitten zwiſchen
Hoch aufgeſchoßnen vollen Roſenbüſchen,
Stand der Palaſt, von deſſen Wunderglanz
Der ſtille Hain und das Gebüſche ganz
Durchſchimmert ſchien — War's nicht an dieſem Orte,
Spricht Hüon leiſ' und ſchaudernd — Doch, bevor
Er's ausſpricht, öffnet ſchnell ſich eine goldne Pforte,
Und zwanzig Jungfraun gehn aus dem Palaſt hervor.

70.

Sie kamen, ſchön wie der Mai, mit ewig blühenden Wangen,
Gekleidet in glänzendes Lilienweiß,
Die Erdenkinder zu empfangen,
Die Oberon liebt. Sie kamen tanzend, und ſangen
Der reinen Treue unſterblichen Preis.
Komm, ſangen ſie (und goldne Zimbeln klangen
In ihrem ſüßen Geſang, zu ihrem lieblichen Tanz)
Komm, trautes Paar, empfang' den ſchönen Siegeskranz!

71.

Die Liebenden — ſich kaum beſinnend — in die Wonne
Der andern Welt verzückt — ſie wallen, Hand in Hand,

Den Doppelreihen durch: als, gleich der Morgenſonne
In ihrem Bräut'gamsſchmuck, der Geiſt vor ihnen ſtand.
Nicht mehr ein Knabe, wie er ihnen
In lieblicher Verkleidung ſonſt erſchienen —
Ein Jüngling, ewig ſchön und ewig blühend, ſtand
Der Elfenkönig da, den Ring an ſeiner Hand.

72.

Und ihm zur Seite glänzt, mit ihrer Roſenkrone
Geſchmückt, Titania, in milderm Mondesglanz.
In beider Rechten ſchwebt ein ſchöner Myrtenkranz.
Empfange, ſprechen ſie mit liebevollem Tone,
Du treues Paar, zum edlen Siegeslohne,
Aus deiner Freunde Hand den wohlverdienten Kranz!
Nie wird von euch, ſo lang' ihr dieſes Zeichen
Von unſrer Huld bewahrt, das Glück des Herzens weichen.

73.

Kaum daß das letzte Wort von Oberons Lippen fiel,
So ſah man aus der Luft ſich eine Wolke neigen,
Und aus der Wolke Schooß, bei goldner Harfen Spiel,
Mit Lilien vor der Bruſt drei Elfentöchter ſteigen.
Im Arm der dritten lag ein wunderſchöner Knab',
Den ſie, auf ihren Knie'n, Titanen übergab.
Süß lächelnd bückt zu ihm die Königin ſich nieder,
Und giebt, mit einem Kuß, ihn ſeiner Mutter wieder.

74.

Und, unterm Jubelgeſang der Jungfrau'n, die in Reihn,
Vor ihnen her den Weg mit Roſen überſtreun,
Ziehn durch die weite goldne Pforte
Die Glücklichen hinein in Oberons Freudenhaus.
Was ſie geſehn, gehört, an dieſem ſchönen Orte,
Sprach ihre Zunge nie beim Rückerinnern aus.
Sie ſahn nur himmelwärts und eine Wonnethräne
Im glänzenden Auge verrieth, wohin ihr Herz ſich ſehne.

75.

In einen ſanften Schlaf verlor ſich wonniglich
Der ſel'ge Traum. Und mit dem Tage fanden
Sie beide, Arm im Arm, wie neu geboren ſich
Auf einer Bank von Moos. Zu ihrer Seite ſtanden
Im leicht umſchattenden Gebüſch,
Reich aufgeſchmückt, vier wunderſchöne Pferde,
Und ringsum lag ein ſchimmerndes Gemiſch
Von Waffen, Schmuck und Kleidern auf der Erde.

76.

Herr Hüon, dem das Herz von Freude überfloß,
Weckt ſeinen Alten auf; Amande
Sucht ihren Sohn, der noch auf Fatmens Schooß
Sanft ſchlummernd lag. Sie ſehn ſich um. Wie groß
Iſt ihr Erſtaunen! — Herr, in welchem Lande
Glaubt ihr zu ſein! ruft Scherasmin entzückt
Dem Ritter zu — Kommt, ſeht von dieſem Stande
Nach Weſten hin, und ſagt, was ihr erblickt!

77.

Der Ritter ſchaut hinaus, und traut
Dem Anblick kaum. — Er, der ſo viel erfahren,
Und deſſen Augen ſo gewöhnt an Wunder waren,
Glaubt kaum, was er mit offnen Augen ſchaut.
Es iſt die Sein', an deren Bord ſie ſtehen!
Es iſt Paris, was ſie verbreitet vor ſich ſehen!
Er reibt ſich Aug' und Stirn, ſchaut immer wieder hin,
Und ruft: Iſt's möglich, daß ich ſchon am Ziele bin!

78.

Nicht lange ſchaut er hin, vor Freude ganz betroffen,
So ſtellt ſich ihm ein neues Schauſpiel dar.
Ihm däucht, daß alles um die Burg in Aufruhr war.
Man hört Trompetenſchall, und eine Ritterſchaar
Trabt dem Turnierplatz zu, die Schranken ſtehen offen.
Mein Glück, ruft Hüon, läßt mein Hoffen
Stets hinter ſich. Geh, Freund! wofern nicht alles mich
Betrügt, giebt's ein Turnier! geh, und erkund'ge dich.

79.

Der Alte geht. Inzwiſchen wird Amande
Von Fatmen angekleid't. Denn, was ſie haben muß,
Sich, mit dem Glanz, der ihrem hohen Stande
Und ihrer Schönheit ziemt, in dieſem fremden Lande
Zu zeigen, fanden ſie im reichſten Ueberfluß
Gehäuft zu ihren Füßen liegen.
Herr Hüon läßt indeß, mit manchem Vaterkuß
Den kleinen Hüonnet auf ſeinem Knie ſich wiegen.

80.

Und ſieht, mit inniglicher Luſt,
Das ſchöne Weib, durch alles fremde Zieren
Und Schimmern nichts gewinnen noch verlieren.
Ob eine Roſe ihre Bruſt
Umſchattet, ob ein Strauß von blitzenden Juwelen
In Glanz ſie hüllt — ſtets durch ſich ſelber ſchön
Und liebeathmend, ſcheint durch Den
Ihr nichts geliehn, bei Jener nichts zu fehlen.

81.

Der Alte kommt jetzt mit der Nachricht an,
Drei Tage ſei bereits der Schranken aufgethan.
Karl (ſpricht er) immer noch durch ſeinen Groll getrieben,
Hat ein Turnier im Reiche ausgeſchrieben.
Und rathet, welchen Dank der Sieger heut erhält?
Nichts kleiners, Herr, als — Hüons Land und Leben!
Denn, euch aus Babylon mit Ruhm gekrönt zu ſehen,
Iſt was dem Kaiſer nicht im Schlaf zu Sinne fällt.

82.

Auf, waffne dich, ruft Hüon voller Freuden:
Willkommner konnte mir kein' andre Botſchaft ſein.
Was die Geburt mir gab, ſei nun durch Tugend mein!
Verdien' ich's nicht, ſo mag's der Kaiſer dem beſcheiden
Der's würdig iſt! — Er ſagt's und ſiehet Rezia
Ihm lächelnd ſtillen Beifall nicken.
Ihr Buſen klopft ihm Sieg! — In wenig Augenblicken
Steht glänzend ſchon ihr Held in voller Rüſtung da.

83.

Sie ſchwingen ſich zu Pferd, die Ritter und die Frauen,
Und ziehen nach der Stadt; und allenthalben ſchauen,
Von ihrer Pracht entzückt, die Leute nach, und wer
Die Gaſſen müßig tritt, läuft hinter ihnen her.
Bald langt mit Rezia Herr Hüon vor den Planken
Der Stechbahn an. Er läßt, nachdem er ſich bei ihr
Beurlaubt, Scherasmin zu ihrem Schützer hier,
Zieht ſein Viſir herab, und reitet in die Schranken.

84.

Ein lautes Lob verfolgt von beiden Seiten ihn,
Ihn, der an Anſtand und an Stärke
Den beſten, die der ritterlichen Werke
Bisher gepflegt, weit überlegen ſchien.
Scheel ſehend ſtand am Ziel, auf ſeinem ſtolzen Roß,
Der Ritter, der in dieſen dreien Tagen
Des Rennens Preis davon getragen,
Und mit den Fürſten ſah der Kaiſer aus dem Schloß.

85.

Herr Hüon neigt, nach ritterlicher Weiſe,
Sich vor dem Kaiſer tief, dann vor den Damen und
Den Richtern — tummelt drauf im Kreiſe
Den muth'gen Hengſt herum, und macht dem Sieger kund,
Daß er gekommen ſei, den Dank ihm abzujagen.
Er ſollte zwar erſt Stand und Namen ſagen:
Allein ſein Schwur, daß er ein Franke ſei,
Und ſeines Aufzugs Pracht, macht vom Geſetz ihn frei.

86.

Er wiegt und wählt aus einem Haufen Speere
Sich den, der ihm die meiſte Schwere
Zu haben ſcheint, ſchwingt ihn mit leichter Hand,
Und ſtellt, voll Zuverſicht, ſich nun an ſeinen Stand.
Wie klopft Amandens Herz! wie feurige Gebete
Schickt ſie zu Oberon und allen Engeln ab,
Als jetzt die ſchmetternde Trompete
Dem Ungeduld'gen zum Rennen Urlaub gab.

87.

Dem Ritter, der bisher die Nebenbuhler alle
Die Erde küſſen hieß, ſchwillt mächtiglich die Galle,
Daß er gezwungen wird, auf dieſe neue Schanz
Sein Glück und ſeinen Ruhm zu ſetzen.
Er war ein Sohn des Doolin von Maganz,
Und ihm war Lanzenſpiel kaum mehr wie Haſenhetzen.
Er ſtürmet, wie ein Strahl aus ſchwarzer Wolken Schooß,
In voller Wuth auf ſeinen Gegner los.

88.

Doch ohne nur in ſeinem Sitz zu ſchwanken,
Trifft Hüon ihn ſo kräftig vor die Bruſt,
Und wirft mit ſolcher Macht ihn ſeitwärts an die Planken,
Daß alle Rippen ihm von ſeinem Fall erkranken.
Zum Kampf vergeht ihm alle weit're Luſt;
Vier Knappen tragen ihn ohnmächtig aus den Schranken.
Ein jubelnd Siegsgeſchrei prallt an die Wolken an,
Und Hüon ſteht allein als Sieger auf dem Plan.

89.

Er bleibt am Ziel noch eine Weile ſtehen,
Ob jemand um den Dank noch kämpfen will, zu ſehn;

Und da ſich niemand zeigt, eilt er mit ſchnellem Trab
Amanden zu, die, hoch auf ihrem ſchönen Roſſe,
Wie eine Göttin glänzt, und führt ſie nach dem Schloſſe.
Sie langen an. Er hebt gar höflich ſie herab,
Und führt ſie, unterm Vivatrufen
Des Volks, hinauf die hohen Marmorſtufen.

90.

Wie eine Silberwolk' umwebt
Amandens Angeſicht ein undurchſicht'ger Schleier,
Durch den ſich jedes Aug' umſonſt zu bohren ſtrebt.
Voll Ungeduld, wie ſich dieß Abenteuer
Entwickeln werde, ſtrömt die Menge ohne Zahl
Dem edeln Paare nach. Jetzt öffnet ſich ein Saal:
Hoch ſitzt auf ſeinem Thron, von ſeinem Fürſtenrathe
Umringt, der alte Karl in kaiſerlichem Staate.

91.

Herr Hüon nimmt den Helm von ſeinem Haupt,
Und tritt hinein, in ſeinen ſchönen Locken
Dem Gott des Tages gleich. Und alle ſehn erſchrocken
Den Schnell-Erkannten an. Der alte Kaiſer glaubt
Des Ritters Geiſt zu ſehn. Und Hüon, mit Amanden
An ſeiner Hand, naht ehrerbietig ſich
Dem Thron, und ſpricht: Mein Lehnsherr! ſiehe mich,
Gehorſam meiner Pflicht, zurück in deinen Landen!

92.

Denn, was du zum Beding gemacht
Von meiner Wiederkehr, mit Gott hab' ich's vollbracht!
In dieſem Käſtchen ſieh des Sultans Bart und Zähne,
An die, o Herr, nach deinem Wort, ich Leib
Und Leben aufgeſetzt — und ſieh in dieſer Schöne
Die Erbin ſeines Throns, und mein geliebtes Weib!
Mit dieſem Worte fällt von Reziens Angeſichte
Der Schleier ab, und füllt den Saal mit neuem Lichte.

93.

Ein Engel ſcheint, in ſeinem Himmelsglanz,
(Gemildert nur, damit ſie nicht vergehen)
Vor dem Erſtaunten da zu ſtehen:
So groß, und doch zugleich ſo lieblich anzuſehen,
Glänzt Rezia, in ihrem Myrtenkranz
Und ſilbernen Gewand. Die Königin der Feen
Schmiegt, ungeſehen, ſich an ihre Freundin an,
Und alle Herzen ſind ihr plötzlich unterthan.

94.

Der Kaiſer ſteigt vom Thron, heißt freundlich ſie willkommen
An ſeinem Hof. Die Fürſten drängen ſich
Um Hüon her, umarmen brüderlich
Den edeln jungen Mann, der glorreich heimgekommen
Von einem ſolchen Zug. Es ſtirbt der alte Groll
In Karls des Großen Bruſt. Er ſchüttelt liebevoll
Des Helden Hand, und ſpricht: Nie fehl' es unſerm Reiche
An einem Fürſtenſohn, der Dir an Tugend gleiche!

Die Abderiten.

Drittes Buch.

1. Kapitel.

Die Abderiten machen ſich fertig in die Komödie zu gehen.

Es war bei den Rathsherren von Abdera eine alte hergebrachte Gewohnheit und Sitte, die vor Rath verhandelten Materien unmittelbar darauf bei Tiſche (es ſei nun, daß ſie Geſellſchaft hatten, oder mit ihrer Familie allein ſpeiſten) zu rekapituliren und zu einer reichen Quelle entweder von witzigen Einfällen und ſpaßhaften Anmerkungen, oder von patriotiſchen Stoßſeufzern, Klagen, Wünſchen, Träumen, Ausſichten und dgl. zu machen; zumal wenn etwa in dem abgefaßten Rathsſchluſſe die Verſchwiegenheit ausdrücklich empfohlen worden war.

Aber diesmal — wiewohl das Abenteuer der Abderiten mit dem Fürſten der Aerzte ſonderbar genug war, um einen Platz in den Jahrbüchern ihrer Republik zu verdienen — wurde an allen Tafeln, wo ein Rathsherr oder Zunftmeiſter oben an ſaß, des Hippokrates und Demokritus eben ſo wenig gedacht, als ob gar keine Männer dieſes Namens in der Welt geweſen wären. In dieſem Stück hatten die Abderiten einen ganz beſondern Public-Spirit, und ein feineres Gefühl, als man ihnen in Betracht ihres gewöhnlichen Eigendünkels hätte zutrauen ſollen. In der That konnte ihre Geſchichte mit dem Hippokrates, man hätte ſie wenden und drehen mögen, wie man gewollt, auf keine Art, die ihnen Ehre machte, erzählt werden. Das Sicherſte war, die Sache auf ſich beruhen zu laſſen, und zu ſchweigen.

Die heutige Komödie machte alſo diesmal, wie gewöhnlich, den Hauptgegenſtand der Unterhaltung aus. Denn ſeitdem ſich die Abderiten, nach dem Beiſpiel ihres großen Muſters, der Athener, mit einem eigenen Theater verſehen, und ihrer Gewohnheit nach die Sache ſo weit getrieben hatten, daß den größten Theil des Jahres hindurch alle Tage irgend eine Art von Schauſpiel bei ihnen zu ſehen war: ſo wurde in Geſellſchaften, ſo bald die übrigen Gemeinplätze, Wetter, Putz und Stadtneuigkeiten erſchöpft waren, unfehlbar entweder von der Komödie, die geſtern geſpielt worden war, oder von der Komödie, die heute geſpielt werden ſollte, geſprochen — und die Herren von Abdera wußten ſich (beſonders gegen Fremde) nicht wenig damit, daß ſie ihren Mitbürgern eine ſo ſchöne Gelegenheit zur Verfeinerung ihres Witzes und Geſchmacks, einen ſo unerſchöpflichen Stoff zu unſchuldigen Geſprächen in Geſellſchaften, und beſonders dem ſchönen Geſchlecht ein ſo herrliches Mittel gegen die Leib und Seele verderbende lange Weile verſchafft hatten.

Wir ſagen es nicht, um zu tadeln, ſondern zum verdienten Lobe der Abderiten, daß ſie ihr Komödienweſen für wichtig genug hielten, die Aufſicht darüber einem beſondern Rathsausſchuſſe zu übergeben, deſſen Vorſitzer immer der jetzige Nomofylax, folglich einer der oberſten Väter des Vaterlandes war. Dies war unſtreitig ſehr löblich. Alles, was man mit Recht an einer ſo ſchönen Einrichtung ausſetzen konnte, war, daß es darum nicht um ein Haar beſſer mit ihrem Komödienweſen ſtand. Weil nun die Wahl der Stücke von der Rathsdeputazion abhing, und die Erfindung der Komödienzettel unter die unzähliche Menge von Erfindungen gehört, die den Vorzug der Neuern vor den Alten außer allem fernern Widerſpruch ſetzen: ſo wußte das Publikum — ausgenommen wenn ein neues Abderitiſches Originalſtück aufs Theater gebracht wurde — ſelten vorher, was geſpielt werden würde. Denn wiewohl die Herren von der Deputazion eben kein Geheimniß aus der Sache machten: ſo mußte ſie doch, ehe ſie publik wurde, durch ſo manchen ſchiefen Mund und durch ſo viele dicke Ohren gehen, daß faſt immer ein Qui pro quo heraus kam, und die Zuhörer, wenn ſie zum Beiſpiel die Antigone des Sofokles erwarteten, die Erigone des Fulignatus für lieb und gut nehmen mußten — woran ſie es denn auch ſelten oder nie ermangeln ließen.

Was werden ſie uns heut für ein Stück geben? war alſo jetzt die allgemeine Frage in Abdera — eine Frage, die an ſich ſelbſt die unſchuldigſte Frage von der Welt war, aber durch einen einzigen kleinen Umſtand erzabderitiſch wurde; nämlich, daß die Antwort ſchlechterdings von keinem praktiſchen Nutzen ſein konnte. Denn die Leute gingen in die Komödie, es mochte ein altes oder ein neues, gutes oder ſchlechtes Stück geſpielt werden.

Eigentlich zu reden gab es für die Abderiten gar keine ſchlechten Stücke; denn ſie nahmen alles für gut: und eine natürliche Folge dieſer unbegrenzten Gutmüthigkeit war, daß es für ſie auch keine guten Stücke gab. Schlecht oder gut, was ihnen die Zeit vertrieb, war ihnen recht, und alles, was wie ein Schauſpiel ausſah, vertrieb ihnen die Zeit. — Jedes Stück alſo, ſo elend es war, und ſo elend es geſpielt worden ſein mochte, endigte ſich mit einem Beklatſche, das gar nicht aufhören wollte. Alsdann ertönte auf einmal durchs ganze Parterre ein allgemeines: Wie hat Ihnen das heutige Stück gefallen? und wurde ſtracks durch ein eben ſo allgemeines: Sehr wohl! beantwortet.

So geneigt auch unſere werthen Leſer ſein mögen, ſich nicht leicht über etwas zu wundern, was wir ihnen von den Idiotismen unſeres Thraziſchen Athens erzählen können: ſo iſt doch dieſer eben erwähnte Zug etwas ſo ganz beſonderes, daß wir beſorgen müſſen keinen Glauben zu finden, wofern wir ihnen nicht begreiflich machen, wie es zugegangen, daß die Abderiten mit einer ſo großen Neigung zu Schauſpielen es gleichwohl zu einer ſo hohen unbeſchränkten dramatiſchen Apathie oder vielmehr Hypopathie bringen konnten, daß ihnen ein elendes Stück nicht nur keine Leiden verurſachte, ſondern ſogar eben (oder doch beinahe eben) ſo wohl that als ein gutes.

Man wird uns, wenn wir das Räthſel auflöſen ſollen, eine kleine Ausſchweifung über das ganze Abderitiſche Theaterweſen erlauben müſſen.

Wir ſehen uns aber genöthigt, uns von dem günſtigen und billig denkenden Leſer vorher eine kleine Gnade auszubitten, an deren großmüthiger Gewährung ihm ſelbſt am Ende noch mehr gelegen iſt als uns. Und dieß iſt: aller widrigen Eingebungen ſeines Kakodämons ungeachtet, ſich ja nicht einzubilden, als ob hier, unter verdeckten Namen die Rede von den Theaterdichtern, den Schauſpielern, und dem Parterre ſeiner lieben Vaterſtadt die Rede ſei. Wir läugnen zwar nicht, daß die ganze Abderitengeſchichte in gewiſſem

Betracht einen doppelten Sinn habe: aber ohne den Schlüſſel zu Aufſchließung des *geheimen Sinnes*, den unſre Leſer von uns ſelbſt erhalten ſollen, würden ſie Gefahr laufen, alle Augenblicke falſche Deutungen zu machen. Bis dahin alſo erſuchen wir ſie

Per genium, dextramque, Deosque Penates,

ſich aller unnachbarlichen und unfreundlichen Anwendungen zu enthalten, und alles was folgt, ſo wie dieß ganze Buch, in keiner andern Gemüthsverfaſſung zu leſen, als womit ſie irgend eine andere alte oder neue unpartheiiſche Geſchichtserzählung leſen würden.

2. Kapitel.

Nähere Nachrichten von dem Abderitiſchen Nazionaltheater. Geſchmack der Abderiten. Charakter des Nomophylax Gryllus.

Als die Abderiten beſchloſſen hatten, ein ſtehendes Theater zu haben, wurde zugleich aus patriotiſchen Rückſichten feſtgeſetzt, daß es ein *Nazionaltheater* ſein ſollte. Da nun die Nazion, wenigſtens dem größten Theile nach, aus Abderiten beſtand: ſo mußte ihr Theater nothfolglich ein *Abderitiſches* werden. Dieß war natürlicher Weiſe die erſte und unheilbare Quelle alles Uebels.

Der Reſpekt, den die Abderiten für die heilige Stadt der *Minerva*, als ihre vermeinte Mutter, trugen, brachte es zwar mit ſich, daß die Schauſpiele der ſämmtlichen *Atheniſchen Dichter*, nicht weil ſie *gut* waren, (denn das war eben nicht immer der Fall) ſondern weil ſie von *Athen* kamen, in großem Anſehen bei ihnen ſtanden. Und Anfangs konnte auch, aus Mangel einer genugſamen Anzahl *einheimiſcher* Stücke, beinahe nichts anders gegeben werden. Allein eben deswegen hielt man, ſowohl zur Ehre der Stadt und Republik Abdera, als mancherlei andrer Vortheile wegen, für nöthig, eine *Komödien- und Tragödienfabrik* in ihrem eigenen Mittel anzulegen, und dieſe neue poetiſche Manufaktur, — in welcher Abderitiſcher Witz, Abderitiſche Gefühle, Abderitiſche Sitten und Thorheiten als eben ſo viele *rohe Nazionalprodukte* zu eigenem Gebrauch *dramatiſch verarbeitet* werden ſollten, — wie guten und weiſen Regenten und Patrioten zuſteht, *auf alle mögliche Art aufzumuntern*.

Dieß *auf Koſten des gemeinen Seckels* zu bewerkſtelligen, ging aus zwei Urſachen nicht wohl an; erſtens, weil dieſer Seckel, vermöge der Art, wie er verwaltet wurde, faſt immer weniger enthielt als man heraus nehmen wollte; und zweitens, weil es damals noch nicht Mode war die Zuſchauer bezahlen zu laſſen, ſondern das *Ärarium* die Unkoſten des Theaters tragen mußte, und alſo ohnedieß bei dieſem neuen Artikel ſchon genug auszugeben hatte. Denn an eine neue Auflage auf die Bürgerſchaft war, vor der Hand und bis man wußte wie viel Geſchmack ſie dieſer neuen Luſtbarkeit abgewinnen würde, nicht zu denken. Es blieb alſo kein ander Mittel, als die Abderitiſchen Dichter *auf Unkoſten des Geſchmacks gemeiner Stadt aufzumuntern*; d. i. alle Waaren, die ſie *gratis* lieferten, für *gut* zu nehmen — nach dem alten Sprichworte: *Geſchenktem Gaul ſieh nicht ins Maul*; oder, wie es die Abderiten gaben: *Wo man umſonſt ißt, wird immer gut gekocht.*

Was von *Horaz* von ſeiner Zeit in Rom ſagt: **Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim**, galt auch von Abdera im ſuperlativſten Grade. Weil es einem zum *Verdienſt* angerechnet wurde, wenn er ein Schauſpiel ſchrieb, und weil ſchlechterdings nichts dabei zu wagen war: ſo machte Tragödien wer Athem genug hatte, ein paar Dutzend zuſammen geraffte Gedanken in eben ſo viele von *Bombaſt* ſtrotzende Perioden aufzublaſen; und jeder platte Spaßmacher verſuchte es, die Zwerchfelle der Abderiten, auf denen er ſonſt in Geſellſchaften oder Weinhäuſern getrommelt hatte, jetzt auch einmal vom Theater herab zu bearbeiten.

Dieſe patriotiſche Nachſicht gegen die Nazionalprodukte hatte eine natürliche Folge, die das Uebel zugleich vermehrte und fortdauernd machte. So ein gedankenleeres, windiges, aufgeblaſenes, ungezogenes, unwiſſendes, und aller Anſtrengung unfähiges Völkchen es auch um die *jungen Patrizier* von Abdera war, ſo ließ ſich doch gar bald einer von ihnen, wir wiſſen nicht ob von ſeinem Mädchen oder von ſeinen Schmarotzern, oder auch von ſeinem eignen angeſtammten Dünkel, weiß machen, daß es nur an ihm liege, dramatiſche Epheukränze zu erwerben, ſo gut als ein anderer. Dieſer erſte Verſuch wurde mit einem ſo glänzenden Erfolg gekrönt, daß *Blemmias*, (ein Neffe des Archon *Onolaus*) ein Knabe von ſiebzehn Jahren, und, was in der Familie des *Onolaus* nichts ungewöhnliches war, ein *notoriſches Ganshaupt*, ein unwiderſtehliches Jucken in ſeinen Fingern fühlte, auch ein *Bocksſpiel* zu machen, wie man damals das Ding hieß, daß wir jetzt ein *Trauerſpiel* zu ſchelten pflegen. Niemals ſeitdem Abdera auf Thraziſchem Boden ſtand, hatte man ein dümmeres Nazionalprodukt geſehen: aber der Verfaſſer war ein Neffe des Archon, und ſo konnt' es ihm nicht fehlen. Der Schauplatz war ſo voll, daß die jungen Herren den ſchönen Abderitinnen auf dem Schooße ſitzen mußten; die gemeinen Leute ſtanden einander auf den Schultern. Man hörte alle fünf Akte in unverwandter dumm wartender Stille an; man gähnte, ſeufzte, wiſchte ſich die Stirne, rieb die Augen, hatte hündiſche lange Weile — und hörte zu; und wie nun endlich das lang' erſeufzte Ende kam, wurde ſo abſcheulich geklatſcht, daß etliche zartnervige Mutterſöhnchen das Gehör darüber verloren.

Nun wars klar, daß es keine ſo große Kunſt ſein müſſe, eine Tragödie zu machen, weil ſogar der junge Blemmias eine gemacht hatte. Jedermann konnte ſich ohne große Unbeſcheidenheit eben ſo viel zutrauen. Es wurde ein Familien-Ehrenpunkt, daß jedes gute Haus wenigſtens mit einem Sohne, Neffen, Schwager oder Vetter mußte prangen können, der die Nazionalſchaubühne mit einer Komödie oder Bocksſpiel, oder wenigſtens mit einem Singſpielchen beſchenkt hatte. Wie groß dieß Verdienſt ſeinem innern Gehalte nach etwa ſei, daran dachte niemand; gutes, mittelmäßiges und elendes lief in Einer Heerde unter einander her. Es bedurfte, um ein ſchlechtes Stück zu ſchützen, keiner Kabale. Eine Höflichkeit war der andern werth. Und weil die Herren allerſeits Eſelsöhrchen hatten: ſo konnte keinem einfallen, dem andern das berühmte Auriculas asini Mida rex habet zuzuflüſtern.

Man kann ſich leicht vorſtellen, daß *die Kunſt* bei dieſer Duldſamkeit nicht viel gewonnen haben werde. Aber was kümmerte die Abderiten das Intereſſe der Kunſt? Genug, daß es für die Ruhe ihrer Stadt und das allerſeitige Vergnügen zuträglicher war, dergleichen Dinge friedlich und ſchiedlich abzuthun.

Da kann man ſehen, pflegte der Archon *Onolaus* zu ſagen, wie viel darauf ankommt, daß man ein Ding beim rechten Ende nimmt! Das Komödienweſen, das zu *Athen* alle Augenblicke die garſtigſten Händel anrichtet, iſt zu *Abdera* ein Band des allgemeinen guten Vernehmens und der unſchuldigſte Zeitvertreib von der Welt. Man geht in die Komödie, man ergötzt ſich auf die eine oder die andere Art, entweder mit Zuhören, oder mit ſeiner Nachbarin, oder mit Träumen und Schlafen, wie es einem jeden beliebt; dann wird geklatſcht, jedermann geht zufrieden nach Hauſe, und gute Nacht!

Wir ſagten vorhin, die Abderiten hätten ſich mit ihrem Theater ſo viel zu thun gemacht, daß ſie in Geſellſchaften beinahe von nichts als von der Komödie geſprochen, und ſo verhielt ſichs auch wirklich. Aber wenn ſie von Theaterſtücken und Vorſtellungen und Schauſpielern ſprachen, ſo geſchah es nicht, um etwa zu unterſuchen was daran in der That beifallswürdig ſein möchte oder nicht. Denn ob ſie ſich ein Ding gefallen oder nicht gefallen laſſen wollten, das hing (ihrer Meinung nach) lediglich von *ihrem freien Willen* ab; und, wie geſagt, ſie hatten nun einmal eine Art von ſchweigender Abrede mit einander getroffen, ihre einheimiſchen dramatiſchen Manufakturen *aufzumuntern*. „Man ſieht doch recht augenſcheinlich, (ſagten ſie) was es auf ſich hat, wenn die Künſte an einem Orte aufgemuntert werden. Noch vor zwanzig Jahren hatten wir kaum zwei oder drei Poeten, von denen, außer etwa an Geburtstagen oder Hochzeiten, kein Menſch Notiz nahm. Jetzt, ſeit den zehn bis zwölf Jahren, da wir ein eignes Theater haben, können wir ſchon über ſechshundert Stücke, groß und klein in einander gerechnet, aufweiſen, die alle auf Abderitiſchem Grund und Boden gewachſen ſind.“

Wenn ſie alſo von ihren Schauſpielen ſchwatzten, ſo war es nur um einander zu fragen, ob zum Beiſpiel, das geſtrige Stück nicht *ſchön* geweſen ſei? und einander zu antworten: ja es ſei ſehr *ſchön* geweſen — und was die Schauſpielerin, welche die Iphigenia oder Andromache vorgeſtellt, (denn zu Abdera werden die weiblichen Rollen von wirklichen Frauenzimmern geſpielt, und das war eben nicht ſo Abderitiſch) für ein ſchönes neues Kleid angehabt habe? Und das gab dann Gelegenheit zu tauſend kleinen intereſſanten Anmerkungen, Reden und Gegenreden, über den Putz, die Stimme, den Anſtand, den Gang, das Tragen des Kopfs und der Arme, und zwanzig andere Dinge dieſer Art, an den Schauſpielern und Schauſpielerinnen. Mitunter ſprach man auch wohl von dem Stücke ſelbſt, ſowohl von der Muſik als von den *Worten*, (wie ſie die Poeſie davon nannten) das iſt, ein jedes ſagte, was ihm am beſten oder wenigſten gefallen hätte; man hob die vorzüglich *rührenden* und *erhabenen* Stellen aus; tadelte auch wohl hier und da einen Ausdruck, ein *allzu niedriges Wort* oder einen *Gedanken*, den man übertrieben oder anſtößig fand. Aber immer endigte ſich die Kritik mit dem ewigen Abderitiſchen Refrain: Es bleibt doch immer ein ſchönes Stück — und hat viel Moral in ſich. Schöne Moral! pflegte der kurze dicke Rathsherr hinzu zu ſetzen — und immer traf ſich's, daß die Stücke, die er ihrer ſchönen Moral wegen ſelig pries, gerade die elendeſten waren.

Man wird vielmehr denken: da die beſondern Urſachen, die man zu Abdera gehabt habe, alle einheimiſche Stücke ohne Rückſicht auf Verdienſt und Würdigkeit, aufzumuntern, bei auswärtigen nicht Statt gefunden, ſo hätte doch wenigſtens die große Verſchiedenheit der Atheniſchen Schauſpieldichter, und der Abſtand eines Aſtydamas von einem Sofokles etwas dazu beitragen ſollen, ihren Geſchmack zu bilden, und ihnen den Unterſchied zwiſchen gut und ſchlecht, vortrefflich und mittelmäßig, beſonders den mächtigen Unterſchied zwiſchen natürlichem Beruf und bloßer Prätenſion und Nachäfferei, zwiſchen dem muntern, gleichen, aushaltenden Gang des wahren Meiſters, und dem Stelzenſchritt oder dem Nachkriechen, Nachhinken und Nachkriechen der Nachahmer — anſchaulich zu machen. Aber, fürs erſte, iſt der Geſchmack eine Sache, die ſich ohne natürliche Anlagen, ohne eine gewiſſe Feinheit des Seelenorgans, womit man ſchmecken ſoll, durch keine Kunſt noch Bildung erlangen läßt; und wir haben gleich zu Anfang dieſer Geſchichte ſchon bemerkt, daß die Natur den Abderiten dieſe Anlage ganz verſagt zu haben ſchien. Ihnen ſchmeckte Alles. Man fand auf ihren Tiſchen die Meiſterſtücke des Genies und Witzes mit dem Abgang der ſchalſten Köpfe, den Tagelöhnerarbeiten der elendeſten Pfuſcher, unter einander liegen. Man konnte ihnen in ſolchen Dingen weiß machen was man wollte; und es war nichts leichter, als einem Abderiten die erhabenſte Ode von Pindar für den erſten Verſuch eines Anfängers, und umgekehrt das ſinnloſeſte Geſchmier, wenn es nur den Zuſchnitt eines Geſangs in Strofen und Antiſtrofen hatte, für ein Werk von Pindar zu geben. Daher war bei einem jeden neuen Stücke, das ihnen zu Geſicht kam, immer ihre erſte Frage: Von wem? und man hatte hundert Beiſpiele, daß ſie gegen das vortrefflichſte Werk gleichgültig geblieben waren, bis ſie erfahren hatten, daß es einem berühmten Namen zugehöre.

Dazu kam noch der Umſtand, daß der Nomofylax Gryllus, des Cyniskus Sohn, der an der Errichtung des Abderitiſchen Nazionaltheaters den meiſten Antheil gehabt hatte, und der Oberaufſeher über ihr ganzes Schauſpielweſen war, Anſpruch machte, ein großer Muſikverſtändiger und der erſte Komponiſt ſeiner Zeit zu ſein — ein Anſpruch, gegen welchen die gefälligen Abderiten um ſo weniger einzuwenden hatten, weil er ein ſehr populärer Herr war, und weil ſeine ganze Kompoſitionskunſt in einer Anzahl melodiſcher Formen oder Leiſten beſtand, die er allen Arten von Texten anzupaſſen wußte, ſo daß nichts leichter war, als ſeine Melodien zu ſingen und auswendig zu lernen.

Die Eigenſchaft, auf welche ſich Gryllus am meiſten zu gut that, war ſeine Behendigkeit im Komponiren. — „Nu, wie gefällt Ihnen meine Ifigenia, Hekuba, Alceſte, (oder was es ſonſten war) he?“ — O, ganz vortrefflich, Herr Nomofylax! — „Gelt! da iſt doch reiner Satz! fließende Melodie! ha, hä, hä! Und wie lange denken Sie, daß ich daran gemacht habe? — Zählen Sie nach! — Heute haben wir den 13ten — Den 4ten Morgens um fünf Uhr — Sie wiſſen, ich bin früh auf — ſetzt' ich mich an mein Pult und fing an — und geſtern Punkt zehn Uhr Vormittags macht' ich den letzten Strich! — Nun zählen Sie nach, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. — macht, wie Sie ſehen, nicht volle 9 Tage, und darunter zwei Rathstage, und zwei oder drei, wo ich zu Gaſte gebeten war; andere Geſchäfte nicht gerechnet — Hm! was ſagen Sie? Heißt das nicht fix gearbeitet? — Ich ſag' es eben nicht, um mich zu rühmen: aber das getrau' ich mir, wenn's eine Wette gälte, daß kein Komponiſt im ganzen Europäiſchen und Aſiatiſchen Griechenland eher mit einem Stücke fertig werden ſoll als ich! — Es iſt nichts! Aber es iſt doch ſo eine eigne Gabe, die ich habe. Hä, hä, hä!“

Wir hoffen, unſre Leſer ſehen den Mann nun vor ſich, und wenn ſie einige Anlage zur Muſik haben, ſo muß ihnen ſein, ſie hätten ihn bereits ſeine ganze Ifigenia, Hekuba und Alceſte herunter orgeln gehört.

Nun hatte dieſer große Mann noch nebenher die kleine Schwachheit, daß er keine Muſik gut finden konnte als — ſeine eigene. Keiner von den beſten Tonſetzern zu Athen, Theben, Korinth u. ſ. w. konnt' es ihm zu Danke machen. Den berühmten Damon ſelbſt, deſſen gefällige, geiſtreiche und immer zum Herzen ſprechende Art zu komponiren außerhalb Abdera, alles was eine Seele hatte, bezauberte, nannte er unter ſeinen Vertrauten nur den Bänkelſängerkomponiſten. Bei dieſer Art zu denken, und vermöge der unendlichen Leichtigkeit, womit er ſeinen muſikaliſchen Laich von ſich gab, hatte er nun binnen wenig Jahren zu mehr als ſechszig Stücken von berühmten und unberühmten Atheniſchen Schauſpieldichtern die Muſik gemacht. Denn die Abderitiſchen Nazionalprodukte überließ er meiſtens ſeinen Schülern und Nachahmern, und begnügte ſich bloß mit der Reviſion ihrer Arbeit. Freilich fiel ſeine Wahl, wie man denken kann, nicht immer auf die beſten Stücke; die Hälfte wenigſtens waren mißlungene bombaſtiſche Nachahmungen des Aeſchylus, oder abgeſchmackte Poſſenſpiele, Jahrmarktsſtücke, die von ihren Verfaſſern ſelbſt blos für die Beluſtigung des unterſten Pöbels beſtimmt waren. Aber genug, der Nomofylax, ein Haupt der Stadt, hatte ſie komponirt; ſie wurden alſo unendlich beklatſcht; und wenn ſie denn auch bei der öftern Wiederholung mitunter gähnen und hojanen machten, daß die Kinnladen hätten auseinander gehen mögen, ſo verſicherte man einander doch beim Herausgehen ſehr tröſtlich: es ſei gar ein ſchönes Stück, und gar eine ſchöne Muſik geweſen!

Und ſo vereinigte ſich denn alles bei dieſen griechenzenden Thraziern, nicht nur gegen die Arten und Stufen des Schönen, ſondern gegen den innern Unterſchied des Vortrefflichen und Schlechten ſelbſt, jene mechaniſche Kaltſinnigkeit hervorzubringen, wodurch ſie ſich als durch einen feſten Nazionalcharakterzug von allen übrigen poliirten Völkern des Erdbodens auszeichneten; eine Kaltſinnigkeit, die dadurch deſto ſonderbarer wurde, weil ſie ihnen gleichwohl die Fähigkeit ließ, zuweilen von dem wirklich Schönen auf eine gar ſeltſame Art affizirt zu werden — wie man in kurzem aus einem merkwürdigen Beiſpiel erſehen wird.

3. Kapitel.

Beiträge zur Abderitiſchen Litteraturgeſchichte. Nachrichten von ihren erſten theatraliſchen Dichtern, Hyperbolus, Paraſpasmus, Antifilus und Thlaps.

Bei aller dieſer anſcheinenden Gleichgültigkeit, Toleranz, Apathie, Hedypathie, oder wie man's nennen will, müſſen wir uns die Abderiten gleichwohl nicht als Leute ohne allen Geſchmack vorſtellen. Denn ihre fünf Sinne hatten ſie richtig und voll gezählt: und wiewohl ihnen unter den angegebenen Umſtänden Alles gut genug ſchmeckte; ſo däuchte ſie doch, dieſes oder jenes ſchmeckt' ihnen beſſer als ein andres; und ſo hatten ſie denn ihre Lieblingsſtücke und Lieblingsdichter ſo gut als andre Leute.

Damals, als ihnen der kleine Verdruß mit dem Arzt Hippokrates zuſtieß, waren unter einer ziemlichen Anzahl von Theaterdichtern, welche Handwerk davon machten, (die Freiwilligen nicht gerechnet) vornämlich zwei im Beſitz der höchſten Gunſt des abderitiſchen Publikums. Der eine machte Tragödien und eine Art Stücke, die man jetzt komiſche Opern nennt, der andere, Namens Thlaps, fabricirte eine Art von Mitteldingen, wobei einem weder wohl noch weh geſchah, wovon er der erſte Erfinder war; und die deßwegen nach ſeinem Namen Thlapsödien genannt wurden.

Der erſte war eben der Hyperbolus, deſſen ſchon zu Anfang dieſer eben ſo wahrhaften als wahrſcheinlichen Geſchichte als des berühmteſten unter den Abderitiſchen Dichtern gedacht worden iſt. Er hatte ſich zwar auch in den übrigen Gattungen hervorgethan; die außerordentliche Partheilichkeit ſeiner Landsleute für ihn hatte ihm in allen den Preis zuerkannt: und eben dieſer Vorzug erwarb ihm den hochtrabenden Zunamen Hyperbolus; denn von Haus aus nannte er ſich Hegeſias.

Der Grund, warum dieſer Menſch ein ſo beſonderes Glück bei den Abderiten machte, war der natürlichſte von der Welt — nämlich eben der, weßwegen er und ſeine Werke an jedem andern Orte der Welt als in Abdera ausgepfiffen worden wären. Er war unter allen ihren Dichtern derjenige, in welchem der eigentliche Geiſt von Abdera, mit allen ſeinen Idiotismen und Abweichungen von den ſchönern Formen, Proporzionen und Lineamenten der Menſchheit am leibhafteſten wohnte; derjenige, mit dem alle übrigen am meiſten ſympathiſirten; der immer alles juſt ſo machte wie ſie es auch gemacht haben würden, ihnen immer das Wort aus dem Munde nahm, immer das eigentliche Pünktchen traf, wo ſie gekitzelt ſein wollten; mit einem Worte, der Dichter nach ihrem Sinn und Herzen! Und das nicht etwa in Kraft eines außerordentlichen Scharfſinns, oder als ob er ſich ein beſondres Studium daraus gemacht hätte, ſondern lediglich, weil er unter allen ſeinen Brüdern im Marſyas am meiſten — Abderit war. Bei ihm durfte man ſich darauf verlaſſen, daß der Geſichtspunkt, woraus er eine Sache anſah, immer der ſchiefſte war, woraus ſie geſehen werden konnte; daß er zwiſchen zwei Dingen allemal die Aehnlichkeit da fand, wo ihr weſentlichſter Unterſchied lag, daß er je und allezeit feierlicher ausſehen wurde, wo ein vernünftiger

Menſch lacht, und lachen würde, wo es nur einem Abderiten einfallen kann zu lachen, u. ſ. w. Ein Mann, der des Abderitiſchen Genius ſo voll war, konnte natürlicher Weiſe in Abdera alles ſein was er wollte. Auch war er ihr Anakreon, ihr Alcäus, ihr Pindar, ihr Aeſchylus, ihr Ariſtofanes, und ſeit kurzem arbeitete er an einem großen Nazional-Heldengedicht in acht und vierzig Geſängen, die Abderiade genannt — zu großer Freude des ganzen Abderitiſchen Volkes! Denn, ſagten ſie, ein Homer iſt das einzige was uns noch abgeht; und wenn Hyperbolus mit ſeiner Abderiade fertig ſein wird, ſo haben wir Ilias und Odyſſe in Einem Stücke beiſammen; und dann laß die andern Griechen kommen, und uns noch über die Achſeln anſehen, wenn ſie das Herz haben! Sie ſollen uns dann einen Mann ſtellen, dem wir nicht einen aus unſerm Mittel entgegen ſtellen wollen!

Indeſſen war doch die Tragödie das eigentliche Fach des Hyperbolus. Er hatte deren hundert und zwanzig (vermuthlich auch groß und klein in einander gerechnet) verfertigt — ein Umſtand, der ihm bei einem Volke, das in allen Dingen nur auf Anzahl und körperlichen Umfang ſah, allein ſchon einen außerordentlichen Vorzug geben mußte. Denn von allen ſeinen Nebenbuhlern hatte es keiner auch nur auf das Drittel dieſer Zahl bringen können. Ungeachtet ihn die Abderiten wegen des Bombaſts ſeiner Schreibart ihren Aeſchylus zu nennen pflegten, ſo wußte er ſich ſelbſt doch nicht wenig mit ſeiner Originalität. Man weiſe mir, ſprach er, einen Charakter, einen Gedanken, ein Gefühl, einen Ausdruck, in allen meinen Werken, den ich aus einem andern genommen hätte! — Oder aus der Natur, ſetzte Demokrit hinzu. — „O! (rief Hyperbolus) was das betrifft, das kann ich Ihnen zugeben, ohne daß ich viel dabei verliere. Natur! Natur! Die Herren klappern immer mit ihrer Natur und wiſſen am Ende nicht was ſie wollen. Die gemeine Natur — und die meinen Sie doch — gehört in die Komödie, ins Poſſenſpiel, in die Thlapſödie, wenn Sie wollen! Aber die Tragödie muß über die Natur gehen oder ich gebe nicht eine hohle Nuß darum." Von den ſeinigen galt dieß im vollſten Maaß. So wie ſeine Perſonen hatte nie ein Menſch ausgeſehen, nie ein Menſch gefühlt, gedacht, geſprochen noch gehandelt. Aber das wollten die Abderiten eben — und daher kam es auch, daß ſie unter allen auswärtigen Dichtern am wenigſten aus dem Sofokles machten. „Wenn ich aufrichtig ſagen ſoll, wie ich denke, — ſagte einſt Hyperbolus in einer vornehmen Geſellſchaft, wo über dieſe Materie auf gut Abderitiſch raiſonirt wurde — ich habe nie begreifen können, was an dem Oedipus oder an der Elektra des Sofokles, beſonders was an ſeinem Filoktet ſo außerordentliches ſein ſoll. Für einen Nachfolger eines ſo erhabnen Dichters wie Aeſchylus, fällt er wahrlich gewaltig ab! Nun ja, Attiſche Urbanität, die ſtreit' ich ihm nicht ab! Urbanität ſo viel Sie wollen! Aber der Feuerſtrom, die wetterleuchtenden Gedanken, die Donnerſchläge, der hinreißende Wirbelwind — kurz, die Rieſenſtärke, der Adlerflug, der Löwengrimm, der Sturm und Drang, der den wahren tragiſchen Dichter macht, wo iſt der?" — Das nenn' ich wie ein Meiſter von der Sache ſprechen, ſagte einer von der Geſellſchaft. — O, über ſolche Dinge verlaſſen Sie ſich auf das Urtheil des Hyperbolus, rief ein andrer; wenn er's nicht verſtehen ſollte! — Er hat hundert und zwanzig Tragödien gemacht, flüſterte eine Abderitin einem Fremden ins Ohr; er iſt der erſte Theaterdichter von Abdera!

Indeſſen hatte es doch unter allen ſeinen Nebenbuhlern, Schülern und Kaudatarien ihrer zweien geglückt, ihn auf dem tragiſchen Thron, auf den ihn der allgemeine Beifall hinaufgeſchwungen, wanken zu machen — Dem einen durch ein Stück, worin der Held gleich in der erſten Scene des erſten Akts ſeinen Vater ermordet, im zweiten ſeine leibliche Schweſter heirathet, im dritten entdeckt, daß er ſie mit ſeiner Mutter gezeugt hatte, im vierten ſich ſelber Ohren und Naſe abſchneidet, und im fünften, nachdem er die Mutter vergiftet und die Schweſter erdroſſelt, von den Furien unter Blitz und Donner in die Hölle geholt wird — Dem andern durch eine Niobe, worin außer einer Menge Ω! Ω! αἰ, αἰ, φεῦ, φεῦ, ὀτοτοτοῖ, und einigen Blasfemien, wobei den Zuhörern die Haare zu Berge ſtanden, das ganze Stück in lauter Handlung und Pantomime geſetzt war. Beide Stücke hatten den erſtaunlichſten Effekt gethan. — Nie waren binnen drei Stunden ſo viele Schnupftücher vollgeweint worden, ſeit ein Abdera in der Welt war. — Nein, es iſt nicht zum Aushalten, ſchluchzten die ſchönen Abderitinnen — Der arme Prinz! wie er heulte, wie er ſich herumwälzte! Und die Rede, die er hielt, da er ſich die Naſe abgeſchnitten hatte, rief eine andere — Und die Furien, die Furien, ſchrie eine dritte — ich werde vier Wochen lang kein Auge vor ihnen zuthun können! — Es war ſchrecklich! ich muß geſtehen, ſagte die vierte; aber, o die arme Niobe! wie ſie mitten unter ihren über einander hergewälzten Kindern da ſteht, ſich die Haare ausrauft, ſie über die dampfenden Leichen hinſtreut, dann ſich ſelbſt auf ſie hinwirft, ſie wieder beleben möchte, dann in Verzweiflung wieder auffährt, die Augen wie feurige Räder im Kopfe herum rollt, dann mit ihren eigenen Nägeln die Bruſt aufreißt, und Hände voll Bluts unter entſetzlichen Verwünſchungen gen Himmel wirft! — Nein, ſo was rührendes muß nie geſehen worden ſein! Was das für ein Mann ſein muß, der Paraspasmus, der Stärke genug hatte, ſo eine Scene aufs Theater zu bringen! — Nun, was die Stärke anbetrifft, ſagte die ſchöne Salabanda, darauf läßt ſich eben nicht immer ſo ſicher ſchließen. Ich zweifle, ob Paraspasmus alles halten würde was er zu verſprechen ſcheint; große Prahler, ſchlechte Fechter. — Man kannte die ſchöne Salabanda für eine Frau, die ſo was nie ohne Grund ſagte; und dieſer geringfügige Umſtand brachte ſo viel zuwege, daß die Niobe des Paraspasmus bei der zweiten Vorſtellung nicht mehr die Hälfte der vorigen Wirkung that; ja der Dichter ſelbſt konnte ſich in der Folge nicht wieder von dem Schlag erholen, den ihm Salabanda durch ein einziges Wort in der Einbildungskraft der Abderitinnen gegeben hatte.

Indeſſen blieb ihm und ſeinem Freunde Ariſilus doch immer die Ehre, der Tragödie zu Abdera einen neuen Schwung gegeben zu haben! und die Erfinder zweier neuer Gattungen, der griesgramiſchen und der pantomimiſchen, zu ſein, in welchen den Abderitiſchen Dichtern eine Laufbahn eröffnet wurde, wo es um ſo viel ſicherer war Lorbern einzuernten, da im Grunde nichts leichter iſt als — Kinder zu erſchrecken, und ſeine Helden vor lauter Affekt — gar nichts ſagen zu laſſen.

Wie aber die menſchliche Unbeſtändigkeit ſich an allem, was in ſeiner Neuheit noch ſo angenehm iſt, gar bald erſättiget, ſo fingen auch die Abderiten bereits an es überdrüſſig zu werden, daß ſie immer und alle Tage gar ſchön finden ſollten, was ihnen in der That ſchon lange gar wenig Vergnügen machte: als der junge Thlaps auf den Einfall kam, Stücke aufs Theater zu bringen, die weder Komödie, noch Tragödie, noch Poſſe, ſondern eine Art von lebendigen Abderitiſchen Familiengemälden wären; wo weder Helden noch Narren, ſondern gute ehrliche hausgebackne Abderiten auftreten, ihren täglichen Stadt-, Markt-, Haus- und Familiengeſchäften nachgehn, und vor einem löblichen Spektatorium gerade ſo handeln und ſprechen ſollten, als ob ſie auf der Bühne zu Hauſe wären; und es ſonſt keine Leute in der Welt gebe als ſie. Man ſieht, daß dieß ohngefähr die nämliche Gattung war, wodurch ſich Menander in der Folge ſo viel Ruhm erwarb. Der Unterſchied beſtand bloß darin: daß er Athener, und jener Abderiten auf die Bühne brachte; und daß er Menander, und jener Thlaps war. Allein da dieſer Unterſchied den Abderiten nichts verſchlug, oder vielmehr gerade zu Thlapſens Vortheil gereichte; ſo wurde ſein erſtes Stück in dieſer Gattung mit einem Entzücken aufgenommen, wovon man noch kein Beiſpiel geſehen hatte. Die ehrlichen Abderiten ſahen ſich ſelbſt zum erſtenmale auf der Schaubühne in puris Naturalibus, ohne Stelzen, ohne Löwenhäute, ohne Keule, Zepter und Diadem, in ihren gewöhnlichen Hauskleidern, ihre gewöhnliche Sprache redend, nach ihrer angebornen eigenthümlichen Abderitiſchen Art und Weiſe leiben und leben, eſſen und trinken, freien und ſich freien laſſen, u. ſ. w. und das war eben was ihnen ſo viel Vergnügen machte. Es ging ihnen wie einem jungen Mädchen, das ſich zum erſtenmal in einem Spiegel ſieht; ſie konnten gar nicht genug bekommen. Die vierfache Braut wurde vier und zwanzigmal hinter einander geſpielt, und eine lange Zeit wollten die Abderiten nichts als Thlapſödien ſehen. Thlaps, dem es nicht ſo friſch von der Fauſt ging wie dem großen Hyperbolus und dem Komofolar Gryllus, konnte deren nicht ſo viele fertig machen, als ſie von ihm zu haben wünſchten. Aber da er ſeinen Mitbrüdern einmal den Ton angegeben hatte, ſo fehlte es ihm nicht an Nachahmern. Alles legte ſich auf die neue Gattung; und in weniger als drei Jahren waren alle mögliche Süjets und Titel von Thlapſödien ſo erſchöpft, daß es wirklich ein Jammer war, die Noth der armen Dichter zu ſehen, wie ſie druckſten und ſchwitzten, um aus dem Schwamme, den ſchon ſo viele vor ihnen ausgedrückt hatten, noch einen Tropfen trübes Waſſer heraus zu preſſen.

Die natürliche Folge davon war, daß unvermerkt alle Dinge wieder ins gehörige Gleichgewicht kamen. Die Abderiten, die, nach ziemlich allgemeiner menſchlicher Weiſe, Anfangs für jede Gattung eine ausſchließende Neigung faßten, fanden endlich, daß es nur deſto beſſer ſei, wenn ſie dem Ueberdruß durch Abwechſelung und Mannigfaltigkeit wehren könnten. Die Tragödien, gemeine, griesgrämiſche und pantomimiſche, die Komödien, Operetten und Poſſenſpiele kamen wieder in Umlauf; der Nomofylax komponirte die Tragödien des Euripides: und Hyperbolus, zumahl da ihm das Projekt Abderitiſcher Homer zu werden, im Kopfe ſteckte, ließ ſichs, weils doch nicht zu ändern war, am Ende gern gefallen, die höchſte Gunſt des Abderitiſchen Parterre mit Thlapſen zu theilen; zumal da dieſer durch die Heirath mit der Nichte eines Oberzunftmeiſters ſeit kurzem eine wichtige Perſon geworden war.

4. Kapitel.

Merkwürdiges Beiſpiel von der guten Staatswirthſchaft der Abderiten. Beſchluß der Digreſſion über ihr Theaterweſen.

Ehe wir von dieſer Abſchweifung zum Verfolg unſerer Geſchichte zurückkehren, möchte es nöthig ſein, dem geneigten Leſer einen kleinen Zweifel zu benehmen, der ihm während vorſtehender kurzen Abſchattung des Abderitiſchen Schauſpielweſens aufgeſtoßen ſein möchte.

Es iſt nicht wohl zu begreifen, wird man ſagen, wie das Aerarium von Abdera, deſſen Einkünfte eben nicht ſo ganz beträchtlich ſein konnten, eine ſo anſehnliche Nebenausgabe, wie ein tägliches Schauſpiel mit allen ſeinen Artikeln iſt, in die Länge habe beſtreiten können; geſetzt auch, daß die Dichter ohne Sold noch Lohn, aus purem Patriotismus, oder um die bloße Ehre gedient hätten. Wofern aber dieß letztere war, wird man kaum glaublich finden, daß es ſo manchen Theaterdichter von Profeſſion in Abdera gegeben, und daß der große Hyperbolus, mit allem ſeinem Patriotismus und Eigennutz, es bis auf ein hundert und zwanzig dramatiſche Stücke ſollte getrieben haben.

Um nun den günſtigen Leſer nicht ohne Noth aufzuhalten, wollen wir ihm nur gleich unverholen geſtehen, daß ihre Theaterdichter keineswegs umſonſt arbeiteten, (denn das große weiß: „dem Ochſen, der da driſcht, ſollſt du nicht das Maul verbinden!“ iſt ein Naturgeſetz, deſſen allgemeine Verbindlichkeit auch ſogar die Abderiten fühlten) und daß, vermöge einer beſondern Finanzoperazion, das Stadtärarium des Theaters halben eigentlich keine neue Ausgabe zu beſtreiten hatte, ſondern dieſer Aufwand größtentheils an andern nöthigern und nützlichern Artikeln erſpart wurde.

Die Sache verhielt ſich ſo. Sobald die Gönner des Theaters ſahen, daß die Abderiten Feuer gefaßt hatten, und Schauſpiele zum Bedürfniß für ſie worden waren, ermangelten ſie nicht, dem Volke durch die Zunftmeiſter vorſtellen zu laſſen: daß das Aerarium einem ſo großen Zuwachs von Ausgaben ohne neue Einnahmsquellen oder Einziehung anderer Ausgaben nicht gewachſen ſei. Dieß veranlaßte denn, daß eine Kommiſſion niedergeſetzt wurde, welche, nach mehr als ſechzig zahlbaren Sitzungen, endlich einen Entwurf einer Einrichtung [illegible] gemeinen Abderitiſchen Theaterweſens vor Rath legte, [illegible] man ſo gründlich und wohl ausgeſonnen fand, daß er ſtr[illegible] in einer allgemeinen Verſammlung der Bürgerſchaft zu [illegible] Fundamentalgeſetz der Stadt Abdera geſtempelt w[illegible]

Wir würden uns ein Vergnügen daraus machen, [illegible] Abderitiſche Meiſterſtück auch vor unſre Leſer zu legen, [illegible] wir ihnen Geduld genug zutrauen dürften, es zu leſen. [illegible] aber irgend ein gemeines Weſen in oder außer dem [illegible] Römiſchen Reiche die Mittheilung deſſelben wünſchen[illegible] man erbötig, ſolche auf erfolgte Requiſizion, gegen [illegible]ſtattung der Schreibauslagen unentgeldlich mitzuthei[illegible] was wir hier davon ſagen können, iſt: daß, ver[illegible]pa- Einrichtung, ſine aggravio Publici, — durch [illegible] in rung einer Menge anderer Ausgaben, die man in[illegible] jedem andern Staate für nöthiger und nützlicher als die Unter[illegible] haltung eines Nazionaltheaters angeſehen hätte[illegible]ntlich liche Fonds ausgemacht wurden, „die Abderi[illegible]Schau- viermal mit Schauſpielen zu traktiren; ſowohl [illegible]nd den ſpieler und Orcheſter, als die Herren Dep[illegible] noch Nomofylax gehörig zu remuneriren; u[illegible]ſtellung die beiden unterſten Klaſſen der Zuſchauer be[illegible]eigern zu viritim mit einem Pfennigbrot und zwei [illegible]nen Ein- gratificiren.“ — Der einzige Fehler [illegible]on ſich in richtung war, daß die Herren von der [illegible]deren Rich- Berechnung der Einnahme und Ausgab[illegible]ät verließ) tigkeit man ſich auf ihre bekannte [illegible]alb tauſend um achtzehn tauſend Drachmen (ung[illegible] Aerarium Thaler ſchwer Geld) verrechnet hatten[illegible]ande betrugen. mehr bezahlen mußte, als die ange[illegible]Rechnungsver- Das war nun freilich kein ganz glei[illegible]a gewohnt, ſo ſtoß! Indeſſen waren die Herren [illegible]ſchaft zu Werke glattweg und bona fide bei ihrer F[illegible]

zu geben, daß etliche Jahre verſtrichen, bis man gewahr wurde, woran es liege, daß ſich alle Jahre ein Deficit von zwei tauſend fünf hundert Thalern in der Hauptrechnung ergab. Wie man es endlich mit vieler Mühe herausgebracht hatte, fanden die Häupter für nöthig, die Sache vor das geſammte Volk zu bringen, und pro forma auf Einziehung der Schaubühne anzutragen. Allein die Abderiten geberdeten ſich zu dieſem Vorſchlag, als ob man ihnen Waſſer und Feuer nehmen wolle. Kurz, es wurde ein Plebiscitum errichtet, daß die jährlich abgängigen dritthalb Talente aus dem gemeinen Schatz, der im Tempel der Latona niedergelegt war, genommen werden ſollten: und derjenige, der ſich künftig unterfangen würde, auf Abſchaffung der Schaubühne anzutragen, ſollte für einen Feind der Stadt Abdera angeſehen werden.

Die Abderiten glaubten nun ihre Sache recht klug gemacht zu haben, und pflegten gegen Fremde ſich viel darauf zu gut zu thun, daß ihre Schaubühne jährlich achtzig Talente (achtzig tauſend Thaler) und gleichwohl der Bürgerſchaft von Abdera keinen Heller koſte. „Es kommt alles auf eine gute Einrichtung an, ſagten ſie. Aber dafür haben wir auch ein Nazionaltheater, wie kein anders in der Welt ſein muß!“ — Das iſt eine große Wahrheit, ſagte Demokrit; ſolche Dichter, ſolche Schauſpieler, ſolche Muſik, und wöchentlich viermal, für [illegible]ig Talente! Ich wenigſtens habe das an keinem andern [illegible] in der Welt angetroffen.

Was man ihne[illegible]ſſen mußte, war, daß ihr Theater für eines der prächtigſten [illegible]riechenland gelten konnte. Freilich hatten ſie dem König [illegible] Macedonien ihr beſtes Amt verſetzt, um es bauen zu k[illegible]. Aber da ihnen der König zugeſtanden, daß der Amtm[illegible], der Amtsſchreiber und der Rentmeiſter allezeit Abder[illegible] bleiben ſollten, ſo konnte ja niemand was dagegen ein[illegible]ben haben.

Wir bitt[illegible]s den Leſern ab, wenn ſie mit dieſer allgemeinen Na[illegible]t von dem Abderitiſchen Theaterweſen zu lange aufgehalte[illegible]rden ſind. Die Schauſpielſtunde iſt inzwiſchen herbeigekom[illegible]n, und wir verſetzen uns alſo ohne weiteres in das Am[illegible]er dieſer preiswürdigen Republik, wo der geneigte [illegible] nach Gefallen, entweder bei dem kleinen dicken Rathsh[illegible] oder bei dem Prieſter Strobylus, oder bei dem Schw[illegible]Antiſtrepſiades, oder bei irgend einer von den ſchönen [illegible]bderitinnen, mit welchen wir ſie in den vorigen Kapi[illegible] bekannt gemacht haben, Platz zu nehmen belieben wird.

5. Kapitel.

[illegible]romeda des Euripides wird aufgeführt. Großer Sukzeß des [illegible]lax, und was die Sängerin Eukolpis dazu beigetragen. Ein[illegible]merkungen über die übrigen Schauſpieler, die Chöre und die Dekorazion.

Das Stück, das dieſen Abend geſpielt wurde, war die [illegible]dromeda des Euripides; eines von den ſechzig oder [illegible]zig Werken dieſes Dichters, wovon nur wenige kleine Späne und Splitter der Vernichtung entronnen ſind. Die Abderiten trugen, ohne eben ſehr zu wiſſen warum, große Ehrerbietung für den Namen Euripides und alles was dieſen Namen trug. Verſchiedene ſeiner Tragödien oder Singſpiele (wie wir ſie eigentlich nennen ſollten) waren ſchon öfters aufgeführt, und allemal ſehr ſchön gefunden worden. Die Andromeda, eines der neueſten, wurde jetzt zum erſtenmal auf die Abderitiſche Schaubühne gebracht. Der Nomofylax hatte die Muſik dazu gemacht, und, (wie er ſeinen Freunden ziemlich laut ins Ohr ſagte) dießmal ſich ſelbſt übertroffen; das heißt, der Mann hatte ſich vorgeſetzt, alle ſeine Künſte auf einmal zu zeigen, und darüber war ihm der gute Euripides unvermerkt ganz aus den Augen gekommen. Kurz, Herr Gryllus hatte ſich ſelbſt komponirt; unbekümmert, ob ſeine Muſik den Text, oder der Text ſeine Muſik zu Unſinn mache — welches denn gerade der Punkt war, der auch die Abderiten am wenigſten kümmerte. Genug, ſie machte großen Lärm, hatte (wie ſeine Brüder, Vettern, Schwäger, Klienten und Hausbedienten, als ſämmtliche Kenner, verſicherten) ſehr erhabne und rührende Stellen, und wurde mit dem lauteſten entſchiedenſten Beifall aufgenommen. Nicht, als ob nicht ſogar in Abdera noch hier und da Leute geſteckt hätten, die — weil ſie vielleicht etwas dünnere Ohren auf die Welt gebracht als ihre Mitbürger, oder weil ſie anderswo was beſſers gehört haben mochten — einander unter vier Augen geſtanden: daß der Nomofylax, mit aller ſeiner Anmaßung ein Orfeus zu ſein, nur ein Leiermann, und das beſte ſeiner Werke eine Rhapſodie ohne Geſchmack und meiſtens auch ohne Sinn ſei. Dieſe Wenigen hatten ſich ehemals ſogar erkühnt, etwas von dieſer ihrer Heterodoxie ins Publikum erſchallen zu laſſen: aber ſie waren jedesmal von den Verehrern der Grylliſchen Muſe ſo übel empfangen worden, daß ſie, um mit heiler Haut davon zu kommen, für gut befunden, ſich in Zeiten der Majorität zu ſubmittiren; und nun waren dieſe Herren immer die, die bei den elendeſten Stellen am erſten und lauteſten klatſchten.

Das Orcheſter that dießmal ſein Aeußerſtes, um ſich ſeines Oberhauptes würdig zu zeigen. „Ich hab' ihnen aber auch alle Hände voll zu thun gegeben," ſagte Gryllus, und ſchien ſich viel darauf zu gut zu thun, daß die armen Leute ſchon im zweiten Akt keinen trocknen Faden mehr am Leibe hatten.

Im Vorbeigehen geſagt, das Orcheſter war eines von den Inſtituten, worin die Abderiten es mit allen Städten in der Welt aufnahmen. Das erſte, was ſie einem Fremden davon ſagten, war: daß es hundert und zwanzig Köpfe ſtark ſei. „Das Atheniſche, pflegten ſie mit bedeutendem Akzent hinzu zu ſetzen, ſoll nur achtzig haben: aber freilich mit hundert und zwanzig Mann läßt ſich auch was ausrichten!" — Wirklich fehlte es unter ſo vielen nicht an geſchickten Leuten, wenigſtens an ſolchen, aus denen ein Vorſteher, wie — in Abdera keiner war noch ſein konnte, etwas hätte machen können. Aber was half das ihrem Muſikweſen! Es war nun einmal im Götterrathe beſchloſſen, daß im Thraziſchen Athen nichts an ſeinem Platze, nichts ſeinem Zweck entſprechend, nichts recht und nichts ganz ſein ſollte. Weil die Leute wenig für ihre Mühe hatten, ſo glaubte man auch nicht viel von ihnen fordern zu können; und weil man mit einem jeden zufrieden war, der ſein Beſtes that, (wie ſie's nannten) ſo that Niemand ſein Beſtes. Die Geſchickten wurden läſſig, und wer noch auf halbem Wege war, verlor den Muth und zuletzt auch das Vermögen weiter zu kommen. Wofür hätten ſie ſich am Ende auch Mühe um Vollkommenheit geben ſollen, da ſie für Abderitiſche Ohren arbeiteten! — Freilich hatten die leidigen Fremden auch Ohren: aber ſie hatten doch keine Stimme zu geben; fanden es auch nicht einmal der Mühe werth, oder waren zu höflich oder zu politiſch, gegen den Geſchmack von Abdera Sturm laufen zu wollen. Der Nomophylax, ſo dumm er war, merkte zwar ſelbſt ſo gut wie ein andrer, daß es nicht ſo recht ging wie es ſollte. Aber außerdem, daß er keinen Geſchmack hatte, oder (welches auf Eins hinaus lief) daß ihm nichts ſchmeckte, was er nicht ſelbſt gekocht hatte, und er alſo immer die rechten Mittel, wodurch es beſſer werden konnte, verfehlte — war er auch zu träge und zu ungeſchmeidig, ſich mit andern auf die gehörige Art abzugeben. Vielleicht mocht' ers auch am Ende wohl leiden, daß er, wenn ſein Leierwerk (wie wohl zuweilen geſchah) ſogar den Abderiten nicht recht zu Ohren gehen wollte, die Schuld aufs Orcheſter ſchieben, und die Herren und Damen, die ihm ehrenhalber ihr Kompliment deßwegen machten, verſichern konnte: daß nicht eine Note, ſo wie er ſie gedacht und geſchrieben habe, vorgetragen worden ſei. Allein das war doch immer nur eine Feuerthüre für den Nothfall. Denn aus dem naſerümpfenden Tone, womit er von allen andern Orcheſtern zu ſprechen pflegte, und aus den Verdienſten, die er ſich um das Abderitiſche beilegte, mußte man ſchließen, daß er ſo gut damit zufrieden war, als es — einem patriotiſchen Nomophylax von Abdera ziemte.

Wie es aber auch mit der Muſik dieſer Andromeda und ihrer Ausführung beſchaffen ſein mochte: gewiß iſt, daß in langer Zeit kein Stück ſo allgemein gefallen hatte. Dem Sänger, der den Perſeus ſpielte, wurde ſo gewaltig zugeklatſcht, daß er mitten in der ſchönſten Scene aus dem Tone kam, und in eine Stelle aus dem Kyklops ſich verirrete. Andromeda — in der Scene, wo ſie, an den Felſen gefeſſelt, von allen ihren Freunden verlaſſen und dem Zorn der Nereiden Preis gegeben, angſtvoll das Auftauchen des Ungeheuers erwartet — mußte ihren Monolog dreimal wiederholen. Der Nomophylax konnte ſeine Freude über einen ſo glänzenden Erfolg nicht bändigen. Er ging von Reihe zu Reihe herum, den Tribut von Lob einzuſammeln, der ihm aus allen Lippen entgegen ſchallte; und mitten unter der Verſicherung, daß ihm zu viel Ehre wiederfahre, geſtand er, daß er ſelbſt mit keinem ſeiner Spielwerke (wie er ſeine Opern mit vieler Beſcheidenheit zu nennen beliebte) ſo zufrieden ſei wie mit dieſer Andromeda.

Indeſſen hätt' er doch, um ſich ſelbſt und den Abderiten Gerechtigkeit zu erweiſen, wenigſtens die Hälfte des glücklichen Erfolgs auf Rechnung der Sängerin Eukolpis ſetzen müſſen, die zwar vorher ſchon im Beſitz zu gefallen war, aber als Andromeda Gelegenheit fand, ſich in einem ſo vortheilhaften Lichte zu zeigen, daß die jungen und alten Herren von Abdera ſich gar nicht ſatt an ihr — ſehen konnten. Denn da war ſo viel zu ſehen, daß ans Hören gar nicht zu denken war. Eukolpis war eine große und wohl gedrehte Figur — zwar um ein namhaftes materieller, als man in Athen zu einer Schönheit erforderte — aber in dieſem Stücke waren die Abderiten (wie in vielen andern) ausgemachte Thrazier; und ein Mädchen, aus welchem ein Bildhauer in Sicyon zwei gemacht hätte, war nach ihrem angenommenen Ebenmaß ein Wunder von einer Nymfenfigur. Da die Andromeda nur ſehr dünn angezogen ſein durfte, ſo hatte Eukolpis, die ſich ſtark bewußt war, worin eigentlich die Kraft ihres Zaubers liege, eine Draperie von roſenfarbnem Koiſchem Zeug erfunden, unter welcher, ohne daß der Wohlſtand ſich allzu ſehr beleidigt finden konnte, von den üppigſten Formen, die man an ihr bewunderte, wenig oder nichts für die Zuſchauer verloren ging. Nun hatte ſie gut ſingen. Die Kompoſition hatte, wo möglich, noch abgeſchmackter, und ihr Vortrag noch zehnmal fehlerhafter ſein können: immer würde ſie ihren Monolog haben wiederholen müſſen, weil das immer der ehrlichſte Vorwand war, ſie deſto länger mit lüſternen Blicken — betaſten zu können. Wahrlich, beim Jupiter, ein herrliches Stück! ſagte einer zum andern mit halb geſchloſſenen Augen; ein unvergleichliches Stück! — Aber finden Sie nicht auch, daß Eukolpis heute wie eine Göttin ſingt! — „O über allen Ausdruck! Es iſt, beim Anubis! nicht anders, als ob Euripides das ganze Stück bloß um ihrentwillen gemacht hätte!" — Der junge Herr, der dieß ſagte, pflegte immer beim Anubis zu ſchwören, um zu zeigen, daß er in Aegypten geweſen ſei.

Die Damen, wie leicht zu erachten, fanden die neue Andromeda nicht ganz ſo wundervoll als die Mannsperſonen. — „Nicht übel! Ganz artig!" ſagten ſie. „Aber wie kommt's, daß die Rollen dießmal ſo unglücklich ausgetheilt wurden! Das Stück verlor dadurch. Man hätte die Rollen vertauſchen und die Mutter der dicken Eukolpis geben ſollen! Zu einer Kaſſiopeia hätte ſie ſich trefflich geſchickt." — Gegen ihren Anzug, Kopfputz u. ſ. w. war auch viel zu erinnern. — Sie war nicht zu ihrem Vortheil aufgeſetzt — der Gürtel war zu hoch, und zu ſtark geſchürzt — und beſonders fand man die Ziererei ärgerlich, immer ihren Fuß zu zeigen, auf deſſen unproportionirte Kleinheit ſie ſich ein wenig zu viel einbilde, — ſagten die Damen, die aus dem entgegengeſetzten Grunde die ihrigen zu verbergen pflegten. Indeſſen kamen doch Frauen und Herren ſämmtlich darin überein, daß ſie überaus ſchön ſinge, und daß nichts niedlicher ſeyn könne als die Arie, worin ſie ihr Schickſal bejammerte. Eukolpis, wiewohl ihr Vortrag wenig taugte, hatte eine gute, klingende und biegſame Stimme; aber was ſie eigentlich zur Lieblingsſängerin der Abderiten gemacht hatte, war die Mühe, die ſie ſich mit ziemlichem Erfolg gegeben, den Nachtigallen gewiſſe Läufer und Tonfälle abzulernen, in welchen ſie ſich ſelbſt und ihren Zuhörern ſo wohl gefiel, daß ſie ſolche überall, zu rechter Zeit und zur Unzeit einmiſchte, und immer damit willkommen war. Sie mochte zu thun haben was ſie wollte, zu lachen oder zu weinen, zu klagen oder zu zürnen, zu hoffen oder zu fürchten: immer fand ſie Gelegenheit, ihre Nachtigallen anzubringen, und war immer gewiß, beklatſcht zu werden, wenn ſie gleich die beſten Stellen damit verdorben hatte.

Von den übrigen Perſonen, die den Perſeus als den erſten Liebhaber, den Agenor, vormaligen Liebhaber der Andromeda, den Vater, die Mutter, und einen Prieſter des Neptuns vorſtellten, finden wir nicht viel mehr zu ſagen, als daß man im Einzelnen zwar ſehr viel an ihnen auszuſetzen hatte, im Ganzen aber ſehr wohl mit ihnen zufrieden war. Perſeus war ein ſchön gewachſener Menſch, und hatte ein großes Talent einen — Abderitiſchen Pickelhäring zu machen. Der vorerwähnte Kyklops, im Satirenſpiel dieſes Namens, war ſeine Meiſterrolle. Er ſpielt den Perſeus gar ſchön, ſagten die Abderitinnen; nur Schade, daß ihm immer der Kyklops dazwiſchen kommt. — Kaſſiopeia, ein kleines zieraffiges Ding, voll angemaßter Grazien, hatte keinen einzigen natürlichen Ton; aber ſie galt alles bei der Gemahlin des zweiten Archon, hatte eine gar drollige Manier kleine Liedchen zu ſingen, und that ihr Beſtes. — Der Prieſter des Neptuns brüllte einen ungeheuern Matroſenbaß; und Agenor — ſang ſo elend als einem zweiten Liebhaber zuſteht. Er ſang zwar auch nicht beſſer, wenn er den erſten machte; aber weil er ſehr gut tanzte, ſo hatte er eine Art von Freibrief erhalten, deſto ſchlechter ſingen zu dürfen. Er tanzt ſehr ſchön, war immer die Antwort der Abderiten, wenn jemand anmerkte, daß ſein Krächzen unerträglich ſei; indeſſen tanzte Agenor nur ſelten, und ſang hingegen in allen Singſpielen und Operetten.

Um die Schönheiten dieſer Andromeda ganz zu überſehen, muß man ſich noch zwei Chöre, einen von Nereiden, und einen von den Geſpielinnen der Andromeda, einbilden, beide aus verkleideten Schuljungen beſtehend, die ſich ſo ungeberdig dazu anſchickten, daß die Abderiten (in ihrem großen Troſte) genug und ſatt zu lachen bekamen. Beſonders that der Chor der Nereiden, durch die Empfindungen, die der Nomophylax dabei angebracht hatte, ein ſchnurrigſte Wirkung von der Welt. Die Nereiden erſchienen mit halbem Leib aus dem Waſſer hervorragend, mit falſchen gelben Haaren, und mit mächtigen falſchen Brüſten, die von fern recht natürlich wie — ausgeſtopfte Bälle und alſo ſich ſelbſt vollkommen gleich ſahen. Die Symfonie, unter welcher dieſe Meerwunder herangeſchwommen kamen, war eine Nachahmung des berühmten Wrekekekek Koax Koax in den Fröſchen des Ariſtofanes; und um die Illuſion vollkommener zu machen, hatte Herr Gryllus verſchiedene Kuhhörner angebracht, die von Zeit zu Zeit einfielen um die auf ihren Schneckenmuſcheln blaſenden Tritonen nachzuahmen.

Von den Dekorationen wollen wir, beliebter Kürze halben, weiter nichts ſagen, als daß ſie — von den Abderiten ſehr ſchön gefunden wurden. Inſonderheit bewunderte man einen Sonnenuntergang, den ſie vermittelſt eines mit langen Schwefelhölzern beſteckten Windmühlenrades zuwege brachten; welches einen guten Effekt gethan hätte, ſagten ſie, wenn es nur ein wenig ſchneller umgetrieben worden wäre. Bei der Art, wie Perſeus, mit ſeinen Merkurſtiefeln aufs Theater angeflogen kam, wünſchten die Abderitiſchen Kenner, daß man die Stricke, an denen er hing, luftfarbig angeſtrichen hätte, damit ſie nicht ſo gar deutlich in die Augen gefallen wären.

6. Kapitel.

Sonderbares Nachſpiel, das die Abderiten mit einem unbekannten Fremden ſpielten, und deſſen höchſt unvermuthete Entwickelung.

So bald das Stück geendigt war, und das betäubende Klatſchen nachließ, fragte man einander, wie gewöhnlich: Nun, wie hat Ihnen das Stück gefallen? und erhielt überall die gewöhnliche Antwort: Sehr wohl! Einer von den jungen Herren, der für einen vorzüglichen Kenner galt, richtete die große Frage auch an einen etwas bejahrten Fremden, der in einer der mittlern Reihen ſaß, und dem Anſehen nach kein gemeiner Mann zu ſein ſchien. Der Fremde, der ſichs vielleicht ſchon gemerkt hatte, was man zu Abdera auf eine ſolche Frage antworten mußte, war ſo ziemlich bald mit ſeinem Sehr wohl heraus; aber weil ſeine Miene dieſen Beifall etwas verdächtig machte, und ſogar eine unfreiwillige, wiewohl ganz ſchwache Bewegung der Achſeln, womit er ihn begleitete, für ein Achſelzucken ausgedeutet werden konnte, ſo ließ ihn der junge Abderitiſche Herr nicht ſo wohlfeil durchwiſchen. — „Es ſcheint, ſagte er, das Stück hat Ihnen nicht gefallen! Es paſſirt doch für eine der beſten Pieçen von Euripides!“

Das Stück mag nicht ſo übel ſein, erwiederte der Fremde.

„So haben Sie vielleicht an der Muſik etwas auszuſetzen?“

An der Muſik? — O was die Muſik betrifft, die iſt eine Muſik — wie man ſie nur zu Abdera hört.

„Sie ſind ſehr höflich! In der That, unſer Nomofylax iſt ein großer Mann in ſeiner Art.“

Ganz gewiß!

„So ſind Sie vermuthlich mit den Schauſpielern nicht zufrieden?“

Ich bin mit der ganzen Welt zufrieden.

„Ich dachte doch, die Andromeda hätte ihre Rolle ſcharmant gemacht!“

O ſehr ſcharmant!

„Sie thut einen großen Effekt; nicht wahr?“

Das werden Sie am beſten wiſſen; ich bin dazu nicht mehr jung genug.

„Wenigſtens geſtehen Sie doch, daß Perſeus ein großer Schauſpieler iſt?“

In der That, ein hübſcher wohlgewachſener Menſch.

„Und die Chöre? das waren doch Chöre, die dem Meiſter Ehre machten! Finden Sie zum Beiſpiel den Einfall, wie die Nereiden eingeführt werden, nicht ungemein glücklich?“

Der Fremde ſchien des Abderiten ſatt zu ſein. Ich finde, verſetzte er mit einiger Ungeduld, daß die Abderiten glücklich ſind, an allen dieſen Dingen ſo viel Freude zu haben.

„Mein Herr, ſagte der Gelbſchnabel in einem ſpöttelnden Tone, geſtehen Sie nur, daß das Stück die Ehre und das Glück nicht gehabt hat, Ihren Beifall zu erhalten.“

Was iſt Ihnen an meinem Beifall gelegen! Die Majora entſcheiden.

„Da haben Sie Recht. Aber ich möchte doch um Wunders Willen hören, was Sie gegen unſere Muſik oder gegen unſere Schauſpieler einwenden könnten.“

Könnten! ſagte der Fremde etwas ſchnell, hielt aber gleich wieder an ſich — Verzeihen Sie mir, ich mag niemand ſein Vergnügen abdiſputiren. Das Stück, wie es da geſpielt wurde, hat zu Abdera allgemein gefallen; was wollen Sie mehr?

„Nicht ſo allgemein, da es Ihnen nicht gefallen hat!“

Ich bin ein Fremder —

„Fremd oder nicht, Ihre Gründe möcht' ich hören! Hi, hi, hi! Ihre Gründe, mein Herr, Ihre Gründe! Die werden doch wenigſtens keine Fremde ſein! Hi, hi, hi!“

Dem Fremden fing die Geduld an auszugehen. Junger Herr, ſagte er, ich habe für meinen Antheil an Ihrem Schauſpiel bezahlt; denn ich habe geklatſcht wie ein Anderer. Laſſen Sie's damit gut ſein! Ich bin im Begriff wieder abzureiſen. Ich habe meine Geſchäfte.

Ei, ei, ſagte ein anderer Abderitiſcher junger Menſch, der dem Geſpräch zugehört hatte, Sie werden uns ja nicht ſchon verlaſſen wollen! Sie ſcheinen ein großer Kenner zu ſein: Sie haben unſere Neugier, unſere Lehrbegierde (er ſagte dieß mit einem dummnaſeweiſen Hohnlächeln) gereizt; wir laſſen Sie wahrlich nicht gehen, bis Sie uns geſagt haben, was Sie an dem heutigen Singſpiel zu tadeln finden. Ich will nichts von den Worten ſagen; ich bin kein Kenner; aber die Muſik, dächt' ich, war doch unvergleichlich!

Das müßten am Ende doch wohl die Worte entſcheiden, wie Sie's nennen, ſagte der Fremde.

„Wie meinen Sie das? Ich denke Muſik iſt Muſik, und man braucht nur Ohren zu haben, um zu hören was ſchön iſt.“

Ich gebe Ihnen zu, wenn Sie wollen, erwiederte jener, daß ſchöne Stellen in der Muſik ſind; es mag überhaupt eine gelehrte, nach allen Regeln der Kunſt zugeſchnittene ſchulgerechte artikelmäßige Muſik ſein; ich habe dagegen nichts; ich ſage nur, daß es keine Muſik zur Andromeda des Euripides iſt!

„Sie meinen, daß die Worte beſſer ausgedrückt ſein ſollten!

O die Worte ſind zuweilen nur zu ſehr ausgedrückt; aber im Ganzen iſt der Sinn und Ton des Dichters verfehlt. Der Charakter der Perſonen, die Wahrheit der Leidenſchaften und Empfindungen, das eigene Schickliche der Situationen — das, was die Muſik ſein kann und muß, um Sprache der Natur, Sprache der Leidenſchaft zu ſein — was ſie ſein muß, damit der Dichter auf ihr wie in ſeinem Elemente ſchwimme, und empor getragen, nicht erſäuft werde — das alles iſt durchaus verfehlt — kurz das Ganze taugt nichts! — Da haben Sie meine Beichte in drei Worten!

„Das Ganze, ſchrieen die beiden Abderiten, das Ganze taugt nicht! Nun, das iſt viel geſagt! Wir möchten wohl hören, wie Sie das beweiſen wollten!“

Die Lebhaftigkeit, womit unſere beiden Verfechter ihres vaterländiſchen Geſchmacks dem graubärtigen Fremden zuſetzten, hatten bereits verſchiedene andere Abderiten herbei gezogen; jedermann wurde aufmerkſam auf einen Streit, der die Ehre ihres Nationaltheaters zu betreffen ſchien. Alles drängte ſich hinzu: und der Fremde, wiewohl er ein langer ſtattlicher Mann war, fand für nöthig, ſich an einen Pfeiler zurück zu ziehen, um wenigſtens den Rücken frei zu behalten.

Wie ich das beweiſen wollte! erwiederte er ganz gelaſſen: ich werde es nicht beweiſen! Wenn Sie das Stück geleſen, die Aufführung geſehen, die Muſik gehört haben, und können noch verlangen, daß ich Ihnen mein Urtheil davon beweiſen ſoll: ſo würd' ich Zeit und Athem verlieren, wenn ich mich weiter mit Ihnen einließe.

Der Herr iſt, wie ich höre, ein wenig ſchwer zu befriedigen, ſagte ein Rathsherr, der ſich ins Geſpräch miſchen wollte, und dem die beiden jungen Abderiten aus Reſpekt Platz machten. — Wir haben doch hier in Abdera auch Ohren! Man läßt zwar jedem ſeine Freiheit; aber gleichwohl —

Wie! was! was giebts da! ſchrie der kurze dicke Rathsherr, der auch herbei gewatſchelt kam: hat der Herr da etwas wider das Stück einzuwenden! Das möcht' ich hören, ha, ha, ha! Eins der beſten Stücke, mein Treu! die ſeit langem aufs Theater gekommen ſind! Viel Akzion! Viel — a! a! — Was ſage ich! Ein ſchön Stück! Und ſchöne Moral!

Meine Herren, ſagte der Fremde, ich habe Geſchäfte. Ich kam hierher, um ein wenig auszuraſten; ich habe geklatſcht, wie's der Landesgebrauch mit ſich bringt, und wäre ſtill und friedlich wieder meines Weges gegangen, wenn mich dieſe jungen Herren hier nicht auf die zudringlichſte Art genöthigt hätten, ihnen meine Meinung zu ſagen.

„Sie haben auch vollkommenes Recht dazu, erwiederte der andere Rathsherr, der im Grunde kein großer Verehrer des Nomofylax war, und aus politiſchen Urſachen ſeit einiger Zeit auf Gelegenheit lauerte, ihm mit guter Art weh zu thun. Sie ſind ein Kenner der Muſik, wie es ſcheint, und —“

Ich ſpreche nach meiner Ueberzeugung, ſagte der Fremde.

Die Abderiten um ihn her wurden immer lauter.

Endlich kam Herr Gryllus, der von fern gehört hatte, daß die Rede von ſeiner Muſik war, in eigner Perſon dazu. Er hatte eine ganz eigne Art, die Augen zuſammen zu ziehen, die Naſe zu rümpfen, die Achſeln zu zucken, zu grinſen und zu meckern, wenn er jemand, mit dem er ſich in einen Wortwechſel einließ, ſeine Verachtung zum voraus zu empfinden geben wollte. — So? ſagte er, hat meine Kompoſizion nicht das Glück, dem Herrn zu gefallen? — Er iſt alſo ein Kenner! Hä, hä, hä! — verſteht ohne Zweifel die Setzkunſt! Hä!" —

Es iſt der Nomofylax, — ſagte jemand dem Fremden ins Ohr — um ihn durch die Entdeckung des hohen Ranges des Mannes, von deſſem Werke er ſo ungünſtig geurtheilt hatte, auf einmal zu Boden zu ſchlagen.

Der Fremde machte dem Nomofylax ſein Kompliment, wie's in Abdera Sitte war, und ſchwieg.

„Nun möchte ich doch hören, was der Herr gegen die Kompoſizion vorzubringen hätte? Für die Fehler des Orcheſters geb' ich kein gut Wort; aber hundert Drachmen für einen Fehler in der Kompoſizion! Hä, hä, hä! Nun laſſen Sie hören!"

Ich weiß nicht, was Sie Fehler nennen, ſagte der Fremde; meines Bedünkens hat die ganze Muſik, wovon die Rede iſt, nur Einen Fehler.

„Und der iſt?" grinſte der Nomofylax naſerümpfend. —

Daß der Sinn und Geiſt des Dichters durchaus verfehlt iſt, antwortete der Fremde.

„So! Nichts weiter? Hä, hä, hä, hä! Ich hätte alſo den Dichter nicht verſtanden? Und das wiſſen Sie? Denken Sie, daß wir hier nicht auch Griechiſch verſtehen? Oder haben Sie dem Poeten etwa im Kopfe geſeſſen? hi, hi, hi!"

Ich weiß was ich ſage, verſetzte der Fremde: und wenn's denn ſein muß, ſo erbiet' ich mich, von Vers zu Vers durchs ganze Stück mein Urtheil zu Olympia vor dem ganzen Griechenlande zu beweiſen.

Das möchte zu viel Umſtände machen, ſagte der politiſche Rathsherr.

„Es braucht's auch nicht, rief der Nomofylax. Morgen geht ein Schiff nach Athen; ich ſchreibe an den Euripides, an den Dichter ſelbſt! ſchicke ihm die ganze Muſik! Der Herr wird das Stück doch wohl nicht beſſer verſtehen wollen, als der Dichter ſelbſt? — Sie alle hier unterſchreiben ſich als als Zeugen. — Euripides ſoll ſelbſt den Ausſpruch thun!"

Die Mühe können Sie ſich erſparen, ſagte der Fremde lächelnd; denn, um den Handel mit Einem Wort ein Ende zu machen, der Euripides, an den [illegible] apelliren — bin ich ſelbſt.

Unter allen möglichen ſchlimmen [illegible], welche Euripides dem Nomofylax von Abdera hätte ſpielen können, war unſtreitig der ſchlimmſte, daß er — in dem Augenblicke, da man an ihn als einen Abweſenden appellirte — in eigner Perſon daſtand. Aber wer konnte ſich auch einen ſolchen Streich vermuthen? Was, zum Anubis! hatte er in Abdera zu thun? Und gerade in dem Augenblicke, wo man lieber den lernäiſchen Drachen geſehen hätte als ihn? Wär' er, wie man natürlicher Weiſe glauben mußte, zu Athen geweſen, wo er hin gehörte — nun ſo wäre alles ſeinen ordentlichen Weg gegangen. Der Nomofylax hätte ſeine Muſik mit einem hübſchen Brief begleitet, und ſeinem Namen alle ſeine Titel und Würden beigefügt. Das hätte doch wirken müſſen! Euripides hätte eine urbane Attiſche Antwort gegeben; Gryllus hätte ſie in ganz Abdera leſen laſſen: und wer hätte ihm dann den Sieg über den Fremden ſtreitig machen wollen? — Aber daß der Fremde, der naſeweiſe, kritiſche Fremde, der ihm ſo friſch ins Geſicht geſagt hatte, was in Abdera niemand einem Nomofylax ins Geſicht ſagen durfte, Euripides ſelbſt war: das war einer von den Zufällen, auf die ein Mann wie er, ſich nicht gefaßt gehalten hatte, und die vermögend wären, jeden andern, als — einen Abderiten zu Schanden zu machen.

Der Nomofylax wußte ſich zu helfen; indeſſen betäubte ihn doch der erſte Schlag auf einen Augenblick. Euripides! rief er und prallte drei Schritte zurück; und Euripides! riefen im nämlichen Augenblicke der politiſche Rathsherr, der kurze dicke Rathsherr, die beiden jungen Herren und alle Umſtehende, indem ſie ganz erſtaunt herum guckten, als ob ſie ſehen wollten, aus welcher Wolke Euripides ſo auf einmal mitten unter ſie herabgefallen ſei.

Der Menſch iſt nie ungeneigter zu glauben, als wenn er von einer Begebenheit überraſcht wird, an die er gar nicht als eine mögliche Sache gedacht hatte. — Wie? Das ſollte Euripides ſeyn? Der nämliche Euripides, von dem die Rede war? der die Andromeda gemacht? an den der Nomofylax zu ſchreiben drohte? — Wie konnte das zugehen?

Der politiſche Rathsherr war der erſte, der ſich aus dem allgemeinen Erſtaunen erholte. — Ein glücklicher Zufall, wahrhaftig, rief er, beim Kaſtor; ein glücklicher Zufall, Herr Nomofylax! So brauchen Sie Ihre Muſik nicht abſchreiben zu laſſen, und erſparen einen Brief.

Der Nomofylax fühlte die ganze Wichtigkeit des Moments: und wenn der ein großer Mann iſt, der in einem ſolchen entſcheidenden Augenblick auf der Stelle die einzige Partei ergreift, die ihn aus der Schwierigkeit ziehen kann; ſo muß man geſtehen, daß Gryllus eine ſtarke Anlage hatte, ein großer Mann zu ſeyn. — Euripides! rief er — Wie? Der Herr ſollte ſo auf einmal Euripides geworden ſein? Hä, hä, hä! Der Einfall iſt gut! Aber wir laſſen uns hier in Abdera nicht ſo leicht Schwarz für Weiß geben. —

Das wäre luſtig, ſagte der Fremde, wenn ich mir in Abdera das Recht an meinem Namen ſtreitig machen laſſen müßte.

„Verzeihen Sie, mein Herr, fiel der Sykofant des Thraſyllus ein, nicht das Recht an Ihren Namen, ſondern das Recht, Sich für den Euripides auszugeben, auf den der Nomofylax provocirte. Sie können Euripides heißen; ob Sie aber Euripides ſind, das iſt eine andere Frage."

Meine Herren, ſagte der Fremde, ich will alles ſein was Ihnen beliebt, wenn Sie mich nur gehen laſſen wollen. Ich verſpreche Ihnen, mit dieſem Schritte gehe ich den geradeſten Weg, den ich finden werde, zu Ihrem Thore hinaus, und der Nomofylax ſoll mich — komponiren, wenn ich in meinem Leben wieder komme!

Nä, nä, nä, rief der Nomofylax, das geht ſo hurtig nicht! Der Herr hat ſich für den Euripides ausgegeben, und nun, da er ſieht, daß es Ernſt gilt, tritt er auf die Hinterbeine — Nä! ſo haben wir nicht gewettet! Er ſoll nun beweiſen, daß er Euripides iſt, oder — ſo wahr ich Gryllus heiße —"

Erhitzen Sie ſich nicht, Herr Kollege, ſagte der politiſche Rathsherr. Ich bin zwar kein Fyſiognomiſt: aber der Fremde ſieht mir doch völlig darnach aus, daß er Euripides ſein könnte; und ich wollte unmaßgeblich rathen, piano zu gehen.

„Mich wundert, fing einer von den Umſtehenden an, daß man hier ſo viele Worte verlieren mag, da der ganze Handel in Ja und Nein entſchieden ſeyn könnte. Da, oben über dem Portal, ſteht ja die Büſte des Euripides leibhaftig. Es braucht ja nichts weiter, als zu ſehen, ob der Fremde der Büſte gleich ſieht."

„Bravo, bravo! ſchrie der kleine dicke Rathsherr; das iſt doch ein Wort von einem geſcheuten Manne! Ha, ha, ha! Die Büſte, das iſt gar keine Frage, die Büſte muß den Ausſpruch thun — wiewohl ſie nicht reden kann, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Die umſtehenden Abderiten lachten alle aus vollem Halſe über den witzigen Einfall des kurzen runden Männchens, und nun lief alles, was Füße hatte, dem Portale zu. Der Fremde ergab ſich mit guter Art in ſein Schickſal, ließ ſich von vorn und hinten betrachten, und Stück für Stück mit ſeiner Büſte vergleichen ſo lange ſie wollten. Aber leider! die Vergleichung konnte unmöglich zu ſeinem Vortheil ausfallen; denn beſagte Büſte ſah jedem andern Menſchen oder Thier ähnlicher als ihm.

„Nun, ſchrie der Nomofylax triumphirend — was kann der Herr nun zu ſeinem Vorſtand ſagen?"

Ich kann etwas ſagen (verſetzte der Fremde, den die Komödie nach gerade zu beluſtigen anfing) woran von ihnen allen keiner zu denken ſcheint: wiewohl es eben ſo wahr iſt, als daß Sie — Abderiten und ich Euripides bin.

„Sagen, ſagen! grinſte der Nomofylax; man kann freilich viel ſagen wenn der Tag lang iſt, hä, hä, hä! — Und was kann der Herr ſagen?"

Ich ſage, daß dieſe Büſte dem Euripides ganz und gar nicht ähnlich ſieht.

„Nein, mein Herr, rief der dicke Rathsherr, das müſſen Sie nicht ſagen! Die Büſte iſt eine ſchöne Büſte; ſie iſt von weißem Marmor wie Sie ſehen, Marmor von Paros, ſtraf' mich Jupiter! und koſtet uns hundert baare Dariken Species, das können Sie mir nachſagen! — Es iſt ein ſchönes Stück von unſerm Stadtbildhauer — Ein geſchickter berühmter Mann! — nennt ſich Moſchion — werden von ihm gehört haben! — ein berühmter Mann! — Und, wie geſagt, alle Fremden, die noch zu uns zu gekommen ſind, haben die Büſte bewundert! Sie iſt ächt, das können Sie mir nachſagen! Sie ſehen ja ſelbſt, es ſteht mit großen goldnen Buchſtaben drunter *ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ*."

Meine Herren, ſagte der Fremde, der alle ſeine angeborne Ernſthaftigkeit zuſammen nehmen mußte, um nicht auszuberſten: darf ich nur eine einzige Frage thun?

„Von Herzen gern," riefen die Abderiten.

Geſetzt, fuhr jener fort, es entſtände zwiſchen mir und meiner Büſte ein Streit darüber, wer mir am ähnlichſten ſehe — wem wollen Sie glauben, der Büſte oder mir?

„Das iſt eine kurioſe Frage," ſagte der Abderiten einer ſich hinter den Ohren kratzend. — „Eine kapzioſe Frage, beim Jupiter! rief ein anderer: nehmen Sie ſich in Acht, was Sie antworten, hochgeachteter Herr Rathsherr!“

Iſt der dicke Herr ein Rathsherr dieſer berühmten Republik? — fragte der Fremde mit einer Verbeugung — ſo bitte ich ſehr um Verzeihung! Ich geſtehe, die Büſte iſt ein ſchönes glattes Werk, von ſchönem Pariſchen Marmor! und wenn ſie mir nicht ähnlich ſieht, ſo kommt es wohl blos daher, weil Ihr berühmter Stadtbildhauer die Büſte ſchöner gemacht hat als die Natur — mich. Es iſt immer ein Beweis ſeines guten Willens, und das verdient alle meine Dankbarkeit.

Dieſes Kompliment that eine große Wirkung; denn die Abderiten hatten's gar zu gern, wenn man fein höflich mit ihnen ſprach. Es muß doch wohl Euripides ſelber ſein, murmelte einer dem andern ins Ohr; und der dicke Rathsherr ſelbſt bemerkte, bei nochmaliger Vergleichung der Büſte mit dem Fremden, daß die Bärte einander vollkommen ähnlich wären.

Zu gutem Glücke kam der Archon Onolaus und ſein Neffe Onobulus dazu, der den Euripides zu Athen hundertmal geſehen und öfters geſprochen hatte. Die Freude des jungen Onobulus über eine ſo unverhoffte Zuſammenkunft, und eine poſitive Bejahung, daß der Fremde wirklich der berühmte Euripides ſei, hieb den Knoten auf einmal durch; die Abderiten verſicherten nun einer den andern: ſie hätten's ihm gleich beim erſten Blick angeſehen.

Der Nomofylax, wie er ſah, daß Euripides gegen ſeine Büſte Recht behielt, machte ſich ſeitwärts davon. — Ein verdammter Streich! brummte er zwiſchen den Zähnen vor ſich her: wozu brauchte er aber auch ſo hinterm Berge zu halten? Wenn er wußte, daß er Euripides war, warum ließ er ſich mir nicht präſentiren? Da hätte alles einen ganz andern Schwung genommen!

Der Archon Onolaus, der in ſolchen Fällen gemeiniglich die Honneurs der Stadt Abdera zu machen pflegte; lud den Dichter mit großer Höflichkeit ein, das Gaſtrecht bei ihm zu nehmen, und bat ſich zugleich von dem politiſchen und dicken Rathsherrn die Ehre auf den Abend aus, welches beide mit vielem Vergnügen annahmen.

„Dacht' ich's nicht gleich? (ſagte der dicke Rathsherr zu einem der Umſtehenden) Der leibhaftige Euripides! Bart, Naſe, Stirn, Ohrenläppchen, Augenbraunen, alles auf ein Haar! Man kann nichts gleicheres ſehen! Wo doch wohl der, der Nomofylax ſeine Sinne hatte? Aber, — ja, ja, er mochte wohl ein Bischen zu tief — Hm! Sie verſtehen mich! — Concores amant humores — Ha, ha, ha, ha! — Baſta! Deſto beſſer, daß wir den Euripides bei uns haben! Was ich ſage, ein feiner Mann, beim Jupiter; und der uns viel Spaß machen ſoll! Ha, ha, ha!“

7. Kapitel.

Was den Euripides nach Abdera geführt hatte, nebſt einigen Geheimnachrichten von dem Hofe zu Pella.

So möglich es an ſich ſelbſt war, daß ſich Euripides zu Abdera befinden konnte, und eben ſo gut in dem Augenblicke, wo der Nomofylax Gryllus auf ihn premovocirte als in jedem andern — und ſo gewöhnt man dergleichen unvermuthete Erſcheinungen auf dem Theater iſt: ſo begreifen wir doch wohl, daß es eine andere Bewandtniß hat, wenn ſich eine ſolche Erſcheinung im Parterre ereignet; und es iſt ſolchen Falls der Majeſtät der Geſchichte gemäß, den Leſer zu verſtändigen, wie es damit zugegangen ſei. Wir wollen alles, was wir davon wiſſen, getreulich berichten: und ſollte dem ſcharfſinnigen Leſer dem ungeachtet noch einiger Zweifel übrig bleiben; ſo müßte es nur die allgemeine Frage betreffen, die ſich bei jeder Begebenheit unter und über dem Monde aufwerfen läßt; nämlich, warum zum Beiſpiel juſt von einer Mücke, und juſt von dieſer individuellen Mücke, juſt in dieſer Sekunde — dieſer zehnten Minute — dieſer ſechſten Nachmittagsſtunde, dieſes 10ten Auguſts — dieſes 1776ſten Jahres gemeiner Zeitrechnung, juſt dieſe nämliche Frau oder Fräulein von *** nicht ins Geſicht, nicht in den Nacken, Ellnbogen, Buſen, nicht auf die Hand, noch in die Ferſe, u. ſ. w., ſondern gerade vier Daumen hoch über der linken Kniescheibe geſtochen worden, u. ſ. w. — und da bekennen wir ohne Scheu, daß wir auf dieſes Warum nichts zu antworten wiſſen. — Fragt die Götter! könnten wir allenfalls mit einem großen Manne ſagen: aber weil dieſes offenbar eine heroiſche Antwort wäre, ſo halten wirs für anſtändiger, die Sache lediglich auf ſich beruhen zu laſſen.

Alſo — was wir wiſſen. Der König Archelaus in Macedonien, ein großer Liebhaber der ſchönen Künſte und der ſchönen Geiſter, (wie man damals gewiſſe verzärtelte Kinder der Natur nicht nannte, und wie man heutiges Tages einen jeden nennt, von dem man nicht ſagen kann, was er iſt) — dieſer König Archelaus war auf den Einfall gekommen, ein eignes Hofſchauſpiel zu haben: und vermöge einer Zuſammenkettung von Umſtänden, Urſachen, Mitteln und Zwecken, woran niemanden viel mehr gelegen ſein kann, hatte er den Euripides unter ſehr vortheilhaften Bedingungen vermocht, mit einer Geſellſchaft ausgeſuchter Schauſpieler, Virtuoſen, Baumeiſter, Maler und Maſchiniſten, kurz mit allem, was zu einem vollſtändigen Theaterweſen gehört, nach Pella an ſein Hoflager zu kommen, und die Aufſicht über die neue Hofſchaubühne zu übernehmen.

Auf dieſer Reiſe war jetzt Euripides mit ſeiner ganzen Geſellſchaft begriffen; und wiewohl der Weg über Abdera weder der einzige noch der kürzeſte war, ſo hatte er ihn doch genommen, weil er Luſt hatte, eine wegen des Witzes ihrer Einwohner ſo berühmte Republik mit eignen Augen zu ſehen. Wie es aber gekommen, daß er juſt an dem nämlichen Tage eingetroffen, da der Nomofylax ſeine Andromeda zum erſtenmale gab, davon können wir, wie geſagt, keine Rechenſchaft geben. Dergleichen Apropo's tragen ſich häufiger zu als man denkt: und es iſt wenigſtens kein größeres Mirakel, als daß, zum Beiſpiel, der junge Herr von ** eben im Begriff war, ſeine Beinkleider hinauf zu ziehen, als unvermuthet ſeine Nähterin ins Zimmer trat, die ſeidnen Strümpfe, die er ihr zu ſtopfen geſchickt hatte, zu überbringen — welches, wie Sie wiſſen, die Veranlaſſung zu einer zufälligen Begebenheit war, die in ſeiner hohen Familie wenigſtens eben ſo große Bewegungen verurſachte, als die unvorbereitete Erſcheinung des Euripides in dem Abderitiſchen Parterre. Wer ſich über ſo was wundern kann, muß ſich nicht viel auf die *ΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΑ* verſtehen, wie eben dieſes Euripides ſagt.

Uebrigens, wenn wir ſagten, daß der König Archelaus ein großer Liebhaber der ſchönen Künſte und ſchönen Geiſter geweſen ſei, ſo muß das eben nicht ſo genau und im ſtrengſten Sinne der Worte genommen werden; denn es iſt eigentlich nur ſo eine Art zu reden, und dieſer Herr war im Grunde nichts weniger als ein Liebhaber der ſchönen Künſte und ſchönen Geiſter. Das Wahre davon war: daß beſagter König Archelaus ſeit einiger Zeit öfters lange Weile hatte — weil ihn alle ſeine vormaligen Beluſtigungen, als da ſind — F**, G**, H**, J**, K**, L**, M**, u. ſ. w., nicht länger beluſtigen wollten. Ueberdem war es ein Herr von großer Ambizion, der ſich von ſeinem Oberkammerherrn hatte ſagen laſſen, daß es ſchlechterdings unter die Zuſtändigkeiten eines großen Fürſten gehöre, Künſte und Wiſſenſchaften in ſeinen Schutz zu nehmen. Denn, ſagte der Oberkammerherr, Ihre Majeſtät werden bemerkt haben, daß man niemals eine Statue, oder ein Bruſtbild eines großen Herrn auf einer Medaille u. ſ. w. ſieht, an deſſen rechter Hand nicht eine Minerva ſtände, neben einem Trofee von Panzern, Fahnen, Spießen und Morgenſternen — zur Linken knien immer etliche geflügelte Jungen oder halb nackte Mädchen, mit Pinſel und Palette, Winkelmaß, Flöte, Leier und einer Rolle Papier in den Händen, die Künſte vorſtellend, die ſich dem großen Herrn gleichſam zur Protekzion empfehlen; oben darüber aber ſchwebt eine Fama mit der Trompete am Mund, anzudeuten, daß Könige und Fürſten ſich durch den Schutz, den ſie den Künſten angedeihen laſſen, einen unſterblichen Ruhm erwerben, u. ſ. w.

Der König Archelaus hatte alſo die Künſte in ſeinen Schutz genommen! und dem zu Folge wiſſen uns die Geſchichtſchreiber ein Langes und ein Breites davon zu erzählen, wie viel er gebaut habe, und wie viel er auf Malerei und Bildhauerei, auf ſchöne Tapeten und andere ſchöne Möbeln verwandt; und wie alles bis auf die Kommodität bei ihm habe hetruriſch ſeyn müſſen! und wie er berühmte Künſtler, Virtuoſen und ſchöne Geiſter an ſeinen Hof berufen habe, u. ſ. w., welches alles, (ſagen ſie) er um ſo mehr that, weil ihm daran gelegen war, das Andenken der Uebelthaten auszulöſchen, durch die er ſich den Weg zum Throne, zu dem er nicht geboren war, gebahnt hatte — wie Euer Edeln aus Ihrem Bayle mit mehrerem erſehen können.

Nach dieſer kleinen Abſchweifung kehren wir zu unſerm Attiſchen Dichter zurück, den wir unter einem ſchimmernden Zirkel von Abderiten und Abderitinnen vom erſten Range, unter einem grünen Pavillon im Garten des Archon Onolaus antreffen werden.

8. Kapitel.

Wie ſich Euripides mit den Abderiten benimmt. Sie machen einen Anſchlag auf ihn, wobei ſich ihre politiſche Betriebſamkeit in einem ſtarken Lichte zeigt, und der ihnen um ſo gewiſſer gelingen muß, weil alle Schwierigkeiten, die ſie dabei ſehen, bloß eingebildet ſind.

Es iſt oben ſchon bemerkt worden, daß Euripides ſchon lange, wiewohl unbekannter Weiſe, bei den Abderiten in großem Anſehen ſtand. Jetzt, ſo bald es erſchollen war, daß er in Perſon zugegen ſei, war die ganze Stadt in Bewegung. Man ſprach von nichts als von Euripides. — „Haben Sie den Euripides ſchon geſehen? — Wie ſieht er aus? — Hat er eine große Naſe? Wie trägt er den Kopf? Was hat er für Augen? Er ſpricht wohl in lauter Verſen? Iſt er ſtolz?" — und hundert ſolche Fragen machte man einander ſchneller als es möglich war auf Eine zu antworten. Die Neugier, den Euripides zu ſehen, zog noch außer denen, die der Archon hatte bitten laſſen, verſchiedene herbei, die nicht geladen waren. Alles drängte ſich um den guten glatzköpfigen Dichter her, um zu beaugenſcheinigen, ob auch er ſo ausſehe, wie ſie ſich vorgeſtellt hatten, daß er ausſehen müſſe. Verſchiedene, inſonderheit unter den Damen, ſchienen ſich zu wundern, daß er am Ende doch gerade ſo ausſah wie ein andrer Menſch. Andre bemerkten, daß er viel Feuer in den Augen habe: und die ſchöne Thryallis raunte ihrer Nachbarin ins Ohr, man ſeh' es ihm ſtark an, daß er ein ausgemachter Weiberfeind ſei. Sie machte dieſe Bemerkung mit einem Ausdruck von anticipirtem Vergnügen über den Triumf, den ſie ſich davon verſprach, wenn ein ſo erklärter Feind ihres Geſchlechts die Macht ihrer Reizungen würde bekennen müſſen.

Die Dummheit hat ihr Sublimes ſo gut als der Verſtand, und wer darin bis zum Abſurden gehen kann, hat das Erhabne in dieſer Art erreicht, welches für geſcheute Leute immer eine Quelle von Vergnügen iſt. Die Abderiten hatten das Glück, im Beſitz dieſer Vollkommenheit zu ſein. Ihre Ungereimtheit machte einen Fremden Anfangs wohl zuweilen ungeduldig; aber ſobald man ſah, daß ſie ſo ganz aus Einem Stücke war, und (eben darum) ſo viel Zuverſicht und Gutmüthigkeit in ſich hatte: ſo verſöhnte man ſich gleich wieder mit ihnen, und beluſtigte ſich oft beſſer an ihrer Albernheit, als an andrer Leute Witz.

Euripides war in ſeinem Leben nie bei ſo guter Laune geweſen, als bei dieſem Abderitenſchmauſe. Er antwortete mit der größten Gefälligkeit auf alle ihre Fragen, lachte über alle ihr platten Einfälle, ließ jeden ſo hoch gelten als er ſich ſelbſt würdigte, und erklärte ſich ſogar über ihr Theater und Muſikweſen ſo billig, daß jedermann vollkommen mit ihm zufrieden war. — „Ein feiner Gaſt! raunte der politiſche Rathsherr der Dame Salabanda, die über ihm ſaß, ins Ohr; der tritt leiſe auf!" — „Und ſo höflich, ſo beſcheiden, als ob er kein großer Kopf wäre!" erwiederte Salabanda. — „Der drolligſte Mann von der Welt, beim Jupiter! ſagte der kurze dicke Rathsherr, beim Aufſtehen vom Tiſche; ein recht kurzweiliger Mann! Hätt's ihm nicht zugetraut, mein Seel!" — Die Damen, die er ſchön gefunden hatte, waren dafür ſo höflich, und thaten, als ob ſie ihn um zwanzig Jahre jünger fänden als er war: kurz, man war ganz von ihm bezaubert, und bedauerte nur, daß man die Ehre und das Vergnügen, ihn in Abdera zu ſehen, nicht länger haben ſollte. Denn Euripides blieb dabei, daß er ſich nicht aufhalten könne.

Endlich nahm Frau Salabanda den politiſchen Rathsherrn und den jungen Onobulus auf die Seite. „Was meinten Sie, ſagte ſie, wenn wir ihn dahin bringen können, daß er uns ſeine Andromeda gäbe? Er hat ſeine eigene Truppe bei ſich. Es ſollen ganz außerordentliche Virtuoſen ſein." — Onobulus fand den Einfall göttlich. — Ich hatte ihn eben ſelbſt gehabt, ſagte der politiſche Rathsherr, und war im Begriff, es Ihnen vorzutragen. Aber es wird Schwierigkeiten abſetzen. Der Nomofylax — „O, dafür laſſen Sie mich ſorgen, fiel Salabanda ein; ich will ihm ſchon warm machen!"

Für meinen Oheim ſteh' ich, ſagte Onobolus; und noch in dieſer Nacht will ich unter unſern jungen Leuten eine Partei zuſammen trommeln, die Lärms genug in der Stadt machen ſoll.

„Nur nicht zu hitzig, munkelte der politiſche Rathsherr mit dem Kopfe wackelnd; wir wollen uns nichts merken laſſen! Erſt das Terrain ſondirt, und fein leiſe aufgetreten! Das iſt was ich immer ſage."

„Aber, wir haben keine Zeit zu verlieren, Herr Froſchpfleger! Euripides geht fort —"

Wir wollen ihn ſchon aufhalten, erwiederte Salabanda; er ſoll morgen bei mir ſein! — Eine Gartenpartie, und alle unſre hübſchen Leute dazu eingeladen — Laſſen Sie nur mich machen; es ſoll gewiß gehen.

Frau Salabanda paſſirte in Abdera für eine gar weiſe Frau. Sie war ſtark in Politicis, und hatte großen Einfluß auf den Archon Onolaus. Der Oberprieſter war ihr Oheim, und fünf oder ſechs Rathsherren, die ſie in ihrer Freundſchaft zählte, gaben ſelten eine andere Meinung im Rathe von ſich, als ſie ihnen des Abends zuvor eingetrichtert hatte. Ueberdieß ſtanden ihr die Liebhaber der ſchönen Thryallis, mit der ſie im engſten Vertrauen lebte, gänzlich zu Gebote: nichts von ihren eignen zu ſagen, deren ſie immer einige hatte, die auf Hoffnung dienten, und alſo ſo geſchmeidig waren wie Handſchuhe. Ihr Haus, das unter die beſten in der Stadt gehörte, war der Ort, wo alle Geſchäfte vorbereitet, alle Händel geſchlichtet, und alle Wahlen ins Reine gebracht wurden: mit Einem Worte, Frau Salabanda machte in Abdera was ſie wollte.

Euripides, ohne die mindeſte Abſicht, Gebrauch von der Wichtigkeit dieſer Frau zu machen, hatte ſich dieſen Abend ſo gut bei ihr inſinuirt, als ob er zum wenigſten eine Froſchpflegerſtelle auf dem Korn gehabt hätte. Brachte ſie ein politiſches Weibſprüchlein als einen Gedanken vor, ſo fand er, daß es eine ſehr ſcharfſinnige Bemerkung ſei, citirte ſie den Simonides oder Homer, ſo bewunderte er ihr Talent, Verſe zu deklamiren. Sie hatte ihn mit einigen Stellen ſeiner Werke aufgezogen, die ihn zu Athen in den böſen Ruf eines Weiberfeindes geſetzt: und er hatte, indem er ſich gegen ſie und die ſchöne Thryallis verbeugte, verſichert, daß es ſein Unglück ſei, nicht eher nach Abdera gekommen zu ſein. Kurz, er hatte ſich ſo aufgeführt, daß Frau Salabanda bereit war, einen Aufſtand zu erregen, falls ihr mit dem politiſchen Rathsherrn eingefädeltes Projekt durch kein gelinderes Mittel hätte durchgeſetzt werden können.

Man ſäumte nicht, ſich vor allen Dingen des Archons zu verſichern, der gewöhnlich bald gewonnen war, wenn man ihm ſagte, daß eine Sache der Republik Abdera zu großem Ruhm gereichen und dem Volke ſehr angenehm ſein werde. Aber, weil er ein Herr war, der ſeine Ruhe liebte, ſo erklärte er ſich: er überlaſſe es ihnen, alles in die gehörigen Wege einzuleiten; er ſeines Orts möchte ſich mit niemand deßwegen überwerfen, am wenigſten mit dem Nomofylax, der ein Grobian ſei und unter dem Volke einen ſtarken Anhang habe. — „Wegen des Volkes machen Sich Eure Herrlichkeit keine Sorge, flüſterte ihm der Rathsherr zu; das will ich durch die dritte Hand ſchon ſtimmen laſſen wie wirs nur wünſchen können." — Und ich, ſagte Salabanda, nehme die Rathsherrn auf mich. — Wir wollen ſehen, ſprach der Archon, indem er zur Geſellſchaft zurückkehrte.

Sein Sie ruhig, ſprach die Dame zum politiſchen Rathsherrn, indem ſie ihn auf die Seite nahm: ich kenne den Archon. Wenn man ihn haben will, ſo muß man ihm nur des Abends von einer Sache ſprechen, und wenn er Nein geſagt hat, des Morgens wieder kommen und, ohne den Mund zu verkrümmen, ſo reden, als ob er Ja geſagt habe, und ihm dabei zeigen, daß man des Erfolgs gewiß iſt: ſo kann man ſich auf ihn verlaſſen wie auf Gold. Es iſt nicht das erſtemal, daß ich ihn auf dieſe Art dran gekriegt habe.

„Sie ſind eine ſchlaue Frau, verſetzte der Herr Froſchpfleger, indem er ſie ſachte auf den runden Arm klopfte. — Was Sie leiſe auftreten! — Aber man wird merken, daß wir etwas vorhaben — und das könnte nachtheilig ſein. — Wir müſſen piano gehn!"

In dieſem Augenblick trippelten ein paar Abderitinnen herbei, denen bald alle übrigen von der Geſellſchaft folgten, um zu hören, wovon die Rede ſei. Der politiſche Rathsherr ſchlich ſich weg.

„Nun, wie gefällt euch Euripides? ſagte Frau Salabanda: nicht wahr, das iſt ein Mann!"

O ein ſcharmanter Mann! riefen die Abderitinnen.

Nur Schade, daß er ſo kahl iſt — ſetzte eine hinzu; und daß ihm ein paar Zähne fehlen, ſagte die andre.

Närrchen, deſto weniger kann er dich beißen, ſagte die dritte; und weil dieß ein witziger Einfall war, ſo lachten ſie alle herzlich darüber.

Iſt er ſchon verheirathet? fragte ein junges Ding, das ſo ausſah, als ob es, wie ein Pilz, in einer einzigen Nacht aus dem Boden aufgeſchoſſen wäre.

Möchteſt Du ihn etwa haben? antwortete ein andres Fräulein ſpöttiſch; ich denke er hat ſchon Urenkel zu verheirathen.

O die will ich Dir überlaſſen, ſagte jene ſchnippiſch; und der Stich war deſto weſpenartiger, weil das beſagte Fräulein, wiewohl ſie ſo jung that als ein Mädchen von achtzehn, wenigſtens ihre vollen fünf und dreißig auf dem Nacken trug.

„Kinder, unterbrach ſie Frau Salabanda, von dem allen iſt jetzt die Rede nicht. Es iſt was ganz andres auf dem Tapete. Wie gefiel' es euch, wenn ich den fremden Herrn beredete, etliche Tage hier zu bleiben, und uns mit der Truppe, die er bei ſich hat, eine ſeiner Komödien zu geben?"

O das iſt herrlich! riefen die Abderitinnen alle vor Freuden aufhüpfend, o ja, wenn Sie das machen könnten!

„Das will ich ſchon machen können, verſetzte Salabanda; aber ihr müßt alle dazu helfen!"

O ja, o ja! ſchnatterten die Abderitinnen; und nun liefen ſie in hellem Haufen auf den Euripides zu, und ſchrien alle auf einmal: O ja, Herr Euripides, Sie müſſen uns eine Komödie ſpielen! Wir laſſen Sie nicht gehen, bis Sie uns eine Komödie geſpielt haben. Nicht wahr! Sie verſprechen's uns?

Der arme Mann, dem die Zumuthung auf den Hals kam, wie ein Kübel Waſſers auf den Kopf, trat ein paar Schritte zurück, und verſicherte ſie, es ſei ihm nie in den Sinn gekommen, in Abdera Komödie zu ſpielen, er müſſe ſeine Reiſe beſchleunigen, u. ſ. w. Aber das half alles nichts — O Sie müſſen, ſchrieen die Abderitinnen; wir laſſen Ihnen keine Ruhe; Sie ſind viel zu artig, als daß Sie uns was abſchlagen ſollten. Wir wollen Sie ſo ſchön bitten —

„Im Ernſt, ſagte Frau Salabanda, wir haben einen Anſchlag auf Sie gemacht —" Und der nicht zu Waſſer werden ſoll, fiel Onobulus ein, oder ich will nicht Onobulus heißen.

Was giebts? Was giebts? fragte der politiſche Rathsherr, der den Unwiſſenden machte, indem er langſam und mit unſtetem Blick hinzu ſchlich; was haben Sie mit dem Herrn vor? — Der kurze dicke Rathsherr kam auch herbei gewatſchelt. „Ich glaube gar, ſtraf' mich! Sie wollen alle auf einmal ſein Herz mit Arreſt beſchlagen, ha, ha, ha!" ſchrie er und lachte, daß er ſich die Seiten halten mußte. Man verſtändigte ihn, wovon die Rede ſei — Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ein ſchöner Gedanke! ſtraf' mich Jupiter! Da komm' ich gewiß auch, das verſprech' ich Ihnen! Der Meiſter ſelbſt! das muß der Mühe werth ſein! Wird recht viel Ehre für Abdera ſein, Herr Euripides, große Ehre! Haben uns glücklich zu ſchätzen, daß unſre Leute von ſo einem geſchickten Manne profitiren ſollen!" — Noch ein paar Herren von Bedeutung machten ihm ungefähr das nämliche Kompliment.

Euripides, wiewohl er den Einfall nicht ſo übel fand, ſich dieſe Luſt mit den Abderiten zu machen, ſpielte noch immer den Erſtaunten, und entſchuldigte ſich damit, daß er dem König Archelaus verſprochen habe, ſeine Reiſe zu beſchleunigen.

„Ei, was! ſagte Onobulus, Sie ſind ein Republikaner, und eine Republik hat ein näheres Recht an Sie."

„Sagen Sie dem Könige nur, ſchnarrte die ſchöne Myris, daß wir Sie ſo gar ſchön gebeten haben. Er ſoll ein galanter Herr ſein. Er wird Ihnen nicht übel nehmen, daß Sie ſechs Frauenzimmern auf einmal nichts abſchlagen konnten."

O du, Tirann der Götter und der Menſchen, Amor! rief Euripides im Ton der Tragödie, indem er zugleich die ſchöne Thryallis anſah.

„Wenn das Ihr Ernſt iſt, ſagte Thryallis, mit der Miene einer Perſon, die nicht gewohnt iſt weder abzuweiſen noch abgewieſen zu werden; wenn das Ihr Ernſt iſt, ſo beweiſen Sie es dadurch, daß Sie ſich von mir erbitten laſſen."

Dieß von mir verdroß die andern Abderitinnen. Wir wollen nicht unbeſcheiden ſein, ſagte eine, indem ſie die Lippen einzog, und auf die Seite ſah. — Man muß dem Herrn nichts zumuthen, was ihm unmöglich iſt, ſagte eine andre.

Um Ihnen Vergnügen zu machen, meine ſchönen Damen, ſprach der Dichter, könnte mir das Unmögliche möglich werden.

Weil dieß Unſinn war, ſo gefiel es allgemein. Onobulus war hurtig mit ſeiner Schreibtafel heraus, um ſich den Gedanken aufzunotiren. Die Weiber und Mädchen warfen einen Blick auf Thryallis, als ob ſie ſagen wollten: Letſch! Er hat uns auch ſchön geheißen! Madam braucht ſich eben nicht ſo viel auf ihre Atalantenfigur einzubilden; er bleibt ſo gut um unſertwillen hier als um ihretwillen.

Salabanda machte endlich dem Handel ein Ende, indem ſie ſich bloß die Gefälligkeit ausbat, daß er ihr und ihren Freunden, die alle ſeine großen Verehrer ſeien, nur noch den morgenden Tag ſchenken möchte. Weil Euripides im Grunde nicht zu eilen hatte, und ſich in Abdera ſehr gut amüſirte, ſo ließ er ſich nicht lange bitten, eine Einladung anzunehmen, die ihm hübſche Beiträge zu — Poſſenſpielen für den Hof zu Pella verſprach. Und ſo ging denn die Geſellſchaft, auf die Ehre, ſich Morgen bei Frau Salabanda wieder zu ſehen, gegen Mitternacht in allerſeitigem Vergnügen auseinander.

9. Kapitel.

Euripides beſieht die Stadt, wird mit dem Prieſter Strobylus bekannt, und vernimmt von ihm die Geſchichte der Latonenfröſche. Merkwürdiges Geſpräch, welches bei dieſer Gelegenheit zwiſchen Demokrit, dem Prieſter und dem Dichter vorfällt.

Inzwiſchen führte Onobulus, in Begleitung etlicher junger Herren ſeines Schlages, ſeinen Gaſt in der Stadt herum, um ihm alles, was darin ſehenswürdig wäre, zu zeigen. Unterwegs begegnete ihnen Demokrit, mit welchem Euripides ſchon von langem her bekannt war. Sie gingen alſo mit einander; und da die Stadt Abdera ziemlich weitläufig war, ſo hatten die beiden Alten Gelegenheit genug, von den jungen Herren zu profitiren, die immer den Mund offen hatten, über alles entſchieden, alles wußten, und ſich gar nicht zu Sinnen kommen ließen, daß es ihres gleichen in Gegenwart von Männern anſtändiger ſei zu hören, als ſich hören zu laſſen.

Euripides hatte alſo dieſen Morgen genug zu hören und zu ſehen. Die jungen Abderiten, die nie weiter als bis gegen die äußerſten Schlagbäume ihrer Vaterſtadt gekommen waren, ſprachen von allem, was ſie ihm zeigten, als von Wundern, die gar nicht ihres gleichen in der Welt hätten. Onobulus hingegen, der die große Reiſe gemacht hatte, verglich alles mit dem, was er in eben dieſer Art zu Athen, Korinth und Syrakus geſehen, und brachte in einem albernen Tone von Entſchuldigung eine Menge lächerlicher Urſachen hervor, warum dieſe Dinge in Athen, Korinth und Syrakus ſchöner und prächtiger wären als in Abdera.

Junger Herr, ſagte Demokrit, es iſt hübſch, daß Sie Ihre Vater- und Mutterſtadt in Ehren halten; aber wenn Sie uns einen Beweis davon geben wollen, ſo laſſen Sie Athen, Korinth und Syrakus aus dem Spiele. Nehmen wir jedes Ding wie es iſt, und keine Vergleichung, ſo brauchts auch keine Entſchuldigung.

Euripides fand alles, was man ihm zeigte, ſehr merkwürdig; und das war es auch. Denn man zeigte ihm eine Bibliothek, worin viele unnütze und ungeleſene Bücher, ein Münzkabinet, worin viele abgegriffene Münzen, ein reiches Spital, worin viel übel verpflegte Arme, ein Arſenal, worin wenig Waffen, und einen Brunnen, worin noch weniger Waſſer war. Man zeigte ihm auch das Rathhaus, wo die gute Stadt Abdera ſo gut berathen wurde, den Tempel des Jaſons, und ein vergoldetes Widderfell, welches ſie, wiewohl wenig Gold mehr daran zu ſehen war, für das berühmte goldne Vlies ausgaben. Sie nahmen auch den alten rauchigen Tempel der Latona in Augenſchein, und das Grabmal des Abderus, der die Stadt zuerſt erbauet haben ſollte, und die Gallerie, wo alle Archonten von Abdera in Lebensgröße gemalt ſtanden, und einander alle ſo ähnlich ſahen, als ob der folgende immer die Kopie von dem vorhergehenden geweſen wäre. Endlich, da ſie alles geſehen hatten, führte man ſie auch an den geheiligten Teich, worin auf Unkoſten gemeiner Stadt die größten und fetteſten Fröſche gefüttert wurden, die man je geſehen hat, und die wie der Oberprieſter Strobylus ſehr ernſthaft verſicherte, in gerader Linie von den Lyciſchen Bauern abſtammten, die der umherirrenden, nirgends Ruhe findenden, und vor Durſt verſchmachtenden Latona nicht geſtatten wollten, aus einem Teiche, der ihnen zugehörte, zu trinken, und dafür von Jupiter zur Strafe ihrer Ungeſchlachtheit in Fröſche verwandelt wurden.

O Herr Oberprieſter, ſagte Demokrit, erzählen Sie doch dem fremden Herrn die Geſchichte dieſer Fröſche, und wie es zugegangen, daß der geheiligte Teich aus Lycien über das Joniſche Meer herüber bis nach Abdera verſetzt worden iſt, welches, wie Sie wiſſen, eine ziemliche Strecke Wegs über Länder und Meere ausmacht und (wenn man ſo ſagen darf) beinahe ein noch größeres Wunder iſt, als die Froſchwerdung der Lyciſchen Bauern ſelbſt.

Strobylus ſah Demokriten und dem Fremden mit einem bedenklichen Blick unter die Augen. Weil er aber nichts darin ſehen konnte, das ihn berechtigt hätte, ſie für Spötter zu erklären, welche nicht verdienten, zu ſo ehrwürdigen Myſterien zugelaſſen zu werden: ſo bat er ſie, ſich unter einen großen wilden Feigenbaum zu ſetzen, der eine Seite des kleinen Latonentempels beſchattete, und erzählte ihnen hierauf mit eben der Treuherzigkeit, womit man die alltäglichſte Begebenheit erzählen kann, alles was er von der Sache zu wiſſen glaubte.

Die Geſchichte des Latonendienſtes in Abdera, ſagte er, verliert ſich im Nebel des graueſten Alterthums. Unſre Vorfahren, die Tejer, die ſich vor ungefähr hundert und vierzig Jahren von Abdera Meiſter machten, fanden ihn bereits ſeit undenklichen Zeiten eingeführt; und dieſer Tempel hier iſt vielleicht einer der älteſten in der Welt, wie Sie ſchon aus ſeiner Bauart und andern Zeichen eines hohen Alterthums ſchließen können. Es iſt, wie Sie wiſſen, nicht erlaubt, mit ſtrafbarem Vorwitz den heiligen Schleier aufzuheben, den die Zeit um den Urſprung der Götter und ihres Dienſtes geworfen hat. Alles verliert ſich in Zeiten, wo die Kunſt zu ſchreiben noch nicht erfunden war. Allein die mündliche Ueberlieferung, die von Vater zu Sohn durch ſo viele Jahrhunderte fortgepflanzt wurde, erſetzt den Abgang ſchriftlicher Urkunden mehr als hinlänglich, und macht, ſo zu ſagen, eine lebendige Urkunde aus, die dem todten Buchſtaben billig noch vorzuziehen iſt. Dieſe Tradizion ſagt: als die vorerwähnte Verwandlung der Lyciſchen Bauern vorgegangen, hätten die benachbarten Einwohner und einige von den beſagten Bauern ſelbſt, welche an dem Frevel der übrigen keinen Theil genommen, als Zeugen des vorgegangenen Wunders, Latonen mit ihren noch an der Bruſt liegenden Zwillingen, Apollo und Diana für Gottheiten erkannt, ihnen an dem Teiche, wo die Verwandlung geſchehen, einen Altar errichtet, auch die Gegend und das Gebüſche, das den Teich umgab, zu einem Hain geheiligt. Das Land hieß damals noch Milia, und die in Fröſche verwandelten Bauern waren alſo, eigentlich zu reden, Milier; als aber lange Zeit hernach Lucius, Pandions des Zweiten Sohn, ſich mit einer Attiſchen Kolonie des Landes bemächtigte, bekam es von ihm den Namen Lucia, und der ältere Name verlor ſich gänzlich. Bei dieſer Gelegenheit verließen die Einwohner der Gegend, wo der Altar und Hain der Latona ſtand, weil ſie ſich der Herrſchaft des beſagten Lucius nicht unterwerfen wollten, ihr Vaterland, ſetzten ſich zu Schiffe, irrten eine Zeit lang auf dem Aegeiſchen Meere herum, und ließen ſich endlich zu Abdera nieder, welches kurz zuvor durch die Peſt beinahe gänzlich entvölkert worden war. Bei ihrem Abzuge ſchmerzte ſie, wie die Tradizion ſagt, nichts ſo ſehr, als daß ſie den geheiligten Hain und Teich der Latona zurücklaſſen mußten. Sie ſannen hin und her, und fanden endlich, das Beſte wäre, einige junge Bäume aus dem beſagten Haine mit Wurzel und Erde, und eine Anzahl von Fröſchen aus dem beſagten Teich in einer Tonne voll geheiligten Waſſers mitzunehmen. So bald ſie zu Abdera anlangten, war ihre erſte Sorge, einen neuen Teich zu graben, welches eben dieſer iſt, den Sie hier vor ſich ſehen.

„Sie leiteten einen Arm des Fluſſes Neſtus in denſelben, und beſetzten ihn mit den Abkömmlingen der in Fröſche verwandelten Lucier oder Milier, die ſie in dem geweihten Waſſer mit ſich gebracht hatten. Um den neuen Teich her, dem ſie ſorgfältig die völlige Geſtalt und Größe des alten gaben, pflanzten ſie die mitgebrachten heiligen Bäume, weiheten ſie auf's neue der Latona zum Hain, bauten ihr dieſen Tempel, und verordneten einen Prieſter, der den Dienſt derſelben verſehen, und des Hains und Teiches warten ſollte, welche ſich auf dieſe Weiſe, ohne ein ſo großes Wunder als Herr Demokrit für nöthig hielt, aus Lycien nach Abdera verſetzt fanden. Dieſer Tempel, Hain und Teich erhielt ſich, vermöge der Ehrfurcht, welche ſogar die benachbarten wilden Thrazier für denſelben hegten, durch alle Veränderungen und Unfälle, denen Abdera in der Folge unterworfen war, bis die Stadt endlich von den Tejern, unſern Vorfahren, zu den Zeiten des großen Cyrus wieder hergeſtellt, und (wie man ohne Ruhmredigkeit ſagen kann) zu einem Glanz erhoben wurde: daß ſie keine Urſache hat, irgend eine andere in der Welt zu beneiden."

Sie reden wie ein wahrer Patriot, Herr Oberprieſter, ſagte Euripides. Aber wenn es erlaubt wäre, eine beſcheidene Frage zu thun.

„Fragen Sie was Sie wollen, fiel ihm Strobylus ein; ich werde Gott Lob! nie verlegen ſein, Antwort zu geben."

Mit Euer Ehrwürden Erlaubniß alſo, fuhr Euripides fort; die ganze Welt kennt die edle Denkart und die Liebe zur Pracht und zu den ſchönen Künſten, die den Tejiſchen Abderiten eigen iſt, und wovon ihre Stadt überall die merkwürdigſten Beweiſe darſtellt. Wie kommt es alſo, da zumal die Tejer ſchon von alten Zeiten her im Ruf einer beſondern Ehrfurcht für Latonen ſtehen, daß die Abderiten nicht auf den Gedanken gekommen ſind, ihr einen anſehnlichen Tempel aufzubauen?

„Ich vermuthete mir dieſen Einwurf," ſagte Strobylus mit einem Lächeln, wobei er die Augenbraunen in die Höhe zog und mächtig weiſe ausſehen wollte.

Es ſoll kein Einwurf ſein, verſetzte Euripides, ſondern eine beſcheidene Frage.

„Ich will ſie Ihnen beantworten, ſagte der Prieſter. Ohne Zweifel wäre es der Republik leicht geweſen, der Latona als einer Göttin vom erſten Rang einen ſo prächtigen Tempel aufzubauen, wie ſie dem Jaſon, der doch nur ein Heros iſt, gebaut hat. Aber ſie hat mit Recht geglaubt, daß es der Ehrfurcht, die wir der Mutter des Apollo und der Diana ſchuldig ſind, gemäßer ſei, ihren uralten Tempel zu laſſen wie ſie ihn gefunden; und es iſt und bleibt dem ungeachtet der oberſte und heiligſte Tempel von Abdera, was auch immer der Prieſter Jaſons dagegen einwenden mag."

Strobylus ſagte dieſes letzte mit einem Eifer und einem Crescendo il Forte, daß Demokrit für nöthig fand ihn zu verſichern, daß dieß wenigſtens bei allen geſund Denkenden eine ausgemachte Sache ſei.

„Indeſſen, fuhr der Oberprieſter fort, hat die Republik gleichwohl ſolche Beweiſe ihrer beſondern Devozion für den Tempel der Latona und deſſen Zubehörden gegeben, daß gegen die Lauterkeit ihrer Abſichten nicht der geringſte Zweifel übrig ſein kann. Sie hat zu Verſehung des Dienſtes nicht nur ein Kollegium von ſechs Prieſtern, deren Vorſteher zu ſein ich unwürdiger Weiſe die Ehre habe, ſondern auch aus dem Mittel des Senats drei Pfleger des heiligen Teichs angeordnet, von welchen der erſte allezeit eines von den Häuptern der Stadt iſt. Ja, ſie hat, aus Beweggründen, deren Richtigkeit ſtreitig zu machen nicht länger erlaubt iſt, die Unverletzlichkeit der Fröſche des Latonenteichs auf alle Thiere dieſer Gattung in ihrem ganzen Gebiet ausgedehnt, und zu dieſem Ende das ganze Geſchlecht der Störche, Kraniche und aller andern Froſchfeinde aus ihren Grenzen verbannt."

Wenn die Verſicherung, daß es nicht länger erlaubt iſt an der Richtigkeit dieſes Verfahrens zu zweifeln, mir nicht die Zunge bände, ſagte Demokrit, ſo würde ich mir die Freiheit nehmen zu erinnern, daß ſelbiges mehr in einer zwar an ſich ſelbſt löblichen, aber doch aufs äußerſte getriebenen Deiſidämonie, als in der Natur der Sache, oder der Ehrfurcht, der wir der Latona ſchuldig ſind, gegründet zu ſein ſcheint. Denn in der That iſt nichts gewiſſer, als daß die Fröſche zu Abdera und in der Gegend umher, die den Einwohnern bereits ſehr beſchwerlich ſind, mit der Zeit ſich unter einem ſolchen Schutze ſo überſchwenglich vermehren werden, daß ich nicht begreife, wie unſre Nachkommen ſich mit ihnen werden vergleichen können. Ich rede hier bloß menſchlicher Weiſe, und unterwerfe meine Meinung dem Urtheil der Obern, wie einem recht geſinnten Abderiten zukommt.

Daran thun Sie wohl, ſagte Strobylus, es mag nun Ihr Ernſt ſein oder nicht; und Sie würden, nehmen Sie mirs nicht übel, noch beſſer thun, wenn Sie dergleichen Meinungen gar nicht laut werden ließen. Uebrigens kann nichts lächerlicher ſein als ſich vor Fröſchen zu fürchten und unter dem Schutz der Latona können wir, denke ich, gefährlichere Feinde verachten, als dieſe guten unſchuldigen Thierchen jemals ſein können, wenn ſie auch unſere Feinde würden.

Das ſollt' ich auch denken, ſagte Euripides. Mich wundert, wie einem ſo großen Naturforſcher als Demokrit, unbekannt ſein kann, daß die Fröſche, die ſich von Inſekten und kleinen Schnecken nähren, dem Menſchen vielmehr nützlich als ſchädlich ſind.

Der Prieſter Strobylus nahm dieſe Anmerkung ſo wohl auf, daß er von dieſem Augenblick an ein hoher Gönner und Beförderer unſers Dichters wurde. Die Herren hatten ſich kaum von ihm beurlaubt, ſo ging er in einige der beſten Häuſer und verſicherte, Euripides ſei ein Mann von großen Verdienſten. Ich habe ſehr wohl bemerkt, ſagte er, daß er mit Demokrit nicht zum beſten ſteht: er gab ihm ein- oder zweimal tüchtig auf die Kolbe. Er iſt wirklich ein hübſcher verſtändiger Mann — für einen Poeten.

10. Kapitel.

Der Senat zu Abdera giebt dem Euripides, ohne daß er darum anſucht, Erlaubniß, eines ſeiner Stücke auf dem Abderitiſchen Theater aufzuführen. Kunſtgriff, wodurch ſich die Abderitiſche Kanzlei in ſolchen Fällen zu helfen pflegte. Schlaues Betragen des Nomophylax. Merkwürdige Art der Abderiten, einem, der ihnen im Weg ſtand, allen Vorſchub zu thun.

Nachdem Euripides die Wahrzeichen von Abdera ſämmtlich in Augenſchein genommen hatte, führte man ihn nach dem Garten der Salabanda, wo er den Rathsherrn, ihren Gemahl (einen Mann, der bloß wegen ſeiner Gemahlin bemerkt wurde) und eine große Geſellſchaft von Abderitiſchem Beau Monde fand, alle ſehr begierig zu ſehen, wie man es machte, um Euripides zu ſein.

Euripides ſah nur Ein Mittel, ſich mit Ehren aus der Sache zu ziehen; und das war — in ſo guter Abderitiſcher Geſellſchaft nicht Euripides — ſondern ſo ſehr Abderit zu ſein als ihm nur immer möglich war. Die wackern Leute wunderten ſich, ihn ſo gleichartig mit ihnen ſelbſt zu finden. Es iſt ein ſcharmanter Mann, ſagten ſie; man dächte, er wäre ſein Leben lang in Abdera geweſen.

Die Kabale der Dame Salabanda ging inzwiſchen tapfer ihren Gang und des folgenden Morgens war ſchon die ganze Stadt des Gerüchtes voll, der fremde Dichter würde mit ſeinen Leuten eine Komödie aufführen, wie man in Abdera noch keine geſehen habe.

Es war ein Rathstag. Die Herren verſammelten ſich, und einer fragte den andern, wenn Euripides ſein Stück geben würde! Keiner wollte was davon wiſſen, wiewohl jeder poſitiv verſicherte, daß bereits die Zurüſtungen dazu gemacht würden.

Als der Archon die Sache in Vortrag brachte, formaliſirten ſich die Freunde des Nomophylax nicht wenig darüber: „Wozu, ſagten ſie, brauchts uns noch zu fragen, ob wir erlauben wollen was ſchon beſchloſſen iſt, und wovon jedermann als von einer ausgemachten Sache ſpricht!"

Einer der hitzigſten behauptete, daß der Senat eben deswegen Nein dazu ſagen, und dadurch zeigen ſollte, daß Er Meiſter ſei.

„Das wäre mir ein ſauberes **Participium**, rief der Zunftmeiſter Pfriem; weil die ganze Stadt für die Sache portirt iſt, und die fremden Komödianten zu hören wünſcht, ſo ſoll der Senat Nein dazu ſagen? Ich behaupte das Gegentheil. Eben weil das Volk ſie zu hören wünſcht, ſo ſollen ſie aufſpielen! **Vox populi, Vox Dei!** Das iſt immer mein Simplum geweſen, und ſoll es bleiben, ſo lange ich Zunftmeiſter Pfriem heißen werde!"

Die meiſten traten auf des Zunftmeiſters Seite. Der politiſche Rathsherr zuckte die Achſeln, ſprach dafür und dawider, und beſchloß endlich: Wenn der Nomofylax nichts dabei zu erinnern hätte, ſo glaube er, man könnte für dießmal connivendo geſchehen laſſen, daß die Fremden auf dem Stadttheater ſpielten.

Der Nomofylax hatte bisher bloß die Naſe gerümpft, gegrinſt, ſeinen Knebelbart geſtrichen, und einige abgebrochene Worte mit untermiſchtem Ha, ha, hä, gemackert. Er möchte nicht gern dafür angeſehen werden, als ob ihm daran gelegen ſei, die Sache zu hintertreiben. Allein jemehr er's verbergen wollte, deſto ſtärker fiel's in die Augen. Er ſchwoll zuſehends auf, wie ein Truthahn, dem man ein rothes Tuch vorhält; und endlich, da er entweder berſten oder reden mußte, ſagte er: „Die Herren mögen nun glauben was ſie wollen — aber ich bin wirklich der erſte, der das neue Stück zu hören wünſcht. Ohne Zweifel hat der Poet den Text und die Muſik ſelbſt gemacht, und da muß es ja wohl ein ganzes Wunderding ſein. Indeſſen, weil er ſich nicht aufhalten kann, wie man ſagt, ſo ſeh' ich nicht, wie man mit den Dekorazionen wird fertig werden können. Und wenn wir zu den Choren unſre Leute hergeben ſollen, wie zu vermuthen iſt, ſo bedaur' ich, daß ich ſagen muß, vor vierzehn Tagen wird nicht daran zu denken ſein."

Dafür laſſen wir den Euripides ſorgen, ſagte einer von den Vätern, aus deſſen Sprachrohren die Stimme der Dame Salabanda ſprach: man wird ihm ohnehin Ehrenhalber die ganze Direkzion ſeines Schauſpiels überlaſſen müſſen. — Den Rechten eines zeitigen Nomofylax und der Theaterkommiſſion in alle Wege unpräjudicierlich, ſetzte der Archon hinzu.

„Ich bin alles zufrieden, ſagte Gryllus, die Herren wollen was neues — Gut! wünſche daß es wohl bekomme! bin ſelbſt begierig das Ding zu hören, wie geſagt. Es kommt freilich alles blos darauf an, ob man Glauben an die Leute hat — verſtehen Sie mich! — Indeſſen wird Recht Recht, und Muſik Muſik bleiben; und ich wette was die Herren wollen, die Terzen und Quinten und Oktaven der Herren Athener werden gerade ſo klingen wie die unſrigen, hä, hä, hä, hä!"

Es ging alſo mit einem großen Mehr durch: „Daß den fremden Komödianten ein- für allemal, und ohne daß dieſer Fall zu einiger Konſequenz ſollte gezogen werden können, erlaubt ſein ſollte, eine Tragödie auf der Nazional-Schaubühne aufzuführen, und daß ihnen hierzu von Seiten der Theater-Deputazion aller Vorſchub gethan, und die Koſten von der Kaſſe beſtritten werden ſollten." — Allein, weil der Ausdruck „erlaubt ſein ſollte" dem Euripides, der nichts verlangt hatte, ſondern ſich blos erbitten laſſen, hätte anſtößig ſein können: ſo veranſtaltete Frau Salabanda, daß der Rathsſchreiber (der ihr beſonderer Freund und Diener war) im Beſcheid die Worte erlaubt ſein ſollte, in erſucht werden ſollte, und die fremden Komödianten in den berühmten Euripides verwandelte — Alles übrigens dem Rathsſchluß und der Kanzlei unpräjudicierlich und citra conſequentiam.

So wie der Senat aus einander ging, begab ſich der Nomofylax zum Euripides, überſchüttete ihn mit Komplimenten, bot ihm ſeine Dienſte an, und verſicherte ihn, daß ihm aller möglicher Vorſchub gethan werden ſollte, um ſein Stück recht bald aufführen zu können. Die Wirkung dieſer Verſicherung war, daß ihm, ohne daß jemand Schuld daran haben wollte, alle mögliche Hinderniſſe in den Weg gelegt wurden, und daß es immer an allem fehlte, was er nöthig hatte. Beſchwerte er ſich, ſo wies ihn immer einer an den andern, und jeder betheuerte ſeine Unſchuld und ſeinen guten Willen, indem er ganz deutlich zu verſtehen gab, daß der Fehler bloß an dieſem oder jenem liege, der eine Viertelſtunde zuvor ſeinen guten Willen eben ſo ſtark betheuert hatte.

Euripides fand die Abderitiſche Art, allen möglichen Vorſchub zu thun, ſo beſchwerlich, daß er ſich nicht entbrechen konnte, der Dame Salabanda am Morgen des dritten Tages zu erklären: ſeine Meinung ſei, ſich mit dem erſten Winde, woher er auch blaſen möchte, wieder einzuſchiffen, wofern ſie nicht einen Rathsſchluß auswirkte, der den Herren von der Kommiſſion anbeföhle, ihm keinen Vorſchub zu thun. Da der Archon, wiewohl eigentlich alle exekutive Gewalt von ihm abhing, kein Mann von Exekuzion war, ſo war das einzige Mittel in dieſer Noth, den Zunftmeiſter Pfriem und den Prieſter Strobylus, welche ſehr viel beim Volke vermochten, in Bewegung zu ſetzen. Salabanda übernahm beides mit ſo guter Wirkung, daß binnen Tag und Nacht alles, was von der Theaterkommiſſion beſorgt werden mußte, fertig und bereit war; welches um ſo leichter geſchehen konnte, da Euripides ſeine eigenen Dekorazionen bei ſich hatte, und alſo beinahe nichts weiter zu thun war, als ſie dem Abderitiſchen Theater anzupaſſen.

11. Kapitel.

Die Andromeda des Euripides wird endlich trotz aller Hinderniſſe von ſeinen eigenen Schauſpielern aufgeführt. Außerordentliche Empfindſamkeit der Abderiten, mit einer Digreſſion, welche unter die lehrreichſten in dieſem ganzen Werke gehört, und folglich von gar keinem Nutzen ſein wird.

Die Abderiten hatten ein neues Stück erwartet, und waren daher übel zufrieden, da ſie hörten, daß es eben die Andromeda war, die ſie vor wenig Tagen ſchon geſehen zu haben glaubten. Noch weniger wollten ihnen Anfangs die fremden Schauſpieler einleuchten, deren Ton und Akzion ſo natürlich war, daß die guten Leute — gewohnt ihre Helden und Heldinnen wie Beſeſſene herumfahren zu ſehen, und ſchreien zu hören wie der verwundete Mars in der Iliade — gar nicht wußten was ſie daraus machen ſollten. Das iſt eine wunderliche Art zu agiren, flüſterten ſie einander zu; man merkt es gar nicht, daß man in der Komödie iſt; es klingt ja ordentlich als ob die Leute ihre eigenen Rollen ſpielten. Indeſſen bezeigten ſie doch ihr Erſtaunen über die Dekorazionen, die zu Athen von einem berühmten Meiſter in der Theaterperſpektive gemalt waren; und da die meiſten in ihrem Leben nichts gutes in dieſer Art geſehen hatten, ſo glaubten ſie bezaubert zu ſein, wie ſie das Ufer des Meers, den Felſen, wo Andromeda angefeſſelt war, und den Hain der Nereiden an einer kleinen Bucht auf der einen Seite, und den Pallaſt des Königs Cefeus in der Ferne auf der andern, ſo natürlich vor ſich ſahen, daß ſie geſchworen hätten, es ſei alles wirklich und wahrhaftig ſo wie es ſich darſtellte. Da nun überdieß die Muſik vollkommen nach dem Sinne des Dichters, und alſo das alles war, was die Muſik des Nomofylax Gryllus — nicht war; da ſie immer gerade aufs Herz wirkte, und ungeachtet der größten Einfalt und Singbarkeit doch immer neu und überraſchend war: ſo brachte alles dieß, mit der Lebhaftigkeit und Wahrheit der Deklamazion und Pantomime und mit der Schönheit der Stimme und des Vortrags vereinigt, einen Grad von Täuſchung bei den guten Abderiten hervor, wie ſie noch in keinem Schauſpiel erfahren hatten. Sie vergaßen gänzlich, daß ſie in ihrem Nazionaltheater ſaßen, glaubten unvermerkt mitten in der wirklichen Scene der Handlung zu ſein, nahmen Antheil an dem Glück und Unglück der handelnden Perſonen, als ob es ihre nächſten Blutsfreunde geweſen wären, betrübten und ängſtigten ſich, hofften und fürchteten, liebten und haßten, weinten und lachten, wie es dem Zauberer, unter deſſen Gewalt ſie waren, gefiel; — kurz, Andromeda wirkte ſo außerordentlich auf ſie, daß Euripides ſelbſt geſtand, noch niemals des Schauſpiels einer ſo vollkommnen Empfindſamkeit genoſſen zu haben.

Wir bitten — in Parentheſi — die empfindſamen Frauenzimmerchen und Jüngelchen unſrer vor lauter Empfindſamkeit höchſt unempfindbaren Zeit ſehr um Verzeihung! Aber es war in der That unſre Meinung nicht, durch dieſen Zug der außerordentlichen Empfindſamkeit der Abderiten — ihnen einen Stich zu geben — und gleichſam dadurch einigen Zweifel gegen ihren guten Verſtand bei ihnen ſelbſt oder bei andern Leuten zu erwecken. — In ganzem Ernſt, wir erzählen die Sache bloß wie ſie ſich zutrug; und wem eine ſo große Empfindſamkeit an Abderiten befremdlich vorkommt, den erſuchen wir höflichſt — zu bedenken, daß ſie, bei aller Abderitheit, am Ende doch Menſchen waren wie andre; ja, in gewiſſem Sinne, nur deſto mehr Menſchen — je mehr Abderiten ſie waren. Denn gerade ihre Abderitheit machte, daß es eben ſo leicht war ſie zu betrügen, als die Vögel, die in die gemalten Trauben des Zeuxis hinein pickten; indem ſie ſich jedem Eindruck, beſonders den Täuſchungen der Kunſt, viel ungewahrſamer und freuherziger überließen, als feinere und kältere, folglich auch geſcheidtere Leute zu thun pflegen, welche man ſo leicht nicht verhindern kann, durch den Zauberdunſt, den man um ſie her macht, durchzuſehen.

Uebrigens macht der Verfaſſer dieſer Geſchichte hier die Anmerkung: „Die große Diſpoſizion der Abderiten, ſich von den Künſten der Einbildungskraft und der Nachahmung täuſchen zu laſſen, ſei eben nicht das, was er am wenigſten an ihnen liebe." Er mag aber wohl dazu ſeine beſondern Urſachen gehabt haben.

In der That haben Dichter, Tonkünſtler, Maler, einem aufgeklärten und verfeinerten Publikum gegenüber, ſchlimmes

Spiel, und gerade die eingebildeten Kenner, die unter einem ſolchen Publikum immer den größten Haufen ausmachen, ſind am ſchwerſten zu befriedigen. Anſtatt der Einwirkung ſtill zu halten, thut man alles, was man kann, um ſie zu verhindern. Anſtatt zu genießen was da iſt, räſonnirt man darüber, was da ſein könnte. Anſtatt ſich zur Illuſion zu bequemen, wo die Vernichtung des Zaubers zu nichts dienen kann als uns unſers Vergnügens zu berauben, ſetzt man, ich weiß nicht welche kindiſche Ehre darein, den Künſtlern zur Unzeit zu machen: zwingt ſich zu lachen, wo Leute, die ſich ihrem natürlichen Gefühl überlaſſen, Thränen im Auge haben, und, wo dieſe lachen, die Naſe zu rümpfen, um ſich das Anſehen zu geben als ob man zu ſtark oder zu fein oder zu gelehrt ſei, um ſich von ſo was aus ſeinem Gleichgewicht ſetzen zu laſſen.

Aber auch die wirklichen Kenner verkümmern ſich ſelbſt den Genuß, den ſie von tauſend Dingen, die in ihrer Art gut ſind, haben könnten, durch Vergleichungen derſelben mit Dingen anderer Art; Vergleichungen, die meiſtens ungerecht und immer wider unſern eignen Vortheil ſind. Denn das was unſre Eitelkeit dabei gewinnt, ein Vergnügen zu verachten, iſt doch immer nur ein Schatten, nach welchem wir ſchnappen, indem uns das wirkliche entgeht.

Wir finden daher, daß es allezeit unter noch rohen Menſchen war, wo die Söhne des Muſengotts jene großen Wunder thaten, wovon man noch immer ſpricht, ohne recht zu wiſſen was man ſagt. Die Wälder in Thrazien tanzten zur Leier des Orfeus, und die wilden Thiere ſchmiegten ſich zu ſeinen Füßen, nicht weil Er — ein Halbgott war, ſondern weil die Thrazier — Bären waren, nicht, weil Er übermenſchlich ſang, ſondern weil ſeine Zuhörer wie bloße Naturmenſchen hörten; kurz, aus eben dem Grunde, warum (nach Forſters Bericht) eine Schottiſche Sackpfeife die guten Seelen von Tahiti in Entzücken ſetzte.

Die Anwendung dieſer nicht ſehr neuen, aber ſehr praktiſchen Bemerkung, die man ſo oft gehört hat und doch faſt immer aus der Acht läßt, wird der geneigte Leſer ſelbſt machen; wenn's ihm beliebt. Unſer eignes Gewiſſen mag uns ſagen, ob und in wie fern wir in andern Dingen mehr oder weniger Thrazier und Abderiten ſind: aber wenn wir's in dieſem einzigen Punkte wären, ſo möcht' es nur deſto beſſer für uns — und freilich auch für den größten Theil unſrer poetiſchen Sackpfeifer ſein.

12. Kapitel.

Wie ganz Abdera von Bewunderung und Entzücken über die Andromeda des Euripides zu Narren wurde. Naturhiſtoriſch-kritiſcher Verſuch über dieſe ſeltſame Art von Freneſie, welche bei den Alten unter dem Namen die Abderitiſche Krankheit genannt wird. — Den [illegible] eigends zugeeignet.

Als der Vorhang gefallen war, ſahen die Abderiten noch immer mit offnem Aug' und Mund nach dem Schauplatze hin; und ſo groß war ihre Verzuckung, daß ſie nicht nur ihrer gewöhnlichen Frage: Wie hat Ihnen das Stück gefallen! vergaßen; ſondern ſogar des Klatſchens vergeſſen haben würden, wenn Salabanda und Onolaus (die bei der allgemeinen Stille am erſten wieder zu ſich ſelbſt kamen) nicht eilends dieſem Mangel abgeholfen und dadurch ihren Mitbürgern die Beſchämung erſpart hätten, gerade zum erſtenmale, wo ſie wirklich Urſache dazu hatten, nicht geklatſcht zu haben. Aber dafür brachten ſie auch das Verſäumte mit Wucher ein. Denn ſo bald der Anfang gemacht war, wurde ſo laut und lange geklatſcht, bis kein Menſch mehr ſeine Hände fühlte. Diejenigen, die nicht mehr konnten, pauſirten einen Augenblick, und fingen dann wieder deſto ſtärker an, bis ſie von andern, die inzwiſchen ausgeruht hatten, wieder abgelöſt wurden.

Es blieb nicht bei dieſem lärmenden Ausbruch ihres Beifalls. Die guten Abderiten waren ſo voll von dem, was ſie gehört und geſehen hatten, daß ſie ſich genöthigt fanden, ihrer Ueberfüllung noch auf andere Weiſe Luft zu machen. Verſchiedene blieben im nach Hauſe gehen auf öffentlicher Straße ſtehen, und deklamirten überlaut die Stellen des Stücks, wovon ſie am ſtärkſten gerührt worden waren. Andre, bei denen die Leidenſchaft ſo hoch geſtiegen war, daß ſie ſingen mußten, fingen zu ſingen an, und wiederholten wohl oder übel, was ſie von den ſchönſten Arien im Gedächtniß behalten hatten. Unvermerkt wurde (wie es bei ſolchen Gelegenheiten zu gehen pflegt) der Paroxismus allgemein; eine Fee ſchien ihren Stab über Abdera ausgeſtreckt, und alle ſeine Einwohner in Komödianten und Sänger verwandelt zu haben. Alles was Odem hatte ſprach, ſang, trallerte, leierte und pfiff, wachend und ſchlafend, viele Tage lang nichts als Stellen aus der Andromeda des Euripides. Wo man hin kam, hörte man die große Arie — O du, der Götter und der Menſchen Herrſcher, Amor u. ſ. w. und ſie wurde ſo lange geſungen, bis von der urſprünglichen Melodie gar nichts mehr übrig war, und die Handwerksburſche, zu denen ſie endlich herab ſank, ſie bei Nacht auf der Straße nach eigner Melodie brüllten.

Wenn der Rath nicht (wie ſo viele andre, die uns von den Weiſen gegeben werden) den einzigen Fehler hätte — daß er nicht praktikabel iſt, ſo würden wir eilen was wir könnten, allen Menſchen den Rath zu geben: „niemals von irgend einer Begebenheit, die ihnen erzählt wird, ein Wort zu glauben." Denn unzählige Erfahrungen, die wir hierüber ſeit mehr als dreißig Jahren gemacht, haben uns überzeugt, daß an ſolchen Erzählungen ordentlicher Weiſe kein Wort wahr iſt: und wir wiſſen uns im ganzen Ernſte nicht eines einzigen Falles zu beſinnen, wo eine Sache, wiewohl ſich erſt vor wenigen Stunden zugetragen, nicht von jedem, der ſie erzählte, anders, und alſo (weil doch ein Ding nur auf eine Art wahr iſt) von jedem falſch erzählt worden wäre.

Da es dieſe Bewandtniß mit Dingen hat, die zu unſrer Zeit, an dem Orte unſers Aufenthalts, und beinahe vor unſern ſichtlichen Augen geſchehen ſind: ſo kann man leicht ermeſſen, wie es um die hiſtoriſche Treue und Zuverläſſigkeit ſolcher Begebenheiten ſtehen müſſe, die ſich vor langer Zeit zugetragen, und für die wir keine andre Gewähr haben, als was uns davon in geſchriebenen oder gedruckten Büchern vorgeſpiegelt wird. Weiß der liebe Gott, wie ſie da der armen ehrlichen Wahrheit mitſpielen, und was von ihr übrig bleiben kann, wenn ſie ein paar tauſend Jahre lang durch alle die verfälſchenden Fortpflanzungsmittel von Traditionen, Chroniken, Jahrbüchern, pragmatiſchen Geſchichten, kurzen Inbegriffen, hiſtoriſchen Wörterbüchern, Anekdotenſammlungen u. ſ. w. und durch ſo manche gewaſchene oder ungewaſchene Hände von Schreibern und Abſchreibern, Setzern und Ueberſetzern, Cenſoren und Korrektoren u. ſ. w. durchgebeutelt, geſeigt und gepreßt worden iſt! Ich meines Orts bin durch die genauere Betrachtung dieſer Umſtände ſchon lange bewogen worden, ein Gelübde zu thun, keine andere Geſchichte zu ſchreiben, als von Perſonen, an deren Exiſtenz — und von Begebenheiten, an deren Zuverläſſigkeit — keinem Menſchen in der Welt etwas gelegen ſein kann.

Was mich zu dieſer kleinen Expektorazion veranlaßt, iſt gerade die Begebenheit, die wir vor uns haben, und die von den verſchiedenen Schriftſtellern, welche ihrer Erwähnung thun, ſo ſeltſam behandelt und mißhandelt worden iſt, als ein gutherziger nichts Arges wähnender Leſer ſich vorſtellen kann.

Da iſt nun zum Beiſpiel, dieſer Yorick, dieſer Erfinder, Vater, Protoplaſtus und Prototypus aller empfindſamen Reiſen und empfindelnden Wandersleute, die ohne Beutel und Taſche, ja ohne nur ein paar Schuhſohlen darüber abgenutzt zu haben, empfindſame Reiſen, wer weiß wohin! bloß in der Abſicht gethan haben, um mit deren Beſchreibung ihre Bier- und Tabacksrechnung zu ſaldiren — ich ſage, da iſt nun dieſer Yorick, der, um ein hübſches Kapitelchen in ſein berühmtes Sentimental Journey daraus zu machen, dieſe nämliche Begebenheit ſo zubereitet hat, daß ſie zwar ſo wunderbar und abenteuerlich als ein Feenmärchen geworden iſt, aber auch darüber alle ihre individuelle Wahrheit, und ſogar alle Abderitiſche Familienähnlichkeit verloren hat.

Man höre nur an! — „Die Stadt Abdera (ſagt er) war die ſchändlichſte und gottloſeſte Stadt in ganz Thrazien, wimmelte und brudelte von Giftmiſcherei, Verſchwörungen, Meuchelmord, Schmähſchriften, Paſquillen und Tumult. Bei hellem Tage war man ſeines Lebens nicht ſicher, bei Nacht war's noch ärger. Nun begab ſich's, (fährt er fort) als der Greuel aufs höchſte geſtiegen war, daß man zu Abdera die Andromeda des Euripides vorſtellte. Sie gefiel allen Zuſchauern; aber von allen Stellen, die dem Volke gefielen, wirkte keine ſtärker auf ſeine Imaginazion als die natürlichen Naturzüge, die der Dichter in die rührende Rede des Perſeus verwebt hatte —

O du, der Götter und der Menſchen Herrſcher, Amor!

Alle Welt ſprach den folgenden Tag in Jamben, und von nichts als der rührenden Anrede des Perſeus: O Amor, du der Götter und der Menſchen Herrſcher! In jeder Gaſſe von Abdera, in jedem Hauſe: O Amor, O Amor! — In jedem Munde u. ſ. w. nichts als: O du, der Götter und der Menſchen Herrſcher, Amor! Das Feuer griff um ſich, und die ganze Stadt, gleich dem Herzen eines einzigen Mannes, öffnete ſich der Liebe. Kein Droguiſt konnte einen Skrupel Nieſewurz los werden — kein Waffenſchmidt hatte das Herz, ein einziges Werkzeug des Todes zu ſchmieden — Freundſchaft und Tugend begegneten ſich auf den Gaſſen — das goldne Alter kehrte zurück, und ſchwebte über der Stadt Abdera. Jeder Abderit nahm ſein Haberrohr, und jede Abderitin verließ ihr Purpurgewebe, und ſetzte ſich keuſch, und horchte auf den Geſang.

In der That ein ſehr ſchönes Kapitelchen! Alle junge Knaben und Mädchen fanden es deliciös — „O Amor, Amor! der Götter und der Menſchen Herrſcher, Amor!" — Und daß ein einziger Vers aus dem Euripides — ein Vers, wie wahrlich, die beiden Ohren des Königs Midas! der geringſte unter euern Haberrohrſängern ſich alle Augenblicke zwanzig auf Einem Beine ſtehend zu machen getrauen kann — ein Wunder gewirkt haben ſoll, das alle Prieſter, Propheten und Weiſen der ganzen Welt mit geſammter Hand nicht im Stande geweſen ſind nur ein einzigesmal zu bewirken — das Wunder, eine ſo ſchändliche, heilloſe und gottvergeſſene Stadt und Republik, wie Abdera geweſen ſein ſoll, auf einmal in ein unſchuldiges, liebevolles Arkadien zu verwandeln — das gefällt freilich den gauchhaarigen, empfindſamen, gelbſchnäblichen Turteltäubchen und Turteltaubern! Nur Schade, wie geſagt, daß am ganzen Hiſtörchen, ſo wie es Bruder Yorick erzählt, kein wahres Wort iſt.

Das ganze Geheimniß iſt: der wunderliche Menſch war verliebt als er ſich das alles einbildete; und ſo ſchrieb er (wie es jedem ehrlichen Amoroſo und Virtuoſo, Steckenpferdler und Mondritter zu gehen pflegt) alles was er ſich einbildete für Wahrheit hin. Nur iſts nicht hübſch an ihm, daß er — um ſeinem Leibgötzen und Fetiſch, Amor, ein deſto größeres Kompliment zu machen — den armen Abderiten das ärgſte nachſagt, was ſich von Menſchen denken und ſagen läßt. Aber das ganze Griechiſche und Römiſche Alterthum ſoll auftreten und zeugen, ob jemals ſo etwas auf die guten Leute gebracht worden ſei! Sie hatten freilich, wie man weiß, ihre Launen und Macken, und was man im eigentlichſten Verſtande Klugheit und Weisheit nennt, war nie ihre Sache geweſen: aber ihre Stadt deßwegen zu einer Mördergrube zu machen, das geht ein wenig über die Grenzen der berüchtigten Dichterfreiheit, die (ſo einen großen Tummelplatz man ihr auch immer zugeſtehen will) doch am Ende, wie alle andere Dinge in der Welt, ihre Grenzen haben muß.

Lucian von Samoſate, im Eingang ſeines berühmten Büchleins, wie man die Geſchichte ſchreiben müßte — wenn man könnte, erzählt die Sache ganz anders, wiewohl mit ſeiner Erlaubniß, nicht viel richtiger als Yorick. Er muß, wie es ſcheint, etwas vom König Archelaus und von der Andromeda des Euripides und von der ſeltſamen Schwärmerei, die ſich der Abderiten bemächtigte, gehört haben; und daß man zuletzt genöthigt war, den Hippokrates zu Hülfe zu rufen, damit er alles zu Abdera wieder ins alte Geleis ſetzen möchte — Und nun ſehe man einmal, wie der Mann das alles durcheinander wirft! „Der Komödiant Archelaus (der damals ſo viel war, als wenn man bei uns Brockmann, oder Schröter, oder der deutſche Garrick ſagt) — dieſer Archelaus kam in den Tagen des Königs Lyſimachus nach Abdera, und gab die Andromeda des Euripides. Es war gerade ein außerordentlich heißer Sommertag. Die Sonne brannte den Abderiten auf ihre Köpfe, die natürlich ohnehin ſchon warm genug waren. Die ganze Stadt brachte ein ſtarkes Fieber aus der Komödie nach Hauſe. Am ſiebenten Tage brach ſich bei den meiſten die Krankheit entweder durch heftiges Naſenbluten, oder einen ſtarken Schweiß; hingegen blieb ihnen eine ſeltſame Art von Anfall davon zurück. Denn wie das Fieber vorbei war, überfiel ſie allzuſammt ein unwiderſtehlicher Drang, tragiſche Verſe zu deklamiren. Sie ſprachen in lauter Jamben, ſchrieen wo ſie ſtanden und giengen, aus vollem Halſe ganze Tiraden aus der Andromeda daher, ſangen den Monolog des Perſeus" u. ſ. w.

Lucian, nach ſeiner ſpöttiſchen Art, macht ſich ſehr luſtig mit der Vorſtellung, wie närriſch es ausgeſehen haben müſſe, alle Straßen in Abdera von bleichen, entkräfteten, und vom ſiebentägigen Fieber ausgemergelten Tragöden wimmeln zu ſehen, die aus allen ihren Leibeskräften: Du aber, der Götter und der Menſchen Herrſcher, Amor! u. ſ. w. geſungen, und er verſichert, dieſe Epidemie habe ſo lange gedauert, bis der Winter und eine große eingefallene Kälte dem Unweſen endlich ein Ende gemacht.

Man muß geſtehen, Lucians Art den Hergang zu erzählen, hat vor der Yorickſchen vieles voraus. Denn ſo ſeltſam dieſes Abderitiſche Fieber ſcheinen mag, ſo werden doch alle Aerzte geſtehen, daß es wenigſtens möglich, und alle Dichter, daß es charaktermäßig iſt. Es gilt alſo davon, was die Italiäner zu ſagen pflegen: *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* Aber wahr iſt's freilich nicht, wie ſchon aus dem einzigen Umſtand erhellt, daß um die Zeit, da ſich dieſe Begebenheit in Abdera zugetragen haben ſoll, eigentlich kein Abdera mehr war, weil die Abderiten ſchon einige Jahre zuvor ausgezogen waren, und ihre Stadt den Fröſchen und Ratten überlaſſen hatten.

Kurz, die Sache verhält ſich — wie wir ſie erzählt haben: und wenn man den Paroxysmus, der die Abderiten nach der Andromeda des Euripides überfiel, ein Fieber nennen will; ſo war es wenigſtens von keiner andern Art als das Schauſpielfieber, womit wir bis auf dieſen Tag manche Städte unſers werthen Deutſchen Vaterlandes behaftet ſehen. Das Uebel lag nicht ſowohl im Blute, als in der Abderitheit der guten Leute überhaupt.

Indeſſen iſt nicht zu läugnen, daß es bei einigen, bei denen es mehr Zunder und Nahrung als bei andern finden mochte, ernſthaft genug wurde, um des Arztes zu bedürfen; woraus denn vermuthlich in der Folge der Irrthum Lucians entſtanden ſein mag, die ganze Sache für eine Art von hitzigem Fieber zu halten. Zum Glück befand ſich Hippokrates noch in der Nähe; und da er die Natur der Abderiten ſchon ziemlich kennen gelernt hatte: ſo ſetzten etliche Zentner Nieſewurz alles in kurzem wieder in den alten Stand — das iſt, die Abderiten hörten auf: O du, der Götter und der Menſchen Herrſcher, Amor! zu ſingen, und waren nun ſammt und ſonders wieder — ſo weiſe als zuvor.

Zwei Göttergeſpräche.

I.

Jupiter, Numa, hernach ein Unbekannter.

Jupiter. Wie kommt es, Numa, daß wir dich ſchon einige Tage nicht an der Göttertafel geſehen haben?

Numa. Die Nachrichten, die uns Merkur neulich von Rom brachte, ließen mir keine Ruhe, bis ich mit eigenen Augen geſehen hatte, wie die Sachen ſtänden.

Jupiter. Und wie haſt du ſie gefunden?

Numa. Ich ſage es mit ſchwerem Herzen, Jupiter, aber vermuthlich ſage ich dir nichts neues damit: dein Anſehen bei den Sterblichen ſcheint unwiederbringlich verloren zu ſein.

Jupiter. Haſt du nicht gehört, was Apollo neulich über der Tafel ſagte?

Numa. Er vertröſtete dich weit hinaus, Jupiter, — und auch dieſer Troſt dreht ſich am Ende doch nur um ein Wortſpiel. Es iſt gerade als wenn ein Chaldäiſcher Wahrſager den großen Alexander, da er zu Babylon mitten im Genuſſe ſeiner Eroberungen an einem armſeligen Fieber ſterben mußte, mit der Verſicherung hätte tröſten wollen, daß zwei tauſend Jahre nach ſeinem Tode ein edler Enkel des großen Wittekind ſein Bild in einem Ringe tragen werde. Ein ſolcher Gedanke mag, ſo lange man ſich wohl befindet, ganz angenehm ſein; aber für den Verluſt des erſten Thrones der Welt iſt es eine ſchwache Vergütung.

Jupiter. Ich hätte gedacht, Freund Numa, dein Aufenthalt im Olymp ſollte deine Vorſtellungen von ſolchen Dingen berichtiget haben!

Numa. Ich weiß ſehr wohl, daß dich ein Decret des Senats zu Rom des Einfluſſes, den du auf die Unterwelt haſt, nicht berauben kann: aber —

Jupiter (lächelnd). Sprich nur gerade heraus, was du denkſt! — mein Ohr iſt ſeit einiger Zeit ſehr duldſam geworden — Aber was?

Numa. Dieſer Einfluß muß doch wohl von keiner ſonderlichen Bedeutung ſein, oder ich begreife nicht, wie du dich des göttlichen Anſehens und der hohen Vorrechte, die du ſo viele Jahrhunderte lang in der ganzen römiſchen Welt genoſſen haſt, entſetzen laſſen konnteſt, ohne auch nur einen Finger zu rühren.

Jupiter. Wenn mein Flamen ſo etwas nicht begreifen kann, das mag ihm hingehen! aber du, Numa! —

Numa. Aufrichtig zu reden, Jupiter, — wiewohl ich gewiſſer Maßen für den Stifter der altrömiſchen Religion gelten kann, ſo war es nie meine Meinung, dem Aberglauben der rohen Römer mehr Nahrung zu geben, als zu ihrer Policirung unumgänglich nöthig ſchien. Ich änderte zwar nichts weſentliches am Dienſte der Götter, die ein uralter Volksglaube vorlängſt in den Beſitz der öffentlichen Verehrung geſetzt hatte; indeſſen war doch mein Augenmerk dahin gerichtet, den Weg zu einer reinern Erkenntniß des höchſten Weſens, ſo zu ſagen, offen zu erhalten, und wenigſtens der gröbſten Art von Abgötterei dadurch vorzubauen, daß ich nicht erlaubte, die Gottheit weder unter thieriſcher noch ſelbſt unter menſchlicher Geſtalt abzubilden und in den Tempeln aufzuſtellen. Ich betrachtete ſchon damals die verſchiedenen Perſonen und Namen, die der Glaube der Voreltern zu Göttern erhoben hatte, entweder als Symbolen der unſichtbaren und unergründlichen Urkraft der Natur, oder als Menſchen, welche die Dankbarkeit der Nachwelt für große Verdienſte um das geſellige und bürgerliche Leben zu der Würde öffentlich verehrter Schutzgeiſter erhoben hatte. —

Jupiter. Und der Augenſchein hat dich belehrt, daß du dich, in dieſer letzten Vorſtellung wenigſtens, nicht ſehr irreſt, wiewohl ich, was die Götterbilder betrifft, nicht deiner Meinung bin.

Numa. Hätt' es zu meiner Zeit Phidiaſſe und Alkamenen im Latium gegeben, vermuthlich würden dieſe Künſtler auch mich auf andere Gedanken gebracht haben.

Jupiter. Wenn du uns alſo nie für etwas anders gehalten haſt als was wir ſind: woher die Verwunderung, daß wir es ganz wohl geſchehen laſſen können, wenn auch die Erdebewohner ſo weit kommen, uns für nichts mehr zu halten?

Numa. Es mag ſein, daß die Gewohnheit unter euch zu leben, und euch von ſo langer Zeit her immer im Beſitze der Anbetung der Menſchen zu ſehen, Schuld daran iſt. Beides hat euch in ein wunderbares Helldunkel für mich geſetzt, und mir vielleicht unvermerkt eine zu hohe Meinung von eurer Natur und Erhabenheit gegeben. Kurz, ich geſtehe, daß es mir Mühe koſten wird, Jupiter, mich an eine andere Vorſtellungsart zu gewöhnen.

Jupiter. Beinahe hätt' ich Luſt, aus dem Helldunkel hervor zu treten, und die Decke von dem Geheimniſſe meiner Familie wegzuziehen, worüber ſich ſo viele wackre Leute auf der Erde den Kopf ohne Noth zerbrochen haben.

Numa. Ich bin gewiß, daß du nichts dadurch verlieren wirſt.

Jupiter. Man gewinnt immer bei der Wahrheit, Freund Numa! — Du weißt, daß keiner von uns Olympiern, wie lange wir auch ſchon da ſind, und wie weit unſere Blicke reichen, einen Zeitpunkt angeben kann, da dieſes unermeßliche Ganze zu ſein angefangen hatte, deſſen Dauer vielmehr der überzeugendſte Beweis iſt, daß es nie angefangen hat. Hingegen kann man mit eben ſo großer Gewißheit ſagen, daß von allen ſichtbaren Theilen deſſelben keines immer ſo geweſen ſei, wie es iſt. So hat z. B. die Erde, die wir einſt bewohnten, ſchon vielerlei große Revolutionen ausgehalten, wovon ſich, zum Theil, durch mündliche Ueberlieferung bei den älteſten Völkern einige Spuren erhalten haben. Von dieſer Art iſt die Sage unter den Nordländern, Indiern und Aegyptern: es habe eine Zeit gegeben, da die Erde von Göttern bewohnt worden ſei. In der That waren die Bewohner der Erde in dieſem erſten Zeitraume, wofern man ſie anders Menſchen nennen kann, eine Art von Menſchen, die ſich gegen die jetzigen ungefähr verhielt, wie der Olympiſche Jupiter des Phidias zu den Priapen von Feigenholz, die das Landvolk zu Hütern ſeiner Gärten aufſtellt: ſo weit ragten ſie an Größe und Schönheit der Geſtalt, an körperlicher Stärke und an Kräften des Geiſtes über die Menſchen der ſpätern Perioden empor. Die Erde befand ſich mit ihnen durch ſie in einem Zuſtande von Vollkommenheit, der ihrer damaligen Bewohner würdig war; aber nach Jahrtauſenden trugen ſich große Veränderungen mit ihr zu. Ein Theil der Nachkommenſchaft jener erſten Bewohner artete auf verſchiedenen Erdſtrichen aus, über welche ihr Anwachs ſie genöthigt hatte ſich auszubreiten. Ungewöhnliche Weltbegebenheiten, Erderſchütterungen, Vulkane, Ueberſchwemmungen, veränderten die Geſtalt dieſes Planeten. Während ganze Länder vom Ocean verſchlungen wurden, ſtiegen andere allmählich aus den Fluthen empor; aber der größte Theil der alten Erdenbewohner ging unter dieſen furchtbaren Umwälzungen der Dinge zu Grunde. Die wenigen übrig gebliebenen irrten betäubt, muthlos und einzeln unter den Trümmern der Natur umher. Der Zufall brachte zwar hier und da einen Deukalion mit einer Pyrrha zuſammen; aber ihre Nachkommen ſanken bald aus Mangel und Elend bis zu thieriſcher Wildheit herab. Inzwiſchen erholte ſich die Erde allmählich wieder aus dem chaotiſchen Zuſtande, der die natürliche Folge jener ſchrecklichen Konvulſionen war, und wurde immer geſchickter, ihren neuen Bewohnern Aufenthalt und Nahrung zu geben. Die neuen Stämme, womit ſie ſich wieder bevölkerte, nährten ſich kärglich von Jagd und Fiſcherei, und, wo dieſe fehlten, von Eicheln und andern wilden Früchten; ſie wohnten größtentheils in Wäldern und Höhlen, und die meiſten waren ſo roh, daß ſie nicht einmal den Gebrauch des Feuers kannten. Glücklicherweiſe hatte ſich auf den Höhen des Imaus ein Stamm jener erſten vollkommenen Menſchenraſſe bei ſeinen urſprünglichen Vorzügen und im Genuß aller Vortheile der Künſte und der Wiſſenſchaften, die ihre Vorfahren erfunden hatten, erhalten. Durch ähnliche Kataſtrophen genöthigt, ihre angeerbten Wohnſitze zu verlaſſen, verbreiteten ſie ſich gegen Süden und Weſten, und überall, wohin ſie kamen, war ihre Ankunft der Erſcheinung wohlthätiger Götter gleich. Denn ſie brachten nebſt einer gebildeten Sprache und milden Sitten alle die Künſte mit, von welchen unter jenen verwilderten Thiermenſchen keine Spur mehr anzutreffen war, und deren Mangel ſie eben zu dieſer unmenſchlichen Thierheit herab gewürdigt hatte. Du begreifſt, Freund Numa, daß ſie von dieſen armſeligen Geſchöpfen wie Götter aufgenommen wurden, und durch alles Gute, das ſie ihnen mittheilten, durch die Künſte des Ackerbaues, der Viehzucht und der Anpflanzung, wodurch ſie die Schöpfer einer neuen Erde, durch die bürgerlichen Geſellſchaften, deren Stifter, die Städte, deren Erbauer und Geſetzgeber ſie wurden, durch die lieblichen Künſte der Muſen, wodurch ſie mildere Sitten, feinere Freuden und ſüßern Lebensgenuß verbreiteten, — du begreifſt, ſage ich, daß ſie durch alle dieſe Wohlthaten ſich verdient genug um die Menſchen gemacht hatten, um nach ihrem Tode (wovon ihr Aufſteigen in dieſes reinere Element die natürliche Folge war), von einer dankbaren Nachwelt als Schutzgötter verehrt zu werden. Auch wirſt du nicht weniger begreiflich finden, daß diejenigen, die ſich einſt ſo viele und große Verdienſte um die Sterblichen erworben, auch nach ihrem Uebergang in eine höhere Art von Leben noch Freude daran haben mußten, der Menſchen, die das, was ſie zu den Menſchen machte, von ihnen empfangen hatten, ſich noch ferner anzunehmen, und überhaupt für die Erhaltung alles deſſen zu wachen, wovon ſie in gewiſſem Sinne die Schöpfer geweſen waren.

Numa. Nun wird mir auf einmal alles klar, Jupiter, was ich bisher nur wie in einem Nebel geſehen hatte; —

Jupiter. Und nun wird dir hoffentlich auch klar ſein, warum ich ſagte: ich könne es ganz wohl geſchehen laſſen, wenn die Menſchen ſo weit in der Aufklärung kommen, daß ſie uns für nichts weiter halten als was wir wirklich ſind. Aberglauben und Pfaffentrug, von Dichtern, Künſtlern und Mythologen kräftig unterſtützt, hatten den Dienſt, den man uns erwies, — und den wir uns bloß wegen ſeines wohlthätigen Einfluſſes auf die Menſchheit gefallen ließen, — nach und nach in eine thörichte Abgötterei verwandelt, die nicht dauern konnte noch ſollte, die von der immer zunehmenden Kultur nothwendig untergraben wurde, und, wie alle menſchlichen Dinge, endlich in ſich ſelbſt zuſammen ſinken mußte. Wie könnte ich verlangen, daß etwas nicht erfolge, was nach den ewigen Geſetzen der Nothwendigkeit erfolgen muß?

Numa. Aber dieſe fanatiſchen Neuerer begnügen ſich nicht, euern uralten und auf ſo große Wohlthaten gegründeten Dienſt zu reinigen; — ſie zerſtören, ſie vernichten ihn! Sie rauben euch ſogar, was ſie euch ſchlechterdings ſchuldig ſind: und weit entfernt, die Begriffe der Völker von den Göttern ihrer Vorfahren zur Wahrheit herab zu ſtimmen, treiben ſie den Unſinn ihrer frevelhaften Freiheit ſo weit, euch ſogar für böſe Dämonen und hölliſche Geiſter zu erklären und als ſolche zu behandeln.

Jupiter. Ereifere dich nicht, guter Numa! Mußte ich mir nicht auch, als meine Altäre noch rauchten, jedes platte und unanſtändige Märchen gefallen laſſen, womit die Poeten ihre gaffenden Zuhörer auf meine Unkoſten beluſtigten? Was kümmert es mich, was man da unten von mir ſpricht oder glaubt, nachdem der Zeitpunkt nun einmal gekommen iſt, da der Dienſt Jupiters den Menſchen wohlthätig zu ſein aufgehört hat! Soll ich ſie etwa mit Donnerkeilen zwingen, mehr Reſpekt vor mir zu haben? Was kann mir daran gelegen ſein, ob ſie mir den Olymp oder den Tartarus zur Wohnung anweiſen? Bin ich hier nicht vor allen Wirkungen ihrer Meinung von mir geſichert? oder ſchenkt mir Ganymed deßwegen eine einzige Schale Nektar weniger ein?

Numa. Aber ihnen iſt dran gelegen, Jupiter, ſich nicht durch die Aufhebung aller Gemeinſchaft zwiſchen dir und ihnen, wozu ſie ſich verführen laſſen, der Vortheile zu berauben, welche die Welt bisher unter deiner Regierung genoſſen hat.

Jupiter. Ich danke dir für deine gute Meinung von meinem Regimente, Freund Pompilius! Es gibt Spitzköpfe da unten, die meinen Einfluß auf die menſchlichen Dinge in keinen ſo hohen Anſchlag bringen; und, alles genau berechnet, dürften ſie wohl ſo gar Unrecht nicht haben. Man kann nicht mehr für ſie thun als ſie empfänglich ſind; mit Wunder thun hab' ich mich nie gern abgegeben, und ſo geht denn gewöhnlich alles ſeinen natürlichen Gang, — toll genug, wie du ſiehſt, aber im Ganzen doch ſo, daß man dabei beſtehen kann. Dabei wird es, denk' ich, auch für's Künftige ſein Verbleiben haben. Was ich zum gemeinen Beſten beitragen kann, ohne aus meiner Ruhe heraus zu gehen, werde ich immer mit Vergnügen thun; aber zu ſchwärmen und mich für Undankbare und Narren kreuzigen zu laſſen, das iſt Jupiters Sache nicht, mein guter Numa.

(Der Unbekannte erſcheint.)

Numa. Wer mag wohl der Fremde ſein, der dort auf uns zukommt? Oder kennſt du ihn ſchon etwa, Jupiter?

Jupiter. Nicht daß ich mich erinnerte. Er hat etwas in ſeinem Anſehen, das keinen gewöhnlichen Menſchen ankündigt.

Der Unbekannte. Iſt es erlaubt an eurer Unterre-

[illegible] Theil zu nehmen? Ich geſtehe, daß ſie mich aus einer ziemlichen Entfernung hieher gezogen hat.

Jupiter (für ſich). Eine neue Art von Magnetismus! — (Zum Unbekannten.) Du weißt alſo ſchon wovon wir ſprachen?

Der Unbek. Ich beſitze die Gabe zu ſein wo ich will; und wo ihrer zwei Wahrheit ſuchen, da ermangle ich ſelten, ſichtbar oder unſichtbar, der dritte zu ſein.

Numa (den Kopf ein wenig ſchüttelnd). Ein ſonderbarer Patron!

Jupiter (ohne auf Numa zu achten, zum Unbekannten). So biſt du ein ſehr guter Geſellſchafter! Mich freut es deine Bekanntſchaft zu machen.

Numa (zum Unbekannten). Darf man nach deinem Namen fragen, und woher du kommſt?

Der Unbek. Beides thut nichts zur Sache, wovon die Rede unter euch war.

Jupiter. Wir ſprachen blos von Thatſachen; und dieſe erſcheinen, wie du wiſſen wirſt, einem jeden Zuſchauer, nach ſeinem Standpunkt und nach Beſchaffenheit ſeiner Augen, anders als den übrigen.

Der Unbek. Und doch kann eine jede Sache nur aus Einem Geſichtspunkt richtig geſehen werden.

Numa. Und der iſt? —

Der Unbek. Der Mittelpunkt des Ganzen.

Jupiter (leiſe zu Numa). Hinter dem iſt entweder ſehr viel — oder gar nichts. (Zum Unbekannten.) Du kennſt alſo das Ganze?

Der Unbek. Ja.

Numa. Und was nennſt du ſeinen Mittelpunkt?

Der Unbek. Die Vollkommenheit, von welcher alles gleich entfernt iſt, und der ſich alles nähert.

Numa. Und wie erſcheint dir jede Sache aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte?

Der Unbek. Nicht ſtückweiſe, nicht was ſie in einzelnen Orten und Zeitpunkten iſt, nicht wie ſie ſich gegen dieſe oder jene Dinge verhält, nicht was ſie durch ihre Einſchränkung in den Dunſtkreis der menſchlichen Meinungen und Leidenſchaften verliert oder gewinnt, nicht wie ſie durch Thorheit verfälſcht oder durch Verdorbenheit des Herzens vergiftet wird: ſondern wie ſie ſich in ihrem Anfang, Fortgang und Ausgang, in ihrem eigenen innerlichen Streben, in allen ihren Geſtalten, Bewegungen, Wirkungen und Folgen, zum Ganzen verhält: das iſt, wie viel ſie zum ewigen Wachsthum ſeiner Vollkommenheit beiträgt.

Jupiter. Das läßt ſich hören!

Numa. Und wie findeſt du aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte den Gegenſtand, wovon wir beide uns bei deiner Ankunft beſprachen? die große Kataſtrophe, die in dieſen Tagen alles, was dem Menſchengeſchlechte ſo viele Jahrhunderte lang das Ehrwürdigſte und Heiligſte war, ohne alle Rückſicht und Schonung umgeſtürzt hat?

Der Unbek. Sie erfolgte nothwendig, denn ſie war lange vorbereitet, und es brauchte, wie du weißt, zuletzt nur noch einen einzigen Windſtoß, um ein altes, übel zuſammengefügtes, durchaus morſches, und überdieß nur auf Sand gegründetes Gebäude vollends umzuſtürzen.

Numa. Aber es war doch ein ſo prächtiger Bau! ſo ehrwürdig durch ſein Alterthum, ſo einfach bei der größten Mannigfaltigkeit, ſo wohlthätig durch den Schirm, den die Humanität, die Künſte, die Sicherheit der Staaten unter ſeinen ſtolzen Gewölben ſchon ſo lange gefunden hatten! War es nicht rathſamer es auszubeſſern, als zu zertrümmern? Unſre Künſtler zu Alexandrien hatten ſo ſchöne Entwürfe gemacht, ihm nicht nur ſein ehemaliges Anſehen, ſondern ſogar einen viel größern Glanz, und vornehmlich eine Symmetrie, Schönheit und Bequemlichkeit zu geben, die es noch nie gehabt hatte! Es war ein Pantheon von ſo großem Umfang und von ſo herrlicher Bauart, daß alle Religionen in der Welt, — ſelbſt dieſe neue, wenn ſie nur verträglich ſein wollte, — Raum genug darin gefunden haben würden.

Der Unbek. Schade, daß es, mit allen dieſen ſcheinbaren Vorzügen, doch immer nur auf beweglichem Sand gebaut war! Und, was die Verträglichkeit betrifft, wie willſt du, daß in einer Sache von ſo großer Wichtigkeit, Wahrheit und Täuſchung ſich vertragen ſollen?

Numa. Das geht ſehr gut an, wenn nur die Menſchen ſich unter einander vertragen, ſie, die nie lieber getäuſcht werden, als wenn ſie ſich ausſchließlich im Beſitz der Wahrheit glauben.

Der Unbek. Wenn getäuſcht zu werden nicht ihre Beſtimmung iſt — wie du doch wohl nicht behaupten willſt? — ſo kann und wird es auch ihr Loos ſein, ewig im Wahn und Verblendung, wie Schafe ohne Hirten, herum zu irren. Zwiſchen Finſterniß und Licht iſt Dämmerung und Halbdunkel allerdings beſſer als gänzliche Nacht, aber doch nur zum Uebergang von jener in das reine, alles erhellende Tageslicht. Der Tag iſt nun aufgegangen, und du wollteſt trauern, daß Nacht und Dämmerung vorüber ſind?

Jupiter. Du liebſt die Allegorie, wie ich höre, junger Mann; ich für meine Perſon ſpreche gern rund heraus. Vermuthlich willſt du ſagen, die Menſchen würden durch dieſe neue Ordnung der Dinge glücklicher werden? Ich will es ihnen wünſchen: aber noch ſehe ich ſchlechte Anſtalten dazu.

Der Unbek. Ganz unfehlbar wird es beſſer und unendlich beſſer mit den armen Sterblichen werden. Die Wahrheit wird ſie in den Beſitz der Freiheit ſetzen, die das unentbehrlichſte Bedingniß der Glückſeligkeit iſt; denn Wahrheit allein macht frei. —

Jupiter. Bravo! Das hörte ich ſchon vor fünf hundert Jahren in der Stoa zu Athen bis zum Ueberdruß. Sätze dieſer Art ſind eben ſo unwiderſprechlich und tragen eben ſo viel zum Heil der Welt bei, als die große Wahrheit, daß einmal eins — eins iſt. Sobald du mir die Nachricht bringen wirſt, daß die albernen Leute da unten, ſeitdem ein großer Theil von ihnen anders glaubt, als ihre Voreltern, beſſere Menſchen geworden ſind, als ihre Voreltern, dann will ich dich für den Boten einer ſehr guten Zeitung gelten laſſen.

Der Unbek. Die Verderbniß der Menſchen war zu groß, als daß ſelbſt die außerordentlichſten Anſtalten dem Uebel auf einmal hätten abhelfen können. Aber ganz gewiß werden ſie beſſer werden, wenn die Wahrheit ſie erſt frei gemacht haben wird.

Jupiter. Das glaube ich auch: nur dünkt mich, iſt damit nicht mehr geſagt, als wenn du ſagteſt: ſobald alle Menſchen weiſe und gut ſein werden, werden ſie aufhören thöricht und verkehrt zu ſein; oder wenn die goldne Zeit, da jedermann vollauf hat, gekommen ſein wird, wird niemand mehr Hunger leiden.

Der Unbek. Ich ſehe die Zeit wirklich kommen, da alle, die ihr Herz der Wahrheit nicht vorſätzlich verſchließen, durch ſie zu einer Vollkommenheit gelangen werden, wovon eure Weiſen keine Ahnung hatten.

Jupiter. Biſt du in die Myſterien zu Eleuſis eingeweiht?

Der Unbek. Ich kenne ſie ſo gut, als ob ich es wäre.

Jupiter. So wird dir bekannt ſein, was der letzte Zweck dieſer Myſterien iſt.

Der Unbek. Froh zu leben und mit der Hoffnung eines beſſern Lebens zu ſterben. —

Jupiter. Du ſcheinſt mir ein großer Menſchenfreund zu ſein: weißt du etwas wohlthätigeres für die Sterblichen?

Der Unbek. Ja.

Jupiter. So laß hören, wenn ich bitten darf?

Der Unbek. Ihnen das wirklich zu geben, was die Myſtagogen zu Eleuſis verſprachen.

Jupiter. Ich fürchte, das iſt mehr, als du oder ich zu leiſten vermöchten.

Der Unbek. Du haſt es nie verſucht, Jupiter.

Jupiter. Wer ſpricht gern von ſeinen Verdienſten? Indeſſen kannſt du leicht ermeſſen, daß ich zu der Ehre, die mir von ſo vielen großen und wohl policirten Völkern ſeit einigen Jahrtauſenden erwieſen wird, nicht gekommen ſein kann, ohne etwas um ſie verdient zu haben.

Der Unbek. Das mag ſchon lange ſein! Wer zum Beſten der Menſchen nicht mehr thun mag, als er thun kann, ohne aus ſeiner Ruhe heraus zu gehen, wird freilich nicht viel heilbringendes thun. Ich geſtehe, daß es mir ſauer geworden iſt.

Jupiter. Du gefällſt mir, junger Mann! In deinen Jahren iſt dieſe liebenswürdige Schwärmerei, die ſich ſelbſt für andere aufopfert, ein wahres Verdienſt. Wer könnte ſich für die Menſchen aufopfern, ohne ſie zu lieben? und wer könnte ſie lieben, ohne beſſer von ihnen zu denken, als ſie werth ſind?

Der Unbek. Ich denke weder zu gut noch zu ſchlecht von ihnen. Ihr Elend jammert mich; ich ſehe, daß ihnen zu helfen iſt, und — es ſoll ihnen geholfen werden!

Jupiter. Das iſt es eben was ich ſage. Du biſt voll Muths und guten Willens, aber du biſt noch jung; die Thorheit des Erdenvolks hat dich noch nicht mürbe gemacht: in meinen Jahren wirſt du ein ander Lied ſingen!

Der Unbek. Du ſprichſt, wie ich es von dir erwarten konnte.

Jupiter. Es kommt dir ärgerlich vor, mich ſo reden zu hören, nicht wahr? — Du haſt einen großen und wohlthätigen Plan zum Beſten der Sterblichen entworfen; du brenneſt vor Verlangen ihn auszuführen, du lebſt und webſt in ihm; dein weitſehender Blick zeigt dir alle ſeine Vortheile; dein Muth verſchlingt alle Schwierigkeiten; du haſt deine Größe daran geſetzt: wie ſollteſt du nicht glauben damit zu

Stande zu kommen! Aber — du haſt es mit Menſchen zu thun, mein Trauter! Nimm mirs nicht übel, daß ich gerade zu ſpreche, wie ich denke; es iſt ein Vorrecht des Alters und der Erfahrung. Du kommſt mir vor wie ein Tragödiendichter, der ein treffliches Stück durch lauter krüppelhafte, zwergige, hinkende und bucklige Schauſpieler aufführen wollte. Noch einmal, Freund, du biſt der erſte nicht, der es verſucht etwas Großes mit Menſchen auszuführen; aber ich ſage dir, ſo lange ſie ſind was ſie ſind, kommt aus allen ſolchen Verſuchen nichts heraus.

Der Unbek. Eben darum müſſen neue Menſchen aus ihnen werden.

Jupiter. Neue Menſchen! (lachend.) Das läßt ſich hören! Wenn du das kannſt! — Doch ich glaube dich zu verſtehen. Du willſt ſie umbilden, ihnen eine neue beſſere Geſtalt geben; das Modell dazu iſt da, — du darfſt ſie nur nach dir ſelbſt bilden. Aber damit iſt die Sache noch nicht gethan. Den Lehm zu deiner neuen Schöpfung hat dir die Natur gegeben, und den mußt du ſchon nehmen wie er iſt. Denke an mich, mein Lieber! du wirſt dir alle mögliche Mühe mit deiner Töpferarbeit gegeben haben, und wenn ſie aus dem Ofen kommt, wirſt du deine Schande an ihr ſehen.

Der Unbek. Der Lehm, — um bei deinem Gleichniſſe zu bleiben — iſt an ſich ſelbſt nicht ſo ſchlecht, als du denkſt; er kann gereinigt und ſo geſchmeidig gemacht werden, als ich ihn nöthig habe, um neue und beſſere Menſchen daraus zu bilden.

Jupiter. Das ſoll mich freuen! Haſt du die Probe ſchon gemacht?

Der Unbek. Allerdings.

Jupiter. Ich meine — im Großen. Denn daß unter tauſend Stücken Eins gelingen kann, macht die Sache noch nicht aus.

Der Unbek. (nach einigem Stocken). Wenn die Probe im Großen noch nicht nach meinem Sinn ausgefallen iſt, ſo weiß ich wenigſtens, warum es nicht anders ſein konnte. Es wird mit der Zeit ſchon beſſer gehen.

Jupiter. Mit der Zeit! — Nun ja! man hofft immer das Beſſere von der Zeit! wer wollte auch ohne dieſe Hoffnung etwas Großes unternehmen! Wir wollen ſehen, wie die Zeit deinen Erwartungen zuſagen wird. Für die nächſten tauſend Jahre kann ich dir wenig Gutes verſprechen.

Der Unbek. Du haſt, wie ich ſehe, einen kleinen Maßſtab, alter König von Kreta! Was ſind tauſend Jahre gegen den Zeitraum, den die Vollendung des großen Werkes erfordert, aus dem ganzen Menſchengeſchlecht eine einzige Familie guter und glücklicher Geſchöpfe zu machen!

Jupiter. Ach! du haſt ja Recht! Wie manches Jahrtauſend arbeiteten die Hermetiſchen Weiſen bereits an ihrem Steine, ohne ihn zu Stande gebracht zu haben! Und was iſt das Werk der weiſen Meiſter gegen das deinige!

Der Unbek. Du ſcherzeſt zur Unzeit. Das Werk, das ich unternommen habe, iſt eben ſo möglich, als daß das Samenkorn einer Ceder zu einem großen Baum erwachſe; nur daß die Ceder freilich ihre Vollkommenheit nicht ſo ſchnell erreicht als eine Pappelweide.

Jupiter. Nun würde man dir gern zu Ausführung deines Werkes ſo viel Zeit laſſen als du wollteſt, wenn es nur darauf ankäme. Aber die gewiſſen und ungeheuern Übel, womit die Menſchen ſo viele Jahrhunderte lang die Hoffnung eines ungewiſſen Gutes erkaufen ſollen, geben der Sache eine andere Geſtalt. Was muß man von einem Plane denken, der dem Menſchengeſchlecht wohlthätig ſein ſoll, und in der Ausführung ſo übel geräth, daß ein ſehr großer Theil deſſelben, durch einen Zeitraum, deſſen Ende unabſehlich iſt, ohne alle Vergleichung unglücklicher, und — was noch ärger iſt — an Kopf und Herz ſchlechter gemacht wird, als er jemals war! — Ich berufe mich auf den Augenſchein; und doch iſt alles, was wir ſeit der Ermordung des braven Enthuſiaſten Julian geſehen haben, nur ein kleines Vorſpiel des unermeßlichen Unheils, daß die neue Hierarchie über die armen Gimpel von Menſchen bringen wird, die ſich von jedem neuen Liedchen, das man ihnen vorpfeift, in die ungeahndete Schlinge locken laſſen.

Der Unbek. Alle dieſe Übel, über welche du im Namen der Menſchheit wehklagſt, — du, dem ihr Elend ſonſt ſo wenig zum Herzen ging! — ſind weder Bedingungen noch Wirkungen des großen Plans, wovon die Rede iſt; es ſind die Hinderniſſe, die ſich ihm von außen entgegen ſtellen, und womit das Licht nur allmälig zu kämpfen haben wird, bis es die Finſterniß gänzlich überwältigt hat. Iſt es die Schuld des Weins, wenn er in einem ſchimmeligen Gefäße verdorben wird? — Da es nun einmal Natur der Sache iſt, daß die Menſchen nur durch unmerkliche Grade an Weisheit und Güte zunehmen können; da ihrer Verbeſſerung von innen und von außen ſo unzählich viele Feinde entgegen arbeiten; da die Schwierigkeiten ſich mit jedem Siege vermehren, und ſelbſt die zweckmäßigſten Mittel bloß dadurch, daß ſie durch Menſchenköpfe gehen, in Menſchenhände geſtellt werden müſſen, wieder zu neuen Hinderniſſen werden: — wie kann es dich befremden, daß es nicht in meiner Macht ſteht, meinen Brüdern die Glückſeligkeit, die ich ihnen zugedacht habe, um einen geringern Preis zu verſchaffen! Wie gern hätte ich ihnen all' ihr Elend auf einmal abgenommen! Aber auch ich vermag nichts gegen die ewigen Geſetze der Nothwendigkeit: genug, daß die Zeit endlich kommen wird. —

Jupiter (ein wenig verdrießlich). Nun, ſo wollen wir ſie denn kommen laſſen, und die armen Teufel, mit denen du es ſo wohl meinſt, mögen indeſſen ſehen, wie ſie ſich behelfen! — Wie geſagt, meine Blicke reichen nicht weit genug, daß ich von einem ſo weitſichtigen und verwickelten Plane, wie der deinige, urtheilen könnte. Das beſte iſt, daß wir unſterblich ſind, und alſo die Hoffnung haben, die Entwicklung endlich doch noch zu erleben, wie viele Platoniſche Jahre ſie auch auf ſich warten laſſen mag.

Der Unbek. Mein Plan, ſo groß er iſt, iſt im Grunde der einfachſte von der Welt. Der Weg, auf welchem ich die allgemeine Glückſeligkeit zu bewirken gewiß bin, iſt eben derſelbe, worauf ich jeden Menſchen zur Glückſeligkeit führe; und was für ſeine Sicherheit bürget, iſt, — daß es keinen andern gibt. Uebrigens endige ich damit, womit ich anfing: Es iſt unmöglich nicht getäuſcht zu werden, ſo lange man die Dinge ſtückweiſe, und, wie ſie im Beſondern erſcheinen, betrachtet. Sie ſind nichts wirklich, als was ſie im Ganzen ſind, und die Vollkommenheit, die alles zu Einem verbindet, wohin alles ſtrebt, und worin endlich alles ruhen wird, iſt der einzige Geſichtspunkt, woraus alle Dinge richtig geſehen werden. — Und hiemit gehabt euch wohl! (Er verſchwindet.)

Numa (zu Jupiter). Was ſagſt du zu dieſer Erſcheinung, Jupiter?

Jupiter. Frage mich in funfzehn hundert Jahren wieder.

II.

Jupiter (halb ſitzend, halb liegend, auf einem mit Roſen beſtreuten Ruhebette). Juno (zu ſeinen Füßen ſitzend).

Jupiter. Und dieß iſt alles, liebe Juno, was du von mir zu begehren haſt? Du hätteſt etwas Unmögliches fordern können, ich würde dir zu gefallen verſucht haben, ob es nicht möglich zu machen ſei.

Juno. Du biſt ſehr galant, Jupiter. — Ich werde dir nie etwas Unbilliges zumuthen.

Jupiter. Die Könige und der Adel haben ja immer zu deinem Departement gehört, und es iſt das wenigſte, was du von meiner Zärtlichkeit erwarten kannſt, daß ich dich in deinem eigenen Kreiſe ungehindert wirken laſſe.

Juno. Weiter gehen auch meine Wünſche nicht. Denn da ich deine dermaligen Grundſätze kenne, ſo wäre es wohl zu viel gefordert, wenn ich verlangen wollte, daß du dich ſelbſt der Könige etwas lebhafter annehmen ſollteſt.

Jupiter. Wie ich merke, meinſt du, ich neige mich ſtark auf die Volksſeite? Es mag etwas an der Sache ſein; aber im Grunde geſchieht es doch bloß darum, weil es eine meiner erſten Regierungsmaximen iſt, immer zu denen zu treten, die am Ende Recht behalten. Die dermalige Zeit iſt den Völkerhirten nicht günſtig; die Reihe iſt nun an den Völkern, und ich beſorge ſehr, meine Liebe, nur wenig für dich und deine Klienten zu thun, wenn ich dir ſchwöre, daß ich den Maßregeln, die du zu ihrem Vortheil nehmen wirſt, keine Hinderniſſe in den Weg legen will.

Juno. So weit iſt es doch hoffentlich mit uns noch nicht gekommen, daß die Erdbewohner, um unabhängig von uns zu ſein, ſich nur einbilden dürften, wir hätten keine Gewalt mehr über ſie!

Jupiter. Wie geſagt, du kannſt es verſuchen, ich laſſe dir freie Hände; ich ſehe nur voraus, daß du, ſo wie die Sachen ſtehen, wenig Freude daran haben wirſt.

Juno. Ich wollte lieber, daß du das nicht voraus ſäheſt. Wenn ich argwöhniſch wäre —

Jupiter. Das biſt du immer ein wenig geweſen, Dame meines Herzens! aber dießmal würdeſt du mir Unrecht thun. Es iſt mein völliger Ernſt, dir mein Verſprechen zu halten, und die gebietenden Herren da unten — deinem mächtigen Schutz und — ihrem Schickſal zu überlaſſen.

Juno. Ich geſtehe dir, Jupiter, daß ich nicht recht begreife, wie der König der Götter und der Menſchen bei der Sache der Könige ſo gleichgültig bleiben, und, ohne einen Finger zu rühren, zuſehen kann, wie ſeine Subdelegaten abvermerkt in Theaterprinzen und Kartenkönige verwandelt werden.

Jupiter. Dahin ſoll es doch ſo leicht nicht kommen, meine Beſte.

Juno. Dahin iſt es zum Theil ſchon gekommen, und dahin wird es zuletzt überall kommen, wenn wir die Hände länger in den Schooß legen.

Jupiter. Wir werden wahrlich aus einem Kartenkönige keinen Mann machen, wie Heinrich der Vierte in Frankreich oder Friedrich der Einzige war; und wer einen Kartenkönig aus ſich machen läßt, verdient nichts beſſeres zu ſein.

Juno. Das iſt eine bloße Ausflucht, Herr Gemahl. Du weißt ſehr wohl, daß ſolche Könige, wie du da genannt haſt, äußerſt ſeltene Produkte der Natur und der Umſtände ſind, und daß es nur deſto beſſer iſt. Die Könige ſind im Grunde doch nur unſere Stellvertreter; und dazu ſind die gewöhnlichen immer gut genug, wenn wir ſie nur nicht fallen laſſen.

Jupiter. Das Kompliment, das du mir da zu machen gewußt, iſt eben nicht ſehr ſchmeichelhaft. Aber, beſte! wir wollen uns darüber in keine Erörterung verſteigen. Ich werde meine Stellvertreter, wie du ſie nennſt, nicht fallen laſſen, ſo lange ſie ſich auf ihren eigenen Beinen halten können. Mein Amt iſt, niemand unterdrücken zu laſſen, — wenn ich es verhindern kann. Nur, liebe Frau, laß uns der großen Wahrheit nicht vergeſſen: daß die Könige um der Völker, nicht die Völker um der Könige willen da ſind.

Juno. Das iſt mit deiner Erlaubniß, Herr Gemahl, ein alter Machtſpruch, der, wie die meiſten weiſen Sprüche dieſer Art, viel zu ſagen ſcheint, und im Grunde ſehr wenig ſagt. Die Könige ſind da, um die Völker zu regieren, und die Völker ſollen ſich von ihnen regieren laſſen; — das iſt die Sache, und ſo verſtand es ſchon der alte Homer, da er den klugen Ulyſſes zu dem unverſtändigen Pöbel des griechiſchen Heeres ſagen läßt:

> „Vielherrſcherei taugt nichts! nur Einer ſei Herrſcher, nur Einer König!“

Und damit ſich niemand einbilde, als ob der Zepter von der Willkühr abhange, ſetzt er weislich hinzu: daß es Jupiter ſelbſt ſei, aus deſſen Hand die Könige dieſes Zeichen der höchſten Gewalt empfangen. Dieß iſt Wahrheit, und ich kenne keine größere!

Jupiter. Ich bin dir und dem alten Homer ſehr verbunden! Aber, wenn ich aufrichtig ſprechen ſoll, was in den rohen Zeiten der erſten Jugend der Welt in gewiſſem Sinne für Wahrheit gelten konnte, iſt es nicht mehr, ſobald die Rede von einem Volke iſt, das durch Erfahrung und Kultur endlich den Punkt erreicht hat, wo es ſeiner Vernunft mächtig, und ſtark genug geworden iſt, das Joch alter Vorurtheile und Wahnbegriffe abzuſchütteln. Völker haben endlich ihre Kindheit ſo gut wie einzelne Menſchen; und ſo lange ſie ſo unwiſſend, ſo ſchwach, und ſo unverſtändig wie Kinder ſind, müſſen ſie auch wie Kinder behandelt, und durch blinden Gehorſam gegen eine Autorität, die ihnen keine Rechenſchaft ſchuldig iſt, regiert werden. Allein Völker bleiben ſo wenig als einzelne Menſchen immer Kinder. Es iſt ein Verbrechen gegen die Natur, ſie durch Gewalt oder Betrug, oder (wie gewöhnlich) durch beides, in einer ewigen Kindheit erhalten zu wollen; aber es iſt Unſinn und Verbrechen zugleich, ſie noch immer als Kinder zu behandeln, wenn ſie bereits zu Männern gereift ſind.

Juno. Ich gebe dir gern zu, Jupiter, daß ein hoher Grad von Kultur eine andere Art zu regieren erfordert, als diejenige, die einem noch ganz rohen Volke, oder einem, das noch in den erſten Epochen ſeiner Bildung ſteht, die angemeſſenſte iſt. Aber alle Weiſen des Erdbodens werden es nie ſo weit bringen, daß zehn Millionen Menſchen, die zuſammen ein Volk ausmachen, zehn Millionen Epaminondaſſe und Epiktete an ihrer Spitze haben ſollten; und ſo wird immer wahr bleiben, was Ulyſſes ſagt:

> „Alle können wir nicht regieren, wir andern Achäer;
> Vielherrſcherei taugt nichts! nur Einer ſei Herrſcher, nur Einer König!“

Jupiter. Liebe Frau, berühre dieſe Saite nicht mehr, wenn ich bitten darf! Ich weiß am beſten, was an der Sache iſt; aber wenn es auch ſo wäre, wie du ſagſt, ſo würde doch den Völkern ſchlecht damit geholfen ſein, wenn die Könige niemand über ſich hätten als mich. Ich müßte ſie alle Augenblicke mit Blitz und Donner daran erinnern, oder ſie würden gerade ſo regieren als ob kein Jupiter über ihnen wäre, und wenn ſie mir auch alle Morgen in eigener Perſon und mit den größten Feierlichkeiten ganze Hekatomben ſchlachteten.

Juno. Auch will ich ja nicht, daß die Religion das Einzige ſein ſoll, was ſie reſpectiren müſſen. —

Jupiter (etwas kalt). Die ſchlechteſten Könige werden uns immer am meiſten reſpectiren. Sie ſind es eben, die den großen biſchöflichen Grundſatz, daß die Könige ihren Zepter von mir haben, zu einem der erſten Glaubensartikel erhoben haben, und die blinde Unterwerfung auf ihn gründen, die man dem Volke zur heiligſten aller Pflichten macht.

Juno. Ich ſage ja, daß ſie nach Geſetzen regieren ſollen, deren Endzweck das gemeine Beſte iſt!

Jupiter. Das gemeine Beſte! — Ein ſchönes Wort! — Und wer ſoll ihnen die Geſetze geben?

Juno. O, die hat ja Themis ſchon längſt auf dem ganzen Erdboden publicirt! Wo iſt ein Volk ſo barbariſch, daß ihm die allgemeinen Geſetze der Gerechtigkeit und Billigkeit unbekannt wären?

Jupiter. Du ſtellſt dich auch gar zu unſchuldig, Kind! — Und wenn du nun die Könige und ihre Werkzeuge, oder umgekehrt, die beſtgeſinnteſten Höflinge und Diener, und ihre gehorſamen Werkzeuge, die Könige, der alten Themis und ihrer vermoderten Geſetze ungeachtet, dennoch bloß nach Willkühr regieren, und — weil ſie die Macht dazu haben und von niemand zur Rede geſtellt werden dürfen, — ſo viel Böſes thun oder geſchehen laſſen (was dem Volke gerade viel iſt) als ihnen beliebt? wie dann?

Juno. Das iſt eben was wir verhindern müſſen, Jupiter! oder wofür wären denn wir in der Welt?

Jupiter. Wir! — Nun ja, freilich, mein Schatz, da haſt du Recht! Nur daß die Vernünftigen unter den Menſchen die Sache von einer andern Seite anſehen. Wir Menſchen, denken ſie, ſind doch am Ende die einzigen, die unter dem bisherigen Weltregimente gelitten haben; wir können uns ſelbſt helfen; alſo wollen wir uns ſelbſt helfen! Wer ſich darauf verläßt, daß andere für ihn thun werden, was er ſelbſt thun kann, und woran niemanden mehr gelegen iſt als ihm, der wird immer ſchlecht bedient werden.

Juno. Wie du ſprichſt! Wenn dich die Menſchen da unten ſo reden hörten —

Jupiter. Wir ſprechen ja unter uns, mein Kind! Wenn wir nicht klar ſehen ſollten! — Indeſſen hätt' ich auch nichts dagegen, wenn alle Menſchen wüßten, daß ich für meine Perſon es immer mit dem Theile, der ſeine Schuldigkeit thut. Ich mag es ganz wohl leiden, daß die Leute geſcheidter werden. Es war eine Zeit, da ſie mir die unverdiente Ehre erwieſen, alles Unglück, das der Wetterſtrahl unter ihnen anrichtete, auf meine Rechnung zu ſetzen, und weiß der liebe Himmel, was ich mir oft für Vorwürfe ſagen laſſen mußte, wenn der Blitz in meinen eigenen Tempel fuhr, oder aber eine Menge Schurken verſchonte, um irgend einen Unſchuldigen zu treffen. Nun, ſeit der wackere Amerikaner Franklin die Blitzableiter erfunden hat, und ſelbſt die Leute wiſſen, daß Metalle, hohe Bäume, Thurmſpitzen und dergleichen, natürliche Ableiter ſind, werden meine Donnerkeile immer weniger gefürchtet, ohne daß mir [illegible] darüber zu werden.

Juno. Wir kommen unvermerkt ins Moraliſiren, lieber Jupiter —

Jupiter. Und die Moral, denkſt du, hat mit der Politik nichts zu ſchaffen!

Juno. Das nun eben nicht; ich denke nur, die Politik habe ihre eigene Moral, und was für die Unterthanen Regel des Rechts iſt, ſei es nicht immer für die Monarchen.

Jupiter. Ich weiß die Zeit, wo ich auch ſo dachte; es iſt eine ſehr gemächliche und angenehme Art zu denken für Könige; aber, die Zeiten ändern ſich, meine Liebe —

Juno. Wenn nur wir feſt bleiben, ſo hat es wohl keine Noth.

Jupiter. Höre, Juno! Du weißt, daß ich das Vorrecht habe, etwas weiter vorwärts zu ſehen als die übrigen. Dein zuverſichtlicher Ton bringt mich dazu, dir mehr zu entdecken, als ich Anfangs Willens war.

Juno. Und was für ein Geheimniß kann das ſein, daß du ſo feierlich dazu ausholſt!

Jupiter. Alles iſt dem ewigen Geſetze der Nothwendigkeit unterworfen, liebe Juno. Die Reihe iſt nun an den Monarchien, und — (etwas leiſe) — die unſrige neigt ſich zu ihrem Ende, ſo gut wie die übrigen. Der Schade wird nicht groß ſein; es war doch nur Stückwerk.

Juno. Du ſprichſt im Traume, Jupiter.

Jupiter. Erſt regierten Uranus und Gäa; dann kam das Reich des Saturnus; dieſes machte dem meinigen Platz — und nun —

Juno. Und nun? — Du wirſt doch dein Reich nicht der Deputirten-Verſammlung zu Paris abtreten wollen?

Jupiter (lebhaft fort). Und nun — iſt das Reich der Nemeſis herbei gekommen!

Juno. Das Reich der Nemeſis?

Jupiter. Das Reich der Nemeſis! So ſagt mir ein anderes, von Göttern und Menſchen lange vergeſſenes Orakel, das Themis von ſich gab, als ſie noch im Beſitz des Delphiſchen Bodens war, und deſſen ich mich in dieſen Tagen wieder erinnerte.

„Wenn, ſagt das Orakel, nach einer langen Umwälzung von Jahrhunderten, ein Reich auf der Erde ſein wird, worin die Tyrannei der Könige, der Uebermuth der Großen und die Unterdrückung des Volks mit der Kultur aller Fähigkeiten der Menſchheit gleichen Schritt halten, und beide endlich ihrem höchſten Gipfel ſo nahe ſein werden, daß in Einem Augenblicke aller Unterdrückten Augen ſich öffnen und alle Arme zur Rache ſich aufheben: dann wird die unerbittliche, aber immer gerechte Nemeſis, ihren diamantenen Zaum in der einen, ihr haarſcharf meſſendes Maaß in der andern Hand, auf den Thron des Olympus herab ſteigen, die Stolzen zu demüthigen, die Unterdrückten zu erheben, und ein ſtrenges Vergeltungsrecht an jedem Frevler zu vollziehen, der die Rechte der Menſchheit mit Füßen trat, und im Taumel ſeines Uebermuthes keine andere Geſetze kennen wollte, als die ausſchweifenden Forderungen ſeiner Leidenſchaften und Launen. Zufrieden, unter ihr zu regieren, wird dann Jupiter ſelbſt nichts weiter als der Vollzieher der Geſetze ſein, welche ſie den Völkern des Erdbodens geben wird; eine goldnere Zeit als die Saturniſche wird ſich dann über die unzählbaren Geſchlechter beſſerer Menſchen verbreiten, allgemeine Harmonie wird eine einzige Familie aus ihnen machen, und die Sterblichkeit allein wird der Unterſchied zwiſchen dem Glücke der Bewohner der Erde und des Olympus ſein.“

Juno (lächelnd). Das klingt ja herrlich, Jupiter! — Und du glaubſt an dieſen ſchönen Dichtertraum, und biſt entſchloſſen, wie es ſcheint, mit den Händen im Schooße die Erfüllung deſſelben abzuwarten?

Jupiter (ernſthaft). Ich bin entſchloſſen, mich der einzigen Macht zu unterwerfen, die über mir iſt; und wenn du guten Rath hören willſt, ſo würdeſt du meinem Beiſpiele folgen, und ruhig kommen laſſen was doch kommen wird, wenn wir auch alle zuſammen uns ſo ſehr vergeſſen könnten, es verhindern zu wollen.

Juno. O gewiß werde ich kommen laſſen, was ich nicht verhindern kann! Aber warum deswegen unthätig bleiben! Warum uns der Macht, die wir nun einmal haben, einem alten Orakel zu Liebe, vor der Zeit begeben, und nicht lieber alle unſere Kräfte aufbieten, dem Dämon der Empörung und der Wuth zu wehren, der in die Völker gefahren iſt, Einhalt zu thun! Ich beharre auf meinem alten Homeriſchen Orakel: Vielherrſcherei taugt nichts! Die Völker ſollen die Vortheile der Freiheit unter einer väterlichen Regierung genießen; nichts kann billiger ſein; aber ſie ſollen ſich nicht ſelbſt regieren, nicht das unentbehrliche Joch der Verhältniſſe und Pflichten abwerfen und eine Gleichheit einführen wollen, die nicht in der Natur der Menſchen noch der Dinge iſt, und die Betrogenen nur in einem Augenblicke der Trunkenheit glücklich machen kann, um ſie beim Erwachen ihr Elend deſto ſchmerzlicher fühlen zu laſſen.

Jupiter. Sei unbeſorgt, meine Beſte! Nemeſis und Themis werden alles, was jetzt noch zu viel oder zu wenig, zu raſch oder zu einſeitig gethan wird, ins rechte Maaß zu ſetzen wiſſen.

Juno. Noch bin ich nicht geſonnen, meinen Antheil an der Weltregierung einer andern abzutreten; ich fühle noch Muth in mir, meinem Amte länger vorzuſtehen; und wenn du es immer mit denen hältſt, die ihre Schuldigkeit thun, ſo verſpreche ich mir deinen Beifall. Wenigſtens habe ich dein Wort, daß du mir nicht entgegen arbeiten willſt?

Jupiter. Und ich ſchwöre dir beim diamantenen Zaume der Nemeſis, daß ich es halten will, ſo lange du weiſe genug bleibſt, dir ſelbſt einen Zaum anzulegen. Thue was du für gut hältſt, aber nöthige mich nicht meine Schuldigkeit zu thun, meine Liebe!

Juno (indem ſie ſich entfernt). Laß dir den ſchönen Antinous deine große Schaale mit Nektar füllen, Jupiter, und pflege der Ruhe! Du ſollſt mit mir zufrieden ſein.

Aus Johanna Gray
oder
der Triumph der Religion.

Trauerſpiel von Wieland.

Erſter Aufzug.

Erſte Scene.

Sidney, Lady Johanna Gray.

Sidney.

Schon lange hallt das Inn're des Palaſtes
Von klagendem Getön. — Des Königs Schickſal,
Dein Schickſal, Albion, wird jetzt entſchieden!
Wie bebt mein ahnend Herz! — Doch ſeh' ich nicht
Des frommen Suffolk ſchöne Tochter,
Und Guilfords Braut, die königliche Lady
Johanna Gray, ſich nahn? — Ihr thränend Aug'
Verkündigt eine böſe Botſchaft!

Lady Johanna.

Es iſt geſchehen! — Der König iſt nicht mehr!
Mein Freund, mein Bruder Eduard! — zum Sidney.
O hilf mir weinen! Weine, guter Sidney,
O! miſch' in meine und in Englands Thränen
Die Deinigen — der König iſt nicht mehr!

Sidney.

Gott! welch ein Schlag! Weh uns! — O Gott wie ſchwer
Fällt deine Hand auf uns! — Mit ihm
Sinkt Albions letzte Hoffnung!

Lady Johanna.

Einer ſolchen Tugend
War dieſe Welt nicht werth! Der Himmel hat
Sein ſtärk'res Recht an ihm zurückgefordert.

Sidney.

Zu früh! Ach allzufrüh, o theurer Jüngling
Giengſt du zurück, die Himmelsluft zu athmen
Wo du geboren warſt — zu früh für uns,
Eh noch die goldnen Tage kamen,
Von denen uns die Morgenröthe ſchon
Aus deinem halb-enthüllten Antlitz ſtrahlte.
Dich flehten unſre ungeſtümen Seufzer
Dem Himmel ab, dich, unſre letzte Hoffnung!
Zu dir, zu dir rang ein gequältes Volk
Die wunden Arme, ſeiner Feſſeln müde,
Der Tyrannei, der Todesflammen müde,
Ermattet zwiſchen Furcht und banger Hoffnung
Ein ungewiſſes Leben fortzuſchleppen.
Zu dir hob mitten aus den Flammen,
Die leidende Religion ihr Auge
In heißen Thränen auf! — Ach! Eduard, Eduard!
Fliehſt du von uns? Eh' deines Volkes Glück,
Dich mit dem ſüßen, ſchönſten aller Namen,
Dem Namen, der im Ohre frommer Fürſten
So lieblich tönt, dem Vaternamen, krönte!

Lady Johanna.

Dich, Freundin, dich durchbohrt mir die Seele!
Mein eigner Schmerz, ſo ſcharf er iſt, verſchwindet
Im allgemeinen Elend! — O! mein Vaterland,
Du kennſt noch nicht in ſeinem ganzen Umfang
Den Werth des Guts, das du verloren haſt.
O! großer Jüngling, werth des Ruhmes, werth
Von künft'gen Altern nachgeahmt zu werden,
Den Fürſten, die noch ungeboren ſind,
Erhab'nes Muſter, hat ſein früher Tod
Der Welt geraubt! Was ſchön, was edel iſt,
Was erſt den Menſchen, dann den König bildet,
Des dritten Eduards väterlicher Sinn
Zu ſeinem Volk und Richards Löwenmuth,
Der kluge Geiſt, des Salomons der Britten,
Das zarte Ohr der Schmerzenstragenden,
Die einſt ſich Alfreds Bruſt zum Tempel weihten,
Beſtrahlten ſein Herz. Wie Davids Sohn
Bat er von Gott nicht Macht, nicht Ruhm, nicht Gold,
Er bat um Weisheit, und er ward erhört!
Vergebens bot ihm mit Sirenenlippen
Die Wolluſt ihre ſchmeichelnden Süßigkeiten;
Wie Herkules verſchmäht' er ſie, und wählte
Der Tugend ſteilen Pfad, den Weg der Helden!
Und o! wie zärtlich war ſein fühlend Herz,
Wie ſtand ſein immer offnes Ohr
Der Unſchuld leiſen Warnungen zu hören!
Wie weit verbreitet ſeine Menſchenliebe;

Gefühlvoll für die Leiden ſeiner Brüder,
Von Sehnſucht glühend Allen wohlzuthun,
Schnell zum Verzeihen, und nur der Bosheit Feind:
Wie ſanft, wie frei von Stolz und eitler Selbſtſucht,
Der Wahrheit hold, auch wenn ſie ihn beſtrafte —
O mein zu weiches Herz! — O theures Bild,
Iſt's möglich, biſt du alles, was von ihm
Mir übrig iſt? O ſtill! du täuſcheſt mich
Ihn mir ſo lebend, ſo mit jedem Zug,
Mit jedem Lächeln ſeiner holden Augen
Stets vorzuſtellen — Theurer Jüngling! Nimmer
Ach! Nimmer werden dieſe holden Augen
Auf die Geſpielin deiner Kindheit lächeln!
Nie wird mich deiner Stimme ſüßer Ton
Bei'm Namen rufen! Nimmer werden uns
Bei deines Platon's göttlichen Geſprächen
Die Winterſtunden zu Minuten werden!
Iſt's möglich, konnſt du mich zurücke laſſen,
Mich, deren Seele mit der deinigen
So zart verwebt war! — Ach! Und wo! wo läßt du mich
Zu deinen anverwandten Engeln eilend!

Sidney.

Gerecht ſind Deine Klagen, fromme Schöne;
Doch bald wird ſie der allgemeine Jammer
Unhörbar machen! — Ach! die ſchwarze Stunde
Da Edward ſtarb, iſt England's Todesſtunde.
Sein Tod wird ganze Hekatomben würgen!
Die Freiheit ſtirbt mit ihm, die nun ſo lange
Aus Griechenland's und Rom's Ruinen flüchtig,
In Albion ſich eine Zuflucht ſuchte.
Und ach! Was wird die Kirche Gottes werden!
Die, kaum errettet aus des Tigers Rachen,
Zu athmen anfing, unter Edward's Schutz
Die erſte goldne Zeit der Chriſten hoffte;
Die Tage hoffte, da das heil'ge Volk
Noch auf dem Pfade ſeines Meiſters ging,
Da Unſchuld, Sanftmuth, ungefärbte Liebe
Das Merkmal war, woran man Chriſten kannte!
Ach! jede Hoffnung beſſ'rer Zeiten ſinkt
In Edward's Grab! und welche Schreckgeſtalten
Zeigt uns die Zukunft! Bald, o ſchrecklicher Gedanke!
Verſchlingt die Erde, bebend vor Entſetzen,
Das Blut der Zeugen, das aus Flammen ſprudelt.
Maria leiht der prieſterlichen Wuth
Den königlichen Arm. Weh uns! was bleibt
Der nackten, unbewehrten Unſchuld übrig!
Wenn du, o Gott, dich unſrer nicht erbarmeſt,
Und Edward aus den Au'n des Lichts herabſteigt,
Der treue Schutzgeiſt ſeines Volks zu bleiben!

Lady Johanna.

Er wird, er wird es ſein! Kein Mutterherz
Schlägt zärtlicher für ihren erſten Säugling
Als Edwards Herz für ſein geliebtes Volk.
Vor Allen trug er die in ſeiner Bruſt,
Die nach der Reinigung der Kirche ſeufzten,
Und an das Werk des Herrn voll Heldenmuths
Die Hand ſchon angelegt. Nur die Erinnerung
An ſie hielt ſeine Luſt zum Sterben auf.
In dieſer Nacht, da ſchon ſein Geiſt im Eingang
Des Himmels ſchwebte, ſaß ich unbemerkt,
Bei'm düſtern Schein der Lampe ſeinem Lager.
Er betete. Sein thränenvolles Auge
Schien unverwandt zu Gottes Thron entzückt,
Und ſagte mehr, als Worte reden können.
Doch brach die Inbrunſt ſeines Herzens oft
In Seufzer aus, die auf den ſtarren Lippen
Zu Worten wurden, und in meine Bruſt
Wie Pfeile drangen. „Gott, (ſo hauchte ſich
Die heil'ge Seele aus) nimm mich zu dir!
Nimm meinen Geiſt aus dieſer Welt des Abfalls
Zu dir und zu den Geiſtern, die dich lieben,
Und deinen Willen thun. — O! meine Seele
Verlangt lange ſchon dein Angeſicht zu ſchauen!
Du, Vater, weißeſt es, wie gut mir's wäre,
Bei dir zu ſein! Und doch, um derer willen
Die du erwählt haſt, um der Frommen willen,
Die zu dir weinen, laß mich länger leben!
Noch leben, bis das große Werk vollbracht iſt,
Dein Reich in Englands Grenzen feſt zu gründen.
Doch nicht mein Will', o Vater, ſondern deiner
Geſchehe!" Hier ſchwieg ſein Mund, und mir
Zerfloß das Herz in namenloſer Wehmuth.

Sidney.

Des frommen Edward's letzte Seufzer wird
Und kann nicht ungehört zum Himmel ſteigen.
Zwar Edward ſtarb! Doch Der, zu dem er flehte,
Hat tauſend Mittel uns zu retten übrig.

Lady Johanna.

Die Wege Gottes ſind dem blöden Menſchen
Geheimniß, die Gedanken, die er denket,
Sind nicht wie unſre eitle Traumgedanken.
Nur Wunder, die wir nicht berechtigt ſind
Zu fordern, können uns dem offnen Rachen
Des Untergangs entreißen! — Edward's Krone
Fällt nach dem Reichsgeſetz, und Heinrich's letztem Willen
Jetzt auf Marien's Haupt. Die Stund' iſt da,
Auf welche ſie ihr rachſchnaubend Herz
So lang vertröſtete, die Stund' iſt da,
Nach der ſich Rom und ſeine Prieſter ſehnten.
O! was für grauenvolle Scenen
Von Blut und Mord weiſſagt mein bebend Herz!
Schon lange lechzt ihr Eifer nach dem Blute
Der Heiligen! — Von Mönchen mit gezücktem Stahl,
Von Prieſtern, die mit zauberiſcher Fauſt
Den Donner Gottes ſchleudern rings umgeben,
Wird ſie, die neue Königin, den Thron
Auf Todtenſchädel gründen, und den Himmel
Und Rom's erzürntes Haupt mit Menſchenopfern
Verſöhnen wollen. Bonner, Gardiner,
Und andere, deren tief verſteckte Bosheit
Zu Edward's Zeit ſich in Verſtellung hüllte,
Stehn ſchon bereit, den Gott der ſanften Liebe
In ihrer henkeriſchen Wuth zu rächen.
Ach, Sidney! — Ach! die Zahl der Wahrheitsfreunde,
Der Redlichen, verliert ſich in der Menge
Der falſchen Seelen, die von jedem Winde
Wie Rohre wanken, immer fertig ſind,
Dem zuzujauchzen, den das Glück begünſtigt.
O England, o zu früh verwaiſte Kirche!
So kürzlich erſt gepflanzt! jetzt ſchon im Keime
Von ſtrenger Gluth verſengt! O kleine Schaar
Der erſten ſchwachen Säuglinge der Wahrheit!
Für euch bricht mir mein ſchweſterliches Herz,
Für euch thränt unverſiegt mein ahnend Auge!
Der Himmel zürnt den frommen Thränen nicht,
Dem Zoll der Menſchlichkeit; er fordert nicht
Daß wir gefühllos ſeiner Schläge lächeln.

Sidney.

Lord Guilford kommt, Prinzeſſin, Deine Klagen
Und den gerechten Schmerz mit Dir zu theilen.
Ich geh', der Stadt, die zwiſchen Furcht und Hoffnung
Erwartend ſchwebt, ihr Schickſal anzukünden.

Zweite Scene.

Lady Johanna. Lord Guilford.

Lady Johanna.

O Guilford! komm! und miſche Deine Thränen
Den meinigen! — O Freund! wie elend macht
Uns dieſer Morgen! — Ach! Wie bald, wie plötzlich,
Wie tief ſind wir der ſchönſten Morgenröthe
Des Glücks entſtürzt! — O wie iſt um mich her
Die Welt zerſtört! — Wie ſchwarz das Licht der Sonne!
Die Sphären ſtehen! Stumme Todesſtille
Ruht auf der Schöpfung! — Guilford, Du allein
Biſt mir noch übrig, (einz'ger Troſt im Elend!)
In deinem Arm mein Leben, ungetadelt
Und ungeſtört, in Seufzer auszuhauchen.

Lord Guilford.

O! Du, — wo find' ich einen Namen,
Der Deinem Werth, und meiner Liebe gleicht!
Du ſchönſte, reinſte Seele, die ſich je
In Engelsbildung dieſer Erde zeigte,
Erſinke nicht den Leiden, die Dein zartes Herz
Zerreißen! Zage nicht, Du meines Lebens Wonne. Noch
Iſt alles nicht verloren; noch iſt Hoffnung da.
Dein Vater, deſſen fromme Redlichkeit
Und ſanfte Güte jedes Herz ſchon lange
Sich eigen machte, und Northumberland
Das Haupt des Raths, mein Vater; und viel and're
Der Edelſten des Reiches, deren Anſehn,
Von Macht und Gunſt des Volkes unterſtützt,
Mariens Anhang leicht zur Erde drückt,
Die Alle leben noch, und leben nur
Zum Schutz der guten Sache! —

Lady Johanna.
O Guilford! Hoffe nicht
Auf Menſchen, deren Kraft ein Schatten iſt,
Ein Traum ihr Leben! Hoffe nicht
Auf Stützen, die vom ſchwächſten Stoße fallen!
Dort über uns — ſchau durch die Wolken auf,
Die unſerm Blick die ſel'ge Ausſicht wehren! —
Dort wohnt, von Engeln, die ihr Wink bewegt,
Umringt, dort wohnt die Macht, die uns erretten kann!
Sie ſchaut auf uns herab! Sie lenkt, ſie ordnet alles!
Nur der Gedank' an ſie — hält meine Seel' empor,
Daß ſie nicht ganz erſinkt!

Lord Guilford.
Vertraue nur,
Du ſchöne Heilige! vertraue Du
Der Vorſicht, die Du glaubſt, und deren Macht und Güte
Gleich unbegränzt, gleich unaufhaltbar iſt.
Sie wird uns retten! Aber ſie gebraucht
Zu ihren unſichtbaren Thaten ſtets,
Die ſichtbare Natur, den Lauf der Dinge,
Der Menſchen Arm, und Witz und Leidenſchaften.
Sie wird die Helden, die ſich jetzt zum Heil
Des Vaterlands verbinden, zweifle nicht!
Mit Klugheit und mit ſtarkem Muth begeiſtern.
Der Rath verſammelt ſich. Den Augenblick,
Da ich hierherging, ſah ich meinen Vater
Mit Mienen, die ein wichtiges Geheimniß
Zu decken ſchienen, Hand in Hand
Mit Deinem Vater zur Verſammlung eilen.
Mir ahnet was. Ein zweifelhaft Gerücht
Schleicht leiſ' am Hof' umher, und murmelt heimlich,
Von einem Mund zum andern, — Edward habe,
In ſeinen letzten Stunden noch bekümmert
Für unſer Wohl, ein Teſtament verlaſſen,
Wodurch die römiſchdenkende Marie
Vom Throne ausgeſchloſſen ſei. Iſt dieß,
So hat des beſten Königs früher Tod
Die Ausſicht einer beſſern Zukunft uns
Nicht ganz geraubt! So kann noch Albion,
So kann die Kirche, die nach Freiheit ſchmachtet,
So kann Dein Guilford, der in Dir den Himmel
Der Tugend und der Schönheit mit Entzücken
Sein eigen nennt, noch frei, noch glücklich ſein.

Lady Johanna.
Was Du mir ſagteſt, iſt mir unbegreiflich.
Wie kann des achten Heinrich's letzter Wille,
Der, wenn der Himmel Edward fordern würde,
Den Thron Marien gibt, vernichtet werden?
Wie kann das Volk, wie kann der Rath der Edeln
Die Heiligkeit des theuern Eides brechen,
Wodurch ſie ſich dem Sterbenden verbanden?
Wie konnte Edward, er, in dem die Tugend
Uns ſichtbar ward, des Vaters Angedenken
Entehren? — Nein! er konnt' es nicht!

Lord Guilford.
Auch mir iſt ein Geheimniß was ich ſeh',
Und was ich hör', und was mein Herz mir weiſſagt.
Doch bald — (Ein Offizier erſcheint.)

Der Offizier.
Lord Guilford, der Senat erwartet Dich.

Guilford,
(zum Offizier, der wieder ſich entfernt).
Gut!
(Zu Lady Johanna.)
Nun wird Alles ſich uns bald enthüllen.
Jetzt fordert mich die Pflicht. Ich ſtahl den Augenblick
Nur, Theu'rſte, Dich zu ſehen, und Deinen Muth
Mit einem Strahl von Hoffnung zu beleben.
Jetzt ſind Minuten mehr als Tage werth,
An einer einzigen vielleicht
Hängt England's Schickſal und das unſ'rige.
Die Feinde ſchlummern nicht — Ich eile, deſto bälder
Zu Dir zurückzufliegen — Lebe wohl!

Lady Johanna.
Ein guter Engel leite Deine Schritte!

Dritte Scene.

Lady Johanna (allein).
Indeſſen, daß die Weiſen, daß die Väter
Des Reiches ſich zum Heil des Staats berathen,
Was kann ich thun? Ich, deren Herz ſo feurig
Für England's Glück, für's allgemeine Wohl
Der Menſchen ſchlägt! — Was kann ich thun? — Ach England,
Mein mütterliches Land, ich kann nur weinen!
Nur über deiner Noth mich ſelbſt vergeſſen!
Nur einſam weinen, und, die ſchwachen Arme
Gen Himmel ringend, Dich um Hülfe flehn,
O du der Engel und der Menſchen Vater! —
Komm! ſtille Ruh, komm ſüße Einſamkeit,
Umſchatte mich! O kommt, geliebte Bilder
Von Tod und ſanfter Ruh' im ſtillen Grabe,
Und vom Triumph der feſſelfreien Seele,
Die ſich dem Staub entſchwingt! Nur ihr allein
Beſänftigt meinen Schmerz, nur ihr vermögt den Kummer
In ſchlummerndes Vergeſſen einzuwiegen!

Zweiter Aufzug.

Erſte Scene.

Northumberland (allein).
Wenn nicht das Schickſal, oder eine Gottheit,
Die mir zu mächtig iſt, mein Werk zerſtört,
Die Arbeit vieler Jahre, vieler einſam
Durchwachten Nächte, wenn mich Alles nicht
Betrügt, verläßt — ſo trennt mich nur ein Schritt
Vom höchſten Gipfel, den der Stolz der Menſchen
Erſteigen kann! — Wie günſtig fügt ſich Alles
Nach meinem Wunſch! — Durch ſeiner Tochter Band
Mit meinem Sohn, iſt Suffolk's Anſehn mein!
Das Volk iſt mein durch Guilford. Wie bequem
Erblaßt der junge Fürſt! Sein letzter Wille,
Beſchworen von den Mächtigſten des Reichs,
Die, willig oder nicht, mein Anſehn zwang,
Schließt Heinrich's ältſte Tochter von der Krone
Auf ewig aus, und gibt Johannen Gray
Den Königstitel, mit des Zepters Macht!
Marien's Anhang darf, durch dieſen Streich
Als wie von einem Donnerkeil getroffen,
Nicht wagen, ſein beſtürztes Haupt zu zeigen.
Das Volk, das Rom und ſeine Feſſeln haſſet,
Nach Freiheit ſeufzt und vor Marien bebt,
Wird mit Entzückung, wird mit off'nen Armen
Die neue Königin von Edward's Hand empfangen,
Die ihm ſo ähnlich iſt, — die er ſo zärtlich,
Wie ſeine Schweſter liebte, deren Tugend
So viel verſpricht! Ja Alles, Alles ſtimmt
In meine Abſicht ein! — O! Welche Ausſicht
Umglänzt mich. — Zwar mußt' ich ſie erkaufen!
Und theu'r erkaufen! Bedford mußte fallen —
Der junge König — Doch, verſchließe dich
In meine Bruſt, verderbliches Geheimniß,
Und ruh' auf ewig da! Ein undurchdringlich Dunkel
Umhüllt mein Werk! — Wer kommt? — Sie iſt es ſelbſt!
Wie ſchön, wie unſchuldsvoll! Wie malt ihr Antlitz
Ein königliches Herz! Wie werth iſt ſie
Des Glücks, das ihr mein Mund entdecken wird!

Zweite Scene.

Northumberland. Lady Johanna.

Northumberland.
Komm, meine Tochter, laß mich Dich umarmen,
Zum letzten Mal Dich mit dem ſüßen Namen
Begrüßen, der —

Lady Johanna.
Was ſagt mein theurer Lord? —
Zum letzten Mal? —

Northumberland.
So will die Pflicht es künftig!
Johanna, faſſe Dich! Vernimm, verehre
Des Himmels Fügungen! — Der letzte Wille
Des guten Fürſten, den der Tod uns raubte,
Der heil'ge Wille, deſſen Feierlichkeit
Des Rathes Schwüre unverletzlich machen,
Erkläret — Dich — zur Königin der Briten.

Lady Johanna.
Mich? Mylord! — hör' ich recht? Iſt's Guilford's Vater
Der mit mir ſpricht? — Iſt's möglich? Kann er wohl
In dieſer ernſten Stunde, da der Himmel
Durch Edward's frühen Tod Britannien
Das Todesurtheil ſpricht, — in dieſer Stunde,
Da jeder meint, dem in der Bruſt ein Funke
Von Tugend glüht, da namenloſes Elend
Auf unſre Scheitel hängt, kann Guilford's Vater
Mit ſeiner leidenden Johanna ſcherzen?

Northumberland.

Mich wundert nicht, daß ſolch ein Wechſel Dir
Unglaublich ſcheint! Daß, nicht dazu bereitet,
Dein überraſchtes Herz, von tauſend neuen
Empfindungen ergriffen, meine Reden
Für Täuſchung hält! Doch ferne ſei von mir
In dieſer ernſten feierlichen Stunde,
Die unſern Thränen um den beſten König,
Die England's Rettung, die dem Schutz der Kirche
Geheiligt iſt, gedankenlos zu ſcherzen!
Nichts iſt gewiſſer, als daß Dich der Himmel
Zu dem glorreichen Werk erſehen hat,
Von welchem Edward abgerufen ward.

Lady Johanna.

Wie kann ich's glauben, theurer Lord!

Northumberland.

Dein Zweifel
Beleidigt mich; jedoch bald wird Dein Vater,
Und Guilford, und der glänzende Senat
Britanniens, zu Deinen Füßen liegend,
Dich überzeugen! — Faſſe Dich, Johanna!
Sei Deiner würdig! Sei des Thrones würdig,
Der größern Glanz, als er Dir geben kann,
Von Dir empfängt. Fließt nicht das reinſte Blut
Des königlichen Stamms in deinen Adern?
Wen fordert wohl die Kirche und der Staat,
An Edward's Statt ſie zu beglücken,
Als Dich, in deren Bruſt der gleiche Geiſt
Der Tugend und der Menſchenliebe athmet?

Lady Johanna.

Wie ſoll — wie kann ich ſagen, was ich fühle?
Und hätt' ich Worte, ſo verſagt die Zunge mir
Sie auszuſprechen. — O wie konnt' in Edward's Herz,
Wie konnt' in Euers, Mylord, ein Gedanke
Wie dieſer kommen? — Ich erröth' und zittre
Es Euch zu ſagen — Nein, ich faſſ' es nicht,
Wie Eure Klugheit, Euer langgeübter,
Erfahrner Geiſt Euch ſo verlaſſen konnte!
— Doch, ich begreife mich! — Mein theurer Vater,
Verzeihet meiner Jugend die Beſtürzung!
Ein brennend heißer tugendhafter Eifer,
Vom Rand des Untergangs ſein Vaterland
Zurückzureißen, kann den Weiſeſten
Zu einem Anſchlag treiben, den die Klugheit,
Bei kälter'm Blute, unterdrücken würde!
Doch, ſagt mir, wird das Volk nicht wohlberechtigt zürnen,
Wenn, ſtatt der Erbin, die das Reichsgeſetz
Zum Throne ruft, der Enkelin, der Tochter
Und Schweſter ſeiner Könige, ich, Suffolk's Tochter,
Geboren zum Privatſtand, zum Gehorchen,
Ihm aufgedrungen würde! — Muß nicht Zorn und Unmuth
Auf jeder Stirne glühn! Wird Roms Partei
So zahlreich und ſo mächtig wie ſie iſt,
Unthätig bleiben! Oder kann man glauben,
Die Tochter Heinrich's, die ihr Stand dem Volke
Ehrwürdig macht, ihr Unglück liebenswerth,
Glaubt man, ſie werde keine Freunde finden,
Die ſich für ſie bewaffnen! Und nicht nur
Für ſie, für die verletzte Heiligkeit
Der alten Reichsgeſetze, die der Britte
Als das Palladium ſeiner Freiheit ehrt!
Wird Oeſtreich's Macht, von der der Erdkreis bebt,
Wird Philipp, deſſen unbegrenzter Zepter
Die beiden Indien ſchreckt, der Bräutigam,
Den das Gerüchte der Prinzeſſin gibt,
Sich ſäumen, ihr gekränktes Recht zu ſchützen!
Was wird dann gegen eine Welt voll Feinde
Ein ſchwaches, unerfahrnes, junges Mädchen
Euch helfen können! —

Northumberland.

— Meine theure Tochter!
Ich ließ Dich ungehindert Alles ſagen,
Was, wider unſer Hoffen, Deiner Seele
Erhabne Großmuth hemmt. Wie konnten wir
Auch nur vermuthen, daß Johanna Gray,
Die, die ihr Geiſt, ihr Herz, ihr Edelmuth,
Weit über ihr Geſchlecht und zartes Alter
Erhöht, wie konnten wir ſie fähig glauben,
Der herrlichſten Beſtimmung ſich zu weigern,
Wozu der Himmel Menſchen oder Engel
Berufen kann! — Verbanne dieſe Kleinmuth!
Schwing' über dieſe weiblichen Gedanken
Dich weg, Johanna! Denke, was Dein Herz,
Dein Vaterland, Dein Glaube von Dir fordert.
Bequem iſt's der Jugend wohl, der Schwierigkeiten,
Die ihrem Laufe liegen, ſich zu ſcheuen!
War das der Muth, der jene Helden trieb,
Die, unerſchreckt durch dräuende Tyrannen,
Für Freiheit, für den Staat, ihr Leben wagten?
War das der Muth, der in den heil'gen Zeugen
Der Wahrheit brannte, der ſie fähig machte,
Dem Tod in jeder Schreckgeſtalt zu lächeln?
Doch meine Tochter! Was Dein Edward ſelbſt
Dir ſterbend auferlegt, was jetzt durch mich
Der brittiſche Senat, durch ſie das Volk
Dir aufträgt, fordert keinen Heldenmuth,
Kein Opfer! Alle dieſe Schwierigkeiten,
Die Welt voll Feinde, die Gefahren alle,
Sind nur Geſchöpfe Deiner Phantaſie,
Die noch von Edward's Tod erſchüttert iſt.
Die Zahl der Redlichen, der Patrioten,
Iſt größer als Du denkſt. Wer Freiheit liebt,
Wer Rom verabſcheut, wer die Raubbegierde,
Den Stolz, den Blutdurſt ſeiner Mönche haßt,
(Und, o! wer haßt ſie nicht!) die Alle ſind
Mit uns vereint. Maria iſt im Auge
Des Volks nicht Heinrich's ältſte Tochter, nein!
Nur eine Sklavin Rom's, nur Philipp's Braut.
Wem in der Bruſt ein brittiſch Herz noch ſchlägt,
O! dem empört in jeder Ader ſich
Das Blut, vom Schatten des Gedankens ſchon,
Sein freies Haupt in's abgeworfne Joch
Des ſtolzen Rom's zurück zu ſchmiegen.
O! glaube mir, die Stadt, das ganze Volk
Wird Dich als einen ſichtbar'n Engel grüßen,
Den uns zum Schutz der Himmel zugeſandt.

Lady Johanna.

Ach! Wollte Gott, es wär' in meiner Macht
Mein Volk zu retten! — Aber dieſe Macht
Gab mir der Himmel nicht! Er haßt die falſche Weisheit,
Die ungerechte, frevelhafte Thaten
Durch einen guten Endzweck adeln will.
Der Thron gehört nicht mir, ſo lange Heinrich's Töchter
Und Edward's Schweſtern leben. —

Northumberland.

Biſt Du nicht
Wie ſie, von königlichem Blut? — Die Enkelin
Von Heinrich's Schweſter! Hat Marien die Geburt
Dem beſten Prinzen mehr als Dich genähert,
So macht Dich Deine Tugend, Deine Güte
Zu Edward's Schweſter! — Pflegt' er Dich nicht ſtets
Mit dieſem ſüßen Namen zu benennen!
Verdient die ſtolze, grauſame Maria,
In deren Bruſt nur Gift und Rachſucht kocht,
Bei der die Ausſprüch' eines finſtern Mönch's
Orakel ſind, ſie, die kein Sokrates
Die große Pflicht der Fürſten lehrte,
Nur im gemeinen Wohl ihr Glück zu ſuchen
Und, gleich der Gottheit, weiſ' und gut zu ſein —
Verdient ſie mehr als Du, die Edward's Geiſt und Herz
Uns wieder gibt, den Namen ſeiner Schweſter!

Lady Johanna.

Dieß Lob, das mir von eines Vaters Lippen
Sonſt ſüß ertönte, kann mich jetzt nicht rühren.
Ihr ſchmäht Marien, meinen kleinen Werth
Durch ihre Schwärze glänzender zu machen?
Es ſei! — Doch Alles, was Euch wider ſie
Empört, gibt mir kein Recht an ihre Krone.
Will uns die Vorſicht durch verderbte Fürſten,
Durch Unterdrückung, durch Tyrannen ſtrafen,
So thut ſie nichts, als was wir längſt verdient,
Sie züchtigt uns durch unſre eignen Laſter,
Die Fürſten ſind nur ſchlimm, weil wir es ſind!
Die Schmeichler, die verderbten Höflinge,
Die Sclaven ſind es, die Tyrannen machen.

Northumberland.

Ach! meine Tochter! wie betrügſt Du
Nicht meine Hoffnung nur, des ganzen Rathes,
Des Volkes Hoffnung! — Soll denn eines Mädchens
Unbiegſamkeit — Doch nein, Du wirſt Dich faſſen!
Ein wenig Zeit und reife Ueberlegung
Wird Deine Zweifel heben.

(Er ſieht ſich um, und ſieht von Ferne Lady Suffolk ſich nähern.)

Wie erwünſcht
Kommt Deine Mutter! welch' Entzücken ſchimmert
Aus ihren Augen! Sie empfindet beſſer

Als Du, den Werth der angebotnen Krone,
Ihr überlaß ich Dich —

(Er geht ab.)

Dritte Scene.

Lady Suffolk. Lady Johanna.

Lady Suffolk.
O meine Tochter,
O Du, mein Stolz, mein Kleinod! meine Freude!
O komm in meinen Arm! Komm, laß
Mit Inbrunſt an mein Mutterherz Dich drücken!
Wie glücklich — Aber wie! — Antworteſt Du
Mit Seufzern nur dem Ausdruck meiner Freude —
Du weinſt, mein Kind! —

Lady Johanna.
Ach meine Mutter!

Lady Suffolk.
— Wie?
Du weißt, Johanna, welch' ein glänzend Glück
Dir angetragen wird, und kannſt noch trauern!
Kann England's Thron, die Majeſtät der Würde,
Die Sterbliche zu ird'ſchen Göttern macht,
Ein Hof, ein mächtig Volk zu Deinen Füßen,
Kann die Gewalt, Glückſelige zu machen,
Und unter allen ſelbſt die Glücklichſte zu ſein,
Dein Auge nicht entwölken! — Edward's Geiſt
Iſt ſchon befriedigt! Sein Gedächtniß fordert
Von Deiner Liebe keine Thränen mehr!
Komm, überlaß dich ganz den reizerfüllten Bildern
Der ſchönſten Zukunft, die er Dir, und uns
Durch Dich, vermachte! — Ganz gewiß, Johanna,
War es der Engel einer, die das Haupt
Des Sterbenden umſchwebten, der ihm, noch
In ſeiner letzten feierlichſten Stunde
Des Himmels großen Rathſchluß in die Lippen hauchte
Zur Erbin ſeines Throns Dich zu erklären!

Lady Johanna.
Warum denn kann ich nicht, wie Ihr, mich freuen!
Warum empört mein bebend Herz ſich ſo
Vor dem, was Euch entzückt! — Wie ſoll ich das,
Was ich empfinde, nennen! Dieſe Schauer,
Die Ahnungen, die meine Bruſt erſchüttern!
O Edward, du biſt glücklich! —

Lady Suffolk.
Ohne Zweifel
Genießt er jetzt das reine Glück der Engel;
Dir, meine Tochter, iſt das höchſte Glück
Der Erde zugedacht! Er ſelbſt, Dein Edward ſelbſt
Beſtimmt' es Dir! — Kann der Gedank' allein
Es Dir nicht ſchätzbar machen!

Lady Johanna.
Eben dieß
Mehrt meine Zweifel! — Konnte der Gerechte,
Der fromme Jüngling in der letzten Stunde,
Im Angeſicht der Engel, an der Pforte
Des offnen Himmels, noch ein Unrecht thun!
Das erſte Unrecht ſeines kurzen Lebens,
Im letzten Augenblick! Wie kann ich's glauben!
Er liebte mich; er pflegte ſeiner Seele
Geheimſte Wünſch' und ſtille Sorgen oft
In meinen ſchweſterlichen Schooß zu ſchütten.
Warum verbarg er mir doch ein Geheimniß,
Das mich ſo nah betraf? und ein Geheimniß,
Von ſolcher Wichtigkeit, von ſolchen Folgen! —
Und war ich nicht in ſeiner letzten Nacht
Bei ſeinem Lager? Faßten meine Lippen
Nicht ſeinen letzten heil'gen Seufzer auf?
Wie konnt' er! Doch — jetzt fällt mir etwas bei, —
Ich ward einmal von ihm hinweggerufen, —
Man hielt mich auf, und als ich wiederkam,
So ſchien ſein brennend Auge zärtlicher,
Mit ernſten Blicken, die bedeutend ſchienen,
Auf mir zu ruhn! Er drückte meine Hand,
Sein Mund verſuchte mich noch anzureden;
Allein der Ton verlor ſich auf den Lippen
In leiſes Liſpeln! — Ach, ſo war es dieß,
Was du mir ſterbend noch entdecken wollteſt! —
Mein Edward! —

Lady Suffolk.
Ruft dieſe Trauerbilder
Nicht ſtets zurück! Entfern' ihr Angedenken
Aus Deinem Geiſt! O gieb mir meine theure
Johanna wieder, die der Kummer faſt
Unkennbar macht! Wo iſt die edle Denkart,
Der königliche Geiſt, die hohe Tugend,
Die in den Augen Aller, die Dich ſahen,
Dich über Dein Geſchlecht erhoben!
Jetzt fordert Dich der Ruf des Himmels auf,
Vor'm Angeſicht der Erde ſie zu zeigen.
Sei freudig, was er Dir gebeut, die Mutter,
Die Retterin, die Königin der Briten!

Lady Johanna.
Wie gern verſprechen wir doch unſern Wünſchen
Des Himmels Beifall! — Doch! wenn Edward wirklich
Berechtigt war, die Kron' auf Heinrich's Schweſterkinder
Zu übertragen, iſt die Reihe denn
An mir! — Was müßte meine Mutter ſein,
Eh' mir der Thron gebührte!

Lady Suffolk.
Deine Mutter!
Und ſtolzer auf den Titel Deiner Mutter,
Als auf den Ruhm, die glänzendſte Monarchin
Der ganzen Welt zu ſein! — Ja, liebſtes Kind!
Mit Luſt entſag' ich meinem nähern Anſpruch,
Mit Freuden wähl' ich mir die Dunkelheit,
Nur Dich, den holden Liebling meines Herzens,
Erhöht zu ſehn! Welch' ein Triumph für mich,
Dich auf dem Ziel der kühnſten Hoffnungen,
Im ſchönſten Licht, worin die Tugend ſich
Der Erde zeigen kann, von Nationen
Geliebt, bewundert, angebetet ſehn!
Genug für mich, wenn dieſe Myriaden,
Die Du beglücken wirſt, die Mutter ſegnen,
Die Dich gebar, die Bruſt, die Dich geſäugt;
Wie wallt mein Herz bei dieſer frohen Ausſicht
Von Freuden über! —

Lady Johanna.
Ach! das meine ſchmilzt
Von Wehmuth! — Beſte, zärtlichſte der Mütter!
Was ſoll ich thun! — O! warum kann ich nicht —

Lady Suffolk.
Nichts mehr, mein Kind! — Ich ſehe, wie gerührt Du biſt
Ich will Dich jetzt verlaſſen — Einſamkeit
Und ſtille Ueberlegung wird Dich bald
Zu einem Schluß, der Deiner werth iſt, bringen!

Vierte Scene.

Lady Johanna (allein).
Wie klopft mein Herz! — Wie taumeln durch mein Haupt
In innerm Streit die gräßlichſten Gedanken!
O! Edward, Edward! Dieſe Augen ſahen
Die Deinen brechen; ſahn das letzte Lächeln,
Das die beglückte Seel' im Scheiden noch
Auf Deinem bleichen Angeſicht zurückließ.
Bald folg' ich Dir! Was iſt mir eine Krone?
Des Hofes Pomp und ſeine eiteln Freuden!
Der Krone, die Dein Haupt jetzt unverwelklich ſchmückt,
Der werth zu ſein, iſt Alles, was ich wünſche! —
Und doch entzückt der reizende Gedanke
Mein Innerſtes, das Glück ſo vieler Menſchen
Zu machen! — Ach! Wie oft, wie oft war dieß
Der Seufzer meines jugendlichen Herzens!
Um dieſes nur, nur um die edle Macht,
Den Menſchen wohlzuthun, Gott nachzuahmen
Beneidet' ich das Glück der Könige!
Wie! Sollt' es wahr ſein! Ruft mich die Vorſicht
Zu dieſem großen, göttlichen Geſchäfte! —
Wie gerne öffnet ſich mein willig Herz
Dem ſeligen Gedanken! Soll ich glauben,
Was Guilford's Vater, was der Mutter zärtlichſte,
Was wie es ſcheint, die Weiſeſten und Beſten
Des Rathes glauben, Edward's Wille ſei
Des Himmels Schluß, den Gott dem Sterbenden
In's Herz gehaucht! — Du falſche Hoffnung! Nein!
Du täuſcheſt mich! Ein ungerechter Rath
Kann nicht vom Himmel kommen! — Aber wie!
Verdient die graue Weisheit meiner Väter,
Verdient der majeſtätiſche Senat
Britanniens, die ungerechten Zweifel,
Die ich in ihre reine Einſicht ſetz'!
Wie, wenn ſie beſſer als ein unerfahrnes Kind,
Was recht iſt, wüßten, was die große Pflicht
Für's Vaterland und für die Nachwelt fordert! —
Wie ängſtigt nicht gewiſſenhafte Scheu

Mein unentſchloſſnes Herz! — Wer führet mich
Aus dieſem Labyrinth? Wen kann ich fragen? — Als
Dich ſelber mich! — O Himmel, leite du
Dein zweifelndes Geſchöpf! Dein Will' allein
Entſcheide meinen Willen! — Soll ich nicht
Der hohen Warnung folgen, die mein Geiſt
Stets in ſich hört, der Stimme des Gewiſſens,
Die mir verbeut zu thun, was ich als Unrecht fühle?
Ja! Ja! Ich folge Dir! Du biſt
Die Stimme Gottes! Kein Phantom der Sinnen,
Kein blendendes Gewebe falſcher Schlüſſe
Soll mich vom ebnen Pfad der Tugend weichen machen!
(Sie ſieht Suffolk und Guilford kommen.)
O Himmel! ſtärke mich!

Fünfte Scene.

Herzog von Suffolk. Lord Guilford. Lady Johanna.

Suffolk.
Iſt Dein Entſchluß
Wie ihn die Pflicht und unſre Liebe wünſchet,
So laß, Johanna, Deinen alten Vater,
Und Guilford, der Dein ganzes Herz verdient,
Die erſten ſein, die das erwünſchte Ja
Von Deinen Lippen hören! Wie! Du zögerſt noch?
Hat Guilford's Vater Dich nicht rühren können?
Mein Kind, betrüge meine Hoffnung nicht!
Die Rettung Deines armen Vaterland's
Sie hängt an Deinem Ja! Du kennſt, Johanna,
Die dringende Gefahr, worin wir ſchweben;
Der Staat, die Kirche, alle Frommen ſeufzen
Nach einer Fürſtin, die das große Werk,
Das Edward's Frömmigkeit begann, vollende!

Lady Johanna.
Erlaube mir, mein Vater eine Frage!
Iſt wirklich ſonſt kein Weg zu England's Rettung
Als dieſer? —

Suffolk.
Nein! Wofern der Himmel
Nicht Wunder thut, die wir von ihm zu fordern
Kein Recht, noch zu erwarten Hoffnung haben,
Es iſt kein andrer Weg zu Englands Rettung!

Lady Johanna.
Und war es Edward ſelbſt, der ſterbend mich
Zur Königin erklärt'?

Suffolk.
Er war es ſelbſt!

Lady Johanna.
Er ſelbſt? — So war's in einer bangen Stunde,
Da ſein Gemüth vom Todeskampf des Leibes
Entkräftet lag! — Er that's — vielleicht gezwungen.

Suffolk.
Ja! von der Liebe ſeines Volk's gezwungen,
Vom Eifer, der in ſeiner Engelsbruſt
Für Gott und ſeine Wahrheit brannte!
Von einem Eifer, der die feigen Zweifel
Der falſchen Klugheit dieſer Welt verſchmähte:
Der zwang ihn! — Fühlteſt Du, was er empfand —

Lady Johanna.
O könnt', o könnte doch mein Blut Dich retten,
Mein Vaterland! Wie froh ſollt' es für dich
Aus jeder Ader ſprudeln! — Du, Allwiſſender,
Du biſt mein Zeuge! —

Lord Guilford.
— Erlaube, Theuerſte,
Erlaube dem, der Deine Seele liebt,
Den rühmlichen Verſuch, Dich zu erbitten!
Doch nein! Dein Guilford haßt, verſchmäht den Zweifel
An deiner Großmuth! Niemals liebt' ich Dich
Mit tiefrer Ehrfurcht, niemals ſchienſt Du mir
Bewundernswerther als in dieſer großen Stunde!
Aus Tugend weigerſt Du Dich unſern Wünſchen;
Nur eine Heldenſeele, wie die Deine,
Iſt fähig, Kronen auszuſchlagen! Aber jetzt,
Geliebte, jetzt iſt's größer Tugend, jetzt iſt's Pflicht
Sie anzunehmen! Laß nicht allzuzarte
Spitzfindige Begriffe Deinen Geiſt
Zum Nachtheil Deines reinen Herzens, täuſchen!
Was einem ganzen Volke, was den Enkeln
Der Enkel nützt, wie können die Geſetze
Es Unrecht nennen? Iſt das oberſte Geſetz,
Das einzige, das kein Ausnahm' duldet,
Johanna! — iſt es nicht des Volkes Wohlfahrt?
Komm! überlaß Dich frei den ſchönen Trieben
Der Großmuth, und dem ſanften Zug der Liebe
Zum menſchlichen Geſchlecht! Verliere
Die Freudenthränen des entzückten Danks
Von Millionen, die nun Dir ihr Leben,
Ihr Glück, und ihre Freiheit ſchuldig werden!
Wie wird die ſpäte dankerfüllte Nachwelt
Noch mit Entzücken dein Gedächtniß ſegnen!
Die Mutter, mit dem Säugling an der Bruſt,
Der fromme Greis, der mit vergnügten Blicken
Die Enkel überzählt, die Gattin, die, wie wir,
Sich lieben, alle werden Dich, Johanna,
Die Schöpferin von ihrem Glücke ſegnen!

Lady Johanna.
Ach! Guilford! Guilford! —

Lord Guilford.
Sieh Dein Vaterland
Zu mir zu deinen Füßen. Theures Mädchen!
Du kennſt das Elend, das auf alle wartet,
Auf Alle, die die Fackeln Rom's gebrauchen,
Auf alle Redlichen! — Ach! Kerker, Bande,
Und Schwert und Flammen ſind den Heiligen
Getreuen, den unbeweglichen Bekennern
Des Evangeliums! — Die Grauſamkeit
Der Prieſter ſchont des ſchwächeren Geſchlechts,
Der Kinder nicht! des zarten Jünglings nicht!
Erbarme Dich des namenloſen Elends,
Das Rom und Blutdurſt Deinem Volke drohet!
Erbarme Dich —

Suffolk.
Soll Dein Gemahl, Dein Vater,
Dein Vaterland, ſoll Edward ſelbſt vom Himmel
Vergeblich flehen?

Lady Johanna.
Nein! mein theurer Lord!
Steh auf, mein Guilford! Knie nicht vor mir!
Mein Herz erliegt unter der Gewalt
Der Bitten, die von Deinem holden Munde
So rührend ſchallen! — Nehmet mich, mein Vater;
Nimm, Guilford, mich, macht aus Johanna Gray
Was Euch gefällt!

Sechſte Scene.

Northumberland. Die Vorigen.

Northumberland.
Die Fürſten Albions
Erwarten ſehnlich ihre Königin!
Hat Großmuth endlich über ihre Zweifel
Den Sieg erhalten?

Suffolk.
Ja! ſie hat geſiegt.
Sie gab uns noch die Probe des Gehorſams,
Die ſie uns ſchuldig war!

Northumberland.
Hinfür gebühret es uns
In Deinen Winken unſre Pflicht zu leſen.
Heil Dir, Prinzeſſin, Heil Dir, Enkelin
Von alten Königen, Du ſchönſte Blume
Von York's und Lancaſter's vereintem Stamme!
Durch deren Eifer, unter deren Schutze
Die göttliche Religion der Chriſten
Ihr leuchtend Angeſicht, von ihren Flecken
Gereinigt, ſiegreich über alle Länder
Erheben ſoll! Durch deren klugen Zepter
Geſetz und Freiheit, Fleiß und Ueberfluß
Und Wonne, dieſe ſegenreiche Inſel
Zur Königin der Erde krönen ſollen.
Mein Knie beugt ſich zuerſt, Dir ehrfurchtsvoll
Den Bund der unverletzten Treu zu weihen!
Heil, Ruhm und Glück der Königin Johanna!

Suffolk. Lady Suffolk. Lord Guilford.
Heil, Ruhm und Glück der Königin Johanna!

Northumberland.
Gefällt es Dir, Prinzeſſin, den Senat
Durch Deine Gegenwart zu ehren,
Und von den Edelſten der Briten
Den Eid der Treue zu empfangen?

Denn ſoll das ganze Volk den theuern Namen hören
Der unſern Enkeln heilig bleiben wird!

Lady Johanna.

Ich folge Dir! (Sie bleibt allein.) Geheimnißvolles Schickſal!
Wie ſpielſt du mit den Menſchen! — Dieſe ſchnelle
Verwandlung — Doch ich ſchweige! Höre du,
Der du die Unſchuld dieſes Herzens kennſt,
Die heißen Seufzer meiner bangen Seele!
Häuft dieſer übereilte Tag das Maaß des Gerichts
Auf England's Haupt, iſt dein gerechter Zorn
Noch nicht verſöhnt, und warten neue Plagen,
Sich über dieſes unglückſel'ge Land
Zu ſtürzen? — Gott! So höre mein Gebet!
Verſchone dieſes! Laß auf mich allein
Die Strafe fallen! Mich allein, o Gott!
Für mein geliebtes Volk zum Opfer werden!

(Geht ab.)

Johann Sebaſtian Wieland

war Prediger zu Heilbronn und ſtarb um 1660.

Er ſchrieb:

Der Held von Mitternacht, das iſt der allerdurchlauchtigſte großmächtigſte Fürſt und Herr Guſtavus Adolphus. Heilbronn, 1633.

Ein höchſt mittelmäßiges Heldengedicht.

Ludwig Friedrich Auguſt Wieland,

Sohn von Chriſtoph Martin Wieland, wurde am 28. October 1777 zu Weimar geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung, wurde Doctor der Philoſophie und war von 1809—1811 Bibliothekar des Fürſten Eſterhazy zu Wien. Er lebte dann ſpäter als Privatgelehrter abwechſelnd zu Wien, Weimar und Jena, wo er am 12. December 1819 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Die Familie Schroffenſtein; Trauerſpiel. Zürich, 1803.
Erzählungen; herausgegeben von C. M. Leipzig, 1803—1805. 2 Thle.
Eveline; Drama nach dem Engliſchen. Braunſchw., 1804.
Luſtſpiele. Braunſchweig, 1805.
Die Belagerten; Schauſpiel. Wien, 1814.
Mehrere politiſche Schriften, z. B. der Patriot. Jena, 1808.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

W. hatte von der Natur ſehr glückliche Anlagen erhalten, und würde vorzüglich als politiſcher Schriftſteller Treffliches haben leiſten können, wenn ihm ein längeres Leben Reife und Ruhe geſchenkt hätte. Seine poetiſchen Verſuche ſind dagegen von geringer Bedeutung.

Ludolf Wienbarg

ward 1803 in Altona geboren, ſtudirte zu Kiel und Bonn, erwarb an letzterem Orte die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde und las ein Semeſter lang in Kiel über Aeſthetik und deutſche Literatur. Hierauf ging er nach Frankfurt am Main, um mit Gutzkow die deutſche Revue zu redigiren. Nach der Proſcribirung des Jungen Deutſchlands hielt er ſich am Rhein auf, lebte dann in Hamburg, an der Börſenhalle und anderweitig vielfach literariſch beſchäftigt, und gegenwärtig in Altona, wo er die dortige politiſche Zeitung „den Altonaer Merkur" redigirt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Holland in den Jahren 1831—1832. Hamburg, 1833.
Schilderung von Kopenhagen. Hamburg, 1834.
Tagebuch von Helgoland. Hamburg, 1838.
Aeſthetiſche Feldzüge. Hamburg, 1834.
Die neueſte Literatur. Mannheim, 1835; 2. Aufl. Hamburg, 1838.
Geſchichtliche Vorträge über altdeutſche Sprache und Literatur. Hamburg, 1838.
Die Dramatiker der Jetztzeit. Altona, 1839.
Wanderungen durch den Thierkreis. Hamburg, 1835.
Quadriga. Altona, 1840.
Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Journalen u. ſ. w.

W. hatte ſich früher den Beſtrebungen des ſogenannten jungen Deutſchlands angeſchloſſen, und in dem Sinne dieſer Partei, aber doch ſelbſtändig und faſt ausſchließlich der Kritik ſich zuwendend, gewirkt. Jetzt iſt er von dieſen Männern derjenige, der ſich und ſeiner Sache am treueſten geblieben, indem er überhaupt von vorn herein nur die Sache ſelbſt im Auge hatte und ſich nie dazu hergab, ſich durch gehäſſige Perſönlichkeiten Geltung bei der Menge zu verſchaffen. Er beſitzt ſeltenen Scharfſinn, Klarheit, Reichthum der Gedanken, Feinheit und eine große Eleganz, Anmuth und Gewandtheit der Darſtellung. Seine äſthetiſchen Kritiken werden daher noch bleibenden Werth behalten, wenn andere ähnliche, aber ſeinem Weſen keineswegs wirklich verwandte Beſtrebungen längſt vergeſſen ſind.

Goethe und die Welt-Literatur.*)

Wir machen ein Gebot an die junge Production und an die junge Kritik unſerer Zeit, das Moſes und die Propheten — Leſſing, Herder, Goethe und Schiller in ſich befaßt, das nämlich, ſich auf den Standpunkt der heutigen Welt-Literatur aufzuſchwingen.

Das Wort iſt ein Wort Goethe's und zugleich ein prophetiſcher Blick Goethe's, der mit halbgeſchloſſenem, ſchlummerloſem und doch ſo weitſichtigem Auge in die anbrechende große Literatur-Bewegung der Völker hineinſah. Es iſt wahr, der Alte machte in ſeinen alten Tagen viele kahlköpfige Wörter, viele ſpröde, drechslerne Zuſammenſetzungen — dem Alter gehen nicht nur die Haarwurzeln aus, ſondern auch die lebendigen Wortwurzeln. Aber als er jenes Wort verkündete, taufte er ein Weltenkind auf den einzig ihm gebührenden Namen. Idee und Wort hat er uns gleichſam zum Vermächtniß hinterlaſſen. Wäre das Wort für Naturphiloſophie noch nicht erfunden, ſo müßte man es herbeiſchaffen; ebenſo das Wort der Welt-Literatur.

Der Alte — wir lieben ihn ſo zu nennen, wie das Volk Friedrich den Großen den alten Fritz — ſtand auf einer hohen Warte, und ſah bald behaglichen, bald bekümmerten Blickes die Keime, die er in Zeit und Literatur ausgeſchüttet, bei den Nachbarvölkern aufgehen. Er las Manzoni, Byron, Victor Hugo, engliſche und franzöſiſche Journale, ſchüttelte manchmal das ehrliche Haupt als Miniſter, wenn er den Verein ſo verwegen revolutionäre Grundſätze bekennen hörte, glühte aber noch öfter, wenn ihn der Hauch eines ſeiner eigenen Jugend ſo verwandten Genius berührte und um des Alters Ohnmacht täuſchte. Er erlebte die Anerkennung des Auslandes, und vielleicht lag in dieſer ſchmeichelhaften Thatſache ein Grund mehr für ihn, ſich in gutes, wenn auch einſeitig artiſtiſches Verſtändniß mit der jungen Literatur des Auslandes zu ſetzen, ein Verſtändniß, das Ludwig Tieck ſo ſehr vermiſſen läßt. Frohe Hoffnungen vom Wechſelverkehr der Literaturen, ihrem günſtigen Einfluß auf einander und endlicher Verſchmelzung zu einer großen Welt-Literatur erfüllten ſeine Bruſt, und er hatte keine Ahnung von dem ſchauerlichen Nachteulengekrächze, das Tieck über ſeinem Grabe erhoben hat.

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*) Aus Wienbarg's: „Die neueſte Literatur." Mannheim, 1835.

Goethe war der geborenſte Protektor der jungen Welt-Literatur, wie Tieck ihr gemachteſter Widerſacher. Das wollen wir beweiſen.

Mag man ſagen, Goethe hat die moderne Poeſie entadelt, weil er ihr den Gehalt der Begeiſterung entzog, ſie zu miniſteriell, zu vornehm, zu behaglich behandelte und das Götterroß vor den Wagen der gemeinen Alltäglichkeit, ja vor den Leichenwagen der geſellſchaftlichen Entartung ſpannte — dieſes ſind nicht allein neueſte Vorwürfe der Bewegungsmänner wie Menzel's und Börne's, ſondern bereits alte Vorwürfe der Romantiker, durch Novalis-Hardenberg gegen ihn ausgeſprochen. Das Wahre davon iſt, daß er nur zu treu ſeiner Neigung und ſeinem Grundſatze Folge leiſtete, wonach ihm die *Muſe nur als Begleiterin, nicht als Leiterin des Lebens* erſchien.

Man muß bedauern, und wohl Niemand hat dieſes ſchmerzlicher empfunden, als er ſelbſt, daß die höchſte Potenz des Lebens, das nationale Leben, zur Zeit ſeiner Jugend- und Mannesjahre völlig erloſchen war in deutſchen Landen; man muß bedauern, daß das geſellſchaftliche äſthetiſch-ſittliche Leben ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen unwürdig war ſeines großen dichteriſchen Genius; man kann ſogar in dieſem Betracht die Poeſieloſigkeit eines Wilhelm Meiſter, der Wahlverwandtſchaften u. ſ. w. eben ſo thatſächlich nennen, als die Poeſieloſigkeit jener ſocialen Zuſtände, denen dieſe Dichtungen entkeimten — aber den Grundſatz muß man ſtehen laſſen und ſeine Neigung darf man nicht ſchelten. Dieſer Grundſatz iſt der Stern in der Nacht der Poeſie, Goethe's Werke ſind Magnetnadeln, die nach dieſem Polarſtern hindeuten. Poeſie und Leben ſind Inſeparabeln, das Weibchen härmt ſich todt, wenn das Männchen von ihm getrennt. Wer die Poeſie vom Leben trennt, trennt das Leben von der Poeſie. Dieſen Goethe'ſchen Grundſatz nennen wir das große Goethe'ſche Samenkorn, ausgeſtreut in die Literaturen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts, ſo lange kritiſch-polemiſch wuchernd, in liebender Sehnſucht keimend, in zürnender Ungeduld drängend, bis es herausſchlägt an den hellen Tag und die Welt mit ungeahnter Schönheit überraſcht.

Eben in Folge dieſes Grundſatzes bemerken wir heutigen Tages eine allgemeine Suspenſion der Poeſie. Die Zuſtände, die zu Goethe's Zeit noch eben vorhielten, ſind gänzlich verbraucht, ſo daß man nur die nackten Nothnägel und Eiſenklammer der Pietät und der Gewohnheit zu ſehen bekommt. Die Verwitterung iſt allgemein und die einſamen Sträuchlein und Blümlein, die hie und da aus dem Schutt herauswachſen, ſind Elegieen auf den Verfall der mittelaltrigen Größe und verbreiten die ſchwermüthigen Gerüche der Kerzen, die am Sarge einer Leiche flackern. Das junge Leben iſt gehemmt, und muß einen großen Theil ſeiner Kräfte im offenſiven und defenſiven Kampf gegen die Zähigkeiten und Widerſtände des alten verbrauchen. Daraus reſultirt die kritiſch-negative Richtung unſerer Zeit, die noch immer einen überwiegenden Moment der Literatur bildet und die frühern Geſtaltungen anathemiſirt, ohne mehr als ihr künftiges religiöſes Creditiv vorzeigen zu können. Die Poeſie, die nur das Geſtaltete liebt und aus dieſem Gehalt und Stoff zu neuen Geſtaltungen entlehnt, iſt gränzenlos unglücklich, und im Begriff, an ſich ſelber zu verzweifeln. Zwangsweiſe iſt ſie vermählt worden mit einem abgelebten Greiſe, deſſen Bett ſie entſprang, um den jungen Gegenſtand ihrer Sehnſucht aufzuſuchen. Wo findet ſie ihn? Sie weiß es nicht. Mit verwildertem Haar und aufgelöſtem Gewande irrt ſie umher, wie Sulamith im hohen Liede. Sie fragt die Hirten auf dem Felde und das gemeine Volk nach ihrem Freunde, nach dem Geliebten ihrer Seele. Und die Wächter der königlichen Weingärten ſchlagen ſie, und wiſſen nicht, daß ſie ihre künftige Königin ſchlagen. Und bei Nacht ſitzt ſie auf in ihrem Kämmerlein und lauſcht nach dem Fußtritte und der Stimme ihres Geliebten. Und im Traum lächelt ſie und glaubt ihn zu küſſen, und wenn ſie erwacht und die Augen aufſchlägt, zerrauft ſie ſich das Haar und iſt allein. Ach, ſie iſt viel unglücklicher als die Sulamith des hohen Liedes. Sie hat ihn nie geſehen, den ihre Seele liebt, und kann doch nicht von ihm laſſen.

In ihrer Verzweiflung iſt Ludwig Tieck ihr genaht, ironiſch lächelnd, mit ſilberhaarigem Nacken, einen vergifteten Pfeil in den Augen, hinter ſich den geſtiefelten Kater, den bekannten ältern Bruder von Hoffmanns Kater Murr. Du biſt toll geworden, lispelt er ihr ins Ohr. Du vergifteſt dein adliches Blut durch eine gemeine Leidenſchaft, du läufſt einem wilden wüſten Geſellen nach, der ſich gar nicht um dich kümmert. Du liebſt; das iſt abgeſchmackt. Die Poeſie iſt da, um ſich lieben zu laſſen, ſie ſelber liebt Niemand außer ſich ſelbſt. Sie bedarf Niemandes und iſt allgenugſam gleich Gott. Das ſiehſt du an mir, Ludwig Tieck, der ich in Dresden alljährig zwei Novellen ſchreibe, die durchraucht ſind von Poeſie. Aus Ironie und Humor deſtillire ich den feinſten poetiſchen Parfüm, und habe noch genug davon, um hundert Novellen damit anzuſprengen. — Die Poeſie hörte ihn nicht. Sie ſchaudert vor der Tieck'ſchen Ironie und vor dem Tieck'ſchen Humor. Vernichtung und Wahnſinn ſind ihr lieber, als dieſe greiſen Ungethüme. Es giebt keine Schmerzen und keine Erniedrigung, die ſie nicht vorzöge dem glänzendſten Looſe, das ihr die wolluſtige Greiſenohnmacht bieten könnte. Spielt ſie nicht die klägliche Rolle, iſt ihr Diadem nicht zerbrochen, ihr Schleier nicht zerriſſen, ihr Herz nicht geſpalten, iſt ſie nicht ſehr unglücklich? Und dennoch, womit kann Tieck ihre Liebe, wenn ſie auch unſinnig, ihre Hoffnungen, wenn ſie auch eitel, oder auch nur ihren Schmerz aufwiegen?

Ich wollte zeigen, daß Goethe der natürlichſte Protektor, Tieck der gemachteſte Gegner der neuen Literaturrichtung ſei, in welcher Goethe die Symptome einer künftigen Welt-Literatur erkannte. Freilich würde Goethe ſich gewaltig ſträuben gegen die ihm zugedachte Ehre, ſobald wir ihm auch den Einfluß aller Conſequenzen aufzubürden gedächten. Aber hier iſt auch nur vom Prinzip im Großen und vom Einfluß im Allgemeinen die Rede. Hat doch Goethe ſelbſt über ſeine jugendlichen Produktionen den Stab gebrochen und namentlich den Fauſt auf die kühlſte Weiſe verläugnet und ſich halb zum Verbrechen angerechnet, daß er einmal in ſeiner Jugend ſo tollkühn war, das Feuer der Poeſie vom Himmel zu holen und ſo unvorſichtig, mit der lodernden Flamme dem dürren Holz des Lebens zu nahe zu kommen. Aber Europa's Jugend ließ ſich nicht irre machen durch des ängſtlichen Meiſters Vertuſchung. Sie berief ſich von Goethe dem alten auf Goethe den jungen, von dem Miniſter Goethe auf Goethe — Prometheus. Gerade in dieſer Production, von unüberſehbarer Wirkung auf Leben und Literatur, machte die ſeit Shakſpeare's Tode zaghafte Poeſie ihrem Buſen Luft und offenbarte ihr ſtürmiſches Verlangen nach Vermählung mit der wirklichen Welt. Das war eine Thorheit, eine Phantaſterei von ihr in den ſiebziger Jahren des vorigen Jahrhunderts. Als Goethe ſie wirklich vermählte mit den wirklichen Komödianten, Adlichen und Philiſtern Deutſchlands, da wußte ſie ſich nicht zu laſſen vor Angſt und flüchtete ſich in die Seele der armen fremden Mignon und klagte ihr unſägliches Weh dem alten blinden Harfenſpieler, der wie Shakſpeare's zürnender Schatten, Geſpenſt des Goethe'ſchen Gewiſſens, finſter und traurig in Wilhelm Meiſters Lehrjahren umſchleicht. Iſt es euch nicht immer aufgeſtoßen als Räthſel und ganz befremdlicher Widerſpruch, daß dieſes ſüße tiefpoetiſche Kind ſich an den poeſieloſeſten Kaufmannsſohn hängen und für ihn eine heftig ſchmerzliche krankhaft-ſehnſüchtige Liebesneigung empfinden kann? Laßt euch aus dem Traum helfen. Dieſer Wilhelm Meiſter iſt dasjenige Geſchöpf, das übrig bleibt von einem der größten Sterblichen, wenn ihm die ſchaffende Seele der Poeſie genommen. Dieſe Seele haucht er Mignon ein, die als eine geiſterhafte Erſcheinung aus dem Lande der Poeſie herüberſchwebt, um ihren abtrünnigen Körper, den Wilhelm, zurückzulocken in die romantiſche Heimath. Mignon, die das ewige Lied der Sehnſucht ſingt, daß ſie auf ſein brutales Verlangen in guter Geſellſchaft repetiren und profaniren muß, Mignon, die er nicht von ganzem Herzen umfaſſen und lieben darf, ohne ſein eignes Treiben zu verachten, und den Roman abgeſchmackt zu finden, deſſen Held er iſt, Mignon, deren Herz bricht über ſeine vornehmen Liebeleien und die erſt im Tode, in ihrem weißen Kleide, eine weiße Roſe auf der Bruſt, ſein Gemüth erſchüttert und den vollen Gedanken an ihre Unerſetzbarkeit aufregt. Es wäre aber leicht zu zeigen, daß Goethe faſt in allen ſeinen Dramen und Romanen einer Mignon, einer Jungfrau die Seele der Poeſie einhaucht und das Märtyrerthum der Poeſie überträgt. Selten ſind die Männer, Gegenſtände ihrer Liebe und Aufopferung, derſelben werth. Freilich iſt Menzel, der ſonſt ſo kluge Menzel, überall in Goethe ſo verirrt, daß er ihm in dieſer Hinſicht den Vorwurf wolluſtiger Grauſamkeit macht, durch welche von ihm das edelſte weibliche Weſen zur Sclavin männlicher Rohheit erniedrigt werde. Aber wir können unmöglich einen Geſichtspunkt theilen, der ein hohes Genie ſo fratzenhaft zuſammenſchrumpfen macht und uns vom Koloſſe nur die blödverkürzten Beine zeigt. Wir bekennen uns zu einer ganz verſchiedenen Anſicht und wiederholen dieſelbe, indem wir uns alſo faſſen: Goethe erniedrigte die Poeſie, indem er ſie zur Begleiterin der Trivialität machte. In dieſem Verſtand hatte Novalis recht zu äußern: man weiß nicht recht, wer ſich mehr darüber zu beklagen, ob der Adel, daß er zur Poeſie gerechnet wird, oder die Poeſie, daß ſie zum Adel geboren ſoll. Hätte denn nicht aber Goethe mit viel leichterer Mühe der Poeſie in Deutſchland einen erhabenen Charakter andichten können, ihr Heldenliebhaber und fabelhafte Ideenprinzen andichten können? In dieſem Fall, das muß man einräumen, wäre Goethe nicht Goethe geblieben, das Schickſal hätte ſich an ihm vergriffen, als es ſeiner einzigen Naivetät den Wendepunkt einer Literatur-Epoche anvertraute, wir beſäßen zwei Schiller, ſtatt einem, und die ſociale Literatur wäre allem Anſehen nach um Scott und Byron, Heine und Bulwer, Hugo und Jules Janin, ihre großen und kleinen, jetzigen und künftigen Deſtinesſchriftſteller gekommen. Goethe dichtete keine Helden, keine große Charaktere, er ſchilderte ſeine Zeitgenoſſen. Shakſpeare die ſeinigen. Welch ein Unterſchied! Heus! quid vir viro praestat. „Shakſpeare, ruft Goethe einmal aus, lebte zur würdigen und wichtigen Zeit und ſtellt ihre Bildung, ja Verbildung mit großer Heiterkeit dar; ja er würde nicht ſo ſehr auf uns wirken, wenn er ſich nicht ſeiner lebendigen Zeit gleichgeſtellt hätte. Niemand hat das materielle Coſtüm mehr verachtet, als er; er kennt recht gut das innere Menſchen-Coſtüm, und hierin gleichen ſich alle. Man ſagt, er habe die Römer vortrefflich dargeſtellt; ich finde es nicht; es ſind lauter eingefleiſchte Engländer, aber freilich Menſchen ſind es, Menſchen von Grund aus und denen paßt wohl die römiſche Toga." — Und gegen einen obſcuren deutſchen Recenſenten, der bedauerlich von der Armſeligkeit der Deutſchen an vortrefflichen claſſiſchen Werken genäſelt, bedient er ſich folgender denkwürdigen Worte, die wir allen Verkennern Goethe's als goldenen Schlüſſel zum endlichen Verſtändniß in die Hand geben und die doch endlich dem moraliſch-politiſchen Geſchwätz über ihn das Maul ſtopfen mögen: „Wann und wo entſteht ein claſſiſcher Nationalautor? Wenn er in der Geſchichte ſeiner Nation große Begebenheiten und ihre Folgen in einer glücklichen bedeutenden Einheit vorfindet; wenn er in den Geſinnungen ſeiner Landsleute Größe, in ihren Empfindungen Tiefe und in ihren Handlungen Stärke und Conſequenz nicht vermißt u. ſ. w."

Welche von dieſen Eigenſchaften, die den National-Autor bilden, traf Goethe unter ſeinen Landsleuten? Verhüllen wir uns die Augen und ſeufzen: keine. Das mußte die arme Poeſie entgelten. Goethe opferte das Himmelskind als Iphigenie, als Gretchen, Klärchen, Mignon, Ottilie, ja ſelbſt als Eleonore in Taſſo, die tiefer und tragiſcher leidet als ihr Dichter, weil ſie ſtill leidet. In allen dieſen weiblichen Geſtalten ſiehſt du die gekreuzigte Poeſie mit der Dornenkrone auf dem Haupte. Und werden deutſche Frauen darob ſtaunen oder klagen, daß Goethe an Individuen ihres Geſchlechts die Leidensgeſchichte einer Gottheit figurirt? Leidet denn nicht das deutſche Weib an unſern Erbärmlichkeiten? Habt ihr niemals die leidende Poeſie am Kreuz der Ehe erblickt oder hinter den grünen Myrthen ihres Brautkranzes ihre Dornenkrone nicht geſehen? — Unbegreifliche Liebe, myſtiſche Ueberwindung der Schmerzen, die ihr der feige Speer der Rohheit bereitet, Aufopferung bis zum Tode, und ihr Ziel, Erlöſung — ohne Anſehen. —

Gegen den Hingang des großen Naturdichters, deſſen Geſellſchaftsdichtungen ſo peinlich wie die Geſellſchaft ſelber, gegen den Hingang desjenigen, der mit Sophokles und Shakſpeare aus einem Becher Unſterblichkeit trank, offenbarte ſich jenes, durch Welthandel und Weltkriege allerdings vorbereitete, aber dennoch ſtaunenswerthe und an Zauberei ſtreifende Phänomen einer beginnenden Welt-Literatur, das wir in ſeiner Unmittelbarkeit jetzt näher ins Auge faſſen wollen. Auf einmal nämlich und faſt gleichzeitig erlitten die beiden modernen Haupt-Literaturen Europa's, die engliſche und die franzöſiſche, ſichtbar von Deutſchland aus, revolutionaire Stöße, die in Frankreich eine hergebrachte altnationale Aeſthetik erſchütterten und in England die, man kann wohl ſagen, ſeit Shakſpeare erſteiften und gelähmten Fittige der Poeſie in neuen Aufſchwung verſetzten.

In dieſen Worten liegen eben ſo viele Wunder. Die gedankenreichſte und fruchtbarſte aller Poeſieen, die religiöſe Weltpoeſie oder poetiſche Weltreligion Shakſpeare's lag gegen zweihundert Jahre todt, ehe ſie zugleich mit der aufblühenden deutſchen Literatur ins Leben trat — in England und Frankreich ſcheint ſie ſogar überhaupt ohne unmittelbaren Einfluß geblieben zu ſein. Und dieſe deutſche Poeſie, das Kind der Verborgenheit, der Schmach, der Erniedrigung ſieht ſich noch bei Lebzeiten ihres Königs und hauptſächlich in deſſen Perſon, zu einem höchſt bedeutenden Einfluß auf zwei Hauptvölker Europa's gelangt, zu einem Einfluß, deſſen Lebhaftigkeit und nachhaltige Wirkung unmittelbar außerordentliche Reſultate bezeichnen. Das Staunen wächſt, wenn man in Erwägung zieht, daß die genannten Völker, ſcharf ausgeprägt in ihrer nationalen Beſonderheit, ja faſt entgegengeſetzt und feindlich ſeit Jahrhunderten, beide ſtolz und eitel auf alte glänzende Literaturen, auf Namen, die durch alle Erdtheile erſchollen, ihren eiferſüchtigen Stolz vereinigten zu beiderſeitiger Verachtung der Deutſchen und der bärenhäuteriſchen deutſchen Literatur. Und nun mußte ſich der Fall ereignen, daß die Landsleute des Shakſpeare abhorrescirenden Voltaire bei den plumpen Deutſchen in die Schule gingen und nach begriffenem ABC der Poeſie zur Einſicht kamen, daß ihr angebeteter Arouet nicht würdig, Shakſpeare die Schuhriemen aufzulöſen — daß die Engländer, gründlichſte Verächter alles Deutſchen, nach und nach hinter der eclatanten Regeneration ihrer alt und runzlich gewordenen Glanzliteratur, die anfing, ihnen die größte Langeweile zu machen, deutſche Köpfe auftauchen ſahen, und wider ihren Willen, bei noch fortwährendem Sträuben, ſich zu Dank und Anerkennung gezwungen fühlten. Gehört dieſe Thatſache, dieſe Wirklichkeit, die den beſcheidenen Deutſchen über ihre kühnſten Dichterträume hinauslag, nicht zu den Außerordentlichkeiten der Weltgeſchichte, ſo kenne ich keine andere.

Sehen wir uns nach einer Erklärung dieſes Räthſels um, ſo möchten wir wohl am liebſten uns an die Quelle wenden, in welche ſich dem Schein nach hauptſächlich der junge Weltſtrom der Literatur zurückzieht, an Goethe. In der That hat Goethe im ſechſten Bande ſeiner nachgelaſſenen Schriften zu einer ſolchen Erklärung ausdrückliche Hoffnung gemacht; wie es ſcheint, aber ohne ernſthafte Abſicht, ſich über einige theils ſehr allgemeine und äußerliche, theils ſehr beſondere und zufällige Bemerkungen einzulaſſen. Man kennt die Schwäche des großen Mannes, das ängſtlich wunderliche Abwehrungsſyſtem, das er ſich in ſeinem Alter und ſeiner Stellung zur Pflicht machte. Er ſah auf den Grund, wie keiner; aber es beliebte ihm ſehr oft, rechtgläubig die Augen zuzumachen, als ſähe er nichts, oder nur das Oberflächlichſte und Nächſte. Allein die Schuhu in Deutſchland irren ſich, wenn ſie glauben, der alte Goethe habe aus ihren Augen geſehen. Wann und ſo oft er den hellen Stern ſeines Auges aufſchlug, war es ein Falkenblick in Gegenwart und Zukunft.

So behagte ihm, die erwähnte wunderſame Literaturbewegung nur mit den Augen des Dichters, des Kritikers, des gebildeten Literaturfreundes aufzufaſſen, die tiefer zu Grunde liegende äſthetiſche ſociale Bewegung aber von dem Kreiſe ſeiner Betrachtungen auszuſchließen. In dieſer Art ſprach er mit Enthuſiasmus von den Verdienſten und Leiſtungen Byrons, und fügte dann in der Regel ſein Bedauern hinzu, daß „der geniale Dichter durch leidenſchaftliche Lebensweiſe und inneres Mißbehagen ſeinen Freunden den reizenden Genuß an ſeinem hohen Daſein einigermaßen verkümmere." Bei Gelegenheit einer Anzeige Manfred's äußert er, „dieſer ſeltſame geiſtreiche Dichter hat meinen Fauſt in ſich aufgenommen und hypochondriſch die ſeltſamſte Nahrung daraus geſogen." Das iſt ſo ganz der Alte. —

Setzen wir alles voraus, was poſiti[illegible] vorauszuſetzen, Handel, Reiſen, Kriege, Studium der S[illegible], periodiſche Literatur und übrige äußerliche Commun[illegible]nsmittel zwiſchen den Völkern, ſo fehlt doch noch immer [illegible] anderes Element, was ſo außerordentliche Wirkungen des Geiſtes auf den Geiſt erſt möglich machen mußte. Man vergleiche nicht den Einfluß der griechiſchen Literatur auf die römiſche, der allerdings nur durch Genie und Bildung vermittelt wurde. Dieſer Einfluß war ein todter und brachte todte Kunſtwerke hervor. Er hatte nichts geſchichtlich Organiſches. Wir ſind genöthigt, für die tiefſte und lebendigſte literariſche Wechſelwirkung unſerer Zeit das Princip eines geſchichtlichen Zuſammenhanges aufzufinden, und etwa ein geiſtig regſames Ideenfluidum vorauszuſetzen, das die Welt durchſtrömt und in deſſen Aether die Nationalitäten gleich wie die Literaturen ſich begegnen und durchkreuzen, gleich Handelsſchiffen auf dem Weltmeer; wir müſſen annehmen, daß derſelbe Geiſt, welchem die deutſche Literatur ihr iſolirtes fremdartiges Daſein verdankte, auch in Nachbarländern ſeine lebendige Kraft äußere, und dort ſchon, wenn auch unerkannt und unbemerkt, verbreitet geweſen, als die deutſche Literatur ihre Wunder zu wirken anfing.

Es iſt ſonderbar, wenn der Weltgeiſt den Menſchen etwas offenbaren will, ſo flüſtert er es zuerſt den Deutſchen in's Ohr, und dieſe machen ein Religionsſyſtem, eine Philoſophie, eine Literatur daraus. Die Denker und Dichter der deutſchen Nation fühlten von jeher den Drang und die Kühnheit, ſich als nackte Gedanken vor den Weltgeiſt zu ſtellen, und ihm auf die naiveſte Weiſe ſeine Geheimniſſe abzufragen. Franzoſen und Engländer verlangten ſo hohe Dinge nicht. Sie begnügten ſich mit den praktiſchen Ergebniſſen und dem verſtändig ſinnlichen Zuſammenleben in der Geſellſchaft. Allein da jedem Leben, das ſich erneuern und fortpflanzen ſoll, eine höhere Idee zu Grunde liegen muß, von der allein dieſe ſchöpferiſchen Acte ausgehen, ſo mußte auch durch die franzöſiſche und engliſche Geſchichte ein höherer Geiſt unſichtbar hinausſchen — und dieſes Geiſtes träumeriſche Geburtsſtätte waren die hohen ſäuſelnden Gipfel des germaniſchen Eichenwaldes. Ohne die deutſche Reformation — das darf man kühn behaupten, gäbe es für England keinen Shakſpeare, für Frankreich keinen Rouſſeau und — Robespierre. Daß man ſich Shakſpeare nur als Proteſtant vorſtellen könne, hat Goethe klar und ſchön bewieſen. Daß aber die Vorläufer der franzöſiſchen Revolution und dieſe Revolution ſelbſt, den weſentlichen Charakter der Antikatholicität tragen, darf eben ſo wenig in Abrede geſtellt werden. Die franzöſiſche Revolution, ſchrieben wir vor kurzem, iſt die in Frankreich zurückgetretene Reformation, die einſt gewaltſam zum Durchbruch gelangte deutſche Reformation, mit allen ihren Folgen: Paraliſirung des Adels und der Kirche, Hyperſthenie des reinen Königthums (Napoleon — Louis Philipp, der unumſchränkter herrſcht, als ſein Vorgänger).

Ziehen wir aber die ausführende Hand von letzterer Bemerkung zurück, um ſogleich auf eine Deutſchland eigenthümliche innerlich geiſtige Wirkung der Reformation zu kommen. Unmittelbar ſchuf ſie Orthodoxe, Schwärmer, Religionsdiſpute, Hexenproceſſe, den abſcheulichen dreißigjährigen Krieg, ein verödetes Leben, eine geiſtloſe geiſtliche Literatur. Bis gegen die Mitte des vorigen Jahrhunderts hat ſie nichts als Uebel angeſtiftet. Allein um dieſe Zeit ſtreifte ſie die ſchwarzen, ſchweren ungethümlichen Schuppen von ſich ab: und ſiehe da, nicht Luther der Mönch, ſondern der genuine Deutſche kam zum Vorſchein, der Deutſche, der ſeine Prüfungsſchule in Heidenthum, Papſtthum und Lutherthum redlich durchgemacht, und, obwohl ſeit den Cheruskerkriegen und Herrmannsſchlachten leiblich verkürzt und um einige Kopf kleiner geworden, an geiſtigen Dimenſionen um ein erhebliches gewachſen war. Nun traten die intereſſanteſten Zuſtände ein. Dem glücklich entzückten Deutſchen ſchien alles, was ſeine Hand berührte, jung, friſch und eben aus der Hand des Schöpfers entlaſſen. Winkelmann rieb ſich die Augen und entdeckte die Schönheit der Kunſtantike mit dem ſchwärmenden Blick eines Liebhabers. Klopſtock, in eine gewiſſe abſtracte Idealität der germaniſch-chriſtlichen Periode emporgerückt, ließ die Deutſchen über ſeinem Meſſias poetiſche Chriſtenthränen weinen. Herder, Humanus, las, durch Leſſing angeleitet, in der abgeſtäubten Weltgeſchichte eine mannichfaltige ſich an Zeiten, Völkern, Individuen bethätigende Offenbarung Gottes, ſtufenweiſe zur Veredlung des menſchlichen Geſchlechtes, zum Bewußtſein menſchlicher Würde, zur Humanität emporleitend. Wieland, vom geprüften Abraham zum neuen Amadis übergehend, flog von Blüthe zu Blüthe. Goethe ſtürzte ſich Shakſpeare in die Arme, der erſte Menſch der ihn erkannte, und etwas ſchuf, worin ſein Genius waltete. Alle Zeiten und Nationalitäten kamen zur Anſchauung, Sprachſtudien führten unmittelbar zur Quelle, Ueberſetzungen entſchädigten die Menge. Keine Dicht- und Denkungsweiſe blieb unſern Deutſchen fremd. Das eine Volk der Deutſchen ward ein viel völkeriſches und legte einen frommen Cultus der Literaturen an. Moderne und antike, morgenländiſche und abendländiſche Gottheiten verſammelten ſich in unſerm Hain, und die Gebrüder Schlegel ſchlachteten ganze große kritiſche Hecatomben und ſchrieben Literatur-Geſchichte mit derſelben Andacht, wie Winkelmann Kunſtgeſchichte. Der Deutſche ſchöpfte aus den heiligen Bächen aller Nationalpoeſie mit der kriſtallnen Opferſchaale der Humanität. Und nichts ſchien den Genuß zu trüben. Kein Bodenſatz eigener Nationalität befleckte die reingewaſchene Schaale und gab dem Göttertrank den widerwärtig antinationalen Beigeſchmack. Alles ſchmeckte göttlich und das goldene Zeitalter ſchien hereingebrochen.

Allein, der Schein trog. Bedenkliche Symptome offenbarten ſich frühzeitig, und juſt die größten Geiſter wurden von ihnen befallen. Herder's erhabne Stirn verfinſterte ſich. Er ſchaute über ſein Buch hin und ſuchte auch in der Gegenwart die göttliche Bildkraft, die ſich ihm erſchloſſen in der Vergangenheit! und er fand nicht, was er ſuchte und ſtarb in Mißmuth. Düſter zog ſich dieſelbe Wolke um Goethe's Stirn, und ward eine ſchwüle Wetterwolke, in der Werther empfangen wurde, und aus deren tieferem Dunkel die mephiſtopheliſchen Blitze und der erhabene Donner des Fauſt ſich entwickelten. Schiller ließ die Räuber los. Im Schwarzwalde der Poeſie ward es ſehr bedenklich und unſicher.

Indem ſich nun in dieſen wildſchönen außerordentlichen Dichtungen der Drang nach ausgefüllterer Gegenwart und nach Zuſammenhang zwiſchen Poeſie und Leben darthat, nützte ſich eben dieſes Leben immer mehr ab. Schiller, deſſen Herzlichkeit die Oede deſſelben unerträglich fiel, ſuchte Täuſchung und fand ſie in ſeinen bewunderten und bewundernswürdigen idealen Dichtungen und philoſophiſchen Charakterdramen. Goethe hielt es aus — wir ſehen, in welcher Art. Die Romantiker aber, Dichter, welche daſſelbe Gefühl der Leere nach erſtem Rauſche ergriff, die aber nicht die Kraft hatten, ſei's ſich ſtolz zu erheben, wie Schiller, oder zu ertragen wie Goethe, dieſe machten aus der Poeſie ein myſteriöſes, wunderſames, unerhörtes Etwas, das zwiſchen Himmel und Erde hing wie ein kaum ſichtbares phantaſtiſches Spinnegewebe, in deſſen Mittelpunkt ſie ſich ſelbſt verſetzten als ironiſche Kreuzſpinnen, dickbauchig, langbeinig, ekelhaft. Das war eine klägliche und zugleich tückiſche, undeutſche Poeſie, weil ſie gar kein Herz, keinen Ernſt und keinen Glauben hatte, und doch mit Allem ſchönthat. Jean Paul hatte nichts mit ihr gemein; und ſelbſt Hoffmann ſo viel Ehrlichkeit vor ihr voraus, daß er doch an ſeine eigenen Geſpenſter glaubte.

Wir trauen dem Leſer zu, daß er unſern Zweck, einen Wendepunkt im Leben der Völker zunächſt an den Aeußerungen deutſcher Literatur darzulegen, nicht aus den Augen gelaſſen hat. Konnte dieſes auch nur durch einen reißenden Ueberblick und flüchtig gewagte Andeutungen geſchehen, und mußte ſogar eine außerordentlich bedeutſame Reihe, die philoſophiſche, gänzlich übergangen werden, ſo glauben wir die Hauptmomente doch faßlich genug hervorgehoben zu haben, worauf es ankam, um die analogen Beziehungen der deutſchen Literatur an die Literaturen des Auslandes nachzuweiſen.

Aehnliche Urſachen bringen ähnliche Wirkungen hervor; ähnliche ſittliche und geſellſchaftliche Zuſtände ähnliche Literaturen. Doch wiederholt ſich nichts in der Welt auf dieſelbe Weiſe; am wenigſten im freiſten und geiſtigſten aller Gebiete, dem der Literatur.

Für dieſen Aufſatz wäre es unzuläſſig alle die Wahrzeichen anzugeben, welche es dem aufmerkſamen Beobachter der Zeit zur Gewißheit machen, daß mit Engländern, Franzoſen und andern Völkern allmählig dieſelbe Verwandlung vorgegangen, aus welcher unſere Literatur ihren obenbezeichneten Urſprung nahm. Eine gewiſſe Ausübung im Poſitiven, Hiſtoriſchen, bei Erweiterung des nationalen Geſichtskreiſes und Würdigung des Allgemein menſchlichen, das gemeinſame Beſtrebungen der Völker wünſchenswerth macht, das ſind wohl die weſentlichen Grundzüge der modernen Völkerſtimmung, aus denen die Völker-Literatur, oder die Welt-Literatur emporblühen wird. Und darin ſehe ich ihren Zuſammenhang mit der deutſchen Literatur als einen nationalen Typus, der ſich in ihnen wiederholt, nach Unterſchied der Zeiten und Nationen. Den hiſtoriſchen Roman hat Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen bereits vor fünfzig Jahren in Deutſchland hervorgerufen, und noch lebt in Hamburg, alt und dürftig, jener Veit Weber, den Walter Scott ſich bei ſeinen erſten Productionen zum Muſter nahm. Ob ein Heine mehr durch Byron angeregt worden, als Byron durch Goethe, iſt eine um ſo müſſigere Frage, als Fauſt, Manfred, Don Juan, Reiſebilder aus einer und derſelben Quelle gefloſſen, und denſelben rebelliſchen Geiſt der Kraft und Freiheit athmen, der ſich noch tauſendfältig wiederholen und ſich erſt unter Thaten der Schönheit verlieren wird. Auf der andern Seite tritt auch der Verſuch hervor, das wirkliche Leben in Roman und Novelle darzuſtellen, und den Geiſt der Zeit in dramatiſchen Charakterbildern auf die Bühne zu bringen; jene analytiſchen Geſellſchaftsromane werden den Hauptzweig der Literatur ausmachen und die hiſtoriſchen Romane gänzlich verbannen. Welche Rolle die Poeſie in dieſen kühnen, unbarmherzigen Sitten und Charakterſchilderungen unſerer Zeitgenoſſen ſpielen muß, iſt bereits von uns angedeutet worden. Der ächt poetiſche Roman wartet auf das ächt poetiſche Leben, um wie viel mehr das Drama.

Wir verzichten aber auf näheres Einlaſſen und ſind zufrieden, wenn wir den Blick irgend eines jungen Talents nach der Weltregion der Literatur hingewendet haben. Die jetzige deutſche Literatur ſoll ſich der Rückwirkungen nicht ſchämen, welche ſie von Seiten der franzöſiſchen und engliſchen empfangt. Für ſelbſtſtändige volksthümliche Ausbildung thun ſich demungeachtet erfreuliche Hoffnungen auf. So viel iſt aber gewiß, die Wechſelwirkung zwiſchen den Literaturen des Erdbodens kann nur wachſen und inniger werden, mit dem ſtets wachſenden brüderlichen Bund der Völker.

Eine beſtimmte Literatur, z. B. die deutſche, in ihrem lebendigen Verhältniſſe zu den übrigen thätigen Literaturen der Epoche, alſo namentlich zur franzöſiſchen und engliſchen auffaſſen und deren Erſcheinungen mit aufmerkſamer Rückſicht auf Wirkung und Wechſelwirkung folgen, das nennen wir das Ideal der heutigen Kritik, ſo wie wir auf der andern Seite Schriftſteller, welche ſich auf keinerlei Weiſe in dieſem Verkehr bethätigt zeigen, für außer und unter der Kritik halten.

Sigismund Wieſe

ward 1800 zu Culm in Weſtpreußen geboren, und widmete ſich ſehr jung zu Berlin dem Studium des Berg- und Hüttenweſens. Er wurde in Erlangen Doctor der Philoſophie und folgte nun ganz ſeiner Neigung zu Philoſophie und Poeſie. Gegenwärtig lebt er, von jeder amtlichen Beſchäftigung entfernt, zu Döbritz, einem Dorfe unweit Potsdam.

Von ihm erſchien:

Romane: Theodor. Leipzig, 1833.
Hermann. Leipzig, 1834.
Friedrich. Leipzig, 1836.
„Drei Trauerſpiele.“ Leipzig, 1835.
„Drei Dramen.“ Leipzig, 1835.
Don Juan. Leipzig, 1840.

W. iſt ein tieferer Denker als Dichter, obwohl als Solcher auch mit glänzenden Eigenſchaften ausgeſtattet. Die Zerriſſenheit in den Gemüthern, wie in den Lebensverhältniſſen unſerer Zeit als wirklich vorhanden darſtellend, ſchildert er dieſelbe in ſeinen Romanen wie in ſeinen Dramen mit den glühendſten Farben und ſeltenem Gedankenreichthum, ſtellt ihnen aber als verſöhnendes und befreiendes Princip entſchieden das Chriſtenthum entgegen.

Paul Wigand

ward am 10. Auguſt 1786 zu Kaſſel geboren, ſtudirte zu Marburg die Rechte und, beſonders durch Wachler angeregt, Geſchichte. Nach ſeinen akademiſchen Jahren wurde ihm die Redaktion der politiſchen Zeitung zu Kaſſel übertragen, welche früher ſein Vater beſorgt hatte. Die Einnahme Heſſens durch die Franzoſen im November 1806 brachte ihm mancherlei Bedrängniſſe, denen er erſt durch die Verſetzung nach Hörter als Friedensrichter des neuen Königreichs Weſtfalen entriſſen ward. Nach dem Jahre 1813, an deſſen Beſtrebungen er lebendigen Antheil genommen hatte, ward er, der Hoffnung auf Rückberufung in ſein Vaterland beraubt, von Preußen als Aſſeſſor bei dem Land- und Stadtgericht zu Hörter angeſtellt. 1821 wurde er vom Staatskanzler von Hardenberg nach Berlin berufen, und erhielt in des Letzteren großartigem Unternehmen zur Sammlung der in Preußen befindlichen Urkundenſchätze, — ein Plan, den Wigand ſchon längſt ſelbſtſtändig hatte ausführen wollen, — den bedeutenden Auftrag, das Archiv zu Corvei und einen Theil der Paderborniſchen zu ordnen. Alle ſeine Arbeiten fanden bei dem Juſtizminiſterium ſolche Anerkennung, daß er 1834 nach Wetzlar verſetzt wurde, woſelbſt er als Doctor der Rechte und Philoſophie und Stadtgerichtsdirector lebt.

Er gab heraus:

Kriegslieder der Deutſchen; von Veit Weber dem Jüngeren. Kaſſel, 1813.
Der Flußgott Rhein und noch Jemand; ein Freudenſpiel; und: Die Rheinfahrt; ein vaterländiſches Drama. Marburg, 1814.
Andreas Hofer. Frankfurt, 1816.
Geſchichte der Reichsabtei Corvei. Hörter, 1819. 2 Thle.
Das Vehmgericht Weſtfalens. Hamm, 1825.
Archiv für Geſchichte und Alterthumskunde Weſtfalens. Hamm, 1825—1830. 4 Bde.
Heſſen in ſeiner wahren Geſtalt. Kaſſel, 1806.
Handbuch für Friedensrichter. Göttingen, 1813.

Echte Vaterlandsliebe, tiefes gründliches Wiſſen, ausgezeichneter Scharfſinn und raſtloſer Fleiß haben W. einen ſehr geachteten Namen unter den deutſchen Geſchichtsforſchern erworben.

Salomon Wild

war Bürger und Meiſterſänger zu Augsburg, und ſchrieb:

Schöner Komödien und Tragedien zwölf. Augsburg, 1566.

welche jedoch, ganz in dem ſchlechten Geſchmacke jener Zeit, nur höchſt unbedeutend ſind.

Der von Wildonia, ſ. Minneſinger.

Karl Ludwig Eberhardt Heinrich Friedrich von Wildungen

ward zu Kaſſel am 24. April 1754 geboren, und ſtudirte zu Halle, Nürnberg, Marburg, in welcher letztern Stadt er 1776 Regierungsaſſeſſor wurde. Im Jahre 1780 trat er als Regierungsrath in badiſche Dienſte, ging aber in derſelben Eigenſchaft 1787 nach Heſſen zurück, und erhielt 1799 die Oberhofmeiſterſtelle in Kaſſel. Er ſtarb am 14. Juli 1822 daſelbſt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Lieder für Forſtmänner und Jäger. Leipz., 1788.
Neujahrsgeſchenk für Forſt- und Jagdliebhaber. Marburg, 1794—1800.
Taſchenbuch für Forſt- und Jagdfreunde. Marburg, 1801—1812.
Waidmanns Feierabende. Marburg, 1815—1823. 6 Bdchen.

Ein eifriger Freund des edeln Waidwerkes war W. emſig bemüht, daſſelbe vorzüglich durch Lieder zu verherrlichen, unter denen ſich viele durch ihre Friſche, Lebendigkeit und Heiterkeit ſehr vortheilhaft auszeichnen und weite Verbreitung fanden.

Heinrich Friedrich Wilhelmi

war zuerſt Pfarrer zu Rosbach, wurde aber ſpäter als Profeſſor an das Gymnaſium zu Heidelberg berufen und 1828 zum Director derſelben Anſtalt ernannt.

Er iſt der Verfaſſer von:

Wahl und Führung. Leipzig, 1818. 2 Thle.
Bilder aus dem innern Leben. Leipz., 1829. 2 Thle.
Cöleſtin der Mönch und der Menſch. Leipzig, 1821.
Die Seefahrer. Elberfeld, 1824. 3 Thle.
Liederkrone. Heidelberg, 1828.
Zeichnungen nach der Natur. Leipzig, 1829.

W. ſuchte in ſeinen Romanen vorzugsweiſe religiöſe Extreme zu vermitteln und religiöſe Fragen zu löſen und verfährt dabei mit großer Milde und Liebe, gute Erfindung mit trefflicher Darſtellung verbindend. Seine erſte Leiſtung dieſer Art „Wahl und Führung" fand einen großen Kreis von Leſern, und gehört zu den beſten auf dieſem Gebiet.

Friedrich Wilken

ward zu Ratzeburg am 23. Mai 1777 geboren und vollendete ſeine akademiſchen Studien zu Göttingen, wo er auch 1800 als theologiſcher Repetent zuerſt angeſtellt wurde. In dieſem Amte blieb er bis 1803, und erhielt dann einen Ruf als Inſtructor des Fürſten von Schaumburg-Lippe. Nachdem er dieſes Amt zwei Jahre verſehen hatte, ward ihm eine Profeſſur in Heidelberg, wo er auch 1807 Bibliothekar und 1816 Hofrath wurde, zu Theil. Aber auch dieſe Stelle gab er wieder auf, um einem Rufe nach Berlin zu folgen, wo er geheimer Regierungsrath, Hiſtoriograph, Oberbibliothekar und Profeſſor der Philoſophie, ſo wie auch Ritter des rothen Adlerordens III. wurde. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1841.

Von ihm erſchien:

Geſchichte des Verfalls der Wiſſenſchaft und Künſte, bis zu ihrer Wiederherſtellung im 15. Jahrhundert. Aus dem Engliſchen. Göttingen, 1802.
Geſchichte der Kreuzzüge nach morgenländiſchen und abendländiſchen Briefen. Leipzig, 1807—1829. 5 Bde.
Handbuch der deutſchen Hiſtorie. Heidelberg, 1816.
Geſchichte der Bildung, Beraubung und Vernichtung der alten berühmten Heidelberger Bücherſammlung. Heidelberg, 1807.
Geſchichte der königlichen Bibliothek zu Berlin. Berlin, 1828.

Einer der gründlichſten deutſchen Geſchichtsforſcher erwarb ſich W. vorzüglich durch ſein klaſſiſches Werk über die Kreuzzüge einen unvergänglichen Ruf.

Johann Gottlieb Willamow

ward am 15. Januar 1736 zu Mohrungen in Preußen geboren, und erhielt ſeit 1752 ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Ausbildung zu Königsberg, wo er beſonders Philoſophie, Mathematik und morgenländiſche Sprachen trieb. 1758 kam er als Profeſſor an das Gymnaſium zu Thorn, gab aber dieſe Stelle auf, um 1767 als Director der deutſchen Schule nach Petersburg zu gehen. Er ſah ſich jedoch durch unangenehme Verhältniſſe bald genöthigt, dieſe Stelle wieder niederzulegen. Von dieſer Zeit an ernährte er ſich hier nur kümmerlich als Lehrer an einem Mädcheninſtitute, bis er am 21. Mai 1777 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Dithyramben. Berlin, 1766. 2. Ausg.
Dialogiſche Fabeln. Berlin, 1765; neue Ausg. 1791.
Sämmtliche poetiſche Schriften. Leipzig, 1779. Wien, 1793. 2 Thle.
Einzelne Gedichte, Aufſätze, unter denen auch ein Luſtſpiel „der ſtandhafte Ehemann", Fabeln u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

W. ſuchte in ſeinen Dithyramben, in welchen er ſich vorzüglich Pindar zum Muſter genommen hatte, den Schwung ſeines großen Vorbildes zu erreichen, aber es fehlte ihm an der Begeiſterung des wahren Genius, und der gelehrte Prunk, ſowie die Kühnheit in Behandlung der äußern Form, konnten dieſen Mangel nicht verbergen. Glücklicher war er in ſeinen Fabeln, unter denen ſich manches Treffliche findet.

Des Bacchus Rückzug aus Indien.

Chor der Satyrn.

Evoe Triumphirer!
Goldgehörnter Hüftenſohn des Zeus,
Dem die Fluthen gehorſam ſind,
Und der Tartarus huldigt, und der Olymp,
Stoßt zuſammen, güldne
Nektar ſchäumende Schaalen!
Trunken, Evoe! tanzen wir deinen Triumph.

Chor der Mänaden.

Evoe Triumphirer!
Feuergeborner Erdenbeglücker!
Du in heiliger Grotten Nacht
Von Nymphen erzogener Sorgentödter!
Friſche Roſen um die Becher,
Und ums flatternde Haar,
Trunken, Evoe! tanzen wir deinen Triumph.

Silen.

Ja! tanzt mit erſchütterndem Fuß
Ihr dem Sieger zu großen Thaten getreue!
Brüllt lauter in den Tumult der Pauken,
Der Krotalen und Cymbeln; brüllt laut Epheubekränzte!
Auf dem weitſchreitenden Elephanten taumelt Er
Unter dem Purpurteppich, der Weltenumzieher,
Euch nach. Horcht! ſein Thyrſus rauſcht! Aus ihm ſah ich ihn
Als Knaben euch wunderſam Honig ſchaffen. Größ're Wunder
That er am Ganges. Auf ſonnigten Hügeln
Göttermoſt ließ er ſich gebären, Reis und Weizen
Auf den Aeckern. Unter den Kokosſchatten hervor,
Und aus Klüften, und vierſtättigen Hütten rief er
Die braunen Wilden in hochmaurigte Städte,
Gab Geſetze und bildete Völker ſich.
Aber dem kommenden Götterſohn entgegen
Trotzten die Barbaren, haarbegürtete Pygmäen,
Und hundeköpfige Kaliſtrier, und weitohrige Enotoköten.
Hohnlachend ſchrien ſie unſern Herrn taumelnder Satyrn
Und trunk'ner Mänaden als weibiſch unkriegeriſch aus.
Da hub er den Kriegerarm auf. Es brüllte
Fürchterlich mein treues Thier Muth und Streit.
Zum tödtlichen Speer ward jeglicher Thyrſus
Der wuthkochenden Thyaden plötzlich. Hui! Der Schlachtordnungen!
Die thurmbeladenen Elephanten bebten zurück,
Und Schrecken ſchmolz der Krieger Tapferkeit weg,
Flucht und Tod war vor uns her ihm nach,
Bis die Ungeheuer vertilgt waren alle
Durch Bacchus unüberwindbares Kriegsgetöſe.

Chor der Satyrn.
Evoe, ſchrecklicher Thyrſusſchwinger!
Der mit Löwenklauen die Erdenſöhne zwang,
Die Gottheitverachtenden
Tyrrhener in Delphine verwandelte
Und den giftigen Biß der Amphisbäne
Mit einem Rebenſchlag tödtlich rächete,
Evoe dir! wer mag den Furchtbaren reizen?

Chor der Mänaden.
Evoe, ſchrecklicher Thyrſusſchwinger!
Der in gräßliche Nachtvögelgeſtalten
Die hohnſprechenden Mineiden warf,
Und den trotzigſten Pentheus durch unſre Klauen
Mit Tigerwuth zerriſſen
Im ſchwarzen Blute umkommen ließ.
Evoe dir! wer mag den Furchtbaren reizen?

Silen.
Ihr, taumelt daher, Faunen, Nymphen, Thyaden!
Ganzes Gefolge taumle rundkreiſigte Reigentänze
Mit Freudenſprüngen um den Erob'rer!
Ihr vor den gifttrunk'nen Pfeilen
Des ſchnelltreffenden Agyeus an Quellenkühlungen
Des hochbewaldeten Meros vom Bacchus geſchützte;
Denn die Götterkönigin, noch immer zürnend,
Hatte den weitſchleudernden mit Honigworten
Wider den Vater Dionyſus erſchmeichelt,
Und auf den Strahlen des Phöbus fuhren
Heiße, gift'ge Geſchoſſe der Peſt auf euch hernieder.
Da verbarg ſich Zeus in einen krummhörnigten Widder,
Und führte euch ſelber den Quellen zu.
Von dem heißen Tode geneſen ſeid ihr. —
Die porphyrnen Säulen mit Weinlaub
Friſch umflochten und aus Opferſchaalen mit ſchäumendem Moſt
Feierlich eingeweihet in Lyäens Gegenwart
Werden am fernen Ocean ewig
Des Ueberflußgebers Wunder verkündigen.
Städte, durch die wir auf Blumenwegen
Zwiſchen langen Reihen güld'ner Weihekelche
Durch Reben und Epheupforten einherjauchzen
Fröhlich lärmend, Vater Baſſareus, dir,
Werden ſagen: Da zogen die Triumphirer! —
Hui! tanzet mit erſchütterndem Fuß
Ihr dem Sieger zu großen Thaten getreue!
Brüllt laut in den Tumult der Pauken,
Der Krotalen und Cymbeln, brüllt laut, Epheubekränzte!

Chor der Satyrn.
Evoe, Vater Bacchus!
Voll von dir aus weiten Schläuchen —
Entzücker! Ueberflußgeber!
Unüberwund'ner! Völkerumſchaffer!
Taumelgebieter!
Voll, voll von dir,
Evoe! tanzen wir deinen Triumph.

Chor der Mänaden.
Evoe, Vater Bacchus!
Voll von dir aus umblumten Kelchen —
Lebenerweckender! Scherzeliebender!
Vertraulichkeitſtifter! Liebepfleger!
Tänzegebieter!
Voll, voll von dir
Evoe! tanzen wir mit deinem Triumph.

Die Katze. Die alte Maus. Die junge Maus.

Katze.
Du allerliebſtes kleines Thier!
Komm doch ein wenig her zu mir.
Ich bin dir gar zu gut. Komm, daß ich dich nur küſſe.

Alte Maus.
Ich rathe dir's, Kind, gehe nicht!

Katze.
So komm doch! Siehe, dieſe Küſſe
Sind alle dein, wenn ich dich Einmal küſſe.

Junge Maus.
O Mutter, höre doch, wie ſie ſo freundlich ſpricht;
Ich geh....

Alte Maus.
Kind, gehe nicht!

Katze.
Auch dieſes Zuckerbrod, und andre ſchöne Sachen
Geb' ich dir, wenn du kommſt.

Junge Maus.
Was ſoll ich machen?
O Mutter, laß mich gehn.

Alte Maus.
Kind, ſag' ich, gehe nicht!

Junge Maus.
Was wird ſie mir denn thun! — Welch ehrliches Geſicht!

Katze.
Komm, kleines Närrchen, komm!

Junge Maus.
Ach, Mutter, hilf! ach, weh!
Sie würgt mich; ach! die Garſtige!

Alte Maus.
Nun iſt's zu ſpät, nun dich das Unglück ſchon betroffen.
Wer ſich nicht rathen läßt, hat Hülfe nicht zu hoffen.

Johann Peter Willenbücher

ward 1748 zu Beerfelden im Erbach'ſchen geboren, und widmete ſich dem Studium der Theologie, welches er in Halle abſolvirte. Er erhielt ſogleich eine Lehrerſtelle an der Ritterakademie zu Brandenburg, gab aber nach zwei Jahren dieſes Amt auf, um das eines Rectors der ſalderiſchen Schule, und eines Adjuncts des geiſtlichen Miniſteriums anzunehmen, bis er 1777 Rector des neuſtädtiſchen Lyceums und Frühprediger daſelbſt wurde. Er ſtarb am 31. Auguſt 1794.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Magazin für Jünglinge. Berlin, 1783. 2 Thle. 2. Ausg.
Practiſche Anweiſung zur Kenntniß der Hauptveränderungen und Mundarten der deutſchen Sprache. Leipzig, 1789.
Für deutſche Sprache, Literatur und Kulturgeſchichte v. M. Kinderling und E. J. Koch. Berlin, 1794.

Seine Beſtrebungen für die beſſere, namentlich geſchichtliche Kenntniß des Deutſchen, verdienen, obwohl längſt überflügelt, doch immer Anerkennung.

Willeram

in Franken, während der erſten Hälfte des eilften Jahrhunderts geboren, ſtudirte zu Paris und wurde, bei ſeiner Rückkehr nach Deutſchland, Canonicus in Bamberg. Später trat er zu Fulda in ein Kloſter und ward dann 1048 Abt des Kloſters Ebersberg. Hier ſtarb er 1085.

Er ſchrieb eine zwiefache Paraphraſe des Salomoniſchen hohen Liedes; die eine in lateiniſchen Hexametern, die andere in fränkiſcher Proſa, von der mehrere Handſchriften vorhanden ſind. Gedruckte Ausgaben derſelben beſorgten Paul Merula; Leiden, 1598. Schilter in ſeinem Thesaurus. Marquard Freher, Worms 1631, und Hoffmann von Fallersleben. Breslau, 1827.

Dieſe fränkiſche Paraphraſe iſt ein ſehr merkwürdiges Sprachdenkmal, jedoch auch nur als Solches hervorzuheben.

Wilmar, ſ. Genſicken.

Friedrich Philipp Wilmſen,

am 24. November 1770 zu Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und wurde zweiter Prediger an der reformirten Parochialkirche in Berlin, auch führte er das Amt eines Inſpectors des kornmeſſeriſchen Waiſenhauſes und widmete ſeine Thätigkeit dem Luiſenſtifte zu Berlin, als Präſes der Direction und als Lehrer deſſelben. Er ſtarb am 4. Mai 1831.

Er gab heraus:

Brandenburgiſcher Kinderfreund. Berlin, 1810.
Der deutſche Kinderfreund. Berlin, 1820. 2 Thle. und ſeitdem unzählige Mal.
Lehrbuch der Geographie. Berlin, 1794 u. 95. 2 Thle.
Sammlung von Fabeln und Erzählungen. Berlin, 1799 u. ſ. w.
Die Erde und ihre Bewohner. Berlin, 1812—1815. 3 Thle.
Der Menſch im Kriege. Berlin, 1815.
Guſtavs und Malvinas Bilderſchule. Berlin, 1815.
Die glücklichen Familien in Friedheim. Berlin, 1815.
Herſiliens Lebensmorgen. Berlin, 1816.
Dr. Martin Luther. Berlin, 1817.
Handbuch der Naturgeſchichte. Berlin, 1821. 3 Thle.
Merkwürdige Bergreiſen u. ſ. w. Berlin, 1822.
Euphroſyne. Berlin, 1819.
Eugenia. Berlin, 1819.
Theodora. Berlin, 1824.
Miranda. Berlin, 1828.
Benigna. Berlin, 1827.
Euſebia. Berlin, 1828 u. ſ. w.

W. iſt einer der bedeutendſten Jugendſchriftſteller, und erfreut ſich durch die treffliche Auswahl ſeiner Stoffe, und der lichtvollen und klaren, den Fähigkeiten der Jugend vollkommen angemeſſenen Darſtellung derſelben, als Solcher eines weitverbreiteten wohlverdienten Rufes.

Carl Joſeph Hieronymus Windiſchmann

ward am 24. Auguſt 1775 zu Mainz geboren, beſuchte ſeit 1787 das dortige Gymnaſium und ſeit 1792 die Univerſität, um Philoſophie zu ſtudiren. Die Franzoſen vertrieben ihn von Mainz; er ging nach Würzburg und wandte ſich der Medicin zu. 1796 promovirte er zu Mainz und begann im folgenden Jahre, als er von einem lehrreichen Aufenthalt in Wien zurückgekehrt war, daſelbſt zu gleicher Zeit als praktiſcher Arzt und als Docent zu wirken. Als 1798 die Franzoſen, von Neuem einfallend, den Hof und einen Theil der Akademiker nach Aſchaffenburg zu gehen bewog, blieb Windiſchmann als Arzt und verſenkt in ſeine philoſophiſchen Studien in Mainz zurück, bis er 1801 als Hofmedicus nach Aſchaffenburg berufen wurde. 1803 nahm er daſelbſt die ordentliche Profeſſur der Philoſophie und Univerſalgeſchichte an; 1811 wurde ihm die Hofbibliothek übertragen. 1818 folgte er, als Mitglied der philoſophiſchen und mediciniſchen Facultät, einem Rufe nach Bonn. Daſelbſt iſt er am 23. April 1839 geſtorben.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Kritiſche Betrachtungen über die Schickſale der Philoſophie in der neuern Zeit und den Eintritt einer neuen Epoche in denſelben. Frankfurt, 1825.
Die Philoſophie im Fortgange der Weltgeſchichte. Bonn, 1827—1834.
Platon's Timäus, eine echte Urkunde wahrer Phyſik. Hadamar, 1804.

Als Philoſoph ein Anhänger der Schelling'ſchen Philoſophie in ihrer früheſten Geſtalt, dem Myſticismus zugeneigt, iſt W. beſonders bemerkenswerth als einer der heftigſten Gegner des Hermeſianismus; doch fehlte es ihm, wenn er auch aus voller Ueberzeugung handelte, an Klarheit und Kraft.

Johann Juſtus Winckelmann,

am 29. Auguſt 1620 zu Gießen geboren, wurde hochgräflich oldenburgiſcher und landgräflich heſſiſcher Rath und Hiſtoriograph daſelbſt. Er ſtarb 1690.

Von ihm erſchien:

Oldenburgiſche Friedens- und der benachbarten Oerter Kriegshandlungen oder Chronika von 1603 — 1667. 3 Thle.
Heſſiſche Chronik. Kaſſel, 1697. 6 Thle.
Mehrere hiſtoriſche und auch poetiſche Schriften u. ſ. w.

Großer Fleiß, aber eben ſo große Geſchmackloſigkeit in der Darſtellung characteriſiren ſeine Schriften.

Winfried, ſ. Hinſche.

Johann Joachim Winkelmann,

Sohn eines Schuſters, wurde am 9. December 1717 zu Stendal geboren. Er ſtudirte in äußerſt dürftigen Verhältniſſen zu Halle Theologie, und erhielt nach beendigten Studien zu Seehauſen in der Schweiz eine ſehr wenig einbringende Conrector-Stelle. In dieſem Verhältniſſe blieb er bis 1748, wo er in die Nähe von Dresden als Bibliothekar zum Miniſter von Bünau kam. Hier wurde zuerſt durch die Anſchauung der Dresdner

Kunſtſchätze jene Alles überſteigende Liebe zur Kunſt in ihm geweckt, welche ſo großen Einfluß auf ſein ſpäteres Leben übte und ihm ſeine eigenthümliche Richtung gab. Von nun an brannte er vor Sehnſucht, Italiens Kunſtwerke zu ſehen und zu ſtudiren. Um dies bewerkſtelligen zu können, ſcheute er den Uebertritt zur katholiſchen Religion nicht. In Folge deſſen erhielt er 1763 die Stelle eines Präſidenten der Alterthümer und Sekretärs der vaticaniſchen Bibliothek. Auf einer Reiſe in das deutſche Vaterland wurde er durch ſeinen italieniſchen Bedienten am 13. Auguſt 1749 zu Trieſt ermordet.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedanken über die Nachahmung der griechiſchen Kunſtwerke. Dresden, 1755.
Ueber die Empfindung des Schönen. Dresden, 1763.
W's Briefe an ſeine Freunde. Herausgegeben von Doſtdorf. Dresden, 1771. 2 Bde.
Sämmtliche Werke, herausgegeben von C. L. Fernow, H. Meyer und J. Schulze. Dresden, 1808—1817. 7 Bde.
Nachträge. Berlin, 1824.

Eine der beſten kürzeren Characteriſtiken Winkelmann's und ſeiner Leiſtungen findet ſich in den Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben ausgezeichneter Deutſchen des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts. Schnepfenthal 1802, S. 550, wo es von ihm heißt: „Soviel Scharfſinn, ſoviel Gelehrſamkeit, Geſchmack und reine Künſtlerbegeiſterung wie Winkelmann, hatten Wenige zu dem Studium der Alterthumskunde und der alten Kunſtwerke gebracht. Er hing mit einer Liebe und Leidenſchaft an den griechiſchen Idealen, als wären es beſeelte Körper. — Er brachte Licht in das Chaos der Geſchichte der Kunſt, ſetzte Epochen derſelben feſt, führte die Beurtheilung derſelben auf Grundſätze zurück, und erklärte viele Werke des ſchönen Alterthums, die noch unerklärt oder mißverſtanden waren, durch die Kunſt, ſich in den Geiſt und die Ideen des Künſtlers zu verſetzen, durch einen feinen, aus langer Uebung erworbenen Tacte, durch zartes Kunſtgefühl und durch ausgebreitete hiſtoriſche und mythologiſche Kenntniſſe. So entſtand das Werk, das Epoche gemacht hat, die Geſchichte der Kunſt, des Alterthums und ſo ſeine **Monumenti antichi mediti**, Werke, die ihn unſerer und der Bewunderung der Nachwelt werth machen, wenn ſie gleich einer denkbaren, höchſten Vollendung ermangeln. Seine Lebhaftigkeit riß ihn oft über die Grenzen der ſtrengen Kritik hinaus und ſeine feurige Phantaſie glaubte in den Werken der Kunſt bisweilen Schönheiten oder Züge zu ſehn, die der ruhigere oder kältere Beſchauer nicht darin fand. Seine Grundſätze waren noch zum Theil einſeitig oder nicht feſt genug begründet. Seine philoſophiſchen Kenntniſſe waren hinter den artiſtiſchen zurückgeblieben und daher ſeine Erläuterung der Kunſtwerke aus den Schriftſtellern und der Schriftſteller aus den Kunſtwerken nicht immer ganz ſicher. Aber er verbreitete Licht, Geſchmack und Begeiſterung für das ſchöne Alterthum und wurde dadurch ein wohlthätiger Genius für die Künſte, durch welche das Leben und deſſen Genuß ſo ſehr veredelt und verſchönert wird. (Vergleiche Winkelmann und ſein Jahrhundert, von Goethe. Tübingen, 1805. Heyne, Lobſchrift auf Winkelmann. Leipzig, 1778.)

Aus Winkelmann's Geſchichte der Kunſt des Alterthums.

Nachdem die Griechen, und ſonderlich die Athenienſer, ſich durch Eiferſucht und durch innere hartnäckige Kriege gänzlich entkräftet hatten, hob ſich Philippus, König in Macedonien, über dieſelben empor, und Alexander, deſſen Nachfolger, ließ ſich zum Haupte und Heerführer der Griechen erklären; in der That aber war derſelbe Herr von Griechenland. Da nun die Verfaſſung dieſes Volks eine andere Geſtalt annahm, änderte ſich zugleich das Verhältniß der Kunſt, ſo daß dieſe, da ſie bisher auf die Freiheit geweſen, ihre folgende Nahrung durch den Ueberfluß und durch die Freigebigkeit bekam; und dieſer nebſt der feinen Einſicht Alexanders des Großen ſchreibet Plutarchus den Flor der Kunſt unter dieſem Könige zu.

Die Griechen genoſſen unter ſeiner Regierung die Süßigkeit einer entwaffneten Freiheit, ohne die Bitterkeit derſelben zu ſchmecken, in einer Erniedrigung, aber in Eintracht; und die faſt erloſchene Eiferſucht, welche ſie entkräftet hatte, ließ ihnen, wie wenn die Wuth derſelben in Liebe aufhöret, eine ſtolze Erinnerung der vormaligen Größe und die Ruhe übrig, da die Macedonier, die Feinde ihrer Freiheit, aus welchem Lande man ehemals nicht einmal einen nützen Leibeignen haben konnte, ſich über ſie erhoben hatten, ſich aber noch begnügten, der Freiheit nur die Waffen genommen zu haben. Denn Alexander in Perſien, welcher Abenteuer und andere Reiche ſuchte, und Antipater, deſſen Statthalter in Macedonien, waren vergnügt, die Griechen ruhig zu ſehen, und man gab ihnen, nach der Zerſtörung von Theben, wenige Urſache zum Mißvergnügen.

In dieſer Ruhe überließen ſich die Griechen ihrer natürlichen Neigung zum Müßiggange und zu Luſtbarkeiten; und Sparta ſelbſt ging von ſeiner Strenge ab; der Müßiggang füllte die Schulen der Philoſophen und der Redner, die ſich vervielfältigten und ſich ein größeres Anſehn gaben; die Luſtbarkeiten beſchäftigten Dichter und Künſtler, und dieſe ſuchten nach dem Geſchmacke ihrer Zeit das Sanfte und Gefällige, da die Nation in der Weichlichkeit ihren Sinnen zu ſchmeicheln ſuchte.

Da dieſe Zeit die allerfruchtbarſte an Künſtlern und an Werken der Kunſt geweſen iſt, ſo erfordert dieſelbe auch eine umſtändlichere Betrachtung, die ſich aber unſerer Abſicht gemäß, wie vorher, alſo auch hier auf Nachrichten, die zugleich etwas Weſentliches in der Kunſt lehren, einſchränkt, mit Uebergehung anderer Anzeigen, die nicht zum eigentlichen Zwecke führen. Es kommen von jetzo an in der Geſchichte der Kunſt auch Künſtler zu bemerken, die durch Figuren in Edelſteine geſchnitten ſich berühmt gemacht; und dieſe Kunſt ſcheint durch die ſeltenen und koſtbaren Arten Steine, die aus den eroberten perſiſchen Reichen nach Griechenland gebracht wurden, mehr Künſtler, als vorher geſchehen war, erweckt zu haben; es ſind alſo auch dieſe nebſt den Bildhauern und Malern zu berühren.

Unter den Bildhauern war der berühmteſte Lyſippus, welcher in Erz arbeitete, und allein das Vorrecht hatte, des Alexanders Bildniß, ich verſtehe in Metall, zu machen. Wenn Plinius die Blüthe dieſes Künſtlers in die hundert und vierzehnte Olympias ſetzt, hat er in Beſtimmung dieſer Zeit, ſo wie beim Phidias und Praxiteles geſchehen, vermuthlich ſeine Abſicht auf die damaligen friedlichen Umſtände gehabt. Denn in dem erſten Jahre gedachter Olympias war, nachdem Alexander nach Babylon zurückgekommen, gleichſam in der ganzen Welt Friede. In Babylon, dieſer Hauptſtadt des perſiſchen Reichs, kamen damals die Geſandten unzähliger Völker bei dem Eroberer Aſiens an, theils demſelben Glück zu wünſchen, theils Geſchenke zu bringen, und andere, die errichteten Verträge und Bündniſſe zu beſtätigen.

Lyſippus ging auf der Bahn, die allezeit die größten Menſchen in ihrer Art betreten haben, zur Vollkommenheit in ſeiner Kunſt; dieſer Weg iſt, ſelbſt die Quelle zu ſuchen und zu dem Urſprunge zurückzukehren, um die Wahrheit rein und unvermiſcht zu finden. Die Quelle und der Urſprung in der Kunſt iſt die Natur ſelbſt, die, wie in allen Dingen, alſo auch hier unter Regeln, Sätzen und Vorſchriften ſich verlieren und unkenntlich werden kann. Was Cicero ſagt, daß die Kunſt ein richtigerer Führer als die Natur ſei, kann auf einer Seite als richtig, auf der andern als falſch betrachtet werden. Nichts entfernt mehr von der Natur als ein Lehrgebäude und eine ſtrenge Folge nach demſelben, und dieſes war zum Theil mit die Urſache von einiger Härte, welche in den mehreſten Werken der Kunſt vor dem Lyſippus geblieben war. Dieſer Künſtler ſuchte die Natur ſelbſt nachzuahmen, und folgte ſeinen Vorgängern nur, in ſo weit ſie dieſelbe erreicht oder ſich weislich über dieſelbe erhoben hatten. Lyſippus hat den Ruhm, dieſelbe mehr als ſeine Vorgänger nachgeahmt zu haben. Er verfuhr, ſo wie zu unſern Zeiten in der Philoſophie und Medicin geſchehen iſt: er fing da an, wo die Kunſt angefangen hatte. In der Philoſophie geht man jetzo auf Erfahrungen, und man ſchließt nicht weiter, als das Auge ſieht und der Zirkel reicht; da fingen die erſten Menſchen an.

Hieraus iſt zu ſchließen, daß, da in der Kunſt vieles idealiſch geworden war, das iſt: da die vorigen großen Meiſter das Schönſte und das Höchſte zu erſchaffen ſuchten und ſich davon ein Bild gemacht hatten, welches über die Natur erhaben war, wird es geſchehen ſein, daß ſich dieſes Bild von der Natur entfernt hatte, die alſo in ihren Theilen nicht mehr völlig kenntlich war. Zu der Beobachtung und Nachahmung derſelben führte Lyſippus die Kunſt zurück, und dieſes wird vornehmlich in Unterſuchung deſſen, was wir Anatomie nennen, beſtanden ſein.

Von Werken des Lyſippus iſt vielleicht nichts erhalten, ſchwerlich auch künftig etwas zu hoffen, da dieſelben von Erz geweſen ſind; denn daß er der Meiſter ſei von vier ſchönen Pferden von Erz, die über dem Eingange der St. Markuskirche zu Venedig ſtehen, iſt nicht zu beweiſen. Unbeſchreiblich iſt der Verluſt der Werke dieſes Künſtlers auch in Betrachtung der Menge: denn wenn es auch unglaublich ſchiene, daß eines einzigen Künſtlers Hände ſechshundert und zehn Figuren von Erz hervorbringen können, wie man zu Plinius Zeiten vorgab, werden dennoch allezeit die ein und zwanzig Statuen zu Pferde derjenigen, die von der Garde des Alexanders zu Pferde bei dem Fluſſe Granikus geblieben waren, und die Metellus aus der Stadt Dium in Macedonien nach Rom führte, wo ſie auf deſſen Portico aufgeſtellt wurden, Werke ſcheinen, die das ganze Leben eines Künſtlers beſchäftigen können.

Ich kann hier nicht mit Stillſchweigen übergehen eine Statue des Herkules von Marmor, die in dem großherzoglichen Palaſte, Pitti genannt, zu Florenz ſteht, auf deren Sockel man eingehauen lieſt: *ΛΥΣΙΠΠΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ*, Lyſippus hat ihn gemacht, es verdiente dieſelbe aber nicht erwähnt zu werden, wenn ſie nicht von einem unerfahrnen Scribenten als ein wahres Werk dieſes Künſtlers wäre geprieſen worden. Ich verwerfe deſſen Meinung, nicht weil ich gedachte Inſchrift nicht für wirklich alt hielte; denn es befand ſich dieſelbe auf der Statue, da ſie auf dem Palatino ausgegraben wurde, wie Flamino Vacca bezeugt: es iſt aber bekannt, daß bei den Alten ſelbſt dergleichen Betrügereien gemacht wurden, welche ich im dritten Stücke des vierten Kapitels dieſer Geſchichte angeführt habe; und es iſt dieſes über die Inſchrift, von welcher wir reden, bereits vom Marcheſe Maffei bemerkt worden. Daß aber dieſe Statue nicht von der Hand des Lyſippus ſein könne, beweiſt theils das Stillſchweigen der Scribenten über Arbeiten dieſes Künſtlers in Marmor, theils die Statue ſelbſt, die keines Lyſippus würdig gehalten werden kann.

Das gütige Schickſal aber, welches auch über die Künſte bei ihrer Vertilgung noch gewacht, hat aller Welt zum Wunder nach dem Verluſte von unzähligen Werken der Kunſt aus dieſer Zeit der höchſten Blüthe derſelben das ſchönſte Denkmal zum Beweis von der Wahrheit der Geſchichte, von der Herrlichkeit ſo vieler vernichteten Meiſterwerke in der Statue des Laokoon erhalten, wenn die Künſtler derſelben zu den Zeiten Alexanders des Großen gelebt haben, welches wir jedoch nicht beweiſen können; die Vollkommenheit dieſer Statue aber macht es wahrſcheinlich. Denn Plinius giebt dieſelbe als ein Werk an, welches allen andern, ſowohl der Malerei als Bildhauerei vorgezogen werden müſſe. Die Künſtler derſelben ſind Ageſander, Polydorus und Athanodorus aus Rhodus, von welchen der dritte Sohn des erſten war, und vermuthlich auch der zweite; denn daß Athanodorus aus Rhodus ein Sohn des Ageſander geweſen, beweiſt die Inſchrift der Baſe einer Statue in der Villa Albani, und die Statue des Laokoon macht wahrſcheinlich, daß auch Polydorus ein Sohn des Ageſanders geweſen ſei, weil widrigenfalls ſich nicht begreifen läßt, wie ſich drei Künſtler, ich will nicht ſagen in der Arbeit an einer und eben derſelben Statue theilen können, ſondern wie ſie ſich verglichen, da Laokoon, der Vater, eine weit wichtigere und rühmlichere Figur iſt, als die beiden Söhne deſſelben. Ageſander wird folglich den Vater ausgearbeitet haben, und ſeine beiden Söhne die Figuren der Söhne des Laokoon.

Die Statue des Laokoon ſtand ehemals in dem Hauſe des Kaiſers Titus, und ebendaſelbſt (nicht aber wie Nardini und Andere vorgeben, in den ſogenannten ſieben Sälen als den Waſſerbehältern zu den Bädern) wurde ſie entdeckt in dem Gewölbe eines Saales, der ein Theil der Bäder dieſes Kaiſers geweſen zu ſein ſcheint, aber durch eben dieſe Entdeckung uns den eigentlichen Ort des kaiſerlichen Hauſes zeigt, als welches mit den Bädern vereinigt war. Hier ſtand Laokoon in einer großen Niſche an dem Ende des gedachten und ausgemalten Saales, von deſſen Gemälden ſich noch der irrig ſogenannte Coriolanus unter dem Geſimſe erhalten hat.

Plinius meldet, daß die drei Figuren des Laokoon aus einem einzigen Steine gehauen geweſen, welches ihm alſo geſchienen, weil man keine Fuge bemerkte, nicht daß es wirklich ſo geweſen: denn ein paar tauſend Jahre haben endlich eine faſt unmerkliche Fuge entdeckt, welche zeigt, daß der älteſte von den zweien Söhnen nicht aus eben demſelben Stücke Marmor gearbeitet worden, aus welchem der Vater und der jüngſte Sohn gehauen ſind. Den rechten Arm des Laokoon, welcher fehlt und von gebrannter Erde gemacht angeſetzt iſt, hat bereits Michael Angelo zu ergänzen gedacht, und hat denſelben in Marmor aus dem Gröbſten gehauen entworfen, aber nicht geendigt; es liegt daher dieſes Stück unten an der Statue.

Dieſer mit den Schlangen umwundene Arm würde ſich über das Haupt der Statue herüberbeugen, und es kann dieſes Künſtlers Abſicht geweſen ſein, den Begriff des Leidens im Laokoon, da deſſen übrige Figur frei iſt, durch die Annäherung dieſes Arms zu dem Haupte, als in zweien verbundenen Begriffen, ſtärker zu machen, und durch die wiederholten Windungen der Schlangen hierher den größten Schmerz zu legen, welchen der alte Künſtler mit dem Wohlſtande und mit der Schönheit der Figur, da beides hier herrſchen ſollte, abgewogen hat. Es ſcheint aber, es würde der über das Haupt gebogene Arm die vornehmſte Aufmerkſamkeit, die das Haupt verlangt, zertheilt haben, da der Blick zu gleicher Zeit auf die Schlangengewinde um den Arm würde gerichtet geweſen ſein. Es hat Bernini daher den von ihm ergänzten Arm in gebrannter Erde ausgeſtreckt, um das Haupt der Figur frei zu laſſen, und um keinen andern Theil demſelben oberwärts zu nähern. Die zwei Stufen unten an dem Würfel, auf welchem die Hauptfigur ſitzt, ſcheinen die Stufen zu dem Altare anzudeuten, wo dasjenige, was hier vorgeſtellt iſt, geſchah.

Da nun dieſe Statue unter ſo vielen tauſenden der berühmteſten Künſtler, die aus allen Orten von Griechenland nach Rom gebracht worden, hier als das Höchſte in der Kunſt geſchätzt worden: ſo verdient dieſelbe bei der niedrigern Nachwelt, die nichts vermögend iſt hervorzubringen, was dieſem Werke nur entfernter Weiſe könnte verglichen werden, deſto größere Aufmerkſamkeit und Bewunderung. Der Weiſe findet darinnen zu forſchen und der Künſtler unaufhörlich zu lernen, und beide können überzeugt werden, daß in dieſem Bilde mehr verborgen liegt, als das Auge entdeckt, und daß der Verſtand des Meiſters viel höher noch als ſein Werk geweſen.

Laokoon iſt eine Statue im höchſten Schmerze, nach dem Bilde eines Mannes gemacht, der die bewußte Stärke des Geiſtes gegen denſelben zu ſammeln ſucht, und indem ſein Leiden die Muskeln aufſchwellt und die Nerven anzieht, tritt der mit Stärke bewaffnete Geiſt in der aufgetriebenen Stirne hervor, und die Bruſt erhebt ſich durch den beklemmten Athem und durch Zurückhaltung des Ausbruchs der Empfindung, um den Schmerz in ſich zu faſſen und zu verſchließen. Das bange Seufzen, welches er in ſich und den Athem an ſich zieht, erſchöpft den Unterleib und macht die Seiten hohl, welches uns gleichſam von der Bewegung ſeiner Eingeweide urtheilen läßt. Sein eigenes Leiden aber ſcheint ihn weniger zu beängſtigen, als die Pein ſeiner Kinder, die ihr Angeſicht zu ihrem Vater wenden und um Hülfe ſchreien: denn das väterliche Herz offenbart [illegible] in den wehmüthigen Augen, und das Mitleiden ſcheint in [illegible] trüben Dufte auf denſelben zu ſchwimmen. Sein Geſicht iſt klagend, aber nicht ſchreiend, ſeine Augen ſind nach der höhern Hülfe gewandt. Der Mund iſt voll von Wehmuth, und die geſenkte Unterlippe ſchwer von derſelben; in der überwärts gezogenen Oberlippe aber iſt dieſelbe mit Schmerz vermiſcht, welcher mit einer Regung von Unmuth, wie über ein unverdientes unwürdiges Leiden, in die Naſe hinauftritt, dieſelbe ſchwülſtig macht, und ſich in den erweiterten und aufwärts gezogenen Nüſtern offenbart. Unter der Stirn iſt der Streit zwiſchen Schmerz und Widerſtand, wie in einem Punkte vereinigt, mit großer Weisheit gebildet: denn indem der Schmerz die Augenbraunen in die Höhe treibt, ſo drückt das Sträuben wider denſelben das obere Augenfleiſch niederwärts und gegen das obere Augenlied zu, ſo daß daſſelbe durch das übergetretene Fleiſch beinahe ganz bedeckt wird. Die Natur, welche der Künſtler nicht verſchönern konnte, hat er ausgewickelter, angeſtrengter und mächtiger zu zeigen geſucht: da, wohin der größte Schmerz gelegt iſt, zeigt ſich auch die größte Schönheit. Die linke Seite, in welche die Schlange mit dem wüthenden Biſſe ihren Gift ausgießt, iſt diejenige, welche durch die nächſte Empfindung zum Herzen am heftigſten zu leiden ſcheint, und dieſer Theil des Körpers kann ein Wunder der Kunſt genannt werden. Seine Beine wollen ſich erheben, um ſeinem Uebel zu entrinnen; kein Theil iſt in Ruhe, ja die Meißelſtriche ſelbſt helfen zur Bedeutung einer erſtarrten Haut.

Zu eben dieſer Zeit und zugleich mit dem Lyſippus, blühte Pyrgoteles, ein Künſtler, in Edelgeſteine zu ſchneiden, welcher ſowohl als dieſer das beſondere Vorrecht hatte, Alexander den Großen abzubilden. Zwei Steine ſind bekannt mit dem Namen des Pyrgoteles; dieſer Name iſt aber auf dem einen verdächtig, und auf dem andern iſt der Betrug eines neuern Steinſchneiders nicht zweideutig.

Alexander der Große, deſſen Tod nicht weniger als ſein Leben in der Geſchichte der Kunſt ein merkwürdiger Zeitpunkt iſt, ſtarb in der Blüthe ſeiner Jahre, im erſten Jahre der hundert und vierzehnten Olympias, und wenig Jahre nach deſſen Tode, nämlich in der hundert und zwanzigſten Olympias, ſagt Plinius, habe die Kunſt aufgehört. Ich will nicht unterſuchen, ob dieſes eben ſo richtig geſagt ſei, als wenn Tacitus behauptet, daß nach der Schlacht bei Aktium Rom keine großen Geiſter mehr hervorgebracht habe; oder, wie wir wiſſen, daß mit dem Tode des Auguſtus die römiſche Sprache und Beredſamkeit plötzlich ausartete. Man könnte glauben, daß Plinius etwa auf Athen insbeſondere ſein Abſehen gerichtet habe, wie ich nachher berühren werde; denn aus der Folge dieſer Geſchichte wird in Abſicht der griechiſchen Kunſt überhaupt das Gegentheil darzuthun ſein.

Nach Alexander des Großen Tode erhoben ſich Empörungen und blutige Kriege in den eroberten Reichen deſſelben, ſo wie in Macedonien ſelbſt unter ſeinen nächſten Nachfolgern, die um die hundert und vier und zwanzigſte Olympias alle bereits mit Tode abgegangen waren, und dieſe Kriege dauerten fort auch unter den Nachfolgern und Söhnen von dieſen. Griechenland litt in kurzer Zeit durch feindliche Kriegsheere, mit welchen es unaufhörlich überſchwemmt wurde, durch die faſt jährliche Veränderung der Regierung, und durch die großen Schatzungen, womit die Nation erſchöpft wurde, mehr als in allen vorigen innerlichen Kriegen der griechiſchen Städte unter ſich ſelbſt.

Die Athenienſer, bei welchen der Geiſt der Freiheit nach Alexanders Tode aufwachte, machten den letzten Verſuch, ſich dem ſanften Joche der Macedonier zu entziehen, und brachten andere Städte wider den Antipater in Waffen; aber ſie wurden nach einigen erfochtenen Vortheilen bei Lamia geſchlagen und gezwungen, einen harten Frieden einzugehen, worin ihnen auferlegt wurde, die Unkoſten des Krieges und noch überdem eine große Summe Geldes zu zahlen, und in den Hafen Munychia Beſatzung einzunehmen. Ja die aus jetzt gedachter Schlacht entronnenen Athenienſer wurden allenthalben von den abgeſchickten Macedoniern aufgeſucht, und aus den Tempeln, wohin ſie geflüchtet waren, mit Gewalt geriſſen, und ein Theil von den Bürgern wurde nach Thracien geſchickt, ſo daß die Freiheit der Athenienſer hiermit ein Ende hatte. Polyſperchon, des Antipaters Nachfolger in der vormundſchaftlichen Regierung in Macedonien, ließ zwar kurz nachher in einer öffentlichen Ankündigung allen Griechen ihre vormalige Verfaſſung und eigne Regierung darbieten; es wurde aber dieſes Anerbieten nicht erfüllet, und in Athen geſchah das Gegentheil; denn die Hafen dieſer Stadt blieben, auf Anrathen des Phocion, mit macedoniſchen Völkern beſetzt.

Die Kunſt, welche von der Freiheit gleichſam das Leben erhalten, mußte alſo nothwendig durch den Verluſt derſelben, an dem Orte, wo dieſelbe vornehmlich geblühet, ſinken und fallen. Caſſander, Sohn des Antipaters und König in Macedonien, nachdem er das ganze Geſchlecht Alexanders des Großen aus dem Wege geräumt hatte, ſetzte den Athenienſern den berühmten Demetrius Phalereus zum Regenten ihrer Stadt, welcher dieſelbe ganze zehn Jahre nach ſeinem Wink und Willen zu ziehen wußte, und Athen wurde wiederum ſo volkreich, als es ſonſt geweſen war. Man ſollte aus den dreihundert und ſechzig Statuen von Erz, unter welchen viele zu Wagen und Pferde waren, welche dem Demetrius Phalereus binnen Jahresfriſt von ſeinen Bürgern aufgerichtet wurden, ſchließen, daß die mehrſten Athenienſer reiche Bürger und Künſtler geweſen.

Dieſes Regiment beſtand, bis Demetrius Poliorcetes, Sohn des Königs Antigonus in Syrien, den Caſſander ſchlug und Macedonien eroberte, welchen Umſturz auch Athen empfand; denn die Stadt mußte ſich dieſem glücklichen Sieger übergeben, und der Regent wurde flüchtig und begab ſich nach Aegypten, wo er bei dem erſten Ptolemäus Schutz fand. Dieſes geſchah in der hundert und achtzehnten Olympias. Kaum hatte er Athen verlaſſen, da das unbeſtändige und unerkenntliche Volk alle ſeine Statuen umwarf und zerſchmelzen ließ; ja ſein Name wurde an allen Orten vertilget.

Gegen den Demetrius Poliorcetes hingegen bezeigten ſich die Athenienſer ausgelaſſen in Ehrenbezeugungen, und es wurde eine öffentliche Verordnung gemacht über goldene Statuen, welche die Stadt dieſem ihren neuen Herrn und dem Antigonus, ſeinem Vater, ſetzen wollte. Daß hier wirklich goldene Statuen gemeint ſeien, ſollte man ſchließen aus einer ähnlichen Verordnung der Stadt Sigeum, im trojaniſchen Lande, über eine goldene Statue zu Pferde die daſelbſt eben dieſem Antigonus aufgerichtet werden ſollte. Aber eben dieſe verſchwenderiſche Schmeichelei gereichte zum Nachtheile der Wahrheit und des Fleißes in der Kunſt, und es könnte ſcheinen, daß man in der Kunſt die Blumen mehr als den Kranz geſucht habe; ſo wie, nach des Plinius Bemerkung, das Blumenreich den Griechen allererſt nach Alexander des Großen Zeit bekannt geworden.

Die niederträchtigen Schmeicheleien der Athenienſer hatten dieſe dem Demetrius Poliorcetes verächtlich gemacht, der ihnen nach Verdienſt begegnete, welches ſie veranlaßte, ſich wider ihn zu empören, nachdem Antigonus, ſein Vater, in der Schlacht bei Ipſus geblieben war, und Lachares warf ſich als das Haupt der Stadt auf. Dieſen Meineid ließ Demetrius die Athenienſer empfinden, indem er den Lachares verjagete, das Muſeum befeſtigte und Beſatzung hineinlegte, welche Umſtände dieſem Volke eine wirkliche Knechtſchaft ſchienen. In den nächſtfolgenden Zeiten war endlich dieſe ehemals mächtigſte griechiſche Stadt dermaßen heruntergekommen, daß, da Athen mit den Thebanern wider die Lacedämonier ein Bündniß machte, und zur Erſchwingung der Koſten eine allgemeine Schatzung von allen Gütern, von Haus und Hof, und von baarem Vermögen in dem ganzen athenienſiſchen Gebiete gemacht wurde, an der Summe von ſechstauſend Talenten annoch 250 Talente fehlten. In ſolche Umſtände waren die Athenienſer verfallen wenige Jahre nach der Zeit, da ſie einem einzigen Menſchen einige hundert Statuen von Erz errichteten, welche jetzt in der ganzen Chriſtenheit nicht bewerkſtelliget werden könnten. In dieſer Verarmung der Stadt Athen, wo Schiffahrt und Handel, als die Quellen des Reichthums, aufgehört hatten, ſahen ſich die Künſtler genöthiget, dieſen ihren vornehmſten Sitz zu verlaſſen, und anderwärts ihr Glück zu verſuchen; und die Kunſt ſelbſt verließ, ſo zu reden, Griechenland auf einige Zeit, und ging nach Aſien und Aegypten. Dieſer Fall des Flors der Kunſt iſt zu verſtehen von Künſtlern, welche ſich von neuem hervorgethan; denn diejenigen, welche, als Lyſippus, Apelles und Protogenes, beſagte Zeit überlebet, werden nach ihrem Flore gerechnet. Die große Veränderung nach Alexanders Tode äußert ſich auch in der Sprache und Schreibart der Griechen; denn ihre Schriften ſind von dieſer Zeit an größtentheils in dem ſogenannten gemeinen Dialekte abgefaßt, welcher zu keiner Zeit, oder an irgend einem Orte die Mundart des Volks war; es war eine Sprache der Gelehrten, ſo wie es die lateiniſche jetzt iſt.

Nicht weniger als die Ptolemäer ſuchten die erſten Nachfolger Alexanders des Großen in den aſiatiſchen Ländern, die Seleuciden, von Seleucus, dem Stifter dieſes Reichs, alſo benamet, die aus Griechenland wandernde Kunſt aufzunehmen, und zugleich die, welche geraume Zeit vorher unter den Griechen in Kleinaſien blühete, zu ſchützen und zu befördern; ſo daß die dortigen Künſtler denen, die in Griechenland geblieben waren, den Vorzug ſtreitig machten. Es erlangete dieſelbe aber nicht gleichen Ruhm mit der in Aegypten neu gepflanzten griechiſchen Kunſt; vermuthlich weil Seleucia, die neu angelegte Hauptſtadt, wohin dieſe Könige von Babylon ihre Reſidenz verlegten, und alſo der Sitz ihres Reichs, in dem Herzen von Aſien gelegen, zu weit von den übrigen Griechen entfernt war, wo es den Künſtlern kann ergangen ſein, wie es noch jetzt mit denen geſchieht, die ſich von Rom, dem heutigen Sitze der Kunſt, entfernen, und nach und nach ſinken und ſich verſchlimmern, weil ihr Geiſt und ihre Einbildung der Nahrung und der ſchönen Bilder beraubet iſt. Aegypten hingegen hatte von Alexandrien aus, vermittelſt der See, und durch die Schiffahrt und den Handel die Gemeinſchaft mit den Griechen offen, und die Künſtler konnten in weniger Zeit, was ihnen aus Griechenland nöthig war, erhalten, wozu ſich nicht gleiche Bequemlichkeit nach Seleucien fand. Daß die Entlegenheit des Sitzes der Seleuciden, und die Entfernung deſſelben von dem Meere und alſo von den Griechen, die Urſache des geringeren Fortgangs der griechiſchen Kunſt in den dortigen Ländern geweſen ſein könne, wird wahrſcheinlich durch den Glanz, mit welchem in folgenden Zeiten die Kunſt an dem Hofe der Könige von Bithynien und Pergamus, ſehr eingeſchränkten Staaten des joniſchen Aſiens, gebildet hat, wie unten wird gedacht werden. Unter den Künſtlern, die ſich an dem Hofe der erſten Seleuciden berühmt gemacht, iſt uns Hermokles von Rhodus durch die Statue des ſchönen Combabus bekannt.

Der bisher betrachtete Zeitpunkt der griechiſchen Kunſt unter den nächſten Nachfolgern Alexanders des Großen endiget ſich in der hundert und vier und zwanzigſten Olympias, in welcher dieſe Könige, nämlich Ptolemäus der Erſte von Aegypten, Seleucus von Syrien, Lyſimachus von Thracien, und Ptolemäus Ceraunus von

Macedonien, mit Tode abgegangen waren, wie ich oben angezeigt habe. In der folgenden hundert und fünf und zwanzigſten Olympias geſchah es, daß durch eine Verbindung, die wenige unbeträchtliche Städte in Griechenland machten, entfernterweiſe der Grund gelegt wurde zu einer neuen und verſchiedenen Geſtalt von Griechenland, durch welche zuletzt die eingeſchlaferte Kunſt wiederum erweckt wurde. Die Griechen erfuhren damals, was öfters in menſchlichen Umſtänden zu geſchehen pflegt, daß das Uebel, wenn es auf das Aeußerſte geſtiegen iſt, ein Keim des Heils werden kann, ſo wie die zu ſtark geſpannte und zerſprungene Saite einer Violine einer andern Saite Platz macht, die mit mehr Behutſamkeit angezogen und harmoniſch geſtimmt wird.

In Griechenland, das von ſeinem ehemaligen Flor ſehr abgefallen, war die alte Verfaſſung durch das Uebergewicht der Macedonier dergeſtalt verändert worden, daß ſogar Sparta, wo die alte Regierung bis zu dieſer Zeit an vierhundert Jahre unverändert geblieben war, nach der Schlacht bei Leuktra eine andere Geſtalt bekommen hatte. Denn nachdem der ſpartaniſche König Cleomenes, wegen ſeiner deſpotiſchen Abſichten, aus ſeinem Vaterlande nach Aegypten hatte flüchtig werden müſſen, regierten die Ephori allein, die aber in einem Aufſtande nach dem andern mehr als einmal ermordet wurden. Nach Cleomenis Tode ſchritt man endlich von neuem zu einer Königswahl, und neben dem Ageſipolis, der noch ein Kind war, wurde die höchſte Würde dem Lycurgus ausgewirket, deſſen Vorfahren nicht aus königlichem Geblüte waren; und dieſes erhielt er durch ein Talent, welches er jedem Ephoro gab. Es mußte aber derſelbe, da deſſen Beſtechung bekannt wurde, ebenfalls flüchtig werden, und wurde endlich wiederum zurückgerufen: dieſes geſchah in der hundert und vierzigſten Olympias. Nicht lange hernach aber, und nach des Königs Pelops Tode, warfen ſich verſchiedene Tyrannen in Sparta auf, unter welchen Nabis, der letzte von denſelben, völlig deſpotiſch regierte und die Stadt mit fremden Völkern vertheidigte.

Das ehemals berühmte Theben lag verſtört, und Athen befand ſich in gänzlicher Unthätigkeit, daher, da kein Retter der Freiheit war, hatten ſich allenthalben Tyrannen aufgeworfen, die vom Antigonus Gonatas, Könige in Macedonien, unterſtützt wurden. In dieſen Umſtänden unternahmen es drei oder vier in der Geſchichte kaum bekannte Städte, ſich der Herrſchaft der Macedonier zu entziehen, welches, wie ich geſagt habe, in der hundert und vier und zwanzigſten Olympias geſchah. Es gelang dieſen Städten, die Tyrannen, die ſich bei ihnen aufgeworfen hatten, theils zu verjagen, theils zu ermorden, und weil man das Bündniß dieſer Städte von keiner Folge hielt, blieben ſie ungekränket; und dieſe Vereinigung war der Grund und der Anfang zu dem berühmten achäiſchen Bunde. Viele große Städte, ja ſelbſt Athen, welche dieſen Entſchluß nicht gewagt hatten, befanden ſich beſchämt, und ſuchten mit gleichem Muthe die Herſtellung ihrer Freiheit. Endlich trat ganz Achaja in ein Bündniß, und es wurden neue Geſetze und eine beſondere Form der Regierung entworfen; und da die Lacedämonier und Aetolier aus Eiferſucht gegen die Achäer aufſtunden, ſo traten Aratus und Philopömenes, die letzten Helden der Griechen, und jener bereits im zwanzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters, an ihre Spitze, und waren muthige Vertheidiger der Freiheit, in der hundert und acht und dreißigſten Olympias.

Endlich brach die Eiferſucht zwiſchen den Achäern und Aetoliern in einen offenbaren erbitterten Krieg aus, in welchem die Feindſeligkeit beider Theile gegen einander ſo weit ging, daß man damals anfing, ſogar wider die Werke der Kunſt zu wüthen; und die Aetolier waren die erſten, die dieſen Unfug verübten. Als die Aetolier in Dios, eine macedoniſche Stadt, aus welcher die Einwohner geflüchtet waren, ohne Widerſtand einzogen, riſſen ſie die Mauern derſelben um, und die Häuſer nieder; die Hallen und die bedeckten Gänge um die Tempel wurden in Brand geſteckt, und alle Statuen daſelbſt zerſchlagen. Eben ſolche Wuth verübten die Aetolier in dem Tempel des Jupiters zu Dodona in Epirus, wo ſie die Galerien verbrannten, die Statuen zertrümmerten, und den Tempel ſelbſt zu Grunde richteten; und Polybius führet in einer Rede eines acarnaniſchen Geſandten viele andere Tempel an, die von den Aetoliern waren ausgeplündert worden. Ja die Landſchaft Elis, die bisher wegen der öffentlichen Spiele von feindlichen Parteien verſchont geblieben war, und das Recht einer Freiſtätte genoß, wurde, ſo wie andere Länder, von den Aetoliern heimgeſucht.

Die Macedonier aber unter dem Könige Philippus und die Achäer verübten das Recht der Wiedervergeltung faſt auf eben die Weiſe zu Therma, der Hauptſtadt der Aetolier, verſchonten aber dennoch die Statuen und Bildniſſe der Götter; da aber gedachter König zum zweitenmale nach Therma kam, ließ er die Statuen, die er vorher ſtehen laſſen, zu Grunde richten. Eben dieſer König ließ in der Belagerung der Stadt Pergamum ſeine Wuth wider die Tempel aus, welche er, zugleich mit den Statuen in denſelben, dermaßen zerſtörte, daß auch die Steine ſelbſt zertrümmert wurden, um zu verhindern, daß die Materialien nicht zu Wiederaufbauung dieſer Tempel dienen könnten. Dieſes giebt Diodorus dem Könige in Bithynien Schuld, welches vermuthlich ein Verſehen ſein muß. In gedachter Stadt war ein berühmter Aeſkulapius von Phylomachus gearbeitet, welcher Künſtler bei andern Phyromachus heißt. Athen war zu Anfang dieſes Kriegs ruhig geweſen, weil die Stadt gänzlich von den Macedoniern und von dem Könige in Aegypten abhing; durch dieſe Unthätigkeit aber waren ſie von ihrem Anſehen und ihrer Achtung unter den Griechen gänzlich heruntergefallen; und da die Stadt von den Macedoniern abging, rückte König Philippus in ihr Gebiet, verbrannte die Akademie vor der Stadt, plünderte die Tempel umher aus, und ließ auch die Gräber nicht verſchonet. Da die Achäer in ſeinen Vorſchlag wider Sparta und den Tyrannen Nabis nicht willigen wollten, ging er von neuem in das attiſche Gebiet, und zerſtörte die Tempel, welche er kurz zuvor ausgeplündert hatte, ſchlug die Statuen in Stücken, und ließ auch die Steine zertrümmern, damit ſie nicht zu Wiederherſtellung der Tempel brauchbar ſein möchten. Dieſe verübte Grauſamkeit war es, welche vornehmlich die Athenienſer bewegte, wider den König eine Verordnung zu machen, wodurch alle Statuen deſſelben ſowohl, als von Perſonen aus deſſen Hauſe beiderlei Geſchlechts, ſollten umgeworfen und vernichtet werden; alle Orte, wo irgend etwas zu des Königs Ehre von Inſchriften geſetzt war, wurden für unheilig und ſchändlich erklärt. In dem Kriege wider den König Antiochus in Syrien ließ der Conſul Manius Acilius, nach ſeinem Siege bei Thermopylä, den Tempel der itoniſchen Pallas in Böotien, worinnen gedachten Königs Statue ſtand, zerſtören. Die Römer, welche bisher in feindlichen Orten die Tempel verſchont hatten, fingen nunmehro auch an, nach ihrer Meinung das Recht der Wiedervergeltung zu üben, und plünderten in der Inſel Bacchium, welche Phocäa gegenüber liegt, die Tempel aus, und führten die Statuen mit ſich fort. In den oben erzählten Umſtänden befand ſich Griechenland in der hundert und vierzigſten Olympias.

Zu eben der Zeit, da die Kunſt in Griechenland niederlag, und die Werke derſelben auf das Schrecklichſte gemißhandelt wurden, blühete dieſelbe unter den Griechen außer ihrem Vaterlande in Sicilien, aber noch mehr unter den Königen zu Bithynien und zu Pergamum. Von der Blüthe der Kunſt in Sicilien um dieſe Zeit findet ſich zwar in alten Scribenten keine eigentliche Nachricht; wir können aber auf dieſelbe aus dem ſchönen Gepräge der Münzen dieſer Inſel einen Schluß machen. Denn die doriſchen Pflanzſtädte daſelbſt, deren Haupt Syracus war, ſcheinen mit denen, welche die Jonier beſetzt hatten, unter welchen Leontius eine der vornehmſten war, ſich den Rang in ſchönen Münzen haben abſtreiten zu wollen.

Ich rede, wie ich geſagt habe, von den Zeiten der nächſten Nachfolger Alexanders des Großen bis auf die Eroberung der Stadt Syracus von den Römern, in welchen ein betrübtes Verhängniß über dieſe von der Natur überflüſſig begabte Inſel ſchwebte; und in dieſer Betrachtung iſt zu verwundern, daß in den unaufhörlichen Kriegen nicht ſogar der Same der Kunſt völlig in Sicilien ausgegangen. Denn daß die Kunſt in den älteren Zeiten unter dem Gelo, Hiero, und den beiden Dionſien, Königen zu Syracus, geblühet habe, iſt allen bekannt, und es waren alle Städte in Sicilien mit Werken der Kunſt angefüllt; ſo daß die Thüren des Tempels der Pallas zu Syracus, die aus Gold gearbeitet und aus Elfenbein geſchnitzt waren, allen Werken dieſer Art vorgezogen wurden.

Es müſſen ſich aber auch in den folgenden trüben und verworrenen Umſtänden, die ich vorher berührt habe, ohnerachtet der beſtändigen Kriege, ſonderlich mit den Carthaginenſern und im erſten puniſchen Kriege, große Künſtler in Syracus erhalten haben, wie die außerordentlich ſchönen Münzen des Königs Agathokles, in Gold und Silber in verſchiedener Größe, darthun, welche insgemein auf der einen Seite einen Kopf der Proſerpina, und auf der andern eine Victoria vorſtellen, die einen Helm auf ein Siegeszeichen ſetzt, welche Rüſtungen auf den Stamm eines Baums gehängt ſind. Da nun die Tyrannei und die Kunſt nirgend zuſammenſtimmen, ſo muß es außerordentlich ſcheinen, wenn es in dieſem Falle und unter den grauſamſten Tyrannen geſchehen iſt. Es ſcheint daher glaublich, daß, da Agathokles in der Jugend ein Töpfer war, das iſt, wie ich glaube, die Kunſt gelernt hatte, Gefäße aus gebrannter Erde zu machen und zu malen, da derſelbe alſo zur Zeichnung angeführt worden, er aus eingepflanzter Neigung den Künſtlern zugethan geweſen. Er ließ eine Schlacht zu Pferde malen, die er gehalten, und in gedachtem Tempel der Pallas zu Syracus aufhängen, welches Gemälde ſehr geſchätzt wurde, und unter dem Raube war, die Marcellus in der Plünderung, um ſich Liebe bei den Einwohnern zu erwecken, unangerührt ließ.

Hiero der Zweite, und Nachfolger des Agathokles, wurde aus einem Bürger ſeiner Stadt mit einhelligen Stimmen zum Könige erwählt und ausgerufen, in der hundert und ſieben und zwanzigſten Olympias, und alſo berührt deſſen Geſchichte annoch die Zeiten der erſten Nachfolger Alexanders des Großen, und fällt vor in dem erſten puniſchen Kriege, welcher in dem letzten Jahre der hundert und acht und zwanzigſten Olympias anfing. Die große Anſtalten, die Hiero zu Waſſer und zu Lande machte, Sicilien in Sicherheit zu ſetzen, und die Ruhe, welche dieſe Inſel unter ſeiner Regierung genoß, gaben der Kunſt ein neues Leben. Von den prächtigen Entwürfen, die dieſer König ausführte, gibt unter andern großen Werken ein Beiſpiel das im ganzen Alterthum berühmte Schiff von zwanzig Reihen Ruder an jeder Seite, welches er bauen ließ, ſo daß dieſes Werk mehr einem Palaſte als einem Schiffe ähnlich war. Es waren Waſſerleitungen, Gärten, Bäder und Tempel auf demſelben, und in einem Zimmer war der Fußboden von Muſaico, oder mit kleinen Steinen ausgelegt, welches die ganze Ilias vorſtellte, und alles wurde von drei hundert Künſtlern in zwölf Monaten geendigt. Er ſandte dem römiſchen Volke zu der Zeit, da Hannibal allenthalben Sieger war, eine Flotte mit Getraide und eine goldene Victoria, welche dreihundert und zwanzig Pfund wog. Dieſe nahm der Senat an, da derſelbe, obwohl in dem äußerſten Mangel, von vierzig goldenen Schalen, welche die Abgeordneten der Stadt Neapel brachten, nur eine einzige, und zwar die leichteſte, behielt; diejenigen goldenen Schalen aber, die die Stadt Päſtum in Lucanien ſandte, wurden den Geſandten derſelben mit Dankſagung zurückgegeben. Dieſes führe ich an als Nachrichten, die in einiger Abſicht zu der Geſchichte der Kunſt dieſer Zeit mit gehören; denn dieſe Schalen werden außer dem Gelde auch ihren Werth in der Arbeit gehabt haben.

Dieſer glückliche Regent endigte ſein ruhmwürdiges Leben nach einer ſiebenzigjährigen Regierung, im neunzigſten Jahre ſeines Alters, und in der hundert ein und vierzigſten Olympias. In dem erſten Jahre der folgenden Olympias, da Hieronymus, der unwürdige Sohn und Nachfolger des Hiero, nebſt allen den Seinigen ermordet worden, und die Häupter der Stadt Syracus ſich waffneten, wurde dieſe Stadt vom Marcellus belagert und erobert, wie unten wird berührt werden.

Nicht lange nach den Zeiten des Agathokles iſt eine Münze der Stadt Segeſta in Sicilien geprägt, welche einige Aufmerkſamkeit verdient, nicht ſowohl in Abſicht der Kunſt, als vielmehr der Seltenheit derſelben, und in Abſicht der Zeitrechnung. Auf der einen Seite iſt ein weiblicher Kopf, welcher die Segeſta, des Hippotes aus Troja Tochter, vorſtellt, von welcher die Stadt den Namen führte. Auf der andern Seite iſt ein Hund, nebſt drei Kornähren, welche den fruchtbaren Boden bedeuten. Der Hund iſt ein Bild des Fluſſes Crimiſus, welcher ſich in dieſes Thier verwandelte, um die Segeſta zu genießen, welche von ihrem Vater hieher geſchickt war, ihr Leben zu retten. Denn da Neptunus mit dem Apollo den verdienten Lohn wegen aufgeführter Mauern der Stadt Troja vom Laomedon nicht erhalten, ſchickte derſelbe ein ſchreckliches Ungeheuer wider die Stadt, deſſen Wuth, nach dem Ausſpruche des Orakels des Apollo, die vornehmſten Jungfrauen von Troja ſollten ausgeſetzt werden. Das Merkwürdigſte dieſer Münze iſt der Name Egeſta und Segeſta zu gleicher Zeit. Dieſe von den Carthaginenſern belagerte Stadt wurde von Cajus Duilius in der hundert und neun und zwanzigſten Olympias entſetzt, und neunzehn Jahre hernach wurden die Carthaginenſer durch den Cajus Lutatius Catulus aus Sicilien verjagt, und dieſe Inſel wurde eine römiſche Provinz, das Reich des Hieron ausgenommen; in dieſer Provinz aber ließ man einigen Städten, unter welchen Segeſta genennet iſt, den völligen Genuß ihrer Freiheit. Die angegebenen neunzehn Jahre finden ſich auf dieſer Münze mit ≡IB angezeigt, wenn wir den Inhalt dieſer Zahl theilen; denn ≡ oder Z iſt ſieben, und IB iſt zwölf; eigentlich ſollte ſie ιθ geſchrieben ſein. Ich bin der Meinung, daß die Segeſtaner die Zeit von dem Entſatze an bis zur Eroberung von Sicilien, in welcher ihnen ihre alte Freiheit wider Vermuthen beſtätiget worden, auf dieſer Münze haben erhalten wollen, und daß ſie damals den Namen Egeſta in Segeſta verändert.

Unter den Pflegern und Beſchützern der Künſte dieſer Zeit ſind ebenfalls zu ſetzen die Könige von Pergamum, Attalus der Zweite, und deſſen Sohn und Nachfolger, Eumenes der Zweite. Die zween Regenten, die ihre Klugheit und Liebe für ihre Unterthanen unſterblich gemacht hat, machten aus einem kleinen Lande ein mächtiges Reich, und hinterließen Schätze, die attaliſche Reichthümer genennt wurden, um große Schätze zu beſchreiben. Sie ſuchten beide ſich die Griechen durch große Freigebigkeit zu verbinden, und Attalus bauete ſogar dem Philoſophen Lacydes, dem Haupte der neueren academiſchen Secte, einen Garten bei der Academie vor Athen, um in demſelben ungeſtört zu leben und zu lehren. Unter den Städten, denen er Gutes erwieſen, bezeugte Sicyon ihre Dankbarkeit durch eine koloſſaliſche Statue, die ſie ihm neben einem Apollo, auf dem öffentlichen Platze der Stadt ſetzte. Eumenes hatte ſich nicht weniger den Griechen dergeſtalt beliebt gemacht, daß ihm die mehreſten peloponneſiſchen Städte Säulen aufrichteten.

Nebſt den großen Abſichten, die zum Wohle der Länder abzielen, waren dieſe Könige zuerſt beſorgt, den Wiſſenſchaften die Hand zu reichen, und denſelben Nahrung zu geben; und zu dieſem Zwecke wurde eine große Büherſammlung zu Pergamum angelegt, die zum öffentlichen Gebrauche beſtimmt war, ſo daß Plinius zweifelhaft iſt, ob dieſe Bibliothek, oder die zu Alexandrien, als die erſte in gedachter Abſicht errichtet worden. In Sammlung der beſten Schriften entſtand eine Eiferſucht zwiſchen den Gelehrten zu Pergamum und denen zu Alexandrien, die ſo weit ging, daß am erſten Orte untergeſchobene Schriften unter dem falſchen Namen älterer Scribenten geſchmiedet wurden, und die Gelehrten in Alexandrien ſtritten mit jenen um den Vorzug in dieſem Betruge. Da Ptolemäus Philadelphus die Ausfuhr des ägyptiſchen Papyrus ebenfalls aus Eiferſucht verbot, wurde zu Pergamum die Kunſt erfunden, die Schaffelle zum Schreiben zuzurichten.

Mit der Liebe zu den Wiſſenſchaften vereinigten dieſe Könige eine große Neigung zur Kunſt, und ließen berühmte Werke derſelben aus Griechenland kommen. Es war zu Pergamum das berühmte Paar Ringer von der Hand des Cephiſſodorus, Sohns des Praxiteles, und von Gemälden des Apollodorus Ajax, wie er vom Blitze getroffen wurde; das iſt: Ajax, welcher ſich im Schiffbruche auf einen Felſen rettete, und noch hier den Göttern trotzte, mit den Worten: „ich werde auch wider den Willen der Götter entkommen!“ Alſo iſt Ajax auf einem geſchnittenen Steine vorgeſtellt. Solche Gemälde wurden königlich bezahlt, wie Plinius von der Figur eines Kranken von dem berühmten Ariſtides angezeigt, welche Attalus für hundert Talente kaufte.

Von Künſtlern, welche am Hofe dieſer Könige gebildet haben, macht Plinius vier Bildhauer namhaft, den Iſigonus, Pyromachus, Stratonicus und Antigonus, deſſen Schriften über ſeine Kunſt ehemals geſchätzt waren, und er berichtet, daß viele Maler die berühmte und ſiegreiche Schlacht gedachter zwei Könige, wider die Gallier in Myſien, gemalt. Eben dieſer Scribent gibt uns Nachricht vom Soſus, der zu Pergamum in muſaiſcher Arbeit trefflich war, und auf einem dergleichen Fußboden war der Kehricht, welcher zuſammengefegt wird, aus lauter kleinen Steinen vorgeſtellt, welches Werk daher ασαρωτος οικος, das iſt: das nicht gekehrte Haus, genannt wurde. In eben dieſem Fußboden und vermuthlich auf ſeiner Mitte, war eine Taube abgebildet, die aus einer Schale trank, und den Schatten von ſich ins Waſſer warf, da andere Tauben auf dem Rande dieſer Schale ſich ſonnten und ſich kratzen. Ich werde an einem andern Orte meine Zweifel anführen wider diejenigen, welche glauben, daß ein Muſaico, welches in der Villa Hadriani unter Tivoli entdeckt worden, und eben dieſes vorſtellt, auch eben daſſelbe ſei, deſſen Plinius gedenkt, und daß es gedachter Kaiſer von Pergamum nach ſeiner Villa führen laſſen.

Die vorher gedachten erdichteten Schriften unter den Namen berühmter Männer, die in dieſen Zeiten zu Pergamum erſchienen, veranlaſſen zu glauben, daß in der Kunſt eben dieſes geſchehen ſein könne, und daß man damals angefangen habe, auch Statuen unter dem Namen der großen Bildhauer voriger Zeiten zu verfertigen. Denn Werke von dieſer Art, mit einem falſchen Namen bezeichnet, ſowohl die noch vorhanden ſind, und eben von mir angezeigt werden, als diejenigen, deren Phädrus erwähnt, führten den Namen jener Künſtler. Es iſt auch wahrſcheinlich, daß damals die Zeit der Copiſten ihren Anfang genommen, von deren Hand die Menge der Statuen vom jungen Satyrs übrig geblieben, die alle einander ähnlich ſind, und als Copien des ſo berühmten Satyrs des Praxiteles angeſehen werden. Ich übergehe viele andere Figuren, die ebenfalls nach einem und ebendemſelben Modelle gearbeitet ſcheinen, wie es zwei Silenus hat, mit dem jungen Bacchus in den Armen, in dem Palaste Ruspoli, der dem sogenannten Silenus, in der Villa Borghese, ähnlich sind, und verschiedene Figuren des Apollo Sauroktonos, als Copien desjenigen, der von der Hand des Praxiteles unter jenem Beinamen berühmt war. Die vielen Venus sind bekannt, die alle die Stellung der Venus des gedachten Künstlers haben; und wie viele Apollo finden sich, die den rechten Arm auf dem Haupte ruhend halten, mit einem Schwane zu den Füßen!

Nach diesen angezeigten vortheilhaften Umständen der griechischen Kunst in Sicilien und unter den Königen zu Pergamum, die dieselbe in Griechenland unter den beständigen inneren Kriegen gehabt hat, kehren wir gerade zu den Begebenheiten der Griechen, wo wir, nach geendigten Feindseligkeiten, die Kunst von neuem aufgelebt betrachten.

Da in gedachtem Kriege beide Parteien geschwächt waren, suchten die Aetolier sich zu helfen, und riefen wider die Achäer die Römer zu Hülfe, die damals zuerst ihren Fuß auf den griechischen Boden setzten. Da aber die Achäer, welche die Partei der Macedonier ergriffen, durch Philopömenes, ihren Feldherrn, einen Sieg wider die Aetolier und ihre Verbündeten erhalten hatten: traten die Römer, da sie besser von den Umständen in Griechenland unterrichtet waren, von denen ab, welche sie gerufen hatten, und zogen die Achäer an sich, welche mit ihnen Bündniß errichteten, und den König Philippus von Macedonien schlugen. Dieser Sieg verschaffte einen vortheilhaften Frieden, in welchem sich der König der Entscheidung der Römer unterwarf, und sich bequemen mußte, alle eingenommenen Plätze in Griechenland abzutreten, und aus allen Orten seine Besatzungen zu ziehen, und die Erfüllung alles dieses mußte geschehen vor den isthmischen Spielen. In diesen Umständen nahmen die Römer ein großmüthiges Herz an gegen die Freiheit eines andern Volks, und der Proconsul Quintus Flaminius hatte im drei und dreißigsten Jahre seines Alters die Ehre, die Griechen für frei laut zu erklären, die ihn fast anbeteten.

Dieses geschah in dem vierten Jahre der hundert und fünf und vierzigsten Olympias, hundert und vier und neunzig Jahre vor der christlichen Zeitrechnung; und es ist glaublich, daß Plinius diese Olympias, nicht aber die hundert und fünf und fünfzigste gemeint habe, wenn er berichtet, daß die Kunst in derselben wiederum zu blühen angefangen. Denn in der hundert und fünf und fünfzigsten waren die Römer als Feinde in Griechenland; die Kunst aber konnte unter einem bedrängten unglücklichen Verhältnisse niemals emporkommen. Bald hernach wurde den Griechen ihre Freiheit durch den Paulus Aemilius bestätiget. Die Zeit, in welcher die Kunst in Griechenland niedergelegen, wird gewesen sein, wie die Zeit von Raphael und Michael Angelo bis auf die Caracci. Die Kunst fiel damals in der römischen Schule selbst in eine große Barbarei, und auch diejenigen Künstler, die von der Kunst schrieben, als Vasari und Zuccari, waren wie mit Blindheit geschlagen. Die Gemälde der beiden größten Meister in der Kunst waren in ihrem völligen Glanze, und im Angesichte derjenigen gemalt, die, wie ihre Arbeit zeigt, niemals ein aufmerksames Auge auf dieselben gerichtet, und keine einzige alte Statue betrachtet zu haben scheinen. Dem ältern Caracci gingen in Bologna zuerst die Augen wiederum auf.

In gedachter Wiederherstellung der Kunst in Griechenland haben sich unter den Bildhauern berühmt gemacht Antäus, Kallistratus, Polykles, der Meister des schönen Hermaphrodits, Athenäus, Kallixenus, Pythokles, Pythias, Timokles und Metrodorus, der Maler und Philosoph, die aber Plinius unter die geringern Künstler herabsetzet, und dieses ist das letzte Alter der eigentlichen griechischen Kunst.

Blüte und Verfall der Kunst unter den Römern.

Unter dem Trajanus bekam Rom und das ganze römische Reich ein neues Leben, und er fing an, nach so vielen Unruhen durch die großen Werke, welche er unternahm, die Künstler aufzumuntern. Die Ehre einer Statue, welche er sich nicht allein, mit Ausschließung Anderer, anmaßete, sondern mit wohlverdienten Männern theilte, kann der Kunst sehr beförderlich gewesen sein; ja man findet, daß jungen Leuten von großer Hoffnung Statuen nach ihrem Tode gesetzt wurden.

Das größte Werk von des Trajanus Zeiten ist dessen Säule, welche mitten auf dem Foro stand, das er durch den Apollodorus von Athen bauen ließ, und zu dessen Gedächtniß eine schöne goldene Münze geprägt worden, auf deren Rückseite ein Gebäude dieses Platzes angedeutet ist. Hat jemand Gelegenheit, die Figuren auf der Säule in Gyps geformt zu betrachten, so wird er erstaunen über die unendliche Verschiedenheit in so viel tausend Köpfen zu bemerken. Im vergangenen Jahrhunderte war noch der Kopf übrig von der herabgestürzten Statue dieses Kaisers, welche auf der Säule stand; von demselben findet sich weiter keine Nachricht.

Von den Gebäuden seines Forums, die jene Säule umgaben, und deren Decken oder Gewölbe von Erz waren, kann man sich einen Begriff machen aus einer daselbst im Monate August 1765 entdeckten Säule von dem schönsten orientalischen Granit, die acht und einen halben Palm im Durchmesser hält. Sie wurde daselbst gefunden, da man eine Grube machte zur Grundlage einer Auffahrt zu dem Palaste Imperiali, und zugleich mit derselben ein Stück des obern Gebälkes, oder die Cornische der Architrave von weißem Marmor, welche diese Säule trug, und über neun Palmen hoch ist. Da nun die Cornische das Drittel und noch weniger von dem Gebälke ist, so muß dasselbe über achtzehn Palmen hoch gewesen sein. Dieses Stück hat der Herr Cardinal Alexander Albani in seine Villa bringen lassen, nebst einer Inschrift, die den Ort anzeigt, wo dieselbe entdeckt worden. Es zeigten sich beim Graben an eben dem Orte noch andere fünf Säulen von gleicher Größe, die in der Tiefe liegen geblieben sind, weil niemand die Kosten tragen wollte, dieselben heraus zu heben, und man hat auf zwei Säulen die Grundlage gedachter Auffahrt gelegt. Nach der Säule kann als das größte Werk der Kunst, welches sich erhalten hat, der kolossalische Kopf gedachten Kaisers, in der Villa des Herrn Cardinals Alexander Albani, betrachtet werden; es ist derselbe von der Halsgrube bis auf den Wirbel fünf römische Palm hoch.

Apollodorus, welchen Trajanus von Athen kommen ließ, den Bau dieses Forums zu führen, zeiget, daß in dem, was die Kunst betrifft, die Griechen allezeit den Vorzug hatten, ja es war ihre Sprache in Rom bekannter, als selbst die römische, welches die in griechischer Sprache von Römern verfaßten Geschichten unter anderen beweisen. Daher geschah es, daß sich Römer griechische Grabschriften setzen ließen, und auf dem Fuße einer römischen Statue, die sich zu unserer Zeit in Rom fand, standen die Worte: *ΚΑΛΩΣ ΤΕΛΩΝΗΣΑΝΤΙ*, d. i. dem, der den Zoll ehrlich verwaltet hat, welches ein Römer gewesen sein muß.

Zu Ehren der Baukunst verdienet der Bogen des Trajanus zu Ancona mit angeführt zu werden; denn man wird an keinem alten Gebäude so erstaunend große Stücke Marmor angebracht finden. Das Basament des Bogens bis an den Fuß der Säulen ist aus einem einzigen Stücke; in der Länge hält es neun und zwanzig römische Palmen und ein Drittheil, die Breite ist von siebenzehn und einem halben, und die Höhe von dreizehn Palmen. Oben auf diesem Bogen stand dieses Kaisers Statue zu Pferde, wovon noch ein Huf auf dem Rathhause zu Ancona verwahret wird. Die Pfeiler der Brücke des Trajanus über die Donau dienten, nachdem die Brücke abgeworfen war, wie Dio sagt, bloß dazu, die äußerste Stärke der menschlichen Kräfte zu zeigen.

Von öffentlichen Werken der Kunst unter dem Trajanus sind übrig, außer den schönen Stücken seines Bogens, welchen Constantin den seinigen zusammensetzen ließ, Trümmer von großen erhobenen Werken, die in der Villa Borghese liegen, und entweder von einem zweiten Triumphbogen dieses Kaisers, oder von einem andern öffentlichen Gebäude seines Forums zu sein scheinen, wo die Basilica Ulpia war, welches Gebäude auf einer sehr schön erhaltenen goldenen Münze angedeutet ist. Diese erhobenen Werke stellen Kriege mit ihren Aufzügen vor, in Figuren von elf Palmen in der Höhe, unter welchen man den Feldherrn unterscheidet, aber nicht erkennet, weil der Kopf abgeschlagen ist.

Die große Sorgfalt, welche Trajanus trug, die Werke der Kunst, die gelitten hatten, auszubessern, ist bekannt.

In den großen Werken, die dieser Kaiser aufführen ließ, scheinet [illegible] nicht seinen Antheil gehabt zu haben; es war auch unter der Regierung keine Gelegenheit, die Kunst zu üben, da vornehmlich außer den Kaisern in keinem gewöhnlichen Stande anderen Personen Statuen errichtet wurden. Wenn aber die Griechen damals die Ehre einer Person erweisen wollten, vergriffen sie sich an Statuen ehemaliger berühmter Männer, und begnügten sich, die Inschrift zu verändern, wodurch eine Statue, die einen griechischen Helden vorstellte, wider die Aehnlichkeit des Bildes einem römischen Prätor oder sonst einer Person zugeschrieben wurde, wie Dio Chrysostomus ein solches Verfahren der Rhodier in einer besondern Rede gerüget. Dieser Redner lebte zu den Zeiten, von welchen wir reden.

Auf den Trajanus folgte Hadrianus, der große Freund, Beförderer und Kenner der Kunst, welcher sogar mit eigener Hand Statuen verfertiget haben soll, so daß Victor, als ein unbescheidener Schmeichler, sagt, er könne dieser Kaiser als ein Künstler neben den berühmten Bildhauern, dem Polykletus und dem Euphranor stehen. Wenn man von seiner Neigung gegen den alten Stil der römischen Sprache im Schreiben auf die Kunst schließen könnte; würde er auch in dieser jenen vorzuziehen gesucht haben. Durch die Liebe zur Kunst war seine Begierde, alles zu wissen und zu sehen, ohne Schranken; und es war dieselbe der vornehmste Grund der großen Reisen, die er im sechsten Jahre seiner Regierung nach allen römischen Provinzen antrat, so daß sich Münzen finden von siebenzehn Ländern, die er durchreiset ist. Er ging sogar nach Arabien und Aegypten, welches Land er, wie er selbst in einem Briefe an den Consul Servianus sagt, völlig ausstudiret hatte.

Durch den Hadrianus wurde die Kunst auf den Thron erhoben, und die Griechen, so zu reden, mit derselben; so daß seit dem Verluste der Freiheit Griechenland keine glücklichere Zeit erlebte, und keinen mächtigern Freund gehabt hatte. Denn dieser Kaiser nahm sich vor, Griechenland in die vorige Freiheit zu setzen, indem er es für ein freies Land erklärte, und suchte den griechischen Städten ihren vorigen Glanz wieder zu geben. In dieser Absicht ließ er nicht allein in Athen so viel bauen, was Perikles vor Zeiten gethan hatte, sondern es wurden auch alle berühmte Städte in Griechenland sowohl als in Kleinasien mit öffentlichen Gebäuden, Wasserleitungen und Bädern ausgezieret. Ein Tempel, welchen er zu Cyzikum aufführen ließ, wurde unter die sieben Wunderwerke der Welt gezählt; und vielleicht sind von demselben diejenigen erstaunenden Trümmer übrig, die seit langer Zeit den dortigen Einwohnern zu ihrem Baue dienen. Er trat den Parthern ein großes Land ab, um, wie es scheint, zugleich zu dieser seiner großen Absicht Ruhe zu haben.

Gegen Athen aber äußerte Hadrianus eine ganz vorzügliche Neigung, theils weil diese Stadt der Sitz der Künste gewesen war, theils weil er drei Jahre daselbst gelebt und die Stelle eines Archon verwaltet hatte. Er gab den Atheniensern die Insel Cephalenia wieder, bauete den Tempel des Bacchus und vollendete den Tempel des olympischen Jupiters zu Athen, nachdem derselbe an sechshundert Jahre, vom Pisistratus an, gelegen hatte, und es wurde ein Werk, welches vier Stadien im Umfange hatte. In demselben ließ er, wie Pausanias berichtet, unter andern Statuen, von Golde und Elfenbein verfertiget, eine solche kolossalische Statue des Jupiters setzen; eine jede römische Stadt ließ in diesem Tempel dem Kaiser selbst eine Statue errichten.

Die Güte dieses Kaisers um die Kunst erweckte aber den Trieb auch in anderen Griechen, so daß der einzige Redner Herodes von Athen, mit dem Zunamen Atticus, in verschiedenen griechischen Städten Statuen errichten ließ, welcher auch außer Athen ein ganz neues Stadium von weißem Marmor an dem Flusse Ilissus, nebst einem Theater in Athen und zu Korinth, und beide aus eigenen Mitteln, erbauete.

Es war jedoch dieses Kaisers Lust, zu bauen und der Kunst Nahrung zu geben, nicht bloß auf Griechenland eingeschränkt, sondern die Städte in Italien hatten sich gleicher Freigebigkeit zu rühmen. Von Nachrichten der Gebäude, die Hadrianus außer Rom in Italien aufgeführt, erwähne ich nur, eine vielleicht irrig verstandene Inschrift anzuführen, die man auf das Amphitheater zu Capua gedeutet hat, weil dieselbe neben demselben gefunden sein soll, die aber das Theater eben dieser Stadt angehet, welches von dem Amphitheater nicht über funfzig Schritte entfernt ist. Mazzocchi, welcher dieselbe erkläret hat, deutet die Säulen, die Hadrianus nach der Inschrift hinzugefügt, auf die halb hervorspringenden Säulen des Amphitheaters, ohne zu überlegen, daß diese Säulen, wie in allen Amphitheatern, mit den Lagen der Steine, an welchen sie hervorspringen, aus einem Stücke gehauen sind. Es hat auch derselbe nicht betrachtet, daß man in einem solchen Gebäude für Statuen keinen Platz findet, mit welchen sowohl als mit Säulen ein Theater können ausgeziert werden. Von dem einen sowohl als von dem andern haben wir den Beweis an einigen Säulen von Giallo antico, die zween Palmen und drei Viertheile im Durchmesser haben, so wie an vielen Statuen, die vor wenigen Jahren in dem capuanischen Theater ausgegraben worden, wovon man noch jetzt die Spuren sieht. Diese Säulen nebst den Statuen stehen zu Caserta, und sind für das dortige königliche Schloß bestimmt. Unter den Statuen ist die schönste eine Venus Victrix, die den linken Fuß auf einen Helm setzt, und außer den Armen, welche mangeln, völlig erhalten ist.

In Rom selbst bauete sich dieser Kaiser das prächtige Grabmal, welches jetzt unter dem Namen der Engelsburg bekannt ist. Außer einigen Säulengängen, welche umher gingen, war das ganze Gebäude mit weißem Marmor bekleidet, und mit Statuen besetzt. Nach der Zeit diente dieses Gebäude als eine Festung, und da in demselben die Römer von den Gothen belagert wurden, vertheidigten sich jene mit Statuen, die sie auf die Feinde herunterwarfen, unter welchen der berühmte schlafende Faun über Lebensgröße, jetzt in dem Pallaste Barberini, war, den man bei Ausräumung des Grabens dieses Castells fand. Eins der größten Werke der Bildhauerei, welche dieser Kaiser machen lassen, würde dessen Statue auf einem Wagen mit vier Pferden gewesen sein, die auf der Spitze dieses seines Grabmals soll gestanden haben, und, wenn dem Scribenten, der es berichtet, zu glauben ist, so groß war, daß ein starker Mann in die Löcher, welche die hohlen Augen an den Pferden machten, hineinkriechen konnte: man giebt sogar vor, daß dieses Werk aus einem einzigen Block Marmor gehauen gewesen. Es scheint aber eine griechische Lüge aus der Zeit des Scribenten zu sein, welche zu gleichem Preise geht mit der Nachricht eines andern griechischen Scribenten dieser Zeiten, von dem Kopfe einer Statue der Juno zu Constantinopel, welchen kaum vier Ochsen ziehen können. Hadrianus ließ allen seinen Freunden nicht allein nach ihrem Tode, sondern auch bei Lebenszeit Statuen und zwar auf dem Foro zu Rom setzen.

Unter so vielen Werken, die Hadrianus, nachdem er vier Jahre vor seinem Tode nach Rom zurückkam, ausgeführt hat, war vermuthlich das größte Gebäude seine Villa unter Tivoli, deren Trümmer an zehn Miglien im Umfange haben, und außer vielen Tempeln und andern Gebäuden zween Theater in sich begriffen, von welchen das eine den deutlichsten Begriff von allen alten Theatern in der Welt giebt, weil die ganze Scene erhalten ist. Er ließ hier sogar die berühmtesten Gegenden und Gebäude von Griechenland vorstellen, bis auf die Orte, die unter dem Namen der elysäischen Felder bekannt waren. Unter andern Gebäuden sind die sogenannten hundert Kammern berühmt und merkwürdig, in welchen die kaiserliche Garde lag, welcher Wohnungen waren, die keine Gemeinschaft eine mit der andern hatten, sondern vermöge eines hölzernen Ganges von außen, welcher durch eine Wache konnte besetzt und geschlossen werden. Es sind zwei solcher Gemächer über einander, welche in dem Winkel, welchen sie machen, ein rundes Gefäß haben, wo man sich das Corps de Guardia vorstellt. In jedem Gemache waren, vermöge eines vortretenden Gesimses, welches auf hervorspringenden Steinen ruhet, die man noch sieht, zwei Wohnungen, und es findet sich noch in einem derselben der eingekratzte Name eines Soldaten mit schwarzer Farbe, wie mit einem Finger geschrieben. Die Pracht dieser Gebäude war so verschwenderisch, daß ein sehr langer Gang, in welchem, wie man glaubt, Gefechte zu Schiffe vorgestellt wurden, ganz und gar mit gelbem Marmor ausgefüttert war. In demselben fand sich beim Ausgraben, außer vielen Gesimsgetäfel, eine große Menge Köpfe von Marmor, und von andern harten Steinen, aus welchen viele mit der Kunst geschliffen waren; die besten von denselben besitzt Cardinal Polignac. Es waren lange Gänge zum Spazieren mit Mosaico belegt, von welchen man noch große Stücke sieht: die Gewölbe der Zimmer waren von eben dieser Arbeit, aber von kleinern Steinen zusammengesetzt. Unzählig viele Werke von Mosaico, theils in Rom, theils anderwärts, sind alle unter dem Schutte dieser Trümmer gefunden worden. Mit Statuen, die hier in großer Menge seit dritthalb Jahrhunderten ausgegraben worden, sind alle Museen in ganz Europa bereichert; es wird noch jetzt beständig gegraben und gefunden, und dennoch ist der späten Nachkommenschaft daselbst Entdeckungen zu machen übrig. Der Cardinal von Este, der auf den Trümmern der Villa des Mäcenas zu Tivoli die seinige erbauet, besetzte dieselbe mit unzähligen Statuen, die man dort fand, und nach und nach von dem Herrn Cardinal Alexander Albani gekauft und weggeführt, und ein großer Theil derselben ist von ihm dem Museo Capitolino einverleibt worden.

Außer den vorzüglichen Werken in Marmor, die aus gedachter Villa des Hadrianus gekommen sind, und von welchen ich nachher reden werde, gedenke ich zuerst des berühmten Gemäldes in Mosaico, welches eine Schale voll Wasser vorstellt, auf deren Rande vier Tauben sitzen, von denen die eine trinken will. Der Werth dieses Werkes besteht vornehmlich darin, daß es völlig aus den Stiften harter Steine zusammengesetzt ist, und vielleicht als das einzige in dieser Art kann angegeben werden; denn in allen andern solchen Gemälden, auch in denen, die ich nachher beschreiben werde, sind Glasflüsse mit zu Hülfe genommen, um Farben heraus zu bringen, die sich schwerlich in Steinen finden. Es wurde dasselbe eingelegt gefunden mitten in dem Boden eines Zimmers, welches von gröberem Mosaico gelegt war, und umher einen zierlichen Streif von Blumenwerk hatte, und von eben so feiner Arbeit, als jenes Mosaico ist. Von dieser Streifen, welche [illegible] umherliefen, hat der Herr Cardinal Alexander Albani ein Stück von einem Palmen breit, und von vier Palmen lang, in ein Tischblatt von orientalischem Alabaster in seiner Villa einsetzen

[illegible]

[illegible]

aus ähnlichem Tiefstein, die jetzt Palmen im Durchschnitt halten, welche zusammen nebst Stücken von mehr als zehn andern dergleichen Säulen an demselben Orte gefunden sind. In der einen von diesen Säulen sieht in der Mitte das Haupt des Merkurs, und in der andern der Kopf eines [illegible], oder nach einer Flasche; und da beide keine Oeffnung haben, müssen sie, wie jetzt, blos zur Zierde eines Gebäudes bestimmt gewesen sein. Daß dieses Werk aber nicht lange vor der Zeit, von welcher wir reden, gebauet haben, zeigt sich an zwei großen Stücken von ungearbeitetem Marmor Cipollino, wo an dem Ende von jedem eine Inschrift eingehauen war, in Buchstaben, deren Form auf diese Zeit deutet. Auf der einen Seite das Consulat nebst der Anzahl bezeichnet, wie es scheint, der dieses Stück kommen lassen, und nebst der Anzahl derselben.

. RVIANO III COS.
. . EXBAT
VALENTIS
. . LXXXIII.

Auf einem Ende des zweiten Stücks war eingehauen:

. SVB CVRA MINICI SI.
PR. CRESCENTE LIB. NI.

welches ich denen zu erklären überlasse, die hierin geübter sind. Dieser Consul Mallianus ist unbekannt; in Fasten sich mehrere Consuln dieses Namens aus dem Geschlechte der Fabier, die den Zunamen Mallianus führten; sie sind aber aus weit ältern Zeiten der römischen Republik. Diese von ihren Stücken abgesägten Inschriften befinden sich in der Villa Albani; aus den Stücken selbst sind zwei Säulen gearbeitet, die im Jahre 1767 nach England abgegangen sind.

Karl Gottfried Theodor Winkler

ward 1775 am 9. Februar zu Waldenburg im Schönburgischen geboren, vollendete seine akademischen Studien zu Wittenberg und wurde nach Beendigung derselben Aktuar bei dem Stadtgerichte zu Dresden, 1802 geheimer Kanzlist, 1804 geheimer Registrator und 1810 geheimer Sekretär. In den Jahren 1812 und 1813 bereiste er Frankreich und Italien, und wurde bei seiner Rückkehr dabei russischer Hofrath und Theaterintendant. Nach der Heimkunft des Königs von Sachsen erhielt er 1815 die Aemter eines königl. sächsischen Hofrathes und Sekretärs des königlichen Theaters und der Akademie der bildenden Künste zu Dresden; später wurde er Vicedirektor dieser Anstalten. Als Schriftsteller ist er unter dem Namen Theodor Hell bekannt.

Er gab heraus:

Lustspiele. Leipzig, 1805. 2 Bde.
Neue Lustspiele. Leipzig, 1807 f. 2 Bde.
Bianca von Toredo; Drama. Leipzig, 1808.
Macaria; Drama. Leipzig, 1808.
Zulima; Trauerspiel nach Voltaire. Leipzig, 1811.
Angelika; Drama. Dresden, 1811.
Der Geschäftige; Original-Lustspiel. Dresden, 1815.
Das Haus Anglade; Schauspiel. Leipzig, 1815.
Die Wasserträger; Drama. Leipzig, 1817.
Bühne der Ausländer. Dresden, 1819.
Drei Tage aus dem Leben eines Spielers; Drama. Braunschweig, 1820.
Dramatisches Vergißmeinnicht. Braunschweig, 1823—1827. 3 Bde.
[illegible]; Erzählung. Leipzig, 1821.
Neue Erzählungen für häusliche Cirkel. Leipzig, 1821—1827.
Des Mautners Leben. Dresden, 1826.
Sängerkreis. Stuttgart, 1826.
[illegible] Mazeppa. Leipzig, 1828.
Lyratöne. Dresden, 1821.
Bunte Leben. Berlin, 1828. 2 Bde.
Neueste Gedichte. Braunschweig, 1829. u. s. w.

Ferner war er Herausgeber der Taschenbücher: [illegible], Penelope (seit 1811), Komus (1814—16, 2 Bde.); und mit Fr. Kind der Abendzeitung (seit 1817).

Glückliche Erfindungsgabe, große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der gewählten Stoffe, Lebendigkeit der Auffassung, Herrschaft über Form und Sprache, gute Aufführung, Witz und Laune zeichnen W's poetische und dramatische Leistungen sehr vortheilhaft aus und haben ihm in der literarischen Welt einen höchst geachteten Namen erworben, trotz dem, daß er mehrmals, besonders wegen seiner Leitung der Abendzeitung, die er jedoch, seinen Grundsätzen treu, bereits fünf und zwanzig Jahre mit immer gleichem Erfolge redigirt, auf das Heftigste angegriffen worden ist.

Gedichte von K. G. Th. Winkler.

(Theodor Hell.)

Sieg der Frauen.

Wenn das Reizende und Höchste,
Was noch je der Mensch gewagt,
In dem Kampfe um die Krone
Vor dem Richterstuhl sich wagt;
Wenn aus allen ihren Reichen
Die Natur ihr Äußerstes beut,
Und Gesang der holden Stimmen
Ueber ihre Erde streut,
Ist doch Eins und, was sie gibt,
Mit Gewalt überwiegt —
Rührt mit leisem Zauberschlage,
Daß nur Frauenmildigkeit siegt.

Gebt Du für edle Thaten,
Für des Großen hohen Schwung,
Für des Wissens tiefes Streben,
Für der Künste Huldigung,
Perlen, Gold und Edelsteine,
Ehre, Ruhm und Schätze dar,
Bleibt dieser Gaben keine
Doch ein sicher Lohn, fürwahr.
Ein Begehr nur in der Brust
Unserer Liebe ewig waltet,
Und es wacher Augenblick
Nur durch Frauenhuld belohnt.

Groß sind Könige im Schmuck
Ihrer Krone, unstillbar,
Und der Thron mit der Schale
In der freien Hand ist groß,
Und macht Du Dichter gewählt,
Wenn der Triumph sie erfüllt;
Doch in aller hoher Kraft
Ihrer edlen Ehren erblüht,
Wenn mit holdem Blütenglanz,
Der auf Ehren und Lorbeer sich weiht,
In der Blüthen [illegible] Kranze
Leise Frauenwürde strahlt.

Die lebenslustige wilde Woge,
Welche Sturm und jede Gewalt,
Und das Rasen feindlich Geschick
[illegible] die ganze Seele packt,
Zürnenderweise leise Kampf entscheidet,
Und der Widerstand setzet sich;
Aber was im Getümmel der Leiden
Keiner Macht, noch Welt vermag,
Was, um niemals mehr zu sinken,
Kaum das Geschick noch gibt,
Hat mit sanft verschlungenen Händen
Frauenmilde doch verübt.

Und wenn Alles in dem Drange
Der Gemeinheit sich verflacht,
Freudig die Flammen übertönt,
Von der Rohheit angefacht,
Wenn in der Verflachung Grauen
Jeder reine Funke erlischt,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

[illegible]

Jo hoho! Trallara!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Daß er Wärme fühl'te,
Und es jetzt mich müßig ſieh,
Daß ich's ihm verlor'n.

Denn iſt's nicht der Sonne Ball,
Welchen ich verehre,
Sind es nicht der Sterne all'
Funkelnde Heere,
Iſt es nicht der Widerſchein
Auf des Mondes Runde,
Minder noch der [illegible]
In der Abendſtunde;

Nicht der Kerzen helles Licht
Im geſchliff'nen Saale,
Noch der Schein, der lodernd bricht
Durch kryſtall'ne Schaale,
Oder gar, nach Mancher Brauch —
[illegible]
Zürnt nicht! — der blaue Rauch
In dem Pfälzer Knaſter.

Nein! mein Feuerdienſt gehört
Jenen Augen-Sonnen,
Die — was ich mich auch gewehrt —
Mich ſo ganz gewonnen,
Daß ich drin mein Licht und Sein
Einzig nur erkenne,
Und bei ihrer Strahlen Schein
Selbſt in Gluth entbrenne.

Wer mag ſolchem Feuer nicht
Ewig ſich ergeben,
In der ſchönen Prieſterpflicht
Sonder Wanken leben?
Ach! ſie leuchten gar ſo mild
Und ſo glühend wieder,
Sind der Gottheit Ebenbild,
Strahlend uns hernieder.

Aber, wenn dies Feuer nun
Nur für Andre glühte,
Ich vergebens, ſonder Ruhen,
Mich im Dienſte mühte!
O! dann wär' dem Element
Ich der ärgſte Haſſer,
Und ſpräng' — wenn's zu ſehr mich brennt' —
Lieber gleich — in's Waſſer.

Kennerſchaft.

Wie weit die Kunſtkritik doch geht,
Wenn's nur ein Kenner recht verſteht! —

War einſt ein Graf, als Dilettant
Im Niederlande wohl bekannt,
Der aber in der Kunſtkritik
Beſaß ein wunderbar Geſchick.
So daß, was er für Recht erkannt,
Auch Jedermann vortrefflich nannt';
Dagegen, was er ſchon als ſchlecht,
Auch dünkte keinem Menſchen recht,
Weil Alle ſtimmten überein,
Er müſſ' der größte Kenner ſein.
Da fehlte ihm etwas [illegible],
Und er mit Worten, breit und viel,
Und ſchier ganz unverſtändlich doch,
Bewies, was er in Zweifel zog.
[illegible]
Auch Rembrandt einſt [illegible].
Und als das Bild nun fertig war,
Sehr wohl getroffen, ſonderbar:
Da kam der Graf mit Kennerſchaft,
Und fand es beinah [illegible],
Und mäkelt da, und mäkelt dies,
[illegible]
Obgleich der Meiſter ohne [illegible],
Bald dieſes weniger verſchmolz,
Bald jenes drängte mehr hervor,
Als die Geſtalt [illegible].
Der Graf bekannte ſonſt doch nur,
Es wäre Rembrandt in Natur,
Und wär' er anders noch ſo ſehr,
[illegible]

Da wird's dem Künſtler doch zu kraus,
Und denkt ſich flugs ein Plänchen aus.
Wie ſolches andre Kenner dort
[illegible]
Und wenig Wochen war vergehn,
Da bittet er den Grafen ſchön,
Zu kommen in ſein kleines Haus,
Dort ſtell' ein Bild ſo eben aus,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Und weil des großen Kenners Wort
[illegible]
Der Graf, ſich immer wohl bewußt,
Wirft ſich nur wenig in die Bruſt,
Und ſagt mit Freundlichkeit im Nu
Das Kennerurtheil Rembrandt zu. —
Da tritt er in die Werkſtatt ein,
Und dort an einem großen Schrein,
Hängt auch des Rembrandt Konterfei,
Das gleicht ihm wie das Ei dem Ei.
Der Graf mit ernſter Miene tritt
Davor, nach Kennerart, zehn Schritt,
Faßt er das Ganze forſchend auf,
Legt ſich alsdann die Brille auf,
Tritt näher, blickt nicht allzunah,
Weil das ein Kenner nie geſchah,
Und prüft nun lang, und prüft nun breit
Des Bildes Art und Wahrheit,
Worauf das Urtheil er [illegible]
Dann fällt, nachdem er ſich geneigt:
„Das Bild iſt gar nicht ſchlecht gemalt,
Und für ein Kunſtwerk wohl bezahlt,
Doch was betrifft die Ähnlichkeit,
So iſt es von der Wahrheit weit,
[illegible]
„[illegible]"

Darauf das Bildniß ſelbſt zur Stund'
Aufthut im Ingrimm ſeinen Mund,
Und ruft: „Nun, wenn ich das nicht bin,
Wo iſt denn da der Rembrandt hin!
Diesmal, mein theurer Herr mit Gunſt,
Geht betteln Eure Kennerkunſt;
Denn nur gemalt iſt dieſes nicht,
Es iſt mein eignes Angeſicht,
Und, was auch meint' der Kenner ein,
Das muß mir doch wohl ähnlich ſein!"

Lied.

„Kommet her zu mir Alle, die ihr mühſelig und beladen ſeid, ich will Euch erquicken."
Matthäi, Cap. 11. V. 28.

Kommet her zu mir, Ihr Alle,
Die mit Mühſal Ihr beladen,
Kommet her, in meiner Quelle
Stärkungsfluthen Euch zu baden,
Kommet her zum Reich der Liebe,
[illegible]
Kommet her zu mir, Ihr Alle,
Denn ich will Euch gern erquicken.

Alle lautet die Verheißung,
Die der Vater uns gegeben,
Und in ſeinen [illegible]
Liegt die Kraft uns und das Leben,
Und mit ſeinen Vaterhänden
Hebt die Laſt er uns vom Rücken!
Wer mühſelig und beladen,
Den will er ja gern erquicken.

Tragt denn ruhig Eure Bürde,
Traget Euch der ſchweren Laſten,
Denn Ihr werdet um ſo freier
Nach der bangen Mühe raſten;
Nach der Arbeit wildem Drängen,
Ob leicht ſchwere Wunden drückten,
Wird er Euch mit Himmelsthaue
Um ſo herrlicher erquicken.

Einen Hafen nach dem Sturme,
Eine Rettung aus dem Grauen,
[illegible]
Heißer [illegible]-Strahlen.

Einen Troſt in allen dunkeln
Bangverworrenen Geſchicken
Habt Ihr! — Geht zu dem, Ihr Alle,
Der Euch will ſo gern erquicken.

Und die Krone der Verheißung,
Die dem Kämpfer nur beſchieden,
Und die Seligkeit der Ruhe,
Und der Eingang zu dem Frieden,
Der durch Müh' nur wird gefunden,
Wird Euch dann auf ewig ſchmücken:
Darum gehet hin, Ihr Alle,
Denn der Herr wird Euch erquicken.

Lied.

„Aber der Herr iſt mein Schutz; mein Gott iſt
der Hort meiner Zuverſicht.“
Pſalm XCIV. V. 22.

Thürmt euch nur empor, ihr Wellen,
Stürmet, tobet wild und laut,
Droht, das Schifflein zu zerſchellen,
Das dem Meer ſich anvertraut!
Ob die Fluthen d'rüber ſchlagen,
Ob der letzte Maſt zerbricht,
Dennoch werd' ich nicht verzagen; —
Gott iſt meine Zuverſicht!

Birg dich, Sonne, hinter Schleiern,
Die der Wolken Schwärze webt,
Trauer, wie bei Todtenfeiern
Um dein bleiches Antlitz ſchwebt;
Ob du mir nicht mehr wirſt tagen,
Ob verlöſchen muß dein Licht,
Dennoch werd' ich nicht verzagen —
Gott iſt meine Zuverſicht.

Oeffne, Erde, mir zu Füßen
Deinen bodenloſen Schooß,
Gieße aus den Felſenriſſen
Deine Gluthen auf mich los!
Ob die Feuerſäulen ragen,
Ob der Erde Axe bricht,
Dennoch werd' ich nicht verzagen —
Gott iſt meine Zuverſicht!

Denn im Kampf der Elemente
Bleibet er mein Schutz, mein Hort,
Hin zu dem ich gläubig wende
Meines Flehens Blick und Wort.
Mich am Herzen wird er tragen,
Daß ſein Kind verlaſſen nicht:
Darum werd' ich nicht verzagen, —
Gott iſt meine Zuverſicht!

Troſt.

Der Herr iſt groß in Ungewittern,
Wie bei der Weſte leiſem Weh'n,
Er iſt's, vor dem die Berge ſplittern,
Vor dem die Blumen leiſ' erſteh'n;
Aus ſeinen Händen ſtrömen Quellen,
Und er ſtreut aus der Wolke Sand,
Er hält die Lüfte wie die Wellen
Und Erd' und Gluth in ſtarker Hand.

Wer mag's mit Menſchenſinn ermeſſen,
Was er verſpendet und verhänget!
Habt Ihr mit Ihm zu Rath geſeſſen,
In ſeinem Rathſchluß Euch gedränget!
Wißt Ihr, was aus den Thränen ſprießet,
Was mit dem Glück unterſchießt,
Was nun hernach aus Fallen ſiehet,
Der Gaſt im bunten Kranzſaal trinkt!

O! was uns Gottes Hand beſchieden
Bei eignem Streben, Ehr' und Treu',
Es dient gewiß zu unſerm Frieden,
Ob es auch hart zu machen ſei,
Er hat die Seinen nie verlaſſen,
Er weiß was Jedem frommt und nicht,
Und ſtürmen Wogen ſich in Maſſen,
Der Vater hilft, er wacht und ſpricht.

Im Tempel.

Zurück, zurück, des Werkeltages Sorgen,
In eurem Treiben bleibt zurück!
Die Stunde kam, wo heiligen Geſängen
Erſtrömt der Ruhe ſel'ges Glück;
Die Stunde kam, wo in des Ew'gen Tempel
Die Seele mich zu Höherm trägt,
Und ſich der Weihe unverlöſchter Stempel
Auf Wort und Gedanken prägt.

Welch' ein Genuß, mit keinem zu vergleichen,
Im Tempel, wo der Herr wohnt,
Wo gleiches Heil dem Armen wie dem Reichen
Für gleichen Glaubens Treue lohnt,
Wo alle Schranken, die die Welt gezogen,
Verſchwinden vor des Himmels Höh'n,
Und der Verheißung ſel'ger Friedensbogen
Sich neigt zu jedes Beters Flehn.

Hinauf, hinauf, ihr Schwingen meiner Seele,
Zu dem, der wohnt in Ruh' und Licht,
Daß kein Gedanke ſich dem Herrn verhehle
Und das Gefühl des Herzens nicht;
Daß offen lieg' das Ganze meines Lebens
Vor dem, der prüfet und verzeiht,
Und den zu ſelbſt der Aufſchwung ſchon des Strebens,
Als ſei es die Vollbringung, freut.

Sein Wort erſchallt, und mehr als Menſchen wiſſen,
Sagt mir des Glaubens Zuverſicht,
Der Schleier iſt vom Grab hinweggeriſſen,
Aus beſſern Welten ſtrahlt das Licht,
Der Weg, den ich mit Kraft zu wandeln habe,
Liegt vor mir da, von ihm gebahnt,
Des Herzens Sehnen wird mir hinauf zum Stabe,
Zum Führer, was die Seele ahnt.

Und mit mir all' des gleichen Sinnes Genoſſen,
Sie hebt ein gleich Gefühl empor;
Ein feſter Bund, aus Gottes Macht entſproſſen,
Ein Ton im großen Weltenchor.
Nicht mehr ſteh' ich allein im Lebensſtreite,
Vereint iſt eine treue Schaar,
Es ſtehn Vertrau'n und Hoffnung mir zur Seite,
Der Glaube beut ſein Schild mir dar.

O ſel'ge Zeit in ſtillen Tempels Hallen,
Wie ſehnt nach dir mein Herz ſich hin!
Hieher läßt mich in Schmerz wie Freude wallen,
Weil hier nur ich mein eigen bin,
Hier läßt des Vaters Ruhm und Ehr' mich preiſen,
Wie's aus des Herzens Fülle dringt,
Bis ſich nach oben, zu den Sternenkreiſen,
Zum Himmelsdom die Seele ſchwingt.

Verlobung.

Und als ſie ſo ſelig am Herzen mir lag,
Da war nur in beiden ein einziger Schlag,
Ergoſſen die Seele in Seele ſo tief,
Daß nie mehr zur Trennung ſelbſt Ewigkeit rief.

Verſchmolzen, verbunden zu einem Gefühl,
Verſchwebt das Weite, das bunte Gewühl,
Die Richtung zum Himmel gefunden nun aus,
Die Erde für Beide ein ſtrahlendes Haus.

Sie ſenkte das Auge, die Thräne ſank leis,
Nach ſchauten ſich ſchüchtern der magiſche Kreis,
Doch hob ſie die Wimper, und Strahl nun zu Strahl
Geſellte ſich glühend zu einiger Wahl.

O Stunde! der keine auf Erden noch gleich,
An Wonne und Segen ſo überreich!
O Stunde! das Leben, das nun mir beginnt,
Durch dich den entzückendſten Anfang gewinnt!

Wie groß und wie fröhlich, wie laut und wie ſtill,
Als ob ſich das Herz es geſtehen nicht will,
Und doch im Entzücken ſo wogt und ſchlägt,
Und in ſich die Krone der Seligkeit trägt!

Blickt' ich in der Ferne, du Augenblick!
Du Traum von meinem unendlichen Glück!
  Umwebe himmliſche Erinn'rung mich nun,
  Bis einſt an der Quelle des Lichtes wir ruh'n.

Fünf Jahre ſpäter.

Nicht mehr brauſt die Fluth der Wonne
  Bergſtromgleich in das Thal,
Ward ein Spiegel unſrer Sonne,
  Abglanz von dem reinen Strahl,
Strömet ruhig fort durch Au'n,
  Von des Flieders Duft bedeckt,
Läßt ſchon nach den Saaten ſchauen,
  Den ſie tröſtlich ſich erſtreckt.

Was der Tag mir hat verſprochen,
  Hielt der Jahre ernſter Zug,
Der den Stempel goldner Wochen
  Immer mit entgegen trug,
Der ſelbſt in den trüben Stunden
  Neues Licht dem Herzen gab,
Ew'ge Hülle zu bekunden,
  Leuchtend uns bis über's Grab.

Welche Stille, heil'ge Stunde
  An der Gattin treuer Hand,
Die uns treu vereint im Bunde
  Bei der heut'gen Feier fand!
Friedlich ſank der Abend nieder,
  Frieden auch in unſ'rer Bruſt,
Nur der Klang der Seelenlieder
  Stieg empor, uns unbewußt.

Denn die äußern Töne ſchwiegen,
  Aber innen ſprach's ſo laut,
Wie ſich — ſelig im Genügen —
  Herz dem Herzen anvertraut.
Da ſind nur die Blicke Worte,
  Wie ſie keine Sprache fand,
Und der ſtärkſte der Accorde
  Ein verſchwiegner Druck der Hand.

Möcht' ich wohl das Früh're tauſchen
  Um den jetzigen Beſitz!
Seiner Fluthen ſtürmend Rauſchen,
  Seiner Leidenſchaften Blitz
Um die ſchöne Friedensſtille,
  Die mich nun ſo mild umgiebt,
Wo ein Herz mir und ein Wille,
  Der nur inniger ſtets liebt!

Nein, es ward im Flug der Jahre
  Erſt der ganze Himmel klar,
Und mit ihm das Leben, Wahre
  Meiner Seele offenbar.
Laß ihn, Ew'ger! wie ſich trüben
  In den Augen, wo er lacht,
Dann iſt mir ein Stern geblieben
  Selbſt in meiner trübſten Nacht.

— — —

Gewiſſe kleine Luſtſpiele gegen gewiſſe kleine Kritiker.

Wir armen, ſchücht'gen Blätter,
  Beſcheiden und verlegen,
Wie kämpfen wir dem Wetter,
  Das uns bedroht, entgegen!
Wie können wir beſtehen
  Bei'm Götterblitz von oben,
Bei'm Arm, der zum Vergehen
  Schon über uns erhoben?

Es iſt das loſe Fallen,
  Das wir noch jetzt wagen,
Die Zeit iſt ſchon gefallen,
  Es geht an Hals und Kragen,
Es iſt der Seufzer leerer,
  O Mitleid, ihn verwehr' nicht!
Dann ſinken in getret'ner
  Geſtalt wir in — den Kehricht.

Was thaten wir, Verehrte,
  Euch nur zu Schmach und Leide,
Daß Ihr mit Eurem Schwerdte

  So rauh ſeid aus der Scheide,
Und uns bekämpft ſo mächtig,
  Als Rieſen-Irrfahrt,
Da wir doch nur ganz ſchmächtig,
  Meiſt bloß in Einem Akt!

Iſt es uns denn zu Sinnen
  Nicht jemals noch gelungen,
Den Wettkampf zu beginnen —
  Bereit zum Unterliegen —
Mit jenen mächt'gen Rieſen
  Der Spanier und Britten!
Die können fort uns — ſpießen
  Mit ſieben Meilenſchritten.

Nur wenn empor zu ihnen
  Ja ſchau'n die Blicke müde,
Da ſind wir ſtill erſchienen,
  Gleich einem leichten Liede
Nach einem Heldgeſange,
  Und mußten's unbeſchweret.
Wir tönen nur ſo lange,
  Bis jener wiederkehret.

Meiſt freilich nur von Franken
  Entlehnten wir die Worte,
Doch gibt's auch dort Gedanken
  Nicht bloß an Albion's Porte.
Und wenn beim Ueberſetzen
  Ihr rüget das — Fatale,
Gut, ſpielt denn Eure Rügen
  Ihr im Originale!

Wenn Schiller alle Herzen
  Mit ſeiner Gluth entflammte,
Die nur vom Himmelskerzen
  Im reinen Feuer ſtammte;
Wenn Goethe alle Geiſter
  Durch ſeine Zauber bannte,
Und als der Meiſter Meiſter
  Ihn Deutſchland anerkannte;

Wenn Leſſing ſich beſonnen
  Die ernſten Kränze pflückte,
Was freundlich angeſponnen,
  Mit Scherzen Jünger ſchmückte,
Da traten wir wohl immer
  Beſcheiden auf die Seite,
Daß Vaterlandesſchimmer
  Sich immer mehr verbreite.

Wir thäten's auch noch gerne
  Vor andern deutſchen Werken,
Daß unſ're Mitzeit lerne,
  An ihnen ſich zu ſtärken;
Allein, Ihr mächt'gen Streiter
  Für Spanier und Britten,
Ihr habt bisher uns leider
  Die Deutſchen abgeſtritten.

Wir dürfen nicht mehr lachen,
  Wenn Kotzebue uns ſpielt,
Ihr habt uns ſeine Sachen
  Als ſchamlos weggewühlt;
Wir dürfen nicht mehr weinen,
  Wenn Iffland's Ernſt uns rühret,
Weil er nur zum Gemeinen,
  Nach Euch, ſein Schauſpiel führet.

Ihr nennet krankenſtüblich
  Des edlen Houwald Töne,
Es iſt bei Euch nur üblich,
  Daß Müllner man verhöhne,
Ihr ſprecht von Irrthum,
  Wenn Raupachs Ihr gedenket,
Und weihet den dem Golde,
  Der Ottokar geſchenket.

Was nennt Ihr denn gelungen
  In Euern wilden Reden!
Dramat'ſche Nibelungen,
  Und Holberg's Raritäten!
Wen heute Ihr geprieſen,
  Den laßt Ihr morgen ſinken,
Folgt er, gewalt'ge Rieſen,
  Nicht bloß nur Euern Winken.

Drum gönnt uns doch einstweilen
Das Plätzchen, das wir füllen,
Von selbst wird uns ertheilen
Das Lebensloos im Stillen,
Wenn Deutschlands volle Säfte
In diesen Zweig sich drängen,
Daß ihre Schöpferkräfte
Die harte Rinde sprengen;

Und wir, in tausend Keimen,
Mit Knospen, Blättern, Blüthen,
Erwachend, ihn umsäumen,
Und reiche Früchte bieten;
Dann schwinden, wie im Lenze,
Am deutschen Eichenzweige
Von selbst die welken Kränze,
Daß frisches Laub entsteige.

Paul von Winkler,

1630 zu Glogau geboren, war churbrandenburgischer Rath und Präsident zu Breslau; er starb 1679.

Von ihm erschien:

Zweitausend eigene gute Gedanken. Leipz., 1685.
Der Edelmann; ein Roman. Frankfurt u. Leipz., 1696.

W's Roman, der Edelmann, wurde zu seiner Zeit über die Gebühr gelobt, man kam jedoch bald von dieser Meinung zurück, da derselbe keineswegs so reich an Geist und Erfahrung war, als von ihm gepriesen wurde.

Winli, s. Minnesinger.

von Winterstetten, s. Minnesinger.

Joseph Wismayr

ward am 30. November 1767 zu Freisingen geboren, widmete sich dem Studium der Theologie und erhielt seine erste Anstellung als Präfect am virgilianisch-rupertinischen Erziehungsstift zu Salzburg, 1801 aber den Titel eines geistlichen Rathes. In dieser Stellung blieb er bis 1803, wo er nach München berufen wurde, um die Funktionen eines Rathes der General-Schulen- und Studiendirection zu übernehmen; in der Folge wurde er Oberstudien- und Oberkirchenrath; so wie auch Ritter des königlich bairischen St. Michael-, und des großherzoglich hessischen Hausordens I. Er starb 1833.

Seine Schriften sind:

Grundsätze der deutschen Sprache. Salzburg, 1796. 2 Thle.
Lehrbuch der deutschen Sprache. Salzburg, 1797.
Blüthen und Früchte zur Aufmunterung und Veredlung jugendlicher Talente. Salzburg, 1797. 2 Thle.
Ephemeriden der italienischen Literatur. Salzburg, 1800—1803.

W. erwarb sich vorzügliche Verdienste um die gründliche Bearbeitung der deutschen Sprache sowohl, wie um die Kenntniß der neueren italienischen Literatur.

Johann Philipp Lorenz Withof

ward am 1. Juni 1725 zu Duisburg geboren, wo sein Vater Professor der Geschichte, Beredsamkeit und der griechischen Sprache war, und genoß seine erste wissenschaftliche Bildung auf dem Gymnasium seiner Vaterstadt. Dann bezog er, 15 Jahre alt, die dasige Universität. Die ersten drei Jahre studirte er blos die alten Klassiker und die Geschichte; seine übrige Studienzeit verwandte er auf die Medicin. 1747 promovirte er als Doctor der Medicin in seiner Vaterstadt und begab sich dann als practischer Arzt nach Lingen; verließ aber 1750 diesen Ort wieder, um sich als Privatdocent nach Duisburg überzusiedeln. Im Jahre 1752 wurde er an das akademische Gymnasium zu Hamm als Professor der Geschichte, Philosophie und Beredsamkeit berufen. Von da ging er als Professor der Medicin nach Frankfurt a. d. O., wo er fünf Jahre blieb, um einem Rufe als Leibarzt nach Steinfurt zu folgen. 1770 wurde er als Professor nach Duisburg berufen, wo er 1789 am 3. Juni starb.

Er schrieb:

Die moralischen Ketzer. Duisburg, 1760.
Die Redlichkeit. Halberstadt, 1770.
Academische Gedichte. Cleve und Leipzig, 1782 u. 83. 2 Thle.
Unterhaltungen mit seinen Kindern. Duisburg, 1792 u. 93. 2 Thle.

W. ist als einer der bedeutendsten deutschen didactischen Dichter des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts zu betrachten, wegen der Kraft seiner Gedanken und der Kühnheit seiner Darstellung, und wurde als Solcher auch sehr gefeiert, obwohl sein Ausdruck häufig dunkel und voll Härten ist.

Aus: Die moralischen Ketzer.

Wir suchen immer noch das rechte Glückssystem;
Und fanden manches auch, und jedes unbequem.
Vernunft und Sinnenlust und Phantasie sind Helden,
Wohin dem Glück, zu uns die besten Wege gehen,
Wie mancher Weg täuscht, dem man sich anvertraut.
O! Glück, die so gern an unserm Hause baut,
O! sage Menschen vor, was ihre Künste taugen,
Und fege Blinden so den Nebel von den Augen!

Die Bourignon erzieht der harte Zeitenzwang.
Die Menschen sind verderbt; sie zieht den Menschen aus,
Bekümmert, wie sie sich, und bloß, um sich entraffe,
Zerstört sie den Leib und aß keine Früchte;
Dann eilt der reine Geist, der abgeschiedne Sinn,
In seine Heiligkeit in Platon's Flüge hin;
Und schwingt sein Wesen um, nun, wie die Reichsgenossen
Der Geisterherrschaft, mit Tugend übergossen.
Ihm selbst entgeht ihr ganz die neue Bruderschaft,
Das irdische Wörterbuch ist ihm zu mangelhaft.

Die neue Zeit muß auch neue Ideen haben,
Sobald Gedanken ſich zu leben unterwanden.
Das in Bildungen ganz vollſtändige Subject
Verwandelt die Throne bald, und merkt die Wunde nicht,
Woran die Schwäche hängt, und alle Zeiten nagen.
Der Geiſt, der Luſt entzückt, verkennt die Erde Plagen;
Er, der der Ewigkeit zum eingeräumt iſt,
Nur Gott und Himmel ſieht, und beide nur erwirkt.
Vergebens mag die Welt um ihn die Pfade räumen;
Und Flüche hatten nicht, die ſeine Worte ſchmähten.
Er geht den unbekannten dem göttlichen Triebe vor,
[illegible] entzündet ſich, und wird der größte Thor,
Und wandert nach einer auf einer [illegible],
Und ſteigt vom Schwmuth leicht zur [illegible] Ehre.
Und ſieht aus Ewigkeit die abgeſpannte Mühe
Das Ewigkeiten rückt ins Irdiſche zurück.
Er ſieht ihm alle fremd, und allen ſeine Triebe:
Dennoch geräth er oft in allgemeine Liebe.
Daß doch wir all, nicht auf dieſem Pfade gehn,
Worauf die Wünſche ziehen, als hohe Wonne ſehn!
Allein wie manche Pflicht, und auch gemeiner Pflichten,
Gebietet die Himmelsluſt ſich gänzlich zu vernichten!
Die kleine Tugend macht uns ſo, wie große, gut;
Die Pflicht, Gottesfurcht; mit Demuth, Güte, Muth
Die werden hier umſchränkt, die kleinen Übertheilen,
In [illegible] Innerlichkeit und angenehmen Sitten.
Die Welt der Weisheit iſt eine Geiſteswelt,
Wo weniger Vernunft als Phantaſie erhält.
Das kleine Weltenkind, von eigner Größe trunken,
Vergißt ſich, und verſinkt im Wahne Göttlichkeitsfunken.
Doch zeugt am Ende ſich die Demuth und die Huld!
Und Stolz, wollte er gut, iſt immer arge Schuld.
Geſchäftigkeit iſt Pflicht; nicht, Müſſiggang zu meiden,
Und was im Himmel blüht, wo reiſt das auf Erden!

Der Bucher, Leibniz, geht auf ſeiner Straße fort,
Beachtet jede That, und wiegt das leiſeſte Wort.
Geſunde Weisheit läßt ihm nie Begriffe rohen;
Er wirkt nicht ohne Grund, nicht ohne Zwecke wählen.
Die Sich der Natur iſt ihm Akademie,
Wo Jeder ſich entfernt, erblickt er Harmonie.
Und kennt der Hof erbaut, und übet die Gefolge!
Galiläen ſieht er ſelbſt bisher verborgne Sonnen,
Die bewegt, ſich und ſtürzt zur Wolkenberge ſehn,
Und flattern leicht hinauf, die Schöpfung anzuſehn
Vom erſten Thore aus, und ſpannt entdeckt Zeiten
In Weltkreiſen auf, ſo, wie zu Ringeskreiſen;
Und ſieht, um genau die erhabnen Menſchen an,
Bedauert, was er ſieht, und pflücket eine Bahn.
Worauf wir in das Reich der Pflichten ruhig eilen,
Die nur Vollkommenheit, das höchſte Gut, ertheilen.
Nur keine Lehre weiß die Tugenden ſo ſchön.
Er kann im Mangel auch der Sorgen Fülle ſehn,
Wo der der Wahrheit Luſt in ſeine Seele ſtrahlt.
Ihm ſüße Ruhe ſchafft, und manches Weh verbannet,
Denn macht der lichte Geiſt ihn auch im Grunde gut?
Genügt es ihm was er der Welt zu Liebe thut!
Planeten, die ſich jetzt um ihre Sonne wälzen,
Weiß, ob er anzuſehen, die große Flamme ſchmelzen.
Nur eine gute That, ein frommer Unterricht,
Vergehn in Ewigkeit mit ihrer Wonne nicht.
Erloſchen ſind ſie längſt, ſo hohe Morgenſterne;
Und Himmel ſtrahlt nun durch ihre ganze Ferne
Den unbezwungnen Dank um eine Schmiede Brot,
Die Sammerhütte dem armen Manne bot.
In Thaten iſt das, das iſt wahrhafte Stärke,
Die, wenn kein Werk mußt, und Worte keine Werke!
Erfreut es einen Welt, wenn Reih und Lehre ſieht!
Und trifft Unbeſchränkter, und wechſeln Schwermuth nicht!
Den Weiſer ohne Pflicht, Reinigen gleiche Frauen,
Und das mißrathne Kind, erträgt man ohne Grauen!
Und hatte Weisheit auch ihm alle Quaal entfernt,
Wo liest Utopia, wo ſie das Volk erlernt!
Doch alle macht er gleich, wie Wolke ſeine Strophen!
Das wäre nun die Welt für ſolche Philoſophen!

Johann Heinrich Wilhelm Witſchel

wurde am 9. Mai 1769 zu Henfeld geboren. Er ſtudirte Theologie und war zuerſt Mittagsprediger zu Nürnberg, dann 1801 Pfarrer zu Igensdorf, 1815 zu Gräfenberg und 1819 Dekan, Stadtpfarrer und Schulinſpector zu Kattenhochſtadt.

Von ihm erſchien:
Hermelaus. Nürnberg, 1796.
Die Nacht am Rhein. Nürnberg, 1797.
Dichtungen. Nürnberg, 1798.
Pantheon für Damen. Nürnberg, 1798.
Walfera; Schauſpiel. Nürnberg, 1799.
Morgen- und Abendopfer in Geſängen. Nürnberg, 1803.
Moraliſche Blätter. Nürnberg, 1805.
Etwas zur Aufheiterung. Sulzbach, 1807.
Klage und Troſt zum neuen Jahre. Sulzbach, 1816.
Auswahl von Geſängen und Liedern zur häuslichen Erbauung. Hannover, 1817.
Ueber die Herabwürdigung des Sonntags. Sulzbach, 1822.

W. hat ſich vorzüglich durch ſeine religiöſen Dichtungen, in welchen ſich tiefe Innigkeit, Wärme, Klarheit und Einfachheit, verbunden mit guter Diction und gefälliger Behandlung der Form ausſprechen, einem großen Kreis von Leſern und Freunden erworben.

Karl Heinrich Gottfried Witte

ward am 8. October 1767 zu Prigwalk in der Priegnitz geboren, war bis 1810 Pfarrer zu Lochau bei Halle, gab aber dieſes Amt auf, um ſeinen frühreifen Sohn (Karl W.) auf mehrere Univerſitäten und nach Italien zu begleiten. Seit dieſer Zeit lebt er als Privatgelehrter zu Berlin.

Er ſchrieb:
Die Lebensfreuden; Lehrgedicht. Halle, 1800.
Natalie und Dorothea; aus dem Franzöſiſchen. Mainz, 1803.
Die ehrliche Haut. Mainz, 1803.
Herr Puff; nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Mainz, 1804. 4 Thle.
Scenen aus meinen Reiſen. Mainz, 1804.
Romantiſche Scenen aus einer Reiſe durch die Schweiz und Italien. Mainz, 1805.
Iſrael oder der edle Jude. Leipzig, 1805.
Karl Philibert. Leipzig, 1805. 2 Thle.
Wieſenblumen. Halle, 1808.
Karl Witte, oder Erziehungs- und Bildungsgeſchichte deſſelben. Leipzig, 1819. 2 Thle.
Ueber Erziehung deutſcher Töchter. Dresden, 1820.
Die fünf merkwürdigſten Tage Neapels. Altenburg, 1823.
Zichtau oder die altmarkiſche Schweiz. Stendal, 1824.

Die eigenthümliche Erziehung ſeines von der Natur ſehr reich ausgeſtatteten, jetzt als hochgeachteter Rechtslehrer an der Univerſität zu Halle wirkenden Sohnes, erwarb W. zur Zeit, als die frühe Entwickelung des talentvollen Knaben Aufſehen erregte, einigen Ruhm, den er jedoch durch ſeine Schriften keineswegs zu erhalten verſtand, und welchen lange überlebt hat.

Karl Auguſt Friedrich von Witzleben,

(als Novelliſt von dem Gute ſeines Vaters, Tromlitz in Thüringen, A. von Tromlitz genannt) wurde am 17. März 1772 zu Tromlitz bei Weimar geboren. Früh in preußiſche Dienſte eingetreten, nahm er von 1792 bis 1795 als Offizier an den Rheinfeldzügen Theil. Im Jahre 1806 war er als Oberlieutenant im Hauptquartier des Herzogs von Braunſchweig und nach der Schlacht bei Jena bei dem Fürſten von Hohenlohe. Bei Prenzlau gefangen genommen, ging er ſpäter als Hauptmann der Infanterie, darauf als Escadronchef eines Lanzenregiments in großherzoglich bergiſche Dienſte über. Im Jahre 1811 führte er ein Münſteriſches Lanzenregiment bis vor Burgos in Spanien, kehrte aber ſchon 1812 nach Deutſchland zurück. 1813 zog er ſich, als Oberſt in ruſſiſchen Dienſten mit dem Commando der hanſeatiſchen Legion bekleidet, vom preußiſchen Dienſt zurück und lebte nach dem Pariſer Frieden bis 1821 nahe bei Halle in ländlicher Zurückgezogenheit, darauf brachte er fünf Jahre in Berlin zu, bis er ganz nach Dresden zog, wo er, bald in der Stadt, bald in deren Nähe wohnend, ſchriftſtellernd privatiſirte. Er ſtarb am 9. Juli 1839.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Frauenwerth. Berlin, 1823.
Die Douglas; Schauſpiel. Berlin, 1826.
Hiſtoriſch-romantiſche Erzählungen. Dresden, 1826 ff. 7 Thle.
Herbſtblüthen. Leipzig, 1828.
Novellen und Erzählungen. Dresden, 1827. 2 Thle.
Vielliebchen; Taſchenbuch. Leipzig, ſeit 1828.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Dresden, 1830. 18 Thle.
Dieſelben, in 3 Sammlungen:
erſte: 36 Bändchen. Dresden, 1829—1833.
zweite: 36 Bändchen. Dresden, 1834—1836.
dritte: 27 Bändchen. Dresden, 1837—1840.

W. war zu ſeiner Zeit einer der beliebteſten deutſchen Erzähler; ſeine Schriften werden von einem großen Theil des Publikums noch immer gern geleſen. Er hatte W. Scott zu ſeinem Vorbilde gewählt, und wußte hiſtoriſche, vorzugsweiſe deutſche Stoffe mit glücklicher Erfindungsgabe, lebendiger Phantaſie und großer Gewandtheit in gefälliger Darſtellung zu behandeln. Dagegen fehlte es ihm aber an Tiefe und Kraft in der Charakterzeichnung, an Durchdringung des Geiſtes der Geſchichte, an Ernſt und Beſtimmtheit. Die Aeußerlichkeiten der geſchichtlichen Erſcheinungen verſteht er mit großer Treue und Wahrheit zu ſchildern, aber das eigentliche innere Weſen derſelben entgeht ſeinem Blick, und ſeine Auffaſſung wird durch eine ſentimentale moderne Süßlichkeit getrübt, ſo daß er zwar ganz angenehm unterhält, aber dem denkenden Leſer nichts Bleibendes gewährt.

Wilhelmine Karoline von Wobeſer

ward 1769 zu Berlin geboren, war die Tochter des Kammerpräſidenten von Rebeur zu Berlin, und die Gattin des königlich preußiſchen Hauptmanns Fr. von Wobeſer. Sie ſtarb 1807 zu Wuſſeken bei Stolpe.

Von ihr erſchien:

Eliſa, oder das Weib wie es ſeyn ſoll. Leipzig, 1795; 6. Aufl. 1800.

Ein didaktiſcher Roman, der zu ſeiner Zeit großes Aufſehen erregte und vielfach nachgeahmt wurde, und welchem man, wenn man dieſe Zwittergattung überhaupt gelten laſſen will, manches Verdienſtliche nicht abſprechen kann, obwohl die Anforderungen der Poeſie vor denen der beſtimmten Tendenz zurücktreten und ſich denſelben ſogar auf Koſten der Wahrheit des Lebens unterordnen mußten.

Arnoldine Charlotte Henriette Wolf

ward am 21. Januar 1769 zu Kaſſel geboren und war die Tochter des Regierungsprocurators und Univerſitäts-Syndicus J. K. A. Weiker zu Marburg. Später verheirathete ſie ſich mit dem Bergrath G. J. Wolf in Schmalkalden. Sie ſtarb 1820 am 5. März.

Von ihr erſchien im Druck:

Gedichte mit ihrem Leben und einer merkwürdigen Krankheitsgeſchichte; herausgegeben von Dr. Kaſp. Chr. W. Wiß. Schmalkalden, 1817.

Tiefes Gefühl und eine wohllautende Sprache zeichnen ihre poetiſchen Verſuche vortheilhaft aus.

Chriſtian Freiherr von Wolf

wurde am 24. Januar 1679 zu Breslau geboren, wo ſein Vater Bürger und Backermeiſter war. Er erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung auf dem Maria-Magdalenengymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und begab ſich dann 1699 nach Jena, verließ aber dieſe Univerſität wieder, um nach Leipzig zu gehen, wo er 1703 Magiſter wurde und die Erlaubniß bekam, Vorleſungen zu halten. Wolf ward bald in der gelehrten Welt bekannt und erhielt mehrere ehrenvolle Anträge, bis er 1707 einen Ruf als Profeſſor der Mathematik nach Halle annahm. Dort gerieth er jedoch bald mit den Theologen, vorzüglich mit Dr. Lange, in Streit. Seine Gegner brachten es endlich dahin, daß ihm bei Strafe des Strangs befohlen wurde, innerhalb zwei Tagen das preußiſche Gebiet zu verlaſſen. Er begab ſich nun nach Kaſſel, wo ihn der Landgraf mit Freuden empfing, und als Hofrath und Profeſſor in Marburg anſtellte. Friedrich Wilhelm I., der ſein Unrecht bald einſah, ſuchte ihn zu bewegen, ſich nach Halle zurückzubegeben, allein ohne Erfolg. Erſt als Friedrich II. zur Regierung gelangte, ging er, da mittlerweile auch ſein erbittertſter Gegner Dr. Lange geſtorben war, 1740 als Geheimer Rath, Vicekanzler und Profeſſor des Natur- und Völkerrechts nach Halle zurück. 1743 wurde er Kanzler und 1745 vom damaligen Reichsvikar, dem Kurfürſten von Baiern, in den Reichsfreiherrnſtand erhoben. Außerdem war er auch königlich ſchwediſcher und fürſtlich heſſiſcher Regierungsrath. Er ſtarb am 9. April 1754 in Halle.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Vernünftige Gedanken von den Kräften des menſchlichen Verſtandes. Halle, 1712.
Vernünftige Gedanken von Gott, der Welt und der Seele des Menſchen. Leipzig, 1720.
Vernünftige Gedanken von der Menſchen Thun und Laſſen, zur Beförderung ihrer Glückſeligkeit. Halle, 1720.
Vernünftige Gedanken von dem geſellſchaftlichen Leben der Menſchen und inſonderheit dem gemeinen Weſen zur Beförderung der Glückſeligkeit des menſchlichen Geſchlechts. Halle, 1721.
Vernünftige Gedanken von den Wirkungen der Natur. 1743. Letzte Ausgabe.
Vernünftige Gedanken von den Abſichten der natürlichen Dinge. 1724.
Vernünftige Gedanken von dem Gebrauch der Theile des menſchlichen Leibes, der Thiere und Pflanzen, 1730. Letzte Ausgabe.
Geſammelte kleine philoſophiſche Schriften. Leipzig, 1736—1740. 6 Thle. Nachtrag, Halle 1755.

W's Leiſtungen auf dem Gebiete philoſophiſcher Forſchung zu entwickeln und zu würdigen, iſt hier nicht der Ort. Ueber das, was ihm die Ausbildung der deutſchen Proſa verdankt, urtheilt Eichhorn in ſeiner Geſchichte der Literatur Bd. IV. Abth. 2. S. 1016 ſehr treffend: „Den erſten vorbereitenden Schritt zur Verbeſſerung des deutſchen proſaiſchen Vortrages that Chriſtian Thomaſius dadurch, daß er ſeit 1688 die deutſche Sprache zur Kritik in ſeinen Monatsgeſprächen und kurz darauf auch zum mündlichen und ſchriftlichen Vortrage der Philoſophie brauchte. Aber wie unbeholfen, ſchief und unbeſtimmt, diente ſie noch ſeinen wiſſenſchaftlichen Werken! Wie verwickelt, und lateiniſch war ſie noch in ſeinem Periodenbau! Wolf faßte nach ihm ſeit 1709 eine Reihe philoſophiſcher Schriften in deutſcher Sprache ab, und brachte durch ſeine logiſche Genauigkeit in den deutſchen proſaiſchen Vortrag zwei wichtige Eigenſchaften: Deutlichkeit und Beſtimmtheit. Es war nur zu bedauern, daß er ſich nicht auch zugleich der Anmuth und Zierlichkeit befleißigen mochte, um den proſaiſchen Vortrag noch durch Züge der Sinnlichkeit und der Einbildungskraft zu heben und zu erheitern."

Friedrich Auguſt Wolf

wurde am 15. Februar 1759 zu Hainrode bei Nordhauſen geboren. Er genoß ſeine Schulbildung zu Nordhauſen und vollendete ſeine akademiſchen Studien zu Göttingen. 1779 wurde er als Collaborator zu Ilfeld angeſtellt, welches Amt er jedoch 1782 aufgab, um eine Rectorſtelle in Oſterode zu bekleiden. Hier blieb er nur ein Jahr, indem er eine ihm angetragene Profeſſur der Philoſophie in Halle annahm. 1805 erhielt er den Charakter eines Geheimenrathes. Nachdem die Univerſität Halle aufgehoben war, begab er ſich 1806 nach Berlin, wo ihm eine Profeſſur der alten Literatur angetragen wurde; allein er nahm dieſelbe nicht an, ſondern las nur als Akademiker Collegia über ihm beliebige Gegenſtände. Er ſtarb den 8. Auguſt 1824 auf einer Reiſe zu Marſeille.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber Semlers letzte Lebenstage. Halle, 1791.
Geſchichte der römiſchen Literatur. Halle, 1787.
Antiquitäten von Griechenland. Halle, 1787.
Fünf Briefe an Heyne. Berlin, 1797.
Vermiſchte Schriften. Halle, 1802.
Schreiben über eine halliſche Erzählung. Halle, 1807.
Mit Ph. Buttmann: Muſeum der Alterthumswiſſenſchaft. Berlin, 1807—1810. 2 Bde.
Ueber ein Wort Friedrichs II. von deutſcher Verskunſt. Berlin, 1811.
Zu Platons Phädon. Berlin, 1811.
Ariſtophanes Wolken. Berlin, 1811.
Aus Ariſtophanes Acharnern. Berlin, 1812.
Horatius erſte Satire. Berlin, 1813.
Literariſche Analekten. Berlin, 1817—19. 4 Hefte.
Encyklopädie der Philologie, nach ſeinen Vorleſungen im Winterhalbjahr von 1798 u. 1799; herausgeg. von Stockmann. Leipz., 1831.

W's große und ausgezeichnete Verdienſte um die Philologie ſind ſo allgemein und unbeſtritten anerkannt, daß ſie hier um ſo weniger ausführlicher dargeſtellt zu werden brauchen, als ihre beſondere Würdigung der in dieſem Werke zu löſenden Aufgabe durchaus fern liegt. Es genüge daher zu bemerken, daß dieſer große Kenner des Alterthums auch, was namentlich früher ſo ſelten der Fall war, ſeine Mutterſprache mit gleicher Meiſterſchaft behandelte, und auf dieſem Gebiete ebenfalls als Vorbild gelten kann. Namentlich hat er in Ueberſetzungen altklaſſiſcher Werke überaus Vortreffliches geleiſtet, und den Geiſt wie die Form der Originale auf das Muſterhafteſte wiedergegeben, ohne den Genius der deutſchen Sprache zu mißhandeln, oder ihm auch nur den leiſeſten Zwang anzuthun.

Pius Alexander Wolff

ward am 3. Mai 1784 zu Augsburg geboren, widmete ſich der Bühne und ward Hofſchauſpieler zu Weimar ſeit 1804, bis er 1816 als Mitglied des königlichen Nationaltheaters und Regiſſeur des Trauerſpiels nach Berlin ging. Er ſtarb den 28. Auguſt 1828 zu Weimar, als er es nach mehrjähriger Abweſenheit wieder beſuchte.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Dramatiſche Spiele. Berlin, 1823 f. 2 Thle.
Adele von Budoy; Singſpiel. Berlin, 1823.

Als Schauſpieler höchſt ausgezeichnet, erntete W. auch als dramatiſcher Dichter wohlverdienten Beifall, indem er mit guter Bühnenkenntniß glückliche Erfindung, Witz, Laune, gute Charakterzeichnung und einen raſchen und lebendigen Dialog verband. Sein muſikaliſches Drama, „Precioſa" erhielt, durch Carl M. von Weber's Compoſition verherrlicht, ſich fortwährend als ein Liebling des Publikums auf dem Repertoire.

Chriſtian Heinrich Wolke

ward 1741 am 21. Auguſt zu Jever geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, war zuerſt ein thätiger Mitarbeiter Baſedow's und darauf Director am Philanthropinum zu Deſſau. 1784 verließ er dieſe Stellung, um ſich nach Petersburg zu begeben und dort ein ähnliches Inſtitut zu organiſiren. Er kehrte als kaiſerlich ruſſiſcher Hofrath zurück und lebte nun als Privatmann in verſchiedenen Städten, bis er am 8. Januar 1825 zu Berlin ſtarb.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Beſchreibung der zum Elementarwerk gehörigen Kupfer. Leipzig, 1781. 2 Thle.
An die von ihm geliebten Kinder. Deſſau, 1784.
Welt- und Menſchengeſchichte. Leipzig, 1791.
Ueber den Unterricht der Taubſtummen, Schwerhörigen und Blinden. Leipzig, 1804.
Anweiſung für Mütter und Kinderlehrer zur Mittheilung der erſten Begriffe und Sprachkenntniſſe. Leipzig, 1805.
Kurze Erziehungslehre. Leipzig, 1805.
Anleitung zur deutſchen Volksſprache. Leipzig, 1816.
Lieder fröhlicher Geſellſchaft und einſamer Fröhlichkeit. Deſſau, 1782.
Caſſiſche er hubſge Sinngedigte. Leipzig, 1804.

W. machte ſich zu einer Zeit, wo die Pädagogik noch ſehr im Argen lag, ſowohl praktiſch wie theoretiſch um eine beſſere Erziehung der Jugend in Deutſchland ſehr verdient. Später wandte er ſich Sprachforſchungen zu und leiſtete auch hierin Lobenswerthes. Doch ließ er ſich zu ſehr von ſeiner Luſt an oft wunderlichen Neuerungen verleiten, ſo daß er doch nicht ſo erfolgreich wirkte, wie er es hätte thun können.

von Wolkenſtein, ſ. Meiſterſinger.

Friedrich Wolter,

am 6. Oct. 1797 zu Köln geboren, ſtudirte die Rechte und ward Dr. dieſer Wiſſenſchaft. Er wurde zuerſt Lehrer an einer Erziehungsanſtalt zu Eiſdorf im Bergiſchen, dann lebte er zu Wien und ſpäter zu Karlsruhe.

Seine Schriften, die er meiſt pſeudonym als Fedor Jsmar herausgab, ſind:

Lieder. Frankfurt, 1820. 2. Ausgabe.
Poetiſches und proſaiſches Allerlei. Baſel, 1823.
Vorſtudien zur Weltgeſchichte. Baſel, 1823.
Die Dogen; Tragödie. St. Gallen, 1824.
Dramatiſche Beiträge. Rotterdam, 1827.
Don Pedro; Trauerſpiel. Hamburg, 1828.
Die Heerfahrt der Normannen; nach dem Franzöſiſchen. Hamburg, 1828.

Tiefes Gefühl, Gedankenreichthum, Kraft und Phantaſie weiſen ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen, die lange nicht ſo bekannt wurden, wie ſie es verdienen, einen bedeutenden Rang an.

Chriſtoph Wolterek,

am 1. Juli 1686 zu Glückſtadt geboren, erhielt ſeine Ausbildung zu Hamburg und Leipzig. Er wurde zuerſt 1717 in Wolfenbüttel als Aufſeher der Kirchenarchive angeſtellt, gab aber dieſe Stelle 1720 auf, um als Sekretär in die Dienſte des Geheimen Raths von Münchhauſen zu treten. Im Jahre darauf wurde er mit dem Charakter eines fürſtlichen Sekretärs Actuar bei dem Reſidenzamte, und 1731 Oberamtmann zu Wolfenbüttel, wo er den 11. Januar 1735 ſtarb.

Er veröffentlichte:

Holſteiniſche Muſen. Hamburg, 1712.

W. iſt einer der correcteren und beſſeren Dichter aus der unglücklichen Periode der zweiten Hälfte des ſiebenzehnten Jahrhunderts.

Karl Ludwig von Woltmann

ward am 9. Februar 1770 zu Oldenburg geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und vollendete ſeinen akademiſchen Curſus zu Göttingen, wo er auch ſpäter einige Zeit als Privatdocent lebte. 1794 wurde er als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Jena berufen; gab aber dieſe Stelle bald wieder auf. 1799 ward er preußiſcher Hofrath und lebte als Privatgelehrter zu Berlin. Im folgenden Jahre erhielt er die Stelle eines hamburgiſchen Legationsrathes und Reſidenten. 1804 wurde er Geſchäftsträger des Kurerzkanzlers und 1806 der Hanſeſtädte am preußiſchen Hofe. 1812 aber floh er nach der Schlacht bei Lützen nach Prag, um den Nachſtellungen Napoleons zu entgehen. Bereits 1805 war er geadelt worden. Er ſtarb am 19. Januar 1817 zu Prag.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Geſchichte der Deutſchen in der ſächſiſchen Periode. Göttingen, 1793.
Grundriß der neuern Menſchengeſchichte. Jena, 1796.
Kleine hiſtoriſche Schriften. Jena, 1797. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte Frankreichs. Berlin, 1797 ff. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte Großbritanniens. Berlin, 1799 ff. 2 Thle.
Geſchichte der Reformation. Altenburg, 1800 ff. 3 Thle.
Geſchichte und Politik; Zeitſchrift. Berlin, 1800—1805.
Geſchichte des weſtphäliſchen Friedens. Leipzig, 1808 ff. 2 Thle.
Johann von Müller. Berlin, 1810.
Geſchichte Böhmens. Prag, 1815. 2 Thle.
Memoiren des Freiherrn von S—a. Prag, 1815. 3 Thle. (Gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeiner Gattin.)
Sämmtliche Werke, herausgegeben von ſeiner Gattin. Prag, 1819—1827.

W. war ein ausgezeichneter Schriftſteller, reich an Menſchenkenntniß, Scharfſinn und Geiſt und Meiſter in der Kunſt der Darſtellung; aber es fehlte ihm an gründlichen wiſſenſchaftlichen Kenntniſſen und Tiefe. Auch gab er in jeder Hinſicht zu viel auf den äußeren Glanz: ein Streben, das in allen ſeinen Leiſtungen, nicht eben zu ſeinem Vortheile, durchſchimmert.

Karoline von Woltmann

wurde am 6. März 1782 zu Berlin geboren; war eine Tochter des Geheimenrathes Dr. med. Stoſch und verheirathete ſich 1799 mit dem Kriegsrath K. Müchler. Allein dieſe Ehe wurde wieder aufgelöſt und ſie vermählte ſich mit dem oben bezeichneten K. L. v. Woltmann. Sie lebt zur Zeit in Prag.

Ihre Schriften ſind:

Euphroſyne. Berlin, 1804.
Bibliothek engliſcher Romane. Amſterdam, 1814. 2 Thle.
Orlando; Trauerſpiel. Prag, 1815.
Volksſagen der Böhmen. Prag, 1815. 2 Thle.
Marie und Walpurgis. Prag, 1818. 2 Thle.
Neue Volksſagen der Böhmen. Halberſtadt, 1820.
Hiſtoriſche Darſtellungen. Halberſtadt, 1820.
Bouilly's Geſchichten für junge Frauen. Leipzig, 1820. 2 Thle.
Ueber Beruf, Verhältniß, Tugend und Bildung der Frauen. Prag, 1820.
Die weißen Hüte; hiſtoriſche Darſtellung. Halberſtadt, 1822.
Spiegel der großen Welt. Peſth, 1824.
Die Bildhauer; Roman. Berlin, 1829. 2 Thle.
Deutſche Briefe. Leipzig, 1833. 2 Bde.

Treffliche Charakterzeichnung, Gedankenreichthum, gute Erfindung und eine ſehr elegante und anmuthige Darſtellung verleihen den literariſchen Arbeiten dieſer höchſt talentvollen und ausgezeichneten Frau einen bleibenden Werth.

Friederike Sophie Karoline Auguſte von Wolzogen

wurde am 3. Februar 1763 zu Rudelſtadt geboren. Sie verheirathete ſich 1784 zuerſt mit dem nachmaligen Geheimerath von Beulwitz und darauf, nachdem dieſe erſte Ehe aufgelöſt worden, mit dem weimariſchen Oberhofmeiſter von Wolzogen. Gegenwärtig lebt ſie in Jena.

Sie gab heraus:

Agnes von Lilien. Berlin, 1797. 2 Bde.
Erzählungen von der Verfaſſerin der Agnes von Lilien. Stuttgart, 1823. 2 Bde.
Cordelia. Leipzig, 1840. 2 Bde.

Frau v. W. iſt eine der wenigen Schriftſtellerinnen, die mit ſeltener Bildung ausgeſtattet, im vertrauteſten Umgange mit den ausgezeichnetſten Geiſtern ihrer Zeit für alle bedeutenden Erſcheinungen ſtets offenen Sinn bewahrend, obwohl den höchſten Kreiſen angehörig, die Erfahrungen eines reichen harmoniſchen und ſchönen Lebens in ihren Werken niederlegte und mit großer Anmuth, Gewandtheit und Wahrheit, neu zu geſtalten wußte. Ihre trefflichen Leiſtungen können daher deutſchen Frauen nicht lebhaft genug empfohlen werden.

Friedrich Ludwig Würkert,

am 16. December 1800 zu Leisnig geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und erhielt ſeine erſte Anſtellung als Pfarrer zu Untergreiſlau bei Langenſalza, wurde aber 1824 als zweiter Diakonus nach Mitweida berufen, wo er 1834 erſter Diakonus wurde.

Er gab heraus:

Morgenklänge; Erzählungen und Gedichte. Leipzig, 1821.
Dramatiſche Dichtungen. Leipzig, 1821.
Grundtöne. Berlin, 1830.
Haus und Kirche; religiöſe Lieder in der Abendzeitung und anderen Zeitſchriften.

W. zeichnete ſich als Dichter vorzüglich durch religiöſe Tiefe und Innigkeit, reiche Phantaſie und edle Sprache ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Alexander Chriſtian Friedrich Graf von Würtemberg,

Sohn des Herzogs Wilhelm von Würtemberg, iſt am 5. November 1807 geboren. Er bekleidet den Rang eines Oberſten in der würtembergiſchen Armee und lebt abwechſelnd zu Stuttgart und Wien. Als Lyriker trat er zuerſt im Morgenblatt unter dem Namen Tandor von S. auf.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. Stuttgart, 1837; darin:
Tſchikoſch Juro's Tod.
Lieder des Sturms.
Lieder eines Friedensſoldaten.

Reiche Phantaſie, große Lebendigkeit der Darſtellung, Friſche und Kraft, reihen ihn würdig den beſten lyriſchen Dichtern der neueſten Zeit an.

Hans von Würzburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Konrad von Würzburg, ſ. Minneſinger.

Nicolaus von Wyle,

aus Bremgarten gebürtig, war Anfangs Stadtſchreiber zu Eßlingen, ſpäter Kanzler des Grafen von Würtemberg; die Zeit ſeiner Blüthe fällt um 1478.

Er überſetzte aus Aen. Sylvius: Von zwei liebhabenden Menſchen, Euryalo und Lucretia. Augsburg, 1489.
Ferner überſetzte er verſchiedenes von Petrarch, Aretin, Poggius, Hämmerlein, welches nebſt zwei ſelbſtſtändigen Arbeiten in: Translazien und Tütſchungen, Straßburg 1478, herauskam.

Seine Ueberſetzungen zeichnen ſich für jene Zeit durch die gute Behandlung der Sprache und des Styls vortheilhaft aus.

Johann Rudolph Wyß

ward am 4. März 1781 zu Bern geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Bildung und war ſeit 1805 Oberbibliothekar und Profeſſor zu Bern, wo er am 21. März 1830 ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:
Schönheit und Kunſt; Gedicht. Zürich, 1810.
Mit G. Kuhn, J. Meisner u. A.: Schweizerroſen, Schweizeralmanach. Bern, 1811—1829.
Vorleſungen über das höchſte Gut. Tübingen, 1811. 2 Thle.
Der ſchweizeriſche Robinſon. Zürich, 1812. 2 Thle.
Idyllen, Volksſagen, Legenden und Erzählungen. Bern, 1815—1822. 2 Thle.
Sammlung von ſchweizer Kuhreihen. Bern, 1818. 3. Ausgabe.
Reiſe in das Berner Oberland. Bern, 1816 u. 17. 2 Thle.
Skizze einer maleriſchen Reiſe durch die Schweiz. Bern, 1816.
Mit E. Rivolin: Konrad Juſtingers Berner Chronik bis 1421. Bern, 1818.
Benjamin Tſchachtlans Berner Chronik von 1421—1466. Bern, 1819. 2 Bde.
Vater Anſelm Stubs Berner Chronik vom Anfange der Stadt bis 1526. Bern, 1825 u. 26. 2 Bde.

Ein ächter Schweizer bearbeitete W. mit großer Liebe und hübſchem Talent die Sagenſtoffe ſeines Vaterlandes, welche er, ſo wie idylliſche Stoffe, ſehr anmuthig zu behandeln wußte. Auch erwarb er ſich bleibende Verdienſte durch die Veröffentlichung alter Berner Chroniken.

3.

Juſt Friedrich Wilhelm Zachariä,

wurde am 1. Mai 1726 zu Frankenhauſen geboren. Er erhielt ſeinen erſten Unterricht in der Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, und begab ſich 1743 nach Leipzig, um die Rechte zu ſtudieren, widmete aber ſeine Zeit mehr der ſchönen Literatur. Nachdem er drei Jahre in Leipzig verlebt, und eine Zeit lang ſeine Vaterſtadt beſucht hatte, begab er ſich 1747 nach Göttingen. 1748 wurde er Hofmeiſter am Karolinum zu Braunſchweig, 1761 ordentlicher Profeſſor der Dichtkunſt und 1775 erhielt er das Kanonikat bei dem St. Cyriaksſtifte zu Braunſchweig. Er ſtarb den 30. Januar 1777.

Seine Schriften ſind:
Der Renommiſt; das Schnupftuch; der Phaeton; Verwandlungen; Lagosiade; Murner in der Hölle. — Die Tageszeiten; die vier Stufen des weiblichen Alters u. ſ. w. enthalten in: Poetiſche Schriften von J. F. W. Z. Braunſchweig, 1763—1765. 9 Bde.
Hinterlaſſene Schriften mit ſeinem Leben von Eſchenburg. Braunſchweig, 1781.
Miltons verlornes Paradies; überſetzt. Altona, 1760—1762. 2 Thle.
Auserleſene Stücke der beſten Dichter von M. Opitz an. Braunſchweig, 1766—1778. 3 Thle.
Spaniſches Theater. Braunſchweig, 1770 u. 71. 3 Bde.
Fabeln und Erzählungen in B. Waldis Manier. Braunſchweig, 1772.
Theatraliſche Werke. Dresden, 1772 u. 73. 3 Bde.

Bouterwek fällt in ſeiner Geſchichte der Poeſie Bd. XI. S. 175 folgendes vollkommen richtige Urtheil über dieſen früher ſehr beliebten Dichter: „In ſeiner Jugend hatte Zachariä zur Gottſchediſchen Schule gehört. Als ſein Geſchmack reifte, bildete er ſich mit vieler Gewandtheit nach mehreren Dichtern, die ihm nachahmenswerth ſchienen. Seine heitere Phantaſie war reich an Erfindungen und Bildern; ſein Witz gebildet und geſellig, und in der Kunſt, mit gefälliger Leichtigkeit in einer correcten Sprache und in fließenden Verſen ſich auszudrücken, wurde er von keinem deutſchen Dichter übertroffen. Deſſen ungeachtet ſind ſeine ſämmtlichen poetiſchen Werke faſt in Vergeſſenheit gerathen, weil es ihnen an Kraft der Gedanken, den ernſthaften, beſonders an hervorſtechenden Zügen fehlt, und die komiſchen ſich zu ſehr auf die Darſtellung vorübergehender Modethorheiten beſchränken. Zur komiſchen Poeſie hatte Zachariä das meiſte Talent. Dieß beweiſen ſeine Nachahmungen des Lockenraubs von Pope, und andere erzählende Gedichte, die man zu den komiſchen Epopöen zu zählen pflegt, z. B. ſein Schnupftuch, ſein Renommiſt und ſein Phaeton. Aber ſchon der überall hervorblickende Mangel an Originalität, und noch mehr die matte Dehnung der Tändelei und der Satyre ſchwächen die komiſche Wirkung der gelungenen Stellen. Als er ſich gar an die ernſthafte Epopöe wagte, und den Cortes, den Eroberer von Mexiko, zu ſeinem Helden wählte, blieb ihm faſt nichts als das Verdienſt eines maleriſchen Erzählungsſtyls und einer guten Sprache in reimloſen Jamben übrig. Das Publikum hat nichts dabei verloren, daß dieſes Heldengedicht unvollendet geblieben iſt. In der beſchreibenden Poeſie wollte er mit Thomſon und Kleiſt wetteifern, als er ſeine Tageszeiten in Hexametern ſchrieb; aber ſeine Beſchreibungen, ſo maleriſch ſie auch ſind, haben weder die philoſophiſche Würde der Jahreszeiten Thomſon's, noch die lyriſche Wärme des Frühlings von

Kleiſt. Noch weniger gelang ihm, in einer kühn ausgedachten Beſchreibung der Schöpfung der Hölle, Klopſtock's Ton zu treffen. Unter ſeinen lyriſchen Gedichten verdienen einige ſanfte und heitere Lieder ausgezeichnet zu werden. Seine kraftloſe Ueberſetzung von Milton's verlornem Paradieſe, in Hexametern, konnte kaum für beſſer, als die ungeſchlachte von Bodmer, gelten. Ein literariſches Verdienſt hat ſich Zachariä durch ſeine Sammlung auserleſener Stücke aus den Werken deutſcher Dichter, von Opitz an, erworben. Ziemlich gelungen ſind ſeine Fabeln in der Manier von Burkard Waldis."

Murner in der Hölle.

(Ein ſcherzhaftes Heldengedicht.)

Erſter Geſang.

Singe, ſcherzende Muſe, die großen herrlichen Thaten,
Und den kläglichen Tod von einem unſterblichen Kater;
Welcher den ſchwarzen Cocytus beſchifft und ſeine Gebeine,
Gleich den Gebeinen der Helden, mit Marmor bedeckt geſehen.

Du, o holde Roſaura, die du das Ende des Lieblings
Faſt drei Stunden beweint: (wie öfters weinet ſo lang nicht
Um den Tod des podagriſchen Manns die buhleriſche Wittwe!)
Holde Roſaura, beſeele dies Lied mit dem ſiegenden Auge,
Welches ſo viele Herzen entflammt, und lächle der Muſe
Würdige Kühnheit in's Herz, wenn ſie die Stygiſchen Waſſer
Unter ſich brauſen hört, und zu den traurigen Schaaren
Wandelnder Schatten ſich miſcht, die Charons Ueberfahrt fordern!

Mitten in einem veralteten Schloß am Ufer der Elbe
Wohnte der ehrliche Rabun mit ſeiner Nichte Roſaura.
Artiger war kein Fräulein umher, als ſeine Roſaura:
Holder waren die Grazien nicht, und ſchöner nicht Venus,
Als ſie, vom Schaume des Meeres noch triefend die Fluthen herausſtieg.
Zärtlich liebte die Nichte den Onkel, und was ſie nur wünſchte,
War zu ihrem Befehl; doch wünſchte das Fräulein nur wenig,
Welches drum mehr noch das Herz des häuslichen Alten ihr neigte.
Einſam im Zimmer, zufrieden mit ſich, durchlebte ſie Tage,
Nicht vom Neide getrübt, noch von dem Stolze verdunkelt.
Mit ihr wohnten in einem Gemach zwei geſellige Thiere,
Hyper, ein fleckiger Kater, und ein geſchwätziges Päpchen,
Welches über das Weltmeer kam, und ſeiner Gebiet'rin
Manche Stunde, ſo gut wie ein lockrer Stutzer verplaudert.

Eben hatte der weichende Winter von ſtürmiſchen Schwingen
Seine letzten Schauer von rieſelndem Hagel geſchüttelt;
Ueber ſanft wallende bunte Tapeten von Veilchen und Tulpen
Fuhr im Triumph der Frühling daher, und Pandions Tochter
Stammelte ſchon gebrochene Verſuche zu melodiſchen Liedern
Unter halbgrünendem Laub; als an dem öſtlichen Himmel
Blutroth ſich Aurora erhob, und ſchneidende Lüfte
Vor ihr her das einſame Schloß lautheulend umbrauſten,
Daß die murrende Magd zum Vorrath des Holzes hinabſtieg,
Und von neuem wohlthätige Feuer die Oefen erwärmten.
Jetzt kam Hyper über das Dach. Er hatte die Nacht durch
Einſame Böden durchirrt, und Legionen von Ratten
Aus einander gejagt; mit ihrem rinnenden Blute
Seinen zornvollen Rachen gewetzt, und trunken von Siegen
Ueber die todten Leichname der ſich brüſtend gewälzt.
Leiſe ſchleicht er zum Zimmer hinein, als eben die Zofe
Brauſendes Waſſer geholt, mit ſanftem chineſiſchem Tranke
Ihre Gebiet'rin zu wecken. Doch als ſie das gnädige Fräulein
Schlummernd noch fand, da fiel auf's neu' der rauſchende Vorhang
Wieder über das ſchöne Bett, und ſchleichend verließ ſie
Ihrer Fräulein Gemach. Vom Abendwerk ermüdet,
Legte nun Hyper ſich hin dicht an den glühenden Ofen;
Streckte die Sammetklauen von ſich, und ſank bald geruhig
In den ſüßeſten Schlaf. Die phantaſirenden Sinne
Schweiften in güldenen Träumen umher. Er ſah die Geſtalten
Schöner Katzen verſammelt um ſich, und hörte die Brüder,
Welche vom mächtigen Dach, von allen verwachſnen Gemäuern,
In vertraulicher Nacht um [illegible] erſchollen,
Und dann dünkt ihm, er läge Roſaurens vertraulich im Schooße,
Würde von ihrer marmornen Hand liebkoſend geſtreichelt,
Und vom betreßten Junker, und zierlichem Fähndrich beneidet.
Eitle Gedanken! Er ſollte nicht mehr die Horden der Ratten,
Noch die Geliebten, Miezchen, beſuchen! er ſollte nicht wieder,
In Roſaurens Armen gewiegt, ſanftſchnurrend entſchlummern!
Eine der Furien, welche das Herz der wildeſten Xantippe
Mit der brennenden Fackel zum Zank mit dem Eh'mann entflammet;
Wollte die Oberwelt jetzt mit der finſtern Hölle vertauſchen,
Und flog ſcheußlich und ſchwarz, auf einer ſtinkenden Wolke,
Bei Roſaurens Fenſter vorbei. Ihr plaudernder Päpchen
Saß im drahternen Haus, und rief lautſchimpfend: Du Scheuſal,
Als die ſchlangenhaarige Furie bei ihm vorbeiflog.
Auch die Furien tragen den Stolz im ſcheußlichen Buſen,
Schön zu ſein, zum mindeſten ſchön für der Hölle Bewohner.
Selbſt Alekto war Dame genug, voll Zorn zu entbrennen,
Daß ſie der Vogel für häßlich geſchimpft. Wie leicht, o Verwegner,
(Sagte ſie bei ſich ſelbſt) kann dich Alekto beſtrafen!
Deinen verrätheriſchen Hals könnt' ich im Zorne dir umdrehn,
Oder mit dieſer hölliſchen Fackel zu Aſche dich brennen!
Aber du biſt zu klein für einer unſterblichen Göttin
Eigene Hand! Geh, ſchimpfe mich mehr im Magen des Katers,
Der hier ſchläft, und welchem ich dich zum Opfer beſtimme!

Raſend vor Wuth, begab ſich Alekto zum ſchlafenden Kater;
Hauchte mit Mordſucht ihn an, und ſprach mit glühenden Worten:
Iſt es möglich? du ſchnarchſt hier ruhig unter dem Ofen,
Edler Murner, du Zierde der Kater; und haſt es vergeſſen,
Daß dich die Ehre zu herrlichen Thaten, zu Siegen gerufen,
Welche vor dir kein Kater erſtritt! — Verwandter des Tigers,
Willſt du die Schaaren allein der fliehenden Mäuſe verfolgen,
Und mit tapferer Klau' langſchwänzige Ratten nur würgen?
Dürſtet dich nicht nach edlerem Blut? O ſiehe, wie trotzig
Sitzt der Liebling Roſaurens in ſeinem goldenen Käfich,
Schimpft nach ſeinem Gefallen dich aus, und waget oft ſelber
Flüche wider die holde Roſaura, worüber ſie lächelt,
Und ſie mit gütigem Blick und Schmeicheleien belohnet,
Da ſie indeß dich, Hyper, vergißt. O leide nicht länger,
Daß der geſchwätzige Vogel die Gunſt des Fräuleins dir raube,
Und den männlichen Laut von deiner Stimme verſpotte,
Wenn er ſo oft dich lächerlich macht! Den Plauderer ſchützet
Nur kein Käfich umſonſt! Wie mancher Canarienvogel
Ward von deinen tapfern Ahnen im Käfich zerriſſen!
Würge denn du auch den plaudernden Spötter und ſtreu' im Triumphe
Seine Federn, worauf er ſtolziret, in alle vier Winde!

Alſo ſagte die hölliſche Göttin. Der Kater erwachte,
Sah mit funkelnden Augen umher, und brüllte nach Blute.
Wie ein Blitz ſich vom hohen Olymp in die Felder hinabreißt,
Und den blühenden Baum zerſchmettert, worunter der Schäfer
Oft auf ſeinem harmoniſchen Horn die Auen ergötzet:
So riß Hyper ſich auch, den Nebenbuhler zu tödten,
Unter dem Ofen hervor, und ſprang ſo behend wie ein Panther,
Auf den goldenen Käfich. Der Vogel ſinket vor Schrecken
Auf den Boden des Käfichs; doch hätt' ihn Hyper unfehlbar
Voller Mordſucht gewürgt, wenn nicht der ehrliche Rabun
Auf das wilde Geſchrei dem Vogel zu Hülfe geeilet.
Eben hatte der häusliche Greis den knotigen Dornſtock,
Seinen Feldſtab, in zitternder Hand; kaum ſah er den Kater
Ueber den Käfich geklammert, ſo ſchlug er mit männlichen Kräften
Seiner Nichte Liebling auf's Haupt; die grauſame Parze
Schnitt ihm neunfaches Leben entzwei, und Hyper, entſeelt,
Fiel vom Käfich, der Käfich auf ihn, und über den Käfich
Stürzte der Alte; vom donnernden Lärm erbebte das Zimmer!

Aengſtlich erwachte die holde Roſaura vom wilden Getümmel,
Fliegt im leichten Gewand zu ihrem Gemache, worin ſie
Mit erſtarrendem Blick das blutige Trauerſpiel wahrnimmt.
Dreimal klang mit ängſtlichem Schall die ſilberne Schelle
Durch das hallende Schloß; doch eh' Hülfe ſich nahet,
Hilft das Fräulein dem Alten bereits in den ſammetnen Lehnſtuhl.
Als er Athem geſchöpft, erhub er zur weinenden Nichte,
Welche den Leichnam des Hypers erblickt, die donnernde Stimme:
Siehe, der Hund! Schon war er bereit den Papchen zu würgen!
Doch potz Sturm! ich habe noch Kraft in den Knochen! da liegt er
Todt, der gierige Räuber! Er thut es nicht wieder, ich wette!
Alſo ſprach er grämlich und ſtolz, und leerte noch dreimal

Mit dem knotigen Stock dem ſchon verblichenen Gyper.
Aber das Fräulein weinte laut; ihr Antlitz verbarg ſich
Tief in ihr Schnupftuch, mit Thränen genetzt; ſie fiel in den Lehnſtuhl.
Sage mir, Muſe, die ſchmerzlichen Klagen des traurigen Fräuleins,
Und vergiß nicht das laute Geheul der Zofe Liſette,
Welche der Wiederhall ward von ihrem gnädigen Fräulein.
Armes Gyperchen! ſeufzte laut die holde Roſaura:
Welch ein erbärmlicher Tod entreißet dich meiner Geſellſchaft! —
So unrühmlich ſtirbſt du dahin in der Blüthe des Lebens.
Todtgeſchlagen, mit einem Stock, unedel und grauſam —
Todtgeſchlagen von dem, der dich mir ſelber geſchenket,
Regt kein Leben ſich mehr in dir? Und haben auf ewig
Deine grünen funkelnden Augen für mich ſich geſchloſſen?
Werd' ich dir nicht mehr den Knebelbart ſtreichen, und nicht mehr im Dunkeln
Feuer dem ſeidenen Haar entlocken? und wirſt du mich nicht mehr
Mit dem krummen Buckel, mit ſcherzenden Sprüngen ergötzen?
Alſo Roſaura — Die Zofe fuhr fort: Du Krone der Kater,
O wie vornehm ſahſt du aus! Ganz anders, wie Kater
Niedrer Bauern im Dorf! Dein rothes, ſchimmerndes Halsband,
Wurde von allen Katzen im ganzen Umkreis beneidet.
O wie artig ließ es dir nicht! Nun ſollſt du vermodern,
Und das ſchöne Halsband mit dir? das niedliche Halsband.
Nein! ich nehm' es für mich! es ſoll nicht mit dir vermodern!
O wie rinnet dein purpurnes Blut nicht über dein Haupt her!
Ja, du biſt todt! Du biſt es auf ewig, du armer Gyper!

Als ſie dies ſprach, erhub ſich von neuem der Fräulein Gewinſel,
Und der Alte weinete ſelbſt. Er faßte die Nichte
Bei der Hand, und führte ſie weg vom traurigen Zimmer.
Und die Zofe heulete lauter: Der arme Gyper!
Und das Fräulein antwortete ſchluchzend: Der arme Gyper!
Gyper! rufte die Wand, und Gyper! Gyper! der Page,
Welcher dem Feind' im Tode vergab. Die Furie ſah es
Voller hölliſchen Fröhlichkeit an, und ſtürzte ſich ziſchend
Durch die verdunkelte Luft, und ſank in die Fluthen des Orkus.

Zweiter Geſang.

Kaum beherrſchte Liſette nunmehr das einſame Zimmer
Uneingeſchränkt und allein; ſo nahm ſie die Maske der Trauer
Von dem Geſicht', und war nicht mehr der Seufzer Roſaurens
Stets gefälliges Echo. Sie warf auf den Leichnam des Katers,
Den ſie ſo ſehr im Leben gehaßt, zufriedene Blicke.
Alſo ſchaut der ſtolzirende Sieger zufrieden in's Schlachtfeld;
Weidet die Augen am Blut der Erſchlagenen; die wiehernden Roſſe
Tragen ihn hoch auf Leichnamen her — Indem die Poſaune
Siegender Heerſchaaren um ihn ertönt, ſo dünkt er ein Gott ſich.
Höhniſch ſtieß die erbitterte Zofe den blutigen Leichnam
Mit dem Fuß, doch riß ſie vorher mit entweihenden Händen
Von dem Halſe den blendenden Purpur, mit ſilbernen Blumen,
Und mit Laubwerk geſtickt; beſah ihn mit geizigen Blicken,
Rollt' ihn zuſammen, und ſprach: dem Himmel ſei Dank, daß du endlich
Deinen verrätheriſchen Hals gebrochen, verworfnes Geſchöpfe!
Wohl mir! daß ich dich todt, du falſche Beſtie ſehe!
O wie bin ich ſo froh nunmehr, daß künftig mein Fräulein
In dem Schooße dich wiegt, und dich aus Zärtlichkeit küſſet.
Pfui! wie konnten die ſchönſten Lippen ſo zärtlich dich küſſen,
Und wie konnte die weichſte Hand dein Fuchshaar ſo ſtreicheln!
Geh nun hin, du hungriger Räuber, und friß mit den Braten,
Oder das braune Ragout, daß ich vom Munde mir ſparte!
Geh nun hin, und würge die Tauben, und hole die ferner
Papageyen zum leckeren Fraß! es ſei dir erlaubet!

Alſo ſpottete ſie des armen getödteten Murners.
O wie gänzlich ändern ſich nicht die glänzenden Reden
Eines veränderten Hofs, der nichts mehr fürchtet und hoffet!
Jetzt eröffnet Liſette das Fenſter; ſie faßet den Körper
Bei dem ſtarrenden Bein, und wirft ihn zum Fenſter hinunter
Auf den ſchimpflichen Miſt. So ſtürzten die Stürmer ehmals
Eines Tyrannen herab; ſo ward das Bildniß der Römer,
Nun ein verſtümmelter Rumpf in ſeine Canäle geſchmiſſen.

Aus dem traurigen Zimmer befand ſich indeſſen Roſaura
Bei dem zärtlichen Alten, der ſie mit holden Geſchenken,
Von unmuthigen Reiſen in's Bad zu tröſten bemüht war.
Ihr Geſchenke verſprach von neuen modiſchen Stoffen,
Und mit Soupirs, und Lila, und Dauphine ſie erfreute.
Munterer kam ſie zu ihrem Gemach; des Lieblings vergeſſend,
Denkt ſie nicht an ſein Grab, und ſetzt zum Putze ſich.
Schachteln gingen da auf, und Büchſen wurden eröffnet;
Eiſen glühten in ſchwarzen Vulkanen; und Wolken von Puder
Wälzten ſich gegen den Tag; dann rollte die raſſelnde Kutſche
Glänzender Fremden über den Hof. Es dampfte die Küche
Hohen Geruch von Braten, Paſteten, und kräftigen Brühen.
Eine muntere Tafel, von leichten Scherzen umflattert,
Schmauſte den langen Nachmittag durch; die vollen Pokale
Taumelten unter dem Junker herum, bis durch die Gewölke
Freundlich der Abendſtern blinkt; da unterdeſſen das Fräulein,
Von der horchenden Schaar, am ſilbernen Flügel umringet,
Mit dem holden Geſang die eilenden Stunden verkürzte.
So ward alles Leid und alle Trauer vergeſſen.

Und nun eilte bereits die murrende Seele des Katers
In der Hölle hinab. — Verzeiht es, Stygiſche Mächte,
Ihr Beherrſcher der Seelen, ihr einſamen Schatten; du Chaos,
Phlegeton, und ihre öden Behauſungen, daß ich es wage,
Vor der lebenden Blick des Abgrunds Tiefen zu zeigen.
Murner wandelte fort durch dicke Cimmeriſche Nächte
Ueber Plutos finſtre Gefilde. Der Vorhof der Hölle
Empfing ihn ein. Da wohnten die Klagen, der tödtlichen Sorgen,
Bleiche tödtliche Seuchen, das traurige Alter, der Hunger,
Armuth und Furcht. Viel ſcheußliche Larven, der Krieg und die Zwietracht
Mit dem Schlangenhaar, hauſeten hier. In rauſchenden Hainen
Dunkler Ulmen flatterten da die ſchrecklichen Träume.
Schaarenweis gingen hier auch viel ſchreckende Ungeheuer,
Wilde Centauren, Gorgonen, Hydren und ſchmutzige Harpyen.
Bang und zitternd eilte Murner durch dieſe Geſtalten
Zu den Stygiſchen Ufern, und wallte verlaſſen und traurig
Am Geſtade des dunkeln Cocytus. Es brauſten die Waſſer
Unaufhaltſam und wild zu den Pforten des Todes hinüber.
Durch ſie fuhr der finſtre Charon; ein ſchmutziger Alter,
Deſſen grauer verworrener Bart den Gürtel herabfloß.
Mürriſch ſaß er im Kahn, und ſteurte langſam ſein Fahrzeug
Gegen die brauſende Fluth zum Ufer, wo Schaaren von Seelen
Zum Geſtade ſich drängten. Hier gingen unter einander
Fürſten, Comödianten und Dichter, und Huren und Nonnen,
Goldmacher, Räuber und Prokuratoren, und Aerzte; mit ihnen
Todtengräber, nebſt lachenden Erben. Auch gingen hier Seelen
Vornehmer Damen, mit Seelen von Hunden und Katzen, und Vögeln;
Da die Schatten indeß von ihren verachteten Kindern
Einſam an dem Geſtade zur Mutter die Stimmen erhuben,
Welche ſie vornehm verließ, und lieber die Seele des Hündchens,
Ihres Vergnügens im Leben in Charons Nachen mit wegnahm.
Wie im Herbſte der Nord die welkenwerdenden Wälder
Brauſend durchfährt, und dicke Wolken von fallenden Blättern
Ueber die Thäler zerſtreut; und wie an Thraciens Geſtaden
Schreiende Schaaren von wandernden Vögeln die Wogen bedecken;
Alſo ſtürzten die Schatten zum Ufer und ſtreckten die Hände
Bittend zum Charon empor, der einige Bittende einnahm,
Aber andre mit ſchmähendem Ruder vom Kahne zurückſtieß.
Denn der mürriſche Greis führt keine verſtorbenen Seelen
Ueber die Stygiſchen Waſſer, und hohen Cocytiſchen Fluthen,
Wenn nicht ihr Körper auf Erden die letzten Ehren erhalten.
So ward auch der Schatten des Katers vom Fahrzeug entfernet.
Traurig ging er am Ufer herum, und hoffte vergebens
Ueber den Fluß zu kommen. Er ſprang zuletzt in die Fluthen,
Und verſuchte hinüber zu ſchwimmen; doch Charon ergriff ihn
Mit dem mächtigen Ruder, und ſchlug ihn zum Ufer zurücke.
Voller Verzweiflung wollt' er ſich darauf zu [illegible] Gegenden,
Welche zur Oberwelt führen, und kam mit ihnen von neuem
In dem Schloſſe zurück, wo ſein verachteter Leichnam
Auf dem Miſte noch lag, dem Knecht und der Viehmagd zum Abſcheu.

Dritter Geſang.

Lange ſchon hatte die finſtre Nacht mit mächtigen Schwingen
Ueber die Welt und das Dorf ſich verbreitet. Die furchtſame Schloßuhr
Schlug jetzt zwölf; die ſchreckliche Stunde, worin die Geſpenſter
Frei umhergehn, mit raſſelnden Ketten, mit glühenden Augen,

Und mit ſcheußlichen Larven. Die tiefſte Ruhe beherrſchte
Das altvätriſche Schloß; der alte Raban, Roſaura,
Koch und Kutſcher, und Magd lag tief im Schlafe vergraben.
Nur Liſette ſtickete noch, bei nächtlicher Lampe,
Ihrem Geliebten, dem ſchwarzen Jäger, Manſchetten; als plötzlich
Die gefürchtete Mitternachtsſtunde mit ſilberner Stimme
Durch das einſame Schloß erſchallt: da fiel ihr die Nadel
Aus der zitternden Hand; im Augenblick nahm ſie das Nachtlicht,
Und ging bebend aus Angſt zur ſchneckenförmigen Treppe.
Aber wie blind macht öfters die Furcht! Anſtatt daß die Zofe
Zu dem niedern Gemach dicht an dem Dache hinaufſtieg,
Kam ſie in ihrer Beſtürzung herab zur Thür des Kellers.
Dieſer war ſchrecklich und wüſt, ſchon lange die ſchwarze Behauſung
Aller Geſpenſter geweſen. In bangen Mitternachtsſtunden
Hörte man oft ein Winſeln darin, auch hatte der Kutſcher
Blaue Lichter bei flimmernden Schätzen drin brennen geſehen.
Wie vom Donner gerühret ſtand jetzt die furchtſame Zofe
Vor dem Schlunde des Kellers; ein kalter paniſcher Schrecken
Sträubte der zitternden Nymphe das Haupthaar empor; mit Entſetzen
Stieg ſie die Stufen von neuem hinauf, und wollte nun ſicher
Ihre Kammerthür öffnen; da kam ihr der Schatten der Katze
Wild entgegen gebrauſt. Sie ſahe die funkelnden Augen,
Und den zähnefletſchenden Schlund, und ſtürzte ſich ſchreiend
Tief in ihr Bette. Hier lag ſie in Angſt drei ſchreckliche Stunden,
Ohne den Kopf aus dem tiefen Gewühle der Federn zu wagen;
Bis ſie der Schlaf mit dem Anbruch des Tags voll Mitleid beſuchte.

Aber der Schatten des Katers begab ſich zur Kammer des Alten,
Schnaubte Rache; ſprang wild auf den Tiſch, auf welchem ein Nachtlicht
Sterbende blaue Strahlen verſtreute. Die zitternde Flamme
Fuhr in die Höh' und erloſch; d'rauf ſchallte durch's einſame Zimmer
Murners Todtengeheul. Der Alte fuhr auf aus dem Schlafe,
Furchtſam und blaß; da ſah er den Syper mit glühenden Augen,
Welcher hölliſche Flammen aus ſeinem Naſenloch brauſte,
Schrecklich riß er den Mund auf und ſchrie. Vom wilden Geheule
Schallte das Schloß, und endlich verſchwand der ſpukende Murner.
Er flog jetzo mit weniger Schrecken zum Zimmer Roſaurens,
Und erſchien ihr im Schlaf mit blaſſem entſtellten Geſichte.
Schönſte Roſaura (ſo ſprach er zu ihr), vergieb es der Seele
Deines getödteten Sypers, wofern er die ſüßeſte Ruhe
Mit der blaſſen Erſcheinung dir ſtört! vergieb es der Seele,
Welche ſogar von den Ufern des dunkeln Cocytus gewieſen,
In der Irre ſich quält, da unbegraben mein Leichnam
Auf dem Miſte verachtet liegt, und meine Gebeine
Nicht einmal mit ein wenig Staub mitleidig bedeckt ſind.
Ach Roſaura! verdienet denn dies dein geweſener Liebling!
Hab' ich dir darum ſo oft im Leben die Hände geküſſet,
Und die ſcharfen Klauen verborgen! und hab' ich dir darum
Deine widrigſten Feinde, die Ratten, ſo getreulich gefangen,
Um nicht einmal ein Grab nach meinem Tode zu haben!
Ach! was kann ich dafür, daß einer Furie Liſten
Mich auf deinen Vogel erhitzt! und kann ich die Triebe,
Welche die mächt'ge Natur zum Morden mir einblies, verändern!
Bin ich dafür nicht genug mit dem ſchmerzlichſten Tode beſtrafet!
Göttliche Schöne, wenn anders dein Herz Erbarmen empfindet,
Wenn dein Syper dir je in ſeinem Leben gefallen:
O ſo laß es nicht zu, daß ſein verachteter Leichnam
Den gefräßigen Hunden und ſchnatternden Enten ein Raub ſei!
Gieb den armen Gebeinen ein Grab; und gönne die Ruhe
Seinem irrenden Schatten, daß ihm der mürriſche Charon
Ueber die ſtygiſche Fluth die Fahrt verſtatte; daß nicht mehr
Sein gepeinigter Geiſt mit andern Geſpenſtern umhergeh,
Und in finſterer Nacht mit ſeiner Erſcheinung erſchrecke.
Alſo ſagte der Schatten des Katers, und flog in die Lüfte.

Aengſtlich erwachte Roſaura. Die Morgenröthe bedeckte
Die Gebirge mit Purpur. Es tönte vom blumigen Anger
Das erweckende Horn des Hirten. Die nützlichen Stiere
Gingen langſam am Pfluge zum Acker. Der frühe Verwalter
Trabte mit ſeinem wiehernden Fuchs durch Haiden und Felder;
Dreimal zog Roſaura mit Macht die ſeidene Schelle,
Welche mit hellem, ſcharfen Geläute Liſetten erweckte.
Sie erſchien, vom nächtlichen Schrecken noch blaß und entſtellet,
Und das Fräulein red'te zu ihr mit geflügelten Worten:
Ach! wie haben wir's denn vergeſſen, den armen Syper
In die Erde zu ſcharren! Im Traum erſchien mir ſein Schatten,
Welcher herumirret, weil wir ihn nicht mit Ehren beſtattet.
Ich vergeb' es mir nie, ich Undankbare! Wie haſt du
Mich nie erinnert, Liſette! So lagen ſeine Gebeine
Nicht verachtet in freier Luft, den Thieren zum Raube!
Eile, befiel dem Gärtner, ſogleich vom Miſt ihn zu nehmen,
Und ihm unter den Linden am Waſſer ein Grab zu bereiten.
Alſo das Fräulein. Liſette verſetzt: Noch beb' ich vor Schrecken,
Denn auch mir iſt der Schatten des todten Sypers erſchienen.
O wie gräßlich drohte ſein Blick, indem er wildheulend
Ueber den Weg mir lief! Wir wollen ihn ſchleunig begraben,
Daß er nicht wieder mit ſeiner Erſcheinung die Nacht durch uns ſtöre!
Als ſie noch ſprach, da kam auch der Alte mit zitternden Füßen,
Lehnte ſich auf den Dornſtock, und ſprach: Ihr Kinder, begrabet
Schleunig den Leichnam des Katers! Noch bin ich des Todes vor Schrecken!
Denn Potz Stern! ich hab' ihn geſehn! Wie glühten dem Teufel
Seine hölliſchen Augen! Wie ſchnaubte die grimmige Naſe
Flammen umher — ich verlang' es nicht wieder noch einmal zu ſehen!

Eilend begab ſich die Iris des Fräuleins zum Gärtner und ſagte:
Conrad, folge mir nach, und nimm vom Miſte den Leichnam
Unſers verſtorbenen Sypers. Am Waſſer unter den Linden
Mach' ihm ein Grab, und leg' ihn darein; damit er nicht wieder
In dem Schloſſe mit ſeiner Erſcheinung die Lebenden ſchrecke.
Deine Mühe ſoll dir ein blanker Gulden belohnen,
Und ein Glas voll herrlichen Branntweins die Kehle dir netzen.

Alſo ſprach ſie. Ihr folgete Conrad, von Branntwein ermuntert,
Ging auf den Hof, und nahm auf den Spaten den Leichnam des Sypers
Trug ihn unter die Linden, und legte die ſtarren Gebeine
Tief in ein kühles Grab. Gleich flog ſein irrender Schatten
Wieder zur Hölle hinab, und miſchte ſich unter die Seelen,
Die zum ſchwankenden Kahn des alten Charons ſich drängten.

Vierter Geſang.

Und nun waffne dein Herz mit Muth von neuem, Roſaura,
Wenn du die Muſe zur Hölle begleiteſt; zur Hölle, die oftmals
Dich im Schauſpiel geſchreckt, wenn Teufel mit ſeidenen Strümpfen
Und mit blitzenden Schuhen getanzt; wenn Flammen von Pulver
Ueber die bunten papiernen Wände des Abgrunds ſich wälzten,
Und Colophoniendampf aus tiefen Schlünden heraufſchlug.
Strahlte nicht durch die Nacht mir dein Auge; wie könnt' ich es wagen,
Zu den finſtern Gefilden des Erebus zweimal zu wandeln.
Doch damit du das Schickſal des Sypers vollends erfahreſt,
Soll ihn die kühnere Muſe noch jenſeits des Styxes begleiten.

Charon ſah den Schatten des Katers dem Fluſſe ſich nahen.
Weil er wußte, ſein Leichnam ſei zur Erde beſtattet,
Rückt' er den Kahn an's Ufer, und nahm den Murner in's Schiff ein.
Rauſchend eilte der Kahn von ſelbſt zum Ufer hinüber,
Wo an den Pforten des Orkus der grauſame Cerberus wachte.
Als die Katze den Höllenhund ſah, der ſeine drei Rachen
Fürchterlich aufriß, und bellte, da fuhr ſie erſchrocken zurücke.
Krümmte den Buckel und ſchnaubte; daß ſelbſt der finſtere Charon
Seine Runzeln zum Lächeln verzog. Doch ſetzt' er ſie endlich
An das Ufer des Tartarus aus. Sie ſchlüpfte verſtohlen
Bei dem Höllenhunde vorbei, und kam durch die Höhle
Zu den Geſtaden des flammenden Phlegetons, welcher laut brauſend
Ueber die ſchallenden Felſen die feurigen Wogen verfolgte.
Hier erblickte der Syper die hohen, ehernen Mauern,
Und die demantnen Pforten, die zu dem Qualenreich führen.
Auf der eiſernen Warte, die hoch in die Lüfte ſich hebet,
Sitzt die immer wache Tiſiphone ſchrecklich am Eingang.

Peitſchet mit Schlangen den Flüchtling zurück, der voller Verzweiflung
Aus den ſchwarzen Gefilden der Pein zu entwiſchen gedenket.
Schaudernd hörte der Gyper die brüllenden Seufzer, die Schläge,
Mit dem Geſchwirre des Eiſens, und ſchwerer raſſelnder Ketten,
Welche die Elenden zogen; bis hier der hölliſche Richter
Rhadamantus zu langen und grauſamen Martern verdammte.
Jetzo ſprangen mit ſchrecklichem Schall die demantnen Pforten
Aus den donnernden Angeln. Alekto mit brennender Fackel
Fuhr heraus, und faßte den Gyper, und wollte ſchon ſcheltend
Vor den Richter ihn ſchleppen, als ſie ihn plötzlich erkannte.
O biſt du es, (erhob ſie die Stimme) du trauriges Opfer
Meiner Rache, die du gewagt für mich zu vollbringen!
Dafür ſollſt du die Qualen nicht ſehn, die räuberiſche Thiere
Hier Jahrhunderte peitſchen. Denn wiſſe! hier werden die Löwen,
Blutige Tiger und Panther, und alle die ſtolzen Erobrer,
Eh'mals das Schrecken der Wälder, verſchieden gemartert.
Wölfe werden allhier bei langſamem Feuer gebraten!
Räubriſche Füchſe liegen gefeſſelt an feurigen Ketten,
Sehn die Hühner vor ſich, und können ſie niemals erreichen.
O was nützet es hier dem Adler, dem König der Vögel,
Daß er Monarch war, von allen Poeten und Rednern geprieſen!
Ewig ſitzet er hier in einem glühenden Käfich,
Und verfluchet, daß man in ihm den Räuber vergöttert.
Aber wie könnt' ich dir, Murner, unzählbare Qualen beſchreiben,
Welche das räubriſche Thier hier ſtrafen, wofern es die Unſchuld,
Oder die nützlichen Thiere gewürgt! Doch trifft nicht dies Urtheil
Dich, und alle die Thiere, die mit den rächriſchen Zähnen,
Oder mit ſcharfen Klauen und Schnäbeln das Ungeziefer,
Ratten und Mäuſe, Schlangen und Eidechſen, Spinnen und Raupen
Zu verderben geſucht! die gehn in ſchattigen Hainen
Glücklich einher; doch müſſen die Katzen nicht ſingende Vögel
Oder unſchuldige Hühner erwürgen, ſonſt werden ſie gleichfalls
Mit den Wölfen gebraten, und mit den Füchſen gepeinigt.
Wohl dir! daß dich dein Schickſal bewahrt. Verfolge nun ferner
Deinen Weg von dieſem Fluſſe nach jenen Gefilden,
Wo die glücklichen Thiere wandeln — dir wird man auf Erden
Unter den Linden am Bach ein prächtiges Denkmal errichten,
Und bei dem Grabe weinen. So ſprach ſie. Die Pforten
Sprangen hinter ihr zu, und über die ehernen Säulen
Schlug ein ſchweflichter Dampf mit blauen Flammen vermiſchet.
Drauf ging Murner mit muthigerm Schritt durch dunkele Wege,
Bis er zu jenen glücklichen Wäldern und Auen gelangte,
Wo die milderen Thiere nach ihrem Tode ſpazieren.
Hier herrſcht ewiger Lenz; hier fließen die Quellen des Aethers
Sanfter aus gütigen Sonnen; und über die lachenden Felder
Hat die güt'ge Natur ihr ganzes Füllhorn verſchüttet.
Durch die blühenden Auen ergießt in gleiſſenden Wellen
Lethe den ſchlängelnden Strom. Hier trinken mit durſtigen Zügen
Alle Thiere Vergeſſenheit ein, und ihre Naturen
Werden hier milder gemacht. Auch haben hier alle die Seelen,
Welche vom Schickſal zur Wandrung in andre Leiber beſtimmt ſind,
Hier ſah Gyper den Schatten des Hofhunds, welcher erwählt war,
Eines künftigen Harpagons Körper zur Wohnung zu haben.
Seelen von Papageyen, beſtimmt, in Weiber zu fahren,
Und in Dichter, welche für ſich zu denken nicht wagen,
Gingen allhier; auch Seelen von Pfauen für eitele Damen,
Seelen von Raben für Richter, und Seelen von Füchſen für Schreiber.
Andere Seelen von beſſeren Thieren genoſſen hier Ruhe,
Freiheit und ewigen Lenz, in ihren Elyſiſchen Feldern.
Hier ging munter das edle Roß auf grünenden Wieſen;
Friſche Winde kräuſelten ihm die fliegenden Mähnen,
Und es wieherte Freiheit. Auf beiden blumigen Angern
Stand der nützliche Stier, auf ewig vom Joche befreiet.
Das unſchuldige Schaf ſprang auf dem lachenden Hügel
Scherzend einher, und erndtete hier die ſüße Belohnung
Seiner Geduld und Nützlichkeit ein. Die blühenden Wälder
Schallten wieder von farbigen Sängern. Der Colibri Schaaren
Hingen wie Gold an den Aeſten. Der holden Nachtigall Lieder
Drangen bis in der Seelen Gefild, wo zärtliche Dichter
Ihren Seufzern zuhörten. Die gold'nen Canarienvögel
Füllten die Luft mit Muſik; der ſtrahlende Vogel der Sonne
Machte die Ufer umher von ſeinen Geſängen ertönen.
Murner trank den Lethäiſchen Fluß mit geizigen Zügen,
Und ſein räubriſches Weſen ward bald in Sanftmuth verwandelt.
Als er freundlich im Sonnenſchein ſaß, da kamen die Tauben
Zu ihm vertraulich herab, und ſcherzend ſpielt er mit ihnen.
Er vergaß den ſchmerzlichen Tod, in ſtiller Erwartung,
Einſt in einem edleren Körper in's Leben zu kehren.

Fünfter Geſang.

Muſe, laß uns nunmehr aus unterirdiſchen Reichen
Wieder zur Oberwelt kehren! Und wenn du mit goldener Leyer
Mir die einſamen Stunden verſüßt; und wenn dich Roſaura,
Mit holdſeligem Beifall beehrt, ſo höre gelaſſen
Was der tiefgelehrte Pedant, das ſpitzige Fräulein,
Oder der Duns in der Knotenperücke zum Hohne dir ſagen.

Conrad hatte nunmehr das Mauſoleum des Katers
Mit der letzten Erde bedeckt. Er hob nun den Spaten
Auf die breiten Schultern, und ging, ſtillſchweigend und feiernd,
Ueber den Edelhof weg. So wenden ſich Todtengräber
Langſam feierlich wieder zurück, wenn unter dem Beileid
Chriſtlicher Juden und Wechsler ein reicher Geizhals verſcharret iſt.
Ihn ſah über den Hof Roſaura; da ſtiegen ihr Thränen
In die himmliſchen Augen; ſie rührten den ehrlichen Raban,
Und er begleitete ſie mit ſeinem zärtlichen Mitleid.
Endlich brach Roſaura das traurige Schweigen, und ſagte:
Geh nun hin, getreue Liſette, bezahle den Gärtner
Für den letzten, dem Gyper erwieſenen Dienſt; und befiehl ihm
Veilchen zu pflücken, damit ich ſein Grab mit Blumen beſtreue!

Alſo Roſaura; drauf nahm ſie den Hut, und ſtieg mit dem Onkel
Ueber den Hof. — Am Graben der Burg ſtehn heilige Linden
Mit den dicken waldigen Wipfeln bei zackigen Tannen,
Ihre Wurzeln waſchen beſtändig die ſilbernen Wellen,
Und ein höheres Grün belebet die ſaftigen Zweige.
In der Mitte ſtrecket ihr Haupt die größte von allen
Stolz zu den Wolken empor; es wohnen die Vögel des Himmels
Im ehrwürdigen Baum, der faſt den Augen ein Wald ſcheint.
Ein erfriſchender Balſamgeruch von Timianbüſchen
Und Lavendel herrſchet allhier; und über dem Raſen
Blitzen viel tauſend geſternte Ranunkeln und ſchimmernde Blumen,
Welche die wilde Natur, die Kunſt zu beſchämen, hervorbringt.
Hier lag Murner am Fuß der großen Linde verſcharret;
Angenehm war ſein einſames Grab von Bäumen umſchattet,
Gleich den Gräbern der Alten, die nicht mit Leichengerüchen
Ihre Tempel erfüllt, und todt noch Seuchen erweckten.
Bei dem Grabe ſtanden Roſaura, der Onkel, mit ihnen
Conrad, Liſette, nebſt Herrmann, dem Jäger. Die holde Roſaura
Nahm zwo Hände voll Veilchen, und ſtreute ſie über das Grabmal
Ihres geliebten Gypers. Da nahm der Jäger ſein Jagdhorn,
Wie der gehörnete Mond geſtaltet, von männlichen Schultern,
Und fing an, mit kläglichem Ton in die Haine zu blaſen,
Wie nach Jägers Gebrauch der todte Haſe beklagt wird.
Alle Hunde wurden drauf laut; auch kamen die Katzen
Auf den Dächern des Schloſſes zuſammen, und heulten erbärmlich
Ueber den Tod des treuen Gefährten; da Ratten und Mäuſe
Heimlich jauchzten, und Feſttage hielten, daß Gyper gefallen.
Endlich wandte Roſaura ſich von dem Grabe; ſie ſprach noch
Als ſie ging: So ruhet denn ſanft im Schatten der Linden,
Werthe Gebeine des Gypers! O, daß nicht die Muſen die Stirne
Mir mit Lorbeer gekrönt, und daß nicht hier in dem Dorfe
Jemand die Sprache der Götter gelernt; ſonſt ſollte dein Name,
Zu den Sternen erhöht, den ſpäteſten Zeiten noch werth ſein.
So das Fräulein, und kehrte zurück nach ihren Gemächern.

Fama begab ſich indeß mit ihrer hellen Poſaune
Durch das Dorf, und ließ ſich herab zum Hauſe des Küſters,
Welcher mit majeſtätiſchem Ernſt die Jugend des Dorfes
Vor ſich ſah. Mit lautem Geſchrei und ſtammelnder Zunge,

Wiederholten ſie oft die ſchweren Verſuche zum Leſen.
Ihm naht ſich die Göttin, und ſpricht: Du Liebling Apollo's,
Schweigſt du jetzt beim Tode des Cypers des gnädigen Fräuleins,
Und verſäumſt nachläſſig, unſterblichen Ruhm zu erlangen!
Gab die Natur dir umſonſt die Wundergabe zu reimen,
Neujahrswünſche zu machen, mit mancher poetiſchen Inſchrift
Häuſer und Scheuern zu zieren! Und jetzo wollteſt du zaudern,
Einen klingenden Vers dem Cyper zu Ehren zu machen!
Alſo goß ſie den dichtriſchen Trieb in die Seele des Küſters,
Der ſich erhob vom krachenden Thron, aus Binſen geflochten
Und ſogleich der lärmenden Schule die Freiheit ertheilte.
Wie die Heerde geſchwätziger Gänſe, vom Schießhund gejaget,
Mit Geſchrei in die Lüfte ſich hebt, und über dem Dorfteich
In das ſichre Schilf ſich rettet: ſo drangen die Knaben
Jauchzend aus ihrem dumpfigen Kerker, und liefen zum Spielplan,
Wo mit Jubelgeſchrei der claſſiſche Ball in die Luft ſtieg.
Aber der Küſter ſteckte die Faſces des wichtigen Lehramts,
Seine birkene Ruth' und den Stock an das ſchwitzende Fenſter.
Jetzo war er allein. Er nahm die zaubriſche Feder,
Zog an der Stirne ſchreckliche Runzeln, verkehrte die Augen,
Und fing an mit tiefen Gedanken auf Reime zu ſinnen.
Dreimal ſchmiß er die Feder halb aufgefreſſen zur Erde,
Dreimal beſchwor er die Muſe, und ſeinen getreueſten Hübner.
Endlich ſprang er freudenvoll auf, und las mit Entzücken
Den erſtaunenden Wänden die herrliche Grabſchrift der Katze.
Muſe! dir iſt nichts verhüllt, erzähle der Nachwelt die Grabſchrift,
Wenn dein freierer Vers nicht vor den Reimen zurückbebt.
Alſo lautete ſie:

Hier liegt ein Kater der ſchönſten Art,
Der Cyper von Fräulein Roſauren zart.
Zu ſeinen Ehr'n hat dieſes geſtellt
Der Küſter, Martin Schinkenfeld.

Als er nunmehr auf Papier, mit Todtenköpfen gezieret
Dieſe Reime gemalt, und ſeine Perücke gekämmet;
Ging er voll Hochmuth zum Schloß, und überreichte Roſauren
Feierlich ſeine Geburt mit krummem, ſcharrenden Fuße.
Lächelnd nahm Roſaura die Grabſchrift, und ſagte: Herr Küſter,
Dieſes werde dem Cyper zu Ehren in Marmor geätzet,
Als ein ewiges Denkmal ſein frühes Grab zu bedecken.
Ihm, dem Dichter ſollen zwei Lüneburgiſche Roſſe,
Welche, noch neu, im Silbergewölk die Naſen erheben,
Seine Mühe verſüßen. So ſprach ſie, und ſchickte den Jäger
Nach dem Steinmetz, welcher die Grabſchrift mit künſtlichem Griffel
Auf den übrigen Marmor ſchrieb. Er liegt nun auf ewig
Ueber der Gruft; der gefällige Fremde betrachtet ihn oftmals;
Und der neugierige Wandrer erzählt in fernen Provinzen
Von dem redenden Stein. So ſteigt der Name des Cypers
Zu den Sternen hinan; und reicht in die fernſten Zeiten.

Fabeln.

Der Fuchs, der Wolf und die Affen.

Ein Fuchs, der lange ſchon geſchmachtet,
Umſonſt nach manchem Huhn getrachtet;
Erfuhr, daß eines Affen Frau
Im Kindbett ſei. Ha! (dacht' er ſchlau)
Vielleicht trag' ich vom Wochenſchmaus
Auch wohl ein fettes Maul nach Haus.
Man muß ſich in die Zeiten ſchicken,
Gefällig ſein, und viel ſich bücken:
Sonſt bleibet Börs und Magen ſchlapp.
So dacht' er bei ſich, und begab
Sich auf den Weg, zum Aufenthalt
Der Affen in den nächſten Wald.
Er fand die Wöchnerin im Lager
Aus weichem Heu; von Mann und Schwager
Und Muhm' und Schwiegerin umringt,
Von denen jeder etwas bringt,
So daß Herr Reineke, gar klug
Bemerkte, hier ſei Schmaus genug.
Er machte ſich deshalb gar zierlich
Zur Affin, bückte ſich manierlich
Bis auf die Schuh, und ſprach: Madam,
Daß ich den Weg zu Ihnen nahm,
Iſt aus der Urſach blos geſchehn,
Die ſchönen Kinderchen zu ſehn,
Womit ſie vor gar kurzer Zeit
Den werthen Herrn Gemahl erfreut.
O zeigen Sie doch Ihrem Knecht,
Von Ihrem adlichen Geſchlecht
Die beiden liebenswürd'gen Zweige,
Daß ich mich auch vor ihnen beuge!
Ihr Gnaden glauben ſicherlich,
Ein rechter Kindernarr bin ich!
Als dieſes die Frau Affin hört,
Gar freundlich ſie ſich zu ihm kehrt;
Reicht ihm die Hand, und ſpricht zum Mann,
Sieh doch den art'gen Fremdling an!
Er kommt hieher mit müden Füßen,
Bloß, unſre Kinderchen zu küſſen.
Hier, Freund, (ſprach ſie zum Fuchs) im Heu
Ruhn ſie im Schlummer alle zwei.
Sie ſagt' es, und zog mit der Hand
Ein pelzgefüttertes Gewand
Hinweg von ihrem Zwillingspaar,
Und ſprach zum Fuchs: mein Herr, nicht wahr,
Wenn ihr's aufrichtig wollt geſtehn,
Was ſchöners habt ihr nie geſehn!
Der Fuchs erſchrak. In langer Zeit
Hatt' er nicht ſo viel Häßlichkeit
An irgend einem Thier erblickt;
Doch rief er liſtig, wie entzückt:
O froher Tag! So ſeh' ich denn
Die beiden kleinen Engelchen
In jedem Liebreiz vor mir liegen!
O welche Freude, welch' Vergnügen,
Muß dieß den hohen Eltern ſein!
Fürwahr! trifft mein Vermuthen ein:
So werden ſie, das ahnet mir,
Die Luſt der Welt, der Affen Zier.

Als dieſes dieſes die Frau Affin hört,
Ward ſie von Freude ganz bethört,
Wie ihr Herr Ehmann ebenfalls.
Er warf dem Fuchs ſich um den Hals,
Bat ihn auf's freundlichſte zu Tiſche,
Trug auf Paſteten, Braten, Fiſche,
Viel Obſt, und Nüſſe groß und klein,
Und trank ihm zu vom beſten Wein;
So daß der Fuchs, ſehr wohl geſpeiſt,
Und halb berauſcht, von dannen reiſt.

Ein Wolf traf auf dem Weg ihn an,
Und ſprach zu ihm: mein lieber Mann,
Ich ſeh an deinem vollen Bauch,
Du haſt geſchmauſt. Könnt' ich nicht auch
Zu einem ſolchen Feſt gelangen,
Bei dem es dir ſo wohl gegangen!
I! Freund, (verſetzt der Fuchs) gar leicht
Wird dieſer Wunſch von dir erreicht.
Des Affen Frau liegt in den Wochen,
Der hab' ich eben zugeſprochen.
Sie hat zwei allerliebſte Kinder,
Die zeigt ſie gern: wo du nicht minder,
Als ich, ſie lobſt: ſo giebt ſie dir
Mit Dank zu ſchmauſen gnug dafür.

So (ſprach der Wolf) brauch' ich nur dieß?
Dann hab' ich meinen Fraß gewiß!
Er eilte zu den Affen hin,
Und traf ſie an bei frohem Sinn;
Ward freundlich von dem Mann empfangen,
Nach ſeinem höflichen Verlangen
Zur Frau geführt, die, ſehr geneigt,
Ihm alsbald die Kleinen zeigt.
Herr Eiſengrimm mit ſtarrem Blick
Fuhr ganz erſtaunensvoll zurück.
Was Guckuk! (ſchrie, und lacht' er laut:)
Hier ſchaudert einem faſt die Haut!
Dies ſind ja wahre Ungeheuer!
Und die Scheuſäligen ſind euer?
Ei! ſchrien die Affen alleſammt,
(Die Mutter mit) von Wuth entflammt,
Ei! ſeht mir doch den Grobian
Mit ſeinen Schmeicheleien an!
Was braucht er denn hieher zu gehn,
Und unſre Kinderchen zu ſchmähn!
Drauf griff ein jeder nach dem Knittel,
Durchklopften weidlich ihm den Kittel,
Daß er, an allen Vieren lahm,
Zum Fuchſe hungrig wieder kam.
Sobald Herr Reineke vernommen,
Wie ſchlecht der Wolf davon gekommen,
Sprach er: ihr gebt mir wohl nicht Recht!
Allein ihr kennt die Welt noch ſchlecht.
Gern hält das Ohr dem Schmeichler ſtill;
Die Wahrheit niemand hören will.

* * *

Dieß hab' ich, Leſer, auch gedacht,
Drum kommt ſie hier in Fabeltracht.

Der Hecht und der Hay.

Ein Hecht regierte lange Zeit
In einem Waſſer weit und breit,
Und glaubte voller Stolz, nun ſei er
Der Fürſt und Herr im ganzen Weiher.
Was hindert mich denn, (fing er an)
Daß ich im weiten Ocean
Nicht eben ſo gewaltſam wüthe,
Nicht eben ſo als Herr gebiete,
Wie hier! Er ſagt's, und ſchwimmt ſogleich
Hinab in's große Waſſerreich.
Doch wie erſchrak er, da er nah
Des Meeres Ungeheuer ſah!
Ein Hay, der nicht ſo bald vernommen,
Weswegen er hierher geſchwommen,
That ſeinen weiten Rachen auf,
Ergriff ihn, und verſchlang ihn drauf.

So trifft der kleinere Tyrann
Stets einen noch gewalt'gern an,
Der ihn, von Siegen ſchon umringt,
Mit ſeiner größern Macht verſchlingt.

Der Knabe und der Stieglitz an der Spree.

Ein bunter Stieglitz ward gefangen,
Und einem Knaben auf Verlangen
Zu ſeinem Eigenthum geſchenkt,
Der ganz entzückt auf nichts mehr denkt,
Als ſeinen Vogel recht zu pflegen.
Er ſucht daher ihm allerwegen
Sein liebſtes Futter, füllt ſein Glas
Des Tages oft mit friſchem Naß;
Vergoldet ihm ſein kleines Haus,
Und bringt ihm manchen Diſtelſchmaus.
Der Stieglitz aber findet doch
Zuletzt ein unbemerktes Loch,
Aus welchem er gar bald entkam,
Und fröhlich ſeinen Abſchied nahm.
Der Knabe rief ihm freundlich zu:
Wohin, du armer Vogel du!
Was hat dir denn bei mir gefehlt,
Daß ſich dein Flug das Weite wählt!
Hab' ich nicht Alles dir gegeben,
Wovon die Herr'n Stieglitze leben!
War nicht dein Käfig ein Palaſt,
Mit goldnen Drähten eingefaßt!
Und ward dir nicht aus meiner Hand
Manch Stückchen Zucker zugewandt!
Komm wieder, bitt' ich dich! herein!
Der Stieglitz gab zur Antwort: Nein!
Weg mit der goldnen Sklaverei!
Nun hab' ich mehr, denn ich bin frei.

Der Biſchof und der Bettelbube.

Einſt ging ein Biſchof durch die Stadt;
Ein Bettelbube zu ihm trat,
Zog vor ihm ab gar tief den Hut,
Und ſagte: Herr, ſein Sie ſo gut,
Bis an den Hals ſteck' ich in Schulden,
Und ſchenken Sie mir einen Gulden
Zu dieſem lieben Neuenjahr;
Das wär' ein chriſtlich Werk, fürwahr!
Was! (ſchrie der Biſchof eifervoll,)
Ich glaube, Junge, du biſt toll!
Ein Gulden, bei ſo ſchlechter Zeit,
Iſt wahrlich keine Kleinigkeit!
Nun, Herr, (fiel ihm der Bettler ein)
So mögen's denn acht Groſchen ſein.
Nichts, nichts! (verſetzt der Biſchof drauf)
Geh fort, und halte mich nicht auf!
Ihr Gnaden! Einen Groſchen dann —
Fort, fort! auch den nicht. — Nun wohlan!
Sie ſehn, wie ich mich handeln laſſe,
Ein Hellerchen! — Geh deiner Straße.
Nichts, gar nichts! Das iſt etwas arg,
(Sprach drauf der Bube.) Sie ſind karg!
Doch laſſen Sie ſich denn bewegen,
Und geben mir nur Ihren Segen!
Den ſollſt du haben, lieber Sohn,
(Erwiederte mit ſüßem Ton
Der Geiſtliche) knie hin vor mir,
Den beſten Segen geb' ich dir!
So? ſprach der Burſche, ganz verwegen,
Behalten Sie nur Ihren Segen!
Ich hab' ihn zu geſchwind begehrt;
Wär' er nur einen Heller werth,
Sie gäben ihn, Hochwürd'ger Herr,
Gewiß nicht ſo gutwillig her.

Die Wölfe und der Rabe.

Zween Wölfe, die ſehr hungrig waren,
Begaben ſich mit viel Gefahren
Zu einem Schafſtall. Jeder nahm
Sich nach Belieben da ſein Lamm,
Und eilten drauf zum Wald hinein,
Von niemand mehr geſtört zu ſein.
Ein Rabe ſah's von ohngefähr;
Flog hurtig hinter ihnen her,
Und als ſie nun, nach langem Schmachten,
Sich über ihre Beute machten;
Rief er von einem Baum herab:
Ihr Herren, gebt mir doch auch was ab!
Ihr werdet mich doch nicht vergeſſen,
Und alles ſo allein hier freſſen!
Ich habe kühn und unverzagt
Mein Leben ja mit euch gewagt,
Drum gebt mir mein gebührend Stück,
Und weiſt mich hungrig nicht zurück.
Ja, ſprach ein Wolf, du haſt geflogen,
Und biſt uns treulich nachgezogen;
Doch, guter Freund, aus Eigennutz,
Und wahrlich nicht zu unſerm Schutz!

Die Spinne und das Podagra.

Das Podagra, und eine Spinne,
Geführt von ihrem Eigenſinne,
Entſchloſſen ſich, die Welt zu ſehn,
Und Abenteuern nachzugehn.
Sie trafen unterwegs ſich an,
Und grüßten ſich, da ſie ſich ſahn,
So leicht, ſo artig und galant,
Als hätten ſie ſich längſt gekannt.
Ich dächte, (ſprach das Podagra)
Wir ſetzen nach dem Dorfe da
Zuſammen unſre Reiſe fort.
Es ſcheint ein wohlgelegner Ort,
Und ſind Madam ſo müd als ich,
So wird uns beiden, ſicherlich!
Jedwede Herberg, groß und klein,
Auf dieſe Nacht willkommen ſein.
Der Spinne war das eben recht:
Sie kamen an das Dorf. Geſchwächt,
Hinfällig, kraftlos, und halb lahm
Erlag das Podagra, und nahm
So bald als möglich, voll Begier,
Beim erſten Bauer das Quartier.
Die Spinne hielt ſich für geſcheuter,
Und nahm den Weg noch etwas weiter,
Bis zu des Edelmannes Haus;
Hier wählt ſie einen Saal ſich aus,
In welchem man mit großem Prachte,
Zu einem Gaſtmahl Anſtalt machte.
Sogleich nahm ſie nach ihrem Witz
Von einem Fenſterrahm Beſitz;
Hub an, mit emſigem Beſtreben
Viel ihrer Fäden anzukleben;
Doch eh' ihr Netz noch fertig war,
Nimmt eine Stubenmagd es wahr,
Die mit dem Beſen drüber fährt,
Und unbarmherzig es zerſtört.
Die Spinne hub von neuem an
Zu weben wie ſie erſt gethan;
Da ward der Saal voll Herrn und Damen,
Mit denen viel Lakaien kamen.
Ein naſeweiſer Burſche ſah
Der Spinne Netz, und rief: ſie da!
Was machſt du hier? und ſtieß ſogleich
Den Hut quer durch ihr Faden-Reich.
Die Spinne ließ ſich's nicht verdrießen,
Und beſſerte mit muntern Füßen
Ihr hangend halbzerſtörtes Neſt

Zum drittenmal am Fenſter feſt,
Da trat ein junges Fräulein her,
Das ſah am Fenſter ungefähr
Die Spinne hangen, und ſchrie laut:
Ach! Herr Baron, mir graut, mir graut!
Und wies mit Schrecken auf die Spinne,
Kaum ward der Herr Baron ſie inne,
So zog er wie ein Held den Degen,
Fing an im Netz herum zu fegen,
So daß mit Noth die Spinn' entkam
Und aus dem Saal den Abſchied nahm.

Dem Podagra ging's faſt auch ſo,
Es ward der Herberg wenig froh.
Nachdem es lange genug geſeſſen,
Sprach es: ich möcht' ein wenig eſſen!
Der Bauer brachte trocken Brod,
Zum Trunk dazu kalt Waſſer bot;
Dieß waren nach ſo langen Reiſen
Für's Podagra ſehr ſchlechte Speiſen.
Es aß nicht viel, trank kaum dazu,
Und ſprach betrübt: bringt mich zur Ruh!
Da wies der Bauer ihm zum Bette
Gar eine harte Lagerſtätte,
Worauf ein wenig Stroh nur lag.
Hier lag es kläglich, bis der Tag
Im Oſten an zu grauen fing,
Und ſeufzend es von dannen ging.

Es traf die Spinne wieder an,
Die auch kein Auge zugethan;
Und alle beide klagten ſich,
Wie elend, und wie jämmerlich
Sie beiderſeits die vor'ge Nacht
In Furcht und Sorgen zugebracht;
Ich ſeh wohl, wo der Knoten ſitzt,
(Sprach drauf das Podagra.) Dir nützt
Zum Aufenthalte kein Palaſt;
So wie ich niemals Ruh' und Raſt
Bei ſchlechten Bauern finden kann.
Drum geh' du zu dem armen Mann,
Und ich will deinen Junker ſehn,
So ſoll das Ding wohl beſſer gehn.

Dies waren beide wohl zufrieden,
Und beide gingen nun verſchieden,
Den Weg, ſo wie der Abend kam.
Das Podagra, voll Hoffnung, nahm
Zum Schloß des Junkers ſeinen Gang.
Und mit welch freudigem Empfang
Ward es von ihm nicht aufgenommen!
Kaum ſah' er es gehinket kommen:
So nahm er's höflich bei der Hand,
Führt's in ſein Zimmer; drinnen ſtand
Ein Sopha mit viel weichen Kiſſen
Davon legt er ihm drei zu Füßen,
Und ſprach: Ihr Gnaden fordern dreiſt,
Was Ihrem Gaum willkommen heißt.
Drauf rief er ſeine Diener her;
Da ward der Tiſch nicht einmal leer
Von Thee, und Kaffee, und Orſade,
Von Chokolade, und Limonade,
Alsdann ward von der Schüſſeln Menge
Die große Tafel faſt zu enge;
Da kam franzöſiſches Ragout,
Weit umher dampfend nach haut Gout,
Schön Roſtbeef, nach der Britten Art,
Und Auſtern, mit und ohne Bart;
Dann kamen Auſtern am Kapaun,
Dann Auſtern ſchön gebraten, braun;
Dann wieder Auſtern in Paſteten,
Dann Fiſch mit Auſtern, bis zum Tödten;
Und ſchöne Braten, vom Faſan,
Bis auf den feiſten Ortolan.
Kurz! alles was die Schmauſewelt
Für ächte Leckerbiſſen hält,
War ſo im Ueberfluſſe da,
Als wär' es in Hammonia.
Die Weine! ja, wer kann die zählen?
Gewiß! hier durfte keiner fehlen,
Und das probiren riß nicht ab,
Vom Franzwein bis zum Vin de Cap;
So daß das Podagra ſogar
Satt bis zum höchſten Ekel war.

Die Spinne trat zum armen Mann
Indeß auch ihre Wallfahrt an.
Sie fand bei ihm ein freies Leben,
Fing an zu haſpeln und zu weben
Nach Herzensluſt mit Füßen, Händen,
An Thüren, Fenſtern, Balken, Wänden,
Und machte ſich manch ſchönes Netz
Nach ihres Eigenſinns Geſetz;
Rund, mit viel Strahlen, krumm und ſchief,
Gleich, ungleich, ſeltſam, flach und tief.
So herrſchte ſie im ganzen Haus,
Und niemand ſtört' und trieb ſie aus.

Als drauf die beiden Wanderer
Nach kurzer Zeit von ungefähr
Sich wieder ſah'n: da rühmten beide,
Mit welcher wahren Luſt und Freude
Ihr Leben nun verſüßet ſei.
Jedwedes blieb der Herberg treu:
Vergnügen war auf beiden Seiten.
Und ſo wohnt noch zu unſern Zeiten
Die Spinne bei dem Armen gern,
Das Podagra bei großen Herrn.

Der Pfau und das welſche Huhn.

Vom Edelhof, der ihn erzogen,
War einſt ein Pfau hinweggeflogen;
Er wußt nicht mehr, wo er war,
Zuletzt kam er nach viel Gefahr
Zu einer kleinen Meierei.
Hier läuft gleich Jung und Alt herbei,
Und preiſ't mit übermäß'ger Freude
Den fremden Herrn im ſchönen Kleide.
Man ſtreut ihm reichlich Futter hin.
Die andern Hühner ſehen ihn
Mit heimlicher Bewunderung an,
Und mit gar großem Neid der Hahn.
Dem Pfau gefiel es hier ſo ziemlich,
Nur ſchien es ſeinem Stolz nicht rühmlich,
Daß er, ſo artig, ſo galant,
Hier nichts für ſich zu lieben fand.
Was kann nicht Langeweile thun!
Ein niedlich junges welſches Huhn
Schien unſerm Stutzer noch allein
Der Mühe werth, verehrt zu ſein.
Zwar eine Mutter war noch da,
Die ſcharf auf ihre Tochter ſah;
Allein der Pfau verſtand ſehr ſchön
Die Mutter ſelbſt zu hintergehn;
Und ſah noch überdieß gar bald
Daß in des Töchterchens Geſtalt
Der Mutter Blick vergaffet war.
Er nimmt daher des Vortheils wahr,
Macht an die Tochter ſich beherzt,
Liebäugelt, lobet, lacht und ſcherzt.
Sie war verliebten Temperamentes;
Der liſtige Herr Pfau erkennt es
Nur allzuſicher aus der Art,
Mit welcher ihm begegnet ward.
Die Mutter merkte jetzt den Handel,
Und ſprach: mein Herr, der Tugendwandel
Von meiner Tochter iſt bekannt;
Sie ſchickt ſich nicht für Ihren Stand,
Und iſt nicht aus dem Pfaugeſchlecht!
Wir ſind nur Hühner, ſchlecht und recht.
Madam, (ſprach hier der Pfau verſtellt,)
Ich bitte Sie, was in der Welt
Verdient es mehr, als wie Sie beide
Vom Pfaugeſchlecht zu ſein! O Freude!
Ich kann ein würdig Kind erhöhn,
Und es mir gleich und glücklich ſehn!
Madam betrachten ſelber nur
Die kleine ſüße Kreatur.
Gleicht ſie nicht völlig einer Pfau?
Und geht, und trägt ſie nicht genau,
Sich ſo wie unſre Schönen tragen?
Der Augenſchein wird's Ihnen ſagen!

Die Tochter hört ihn entzückt;
Die Mutter preiſet ſich beglückt.
Dem jungen Herrn ward viel erlaubt,
Der manche Gunſtbezeugung raubt,
So daß faſt jeder denkt, der Pfau
Und dieſes Huhn, ſei Mann und Frau.
In dieſem angenehmen Wahn
Kam plötzlich eine Pfauin an.
Sie ſetzt ſtolz ſich auf das Dach,
Schreit, und macht alles um ſich wach.

Der Pfau vernimmt kaum, daß ſie ruft,
So ſchwinget er ſich in die Luft,
Eilt undankbar mit ihr davon,
Und Schande blieb des Hühnchens Lohn.

* * *

So machen's noch in unſern Tagen
Die Herr'n, die Federhüte tragen.
Sie wiſſen's noch gar wohl, Madam,
Wie Herr Baron von Hochblut kam,
Verliebt gern nahm mit Carolinchen;
Bis plötzlich Fräulein Ebelinchen
Erſchien, und ihr den Bräut'gam ſtahl,
Und ſich der Herr Baron empfahl.

Die beiden Elſtern.

Gieb kluger Sparſamkeit Gehör,
Und rechne lieber Jahre mehr,
Als du vielleicht zu leben haſt;
Damit dich nicht des Mangels Laſt,
Auf den die Jugend ſorglos blickt,
Im Alter doppelt ſchwerer drückt.

Zwo Elſtern waren Nachbarinnen,
Kaum wurden ſie des Herbſtes innen:
So trugen ſie mit regem Fleiße
Sich auf den Winter ihre Speiſe
An guten Eicheln, braunen Nüſſen,
Und was ſonſt Elſtern haben müſſen,
Jedwed' in einen hohlen Baum,
Und gaben keiner Sorge Raum.
Der Winter kam vom hohen Brocken,
Das Haupt umringt mit Eis und Flocken;
Der freie Strom ward plötzlich hart,
Die ſterbende Natur erſtarrt.
Die Elſtern zehrten ohne Klagen
Vom Vorrath, den ſie eingetragen;
Doch flog die eine manchesmal
Beim erſten hellen Sonnenſtrahl
Hinaus in's Feld, und ſuchte ſich,
An Rain und Hügeln, kümmerlich,
Was noch zu eſſen kenntlich war.
Die andre nahm dieß ſpöttiſch wahr
Und ſprach: Fürwahr! Frau Nachbarin,
Wie lange denkt ihr denn noch hin
Mit eurem Vorrath auszukommen?
Habt ihr die Lerche nicht vernommen,
Die munter ſchon im Saatfeld ſingt,
Und uns den Frühling wieder bringt?
Der Winter kann nicht länger währen,
Und ſicher könnet ihr verzehren,
Was hier ſchon aufgeſammelt iſt,
Und ſonſt verdirbt, und niemand frißt.
Lebt ſo wie ich in Freud und Scherz,
Denn neue Nahrung bringt der März.

Ja, (ſprach die andre darauf)
Dem Schein nach hört der Winter auf;
Doch, uns zum größten Ungemach,
Kommt oft ein ſpäter Froſt noch nach.
Bleibt mir was übrig, nun wohlan!
Was ich nicht ſelbſt verzehren kann,
Wird unter dieſes Baumes Rinden,
Noch immer ſeinen Mann wohl finden.

Sie hatte Recht. Denn plötzlich kam,
Da ſchon der Lenz den Anfang nahm,
Ein neuer Winter. Tiefer Schnee
Bedeckte traurig Thal und Höh,
Und lag verſchiedne Wochen lang
Zu manches Thieres Untergang.
Kein Lenz erſchien, wie man gedacht;
Der Hunger kam mit ganzer Macht,
Und ihre Nachbarin erfriert,
Weil ſie nicht richtig calculirt.

Die Hunde mit der Löwenhaut.

Zween Hunde fanden in dem Wald
Ein Löwenfell, und fielen bald
Voll Neid und Raubſucht drüber her,
Zerzauſten und zerriſſen's ſehr.
Dies ſah von fern ein Wolf, und ſprach:
Die Haut bedeckt ihr mit Schmach;
Doch lebte noch der Löwe drein,
Wie hurtig wolltet ihr entfliehen!

Der Eſel und der Stier.

Der Eſel ging einſt auf der Weide
Mit einem Stier: da hörten beide
Viel Lärm, als wie von einem Heer,
Und in den Dörfern rund umher
Zu Sturm mit allen Glocken läuten.
Was (ſprach Herr Heinz) mag das bedeuten?
Ach Freund, (erwiedert ihm der Stier,)
Ich zittre ſchon, der Feind iſt hier!
Laß uns ſogleich von hinnen fliehn,
Bis daß die Plünderer weiter ziehn;
Bekämen ſie uns hier zu faſſen,
Wir müßten beide Haare laſſen.
Der Eſel ſprach hierauf: Ei nun!
Willſt du entfliehn, das kannſt du thun.
Dir grauet, daß du wirſt erſtochen,
Und ſie dich ſchlachten, ſchinden, kochen,
Vor dieſem allen bin ich frei.
Mein Schickſal bleibt ſtets einerlei,
Und ich muß unter gleichen Plagen
Die Säcke doch zur Mühle tragen.
Kalt ſieht wohl oft der Unterthan
Den Feind ſich ſeinen Grenzen nahn.
Er weiß, ihm bleibet Sklaverei,
Sein Sieger ſei auch wer er ſei.

Der Löwe, der Stier und der Ziegenbock.

Wenn erſt der Mächtige dir droht,
Schwört auch der Kleinere dir den Tod.

Ein ſtarker Stier, ſonſt unverzagt,
Ward von dem Löwen doch gejagt,
Und lief nach ſeinem Stalle zu.
Ein Ziegenbock ſtand da in Ruh,
Und hielt dem Stier ſogleich verwegen
Mit wildem Blick ſein Horn entgegen.
Der Stier wich in vollem Lauf
Den Hörnern aus, und ſprach darauf:
Ich fürchte mich, Freund, nicht vor dir;
Allein der Löw' iſt hinter mir.

Der Bauer mit den Birnen.

Verachte das Gewiſſe nicht,
Wo viel auch Hoffnung mehr verſpricht;
Sie täuſcht mit jedem Augenblick;
Was du verſchmähſt, iſt oft dein Glück.

Ein reicher Schultheiß ging von Haus
Gar früh zu einem Kirmeßſchmaus.
Das Dorf lag weit von ſeinem Ort,
Jedoch lief er doch rüſtig fort;
Denn ſchon ſah er im Geiſt am Tiſch,
Bedeckt mit Braten, Fleiſch und Fiſch.
Da, (dacht' er) läßt du ſanft dich ruhn,
Und dir was rechts zu gute thun.
Wer wollte nicht mit leerem Magen
Auf einen Schmaus zu hungern wagen!
So ſtrich er mit vergnügtem Sinn,
Durch Heide, Wald und Fluren hin.
Der Mittag nahte ſich nunmehr,
Und ſieh! ihm ſtößt von ohngefähr,
Da ſchon die Sonne brennend ſticht,
Am Weg ein Birnbaum in's Geſicht,
Den kürzlich brav der Wind durchrüttelt,
Und manche Birn' herabgeſchüttelt.
Sie ſchienen reif und ſchön zu ſein,
Und luden unſern Wandrer ein,
Mit leerem Bauch davon zu eſſen:
Allein er läßt ſie ganz vermeſſen
Mit ſeinen Füßen fort, und ſprach:
Ich geh ganz andern Eſſen nach!
Ihr ſeid mir ſonſt ein gut Gericht,
Doch meiner Treu! nur heute nicht!
Er eilte fort, und kam gar bald
An einen Strom, wo durch Gewalt
Der Fluth, die Brücke weggeſchwommen.
Er konnte nicht darüber kommen,
Lief lang am Ufer auf und ab,
Bis er zuletzt ſich drein ergab,
Ungern den Weg zurücke nahm,
Und wieder zu dem Birnbaum kam.

Den er geſchmäht vor wenig Stunden.
Hätt' er da nicht die Birn' gefunden,
Die er getreten erſt mit Füßen!
So hätt' er bald verhungern müſſen.

Der Löwe und der Eſel.

Gebeuget unter ſchwere Laſten,
Und mager von dem vielen Faſten,
Ging einſt ein Eſel über Feld.
Ihn ſah der Thiere Fürſt, der Held,
Der ſo geprieſ'ne Löwe, gehn,
Und ſprach zu ihm mit bitterm Schmähn:
Weich aus, du niederträchtig Thier!
Man ſiehet ſeine Schand' an dir!
Du ſchleppeſt, wie man's haben will,
Und ſchweigſt zu jeder Drohung ſtill!
Ruhm habt ihr noch allein von mir;
Ich bin des Thierreichs Schmuck und Zier,
Denn mich, und meine Tapferkeit,
Rühmt man auf Erden weit und breit.
Mit Demuth hub der Eſel an:
Und was hat Gutes ſie gethan,
Die ſo gerühmte Tapferkeit?
Den Wald verheert, das Vieh zerſtreut?
Ich nütze Menſchen ſpät und früh,
Und du, Held, Fürſt! zerreiſſeſt ſie!

Die Mücke und der Stier.

Mit lautem ſumſenden Gefieder
Ließ eine Mücke ſich hernieder
Auf einen Stier, und ſetzte ſich
Stolz auf ſein Horn, und ſprach: Drück' ich
Zu ſehr dich auch, mein lieber Stier,
So bitt' ich, ſage dreiſt es mir!
Wen hör' ich hier als wie im Traum?
(Verſetzt der Stier.) Ich weiß ja kaum,
So ſehr du auch dein Daſein nutzeſt,
Auf welchem Horne du mir ſitzeſt.

Der gefangene Trompeter.

Ein dicker Mohr, mit Namen Peter
Ward bei der Reiterei Trompeter,
Und bald darauf in einer Schlacht
Mit zum Gefangenen gemacht.
Man gab ihm manchen Rippenſtoß,
Er aber rief: Laßt mich doch los!
Ihr wißt, daß ich nicht mit gekriegt,
Und euch kein Leides zugefügt!
Mein Säbel wurde nicht gezuckt,
Und mein Piſtol nicht losgedruckt!
Das Biſchen Blaſen auch allein
Wird ja ſo ſtrafenswerth nicht ſein!
Warum nicht Schurke! (fing man an)
Dein Blaſen endlich hat's gethan!
Du machteſt unſern Feinden Muth,
Und ſetzteſt ſie dadurch in Wuth.
Wer zu der That Ermunt'rung giebt,
Hat ſelber ſie mit ausgeübt.

Der abgebrannte Bauer.

Dem feindlichen Geſchick zum Trutz
Mach ſelbſt das Unglück dir zum Nutz!

Bei einem ſtarken Winterfroſt,
Und bei geringer ſchmaler Koſt,
Behalf ein armer Bauer ſich
Gar elend und gar jämmerlich.
Dem ward von Böſewichtes Hand
Sein kleines Häuschen abgebrannt
Er lief hinaus. Die helle Glut
Nahm überhand. Der Nachbarn Muth
Half ihm zwar treulich, doch zuletzt
Ward alles Löſchen ausgeſetzt,
Da bei ſtets wachſender Gefahr
Das Haus nicht mehr zu retten war.
Der Bauer ſah hierauf in Ruh
Den ſchönen hellen Flammen zu;
Trat näher, und hub lächelnd an:
Kann ich nicht löſchen, nun wohlan!
So will ich, ohne mich zu härmen,
Mich an dem Feuer doch noch wärmen!

Der Jäger und die Wachtel.

Ein Jäger, der mit ſüßen Griffen
Den Wachteln lange Zeit gepfiffen,
Fing endlich eine. Guter Mann,
(Hub ſie vertraut zum Jäger an,)
Ich weiß es wohl, an mir allein
Kann dir nicht viel gelegen ſein.
Doch willſt du mir das Leben ſchenken,
So wirſt du noch an mich gedenken!
Du ſollſt durch meine ſeltnen Gaben
Traun! Wachteln g'nug zu fangen haben!
Ich will ſie ſelbſt in's Netz dir führen,
Und du brauchſt nur es zuzuſchnüren.
Ei, (ſprach der Jäger voller Hohn)
Weißt du auch wohl der Falſchheit Lohn!
Da du ſelbſt Freunde willſt verrathen,
So will ich auch zuerſt dich braten!

Der Fuhrmann und der Gott Herkules.

Das Beten hilft, nur nicht allein;
Auch eigner Fleiß muß wirkſam ſein.

Ein Kärrner, der zu großem Schaden
Sein kleines Fuhrwerk überladen;
Saß endlich feſt mit ſeiner Laſt
In einem Wege voll Moraſt.
Sogleich rief er in tiefer Noth
Zum Herkules, dem mächt'gen Gott;
Und bat mit vielen Seufzern ihn
Mit ſeinem Karrn herauszuziehn.
Nachdem er lange Zeit geharrt,
Und endlich, nach der Faulen Art,
Schon in ſein Schickſal ſich ergab;
Rief eine Götterſtimm' herab:
Was ſchreit und heult da für ein Thor?
Hol' deine Hacke friſch hervor!
Räum' weg den Koth, wie ſich's gehört,
Und peitſche tüchtig auf dein Pferd;
Dann ruf' zum Herkules auf's neu,
Und, glaube mir, er ſteht dir bei!

Der verurtheilte Soldat.

Ein junger tapferer Soldat
Ward wegen einer Uebelthat,
Die er in böſem Trunk begangen,
Dafür ſein Urtheil zu empfangen,
Hinausgeführt. Sein braunes Haar,
Der großen ſchwarzen Augen Paar,
Sein gut Geſicht, die ſchöne Länge,
Bewegten ringsumher die Menge;
Vor allem ward er, wie man ſagt,
Vom weiblichen Geſchlecht beklagt.
Schon kniet er nieder auf den Sand,
Und ſchon war von des Henkers Hand
Das ſcharfe Schwert gezückt; als Halt
Durch den geſchloſſ'nen Kreis erſchallt.
Ein Mädchen drang zugleich herbei,
Und rief mit ängſtlichem Geſchrei:
Pardon! Pardon! ihr Leute denkt
Man hat ſein Leben mir geſchenkt.
Ich fiel dem Landesherrn zu Füßen,
Und ließ ſo lange Thränen fließen,
Bis ich vom Tod ihn losgemacht.
Ihm iſt Verzeihung zugedacht,
Wenn er zur Frau mich nehmen will!
Der arme Sünder ſah ſie ſtill
Und voller Ueberlegung an.
Was du (ſprach er) für mich gethan,
Iſt dankenswerth. Doch, trügt mich nicht
Dein wildes kupfriges Geſicht,
Dein rothes Aug', dein ſpitzes Kinn,
So biſt du eine Teufelin,
Die mir zur allerſchwerſten Bürde

Mein Elend Leben machen würde!
Ein böſes Stündchen iſt fürwahr
Erträglicher, als zwanzig Jahr
Mit einem Weibe, ſo wie du,
In ſteter Qual; drum haut nur zu!

Der Froſch, ein Doktor.

Aus einem Teiche voller Rohr
Kroch einſt ein dicker Froſch hervor;
Die Zeit ward ihm im Waſſer lang
Er nahm zur Luſt drum einen Gang
Hin nach dem nächſten grünen Wald,
Dem angenehmen Aufenthalt
Von manchem groß und kleinen Thier.
Da ſtieg er voller Ruhmbegier
Auf einen runden Eichenklotz,
Sah um ſich her mit edlem Trotz;
Und als ſich auf den Blumenmatten
Viel Thier' um ihn verſammelt hatten:
Blies er die Backen auf, und ſprach:
Fühlt etwan wer ein Ungemach
An Leber, Lunge, Milz und Herzen:
Hat einer Pein, und große Schmerzen
Von Podagra, von Stein und Gicht;
Hat einer keine Oeffnung nicht;
Iſt er von hektiſcher Natur;
Liegt er am Fieber, an der Ruhr,
An Cacherie, Epilepſie,
An Agrypnie, Hydropiſie;
Hat er den Appetit verloren;
Fühlt Sauſen, Brauſen in den Ohren —
Der trete dreiſt zu mir heran,
Und nehme von mir Tropfen an!
Honette Herrn nach Standsgebühr,
Sie ſehn den größten Doktor hier!
Ich bin die halbe Welt durchreiſ't,
Und meinen großen Namen preiſ't
Paris und London, Wien und Rom,
Der Rhein, der Main, der Donauſtrom;
Denn alles hab ich ausſtudirt,
Und tauſende hab' ich kurirt!

Die Thiere glaubten ihn zum Theil,
Und kamen ſchon in großer Eil
Von allen Ecken hergelaufen:
Um Arznei von ihm zu kaufen.
Da rief der Fuchs: Ihr armen Thoren!
Sagt, habt ihr den Verſtand verloren!
Seht euren Dokter doch recht an,
Er iſt ja ſelber übel dran!
Die Augen ſtehn ihm aus dem Kopf;
Die Bruſt kocht wie ein alter Topf,
Der Mund iſt blaß, der Fuß geſchwollen;
Der dicke Bauch hervorgequollen;
Kann Er hievon ſich nicht befrein,
Wie will er andrer Doktor ſein!

Die Republik der Spinnen.

Dem Spinnenvolke fiel es ein,
In Zukunft ſicherer zu ſein,
Und nicht jedwedem zu vergönnen,
In ihrem Schloß herumzurennen.
Sie wohnten eben dazumal
In einem großen wüſten Saal,
Durch deſſen offne Fenſterbogen
Stets Mücke, Schwalb' und Sperling flogen.
Wir wollen, (murrten die Spinnen)
Den Vortheil euch wohl abgewinnen;
Und zogen in die Läng' und Quer
Viel Faden vor den Fenſtern her.
Doch Schwalb' und Sperling kamen bald
Und fuhren dreiſt, und mit Gewalt,
Durch dieſe leichten Spinneweben,
Und nur die Mücken blieben kleben.

* * *

Ganz ſo, wie dieſe Spinnennetze
Sind oft im Staate die Geſetze;
Kein Mächt'ger wird darin gefangen;
Nur bloß der Schwache bleibt drin hangen.

Der Eſel und der Haſe.

Es wollten vor uralten Zeiten
Die Thiere mit den Vögeln ſtreiten.
Sie muſterten ihr Kriegesheer.
Ein alter und erfahrner Bär
Ward zu dem Feldzug General.
Als dieſer in der Krieger Zahl
Den Haſen und den Eſel ſah;
Sprach er zum Löwen: dieſe da
Mag ich in der Armee nicht wiſſen;
Wir können ſie gar wohl vermiſſen!
Sie würden uns doch nur entehren,
Drum laß ſie ſich zum Teufel ſcheeren!
Der Thiere weiſer König ſprach:
Herr General, etwas gemach!
So ſehr [illegible] ihren Zorn erhitzen,
So ſehr kann ich ſie beide nützen!
Wir brauchen zum Courier den Haſen;
Der Eſel ſoll zum Treffen blaſen,
Den Feind mit ſeiner Stimm' erſchrecken,
Und unſern Kriegern Muth erwecken.

* * *

Laßt den Geringen auch nicht müßig,
Im Staat iſt niemand überflüſſig,
So ſchlecht er ſein mag von Natur;
Gebt ihm die rechte Stelle nur.

Der Fuchs und der Habicht.

Ich möchte doch wohl von dir wiſſen,
(Hub einſt, gedrungen vom Gewiſſen,
Der Fuchs zu einem Habicht an,)
Was dir das Taubenvolk gethan,
Daß du ſo oft auf ſie ergrimmſt,
Und ſie zu deinem Raube nimmſt?
Der Habicht ſprach: kann dir's wohl ſagen!
Man hat das Amt mir aufgetragen,
Auf Recht und Billigkeit zu ſehn;
Als Richter jegliches Vergehn
Scharf zu beſtrafen; ohne Schonen
Jedwedem nach Verdienſt zu lohnen.
Man muß den Tauben ſtrenge ſein,
Sie freſſen Weizen, Erbſen, Lein,
Und ließe man ſie ſtets ſo walten,
Der Landmann würde nichts behalten.
Gut! (ſprach der Fuchs) das Ding hat Schein,
Doch warum ſtrafſt du nicht den Weihn,
Und Geier, Adler, Trappen, Raben,
Die ſo viel Korn zu Schande traben?
Die armen Tauben trifft dein Mord,
Und jenen ſagſt du nicht ein Wort.
Die ſind zu ſtark, (erwiedert ihm
Der Habicht,) voller Ungeſtüm
Würd' ihre Wuth vereint mich beißen,
Und mich vielleicht in Stücken reißen.
Du ſtrafſt ja auch den armen Haſen,
Der auf dem allgemeinen Raſen
Sonſt nichts als Gras und Kräuter ißt,
Und ſchonſt des Wolfs, der Lämmer frißt!
Wir ſind hierin wohl gleiche Brüder;
Man ſchonet uns, wir ſchonen wieder.

Die ſtolze Fliege.

Mach' dich mit leerem Stolz nicht breit,
Man lacht nur deiner Eitelkeit.

Vier Pferde zogen einen Wagen,
Und ließen in dem ſchnellen Jagen
Gar einen großen Staub zurück.
Es ſchwang ſich in dem Augenblick
Auch eine Fliege mit hinauf,
Und rufte bei des Wagens Lauf:
Ihr guten Leute, gebt doch Acht,
Den großen Staub hab' ich gemacht!

Karl Samuel Zachariä

ward am 14. September 1769 zu Meißen geboren, und ſtudirte die Rechte zu Wittenberg, wo er auch 1800 Aſſeſſor der Juriſtenfacultät und 1802 Profeſſor wurde. 1807 erhielt er einen Ruf nach Heidelberg als Hofrath und Profeſſor. 1818 wurde er geheimer Hofrath, und kurz nach einander Ritter, Director der Geſetzgebungscommiſſion, Kommandeur und Geheimer Rath zweiter Klaſſe.

Er gab heraus:

Geiſt der deutſchen Territorialverfaſſung. Leipzig, 1800.
Ueber die vollkommenſte Staatsverfaſſung. Leipzig, 1800.
Janus. Leipzig, 1802.
Ueber die Erziehung des Menſchengeſchlechts durch den Staat. Leipzig, 1802.
Philoſophiſches Privatrecht. Leipzig, 1804.
Philoſophiſches Kriminalrecht. Leipzig, 1805.
Die Wiſſenſchaft der Geſetzgebung. Leipzig, 1806.
Anleitung zur gerichtlichen Beredſamkeit. Leipzig, 1810.
Für die Erhaltung der Univerſität Heidelberg. Heidelberg, 1817.
Vierzig Bücher vom Staate. Stuttgart, 1820 ff. 4 Thle.
Strafgeſetzbuch. Heidelberg, 1826.
Ueber die Statiſtik der Strafgerichtspflege. Heidelberg, 1828.
Die Aufhebung, Umwandlung und Ablöſung der Zehnten. Heidelberg, 1831.
Ueber Europa's Zukunft. Heidelberg, 1832.
Der Kampf des Grundeigenthums gegen die Grundherrlichkeit. Heidelberg, 1832.
Viele einzelne Abhandlungen, Gutachten u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Einer der berühmteſten deutſchen Staatsrechtslehrer, geht Z. vom empiriſchen Standpunkt aus, und ſtellt den Staat dar, wie er wirklich iſt, nicht wie er ſein ſollte. Dieſe Anſicht führt er jedoch überall mit außerordentlichem Scharfſinn, tiefer Gelehrſamkeit, Klarheit und Gründlichkeit, in einem eleganten Vortrage durch, und ſtützt ſie auf Rechtlichkeit und Billigkeit.

Johann Baptiſt von Zahlhas,

1787 zu Wien geboren, trat unter dem angenommenen Namen Neufeld zuerſt in Wien, 1817 aber in Leipzig und 1821 zu Mannheim als Schauſpieler auf. Im folgenden Jahre wurde er als Mitdirector an das Theater zu Bremen berufen, gab jedoch 1825 dieſe Stelle auf, um als königlicher Hofſchauſpieler nach Dresden zu gehen, wo er indeſſen auch nur wenige Jahre verweilte. Seit dieſer Zeit hielt er ſich abwechſelnd in Frankfurt a. M., Köln und anderen Städten auf.

Er ſchrieb:

Calderons Schauſpiel: das Leben ein Traum, für die deutſche Bühne. Leipzig, 1818.
Heinrich von Anjou; Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1819.
Thaſſilo der II. Herzog von Baiern; Trauerſpiel. Leipzig, 1820.
Neue Schauſpiele. Bremen, 1824.
Shakeſpeares König Lear; Trauerſpiel. Bremen, 1824.

Gute Bühnenkenntniß, treffliche Behandlung der Form und glühende, mitunter zu ungeſtüme und übertreibende Phantaſie haben v. Z. dramatiſchen Leiſtungen ſtets eine freundliche Aufnahme bei dem Theaterpublikum bereitet.

Andreas Zaupſer,

am 27. December 1747 zu München geboren, erhielt ſeine Ausbildung auf den Jeſuitenſchulen ſeiner Vaterſtadt. 1774 wurde er Expeditor und Regiſtrator, und 1778 Sekretär beim Hofkriegsrath in München. 1781 nahm er die Stelle eines Sekretärs des Maltheſerritterordens an, und 1784 eine Profeſſur der Philoſophie. Er ſtarb am 1. Juli 1795.

Von ihm erſchien:

Ode auf die Inquiſition. 1777. 3. Ausg. Nebſt einer Palinodie, dem Herrn Pater Joſt in Landshut gewidmet. München, 1780.
Sämmtliche Gedichte, herausgegeben von Ludwig Zaupſer. München, 1818.
Verſuch eines baieriſchen und oberpfälziſchen Idiotikons. München, 1789. Nachleſe dazu, München, 1789. 1. Abtheilung.

Die Ode auf die Inquiſition von Seiten eines Katholiken bereitete dem Dichter zu ihrer Zeit eine, jedoch bald vorübergehende Berühmtheit. Bleibenderen Ruf erwarb er ſich durch ſein Idiotikon, das viel Brauchbares enthält.

Marie Eliſe Helene Freiin von Zay,

eine Tochter des Freiherrn von Caliſch auf Bitſitz, ward am 23. Februar 1779 zu Toth-Prona in Ungarn geboren, erhielt eine ſorgfältige Erziehung, und verheirathete ſich 1796 mit dem k. k. Kammerherrn von Zay, mit welchem ſie auf den ihnen gehörigen Gütern lebt.

Sie ſchrieb:

Erzählungen. Peſth u. Brünn, 1820—1823. 2 Thle.
Luſtſpiele. Peſth, 1820.
Neue Erzählungen. Wien, 1829. 2 Thle.

Innigkeit der Empfindung, Wärme und Feinheit der Darſtellung, gute Charakterſchilderung und Gedankenreichthum haben ihre Leiſtungen ſehr vortheilhaft vor ähnlichen Verſuchen ausgezeichnet.

Joſeph Chriſtian Freiherr von Zedlitz

ward im Jahr 1790 zu Johannesberg im öſterreichiſchen Schleſien geboren, erhielt eine treffliche Bildung, diente dann in der k. k. Armee, privatiſirte darauf eine Zeit lang und lebt jetzt in Wien als k. k. Kammerherr und Geheimſecretär Fürſten Metternich.

Er gab heraus:
Turturell; Trauerſpiel. Wien, 1821.
Zwei Nächte zu Valladolid; Trauerſpiel. Wien, 1825.
Liebe findet ihre Wege; Luſtſpiel. Wien, 1827.
Todtenkränze. Wien, 1827 u. öfter.
Lord Byrons Childe Harold. (Ueberſetzt.) Stuttgart, 1836.
Dramatiſche Werke. Stuttgart, 1836. 4 Thle.
Gedichte. Stuttgart, 1839.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Einer der vorzüglichſten jetzt lebenden öſterreichiſchen Dichter, hat v. Z. ſich durch die Gluth und den Schwung ſeiner Phantaſie, den Reichthum ſeiner Gedanken, die Kraft und Innigkeit ſeines Gefühls und die ſeltene Meiſterſchaft in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, einen glänzenden Ruf erworben. An ſeinen Trauerſpielen tadelt man, daß er ſich zu ſehr nach ſpaniſchen Muſtern gebildet habe, und über der Künſtlichkeit des Planes und der Eleganz der Diction mitunter die Wahrheit des Lebens verletze, doch finden ſich auch hier in nicht geringem Maaße große und wahrhafte Schönheiten. Daß ſein Talent ſich mit noch weit größerem Glücke in der lyriſchen Poeſie bewege und dieſer vorzugsweiſe zugeneigt ſei, beweiſen beſonders ſeine trefflichen Canzonen, „die Todtenkränze“, die eins der glänzendſten Erzeugniſſe auf dieſem Gebiete deutſcher Dichtkunſt ſind, ſo wie mehrere ſeiner Gedichte, vorzüglich die „nächtliche Heerſchau“, welche ſich wie ein echtes Volkslied über ganz Deutſchland verbreitet hat.

Die nächtliche Heerſchau.

Nachts um die zwölfte Stunde
Verläßt der Tambour ſein Grab,
Macht mit der Trommel die Runde,
Geht emſig auf und ab.

Mit ſeinen entfleiſchten Armen
Rührt er die Schlägel zugleich,
Schlägt manchen guten Wirbel,
Reveill und Zapfenſtreich.

Die Trommel klinget ſeltſam,
Hat gar einen ſtarken Ton;
Die alten todten Soldaten
Erwachen im Grab davon.

Und die im tiefen Norden
Erſtarrt in Schnee und Eis,
Und die in Welſchland liegen,
Wo ihnen die Erde zu heiß:

Und die der Nilſchlamm decket
Und der arabiſche Sand:
Sie ſteigen aus ihren Gräbern
Und nehmen's Gewehr zur Hand.

Und um die zwölfte Stunde
Verläßt der Trompeter ſein Grab,
Und ſchmettert in die Trompete,
Und reitet auf und ab.

Da kommen auf luftigen Pferden
Die todten Reiter herbei,
Die blutigen alten Schwadronen
In Waffen mancherlei.

Es grinſen die weißen Schädel
Wohl unter dem Helm hervor,
Es halten die Knochenhände
Die langen Schwerter empor.

Und um die zwölfte Stunde
Verläßt der Feldherr ſein Grab,
Kommt langſam hergeritten,
Umgeben von ſeinem Stab.

Er trägt ein kleines Hütchen,
Er trägt ein einfach Kleid,
Und einen kleinen Degen
Trägt er an ſeiner Seit'.

Der Mond mit gelbem Lichte
Erhellt den weiten Plan:
Der Mann im kleinen Hütchen
Sieht ſich die Truppen an.

Die Reihen präſentiren
Und ſchultern das Gewehr,
Dann zieht mit klingendem Spiele
Vorüber das ganze Heer.

Die Marſchäll' und Generale
Schließen um ihn einen Kreis:
Der Feldherr ſagt dem Nächſten
Ins Ohr ein Wörtchen leis.

Das Wort geht in die Runde,
Klingt wieder fern und nah:
„Frankreich“ iſt die Parole,
Die Loſung: „Sankt Helena!“

Dies iſt die große Parade
Im elyſäiſchen Feld,
Die um die zwölfte Stunde
Der todte Cäſar hält.

Johann Gottfried Zeidler

ward um 1638 zu Feinſtadt im Mannsfeldiſchen geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und war 20 Jahre Adjunct ſeines Vaters, eines Predigers; legte aber nach dem Tode deſſelben dieſe Stelle nieder und ging als Auctionator nach Halle; er ſtarb 1711.

Von ihm erſchien im Drucke:
Das verdeckte und entdeckte Karneval. — Neun Prieſterteufel. — Sieben böſe Geiſter, welche heutiges Tages guten Theils die Küſter regieren. — Die wohlehrwürdige, großachtbare und wohlgelahrte Metaphyſika. — Die hochedle, veſte und hochgelahrte Gnoſtologia. — Ihre Präcellenz die Noologia. — Die wohledle — — Fiſiologia. — Die wohlehrwürdige — — Pneumatica. u. ſ. w. Sämmtlich ohne Ort und Jahreszahl.

Z. gefiel ſich darin, die herrſchenden Anſichten ſeiner Zeit, ſowohl im Leben, wie in der Wiſſenſchaft, durch ſatyriſche Schriften anzugreifen; es fehlte ihm jedoch dazu alles Talent, und da er, wo er witzig und treffend ſein ſollte, nur plump und gemein war, ſo geriethen ſeine Angriffe ſehr bald in gänzliche Vergeſſenheit.

Martin Zeiler,

am 17. April 1589 zu Räuthen in Steiermark geboren, wurde, nach vollendeten Studien, zu Ulm als Ephorus des Gymnaſiums, als Inſpector der teutſchen Schulen und als Büchercenſor angeſtellt; er ſtarb daſelbſt am 6. October 1661.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Epiſteln. Heilbronn, 1640. Ulm, 1641.
Einhundert Dialoge. Ulm, 1653.
Collectanea, oder nachdenkliche Reden u. ſ. w. Augsburg, 1658.
Miscellanea, oder allerlei zuſammengetragene poetiſche, hiſtoriſche und andere Sachen. Nürnberg, 1661.
Epiſtoliſche Schatzkammer. Ulm, 1683. Neue Ausg.
Topographien, Reiſebeſchreibungen u. a. hiſtoriſche Schriften. Ulm, 1653.

Als proſaiſcher Schriftſteller iſt Z. von keiner Bedeutung, größeres Talent zeigte er dagegen in ſeinen Epiſteln und Epigrammen, die ſich durch Correctheit, geſunden Verſtand und für jene Zeiten ſeltene Präciſion auszeichnen.

Chriſtian Friedrich Zernitz

ward am 11. Januar 1717 zu Tangermünde geboren, hatte das Unglück, ſchon früh ſeine Eltern zu verlieren, erhielt aber durch die Fürſorge ſeiner Vormünder eine treffliche Erziehung. Nachdem er in Leipzig die Rechte ſtudirt hatte, ward er 1738 Gerichtshalter zu Kloſterneuendorf und ſtand ſeinem Amte mit ſolchem Eifer und ſolcher unermüdlichen Thätigkeit vor, daß er ſich dadurch eine unheilbare Krankheit zuzog. Er ſtarb am 7. October 1744, während der letzten Jahre an Händen und Füßen gelähmt.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Verſuch in moraliſchen und Schäfergedichten. Hamburg u. Leipzig, 1748.

Ueber Z. urtheilt Küttner in ſeinen Charaktern deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten S. 242 f.: „Man ſieht es den didactiſchen Verſuchen dieſes ernſthaften Poeten an, daß er Hallers Fußtapfen verfolgt, obgleich nicht ausgefüllt hat. Sein philoſophiſches Gedicht: von den Endzwecken der Welt, das unter allen am meiſten vollendet ſcheint, verräth einen forſchenden Geiſt, der an ſpeculative Unterſuchungen gewöhnt, und zu Auffindung neuer Wahrheiten genährt und gebildet ward. Er braucht ſein dichteriſches Talent, eine Reihe wichtiger Lehrſätze gefälliger und gemeinnütziger vorzutragen; er denkt tief und ſcharf; Blumen aus der Geſchichte, der Naturkunde und moraliſche Erfahrungen beleben zuweilen die metaphyſiſche Trockenheit ſeines Vortrags; voll von ſeinem Gegenſtande denkt er an poetiſche Verſchönerung wenig; nicht immer iſt er Meiſter des beſten Ausdrucks, und ſelbſt der Reim thut ihm oft Zwang an. Er hat mehr für den Verſtand, als für Herz und Einbildungskraft gedichtet, mehr ſtark, als ſchön philoſophirt, und Ebenmaß und Nettigkeit im Versbau faſt ganz vernachläſſigt. In der Schäferpoeſie ſteht er kaum zwiſchen Wernicke und Roſt: wenig Natur; gemeine Kunſt und doch manchmal arkadiſche Fröhlichkeit. — Rundung und Politur der letzten Hand fehlen überall.“

Aus dem Gedichte:

Von den Endzwecken der Welt.

Der Anfang einer Welt iſt Gott nur offenbar,
Und Uſſer bleibt vielleicht noch weit vom Schöpfungsjahr.
So viel erkennen wir, wenn, tief in Erdengründen
Wir noch das Bett des Meers bedeckt mit Muſcheln finden,
Wenn auf gebliebnem Sand der weggewichnen Fluth
Jetzt Letten, Erde, Thon, in feſten Lagen ruht,
Und die Natur nie ſpringt, zu Zwecken zu gelangen:
Daß ihr zu dieſem Bau geraume Zeit vergangen.
Wenn nun Gott, eh' die Dau'r der Welt zu Ende läuft,
Unzähl'ge Kreatur mit Wohlthun überhäuft,
Wenn zeitlich Gnügen iſt dem Liebeszweck geſchehen,
Und endlich eine Welt, ſchon alt zum Untergehen,
Nach ſeiner Weisheit Rath ins Nichts zurück geſtürzt?
Was ſpricht der Menſch: hat Gott der Welten Glück verkürzt?
Iſt jedem Menſchen nicht ein weiſes Ziel gegeben!
Der Erden Alter war ein Ziel für aller Leben.
Man hält hier thöricht Gott zum Zorn kein Unrecht vor,
Denn er verkehrt in Nichts, was er aus Nichts erkohr.
Kein Unterſchied wird ihm zur Zweckes Aendrung gelten.
Hier welkt ein Erdenſchwamm und dort vergehen Welten.
Inzwiſchen ſtrahlte gleich in uns kein heitres Licht
Von künft'ger Straf' und Lohn, und wär' die Hoffnung nicht,
In kluger Menſchen Bruſt den Wilden ſelbſt gegeben,
Daß wir nach unſerm Tod beglückter ſollen leben:
Ja, wär', ſo wie der Leib verfällt in Aſch' und Staub,
Des Menſchen Edelſtes, der Geiſt, der Zeiten Raub:
So, daß in jenem Reich der furchtbar dunkeln Stillen
Uns nichts mehr übrig wär' von dem Verſtand und Willen:
Wie! oder wenn der Menſch einſt ſchlief in jedem Stand,
Wo er ſich unbewußt vor der Geburt befand:
Wie! oder wenn vom Sein der Geiſt müßt ewig ſcheiden!
Die Liebe könnte doch in Gott nicht Abbruch leiden.
Denn trennte ſich in Nichts der Einſchränkungen Band,
So hört das Uebel auf, das uns dadurch entſtand:
Und da ſich Glück und Noth auf Vorſtellungen gründen,
So hörte beides auf, würd' einſt der Geiſt verſchwinden.
Dort würd' uns durch den Schmuck der Welt nicht Luſt erweckt,
Doch auch das Innre nicht vom ſchnellen Blitz erſchreckt.
Geſundheit wäre nicht, doch auch nicht Gliederplagen,
Nicht Reichthum; auch nicht Furcht; nicht Scherze; auch nicht Klagen.
Die Wahrheit gebe dort nicht Weiſen Seligkeit,
Das Vorurtheil nicht Müh', nicht Fleiß der Sätze Streit.
Dort herrſchte kein Beweis, auch kein gebietend Sprechen,
Nicht Stärke des Verſtands, und auch nicht ſeichte Schwächen,
Wodurch ein Thor entdeckt, daß aller Dinge Reih'
Nur ſchlecht, das Gute klein und Böſes größer ſei:
Wodurch unwirklich Leid er ſich verſchafft und mehret,
Das ſchöne Bild der Welt verfälſcht und ſich verkehret:
Wodurch er ſich beklagt, daß ihm kein Glücke blüh',
Und Gott zum Sündigen Vergnügen ihm verlieh.
Ja, welcher Sterblicher iſt mit der Welt zufrieden?
Wär' ſein gewünſchtes Glück ihm nicht in Nichts beſchieden.
Doch, ewig Heiliger, was einſt der Menſch wird ſein,
Sein Schickſal nach dem Tod, das ſieht er hier nicht ein.
Gewohnet an Begriff von hier erkannten Dingen,
Setzt er dort ein Geheul und dort der Engel Singen.
Des blinden Perſers Wahn, was ihm ſcheint offenbart,
Baut Höll' und Himmel ſich nach ſeiner Landesart.
Der Meßkünſtler vergnügt vom unfehlbaren Wiſſen,
Glaubt einſt die Welt zu ſehen in ihren ew'gen Riſſen.
Der Metaphyſiker, der leicht den Sinn betrügt,
Sieht dorten wie die Meng' der Monaden ſich fügt;
Und der Poet vermeint, ſich prächtig auszudrücken,
Wenn er den Himmel kann mit Glanz und Lichte ſchmücken.
Allein wie weit hierin man Recht hat, oder irrt,
Zeigt ſich, wenn unſer Thun Gott einſt belohnen wird.
Genug, man lebe hier in Hoffnung ohne Kranken;
Die Ewigkeit wird uns ein ſel'ges Glücke ſchenken.
Denn, o Gott, deine Huld und deiner Thaten Preis
Bleibt, daß der Geiſt nicht ſtirbt, der kräftigſte Beweis!
Es iſt, was in uns denkt, von uns noch nicht ergründet,
Ob es dereinſten ſchläft, wie, oder gar verſchwindet,

Dies hat noch nicht zu feſt der ſtärkſte Schluß vereint,
Wenn man den Grund allein im Geiſt zu finden meint.
Die Urſach liegt vielmehr in Gottes Sein verborgen,
Warum wer hier entſchläft, doch hofft des Lebens Morgen.
Die Zeit für Menſchen groß, iſt dennoch oft zu klein,
Als daß ſie könnt' ein Ziel der ew'gen Liebe ſein.
Gott, der unendlich-iſt, dem alle Schranken weichen,
Wie ſoll denn nicht ſein Zweck auch ſeinem Weſen gleichen?
In ihm ruht ja der Quell, wo Weisheit ewig fließt,
Wie hemmte dir die Zeit, daß ſie ſich nicht ergießt?
Gott zeigte durch die Welt uns ſeine Macht und Stärke,
Soll dir unkennbar ſein nach dem zerbrochnen Werke!
Und da du hier, o Gott, voll Langmuth und Geduld,
Der Thoren Witz erträgſt, und Spötter deiner Huld,
Wie ſollten die nicht einſt, wenn dein Zorn wird entbrennen,
Gnad' und Gerechtigkeit in weiſer Straf erkennen?
Ja, Heiliger, dieß glaubt ein Weiſer dir zum Ruhm!
Die Welt, dein Werk iſt nicht des Todes Eigenthum.
Aus Liebe haſt du ſie einſt wollen zubereiten,
Und deine Lieb' iſt hier ein Vorſpiel künft'ger Zeiten.
Der Tod, der unſern Leib mit Fäulniß einſt durchdringt,
Macht, daß der edle Theil, der Geiſt ſich höher ſchwingt.
So wie vom Saamenkorn die Staude ſich erhebt,
Wird auch zuerſt der Menſch im dunkeln Stand belebt.
Er keimt in der Geburt, wächſt durch die Lebenszeit,
Und ſeiner Blüthe Frucht iſt die Unſterblichkeit:
Der Leib ſinkt der Natur, bei ſeines Zweckes Ende,
Verwelkt, um fernern Brauch, in die geraumen Hände.
Ja, wenn denn endlich auch nach Gottes weiſem Schluß,
Das pracht'ge Weltgebäud' in Nichts ſich ſtürzen muß:
Wenn nicht zum Mittelpunkt die Schwere mehr wird dringen,
Wenn Sonnen nicht mehr ſind, ſich Erden nicht mehr ſchwingen;
O! ſo verklärt doch dann des alten Raumes Nacht,
Gott, deiner Weisheit Glanz mit neuer Lieb' und Macht.
Vielleicht wird in dem Raum, wo Welten gehn verloren,
Den Geiſtern eine Welt im Himmel auserkohren.

Heinrich Gottlieb Zerrenner

ward am 8. März 1730 in Wernigerode geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und erhielt ſeit 1787 nach einander die Pfarre zu Beyendorf und Sohlen, die Superintendentur zu Derenburg und endlich die Generalſuperintendentur in Halberſtadt, wo er am 10. November 1811 als Conſiſtorial- und Schulrath ſtarb.

Er gab heraus:

Predigten. Magdeburg und Leipzig, 1779 — 1781. 2 Sammlungen.
Natur- und Ackerpredigten. Magdeburg und Leipzig, 1783.
Chriſtliche Volksreden. Magdeburg und Leipzig, 1785.
Volksbuch. Magdeburg und Leipzig, 1787. 2 Thle.
Schulbibel. Halle, 1789.
Deutſcher Schulfreund. Erfurt, 1791 — 1801. 24 Bde.
Neuer deutſcher Schulfreund. Berlin, 1801—1804. 7 Thle.
Mehrere Religionslehrbücher u. ſ. w.

Z. erwarb ſich durch ſeine Schriften große und bleibende Verdienſte um die Verbeſſerung der Schulen und die Bildung des Volkes.

Karl Chriſtoph Gottlieb Zerrenner,

Sohn des Vorigen, ward am 15. Mai 1780 zu Beyendorf bei Magdeburg geboren, ſtudirte in Halle Theologie und erhielt 1802 ein Lehreramt an der Kloſterſchule zu Magdeburg. Im Jahre 1805 ward er Prediger an der heil. Geiſtkirche, 1818 Conſiſtorial- und Schulrath daſelbſt. Er wirkt gegenwärtig dort noch höchſt ſegensreich als Director des Schullehrerſeminars und Schulinſpector; auch iſt er Ritter des rothen Adlerordens III.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

Hülfsbuch für Lehrer und Erzieher bei den Denkübungen der Jugend. Leipzig, 1803 ff. 4 Thle. u. ö.
Der neue deutſche Schulfreund. Halle, 1811; 5. Aufl. 1824.
Denkübungen. Leipzig, 1812.
Taſchenbuch für tägliche Erbauung. Berlin, 1812.
Methodenbuch für Volksſchullehrer. Magdeburg, 1813 u. ö.
Grundſätze der Schulerziehung. Magdeburg, 1827.
Auch ſetzte er fort ſeines Vaters deutſchen Schulfreund. Erfurt, 1812 — 1824. 47ſ — 60ſ Bdchen.
Jahrbuch für das Volksſchulweſen. Magdeburg, 1825 ff.
Einzelne Predigten u. ſ. w.

Gleich ſeinem Vater, in deſſen Fußtapfen er auf das Rühmlichſte trat, machte er ſich ebenfalls höchſt verdient um die Verbeſſerung der Volksbildung, wie des Volksſchulweſens, ſowohl durch ſeine trefflichen Schriften, als durch ſeine muſterhafte Leitung des ihm anvertrauten Seminars.

Johann Auguſt Zeune

ward am 12. Mai 1778 in Wittenberg geboren, ſtudirte Philologie und Theologie in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und kam dann 1803 als Lehrer am grauen Kloſter nach Berlin. Im Jahre 1807 erhielt er die Leitung der Blindenanſtalt daſelbſt, und 1810 eine Profeſſur an der dortigen Univerſität, wo er noch mit großem Erfolge wirkt. Er iſt auch Ritter der Berliner Geſellſchaften für deutſche Sprache und für Erdkunde.

Seine größeren Schriften ſind:

Gea, Verſuch einer wiſſenſchaftlichen Erdbeſchreibung. Berlin, 1808. 1 Bde. 3. Ausg. 1833.
Beliſar, über den Unterricht der Blinden. Berlin, 1808.
Thuiskon, über Deutſchlands Einheit. Berlin, 1810.
Einfache deutſche Sprachlehre. Berlin, 1811.
Das Nibelungenlied. (Ueberſetzung.) Berlin, 1814.
Das Nibelungenlied. (Urſchrift.) Berlin, 1815.
Ueber Blinde und Blindenanſtalten. Berlin, 1817.
Der Krieg auf der Wartburg. Berlin, 1818.
Ueber die neuen Aſſaſſinen. Berlin, 1819.
London und Paris. Berlin, 1820.
Gothiſche Sprachformen und Sprachproben. Berlin, 1824.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften, Brochuren u. ſ. w.

Einer der tüchtigſten deutſchen Sprachforſcher, ein ausgezeichneter Lehrer und ein trefflicher Geograph, hat Z. ſowohl durch ſeine gründlichen und gediegenen Schriften, wie durch ſeine unermüdliche Thätigkeit, nach den verſchiedenſten Seiten hin, beſonders aber durch ſeine Direction der Blindenanſtalt, ſich große und unvergeßliche Verdienſte um die Wiſſenſchaft ſowohl wie um die Menſchheit erworben.

Philipp von Zeſen,

auch Caſius und Blau genannt, ward am 8. October 1619 zu Prirau, einem Dorfe im damaligen Kurfürſtenthum Sachſen geboren, wo ſein Vater als Prediger wirkte. Er ſtudirte in Halle, Wittenberg und Leipzig Philologie, und lebte nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn als Privatgelehrter. Später wurde er geadelt, als Dichter gekrönt und zum kaiſerlichen Pfalzgrafen ernannt, auch von mehreren ſächſiſchen Fürſten mit dem Titel eines Rathes beehrt. Nachdem er einen großen Theil ſeines Lebens auf Reiſen, und vorzüglich in Holland, zugebracht, ließ er ſich in Hamburg nieder, wo er bereits 1643 die deutſchgeſinnte Genoſſenſchaft, oder den Roſenorden gegründet hatte. Auch war er Mitglied der fruchtbringenden Geſellſchaft. Er ſtarb am 13. November 1689.

Von ihm erſchienen im Druck:

Hochdeutſcher Helikon. Wittenberg, 1640; 4. Ausg. Jena, 1656. 3 Thle.
Hochdeutſche Sprachübung. Hamburg, 1643. Danzig, 1645. 12.
Roſenmond. Hamburg, 1651. 12.
Hochdeutſche helikoniſche Sichel. Hamburg, 1668.
Frühlingsluſt. Hamburg, 1642.
Dichteriſcher Roſengebüſche Vorſchmack. Hamburg, 1642 u. ö.
Luſtinne. Hamburg, 1645 u. 46. 12.
Dichteriſche Jugend- und Liebesflammen. Frankfurt, 1651.
Gekreuzigte Liebesflammen. Frankfurt, 1653. 12.
Dichteriſches Roſen- und Lilienthal. Hamburg, 1672.
Reiſelieder. Hamburg, 1677—1687.
Prirau, oder Lob des Vaterlandes. Amſterdam, 1680.
Roſelieb, das iſt ein Waldſpiel. Hamburg, 1646.
Die adriatiſche Roſemund. Amſterdam, 1645 u. ö.
Ibrahims und Iſabellens Wundergeſchichte. Amſterdam, 1645. Zweibrücken, 1665. 4 Thle. 12.
Die afrikaniſche Sophonisbe. Amſterdam, 1646. Frankfurt, 1647. 3 Thle. 12.
Aſſenat. Amſterdam, 1670 u. ö.
Simſon. Nürnberg, 1679.

Ueber Z's wunderliches Treiben, wie über ſeine mitunter höchſt ſeltſamen Schriften, fällt Küttner in den Characteren deutſcher Dichter und Proſaiſten S. 164 bis 166 folgendes treffende Urtheil: „Das Andenken dieſes fruchtbaren Schriftſtellers, der einen Haufen kritiſcher, moraliſcher, poetiſcher und ſatyriſcher Werke mit bewundernswürdiger Leichtigkeit zuſammenſchrieb, der eine neue ſchöngeiſteriſche Verbrüderung unter dem Namen der deutſchgeſinnten Genoſſenſchaft ſtiftete, und zu ſeiner Zeit unerhörte Neuerungen in der deutſchen Orthographie wagte, verdient aus mancherlei Urſachen aufbehalten zu werden. Er ging damit um, unſere Sprache durch Ausmerzung fremder Wörter und entbehrlicher Buchſtaben von allem Ueberflüſſigen zu reinigen, und machte ſie mager und ungeſtaltet. Seine theoretiſchen Schriften über deutſche Dichtkunſt ſind ſo ſonderbar elend, als ſeine Poeſieen. Wer mag den Klingklang aller der geiſtloſen Ringelgedichte, Dattel- und Palmenreime (dactyliſcher Verſe) mit Geduld aushalten! wer in ſeinen Romanen die lächerlichen Sprünge ſeiner erhitzten Einbildungskraft ohne Bedauern anſehen! wer an den ekelhaften Tändeleien ſeiner ernſthaften Verſe Geſchmack finden! — Bei nicht gemeinen Einſichten in die Kritik der Sprache, die er umformen wollte, bei aller Erfindungskraft ſeines wunderbaren Geiſtes, bei allem Eifer zu verbeſſern, hat er ſich auf dem deutſchen Parnaß blos in die Reihe derjenigen eingedrängt, die mit dem Namen der Verderber des guten Geſchmacks, andern zur Warnung, auf immer bezeichnet ſind.“

Märzlied.

Auf, meine Gedanken! Vergeſſet der Schmerzen!
Seid luſtig von Herzen im fröhlichſten Märzen;
O, ſeht, wie von Kränzen des Lenzen beſtreut,
Die Erde die wertheſten Schätze mir beut!

Bald werden die lieblichen Blumen entkeimen,
Zeitloſen und Liljen und Roſen nicht ſäumen;
Bald ſchauen wir wohl nach der blauen Viol,
Die opfert den Lüften von Düften den Zoll.

Der Tulpen und Nelken ſo holdes Gedeihen
Wird Viele beim Spiele der Farben erfreuen.
Dann könnt ihr, meine Gedanken, mein Sinn!
Euch völlig ergötzen und letzen forthin.

Man hört die geſittigten Kinder der Lüfte
Schon ſingen, daß ringsum erklingen die Klüfte.
Frau Nachtigall wirbelt, daß Hügel und Wald
Und Thal und Gebirge vom Wiederſchall hallt.

Sie preiſen in Weiſen, daß ihnen das Leben,
Die fertigen Zünglein der Schöpfer gegeben.
Froh winken die Finken den Buhlen auch hier
Bei Storchegeklapper und Lerchen-Tirlir.

Wie ſchön ſind auf Auen, ſo Perlen bethauen,
Die Hirſche, gelüſtend ſich brüſtend zu ſchauen!
Froh ſpringen ſie weiter durch Kräuter und Klee!
Wie hüpfet und ſchlüpfet das flüchtige Reh!

Was Dichter muß ſchmücken, entzücken und lohnen
Das Lorberlaub grünet zu preislichen Kronen,
Und bildet im Innern uns kühneren Muth.
Auf, meine Gedanken, mein Leben, mein Blut!

Vergeſſet der Schmerzen und weiht euch von Herzen
Unzähligen Scherzen im fröhlichen Märzen!
Der Frühling erheitert und läutert euch recht:
Auf, meine Gedanken, mein edles Geſchlecht!

Friedrich Wilhelm Ziegler

ward 1761 in Braunſchweig geboren, und widmete ſich der Bühne, auf welcher er ſich als ein bedeutender Schauſpieler auszeichnete. Er ſtarb am 24. September 1827 als Conſulent der k. k. Hoftheater in Wien.

Von ihm erſchien:

Schauſpiele. — (Enthaltend: Eulalie Meinau; die Freunde; Weltton und Herzensgüte u. ſ. w.) Wien, 1791—1793. 5 Bde. 8.

Seine dramatiſchen Arbeiten, im Ifflandiſchen und Kotzebue'ſchen Geſchmack, meiſt ſogenannte Converſationsſtücke erſter Art, erwarben ſich auf der Bühne großen Beifall, da ſie höchſt geſchickt auf ſtarke Effecte berechnet waren, ſo daß einige derſelben ſich ſogar auf dem Repertoire erhalten haben, obwohl ſie nicht den mindeſten Anſpruch auf wahre Poeſie machen können.

Heinrich A[illegible]m von Ziegler und Klipphauſen

ward am 6. Januar 1653 zu Radmeri[illegible] in der Oberlauſitz geboren, beſuchte das Gymnaſium zu Görlitz und bezog dann 1680 die Univerſität zu Frankfurt an der Oder, wo er die Rechte ſtudirte. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn verwaltete er das von ſeinem Vater ererbte Gut, ohne ſich um eine Anſtellung zu bemühen. Nachdem er dieſes Beſitzthum verkauft und dagegen Liebertwolkwitz erſtanden hatte, wo er ſeinen Aufenthalt nahm, bekleidete er noch die Stelle eines Stiftsrathes zu Wurzen. Er ſtarb auf ſeinem Gute am 8. September 1690.

Er gab heraus:

Hiſtoriſcher Schauplatz, oder hiſtoriſches Labyrinth der Zeit. Leipzig, 1686 ff. 2 Bde. Fol. u. ö. fortgeſetzt von B. C. Sinold. Leipz., 1718.
Aſiatiſche Baniſe. Leipzig, 1688 u. ö. Letzte Ausg. mit Fortſetzung von J. G. Hamann. Königsberg und Leipzig, 1766. 2 Thle.
Heldenliebe der Schrift Alten und Neuen Teſtaments. Königsberg und Leipzig, 1691 u. ö. mit Fortſetzung von G. C. Lehms. Königsberg und Leipzig, 1734—1737. 2 Thle.

Z. war nicht ohne Phantaſie und Kenntniß, aber ganz von dem falſchen Geſchmacke ſeiner Zeit ergriffen; dieß war auch allein der Grund, weshalb ſeine aſiatiſche Baniſe, deren Styl ſogar den Lohenſteins an Schwulſt und falſchem Pathos übertrifft, ſich, wenn auch nur auf kurze Zeit, allgemeinen Beifalls erfreuen konnte. In ſeinen Poeſien ahmte er ſein Vorbild, Hoffmanns-Waldau, ängſtlich nach; ſeine andern Schriften ſind nur Compilationen.

Kaspar Ziegler

ward am 5. September 1621 in Leipzig geboren, ſtudirte Anfangs Theologie, wandte ſich dann aber der Jurisprudenz zu und zeichnete ſich auf dieſem Gebiete ſo aus, daß er binnen kurzer Zeit Dr. juris, Profeſſor, Appellationsrath und Director des Conſiſtoriums in Wittenberg wurde, wo er am 17. April 1690 ſtarb.

In deutſcher Sprache gab er heraus:

Tractatus von Madrigalen. Leipzig, 1653. Wittenberg, 1685.
Zwanzig Lieder über die Geburt, Leiden und Auferſtehung Chriſti. Leipzig, 1648.

Z. war einer der Erſten, welche das franzöſiſche Madrigal nach Deutſchland verpflanzten. Seine Verſuche in dieſer Gattung, ſo wie ſeine religiöſen Lieder zeugen von Geiſt und Talent.

Johann Georg von Zimmermann

ward am 8. December 1728 zu Brugg in der Schweiz geboren, und erhielt daſelbſt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung; dann ſtudirte er in Bern, und ſeit 1747 in Göttingen Medicin. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn machte er eine Reiſe durch Holland und Frankreich, und ließ ſich darauf in ſeiner Vaterſtadt als Phyſicus nieder. Sein Ruf als ausgezeichneter Arzt verbreitete ſich ſehr raſch, ſo daß er im Jahre 1768 eine Einladung als königlich großbritanniſcher Leibarzt nach Hannover erhielt, welcher Einladung er auch Folge leiſtete. Neid und Partheiſucht verdarben ihm jedoch hier das Leben und ſtürzten ihn zu Zeiten in tiefe Hypochondrie, aus welcher er ſich nur durch ſeine ſchriftſtelleriſchen Beſchäftigungen herausriß. Trotzdem ſchlug er indeſſen eine Einladung Katharina's **II.**, nach Petersburg zu kommen, aus, was ihm die große Monarchin jedoch nicht verübelte. Für die Dienſte, die er ihr leiſtete, beehrte ſie ihn ſogar mit dem Wladimirorden. 1786 ward Zimmermann an das Sterbelager Friedrichs des Großen gerufen, und veröffentlichte, als er unverrichteter Sache zurückgekehrt war, über denſelben zwei Schriften, welche ihn in viele unangenehme Streitigkeiten verwickelten und ihn ſo verſtimmten, daß ſeine Melancholie ſich auf das Höchſte ſteigerte. Er ſtarb nach heftigen Schmerzen am 7. October 1795.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Verſuche in anmuthigen und lehrreichen Erzählungen. Göttingen, 1779. 2. Aufl.
Ueber die Einſamkeit. Leipzig, 1784 u. 85. 4 Thle.
Ueber den Nationalſtolz. Zürich, 1789. 6. Aufl.
Ueber Friedrich den Großen und meine Unterredung mit ihm. Leipzig, 1788.
Fragmente über Friedrich den Großen. Leipzig, 1790. 3 Thle.

In ſeinem praktiſchen Handbuche zur Lectüre der deutſchen Klaſſiker, Theil **II.** S. 292 f., bemerkt Pölitz ſehr treffend über Z.: „Eine vielſeitige, auf eigenes Beobachten gegründete Anſicht des Menſchen; eine ausgebreitete Bekanntſchaft mit der ältern und neuern Geſchichte, deren Belege er ſehr glücklich für ſeine aufgeſtellten Sätze zu benutzen wußte; eine Beſtimmtheit und Schärfe des Urtheils, die den lebhaften und feinen eigenen Unterſuchungen folgenden Forſcher verbürgen; eine Gedrängtheit und Kürze des Ausdrucks, die zwar nicht mit hoherer ſtyliſtiſcher Kunſt und mit einer blühenden Darſtellung in Verbindung ſteht, doch aber durch die ſichere und ihm ganz eigenthümliche Haltung der ſtyliſtiſchen Form Intereſſe an derſelben erregt, ſind es, wodurch er als Styliſt den beſten Proſaikern aus der zweiten Periode unſerer Sprachbildung gleichgeſtellt zu werden verdient. Zwar gefällt er ſich nicht ſelten in paradoxen Sätzen, auch kann man nicht jede ſeiner Behauptungen unterſchreiben; bisweilen ſcheint ſelbſt ſeine ſtyliſtiſche Kürze und Energie mehr geſucht, als natürlicher Ton zu ſein: aber keiner wird ſein Buch von der Erfahrung in der Arzneikunſt, oder das vom Nationalſtolz, oder ſein Werk über die Einſamkeit ohne Belehrung und Befriedigung und ohne Gewinn für die Menſchenkenntniß aus der Hand legen.“

Aus von Zimmermann's Werk: Ueber die Einſamkeit.

Vortheile der Einſamkeit für das Herz.

Ruhe der Seele iſt das höchſte Glück auf Erden. Einfalt des Herzens gewährt dieſe Ruhe, wenn man ſie abſondert von dem Getümmel der Welt, wenn man alle ſeine Anſprüche und Wünſche einſchränkt, allen Fügungen Gottes ſich unterwirft, Alles mit Gelindigkeit anſieht und betrachtet, aber auch dann nichts mehr hört, als das Fallen des Waſſers von dem

Felſen herab, das Säuſeln erfriſchender Wind, und etwa einen Vogel in hoher Luft.

Solches Glückes iſt das Herz empfänglich, wenn es Freude hat an erhabener Natur und an jedem Blümchen der Thäler, an allem wodurch wir die Seele erweitern, oder was ſich in ſanfte Bilder verſchmelzt.

Ruhe aber heißt nicht Müßiggehen, oder Lungern im Schatten. Der Uebergang vom Läſtigen zum Gefälligen, vom Geſchäftszwange zur Philoſophie, iſt auch Ruhe. Publius Scipio ſagte darum, er ſei niemals weniger müßig, als wenn er Muße habe, und ſei niemals weniger einſam, als wenn er allein ſei. Starke Seelen werden durch Muße und Einſamkeit nicht eingeſchläfert, ſondern ermuntert; und indem ſie ſich einer glücklich vollbrachten Arbeit nur deswegen freuen, um gleich wieder eine neue anzufangen, verlangen ſie nicht Ruhe für den Geiſt, ſondern für das Herz.

Ach nur zu wahrhaft hat man geſagt, wer einem Zuſtande nachſtrebe, der von aller Beunruhigung frei ſei, verfolge einen leeren Schatten. Wolle man darum ſeines Lebens recht froh ſein, ſo müſſe man nicht nach der Ruhe als nach dem Ziele ſtreben, ſondern ſie nur als Mittel zu größerer Thätigkeit genießen. Und ſo ſuche man Ruhe in ländlicher Einſamkeit.

Bei allem Gewirre von Leidenſchaft und Thränen, allem Unglücke, kannte ich nie ſeligere Stunden als die, da ich ermüdet von Arbeit und Sorge, im Freien die Welt und die Welt mich vergaß. Dieſe Stunden der Ruhe fand ich in jeder einſamen Gegend. Alles was mich in Städten drückte, Alles was mich mit Willen oder Ekel, Aerger und Zwang in den allgemeinen Wirbel hineinriß, lag mir da fernweg. Ich bewunderte und genoß die Natur, und empfand nichts als leiſes Vergnügen.

Oft blickte ich im Gefühle dieſer ſanften Wolluſt, im Frühling, in das herrliche Thal hinab, wo die Trümmern des Wohnſitzes Rudolphs von Habsburg, da allein, auf dem Rücken eines waldigen Berges unter allem möglichen Grün[1] ſich erheben. Ich ſah da, wie die Aar bald unter hohen Ufern in einem weiten Bette herabſtrömt, bald durch enge Felſen ſich ſtürzt, und dann wieder ruhig und langſam durch die ſchönen Auen ſich ſchlängelt, indem ihr von einer andern Seite die Reuß, und weiter unten die Limmat zufließen, und friedſam ſich mit ihr vereinigen. In dem ſchönen blumichten Vorgrund, ſah ich die königliche Einſamkeit[2], wo die Gebeine Kaiſer Albrechts des Erſten, und ſo vieler fürſtlichen Perſonen des Hauſes Oeſtreich, und ſo vieler von den Schweizern[3] erſchlagener deutſcher Fürſten, Grafen, Ritter und Edeln, in klöſterlicher Stille ruhen. Weit umher lag vor mir das lange Thal, wo die große Stadt Vindoniſſa[4] ſtand, und die Ruinen, auf denen ich ſo oft, in ſtiller Betrachtung, über die Vergänglichkeit menſchlicher Größe ſaß. Im fernſten Geſichtskreiſe hinter dieſer herrlichen Gegend erhuben ſich über anmuthige Hügel, alte Schlöſſer und Gebirge, die Alpen in aller ihrer Pracht; und mitten unter allen dieſen großen Scenen, fielen dann meine Augen vom hohen Walde, wo ich ſtand, über die Weinberge herab, tief zu meinen Füßen auf meine kleine reinliche Vaterſtadt, auf jedes Haus, und auf jedes Fenſter in meinem Hauſe. Wenn ich dieß alles ſah, fühlte, überdachte und verglich, dann ſprach ich zu mir ſelbſt: Ach warum ward doch meine Seele ſo enge, mitten unter ſo vielen Veranlaſſungen zu großen Gedanken! Warum ward mir da doch der ſchöne heitere Winter ſo trübe! Warum hatte ich da ſo viele Langeweile, ſo viel Unluſt, ſo viel Gram; da ich doch jetzt, bei dieſer ſchönen Ausſicht, nichts empfinde als Liebe und Ruhe, und alle ſchiefen Urtheile verzeihe, und alles erlittene Unrecht vergeſſe! Warum iſt dieſes kleine, hier zu meinen Füßen zuſammengepreßte Häuflein von Menſchen ſo unruhig, ſo uneinig! Warum lebt da manche gute Seele ſo verſcheucht! Warum iſt da der Regierende ſo groß, und der Regierte ſo klein! Warum iſt da ſo wenig Freiheit, Keckheit und Selbſtgefühl? Warum iſt da der eine ſo ſtolz, und der andere ſo demüthig und zerſchlagen! Warum iſt da, bei ſo vieler angeborner Gleichheit, ſo viel Stolz und ſo viel Neid, da doch jeder Vogel in der Luft neben dem andern Platz hat, und alle ihre Myriaden die Ströme ihrer Lieder milde zuſammen vereinen in einen Geſang zum Lobe unſers Schöpfers! Dann ſtieg ich immer vergnügt und friedſam von meinem Berge herab, machte dem Regenten meiner Vaterſtadt tiefe Reverenzen, gab jedem meiner geringern Mitbürger Freundeshand, und behielt dieſe ſelige Stimmung der Seele, bis ich wieder die ſchönen Berge, und das lachende Thal, und die friedſamen Vögel, unter den Menſchen vergaß.

Ländliche Einſamkeit ziehet alſo ab, von allem, was uns an den Menſchen mißfällt; verändert oft die bitterſten Empfindungen in freundliche Gefühle; giebt ſo manche hohe Begeiſterung und ſo manche kleine Freude, die man in Städten nicht hat; reinigt ſo manches Herz von laſterhaften Neigungen beim Anblick der Natur; macht ſo gutmüthig, offen, zutraulich; hilft immer weit beſſer fort auf jedem guten Wege: wenn man nur ſeine Leidenſchaften zu guten Zwecken leitet und mit ſeiner Imagination nie ins Schwarze ſieht.

Etwas ſchwerer iſt freilich dieß Alles in ſtädtiſcher Einſamkeit. Es ſcheint zwar leicht, auch da in ſeiner Kammer ſich über Alles wegzuheben, was uns umgiebt. Aber wenige haben dieſe Kraft; denn ſobald man zu Hauſe in dem Laufe ſeiner Gedanken oft von äußerlichen Dingen geneckt, in einem fort durch widerliche Vorfälle unterbrochen wird, ſtürzen auch, auf allen Gaſſen und in allen Geſellſchaften, traurige Gefühle ſchnell und unverſehends das Herz in Unmuth, und ſchwächen den nie genug gehobenen Geiſt.

Rouſſeau war immer äußerſt unglücklich in Paris[5]. Dieſer große Geiſt ſchrieb zwar auch da große Dinge; aber ſobald er auf die Gaſſen kam, überwältigte ihn ein Heer von widerlichen Gefühlen. Sein Geiſt verließ ihn, und der große Herzenskündiger, der durchſehende Philoſoph, der glänzende Schriftſteller, ward beinahe kindiſch.

Auf dem Lande geht man heroiſcher und zumal mit mehr Gelaſſenheit und Freundlichkeit von Hauſe. Hat da der Einſame in ſeiner Kammer ſich müde gearbeitet, gedacht, o ſo findet er unter freiem Himmel dann allenthalben Ruhe, und auf jedem Spaziergange nichts als Vergnügen. Da reicht er jedem, der ihm begegnet, die Hand; da liebt er alle Menſchen, die er ſieht, und wird von allen, die ihn ſehen, geliebet. Da ergießt ſich nirgends ſeine Galle. Nirgends hebt ſich da, vor einem dicken adelſtolzen Weibe, oder einem hochgezäumten Baron, das Mark in ſeinen Knochen. Kein vornehmer Zierbengel jagt ihn da mit ſeiner Kutſche zu Boden. Da ärgert er ſich über keine hochadeliche Hare, und über keine ſtiftsmäßige Gans.

Die Natur und ein ruhiges Herz, ſind ein ſchönerer und weit mehr erhabener Tempel Gottes, als die Peterskirche in Rom, oder die Paulskirche in London. Gottes Unermeßlichkeit und Allgegenwart, heiligen jeden Hügel, auf dem ein von böſen Leidenſchaften freies Herz ihm ſein ſtilles Opfer bringt. Ihn, den alle Welten nicht umfaſſen, müſſen Würmer nicht wollen in Mauern einſchließen. Er ſieht uns allenthalben ins Herz und hört allenthalben auf ein frommes Gebet. Wir eilen aufwärts oder ſteigen nieder, keinen Staub finden wir, den nicht ſeine Macht erfüllt; aber auch keine Stätte, die das Feuer der Andacht mehr entzündet, als eine Gegend, in der das Erhabenſte und Angenehmſte in der Natur, das Herz bei jedem Blicke entzückt, und alle unſere Empfindungen zerſchmelzt in Bewunderung, Liebe und Ruhe.

Ohne die innigſte Rührung erinnere ich mir nie, die große und unausſprechlich herrliche Scene, die ich im Jahre 1775 vor mir hatte, als ich mit meinem Freunde Lavater, auf der

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1) Von dem Traubenberge über der Stadt Brugg, auf deſſen Gipfel ich gewöhnlich unter einem hohen Eichbaum mich hinwarf, zeigt ſich das alte Habsburg auf einem romantiſchen Berge über einem lieblichen Thale, frei und allein.

2) Das Kloſter Königsfelden liegt eine kleine Viertelſtunde von meiner Vaterſtadt Brugg, zwiſchen der Aar und der Reuß. Die Gemahlin des im Jahre 1308 von ſeinem Brudersſohn, dem Herzog Johann aus Schwaben, und einigen Edelleuten ermordeten Kaiſers Albrecht des Erſten, erbaute auf dieſer Mordſtätte eine Kapelle. Die Söhne dieſes unglücklichen Kaiſers, Herzoge von Oeſtreich, ſtifteten daſelbſt im Jahre 1311 ein Nonnenkloſter und ein Mönchskloſter, die mit einander verbunden waren, und die eine gemeinſchaftliche Mauer umſchließet.

3) In der Schlacht von Sempach erſchlugen 1300 freie Schweizer den Herzog Leopold von Oeſtreich ſammt ſein ſtolzes Heer — über 1000 Ritter, die Blüthe des deutſchen Adels.

4) Vindoniſſa war eine ſehr große und ſtark befeſtigte römiſche Stadt, der Waffenplatz der römiſchen Kaiſer gegen die Einbrüche der allemanniſchen Völker. Sie hielten hier eine beſtändige zahlreiche Garniſon wider dieſe muthigen Nachbarn, die öfters über den Rhein ſetzten, und das Aargau plünderten, aller Feſtungen ungeachtet, welche die Römer einige Meilen weiterhin am Rheine hatten. Dem Kaiſer Conſtantius Chlorus gelang es jedoch, die Allemannen im Jahre 297, in dieſer Gegend zwiſchen dem Rhein und der Aar zu ſchlagen. Aber am Anfang des vierten Jahrhunderts, da die römiſche Macht in dieſen Gegenden fiel, ward Vindoniſſa von den Allemannen erobert und zerſtört. Indeſſen ſcheint es, man habe Vindoniſſa zum zweitenmal wieder aufgebauet, denn unter der fränkiſchen Oberherrſchaft ward ein biſchöflicher Sitz daſelbſt errichtet, und bei nochmaliger Zerſtörung gegen das Jahr 579, nach Conſtanz verlegt. Auf den Trümmern dieſer großen Römerſtadt wohnten im zehnten Jahrhundert die Grafen von Windiſch und von Altenburg, die Stammherren der Grafen von Habsburg. Von aller dieſer Herrlichkeit iſt jetzt nichts mehr übrig als die Ruinen, und auf denſelben meine kleine Vaterſtadt Brugg, nebſt den Dörfern Altenburg und Windiſch.

5) Je puis dire, ſagt er, que tout le tems que j'ai vécu à Paris, ne fut employé qu'à y chercher des reſſources, pour en vivre éloigné.

Zinne des Daches von ſeinem damaligen Wohnhauſe, wo er geboren und erzogen iſt, bei der ſchönſten Witterung faſt mit eben der Empfindung ging und ſaß, wie mein geliebter Brydone auf dem Gipfel des Aetna [1]. Ein einziger Blick umfaßte die ganze Stadt Zürich, das glückliche Land umher, den hellen Zürcherſee und ſeine reichen Ufer, und über dieſem Spiegel die höchſten Schneegebirge in ihrer Majeſtät. Himmelsruhe umgab mich bei dieſem Anblick.

Hier, auf Lavaters Hausdach, ward mir begreiflich, wie er mit einem ſo unbewölkbarfrohen Gefühle ſeines Daſeins und ſeiner Kräfte umherwandeln kann in Zürich vor den Augen der dortigen Gelehrten, die Jahr ein Jahr aus in einem fort auf ihn zuhämmern; und die er dann in einem fort ſo demüthiglich, wegen ſeiner unverſchuldeten und wenigſtens nach den Geſetzen unvertilgbaren Exiſtenz um Vergebung bittet.

Hier, auf Lavaters Hausdach, ward mir begreiflich, wie er der höchſten und unerſchöpflichſten Feindesliebe, gegen die gelehrten Herren in Zürich fähig ſeyn kann, welchen ſein bloßer Name eine Aergerniß iſt; die höchſt ungern etwas Rühmliches, aber mit Freuden etwas Schlechtes, Fehlerhaftes, Lächerliches an ihm ſehen; die in eine peinliche Herzensklage kommen, wenn man etwas erweislich Gutes von ihm ſagt, und etwas unerweislich Böſes von ihm ablehnt; die jede zu ſeinem Vortheil ſprechende Wahrheit mit Widerwillen wegwerfen, und jede ihn ſchändende und erniedrigende Lüge mit Triumph und Jubel aufhaſchen; denen ſeine Ehre eben ſo ſchmerzhaft iſt, als ihnen ihre eigene Schande; denen ſeine Schande ſo lieb iſt, als ihnen ihre eigene Ehre; denen alles Unglück iſt, was ihnen Glück für Lavater ſcheint; denen alles Glück iſt, wovon ſie wähnen, es ſei Lavaters Unglück; die alles Gute, das ſie von ihm wiſſen, gefliſſentlich verſchweigen; die ſich ein Feſt daraus machen, ſeine Fehler zu vergrößern, und mit ſichtbarer Schadenfreude auf alle mögliche Weiſe zu verbreiten; die aber dann doch ſich ſelber mehr wehe thun als ihm, und mehrmals ſeinen Ruhm erweitern, indem ſie ſich befleißigen denſelben zu vernichten.

Noch ruhiger und ſchöner als Lavater, und mitten unter Allem, was die Schweiz in der größten Mannigfaltigkeit, Erhabenes, Anmuthiges und Reizendes hat, wohnt im Dorfe Richterswyl, einige Stunden von Zürich, ein großer Arzt. Erhaben und ſanft, wie die Natur, die ihn umgiebt, iſt ſeine Seele. Sein Haus iſt ein Tempel der Geſundheit, der Freundſchaft, und jeder milden Tugend. Das Dorf Richterswyl liegt, da wo der Zürcherſee durch zwei hervorſpringende Landſpitzen einen natürlichen Hafen von ungefähr einer halben Stunde macht. Von Norden nach Oſten, iſt der nicht völlig eine Stunde breite See begränzt durch das in milden ſonnigten Hügeln ſich erhebende jenſeitige Ufer, einen meilenlangen Weinberg, mit untermiſchten Wieſen, Baumgärten, Felſen, Gebüſchen, Wäldchen, über und über bevölkert, voll Dörfer, Kirchen, Landhäuſer und Hütten.

Ein großes, herrliches Amphitheater, das noch kein Maler anders, als in ausgehobenen kleinen Theilen zu zeichnen wagte, öffnet ſich von Oſten nach Süden. Die Ausſicht nach dem von dieſer Seite vier Stunden langen obern Theile des Sees, führt hie und da, auf Landſpitzen, zerſtreute Inſeln, auf das vorſtehende an einen Hügel hingebaute Städtchen Rapperſchwyl, auf die Brücke, die dort von einem Ufer des Sees zum andern reicht. Dann erhebet ſich weiterhin, in einem halben Zirkel, das unerſchöpfliche Amphitheater. Im nächſten Vorgrunde liegt die nur eine halbe Stunde entfernte hügelichte Landſpitze; dann folgen niedrige, grüne, mit Bäumen bedeckte Berge, an welchen Dörfer hängen, und zerſtreute Häuſer; dann höhere Berge, furchtbare Alpen in immer größern in einander gewundenen Formen, hellblau und dunkelblau gefärbt; hinter dieſen Alpen ſteigen, himmelan, mit ewigem Schnee bedeckte Felſenhäupter. Südwärts öffnet ſich das Amphitheater, und neue Reihen von Bergen ragen da in einer immer fortgehenden Folge hervor. Immer und ewig bleibt ein ſolcher Anblick neu, rührend und unvergleichbar.

Berge ketten ſich wieder von Süden nach Weſten; das Dorf Richtswyl liegt an ihrem Fuße, am Ufer des Sees. Schwarze Fichtenwälder bedecken ihren Rücken, und unter dieſen ſind die nähern Hügel mit unzählbaren Fruchtbäumen beſetzt, in Gärten von Korn und Gras, mit untermiſchten Häuſern. Das Dorf Richterswyl iſt reinlich, die Straßen deſſelben gepflaſtert, die Häuſer von Steinen und bemalt. Rings um das Dorf ſind am Seeufer angenehme Spaziergänge, durch Alleen fruchtbarer Bäume, oder auf den Hügeln durch ſchattige Wälder, und allenthalben die Ausſichten voll Erhabenheit und Anmuth, wo jeder Wanderer und Fremdling ergriffen wird, ſtille ſteht, nur Auge iſt; langſam, leiſe und tief ſeinen Athem holt. Jeder Fußbreit dieſer ſchönen Erde iſt benutzt, bepflanzt, bebaut; aller Menſchen Hände arbeiten, Kinder und Greiſe ſind emſig.

Die zwei Häuſer des Arztes ſtehen mitten in dieſem Dorfe, mit ihren Gärten umringt, ſo frei und friedlich, wie auf dem weiten Felde. Unter der Kammer meines Herzensfreundes läuft am Garten ein lieblich murmelnder Bach, und an dem Bache die Landſtraße, auf der ſeit Jahrhunderten beinahe täglich eine Menge Pilgrimme nach dem Kloſter Einſiedeln gehen. Aus Zimmern und Gärten ſieht man ſüdwärts vor ſich den großen majeſtätiſchen Etzelberg; ſein Haupt bedeckt ein ſchwarzer Wald, ſein Fuß iſt nur eine Stunde entfernt von dieſen Zimmern und Gärten; an der Mitte des Berges hängt ein Dorf mit einer ſchönen Kirche, und auf dieſer Kirche ruht an jedem ſchönen Abend die Sonne. Vor den Zimmern und vor den Gärten liegt der Zürcherſee, den nie gefährliche Stürme in Aufruhr bringen, in deſſen Waſſer ſich die Ufer ſpiegeln, oder deſſen Wellen, durch ſanfte Winde bewegt, wie eine Heerde Schaafe gaukeln.

Sieht man da in tiefer Nacht aus den Fenſtern, oder athmet man einſam im Garten erfriſchende Blumendüfte, indeß der Mond hinter den Bergen hervorwandelt, und eine feurige Heerſtraße über den See hinzeichnet, ſo hört man mitten unter dieſer Todtenſtille, doch jenſeits am Ufer, jeden Schlag der ländlichen Glocken; hört des Nachtwächters Stimme herüber hallen, und das Bellen treuer Haushunde; hört von ferne den Kahn des langſam herbeirudernden Schiffers, ſieht wie er in der feurigen Heerſtraße fährt, und mit den glänzenden Wellen ſpielt. Wer verſtummt nicht da, wo der Genferſee ganz offen liegt, bei der Majeſtät jenes Anblicks, als ſähe er ein Hauptſtück der ganzen Erdſchöpfung! Aber hier am Zürcherſee, zu Richterswyl, bei dem lieben und großen Arzte iſt Alles näher, lieblicher, vertraulicher, freundlicher, inniger.

Weder Pracht noch Reichthum iſt in den Häuſern dieſes Menſchenfreundes. Man ſitzt da auf Stühlen von Stroh; er ſchreibt auf Tiſchen von inländiſchem Holz, und ſpeiſet ſich und ſeine Freunde aus Gefäßen von Erde. Reinlichkeit und Bequemlichkeit herrſchen überall. Eine große Sammlung gemalter und in Kupfer geſtochener Menſchengeſichter iſt ſein einziger Aufwand. Der erſte Strahl der Morgenröthe erheitert die kleine Zelle, wo dieſer Edle ſchläft und ruht, und weckt ihn dankbar und froh ins neue Leben. Beim Erwachen begrüßt ihn das Girren der Turteltauben, und der frühe Morgengeſang der Vögel, die im Nebenzimmer mit ihm ſchliefen.

Die erſte Morgenſtunde und die letzte Abendſtunde ſind ſein. Alle übrige Minuten widmet er der großen Menge von Kranken und Traurigen, die ihn täglich beſuchen. Sein wohlthätiger Beruf verſchlingt ſein ganzes Leben; aber er iſt auch ſeines Lebens Glück und Freude, und die Nahrung ſeines Herzens. Kommt das Volk aus den gebirgigten Cantonen der Schweiz, und aus den Thälern der Alpen zu ihm, findet es keinen Ausdruck für die Darſtellung ſeiner Noth, traut es ihm zu, daß er alles ſehe und wiſſe, beantwortete es jede Frage einfältig, treu und offen, behorcht es jedes Wort, faßt es jeden Rath auf wie Goldkörner, und geht dann von ihm, ſehnend, getröſtet, voll Hoffnung und guter Entſchlüſſe, wie von ſeinem Beichtvater in Einſiedeln, wieder weg: o ſo iſt er am Abend eines ſolchen Tages ein glückſeliger Mann! Tritt eine treuherzige Bäuerin, die über die Lebensgefahr ihres Gatten weinte, in ſein Zimmer, drückt ſie ihm die Hand, daß es ihn ſchmerzt; ruft ſie Jeſus Maria! wie war mein Mann ſo ſchlecht als ich heim kam, und nun iſts in zwei Tagen ſo viel beſſer; ach wie ſeid ihr mir ſo lieb, Herr Excellenz: dann, ach dann empfindet dieſer Menſchenfreund, wie es einem König zu Muthe ſeyn muß in der Stunde, da er einem ganzen Volke wohlthut!

So iſt die Gegend der Schweiz, wo einer der größten Aerzte unſerer Zeit, Hoze wohnt; ein Arzt und Philoſoph, der durch ſeinen hellen Kopf, durch ſeine Geiſtesgröße und Erfahrung in einer Reihe ſteht mit meinen Herzensfreunden Tiſſot und Hirzel. So fließen ſeine Tage hin, einer dem andern gleich. Er lebt zwar täglich nur zwei Stunden einſam, aber deſto wohlthätiger für unzählige Menſchen, die jeden Tag ſeines Lebens zu ihm kommen in dieſe paradieſiſche Gegend. Sein thätiger kraftvoller Geiſt ruht nie, aber Himmelsruhe wohnt in ſeiner Bruſt. Ach ſolche Ruhe hatte er an Höfen nicht gefunden [2]. Aber ſolcher Ruhe biſt du fähig, lieber

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[1] Brydone ſagt: „Es ſchien, ſo wie wir über die Wohnungen der „Menſchen erhaben waren, als blieben alle niedere und gemeine Em„pfindungen zurück; als legte die Seele, da ſie ſich den ätheriſchen „Regionen näherte, ihre irdiſchen Leidenſchaften ab, und empfinge ſie „ſchon etwas von ihrer unveränderlichen Reinheit.“

[2] Hoze lehnte vor vielen Jahren einen Ruf nach dem Hofe des Markgrafen von Baden in dem ſchönen Karlsruhe ab; und im Jahre 178[illegible] hatte ich von einem großen und mächtigen deutſchen Fürſten den Auftrag, ihm die Stelle ſeines erſten Leibarztes, nebſt vielen andern Vortheilen, mit einem jährlichen Gehalt von zweitauſend Thalern anzubieten. Anmerk. d. Verf.

Leſer, wer du auch ſein magſt, wenn du auch nicht auf einem ſo ſchönen Erdenfleck wohnſt, nicht bei meinem lieben Doctor Hotze zu Richterswyl, nicht im Kapuzinerkloſter bei Albano, nicht in meines Königs Hauſe zu Windſor.

Glücklich iſt jeder, der nicht mehr will, als er hat. Solches Glück iſt leicht, zu Richterswyl am Zürcherſee; aber doch auch leichter als ihr glaubt in der Kammer, da ich dieſes Buch über die Einſamkeit ſchreibe, wo ich ſeit ſieben Jahren nichts ſehe, als ein paar elende unförmliche Dächer, und die Spitze eines traurigen Kirchthurms.

Ruhe muß immer aus dem Herzen quellen; aber Ruhe kommt, mit jeder Tugend, die ihr zur Seite geht, bei äußerer Stille leichter ins Herz. Wie gutmüthig und friedſam wird man auch nur bei dem Murmeln eines Baches, oder nach einem kleinen Schlaf unter einer hohen Tanne. Ruhige Natur wiegt uns ſo leicht in Sanftmuth ein, denn ſich ſelbſt hat man mehr Urſache unter den Menſchen zu fliehen, als die Menſchen. Friede mit ſich ſelbſt, iſt Friede mit der ganzen Welt. Bei ruhigem Herzen betrachtet man Menſchen und Dinge immer von der guten Seite. Unter lauter angenehmen Gefühlen lernt man in ländlicher Einſamkeit die Menſchen lieben. Entzückt uns die ganze Natur umher, überfließen wir von Wohlwollen, dann fehlt uns auch weiter nichts, als nur ein Herz, das dieß Alles mit uns theile.

Häusliche Glückſeligkeit wird darum unter gleich geſtimmten Seelen, auf dem Lande unausſprechlich vermehrt. Ströme von Thränen und ewiger Schmerz würden Allem zur Seite gehen, was die größten Höfe von Europa haben und geben, wenn man ſich aus dem Schooße ländlicher und häuslicher Glückſeligkeit, gegen ſeinen Willen weggeriſſen ſähe in den Palaſt einer Königsſtadt, und in das ſchale Leben, wo man nichts thut, als ſpielen und gähnen, Langeweile haben und geben, ſich haſſen und beneiden, ſich ſtreicheln und zerreißen[1].

Gewiß iſt's immer: wahre, innige Freude, Liebe, Treue und Sitten der Vorwelt gedeihen doch nirgends ſo gut wie auf dem Lande. Rouſſeau ſagte darum den Menſchen in Städten ſo herzlich: das Landleben habe Vergnügen, von denen ſie nichts wiſſen; dieſe Vergnügungen ſeien weniger abgeſchmackt, weniger grob, als ſie glauben. Auch da könnte Geſchmack, Wahl und Niedlichkeit herrſchen. Ein Mann von Verdienſt, der mit ſeiner Familie auf's Land ſich begebe, und ſein eigener Pächter werde, ſehe da ſein Leben eben ſo ſanft hinfließen, als ihr auf euren Aſſembleen. Eine gute Landwirthin könne auch eine reizende Frau ſein, eine Frau voll Anmuth, und von einer weit mehr rührenden Grazie, als alle weiblichen Affen in der Stadt.

Alles Böſe in der Welt vergißt man, in kühlen Schatten, einſamen und anmuthigen Thälern. Schon in Städten haſſet man die böſeſten Menſchen nicht, ſobald man ſie nicht ſieht. Nur im Gewirre des geſellſchaftlichen Lebens, und unter dem Drucke der geſellſchaftlichen Verhältniſſe, iſt das beſtändige Anprellen des Wahrheitsſinns und der Vernunft gegen befehlende Dummheit die ergiebige Quelle, aus der ſo vieles Elend über das menſchliche Leben ſtrömt. Befehlende Dummköpfe verbittern ihren Subalternen das Leben, vergiften ihre Zufriedenheit, verkehren alle Ordnung in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft; beſtreuen jedem, der mehr Verſtand hat als ſie, das Leben mit Dornen, und machen es ihm zu einem Thal des Mißmuths, des Aergers und der Thränen. Wie mancher Biedermann bei Hofe, wie mancher brave und geiſtvolle Offizier, wie mancher vernünftiger und armer Teufel im Amte, wie mancher wackere, ſich aus dem Troß der Gemeinheit erhebende Geſchäftsmann, wie mancher patriotiſche Bürger wäre darum berechtigt mit dem Propheten auszurufen: O hätte ich Flügel wie Tauben, daß ich flöge, und etwa bliebe! Siehe ſo wollte ich mich ferne weg machen, und in der Wüſte bleiben. Ich wollte eilen, daß ich entrinne vor dem Sturmwinde und dem Wetter; denn ich ſehe Dummheit, Falſchheit und Schadenthun, Lügen und Trügen, Frevel und Hader am Hofe, beim Regimente, im Collegio, und in der Stadt!

Dummheit, vornämlich ſolche, die Anſehn und Einfluß hat, wird inſonderheit dadurch ſchädlich und gefährlich, weil ſie Alles in der ganzen Stadt ſo klein machen will als ſie ſelbſt iſt, weil ſie jeder Sache immer den unrechten Namen giebt, weil ſie jeden Menſchen immer gerade für das Gegentheil von dem hält was er iſt, kurz und gut, weil Dummheit das Schwarze immer weiß nennt, und das Weiße immer ſchwarz. Freie, offene und rechtſchaffene Menſchen müſſen, wenn ſie ſtädtiſcher Dummheit entgehen wollen, alle ihre Schliche und Ränke eben ſo gut kennen, wie der Fuchs bei Saadi dem indianiſchen Fabeldichter. Jemand ſah einſt einen Fuchs eiligſt nach ſeinem Loch laufen, ſagt Saadi; und fragte ihn, warum ſo ſchnell! Haſt du etwas übels begangen, und fürchteſt du, man werde dich dafür züchtigen! Nein, ſprach der Fuchs, mein Gewiſſen iſt rein; aber eben hörte ich die Jäger ſagen, ſie möchten wohl ein Kameel haben, ſie wollen eines fangen, und es dann in die Knechtſchaft führen. Ei was kümmert dich das, du biſt ja kein Kameel! Lieber Gott, ſagte der Fuchs, gute Köpfe haben immer Feinde. Wenn mich einer den Jägern zeigte und ihnen ſagte, da läuft ein Kameel, ſo würden mich die Kerle fangen und krumm ſchließen, und keiner würde unterſuchen: ob ich auch wirklich das Thier ſei, wofür jener mich angab.

Sanfte Winde, klare Quellen, fiſchreiche Flüſſe, dichte Gehölze, kühle Höhlen, Bänke von Raſen und blumenreiche Wieſen, bedarf man darum nicht unumgänglich, um die Wuth ſeiner Feinde zu vergeſſen. O die vergißt man überall, im ſtillen frohen glücklichen Kreiſe der Seinigen — in der Einſamkeit häuslichen Glücks! — Alle kleinen Widerwärtigkeiten des Lebens, aller Schnack, alle Ungerechtigkeit, alle niedrigen Sorgen und Bekümmerniſſe, verfliegen da wie Staub vor dem Familienvater, der Muth und Kraft genug hat, nach eigenem Geſchmack und Willen zu leben. Nur im Weltzwang und in der Dienſtbarkeit wird freien Seelen das Leben vergiftet, und fliehen Ruhe, Zufriedenheit, Kraft, auch in glänzendem Wohlſtand, Reichthum und Ueberfluß.

Alſo kommt durch Einſamkeit, ländliche oder häusliche, nicht nur Ruhe in's Herz; alſo macht ſie nicht nur gutmüthig; alſo überwindet und vergißt man in derſelben nicht nur Dummheit, Bosheit und Neid. Einſamkeit bringt dem Herzen noch weit mehr und größern Vortheil.

Freiheit, wahre Freiheit, findet ſich nirgends ſo gut, wie in der Entfernung vom Menſchengewühle und aus unwillkührlichen Weltverhältniſſen. Vortrefflich hat man geſagt, da komme der Menſch aus der Zerſtreuung zu ſich ſelbſt, fühle ſich ſelbſt, habe ein klares inniges Bewußtſein von dem, was er iſt und hat, und lebe mehr in ſich und für ſich, als in äußern Dingen. Er trete da in einen natürlichen und freien Zuſtand zurück, ſpiele keine künſtliche Rolle, ſtelle keine ihm fremde Perſon vor, denke, rede, handle ganz nach ſeinem eigenthümlichen Charakter, nach ſeinen jedesmaligen Empfindungen. Da ſei er ganz das und nichts anders, als was er wirklich iſt. Da drohe ihm kein Amtsgeſicht und kein Tyrann; da verlache er niemand, und da ärgere ihn nichts; da ängſtige ihn weder Geſchäftszwang noch Höflichkeitszwang; da zerbreche er alle Feſſeln der Gewohnheit und willkührlicher verabredeter Dienſtbarkeit; da könne ſein Verſtand immer laut denken, und ſein Herz ſeinen Empfindungen ſich immer überlaſſen.

Frau von Staël hielt es für einen großen Irrthum, daß man ſich am Hofe frei glaube, wo man doch bei ſeinen geringſten Handlungen auf hundert verſchiedene Dinge ſehen müſſe, wo man nie laut denken dürfe, wo unſere Geſinnungen ſich immer nach Allem richten müſſen, was uns umgiebt, wo Alles, was uns nahe kommt, das Recht zu haben ſcheint, uns zu verſuchen, und wo wir uns ſelbſt niemals genießen. Selbſtgenuß, ſagte dieſe Dame, iſt nirgends, als in der Einſamkeit; die erſte Bekanntſchaft mit mir ſelbſt machte ich in der Baſtille.

Freie Seelen ſind zu Kammerherren und Oberhofmeiſtern eben ſo wenig geboren, als unſere Weiber zu Nonnen. Furchtſam ſieht der Höfling umher, horcht vielleicht bei manchem Schlüſſelloch, iſt immer durch nagenden Argwohn gequält, hat bei alle dem doch immer ein frohes und heiteres Geſicht, und zündet immer, wie jenes alte Weib, eine Wachskerze dem Erzengel Michael an, und eine dem Teufel; weil er nie weiß, wo er den einen oder den andern nöthig hat.

Solche Vorſicht und ſolcher Zwang ſind unerträglich für jeden, der zum Höfling nicht geboren iſt. Aber auch in weit geringern Weltverhältniſſen werden freie, offene, ſelbſtſtändige und wirkſame Köpfe alle Feſſeln zerreißen. An Höfen muß man erzogen ſein, um Vergnügen zu finden an Höflichkeitsdunſt; aus Mangel von Aufklärung und beſſerer Begriffe, wird da freilich manches wichtig, und durch den langen Seelenzwang auch manches leicht, das einen andern nur aus Ungewohnheit martert. Aber lieber Leſer, haſt du nie erfahren was das iſt, auch nur in ganz alltäglicher Geſellſchaft einen ganzen Abend ſitzen und ſprechen zu müſſen, ohne zu wiſſen, wovon du ſprechen ſollſt, und alſo auch ohne etwas zu ſagen! Oder hat man auch nur unter vier Augen, nie aus dir Ideen herauspumpen wollen, ohne dir eine einzige Idee zu geben! Haſt du nie Gedanken hingeworfen, die keine Gedanken erzeugten und über den Kopf deiner Geſellſchaft wegfloſſen, wie Waſſer über Wachstuch!

Welcher Sclave iſt überall ein Denker unter einem Trupp von Gecken und Thoren; welche Sclaven eine vernünftige

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[1] Die Maintenon ſchrieb an Frau von Caylus, aus Verſailles: Nous menons ici une vie singulière. Nous voudrions avoir de l'esprit de la galanterie, de l'invention, et tout cela nous manque entièrement. On joue, on baille, on s'ennuye, on ramasse quelque misère les uns des autres, on se hait, on s'envie, on se caresse, et on se déchire.

Conventualin in einem dummen Convent; und welcher arme Schelm jeder gute Kopf, in mancher kleinen Stadt! Nie verträgt man einen Umgang lange, der Alles verlacht und ausſtößt, was man ehrt, ſchätzt und liebt. Keine ärgere Tyrannen giebt's als die Vorurtheile der Menſchen; die größten Sclaven ſind wir da, wo uns niemand verſteht. Ach es iſt nicht genug, daß man ſich ernſtlich vornehme, im Umgang zu gefallen: man muß, wenn man gefallen will, auch wohl gar nicht denken; man muß auch wohl gar kein Gefühl haben; man muß auch wohl Alles verſchmähen, was die ganze vernünftige Welt hochſchätzt, und Alles hochſchätzen, was jeder Mann von Geiſt und Verſtand verſchmäht: oder man ſpielt mit einem Kopfe, der ſich gegen ſo viele Unköpfe reiben will, eine große Rolle auf Unkoſten ſeines Glücks.

Ein ländlicher Aufenthalt, oder auch in Städten ein ſtilles häusliches Familien-Leben, ſchützen gegen allen dieſen Zwang. Nur ſo macht man ſich unabhängig und frei, von Allem, was dem Herzen wehe thut, dem Geiſte ekelt und den Magen beläſtigt.

Einſamkeit zerſtört allen eiteln Ehrgeiz, indem ſie die Güter der Erde von ihrem falſchen Glanze entkleidet, den ihnen die Einbildung leiht. Zu dieſer Gleichgültigkeit durch ländliches Vergnügen gewöhnt, findet ein weiſer Mann Aemter und Beförderungen ſeines Verlangens nicht mehr werth. Jener Römer vergoß Thränen, daß er wegen der angetragenen Conſulwürde ein Jahr lang ſein Feld ſelbſt nicht bauen konnte; und Cincinnatus, der vom Pfluge geholt ward, um an der Spitze einer römiſchen Armee zu ſtehen, ſchlug den Feind, bemeiſterte ſich ſeiner Provinzen, triumphirte in Rom und war in ſechszehn Tagen wieder bei ſeinem Pfluge.

Einſamkeit und eingeſchränkte Bedürfniſſe ſind eine wahre Glückſeligkeit für entſetzte oder verbannte Staatsmänner. Nicht alle großen Staatsverwalter gehen wie Necker von ihren Stellen durch das Thor der Unſterblichkeit ab. Dankbare Hände aber ſollten alle zu Gott erheben, wenn ſie nun auf einmal aus dem ſtürmiſchen Meere der Welt ſich verſetzt ſehen in ländliche Ruhe, unter die Bäume, die ihre Voreltern gepflanzt haben und zu ihren eigenen Heerden. Aber wenn in Frankreich ein Miniſter ſeinem König mißfällt, wenn dieſer ihm befiehlt, daß er abgehe, das iſt, auf ſeine Güter ziehe, die er verſchönert und zum lieblichſten Aufenthalte gemacht hat: ach, ſo iſt ihm dieſer holde Aufenthalt ein Verbannungsort! Da kann er es nicht aushalten, er verdaut nicht, er ſchläft nicht, ſobald er ſein eigener Herr iſt. Muße und Freiheit machen ihn zu einem unleidlichen Hypochondriſten, der Alles um ſich her drückt, und von Allem gedrückt wird; die Ungnade iſt ſehr oft der Tod[1] eines Franzoſen. In England iſt es nicht ſo. Da gratulirt man dem abgehenden Miniſter wie einem Menſchen, der von einer großen Krankheit ſich erholt hat. Er kann darauf zählen, daß er jetzt mehr und beſſere Freunde hat, als vorher; denn ſeine gegenwärtigen Freunde hat er aus Achtung, und die vorigen hatte er um Geld. Gott lohne es den Engländern, daß ſie uns das Beiſpiel von Menſchen geben, die kühn genug ſind, Alles in der Welt auf der Wage der Vernunft zu prüfen, und aus jeder Sache nicht mehr zu machen, als ſie werth iſt. So wahnwitzig ſich auch viele Engländer gegen Gott empören, ſo höhniſch ſie auch oft alle Tugend, alle Sitten, allen Anſtand, alles ſittlich Schöne und Gute verlachen: ſo giebt es dann doch auch, zumal in reifern Jahren, viele unter ihnen, die wirklich die Kunſt verſtehen, mit ſich ſelbſt zu leben, viele, die auf ihren ſtillen und anmuthigen Landſitzen weit männlicher, freier und erhabener denken, als irgend ein tollkühner, unaufgeklärter Trotzkopf im Parlament.

Man hat geſagt, unter zwanzig abgedankten oder zu freiwilliger Ruhe des Alters eingegangenen Miniſtern großer und kleiner Höfe, finde man immer zwölf bis funfzehn, die zuletzt Gärtner werden und Landleute. Deſto beſſer für die Exminiſter: denn ſie haben gewiß, wie der vortreffliche Kanzler von la Roche in Speier, bei der Harke und der Schaufel mehr Ruhe, als in ihren ſchönſten Tagen bei Hofe.

Herrlicher Stoff, ſetzt man hinzu, ſei dies zum Moraliſiren und Loben der Verachtung aller menſchlichen Herrlichkeit für Leute, die Welt und Menſchen nicht kennen. An dieſer geprieſenen Abgeſchiedenheit haben ländliches Vergnügen und Unſchuld, Vergnügen an den Werken der Natur, und Genuß der endlich errungenen Ruhe bei den mehreſten nur den wenigſten Antheil. Der Mann, der ſich in ſeinem Poſten unter unzähligen Hinderniſſen durchdringen, zwingen und mühen, bald mit Kunſt, bald mit Liſt ſeinen Zweck erreichen mußte, ſei nun erſt, was er bisher nie ſein konnte, nun erſt Souverän und regierender Herr. Er könne ſchaffen und zerſtören, pflanzen und ausrotten, Verſuche machen, wann, wie und wo er will. Er könne einen Obſtgarten zuſammenhauen, und ein engliſches Bosquet dafür anlegen; Hügel machen, wo keine ſind, und Anhöhen dafür abtragen; das Waſſer laufen machen, wie er will; Bäume hoch oder niedrig ziehen, pfropfen und ſtutzen, wie es ihm einfällt; Ausſichten öffnen und verſperren; Ruinen machen laſſen, wo keine ſind; Tempel, in denen er ſelbſt Prieſter iſt, und Einſiedeleien, in denen man bleiben kann, ſo lange man will. Dies ſei nicht nur Entſchuldigung für den ehemals erlittenen Zwang, es ſei Sättigung, denn nun könne er befehlen, ohne zu gehorchen; und das Befehlen und Regieren hänge einem Miniſter an bis an ſein Ende, es ſei nun, daß er einem großen Staate vorſtehe, oder einem Hühnerhof.

Allerdings würde man Welt und Menſchen nicht kennen, allerdings würde man ſehr elend moraliſiren, wenn man behaupten wollte, um die Glückſeligkeiten der Einſamkeit zu genießen, müſſe man allen menſchlichen Leidenſchaften entſagen. Was in dem Menſchen iſt, muß in dem Menſchen bleiben. Wenn alſo der abgetretene Miniſter des Regierens und Befehlens nicht müde iſt, wenn er wirklich klein genug denkt, um es nicht zu ſein: o ſo mag er ſeinen Hühnern befehlen, was und ſo viel er will, wenn nur das ihn glücklich macht, und wenn er nur dabei die Luſt verliert, ſich von neuem auf Meere und in Stürme zu wagen und Schiffbrüchen ſich auszuſetzen, denen er nun in ländlicher Ruhe entgeht[2]. Früher oder ſpäter lernt auch der Exminiſter gewiß alle menſchliche Herrlichkeit verachten, wenn er findet und erfährt, daß die wahre Größe des Menſchen oft bei dem anfängt, was Miniſter für Nichtsſein halten; daß der Gram, nichts Gutes mehr thun zu können, nur verlarvter Ehrgeiz iſt; und daß Gärtner und Landpfarrer bei Kohl und Spargel und Hühnern weit vergnügter und glücklicher leben, als der größte Miniſter.

Die Glückſeligkeit eines Landpredigers übertrifft jede andere Glückſeligkeit, wenn er will. Solche Glückliche giebt's in Hütten aus Holz und Lehm; wo man jedesmal in Gefahr iſt, ſich todt zu ſtürzen, wenn man eine Treppe hinunter gehen will; wo ein Mann, der nicht fünf Fuß hat, den Kopf an allen den niedrigen Thürbalken wund ſchlägt; wo man über den Miſt in's Haus kommt, aus dem Stall in die Studierſtube, und durch die Rauchkammer zur Frau Paſtorin. Trockene Erbſen und roher Schinken ſind Leckerbiſſen für dieſe Patriarchen. Milch und Bier iſt ihr Getränke, und ſie wiſſen nichts von Kolik. Kein Fenſter iſt dicht, und ſie verkälten ſich nie. Die Frau Paſtorin lieſt keine Romane, und ihre Nerven ſind ſtark. Ihr einziger Almanach iſt der Gartenkalender. Flicken und Nähen iſt die Wonne ihres Lebens, und ihren Kopfputz macht ſie ſelbſt. Ihre einzige Liebe ſind ihre Kinder, jeder Verunglückter und ihr Mann. Der Herr Paſtor lehrt Tugend auf der Kanzel und durch ſein Leben. Alle ſeine moraliſchen Handlungen ſind immerwährende Richtungen zu Gott. Chriſtus iſt ſein Fels, Vernunft bei Tage ſein Führer und Glauben ſein Leitſtern bei der Nacht. Von Religionszänkereien weiß er nichts. Er denkt über Alles billig und mäßig. Beim Hagel freut er ſich, wenn ſein Feld am meiſten leidet. So lange der Bauer noch einen Schinken hat, hungert kein ſolcher Paſtor. Sein Beutel iſt oft leer, und ſein Herz iſt nie traurig: und darum iſt er glücklicher, als ein König und ein Conſiſtorialrath in der Stadt.

Einſamkeit brächte kein Glück bei ſo vielen Vortheilen, wenn man nicht in derſelben dem Grübeln an ſeinem Glücke entſagte. Durch das immerwährende Nachdenken über das, was noch etwa beſſer ſein könnte, vergißt man Alles, was gut iſt. Wenn du immer an der ſchlimmen Seite aller Dinge ſchnüffelſt, Alles gerade haben willſt, was nun einmal ſchief iſt und ſchief bleiben ſoll, ſo mußt du auch nichts in der Welt mit deinem Augenmaaß meſſen: denn ohne die vielen ſchiefen Köpfe in der Welt wäre das Leben nicht zur Hälfte ſo luſtig!

Es iſt ein vortrefflicher Wegweiſer zu unfehlbarer Glückſeligkeit, wenn man ſich Alles in der Welt gefallen läßt, wie es iſt, oder mit einem berühmten deutſchen Philoſoph zum Grundſtein der ganzen Moral annimmt: man müſſe ſo viel Gutes thun, als möglich, und übrigens mit der Einrichtung aller Dinge, ſo wie ſie ſind, zufrieden ſein. Die Moral der Gelindigkeit und der Sanftheit iſt dies freilich; aber ſie ſchlägt doch zu leicht in Mönchsmoral[3] um; taugt nicht für kühne

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[1] **C'est à ce terme**, ſagt ein franzöſiſcher Geſchichtſchreiber, **où conduisent presque toutes les disgrâces. Le crédit, l'autorité, et la considération dont on jouissoit avant de les éprouver, sont semblables à ces feux passagers, qui brillent pendant la nuit. Ils s'éteignent tout à coup, et ne font que rendre plus sensible l'obscurité et la solitude où ils laissent un voyageur.**

[2] **Le Maréchal de Boufflers est allé planter**, ſagte die Frau von Maintenon. **Je crois que ce Cincinnatus ne seroit pas fâché, qu'on allât le chercher à la charrue. En attendant il nous a tous chargé de penser à lui, s'il vaque quelque chose pendant son absence, qui doit être de quinze jours!**

[3] **Laisser aller le monde comme il va**, ſagt ein geiſtvoller

Menſchen, und macht nicht Völker frei. Indeſſen iſt es wahr daß nichts ſo ſehr zur Unzufriedenheit führt, als wenn jeder Menſch gegen alles, was iſt, etwas zu erinnern findet.

Als mich einſt in Hannover mein Barbier einſeifen wollte, ſagte er mit einem großen Seufzer: es iſt heute erſchrecklich heiß! Sie ſetzen den Himmel in wahre Verlegenheit, erwiederte ich; ſeit neun Monaten ſagten Sie mir immer um den andern Tag: es iſt heute erſchrecklich kalt! Kann denn der liebe Gott die Erde nicht mehr regieren, ohne daß die Herren Chirurgi etwas dagegen zu erinnern hätten? Sollte es nicht beſſer ſein, daß wir uns alle über die Witterung zufrieden gäben, wie ſie kommt, und daß wir die armen Tage von Gottes Hand eben ſo dankbar annähmen, als die kalten? O ja, ſagte der Barbier.

Mit ziemlicher Zuverläſſigkeit kann ich alſo behaupten: Genügſamkeit und Zufriedenheit mit ſeinen Schickſalen ſeien dem Menſchen doch mehrentheils zu allen guten Dingen nütze; und in ſehr vielen Fällen biete Einſamkeit zu beiden die Hand.

Freunde, die das Schickſal getrennt hat, veredeln nirgends ihre Gefühle und ihr Verhalten für einander ſo mächtig, wie da, wo nichts dieſes ſüße Andenken ſtört, und wo die Welt nie in die Mitte kommt zwiſchen ihre Herzen. Wechſelſeitige üble Laune, Unbehaglichkeit, in die man durch das Gewirre des Lebens und durch ſo viele kleine Vorfälle täglich geriſſen werden kann, machen oft das Beiſammenſein der zärtlichſten Gemüther weniger mild. Man denkt in dieſen unglücklichen Augenblicken nur an das, was man ſich heute nicht iſt, und nicht an das, was man in jeder großen Angelegenheit des Lebens ſich war, auch noch jetzt und immer ſich ſein würde. Er, der mich immer durch Liebe angezogen hat, ſtößt mich heute durch üble Laune zurück; und wie manches freundliche Gefühl, wie manche ſüße Lebensfreude geht darüber verloren, wenn ich jenes Entfernte nicht immer an das Gegenwärtige knüpfe, und üble Laune erwiedere durch üble Laune. Kurzes Mißvergnügen und ein ſo leicht zu hebendes Uebergewicht von Gram können nur auf Augenblicke das ſchöne Bild verdunkeln, unter dem mir ſonſt mein Freund immer ſich darſtellt, und das immer ſo mild in mein Herz wirkt. Er verbreitet Seligkeit über mein Leben, zaubert mir ſonſt allen Unmuth weg, und verhehlt mir nur in dieſem Augenblicke nicht ſeinen eigenen Unmuth. Freilich iſt das eine Folge unſerer zwangloſen Freimüthigkeit; aber Freunde ſollen gegen einander nicht grämeln, da ſie ſonſt doch alles Unglück des Lebens zuſammen theilen, und Alles für einander leiden und thun. Freundſchaft fordert Offenherzigkeit, aber auch zu wechſelſeitigem Genuſſe immer wechſelſeitige Duldſamkeit und leiſes Nachgeben, immer Sanftmuth des Betragens gegen jede Verſtimmung der Seele, immer Zartheit gegen Schärfe. In der Gegenwart geſchieht dieß alsdann nicht, wenn jeder ſeinen ganzen Vorrath von übler Laune nicht nur mitbringt und auspackt, ſondern von den Stacheln ſeines eigenen Lebens geneckt, nun wieder neckt, und Stunden hindurch immer gereizt bleibt und immer reizt. Aber wie verſchwindet dieß Alles in der Einſamkeit, die das Andenken aller Geliebten unſerer Seele heiligt, das Andenken von Allem vernichtet, was nicht gegenwärtiger Freundſchaftsgenuß war. Sicherheit, Feſtigkeit und erprobte Treue ſteigen da wieder zu dem hohen Range, den ſie in liebenden Herzen hatten und verdienten. Alles iſt jetzt Einklang; ich verſtehe immer meinen Freund, bin immer von meiner Freundin verſtanden. Die lieben Unſichtbaren umſchweben mich bei jedem Gedanken und jeder Empfindung, die ich ihnen mittheilen möchte. Wie ein Heiligthum verwahre ich jedes Blümchen, das ſie auf die Wege meines Lebens ſtreuten; und jedes Blümchen, das ich ſehe, breche ich ab für ſie.

Liebe endlich, die dem Herzen doch Alles iſt, ſcheint einen großen Rang unter den Glückſeligkeiten der Einſamkeit zu verdienen, wenn man Liebe in derſelben ſo behandelt, daß man ſie zu ihren Glückſeligkeiten zählen darf.

Liebe geſellt ſich gern zu allen Blicken in die ſchöne Natur. Zartfühlende Weiber fühlen Liebe bei jeder ſchöner Ausſicht, ſo wie vielleicht nach jedem angenehmen Gefühle von jeder Art. Das weibliche Herz ſchmilzt viel leichter in ſtillen Schatten, auf den Gipfeln der Berge, oder im Hinblicke nach dem Mond. Jede ſtarke Erſchütterung wirkt in dem Menſchen immer am meiſten auf den gebrechlichſten Theil; alſo trifft in der weiblichen Seele jeder Enthuſiasmus immer früher oder ſpäter das Herz.

Weiber ſind gewiß zärtlicher, als wir, im reinen Genuſſe des Landlebens. Sie fühlen viel beſſer die Schönheit einſamer Spaziergänge und waldiger Schatten; mit ſanfterm Erſtaunen die Größe und Schönheit der Natur. Manches Herz ergiebt ſich vielleicht auf dem Lande, das unbezwingbar ſchien in der Stadt. Liebe begleitet darum ſo oft für alle zärtlichen Seelen den kommenden Frühling. Was iſt der Liebe ähnlicher, ſagt ein großer deutſcher Philoſoph, als die Empfindung, welche mir dieſes von der Abendſonne erleuchtete herrliche Thal einflößt. Rouſſeau fand die Freude, mit welcher er die erſten Knoſpen kommen ſah, unausſprechlich; die Ankunft des Frühlings war für ihn eine Auferſtehung im Paradieſe. Seine Neigung zur Zärtlichkeit wuchs durch jeden Blick ins Grüne; für ſeine Augen waren die Reize ſeiner Geliebten und die Anmuth des Frühlings Eins. Sein lange bedrücktes Herz erweiterte ſich auf einmal bei einer ſchönen Ausſicht; er athmete im Garten ſeine Seufzer leichter aus.

Verliebte ſind nirgends ſo gern wie im Stillen. Sie ſuchen Ruhe an einſamen Oertern, um da dem einzigen Gedanken nachzuhangen, für den es ſich ihnen der Mühe verlohnt, zu leben. Was kümmern ſie ſich um Alles, was in Städten vorgeht, um Alles, was nicht Liebe athmet, oder athmen läßt. Dunkle Kammern, ſchwarze Tannenwälder, ſtille Seen, in die ſie ihre Gedanken verſenken, ſind die einzigen Vertrauten ihrer Seele. Ihnen iſt eben ſo wohl in hohen waldigen Schatten und bei dem ſchaurigen Geſchrei der Adler, als auf Fluren, wo eine einſame Hirtin ihrem Säugling die Bruſt reicht, indem ihr Geliebter neben ihr ſeinen harten Biſſen Brot bricht, und glücklicher iſt, als ihr Alle. Alles Erhabene, alles Schöne und alles Milde fühlt ein Mann von Geiſt beſſer, wenn er verliebt iſt. Nichts in der Welt giebt ſo viel Geiſt, wo auch keiner iſt, wie Liebe.

Die ſüßeſten Erinnerungen der Liebe finden in der Einſamkeit ihre Auferſtehung. Ach das erſte Erröthen, der erſte kleine Händedruck, der erſte Zorn über eine unerwartete Störerin oder einen unbehaglichen Zerſtörer ihrer ſüßen Unterredungen, dieß Alles ſind unvertilgbare Eindrücke! Oft glaubt man, die Zeit habe ſie ausgelöſcht. Aber es giebt Fächer in der Seele, die verſchloſſen bleiben eine lange Zeit, und ſtößt ihr die Thüre nur ein wenig auf, ſo ſtürzt Alles heraus. So geht es mit der ganzen Reihe unſerer jugendlichen Empfindungen, und zumal mit allen Erinnerungen unſerer erſten Liebe, denen wir ſo gern nachhängen. Ewig bleibt der Eindruck; ewig das Andenken jenes höchſten Grades der Entzückung in der Liebe, der, wie ein Kenner unausſprechlich ſchön und wahr geſagt hat, jenes erſte glückliche Finden iſt, jener über alle Begriffe ſüße Augenblick, da beide Geliebten gewahr werden, daß ſie ſich lieben.

Wer gern im Stillen über Liebe nachdenkt, und Liebe erfahren hat, findet in dieſem unerſchöpflichen Nachdenken den höchſten Genuß der Liebe. Herder ſagt, er wiſſe nicht, welche Mythologie irgend eines aſiatiſchen Volks ihre Zeiträume des höchſten Alterthums der Welt ſo eintheile, es haben ſich die Menſchen, damals noch paradieſiſche Geiſter, Jahrtauſende zuerſt durch Blicke geliebt, nachher durch einen Kuß, durch eine bloße Berührung.

Abſonderung und Stille ſcheinen der Liebe ſo hold, daß man zuweilen vom Gegenſtande ſeiner Liebe weg, gern in die Einſamkeit geht. Wer erinnert ſich nicht aus Rouſſeaus Bekenntniſſen die Geſchichte, welche die Frau von Luxemburg von einem Manne erzählte, der ſeine Geliebte verließ, blos um an ſie zu ſchreiben! Rouſſeau erwiederte der Frau von Luxemburg, er wäre wohl dieſer Mann auch geweſen; und wie wahr! Wer hat geliebt und weiß nicht, daß es Zeiten giebt, da man mit der Feder in der Hand unendlich mehr ſagt, als durch die todte Zunge, das elende Hülfsmittel der Rede, die nichts iſt und nichts ausdrückt; nie ſo viel, als wenn man im Moment der äußerſten Entzückung nur ſich anſieht, und völlig ſchweigt.

Liebe nimmt aber auch in einſamen Landgegenden, auf alten romantiſchen Schlöſſern und in der Trunkenheit jugendlicher Einbildungskraft oft den höchſten Flug der Schwärmerei. Religion, Liebe und Melancholie machen da das erhabenſte und grillenhafteſte Gemengſel von Empfindungen im Herzen und Ueberſpannung im Kopfe. Der ſchmachtende Jüngling nimmt den Text zu ſeiner erſten Liebeserklärung aus der Offenbarung Johannis. Indem er verlangt, daß ſeine Geliebte nicht mehr lache, weil Liebe nichts ſein könne als ewige Melancholie, indem er ſich erſtechen will aus Liebe, ſieht ihre erhitzte Phantaſie in ihm nichts, als das höchſte Muſter aller Vollkommenheiten. Beide Engel lieben ſich auf dem uralten hohen Schloſſe, nicht mehr wie weniger reine und edle Seelen ſich lieben, nicht in Proſe möchte ich wohl ſagen, ſondern dythirambiſch. Der geliebte Jüngling iſt zwiſchen den Felſen, im Mondlichte, nicht etwa nur ein ſanfter, vernünftiger, geſitteter und lieber Jüngling; er iſt ein Gott. Ihr eigenes ganzes Weſen hält die feurige Dame für ein Heiligthum der Liebe, und ihre Liebe zu dem ſanften, artlichen Jüngling für einen Ausfluß, für einen Theil der Gottheit.

Schriftſteller. faire son devoir tellement quellement, et dire toujours du bien de Monsieur le Prieur, est une ancienne maxime de moines, mais elle peut laisser le couvent dans la mediocrite, dans le relachement, et dans le mepris.

Gemein Verliebte vermengen freilich in jeder Entfernung ihr Daſein, ſchreiben ſich von jeder Poſtſtation, ergreifen jede Gelegenheit, um von einander zu ſprechen, oder ſprechen zu hören; aber dieſe bis zur höchſten Spitze der Erhabenheit erhitzte und verliebte Dame zieht alle Buttervögelein, alle gefiederten Sänger in der Luft, alle Engel im Himmel, Gott und die ganze Natur in ihren Roman. Cherubine und Seraphine blicken mit Wolluſt auf ihre Küſſe. Alle vier Evangeliſten, alle Erzväter, alle Heiligen, billigen laut die Reinheit ihrer ſonſt ziemlich geheim gehaltenen Liebe. Sie ſieht nichts mehr in der Welt, wie es iſt, etwa ihren Herrn Gemahl ausgenommen. Temperament iſt in nichts, Reinheit iſt in Allem. Sie reißt die Welt aus ihren Angeln und die Sonne aus ihrer Achſe, um zu beweiſen, daß Alles recht iſt, was ſie thut und was ſie will; und erſchafft ein neues Evangelium, und eine neue Moral, für ſich, und ihren artlichen Jüngling.

Solche Wirkungen der Liebe gehören nicht zu den Vortheilen der Einſamkeit. Auch die ſchwärmeriſche Liebe, die nicht dichtet, keine Farben borgt, ſich nichts einbildet, nie idealiſirt, keine ſolche Kraftſprünge macht, verzehrt am Ende den Menſchen und macht ihn unglücklich. Mit der einzigen Perſon beſchäftiget, die wir über alles lieben, die alle Kräfte unſerer Seele verſchlingt, flohen und verſchmähten wir gerne die Welt. Aber wären wir auf immer getrennt von ihr, die bis zur erhabenſten Aufopferung Alles für uns that, die unſer einziger Troſt war in allen Trübſalen unſers Lebens, in der tiefſten Bedrückung unſer einziges Glück, in jeder Entfernung der höchſte Lichtpunkt unſerer Sehnſucht, unſere einzige Kraft, wenn alle Kraft uns verließ, unſer beſter Rath, wenn wir keinen Rath mehr wußten, und häuslicher Jammer uns ganz niederwarf, und wir unvermögend waren zu denken und zu handeln: o ſo wäre in träger Einſamkeit Schmachten unſere einzige Wonne! Alle Nächte brachten wir ſchlaflos zu; der Ekel vor dem Leben, das Verlangen nach dem Tode, die Flucht vor den Menſchen, die Sehnſucht nach den fürchterlichſten Wüſten, nagten dann an unſerm Herzen, und trieben uns einſam auf den Fluren umher, fern von den Fußtapfen der Menſchen. Und flohen wir von der Elbe zum Genferſee, und ſuchten wir Freiheit in Weſten und Norden, und bis an die Grenzen des Oceans: ſo wären wir doch wie Virgils Reh, das Felder und Wälder durchläuft, und überall den Pfeil mit ſich ſchleppt, der es verwundet.

Bei ſolchen Convulſionen der Imagination iſt Einſamkeit keine Arzenei. Auch hat Ovid vortrefflich geſagt: vermeidet ihr bis zur Schwärmerei Verliebten einſame Oerter, hütet euch allein zu ſein; wohin fliehet ihr! nur im Gedränge ſeid ihr ſicher.

Einſamkeit iſt auch für jene Liebe keine Arzenei, die der Tugend ſchadet. Nähme Liebe im Herzen einen ſündhaften Schwung, ſo wäre doch die Gegenwart der geliebten Perſon, für ein tugendhaftes Gemüth, nicht gefährlich. Aber durch Einſamkeit und Abweſenheit werden die geheimſten Triebe der Seele gereizt. Der Anblick der geliebten Perſon unterdrückt in einem tugendhaften Gemüthe jede Anwandlung verbotener Begierden: in der Entfernung glaubt man ſich in Sicherheit und hält darum ſeiner Imagination nicht den Zügel. Einſamkeit zumal erhöht alle Bilder der Wolluſt, alles was Wünſche belebt und anfeuert; da fürchtet man nichts und wandelt in den Gefilden angenehmer Täuſchung fort, und dann wird Leidenſchaft gefährlich.

Wolluſtig brannte oft das Herz des Petrarcha, an den Felſen von Vaucluſe, wo er Ruhe ſuchte gegen Laura und die Liebe. Aber er warf die ſchönen Bilder weg, und ſeine Liebe ward geiſtig; und glühet noch, mit himmliſcher Reinheit, in ſeinen unſterblichen Liedern, die er unter jenen Felſen ſang.

Liebe und Ruhe umarmen ſich, wenn du dich demüthig ergiebſt, unter alle Fügungen Gottes. Hätte der Tod dir deine Geliebte entriſſen, wäre dir jetzt die Welt eine Wüſte, und wollteſt du dich nirgends mehr niederſetzen, als da wo ſie ſtand und wo ſie ging, dann würden deine Thränen fließen bis in den Tod. Trauern heißt nicht, Gott ergeben ſein. Der Traurige will immer an dem hangen, was nun einmal nicht mehr iſt, und nicht mehr ſein kann. Er ſucht immer, und findet nie. Er lauſcht, und hört nichts. Er glaubt, er ſehe das geliebte Bild leben und Athem holen, und es iſt nichts als bunte Farbe auf todter Leinwand, oder gefärbter hinfälliger Staub hinter Glas. Er bricht Roſen ab, von dem Grabe der weggeſunkenen Freude ſeines Lebens, begießt ſie, pflegt ſie, liebelt mit ihnen, und freuet ſich ihres ſanften Geruches; doch auch dieſes letzte lebende Andenken vergeht, die Roſe blättert ab, und verdorrt. Aber hat der Trauernde in der Einſamkeit lange genug ſich geſträubt gegen die Scheidewand des Schickſals; hat er lange vergebens ſeine Arme ausgeſtreckt in leere Luft, hat er lange genug ſtarr und hoffnungslos hingeblickt nach dem geliebten verſchwundenen Schatten, oder ſich vergebens geſehnt nach thränenfreiem Wiederſehen: dann übt er doch allmählig ſeine Kräfte, trägt Unglück heroiſch, kämpft gegen jede Schwäche, und dann kommt Ruhe.

Am Fuße einſamer Berge, in dunkeln, engen, ſchauerigen Thälern, freueſt du dich jedes Sieges über dich ſelbſt, und jedes Heldenſchrittes in deinem Leben, beſſer als über allen Menſchenbeifall in vergoldeten Zimmern, und pflanzeſt da, mit ungleich mehr Vergnügen, als die große Welt hat und giebt, deine Erbſen.

Aechte Liebe wird in der Einſamkeit nie überwunden, aber geheiligt. Was in der Natur des Menſchen iſt, muß in der Natur des Menſchen bleiben; aber man muß es nicht verdrehen, ſondern zu guten Zwecken wenden. Theile du darum, wenn du glücklicher ſein willſt als Petrarcha, deine Einſamkeit mit dem liebenden Weſen, das beſſer als alle unſere Philoſophie, alle unſere Sorgen und alle unſere Lebenspein hintergeht und wegkoſt. Ein ſehr weiſer Mann hat geſagt, daß die Gegenwart eines mit uns gleichdenkenden Geiſtes, eines mit dem unſrigen gleichgeſtimmten und uns liebenden Herzens, der Einſamkeit nicht nur keinen Eintrag thut, ſondern dieſelbe vielmehr befördert. Beglückt dich, wie mich, Liebe einer liebenden Frau; o ſo entwöhnt auch ſie dich, durch freie und ſüße Mittheilung ihrer innerſten Gedanken und Empfindungen, von den Menſchen nur deſto beſſer. So mannichfaltig auch noch die Geſchäfte, die Angelegenheiten, die Zufälle und die Veränderungen deines Lebens ſind, ſo vervielfältigen ſich dadurch nur um ſo mehr die Gegenſtände des vertrauten Geſprächs und der häuslichen Unterhaltung. O der Herzensprediger muß ſolche häusliche Glückſeligkeit empfunden und erfahren haben, der uns dieß Alles ſo unübertrefflich lehrt, und ſagt: Hier fällt kein gutes Wort auf die Erde; hier bleibt keine Wirkung ohne Gegenwirkung, kein Gedanke der nicht aufgefaßt, kein Beweis der Liebe nicht erwiedert, keine Gefälligkeit die nicht vergolten, keine Freude die nicht mitgenoſſen würde, und keine Empfindung die ſich nicht beiden Herzen mittheilt! Alſo muß und kann ſolchen Menſchen, die durch wahre innige Liebe und Freundſchaft mit einander verbunden ſind, alles wichtig ſein, was ein jeder von ihnen hat und redet, und thut und genießt, was er will und was ihm begegnet. Alſo betrachten nur ſie die Vorzüge des einen mit neidloſem Wohlgefallen, und nur ſie bemerken die Schwachheiten und Fehler des andern ohne Unwillen. Nur ſie tadeln jede Vergehung mit unbeleidigender Sanftmuth, verſtehen jeden Wink, kommen jedem Bedürfniſſe, jedem Verlangen des andern zuvor, richten ſich immer nach den Abſichten des andern, ſtimmen immer in die Empfindungen des andern ein, und freuen ſich von ganzem Herzen über Alles, ſelbſt das geringſte Gute, das dem andern widerfährt.

So kann darum Einſamkeit, die man mit einem liebenden Weſen theilt, mit Ruhe, Zufriedenheit und Freude beſtehen, und ſo macht ſie jede Hütte zum Sitze des Vergnügens. Wenn Geiſt und Laune ſo zuſammentreffen, dann wird die Liebe auch in der Einſamkeit die edelſten Geſinnungen in der Seele unterhalten, den Geiſt immer mehr erheben, das Herz immer mehr mit Wohlwollen erfüllen, jedes Laſter immer mehr verſcheuchen, jede Tugend immer mehr ſtärken und erweitern. So wird jeder Anfall unſerer übeln Laune gemildert, die Heftigkeiten unſerer Leidenſchaften beſänftigt, und der bittere Kelch des Lebens verſüßt. So erheitert ſich Alles in der Einſamkeit durch glückliche Liebe, die alle Leiden des Lebens erleichtert, und Blumen ſtreut auf alle unſere Wege.

Einſamkeit verwandelt zuweilen, aber freilich nicht immer, tiefe Schwermuth in ſüße Melancholie. Alles was mit Milde in die Seele wirkt, iſt Balſam für ein trauriges Herz. Weibliches Theilnehmen, weibliche Freundlichkeit, weibliche Güte, ſind darum jedem Seelenkranken, und jedem Leidenden ſo willkommen. Ach wenn mir auch ſonſt Alles in der ganzen Welt mißfiel, wenn ich Alles was ich hatte, nicht mehr mochte, wenn Unluſt an Allem mir alle Lebenskraft nahm, wenn ich keine Hoffnung mehr hatte und Labung von nichts, wenn mein Unmuth mir die ganze ſchöne Erde zu einer Grabesſtätte machte, ſo lag doch noch immer für mich in weiblicher Güte eine tröſtende Kraft. Nichts verſüßt mehr unſere Leiden als die Ueberzeugung, daß ſie einer liebenswürdigen Perſon nicht gleichgültig ſind.

So wie weiblicher Verſtand und weibliche Güte den Kranken und Leidenden beruhigt, ſo beruhigt ſich auch der Schwermüthige, beim Anblick von tauſend ländlichen Scenen; und alles was ihn härmte und drückte, verwandelt ſich dann in ſanfte Wehmuth und angenehme Schmerzen.

Süße Melancholie wird ſchon in früher Jugend oft durch Einſamkeit veranlaßt. Junge Mädchen auf dem Lande von funfzehn bis achtzehn Jahren, von zarter Empfindung und weitſehendem Blick, haben dieſe ſüße Melancholie, wenn ſie ſehr empfänglich für Liebe ſind, nach Liebe ſich ſehnen, Liebe athmen, und doch noch keine Liebe ſehen und finden. Dieſe Melancholie ſah ich oft ohne irgend ein anderweitiges Merkmal von Krankheit. Rouſſeau hatte dieſe Melancholie in Vivis (Vevay) als er dort an den ſchönen Ufern des Genferſees ging. Mein Herz, ſagt er, warf ſich da mit Gewalt und Hitze in tauſend unſchuldige Glückſeligkeiten; ich ward aufs zärtlichſte erweicht, ich ſeufzte, ich weinte, wie ein Kind. Ach wie oft ſetzte ich mich dort auf einen großen Stein hin, und ſah mit Vergnügen, wie meine Thränen ins Waſſer fielen!

Auch ich ſchrieb dieſe Zeilen nicht ohne Thränen der ſüßeſten Erinnerung. In meinem ſiebenzehnten Jahre ſaß ich, unter gleichem Drucke, oft in ſtillen Schatten, an denſelben ſchönen Ufern. Liebe heilte meinen Zuſtand, Liebe unter den Bäumen am Genferſee! Einſamkeit heilt ihn nicht; aber man bleibt in dieſem Zuſtand auch gerne ungeheilt. So ſanft, ſo ſüß leiden, traurig ſein ohne recht zu wiſſen warum, und dann doch die Einſamkeit Allem vorziehen; gern allein ſein, an dem klaren See, auf Felſen, in Klüften, im ſchwarzen Gehölze; nur Gefallen finden an Schönheiten erhabener oder lieblicher Natur, die der Weltling verachtet; oder nur eine einzige Seele um ſich haben wollen, der man dieß alles mittheilen könne, die dieß alles auch auffaſſe, und übrigens die ganze Welt thun und denken laſſen was ſie will: dieß iſt ein Zuſtand, den jeder Jüngling einmal genießen ſoll, weil er das Alter flieht.

Es giebt Betrübte, die bei jeder Erinnerung an ihre geliebten Todten vergehen, die jedes Andenken der Liebe ihrer Abgeſtorbenen foltert, die ſchauern und zittern, wenn ſie eine von der erblaßten verſchwundenen Hand geſchriebene Zeile ſehen, die ſtumm und ohnmächtig hinfallen würden bei dem Grabe, das alle Freude ihres Lebens verſchlang. Ach die Sonne lächelt nicht für ſie! Keinen Reiz hat für ſie die erſte Viole, der Geſang der Vögel, die den Frühling verkündigen, das neue Leben der ganzen Natur. Sie können keinen Garten ausſtehen; und Gärten, auf die man ſie in den Zeiten ihrer tiefſten Traurigkeit einlud, ſind ihnen Felder des Schreckens für ihr ganzes Leben. Sie kehren ihr Geſicht ab, von der lieben Hand, die ſie führen will, aus ihrer Trauerhöhle ins Grüne. Insgemein ſind ſolche Betrübte, ſind ſie Menſchen von heftiger Gemüthsart, dabei gewiß krank; ihre Behandlung fordert treue Liebe und großes Nachgeben.

Dahingegen hat die Natur mächtige Reize für ſanftere Gemüther, deren Verluſt auch eben ſo groß iſt, als jener, welche denſelben eben ſo gewaltig empfinden. Sie denken ſich ihr Unglück auch eben ſo groß; aber ſie theilen es mit der ganzen ruhigen Schöpfung umher, pflanzen gerne weinende Weiden und Roſen auf Gräbern, zeichnen und bauen Monumente, dichten Lieder, kleiden den Tod in liebliche Geſtalten, haben ihr Herz immer nach den Abgeſtorbenen gerichtet, und leben dadurch, bei der wahrhafteſten und aufrichtigſten Trauer, in einer ſeligen Mitte zwiſchen Erde und Himmel. Solche Trauernde nenne ich glücklich, wenn niemand ſie in ihrer Trauer ſtört, ſo ſehr mir auch mein Herz bei dem Gedanken ihres Verluſts bebt und blutet. Aber ſcheue dich zu ſagen, ſie ſeien nicht traurig; oder auch nur weniger traurig, als jene, die in eine Art von Wuth verfallen, oder die vollends, unter dem Drucke der ſchrecklichſten Schmerzen, zu viele Empfindung beinahe tödtet. Das Urtheil wäre dumm; du würdeſt durch einen ſo beleidigenden Irrthum ein Barbar.

Ueble Laune und Grämelei verſchwinden in der Einſamkeit bei dem kleinſten Herzensgenuß, bei jedem Schatten von häuslicher oder ländlicher Glückſeligkeit. Ueble Laune iſt ein häßlicher unbehaglicher Zuſtand der Seele, dem man leicht nachhängt, wenn eine Menge kleiner Verdrüßlichkeiten uns necken, die doch gewöhnlich nur der Alltagslauf des Lebens erzeugt. Vor ſolchem Unglück darf man nur bloß ſeine Thür abſchließen. Grämelei iſt zwar erdroſſelter Zorn, den Männer mit Blicken und Geberden ſtillſchweigend äußern, und den das ſchöne Geſchlecht auch wohl zuweilen durch einen kleinen Hagelſchlag von Klagen verräth. Kein grämlicher Mann ſoll ſich in Geſellſchaft zeigen, und noch viel weniger eine grämliche Dame. Weg mit ihnen in die Einſamkeit.

Alle dieſe Betrachtungen über die Vortheile der Einſamkeit leiten mich nun endlich zu der wichtigen Frage, ob es wenigſtens in der Einſamkeit nicht leichter werde, tugendhaft zu ſein, als in der Welt. Sodann bleibt mir noch übrig, die Glückſeligkeit im Ganzen zu betrachten, welche die Einſamkeit dem Herzen giebt: auch ihre Vortheile im Alter; ihre Führung zu Gott, und die Blicke aus ihr in die Ewigkeit.

Viel Gutes geſchieht in der Welt von Amtswegen. Der Geiſtliche lehrt und tröſtet, der Rechtsgelehrte verſchafft Recht, der Arzt macht ſeine Beſuche, ſeufzt und ſchwitzt oft Blut dabei und kurirt gut oder übel; Alles aus Menſchenliebe, ſagen die Herren. Davon iſt kein Wort wahr. Man tröſtet, verſchafft Recht, und kurirt nicht immer aus Trieben ſeines Herzens, ſondern weil man muß: weil man dazu aufgefordert iſt; weil man einen ſchwarzen Rock trägt, in dieſem Collegio ſitzt, oder dieſen und jenen Schild aushängt. Euer Wohlgebornen wohlbekannte Menſchenliebe, ein Wort, bei dem ich immer auffahre, und womit viele tauſend an mich geſchriebene Briefe immer anfangen, iſt nichts als eiskalter Canzleiſtyl, Ziererei, Lüge. Menſchenliebe iſt Tugend, Adel der Seele vom erſten Range; und woher weißt du, daß ich das oder dieſes aus Tugend thue, und nicht weil ich muß?

Gute Werke ſind alſo nicht immer Gottesdienſt. Deſſen Herz, der ſich von Weltgeſchäften vollends nie losreißt, verwildert oft für alles Gute. Man kann Gutes thun, und doch nicht gut ſein: groß ſein in Geſchäften, und klein in ſeinem Herzen[1]. Tugend iſt ſeltener, als man glaubt. Mit Menſchenliebe, Tugend, Patriotismus, und allen Wörtern dieſer Art, muß man darum haushälteriſch umgehen. Man muß ſie nur bei großen Gelegenheiten gebrauchen: denn wer ſolche Wörter zu oft ausſpricht, ſchwächt ſie, und macht ſie verächtlich. Wer ſollte ſich nicht ſchämen, gelehrt oder menſchenliebend zu heißen, da oft ſo äußerſt elende Kerle hochgelehrt ſind, und da man ſo manchen Schurken wegen ſeiner wohlbekannten Menſchenliebe lobt!

Wahrſcheinlich geſchieht in der Einſamkeit mehr Gutes, als in der Welt. Jeder gute Menſch von einiger Bedeutung iſt wahrlich nicht gut des Exempels wegen, denn leider ſind Exempel des Guten gar zu ſelten in der Welt, ſondern weil er bei ſtiller Ueberlegung findet, daß Größe des Herzens doch am Ende jede andere Größe übertrifft. Auch geſchieht wirklich das meiſte Große in der Welt durch ſtille Thaten.

Tugend wird viel leichter und freier in der Einſamkeit ausgeübt, als in der Welt. Niemand ſchämt ſich in der Einſamkeit der Tugend, da ſie hingegen gebeugt durch die Welt ſchleicht und in großen Verſammlungen beſcheiden in der Ecke ſteht. Unſer Umgang mit der Welt iſt eine Erziehung zum Laſter. Bei den beſten Entſchlüſſen fehlen wir doch alle, täglich, unter ſo vielen Fallſtricken und Gefahren. Manchem, der eine große Rolle in der Welt ſpielt, mangelt es freilich an guten Entſchlüſſen, bei manchem ſind die Entſchlüſſe gut, und die Werke ſchlecht. Vielleicht ſind wir des Morgens in unſerer Kammer, ehe der Wirbel unſerer Geſchäfte herankommt, noch ganz gut, noch unpartheiiſch und frei; niemand ſetzt ſich da uns entgegen. Aber mit der größten Wachſamkeit und Vorſicht bleibt man nie den ganzen Tag ganz Herr über ſich ſelbſt, wenn man mannigfaltig geneckt iſt von Bekümmerniß und Verdruß, wenn man mit Widerwillen vielerlei Geſchäfte betreiben muß, mit vielen Menſchen zu thun hat, und einem hundert unerwartete und abgeſchmackte Dinge täglich an den Kopf prellen. Selbſt in der Einſamkeit war es daher die äußerſte Thorheit, daß Seelen wähnten, die Körper hatten, ſie wollen ſich da an den höchſten Gipfel ſpeculativer Tugend hinauffaſeln. Man iſt und bleibt, auch in der Einſiedelei, doch immer Menſch. Tugend iſt nirgends leicht, als da, wo gar keine Gefahren ſind; aber dann iſt ſie auch nicht mehr Herrſchaft über uns ſelbſt. Manchen Einſiedler ſchuf Gott zu ſchwach, um aus dem Abgrunde ſich zu retten, weil Er ihn ſtark genug gemacht, um nicht hinein zu fallen.

Es iſt eine ſchöne Bemerkung eines vortrefflichen ſchottiſchen Menſchenbeobachters und Menſchenlehrers: Tugend habe die ihr eigenthümliche Wirkung, daß ſie eines Menſchen vornehmſte Glückſeligkeit aus ſeinem Verhalten entſpringen laſſe. Ein böſer Menſch ſei ganz und gar ein Geſchöpf der Welt; er hänge von ihrer Gunſt ab, lebe von ihren Freundlichkeiten, und ſei glücklich oder elend, je nachdem es ihm in derſelben gelingt oder fehl ſchlägt. Bei einem Tugendhaften aber ſei der glückliche Fortgang ſeiner weltlichen Unternehmungen nur immer die zweite untergeordnete Abſicht. Habe er, wie es ihm gebührt, ſeine Schuldigkeit gethan, ſo ſei ſein Gemüth in Ruhe; den Ausgang überlaſſe er der Vorſehung. Sein Zeuge ſei im Himmel, und der ihn kenne, ſei in der Höhe. Zufrieden mit dem Beifall Gottes, und dem Zeugniß eines guten Gewiſſens, genieße er ſeiner eignen Unſchuld, und verachte die Triumphe der Bosheit. Nach dem Maße, als ſolche edle Grundſätze unſere Herzen regieren, machen wir uns alſo von der Welt unabhängig, und klagen nicht mehr, ſie benehme uns den Muth.

Jene Unabhängigkeit von der Welt zu predigen, war die Abſicht und iſt das Ende meiner wenigen Philoſophie in dieſem Werke über die Einſamkeit. Nicht in Wüſten will ich die Menſchen führen, nicht in die Wohnungen der Eulen und Uhus. Aber ich möchte ihnen ihre Weltfurcht und ihre Menſchenfurcht benehmen, ich möchte ſie, ſo viel als es ſich thun läßt, unabhängig machen, ich möchte ihre elenden Feſſeln zerbrechen, ihnen Nichtachtung für die Welt und Liebe zur Einſamkeit einflößen, damit ſie ſich doch wenigſtens ein paar Stunden im Tage ſagen können, wir ſind frei.

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[1] Viri potestatibus sublimes, ſagt der Kanzler Bacon, ipsi sibi ignoti sunt. Et dum negotiis distrahuntur, tempore carent, quo sanitati aut corporis aut animae suae consulant.

Solche Unabhängigkeit und ſolche Freiheit kann auch den größten Freiheitshaſſern nicht mißfallen, denn ſie führt bloß zu einem gewiſſenhaften Gebrauche der Einſamkeit. Sie iſt die Sammlung des Gemüthes zur Stärkung und Erneuerung guter Geſinnungen, die uns dann noch immer ſo viel geſchickt und emſig machen, die rechtmäßigen Obliegenheiten unſers Standes zu erfüllen.

Wahre Apoſtel der Einſamkeit haben gezeigt: Erſt in ſolchen recht angewendeten Stunden freier Muße, faſſen wir feſte und gründliche Entſchließungen zu Beherrſchung unſers Gemüths, und zu Führung unſers Wandels. Erſt dann können wir die Umſtände unſers Lebens, die gewöhnlichen Verſuchungen, denen wir unterworfen ſind, die ſchwachen Seiten unſers Herzens, die wir am meiſten zu verwahren haben, mit ungeſtörter Ueberlegung bedenken, und uns zum Voraus gegen dasjenige waffnen, was uns hernach im Umgange und in den Geſellſchaften der Welt gefährlich werden möchte. Scheine es alſo auch im Anfang, daß die Tugend in der Entfernung vom Weltgenuſſe die Grenzen des Vergnügens enger zuſammenziehe, ſo finde man doch bei näherer Ueberlegung, daß ſie in der That ſie erweitere. Halte ſie von Ausſchweifungen in einigen Vergnügungen zurück, ſo werden eben dadurch andere durch ſie begünſtigt und vermehrt. Sie entziehe uns keinen andern Vergnügungen, als ſolchen, die entweder phantaſtiſch und eingebildet ſind, oder ſchädlich und zerſtörend. Der Weltmenſch erfreue ſich ſeiner Beſitzungen, der Wollüſtling ſeiner Ergötzungen, der Geſellige ſeiner Freunde und Geſellſchaften; aber der wahrhaftig gute Menſch habe daran Freude, daß er regelmäßig die großen Pflichten ſeines Lebens erfüllt. Eine neue Sonne ſcheine ihm dann aufzugehen, und eine reine Herrlichkeit Alles um ihn her zu umglänzen; jeder Gegenſtand werde ſchöner in ſeinen Augen, und er ziehe ſeine Straße fröhlich. Unſer Vater, der ins Verborgene und in die ehrwürdigen Finſterniſſe einer ſolchen Einſamkeit ſehe, vergelte es uns öffentlich, dadurch daß wir unſere Geſchäfte vollkommener ausrichten, und den Reizungen zur Sünde beſſer widerſtehen; und das haben wir dem andächtigen, unzerſtreuten und feurigen Gebete in der Einſamkeit zu danken, und unſerer Abſonderung und Unabhängigkeit von der Welt.

Freiheit und Muße, äußere Stille und Mangel von Umgang, ſind alſo große und wahre Hülfsmittel zur Tugend. Seine Leidenſchaften hält man dann nicht bloß etwa zurück, daß ſie nur nicht in offenbare Unordnungen ausbrechen, ſondern man erlaubt auch nicht ſeiner Vorſtellungskraft beunruhigende Gedanken über Dinge, die man gerne läßt wie ſie ſind, weil man ſie verlacht. Das häusliche Leben iſt dann nicht wie in der galanten Welt der Sitz der Langenweile und des Ueberdruſſes, der Kampfplatz niedriger wilder Leidenſchaften, die Wohnung des Grams, der übeln Laune, des mannichfaltigen Streites, der boshaften Qualſucht, und ein Vorſpiel der Hölle. Frieden und Glückſeligkeit wohnen bei dem, der allen unreinen Hülfsquellen des Vergnügens entſagt, und eben darum nur deſto fähiger iſt, Vergnügen um ſich her zu verbreiten. Wer ſich entfernt aus dem Dunſtkreiſe der Laſterhaften, wer wegflieht, vor dem niederſchlagenden Anblick hochgeſchätzter Dummheit und glücklicher Bosheit, wer das Leere alles unſers Lärms, aller unſerer Behauptungen, und aller unſerer Anſprüche ſieht, kommt in ſeinem Hauſe nie aus ſeiner Faſſung.

Alles Weltvergnügen verliert ſeine Reize vor jedem ſtillen Opfer, das man der Tugend in der Einſamkeit bringt. Ich will lieber Thränen vergießen als Thränen erregen, ſagte mir einſt eine deutſche Dame. Sie ſchien nicht zu wiſſen, daß ſich kaum etwas Großmüthigeres denken und thun läßt. Solche Tugend befriedigt das Herz weit mehr, als Weltgenuß ohne Ende, und Alles was man in den Städten hervorſucht, die Zeit zu vertreiben, das Leben zu vertändeln, und die Ewigkeit zu vergeſſen. Man iſt immer glücklich, wenn man Kräfte in ſich ſelbſt findet, die man ſich ſelbſt nicht zutraute. Einſamkeit öffnet die Seele jedem edeln Vergnügen, verbreitet Licht und Heiterkeit, Zufriedenheit und Ruhe, wo man nichts erwartet hat als Thränen, und erſtattet durch tauſend neue und ſtille Freuden jeden Verluſt.

Heimlich läugnet kein Böſewicht, daß Tugend der Grundſtein aller Glückſeligkeit in der Welt und in der Einſamkeit ſei. Aber doch wirft das Laſter immer ſeine ſeidenen Netze aus und fängt ganze Heere von Cavalieren und Damen, und Creaturen von jedem Range und aus allen Ständen. Ueber jede verführeriſche Begierde zu wachen, nicht erſt wenn ſie da iſt, ſondern ſchon wenn ſie von weitem kommt; böſe Lüſte durch Wegwendung des Herzens auf edle Vergnügungen zu überwinden, dieß war von jeher der höchſte Sieg der Seele über die Welt und ſich ſelbſt, und innerer Frieden war immer ihr Lohn.

Glücklich iſt derjenige, der dieſen Frieden ſchon in die Einſamkeit bringt, die ihn ſo ungeſtört erhält. Was hülfe es die Städte zu verlaſſen, Einſamkeit, Stille und Ruhe zu ſuchen, wenn man dabei noch immer Menſchenhaß im Herzen trüge, da noch dieſer grimmigen Leidenſchaft fröhnte? Göttliche Zufriedenheit und ein ganzer Himmel auf der Stirne, fänden ſich dann eben ſo wenig in blumenreichen Gefilden, als in tiefer Nacht der Einſamkeit, und in den Trauerſchlünden finſterer Zellen. Läuterung und Behütung unſers Herzens iſt alſo das Erſte und das Letzte, was wir in der Einſamkeit thun und ſuchen müſſen; und iſt dieſes gethan, dann finden wir Glückſeligkeit; dann haben Stille, Muße, Ruhe und Freiheit einen Werth. Nicht aus Haß muß man die Menſchen fliehen; man kann ſie Alle fliehen und ihnen Allen doch Gutes wünſchen.

Zur Glückſeligkeit des Einſamen gehört, daß er hochſchätze, was die Menſchen verachten, und verachte, was die Menſchen hochſchätzen. Als Rom, nach dem Kriege mit den Seeräubern, anſtatt des Lucullus den Pompejus zu ſeinem oberſten Befehlshaber ernannte, alſo das ganze Reich den Händen eines Einzigen übergab, runzelte Pompejus die Stirne, da er ſein Creditiv erhielt, ſchlug auf ſeine Schenkel und rief aus: O ihr Götter, ihr ladet mir Arbeit auf ohne Ende! wäre ich nicht glücklicher geweſen ohne Namen und ohne Ruhm! Muß ich denn immer wieder zu Felde gehen, immer den Harniſch auf dem Leibe haben? Kann ich denn nie dem Neide entrinnen, der mich immer verfolgt, und ſanft und ſtille mit meiner Frau und meinen Kindern auf dem Lande leben! Das war ſchon geſagt, aber erlogen; denn Pompejus ſchätzte noch nicht genug, was Männer von ſeiner Sinnesart verachten, und noch verachtete er nicht, was damals Alle nach Herrſchaft gierige Römer hochſchätzten. Aber das that Manlius Curtius. Er war der größte Römer ſeiner Zeit, hatte kriegeriſche Völker überwunden, den Pyrrhus aus Italien verjagt, dreimal die Ehre des Triumphs genoſſen, und nun zog er in ein elendes kleines Haus auf dem Lande, und baute da mit eigner Hand ſein Gärtchen. Als die Geſandten der Samniter kamen, ihm eine mächtige Menge Goldes anzubieten, das er ausſchlug, ſaß er bei ſeinem Heerd und kochte Rüben.

Kein König und kein Fürſt in der Welt iſt ſo glücklich wie Manlius Curtius, als er ſeine Rüben kochte. Könige und Fürſten wiſſen es nur zu gut, daß ſie in gar manchen Fällen keine Freunde haben; ſie fragen auch darum manchen um Rath und trauen vielleicht keinem. Alle Redlichen im Lande, alle Menſchen von Geiſt, Herz und Charakter, haben Mitleiden mit guten Königen und Fürſten, denn im Grunde ſind ſie doch nie frei von Zweifeln, Beſorgniſſen und Qualen. Fürſtenglück und Königsglück reicht nie an das Glück eines arbeitſamen und zufriedenen Landmanns. Nie ſind die Freuden der Länderbeherrſcher ſo beſtändig, nie iſt ihr Leben ſo ruhig und ſo heiter. Das Eſſen des Bauers iſt ſchlecht, aber es ſchmeckt ihm; ſein Bett iſt hart, aber er ſchläft doch beſſer als Könige und Fürſten.

Einem Menſchen, der ſich gewöhnt hat ſeinen Geiſt in der Stille zu ſammeln, ſind die Stunden, die er Gott in der Einſamkeit weiht, die ſchönſten Stunden ſeines Lebens. So wie jede Vorbereitung zum heiligen Abendmahl eine Ueberſicht unſers Lebens ſein ſoll, eine Prüfung unſers Wandels, ein neuer Reiz und ein feſter Entſchluß nach dem Willen Gottes zu leben, ſo wird jede einſame Erhebung des Herzens zu Gott eine Aufforderung zu genauern und unzerſtreuten Blicken in uns ſelbſt. Jede Abweichung von unſerer Glückſeligkeit wird uns dann immer unangenehmer, und es wird uns immer leichter, uns ganz aus dem Gedränge der Welt herauszuziehen. Allmählig ſehen wir dann immer freier und ſchärfer in uns ſelbſt. Wir werden immer geſchickter uns ſtrenge zu prüfen, zu beſtrafen, zur Beſſerung unſerer Sinnesart und unſers Wandels zu erwecken, und Alles recht zu überdenken, was Ziel und Zweck des Lebens iſt. Wenn wir wiſſen, was unſere Handlungen Gott gefällig macht, ſo mag es genug ſein für die Menſchen, wenn wir Gutes unter ihnen, oder für ſie thun. Aber alle guten Werke und Handlungen leiden noch ſo manche Nebenabſicht, die Gott nicht gefällig ſein kann, daß nothwendig Alles dabei auf die Richtung des Herzens ankommen muß. Jede gute That bringt unſtreitig Ruhe ins Herz; aber iſt dieſe Ruhe immer rein? Iſt ſie nicht etwa nur Befriedigung weltlicher Abſichten, oder flüchtiger Enthuſiasmus, oder Selbſtliebe eher als Liebe des Nächſten? Solche Erforſchungen unſerer Sinnesart, unſerer Handlungen und unſerer Wege, machen wir gewiß weit beſſer, wenn wir uns ruhige und abgeſonderte Zeiten dazu nehmen, uns zur Prüfung dieſer großen Wahrheiten einſame Stunden wählen, wo wir allein ſind vor Gott.

So wenden wir uns in der [illegible]ſamkeit von der Gemeinſchaft mit Menſchen zum Zurü[illegible]uen auf unſern Lebensgang, zur Prüfung unſers Verha[illegible]s, zur Vorbereitung auf jeden kommenden Tag, zur Rechnung mit uns ſelbſt an jedem Abend. So werden die Wunden geheilt, die uns die Welt beibringt. Solche Zwiſchenräume religiöſer Ruhe erleichtern jeden guten Vorſatz im Leben, beſänftigen das Herz, zeigen ihm den ſicherſten Durchgang zwiſchen fürchterlichen Klippen; und ſo ſind wir dann auch nie weniger allein, als wenn kein Menſch um uns iſt, weil alsdann noch der bei uns iſt, deſſen Aufſicht mehr bedeutet, als das Aufmerken des ganzen menſchlichen Geſchlechts.

Einſamkeit ruft uns immer von Schwäche zu Kraft, von Verführung zu Widerſtand, von der Tyrannei des Sichtbaren zu freier Beherzigung des Unſichtbaren, von dem Gegenwärtigen zur Zukunft. Geht man auch nicht immer in die Einſamkeit, um mit Gott zu reden, ſo geht man doch gerne aus Sälen voll Geräuſch und Thorheit in ſein ſtilles Haus, um nicht immer an Freuden zu hangen, zu denen ſo gar nichts von einer feinern und moraliſchen Natur kommt. In jedem ſtillen Augenblicke unſers Lebens treten wir doch immer näher vor deſſen Angeſicht, dem es ſo wichtig iſt zu gefallen, und der auch um Mitternacht bei unſerer Lampe wacht.

Prediger der Geſelligkeit ſtellen ſich zwar immer an, als wären allenthalben in der Welt ſehr große Dinge zu thun. Aber etwas Großes geſchähe erſt alsdann, wenn jeder in ſeinem Fache etwas mehr thäte als ſeine Pflicht; und leider thun wir Alle weniger, und Alles rollt dann in der Welt fort, wie es kann und mag. Kraft zu großen Handlungen, Erhabenheit, Stärke und Feſtigkeit in der Tugend, erlangt man nirgends ſo gut wie in der Einſamkeit, und auch da durch nichts ſo gut, wie durch Religion. Dieſe macht das Herz frei von eiteln Begierden, ruhig im Unglücke, demüthig vor Gott, muthig vor den Menſchen, voll Vertrauen in die Vorſehung. Einſamkeit und Religion vervollkommnen alle unſere moraliſche Geſinnungen, ſo lange der Sauerteig der Schwärmerei in keine von beiden ſich miſcht; und dann hat auch am Ende ein[illegible] Laufbahn, die man der beſtändigen Läuterung und Erhöhung [illegible]olcher Geſinnungen widmet, jede Gott im Stillen geweihte Stunde, jedes innige Aufheben unſerer Hände zu ihm, ihre Wirkung in der Ewigkeit.

Alle Sehnſucht nach dem Vergänglichen verſchwindet, wenn man doch zuweilen den kühnen Gedanken wagt, daß der ſchon hier erlangte Zuſtand einer fortdauernden Zufriedenheit und des herrſchenden Vergnügtſeins unſerer Seele wahrſcheinlich auch einige Analogie mit den Freuden der Ewigkeit habe. Die höchſte Freiheit, Alles zu thun und zu ſein, was wir wollen, weil wir im Himmel nichts Unrechtes wollen können; ein Leben voll Unſchuld, wenn wir ſein werden wie dieſe Kindlein; das Ende alles Stückwerks von Erkenntniß in Liebe; die Rechtfertigung aller Wege der Vorſehung; das zweifelloſe Vertrauen in Gott; der ewige Umgang mit denen, die hier unſere Seele liebte: dieß ſind wenigſtens Wünſche und Ausſichten in die Ewigkeit, die man ſich nach meinem Bedünken hier, bei ſtillem Nachdenken erlauben darf, und um deren Erfüllung mancher andere gewiß eben ſo gern, wie ich, alle andere Multiplication unſerer jetzigen Güter hingäbe, da eben in dieſem Mehr oder Weniger das Elend der Welt beſteht.

Einſamkeit in Verbindung mit Geſelligkeit.

Es war nie meine Abſicht, irgend eine geſellſchaftliche Tugend bei irgend einem Menſchen zu ſchwächen. Aus Liebe zur häuslichen Glückſeligkeit erliſcht gewiß in keiner guten Seele die Liebe zur allgemeinen Wohlfahrt. Giebt auch eine gewiſſe Erhebung des Gemüths dem ſpeculativen Einſamen einige Gleichgültigkeit gegen die Welt, ſo macht dann doch dieſelbe wirkſame Denkart, durch die ſo mancher Menſch ſchon in der Einſamkeit gut und nützlich werden kann, ihn auch für das geſellſchaftliche Leben zu ausgebreiteter Geſchäftigkeit fähig. Je mehr er in der Stille ſeine Denkkraft übt, deſto nützlicher wird er in der Folge, wenn er ſeinen ganzen Beruf nur gehörig verſtehen lernt, für ſich und die Welt.

Alle Glückſeligkeit kann man nicht in ſich ſelbſt finden. Unſere Abhängigkeit und Gebrechlichkeit bindet uns nur zu ſehr an irgend ein liebendes Weſen. Die Natur will nicht, daß wir Sonderlinge ſeien; weiſe Selbſtgenügſamkeit findet ſich nirgends als bei Gott. Es iſt auch darum unmöglich, ein abgeſondertes Leben immer ohne Nachtheil auszuhalten.

Ein völlig einſames Geſchöpf iſt ein elendes Geſchöpf. Man müßte unendlich viel Stärke des Geiſtes und eine eiſerne Geſundheit haben, um fähig zu ſein, durch bloßes Denken das unangenehme Gefühl der Einſamkeit immer zu zerſtreuen. Wer dieſe Kräfte nicht beſitzt, und ganz von ſeines Gleichen getrennt iſt, hat keine Stütze, an die er ſich lehnen kann, keine Hülfe, keinen Troſt. Die Natur ſelbſt will unſere Vereinigung mit einem Geſchöpfe unſerer Art, und ruft uns dieſes Geſetz durch alle unſere Gefühle in's Herz. Die ganze Geſchichte der hochgelobten Einſiedler von Egypten und dem ganzen Orient bezeugt dieſe ewige Wahrheit. Man muß allerdings von dem ganzen in Geſellſchaft lebenden menſchlichen Geſchlechte den ſchauerigſten und abſcheulichſten Begriff haben, wenn man wie jener franzöſiſche Mönch ſich auf dem Veſuv eine Einſiedelei baut, und die Nachbarſchaft dieſes Feuerſchlundes werther hält, als die Geſellſchaft der Menſchen.

Kein gutes Gemüth kann ſich ganz von Menſchen trennen. Ohne Convulſionen der Seele vertrocknet gewiß in einem ſolchen Gemüthe die Begierde nie, den Menſchen ſich angenehm zu machen, ihnen Gutes zu thun, an ſie ſich zu lehnen, mit ihnen der Wahrheit und des Lebens zu genießen.

Aber ohne abwechſelnden Umgang mit den Menſchen und ſich ſelbſt, und dieß iſt es vorzüglich, was ich empfehle, kann der Menſch ſeine ganze Beſtimmung nicht erfüllen, und er gelangt nie zu einer gewiſſen Stufe von Erfahrung, Weisheit und Tugend. Ewig wahr iſt, was ein weiſer Menſchenlehrer geſagt hat, nie werde unſere ganze Beſtimmung erfüllt, ohne dieſen Wechſel des Umgangs mit den Menſchen und des Umgangs mit ſich ſelbſt; ohne den Frohſinn des geſellſchaftlichen und den Ernſt des einſamen Lebens; ohne ausgebreitete, wohlthätige Wirkſamkeit unter Vielen und Anwendung ſeiner ganzen Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich ſelbſt; ohne Thätigkeit in Geſchäften und Thätigkeit im Denken; ohne Geräuſch und Stille; ohne Zerſtreuung und Sammlung aus der Zerſtreuung.

Es iſt löblich ſeine Muße mit edeln Ideen auszufüllen, Quellen der Glückſeligkeit zu beſitzen, die uns für immer geſichert ſind, und uns unabhängig von den Menſchen machen; aber es iſt Pflicht, deſſen ungeachtet auch für die Geſellſchaft zu leben und an den Geſchäften und Gewerben der bürgerlichen Welt Theil zu nehmen. Unſtreitig genießt der Einſame für ſich größeres geiſtiges Vergnügen, als der Geſchäftsmann, oder man wäre eigennützig und Gott mißfällig, wenn man allen ſeinen Pflichten gegen die Welt entſagte, um ſich den geiſtigen Vergnügungen der Einſamkeit ganz zu überlaſſen. Es wäre auch ganz gegen die Natur, wenn man wollte einerlei Vergnügen immer genießen. Alles Vergnügen in der Welt ekelt uns an, wenn wir zu tief daraus trinken. Was uns einmal intereſſirt, kann uns doch nicht immer intereſſiren, und wo das Herz einmal hinſtrebt, da wird es nicht ewig hinſtreben. Und darum führt uns die Lebensweisheit an ihrer Hand in die Geſellſchaft der Menſchen und ſagt: Thätigkeit unter Menſchen ſei der Zweck, wo die Natur hinſtrebt, und ohne deſſen Erreichung ſei man auch bei den größten Verſtandsvorzügen im Beſitze keines Gutes glücklich.

Gott ſelbſt will, daß wir mit andern Menſchen in Verbindung leben; der ſtarke Trieb der Geſelligkeit, den er in unſere Natur gelegt hat, iſt eine ſehr deutliche Erklärung ſeiner Abſichten. Sodann zeigen uns die aufgeklärteſten Ausleger ſeiner Befehle, daß wir auch die häufigen Vorſchriften des göttlichen Wortes, zur Dienſtfertigkeit, zur Gefälligkeit, zur Sorge für das gemeine Beſte, und zu manchen andern Pflichten der Geſellſchaft gar nicht haben müßten, wenn es etwas Verbindliches oder auch nur Erlaubtes ſein ſollte, mit einer gänzlichen Abſonderung uns von der Welt zu entfernen, und unſere Tage zuzubringen in einem einſamen und andächtig ſcheinenden Müſſiggange. Die aufgeklärteſten Theologen ſagen uns, der Heiland der Welt habe durch ſeine Lehren und ſein Leben jene anachoretiſchen Grundſätze widerlegt, welche die Menſchen wohl zu eigenſinnigen Sonderlingen und Menſchenfeinden machen, aber nicht zu tugendhaften Weltbürgern. Nur dazu fordert uns der Erlöſer mit ſeinem Beiſpiele auf, daß wir zu gewiſſen Zeiten uns in die Einſamkeit begeben. Er habe in Geſellſchaft wie andere Menſchen gelebt, und alſo auch zu ſeinen Jüngern weder Einſiedler noch Müſſiggänger verlangt. Er habe ſich von Zeit zu Zeit der Welt entzogen, und in der Einſamkeit vertraulich mit Gott ſich unterhalten, um uns zu lehren, daß ein Chriſt ſich nicht beſtändig durch die Geſchäfte und Angelegenheiten der Welt müſſe zerſtreuen laſſen, und noch viel weniger durch ihre Ergötzlichkeiten, ſondern er müſſe ſich zuweilen von ihr abſondern, und keine andere Geſellſchaft haben als ſein Herz und Gott. Alſo ſei ein gänzliches Zurückziehen von der Welt ſo wenig die Vollkommenheit der Religion, wie die altgläubige römiſche Kirche wähnte, ſondern vielmehr, einige wenige Fälle ausgenommen, nichts anders, als ein Mißbrauch der Religion.

Die Geſchäftigkeit des Lebens und die Geſchäftsfülle im Stillen wird auch ſchon gehörig mit einander verbunden, wenn wir die geringern Freuden der Welt, als Erholungen nach

Arbeit und Sorge betrachten. Alles iſt gut, was die Menſchen vereinigt, was ſie durch Mittheilung ihrer Empfindungen und Begriffe aufgeklärter, weiſer, tugendhafter, unter ſich ſelbſt liebreicher, zutraulicher und einträchtiger macht; und in ſo weit lege ich einen Werth auch auf Aſſembleen. Es iſt vielleicht kein Menſch, der nicht erfahren hat, daß durch unſchuldiges ſinnliches Vergnügen das Strenge und Ueberſpannte in unſern Urtheilen und Sitten ſeine Schärfe verliert. Ach wie geht uns gleich die Seele auf, wenn wir etwas Gutes, Gefälliges, Liebenswürdiges im Umgange an einem Menſchen bemerken, der uns auf den Gaſſen immer ſtolz, ſteif und kalt anblickte! Eine frohe Geſellſchaft und ein freundliches Mahl, geben der Tugend eine heitere Miene, und der Frömmigkeit eine fröhlichere Geſtalt; und beide gewannen gewiß ſchon manchen Verehrer unter einem brüderlichen Tabacksnebel.

Abtrünnige aus der Geſellſchaft giebt es indeſſen auch mit Recht. Um mehr zu thun, und in einer größern Ausbreitung zu wirken, muß mancher gern viel ſitzen und gern wenig laufen. Solche Abtrünnige finden bei den Predigern der Geſelligkeit doch zuweilen Vergebung, und bei vielen Menſchen eine freundliche Aufnahme, wenn ſie auch nicht immer da zu ſehen ſind, wo man ſie erwartete. Wichtig iſt nicht Alles, was Tauſende von Einem verlangen; und jedem rechtſchaffenen Manne wird ſein Gewiſſen genug ſagen, was das wichtigſte iſt, das er in jedem Tage zu thun hat. Man iſt deswegen nicht gleich eine Eule, wenn man auch gern im Dunkeln wohnet; mancher würde ſehr gerne da wohnen, und man läßt ihn wahrlich nicht im Dunkeln. Mancher entſchleicht blos dem Tumult, um etwas Weſentlicheres zu thun als im Tumult geſchiehet; aber er geht auch gern in den Wirrwar des Lebens, wenn etwas Weſentliches darin zu thun iſt. Viele Geſchäfte können auch nur in der Stille gethan werden, und mancher wirkt in der Einſamkeit mit ſeiner Feder für weit mehr Menſchen Gutes, als das rüſtigſte Geſchäftsmännlein durch das perpetuum mobile ſeiner zwei Beine.

Gelehrte Einſamkeit und ein völliges Leben im Schlafrock iſt ein ſehr ehrwürdiges Leben: denn wer ſagt euch, daß dort im Schlafrock nicht weit größere Kräfte ausgeübt werden, als hier in allen unſern Stiefeln! Wenn die innere Thätigkeit des Menſchen nur immer Bezug auf nützliche Gegenſtände hat, ſo iſt der Gebrauch ſeiner Kräfte gut. Wer Jünglinge unterrichtet, oder auch nur irgend ein nützliches Buch ſchreibt, hat noch immer Umgang mit der Welt, und iſt gewiß oft ſehr thätig zu ihrem Beſten. So einſam und beſchaulich ſein Leben auch immer ſcheinen mag, ſo emſig er ſich auch immer von den Geſchäften und Gewerben der bürgerlichen Welt auf eine Weile loswickelt, ſo thätig bleibt er im Grunde doch immer für die Geſellſchaft, indem er ihr laut aus ſeiner Kammer ſagt, was er ihr unter den Feſſeln der Geſelligkeit, der Höflichkeit und des Reſpects verſchweigt.

Ein Gelehrter kann die ununterbrochene Wachſamkeit auf alle die kleinen Vorzüge verlachen, durch die ſich ein Weltmann der Geſellſchaft angenehm macht[1]). Muß man viel in der Welt leben, ſo iſt es nicht möglich, den Beruf eines Gelehrten zu erfüllen; lebt man als Gelehrter entfernt von der Welt, und ſieht ſich von allem dem leeren abgeſchmackten Geſchwätz befreit, das nicht Mittheilung der Gedanken und Ergießungen des Herzens befördert, ſondern nur die Seele entnervt und die Zeit tödtet: ſo thut man auch gerne auf alle die Vortheile Verzicht, die inſonderheit für äußerliche Ausbildung die Geſellſchaft bringen kann. Aber gedoppelt ehrwürdig iſt der Gelehrte, der ſelbſt in den Wohnſitzen der Gelehrſamkeit gelernt hat, durch ſeinen Verſtand und durch ein gutes Herz, aller Menſchen Herzen zu ſich zu reißen.

Schale Weltleute halten zwar alle Einſamen aus der gelehrten Klaſſe für Pedanten. Aber allenthalben findet man mitten in der Welt, immer weit mehr und weit gräßlichere Pedanten, als in den Wohnſitzen der Gelehrſamkeit. Allenthalben wird man angerennt von Juriſten, deren Mund von Rechtsfällen, und allenthalben von Aerzten, deren Mund von Krankengeſchichten überfließt. Die Urſache iſt gar nicht, daß dieſe Herren etwa Gelehrte ſind, denn das ſind ſie ſehr oft nicht. Aber Garve zeigt uns unübertrefflich: die Urſache ſei, weil keiner von dieſen geſchwätzigen Juriſten, und keiner von dieſen geſchwätzigen Aerzten, Herr über ſich iſt; weil jeder von einer gewiſſen Leidenſchaft beherrſcht wird, oder von gewiſſen Ideen eingenommen iſt, die ſich mit Gewalt hervordrängen; die ſich Luft machen, ohne die Vernunft und die Urtheile der Gegenwärtigen zu Rathe zu ziehen.

Läuft dir alſo ein ſolcher unbändiger Juriſt mit ſeinen Prozeſſen, und ein ſolcher abgeſchmackter Arzt mit ſeinen Krankengeſchichten auf den Leib, ſo denke du mit Lammesſinn, was uns Garve ſo menſchenfreundlich lehrt: dieſe guten Herren haben das Gleichgewicht in ihrer Seele verloren, womit man ſeine Reden und Handlungen immer nach den Umſtänden und nach den Perſonen anordnen muß, mit denen man zu thun hat. Als Pedanten und als leidenſchaftliche Menſchen ziehen ſie keine Umſtände zu Rathe; ſie richten ſich bloß nach ſich ſelbſt. Sie begehen Unſchicklichkeiten, wegen der völligen Vergeſſenheit aller Dinge, den einzigen Gegenſtand ihrer Leidenſchaft, ihre Rechtsfälle und ihre Krankengeſchichten ausgenommen.

So wenig ſind die deutſchen Univerſitäten die Wohnſitze der Pedanterie, daß ich mir vielmehr zu behaupten getraue, die meiſten Pedanten und Pedantinnen finde man in mancher deutſchen Provinz, mitten in der ſchönen Welt, unter der ſeltſamen und zahlreichen Claſſe von Menſchen, die man anjetzt die Leſewelt nennt, ſo wie die Bücher, welche ſie leſen, Leſebücher.

Der Name iſt neu, wie die Sache. Die deutſche Leſewelt iſt eine von der Gelehrtenrepublik äußerſt verſchiedene Republik: denn durch die eine kommt der menſchliche Verſtand empor, und durch die andere mehrentheils herunter. Verſtändige Menſchen leſen, um aus Büchern zu lernen; die Leſewelt lieſt, um mit Büchern Pedanterei zu treiben, das iſt, in das Wenige, was ſie lieſt, eine große und ausſchließende Wichtigkeit zu ſetzen, die nicht darin iſt, und dann von allen andern Menſchen kurz um zu verlangen, daß ihnen dieſe Wichtigkeit mit gleicher Stärke einleuchte.

Es iſt ganz unleidlich, wie man examinirt wird, ſobald man das Unglück hat, etwa unverſehens mitten unter dieſe Leſewelt zu gerathen. Ihr tretet kaum in den kerzenhellen Saal, ſo fällt euch ſchon einer mit hoher Amtsmiene auf den Leib, und will peremtoriſch wiſſen, ob ihr das blaßgelbe Journal nicht leſet? Ein anderer ſcheint ſeiner Sache völlig gewiß, und ſagt: Sie leſen doch das graue Ungeheuer? Ein dritter, ein vierter, ein fünfter, ein ſechſter, ein ſiebenter, ein achter, ein neunter, ein zehnter, legen in der Reihe ihre Karten, und laut: ganz unſtreitig haben Sie die hellrothen und hellblauen, oder gewiß das grasgrüne, das violette, und unfehlbar das zeiſiggrüne und orangegelbe Journal geleſen? Auf einer einzigen Aſſemblee, und bei einem einzigen Souper, läuft man bei der Leſewelt gewöhnlich funfzigmal durch die Hechel; und muß ſich dann freilich einen ſchnöden Blick von jedem gefallen laſſen, deſſen Journal man nicht lieſt, oder nicht geleſen zu haben vorgiebt. Völlig für verloren hält man Hopfen und Malz an jedem Gegenfüßler der Leſewelt, der vollends zwiſchen die Damen geräth, die nicht etwa nur Monatſchriften und Journale leſen, ſondern gar alle Neuigkeiten[2]).

Widerſinnig iſt hingegen die Rolle, die man mitten unter allem dieſen Leſelarm, mitten unter allem dieſem beſtändigen Geſchwätze von dem Wenigen, was man lieſt, mit denjenigen ſpielt, welche Bücher ſchreiben. Von Rechtswegen ſollte ein Schriftſteller, der zuweilen lebende Menſchen und Sitten an die Wand malt, mit allen Menſchen verlegen ſein; aber jeder, der mit ihm umgeht, iſt es vielmehr mit ihm. Alle Geſichter runden und verſchließen ſich vor ſeinem Anblick. Gönner und Bekannte, gute Freundinnen und Freunde weichen jedes auch nur von ferne auf ſein Buch ſich beziehendes Wort aus. Die Leſewelt hütet ſich, ihm von ſeinem Buche zu ſprechen, wie man ſich hütet auf eine Schlange zu treten. Oft iſt man wahrlich geneigt, bei dieſer allgemeinen Zurückhaltung, bei dieſer komiſchen Verlegenheit ſeiner Leſer und Mitbürger zu denken: ſie halten alle insgeſammt Schriftſtellerei für ein Landesverbrechen[3]).

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[1]) Tout homme absorbé dans des méditations profondes, ſagt Helvetius vortrefflich, occupé d'idées grandes et générales, vit et dans l'oubli de ces attentions, et dans l'ignorance de ces usages qui font la science des gens du monde; aussi leur paroit-il presque toujours ridicule. Peu d'entre les gens du monde sentent que la connoissance des petites choses suppose presque toujours l'ignorance des grandes; que tout homme qui mène à peu près la vie de tout le monde, n'a que les idées de tout le monde; qu'un pareil homme ne s'élève point au-dessus de la médiocrité, et qu'enfin le genie suppose toujours, dans un homme, un desir vif de la gloire, qui, le rendant insensible à toute espece de desir, n'ouvre son ame qu'à la passion de s'éclairer.

[2]) Neuigkeiten heißen bei den Buchhändlern ſolche Sachen, die für die Leſewelt gehören: Journale, Monatsſchriften, Almanache, Comödien, Romane, kleine luſtige Sachen und Poetereyen, auch Pasquille und Schmähſchriften, die gewöhnlich den geſchwindeſten und größten Abgang haben, aber nicht in den Catalog kommen.

[3]) Hierher gehört auch die [illegible], mit der ſich die Leſewelt ſo ſchnell als möglich einen Schriftſteller vom Leibe ſchafft, deſſen Buch ſie geſchenkt erhält. Nur um nicht urtheilen zu müſſen, [illegible] man den nämlichen Augenblick, da das Buch im Hauſe abgeliefert wird, und alſo bevor es möglich iſt, etwas mehr als das Titelblatt geleſen zu haben, und bedankt ſich ehrerbietigſt für das vortreffliche Werk. Aber man findet ſich mit dem Verfaſſer durch ein Compliment im Geſchmacke ab, das ſich auf ein Buch juſt eben ſo gut paſſet, als auf ein paar [illegible].

Alle dieſe Sonderbarkeiten der Weltleute in unſerm Deutſchland, zeigen alſo wahrlich zur Genüge, wie unbeträchtlich das Uebergewicht iſt, das ihnen ihr Weltumgang giebt; und wie viel beſſer es wäre, gar nichts zu leſen, als ſeine Leſerei jedem unter die Naſe zu reiben, und dann vor dem Schriftſteller ſich zu ſcheuen, wie vor einem Ungeheuer.

Weltumgang hat freilich da einen ganz andern Werth, wo kein Provinzialton herrſcht, wo man keine Art von Pedanterei treibt und duldet, und wo ſogar jeder unaufgeklärte und ungebildete Cavalier ſich außer ſeinem Elemente findet. Für Männer, die oft und viel allein ſind, wäre ſolcher Weltumgang, und zumal Umgang mit Fürſten und Großen, eine Uebung in der männlichſten Philoſophie des Lebens. Man braucht hundertmal mehr Muth dazu, einen Großen eine einzige kühne Wahrheit ins Geſicht zu ſagen, als hundert ſolche Wahrheiten einem Buche anzuvertrauen. Aber man muß dann doch im Umgange mit Großen nie vergeſſen, wie gefährlich es iſt, mit Großen etwas zu thun zu haben, zumal der vielen Kleinen wegen, denen dieß nie behagt. Man muß beinahe nichts ſagen, von deſſen Wirkung man nicht gewiß iſt. Wer Welt und Menſchen kennt, redlich und offen ſpricht, alle Schliche verachtet, keinem Menſchen Unrecht thut, keinem ſchaden will, wenn er auch könnte, immer gern das Gute aushebt, das doch beinahe von jedem Menſchen geſagt werden kann, der läßt doch zuweilen bei Fürſten und Großen ein Wort fallen, das in gutem Erdreich gedeiht.

Große, die große Dinge gethan haben, oder thun werden, ſind doch wahrlich für jeden Denker intereſſant. Wer freuet ſich nicht innigſt, wenn er ſieht, wie liebenswürdig auch Monarchen ſein können, vor deren üble Laune Millionen von Menſchen zittern. Welcher Menſchenbeobachter möchte nicht den jungen Cäſar ſchon in der Zeit oft ganz allein geſehen und geſprochen haben, als Sylla von ihm ſagte: traut dieſem jungen Menſchen nicht, der ſo unbeſcheiden durch die Gaſſen geht, ich ſehe in ihm viele Marius! Der Anblick großer Kräfte, durch die ein einziger Monarch Epoche macht und Muſter wird für alle, oder großer Kräfte in ihrem Keim, ſind beide äußerſt intereſſant und wer freut ſich nicht, wenn er in der Nähe ſieht, daß feines Gefühl und ſanfte Menſchheit bei ſolchen Kräften wohnen.

Umgang mit Vornehmen ſollte man niemals fürchten und niemals fliehen, denn in Deutſchland zumal, findet man doch ganz unſtreitig die meiſten liebenswürdigen Menſchen in der Claſſe der Vornehmen. Spott und Verachtung verdient zwar jeder Menſch, der ſich einem Vornehmen aus keiner andern Urſache aufdringt, ihn aus keiner andern Urſache ehrt und ſchätzt, als bloß, wegen ſeiner Geburt, wegen ſeines Namens und Ranges, weil es ſeinem erbärmlichen Ehrgeiz ſchmeichelt.

Benutzt man aufs Beſte jede Lage, in die uns die Vorſehung geſetzt hat, ſo findet ſich auch leicht Troſt in der Einſamkeit, und Vergnügen im Umgang. Einſamkeit giebt alles, was man im Umgange nicht findet. Umgang, ſo ſchlecht er auch ſein mag, giebt dagegen immer Stoff zum Nachdenken, neue Ideen, neue Bilder, und ſelbſt durch den Nichtgebrauch ſeiner Kraft einen neuen Zufluß von Geiſt und Kraft. Geht mit Widerwillen zuweilen in Geſellſchaft, wenn es nicht anders ſein kann, aber geht; überlaßt euch da einem anſtändigen Frohſinn: nehmt jedes Blümchen an, das man da für euch bricht, ſo gering es auch ſein mag. So kommt doch oft Heiterkeit in den Kopf, und Freude ins Herz, und dann gelingt wieder ernſthafte Meditation und eiſerne Arbeit.

Billig halten ſich in mancher Abſicht, die Vorzüge des Weltlebens, und die Vorzüge des ſpeculativen Lebens die Wage. Ein ſehr großer Mann war der Meinung: es gebühre Gott und den Engeln allein, bloße Zuſchauer in der Welt zu ſein. Deswegen müſſe man das ſpeculative Leben ganz verwerfen, in ſo fern es nämlich ganz auf ſich ſelbſt eingeſchränkt iſt, und in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft weder Licht noch Wärme verbreitet. Aber wie nachſichtig wird man dann wieder den eigenſüchtigſten Einſamen, der doch nur auch ſeine Verſtandeskräfte übt, dem es doch auch zu etwas nütze iſt, daß er eine Seele hat, die ihm das Leere der Muße und der Einſamkeit ausfüllt: wenn man den Mißbrauch betrachtet, den Weltmenſchen von ihrem Triebe zur Sinnlichkeit machen; wenn man ſieht, wie ſie dadurch alle Aufmerkſamkeit, alles Gefühl für Dinge von Wichtigkeit verlieren; wie alle Geiſteskraft bei ihnen erſchlafft und wegſchwindet; wie leer, wie ſchal, wie kernlos, allmählig alles wird, was ſie denken und ſagen; wie ſchwer man ſich überhaupt aus dem weichen Schooße des Nichtsthuns und des Gaſſenlaufens zu intellectueller Würde aufrafft, wie ungern man ſeine Begriffe ſammelt, und ſeine Neugier wieder anfacht, um mit Eifer auf der ehrenvollen Bahn der Tugend, oder irgend einer Wiſſenſchaft oder Kunſt fortzuſchreiten. Will man auch behaupten, daß Gutes thun doch mehr ſei als Gutes denken, gemeinnützige Geſchäftigkeit mehr als innere Beſchäftigung des Verſtandes und Unterſuchungen, welche man bei ſich insgeheim anſtellt, großmüthige Aufopferung für andere verdienſtlicher als der reinſte Selbſtgenuß: ſo kann man doch nicht läugnen, daß man auch ſchon viel Gutes in der Stille thut, wenn man ſich da zum thätigen Leben nur gehörig vorbereitet. Der Menſch iſt eben ſo gut zum Denken wie zum Handeln, alſo zum ſpeculativen wie zum thätigen Leben gemacht; aber mit der Abſicht, daß er in beiden ſich übe, und dann fähig ſei, in beiden der Abſicht Gottes zu entſprechen. Eine gänzliche Abneigung gegen allen Umgang wäre alſo eben ſo wenig Philoſophie, als eine gänzliche Unluſt an der Einſamkeit. Man muß wechſelsweiſe beide ſatt werden, um beide zu genießen.

Einer großen Entſchuldigung ſcheint der Trieb zur Einſamkeit fähig, wenn er dem Herzen Ruhe gewährt. Aber wenn man dieſe in der Welt nicht hatte, und in der Einſamkeit nicht findet, dann iſt offenbar etwas Ungeſundes in der Seele, und dann mißbilligt die Vernunft dieſen Trieb.

Treibt uns Mißvergnügen und Abneigung gegen Menſchen in die Einſamkeit, und wir vergeſſen in derſelben unſer Mißvergnügen und unſere Abneigung, ſo iſt der Trieb, dem wir folgten, gerecht. Dieß iſt der Fall, wenn wir uns in der Einſamkeit nützlich beſchäftigen. Aber wenn wir die Welt, die wir verlaſſen hatten, in unſere Einſamkeit mitnehmen, wenn uns da auch unſer Mißmuth über alles, was wir ſehen und hören, nicht verläßt, ſo verlieren wir an Menſchenliebe, was wir vielleicht an Menſchenkenntniß gewinnen, und eine vielleicht gerechte Flucht vor den Menſchen gewährt nicht Ruhe.

Bei der größten Abneigung gegen die meiſten Menſchen, die dich umgeben, ſollteſt du doch dieſe Menſchen nicht immer fliehen. Je weniger du alle ſiehſt, deſto mehr Nahrung gewinnt dein unglücklicher Widerwillen, und deſto gewiſſer wirſt du ein Miſantrop. Vermeideſt du hingegen die Geſellſchaft der Menſchen nicht ganz, ſo haſt du gewiß manche Gelegenheit, eine gute Seite an manchem Menſchen zu ſehen, den du nur nicht genug kannteſt; du wirſt Achtung und Liebe für manchen empfinden, von dem du in deiner Kammer glaubteſt, er verdiene ſie nicht. Niemals ſollte man darum mehr verſuchen, in Geſellſchaft zu gehen, als eben wenn uns dies am meiſten Angſt und Zwang koſtet. Wer nur mit unbefangenem Gemüthe und wohlwollendem Herzen in Geſellſchaft ſich zeigt, kommt doch manchmal aus derſelben mit Ruhe und Zufriedenheit zurück.

Keinesweges will ich alſo Miſantropie ausſäen. Gerade das Entgegengeſetzte iſt mein Ziel.

Bart und Kaputze mögen immer den Werth behalten, der ihnen gebührt. Deswegen wollen wir doch als weiſe Weltbürger leben, und ſo viel Gutes, als uns möglich iſt, unter den Menſchen thun. Aber nur die Freiheit wollen wir uns erringen, aus der Welt weggehen zu können, ſo oft es uns gut dünkt, und allein zu ſein mitten im Drange der Geſchäfte, und der allgemeinen Jagd nach ſinnlichem Vergnügen. Man wage es nur dreiſt nach ſeinem eigenen Geſchmacke zu leben, und ſich abzuſondern von den Menſchen bei dem erſten Winke der Vernunft. Man überlaſſe nur das müßige Vorfahren und Abgeben von Viſitenkarten, und alle übrigen großen Dinge dieſer Art den Herren und Damen, die nichts beſſeres kennen. Wer mit ſich ſelbſt und ſeinen Hausgenoſſen fertig werden kann, macht ſich einen Plan von häuslichen Freuden und Pflichten, wozu er keines andern Menſchen Hülfe bedarf, und die ihn auch immer gegen Langeweile retten, weil ſie ſeinen Verſtand und ſeine Einbildungskraft immer beſchäftigen.

Gänzliche Einſamkeit iſt doch zuweilen der höchſte Herzensgenuß für die guten Seelen, die ganz in ihrer Imagination leben, alſo in einer ganz andern Welt, als die iſt, die ſie umgiebt. Solches Glück iſt nur wenigen beſcheert. Die Welt ſagt, es ſei eine Thorheit; aber die Welt weiß gar oft nicht, was ſie ſagt.

Vergleicht man den Werth des beſchaulichen und des thätigen Lebens, die Tugenden, die bei jenem aufkeimen, bei dieſem ſchlummern, ſo entſteht denn eine Vorliebe für die Einſamkeit, wegen des Muthes, den ſie erzeugt, und der Stärke, die ſie dem Charakter giebt. Bürgerlichen Muth immer mehr in deutſchen Herzen zu entzünden, ach dies iſt eine Begierde, die man gewiß einem Schriftſteller verzeiht, der in deutſcher Sprache über Einſamkeit ſchreibt, und die mir alſo auch erlaubt, hier alles gerade vom Herzen wegzuſagen, wie ich es fühle, und wie es iſt.

In mancher deutſchen Provinz, wo noch immer der Adel dem perſönlichen Verdienſte nur einen ſehr eingeſchränkten Zutritt erlaubt; wo die abergläubige Verehrung für die Vorrechte der Geburt die Ehre des Menſchen verdrängt; wo alſo der Adel noch immer glaubt und immer merken läßt, es ſei eine himmelhohe Kluft zwiſchen ihm und dem Bürgerſtande befeſtigt; wo man alle menſchlichen Kräfte, mit männlichen und weiblichen Fäuſten unabläſſig anwendet, dieſe Kluft in aller ihrer Höhe und Tiefe zu erhalten; wo beinahe der ganze bürgerliche Volkscharakter auf der Stirne das Gepräge dieſes anerkannten Standesunterſchieds trägt; wo man von Jugend auf, die Vornehmen zum Stolz und die Niedrigen zur Schüchternheit bildet; wo der Adel ſeine Vorzüge dem Unadel nicht nur bei allen erdenklichen Gelegenheiten einbläut, ſondern wo der Unadel in einem fort nach jeder von dorther kommenden Gnadenbezeugung ſchnappt: bringt dieß nicht nur auf der einen Seite einen ewigen Stolz, auf der andern einen ewigen Neid, ſondern auch ſogar einen ſo ausſchweifenden Heißhunger nach Adel hervor, daß endlich mancher Reiche aus dem gemeinen Stande nicht etwa durch ſeinen Geiſt ſich zu heben ſucht, nicht etwa größer, kecker und edler denkt und handelt, ſondern ſich lieber nur einen Adelsbrief für dreihundert und zwanzig Thaler kauft.

Dieß alles erniedrigt den Menſchen, benimmt ihm das Gefühl ſeines innern Werths, benimmt ihm die Erhabenheit der Seele, vermöge welcher man nach keiner falſchen Ehre lüſtert, nichts von allem dem Tändelkram verlangt, den der Adel dem Unadel verſagt, und jeden Menſchen als ſeines Gleichen, und Adelsbrief und Ahnen und Rang, als bloß zufällige und unbeträchtliche Vorzüge anſieht. Immer mögen uns die Philoſophen lehren, es ſei ſowohl eine Folge des Bewußtſeins von Talenten oder Verdienſten, als ein Vortheil hoher Geburt und eines angeſehenen Namens, daß der Menſch dreiſter wird. Wer in jenen Provinzen und unter dem Drucke jener Vorurtheile immer gelebt hat, wird es nicht, und iſt es nicht; und ſchmiegt ſich gewiß immer ſo lange, als er das noch begehrt, was ihm andere verweigern können. Ein einziger höhniſcher Blick, ein einziges Wort der Demüthigung und Erniedrigung aus dem unbedeutenden Munde einer hochadelichen Dame bringt den witzigſten Secretair um ſeine Einfälle, macht den ſcharfſichtigſten Prediger ſtumpf und unwiſſend, und verurſacht dem armen Arzte einen Spasmus, der alle Muskeln ſeiner Seele lähmt.

Ein kraftloſes unfähiges Geſchöpf iſt alſo der Menſch, der ſich ſelbſt nicht fühlt, in den unglücklichen Augenblicken, da er glaubt, er falle ſo eben in die Ungnade eines hochſtämmigen Barons, oder einer gnädigen Frau. Aber wie lodert ihm bei ſolcher Ungnade das Herz empor, wie frei und ungehindert ſind ſeine Bewegungen, wie ſcheint jede ſeiner Fähigkeiten verdoppelt, wenn er in einem Lande der Freiheit, oder frühe in der Einſamkeit gelernt hat, ſolche Menſchen und ſolche Vorfälle blos nach ihrem innern Werthe zu ſchätzen.

Stärke des Charakters erlangt man in der Einſamkeit, aber Geſchicklichkeit zur Anwendung dieſer Stärke, aller Vortheile der Einſamkeit ungeachtet, doch nur in der Welt. Muth iſt die Hauptſache im Leben. Muthvoll handelt der Einſame als der Weltling, aber die Schlankheit hat er nicht, muthige Entſchlüſſe mit gutem Erfolge auszuführen. Einſamkeit giebt Taubeneinfalt aber nicht Schlangenklugheit. Es iſt nicht genug, daß man auch Menſchen, vor denen andere zittern, keck in die Augen ſieht; man muß auch die Kunſt kennen, dieſen Menſchen das Herz abzugewinnen; auch die Schliche des Neides, deſſen Plane, Hoffnungen und Ränke; auch die Schliche und Pfiffe von allen, die immer eigene Plane haben und alſo doch gerne jedem andern den ſeinigen zerſtören. Der Einſame und der Welt Unkundige geht in allem gerade durch; der Weltmann weiß, wo er ſtille ſtehen, wo er ausbeugen, wo er nachgeben ſoll, und ergreift den Augenblick zum Durchſetzen nicht eher, als bis er ihn hat.

Alſo Einſamkeit und Umgang wechſeln ab. Seneca ſagt vortrefflich: jene mache uns Luſt, wieder Menſchen zu ſehen, dieſe treibe uns zu uns ſelbſt zurück; eins ſei die Arznei des andern. Die Einſamkeit befreie uns von dem Ekel gegen den Umgang, der Umgang von dem Ueberdruſſe der Einſamkeit. Der Geiſt müſſe nicht immer geſpannt ſein, ſondern auch zum Scherze geneigt. Sokrates habe ſich nicht geſchämt, mit Knaben zu ſpielen; Cato habe ſich beim Weine erholt, wenn er ſich durch ſeine Sorgen für die allgemeine Wohlfahrt ermüdet fand; und der kriegeriſche und triumphirende Scipio habe getanzt.

Zwiſchen Welt und Einſamkeit, Sinnlichkeit und Streben nach höherm Vergnügen muß man ſich darum mit edlem und männlichem Geiſte theilen; und ſo verleitet uns gewiß weder der Leichtſinn des Zerſtreuungsſüchtigen zur Thorheit, noch der finſtre, mürriſche Ernſt des Einſiedlers zum Menſchenhaſſe; denn zwiſchen Weltumgang und Einſamkeit liegt die wahre Weisheit in der Mitte.

Julius Wilhelm Zinkgref

ward am 3. Juni 1591 in Heidelberg geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt die Rechte und machte dann von 1611 — 1616 eine größere Reiſe durch die Schweiz, Frankreich, England und Holland. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr erhielt er die juriſtiſche Doctorwürde, privatiſirte eine Zeit lang und wurde darauf Generalauditeur bei der Garniſon ſeiner Vaterſtadt. Als Heidelberg von den Baiern erobert wurde, verlor er dieſes Amt und trat als Secretair in die Dienſte des franzöſiſchen Geſandten Marcſcot, den er auf ſeinen Reiſen begleitete. Eine Krankheit zwang ihn jedoch, ſich von demſelben zu trennen; er lebte nun in Straßburg und Worms, ward ſpäter Landſchreiber in Kreuznach und bald nachher in Alzei, die Unruhen des dreißigjährigen Krieges zwangen ihn jedoch, eine Zuflucht bei ſeinem Schwiegervater in St. Goar zu ſuchen, wo er am 1. November 1635, von einer gefährlichen Krankheit ergriffen, ſtarb.

In deutſcher Sprache ſchrieb er:

Deutſche Apophthegmata, das iſt der Deutſchen kluge Sprüche. Straßburg, 1626. Ferner: Amſterdam, 1653. 3 Thle. in 12. (der dritte iſt von Zinkgref's Freunde J. L. Weidner); und öfter.

In der von ihm beſorgten Ausgabe von Opitz Gedichten, Straßburg, 1624 in 4. finden ſich im Anhange auch mehrere Gedichte von Zinkgref ſelbſt.

Seine Apophthegmen zeichnen ſich, abgeſehen von dem wirklich intereſſanten Inhalte, durch den trefflichen prägnanten Styl und die lakoniſche Beſtimmtheit höchſt glücklich vor anderen gleichzeitigen Schriften aus. Als Dichter gelang ihm am beſten das Epigramm.

Georg Joachim Zollikofer

ward am 5. Auguſt 1730 in St. Gallen geboren, erhielt eine treffliche Schulbildung in Frankfurt a. M. und Bremen, und ſtudirte darauf in Utrecht Theologie. Bei ſeiner Rückkehr in das Vaterland ward er reformirter Prediger zu Murten, und ging dann 1758 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Leipzig, wo er dreißig Jahre hindurch höchſt ſegensreich wirkte, bis ihn am 22. Januar 1788 der Tod abrief.

Von ihm erſchien:

Geſammelte Predigten. Leipzig. 1789 — 1804. 15 Bde.

Geſangbuch. Leipzig, 1786. 8. Aufl.

Ueber Z. urtheilt Pölitz a. a. O. Thl. I. S. 90 f.: „Zollikofer war einer der erſten Kanzelredner ſeiner Zeit. In ſeinen Religionsvorträgen herrſcht Klarheit der Begriffe und Wärme der Empfindung. Der Form nach gehören ſie zu den vollendetſten ſtyliſtiſchen Producten, welche Deutſchland aus jener Periode beſitzt. Seine Diction iſt reich und mannigfaltig; ſein Periodenbau hat Wohlklang; die Verbindung der Begriffe in ſeinen Vorträgen, die Uebergänge und Wendungen geben denſelben ein friſches Leben. Er ging zwar bei ſeinen philoſophiſchen Grundſätzen von dem Eudämonismus oder von dem Glückſeligkeitsprincip in der Moralphiloſophie aus: aber ſeine Moral iſt keineswegs eine bloße Klugheitslehre, ſie trägt das Gepräge reiner Triebfedern, die er für die menſchlichen Handlungen empfiehlt. Nicht immer iſt ſtrenge logiſche Ordnung in ſeinen Vorträgen; ſie gleichen mehr freien Aufſätzen, aber demungeachtet findet ſich in denſelben ein philoſophiſcher Zuſammenhang zwiſchen den aufgeſtellten Begriffen, und ein Strom von Beredſamkeit, der aus der Lebendigkeit ſeiner Ueberzeugung von der Kraft moraliſcher Wahrheit und aus der Wärme eines edlen Herzens hervorgeht, und keineswegs das Product der Erkünſtelung oder ſclaviſche Befolgung rhetoriſcher Regeln iſt. Die Lectüre von Zollikofers Predigten wird noch immer jedem Manne von hellem Verſtande und warmem Gefühle zuſagen, er gehöre, zu welchem Stande er wolle; er baue dieſe oder jene Wiſſenſchaft an. Aber den künftigen Theologen werden ſie als Muſter der Nachahmung aufgeſtellt, damit er lerne, wie er auf Verſtand und Herz zugleich wirken könne. Zollikofer hält beinahe durchgehends die mittlere Schreibart feſt; ſelten hat er in der niedern geſchrieben; nie in der höhern. Sein richtiger Takt und ſein geläuterter Geſchmack bewahrten ihn vor einer unſteten Vermiſchung der verſchiedenen Schreibarten unter einander.“

Einige der vornehmſten und gemeinſten Fehler der Kinderzucht *).

Text, Epheſ. 6, 4.

Ihr Väter, ziehet eure Kinder auf in der Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn.

Die Erziehung der Kinder, die Bildung ihres Geiſtes und ihres Herzens, iſt unſtreitig das wichtigſte, aber auch das ſchwerſte Geſchäft der Eltern. Wenn wir bedenken, wie viel auf die erſten Eindrücke in dem menſchlichen Gemüthe ankömmt, wie tief ſie in demſelben eingegraben werden, und wie ſchwer ſie nachgehends auszulöſchen ſind: wenn wir erwägen, wie ſtark und faſt unüberwindlich die Gewalt des Vorurtheils und der Gewohnheit iſt, und wie viel Mühe es uns koſtet, einen Weg zu verlaſſen, den wir oft betreten, auf dem wir viele Annehmlichkeiten gefunden, und den wir lange für den ſicherſten und beſten gehalten haben: ſo werden wir leicht einſehen, wie viel daran gelegen iſt, ob man uns in unſrer erſten Jugend gute oder böſe, wahre oder falſche Grundſätze und Lebensregeln beibringt, ob man uns die Güter und Vortheile dieſer Welt ſo oder anders vorſtellet, ob man uns niederträchtige oder edle Geſinnungen eingeflößt, ob man uns zur Tugend und Frömmigkeit oder zum Laſter und zur Verachtung Gottes und Chriſti Gelegenheit und Reizungen giebt. Nachdem dieſes oder jenes geſchieht, nachdem haben wir mehr oder weniger Hinderniſſe auf dem Wege der Tugend zu überſteigen, und nachdem wird es uns leichter oder ſchwerer fallen, unſere Beſtimmung zu erreichen und ſelig zu werden. Wie wichtig muß nicht dieſen Betrachtungen zufolge die Erziehung der Kinder ſein! Wie ſchwer muß aber nicht auch auf der andern Seite dieſes Geſchäft ſein! Wenn wir überlegen, wie viel Aufmerkſamkeit, Verſtand, Sorgfalt, Geduld und Beſtändigkeit dazu erfordert werden, und wie viel Muth dazu gehört, ſich allgemeinen, aber nichts deſto weniger ſchädlichen Sitten und Gebräuchen zu widerſetzen; wenn wir überlegen, wie verſchieden die natürlichen Fähigkeiten, die Neigungen und Charaktere der Menſchen ſind, wie leicht man entweder auf der einen oder auf der andern Seite zu weit gehen, entweder zu ſtrenge oder zu gelinde ſein kann, und wie oft man verſucht wird, in ſeinen Bemühungen verdroſſen und müde zu werden, weil man die gewünſchten Früchte derſelben nicht gewahr wird: ſo werden wir bald finden, daß dieſe Arbeit beträchtliche Kräfte vorausſetzt und mit manchen Beſchwerden verknüpft iſt. Je gewiſſer es aber iſt, andächtige Zuhörer, daß die Erziehung der Kinder ein höchſt wichtiges und ſchweres Geſchäft iſt, deſto mehr Gründe hatte der Apoſtel, die Chriſten in unſerm Texte zu ermahnen: ziehet eure Kinder auf in der Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn, und deſto weniger werdet ihr es mir verdenken, wenn ich euch heute von einer Pflicht unterrichte, die von einer ſo allgemeinen Verbindlichkeit iſt, die ſo ſelten mit der gehörigen Sorgfalt beobachtet wird, und von deren Beobachtung doch das Glück derjenigen, die uns am theuerſten ſind, großen Theils abhängt. Da aber die Materie zu weitläufig iſt, als daß ich ſie in ihrem ganzen Umfange vortragen könnte, ſo werde ich euch diesmal blos vor einigen der vornehmſten und gemeinſten Fehler der Kinderzucht warnen. O Gott, bereite du ſelbſt die Herzen der Zuhörer zur willigen Aufnahme dieſer Warnungen und erwecke ſie zu einem getreuen Gebrauche derſelben. Zerſtreue durch das Licht der Wahrheit die Vorurtheile, die ſie daran verhindern könnten, und laß ſich die Früchte dieſes Vortrags in dem tugendhaften Verhalten der Kinder, die du ihnen anvertrauet haſt, offenbaren!

Der erſte Fehler, den ich in der Erziehung der Kinder bemerke, iſt dieſer, daß man die Sinnlichkeit die Oberhand in ihnen gewinnen läßt, und ſich dieſer Quelle des ſittlichen Verderbens nicht ſorgfältig genug widerſetzt. Der Schöpfer hat uns unſtreitig die Sinne in weiſen und gütigen Abſichten gegeben. Sie ſind die Mittel, wodurch wir unſere erſten Vorſtellungen und Begriffe erlangen. Sie geben unſerer Vernunft die Materie zum Nachdenken und zur Ueberlegung. Sie warnen uns vor dem, was uns ſchädlich ſein, was unſern Körper, unſere Geſundheit und unſer Leben ſchwächen und zerſtören könnte. Sie ſind Werkzeuge, durch welche uns der Urheber unſerer Natur eines mannigfaltigen Vergnügens fähig gemacht hat; und wir würden ſeinem Willen zuwider handeln, wenn wir uns dieſes Vergnügens gänzlich beraubten, oder daſſelbe ſchlechterdings für ſündlich hielten. Vermittelſt der Vorſtellungen, die wir durch die Sinne von den äußerlichen Dingen bekommen, werden Empfindungen in uns gezeugt, die in manchen Fällen allein vermögend ſind, unſern Entſchließungen das nöthige Leben zu geben, und den Schaden zu verhüten, den langſame und kalte Ueberlegungen bei ſolchen eingeſchränkten Geſchöpfen, als wir ſind, verurſachen könnten, — Empfindungen, die uns zu vielen Handlungen auf eine unwiderſtehliche Weiſe antreiben, welche wir entweder ganz unterlaſſen, oder doch nicht mit der gehörigen Geſchwindigkeit und Munterkeit thun würden, wenn wir uns bloß nach dem Urtheile der Vernunft richteten. So nothwendig und nützlich uns aber die ſinnlichen Vorſtellungen und Empfindungen in allen dieſen Abſichten ſind: ſo verderblich iſt der Einfluß, den ſie in unſern Charakter, und in unſer Verhalten haben, wenn wir denſelben zu ſehr nachhängen, wenn wir uns von denſelben beherrſchen und regieren laſſen. Dies geſchieht aber, wenn wir die Beſchaffenheit und den Werth der äußerlichen Dinge bloß nach den Eindrücken, die ſie auf unſre Sinne machen, beurtheilen; wenn wir uns ſo ſehr an die ſinnlichen Vergnügen gewöhnen, und unſern natürlichen Abſcheu vor Allem, was unangenehm und ſchmerzhaft iſt, dergeſtalt ſtärken, daß wir jenes nicht ohne die äußerſte Mühe verleugnen, und uns zu dieſem nicht ohne vielen innerlichen Streit oder äußerlichen Zwang verſtehen können, — daß wir allemal oder doch in den meiſten Fällen, ein gegenwärtiges Vergnügen einem künftigen vorziehen, ob dieſes ſchon viel größer und dauerhafter iſt als jenes, und daß wir ſorgfältiger ſind, ein kleines gegenwärtiges Uebel zu vermeiden, als durch die freiwillige Erduldung deſſelben einem künftigen zu entgehen, das viel beträchtlicher iſt, und viel länger dauert. Wer ſo geſinnt iſt, bei dem hat die Sinnlichkeit die Oberhand. Wie fruchtbar iſt aber dieſelbe nicht an ſchädlichen Folgen! Iſt es nicht die Sinnlichkeit, die der Seele ihre Stärke raubt, ſie zu einer niedrigen Art von Geſchöpfen herabſetzt, und den Menſchen ſo denken und handeln lehrt, als ob er ganz Fleiſch wäre? Iſt es nicht die Sinnlichkeit, die, indem ſie alle ſeine Gedanken und Neigungen bloß auf das Gegenwärtige und Sichtbare richtet, ihm dadurch alle Luſt und Fähigkeit benimmt, ſich mit geiſtlichen und himmliſchen Dingen zu beſchäftigen, ſich zu dem unſichtbaren Gott zu erheben, und, ſeiner Beſtimmung gemäß, für die zukünftige Welt zu ſorgen? Iſt es nicht die Sinnlichkeit, die den meiſten Menſchen einen überwiegenden Abſcheu vor Allem, was Mühe und Arbeit heißt, was eine beſondere Anſtrengung der Kräfte des Geiſtes, oder eine ſchmerzhafte Verleugnung unſerer Lüſte erfordert, einflößet, und ſie dadurch verhindert, in der Tugend und Frömmigkeit mehr [illegible] ſchwache Anfänger zu ſein? Iſt es nicht die Sinnlichkeit, [illegible] aus eben dieſem Grunde ſo ſchwer, ja unmöglich macht, das allgemeine Beſte ihrem beſondern Nutzen vorzuziehen, ihrer Pflicht oder der Glückſeligkeit ihrer Brüder gewiſſe Vortheile, Vergnügungen und Bequemlichkeiten aufzuopfern, und ſich zu ſolchen Geſchäften zu verſtehen, die der Geſellſchaft ſehr nützlich, ihnen ſelbſt aber mühſam und verdrießlich ſind? Kurz, iſt es nicht die Sinnlichkeit, die ſie untüchtig macht, die Würde vernünftiger und unſterblicher Geſchöpfe, die Würde wahrer Chriſten zu behaupten, ſich nach dem Muſter der Heiligkeit, das ihnen ihr Erlöſer gegeben, zu bilden, und einen ſolchen Wandel zu führen, der Bürgern und Erben des Himmels anſtändig iſt?

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*) Aus G. J. Zollikofer's Predigten. Erſter Band. Dritte Auflage. Reutlingen 1791.

Giebt man ſich aber wohl die nöthige Mühe, dieſen traurigen Folgen einer herrſchenden Sinnlichkeit durch eine ſorgfältige und weiſe Erziehung der Kinder vorzubeugen, und ihnen dadurch die Erfüllung ihrer Pflichten zu erleichtern? Suchet man wohl ihren Hang zum ſinnlichen Vergnügen in den gehörigen Schranken zu erhalten? Widerſetzt man ſich dem Wachsthume deſſelben mit der erforderlichen Behutſamkeit und Klugheit? Thut man nicht vielmehr Alles, was dieſen Hang ſtärken, und ihm zur Herrſchaft über die Vernunft verhelfen kann? Wodurch treibt man insgemein die Kinder zur Beobachtung ihrer Schuldigkeit, zum Fleiße und zur Arbeitſamkeit an? Iſt es nicht durch Verſprechung ſolcher Dinge, die ihren Sinnen, ihrem Geſchmacke, ihrem Geſichte und ſo weiter ſchmeicheln? Wodurch ſchreckt man ſie von der Begehung dieſer oder jener Thorheiten und Fehler ab? Iſt es nicht durch Drohung ſolcher Strafen, die ihnen leibliche Schmerzen verurſachen, oder durch Entziehung ſolcher Güter und Vortheile, die ihre Sinne auf eine angenehme Weiſe rühren? Richtet man aber nicht dadurch alle ihre Gedanken, Begierden und Abſichten auf ſinnliche Dinge? Gewöhnet man ſie nicht dadurch, bei ihren Entſchließungen und Handlungen bloß nach dem ſinnlichen Vergnügen und Mißvergnügen zu Werke zu gehen, das ſie davon zu hoffen oder zu fürchten haben? Und wenn ſie nun zehn, funfzehn und mehr Jahre lang ſo denken, ſo urtheilen und handeln, — wie ſchwer wird es ihnen in der Folge der Zeit fallen, ſich nach andern Regeln, nach andern Grundſätzen zu verhalten, und Gewohnheiten zu beſtreiten und abzulegen, die ſo tiefe Wurzeln in ihnen geſchlagen haben? Wie fremd wird ihnen alsdann alles dasjenige vorkommen, was uns die Vernunft und die Religion von Enthaltſamkeit, von Mäßigung, von Selbſtverläugnung, von Bezwingung unſerer Lüſte und Begierden ſagen? Wie geneigt werden ſie nicht ſein, dieſes Alles für übertriebene Forderungen, für unmögliche Dinge zu erklären, und mit jenen Juden auszurufen: Das iſt eine harte Rede, wer kann die hören? Ja, wie leicht können ſie nicht dadurch verleitet werden, die Religion und Tugend ſelbſt, als gar zu ſtrenge Gebieterinnen, zu verwerfen, und ſich den gröbſten Ausſchweifungen zu überlaſſen? Traurige Ausſichten für Eltern, die noch einige Furcht vor Gott haben, und denen das Wohlſein ihrer Kinder am Herzen liegt!

Wollet ihr eure Kinder vor dieſen Abwegen bewahren, ſo wendet Alles an, daß die Sinnlichkeit nicht die Oberhand bei ihnen gewinne. Suchet ſie mehr durch vernünftige ihrer Faſſung gemäße Vorſtellungen von dem Einfluſſe, den ihr Verhalten in ihren künftigen Wohlſtand hat, als durch gegenwärtige und augenblickliche ſinnliche Vergnügungen, zum Gehorſam und zur Pflicht zu ermuntern. Bauet ihren Geiſt ſo frühe an, als es ſich nur thun läßt. Lehret ſie bei Zeiten auf die natürlichen guten und böſen Folgen ihrer Handlungen merken. Suchet ihnen eine herrſchende Liebe zur Ordnung und zur Wahrheit einzuflößen. Vermeidet in Anſehung ihrer Nahrung, ihrer Kleidung, ihrer Geſchäfte und ihrer ganzen Lebensart Alles, was der Trägheit, der Weichlichkeit, und einer allzu großen Empfindlichkeit Vorſchub thut. Bezeuget ihnen ja kein beſonderes Mitleiden, wenn ihnen geringe widrige Zufälle begegnen, oder wenn ſie ſehr erträgliche Schmerzen leiden, und behandelt dieſe Zufälle oder dieſe Schmerzen als Kleinigkeiten, die keine Aufmerkſamkeit verdienen. Leget ihren kindiſchen Freuden keinen allzugroßen Werth bei. Gewöhnet ſie nach und nach, ſolche Dinge, die ihnen angenehm und in ſich ſelbſt unſchädlich ſind, zu ſehen, das Schöne und Reizende, das ſie an ſich haben, zu bemerken und ſich mit Andern davon zu unterreden, ohne heftig darnach zu verlangen, oder ſich über den Mangel derſelben unordentlich zu betrüben. Vornehmlich aber übet ſie darin, ſich zuweilen eines erlaubten Vergnügens zu enthalten, oder daſſelbe zu unterbrechen, um eine gewiſſe höhere Pflicht zu erfüllen, oder ein wichtigeres Geſchäft zu verrichten, und leget mehr Zufriedenheit über dieſe Proben des vernünftigen Gehorſams an den Tag, als über alle anderen Beweiſe des Fleißes und der Geſchicklichkeit. Dieſe Uebungen machen in dem gegenwärtigen Stand der Zucht und der Prüfung den Grund aller wahren Tugend aus, und es iſt unmöglich, ohne jene einen merklichen Grad der Fertigkeit in dieſer zu erlangen.

Ein zweiter eben ſo ſchädlicher und gemeiner Fehler bei der Erziehung der Kinder iſt: daß man ihren Stolz nährt, anſtatt daß man denſelben unterdrücken, und ihnen beſcheidene und demüthige Gedanken von ſich ſelbſt beibringen ſollte. Es iſt kein Laſter, das ſich des menſchlichen Herzens früher und leichter bemächtigt, als der Stolz; und doch iſt kein Laſter, das uns ſchwachen, dürftigen und ſündhaften Geſchöpfen unanſtändiger iſt, uns weiter von dem Himmelreiche entfernt, und uns auf gefährliche Abwege verleitet, als eben dieſes. Wir ſind natürlicher Weiſe nur gar zu geneigt, uns für beſſer zu halten, als wir wirklich ſind. Wird dieſe Neigung in unſerer erſten Jugend geſtattet, ſo feſſelt ſie uns in kurzer Zeit dergeſtalt, daß wir uns hernach ſehr oft vergeblich bemühen, uns ihrer ſtrengen Herrſchaft zu entziehen. Sie verblendet uns, daß wir unſre Fehler und Schwachheiten nicht ſehen, und alſo auch nicht mit rechtem Ernſte an die Verbeſſerungen derſelben gedenken. Sie macht uns taub gegen die Erinnerungen und Warnungen unſrer Lehrer, unſrer Freunde, ja unſers eignen Gewiſſens. Sie verhindert uns, in bedenklichen Fällen bei Andern Licht, Rath und Hülfe zu ſuchen, weil wir uns ſelbſt mehr Weisheit, Klugheit und Stärke zuſchreiben, als wir in der That beſitzen. Wir verachten alsdann die Verſuchung zum Böſen, und werden von denſelben dahingeriſſen, ehe wir uns dagegen in die gehörige Verfaſſung ſetzen können. Wir geben uns wenig oder gar keine Mühe, in der Erkenntniß und Tugend zu wachſen, weil wir es ſchon ſehr weit darin gebracht zu haben glauben. Wir finden endlich ſowohl in den Lehren, als in den Vorſchriften des Chriſtenthums tauſend Schwierigkeiten, weil ſie mit unſern hohen Einbildungen und ſündlichen Leidenſchaften ſtreiten; und die Bedingungen, auf welche uns das Evangelium Gnade und Seligkeit anbietet, mißfallen uns, weil ſie unſerm Stolze widerſprechen. Können wir uns denn jemals zu frühe und zu ernſtlich gegen dieſen Feind unſerer Vollkommenheit und unſers Glücks waffnen? Kann man jemals zu ſorgfältig ſein, ihm den Eingang in die Herzen junger Kinder zu verwehren? Geſchieht aber dieſes wohl allemal, andächtige Zuhörer? Sucht man ihnen geringe und beſcheidene Gedanken von ſich ſelbſt einzuflößen? Nein! im Gegentheil, man verſäumt gewöhnlich nichts, was den Hochmuth in ihnen zeugen und befördern kann. Man bringt ihnen ſogleich große Begriffe von ihrer Schönheit, oder von ihrer vornehmen Herkunft, oder von andern nichtsbedeutenden Vorzügen bei. Man erhebt jede richtige Antwort, die man von ihnen erhält, jeden lächerlichen Einfall, womit ſie uns beluſtigen, als Merkmale eines beſondern ſcharfſinnigen Verſtandes. Man erzählt dieſe zweideutigen Proben ihres Witzes in ihrer Gegenwart, und Jedermann überhäuft ſie mit Lobſprüchen, die ſie nicht verdienen. Jeder Beweis ihres Fleißes oder ihres Gehorſams wird ihnen als ein großes Verdienſt angerechnet, da man ſich befriedigen ſollte, ſie zu verſichern, daß ſie in dieſen Stücken ihre Pflicht erfüllt und ihren eigenen Vortheil beobachtet haben. Man erweiſt ihnen faſt eben dieſelben äußerlichen Ehrenbezeugungen, die man erwachſenen Perſonen ſchuldig iſt, und findet ſich wohl gar beleidigt, wenn ſie von andern als Kinder behandelt werden. Man nimmt ſo vielen Antheil an Allem, was ſie betrifft; man iſt ſo geſchäftig, allen ihren Bedürfniſſen unverzüglich abzuhelfen, und ihre Wünſche augenblicklich zu erfüllen, daß ſie ſich nothwendig einbilden müſſen, wichtige Glieder der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft zu ſein, und eine anſehnliche Stelle in derſelben zu bekleiden. Auf der andern Seite weiß man alle ihre Thorheiten und Fehler zu entſchuldigen, ſollten ſie auch ſchon vorſätzliche Bosheit zum Grunde haben. Man ſchreibt ſie alle der jugendlichen Flüchtigkeit, dem Mangel der Aufmerkſamkeit und der Ueberlegung zu; wenigſtens beſchönigt man ſie bei andern damit, um den Kindern eine in der That heilſame Beſchämung und Verwirrung zu erſparen; und ſo gewöhnet man ſie, die eitle Ehre bei den Menſchen über Alles zu ſchätzen und ſich mehr um den Schein als um das Weſen der Rechtſchaffenheit und Tugend zu bekümmern. Wer ſieht aber nicht, daß dieſes den Stolz in ihren Herzen nährt und die wahre Demuth aus denſelben verbannt!

Wollet ihr eure Kinder vor dieſem an ſchädlichen Folgen ſo fruchtbaren Laſter bewahren, ihr, die Gott zu Eltern, zu Aufſehern und Lehrern gemacht hat, ſo erinnert ſie oftmals an den ſchwachen, dürftigen, unvermögenden und abhängigen Zuſtand, in welchem ſie ſich befinden. Schreibet ihren Fähigkeiten und guten Eigenſchaften ja keinen höhern Werth zu, als ſie wirklich haben. Lehret ſie dieſelben als unverdiente Geſchenke des Höchſten betrachten, die uns niemals berechtigen, uns über andere zu erheben, die uns aber auf das ſtärkſte verpflichten, Andern auf alle Art zu dienen und nützlich zu ſein. Lobet ſie ſelten in ihrer Gegenwart, und geſtattet nicht, daß Andere ſolches auf eine verſchwenderiſche Weiſe thun. Redet ihren Fehlern und Vergehungen niemals das Wort, und ſuchet ſie zu einer richtigen Erkenntniß des ſittlichen Verderbens zu bringen, das die Kräfte der menſchlichen Seele geſchwächt und die Ordnung unter denſelben geſtört hat. Zeiget ihnen bei allen Gelegenheiten, wie wenig Urſache ſie haben, ſich ihrer Geſundheit, ihrer Schönheit, ihrer Stärke, ihrer Gaben, ihrer Geſchicklichkeit zu rühmen, oder ſich darauf zu verlaſſen; wie bald ſie alle dieſe Vorzüge verlieren können; wie weit ſie von vielen Andern in dieſen Stücken übertroffen werden; und wie ſchwach, wie unvollkommen, wie gebrechlich wie unbeſtändig überhaupt die Erkenntniß, die Tugend und die Glückſeligkeit der Sterblichen ſei. Führet ſie endlich in die Schule des Erlöſers; unterrichtet ſie von ſeiner herablaſſenden und großmüthigen Liebe gegen die Menſchen; ſtellet ihnen ſeine Demuth und Sanftmuth zum Muſter der Nachahmung vor, und präget es ihren zarten Herzen tief ein, daß es unmöglich iſt, ein wahrer Chriſt zu ſein und ſelig zu werden, wenn man nicht dem Heilande, wie in allen, alſo auch in dieſen Tugenden, nachfolgt und ähnlich wird. Wie ſehr werden ihnen nicht dieſe Geſinnungen die Erfüllung aller übrigen Pflichten des Chriſtenthums erleichtern! Welch ein ſanftes Licht, welch einen milden Glanz werden ſie nicht über alle ihre guten Eigenſchaften und wirklichen Verdienſte ausbreiten, und wie ſehr werden ſie ſich dadurch gedrungen finden, Alles, was hinter ihnen iſt, zu vergeſſen, und immer nach einer höhern Stufe der Vollkommenheit zu ſtreben!

Ein dritter Hauptfehler in der Erziehung der Kinder iſt, *daß man ſie nicht richtig von den Vorzügen, Vergnügungen und Geſchäften dieſes Lebens urtheilen lehrt.* Wie mannigfaltig ſind nicht die falſchen Begriffe, die man ihnen ſchon in ihrer Kindheit von dieſen Dingen beibringt! und wie verderblich iſt der Einfluß, den dieſe Irrthümer nachgehends in ihr ganzes ſittliches Verhalten haben! Man ſtellt ihnen gewöhnlich den Ueberfluß, die Hoheit, den Rang, die Macht, das äußerliche Anſehn als Güter vor, die in ſich ſelbſt unſere Hochachtung verdienen, und die demjenigen, der ſie beſitzt, einen wahren Werth beilegen; als Güter, deren Mangel oder Verluſt den Menſchen ſchlechterdings unglücklich macht, und die folglich würdig ſind, mit dem größten Eifer geſucht, und mit aller möglichen Sorgfalt erhalten zu werden. Man macht ſie zu früh auf den Unterſchied der Stände in der menſchlichen Geſellſchaft aufmerkſam, man unterdrückt ihren natürlichen Hang, ſich gegen Jedermann ohne Anſehn der Perſon freundlich, gütig und dienſtfertig zu betragen; man verbietet ihnen, Leute von geringerem Herkommen, aber von guten Sitten, einer gewiſſen Vertraulichkeit zu würdigen, oder zuweilen mit ihnen umzugehen; und flößet ihnen nach und nach, wo nicht eine gänzliche Verachtung, doch gewiß eine große Gleichgültigkeit und Unempfindlichkeit gegen diejenigen ein, die weniger Glücksgüter und äußerliche Vortheile beſitzen, als ſie. Der Reichthum wird ihnen ſchöner als die Tugend, die Armuth und Niedrigkeit häßlicher als das Laſter beſchrieben. Die irdiſchen Vortheile, die Vergnügungen und Ergötzlichkeiten, die ſie bei mehreren Jahren zu erwarten haben, werden ihnen mit ſo lebhaften und reizenden Farben abgemalt, daß ſie dem Genuſſe derſelben mit der heftigſten Begierde entgegen ſehen, und ſie zum Ziel aller ihrer Wünſche machen. Und was für einen Unterricht ertheilt man ihnen gewöhnlich von der Beſtimmung des Menſchen und von den Geſchäften dieſes Lebens? Man muß arbeiten, heißt es, um ſich Nahrung und Kleidung zu erwerben; man muß genau auf ſeinen eigenen Vortheil ſehen; und keine Gelegenheit, denſelben zu befördern, unbenutzt laſſen; man muß ſich bemühen, Schätze zu ſammeln, ſich aus dem Staube der Niedrigkeit emporzuſchwingen, und alle diejenigen, die eben dieſe Abſicht haben, weit hinter ſich zurückzulaſſen; man muß ſich ſchlechterdings nach den eingeführten Sitten und Gewohnheiten richten, ſie mögen gut oder böſe, vernünftig oder unvernünftig ſein, damit man nicht für einen beſchwerlichen Sonderling gehalten werde, und ſich dadurch an ſeinem zeitlichen Glück ſchade: man muß zu leben wiſſen, das iſt man muß durch Verſtellung, Schmeichelei und Falſchheit Jedermann zu gefallen und ſich bei Jedermann beliebt zu machen ſuchen, und ſich wohl hüten, ſo zu reden, wie man denkt, oder ſo zu urtheilen, wie es die Beſchaffenheit der Sache mit ſich bringt. Dieß ſind die vornehmſten Lehren, die man insgemein den Kindern giebt, um ſie zu ihrem Eintritte in die große Welt vorzubereiten, und zur glücklichen Führung ihrer künftigen Geſchäfte geſchickt zu machen. Kein Wunder, wenn ſie hernach, von dieſen Vorurtheilen verblendet, ganz an der Erde kleben, wenn ſie von dem niederträchtigſten Eigennutze regiert, und zu allen edeln und großmüthigen Handlungen unfähig werden. Kein Wunder, wenn ſie ſich der Welt in allen Stücken gleichſtellen, ſich von dem Strome des herrſchenden Verderbens ohne Widerſtand dahinreißen laſſen, und ſich mit dem eiteln Ruhme befriedigen, daß ſie keine Möder, keine Räuber, keine Böſewichter ſind. Kein Wunder, wenn ſie am letzten nach dem Reiche Gottes und nach ſeiner Gerechtigkeit trachten, ſich um die Beſſerung und das Heil ihres unſterblichen Geiſtes am wenigſten bekümmern, und ſo leben, als ob ſie nach dem Tode nichts zu hoffen und zu fürchten hätten.

Eltern, wollet ihr, daß eure Kinder dieſe Wege der Thorheit und des Laſters vermeiden; wollet ihr ſie auf den Pfad der ewigen Weisheit leiten: ſo bringet ihnen geſundere Begriffe von den Vorzügen, von den Vergnügungen und Geſchäften dieſes Lebens bei. Lehret ſie dieſe Dinge in ihrem eigentlichen Verhältniſſe auf unſere gegenwärtige und zukünftige Glückſeligkeit kennen. Warnet ſie vor dem Betruge der Sinne, vor dem blendenden Glanze, der die Mächtigen dieſer Erde umgiebt, vor dem ſcheinbaren Glücke, das hohe Ehrenſtellen und große Reichthümer ihren Beſitzern verſprechen. Zeiget ihnen, daß die Ruhe des Gemüths und die Zufriedenheit des Geiſtes ſehr oft in ſchlechten und niedrigen Hütten, aber nur ſelten in prächtigen Häuſern und Paläſten gefunden werden. Saget ihnen, daß nicht der Rang, nicht der Titel, nicht die Gewalt, ſondern nur der rechte Gebrauch derſelben unſere Hochachtung verdiene; daß nur Tugend und Rechtſchaffenheit, nur wahre Verdienſte den Menſchen ehren und ihm einen wirklichen Vorzug vor andern geben; und das der geringſte Tagelöhner, der ſeiner Pflicht getreu iſt, in den Augen des Höchſten unendlich mehr gilt, als der gekrönte Fürſt, der ſeine Macht zur Unterdrückung des Unſchuldigen mißbraucht. Saget ihnen, daß nur das Laſter den Menſchen erniedrigt, daß Gott ſowohl der Schöpfer und Vater der Armen als der Reichen ſei, daß wir uns Alle als Brüder betrachten, als ſolche herzlich lieben, und einander nach unſerm Vermögen dienen müſſen. Unterrichtet ſie davon, wie nichtig alle Luſt dieſer Welt iſt, wie oft die empfindlichſten Schmerzen, die bitterſte Reue, die heftigſte Unruhe auf den unordentlichen Genuß derſelben folgen, und wie ſehr ſich diejenigen betrügen, die darin ihre Glückſeligkeit ſuchen. Stellet ihnen die Geſchäfte dieſes Lebens, die Erfüllung der Pflichten ihres Berufs, nicht blos als Mittel vor, ſich ſeinen Unterhalt oder Ueberfluß und gemächliche Tage zu verſchaffen, ſondern als Mittel, ſeine Gaben und Geſchicklichkeiten zum Nutzen anderer Menſchen anzuwenden, und etwas zum allgemeinen Beſten beizutragen. Lehret ſie edel und uneigennützig denken und nicht ſowohl ihren beſondern Vortheil, als vielmehr das Wohlſein der ganzen Geſellſchaft, deren Glieder ſie ſind, zum letzten Endzwecke ihrer Bemühungen machen. Führet ihnen endlich oftmals zu Gemüthe, daß ſie eine unſterbliche Seele haben, die eines unaufhörlichen Glücks fähig iſt, daß dieſe Erde der Ort nicht iſt, wo ſie ihre Beſtimmung erreichen ſollen, daß ſie Gott zur Ewigkeit geſchaffen, daß er ſie hier in einen Stand der Prüfung und der Uebung geſetzt hat, in welchem ſie ſich zu dem künftigen Leben vorbereiten und geſchickt machen ſollen, und daß dieſes das allerwichtigſte Geſchäft iſt, das ſie hier zu beſorgen haben. Dieſe Art zu denken und zu urtheilen, wird ſie vor dem Wege des Verderbens bewahren und weiſe machen zur ewigen Seligkeit.

Ich bemerke endlich als einen vierten Hauptfehler, den man bei der Erziehung der Kinder begeht, *daß man ſie mehr durch Vorſchriften als durch Beiſpiele unterrichten und beſſern will.* Vorſchriften machen lange nicht ſo tiefe und bleibende Eindrücke auf ſie, als Beiſpiele; und wenn es an dieſen fehlet, ſo werden jene größtentheils gar keinen Nutzen haben. Die Urſache davon iſt offenbar. Die Sinne und Einbildungskraft ſind bei Kindern weit geſchäftiger, als der Verſtand, und ſie ſind viel geneigter, dem, was ſie ſehen und hören, nachzuahmen, als die rechtmäßige oder unrechtmäßige Beſchaffenheit deſſelben durch mühſames Nachdenken zu unterſuchen. Die Erfahrung lehrt dabei, das die beſten Grundſätze ſehr oft nicht vermögend ſind, der Gewalt des böſen Exempels zu widerſtehen; ſo wie im Gegentheil ſchöne Muſter der Tugend und Frömmigkeit nicht ſelten den Mangel des Unterrichts reichlich erſetzen. Wie oft geſchieht es aber nicht, daß ſich Eltern oder Aufſeher damit befriedigen, ihren Kindern oder Untergebenen gute Lebensregeln vorzuſchreiben, ohne ſelbſt an die Beobachtung derſelben zu gedenken! Ja, wie oft geſchieht es nicht, daß ſie ihren Lehren und Vorſchriften durch ein mit denſelben ſtreitendes Verhalten alle Kraft benehmen, und die Religion und Tugend ſelbſt durch dieſen Widerſpruch verdächtig und verächtlich machen! Dieß iſt die vornehmſte Urſache, warum ſo oft alle ihre Vorſtellungen, Warnungen, Ermahnungen und Beſtrafungen vergeblich ſind. Ihr eigenes Beiſpiel zernichtet ſie, und ſie berauben ſich ſelbſt aller Früchte ihrer Arbeit.

Wollet ihr dieſer ſüßen Früchte genießen, ihr, denen Gott Kinder anvertrauet hat, ſo beweiſet die Nothwendigkeit, die Anſtändigkeit, die Schönheiten der Tugend, die ihr ihnen anpreiſet, durch eine ſorgfältige und ſtandhafte Ausübung derſelben. Wollet ihr, daß eure Kinder Gott fürchten, und ihn im Geiſte und in der Wahrheit dienen: ſo laſſet ſelbſt eine wahre Gottesfurcht von euch blicken. Redet niemals ohne die tiefſte Ehrerbietung von dieſem herrlichen Weſen; hütet euch vor allem Mißbrauche ſeines heiligen Namens; nehmt die Uebung des öffentlichen und geheimen Gottesdienſtes mit unverſtellter Andacht wahr; ſchreibet alle Vortheile, die ihr genießet, der unverdienten Gnade des Höchſten zu, und betet alle ſeine Wege in demüthiger Unterwerfung an. Wollet ihr, daß eure Kinder Gerechtigkeit, Billigkeit, Menſchenliebe, Gutthätigkeit lernen ſollen: ſo laſſet ſie Zeugen davon ſein, daß ihr ſelbſt dieſe Pflichten auf das genaueſte zu erfüllen ſucht.

Verurtheilet ohne Anſehn der Perſon jede ungerechte, jede unbarmherzige That, und ſtellet ſie in ein ſolches Licht, daß ſie ihnen Schrecken und Abſcheu verurſacht. Freuet euch mit ihnen über jede Gelegenheit, Andern wohlzuthun, und laſſet nicht leicht einen Nothleidenden, oder einen Betrübten ungetröſtet von euch gehen. Wollet ihr, daß eure Kinder mäßig, keuſch und züchtig leben: ſo befleißiget euch ſelbſt dieſer Tugenden. Vermeidet in euern Worten, in euren Geberden und Handlungen Alles, was der Ehrbarkeit im Geringſten zuwider iſt — Alles, was ihnen zu unordentlichen und ausſchweifenden Gedanken und Begierden einigermaßen Anlaß oder Reizung geben kann. Uebet euch in der Enthaltſamkeit, und zeiget ihnen, daß ihr viele Dinge, die euch ſonſt angenehm ſind, entbehren könntet, ohne deswegen unruhig oder unglücklich zu ſein. Wollet ihr eure Kinder Sanftmuth und Demuth lehren, ſo laſſet euch ja nicht in ihrer Gegenwart von dem Zorne dahin reißen, ſondern beherrſchet euch ſelbſt. Rühmet euch niemals eurer Vorzüge, und verachtet Niemanden, der ſich nicht durch Thorheit und Laſter verächtlich macht. Gehet nicht auf eine allzu gebieteriſche Weiſe mit denjenigen um, die euch Gehorſam ſchuldig ſind, und beweiſet es durch euer Betragen gegen ſie, daß ihr ſie für eure Mitgeſchöpfe erkennet, daß ihr ſie liebet, und für ihren Wohlſtand ſorget. Vergebet denjenigen, die euch beleidigen, von ganzem Herzen und hütet euch, rachgierige Geſinnungen gegen dieſelben an den Tag zu legen. Wollet ihr endlich eure Kinder zu Bürgern des Himmels bilden, ſo führet ſelbſt einen himmliſchen Wandel. Laſſet eine edle Verachtung alles deſſen, was irdiſch und vergänglich iſt, von euch blicken. Vergleichet oftmals das Gegenwärtige mit dem Zukünftigen. Sehet mehr auf das Unſichtbare, als auf das Sichtbare und richtet euer ganzes Thun und Laſſen ſo ein, daß man daraus ſchließen kann, daß euch nichts ernſtlicher angelegen ſei, als eure Seelen zu erretten, und ſelig zu werden.

Werdet ihr dieſe und die vorhergehenden Regeln des Verhaltens ſorgfältig beobachten, andächtige Zuhörer, ſo werdet ihr gewiß die Fehler, vor welchen wir euch in dieſer Stunde gewarnt haben, nicht mehr begehen. Ihr werdet eure Kinder nach der Forderung unſers Textes aufziehen in der Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn; und der Herr wird eure Bemühungen, wenn ſie aufrichtig und beſtändig ſind, gewiß nicht ungeſegnet laſſen. Er wird euch dereinſt den herrlichen Lohn geben, den er ſeinen treuen Haushaltern und Knechten verheißen hat. Und welch ein Glück, welch eine entzückende Freude wird es nicht für euch ſein, wenn ihr an jenem großen Tage der Vergeltung mit Unerſchrockenheit vor dem Angeſichte des Richters der Lebendigen und der Todten erſcheinen, wenn ihr ihm von der Verwaltung des euch anvertrauten Amts eine freudige Rechenſchaft geben, und von den Eurigen begleitet, zu ihm ſagen könnet: Siehe, hier bin ich und die Kinder, die du mir anvertrauet haſt. Amen.

Johann Heinrich Daniel Zſchokke

ward am 22. März 1771 in Magdeburg geboren, erhielt in ſeiner Vaterſtadt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und ſtudirte dann in Frankfurt an der Oder, wo er ſich ſpäter habilitirte, und 1793 Profeſſor der Philoſophie wurde. Er gab jedoch dieſen Beruf wieder auf, und ging 1797 nach Graubünden, wo er die Leitung einer Erziehungsanſtalt übernahm. Zur Zeit der franzöſiſchen Invaſion trat er überall vermittelnd, nur für das Beſte des Landes, das er als ſein zweites Vaterland betrachtete, ſtrebend ein, und wirkte als Regierungscommiſſar verſchiedener Cantone, und während 1800—1801 als Regierungsſtatthalter zu Baſel höchſt ſegensreich. Dann zog er ſich nach Schloß Biberſtein im Aargau zurück, wurde aber 1804 bereits wieder in die Verwaltung berufen und leitete das Berg- und Forſtweſen. 1815 trat er in den großen Rath des Cantons. 1829 legte er jedoch ſeine ſämmtlichen Aemter nieder, und lebt gegenwärtig, nur ſchriftſtelleriſcher Thätigkeit ſich hingebend, hochgeehrt in Aarau.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Romane: Die ſchwarzen Brüder; Abällino (1793, auch als Trauerſpiel, 1795); Koronato; Stephan Bathori; Alamontade; Prinzeſſin von Wolfenbüttel. 2 Thle; die Nonne; Guilio della Obizzi; der Feuergeiſt; das Goldmacherdorf; der Flüchtling im Jura; der Freihof von Aarau, 2 Thle.; Addrich im Moos, 2 Thle. ff.

Dramen: Graf Monaldeſchi; Julius von Saſſen; die eiſerne Larve; Mißverſtändniß; Hippolyt und Roswida; der Marſchall von Sachſen; Molière's Luſtſpiele. 6 Thle. (Zürich 1805 ff.)

Hiſtoriſche Schriften: Geſchichte vom Kampf und Untergang der ſchweizeriſchen Bergcantone. 1801. Hiſtoriſche Denkwürdigkeiten der helvetiſchen Staatsumwälzung. 1803. 3 Thle. Geſchichte des baierſchen Volks und ſeiner Fürſten. 1813—1818. 4 Thle. Des Schweizerlands Geſchichten für das Schweizervolk. 1822 u. ſ. w.

Gab ferner heraus: Den aufrichtigen und wohlerfahrnen Schweizerboten ſeit 1798. Miscellen der neueſten Weltkunde. 1807—1813. Erheiterungen. 1811—1825. Ueberlieferungen zur Geſchichte unſerer Zeit. 1817—1823.

Sämmtliche ausgewählte Schriften. Aarau, 1825 ff. 40 Thle. Ausgewählte belletriſtiſche Schriften. Aarau, 1826. 14 Thle. 12. u. öfter.

Z. hat ſich faſt in allen Gattungen ſchriftſtelleriſcher Thätigkeit, und überall mit Erfolg verſucht. Am glücklichſten iſt er als Erzähler, indem er mit künſtleriſcher Beſonnenheit, reiche Phantaſie, treffende und conſequente Charakterzeichnung, Lebendigkeit des Vortrags, und einen ſeinen Stoffen ſtets höchſt angemeſſenen natürlichen und doch edeln und correcten Styl verbindet. Am Meiſten gewirkt hat er dagegen wohl als Hiſtoriker und durch ſeine Volksſchriften, da er ſtets den Geiſt der Zeit zu erfaſſen und zu durchdringen, und geſunde Anſichten zu entwickeln und zu verbreiten bemüht iſt.

Vergleiche Zſchokke's Leben von Ernſt Münch. Haag, 1830.

Das Abenteuer der Neujahrsnacht.

(Erzählung von Zſchokke.)

1.

Mutter Käthe, des alten Nachtwächters Frau, ſchob am Sylveſterabend um neun Uhr das Zugfenſterlein zurück und ſteckte den Kopf in die Nacht hinaus. Der Schnee flog in ſtillen, großen Flocken, vom Fenſterlicht geröthet, auf die Straßen der Reſidenz nieder. Sie ſah lange dem Laufen und Rennen der frohen Menſchen zu, die noch in den hell erleuchteten Läden und Gewölben der Kaufleute Neujahrsgeſchenke einkauften, oder von und zu Kaffeehäuſern und Weinkellern, Kränzchen und Tanzſälen ſtrömten, um das alte Jahr mit dem neuen in Luſt und Freuden zu vermählen. Als ihr aber ein paar große, kalte Flocken die Naſe belegten, zog ſie den Kopf zurück, ſchob das Fenſterlein zu, und ſagte zu ihrem Manne: „Gottliebchen, bleib zu Hauſe und laß die Nacht den Philipp für dich gehen. Denn es ſchneit vom Himmel, wie es mag, und der Schnee thut, wie du weißt, deinen alten Beinen kein Gutes. Auf den Gaſſen wird es die ganze Nacht lebhaft ſein. Es iſt, als wäre in allen Häuſern Tanz und Feſt. Man ſieht viel Masken. Da hat unſer Philipp gewiß keine Langeweile.“

Der alte Gottlieb nickte mit dem Kopf und ſprach: „Käthchen, ich laß' es mir wohl gefallen. Mein Barometer, die Schußwunde über dem Knie, hat mir's ſchon zwei Tage voraus geſagt, das Wetter werde ändern. Billig, daß der Sohn dem Vater den Dienſt erleichtert, den er einmal von mir erbt.“

Nebenbei verdient hier geſagt zu werden, daß der alte Gottlieb vorzeiten Wachtmeiſter in einem Regiment ſeines Königs geweſen, bis er bei Erſtürmung einer feindlichen Schanze, die er der Erſte im Kampfe für das Vaterland erſtieg, zum Krüppel geſchoſſen ward. Sein Hauptmann, der die Schanze beſtieg, nachdem ſie erobert war, empfing für ſolche Heldenthat auf dem Schlachtfelde das Verdienſtkreuz und Beförderung im Rang. Der arme Wachtmeiſter mußte froh ſein, mit dem zerſchoſſenen Bein lebendig davon zu kommen. Aus Mitleiden gab man ihm eine Schulmeiſterſtelle, denn er war ein verſtändiger Mann, der eine gute Handſchrift hatte und gern Bücher las. Bei Verbeſſerung des Schulweſens war ihm aber auch die Lehrerſtelle entzogen, weil man einen jungen Menſchen, der nicht ſo gut, als er, leſen, ſchreiben und rechnen konnte, verſorgen wollte, indem einer von den Schulräthen deſſen Pathe war. Den abgeſetzten Gottlieb aber beförderte man zum Nachtwächter, und adjungirte ihm ſeinen Sohn Philipp, der eigentlich das Gärtnerhandwerk gelernt hatte.

Die kleine Haushaltung hatte dabei ihr kümmerliches Auskommen. Doch war Frau Käthe eine gute Wirthſchafterin und gar häuslich, und der alte Gottlieb, ein wahrer Weltweiſer, der mit Wenigem recht glücklich ſein konnte. Philipp verdiente ſich bei dem Gärtner, in deſſen Lohn er ſtand, ſein täglich Brod zur Genüge, und wenn er beſtellte Blumen in die Häuſer der Reichen trug, gab es artige Trinkgelder. Er war ein hübſcher Burſche von ſechsundzwanzig Jahren. Vornehme Frauen gaben ihm blos ſeines Geſichts wegen ein Stück Geld mehr, als jedem andern, der eben ſolch' ein Geſicht nicht aufweiſen konnte.

Frau Käthe hatte ſchon das Mäntelein umgeworfen, um aus des Gärtners Hauſe den Sohn zu rufen, als dieſer in die Stube trat.

„Vater," ſagte Philipp und gab dem Vater und der Mutter die Hand, „es ſchneit, und das Schneewetter thut dir nicht wohl. Ich will dich dieſe Nacht ablöſen, wenn du willſt. Lege du dich ſchlafen."

„Du biſt brav!" ſagte der alte Gottlieb.

„Und dann, ich habe gedacht, morgen ſei es doch Neujahr," fuhr Philipp fort, „und ich möchte morgen bei euch eſſen und mir gütlich thun. Mütterchen, haſt vielleicht keinen Braten in der Küche . . . "

„Das eben nicht," ſagte Frau Käthe, „aber doch anderthalb Pfund Rindfleiſch, Erdäpfel zum Gemüs, und Reis mit Lorbeerblättern zur Suppe. Auch zum Trunk noch ein paar Fläſchchen Bier. Komm du nur, Philipp, wir können morgen doch leben! Künftige Woche gibt es auch wieder Neujahrgeld für die Nachtwächter, wenn ſie theilen. Da können wir ſchon wohl leben."

„Nun, deſto beſſer für euch. Und habt ihr ſchon die Hausmiethe bezahlt?" fragte Philipp.

Der alte Gottlieb zuckte die Achſeln.

Philipp legte Geld auf den Tiſch und ſagte: „Da ſind zweiundzwanzig Gulden, die ich erſpart habe. Ich kann ſie wohl entbehren. Nehmet ſie zum Neujahrgeſchenk. So können wir alle Drei das neue Jahr wohlgemuth und ſorgenlos antreten. Gott gebe, daß ihr es geſund und fröhlich durchlebet. Der Himmel wird ferner für euch und mich ſorgen."

Frau Käthe hatte Thränen in den Augen, und küßte ihn. Der alte Gottlieb ſagte: „Philipp, du biſt wahrhaft der Troſt und Stab unſeres Alters. Gott wird dir's vergelten. Fahre fort, redlich zu ſein und deine Eltern zu lieben. Ich ſage dir, der Segen bleibt nicht aus. Zum Neujahr wünſche ich dir nichts, als dein Herz fromm und gut zu bewahren. Das ſteht in deiner Macht. Dann biſt du reich genug. Dann haſt du deinen Himmel im Gewiſſen."

So ſprach der alte Gottlieb, ging und ſchrieb die Summe von zweiundzwanzig Gulden in's große Hausbuch und ſagte: „Was du mich als Kind gekoſtet, haſt du beinahe ſchon Alles abbezahlt. Jetzt haben wir aus deinen Erſparniſſen ſchon dreihundert und ſiebenzehn Gulden empfangen und genoſſen."

„Dreihundert und ſiebenzehn Gulden!" rief Frau Käthe mit großem Erſtaunen. Dann wandte ſie ſich mitleidig zu Philipp und ſagte mit weicher Stimme: „Herzenskind, du jammerſt mich. Ja, recht ſehr jammerſt du mich. Hätteſt du die Summe für dich ſparen und zurücklegen können, ſo würdeſt du jetzt ein Stück Land kaufen, für eigene Rechnung Gärtnerei treiben und die gute Roſe heirathen können. Das geht nun nicht. Aber tröſte dich. Wir ſind alt; du wirſt uns nicht mehr ſo lange unterſtützen müſſen."

„Mutter," ſagte Philipp, und runzelte die Stirn ein wenig, „was redeſt du? Röschen iſt mir zwar lieb, wie mein Leben. Aber hundert Röschen gäbe ich für dich und den Vater hin. Ich kann in dieſer Welt keine Eltern mehr haben, als euch, aber wenn es ſein muß, wohl noch manches Röschen, wenn ich ſchon unter zehntauſend Röschen kein anderes als Bittners Röschen möchte."

„Du haſt Recht, Philipp!" ſagte der Alte: „Lieben und Heirathen iſt kein Verdienſt; aber alte, arme Eltern ehren und unterſtützen, das iſt Pflicht und Verdienſt. Sich ſelbſt opfern mit ſeinen Leidenſchaften und Neigungen für das Glück der Eltern, das iſt kindliche Dankbarkeit. Das erwirbt dir Gotteslohn, das macht dich im Herzen reich."

„Wenn nur," ſagte Frau Käthe, „dem Mädchen die Zeit nicht zu lang, oder es dir abtrünnig wird! — Denn Röschen iſt ein ſchönes Mädchen, das muß man ſagen. Es iſt freilich arm; aber an Freiern wird es ihm nicht fehlen. Es iſt tugendhaft und verſteht die Haushaltung."

„Fürchte dich gar nicht, Mutter!" verſetzte Philipp: „Röschen hat mir's feierlich geſchworen, ſie nähme keinen andern Mann, als mich; und das iſt genug. Ihre alte Mutter hat eigentlich auch nichts an mir auszuſetzen. Und könnte ich heute mein Gewerbe für mich treiben und eine Frau ernähren, morgen hätte ich Röschen am Altar; das weiß ich. Es iſt nur verdrießlich, daß die alte Bittnerin uns verbietet, einander ſo oft zu ſehen, als wir gern möchten. Sie ſagt, das thue nicht gut. Ich aber finde, und Röschen findet das auch, es thut uns Beiden gewiß ſehr gut. Auch haben wir verabredet, uns heut um zwölf Uhr vor der Hauptthür der Gregorienkirche zu ſprechen; denn Röschen bringt den Sylveſterabend bei einer ihrer Freundinnen zu. Dann führe ich ſie des Nachts heim."

Unter dieſen Geſprächen ſchlug es im benachbarten Thurme drei Viertel. Da nahm Philipp den Nachtwächtermantel ſeines Vaters vom warmen Ofen, auf den ihn Käthe vorſorglich gelegt hatte, hing ihn um, nahm das Horn und die Stange, wünſchte den Eltern gute Nacht und begab ſich auf ſeinen Poſten.

2.

Philipp ſchritt majeſtätiſch durch die beſchneiten Gaſſen, auf welchen noch viel Volks umherwandelte, als wär's am Tage. Kutſchen fuhren her und hin. Alles war in den Häuſern hell und licht. Unſern Nachtwächter beluſtigte das heitere Leben. Er ſang und blies im angewieſenen Stadtquartier die zehnte Stunde recht frohmüthig ab, am liebſten und mit mancherlei Nebengedanken vor dem Hauſe unweit der Gregorienkirche, wo er wohl wußte, daß Röschen bei ihren Freundinnen war. „Nun hört ſie mich," dachte er, „nun denkt ſie an mich, und vergißt vielleicht Geſpräch und Spiel. Wenn ſie nur um zwölf Uhr nicht bei der Kirchthür fehlt!"

Und als er ſeinen Gang durch das Stadtquartier gemacht hatte, kehrte er vor das beliebte Haus zurück und ſah nach den erleuchteten Fenſtern von Röschens Freundinnen hinauf. Zuweilen ſah er weibliche Geſtalten am Fenſter, dann ſchlug ſein Herz ſchneller. Er glaubte Röschen zu ſehen. Verſchwanden die Geſtalten, ſo ſtudierte er ihre verlängerten Schatten an Wand und Zimmerdecke, um zu erkennen, welches Röschens Schatten ſei und was ſie thue. Es war freilich gar nicht angenehm, in Froſt und Schnee da zu ſtehen und Beobachtungen zu machen. Aber was fechten Froſt und Schnee einen Liebhaber an! Und Nachtwächter lieben heutzutage ſo romantiſch, wie irgend zärtliche Ritter der Vorwelt in Romanzen und Balladen. Er ſpürte den Einfluß der Kälte erſt, als es eilf Uhr ſchlug, und er von neuem die nachtwächterliche Runde beginnen ſollte. Die Zähne klapperten ihm vor Froſt. Er konnte kaum die Stunde anrufen und dazu blaſen. Er wäre gern in ein Bierhaus eingekehrt, um ſich wieder zu erwärmen.

Wie er nun durch ein einſames Nebengäßchen ging, trat ihm eine ſeltſame Geſtalt entgegen, ein Menſch mit ſchwarzer Halblarve vor dem Geſicht, in einen feuerrothen Seidenmantel gehüllt, auf dem Haupte einen runden, ſeitwärts aufgeſchlagenen Hut, fantaſtiſch mit vielen hohen, ſchwankenden Federn geſchmückt.

Philipp wollte der Maske ausweichen. Dieſe aber vertrat ihm den Weg und ſagte: „Du biſt mir ein allerliebſter Kerl, du! Du gefällſt mir! Wo gehſt du hin? Sag' mir's."

Philipp antwortete: „In die Mariengaſſe, da ruf' ich die Stunde."

„Göttlich," rief die Maske: „Das muß ich hören. Ich will dich begleiten. So was hört man nicht alle Tage. Komm du nur, närriſcher Kerl, und laß dich hören; aber das ſag' ich dir, als Virtuoſe laß dich hören, ſonſt bin ich nicht zufrieden. Kannſt du ein luſtiges Stückchen ſingen?"

Philipp ſah wohl, der Herr war ein luſtiger Bruder, und antwortete: „Herr, beim Glaſe Weins in warmer Stube beſſer, als bei ſolcher Kälte, die einem das Herz im Leibe erſtarrt." — Damit ging er ſeines Weges in die Mariengaſſe und ſang und blies.

Die Maske hatte ihn dahin begleitet, und ſprach: „Das iſt kein Kunſtſtück. Das kann ich auch, du närriſcher Kerl. Gib mir dein Horn; ich will für dich blaſen und ſingen. Du ſollſt dich halb zu Tode wundern."

Philipp gab auf der nächſten Station den Bitten der Maske nach, und ließ ſie blaſen und ſingen. Es ging ganz in der Ordnung. So zum zweiten-, zum dritten- und zum viertenmal. Die Maske konnte nicht müde werden, Stellvertreter des Nachtwächters zu ſein, und war in Lobeserhebungen ihrer Geſchicklichkeit unerſchöpflich. Philipp lachte von ganzem Herzen über die wunderlichen Einfälle des luſtigen Herrn, der vermuthlich aus froher Geſellſchaft oder von einem Balle kam, und ſich mit einem Gläschen Weins über die gewöhnliche Höhe des Alltagslebens hinaufgeſtimmt hatte.

„Weißt du was, Schätzchen! Ich hätte große Luſt, ein paar Stunden zu nachtwächtern. Iſt es diesmal nicht, komm' ich mein Lebtage nicht zu der Ehre. Gib mir deinen Mantel und breitkrämpigen Hut; ich gebe dir da meinen Domino. Geh in ein Bierhaus, trinke dir ein Räuſchchen auf meine Rechnung; und haſt du eins, ſo komm wieder und gib mir meinen Maskenanzug zurück. Dann bekommſt du ein paar Thaler Trinkgeld. Was meinſt du, Schätzchen!"

Dazu hatte der Nachtwächter keine Luſt. Die Maske gab aber mit Bitten nicht nach, und wie Beide in ein finſteres Gäßchen traten, wurde kapitulirt. — Philipp fror erbärmlich; eine warme Stube hätte ihm wohlgethan, ein gutes Trinkgeld nicht minder. Er bewilligte dem jungen Herrn alſo das Nachtwächter-Vikariat auf eine Stunde, nämlich bis zwölf Uhr; dann ſollte er zur Hauptpforte der Gregorienkirche kommen und Mantel, Hut, Horn und Stange gegen den langen rothen Seidenmantel, Larve und Federhut austauſchen. Auch nannte er ihm noch vier Straßen, in denen er die Stunde abzurufen habe.

„Herzensſchatz!" rief die Maske entzückt: „Ich möchte dich küſſen, wenn du nicht ein Schmierfinke wärſt. Nun, es ſoll dich nicht gereuen. Um zwölf Uhr ſtelle dich bei der Kirche ein und hole dein Trinkgeld. Juchhey, ich bin Nachtwächter!"

Die Kleider wurden vertauſcht. Die Maske vernachtwächterte ſich. Philipp band die Larve um, ſetzte den von einer funkelnden Schleife gezierten Federhut auf und wickelte ſich in den langen feuerrothen Seidenmantel. Als er ſeinen Stellvertreter verließ, fiel es ihm aber doch auf's Herz, der junge Herr könnte vielleicht die nachtwächterliche Würde entweihen. Er drehte ſich noch einmal um und ſagte: „Ich hoffe, Sie werden meine Gutwilligkeit nicht mißbrauchen und Unfug treiben. Das könnte mir Verdruß zuziehen und den Dienſt rauben."

„Was denkſt du denn, närriſcher Kerl!" rief der Vikar: „Meinſt du, ich wiſſe nicht, was meines Amtes ſei? Dafür laß mich ſorgen. Ich bin ein Chriſtenmenſch, ſo gut als du. Packe dich, oder ich werfe dir die Stange zwiſchen die Beine. Um zwölf Uhr biſt du unfehlbar bei der Gregorienkirche und gibſt mir meine Kleidung wieder. Adieu! Das iſt ein Teufelsſpaß für mich."

Trotzig ging der Nachtwächter ſeines Weges. Philipp eilte, ein nahegelegenes Bierhaus zu erreichen.

3.

Indem er um die Ecke eines Palaſtes bog, fühlte er ſich von einer maskirten Perſon berührt, die ſo eben vor dieſem Palaſte aus einem Wagen geſtiegen war. Philipp blieb ſtehen und fragte nach Maskenart, nämlich mit gedämpfter, leiſer Stimme: „Was ſteht zu Befehl?"

„Gnädigſter Herr, Sie ſind in Gedanken hier vor der Thür vorübergegangen!" erwiederte die Maske: „Wollen Ihre königliche Hoheit nicht —"

„Was! Königliche Hoheit!" ſagte Philipp lachend: „Ich bin keine Hoheit. Wie kommen Sie zu dem Einfall?"

Die Maske verbeugte ſich ehrfurchtsvoll und ſchielte nach der ſtrahlenden Diamantſchleife auf Philipps Federhut: „Ich bitte um Gnade, wenn ich Maskenrecht verletze. Aber in welches Gewand Sie ſich hüllen mögen, Ihre edle Geſtalt wird Sie immer verrathen. Belieben Sie gefälligſt vorzutreten. Werden Sie tanzen, wenn ich fragen darf?"

„Ich! Tanzen! — Nein. Sie ſehen ja, ich habe Stiefeln an!" antwortete Philipp.

„Alſo ſpielen?" fragte die Maske weiter.

„Noch weniger; ich habe kein Geld bei mir!" erwiederte der Nachtwächter-Adjunkt.

„Mein Gott, disponiren Sie doch über meine Börſe, über Alles, was ich bin und habe!" rief die Maske, und bot dem beſtürzten Philipp einen vollen Geldbeutel an.

„Aber wiſſen Sie denn, wer ich bin?" fragte dieſer und ſchob die Hand mit dem Geldbeutel zurück.

Die Maske flüſterte mit einer graziöſen Verbeugung: „Königliche Hoheit, Prinz Julian."

In dieſem Augenblick hörte Philipp ſeinen Stellvertreter in einer benachbarten Gaſſe vernehmlich und laut die Stunde rufen. Jetzt erſt merkte er die Verwandlungen. Prinz Julian, in der Reſidenz als ein junger, wilder, liebenswürdiger und geiſtvoller Mann bekannt, hatte den Einfall gehabt, die Rollen mit ihm zu vertauſchen. „Nun," dachte Philipp, „ſpielt er den Nachtwächter gut, ſo will ich ihm auch in meiner Prinzenmaske keine Schande machen, und zeigen, daß ich wohl eine halbe Stunde lang Prinz ſein kann. Es iſt ſeine Schuld, wenn ich allenfalls einen Bock ſchieße. — „Er wickelte ſich feſter in den feuerrothen Talar, nahm die Geldbörſe an, ſteckte ſie ein und ſagte: „Maske, wer ſind Sie? Ich gebe Ihnen morgen Ihr Geld zurück."

„Ich bin der Kammerherr Pilzow."

„Gut. Gehen Sie voran! ich folge Ihnen."

Der Kammerherr gehorchte, flog die breiten Marmorſtufen hinan; ihm bebend nach Philipp. Sie traten in einen unermeßlichen Saal, von tauſend Wachskerzen erleuchtet, deren Strahlen ſich an den Wänden in einer Menge Spiegel, an der Decke in den ſchwebenden Kriſtallleuchtern brachen. Ein buntes Gewühl von Masken wogte durcheinander, Sultane, Tirolermädchen, Papagene, geharniſchte Ritter, Nonnen, Galanteriekrämer, Liebesgötter, Faunen, Mönche, Juden, Perſer und Weiber. Philipp war eine Weile ganz verblüfft und verblendet. Solch ein Schauſpiel hatte er ſein Lebtag nicht gehabt. Er war wie im Traum. In der Mitte des Saales ſchwammen hundert Tänzer und Tänzerinnen in den harmoniſchen Wellen der Muſik.

Philipp, dem die milde Wärme wohlthat, die ihn hier anhauchte, war von Verwunderung ſo gelähmt, daß er kaum mit einem Kopfnicken dankte, wenn unter den Vorbeiſchwärmenden ihn einige Masken bald neckend, bald ehrerbietig, bald zutraulich grüßten.

„Befehlen Sie zum Spieltiſch?" flüſterte ihm der Kammerherr zu, der nun, beim Licht beſehen, als Bramine da ſtand.

„Laſſen Sie mich nur erſt aufthauen!" entgegnete Philipp: „Mich friert verzweifelt."

„Aber ein Glas warmen Punſch!" ſagt der Bramine, und führte ihn in ein Seitenkabinet. Der Pſeudo-Prinz ließ ſich nicht bitten. Ein Glas um das andere ward geleert. Der Punſch war gut, und bald ergoß ſich ſein Feuer durch alle Adern Philipps.

„Wie ſteht's, Bramine. Sie tanzen heute nicht?" fragte er den Kammerherrn, als ſie in den Saal zurücktraten.

Der Bramine ſeufzte und zuckte die Achſeln: „Für mich iſt Spiel und Tanz vorbei, das Lachen iſt vorüber. Die Einzige, die ich zum Tanz fordern möchte . . . die Gräfin Bonau . . . ich glaubte, ſie liebe mich . . . denken Sie ſich meine Verzweiflung . . . unſere Häuſer waren einig . . . plötzlich bricht ſie gänzlich mit mir ab."

„Ei, das iſt das Erſte, was ich höre!" rief Philipp.

„Mein Gott, Sie wiſſen nicht? Die ganze Reſidenz ſpricht davon!" ſeufzte der Kammerherr: „Schon ſeit vierzehn Tagen haben wir gebrochen. Sie erlaubt mir nicht einmal, mich zu rechtfertigen. Drei Briefe ſchickte ſie mir unerbrochen zurück. Sie iſt eine geſchworne Feindin der Baroneſſe Reizenthal. Ich hatte ihr gelobt, jeden Umgang mit ihr zu meiden. Denken Sie ſich mein Unglück: als die Königin Mutter nach Freudenwald zur Jagdparthie fährt, macht ſie mich zum Kavalier der Baroneſſe — was ſollte ich thun? Konnte ich widerſprechen? Gerade am Namenstage der göttlichen Bonau mußte ich unerwartet fort . . . ſie erfuhr Alles . . . ſie verkannte mein Herz."

„Wohlan, Bramin, benutzen ſie den Augenblick, die allgemeine Freude verſöhnt Alles. Iſt die Gräfin nicht hier?"

„Sehen Sie ſie nicht dort drüben, links, die Karmeliterin neben den drei ſchwarzen Masken? Sie hat die Larve abgelegt. O mein Prinz, Ihr gnädiges Fürwort bei ihr —"

Philipp, den der Punſch begeiſtert hatte, dachte: da iſt ein gutes Werk zu thun! und machte ſich ohne Umſtände zur Karmeliterin. Die Gräfin Bonau betrachtete ihn eine Weile ernſt und erröthend, als er ſich an ihrer Seite niederſetzte. Sie war ein ſchönes Mädchen; doch bemerkte Philipp bald, ſein Röschen ſei noch zehntauſendmal ſchöner.

„Meine Gräfin —" ſtammelte er, und gerieth in Verlegenheit, als ſie ihren hellen, ſchwärmenden Blick auf ihn lenkte.

„Prinz," ſagte die Gräfin, „Sie waren vor einer Stunde beinahe zu muthwillig."

„Schöne Gräfin, ich bin dafür jetzt deſto ernſthafter."

„Deſto beſſer, ſo darf ich Sie nicht fliehen, Prinz."

„Schöne Gräfin, eine Frage nur erlauben Sie mir: thun Sie auch in dieſem Nonnenkleide aufrichtige Buße für Ihre Sünden?"

„Ich habe nichts zu büßen."

„Aber doch, Gräfin — Ihre Grauſamkeiten — Ihr Unrecht gegen den lieben Braminen, der dort drüben von Gott und aller Welt verlaſſen ſteht."

Die ſchöne Karmeliterin ſchlug die Augen nieder und ward ein wenig unruhig.

„Wiſſen Sie auch, ſchöne Gräfin, daß der Kammerherr an der Freudenwalder Geſchichte ſo unſchuldig iſt, wie ich?"

„Wie Sie, Prinz?" ſagte die Gräfin, und runzelte die Stirn: „Was ſagten Sie mir nicht erſt vor einer Stunde?"

„Sie haben Recht, liebe Gräfin, ich war zu muthwillig. Sie ſelbſt ſagen es ja. Nun ſchwör' ich, der Kammerherr mußte auf Befehl der Königin Mutter nach Freudenwald, mußte gegen ſeinen Willen dahin, mußte beſtändig der Kavalier der ihm verhaßten Reizenthal ſein —"

„Der ihm verhaßten?" lächelte ſpöttiſch und bitter die Gräfin.

„Ja, er haßt, er verachtet die Baronin. Glauben Sie mir, er hat gegen die Baroneſſe faſt alle Grenzen des Anſtands verletzt, hat ſich durch ſein Betragen vielen Verdruß zugezogen. Ich weiß es. Und das alles that er für Sie. Nur Sie liebt er, nur Sie betet er an. Und Sie — Sie können ihn verſtoßen?"

„Wie kommt es, Prinz, daß Sie ſich für Pilzow ſo lebhaft intereſſiren? Sonſt war's doch nicht ſo."

„Es geſchieht, Gräfin, weil ich ihn vorher nicht kannte, noch weniger ſeine traurige Lage, in die Sie ihn ſtürzten. Ich ſchwöre Ihnen, er iſt unſchuldig. Sie haben ihm nichts zu verzeihen; aber wohl er Ihnen."

„Still!" liſpelte die Karmeliterin mit erheiterten Mienen. „Man achtet auf uns. Kommen Sie hinweg von hier!" — Sie legte ihre Larve vor, ſtand auf und gab dem vermeinten Prinzen den Arm. Beide gingen den Saal entlang, dann in ein leeres Seitenkabinet. Hier führte die Gräfin bittere Klagen eiferſüchtiger Liebe. Sie trocknete eine Thräne ab. Da trat ſchüchtern der zärtliche Bramine herein. Es entſtand tiefe Stille. Philipp wußte hier nichts Beſſeres zu thun, als er führte den Kammerherrn zur Karmeliterin, legte Beider Hände in einander, ohne ein Wort zu ſagen, und überließ ſie ihrem Schickſal. Er ſelbſt ging in den Saal zurück.

4.

Hier ſtieß ihn ein Mameluk an und ſagte haſtig: „Gut, Domino, daß ich Sie finde. Iſt das Roſenmädchen hier im Kabinet?" — Der Mameluk trat hinein und kam den Augenblick wieder zurück. „Auf ein Wort allein, Domino!" und führte Philipp in einen entlegenen Theil des Saals an's Fenſter.

„Was ſteht zu Befehl?" fragte Philipp.

„Ich beſchwöre Sie," ſagte der Mameluk mit gedämpfter aber fürchterlicher Stimme, „wo iſt das Roſenmädchen?"

„Was geht mich das Roſenmädchen an?"

„Aber mich deſto mehr!" entgegnete der Mameluk, deſſen gepreßte Stimme, deſſen unruhige Bewegungen eine ſchreckliche Gährung ſeines ganzen Innern verriethen: „Mich deſto mehr! Es iſt mein Weib. Sie wollen mich unglücklich machen. Prinz, ich beſchwöre Sie, treiben Sie mich nicht zum Wahnſinn. Laſſen Sie von meinem Weibe."

„Von Herzen gern!" antwortete Philipp trocken: „Was habe ich mit Ihrer Gemahlin zu ſchaffen?"

„Oh! Prinz! Prinz!" rief der Mameluk: „Ich bin zum Aeußerſten entſchloſſen, und ſollte es mir das Leben koſten. Verſtellen Sie ſich keinen Augenblick länger vor mir. Ich habe Alles entdeckt. Hier, da — ſehen Sie — hier iſt das Billet, das Ihnen das falſche Weib in die Hand drückte, und Sie, ohne es geleſen zu haben, im Gedränge verloren."

Philipp nahm den Zettel. Mit Bleiſtift war von einer weiblichen Hand darauf geſchrieben: „Aendern Sie die Maske. Alles kennt Sie. Mein Mann beobachtet Sie. Mich kennt er nicht. Wenn Sie artig ſind, lohn' ich's Ihnen."

„Hm!" brummte Philipp: „Das iſt, ſo wahr ich lebe, nicht an mich geſchrieben. Ich kümmere mich um Ihre Gemahlin wenig."

— Himmel und Hölle, Prinz, machen Sie mich nicht raſend. Wiſſen Sie, wen Sie vor ſich haben? Ich bin der Marſchall Blankenſchwerd. Daß Sie meinem Weibe nachſtellen, iſt mir ſeit der letzten Redoute am Hofe nicht mehr unbekannt."

„Herr Marſchall," verſetzte Philipp, „nehmen Sie mir's nicht übel, die Eiferſucht blendet Sie. Wenn Sie mich recht kennten, Sie würden von mir ſo tolles Zeug gar nicht denken. Ich gebe Ihnen mein Ehrenwort, Ihre Gemahlin ſoll Ruhe vor mir haben."

— Iſt es Ihr Ernſt, Prinz?"

„Vollkommen."

— Geben Sie mir den Beweis.

„Wie verlangen Sie ihn?"

— Sie haben ſie bisher abgehalten, ich weiß es, zu ihren Verwandten nach Polen mit mir zu reiſen. Bereden Sie ſie jetzt dazu.

„Von Herzen gern, wenn Ihnen damit gedient iſt."

— Alles, königliche Hoheit, Alles! Sie verhüten entſetzliches, unvermeidliches Unglück.

Der Mameluk plauderte noch ein Langes und Breites, bald weinerlich, bald flehend, bald drohend, daß dem guten Philipp bange ward, der Menſch könne in ſeiner Tollheit mit ihm vor aller Welt Handel beginnen. Und das war ihm eben nicht gelegen. Er war froh, als er von ihm abkam.

Kaum hatte er ſich in der Maſſe der Uebrigen verloren, kniff ihn eine weibliche Maske, die ſchwarz beflort in tiefen Trauerkleidern einherging, freundlich in den Arm und flüſterte: „Schmetterling, wohin! — Flößt ihnen die verlaſſene Wittwe kein Mitleiden ein?"

Philipp erwiederte gar höflich: „Schöne Wittwen finden nur der Tröſter zu viel; darf ich mich zur Zahl Ihrer Tröſter zählen?"

„Warum ſind ſie ſo unachtſam und änderten die Maske nicht?" ſagte die Wittwe, indem ſie mit ihm ſeitwärts ging, wo ſie freier mit ihm in's Geſpräch treten konnte: „Glauben Sie denn, Prinz, daß Sie nicht von Jedem hier erkannt ſind?"

„Die Leute," verſetzte Philipp, „ſind doch ungewiß und irren ſich in mir."

„Wahrhaftig nicht, Prinz; und kleiden Sie ſich nicht auf der Stelle anders, ſo verlaſſe ich Sie für den ganzen Abend. Denn ich möchte meinem Manne keinen Anlaß zu einem Auftritt geben."

Jetzt wußte Philipp, mit wem er es zu thun hatt. „Sie waren das ſchöne Roſenmädchen. Sind die Roſen ſo ſchnell verblüht?"

„Was iſt nicht vergänglich? Beſonders Männertreue! Ich ſah wohl, wie Sie mit der Karmeliterin davon ſchlichen. Bekennen Sie nur Ihre Flatterhaftigkeit. Sie können nicht mehr läugnen."

„Hm!" verſetzte Philipp trocken, „klagen Sie mich nicht an, ſonſt klag' ich Sie auch an."

„Zum Beiſpiel, ſchöner Schmetterling?"

„Es giebt zum Beiſpiel doch keinen treuern Mann, als den Marſchall?"

„Das iſt er wohl. Und ich habe Unrecht, Sie zu viel angehört zu haben. Ich mache mir Vorwürfe genug. Er hat leider unſer Verhältniß ausgeſpürt."

„Seit der letzten Redoute am Hofe, ſchöne Wittwe."

„Wo Sie zu ausgelaſſen und unvorſichtig waren, ſchöner Schmetterling."

„Machen wir's wieder gut. Trennen wir uns. Ich ſchätze den Marſchall. Ich mag ihn meinetwillen nicht leiden ſehen."

Die Wittwe betrachtete ihn eine Weile ſprachlos.

„Haben Sie," fuhr Philipp fort, „wirklich einige Achtung für mich, ſo reiſen Sie mit dem Marſchall nach Polen zu Ihren Verwandten. Es iſt beſſer, daß wir uns nicht zu viel ſehen. Eine ſchöne Frau iſt ſchön; eine treue, tugendhafte Frau iſt aber noch ſchöner."

„Prinz!" rief die beſtürzte Marſchallin, „iſt das Ihr Ernſt? Haben Sie mich je geliebt, oder belogen?"

„Sehen Sie," ſagte Philipp, „ich bin ein Verſucher ganz eigener Art. Ich ſuche die Tugend und Treue unter den Weibern, und finde ſie ſo ſelten. Die Treueſte und Tugendhafteſte kann mich allein feſſeln — darum feſſelt mich keine. Doch, holla, nein, daß ich nicht lüge. Eine hat mich gefeſſelt. Aber es thut mir leid, Frau Marſchallin, das ſind eben Sie gerade nicht."

„Sie ſind in einer abſcheulichen Laune, Prinz!" ſagte die Wittwe, und das Zittern ihrer Stimme und das Auf- und Abwogen ihres Buſens verrieth, was in ihr vorging.

„Nein," erwiederte Philipp, „ich bin, ſo wahr ich lebe, in der ehrlichſten Laune von der Welt. Ich möchte gern einen dummen Streich wieder gut machen. Ich hab' es Ihrem Manne auch geſagt."

„Wie!" rief die Wittwe erſchrocken, „Sie haben dem Marſchall Alles offenbart?"

„Nicht eben Alles, nur was ich wußte."

Die Wittwe wandte ſich in heftiger Bewegung rechts und links. Sie rang die Hände. Endlich fragte ſie: „Wo iſt mein Mann?"

Philipp zeigte auf den Mameluken, der in dem Augenblick mit langſamen Schritten daher kam.

„Prinz!" ſagte die Wittwe mit einem Tone voll unausſprechlichen Zorns, „Prinz, verzeihe Ihnen Gott, ich kann Ihnen nie verzeihen. Solcher Abſcheulichkeit hielt ich nie das Herz eines Menſchen fähig. Sie ſind ein Verräther. Mein

Mann iſt ein Ehrenmann im Mamelukenkleide, Sie ſind ein Mameluk im Ehrenkleide. In dieſer Welt ſehen Sie mich nicht wieder." — Mit dieſen Worten wandte ſie ihm ſchnell und ſtolz den Rücken, ging auf den Mameluk zu, und verlor ſich mit ihm, wie man ſah, in eine ſehr ernſte Unterredung.

Philipp lachte heimlich vor ſich in den Bart und dachte bei ſich: „Mein Subſtitut, der Nachtwächter, mag ſehen, wie er zurecht kommt. Ich ſpiele meine Rolle in ſeinem Namen ſo übel nicht. Wenn er nur morgen ſo ehrlich fortfährt, wie ich angefangen habe."

Er trat zu den Tanzenden und erblickte mit Vergnügen die ſchöne Karmeliterin in den Reihen der Tänzerinnen an der Seite ihres überglücklichen Braminen. Dieſer ward den feuerfarbenen Domino kaum gewahr, ſo warf er ihm eine Kußhand zu und bezeichnete pantomimiſch die Höhe ſeiner Seligkeit. Philipp dachte bei ſich: „Schade, daß ich nicht Prinz für Zeitlebens bin. Die Leute ſollten bald alle mit mir zufrieden ſein. Es iſt in der Welt nichts leichter, als ein Prinz zu ſein. Mit einem Worte vermag er mehr, als der beſte Advokat mit einer langen Rede. Er hatte das Vorrecht, geradezu zu gehen und frei von der Leber weg zu ſprechen. Ja, wenn ich Prinz wäre, dann wäre mein Röschen — für mich verloren. Nein, ich möchte nicht Prinz ſein."

Er ſah nach der Uhr, es war erſt halb zwölf Uhr. Da kam der Mameluk in Haſt auf ihn zu, zog ihn auf die Seite und gab ihm ein Papier. „Prinz," rief der Mameluk, „ich möchte zu Ihren Füßen fallen und Ihnen im Staube danken. Ich bin verſöhnt mit meiner Frau. Sie haben ihr Herz gebrochen; aber es iſt gut, daß es geſchah. Sie will noch dieſe Nacht abreiſen. Sie will auf den Gütern in Polen bleiben. Leben Sie wohl. In welcher Stunde es auch ſei, ich erwarte Ihre Befehle, wenn es darauf ankommt, für Ihre königliche Hoheit in den Tod zu gehen. Mein Dank iſt ewig. Leben Sie wohl!"

„Halt!" rief Philipp, da der Marſchall ſchnell davon wollte, „was ſoll ich mit dem Papier?"

Der Marſchall antwortete: „Es iſt meine Spielſchuld von voriger Woche, die ich faſt vergeſſen hatte, und jetzt bei der Abreiſe nicht vergeſſen möchte. Ich habe den Wechſel auf Ihre königliche Hoheit endoſſirt." Damit verſchwand der Marſchall.

5.

Philipp ſchielte in das Blatt, las da etwas von fünftauſend Gulden, ſteckte das Papier zu ſich und dachte: „Schade, daß ich nicht Prinz bin."

Indem wiſperte ihm Jemand in's Ohr: „Königliche Hoheit, wir ſind Beide verrathen. Ich erſchieße mich." — Philipp ſah ſich mit großen Augen um und erblickte einen Neger.

„Was wollen Sie, Maske?" fragte Philipp ganz gelaſſen.

„Ich bin der Oberſt Kalt!" antwortete flüſternd der Neger: „Die unſelige Marſchallin hat dem Herzog Herrmann geplaudert, und dieſer ſpeit jetzt Feuer und Flammen gegen Sie und mich."

„Meinethalben!" verſetzte Philipp.

„Aber der König erfährt Alles!" ſeufzte der Neger ängſtlich, „vielleicht werde ich dieſe Nacht ſchon arretirt und morgen auf die Feſtung gebracht. Ich erhänge mich lieber."

„Davon haben Sie keinen Nutzen!" ſagte Philipp.

„Soll ich mich lebenslänglicher Schande Preis geben? Ich bin verloren. Der Herzog wird blutige Genugthuung fordern. Sein Rücken iſt gewiß noch blau von der Tracht Schläge, die ich ihm gab. Ich bin verloren, und das Bäckermädchen dazu. Ich ſpringe von der Brücke und erſäufe mich noch dieſe Nacht."

„Behüte Gott!" ſagte Philipp, „was hätten Sie und das Bäckermädchen davon!"

„Ihre königliche Hoheit ſcherzt, und ich bin in Verzweiflung. Ich bitte unterthänigſt, nur ein paar Augenblicke unter vier Augen gönnen Sie mir."

Philipp folgte dem Neger in ein einſames Seitengemach, wo wenige Kerzen einen düſtern Schein verbreiteten. Der Neger warf ſich, wie gelähmt, auf ein Sopha nieder und ſeufzte laut. Philipp fand auf einem Tiſche Erfriſchungen, nebſt feinen Weinen, und ließ ſich's ſchmecken.

„Ich begreife nicht, wie Ihre königliche Hoheit ſo ruhig bei der verdammten Geſchichte bleiben kann!" ſagte der Neger; „wäre nur der Schelm, der Neapolitaner Salmoni, noch hier, der den Geiſterbeſchwörer ſpielte; der Kerl war voller Ränke von den Zehen an bis zum Scheitel, und hätte uns vielleicht mit einer Liſt retten können. Jetzt hat er ſich aus dem Staube gemacht."

„Deſto beſſer!" erwiederte Philipp, und füllte ſein Glas von neuem, „ſo ſchieben Sie alle Schuld auf ihn. Er iſt davon."

„Wie auf ihn ſchieben? Der Herzog weiß nun, daß Sie, ich, die Marſchallin und das Bäckermädchen in der Intrigue waren, um aus ſeinem Aberglauben Nutzen zu ziehen. Er weiß, daß Sie den Salmoni zur Geiſterbannerei beſtachen; daß ich mein Bäckermädchen, in das er verliebt war, abrichtete, um ihn in die Falle zu locken; daß ich der Geiſt war, der ihn zu Boden warf und ihm das Fell bläute. Hätte ich nur den Spaß nicht zu weit getrieben! Aber ich wollte ihm die Liebe zu meinem Mädchen ein wenig ausklopfen. Es iſt ein verdammter Streich. Ich nehme Gift."

„Nehmen Sie lieber ein Glas Wein, er iſt gut!" ſagte Philipp, und nahm mit großer Eßluſt ein friſches Stück Torte. „Und überhaupt," ſetzte er hinzu, „muß ich Ihnen offen geſtehen, lieber Oberſt, daß ſie für einen Oberſten ſehr feig ſind, und ſich da einer Narrengeſchichte willen gleich erſchießen, erſäufen, vergiften und aufhängen wollen. Es wäre ſchon an einem zu viel. Zweitens muß ich Ihnen ſagen, daß ich aus ihrem Geſchwätz da unter einander noch zur Stunde nicht klug werde."

„Königliche Hoheit halten zu Gnaden, ich weiß nicht, wo mir der Kopf ſteht. Der Kammerjunker des Herzogs — er iſt mein alter Freund — vertraute mir dieſen Augenblick, die Marſchallin ſei, vom Teufel geplagt, zum Herzog getreten, und habe ihm geſagt: die Komödie im Hauſe des Bäckers hat Ihnen Prinz Julian geſtiftet, der Ihnen ſeine Schweſter nicht gönnte. Die Hexe, die ſie ſahen, war ich ſelbſt, als Abgeordnete der Prinzeſſin, um Zeugin Ihres Aberglaubens zu ſein. Prinz Julian hat das Verzeichniß Ihrer Schulden, das Sie in die Gruft warfen, aus welcher Sie die Schätze haben ſollten, ſo wie Ihren Revers gegen das Bäckermädchen, daß Sie, nach der Vermählung mit der Prinzeſſin, als Maitreſſe zu ſich nehmen und adeln laſſen wollten. Und der Geiſt, der Sie abprügelte, war Oberſt Kalt, der Handlanger des Prinzen. Darum ging es mit Ihrer Vermählung den Krebsgang. Machen Sie ſich keine Hoffnung länger; Sie waren vergebens. — So hat die Marſchallin dem Herzog geſagt, und iſt verſchwunden."

Philipp ſchüttelte den Kopf und brummte: „Das ſind mir auch ſaubere Geſchichten! Solcher Streiche ſchämt man ſich ja im gemeinſten Pöbel. Was Teufeleien und kein Ende!"

„Nein," rief der Oberſt, „Raſenderes, Pöbelhafteres kann man nicht thun, als die Marſchallin. Das Weib muß eine Furie ſein. — Gnädigſter Herr, retten Sie mich."

„Wo iſt denn der Herzog?" fragte Philipp.

„Der Kammerjunker ſagte, er ſei ſchnell aufgeſtanden und habe blos gerufen: ich gehe zum König! — Denken Sie, Prinz, wenn der zum König geht und unſere Hiſtorie nach ſeiner Art malt."

„Iſt denn der König hier?"

„Allerdings. Er ſpielt im Nebenzimmer mit dem Erzbiſchof und dem Polizeiminiſter l'Hombre."

Philipp ging mit großen Schritten durch das Kabinet. Hier war guter Rath theuer.

„Königliche Hoheit," ſagte der Neger, „retten Sie mich. Es gilt Ihre eigene Ehre. Es wird Ihnen leicht ſein. Uebrigens bin ich auf Alles gefaßt, und beim erſten böſen Wind über die Grenze. Ich packe ein. Morgen erwarte ich Ihre letzten Befehle über mein Verhalten." — Mit dieſen Worten verſchwand der Neger.

6.

„Es iſt hohe Zeit, daß du wieder Nachtwächter wirſt, Philipp!" dachte Philipp bei ſich ſelber, „du verwickelſt dich und deinen Subſtitut in gottloſe Händel, aus denen dich und ihn weder ſeine noch deine Klugheit rettet. — Das alſo wäre der Unterſchied zwiſchen einem Nachtwächter und einem Prinzen! Dafür wend' ich keine Hand um. Lieber Himmel, wie viel tolle Dinge geſchehen bei den Erdengöttern hier unterm Hofhimmel, wovon wir uns auf Erden bei Nachtwächterhorn und Webſtuhl, bei Spaten und Leiſten nichts träumen laſſen! Man bildet ſich ein, die Götter führen ein Leben wie die Engel, ohne Sünde, ohne Sorgen. Saubere Wirthſchaft! Ich habe in einer Viertelſtunde hier mehr Sudeleien gut zu machen, als ich in meinem ganzen Leben begangen habe."

„So einſam, mein Prinz?" flüſterte hinter ihm eine Stimme, „ich preiſe mich glücklich, Ihre königliche Hoheit einen Augenblick allein zu treffen."

Philipp ſah ſich um. Es war ein Bergknappe in Gold und Seiden und Juwelen. — „Was wollen Sie?" fragte Philipp.

„Nur einen Augenblick gnädigſtes Gehör!" antwortete der Knappe, „es iſt dringend, das Reſultat [illegible] vielleicht [illegible]."

„Wer ſind ſie denn, Maske, wenn ich fragen darf?"

„Graf Bodenlos, der Finanzminiſter, Ihrer königlichen Hoheit zu dienen!" verſetzte der Knappe, und lüpfte die Larve, um ein Geſicht zu zeigen, das mit den kleinen Augen und der großen kupferrothen Naſe eine neue Larve zu ſein ſchien.

„Nun, Herr Graf, was ſteht zu Befehl?“ fragte Philipp weiter.

„Darf ich freimüthig reden? Ich ließ mich ſchon dreimal bei Ihrer königlichen Hoheit melden, und genoß nicht die Gnade, vorgelaſſen zu werden. Und doch — Gott iſt Zeuge! — nimmt am ganzen Hofe Niemand an Ihrer königlichen Hoheit Wohl und Weh ſo lebhaften Antheil, als ich.“

„Herr Graf, ich bin Ihnen verbunden!“ verſetzte Philipp, „aber was wollen Sie? Machen Sie's kurz.“

„Darf ich vom Handelshaus Abraham Levi reden?“ fragte der Bergknappe.

„So viel Sie wollen.“

„Es hat ſich an mich wegen der fünfzigtauſend Gulden gewendet, die Sie ihm ſchuldig geworden ſind. Es droht, ſich an den König zu wenden. Und Sie wiſſen, welches Wort Sie dem König gaben, als er Ihre letzten Schulden zu zahlen befahl?“

„Können die Leute nicht warten?“ fragte Philipp.

„So wenig als die Gebrüder Goldſchmidt warten wollen, die an Ihnen fünfundſiebenzigtauſend Gulden fordern.“

„Mir gleich. Wenn die Menſchen nicht warten wollen, ſo muß ich . . .“

„Keine verzweifelten Entſchlüſſe, gnädigſter Herr! Ich bin im Stande, Alles wieder ins Geleis zu bringen, wenn . . .“

„Was denn, wenn?“

„Wenn Sie mir Ihre Gnade ſchenken, wenn Sie mich nur einen Augenblick anzuhören geruhen. Ich hoffe alle Ihre Schulden ohne Mühe zu decken. Das Haus Abraham Levi hat ungeheure Aufkäufe von Getreide veranſtaltet, ſo daß dasſelbe ſehr im Preis geſtiegen iſt. Ein Verbot der Kornausfuhr gegen die benachbarten Staaten wird den Preis um das Doppelte und Dreifache in die Höhe ſchnellen. Dann gibt man dem Abraham Levi Licenzen, und Alles iſt in der Ordnung. Das Haus ſtreicht die Schulden, übernimmt für Sie die Zahlung der fünfundſiebenzigtauſend, und ich überreiche Ihnen die Quittungen. Alles aber hängt von dem Umſtande ab, daß ich noch einige Jahre an der Spitze der Finanzen bleibe. Gelingt es dem Baron Greifenſack, mich aus dem Miniſterium zu verdrängen, ſo bin ich ohnmächtig, für Sie zu handeln, wie es mein heißeſter Wunſch wäre. Es ſteht bei Ihrer königlichen Hoheit, daß Sie die Partei des Greifenſack verlaſſen, und unſer Spiel iſt gewonnen. Für mich iſt es einerlei, ob ich im Miniſterium bleibe, oder nicht. Ich ſehne mich nach Ruhe. Aber es iſt mir für Ihre königliche Hoheit nicht gleichgültig. Kann ich die Karten nicht nach Gefallen miſchen, ſo hab' ich verloren.“

Philipp wußte eine Weile nicht, was auf den Antrag erwiedern. Endlich, während der Finanzminiſter, auf Antwort wartend, eine Brillantendoſe hervorzog und eine Priſe nahm, ſagte Philipp: „Wenn ich Sie recht verſtehe, Herr Graf, wollen Sie das Land ein wenig aushungern, um meine Schulden zu zahlen. Denken Sie auch, wie viel Elend Sie anrichten, und wird es der König zugeben?“

„Wenn ich an den Geſchäften bleibe, ſo laſſen Sie das meine Sorge ſein, gnädigſter Herr. Sobald die Preiſe der Lebensmittel ſteigen, wird der König gleich von ſelbſt an eine Kornſperre denken und die Getreideausfuhr mit ſchweren Zöllen hemmen. Dann gibt man dem Haus Abraham Levi Ausfuhrbewilligungen für zehn Sack, und es führt hundert aus. Nichts leichter, als das. Allein, wie geſagt, kommt der Greifenſack an's Ruder, wird daraus nichts. Ehe er ſich in's Fach hineinſtudirt, vergehen Jahre. So lange wird er aus Noth den ehrlichen Mann ſpielen, um nachher den König und das Land deſto ärger zu prellen. Er muß erſt ſein Terrain kennen. Es gibt keinen ärgern Juden, als den Greifenſack. Sein Geiz iſt ſtinkend.“

„Schöne Ausſichten!“ ſagte Philipp, „wie lange glauben Sie, muß ein Finanzminiſter auf ſeinem Poſten ſtehen, ehe er die Schere an das Volk legen kann, um für ſich und unſereins etwas zu ſchneiden?“

„Hm, wenn er Kopf hat, bringt er's in einem Jahre weit.“

„So ſollte man dem König rathen, alle zwölf Monate einen neuen Finanzminiſter zu machen, wenn er immer ehrlich bedient ſein will.“

„Ich hoffe, gnädigſter Herr, ſeit ich die Finanzen führe, iſt dem König und dem Hof nichts abgegangen.“

„Das glaub' ich, Graf, aber dem armen Volke deſto mehr. Es weiß die Menge der Steuern und Auflagen kaum noch zu erſchwingen. Sie ſollten ein wenig barmherziger mit uns umgehen.“

„Mit uns?“ — Thu' ich nicht Alles für den Hof?“

„Nein, barmherziger mit dem Volke ſollten Sie verfahren, meine ich.“

„Mein Prinz, ich weiß, welche Achtung ich Ihren Worten ſchuldig bin. Der König mit ſeiner erlauchten Familie iſt das Volk, dem ich diene; das, was man Volk nennt, kann in keine Betrachtung kommen. Das Land iſt des Königs Eigenthum. Völker ſind nur in ſofern ſchätzbar, als ſie, gleich andern Nullen, die der Hauptzahl folgen, den Werth derſelben vergrößern. Aber es iſt hier nicht der Augenblick, den abgedroſchenen Wortkram über den Werth der Völker zu erneuen; ſondern ich bitte um gnädigſten Entſcheid, ob ich die Ehre haben ſoll, Ihre Schulden auf die bewußte Weiſe zu berichtigen?“

„Antwort: nein, nein und nimmermehr auf Unkoſten von hunderttauſend und mehr armen Familien.“

„Königliche Hoheit, es geht ja nur auf Rechnung des Hauſes Abraham Levi. Und wenn ich dies Haus nöthige, Ihnen noch zu den Quittungen Ihrer Schulden fünfzigtauſend Gulden baar zuzulegen? Ich denke, es läßt ſich machen. Das Haus gewinnt durch die einzige Operation ſo viel, daß —“

„Vermuthlich auch für Sie, Herr Graf, noch ein artiges Trinkgeld herauskommt.“

„Ihre königliche Hoheit belieben zu ſcherzen. Ich gewinne dabei nichts. Ich brenne nur vor Begierde, Ihre Huld wieder zu erhalten.“

„Sie ſind ſehr gütig.“

„Alſo darf ich hoffen, mein Prinz?“

„Herr Graf, ich werde thun, was recht iſt; thun Sie Ihre Pflicht.“

„Meine Pflicht iſt, Ihnen zu dienen. Morgen laſſe ich den Levi berufen, ſchließe den Handel mit ihm ab, und habe die Ehre, Ihrer königlichen Hoheit die beſagten Quittungen zu überreichen, nebſt Anweiſung auf fünfzigtauſend Gulden.“

„Gehen Sie, ich mag davon nicht hören.“

„Und Ihre königliche Hoheit wenden mir Ihre Gnaden wieder zu? Denn ohne im Miniſterium zu ſtehen, könnte ich dem Abraham Levi unmöglich —“

„Ich wollte, Sie und Ihr Miniſterium und Ihr Abraham Levi ſäßen alle Drei auf dem Blocksberg. Das ſag' ich Ihnen, entſteht eine Kornſperre, läßt die Theurung der Lebensmittel nicht auf der Stelle nach, verkauft Ihr Judenhaus nicht das aufgeſpeicherte Getreide ſogleich um den Ankaufspreis: ſo gehe ich ohne anders zum König, decke ihm alle Schelmereien auf, und helfe Sie ſammt dem Abraham Levi aus dem Lande jagen. Verlaſſen Sie ſich darauf; ich halte Wort.“

Philipp drehte ſich um, ging in den Tanzſaal und ließ den Finanzminiſter ganz verſteinert hingepflanzt ſtehen.

7.

„Wann befehlen Ihre königliche Hoheit, daß der Wagen vorfahren ſoll?“ flüſterte ihm eine Stimme zu, als er durch die Masken im Saal entlang ging. Es war ein dicker holländiſcher Kaufmann mit einer Stutzperrücke, der die Worte an ihn richtete.

„Ich fahre nicht.“

„Es iſt bald zwölf Uhr vorbei, Prinz. Die ſchöne Sängerin erwartet Sie. Sie hat lange Weile.“

„So mag ſie ſich etwas ſingen.“

„Wie, Prinz, hätten Sie Ihren Sinn geändert? — Die reizende Roſina wollten Sie im Stich laſſen? — Den goldenen Augenblick verlieren, nach dem Sie ſeit zwei Monaten vergebens ſeufzten? — Ihr Billet, das Sie dieſen Morgen durch mich an Signora Roſina mit der Brillantnadel ſchickten, that ſein Wunder. Die ſtolze Spröde ergibt ſich. Sie waren den Mittag noch ſo hoch entzückt, und nun mit einemmal ſo kalt wie Eis? Was iſt mit Ihnen vorgegangen? Die Verwandlung begreife ich nicht.“

„Das gilt mir gleich.“

„Sie haben mir aber befohlen, Sie um halb zwölf Uhr zu erinnern. Hätten Sie andere Engagements?“

„Freilich.“

„Etwa ein Souper bei der Gräfin Born? Sie iſt nicht am Ball erſchienen; wenigſtens iſt hier unter allen Masken keine Spur von ihr. Ich könnte Sie an ihrem Gange und an ihrer eigenen Art, das niedliche Köpfchen zu tragen, unter Tauſenden unterſcheiden. Wie, Prinz?“

„Und wenn es wäre, müßte ich's Ihnen anvertrauen?“

„Ah, ich verſtehe und ſchweige. Wollen Sie aber der Signora Roſina nicht wenigſtens wiſſen laſſen, daß Sie nicht kommen werden?“

„Hat ſie mich zwei Monate ſeufzen laſſen, ſo mag ſie auch einmal zwei Monate für ſich ſeufzen. Ich gehe nicht.“

„Alſo aus dem prächtigen Halsſchmuck, den Sie ihr zum Neujahrsgeſchenk beſtimmten, wird nun vermuthlich auch nichts.“

„Wenn's auf mich ankommt, ſchwerlich.“

„Wollen Sie ganz mit ihr brechen, gnädigſter Herr?“

„Ich habe mit ihr noch nicht angebunden.“

„Nun denn, Prinz — ſo darf ich offen ſein. Da darf ich die Wahrheit ſagen, die Sie vielleicht aber ſchon wiſſen. Ich vermuthe es wenigſtens aus Ihrer ſchnellen Sinnesänderung. — Nur Ihre Leidenſchaft für die Rollina ſchreckte mich ab, es Ihnen früher zu geſtehen. Sie ſind betrogen."

„Von wem?"

„Von der liſtigen Operiſtin. Sie würden die Gunſt derſelben mit einem Juden theilen müſſen."

„Mit einem Juden!"

„Nun ja, mit dem Sohn des Abraham Levi."

„Iſt der Schelm denn überall?"

„Sie wiſſen alſo noch nicht? Ich ſage Ihnen die heilige Wahrheit. Wären Ihre Königliche Hoheit nicht dazwiſchen gekommen, der Jud würde die feile Schöne öffentlich unterhalten. Es thut mir nur um die Uhr leid."

„Mir nicht."

„Die Metze verdient den Staubbeſen."

„Es wird Mancher nicht nach Verdienſt gewürdigt."

„Königliche Hoheit, nur zu wahr. Zum Beiſpiel, ich habe neulich ein Mädchen entdeckt — o Prinz, die ganze Stadt und das ganze Königreich hat nichts Schöneres, nichts Leckenderes aufzuzeigen. Aber wenige Menſchen kennen das himmliſche Geſchöpf. Puh, was iſt die Rollina dagegen! Eine alte Hexe von Zunder. Sehen Sie, ein Mädchen ſchlank und ſchwank, wie ein Rohr; eine Farbe, eine zarte Haut, wie Abendroth auf Schnee; ein Paar Augen, wie Sonnen; ein goldener dicker Haarwuchs — kurz, in meinem Leben ſah ich nichts Schöneres. Aber wer würdigt dieſe Venus? Es iſt eine Liebesgöttin in bürgerlicher Haube. Auf dieſe müſſen wir Jagd machen."

„Alſo ein Bürgermädchen?"

„Freilich nur eine Griſette, aber — nein, Sie müſſen ſie ſehen, und Sie werden brennen. Was hilft da mein Schildern und Preiſen! Was Sie ſich je in den ſchönſten Träumen Entzückendes träumen konnten, iſt da in der Natur verkörpert, und dabei noch die lieblichſte, zarteſte, unentweihteſte Unſchuld! — Man ſieht ſie aber ſelten. Sie weicht ſelten von ihrer Mutter. Doch kenne ich ihren Sitz in der Kirche und den Sonntagsſpaziergang, den ſie gewöhnlich mit ihrer Mutter vor das Ulmenthor macht. Auch habe ich ſchon ausgeſpürt, daß ein junger hübſcher Kerl, ein Gärtner, ihr den Hof macht. Er kann ſie aber nicht heirathen, weil er ein armer Teufel iſt, und das Mädchen hat auch nichts. Die Mutter iſt die Wittwe eines an der Auszehrung geſtorbenen Leinwebers."

„Wie heißt die Mutter?"

„Wittwe Bittner im Milchgäßchen, und ihre Tochter, ſchön wie eine Roſe, heißt, was ſie in der That iſt, Röschen."

Dem guten Philipp wurde es bei dieſem Namen kalt und warm. Er hätte die beſte Luſt gehabt, dem Erzähler die geballte Fauſt auf den Kopf zu geben. „Sind Sie des Teufels?" rief Philipp.

„Gelt!" ſagte der Holländer, „ich habe ſchon gut gekundſchaftet. Sie müſſen das niedliche Ding erſt ſehen. Oder wie, mein Prinz, ſollte Ihr Scharfblick ſchon die köſtliche Perle entdeckt haben? Kennen Sie ſie wirklich?"

„Ich kenne ſie allerdings."

„Deſto beſſer. Habe ich zu viel geſagt? Stimmen Sie nicht bei? Die ſoll uns nicht entgehen. Wir wandern miteinander zur Mutter. Sie ſpielen den Menſchenfreund. Die Armuth der Wittwe iſt Ihnen bekannt geworden. Sie mögen keine Nothleidenden ſehen. Sie erkundigen ſich theilnehmend nach den Umſtänden der guten Frau, laſſen ein Geſchenk zurück, wiederholen die Beſuche, fahren in Mildthätigkeit fort, werden mit Röschen bekannter. Das Andere gibt ſich. Der Gärtnerlümmel iſt bald beſeitigt; der hilft vielleicht noch, wenn man ihm ein Dutzend harte Thaler in die Hand drückt."

Philipp wußte vor Grimm nicht, was ſagen. „Der Donner ſoll drein ſchlagen, wenn — —" rief er.

„Wenn der Schlingel, der Gärtner, Umſtände macht?" unterbrach ihn der Holländer; „o dafür laſſen Sie mich ſorgen. Königliche Hoheit, bekomm' ich durch Ihr Fürwort den Kammerherrnſchlüſſel, ſo gehört Ihnen das Mädchen. Den Gärtner ſtecke ich unter die Soldaten und ſchicke ihn zur Armee. Da kann er ſich für das Vaterland ſchlagen. Unterdeſſen ſind Sie Meiſter im Felde; denn das Mädchen hängt, glaube ich, doch mit bürgerlicher Steifheit dem Burſchen etwas an. Es wird überhaupt nicht leicht ſein, dem Mädchen die Vorurtheile aus dem Kopf zu bringen, die es unter der bürgerlichen Kanaille eingeſogen hat. Ich will es aber ſchon in die Schule nehmen."

— Ich breche Ihnen den Hals dafür.

„Allzugütig. Nur Ihre Verwendung beim König, und der Kammerherrnſchlüſſel . . ."

— Herr, ich wollte, ich könnte Sie auf der Stelle . . .

„O ſagen Sie mir keine Schmeicheleien, gnädigſter Herr! Sie wiſſen, jeden Augenblick iſt mir das Leben für Sie feil. Hätte ich geahnet, daß Ihnen das ſüße Geſchöpf bekannt, daß es Ihnen nicht gleichgültig wäre, es läge längſt ſchon in Ihren Armen."

„Kein Wort mehr davon!" rief Philipp grimmig, ſo grimmig er mit gedämpfter Stimme an dieſem Orte und in der Nähe der tanzenden, lärmenden, ſchwärmenden und lauernden Masken rufen durfte, um ſich nicht zu verrathen: „Kein Wort mehr!"

„Nein, Thaten!" fiel der Holländer fröhlich ein: „Schon morgen ſollen die Laufgraben gegen die Feſtung eröffnet werden. Dann rücken Sie vor. Sie ſind gewohnt zu ſiegen. Mit den lauerſamen Vorpoſten werden wir bald fertig. Den Gärtner nehme ich auf mich; das Mütterlein geht zu ihren goldenen Fahnen über. Dann Sturmſchritt!"

Philipp konnte ſich kaum mehr mäßigen. Er packte mit ſeiner Fauſt den Arm des Holländers und ſagte: „Herr, wenn Sie ſich unterſtehen —"

— Um Gotteswillen, gnädigſter Herr, mäßigen Sie ſich in Ihrer Freude. Ich muß laut aufſchreien. Sie zerquetſchen mir den Arm.

„Wenn Sie ſich unterſtehen," fuhr Philipp fort, „und ſtellen dieſem unſchuldigen Mädchen nach, ſo zerquetſche ich Ihnen, ſo wahr ich lebe, alle Knochen im Leibe."

„Gut, gut!" ſeufzte der Holländer in ſchmerzlicher Angſt: „Geruhen Sie nur, mich loszulaſſen."

„Finde ich Sie jemals auf das Mädchen hinſchleichend, nur in der Nähe des Milchgäßchens, ſo ſind Sie ein Kind des Todes von meiner Hand. Danach richten Sie ſich."

Der Holländer ſtand ganz verblüfft da. „Königliche Hoheit," ſagte er zitternd, „ich konnte nicht wiſſen, daß Sie das herrliche Mädchen ſo ernſthaft lieben, wie es ſcheint."

„Sehr ernſthaft, das will ich vor der ganzen Welt geſtehen."

— „Und werden wieder geliebt!"

„Was geht Sie das an? Reden Sie mir nie wieder davon. Denken Sie nie mehr an das Mädchen; Ihr Gedanke ſchon beſudelt. — Nun wiſſen Sie meine Meinung. Packen Sie ſich."

Mit dieſen Worten wandte ihm Philipp den Rücken, und der Holländer ging, hinter den Ohren kratzend, davon.

8.

Unterdeſſen hatte auch Philipps Subſtitut, als Nachtwächter, auf den Straßen der Stadt ſeine Rolle geſpielt. Es iſt wohl nicht nöthig, erſt zu ſagen, was Jeder von ſelbſt weiß, daß hier kein Anderer, als Prinz Julian war, der, des ſüßen Weines voll, auf den Einfall gekommen, in die Nachtwächterei hineinzupfuſchen. — Sobald er den Philipp verlaſſen hatte, rief und blies er von Straßenecke zu Straßenecke die Stunden nach Herzensluſt, machte zu ſeinem Geſange allerlei komiſche Zuſätze, und bekümmerte ſich wenig um das vorgeſchriebene Revier, das er zu behüten und zu beblaſen hatte.

Indem er auf einen neuen Vers ſann, ging ſeitwärts eine Hausthür auf; ein weißgekleidetes Mädchen trat hervor und winkte mit einem lockenden: Pſt! pſt! Dann zog es ſich in die Dunkelheit des Hausganges.

Der Prinz ließ ſeine Verſe fahren, und folgte der angenehmen Erſcheinung. In der Finſterniß ergriff ihn eine zarte Hand, und eine weiche Stimme liſpelte: „Guten Abend, lieber Philipp! Sprich leiſe, daß uns Niemand hört. Ich bin nur auf ein Augenblickchen von der Geſellſchaft weggeſchlichen, dich im Vorbeigehen zu grüßen. Biſt du vergnügt?"

„Wie ein Gott vergnügt, du Engel!" ſagte Julian; „Wer könnte bei dir auch traurig ſein!"

„Philipp, ich habe dir etwas Gutes zu ſagen. Du ſollſt morgen Abend bei uns eſſen. Die Mutter hat es erlaubt. Kommſt du auch?"

„Alle Abend, alle Abend!" rief Julian: „und ſo lange du willſt. Ich wollte, du könnteſt beſtändig bei mir ſein, oder ich bei dir, bis an der Welt Ende. Das wäre ein Götterleben!"

„Höre, Philipp, in einer halben Stunde bin ich bei der Gregoriuskirche. Da erwarte ich dich. Du fehlſt doch nicht? Laß mich nicht lange warten. Dann machen wir noch einen Gang durch die Stadt. Nun geh, damit uns Niemand überraſcht."

Sie wollte gehen. Julian aber zog ſie zurück und in ſeinen Arm. „Willſt du mich ſo kalt von dir ſcheiden laſſen?" fragte er und drückte ſeinen Mund auf ihre Lippen.

Röschen wußte nicht, was zu Philipps Keckheit zu ſagen. Denn Philipp war immer ſo beſcheiden und zärtlich geweſen, daß er höchſtens einen Kuß auf ihre Hand gewagt hatte, ausgenommen einmal, da ihnen beiden die Mutter allen und jeden Umgang hatte verbieten wollen. Damals war von ihnen im Gefühl der höchſten Liebe und des höchſten Schmerzes der erſte Kuß gewechſelt worden; ſeitdem nie wieder. Röschen ſtaunte ſich; aber der vermeinte Philipp war ſo ungeſtüm, daß man, um kein verrätheriſches Geräuſch zu machen, wohl das Sträuben aufgeben mußte. Sie vergalt den Kuß und ſagte: „Philipp, nun geh!“

Er aber ging nicht, ſondern ſagte: „Da wäre ich wohl ein Narr. Meinſt du, ich hätte mein Nachtwächterhorn lieber, als dich? Mit nichten, du Herzchen.“

„Ach,“ ſeufzte Röschen, „es iſt doch aber nicht recht.“

„Warum denn nicht, du Närrchen? Iſt denn das Küſſen in deinen zehn Geboten unterſagt?“

„Ja,“ verſetzte Röschen, „wenn wir uns einander haben dürften, dann wär' es etwas Anderes.“

„Haben? wenn es nichts Anderes iſt, alle Tage kannſt du mich haben, wenn du willſt.“

„Ach, Philipp, wie ſprichſt du auch heute ſo wunderlich! Wir können ja daran noch nicht denken.“

„Wahrhaftig, ich denke aber ganz ernſtlich daran. Wenn du nur willſt.“

„Philipp, haſt du ein Räuſchchen? Ob ich will? Geh, du beleidigſt mich. — Höre, Philipp, mir hat die letzte Nacht von dir geträumt.“

„War's was Schönes?“

„Du habeſt in der Lotterie gewonnen, Philipp, da hatten wir Beide Jubel. Du hatteſt dir einen prächtigen Garten gekauft. Kein ſchönerer Garten iſt in und außer der Stadt. Alles hatten wir da vollauf; Blumen an Blumen, wie ein Paradies, und große Beete voll des feinſten Gemüſes, und die Bäume hingen ſchwer von Obſt. Ich ward beim Erwachen recht traurig, daß mich der Traum nur geneckt hatte. Sage mir, Philipp, haſt du etwa in die Lotterie geſetzt? Haſt du etwas gewonnen? Heute war ja Ziehung.“

„Wenn ich bei dir, du ſchönes Kind, das große Loos gewönne, wer weiß, was geſchähe? Wie viel müßte ich dann gewinnen für dich?“

„Wenn du auch nur ſo glücklich wärſt, tauſend Gulden zu gewinnen. Dann könnteſt du ſchon einen artigen Garten kaufen.“

„Tauſend Gulden? Und wenn es mehr wäre?“

„O Philipp, was ſagſt du? Iſt's wahr? Nein, betrüge mich nicht, wie mein Traum! Du haſt geſetzt, du haſt gewonnen. Geſteh' es nur.“

„So viel du willſt.“

„O Gott!“ rief Röschen, und fiel ihm freudetrunken um den Hals und küßte ihn mit glühender Freude: „Mehr als tauſend Gulden! Wird man dir auch das viele Geld wohl geben?“

Unter ihren Küſſen vergaß der Prinz das Antworten. Es ward ihm ganz wunderbar, die zarte, edle Geſtalt in ſeinen Armen zu halten, deren Liebkoſungen ihm doch nicht galten, und die er doch ſo gern für ſeine Rechnung genommen hätte.

„Antworte doch, antworte doch!“ rief Röschen ungeduldig: „Wird man dir auch die Menge Geldes geben wollen?“

„Ich habe es ſchon; und macht's dir Freude, ſo geb ich's dir.“

„Wie, Philipp, du trägſt es mit dir?“

Der Prinz nahm ſeine Börſe hervor, die er, ſchwer von Geld, zu ſich geſteckt hatte, um ſie beim Spieltiſche anzuwenden. „Nimm und wäge, Mädchen!“ ſagte er, und legte ſie, indem er die kleinen zarten Lippen küßte, in Röschens Hand. „Bleibſt du mir dafür hold?“

„Nein, Philipp, wahrlich für dein vieles Geld nicht, wenn du nicht mein Philipp wärſt.“

„Und wie, zum Beiſpiel, wenn ich dir noch einmal ſo viel geben würde, und nicht dein Philipp wäre?“

„So würfe ich dir deine Schätze vor die Füße, und machte dir einen höflichen Knix!“ ſagte Röschen.

Indem ging eine Thüre droben auf; man hörte Mädchenſtimmen und Gelächter. Der Schimmer eines Lichts fiel von oben auf die Treppe. Röschen erſchrack und flüſterte: „In einer halben Stunde bei der Gregorienkirche!“ und ſprang davon, die Treppe hinauf. Der Prinz ſtand wieder im Finſtern. Er ging zum Hauſe hinaus und betrachtete das Gebäude und die erleuchteten Fenſter. Die plötzliche Trennung war ihm natürlich ſehr ungelegen geſchehen. Zwar die Geldbörſe gereute ihn nicht, mit der das Mädchen davon geflogen war; wohl aber, daß er das Geſicht der unbekannten Schönen nicht beim Licht geſehen hatte; daß er nicht einmal ihren Namen wußte, und noch weniger, ob ſie aus der Drohung, ihm das Geld vor die Füße zu werfen, Ernſt machen würde, wenn er ihr in ſeiner wahren Geſtalt erſchiene. Inzwiſchen vertröſtete er ſich auf das Rendezvous bei der Gregorienkirche. Eben dies Plätzchen hatte ihm auch der Nachtwächter angewieſen. Julian verſtand bald, daß er ſein glückliches Abenteuer nur dieſem, doch ohne deſſen Willen, zu danken hatte.

9.

Sei es, daß der Geiſt des Weins durch die wachſende Kälte der Neujahrsnacht oder durch Röschens Täuſchung in ſeiner Wirkung geſteigert ward; der Muthwille des fürſtlichen Nachtwächters nahm überhand.

Mitten in einem Haufen von Spaziergängern blieb er an einer Straßenecke ſtehen, und ſtieß mit ſolcher Kraft in's Horn, daß alle Frauenzimmer mit lautem Schrei zurückſprangen und die Männer vor Schrecken ſteif wurden. Dann rief Julian die Stunde und ſang dazu:

Der Handel unſrer lieben Stadt
Gewaltig abgenommen hat.
Selbſt unſre Mädchen, weiß und traun,
Sucht man nicht mehr zu Ehefrau'n.
Die Waare putzt ſich, wie ſie kann,
Und bringt ſie doch nicht an den Mann.

„Das iſt doch unverſchämt!“ riefen einige weibliche Stimmen im Haufen, „uns mit Waaren zu vergleichen!“ Von den anweſenden Männern aber lachten viele aus vollem Halſe. „Da capo!“ ſchrien einige luſtige Brüder. „Bravo, Nachtwächter!“ ſchrien Andere. „Was unterſtehſt du dich, Kerl, unſere Frauenzimmer auf öffentlicher Straße zu beleidigen?“ ſchnob ein junger Lieutenant, der ein hübſches Mädchen am Arm führte, den Nachtwächter an.

„Herr Lieutenant, der Nachtwächter ſingt leider Gottes die Wahrheit!“ entgegnete ihm ein junger Müller: „Und gerade das Weibsbild, das Sie am Arm führen, beſtätigt die Wahrheit. He, Jüngferchen, kennſt du mich? Weißt du, wer ich bin? He! Geziemt ſich das für eine verlobte Braut, des Nachts mit andern Männern umherzuſchwärmen? Morgen ſag' ich's deiner Mutter ab. Ich will nichts mehr mit dir zu ſchaffen haben!“

Das Mädchen verhüllte ſich das Geſicht und zupfte am Arm des Offiziers, um davon zu kommen. Der Lieutenant wollte aber, als ein Kriegsheld, vor dem Müller nicht ſo leicht Reißaus nehmen, und mit Ehren das Feld behaupten. Er ſtieß eine Menge Flüche aus, und da dieſer kein Wort ſchuldig blieb, ſchwang er den Stock. Plötzlich aber erhoben ſich zwei dicke ſpaniſche Rohre, von bürgerlichen Fäuſten geführt, warnend über dem Haupte des Lieutenants.

„Herr!“ rief ein breitſchulteriger Bierbrauer dem Kriegsmanne zu: „Hier keine Händel wegen des ſchlechten Mädchens angefangen. Ich kenne den Müller; er iſt ein braver Mann. Er hat Recht; und der Nachtwächter hat Recht, ſo wahr ich lebe! Ein ehrlicher Bürgersmann und Profeſſioniſt kann und mag kaum noch ein Mädchen aus unſerer Stadt zur Frau nehmen. Die Weibsbilder wollen ſich alle über ihren Stand erheben; ſtatt Strümpfe zu flicken, leſen ſie Romane; ſtatt Küche und Keller zu beſorgen, laufen ſie in Komödien und Konzerte. Im Hauſe bei ihnen iſt Unflat, und auf den Gaſſen gehen ſie geputzt einher, wie Prinzeſſinnen. Da bringen ſie dem Manne keine Mitgift in's Haus, als ein paar ſchöne Röcke, Spitzen und Bänder und Liebſchaften, Romane und Faulheit. Herr, ich ſpreche aus Erfahrung. Wären unſere Bürgerstöchter nicht ſo verderbt, ich wäre längſt verheirathet.“

Alle Umſtehenden erhoben ein gellendes Gelächter. Der Lieutenant ſtreckte langſam das Gewehr vor den beiden ſpaniſchen Rohren und ſagte verdrießlich: „Das fehlte auch noch, hier von dem bürgerlichen Pack Bußpredigten zu hören!“

„Was, bürgerliches Pack!“ rief ein Nagelſchmied, der das zweite ſpaniſche Rohr führte: „Ihr adelichen Müßiggänger, die wir euch mit unſern Steuern und Abgaben füttern müſſen, wollt ihr von bürgerlichem Pack ſprechen? Eure Liederlichkeit iſt an allem Unglück in unſern Haushaltungen Schuld. Es blieben nicht halb ſo viel ehrliche Mädchen ſitzen, wenn ihr hättet beten und arbeiten gelernt.“

Nun ſprangen mehrere junge Offiziere dazu; aber auch Meiſter und Handwerksburſche ſammelten ſich. Buben machten Schneebälle und ließen davon in den dickſten Haufen fliegen, um auch ihre Freude dabei zu haben. Die erſte Kugel traf den vornehmen Lieutenant auf die Naſe. Dieſer hielt es für Angriff des bürgerlichen Packs, und erhob abermals den Stock. Das Treffen begann.

Der Prinz, welcher nur den Anfang des Wortwechſels gehört hatte, war längſt wohlgemuth und lachend davon gegangen in eine andere Straße, unbekümmert um die Folgen ſeines Geſanges. Er kam an den Palaſt des Finanzminiſters Bodenlos. Mit dieſem Herrn ſtand er nicht im beſten Vernehmen, wie das ſchon Philipp erfahren hatte. Julian ſah alle Fenſter erleuchtet. Die Gemahlin des Miniſters hatte große Geſellſchaft. Julian in ſeiner ſatiriſchen Poetenlaune pflanzte ſich dem Palaſte gegenüber hin und ſtieß kräftig in's Horn. Einige Herren und Damen öffneten, vielleicht weil ſie eben nichts Beſſeres zu thun hatten, das Fenſter, neugierig, den Nachtwächter zu hören.

„Nachtwächter!“ rief einer von den Herren herab: „ſing' auch ein hübſches Stück zum Neujahr.“ Dieſer Zuruf lockte noch mehrere von der Geſellſchaft der Frau Miniſterin an die Fenſter.

Julian, nachdem er gewohntermaßen die Stunde gerufen, ſang mit lauter Stimme gar vernehmlich:

Ihr, die ihr ſeufzt in Schuldennoth
Und ohne Witz zum Bankerot,
Fleht, daß der Herr in dieſer Nacht
Euch zum Finanzminiſter macht,
Der ohne Finanzen läßt das Land
Weil er ſie behält in ſeiner Hand.

„Das iſt ja zum Ohnmächtigwerden!“ rief die Frau Miniſterin, die ebenfalls zu einem der Fenſter getreten war: „Wer iſt denn der niederträchtige Menſch, der ſich dergleichen erfrecht?“

„Frau Excellenz!“ antwortete Julian mit verſtellter Stimme, indem er den jüdiſchen Dialekt annahm: „Ich wollte Ihnen doch ein kleines Vergnügen machen. Halten zu Gnaden, ich bin nur der Hofjude Abraham Levi; Frau Excellenz kennen mich doch ſchon.“

„Wei mir!“ ſchrie eine Stimme oben am Fenſter: „Ehrvergeſſener Kerl, wie willſt du ſein Abraham Levi? Bin ich nicht ſelber Abraham Levi? Du biſt ein Betrüger!“

„Ruft die Wache!“ rief die Frau Miniſterin: „Laßt den Menſchen arretiren!“

Bei dieſen Worten verließen alle Gäſte in großer Behendigkeit die Fenſter. Aber auch der Prinz blieb nicht ſtehen, ſondern nahm im Doppelſchritt den Weg durch einige kleine Quergaſſen.

Ein Schwarm Bedienten, begleitet von einigen Finanzſekretären, ſtürzte aus dem Palaſte hervor und jagten umher, den Läſterer zu ſuchen. Plötzlich riefen einige laut: „Wir haben ihn!“ Die Andern eilten dem Rufe nach. Wirklich hatten ſie den Nachtwächter des Reviers gefunden, der in großer Unſchuld auf dem Wege ſeines Berufs dahin trabte. Er ward umringt, übermannt und, wie ſehr er ſich auch ſträubte, wegen ſeiner ſarkaſtiſchen Einfälle auf die Hauptwache geſchleppt.

Der wachthabende Offizier ſchüttelte verwundert den Kopf und ſagte: Man hat mir ſchon einen Nachtwächter zugeführt, der durch Verſe, die er auf die Mädchen der Reſidenz abgerufen, eine fatale Schlägerei zwiſchen Offizieren und Bürgerlichen verurſacht hat.“

Der neu eingebrachte Gefangene wollte durchaus nichts geſtehen, und lärmte gewaltig, daß ein Haufe junger Leute, die wahrſcheinlich zu viel getrunken haben möchten, ihn in der Ausübung ſeines ihm anvertrauten Amtes geſtört hätten. Einer der Finanzſekretäre ſagte ihm aber den ganzen Vers vor, der den gerechten Zorn der Frau Miniſterin und aller ihrer Gäſte erregt hatte. Sämmtliche Soldaten brachen in ein erſchütterndes Lachen aus. Der ehrliche Nachtwächter aber ſchwor mit Thränen, ihm ſei ſo etwas nie in den Sinn geſtiegen.

Während man noch mit dieſem Verhör beſchäftigt war, der Nachtwächter ſeine Unſchuld betheuerte, die jungen Herren für alle Folgen ihres Betragens verantwortlich machte, und die Finanzſekretäre in der That ſchon anfingen, zweifelhaft zu werden, ob ſie auch den rechten Mann ergriffen hätten, rief die Schildwache draußen: „Wacht heraus in's Gewehr!“

Die Soldaten ſprangen davon. Die Finanzſekretäre fuhren fort, den Nachtwächter mit Fragen zu beſtürmen. Indem trat der Feldmarſchall in die Wachtſtube, begleitet vom wachthabenden Hauptmann.

„Laſſen Sie mir den Kerl da krumm ſchließen!“ rief der Feldmarſchall, und zeigte mit der Hand hinter ſich. Zwei Offiziere traten herein, die einen entwaffneten Nachtwächter bei den Armen führten.

„Sind denn die Nachtwächter alle toll geworden?“ rief der wachthabende Hauptmann ganz erſtaunt aus.

„Ich will den Böſewicht morgen ſeine infamen Verſe bezahlen!“ ſchrie der Feldmarſchall.

„Ihre Excellenz,“ verſetzte der neugefangene Wächter zitternd und bebend, „ich habe, weiß der Himmel, keine Verſe gemacht, in meinem ganzen Leben keinen Vers!“

„Schweig, Schurke!“ brüllte mit entſetzlicher Stimme der Feldmarſchall: „Du mußt mir auf die Feſtung oder an den Galgen. Und widerſprichſt du mit einem Muck noch, ſo haue ich dich auf der Stelle in Krautſtücken!“

Der wachthabende Hauptmann bemerkte dem Marſchall in aller Ehrerbietigkeit: es müſſe eine poetiſche Epidemie unter den Nachtwächtern in der Stadt ſein; denn er habe nun ſchon drei dieſer Patrone in einer Viertelſtunde zu hüten bekommen.

„Meine Herren,“ ſagte der Feldmarſchall zu den ihn begleitenden Offizieren, „da der Kerl ſchlechterdings nicht eingeſtehen will, daß er den Vers geſungen habe, ſo beſinnen Sie ſich auf das Pasquill, ehe Sie es vergeſſen. Schreiben Sie es auf. Morgen wollen wir ihn ſchon zum Geſtändniß bringen. Jetzt will ich keine Zeit verlieren, und auf den Ball. Wer weiß es noch?“

Die Offiziere beſannen ſich. Einer half dem andern nach. Der Wachthabende ſchrieb und da kam Folgendes heraus:

Der Federbuſch auf leerem Kopf,
Im Nacken einen ſteifen Zopf,
Den Bauch zurück, die Bruſt heraus,
Das macht des Helden Stärke aus.
Man wird bei Tanz und Geigenſchall,
Bei Kuß und Spiele Feldmarſchall.

„Willſt du läugnen, Schurke!“ fuhr der Feldmarſchall den erſchrockenen Nachtwächter mit erneuter Wuth an: „Willſt du läugnen, daß du das geſungen haſt, als ich aus der Thür meines Hauſes trat?“

„Mag es geſungen haben, wer will, ich weiß nichts davon!“ antwortete der Nachtwächter.

„Warum liefeſt du denn davon, als du mich vortreten ſaheſt?“ fragte der Marſchall weiter.

„Ich bin nicht gelaufen.“

„Was?“ riefen die beiden Offiziere; „Du nicht gelaufen? Warſt du nicht außer Odem, als wir dich am Markt hier endlich einholten?“

„Ja, ich war vor Schrecken außer mir, daß mich die Herren ſo gewaltthätig überfielen. Es liegt mir noch jetzt in allen Gliedern.“

„Schließen Sie den hartnäckigen Hund krumm!“ rief der Marſchall dem Wachthabenden zu: „Er hat bis Morgen Zeit genug ſich zu beſinnen.“ Mit dieſen Worten eilte der Marſchall hinweg.

Der Lärm auf den Gaſſen und die Spottgedichte der Nachtwächter hatten die ganze Polizei in Bewegung geſetzt. Noch in derſelben Viertelſtunde wurden zwei andere Nachtwächter, freilich nicht die rechten, ergriffen und zur Hauptwache geführt. Der eine ſollte auf den Miniſter der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten ein ſchmähliches Lied geſungen haben, des Inhaltes: der Miniſter wäre nirgends auswärtiger, als in ſeinem Departement. Der andere war beſchuldigt, vor dem biſchöflichen Palaſt geſungen zu haben: es fehle den Kirchenlichtern nicht an Talg, aber ſie verbreiteten im Lande mehr dicken Qualm und Rauch, als Helligkeit.

Der Prinz, welcher durch ſeinen Muthwillen allen Nachtwächtern der Reſidenz ſo ſchlimmes Spiel machte, entſchlüpfte überall glücklich, und ward eben darum von Gaſſe zu Gaſſe kecker. Die Sache machte Geräuſch. Man hatte ſogar dem Polizeiminiſter, der beim Könige am Spieltiſche ſaß, von der poetiſchen Inſurrektion der ehemals ſo friedlichen Nachtwächter rapportirt, und zum Beweis einen der Spottverſe ſchriftlich überbracht. Der König hörte den Vers an, der gegen die ſchlechte Polizei ſelbſt gerichtet war, die ihre Spürnaſe in alle Familiengeheimniſſe der Stadt ſtecke, und doch im eigenen Hauſe nichts rieche; daher ihr wohl eine Priſe zu gönnen ſei. Der König lachte laut auf, und befahl, ihm einen der nachtwächterlichen Poeten einzufangen und herzubringen. Er ſtand vom Spieltiſche auf; denn er ſah, der Polizeiminiſter hatte die gute Laune verloren.

10.

Im Tanzſaale neben dem Spielzimmer hatte Philipp, der geflüchtete Nachtwächter, ſo eben von ſeiner Sackuhr vernommen, daß es Zeit ſei, ſich zum Findemich bei der Gregorienkirche einzuſtellen. Er ſelbſt war froh, ſeinen Purpurtalar und Federhut an den Subſtituten zurückzugeben, denn ihm ward unter der vornehmen Maske nicht gar wohl zu Muth.

Wie er eben die Thür ſuchte, um ſich davon zu ſchleichen, kam ihm der Neger nachgetreten und ziſchelte ihm zu: „Königliche Hoheit, Herzog Herrmann ſucht Sie allenthalben!“ — Philipp ſchüttelte ärgerlich den Kopf und ging hinaus; ihm nach der Neger. Wie ſie Beide in das Vorzimmer traten, flüſterte der Neger: „Bei Gott, da kommt der Herzog!“ und mit den Worten machte ſich der Schwarze wieder eilfertig in den Saal zurück.

Eine hohe, lange Maske trat mit ſchnellen Schritten gegen Philipp auf und rief: Halten Sie einen Augenblick; ich habe mit Ihnen ein Wörtchen abzuthun. Ich ſuchte Sie ſchon lange.“

„— Nur geſchwind,“ entgegnete Philipp, „denn ich habe keine Zeit zu verlieren.“

„Ich wollte, ich müßte keine mit Ihnen verlieren. Ich habe Sie lange genug geſucht. Sie ſind mir Genugthuung ſchuldig. Sie haben mir blutige Beleidigung zugefügt.“

Daß ich nicht wüßte.

„Sie kennen mich nicht?“ rief der Herzog und zog die Larve ab: „Nun wiſſen Sie, wer ich bin, und Ihr böſes Gewiſſen muß Ihnen das Uebrige ſagen. Ich fordere Genugſchung. Sie und der verfluchte Salmoni haben mich betrogen."

— Davon weiß ich nichts! antwortete Philipp.

„Sie haben die ſchändliche Geſchichte im Keller des Bäckermädchens angeſtellt. Auf Ihr Anſtiften hat ſich der Oberſt Kalt an meiner Perſon vergriffen."

— Kein wahres Wort.

„Wie, kein wahres Wort? Sie läugnen? — Die Marſchallin Blankenſchwerd hat mir erſt vor wenigen Minuten Alles entdeckt. Sie war Augenzeugin bei der Geiſterkomödie, die Sie mit mir ſpielten."

— Sie hat Ihrer Durchlaucht ein Mährchen aufgebunden. Ich habe an ihren Händeln keinen Theil gehabt. Wenn Sie Geiſterkomödien mit ſich ſpielen laſſen, war es Ihre Schuld.

„Ich frage Sie, ob Sie mir Genugthuung geben wollen? Wo nicht, ſo mache ich Lärm. Folgen Sie mir auf der Stelle zum König. Entweder Sie ſchlagen ſich mit mir, oder — zum König."

— Ihre Durchlaucht .... ſtotterte Philipp verlegen: Ich habe weder Luſt, mich mit Ihnen zu ſchlagen, noch zum König zu gehen.

Das war Philipps voller Ernſt; denn er fürchtete, die Larve abziehen zu müſſen und in empfindliche Strafe wegen der Rolle zu fallen, die er wider ſeine Abſicht hatte ſpielen müſſen. Er machte daher gegen den Herzog allerlei Ausflüchte, und ſah nur immer nach der Thür, um irgend einmal den guten Augenblick erwiſchen und entſpringen zu können. Der Herzog hingegen merkte die Ängſtlichkeit des vermeinten Prinzen, und ward dadurch muthiger. Er nahm zuletzt den armen Philipp beim Arm, und wollte ihn zum Saal führen.

— Was wollen Sie von mir? rief Philipp in Verzweiflung, und ſchleuderte den Herzog zurück.

„Zum König!" antwortete der Herzog wüthend: „Er ſoll hören, wie ſchändlich man an ſeinem Hofe einem fürſtlichen Gaſt begegnet."

— Gut! ſagte Philipp, der ſich nicht mehr zu helfen wußte, als wenn er den Charakter des Prinzen wieder annehme: So kommen Sie; ich bin bereit. Zum Glück habe ich den Zettel bei mir, auf welchem Sie dem Bäckermädchen eigenhändig die Verſicherung ausſtellten ....

„Poſſen! Larifari!" erwiederte der Herzog: „Das war einer von den Späßen, den man wohl mit einem dummen Bürgermädchen treibt. Zeigen Sie ihn nur dem König. Ich werde mich darüber ausweiſen."

Indeſſen ſchien es dem Herzog doch mit dem Ausweiſen nicht gar Ernſt zu ſein. Er drang gar nicht weiter darauf, Philipp zum König zu führen, und das war dem Philipp ſchon recht; deſto ungeſtümer beſtand der Herzog darauf, daß ſie Beide in den Wagen ſitzen und, der Himmel weiß wohin, fahren wollten, um die Ehrenſache mit Piſtolen oder Säbeln abzuthun. Das war nun dem bedrängten Philipp gar nicht gelegen. Er ſtellte dem Herzog alle böſen Folgen dieſes Schrittes vor. Jener aber in ſeinem Grimme ließ ſich durch nichts in ſeinem Verlangen wankend machen; verſicherte, er habe ſchon Fürſorge für Alles getroffen, und werde nach Beendigung dieſes Geſchäfts noch in der Nacht abreiſen.

„Wenn Sie nicht," fuhr der Herzog fort, „der feigſte Menſch in Ihrem Lande ſind, ſo folgen Sie mir zum Wagen, Prinz."

— Ich bin kein Prinz! antwortete Philipp, der ſich zum Äußerſten getrieben ſah.

„Sie ſind es. Jeder hat Sie hier auf dem Balle erkannt. Ich kenne Sie am Hut. Sie hintergehen mich nicht."

Philipp zog die Larve ab, zeigte dem Herzog ſein Geſicht und ſprach: „Nun! Bin ich der Prinz?"

Herzog Hermann, wie er das wildfremde Geſicht erblickte, prallte zurück und ſtand wie verſteinert. Seine geheimſte Angelegenheit einem Unbekannten verrathen zu haben, vermehrte ſeine Beſtürzung und Verlegenheit. Ehe er ſich noch aus dieſer ſammeln konnte, hatte Philipp ſchon die Thür in der Hand, und weg war er.

11.

Sobald ſich Philipp im Freien befand, nahm er blitzſchnell Hut und Seidenmantel ab, wickelte jenen in dieſen, und ſo beides unter den Arm, ſprang er die Gaſſe entlang, der Gregorienkirche zu.

Da ſtand Röschen ſchon in einem Winkel neben der hohen Kirchenpforte, und harrte ſein.

„Ach Philipp, lieber Philipp!" ſagte ſie zu ihm, ſobald ſie ihn erkannte, und drückte ſeine Hand: „Welche Freude haſt du mir heut gemacht! O wie glücklich ſind wir! Sieh ich habe keine Ruhe mehr bei meinen Freundinnen gehabt. Gottlob, daß du da biſt. Schon ſeit beinahe einer Viertelſtunde ſtehe ich hier und friere. Aber ich denke vor Freuden gar nicht an die Kälte, die ich leide."

— Und ich, liebes Röschen, danke Gott auch, daß ich wieder bei dir bin. Hole der Geier alle den Schnickſchnack der großen Herren. Nun, ich erzähle dir ſchon ein andermal von den tollen Auftritten, die ich gehabt habe. Sage mir, Herzenskind, wie geht es dir auch? Haſt du mich noch ein wenig lieb?

„Ei, du biſt nun ein großer Herr geworden, Philipp, und da iſt's wohl an mir, zu fragen, ob du mich noch ein wenig lieb haſt?"

— Närrin, woher weißt du denn ſchon, daß ich ein großer Herr war?

„Du haſt es mir ja ſelber geſagt. Philipp, Philipp, wenn du nur nicht ſtolz wirſt, nun du entſetzlich reich biſt. Ich bin ein armes Mädchen, und nun freilich zu ſchlecht für dich. Aber, Philipp, ich habe ſchon bei mir gedacht, wenn du mich verlaſſen könnteſt, ſieh ich wollte lieber, du wärſt ein armer Gärtner geblieben. Ich würde mich gewiß zu Tode grämen, wenn du mich verlaſſen könnteſt."

— Röschen ſage mir, was ſchwatzeſt du auch da? Ich bin eine halbe Stunde Prinz geweſen, und es war doch nur Spaß; aber in meinem Leben mache ich ſolchen Spaß nicht wieder. Nun bin ich wieder Nachtwächter, und ſo arm wie vorher. Ich habe da wohl noch fünftauſend Gulden bei mir, die ich von einem Mameluken bekommen — die könnten uns Beiden aus der Noth helfen —, aber leider, ſie gehören mir nicht.

„Du ſprichſt wunderlich, Philipp!" ſagte Röschen, und gab ihm die ſchwere Geldbörſe, die ſie vom Prinzen erhalten hatte: „Da, nimm dein Geld wieder. Es wird mir doch im Strickbeutel faſt zu ſchwer."

— Was ſoll ich mit dem vielen Gelde? Woher haſt du das, Röschen?

„Du haſt es ja in der Lotterie gewonnen, Philipp."

— Was? Hab' ich gewonnen? Und man hat mir doch auf dem Rathhauſe geſagt, meine Nummern wären nicht herausgekommen! Sieh, ich hatte gehofft und gehofft, es könnte eine Terne für uns zur Ausſteuer geben. Aber der Gärtner Rothmann ſagte mir, als ich den Nachmittag zu ſpät auf das Rathhaus kam: „Armer Philipp, keine Nummer!" — Juchhe, alſo doch gewonnen! Jetzt kauf' ich den größten Garten, und du biſt meine Frau. Wie viel iſt's denn geworden?

„Philipp, haſt du dir ein Räuſchchen in der Neujahrsnacht getrunken? Du mußt beſſer wiſſen, wie viel es iſt. Ich habe bei meinen Freundinnen nur unter dem Tiſche heimlich in die ſchöne Börſe hineingeſchielt, und bin recht erſchrocken, als ich ein Goldſtück neben dem andern blinken ſah. Da dachte ich: nun wundert's mich nicht, daß der Philipp ſo unbändig war. Aber es war dir nicht zu verargen. Ich möchte dir ſelber um den Hals fallen und mich recht ſatt weinen vor Freuden."

— Röschen, wenn du fallen willſt, ich mag es wohl leiden. Aber hier iſt ein Mißverſtändniß. Wer hat dir das Geld gebracht, und geſagt, es ſei mein Lotterieloos? Ich habe ja das Loos noch zu Hauſe im Kaſten, und kein Menſch hat es mir abgefordert.

„Philipp, treib keine Poſſen. Du haſt's mir vor einer halben Stunde ſelber geſagt und mir ſelber das Geld gegeben."

— Röschen, beſinne dich. Dieſen Morgen ſah ich dich beim Herausgehen aus der Meſſe, da wir mit einander unſer Zuſammenfinden für dieſe Nacht verabredeten. Seitdem ſahen wir ja einander nicht.

„Außer vor einer halben Stunde, da ich dich blaſen hörte, und ich dich zu Steinmanns ins Haus hineinrief. Aber was trägſt du denn unter dem Arm für ein Bündelchen? Warum gehſt du bei der kalten Nacht ohne Hut? — Philipp, Philipp! nimm dich wohl in Acht. Das viele Geld könnte dich leichtſinnig machen. Du biſt gewiß in einem Wirthshauſe geſeſſen, und haſt dir mehr zu Gute gethan, als du ſollteſt. Weh! Was haſt du für ein Bündelchen? Mein Himmel, das ſind ja wohl Frauenzimmerkleider von Seiden? Philipp, Philipp! wo biſt du geweſen?"

— Gewiß vor einer halben Stunde nicht bei dir. Du willſt dich, glaub' ich, über mich luſtig machen? Antworte mir, woher haſt du das Geld?

„Antworte mir erſt, Philipp, woher haſt du dieſe Frauenzimmerkleider? Wo biſt du geweſen?"

Da beide ungeduldig waren, Antwort zu hören, und keine Antwort gaben, fingen ſie an, auf einander etwas mißtrauiſch zu werden und zu zanken.

12.

Wie es gewöhnlich in ſolchen Rechtshändeln geht, wo ein liebendes Pärchen mit einander ſtreitet, ging es auch hier. Sobald Röschen das weiße Schnupftuch hervornahm und ihre Augen trocknete und das Köpfchen wegwandte, und ein Seufzer um den andern aus der Tiefe der Bruſt hervorzitterte, hatte ſie offenbares Recht, und er offenbares Unrecht. Und er geſtand ſein Unrecht, indem er ſie tröſtete, und bekannte: er ſei auf einem Maskenball geweſen, und was er unter dem Arm trage, ſei kein weibliches Gewand, ſondern ein Seidenmantel nebſt Larve und Federhut.

Nach dieſem reumüthigen Eingeſtändniß aber begann erſt das ſtrengſte Verhör über ihn. Ein Maskenball, das weiß jedes Mädchen in einer großen Stadt, iſt für unverwahrte Herzen ein gefährlicher Irrgarten und Kampfplatz. Man ſtürzt ſich in ein Meer anmuthiger Gefahren und geht manchmal darin unter, wenn man kein guter Schwimmer iſt. Röschen hielt ihren Freund Philipp aber gerade nicht für den beſten Schwimmer; es iſt ſchwer zu ſagen, warum. Alſo mußte er zuerſt erklären, ob er getanzt habe? Auf das Verneinen hin fragte ſie, ob er keine Abenteuer und Händel mit weiblichen Masken gehabt habe? Das ließ ſich nicht verneinen. Er bekannte allerlei; doch ſetzte er jedesmal hinzu, die Frauenzimmer wären insgeſammt von vornehmer Abkunft geweſen und hätten ihn für einen andern gehalten. Röschen wollte zwar ein wenig zweifeln; doch unterdrückte ſie den Argwohn. Als er aber auf ihre Frage: für wen man ihn gehalten habe, und von wem er ſeine Maske geliehen? immer den Prinzen Julian nannte, ſchüttelte ſie doch das ungläubige Köpfchen; und noch unwahrſcheinlicher war ihr ſein Geſchichtchen, daß der Prinz Nachtwächtersdienſte gethan, während Philipp auf dem Balle geweſen. Er aber vernichtete alle ihre Zweifel mit der Verſicherung, der Prinz — denn dafür halte er ſeinen Subſtituten — werde laut Abrede, in wenigen Augenblicken bei der Gregorienkirche erſcheinen, und die ſchöne Maske für den Nachtwächtermantel eintauſchen.

Nun ging dem erſchrocknen Röschen über ihr Abenteuer im dunkeln Hausgang ein Licht auf. War es ihr doch damals ſchon aufgefallen, daß der vermeinte Philipp ſo etwas Fremdartiges in ſeinem Weſen gehabt hatte. Da nun die Reihe an ſie kam, Alles haarklein zu beichten, wie ſie zu dem Gelde für das Lotterieloos gelangt wäre, ſtotterte ſie lange und ſuchte nach Worten herum, daß dem Philipp ganz bange ward. —

Sie erzählte endlich Alles, was vorgefallen war; aber wie es zum Kuß und Gegenkuß kam, ſtockte ſie wieder mit der Sprache. Doch mußte es heraus.

„Es iſt nicht wahr!“ rief Philipp: „Ich habe dir keinen Kuß gegeben, und von dir keinen empfangen.“

„So hat er dir doch gegeben,“ ſagte Röschen leiſe und ſchmeichelnd. Philipp rieb ſich die blonden Haare auf dem Wirbel herum, damit ſie nicht zu Berge ſtehen ſollten.

„Höre, Philipp, biſt du es nicht geweſen,“ ſagte Röschen ängſtlich, „ſo glaube ich dir alles Unglaubliche, das du mir geſagt haſt, — ſo iſt es Prinz Julian in deinen Kleidern geweſen.“

Das hatte Philipp ſchon lange geahnet, und er rief: „Der Spitzbube! Er hat mich um deine Küſſe beſtohlen. Nun begreif' ich! Nur darum gab er mir ſeine Maske, nur darum wollte er auf eine halbe Stunde Ich ſein!“ — Und nun fiel ihm die Maske ein, die ihm von der Operntänzerin Rollina, dann von Röschen erzählt hatte, und er erneuerte ſein Verhör ſtrenger als vorher: ob und wie ſie den Prinzen vorher geſehen? ob ihr nicht ein Mann aufgefallen ſei, ein vornehmer Herr, der ihr beim Kirchengehen nachgeſchlichen ſei, oder der ſich im Milchgäßchen Geſchäfte gemacht habe? oder ob nie ein Herr oder ſonſt Jemand zu ihrer Mutter gekommen ſei, um ſie mit Geld und Wohlthaten in ihrer Verlaſſenheit zu unterſtützen?

Röschens Antworten fielen ſämmtlich ſo beruhigend aus, und trugen ſo ſehr das Gepräge der unbefangenſten Unſchuld, daß Philipps Herz wieder leicht ward. Er warnte ſie vor den Schleichern und vor der Barmherzigkeit der Vornehmen, und Röschen hinwieder warnte vor den Gefahren der Maskenbälle und allen Abenteuern mit Frauenzimmern hohen Standes, durch welche mancher junge Menſch ſchon recht unglücklich geworden ſei. Man vergab ſich alle in der Unwiſſenheit begangenen Sünden und Philipp ſtand im Begriff, den Kuß einzufordern, der ihm beſtimmt geweſen und den er nicht empfangen hatte — als das Pärchen im beſten Augenblick durch eine fremde Erſcheinung unterbrochen wurde.

Es kam im vollen Lauf und Sprung ein Menſch gegen ſie gerannt, der athemlos bei ihnen ſtehen blieb. An Mantel, Stange, Hut und Horn erkannte Philipp auf der Stelle ſeinen Mann. Dieſer hingegen ſuchte den Maskenträger. Philipp reichte ihm den Hut und Seidenmantel und ſagte: „Gnädigſter Herr, hier Ihre Sachen. In dieſer Welt tauſchen wir die Rollen nicht wieder mit einander; ich käme zu kurz dabei!“

Der Prinz rief: „Nur geſchwind, nur geſchwind!“ warf die nachtwächterliche Amtstracht von ſich weg in den Schnee, band die Larve und den Mantel um und ſetzte den Hut auf. Röschen ſprang erſchrocken zurück. Philipp bedeckte ſich mit ſeinem alten Filz und Mantel und nahm Stange und Horn.

„Ich habe dir ein Trinkgeld verſprochen, Kamerad,“ ſagte der Prinz, aber ſo wahr ich lebe, ich habe meinen Geldbeutel nicht bei mir.“

„Den habe ich!“ antwortete Philipp und hielt ihm die Börſe hin; „Sie gaben ihn meiner Braut da — aber, gnädigſter Herr, wir verbitten uns Geſchenke der Art.“

„Kamerad, behalte was du haſt, und mache dich geſchwind aus dem Staube; es iſt für dich hier nicht geheuer!“ rief der Prinz eilig, und wollte davon. Philipp hielt ihn am Mantel feſt: „Gnädiger Herr, wir haben noch Eins abzuthun!“

„Flieh, ſag' ich dir, Nachtwächter! flieh, man ſtellt dir nach.“

„Ich habe keine Urſache, zu fliehen, gnädigſter Herr. Aber ich habe Ihnen hier Ihre Börſe —“

„Die behalte. Lauf, was du kannſt!“

„Und einen Wechſel des Marſchalls Blankenſchwerd von fünftauſend Gulden zuzuſtellen.“

„Der Hagel, wie kommſt du mit dem Marſchall Blankenſchwerd zuſammen, Nachtwächter!“

„Er ſagte, es ſei eine Spielſchuld, die er Ihnen zu zahlen habe. Er will dieſe Nacht noch mit ſeiner Gemahlin auf ſeine polniſchen Güter.“

„Biſt du toll? Woher weißt du das? Wo gab er dir die Verrichtungen an mich?“

„Gnädigſter Herr, und der Finanzminiſter Bodenlos will bei Abraham Levi alle Ihre Schulden zahlen, wenn Sie ſich für ihn beim König verwenden wollen, daß er im Miniſterium bleibe.“

„Nachtwächter, biſt du vom hellen Teufel beſeſſen?“

„Ich habe ihn aber in Hochdero Namen abgewieſen.“

„Du den Miniſter?“

„Ja, gnädigſter Herr; hingegen habe ich die Gräfin Bonau mit dem Kammerherrn Pilzow wieder vollkommen verſöhnt.“

„Wer von uns Beiden iſt ein Narr?“

„Noch Eins. Die Sängerin Rollina iſt eine gemeine Metze, gnädigſter Herr. Ich kenne deren Liebesgeſchichten. Sie ſind der Betrogene. Darum hielt ich es für Ihre königliche Hoheit unwürdig, ſich mit ihr einzulaſſen, und habe für dieſe Nacht das Abendmahl bei ihr abbeſtellt.“

„Die Rollina? Wie kamſt du zu der?“

„Noch Eins. Der Herzog Herrmann iſt fürchterlich gegen Sie aufgebracht wegen der Kellergeſchichte. Er wollte Sie beim König verklagen.“

„Der Herzog? Wer hat dir denn das alles erzählt?“

„Er ſelbſt. Sie ſind noch nicht ſicher. Zum König aber geht er nicht mehr, denn ich drohte ihm mit dem Zettel, den er dem Bäckermädchen gab. Hingegen wollte er ſich mit Ihnen auf Tod und Leben ſchlagen. Nehmen Sie ſich in Acht vor ihm.“

„Eins ſage mir: weißt du, woher der Herzog weiß, daß ich —“

„Er weiß Alles von der Marſchallin Blankenſchwerd; die hat es ihm ausgeplaudert, und daß ſie als Herr bei dem Gaukelſpiel geſeſſen.“

Der Prinz nahm den Philipp beim Arm und ſagte: „Spaßvogel, du biſt kein Nachtwächter!“ Er drehte ihm das Geſicht gegen eine aus der Ferne herſchimmernde Laterne, und erſchrak, da er einen ihm vollkommen fremden Menſchen ſah.

„Wer biſt du denn?“ fragte Julian, der vor Schrecken ganz nüchtern geworden war.

„Ich bin der Gärtner Philipp Stark, Sohn des Nachtwächters Gottlieb Stark!“ antwortete Philipp ruhig.

13.

„Nun ja, den ſuchen wir eben! Halt, Burſch!“ riefen mehrere Stimmen, und Philipp, Röschen und der Prinz ſahen ſich plötzlich von ſechs handfeſten Dienern der löblichen Polizei umringt. Röschen that einen lauten Schrei. Philipp ergriff des erſchrockenen Mädchens Hand und ſagte: „Fürchte dich nicht!“ — Der Prinz klopfte dem Philipp auf die Achſel und ſagte: „Es iſt ein dummer Streich. Ich ſagte dir nicht vergebens, du ſolleſt dich zur rechten Zeit davon machen. Aber fürchte dich nicht; es ſoll dir nichts widerfahren.“

„Das wird ſich hintennach ergeben!“ verſetzte einer der Handfeſten, „einſtweilen wird er mit uns kommen.“

„Wohin!“ verſetzte Philipp; „ich bin in meinem Dienſt; ich bin der Nachtwächter.“

„Das haben wir ſchon gehört, und eben deswegen kommt ihr mit uns.“

„Laßt ihn gehen, ihr Leute!“ ſagte Julian, und ſuchte in allen Taſchen nach Geld. Da er nichts fand, flüſterte er Philippen heimlich zu, ihnen aus der Börſe zu geben. Die Handfeſten aber riſſen Beide aus einander und riefen: „Fort! Hier werden keine Abreden mehr genommen. Auch die Maske iſt verdächtig und muß mit uns!"

„Die nicht!" ſagte Philipp, „Ihr wollt den Nachtwächter; der bin ich. Könnet ihr's verantworten, mich aus meinen Berufsgeſchäften zu nehmen, ſo führt mich, wohin es euch beliebt. Dieſen Herrn aber laßt gehen."

„Das iſt nicht Eure Sache, uns zu lehren, wen wir für verdächtig halten ſollen!" verſetzte einer der Polizeidiener. „Marſch, Alles mit uns!"

„Auch das Frauenzimmer?" fragte Philipp. „Ich will nicht hoffen."

„Nun, das Jüngferchen mag gehen. Für ſie haben wir keinen Befehl. Aber Namen und Geſichtchen müſſen wir für den Notfall kennen, und den Aufenthalt."

„Es iſt die Tochter der Wittwe Bittner im Milchgäßchen!" ſagte Philipp, und ärgerte ſich nicht wenig, als die Kerls alle das Geſicht des weinenden Röschens gegen den Schein der fernen Straßenlaternen drehten und begafften.

„Geh' heim, Röschen!" ſagte Philipp, „geh heim; fürchte nichts für mich. Ich habe ein gutes Gewiſſen."

Röschen aber ſchluchzte laut, daß es ſelbſt den Polizeidienern Mitleid einflößte. Der Prinz wollte dieſen Umſtand benutzen, um durch einen Sprung zu entkommen. Aber von den Handfeſten einer war noch ein beſſerer Springer, ſtand mit einem Satz vor ihm und ſagte: „Hollah! der Herr hat ein ſchlechtes Gewiſſen; er muß mit uns. Vorwärts, marſch!"

„Wohin?" fragte der Prinz.

„Direkte und ſchnurgraden Wegs zu Seiner Excellenz dem Herrn Polizeiminiſter."

„Hört, Leute," ſagte der Prinz ſehr ernſt, doch leutſelig — denn ihm war in dieſer Geſchichte gar nicht wohl zu Muth, weil er eben ſein Nachtwächterſtückchen nicht verrathen wiſſen wollte — „hört, Leute, ich bin dieſen Augenblick nur ſehr zufällig zu dieſem Nachtwächter gekommen; ihr habt mit mir nichts zu ſchaffen. Ich bin vom Hofe. Unterſteht ihr euch, mich zu zwingen, mit euch zu gehen, werdet ihr euern Irrthum bereuen und morgen bei Waſſer und Brod im Thurme ſitzen."

„Laßt den Herrn um Gotteswillen gehen, Leute!" rief Philipp, „verlaſſet euch auf mein Wort, es iſt ein großer Herr, der euch euern Dienſt garſtig verſalzen kann. Es iſt — —"

„Schweig!" rief Julian, „es ſoll Niemand aus Deinem Munde erfahren, wer ich bin, wenn Du allenfalls errathen hätteſt, wer ich ſei. Hörſt Du, Niemand! Niemand, ſage ich Dir, es komme, wie es wolle. Hörſt Du?"

„Wir thun unſere Schuldigkeit!" entgegnete ein Polizeidiener, „und dafür ſetzt uns Keiner in den Thurm. Das könnte aber am Ende dem Herrn in der Maske ſelbſt widerfahren. Wir kennen dergleichen Sprachen ſchon und fürchten ſolche Drohungen nicht. Vorwärts, marſch!"

„Leute, nehmt Vernunft an!" rief Philipp, „es iſt ein ſehr angeſehener Herr am Hofe."

„Und wenn's der König ſelber wäre, müßte er mit uns; das iſt unſere Pflicht; er iſt verdächtig!" gab Einer zur Antwort.

„Ei ja," rief ein Anderer, „große Herren am Hofe haben wohl mit Nachtwächtern und Euresgleichen heimliche Dinge abzuthun und, wie vorhin, einander in die Ohren zu ziſcheln."

Während man noch des Prinzen wegen hin und her ſtritt, kam ein Wagen, achtſpännig, mit brennenden Fackeln voran, daher gefahren, an der Kirche vorbei. „Halt!" rief eine Stimme im Wagen, als dieſer eben an dem Haufen der Polizeidiener war, welche den Prinzen umringt hielten.

Der Wagen ſtand. Der Kutſchenſchlag öffnete ſich. Ein Herr ſprang heraus im Ueberrock, mit einem glänzenden Stern darauf, und ging zu der Menſchengruppe. Er ſtieß die Polizeidiener zurück, betrachtete den Prinzen von oben bis unten, und ſagte: „Richtig! Erkannte ich doch gleich den Vogel an ſeinen Federn von weitem. Maske, wer ſind Sie?"

Julian wußte nicht, wohin ſich in ſeiner Verlegenheit drehen und wenden, denn er erkannte den Herzog Herrmann.

„Antworten Sie mir!" rief der Herzog mit donnernder Stimme. Julian ſchüttelte den Kopf und winkte dem Herzog, ſich fortzubegeben. Dieſer aber ward noch erpichter, zu wiſſen, mit wem er es auf dem Ball zu thun gehabt habe. Er fragte die Polizeibedienten. Dieſe ſtanden mit entblößten Häuptern um den Herzog und ſagten: ſie hätten Befehl, den Nachtwächter unmittelbar zum Polizeiminiſter zu führen; der Wächter habe gottloſe Verſe geſungen, wie ſie mit ihren eigenen Ohren gehört; ſei ihnen aber durch Kreuz- und Quergaſſen entſprungen; hier nun bei der Kirche hätten ſie ihn im vertraulichen Geſpräche mit der Maske ertappt, die ihnen beinahe verdächtiger ſchien, als der Nachtwächter. Die Maske habe ſich für einen Herrn vom Hofe ausgeben wollen, allein das ſei offenbare Windbeutelei. Sie hätten daher für Schuldigkeit gehalten, die Maske zu arretiren.

„Der Menſch iſt nicht vom Hofe!" erwiederte der Herzog, „darauf könnt ihr ſicher gehen, ich gebe euch mein Wort. Er hat ſich unerlaubter Weiſe auf den Ball eingeſchlichen und Jeden glauben gemacht, er ſei Prinz Julian. Er hat ſich mir endlich entlarven müſſen, da er auch mich betrogen und mir entwiſchte. Es iſt ein unbekannter Menſch, ein Abenteurer. Ich habe es dem Oberhofmeiſter, bei dem der Ball war, gemeldet. Ihr Leute, führet ihn dahin; ihr habt einen guten Fang gethan."

Mit dieſen Worten drehte ſich der Herzog um, ſtieg in den Wagen, rief noch einmal zurück: „Laßt ihn nicht entkommen!" und fuhr davon.

Der Prinz ſah ſich verloren. Den Polizeidienern ſein Geſicht zu zeigen, hielt er für unſchicklich; durch dieſe wären ſeine Genieſtreiche allzu ſtadtkundig geworden. Minder Gefahr lief er, wenn er vor dem Oberhofmeiſter oder dem Polizeiminiſter die Larve abzog. Alſo rief er entſchloſſen: „Meinethalben! Kommt!"

Sie gingen. Röschen ſah ihnen weinend nach.

11.

Philipp hätte beinahe an Hexerei glauben mögen, oder daß er träume. Denn ſo verworren und bunt es in dieſer Nacht zuging, war's ihm in ſeinem Leben noch nicht ergangen. Er hatte eigentlich ſich keine Vorwürfe zu machen, als daß er mit dem Prinzen die Kleider getauſcht, und dann, wider ſeinen Willen, deſſen Rolle auf dem Ball geſpielt hatte. Da aber der Prinz vermuthlich die Nachtwächterrolle ebenfalls nicht in der Regel geſpielt haben mochte — denn warum mußte er ſich als Nachtwächter verhaften laſſen? — hoffte er bei dieſem Gnade zu finden.

Beim Palaſte des Oberhofmeiſters ſchlug dem armen Philipp das Herz ſtärker. Man nahm ihm Mantel, Horn und Stange ab. Der Prinz ſprach mit einem vornehmen Herrn einige Worte. Sogleich wurden die Polizeidiener weggeſchickt; der Prinz ging die Stiegen hinauf und Philipp mußte folgen. „Fürchte dich nicht!" ſagte Julian und verließ ihn. Philipp wurde in ein kleines Vorzimmer geführt, wo er lange allein blieb.

Endlich kam ein königlicher Kammerdiener und ſagte: „Kommt mit mir. Der König will Euch ſehen."

Philipp war faſt außer ſich vor Schrecken. Seine Kniee wurden ſchwach. Er ward in ein ſchönes Zimmer geführt. Da ſaß der alte König lachend an einem kleinen Tiſche. Neben ihm ſtand der Prinz Julian, ohne Larve. Sonſt war Niemand im Zimmer.

Der König betrachtete den jungen Menſchen eine Zeitlang, und, wie es ſchien, mit einer Art Wohlgefallen.

„Erzähle mir Alles genau," ſagte der König zu ihm, „was du in dieſer Nacht gethan haſt."

Philipp gewann durch die leutſelige Anrede des ehrwürdigen Greiſes wieder Muth, und beichtete haarklein, was er gethan und erlebt hatte, von Anfang bis zu Ende. Doch war er klug und beſcheiden genug, das zu verſchweigen, was er in ſeiner Prinzenrolle von den Höflingen gehört hatte, und wodurch Julian hätte in Verlegenheit geſetzt werden können. — Der König lachte bei der Erzählung einigemal laut auf; dann that er noch einige Fragen über Philipps Herkunft und Beſchäftigung, nahm ein Paar Goldſtücke vom Tiſche, gab ſie ihm und ſagte: „Nun geh Du, mein Sohn, und warte Deines Berufs. Es ſoll Dir nichts Leides geſchehen. Aber entdecke keinem Menſchen, was Du in dieſer Nacht getrieben und erfahren haſt. Das befehle ich Dir. Nun geh!"

Philipp fiel dem König zu Füßen und küßte deſſen Hand, indem er einige Worte des Dankes ſtammelte. Als er wieder aufſtand, um fortzugehen, ſagte der Prinz Julian: „Ich bitte unterthänigſt, daß Ihre Majeſtät dem jungen Menſchen erlauben wolle, draußen zu warten. Ich habe ihm für das Ungemach, das ich ihm dieſe Nacht verurſachte, noch eine kleine Schuld abzutragen."

Der König nickte lächelnd mit dem Kopfe, und Philipp entfernte ſich.

„Prinz!" ſagte der König, und warnte drohend mit dem aufgehobenen Finger, „ein Glück für Sie, daß Sie mir die Wahrheit ſagten. Ich will auch diesmal noch Ihren wilden albernen Poſſen Verzeihung widerfahren laſſen. Sie hätten Strafe verdient. Noch einmal ſolch ein Pagenſtreich und ich werde unerbittlich ſein. Nanti wird Sie dann entſchuldigen. Die Geſchichte mit Herzog Herrmann muß ich noch näher kennen. Gut, wenn er fortgeht; ich mag ihn nicht. Von dem, was ſie über den Polizei- und Finanzminiſter ſagten, erwarte ich ebenfalls Beweiſe. Gehen Sie jetzt und geben Sie dem jungen Gärtner ein Trinkgeld. Er hat in Ihrer Maſke vernünftiger gehandelt, als Sie in der ſeinigen."

Der Prinz verließ den König. Er legte in einem Nebenzimmer den Ballanzug ab, den Ueberrock an, ließ Philippen rufen und befahl ihm, mit ihm in ſeinen Palaſt zu gehen. Hier mußte Philipp Alles, was er als Stellvertreter Julians auf dem Ball vernommen und geſprochen, Wort für Wort erzählen. Philipp gehorchte. Julian klopfte ihm auf die Schulter und ſagte: „Höre, Philipp, Du biſt ein geſcheuter Kerl. Dich kann ich gebrauchen. Ich bin ganz zufrieden mit Dir. Was Du in meinem Namen dem Kammerherrn Pilzow, der Gräfin Bonau, dem Marſchall und ſeiner Frau, dem Oberſt Kalt, dem Finanzminiſter und den Uebrigen geſagt, finde ich ganz vernünftig, und ich will es anſehen und halten, als hätte ich es ſelbſt geſagt. Dagegen mußt Du zu den Verſen ſtehen, die ich in Deinem Namen als Nachtwächter geſungen habe. Du wirſt zur Strafe Deines Nachtwächterdienſtes entſetzt werden; das laß Dir gefallen. Dafür mache ich Dich zum Schloßgärtner bei mir. Ich übergebe Dir meine Gärten von den beiden Schlöſſern Heimlieben und Quellenthal. Das Geld, welches ich Deiner Braut gegeben, ſoll ihre Ausſteuer bleiben, und den Wechſel des Marſchalls Blankenſchwerd löſe ich auf der Stelle bei Dir mit fünftauſend Gulden ein. Jetzt geh, diene mir treu und führe Dich gut auf."

15.

Wer war glücklicher, als Philipp! Er flog in vollem Sprung zu Röschens Haus. Noch war Röschen nicht zu Bette; ſie ſaß mit ihrer Mutter am Tiſche und weinte. Er warf die volle Börſe auf den Tiſch und ſagte athemlos: „Röschen, das iſt Deine Ausſteuer! und hier fünftauſend Gulden, die ſind mein. Ich habe als Nachtwächter Fehler gemacht; dafür verliere ich die Anwartſchaft auf des Vaters Dienſt, und übermorgen ziehe ich als Schloßgärtner des Prinzen Julian nach Heimlieben. Und Ihr, Mutter und Röschen, müßt mit mir nach Heimlieben. Mein Vater und meine Mutter müſſen auch mit mir. Ich kann euch nun wohl alle ernähren. Juchheh! Gott gebe allen guten Leuten ein ſolch gutes Neujahr!"

Mutter Bittner wußte nicht, ob ihren Ohren trauen bei Philipps Erzählung, und ihren Augen beim Anblick des vielen Geldes. Aber als Philipp ihr Alles und wie es gekommen, doch eben nicht mehr als zu wiſſen nöthig war, erzählt hatte, ſtand ſie ſchluchzend auf, umarmte ihn mit Freuden und legte dann ihre Tochter an ſein Herz. Nun lief oder tanzte die freudetrunkene Frau im Zimmer herum, fragte: „Wiſſen das Alles auch Dein Vater und Deine Mutter ſchon?" und da es Philipp verneinte, rief ſie: „Röschen, mache Feuer an, thue Waſſer über, koche einen guten Kaffee für unſerer Fünf!" nahm ihr wollenes Mäntelchen, wickelte ſich hinein und ging zum Hauſe hinaus.

Röschen aber vergaß in Philipps Herzen Feuer und Waſſer. Sie ſtanden noch in feſter Umarmung, als Frau Bittner zurückkam, begleitet vom alten Gottlieb und Mutter Käthe. Die umringten ſegnend ihre Kinder; Mutter Käthe, wollte ſie Kaffee, mußte ihn ſelber kochen.

Daß Philipp den Nachtwächterdienſt einbüßte, daß Röschen nach vierzehn Tagen ſeine Frau ward, daß Beide mit ihren Aeltern nach Heimlieben zogen — das gehört nicht zum Abenteuer der Neujahrsnacht, welches Niemandem verderblicher ward, als dem Finanzminiſter Bodenlos. Man hat auch ſeitdem nicht gehört, daß Prinz Julian ähnliche Genieſtreiche gemacht habe.

Reinmar von Zweter, ſ. Minneſinger.

Anhang.

I.

Verzeichniß der vorzüglichſten Minneſinger in alphabetiſcher Ordnung.

A.

Engelhard von **Adelburgh** ſtammte wahrſcheinlich aus dem Würtembergiſchen, 1226—1250. Gedichte von ihm ſtehen in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Alexander (der wilde) (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Konrad von **Altſtetten** (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich von **Anhalt**, wahrſcheinlich Heinrich der Fette, 1218 Fürſt; geſtorben 1267. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Dietmar von **Aſt** aus dem Thurgau (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Hartmann von der **Aue** (Owe) aus Schwaben (1180—1200). Lyriſcher und elegiſcher Dichter. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung. Verfaſſer des „Iwein mit dem Löwen", herausgegeben von Bachmann und Benecke, Berlin, 1827; der Legende: der heilige Gregor auf dem Steine; der Erzählung: der arme Heinrich; herausgegeben von J. und W. Grimm. Berlin, 1815.

Brunwart von **Augheim** (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

B.

Biterolf, Diener des Landgrafen Herrmann von Thüringen, war bei dem Sängerkriege auf der Wartburg, blühte von 1204—1225. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Boppe (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Johann, Herzog von **Brabant** (jüngerer Sohn Heinrichs III., Bruder Heinrichs IV.; 1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Otto, Markgraf von **Brandenburg** (mit dem Pfeile), ſtarb 1298. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Walther von **Breiſach** (1250—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Reinmann von **Brennenberg** (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich, Herzog von **Breslau** (Heinrich IV., 1266 Herzog, geſtorben 1290). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Der Freiherr von **Bubenberg** (aus der Schweiz, 1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Der von **Buchheim** (1201—1225). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

D.

Dietmar der Setzer (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Diurner (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Düring (1251—1270). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

E.

Gößli von **Ehenheim** (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Ulrich von **Eſchenbach** (Bruder des Folgenden (1251—1300). Verfaſſer eines Epos von Alexander dem Großen, handſchriftlich in Wolfenbüttel.

Wolfram von Eſchenbach (Eſchilbach) aus der Oberpfalz, Geheimſchreiber Herzogs Otto von Oeſtreich; gegenwärtig bei dem Wartburgskriege; Lyriker; Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung. Verfaſſer des Titurel (Druck 1477 o. J.); Parzival; des Wilhelm von Narbonne (herausgegeben von Caſparſon; Kaſſel 1784 in 4.); des trojaniſchen Krieges, abgedruckt in der Müllerſchen Sammlung Bd. III.; des Herzog Friedrich von Schwaben (handſchriftlich in Wolfenbüttel, Heidelberg u. ſ. w.)

Der Schulmeiſter von Eßlingen (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

F.

Herr Flecke, der gute Konrad. Verfaſſer des Buches von Flos und Blankflos (13. Jahrhundert); abgedruckt bei Müller Th. II.

Günther von dem Forſte (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich von Frauenberg (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich Frauenlob von Meißen, Dr. th., Domherr zu Meißen, ſtarb 1317. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Friedrich der Knecht (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

G.

Herr Geltar (aus dem Walliſer Lande) 1276 — 1300. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Der Gliers (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Goeli (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Wirnt von Gravenbergh (1201 — 1225), Verfaſſer von Wigelais mit dem Rade; herausgegeben von G. F. Benecke; Berlin, 1819.

Abram von Greſten aus Oeſtreich oder Tyrol. (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Ulrich von Gutenburg (1225 — 1260). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

H.

Herr Hawart (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Johann Hadloub aus Zürich (1301 — 1350). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Albrecht von Halberſtadt lebte 1212 am Hofe des Landgrafen von Thüringen; bearbeitete Ovid's Metamorphoſen poetiſch; handſchriftlich in Wien; überarbeitet von G. Wickram. Mainz, 1545. Fol. u. 4.

Chriſtian von Hamle (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Der Hardegger (1226 — 1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Kaiſer Heinrich VII., Sohn Friedrich's II., gekrönt 1222, geſtorben 1242. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Wilhelm von Heinzenburg (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Graf Otto von Henneberg, gewöhnlich von Bodenlauben genannt, ſtarb 1254. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung. Eine Ausgabe ſ. G. bereitet L. Bechſtein vor.

Johann von Hildesheim, ſchrieb im 14. Jahrhundert eine Legende von den heiligen drei Königen; bearbeitet von G. Schwabe. Stuttgart, 1822.

Rüdiger von Hinchofen, ſchrieb im 13. Jahrhundert: Herzog Belland; handſchriftlich in Gotha und Heidelberg.

Markgraf von Hohburg (1201 — 1225). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Eilhard von Hobergen, wahrſcheinlich aus Oeſtreich; dichtete einen Triſtan (1226 — 1250); handſchriftlich in Wien und Dresden.

Rudolph von Hohenems, Dienſtmann zu Montfort, dichtete einen Roman: Alexander der Große (1251 — 1300), verfertigte eine Bibelüberſetzung; ferner: Barlaam und Joſaphat; herausgegeben von Köpke. Königsberg, 1818.

Burkart von Hohenfels aus der Pfalz; (1226 — 1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Graf Werner von Homberg, ſtarb 1323. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Bernger von Horheim (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Bruno von Hornberg (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Ottokar von Horneck aus Steiermark, dem Grafen Otto von Lichtenſtein dienend (1279 — 1330); ſchrieb eine Reimchronik von Oeſtreich in 2 Theilen von 1250 — 1309. Vergl. Schacht, aus und über O. v. H. Mainz, 1821.

Friedrich von Huſen (Hauſen) 1201 — 1225. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

J.

Der von Johannsdorf, ein Kreuzfahrer (1201 — 1225). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

K.

Der Kanzler (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Kelin (1254 — 1260). Gedruckt in dem Jenaiſchen Minneſingercodex.

Henkel von Kemmenat, ſchrieb Gedichte von der Schöpfung u. ſ. w. in der erſten Hälfte des 14. Jahrhunderts; handſchriftlich in Heidelberg.

Wachsmuth von Kunzingen (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Graf Konrad von Kirchberg (Kilchberg) 1201 — 1225. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Walther von Klingen aus dem Thurgau (1226 — 1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Nicolaus Klingsohr aus Ungarn (1201 — 1225). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

König Konrad der Junge (wahrſcheinlich Konradin, 1268 enthauptet; oder deſſen Vater, geſtorben 1254). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Pfaff Konrad, Verfaſſer des Rolandsliedes, handſchriftlich zu Heidelberg; abgedruckt bei Schilter Theil II. (1200 — 1225).

Der von Kurenberg (1226 — 1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

L.

Hadamar von Laber ſchrieb in der erſten Hälfte des 14. Jahrhunderts ein allegoriſches Gedicht von der Jagd; handſchriftlich zu Heidelberg.

Konrad Schenk von Landeck auf Büren im Thurgau; um 1276. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Elias von der Leine (1301 — 1350). Gedichte im Jenaer Codex.

Graf Friedrich von Leiningen (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Ulrich von Lichtenſtein aus der Steiermark (1226 — 1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung. — Frauendienſt; herausgegeben von L. Tieck. Stuttgart, 1812.

Der Schenk von Limburg (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung

Meinold von der Lippe (1301 — 1350). Gedichte im Jenaer Codex.

Der Litſchauer (1301 — 1350). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung und dem Jenaer Codex.

Der Burggraf von Lüenz in Tyrol (1226 — 1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Chriſtian von Lupin aus Thüringen (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

M.

Rüdiger von Maneſſe, Rathsherr in Zürich, veranſtaltete die berühmte, handſchriftlich in der Bibliothek zu Paris befindliche Sammlung von Liedern der Minneſinger, gemeinſchaftlich mit ſeinem Sohne zu Anfange des 14. Jahrhunderts; herausgegeben von Bodmer.

Konrad von Marburg, dichtete im 13. Jahrhundert ein Leben der heiligen Eliſabeth.

Der Marner (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich, Markgraf von Meißen (Henricus Illustris) 1226 — 1250. Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Der ältere Meißner (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Der jüngere Meißner (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Walter von Metz (1226 — 1250), dichtete deutſch und franzöſiſch; Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Rudolph von Montfort dichtete im 13. Jahrhundert das hiſtoriſche Gedicht: Wilhelm von Brabant; handſchriftlich in Kaſſel und Heidelberg.

Heinrich von Morungen (1226 — 1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Wachsmuth von Mühlhauſen (1251 — 1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Der von Muntgiur (1276 — 1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

N.

Graf Rudolph von Neuenburg (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Gottfried von Nifen (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Herr Nithard (von Ruwenthal?) 1201—1225. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Herr Niuniu (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Herr Kol von Niuſſen (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

O.

Der von Obernburg (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich von Ofterdingen am Hofe Herzog Leopolds VII. von Oeſtreich; war gegenwärtig bei dem Wartburgskriege. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

P.

Herr Pfeffel (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der Püller (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

R.

Albrecht Marſchall von Rapprechtsweil, ein Schweizer (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der von Raute aus dem Aargau (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Barthel Regenbogen, ein Schmied zu Mainz (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der Burggraf von Regensburg (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Reinmar der Aeltere war bei dem Wartburgskriege und 1217 bei dem Kreuzzuge Herzog Leopold's. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Reinmar der Fiedler (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der Burggraf von Rietenburg (1201—1225). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Heſſo von Rinach aus dem Aargau (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Johann von Rinkenberg aus der Schweiz (1201—1225). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich von Riſpach (der tugendhafte Schreiber?) 1201—1225. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Kunz von Roſenheim (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Rudolph von Rothenburg aus dem Aargau (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Herr Rubin (aus Tyrol?) (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Rudolph der Schreiber (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich von Rugge aus dem Thurgau (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Rumelant von Schwaben (13. Jahrhundert). Didactiſche Gedichte im Jenaer Codex; derſelbe? (Rumslant) Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

S.

Der von Sachſendorf (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Poſt Kirchherr zu Sarne in Unterwalden (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Bruder Eberhard von Sar, Dominicanermönch (1231—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich von Sar, um 1254. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der von Scharfenberg (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Hiltbolt von Schwangau (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Milon von Sevelingen (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Liutolt von Seven (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Seyfried dichtete (1251—1300) den Roman von Alexander dem Großen.

Meiſter Sigeherr (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Ulrich, Truchſeß von Singenberg aus dem Thurgau (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Friedrich von Sonnenburg (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Sperrvogel (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der von Stadecke (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der von Stamheim (aus Tyrol); 1251—1275. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Hartmann von Starkenberg (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Bligger von Steinach (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der Steinmar (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Gottfried von Straßburg (1226—1250); groß als lyriſcher und epiſcher Dichter. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung. — Von der Minnen. — Triſtan u. ſ. w. Sämmtliche Werke herausgegeben von von der Hagen. Breslau 1824. 2 Thle. gr. 8.

Heinrich von Strettlingen (1254—1258). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der Stricker (1301—1350); dichtete Daniel von Blumenthal, handſchriftlich in Heidelberg; Karl der Große bei Schilter (II. 241); die Welt; handſchriftlich zu Heidelberg.

Der von Suonegge (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Süßkind, der Jude von Trimberg (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammmlung.

T.

Der Tannhäuſer (aus Salzburg) um 1265. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Meiſter Heinrich Täſchler (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich von Tettingen (aus Zürich) (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der Thaler (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Otto von Thurne (1201—1225). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Graf Kraft von Toggenburg (1251—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Hugo von Trymberg, Schullehrer zu Thöſtadt bei Bamberg (1260—1300) ſchrieb den Sammler und den Renner; handſchriftlich zu Wolfenbüttel, Erlangen, Leipzig u. ſ. w. — Druck, Frankfurt am Main, [illegible] Tübingen, 1827.

Werner von Tüfen aus dem Thurgau (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Ulrich von Türheim, ſetzte Gottfried von Straßburgs Triſtan fort (1226—1250); herausgegeben von v. Groote. Berlin 1821. 4.; von von der Hagen, in G. v. S. Werken; ſchrieb den erſten und dritten Theil von Wilhelm von Oranſe. S. Eſchenbach.

U.

Peter von Urach ſchrieb ein Gedicht Irwinn (1301—1350) handſchriftlich in Bützow.

V.

Heinrich von Veldeck um 1180. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung; ferner: die Eneit, abgedruckt in Müllers Sammlung Bd. 1.

Der Vegler (1180—1200) wird als einer der Dichter des Heldenbuches genannt.

Heinrich von Vriberg (1226—1250) ſetzte Gottfried von Straßburgs Triſtan fort.

W.

Walter von der Vogelweide aus dem Thurgau, der bedeutendſte lyriſche Dichter unter den Minneſängern (1201—1225). — Gedichte, herausgegeben von Lachmann. Berlin, 1827. — Geſchildert von L. Uhland. Stuttgart, 1822.

Jacob von der Warte (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der von Weiſſenle (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Heinrich Hetzbold von Weißenſee (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Der von Wengen aus dem Thurgau (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Wenzel, König von Böhmen, geboren 1206, geſtorben 1253. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Hugo von Werbenwag aus Schwaben (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Werner der Pfaff, um 1232. Gedichte in der Maneſſeſchen Sammlung.

Bruder Werner (um 1157), Leben der heiligen Maria; herausgegeben von Oetter. Nürnberg, 1802.

Der von Wildonie (1226—1250). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Winli (1276—1300). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Schenk Ulrich von Winterſtetten (1250—1260). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

Hans von Würzburg dichtete 1314 Herzog Wilhelm von Oeſtreich; handſchriftlich zu Gotha.

Meiſter Konrad von Würzburg, lyriſcher, epiſcher und didactiſcher Dichter (1276—1300); Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung. — Die güldene Schmiede; herausgegeben von W. Grimm. Frankfurt am Main, 1816; und im Kolocsaer Codex von Mailath und Köffinger. Peſth, 1817; der heilige Alexius; Engelhart und Engeltrut, u. a. Erzählungen; der trojaniſche Krieg u. ſ. w.

Z.

Ulrich von Zazichoven (Säbenhofen) überſetzte Lanzelot vom See (1190—1200) aus dem Franzöſiſchen; handſchriftlich zu Wien und Heidelberg.

Thomaſin von Zirklere aus Friaul ſchrieb 1215 den welſchen Gaſt, didactiſches Gedicht; handſchriftlich zu Ulm, Gotha, Heidelberg, Wolfenbüttel.

Reinmar von Zweter, Sohn des älteren Reinmar (1231—1275). Gedichte in der Maneſſiſchen Sammlung.

II.

Verzeichniß der vorzüglichſten Dichter aus der eigentlichen Meiſterſängerzeit in chronologiſcher Ordnung.

A. Lyriſche Dichter.

a) Weltlicher Lieder.

1369. Heinrich von Muglin, Dr. Theol. zu Prag.
1400. Muſcablut. (S. Docen's Muſeum Bd. II. H. 1.)
1386. Peter der Suchenwirth. Werke herausgegeben von Primiſſer. Wien, 1827.
1400—1500. Konrad Harder.
Meiſter Altſchwert.
Der Hülzing.
Der Buberlin.
Meiſter Rumelant.
Albrecht Leſch.
Peter Zwinger.
Der Mönch von Salzburg.
Peter von Reichenbach.
Peter von Saſſen.
Jürg Schilcher.
Ernbold Spiegel.
Kunz Schneider.
Konrad Oetinger.
Der Belſchberger u. ſ. w.
1476. — Veit Weber aus Freiburg im Breisgau, ſang Kriegs- und Siegeslieder der Schweizer (um 1476) im Kampfe gegen Burgund. Die Lieder ſind von H. Schreiber, Freiburg, 1819, herausgegeben worden.

b) Geiſtlicher Lieder.

1380. Konrad von Queinfurt, Pfarrer zu Steinbach, ſtarb 1382. Verfaſſer des älteſten bekannten deutſchen Kirchenliedes.
1420. Meiſter Sixt Buchsbaum dichtete Paſſionslieder; Pſalter Mariä. Erfurt, 1493. 4.
1480. Peter von Dresden, geſtorben 1440 (Huſſit in Prag); dichtete lateiniſch deutſche Kirchenlieder.
1494. Hieronymus Schenk von Sumawe, Salve Regina in ein Carmen gemacht. Würzburg, 1504. 4.
1517. Martin Millius, geiſtlicher Chorherr in Wengen zu Ulm, brachte die Paſſion in Lieder. Konſtanz, 1517. 4.

B. Epiſche Dichter.

a) Ueberarbeiter der alten Heldenſagen.

1472. Kaspar von der Rhön bearbeitete Sagen des Heldenbuches.
1487. Ulrich von Fürterer bearbeitete cykliſch die Artus- und Gralſagen, den Argonautenzug und den trojaniſchen Krieg.

b) Verfaſſer hiſtoriſcher Dichtungen und Reimchroniken.

1378. Ern. de Kirchberg; Mecklenburgiſche Reimchronik. S. Westphalen mon. in ed. V. IV.
1400. Meiſter Heinrich von Neuſtadt, Arzt in Wien: Apollonius von Tyrlandt. Augsburg, 1471. Fol. u. ö.
1453. Herrmann von Sachſenheim; die Mörinn. Straßburg, 1512. Fol.
1457. Hans Roſenplüt der Schnepperer; Wappenmaler in Nürnberg. Sieg der Stadt Nürnberg über den Adel 1450; Abdruck in Canzlers und Meißners Quartalſchrift III. St. 7; viele Schwänke u. ſ. w. Satyren u. ſ. w.
1470. Michael Beheim.
1477. Hans Eberhard Züſch: Beſchreibung des letzten Feldzuges Karl's des Kühnen. Straßburg, 1477. Fol.
1499. Nicolaus Schradin: Reimchronik vom Kriege Maximilians I. mit dem ſchwäbiſchen Bund. Surſee, 1500. 4.
1517. Melchior Pfinzing.
1520. Nicolaus Mareſchalk, Profeſſor zu Roſtock: Reimchronik der Mecklenburgiſchen Regenten; gedruckt in Pistorii, Amoenolates. T. I.

c) Legendendichter.

1450. Johann Rothe, Prieſter zu Eiſenach, Leben der heiligen Eliſabeth. Abgedruckt in Mencke Script. rer. sax. T. II.

d) Verfaſſer von poetiſchen Erzählungen.

1456. Thüring von Ringoltingen: Meluſine. Augsburg, 1474. Fol. u. ö.
1456. Heinrich Kaufringer. Erzählungen; handſchriftlich (1464) im Vatican.
1436. Hans Volz (Folz) aus Worms, Barbier. Geſchichte vom Urſprung des heiligen römiſchen Reiches. Nürnberg, 1480. — Schwänke u. ſ. w.

C. Didactiſche Dichter.

1390? — Heberich der Teichner, Proben in Grimm's altdeutſchen Wäldern.
1411. Johann der Vintler: Buch der Tugend. Augsburg, 1486. kl. Fol.
1436. Johann Rothe, S. oben. Von der Keuſchheit. Abgedruckt in Adelungs Magazin. Bd. II.
1462. Puttrich von Reichertshauſen: Ehrenbrief; herausgegeben von Adelung. Leipzig, 1788.
1520. Bernhard Klingler: Warnung wider das Spiel. Straßburg, 1520. 4.

D. Dramatiſche Dichter.

1450. Hans Roſenplüt, S. oben. Sechs Faſtnachtſpiele. Vergleiche Gottſcheds nöthigen Vorrath Bd. II. S. 43—80. Nürnberg. Magazin 1780, St. 2. Nr. 6.
1480. Theodor Schernberk ſchrieb das Spiel von Frau Jutten. Eisleben, 1565.
1486. Hans Nythart bearbeitete den Eunuchus des Terenz. Ulm, 1486. S. Gottſched a. a. O. I. 37.
1515. Pamphilus Gegenbach ſchrieb mehrere dramatiſche Schwänke und eine Tragödie von zwei Liebhabenden. S. Meiſter's Beiträge I. 263.
1520. Sigismund Grimm, Dr. med. zu Augsburg;
Marx Wirſung. (Vgl. Gottſched a. a. O. I. 52.)

Die übrigen hier nicht aufgeführten Dichter und Schriftſteller aus der Meiſterſängerzeit ſiehe im Lexicon ſelbſt unter den mit ihren Namen bezeichneten Artikeln.

Druck von C. P. Melzer in Leipzig.

Encyclopädie

der

deutſchen Nationalliteratur

oder

biographiſch-kritiſches Lexikon

der

deutſchen Dichter und Proſaiſten

ſeit den früheſten Zeiten,

nebſt

Proben aus ihren Werken.

Bearbeitet und herausgegeben

von

Dr. O. L. B. Wolff,

Profeſſor an der Univerſität zu Jena.

Achter oder Supplementband.

Leipzig,
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1847.

A D
BIBL. UNIV.
MONAC.

Alexander, Graf von Würtemberg.

ward am 5. Nov. 1801 zu Kopenhagen geb., war ein Sohn des Herzogs Wilhelm v. Würtemberg, Oheims des regierenden Königs, lebte als würtembergiſcher Obriſt bei Eßlingen und ſtarb daſelbſt 1844.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. gr. 12. Stuttgart 1837. Scheible, Rieger und Sattler.
Lieder des Sturmes. gr. 12. Stuttgart 1838. Metzler.
Geſammelte Gedichte. 8. Stuttgart u. Tübingen 1841. Cotta.

Ein lebendiges, gewandtes poetiſches Talent, das ſich zwar nicht über den Dilettantismus, in der edelſten Bedeutung dieſes Wortes, erhob, aber mit friſcher Lebensanſchauung eine reiche Phantaſie und glückliche Beherrſchung der Form verband und manches ſehr gelungene Lied, manche treffliche Romanze hinterlaſſen hat.

Der alte Soldat.

Ich ſteh' allein in dieſer Welt,
Als wie ein Fels im Meere;
Ich habe weder Gut noch Geld,
Hab' nichts als meine Ehre.

Sturmvögel wild im luft'gen Kreis
Des Felſen Haupt umſchweben,
Und Sturmgedanken mich, den Greis,
Verfolgen durch das Leben.

Zum Angriff hört' in mancher Schlacht
Ich die Trompete ſchmettern,
Und war in dichter Pulvernacht
Umzuckt von tauſend Wettern.

Den Felſen trifft der Wetterſtrahl,
Der Fels bleibt unerſchüttert;
Mich traf die Kugel ohne Wahl,
Ich habe nicht gezittert.

Beſitze weder Weib noch Kind,
Die Kameraden ſtarben,
Und meine einz'gen Freunde ſind
Mir meine tiefen Narben.

Verſcheucht den Schlaf um Mitternacht
Das Brennen tiefer Wunden,
Dann denk' ich froh an manche Schlacht,
An hohe Siegesſtunden.

Und hätt' ich die Erinn'rung nicht
Von jenen großen Tagen,
So könnt' ich auch den Frieden nicht,
Den läſtigen, ertragen.

Zapfenſtreich.

Es wirbeln die Trommeln den Zapfenſtreich,
Zur Nachtwache blaſen Trompeten.
Die Töne ergriffen mich tief ſogleich,
Die ferne herüber geweht.

Im Waldhang ſaß ich und dachte der Zeit,
Wo Mancher, der heut beim Verleſen
Sein „Hier" im Uebermuthe noch ſchreit,
Auf dem Feld der Schlacht wird verweſen.

Da ladet der wilde Soldatentod
Wohl Manchen zum blutigen Reigen,
Vergebens tönt dann das Aufgebot,
Beim Verleſen wird Mancher wohl ſchweigen.

Noch tönet herüber durch dunkle Nacht
Der Zapfenſtreich aus der Kaſerne;
O! tönte er lieber nach blut'ger Schlacht
Aus feindlichem Land in die Ferne.

Und geht beim Verleſen mein Namen einſt ab,
Und iſt mir vom Schickſal beſchieden
Auf dem Felde der Ehre ein ritterlich Grab,
Iſt's immer noch beſſer, als Frieden.

Spazierritt.

I.

Herr Kamerad! die Roſſe ſcharren
Mit Ungeduld im dumpfen Stall
Und friſch belaubte Wälder harren
Auf unſ'res Hufſchlags Widerhall.

Fort vom Studierpult, weg die Feder,
Die dich mißſtaltet hinter'm Ohr,
Schlag zu das alte Buch von Leder,
Schwing dich zu Roſſe friſch empor.

Heraus aus deinem trüben Kerker,
Gefangener der Wiſſenſchaft,
Im Walde ſchlägt dir freier, ſtärker
Das Herz, als dort in trüber Haft.

In einer Stadt die dumpfe Schwüle
Beengt des Geiſtes freien Flug,
Im jugendlichen Wald die Kühle
Die Schwingen hebt zu mächt'gem Zug.

I.

Wie herrlich iſt's, auf wilden Roſſen
Zu jagen durch die grüne Nacht,
Wie kämpft ſich da ſo unverdroſſen
Die wechſelnde Gedankenſchlacht.

Da dringt empor zum Himmelsbogen
Die kräft'ge Männerrede frei,
Man iſt dem eitlen Trug entzogen,
Der Stadt und ihrem Einerlei.

Wir ſind nicht ganz von dieſer Erde,
Wenn wir im goldnen Abendſchein
Auf flugbegabtem treuem Pferde
Friſch jagen über Stock und Stein.

Es iſt als ob herüberwehten
Die Lüfte frei aus beſſ'rer Welt,
Als eine Stärkung dem Planeten,
Der nur noch morſch zuſammenhält.

Die Straße wird zum luft'gen Faden,
Das Roß gar flüchtig weiter ſpinnt,
Des Reiters Geiſt auf ſolchen Pfaden
Den meiſten Raum für ſich gewinnt.

III.

Die Sonne ſinkt, ſchon wird es düſter
Und lange Schatten wirft der Wald,
Und lauter wird auch das Geflüſter,
Das aus den Bäumen niederhallt.

Die Sonne ſinkt und wir vom Berge,
Wir ſteigen nieder in das Thal,
Hinab, wo Gräber ſind und Särge,
Des Unglücks viel und manche Qual.

Den kühn gewundnen Steg durch Felſen,
Wir reiten mühſam ihn hinab,
Es droht Gefahr ſchon unſ'ren Hälſen,
Wir ſitzen ſtill vom Roſſe ab.

Und als wir mühſam nun gedrungen
Zu Thale durch den Felſenſchacht,
Die Abendglocke war verklungen
Und ringsum war es trübe Nacht.

In unſ'ren Herzen aber brannte
Ein helles Feuer lichterloh,
Das alle Nacht in uns verbannte,
Der Geiſt war warm und lebensfroh.

Uns kümmert nicht die Nacht im Kreiſe,
Wir ſind geſtärkt und wohlgemuth,
Und trinken froh nach unſ'rer Weiſe
Den vollen Becher Rebenblut.

Und biſt du vom Geſchick geſchlagen,
Biſt du vom Kampfe müd und matt,
Und wenn dich finſtre Grillen plagen
Im dumpfen Keſſel einer Stadt,

Dann horche wie die Roſſe ſcharren,
So ungeduldig in dem Stall,
Bedenke, daß die Wälder harren
Auf unſ'res Hufſchlags Widerhall.

Viſion.

Trompeter! ſpielet auf ein Lied,
Ein Lied für alte Soldaten;
Wir wollen, wie es oft geſchicht,
Bei ſchäumendem Wein uns berathen.

Nun ſpielen die Trompeter auf
Gar eine kräftige Weiſe,
Und die alten Herren, ſie thaun auf
Von ihrem ruſſiſchen Eiſe.

Sie drehen die Bärte, und Wort und Blick
In hoher Erinnerung glühen,
Sie denken ſich in die Schlachten zurück
Und roth ihre Narben aufblühen.

Die Herren aus guter alter Zeit
Erzählen manch ſeltſame Mähre
Von Kriegerluſt und von Kriegerleid,
Von errungener Sieges-Ehre.

Wie da im Kreiſe die jungen Herrn
So eifrig die alten belauſchen,
Sein junges Geſicht wohl mancher gern
Für Narben möchte vertauſchen.

Und einer, dem das ruſſiſche Eis
Vor Zeiten gebleichet die Locken,
Schlug an nun, von tiefer Begeiſt'rung heiß,
Der Erinn'rung gewaltige Glocken.

„Als der Kaiſer die große Schlacht gewann
Bei Moskau, da ſtand ich zur Seite
Dem allgewaltigen, großen Mann
Nach durchkämpftem blutigem Streite.

Ich ſtand ihm zur Seite, wie war er da groß,
Als ſeine Augen erglühten,
Er wähnte zu pflücken in Moskaus Schooß
Von ſeinen Siegen die Blüthen.“

Ich ſtand ihm zur Seite im höchſten Glück,
So war es noch keinem gewogen,
Da ſtieß es den Liebling treulos zurück
In des Unglücks finſtere Wogen.

Die warfen den rieſigen Geiſt umher
Und ließen ihn endlich verſchmachten
Auf einſamem Felſen im ſtillen Meer
Den großen Lenker der Schlachten.

Im Kremel ſank nun die Sonne hinab,
Mit glühendem Nordlands Scheine,
Die Sonne von Auſterlitz ſank in das Grab
Am blutigen Leichenſteine.

Bald hatt' ich verſorgt mein treffliches Roß,
Den treuen Genoſſen im Streite,
Doch mied ich der Brüder lärmenden Troß
Und legte mich ſinnend zur Seite.

Auf die Seele fiel mir das volle Gewicht
Von jener gewaltigen Stunde
Und ſchlafen konnt' ich noch lange nicht,
Als Alles ſchon ſchlief in der Runde.

Als endlich der lang vermiedene Gaſt
Sich mir auf die Augen geſenket,
Ein Traumbild mich jählings umklammert und faßt,
Mit Grauſen mein Geiſt ſein gedenket.

Der Traum, Kameraden, bei meinem Bart!
Ihr möget mich deshalb verlachen,
Es war kein Traum von gewöhnlicher Art,
Es war ein ſeltſames Wachen.

Noch einmal ſah ich zur nächtlichen Stund'
Die Stadt der Zaaren auftauchen,
Da plötzlich begann es im finſtern Grund
Als wie zu flammen, zu rauchen.

Dann ſah ich ein blutiges Morgenroth
Sich breiten über die Erde,
Da ſank zuſammen im jähen Tod
Vor Starren die bleiche Heerde.

Und eine glühende Rieſenhand,
Nach Weſten drohend ſie deutet,
Mit allen Glocken im fernen Land
Der Todtengeſang ward geläutet.

Dann ſah ich im finſteren Leichenzug
Die große Armee defiliren,
Die Trauertrommel gar ernſt ſie ſchlug
Den mooſigten Grenadieren.

Sie leiten den eigenen Ruhm zu Grab
Mit militäriſchen Ehren,
Und als ſie ihn ſtille geſenket hinab,
Zu leben ſie nimmer begehren.

Und als ſie nun waren am Grab vorbei
Da ſah ich die bleichen Geſtalten
Mit ruhigem Ernſt ohne Nothgeſchrei
Verfallen den finſtern Gewalten.

Die Kälte, der Wahnſinn, der Hungertod,
Mit lüſterner Gierde ſie nahten,
Noch nie war auf Erden ſo große Noth,
Als dort bei den alten Soldaten.

Der Kaiſer zuletzt ſprengt blutig bleich
An das Grab mit verhängtem Zügel,
Die Krone legt er von ſeinem Reich
Dort nieder am einſamen Hügel.

Noch träumend ſprang ich vom Lager auf,
Mein Auge war wie geblendet,
Gehemmt war des Kaiſers Siegeslauf,
Es hatte ſein Glück ſich gewendet.

Gar finſtere Ahnung ergriff nun mein Herz,
Der Frohſinn war mir gebrochen,
Von Stund an ſehnt' ich mich heimathwärts,
Und wahr hat mein Traumbild geſprochen.

Bald traf meinen Blick der glühende Kreis,
Drin die Stadt der Zaaren auflodert,
Ich ſelbſt durchſchritt den Schnee und das Eis,
Drin die große Armee iſt vermodert."

Räuber-Zweikampf.

Wilder tönen in dem Schweigen
Einer düſtern Sommernacht
Der Zigeuner heiſ're Geigen,
Und es brauſt gleich einer Schlacht
Der Akkorde tolles Rauſchen;
Hörner fallen gellend ein,
Mit dem Echo Klänge tauſchen,
Lange hallend — ſilberrein. —
Vor der Schenke auf dem Raſen,
Bei des Feuers trüber Gluth,
Während ihre Roſſe graſen,
Die Tſchikoſchenbande ruht. —
Aus den Flammen, aus dem Rauchen,
Angefacht von Windesſtoß,
Finſtere Geſtalten tauchen,
Wie Dämonen, rieſengroß. —
Häufig kreiſt der volle Becher,
Schäumend hoch von Ungarwein,
Und die Wangen wilder Zecher
Färbt ein dunkelrother Schein.
Aufgeregt von den Tönen
Aus Rakozis Heldenzeit,
Von den Blicken mancher ſchönen
Schwarzgelockten Räubermaid,
Springen ſie von ihren Sitzen.
Raſch beginnt der wilde Tanz;
Blank geſchliff'ne Waffen blitzen
Heller bei der Flammen Glanz;
Seidentücher, ſchöne Bänder,
Manches theure Angebind,
Und der Mäntel bunte Ränder
Flackern luſtig in den Wind.
Laut die ſchweren Sporen klirren,
Und es ſchlägt manch breite Hand
Feſt den Takt; die Augen irren
Trunken nach der Schenke Wand,
Wo die ſchmucken Dirnen kauern
Sich verbergend ſcheu und leis —
Und auf Räuberblicke lauern
Aus der Tänzer wildem Kreis.
Doch vor Allen ragt des alten
Räuberwirthes holdes Kind
Aus den weiblichen Geſtalten,
Herrin unter dem Geſind:
Reſi mit dem wunderſchlanken
Leibe, mit dem blonden Haar,
Deſſen Locken üppig ranken
Ueber blauem Augenpaar.
Sittig will ſie ſich beſcheiden,
Gerne fliehen Spiel und Sang;
Räubertöchter manches leiden —
Heute ſchlägt ihr Herz ſo bang;
Denn zwei finſtre Raubgeſellen
Folgen ihr von Ort zu Ort,
Schlaue Liebesgarne ſtellen
Mit Geberde ſie und Wort. —
Ferko, Pali aus der Bande
Sind die Kühnſten in dem Streit,
Lange reif zur Galgenſchande,
Allgefürchtet weit und breit. —
Solchen ſieggewohnten Helden,
Die am keckſten ſind zu Pferd,
Deren Thaten Lieder melden,
Auf der Heide hoch geehrt,
Von den ſchmucken Dirnen allen
Keine ihre Gunſt verneint. —
Räubern Thränen wohl gefallen,
Und ſein Reſi heimlich weint. —
Laß das Weinen, laß das Sinnen!
Fache nicht die heiße Gluth!
Wenn zwei Räuber um dich minnen,
Werden Thränen bald zu Blut. —
Wilder ſchon die Herzen pochen,
Schwer gedrückt von Liebeswucht;
Heißer in den Adern kochen
Leidenſchaften, Eiferſucht. —
Jeder will beim Tanze zeigen
Größ're Kraft und feine Kunſt,
Daß ſich ihm zu möge neigen
Reſis Blick und ihre Gunſt. —
Seine volle Flaſche gaukelt
Pali auf dem Kopf gewandt;
Wie er ſpringt, wie er ſich ſchaukelt,
Fällt kein Tropfen in den Sand. —
Ueber der Kam'raden Gruppe
Ferkos ſchwerer Fokoſch ſauſt
Hoch wie eine Sternenſchnuppe —
Sicher, mit gewandter Fauſt
Ob den Dirnen, die erſchrecken,
Fängt er auf im jähen Fall,
Reſis Beifall zu erwecken,
Seine Art als leichten Ball.
So nach Tänzerruhme ringend,
Raſt das liebentbrannte Paar,
Höher, immer höher ſpringend,
Daß im Winde fliegt ihr Haar. —
Endlich bleiben aus die Quellen
Der wild tobenden Muſik,
Und ſie ruhen nach dem ſchnellen
Tanze einen Augenblick. —
Wie am fernen Himmelsbogen,
Aus des Aethers reinem Blau
Plötzlich kommen angezogen
Wetterwolken dunkelgrau,
Alſo ziehen ernſte Falten
Auf der Nebenbuhler Stirn;
Wilde Mordgedanken walten,
Toben ſchon in Bruſt und Hirn.
Und wie Doppelblitze leuchten,
Drehend durch das weite Thal,
Aus den finſtern, aufgeſcheuchten
Wolkenbildern ohne Zahl,
Alſo ſchlagen trübe Flammen
Aus der Augen tiefer Gluth,
Trifft ihr ſcheuer Blick zuſammen,
Und im Herzen wächſt die Wuth.
Näher bringt das dumpfe Grollen
Kampfergriffener Natur,
Und es tönt des Donners Rollen
Fern her über Wald und Flur:
Aus der Wilden Augenſprache
Werden Worte alſobald,
Und im Durſt nach ſchneller Rache
Murmelt Ferko ſcheinbar kalt:
„Höre, Pali! Auf der Heide,
„In dem ganzen Ungarland,
„Geht kein ſchlechter Roß zur Weide,
„Als dein Schimmel, wie bekannt!"
„„Sei verdammt, daß du geboren!""
Flucht nun Pali, zornesſchnell,
„Nimmer ſah ich größer'n Thoren.
„Schweige, elender Geſell!

„Nicht vom Stamm der Magyaren
„Biſt du, wie wir Alle ſind;
„Schlichſt dich ein in unſre Schaaren,
„Feigling du! Zigeunerkind!“
Starke Donnerſchläge ſchlagen
Schon an das empörte Ohr;
Losgeriß'ne Stürme klagen
Heulend im gewalt'gen Chor.
Plötzlich auf vom Boden ſpringend
Der Tſchikoſchen Führer ruft,
Den bekannten Fokoſch ſchwingend
Durch die nächtlich kühle Luft:
„Solche Worte, Kameraden!
„Duldet nimmer ein Magyar;
„Das kann unſerm Rufe ſchaden!
„Kämpfen muß das Zänkerpaar,
„Auf dem Sür*), den ſie getragen,
„Reich verbrämt mit ſchönem Roth,
„Sich für Räuberehre ſchlagen.
„Leben gilt es oder Tod! —
„Aber mich ſoll Gott verdammen!
„Wer von ſeinem Platze weicht,
„Den ſchlägt mein Fokoſch zuſammen,
„Daß er alſogleich erbleicht.“ —
Alſo iſt des Alten Wille
Und es öffnet ſich kein Mund.
Allgemeine tiefe Stille
Thut der Räuber Beifall kund.
Lautlos aus den Eiſenſchnallen
Ferko, Pali alſogleich
Laſſen ihre Mäntel fallen,
Kampfbegierig, zornesbleich.
Ihre Kameraden führen
Sie zur ausgewählten Stell';
Andre raſch das Feuer ſchüren,
Daß zum Kampf es lodre hell. —
Zu den Waffen greift die Bande,
Raſch die Strafe zu vollzieh'n,
Sollte zu der Räuber Schande
Von den Kämpfern einer flieh'n. —
Auf des Führers ſtilles Zeichen
Tritt ein Jeder auf ſein Kleid. —
Wie zwei Tiger ſich umſchleichen
Kampfbegierig, ſprungbereit,
Alſo mit den Augen meſſen
Sich die beiden Kämpfer lang,
Ihre ſtarken Fäuſte preſſen
Den Fokoſch im Zornesdrang. —
Saht ihr draußen, wie das Wetter,
Hergejagt vom Sturmesflug,
Mit betaubendem Geſchmetter
In die ſtarke Eiche ſchlug?
Solch ein Blitz drang Ferkos ſchwere
Streitaxt ein in Palis Haupt,
Daß die mordgeübte Wehre
Ihm das heiße Leben raubt. —
Doch dem Sieger rauſcht entgegen
Wilden Jubels Widerhall
Und des Hauptmanns beſter Segen,
Ob des Feindes jähem Fall. —
Pali wird, der blutig bleiche,
Eingehüllt in ſeinen Sür,
Und Kamraden ſeine Leiche
Tragen vor des Hofes Thür. —
Dort am wilden Miſpelbaume
Die Zigeunermutter ſaß,
Aufgeſchreckt aus düſtrem Traume,
Geiſterartig, leichenblaß.
Und ſie ſpricht nach alten Sagen
Ob dem Todten manchen Spruch,
Hüllt ihn dann mit dumpfen Klagen
In ihr weißes Leichentuch,
Weinet um den ſchönen Jungen,
Der vor manchem langen Jahr
Gaukelnd zu ihr kam geſprungen,
Mit dem ſchwarzen Seidenhaar. —
Das Gewitter zieht vorüber,
Und die finſtre Wolkenſchlacht
Ohne Blitze wird noch trüber,
Schauriger die Regennacht. —
„Auf, Zigeuner! ſtimmt die Geigen!
„Laßt uns in die Schenke zieh'n!
„Bei des Tanzes luſt'gem Reigen
„Möge uns die Nacht entflieh'n.“
Alſo Ferko. Und im Fluge,
Ohne Raſt und ohne Ruh,
Vor der Leidenſchaften Zuge
Eilt er auf ſchön Reſi zu,
Führt ſie raſch zum wilden Tanze;
Seine Sporen klirren hell,
Freuet ſich beim Fackelglanze
Ob dem reichen Thränenquell,
Der auf Reſis bleiche Wangen
Von den ſchönen Augen fließt,
In der Liebe Heißverlangen
Gluth auf Gluthen immer gießt.
Und es toben, bis am Morgen
Winkt der erſte Sonnenſtrahl,
Die Tſchikoſchen ohne Sorgen,
Daß es hallt durch Berg und Thal. —
Auf des alten Führers Zeichen
Zäumet auf der ganze Troß;
Im Galoppe ſchnell entweichen
Die Tſchikoſchen hoch zu Roß. —
Palis treuer Apfelſchimmel
Wittert an den todten Herrn,
Folgt allmählig dem Gewimmel,
Langſam trabend — nimmer gern.

Nächtlicher Ritt.

Ferko.

Marzi, tapfrer Kamerade,
Auf! zu ſüßem Raub ich lade!
Eben ſah ich eine Heerde
Hochgeſchweifter edler Pferde,
Flüchtig — wie vom Sturm verſchlagen —
Unbewacht zum Walde jagen. —
Als die Sonne ſich begrabend
In des Balatones Fluthen,
Ihre letzten rothen Gluthen
Zuwarf noch dem ſpäten Abend,
Hätteſt du die edlen Thiere
Wie vergoldet ſchauen ſollen,
Und mitlauſchen ihrem vollen
Kriegesluſtigen Gewiehre.
Aus dem flüchtigen Gewimmel
Glänzte hell ein Silberſchimmel.
Weit voran dem langen Zuge,
Sprengt' er keck im wilden Fluge.
Hoch ihm Schweif und Mähnen wehten,
Gleich als wären es die Fahnen,
Die das Rudel luſtig mahnen
Ihrem Führer nachzutreten.
Nie ſeh' ich im Leben wieder
Schwungbegabt're, ſchön're Glieder. —

Marzi.

Biſt mein liebſter Raubgenoſſe,
Auch gefiel mir wohl der Fang,
Doch mir träumte eben bang
Von dem ſchwarzen Geiſterroſſe.
Hör' nur, wie die Wölfe heulen,
Die das Hochgericht umſchleichen,
Und es kreuzen finſtre Eulen,
Das ſind keine guten Zeichen. —

Ferko.

Laß die Zeichen! eitles Träumen!
Als ich nach den Waldesräumen
Sah die edlen Roſſe hetzen,
Sich am kühlen Bach zu letzen,
Kam zuletzt mit tollem Raſen
Ueber Felſen, über Schluchten,
Noch ein Roß in wilden Fluchten,
Das verſpätet ſich bei'm Graſen.
Stärk're Knochen als des Fuchſen
Nie auf unſrer Heide wuchſen.
Röther als die Abendſonne
Glänzt ſein Haar zu meiner Wonne,
Und er droht mit jedem Tritte,

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*) Mantel.

Daß geſpalten in der Mitte
Unter ihm die Mutter Erde
Vom gewalt'gen Hufſchlag werde.
Feſt das Kreuz wie Stahl und Eiſen,
Wollte wahrlich mir getrauen
Einen Thurm darauf zu bauen.
Mit dem Roſſe wollt' ich reißen
Kämpfend auf den Boden nieder
Der Huſaren dichtſte Glieder. —
Nun, wird Marzi mit mir kommen,
Eh' die Hoffnung uns benommen,
Solche Roſſe zu gewinnen?
Aufgeſeſſen! kein Beſinnen!

Marzi.

Wohl, Kam'rad, wir wollen reiten,
Uns die Pferde zu erſtreiten. —
Wohl wird mir der Fuchs behagen,
Gilt es einſt ſich durchzuſchlagen.
Einen Pfiff nach meinen Rüden,
Den erprobten, nimmermüden.
Monza! Wigias! Auf zum Hetzen,
Kommet mit, in muntern Sätzen,
Unſre Beute aufzuſchrecken
Aus den tiefen Waldverſtecken.

Ferko.

Raſch zu Pferde, Raubgeſell,
Sonſt ſcheint uns der Mond zu hell!
Laß den Sattel und die Bügel;
Gibt uns beiden ſchnell're Flügel,
Wenn wir durch die Heide jagen
Von dem bloßen Roß getragen. —
Nun greif' aus, mein wack'rer Renner,
Daß ich bald an deiner Seite
Den geliebten weißen Senner
Eingefangen heimwärts leite. —
Schau, Kam'rad, dort iſt die Stelle,
Dort an jener Waldesquelle
Raſten die geſuchten Pferde.
Drauf jetzt! Fort, die ganze Heerde!
Faſſet an, ihr treuen Hunde,
Machet blitzgeſchwind die Runde,
Heiſſa, luſtig angeſchlagen! —
Jetzt, Kam'rad, gilt es zu jagen!
Sahſt du wohl den Schimmel vorne,
Ueber Hecken, über Dorne,
Wie ein flüchtig Meteor
Jagt er ſeinen Brüdern vor,
Und der Fuchs iſt ihm zur Seite,
Schau, jetzt ſuchen ſie das Weite. —

Marzi.

Bruder, das gefällt mir nicht,
Daß die Roſſe dorthin ſchwenken,
Und zum nahen Hochgericht
Ihre flücht'gen Tritte lenken. —
Mich durchdringen kalte Schauer,
Hängt nicht dort, wie auf der Lauer,
Juro, den wir jüngſt verloren!
Horch! noch klirren ſeine Sporen,
Wie er mit den Armen winkt!
Wie ſein ſtarres Auge blinkt! —

Ferko.

Ei ſo laß den Narren hangen —
Warum ließ der Burſch ſich fangen!
Sein Bewegen rührt vom Winde,
Der den Galgen hat durchfahren —
Todte bringen nicht Gefahren,
Auf! und tummle dich geſchwinde!

Marzi.

Weit aus unſerem Reviere
Jagen ſchon die tollen Thiere,
An den See ſind ſie geflogen!
Horch, die Wellen, ſturmgehoben,
Wie ſie an das Ufer toben!
Um den Fang ſind wir betrogen,
Denn ſie ſtürzen ohne Grauſen
In der Fluthen wildes Brauſen.

Ferko.

Wenn ein Roß, das ich will jagen,
Flüchtig ſtürzte ohne Zagen
In den tiefſten Ocean,
Folgt' ich dennoch meiner Bahn.
Haben muß ich jenen Schimmel,
Und wär' er gebannt am Himmel. —

Marzi.

Gutes will mir nimmer ahnen,
Laſſe ab von deinen Bahnen!
Schau, wie meine treuen Hunde,
Sonſt ſo keck, ſchau wie ſie zittern,
Weil ſie eine böſe Stunde
Und die Geiſternähe wittern.
Unheimliche ſchwarze Schatten
Wirft dein Pferd rings auf die Matten,
Wie durch zaubriſche Gewalt
Wird es höher von Geſtalt.

Ferko.

Ei mit deinen tollen Faxen!
Laß es meinethalben wachſen,
Daß ich in den Mond mag langen
Und mir Wolkenroſſe fangen,
Oder ſpielen mit den Sternen
In den fernſten Himmelsfernen.

Marzi.

Kamerad, dir droht Gefahr.
Ferko, Ferko, habe Acht,
Deines Roſſes lichtes Haar
Schwärzer ward es als die Nacht,
Und aus ſeinen weiten Nüſtern,
Aus des Athems Schwefeldampf,
Spinnt mit Schauern, ſpinnt mit Flüſtern
Sich ein toller Koboldskampf.
Aus den ſchönen Silbermähnen,
Die den Hals ihm ſonſt umflattern,
Ward ein Klumpen ſchwarzer Nattern,
Drohend dir mit gift'gen Zähnen. —

Ferko.

Würde auch mein Roß zur Stund
Schwärzer als der Hölle Grund,
Muß den Schimmel ich erwerben,
Und ſollt' ich darüber ſterben.
Fürchte mich nicht viel vor Geiſtern,
Selbſt das ſchwarze Roß bemeiſtern
Wollt' ich wohl trotz ſeiner Tücke,
Ich vertraue meinem Glücke.

Marzi.

Toller Burſche, wahrlich, weiter
Bin ich nimmer dein Begleiter!
Ha, bei Gott! Er ſtürzt dem Rudel
Nach ſich in der Brandung Strudel,
Jeder, den ein Weib geboren,
Wär' in dieſem Sturm verloren,
Nur der Satan kann verleiten,
So in ſeinen Tod zu reiten. —

Ferko.

Weh! mir ſtarren alle Glieder!
Falſches Roß, du ziehſt mich nieder,
Und es halten tauſend Schlangen
Meinen ſtarken Arm gefangen! —
Heilige Ilona *), rette
Mich aus dieſem Waſſerbette!
Marzi! Marzi! Keine Gnade!
Noch ſeh' ich im Unterſinken
Fern des Schimmels Mähnen winken,
Um den Schimmel iſt's doch Schade!

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*) Ilona, Helena, Schutzheilige am Plattenſee.

Zigeuner-Symphonie.

Erſte Violine.

Auf, mein Sohn, und laß uns geigen
Einen ernſten Schlachtenreigen,
Von Kinyssi*) Pál, dem Wilden,
Der auf Ungarns Schlachtgefilden
Heldenruhm ſich hat erworben,
Bis er ſiegend iſt geſtorben.

Zweite Violine.

Wohl, mein Vater, laßt uns ſpielen!
Ehre Allen, die da fielen,
Doch vor Allen Ruhm und Ehre
Dem Kinyssi Pál, dem Kecken,
Der durch ſeines Armes Schwere
War des Türkenheeres Schrecken

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Wild ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Der tobenden Begeiſt'rung,
Es ſtürzen ihre Gluthen,
Ein Strom von heißen Fluthen,
Sich donnernd in den Abgrund.

Viola.

Türkenwürger ſie ihn nannten,
Den Gewalt'gen, Zornentbrannten.
Seinem guten Schwerte immer
Folgten Stöhnen, Todsgewimmer.
Oft hat er das Schwert geſchwungen,
Fernhin iſt ſein Ruhm erklungen.

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Wild ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Der tobenden Begeiſt'rung,
Es ſtürzen ihre Gluthen,
Ein Strom von heißen Fluthen,
Sich donnernd in den Abgrund.

Cimbal.

Seines Roſſes flücht'ge Hufe
Waren nie vom Blute trocken,
Und vor ſeinem Schlachtenrufe
Floh der Muſelmann erſchrocken.
Immer nur zu großen Siegen
Hat den Rappen er beſtiegen.

Wie der Sturm mit ſeinen Schaaren
Jagt den bleichen Mond durch Nebel,
So Kinyssi Páls Huſaren,
In der Fauſt den guten Säbel,
Nach dem halben Monde jagten
Und im Kampfe nie verzagten.

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Wild ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Der tobenden Begeiſt'rung,
Es ſtürzen ihre Gluthen,
Ein Strom von heißen Fluthen,
Sich donnernd in den Abgrund.

Baſſe.

Mancher Paſcha mußte geben
Dem Gewaltigen das Leben,
Und das Aug' voll Siegesglanze
Nimmt er dann beim Waffentanze
Einen Türken in die Zähne,
Daß man ihn nicht müde wähne.

Und dann trank er wohl zum Spaße
Türkenblut**) aus einem Faſſe
Auf das Wohlſein der Magyaren,
Auf das Wohlſein ſchmucker Dirnen:
Hoch die tapferen Huſaren,
Mit den Narben auf den Stirnen!

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Wild ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Der tobenden Begeiſt'rung,
Es ſtürzen ihre Gluthen,
Ein Strom von heißen Fluthen,
Sich donnernd in den Abgrund.

Viola.

Wie der wilde Sturm den Regen
Zwingt zum düſtern Waldesgrunde,
Alſo ſollen euch bewegen
Meine Saiten nun zur Stunde,
Daß ihr Thränen müßt vergießen,
Die dem tapfern Helden fließen.

Eine Kugel hat geſchlagen
In das Herz dem hohen Recken,
Hat ihn brauſend fortgetragen,
Den gewalt'gen Türkenſchrecken,
In das Land, wo Heldengeiſter
Ehren werden ihn als Meiſter.

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Trüb ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Wehmüthiger Akkorde,
Wie ferne Grabgeſänge,
So fallen ihre Klänge
Hinſterbend in den Abgrund.

Erſte Violine.

Bei Vesprem erbau'n von Steinen
Auf den modernden Gebeinen
Hoch ein Denkmal der Magyaren
Unbeſiegte Reiterſchaaren.
Oben kräftig ausgehauen
War des Helden Bild zu ſchauen.

Mahnend blickt, mit finſt'rem Ernſte,
Hoch von ſeinem Felſenthron
Der Gewalt'ge in die fernſte
Schluchten und den Balaton,
Regend auf zu großen Thaten
Tapf're ung'riſche Magnaten.

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Wild ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Der tobenden Begeiſt'rung,
Es ſtürzen ihre Gluthen,
Ein Strom von heißen Fluthen,
Sich donnernd in den Abgrund.

Zweite Violine.

Hundert Jahre hat verſchlungen
Zeit, die nimmerſatte, leere;
Abermals ſind eingedrungen
Mit des Krieges voller Schwere
Die verdammten Türkenhunde,
Mordend, brennend in der Runde.

Viola.

Und es führt ein wilder, rauher
Paſcha von drei Pferdeſchweifen
Dieſe Horden, füllt mit Schauer
Rings die Gegend, wo ſie ſtreifen.
Weint, ihr Ungardirnen alle!
Euer Klaggeſang erſchalle!

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Trüb ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Wehmüthiger Akkorde,
Wie ferne Grabgeſänge,
So fallen ihre Klänge
Hinſterbend in den Abgrund.

Baſſe.

Eines wilden Stromes Wogen
Sind ſie bis Vesprem gezogen.
Hei! da ſtarrten auf ſie nieder
Kinyssi's gewalt'ge Glieder.
Trotzig, wie vor hundert Jahren,
Blickt er auf die Türkenſchaaren.

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*) Kinyssi, ſprich: Kiniſchi.

**) Türkenblut heißt ein rother Banater Wein. Er wird wegen ſeiner Farbe ſo genannt. Der Weinſtock, von dem er kommt, ſoll roth angelaufene Blätter haben, was das Volk der Maſſe von Türkenblut zuſchreibt, welches dort nach einer geſchlagenen Schlacht zu Thal floß.

Und ein Derwiſch, grau von Barte,
Der zuerſt das Bild gewahrte,
Schlägt des halben Mondes Zeichen,
An die Ahnen ſtill gedenkend,
Die Kinizsi ſchlug zu Leichen,
Blut'ge Türkenſchlachten lenkend.

Cimbal.

Doch der Paſcha haut die Bügel
In die Lenden ſcharf dem Schimmel,
Er verhängt die gold'nen Zügel,
Jagt voraus weit dem Gewimmel
Seines Heeres, daß im Rennen
Seinem Roß die Hufe brennen.

Feſt pariert der Sturmeswilde
Vor Kinizsi's Ehrenbilde,
Daß nach dem gewalt'gen Jagen
Sich das Roß ſchier überſchlagen,
Brauſend kommt im weiten Bogen
So die Bombe angeflogen.

Erſte Violine.

Den Gewalt'gen laut verhöhnend
Schießt dem Bild er vor die Stirn,
Von dem Stein die Kugel dröhnend
Prallt dem Paſcha in's Gehirn;
Niederſinkt er todt vom Roſſe
In die Arme ſeinem Troſſe.

Zweite Violine.

Alſo hat nach hundert Jahren
Noch Kinizsi's Bild bezwungen
Einen ungläub'gen Barbaren.
Dieſes Lied war ihm erklungen,
Hoch ſoll ſein Gedächtniß leben
Bei dem Saft der Ungarreben.

Nun greifen ſie zuſammen,
Wild ſchlagen auf die Flammen
Der tobenden Begeiſt'rung.
Es ſtürzen ihre Gluthen,
Ein Strom von heißen Fluthen,
Sich donnernd in den Abgrund.

Der Gemsjäger.

Auf ſchwindelhohem Alpenpfade zieht
Ein Wanderer durch friſche Morgendüfte;
Scheu blickt er nieder in die finſtern Klüfte,
Des Todes rauhes, ſchauriges Gebiet. —

Im ſchwarzen Felſenthale unten rauſcht
Ein wilder Strom mit gellendem Geplätſcher;
Im Hintergrund ein eiſig ſtarrer Gletſcher
Dem Donner ſtürzender Lawinen lauſcht. —

Hoch in die Wolken hebt ſich ſchroff und ſteil
Ein Rieſe aus dem Thal mit ſpitzem Horne,
Als hätte Gott, entbrannt von hohem Zorne,
Der Erde zugeſchleudert einen Keil.

Der greiſe Führer blickt mit kaltem Muth
Und ohne Schwindeln in die Tiefe nieder,
Den Fremdling ſtützen ſeine ſtarken Glieder,
Auf dem ſein ernſter Blick verächtlich ruht. —

„Ihr ſaht wohl nie ſo ſteilen Felſenhang!"
Begann der Aelpler, dem um Bart und Lippen
Ein höhniſch Lächeln ſpielt. „Die ſchwarzen Klippen,
„Sie machen euch, dem Ungewohnten, bang!

„Uns Gemſenjägern droht hier nicht Gefahr;
„Auf dieſen Stegen ſpielen unſre Kinder;
„Ich glaub', ich ſchritte ſicher hier als Blinder:
„Gewohnheit macht den Meiſter doch fürwahr!

„Dort drüben nach den ſteilen Wänden ſchaut,
„Auf denen hell im Morgenlichte blinken
„Die eisbedeckten, hohen Silberzinken,
„Dort mag's wohl ſein, daß einem Weidmann graut.

„Setzt euch auf dieſen Stein zu kurzer Raſt,
„Dann will ich eine Mähre euch verkünden,
„Wie einen Jäger dort ob vielen Sünden
„Des Himmels Zorn mit ſtarkem Arm erfaßt.

„Der kühne Jagel war von hartem Sinn;
„(Man ſagt, er hab' dem Teufel ſich ergeben)
„Er führt' ein gottlos wildes Heidenleben,
„War immer aus auf ſchnöden Geldgewinn.

„Geboren wird kein Weidmann mehr, der keck
„Wie Jagel zieht auf ſteilen Alpenſtegen
„Und Gott verſuchend, tollkühn und verwegen,
„Dem Wilde folgt in's heimlichſte Verſteck.

„Auch kann ſich Niemand denken, daß ein Ziel
„Er mit der Kugelbüchſe je verfehlte;
„Die Gemſe, ſo er aus dem Rudel wählte,
„In's Herz getroffen ihm zu Füßen fiel.

„Früh zog er einſt am heil'gen Sonntag aus.
„Es hielten ihn von ſeinem finſtern Wege
„Nicht ab die feierlichen Glockenſchläge,
„Die mahnend tönten von dem Gotteshaus. —

„Ein guter Wechſel iſt dort an der Wand,
„Wo höher ſich empor die Felſen bäumen,
„Wilder herab die Waſſerfälle ſchäumen,
„Dort war des Jagels allerliebſter Stand.

„Der Durſt des Jägerauges ward bald geſtillt.
„Gelocket von des Böſen Zauberkünſten
„Trat jäh hervor aus fernen Nebeldünſten
„Auf ſchneller Flucht ein aufgeſcheuchtes Wild.

„Ein ſtarker Gemsbock naht in hohem Schwung,
„Mit ſcheu zurückgeworfenem Gewichte,
„Er raſet wild von Schicht auf Felſenſchichte;
„Doch nicht zu Thale geht der kühne Sprung.

„Sich wendend an der Felſenkante Trauf,
„Als würd's von Wolken mächtig angezogen,
„Enteilt das Wild in immer fernern Bogen
„Hinan die ſteile Wand mit raſchem Lauf.

„Sobald nun Jagel die verwünſchte Flucht
„Der Gemſe ſah, ſo ſchnallt die Gletſchereiſen
„Er um den Fuß und folgt in weiten Kreiſen
„Der Fährte durch die ſchneegefüllte Schlucht.

„So ſtürmt er fort, nicht achtend der Gefahr,
„Empor ſich ſchwingend immer höher, ſteiler,
„Bis er an dem gewalt'gen Rieſenpfeiler
„Vor jener ſpiegelglatten Felswand war.

„Nicht lange ſinnend, was er nun beginnt,
„Verwundet er mit einem raſchen Schnitte
„Den ſtarken Fuß in ſeiner Sohlen Mitte,
„Daß heiß ein Quell aus ſeinen Adern rinnt.

„Und ſo von eig'nem Blute angeklebt,
„Gehoben von der Jagdluſt Gluthverlangen,
„Verhöhnend in der Bruſt das Todesbangen,
„Er zwiſchen Erd' und Himmel höher ſtrebt.

„Er blickt empor; es ſinkt ihm ſchier der Muth —
„Da locken ihn die ſtattlichen Gewichter,
„Da blinken ihm die hellen Augenlichter
„Der Gems' und fachen an die Jägergluth.

„Er läßt nicht nach, es gilt noch einen Zug,
„Er hat erreicht die höchſte von den Zinnen,
„Die ſtolze Lämmergeier nur gewinnen
„In ſonnenhohem, königlichem Flug. —

„Die Büchſe ſchnell er von der Schulter hängt,
„Um anzuſchlagen nach dem ſcheuen Wilde;
„Ein Augenblick — und jäh das Truggebilde
„Der Abgrund in die Nebelarme fängt. —

„Als er nun rückwärts in die Tiefe ſchaut,
„Zum erſtenmal erbleichen ſeine Wangen,
„Dem Gottesläugner vor den Rieſenſchlangen,
„Die ſein Gewiſſen feſt umſchlingen, graut. —

„Im engen Kreis der düſt're Abgrund droht;
„Zurück zu kommen von dem Schauerorte
„Vermag er nicht; die weite dunkle Pforte
„Oeffnet allein gewiſſer Hungertod. —

„So an dem Grenzſtein für die Ewigkeit,
„Harrt er drei Tage und drei bange Nächte,
„Ob mitleidsvoll ihm nicht Erlöſung brächte
„Der Alpenfroſt im weißen Leichenkleid.

„Und wenn ſein ſtieres Aug' den Abgrund traf,
„Beſann er ſich, ob er den Tod nicht wecke,
„Der unten in dem düſteren Verſtecke
„Auf Opfer harrt im trügeriſchen Schlaf.

„Zum vierten Male drang der Sonne Strahl
„Neugierig ein zuerſt bei jener Spitze,
„Die Jagel ſich gewählt zum Marterſitze,
„Durch Nebel langſam ſchleichend in das Thal.

„Da ſah der Todverfall'ne ſchimmern weiß
„Hier auf dem Steg die prieſterliche Kutte
„Von einem Mönch. Dem rauhen Felſenſchutte
„Entwand ſich mühſam nur der fromme Greis.

„Ein lauter Hülferuf drang zu dem Ohr
„Des alten Prieſters, der mit bangem Zagen,
„Erſchrocken ob den unheimlichen Klagen,
„Das fromme Aug' zu Jagel hebt empor.

„Der tief hinunter in ſein off'nes Grab:
„„Verſtiegen hab' ich mich zu dieſen Zinnen;
„„Unmöglich iſt's, dem Tode zu entrinnen —
„„Komm' zu den Menſchen nimmermehr hinab!

„„O Herr! Erbarmt euch meiner tiefen Noth!
„„Oft überhäuft' ich euch mit bitt'rem Spotte
„„Und wollte nimmer glauben eurem Gotte.
„„Ich bin bekehrt — mir droht gewiſſer Tod! —

„„Vergebens rief ich hier den Teufel an; —
„„In Angſt ſucht' ich die kindlichen Gebete,
„„Die bald vergeſſ'nen, vor; der Sturm verwehte
„„Sie ſchnell und riß ſie fort auf rauher Bahn. —

„„Wild flucht' ich nun: Kein Teufel lebt! kein Gott!
„„Da ſchallte, mein Gewiſſen zu erregen,
„„Mir eine Geiſterſtimme hohl entgegen;
„„Der Felſen banger Widerhall: „ein Gott!“

„„Scharf drang die Stimme in mein hartes Herz;
„„Verzweiflung packte mich mit wilden Krallen,
„„Als ich den Fluch ſo hörte widerhallen;
„„Zum erſtenmal fühlt' ich der Reue Schmerz.

„„Zu dieſem Erdenleben hat den Steg
„„Des Schickſals Strafgericht mir abgeſchnitten.
„„Nun wollt' ich euch, o frommer Prieſter, bitten:
„„Zeigt mir zum Himmel den gewiſſen Weg!

„„Auch ſorget, daß mit todesſich'rem Schuß
„„Mich ein Kam'rad von meiner Qual befreie,
„„An meine Sünden ſich kein Selbſtmord reihe,
„„Den ich verzweifelnd ſonſt begehen muß.““ —

„Daß Jagel ſeine Sünden ſo bereut,
„Ihm naht mit kindlich demuthsvoller Bitte,
„Erſtaunt der Mönch, dann fördert er die Tritte,
„Ein Seelenheil zu retten hoch erfreut. —

„Im Dorfe läßt er bald der Glocke Klang
„Ertönen, daß gehorſam die Gemeinde
„Sich zu Gebet und Meſſe ſchnell vereinte,
„Bei Orgelſpiel und heiligem Geſang.

„Bis zu den fernſten Bergen drang der Ton. —
„In ſchwarzer Mäntel feierlichem Staate —
„Voran der Prieſter in dem Sterbornate —
„Den Alpen zu zog die Prozeſſion.

„Ich ſelber ſah von fern als ſchwaches Kind,
„Wie auf dem ſchmalen Pfad am Felſenhange
„Der lange Zug als eine ſchwarze Schlange
„Zu Berge ſchlich im mühſamen Gewind. —

„So ſchritt bis zu dem kühnen Felſenbug,
„Wo jähen Einſturz droht die ſteile Platte,
„Dort auf die kleine, kümmerliche Matte,
„Im abgemeſſ'nen Tritt der ernſte Zug.

„Mit ſtarken Armen bauet nun die Schaar
„Der Männer, die zur Arbeit ſich vereinen,
„Aus abgeſtürzten, ſchweren Felſenſteinen
„Zu Gottes Ehren einen Hochaltar.

„Der Prieſter hielt ſodann ein Todtenamt,
„Und als es in den Bergen war verklungen,
„Ward feierlich von der Gemeind' geſungen
„Ein banges Miſerere allzuſammt.

„Gar ſeltſam miſchten ſich dem frommen Sang
„Des Hirtenknaben munt're Bergeslieder,
„Der Miniſtranten Läuten hallte wieder
„Zugleich mit einer Heerde Glockenklang.

„Der arme Jagel, wie ein Bild von Stein,
„So bleich in's weite Thal hinunter ſtarrte,
„Mit Ungeduld des Augenblickes harrte,
„Wo ihn der Tod erlöſt von ſeiner Pein.

„Mit Freuden hört er ſeinen Leichenchor;
„Die lauten Töne ſeine Seele mahnen,
„Daß bald ſie ſchwebt auf freien Himmelsbahnen.
„Nun rief der Mönch zu Jagel laut empor:

„„Eh' ich die Sünden euch erlaſſen kann,
„„Will ich zuvor noch eure Beichte hören.
„„Ihr müſſet bei dem Sakramente ſchwören,
„„Daß ihr entſagt des Teufels Trug und Wahn.““

„Und in die off'ne Kirche der Natur
„Rief Jagel von dem Felſenthurme nieder,
„Daß in den Bergen laut es hallte wieder,
„Mit feſter Stimm' den feierlichen Schwur. —

„Erregt von des Gewiſſens banger Qual,
„Gepeinigt von des ſichern Todes Grauen,
„Sich eine Brücke himmelwärts zu bauen,
„Donnert er ſeine Beichte in das Thal:

„„Dem Teufel ſchrieb ich mich in's große Buch,
„„Darin er Rechnung führet über Seelen,
„„Die ihm's gelingt dem wahren Gott zu ſtehlen.
„„Fortan war mein Gebet ein langer Fluch.

„„Auch war ich bei dem Böſen ſehr in Gunſt;
„„Es haben die unheimlichen Gewalten
„„Der Hölle lange treu zu mir gehalten,
„„Ich lernte vieles von der ſchwarzen Kunſt.

„„Mein böſes Herz benutzte ſchlimm die Macht
„„Der Zauberei; durch meine böſe Tücke
„„Hab' ich aus ſeinem ſtillen, heitern Glücke
„„Im Dorfe manchen Ehrenmann gebracht. —

„„Es hat mich fremder Jammer nie gerührt,
„„Und eure Seelen faßte banges Grauen,
„„That ich euch kund die Menge der Jungfrauen,
„„Die ich mit teufliſch arger Liſt verführt.

„„In unſerm Felſenthale iſt kein Ort,
„„Wo ich nicht einſt begangen eine Sünde;
„„Es waren Zeugen dieſe tiefen Gründe
„„Von manchem Raub und flucherfülltem Mord. —

„„Blickt nur hinunter an dem hohen Rand
„„Von jener überhängig ſteilen Klippe,
„„Und fraget dort die modernden Gerippe!
„„Sie fielen alle einſt von meiner Hand. —

„„Erſt jüngſt erfüllte mich die tolle Wuth
„„Der Eiferſucht. Da hab' ich ſchnell entſchloſſen
„„Den ſtarken Gunther heimlich hier erſchoſſen;
„„Denn ſeiner Braut galt meine ſchlimme Gluth!““ —

„So immer lauter drängt ſich Wort auf Wort;
„Die Schauerreden ſich zuſammen ballen
„Und einem Bergſturz gleich hinunter fallen;
„Der grauſe Jagel beichtet Mord auf Mord.

„Ob den Verbrechen, die er ohne Zahl
„Hinunter ruft in lautem Selbſtverdammen,
„Schrecken die kalten Gletſcher bang zuſammen,
„Lawinen ſtürzen donnernd in das Thal.

„Des Prieſters weißes Haar zu Berg ſich ſträubt
„Vor ſolcher Laſt fluchwürdiger Verbrechen.
„Das Mitleid darf hier zagend nicht mehr ſprechen;
„Es wird vom Abſcheu fühllos übertäubt. —

„Die ſtaunende Gemeinde zagend ſchweigt,
„Es hat die Beichte ſie mit Schreck erfüllet,
„Und zaudernd nur das Heiligſte enthüllet
„Der Mönch und es dem bleichen Mörder zeigt.

„Sich raſch bekreuzend über Stirn und Bruſt,
„Erhebt er doch die Hoſtie mit dem Arme,
„Faſt zweifelnd, ob ſich dießmal Gott erbarme
„Des Sünders, der ſich ſolcher Schuld bewußt. —

„Als Jagel nun erblickt den Leib des Herrn,
„Da flohen ihn die hölliſchen Gewalten;
„Bekehrt ſah man ihn zum Gebete falten
„Die mordbefleckten Hände aus der Fern'.

„Und wie der Abendſonne letztes Licht
„Auf die erſtarrten, hohen Gletſcher ſtrahlet,
„Die Sehnſucht nach der Hoſtie ſich malet
„Auf ſeinem todesbleichen Angeſicht.

„Indeſſen die Gemeinde betend kniet,
„Hat friſches Pulver auf die Pfann' gegoſſen
„Einer von Jagels finſtern Jagdgenoſſen,
„Und, ſeinen Schuß zu meſſen, aufwärts ſieht.

„Der Bruder Günthers war's, der ſchwarze Fritz;
„Die zielgeübten, dunklen Augen ſprechen,
„Daß er den Mord des Bruders ſelbſt will rächen,
„Durch ſeiner Büchſe todesſich'ren Blitz.

„Ihm dient zum Ziel des Mörders ſchwarzes Herz —
„Ein lauter Knall aus lichten Pulverflammen
„Ertönt; es ſinkt das Opfer ſchnell zuſammen,
„Und fällt in jähem Sturze abgrundwärts. —

„Da hub ein arger Sturm zu raſen an,
„Die Berge zitterten hier in der Runde,
„Der Teufel zürnte ſchwer, daß ſeinem Bunde
„Jagel entſagt und ſeinem Höllenwahn.

„Dem Prieſter riß, wie zittert ſeine Hand!
„Das heil'ge Brod der Sturm mit lautem Toben,
„Und als das grauſe Wetter war verſtoben,
„In Jagels Munde man die Hoſtie fand.

„Von Kind auf Kindeskind die Sage geht
„In dieſem Thal, es wolle Gott uns lehren:
„Es kann der größte Sünder ſich bekehren;
„Zur Reue iſt es nimmermehr zu ſpät." —

Der alte Führer hatte alſo kaum
Die ſchaurige Begebenheit geendet,
Als ſich der fremde Wand'rer lachend wendet,
Ungläubig blickend nach dem Felſenſaum.

Da ſpringt der Aelpler jählings zornesroth
Von ſeinem Sitze, rufend: „Wollt ihr lachen!
„Bei Gott und allen Heiligen! In den Rachen
„Des Abgrunds ſtürzt' ich euch zu ſich'rem Tod!

„Glaubt ihr, was ich erzähle, ſei nur Tand?"
Und mit den ſehnigt ſtarken Bergesarmen
Hebt er den zagen Laffen ohn' Erbarmen
Hinaus über der Felſen ſteile Wand. —

„Nun, wollt Ihr lachen! —"

Ahasver und Bonaparte.

Das letzte Lebensmark hatt' ich geſogen
Aus der Sahara hoffnungsloſem Sande,
Durch Nubien kam ich dann herabgeflogen
In der Aegypter ſegensreiche Lande.

Die Wolken drängten, durſtige Kameele,
Dem alten Nilſtrom zu in wildem Fluge;
Mit ihnen zog wohl manche arme Seele
Verſchmachtet einſt auf langem Wüſtenzuge.

Ein Schiff fiel mir in's Aug', eine Corvette,
Die raſch durch's Delta eilt auf flücht'gen Pfaden.
Doch paßt nicht für die Seglerin, die nette,
Die unheimliche Fracht, die ſie geladen.

Denn Mumien ſind's, Ibiſſe, Krokodille,
Durchwühlter Katakomben edle Frucht,
Jahrtauſende bedeckt mit heil'ger Stille
Und eines Obelisken ſchwere Wucht.

Am Buge liegt ein Sphynx mit üppigen Brüſten
Und trügeriſchem Blick, dem wahren Bilde
Des Weibes, das erglüht in Teufelslüſten
Mit Tigerkrallen und ſcheinbarer Milde.

Es wimmelt das Verdeck von grauem Plunder,
Von bunten Fratzen und Hieroglyphen,
Es ſchien als wären aufgetaucht die Wunder
Der alten Magier aus des Niles Tiefen.

Mir ſind zuwider dieſe Erdenwürmer,
Wenn ſie in mein Geſchäft mir vorlaut greifen
Als Alterthümler, wüſte Gräberſtürmer,
Und vor der Zeit die alten Mauern ſchleifen.

Der Obelisk von gutem Schrot und Korne
War von der Wüſte her mir wohl bekannt,
Ganz unverhofft ſchlug ich entbrannt von Zorne
Mit voller Kraft des Schiffes Steuerwand.

Hei! wie ſind da die luſtigen Provencalen
Verſtummt und plötzlich ernſt geworden,
Nie ſah ich bläſſere Geſichter malen
Die Angſt vor mir und meinen wilden Horden.

Am Quaterdecke, wie aus Erz gegoſſen,
Ein Jüngling ruht und ſeine tiefen Träume,
Sie gelten Schlachten nur und wilden Roſſen,
Es jagt ſein Geiſt kühn durch des Erdballs Räume.

Und Länder ſieht er fallen, Völkerſchaften,
Doch höher ſtets ſich ſeine Pläne thürmen,
Es ſchwingt die Seele frei von ihren Haften,
Sein Schlaf war feſt. Er hörte nicht mein Stürmen.

Zwei Wachen, bärt'ge Grenadiere, ſchritten
Ernſt auf und ab. Es zeugen ihre Narben,
Daß ſie in manchem Kampfe mitgeſtritten,
Wo ſich der Tod gebunden dichte Garben.

Bald ſind ſie gleich dem andern Volk erlegen,
Dem Ocean ſein altes Recht einräumend,
Den ich zu ungeheuren Wellenſchlägen
Trieb an, das Schiff hoch in die Lüfte bäumend.

Ich hatte nimmermehr mich ſo befliſſen,
Ein gutes Fahrzeug in den Grund zu bohren,
Den Steuermann und die Gehülfen riſſen
Die Wogen fort. Sie ſind im Meer verloren.

Das Schiff, gleich einem willenloſen Rumpfe,
Treibt durch die Fluthen aufgegeben,
Das Schiffsvolk, blickend auf der Maſten Stumpfe,
Verzagt, nur denkend an ſein armes Leben.

Doch, wie ich auch geraſt zu jener Stunde,
Flott blieb die abgemaſtete Corvette,
Nicht konnt' ich ſie vermählen mit dem Grunde,
Wo ich bereitet ihr das Hochzeitbette.

Wie nun die Einen fluchen, And're beten,
Und immer näher die Verzweiflung dringt,

Sah ich aus einem Sarkophage treten,
Von dem zumal der ſchwere Deckel ſinkt,

Geſpenſtiſch einen Fremdling. Feſt umſchloſſen
Hält er inbrünſtig einer Mumie Bild,
Es flammte auf den trüben Grabgenoſſen
Die Gluth des Blicks, den keine Thräne ſtillt.

Er ſucht den Tod und kann ihn nimmer finden.
Es war der Ahasver, der ew'ge Jude,
Den ich dem Sarkophag ſich ſah entwinden,
D'rin er zur Ueberfahrt verborgen ruhte.

Wild ſchüttelt er den Staub aus Bart und Haaren.
Ich hatte ihn aus ſeinem Todesbrüten
Wohl aufgeſchreckt, als ich ſo rauh durchfahren
Das Takelwerk in meines Zornes Wüthen.

Den Jüngling ſucht der ſchroffe Blick des Juden,
Er ſtürzet auf ihn zu und ſpricht die Worte:
„Nicht darfſt du mir verſinken in den Fluthen,
„Ich ſteh' zu dir, gleich einem ſichern Horte."

„Und nicht umſonſt hab' ich dies Schiff beſtiegen!
„In ſeinem Raum ſich jetzo die Geſchicke
„Der ganzen Welt in ihrer Kindheit wiegen,
„Ich wandte in die Zukunft meine Blicke;"

„Prophetiſch hat mein Geiſt es mir verrathen,
„Daß du aus Rom den Papſt noch wirſt verjagen,
„Und daß ein Krieg, umfaſſend alle Staaten,
„Das Chriſtenthum bedroht mit großen Plagen."

„Gewalt'ger Geiſt, du darfſt mir nicht verderben,
„Du ſollſt mir helfen, meinen Haß zu kühlen
„Gegen das Kreuz, der, kann ich nimmer ſterben,
„Mir ewig wird die tiefſte Bruſt durchwühlen."

„Und ſänke jener Chriſtus, dem ich fluche,
„Noch einmal mit dem Kreuz vor meiner Schwelle,
„Ich wäre wieder taub für ſein Geſuche,
„Stieß ihn zurück ſo kalt wie jene Welle."

„Die neue Lehre, die er einſt gelogen,
„Wird an den Talmud mir den alten Glauben,
„In dem der hohe Prieſter mich erzogen,
„Noch in der fernſten Ewigkeit nicht rauben."

Er ſchweigt und drückt die eisumſtarrten Lippen
Als Weihe auf die bleiche Felſenſtirne
Dem Jüngling. So begräbt die nackten Klippen
Die Schlaglawine, die ſich ſtürzt vom Firne.

Nun merkt' ich wohl, daß fruchtlos mein Beſtreben,
Dies Schiff im Meeresgrunde zu verſenken,
Ich winkte meinen Horden, nachzugeben,
Und half nach Toulon ſchnell das Wrack zu lenken.

Dem Jüngling folgt' ich nach auf fernen Zügen,
Im Kaiſerglanz, an manchem großen Tage
Sah ich um ihn den finſtern Geiſt der Lügen,
Und jenen Fremdling aus dem Sarkophage.

Atlas.

Scenen aus den Feldzügen der Franzoſen gegen die Beduinen.

Ein Pfeiler, drauf gebaut der Himmelsbogen,
Der greiſe Atlas aus den Wolken ſchaut,
Die den Gebieter trauernd ſchwarz umzogen.

Vom Thalesgrunde wilde Trommeln klingen,
Und fremder Krieger Stimmen werden laut,
Die munter vorwärts zu dem Gipfel dringen.

Unheimlich tönen ihre Siegeslieder,
Dem alten Berge vor den Tönen graut,
Sein Echo giebt ſie dumpf und klagend wieder.

Sind es die ſieggewohnten Legionen
Der Römer, die, erſtanden aus der Gruft,
Verwegen ſtürmen zu den Wolkenthronen?

O weckt den Alten nicht aus ſeinem Schlummer!
— So rauſcht es geiſterartig in der Luft —
Und rührt nicht auf den längſt verharrſchten Kummer!

Die Krieger ungerührt — ſonder Gedanken,
Winden ſich auf durch Stein und finſt're Schluft.
Was kümmert Geiſterweh'n die luſt'gen Franken? —

Auf weiter Ebene wie eine Kette
Dehnen die Bataillone ſich, und hell
Erglänzen ſieggewohnt die Bajonette.

In weiter Ferne, eine Sturmeswolke,
Beduinen jagen durch die Wüſte ſchnell;
Die Erde dröhnet unter'm Reitervolke.

Der Roßſchweif flattert von dem halben Monde,
Die hohen Sattel ſchmückt des Tigers Fell,
Deß Blutbegierde nie den Feind verſchonte.

Es wehen der Araber weiße Kleider
Geſpenſtiſch in der Wüſte heißem Wind,
Der Turban deckt die kupferfarb'nen Reiter.

Sie ſind entbrannt von hohem Kriegerzorne,
Ihr liebſter Wunſch iſt, daß die Schlacht beginnt,
Und würd' ein Feind aus jedem Sandeskorne.

Wild aus den Augen ihre Blicke flammen,
Als ſie zum feſten Walle ſich geſchwind
Auf Leben oder Tod zuſammen dammen.

Da plötzlich jagt hervor aus ſeinen Schaaren
Ein Beduinenfürſt; der Wetterſtrahl
Kommt ſo aus der Gewitternacht gefahren.

Dampf ſprüht ſein edles Roß aus weiten Nüſtern,
Es fliegt — kein Hufſchlag ſchallet durch das Thal;
Die Mähnen ihm das wilde Aug' umdüſtern.

Ein Dämon ſprengt er durch die Bataillone,
Naht kühn dem Franken-Obergeneral:
Den blickt er an mit Wuth und bitt'rem Hohne;

Die dunkeln Augen Zorn und Rache glänzen,
Den krummen Säbel preßt die ſtarke Hand,
Von Kindheit ſchon geübt in Waffentänzen.

Sich höher hebend auf dem wilden Roſſe,
Rief nun der Scheik: „In unſerm freien Land
„Was ſuchet ihr mit eures Heeres Troſſe?

„Saht ihr im Morgenroth die Minarette
„Zornig erglüh'n am fernen Himmelsrand?
„Entweihet nicht der Freiheit letzte Stätte!

„Es ſteht vor unſ'rer Stadt geweihten Mauern
„Mein tapf'res Heer; im Hinterhalte droht
„Die Wüſte euch mit ihren Todesſchauern.

„Und ſolltet ihr das Heiligthum erreichen,
„So geht der Weg durch heißen Kampf, und roth
„Färbt ſich die Bahn von euren blut'gen Leichen.

„Erfrecht euch nicht, an unſer Thor zu ſchlagen
„Mit eurem Schwert! Es wäre ſich'rer Tod,
„Gerechter Lohn für euer tolles Wagen!"

Der Maure ſprach, als hätte ſich von Gluthen
Ein Strom ergoſſen in des Eismeers Reich,
So ſtarr und feſt des Franken Blicke ruhten.

Sein Reden war: „„Wenn ihr euch wollt ergeben,
„„Die blanken Waffen ſtrecken alſogleich,
„„So will ich ſchonen euer armes Leben!""

Da ward von edlem ritterlichem Zorne
Des Beduinen Kupferwange bleich;
Verwundet hatten ihn des Wortes Dorne. —

„Ob' Muſelmänner ihre Waffen ſtrecken
„Vor euch, verdammte Chriſtenhunde! hört!
„Wollt ihr noch eher Todte auferwecken!"

Es wendet ſchnell ſein Roß der Sohn der Wüſte,
Der Wahn der Feigheit hat ſein Herz empört,
Die Franken nicht mit einem Blick er grüßte.

Er eilt zurück auf Leben oder Sterben,
Der Beduinen tapf'rer Horde ſchwört
Dem Chriſtenheere ſchmähliches Verderben.

Die heiße Schlacht entbrennt, und der Kanonen
Gewalt'ger Blitz die Muſelmänner mäht,
Des Glaubens Tapferkeit mit Tod zu lohnen.

Vor des Geſchützes Macht die Glieder wanken;
Verlaſſen hat ſie treulos der Prophet
Und ſiegend vorwärts dringen ſchon die Franken.

Gewonnen iſt die Schlacht nach ſicherm Plane,
Und Sklaverei vom Atlas niederweht
Die vielgeprieſ'ne bunte Freiheitsfahne.

Ein Ritt durch die Wüſte.

Ein ſchwarz Kameel, das Sterne graſ't,
Die Wolke zog am Himmel.
Da kam im Sturme hergeraſ't
Ein Scheik auf flücht'gem Schimmel.

Greif aus, o Kabron, trefflich Roß,
Du Perle aller Stuten!
Mordlüſtern naht der Feinde Troß,
In Schmach muß ich verbluten.

Greif aus, ſonſt ſtirbt mein edler Stamm,
Die Brüder ſind erſchlagen,
Greif aus und ſpann die Muskeln ſtramm,
Mein Roß, jetzt gilt's zu jagen.

Abdallah ſpricht's, der kühne Held,
Er ſtreicht dem Pferd die Mähnen,
Und Kabron ſtolz die Nüſtern ſchwellt
Und ſpannt die kräft'gen Sehnen.

Sie ſchießet durch der Wüſte Sand,
Als wie auf Sturmes Flügeln,
Es treibt ſie ſchneller Wort und Hand,
Als Sporen an den Bügeln.

Der edle Stammbaum tritt hervor
In hochgeſchwellten Adern,
Sie legt und ſpitzet keck das Ohr,
Wie mit dem Feind zu hadern.

Ja, ſpitz das Ohr und lauſche nur,
Schon naht mit finſt'ren Mienen,
Im Herzen Tod und Racheſchwur,
Die Schaar der Beduinen.

Greif aus, mein Roß, ſie rennen gut,
Friſch ſind ſie von der Weide.
Nun, Kabron, zeig' dein trefflich Blut,
Sonſt ſterben wir wohl beide.

Mein Yatagan mit ſicher'm Stoß
Zur Stelle dich verderbe,
Bevor ich dich dem Feindestroß
Belaß' ein ſchmählich Erbe.

Das edle Roß in wilder Jacht
Fliegt weiter ohn' Ermatten,
Da ſcheuchet auf der Tag die Nacht,
Fern fliehen ihre Schatten.

Mit heißem Brand die Sonne glüht,
Verſengt die letzten Halme,
Der Samum ſinnbethörend zieht
Durch's Land mit trübem Qualme.

Wild ſchüttelt er das Rieſenhaupt,
Den Sand aus gelben Locken,
Und als er hoch zum Himmel ſchnaubt,
Die Feinde laut frohlocken.

Gewiß iſt ihnen nun der Fang,
Der Flüchtling iſt verfallen,
Sie laſſen durch die Wüſte bang
Den Schlachtenruf erſchallen.

Manch braune Fauſt das Schwert umſchlingt
Und reißt es von der Seite,
Und mancher hoch die Lanze ſchwingt
Und ſchleudert ſie in's Weite.

Vernahmſt das Sauſen du am Ohr,
Mein Roß, des Todes Mahnen?
Da rafft ſich Kabron friſch empor,
Bricht durch den Sturm ſich Bahnen.

In Strömen fließt herab der Schweiß,
Schon pochen wild die Flanken,
Und aus den Nüſtern glüht es heiß,
Doch rennt ſie wie Gedanken.

Sie ſtaunten da ob ſolcher Kraft
Der Wüſte ſtamm'ge Söhne!
Es war als ob die Eigenſchaft
Des Roſſes ſie verſöhne.

Da plötzlich ruft die Horde zu
Dem Scheik, halt' ein zu jagen
Und gönn' dem edlen Thiere Ruh!
Dein Roß hat uns geſchlagen!

Hör' unſern Schwur, halt ein, halt ein,
Den Schwur bei unſern Bärten,
Du ſollſt dem Stamm willkommen ſein,
Wir ſind dir nun Gefährten.

Und halten wir nicht unſern Schwur,
Vertrockne uns die Quelle,
Zur Wüſte werde uns die Flur,
Verſagt ſei jede Schwelle.

Doch laſſ' uns küſſen ſchön und breit
Dem edlen Roß die Stirne,
Wir küßten nicht im Hochzeitkleid
So gern die ſchönſte Dirne.

Und willſt du theilen nicht das Zelt
Mit uns, zieh friedlich weiter,
Gott ſchütze dich im Sturm der Welt,
Abdallah, tapf'rer Streiter.

Auf, wäſch' die Füße deinem Pferd,
Das dich ſo treu geleitet,
Das Waſſer iſt den Sorbet werth,
Den Houris dir bereitet.

Es winkten lang mit Tuch in Hand
Die bräunlichen Geſellen,
Bis Kabron fern am Himmel ſchwand
In heißen Sandes Wellen.

Und als Abdallah dem Bereich
Des Feindes nun entſchwunden,
Springt er vom Sattel, blutig, bleich,
Vergeſſend ſeiner Wunden.

Er küßt die Stirne ſchön und breit,
Des beſten Pferds der Erde,
Dem Scheriff er von Mekka weiht
Ein Fohlen von dem Pferde.

Auf Lenau's einsamen Trinker.

I.

Du bist allein
Bei'm Lampenschein,
Trinkst, ohne zu ermatten,
Die süße Gluth,
Das Rebenblut
Allein mit deinem Schatten.

Dir ist die Welt,
Das Himmelszelt
Sogar ist dir zuwider;
Ich glaube schier,
Verhaßt sind dir
Jetzo die eig'nen Lieder.

Den Schatten nur,
Den die Natur
Doch jedem hat gegeben,
Du liebst ihn noch
Und hältst ihn doch
Als wie dein eig'nes Leben.

Er ist dein Sohn,
Das weiß ich schon;
Das Licht hat ihn geboren;
Du liebst das Licht,
Und nimmer bricht
Die Treu', die du geschworen.

II.

Es bläst dein Hauch
Der Pfeife Rauch
In Wirbeln an die Decke;
Da tret' ich ein,
Doch leise fein,
Auf daß ich dich nicht wecke.

O wacher Traum!
O trüber Traum!
Das ist kein Selbstvergessen!
Da dringt voran
Ein langer Mann,
Mein Schatten viel vermessen.

Nun schreckst du auf,
Wie wenn im Lauf
Ein Schiffer stößt auf Klippen;
Ein leiser Fluch
Ob dem Besuch
Entschlüpft wohl deinen Lippen.

Die Freundeshand
Hast du erkannt
Jedoch gar bald am Drucke;
Mir war zumal,
Als wenn ein Strahl
Dir warm das Herz durchzucke.

III.

Herr Bruder, schau
Die Schatten grau,
Wie freundlich sie sich grüßen;
Wie an der Wand
Sie sich die Hand
Nun reichen und sich küssen.

Wir stoßen an,
Sie stoßen an
Dort drüben an der Mauer;
Wir trinken aus,
Sie trinken aus
Mit frohem Wonneschauer.

Herr Bruder, laß
Das edle Naß
Uns stets zusammentrinken,
Und schlägt die Zeit
Zur Ewigkeit,
Laß' in Ein Grab uns sinken!

Daß wir vereint,
Zugleich beweint
Dereinst als Schatten schweben,
Von dieser Welt
Zum Sternenzelt,
Zu einem bessern Leben.

Doch heute sei
Der Becher frei,
Und hoch von uns geschwungen;
Und manches Lied,
Das uns entzieht
Der niedern Welt, gesungen.

So wollen wir
Jetzo zu vier
Ein's trinken ohn' Ermatten,
Die süße Gluth,
Das Rebenblut
Im Bund mit unsern Schatten.

Wir stoßen an,
Sie stoßen an:
Die Poesie soll leben!
Nach unserm Brauch
Die Schatten auch
Die Nagelprobe geben.

Louis von Arentsschildt

ward den 29. Juli 1807 zu Osnabrück geboren, trat 1825 als Cadet und im folgenden Jahre als Offizier in die hannöversche Armee, studirte 1835 u. 36 in Göttingen, und lebt gegenwärtig in Nienburg.

Er schrieb:

Zerstreute Gedichte. Sonette. [illegible] 1841. Gedichte. Hannover 1845.

Ein gefälliges vorherrschend lyrisches Talent, das mit anmuthiger Phantasie Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form und Sprache verbindet.

Modernes Ritterthum.

Besang' ich lang von kühnen Rittern,
Die mit dem scharfgeschliffnen Stahl,
Gleich [illegible] erzittern,
Den Feind verfolgt durch Berg und Thal.

Es ist die Ritterzeit verschwunden,
Die Burg versank in Schutt und Staub,
Das scharfe Schwert vom Rost gebunden,
Den Schild begrub das dürre Laub.

Was unsre Ahnen groß vollbrachten,
Das klingt im Liede fort und fort.

Das ſtrahlt aus goldnen Ruhmesſchachten,
Das rauſcht im ſtolzen Sängerwort.

War groß die Zeit, die längſt vergangen,
Wirkt, daß ihr groß auch unſre ſchafft;
Auch ſie hat Rieſen, Zaubrer, Schlangen,
Zum Schwert. greifet, greift zum Schaft.

Der ſcharfe Stahl ſei der Gedanken,
Charaktertreu der ſtarke Speer,
Zerſprengt den Bann der Geiſtesſchranken,
Schaut feſt mit reinem Blick umher.

Laßt hell die Tricolore flammen
Des Geiſtes, der im Freien kreiſt,
Dann ſchaaren alle ſich zuſammen
Die Ritter von dem heil'gen Geiſt.

Die Lüge iſt der Feind, die Feigen,
Das Schlechte, der Ideenmord,
Das gleißneriſche, gift'ge Schweigen,
Es iſt das Schwert, der Schild — das Wort:

Das goldne Wort der Ueberzeugung,
Das aus der Seele reinem Born
Hervorquillt, mächtigſter Verzweigung
In warmer Liebe, kaltem Zorn.

Der Sänger ſei der Held, der Thaten
Vollbringe, die er einſt verklärt,
Daß ſeines Geiſtes goldne Saaten
Ein kommendes Jahrhundert ehrt.

Macht der Töne.

Ein Jüngling wandelt tief im Hain,
So frühlingsfroh im Herzen,
Die Augen ſtrahlen hell und rein,
Gleich heil'gen Altarkerzen.

Hell hebet ſich ſein Abendlied
Auf weichen Weſtes Wellen
Stolz wie der Aar durch Wolken zieht,
Und rein wie Bergesquellen.

Ein Wandrer, der am Berge zieht,
Hört froh die Töne ſchallen,
Stimmt ein in das bekannte Lied,
Hell in des Waldes Hallen.

So wandern ſie im fremden Land,
Selbander, ob geſchieden,
Befreundet ſchon und ſchnell bekannt
Im ſtillen Seelenfrieden.

Und immer ferner tönt das Lied,
Bald iſt es ganz verklungen;
Wie wenn der Freund vom Freunde ſchied,
Hat Schmerz die Bruſt durchdrungen.

[illegible]

Wo in des Grames Mantel eingeſchlagen,
In ſeines Herzens Mitternacht verſunken,
Den Himmel ſchilt ein Menſch mit wilden Klagen,
Des Lippen leer den Leidenskelch getrunken:

Dem drängt es mich des Troſt's ein Wort zu ſagen,
Daß ſeines Auges Thränen könnten fließen;
Denn jeder Menſch muß hoffnungslos verzagen,
Der all ſein Weh im Buſen muß verſchließen. —

Wo mir der Himmel aus der Kinder Blicken
Entgegen lacht, von roſig blüh'nden Wangen,
Da ahn' ich, wie von ſeligen Geſchicken
Die Glocken rein in ihrer Bruſt erklangen.

Wo nur ein Menſch ein Weh, ein Glück geheim hat,
Iſt mir mein voller Antheil auch gegeben;
Denn jedes Menſchenherz iſt meine Heimath,
Unendlich reich mein ſcheinbar einfach Leben.

Joſeph Aſchbach

ward geboren am 29. Apr. 1801 in dem naſſauiſchen Städtchen Höchſt am Main, erhielt ſeine Schulbildung in Heidelberg, wo ſeine Aeltern 1811 ihren Wohnſitz nahmen, und machte auch ſeit 1819 daſelbſt ſeine akademiſchen Studien. Der anfänglichen Neigung zur Theologie entſagend, betrieb er in der erſten Zeit beſonders die philologiſchen und philoſophiſchen Wiſſenſchaften, verband damit ein eifriges Studium der neuern Philoſophie, und wandte ſich erſt in den letzten Jahren ſeiner akademiſchen Laufbahn vorzüglich dem Geſchichtſtudium unter Schloſſer's Leitung zu. Nach Beendigung der Univerſitätsjahre ward A. im Sommer 1823 als Lehrer am Gymnaſium zu Frankfurt a. M. angeſtellt und ſpäter zum Profeſſor befördert.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte der Weſtgothen. Frankfurt 1827.
Geſchichte der Omaijaden in Spanien. 2 Bde. Frankfurt 1829—30.
Geſchichte Spaniens und Portugals zur Zeit der Herrſchaft der Almoraviden und Almohaden. 2 Bde. Frankfurt 1833—37.
Geſchichte Kaiſer Sigismund's. 4 Bde. Hamburg 1838.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher als gewandter und ſcharfſinniger Geſchichtsforſcher, hat ſich A. durch ſeine hiſtoriſchen Leiſtungen einen höchſt geachteten Namen erworben.

Berthold Auerbach

wurde zu Nordſtetten im Würtembergiſchen Schwarzwalde am 28. Febr. 1812 geboren. Seinen erſten Unterricht erhielt er in der chriſtlichen Dorfſchule, nachdem aber eine jüdiſche Dorfſchule dort errichtet worden, beſuchte er dieſe. Der tüchtige Lehrer, Bernhard Frankfurter, welcher noch mit Segen an jener Schule wirkt, hatte auf A.'s Jugendbildung den größten Einfluß. Da er beſtimmt war, jüdiſcher Theolog zu werden, ſo lernte der Knabe ſchon früh im Talmud ſtudiren. 13 Jahre alt kam er in Penſion zu dem Rabbiner an der Talmudſchule in Hechingen. Nach zwei Jahren ſetzte er ſeine Ausbildung an der Talmudſchule in Carlsruhe fort, und während ſeines dreijährigen Aufenthaltes in dieſer Stadt nahm er die Beſchäftigung mit den Anfangsgründen der lateiniſchen Sprache, welche er in der jüdiſchen Dorfſchule begonnen hatte, durch Privatunterricht wieder auf, und beſuchte in einzelnen Stunden das dortige Gymnaſium, wodurch er ſich einige Kenntniſſe im Griechiſchen erwarb. Im Frühling 1830 ging A. nach Stuttgart, wo er nach einem halben Jahre Privatunterricht die oberſte Claſſe des dortigen Gymnaſiums beſuchte. Nachdem er im Frühling 1832 ſeine Gymnaſialſtudien beendigt hatte, bezog er die Univerſität Tübingen, wo er zuerſt Jurisprudenz ſtudirte, jedoch bald ſich der Philoſophie zuwandte und ſich zum jüdiſchen Theologen beſtimmte. Oſtern 1833 bezog er die Univerſität München und hörte namentlich Schelling. In burſchenſchaftliche Unterſuchungen verwickelt, brachte er den Winter 1833 in Stuttgart zu. Oſtern 1834 beſuchte A. die Univerſität Heidelberg und vollendete daſelbſt im Sommer 1835 ſeine Studien. In Folge der obenerwähnten Unterſuchung wurde er auf zwei Monate Feſtung zu Hohen-Asperg verurtheilt. 1838 ging er nach Frankfurt a. M., 1840 nach Bonn und im Herbſt deſſelben Jahres nach Mainz, wo er drittehalb Jahre blieb. Im Herbſt 1843 reiſte A. nach Carlsruhe, von da begab er ſich nach Fulda, Berlin u. ſ. w., den Sommer 1845 brachte er in Leipzig zu, machte darauf Reiſen durch Deutſchland und kehrte dann wieder nach Leipzig zurück.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Das Judenthum u. die neueſte Literatur. Ein kritiſcher Verſuch von Berthold Auerbach. 8. Stuttgart 1836.
Spinoza. Ein hiſtoriſcher Roman. 2 Bde. gr. 12. Stuttgart 1837 bei Scheible.
Dichter und Kaufmann. Ein poetiſches Lebensgemälde. 2 Bde. Stuttgart 1839 bei Krabbe.
Spinoza's ſämmtliche Werke. Aus dem Lateiniſchen. Mit einer Biographie. 5 Bde. Stuttgart 1841 bei Scheible.
Wer iſt glücklich? Philoſophiſche Novelle. In den Grenzboten abgedruckt.
Liebe Menſchen! Philoſophiſche Novelle. Im Freihafen.
Der gebildete Bürger. Buch für den denkenden Mittelſtand. Carlsruhe 1841 bei Bielefeld.
Schwarzwälder Dorfgeſchichten. 2 Thle. 2. Aufl. 1845. Mannheim 1843 bei Baſſermann.
Deutſches Familienbuch. Leitung deſſelben bis Ende 1844.
Der Gevattersmann. Calender 1845 u. 46.
Grundzüge der volksthümlichen Literatur. Angeſchloſſen an eine Charakteriſtik Hebels. Carlsruhe 1845.
Die Sträflinge. Dorfgeſchichte. In der Urania für 1846.
Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein Volksſchriftſteller zu ſein, im edelſten Sinne des Wortes, für Aufklärung, wahre Religioſität, Menſchenliebe und eine geſunde Lebensanſchauung und Menſchen- und Weltkenntniß bei der Menge mit allen ſeinen Kräften zu wirken, das iſt das ſchöne Ziel, welches A. ſich geſteckt, und für welches er, in unabläſſigem Streben es zu erreichen, ſchon höchſt Bedeutendes geleiſtet hat. Er erfreut ſich einer glücklichen Phantaſie und einer trefflichen, ſtets ſeinem Gegenſtande und ſeinen Leſern durchaus angemeſſenen Darſtellungsgabe, der ſein tiefes Mitgefühl für die Leiden der Menſchheit, beſonders in den unteren Klaſſen, einen eben ſo eigenthümlichen Reiz verleiht, wie ſein Haß alles Schlechten und aller Lüge ihr jene männliche Beredtſamkeit giebt, welche entſchieden den Weg zum Herzen zu finden weiß. Seine Dorfgeſchichten und ſein Gevattersmann haben daher auch eine ſo ungewöhnliche Verbreitung unter allen Ständen gefunden, daß dieſer Umſtand allein den genügendſten Beweis für das hier ausgeſprochene Urtheil liefert.

Der Tolpatſch.

Ich ſehe Dich vor mir, guter Tolpatſch, in Deiner leibhaftigen Geſtalt, mit Deinen kurzgeſchorenen blonden Haaren, die nur im Nacken eine lange Schichte übrig hatten. Du ſiehſt mich an mit Deinem breiten Geſichte, mit Deinen großen blauen Glotzaugen und dem allweg halb offenen Munde. Damals, als Du mir in der Hohlgaſſe, wo jetzt die neuen Häuſer ſtehen, einen Lindenzweig abſchnittſt, um mir eine Pfeife daraus zu machen, damals dachten wir nicht daran, daß ich einſt der Welt etwas von Dir vorpfeifen würde, wenn wir ſo weit weit auseinander ſein werden. Ich erinnere mich noch wohl Deiner ganzen Kleidung, freilich iſt ſie leicht zu behalten, denn Hemd, rother Hoſenträger, und für alle Gefahren ſchwarzgefärbte leinene Hoſen war ja Alles; am Sonntag, ja da war es anders, da hatteſt Du Dein' Pudelkappe*), Dein blaues Wamms mit den breiten Knöpfen, die ſcharlachrothe Weſte, die kurzen gelben Lederhoſen, die weißen Strümpfe und die klappenden Schuhe ſo gut wie ein Anderer, ja ſogar meiſt noch eine friſch gepflückte Blutnelke hinter'm Ohr ſtecken; aber es war Dir nie recht wohl in dieſer Pracht, drum bleib ich bei Dir in Deinem Alltagskleide. —

Jetzt aber, nimm mir's nicht übel, lieber Tolpatſch, und mach Dich wieder fort, ich kann Dir Deine Geſchichte nicht ſo in's Geſicht hinein erzählen; ſei ruhig, ich werde Dir nichts Böſes nachſagen, wenn ich auch per „Er“ von Dir ſpreche.

Der Tolpatſch trägt ein ganzes Geſchlechtsregiſter in ſeinem Namen, denn er heißt eigentlich „des Bartle Baſche's**) Bua“ und ſein Taufname iſt Aloys; wir thun ihm den Gefallen und bleiben bei ſeinem rechten Namen, das freut ihn, da außer ſeiner Mutter Marei und uns wenigen Kindern ihn faſt Niemand ſo nannte, jeder hatte die Frechheit, Tolpatſch zu ſagen. Darum ging auch unſer Aloys, obgleich er ſchon ſiebzehn Jahre alt war, am liebſten mit uns Kindern um; an verſteckten Orten ſpielte er Häuschens mit uns, oder rannte mit uns im Felde umher, und wenn der Tolpatſch, oder beſſer, der Aloys bei uns war, waren wir geborgen gegen jeden Angriff der Kinder von der Leimgrube; denn die ganze Dorfjugend war faſt immer in zwei feindliche Parteien getheilt, die ſich auf allen Wegen und Stegen ſcharf befehdeten.

Die Altersgenoſſen unſeres Aloys begannen aber ſchon eine Rolle im Dorfe zu ſpielen, ſie rotteten ſich allabendlich zuſammen und zogen, gleich den großen Burſchen, ſingend und pfeifend durch das Dorf, oder ſtanden ſchäkernd vor dem Wirthshauſe zum Adler an der großen Holzbeige, und neckten die vorübergehenden Mädchen. Das vornehmſte Kennzeichen eines großgewordenen Burſchen iſt aber die Tabakspfeife, da ſtanden ſie dann mit ihren ſilberbeſchlagenen und mit ſilbernen Kettchen behangenen Ulmer Maſerköpfen; ſie hatten ſie kalt im Munde, manchmal aber wagte es einer bei des Bäckers Magd in der Küche eine glühende Kohle zu holen, und dann machten ſie fröhliche Geſichter zu ihrem Rauchen, wenn ihnen auch noch ſo übel davon wurde.

Auch unſer Aloys hatte ſchon zu rauchen angefangen, aber nur ganz im Verborgenen. Eines Sonntag Abends wagte er es, die Pfeifenſpitze aus ſeiner Bruſttaſche herausgucken zu laſſen und ſich ſo zu ſeinen Altersgenoſſen zu geſellen; einer von ihnen zog ihm mit Halloh die Pfeife aus der Taſche. Aloys forderte ſie zurück, ſie wanderte aber unter Jubel und Lachen von Hand zu Hand, und als ſie Aloys mit immer größerem Ungeſtüm forderte, da war ſie verſchwunden, keiner wollte ſie mehr haben. Aloys zerrte nun an Allen herum und forderte mit Weinen ſeine Pfeife, aber Alles lachte, da packte er die Mütze des erſten, der ihm die Pfeife genommen, und rannte damit davon in des Schmied Jakoben Haus; der Mützenloſe brachte nun die Pfeife, die in der Holzbeige verſteckt war, zu Aloys hinauf.

Das Haus des Schmied Jakob Womüller, das war der „Ausgang“ des Aloys, hier war er nämlich immer, wenn er nicht zu Haus war, und er blieb nie zu Haus, ſobald er ſeine Arbeit darin fertig hatte; die Frau des Schmied Jakob war ſeine Baſe, und außer ſeiner Mutter und uns wenigen Kindern nannte ihn auch noch die Frau Applon (Apollonia) und ihre älteſte Tochter Marannele bei ſeinem rechten Namen: Aloys. Des Morgens ſtand der Aloys früh auf, und wenn er ſeine zwei Kühe und ſeine Kalbin gefüttert und getränkt hatte, ging er nach des Jakoben Haus, klopfte, bis ihm das Marannele aufmachte, und nach einem einfachen „guten Tag“ ging er durch den Stall in die Scheune; die Thiere kannten ihn, ſie brummten jedesmal freundlich und wendeten die Köpfe nach ihm, er aber ließ ſich dadurch nicht lange aufhalten, ſondern ging in die Scheune und ſteckte den beiden Ochſen und den beiden Kühen (Futter) auf.

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*) Pelzverbrämte Mütze ohne Schild mit einer Troddel von [illegible] in der Mitte.

**) Bartholomäus, Sebaſtian.

Beſonders freundlich ſtand Aloys mit der Bleßkuh, er hatte ſie vom Kalb an auferzogen, und wenn er ſo bei ihr ſtand und ihrem Freſſen mit Behagen zuſah, dann leckte ſie ihm oft die Hände, was ſeiner Morgentoilette zu gute kam. Wenn er dann die Thüre des Stalles öffnete, und die Sauberkeit darin wieder herſtellte, pflog er manches trauliche Wort mit den Thieren, indem er ſie bald rechts bald links ſtellte; kein Dunger im ganzen Dorfe war ſo breit und ſo ſchön viereckig geſchichtet, wie der an des Schmied Jakoben Haus, denn das bildet eine Hauptzierde eines ächten Bauernhauſes. Dann wuſch und ſtriegelte er die Ochſen und Kühe, daß man ſich darin ſpiegeln konnte, drauf lief er hinaus an den Brunnen vor dem Hauſe und pumpte den Trog voll; er ließ dann die Thiere hinausſpringen, und während ſie draußen ſoffen, machte er ihnen friſche Streue. Wenn nun das Marannele in den Stall kam, um die Kühe zu melken, war alles ſauber und aufgeräumt. Oft, wenn eine Kuh „ſtreitig" war, d. h. ausſchlug, und ſich nicht melken laſſen wollte, ſtellte ſich Aloys zu ihr und hielt ſeine Hand auf das Rückgrath der Kuh gelegt, damit das Marannele beſſer melken konnte; meiſt aber machte er ſich ſonſt noch etwas zu ſchaffen, und wenn dann das Marannele ſagte: „Aloys, Du biſcht e braver Bua," da ſchaute er nicht auf nach ihr, ſondern er kehrte mit dem Stallbeſen ſo heftig, als wollte er die Pflaſterſteine aus dem Boden kehren. Drauf ſchnitt er in der Scheune Futter für den ganzen Tag, und wenn er die niedere Arbeit vollendet hatte, ſtieg er die Treppe hinauf, holte Waſſer für die Küche, hackte klein Holz und ging endlich in die Stube. Das Marannele brachte die Suppenſchüſſel, ſtellte ſie auf den Tiſch, faltete die Hände, ein Jeder that desgleichen, und nun betete ſie vor, nachdem man darauf das Zeichen des Kreuzes gemacht, ſetzte man ſich mit einem „G'ſegn' es Gott" zu Tiſche. Alles aß aus einer Schüſſel, und Aloys holte ſich oft einen Löffel voll von dem Platze, wo das Marannele ſich ſchöpfte. Still und ernſt, wie bei einer heiligen Handlung, ſaß man bei Tiſche, nur äußerſt ſelten wurde ein Wort geſprochen; als abgegeſſen und abermals gebetet war, trollte ſich Aloys nach Hauſe.

So lebte unſer Aloys bis in ſein neunzehntes Jahr, und als ihm zu Neujahr das Marannele ein Hemd ſchenkte, zu dem es den Hanf ſelber gebrochen, das es ſelber geſponnen, gebleicht und genäht hatte, da war er ganz ſelig; es that ihm wehe, daß er nicht „hemdärmelig" über die Straße gehen konnte, es hätte ihn trotz der grimmen Kälte gewiß nicht gefroren, aber die Leute hätten ihn ausgelacht, und Aloys wurde immer empfindlicher gegen den Spott der Leute.

Daran war beſonders des alten Schultheißen Knecht ſchuld, der ſeit der Erndte in das Dorf gekommen war; es war ein ſchöner ſchlanker Burſch, mit einem trotzigen Geſichte, das durch den röthlichen Schnurrbart noch eine beſondere Auszeichnung hatte. Jörgli, ſo hieß der Knecht, war Kavalleriſt, und trug faſt immer ſeine Soldatenmütze. Wenn er Sonntags in ſeiner geraden kecken Haltung, die Füße auswärts ſetzend und die Sporen klingen laſſend, die Soldatenmütze auf dem Kopfe, mit den lederbeſetzten Reithoſen angethan, das Dorf hinaufging, da ſagte ſein ganzes Weſen: „ich weiß, daß alle Mädle ſich in mich vergucken;" oder wenn er ſeine Pferde zur Tränke an des Jakoben Brunnen ritt, da wollt' dem guten Aloys faſt das Herz ſpringen, wenn er ſah, wie das Marannele jedesmal zum Fenſter herausguckte, er wünſchte, daß es gar keine Milch und Butter auf der Welt gebe, damit er auch Pferdsbauer wäre.

So unerfahren auch unſer Aloys war, ſo waren ihm doch die Unterſchiede der drei Stände wohl bekannt; da ſtanden zu unterſt die Kuhbauern, die von ihren Zugthieren auch noch Milch und Kälber ziehen müſſen, dann kamen die Ochſenbauern, deren Zugthiere man doch noch maſten und ſchlachten kann. Zuoberſt aber ſtanden die Pferdsbauern, deren Zugthiere weder Milch noch Fleiſch geben, und die doch das beſte Futter freſſen und oft am meiſten gelten.

Ich glaube nicht, daß Aloys hiebei an den Nähr-, Lehr- und Wehr-Stand dachte.

Heute am Neujahrstage zeigte ſich ein Vorſprung, den der Jörgli als Pferdsbauer hatte. Er führte nach der Morgenkirche des Schultheißen Tochter und ihr „Geſpiel" das Marannele im Schlitten nach Empfingen ſpazieren, und ſo ſehr auch unſerm Aloys darüber das Herz im Leibe zitterte, ſo folgte er doch dem Wunſche des Jörgli und half ihm die Pferde einſtweilen im Schlitten einprobiren; er fuhr mit ihm im Dorfe umher und dachte nicht daran, welch eine ſchlechte Figur er neben dem ſtattlichen Soldaten ausmachte. Als die Mädchen eingeſtiegen waren, führte Aloys die Pferde noch einige Schritte, bis ſie recht angezogen hatten, und rannte ſo neben den Pferden her, er ließ ſie dann los, und als drauf der Jörgli unter Peitſchenknallen und Rollengeklingel und dem Zuſchauen der halben Gemeinde mit den beiden Mädchen davon fuhr, da ſchaute ihnen Aloys noch lange nach, als man ſie längſt nicht mehr ſehen konnte, er ſchalt dann den dummen Schnee, der ihm das Waſſer aus den Augen trieb, und ging traurig nach Hauſe; es war ihm, als ob das ganze Dorf ausgeſtorben wäre, da das Marannele den ganzen Tag darin nicht zu finden ſein ſollte.

Ueberhaupt war Aloys ſchon ſeit dem Beginne dieſes Winters oft ſehr betrübt. Im Hauſe ſeiner Mutter kamen die Mädchen oft in die Karz, oder wie man es hier nennt, „zu Licht." Die Mädchen wählen zu dieſen abendlichen Zuſammenkünften immer am liebſten eine jung verheirathete Geſpielin oder eine freundliche Wittwe, die älteren Hausherren ſtören das harmloſe Treiben doch zu ſehr. So kamen die Mädchen auch oft zur Mutter Marei, und die Bauernburſchen kamen wie immer uneingeladen dazu. Früher hatte ſich Aloys gar nicht daran gekehrt, wenn man ſich nicht um ihn kümmerte, er ſaß in einer Ecke und — that gar nichts; jetzt ſagte er ſich immer im Gedanken: „Aloys! beim Teufel, Du biſt doch jetzt neunzehn Jahre vorbei, Du mußt Dich jetzt auch vornhin ſtellen," und dann ſagte er wieder: „wenn nur der Teufel den Jörgli lothweiſe holen thät." Der Jörgli war das Endziel ſeines Unmuthes, denn er hatte bald, ohnerachtet er ein Knecht war (wie das überhaupt hier wenig Unterſchied macht), die Oberhand über alle Burſchen des ganzen Dorfes gewonnen, und ſie mußten alle nach ſeiner Pfeife tanzen, und wie prächtig konnte er ihnen pfeifen und ſingen und jodeln und Geſchichten erzählen wie ein Hexenmeiſter; er lehrte die Burſchen und Mädchen neue Lieder, und beſonders das Reiterlied: „Morgenroth ꝛc."

Als er zum Erſtenmal den Vers ſang:

„Thuſt Du ſtolz mit Deinen Wangen,
Die wie Milch und Purpur prangen,"

da ſtand der Aloys plötzlich hoch auf, er ſchien größer wie ſonſt, er ballte die beiden Fäuſte und biß die Zähne vor innerer Freude knarrend auf einander; es war, als ob er das Marannele mit ſeinen Blicken an ſich zöge, als ob er ſie erſt jetzt recht ſähe, denn gradeſo wie es im Liede ſtand, ſah ſie ja aus.

Die Mädchen ſaßen im Kreiſe, ein Jedes hatte ſeine Kunkel*) mit dem Goldſchaum bedeckten Knaufe vor ſich ſtehen, an der der Hanf mit einem farbigen Bande befeſtigt war; ſie netzten den Faden aus ihrem Munde und ſpannen mit der Spindel, die ſich luſtig auf dem Boden drehte. Es war dem Aloys immer wohl, wenn er „etwas zum Annetzen", eine Schüſſel voll Aepfel oder Birnen für die Mädchen auf den Tiſch ſtellen konnte, und er ſtellte die Schüſſel immer nahe zu Marannele, damit ſie auch tapfer zugreifen konnte.

Anfangs Winter that Aloys den erſten muthigen Schritt ſeiner Großjährigkeit. Das Marannele hatte eine neue mit Zinn eingelegte ſchöne Kunkel bekommen, als es nun zum erſtenmale damit in die Spinnſtube kam und ſich zum Spinnen geſetzt hatte, trat Aloys vor, erfaßte die Kunkel oben und ſagte den alten Spruch:

„Jungfer, i thu eu' bitte
Lent**) mi Eure Kunkele ſchüttle,
Die kleine wie die große
Auf Eure Jungfere Schooße.
Jungfer, warum ſeid Ihr ſo ſtolz?
Eure Kunkel iſt doch nur von Holz,
Wenn ſie wär' mit Silber beſchlage
No wett'***) i eu' was anders ſage."

Mit einer ungewohnten Feſtigkeit, wenn auch mitunter mit Zittern, hatte Aloys den Spruch vorgebracht, das Marannele ſchlug zuerſt die Blicke in den Schooß aus Scham und aus Angſt, der Aloys möchte in ſeiner Rede ſtecken bleiben, jetzt aber ſah es ihn mit glitzernden Augen an; nach alter Sitte ließ es drauf Spindel und Wirtel auf den Boden fallen, der Aloys hob beide Gegenſtände auf, und das Marannele mußte ihm für die Spindel ein Knöpfle†) und für den Wirtel††) ein Faſtnachtküchle verſprechen. Das Beſte aber kam zuletzt, Aloys gab die Kunkel frei, und als Ablöſung gab ihm das Marannele einen rechtſchaffenen Kuß; der Aloys ſchmatzte ſo laut, daß man ihn in der ganzen Stube hörte, und die andern Burſchen ihn darum beneideten, er aber ſetzte ſich wieder in eine Ecke, rieb ſich die Hände und war mit ſich und der Welt zufrieden. Das dauerte aber nicht lange, denn der Jörgli war ſein Störefried.

Eines Abends bat der Jörgli das Marannele — das die erſte Vorſängerin in der Kirche war — das Lied vom „ſchwarzbraunen Mädchen" zu ſingen; es begann ohne langes Zaudern, und der Jörgli ſang die zweite Stimme mit ſo kräftigem Wohllaute, daß alle Anderen, die Anfangs mitgeſungen hatten, nach einander ſtille wurden und den Beiden zuhörten, die ſo ſchön ſangen. Marannele, das ſich von den Gefährtinnen verlaſſen ſah, ſang Anfangs mit zitternder Stimme und ſtieß die andern neben an, doch mit weiter zu ſingen, als ihm aber Niemand folgte, ſang es keck weiter, als könne es gar nicht aufhören, und es war, als ob die Stimme Jörgli's es frei und feſt emporhielte wie gewaltige Arme; ſie ſangen:

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*) Spinnrocken.

**) Laßt.

***) Nachher wollt.

†) Schwäbiſche Mehlſpeiſe.

††) Ein Rund von [illegible] Holz oder Stein, das man in das Ende der Spindel ſteckt, damit man ſie [illegible] beſſer drehen kann.

Morgens früh müſſen wir marſchiren
Weit zum obern Thore naus;
O Du wunderſchönes ſchwarzbraunes Mädchen
Weit zum obern Thore naus.

Geh' ich 'naus auf fremde Straßen,
Schöner Schatz, vergiß nicht mein,
Und wann Du trinkſt ein Gläslein Weine
Auf Geſundheit mein und Deine,
Weil ich von Dir ſcheiden muß.

Jetzt lad' ich meine zwei Piſtolen,
Thu vor Freuden einen Schuß,
Meinem Schätzlein zum Gefallen,
Weil es mich geliebet hat,
Vor allen meinen Feinden zum Verdruß.

Es ſind zwei Sternlein am blauen Himmel,
Glänzen heller als der Mond;
Einer ſcheint auf's ſchwarzbraune Mädchen,
Einer ſcheint auf grünen Grund.

Kauf ich ein Bändelein an meinen Degen,
Und ein Sträußelein auf meinen Hut,
Und ein Tüchelein in meine Taſchen,
Meine Aeugelein abzuwiſchen,
Weil ich von Dir ſcheiden muß.

Geb' ich meinem Pferd die Sporen,
Reit' ich zu dem Thor hinaus,
Und ich ſchau' auf's ſchwarzbraune Mädchen,
Weil ich von ihm ſcheiden muß.

Als ein jedes der Mädchen ſeine vier bis fünf Spindeln voll geſponnen hatte, wurde der Tiſch in die Ecke gerückt und auf dem freien Raume von kaum drei bis vier Schritten, den man dadurch gewonnen, begann nun eines nach dem andern zu tanzen; die Sitzenden ſangen den Andern dazu. Als der Jörgli mit dem Marannele tanzte, ſang er ſelber einen Ländler und tanzte dabei wie eine Spindel; ja er brauchte faſt nicht viel mehr Raum als eine Spindel, denn er behauptete: darin zeige ſich ein ächter Tänzer, daß man ſich auf einem Teller gewandt und flink drehen könne; als er nun endlich mit dem Marannele einhielt, und es dabei nochmals ſo heftig ſchwenkte, daß der faltige Rock hoch aufwallte, da ließ ihn das Marannele ſchnell ſtehen, wie wenn es ſich vor ihm flüchtete, es ſprang in die Ecke, wo der Aloys trübſelig zuſchaute, und ſeine Hand faſſend, ſagte es:

„Komm, Aloys, Du mußt auch tanzen."

„Laß mich, Du weißt ja, daß ich nicht tanzen kann, Du willſt mich nur foppen."

„Du Tol —" ſagte Marannele, es wollte Du Tolpatſch ſagen, aber es hielt ſchnell inne, denn es ſah ſein Geſicht, auf dem die Wehmuth ausgegoſſen war, daß ihm das Weinen näher ſtand als das Lachen, es ſagte daher freundlicher: „nein, g'wiß nicht, ich will Dich nicht foppen; komm, und wenn Du auch nicht tanzen kannſt, ſo mußt Du's lernen, und ich tanz' ſo gern mit Dir als wie mit einem."

Sie tanzte nun mit ihm herum, aber Aloys ſchlenkerte ſeine Füße, wie wenn er Holzſchuhe anhätte, ſo daß die Anderen vor Lachen nicht mehr ſingen konnten. —

„Ich lern Dir's ganz allein, Aloys," ſagte das Marannele, ihn beruhigend.

Die Mädchen zündeten nun ihre Laternen an und wanderten nach Haus. Aloys ließ es ſich nicht nehmen, ſie noch zu begleiten, er hätte um Alles in der Welt das Marannele nicht allein mit den Anderen gehen laſſen, wenn der Jörgli dabei war.

In der ſtillen ſchneeweichen Nacht ſchallte das Schäckern und Spaßen der Mädchen und Burſchen weit hin durch das Dorf. Das Marannele aber war ſtill und wich dem Jörgli ſichtbar aus.

Als die Burſchen die Mädchen alle nach Hauſe begleitet hatten, ſagte der Jörgli zu Aloys: „Tolpatſch, Du hätteſt heute Nacht bei dem Marannele bleiben ſollen."

„Hallunk!" ſagte Aloys ſchnell, und lief davon. Die Andern aber lachten ihm nach, der Jörgli jodelte allein noch durch die Gaſſen bis nach Hauſe, daß es einem Jeden, außer den Schlafenden und Kranken, das Herz im Leibe erfreuen mußte.

Des andern Morgens, als Marannele die Kühe melkte, ſagte Aloys zu ihm:

„Guck, ich könnt' den Jörgli grad vergiften, und Du mußt ihn auch in Grundsboden 'nein verfluchen, wenn Du brav ſein willſt."

Das Marannele gab ihm Recht, ſuchte ihn aber auch zu überzeugen, daß er ſich Mühe geben müſſe, auch ſo ein flinker Burſch zu werden, wie der Jörgli. Da ſtieg in Aloys ein großer Gedanke auf, er lachte vor ſich hin, er warf den ſteifen alten Stallbeſen fort und ſteckte einen neuen Biſamen an den Stiel, dann ſagte er laut: „Ja, ja, Du wirſt Maul und Augen aufſperren, gib nau Acht." Er mußte nun ſogar dem Marannele verſprechen, „gut Freund" mit dem Jörgli zu bleiben, und er verſprach es endlich nach langem Widerſtreben, aber er mußte ja immer thun, was ſie wollte.

Darum hatte Aloys heute dem Jörgli mit dem Schlitten geholfen, darum trieb ihm der Schnee das Waſſer aus den Augen, als er den Wegrollenden nachſah.

Abends, ſo „zwiſchen Licht," trieb der Aloys ſeine Kühe zur Tränke an den Jakoben Brunnen; ein Rädchen junger Burſche, darunter auch der Jörgli und ſein alter Freund, ein Jude, des langen Herzles Kobbel*) genannt, der mit dem Jörgli in gleichem Regimente diente, hatte ſich dort zuſammengeſtellt; das Marannele lugte zum Fenſter heraus. — Der Aloys machte den Gang des Jörgli nach: er ging ganz ſteif, wie wenn er einen Ladſtock geſchluckt hätte und hielt die Arme ſtrack am Leibe herunter, wie wenn ſie von Holz wären.

„Tolpatſch," ſagte der Kobbel, „was krieg ich Schmusgeld**), wenn ich mach', daß Dich das Marannele heirathet!"

„Eine tüchtige Tramtel auf Dein Maul," ſagte der Aloys, und trieb ſeine Kühe heim; das Marannele ſchob das Fenſter zu, und die Burſchen lachten aus vollem Halſe, die Stimme Jörgli's tönte aus allen vor.

Aloys wiſchte ſich mit dem Aermel den Schweiß von der Stirne, ſo viel Anſtrengung hatte ihn die Aeußerung ſeines Unmuthes gekoſtet. — Auf dem Futtertrog in ſeinem Stalle ſaß er dann noch lange, und ſein Plan reifte unwiderruflich in ihm. — —

Aloys war in das zwanzigſte Jahr getreten und kam zur Rekrutirung; am Tage, als er mit den anderen Burſchen nach der Oberamtsſtadt Horb gehen ſollte, kam er in ſeinem Sonntagsſtaate nochmals in Marannele's Haus und fragte, ob er nichts aus der Stadt mitbringen ſolle. Als er fortging, ging ihm das Marannele nach, und auf der Hausflur wendete es ſich ein wenig ab, zog ein blaues Papierchen aus der Bruſt, wickelte einen Kreuzer heraus und gab dieſen dem Aloys: „da, nimm ihn," ſagte es, „das iſt ein Glückskreuzer, ſieh, es ſind drei Kreuz' darauf; weißt Du, wenn als Nachts ſo Sternfunken vom Himmel fallen, da fällt allemal ein ſilbern Schüſſele auf den Boden, und aus denen Schüſſelen hat man die Kreuzer gemacht, und wenn man ſo einen Kreuzer im Sack hat, hat man Glück; nimm ihn zu Dir, und Du ſpielſt Dich frei."

Aloys nahm den Kreuzer, als er aber über die Neckarbrücke ging, langte er in ſeine Taſche, drückte die Augen zu und warf den Kreuzer hinab in den Neckar: „Ich will nicht frei ſein, ich will Soldat ſein, wart' nur Jörgli!" ſo ſagte er vor ſich hin, ſeine Fauſt ballte ſich und er warf ſich keck in die Bruſt.

Im Wirthshauſe zum Engel wartete der Schultheiß auf ſeine Ortskinder, und als ſie alle beiſammen waren, ging er mit ihnen nach dem Oberamt. Der Schultheiß war ein eben ſo dummer als anmaßender Bauer; er war früher Unteroffizier geweſen, und bildete ſich große Stücke auf ſeine „Charge" ein; er behandelte gern alle Bauern, ältere und jüngere, wie Rekruten; auf dem Wege ſagte er zu Aloys: „Tolpatſch, Du ziehſt gewiß das größte Loos, und wenn Du auch Nr. 1 ziehſt, Du brauchſt nicht bang zu ſein, Dich kann man nicht zum Soldaten brauchen."

„Wer weiß!" ſagte Aloys keck, „ich kann noch ſo gut Unteroffizier werden, wie Einer; ich kann ſo gut leſen und ſchreiben und rechnen wie Einer, und die alten Unteroffizier' haben auch nicht allen Verſtand gefreſſen."

Der Schultheiß ſah ihn grimmig an.

Als Aloys vor das Rad hin ging, war ſeine Haltung faſt herausfordernd keck, mehrere Looſe kamen ihm in die Hand, als er in das Rad griff, er drückte die Augen feſt zu, gleich als wolle er nicht ſehen, was er nehme, und zog eines heraus; zitternd reichte er es hin, denn er fürchtete, daß es eine hohe Nummer ſein könne, als er aber den Ausrufer „Nr. 17" rufen hörte, da johlte er ſo laut auf, daß man ihn zur Ruhe verweiſen mußte.

Die Burſchen kauften ſich nun Sträuße aus gemachten Blumen mit rothen Bändern daran, und nachdem ſie noch einen tüchtigen Trunk genommen, zogen ſie heimwärts; unter Aloys johlte und ſang am lauteſten.

Oben an der Steige harrten die Mütter und viele Mädchen der Ankömmlinge, auch Marannele war darunter. Aloys, mehr vom Lärmen als vom Weine betrunken, ging etwas unſicher Arm in Arm mit den Andern; dieſe Zutraulichkeit war noch nie vorgekommen, aber heute waren ſie Alle gleich. Als die Mutter die Nummer 17 an der Mütze ihres Aloys ſtecken ſah, da weinte ſie und rief einmal über das anderemal: „daß Gott erbarm, daß Gott erbarm!" — Das Marannele fragte den Aloys bei Seite: „Wo haſt Du denn meinen Kreuzer?" — „Ich hab ihn verloren," ſagte Aloys, aber trotz ſeiner halben Unbewußtheit ſchnitt ihm dieſe Lüge doch tief in die Seele.

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*) Jakob.
**) Mäklerlohn.

Die Burſchen zogen nun ſingend in das Dorf, und die Mütter und Mädchen der muthmaßlich „Gezogenen" gingen weinend hinterdrein und trockneten ſich mit den Schürzen die Thränen. —

Es waren noch ſechs Wochen bis zur Viſitation, und darauf kam ja eigentlich Alles an. Mutter Marei nahm einen großen Ballen Butter und einen Korb voll Eier und ging zu der Frau Doktorin; die Butter ſchmierte ſich trotz des kalten Winters doch recht gut, Mutter Marei erhielt die Verſicherung, daß ihr Aloys frei werden ſolle; „denn," ſagte der gewiſſenhafte Arzt: „der Aloys iſt ja ohnehin untauglich, er ſieht ja nicht gut in die Ferne, und darum iſt er ja manchmal ſo tappig."

Der Aloys aber kümmerte ſich gar nicht um all dieſe Geſchichten, er war ganz verändert, ſchwenkte ſich und pfiff immer, wenn er das Dorf hinaufging.

Der Tag der Viſitation kam, die Burſchen gingen diesmal etwas ſtiller nach der Stadt.

Als Aloys in das Viſitationszimmer gerufen wurde und er ſich entkleiden mußte, da ſagte er keck: „Kuſperet mich nur aus, ihr werdet kein Unthätele an mir finden; ich hab' keinen Fehler, ich kann Soldat ſein." Er mußte ſich unter das Maaß ſtellen, und als er es vollauf hatte, wurde er als Soldat eingetragen; der Arzt vergaß Kurzſichtigkeit, Butter und Eier bei der kecken Rede des Aloys.

Jetzt, als es Ernſt geworden und er unwiderruflich Soldat war, jetzt wurde es dem Aloys ſo bang, daß er hätte weinen mögen. Als er aber vom Oberamte herabkam, und ſeine Mutter ſich weinend von den ſteinernen Stufen erhob, da richtete ſich ſein Stolz wieder auf und er ſagte: „Mutter, das iſt nicht recht, Ihr müſſet nicht greinen; bis in einem Jahr bin ich wieder da, und unſer Xaver kann ſchon einſtweilen das Sach' im Feld ſchaffen."

Nach der erlangten Gewißheit ihres Soldatenſtandes brachten die Burſchen mit Trinken, Singen und Johlen ein, was ſie vorher zu wenig gethan zu haben glaubten.

Als der Aloys heim kam, gab ihm das Marannele weinend einen Rosmarinſtrauß mit rothen Bändern d'ran und nähte ihm denſelben auf ſeine Mütze; Aloys aber zog ſeine Pfeife heraus, rauchte flott durch das ganze Dorf hinauf und zechte mit ſeinen Kameraden bis tief in die Nacht.

Noch ein dritter ſchmerzlicher Tag war zu überwinden, es war der Tag, wo die Rekruten nach Stuttgart einrücken mußten. Aloys ging früh in des Jakoben Haus, das Marannele war im Stall, es mußte jetzt ſelber alle Arbeit verrichten; Aloys ſagte: „Marannele, gib mir Deine Hand;" ſie gab ſie ihm, und er ſagte wieder: „verſprich mir, daß Du nicht heiratheſt, bis ich wieder komm'." — „Gewiß nicht," betheuerte ſie, und er ſagte: „So, jetzt bin ich fertig, aber halt — komm, gib mir auch einen Kuß." Marannele küßte ihn und die Kühe und Ochſen ſahen verwundert zu, als wüßten ſie, was vorging.

Aloys klopfte nun noch jeder Kuh und jedem Ochſen auf den Bug, und nahm ſo auch Abſchied von ihnen, ſie brummten vor ſich hin.

Der Jörgli hatte ſeine Pferde an den Wagen geſpannt, um die Rekruten einige Stunden weit zu führen, und ſo fuhren ſie nun ſingend durch das Dorf; des Bäckers Konrad, der die Klarinette blies, ſaß mit auf dem Leiterwagen und begleitete die Liederweiſen. Man fuhr im Schritt, von allen Seiten drängten ſich noch die Freunde herbei und reichten eine Hand oder auch einen Abſchiedstrunk.

Das Marannele ſchaute zum Fenſter heraus und grüßte noch freundlich. Man näherte ſich dem Ende des Dorfes, und nun wurde nochmals „das Geſätz" geſungen:

Naus, naus, naus und naus,
Zum Nordſtetter Thörle naus ꝛc.

Als man aber das Dorf verlaſſen hatte, wurde der Aloys plötzlich mäuschenſtille, er ſchaute mit naſſen Augen überall umher: hier neben auf der Haide, „Hochbur" genannt, hatte das Marannele das Tuch gebleicht, von dem er das Hemd anhatte; es war ihm, als ob alle Fäden brennten, ſo heiß war es ihm, er ſagte allen Bäumen an der Straße und allen Feldern wehmüthig Ade; drüben im Schießmauernfeld, dort liegt ſein beſter Acker, er hat ihn ſo oft „umgezackert," daß er jedes Steinchen kennt, dort neben hatte er noch vorigen Sommer mit dem Marannele Gerſte geſchnitten, weiter unten im „Hennebühl" liegt ſein Kleeacker, er hatte ihn geſäet, er ſollte ihn nicht wachſen ſehen; ſo ſchaute er lange umher, und als man die Steige hinabfuhr, blickte Aloys vor ſich hin und ſprach kein Sterbenswörtchen. Als man über die Brücke fuhr, ſtarrte er hinab in den Fluß; wer weiß, ob er jetzt noch ſo keck ſeinen Glückskreuzer hinabgeworfen hätte! —

Durch die Stadt ging zwar das Singen und Johlen wieder von Neuem an, aber erſt als man jenſeits auf der Spitze der Bildechinger Steige angekommen war, da athmete Aloys wieder frei auf; vor ihm ſtand ja ſein liebes Nordſtetten, man meinte, man könnte hinüberrufen, ſo gleichauf lag es mit dem Berge, obgleich es faſt eine Stunde fern war; er ſah das gelb angeſtrichene Haus des Schmieds Jörgli mit den grünen Läden, und zwei Häuſer davon wohnte das Marannele, er ſchwenkte ſeine Mütze und begann nochmals:

Naus, naus, naus und naus ꝛc.

Der Jörgli führte die Rekruten bis Herrenberg, von dort an gingen ſie zu Fuß. Beim Abſchied fragte Jörgli den Aloys: „Soll ich nichts ausrichten an's Marannele?" — Aloys ſchoß alles Blut in den Kopf, der Jörgli war ihm gerade der unrechteſte Botenmann, und doch hatte er eben den Mund geöffnet, um einen Gruß zu ſagen, unwillkürlich aber brach er in die Worte aus: „Du brauchſt gar nichts mit ihm ſchwätzen, es kann Dich auch für den Tod nicht ausſtehen."

Der Jörgli fuhr lachend davon.

Unterwegs hatten die Rekruten noch ein bemerkenswerthes Abenteuer: ſie zwangen nämlich im Böblinger Wald einen Holzbauern, ſie den zwei Stunden langen Wald zu fahren; Aloys war der Aergſte dabei, er hatte den Jörgli ſo oft von verwegenen Soldatenſtreichen erzählen hören, und er wollte auch ſo ſein; er war aber auch der erſte, der am Ende des Waldes ſeinen ledernen Beutel öffnete und dem wiederumkehrenden Bauern etwas gab.

Vor dem Tübinger Thore wurden die Ankömmlinge von einem Feldwebel in Empfang genommen. Mehrere Nordſtetter Soldaten waren ihren Landsleuten entgegen gegangen, der Aloys biß die Zähne übereinander, als ſie ihm: „Grüß Gott, Tolpatſch!" ſagten. Das Johlen und Singen hatte nun ein Ende, ſtill wie eine Heerde Schafe wurden die Rekruten in die Legionskaſerne geführt. Aloys ſagte ſeinen Landsleuten, daß er als Freiwilliger zur Kavallerie gehen wolle (denn er wollte es dem Jörgli nachmachen); als er aber hörte, daß er dann wieder nach Hauſe müſſe, da das Exerzitium der Kavallerie erſt im Herbſte beginne, da dachte er: „Nein, das geht nicht, ich muß als ein ganz anderer Kerl heimkommen, dann ſoll mir noch einer Tolpatſch ſagen, ich will Euch ſchon tolpatſchen."

Aloys wurde nun in das fünfte Infanterieregiment eingereiht, er war gegen alle Erwartung anſtellig und gelehrig. Leider hatte er auch hier ein Mißgeſchick, denn er bekam einen Zigeuner als ſeinen „Schlaf."*) Der Zigeuner hatte einen abſonderlichen Widerwillen vor dem Waſſer, Aloys mußte ihn auf Befehl des Rottenmeiſters jeden Morgen an den Brunnen hinabführen und ihn tüchtig waſchen. Anfangs machte das dem Aloys Spaß, nach und nach wurde es ihm aber ſehr zur Laſt; er hätte lieber ſechs Ochſen die Schwänze, als dem Zigeuner das Geſicht gewaſchen.

In der Kompagnie unſeres Aloys war auch ein verlorener Maler, er ſpürte bei Aloys manchen Mutterpfennig, und nun begann er ihn zu malen, in ganzer Uniform mit Ober- und Untergewehr, und der Fahne neben ihm; das war aber auch Alles, was man erkennen konnte, denn das Geſicht war eben ein Geſicht und weiter nichts; darunter ſtand jedoch mit ſchönen lateiniſchen Buchſtaben: Aloys Schorer, Soldat im fünften Infanterieregiment.

Aloys ließ das Bild unter Glas und Rahmen bringen und ſchickte es mit dem Boten ſeiner Mutter; in dem Briefe, der dabei war, ſchrieb er: „Mutter, hänget das Bild in der Stube auf, zeiget es auch dem Marannele, hänget es über dem Tiſch auf, aber nicht zu nah am Turteltaubenkäfig, und wenn das Marannele das Bild haben will, ſo ſchenket es ihm, und mein Kamerad, der es gemacht hat, ſagt, Ihr ſolltet mir auch ein Ballele Butter und ein paar Ellen reiſten Tuch**) für meinem Feldwebel ſeine Frau, wir heißen ſie nur die Feldwebelina, ſchicken. Ich hab' auch von meinem Kameraden tanzen gelernt, ich gehe Sonntags zum erſtenmal nach Heslach zum Tanz, brauchſt nicht maulen, Marannele, ich will mich nur probiren. Und das Marannele ſoll auch ſchreiben. Hat der Jakob ſeine Ochſen noch, und hat die Bleßkuh noch nicht gekalbt? Es iſt doch kein recht Geſchäft das Soldatenleben, man wird hundsrackermüd' und hat doch nichts geſchafft."

Die Butter kam, und diesmal half ſie beſſer; der Zigeuner wurde einem andern zugewieſen. Bei der Butter war aber auch ein Brief, den der Schullehrer geſchrieben, darin hieß es:

„Unſer Mathes hat aus Amerika fünfzig Gulden geſchickt, er hat auch geſchrieben, wenn Du nicht Soldat wärſt, könnteſt Du jetzt zu ihm, er wollte Dir dreißig Morgen Ackers ſchenken; halt Dich nur brav und laß Dich nicht verführen, der Menſch iſt gar leicht verführt; das Marannele thut ſo halb und halb mit mir, ich weiß nicht warum; als es dein Bild geſehen hat, hat es geſagt, das wärſt Du gar nicht." — Bei dieſen Worten ſchmunzelte der Aloys, denn er dachte: „So iſt's recht, ja ich bin

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*) Schlafkameraden, da ſtets zwei Soldaten auf einer Bettlade ſchlafen.
**) Hänfenes Linnen.

auch jetzt ein ganz anderer Kerl; hab' ich Dir's nicht geſagt, Marannele! gelt Du!" —

Monate waren vorüber, der Aloys wußte, daß nächſten Sonntag Kirchweih in Nordſtetten ſei; er erhielt durch ſeinen Feldwebel auf vier Tag Urlaub, er durfte in ganzer Uniform, mit Säbel und Tſchako nach Haus.

O Du Glücklicher! wie ſelig warſt Du, als Du Samſtag Morgens Dein Putzzeug in den Tſchako legteſt und mit einem „Bhüt's Gott" bei Deinem Feldwebel Abſchied nahmſt! So eilig aber auch unſer Aloys war, ſo ſprach er doch noch mit der Wache am Kaſernenthor und mit der Wache am Tübinger Thor; er mußte es Allen ſagen, daß er heim ging, ſie ſollten ſich mit ihm freuen, und ihn dauerten die Kameraden, die ſo mir nichts dir nichts auf einem kleinen Fleck zwei Stunden lang umherwandeln mußten, während er in dieſer Zeit ſchon ſeiner Heimath um Vieles, Vieles näher war.

Erſt vor Böblingen machte er Halt und trank auf der Waldburg einen Schoppen, er konnte aber nicht ruhig auf dem Stuhle ſitzen, ſondern ging alsbald wieder fürbaß.

In Nufringen begegnete ihm der Kobbel wieder, der ihn einſt ſo geneckt hatte, ſie reichten ſich freundlich die Hand; Aloys hörte viel von der Heimath, aber kein Wort von Marannele und er ſcheute ſich darnach zu fragen.

In Bondorf endlich zwang er ſich zur Raſt, er hätte ſich ſonſt noch den „Herzbendel" eingerennt, wenn er ſo fortgelaufen wäre; er ſtreckte ſich auf eine Bank hin und überdachte, wie Alles aufwachen werde, wenn er heim komme, dann ſtellte er ſich wieder vor den Spiegel, ſetzte den Tſchako etwas nach dem linken Ohre, drehte die Locke auf der rechten Seite und nickte ſich Beifall zu.

Es war Abend geworden, als er wieder auf der Anhöhe vor Bildechingen ſtand, ihm gegenüber ſeine liebe Heimath; er johlte nicht mehr, er ſtand ruhig und feſt und machte ſeinem Geburtsorte den militäriſchen Gruß, indem er die Hand an den Tſchako legte.

Immer langſamer ging Aloys, er wollte abſichtlich bei Nacht nach Hauſe kommen, um dann des andern Morgens Alle zu überraſchen. Sein Haus war eines der erſten im Dorfe, es war Licht in der Stube, er klopfte an das Fenſter und ſagte: „Iſt der Aloys nicht da?"

„Jeſus Maria Joſeph, ein Gendarm!" rief die Mutter.

„Nein, ich bin's, Mutter," ſagte Aloys, und nachdem er wegen der niedrigen Thüre den Tſchako abgenommen, ging er hinein und reichte der Mutter die Hand.

Bald nach den erſten Begrüßungen äußerte die Mutter ihre Bekümmerniß, daß nichts mehr zu eſſen da ſei, ſie ging aber hinaus in die Küche und ſchlug ihm ein Paar Eier ein; Aloys ſtand bei ihr am Heerde, und nun erzählte er Alles, er fragte nach Marannele und warum ſein Bild noch draußen hänge; die Mutter erwiederte: „Ich bitt' Dich, ich bitt' Dich, ſchlag' Dir das Marannele aus dem Sinn, das iſt ein keinnutziges Ding."

„Mutter, redet mir nimmer davon, ich weiß, was ich weiß," ſagte der Aloys, ſein vom Feuer auf dem Heerde roth überſchienenes Antlitz hatte einen gewaltigen trotzigen Ausdruck. Die Mutter ſchwieg, und in die Stube zurückgekehrt, ſah ſie mit Herzensfreude, was ihr Aloys für ein prächtiger Burſch geworden war. Jeden Biſſen, den er ſchluckte, ſchmeckte ſie ihm in ihrem leeren Munde nach, den Tſchako aufhebend, jammerte ſie über ſeine grauſame Schwere.

Des andern Morgens ſtand der Aloys früh auf, fummelte ſeinen Tſchako, putzte das Behäng am Säbel und die Knöpfe, mehr als wenn er zur Ordonanz gemußt hätte; als es zum Erſtenmale zur Kirche läutete, ſtand er fix und fertig da, als es zum Zweitenmale zuſammen läutete, ging er das Dorf hinein.

Auf dem Wege hörte er zwei Buben mit einander reden.

„Iſt das nicht der Tolpatſch?" ſagte der Eine.

„Nein, er iſt's nicht."

„Ja, er iſt's," ſagte der Erſte wieder. Aloys ſchaute die Buben grimmig an, und ſie rannten mit ihren Geſangbüchern davon. Aloys ſchritt, von allen Kirchgängern freundlich begrüßt, der Kirche zu; er kam vor dem Hauſe Marannele's vorbei, Niemand ſchaute heraus, er ging den Berg hinan, oft zurückſchauend, und trat, als es eben zum Drittenmale läutete, in die Kirche. Er zog ſeine weißledernen Handſchuhe aus und beſprengte ſich mit Weihwaſſer; er blickte überall in der Kirche umher, er ſah nirgends das Marannele, er blieb an der Thüre ſtehen, auch unter den Ankömmlingen war es nicht. Der Geſang begann, die Stimme Marannele's war nicht darunter, er hätte ſie ja aus tauſenden heraus erkannt. Was nutzte ihm nun das Staunen Aller, es ſah ihn ja nicht, für es allein war er den weiten Weg gerannt und ſtand er da, ſo feſt und ſtramm wie gegoſſen. Als aber nach der Predigt der Pfarrer die Marianne Semüller von hier und den Georg Melzer von Wieſenſtetten als Brautpaar verkündete, da ſtand der Aloys nicht mehr da wie gegoſſen, da zitterten ſeine Knie und ſeine Zähne klapperten. Aloys war der erſte aus der Kirche, er rannte über Hals und Kopf nach Haus, warf Säbel und Tſchako auf den Stubenboden und verſteckte ſich im Heu und weinte; einmal über das andere kam ihm der Gedanke ſich zu erhängen, aber er konnte nicht aufſtehen vor Wehmuth und Weinen, alle ſeine Glieder waren ihm wie zerſchlagen, und dann dachte er auch wieder an ſeine Mutter und dann weinte er wieder und ſchluchzte laut.

Die Mutter kam endlich und fand ihn im Heu, ſie tröſtete ihn und weinte mit; er erfuhr nun, daß der Jörgli das Marannele verführt hatte und daß es hohe Zeit ſei, daß ſie zuſammen gegeben würden. Er weinte von Neuem, dann aber folgte er ſeiner Mutter wie ein Lamm in die Stube. Als er hier ſein Bild anſichtig wurde, riß er es von der Wand und ſchmetterte es auf den Boden. Lange ſaß Aloys dann hinter dem Tiſche und hielt ſich das Geſicht mit beiden Händen bedeckt, endlich ſtand er auf, pfiff ein luſtiges Lied und ließ ſich zu eſſen geben; er konnte aber nicht eſſen, er zog ſich an und ging in das Dorf. Die Nachmittagskirche war vorüber, aus dem Adler tönte die Muſik zu ihm herab; die Augen niederſchlagend, gleich als müßte er ſich ſchämen, ging er an des Jakoben Haus vorbei; als er aber vorüber war, hob er ſeinen Blick ſtolz empor. Nachdem er beim Schultheiß ſeinen Urlaubspaß abgegeben, ging er nach dem Tanzboden; er ſchaute überall umher, ob Marannele nicht da wäre, und doch wäre ihm nichts unlieber geweſen als das. Der Jörgli aber war da; er trat auf Aloys zu, reichte ihm die Hand und ſagte: „Grüß' Gott, Kamerad!" Der Aloys ſah ihn an, als ob er ihn mit ſeinen Blicken vergiften wollte, dann drehte er ſich um, ohne ihm eine Hand oder eine Antwort zu geben; er dachte jetzt, daß es eigentlich geſcheidter geweſen wäre, wenn er geſagt hätte: „Was Kamerad! der Teufel iſt Dein Kamerad, aber ich nicht;" es war indeß zu ſpät zu dieſer Antwort. — Von den Tiſchen brachten es nun alle Buben und Mädchen unſerem Aloys zu, er mußte aus jedem Glas trinken, aber es ſchmeckte ihm Alles wie Galle ſo bitter; er ſetzte ſich dann auch an den Tiſch und ließ ſich eine „Bouteille vom Beſten" geben, und obgleich es ihm nicht ſchmeckte, trank er doch ein Glas nach dem andern. Die Mechtilde, die Tochter ſeines Vetters, des Mathes vom Berg, ſtand nicht weit von ihm, er brachte es ihr zu; das Mädchen that ihm herzlich Beſcheid und blieb bei ihm ſtehen, denn es kümmerte ſich Niemand um ſie, ſie hatte keinen Schatz und darum heute noch keine Tour getanzt, da Jeder faſt fort und fort mit ſeinem Schatze tanzte oder mit der Geſpielin des Schatzes und dem Schatz eines andern wechſelte. Aloys fragte:

„Mechtilde, möchteſt Du nicht auch tanzen?"

„Ja, komm', wir wollen einmal." Sie faßte Aloys bei der Hand, er ſtand auf, zog ſeine Handſchuhe an, ſchaute ſich nochmals um, als ſuche er etwas, und tanzte dann ſo flink, daß Alle ſtaunten. Aus Höflichkeit bot Aloys nach dem Tanze der Mechtilde Platz neben ſich an, er lud ſich damit eine Laſt auf, denn ſie blieb nun den ganzen Abend bei ihm ſitzen; er kümmerte ſich indeß wenig um ihre Unterhaltung, er ſchob ihr nur bisweilen das Glas hin, daß ſie trinken ſolle. Die Zornesblicke des Aloys waren faſt immer auf den Jörgli gerichtet, der ſich nicht weit von ihm geſetzt hatte; als man denſelben fragte, wo das Marannele ſei, ſagte er, es ſei „unpaß," und lachte dabei. Aloys biß ſo mächtig auf ſeine Pfeife, daß ihm ein Gelenk der Spitze im Munde blieb, er ſpie es mit Pfui! aus, der Jörgli ſah ihn wüthend an, denn er glaubte, das Pfui gelte ihm; als aber Aloys ruhig blieb, zuckte Jörgli nur verächtlich mit den Achſeln und begann allerlei Schelmenlieder zu ſingen, ſie hatten meiſt einerlei Melodie und faſt alle nur eine Strophe wie:

Und a luſtiger Bua
Verreißt allbot*) e Paar Schua;
Und e trauriger Narr
Der hot lang an e Paar.

Es war ſchon bald Mitternacht, als Aloys wiederum ſeinen Säbel von der Wand nahm und nach Hauſe gehen wollte, da ſang der Jörgli mit ſeinen Kameraden das Fopplied, ſie ſchlugen dabei mit den Fäuſten auf den Tiſch:

Hoam,**) hoam, hoam gang i net,
Wer will ſchaun hoame gauh,***)
Der muß koan Geld meh haun.****)
Hoam! hoam! hoam gang i net.

Aloys kehrte nochmals mit einigen ſeiner Kameraden um, und ließ ſich noch zwei Flaſchen Wein geben. Sie ſangen nun andere Lieder drein, während Jörgli mit ſeinen Kameraden ſang, Jörgli ſtand auf und rief: „Halt's Maul, Tolpatſch," da ergriff

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*) Oftmals.
**) Heim.
***) Gehen.
****) Mehr haben.

dieſer eine volle Flaſche und warf ſie dem Jörgli in's Geſicht, drauf ſprang er über den Tiſch und packte ihn an der Gurgel, die Tiſche fielen um, die Gläſer klirrten auf dem Boden, die Muſik hielt ein, eine Weile war Alles ſtill, es war, als wollten ſich die beiden Kämpfenden ſtill erwürgen; dann aber entſtand wieder ein allgemeines Halloh, Pfeifen, Schreien und Toben unter einander: die Freunde wehrten ab, indeß nach einer alten Bauerntaktik hielten ſie beim Abwehren nur den Gegner ihres Freundes feſt, damit dieſer um ſo tüchtiger drauf klopfen konnte. Die Mechtilde aber riß den Jörgli ſo wacker am Kopf, daß ſie ihm ein ganzes Büſchel Haare ausraufte. Stuhlbeine wurden nun abgeknickt, die Parteien, die ſich um die beiden Kämpfenden gebildet hatten, zerblauten einander nach Herzensluſt. Aloys und Jörgli aber hielten ſich, wie wenn ſie ſich in einander verbiſſen hätten; endlich nach langem Ringen hob ſich Aloys in die Höhe und warf den Jörgli auf den Boden, daß man meinte, er hätte das Genick gebrochen, dann kniete er auf ihn nieder, und es war, als ob er ihn erdroſſeln wollte. Der Dorfſchütz trat ein und machte dem Lärmen ein Ende, die Muſik mußte nun für heute aufhören, die beiden Hauptkämpfer mußten in das Gefängniß des Rathhauſes wandern. —

Mit einem zerrauften blaumäligen Geſichte, bleich und abgehärmt, verließ Aloys des andern Tags das Dorf; ſein Urlaub war erſt morgen zu Ende, aber was ſollte er noch zu Hauſe? er ging ſo gern wieder fort ins Soldatenleben, er wäre am liebſten in den Krieg gezogen. Der Schultheiß hatte ihm die Rauferei in den Paß geſchrieben, Aloys ging einer harten Strafe entgegen; er ſchaute ſich nicht mehr um, er ging fort, ohne es zu wiſſen, und wünſchte nie mehr wieder zu kehren. Als er in Horb den Wegweiſer nach Freudenſtadt ſah, von wo' man nach Straßburg geht, hielt er eine Weile ſtill, er gedachte nach Frankreich zu deſertiren; da grüßte ihn unverſehens Mechtilde und fragte: „Ei Aloys, gehſt Du ſchon wieder nach Stuttgart?“

„Ja,“ antwortete dieſer, und ſchlug den Weg dahin ein; die Mechtilde war wie ein Wegweiſer vom Himmel erſchienen, mit einem freundlichen „Bhüt' Gott“ ſchied er von ihr.

Auf dem Wege ſummte ihm immer das Lied im Kopfe, das der Jörgli einſt zuerſt geſungen hatte, jetzt konnte es der Aloys auch ſingen, und jetzt paßte es erſt ganz auf das Marannele; er ſummte immer, ohne daß er es wußte, vor ſich hin:

Ach wie bald, ach wie bald
Schwindet Schönheit und Geſtalt.
Thuſt Du ſtolz mit Deinen Wangen,
Die wie Milch und Purpur prangen,
Ach die Roſen welken all.

In Stuttgart angelangt, ſprach er nicht mehr mit der Wache am Tübinger Thor und der an der Kaſerne, er ſchaute wie ein Verbrecher kaum auf. Acht Tage mußte er im „dritten Grad,“ in einem finſtern Gefängniſſe, ſeine Rauferei abbüßen; oft war er ſo ungeduldig und wild, daß er ſich an der Wand den Kopf entzwei rennen wollte, dann aber lag er wieder faſt Tag und Nacht im halben Schlaf.

Als er aus dem Gefängniſſe kam und auf ſechs Wochen in die Strafklaſſe eingetheilt wurde, die ſich keine Stunde von der Kaſerne entfernen darf, ſondern immer zum Appell bereit ſein muß; da verfluchte er ſeinen Vorſatz, daß er zum Militär gegangen war und er ſich ſo noch auf ſechs Jahre an die Heimath gebunden hatte, er wäre gern fort, fort, ſo weit als es ging.

Da kam eines Tags Mutter Marei mit einem Briefe von ihrem Mathes aus Amerika, er hatte vierhundert Gulden geſchickt, damit ſich der Aloys einen Acker kaufe, oder, wenn er zu ihm wolle, ſich mit dem Gelde vom Militär losmache.

Der Aloys, der Mathes vom Berg mit ſeiner Frau und ſeinen acht Kindern, darunter auch die Mechtilde, wanderten noch dieſen Herbſt gemeinſchaftlich nach Amerika aus.

Als Aloys auf der See war, da ſummte er oft die Strophe des allbekannten Liedes vor ſich hin, er verſtand ſie erſt jetzt recht:

„Das, das, das und das,
Das Schifflein hat den Lauf;
Der, der, der und der,
Der Schiffmann ſteht ſchon drauf.
Seh' ich einen rechten Sturmwind weh'n,
Als wollt' das Schiff zu Grunde geh'n,
Da ſtehen meine Gedanken
Zu wanken.“

In ſeinem letzten Briefe, vom Ohio, ſchreibt der Aloys an ſeine Mutter:

„Es druckt mir oft ſchier das Herz ab, daß ich all' das viele Gut ſo allein genießen ſoll, ich wünſch mir oft ganz Nordſtetten herbei; den alten Zahn, das blinde Conradle, das Schackerle von der Steingrub, den Soges, des Sauerbrunnenbaſche und das Maurizele vom Hungerbrunnen, die ſollten ſich alle bei mir ſatt eſſen, bis ſie nimmer weiter können: was hab' ich davon, wenn ich ſo allein da bin! Da könntet ihr dann auch ſehen, wie der Tolpatſch jetzt ſeine vier Roß im Stall und zehn Fohlen im Felde hat. Wenn's dem Marannele nicht gut geht, ſchreibet mir's auch, ich will ihm 'was ſchicken; es darf aber nichts davon erfahren, von wem es iſt, es dauert mich in's Herz hinein. Der Mathes vom Berg wohnt eine Stund' von mir, die Mechtilde iſt eine tüchtige Schafferin, aber ſie iſt doch kein Marannele; wenn es ihm nur auch gut geht, hat es ſchon Kinder? Auf der Ueberfahrt iſt auch ein geſtudirter Landsmann, der Doktor Staderle von Ulm, bei uns geweſen, der hat mir an einer Weltkugel gezeigt, daß wenn in Amerika Tag, es in Nordſtetten Nacht iſt, und ſo umgekehrt; ich hab' nicht mehr dran gedacht, aber jetzt, wenn ich als im Feld bin und ſo denk: was machen ſie denn jetzt in Nordſtetten? da fällt mir's ein: Potz Blitz, die ſchlafen ja jetzt, und des Schackerle's Hannes, der Nachtwächter, ruft ſein: „B'hüt' uns Gott und Maria.“ Am Sonntag iſt mir's am ärgſten, daß in Nordſtetten jetzt Samſtag zu Nacht iſt, das ſollt' nicht ſein, es ſollt' Alles Einen Tag haben. Am letzten Sonntag haben wir aber doch beim Mathes auf dem Berg getanzt, da war ja Kirchweih in Nordſtetten, ich vergeß' das nie und wenn ich hundert Jahr alt werde. Ich möcht' nur auch einmal wieder eine Stund' in Nordſtetten ſein, da wollt ich auch dem Schultheiß zeigen, was ein freier Bürger von Amerika iſt.“

Karl Friedrich Bachmann.

Geh. Hofrath und Profeſſor der Philoſophie zu Jena. Er ward zu Altenburg am 24. Jun. 1785 geboren, beſuchte das daſige Gymnaſium und ſeit Oſtern 1803 die Univerſität Jena, wo er erſt Theologie, nachher Philoſophie ſtudirte, in welcher er Hegel's, Krauſe's und Aſt's Vorleſungen hörte, und Mitglied der lateiniſchen Geſellſchaft unter Eichſtädt war. Nachdem er 1806 die philoſophiſche Doktorwürde erlangt hatte, ging er im Frühjahr 1807 nach Dresden, um durch Benutzung der dortigen Bibliothek ſich auf die akademiſche Laufbahn vorzubereiten. Im Herbſt 1808 reiſte er nach Heidelberg in der Abſicht, daſelbſt als Privatdocent aufzutreten; durch Krankheit daran gehindert, ergriff er die Gelegenheit, eine Hauslehrerſtelle in der Nähe von Bern anzunehmen, und kehrte im Sommer 1810 nach Jena zurück, wo er bald darauf als Privatdocent auftrat, 1812 eine außerordentliche und 1813 die ordentliche Profeſſur der Moral und Politik erhielt. Mit großer Liebe wendete ſich B. dem Studium der Mineralogie zu; ſchon früher Prodirector der großherzogl. mineralogiſchen Geſellſchaft, wurde er nach des Bergraths Lenz Tode, 1832, zum Director derſelben ernannt. 1846 ward er Ritter des G. S. Falkenordens.

Er ſchrieb:

Ueberſicht neuer Leiſtungen im Gebiete der Mineralogie. Hermes, Jahrgang 1824 fg.
Ueber Philoſophie u. ihre Geſchichte. Drei akademiſche Vorleſungen. Jena 1811 u. 1820.
Ueber die Philoſophie meiner Zeit, zur Vermittelung. Jena 1816.
Ueber die Hoffnung einer Vereinigung zwiſchen Phyſik u. Pſychologie. Preisſchrift. Utrecht 1821.
Syſtem der Logik. Leipzig 1828.
Ueber Hegel's Syſtem und die Nothwendigkeit einer nochmaligen Umgeſtaltung der Philoſophie. Leipzig 1833.
Anti-Hegel. Jena 1835.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Recenſionen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Bachmann hat kein eigenes Syſtem aufgeſtellt, wohl aber in unermüdlichem Streben nach der Erkenntniß des Wahren die anſcheinend widerſtrebenden Gegenſätze zu vermitteln ſich bemüht und die Philoſophie nicht als Sache der Schule, ſondern des Lebens betrachtend, dieſem ſo nahe wie möglich zu führen und die gegenſeitige Durchdringung zu befördern geſucht.

Karl Barth

ward im Octbr. 1787 zu Eisleben bei Hildburghauſen geboren. Vom Vater zum Stande eines Goldſchmieds beſtimmt, ſagte er ſich ſpäter davon los und wurde Zeichner und Kupferſtecher. Nach vielfachen Lebensſchickſalen ließ er ſich in Hildburghauſen nieder. Sein Freund Rückert führte ihn im Deutſchen Muſenalmanach für 1834 der Welt als Dichter vor. Als Kupferſtecher hat er einen ſehr geſchätzten Namen in der Kunſtwelt.

Er ſchrieb:

Lyriſche Poeſien. Zerſtreut in Almanachen.

Eigenthümliche, aber geſunde Lebensanſchauung, Tiefe und Innigkeit erheben ſeine kleinen Gedichte über das Gewöhnliche und beurkunden eine ächte, reichbegabte Künſtlernatur.

Des Goldſchmiedlehrlings Klage.

Von Rauch und Dampf und Feuerqualm umfloſſen,
Ein Sklave an den Ambos angeſchloſſen,
An ſchwarzer Eſſe wühlend in Metallen,
Wo ohrzerreißend Hammerſchläge fallen
Und ſchrillend kreiſcht der ſchlimme Ton der Feilen:
Da ſoll ich Armer lebenslang verweilen,
Und ohne Hoffnung immer nur vom Friſchen
Die heißen Thränen mit dem Feilſtaub miſchen!

Durch trübe Fenſter nach dem Fleckchen Himmel
Und nach der freien Mücken Tanzgewimmel
Blick' ich mit Neid aus meiner finſtern Klauſe
Und wünſche mich weit weg vom Vaterhauſe.
Statt Silber ſchmied' ich Pläne zum Entweichen,
Wie meines Lebens Wunſch ich könn' erreichen:
Durch Farben Leben geben dem Gedanken,
Und dir, o Kunſt, nur dienen ohne Wanken.

Alles nur ein Hauch!

Auf edler Frucht ein Dufthauch, den zerſtöret
Die leiſeſte Berührung, iſt die Unſchuld;
Die Sünd' ein gift'ger Hauch auf reinem Spiegel,
Deß erſter Anflug ew'ge Flecken läßt;
Die ird'ſche Lieb' ein Hauch der ew'gen Liebe:
Der Traum ein Hauch von einem ſchönern Leben;
Das Leben ſelbſt ein Hauch aus Gottes Munde;
Das Wort ein Hauch des ewigen Gedankens,
Und was ich ſing', ein Hauch deß, was ich fühle.

Friedrich Wilhelm Barthold,

ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte zu Greifswald, ward am 4. Septbr. 1799 zu Berlin geboren, woſelbſt ſein Vater Beamter in königlichen Dienſten war. Die Erzählungen ſeiner Mutter, aus Mainz gebürtig, von den Erlebniſſen in den Rheinlanden zur Zeit der franzöſiſchen Revolution verfehlten nicht, auf B. ſchon in der Jugend einen für hiſtoriſch-politiſche Betrachtung weckenden Einfluß zu äußern. Seine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung erhielt B. auf dem Friedrichwerderiſchen Gymnaſium zu Berlin. Seit Michaelis 1817 widmete er ſich der Theologie daſelbſt, fühlte ſich aber bald zur Geſchichte hingezogen, deren Studium er in Breslau unter Wachler und Raumer fortſetzte. Häusliche Verhältniſſe zwangen ihn, längere Zeit als Erzieher ein Unterkommen zu ſuchen. Zu Oſtern 1826 wurde B. als ordentlicher Lehrer am Collegio Fridericiano in Königsberg angeſtellt, wo er ſich ſehr bald der akademiſchen Laufbahn zuwendete. Im Frühjahre 1831 ward er als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte nach Greifswald verſetzt, und im Nov. 1834 ordentlicher Profeſſor daſelbſt.

Er ſchrieb u. A.:

Johann v. Werth im nächſten Zuſammenhange mit ſeiner Zeit. Berlin 1826.
Der Römerzug König Heinrichs von Lützelburg. 2 Bde. Königsberg 1830 — 31.
Georg von Frundsberg u. das deutſche Kriegshandwerk zur Zeit der Reformation. Hamburg 1833.
Eine Reihe von Aufſätzen in Raumers „hiſtoriſchem Taſchenbuche", z. B. „Jürgen Wullenweber", 1835; „Anna Iwanova", 1836; „Ausgang des Joanſchen Zweiges der Romanow", 1837; „H. Ch. von Roßwurm", 1838.

Ein überaus fleißiger und ſcharfſinniger Sammler und Forſcher, hat ſich B. durch geſunde Kritik, reiches Wiſſen und treffliche Darſtellung in ſeinen Schriften bleibendes Verdienſt um die Aufhellung einzelner Punkte der vaterländiſchen Geſchichte erworben.

Jürgen Wullenweber von Lübeck
oder
die Bürgermeiſterfehde.

Erſtes Capitel.

Kirchenverbeſſerung und Volksherrſchaft in den wendiſchen Hanſeſtädten.
1531.

Aengſtlicher, als mit deutſcher Ehre und geſchichtlicher Wahrheit ſich verträgt, pflegen die Vertheidiger des Proteſtantismus den Vorwurf abzuweiſen, daß der Geiſt der neuen kirchlichen Lehre eine, alte politiſche Formen zerſprengende Gewalt entwickelt und kühne Thatkraft erweckt habe, welche nie verjährende oder verkürzte Rechte in Anſpruch nahm und muthig verfocht. Die Kirchenverbeſſerung iſt überall in deutſchen Landen die Sache des Volkes, der Bauern, des reichsſtädtiſchen Bürgerthums und des niedern Adels geweſen, und hat in ihrem Entſtehen die republikaniſche Tendenz, als eine der kirchlichen verwandte, in ſich aufgenommen. So mußte denn eine doppelte Abwehr den nach zwei Zielen gerichteten Angriffen entgegentreten, die der alten kirchlichen und der alten weltlichen Macht. Die erſtere waffnete zu allen Kämpfen dieſelben Streiter, den römiſch geſinnten Klerus; die zweite erſcheint jedes Mal als diejenige, deren Rechte eben durch einen beſondern Angriff gefährdet wurden. So ſehen wir denn in den vier Kampfparteien, welche die Reformation begleiteten, eine vierfach verſchlungene Combination ſtreitender Kräfte. Als zuerſt den Reichsadel Franz von Sickingen zur Abwehr drückender Fürſtenmacht aufrief, waren die natürlichen Gegner die Fürſten, geiſtliche und weltliche, und der gewalthabende ſchwäbiſche Bund; als die Bauern aus ſchmachvoller und unchriſtlicher Leibeigenſchaft nach Freiheit aufzublicken wagten, traten Alle gegen ſie in den Kampf, denen ſie Zehnten und Frohnden entzogen, Adel, Communen, Prälaten und Fürſten; ſo oft die niedern Bürger und Zünfte der Ariſtokratie des Raths und der Geſchlechter Einhalt thaten, hatten ſie die Geſchlechter, das Reichskammergericht, den Kaiſer, als Gewährleiſter des Beſtehenden, ſich gegenüber; wenn endlich die Fürſten zur Begründung ihrer Souverainetät kampffertig ſich verbanden, ſtellte ſich ihnen der Rieſe beleidigter kaiſerlicher Macht entgegen. Weil nun in jener deutſchen Revolution jeder zum Schlage aufgehobene Arm, gleichſam wie in einem Mühlwerke die correſpondirende Gegenkraft in Bewegung ſetzte, trugen die republikaniſchen Anſtrebungen das Princip der Vernichtung ſo lange in ſich, bis es einer von den betheiligten Mächten gelang, durch ein allgemeineres Intereſſe die widerſtreitenden politiſchen zum Schweigen zu bringen und für ſich zu bewaffnen. Dies verſtand nur die landesherrliche, indem ſie das religiöſe Moment für ſich in den Kampf rief, und darum hat ſie allein durch die republikaniſche Aufgeregtheit gewonnen: erſt eine unabhängigere Stellung gegen das Reichsoberhaupt, dann die ſouveraine Gewalt über die Stände. So iſt es denn erklärlich, daß im ganzen proteſtantiſchen Deutſchland und auch in Dänemark, wo die Kirchenverbeſſerung die Frucht eines Kampfes war, die Fürſtenmacht ſtufenweiſe als unumſchränkte ſich feſtſetzte, und daß demnach die Reformation, ungeachtet ihrer republikaniſchen Tendenz, im Ausgange den Schein gewann, als habe ſie das Extrem begünſtigt.

Aber außer dieſen beiden Oppoſitionen entdecken wir in den wirren Händeln jener Zeit noch eine in den Gemüthern wirkende, welche den Aufſchwung des politiſchen Freiheitseifers lähmte und niederhielt; es iſt das proteſtantiſch-theologiſche Bedenken, welches die Obrigkeit als eine von Gott eingeſetzte in ihrem Beſtehen verbürgte und jede, auch die ſündhafteſte Rechtsüberwältigung eher ertragen hieß, als gottlos zur Gegenwehr zu greifen. Wie viel Schönes und Edles dieſes urchriſtliche Weltentäußerungsgebot für Kirche und Wiſſenſchaft im deutſchen Volke hervorgebracht haben mag; eine Lehre, die, um das Eine, das höchſte Gut, feſtzuhalten, allen irdiſchen Rückſichten zu entſagen ermahnte: ſo hat ſie dennoch in der politiſchen Entwickelung ſeit dem ſechzehnten Jahrhundert unendlichen Schaden zugefügt und den Zerfall des Reiches- und Volksganzen, die Erblindung des Nationalglanzes mitverſchuldet. Dieſes fromme Duldungsgeſetz, welches die Beſtrafung irdiſchen Unrechts dem Richter über uns anheimſtellt, iſt Hamlet's Gewiſſen, welches „Feige aus uns Allen macht", und Unternehmungen unſerer Vorfahren, voll von Kraft und Nachdruck, aus der Bahn lenkte. Dieſe Gewiſſensfurcht verſtattete unſern frommen Altvordern nicht, nach dem doppelten Siegeskranze zu greifen; hatten ſie die Freiheit des Gewiſſens errungen, ſo achteten ſie weltliche Freiheit und Herrlichkeit gering; getröſtet und genugſam gewannen ſie im Verluſte und verloren im Gewinn.

Keinem der Kämpfe, welche die Kirchenverbeſſerung in Deutſchland und bei den ſtammverwandten Nachbarn begleitete, iſt dieſer Charakter gegenſeitiger Kraftverneinung und Selbſtzerſtörung, des Verluſtes im Gewinnen, ſchärfer aufgeprägt, als der ſogenannten Grafen- oder Bürgermeiſterfehde, dem Gegenſtande vorliegender Arbeit. In ihr werden wir alle ringenden Intereſſen jener großen Zeit ſich vermiſchen, ſich trennen, in ſcheinbar zufälliger Wahl und Gegenüberſtellung ſich abmühen ſehen, damit denn endlich doch aus dem widerſpruchsvollen Gewirre Das, was für das höchſte Gut galt, ſeinen Platz behaupte, wiewol mit Vernichtung aller für das Volk gehofften Vortheile. In Dänemark und in den Hanſeſtädten befeſtigt ſich die neue Lehre unerſchütterlich; aber in Dänemark erhebt über den zertretenen Bauern- und Bürgerſtand der Adel ſein ſtolzes Haupt und wählt einen machtloſen König, um in nothgedrungener ſchimpflicher Entſagung nach 123 Jahren alle ſeine trotzigen Rechte zu den Füßen der Souverainetät niederzulegen; die Hanſen, als ſie ihre ſo heldenkühn aufkämpfenden Häupter einem ſchmachvollen Tode preisgegeben, verſinken in politiſche Nichtigkeit. Iſt ſchon die Nachweiſung der ſtreitenden Kräfte um des folgereichen Gehalts willen anziehend, und ſpielen in die Entwickelung der Tragödie faſt alle nachhaltigen Intereſſen Europas hinein, ſo mehrt den Reiz der Aufgabe das epiſche Schickſal großartiger, an Griechenland und Rom erinnernder Naturen; ihre Löſung wird ein Act hiſtoriſcher Gerechtigkeit, indem ſie zwei tüchtige deutſche Männer, den Dictator der Hanſen, Jürgen Wullenweber, und ſeinen Magister equitum, Marcus Meier, der Schande entzieht, mit welcher kurzſichtige Zeitgenoſſen und indolente Nachkommen ihr Andenken gebrandmarkt haben.

Der Glanz und die Macht, welche früher die deutſchen Hanſen umkleideten, waren im Laufe des erſten Drittels des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts in vermindertem Maße auf die fünf wendiſchen Städte: Lübeck, Wismar, Roſtock, Stralſund und Greifswald, zurückgewichen und ſpiegelten ſich wieder von dieſen auf den Vorort Lübeck ab, das erſtens in ihrer Zahl allein als freie Reichsſtadt ſich behauptet, indem die übrigen mehr oder weniger unter die Botmäßigkeit des nächſten Landesherrn gekommen waren, und zweitens als höchſtes Tribunal eines weithin geltenden bürgerlichen Rechts in Anſehen blieb, das ſeine ſittliche Ueberlegenheit ſicherte. Dieſes „Lübiſche Recht", die ſchönſte Gabe, welche das deutſche Bürgerthum ſeinen fernſten Anſiedlungen an den Küſten der Barbaren mittheilen konnte, verlieh ihren Städten die wohlthätige Gewalt, an Adel und Geiſtlichkeit jede Strenge zu üben, wenn vor ihrem Schöppenſtuhle angeklagte Verbrecher in ihrem Weichbilde ergriffen waren. Revals Bürger durften ſich im J. 1535 nicht ſcheuen, auf das Rechtsgeſuch der Angehörigen eines „eigenen Bauern," den Üxel von Roſenberg erſchlagen, dieſen enthaupten zu laſſen. — Hamburg und Bremen, der Nordſee zugewandt, und darum andern Handelsverhältniſſen und Beziehungen, befolgten eine von den wendiſchen Orten abgeſonderte Politik, deren Hauptaugenmerk die Beherrſchung der geſchloſſenen Oſtſee war; Danzig, unter polniſchem Einfluß, geſellte gemeinſamen Beſtrebungen ſich noch zu, ſoweit nicht örtliche Lage und Rückſicht auf Preußen und Polen dieſelben verboten. Daß von 85 Gemeinden, in der Blüte der Hanſe ihr verbrüdert, außer den wendiſchen nur noch die überwendiſchen in loſem Verbande geblieben, war neben innern Gebrechen die Folge der veränderten Weltſtellung, der ausgebildetern Einheit, Kraft und Ordnung in den Monarchien, der neuen Geſtalt des Verkehrs mit Auswärtigen, der Sicherheit, welche der Landfrieden den Straßen gab und das Anſehen des ſchützenden Bundes verminderte; Umſtände, die, mit zahlloſen Localverhältniſſen gebieteriſch vereinigt, ein Band löſen mußten, das ein gemeinſames Bedürfniß einſt hervorrief.

In Lübeck, dem reichen Vororte, der Stätte der nord- und mitteldeutſchen Themis, hatte die Kirchenverbeſſerung an der oben angedeuteten doppelten Oppoſition mehr Widerſtand und daher ſpätern Eingang gefunden, als in irgend einer Stadt des nördlichen Deutſchlands; ſie war allein das Werk des unermüdeten Eifers der niedern Zünfte. Früh ſchon erwachte unter der Menge das fromme Verlangen nach dem „reinern Worte"; einzelne Prediger hatten Zugang gewonnen; aber noch im J. 1528 durfte der Rath die Apoſtel Luther's vertreiben, deſſen Werke auf offenem Markte durch die Hand des Büttels verbrennen und die Sänger deutſcher Pſalmen einthürmen laſſen. Die ſtarre Altgläubigkeit des Rathes, vereint mit dem Domcapitel, mit den Junkern und reichen Kaufleuten, welche die demokratiſche Richtung der kirchlichen Neuerer wohl erkannten, blieb taub gegen Bitten und Murren der Zünfte. Aber die unzufriedene Stimmung fand wirkſame Organe, als Erſchöpfung des Staatsgutes, herbeigeführt durch eine Reihe von Kriegen, den Rath nöthigte, eine neue Steuer zu verlangen, und die Bürger auf Erwählung eines Ausſchuſſes von 36 Männern aus ihrer Mitte antrugen, um gemeinſam dieſe Angelegenheit zu betreiben. Als das Jahr 1528 dieſes Geſchäft noch nicht erledigte, berief die Gemeine am 12. September 1529 neue Achtundvierziger, ertheilte ihnen aber insgeheim die Weiſung, ſich auf keine Geldartikel einzulaſſen, bevor nicht der Rath die Einführung der evangeliſchen Lehre zugeſtehe. Zugleich gab ihnen geſteigertes demokratiſches Bewußtſein die Befugniß, die Aufſicht des geſammten Staatshaushaltes zu übernehmen. Der Rath erſchrak, eiferte heftig gegen ſo ketzeriſche, unerhörte Forderungen, war aber ſchon ſo weit aus ſeiner Stellung gewichen, daß dem Ausſchuſſe die Schuldregiſter überliefert wurden. Immer noch in dem Wahne, die Junker und Kaufleute ſeien das Volk von Lübeck, hielt er unter mancherlei Bedenken die ungeduldige Menge hin, welche bereits den katholiſchen Gottesdienſt zu ſtören begann; als aber beharrlich jede neue Abgabe verweigert wurde, getümmelvolle Haufen die Kirche, den Markt, die Säle des Rathhauſes füllten und am 10. December ein Volksaufruhr zu befürchten ſtand, gaben die eingeſchüchterten Herren dem Ausſchuſſe, der auf 36 vermehrt war, nach und geſtatteten die Zurückberufung zweier vertriebener Prediger. Jetzt war es um das Anſehen des bisherigen Regimentes, um die katholiſche Kirche in Lübeck geſchehen. Vergeblich drohte Heinrich der Jüngere von Braunſchweig, der berüchtigte Gegner der neuen Lehre, er werde ſich des von ſeinen Vorfahren begabten Hochſtiftes annehmen; die geduldete Kirchenpartei ward ſchon eine unduldſame, drang ungeſtüm auf die Abſchaffung der katholiſchen Predigt und erwirkte durch ihre Vierundſechziger am 7. April 1530 einen Rathsbefehl an den römiſchen Klerus, ſich bis auf Weiteres des Predigtſtuhles gänzlich zu enthalten. Darauf verſtummte auch in der Domkirche die erbitterte Controverſe; dagegen ward am zweiten Oſtertage das Abendmahl zu St. Aegidien in beider Geſtalt ausgetheilt und die neue Steuer übernommen.

Keineswegs aber ruhte jetzt die Tribunengewalt; der Rath mußte am 10. Juni 1530 ſie urkundlich, als mit ſeinem Wiſſen und Willen rechtmäßig aus der ganzen Bürgerſchaft gewählt, erklären und verſprechen, die Annahme der Prediger als ſein Werk zu vertreten. Als die Theilnahme der Vierundſechziger am Stadtregimente ſanctionirt war, ſtürmten ſie bald mit neuen Forderungen ein; nach einer Volksbewegung, welche bereits das ſchlummernde Rednertalent unter den Handwerkern geweckt, mußte der Rath am 30. Jun. 1530 die Abſchaffung des geſammten katholiſchen Cultus, die Domkirche ausgenommen, befehlen und gleich darauf, als die furchtſamen Canoniker die Meſſe einſtellten, alles Kirchenſilber und die Altarkleinodien zur Verwendung der Stadt auf die Treſekammer bringen laſſen.

In Folge des Reichstags zu Augsburg konnte die Veränderung der kirchlichen und ſtädtiſchen Verfaſſung Lübecks nicht ohne kaiſerliche Ahndung bleiben. Ein Pönalmandat Karls V gebot bei ſchwerer Strafe im October 1530 die Abſetzung der Vierundſechziger und die Herſtellung des alten Gottesdienſtes. Aber das Volk achtete nicht das Geheiß des Reichsoberhauptes, und der Rath hatte ſo wenig die Kraft, den Beiſtand benachbarter Fürſten, wie vorgeſchrieben, anzurufen, daß er vielmehr die Verantwortung des Ungehorſams auf ſich nehmen und die „Verordneten" auf 164 ſich verſtärken laſſen mußte. Mönche und Geiſtliche wichen hoffnungslos aus der Stadt und ſahen ihre Kirchen und Klöſter in Armenhäuſer und Schulen, ihre Einkünfte auf den Unterhalt der lutheriſchen Lehrer, ſowie der milden Anſtalten verwandt. Dem ſo gewaltſam gebildeten Kirchenſtaate gab Dr. J. Bugenhagen, auf Anſuchen des Raths und der Bürgerſchaft von Wittenberg nach Lübeck berufen, im Winter 15$^{30}_{31}$, mit dem Beiſtande der Vierundſechziger eine feſte geſetzliche Ordnung; am 18. Februar 1531 verſprach der Rath alle Beleidigungen der Bürger zu vergeſſen und erhielt dagegen durch vier Bevollmächtigte das Handgelöbniß des Gehorſams und der Ehrerbietung. Tags darauf bezeichnete ein Dankfeſt in allen Kirchen die Vollendung der Reformation, ſowie die Beſchickung des Tags zu Schmalkalden die Beharrlichkeit der Gemeine, mit den übrigen proteſtantiſchen Ständen die neue Ordnung der Dinge zu vertreten. — Unter den kühnen, glücklichen Sprechern des Volks von Lübeck wird uns bei dem Amneſtiegelöbniſſe zum erſten Male ein Mann genannt, der gewiß ſchon in den einleitenden Bewegungen über ſeine Genoſſen ſich erhob, aber erſt jetzt als die Seele der Demokratie ſich kundthat, nämlich Jürgen Wullenweber. Es iſt uns nicht gelungen, über dieſes merkwürdigen Volksführers früheres Leben und Bildung irgend etwas mehr als ſein Geburtsjahr 1492 aufzufinden. In allen Zeitbüchern heißt er nur der „kühne Demagoge" mit dem magern Beiſatze, daß er ein Kaufmann geweſen, gleichwol nicht zu den großen Herren und Junkern gehört habe. Sein Geſchlecht ſcheint ein in mehren Hanſeſtädten anſäſſiges; denn im J. 1532 war ein Bruder Jürgen's, Joachim, Rathsherr zu Hamburg, der, wie durch Jenen gehoben, ſo auch in ſeinen Fall hineingezogen wurde. Daß ein nicht gewöhnlicher Grad von Verſtandesbildung, Muth, bürgerlichem Bewußtſein, Wohlredenheit und Geſchick im Rathe und im Felde dazu gehörte, ſo hohe Dinge anzuregen und hinauszuführen, lehrt auch die oberflächlichſte Betrachtung ſeiner Thaten und iſt auch von den erbittertſten Feinden bezeugt; ſeine Fehler, die mit dem Uebermaße des Kraftgefühls verbunden ſein mußten, wird ohne beſondere Charakterſchilderung der Verlauf gegenwärtiger Geſchichten kund thun. Sollen wir Eins zu ſeiner Individualiſirung hinzuſetzen, ſo ward ihm jene vollbürtige Staatsbürgernatur zu Theil, wie ſie das freie Athen, als zu jeder Aeußerung des politiſchen Seins begabt, hervorrief. In den freien deutſchen Städten war noch die Zeit jener Vollwüchſigkeit des Individuums, jene Unvermitteltheit und Einfachheit der Verhältniſſe, in denen das Leben alle Tüchtigen ohne Hochſchulen, Regierungscollegien und Militairakademien zu Richtern, regierenden Bürgermeiſtern und Feldherren erzog.

Während die übrigen Rathsglieder kluglich oder unmännlich dem Drange der Gegenwart ſich fügten und die Herſtellung des Alten vom Kaiſer thatlos erwarteten, ertrugen die zwei älteſten Bürgermeiſter nicht die Verhöhnung ihres Amtes und die damit verbundene kirchliche Umwälzung. Nikolaus Brömſen, adeliger Herkunft, der im J. 1521 dem landflüchtigen ſchwediſchen Ritter Guſtav Erikſon Waſa den gaſtlichen Schutz Lübecks erwirkt; deſſen Bruder, ein Rechtsgelehrter, zu Augsburg das Pönalmandat betrieb; ein verſtändiger, doch nicht großer Combinationen fähiger Staatsmann, dem alten Glauben aus Ueberzeugung, dem Patrizierrechte aus Standesintereſſe ergeben, ritt mit dem gleichgeſinnten Amtsgenoſſen Hermann Plönnies am Oſterſonnabend 1531 heimlich mit einigen Dienern aus der Stadt; erſt nach Schönberg im Mecklenburgiſchen, dann nach Gadebuſch, auf Mahnung Herzog Albrechts von Mecklenburg, dem Vollſtrecker des kaiſerlichen Mandates; aber dieſer gefährliche Schritt beförderte die demokratiſche Umbildung Lübecks. Die Kunde vom Entweichen der höchſten obrigkeitlichen Perſonen erfüllte die Stadt mit banger Beſorgniß; noch an demſelben Nachmittage wurde bei verſchloſſenen Thoren durch die Verordneten der Rath berufen und durch den Wortführer derſelben, Wullenweber, um die Urſache jener Flucht befragt. Vergeblich betheuerten die jüngern Bürgermeiſter, nichts um die Sache zu wiſſen, „ſie würden unverbrüchlich den Vergleich mit der Bürgerſchaft halten"; die Gemeine, heimliches Einverſtändniß befürchtend, ließ beide mit dem älteſten Rathsherrn im Rathhauſe, die übrigen zwölf Senatoren in ihren Häuſern gefänglich bewachen. Ein ängſtliches Oſterfeſt ward von der Stadt und den Gefangenen begangen, denen rohe Bürger ſogar mit dem Richtſchwerte drohten; auf den Kanzeln beteten die Geiſtlichen, welche nach theologiſchem Berufe ſich ſchon von der Oppoſition getrennt, um Abwendung eines allgemeinen Aufruhrs. Das Mistrauen wuchs, als der Stadthauptmann Friedrich von dem Werder, aus Schönberg zurückgekehrt, nachdem er beim Machthaber Wullenweber Geleit nachgeſucht, Brömſen's feindliche Stimmung bezeugte, der ſeinerſeits dem Rathe ſchrieb: „Furcht vor Gewalt und ſchimpflicher Entſetzung habe ihn wider frühere Abſicht vermocht, der Ladung des Herzogs und kaiſerlichen Briefen bis Gadebuſch zu folgen."

Die von dem Bürgermeiſter heimlich ohne Wiſſen des Raths gepflogenen Unterhandlungen, die Furcht vor eifriger Betreibung der Execution durch die Ausgewichenen, ihre unerhörte Flucht aus einem ſo hochwichtigen Amte rechtfertigte die weitern Sicherheitsmaßregeln der verwaiſten Gemeine; als ſämmtliche Rathsherren ihres Amtes überhoben ſein wollten, widerſetzte ſich Wullenweber entſchieden, befreite ſie jedoch aus ihrer Haft auf das Gelöbniß, ohne Abnahme der Stadtrechnungen ſich nicht zu entfernen, und ließ dem Ausſchuſſe das große Siegel aushändigen.

Lag nun zwar der That nach faſt alle Gewalt in den Händen der Tribunen, ſo ſchritt die Volkspartei dennoch dazu, ſich dieſelbe auch in altgeſetzlicher Form zu übertragen und ein Gegengewicht unmöglicher zu machen. Das Rathscollegium beſtand gegenwärtig nur aus 14 Gliedern, indem auch ein Senator nach Schmalkalden geſchickt war. Gemäß dem Statute Heinrichs des Löwen vom Jahre 1158, dem Grundgeſetze der lübecker Verfaſſung, ſollten 24 Perſonen im Rathe ſitzen. Demnach drangen die Verordneten auf Vollzähligkeit und erörterten zugleich hiſtoriſch aus alten Pergamenten, wem das Wahlrecht zuſtehe. Als die Urkunde des Guelfen dem Rathe ſelbſt die Küre zu vindiciren ſchien und die Tribunen erklärten, die Gemeine ſei befugt, darüber zu entſcheiden, ſchritten am 18. April 1531, wie das ſouveraine Volk ſich zu ihren Gunſten ausgeſprochen, die Hundertundvierundſechziger zur Wahl und erkoren neun Glieder aus ihrer Mitte, keineswegs vornehme Herren, von denen jedoch der alte Rath nur ſieben annahm, indem er die Stellen der Ausgetretenen nicht als erledigt betrachtete. Brömſen's und Plönnies' gedruckte Vertheidigungsſchriften fanden eine ſo gründliche als leidenſchaftsloſe Widerlegung; da ſie nicht zurückzukehren wagten, wurde am 9. September Gottſchalk Lunte aus dem Ausſchuſſe und Gotthard von Höveln aus dem alten Rathe in ihre Stelle gewählt, welcher Letztere jedoch der Annahme ſich weigerte und, als ſie ihm aufgenöthigt wurde, in Ahnung böſen Ausgangs vor Notar und Zeugen geheim proteſtirte. Die alſo entſetzten Conſuln trugen den Haß gegen Lübecks „muthwilliges Regiment" weiter nach Deutſchland; Plönnies begab ſich nach Münſter und ſtarb bald, Brömſen nach Brüſſel an den Hof des Kaiſers, der am 14. Auguſt den ſtandhaften Vertheidiger alten Glaubens und alten Rechts zum Ritter ſchlug, ihn zum Rath machte und im Jahre darauf zu Regensburg den Adel der Brömſen ehrenvoll erneuerte. Einen halben Triumph hatte das Geſchick ſeiner Vaterſtadt ihm für ſpätere Zeit aufbewahrt; für jetzt wirkte ein zweites und drittes geſchärftes Mandat des Kaiſers vom 3. Auguſt 1531 nur eine Steigerung des Haſſes, indem die Volkswuth den Junkerhof und die Gildenhalle der Kaufleute plünderte. Eine Disputation über Glaubensſachen, zu welcher die Bürgerſchaft gegen das Domcapitel ſich bereit erklärte und auch J. Wullenweber, als einen einſichtsvollen Eiferer für das Lutherthum, ernannte, kam nicht zu Stande, indem die Prälaten ſich weigerten, über Dogmen zu disputiren, ſonſt aber Ruhe hielten, da die Hundertundvierundſechziger das Ausſterben des Stiftes beabſichtigten und ihnen Schutz und Nießbrauch ihrer Pfründen für ihre Perſon verhießen. So war ohne Blutvergießen durch den „unordentlichen" Rath ein geſetzlicher Gang der Dinge eingeleitet, ohne daß Wullenweber, die waltende Seele, aus beſcheidener Zurückgezogenheit ſich mit dem Pompe eines Bürgermeiſters an die Spitze geſchwungen hatte; erſt die bedenklichen Zeitläufte der Jahre 1532 und 1533, eines perſönlichen Einſchreitens bedürftig, riefen ihn zur Dictatur auf.

Wie in Athen und in den an Verfaſſung und Sitte verwandten Bundesſtaaten und in den lombardiſchen und tusciſchen Gemeinen des Mittelalters eine gemeinſame Thätigkeit dieſelben Erſcheinungen, nur in kleinern Kreiſen, hervorrief, die Schwankungen des demokratiſchen und ariſtokratiſchen Princips, des Guelfen- und Ghibellinenthums ſich gleichzeitig bei allen wiederholten, ſo ſtanden auch die wendiſchen und überwendiſchen Städte in dieſer Gegenſeitigkeit zu Lübeck, von welchem gemeinhin die Initiative ausging. Hatten die niedern Zünfte hier die Junkerherrſchaft gebeugt, ſo war das Geſchick derſelben überall ausgeſprochen; daß nun in der kirchlichen Reform Danzig und die wendiſchen Städte bis auf Greifswald, dem Univerſitäts- und Pfaffenſitze, den Lübeckern vorausgeſchritten, erklärt ſich aus dem nähern Verhältniſſe, in welchem die Reichsſtadt zum katholiſchen Reichsoberhaupte verharrte, während Stralſund, Roſtock und Wismar von ſchwankenden und in ſich ſelbſt uneinigen Landesherren zwar nicht gerade begünſtigt, doch auch nicht gehemmt wurden. So war am früheſten Danzig, dann Stralſund durch demokratiſche Aufregung der proteſtantiſchen Partei gewonnen worden; letzteres konnte aber erſt nach Lübecks Vorgange zu jener ſpröden republikaniſchen Verfaſſung gelangen, welche die letzte Anſtrengung ſelbſtſtändiger Kraft zu allgemeinen Zwecken bedingte. Schon das Jahr 1522 kündete kirchliche und politiſche Stürme in Stralſund an. Roleff Möller, aus bürgermeiſterlichem Geſchlechte, noch nicht 30 Jahre alt, keck, beredſam, ſchwang ſich hier als Tribun der unzufriedenen Bürger auf, deutete ihnen im St. Johannisklöſter aus einem Buche der Stadt Rechte und Einkommen, beſchuldigte offen den Rath des Betrugs, und ward das Haupt neuer Achtundvierziger, welche durch einen Receß die alten Machthaber beſchränkten. Auch hier widerſtand am kräftigſten ein alter Bürgermeiſter, Nicolaus Smiterlow, adeliger Herkunft, ſo verſtändig und unbeugſam wie Brömſen, aber der neuen Lehre — er war mit Bogislav X. auf dem nürnberger Reichstage geweſen und hatte Luthern predigen gehört — nur deshalb nicht offener Anhänger, weil ſie ſeine bürgerlichen Vorrechte bedrohte. In demſelben Jahre verkündeten muthige Apoſtel das reinere Wort erſt außerhalb der Kirchen; als aber in der ſtillen Woche 1523 der gereizte Pöbel einen Bilderſturm wie zu Wittenberg erhob, bahnten ihnen die Achtundvierziger den Weg zum offenen Siege. An der kirchlichen Freiheit erſtarkte bald die bürgerliche: einerſeits zogen die Pfaffen mit ihren Baarſchaften und Archiven auf Greifswald und luden der Stadt Häupter vor kaiſerliches und geiſtliches Recht; andrerſeits ſetzten um Johannis 1524 die Bürger ihren Tribun, der auf der Fiſchbank ſein Tribunal aufgeſchlagen, nebſt Chriſtoph Lorbeern mit Gewalt auf die Bürgermeiſterbank und vermehrten den Rath mit Acht aus ihrer Zahl, worauf der ſtolze Altbürgermeiſter, ſeine Würde nicht mit den Eingedrungenen zu theilen, freiwillig aus der Stadt wich und zu Greifswald im verwandten Hauſe B. Saſtrow's wie im Exile lebte. Die Herzoge von Pommern ließen dieſe Unbilden geſchehen, theils hoffend, über die hadervolle Gemeine eher zu ſouverainer Gewalt zu gelangen, theils aus Furcht vor „Schwärmgeiſtern," welche ohne Scheu die Abſetzung der Fürſten predigten. Als Kirche und Verfaſſung Stralſunds alſo umgeſtaltet waren, trat im J. 1526 eine Annäherung an das Alte ein, indem die Herzoge Georg und Barnim auf ihrer Huldigungsreiſe den verbannten Bürgermeiſter zurückführten und den Sturm der Gemüther in ſoweit beſchwichtigten, daß das Kirchenregiment blieb, Roleff Möller dagegen die Stadt meiden mußte. So war zwar der Grund einer demokratiſchen Verfaſſung in Stralſund gelegt; daß aber die Gemeine ſich zu größerm Machtbewußtſein erhob, ward erſt Folge des ſpätern Fortganges des hanſiſchen Vorortes.

Roſtock und Wismar hatte ziemlich gleichzeitig dieſelbe Entwickelung zu denſelben Reſultaten geführt. Die Boten der neuen Lehre, ſchon 1523 aufgetreten, überwanden mit muthiger Hülfe der Zünfte den Widerſtand des katholiſchen Rathes, ertrotzten ſchon 1530 eine liturgiſche Ordnung, und nachdem Wismar die Hebungen der Klöſter und geiſtlichen Stiftungen, das Kirchenſilber ſchon 1525 zum Stadthaushalte eingezogen, theilten die Vierziger mit dem Rathe die öffentliche Verwaltung.

Faſſen wir das bisher Geſagte zuſammen, ſo ſehen wir in den wendiſchen Städten im J. 1531 die Kirchenverbeſſerung durch das niedere Volk vollendet, in Lübeck, Stralſund und Wismar bereits entſchiedene Anſätze einer populairen Verfaſſung, in allen eine demokratiſche Reizbarkeit, ein Kraftbewußtſein, welches zu hohen Dingen befähigte. Zugleich aber merken wir im Hinterhalte lauernd die Gegenpartei, die beleidigten Ariſtokraten, in deren Intereſſe es lag, den republikaniſchen Aufſchwung nicht zu einem glänzenden Erfolge kommen zu laſſen, und die, entriſſene Vorrechte im Auge, lieber in einer machtloſen Stadt die Erſten ſein wollten, als in einem weithin gebietenden Staatenbunde bürgerlicher Gleichheit ſich bequemen.

Zweites Capitel.

Die nordiſchen Kronen. Chriſtierns II Ende. Marx Meyer, der [illegible]. Pläne der [illegible] Bürgermeiſter im Zwiſchenreich nach Friedrichs I Tode. 1533.

Die Trennung der Union von Calmar war von allen verſtändigen hanſiſchen Bürgern als die wichtigſte Lebensfrage angeſehen worden, indem ſie ihre Rechte und ihre [illegible] allein gegen eine getheilte Herrſchaft der nordiſchen Reiche zu behaupten vermochte. Um die organiſche Auflöſung dieſer koloſſalen, aber mißgefügten Macht hatten die wendiſchen Städte ein unverkennbares Verdienſt ſich erworben und die Ausbildung der däniſchen und ſchwediſchen Volksthümlichkeit im Kampfe gegen eine allgemeine Verknöcherung bedingt, zugleich aber die Welt an den Gedanken gewöhnt, in Lübecks Händen läge die Entſcheidung, wer im Norden herrſchen ſolle. Treu dieſer unerläßlichen Politik, hatten die Hanſen gegen Chriſtiern II. eine nachhaltig feindliche Stellung eingenommen, einen Mann, deſſen königliche Tugend und Volksbeglückungsideen den ſtarren feudaliſtiſchen Formen ſeines Jahrhunderts ſo weit vorausgeeilt waren, als die unſittliche Wahl ſeiner Mittel mit der ſich durchbildenden öffentlichen Meinung im ſchreiendſten Widerſpruche ſtand. Sein hochſinniges Streben, über der zertrümmerten Macht des Adels und der Geiſtlichkeit einen Thron zu errichten, dem ein erlöſter Bauern- und ein freier Bürgerſtand als Stützen dienten, war vollkommen geſcheitert, und die Flucht des gehaßten Neuerers und Adelsfeindes hatte Dänemark und Norwegen in die Hände ſeines an geſchichtlicher Bedeutung ihm nimmer vergleichbaren Oheims, Friedrich I., gegeben, der Fall des Henkers von Stockholm dem nationalen, aber adeligen Guſtav Erikſon den Weg zur Krone gebahnt. Beide Revolutionen waren durch die thätige Hülfe der Hanſen begonnen und hinausgeführt; im Leben verwundet durch den beſchränkten Vollgenuß ihrer Handelsvorrechte und geſchreckt durch die Drohgeſtalt eines einigen nordiſchen Reiches, hatten ſie Alles daran geſetzt, machtloſe Wahlkönige in die Stühle des gewaltigen Reformators zu bringen. So erwuchs zum hanſiſchen Hauptorte ein Dankbarkeitsverhältniß der nordiſchen Kronen, das Friedrich I. und Guſtav Erikſon nur ſo lange bewahrten, als ſie, den Angriffen des Vertriebenen, des Schwagers Karls V., bloßgeſtellt, der Seeſtädte bedurften. Friedrich nahm, leiſe auftretend in ſchwächlicher Klugheit, welche Adel und Prälaten dem Wahlkönige geboten, nur einige Fäden des Reformationswerkes ſeines Vorgängers auf, und wollte eine ſtillere Entwickelung, wo die Weltlage zwiſchen durchgreifender Verfolgung des Syſtems und einem Rückſchritte kein Mittel geſtattete. Ihn drückte die Abhängigkeit von den ſtolzen Hanſen und ihre ſich gleichbleibenden Anſprüche, welche Dänemarks Erblühen als ſelbſtſtändiger Handelsmacht verhinderten; aber er verſchonte ſie in erheuchelter Gerechtigkeitsliebe, ſo lange das Unwetter noch am Horizonte drohte. Auch Schwedens neuer König, deſſen Verbindlichkeiten gegen Lübeck noch perſönlicher und ausgeſprochener waren, indem er für großmüthigen Schutz in der Verfolgung, für Geldunterſtützung in der Staatsarmuth, für ausgerüſtete Flotten in der Landesbedrängniß und Wehrloſigkeit zu danken hatte, hielt dieſes mit den Intereſſen ſeiner Schöpfung unvereinbare Pietätsverhältniß mit innerm Unmuthe ſo lange feſt, bis die Gefahr vor dem gemeinſamen Gegner der nordiſchen Kronen durch Lübecks muthvolles Einſchreiten verbannt war. Aber unpolitiſcher Eifer entwand den Hanſen alle Vortheile. König Chriſtiern hatte im J. 1531 durch den verjagten Guſtav Trolle, den vertriebenen Erzbiſchof von Upſala, ein geheimes Einverſtändniß mit dem Klerus von Norwegen angeſponnen und begründete die Hoffnung ſeiner Wiederherſtellung auf die Altgläubigen, als deren Patron er ſich jetzt verkündete. Durch Vorſchub ſeiner Schwägerin, der verwittweten Königin von Ungarn, Maria, Statthalterin der Niederlande, war es ihm gelungen, in holländiſchen und frieſiſchen Häfen auf Koſten unternehmender Bürger, die den Vortheil für ihren Handel erwarteten, eine Flotte und ein Heer von 7000 Mann aus deutſchen und nordiſchen Abenteurern aufzubringen, mit welchen er im October zu Enckhuyſen und Medenblick unter Segel ging und nach einem gefährlichen Sturme mit geſchwächten Streitkräften am 9. Nov. 1531 zu Opslo (Chriſtiania) landete. Eifrige Prälaten hatten ihm ſo weit vorgearbeitet, daß bereits im Winter ein großer Theil des ſüdlichen Norwegens bis auf das Schloß Aggerhus, deſſen Vertheidiger Mogens Gyldenſtiern ihm [illegible], dem alten, durch Unglück gemilderten Herrſcher huldigte und der norwegiſche Reichsrath am St. Andreasabende dem Könige Friedrich Treue und Gehorſam aufkündigte. Aber das Glück lächelte Chriſtiern nur einen kurzen Winter. Zwar zeigte ſich der däniſche Reichsrath höchſt ſaumſelig in der Gefahr; deſto regſamer dagegen die Lübecker, beunruhigt aus Handelseiferſucht auf die kecken Holländer und in Hoffnung, durch kräftige Hülfe die nordiſchen Reiche noch mehr an ihr Intereſſe zu knüpfen. Standhaft hatten ſie am 1. Juli den kaiſerlichen Geſandten, der die Hanſen für den Vertriebenen gewinnen wollte, abgewieſen, und ſchon am 1. Sept. dem beſorgten Könige Friedrich, der Eilboten und Abgeordnete über einander ſchickte, Schiffe verſprochen, den fremden Krieg für den ihrigen erklärend. Ehe auch nur eine däniſche Jacht ausgerüſtet war, erſchienen im December vier lübiſche Orlogſchiffe vor Kopenhagen, deren Hauptleute von dem Reichsrathe auf das ſtattlichſte empfangen und beherbergt wurden; in Erbietung aller Freundſchaft und Verbürgung der frühern Privilegien nicht karg, erklärten die Herren, „die Lübecker hätten ſich in ſolcher Noth nicht als Nachbarn, ſondern als Väter Dänemarks erwieſen.“ Im Februar 1532 folgten unter dem Befehle zweier Rathsherren noch zwei andere Fahrzeuge; weil indeſſen die däniſche Flotte noch nicht beiſammen war, mußten ſie unthätig vor Kopenhagen den Frühling erwarten, indem ſie, wie billig, das unedle Anſinnen ablehnten, allein in dieſer Jahreszeit gegen den Feind auszulaufen. Hin und her gingen zwiſchen dem Hoflager Friedrichs und Lübeck Rathsherren und Abgeordnete; der königlichen Verſicherungen war kein Ende und die Sperrung des Sundes vor den Holländern als der billigſte Dank des Reiches betrachtet. Nach verdrießlicher Mahnung geſellte ſich in der Faſtenzeit nur ein Schiff zu den Lübeckern, welche aus Eifer, an den Feind zu kommen, dem umlagerten Aggerhus Hülfe brachten und, die Laſt des Krieges faſt allein tragend, mit holländiſcher Beute zurückkehrten. Erſt im Mai 1532 waren die läſſigen Dänen fertig, um mit dem lübiſchen Geſchwader, durch das Roſtocker, Stralſunder und Danziger verſtärkt, nach Norwegen unter Segel zu gehen. Dieſe Kampffertigkeit der Städte gab den Dingen bald eine andere Wendung; Chriſtiern, der ſich vergeblich auch an Schweden verſucht, räumte das Feld von Aggerhus, zog ſich unter Verluſten nach Opslo zurück und gab, gebeugt durch alte Erinnerungen und neue Widerwärtigkeiten, bald den Entſchluß auf, mit Waffengewalt ſich zu behaupten. Knud Goldenſtiern, erwählter Biſchof von Odenſee, befehligte die Flotte der Bundesgenoſſen mit unbeſchränkter Vollmacht und trat kraft derſelben am 14. Mai mit Chriſtiern in Unterhandlung, der, entmuthigt, den hochfahrenden Forderungen auf Norwegen entſagte und nach mancherlei Wendungen gegen zugeſichertes Geleit zum Oheim von Dänemark und zur Sühne ſich führen zu laſſen verſprach. In dem am 1. Juli zu Aggerhus geſchloſſenen Vergleiche verbürgte der bevollmächtigte Biſchof Sicherheit auf der Reiſe und aller Orten in Dänemark; ihn, wenn der Frieden ſich zerſchlüge, nach Norwegen oder nach Deutſchland zurückzubringen, Verzeihung für die abtrünnigen Norweger, und gelobte, falls nach dem Tode Friedrichs Volk und Stände Chriſtiern zum König erwählten, ihm nicht widerwärtig zu ſein. Lange ſträubten ſich die lübiſchen Abgeordneten und Hauptleute den Vertrag zu unterzeichnen; nur zum Kriege gegen Chriſtiern, nicht aber zu einem Tractate bevollmächtigt, der den Ueberwältigten in däniſche Hände gab und den Städten für die aufgewandten Koſten kein Unterpfand gewährte. Ihr mannhaftes Erbieten, den ſo förderlich begonnenen Krieg hinauszuführen, ward abgelehnt, und überredet, daß Alles mit Wiſſen des principalen Kriegführers geſchehe, willigten ſie endlich in die Unterſiegelung. Aber ſowie die ehrlichen Deutſchen übertölpelt waren, ſetzte unedle Klugheit Friedrichs auch ſeinen Bevollmächtigten in peinliche Verlegenheit. Noch vor der Beſiegelung des Vergleichs- und Geleitsbriefes waren aus Dänemark zwei Beamte angelangt, welche, die Vollmacht Goldenſtiern's beſchränkend, die bisher gepflogenen Unterhandlungen abzubrechen befahlen. Der Biſchof, an ſeiner Ehre verletzt, wenn ſeine ſo weit gediehenen Bemühungen ungültig erklärt würden, weigerte ſich der Rücknahme. König Chriſtiern, der bei ſo veränderten Umſtänden ſich gewiß nicht auf Gnade und Ungnade den Feinden ausgeliefert hätte, beſtieg ungewarnt am 8. Juli 1532 zu Opslo ein dän. Schiff, des freundlichſten Empfangs „wie der verlorene Sohn“ beim Oheime gewärtig, und kam in Kurzem auf die kopenhagener Rhede. Friedrich ergriff die willkommene Gelegenheit, aller Sorge um den Prätendenten überhoben zu werden; der Reichsrath entſchied ſich für die Aufhebung eines gegen den Befehl des Königs verheißenen Geleits, und als der ängſtliche Prälat, der Verantwortlichkeit ſich zu entziehen, den Gefangenen obenein beſchuldigte, durch verſchiedene Schritte unterwegs das Geleit gebrochen zu haben, und der däniſche und holſteiniſche Adel mit Guſtav den König Friedrich zur Verhaftung des gehaßten Gegners verpflichtete, ward man einig, vor der Welt den ſchändlichſten Treubruch zu begehen. Was ſollten die Bevollmächtigten der Hanſe jetzt Anderes thun, als dem Beſchluſſe ſich fügen! Mußten ſie doch ſogar, um für den Augenblick der verächtlichen Kriegführung entſchuldigt zu ſein, falls man den Geleiteten freiließe, gleichfalls auf ſeine Einſperrung dringen. So führte man den Unglücklichen, der noch immer Ausſöhnung hoffte, nach Sonderburg, wo ein Kerker, der bis auf ein Fenſter und ein Loch ſtatt der Thüre vermauert war, ihn furchtbar enttäuſchte und ihn in Geſellſchaft eines Zwerges der Hoffnungsloſigkeit eines lebenslänglichen Gefängniſſes preisgab. Vier däniſche und vier holſteiniſche Edelleute erhielten den Revers Friedrichs und ſeines Sohnes Chriſtian und bewachten den gehaßten Adelsfeind mit unerbittlicher Strenge. Auf weſſen Seite die Klugheit und der Gewinn, lag vor Augen; es war nicht einmal ein Act fürſtlichen Edelmuths, ſondern der Redlichkeit eines Privatmannes, den Berückten nach Norwegen zurückzuführen und ihm die Ergebung auf Gnade und Ungnade oder Fortſetzung des Krieges freizulaſſen; auf welcher Seite dagegen unwiederbringlicher Verluſt und Spott, erfuhren die Lübecker nur zu bald. Während dieſes Verlaufs in Norwegen war Friedrichs Verhältniß zu den Niederländern, die er als Bundesgenoſſen Chriſtierns betrachtet hatte, ein anderes geworden. Noch im Januar 1532 hatten lübecker Abgeordnete, unter ihnen Wullenweber, den König in Gottorp dringend erſucht, durch einen Tractat mit ihnen den Niederländern den Sund zu verſperren, und am 1. Mai war zwiſchen Dänemark und Lübeck ein Erbvergleich entworfen worden, kraft deſſen beide Theile alle weſterländiſchen Schiffe angreifen und den Krieg mit bedeutender Macht fortſetzen wollten. Eingewiegt durch die Hoffnung, zur ausſchließlichen Beſchiffung des Sundes berechtigt zu werden, hatten die Abgeſandten dieſen Entwurf nach Hauſe genommen, um ihn, vom Rath und der Bürgerſchaft gebilligt, am Johannistage zu vollziehen. Als aber die Holländer von einem ihnen ſo nachtheiligen Tractate Kunde erhielten und die Angelegenheiten ihres Schützlings eine ſchlechte Wendung nahmen, arbeiteten ſie gegen die Vollziehung deſſelben, indem auch der Statthalterin Maria und des Kaiſers Briefe verſicherten, jene dem landflüchtigen Könige geleiſtete Hülfe ſei nur auf Vorſchub einiger Privatleute erfolgt. Friedrich, nach entfernter Gefahr des lübiſchen Beiſtandes nicht mehr bedürftig, erkaltete in ſeiner Freundſchaft in dem Maße, daß er, ſtatt die gerechten Forderungen der Städte zu befriedigen, ein Handelsbündniß mit den Niederländern errichtete, ihnen die von den Lübeckern aufgebrachten Schiffe wiedergab, nur die Beſchiffung Norwegens, ſo lange Chriſtiern dort weilte, verbot und die Hanſen ohne ihr Wiſſen mit einſchloß. Dieſe gewiß nicht rühmliche Politik eröffnete den Getäuſchten die Augen und brachte nothwendig ein feindliches Verhältniß zum däniſchen Reiche hervor, welches in der furchtbaren Grafenfehde nicht eher ausbrach, bis das Duumvirat zweier merkwürdiger Männer die demokratiſche Reizbarkeit und Kräfte auf's Höchſte geſteigert und der Tod Friedrichs eine gewaltſame Umkehr der Dinge im Norden zu erleichtern ſchien.

Unter den Kriegsleuten, welche dem abenteuernden Könige nach Norwegen gefolgt, befand ſich Marx Meier, der früher zu Hamburg, ſeiner Vaterſtadt, das Handwerk des Hufſchmidts betrieben, aber aus Unbehagen am ruhigen Bürgerleben und aus Luſt zu hohen Dingen zu den Waffen gegriffen hatte und, wie es Brauch war zu damaliger Zeit unter rüſtigen Zünftlern, ein Landsknecht geworden war. Ihn ſchien die Natur zu einem andern Stande auserſehen zu haben, denn er war eine hohe kräftige Geſtalt mit einnehmenden männlich ſchönen Zügen, von geſchmeidigen und über ſein früheres Verhältniß gebildeten Umgangsformen, voll Gewandtheit in allen Lagen des Lebens, und dabei eines ſo unbezwinglichen Muthes, daß er die verwegenſten Anſchläge auf ſich zu nehmen nicht verzagte. Nach mancherlei Kriegsfahrten, von denen wir nur wiſſen, daß er im J. 1523 in der Belagerung Kopenhagens diente, hatte ihn ſein Stern nach Holland unter die Fahnen Chriſtierns und darauf nach Norwegen geführt. Durch perſönliche Tüchtigkeit flößte er ſeinen Gegnern ſolche Achtung ein, daß die Lübecker, als er im Frühjahr auf einem Schiffe in ihre Gewalt gerieth, ihn mit Bewilligung Friedrichs als Fähndrich in ihre Dienſte und nach mancher lobwürdigen That im Felde vor Opslo den bewährten Kriegsgeſellen mit nach Lübeck nahmen, wo alles im Norden entlaſſene Kriegsvolk den deutſchen Boden betrat. Hier eröffnete ſich dem ſchönen Fremdling in Kurzem eine verheißliche Heimat: das demokratiſche Lübeck war der Ort, in welchem ein geburtloſer, aber mit Fähigkeiten begabter und mit Selbſtbewußtſein auftretender Mann ſein Glück machen mußte; galt doch ſein früheres Handwerk als Empfehlung bei der Menge, welche die Zünftler an die Spitze des Staats zu ſtellen ſtrebte. Eben hatten die proteſtantiſchen Stände dem Kaiſer zum Danke für den nürnberger Religionsfrieden machtvolle Hülfe gegen Soliman zugeſagt, der im Frühjahre mit einem ungeheuren Heere nach Ungarn aufgebrochen war. Lübeck warb 800 auserleſene Knechte und übertrug dem Fremdlinge die Hauptmannſchaft. Marcus Meier, mit ſo ſtattlichem Befehle der angeſehenen Hanſeſtadt Lübeck betraut, eilte dem kaiſerlichen Heere zu, deſſen Erſcheinen und Schärtlin's Heldenthat am 19. September 1532 den Sultan vermochten, aus Oeſtreichs Grenzen eilig ſich zurückzuziehen. Als darauf das Reichsheer auseinanderging, kehrte der Stadthauptmann nach Lübeck heim und lenkte im ritterlichen Gefolge, mit vielen Pferden, in köſtlichen Kleidern noch mehr die Aufmerkſamkeit des

Haufens, beſonders aber der Frauen auf ſich. Frauengunſt gehört immer dazu, das Glück eines Abenteurers zu vollenden. Lübecks Frauen, auch die vornehmſten, erwieſen ſich dem jungen Kriegsmanne hold und vermehrten ſein Selbſtgefühl. B. Saſtrow, ein Zeitgenoſſe, berichtet, den Brief einer reichen Frau aus den erſten Geſchlechtern Hamburgs geleſen zu haben, worin die naiven Worte vorkommen: „Mein lieber Marx, wenn ihr denn alle Kapellen habt beſucht, ſo viſitirt auch einmal die Hauptkirche.“ Aber er wollte durch eine angeſehene Heirath ein ſichereres Glück gründen, als durch vorübergehende gefährliche Buhlſchaft. Im October 1532 war Herr Gottſchalk Lunte, jener demokratiſche Bürgermeiſter, geſtorben und ſeine Witwe, die ſchon vorher einen Mann gehabt, ſelbſt gegen der Freundſchaft Willen geneigt, unſerm Helden ihre reiche Hand zu geben. Aber ihre Hochzeit am Pfingſtſonnabend begleiteten allerlei unheilvolle Vorzeichen, obgleich ſie einen Beweis des populairen Anſehns des Mannes gaben. An demſelben Tage ſollte vor Lübeck ein Miſſethäter enthauptet werden; als der Nachrichter den erſten Streich verfehlte, entſtand ein Auflauf zu Gunſten des Unglücklichen, in deſſen Folge fünf Büttel erſchlagen wurden. Dem Unweſen konnte aber nicht geſteuert werden, weil zu derſelben Stunde Marx Meier mit großem Gepränge als Bräutigam in das holſteiner Thor eintritt und ihm der Stadthauptmann mit allen reiſigen Dienern ehrenhalber entgegengezogen war.

Marcus Meier, gehoben durch ſeine Perſönlichkeit, in der Gunſt des Volkes, das ſeinen Ritter bewunderte, den Erſten der Stadt kühn nahe getreten, mußte bald auf ſeiner Bahn einem Manne begegnen, den Geiſtesverwandtſchaft vor Tauſenden unausweichlich ihm zutrieb. Wullenweber und Marx Meier, der kecke Kriegsmann, dem die Welt gehörte, und der verwegen ſinnende Tribun, vor deſſen ehrgeizigen Blicken bereits ein anderes Lübeck, eine andere Hanſe, ein anderer Norden ſich geſtaltete. Die vertraute Bekanntſchaft beider Männer, der Austauſch ihrer Plane und Hoffnungen, die Berathung über der Stadt Angelegenheiten, mußten die Formen zerſtören, in welchen das Gemeinweſen ſich zeither bewegte, und eine leidenſchaftsvolle Thatkräftigkeit erwecken, welche die Heimat zur erſten Stadt des Nordens erheben oder auch ihr Verderben zur Folge haben konnte. Unentſchieden bleibe, wer von Beiden den Andern in die Höhe luftiger Plane trug; der Zeitgenoſſe H. Bonnus beſchuldigt den Kriegsmann, den beſonnenern, aber gläubig ihm ergebenen Tribunen mit ſich fortgeriſſen zu haben. Die Folge wird aber lehren, daß ein gleicher Fittig wohl Beide in gleich ſchwindelige Höhe führte.

So lange jener träge, dem Alten zugewandte Beſtandtheil des Rathes gegen jede Machtäußerung der Popularen proteſtirte, blieb die Kraft der Gemeine gelähmt. Er mußte zuvörderſt auf geſetzliche Weiſe ausgeſchieden werden. Unverkennbar hatte die Schlaffheit deſſelben die Stadt um alle Früchte des letzten Krieges gebracht und das wichtigſte Unterpfand ihrer Privilegien, den nordiſchen Prätendenten, den Dänen überliefert. Noch im Januar 1533 waren Abgeordnete von Lübeck den König in Holſtein mit dem Geſuch angegangen, ſie gegen die Holländer zu ſchützen, welche den Städten den Handel der Oſtſee allmälig entwanden, oder ihnen wenigſtens nur eine gewiſſe Anzahl Schiffe oder den Vertrieb gewiſſer Waaren zu verſtatten. Aber Friedrich, damals auf dem Krankenlager, hatte jede Abhülfe verweigert und die Geſandten obenein mit Vorwürfen entlaſſen. So auf ſich ſelbſt angewieſen, mußte die Volkspartei die Hinderniſſe kräftiger Beſchlüſſe im Rathe ſelbſt wegſchaffen. Zur Rechtsform verhalf dem Tribun ſeine Kenntniß der alten Verfaſſung. Nach dem Statute Heinrichs des Löwen ſollte in jedem Jahre der dritte Theil des Rathes abdanken, mithin „Niemand länger als zwei Jahre im Rathe ſitzen, falls nicht die Bürger aus beſondern Gründen auf eine Erſtreckung der Würde antrugen.“ Da nun der Nothſtand der Hanſen ein kräftiges Regiment forderte und häufiger Wechſel der Rathsſtellen dem demokratiſchen Ehrgeize ſchmeichelte, ſo ſetzte Wullenweber bei der Gemeine ohne Mühe die Herſtellung der alten Ordnung ins Werk, und der Rath mußte ſich am 21. Februar 1533 eine neue Wahl gefallen laſſen, der zufolge erſtens Wullenweber mit ſieben Kaufleuten in das Collegium gekoren und am 8. März an Luntens Stelle zum Bürgermeiſter erhoben wurde. So nun ans Ruder der Republik mit größtentheils Gleichgeſinnten geſtellt, berief Wullenweber nach acht Tagen die Gemeine auf's Rathhaus, ſchilderte beredtſam die Gefahr des hanſiſchen Handels bei dem wachſenden Verkehr der Niederländer in der Oſtſee und forderte ſie zum Kriege auf, um dem Ruin ihrer Wohlfahrt zuvorzukommen. Er erlangte zur Beſtreitung des koſtſpieligen Unternehmens ihre Einwilligung, das in Folge der Reformation eingezogene Kirchenſilber auf die Rüſtung zu verwenden, ließ auf dieſen unabweislichen Vorſchlag die in der Treſekammer bewahrten Kirchengeräthe zu Gelde machen und verſchonte ſogar den koloſſalen metallenen Kronleuchter zu St. Marien nicht. Eilig gingen darauf bei Beginn der Schifffahrt zwei Orlogſchiffe unter zwei neuen Rathsherren in See und durchſuchten alle Fahrwaſſer bei Bornholm und den däniſchen Inſeln. Als jedoch die Holländer, von der Feindſeligkeit unterrichtet, ihre Kauffahrer daheim hielten, legten ſie ſich lauernd in den Sund. Energiſcher wurde die kriegeriſche Maßregel, als Marx Meier, der eben Luntens Witwe heimgeführt, den Befehl des Kriegsvolks auf der verſtärkten Flotte bekam. Um die wenig ehrbaren Sitten des wilden Oberſten zu ſchildern, berichtet R. Kock als Augenzeuge, Meier ſei, als die Flotte vor Kopenhagen anlegte, mit den anderen Herren von Lübeck in vornehmen Häuſern aufgenommen worden, habe aber hier ſo wenig Behagen gefunden, daß er ſich zwei Stunden darauf mit ſeinen Trabanten unter Trommeln und Pfeifen in ein „gemeines Jungfernhaus“, allem Anſtande zum Hohn, der Neuvermählte, geleiten ließ. Auf die Kunde, daß an der Küſte Englands 24 holländiſche Kauffahrer lägen, ſegelten die Schiffe in die Nordſee; da dieſe aber in einem engliſchen Hafen Sicherheit geſucht, bemächtigten ſie ſich eines Spaniers und zweier Holländer, welche mit engliſchen Gütern auf Rechnung des Königs befrachtet waren. Mangel an Lebensmitteln nöthigte ſie Tages darauf, ſich in einem engliſchen Hafen zu verſorgen. Marx Meier, dem kein Unternehmen zu tollkühn, landete am 13. Auguſt 1533 mit 8 Knechten, unter ihnen R. Kock, mit kriegeriſchem Gepränge an der gefährlichen Küſte, ward aber, wie er drei Tage lang allerlei Unvorſichtigkeiten ausgeübt, weil er ohne Geleit war, in ſeiner Herberge als Seeräuber verhaftet und auf des Königs Befehl nach London in den Tower geführt. Entmuthigt durch des Hauptmanns Ausbleiben wagten die Zurückgebliebenen nicht, 20 Holländer in den Sund zu verfolgen; ihren Führer ſeinem Geſchick überlaſſend, ſegelten ſie, um Lebensmittel einzunehmen, in die Elbmündung. Aber Hamburg, in Beziehung auf die Holländer einer andern Politik folgend, weigerte ſich, jene zu verſorgen, weshalb ſie die Zeit verloren, die Bedürfniſſe aus Lübeck zu Lande herbeizuſchaffen, und nur durch die Ditmarſen einigen Vorſchub erhielten. Während widrige Winde und der Winter ſie in der Elbe feſthielten, durchſchifften die Holländer den Sund, beeinträchtigten aller Orten den lübſchen Handel und nahmen auch zwei Bergenfahrer.

Inzwiſchen war in dem däniſchen Reiche eine Veränderung eingetreten, welche auf einmal alle ſcheinbar beruhigten kirchlichen und bürgerlichen Verhältniſſe in Gährung brachte und eine unheilvolle Aera der Dinge heraufführte. Friedrich I. ſtarb am 10. April 1533 zu Gottorp und hinterließ vier Söhne verſchiedener Ehen, Herzog Chriſtian von Anna von Brandenburg, geb. am 12. Auguſt 1503, alſo ſchon in reifern Jahren, und Johann, Adolf und Friedrich aus der Ehe mit Boguslavs X. Tochter, ſämmtlich noch unmündig. Da kein Thronfolger ernannt war und der Adel ſich nur verpflichtet, einen Sohn des Königs überhaupt zu wählen, erwuchs der katholiſchen Partei, die einem langſamen, aber gewiſſen Untergange entgegenſah, die Hoffnung, ihre Kirche aus dem Verfalle wiederherzuſtellen. Den älteſten Prinzen empfahl zwar die männliche Reife ſeines Charakters, und er unterließ nicht, gleich nach des Vaters Tode dem Reichsrathe ſeine Perſon anzutragen, ſowie er auch in Kiel die Huldigung der holſteiniſchen und ſchleswigſchen Stände für ſich und ſeine Brüder eingenommen. Aber der Klerus haßte und fürchtete den eifrigen Reformator. Schon in ihrem Beginn war Chriſtian der neuen Lehre geneigt geworden; man erzählt, daß er bereits auf dem Reichstage zu Worms neckende Feindſchaft gegen Mönche und Pfaffen zu erkennen gegeben, indem er in Gegenwart des Kaiſers und der Fürſten unter der Predigt den Strick des Kapuziners, welcher durch ein Aſtloch der Kanzel blickte, feſtknötete, den heftigen Eiferer am Aufſtehen hinderte und dem erzürnten Kaiſer ſich offen zum Schelmſtück bekannte. An den Höfen deutſcher Fürſten zu etwas leichtfertiger Sitte herangewachſen, war er zugleich mit der neuen Lehre vertrauter geworden, hatte dieſelbe in den Erbländern eingeführt und ſchien daher der nationaldäniſchen, ſowie der katholiſchen Partei als Ausländer und als Anhänger Luther's bedenklich. Dagegen neigten ſich die Stimmen eines ehrgeizigen Adels, der ſein Wahlrecht im Umfange geltend machte, wenn er den jüngern Prinzen vorzöge, und die zur alten Kirche aufſtrebenden Biſchöfe für Herzog Johann. Erſt 12 Jahre alt, ließ er eine ihren Wünſchen bequemere Regentſchaft zu, und ſeinem jugendlichen Gemüthe konnte der Typus der alten Lehre wieder aufgedrückt werden, zu welcher eine nationalere Erziehung in Dänemark bereits den Grund gelegt. So wieſen denn die Reichsräthe Chriſtians Botſchaft, obgleich ſie an die Verdienſte ſeines Hauſes um Dänemark erinnerte, kaltſinnig ab und ſchrieben, ſtatt den Thron unverzüglich zu beſetzen, erſt auf Johannis einen Wahltag nach Kopenhagen aus, zu dem Chriſtian nicht einmal eingeladen wurde. Während der Herzog mit löblicher Zurückhaltung den „Herren“ die Entſcheidung überließ, brüderlich das Intereſſe der jüngern Geſchwiſter auf dem Landtage zu Kiel berieth, die Regierung für ſich, ſowie als Vormund derſelben antrat, führte die Wahlangelegenheit die Reichsräthe und den Adel zahlreich am Ende des Juni 1533 nach Kopenhagen.

Als man beliebt, dem innern Zuſtande die nächſte Aufmerkſamkeit zu widmen, traten die Biſchöfe mit ihrem überdachten Plane hervor und verlangten in einem kalten, entſchloſſenen Tone, unter Beſchwerdeführung gegen die vorige Regierung, völlige Wiederherſtellung Deſſen, was ihnen an Rechten, Einkünften, Kirchen genommen; endlich eine Aenderung des Odenſeer Receſſes, welcher eine nur der Geiſtlichkeit gebührende Jurisdiction über ſeine Hinterſaſſen dem Adel eingeräumt. Vergeblich wies dieſer auf die gefährlichen Folgen hin, welche der Zwiſt der erſten Stände in einer Zeit, da Krieg mit den Hanſen im Ausbruch und Chriſtierns geheime Partei ſich rege, nach ſich ziehen könnte; vergeblich forderte er Aufſchub der Entſcheidung bis nach geſchehener Königswahl; der ſtarre Eifer des Klerus, die Wichtigkeit des Moments erfaſſend, ließ nicht ab, bis der Adel in den erſten Tagen des Juli einen neuen Receß bewilligte, der zwar ſeine Rechte ſicherſtellte, aber die wichtigſten bisher für den Proteſtantismus gewonnenen Vortheile ſchnöde aufopferte. Nicht nur ward jede Reform gehemmt, ſondern die junge Kirche um ihre ſechs glänzendſten Jahre zurückgebracht. Als mit einem Striche der Klerus ſo Folgenreiches gewonnen, kam man auf den Hauptgegenſtand des Reichstages, die Wahl. Im Bewußtſein des eben erfochtenen Sieges erklärten die Biſchöfe ſich offen für Johann, als den geborenen Königsſohn und als einen an Sprache und Sitten national-däniſchen Prinzen, gegen den ältern Bruder ſeine fremde Erziehung, ſowie ſein leichtes Jugendleben einwendend; die weltlichen Stände dagegen, zum Theil aus Sorge für die neue Lehre und für die öffentliche Wohlfahrt, ſtimmten beharrlich für Chriſtian und brachten alle Vortheile in Anregung, welche die Wahl eines Mannes vor einem Kinde, eines bewährten Fürſten vor einem unerfahrenen, zumal bei der noch nicht beruhigten Partei des vertriebenen Königs, allen Verſtändigen aufdrängte. Aber die Biſchöfe, einzig ihr Intereſſe im Auge, wichen nicht von ihrem Entſchluſſe, und da die Erbitterten überall Verſtärkung ſuchten, die kopenhagener Bürger bereits unruhig ſich geberdeten, ſetzte der Klerus, dem Lande zum Verderben, den Aufſchub der Wahl bis auf ein ganzes Jahr durch, unter dem Vorwande: die norwegiſchen Reichsräthe, die man für dieſes Jahr nicht entboten, hinzuzuziehen. Dieſer Mittelweg verhieß beiden Parteien die Erreichung ihrer Wünſche; man ordnete für das verlängerte Zwiſchenreich die Verwaltung zu Händen der weltlichen und geiſtlichen Reichsräthe, und eine ſelbſtſüchtige Ariſtokratie, ſtatt dem harrenden Volke einen König zu geben, theilte ſich in die Attribute der höchſten Gewalt. Warme Freunde des Vaterlandes und der Verfaſſung, wie Erich Banner und Mogens Gioe, proteſtirten gegen eine Oligarchie, die, für die Dauer ſich feſtzuſetzen, ohne überhaupt einen König zu wählen, im Geheim urkundlich ſich zuſammenthat, und weigerten ſich, das Decret zu unterzeichnen; man begnügte ſich, die Magiſtrate zu Kopenhagen und Malmoe zur Wachſamkeit über ihre Bürger, denen man nicht traute, zu verpflichten, und ſchritt, unbekümmert um das wachſende Misvergnügen, als Regierungsſenat zu andern Geſchäften. Herzog Chriſtians Geſandten, nachdem ſie nochmals die Sache ihres Hauſes dem Reichsrath empfohlen und den Entſchluß deſſelben an den Tag gelegt, wie auch die Wahl ausfiele, ſich nie von den Intereſſen des Reichs zu trennen, erhielten in Betreff der Königswahl eine ausweichende, auf den Vorſchlag einer gemeinſchaftlichen Sendung an die Statthalterin der Niederlande, um ein Bündniß mit dem burgundiſchen Hauſe zu ſchließen, eine ſo günſtige Antwort, als der kluge Antrag verdiente, worauf denn däniſche und holſteiniſche Herren ſich nach Brüſſel auf den Weg machten.

Als der Reichsrath durch dieſen Schritt die Politik ausgeſprochen, welche er gemeinſchaftlich mit den Holſteinern, den perſönlichen Feinden des lübecker Regiments, in Beziehung auf die Hanſen befolgen wolle, ward die längſt harrende Botſchaft von Lübeck vorgelaſſen, die jene Orlogſchiffe Meier's im hohen Sommer nach Kopenhagen geführt. Mit der Beredtſamkeit und dem Freimuthe, welche einer feurigen und ſtolzen Seele bei erlittenem Unrechte zu Gebote ſtehen, ſchilderte Wullenweber als Sprecher die Dienſte, welche die Hanſen dem däniſchen Reiche mit Erſchöpfung ihres Staates, mit dem Blute ihrer Bürger erwieſen, und klagte laut über Undank, welcher für dieſe Wohlthaten jeden gerechten Lohn vorenthalte. Das Bündniß, welches König Friedrich ihnen in den Tagen der Gefahr vorgelegt, ſei ohne Gültigkeit und Erfolg geblieben; zur Abwehr genöthigt, um ihren ſinkenden Handel zu retten, hatten ſie zwar bereits Vortheile über die Gegner errungen; dieſe aber ſeien gegenwärtig mit ſolcher Schiffsmacht in der Oſtſee erſchienen, daß ſie am Erfolge verzagten, wenn nicht den Holländern der Sund verſchloſſen oder mindeſtens nur mit einer gewiſſen Zahl Schiffe und gewiſſen Waaren die nordiſchen Küſten zu beſuchen erlaubt würde. „Deshalb nun begehrten die Hanſen, als ſo treue und zuverläſſige Bundesgenoſſen, den kräftigſten Beiſtand des Reiches gegen die Holländer, welche nicht allein den Untergang des wendiſchen Handelsflors, ſondern auch den Schaden Dänemarks ſelbſt bezweckten." Dieſes Anſinnen ſetzte die Regentſchaft in nicht geringe Verlegenheit, was man mit einigem Scheine des Rechts dagegen eröffnen ſolle; ſie fürchtete das mächtige Lübeck, welches im Zwiſchenreiche, verbunden mit unzufriedenen Bürgern und den heimlichen Anhängern Chriſtierns, den gefährlichſten Krieg erregen konnte. Andererſeits war es gleich bedenklich, den Kaiſer, der die Sache des gefangenen Schwagers aufzugeben ſchien, in einer Zeit zu beleidigen, wo man mit einem burgundiſchen Bündniſſe umging und die Biſchöfe des Hauptes der katholiſchen Welt bedurften. Nach einer Zögerung von vielen Wochen gab man denn mit möglicher Schonung zur Antwort: „der Staat ohne König ſei außer Stande, ſich in die geforderte Verbindlichkeit einzulaſſen, welche außerdem einen zu erwählenden nicht verpflichten würde; Friedrichs I. Vertrag ſei nur ein Entwurf geweſen, an deſſen Erfüllung den Nachfolger nichts bände; der Regierungsſenat dürfe die Freiheit des Verkehrs mit Fremden nicht verkümmern, am allerwenigſten gegen eine Macht feindlich verfahren, mit der man eben ein befreundetes Verhältniß eingegangen. Die Hanſen möchten ſich beruhigen, bis der gewählte König Mittel zu ihrer Befriedigung fände."

Eine ſo unerwartete Abfertigung erfüllte den hochſtrebenden Bürgermeiſter mit Grimm über die Undankbaren, dem er ohne Erfolg mit Heftigkeit Luft machte. Die Lage des Reichs, welche gründlich zu beobachten ein zehnwöchentlicher Aufenthalt in der Hauptſtadt ihm Gelegenheit gab, verhieß die Ausführbarkeit ſeiner rieſigen Plane. Er trug ſich aber nicht allein mit dem Gedanken, am Reichsrathe für ſchnöde Undankbarkeit Rache zu nehmen; das ganze nordiſche Königthum ſollte den Unwillen der beleidigten Republik fühlen und der lübecker Herrſchaft, der lutheriſchen Lehre und dem freien Bürgerthume ein glanzvoller Schauplatz eröffnet werden. Um dieſe Aufgabe, des größten Mannes der alten Welt würdig, ins Ungeheure zu ſteigern, liefen alle Bedingungen in der Gegenwart zuſammen. Im Einverſtändniſſe mit Friedrich hatte Guſtav Waſa die Maske abgeworfen und die Verſöhnung mit der burgundiſchen Regentin geſchloſſen. In Beſorgniß um mehre nach Deutſchland geflüchtete Anhänger Chriſtierns hatte der Schwede bereits im Februar dieſes Jahres durch den Grafen von Hoya in den Oſtſeeländern geworben, und gebietend über eine gerüſtete Land- und Seemacht, trug er kein Bedenken, das Hülfsgeſuch der Lübecker gegen die Holländer, welches, gleichzeitig mit Wullenweber's Werbung in Kopenhagen, Geſandte und Briefe ihm gebracht, kurzweg, als mit dem Intereſſe ſeines Reiches unvereinbar, abzuſchlagen, noch vor der Antwort des däniſchen Reichsrathes. Dieſe Unfreundlichkeit Waſa's, dem Lübeck als Menſch und als König die weſentlichſten Dienſte geleiſtet, mag wol dem erbitterten Bürgermeiſter das ſtolze Wort eingegeben haben: „ſeine Stadt könne bald einen König wieder abſetzen, dem es ja allein zum Throne verholfen." Gewiß iſt, daß zur Zeit des Zerfalls mit dem däniſchen Reichsrath eine Spannung zwiſchen Lübeck und Schweden eintrat, demzufolge die Hanſen ſchwediſche Schiffe und Güter, ſelbſt für des Königs Rechnung, als Eigenthum eines ſäumigen Schuldners anhielten, und Guſtav, das Handelsprivilegium von 1523 widerrufend, das Vergeltungsrecht brauchte. Den Vorwurf des Undanks zu entkräften, behauptete er, „der Lübecker frühere Dienſte ſeien durch den eigenen Vortheil geboten und auch die ſchuldigen Summen längſt abgezahlt." Ein Vergleichsverſuch des Herzogs von Sachſen-Lauenburg, des Schwiegervaters Guſtavs, hatte nicht zu gutem Ende geführt, indem der deutſche Fürſt, den Städten verpflichtet, Bedingungen vorſchlug, welche ſein Eidam nicht eingehen zu dürfen glaubte.

Wullenweber, noch in Kopenhagen von dieſen Vorfällen unterrichtet, verzagte nicht, auch mit zweien Königreichen in den Kampf zu treten, und bereitete mit einer arg klugen, zugleich frommen Benutzung der Umſtände die Mittel. Längſt kannte er die Stimmung der Gemüther in der Hauptſtadt, eine Unzufriedenheit, die auf politiſchem und religiöſem Boden zugleich wucherte. Die Ariſtokratie, erſtarkt durch das Zwiſchenreich, erfüllte die Bürger mit Sehnſucht nach dem „guten Volkskönige", der unterdeſſen im Thurme zu Sonderburg auch den Tod ſeines einzigen Sohnes Johann beklagte. Auch die kirchliche Freiheit, welche Friedrich zögernd eingeräumt, ſchwebte in der drohendſten Gefahr. Die Biſchöfe, deren Einfluß im Reichsrathe nach Banner's und Gioe's Entfremdung überwog, ließen durch katholiſche Hofmeiſter den gefügigen Knaben Johann, als dereinſtigen katholiſchen König, erziehen und begannen unverzüglich die lutheriſchen Prediger zu verfolgen. Vor Allen war Hans Tauſen, der begeiſterte Lehrer der Bürger, ihnen ein Dorn im Auge, den ſie ſchon im Juli vor einem niedergeſetzten Gerichte frecher Beleidigung der biſchöflichen Gewalt beſchuldigten und ungeachtet ſeiner männlichen und frommen Vertheidigung aus Schonen und Seeland verbannten. Zwar brachte ein Aufſtand der Bürger, zu deren Unterſtützung Wullenweber die Mannſchaft ſeiner noch auf der

Rhede liegenden Schiffe einzeln in die Stadt gerufen, eine Milderung des Urtheils hervor, aber des thätigen Reformators Wirkſamkeit blieb in Kopenhagen unterbrochen. Was in der Hauptſtadt nicht vollkommen glückte, gelang in den Sprengeln; überall wurden die lutheriſchen Prediger verjagt, ſogar eingekerkert, die Kirchen eingezogen und ein Edict des Reichsrathes zur Unterdrückung gemisbraucht.

So bot der ſchweigende Unwille des im Heiligſten gekränkten Volkes, der Unmuth des Bürgers über die Verkümmerung durch die Ariſtokraten, die am Tage liegende innere Zerriſſenheit und Schwäche des Staates dem ſcharfſinnigen Dictator der Seeſtädte die Hand, um der Befeſtiger der neuen Lehre, der Wiederherſteller des niedergetretenen Bürger- und Bauernſtandes zu werden und die Bedeutung der Hanſe, als Aufhelferin der Volksfreiheit, gegen Adel und Hierarchie zu verherrlichen. Zu dieſem Werke — einem ruhmvoll großen, wenn ihm die Förderung der höchſten menſchlichen Intereſſen auch nicht klar zum Bewußtſein geworden; einem über ſeine Zeit erhabenen, wenn die ſittlichen Folgen ihm lebhaft vorſchwebten — gewann Wullenweber ſchon jetzt entſchloſſene Arbeiter. Der Zeit Noth und Gleichartigkeit der Natur verſtändigten mit ihm Ambroſius Bokbinder, einen geborenen Deutſchen, ſchon lange in Dänemark anſäſſig und mit der wichtigen Würde des Bürgermeiſters in der Hauptſtadt betraut. Ungeſtüm hatte dieſer ſeinen Eifer für die Reformation bereits im J. 1531 zu erkennen gegeben, indem er den Bilderſturm in der Liebfrauenkirche geleitet. Jürgen Kock, ein Weſtfale, durch Tüchtigkeit und Klugheit zum Bürgermeiſteramte in Malmoe, der zweiten Stadt des Reichs, gelangt, hatte hohes Vertrauen bei König Friedrich genoſſen; obgleich Stiefvater jenes kühnen Freibeuters und Admirals, des Klaus Kniphof, der im J. 1525 für Chriſtiern wacker gefochten und in Hamburgs Gefangenſchaft enthauptet worden war, hatte ihn der König mit Borreby belehnt, zum Ritter geſchlagen und ihm die Stelle des Münzmeiſters zu Malmoe gegeben, nach welcher er gewöhnlich Monter heißt. Pfäffiſche Zeitgenoſſen ſchildern ihn als einen Mann von furchterweckendem Aeußern, „der Sulla, Catilina und Simon Magus" in ſeiner Perſon vereinigte; durch Wucherkünſte habe er bedeutenden Reichthum erworben, wiewol gegen ſeinen Geiz die Armenſtiftung zeugt, die er zu Malmoe von dem verſchmähten Löſegelde des hingerichteten Sohnes fundirt hatte. Dieſen deutſchen Landsleuten, voll bürgerlichen Selbſtgefühls und religiöſen Eifers, voll Einfluß auf ihre Mitbürger, trat Wullenweber näher, und das Bürgermeiſtertriumvirat ward bald einig, der Argliſt und der Gewalt mit Gleichem zu begegnen. Für's Erſte bezweckte man noch nicht das Aeußerſte; die Bürgermeiſter hofften Freiheit der Lehre und Privilegien, wenn ſie Herzog Chriſtian auf den Thron beförderten. Sollte dieſer aber die Krone aus der Hand des Bürgerthums verſchmähen, ſo verſprach Wullenweber jede Hülfe ſeiner Republik, Unterwerfung des Adels, Aufnahme in den hanſiſchen Bund und den Sieg des Lutherthums, wenn die Städte ihre Thore und Häfen der hanſiſchen Kriegsmacht öffneten. Gelockt durch dieſe Ausſichten und die Verdienſtlichkeit ihrer That, gelobten Bokbinder und Monter Geheimhaltung und Mitwirkung ihrer Gemeinen; worauf Wullenweber, dieſe neue Welt voll Pläne in ſeinem Kopfe, in die Heimat zurückkehrte. Gewiß ſtammt aus dieſer Zeit ein Denkvers, den man zu Kopenhagen angeſchrieben fand:

Lübeck, klein und rein, verzage nicht.
Iſt Holland groß, die Buben ſind bloß, ſie thun's dir nicht.
Wenn zwei Könige du gemacht und den dritten aus dem Land getrieben,
Seid ihr noch gewaltige Herrn zu Lübeck geblieben.

Nicht beargwöhnt vom Reichsrathe, um deſſen Anſchläge ſie wußten, zumal um die beabſichtigte Auflöſung des königsloſen Reichs in eine Oligarchie, meldeten beide Bürgermeiſter insgeheim den Zuſtand der Dinge an den Herzog von Holſtein, mit dem Erbieten, ihm ihre Städte zu öffnen und ihn mit bewaffneter Hand auf den Thron zu heben; den gleichlautenden Antrag brachte ihm auch im Namen der Lübecker der zufällig anweſende franzöſiſche Geſandte. Aber weder dieſe noch ein dritter Unterhändler Wullenweber's bewegten den Herzog, den Melanchthon deshalb als Muſter brüderlichen Sinnes preiſt, aus der Hand des Bürgerthums und der feindlichen Nachbarn Dänemarks eine Krone zu empfangen, die er als einſeitiges Geſchenk des Adels verſchmäht hatte. Denn um dieſelbe Zeit hatten Banner, Gioe und Guldenſtiern, Letzterer im Einverſtändniß mit Monter, ihn beſchworen, zur Rettung des Staats das Scepter zu ergreifen. Aber Chriſtians ſo kluges als frommes Wort: „es ſei gegen Gottes Gebot, ein obrigkeitliches Amt ohne geſetzliche Berufung mit Liſt oder Gewalt an ſich zu nehmen," überließ die Edeln ihrem Schmerz über ihr zerrüttetes Vaterland.

Wir zweifeln an ganz reinen Motiven dieſer Selbſtverleugnung und glauben, Chriſtian habe zwar den Antrag der Lübecker mit Recht abgewieſen, weil er dem Staate zu große Opfer gekoſtet hätte; das Erbieten einer Partei dagegen abgelehnt, weil er durch geſteigerte Noth einſtimmige Wahl ertrotzen wollte. Die Zukunft klüglich erwägend, knüpfte er das Geſchick ſeiner Erbländer mit jedem Tage enger an das däniſche Reich. Als die gemeinſchaftliche Geſandtſchaft aus Gent mit dem geſchloſſenen Bündniſſe zurückgekehrt war, ſchrieb er dem Reichsrathe, zur Bekräftigung deſſelben einen Herrentag nach Odenſee anzuberaumen, worauf am 21. Sept. die Urkunden für Dänemark und die Herzogthümer ausgewechſelt wurden. Die Niederländer hatten ſich die Eröffnung des Sundes gegen gebührlichen Zoll ausbedungen, und beide Theile gelobten einen Hülfsvertrag im Fall eines Angriffs auf die Dauer von 30 Jahren; der Hanſen hatte man ſoweit geſchont, daß die Niederländer in gegenwärtiger Fehde auf däniſchen Beiſtand zwar verzichteten, jedoch ſolle ein Friede nur nach Uebereinkunft Beider geſchloſſen werden. Für Holſtein war ein Jahrgeld von 6000 Ducaten ausgeſetzt, welches den Herzog nöthigen Falls zur Stellung von Kriegsvolk verpflichtete; dieſelbe Summe ſeinem Bruder Johann verſchrieben, wenn ihn die Wahl träfe. Aber Chriſtian, der fernen niederländiſchen Hülfe nicht allein trauend, lud die Reichsräthe auch zu Abſchließung eines gegenſeitigen Schutzbündniſſes ein, welche dieſe für beide Staaten ſo förderliche Union nicht ablehnen konnten, ſo ungern die katholiſche Partei eine Einheit der Intereſſen beider anerkannte, weil ſie den Weg zur Einheit der Herrſchaft bahnte. Da die Gefahr vor einem Kriege mit den Hanſen ſich immer offener ausſprach, wurde von Odenſee zugleich eine Geſandtſchaft an König Guſtav abgeordnet, um, nach allen Seiten äußerlich geſichert, den drohenden Dingen entgegengehen zu können.

Drittes Capitel.

Ritter Marcus Meier in Windſor. Svante Sture in Lübeck. Congreß zu Hamburg. Graf Chriſtoph von Oldenburg. Holſteiniſche Fehde.
1534.

Unter dieſen Rüſtungen der Kronen gegen einen noch nicht ausgebrochenen hanſiſchen Krieg war Wullenweber mit ſeinem Groll gegen die Reiche, mit ſeinen noch verſchwiegenen Plänen nach Lübeck zurückgekehrt und berieth im Winter mit den Freunden die weitern Mittel, beſonders mit dem verbrüderten Admiral, welchen ein Abenteuerglück ohne Gleichen mit neuen Ehren und Ausſichten der Heimat wiedergegeben. Wir verließen Marcus Meier im Tower, als ein gefangener Seeräuber des Todes am Galgen gewärtig. Schon war nach längerer Einkerkerung das Urtheil über ihn gefällt, als unerwartet eine Verknüpfung von Umſtänden ihn erſt aus dem Kerker, dann an den Hof Heinrichs VIII. nach Windſor führte. Die Freunde daheim im Rathe, wie ſie ſein Misgeſchick erfuhren, waren nicht ſäumig, um für die Rettung des wichtigen Mannes Vorſchreiben ergehen zu laſſen. Da obenein hanſiſche Kaufleute in London Bürgſchaft für die von ihm angegriffenen Güter leiſteten, ward er aus der Nähe des Todes zuerſt auf freien Fuß geſtellt. Daß er aber gleich darauf nicht allein an den Hof gerufen, ſondern, nach ehrenvoller Aufnahme, am 8. November 1533 von der Hand des Königs zum Ritter geſchlagen, mit einer goldenen Kette begnadigt und mit anſehnlichem Jahrgelde in die Beſtallung des Königs aufgenommen wurde, ſind Wechſelereigniſſe, welche, dem Leben des auf dem Galgen ſitzenden Hufſchmidts Unheil weiſſagend, das Gepräge des Abenteurers vollenden und ſich nicht hinlänglich aus vorhandenen Nachrichten begründen laſſen. Spätere Schriftſteller am Ende des Jahrhunderts behaupten, die Zungengewandtheit und das einſchmeichelnde Weſen des modernen Reinecke hätten ihn vom Galgen losgeſchwatzt und den leichtgläubigen König Nobel mit der Ausſicht auf die däniſche Krone geködert, die er ihm in Wullenweber's Namen bot, um nur zuvörderſt loszukommen und das mächtige England für die hanſiſchen Pläne zu gewinnen. Wenn nun auch in den Bedrängniſſen der folgenden Fehde Lübecks Volkshäupter überall Anhalt ſuchten, um nicht zu verſinken, und Heinrich VIII. wirklich in die chimäriſchen Hoffnungen Meier's einging, ſo ſcheint doch die Gnade, welche der König damals dem gefangenen Hauptmann erwies, als die Hanſe noch keinen Fußbreit Landes in Dänemark beſaß, mit der ſpätern ſchwindeligen Politik in keiner Verbindung geſtanden zu haben, ſondern aus naheliegenden Verhältniſſen erklärt werden zu müſſen. Heinrich VIII., eben in jenen Eheſcheidungsproceß verwickelt, der die Losreißung Englands vom römiſchen Stuhle beförderte, hatte am 14. Nov. 1532 die ſchöne Anna Boleyn geheirathet, die ihm am 7. Sept., gerade als Meier im Tower ſaß, die Eliſabeth gebar. Feindſchaft mit Kaiſer Karl V., dem Neffen der verſtoßenen Katharina, ſowie mit der geſammten katholiſchen Welt, war Folge jener ärgerlichen Verbindung, und politiſche

Gründe machten dem Könige deshalb die Freundſchaft der deutſchen Proteſtanten und der Hanſe wichtig, wozu gewiß die Vorſpiegelungen des gewandten Abenteurers das Ihrige beitrugen. Wie dem auch ſei, an jenen Austritt Meier's aus dem Kerker knüpft ſich ein näheres Verhältniß zwiſchen England und dem Haupte der „Oſterlingen,“ und der erſte Unterhändler kehrte in ſtolzer Geſtalt, als Ritter mit prunkender Gnadenkette am 13. Januar 1534 heim.

Der Ritter des Volks und der Bürgermeiſter, die Erfahrungen und Beobachtungen ſeit ihrer Trennung austauſchend, entwickelten den Beſtand ihrer Hoffnungen zu neuen kühnern Combinationen, und ſchritten ernſtlich an das Werk, in den wirr durcheinander laufenden Verhältniſſen die Fäden ihrer Pläne zuſammenzuziehen. Die Gegenwart entſprach nicht ihren Erwartungen. Der Krieg mit Holland hatte kein günſtiges Ende genommen; die Orlogſchiffe überwinterten in der Elbe, während die Holländer dem hanſiſchen Verkehr unberechenbaren Schaden zufügten und nach einander 18 Kauffahrer wegnahmen. Zwar hatte ein neues Geſchwader von 18 Schiffen die Fremden aus dem Sunde gejagt und die Holländer von ihrer ganzen Seemacht und den Priſen im ſtürmiſchen Herbſte nicht mehr als ſechs Schiffe heimgebracht; aber zufolge der Einladungen Guſtavs, des über Lübecks Trotz und Hochmuth erbitterten Schweden, fand der holländiſche Admiral Gerdt van Mechern alle ſchwediſchen Häfen zur Unterſtützung offen und konnte von Seiten Dänemarks denſelben Vorſchub erwarten. Schwedens und Dänemarks Union und Schutzbündniß, am 2. Februar 1534 zu Stockholm unter Bedingungen abgeſchloſſen, welche die Wachſamkeit auf die gegenſeitige Wohlfahrt und Furcht vor Lübeck zu erkennen gaben; darauf erneute Beſchlagnahme lübiſcher Güter und Perſonen ließen an den ernſthafteſten Maßregeln der Kronen zum Verderben der Hanſe nicht zweifeln, und forderten das an materiellen Kräften ſo viel ohnmächtigere Lübeck auf, keinen Vortheil, um Uneinigkeit in Schweden und in Dänemark auszuſäen, von ſich zu weiſen; eine Betriebſamkeit, in welcher Meier wie Wullenweber ſeinen Meiſter ſuchte. In Schweden ſelbſt war noch viel Gährungsſtoff vorhanden. Der König des Adels gefiel nicht durchaus den Bürgern und Bauern, den Anhängern der alten und neuen Kirche. Stockholms Bürger, zumal die deutſchen, hätten gern den Glanz des Königsſitzes mit der Aufnahme in die Hanſe vertauſcht und waren kühnen Neuerungen nicht abgeneigt. Mecklenburg herbergte viele flüchtige und unzufriedene Schweden nach der Kataſtrophe Chriſtierns, wie Berend von Molen, Aſche von Werden und Guſtav Trolle, die ſich allmälig in Lübeck zuſammenfanden. Wichtiger aber war es, daß Wullenweber und Meier eines Mannes ſich bemächtigten, der, dem Könige nahe verwandt, durch ſeinen Abfall ihm in der öffentlichen Meinung ſchaden mußte. Graf Johann, aus dem alten weſtfäliſchen Hauſe Hova, Gemahl der Schweſter des Königs und von demſelben mit einem Theile von Finnland belehnt, hatte mit der Zeit das Verhältniß zum gebieteriſchen Schwager, der doch an Geburt, nur ein gewöhnlicher ſchwediſcher Edelmann, unter ihm ſtand, unbequem gefunden, und war ſchon bei der erſten Spannung zwiſchen Lübeck und der Krone auf die Seite des erſtern getreten, dem er ſich für Zahlung ſchwediſcher Rückſtände verbürgt hatte. Der aufmerkſame Herrſcher, von jener Sinnesänderung zeitig unterrichtet, hatte ihn zu ſich eingeladen, um ihm über die Verführer die Augen zu öffnen; aber der Graf begehrte ſtatt deſſen Erlaubniß, aus Wiborg, ſeinem Lehne, nach Deutſchland zu gehen, um ſeiner Geſundheit zu pflegen, und begab ſich mit ſeiner Gemahlin, die nichts Arges beſorgte, nach Reval. Von hier meldete er dem Könige, „ſeine Ehre geböte, ſich als rechtlicher Bürge den Lübeckern zu ſtellen,“ und eilte, ſeine Familie zurücklaſſend, unaufgehalten durch den Heermeiſter von Liefland, Walther von Plettenberg, durch Preußen nach Lübeck, während Erick Flemming, zu ſeiner Verhaftung abgeſchickt, Wiborg einnahm. Des vornehmen Unzufriedenen Gegenwart ſchien zwar die Feindſchaft der Hanſen gegen Waſa zu rechtfertigen; aber ein flüchtiger, naturaliſirter Schwede und ein ausgebürgerter Deutſcher, war er noch nicht der rechte Mann, deſſen die lübecker Volksführer bedurften, um in dem Herzen des ſchwediſchen Volkes Zwieſpalt anzuſtiften. Sie brauchten einen Kronprätendenten. Am Hofe Herzogs Magnus von Lauenburg verweilte Svante Sture, des letzten Reichsverweſers Sohn, aus einem Geſchlechte, deſſen Verdienſte um Schweden denen des verwandten Waſa an die Seite geſtellt werden konnten. Der Jüngling, 16 Jahre alt, war vom Könige an den deutſchen Hof geſchickt worden, um ſich in ritterlichen Sitten und Eigenſchaften auszubilden. In einem Sture, dem Sohne Steen's, dem Enkel Svante's, ſetzten die ſchwediſchen Verbannten den Ehrgeiz voraus, als Nebenbuhler um die Krone gegen den Waſa aufzutreten. Sie wußten nicht, daß den Jüngling die Liebe zur ſchönen Margarethe Leionhufwud, des Reichsmarſchalls von Weſtergothland Tochter, an die Heimat knüpfte und er, auch ſonſt ohne Energie, ein genußreiches Stillleben dem Kampfe um eine glänzende Zukunft vorzog. Den Unerfahrenen lockte ein Lübecker unter dem Vorwande nach Möllen, er habe dort ſchöne Pferde geſehen, um die jener unlängſt ſeine Mutter gebeten. Voll Freude und geſpannt auf ein angeblich geheimes Gewerbe ſeiner Mutter, nahm er Urlaub vom Hofe, reiſte nach Möllen, fand nicht das Erwartete, wol aber trat ihn ſpät Abends der Lübecker mit der Eröffnung an, „ein Ritter Marx Meier harre ſeiner Bekanntſchaft.“ Sture merkte Unheimliches, da die Herberge ſich mit Reitern füllte; gleichwol vermochten Reineckens ſeelengewinnende Worte diesmal nichts. Umſonſt erhob Meier die Verdienſte und das Anſehen der Sture, ergoß ſich in Klagen über den undankbaren Waſa, den eingedrungenen Throninhaber, umſonſt bot er ihm die ſeinem Hauſe zuſtehende Krone. Der Jüngling blieb gewaffnet gegen alle Verlockungen, „die ihn und ſein Geſchlecht ins Verderben ſtürzen würden.“ Auf die geäußerte Sorge um den Verluſt ſeiner Erbgüter rief Meier mit jenem hanſiſchen Geldtrotze: „Wir Herren von Lübeck ſind reich und mächtig genug, Euch ſchadlos zu halten!“ Als der Sture aber bei ſeiner Weigerung verharrte, unverblendet gegen den Glanz der Krone, gab der lübiſche Ritter den ſchmeichelnden Ton auf und verließ ihn mit den Worten: „Will Sture nicht in Gottes Namen, ſo ſoll er in des Teufels Namen.“ — Bald erſchien ein Rathsherr mit 30 Reitern und führte den Erſchrockenen gefangen nach Lübeck, mit dem Scheine des Vergeltungsrechtes, da ſeit dem Februar in Schweden alle zufällig anweſenden hanſiſchen Bürger ergriffen worden waren. Man beherbergte den Sture zwar ſtattlich und ließ ihn auf Ritterwort frei umhergehen, überhob ſich aber noch nicht verführeriſcher Künſte. Meier beſchenkte den Junker mit einem koſtbaren Sammetrocke und glaubte ſeines Werkes ſich ſchon ſo weit gewiß, daß er ſich ein beſonderes Siegel anfertigen ließ, um in Sture's Namen aufreizende Briefe nach Schweden zu beſiegeln. Da aber nichts den Funken des Familienehrgeizes in dem Herzen des Jünglings anfachte und er ſeine Befreiung vom Rathe forderte, gab ihn dieſer los, „damit er ſich mit Meier, deſſen Gefangener er ſei, abfände.“ Aber dieſem verweigerte der Trotzige die verlangte Urphede und ward dann endlich am Tage der Hochzeit der Stieftochter Meier's, zu Ehren der fürſtlichen Gäſte, unter denen ſich auch die Herzogin von Sachſen-Lauenburg, Sture's Gönnerin, befand, freigegeben. Nach Lauenburg zurückgekehrt, blieb er, um allen Verdacht zu verſcheuchen, in Deutſchland. Wenig großmüthig vergalt König Guſtav dem ehrlichen Knaben, der ihm böſe Händel hätte bereiten können, ſeine Treue. Im J. 1537 nahm er als Nebenbuhler Dem die Braut, der mit i[illegible] um die Krone zu buhlen ſich geweigert hatte. Nur die Geiſtesgegenwart der Königin rettete dem Sture das Leben, als der finſtere Waſa ihn zu den Füßen der Treuloſen einſt überraſchte; „er wirbt um meine Schweſter Märeta,“ ſprach Margaretha, und der Getäuſchte ward ohne Liebe des Königs Schwager. — Als es Wullenweber und ſeinem Stadthauptmanne misglückt war, einen Kronprätendenten aufzuſtellen, beſchränkten ſie ihre Pläne auf das näherliegende und des Sundes wegen wichtigere Dänemark, während die Spannung zu Schweden fortdauerte und der Seeverkehr an jenen Küſten geſtört blieb. Richtigen Blicks ermeſſend, daß nach Demüthigung Dänemarks oder dauernder Verpflichtung der niederländiſche Handel im Oſten gebrochen wäre, daß ſie aber den Kampf mit beiden zugleich nicht aushielten, wandten die Herren von Lübeck ſich auf friedlichere Gedanken zu Burgund, um gegen Dänemark freie Hand zu bekommen. Sehr erwünſcht war der Vermittelungsverſuch der Städte Hamburg, Lüneburg und Danzig, welche um Mittfaſten 1534 einen Tag nach Hamburg anberaumten. Der Congreß verſammelte von nah und fern die Abgeordneten aller Mächte, welche die ſo folgenreiche Angelegenheit des Nordens betheiligte. Auch die übrigen wendiſchen Städte ſchickten ihre Geſandten; Stralſund den Nikolaus Smiterlow, den entſchiedenen Gegner des demokratiſchen Princips. Während die übrigen ſtädtiſchen Botſchaften ganz ehrbar und friedlich in Hamburg einfuhren, repräſentirte Wullenweber durch ſeinen Einzug die vermeſſene, trotzige Haltung der neuen Volksherrſchaft. Als ſein Amtsgenoſſe, Joachen Gerken, mit ſeinen Begleitern im beſcheidenen Rollwagen bereits die Stadt betreten, ritt Wullenweber mit Hans von Elpen, den beiden Stadthauptleuten, Friedrich von dem Werder und Marx Meier, mit ſeiner Gnadenkette um den Hals, in vollem Harniſch, an der Spitze von 60 bewaffneten Reiſigen unter klingendem Spiel und wehenden Fahnen wie in eine eroberte Stadt ein, zum nicht geringen Verdruß der übrigen größtentheils ariſtokratiſchen Geſandten. Als burgundiſche Bevollmächtigte waren erſchienen: Georg von Oeſtreich, Biſchof von Brixen, und Maximilian Transſilvanus; auch holſteiniſche Edelleute hatten ſich eingefunden, die Intereſſen ihres Landes zu verwahren. Den kaiſerlichen Räthen entging nicht die Spaltung unter den Städteboten, welche ihnen gegenüber entſchiedene Haltung verhinderte. Wullenweber, im vollen Bewußtſein der Kraft ſeiner Gemeine, fand an dieſen heimlichen Gegnern, welche den gemeinſamen Vortheil perſönlichen Rückſichten nachſetzten, mancherlei Widerſtand, der ihn zu heftigerm Begehren reizte, von den Burgundern klüglich benutzt wurde. Entſchloſſen lehnten ſie das Anſinnen ab, nur jährlich mit 12 Schiffen den Sund zu befahren, behauptend, nach dem Völkerrechte müßte den Niederländern die Fahrt auf der Oſtſee ſo frei ſtehen als den hanſiſchen Kaufleuten die Weſtſee. Als der ſtolze Wullenweber keinen Halt an ſeinen Mitgeſandten fand und der ſtralſunder Bürgermeiſter ſogar wie prophetiſch ihm zurief: „Herr Jürgen, ich bin bei vielen Handlungen geweſen, habe aber nie geſehen, daß man ſo verfährt als Ihr; Ihr werdet mit dem Kopf an die Mauer laufen, daß Ihr auf dem Hintern werdet ſitzen gehen;“ als ferner die holſteiniſchen Edelleute ihn mit höhniſchen Worten kränkten, verließ er am 31. März im Zorn die Verſammlung und ritt ſpornſtreichs mit Meier nach Lübeck zurück, theils um ohne Wiſſen ſeines Anhangs keine Verbindlichkeiten einzugehen, theils um über das unpolitiſche Benehmen ſeiner Mitgeſandten Klage zu führen, die, um nicht abweſend verurtheilt zu werden, ſich auf einem kürzern Wege gleichfalls heimbegaben. Die plötzliche Rückkehr der Abgeordneten erfüllte die Stadt mit Getümmel; eine ariſtokratiſche Partei, die in ſeiner Abweſenheit gegen das Verbot des jüngſten Receſſes eine aufrühreriſche Verſammlung gehalten und gewaltſame Maßregeln vorbereitet, verlangte ſtürmiſch, der Rath ſolle Wullenweber über die Vorgänge auf dem Congreſſe zur Rechenſchaft ziehen, während Andere furchtſam die Stadt zu verlaſſen ſich anſchickten. Wullenweber beſtieg ſelbigen Nachmittag die Kanzel der Marienkirche, wohin die Vierundſechziger mehr denn tauſend Bürger verſammelt hatten, entwickelte in lebendigem Vortrage ſeine patriotiſchen Abſichten und den Grund ſeiner ſchleunigen Entfernung aus Hamburg, und klagte in den bitterſten Worten ſeine Amtsgenoſſen und die Abgeordneten der übrigen Stände an, welche, verblendet über den Vortheil der Hanſen, ſeinen Forderungen ſich widerſetzten. In gleicher Weiſe rechtfertigte er ſich Tages darauf im ſogenannten „langen Hauſe“ vor einer nochmaligen Gemeineverſammlung und beſchuldigte offener die Misgunſt und den Neid ſeiner Gegner, die ihm ſogar nach dem Leben getrachtet hätten. Dieſe nothgedrungene Demagogenkühnheit hatte den erwünſchten Erfolg, zu ſeiner Zeit den Rath der ariſtokratiſchen Beimiſchung ganz zu entledigen. Für jetzt begnügte ſich Wullenweber, in der Volksgunſt neu befeſtigt, die vornehmſten ſeiner Widerſacher eine Zeitlang zu verhaften, obgleich er ſie an ihrem „freien Höchſten“ ſtrafen konnte, und eilte dann, einverſtanden mit ſeiner Partei, nach Hamburg zurück. Jetzt gelang es dem Eifer der hamburger und anderer Geſandten, wenn auch nicht einen Frieden, doch einen Waffenſtillſtand auf vier Jahre abzuſchließen, während welcher der burgundiſchen Flagge die Schifffahrt auf der Oſtſee freiſtehen ſollte. Wullenweber willigte in ein Zugeſtändniß, gegen welches er kurz vorher die Macht des ganzen Nordens aufzubieten im Begriff war, indem er nach vier Jahren die nordiſche Welt umgeſtaltet wähnte; in gleicher Hoffnung nahmen die kaiſerlichen Räthe die vorläufig freie Schifffahrt an und begriffen, zum Anzeichen heimlicher Sinnesänderung, Dänemark und die Herzogthümer nicht in dieſen Vertrag.

Um ungehindert durch die Ariſtokratie die Staatsmacht ausſchließlich auf den däniſchen Krieg verwenden zu können, betrieb der Bürgermeiſter Sonnabends nach Oſtern durch das aufgebrachte Volk die geſetzlich gewordene Ausſcheidung der noch aus älterer Zeit gebliebenen Senatoren; dem Gebote bequemten ſich widerſtrebend der alte Joachim Gerken, Anton von Stiten u. A., und überließen der demokratiſchen Partei das unumſchränkte Regiment. Wir werden erfahren, wie Lübecks Vorgang zu Stralſund und den andern wendiſchen Städten eine gänzliche Umbildung, nicht ohne Tumult, zur Folge hatte.

Als Wullenweber nach allen Seiten ſo freien Spielraum für ſeine kräftige Seele gewonnen, bot ſich ihm der Beiſtand einer auswärtigen anſehnlichen Macht. Auf der durch M. Meier angebahnten Verbindung mit den Hanſen weiter fußend, ſchickte Heinrich VIII. eine Geſandtſchaft an die Städte, welche in Hamburg gelehrten Beiſtand gegen die römiſchen Doctoren nachſuchte und erhielt, in Lübeck dagegen auf ein weltliches Bündniß in Englands kirchlichen und politiſchen Fehden antrug. Dem Verlangen des Königs gemäß ſchickte der Rath einen Rechtsgelehrten und jenen Johann von Elpen nach England, mit der Vollmacht, den Schutzvertrag abzuſchließen, ausgefertigt am 31. Mai 1534. Glaublich wird verſichert, daß ſchon damals die ausſchweifende Politik Heinrichs in Lübecks Anerbieten wegen der däniſchen Krone einging und den Hanſen 10,000 Pf. Sterling, gleichſam als Kaufgeld, zahlte. Die öffentliche Meinung unter den Proteſtanten mußte dieſe Annäherung Lübecks an England beſtechen, da ſie der religiöſen Streitfrage bedeutſam ſich anſchloß.

Ein böſes Zeichen war es jedoch, daß unter dieſen Vorbereitungen die Geiſtlichkeit jene Oppoſition gegen den Rath unternahm, welcher die Ariſtokratie öffentlich entſagt hatte, und ſie das Gewiſſen des unklaren Haufens mit Bedenken erfüllte. Der gelehrte H. Bonnus, Stadtſuperintendent zu Lübeck, fühlte ſich entweder aus Vorurtheil für die Patricier, oder aus religiöſen Gründen, oder endlich aus Beſorgniß für das holſteiniſche Haus, wo er Prinzenerzieher geweſen, berufen, von der Kanzel gegen die unerhörten Neuerungen der Volkspartei zu eifern. Als ſein Beſtreben nichts fruchtete, bat er in einem vortrefflich geſchriebenen Memorial am 4. Mai den Rath um ſeinen Abſchied, „indem ſein Gewiſſen ihn beſchwere, Ueberwältigung geſetzlicher Obrigkeit durch den „gemeinen Mann“ ungeahndet zu laſſen, und er der wachſenden Ruchloſigkeit nicht ſteuern könne.“ Merkwürdig iſt, daß er auf das fanatiſche Reich, das eben in Münſter auf der Höhe ſtand, warnend hinwies und, eine geiſtes-geſunde Demokratie mit dem Wahnſinne der Wiedertäufer in Verwandtſchaft bringend, durch unglückliche Verwechslung der Begriffe, als der Erſte dem Bürgermeiſter die hämiſche Beſchuldigung zuſchob, der dieſer ſpäter unterlag. Gleichwol frommte der kühne Schritt des Prieſters nichts; ſeine Entlaſſung ward nicht angenommen, ihm vielmehr zur Strafe auf ein halbes Jahr die Kanzel verboten. Wie dieſe zum Schweigen verurtheilte geiſtliche und weltliche Oppoſition in der Stille den Organismus des Staats lähmte, wird die Folge lehren. — Um den gereiften Kriegsplan gegen Dänemark auszuführen, fehlte es bis jetzt an einem Feldherrn, der, fürſtlichen Blutes, dem Unternehmen Glanz und Förderniß gewähre, als Anhänger Luther's das Volksintereſſe gewänne und zugleich in ſeiner Perſon einen Rechtsgrund zur Ergreifung der Waffen böte. Ein mit allen dieſen Eigenſchaften verſehener Fürſt ſtellte von ſelbſt ſich dar, als Wullenweber im Gedränge benachbarter Prinzen ausſpähte. Chriſtoph, Graf zu Oldenburg, Johanns XIV. Sohn, geboren 1504, war durch ſeinen Großvater Gerhard ſowol ein Vetter des gefangenen Chriſtiern als des Herzogs von Holſtein. Nur mit einem ſpärlichen Erbe, einem Kloſtergute im Oldenburgiſchen, bedacht und deshalb der Kirche beſtimmt, war er zwar Domherr zu Köln und Bremen, aber ſein kriegsluſtiger Sinn hatte ſich wenig mit dem geiſtlichen Berufe vertragen. Nachdem er eine gelehrte Jugendbildung genoſſen, gewann ihn Ueberzeugung und der Aufenthalt am Hofe des Landgrafen Philipp für die neue Lehre, die er aus Luther's und Melanchthon's Büchern fleißig ſtudirte. Im großen Bauernkriege hatte er unter den Fahnen des Landgrafen und Georgs von Sachſen gegen Münzer verführte Schaaren wacker gefochten und ſeitdem nur das Schwert zur Seite gelegt, um den Wiſſenſchaften obzuliegen. In den bekannten Pack'ſchen Händeln (1528) hatte er die fränkiſchen Hochſtifter heimgeſucht und gleich darauf (1529) unter Pfalzgraf Philipp Wien gegen Soliman vertheidigen geholfen. Seine Neigung für den unglücklichen Chriſtiern bekundete unbezweifelt ein Einfall in Holſtein während des norwegiſchen Krieges im J. 1531. Auf die Klage des Herzogs zur Schadloshaltung war er nach Hamburg zu jenem allgemeinen nordiſchen Congreſſe gezogen und dort zuerſt mit dem Bürgermeiſter und mit M. Meier bekannt geworden. Gleichwol hat ein engeres Anſchließen damals noch nicht ſtattgefunden, indem am 31. April 1531 zwiſchen Holſtein und den Grafen von Oldenburg der Vergleich getroffen, aber noch nicht ratificirt wurde, daß die Grafen zum Schadenerſatz dem Herzoge mit einem Fähnlein zwei Monate unentgeltlich gegen Jeden, den Kaiſer ausgenommen, dienen ſollten. Ein ſolcher Mann, jung und blühend, als Krieger in Ruf, leicht erwärmt für jeden Antrag, der ihm außer Ehre und Macht noch ſittliche Befriedigung verſprach, eine unerläßliche Bedingung für dergleichen feinere Naturen, die dann gleichwol den moraliſchen Vorbehalt nicht zu ſcrupulös zu unterſuchen pflegen; eifriger Proteſtant, gemüthvoll und Seelenruhe in bedrängter Zeit aus den Claſſikern ſchöpfend; den Freuden des Lebens nicht abhold und ein Freund der Frauen und des Weins, mehr als ſeinem Rufe gut war; ein Alcibiades, dem ihn ſchon Melanchthon verglich, für jede Lage des Lebens befähigt — war ganz der Mann, ſich mit Wullenweber zu verſtehen, auch wenn nicht verwandtſchaftliche Theilnahme um den Gefangenen in Sonderburg, der ihn brieflich um Hülfe beſchworen haben ſoll, ſie zu einander führte.

Chriſtierns Name, des „Volksfreundes“ ſollte nach der mit den Bürgermeiſtern von Kopenhagen und Malmoe ausgetauſchten Anſicht alle Gegner der Ariſtokratie, alle Anhänger der neuen Lehre vereinigen; das gebrochene Geleit, das die Lübecker dem Unglücklichen verbürgt, ihre Hauptleute aber ohne Anfrage ungültig erklärt hatten, als Grund eines Krieges verkündet werden, der, ein machtloſes Königthum dem Vertriebenen oder einem Andern erringend, die neue Lehre, Volksfreiheit und Lübecks Handelsherrſchaft immerdar befeſtige. Graf Chriſtoph, nach Lübeck geladen, übernahm freudig das Feldherrnamt, das ihm eine doppelte ſittliche Befriedigung gewähren mußte. Nicht blieben ihm die Klagen der Hanſeſtädte, deren Lebensprincip die den Niederländern geſtattete Handelsbefugniß vernichtete, verſchwiegen. Alle ſtillen Vorbereitungen, das Einverſtändniß mit den Hauptſtädten Dänemarks, das engliſche Bündniß wurden ihm mitgetheilt, und der gehoffte Beifall des burgundiſchen Hauſes, des Kurfürſten von Brandenburg, der öffentlichen Meinung, die die Reichsräthe als meineidig verrief, verſcheuchten dem feurigen Manne um ſo eher jedes Bedenken, da Ausſicht auf reichen Lohn, vielleicht auch auf einen Fürſtenhut, verführeriſch ſich ihm öffnete. Mit Geld zur Werbung eines Heeres verſehen, entfernte ſich Graf Chriſtoph aus Lübeck, ließ die Trommel in Niederſachſen rühren und ſah in wenig Tagen 4000 Landsknechte und Reiter zu ſeinen Fähnlein ſtrömen. Als Oberſten und Kriegsbeamten beſtellte er den Grafen von Hoya, Römer von dem Wolde; ein Graf zu Dohne und viele namhafte Edelleute ſchloſſen dem Unternehmen ſich an, unter ihnen Baſtian von Jeſſen, ein Baſtard des weiſen Friedrich von Anna Weiler. Als die Völker über die Elbe gegangen und vor Lübeck am 14. Mai ſich lagerten, berief Wullenweber, der mit Meier und fünf Bürgern allein um die Sache wußte, den Rath, die Verordneten und die ganze Gemeine, eröffnete ihnen alle ſeine Anſchläge und forderte mit leidenſchaftlicher Herzählung alles von den Reichsräthen den Hanſen zugefügten Unrechts zur Schiffsrüſtung auf, den Grafen nach Seeland überzuführen. Die gereizten Bürger, entflammt durch die Gefahr des hochheiligen Lutherthums und voll Rachegefühl gegen Dänemarks Regiment, jubelten Beifall. Als Lambert von Dalen vor ſo gefährlichem Unternehmen warnte, hätte die raſende Menge ihn beinahe zum Rathhausfenſter hinausgeworfen. Andern Tages erſchien, wie verabredet, Graf Chriſtoph in der getümmelvollen Stadt und bat mündlich vor dem Rathe um Beiſtand zur Befreiung des unglücklichen Chriſtiern. Einſtimmig wurde ihm derſelbe zugeſichert, obgleich die verdrängten Senatoren in der Stille proteſtirten und ſpäter vor der Welt behaupteten, die Stadt, deren Vertreter ſie allein, hätte nicht eingewilligt. Um aber den holſteiniſchen Adel für die Verunglimpfung zu ſtrafen, die er dem Bürgermeiſter zu Hamburg zugefügt, und zugleich durch einen Angriff auf ein mit Dänemark verbundenes Land jenes von Kriegsvölkern zu entblößen, ſchlug Meier einen Verwüſtungszug in das Herzogthum vor und fand Beiſtimmung. Um die Form zu beobachten, hatte Graf Chriſtoph den Herzog Chriſtian ſchriftlich gefragt, weshalb Chriſtiern gegen Geleitsbrief und Siegel gefangen gehalten werde; „den Blutsfreund zu befreien, ſei ſeine und der Freunde heilige Pflicht.“ Auf die Erwiderung des Herzogs, zu ſeines Vaters Zeit ſei Chriſtiern auf Geheiß des däniſchen und ſchwediſchen Reichs gefangen genommen, und er könne ihn ohne ihre Erlaubniß nicht losgeben, ſendete Chriſtoph aus Lübeck vom 24. Mai 1534 wiederum ein Schreiben: „es befremde ihn, daß der Herzog mit den Dänen und Schweden ſich entſchuldige, da der Gefangene in ſeiner Gewalt ſei; wolle jener ſich nicht das Lob der Menſchlichkeit erwerben, ſo müſſe er mit ſeinen Freunden, zumal den Lübeckern, welche den Geleitsbrief mitunterſiegelt, zu andern dienlichen Mitteln greifen, den Gefangenen zu befreien.“ Als ſie durch dieſen Fehdebrief ihre Ehre gegen Holſtein verwahrt und durch offenen Anſchlag in den Städten freien Durchzug nach Sonderburg verlangt, erließ der Graf unter dem 26. Mai noch ein offenes Manifeſt an das däniſche Volk, voll heftiger Anklage über den an Chriſtiern begangenen Meineid, kündete den Krieg, als nur gegen Holſtein zur Befreiung deſſelben gerichtet, an und ſuchte das Mitleid des Volks im Voraus für den Gefeſſelten zu gewinnen. Ungeſäumt darauf vereinigt mit Meier's lübeckſchen Fähnlein, fiel der Graf am Ende des Mai in Holſtein ein, bemächtigte ſich ohne Widerſtand des Schloſſes Trittau, Eutins, des Biſchofsſitzes von Lübeck, und Plöns, plünderte die nahen Klöſter und machte ſich unter Verheerung des flachen Landes an die Bezwingung von Segeberg. Der Verzug vor dieſem Schloſſe hatte die Wirkung, welche Wullenweber beabſichtigte, nämlich Dänemarks Streitkräfte auf dieſen Scheinangriff abzulenken. Doch misfiel ihm die räuberiſche Art des Krieges, daß er nach einer Erzählung ſich das Haar aus dem Kopfe raufte.

Herzog Chriſtian und die Reichsräthe waren eines Anfalls von der Seite ſo wenig gewärtig, daß ſie vielmehr einer Friedensvermittelung zwiſchen Lübeck und Guſtav ſich zugewandt, dem bei der innern Unruhe ſeines Landes ein offener Krieg mit den Hanſen keineswegs erwünſcht war. Gleichwol hatte dieſer ſo wachſame Kundſchafter in Lübeck ſelbſt, daß er den Herzog ſchon am 20. Mai warnte, ehe noch dieſem der Abſagebrief des Oldenburgers die Augen geöffnet. Aufgeſchreckt durch die Feindſeligkeiten, warb Chriſtian ſogleich durch Eilboten an den Reichsrath um die vertragsmäßige Hülfe, und der gemeinſamen Gefahr eingedenk, entbot letzterer haſtig die Beſatzung von Kopenhagen und Malmoe nach Schleswig. Seinerſeits hatte Chriſtian den holſteiniſchen Adel aufgemahnt, Knechte im nahen Lauenburgiſchen und in Mecklenburg geworben und ſchickte ſeinen Marſchall, Johann von Ranzau, zum Entſatz von Segeberg. Freiwillig die Belagerung aufgebend, zog Graf Chriſtoph über Eutin, wo es am 10. Juni zu einem heißen Gefechte kam und Marx Meier ſechs holſteiniſche Edelleute fing, auf Travemünde zurück, um dem neckenden Kriege die beabſichtigte großartigere Wendung zu geben. Während der Kampf in Lübecks Umgegend entbrannte, hatte das Volk, als könne nimmer die Gefahr ihren Mauern ſich nähern, die Schiffe zur Ueberfahrt des Grafen mit Geſchütz, Lebensmitteln und Bemannung verſehen, unter ſo fröhlicher Stimmung, daß die Schmiede zu Pfingſten den herkömmlichen Schwerttanz hielten und die Bürger ſich der Feſtluſt hingaben. Als der Graf und Wullenweber ſich über Bezahlung und Unterhalt des Kriegsvolks, über den Lohn des Feldherrn und den Beſitz der gemachten Eroberungen vereinigt, ſowie die Aufrechthaltung der lutheriſchen Lehre nochmals als Hauptaugenmerk ausgeſprochen, ging vor den ihm folgenden Holſteinern der Graf nebſt dem Bürgermeiſter und M. Meier am 19. Juni 1534 auf 21 Schiffen unter Segel, ſchiffte an Moen vorüber und verſetzte, nach einer glücklichen Fahrt am 22. Juni bei Skovshoved landend, den Krieg plötzlich nach Seeland. Gleich hinter ihnen aber war Johann Ranzau in das ausgebrannte Travemünde eingerückt und bedrohte durch eine ebenſo unerwartete Wendung das ſtolze Lübeck ſelbſt mit einer Belagerung.

Viertes Capitel.

Demokratie in Stralſund. Eroberungen des Grafen von Oldenburg.
Belagerung von Lübeck und Friede zu Stockelsdorf.
1534

Ehe wir den Kampf weiter berichten, der an Holſteins Oſtgrenze entbrannte, um ſich ſchnell über alle Provinzen des däniſchen Reichs zu verbreiten und um Lübecks Mauern eine Entſcheidung herbeizuführen, müſſen wir erſt noch die Unruhen melden, die in den übrigen wendiſchen Städten den Ausbruch des Krieges begleiteten. Wismar, Lübeck am nächſten gelegen und dem Einfluſſe der dortigen Demokratie willenloſer unterworfen, hatte bereits ſeine Mannſchaft und Schiffe zur großen travemünder Flotte ſtoßen laſſen; in Stralſund dagegen bedurfte es noch einer *mächtigen Reaction des Volks, um durch einen populairen Rath* die Kraft der Gemeine auf den nordiſchen Krieg zu richten. Ehe der Bürgermeiſter Smiterlow, der dem gewaltſamen Eifer Wullenweber's in Hamburg ſich ſo ernſtlich widerſetzt, vom Congreſſe, wo vielleicht Verabredungen mit andern ariſtokratiſchen Deputirten länger ihn feſthielten, nach Stralſund zurückkam, hatte bereits Wullenweber durch Briefe und durch den lübſchen Syndicus, Dr. Oldendorp, ſeinen fähigſten Helfer, die dortigen Achtundvierziger von dem Einſpruch ihres Bürgermeiſters gegen ſeine Plane unterrichtet und ſie zum kräftigen Verfahren aufgefordert. Dieſe fanden Chriſtoph Lorbeer, den andern Bürgermeiſter, aus Groll und Neid gegen den Amtsgenoſſen bereit, zum Sturze deſſelben mitzuwirken. Sobald Smiterlow nach Hauſe gekommen, lief das Gerücht, „Klaus Friedemacher ſei da,“ durch die Stadt, und er ward unter furchtbarem Getümmel bei verſchloſſenen Thoren und aufgeführtem Geſchütze ſchon früh um ſechs Uhr auf's Rathhaus entboten, um den Bürgern Rechenſchaft abzulegen. Furchtlos ſtellte ſich der Conſul der empörten Menge und verhehlte nicht ſein Widerſtreben gegen Wullenweber's kriegeriſche Anſchläge. Da wuchs das Geſchrei, „als ſeien die Säle voll Meerkatzen.“ Man drohte den Würdigen zum Fenſter hinauszuwerfen, und ein grimmiger Plebejer ſchleuderte ſein Handbeil gegen den Rathsſtuhl, welches ein treuer Bürger mit ſeinem Leibe auffing. So ſtürmte denn Alles im Saale mit ſchmachvollen Reden auf den Greis ein, während der Pöbel von draußen brüllte: „Herab mit Klaus Friedemacher! wir wollen uns mit ſeinen Stücken werfen!“ und unter unverſtändlichem Getobe die Achtundvierziger die Stimmen ſammelten, ob die Bürger die Kriegsſteuer zahlen wollten! Nachdem die Mehrzahl dafür entſchieden, ward der alte Bürgermeiſter um ſieben Uhr Abends verhaftet, in ſein Haus geführt und mit ſo mörderiſchen Rotten bewacht, daß er vor krachenden Schüſſen mit Weib und Kindern ſich im Bette bergen mußte. Darauf nun ſchritt der populus Sundensis zur Kriegsrüſtung, ſchätzte einen Jeden vom Höchſten bis zum Niedrigſten, nach eidlicher Angabe ſeines Vermögens, warb Knechte und Seeleute und ſandte die ſtattlich verſehenen Orlogſchiffe den Lübeckern zu Hülfe. Acht Tage nach dem Aufſtande wurden zwei neue Bürgermeiſter und ſieben Rathsherren gekoren, Smiterlow und ſeine Gefreundeten blieben dagegen in Haft, während die kriegeriſche Begeiſterung jedem Opfer willig ſich unterzog. Wenn wir nun erfahren, daß auch die Roſtocker, auf des Raths Weigerung, der däniſchen Fehde beizutreten, einen Aufruhr erregten, die erwählten Sechziger zwei Bürgermeiſter mit Tribunengewalt verhafteten und unter derſelben Oppoſition der Geiſtlichkeit und

Patrizier einen Brief über die ihnen zuſtehende Rathswahl und die Kriegsrüſtung erzwangen, ſo ermeſſen wir den Mittelreichthum des Dictators der Hanſa, der alle ſtreitenden Intereſſen ſeinem Ziele zuzuwenden verſtand, und wir erkennen in dieſer überall aufbrauſenden Kraft einen nothwendigen innern Zuſammenhang.

Anders Bilde, Lehnsmann auf Moen, erblickte zuerſt die feindliche Flotte und meldete, wiewol zu ſpät, die nahende Gefahr dem Biſchof nach Roskild; ſchon war Seeland gänzlich von Truppen entblößt. Als Graf Chriſtoph bei Skovshoved landete, fand er durch die Geſchäftigkeit lübiſcher Sendboten und durch den Haß, den das Volk ſtill gegen die Biſchöfe und den Reichsrath genährt, Alles in bewunderungswürdiger Uebereinſtimmung zum Ausbruch geneigt. Auf den Johannistag ſollten, angeblich der Königswahl wegen, „die Herren" aller Provinzen ſich verſammeln; aber ſeit einigen Wochen hatten hanſiſche Schnellſegler, in den Meerengen aufgeſtellt, jede Verbindung der nahen Landestheile geſperrt und den Rieſen des däniſchen Staats faſt regungslos zuſammengeſchnürt. Am früheſten und muthigſten war Georg Monter in Malmoe zur That geſchritten, weil der fanatiſche Biſchof von Lund die Provinz Schonen mit furchtbarer Religionsverfolgung bedrohte. Sobald der Bürgermeiſter die Rüſtungen der Lübecker erfuhr, lud er den Befehlshaber des Schloſſes, jenen Fuchs, Mogens Goldenſtiern, der den Chriſtiern in Aggershus betrogen, unter dem Vorwande wichtiger Geſchäfte auf's Rathhaus. Der Ritter, um ſo argloſer folgend, da er Tags vorher die St. Kanutsgilde feſtlich in der Stadt begangen, ward in ehrenvolle Haft gelegt; zugleich aber erhob ſich das Volk zu den Waffen — es war gleich nach Pfingſten am 28. Mai — und brach bei geſchloſſenen Thoren das Schloß auf den Grund ab. Däniſche Herren, die ihre Geſchäfte nach Malmoe führten, wurden verhaftet und von dem gegen die Ariſtokratie haßerfüllten Volke ſelbſt die adelige Jugend, die ihre Schule beſuchte, eingeſperrt. Ein Schreiben an Tyge Krabbe, Reichsmarſchall, belehrte ihn, „weil der Reichsrath die Ausrottung der lutheriſchen Lehre beſchloſſen, hätten ſie zur Nothwehr gegriffen und das Schloß zerſtört, welches Friedrich I. wider Recht bei ihnen erbaut." So aufgelöſt war das däniſche Reich, daß Jütlands Adel nach vollen zwei Monaten noch nichts von Malmoe's Abfall wußte, ſondern durch einen Brief den Bürgern eine Freiheit, die ſie ſchon beſaßen, anbieten ließ, falls ſie der Wahl Chriſtians beiſtimmten.

Sobald die hanſiſche Flotte im Sunde erſchien, ſegelte Monter, der längſt ungeduldig harrte, ihr entgegen, wünſchte dem Grafen Glück zur Ankunft, und ihn vom Zuſtande der Dinge unterrichtend, leitete er die Ausſchiffung vier Meilen unterhalb Kopenhagen. Roskilds Bürger waren die erſten, die des Grafen Heer aufnahmen und ihm für Chriſtiern huldigten. Ueberall auf dem offenen Lande ſprach der Jubel ſich leidenſchaftlich aus, unter das Scepter des „Volksfreundes" zurückzukehren. Auch Guſtav Trolle war bereits in Seeland erſchienen, und ihn ſetzte mit einer Willkür, die noch kein König ſich erlaubt hatte, der Graf in das Bisthum Roskild an Stelle Joachim Roennow's ein. Die Schlöſſer eines widerſpenſtigen Adels und der Prälaten verwüſtend, zog er darauf vor Kioege und berief auf den nächſten Freitag die Hardesvogtei auf das Wolfsmoor, um ihm für Chriſtiern zu huldigen. In ihrer Mitte that der Graf die Abſicht ſeines Zuges kund, redete viel Gutes vom unglücklichen Könige und verhieß der frohen Menge den Genuß religiöſer und bürgerlicher Freiheit. Gleichzeitig waren auch auf Moen, Falſter und Laland die Schlöſſer durch Bürgerliſt in des Grafen Gewalt gekommen. In Kopenhagen, wo unterdeß früher angelangte Reichsräthe ihrer Collegen harrten — von denen die norwegiſchen bereits aufgefangen und nach Lübeck gebracht waren — rief der entſetzte Biſchof vergebens zur tapfern Abwehr der Fremden zu den Waffen. Die Gemeine, den Bürgermeiſtern längſt gewonnen, achtete nicht auf ſeine ſalbungsvollen Worte und nur mit Noth entkam er einem Angriff auf ſein Leben. Ingleichen wichen auch die übrigen Reichsräthe heimlich vor der Wuth eines Volkes, dem erbrochene Briefe den Umſturz der Verfaſſung durch den Adel und die Biſchöfe verrathen hatten, und ſo löſte der Reichstag erfolglos ſich auf. Mit dem Landvolke verſtärkt, rückte der Graf darauf vor die Hauptſtadt und forderte Ergebung in Chriſtierns Namen. Als die Bürger verſtändig antworteten: „der Herrſchaft des guten Königs wollten ſie ſich nicht entziehen, doch begehrten ſie ihn erſt in Freiheit zu ſehen," kehrte Chriſtoph, unmuthig über dieſe unerwartete Weigerung, nach Kioege zurück, während ſeine Flotte Kopenhagen ſeewärts umſchloſſen hielt. Monter, zur Vermittelung aus Malmoe herbeigeeilt, gedachte den Schloßbefehlshaber auf gleiche Weiſe wie den Goldenſtiern zu überliſten, damit nach dem Falle der Zwingfeſte die Bürger zum feſten Entſchluſſe kämen. Aber Johann Urne erſchien nur mit großem Gefolge in der Stadt, während Monter in Bockbinder's Hauſe mit Bewaffneten auf ihn lauerte. Als dieſes Mittel fehlſchlug, lud ſich Monter unter Freundſchaftserbietungen auf das Schloß zu Gaſte, fand aber, wie er mit ſeinem Gefolge durch's Thor zog, ſo vorſichtige Maßregeln, daß er auch dieſen Anſchlag aufgab und ungefährdet durch Urne, der den gefährlichen Gaſt nicht zu ergreifen wagte, nach Malmoe heimging. Wie nun der Graf dringender die Oeffnung Kopenhagens verlangte und beſchwor, vor Befreiung Chriſtierns nicht zu weichen, fügte ſich die Gemeine und bedingte ſich Bekräftigung der Privilegien, Schenkung aller Güter im Umkreiſe einer Meile, und vor Allem Schutz der lutheriſchen Lehre. Nach achttägigen Unterhandlungen hielt der Graf am 16. Juli ſeinen prunkvollen Einzug in die Hauptſtadt des däniſchen Reichs, gewann dort alle Kriegsvorräthe und die Flotte, um den Kampf mit größerm Nachdrucke fortzuſetzen. Sogleich zur Belagerung des Schloſſes ſchreitend, zwang er am 25. Juli den Befehlshaber, ihn einzulaſſen; wiewol Johann Urne ſich ſpäter entſchuldigte, durch die meuteriſche Beſatzung überwältigt zu ſein, gab er doch bald darauf durch Annahme eines Lehns in Fünen zu erkennen, daß auch er mit falſchem Herzen ſich der neuen Geſtaltung der Dinge überließ. Nachdem auf Bockbinder's Betrieb das Regiment der Stadt mit ſeinen Anhängern beſetzt und die Hauptkirche ihnen wieder eingeräumt war, leiſteten die nach Ringſtadt zu einem Landdinge berufenen Stände Seelands bis auf den Adel, der die Verſammlung mied, den Eid der Treue. Auf dieſe Verweigerung ließ Graf Chriſtoph den lang gehegten Haß der Bauern und Bürger los, und bald verbreiteten ſich über ganz Seeland räuberiſche Horden, Buſchhähne, welche, eins mit Oldenburgs Knechten, Rache nahmen an ihren Bedrückern und dem Kriege das Gepräge eines Bauernaufſtandes aufdrückten. Die Höfe der Junker, welche gegen die Huldigung ſich geſträubt, wurden geplündert und verbrannt, ſie ſelbſt gemißhandelt und um große Summen geſchatzt. Ein Edelmann zu heißen, war ein todwürdiges Verbrechen einem Geſchlechte, „welches ſich zum Wahlſpruche gemacht, die alten Wölfe zu erſchlagen, damit keine Jungen zurückblieben." Auch Edelfrauen und Jungfrauen blieben nicht verſchont, von denen viele, in Bauerntracht verkleidet, in Wäldern Sicherheit für Ehre und Leben ſuchten. So kündete zuerſt auf Seeland die ſchreckliche Adelsverfolgung ſich an, die auch einer ſpätern Zeit im Gedächtniſſe befeſtigt blieb, daß man ſprichwörtlich zu einem von Unglück Bedrohten ſagte: „Du kommer i Grevenfeide." Kleinmüthige erkauften ſich eine precäre Sicherheit, indem ſie dem Grafen Treue für den gehaßten Chriſtiern gelobten, nach dem Vorgange des Biſchofs Roennow, der auch ſeinerſeits ſich gefügt und vom Grafen ſeinen verwüſteten Biſchofsſitz zurückerfleht hatte, wogegen Guſtav Trolle das Bisthum Odenſee für ihn in partibus erhielt. Als der Schrecken über Seeland lag, zitterte der Adel in Schonen vor dem Ausbruche langgehemmter Volkswuth und war auf die erſte Anforderung des Grafen bereit, mit ihm in Unterhandlung zu treten. Vier aus ihrer Mitte, unter ihnen der hochbejahrte Tyge Krabbe, „obgleich nur ein Jüte, dennoch ſo klug als ein Deutſcher," ſtellten ſich dem Grafen nach Kopenhagen und leiſteten Donnerstag nach St. Olaf den Huldigungseid für den ſchoniſchen Adel; der alte Reichsmarſchall mit einem ſo trugvollen Herzen, daß er, der den Chriſtiern liebte „wie der Teufel das Kreuz Chriſti," ſich hören ließ, „nun wolle er fröhlich ſterben, da die Krone wieder zu Händen des rechtmäßigen Erben gekommen." Jene Provinz in ſichere Hut zu nehmen, ſchiffte Chriſtoph über den Sund, zog triumphirend in Malmoe ein und führte die bewaffnete Bürgerſchaft gegen Lund. Auf „Libbershoe," der alten Huldigungsſtätte, fand er den Adel in großer Zahl zu Pferde, den Biſchof von Lund nebſt den Bürgern und Landgemeinden, und Alle gelobten am 10. Auguſt unter jubelndem Zuruf auf ſeine Anrede den Eid der Treue. In der offenen Stadt, dem Adel nicht trauend, nahm er die Abgeordneten mit ſich und zog unter fliegenden Bürgerfahnen Abends in Malmoe wieder ein; froh ſeiner königlichen Gewalt, übergab der Graf hier der wackern Gemeine alle Güter im Umkreiſe einer Meile und ließ hier Münzen ſchlagen, welche Chriſtierns Bild und Oldenburgs Wappen auf den verſchiedenen Seiten trugen. Scheingehorſam gegen den Befehl des Mächtigern, ermahnte der neue Reichsrath Schonens und Seelands von Malmoe aus die Stände Norwegens, nach ihrem Beiſpiele gleichfalls dem Könige Chriſtiern zu huldigen, und verſprachen Beſtätigung aller Freiheiten. Aber der Norweger, gewitzigt durch die jüngſten Erfahrungen, gaben nicht übereilt ihre Erklärungen ab. Gleichzeitig mit dieſem kaum glaublich ſchnellen Umſturz aller Verhältniſſe in Seeland und Schonen hatten auch die im Süden liegenden Inſeln entweder freiwillig ſich dem Aufſtande angeſchloſſen oder waren, wie Langeland durch Herrmann Lang, Chriſtophs Halbbruder, mit gewaffneter Hand eingenommen worden. Ueberall erfuhr der Adel den Grimm des befreiten Volks. Auch ſchon auf Fünen gab eine drohende Gährung der Gemüther ſich kund und veranlaßte Olaf Roſenkranz, den Hofmeiſter des jungen Herzogs Johann, ſein Mündel in Sicherheit zu bringen. Der Prinz und ſein Gefolge, in Bauerntracht verkleidet, flohen aus dem feſten

Nyborg nach Sonderburg, wo ein und derſelbe Ritter, Brocksdorp, die Hoffnung der katholiſchen Partei und den gefangenen Chriſtiern mit gleicher Treue bewachte. Viele Edelleute verließen bereits Fünen und ſuchten Schutz auf Jütland, wo, als der ſicherſten Burg der Ariſtokratie, ſowol die Hofbeamten des verſtorbenen Königs als auch die alten ſeeländiſchen Reichsräthe allmälig ſich verſammelten.

Während Graf Chriſtoph ſich der Siegesfreude überließ und nach ſeiner Weiſe gemüthliche und ſinnliche Erheiterung inmitten des königlichen Glanzes fand; während der öſtliche Theil des Reichs der wüſte Schauplatz der Adelsverfolgung blieb, war der kräftigere Adel im Weſten raſch zur Beſinnung gekommen, was der Verfaſſung noth that, und hatte bereits einen Schritt eingeleitet, der, unterſtützt von dem Waffenerfolge des Herzogs, einen neuen Umſchwung motivirte. Jene adeligen Patrioten, Mogens Giöe und Erick Banner, ſowie Knud Gyldenſtiern, Biſchof von Odenſee, beriefen, als das Feuer des Aufruhrs dem Weſten näher trat, die jütiſchen und andern geflüchteten Reichsräthe auf den 4. Juli auf Rye bei Skanderborg, ſtellten ihnen die Nothwendigkeit vor, entweder raſch dem verwaiſten Reiche an Herzog Chriſtian ein Haupt zu geben, oder des Volksgrimmes und der Rache des unverſöhnlichen Chriſtiern gewärtig zu ſein. Die weltlichen Räthe und der Adel zollten dem patriotiſchen Vorſchlage ihren Beifall; als aber bei der Stimmenſammlung die Biſchöfe dem Ketzer ihren Beitritt verſagten, ſtürmten die Edelleute in den Saal, erklärten drohend die Weigerer für ihre Feinde und nöthigten ſie, „Gott ihre Sache zu befehlen.“ So wurde denn noch am 4. Juli Chriſtian als erwählter König ausgerufen und ſogleich eine ſtattliche Deputation ernannt, dem Herzoge dieſe Kunde zu hinterbringen. Kaum vernahm der Adel auf Fünen dieſe Wahl, als er ſich unter dem Vorſitze des Biſchofs von Odenſee in der Kirche zu Hellete vor Odenſee (ſie fürchteten ſich vor dem Jahrmarktsgetümmel der Stadt) verſammelte, in gleicher Weiſe den Herzog erwählte und am 9. Juli ſeine Abgeordneten mit Vollmacht nach Jütland abſchickte, um gemeinſchaftlich den erwählten König um Beſtätigung ihrer Rechte und um eilige Hülfe gegen die drohende Gefahr zu bitten. Den Wahlboten vorausgeeilt, hinterbrachte ein füniſcher Edelmann dem Herzoge im Lager vor Lübeck die erſte Kunde ſeiner Erhebung, welcher jene nach Empfang ihres Decretes ins Kloſter Preetz beſchied.

Ehe wir den erwähnten König zur Huldigung führen, müſſen wir die Dinge nachholen, welche ſeit der Abfahrt des Grafen und des Bürgermeiſters von Travemünde ſich um Lübeck zugetragen.

Johann von Ranzau, eines alten holſteiniſchen Adels, geboren 1492, war die hervorragendſte Erſcheinung am Hofe, im Feldlager und dem Rathe des Herzogs, und überhaupt einer von den ausgezeichnetſten deutſchen Edelleuten zur Reformationszeit. Der jüngſte von fünf Brüdern, früh zu Wiſſenſchaften und adeligen Künſten angeleitet, griff er ſchon im dreizehnten Jahre zu den Waffen und reiſte im J. 1516, um fremder Völker Zuſtände und Kriegsweſen kennen zu lernen, durch das weſtliche und ſüdliche Europa nach Syrien bis nach Jeruſalem, wo er 1517 zum Ritter des heiligen Grabes geſchlagen wurde. Mühſam der türkiſchen Gefangenſchaft entkommen, küßte er in Rom dem heiligen Vater Leo den Fuß und kehrte 1520, geehrt von Fürſten, umworben von Franz I., deſſen Nachfolgern ſeine Enkel ſo ruhmvoll dienten, in die Heimat zurück. Friedrich, damals noch Herzog zu Holſtein, wählte den Erfahrenen zum Hofmeiſter ſeines Sohnes Chriſtian, mit welchem er an den Hof zu Berlin und 1521 auf den Reichstag zu Worms zog und gleich ſeinem Mündel für die Reformation gewonnen wurde, die er ſein Lebelang wacker beförderte. Im vollſten Vertrauen ſeines Fürſten vollbrachte er die wichtigſten Kriegsunternehmungen, leitete deſſen Beſchlüſſe im Frieden und war auch jetzt Derjenige, welcher als Marſchall des Adelsaufgebots mit raſch geworbenen Söldnern dem aus Holſteins Grenzen weichenden Oldenburger folgte, die eroberten Orte unverzüglich wieder einnahm und ſich am 21. Juni des abſichtlich abgebrannten Travemünde bemächtigte. Während der Graf Wullenweber's Plane in der Ferne mit ſo überraſchendem Erfolge beförderte, erfuhr die Heimat die verdrießlichſten Folgen eines nahen Krieges. Der Herzog, zu Müggenburg an der Mündung des Hafens ſich verſchanzend und durch ſeinen ſtolzen Adel gegen die Städter erbittert, ſpottete aller Verſuche, ihn zu vertreiben, ließ das Weichbild durch ſtreifende Haufen ausplündern, die Weiler und Landhäuſer der Bürger in Brand ſtecken. Marx Meier und Wullenweber, alsbald von Seeland in die bedrohte Stadt zurückgekehrt, waren unverdroſſen, den Anfällen zu wehren und ſich durch Verwüſtung im Holſteiniſchen bis Plön hinauf zu rächen. Ein Bürgerauszug am 9. Auguſt fand Travemünde und Müggenburg verlaſſen, indem die Pfaffen, Bauern oder auch wol Gegner der Demokratie dem Feinde den Anſchlag verrathen. Beſſer glückte es dem Stadthauptmann Meier, ein den Holſteinern zuziehendes Fähnlein Pommern aufzuheben. Herzog Chriſtian der, wie wir bereits wiſſen, nicht immer perſönlich ſich bei ſeinem Heere befand, hatte nach ſieben Wochen die Sperrung des Hafens aufgegeben und ſich an der Südſeite des lübiſchen Gebietes vor das Städtchen Möllen gelegt, um die ihm von den niederſächſiſchen Fürſten verſprochenen Hülfsvölker aufzunehmen. Als Möllen ſeinem Geſchütz wacker widerſtand, näherte er ſich Lübeck und ſchlug eine halbe Meile vor den Mauern bei Stockelsdorf ſein Lager auf. Unmuthig mußten die Bürger in Folge der Umſchließung ihre Gartenhäuſer vor dem holſteiner Thore abbrechen und die Bäume umhauen, ſchickten jedoch noch ungebrochenen Muthes vier Fähnlein zur Verſtärkung nach Dänemark. Die Trave ganz zu ſperren, rückten die Holſteiner über Schwartow näher an die Wälle und umzogen jene Seite der Stadt am 17. September mit Gräben und Bruſtwehren, wogegen die Lübecker, um die Schifffahrt freizuhalten, auf dem Burgfelde einen Hügel befeſtigten. M. Meier, der überall ſich mehr tapfer als beſonnen zeigte, ſpottete der Abſicht der Feinde, eine Brücke über den Fluß zu ſchlagen, und vermaß ſich, ſie deſto nachdrücklicher auf dem offenen Burgfelde zu empfangen. Aber am 10. October überbrückten die geringgeachteten Gegner den Strom, zeigten ſich im Burgfelde und trieben die Lübecker mit Verluſt unter die Wälle zurück. Der Stadthauptmann ſelbſt büßte durch kecke Zuverſicht ſeine Popularität ein und wäre auf der Flucht beinahe von eigenen Bürgern, die ihm den Schaden beimaßen, erſchoſſen worden. Unerſchöpflich in den damaligen Kriegsliſten, rüſteten Wullenweber und Meier einen ſtarkgezimmerten Pramen mit Geſchütz, um die Brücke zu zerſprengen. Wiederum vereitelte heimliche Kundſchaft aus der Stadt dieſen Anſchlag; die Holſteiner fingen den „eiſernen Heinrich“ auf und erwürgten die obenein betrunkene Beſatzung auf das grauſamſte. Am 16. bemächtigten ſie ſich ſogar acht mit Geſchütz verſehener Schiffe am feſten Travepaſſe bei Schlutop. — Dieſe Kriegsereigniſſe, welche nicht ſowol der Lübecker bürgerliches Sein gefährdeten, als ſie vielmehr nur im ſtädtiſchen Behagen und im Verkehr mit der Umgegend ſtörten, hatten begreiflicherweiſe die Fehdeluſt der Reichsbürger bedeutend abgekühlt und die Popularität ihres Stadtregiments merklich vermindert. Die Nachricht von dem großartigen Erfolge ihrer Waffen im Norden konnte ſie bei der fühlbaren Unbequemlichkeit der Einſchließung nicht tröſten. Gereizt durch die ſchadenfrohe Ariſtokratie und die warnenden Prediger, murrte das Volk gegen den Krieg, für welchen das Gold- und Silbergeräth der Klöſter aufging, ohne daß man einen Vortheil für den Augenblick erkannte. Wullenweber erging es bei der veränderlichen Bevölkerung wie weiland Perikles, dem Strategen der Athenäer im peloponneſiſchen Kriege; während er einen zur Erhaltung des hanſiſchen Flors nothwendigen Kampf begonnen und in der Ferne ein Königreich erobert, ward das Volk der Fehde überdrüſſig, weil es in Folge derſelben ſeine Baumpflanzungen und Landhäuſer zerſtört, den nachbarlichen Verkehr unterbrochen ſah, und ſehnte ſich kleinmüthig nach einer Verfaſſung zurück, die wenigſtens häusliches Wohlſein väterlich befördert hatte. Der Bürgermeiſter beſchloß daher, dieſer Verſtimmung, ſo ſtörend ſie auf ſeine Pläne wirkte, klüglich ein Opfer zu bringen, durch Beſchränkung der Hundertvierundſechziger ſowol eine Annäherung an die Ariſtokratie möglich zu machen, als auch das Volk zu begütigen, welches geduldiger eine geringe Zahl als Urheber eines drückenden Zuſtandes zu tragen pflegt, als einen Haufen ſeines Gleichen. Er hatte gehofft, Chriſtian werde zeitig zu einem Vertrage ſich erbieten, um des Krieges loszuwerden; jetzt mußte er darauf ſinnen, auf gute Weiſe den holſteiniſchen Krieg zu beendigen, ohne den däniſchen aufzugeben. Hamburg, allzeit fertige Vermittlerin, ſobald es die wendiſchen Städte mit den Herzogen zerfallen ſah, hatte ſchon im Sommer ſeine Intervention angeboten. Jetzt erſchienen zur gelegenen Zeit die Räthe des Landgrafen Philipp, dem nach Einſetzung des Herzogs Ulrich von Württemberg an der politiſchen Einheit der norddeutſchen Proteſtanten ein Großes gelegen, Heinrichs von Mecklenburg, Magnus' von Lauenburg, und die Sendboten Hamburgs, Lüneburgs und der wendiſchen Städte vor Lübeck, um den Streit zu vermitteln. Ernſtlicher aber konnte Keinem an dem Austrage der Fehde liegen als dem erwählten Könige von Dänemark; nachdem er zu Kloſter Preetz die Deputation des jütiſchen und füniſchen Adels empfangen und die insgeheim ſo mächtig begehrte Krone mit Anſtand auf die Bedingungen ſeines Vaters angenommen, war er, den Kriegsbefehl vor Lübeck ſeinen Oberſten überlaſſend, nach Horſens in Jütland geeilt und hatte am 19. Auguſt auf freiem Felde den Huldigungseid des knieenden Adels, der jütiſchen Städte und Hardevögte empfangen, Allen vorläufig ihre Privilegien und Rechte, wie zu ſeines Vaters Zeit, beſtätigend, zugleich aber durch den Reichsrath zur Veränderung des Beſtehenden ermächtigt. Außer Stande, dem flehentlichen Hülfsgeſchrei des Adels aller Provinzen vor dem Ende der lübiſchen Fehde weſentlicher als durch Anruf des ſchwediſchen Bündniſſes zu dienen, war er vor Lübeck zurückgeeilt, wohin die ängſtlichſten Zeitungen aus Jütland und Fünen ihm folgten, für welche Länder das eroberte Lübeck ſo wenig Erſatz gab, als jene Bürger beim Ruin ihrer Vaterſtadt ſich mit dem Gewinne Dänemarks tröſten konnten. Die bereits am 18. October zu Stockelsdorf begonnenen Unterhandlungen gelangten erſt nach vier Wochen zu einem Vertragsabſchluſſe, den die Diplomatik des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts nach einer Reihe von Protokollen nicht monſtröſer herausklügeln könnte. Als Wullenweber von ſeinen erſten gebieteriſchen Bedingungen abgelaſſen: die Abtretung der nahen holſteiniſchen Oerter bis Eutin, ferner Gothlands und Bornholms und die Erhebung des halben Sundzolls bis zur vollen Kriegsentſchädigung — was den übrigen hanſiſchen Bevollmächtigten, zumal dem ariſtokratiſch erneuten Rathe, der Wullenweber die Erlangung ſo bedeutender Vortheile nicht gönnte, übertrieben ſchien — fand man als allein befriedigende Auskunft, ſich gegenſeitig den rechten Arm zu feſſeln, um mit dem linken deſto kräftiger zuſchlagen zu können. Chriſtian ward als Herzog von Holſtein mit Lübeck ausgeſöhnt, Beiden aber freigelaſſen, ihre Fehde in Dänemark mit allen Kräften fortzuſetzen. Chriſtian ſolle demnach die Belagerung der Stadt aufheben, die Lübecker aber ihren Feldherrn Chriſtoph nicht unterſtützen, falls er Holſtein mit Krieg überzöge. Am 18. November 1534 ward der Friede unterzeichnet und unter Trompetenſchall auf allen Straßen ausgerufen. Wullenweber aber ſprach im Schmerz zur Gemeine: „Lieben Bürger, wir wollten wol mehr ausbedungen haben, aber Die, die da herumſitzen, ſehen es alſo für gut an, und ſo muß auch ich damit zufrieden ſein." Was wäre aus dieſer künſtlichen Berechnung geworden, wenn möglicherweiſe der Krieg aus dem däniſchen Schauplatze vor Lübeck ſich zurückgewandt hätte, in welchem Falle der Vertrag dem Könige verbot, als Herzog von Holſtein die feindliche Stadt auch von ſeinen Grenzen anzugreifen. — Froh des Auskunftsmittels, ſchiffte König Chriſtian III. ſein Geſchütz bis Travemünde hinab, ſchoß die Schanze bei Muggendorf in den Grund, warf die Brücke über die Trave ab und eilte ſeinen neuen Unterthanen nach Jütland zu Hülfe. In Lübeck dagegen, deſſen Bürger ſo wenig Mangel empfunden, daß die holſteiniſchen Soldaten, nach dem Frieden die Stadt beſuchend, alle Lebensmittel hier wohlfeiler als im Lager kauften, ward mit dem ſtockelsdorfer Vertrage auf Anhalten der hanſiſchen Geſandten die innere Eintracht durch ein Concordat zwiſchen Rath und Bürgern ſcheinbar befeſtigt. Wullenweber, im bleibenden Beſitz der Dictatur, hatte Gründe, die gehäſſige Zwiſchenmacht der Hundertvierundſechziger fallen zu laſſen, welche am 12. November, gewiß nicht im Unwillen mit ihrem Haupte, vor den hanſiſchen Sendboten und der Gemeine zu Rathhauſe freiwillig abdankten, worauf der ſchon am 9. October verfaßte Receß bekannt gemacht wurde. Dieſer, Vergeſſenheit alles Böſen gelobend, verbot bei Strafe „am freien Höchſten" aufrühreriſche Zuſammenkünfte, ſchützte die Bürger vor Gefängniß als im Falle grober Miſſethat, ſprach die Fortſetzung des däniſchen Krieges zur Befreiung Chriſtierns und Aufrechthaltung des Handels aus, billigte Rüſtung auch gegen Schweden und ſchaffte die im Frühjahre 1533 befohlene raſche Abwechſelung der Rathswürde wieder ab. Kühnen Muthes ließ Wullenweber, auf ſich ſelbſt vertrauend, die Leiter fallen, deren er ſich zu ſeinem Aufſchwunge bedient hatte, und glaubte, jetzt geſichert gegen ſtädtiſche Spaltung, alle Aufmerkſamkeit dem hohen Ziele widmen zu können. Sogleich ſchiffte ſich Marx Meier mit drei der beſten Fähnlein, die in Niederſachſen die Werbtrommel in den Dienſt der Herren von Lübeck geladen, nebſt dem Grafen Hoya und dem Baſtarde von Jeſſen nach Seeland ein; um die verlorene Volksgunſt auf einem größern Schauplatze wiederzugewinnen, warf er ſich, mit dem Glücke ſpielend und ein Spiel des Glücks, dem nordiſchen Kriege entgegen.

Fünftes Capitel.

Aufſtand von Fünen und Jütland. Der Schiffer Clemint. Schlacht bei Oxnebjerg. Pfalzgraf Friedrich Kronprätendent. Marx Meier unabhängig auf Warberg.
1534—1535.

In der gefahrvollſten Lage des Staats hatte Chriſtian III. die Krone vom Adel überkommen, alle öſtlichen Provinzen zum abgeſetzten Herrſcher abgefallen; die Biſchöfe beharrlich im Geiſte des Widerſtrebens; Bauern und Bürger dem Könige des Herrenſtandes abgeneigt: ohne einen zuverläſſigen Unterthan als den nothbedrängten Adel, machte dieſer mit der Erfahrung und dem Talente Johanns von Ranzau ſich unverzagt an die verzweifelte Aufgabe. Guſtav Waſa, ſein Schwager — Beide hatten Töchter des Herzogs von Sachſen-Lauenburg — hatte, gemahnt durch die gleiche Gefahr, hülfreiche Geſinnung zu erkennen gegeben; nachdem er die Stände in Schonen, Halland, Blekingen und den Inſeln in vielen Schreiben zur Treue für Chriſtian ermahnt, war er im Begriff geweſen, mit einem Heere in Schonen einzurücken, als der unbezweifelte Abfall jener Provinz und die ausbleibende däniſche Hülfe ihm den Rückzug geboten. Seine Flotte durchſtreifte den finniſchen Meerbuſen und that der däniſchen Schifffahrt an jenen Küſten mächtigen Abbruch. Von Lübeck in ſein Reich zurückgekehrt, forderte Chriſtian nach dem Frieden zu Stockelsdorf ihn um ſo dringender zum Einverſtändniß ihrer Kriegsoperationen auf, da Schlag auf Schlag die furchtbarſten Zeitungen einliefen.

Des Grafen Betriebſamkeit hatte nämlich während der Ereigniſſe vor Lübeck Fünen und Nordjütland in Aufruhr gebracht und würde das Feuer längs der Herzogthümer bis in das Gebiet Lübecks getragen haben, hätten ihm die Bürger auch nur durch Beharrlichkeit während der Belagerung die Hand geboten und den erwählten König vor ihren Mauern feſtgehalten. Das Volk in Fünen erfuhr nicht ſobald die Erhebung Chriſtians, als zuerſt die Gemeine von Svensborg ſich erhob, mit abgeſendeten Haufen des Grafen verband und den grauſamen Krieg gegen Adel und Klerus begann. Jene anmuthige Inſel, mit den herrlichſten Schlöſſern und Klöſtern prangend, ward jetzt mit Greueln bedeckt. Oerkel, des Biſchofs Reſidenz, ging mit dem Archiv in Flammen auf; Naesbyhoved, der Königspalaſt, ward erſtürmt; Odenſees Bürger, vereinigt mit wüthenden Bauerhaufen, erbrachen den Biſchofshof; Rotten unter ſelbſtgewählten Anführern durchſtreiften das Land; ein Schneider nahm Kloſter Dalum, ein Bauer bemächtigte ſich des Schloſſes Havenskow. Viele Edelleute gelobten ſchon am 16. Juli Chriſtiern Treue; andere bargen ſich im feſten Noborg; Odenſee ſah ſeinen Muth durch ſtattliche Schenkungen belohnt. Im nahen Kolding drang des Adels Jammer zu Chriſtians Ohren, der eben zu Aſſens die Huldigung empfangen. Wiewol noch in Fehde mit Lübeck, ſchickte er ſogleich ſeinen Marſchall Ranzau mit einer jütiſchen Adelsfahne hinüber; Bürger und Bauern zogen muthvoll dem Adel entgegen, unterlagen aber, halb bewaffnet, den Rittern am Berge Faurskow. Doch nur kurze Zeit verſchaffte dieſer Sieg dem Adel das Uebergewicht. Als er Svensborg und Odenſee erſtürmt und geplündert hatte, landeten ſtärkere gräfliche Haufen in Kiertemünde, überraſchten in der Morgenfrühe Eberhard Ovelacker, geführt durch den deutſchen Bürgermeiſter, die feſte Stadt Noborg, mordete Alles, was ſich wehrte, und nöthigte 130 Ritter ſich zu ergeben. Bald darauf zwang er auch das Schloß, aus welchem der Ranzau vor wenigen Tagen verkleidet entronnen war, und ließ die Gemeinen von ganz Fünen von Neuem Chriſtiern huldigen. — In dieſen Tagen war auch ein großer Theil von Jütland „in des Grafen Zeit" gefallen. Wie Chriſtoph nämlich aus Schonen zurückgekehrt, nahm er einige verwegene Schiffsführer, die in Chriſtierns frühern Kriegen als Freibeuter ſich einen Namen erworben, in ſeinen Dienſt, um dem jütiſchen Bauernſtande die Botſchaft der Freiheit zu bringen. Dem „Schiffer Clemint", einem Kampfgenoſſen jenes Klaus Kniphof, war von König Friedrich ein ruhiges Alter geſtattet, als ſeines gefangenen Herrn Geſchick ihn noch einmal in den Kriegsſturm riß. Mit Schiffer Hermind und andern kühnen Seefahrern und wenigen gräflichen Knechten unter Segel gegangen, landete er am 11. September bei Alborg, rief „Chriſtiern und Volksfreiheit" aus, gewann Stadt und Schloß und ſah bald die ſtolzen Freibauern von Vendſyſſel, der nördlichſten Spitze Jütlands, zu ſeinen Bannern ſtrömen. Lymfjords buchtenreiche Küſte erleichterte ſeinen Fahrzeugen überall die Landung; aber der jütiſche Adel, als er ſeine Höfe auflodern ſah, war entſchloſſener als ſeine Standesgenoſſen. Baage Griſe's Dolch ſuchte vergeblich Clemint's Bruſt; er ward, fliehend durch Alborgs Gaſſen, von einem Schuſter in den Tod verwundet. Sechstauſend vendſyſſeler Bonden, nach Landesart bewaffnet, führte Clemint, überall Gericht haltend gegen treuweigernde Edelleute, auf Randers, wohin der Adel und biſchöfliches Geſinde ſich zuſammengezogen. Unter dem Befehle Holgers Roſenkranz und Erick Banner's, unterſtützt von 130 deutſchen Reitern, die Joſt von Globeck dem neuen Könige aus Niederſachſen zugeführt, beſchloß der Adel, 300 Roſſe ſtark, es mit den verachteten Bauern zu wagen. Dem langſamer folgenden Fußvolke, nur etwa von 300 Knechten begleitet, weit voran, fanden ſie vor Alborg am Moos von Svenſtrupp in der Frühe des 16. October den Feind ihrer harrend; ein muthiges Volk, vor ihnen Hörner und Hirtenmuſik, nur bewaffnet mit Stangen, Keulen und Knitteln. Sollte der Adel, die „Eiſenherrn," vor ſolchem Geſindel fliehen! Die Ritter, in zwei Haufen, ſtürmten über das weiche Ackerland heran; als aber die ſchweren Thiere mit den geharniſchten Reitern in den naſſen Grund verſanken, fielen mit Jubelgeſchrei die Vendſyſſeler über die Wehrloſen her und erſchlugen ihrer eine große Zahl. Holger Roſenkranz mit den Vornehmſten lag unter den Todten; der unſeligſte Reſt, unter ihnen Joſt von Globeck, — vorſichtiger oder furchtſamer — entrann über den Mühlendamm nach Randers. Auf dieſen Sieg erhob ſich das Volk im Wiborgſtift bis nach Riven; einzelne Haufen durchzogen unter Verheerung das Land; der kühne Seefahrer ſelbſt lagerte ſich vor Randers, um den feſten, vom geflohenen Adel und dem holſteiniſchen Fußvolke wohlvertheidigten Ort zu zwingen. Doch hier war der Markſtein ſeiner Thaten; als ſeine Bonden, trunken im „Kieler Bier," gegen die Mauern angeſtürmt und blutig abgewieſen waren, zog er ſich auf Alborg zurück. In dieſer Auflöſung fand König Chriſtian ſein Reich, als er die Grenzen deſſelben betrat. Des ſchwediſchen Beiſtandes ſicher, rückte er, überall Ordnung herſtellend, in Eilmärſchen auf Nordjütland, übergab die Führung ſeines Heeres, welches aus 2000 Reitern und 19 Fähnlein Fußvolk beſtand, dem Ranzau und Banner; Edelleute und biſchöfliche Vaſallen ſtrömten überall herzu; ſo kam man raſch vor Alborg. Chriſtians Name, des erklärten Proteſtanten, entwaffnete im Voraus den Glaubenseifer des jütiſchen Volks; der wohlgeordneten Macht gegenüber ſchwand der Muth der Bauern; Alborg ward am 18. December geſtürmt und mit allen Einwohnern bis auf Weiber und Kinder der Wuth der Sieger preisgegeben. Zweitauſend Bauern lagen erſchlagen, der Reſt verkroch ſich auf Vendſyſſel. Minder grauſam, als da der „Bauernherodes," der Truchſeß, waltete, ereilte das Gericht die Rädelsführer. Der „Schiffer" ſelbſt, als er nach erſtürmter Stadt ſich auf ein Pferd geworfen, ward durch einen Bonden ergriffen und nach Alborg zurückgebracht. Lange ſaß er zu Kolding im Kerker, mit trotziger Ruhe, ja mit Gleichmuth den Wechſel des Geſchicks tragend. Auf die Frage eines Mitgefangenen: „Was nun beginnen, Schiffer?" antwortete er: „Die rathen jetzt, die Macht haben!" „So haben auch wir es gethan," ſagte der Bauer, und wahrlich war es ergangen wie im däniſchen Sprichwort: „Wenn ein Stümper hat die „Macht," weiß er nicht zu fahren ſacht." Zwei Jahre darauf ward Clemint, der kühnſte Seefahrer, zu Kolding enthauptet und ſeine Glieder, der Kopf mit einer Bleikrone zum Hohne geſchmückt, auf Pfähle geſteckt; unendlich viel milder als Ungarns Edle den Georg Doſa zwanzig Jahre früher geſtraft. Auch ein Götz von Berlichingen, Jens Hvas aff Kaas, fand den Tod unter dem Beile, weil des Königs Gnadenbrief zu ſpät kam. Aber der Schonung des Henkers folgte bald ein adelig-ſtändiſches Gericht über Gut und Recht, welches den jütiſchen Bauern und dem Staate verderblicher wurde als die empörendſte Hinrichtung Einzelner. Sobald Alle die Waffen niedergelegt, hielt man über die Herdesvogteien, welche den Eid zu Horſens gebrochen, Landding und verurtheilte ſie zu einem Revers, kraft deſſen ſie Leben und Gut für verwirkt erkannten, „ohne was des Königs Gnade ihnen erlaſſe." Da nun begann für die wohlhäbigen Jordeigne Bonden, die ihre Höfe adelsfrei bisher beſeſſen, die Zeit der Unterdrückung; die benachbarten Herren griffen unter ſchweigender Zulaſſung ihres Wahlkönigs zu und unterwarfen die Güter der Anhänger des „Schiffers" ſchweren, ſich vererbenden Abgaben. Zwar kauften Manche ihr Eigenthumsrecht wieder; aber im Allgemeinen ging der freie Bauernſtand in Jütland damals unter, und was der Adel an Rechten gewann, verlor die Nation und der König an Kraft.

So verkündete Jütlands laſtende Buße den untergehenden Stern des Grafen, der zwar noch in Fünen unumſchränkt waltete und, im Middelfarthſunde alle Fahrzeuge verbrennend, dem Könige den Uebergang nicht verſtattete, gleichwol aber wenige Tage vor Weihnachten ſich ihm unter Geleit in Kolding zur mündlichen Beſprechung ſtellte. Chriſtian, um ohne Blutvergießen das Reich zu gewinnen, bot dem Vetter große Summen; aber jener ſittliche Rückhalt in Chriſtoph ſträubte ſich, um Geld die Sache des Gefangenen zu verrathen. Er verlangte Chriſtierns Befreiung und für ihn den Beſitz Norwegens, Schonens, Fünens und der Inſeln; da Chriſtian wie die Reichsräthe eine Theilung Dänemarks verwarfen, ging man unverrichteter Dinge auseinander; der Graf, nachdem er Fünen wohl beſetzt, nach Kopenhagen zum Reichstage; der König, um jeden Funken des Aufruhrs in Jütland vollends zu unterdrücken. Im tiefen Herzen legte der König die übermüthigen Worte nieder, welche der Graf ſich beim Trunke gegen ihn erlaubt hatte; als er ihm ſeine Schweſter zur Ehe anbot, erwiederte jener, „er habe in Kopenhagen Buhlſchaft genug," und wie der König, ohne Zeichen des Verdruſſes, ſcherzhaft ihm, „der das Reich inne hätte," ſeine Dienſte als Landsknecht anbot, verſprach der Graf lachenden Mundes, ihm drei Solde zu geben und „einen Jungen zu muſtern."

Die Ereigniſſe in Jütland, einzelne böſe Anzeichen von der Untreue des ſchoneniſchen Adels hatten den Grafen zur Selbſterhaltung vermocht, die Edelleute der eroberten Provinzen etwas härter anzugreifen und ihnen den Aufwand des Krieges abzufordern, der bei der öffentlichen Zerrüttung nicht durch gewöhnliche Abgaben beſtritten werden konnte. Er verlangte demnach auf dem kopenhagener Tage nicht allein ihr Silbergeſchirr, ſondern, ungalant genug, auch das Geſchmeide ihrer Frauen und Töchter, unter dem einleuchtenden Vorwande, ſolches geſchehe zu ihrem eigenen Beſten, weil die unbezahlten Kriegsleute ihren Sold ſonſt bei ihnen ſich holen würden. Als jene, gewitzigt durch frühere Erfahrungen, eine anſehnliche Summe boten, dagegen ſich weigerten, wider die Rechte des Geſchlechts die Koſtbarkeiten ihrer Frauen zu nehmen, drangen Monter und Boßbinder mit Bürgerhaufen ſtürmiſch in das Schloß, beſchuldigten den Adel als alleinigen Urheber eines Drangſals, welches die Vertreibung des guten Chriſtiern herbeigenöthigt, und gaben deutlich zu verſtehen, wie ſie nur auf des Grafen Wort warteten, die Tyrannen zu ergreifen. Chriſtophs Natur war ſolcher Härte nicht fähig, ſo förderlich ſie ſeiner Lage geweſen; er beruhigte die Bürger, verhieß den Zitternden ſeinen Schutz und entließ ſie voll Furcht vor der gewaltthätigen Menge, zugleich voll unterdrückten Grimms. Kaum wagten ſie auf ihre Güter zurückzukehren; denn die Kunde von der Adelsrache in Jütland, ſowie von den Fortſchritten der Schweden in Halland und Schonen, ohne Zweifel auf Vorſchub des dortigen Adels, verbreitete ſich eben durch Seeland. Mit neuem Zorne fiel daher das Volk und die Fremden über die ungetreuen Herren her, die knirſchend neue Mishandlungen erduldeten.

Waſa hatte bereits in den letzten Monaten des Jahres ſeinem Kriege gegen Lübeck die weiteſte Ausdehnung gegeben. Seine Kaperſchiffe thaten den Hanſen überall Abbruch, verwickelten ihn aber mit Danzig, das dem däniſchen Kriege ſich nicht angeſchloſſen, in beſchwerliche Händel, indem Zwar Flemming das dortige Fahrwaſſer beunruhigte und mit ſeinen Schiffen in die Gewalt der erzürnten Danziger fiel. Aber ungeachtet dieſer Lähmung ſeiner Seemacht nach jener Seite war er im October ſtark genug, auch ohne den erwarteten Zuzug eines von Chriſtian verſprochenen Fußvolks einen Anfall auf Halland und Schonen zu wagen. Sein Heer, deſſen Kern aus geworbenen Deutſchen und 200 Reitern beſtand, rückte, Huldigung für den erwählten König fordernd, vor Varberg und gewann nach vergeblicher Beſtürmung ſo viel, daß Stadt und Schloß ſich für Chriſtian III. erklärten, wiewol die Bürger gleich darauf zum Grafen wieder abfielen. Auch vor Halmſtad verloren ſie in zwei Stürmen viel Volk, indem ſelbſt Weiber und Kinder voll Begeiſterung Steine und Pechkränze hinabſchleuderten. Schon wollten die Schweden abziehen, als ſie der fromme Geſang auf der Mauer: „Vor Gud hand er saa fast en Borg," den ſie für Spott hielten, zu neuem Grimm antrieb. Die Bürger begehrten darauf Zwieſprache, fragten, in weſſen Namen die Schweden kämen, und als ſie darauf Beſcheid erhalten, gelobte die Gemeine am 31. October dem erwählten Könige Gehorſam.

Dieſe anfangs übertriebenen Fortſchritte der ſchwediſchen Waffen, ihr Andringen auf Schonen, ihr Einverſtändniß mit dem dortigen Adel lenkte die Sorge des Grafen aus dem Weſten nach Oſten, und es war hohe Zeit, daß er nach dem ſtockelsdorfer Frieden über neue Streitkräfte gebieten konnte. Ungeſäumt ſchickte er Marx Meier mit den lübiſchen Fähnlein von Helſingör nach Schonen, ingleichen fünf Fähnlein unter dem Grafen von Hoya und Michael Blick, einem in den nordiſchen Kriegen wohlverſuchten Deutſchen. Auch Monter ſollte mit drei Bürgerfahnen von Malmoe mit ihnen die Landmark von Schonen ſchützen, ſowie Baſtian von Jeſſen mit Reitern ihnen zugeſellt wurde. Aber alle dieſe Anſtalten ſcheiterten am Treubruche des Adels, den freilich die Mishandlung von Bürgern und Bauern einigermaßen entſchuldigte, wenngleich nicht die Gefangennahme des fanatiſchen Erzbiſchofs von Lund durch den ſächſiſchen Baſtard. Zur Vertheidigung der Grenzen vom Grafen nach Landskron entboten, um hier ſeiner Befehle zu harren, hatten ſie, 300 gerüſtete Pferde ſtark, bereits ihren Troß dorthin geſchickt, als ſie die Furcht befiel, Baſtian von Jeſſen ſei beſtimmt, ſich ihrer zu bemächtigen, um mit ihren Waffen und Roſſen ſeinen Haufen beſſer gegen die Schweden zu bewehren. Dieſen Argwohn vermehrte, daß Baſtian von Jeſſen, um den Herren im engen Städtchen offene Herberge zu laſſen, ſelbſt hinauszog und nur eine ſchwache Beſatzung von Fußvolk zurückließ. Die 300 ſchoniſchen Edelleute, ob wirklich vor dem Häuflein ſich fürchtend oder nur einen Vorwand ſuchend, kehrten vor Landskron um, irrten eine Zeitlang in Schonen umher, einen feſten Ort einzunehmen; als ſie den Einmarſch der Schweden erfuhren, ſowie die Plünderung ihres Troſſes, wozu Jeſſen wol Recht hatte, da die Herren treulos geworden, ſtießen ſie bei Engelholm zu Johann Turſon und kündigten, ſich offen für Chriſtian III. erklärend, dem Oldenburger den Treueid auf. Dieſer Abfall gab der Sache Chriſtierns plötzlich eine andere Wendung. Marx Meier und der Graf von Hoya, mit ihrem Fußvolke dem ſchwediſchen Heere, welches jetzt 1200 Ritter zählte, nicht gewachſen, zogen von Halmſtads Mauern zu Anfang des Jahres 1535 an den Sund auf Helſingborg zurück. Aber hier war der Ausgangspunkt der Fäden des Verraths, welcher die Männer umgarnte. Auf Helſingborgſchloß befehligte jener Tyge Krabbe, der in des Grafen innerſtem Rathe ſaß, ihm als Zeichen der Freundſchaft ſeinen Leibhengſt und ſeinen Harniſch verehrt und ihn ſelbſt zur Zuſammenkunft mit Chriſtian III. nach Kolding begleitet hatte. Meier und beſonders Munter, aus guten Gründen dem alten Fuchs nicht trauend, verſuchten durch Liſt und Ueberraſchung ſich des Schloſſes zu bemächtigen. Aber der Jüte ließ ſich nicht irren; ohne ein Zeichen ſeines Abfalls zu erkennen zu geben, beſchickte er den ſchwediſchen Heerführer und ſetzte ihn in Kenntniß, weſſen er von ihm gewärtig ſein könnte. Graf von Hoya, ſo bedenklichen Verhältniſſen ſeine Perſon nicht anvertrauend, ſegelte nach Seeland; Marx Meier und Munter dagegen verzagten nicht, auf ſo treuloſem Boden dem Feinde zu widerſtehen. Die falſchen Betheuerungen des däniſchen Reichsmarſchalls, ſeine auf das Sacrament angelobte Treue berückten den Hauptmann, der erſt in der Schule des nordiſchen Adels zum Meiſter der Verſtellung ſich ausbildete; war es keckes Selbſtvertrauen oder Kurzſichtigkeit, er lagerte ſich in die offene Stadt unter Helſingborgſchloß, mit geſchwächtem Heere den Angriff einer überlegenen Macht abzuwarten, in Hoffnung, ſchlimmſten Falls eine Zuflucht auf der Feſte zu finden. Der Reichsmarſchall lieh dem „Bundesverwandten“ nur gegen Unterpfand jener beneideten goldenen Kette, dem lübecker Hauptmann, zwei zum Zerſpringen überladene Falkonette und ertheilte ſchon vor der Schlacht einem Edelmanne das Geheiß, vom Thurme die Stücke auf die Lübecker zu richten, „denen man nicht durch Eid verbunden ſei.“ Angſtvoll harrte der Verräther der Schweden, des Todes ſicher, wenn die Deutſchen, ſeiner Tücke innegeworden, das Schloß ſtürmten; obgleich dieſe in ihrer Blindheit beharrten, näherte ſich Johann Turſon dennoch nur zögernd der Stadt am Abend des 12. Januar 1535 und beſchloß erſt, als in der Nacht zum 14. Januar ein heimlicher Bote ihm den ſchändlichen Plan aufgedeckt, mit ſeinen 1200 Rittern und verhältnißmäßiger Zahl Fußvolks die fünf Fähnlein Lübecker hinter ihrer Wagenburg und den ſchwachen Schanzen mit dem Tage anzugreifen. Gleich zu Anfange des Gefechts warf Tyge Krabbe die Maske ab, indem ein hämiſcher Schuß 14 Deutſche ſogleich niederſtreckte und die Wackern in Beſtürzung ſetzte, die, von vorn und von hinten angegriffen, nirgend einen Rückhalt fanden. Munter war klug genug, bei dieſer Wendung in ein Boot ſich zu werfen und ſeewärts nach Malmoe zu fliehen. Meier's Fähnlein dagegen wurden durchbrochen, überwältigt, zur Hälfte erſchlagen, Viele ertranken in der See, er ſelbſt ſchloß ſich mit 1000 Mann in das nahe Kloſter ein. Aber während die Stadt in Flammen aufging und die Feinde von allen Seiten ihn umſtellten, war hier kein langer Widerſtand zu leiſten. Der Betrogene ergab ſich, voll Haß gegen die Schweden, dem Dänen Magnus Gyldenſtiern und warf auf dem Schloſſe vergeblich dem alten Reichsmarſchall ſeinen Treubruch vor, der in aller Seelenruhe ſich entſchuldigte, „er habe dem Grafen, nicht den Lübeckern den Eid geſchworen.“ Baſtian von Jeſſen war entkommen; Michael Blick mit Junker Peter, Baſtard von Geldern, geriethen in Feindesgewalt und 1000 Knechte wurden gegen Kriegsgebrauch genöthigt, in Schwedens Sold zu treten. Um den Heerführer von Lübeck haderten die Sieger. König Guſtav forderte ihn von Weſteras aus als ſeinen Gefangenen, da ſein Volk die Niederlage entſchieden; weil Meier jedoch ausgerufen: „er wolle lieber ſterben als in ſchwediſche Hände fallen,“ ſchickte man ihn bis auf weitere Vereinigung auf Vardbiergſchloß. Nach dem Treffen von Helſingborg nahmen die Schweden das offene Land für Chriſtian III. in Pflicht, meldeten ihm die frohe Zeitung nach Kolding und ſchritten unverzüglich zur Berennung der ſchoneniſchen Städte.

So trug den Krieg gegen beide Könige der Dictator, ſeines [illegible] beraubt, allein, als unbemerkt eine neue Intrigue ſich ankündigte, welche, neben Wullenweber's Planen herlaufend und ihrer Natur nach mit denſelben unvereinbar, ihnen dennoch als Mittel dienen konnte. Noch während Chriſtian vor Lübeck lag, hatte die Königin Maria ihm über Heinrichs VIII. Bündniß mit den Lübeckern vertrauliche Eröffnungen gemacht durch eine Geſandtſchaft, welche am däniſchen Herrentage die Wahl des Herzogs, als dem kaiſerlichen Hauſe beifällig, empfehlen ſollte, welche ſich aber durch das aufruhrvolle Land nicht nach Kopenhagen wagte, ſondern in Travemünde dem Herzoge niederländiſche Hülfe gegen England verhieß. Als darauf Chriſtian der Regentin ſeine Wahl kundthat und die Kriegsſchiffe nach dem genter Vertrage forderte, ließen Ausflüchte und Vertröſtungen ihn die veränderten Geſinnungen des burgundiſchen Hofes fürchten. Nämlich die Proclamation des gefangenen Chriſtiern durch den ſiegreichen Grafen eröffnete dem römiſchen Könige Ferdinand die Ausſicht, den Norden näher mit Habsburg zu verknüpfen, wenn er Dorothea, die ältere Tochter des gefangenen Schwagers — die jüngere hatte der Letzling des Hauſes Sforza, jener vielgeprüfte Franceſco, Herzog von Mailand — mit einem deutſchen Fürſten, einem verdienten Anhänger des Hauſes, vermählte und ihm die nordiſchen Kronen übertrug. Zu dieſer Wahl ſchien Keiner geeigneter als der Bruder des Kurfürſten Ludwig, Pfalzgraf Friedrich, den wir jetzt als neuauftretende Perſon des verſchlungenen Dramas näher ins Auge faſſen müſſen.

Ein Sohn des Kurfürſten Philipp, geboren 1483, erzogen am fröhlichen Hofe des Erzherzogs Philipp, nachmals Königs von Spanien, hatte Friedrich alle Gaben von der Natur empfangen, um der fürſtlichſte Ritter ſeiner Zeit zu werden, blieb aber bis zur ſpäten Uebernahme der Kurwürde ein Spielball des Glücks und ein irrender Ritter. Als jüngerer Prinz ſeine Hoffnung früh auf das Kaiſerhaus ſtützend, hatte er den König Philipp als Vertrauter und Theilnehmer jugendlicher Thorheiten nach Spanien begleitet und nach dem Tode des ſchönen Gemahls der Infantin Juanna dem jungen Karl von Gent ſich angeſchloſſen, an deſſen Hof er durch Ritterlichkeit, feine Sitten, Liebe zu den ſchönen Künſten, zumal der Muſik, in ſo hohem Grade die Aufmerkſamkeit erregte, daß er nach der Erzherzogin Leonore kühn aufzublicken wagte. Bereits war ihm das Herz der ſchönen, lebensfrohen Prinzeſſin zugänglich geworden, als ihre durch große Staatsrückſichten herbeigeführte Vermählung mit dem alten Könige von Portugal den jugendlichen Traum zerſtörte. Auch nach dieſer Täuſchung ein eifriger, wiewol wenig belohnter Diener des jungen Kaiſers, hatte er an der Spitze des Reichsregiments geſtanden, das Reichsheer gegen die Türken befehligt; aber alle lockenden Heirathspläne waren, ungeachtet ſeiner äußern Empfehlung und unermüdlicher Betriebſamkeit, neckend immer umgeſchlagen. Jetzt über 50 Jahre alt und einer ſtoiſchen Anſicht des Lebens zugewandt, nachdem er um die Erzherzogin Leonore, um eine Tochter Don Fernando's, um die Königin Witwe von Ungarn, um die Markgräfin von Montferrat, um eine engliſche Prinzeſſin und viele andere Fürſtentöchter geworben, verleitete den unglücklichen Freier nach langem Sträuben die Beredſamkeit des römiſchen Königs noch einmal, ſich in die undankbarſte Heiraths- und Kronbewerbung einzulaſſen. Im Juli 1534 ſchickte er Geſandte, unter ihnen ſeinen Rath und Tröſter, Schickſalsgefährten und endlich Biographen, Hubert Thomas von Lüttich, mit königlichen Empfehlungsbriefen zum Wahltage nach Kopenhagen; wie ſie aber in Hamburg, eben als der Graf Seeland von Schonen mit Kriegsunruhen erfüllte, die verſprochenen kaiſerlichen Räthe nicht fanden, — dieſelben, welche dem Herzoge die Hülfe der Regentin gegen England angetragen und noch nicht von der veränderten Politik des Hauſes in Beziehung auf den Norden unterrichtet waren, weil die Entfernung zwiſchen Prag, Madrid und Brüſſel raſchen Austauſch der Pläne verhinderte, — kehrten ſie mit der Kunde von Chriſtians Huldigung zu Horſens in die Pfalz zurück. Aber Ferdinand drang in den Pfalzgrafen, zur eiligen Bewerbung um die Königstochter eine Botſchaft nach Spanien zu ſchicken. Mit unglaublicher Haſt „poſtirte“ nun Hubert von Heidelberg über Binche im Hennegau, wo die Regentin, den Heirathsplan aufnehmend, ihn mit Briefen an den Kaiſer verſah, nach Madrid, fand dieſen und den Kanzler Granvella zu Gunſten der Heirath vorbereitet, und erhielt eine mäßige Mitgift und die Unterſtützung des Anrechts auf die nordiſchen Reiche durch die Macht der niederländiſchen Provinzen zugeſagt. Aber noch nicht mit Vollmacht zum Abſchluſſe des Heirathscontracts verſehen, ward der pfälziſche Rath unter gnädigen Verheißungen entlaſſen und ritt mit ſolcher Eile nach Deutſchland, daß er in 10 Tagen, am 1. Januar 1535, dem harrenden Gebieter das kaiſerliche Wort nach Neumarkt in der Oberpfalz überbrachte. Der alte Freier, voll jugendlicher Hoffnung, machte ſich darauf ſelbſt nach Spanien auf den Weg, um den Kaiſer zu größerer Hülfeleiſtung zu bewegen, ſprach die Regentin am 21. Februar in Brüſſel und gelangte am 18. März nach Saragoſſa, wohin den Kaiſer die Rüſtung zum Zuge nach Tunis gerufen. Zu Barcellona ward dann die Acte vollzogen, worauf Karl ſich zu ſeiner heldenmüthigen Expedition einſchiffte, der Pfalzgraf dagegen über Paris und Rouen, wo er den König Franz aufſuchte, nach Brüſſel eilte und am 18. Mai ſich mit der kränklichen Tochter des ſonderburger Gefangenen verlobte. Mit guten Gründen drang die Regentin auf ein unverzögertes Beilager; doch der Stolz des deutſchen Fürſten ſträubte ſich gegen eine prunkloſe Hochzeit; er reiſte erſt zu ſeinem Bruder nach Heidelberg, um fürſtliche Vorbereitung zu treffen, und verſchuldete dadurch den Verluſt des unwiederbringlichen Momentes, in welchem ſein Auftreten, von kaiſerlicher Macht unterſtützt, eine günſtige Wendung hätte herbeiführen müſſen.

Nicht ſowol die Entfremdung eines Bundesgenoſſen als die Gefahr eines directen Angriffs nöthigte den erwählten König, deſto enger mit den verwandten nordiſchen Fürſten ſich zu verbinden. Jütlands trotzige Gemeinen waren zwar gebändigt, aber die Städte Schonens, denen das Meer offen ſtand, zu zwingen, den Grafen aus den Inſeln zu vertreiben, bedurfte er einer Flotte, da Kopenhagens Fall den Staat der Seemacht beraubt. Guſtav verhieß mit der Bereitwilligkeit, welche ſeine Politik gebot, auch den Beiſtand ſeiner Schiffe; auch Herzog Albrecht von

Preußen, der Gemahl der Schweſter Chriſtians, fand es angemeſſen, durch Aushülfe des befreundeten Königs ſein unſicheres Herzogthum zu ſtützen. So hoffte denn Chriſtian mit dem Sommer nachdrücklicher den Krieg zur See und auf den Inſeln zu beginnen und ſchickte fürs Erſte den tüchtigen Oberſten Albrecht von Belzig aus Jütland nach Halland, um den Schweden gegen Römer von dem Walde in Landskron, Monter in Malmoe und Lund beizuſtehen.

Aber auch den Grafen ſchreckte der Verluſt Jütlands und Schonens, die Tücke des Adels, die Schlacht von Helſingborg böſe aus der Mäßigung auf, mit der er dem Umſchwunge der Verhältniſſe mehr ſich hingegeben, als derſelben durch große perſönliche Anſtrengung Meiſter zu bleiben geſtrebt, mehr die Revolution genoſſen als geleitet. Ohne Arges gegen die ihm durch theure Eide verpflichteten Reichsräthe, den ſcheingehorſamen Adel nach Kräften ſchützend, hatte er ſeiner Liebe zu Weibern, Wein und Büchern behaglich Raum gegeben, bis die Dinge unvermerkt eine ſo gefährliche Wendung gewannen. Ein Beweis des Verraths, mit welchem man den offenen Mann umgarnte, iſt, daß Johann Friis, ſein Geheimſchreiber und Vertrauter aller Heimlichkeiten, die Erlaubniß erbat, nach Wittenberg zu den Studien zu gehen, auf Verwendung der Reichsräthe vom Grafen Urlaub gewann, ſtatt aber die Rechte in Wittenberg zu ſtudiren, zu Chriſtian floh und ſo den freundlichen Beförderer ſeiner Ausbildung ſchändlich betrog. In veränderter Geſinnung berief darauf Chriſtoph, um die Mittel zur weitern Kriegsführung aufzutreiben, die Herren nach Kopenhagen und erſchien mit einer Schaar Bürger der Hauptſtadt. Aber ſtatt erwarteter Hülfe vernahm er des Adels Klagen über den Druck der deutſchen Kriegsleute und die Mißhandlungen des Volks, was den Haufen ſo erbitterte, daß er einige Tage darauf Frau Anna Roſenkrans, die Mutter jenes Holger's, in Stücken riß, weil ſie, ein muthiges Weib, weiland Hofmeiſterin dreier Könige, ſich zu heftigen Reden hatte hinreißen laſſen. Dieſe Unthat an einer Frau iſt ein Zeichen der entſetzlichen Verwilderung des däniſchen Bürgers, wiewol ſie keinen Vergleich aushält mit der, wir möchten ſagen phantaſtiſchen Grauſamkeit, in welcher die Schwabenbauern zehn Jahre vorher 70 Grafen und Edelleute durch die Spieße jagten, Melchior Nunnenmacher auf der Sackpfeife dem Grafen von Helfenſtein den Todesreigen blies und die Gräfin, Maximilians des Kaiſers Tochter, auf einem Miſtwagen mit ihrem Söhnlein in's Elend geſtoßen wurde. Die nordiſchen Naturen, ſonſt ſtark und phantaſiereich, hielten mehr an ſich im Grimm gegen ihre Bedrücker, wie denn überhaupt ein gewiſſes Maßhalten auf beiden Seiten in dieſen Religions- und Bürgerkriegen nicht zu verkennen iſt.

Der Graf, durch die offenkundige Untreue der Reichsräthe zu leidenſchaftlicherem Verfahren mit Recht gereizt, ließ, zu ſpät, um fernern Verrath unmöglich zu machen, am 11. März 1535 alle Herren und Edelleute gefangennehmen und nach Malmoe in Gewahrſam bringen. Nur wenige retteten ſich auf die noch unbeſetzten Schlöſſer, als des Grafen Diener im Lande ſie aufſuchten; mit Verzweiflungsmuth vertheidigten die Lehnsmannen des geflohenen Biſchofs von Odenſee Dragesholm, als letztes Aſyl des ſeeländiſchen Adels, gegen Johann von Hoya und die Bürger von Kopenhagen, wie Kallundborg bereits ſeine zerſchoſſenen Mauern geöffnet und Hermann Lange, des Grafen Halbbruder, zum Befehlshaber bekommen. Aber was Seeland an Sicherheit gewann, verlor das nahe Fünen; aller ſorgfältigen Abwehrmaßregeln ungeachtet ſetzte Johann Ranzau auf heimlich geſammelten Küſtenfahrzeugen ſein Kriegsvolk über, die Strandwachen zur Nachtzeit hintergehend, ſchlug das Aufgebot der Bauern und einige gräfliche Knechte am 19. März zwiſchen Odenſee und Middelfarth und lagerte mit einem anſehnlichen Heere ſeit mehren Wochen vor Aſſens.

So ſtanden Lübecks Angelegenheiten, als es dem Marx Meier auf Wardbiergſchloß gelang, durch dieſelben Künſte ſeine Freiheit zu gewinnen, die ihn in die Gewalt des Adels gebracht. Auch eine reinere Natur als unſer Abenteurer, den wir nicht als ſittlich vornehm geprieſen, hätte Ehrlichkeit verlernt unter einer Umgebung, die Ritterwort und Eid auf die Sacramente nur als Mittel gebrauchte, ſich aus augenblicklicher Verlegenheit zu retten. Er war durch Tyge Krabbe verrathen worden; ſollte er nun Bedenken tragen, alle Mittel ſeines ſchöpferiſchen Geiſtes anzuwenden, um ſich den Händen eines Mannes zu entziehen, der ſein Gelöbniß gebrochen? Zu allen Zeiten hat man ſchonend Diejenigen beurtheilt, welche aus Liebe zur Freiheit auch angelobten offenen Gefängniſſen auf kühnen Wegen entrannen; des Gelöbniſſes durfte Der mit Recht vergeſſen, den nicht eine Großthat der Feinde, ſondern ihre Argliſt zum Gefangenen gemacht.

Ungern ſah Guſtav den Bürgerfeldherrn auf Wardbierg führen, deſſen Befehlshaber Trued Grevertſon Ulfſtand noch keine unzweifelhafte Erklärung für Chriſtian abgegeben, indem er vielmehr ſeine Burg nur für den vom Reichsrathe noch zu beſtätigenden König beſetzt hielt. Hatte er doch noch am 1. Januar 1535 einen Brief des Grafen von Hoya, der ihn zur Treue ermahnte, nur deshalb nicht für bindend erklärt, weil er nicht vom Reichsrath unterzeichnet ſei. Die Stadt Wardbierg beharrte entſchieden für Chriſtiern; das Schloß ſtand unter Waffenruhe dem noch anzuerkennenden Herrſcher offen. Unter ſo ſeltſamen Verhältniſſen empfing Trued Ulfſtand ſeinen vornehmen Gefangenen mit ritterlicher Gaſtfreiheit, geſtattete ihm gegen Handſchlag freie Haft und nahm ihn ſelbſt zuweilen mit auf die Jagd hinaus. Unſern Kriegsmann aber quälte die Sehnſucht nach Thaten und der Drang, ein Unternehmen, das er begonnen, zu glücklichem Ende zu führen. So lange Stadt und Schloß feindlich waren, blieb Meier gewiſſenhaft; als er aber mit großer Gewandtheit freien Verkehr auf vier Wochen zwiſchen beiden vermittelt, warb er heimliche Kundſchaft bei den Bürgern und der deutſchen Beſatzung der Stadt, um die letzte Feſte Hallands gegen Albrecht von Belzig zu ſichern, der eben aus Jütland erwartet wurde. Der Schloßcapelan bot ſich als Unterhändler, und der Fähndrich der Beſatzung, ſowie einige Bürger, eifrige Anhänger Chriſtierns, beſchloſſen, mit Meier's Hülfe die Feſtung zu überraſchen. In der Nacht zum 9. März ſchlichen ſich 30 Knechte mit Waffen und einer Strickleiter während der Wachtſtille an die Burg und fanden den Gefangenen bereit, durch das heimliche Gemach, welches unter ſeiner Wohnung herausgebaut war, erſt die Leiter, dann ihre Wehren und Harniſche, endlich auch Männer hinaufzuziehen. Bis zum hellen Morgen verſteckte er ſie darauf in einer Kammer, überwältigte den Diener, der in ſeinem Gemache ſchlief, und begleitete unbefangen den Befehlshaber, der nach ſeinem Brauch alle Morgen die Schloßmauer rings umging und nach dem Rechten ſah. Als ſie in die Nähe der Kammer gekommen, wo jene mit ihren Hakenbüchſen verborgen lagen, witterte er Unheimliches und ſprach: „Hier ſtinkt's nach Lunten.“ „Es ſind die alten Weiber, die im Backofen Flachs röſten,“ erwiederte M. Meier, um geſcheute Antwort nie verlegen. Wie nun Trued Ulfſtand den Berg hinunterſtieg, um die Arbeiten auf den Werften zu beſichtigen, ging Marx unter einem Vorwande zurück, rief „die Brüder“ zu den Waffen, warf das Thor in die Angeln und überwältigte ohne viel Blutvergießen die erſchrockenen Dänen bis auf einige Reiter, welche auf den Thurm flüchteten, aber durch ein Geſchütz in Reſpect gehalten wurden. Auf das Getümmel kehrte Ulfſtand raſch um, rief denen droben zu, ſich zu halten, und gedachte mit Schmiedehämmern die Thür zu ſprengen. Des Drohenden Leben ſtand in Meier's Gewalt. „Sall ick eme dor dat Lif ſcheten?“ fragte ein Hakenſchütze im Anſchlage; auf ſeine Verneinung erſchoß er durch ein Schießloch den Nebenmann, worauf Herr Trued, da obenein von der Stadt der Bürger und Soldaten andrangen, ſich auf ein Pferd warf und voll Scham davonjagte, das ihm anvertraute Schloß in des Feindes Gewalt laſſend. Auf Wardbierg nun richtete ſich Meier wie auf ſeinem Eigenthume ein, plünderte die Reichthümer, welche der Adel dorthin geflüchtet, ward von ſeinen Helfern zum Hauptmann ausgerufen und behauptete ſein „Malepartus“ mit allen Kriegsvorräthen, der Stadt, ihren Schiffen und die Umgegend 15 Monate lang ſo unabhängig, daß er den Königen des Auslandes faſt als eine ſelbſtändige Macht erſchien und er die nordiſchen Kronen nicht ohne Feilſchen ausbieten konnte. Graf Chriſtoph, dem er die wichtigen hier aufgefundenen Documente zuſandte, vermittelte die Befreiung der Frau Ulfſtand und ihrer ſechs Kinder gegen die Familie eines mit Johann von Hoya geflüchteten ſchwediſchen Dieners, die in Stockholm verhaftet lag. Als Albrecht von Belzig an Hallands Küſten erſchien, verſtand Meier ihm entſchloſſen und liſtig zu begegnen. Guſtav Waſa aber beſchämte die Reichsräthe mit Vorwürfen, daß ſie den Gefangenen nicht beſſer bewahrt.

Sechstes Capitel.

Der [illegible] in Kopenhagen. Schlacht am Oxenberge.
Seetreffen bei Bornholm. Chriſtian III. vor Kopenhagen.
Sommer 1535.

Jürgen Wullenweber hatte die Wendungen des Krieges mit aufmerkſamem Blick von Lübeck aus verfolgt, das er aus Furcht vor heimlichen und offenen Gegnern nicht zu verlaſſen wagte. Noch gebot er auch ohne die Verordneten über die geſammte Kraft der wendiſchen Städte, wiewol die Ariſtokratie, neidiſch auf jeden Erfolg der gehaßten Demokraten, in der Stille mancherlei Mittel anwandte, den Schwung der Unternehmung zu hemmen. Auch in Stralſund hielten die Achtundvierziger ſich ſo weit oben, daß Smiterlow mit ſeinen Verwandten verhaftet blieb und am 6. Februar 1535 ein Receß zwiſchen der Bürgerſchaft, dem Rathe und den Verordneten ausgeſtellt wurde, welcher das dauernde Anſehen der Letztern gegen ſpätere Ahndung ihrer Anmaßungen ſicherte, den alten Rath alle ihre Schritte, als mit ihm einverſtanden, gutzuheißen und die Verantwortung der Folgen der däniſchen Fehde gemeinſchaftlich zu übernehmen verpflichtete, wiewol die letztere Clauſel erſt ſpäter mit zurückdatirter Zeitangabe hinzugefügt ſein ſoll, als die Achtundvierziger bereits ſtrenge Rechenſchaft ihres Gewaltmisbrauches ablegen zu müſſen gewärtig waren. Nicht allein gaben Stralſunds Bürger in republikaniſchem Eifer willig jedes Opfer zum rechtmäßigen Kriege, die Glocken aus den Kirchen und ſelbſt den kupfernen Kolben der Stadtramme, der noch zu Sablrow's Zeiten, kenntlich an dem Wappen, zu Lübeck geſehen wurde, ſondern forderten auch die benachbarte Gemeine zu Greifswald, die nicht unmittelbar an dem Kriege der Hanſe Theil genommen, auf, ihre Geldbeiträge ihnen zu ſenden; wogegen Bürgermeiſter und Rath zu Stralſund am 13. März 1535 in Lübecks Namen den Greifswaldern die Verſicherung ausſtellten, „ihre Rechte in Dänemark und ihre Freiheit vom Sundzolle zu ſchützen, und ihnen als Bundesverwandten jeden Erfolg des Krieges zu Gute kommen zu laſſen.“ Aber neben ſo tüchtiger Volksgeſinnung that auch hier jene ſchleichende Oppoſition ſich kund, die jetzt am Bürgermeiſter Lorbeer ein unzweideutiges Organ gefunden.

Die beunruhigenden Fortſchritte der Könige erregten die Unzufriedenheit der Städte mit dem Grafen, ihrem Oberfeldherrn, und veranlaßten den Bürgermeiſter von Lübeck, nach einem andern Paladine des gefangenen Königs und einem mächtigern Vertheidiger ihrer Anſprüche ſich umzublicken. Es iſt kein geringer Beweis ſeiner geiſtigen Ueberlegenheit, daß er, wenn es ſeinen Plänen förderlich ſchien, immer über fürſtliche Perſonen verfügen und verwandtſchaftliche Intereſſen erwecken konnte, die ohne ſeine Aufforderung nie zur That gekommen wären. Als Diadochen für den Grafen ſubſtituirte Wullenweber jetzt Albrecht VII., Herzog von Mecklenburg, geboren 1486, jüngern Bruder Heinrichs IV., mit welchem er in Gemeinſchaft regierte. Durch ſeine Ehe mit Anna, der Tochter Joachims I. von Brandenburg, für Chriſtiern gewonnen, hatte er ſchon früher an der Einſetzung des vertriebenen Königs gearbeitet, ihm im J. 1524, ſowie beim Angriff auf Norwegen nach Kräften Vorſchub geleiſtet, indem er die katholiſchen Fürſten Deutſchlands für ihn zu bewaffnen geſucht; Mecklenburg war auch jetzt der Sammelplatz vertriebener Dänen und Schweden. In Betreff der religiöſen Streitfrage legte er eine Unſicherheit an den Tag, die ſeinem ſittlichen Charakter nicht zum Ruhme gereichte, indem er nach dem Vortheile des Augenblicks, bald der katholiſchen Partei im Reiche ſich anſchloß und die Ausführung kaiſerlicher Mandate übernahm, bald lutheriſche Prediger in ſeinen Städten anſetzte, zum Widerſpiel ſeines ſtandhaften, der neuen Lehre ergebenen Bruders. Nicht ohne äußere Gaben und nicht ohne ritterlichen Unternehmungsgeiſt, mangelte es ihm gleichwol an ſittlicher Bedeutſamkeit; ihn verfolgte eine nie ruhende Eitelkeit, die ihn getrieben, für ſeinen Stamm das Amt des Reichserbvorſchneiders zu ſuchen, als welcher er bei dem Krönungsmahle Ferdinands zu Aachen im J. 1531 mit großer Geſchicklichkeit fungirt hatte. Mit ihm nun, den bereits kaiſerliche Briefe zur Unterſtützung der Sache ſeines Verwandten aufgefordert, unterhandelten die Abgeordneten der wendiſchen Städte zu Roſtock, in Hoffnung, ſein fürſtlicher Name, ſeine Verwandtſchaft, die Macht ſeines Adels werde das däniſche Reich vollends bezwingen. Leicht ging Albrecht am 13. Februar 1535 den Antrag ein, die Befreiung des Oheims ſeiner Frau zu erkämpfen, zumal da die Hanſen ihm die Regentſchaft für Chriſtiern verſprachen und auch mit der Lockung nicht kargten, ihn zum Nachfolger des Königs, der ohne männliche Nachkommen ſei, zu erheben. Weil dem Herzog in Hinſicht auf die Religion nicht zu trauen, bedingten ſich Wullenweber und Dr. Oldendorp, der Syndicus, die Aufrechthaltung der proteſtantiſchen Kirche. Auch Stralſunds Rath und die Achtundvierziger hatten die Urkunde unterzeichnet und unterſiegelt; als aber dieſelbe dem Herzoge zu Wismar überreicht werden ſollte, fand der Bürgermeiſter Lorbeer, der ſchon im Rathe dagegen geſprochen, Bedenken, ſeiner Stadt die neue Verpflichtung aufzuladen. Er ließ ſich den Brief noch einmal einhändigen, ſchnitt mit ſeinem „Brodmeſſer“ das große Stadtſiegel ab und eilte nach dieſer heroiſchen That, ohne der Einladung zur herzoglichen Tafel zu folgen, im heimlichen Triumphe nach Stralſund zurück. Deſſenungeachtet ſtieg Albrecht von Mecklenburg, zwar nicht als mächtiger Herzog an der Spitze ſeiner Vaſallen, die ihm außer Landes zu folgen nicht Luſt hatten, ſondern mehr in der Geſtalt des Reichserbvorſchneiders, mit einem unmäßigen Gefolge von Geſinde, Jägern und Hunden, als ginge es zu einer großen Jagdluſtbarkeit, mit ſeiner Gemahlin und ihrem Frauenzimmer am 8. April in Warnemünde zu Schiffe. Misvergnügt über das kleine Häuflein Knechte, welches mit hinübergeſchifft wurde, geleitete ihn der Bürgermeiſter von Lübeck, um das neue Kriegsoberhaupt gleichſam zu inſtalliren. Zu Nykoeping gelandet, zogen ſie am 16. April, bewillkommnet von den Bürgern, auch vom Grafen höflich begrüßt, in Kopenhagen ein. Aber jetzt bedurfte Wullenweber aller Gewandtheit, um den in ſeinem Stolze gekränkten Grafen mit dem neuen Feldherrn nicht zum Schaden der gemeinſamen Sache zu entzweien. Chriſtoph weigerte ſich, dem Herzoge, dem ſein höherer Titel die Gunſt der Bürger zuwandte, das Schloß zu räumen, beklagte ſich bitter über Zurückſetzung und wollte nicht einwilligen, daß das Kriegsvolk, des Treueides gegen ihn entbunden, an den Herzog gewieſen würde. Er verſchmähte das ihm von Wullenweber angebotene Bisthum Roſkild, — der arme kölner Domherr das reichſte däniſche Stift, — und wurde nur begütigt, als der Bürgermeiſter, den Oberbefehl zwiſchen Beiden theilend, dem Herzoge den Biſchofshof als Wohnung anwies. Eine freudige Einigkeit konnte aber unter den doppelten Häuptern nicht bewirkt werden, die, beide ſchon nach höheren Dingen, nach der Krone, trachtend, die Wahrheit des Sprichworts erwieſen, daß, „wenn zwei Hunde um einen Knochen beißen, ein dritter gemeinhin mit der Beute davongeht.“

Unterdeſſen die läſſige Belagerung von Aſſens fortdauerte und Johann von Ranzau mehr ſeinen Eifer darauf wandte, in dem furchtbar heimgeſuchten Fünen die Ordnung herzuſtellen; er in der Oſterzeit den Adel, die Bürgermeiſter bis auf Svensborg und Nyborg und die Hardtvögte in Pflicht nahm, zogen von allen Seiten ſo mächtige Streitkräfte zuſammen, daß die Entſcheidung über das ſtreitige Königreich nicht länger ausbleiben durfte. Guſtav, aufmerkſamer auf die nahe Gefahr, die ihm über Norwegen durch den Pfalzgrafen drohte, unterrichtet, daß die Kaufleute den Mecklenburgern „die guten alten nordiſchen Kronen als ihre Kramwaare feilgaben,“ hatte die Lockung, die ihm Schonen und Halland als Preis zuwies, wenn er ſeine Hand von Chriſtian abzöge, erzürnt abgewieſen, dem Schwager anſehnliche Summen vorgeſtreckt und trat am 9. Mai 1535 mit einem Drohmanifeſt gegen Lübeck hervor, welchem eine Flotte von 11 Orlogſchiffen den gehörigen Nachdruck verlieh. Um Gothland vereinigte ſich am Ende des Mai das ſchwediſche Geſchwader mit dem däniſchen; über beide erhielt Peder Skramm, Waghals genannt, den Oberbefehl, ſowie über die Hülfsflotte des Herzogs von Preußen, die Johann Preen führte. Am 26. Mai gelobten die drei Admirale urkundlich, ſich treu beizuſtehen und alle Beute zu theilen. Ohne vereinigte Seemacht war kein bleibender Vortheil über Gegner zu erkämpfen, welche, auf dem Feſtlande erdrückt, ſeewärts immer neue Kräfte gewannen und mit ſolchem Uebermuthe den Meiſter auf dem Meere ſpielten, daß ihre im Sunde aufgeſtellten Orlogſchiffe ſeit eröffneter Schifffahrt im Angeſichte des ſchoniſchen Heeres den Zoll einforderten, alle Dänen und Schweden aufbrachten und 70 holländiſche Kauffahrer nach der Erhebung des Zolles ausplünderten. Gegen eine ſo keck ausgeübte Macht war das Erſcheinen von 37 Orlogſchiffen mit 3700 Mann Kriegsvolk und Matroſen ein neues entſcheidendes Moment. Aber auch der Bürgermeiſter hatte gleich nach ſeiner Heimkunft ſtärkere Streitkräfte in Bewegung geſetzt. Noch in der zweiten Hälfte des Maimonats führten 10 hanſiſche Schiffe den Grafen Nikolaus von Tecklenburg aus Weſtfalen mit Neugeworbenen nach Svensborg und legten ſich in den Middelfarthſund, um die Verbindung zwiſchen dem königlichen Heere vor Aſſens und dem Feſtlande gänzlich zu ſperren. Den Wankelmuth der Bewohner ſchonungslos ſtrafend, zogen die Haufen nach Odenſee hinauf, wo der Graf von Tecklenburg mit dem Hoya, den die Fürſten ſammt allem entbehrlichen Volk aus Seeland und ſelbſt den belagerten Städten Schonens hinübergeſchickt, zuſammenſtieß. Odenſee büßte den erzwungenen Abfall, ſowie alle Städte des öſtlichen Fünens bis auf Nyborg. In der Propſtei zu Odenſee beriethen ſich die Heerführer, auf welche Weiſe man den Feldzug am förderlichſten begänne. In demſelben Gemache, eingeſperrt in einen Schrank ſaß Hans Madſen, aus Svaninge, dem Jakob Hardenberg auf Sandholt fliehend ſeine Baarſchaft anvertraut, und der, auf Trolle's Geheiß grauſam zermartert, das verſteckte Gut nicht verrathen hatte. Uneingedenk des Gefangenen, beſchloß man im Kriegsrathe, ſich an den Fluß zwiſchen Middelfarth und Aſſens zu legen, um einen Zuzug deutſcher Reiter, ſowie die Zufuhr von Lebensmitteln aus Jütland nach dem königlichen Lager zu verhindern und darauf jenes Lager ſelbſt anzugreifen. Kein Wort entging dem gemishandelten Prieſter, der Tags darauf, an ein Pferd gebunden, mit fortgeſchleppt wurde, als man gegen Faaborg zog, um eine Streifſchaar Ranzau's zu überfallen. Als der ſchlaue Holſteiner den Anſchlag zeitig gemerkt, kam man auf den urſprünglichen Plan zurück, ſandte einen heimlichen Boten nach Aſſens und lagerte ſich gegen Abend um Faaborg. Da entſprang der Pfaffe ſeinem Gewahrſam, fand ein Boot und hinterbrachte nach unſäglichen Mühſeligkeiten in derſelben Nacht vom 10. zum 11. Juni dem Feldherrn Ranzau die Kunde von dem auf den folgenden Tag beſchloſſenen

Anfall. Als der geiſtliche Herr mit ſeinem Leben die Wahrheit ſeiner Ausſage verbürgte, beſchloß der königliche Heerführer ungeſäumt aufzubrechen und ſeinerſeits dem Feinde durch einen raſchen Ueberfall zuvorzukommen. Chriſtoph von Veltheim, der, vom Grafen von Oldenburg im Zorne geſchlagen, denſelben verlaſſen und dem Könige einige hundert Reiter zugeführt hatte, — ein ſo erfahrener als tapferer Kriegsmann, — blieb mit den Seinen vor Aſſens, um die Beſatzung zu beobachten, welche in ihrem Einverſtändniſſe mit dem Grafen geirrt, als ſie in der Nacht das Lager der Holſteiner auflodern, das Heer abziehen ſah, den verabredeten Ausfall unterließ.

Vor der Schilderung des entſcheidenden Treffens am Orenberge muß zweierlei zur Beurtheilung deſſelben vorausgeſchickt werden. Erſtens war die Schlacht bei Aſſens, in Dänemarks Jahrbüchern ſo glorreich, eine Schlacht der Deutſchen gegen die Deutſchen, die, wie oft im dreißigjährigen Kriege, der Nation zur Schmach, den Ruhm fremder Mächte verherrlichen. Außer dem ſpaniſchen gab es damals nur ein Fußvolk in Europa, das deutſche und das ſchweizeriſche, welches in der Regel auf beiden Seiten focht. Nicht allein beſtand das königliche Heer aus acht Fähnlein deutſcher Knechte, ſondern auch die Reiterei, vier Fahnen, bildeten allein holſteiniſche und insgemein in Deutſchland geworbene Reiter; des Adels von Jütland und Fünen wird in keinem Schlachtbericht auch nur gedacht. Demnach begegnete zerſtörend die deutſche Kraft der deutſchen, und die Nation, uneinig und um das Ganze unbekümmert, vereitelte in blöder Haltungsloſigkeit ein volksthümliches Aufſtreben, das dem Vaterlande gewiß ſegensvolle Früchte getragen hatte. Zweitens war das Heer der Städte zwar um einige hundert Mann zahlreicher, aber die Menge ſich keines gemeinſamen Ziels bewußt, indem bei der Entzweiung der fürſtlichen Häupter kein warmes Intereſſe die materiellen, durch's Ungefähr zuſammengewürfelten Kräfte durchdrang und der Verrath des däniſchen Adels die unbewaheten Kriegshäupter rings umſtellte. Nur in einem Wullenweber und wenig Andern war die große, populaire Idee lebendig, die, wenn die Demokratie ihre Bürger und nicht Gedungene zur Schlacht geführt, ſich gewiß ſiegreich erwieſen hätte. So aber waltete, wie in den Heeren der alten Handelsrepubliken, keine bewußtſtrebende Einheit, und es fehlte auch ein ausgezeichnetes Feldherrngenie, welches das Gewirre der Individuen zum energiſchen Ganzen gebunden. Das königliche Heer dagegen, geführt durch einen ſtreitbewährten General, lenkte ein großer Wille, der durch die Abſtufung des mit der Königsmacht einverſtandenen, das Bürgerthum überall anfeindenden Adels bis auf die Einzelnen herabgeführt, von dem Eifer des gemeinen Volks getragen wurde, das mehr augenblickliche Befriedigung im Siege für das würdevoll perſönlich vertretene Königthum als für die abſtracten Plane der hanſiſchen Bürger fand.

Eine halbe Meile ſüdöſtlich von Aſſens, in einer anmuthigen Gegend, welche die ungemeſſen vergleichende Liebe zur Heimat die „füniſchen Alpen“ nennt, erhebt ſich mit hier und da ſteil eingeſchnittenen Thälern der Ornebierg, einſt Odin's Opferſtätte, zu einer mäßigen Höhe. Der Pflug hat jetzt die ſchroffern Abhänge geebnet; die Torfmooſe in den niedern Gründen ſind geblieben. Dort nun fand beim erſten Dämmerlichte des 14. Juni Johann von Ranzau, ſchon mistrauiſch geworden gegen den ihn führenden Geiſtlichen, das gräfliche Heer hinter einer Wagenburg gelagert, um den Morgen zum Angriff abzuwarten. Der nächtliche Brand des feindlichen Lagers ließ ſie wähnen, die Beſatzung von Aſſens habe einen ſo wirkſamen Ausfall gemacht, daß ſie nur fliehende Haufen erblickten. Dieſen Wahn beſtärkte, daß Ranzau im Thale in enggeſchloſſenen, die Zahl verdeckenden Schaaren zog, oder gar nach Erzählung der Landleute mit grünem Laube die anrückenden verbarg. Keineswegs einer geordneten Schlacht gewärtig, ſelbſt nicht, als Geſchütz aufgefahren wurde, beſchloſſen die muthigen Grafen und Ritter, denen immer ehrenvoller dünkte, durch einen Spieß als durch eine Kugel zu fallen, ihren Vortheil aufzugeben, plötzlich von ihrer Höhe herunterzubrechen und in einem Angriffe das Geſchütz erſtürmend, die ohnmächtigen Haufen zu erdrücken. In ſo muthiger Abſicht trennten ſich die vier Reiterfahnen vom Fußvolk und nahmen nur einige Rotten Hakenſchützen zur Seite, die aber der haſtige Trab der Ritter bald hinter ſich ließ, ſodaß ſie ungeſtüm unter Schlachtruf, aber in gelöſten Zügen über den Abhang allein an den Feind kamen. Ihrer harrte bis auf einen halben Steinwurf das königliche Heer, gab dann aus allen Feuerröhren ein ſo wohl unterhaltenes Feuer, daß die gelichteten Züge wichen, um aus der Verwirrung, in welche unbeſonnene Kampfhitze ſie geſtürzt hatte, ſich zu ordnen. So erneuerte ſich das hartnäckige Gefecht, ungeachtet die urplötzliche Aenderung der Dinge, ein feindlicher Ueberfall ſtatt des beabſichtigten eigenen, mit Beſtürzung erfüllte; denn das Fußvolk war unterdeß herbeigekommen, hatte aber, von böſem Mistrauen erfüllt, den Oberſten Zanow bereits niedergeſchoſſen, ein Verdacht, der geordneten Muth und Entſchloſſenheit lähmte. Als in anderthalbſtündigem, erbittertem Kampfe ein von Ranzau gelegter Hinterhalt in die auseinandergeriſſenen Seiten einbrach und endlich Chriſtoph von Veltheim, wie die Beſatzung ſich ruhig verhielt, mit ſeinen Reitern herbeiſtürzte, da ergriff das gräfliche Heer, das von allen Seiten Schaaren aufſteigen ſah, Verzagen am glücklichen Ausgange und warf ſich in aufgelöſte Flucht; einige Fähnlein zogen ſich auf den öſtlich auslaufenden Orenbergshals, erblickten aber, unkundig des Bodens, vor ſich ein jähes Thal, das „Nederlags Dal“, hinter ſich die Verfolger und das feindliche Geſchütz, und ſtreckten, bei der Unmöglichkeit zu entrinnen, gegen die Nacht die Waffen. So hatte der Adel über die Gemeinen einen vollſtändigen Sieg errungen. Die Reiter faſt alle erſchlagen; nur 39 Edelleute und 142 Reiſige fielen den Siegern in die Hände. Graf Johann von Hoya, in den Nacken und den Arm verwundet, ſtieg vom Pferde, um ſich zu ergeben; den Wehrloſen erſchlug aus altem Haß ein Holſteiner, Detloff Reventlow. Den Tecklenburg fand man durchſtochen unter den Leichen, ſowie den Burggrafen von Dohna. Der Baſtard von Sachſen war ſchon vor der Schlacht in Svensborg von einem Hakenſchützen, der den ſtrengen Hauptmann haßte, ermordet, viele angeſehene Edelleute aus Ober- und Niederſachſen und Weſtfalen hatten auf dem Schlachtfelde einen beſſern Tod gefunden. Auch Guſtav Trolle von Upſala, des ſtockholmer Blutbades böſer Anſtifter, lag lange mit unverbundener Wunde auf dem Felde und endete kurz darauf in Gottorp ſein unruhvolles Leben. 1500 Landsknechte ergaben ſich mit Römer von dem Walde; der Sieger gewann das lübſche Geſchütz, das Lagergeräth und die Wagen. Noch in der Nacht überbrachte ein Eilbote dem Könige die Siegeskunde nach Kolding, ſowie Tags darauf die erbeuteten Fahnen. Die gewöhnliche Prahlerei des Siegers gibt den eigenen Verluſt ſehr gering an; unter den vornehmen Verwundeten wird nur Aſche von Kramm, ein Comthur aus Braunſchweig, genannt, eine Zierde des proteſtantiſchen Adels. Er hatte unter Franz I. bei Marignano gefochten, im Bauernkriege ſich ausgezeichnet. In ihm einte ſich die theologiſche und adelige Richtung der Zeit, der Widerſpruch gegen die geiſtliche, der Gehorſam gegen die weltliche Obrigkeit. Sein Bedenken, gegen den Adelshenker Chriſtiern zu fechten, hatte Luther durch die ihm gewidmete Schrift: „An et quatenus liceat Christianis militari?“ gehoben. — In „Orenbergs weißem Sande“ begrub man die Todten; ein benachbarter Kirchhof empfing die Leichen der beiden Grafen, bis König Chriſtian, zum jubelvollen Lager herbeigeeilt, ſie in der Domkirche zu Odenſee beſtatten ließ, wo an einem Pfeiler ihre Wappen und Namen noch ſpät geſehen wurden. Die Schlacht, wie ſie des däniſchen Volkes und der Landsknechte Muſe beſang in einem Liede, welches mit den höhnenden Worten begann:

„De heiſten hebben te Kakebillen *) gebruwen
Dat ſich de van leven hinter den oren geſtruwen.“

blieb lange im Gedächtniſſe des Volkes auf Fünen, welches häufig Waffenſtücke auf dem Wahlplatze aufpflügt; dem däniſchen Sprichworte: „at lobe lobsk.“ ſetzen die Lübecker „Das iſt füniſch“ entgegen, um einen hinterliſtig zugefügten Schaden zu bezeichnen.

Der Verluſt Fünens war die nächſte Folge der Niederlage; Herzog Albrecht, der aus unlöblicher Rückhaltung der Schlacht nicht ſelbſt beiwohnte, oder weil Chriſtoph in Kopenhagen blieb, floh mit den Entronnenen nach Seeland. Die Beſatzung von Aſſens flüchtete auf den lübſchen Schiffen nach Svensborg, ihre Feſte den holſteiniſchen Knechten preisgebend, die nach gefährlicher Uneinigkeit ſich in die Plünderung der Städte theilten. Nyborgſchloß, der letzte Halt der gräflichen Waffen, fiel gleich darauf durch Ueberfall, und das Land durchzog König und Adel, blutig richtend über die Häupter der Bürger und Bauern.

Daß aber die Flucht verrätheriſcher im Dienſte der Ariſtokratie ſtehender Schiffsführer die Häfen von Fünen räumte, war nicht allein die Folge der Schlacht am Orenberge, ſondern eines um dieſelbe Zeit gelieferten Seetreffens, welches der Hanſen ſtolze Flagge zwar nicht demüthigte, aber ihr Anſehen ſchwächte, Zwietracht ausſäete und Verluſt auf Verluſt häufte. Peder Skramm, der erſte namhafte däniſche Admiral, hatte mit der vereinigten Flotte, deren däniſchen Beſtandtheil Schiffe des Adels, der Geiſtlichkeit, ein Schotte und vier Holländer, die man nach däniſchem Seerechte wider Willen der Eigner bemannt und zum Kriege ausgerüſtet, bildeten, 26 Fahrzeuge der Hanſen am 9. Juni unter Bornholm getroffen und ſogleich ſich zum Kampfe angeſchickt. Aber nur das Admiralſchiff, „die ſchwediſche Kuh“, gerieth an den lübſchen Admiral, das Hans Albrecht wacker vertheidigte; während die übrigen Schiffe beider Geſchwader ſich nur aus der Ferne beſchoſſen, ſei es, um die Gefahr nicht zu theilen oder vom Winde gezwungen, lagen die Admirale faſt einen ganzen Tag aneinander, richteten ſich übel zu, ſodaß die ſchwediſche Kuh 73 Mann verlor, bis ein Sturm ſie trennte, vor welchem die königliche

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*) Ein ſtarkes Bier.

Flotte unter Bornholm Schutz fand, die Hanſen dagegen zur Nacht im Sunde Zuflucht ſuchten. Nach dieſem für die Admirale allein rühmlichen Streite, der den von Wullenweber's Feinden argliſtig genährten Verdacht beſtärkte, als wolle Lübeck die Orlogſchiffe der andern Hanſen aufopfern — es waren aber ſtralſunder Schützen auf dem ſchwediſchen Admiral — erhielt der däniſche Seeheld den Befehl, in den Belt zu ſegeln, um Jütlands Verkehr mit Fünen zu ſichern. Obgleich arg beſchädigt, folgte Skramm dem königlichen Geheiß ohne Verzug, brachte erſt vor Travemünde einen reichen Lieflandsfahrer auf und erſchien am 16. Juni mit der Flotte auf der ſvendborger Rhede. Dort lagen noch 10 lübecker Schiffe, welche nach der Schlacht von Aſſens die Beſatzung jener Stadt aufgenommen hatten. Entmuthigt durch das Erſcheinen des Admirals, beſchloſſen die Lübecker, in den Hafen einzulaufen. Aber auf die Ermunterung eines Geiſtlichen beſetzte die Bürgerſchaft, umgeſtimmt durch den Sieg von Aſſens, den Thurm am Hafen und wieſen jene mit Kanonenſchüſſen zurück. Da, halb aus Furcht, halb auf geheimes Geheiß der Ariſtokratie, flüchtete die Beſatzung nebſt den Hauptleuten auf die Böte und ſuchte, ihre Schiffe in Brand ſteckend, einzeln nach Seeland und Fünen zu entkommen. Nur ein Lübecker weigerte ſich der ſchändlichen Flucht, blieb an Bord und ward ehrenvoll von Peder Skramm entlaſſen, der, das Feuer glücklich löſchend, den Beſitz von 9 Schiffen ſicherte, unter denen der „Löwe“ auf das ſtattlichſte mit Geſchütz verſehen war, die andern, wiewol von geringerer Größe, eine treffliche Beute gewährten. Schandvoll kamen die Hauptleute, welche „ihrer Schiffe verlaufen“, nach Lübeck heim, wurden eingethürmt, aber bald auf Vorſchub ihrer Gönner entlaſſen. Peder Skramm dagegen reinigte den Belt, brandſchatzte die abgefallenen Inſeln, eroberte Tranekier und Korſör auf Seeland und legte ſich am 18. Juli vor Kopenhagen. König Chriſtian ſelbſt, Sieger zu Land und Waſſer, als er zu Odenſee die Huldigung eingenommen und dem geplünderten Lande Gnade verſprochen, ſetzte, ohne Widerſtand zu finden, mit anſehnlicher Macht nach Seeland über, weilte einige Tage vor Kiöge und rückte am 24. Juli, ſobald er des Admirals Ankunft von der Seeſeite erfahren, vor ſeine von unbeſchreiblichem Jammer bedrohte Hauptſtadt. Wie aber der Feinde Streitkräfte ſchmolzen, hatten die des erwählten Königs ſich vermehrt, ſodaß er mit wahrhaft königlicher, ſiegesfroher Macht, 9 Fahnen Reiter und 24 Fahnen Fußvolk, die Stelle als Lager bezog, wo vor 13 Jahren ſein ſiegreicher Vater geſtanden.

Siebentes Capitel.

Belagerung von Kopenhagen. Wullenweber legt gezwungen ſeine Würde nieder und geräth in die Hand des Herzogs von Braunſchweig. Herſtellung des alten Rathes. Friede zu Hamburg. Marx Meier hingerichtet. Der Pfalzgraf betrogen.

1535—1536.

Nach dieſen Schlägen des Schickſals entwickelte Graf Chriſtoph, als ſeine Reichsſtatthalterſchaft in wenigen Wochen auf den Beſitz von Kopenhagen zuſammengedrängt war, mit den Bürgern der unerſchütterlich treuen Hauptſtadt eine überraſchende Energie und gewann durch Ausdauer im Leid die volle Achtung wieder, welche ſeine unzeitige Liebe zu Geiſtes- und Sinnenfreuden bis dahin bedeutend vermindert hatte. Sich in ſeiner Stelle zum Beſten Chriſtierns auch unabhängig vom däniſchen Beiſtande zu behaupten, hatte er gleich nach Herzog Albrechts ungerufener Ankunft ſich um engliſche Hülfe beworben und noch vor dem Unglück auf Fünen Unterhandlungen mit Herzog Karl von Geldern eingeleitet. Als dieſer erwiderte, „er könne ohne Franz I. Einwilligung in keinen Krieg ſich einlaſſen,“ erbot ſich am 10. Juni der Graf im Namen Kopenhagens und Malmoe's der Krone Frankreich und dem Herzoge zu anſehnlicher Gegenhülfe, und verſprach nach dem Ende der däniſchen Fehde dem Könige ſeine Perſon ſelbſt zu widmen; aber Frankreichs Politik war dermalen auf Karl V., den Eroberer von Tunis, und einen italieniſchen Krieg gerichtet und vereitelte dieſe kühne Bundescombination. Wie nun der Mecklenburger nach dem Mißgeſchicke von Aſſens zurückkehrte, erließen Beide am 19. Juni ein Ausſchreiben an die Stände von Seeland, um die Gemüther zu beruhigen, auf noch vorhandene Hülfsquellen zu vertröſten, ſie zur eifrigen Vertheidigung ihres Heerdes und ihrer Familien aufzufordern. Sehr lebendig wurde die Zukunft der Provinz geſchildert, das Eiſenjoch und die „ſündliche Leibeigenſchaft“, welche die chriſtlich freien Gemeinen wieder auf ſich laden mußten, wenn ſie den Tyrannen von Holſtein mit ſeinem rachedürſtenden Adel, mit ſeinen Henkersknechten ins Land kommen ließen. Aber alle Vertröſtung auf auswärtige Hülfe, alle Mahnung an eigene Kraft, alle Schreckbilder der Zukunft fanden nicht mehr Eingang in die Gemüther des verzagenden Landvolks; im Wahne, daß frühere Unterwerfung Leben und Rechte ſichere, ließen ſie den König ohne Gegenwehr landen und gaben die Hauptſtadt ihrem Geſchick und der Hartnäckigkeit ihrer fürſtlichen Abenteurer preis.

Mit dem 28. Juli begann die engere Belagerung Kopenhagens von der Land- und Seeſeite, welche die ein Jahr lang dauernde Gegenwehr der unerſchütterlichen Beſatzung, der Höheſtand der Leiden in den Geſchichten jenes Jahrhunderts denkwürdig macht. Bürger und Kriegsleute, deren Zahl etwa 2000 Mann zu Fuß und 350 Reiter betrug, hatten zeitig ſich mit allerlei Vorräthen aus dem offenen Lande verſehen, und mit ſchärfſtem Blick ſpähte der Graf am ganzen politiſchen Horizont nach Hülfe, zur Annahme bereit, von welcher Seite ſie komme, um nur nicht dem glücklichern Vetter die Hauptſtadt zu räumen. Von den Bürgern unterſtützt, ermüdete die Beſatzung nicht in muthigen Ausfällen, ſodaß der erwählte König, in ſeinem Zelte nicht vor Kugeln ſicher, bald inne wurde, nicht Gewalt, ſondern die Zeit werde die ſchwierige Aufgabe löſen. Deshalb begnügte er ſich mit der Umſchließung, ſchickte Heeresabtheilungen auf's Land und auf die Inſeln, um die noch beſetzten Schlöſſer zu gewinnen, ſandte auch dem ſchwediſchen Heere und Albrecht von Belzig Unterſtützung, und reiſte ſelbſt, die Belagerung ſeinen Feldherren übertragend, nach Schonen hinüber, wo Landskron und Malmoe durch unverdroſſene Bürger und die deutſche Beſatzung ſeit dem Frühjahre muthig vertheidigt waren. Auf Libbershöhe vor Lund empfing er am 18. Auguſt die Huldigung des Adels und des bereits unterworfenen Landes, verkehrte gaſtlich mit den ſchwediſchen Feldoberſten und brach dann unerwartet nach Stockholm auf, um ſich mit ſeinem Schwager über wichtige Intereſſen perſönlich zu berathen.

In Varbiergſchloß, wie im wohlerworbenen Eigenthume, hatte M. Meier mit ſeinen geſchworenen Spießgeſellen den ganzen Sommer hindurch gelegen, ohne Furcht vor dem geſteigerten Haſſe ſeiner Gegner ſich gegen ſchwediſche Angriffe und gegen Albrecht von Belzig zu vertheidigen gewußt. Sobald Ulſtand die Fortſchritte des Königs in Seeland erfuhr, bat er um Verſtärkung ſeines kleinen Heeres, erhielt ſie, und mit ihr, ſowie mit eigenem Volke brachte der Ergrimmte die Stadt am Michaelistage in ſeine Gewalt, die des Anſchlages vom 9. März verdächtigen Bürger einem furchtbaren Gerichte bewahrend. Ungeſchreckt durch dieſen Verluſt, hauſte M. Meier auf ſeiner Feſte, und jemehr der däniſche Krieg ſeinen urſprünglichen Charakter verlor, je unabhängiger wurden die Pläne, auf welche er, ein franker Ritter der Fortuna, Hoffnung des Lohnes und der Selbſterhaltung begründete.

Aber wie noch ſein Fähnlein frei flatterte, war über ſeinen Geiſtesverwandten und Glücksgenoſſen, den Bürgermeiſter, das hämiſche Fangnetz ſeiner triumphirenden Feinde zuſammengeſchlagen. Alle Unternehmungen zur Machtvergrößerung der Hanſen, ſo kühn Wullenweber ſie erſonnen, und ſo gewaltig er ſie hinausgeführt, hatten die unberechneten Schläge des Geſchicks und die Argliſt der Ariſtokratie vereitelt und die Gunſt der Bürger, welche ſein Glück emporgetragen, in Gleichgültigkeit und Unwillen verwandelt. Jede Zeitung von neuen Verluſten mehrte die Klagen der Wankelmüthigen über den erſchöpfenden Aufwand des unerſprießlichen Krieges und die Unzufriedenheit über ein Regiment, welches die Stadt mit allen Fürſten verfeindete. Unter dem Scheine der Demuth erhöhte die Geiſtlichkeit, welcher der Sinn für bürgerliche Größe ihrer Gemeine gebrach, und die doch allein den „Verordneten“ Duldung und kirchliche Verfaſſung verdankte, dieſe gereizte Stimmung; noch mehr aber hetzte die Ariſtokratie, voll innerer Freude bei jeder böſen Kunde, weil ſie ihr den Weg zur Herrſchaft über eine gleichwie gedemüthigte, in ihrer Bedeutung gebrochene Stadt bahnte. Wie Wullenweber, ungeirrt durch Undank und Verblendung der Menge, in raſtloſer Betriebſamkeit nicht abließ, kam der Rath von Hamburg, dem der Krieg der wendiſchen Städte mehr Schaden als ihr Sieg Vortheil brachte, als Vermittler dazwiſchen und berief im hohen Sommer alle Städte, auch diejenigen, welche in der loſeſten Verbindung zu den wendiſchen ſtanden, auf einen Tag nach Lüneburg. Noch unter dem Einfluſſe Wullenweber's beſchickten die Lübecker jene Verſammlung, luden aber die Herren zu ſich ein; dem Folge leiſtend die Abgeordneten von Köln, Bremen, Hamburg, Danzig, Riga, Osnabrück, Kempten, Deventer, Zwoll, Soeſt, Göttingen, Braunſchweig, Hannover und Hildesheim ſich am Hauptorte verſammelten. Dieſe Gemeinen, für die nächſte Gegenwart nicht betheiligt mit der koloſſalen Streitfrage der Lübecker, riethen zum Frieden mit dem „frommen Könige Chriſtian;“ Wullenweber dagegen ſetzte mit unabweislichen Gründen die Nothwendigkeit des Krieges, die Wichtigkeit des löblichen Herkommens auseinander, daß ohne ihre Einwilligung kein König in Dänemark herrſche, daß Lübeck nicht den eigenen Vortheil, nur des Bundes Rettung vor unabwendbarem Falle bezwecke. Da die wendiſchen Städte erklärten, ohne Mitwiſſen ihrer Kriegsfürſten, zu denen ihre Briefe nicht gelangen konnten, in einen Frieden nicht einwilligen zu dürfen, gab die Gegenpartei für jetzt denſelben auf, zumal das Volk ohne Frucht nicht Gut und Blut aufgeopfert haben wollte. Deſto argliſtiger arbeiteten Wullenweber's Feinde, mit Hülfe jener fremden Ariſtokratien den Bürgermeiſter zu entſetzen.

Gerade als das Volk zwiſchen Trotz und Furcht ſchwankte und in der Ungewißheit am leichteſten zu bearbeiten war, erſchien in Lübeck ein kaiſerliches Executorialmandat des Reichskammergerichts zu Speier vom 7. Juni 1535. Ohne Zweifel von Nikolaus von Brömſen ausgewirkt, zerſchnitt es, die Demokratie aufhebend, die Sehnen der hanſiſchen Kraft und ſtand in Widerſpruch mit aller geſunden Politik des kaiſerlichen Hofes, dem ein Großes daran liegen mußte, die Kampfluſt der Lübecker zu erhalten, um auf ihre Koſten die nordiſchen Reiche zu erobern. Das Kammergerichtsurtheil, ein Beweis, wie die Intereſſen des Reichs und des Kaiſers in vertauſchter Richtung auseinanderliefen, bedrohte die Stadt mit unausbleiblicher Acht, wenn nicht innerhalb ſechs Wochen und drei Tagen nach Empfang des Mandats die Neuerung in der Verfaſſung gänzlich abgeſtellt, die in Brömſen's Abweſenheit erkornen Rathsglieder ausgeſtoßen, die verdrängten aber reſtituirt würden. Klüglich, um die Bürger nicht zur Gehorſamsverweigerung zu zwingen, war der kirchlichen Veränderung nicht gedacht. Gewiß auf Antrieb ſeiner Feinde befand ſich Wullenweber gerade als Geſandter beim Herzoge Heinrich von Meklenburg, als am 15. Auguſt mit Zuziehung der hanſiſchen Abgeordneten die Bürgerſchaft berufen und mit dem Drohmandate in Schrecken geſetzt wurde. Verſöhnt mit dem Inhalte, weil das Lutherthum unangetaſtet blieb, billigte ſie die Entſetzung, war aber noch beſonnen und ehrlich genug, die Aufrechterhaltung des Receſſes zu fordern, welchen der Rath am 9. October 1534 zum Schutz der Verordneten geſchloſſen. Ungeſäumt erhob ſich darauf jener Gotthard von Höveln, den die Vierundſechziger vor vier Jahren wider Willen zum Bürgermeiſter erwählt, und ſetzte ſich auf die Rathsherrnbank; ingleichen dankten die andern neuen Bürgermeiſter und Senatoren, einige gutwillig, andere voll Verdruß ab und begaben ſich als Privatleute nach Hauſe. So willenlos räumten jene trotzigen Tribunen ihre Stellen, weil ihres Meiſters kraftvoller Beiſtand ihnen fehlte. Nur ein Bürgermeiſter, Gerken, und wenige Rathsherren blieben in vorläufiger Verwaltung. Zur Erklärung dieſer ſchwächlichen Nachgiebigkeit dürfen wir nicht überſehen, daß gerade in dieſen Tagen das gräuelvolle Reich der Wiedertäufer in Münſter blutig gefallen war und hämiſche Feinde Wullenweber's bereits früher jenen Wahnſinn mit Lübecks neuer Verfaſſung in Verbindung gebracht; in böſer Ahnung des Kommenden hatte er ſorglich ein Mandat des Rathes gegen die Gotteslaſterer ausgehen laſſen; aber die Prediger, indem ſie gegen das münſteriſche Reich eiferten, redeten Vieles, was einem verdeckten Angriffe auf Lübecks Zuſtand nicht unähnlich klang.

Zurückgekehrt von ſeiner Sendung, fand Wullenweber ſeinen Sturz unausweichlich vorbereitet und zürnte umſonſt über den Kleinmuth der Amtsgenoſſen. Durch die traurige Wendung des däniſchen Krieges jedes Anhalts bei den Bürgern beraubt, fügte er ſich mit dem gerechten Schmerz eines reinen, aber verkannten Willens in die Nothwendigkeit, hielt am 26. Auguſt eine kurze Anrede an die Gemeine, tröſtete ſich mit dem Bewußtſein, eine Frucht ſeiner Mühen, die ſchönſte, nicht verloren zu ſehen, und ging als Privatmann nach Hauſe. Die Schimpfreden und Flüche des Pöbels verfolgten ihn auf dem bittern Heimgange. An ſelbigem Tage ward unter Vermittelung der hanſiſchen Sendboten ein Concordat zwiſchen dem Rath und der Gemeine aufgerichtet, welches der evangeliſchen Lehre Beſtand, eine gegenſeitige Amneſtie für Alles, auch für die Urheber des däniſchen Krieges, zuſicherte, obwol Neigung zum Frieden ausſprach und die Gemeine im Ganzen für die Verwendung der Kirchenſchätze verantwortlich machte. Der Rath verhieß getreuliche Juſtizpflege und offenen Rechtsgang ohne nächtlichen Ueberfall; wogegen ihm die Küre eingeräumt und vollkommene Gewalt zugeſtanden wurde, mit Unterſagung aller aufrühreriſchen Verſammlungen. Dieſer Receß, welcher Eintracht, zugleich aber auch die alte Herrſchaft des Rathes herſtellte, ward von den Sendboten aller obengenannten Städte mitunterſiegelt und vom Kaiſer zu Barcellona im J. 1538 beſtätigt. Ehrliches Wohlwollen eines Theils der Bürger und Achtung vor dem geſtürzten Staatshaupte vermochte noch ſo viel, daß man Wullenweber die Anwartſchaft auf die Amtmannsſtelle zu Bergedorf, die Hamburg und Lübeck alternirend beſetzten, auf ſechs Jahre zuſicherte. Wie nun das Alte, bis auf die kirchlichen Verhältniſſe, wiederhergeſtellt war, hielt Sonntags den 29. Auguſt Nikolaus von Brömſen, auf deſſen Rückruf die Gemeine angetragen, ſeinen feierlichen Einzug. Er ritt zwiſchen zweien Edelleuten und den Stadtboten, ſowie zahlreiche Bürgerhaufen ihn an der Landwehr bewillkommneten. Aus dem Veſpergottesdienſte zu St. Maria geleiteten ihn der Rath und die Stadtboten auf's Rathhaus und ſetzten ihn als älteſten Bürgermeiſter wieder auf ſeinen Stuhl. Am 30. September ergänzte der Rath die durch das Ausſcheiden entſtandene Minderzahl mit entſchiedenen Gegnern des Krieges und Wullenweber's.

Nach dem Abſchiede der Fremden dauerte die Fehde dem Scheine nach fort, weil die Volksſtimme die Opfer nicht umſonſt gebracht haben wollte. Wullenweber konnte den Ausgang eines Kampfes nicht müßig abharren, den er mit Geiſtesüberlegenheit begonnen. Herzog Albrecht in Kopenhagen, nicht unterrichtet von ſeiner Entſetzung, bat ihn brieflich um neues Kriegsvolk. Herr Jürgen überreichte das Schreiben dem alten Rathe, berichtete, wie im Lande Hadeln ein Haufen von 6000 dienſtloſen Knechten zuſammengelaufen wäre, und bezeigte Luſt, mit den Hauptleuten zu unterhandeln und den Entſatz ſelbſt nach Dänemark zu führen. Seine Feinde ließen ihn in die Falle gehen und bewilligten ſein Begehren; Wohlwollende mahnten ihn ab; er aber erwiderte zuverſichtlich, „er habe die Fürſten nach Dänemark geführt und wolle ſie auch wieder herausſchaffen." Selbſt der alte Gerken, wiewol oft von Wullenweber gekränkt, ſprach ehrlich: „Herr Jürgen, ich will Euch rathen als treuer Freund, bleibt zu Hauſe und gehet nicht dahin; wo Ihr in des Biſchofs von Bremen Land kommt, werdet Ihr gewiß angehalten;" worauf Wullenweber ſpöttiſch antwortete: „Soll ich angehalten werden, ſo muß ich auch dort ſein." Auch ein Bürger von Malmoe, der aus Hadeln kam, verſicherte bei hohen Eiden, der Biſchof lauere auf ihn. Aber Wullenweber, keine Gefahr ſcheuend, blieb bei ſeinem Vorſatze und zog im Geleite von vier Stadtdienern bis Hamburg. Unterdeſſen waren Eilboten über Eilboten von ſeinen Verderbern an den Erzbiſchof Chriſtoph von Bremen, einen neuen Freund Chriſtians III., obwol eifrigen Katholiken, ſowie an Klaus Hermelink, Droſten von Tedinghauſen, und andere Beamte des Fürſten abgeſchickt. Als geleitlos Reiſender berührte Wullenweber kaum das Gebiet des Erzbiſchofs, als er ergriffen und gefangen auf das Schloß Rothenburg geführt ward. Seine Feinde triumphirten; eingeſchüchtert ſchwiegen ſeine lübecker Freunde; nur ſein Bruder Joachim, Rathsherr in Hamburg, nahm ſich des Unglücklichen von Stralſund aus ernſtlich an und verlangte vom Erzbiſchofe die Urſache ſeiner Gefangenſchaft. Dieſer erwiederte ihm aus Verden vom 18. November, „ſein Bruder, der muthwillig wider Gott, Kaiſer und geiſtliche Obrigkeit zu Lübeck gehandelt und ohne Geleit in ſeinem Lande übernachtet, ſei von ihm, als Fürſten des Reiches und Metropolit von Lübeck, gefangen, um Weiteres über ihn zu verhängen." Nur kurze Zeit blieb Wullenweber auf Rothenburg. Der Ketzer ward in die Hände Herzog Heinrichs des Jüngern von Braunſchweig, des Bruders Chriſtophs, gegeben und im Kerker zu Steinbruck bei Wolfenbüttel einem gräuelvollen Gerichte aufbewahrt.

Unterdeß Wullenweber aus dem Getriebe der Dinge geſchieden, rollte der von ihm gegebene Anſtoß durch halb Europa und erfaßte die widerſpruchvollſten Intereſſen. Landskron war am 9. October 1535 gefallen, aber Kopenhagen und Malmoe hielten ſich ſtandhaft, der Hülfe aus dem Süden gewärtig. Als der Pfalzgraf zu Heidelberg im September 1535 das Beilager mit der däniſchen Prinzeſſin vollzogen, mußte, um die Maßregeln zur Erkämpfung der nordiſchen Krone zu verabreden, der unverdroſſene Hubert noch im November nach Neapel reiſen, wo man den Kaiſer, den Eroberer von Tunis, eben erwartete. Graf Chriſtoph, um Geld und Lebensmittel bedrängt und in der Verwandten Sache alle Hoffnung jetzt auf den Kaiſer bauend, ſchickte flehentliche Briefe an die Königin Maria; Unterhändler eilten hin und her, brachten aber, neben mächtiger Vertröſtung, nur wenige tauſend Gulden. Der Kaiſer gab die Angelegenheit in die Hände ſeiner Schweſter, deren ſtattliche Geſandten von Hamburg, wo man vergeblich Chriſtians Räthe erwartete, zurückkehrten, nachdem ſie erfolglos die kaiſerlichen Briefe dem Reichsrathe und dem Könige überantwortet hatten. Da der Weg der Güte abgeſchnitten blieb, beſchloß man, mit den Waffen die bedrängte Hauptſtadt zu entſetzen, und verſuchte ſogleich die Biſchöfe Norwegens, deſſen ſüdlicher Theil bereits im Mai 1535 der Wahl Chriſtians beigetreten war, für den alten Gebieter zu gewinnen. Aber alle dieſe Anſchläge des burgundiſchen Hofes hatte Chriſtian III. errathen, und um mit ſeinem Schwager, dem gleich beunruhigten Könige Guſtav, im Einverſtändniſſe Gegenmittel zu ergreifen, hatte er ihn am 7. September 1535 mit ſeinem Beſuch in Stockholm überraſcht. Däniſche Schriftſteller verſichern, daß Chriſtian Grund fand, ſeine zutrauensvolle Reiſe zum finſtern Schwager zu bereuen, und daß ihm ſeine Schwägerin, die Königin Katharina, bei dem Abſchiede die Augen über die Gefahr eröffnete, indem ſie ſeinen „guten Stern" pries. Wie dem auch ſei, Chriſtian eilte aus der unheimlichen Reſidenz, nachdem die Könige ſich in ihren Operationen gegen den Pfalzgrafen verſtändigt; der Tod der Königin, wenige Tage darauf erfolgend, erfüllte den Norden mit böſen Gerüchten gegen den Waſa. — Zurückgekehrt, fand Chriſtian den Trotz der Bürger, ungeachtet ſeiner im Druck ausgegangenen Sendſchreiben, nicht gebrochen. In täglich geſteigerter Noth hofften ſie die nächſte

Abhülfe von den wendiſchen Städten; einzelne Abenteurer, wie Marcus Meier auf Bardbierg, reckten die Hand nach engliſchem und franzöſiſchem Beiſtande aus, Alles, Eigenthum und Fremdes, bietend. Das Volk in den wendiſchen Orten, voll Scham, die hungernden Bundesgenoſſen im Stiche zu laſſen, war im Spätherbſte willig, eine Flotte auszuſenden; aber die Ariſtokratie, die nach Lübecks Vorgange überall wieder ihr Haupt erhob, wiewol in Stralſund Smiterlow ſich weigerte, den Rathsſtuhl nach Unterzeichnung eines ehrenkränkenden Reverſes zu betreten, wandte die ſchändlichſten Mittel an, um einerſeits nicht durch günſtigen Erfolg die demokratiſche Partei wieder zu heben, andererſeits, das Wohl der eigenen Stadt engherzig von dem Gemeinwohl trennend, ihre Kriegsmacht gegenſeitig in's Verderben zu führen. Zehn Schiffe, verſehen mit Lebensmitteln und Kriegsvolk, befehligt von ehrlichen, lutheriſchen Capitainen, der Volksſache hold, wurden am 24. October 1535 ohne gemeſſene Verhaltungsbefehle, ohne einen Oberadmiral der hanſiſchen Flotte, wie um ſich ihrer zu entledigen, aus Travemünde in See geſchickt, vereinigten ſich mit fünfen von Roſtock und Wismar und harrten unter Hiddenſee der Stralſunder. Nach langem Verzuge, unter Stürmen, welche die ungeduldigen Helfer um Rügen herumtrieben, ſtießen drei Orlogſchiffe aus Stralſund am 2. November zu ihnen. Als die Flotte, ohne durchgreifenden Oberbefehl, endlich von Arcona gegen Moen gelangt, traf der lübiſche General Anſtalt, in den Sund zu laufen, verkündigte aber verrätheriſch durch Loſungsſchüſſe der königlichen Flotte um Drakor ſein Herannahen. Der Angriff auf dieſelbe ward auf den 9. November feſtgeſetzt; aber Zögern und unnütze Berathung des Admirals, darauf ein Sturm, verhinderten die Ausführung, bis 43 königliche und preußiſche Schiffe ſich vor Kopenhagen legten. Jetzt nun machte der Verrath Klaus Wernow's, des lübiſchen Admirals, ſich offen kund, als er zur Umkehr rieth, während die Schiffsführer ein Verbündniß zum Angriffe ſchloſſen und Jeden, der es brache, unwürdig ſchalten, mit guten Geſellen zu verkehren und einen Trunk zu thun. Deſſenungeachtet gab Wernow nicht das verabredete Zeichen, kreuzte, Jedem die Willkür geſtattend, im Wolfspelz auf dem Verdecke ſtehend, zwiſchen Falſterbo und Seeland, während die Hauptleute, ſchamerfüllt und auf ſich allein angewieſen, am 13. November dem Feind einzeln muthig unter die Augen ſegelten, Peder Skramm verwundeten und, als der preußiſche Admiral auf den Grund gerieth, glücklich mehre leichte Fahrzeuge mit Vorräthen der hungrigen Stadt zuführten. Nach dieſer Verrichtung, ſo gering gegen die Koſten und die Erwartung, die gleichwol den König, unter deſſen Augen der Entſatz geſchah, bitter kränkte, kehrte die Flotte, zerſtreut und von Stürmen übel zugerichtet, zur Adventzeit heim. Die Seeleute, voll Grimm gegen den Verräther, wagten ihn nicht bei ſeinen Gönnern anzuklagen; das Volk von Lübeck und Stralſund, um die theure Ausrüſtung betrogen, beſchuldigte ſich gegenſeitig des Treubruchs; obgleich ſie den geheimen Zuſammenhang nicht erriethen, ward doch ſo viel klar, daß in dieſem Unglückskriege nichts zu gewinnen ſei. So hatten die „Herren", der Hanſe zu Schaden und Spott, ihr Ziel erreicht.

Des Winters Strenge löſte die Umſchließung zur See, und die Bürger von Kopenhagen und Malmoe, kümmerlich verſorgt, trugen ihr Elend geduldig. König Chriſtian dagegen wandte ſich nach Holſtein, um der aus dem Süden drohenden Gefahr näher zu begegnen, von welcher bereits auch Geſandte Franz I., der ſich zum dritten italieniſchen Kriege rüſtete, ihm Kunde ertheilt. Gegen einen Angriff des Kaiſerhauſes von der deutſchen Seite her ſich ſicherzuſtellen, ſchloß Chriſtian ſich der großen politiſch-kirchlichen Oppoſition, welche Europa in Folge der Reformation und der Macht der Habsburger zerriß, an und beſchickte den Convent von Schmalkalden. Als er Rückhalt an den proteſtantiſchen Fürſten gewonnen, ward auch bald das veränderte Lübeck in die Stellung zurückgeführt, die ihm die kirchliche Frage urſprünglich anwies. Die Häupter des ſchmalkaldiſchen Bundes, der Kurfürſt von Sachſen und der Landgraf Philipp, übernahmen, in Verbindung mit Hamburg, Bremen, Magdeburg, Hildesheim, Braunſchweig und Lüneburg, durch Ausſöhnung der wendiſchen Städte mit Dänemark ihre Conföderation zu befeſtigen, und gern bot der Rath von Lübeck, indem er die großartige Selbſtändigkeitspolitik Wullenweber's der Sorge um den engern Beſitz unterordnete, dazu die Hand, und ließ das Volk, müde der Täuſchungen, es geſchehen, daß in der Faſtenzeit 1536 die Räthe und Boten der vermittelnden und ſtreitenden Parteien in Hamburg zuſammenkamen. So eifrig arbeiteten die Herren, daß bereits am 14. Februar der Friede zwiſchen Dänemark, Lübeck und Stralſund unterzeichnet und Wismar und Roſtock auf ſechs Wochen der Beitritt offen gelaſſen wurde. Graf Chriſtoph, der Herzog, ſowie Malmoe und Kopenhagen hatten ihre Abgeordneten in Hamburg; aber ihre ſtandhafte Forderung, Chriſtiern freizulaſſen, fand von allen Seiten Widerſpruch, und Lübeck ſchämte ſich nicht, ſo treue Bundesgenoſſen ihrem Geſchicke preiszugeben. Die Bedingungen, welche Chriſtian, in Perſon anweſend, geſtattete, waren dem Scheine nach über Erwarten günſtig, documentirten aber den Fall der Hanſe, indem Lübeck für den Augenblick allein gewann und zum erſten Male ein König von Dänemark Anerkennung ertrotzte. Eingeſchloſſen in den Frieden wurden alle Bundesverwandten beider Parteien, für Chriſtian Schweden, Preußen, der Landmeiſter von Liefland, Hermann Haſenkamp (Walther von Plettenberg war 1535 geſtorben); für Lübeck die wendiſchen Städte, die Fürſten in Kopenhagen, „wenn ſie die Stadt mit ihrer Habe räumten," ſowie die Bürger der Hauptſtadt und Malmoe's, wenn ſie ſich dem Könige unterwürfen. Lübeck ſollte im Genuſſe ſeiner alten Handelsfreiheiten gegen Erlegung der Zölle gelaſſen werden; vom Ausſchluſſe der andern Nationen aus dem Sunde war nicht die Rede. Eine Nebenverſchreibung des Königs verlängerte den Lübeckern den Beſitz von Bornholm noch auf 30 Jahre und verſprach ihnen 15,000 Ducaten, wenn ſie den Grafen und den Herzog zum Abzug vermöchten; wogegen ſie gelobten, den Hartnäckigen jeden Beiſtand zu verſagen. Nach Unterzeichnung dieſes Friedens, welcher den Lübeckern nichts gewährte, als was ſie vor dem Kriege dem Namen nach beſeſſen hatten, ſchickte der Rath den Berend von Mölen nach Kopenhagen, um die Fürſten zur Aufgabe der Stadt zu vermögen. Aber Bürgerſchaft und die Herren, obgleich kurz vorher die letzten von ihnen beſeſſenen Schlöſſer gefallen waren, ſträubten ſich; die Bürger, gehoffte Freiheit und Selbſtändigkeit aufzugeben und unter die Zuchtruthe eines rachegierigen Adels zurückzukehren; die Fürſten, den gefangenen Vetter zu verlaſſen und arm und geſchmäht in ihre mäßigen Glücksgüter heimzuziehen. Als der lübiſche Hauptmann nichts ausrichtete, entband er die noch im Solde der Stadt ſtehenden Kriegsleute ihres Eides, die jedoch nichtsdeſtoweniger bei den alten Führern zu beharren gelobten. So war der Krieg der Gemeinen und der Fürſten plötzlich ein anderer geworden: ein Krieg des Kaiſers um die Beſetzung der nordiſchen Kronen. Losgeſprochen ſeiner Verpflichtung für das wankelmüthige Krämervolk, ſtützte der Graf allein ſeine Hoffnung auf den kaiſerlichen Hof und ſtellte ſeine eigenen Anſprüche ſchon ſo weit heraus, daß er bei der Königin Maria um die Hand der durch Sforza's Tod eben verwitweten Prinzeſſin Chriſtiane anhielt, ſeine Luſt zur däniſchen Krone nicht undeutlich kundgebend.

Wie nun die Vertheidiger der Städte mit der Frühjahrsſchifffahrt nach niederländiſcher Hülfe ausſchauten, hatte der Abenteurer auf Bardbiergsſchloß, in verwegenſter Unabhängigkeit von aller Welt, ſeine Politik verfolgt, um, wenn das Waſſer ihm an den Hals ginge, einen leichtgläubigen König ſich zum Retter bereitzuhalten. Da in dieſen Geſchichten allmälig Alles auf bittere Täuſchung und Demüthigung oder auf Galgen und Rad hinausläuft, will ich des independenten Glücksritters fernere Erlebniſſe, zumal ſie vereinzelt neben der Hauptpartie ſich hinziehen, bis zu dem ſchrecklichen Ende erzählen. Sein Wirth Ilegrimm, den er außer dem eigenen Hauſe gebettet, ſetzte ihm arg zu, vereint mit Albrecht von Belzig. Ihrer Wachſamkeit ſpottend, hatte Meier Mittel gefunden, erſt dem Könige von Frankreich Dänemark anzutragen, und als dieſer, ſtolz und klug, nicht nur nicht darauf einging, ſondern auch das Erbieten dem erwählten Herrſcher kundthat, wußte er ſich den Weg zum geneigtern Ohre ſeines alten Gönners, des Königs Nobel in Windſor, zu bahnen. Da zeigten ſich engliſche Schiffe an Hallands Küſten, die jedoch unter dem Vorwande des oben angedeuteten däniſchen Seerechts zum Dienſte für die Krone in Beſchlag genommen wurden; darauf langten auf Bardbiergsſchloß zwei engliſche Bevollmächtigte an, Edmund Bonner und Richard Cavendiſh, mit denen M. Meier die Abtretung Dänemarks in Lübecks Namen verhandelte und Kopenhagen, Malmoe und ſein Schloß gegen Erſtattung der Kriegskoſten zu öffnen verſprach. Die engliſchen Herren beruhigten vorläufig mit ihrem Gelde die unbezahlten Knechte und verpflichteten ſie von Neuem zum Gehorſam gegen den „Statthalter." Die Fäden dieſer wunderbaren Unterhandlung hatte Wullenweber noch in den letzten Tagen ſeines Bürgermeiſterthums in der Hand. Geſandte reiſten hin und her, ſuchten auch Chriſtian im Winter in Holſtein auf, und wenn ſie auch aus Scham das chimäriſche Project ihres ländergierigen Herrn, wie die ſpätern engliſchen Schriftſteller bis auf Carte, verſteckten, erklärten ſie doch, Heinrich werde ſeine Freunde, die Lübecker, nicht verlaſſen. Dafür wurde ihnen in Hamburg der Inhalt des angebahnten Friedens verheimlicht; ſie reiſten wegen Mangel der Vollmacht nach England zurück; als ſie aber, die Sache zum Schluß zu bringen, unter unverdächtigem Scheine ſich nach Emden begaben, fanden ſie die Scene verändert, Lübeck im Frieden, den übermüthigen Kronenhändler rettungslos von ſeinen Feinden umſtellt. So trug Heinrich VIII. für ſein Geld nur einen Schimpf mehr in der Geſchichte davon. Nichtsdeſtoweniger hielten Meier's Gefährten muthig aus, weil es an Wein, Bier und andern guten Dingen auf Bardberg nicht fehlte und er unerſchöpflich an Mitteln war, ſich quer durch die königliche Flotte im Sunde zu verſorgen. Zwar ſeine Freundſchaft in Lübeck war dahin mit Wullenweber's Falle; die Ariſtokratie lachte des eingeſperrten Reinicke; aber ſein Bruder Gert, verwegen, liſtig und ſchön wie er, bemächtigte ſich eines Schiffes vor Wismar, bemannte und befrachtete es, wie zur Bergenfahrt, und ſchaffte neue Vorräthe auf das umlagerte Haus. Ergrimmt über dieſe zähe Vertheidigung, zog Ulfſtand mehr Schiffe und Volk heran, ſchoß die Mauern nieder, obwol Marcus ſie mit erbeuteten Wollſäcken verhängte, und rüſtete ſich zum Sturm. Wol hätte es noch manchen Mann gekoſtet; aber die Knechte, lange ohne Löhnung, waren ſtörriſch, zwangen den Hauptmann, den Antrag Albrechts von Belzig anzunehmen und gegen Sicherheit des Leibes und Lebens und eine Summe Geldes das Schloß zu öffnen. Auf die ritterliche Zuſage des deutſchen Oberſten eröffnete M. Meier am 27. Mai 1536 ſein Malepartus, in welchem er ſich 16 Monate behauptete. Aber alsbald wurde der Vertrag gegen Belzig's ehrlichen Willen ſchändlich durch Ulfſtand gebrochen. Dieſer nöthigte erſt den abziehenden Knechten alle ihre Beute ab und warf ſie, wie die Bürger, die Helfer des Wagſtückes, in Feſſeln. Seinem Worte getreu, führte der Deutſche ſeinen Kriegsgefangenen nach Hwidöer in Seeland, nicht weit vom königlichen Lager. Als der däniſche Adel, Tyge Krabbe und Melchior Ranzau, Landmarſchall von Holſtein, den gehaßten Bürgerritter frei ſahen, verſchworen ſie ſich gegen ſein Leben, damit er nicht den König antrete und alle ihre ſchändlichen Anſchläge zur Zeit des Zwiſchenreiches eröffnete, die ihm das Archiv von Warbbierg urkundlich aufgedeckt. Tyge Krabbe eilte mit gleichgeſinnten Edelleuten nach Hwidöer, überhäufte den Wehrloſen mit Schmähworten wegen ſeines an Ulfſtand begangenen Treubruches, und Ranzau fragte die verſammelte Ritterſchaft, ob man Den in freie Haft annehmen dürfe, der an ſeinem Wirthe ſein Handgelöbniß ſo freventlich verletzt? Alle waren der Meinung, daß man ihm auch jetzt nicht Treue ſchuldig ſei, weil er früher ſich nicht als ehrlicher Kriegsmann im Gefängniſſe gehalten. Vergeblich berief ſich Albrecht von Belzig auf ſeine Zuſage; Meier ward auf Hwidöerſchloß in Eiſen geſchlagen. Nach einigen Tagen erhob Truid Ulfſtand gegen den Unvertheidigten eine Anklage auf Leben und Tod, der zufolge er furchtbar gefoltert und ein weitläufiges Bekenntniß ſeiner angeblich begangenen Verbrechen und der Anſchläge Lübecks zu unterſchreiben genöthigt wurde. Darf es Schwäche genannt werden, wenn ein Mann, in die Hände der Todfeinde gegeben, die unſinnigſten Fragen bejaht, nicht um dem Tode zu entgehen, nur um die Marter zu verkürzen? Der Gipfel des Schändlichen war, daß der Adel dem Ulfſtand ſelbſt die Vollſtreckung des Urtheils übertrug, der den Zerpeinigten nach Helſingör führte, ihn viertheilen und die Stücke auf vier Räder legen ließ! Eine gleiche Rache des Edelmanns traf den Kapellan, welcher bei dem Verrathe Warbbiergs geholfen. Auch Meier's Fähndrich ward enthauptet und vor Warbbierg eine grauenvolle Strafe an 18 Bürgern und Kriegsleuten vollzogen. Aber Ulfſtand ruhte nicht; auch Gert Meier mußte bluten; anfänglich durch den Spruch der Reiter und Knechte losgezählt, erbot er ſich den Städten für jeden ihnen zugefügten Schaden zu Rechte, und ward freigegeben, als obenein die Magd des Zöllners zu Helſingör ihn zur Ehe begehrte. Aber bald erſchien ein Rathsherr von Lübeck, Voigt, in Schonen, und klagte auf Gert, als einen Seeräuber, im Namen jenes Schiffers von Wismar und des Kaufmanns von Bergen, deſſen Waaren auf Warbbierg gebracht waren. Herr Tyge Krabbe ſäumte nicht, den Angeſchuldigten nach Helſingborg zu holen, wo er ihn enthaupten ließ und den Kopf auf einer Stange ſeiner Braut überſchickte. — So boten Lübecks Patrizier und der däniſche Adel ſich die Hand, um in nachhaltigem Haß alle Freunde der Volksſache zu verderben. Marx Meier's Witwe in Lübeck wollte, als noch ihres Gemahls Gebeine auf dem Rade, zur vierten Ehe ſchreiten, ward aber von ihren Brüdern lebenslang eingeſperrt und ſtarb im Wahnſinn. Nach R. Kock ſoll von den vier Gebrüdern Meier keiner eines natürlichen Todes geſtorben ſein. —

Als Chriſtian III. vor Lübeck ſicher war und er ſeinen Schwager Guſtav mit Mühe begütigt, der, unzufrieden mit dem einſeitigen Friedensſchluſſe und allerlei darin berührten, ihm nachtheiligen Handeln, Flotte und Heer zurückgezogen hatte, fehlte noch viel, daß der erwählte König die verzweifelten Bürger ſeiner Hauptſtadt zu ſeinen Füßen ſah, vielmehr bedurfte es noch aller Kraft und Klugheit, das Gewitter zu zertheilen, welches aus den Niederlanden aufzog. Der Pfalzgraf war mit ſeiner Neuvermählten, einem ſtattlichen Adelsgefolge und vielem Gelde aus Süddeutſchland im Mai 1536 nach Brüſſel gekommen, um auf niederländiſchen Schiffen ſein Kriegsvolk perſönlich zum Entſatze Kopenhagens zu leiten, während ſchon früher kaiſerliche Schreiben an die Prälaten Norwegens dem Pfalzgrafen eine Partei gewonnen hatten, in deren Folge am Neujahr Vincent Lunge, Chriſtians III. Geſandter, auf Geheiß des Erzbiſchofs von Drontheim ermordet worden war. Zugleich hatte Karl V. dem Kurfürſten von Sachſen und andern deutſchen Fürſten ſeinen Willen kundgethan, den Pfalzgrafen auf den nordiſchen Thron zu ſetzen und ſie, wiewol vergeblich, zum Beiſtand aufgefordert. — Aber Chriſtian und Johann von Ranzau wußten eine Fülle von liſtigen Mitteln, um ſchon aus der Ferne den Anſchlag zu vereiteln. Ein Theil der erſten holländiſchen Beamten, namentlich Herr von Hogſtraaten und die Bürgermeiſter von Amſterdam, waren in däniſchem Solde und erſannen eine Reihe Schwierigkeiten, die Flottenausrüſtung zu hintertreiben. Als jedoch eine ſpaniſche Flotte, zufällig angelangt, bereit ſtand, das Heer des Pfalzgrafen nach Dänemark überzuſetzen; als Chriſtian und Guſtav Waſa, der eine Verſchwörung deutſcher Bürger in Stockholm, die ihn mit Pulver in der Ritterholmskirche in die Höhe zu ſprengen und die Stadt den Hanſen zu unterwerfen beabſichtigten, zur Oſterzeit noch glücklich entdeckt hatte, mächtig erſchraken; da rettete ein von Ranzau klug erſonnener und ausgeführter Staatsſtreich vor ſo unabwendbarer Gefahr. Chriſtian gewann durch Beihülfe des Herzogs von Geldern einen unternehmenden Hauptmann, der in Weſtfalen große Kundſchaft unter den Kriegsleuten hatte, Meinhard von Hamm, daß er plötzlich mit 10 Fähnlein das frieſiſche Städtchen Damm im Frieden überfiel. Die Verwüſtungen des verwegenen Haufens hatten die erwünſchte Folge. Die holländiſchen Stände, in Furcht vor einer Fehde in ihren Grenzen, verweigerten die Entſendung des zum Landesſchutze nothwendigen Kriegsvolks, und die Regentin ſtimmte um ſo eher bei, da Groningen, in ſeinem Handel von Damm aus beſchädigt, ſich gegen Schutz dem burgundiſchen Hauſe zu unterwerfen verſprach, und am 8. Juni 1536 dem Statthalter von Weſtfriesland, Schenk Freiherr von Tautenberg, huldigte. Statt nun mit ſeiner geworbenen Macht nach dem auf's äußerſte bedrängten Kopenhagen zu ſchiffen, mußte der Pfalzgraf es zur Vertheidigung der frieſiſchen Grenzen verwenden. Zwar ſchlug der Statthalter einen holſteiniſchen Heerhaufen; aber die Bezwingung des Städtchens, läſſig belagert und hartnäckig vertheidigt, hielt neckend den vor Ungeduld vergehenden Pfalzgrafen ſo lange hin, bis die Kunde einlief, Kopenhagen ſei am 29. Juli gefallen, und alle Hoffnungen auf die nordiſchen Kronen um ſo unwiderbringlicher zerſtörte, da Maria alle Kraft Burgunds auf den gleichzeitig mit Frankreich entbrannten Krieg richten mußte. In bitterer Täuſchung kehrte Friedrich mit der Königstochter in ſein kleines Fürſtenerbe zurück; Meinhard von Hamm dagegen, der durch Behauptung eines offenen Platzes den Norden vor einer neuen Revolution bewahrt hatte, genoß fürſtlichen Dankes bei Chriſtian und Ehre bei ſeinen Standesgenoſſen.

Achtes Capitel.

Einnahme von Kopenhagen. Geſchick des Grafen. Wullenweber und Herzog Heinrich der Jüngere. Anklage der Lübecker und Chriſtians III. gegen den Bürgermeiſter. Hinrichtung.
1536. 1537.

Als der erwählte König, ſicher des Erfolges ſeiner an Weſtfriesland gelegten Mine, nach Seeland zurückkehrte und den Fall der beiden noch unbezwungenen Städte erwartete, ſah er zuerſt Malmoe ſeiner Herrſchaft ſich fügen. Wie Munter, der weltklügſte unſerer Bürgermeiſter, als der Erſte die Gunſt des Augenblicks erfaßte, um für ſeine Stadt Religionsfreiheit und ungekränkte Rechte zu gewinnen, war er auch jetzt der Erſte, welcher, verlaſſen von Lübeck und Stralſund und enttäuſcht von der Ausſicht auf burgundiſche Hülfe, die Nothwendigkeit erkannte, dem Könige Malmoe auf erträgliche Bedingungen zu unterwerfen. Nachdem er ſich einen Geleitsbrief erwirkt, eilte er heimlich zum Heerlager, bekannte zu ſeinen Füßen die Gründe, welche ihn und ſeine Mitbürger zum Abfalle getrieben: die Tyrannei der Biſchöfe, die Furcht vor Unterdrückung der reinen Lehre, die unpatriotiſchen Pläne des Reichsraths, und erhielt vom verſtändigen Könige um ſo eher volle Gnade, da dieſer fähiger und entſchloſſener Männer zu dem in der Stille vorbereiteten Kampfe gegen die Hierarchie bedurfte. Munter ſchiffte darauf von Malmoe ebenſo heimlich nach Kopenhagen, um hier die Gemüther zum Gehorſam gegen Chriſtian zu bewegen. Unterdeſſen bearbeiteten ſeine Vertrauten das durch vielfaches Elend entmuthigte Volk und brachten am 6. April die Capitulation zu Stande. Der König beſtätigte die neue kirchliche Verfaſſung, die frühern Privilegien, erließ gegen Einnahme einer Beiſteuer für jetzt den Aufbau der zerbrochenen Feſte und zog am 11. April in die ſo lange vertheidigten Mauern ein. Munter weilte unterdeſſen in der Hauptſtadt unter dem Scheine, als habe Malmoe ohne ſein Wiſſen ſich unterworfen; aber weder die huldvolle Aufnahme jener

Stadt, noch das furchtbar geſtiegene Elend beugte den Trotz des Rathes und der Bürger; auch wäre Nachgiebigkeit der letztern ohne Erfolg geweſen, indem ihr Geſchick willenlos an den Entſchluß der Fürſten und die Hartnäckigkeit der Beſatzung gebunden blieb. Zwar ordnete Albrecht von Mecklenburg ſich der größern Geiſteskraft Chriſtophs unter, höhnte gleichmüthig den Jammer der Bürger durch Bankette, Waidmannsluſt, welche er auf der Inſel Amack ſuchte, tröſtete ſich der Vorſorge ſeiner Städte Wismar und Roſtock, die aus Furcht vor dem Landesherrn dem Frieden nicht beigetreten, deren Schiffe jedoch faſt immer in die Gewalt des wachſamen Peder Skramm gefallen waren (eines unter andern, welches, eine ſpottwerthe Ladung! Jagdhunde nach der darbenden Stadt führen ſollte); der Graf von Oldenburg dagegen, blieb gleich ſeine Werbung um Chriſtine unbeachtet und ſchwand ſeine Ausſicht auf eine an Habsburg zinsbare Krone, harrte der burgundiſchen Verheißung und eines fürſtlichen Lohnes; fand Genugthuung in dem Gedanken, für den gefangenen Vetter zu dulden, und inmitten des Elends Geiſtesruhe in Homer's Geſängen, die er in der Urſprache las. Im ſchlimmſten Falle hatte er ein Unterpfand für ſeine Perſon, indem die früher verhafteten Reichsräthe und Edeln ſeit dem Januar zu Plau in Mecklenburg aufbewahrt wurden. — Die Sommerſchifffahrt höhnte die Hoffnung des burgundiſchen Entſatzes auf bittere Weiſe. Nach Chriſtian's Befehle waren im Sunde alle fremden Fahrzeuge bis auf die Zahl von zweihundert angehalten worden; im Scheingefechte mit dieſen und ſie verfolgend, als ſeien es die erwarteten Niederländer, zog ſich die königliche Flotte vor den Hafen, damit entweder die Bürger im Jubel die Wachſamkeit unterließen oder die Kriegsſchiffe, aus dem Hafen auslaufend, in die Falle fielen. Eine Zeitlang bemerkten die Liſtigen ein freudenvolles Getümmel auf den Wällen; als aber der Wind den Pulverdampf verſcheuchte, erkannten jene zeitig genug die Verlockung und machten ſich auf einen Angriff gefaßt. Noch hatte Amack, der Hauptſtadt Garten, die Bürger kümmerlich verſorgt; als aber am 19. Juni der König die Inſel erſtürmen und dort eine Schanze aufwerfen ließ, ſtieg der Mangel plötzlich zu ſolcher Höhe, daß die Bürger ſich auf dem alten Markte verſammelten, um Abhülfe ihres Jammers zu berathen. Im Wahne, dieſer Zuſammenlauf bedeute Empörung, ſtürmte die Beſatzung, Bokbinder mit ſeinem Rathe bewaffnet unter ihnen, auf ſie ein, jagten die Wehrloſen auseinander und erſchlugen ihrer gegen zweihundert. Erſt als viele ruhig daheimgebliebene Bürger der Mordluſt des gereizten Kriegsvolks gefallen waren, gelang es dem Grafen, der in der Stille über das öffentliche Unglück ſeufzte, die Ruhe wiederherzuſtellen. — Noch ſechs lange Wochen hindurch bot die ſtille Stadt alle Schaudergemälde des Jammers, deren Ausführung in einzelnen Zügen wir uns überheben, da ſie in allen volkreichen Städten nach jahrelanger Umſchließung ſich zu wiederholen pflegen. Bereits waren alle eßbaren Thiere geſchlachtet, auch die ſchon, vor denen die menſchliche Natur Ekel und Abſcheu empfindet; das Klagegeſtöhn der Bürger wies die Gemüthsverhärtung der Kriegsleute und des Rathes mit dem entſetzlichen Troſte ab, „noch habe man nicht, wie in Jeruſalem, die eigenen Kinder verzehrt.“ In ſolcher Zeit gebar die Herzogin von Mecklenburg einen Prinzen, und großmüthig ſandte zu ihrer Pflege der König einigen Vorrath von feinern Lebensmitteln. Als die Kuh der Wöchnerin und der Leibhengſt des Gemahls von allem Vieh noch allein übrig und die hohlen Augen der Bürger, die unbegrabenen Leichen vor Hunger Geſtorbener den Gipfelpunkt des Elends predigten, ſchickten die Fürſten und der Rath ihre Abgeordneten in das Lager. Anfangs begehrte der gereizte König Ergebung auf Gnade und Ungnade; aber in Regung edlerer Menſchlichkeit verſtattete er dem Herzoge Wilhelm von Braunſchweig und ſeinen Oberſten Unterhandlung. Am 29. Juli 1536, gerade ein Jahr nach der erſten Berennung, kam die Capitulation zu Stande. Der Herzog und der Graf ſollten mit ihrem Gefolge und ihrer fahrenden Habe auf königlichen Schiffen nach Deutſchland geführt werden und alle Anhänger ihnen folgen dürfen, mit Ausnahme Bokbinder's und Munter's; der Graf eidlich geloben, die däniſchen Staaten nie wieder zu betreten, Chriſtian's Bundesgenoſſen nie zu bekriegen. Die Bürgerſchaft wurde zu Gnaden aufgenommen, ihr Amneſtie für alle begangenen Unbilden verheißen; auch beide Bürgermeiſter wurden begnadigt, um in Zukunft dem Könige mit Treue und Ergebenheit zu dienen; endlich Schiedsrichter beſtimmt, um den vom Könige an den Herzog geforderten Schadenerſatz zu ermitteln. Als auch an demſelben Tage der Bürgerſchaft Aufrechterhaltung der neuen Lehre und unverkürzte Freiheiten ſchriftlich zugeſichert waren, zog Herzog Albrecht zu Pferde, der Graf und die vornehmſten Bürger zu Fuß, alle entblößten Hauptes und weiße Stäbe in den Händen, zum Könige hinaus und baten fußfällig um Gnade. Chriſtian empfing den Herzog mit freundlicher Rede, weil er die Schwäche des verführten Fürſten kannte; den Grafen aber überhäufte er, als ehrgeizigen Anſtifter aller Drangſale, mit Vorwürfen und erinnerte ihn an die Reden, die er in Kolding beim Trunke gegen ihn ausgeſtoßen, ſprechend: „Wenn ich wollte, ſo möchte ich dich rechtſchaffen muſtern.“ — Jürgen Munter, wie er durch Gewandtheit und kluge Fügung in die Umſtände ſich des Königs Gnade auch gegen die grimmen Anklagen des Adels und der Biſchöfe verſichert, trat eine neue wichtige Laufbahn im Dienſte ſeines proteſtantiſchen Herrſchers an, ſobald dieſer an der Spitze ſeiner ſtolzen Edelleute unter Huldigungsruf in die Hauptſtadt eingezogen. Gelang es ihm doch, ſelbſt bei der verlaſſenen Partei, Achtung zu befeſtigen, indem er dem Könige nicht eher den Treueid leiſtete, als der Graf ihn ſeiner Verpflichtung mit dem Geſtändniß entbunden: „wäre er ſeinem Rathe gefolgt, ſo hätte das Spiel anders geendet.“ — Sein Amtsgenoſſe Bokbinder, weniger ſchlau oder weniger glücklich, nahm bald darauf Gift, um der Anklage einer Dame zu entgehen, deren Mann auf ſein Geheiß das Leben verloren hatte.

Nicht ſäumten die Fürſten, alsbald die Stätte der Scham und des Unglücks zu verlaſſen. Sie ſchifften mit den Ihren nach Deutſchland heim; den Grafen von Oldenburg, ſeines Mißgeſchickes getröſtet, riß das großartige Getümmel der deutſchen Angelegenheiten bald wieder mit ſich fort; er verrichtete noch manche kecke männliche That im Sinne des Proteſtantismus und ſtarb, geprieſen von den Gelehrten, deren verſtändiger Gönner er immerdar geweſen, und im Lobe der Zeitgenoſſen, hochbejahrt am 4. Auguſt 1566; Albrecht dagegen vermochte nicht die vergebliche Hoffnung ſich aus dem Sinne zu ſchlagen, forderte in vielen perſönlichen Geſuchen und auf Reichstagen Erſatz der Koſten, die er für den unglücklichen Chriſtiern aufgewandt, ward mit kärglichen Summen hingehalten und ſtarb, um alle eitle Erwartungen betrogen, am 7. Januar 1547, dem Hauſe Mecklenburg, als Frucht ſeiner zweideutigen Thätigkeit für den Kaiſer, die ſogenannte „ſpaniſche Schuldforderung“ von von vielen Tonnen Goldes vererbend, die, bei beiden habsburger Linien zu unzähligen Malen angeregt, erſt über der Erſchütterung des dreißigjährigen Krieges vergeſſen wurde.

Aber nach dem unerforſchlichen Walten der Vorſehung ſollte die Noth, welche die Bürgermeiſterfehde über Dänemark gebracht, nicht ohne ſegensreiche Folgen bleiben, wenn freilich auch erſt das ſpäteſte Enkelgeſchlecht derſelben theilhaft wurde. Chriſtian III. brach die Hierarchie und den Widerſtand der katholiſchen Partei, indem er, kaum drei Wochen nach der Einnahme Kopenhagens, alle Biſchöfe, in Uebereinſtimmung mit dem Adel, gefangennahm, ſie entſetzte und, am 12. Auguſt 1537 durch Dr. Bugenhagen feierlich gekrönt, das Werk der Reformation beendete. So hatte der entſetzliche Krieg gedient, die Freiheit der Gewiſſen zu befördern; aber beim Genuſſe des Rechtes, in ſeiner Weiſe zum Himmel zu beten, ſah das Volk ſich ſchmachvoll und unchriſtlich unter den Fuß des Adels gegeben. „Hündiſche Leibeigenſchaft“ laſtete, ſeit der kluge Chriſtian dem Adel die Krone und den Sieg über die Biſchöfe verdankte, auf den freien Bonden von Dänemark, und die Bürger, mächtiger Vertretung beraubt, ſeufzten unter dem Joche erbauter Zwingfeſten und der Soldaten Einlager. Um die Befreiung des unglücklichen Chriſtiern kümmerte ſich Niemand, ungeachtet eines Artikels im hamburger Frieden; „Manus Dei eruet me. Impii carceris anno 1536.“ lautete die Inſchrift auf für ihn durch den Grafen geſchlagenen Münzen; aber bis zum Jahre 1549 lag er einſam im Thurme zu Sonderburg, wanderte eine tiefe Rinne in den harten Eſtrich, den er ruhelos wie ein eingeſperrtes Thier durchmaß, ſchnitt in die Wände im düſtern Gedankenſpiel die Bilder von Galeen, Rädern, Mühlen und des kopenhagener Schloſſes, und ſtarb, in ein menſchlicheres Gefängniß gebracht, im 77ſten Jahre ſeines Alters, im Januar 1559. — Erſt im J. 1551 konnte ein Geſetz Chriſtians III. die Kinder der Prediger und Küſter von der Leibeigenſchaft befreien, und noch im J. 1570 durfte ein Edelmann einen Prieſter hinrichten laſſen. Was würde der wackere Chriſtian IV. ohne dieſes Hemmniß innerer Entwicklung im dreißigjährigen Kriege, er, ein deutſcher Herzog von Holſtein, ſtatt des über die See eingedrungenen ſchwediſchen Fremdlings, zum Heile Deutſchlands ausgerichtet haben, wäre der Kern des däniſchen Volkes, durch würdige Freiheit zu großen Unternehmungen gereift, ſeinen Fahnen nach Niederſachſen gefolgt, ſtatt der heimatloſen Banden, die am Bahrenberge ſeine Königsehre verunglimpften! Zwar glich die blutloſe Revolution von 1660 das Mißverhältniß der ſtändiſchen Rechte aus, aber um gleichförmig alle Stände der lähmenden Gewalt der Souverainität zu unterwerfen. Was Dänemark jetzt, nach dem Schlummer von 200 Jahren auch des letzten Erwerbs der großen Margaretha beraubt, im Schooß einer iſolirten Friedenspolitik an innerer Wohlfahrt und am Gedeihen der Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaften genießt, iſt kein Erſatz für die welthiſtoriſche Bedeutung, zu welcher des Landes Lage und des Volkes Tüchtigkeit ſeine altgermaniſchen Altvordern berief. —

Dieſe Betrachtung lenkt uns auf das fernere Geſchick und die Würdigung des Bürgermeiſters zurück, den wir im Kerker Heinrichs des Jüngern verließen. Dieſer Guelfe, ein blinder Eiferer für den Katholicismus, ohne Religioſität; raſtlos kriegsluſtig ohne Feldherrngeſchick und Entſchloſſenheit zur Stunde der Gefahr; ohne Bruderliebe, denn er hielt um des Erbes willen den Herzog Wilhelm — eben den, welcher die Capitulation von Kopenhagen vermittelte — in zwölfjähriger Haft; ohne eheliche Treue und ſittliche Scham, denn er zeugte mit ſeinem Kebsweibe, der ſchönen Eva von Troth auf Staufenburg, ſieben Kinder, die wachſame Herzogin, die Mutter ſeiner ſieben Söhne und vier Töchter, durch das Gepränge eines Scheinbegräbniſſes und feierliche Seelenmeſſen ruchlos hintergehend; ohne fürſtliche und ritterliche Ehre, ohne Sinn für Anſtand — dafür zeugen die ſchandbaren Schmähſchriften, mit denen er den Kurfürſten von Sachſen, obwol der ihm nichts ſchuldig blieb, angriff — war der rechte Mann, um mit dem unglücklichen Gefangenen als Werkzeug aller Bosheit ſeiner Gegner Gericht zu halten. In ſeine Hände hatte der geiſtliche Herr von Bremen den Bürgermeiſter geliefert; er mochte ſich frei halten von deſſen Blute, während ſein Bruder Heinrich, ein Bundesgenoſſe Chriſtians, um „eine Hand voll Bluts mehr kein groß Werk machte." Der Prälat that es nicht ohne Hoffnung auf erklecklichen Lohn; er erhob Anſprüche auf Roſkilds Bisthum, und nicht aus verzeihlichem katholiſchen Eifer; denn es geſchah im Intereſſe Dänemarks, auf Anſtiften des Königs und Adels, welche dem Biſchofe Beiſtand dafür zuſagten. Vielleicht auch war die ganze Reiſe nach Hadeln eine Verlockung, um Wullenweber fern von Lübeck zu verderben.

Der erſte Schritt in dieſem Rechtshandel: man verſetzte den Mann, gegen welchen noch kein Lübecker anklagend auftrat, durch erzwungenes Bekenntniß in Anklageſtand. Auf die Folter geſpannt, ward er ſo furchtbar gepeinigt, daß er alle Fragen, welche die Argliſt ſeiner Verfolger ihm vorlegte, mit Ja beantwortete. Schöner wäre es geweſen und ſeines antiken Charakters würdig, wenn er in der Marter und ohne Bekenntniß den Geiſt aufgegeben hätte; aber wer verdammt die Gebrechlichkeit der menſchlichen Natur und die Liebe zum Leben, die tückiſche Verheißung im Falle der Selbſtanklage wach erhalten? Die „Urgicht" ſagte Dinge aus, welche berechnet waren, jedes Mitleid im Herzen des Volks zu erſticken und noch andere Männer, die der Rath haßte, zu verderben: „er habe vom gemeinen Gute Tauſende an ſich gebracht;" „zwei ſeien geweſen, die ihm 2000 Mark für Chriſtierns Erlöſung geboten;" „die Knechte in Hadeln habe er durch Lauenburg vor Lübeck führen, Brömſen mit ſeinem Anhange ermorden, die Stadt burgundiſch machen wollen, um dann ein Wiedertäuferreich zu ſtiften; zu Lübeck ſeien acht Männer (unter ihnen ſein Mitbürgermeiſter Taſchenmacher, die andern alle Glieder des ehemaligen Ausſchuſſes), die ihm ihre Hülfe zugeſagt hätten; wenn Alles gelungen und der Adel erſchlagen wäre, ſolle er Reichsverweſer in Lübeck, Mynter in Dänemark, Meier in Schweden werden." Dieſe unglaublich widerſinnigen Artikel überſandte Herzog Heinrich dem Rathe zu Lübeck, der nichts eiliger zu thun hatte, als ſie am 11. März 1536, wenige Wochen nach dem hamburger Frieden, der Bürgerſchaft vorzulegen. Leichtgläubig und furchtſam billigte ſie die Gefangennahme der acht Beſchuldigten, die, ſo grob der Betrug war, bis auf einen Abweſenden in den Thurm geworfen wurden. Auch zweien Predigern, von denen der eine, Johann Flachsbart, zu den erſten Verkündern der lutheriſchen Lehre gehörte, wollte man an den Hals, durfte ſie aber nicht antaſten. Zur weitern Rechtsverfolgung wurden etliche Bürger aus den Zünften und Kaufleuten nach Steinbrück geſchickt, um ſich von der Wahrheit der Urgicht zu überzeugen. Unter ihnen befand ſich Johann Krevet, eine Creatur des Rathes, und auch jener Droſt von Tedinghauſen, der gleich darauf die Stadthauptmannſtelle in Lübeck als Lohn davontrug. Damit Wullenweber vor den Zeugen nicht widerriefe, ward er zum zweiten und dritten Male gefoltert und ihm für den Fall einer abweichenden Ausſage der Tod „unter der Pein" gedroht. Als ſie in den Kerker gekommen, fanden ſie den edeln Herzog vor Wullenweber, der im verbitterten Ketzerhaß oder aus böſem Gemüth bei ſo entſetzlichen Verhandlungen gern verweilte, wie wir denn wiſſen, daß er dem Thomas Münzer auf der Richtſtätte den apoſtoliſchen Glauben zur großen Erbauung der Henker vorbetete. Als man Wullenwebern die Artikel vorgeleſen, fuhr ihn der Herzog mit harten Worten an: „Jürg, was ſagſt du hierzu?" Wullenweber erwiederte mit Sanftmuth: „Ich habe Ja geſagt." Keiner der Lübecker wagte auch nur zu einer Nebenfrage den Mund aufzuthun. Sie reiſten zurück, eidlich verpflichtet, keinem Unberufenen eine Sylbe von dem Hergange zu erzählen. In welcher Seelenſtimmung ſich der Zertretene befand, bezeugen zwei Briefe, die er damals aus dem Gefängniſſe unter dem Siegel der Verſchwiegenheit an ſeinen Bruder in Hamburg ſchrieb; ihre Authentie iſt durch einen Notar bekräftigt, wie H. Regkmann aus Recklingshauſen, ein Bergenfahrer und muthiger Vertheidiger des Bürgermeiſters, in ſeiner Chronik mittheilt. „Lieber Bruder, Gott ſei Dank, ich bin noch geſund. Denn ich mußte noch eine Reiſe aushalten (entſetzlicher Euphemismus für Folter!), da die von Lübeck hier waren am Sonnabend Morgens, und mußte geloben und ſchwören, nicht anders zu ſagen, denn als ich gefragt ward; wo ich ein Wort widerriefe, ſollte ich in Peinen ſterben. Dazu zwang mich Herzog Heinrich und Klaus Hermelink mit dem Büttel von Bremen. Nun hab' ich zum dritten Male auf die Leute aus Pein bekennen müſſen und habe noch nicht anders bekannt. Aber Gott wolle ſich über mich erbarmen, weiß ich von Burgundiſch oder Wiedertaufe. Dies wolleſt du eilig gute Freunde zu Lübeck wiſſen laſſen, „es ſei Dir geſagt, ich mußte nicht ein Wort in Gegenwart der von Lübeck ſprechen und mußte Johann Krevet's Dieb ſein." Das muß Gott in dem Himmel erbarmen! Lieber Bruder, thue um Gottes willen und laß drei oder vier fromme Leute an mein Buch gehen, daß ſie leſen, was ich darin geſchrieben habe, da ich anno 1532 wider die Holländer zu Schiffe ging; ich will noch darauf ſterben, daß meine Sache alſo ſteht. Was ich ſeit der Zeit, auch vor der Zeit, aufgeborgt habe, das finden ſie in ihren Rechenſchaften wohl; ich bin deß gewiß, daß ich weder Schilling noch Pfennig habe, der ihnen gehört. Darum verbeut mir wider ſie zu Recht, können ſie mir beweiſen, daß ich ihnen was geſtohlen habe. Du wolleſt dazu helfen, daß ſie mich über alle Diebe henken! Laß Peter Schulten aufſuchen alle Schrift, die des Rathes Rechenſchaft belangen, ich weiß zur Rechenſchaft wohl zu kommen. Was auch Joſt, Marci Meier Schreiber, bei ſich hat und Henrick, daß die auch bei der Hand bleiben. Ich will ihnen bei Schillingen und bei Pfennigen Rechenſchaft thun. Dann, lieber Bruder, laß dies Schreiben Niemand ſehen, bei deinem Leibe! ſage, es ſei Dir von einem Glaubwürdigen geſagt, und ſende dem Knechte, der bei mir iſt, einen Trankpfennig, einen Thaler oder vier; der thut mir alles Guts. Die acht hab' ich empfangen. Lieber Bruder, dies iſt die Summa davon, darauf magſt du etliche Leute warnen und ſehen zu Hamburg mit zu: man will's wieder auf das Alte haben; darnach wird man trachten; das iſt die Meinung; in Lübeck wirſt Du es am erſten finden, behalten ſie ihren Willen. Bei Deinem Halſe offenbare dieſe Dinge Niemand, denn du habeſt ſie bei einem gehört, der hier war; dies weiß Gott, der mag mit helfen, ich bin dreimal nicht anders denn dem Tod vermeſſen geweſen."

Der zweite Brief, wol unmittelbar darauf geſchrieben, lautet alſo: „Lieber Bruder, thu bei Deinem Halſe! Niemand wiſſlich, daß ich Dir geſchrieben hab, „daß ſie mich den Morgen mit Peinigen drungen, daß ich mußte ſagen nicht anders, als ſie mich fragten." Ich mußte wieder in die Pein, da es auskäme, ſo käme ich um den Hals. Ich mußte wol ſagen, was ſie hören wollten, auch nicht ein Wort anders. Sage bei Leibe nichts vom Herzoge. Klaus Hermelink und Krevet haben es alſo gepflogen. Laſſe es Störtelberg wiſſen, Niemand anders! Haſt Du es Jemand geſchrieben oder geſagt, dem ſchreibe, daß ſie ſtillſchweigen. Du mußt durch den Markgrafen Herzog Heinrich ſtillen, oder ich komme um den Hals, wenn ich auch zwei Könige von England zu Hülfe hätte. Lieber Bruder, laß gute Freunde an das Buch kommen, da aufſtehet a. 1533. Verbeut mir zu Recht, bin ich ein Dieb, Du wolleſt mir helfen an den Galgen, bin ich ein Verräther auf ein Rad, bin ich ein Wiedertäufer ins Feuer! Brömſen und Krevet, die es treiben, die wiſſen es wol anders; denn es iſt darum zu thun, daß man Burkhard Wrede (einen Grobſchmidt und Worthalter der Vierundſechzig), Hermann Stuwe, Heinrich Abermann und Ludwig Taſchenmacher (Vierundſechziger) will um den Hals bringen. Dieſes ſchreib Ebert Störtelberg, daß er bei ſeinem Halſe Niemand von Dir und mir was melde. Gott mag ihnen helfen und wolle uns laſſen führen unſere Unſchuld; meine Sache kann noch gut werden, wo ich Herzog Heinrich nicht erzürne." — Aus dieſen herzzerſchneidenden Wehklagen erſehen wir, daß Wullenweber ſeine Freunde retten und, der Rechtlichkeit der Bürger von Lübeck trauend, die Sache an ſie gelangen laſſen wollte, zumal da der mit dem Rathe bei ſeiner Entſagung geſchloſſene Vertrag ihn ſchützen mußte, wenn er gegen dieſe unſinnigen Beſchuldigungen vertreten wurde. Auf die Fürſprache des Markgrafen Johann, Sohnes des Kurfürſten Joachim I. von Brandenburg, und Herrn der Neumark, rechnete er, weil dieſer in demſelben Jahre ſich mit Katharina, der älteſten Tochter des Herzogs von Braunſchweig, verlobt hatte und als naher Verwandter Chriſtierns einen Mann ſchützen durfte, der für jenen den Haß ſeiner Feinde auf ſich geladen. Was nun Joachim für ſeinen Bruder Jürgen auf dem einen oder dem andern Wege gethan, iſt aus den Nachrichten nicht zu erſehen; er ſelbſt ward, vielleicht wegen ſeiner thätigen Theilnahme am Geſchick des Bruders, des Rathsſtuhles in Hamburg entſetzt. So zog ſich in ein neues Jahr das harte Gefängniß des Unglücklichen hin, bis ein zweiter fürſtlicher Gönner mit peinlicher Anklage gegen ihn auftrat, Chriſtian III., hochgelobt von Zeitgenoſſen und Nachwelt, jetzt im ruhigen Beſitze ſeiner Kronen. Der König, um Wullenweber's Verhaftung den Braunſchweigern ausgeſprochen zu Dank verpflichtet, hatte ſich gleichwol bis jetzt geſchämt, auf den Tod eines eingekerkerten, abgeſetzten deutſchen Bürgermeiſters anzutragen. Als aber die Herren von Lübeck unmuthig den verzögerten Rechtsgang durch ihre Bevollmächtigten, den Stadtſecretair M. Sebaſtian Erſam und Johann Krevet, erfuhren, ſchrieben ſie unter dem 19. Juni 1537 ihrem Stadthauptmanne Klaus Hermelink in Wolfenbüttel, wie wohl ſie ſich verſehen, daß die bewußte Sache mit Wullenweber allda ihre Endſchaft ſollte erreicht haben, ſie, weil es aus Urſachen nicht geſchehen und wieder erſtreckt worden, begehrten, Hermelink ſolle allen Fleiß anwenden, dem Könige von Dänemark den Rechtstag in guter Zeit zuzuſchreiben, damit er zur peinlichen Verfolgung ſeine Geſandten neben den übrigen zur Stätte ſchicke und die Sache nicht ihnen allein zugeſchoben werde. Obgleich ſie dazu vor Gott und dem Rechte guten Fug hätten, wollten ſie dennoch aus ſonderlichem Bedenken und beſſerm Anſehen die königliche Majeſtät neben ſich zum Mitkläger und Vorforderer haben. Ginge es nicht, ſo wollten ſie mit Fleiß daran denken, und baten ihn, die Sache als zum Nutzen ihrer Stadt ins Werk zu ſetzen.

So gewährt denn Lübecks Rath, um ſeine Rache zu befriedigen, das ſeltene Beiſpiel von politiſcher Verkehrtheit, daß ein Gemeinweſen eine fremde Macht, mit der ſie wenige Jahre vorher im offenen Kriege geſtanden, ungenöthigt auffordert, ihr Staatshaupt, welches zu jener fremden Macht auf dem Fuße gegenſeitiger Waffenberechtigung und in einer naturgemäßen Feindſchaft ſich verhielt, vor dem Tribunal eines gegen jedes geſunde Recht ſich aufwerfenden Richters zu verklagen. Jene verächtlichen Patricier, die den Mann, der ihre Stadt groß vor Europa machen wollte, nur darum bis in den Tod verfolgten, weil er ihre angemaßten Rechte nicht unangetaſtet laſſen konnte, ſchoben in der Gewiſſensangſt eine fürſtliche Autorität vor und fanden den König des Nordens nach dem gehäſſigen Staatsrechte, welches damals gegen die Städte ſich zu bilden angefangen hatte, bereit zu ſo Unerhörtem. Die ſchöne Zeit einer gegenſeitigen Vollberechtigung, einer Pairie zwiſchen Städten und Fürſten als gleichen Potenzen, hatte ſich überlebt, ſeit alle Fürſten im monſtröſen Bunde zu Cambray ſich vereinigten, die Republik Venedig zu ſtrafen, weil ſie gewagt hatte, groß zu werden wie ſie. Die Souverainetät gab dem Principe Geltung, „die freien Städte ſeien eigentlich nur geſchonte Rebellen, die zu den Fürſten nur auf dem Fuße eines von ihnen gegebenen Geſetzes, nicht dem gleicher Macht und Kraft ſtänden.“ Aus dieſem Geſichtspunkte war es denn auch zu erklären, daß Deutſchlands Städte über Maximilians ſchimpfliche Verluſte im Stillen triumphirten. Eine ſolche Politik, welche die Communen als rechtlich nicht exiſtirend erklärte, hatte bei Fürſten und Adel Eingang gefunden, und Chriſtian III. trug um ſo weniger Bedenken, gegen den gehaßten Dictator der Hanſen ſein Souverainetätsrecht anzuwenden, da die verblendete Selbſtſucht des lübecker Raths ihn um die Beſiegelung ihres Annihilirungsactes wie um einen Dienſt erſuchte. Wullenweber, einem bekriegten Könige und den Gewalthabern der eigenen Vaterſtadt vor dem Stuhle eines gewiſſenloſen Fürſten gegenübergeſtellt, erkannte, daß er ſterben müſſe, und all' Kraft und aller Stolz kam wieder in ſeine erhobene Seele. Der ſtummen Kerkerwand vertraute er das Zeugniß ſeiner Unſchuld; dort las man die Worte eingegraben:

Kein Dieb, kein Verräther, kein Wiedertäufer auf Erden
Bin ich niemals geweſt, will's auch nimmer befunden werden!
O Herr Jeſu Chriſt, der du biſt der Weg, die Wahrheit und das Leben,
Ich bitte dich durch deine Barmherzigkeit, du wolleſt Zeugniß von der Wahrheit geben!

Johann von Achtein und Hermann Sokmann hatten im Namen der durch Wullenweber's Urgicht Beſchuldigten vom Rathe verlangt, ihren Anwalt in Wolfenbüttel zu beſchicken, um für ſie dem offenen Landgerichte beizuwohnen und den Verlauf, mit Zeugen bekräftigt, zu berichten. Der Rath von Lübeck, dem im ganzen deutſchen Norden hochangeſehenen Schöppenſtuhle, durfte die Rechtsforderung nicht verweigern und ſtellte am Michaelistage 1537 die Vollmacht aus. Wir erzählen nach dem Notarialdocumente des gedachten Anwaltes das Urtheil und die Vollſtreckung jenes nach altdeutſchem Rechtsverfahren öffentlich im Namen Heinrichs des Jüngern beſetzten Gerichts. Montags am 24. September 1537, in nüchterner Frühe, trat das herzogliche Landgericht, beſtehend aus dem Richter, den Beiſitzern und den übrigen ſchöffenbar Freien, auf dem Zollſteine vor Wolfenbüttel unter freiem Himmel und gewaltigem Volkszulauf zuſammen. König Chriſtians Rath und Orator, ſowie Krevet, Erſam und Hermelink überreichten ihre Vollmachten, drangen ſich altherkömmlich ins Recht und klagten durch ihren Fürſprecher Jürgen Wullenweber auf ſeine Urgicht über folgende Artikel an: „Er habe zwiſchen dem Könige und den Holländern Zwietracht anſtiften, Holſtein mit Kriegsvolk überziehen, den Herzog vertreiben, den Adel mit Galgen und Rad verfolgen wollen. Er habe beabſichtigt, nach Kopenhagen zu ziehen und dort ſeinen Stuhl dem Könige zu Verderb zu erheben; ferner auf Lübeck ſich zurückzuwenden, die Stadt mit Brand und Plünderung heimzuſuchen, die Obrigkeit gefangen zu nehmen, alle Güter auf den Markt zu Haufen zu bringen, um ein Wiedertäuferreich mit ſeinen Geſellen aufzurichten.“ Wullenweber, entſtellt durch zweijährigen Kerker und dreimalige Folter, ward zur Verantwortung aufgefordert und fragte durch ſeinen Fürſprecher, ob ſie noch mehre Artikel gegen ihn hätten? Als die Ankläger erwiderten, daß keine weitern Artikel zur Zeit nöthig, bat Wullenweber mehrmals, ihm die geſammte Anklage vorzuhalten, damit er, ſeine Sache Gott befehlend, auf alle Punkte antworten könne. Auf die Umfrage des Vorſitzers und die Beſprechung mit dem Umſtande, ward als Recht erkannt, „Wullenweber ſolle die vorgelegten Artikel erſt verantworten.“ Als alle Einwendungen nichts halfen, gab er auf die geſtellten Punkte folgenden bündigen Beſcheid: „Er ſei nach ſeiner Abdankung ein zu geringer Mann geweſen, um zwiſchen fremden Mächten Zwiespalt anzurichten; gegen den Herzog habe er früher, wie aller Welt bewußt, Krieg geführt, und hätte er dadurch den Tod verſchuldet, wolle er gern ſterben, obwol er dem Gewiſſen eines Jeden anheimſtelle, in weſſen Namen und Gewalt er die Fehde begonnen.“ „Nie ſei ihm in den Sinn gekommen, den Adel in Holſtein zu verfolgen; ebenſo wenig den mit dem Rathe zu Lübeck geſchloſſenen Vertrag zu brechen und ſeinen Stuhl an Stelle des Königs zu ſetzen; er ſei kein Dieb, kein Verräther, kein Wiedertäufer, darauf wolle er ſterben und Alles Gott anbefehlen.“ Als der Fürſprecher der Klagpartei auf ein Urtheil drang, „weil Jürgen die vorgelegten Artikel zum Theil eingeſtanden,“ beſprach Henny Otte auf Anfrage des Vorſitzers ſich mit dem Umſtande, fand das Urtheil und brachte es vor Gericht, „daß Jürgen nicht ohne Strafe zu verdienen alſo gethan habe.“ Darauf drangen die Ankläger auf die Art der Strafe, und ein Beiſitzer von Hildesheim, vom Richter zur Beſtimmung derſelben aufgefordert, erklärte deſſen ſich nicht allein mächtig, beſprach ſich mit ſeinem Umſtande und brachte vor, „der Scharfrichter möge ihm ein Urtheil finden.“ „Meiſter Hans,“ ſagte der Richter, „ſo frage ich Dich darum.“ Der ſagte: „Herr Richter, ſoll ich ihm das Urtheil finden, ſo will ich ihn hinausführen und in vier Theile hauen und legen auf vier Räder und ihn richten zwiſchen Himmel und Erden, daß er dies nicht mehr thue und die Andern daran gedenken.“ — Als Jürgen alſo verurtheilt war, las man ihm noch drei Artikel vor, die der Anwalt wegen des Getümmels der Pferde und des Geſchreis des Volkes nicht verſtehen konnte, Jürgen dagegen kurz beantwortete: „es ſei wahr, er habe im Gefängniſſe alſo bekannt, aber nur um der Pein zu entgehen und ſein Leben zu retten;“ „welche ich im Gefängniſſe beſchuldigt habe, die will ich jetzt entſchuldigen, daß meine Seele nicht anderwärts ſterben dürfe vor dem ſtrengen Gerichte Gottes! Ich bitte auch meinen gnädigen Herrn, Se. Fürſtl. Gnaden wolle ſich mit dem unſchuldigen Blute nicht behangen, meiner armen Seele zur ewigen Verdammniß!“ Worauf Klaus Hermelink rief: „Jürg, wir ſind Dir der Entſchuldigung nicht geſtändig!“ und der Scharfrichter mit dem Manne hinwegzog. Auf dem Wege zum Hochgericht wurde er des herzoglichen Großvoigts, Bartold Rapp, gewahr, der zu Pferde hielt, und ſprach: „Herr Voigt, ich bitte Euch ſo wohl thun und reitet zu meinem gnädigſten Herrn und vermahnet S. F. G. der tröſtlichen Zuſage, die er mir perſönlich zugeſagt hat, daß er mir wolle einen ziemlichen Tod anthun laſſen, der mir armen Manne wohl zu leiden ſtünde, auf daß ich nicht verzweifle zum ewigen Verderb Leibes und auch der Seelen!“ Der Großvoigt ſprach: „Jörg, weil Ihr deſſen begehrt, ſo hab' ich Gewalt von meinem Herrn, daß man Euch ſoll einen ziemlichen Tod anthun, welcher Euch wohl zu leiden ſteht, und will das mit dem Scharfrichter beſteuern.“ Da ſagte „Herr“ Jörg: „Herr Voigt, denen von Lübeck wollt' ich noch ein Wort oder zwei zuſprechen;“ worauf jener: „Ja, Jörg, ich will das beſteuern bei dem Gerichte, ſie ſollen zu Euch kommen.“ Auf dem Richtplatze trat der Hauptmann von Lübeck ihn an, fragend: „Jörg, willſt Du mein was?“ Da ſammelte der Bürgermeiſter allen verhaltenen Grimm ſeiner Seele und rief: „Darnach habt Ihr, Klaus Hermelink und Johann Krevet, lange getrachtet, wol vier Jahre, daß Ihr bei Nachtzeit wolltet in mein Haus fallen und mich binden! aber Gott der Allmächtige wollte das nicht zulaſſen! Nun iſt es Euch doch gerathen, das will ich Gott geben! Ich ſage Euch vor der ganzen Welt offenbar, daß die letzten Artikel nicht wahr ſind! Ich ſage öffentlich vor der ganzen Welt, daß ich Diejenigen, die ich in meinem Gefängniſſe habe beſchuldigen müſſen, aus Marter und zur Rettung meines Leibes beſchuldigt habe!“ Er wiederholte dann, daß er ſie unſchuldig erkläre, weil es Sünde vor Gott und der Welt ſei, und damit ſeine Seele es vor Gottes Gericht nicht ewig entgelten müſſe: „denn ewig iſt lang!“ — Klaus Hermelink geſtand ihm den Widerruf nicht zu und trieb den Scharfrichter an: „Hinweg mit ihm, Meiſter Hans, weißt Du nicht, was Dir befohlen iſt?“ Wiederum antwortete Jürgen: „Es iſt mit mir hier eine geringe Zeit, Meiſter Hans! laß mich noch zwei oder drei Worte ſagen, dann will ich gerne ſterben.“ Er betheuerte nochmals nachdrücklich, er habe den Bund mit den Herren von Lübeck nicht im größten und kleinſten gebrochen, ſei kein Dieb, kein Verräther, ſaß dann, mit ſeinem Gewiſſen und der Welt fertig, auf die Knie nieder und empfing den tödtlichen Schwertſtreich. Sein Leib ward geviertheilt und auf vier Räder geſteckt.

So ſtarb, 44 Jahre alt, unbeweibt, den Tod des gemeinſten Verbrechers, Jürgen Wullenweber, der größte und kühnſte Staatsmann, den das Abendroth des freien deutſchen Bürgerthums hervorgebracht. Es gereicht dem denkenden und fühlenden Betrachter zur tiefen Trauer, daß ſeine Mitwelt, Geiſtliche, Bürger, Richter und Geſchichtſchreiber, den hartſinnigſten Fluch der Verdammniß über ihn ſchleuderten und ſeinen Namen nur mit Verwünſchung nannten, bis auf den unſcheinbaren Chronikenſchreiber Hans Regkmann, der, wie verſtohlen, dem Urtheilsſpruche die Randgloſſe beifügt: „Das hat er nicht verdient;“ und die Worte des Kanzlers von Celle, welcher beim Weine verlautete, „Wullenweber ſei als Märtyrer des Evangeliums geſtorben.“ Das Alterthum würde Wullenwebern Bildſäulen und Ehrengedächtniß errichtet haben; die moderne chriſtliche Zeit, ſeine Deutſchen, brandmarkten das Andenken des Gemordeten mit Schande. Und nicht ihn allein. Die Herren von Lübeck, durch das eine Opfer noch nicht verſöhnt, durften zwar nicht weiter das Blut ihrer Mitbürger vergießen, wiewol jene Angeklagten, durch die Volksſtimme und die Ausſage des Sterbenden entſchuldigt, jahrelang unter Bürgſchaft blieben und erſt 1539 gegen Urfehde freigelaſſen wurden; in Stralſund dagegen kühlte nicht ſowol Ariſtokratie der Geburt als des Reichthums und der Aemter nach Smiterlow's feierlicher Einſetzung im J. 1537 langſam ihre Rache und verdarb die Achtundvierziger durch ſchandbare Rechtsverfolgung. H. Blumenau, der greiſe Aldermann der Schuſter und Worthalter der Verordneten, ſowie Bewahrer ihres Archivs, ward, weil man ihm wegen jenes Schutzreceſſes nicht ankommen konnte, unter nichtigen Anklagen gefoltert und auf das Bekenntniß, vor 40 Jahren einen Prieſter erſchlagen zu haben, lebendig gerädert. Viele Andere der Volkspartei, durch einen Juſtizmord zur Rache und Brandſtiftung getrieben, kamen gleich elend um, und mit wahrhaft ekelhafter Frechheit und der albernſten Salbaderei weiſt B. Saſtrow, 30 Jahre ſpäter Bürgermeiſter zu Stralſund, indem er das jammervolle Ende der Achtundvierziger berichtet, da den Finger Gottes nach, wo jeder Unbefangene nur richterliche Ruchloſigkeit und Unthaten der Menſchen erkennt.

Was Wullenweber gewollt, wie richtig und kühn er die Zeitumſtände erfaßte, wie unerſchöpfliche Mittel er in ſeinem Geiſte auffand, unterliegt keinem Zweifel. Er nahm den großen Streit um Rechte, die eine frühere Sittigung den deutſchen Städten über den Norden errungen, welche die Nationen in ihrer Kindheit den Bildnern als Dank übertrugen und die herangereiften mit ihrem Fug jetzt verweigerten, wie in einem heroiſchen Zweikampf auf ſich. Eine kräftige Hanſe konnte nur erſtehen, wenn die nordiſchen Reiche niedergehalten wurden und den Städten der freie Verkehr auf der Oſtſee blieb. Groß und eines ſchönen Lohnes werth war der Gedanke, für welchen er glühte, auf dem freien Bürgerthume und dem freien Bauernſtande des Nordens, auf dem Proteſtantismus die Macht ſeines Vaterlandes zu erbauen; die Mittel, mit welchen er ſeinen Zweck verfolgte, Kraft und Klugheit, hat Völkerrecht und Geſchichte immerdar jedem unabhängigen Gemeinweſen geſtattet. Aber das Geſchick hat wider ihn entſchieden und darum konnte er der Schmach bei dem ſinnloſen Pöbel nicht entgehen; er büßte mit ſeinem Leben das ſchöne Verbrechen, indem er den Werth und die Willensenergie ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen nach ſich abmaß, die Mittel nicht klug genug berechnet zu haben. Dieſen Irrthum, der die Seele adelt, hat er mit den markigſten Charakteren aller Zeiten gemein. Es iſt jetzt nur eine Stimme, daß Wullenweber der verruchten Juſtiz eines blutgierigen, dummfanatiſchen Fürſten, der ungroßmüthigen Rache eines ſiegreichen Königs und der ſchandbarſten Lüge eines beleidigten Patricierregiments zum Opfer fiel. Aber auch das Andenken ſeines Kampfgenoſſen muß die Geſchichte in Schutz nehmen, ſo wenig er an Sitten und Geiſtesgaben den Vergleich mit ſeinem Bürgermeiſter aushält. Auch Meier verdiente ein milderes Schickſal, mindeſtens war der däniſche Adel nicht rein genug, um an Dem einen Treubruch ſo entſetzlich zu ſtrafen, welchen ihr Verrath auf das Naturgebot zurückgetrieben. Auch auf das ſchmachvolle Ende des „Grobſchmidts“ hat jenes neue Staatsrecht eingewirkt, „daß der General einer Republik ein nicht ebenbürtiger Kriegsmann ſei und man mit ihm wie mit einem Schelme verfahren dürfe.“ Es brach die Zeit herein, wo Deutſchland viele Seelen von Wullenweber's Energie und Meier's kecker Entſchloſſenheit bedurfte; zehn Jahre nach Beider Tode der ſchmalkaldiſche Krieg, in welchem unfähige Fürſten und ſchlaffe Lenker der Städte über das Vaterland Schmach und Verderben häuften. Meier, unter Sebaſtian Schärtlin auf die Ehrenburger Klauſe geſtellt, und Wullenweber im Rathe begeiſterter ſüddeutſcher Bürger, welche Wendung würde der erſte Religionskrieg genommen haben! Darum nehme denn die deutſche Geſchichte dieſe Männer vom Schandpfahl zu Helſingör und Wolfenbüttel in ihr Ehrengedächtniß auf; wir aber ſchließen mit dem ſchlichten Reime Hans Regkmann's, des Bergenfahrers:

Die von Lübeck mögen in allen Tagen
Den Tod Herrn Jörg Wullenweber's beklagen.

Eduard von Bauernfeld.

Dieſer überaus talentvolle Luſtſpieldichter ward am 12. Januar 1802 in Wien geboren, ſtudirte daſelbſt, erhielt dann eine Anſtellung als Hofconcipiſt und ſpäter als Director des Lottogefälls, die er noch bekleidet.

Seine vorzüglichſten Schriften ſind:

- Die ſchöne Literatur in Oeſterreich. Hiſtor. Skizze. Aus der öſterreichiſchen Zeitſchrift für Geſchichte u. Staatskunde. Wien 1833.
- Theater. 2 Bde. Mannheim 1836. 37.
- Ein Beſuch in St. Cyr. Komiſche Oper in 3 Akten. Wien 1840.
- Zwei Familien. Schauſpiel in 4 Aufzügen. Ebend. 1840.
- Der Selbſtquäler. Charaktergemälde in 3 Aufz. und in Verſen. Wien 1840.
- Bürgerlich u. Romantiſch, ſ. Zedlitz, J. Ch., Almanach, 1. Jahrg.
- Ernſt u. Humor, ſ. Taſchenb. dramat. Originalien, N. F. 1. Jahrg.
- Fortunat, ſ. Jahrbücher f. Drama. 2 Bde.
- Der Muſikus von Augsburg, ſ. Taſchenb. dramat. Originalien. 2. Jahrg.
- Der literariſche Salon, Luſtſpiel, ſ. Taſchenb. dramat. Originalien. 2. Jahrg.
- Das Tagebuch, Luſtſpiel, ſ. Taſchenb. dramat. Originalien. 3. Jahrg.
- Einzelne noch ungedruckte Dramen, Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften, Gedichte u. ſ. w.

Geiſtreiche Erfindung, Wahrheit und Eigenthümlichkeit der Characterzeichnung, glückliche Anordnung der Situationen, ein überaus feiner und geiſtreicher, doch ſtets den Verhältniſſen vollkommen angemeſſener Dialog, glückliche Auffaſſung und Benutzung der Widerſprüche und Thorheiten der Gegenwart und ein glänzender Humor offenbaren ſich in allen Leiſtungen Bauernfelds, von denen die Mehrzahl der dramatiſchen ſich auf den deutſchen Bühnen einer höchſt günſtigen Aufnahme erfreute, ſodaß B. unter den jetztlebenden deutſchen Luſtſpieldichtern als einer der Erſten, wenn nicht als der Erſte, jedenfalls aber als der geiſtvollſte und gedankenreichſte zu betrachten iſt. Ein edler Hauch wahren Freiſinn's durchweht alle ſeine geiſtigen Erzeugniſſe.

Der literariſche Salon.

Erſter Aufzug.

Zimmer bei Herrn Lampe. Schreibtiſch mit Büchern, Schriften u. ſ. w.

Erſte Scene.

Herr Lampe. Niklas (der eine Figur trägt.)

Lampe.

Langſam, Niklas, langſam! Stelle das herrliche Kunſtwerk hieher auf den Schreibtiſch. So. — Nun was ſagſt Du?

Niklas.

(Betrachtet die Figur.) Pfui! Ein abſcheuliches Ungethüm. Hat keinen Kopf.

Lampe.

Es iſt ein Torſo.

Niklas.

Eine wahre Vogelſcheuche! Mit vier Händen.

Lampe.

Laune des Künſtlers, Ueberfluß der Phantaſie. Es ſtellt vermuthlich eine indiſche Gottheit vor.

Niklas.

Curioſe Gottheit!

Lampe.

Ich werde das koſtbare Werk in meinem Muſeum aufſtellen.

Niklas.

Ich würde es auf die Gaſſe ſchmeißen.

Lampe.

(Immer mit der Figur beſchäftigt.) Es drückt vielleicht die Idee des Häßlichen aus.

Niklas.

Da wäre was gewonnen! Es giebt Scheuſale genug in der Welt; man braucht ſie nicht erſt in Stein zu hauen.

Lampe.

Mein Sohn, das verſtehſt Du nicht. Wiſſe, daß ich den Eigenthümer mit Mühe bereden konnte, mir dieſe Statue um funfzig Dukaten zu überlaſſen.

Niklas.

Was? den Indianer? die häßliche Idee? — Ei, ei, Herr Lampe, Herr Lampe! — Als Sie noch Kaufmann waren, da kauften Sie keinen andern Kaffee als echten Mokka, und keinen Thee als chineſer, und nun —

Lampe.

Still! Erinnere mich nicht an jene Zeit, als mir das Leben der Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft noch nicht aufgegangen war, als ich noch in der Materie herumwühlte —

Niklas.

Ja, unſere Material-Handlung war brav. Sie ſollten ſich darüber nicht luſtig machen, Herr Lampe; Sie haben ein hübſches Stück Geld dabei verdient.

Lampe.

(Tadelnd.) Schon gut, lieber Niklas! Du meinſt es gut. Du biſt ein ehrlicher, redlicher Menſch, wenn Du nur mehr Bildung hätteſt! — Du mußt leſen, Niklas, leſen! — Aber geh' jetzt. Ich will ſtudiren.

Niklas.

Studiren? Was ſtudiren Sie denn, Herr Lampe?

Lampe.

Philoſophie, Niklas, Kunſt-Philoſophie, Natur-Philoſophie.

Niklas.

Sie und Philoſophie! Glauben Sie mir, das geht nicht mehr. Was Hänschen nicht lernt —

Lampe.

Albernes Sprichwort! Die neue Philoſophie iſt gar nicht für die Hänschen, ſondern nur für die Hanſe.

Niklas.

Mir iſt's recht, wenn Sie durchaus in Ihren alten Tagen ein ſo gewaltiger Na— Naturphiloſoph werden wollen.

Lampe.

Sieh, Niklas, dann muß ich redigiren.

Niklas.

Redigiren? Was iſt denn das?

Lampe.

Du weißt, Doctor Wendemann giebt eine Zeitſchrift heraus.

Niklas.

Ja, es ſollen ſehr viele Lügen darin ſtehen.

Lampe.

Verleumdung! — Nun ſieh! Die Aufſätze, die der Doctor und andere Gelehrte ſchreiben, die bekomm' ich zur Hand —

Niklas.

Die bekommen Sie —

Lampe.

Die leſ' ich durch —

Niklas.

Die leſen Sie —

Lampe.

Die ſchreib' ich manchmal ab —

Niklas.

Schreiben Sie ab —

Lampe.

Schick' ich in die Druckerei, dann corrigir' ich die Druckfehler.

Niklas.

Und das iſt redigirt?

Lampe.

Das iſt redigirt.

Niklas.

Und das iſt auch redigirt, daß der Doctor den ganzen zweiten Stock unſeres Hauſes bewohnt, und daß er den Zins dafür ſchuldig bleibt?

Lampe.

Wer ſagt das?

Niklas.

Fräulein Luischen. Die weiß Alles.

Lampe.

Das naſeweiſe Ding! — Störe mich nicht länger. Geh fort!

Niklas.

Der ſchöne zweite Stock! Den wird uns der Herr Doctor bald weg redigiren. (Ab.)

Zweite Scene.

Lampe (allein.)

Er hat gewiſſermaßen recht. Der Doctor braucht viel Geld. Mußte ſchon ein paar Wechſelchen für ihn zahlen. Freilich nur Redactionskoſten. Das trägt ſeine Procente. Die Leute bekommen unſere Bildung, wir bekommen ihr Geld. (Er ſetzt ſich zum Schreibtiſch.) Darum nur Bildung! Allſeitige Bildung! Nur fortſchreiten mit der Zeit! Ich kann nichts weniger leiden, als wenn Einer hinter dem Jahrhundert zurückbleibt. Ich bin wirklich binnen Jahr und Tag ein ganz anderer Menſch geworden. Ich redigire, ich halte einen literariſchen Salon, ich beſitze ein Muſeum, ich trage zur Bildung bei. Sonſt lebte ich ohne Idee, ohne Princip. Wie anders fühl' ich und denk' ich jetzt! Ich bin eigentlich durch und durch ein reiner Gedanke. Ich denke mich, ich ſetze mich, ich bin weder das Nicht-Ich, noch das Ich-Nicht, ſondern ich bin ich. Welch eine Welt liegt in dieſer Betrachtung! — Und wem hab' ich alle dieſe Gedanken zu danken? Ihm, dem tiefen Denker, dem großen Doctor Wendemann. Der große Mann! Wenn nur die Wechſel nicht wären! — Aber holla! Auch die Ideen haben ihren Cours. Sie ſind im Steigen. Man kann jetzt kühn damit à la hausse ſpeculiren.

Dritte Scene.

Lampe. Emilie. Luiſe.

Emilie.

Vater —

Lampe.

Was giebt's?

Luiſe.

Lieber Vater —

Lampe.

Ach, Ihr ſeid es, meine Kinder?

Luiſe.

(Umarmt ihn.) Liebſter, beſter Papa!

Lampe.

(Steht auf.) Was iſt's? Was ſoll das?

Luiſe.

Wiſſen Sie denn nicht —? Heute iſt ja —

Emilie.

Ihr Geburtstag.

Lampe.

Mein Geburtstag? An derlei denken wir Gelehrte gar nicht.

Luiſe.

Aber wir Ungelehrten deſto mehr.

Emilie.

Wir bringen ein kleines Angebinde. Hier iſt das meine. (Giebt ihm ein Buch.)

Luiſe.

Und hier das meinige. (Giebt ihm ein Päckchen.)

Lampe.

Ein Buch? — „Novellen von Emilien.“ — Wie? Novellen — von Emilien? — Du lächelſt? Iſt es wirklich? Die Novellen ſind —?

Emilie.

Von mir.

Lampe.

Von Dir? Von Dir? — Umarme mich, mein Kind! — Novellen! Wie haſt Du mich gerührt! Nun ſchmeck' ich erſt das Süße der Vaterfreude, da ich eine Tochter beſitze, die Novellen ſchreibt. Gedruckte Novellen! — Meine liebe, gedruckte Tochter! — Aber wie war es möglich? Ich ahnete gar nicht — Du machteſt bisher nur Gedichte.

Emilie.

Ich ſchrieb in's Geheim. Nur Doctor Wendemann wußte darum. Er veranlaßte den Druck in Hamburg.

Lampe.

Der Edle! — Novellen von Emilien! — Doch warum nur Emilie? Warum nicht Emilie Lampe?

Emilie.

Der Name Lampe klingt ein Bißchen proſaiſch. Und dann — wir Schriftſtellerinnen nennen uns meiſtens nur mit dem Vornamen. Denken Sie an Rahel, an Bettina.

Lampe.

In welchem Genre ſind die Novellen?

Emilie.

Sie enthalten Bilder meiner innern Welt.

Lampe.

Innere Welt! Das iſt gut. Aber die ganze äußere Welt ſoll ſie kennen lernen.

Luiſe.

Papa! Sie vergeſſen ganz mein Geſchenk.

Lampe.

Dein Geſchenk! Laß ſehen, Luiſchen! (Nimmt und öffnet das umgelegte Päckchen.) Eine geſtickte Kappe. Nun, es iſt doch auch eine Art von Kunſtwerk.

Luiſe.

Es hält den Kopf warm.

Lampe.

Ich danke Dir, mein Kind. Ich werde Dein Käppchen aufſetzen und ſo Deine Novellen leſen.

Luiſe.

Ach, wenn doch heute unſer lieber Capitän Mannsfeld hier wäre!

Lampe.

Wie kommſt Du auf Den!

Luiſe.

Heute ſind es eben zwei Jahre — es war kurz vor ſeiner Abreiſe — da ſpeiſte er bei uns. Wir hatten Paſtete und Wildpret. Wär' er hier, heute ſollt' er ſehen, daß ich ſeitdem die Kochkunſt ſtudirt.

Lampe.

Kochkunſt! Kochkunſt! Leider ſtudirſt Du keine andern Künſte. — Apropos, Kinder! Habt Ihr das neue Buch geleſen, das ich euch geſtern gab?

Luiſe.

Ja, Papa; aber ich verſteh' es nicht.

Lampe.

Wie iſt das möglich? Es iſt klar wie die Sonne.

Luiſe.

Der Verfaſſer behauptet darin, daß es Hexen gebe.

Lampe.

Warum ſoll es keine geben?

Luiſe.

Es läuft meinem Verſtand entgegen.

Emilie.

Liebe Schweſter, die Hexen muß man mit dem Gemüth faſſen, nicht mit dem Verſtand.

Lampe.

Das iſt's! Mit dem Gemüth. Man muß ein gläubiges Hexengemüth haben, wie Juſtinus Kerner in Weinsberg.

Luiſe.

Mein Gemüth weiß nichts von ſolchen Dingen.

Lampe.

Das iſt eben das Unglück! Du haſt keinen Sinn für Ahnungen, für das Geiſterreich.

Luiſe.

Papa, darf ich nun zur Küche ſehen? Wir haben einen Gaſt geladen.

Lampe.

Gewiß den Doctor?

Luiſe.

Ich darf nichts ausplaudern. Es giebt Leute, die in der Geiſterwelt beſſer zu Hauſe ſind, als ich, die aber ein gutes leibliches Mittageſſen mit Champagner gleichfalls zu ſchätzen wiſſen. Ich wette, unſer Gaſt wird die Novellen von Emilie Lampe bis zum Himmel erheben, ohne die irdiſchen Braten von Luiſe Lampe zu verſchmähen. (Ab.)

Vierte Scene.

Lampe. Emilie.

Lampe.

Ein kindiſches Mädchen, die Luiſe.

Emilie.

Heiter und froh. So war ich einmal.

Lampe.

Wenn ſie nur einen Funken Poeſie beſäße! Aber ſie iſt die pure klare Proſa. Erſt neulich, als Wendemann den neuen Roman des berühmten Morgenroth vorlas, lachte ſie in's Geſicht.

Emilie.

Der geniale Mann! Auch ihn vermag Luiſe nicht zu faſſen.

Lampe.

Das iſt ein Mann! Nicht wahr, Du haſt große Achtung vor dem Doctor?

Emilie.

Die höchſte, ob ich mir gleich in ſeiner Nähe oft ſo albern, ſo kindiſch vorkomme.

Lampe.

Fauſt und Gretchen! Fauſt und Gretchen! — Verliebe Dich nur nicht in ihn. — Wie? oder iſt vielleicht etwas dergleichen geſchehen?

Emilie.

Wie können Sie glauben —? Bin ich nicht ſo gut als verlobt?

Lampe.

Leider, leider!

Emilie.

Wir erwarten täglich die Rückkehr meines Bräutigams.

Lampe.

Hm! Aufrichtig geſtanden, Emilie! Mannsfeld gefällt mir gar nicht mehr.

Emilie.

Er iſt gutmüthig, verſtändig; er gilt für einen ausgezeichneten Offizier —

Lampe.

Offizier! was iſt ein Offizier!

Emilie.

Er hat den beſten Ruf in der Armee —

Lampe.

Aber gar keinen in der Literatur.

Emilie.

Wir ſind ihm Dankbarkeit ſchuldig. Er rettete mir das Leben.

Lampe.

Ich wollte, ein Anderer hätt' es gethan.

Emilie.

Sie trugen ihm meine Hand an.

Lampe.

Es war ein dummer Streich.

Emilie.

Ich war damals ein halbes Kind.

Lampe.

Und ich war ein ganzes.

Emilie.

Nun iſt Mannsfeld bereits ſeit zwei Jahren in Amerika —

Lampe.

Seine Briefe werden immer ſeltener —

Emilie.

Und kälter.

Lampe.

Seit er wieder in Hamburg iſt, ſchrieb er nur ein einziges Mal.

Emilie.

Und zwar ſehr bitter.

Lampe.

Er tadelt mein Streben für Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft —

Emilie.

Er macht ſich über mein poetiſches Talent luſtig —

Lampe.

Er verſteht ſo wenig von Poeſie als Luiſe. Er iſt mit der Zeit nicht fortgeſchritten. Ich glaube, er lieſt noch immer mit Erbauung das Gedicht: „Um das Rhinoceros zu ſehen" —

Emilie.

So viel iſt gewiß: Ludwig iſt mir fremder, iſt mir ein Anderer geworden, ſeit ich ſelbſt ſo verändert bin. Wendemann nahm ſich meiner Bildung an. Wie erweiterten ſich da meine Anſichten! wie reifte mein Verſtand! Aber ach — mein Herz ward irre an ſich ſelbſt. Das Bild des Geliebten ſteht nicht mehr lebendig vor meiner Seele; ich muß an ſeiner, meiner Liebe zweifeln; ich habe ihn, mich ſelbſt, mein früheres Glück verloren; ein unausſprechliches Etwas ſchwebt mir vor der Seele, ein Hoffen, ein Ahnen, ein Sehnen —

Lampe.

Halt, meine Tochter! Nun begreif' ich Deinen ganzen Zuſtand. Es iſt der Dualismus der Empfindung. Deine Geſchichte iſt ein ganz klarer Paragraph aus der Pſychologie. Du biſt in dem Zuſtande, welchen Goethe beſchreibt, indem er das Erlöſchen einer früheren Neigung und das Erwachen einer neuen mit Mond und Sonne vergleicht, die zugleich am Himmel ſtehen. Mannsfeld iſt der Mond, der Mond im Abnehmen, im letzten Viertel; Wendemann iſt die Sonne, die ſtrahlende, die erwärmende. Darum wende Dich der Sonne zu, laß den Mond laufen, er iſt Deiner nicht würdig.

Emilie.

Nein, mein Vater! Wenn Ludwig zurückkommt, wenn ich fühle, daß ſich mein Herz getäuſcht hat, wenn es ſein erträumtes Ideal nicht in dem Geliebten findet, dann —

Lampe.

Dann wirſt Du einen Andern heirathen?

Emilie.

Nie!

Lampe.

Wie!

Emilie.

Dann will ich mich ganz der Kunſt ergeben.

Lampe.

Aber Du wirſt doch nicht ledig bleiben wollen?

Emilie.

In dem benannten Fall: allerdings.

Lampe.

Mein Kind, ſprich keine ſo entſetzlichen Worte aus. Derlei hört ein Vater höchſt ungern. Glaube mir, das Heirathen ſchadet der Poeſie nicht im Geringſten. Sieh, faſt alle Dichterinnen waren oder ſind verheirathet. Die Ehe ſchlug ihnen freilich nicht immer zum beſten an, noch weniger ihren Männern. Aber lieber die unfriedlichſte Ehe, als ledig bleiben. Noch biſt Du hübſch und jung aber —

Emilie.

Ein Dichter bleibt immer jung.

Lampe.

Ein Dichter? Nun ja! Aber eine Dichterin muß ſich bemühen, ihr Ideal noch vor dem zurückgelegten vierundzwanzigſten Jahre zu finden, ſonſt findet ſie es nicht mehr.

Fünfte Scene.

Vorige. Niklas.

Niklas.

Herr Lampe —

Lampe.

Was giebt's?

Niklas.

Draußen ſteht ein Herr — (lacht.)

Lampe.

Nun?

Niklas.
(das Lachen unterdrückend.)

Ein ſehr ſpaßiger Herr —

Lampe.

Wer iſt es denn?

Niklas.

Er ſagt, er ſei ein Dichter.

Lampe.

Ein Dichter! Laß ihn herein.

Niklas.

(Oeffnet die Thüre.) Kommen Sie, Herr Dichter! (Ab.)

Sechſte Scene.

Lampe. Emilie. Morgenroth.

Morgenroth.

Ich bin Morgenroth.

Lampe.

Wär's möglich? Der geniale Dichter? Die Stütze der jungen Poeſie?

Morgenroth.

Derſelbe.

Lampe.

Den mein Freund, Doctor Wendemann, ſchon ſo lange ſehnlich erwartet?

Morgenroth.

Derſelbe.

Lampe.

Sein Sie mir vielmals willkommen. Umarmen wir uns!

Morgenroth.

Mit Vergnügen. (Will Emilien umarmen.) Mein Fräulein — (da Emilie ſich zurückzieht.) Ja ſo! Ich vergaß mich. Ich glaube immer zu leben in einer idealen Welt; aber die Vorurtheile der wirklichen ſind noch nicht beſiegt.

Emilie.

Vorurtheile?

Morgenroth.

Was anders? Sie ſchätzen mich, Sie achten mich; Sie leſen meine Gedichte; Sie lieben alſo, Sie umfaſſen meinen Geiſt, mein beſſeres Ich; warum wollen Sie nicht umarmen mein ſchlechteres Ich, meinen Körper?

Lampe.

Einzig! genial! höchſt geiſtreich!

Morgenroth.

Ich fühle mich. Ich bin gekommen, aufzuklären die Welt, zu raſiren die Vorurtheile, anzuzünden die Leuchte der Wahrheit. Il ôte aux nations le bandeau de l'erreur, das iſt mein Wahlſpruch. Ich bin kein Individuum, kein einzelnes Weſen, ich bin eine Gattung, ein Prototyp, ich repräſentire das Volk, die Nation, das geſammte Deutſchland; ich bin das junge Deutſchland ſelbſt!

Lampe.

Außerordentlich! Ungeheuer!

Morgenroth.

Ein Mittel, die Nation zu bilden, iſt die Literatur, die Journaliſtik. Ich erwähle dieſe Stadt zu meinem Wohnort; das heißt, ich erhebe ſie zum literariſchen und geſelligen Mittelpunkt von Deutſchland; ich verbinde mich mit meinem gleichgeſinnten Freund Wendemann zu einem großen gemeinſchaftlichen Wirken. Darum hab' ich Hamburg verlaſſen. Meine Feinde und Neider werden vermuthlich in den Blättern ausſprengen, ich ſei Schulden halber fortgegangen. Lächerlich! Schulden haben mich niemals genirt, und werden mich niemals geniren. Mich zog ein innerer Trieb, eine Nothwendigkeit hieher. Meine Reiſe war, um mit einer untergegangenen Schule zu ſprechen, ein Poſtulat der praktiſchen Vernunft.

Lampe.

Wofür wir Ihnen und der Vernunft danken müſſen.

Emilie.

Sie kommen aus Hamburg, mein Herr? Sie ſind wol dort ſehr bekannt?

Morgenroth.

Ich durfte nicht über die Straße gehen. Man wies mit Fingern auf mich. Aber — „dulce est, digito monstrari, et dicier: hic est," wie der ſonſt alberne Horaz ziemlich gut ſagt.

Lampe.

Ich weiß, was Du fragen willſt, Emilie. Deine Novellen —

Emilie.

Nicht doch, Papa!

Morgenroth.

Novellen? Sie ſind eine Dichterin, mein Fräulein?

Lampe.

So iſt es. Belieben Sie nur — (giebt ihm das Buch.)

Morgenroth.

„Novellen von Emilien." Sie ſind jene Emilie?

Lampe.

Kennen Sie das Buch?

Morgenroth.

Zum Theil — nicht ſo eigentlich — — Was wollten Sie von Hamburg fragen, Fräulein?

Emilie.

Es hält ſich dort Jemand auf — mein Vater weiß — (leiſe zu Lampe.) Mannsfeld.

Lampe.

Richtig! (Zu Morgenroth.) Iſt Ihnen unter den Fremden in Hamburg ein junger Marine-Offizier bekannt, Namens Mannsfeld?

Morgenroth.

Mannsfeld? Ja, ja! ich erinnere mich des Namens. Ich kam einmal mit ihm in Berührung auf dem Kaffeehauſe.

Lampe.

In welchem Rufe ſteht der junge Mann?

Morgenroth.

Nicht im beſten. Es iſt ein beſchränkter Kopf. Uebrigens ein Bramarbas, ein Haudegen.

Lampe.

(Zu Emilien.) Hörſt Du?

Emilie.

Dieſer Schilderung gleicht Mannsfeld nicht.

Morgenroth.

Freilich, die Damen nehmen ſich ſeiner an. Er gilt für einen ſchönen Mann. Doch was iſt ein ſchöner Mann? Ein geiſtreicher Mann iſt ein ſchöner Mann.

Lampe.

Wieder herrlich bemerkt! Aber erlauben Sie nun, Vortrefflichſter, daß ich Sie zu unſerm Freunde Wendemann führe.

Morgenroth.

Ich war ſchon bei ihm. Er wollte mich Ihnen aufführen; aber ich pflege mich ſelbſt aufzuführen. Ich werde bei Wendemann logiren.

Lampe.

Der große Morgenroth mein Miethsmann! Welche Ehre! — Ich habe eine Bitte.

Morgenroth.

Was wünſchen Sie?

Lampe.

Darf ich die Einrichtung Ihrer Zimmer beſorgen?

Morgenroth.

Wenn Sie durchaus wollen —

Lampe.

Ich werde Luiſen ſogleich Befehl ertheilen —

Morgenroth.

Wer iſt dieſe Luiſe? Ein Stubenmädchen?

Lampe.

Nein, meine jüngere Tochter. Sie verſieht die häuslichen Geſchäfte. Ich will ſie Ihnen vorſtellen. (Ruft.) Luiſe!

Siebente Scene.

Vorige. Luiſe.

Luiſe (in der Schürze).

Papa?

Lampe.

Luiſe, dies iſt der berühmte Dichter Morgenroth, deſſen Roman uns Alle ſo ſehr entzückte.

Luiſe.

(Raſch.) Papa, mich nicht.

Lampe.

Dummes Ding! Dich auch. (Zu Morgenroth.) Vergeben Sie —

Morgenroth.

Ich liebe dieſe naive Einfalt. (Zu Luiſe.) Meine Werke gefallen Ihnen alſo nicht?

Luiſe.

Es darf Sie nicht verdrießen. Ich bin jung, ich habe kein Urtheil.

Morgenroth.

Gut geſprochen, kleine Luiſe.

Luiſe.

(Piquirt.) Sie thun ſehr bekannt.

Morgenroth.

Wir werden bald noch bekannter werden, kleines Trotzköpfchen.

Luiſe.

Das hoff' ich nicht.

Lampe.

Luiſe, Du biſt unartig.

Morgenroth.

Nicht doch! Das iſt Natur, Urſprünglichkeit, ſeltene Lebensfriſche, naiver Charakter. Er erquickt mich. Bewahren Sie dieſe Richtung, mein Engel.

Luiſe.

O mit ſolchen Erfriſchungen und Erquickungen kann ich noch öfter aufwarten.

Morgenroth.

Immer beſſer! Laſſen Sie Ihre Natur frei ſchalten; wie ſie ſich rein ausſpricht, werd' ich ſie rein aufnehmen. Am Ende wird doch das urkräftige Princip in mir Ihr weiches und flüchtiges bezwingen und in ſich verſchmelzen. Aber das verſtehen Sie nicht.

Luiſe.

Doch! Sie wollen mich verſchmelzen? Da müßten Sie mir erſt warm machen. (Zu Lampe halblaut.) Papa, der Dichter iſt ein unverſchämter Menſch.

Lampe.

St! St! — Luiſe, Herr Morgenroth wird die blauen Zimmer im zweiten Stock bewohnen. Beſorge die Einrichtung. (Zu Morgenroth.) Sie ſind doch heute mein Gaſt? — Luiſe, noch ein Gedeck!

Luiſe.

Schon gut, Papa! (Im Abgehen.) Da haben wir wieder einen Narren mehr zu füttern. (Ab.)

Achte Scene.

Lampe. Emilie. Morgenroth.

Morgenroth.

(Sieht ihr nach.) Das kleine Ding iſt allerliebſt.

Lampe.

Verehrter Mann, darf ich Sie nun in mein Muſeum führen? Die Sammlung iſt freilich erſt im Entſtehen.

Morgenroth.

Worauf ſammeln Sie?

Lampe.

Auf Alles.

Morgenroth.

Das iſt viel.

Lampe.

Ich beſitze Kupferſtiche und Gemälde, alte Bücher und alte Muſikalien, alte Waffen und alte Autographen; zumeiſt aber alte Münzen: lederne, eiſerne, ſilberne, goldene —

Morgenroth.

Münzen? Ich bin auch ein Sammler. Haben Sie Doubletten? Vielleicht machen wir einen Tauſchhandel.

Lampe.

Einverſtanden. Mein Muſeum ſoll eigentlich die Geſchichte des Menſchengeſchlechtes in ſeinem Urzuſtande darſtellen. Kunſt und Schönheit ſind dabei Nebenzweck. Das Charakteriſtiſche iſt die Hauptſache. Wo ſpricht ſich der Charakter beſſer aus, als in der Urzeit! Meine urzeitliche Sammlung iſt daher die reichſte. Dem erſten Lallen der Menſchheit kann ich mit Entzücken zuhören. So iſt mir denn dieſer alt-indiſche Götze hier lieber als der Apoll von Belvedere. Ach, wenn ich die Partitur jener Ur-Muſik beſitzen könnte, womit die Mauern Jericho's umgeblaſen wurden, ich verlangte gar nicht, daß die Iphigenia oder Don Juan geſchrieben wären.

Morgenroth.

Ihre Anſicht iſt originell — (bei Seite.) aber albern.

Lampe.

Sehr verbunden. — Trefflicher Mann, wie entzückt mich Ihre Bekanntſchaft! Heute verſammelt ſich mein literariſcher Salon. Sie leſen uns vielleicht ein neues Product Ihrer Feder vor, nicht wahr? — Welchen Glanz werden Sie unſerer Zeitſchrift verleihen, deren geheimer Mit-Redacteur ich bin, wie Sie vielleicht wiſſen werden.

Morgenroth.

Ja, ich will mich erbarmen der deutſchen Literatur, ich will ihr eine Richtung geben. Meine Anſichten von Kunſt und Leben ſind ungeheuer. Der Himmel verlieh mir Geiſt, Witz, Humor, Ironie, Tiefe. Ich erkenne meinen Beruf. Ich will zermalmen alles Beſtehende. Ich will gründen eine große Schöpfung, eine neue Welt. Ich will neu geſtalten die Kunſt, die Wiſſenſchaft, den Staat, die geſelligen Verhältniſſe. — Auch die Frauen ſollen nicht vergeſſen werden. Ihre Emancipation iſt ein Bedürfniß der fortſchreitenden Cultur. Ich ſchreibe mit nächſtem eine Reviſion der Liebe, eine Kritik der Ehe. Das Motto ſei: Freiheit und Gleichheit zwiſchen Mann und Weib. Schöne Lippen ſollen mich dafür belohnen. (Zu Lampe.) Nun in das Muſeum.

Lampe.

Einziger Mann! Perle! Krone! Halbgott!

(Beide rechts ab.)

Neunte Scene.

Emilie (allein).

Ehrlich geſtanden, dieſer Dichter gefällt mir nicht. Da iſt Wendemann anders! — Anders? — Wie? äußerte er nicht ähnliche Anſichten wie dieſer junge Mann? Nur daß er ſie ſanfter und milder ausſprach. Er ſcherzt über die Liebe, die Ehe. Auch mein Verhältniß mit Ludwig entging ſeinem Spotte nicht. Gewöhnte er mich nicht faſt daran, über Dinge zu ſcherzen und zu lachen, die mir ſonſt zu zart ſchienen, um darüber zu ſprechen? Ich lache, aber ich bin nicht froh; ich bin unzufrieden mit mir ſelbſt. Ludwigs Briefe vermehren dieſen Zwieſpalt, dieſen Unmuth. Wer trägt die Schuld: er oder ich?

Zehnte Scene.

Emilie. Doctor Wendemann.

Wendemann.

Emilie —

Emilie.

Doctor —

Wendemann.

Was machen Sie, Fräulein?

Emilie.

Ich philoſophire.

Wendemann.

Das iſt zu früh.

Emilie.

Oder zu ſpät.

Wendemann.

Zu ſpät? Wie ſo?

Emilie.

Ich meine, wenn wir erſt anfangen, nachzudenken, haben wir meiſt ſchon eine Albernheit begangen.

Wendemann.

Bei Einigen fängt das Alberne erſt mit dem Denken an. — Wollen wir unſere Stunde beginnen?

Emilie.

Sogleich. (Sie ſetzen ſich.)

Wendemann. (nimmt ein Buch.)

Wo blieben wir in der Aeſthetik?

Emilie.

Beim Erhabenen.

Wendemann.

Gut. Das Erhabene —

Emilie.

Ach, lieber Doctor —

Wendemann.

Nun, mein Fräulein?

Emilie.

Ueberſchlagen wir das Erhabene.

Wendemann.

(Schlägt das Buch zu.) Recht gern. (Ergreift ihre Hand.) Laſſen Sie uns zum Anmuthigen übergehen. Ihre Hand zittert —

Emilie.

(Indem ſie ihm ihre Hand entzieht.) Es iſt das Echo meines Herzens.

Wendemann.

Und was beunruhigt dieſe zarte Bruſt? Suchen Sie es in Worte zu faſſen, vertrauen Sie ſich Ihrem Lehrer, Ihrem Freunde.

Emilie.

Ich fürchte ſeinen Spott.

Wendemann.

Spott? Wie, Emilie? Sie halten mich für kalt, für gefühllos! Ich bin es nicht. Aber darf ich mich zeigen, wie ich bin? Muß ich nicht ſo manchen heißen Wunſch unterdrücken, da Sie ihn nicht zu ahnen ſcheinen?

Emilie.

Ich? Ihren Wunſch? Was ſoll das?

Wendemann.

Nichts, wenn Sie mich einer leidenſchaftlichen Empfindung für unfähig halten.

Emilie.

Ihre Leidenſchaft wäre mindeſtens eine neue Erſcheinung.

Wendemann.

Das iſt ſie, da ſie ſich bis jetzt verbergen mußte. Ich wollte Ihr Herz nicht beunruhigen, da ich wußte, für wen es ſchlug. Aber ſeit Kurzem ſcheint es bei einem gewiſſen Namen minder heftig zu klopfen.

Emilie.

Mein Herr! — Wir wollen doch lieber über's Erhabene leſen.

Wendemann.

Nein, Emilie! Ich kann nicht länger ſchweigen. Sie ſcheinen bewegter, als ich Sie jemals ſah. Ihr Auge flammt — ich kann dieſe Gluth nicht für Zorn halten. Erfahren Sie denn, was ſo lange in meiner Seele verborgen lag —

Emilie.

Genug! Halten Sie ein! (Steht auf.)

Wendemann.

(Ergreift ihre Hand.) Erfahren Sie — daß ich Sie liebe.

Emilie.

Hinweg!

Wendemann.

(Folgt ihr.) Hören Sie mich, Emilie. Ich weiß, Sie ſind einem wackern, verſtändigen, etwas trockenen Manne verlobt. Die Verbindung ward in Ihrer zarten Jugend geſchloſſen. Seitdem iſt erſt Ihr Geiſt, Ihr Gemüth völlig erwacht. Ein glückliches Ungefähr erlaubte mir, die Entfaltung Ihrer herrlichen Gaben zu betrachten, zu begleiten. Sie hegen andere Wünſche, andere Forderungen. Täuſcht mich nicht Alles, ſo lieben Sie jenen Mann nicht mehr. Auch Ihr Vater wünſcht das voreilige Bündniß zu löſen. Er iſt mir nicht abgeneigt — ich werde um Ihre Hand anhalten. Ich ſchwieg bis jetzt; aber dieſer Augenblick macht mich kühn: ich faßte Ihre Hand, und glaubte den Druck erwiedert zu fühlen. Hab' ich mich vielleicht getäuſcht?

Eilfte Scene.

Vorige. Luiſe.

Luiſe.

Schweſter, ich brauche Butter. Du haſt den Schlüſſel zur Speiſekammer.

Emilie

(will ſich mit einer Verbeugung gegen den Doctor entfernen).

Wendemann.

Emilie! Nur ein Wort!

Luiſe.

Wir werden auch noch Eier —

Wendemann.

(Für ſich.) Butter! Eier! Das ſtört mein ganzes Concept.

Emilie

(giebt Luiſen den Schlüſſel und deutet ihr, zu gehen).

Luiſe.

(Für ſich im Abgehen.) Was haben die Beiden? Was iſt vorgefallen? (Ab.)

Zwölfte Scene.

Emilie. Wendemann.

Wendemann.

Sie ſchweigen, Emilie? — Wie? war jener ſanfte Druck der Hand nur Verſtellung?

Emilie.

(Heftig bewegt.) Ich bin ſchuldlos an Ihrem Wahn. Gott iſt mein Zeuge, ich bin ſchuldlos. Ich liebe Sie nicht — (in Thränen.) ich haſſe Sie. (Ab zur Seite links.)

Dreizehnte Scene.

Wendemann (allein).

Wie ſchön iſt ihr Zorn! Wie himmliſch muß ihre Liebe ſein! — Der erſte Wurf iſt gethan. Ich laſſe alle Minen ſpringen. Sie muß meine Frau werden. (Ab durch die Mittelthüre.)

Vierzehnte Scene.

Lampe. Morgenroth.

Morgenroth

(den Hut unterm Arme, beide Hände voll Münzen).

Recht hübſche Exemplare!

Lampe.

Unbedeutend! Nur Gold und Silber. Die ſeltenen Ledermünzen bekommen Sie nicht, Freundchen.

Morgenroth.

(Schüttet die Münzen in den Hut.) Thut nichts. Ich habe Leder genug.

Lampe.

Wann erhalt' ich die Autographen?

Morgenroth.

Sobald mein Koffer anlangt. Und welche Seltenheiten!

Lampe.

(Reibt die Hände.) Was denn, zum Exempel?

Morgenroth.

Was ſagen Sie zu einem Briefwechſel zwiſchen Calderon und Shakeſpeare über das Romantiſche?

Lampe.

Mir wäſſert der Mund darnach.

Morgenroth.

Es iſt nichts im Vergleich mit der zweiten Seltenheit, die ich Ihnen zugedacht.

Lampe.

Was iſt es denn?

Morgenroth.

Es iſt ein eigenhändiger Brief Homer's.

Lampe.

Nicht möglich.

Morgenroth.

Können Sie Griechiſch?

Lampe.

Nein.

Morgenroth.

Der Brief iſt im doriſchen Dialekt. Ich will Ihnen die Ueberſetzung geben. Homer bittet darin ſeinen Hausherrn Onokryhalos um Nachlaß der Miethe. Man erkennt im Styl ganz den Verfaſſer der Odyſſee. Dieſes unſchätzbare Document gewährt bedeutende Blicke in das Privatleben der alten Griechen. So erfährt man daraus zum Beiſpiel, daß die Dichter damals nicht, wie bei uns in Deutſchland, in Dachſtübchen, ſondern unter der Erde wohnten, woraus ſich vielleicht der Unterſchied zwiſchen antiker und moderner Poeſie herleiten läßt.

Lampe.

Der Homer hatte übrigens leicht im Keller wohnen, denn er war blind.

Morgenroth.

Richtig bemerkt.

Lampe.

Und der Schatz ſoll mir gehören?

Morgenroth.

Ja. Doch Sie müſſen verſprechen, den Beſitz ein Jahr lang geheim zu halten.

Lampe.

Ich verſpreche.

Morgenroth.

Schwören Sie!

Lampe.

Ich ſchwöre!

Morgenroth.

(Umarmt ihn.) Homer, Calderon und Shakeſpeare gehören Ihnen.

Funfzehnte Scene.

Vorige. Niklas (mit einem großen Pack Zeitungen).

Niklas.

Die neuen Journale. (Legt das Packet ab.) Ein Brief an Sie, Herr Lampe.

Lampe.

Warte. (Lieſt.) „Die Beilage, die durch Zufall in meine Hände kam, iſt Ihnen vielleicht von Wichtigkeit. Ihr unbekannter Freund.“ (Steht ſtill.) Ha! — Niklas! — Sieh, ob Doctor Wendemann zu Hauſe iſt. Ich laſſe ihn erſuchen, ſogleich herunter zu kommen.

Niklas.

(Im Abgehen.) Nun werden ſie wieder redigiren. (Ab.)

Sechzehnte Scene.

Lampe. Morgenroth.

Lampe.

Dieſer Brief iſt faſt ſo wichtig, wie der von Homer. — Mein Freund, ich kenne Sie erſt ſeit heute; aber vor Männern wie Sie, vor Geiſtesverwandten, hat man keine Geheimniſſe. Sie ſollen ſogleich in unſere Familienverhältniſſe eingeweiht werden. (Oeffnet die Seitenthüre links.) Emilie! biſt Du da? Komm heraus.

Siebzehnte Scene.

Vorige. Doctor Wendemann (durch die Mittel-), Emilie (durch die Seitenthüre).

Lampe.

Meine Tochter! Meine Freunde! Ich habe euch verſammelt, um über eine Sache von höchſter Wichtigkeit zu entſcheiden. Meinem Hauſe, vor Allen Dir, Emilie, iſt der größte Schimpf widerfahren.

Emilie.

Mir?

Lampe.

Nimm dieſes Blatt. Kennſt Du die Schrift?

Emilie.

Das iſt Mannsfelds Hand —

Lampe.

Es iſt ein Brief, den er an die Witwe ſeines Bruders ſchreibt. Du kennſt die Frau, die in der ganzen Welt herum zigeunert. Ihr Ruf iſt nicht der beſte. Jetzt iſt ſie wieder hier, ſchmiedet Complotte gegen uns. Aber lies ſelbſt, und ſprich dann ſein Urtheil.

Emilie.

(Lieſt.) Hamburg, den dreizehnten — Liebe Betty! Ihr Brief mit der angenehmen Neuigkeit hat mich wahrhaft entzückt. Ich freue mich auf unſer Zuſammenleben und auf die Erneuerung unſerer Verhältniſſe. Ihre Unruhe wegen Emilien theile ich nicht ganz. Sie iſt gut; ihre Verkehrtheiten wurzeln gewiß nicht in ihrem Herzen. Sie ſchreibt ſchlechte — (bricht ab.) Das iſt unleſerlich.

Lampe.

(Sieht in den Brief, lieſt.) „Sie ſchreibt ſchlechte Gedichte und Novellen.“ Es iſt ganz deutlich.

Emilie.

Nur zu deutlich! (Lieſt.) „Das Schreiben iſt eine Krankheit der Zeit. Ich hoffe Emilien davon zu heilen.“ (Spricht.) Hoffen Sie das nicht! (Lieſt.) „Das wunderliche Weſen des Alten —“ (ſtockt.)

Lampe.

Das bin ich. Gieb her! (Nimmt den Brief, lieſt.) „Das wunderliche Weſen des Alten ſpiegelt ſich zum Theil in ihr wieder ab. Ich denke durch meine Gegenwart ſeinen Thorheiten ein Ziel zu ſetzen.“ (Spricht.) Merken Sie wohl auf die Thorheiten! Er will meinen Thorheiten ein Ziel ſetzen. Das wollen wir ſehen! Ich laſſe mir kein Ziel ſetzen. (Lieſt.) „Sie werden Geld brauchen, Beſte. Nehmen Sie die beiliegende Anweiſung. Verdrießliche Geſchäfte halten mich noch hier zurück. Aber bald eilt in Ihre Arme Ihr treuer Freund, Ludwig Mannsfeld.“ (Giebt ihr den Brief.) Nun, was ſagſt Du? Sie iſt ſeine liebe Betty, und ich bin ein Thor, Du eine Thörin. Er ſchickt ihr Geld. Erinnere Dich, Emilie! Er hatte ein Verhältniß mit ſeiner Schwägerin. Die ganze Welt ſprach davon. — Wie, meine Freunde! kann ein ſolcher Menſch jemals mein Schwiegerſohn werden? Reden Sie, Doctor!

Wendemann.

Vergeben Sie, Herr Lampe — ich wünſche hier keine Stimme zu haben.

Lampe.

Iſt ſolch ein Betragen nicht unwürdig? unſittlich? (Zu Morgenroth.) Was ſagen Sie?

Morgenroth.

Unſittlich? Es giebt an ſich keine Unſittlichkeit. Bei einer großen Welt-Anſicht iſt Alles erlaubt. Die ſogenannte Moral gehört auch zu den Vorurtheilen, die ich eraſiren will. Poeſie iſt Tugend. Ein poetiſcher Menſch kann ſehr wohl ein Mädchen heirathen, eine Zweite lieben und einer Dritten Geld ſenden.

Lampe.

Wa—?

Morgenroth.

Wohl verſtanden: ein poetiſcher Menſch. Aber Mannsfeld iſt nur ein gewöhnlicher, ein proſaiſcher Alltagsmenſch, der ſich keine ſolchen poetiſchen Licenzen herausnehmen darf. Er unterliegt dem Forum der gemeinen bürgerlichen Moralität. Ich ſtimme daher, daß über ihn der Stab gebrochen werde.

Lampe.

Vortrefflich! Ein wenig paradox, aber die praktiſche Anwendung iſt gut. — Emilie, ich hoffe, Du denkſt nicht mehr an den Unwürdigen.

Emilie

(die ſich indeſſen mit dem Brief beſchäftigte).

Ich ſchreibe ſchlechte Gedichte und Novellen —

Lampe.

Er will meinen Thorheiten ein Ziel ſetzen!

Emilie.

Schlechte Gedichte! — Er hat mich nie geliebt. (Sie ſetzt ſich an den Tiſch zu den Zeitungen.)

Lampe.

(Zu Wendemann leiſe.) Beſter Freund, ich hoffe, Alles wird gut enden.

Wendemann.

Verſteh' ich Sie recht? Sie regen Hoffnungen in mir —

Lampe.

Die ich zu erfüllen gedenke.

Morgenroth.

(Schnuppernd, für ſich.) Ein feiner Speiſegeruch dampft mir in die Naſe. Ich hoffe, es geht bald zu Tiſch.

Emilie

(die mechaniſch ein Blatt ergriffen).

Was iſt das? (Sie ſteht auf.)

Morgenroth.

Das iſt die Hamburger Börſenhalle.

Emilie.

Sehen Sie nur, Vater — meine Novellen — recenſirt —

Morgenroth.

O weh!

Lampe.

Iſt das Urtheil günſtig?

Emilie.

Herunter gemacht — in den Staub getreten — meine ſchönſten Empfindungen und Gedanken — in's Lächerliche gezogen, was mir aus bewegtem Gemüth entquoll — — übrigens die alte Leier! — Ich ſoll beim Strickſtrumpf, bei der Nadel bleiben. Als ob man nicht ſtricken und dichten könnte zugleich.

Wendemann.

Beruhigen Sie ſich, Fräulein —

Lampe.

Verliere den Muth nicht, liebes Kind. Schreibe nur zu! Der Eine lobt's, der Andere tadelt's: das iſt nothwendig, um das literariſche Gleichgewicht zu erhalten.

Emilie.

Aber dieſe boshaften, dieſe hämiſchen Ausfälle!

Morgenroth.

Ich will eine Antikritik ſchreiben.

Wendemann.

Wer mag nur die Recenſion —? (Will das Blatt nehmen.) Erlauben Sie —

Morgenroth.

(Ergreift das Blatt.) Laß mich ſehen, lieber Freund! — Hm! — Die Schreibart iſt mir unbekannt. Als Namens-Chiffer ein M.

Wendemann.

M. in Hamburg? Wer mag dieſer M. ſein? (Leiſe zu Morgenroth.) Du wirſt doch nicht —?

Morgenroth.

(Leiſe.) Schweige ſtill! — (Laut.) Ja, wer mag dieſer M. ſein? Holla! Ich hab's.

Emilie.

Nun?

Lampe.

Ich bin begierig.

Morgenroth.

Der M. iſt — Mannsfeld.

Emilie.

Mannsfeld?

Lampe.

Wär's möglich?

Morgenroth.

Hören Sie nur! — Ich ſah den ſaubern Herrn Capitain auf dem Kaffeehauſe, die Novellen in der Hand —

Emilie.

Meine Novellen?

Morgenroth.

Satyriſch lächelnd.

Emilie.

Satyriſch —?

Morgenroth.

Wie er eben mit einer Bleifeder Bemerkungen ſchrieb. (Für ſich.) Bis hieher iſt's richtig.

Lampe.

Das beweiſt noch nichts.

Emilie.

(Ergreift das Journal.) Geben Sie her!

Morgenroth.

Vernehmen Sie nur die weiteren Umſtände, die faſt keinen Zweifel laſſen —

Emilie.

Was braucht's Beweiſe? Es iſt ſein Styl.

Morgenroth.

Nicht wahr?

Emilie.

Er ahnete, ja er wußte, daß ich die Verfaſſerin bin — jener Brief zeigt es. Sein Haß gegen weibliches Schriftſtellern — die Ausfälle, der Strickſtrumpf — weh mir! Es iſt nur zu gewiß: Mannsfeld — hat — die Recenſion — geſchrieben — (ſie läßt das Blatt fallen.)

Achtzehnte Scene.

Vorige. Luiſe.

Luiſe.

Es iſt aufgetragen.

Morgenroth.

Endlich!

Wendemann (der Emilien unterſtützt).

Dem Fräulein iſt nicht wohl.

Lampe.

Emilie! Sie wird ohnmächtig —

Morgenroth.

Jetzt, da die Suppe kommt!

Lampe.

Luiſe!

Luiſe.

(Eilt herbei.) Schweſter!

Emilie

(ſchwach, mit halbgeſchloſſenen Augen).

Auf mein Zimmer! Ich überleb' es nicht —

Luiſe.

Sind's Krämpfe?

Emilie.

Die Recenſion! Die Recenſion!

Luiſe.

Waſſer! Waſſer!

Emilie.

Die Recenſion! — Komm', Schweſter! (Sie ſchließt die Augen.) Die Außenwelt ſchwindet — ich ſehe klar in mein Inneres — die Novellen ſind gut. Fort! fort! (Seitwärts ab mit Luiſe.)

Neunzehnte Scene.

Lampe. Doctor Wendemann. Morgenroth.

Lampe.

Das arme Kind! Sie phantaſirt.

Morgenroth.

Das kommt vom leeren Magen. Ein tüchtiges Mittagmahl macht Alles wieder gut.

Lampe.

Es iſt ſonderbar! (Zu Wendemann.) Bemerkten Sie, wie ſie die Augen ſchloß?

Wendemann.

Meine Ahnung beſtätigt ſich.

Lampe.

Welche Ahnung?

Wendemann.

Es ſcheint, ſie hat Anlage zum Somnambulismus.

Lampe.

(Faßt ihn.) Somnambu—? Herr, iſt das wirklich?

Wendemann.

Ich zweifle gar nicht. —

Lampe.

Wenn ich das erlebe! Meine Tochter ſomnambul? vielleicht clairvoyante!

Wendemann.

Sehr vermuthlich. Sie iſt vor der Hand im erſten Stadium.

Lampe.

(Umarmt Beide.) Das Glück — die Freude — lieber Doctor! Sie ſind Magnetiſeur. Setzen Sie ſich mit meiner Tochter in Rapport. Schreiben Sie Alles auf, was ſie ſpricht und nicht ſpricht, ſieht und nicht ſieht. Wir geben ein Buch heraus, eine zweite Seherin von Prevorſt —

Zwanzigſte Scene.

Vorige. Luiſe (kommt zurück).

Lampe.

Was macht Emilie?

Luiſe.

Sie ſchloß die Augen —

Lampe.

Das iſt gut.

Luiſe.

War einer Ohnmacht nahe —

Lampe.

Vortrefflich!

Luiſe.

Ich gab ihr Tropfen. Nun iſt ſie wieder erwacht.

Lampe.

Unglückliche! Sie ſoll nicht erwachen. Das war kein gewöhnlicher Schlaf, es war Somnambulismus!

Einundzwanzigſte Scene.

Vorige. Niklas.

Niklas.

Die Suppe wird kalt.

Lampe.

Niklas! meine Tochter Emilie iſt ſomnambul. — Komm, Luiſe! kommt, meine Freunde! Zu ihr! Wir wollen ſogleich experimentiren.

Morgenroth.

Aber die Suppe — es hat Zeit bis nach Tiſche.

Lampe.

Kommen Sie! kommen Sie! — Das wird in meinem Salon Aufſehen machen — Somnambul! Somnambul! Kommen Sie! (Alle ab bis auf Niklas.)

Niklas (allein).

Was? ſomnambul? La somnambule? Die Nachtwandlerin? — Unſer Fräulein wird alſo, wie in der Oper, im Nacht-Negligé auf die Dächer ſteigen? — Was man nicht Alles erlebt! Wohin die Bildung führt! Bis auf's Dach. Wenn ſie nur nicht herunterfällt. (Ab.)

Der Vorhang fällt.

Karl Beck

ward im Jahre 1817 in Ungarn geboren, ſtudirte in Leipzig; lebte darauf in Peſth und kehrte ſpäter wieder nach Deutſchland zurück.

Er ſchrieb:

Nächte. Gepanzerte Lieder. Leipzig 1838.
Der fahrende Poet. Dichtungen. Ungarn. — Wien. — Weimar. — Die Wartburg. Leipzig 1838.
Stille Lieder. 1. Bdchn. Leipzig 1840.
Saul. Ein Trauerſpiel in 5 Aufz. Leipzig 1841.
Janko der ungariſche Roßhirt. Roman in Verſen. Leipzig 1841.
Gedichte. Neue durchaus umgearbeitete u. vermehrte Ausg. Berlin 1843.
Das Lied vom armen Mann. Berlin 1846.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

B. iſt ſehr verſchieden beurtheilt worden; die Bemühungen ſeiner Freunde, ihn als den talentvollſten Lyriker der neueſten Zeit, kurz nach ſeinem erſten Auftreten zu preiſen und zu erheben, mußten ihm bei der Menge ſchaden. Wie echt ſein dichteriſches Talent ſei, beweiſt beſonders der Umſtand, daß er ſich nicht irre machen ließ, ſondern nach einigen Jahren ſtiller Zurückgezogenheit mit reiferen und gediegeneren Arbeiten wieder hervortrat. Er beſitzt eine glühende Phantaſie, tiefes Gefühl, Kraft des Wortes und große Gewandtheit in der Form, und es leidet keinen Zweifel, daß von ihm, wenn ein gutes Geſchick ihm glückliche Verhältniſſe gönnt, noch Bedeutendes zu erwarten ſtehe.

Die Wartburg.

Aus: Der fahrende Poet.

1.

Die neue Bibel ſucht' ich einſt zu ſchreiben,
Mein Griffel war der Stachel bittrer Schmerzen,
Und mit dem rothen Thau in meinem Herzen,
So ſchrieb ich auf der Zukunft trübe Scheiben.
Nun aber graut mir vor den Schreckenszeichen,
Der grellen Glut in jenen Wetteraugen:
Ihr Sang erſchwoll von goldner Freiheit Reichen,
Und ach, die Menge murmelt, daß ſie trügen.
„Was hier geweſen, wird auch nimmer ſein,
Und wie es iſt, ſo war es ſtets geweſen, —
Der Finger Gottes ſchrieb es in den Stein,
In allen Sternen iſt dies zu leſen.“
Drum irrt mein Geiſt, mit ſeiner Sendung ſtumm,
Und ſieht ſein Ziel auf dieſer Erde um.

2.

Da ſtand ich plötzlich vor der grauen Zinne,
Wo Luther einſt die alte Bibel ſchrieb,
Das Buch der Treu', das Buch der Gottesminne;
Wie Rahel ſanft die Lämmerheerde trieb,
Wie Jacob Nachts von Himmelsleitern träumte,
Im Wüſtenſand die Silberquelle ſchäumte,
Wie einſt in Flammenglut die Frommen ſtöhnten,
Das Götzenbild des Bluttyrannen höhnten, —
Und plötzlich rollt dazwiſchen der Poſaunen
Prophetiſch dumpfer Offenbarungston;
Die Hölle zittert, und die Engel raunen
Die ſüß're Sage von dem Gottesſohn,
Vom Gottesſohn, der ſich dem Kreuze weihte,
Und doch zuletzt die Erde nicht befreite.

3.

Den Berg hinauf im Taumel der Genüſſe,
Daß ich aufs blaue Aug' den Himmel küſſe!
Seid mir gegrüßt ihr Berge, ihr Titanen!
Ihr ragt ſo kühn hinauf zum Sonnenball,
Von Euern Häuptern ſtürzt der Waſſerfall,
Euch Trotzigen ein mild verſöhnend Mahnen!
Dem Menſchen gleich! Er reckt ins Wolkenland
Des Uebermuthes räuberiſche Hand,
Indeß die Thräne, die ſein Aug' befeuchtet,
Dem Wohl der Welt und ihrem Wehe leuchtet.
Und höher klimmt der Eine als der And're,
Des Nachbars Schulter ſtolz zu überragen;
Mir aber fällt, je höher auf ich wand're,
Vom Herzen ein Gebirg von Qual und Plagen.

4.

O Wunderbild! dort ſcheint ein Rieſenpaar
In ſtummer Liebe ſich umarmt zu halten.
Des Himmels Blau umhüllet die Geſtalten,
Der waldumkränzte Berg iſt Traualtar;
Doch ſcheint verdammt in namenloſe Pein
Ihr gramverwittert Angeſicht zu ſeyn.
Sie ſteh'n ſo lang', ſo bang' ſchon manches Jahr,
In Sehnſucht drängt die Lippe ſich zum Kuß;
Ein Zauber wehrt dem glühenden Genuß,
So nah, und doch ſo fern auf immerdar.
Ihr Ohr iſt taub dem Lied der Nachtigallen,
Zwei Klippen nur vergoldet dort die Sonne:
Er war ein Mönch und ſie war eine Nonne.
O laß mein Aug' den Thau der Schwermuth fallen!

5.

Mir graut. Von Ferne glaub' ich noch zu hören
Den [illegible], der ſie verſteinte;
Ein Wimmern kam es durch die Nacht der Föhren
Ein Lied, das ſie verdammend noch beweint.
Erwacht, erwacht! So klang der Klagelaut,

Zur Zelle ruft der Himmel ſeine Braut!
Da wird ihr Herz verſteint, ihm ward die Kutte,
Der Schleier ihr zum ſtarren Leichentuch, —
Der Kuß auf ihren Lippen ward zum Fluch,
Aufrecht begraben ſtehn ſie da im Schutte:
Ein warnend Bild, und eine ſtumme Klage,
Die jedes Herz meduſenhaft verſtört,
Und einmal noch die fabelhaften Tage
Der dunklen Kloſterwelt heraufbeſchwört.

6.

O Kloſterwelt! Es träumt mir mancherlei
Von Kirch' und Kreuz und frommen Pilgerfahrten:
Die erſten Blumen meiner Schwärmerei
Erblühten auch in einem Kloſtergarten.
Das iſt ein Garten, doch ein Eden nicht,
Ob auch darin die Schlange gleißt und ſticht:
Da rauſcht nicht der Erkenntniß Blüthenbaum,
Und dennoch wohnt auch nicht die Unſchuld drinnen.
O Kloſterleben, angſterhitzter Traum!
Des Grames Wolke ſitzt auf grauen Zinnen,
Die Thränen rinnen, und die Sorgen ſpinnen
Ihr härnes Kleid in dumpfer Wüſtenei;
Der Mönch erwacht und fragt die alte Nacht,
Ob er nicht lange ſchon geſtorben ſei?

7.

Von ſolchen Bildern war mein Geiſt umſchlungen,
Ich war noch kaum dem Wiegenbett entſprungen,
Da lehrte mich zu meiner frühen Pein
Ein Kloſtermann das graue Mönchslatein.
Des Mittelalters nebelhafte Zeiten
Sah ich erſtaunt an mir vorübergleiten;
Und meinem wahnerhitzten Geiſt gefiel
Der Kerzenglanz, das dumpfe Horaläuten,
Des Schleiers Zier an blaſſen Himmelsbräuten
Und all' das ſchmerzlich feierliche Spiel.
Jedoch mein Lehrer ſtarrte wunderbar,
Er ſchüttelte das Haupt in tiefer Trauer,
Und geiſterhaft ſein leiſes Lächeln war,
Daß er im Schatten an der Gartenmauer.

8.

An ſeinen Fingern hing der Roſenkranz,
Doch war die Roſe nicht auf ſeinen Wangen;
Nur ſelten glühten ſie im Scheideglanz
Der Liebesſonne, die dahin gegangen.
Er war ſo jung, als er die Kutte nahm,
Und ward ſo alt und kalt nach wenig Tagen:
Da draußen vor des Kloſters Pforte kam
Verlorne Liebesluſt mit ihm zu klagen. —
Er aber ließ die Bettlerin nicht ein,
Und zwang ſich taub, dem Kreuze gleich, zu ſein.
Er ſah mich ahnend an und dachte bang,
Was wohl bevor dem kleinen Herzen ſtünde:
Die Luſt, der Schmerz, die Täuſchung und die Sünde,
Dann ging er ſchweigend durch den Laubengang.

9.

Er lehnte an des Gartenpförtchens Gattern,
Er ſah die Taube von den Zinnen flattern.
Die Stirne blaß, das Auge ruhelos:
So ſtand er da, dann ward ſein Auge milder,
Und ſeinen Sinn umflammten holde Bilder,
Erzählend nahm er mich auf ſeinen Schooß,
Komm, ſprach er, komm, du jugendlicher Spötter,
Nach Rache pocht mein Herz in meinen Leiden,
Dein junges Herz bekehre ich zum Heiden,
Wir zieh'n zum Aſchenheerd der todten Götter.
O Gott, daß die Olympiſchen erblaßten!
Sie waren mild, ſie hatten mich geheilt,
Sie wußten nichts von Kreuzigen und Faſten,
Sie haben Luſt und Weh mit uns getheilt.

10.

O wie ich dann mit trunk'ner Seele lauſchte,
Wenn er vom wolkenloſen Pindus ſprach!
Das Gitter raſſelte, erſchrocken rauſchte
Die furchtſam fromme Kloſterlinde nach.
O ſeht! Es naht ein polternder Satyr,
Der Chorgeſang und Orgelton verſpottet;
Silenus ſchwankt, der Gott des Weines, hier,
Von trunkenen Bachantinnen umrottet;
Dort fliegt der kleine Gott mit Pfeil und Bogen
Vorüber an der dumpfen Sakriſtei,
Die ſchöne Mutter kommt ihm nachgeflogen,
Es wallt ihr goldnes Haar im Winde frei.
Minervas Eule krächzt zum Glockenklang,
Im Kreuzgang locket der Sirenenſang.

11.

Doch dir vor Allen galt mein kindiſch Sinnen,
Dir, Venus, glühte meine Schwärmerei!
Noch eh' ich wußte, was die Liebe ſei,
Ließ dir mein Aug' zum Opfer Zähren rinnen.
Wie du entſtiegſt des Meeres Silberſchaum,
War Tag und Nacht mein glutgenährter Traum.
Auf jedem Dache ſah ich deine Tauben,
In Silberwölkchen ſah ich dein Geſpann:
Und fing der Venusſtern zu leuchten an,
So ſprach ich: Könnt' ich ihn dem Himmel rauben!
Und wo ich wandelte, und wo ich ſtand,
Da ſchrieb ich deinen Namen in den Sand,
Und ſterb' ich einſt, ich glaube faſt, man fände
Gezeichnet ihn auf meines Herzens Wände.

12.

Das iſt vorbei. — Du fromm ergrautes Thor,
Von deiner Wölbung tönt das Echo bang,
Von deiner Schwelle ſäuſelt Lobgeſang
Des Mooſes grüner Halm dem Pilger vor.
Eliſabeth, die fromme Huldgeſtalt,
Die edle Dulderin hat hier gewallt.
Wie Bienenſummen tönt die Wunderſage:
Daß ſie herab mit ihres Füllhorns Segen
Verſchleiert ſchwebte auf geheimen Wegen,
Wenn aus der Hütte ſcholl des Bettlers Klage.
Zu Roſen ward in ihrem Korb das Brot,
Wenn Späherblick ihr frommes Thun umſchlich!
O wunderbar! Mit Roſen, friſch und roth,
Beſtreute ſie des Lebens Pfade ſich.

13.

Mit ſcheuem Fuß betret' ich jene Steine,
Ein Geiſterhauch durchweht den ſtillen Gang,
Und durch die Dämmrung zittert ein Geſang,
Als ob ein Engel Wiegenlieder weine.
Die Pfeiler ſteh'n, wie trauernde Genoſſen,
Die Scheiben ſind von trübem Licht umfloſſen,
Wie Augen, die von Thränen blöde ſind;
Und draußen pfeift und reißt der Wirbelwind
Gerölle trotzig von der alten Mauer,
Wo traut und fromm das Neſt der Schwalbe hängt.
Mich aber faßt ein nie geahnter Schauer,
Der mich zurück in alte Tage drängt,
Ein leiſes Ahnen hat in mir geſprochen:
Hier ward ein Herz, ein treues Herz gebrochen.

14.

Allein, allein mit ihrer Herzenspein
Saß im Gemach die arme Margarethe,
Sie blickte in die Nacht hinaus und ſann.
Die Thräne, die aus ihrem Auge rann,
Ward ihrem Gram zur ſprudelreichen Lethe.
Doch nicht für lang, da pochte wieder bang
An die gequälte Bruſt der Gram, der ſchwere,
Ihr Sehnen harrt, wie Penelope, bis
Der Frieden, ihr verſchollener Ulyß,
Der Heißgeliebte, endlich wiederkehre.
Was weineſt du? Dein Gatte hängt am Munde
Der Buhlerin, der wilden Kunigunde,
Die Becher klingen und die Zecher ſingen,
Du aber biſt allein in zwölfter Stunde.

15.

Erbleichend zündeſt du die Ampel an,
Daß dir ein Stern in deinen Nächten ſcheine!
Und zärtlich bebt der Strahl zu dir heran,
Zu ſpäh'n, ob nicht dein liebend Auge weine!
Ach, alle Perlen haſt du ſchon verſchwendet,
Was kannſt du noch der bleichen Sorge geben?
Dein Hoffen ſtarb, dein warmes Liebeleben
Hat lang im winterlichen Gram geendet.
Nur eine Luſt mit ſüßen Melodein
Lullt noch die ſchlummerloſe Seele ein;
Haſt du die Kinder ſchon in Schlaf gewiegt?
Da ſitzeſt du am Heerd im trüben Sinnen,

O Mutterherz! die theuern Perlen rinnen,
Dein Aug' ein Rieſelquell, der nie verſiegt.

16.

Und Mitternacht! Die Glocke ſtöhnt und ſummt,
Da ſchleicht ein Schreckbild drohend an dein Bette,
Wie ein Geſpenſt verſchleiert und vermummt,
Mit langem Bart und wildgeſchwung'ner Kutte.
Du aber hebſt vom Lager dich empor,
Ein Lächeln ſtrahlt auf deinem Angeſicht:
„Biſt du ein Geiſt! Geh heim, du armer Thor,
Mein Herz erſchrickt vor bleichen Schatten nicht.
Ich bin ja ſelbſt ein Schatten, der zur Nacht
Im dunklen Sarg der todten Liebe wacht."
Und reuig fällt der Fremde dir zu Füßen:
„Euch ſollt' ich würgen, edle Dulderin!
Flieht, arme Kaiſerstochter, flieht dahin,
Bevor die Hähne ſchrill den Morgen grüßen!"

17.

Die Buhlerin! Ihr war es nicht genug,
Daß ſie dein Glück zerſchlug mit frecher Hand,
Sie borgt vom Teufel plumpen Zaubertrug,
Vom Aberglauben wilden Höllenbrand.
Dich hinzuwürgen, ſendet dein Gemahl
Dir einen Henker in Geſpenſtertracht. —
Damit es ſchiene, daß ein Geiſt der Nacht
Dich zürnend ſchleppte in das Todtenthal;
Damit, ob auch dein Geiſt im Himmel lebe,
Dein Name noch in Höllenflammen ſchwebe.
Und reuig fällt der Mörder dir zu Füßen:
„Euch ſollt' ich würgen, edle Dulderin!
Flieht, arme Kaiſerstochter, flieht dahin,
Bevor die Hähne ſchrill den Morgen grüßen."

18.

O dunkle Nacht! O namenloſer Jammer!
Die Mutter ſoll in die Verbannung geh'n!
Vernichtet wankt ſie in die nahe Kammer,
Wann wird ſie je die Kinder wiederſehn?
Wohl nimmermehr, wohl nicht in ſpäten Zeiten —
Wenn ſie, den Edelfalken auf der Fauſt,
Vielleicht im Jugendglanz vorüberreiten,
Im Kloſter, wo die alte Mutter hauſt.
Erkennt ſie dann die blühenden Geſtalten,
Wenn ſie durch's Gitter ihrer Zelle ſchaut?
Wenn ſie das Auge betend niederſchlug?
Vielleicht, daß auch den holden Knaben graut
Vor dem verwelkten Antlitz jener Alten,
Die einſt ſie unter ihrem Herzen trug.

19.

Vernichtet wankt ſie in das Kämmerlein,
Belauſcht die Schlummernden in ſüßem Schmerz,
Dann ſtürzt ſie hin und preßt in ſtummer Pein
Die Kinder ſtürmiſch an's gebroch'ne Herz.
Sie fahren auf, das gold'ne Himmelreich
Der blauen Augen träumend aufgeſchlagen;
Die Mutter iſt ſo ſtumm und geiſterbleich,
Daß auch die Kinder weinen und verzagen.
Sie hängt an ihrem Hals, an ihrem Mund,
Spielt mit dem blonden Haar im Schmerzensdrange,
Im Liebeswahnſinn küſſet ſie die Wange,
Die roſenrothe ihres Lieblings wund.
Ein Lebewohl, — ein langer Seufzer, — und
Sie war verſchwunden auf dem finſtern Gange.

20.

Sie floh und ſtarb, bevor zwei Monde ſchwanden,
Beweint von Niemand, als der Todtenglocke.
Kein Rächer iſt für ihren Gram erſtanden,
Kein Liebender bewahrte eine Locke
Von ihrem Haupt, das nie die Luſt bekränzte. —
Nur auf der Wange ihres Lieblings glänzte
Ihr Kuß, ein blutig unverlöſchlich Maal
Von ihrer Lieb' und ihrer letzten Qual.
Er ward ein Knabe, Jüngling, ward ein Mann,
Die theure Wunde wuchs mit ihm heran,
Sie leuchtete voran auf ſeinen Wegen,
Und ob er lächelte, und ob er bange
Durch Thränen blickte, — die geküßte Wange
War ſein Vermächtniß, war ſein Muttersegen.

21.

O Mittelalter, dämmervolle Zeit,
So reich an Duldern und an Dulderinnen,
Mit deiner blutig grellen Herrlichkeit,
Mit deiner Burgen brandbeſtrahlten Zinnen!
Oft lauſcht' ich froh dem Zauber deiner Mähren,
So lieblich ſang der ſchlaue Troubadour,
Von dem Verließ und von der Dame Zähren,
Vom Spiel der Knappen in des Zwingers Flur,
Von Frauendank, von bunter Schärpen Zier,
Von Rittertreu und ſtattlichem Turnier.
Die Sage war ſo ſchön. Mir aber grauſt
Vor dem, was einſt betrügeriſch mich rührte,
Erbarmungslos und plump tyranniſch führte
Dies Ritterheldenthum die Eiſenfauſt.

22.

Nur Lügen ſind ſo oft, was Harfner preiſen;
Die gold'ne Saite der Erinn'rung bebt
Vor manchem Bild in wundervollen Weiſen,
Das nur begeiſtert, weil es nicht mehr lebt.
Sieh dort den Berg mit nachtendem Geklüfte!
Von ferne leuchtet er ſo mild und blau,
Und Blumenweihrauch wirbelt in die Lüfte
Von ſeinem Haupt, beperlt mit Silberthau.
Doch trete hin und klimme auf den Gipfel,
Und dich umrauſcht die Wildniß öder Wipfel,
Wo ſich kein Vogel auf den Zweigen wiegt;
Und, ſtatt der ſtolzen Burgruinen, liegt
Da oben nur ein wüſter Schutt von Steinen,
Auf den der Wolken trübe Augen weinen.

23.

So ragſt du, mittelalterliche Zeit,
Von Felſenzacken eine Rieſenwelt,
Ein wildes Urgebirge weit und breit,
In blauer Pracht zum blauen Himmelszelt.
Wir gönnen deinem Haupt die Burgenkrone,
Die graue Zeit zerriß die Wolkenfahnen,
Die niederweh'n von deinem ſteilen Throne, —
Dein Rücken war der Wohnſitz unſ'rer Ahnen!
Uns aber freut's, im ſtillen Thal zu hauſen,
Von deinen Höhlen fern und deinen Klauſen.
Erfaßt uns doch ein geiſterhaftes Grauſen,
Wenn all' die Bäche, die, gleich Höllenflammen,
Aus deinem Boden röthlich niederbrauſen,
Uns künden, daß wir deinem Schooß entſtammen.

24.

Ha, oft noch ſchwemmt die wilde Lebenswelle
Manch fabelhaftes Unthier deiner Forſten
Vorbei an unſ'rer friedensvollen Schwelle;
Ja oft erklingt aus deinen Adlerhorſten
Zu Nacht ein gellender, ein toller Schrei
Von mittelalterlicher Barbarei.
Und hängt an unſ'rer Thüre Pfoſten noch
So mancher Stumpf von einem morſchen Joch;
So wißt, daß wir aus ſeiner Wäldernacht
Den ſchweren Frohn des Geiſtes mitgebracht.
O, preiſe, ſing, erinn'rungsvolle Zither,
Verließ und Thurm und Dame, Roß und Ritter!
Nach einem Retter rufen unſ're Tage,
Der einen Freiheitsbrief im Wappen trage.

25.

Warſt du der Retter mit dem Freiheitsbrief,
Der hier vereinſt auf öder Warte ſtand?
Wie flog dein Lied, ein Kriegesflammenbrand,
Zum Morgengruß hinab ins deutſche Land,
Wo alles tief in Nebelnächten ſchlief!
Du Rieſenmönch, ſo frei in Wort und That,
Du wurdeſt zum Oreſt in neuen Tagen,
Du haſt, ein Rächer, grollend dem Verrath,
Das Herz der Mutter Kirche wund geſchlagen.
Den Dämmerſchleier haſt du kühn zerriſſen,
In den ſie ſchamerfüllt ſich eingehüllt;
In ihres Labyrinthes Finſterniſſen
Haſt du ein Licht, ein Wetterlicht, entzündet,
Das ihre Schmach vor aller Welt verkündet.

26.

Die Bibel hatte lang im Staub gelegen,
Die ew'ge Schrift — verſchollen und verpönt.

Der Pfaff bekreuzte ſich vor ihrem Segen,
Ihr ſchlichtes Wort — verſpottet und verhöhnt.
Da ward zum Sinai die Warte hier,
Und deines Wortes Schlachtpoſaune grollte
Und deine Hand prophetiſch kühn entrollte
In Sturm und Nacht das göttliche Panier.
Sieh, Roma hob im Zorn das Kreuz empor,
Sie drohte wild mit Blitz und Bann und Riegel:
Doch trotzig hielteſt du ihr den Weltenſpiegel,
Das Teſtament des alten Himmels vor,
Daß ſie mit bleicher Angſt darin erſchaute,
Wie früh ihr buhleriſches Haupt ergraute.

27.

Auch du, auch du warſt der Erretter nicht,
Und wird die Welt je den Meſſias finden!
Sie ſpäht und ſucht umſonſt nach allen Winden,
Bis ihr das Aug' im blinden Tode bricht.
Die alten Zwinger haſt du kühn erſtürmt,
Erbrochen die Verließe der Gedanken,
Doch auch die Säulen deines Tempels ſchwanken,
Den du im frommen Glauben aufgethürmt.
Das Herz der Völker ſehnt ſich bang zurück
Nach ſüßem Wahn und buntem Kirchentande,
Es fleht um Troſt für ein verlornes Glück,
Ach, und ſein Troſt iſt kalte Nüchternheit!
Du haſt die Geiſter nur von Nacht befreit,
Sie fühlen ſchwerer drum die Kettenbande.

28.

Geſchäftig zeigt der Führer mir die Wände
Der ſchlichten Stube, wo du einſt gewaltet,
Wo du, als Junker Jörg, die treuen Hände
Oft im Gebet um deutſche Kraft gefaltet.
Was ſchmückt man doch ſo buhleriſch und eitel
Mit ſchalem Flitterwerk die ſtille Klauſe
Und kränzt mit Lorbeer deiner Büſte Scheitel?
Die Wahrheit wohnt in einem nackten Hauſe,
Von Bildern iſt ihr Lager nicht umgeben,
Sie kennt den Schlaf, die ſüßen Träume nicht,
Mit nackten Füßen wandert ſie durch's Leben.
Ja, ihr nur galt dein Ringen und dein Wagen,
Wohl dir, wenn ſie ihr kaltes Sternenlicht
Vor deinen feſten Schritten hergetragen.

29.

Du pflegteſt oft an dieſem Tiſch zu ſchreiben,
Nun morſch, wie ein zertrümmerter Altar,
Die Wolke fuhr um deine Fenſterſcheiben,
Ob deinem Dache horſtete der Aar
Und ſah, wie du, herab von ſteiler Klippe;
Dein Schemel war dies weißliche Gebein
Von Leviathans rieſigem Gerippe;
Da ſchien die Welt ſo niedrig dir zu klein,
Da ſchien der Himmel dir ſo nah zu ſein,
Und ein Geſang entſtrömte deiner Lippe,
Bald donnernd, wie des Sturmes Mahnung ſcholl,
Eh Sodom und Gomorrha untergingen,
Bald ſangſt du von der Schöpfung Wunderdingen
Im Ammenton der Bibel mildevoll.

30.

Doch wenn dein Geiſt von ferner Zukunft träumte,
Da hat es höhniſch oft um dich geſummt,
Und wenn dein Herz vielleicht von Freiheit ſchäumte,
Sich in Begeiſt'rung deine Locke bäumte:
Da hat der Groll des Böſen dich umbrummt —
Als Weſpe kam er, deinen Traum zu ſtören,
Ihr Stachel — giftgeſchwellter Menſchenhaß,
Du wollteſt nichts von ihrem Liede hören
Und warfſt ergrimmt nach ihr dein Dintenfaß.
Noch hat die Zeit den ſchwarzen Fleck geſchont,
Der deutungsvoll an jener Mauer thront,
Ein Monument von deiner frommen Hand,
Wo der Verſucher, würdiglich belohnt,
Vor deinem Zorne durch die Mauer ſchwand.

31.

Doch auch den Zweifel haſt du nicht beſiegt
Und nicht zerknickt der Zwietracht wilde Blume,
Die im entweihten Herzensheiligthume
Noch jetzt die giftgeſchwellte Blüthe wiegt.
Das Unkraut wuchert noch an Thür' und Thor,
Es rankt ſich frech am Gotteshaus empor:
Zur Kirche wallt das liebetrunk'ne Paar,
Die Zwietracht ſchlingt ſich um den Traualtar.
Das ſüße Ja tönt glockenhell und rein,
Die Zwietracht hebt ihr Haupt und ziſchelt Nein,
Da ſummt der Pfaff nicht den geweihten Segen,
Voraus iſt ſchon der Mutter Schooß verflucht, —
Ach, weil der Liebende auf andern Wegen,
Als ſeine Braut, des Himmels Thore ſucht.

32.

Wann wird der Zwietracht Schlangenbrut vergehen!
Wann ſtirbt des Zweifels grimmer Skorpion?
Hängt doch ſein Sternbild ſelbſt am Himmelsthron
Und blitzt aus grünen Augen wilden Hohn.
Wie ſoll vor ihm das Erdenglück beſtehen!
Und iſt der Glaube nicht das Glück der Erde!
Im Kinderwahn ſind wir noch frohe Zecher,
Mit trunk'nem Blick, mit ſeliger Geberde,
So ſchlürfen wir vom ſüßen Glaubensbecher;
Denn oben ſchäumt der Hoffnung Perlenkranz,
Der Schaum verfliegt, der Göttertrank verſiegt
Gar bald an unſ'rem fieberheißen Munde, —
Und leeren wir auch ja den Becher ganz,
Der Liebe Honig war nicht auf dem Grunde.

33.

O Liebe, Liebe, mährchenhafter Laut,
Du Wiegenlied, die Völker einzuſingen!
Du Friedenstaube Noah's, ſanft und traut,
Wo ſah man jemals deine weißen Schwingen!
Ob auch die Kirche ſtolz in ihre Fahnen
Den Namen Liebe blendend eingeſtickt, —
Mein Herz erfaßt ein ſchauervolles Ahnen
Vor jener Liebe, die ſo finſter blickt;
Vor jener Liebe, die in dumpfer Demuth
In Kloſterzellen ihre Kinder ſandte,
Die brünſtiglich, mit wolluſtvoller Wehmuth
Vom Scheiterhaufen in den Himmel brannte;
Vor jener Chriſtenliebe, die noch itzt
Im weiſen Rath der Volksverkäufer ſitzt.

34.

O, ſeht, ein neuer Tempel wird errichtet,
Wo nicht der Prieſter ſtets von Liebe gleißt,
Ein Glaube, ernſt und heiter, wird gedichtet,
Ein Gottesglaube, der Verſöhnung heißt.
Der Glaubensſtifter iſt die Weltgeſchichte,
Das Buch der Bibel ſind die Weltannalen,
Die von der Freiheit gold'nem Morgenlichte,
Vom Abendroth verſunk'ner Zeiten ſtrahlen.
Mit Thränen iſt ein jedes Blatt beſiegelt,
In jeder iſt ein Himmel abgeſpiegelt,
Und blutend hat die Menſchheit unterſchrieben;
Denn all die Ströme Blut, die jetzt noch fließen,
Die Helden alle, die im Kampf geblieben,
Sind Opfer, den Verſöhnungsbund zu ſchließen.

35.

Mich führt der Sturm der Phantaſie von hinnen,
Ein wildes Wechſelſpiel von Tag und Nacht!
Und plötzlich ſteht ein Bild vor meinen Sinnen,
Ein Rieſenbild in ſchmucker Farbenpracht!
Und wieder iſt die Hand der Weltgeſchichte
Die Künſtlerin, die jenes Bild gemalt,
Das von der Freiheit gold'nem Morgenlichte,
Vom Abendroth verſunk'ner Zeiten ſtrahlt.
Verſöhnend miſcht ſie ſanft' und grelle Farben,
Die Wolkenſchatten und die Lichtergarben.
Ich ſeh' die Nemeſis vorübergehen,
Im Sturme fährt ſie über Meer und Land,
Jedoch des Friedens weiße Banner wehen,
Die Völker reichen ſich verſöhnt die Hand.

36.

O ſeht, o ſeht, Paris! Vom Wolkendunſt,
Vom ſchwarzen Flor der Mitternacht umzogen!
Da kommt es durch die Straßen wild geflogen,
Der Himmel ſtrahlt von greller Feuersbrunſt.
Das Kreuz, die Thürme ſpiegeln ſchauerlich
Sich in des Blutes hochgeſchwemmten Wogen,
Es zuckt der Dolch, des Mörders Büchſe kracht,
Die Glocke ſtürmt, die Roſſe bäumen ſich,
Den Flüchtling ſchleifend durch die Schreckensnacht,
Wo dumpf der Schrei der Sterbenden erwacht!

Vom Fenſter zielt des Königs eig'ne Hand
Und winkt im Kramoſ den meuchleriſchen Rotten, —
Und grinſend ſtürzen ſie durch Tod und Brand, —
O, mordet zu, — es ſind ja Hugenotten!

37.

Und gegenüber dieſer Schauernacht
Seh' ich die lieblichſte Verſöhnung tagen, —
Dieſelbe Stadt! dieſelben Thürme ragen
Zum Himmel auf, der ſelig niederlacht.
Geſchmückt mit Blumen iſt das alte Thor,
Die Kleriſei mit glänzend rothen Wangen,
Die Fluth des Volkes drängt ſich jubelnd vor,
Die Braut des Königsſohnes zu empfangen.
Und ſie, dereinſt des Landes Königin,
Iſt eine Hugenottenketzerin!
Zwar mich ergreift nicht all' die Herrlichkeit
Und die Verſöhnung in dem Glanz der Kronen, —
Mich freut nur, daß die Rieſenhand der Zeit
Mit Thronen würfelt und mit Religionen.

38.

Und hier die Stadt am Main! Die lauten Gaſſen!
Was rennt der Pöbel brüllend ein und aus!
Ein dunkles Gäßchen ſtürmt die Wuth der Maſſen
Und ſtürzt mit Mord und Brand von Haus zu Haus.
Dies Gäßchen iſt das traurige Aſyl
Von Juda's weitverſchlagenem Geſchlechte.
Die Taube Zions wird des Mörders Spiel,
Sie iſt ja feig und wehrlos im Gefechte.
Dein betend Händeringen iſt vergebens,
Den Mammon deiner Truhe will er kennen —
Ha, ſiehſt du ihn, den Würger deines Lebens,
Mit Dolch und Fackel durch die Straßen rennen!
Wie lacht er ſchadenfroh, wenn lichterloh
Im Wind die grauen Judenbärte brennen!

39.

Was zeigt das Bild mir auf der zweiten Seite!
Hier hat Verſöhnung ſegenreich gebrütet;
Dieſelbe Gaſſe, wo im wilden Streite
Voreinſt der Haß, der blinde Wahn gewüthet,
Da ragt zum alten, ſchön entwölkten Himmel
Ein Haus als Rieſenmonument empor;
Das Haus iſt ſchwarz, als trüg' es Trauerflor,
Und ringsum ſchnarrt ein trödelndes Gewimmel.
Doch oben las die bange Zeit und ſang
Das Schmerzenslied an Börne's Wiegenbette,
Ein Wiegenlied, ein Raſſeln mit der Kette,
Das ihm auf ewig in die Seele drang,
Das ihn, den Sohn des Sklavenvolks, gelehrt,
Wie man zur Freiheit eine Welt bekehrt.

40.

Was ſieht mein Auge da! — Die neue Welt,
Wo dämmerwärts der dunkle Urwald brauſt;
In Wind und Regen, ohne Haus und Zelt,
Dem Thiere gleich, der nackte Wilde hauſt.
Am Feuer kauert einſt der Kannibale
Und heult die ſchauervolle Kriegesweiſe.
Des Feindes Schädel wird zum Feſtpokale,
Und rauchend Menſchenfleiſch gewürzte Speiſe.
Zwar ſeh' ich Dorf und Stadt bevölkert ragen;
Der Prieſter weiß von ſeinem Gott zu klagen,
Der grinſend friſche Menſchenopfer fodert!
Das Opfer iſt von Weihrauchduft umlodert,
Ein armes Menſchenherz, mit Blut bewegt,
Wie dem der Pfaff dem Gott die Wange legt.

41.

Doch gegenüber! Seht, daſſelbe Land,
Wo einſt der Aberglaube blind gewüthet,
Iſt nun das einzige, das frei vom Band,
Das frei vom Joch, der Freiheit Flamme hütet!
Von grauer Ferne durch die Waſſerwüſte
Kommt hergeſchwommen Europa's müde Schaar
Und küßt entzückt den Boden deiner Küſte,
Und baut ſich da den neuen Hausaltar.
Zwar biſt du arm an Wappen und an Ahnen,
Doch deine Flaggen, deine ſtolzen Fahnen
Verkünden aller Welt ſo hehr und mild:
Wir ſind ein Volk, ein Herz, ein Schwert, ein Schild,
Ein jeder Bürger einem König gleich,
Der ſich're Heerd ſein unermeßlich Reich.

42.

Sieh da! im heißen Pyramidenlande
Die Alexanderſtadt! Es glüht und raucht!
Da iſt's, wo Mohammed's ergrimmte Bande
In Blut den jungen Halbmond eingetaucht. —
O Griechenland, o Rom! Mit euren Schätzen!
Man heizt mit euren Pergamentenrollen
Die Wolluſtbäder jauchzend auf den Plätzen;
Die Flamme ſelber glüht und ſcheint zu grollen,
Daß man Gedanken ihr zur Speiſe beut,
Es ſeufzt der Wind, indem er die Gebilde
Der Geiſterwelt als Aſchenſtaub verſtreut;
Doch Omar ſpricht mit dumpfem Ton, der Wilde:
Der Koran iſt der Weisheit voll genug,
Und Alles And're iſt nur eitler Trug.

43.

Die Weltgeſchichte dreht das Bild herum,
O ſeht, Verſöhnung ſegnet um und um!
Da ruht der Sultan in des Harems Gängen;
Von Büchern läßt er ſich das Herz bedrängen,
Und ſeht! Ein Zeitungsbogen, rieſengroß,
Liegt aufgerollt auf des Tyrannen Schooß;
Faſt lieſt er ſich die kleinen Augen blind:
Wie das ungläubige Geſchlecht der Franken,
So ſchwelgt er in verbotenen Gedanken,
Die nicht im Koran aufgezeichnet ſind.
Nun träumt er von Gelehrten und von Schulen
An ſeines Landes ſchläfrigen Geſtaden,
Nun ſoll ſein Volk durch heiße Baſtonaden
Mit dem Verderben von Europa buhlen.

44.

O ſeht, ein neuer Tempel wird errichtet,
Wo nicht der Prieſter ſtets von Blute gleißt,
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Sind Opfer, den Verſöhnungsbund zu ſchließen.

Karl Ferdinand Becker,

deutſcher Sprachforſcher, wurde 1775 zu Liſer im vormaligen Kurfürſtenthum Trier geboren, wo ſein Vater einen Eiſenhammer beſaß, und von ſeinem gelehrten und verdienſtvollen Oheim, Ferdinand Becker, der Domvicar und Archidiakonatcommiſſair zu Paderborn war, erzogen. B. beſuchte das Gymnaſium zu Paderborn, und nachdem er zwei Jahre im Prieſterſeminar zu Hildesheim geweſen, erhielt er in dem Alter von 19 Jahren eine Anſtellung als Lehrer an dem Joſephinum in Hildesheim. Jedoch der damals noch dem Stande des Schulmannes als nothwendige Bedingung anhängende Eintritt in den geiſtlichen Stand veranlaßte ihn, 1799 ſeinen Abſchied zu nehmen und Medicin zu ſtudiren, weshalb er ſich nach Göttingen begab. Nach Beendigung ſeiner Studien wurde er 1803 praktiſcher Arzt in Höxter an der Weſer, und als er 1806 in Folge der eingetretenen politiſchen Veränderungen die mit ſeiner Anſtellung verbundene Beſoldung verloren, 1810 im Königreiche Weſtphalen als Unterdirector der Pulver- und Salpeterbereitung für die Departements der Leine und des Harzes zu Göttingen angeſtellt. Im Jahre 1813 folgte er dem Rufe der Centralhoſpitalverwaltung für die verbündeten Heere und ſtand mehreren Militairhoſpitälern in und um Frankfurt vor; als aber 1815 die Centralhoſpitalverwaltung aufgelöſt wurde, ließ er ſich als praktiſcher Arzt in Offenbach am Main nieder. Vater einer zahlreichen Familie übernahm er ſelbſt den Unterricht ſeiner Kinder mit ſo gutem Erfolge, daß ſeit 1823 mehrere ſeiner Freunde und Bekannten in dem benachbarten Frankfurt ihm den Antrag ſtellten, ihre Kinder mit den ſeinigen zu erziehen. B. glaubte in ſeinen Verhältniſſen dieſen Antrag nicht ablehnen zu dürfen, und ſo bildete ſich in ſeinem Hauſe allmälig eine Erziehungsanſtalt, die er mit vieler Umſicht leitet. Jetzt, wo er ſich nun wieder mit dem Sprachunterricht beſchäftigen mußte, wurde auch die Liebe zur Sprachforſchung, der er ſich ſchon 25 Jahre früher als Schulmann mit Vorliebe zugewendet hatte, wieder lebendig.

Er ſchrieb:

- **Ueber die Wirkungen der äußern Wärme u. Kälte auf den lebenden menſchlichen Körper.** Lateiniſche Abhandlung. Preisſchrift. Göttingen 1802.
- **Theoretiſch-praktiſche Anleitung zur künſtlichen Erzeugung u. Gewinnung des Salpeters.** Braunſchweig 1814.
- **Ueber das Petechialfieber** 1812.
- **Die deutſche Wortbildung.** Frankfurt 1824.
- **Deutſche Sprachlehre.** 1 Thl. Frankfurt 1827.
- **Deutſche Grammatik.** 2 Thl. Frankfurt 1829.
- **Schulgrammatik der deutſchen Sprache.** Frankf. 1831. 3. Aufl. 1834.
- **Das Wort in ſeiner organiſchen Bedeutung.** Frankf. 1833.
- **Leitfaden für den erſten Unterricht in der deutſchen Sprache.** Frankf. 1833. 2. Aufl. 1836.
- **Ausführliche deutſche Grammatik.** Frankf. 1836—37. 1. u. 2. Abtheil.

B. iſt ein durchaus genialer Sprachforſcher, der jedoch zu ſpeculativ verfährt, zu wenig auf die hiſtoriſche Entwickelung giebt und daher zwar viel Geiſtreiches, aber oft durchaus Unbegründetes aufſtellt, deſſen Haltloſigkeit ſich bei genauer Unterſuchung oft nur zu deutlich erweiſt.

Nikolaus Becker

ward zu Geilenkirchen um das Jahr 1810 geboren, ſtarb 1845 als preußiſcher Beamter zu Köln.

Von ihm erſchien:

- **Gedichte.** Köln 1841.
- **Der deutſche Rhein.** Gedicht mit Randzeichnungen von Neureuther. München 1841.

Das Gedicht, „der deutſche Rhein“, das in eine politiſch aufgeregte Zeit fiel und daher allgemeinen Anklang fand, erwarb ihm raſch einen Namen als Lyriker, der aber durch ſeine ſpäter veröffentlichten Poeſien keineswegs gerechtfertigt wurde. Er war nicht ohne Talent in Behandlung der Form und ein Mann von guter Geſinnung; das iſt Alles, was zu ſeinem Lobe geſagt werden kann.

Die treue Haut.

Sie hatten einen Vetter da,
Dem Gutheit aus den Augen ſah.
Ich fragte ſie, was thut der hier?
Antworten ſie: „den nähren wir
Aus Chriſtenpflicht, um Gotteslohn,
Er wohnt bei uns ſeit lange ſchon,“
Und prieſen insgeſammt ihn laut,
Er ſei ſo eine treue Haut.

Sie luden Gäſt' in großer Zahl,
Sie ſagten ihm: Beſorg das Mahl!
Da iſt er hin und her gerannt,
Bis Alles auf der Tafel ſtand.
Sie ſaßen freudig rings umher,
Am Katzentiſchchen ſelber er;
Doch prieſen ſie zum Schluß ihn laut,
Er ſei ſo eine treue Haut.

Und als ſie nun gefahren aus,
Sie ſagten ihm: Bewach' das Haus,
Die Kinder hüt', verpfleg' das Vieh
Und halte gute Ordnung hie!
Er hat es fleißig ſo vollbracht,
Sie kehrten heim in ſpäter Nacht,
Sein Licht ſie nahmen, prieſen's laut,
Er ſei ſo eine treue Haut.

Und wenn das Seil am Brunnen brach,
Der Eimer in der Tiefe lag,
Und wenn die Birne und die Pflaum'
Reif waren auf dem ſteilſten Baum;
Was ſich begab in Ernſt und Spaß,
Sie ſagten ihm: Thu dies und das!
Und prieſen, wenn's geſcheh'n, ihn laut,
Er ſei ſo eine treue Haut.

Sie legten, als er krank und ſchwach,
Ihn in die Kammer unter'm Dach.
Sie ſagten ihm: „Biſt du geſund,
So thu es uns nur eben kund.“
Doch hat er's nicht mehr kund gemacht,
Denn er verſchied in ſelber Nacht.
Da klagten ſie's den Nachbarn laut:
„Schade, daß er ſtarb, die treue Haut!“

Der deutſche Rhein.

An Alphons de Lamartine.

Sie ſollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien, deutſchen Rhein,
Ob ſie wie gier'ge Raben
Sich heiſer danach ſchreien,

So lang' er ruhig wallend
Sein grünes Kleid noch trägt,
So lang' ein Ruder ſchallend
In ſeine Woge ſchlägt!

Sie ſollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien deutſchen Rhein,
So lang' ſich Herzen laben
An ſeinem Feuerwein;

So lang' in ſeinem Strome
Noch feſt die Felſen ſtehn,
So lang' ſich hohe Dome
In ſeinem Spiegel ſehn!

Sie ſollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutſchen Rhein,
So lang' dort kühne Knaben
Um ſchlanke Dirnen frein;

So lang' die Floſſe hebet
Ein Fiſch in ſeinem Grund,
So lang' ein Lied noch lebet
In ſeiner Sänger Mund!

Sie ſollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutſchen Rhein,
Bis ſeine Flut begraben
Des letzten Manns Gebein!

Karl Peter Berly.

Redacteur der „Frankfurter Oberpoſtamtszeitung", geboren zu Frankfurt a. M. am 10. Nov. 1781. Frühe verwaiſt und arm, war er, was den Unterricht betraf, viel auf ſich ſelbſt verwieſen. Nur zwei Jahre lang beſuchte er die untern Claſſen des Gymnaſiums ſeiner Vaterſtadt und etwa eben ſo lange eine Penſionsanſtalt zu Hanau, wo er die Elemente der claſſiſchen Sprachen erlernte. Kurze Zeit nach ſeiner Confirmation, 1796, trat er als Lehrling in ein frankfurter Handelshaus. Seine wenigen Freiſtunden verwendete er auf ſeine weitere Ausbildung in den Wiſſenſchaften, und unter manchem Opfer und allerlei Entbehrungen verſchaffte er ſich die nöthigen Bücher. Sorgenvoll vergingen die Lehrjahre und ſelbſt einige der folgenden. Da geſchah es, daß der Miniſter von Kretſchmann zu Koburg ein Bankinſtitut begründete und einen Vorſteher dazu ſuchte. B. wurde ihm empfohlen und trat 1804 in koburgiſche Dienſte, wurde 1804 zum Kammerrath und 1805 zum wirklichen Finanzrath ernannt. Nach dem Tode des Herzogs Franz und dem bald darauf erfolgten Zurücktreten des Miniſters v. Kretſchmann verließ auch B. ſeinen Poſten. Unbereichert kam B. 1811 in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück. Er mußte Unterricht geben, ſich und ſeine Familie zu ernähren. Durch die Vermittelung des Grafen Bentzel-Sternau, Moritz v. Bethmann's und anderer einflußreicher Männer erhielt er eine ſorgenfreie und ſeinen Kenntniſſen angemeſſene Stellung. Bethmann führte B. in ſein Haus ein und bedachte ihn auch in ſeinem letzten Willen.

Er ſchrieb:

1300 Eingangsartikel zur „Oberpoſtamtszeitung" ſeit Jun. 1834 — Ende Decbr. 1837.
Die „Zeitung der freien Stadt Frankfurt" redigirte B. anfangs theilweiſe, zuletzt aber ganz, von 1821 an bis 1829.
Auch das Beiblatt „Iris" erſchien 1827 u. 28 unter ſeiner Leitung.
Für die Brönnerſche Handlung beſorgte er den Wiederdruck von Byron's „Works" 1826. 2. Aufl. 1829. Walter Scott's „Poetical Works" 1826 u. „The british poets of the 19th century" 1828.
Ferner hat B. zur Ueberſetzung von Lingard's „Geſchichte von England" Bd. 11—14. Frankfurt 1830—33., u. zu Pölitz's „Bibliothek der Geſchichtswerke des Auslands" Villemain's „Leben Cromwell's" (Leipzig 1830) geliefert.
Kern der osmaniſchen Reichsgeſchichte. Leipzig 1837.

Ein überaus gewandter und tactvoller Feuilletoniſt, hat B. vorzüglich durch ſeine leitenden Artikel in der Frankfurter Ober-Poſt-Amtszeitung bewieſen, daß er mehr von dem feſten Standpunkte eines die Geſchichte der Menſchheit in ihrem ganzen Zuſammenhange überſchauenden Hiſtorikers als von dem unſichern eines Tagespolitikers die Ereigniſſe der Gegenwart aufzufaſſen, darzuſtellen und zu beurtheilen verſteht.

Karl Gustav von Berneck

(als Schriftſteller Bernd von Guſeck)

ward am 28. Octbr. 1803 zu Kirchheim in der Niederlauſitz geboren. Sein Vater war damals kurſächſiſcher Major, und ſtand in Kirchheim in Garniſon. Dieſer fand ſeinen Tod wenige Jahre ſpäter bei der Occupation von Warſchau, und die Sorge für des Knaben Erziehung blieb der Mutter überlaſſen. Schon in ſeinem zehnten Jahre verſuchte ſich B. in freien ſchriftlichen Arbeiten, bald Mährchen, bald Rittergeſchichten, ſelbſt in dramatiſchen Productionen. Er kam darauf in die Penſionsanſtalt des Prof. Haan in Dresden. Als die Niederlauſitz an Preußen abgetreten war, und der junge B. ſich dem Soldatenſtande gewidmet, fand er Aufnahme im Berliner Cadettenhauſe. 1820 wurde er Officier in der preußiſchen Reiterei. Mit Vorliebe widmete er ſich nun geſchichtlichen und ſprachlichen Studien, und ſah ſich ſpäter als Lehrer der Geſchichte an die Militair-Bildungsanſtalt zu Frankfurt an der Oder berufen, wo er ſeinem Berufe lebt.

Er ſchrieb:

Novellen. Zerſtreut in Zeitſchriften.
Verſchiedene Gedichte für die Stuttgarter Ausgabe Lord Byrons übertragen.
Ueberſetzung des Dante.
Erſte Sammlung ſeiner zerſtreuten Novellen. Leipzig 1837.
Die Stedinger. Hiſt. Roman. Leipzig bei Kollmann.
Das Erbe von Landshut. Hiſt. Roman. 2 Thle. Cottbus 1842.
Jakobäa. Dramat. Dichtung.
Vielliebchen. Taſchenbuch. Leipzig 1842—46.

Ein ſehr glücklicher Erzähler, reich an Phantaſie und Ideen, mit trefflicher Darſtellungsgabe ausgeſtattet, hat ſich v. B. mit Erfolg vorzüglich dem hiſtoriſchen Romane zugewandt und ſich binnen wenigen Jahren durch ſeine gelungenen Leiſtungen die Gunſt eines ausgebreiteten Kreiſes von Leſern in hohem Grade erworben.

Der Schleier der Zukunft.

1.

An der gothiſchen Spitzbogenſäule, welche unter dem Namen: Spinnerin am Kreuz, bekannt iſt und Jedem, der die Kaiſerſtadt Wien beſucht, den unvergeßlichſten Anblick bietet, lag zu früher Morgenſtunde, da kaum die Spitze des Stephansthurmes zu erglühen begann, ein armer Slowak. Er hatte ſeine Wanderung durch die fremden Länder glücklich vollendet, einen unerwartet ſchnellen Abſatz ſeiner Mäuſefallen gefunden und kehrte nun mit dem Gelde, das ſeinem Grundherrn gehörte, und einem kleinen Ueberſchuß für ſich ſelbſt in ſeine Heimath zurück. Dort hatte er ein braunes Liebchen verlaſſen, das er nun durch die gewonnenen Schätze im Stande war, heimzuführen. Wie ſehr es ihn zu ihr trieb, bewies, daß er auch heut die ganze Nacht durchwandert hatte und ſich erſt gegen Morgen, als er Wien zu ſehen bekam und die erſchöpfte Natur ihr Recht forderte, eine kurze Ruhe geſtattete. Eh' er einſchlief, hatte er noch einmal das Beutelchen, auf welchem das ganze Glück ſeines Lebens beruhte, in Augenſchein genommen; dann war er auf den braunen Mantel zurückgeſunken und feſt entſchlummert.

Er erwachte aus böſen Träumen, ſeine Hand hatte ſich krampfhaft auf das Herz gepreßt und deſſen ſorgloſen Pulsſchlag gehindert. Tief Athem holend erhob ſich der Wanderer, die Sonne war aufgegangen und vergoldete die Kuppeln der Karlskirche, die Nebel zogen weitflatternd über die Donau. Des Slowaken erſter Griff war nach dem Gelde — er erſchrack zum Tode, faßte hier- und dorthin, riß den Mantel vom Boden, ſuchte heulend vor Angſt in der Runde — vergebens! Das Geld war fort, ſein anvertrautes Gut ſowohl, als ſein Eigenthum. Verzweifelnd warf ſich der Sohn der Haiden auf den Grund und raufte ſein langes Haar; er hatte nicht gelernt, ſeine Gefühle zu [illegible], wie es gebildeten Naturen möglich, er gab ſich jeder Regung hin, im Guten, wie im Böſen. Unten wogte das Treiben der erwachenden Hauptſtadt: wie Viele waren dort, welche tauſendmal mehr vergeuden in kurzer Zeit, als jetzt der arme Slowak bejammerte! Hat denn die Erde nichts zur Ausgleichung der Looſe, welche ihre Kinder getroffen? Doch, doch!

Der Beraubte ward endlich in ſeinem Schmerze ſtumpfſinnig; er lag auf der Seite, das ſtraffe, ſchwarze Haar war ihm über das gelbe Geſicht gefallen, dicke Thränen rollten ihm unbewußt über die eingefallenen Backen und blitzten wie Thautropfen an den Spitzen der Grashalme. Vor ſeiner Seele ſchwebte nur ein Bild der Zukunft: der rettende Strick!

Da nahte ſich dem Unglücklichen, deſſen Geiſt nicht höhern Troſt zu ſuchen vermochte, die Hülfe von irdiſcher Hand. Ein Paar Reiſende, welche zu Fuß die Höhe erſtiegen hatten, um die entzückende Ausſicht auf das morgenhelle Wien noch einmal zu genießen, waren dem Liegenden ganz nahe gekommen, als ſie ihn erſt bemerkten. Der eine von ihnen, ein kleiner, behender Mann im Staubhemd, ſah ihn, wie er ſcheinbar leblos lag, ſein breitkrempiger Hut weit von ihm abgefallen, der Mantel zerzauſt daneben: — Alles gab ihm das Anſehen eines Erſchlagenen, und der Reiſende eilte herbei, um zu entdecken, ob jede Hülfe zu ſpät ſei.

Wie er näher kam und ſeine Brille zurecht ſchob, ſah er nun freilich, daß er ſich geirrt habe, aber das verbrannte Geſicht des Slowaken, das wilde Auge, das er zu ihm aufſchlug, ſagten ihm, daß er dennoch ſeiner Hülfe bedürfe.

„Was fehlt Dir, Burſch?“ fragte er, während ſein Begleiter, ein junger Mann von edler Geſtalt, näher trat und gleichfalls den Armen, der ſich auf den Ellnbogen erhob, mit Antheil betrachtete.

„Können wir Dir helfen?“ rief dieſer Zweite. „Worüber weinſt Du? — Frag' ihn doch, Friedrich, er verſteht mein ſchlechtes Deutſch nicht.“

„Ich bin beſtohlen,“ ſagte der Slowak. „All' mein Geld!“

„Nichts mehr!“ rief der jüngere der beiden Reiſenden. „Sieh, Friedrich, das bedeutet mir Glück! Ich kann meine Zukunft beſtechen. — Was haſt Du verloren?“ fragte er darauf den Armen, der ihn ſtarr anſah.

Der Mann mit der Brille wiederholte die Frage, die Jener in fremdartig accentuirtem Deutſch gethan. Mit ſchmerzlicher Betonung nannte der Slowak die Summe, die für ihn, wie mäßig ſie auch war, das Unerſchwinglichſte bedeutete. Wer ſchildert ſein Entzücken, als der Fremde eine reiche Goldbörſe zog und ihm mehr ſchenkte, wie er verloren! Seine Freude war faſt noch wilder und unheimlicher, als ſein Schmerz. Er warf ſich vor ſeinem Wohlthäter nieder, küßte ſeine Füße und benahm ſich, mit den Armen fechtend, tauſend Dankreden in ſeiner heimiſchen Mundart ſprudelnd, während er wiederum Thränen weinte, ſo unbändig, als habe er den Verſtand verloren. Der Fremde entzog ſich ſeiner unſaubern Berührung und wollte zu dem Reiſewagen zurückkehren, der eben die Höhe gewonnen hatte. Da hielt ihn der Slowak am Rockſaum feſt, ſah ihm noch einmal in das Geſicht, als wolle er ſich deſſen Züge auf ewig einprägen und ſchrie dem ſich Losmachenden nach: „Jannaſch wird Dich wiederfinden!“ Er blieb zurück und ſah, wie die beiden Reiſenden in den Wagen ſtiegen, wie der Poſtillon die Peitſche ſchwang und das Viergeſpann in Trab ſetzte, er ſtand unbeweglich und blickte der fortrollenden Staubwolke nach, bis ſie in der Ferne verſchwand. Dann raffte er Hut und Mantel auf, ſtrich das lange Haar hinter die Ohren und ſprang in wilden Sätzen den Berg hinab, um die nächſte Linie der Stadt zu erreichen.

Die Reiſenden unterhielten ſich noch eine Weile über das Abenteuer, und der Jüngere, welcher mit ſeinen großen brennenden Augen kühn in die Ferne ſah, nahm es wiederholt für ein glückliches Omen. „Das giebt mir mein Schickſal wie ein Zeichen auf den Weg!“ rief er. „Dieſe ſind auch im Weh des Unglücks befangen, wie jene!“ — er zeigte über die Berge hinweg. — „Daß ich einem dieſer Elenden helfen konnte, iſt mir ein Wahrzeichen des Gelingens für Alle.“

„Unſere Anſichten differiren über dieſen Punkt,“ erwiederte der ältere, kleinere von Beiden. „Ich bin zwar nur ein Menſchenarzt, aber ich ſchmeichle mir auch, der Zeit an den Puls gefühlt zu haben und finde, daß ſie ganz geſund iſt. Laßt ſie doch den naturgemäßen Proceß der Entwickelung verfolgen, und greift unſerm Herrgott nicht in's Handwerk. Euer Drängen und Treiben, Euer Impfen von Ideen und Principien bringt nur Frühreifes hervor oder gar häßliche Geſchwüre.“

„Laß uns nicht ſtreiten, Friedrich,“ verſetzte der Andere. „Du biſt für nichts zu begeiſtern, als für eine recht complicirte Krankheit, an der ſich Dein ärztliches Genie bewähren kann. Dein Optimismus bringt mich oft zur Verzweiflung. Alles iſt gut, weil es iſt! Eine Lehre, die alle Straßen des Gedankens mit Ketten ſperrt. — Auch iſt die Zeit zu kurz, um uns noch zu verſtändigen oder gar zu vereinigen, nachdem es uns in den Jahren unſers Zuſammenlebens nicht gelingen wollte.“

„Laſſen wir alſo das Thema auf ſich beruhen!“ erwiederte der Arzt. „In Zukunft vereinigen wir uns doch einmal, davon bin ich feſt überzeugt. Nur eine Warnung möchte ich Dir auf den Weg geben, ehe wir uns trennen. Sei vorſichtig und bedenke bei Allem, was Du thuſt, die Folgen.“

„Ich habe ſie ſtets im Auge,“ rief der Andere feurig. „Sie werden groß und herrlich ſein.“

„Es giebt auch Donjons, Citadellen und andere angenehme Dinge,“ ſagte der Arzt mit trockener Miene.

„Soll mich die Feigheit zurückhalten?“ rief der Freund. „Und wenn Du mir das Hochgericht zeigſt, ſo wird mich der Märtyrertod eher locken, als zurückſchrecken. Du denkſt klein von mir, Friedrich, daß Du die Furcht als Hebel gebrauchſt, mich aus den Fugen meiner Ueberzeugung zu heben.“

„Nur einer beſſern Ueberzeugung will ich Dich gewinnen,“ ſagte der Arzt warm. „Du ſollſt die Fata Morgana, welche Dir Zaubergefilde mit wehenden Palmen vorgaukeln, wo doch nur Sand und Dorngeſtrüpp iſt, in ihrer Weſenloſigkeit erkennen.“

„Sind wir nicht immer wieder bei dem verhaßten Streit?“ entgegnete der Andere verdrießlich. „Mein Ideal iſt keine Fata Morgana und wird ſich binnen Kurzem verwirklichen. Dann werden Alle, die es mit blöden Augen verſchmäht haben, ſtaunend niederfallen und ihm huldigen — oder untergehen. Das iſt mein letztes Wort.“

„Du ſollſt das letzte Wort haben,“ ſagte Friedrich. „In zehn Jahren ſprechen wir uns wieder. Wir werden uns Beide dann ſehr verändert haben; wohl dem, der geiſtig auf ſeiner Bahn zu einem edlen Ziele gelangt iſt! — Meine Warnung vorher betraf aber auch materielle Intereſſen. Du biſt kein Verſchwender, aber Du wirfſt das Geld mit einer Nichtachtung von Dir, die ſich bei der Wichtigkeit, welche der Mammon erlangt hat, über kurz oder lang rächen wird.“

„Schiltſt Du mich wegen der Gabe, die ich dem weinenden Halbwilden gab?“ rief der Freund. „Soll ich Leiden ſehen, und ſie nicht lindern, da ich die Mittel habe, es zu thun? Friedrich, Du biſt ein kalter Verſtandesmenſch.“

„Deine Mittel werden bei Deiner unweiſen Benutzung verſiegen, wie reich ſie auch ſind,“ erwiederte der hartnäckige Warner. „Womit gedenkſt Du alsdann fremde und vielleicht — Gott verhüte es — eigene Noth zu lindern?“

„Mein Vater hat mich nicht beſchränkt, ſein Vermögen trotzt ſelbſt dem leichtſinnigſten Verſchwender, der ich nicht bin,“ entgegnete der Andere. „Gieb dieſe Laune auf, Friedrich. Du biſt älter, als ich, haſt viel mehr gelernt und wirſt Deinen Namen in das Buch der Wiſſenſchaft ſchreiben; ich ehre Deine Freundſchaft, als den Quell der Philippika, mit welcher Du mich überſtrömſt, aber die Zeit iſt zu kurz, mich zu ändern. Plaudern wir lieber von unſerer Zukunft, abgeſehen von den öffentlichen Verhältniſſen, in welche uns das Schickſal führen wird.“

2.

Der Ort war erreicht, wo ſich die Freunde trennten. — „Camillo,“ ſagte der Arzt, „ich ſcheide in großen Sorgen um Dich.“

„Sie werden ſich in Freude verwandeln!“ rief Camillo. „Mein Name wird zu Dir über den Ocean ſchallen.“

„Das kann wohl ſein!“ erwiederte Friedrich mit traurigem Doppelſinne. „Verſprich mir eins, vertraue Dich Deinem Vater.“

„Du forderſt das Unmögliche!“ rief Camillo. „Bedenke, was mich bindet und daß nur ein Zufall Dich in mein Geheimniß eingeweiht hat.“

„So entdecke Dich einem würdigen Diener des Herrn, einem, der wahrhaft von Gott erleuchtet und durchdrungen iſt,“ bat Friedrich. „Ich weiß, Du haſt zuweilen Scrupel. Umſonſt biſt Du bemüht geweſen, ſie meinem Blicke zu entziehen, Deine Träume in Nächten, wenn ich noch am Studirtiſch wachte, haben Dich mir verrathen. Dieſe Zweifel entdecke einem Diener Chriſti, daß er ſie löſe.“

„Du gehſt von einer falſchen Vorausſetzung aus!“ rief Camillo haſtig. „Ich bin feſt, wie die Alpen, welche auf meines Vaters Stammſitz niederſchauen.“ Er umarmte den Freund leidenſchaftlich und ſprang dann, ohne noch ein Wort hinzuzufügen, in den Wagen, der bereit ſtand, ihn nach Süden zu führen, während Friedrich in dem kleinen Badeorte zurückblieb, welcher durch ſeine reizende Lage unfern der Hauptſtadt wohlbekannt und vielbeſucht iſt. Er hatte einem würdigen Geiſtlichen, deſſen Bekanntſchaft er zu Wien gemacht, verſprochen, zwei Tage in Baden, wo dieſer Geneſung ſuchte, zu verweilen, um ein intereſſantes Geſpräch, das ſie hatten abbrechen müſſen, im romantiſchen Helenenthale fortzuſetzen. Nächſtdem hoffte er, hier ſeinem erhabenen Gönner auf der Weilburg nochmals vorgeſtellt zu werden und durch ihn ſeinen weiten Pfad ebnen zu laſſen.

Baden war in dieſem Jahre ſehr überfüllt. Es koſtete Friedrich einige Mühe, ehe er im Gaſthofe zum „Fuchſen“ jenen Bekannten wieder fand, den er beim erſten kurzen Verkehr achten gelernt hatte, ſo daß er ihn eigentlich im Sinne gehabt, als er ſeinem Freunde den Rath ertheilte, ſich einem Diener des Herrn zu entdecken. Der Geiſtliche empfing Friedrich mit Herzlichkeit, Beide verlebten den Tag zuſammen. Im Laufe des Geſprächs berührten ſie auch das Thema wieder, das ſie ſchon einmal behandelt; es betraf die höchſten Intereſſen der Menſchheit, und Friedrich fand durch jedes Wort ſeine Meinung über den Würdigen beſtätigt. Als ſie ſchieden, drückte er ihm die Hand und ſagte: „Das kirchliche Leben der Zeit würde nicht ſo darnieder liegen, wenn alle Diener des Herrn Ihnen glichen!“ welches Lob der Geiſtliche beſcheiden ablehnte, ſich auf ſeine Pflicht und das Vorbild ſeines göttlichen Meiſters beziehend.

Im Eifer des Abſchieds geſchah es, daß Friedrich, deſſen kurzes Geſicht ihm manche Unannehmlichkeiten zuzog, mit einer jungen Dame hart zuſammentraf, welche eben in die Hausthüre trat. Sie fuhr mit einem kleinen Schrei zurück, ihm war die Brille entfallen, nach der er ſich, eine Entſchuldigung äußernd, bückte; vor der Thüre rief eine andere Dame den Namen: „Bianca,“ die Gerufene eilte mit einem Lächeln, deſſen Bedeutung nicht zweifelhaft war, dem Rufe zu folgen, und Kellner und Hausknecht drängten ihr nach, um das Gepäck vom Wagen zu ſchaffen, der die beiden Damen, Mutter und Tochter, gebracht hatte.

„Sehen Sie, Freund,“ ſagte der Arzt zu ſeinem Bekannten, „dergleichen Tölpeleien ſind nun einmal mein Loos. Der äußere Menſch, den Sie hier ſchauen, iſt dem heidniſchen Fatum verfallen, das mit ihm ſeinen argen Spott treibt. Nicht wahr, die Dame war bildſchön?“

„Sehr wohlgebildet,“ erwiederte der Geiſtliche lächelnd.

„Es kann nicht anders ſein!“ rief Friedrich. „Mit ſchönen Frauen habe ich immer Unglück. Wo mir eine begegnet, kann ich gewiß ſein, mich lächerlich zu machen, am lächerlichſten, wenn es mir einmal einfällt, meine Huldigungen darzubringen — denn man hat auch ein Herz, Verehrter! Ich bin aber darauf gefaßt, Hageſtolz zu bleiben.“

Die beiden Damen gingen eben an ihm vorüber; ein Blick durch die wiedergewonnene Brille überzeugte ihn, daß ſie, nach ihrer Aehnlichkeit, einander nahe ſtanden und die Jüngere das lieblichſte Bild knoſpender Jungfräulichkeit war. Ihre leichte Verbeugung erwiederten die Männer und Friedrich ſprach ſich, nachdem ſie auf der Treppe verſchwunden waren, enthuſiaſtiſch zu ihrem Lobe aus.

„Es iſt mir eine freundliche Erinnerung mehr auf den Weg,“ ſagte er. — „Und nun leben Sie wohl, mein wackerer Freund, wie ich Sie nennen darf. Werden wir uns wohl einmal wieder ſehen?“

„Die Wege der Menſchen kreuzen ſich wunderbar,“ erwiederte der Geiſtliche. „Ich hoffe, daß uns die Vorſehung einſt wieder zuſammenführen wird.“ — Beide umarmten ſich und der Arzt verließ das Haus. Als er ſich noch einmal umſah, bemerkte er, daß ein blühender Mädchenkopf aus dem obern Stock ihm nachſchaute. Es mochte Bianca ſein.

„Da ſieht ſie nun herab und macht ſich luſtig über den Ungeſchickten,“ dachte er mit unangenehmer Empfindung. „Sie iſt ſehr ſchön, Bianca!“ — Er ſtand plötzlich ſtill. — „Wie iſt mir denn? Hat mir Camillo nicht — ! Ja ganz gewiß, Bianca! Sollte es dieſelbe ſein, die ihn bei einer zufälligen Begegnung im Prater begeiſtert? Er beſchrieb ſie mir, groß, ſchlank, brünett mit wunderſchönen Augen! Ja, ja, die Augen! Des Menſchen Adelsbrief! — Sie iſt es gewiß. Nun denn, Camillo und Bianca! Könnte ich doch in dieſem Momente den Schleier der Zukunft lüften!“ Vermeſſener Gedanke!

Der Freund, mit welchem ſich der Zurückgebliebene ſo eifrig beſchäftigte, reiſte mit angeſtrengter Eile ſeinem ſüdlichen Vaterlande entgegen. Er hatte es mehrere Jahre nicht geſehen, Studien und Reiſen hatten ihn fern gehalten. Sein Herz bebte, als er von der Höhe des Alpenpaſſes den erſten Blick auf die geſegneten Fluren Italiens that. „Mein Italien!“ rief er und breitete die Arme begeiſtert aus. „Soll es mir vergönnt ſein, zu Deinem Glücke zu wirken!“

Trompetenſchall, der aus einem Seitenthale zu ihm halbverweht empordrang, ſchien ihm eine Antwort zu geben. Er nahm ſie, wie die Alten jedes Orakel, in dem Sinne, der ihm zuſagte, wo doch ein anderer, viel richtiger, ſo nah lag. Ihm klang der eherne Schall wie eine kriegeriſch auffordernde Fanfare und er ſehnte den Moment herbei, ihr genügen zu können.

Unterwegs hatte er ſchon mehrmals Truppenabtheilungen begegnet, die im Marſche ſüdwärts begriffen waren. „Sie trauen uns nicht!“ dachte er. „Und ſie haben Recht.“ Auch in dem Thale, das er von lombardiſchen Fluren zuerſt durcheilte, traf er eine Abtheilung Küraſſiere, die ſich in langgedehnter Marſchcolonne dahinbewegte und nicht geſonnen ſchien, dem Reiſewagen Camillo's Platz zu machen. Im Gegentheil hatten die bärtigen Reiter ihren Soldatenſpaß daran, dem Poſtillon, wenn er ausbiegen wollte, den Weg ſcheinbar abſichtslos zu ſperren und weder auf ſeinen Zuruf, noch ſeine Bitte zu achten. Camillo's Blut, das leicht entzündlich war, fing an zu kochen; er ſah ſich nach einem Officiere um; dieſe ritten aber an der Tete und waren nicht zu erlangen. Da befahl er dem Poſtillon auf ſeine Gefahr einen Beipfad einzuſchlagen, der klippenreich und überaus gefährlich war. Das Zaudern des Menſchen beſeitigte er durch Verſprechungen, und freute ſich, als er ſeinen Willen durchſetzte. Eine kurze Freude. Sie waren kaum einige Schritte gefahren, als die Pferde, vor den Kriegern ſcheuend, zur Seite prallten, den Wagen in eine Senkung riſſen, wo er unaufhaltſam umwarf. Das rohe Gelächter der Soldaten machte ihre Führer aufmerkſam; ſie ſahen das Unglück; der Rittmeiſter ſprengte ſelbſt herbei, befahl Halt! und ließ ein Paar Leute abſitzen, um den gefallenen Wagen aufrichten zu helfen. Zum Glück war er nicht bedeutend beſchädigt, Camillo hatte auch nur eine unbedeutende Contuſion davongetragen. Er dankte dem kaiſerlichen Officier für ſeine Hülfsleiſtung; dieſer, ein Mann von angenehmen Zügen und jenem Weſen, das gewinnen muß, freute ſich, ihm einen Dienſt erwieſen zu haben und ließ auf der Straße Platz machen, um den Reiſenden nicht mehr zu hindern. Das nahm Camillo noch mehr für ihn ein; er fragte, wem er die Ehre habe, ſeinen Dank abzuſtatten.

„Baron Werſten,“ ſagte der Rittmeiſter. „Darf ich auch meiner Seits fragen — ?“

Da überkam den Italiener plötzlich wieder der Geiſt des Mißtrauens, der ſeit alter Zeit, man kann ſagen ſeit dem Augenblicke, wo König Otto die italieniſche Krone auf ſein blondes Haupt ſetzte, das Volk der Halbinſel gegen die Deutſchen beherrſcht. Er dachte, wie gefährlich es für zukünftige Fälle werden könne, ſeiner leicht erkennbaren Perſönlichkeit den wahren Namen zu geben, der früh oder ſpät laut genannt werden mußte, und erwiederte daher auf des Officiers Frage mit dem erſten Namen, der ihm einfiel: „Ich heiße Graf Brunelleſchi.“

„Vielleicht auf Wiederſehen in Mailand!“ fragte der Officier, als Camillo wieder eingeſtiegen war.

„Mein Weg geht weiter,“ antwortete Camillo. Die Pferde zogen an, bald war der Wagen den langſam Marſchirenden entſchwunden.

Auch in der letzten Antwort hatte Camillo nicht die Wahrheit geſprochen, ſein Weg führte nicht einmal bis Mailand, ſondern an das Geſtade des Comer Sees, wo der alte Sitz ſeines Geſchlechts in reizender Umgebung lag. Hier traf er am ſpäten Abend ein; ſein Vater hatte ſich bereits zur Ruhe begeben und Keiner von den Dienern würde es gewagt haben, ihn zu wecken. Camillo ſelbſt kannte ihn zu gut aus den Jahren ſeiner Kindheit, als daß er ein ſolches Begehren ausgeſprochen hätte; der greiſe Maggiordomo führte ihn ſchweigend nach dem Zimmer, das ſchon für ihn eingerichtet war, und wies einen Lakaien zu ſeiner Bedienung an. Auch dieſen entließ der junge Graf ſobald als möglich und blieb nun einſam in dem hohen Gemache, das bei allem Prunk der Einrichtung nicht wohnlich war. Camillo fühlte ſich zu aufgeregt, um zu ſchlafen. Er trat an das offene Fenſter. Unten rauſchten die Myrthen und Oleander im Nachtwinde, der mit Orangendüften beſchwert, ſeine lauen Schwingen regte, weiterhin blitzten die Wogen des Sees im Silberlichte des Mondes, der am tiefdunkeln Himmel im Aufſteigen ſeinen Pfad erhellte, den Glanz der Sterne bedrohend, die im Zenith noch ungeſchwächt brannten; über den See hoch hinüber ſchauten die ewigen Alpen, deren Rieſenhöhen im Schnee flimmerten, rein und weiß, ein Bild makelloſen Alters. Die heilige Stille der Nacht, die erhabene Scene der Betrachtung, die ſich dem Auge des Einſamen erſchloß, ſtimmten ſein Gemüth ernſt und weich. Er fragte ſein Schickſal, ob es ihm den Ehrenkranz beſchieden habe, nach welchem ſeine glühende Seele ſtrebte. Sein Blick durchirrte die Sternbilder, um dort die Antwort zu leſen, aber er verſtand ihre Flammenſchrift nicht; dann hing ſein Auge ſinnend an den Bergen, die gleich ewig zu ſein ſchienen. Bilder der Vorzeit rollten ſeinem Geiſte vorüber, hohe Ideale, umſtrahlt von der höchſten irdiſchen Glorie; aber die ſtumme Frage blieb ungelöſt und der Zweifel, der ihn oft ſchon an ſich ſelbſt irre gemacht, bäumte wiederum ſein geſpenſtiges Haupt auf und raubte ihm die Feſtigkeit der Ueberzeugung. Seine eigene Vergangenheit geſellte ſich zu den Bildern, die ihn beſchäftigten, die Warnungen des Freundes klangen in ſeiner Seele wieder. War Friedrich etwa ſtumpf gegen die hohen Ideale der Menſchheit, war er für nichts zu begeiſtern, wie es ihm Camillo im Aerger der Kontroverſe vorgeworfen hatte? O nein! Sein Geiſt brannte für alles Große und Edle, er wärmte ſich an den Heroen des Alterthums und hielt Licht und Freiheit für Lebensbedingungen der neuen Zeit, aber er fügte noch zwei andere hinzu: Recht und Geſetz! ohne welche das Licht zur Mordfackel, die Freiheit zur Würgerin aller Wohlfahrt würde. „Das Licht ſteigt naturgemäß von den Höhen hernieder!“ hatte er deutungsvoll geſagt, und, was zuerſt in Camillo den Zweifel an ſeiner Ueberzeugung rege gemacht: „Gewaltſamer Widerſtand gegen die Obrigkeit iſt mit dem Chriſtenthum unvereinbar!“ Camillo war fromm erzogen, eine treue Mutter hatte den unvergänglichen Keim wahrer Religioſität in ſeine junge Seele gepflanzt und bis zu den Jahren ſeiner Mannbarkeit ſorgſam gehütet, er hatte ihr auf dem Sterbebette gelobt, ihr Andenken durch einen reinen Wandel zu ehren. Die Unvergeßliche ſtellte ſich jetzt auch vor das Nachtauge ſeines Geiſtes, ſie ſchien mit Friedrich einverſtanden zu ſein: Gedanken, die er bis dahin noch nicht gehegt, Gedanken an ein Leben in Frieden und Glück, erwachten in ſeiner Seele. Es war der Einfluß der ſtillen Nacht. Hätte der Sturm getobt, der Blitz aus Gewittern nach den hochragenden Bäumen gezüngelt, Camillo wäre ſtark und kühn in ſeinem Geiſte geweſen, die ſelige Ruhe um ihn her machte ihn weich; — oder war es ein anderer Eindruck, den er unvergeßlich in ſeinem Herzen bewahrte? Was malte ihm denn ein Leben in ſorgloſer Muße, am eignen ſchönen Herd, dem Glücke derer gewidmet, die das Schickſal ſeiner Leitung anvertraut hätte, was malte ihm ein ſolches Leben, zu dem er ſonſt verächtlich herabgeblickt haben würde, ſo befriedigend aus?

Der Morgen glühte kaum auf den Gletſchern, als der alte Graf ſeinen Sohn zu ſich beſcheiden ließ. Camillo ſchämte ſich, von dem Diener, der die Meldung brachte, im Bett überraſcht zu werden, er kleidete ſich im Fluge an und eilte zu ſeinem Vater, den er im großen Saale fand, wo er von jeher zu weilen pflegte. Der Saal war mit der ſchwerfälligen Pracht ausgeſtattet, welche den italieniſchen Paläſten alten Styls, ſelbſt in dem heitern Florenz eigen iſt; dunkelrothe Gardinen von gewichtigem Seidenzeuge hingen tief in die Fenſter hinein und wehrten dem Lichte den vollen Eingang, rieſige venetianiſche Spiegel mit vergoldeten, kunſtreich gearbeiteten Rahmen, Marmortiſche, ſchwere Polſterſeſſel mit goldenen Franzen, bildeten ein Ganzes, deſſen Eindruck imponirte, ohne wohlgefällig zu ſein. Der Graf ſaß am Kamin; ein kleiner, magerer Greis mit ſchneeweißem Haar und blaſſem Geſichte, deſſen Züge ſcharf ausgeprägt und durch ein großes ſchwarzes Augenpaar gebieteriſch belebt waren. Er erhob ſich nicht, als Camillo eintrat, ſondern ſtreckte ihm nur die Hand entgegen, welche der Sohn ehrfurchtsvoll küßte.

„Direkt aus Wien?“ fragte er dann mit einer hellen Stimme, deren Klang ſich während Camillo's Entfernung nicht geſchwächt hatte.

„Auf gradem Wege, mein Vater,“ erwiederte der Sohn.

„Den Kaiſer geſehen?“ fragte der Greis, ſeinen Blick noch immer prüfend auf das männlich gewordene Antlitz Camillo's gerichtet.

„Ich habe dazu keine Gelegenheit gefunden,“ antwortete der Sohn. „Der Kaiſer war in Schönbrunn, in Baden — ich habe ihn nicht geſehen.“

„Das iſt mir ſehr unlieb,“ ſagte der Graf. „Du hätteſt Dich dem Hofe unſers Oberherrn vorſtellen ſollen — ein Arlinghieri würde nicht ungnädig empfangen worden ſein. Du haſt den Anſprüchen, die Dein Name an Dich macht, ſchlecht Genüge geleiſtet.“

„Ich gedachte vor Allem der Anſprüche meines Vaterlandes!“ entgegnete Camillo mit einem Anflug unwilliger Röthe.

„Nun?“ rief der Vater ſcharf.

„Ich bin vor Allem ein Italiener!“ ſagte der Sohn. „Als ſolcher ſteh' ich durch eine breite Kluft von den Deutſchen getrennt.“

„Hör' ich einen frechen Carbonaro oder den Sprößling eines Geſchlechts, das ſich rühmt, vor [illegible] den erſten Reihen der Ghibellinen geſtanden zu haben?“ rief der Graf. „Wir, wir ſelbſt, Lombarden, ſind deutſchen Stammes, der kaiſerliche Aar hat Jahrhunderte lang ſeine Schwingen über uns gebreitet, Deine Väter waren ſtolz, ihr Blut gegen ſeine Feinde zu vergießen, für Hohenſtaufen und Habsburg.“

„Mein Vater, Ihr ſprecht von einer längſtvergangenen Zeit,“ entgegnete Camillo. „Alle Verhältniſſe haben ſich geändert, die Partheinamen, deren Ihr gedenkt, ſind längſt verklungen.“

„Meinſt Du, verlaufener Knabe?“ rief der Graf mit Hohn. „Iſt nicht heut noch das Verhältniß geblieben? Schaart ſich nicht Alles, was an Treue hält, unter das heilige Banner, während die Freunde der Anarchie überall geſchäftig ſind, Funken zu ſtreuen, um bei dem Brande zu rauben, das Recht mit Füßen zu treten? Namen ſind gleichgültig, wo die That ſpricht. Laß mich ein ſolches Wort nicht wieder hören, damit ich nicht fürchte, ein Arlinghieri könne von dem Gifte der Felonie angeſteckt werden.“

„Laßt Euch die Anſicht, von der ich ausgehe, zu ruhiger Beſprechung vorlegen,“ bat Camillo, deſſen ſelbſtſtändig gewordenem Geiſte der Ton, in welchem der Vater zu ihm geredet, unerträglich fiel. „Ich bin überzeugt, Ihr könnt ſie nicht verwerfen.“

„Anſicht?“ wiederholte der Greis. „Haſt Du eine Anſicht gewonnen? Biſt Du, ein Knabe von geſtern, fähig, über Verhältniſſe zu urtheilen, welche der Lauf der Zeiten geſtaltet? Kennſt Du etwa die Geſchichte Deines Volkes, wie ich ſie kenne, der Du von einer Kluft faſelſt, die man gern erſt ſprengen möchte? Ich befehle Dir zu ſchweigen. Mein Ohr iſt nicht an modernes Geſchwätz gewöhnt.“

„Vater, die Grundpfeiler alles Völkerwohls —“ begann Camillo dennoch.

„Sind zwei,“ unterbrach ihn der Graf. „Treue des Unterthanen, Huld des Oberherrn. Unſer rechtmäßiger Oberherr iſt der Kaiſer, wir genießen ſeine Huld im reichſten Maaße und ſind ihm Treue ſchuldig, wie die andern Völker Italiens ihren Fürſten. Diejenigen, die von einer ſogenannten Einheit und Freiheit Italiens träumen, vergeſſen, daß es erſt von den Römern zur Einheit geknechtet worden und ſeit dem Falle des Reichs immerdar getheilt geweſen iſt. — Müßte ich glauben,“ fuhr er heftiger fort, „daß mein einziger Sohn, auf den das Geſchlecht der Arlinghieri jetzt geſchmolzen iſt, ſich zu den Ideen der Neuerungsſüchtigen bekenne, daß er den alten Wappenſchild ſeiner Ahnen, der ſtets auf der Seite kaiſerlicher Majeſtät geblitzt hat wider Berengar, wider die Städte, wider die Römer, die Anjous von Napoli, und König Franz, mit Verrath zu beflecken fähig ſei, daß er das hohe Kleinod für ein Hirngeſpinnſt opfern könne, — bei der unbefleckten Jungfrau! ich verſtieße ihn als einen Baſtard und legte mich, der letzte Arlinghieri, in das Grab, dem Kaiſer all' mein Gut hinterlaſſend!“

Das tiefgefurchte Antlitz des Greiſes hatte ſich während der Rede noch bleicher gefärbt, als es gewöhnlich war, nur ſein Auge flammte mit einer Glut, vor welcher ſich Camillo's Blick zu Boden ſenkte. Nach einer ſo unumwundenen Erklärung wagte der Sohn keinen zweiten Verſuch, ſich mit dem Vater zu verſtändigen. Beide waren mit ihren Meinungen auf zu verſchiedenem Boden gewurzelt, als daß ſie ſich jemals hätten vereinigen können, auch hatte ſich Camillo nur durch die Aufwallung des Moments, als er ſich gleich einem Schulknaben gemeiſtert ſah, zu einer Erörterung hinreißen laſſen, die er jetzt bereute. Er hatte aber nicht gelernt, der Macht des Augenblicks zu widerſtehen.

3.

Seit Camillo's Heimkehr waren einige Wochen verſtrichen. Der Vater hatte ſeine Autorität gegen ihn energiſch behauptet, wie er überhaupt der Mann war, ſie an allen Orten aufrecht zu halten. Wer den kleinen, ſchwächlichen Greis nur obenhin ſah, wenn er im einfachen ſchwarzen Kleide auf einem großen Hengſte langſamen Schrittes durch die Straßen ritt, zwei reich galonirte Diener hinter ſich, der fühlte ſich veranlaßt über die [illegible] Erſcheinung zu lächeln, aber ein Blick in das ſtrenge vornehme

Geſicht belebte ſchnell eines Beſſern, und wen das Auge des kleinen, alten Mannes in ſeiner vollen Stärke traf, der konnte ſich ſeines Uebergewichts nicht erwehren. Camillo hatte ſich ihm bald gefügt. Er tröſtete ſich mit dem Bewußtſein, daß ihm die Pietät kein Auflehnen geſtatte, und daß vielleicht in kurzer Zeit die Stunde der Emancipation ſchlagen würde, nicht durch den Tod, den er noch lange Jahre von dem theuren Haupte fern wünſchte, ſondern durch einen andern Umſchwung der Dinge. Dieſen fördern zu helfen, hatte er eine Reiſe nach Mailand und einigen Landſitzen befreundeter Männer gemacht. Der Vater war im Glauben an die Abtrünnigkeit ſeines Sohnes irre und dadurch freundlicher gegen ihn geworden, hatte ihm Empfehlungen an die erſten Behörden in Mailand mitgegeben, bei denen er ſelbſt in höchſter Achtung ſtand, und harrte der Rückkehr Camillo's mit geſpannter Erwartung, weil er in ſeinem Schreiben den Wunſch ausgeſprochen hatte, ſeinen Sohn in eine paſſende Laufbahn des Staatsdienſtes zu bringen. Solches, meinte er, würde am beſten geeignet ſein, auch den letzten vielleicht noch glimmenden Funken des aufgenommenen Brandes zu erſticken, indem die eigene Einſicht in die Trefflichkeit der Regierung und den glücklichen Zuſtand des Landes die Thorheit, eine Aenderung um phantaſtiſcher Ideen willen zu wünſchen, in das wahre Licht ſtellen müſſe. Im Geheimen hatte er dann ſchon für eine paſſende Vermählung ſeines Sohnes geſorgt, um über die Erhaltung ſeines alten Namens beruhigt zu ſeinen Vätern zu gehen, welche letzte Reiſe, das fühlte er an der Abnahme ſeiner Kräfte, ihm täglich näher rückte.

Die Abendſonne, wenn ſie mit goldnen Strahlen den Balkon des Hauſes umſchimmerte, lockte gewöhnlich den Greis aus dem Zimmer, um ſich in der wohlthuenden Wärme zu erquicken. So ſaß er auch an dem Tage, wo er die Rückkehr ſeines Sohnes erwartete, in ſeinem Lehnſtuhle unter den blühenden Gewächſen, mit denen der Balkon beſetzt war, und ſah bald in das Flammenmeer des Niedergangs, bald auf das weiße Band der Straße, das ſich am Ufer des Sees daher zog und ſeinen Camillo bringen mußte. Er fühlte ſich heut beſonders hinfällig, und ſeiner ahnenden Seele ſchwebte der Gedanke vor, daß ihm wohl bald ſeine letzte Sonne untergehen werde. Er erſchrak nicht davor, ſeiner Tage waren mehr geworden, als ſonſt den Menſchen beſchieden iſt, er hatte alle ſeine Jugendgenoſſen, bis auf Camillo, ſeine Kinder, die Mehrzahl ſeiner Bekannten verloren, neue Bekanntſchaften ſeit Jahren nicht geſucht und ſtand allein, ſelbſt dem eigenen Sohne entfremdet, dem letztgebornen Spätling einer langen Ehe. Der Tod war ihm ein Freund.

„Meinen Niedergang umſpielt die Glorie eines makelloſen Lebens!" dachte er, indem er ſein Auge von der blendenden Sonne abwandte. „Möge die Zukunft meines Geſchlechts ihm gleichen!"

Da bemerkte er, daß die Straße, zu welcher ſeine Blicke immer wieder flogen, nicht mehr einſam war. Eine Reitercolonne bewegte ſich daher, durch den Staub blitzten die Helme und Küraſſe, und die weißen Collets machten ſich fernher bemerkbar.

„Seh' ich euch vielleicht auch zum letzten Male, ihr tapfern Krieger Oeſterreichs!" dachte der Greis. „Kommt ihr, mir die letzte Ehre ſoldatiſchen Begräbniſſes zu erweiſen, der ich auch unter dem Adler gedient!"

Sie lenkten raſch zum Schloſſe, der Trab ihres Hufſchlags donnerte über die Brücke des Baches, welcher ſich unfern der Gärten in den See ergoß. Dem Grafen war es unerklärlich, was ihm dieſen militairiſchen Beſuch verſchaffe, da ſein Wohnſitz entlegen von der großen Straße auch in Kriegsjahren nur höchſt ſelten bewaffnete Gäſte geſehen hatte. Er ſtand auf und begab ſich in den Saal, um die Meldung zu erwarten. Sie kam ſchnell, der kaiſerliche Rittmeiſter, Baron Werſſen, ließ um ein Paar Minuten Gehör bitten. Des Dieners Geſicht ſchien beſtürzt, doch verſchmähte der Graf, die Frage an ihn zu thun, welche ſeine übervolle Zunge gelöſt hätte, und winkte nur Gewährung auf das Geſuch des Officiers.

Dieſer trat ein. Es war ein Mann in der Blüthe der Kraft, ſein offenes, männliches Geſicht verrieth deutſche Treuherzigkeit, deren Ausdruck wohl zu dem gutmüthigen Blicke ſeiner ſchönen blauen Augen paßte. Nicht ohne Verlegenheit nahte er dem kleinen Greiſe, der ihm ſo weit entgegentrat, als es ſein Rang zu geſtatten ſchien, und den Krieger ſeines verehrten Monarchen höflich empfing. Baron Werſſen verbeugte ſich und ſprach in geläufigem Italieniſch:

„Es iſt mir ein Auftrag geworden, der für einen Mann von Gefühl ſchmerzlich ſein muß. Doch meine Ordre möge mich bei Ew. Excellenz entſchuldigen." Er zog ein verſiegeltes Schreiben hervor, das an den Grafen Arlinghieri adreſſirt war, dann entfaltete er ſeine Ordre. Der Graf hatte aber ſchon das Schreiben, das ihm galt, erbrochen und las, was an den letzten Stützen ſeines Daſeins rüttelte. Die oberſte Landesbehörde benachrichtigte ihn mit aller Schonung, auf die er Anſpruch hatte, mit der vollſten Anerkenntniß ſeiner eignen Verdienſte und bewährten Treue, daß ſich ſein Sohn habe verleiten laſſen, an einer ſtaatsgefährlichen Verbindung Theil zu nehmen und daß man ſich deshalb genöthigt ſehe, ſeine Verhaftung zu verfügen.

Das Schreiben entſank faſt den zitternden Händen des alten Mannes, aber ſein Blick hatte nichts von der frühern Feſtigkeit verloren, als er den Rittmeiſter, welcher unruhig ſeinen Helm in den Händen drehte, in deutſcher Sprache frug: „Sie haben welchen Auftrag?"

Werſſen überreichte achſelzuckend ſeine Ordre. Sie autoriſirte ihn, den Grafen Camillo Arlinghieri zu verhaften und, für deſſen ſichere Bewachung verantwortlich, nach Mailand zu escortiren.

„Mein Sohn iſt noch nicht von Mailand zurück," ſagte der Graf mit bebender Stimme.

„Er iſt von dort abgereiſt," erwiederte der Officier. „Sein Weg ging hierher."

„Ich gebe Ihnen mein Ehrenwort, daß er nicht hier iſt," ſagte der Greis. „Mein Ruf wird dem Worte Geltung verſchaffen."

„Da iſt kein Zweifel!" rief der Deutſche. „Werden mir Ew. Excellenz verzeihen, daß ich Ihnen dieſe traurige Botſchaft —"

„Sie thun nur Ihre Schuldigkeit, mein Herr," unterbrach ihn Arlinghieri. „Es iſt mir ein ſchwerer Gram; nicht um das Schickſal meines Sohnes, ſondern um ſein Verbrechen. Sagen Sie das Sr. k. k. Hoheit. — Und nun thun Sie, was Ihr Dienſt verlangt."

Der Officier fühlte, daß jedes Wort, ſelbſt der Theilnahme, verletzend ſei, er verbeugte ſich mit einem ſtummen Blicke, der dies Gefühl ausſprach, und entfernte ſich. Als der Greis allein war, ſchlug er die Hände zuſammen und ſank kraftlos in einen Seſſel. Die harrenden Diener warteten bis tief in die Nacht auf den Schall der Klingel, welche ſie rief, ihren Herrn zu entkleiden.

Baron Werſſen hatte ſeine Küraſſiere aus der Umgebung des Schloſſes zurückgezogen, weil er unbedingt dem Ehrenworte des Grafen traute und annahm, daß der Geächtete auf ſeiner Rückreiſe noch einen Umweg gemacht habe, der ihn bis jetzt aufgehalten. Seit er den ſtummen Schmerz des alten Vaters geſehen hatte, konnte ſich der Officier des geheimen Wunſches nicht erwehren: Camillo möge gewarnt worden ſein. „Wenn er entflieht," dachte der ehrliche Deutſche, „und zu den Franzoſen geht, wie alle Rebellen, ſo kann er uns nichts mehr ſchaden. Oder er wird vielleicht von einem Andern arretirt, als von mir. Das wäre mir auch recht. Ich wollte mit Freuden auf einen offenen Kampf mit den Ruheſtörern ausreiten, aber dieſes Commando drückt mich. Wenn man nicht geradezu ſchon bewaffneten Widerſtand vermuthet hätte, würden ſie auch wohl nicht Truppen dazu requirirt haben. — Ich werde Gott danken, wenn meine Verſetzung — was ja nächſtens geſchehen muß — beſtätigt wird." Unter ſolchen Gedanken traf er ſeine Anſtalten, um den jungen Grafen, er möchte kommen, von welcher Seite er wollte, in Empfang zu nehmen. Er ſelbſt legte ſich in ein Winzerhaus in's Quartier.

Am andern Morgen hörte er, daß der alte Graf erkrankt ſei; es traf ihn ſchmerzlich, wenn er auch das willenloſe Werkzeug, ihm weh zu thun, geweſen war. Der Tag verging, ohne daß ſich eine Spur von dem Geſuchten zeigte. Schon wollte der Rittmeiſter eine Ordonnanz abfertigen, als ihm ſelbſt eine zuging, welche ihn abrief. Mit freudigem Herzen zog er ſeine Leute zuſammen, erkundigte ſich noch einmal nach dem Befinden des alten Herrn und da er hörte, daß er wieder ziemlich wohl ſei, marſchirte er ſehr erleichterten Gemüthes ab.

Dem Untergebenen wird ſelten der Grund, warum er handeln muß, mitgetheilt. Hier war es die Ueberzeugung, welche man nach einer Ausſage bereits verhafteter Freunde Camillo's gewonnen glaubte, daß er, von der Gefahr, die ihm drohte, benachrichtigt, ſein Heil in der Flucht geſucht hatte. Der Beamte, der ihn aus den Augen gelaſſen hatte, ſah ſich durch dieſe Wendung außer Verantwortlichkeit geſetzt und that das Seinige, die Entweichung des jungen Grafen glaublich zu machen. Baron Werſſen erhielt ſchleunige Contreordre und der greiſe Arlinghieri ſah wiederum vom Balkon ſeines Schloſſes die in der Ferne zum Abmarſch ſich ſammelnden Panzerreiter, welche er mit ganz andern Gefühlen hatte kommen ſehen.

Zwei Tage waren ſeitdem vergangen, als plötzlich Camillo erſchien. Er hatte einen Freund beſucht, den er vergebens getrachtet hatte, in ſein Intereſſe zu ziehen; dadurch war der Aufenthalt entſtanden, dem er jetzt ſeine Freiheit zu danken hatte. Der Vater ließ ihn, ſobald er ſeine Heimkehr erfuhr, zu ſich rufen. Camillo hatte noch keine Ahnung, daß ſeiner Genoſſen frevelhaftes Spiel verrathen, er ſelbſt geächtet ſei; er gehorchte dem Ruf ſeines Vaters mit heiterm Muthe.

Auf ſeinem Seſſel ruhte Graf Arlinghieri, ſeine Bläſſe war die eines Todtkranken, er reichte dem Sohne nicht einmal wie gewöhnlich die Hand zum Kuſſe. Camillo erſchrak vor dem Anſehen des Greiſes und eilte, ihm ſeine Ehrfurcht darzubringen.

„Zurück, Hochverräther!“ donnerte ihm der Alte mit ungeſchwächter Stimme entgegen.

Camillo, durchzuckt von dem Worte, blieb wie angewurzelt auf ſeiner Stelle, ſeine Auge ſuchte verwirrten Blickes eine Erklärung.

„Wage es nicht, meine Hand durch Deinen unreinen Hauch zu beflecken!“ fuhr der Vater fort. „Ich ſollte wie Brutus handeln, der allen Zeiten ein erhabenes Beiſpiel aufgeſtellt hat, ich ſollte Dich ſelbſt in Ketten werfen und der ſtrafenden Gerechtigkeit, welche Dich ſucht, übergeben — aber meine Schwäche iſt jener hohen Römertugend nicht fähig!“

„Mein Vater! Mein Vater!“ unterbrach ihn Camillo ſchwindelnd. „Welches unſelige Mißverſtändniß!“

„Es waltet keins mehr!“ rief der Alte. „Dein Verbrechen liegt am Tage. Du haſt unſern Namen entehrt, haſt ihn unter die Fluchbeladenen gereiht — ich weiß Alles! Dein Haupt iſt geächtet, das beleidigte Recht der Majeſtät fordert Dein Blut!“

„Großer Gott, was iſt denn geſchehen, daß Ihr ſo ſprechen könnt?“ ſchrie Camillo.

„Ich habe nichts mehr mit Dir zu ſchaffen,“ ſagte der Greis hart. „Zieh jenes Fach auf, nimm, was es enthält, es iſt viel. Mir aber laſſe den Namen Arlinghieri zurück, ich gab ihn Dir, ich nehme ihn wieder; mein Fluch treffe Dein Haupt, wenn Du jemals auch in den fernſten Zonen Dich wieder anmaßeſt, ihn zu führen!“

Camillo ſtand zerknirſcht und hob nun beide Hände flehentlich gegen den Unbarmherzigen auf.

„Hinweg mit Dir, ehe der Henker Dich ergreift!“ ſagte der Alte heftig. „Nimm, ich befehle es Dir, das Gold dort und flieh! Wenn Du in einer Stunde noch in meinem Hauſe biſt, ſo laſſe ich Dich der Gerechtigkeit verfallen ſein.“

Mit einer wüſten Brandung im Hirn that Camillo mechaniſch, was ihm geheißen war, er öffnete das Fach im Schranke, nahm das Packet, das ſchon verſiegelt für ihn bereit lag, und kehrte ſich dann zu ſeinem Vater: „Soll ich ohne Deinen Segen —“

„Er kann Dir nichts helfen!“ ſprach der Greis mit ſeiner letzten Anſtrengung, und winkte nach der Thüre.

Camillo ſtürzte hinaus.

Als ſich die Thüre hinter ihm geſchloſſen hatte, ſtarrten des Vaters Augen noch eine Weile ihm nach, dann verhüllte er ſie plötzlich, als ſchäme er ſich der menſchlichen Regung, die ihn überkam, und ſaß lange, den Kopf in das Taſchentuch geſenkt, das ſeine zitternde Hand kaum zu halten vermochte. Hätte ihn Camillo jetzt geſehen, wie der Gram, den er ihm verurſacht, den alten Mann ſo ganz niederbeugte, die bitterſte Reue würde ſein Herz erfaßt haben; aber den Fliehenden begleitete nur das Bild des ſteinharten Greiſes, der ihn unerbittlich, wie das Fatum der Alten, hinausſtieß, alle Bande zerreißend, die ihn noch an ihn knüpften. Das gab ihm Spannkraft und ſtählte ſeine Nerven, auch das Bitterſte zu tragen.

Die Stunde der Weichheit ging vorüber. Graf Arlinghieri erhob ſich und wankte an ſeinen Schreibtiſch. Dort ſchrieb er den letzten Brief ſeines Lebens, das Document, das noch einmal die unerſchütterliche Treue des vielgeprüften Mannes kund that, an ſeinen Kaiſer.

4.

Wenige Fragen, welche der junge Graf an die Dienerſchaft that, waren hinreichend geweſen, ihn über die Art, wie ſein Vater zur Kenntniß des unſeligen Geheimniſſes gekommen war, aufzuklären. Er hörte, daß ein Commando kaiſerlicher Reiter hier geweſen, nach ihm geforſcht, alle Wege beſetzt habe, und daß Niemand aus dem Bezirk des Schloſſes gelaſſen worden ſei. Schwere Beſorgniſſe fielen auf ſein Herz und erdrückten alle ſanguiniſchen Hoffnungen, welche er genährt hatte. War es denn möglich? Konnte das Geheimniß des Bundes verrathen ſein, da alle Vorſicht bis in's Kleinliche beobachtet worden war? Wer gab ihm Licht? Wohin ſollte er ſich wenden? Durfte er wagen, öffentlich nach Mailand zurückzukehren, wo vielleicht alle ſeine Freunde ſchon der ſtrafenden Macht überantwortet waren und er ſie nicht mehr retten, nur ihr Schickſal theilen konnte?

Aus dieſer Ungewißheit riß ihn ein Billet eben jenes Bekannten, den er geſtern noch vergeblich für ſeine unlautere Sache zu gewinnen getrachtet hatte. Er brachte ihm ein Schreiben, das ihn dringend einlud, ohne allen Aufenthalt zu ihm zurückzukehren, weil er ihm Mittheilungen von der höchſten Wichtigkeit zu machen habe. Was konnte das ſein? Hatte Brunelleſchi — ſo hieß der Freund — ſeine Meinung geändert und wollte er jetzt, da es freilich zu ſpät ſchien, beitreten? Oder hatte er von dem unglücklichen Scheitern des Planes gehört und dachte Camillo zu warnen? Eine ſchlimmere Deutung, als wollte er ihn in eine Falle locken und verrathen, ſtieg zwar auch momentan vor dem Zweifelnden auf, aber er verwarf ſie mit Unwillen und eilte, der Aufforderung Genüge zu leiſten. Mit welchen Gefühlen verließ der Geächtete ſein Vaterhaus! Er beugte ſich, ſo lange er es ſehen konnte, aus dem Wagen, ob es ihm gelingen werde, das Silberhaupt ſeines Vaters noch einmal zu erblicken; — vergebens! Die Berge traten vor und entzogen ihm die letzte ſchimmernde Säule der Villa; dem Jünglinge war, als ſei es die Stütze ſeiner Zukunft.

Er hatte den Anlaß errathen, welcher den Freund — das war ihm Brunelleſchi, wiewohl ſie in ihren Meinungen nicht übereinſtimmten — bewogen hatte, ihn zu ſich zu entbieten. Eine Nachricht aus Mailand hatte ihm die Entdeckung der Plane, zu denen er ſeinen Beitritt verſagt hatte, verkündigt, die energiſchen Maaßregeln der Regierung waren ihm gleichfalls zu Ohren gekommen, er liebte Camillo wahrhaft und ſah ihn in Gefahr; der Wunſch, ihn zu retten, überwog jede andere Rückſicht. Der Zufall gab ihm das leichteſte Mittel dazu an die Hand. Er ſelbſt hatte im Begriff geſtanden, eine Reiſe nach Wien anzutreten und ſich einen Paß der Landesbehörde ausgewirkt; dieſen trat er jetzt an Camillo ab: „In Wien,“ ſagte er, „biſt Du am ſicherſten. Mich kennt Niemand dort, Du ſelbſt haſt es nur im Fluge berührt. Trage meinen Namen, ſo lange es Dir behagt, von Wien aus wird man Deinem Fortkommen auf den Grund meines Paſſes keine weitern Schwierigkeiten in den Weg legen, aber freilich lange darfſt Du Dich nicht aufhalten. Laß Dich nicht etwa durch eine ſchöne Wienerin feſſeln.“

Camillo, welchem dies Wort die wunderliebliche Erſcheinung zurückrief, welche er im Prater ein Paar kurze, ſchöne Momente geſehen und geſprochen und die ſich ſeitdem oft in ſeine Träume gemiſcht hatte, erwiederte ſeufzend: „Dazu iſt keine Ausſicht. — Deinen Namen übrigens habe ich ſchon einmal geführt; — es war, als leite mich eine Inſpiration. Ich zweifle nicht an meinem guten Sterne, da er mich ſchon ſo oft wunderbar geleitet. Man ſollte dem Zuge, der uns zu manchem Thun treibt, nicht widerſtreben.“

Brunelleſchi bemerkte, daß eine ſolche Lehre ſehr gefährlich ſei und am Ende zum Quietismus führen könne, jener abſcheulichen Conceſſion für die ſündhafteſten Regungen — und fragte dann nach dem Anlaß. Camillo erzählte ihm ſein Abenteuer mit dem umgeſtürzten Wagen, wo er, gewarnt durch eine innere Stimme, den Namen Brunelleſchi, der ihm als eines lieben Freundes zuerſt eingefallen ſei, uſurpirt habe. Brunelleſchi fragte beſorgt nach dem kaiſerlichen Officier, ob er ihn vielleicht kenne, und beruhigte ſich, als er deſſen Namen hörte, der ihm gänzlich fremd war. — Eine Stunde ſpäter ſaß Camillo im Reiſewagen und fuhr dem Norden zu, wohin er nicht ſo ſchnell zurückzukehren gedacht hatte. Seine Bruſt hob ſich ſchmerzlich, als er die Fluren des geliebten Vaterlandes an ſich vorüberfliehen ſah, er wiederholte die Verſe des einzigen fremden Dichters, den er liebgewonnen hatte, weil er ſein Vaterland mit Begeiſterung feierte, Lord Byrons, in ſeinem herrlichen Fragment: Dante's Prophezeihung:

> „Italien, Du, das einſt goldne Blumen
> Der Sonnenſtrahl nur pflegt —“

Als ihn aber die Alpennatur wieder umfing, die Luft der Berge mit friſchem Hauch ſeine Stirn kühlte und Alles um ihn groß, gewaltig, erhaben war, da wich die wehmüthige Regung wieder, und ſeine Seele hob die Schwingen. Träume der Wiederkehr berauſchten ihn und „überwölbten ihm,“ wie es in demſelben Gedicht heißt, „durch ein Siegesthor die Stirn!“

Mit der Zeit nahm ihn auch die Gegenwart in Anſpruch; ſein lebensluſtiger Sinn warf alle Sorgen hinter ſich und fand jetzt erſt wahre Freude an ſeiner glücklichen Flucht. Er war frei, hatte Geld im Ueberfluß und für den Namen, den er hatte zurücklaſſen müſſen, einen andern, gleich guten Klanges, eingetauſcht. Wenn das ſein deutſcher Freund gewußt hätte! Hier war ächter Humor, den Friedrich nirgend anerkennen wollte, ſo oft er auch mit ſogenannten Humoriſten zuſammentraf.

Die Reiſe wurde in ſehr kurzer Zeit zurückgelegt. Camillo kam in Wien an, vermied den bekannten Gaſthof in der Leopoldſtadt, wo er das vorige Mal mit ſeinem Freunde gewohnt hatte, und quartirte ſich in das Hotel de Londres ein. Seine Legitimation auf dem Polizeibureau war beſeitigt, wenn gleich nicht ohne ſehr detaillirte Fragen, zu denen die obwaltenden Verhältniſſe im lombardiſch-venetianiſchen Königreich vollen Grund gaben; er hatte ſeine Aufenthaltskarte auf eine längere Zeit ausſtellen laſſen, als er zu bleiben gedachte, und wanderte nun wohlgemuth über die Ferdinandsbrücke dem Prater zu, um den

Ort wieder aufzuſuchen, wo er einſt die ſchönſten Augen, die er jemals erblickt, geſehen hatte. Vielleicht war ihm der Zufall, der ſchon ſo oft mit ihm im Bunde geſtanden hatte, hold und führte ihn wieder mit der reizenden Bianca zuſammen. Er wußte, daß ſie dieſen Namen beſaß, er kannte auch den ihrer Mutter, welcher zufällig von einem ihrer Begleiter in der Anrede genannt worden war.

Der Prater ſtand in der vollen Pracht ſeines Herbſtſchmuckes; Gold und Purpur belaubte die hohen Bäume, unter denen hier und da noch ein Stamm ſein ſtrotzendes Grün der Zweige behauptete, wie auch der Raſen in ungebleichter Färbung ſeine ſchwellenden Matten. Es war Samſtag und volle Mittagſtunde. Die Alleen, welche ſonſt ein buntes, fröhliches Treiben belebte, waren ziemlich einſam, nur wenige verſpätete Spaziergänger zogen der Stadt zu; erſt auf der ſogenannten fünften Allee, der vorzugsweis nobeln, fanden ſich noch Equipagen und Reiter, welche der Sonnenſchein in das vortheilhafteſte Licht ſetzte. Graf Camillo ſchritt langſam in der Baumreihe dahin, welche den Fußgängern beſtimmt iſt; er muſterte neugierigen Auges jeden Wagen, der mit Damen daherrollte; auch ihn traf mancher Blick aus ſchönen Augen, denn ſeine ſchlanke Geſtalt war zu edel, ſein Antlitz zu blühend, um nicht ſelbſt in der Entfernung aufzufallen. Aber die er ſuchte, fand er nicht. Endlich warf er ſich, verſtimmt über die getäuſchte Hoffnung, die allerdings ſehr viel vom Zufall verlangte, auf eine Bank und ließ den allmälig verrinnenden Strom der Spazierenden an ſich vorüber ziehen. Wie nun endlich kein Wagen mehr kam und ſeine Uhr ihn ſelbſt an die Tafelzeit erinnerte, gerieth er in die mißmuthige Laune, welcher Charactere ſeiner Art, die Alles, was ſie fordern, um jeden Preis durchgeſetzt wünſchen, nur zu leicht unterworfen ſind, da es leider im Leben mehr getäuſchte, als gekrönte Hoffnungen giebt. Er wollte eben aufſtehen, als noch ein Fußgänger daher geſchlendert kam, ihn durch ein Doppelglas betrachtete und ſich ohne Umſtände neben ihn auf die Bank warf.

„Mit Ihrer Erlaubniß!“ ſagte der Dreiſte im norddeutſchen Dialect. „Einziges Wetter! — Ich weiß nicht, ob ich ſchon die Ehre gehabt habe —“

Graf Camillo ſtand auf, maß ihn ſehr vornehm und wollte ſich, flüchtig den Hut rückend, entfernen. Aber die ächten Söhne der norddeutſchen Metropole laſſen ſich nicht ſo leicht imponiren. Der lange, blaſſe Menſch, deſſen Alter, wie es ein Vorrecht dieſer Gattung iſt, ſich nicht ſo leicht errathen ließ, ſtand ebenfalls auf und ſchickte ſich an, den Grafen zu begleiten.

„Ich präſentire mich Ihnen,“ ſagte er, ſeine Cigarre abblaſend. „Sie könnten glauben, mit einem Suitier von der Elle zu thun zu haben, einem „Reiſenden,“ wie ſie ſich nennen, daher kein anderer Menſch mehr ſo heißen, ſondern Touriſt genannt werden will. Ich bin weder ein Reiſender, noch ein Touriſt, ſondern Aſſeſſor: ich ſitze bei! Sie haben es wohl gemerkt!“

Bei dieſer Witzelei, deren Pointen, wenn ſie überhaupt ſolche beſaß, dem Italiener ganz verloren gingen, beſchäftigte ſich der Lange mit ſeiner Cigarre, lachte ſich dann Beifall und ſah Camillo auffordernd an. Als dieſer jedoch die Lippen verächtlich kräuſelte, rief er: „Wenn ich Sie recht verſtehe, ſo verſtehen Sie mir nicht. Sind wohl kein Wiener!“

„Nein, mein Herr!“ ſagte Camillo, drehte ſich kurz um und ſchlug die Richtung quer durch den Wald ein. Umſonſt! Der Unabweisliche befand ſich wiederum an ſeiner Seite.

„Sie ſind ein Liebhaber von Graswuchs,“ ſagte er. „Gott ja! In unſerm Thiergarten ſucht man ihn mit den Jümellen vergebens. Waren Sie in Berlin, mein exotiſcher Freund!“

„Herr, ich bitte, daß Sie mir den Titel Freund erſparen,“ rief Camillo, deſſen ſüdliches Blut nicht lange gereizt zu werden brauchte. „Wir haben nicht einen Weg, alſo empfehle ich mich Ihnen.“

„Mein Herr Etranger, Sie beleidigen mich abſichtlich,“ ſagte der Berliner gelaſſen. „Ohne Leidenſchaft! ſag' ich Ihnen. Ich heiße Baron Mohnike. Wer ſind Sie, ausländiſches Gewächs!“

Der höhniſche Ton faſt noch mehr, als der Inhalt der Rede, entflammte Camillo's Zorn. Er nannte heftig ſeinen Namen, den wahren, ohne in der Leidenſchaft zu bedenken, wie er ſich dadurch gefährde; dann forderte er den Läſtigen, den er gern mit dem Stocke abgefertigt hätte, aus Rückſicht auf ſeinen Freiherrntitel, dem theuern Gewinn der väterlichen Nadel, auf Piſtolen.

„Abgemacht, Sela!“ ſagte der Berliner. „Piſtolenvergnügen, hier, morgen früh ſechs Uhr — es iſt aber eklicher Thau, alte Seele, oder ſagt er Ihrer tropiſchen Natur zu!“

Camillo, hochroth im Geſicht, nahm eine ſo drohende Stellung an, daß Baron Mohnike für klüger hielt, von ihm abzulaſſen.

„Sie beſorgen die Dampfmaſchinen, nicht wahr?“ ſagte er zurücktretend. „Jeder bringt einen Secundanten mit, ich ſchaffe Frühſtück. Oder laſſen wir den ganzen Witz und trinken eine Flaſche Tokaier zuſammen? Ich bezahle ſie.“

„Es bleibt bei dem Rendez-vous,“ erwiederte Camillo abſtoßend.

„Auch gut! Ich bin kein Verächter von Rendez-vous!“ ſagte der Berliner. „Ihren Namen bitt' ich noch einmal!“ — er zog ſeine Brieftaſche.

Camillo reichte ihm unbeſonnen eine Karte. Dieſe las der Lange, ſteckte ſie zu ſich und ſagte, ſich verabſchiedend: Verzeihen Sie, daß ich geboren bin! Ich freue mich ſehr, Ihre vomporiſche Bekanntſchaft gemacht zu haben.“ Damit ſtieg er mit weiten Schritten durch das Gras wieder der Allee zu und Camillo verfolgte ſeine Richtung, bis er auf den nächſten Pfad gelangte, den er nach der Stadt einſchlug. Er war in einer gereizten Stimmung. Noch niemals hatte er Gelegenheit gehabt, mit gemeinen Berlinern zuſammen zu treffen, und Jeder, dem es zuerſt geſchehen, wird zugeben, daß ihre ſchale, elende Witzelei, die ſich über Alles ergießt, ohne Salz und Geiſt, ihre Arroganz, ſelbſt ihre aus tauſend ſchlechten Theaterpoſſen zuſammengeflickten Redensarten, im Stande ſind, auch einen ruhigen Mann, der ſonſt gewohnt iſt, Albernheiten nur zu belächeln, in eine feindſelige Stimmung zu bringen. Hat es nun gar der Berliner durch Geld oder den Freiheitskrieg zu einem Range gebracht, der ihm nicht in der Wiege beſtimmt geweſen, ſo bläht er ſich, wie der Froſch in der Fabel, und ſeine gemeine Natur fällt in den Zirkeln, die ihn dulden müſſen, um ſo widriger auf, als es keine Mittel giebt, ſich ſeiner Vertraulichkeit zu erwehren. Jedes Blähen eines Menſchen iſt überhaupt ein Zeichen, daß er eine Stellung bekleidet, in welcher er ſelbſt erſtaunt iſt, ſich zu finden; er dürſtet dann nach Ehrenbezeigungen, weil er das unbewußte Gefühl in ſich trägt, ſie perſönlich nicht zu verdienen, er iſt ſtets sur le qui vive, ob ihm auch die ſchuldige Achtung bezeigt wird, und ſieht in ſeiner Armuth an achtunggebietenden Gaben kein anderes Mittel, ſie zu behaupten, als die Grobheit, das geiſtige Fauſtrecht.

Baron Mohnike hatte nun freilich den Freiheitskrieg nicht anders mitgemacht, als daß er mit den erſten durch Berlin ſprengenden Koſacken als Straßenjunge Hurrah geſchrien und einen verwundeten franzöſiſchen Voltigeur mit dem Blaſerohr aus dem Fenſter geſchoſſen hatte; er bekleidete daher keinen militäriſchen Rang, aber er beſaß Geld und war Baron, ſo gut wie der älteſte Edelmann der Mark, wie ein Quitzow und Rochow, deſſen Ahnen einſt die ſeinigen niedergetreten hatten. Ueberdem war er angeſehen in den reichſten Bankierhäuſern, ſein Witz wurde von den Damen mit wohlwollendem Gelächter goutirt: „Mohnike iſt einzig!“ hatte er überall gehört, er wußte Göthe, den literariſchen Herrgott der Berliner Juden auswendig, verachtete Schiller und alles Gefühlsweſen tief, konnte alle Scenen der Nanteliteratur, der blühenden ſeiner Vaterſtadt, die den Typus ihres Volkswitzes allein zu würdigen und über die bittere Verachtung von außen zu tröſten verſteht, mit obligaten Grimaſſen recitiren und hatte ſein drittes Examen gemacht. Sollte er, der einzige Mohnike, der daheim ungeſtraft an Jedem ſeine Witzeleien verſuchte, hier in Wien, von deſſen Bewohnern er ſelbſt ſchon tauſend Anecdoten erzählt hatte, ſeine Ueberlegenheit der Zunge nicht bethätigen dürfen! Sollte ihm ſo ſchnell nach ſeiner Ankunft ein ausländiſcher Hitzkopf über den Weg laufen, der nicht Spaß verſtand und ein anderes Gefecht beliebte, als ein Zungengefecht! Er ging, mit ſeinem Unſtern hadernd, nach Hauſe, feſt entſchloſſen, ſich nicht zum Zweikampf zu ſtellen. „Wien iſt groß!“ dachte er. Als er in ſeinem Zimmer war und ſich im Spiegel beſah, ſprach er: „Mohnike, Du ſiehſt miſerabel aus. Der große Nante würde ſagen: —“

Doch wir verſchonen unſere Leſerinnen mit Nante's Ausſprüchen, welche der Baron im Tone des beliebten Schauſpielers, der jenen Heros dem wiehernden Auditorium vorzuführen pflegt, emphatiſch declamirte. Dann zog er die Karte hervor, las: Camille Comte d'Arlinghieri und warf ſie auf den Spiegeltiſch. „Ein italieniſcher Franzoſe!“ murmelte er. „Laſſen wir ihn! Dieſe Kamille würde mir zu bitter ſchmecken.“

3.

Dem Grafen war es Ernſt mit dem Zweikampfe. Er fand zwar den Anlaß bei kaltem Blute etwas geringfügig, aber er hatte einmal in der Leidenſchaft die Ausforderung gethan und wußte ſeinen Gegner überdem nicht zu finden, auch wenn er ſich hätte mit ihm verſtändigen wollen. Sogar der Name, wie wohlklingend ihn auch der Eigner zu moduliren wußte, war ihm nicht eindrücklich geblieben. Er ſchickte ſich alſo an, das Nöthige für den andern Tag vorzubereiten. Sein Haus war bald beſtellt.

Er hatte Niemand, auf den er Rückſicht zu nehmen brauchte; wenn er fiel, weinte ihm kein Auge nach. Sein Vater hatte ihn verſtoßen, ſeine Freunde wußten nichts von ihm und hatten über ihr eignes Schickſal zu klagen, Friedrich war vielleicht ſchon auf der Ueberfahrt nach Amerika und wenn er einſt zurückkehrte, blieb ihm die Thräne um den Freund erſpart, der in ein namenloſes Grab geſunken war. So dachte Camillo. Er ſchrieb keinen Brief, er verſiegelte nur ſeine Papiere und ſein Geld, bis auf eine Summe, welche ſeine Rechnung und vielleicht — das erfüllte ihn doch mit einem Schauder! — ſein Begräbniß deckte, und adreſſirte das Packet an den Grafen Marco Arlinghieri. Dann ging er aus, Piſtolen zu kaufen. Seine größte Verlegenheit war, ſich einen Secundanten zu verſchaffen, da er in Wien Niemand kannte.

Als er in den Waffenladen trat, erinnerten ihn die verſchiedenen Gewehre an eine halbvergeſſene Liebhaberei ſeiner jüngern Zeit, wo er, ein leidenſchaftlicher Verehrer der Jagd, auf dem heimathlichen Schloſſe ſo viel Gewehre zuſammengekauft hatte, daß es ihm der Vater endlich verbot. Er muſterte die neuen Erfindungen, fragte hier und da nach dem Preiſe und hatte alles Ernſtes im Sinn, ein Gewehr, das ihm beſonders gefiel, zu kaufen, als der Händler ihm ſagte, daß es bereits verkauft ſei, und zwar an einen Rittmeiſter von — Küraſſier, Baron Werſſen.

Werſſen! Der Name fiel Camillo, wie ein ſchon gehörter, auf, es bedurfte nur eines kurzen Beſinnens, um ihn zu überzeugen, daß es der Name jenes Officiers ſei, welcher ihm auf der Reiſe einen Dienſt erwieſen hatte.

„Iſt Baron Werſſen hier?" fragte er den Kaufmann, indem eine raſche Hoffnung ihm ſagte, daß er in ihm einen Secundanten finden könne.

„Noch nicht, aber er wird erwartet," antwortete der Händler. „Das Gewehr ſollte ihm nachgeſchickt werden, es war ſchon vor ſeinem Abmarſch beſtellt, aber geſtern erhielt ich den Avis, mit der Sendung inne zu halten, weil der Baron zurück verſetzt ſei und vielleicht in kurzer Zeit eintreffen werde. Ich will die Flinte oben abgeben laſſen."

„Wohnt er bei Ihnen im Hauſe?" fragte Camillo leichthin, mit andern Gedanken beſchäftigt.

„Nein, aber eine Tante von ihm," erwiederte der Mann. „Intereſſirt es Sie, etwas Beſtimmteres über die Rückkehr des Barons zu erfahren, ſo will ich heut noch einmal fragen und es Ihnen zu wiſſen thun, wenn Sie mir Ihre Adreſſe geben."

„Es intereſſirt mich nur für den Fall, daß er vielleicht heut noch eintrifft," ſagte Camillo, neu geſpannt. „Erkundigen Sie ſich ſobald als möglich und avertiren mich im Hotel de Londres. Ich bin Graf Brunelleſchi."

Der Waffenhändler verbeugte ſich, ſtrich das Geld für die Piſtolen ein und verſprach ſelbige mit der genaueſten Nachricht über des Barons Rückkehr nach dem bezeichneten Hotel zu ſenden. Camillo verließ den Laden und ſuchte ſeine Wohnung wieder auf, wo er in unerfreuliche Betrachtungen ſank. Zu welcher Formloſigkeit waren ſeine Hoffnungen herabgeſunken! Was hatte er von ſeiner Zukunft geträumt und wie ſtand ſie jetzt vor ſeiner Seele! Er war ein namenloſer Flüchtling, über deſſen Haupte das Schwert des Damokles hing; damit nicht genug; ihm drohte der Tod von einer Hand, die er kaum kannte, und wenn er entrann, war er ein Mörder, an deſſen Ferſen ſich die Erinnyen heften mußten. An dieſen Fall hatte er bis jetzt kaum gedacht. Es riß ihn empor, er mußte für ſein Fortkommen ſorgen. Wohin aber? Nach Norddeutſchland am ſicherſten! Von dort fand er die wenigſte Schwierigkeit, ſeine Zuflucht nach Frankreich oder England zu nehmen. Er traf ſofort Anſtalt, ſich einen Paß zu verſchaffen; der ſeinige lautete nur auf Wien, war aber ganz neu und gut beglaubigt. Dringlichkeit der Umſtände riefen den Eigner nach Berlin, ſein Name ſtand in vollkommener Integrität, es war kein Grund vorhanden, ſein Geſuch abzuſchlagen, und noch am Abende wurde der Paß, nach Berlin viſirt, für den Grafen Hettore Brunelleſchi ausgefertigt.

Camillo erinnerte ſich jetzt auch der großen Unvorſichtigkeit, zu welcher ihn der Moment des Zornes geſtern hingeriſſen hatte. Er wußte nicht genau, ob er ſeinen wahren Namen genannt, aber wohl, daß die Karte, welche ſich unglücklicher Weiſe noch in ſeiner Taſche befunden, dieſen richtigen Namen trug. Wie leicht konnte er dadurch verrathen werden und ſeine ganze Laufbahn, die er ſich im Geiſte mit der lichteſten Glorie verklärt hatte, höchſt kläglich auf dem Spielberg — dieſem Schreckensworte, deſſen bloßer Name ſchon die italieniſchen Mißvergnügten erſchreckte — endigen! Der Boden brannte ihm unter den Füßen, er wünſchte die Nacht vorüber und ſich ſelbſt vor die ſchwarze Mündung, um nur recht bald dieſer Ungewißheit überhoben zu ſein.

Die Nacht verging ihm ſchlaflos. Mit ſeinem Schickſal zerfallen, mit ſich ſelbſt, der ſich dies Schickſal bereitet hatte, raffte er ſich vom wüſten Lager auf, ehe noch der Morgen graute; die Augenlider brannten ihm, das Hirn ſchmerzte, er ekelte ſich unausſprechlich vor dem Leben, das ihm ſo lockende Kränze — Lorbeern und Roſen! — vorgegaukelt hatte, um ſie ihm zu entreißen, da er ſchon die Hand danach ausſtreckte. Was bot ihm die Zukunft? Welches Ziel konnte er ſich noch ſtecken? Sollte er, der Verbannte, fremden Kriegsdienſt ſuchen, ſein Blut für Intereſſen verſpritzen, die ihm höchſt gleichgültig waren? Oder ſein verfehltes Daſein ohne beſtimmten Lebenszweck nur von Tag zu Tage ſchleppen, ſich in den Strudel der Genüſſe ſtürzen, um es nach jenes antiken Philoſophen Lehre ſo ſchnell als möglich zu enden? Was blieb ihm als Stab in der Fremde?

Da ſtellten ſich zwei treue Bilder ſeinem Geiſte dar und ſchienen ihm Troſt zuzuſprechen. Es waren ſeine Mutter und ſein deutſcher Freund. Manches Wort, manche Warnung, die er von ihrem Munde gehört und doch nicht beachtet hatte, klang zwar ſtrafend wieder in ſein Ohr, aber auch Troſt fand er in der Erinnerung, und wenn er die Stimme, die jetzt in ſeinem Herzen erwachte, recht verſtand, ſie immer ſein Lebelang bei jedem Wendepunkt achtſam befragte und ſie niemals von dem Toſen der Leidenſchaft übertäuben ließ, ſo war ſeine Zukunft reicher an wahrem Glück, als er ſie jemals geträumt hatte!

Endlich ſchien es Zeit. Ein Fiaker war beſorgt. Camillo hatte ſeine Rechnung im Gaſthofe bezahlt, alle ſeine Habſeligkeiten mit ſich genommen, um ſogleich nach abgemachter Sache, wenn ihn das Glück — entſetzliches Glück! — verſchonte, der nächſten Linie zueilen zu können, wo ein Wagen mit Poſtpferden ihn erwartete. Daß er keinen Secundanten mit ſich brachte, war ihm jetzt gleichgültig. Noch am ſpäten Abend hatte er einen Zettel von dem Waffenhändler bekommen, der ihn benachrichtigte, daß Baron Werſſen erſt in einigen Wochen eintreffen werde; er hatte es nicht anders erwartet und das Papier, als ihm der erſte flüchtige Blick den Kern ſeines Inhalts entdeckt, zerknittert auf die Erde geworfen, mit andern wichtigern Dingen beſchäftigt.

In der großen Allee ließ er halten und ſtieg aus. Der Fiaker hatte beim Zurückſchlagen des Mantels ſo etwas, wie beſchlagene Piſtolenkolben aus der Taſche hervorblitzen ſehen und ahnte den Grund der frühen Luſtfahrt.

„Kommen's g'ſund wieder!" rief er dem Davonſchreitenden nach und lehnte ſich auf ſeinem Sitze zurück, um den Erfolg ruhig abzuwarten.

Camillo hatte ſich die Stelle wohl gemerkt, wohin er ſeinen Gegner beſchieden hatte. Es war auf dem halben Wege zum Hirſchenſtadel zwiſchen der vierten und fünften Allee; zwei Eichen, welche ihre Zweige verſchränkten, bildeten eine ſo auffallende Gruppe, daß ſie nicht wohl mit andern verwechſelt werden konnte, auch fand ſich kein anderer lichter Platz, an Ausdehnung dieſem vergleichbar.

Noch war es früh. Das Morgenroth ſchimmerte durch die Tiefe des Praters und warf glühende Lichter in die Kronen der verbrüderten Eichen. Ein kalter Herbſtwind trieb ſein Spiel mit den Blättern und fegte in einzelnen, ſcharfen Stößen über die Lichtung. Camillo ſah nach der Uhr, es fehlte noch eine halbe Stunde an der feſtgeſetzten Zeit. Der Thau näßte ihm die Füße, der Morgenwind ſtrich ſchneidend über ſeine Stirn. Doch war ſein Blut zu ſehr in fieberiſcher Aufregung, um dieſe äußern Eindrücke zu bemerken. Er horchte nur immer angeſtrengt hinaus nach der Chauſſee, ob er nicht das Heranrollen eines Wagens höre. Umſonſt! Der Prater war einſam, nur der melancholiſche Ruf der Herbſtvögel ließ ſich vernehmen, wie eine Klage des Abſchiedes von heimathlichen Fluren. Dem Harrenden wurde ſelbſt weh zu Muthe.

Endlich ſtieg die Sonne. Es war ſechs Uhr. Camillo fing an über das Ausbleiben ſeines Gegners unruhig zu werden; jedes Warten iſt läſtig und kann ſelbſt über geringfügige Dinge unerträglich fallen; wie viel mehr unter Umſtänden, die über Leben und Tod entſcheiden! Der Graf ſchritt ungeduldig nach der Chauſſee zurück, wo ſein Fiaker, den das vergebliche Warten nur langweilte, feſt eingeſchlafen war. Camillo trat mitten auf den Weg und ſah deſſen lange, grade Bahn, ſo weit ſein Auge trug, leer. Es ergrimmte ihn, daß der elende Witzling auf ſich warten ließ. Er warf ſich auf die Bank, wo er geſtern ſeine Bekanntſchaft gemacht hatte, hüllte ſich in ſeinen Mantel und ſuchte ruhig zu werden; aber es gelang ihm nicht; jedes ferne Geräuſch, der Schrei eines Hähers, das Klopfen des Spechts, ſtörte ihn auf und trieb ihn auf die Füße, um zu ſehen, ob ſein Feind noch nicht komme. Seine Ungeduld erreichte den höchſten Grad, als Viertelſtunde auf Viertelſtunde verrann und keine den Erwarteten brachte. Vielleicht hatte er die Stelle nicht wieder gefunden und harrte an einer andern auf ihn und hielt ihn für den Ausbleibenden, vielleicht für einen Feigling, der ſich der Ehrenſache entzogen habe. Dieſer Gedanke reizte Camillo ſo, daß er mit krampfhaft zitternder Hand eine der Piſtolen blind lud und abfeuerte, um Jenem ein Zeichen zu geben.

Vor dem Knall, deſſen Echo weit durch die Waldung drang, erſchraken die Pferde vor dem Wagen und zuckten an; der Fiaker wäre faſt herabgeſtürzt. Schlaftrunken haſchte er nach Zügeln und Peitſche und ſah ſich dann erſt um. „Schaun's!" rief er endlich zufrieden, als er ſeinen Mann erblickte. „Fahr'n m'r 'r Gnaden!" Dabei blickte er forſchend nach der Lichtung, wo er glaubte, einen Gefallenen zu ſehen und ſich über die leere Stätte wunderte.

Camillo ſchüttelte mit dem Kopfe und lauſchte auf die Wirkung ſeines Schuſſes. Er hatte die Miethspferde erſchreckt und die Vögel ſtill gemacht. Das war Alles. Keine Antwort erſcholl, kein Menſch kam. Alles blieb ruhig und einſam, wie zuvor.

„'s thut's halt nimmermehr!" ſagte der Fiaker. „Wollen's noch eine Stund warten!"

„Der Elende!" rief Camillo entrüſtet. Mit einem ſchnellen Entſchluſſe riß er ein Blatt aus ſeiner Brieftaſche und warf die Worte darauf: „Zwei Stunden erwartete ich Sie vergebens. Wenn Sie ein Mann von Ehre ſind, ſo rechtfertigen Sie Ihr feiges Ausbleiben im Hôtel de Londres No. 27."

Dieſe Mahnung legte er für den Fall, daß ſein Gegner doch noch kommen könnte, auf die Bank und ſtieg dann in ſeinen Wagen, um vor allen Dingen nach der Enzersdorfer Linie zu fahren und den Poſtillon, welcher dort ſeiner wartete, nach Hauſe zu ſchicken. Auf die heftige Erregung, welche Camillo's Nerven geſpannt hatte, war durch dieſen nüchternen Ausgang der Tragödie eine höchſt proſaiſche Erſchlaffung gefolgt.

Baron Mohnike hatte ſich im goldenen Lamble, dem Hordenlager der Norddeutſchen, welche Wien beſuchen, Punkt fünf Uhr wecken laſſen, doch nicht, um nach dem kalten Prater zum Kugelwechſeln zu eilen, ſondern um ſich behaglich in ſeinem warmen Bette mit der Vorſtellung zu vergnügen, wie ſein blutgieriger Gegner vergeblich auf ihn warten würde. Es erhielt ihn wach, bis ſeine Stunde zum Lever kam. Als er dann vor den Spiegel trat und ſeine eingefallene Bruſt unverſehrt aus dem Schlafrock blicken ſah, lächelte er ſein Ebenbild wohlgefällig an und ſagte: „Mohnike, Du biſt einzig. Ich gratulire Dir, Du ſchmeichelſt Dir noch Deines Daſeins. Der Witz war gut. Ich werde Dir heut Abend eine Belohnung verabfolgen."

Als Camillo ſein Hôtel wieder erreichte, war der Hausmeiſter eben im Begriff, ſein Zimmer zu vergeben. Er nahm es wieder in Beſchlag und wehrte dem Kellner, der ihm den Mantel abheben wollte, weil er ſonſt die Piſtolen entdecken mußte. Das Stubenmädchen, das eben hinausſchlürfte, reichte ihm ein Papier, das es auf der Diele gefunden: es war das Billet des Waffenhändlers. Camillo warf ſich, ſobald er allein war, auf die Chaiſe longue und las es müßig durch. Wie entflammte ſich plötzlich ſein Auge!

„Frau von Rodenau, ſeine Tante, glaubt, daß er ſie nächſtens überraſchen werde," ſo lautete der Nachſatz, den er geſtern Abend nicht werth gehalten, zu leſen. Welches Bild rückte ihm der Name wie durch einen Zauberſchlag vor die Seele! Rodenau hieß ja die Dame, deren Bekanntſchaft er um ihrer lieblichen Begleiterin willen geſucht; er hatte ſie damals im Prater geſehen, Bianca ſo tief in die Augen geblickt, daß ſie erröthete und dann, als ſie ſich zu einer größern Geſellſchaft begaben, ſich frei unter dieſe gemiſcht, mit der Mutter und noch mehr mit der Tochter geſprochen, bis ſie wieder in den Wagen ſtiegen, der ſie nach der Stadt zurückführte. Frau von Rodenau hatte man die Dame genannt. Aber eine Andere konnte denſelben Namen führen; Camillo gab ſich der Hoffnung noch nicht hin, welche ſeine Zukunft wiederum erhellte, wie der Sonnenſchein über Gefilde fliegt, die lange von Wolken verdunkelt geweſen. Doch wollte er Erkundigung einziehen, er glaubte ja den beſten Anlaß zu haben.

6.

Der Tag verging in Erwartung. Camillo verließ das Haus nicht, für den Fall, daß ſein Gegner das auf der Bank zurückgelaſſene Billet gefunden habe und etwa noch beantworten werde. Es kam aber Niemand, auch war der Eifer des Grafen merklich abgekühlt und durch die Vorſtellung, daß von ſeiner Seite Alles geſchehen ſei, dem Ehrenpunkte vollkommene Genüge geſchehen. Als der Abend ſank, glaubte Camillo die Sache auf immer abgemacht und blickte wieder mit andern Augen in das Leben. Doch faßte er keinen beſtimmten Plan. Er wollte ſich treiben laſſen, wohin es den Wellen beliebte. Bianca's Augenſterne, die ihm wieder aufgegangen ſchienen, ſollten ſeine Führer ſein, ihnen vertraute er ſein Heil. Winkten ſie ihm in einen friedlichen Port, ſo war er geborgen. Keine Lockung des Wahnbildes, das ſein Schickſal getrübt, ſollte ihn mehr auf die gefahrvolle See führen. Aber vielleicht trogen die Sterne und ſein Schifflein gerieth, dem täuſchenden Schimmer folgend, in einen Strudel über blinden Klippen, der es rettungslos in den Abgrund riß!

Im Speiſezimmer, wo Camillo ſeine Abendmahlzeit genoß, fand ſich ein Fremder zu ihm, der ihn um Erlaubniß bat, an ſeinem Tiſche mitzueſſen, ein feiner, anſtändig gekleideter Mann. Seine Unterhaltung war fließend, ſeine Rede klug. Er nannte Camillo bei ſeinem angenommenen Namen, den er im Fremdenbuche geleſen hatte. Beide ſaßen ziemlich abgeſondert von den übrigen Gäſten und wurden anfangs beobachtet, aber bald gerieth das Geſpräch an den Tiſchen in lebhaften Gang, ſo daß ſich Niemand mehr um die Nächſten kümmerte. Als der Fremde das ſah, zog er ein Blättchen unvermerkt aus der Bruſttaſche und legte es vor Camillo auf das Tafeltuch. „Iſt das von Ihnen, Herr Graf?" fragte er.

Camillo erkannte das Blatt, das er im Prater zurückgelaſſen hatte; ſein erſter Gedanke war, daß er es mit dem Secundanten ſeines Gegners zu thun habe. „Ja wohl, mein Herr," erwiederte er. „Und ich bin noch jeden Augenblick bereit, ſeinen Inhalt zu vertreten."

Der Fremde lächelte fein. „Sie irren ſich, wenn Sie glauben, daß ich bei der Sache betheiligt bin," ſagte er. „Eine Ausforderung alſo! Ich glaubte es ſchon, als ich das Billet zufällig fand. Ihr Gegner hat ſich nicht geſtellt!"

„Unbegreiflicher Weiſe!" erwiederte Camillo. „Darf ich aber fragen, mein Herr, warum Sie, als Unbetheiligter, mich aufſuchen, um mir das Blatt wieder zuzuſtellen! Es wäre vielleicht doch in die rechten Hände gekommen."

„Schwerlich!" entgegnete der Fremde. „Bedenken Sie doch ſelbſt den Schwall der Promenirenden. Jeder würde es geleſen, Jeder ſeine Gloſſen gemacht haben. Das Hôtel de Londres würde beſtürmt, der Hausmeiſter auf die Tortur gebracht worden ſein, um den Bewohner von No. 27, der ſein Cartel ſo öffentlich wie ein Placat anſchlägt, zu ermitteln. Sie kennen die Neugier unſerer Wiener nicht."

Camillo glaubte davon das beſte Beiſpiel jetzt vor Augen zu haben und erwiederte trocken: „Ich dachte daran nicht."

„Zum Glück war ich jedenfalls der erſte, welcher heut früh die Tour machte," fuhr der Fremde fort. „Ich fand das Billet und überzeugte mich, daß es Ihnen noch andere Ungelegenheiten zuziehen könne. Duelle ſind verboten, wie Sie wiſſen."

„Aber nicht abgeſchafft," ſagte Camillo. „Sie werden beſtehen, ſo lange es noch Mannhaftigkeit giebt, die es verſchmäht, fremde Menſchen über die eigene Ehre richten zu laſſen."

„Streiten wir darüber nicht!" ſprach der Fremde in gelaſſenem Tone. „Ich habe auch von Ihrem Gegner gehört. Sein Sie zufrieden, daß ſich Alles ſo gefügt hat. Ihr Gegner wird ſich Ihnen nicht ſtellen."

„Sie kennen ihn!" rief Camillo. „Sie wiſſen ſeine Wohnung! Seinen Namen! Ich ſelbſt habe dieſen vergeſſen."

Der Fremde ließ einen ſcharfen Blick in Camillo's Auge fliegen, der ſich aber, die Wahrheit erkennend, ſchnell wieder zur gewohnten Freundlichkeit verkehrte. „Ich könnte Ihnen ſeine Wohnung nennen," ſagte er, indem ein Lächeln, deſſen er nicht gleich Herr wurde, um ſeine Lippen ſpielte. „Doch würde es zu nichts helfen. Er ſtellt ſich Ihnen nicht, vielleicht nie. Mein Wort darauf! Sein Sie zufrieden, daß Ihr beabſichtigter Zweikampf ignorirt wird."

Mit dieſen Worten erhob ſich der Fremde ſchnell, verbeugte ſich und ließ Camillo, der ihn vergebens zurückzuhalten ſuchte, allein. Der Graf ſah ihn mit dem Kellner ſprechen und dann aus dem Zimmer verſchwinden; er rief den Kellner und befragte ihn; dieſer lächelte verſchmitzt, wollte aber den Herrn nicht gekannt haben.

„Es iſt dennoch ein Abgeſandter meines ehrloſen Witzbolds," dachte Camillo. „Er wollte mir die Gewißheit geben, daß ich ihn richtig beurtheile; die letzte Rede klang gar wie eine Drohung. Ich verachte ſie und ihn!"

Er ſchlief ſehr ſanft auf die Spannung, welche ſich nun völlig gelöſt hatte, ſüße Träume umgaukelten ſein ſorgloſes Haupt. Früh war ſein erſter Gang zu dem Waffenhändler. Er dankte ihm für ſeine Mittheilung, forſchte nach den Verhältniſſen der Frau von Rodenau und hörte zu ſeinem höchſten Entzücken, daß es faſt keine andere ſein konnte, als die er ſich ſehnte zu finden. Die Stunde war noch zu früh, um, wie er beabſichtigte, unter dem Vorwande, nach Baron Werſſen zu fragen, der Dame einen Beſuch abzuſtatten; daher ging Camillo, was höchſt nöthig war, auf das Polizeibureau, wo er Anzeige zu machen hatte, daß er ſeine Reiſe nach Berlin aufgeſchoben, und daher um eine neue Aufenthaltskarte bitte.

Der Beamte ſah ihn ein wenig mißtrauiſch an und bat ihn, zu verziehen, weil er deshalb mit ſeinem Chef Rückſprache zu nehmen habe. Es währte eine geraume Weile, ehe er wieder kam. Dann ſtellte er ihm zwar die Karte auf den gewünſchten

Termin aus, bedeutete ihn aber, daß er ſich vor allen ähnlichen Mißhelligkeiten, wie ſeine geſtrige, zu hüten habe, wenn er ſich nicht ernſtern Unannehmlichkeiten ausſetzen wolle; dem Amte ſei Alles wohl bekannt, was in der Stadt vorfalle, und er möge ſich gefaßt machen, auch über den ganzen Vorgang Rede zu ſtehen.

Camillo's raſches Blut hätte ihn vielleicht, der Warnung zum Trotz, gegen den Warner ſelbſt hingeriſſen und in ſchlimmere Folgen verwickelt, wenn nicht ſein Genius in Perſon eines andern Sollicitanten erſchienen wäre. So trat er heimlich erbittert ab und ſuchte durch einen Gang über den Burgplatz zum Kärnthnerthore und auf die nächſten Baſteien die Zeit hinzubringen, deren Flug ihm heut nicht genügte. Sein Unwille hatte ſich abgekühlt, ſein Auge öffnete ſich den großartigen Scenen um ihn her, es blickte mit Bewunderung auf die Herrlichkeit der wahrhaft kaiſerlichen Stadt. Endlich ſchlugen die Uhren auf den Thürmen die erſehnte Stunde, er eilte hinab und ſtand bald wieder vor dem Hauſe, das er nun öfter zu betreten hoffte.

„Sind nach Schönbrunn!“ ſagte ein ſchnippiſches Kammermädchen, als er klopfenden Herzens gemeldet zu werden verlangte.

Er ſtürmte nach der erſten Haltſtatt von Fiakern, warf ſich in einen Wagen und eilte hinaus, als hänge ſein Leben davon ab, noch heut mit dem Mädchen zuſammenzutreffen, das er ein einziges Mal geſehen, aber noch nicht kennen gelernt hatte. Seines Characters Grundton war aber leidenſchaftlich und wenn er in Schwingung gerieth, übertäubte er jede andere Stimme.

Er kam in Schönbrunn an. Der kaiſerliche Garten war heut von zahlreicher Geſellſchaft beſucht, man ſah von dem impoſanten Parterre aus die bunten Gruppen in den Buchengängen wandeln und wieder verſchwinden; — wo ſollte Camillo finden, die er ſuchte? Während er rathlos ſtand und ſein ſcharfes Auge in allen Richtungen bis zum Gloriett hinauf ſchweifen ließ, begünſtigte ihn wiederum der Zufall. — „Sieh da, Graf Brunelleschi!“ rief eine männliche Stimme, ganz in ſeiner Nähe.

Camillo wandte ſich überraſcht um. Er ſah einen Mann vor ſich, in deſſen wohlgebildeten Zügen er einen Bekannten zu finden glaubte, wenn er ſchon nicht recht wußte, wo er ihn geſehen haben mochte.

„Sie kennen mich wohl nicht mehr?“ lachte der Fremde, deſſen militairiſcher Blick ſich ſchneller zu orientiren verſtand.

„Ha, Baron Werſſen!“ rief Camillo, ihn plötzlich erkennend. „Sind Sie angekommen? Man erwartet Sie.“

„Wer, Herr Graf?“ fragte Werſſen.

„Ihre Frau Tante, ich hörte zufällig davon,“ ſagte Camillo, der die Gelegenheit nicht entſchlüpfen ließ. „Frau von Rodenau ſoll hier ſein, laſſen Sie uns ſuchen, es giebt eine köſtliche Ueberraſchung.“

„Dieſe iſt ſchon vorüber,“ erwiederte Werſſen lächelnd. „Meine Tante hat mich hier begrüßt. Ich war im Begriff, ſie wieder aufzuſuchen, nachdem ich Einiges beſtellt. Begleiten Sie mich, da Sie meine Tante kennen.“

Camillo nahm die Einladung freudig an, ſeinen Stern preiſend, der ihm wieder durch denſelben Mann ſeinen Weg bahnen ließ. Im Gehen ſagte er dem Freiherrn, daß er ſeine Tante nur einmal geſehen habe, aber eben darum wünſche, die nähere Bekanntſchaft einer ſo geiſtreichen Frau zu machen, als er in ihr beim erſten flüchtigen Geſpräch gefunden.

„Sie haben Recht,“ erwiederte Werſſen. „Meine Tante iſt ſo klug, als liebenswürdig.“

„Und Ihre Couſine ein Engel!“ rief Camillo feurig.

Des Deutſchen Blick richtete ſich fragend auf den Enthuſiaſten, dann ſtimmte er in das geſpendete Lob mäßig ein. — „Wir ſind ſehr wenig verwandt,“ ſagte er zum Schluß. „Ein weitläufiger Vetter meines Vaters war der Tante Gemahl, die ich nur aus jüngern Jahren her mit dieſem Namen benenne. Sie iſt wenig älter, als ich.“

Während er ſprach, hatte Camillo's Blick ſchon die beiden Damen entdeckt, welche in Begleitung von mehrern andern bei dem Brunnen, der dem Orte den Namen gegeben, auf ihren Verwandten warteten. Etwas verwundert ſahen ſie den Fremden an ſeiner Seite; als er ihn aber vorſtellte und Camillo ſich auf die frühere Begegnung bezog, erinnerten ſie ſich, ihn geſehen zu haben, und Bianca, welche die Glut ſeines Feuerauges wiederum nach ihrem Aufblicke ſtreben ſah, erröthete, wie damals. Dem Grafen galt ihr Erröthen für das ſchönſte Pfand ſeiner Zukunft.

Die Unterhaltung wob ſich leicht und heiter, wie eine Liane, um Alles, was ſie eben erreichte. Camillo erzählte, welchen Dank er dem Freiherrn ſchuldig ſei und wurde dadurch Allen näher gerückt, die Damen fanden ihn ſchön, intereſſant; Werſſens ſchlichte Erſcheinung trat durch ihn faſt in den Hintergrund. Doch bei Frau von Rodenau nicht. Sie kannte ihn ſeit früher Jugend, ſie wußte ſeinen gediegenen Werth zu ſchätzen und zog es auch heut vor, mit ihm über Intereſſen zu ſprechen, die Beiden nahe lagen, als daß ſie hätte des Fremden Unterhaltung, die, wie ſie meinte, wohl blenden, aber nicht gewinnen konnte, ſuchen ſollen. Bianca ergötzte ſich dagegen an dem Brillantfeuer ſeiner Rede. Sie war ein harmloſes Kind, deſſen Herz noch ſchlummerte, wie lebhaft ihr längſt erwachter Geiſt auch über die Blüten des Daſeins flog. Ihrem Anſehen nach hätte man ſie für viel älter halten ſollen, als ſie wirklich war, die große üppige Brünette mit den lachenden Augen, aus denen, wenn ſie ſprach, die Schalkheit ſprühte. Wer ſich aber auf die Hieroglyphik der Jahre verſtand, der ſah wohl an den weichen, kindlichen Formen von Kinn und Mund, in welche weder die Leidenſchaft, noch der Gram den ſcharfen Pflug eingeſetzt, daß Bianca kaum die reizende Grenze zwiſchen Kind und Jungfrau überſchritten hatte.

Camillo war durch dies Wiederſehen bis zur höchſten Exaltation ſeines glühenden Geiſtes beſeligt. Es hätte nur eines leichten Anlaſſes bedurft, um ſein Gefühl in Worten ausſtrömen zu hören; aber die Geſellſchaft bannte es in wohlthätige Schranken und ließ nur ſeinem Auge die Freiheit, die es allzu wild benutzte. Keine der Damen war mehr im Zweifel, was ſein Herz empfinde, er kümmerte ſich auch nicht darum, er zeigte es rückſichtslos, daß Bianca auf ihn einen Eindruck gemacht, der nicht ſo bald verlöſchen werde. Frau von Rodenau hütete die Aeußerungen ihres Kindes mit mütterlicher Beſorgniß; noch ſprach ſich in ihnen nichts aus, was ein tieferes Wohlgefallen, als das flüchtige des Augenblickes verrieth; aber die Gefahr für Bianca's Ruhe ließ ſich nicht verkennen und war der Grund, warum die Mutter den Aufbruch von Schönbrunn weit früher betrieb, als es ſonſt der Fall geweſen ſein würde. Ihre Freundinnen wußten es ihr keinen Dank, ſie waren ſämmtlich mit jener Vorliebe, welche deutſche Damen für alles Ausländiſche ſo rühmlich auszeichnet, dem Fremden zugethan und hofften, jede einzeln, wenn er nur die erſte Verblendung überwunden habe, ſo würde er für ihren ſolidern Reiz Augen gewinnen. Baron Werſſen war zuletzt ganz ſtill. Der Abſchied führte eine neue Verlegenheit herbei. Camillo bat Frau von Rodenau offen um Erlaubniß, die Bekanntſchaft, welche ihn ſo glücklich mache, fortſetzen zu dürfen. Die Dame gab eine jener frauenhaft feinen Antworten, welche unſerer Diplomatie bei delicaten Wirren zum Muſter dienen könnten: Camillo legte ſie aber ganz zu ſeinen Gunſten aus.

Auf der Heimkehr plauderte Bianca viel von dem intereſſanten Manne und wiederholte manche ſeiner witzigen Aeußerungen, welche durch den fremdartigen Accent ſeiner Sprache einen neuen Reiz gewonnen hatten. Die Mutter ſuchte mit vorſichtiger Hand einige Strahlen, welche des Italieners Bild bei dem noch unbefangenen Mädchen verklärten, auszulöſchen und gab ihrem Vetter, der mit Beiden nach der Stadt zurückfuhr, manchen Anlaß, ein Gleiches zu thun. Aber Baron Werſſen dachte zu edel, um hinterrücks irgend Jemand, und wäre es ein gefürchteter Nebenbuhler geweſen, zu verkleinern; er ſtimmte lieber gar nicht in das Geſpräch ein und ſah ernſt in die herbſtliche Gegend, durch welche ſie flogen. Erſt als ſie Wien und die Wohnung der Tante erreicht hatten, Bianca auf ihr Zimmer geeilt und Werſſen mit der verehrten Frau allein war, ſagte er: „Ich fürchte, daß ich heut ſelbſt den Dämon meines Glücks heraufbeſchworen habe.“

„Fürchten Sie das nicht!“ erwiederte Frau von Rodenau. „Bianca's Herz hängt zu ſehr an Ihnen, als daß es ſich durch eine vorübergehende Erſcheinung könnte abwendig machen laſſen. Trauen Sie darin meinem Blicke. Uebrigens bin ich feſt entſchloſſen, den Faden dieſer forcirten Bekanntſchaft abzureißen. Mein Haus ſoll dem Grafen nicht offen ſtehen.“

„Nein, liebe Tante,“ entgegnete Werſſen. „Wehren Sie es ihm nicht. Wenn Bianca's Herz nicht geprüft iſt, ſo kann mir Niemand ein häusliches Glück auf Lebenslang verbürgen. Es iſt nicht mit dem Wechſeln der Ringe abgemacht; damit ſchließt wohl der Roman, aber ſehr oft beginnt dadurch erſt die Expoſition eines Trauerſpiels. Laſſen Sie Bianca vollkommen gewähren, führen Sie das Mädchen recht viel in die Welt, daß es deren glänzende Seite nicht erſt als Frau kennen lerne und bei vollkommenem Bewußtſein ihre Wahl treffe.“

„Sie treten zurück, Rudolph!“ ſagte Frau von Rodenau. „Ich durchſchaue Sie. Warum aber der Freundin nicht offen ſagen —“

„Welcher Gedanke!“ unterbrach ſie Werſſen lebhaft, indem eine Röthe des Unwillens über ſeine männlichen Wangen flog. „Können Sie im Ernſt glauben, daß mich Bianca's Bild nur einen Moment verlaſſen habe, daß ich minder wünſche, ſie zu beſitzen, weil ich ihr Glück will? Könnte ich glücklich ſein, wenn ſie es in meinem Beſitze nicht ganz wäre, wenn ſie mir die Hand, aber nicht das Herz reichte, oder ein Herz, das ein gutmüthiges Wohlwollen für Alles hielte und ſpäter erſt ſchrecklich erwachte!“

„Sie malen Grau in Grau!“ verſetzte die Tante. „Freilich, wenn Sie das junge Mädchen vernachläſſigen, wenn Andere mit eifriger Huldigung nahen, wenn ſie ſich geliebt ſieht und von Ihnen vergeſſen glaubt —“

„Das ſoll ſie nicht,“ ſagte Werſſen. „Ich werde um ihre

Liebe werden, ſie ſoll die meinige in ihrer vollen, redlichen Treue kennen lernen.“

Bianca unterbrach das Geſpräch. Sie war den Abend über, ohne es zu wiſſen, ein Gegenſtand der aufmerkſamſten Beobachtung, aber ihr unbefangenes Weſen, das in gewohnter Munterkeit blieb, ſchien jeden Argwohn zu verbannen, und der Freiherr drückte beim Abſchied ſeiner Tante freudig die Hand. Bianca neckte ihn noch auf der Treppe.

Der Mann, den er als ſeinen Nebenbuhler anſehen mußte, war, von ſeiner Leidenſchaft berauſcht, nach Hauſe gekommen. Er hatte keinen andern Gedanken, als das reizende Mädchen, und ſchwor ſich, ſie müſſe ſein werden um jeden Preis. Alles, was noch vor wenigen Stunden ſeine Sorge in Anſpruch genommen hatte, war vergeſſen, er dachte nicht mehr daran, daß jeder Tag, den er länger in Wien verweile, ſeine Sicherheit gefährden müſſe, daß die Unterſuchung über den beabſichtigten Zweikampf, die noch keineswegs niedergeſchlagen ſchien, zu Verwickelungen führen könne, daß die Karte mit ſeinem Namen ihn verrathen möchte, daß endlich gar wohl, bei der trefflichen Pflege der öffentlichen Sicherheit, welche in Oeſterreich berühmt iſt, die Nachricht ſehr bald über die Alpen kommen müſſe, die ſeines Paſſes Zeugniß als falſch darſtelle und ihn ſomit in das unausweichbare Verderben ſtürze. Das Alles vergaß er, aber es ſchwebte nur unbeſtimmt vor ſeinem Geiſte. Die Nacht brachte ihm keine Stille, keine Klarheit. Er wiegte ſich in geträumte Hoffnungen, er ſah ſich zu Bianca's Füßen, ihr ſeine Liebe ſtammelnd, ſie neigte ſich gütig zu ihm hernieder, er zog ſie an ſein Herz, er trank ihren Götterkuß!

Im Aufſchreck erwachte er. Der bleiche Mondſtrahl ſpielte am Fenſter und ließ deſſen Kreuz und Rahmen ſchwarz wie Kerkergitter erſcheinen. Unten klang der gleichförmige Tritt der auf- und niederwandelnden Schildwache, welche das ungariſche Staatsgebäude, das dem Hotel gegenüberliegt, hütete. — Camillo warf ſich, unangenehm berührt, auf die andere Seite und lauſchte noch ein Weilchen. Da hörte er mehrere Tritte über den Fleiſchmarkt daher kommen, ein leiſes Glöckchen durch die Stille der Nacht erklingen und den ungariſchen Grenadier drüben klirrend ſeine Honneurs machen. Er erkannte das Ereigniß wohl, es war ein Prieſter mit dem Allerheiligſten, der zu einem Sterbenden gerufen werden mochte.

7.

Am andern Morgen erhielt Camillo ein Billet, das ihn nicht wenig überraſchte. Es war in italieniſcher Sprache geſchrieben; ein Blick belehrte ihn, von wem? die Unterſchrift beſtätigte es. Sein Freund Friedrich war noch in Wien und lag krank! Er hatte erfahren, daß Graf Brunelleschi in Wien ſei und wo er wohne, er kannte dieſen Namen als ſeinem Camillo von Jugend auf befreundet, und bat den vermeintlichen Brunelleschi, ihn nur auf einen Moment zu beſuchen. Den Grund hatte er dem Papiere nicht anvertraut, es war die Sorge um Camillo's Schickſal, welche ihn bewegte, ſeit das Gerücht von den Vorgängen in Italien ſich verbreitet hatte.

Camillo vergaß ſich ſelbſt über dem kranken Freunde und flog an ſein Lager. Wie freudig erſchrak der Leidende, als der Ton der lieben Stimme ihn begrüßte und den Beſuch erkennen ließ, eh' es ſein kurzes Geſicht vermochte! Der Kellner, welcher Camillo von ſeiner frühern Anweſenheit, wo er mit Friedrich in dieſem Zimmer gewohnt hatte, auf den erſten Blick erkannte, fragte: ob er für ſein Gepäck ſorgen ſolle, da er doch wieder hier logiren würde! Camillo wies ihn zurück und blieb mit Friedrich allein.

Da erzählte der Kranke auf Begehren zuerſt, wie er, einem Schiffe gleich, das von widrigen Winden am Auslaufen verhindert werde, vom Fieber niedergeworfen liege und darüber ſeinen ganzen Lebensplan verrückt habe. Jene Stelle am Hofe zu Rio de Janeiro, die er, der allein ſtehende Mann, bei ſeinem Drange, die Herrlichkeiten der Erde zu ſehen, freudig angenommen hatte, ſei unter der Zeit längſt vergeben, ſein erlauchter Gönner habe ihm dagegen die beſten Ausſichten eröffnet, er werde nach ſeiner Geneſung auf Koſten des Staats eine wiſſenſchaftliche Reiſe machen und dann eine paſſende Anſtellung erhalten. Die Ungeduld, von Camillo zu hören, was ihn wieder nach Wien geführt, ließ ihn ſeinen eignen Bericht kurz faſſen. Camillo erzählte nun, was ihm begegnet, der Wahrheit treu; Friedrich vernahm es mit großer Beſorgniß. Als er endlich wußte, daß ſein Freund in Gefahr ſchwebe und um der raſch entbrannten Leidenſchaft willen, die ihn zu Wien gefeſſelt, verſchmähe, ſich durch ungeſäumte Entfernung zu retten, rief er, die Decke ſeines Lagers zurückwerfend: „Hier iſt nicht länger Zeit, krank zu ſein! Haſt Du den Verſtand nicht, Dir ſelbſt zu rathen, ſo müſſen Andere für Dich denken! Nimm mir's nicht übel, ich werde grob. Was willſt Du denn? Um das Licht flattern, bis Du Dich verſengſt? Sage mir Deine Gedanken.“

„Ich will den Sturm hier vorübergehen laſſen,“ erwiederte Camillo befangen.

„Wie kann er das?“ rief Friedrich. „Er muß Dich ja erfaſſen und niederwerfen. Ermanne Dich, mache Dir Deine Lage klar —“

„Das thue ich!“ entgegnete Camillo. „Was gilt mir ein Leben in ſchaaler Vegetation und ſpanne es ſich noch ein halbes Jahrhundert aus? Nein! Mag es morgen enden, wenn ich nur heut ſein Höchſtes mein genannt habe!“

„Was heißt das, in ſchlichtes Verſtändniß übertragen?“ erwiederte der Arzt. „Wollen Dieſelben heut noch um Dero Geliebte anhalten, ihrer Gegenliebe und des Jaworts gewiß, wollen Sie ſofort zur Trauung ſchreiten und den Lendemain in den Kerker ſpazieren? Nach meiner dummen Anſicht wäre es gewiß beſſer, Sie ließen den Sturm an einem ſichern Orte vorüber gehen, ſuchten die Verzeihung der Regierung, welche Sie beleidigt haben, und kämen dann erſt mit Ihrer Werbung zum Vorſchein. — Und dazu werde ich Dich zu zwingen wiſſen!“ rief er, mit beiden Beinen aus dem Bette ſpringend.

„Friedrich, willſt Du Dich muthwillig kränker machen?“ ſagte Camillo beſorgt.

„Was kränker!“ rief Friedrich. „Das kannſt Du nicht beurtheilen. Mein Entſchluß iſt gefaßt. Ich laſſe Dich arretiren, Du biſt ein Wahnſinniger, der meiner ärztlichen Obhut anvertraut iſt, meine Autorität wird hier gelten, denk' ich. Was Du vorbringſt, ſind fixe Ideen, ich nehme Dich mit Gewalt aus Wien.“ Er wollte die Klingel ziehen.

„Ich bitte Dich, wie kannſt Du Deinen Spott mit mir treiben!“ rief der Graf unwillig, indem er ſeinen Arm hielt.

„Nicht Spott, bitterer Ernſt!“ ſagte Friedrich. „Du müßteſt mir denn verſprechen, vernünftig zu ſein und Dich noch heut aus dem Staube machen.“

„Das will ich, wenn mein Stern ſich verhüllt,“ erwiederte Camillo, von einer plötzlichen Aufregung übermannt. „Ich gehe, mein Schickſal zu befragen. Iſt es mir feindlich, dann möge mich das Exil bis an das Ende meiner Tage fern halten, ich frage nichts mehr danach. — Aber, Friedrich, bedenke nun auch Deine Geſundheit.“

Der Arzt hatte ſich bereits wieder fröſtelnd in ſein Bett zurückgezogen. „Deine Dithyrambe, in hübſche Proſa verſetzt, will ſagen,“ erwiederte er, „daß Du im Ernſte für möglich hältſt, ein deutſches Mädchen werde ſich ohne Weiteres mit einem Fremdling, den ſie zweimal geſehen, von dem ſie weiter nichts weiß, als daß er ein Paar feurige Augen und eine Römernaſe ſammt etlichen heißblütigen Worten beſitzt, in ein Liebesbündniß einlaſſen. Geh, verſuche Dein Heil, es bleibt aus, darauf gebe ich Dir mein Wort. Ich verlange aber auch das Deinige, daß Du in dieſem Falle noch heut abreiſeſt.“

„Wenn ſich Bianca mir verſagt, wenn ich in ihren Augen leſe, daß für mich keine Hoffnung iſt,“ rief Camillo, „dann will ich gehen!“

„So laß augenblicklich Deinen Paß ausfertigen,“ drängte Friedrich. „Der Moment iſt vielleicht unwiederbringlich verloren. Jeder folgende kann die Entdeckung der Lüge herbeiführen. Verzeih, daß ich das Kind beim rechten Namen nenne.“

„Leb' wohl,“ ſagte der Graf verletzt.

„O daß ich ſo von Dir ſcheiden muß!“ rief Friedrich. „Daß ich Dir nicht aus treuem Herzen Glück wünſchen kann zu einer Laufbahn der Ehren, wie ſie Dir Deine Geburt, Dein Reichthum gebahnt hatten! Daß Dich ein falſcher Götze zu ſeinem unheiligen Tempeldienſt hinriß! Zürne mir nicht! Wir ſehen uns vielleicht nie wieder, und wehe mir, wenn ich beim Abſchiede meine Ueberzeugung verläugnete! — Der Rückweg iſt Dir noch nicht verrannt, erkenne Deinen Wahn, rette Dein Haupt, dann ſuche Gnade!“

„Leb' wohl, wir verſtehen uns nicht mehr!“ ſagte Camillo, deſſen Wangen brannten. Er ging nach der Thüre.

„Ich verſtehe Dich, wie ich Dich immer verſtanden habe,“ erwiederte Friedrich. „Du wirſt mich auch wieder verſtehen, wenn der Dämon der Leidenſchaft von Dir gewichen iſt. Kämpfe mit ihm, Camillo, er iſt Dein böſer Engel. O dürft' ich Dich begleiten.“

„Sie würden dadurch nur compromittirt, Herr Doctor,“ ſprach Camillo, den Drücker in der Hand. Dann beſann er ſich ſchnell eines Beſſern, ſtürzte auf Friedrichs Bett, umarmte und küßte den Freund und rief: „Du meinſt es treu, aber ich kann Dir nicht folgen. Es hält mich mit tauſend Banden. Wir ſehen uns wieder, dann mehr davon!“ Er eilte hinaus.

Mit ſtürmiſchen Schritten durchdrang er das Volksgewühl, das um dieſe Tageszeit immer die Straßen der Hauptſtadt belebt. Sein eiliger Gang fiel ſelbſt den Wienern auf, wie ſehr ſie auch gewohnt ſind, ihren eigenen Schritt faſt zum Lauf zu treiben. Mancher Witz wurde über ihn gemacht in der harmloſen Volksweiſe, welche dort immer ihr Ziel trifft, ohne mit plumper Keule zuzuſchlagen, oder giftig zu verletzen. Auch mancher Schimpf ſchallte ihm nach, wenn er Begegnende anſtieß und faſt überrannte. Ihn kümmerte es wenig, er hatte ſein Ziel im Auge; was ſonſt geſchah, ging ihm verloren.

Endlich war das Haus erreicht, wo er ſein geſtern erlangtes Recht geltend machen wollte. Er trat in den Flur, der Wirth kam ihm zufällig entgegen und begrüßte ihn. „Herrſchaft iſt im Garten," ſagte er dienſtfertig.

Camillo folgte der Weiſung. Er trat durch das Gitterthor in die laubreichen Gänge, welche ſchon ein herbſtliches Anſehen hatten. Die Blumenparthien ſtanden verödet, nur einige bunte Aſterbeete und in der Perſpective des Hauptganges eine reiche, in allen Farben prangende Georginengruppe zu beiden Seiten eines Ruheplatzes, gaben dem Garten noch den letzten Reiz, den die Hand des Froſtes bald abſtreifen ſollte. Camillo's Auge ſpähte umher; endlich glaubte es dort, wo ein volles Geſträuch den Sitz überwölbte, Gewänder zu ſehen. Der Graf nahte ſich leiſen Schrittes.

Bianca! Sie war es, ganz allein. Im geſchmackvollen Kleide, wie zu einer Feſtlichkeit geſchmückt, den einen Arm im Handſchuh, den andern entblößt, einen Roſenſprößling im einfach geſcheitelten Haar, ſo ſaß die reizende Jungfrau; ihr dunkles, von langen Wimpern beſchattetes Auge ſuchte in entgegengeſetzter Richtung die Tiefe des Gartens, aber nicht träumeriſch oder ſchwermüthig, ſondern hell und frei, wie denn überhaupt der Ausdruck ihres Antlitzes nur die heiterſte Lebensfreude war. Es ſchien, als erwarte ſie Jemand.

Da ſchallte des Grafen Fußtritt, den der knirſchende Sand verrieth, in ihr Ohr. Sie wandte ſich raſch um, erkannte Camillo und erhob ſich ein wenig verlegen — was ihr ungemein lieblich ſtand. Camillo's Blicke loderten.

„Verzeihung, daß ich ſo unangemeldet, ſo ganz ohne ein Recht Ihre Einſamkeit ſtöre!" ſagte er mit einem Tone, der kein ruhiges Element in ſich trug. „Ich fand Niemand, der mich zurecht wies, als die eigene nie täuſchende Ahnung."

Sie begrüßte den Gaſt mit anmuthiger Verneigung und ſagte, ſie wolle ihre Mutter rufen, welche nur nach den Treibhäuſern gegangen ſei, deren Fenſter in der Mittagsſonne brannten.

„Bleiben Sie!" rief Camillo. „Der Augenblick, den ein Gott mir ſchenkt, kommt nicht wieder. Ich ſtehe im Begriff Wien zu verlaſſen, mein Schickſal treibt mich hinaus in die öde Ferne. Muß ich mit der troſtloſen Ueberzeugung gehen, daß kein Auge in Wien ſich darum kümmert, daß kein Herz hier ſchlägt, deſſen Gedanke auch nur ein armes einziges Mal zu dem Verbannten ſchwebt, der ach! ſein ganzes Glück zurückläßt!"

„Herr Graf!" ſagte Bianca, von der nie gehörten Sprache völlig verwirrt. „Sie reiſen ab! Ich will meine Mutter —"

„Nicht ſie kann mir die Antwort auf meine Frage geben!" rief Camillo, der Beſtürzten in den Weg tretend. „Zu Ihnen klingt meines Herzens Wort! Bianca! Sollten Sie es nicht verſtehen! Sollte mein Gefühl Ihnen fremd geblieben ſein!"

„Herr Graf, ich weiß nicht, ich verſtehe Sie nicht," ſtammelte Bianca erglühend und verlegen, indem ſie zurücktrat und einen andern Weg ſuchte. Als er aber, von ſeiner Leidenſchaft hingeriſſen, ihren Namen rief und ſeine Rechte nach der ihrigen ausſtreckte, bebte ſie wie vor einem Schreckbilde zurück und flog ihrer Mutter entgegen, welche ſie eben aus dem fernen Treibhauſe kommen ſah.

Camillo erkannte zu ſpät, daß er ſie beleidigt habe, und folgte ihr langſam, ſeine eigene Sinnloſigkeit verwünſchend.

Frau von Rodenau ſah aus der Verwirrung ihres Kindes, an deſſen feuchtem Blick und fliegendem Buſen, daß etwas vorgefallen ſei; ſie erſchrak, als ſie den Fremden erblickte, welcher trotz aller Vorſicht in ihr Heiligthum eingebrochen war. Doch hütete ſie ſich, zu fragen, hörte ſcheinbar gleichmüthig, daß Graf Brunelleschi gekommen ſei, und verdoppelte nur ihren Schritt, um ihn zu empfangen.

Der Graf hatte ſeinen Unmuth noch nicht bemeiſtert und war dadurch befangener, als ſonſt. Er bat die Dame um Verzeihung, wie er Bianca gethan, gab als Grund ſeines Beſuchs die ſchnelle Abreiſe an, zu welcher ihn ſeine Verhältniſſe nöthigten, und ſah ſich vergebens nach Bianca um, welche auf einem andern Fußpfade zum Hauſe gegangen war. Das erbitterte ihn vollkommen wider ſich ſelbſt, dem er alle Schuld beimeſſen mußte, und als ſich Frau von Rodenau ziemlich kalt bedauernd äußerte, daß ſie ihn nicht zu längerem Bleiben einladen könne, indem ſie ſelbſt verreiſt ſei und, wie er ſehe, im Begriff ſtehe, einer Einladung zu folgen, die kein weiteres Säumen geſtatte, ſo empfahl er ſich in einer Stimmung, welche einen Engländer vielleicht wider ſich ſelbſt bewaffnet hätte, dem Italiener aber den zehrendſten Grimm nach Außen erweckte.

Als er das Haus verließ, trat ihm Baron Werffen entgegen, der durch ſeinen Anblick offenbar betroffen ſchien.

„Ihre Tante hat Abhaltung," rief Camillo. Ihm war es unerträglich, daß ein Anderer ſich in Bianca's Nähe ſonnen könne, während er ſelbſt eine Demüthigung erlitten hatte, deren Umfang er ſich noch nicht klar machte.

„Ich hole ſie ab," erwiederte der Freiherr, und wollte mit einer flüchtigen Verbeugung an Camillo vorüber.

„Sie! Und welches Recht haben Sie dazu!" rief Camillo noch gereizter.

Der Freiherr ſah ihn ſtaunend an. „Wie kommen Sie zu der Frage?" entgegnete er ruhig. „Sie wiſſen, ich bin mit der Familie verwandt."

„Haben Sie, ſuchen Sie ein näheres Recht!" rief Camillo, vor Aufregung bebend, indem er mit ſtarkem Griffe des Officiers Arm faßte.

„Ich würde Ihnen in dieſem Falle weder Rede ſtehen, noch Ihre Erlaubniß einholen," ſagte Werffen beleidigt, machte ſich los und eilte die Treppe hinauf, während Camillo, von den Furien der Eiferſucht gepackt, vergebens nach Worten rang, ſeinem Vulkane in der Bruſt Luft zu machen.

Er rannte nach ſeiner Wohnung, er riß ſein Büreau auf, der Anblick der beiden Piſtolenläufe, welche ihm entgegen ſtarrten, füllte ſein Herz mit einer wilden Freude. „So hab' ich euch dennoch nicht umſonſt gekauft!" rief er. „Aber kalt will ich ſein, eiskalt! Ich will mich faſſen, ich will meine Ruhe behaupten, Alles mit klarem Verſtande einleiten — zur Rache!"

Ehe er jedoch zu Verſtande kam und ſein eigenes Betragen, die Quelle alles Uebels, würdigen konnte, erhielt er eine officielle Vorladung, welche ihn dringend mahnte, an ſeine Sicherheit zu denken. Er waffnete ſich mit der Vorſicht, die alle möglichen Fragen im Voraus berückſichtigt und ſich gefaßt macht, ſie zu beantworten. So erſchien er ziemlich unbefangen vor der Behörde.

Man fragte ihn: ob er ſich noch nicht auf den Namen ſeines Gegners in dem beabſichtigten Duelle beſinnen könne? und als er dies verneinte: ob es wohl ein Italiener geweſen ſei? welche Möglichkeit er mit Verachtung zurückwies.

„Kennen Sie dieſen Namen?" fragte man ſodann, und Camillo's Ohr vernahm mit Schrecken ſeinen wahren vollſtändigen, der ihn verderben mußte, wenn er nicht all' ſeine Geiſteskräfte zuſammen nahm, der Schlinge zu entgehen.

„Wohl!" erwiederte er. „Graf Arlingheri war ein Freund meiner Jugend." Camillo rief ſich Alles zurück, was ſein Verhältniß zu Brunelleschi betraf und klammerte ſich an dieſe rettende Idee, wie der Ertrinkende an die Planke ſeines geſcheiterten Schiffes.

Der Verhörende faßte ihn ſchärfer in's Auge, zog eine Karte hervor und legte ſie Camillo's Blick unter, der ſogleich erkannte, es ſei dieſelbe, welche er mit der ſtrafbarſten Unbeſonnenheit ſeinem Beleidiger gegeben hatte.

„Kennen Sie dieſes Blättchen, mein Herr?" klang die verfängliche Frage.

Camillo's Geiſtesgegenwart ſchien ſich in der Gefahr zu ſtählen. „Es iſt meines Freundes Name," erwiederte er. „Ich habe Ihnen ſchon geſagt, daß ich mit dem Grafen Arlingheri nah befreundet geweſen bin."

„Sie wiſſen alſo nicht, wie dieſe Karte in unſere Hände gekommen iſt?" fragte der Inquirent.

„Ich kann es nur ahnen," erwiederte Camillo. „Mein unglücklicher Freund büßt wahrſcheinlich ſein Vergehen wider die Autorität."

„Nicht doch, mein Herr, es iſt Ihre Karte, Sie ſelbſt haben ſie ausgetheilt," ſagte der Verhörende ſcharf. „Laſſen Sie alſo die Verſtellung und ſagen uns kurz und rund, daß Sie derjenige ſind, als den Sie dies Blättchen documentirt."

„Keine Beleidigungen!" rief Camillo. „Sie ſprechen in Räthſeln. Wie ſoll ich Arlingheri's Karte ausgetheilt haben!"

„Als Cartel, mein Herr. Verſtehen Sie mich nun!" erwiederte der Beamte.

„Unmöglich!" rief Camillo. „Sollte ich" — er faßte in ſeine Taſche — „eine Karte meines Freundes bei mir getragen, ſie vielleicht in der Aufregung ſtatt der meinigen — aber es iſt ganz undenkbar."

„Darin haben Sie Recht!" ſagte der Fragende trocken. „Kennen Sie die Urſache, warum Ihre Identität feſtgeſtellt werden muß?"

„Arlingheri iſt in Unterſuchung," erwiederte Camillo. „Aber ich ſelbſt —"

„Sie werden die Güte haben, uns für Ihre Identität mit dem angeſprochenen Grafen Brunelleschi eine gültige Bürgſchaft zu ſtellen," ſagte der Beamte. „Widrigenfalls — Sie wiſſen, daß es von Wichtigkeit iſt, die Wahrheit zu ermitteln und alle Unannehmlichkeiten, in welche Sie vielleicht unſchuldig verwickelt werden, nur Folgen eigner Indiscretion ſind, ich meine dieſer Karte wegen, die einen Verdacht hervorgerufen, der ſich hoffentlich nicht beſtätigt. — Wen kennen Sie in Wien, der ſich für Sie als Grafen Brunelleschi verbürgt?“

Camillo beſann ſich eine Weile. Er dachte an Friedrich; aber deſſen unbeugſame Sprödigkeit in Dingen, wo nur ein Zweifel an rechter Handlungsweiſe obwaltete, ſeine heutige unbemäntelte Rede, die Camillo bereits der Lüge zieh, ließen es unmöglich erſcheinen, daß er ſich hergeben werde, einem Betruge Vorſchub zu leiſten. So fiel dem Sinnenden Niemand ein, als der Baron Werffen, und er nannte ihn ſo haſtig, als wolle er ſeinem Stolze den verſchmähenden Einſpruch abſchneiden; es war ihm aber zu viel, denn er ſetzte gleich hinzu: „Ich bin nicht eben befreundet mit ihm.“

„Ein kaiſerlicher Officier?“ ſagte der Beamte. „Wohlan! Wir werden die Ehre haben, Ihnen ſobald als möglich unſere Anſicht über dieſe Bürgſchaft mitzutheilen. Bis dahin müſſen wir Sie bitten, Wien nicht zu verlaſſen und machen Sie darauf aufmerkſam, daß auch der Verſuch dazu ein vergeblicher ſein würde.“ Er verbeugte ſich höflich, Camillo war entlaſſen.

Hadernd mit ſich und ſeinem Leben kehrte der Graf in ſeine Behauſung zurück, wo er eine ſchwarze Stunde voll düſterer Gedanken verbrachte. Er konnte ſich nicht ableugnen, daß auch für den Fall, Baron Werffen ſei edel genug, die Bürgſchaft zu übernehmen, dieſe Friſt nur eine kurze ſein würde. Was ſollte er thun? Er war völlig rathlos und ſeinem Gefühle widerſtrebte es, den kranken Freund durch die Nachricht von dem naher rückenden Gewitter, das ſein Haupt bedrohte, zu beunruhigen.

Der geniale Berliner hatte die Wolken über ihn heraufgeführt. Die Karte, welche er liegen laſſen, war geleſen, der Name, der auf der Liſte der Uebelwollenden ſtand, verlautbart worden. Einen Moment ſah man den „einzigen“ Baron für den verkappten Arlinghieri an und verſicherte ſich ſeiner langen Perſon; aber das erſte Verhör, das er ſeines großen Vorbildes Namen würdig beſtand, reichte hin, um den Irrthum aufzuklären und den Mann, der höchſtens dem guten Geſchmack ſchädlich werden konnte, wieder in Freiheit zu ſetzen, die er benutzte, um mit der Eilpoſt ohne Aufenthalt in ſeine gute Vaterſtadt zurückzukehren, wo er als gereiſter Weltfahrer brillirte. Seine Erlebniſſe, die er als Reiſenovellen mit philoſophiſch-äſthetiſch-kritiſchen Berolinismen durchſchoß, ſuchte er dann dem leſenden Publikum zu inſinuiren, hat aber bis jetzt keinen Verleger gefunden und erboſt ſich bei Stehely über das Glück des „Verſtorbenen,“ dem er ſo feind iſt, als irgend ein landbeliebtes Mitglied des Collegii, das ſeine ſcharfe Feder einſt angegriffen.

Baron Werffen wurde aufgefordert, für die Identität des Grafen Brunelleschi, der ſich auf ihn berufen, Bürgſchaft zu leiſten. Er kam dadurch in einen Kampf mit ſich ſelbſt. Das Benehmen des Grafen, zu welchem ihn nur der Wahnſinn einer unbezwinglichen Leidenſchaft veranlaßt haben konnte, war aus den wenigen Geſtändniſſen, welche Bianca ſchamhaft ihrer Mutter gethan, in ein zu grelles Licht geſtellt worden, als daß Werffen Luſt empfinden mochte, dem Manne, der ſeinem Glücke gefährlich zu werden drohte, aus der Verlegenheit zu helfen. Doch ſiegte das edlere Princip. Werffen erklärte ſich bereit, für den Fremden, ſo weit ſeine Bekanntſchaft ſich mit ihm erſtrecke, zu bürgen. Als aber die Umſtände, auf welche ſich dieſe Bürgſchaft ſtützte, einer nähern Prüfung unterworfen wurden, fand ſich, daß ſie nicht angenommen werden konnte, indem der Rittmeiſter nichts weiter bezeugte, als daß ſich ihm der Beargwohnte unter dem Namen Brunelleschi genannt hatte. Nur die Rückſicht auf den durchaus makelloſen Ruf, welchen der in der Lombardei wohlbekannte Graf genoß, hielt die Behörde ab, vor wirklich begründeter Sache wider den Zweideutigen, der ja doch noch Brunelleschi ſein konnte, einzuſchreiten, aber ſie traf die geeigneten Maßregeln, ſeiner Entweichung vorzubeugen.

8.

Frau von Rodenau hatte eine Entdeckung gemacht, welche ſie nicht wenig beunruhigte. Ihre Tochter, welche ſich früher mehrmals über den intereſſanten Fremden ausgeſprochen hatte, nannte ſeit jenem Morgen, wo er ſie in der Georginenlaube überraſcht, ſeinen Namen gar nicht mehr. War es Unwille und Schamhaftigkeit, daß ſie über den Beleidiger nicht mehr ſprechen wollte, oder hatte der unverkennbare Ausdruck eines glühenden Gefühls, der ſich ihr zum erſten Male kund that, ihr Herz bewegt und barg ſie das vor dem Auge der Mutter? Werffen war dieſer letztern Meinung und äußerte ſie gegen ſeine Tante, welche vergeblich dagegen kämpfte.

„Glauben Sie mir,“ ſagte er, „kein weibliches Herz iſt unempfindlich gegen die Huldigung einer wahren Liebe, die es erweckt hat.“

„Was wiſſen Sie, was wißt Ihr Männer überhaupt vom weiblichen Herzen!“ entgegnete die Tante. „Kein Mann verſteht, was in unſerm Herzen ſich regt — darum verletzt ſelbſt der beſte ſo oft und ſo ſchmerzlich, wo es vielleicht nie ſeine Abſicht iſt. — Begeben Sie ſich alſo Ihres Urtheils, lieber Vetter, und überlaſſen Sie mir, Bianca zu ergründen. Ich bin überzeugt, daß der Vorfall, weil er ſo ganz aus der Sphäre ſprang, in welcher Bianca bis jetzt gelebt, zwar nicht ohne Eindruck auf ſie geblieben iſt, daß ſie ſich vielleicht zuweilen mit der Frage beſchäftigt, ob der Fremde ſie wirklich ſo lieb gewonnen, als ſeine Worte ſagten — aber eben ſo feſt bin ich auch überzeugt, daß ſie ſelbſt kein tieferes Gefühl für ihn hegt. Mir ſagt es ihr Auge.“

„O wenn ſie ſich mit jener Frage beſchäftigt, ſo wird ihr Gefühl erwachen,“ rief Werffen.

„Glauben Sie das nicht!“ verſetzte die Mutter. „Oder meinen Sie, daß jede Liebe ihre Gegenliebe bedingt?“

„Bei Frauen gewiß,“ ſagte er düſter. „Ich meine die Liebe, welche ſich mit Trompetenklang ankündigt. Die ſchmeichelt den Frauen, ein kurzer Sturm, eine Verzweiflungsſcene und ſie ſind gewonnen. Schon aus Mitleid! — Die wenigſten Liebes- und Ehebündniſſe ſind echt. Anfangs fühlen ſich die Frauen vielleicht eher abgeſtoßen, aber ſie gewöhnen ſich nach und nach an die Idee, glauben demjenigen wieder gut ſein zu müſſen, der ihnen gut iſt, der Werbung folgt das Jawort und dieſem eine Ehe, wie es viele giebt.“

„Und wie dann, mein ſeelenkundiger Seher,“ entgegnete die Tante lächelnd, „wenn ſich mehrere Männer für eine Dame intereſſiren! Glauben Sie, daß ſie alsdann ihre Neigung parcellirt, um jedem ſein Pflichttheil zukommen zu laſſen! Ich kenne Manche, mein Herr, für welche mehr als ein Mann und, wie ich glaube, in wahrer treuer Liebe bewegt war!“ — Ihr Ton ſchwankte zwiſchen Scherz und Ernſt, und Werffen, der ihre Jugendgeſchichte kannte, wußte wohl, wen ſie damit gemeint hatte. — „Nein, Rudolph,“ fuhr ſie fort, „was Sie vorhin äußerten, iſt unwahr und haltlos. Dem Herzen iſt kein Zwang anzulegen, es kann Mitleid fühlen, aber nicht Liebe, wo der Talisman fehlt, der nur einmal ſein Heiligthum erſchließt, nicht dem Erſten, der anklopft, nicht dem Leidenſchaftlichſten, ſondern dem Einzigen, für den es geweiht iſt, mag er kommen früh oder ſpät — oder gar nicht.

„Sie meinen, eine Frau könne lieben, auch wenn ihre Liebe nicht geſucht — wenigſtens nicht mit Eclat geſucht wird!“ fragte Werffen.

„Ich fühle mich nicht berufen, Sie in die Geheimniſſe unſerer Pſyche einzuweihen,“ erwiederte Frau von Rodenau ſcherzhaft einlenkend. „Ihre vorgefaßte üble Meinung von Frauenherzen, als wären ſie wie Jericho's Mauern mit Trompetenklang zu gewinnen, hat mich ſo empört, daß ich erſt Beſſerung ſehen muß, ehe ich für Sie handle.“

„O thun Sie das nicht!“ rief Werffen, deſſen Stimmung heut keinem Scherze zugänglich war. „Laſſen Sie Bianca dem Auge ihres Herzens folgen. Ich kann kaum hoffen, daß ſie meine Neigung errathen und mit ihrer Liebe belohnen wird; aber ich könnte keine ruhige Stunde haben, wenn ich fürchten müßte, daß ſie durch Ueberredung oder andere Mittel veranlaßt würde, ihre Wahl auf mich zu lenken. Verſprechen Sie mir, nichts zu thun, Auguſte!“

Sie reichte ihm die Hand. Er küßte ſie, worauf ſie ihm ſchnell entzogen wurde. Frau von Rodenau trat an das Fenſter.

„Ich verſpreche Ihnen dagegen nochmals,“ ſagte Werffen, „die Beleidigung, welche ſich der Graf gegen Bianca erlaubt, nicht zu ahnden, wie ich es nur auf Ihre Vorſtellung, es würde Bianca's Herz zu ihm ziehen, unterlaſſen habe; ja ich bin in meiner Selbſtverläugnung ſo weit gegangen, daß ich für ihn und ſeine Perſönlichkeit Bürgſchaft geleiſtet habe, da er, Gott weiß in welcher Verlegenheit, ſich auf mein Zeugniß berief. Ich begreife ihn darin nicht.“

„Er iſt alſo nicht abgereiſt,“ verſetzte die Tante. „Es war ein leerer Vorwand, ein Kunſtgriff, um ſich in Vortheil zu bringen, weil jeder Scheidende mit milderm Auge betrachtet wird! Ich geſtehe, mir iſt dieſer Graf unheimlich. Sein Auge, wie groß und ſchön es auch geſchnitten iſt, leuchtet in keinem wohlthuenden Feuer, ſein raſtloſes Weſen, ſeine Unterhaltung, die von einem Extrem zum andern ſpringt, verrathen einen Character, der weder ihn, noch ſeine Umgebung beglücken kann. Sie ſehen, mich wenigſtens trifft der Vorwurf nicht, den Sie uns neulich machten, daß wir ein beſonderes Wohlgefallen am Ausländiſchen fühlten.“

„Sie trifft mancher Vorwurf nicht, den man im Allgemeinen Ihrem Geſchlechte machen könnte,“ erwiederte der Freiherr.

Seit dieſem Morgen bemühte ſich Werffen ſichtbarer um Bianca's Gunſt, als es bisher geſchehen war. Er erzeigte ihr Aufmerkſamkeiten, deren ſich keine andere Dame von ihm rühmen konnte, er ging ſelbſt in ihre Neckereien ein, welche ihm eine gute Bürgſchaft für die Freiheit ihres Herzens zu geben ſchienen. Bianca merkte wohl des Vetters verändertes Benehmen gegen ſie, die Frage nach deſſen Urſache drängte ſich ihr auf und reizte ſie, die Antwort in ſeinen Augen zu leſen. Sie wurde zuweilen ernſter, ſinnender; ob ſie Vergleichungen anſtellte? Wenn ſie es that, ſo konnte ſie keinen größern Kontraſt finden, als Camillo und Werffen, ſelbſt in der äußern Bildung. Aber es war ſehr die Frage, auf weſſen Seite in ihren Augen der Vortheil ſein mochte.

Der Graf hatte nichts weiter von ſich hören laſſen, keinen Schritt gethan, ſein Betragen, das wenigſtens in deutſchen Kreiſen ein Verſtoß gegen die Sitte war, zu entſchuldigen. Er hatte nicht einmal Werffen ſeinen Dank für die Bereitwilligkeit abgeſtattet, mit welcher er die Bürgſchaft für ihn übernommen, ein Edelmuth, auf welchen er nach Allem, was vorgefallen war, kaum hatte rechnen können. Der Freiherr fühlte den Undank, aber er verſchmähte es, darüber zu ſprechen oder nur im Geringſten eine Erkundigung nach dem Italiener zu thun. Vielleicht war er abgereiſt, dann um ſo beſſer!

Es trat eine naßkalte Witterung ein, welche, wie jede Uebergangsperiode, ſehr unbehaglich war. Der Herbſt des Jahres ſchien vor der Zeit Abſchied nehmen zu wollen, dichte Nebel führten den Tag herauf und bedrückten Seele und Körper, kein Sonnenſtrahl durchbrach das bleierne Gewölk, das ſich mißfarbig und ſchwer über den Himmel geſponnen hatte; die empfindliche Kälte, welche der ſcharfe Wind gebracht, raubte den Bäumen das letzte Laub und drohte den Regen in Schnee zu verwandeln. In dieſe Zeit fallen der Städter Marterwochen, weil die geſelligen Freuden noch nicht beginnen und das Haus gleichſam eine verbotene Schwelle hat. Nur in Familienkreiſen, wo Gemüthlichkeit herrſcht, — und dieſe ſind ſeltener als man glaubt! — iſt noch Frohſinn und Ruhe zu finden. Wo aber vereinzelte Weſen dem Winter entgegengehen, da iſt die Zeit des Herbſtabſchieds eine gar troſtloſe, und Frau von Rodenau, welche vor wenig Jahren ihren Gatten verloren hatte, fühlte ſich nie einſamer, als wenn die Blätter ſanken, der Sturm durch die Straßen heulte und herbſtlicher Regen beim früh einbrechenden Abend an ihre Fenſter ſchlug. Dann war es ihr eine frohe Erſcheinung, den treuen Werffen eintreten zu ſehen, der jeden Abend, welchen ihm ſeine Verhältniſſe frei gaben, in dem Hauſe ſeiner Liebe zubrachte. Die Lampe warf dann bald ihren Schein auf eine zufriedene Gruppe am Theetiſch und ein heiteres Geſpräch über nahe und ferne Dinge ließ den Lauf der Stunden unbemerkt vorüberrollen.

An einem ſolchen Abende überraſchte es die Vereinigten, als ein Beſuch gemeldet wurde, deſſen Namen ſie auch nicht einmal kannten. Frau von Rodenau glaubte, es könne nur ein Irrthum ſein, doch nahm ſie den Fremden an. Die Zofe öffnete ihm die Thüre und ließ ihn eintreten. Es war ein kleiner, ſchmächtiger Mann, ſchlicht gekleidet, mit blaſſem Geſicht und einer ſpitzen Naſe, auf welcher eine Brille ſaß. Nicht ohne Verlegenheit nahte er ſich dem Tiſche, wo ſich die Dame vom Hauſe erhoben hatte, ihn zu empfangen.

„Ich habe nicht die Ehre, von Ihnen gekannt zu ſein," begann er nach ſtummer Begrüßung. „Aber eine Beſorgniß oder vielmehr ein Wunſch, deſſen Erfüllung — Zweifel, die mich nicht ruhen laſſen — gnädige Frau, laſſen Sie mich grade herausſprechen."

„Thun Sie das, mein Herr," ſagte Frau von Rodenau, während Bianca's Augen mit der ſchalkhafteſten Luſt auf dem kleinen Manne ruhten, deſſen Erſcheinung ſie als ungemein komiſch ergötzte.

„Ich heiße Friedrich, bin ausübender Arzt," erklärte der Fremde, noch einmal mit dem Hute ſalutirend.

„Und Ihr Wunſch!" fragte Frau von Rodenau, da ſich des Fremden Blicke mit den beiden jungen Leuten beſchäftigten.

„Nicht wahr, ich habe die Ehre, Ihr Fräulein Tochter zu complimentiren!" fuhr Friedrich fort. „Und den Herrn Rittmeiſter, Baron Werffen!"

Beide verbeugten ſich. „Ich muß Ihnen räthſelhaft ſein," ſagte der Arzt, der ſich immer mehr und mehr in Faſſung ſprach. „Ja vielleicht lächerlich. Thun Sie ſich keinen Zwang an, ein deutſcher Büchermenſch iſt nun einmal ein curioſes Weſen. Ich komme in einer Angelegenheit, die mich tief beunruhigt. Sie Alle kennen einen Mann, der ſeit Jahren mein Freund iſt und ſich Ihnen unter dem Namen Graf Brunelleschi, vielleicht Camillo Brunelleschi vorgeſtellt hat. Nicht wahr?"

Werffen's Stirn verfinſterte ſich, als er die Aufmerkſamkeit ſah, welche bei dem Namen plötzlich Bianca's Züge ſpannte.

„Der Graf iſt uns allerdings bekannt," ſagte Frau von Rodenau. „Darf ich fragen —!"

„Haben Sie ihn kürzlich geſehen!" forſchte der Arzt mit dringendem Tone.

„Sehr lange nicht, überhaupt auch früher nur flüchtig," erwiederte Frau von Rodenau. „Unſere Bekanntſchaft iſt durchaus nur eine gelegentliche, die auf genauern Umgang keinen Anſpruch machte."

„So wiſſen Sie nichts von ihm?" fragte Friedrich getäuſcht. „Nicht ob er verreiſt iſt, oder noch hier verweilt, vielleicht ſeine Wohnung verändert hat? Ich glaubte, in Ihrem Hauſe, das er wohl öfter beſucht, würde ich Nachricht über ihn erhalten!"

„Sie irren ſich in der Vorausſetzung," entgegnete Frau von Rodenau ſehr gleichgültig. „Der Graf hat unſer Haus gar nicht oder höchſtens im Durcheilen betreten, als er ſich einmal in unſern Garten verirrte. Wir wiſſen ſeit dieſer Zeit nichts weiter von ihm und bedauern, daß Sie ſich eine vergebliche Hoffnung gemacht haben."

„Nicht mehr Ihr Haus betreten? Camillo?" rief der Arzt. „So iſt er verloren!"

„Wie meinen Sie das?" fragte Werffen, die unwillkührliche Aeußerung auffaſſend. „Warum verloren?"

„Für mich, meine ich," erwiederte Friedrich mit einer Geiſtesgegenwart, auf welche er nachmals nicht wenig ſtolz war. „Ich bin Ihnen freilich eine Erklärung meines unberufenen Einbruchs in Ihre Geſellſchaft ſchuldig, gnädige Frau."

Die Dame bot ihm höflich einen Stuhl und eine Taſſe Thee an, er ließ ſich zweimal nöthigen und erſt, als Bianca mit ihrem freundlichen Auge ihm die Taſſe kredenzte, nahm er ſie an und ſetzte ſich, jedoch nicht ohne ſich reichlich mit Thee zu begießen, was ihn wiederum im Stillen ſeinen Unſtern verwünſchen ließ.

„Das erſte Mal, wo ich die Ehre hatte mit Ihnen zuſammenzutreffen," ſagte er, ſich abtrocknend, „beging ich die Ungeſchicklichkeit, Sie faſt umzulaufen, — jetzt recommandire ich mich von Neuem. Sie entſinnen ſich meiner wahrſcheinlich nicht mehr. Zu Baden!"

„Das waren Sie?" rief Bianca, ihrer Laune den Zügel laſſend.

„Ich war es und freue mich, um Entſchuldigung bitten zu können," ſagte der Arzt. „Doch halte ich Ihnen, gnädige Frau, noch immer meine Erklärung zurück. Graf Camillo und ich, wir ſind ſchon ſeit Jahren befreundet und haben manche Reiſe zuſammen gemacht. Wir hatten uns eben getrennt, als ich damals in Baden Sie traf —"

„Mit der Schulter!" ergänzte Bianca.

„Camillo reiſte nach ſeinem Vaterlande, ich gedachte Europa zu verlaſſen, um die neue Welt zu ſehen," fuhr Friedrich fort.

„Alſo ein Europamüder!" warf Bianca dazwiſchen. Die Mutter verwies ihr durch einen Blick, daß ſie ſich zu viel getraue.

„Wahrhaftig nicht!" rief Friedrich. „Müde meines herrlichen deutſchen Vaterlandes! Meines Oeſterreichs! Nein bei Gott nicht! Ich wollte nur die Zeit der Kraft und die Gelegenheit nicht verſäumen, unſere ſchöne Erde von möglichſt vielen Seiten kennen zu lernen. Viele verlaſſen ſie ja, ohne mehr von ihr geſehen zu haben, als die elende dürre Sandwüſte, auf welcher ſie, wie eine graſende Ziege angepflöckt, ihr Leben verkümmern! Benutze doch Jeder ſeine Zeit, wie er kann, um zu ſchauen, was unſer Stern Schönes bietet! Der Moment kommt nicht wieder. Kein Moment im Leben!"

Die Funken, welche aus dem unſcheinbaren Steine geſchlagen waren, ſtellten ihn höher im Werth. Er fuhr fort: „Ich wurde an meiner Reiſe verhindert, eine Krankheit warf mich nieder. Auf meinem Lager, als ich ſchon wieder beſſer war, überraſchte mich Camillo, den ich hier nicht erwartet hatte. Er war zurückgekehrt, er erzählte mir Viel." — Die Augengläſer des Arztes funkelten, auf Werffen und Bianca gerichtet. — „Als er von mir ging, hoffte ich ihn bald wieder zu ſehen; aber ich wartete vergebens. Er kam nicht, ich erfuhr nichts von ihm, meine Erkundigungen blieben fruchtlos. Da trieb mich die Beſorgniß um ihn, ſobald ich nur irgend konnte, perſönlich auf Forſchung aus. In ſeiner Wohnung hörte ich nur, daß er längſt abgefahren ſei; wohin, wußte Niemand. Mehr habe ich nicht erfahren und meine letzte Hoffnung iſt nun auch geſcheitert."

Er ſtand auf, um ſich zu empfehlen, da er ſich zu einem längern Bleiben nicht berechtigt fühlte. Beim Aufſtehen hatte er aber das Unglück, dergeſtalt an den Tiſch zu ſtoßen, daß alle Taſſen klirrten und die Lampe umzuſtürzen drohte, nur Bianca, welche mit einem Laut des Schrecks raſch zufaßte, erhielt ſie. Der vortheilhafte Eindruck, den einige Worte des Ungeſchickten gemacht hatten, erloſch durch den überaus unbeholfenen Abſchied, den er nahm.

„Sollte ich nicht an Prädeſtination glauben!" ſagte er unterwegs zu ſich ſelbſt. „Bin ich nicht a priori beſtimmt, Zeitlebens Albernheiten zu begehen und das Stigma der Lächerlichkeit zu tragen! Wie miſerabel und einfältig erſcheine ich vor

Leuten! Ich gehe auf's Beſte präparirt in Geſellſchaft, ich weiß auf's Haar, was ich thun und laſſen, reden und abhandeln will — komme ich hin, iſt Alles verweht; Flachköpfe erſcheinen wie Heroen neben mir, ich ſchweige und erſt auf der Heimkehr fällt mir ein, was ich hätte ſagen können! Entſetzliches Schickſal! Man hält mich am Ende für dumm! Das Aergſte, was mir paſſiren kann.“

Er dachte jetzt an ſeine fehlgeſchlagene Hoffnung; die Gaſſe, an deren Mündung er eben vorüber ging, ſchien ihn zu erinnern, daß er ja ſelbſt verſchmähe, ſich Gewißheit über des Freundes Schickſal zu ſchaffen. Es war die Gaſſe, in welcher das Polizeiamt liegt. Eine Anfrage konnte ihn belehren, ob Camillo wirklich von Wien abgereiſt ſei; aber Friedrich hatte ſeine vollwichtigen Gründe, dieſe Anfrage um Camillo's ſelbſt willen zu vermeiden. Als er die Wohnung in der Tuchlauben erreichte, die er ſeit ſeiner Geneſung, weil er länger in Wien blieb, gemiethet hatte, warf er ſich ſehr verſtimmt auf ſein Bett.

„Der Traum wird aus ſein!“ ſprach er für ſich. „Ich habe geſchwärmt für die Freundſchaft, ich fühle mich noch jedes Opfers fähig. Aber ſie begehrt mein nicht mehr, das Ideal zerrinnt. Welche Ideale ſieht der Menſch in's Leere zerfließen, ehe ſein Haupt ſich mit Reif überzieht! Sie ſind allzumal nichtig geweſen, oder fliehen ſie nur vor dem gröbern Stoff, mit dem die Jahre den Menſchen umkleiden, und harren ſein, wo ihre Heimath iſt, um ihn verwirklicht auf der Schwelle zu begrüßen, im Lande der ewigen Jugend! Werde ich auch meine Ideale wieder finden, denen ich hier entſagen muß!“ — Er vertiefte ſich in dieſe Idee und konnte erſt ſpät wieder ſeine gewöhnliche Haltung gewinnen.

9.

Der Herbſt ließ dem Winter ſein Recht; Eis und Schnee bedeckten die Fluren, die Landbewohner wurden iſolirt, aber in den Städten regte ſich die geſellige Luſt und führte von Freude zu Freude, bis ſie nach ihrer höchſten Glanzperiode, dem Carneval, gleichſam an Erſchöpfung ſtarb. Dann wiederum die traurige Zeit des Nachwinters, der ſeit einigen Jahren in unerträgliche Länge zu wachſen ſcheint. Endlich der erſte warme Lenzhauch! An den Bergen ſchmolz der Schnee und rieſelte thalwärts, junge Gräſer ſproßten in ſonnigen Gründen, die Lerche wiegte ſich im Frühlingswinde und jubelte ihr Lied, das uns ſo ſüß klingt, weil es die Auferſtehung der Natur verkündigt — und auch unſere Hoffnungen aus ihrem Winterſchlafe weckt. Es muß ein Herz ſehr verarmt ſein, das ſich nicht der erſten Lerche, des erſten Blümchens freut.

Wenn aber der Thauwind die einzigen Blumen raubt, die er ſchauen kann, die Eisblumen am Fenſter! Wenn das Lied der Lerche, das fernher in ſeinen Gittern leiſe verhallt, wie böſer Hohn klingt, weil er dem lockenden Rufe nicht folgen darf, weil ihm Riegel und Schlöſſer wehren und er kein Grün ſieht, als den Graswuchs auf den Wällen ſeines Kerkers! Wird ihm auch die Hoffnung erwachen, wenn die Botin des Frühlings deſſen Kommen durch alle Länder verkündigt, oder wird die Verzweiflung nicht wilder ſein Herz umkrallen, daß auch der letzte Troſt ſchwinde, die dumpfe Gefühlloſigkeit!

Camillo war in dieſer Lage. Nach Monaten wechſelnden Aufenthalts und vielſeitiger Unterſuchung ſeiner Schuld war er endlich an dem Orte ſeiner Beſtimmung angelangt, um die Strafe, welche die Gnade ſeines Kaiſers gemildert hatte, in langer Haft zu erdulden. Die erſtere Zeit weckte ihn nicht zum Bewußtſein des ganzen ſelbſtverſchuldeten Elends, er war einem völligen Stumpfſinne verfallen, wie er heftigen Naturen nach gewaltſamer Exaltation gewöhnlich iſt, mechaniſch lebte er vom Morgen zum Abend, friſtete ſein Leben gleichgültig ſelbſt durch die gröbſte Koſt, die ihm gereicht wurde, und ſchlief auf dem harten Lager todtenfeſt. Jeder Leidensgenoß hätte ihn beneiden können, wenn es möglich geweſen wäre, daß dieſer Zuſtand dauerhaft ihm ſein Unglück verhülle. Aber er mußte ja einmal weichen und das Erwachen zum Gefühl dann um ſo ſchrecklicher ſein.

Dem Frühlinge war es vorbehalten, dieſen böſen Wechſel zu bewirken. Als der Schnee verſchwand, der Sturm die Wolken ballte und vertrieb, als der Himmel wieder mit ſeinem Blau, dem Borne der Heiterkeit, lachte und der erſte Sonnenſtrahl den Weg in Camillo's Fenſter fand, war es, als träfe ihn ſein Blitz, wie ein zermalmender Wetterſtrahl. Der Gefangene erhob ſich von ſeinem Lager und ſtarrte in den Morgenhimmel hinein, der in wolkenleerer Klarheit die Erde umſpann. Die Sonne, welche er Wochenlang nicht geſehen hatte, ſtrahlte ihm wieder; ſonſt weckte ſie Freude und Muth in ſeiner Bruſt, ihr Strahl war ihm wie ein Gruß aus der Heimath, wo ſie faſt immer ſcheint — jetzt fluchte er ihrem Lichte, das ihn zum vollen Bewußtſein rief. Er klammerte ſich an ſein Gitter, er rüttelte an den Stangen, preßte ſein Antlitz hinein, als könne er wie ein ſchlanker Vogel durch ihren Zwiſchenraum entfliehen — in die goldene Freiheit! Mit grimmigen Schmerzen rief er ſich erſt jetzt die lange Zeit in's Gedächtniß, die er hier an ſeiner ſchönen Jugend verlieren ſollte, erſt jetzt fühlte er, was ſeine Lage bedeute, ihre ganze Troſtloſigkeit ſprang nach allen Seiten in das gräßlichſte Licht. Scham und Wuth, qualvolle Reue, Ekel vor dem Lockbild, das ihn verführt, der heiße, ach vergebliche! Wunſch, nur zwei Jahre ſeines Lebens zurückkaufen zu können, um es anders zu geſtalten; die glühende Sehnſucht nach der Freiheit, die er verwirkt, Gedanken an liebe Freunde, an das reizende Bild, ohne welches er vielleicht jetzt im ſichern Aſyle wäre, wilde Entwürfe zur Flucht, trotziges Ankämpfen wider die Unmöglichkeit — das Alles kreuzte ſich in ſeinem Hirne und drohte es in unheilbare Zerrüttung zu ſtürzen. Viel ſchreckliche Stunden rang er in ſeiner Qual und ein grauſiger Gedanke, der ihm eine andere Befreiung bot, nahte mehrmals ſeiner Seele. Vielleicht hätte er ihm in ſeiner geiſtigen Verlorenheit nachgegeben und dem elenden Daſein, das er nicht zu ertragen vermeinte, ein Ende gemacht, wenn nicht eine wohlthätige Erſchöpfung ſeinen Krampf gelöſt und in ein ſchwaches Hinbrüten verwandelt hätte, das ihn den ganzen Tag über nicht mehr aufkommen ließ.

Der folgende Morgen fand ihn ſchwach und entkräftet nach einer ſchlimmen Nacht voll wüſter Träume. Er beſann ſich mit erneuter Pein auf Alles, er quälte ſich wiederum in troſtloſen Betrachtungen, aber die Kriſis, welche ihm gefährlich werden konnte, war vorüber. Tag auf Tag verging. Wer wollte ſie ſchildern! Silvio Pellico hat uns ſein Kerkerleben mit den kleinſten Zügen gemalt; im Aeußern glich ihm Camillo's; aber die Richtung, welche Einſamkeit und Erhebung der Seele des Piemonteſen gaben, blieb Arlinghieri fremd. Er war zu verſtrickt in irdiſche Intereſſen, um ſich dem Ewigen zuzuwenden.

Von allen Gedanken, welche ihn quälend heimſuchten, bereitete ihm der an Bianca die bitterſten Schmerzen. Sie war ihm, das fühlte er, unwiederbringlich verloren. Konnte er hoffen, daß ihr Herz etwas für ihn fühlte? Konnte er glauben, daß ſie, deren Schönheit tauſend Bewerber finden mußte, ihre Hand frei erhalten würde! Frei, wie lange! Er nannte ſich die Jahreszahl ſeiner Befreiung und ſchauderte. Wenn es ihm auch gelang, ſein Gemüth zu ſtillen, das Leben hinzuſchleppen bis zu jenem Zeitpunkte, — wie mußte er aus dem Kerker hervorgehen! Seine Blüte war geknickt, ſeine Jugend vorüber, von ſeiner Lage in Rückſicht anderer Verhältniſſe konnte er ſich nicht einmal eine Vorſtellung machen. Gewiß hatte ſein Vater, wie er ſeine eiſerne Feſtigkeit kannte, die Drohung erfüllt, ihn zu enterben — wo nicht, ſo war ſein Vermögen confiscirt. Wie ſollte er, der Gealterte, mit der Schmach des Verbrechens Bedeckte, Verarmte, noch um Bianca werben können? Und ſie ſelbſt? Mußte er ſie nicht auch verblüht wieder finden! Der Frauen Blüte iſt ja zu ſchön, um lange währen zu können.

Was blieb ihm alſo für ſeine Zukunft! Ihr Schleier hing ſchwarz und ſtill vor ſeinen Augen, keine bunten Zauberlichter, wie ſie die Jugend dahinter gaukeln ſieht, kein ſchnell verſchwindendes Bild, das in Träumen hinter ſeinem Rande hervorſchaut und beim Erwachen vergeſſen iſt, ließ ſich erkennen. Tag auf Tag, Monat auf Monat, ſelbſt ein Jahr wurde der Zukunft abgewonnen zur Gegenwart, der Schleier blieb unberührt, wie von jedes Sterblichen Hand; ſein Geheimniß iſt ewig.

Camillo gewährte ſich keine Schonung. Er ſuchte ſeine Wunden nicht zu heilen, es gereichte ihm zu einem wollüſtigen Schmerze, ſie immer wieder aufzureißen — wollte er vielleicht verbluten! Nur wenn der Morgen aufſtieg, die Sonne in das einzige Fenſter des Gemachs ſchien und ein friſcher Wind Camillo's Stirn umwehte, fühlte er zuweilen einen Anflug des alten Lebensmuthes und er ſagte ſich dann: „Edlere Geiſter, wie Du, haben gelitten, haben gleiche Noth ertragen und ſchuldlos! Sie trugen mit Würde. Kann Dich ihr Beiſpiel nicht zu gleicher Kraft begeiſtern!“ Das konnte es nicht, eben weil er ſich Vorwürfe zu machen hatte. Die Standhaftigkeit des Schuldbewußten iſt nur Trotz.

Am Morgen ſtand Camillo gern, wo das offene Fenſter ihm einen Blick in die Freiheit gewährte, mochte ihm auch die Ausſicht auf Graben und Contreſcarpe ſeine Lage erſt recht beſtätigen. Er ſah doch friſches Grün und zuweilen einen Vogel. Nur das Bajonnet des Grenadiers, der unter ſeinem Fenſter als Schildwache ſtand, war ihm ein gehäſſiger Anblick, den er möglichſt vermied. Wenn ihn aber die Sehnſucht allzuſehr übermannte, kehrte er ſich nicht mehr daran, ſondern drückte ſein Antlitz durch das Gitter in den vollen Sonnenſchein, in den Morgenwind, ſchloß die Augen und träumte ſich frei.

Das war eines Tages wieder der Fall. Mit gleichgültigen Blicken maß ihn der Grenadier, welcher, das Gewehr im Arm, neben dem Schilderhauſe ſtand. Da fing Camillo an, die Gitterſtangen zu rütteln. Solches war verboten und die Schildwachen hatten die Pflicht, die Gefangenen daran zu erinnern. Der Ungar — ein ſolcher war der Soldat — rief drohend herauf. Camillo ſchien es nicht zu hören. Der Grenadier trat ein Paar Schritte näher und wollte ihn mit der Spitze des Bajonnets anrühren, um ihn aus ſeinen Träumen zu wecken. Jetzt erſt faßte er ihn ſchärfer mit ſeinen Blicken und hielt in ſeinem Vorhaben ein, er rückte die Bärmütze tiefer in's Geſicht, um ſich die Augen zu ſchirmen, ſtrich den ſcharfgewichsten Bart in die Höhe, murmelte ein Paar Worte in ſeiner Mutterſprache.

„Herr!" rief er dann plötzlich und ließ ſeine Waffe am Eiſengitter klingen.

Camillo ſchrak auf und wollte, mit einem finſtern Blicke auf den Gewehrträger, vom Fenſter weichen. Aber der Soldat hob die rechte Hand gegen ihn auf, ſah ſich nach allen Richtungen um, ob er bemerkt würde, und da er die nächſte Schildwache abgewendet erblickte, rief er mit gedämpfter Stimme: „Kennen's mich!"

Camillo hatte kein Gedächtniß für das gelbbraune Geſicht mit den breitgetrennten Augen, den hervorſtehenden Backenknochen und dem ſchwarzen Schnauzbart, der nach Vorſchrift dreſſirt war. Er ſchüttelte den Kopf.

„Ich heiß' Jannaſch," ſagte der Grenadier. „Sie haben mich vor zwei Jahren beſchenkt. Bei Wien."

Camillo erinnerte ſich kaum des Ereigniſſes mehr, das einer nähern Erklärung bedurfte, ehe er ſich vollkommen darauf beſann. Die Begegnung intereſſirte ihn als ein Vorfall, der das Einerlei ſeines Lebens unterbrach. Er ließ ſich mit dem Grenadier in ein Geſpräch ein, fragte ihn, wie er Soldat geworden, hörte eine Alltagsgeſchichte und war endlich abgefunden. Nicht ſo der Slowak. Sein ſchwarzes Auge hing glühend an dem Antlitz des Gefangenen und blitzte nur zuweilen ſpähend umher, ob auch Niemand beobachte, wie er trotz des Verbotes mit einem der Verhafteten ſprach. Als der Graf mit ſeinen Fragen, welche Jannaſch in geläufigerm Deutſch, wie er es auf ſeinen frühern Kunſtreiſen gelernt, beantwortete, zu dem Reſultate gekommen war, ſein Beſchenkter habe zu Hauſe nicht Alles nach Wunſch, ſein Liebchen untreu gefunden, das Geld verſpielt, und am Ende zur Fahne geſchworen, wollte er ſich zurückziehen, aber der Slowak fragte nun ſeiner Seits: ob er ſchon lange gefangen ſei? Der Ton, in welchem der Naturmenſch ſich äußerte, verrieth ſo herzlichen Antheil, daß Camillo, dem er ſeit ſeiner Verhaftung noch nicht zu Theil geworden war, ſich dadurch trotz der Kluft, welche ihn nach Rang, Bildung und Heimath von dem gemeinen Manne trennte, wohlthuend angeſprochen fühlte, und ihm Rede ſtand.

In dieſem Augenblicke geſtikulirte aber Jannaſch heftig zu ihm hinauf und ſchrie mit rauher Stimme: „Laſſen's mich ſein!" Camillo ſah ihn anfangs ſtaunend an, bemerkte aber bald, daß die Ablöſung von weitem erſchien, und zog ſich zurück, um dem armen Kerl keine Strafe zu veranlaſſen. Als die Formalitäten des Dienſtes abgethan waren und der Gleichſchritt des abmarſchirenden Trupps verhallte, war es Camillo, als habe ihn ein Freund verlaſſen.

An demſelben Tage erhielt Jannaſch den Poſten unter Arlinghieri's Fenſter nicht wieder, weil vier Stunden darauf, wie gewöhnlich, die neue Wache aufzog. Camillo, der ſich nie um militairiſche Verhältniſſe gekümmert hatte und den Übergang des Dienſtes nicht kannte, ſah in jeder neuen Schildwache, welche aufgeführt wurde, ſeinen ſlowakiſchen Freund und fühlte ſich getäuſcht, wenn der gebräunte Magyar, dem er prüfend in das bärtige Geſicht ſah, ſeinen Blick nur mit dem der Neugier erwiederte. So vergingen mehrere Tage, bis er des Harrens müde gar nicht mehr an das Fenſter trat und die Beſorgniß in ihm wach wurde, ſein verbotenes Geſpräch ſei entdeckt und der pflichtvergeſſene Soldat beſtraft worden.

Er hatte ſich mit dieſem Gedanken, nachdem er ſein karges Mahl verzehrt, auf das Lager geworfen, das mit Recht ſein Felſen des Prometheus genannt werden konnte. Die Geier, die ihm am Herzen nagten, überfielen ihn ſtets, wenn er die Stätte ſuchte, wo Andere Vergeſſenheit, ſelbſt der bitterſten Sorgen, finden. Heut war es wiederum die Eiferſucht, welche ihm das Blut in Brand ſetzte, der Gedanke, daß Werſſen Bianca liebe, daß er täglich um ſie werben, ihr Herz gewinnen könne. Er quälte ſich, daß ihn die Macht des Geſetzes hinweggeriſſen habe, ehe er Zeit zu ſeinem Werke gefunden: Werſſen zur Rede zu ſtellen. Nie war ihm der Kerker ſo drückend geweſen, als in dieſem Momente, wo er ſich das Glück ſeines Nebenbuhlers ausmalte.

Ein Klingen am Fenſter weckte ihn aus ſeinen ſchwarzen Träumen. Er ſah eine Bajonnetſpitze an die Gitterſtange ſchlagen; es war ein Zeichen, das ihm ſein Bekannter gab. Raſch ſprang er auf, er hatte ſich nicht getäuſcht. Das gelbe Geſicht ſeines Freundes — als ſolchen und einzig nahen ſah er Jannaſch an — blickte ihm unter der Bärenmütze entgegen und war zu einem Lächeln erheitert, das es wahrhaft verſchönerte. „Noch geſund?" fragte Jannaſch.

„Geſund wohl am Körper, aber nicht am Geiſte," erwiederte Camillo. „Geht es Dir gut?"

„Ganz gut," ſagte der Slowak. „Wiſſen's was? Ich könnt' Ihnen 'raus helfen. Haben's Luſt?"

„Menſch!" rief Camillo, von der plötzlichen Ausſicht ganz verblendet, keines weitern Wortes fähig.

„Jetzt nicht," ſagte der Soldat, indem er, ſich abwendend, eine gleichgültige Stellung annahm. Die nächſte Schildwache hatte ſich eben in ihrem Auf- und Niedergehen ihm zugekehrt und wenn ſie auch zu fern war, um überhaupt zu hören, wenn geſprochen wurde, ſo mußte doch alle Vorſicht gebraucht werden, daß ſie es nicht ſah.

Als Jannaſch wieder das Meſſingſchild ihrer Patrontaſche in der Sonne blitzend erblickte, was ſein Wahrzeichen der Sicherheit war, daß ihm der Rücken gekehrt wurde, begann er von Neuem: „Ich ſteh' jetzt bis ſieben Uhr. Dann komme ich wieder auf von Eilf bis Eins. In der Nacht geht's Reden beſſer. Laſſen's uns alleweil ſtill ſein."

„Sage mir nur eins!" rief Camillo. „Iſt eine Möglichkeit vorhanden? Haſt Du Hoffnung?"

„Ich werd' Sie doch nicht narren!" entgegnete Jannaſch. „Bin Ihnen viel ſchuldig. Hab' mir's gut ausgeſonnen!"

„Großer Gott!" rief Camillo aus ſeiner vollen Bruſt. „Wär' es möglich? Sollt' ich die Luft der Freiheit —"

„Schreien's nicht ſo!" warnte der Slowak. „Wenn's Einer hört!"

„Aber Dich, Du großmüthiger Menſch, wird es Dich nicht in Gefahr bringen?" fragte Camillo beſorgt. „Wenn ich fürchten müßte, Dich um meinetwillen büßen zu ſehen, ich könnte mich der Rettung nicht freuen."

„Keine Noth!" lachte Jannaſch. „Wenn Sie fort ſind und ſich's macht, ſchieß' ich hinterdrein. Aber jetzt ſein's ſtill, der Dolk dort hat wieder die Naſe her." Er ſetzte ſich ſelbſt in Marſch, um ſeinen Cameraden zu täuſchen und antwortete auf jede Frage, welche Camillo ihm fernerhin zuflüſterte, nur mit einem unwilligen Winken der Augenbraunen, oder wenn er ganz nah war, durch die Worte: „Heut Nacht ſag' ich Alles, jetzt nicht."

Es war Abends ſieben Uhr, als er abgelöſt wurde. Die vier Stunden, welche vergehen mußten, ehe ihn wieder die Reihe traf, ſchienen Camillo eine Ewigkeit zu ſein; er verzehrte ſich faſt vor innerer Unruhe, ſeine Adern flutheten wilden Drang, das Blut ſtieg ihm zu Kopfe und die Pulſe ſeiner Schläfe drohten ihre Decke zu ſprengen; ein krampfhaftes Zucken entnervte ſeine Glieder. Vergebens warf er ſich nieder und ſuchte zu ſchlafen; es ließ ihm keine Raſt, er mußte wieder aufſpringen, mußte die enge Zelle durchkreuzen. Was ſollte er hören? Welchen Plan hatte der treue Burſche erſonnen? Wohin ſollte er, wenn er glücklich der Feſte entronnen war, fliehen, um die Verfolgung zu meiden? Was fernerhin thun, wie und wovon leben? Tauſend Combinationen ſtürmten in raſtloſem Wechſel durcheinander, überſtürzten ſich, bildeten ein buntes, wirres Chaos, in welches keine Ordnung zu bringen war.

Endlich hörte ſein fieberhaft pochendes Ohr den Tritt des Ablöſungstrupps, der Jannaſch brachte, durch die ſchweigende Nacht. Er hörte den Anruf der Schildwache, die Commandowörter, den Abmarſch. Erſt, nachdem auf dem nächſten Poſten abgelöſt und nichts mehr zu vernehmen war, als der Tritt, welcher Jannaſch gehören mußte, wagte ſich Camillo in einer Spannung, welche ſeine Sinne zu erſchüttern drohte, an das Fenſter. Die Nacht war dunkel, das ſchwache Licht der Sterne vermochte nicht, die Gegenſtände zu erhellen, und Camillo konnte kaum den Wandelnden wahrnehmen, der in dieſem Momente eine Strecke entfernt war. Es befremdete ihn, daß er ſich nicht kund gab. Er huſtete, der Soldat machte Kehrt und kam näher. Camillo erwartete klopfenden Herzens ſeine Anrede, weil er ſelbſt nicht eher ſprechen wollte, aus Furcht, belauſcht zu werden. Dazu mußte noch Gefahr ſein; der Getreue ging, ohne einen Laut, unter dem Fenſter vorüber. Camillo wurde immer ungeduldiger. Das Spiel wiederholte ſich dreimal. Endlich konnte ſich der Gefangene nicht länger mäßigen, er flüſterte mit verhaltener Stimme hernieder: „Jannaſch!"

Ein rauher Kehlton, ein Paar Worte in unbekannter Sprache! Camillo bebte vom Fenſter zurück, Jannaſch war es nicht, es war ein Anderer! Wie vernichtet ſtürzte er auf ſein Lager, das ſtolze Gebäude ſeiner Hoffnungen begrub ihn zuſammenbrechend unter ſeine Trümmer.

Es währte eine geraume Zeit, ehe der Getäuſchte ſo viel Faſſung gewinnen konnte, um Vermuthungen über das unerklärliche Ausbleiben ſeines Helfers anzuſtellen. War er erkrankt? Hatte er einen andern dienſtlichen Auftrag bekommen? Oder — war ſeine Abſicht verrathen worden? „Nur das nicht!" rief

Camillo, die Hand vor die glühenden Augen preſſend, als wolle er nicht in den Abgrund ſehen, der ſich mit dem Gedanken plötzlich vor ihm eröffnete. Nach und nach faßte er wieder Hoffnung. Vielleicht hatte der Zufall einen Tauſch bewirkt und Jannaſch erſchien in der folgenden Stunde. Sie kam; aber Jannaſch blieb aus. Camillo harrte vergebens auf ihn, bis die Sterne am Himmel erblichen und der Oſten ſich färbte; dann erſt entſagte er ſeiner Hoffnung für diesmal, ohne ſie doch für die Zukunft aufzugeben. Aber auch die Ungewißheit, welche tauſend mögliche Fälle, und unter dieſen manchen troſtreichen, zuließ, ſollte ihm geraubt werden. Die Sonne war noch nicht hoch geſtiegen, als die Schlöſſer an ſeiner Thüre raſſelten, und der Aufſeher mit einem Handwerksmanne erſchien, der ſich ohne weitere Erklärung daran machte, mit Hammer und Zange die Feſtigkeit der Gitterſtangen am Fenſter zu unterſuchen. Sein Beginnen fiel Camillo wie ein Felsblock auf das Herz, denn es ſchien eine ſchauderhafte Erklärung der verfloſſenen Nacht zu geben.

„Warum geſchieht das?“ fragte er den Aufſeher, welcher mit ernſtem Blick der Unterſuchung des Meiſters zuſchaute.

„Das werden Sie wohl ſelbſt am beſten wiſſen,“ erwiederte der Aufſeher kurz.

„Wie ſo! Was heißt das?“ rief Camillo, ſich zur Unbefangenheit zwingend. „Fürchten Sie von mir etwa —!“

„Zu fürchten iſt überhaupt nichts,“ antwortete der Aufſeher. „Nur ſicher ſtellen wollen wir uns, damit nicht ein Unſchuldiger durch Sie zur Verantwortung kommt. — Alles in Ordnung, Meiſter!“

Der Mann bejahte. „Wir könnten allenfalls noch ein Paar Querſtangen legen,“ äußerte er, nicht eben erbaulich.

„Sie ſprachen von Verantwortung!“ fragte Camillo, als der Aufſeher ſich entfernen wollte. „Darf ich nicht hoffen, daß Sie mir eine Erklärung geben, was Ihre Worte, was dieſe Anſtalten bedeuten!“

„Das wäre ſehr überflüſſig,“ erwiederte der Aufſeher. „Nur ſo viel kann ich Ihnen ſagen, daß Sie ſich nicht mit thörichten Hoffnungen ſchmeicheln dürfen. — Sie ſollten ſich ſchämen, Herr!“ — Damit verließ er, einen Blick ernſten Vorwurfs auf den Beſtürzten heftend, das Gemach, und der Schließer, der bald darauf erſchien, dem Gefangenen Frühſtück zu bringen, war außer Stande, Camillo's Fragen, die er nicht direct ſtellen wollte, zu befriedigen. Es war auch nur noch das letzte Zucken wider die gewaltſam einbrechende Ueberzeugung, daß der Anſchlag, auf den er ſein Heil gebaut hatte, verrathen ſei. Welche namenloſe Pein, wenn er an das Schickſal des Unglücklichen dachte, der ſich aus Erkenntlichkeit für ihn in's Verderben geſtürzt hatte!

10.

Camillo's Urtheil war ſeinen Freunden und Allen, welche ihn kannten, nicht lange ein Geheimniß geblieben. Friedrich hatte es längſt geahnt und nahm es tief ſeufzend hin, was er immer als unausbleiblich dem Verblendeten prophezeiht hatte. Er konnte nichts für ihn thun, da ſelbſt eine Reiſe, die er unternahm, um ihn zu ſprechen, fruchtlos geweſen war.

Bianca erfuhr es auf einem Faſchingsball. Sie ſtand neben ihrer Mutter, als dieſer eine ihrer Freundinnen nahte, welche damals mit von der Geſellſchaft geweſen war, die den ſchönen Fremdling zweimal in ihrer Mitte geſehen hatte. Mit großer Umſtändlichkeit trug ſie ihre Nachricht vor, daß der italieniſche Graf, an den man ſich wohl noch erinnern werde, ein Betrüger geweſen ſei, unter falſchem Namen ſich eingeſchlichen habe und jetzt als Revolutionair ſeine Kerkerſtrafe erleide. Ihre Worte ſprudelten wie ein Springquell, ihre Haube flog vor dem eindringlichen Nicken, das den Vortrag begleitete. Frau von Rodenau beobachtete verſtohlen ihr Kind, welchen Eindruck die Nachricht auf daſſelbe machen würde. Sie freute ſich des Heilmittels, wenn es deſſen bedurfte, aber ſie zitterte vor ſeiner anfänglichen Wirkung. Bianca lauſchte mit offenem Antheil: ein leichtes Roth, das die Farbe ihrer Wangen momentan erhöhte, ein leiſes Zucken der Lippen, und Alles war vorüber. Die Mutter dankte Gott und entſagte mit Freuden der Genugthuung, das Räthſel des jungfräulichen Buſens zu ergründen.

Werffen's Character war zu grade und ehrlich, jedem Schlangenwege zu abhold, als daß ihn nicht die Entdeckung von der Unwahrheit, in welche er ſelbſt gezogen worden, mit Unwillen hatte erfüllen ſollen. Es kränkte ihn empfindlich, daß er ſich hatte bereit finden laſſen, für eine Lüge zu bürgen, er ſchalt auf wälſche Ränkeſucht und Falſchheit und eilte, den Flecken, der nach ſeiner Meinung auf ihn ſelbſt fiel, durch eine offene Erklärung abzuwaſchen. Man verſicherte ihn lächelnd, daß der Zuſammenhang längſt klar vorliege und ſein tadelloſer Ruf zu feſt begründet ſei, um nur den leiſeſten Verdacht zu faſſen, der ihn der Hehlerei eines Verbrechens bezüchtige.

Noch im vollen Grimme über den Wälſchen, der ihm den Streich geſpielt, traf er einmal in Dienſtgeſchäften mit Friedrich zuſammen, der jetzt eine amtliche Stellung bekleidete. Er ſäumte nicht, nachdem die dienſtliche Angelegenheit beſeitigt war, ſich über Camillo gegen den Mann auszuſprechen, der ſich ſeinen Freund genannt hatte.

„Richten Sie nicht zu ſtreng!“ ſagte Friedrich. „Nennen Sie ihn unglücklich, aber nicht ſchlecht. Ich kenne jede Falte ſeines Herzens, es iſt probehaltig und rein, nur ſeinen Kopf tadeln Sie, ſein leidenſchaftlich Gemüth, ſeine ſchnell entzündliche, leicht zu verführende Phantaſie. Er hat von der Natur ein böſes Geſchenk für das Leben bekommen und nicht gelernt, es richtig zu gebrauchen. Das mag ſeine Schuld wenigſtens erklären.“

„Sie iſt ziemlich deutlich auch durch ſich ſelbſt,“ erwiederte Werffen.

„Nein, Herr Baron,“ verſetzte Friedrich. „Wer ein Vergehen nur nach Thatſachen beurtheilt, wird nie den rechten Standpunkt gewinnen, um ſeine Strafbarkeit zu würdigen. Ich meine nicht die Strafbarkeit vor dem Geſetz. Dieſe ſteht feſt, und es iſt ein Glück für die Menſchheit, daß ſich das Geſetz nicht durch pſychologiſche Beluſtigungen das Schwert, das es von Gott führt, entwinden läßt. Aber die Strafbarkeit vor dem Blicke, der in das innerſte Getriebe des Herzens ſchaut —“

„Wollen Sie dieſe ermeſſen!“ fragte Werffen.

„Das ſei ferne von mir!“ erwiederte Friedrich. „Aber ich fühle mich niemals berufen, auch meiner Seits einen Stein wider den Gefallenen aufzuheben, ſondern ich ſuche den Triebfedern ſeiner Handlungen, den Verhältniſſen, die ſeinem Character die erſte Richtung gaben, nachzuſpüren und frage mich oft: ob ich unter gleichen die Verſuchung beſtehen würde.“

„Ich glaube hier doch: Ja! ſagen zu müſſen,“ verſetzte der Freiherr. „Nichts in der Welt könnte mich veranlaſſen, die Pflicht gegen meinen Landesherrn mit Füßen zu treten, unter falſchem Namen ehrliche Leute zu täuſchen oder ſelbſt in böſen Ruf zu bringen.“

„Das weiß ich,“ ſagte der Arzt. „Auch ich ſelbſt, wie ich bin und denke, glaube jeder Verſuchung der Art gewachſen zu ſein. Aber ſeien wir billig. Sie, Herr Baron, ſind aufgezogen in Ehren und Frömmigkeit, deutſchen Stammes in einem Lande, deſſen Treue nie wanken wird, weil ſie ein heiliges Vermächtniß unſerer Väter iſt, das unſer Glück verbürgt. Die Geſchichte bietet Ihnen nur Stärkung darin: unſere altdeutſchen Dome ſind das Bild unſerer Vorzeit. So hat ſich Ihr Character gebildet, auf feſte Grundſätze geſtützt: Sie ſind ein deutſcher Edelmann im adeligſten Sinne des Wortes.“

„Herr Doctor, wenn das Ihr Ernſt iſt, ſo wiſſen Sie, daß ich dergleichen Reden nicht wohlgefällig einſchlürfe,“ unterbrach ihn Werffen lächelnd.

„Nun aber denken Sie ſich einen Italiener,“ fuhr Friedrich fort. „Seine Vorzeit hält ihm die Größe Roms vor, die klaſſiſchen Schriften, die er mit Begeiſterung lieſt, erfüllen ihn mit Bildern republikaniſcher Größe, ſein feuriger Geiſt nährt ſie und führt ſie auf die Gegenwart über, vergeſſend, daß ſie todt ſind und ſo wenig zu beleben, als ihre kalten Marmorbilder in den antiken Hallen. Der Funke zündet. Die blutigen Geiſter des Mittelalters, wo die furia tedesca Italiens Fluren verheerte, ſteigen herauf und ſchüren den Brand. Und von außen kommen ruchloſe Hände, die an allen Pfeilern des Beſtehenden rütteln, ohne ein anderes Gebäude ſicher und gut für die Menſchheit aufgeführt zu haben. Der Schlachtruf, den ſie gewählt, klingt zu ſchön, als daß er nicht auch feſte Seelen ſtutzig machen könnte. Wie viel mehr des Italieners leicht beweglichen Sinn. Er greift enthuſiaſtiſch nach dem Ideal, das er für die Himmelstochter hält, der erſte Schritt iſt gethan, er ſelbſt den feindlichen Mächten verfallen. Zu ſpät erkennt er, was es für Folgen haben wird; Zweifel quälen ſein wiederkehrendes Bewußtſein, aber er kann nicht mehr zurück, es reißt ihn von Stufe zu Stufe, bis er in den Abgrund ſeines Erdenwohls ſtürzt. — Das iſt Camillo's Geſchichte. Ich habe ihn gewarnt, ich hätte Alles gethan, um ihn zu retten. Aber er blieb meinen Worten unzugänglich.“

Werffen hatte ſich bei der warmen Schilderung des Antheils nicht erwehren können und ſagte nun: „Es mag ſein, daß des Menſchen Freiheit im Handeln durch ſeine Jugend, Erziehung und Anderes beſchränkt wird, aber verantwortlich bleibt er darum doch und ich kann Ihren Freund nur beklagen, nicht entſchuldigen.“

Dies zweite Zuſammentreffen der beiden Männer führte zu näherer Bekanntſchaft, und Werffen lernte bald den innern Werth des Arztes, deſſen unvortheilhaftes Auftreten ihm ſchon oft in ſeinem Berufe hinderlich geweſen war, ſchätzen. Beide bewahrten ſich ſeit der Zeit [illegible] und verſtändigten ſich in ihren Anſichten, welche, dem Grundprincip nach gleich, nur verſchieden ausgeprägt waren. Eine glückliche Kur, welche in dieſer Periode Friedrichs Namen in Wien berühmt machte, diente dazu, ihn auch in den Kreiſen, wo äußere Geſchliffenheit eine unerläßliche Bedingniß des Fortkommens iſt, zu empfehlen; man machte diesmal eine Ausnahme, weil es das höchſte Gut, das theure Leben, mit welchem ja alle Größe, alle Vorrechte zuſammenſtürzen, galt, überſah manchen Verſtoß des Berühmten, um der ſichern Heilung willen, die von ihm zu erwarten ſtand, und entſchuldigte ſich, daß man einem Humoriſten kleine Excentricitäten verzeihen müſſe. Unter dieſem Namen kurſirte Friedrich bald in ganz Wien.

„Entweiht den Begriff des Humors nicht!“ rief er, als ihn Werffen damit bekannt machte. „Jeder, der heut zu Tage ein Paar dumme Späße machen kann, nennt ſich humoriſtiſch, unter den Schriftſtellern graſſirt eine wahre Humorswuth, die abgeſtandenſte Witzelei wird frech als Humor in die Welt geſchickt, ſo daß es kein Wunder wäre, wenn ſich der ächte Humor — das Doppelweſen mit dem Januskopfe, das auf die lachenden Höhen und in die dunkeln Gründe des Lebens ſchaut, ihre Bilder zu verkündigen — ganz verlöre. Die Welt fängt an zu vergeſſen, daß der wahre Humor ein Spiegelbild der Licht- und Nachtſeite des Unendlichen iſt, daß er neben Scherz und Witz auch den tiefſten Ernſt, die wehmüthigſte Klage bedingt und die Verſchmelzung beider Elemente ihm erſt den ächten Stempel aufdrückt. Nennt mich darum keinen Humoriſten, ich ſchäme mich der Anmaßung.“

Werffen ließ es ſich angelegen ſein, den neuen Freund auch in das Haus ſeiner Tante einzuführen, wogegen ſich Friedrich anfangs mit einer räthſelhaften Befangenheit ſträubte. War es das Bewußtſein, ſich durch ſeinen erſten Beſuch nicht eben zu ſeinem Vortheil empfohlen zu haben, oder ein anderes Gefühl, das ſich Friedrich, um nicht vor ſich ſelbſt lächerlich zu werden, keineswegs geſtand, genug, er lehnte, als ihn Werffen aufforderte, die Einladung entſchieden ab. Erſt wiederholte Verſuche und die Unmöglichkeit, Werffens Fragen nach dem Grunde ſeiner Weigerung zu beantworten, vermochten ihn, ſeinen Starrſinn zu beugen.

Frau von Rodenau war bereits durch ihren Neffen zu Friedrichs Gunſten geſtimmt, ſie empfing ihn mit Auszeichnung und half ihm leicht über die Verlegenheit des erſten Augenblicks hinweg. Es war eine größere Geſellſchaft bei ihr verſammelt; Werffen hatte es ſeinem Freunde vorgeſchlagen, grade eine ſolche, als die bequemſte Art ſich einzuführen, zu wählen. Bianca konnte ſich bei ihrem muntern Sinne und der Erinnerung an das Erdbeben, das Friedrich bei ſeinem erſten Hierſein verurſacht, eines Lächelns nicht enthalten, aber der Arzt ſah bekanntlich ſchlecht und bemerkte es gar nicht. Sobald er erſt im Kreiſe eingewohnt war, ging es ihm beſſer, er hatte offenbar Fortſchritte gemacht, auch in der Converſation. Verſtöße, wie er ſonſt zuweilen begangen, (er hatte in einem vornehmen Zirkel einmal von „Dummheit“ geſprochen, ein Wort, das in jenen Kreiſen ſtreng verpönt iſt, wiewohl die Sache ſelbſt Eintritt hat) kamen jetzt nicht mehr vor, höchſtens konnte das ſatiriſche Lächeln, das bei mancher Aeußerung ſeinen Mund umſchwebte, fatal und unbequem genannt werden. So ging der Abend ziemlich leicht vorüber; Friedrich hatte ſich gefallen und nahm die Einladung der Frau vom Hauſe zu öfterem Wiederkommen gern an. Eine Unpäßlichkeit, welche Bianca bald darauf befiel und der Mutter Sorge machte, ließ ihn als Arzt rufen, ſein Rath ſtellte die Kranke wunderſchnell her und begründete einen freundſchaftlichen Umgang, in welchem Friedrich, der ſeit frühſter Jugend allein ſtand, die wohlthuende Gemüthlichkeit des Familienlebens kennen lernte. Er kam öfter, als er ſich vorgenommen hatte.

11.

Nicht fehlen konnte es, daß Bianca bei ihrem Liebreiz, der ihre Erſcheinung ſelbſt in den Salons des frauenſchönen Wiens auszeichnete, von Anbetern umſchwärmt war. Die Mutter, ſie mochte es ſich ſelbſt ableugnen, wie ſie wollte, ſah es nicht ungern. Jeder Triumph ſchmeichelt der weiblichen Eitelkeit, und die Huldigungen, welche ihr um der Tochter willen gebracht wurden, das Empreſſement, mit welchem man ſie zu Feſten und Bällen zog, konnten ihr nicht gleichgültig bleiben. Werffen ſah ſein Glück von Neuem bedroht, es reizte ihn, durch eine raſche Erklärung über ſeine Zukunft entſcheiden zu laſſen, aber die Beſorgniß vor einer unwillkommenen Entſcheidung hielt ihn davon zurück. — „Ich muß meiner Sache erſt gewiß ſein,“ dachte er. „Sie ahnt, ſie kennt meine Neigung. Ich muß ein Zeichen der ihrigen ſehen, ehe ich mich der Gefahr ausſetze, zurückgewieſen zu werden.“

Darüber verging nun freilich die Zeit. Denn der ehrliche Werffen, ſo ſcharf ſein Blick auch in militairiſchen Dingen war, hatte doch kein Auge für die zarten Aeußerungen eines weiblichen Herzens, welche mehr errathen, als erkannt ſein wollen. Das Zeugniß der Mutter verwarf er überdem, wie er ſie auch dringend gebeten hatte, Bianca's Wahl weder durch Winke, noch Worte zu lenken. So hielten ſich denn die Verhältniſſe längere Zeit auf demſelben Standpunkte.

Bianca dachte nicht daran, ihre Zukunft zu beſtimmen. Sie lebte, wie es des Mädchens Roſenzeit, die ſchöne, nie wiederkehrende, mit ſich bringt, im Sonnenſchein der Gegenwart, hüpfte ſorglos von Freude zu Freude, ſah über ſich nur heitres Himmelsblau, um ſich nur freundliche Bilder. Jeder Schritt wurde ihr geebnet, Wohlwollen und Aufmerkſamkeit begegneten ihr, wo ſie ſich nahte, ihr Lächeln, ihr Blick weckte Huldigung, ſelbſt von ältern und ſtolzen Männern, welche an Rang weit über ihr ſtanden. Wie hätte ſie es anders wünſchen ſollen, da es ihrem jugendlichen Herzen noch nicht gegeben war, an ernſtere, ſchönere Lagen des Lebens zu denken! Es weckt dem Beobachter, deſſen Blick nicht auf der Oberfläche des Moments ſtehen bleibt, ein wehmüthiges Gefühl, dieſe Gefeierten zu ſehen. Wie drängt ſich Alles, ihnen Weihrauch zu ſtreuen, wie ſucht man um die Wette ihr Hirn und Herz zu berauſchen! Jugend und Schönheit werden vergöttert, ſie haben den Vortritt überall. Wohl ihnen, wenn ſie vom Höhenpunkte ihres Glanzes im Triumph an den Altar geführt werden! Doch Wehe den Andern! Wenige Jahre reichen hin, um ihre Kränze zu entblättern, und die Männer, welche ſonſt für einen Blick von ihnen ihr Blut verſpritzt hätten, wenden ſich kalt, oft höhniſch lächelnd von der Verblühten zu neuen Erſcheinungen, die in friſchem Jugendreiz auftreten. Beklagenswerth die Arme, wenn ſie keine Reſignation fühlt, wenn ſie, deren Herz vielleicht noch jung iſt, ſich nicht erkannt und würdig zurückzieht.

Betrachtungen ſolcher Art drängten ſich beſonders dem Doctor Friedrich auf, wenn er, wie jetzt nicht ſelten geſchah, größern Feſten beiwohnte. Er war ſeit ſeiner Bekanntſchaft mit Werffen, ſeit ſeinem Umgange mit den Damen von Rodenau ein ganz Anderer geworden. Seine ſcharfen Ecken hatten ſich allmälig abgeſchliffen, er hatte gelernt, ſich auf der geſellſchaftlichen Bahn zu bewegen, ohne überall anzuſtoßen. Mehr und mehr trat ſein trefflicher Kern aus der rauhen Schale an das Licht, und ſein hoher Gönner freute ſich des allgemeinen Rufs, den ſein Schützling mit der Zeit gewonnen hatte. Das alte Sprichwort: Galenus dat opes, fing an, ſich an ihm zu bewähren. Friedrich wurde geſucht, geehrt, belohnt, Mütter ſelbſt adeligen Standes ſahen ihn bereits für einen homme à marier an und wunderten ſich, daß er ſo ganz blind für die Reize ihrer Töchter ſei, welche ſie Sorge trugen ihm durch mancherlei Unpäßlichkeiten bemerkbar zu machen. Viele ſchoben es auf ſeine ſchlechte Brille.

„Man will Sie heirathen, Doctor!“ ſagte Werffen zu ihm.

„Ich heirathe nie!“ erwiederte Friedrich, ohne ſich jedoch auf eine Erörterung einzulaſſen. Es war nicht Weiberfeindſchaft, auch nicht eingefleiſchtes Hageſtolzthum, denn er ſprach ſich oft mit Wärme über den Werth einer wahren, im Himmel geſchloſſenen Ehe aus und hatte Werffen mehrmals gerathen, den Schritt zu thun, vor welchem der wackere Mann trotz ſeines Kriegermuths zagte. Werffens Liebe war ihm nämlich kein Geheimniß geblieben und da er für Camille nicht die leiſeſte Hoffnung hatte, ſo konnte er nicht anders, als ſich geſtehen, daß Bianca mit Werffen ſehr glücklich ſein werde.

„Einen Anlaß ſuchen Sie!“ ſprach er oft. „Brauchen denn zwei Menſchen einen Anlaß, um ſich zu ſagen, daß ſie ſich lieb haben! Dürſten Sie danach, ſich um Fräulein Bianca ein recht glänzendes Verdienſt zu erwerben! O der proſaiſchen Zeit, die ſo wenig Gelegenheit zu romantiſchen Abenteuern bietet! Rettung aus Feuersgefahr und Räuberhänden iſt durch unſere treffliche Polizei ſchier unmöglich geworden, ein Duell für die Geliebte wäre noch das Einzige; aber wo finden Sie gleich einen Gegner, der ſie verunglimpfte! Vielleicht wäre ein Durchgehen der Pferde vor dem Wagen zu arrangiren, oder ein Umſtürzen des Kahns auf einer Waſſerparthie. Sie können doch ſchwimmen!“

„Spotten Sie nur!“ erwiederte Werffen. „Sie können ſich hierin doch kein Urtheil anmaßen.“

Es war, als habe das Schickſal beſchloſſen, die Säumniß zu ſtrafen. Ein Sturz mit dem Pferde ſtreckte Werffen eine geraume Zeit auf das Schmerzenslager und trennte ihn von Bianca; zwar ſchickte ihre Mutter jeden Tag, ſich nach ſeinem Befinden zu erkundigen, zwar brachte ihm Friedrich, der im Rodenauſchen Hauſe über ſeinen Patienten ſo oft als möglich Bericht abſtatten mußte, den beſten Troſt und rühmte den innigen Antheil, welchen Bianca ſtets äußerte, aber es war ihm doch kein Erſatz für das verlorne Glück ihrer Nähe, das er ſo ſchlecht benutzt hatte. Er wußte überdem, daß die Zeit der Faſchingsfeſte wiederum nahe war, daß der ungariſche Graf, den er als ſeinen gefährlichſten Nebenbuhler fürchtete, Gelegenheit haben würde, ſich um ſie zu bewerben — ſein Regiment hatte unter der Zeit Marſchordre bekommen, ſobald er geſund war, mußte er ihm nacheilen, mußte Bianca verlaſſen! Dieſe Gedanken, welche ſein Blut entzündeten, ließen ihm keine Ruhe und verzögerten ſeine Geneſung ſehr. Friedrich machte ihm die eindringlichſten Vorſtellungen, welche jedoch, wie es in der Regel der Fall iſt, wenig fruchteten.

Endlich fühlte er ſich ſtark genug, um ſeinem Arzte die Erlaubniß abzudringen, das Feſt, das die Krone des Carnevals ſein ſollte, zu beſuchen. Friedrich wurde grob über das Anſinnen, hielt ihm die Pflicht gegen ſich ſelbſt, gegen Bianca, gegen den Dienſt, da er ſich noch nicht geſund gemeldet, vor und ſchlug ſeine Genehmigung rund ab. Werſſen beruhigte ſich ſcheinbar, ſobald aber der Arzt eine Krankentour, die ihn länger entfernt halten mußte, unternommen hatte, ließ er ſich ankleiden und fuhr, ohne ſich zu bedenken, dahin, wo er gewiß war, ſeine Geliebte wiederzufinden.

Er trat in den feſtlich erleuchteten Saal, die Wogen der Töne ſchwollen ihm entgegen, zahlreiche Paare flogen im Walzer dahin. Werſſens Blick ſuchte nicht lange. Bianca ſtand, angetreten zum Tanz, in ſeiner Nähe, wie es das Herz ihm unheilvoll prophezeit, neben dem Magnaten, wie ſeines Gleichen ſich gar zu gern nennen hört. Er ließ nicht ab, zu ihr zu ſprechen, ſein glühendes Auge ſchwelgte in ihren Reizen. Ob ſie ihm Antwort gab, konnte Werſſen nicht bemerken, ſie ſtand ihm abgekehrt. Er bahnte ſich Platz, bis er dicht hinter ihr ſtand. In dieſem Augenblicke war die Reihe an dem Paare, der Ungar umſchlang mit derbem Arme den jungfräulichen Leib, wo ſich Werſſen, der niemals getanzt, nicht getraut hätte, ihre Fingerſpitzen zu berühren — und flog mit Bianca durch den Saal. „Es iſt ein ſeltſames Ding um die Walzerſitte, welche Freiheiten geſtattet, die ohne Muſik Frechheiten wären. Heiligt denn der obligate Geigenſtrich des Mannes Hand, daß ihre Berührung nicht mehr die Züchtigkeit verletzt!“ — So unmoderne Gedanken, Kinder des Verdruſſes, machten ſich dem Zuſchauer, der ſich ſehr matt fühlte, aber dennoch nicht wich, ſondern auf den Stock geſtützt, den er nicht abgelegt hatte, das walzende Paar mit den Augen verfolgte, bis es athemlos wieder vor ihm inne hielt. Bianca bemerkte ihn noch nicht, ihr Auge war zu Boden geſchlagen, ſie wandte ſich auch von ihrem Tänzer ab. Er mochte ihr im Walzen etwas geſagt haben, das ſie in Verwirrung ſetzte. Werſſens Herz ſchwoll immer bitterer.

„Darf ich mir dies Schweigen günſtig deuten?“ hörte er jetzt mit geſchärften Sinnen, wie er Bianca zuflüſterte.

Bianca warf einen ſchnellen, ſuchenden Blick um ſich her und begegnete einem treuen Auge, das mit bekümmertem Ausdruck auf ihr ruhte. Es zuckte über ihr Antlitz, das ſich mit hoher Gluth färbte, in allen Mienen belebt.

„Sie hier, Couſin!“ rief ſie mit freudiger Stimme. „Sind Sie geſund?“

Werſſens krankhafte Bläſſe, die in der Bewegung des Augenblicks noch eine ſchlimmere Farbe angenommen hatte, ſchien ihm die Antwort zu erſparen, der er ohnehin nicht fähig war. Er zuckte nur mit den Achſeln.

„Haben Sie meine Mutter geſprochen?“ rief Bianca beſorgter. „Führen Sie mich zu ihr. — Herr Graf!“ Sie verneigte ſich und trat ab.

„Sie leiden und ich tanze!“ ſagte ſie dann im Gehen mit einem Selbſtvorwurf, der aufrichtig war. „Wir hatten aber ſo gute Nachricht von Ihnen, daß ich mir den Ball nicht verſagte. Ich tanze ſo gern. — Aber durften Sie denn ausgehen? Und müſſen wir Sie hier zuerſt ſehen?“ Sie blickte ihn ſo liebreich an, daß er ſich eiligſt entſchuldigte. Frau von Rodenau, welche ihn von Weitem erkannt hatte, kam ihnen durch das Gedränge des Saales entgegen, erſchrak aber auch über das kranke Ausſehen des Vetters und fragte ängſtlich, ob der Arzt dieſen Gang auch erlaubt habe? was Werſſen freilich verneinen mußte.

Sie tadelte ihn ernſtlich und Bianca fragte, was ihn zu dieſem Trotz gegen die Vorſchrift veranlaßt habe? Sein Auge, das ihr eine unwillkürliche Antwort gab, trieb ihr wieder das Blut in die Wangen, aber ihr Gefühl wurde zur Angſt, als ſie die zunehmende Schwäche des noch Ungeneſenen bemerkte. Auch die Mutter ſah es, wie er ſich nur mit Anſtrengung aufrecht hielt, trieb ihn zum Sitzen und beſtand auf ſeiner unverſäumten Heimkehr. — „Unſer Wagen iſt ſchnell herbeigeſchafft,“ ſagte ſie.

„Ja wohl,“ beſtätigte Bianca. „Wir begleiten ſie. Mir iſt dieſer Ball ohnehin zur Laſt.“ Ein Diener flog mit der Beſtellung davon.

„Ich glaubte das Gegentheil,“ ſagte Werſſen bedeutend.

„Das konnten Sie!“ rief Bianca lebhaft. „Sie haben geſehen, wie der Unerträgliche mir die harmloſe Freude am Tanze verbitterte. Iſt es denn unmöglich, daß man tanzen kann, ohne immer von Neuem und von Jedem gequält zu werden? Ich möchte lieber gar nicht mehr tanzen.“

Werſſen hatte ſich niedergelaſſen und litt offenbar. Frau von Rodenau beobachtete ihn und unterhielt ein ſchonendes Geplauder, um ſeine Geiſter bis zur Ankunft des Wagens in Spannkraft zu halten. Bianca wurde ſtill.

Endlich meldete man den Wagen. Vergebens widerſetzten ſich einige Herren, der Magnat faſt [illegible], dem Abgehen der ſchönſten Tänzerin, Frau von Rodenau mußte ihren Willen mit Energie durchführen. Im Wagen ſagte Bianca: „Wenn dieſer Ausflug üble Folgen für Sie hätte! Ein ſchrecklicher Gedanke!“ — Er tröſtete ſie mit der Verſicherung, ſich ganz wohl zu fühlen.

Sie ſchwiegen eine Weile. — „Ich habe noch etwas mit Ihnen zu ſprechen,“ fing Bianca wieder an. „Der Unglückliche, deſſen Sie ſich angenommen haben, — kann es Ihnen keine Gefahr bringen, einen ſolchen Menſchen um ſich zu dulden? Ich geſtehe, daß ich mich vor dieſem Volke fürchte, wo ich irgend Einem begegne.“

Er beruhigte ſie. Der Wagen hielt, die Reverberen warfen ihr Licht auf Bianca's Antlitz, als Werſſen Abſchied nahm. Ihr tiefer inniger Blick traf ſein Herz.

12.

Jahre waren verfloſſen, hatten Vieles umgeſtaltet, den Strom der Zeit, der eine gefährliche Richtung zu nehmen drohte, wieder in ruhige Bahnen gelenkt. Jetzt wurde es möglich, das Wort der Gnade zu ſprechen. Gnade! Erhabenes Vorrecht der Fürſten, das ſie Gott ähnlich macht, nicht dem zornigen Jehovah, der an flammender Rache Gefallen findet und die Sünder mit ſeinen Strafen zerſchmettert, ſondern dem Vater Chriſti, dem Gotte der Liebe, der die Verirrten aufrichtet und mit ſanfter Barmherzigkeit auf die verlaſſene Bahn des Guten zurückführt!

Die Amneſtie war verkündigt. Friedrich eilte, ſobald er die Gewißheit vernommen hatte, mit Poſtpferden nach der fernen Feſte, um ſeinen Freund beim Wiedereintritt in das Leben zu begrüßen, um mit ihm ſeine Zukunft zu berathen, und den Groll zu tilgen, den vielleicht das Schickſal in ihm zurückgelaſſen hatte. Er fand ihn nicht mehr. Kaiſerliche Commiſſarien waren bereits mit den Staatsgefangenen abgereiſt. Da er nicht hoffen durfte, ſie einzuholen, und einmal Urlaub zu reiſen hatte, benutzte er ihn, um ſeinen norddeutſchen Freund, den Geiſtlichen, mit dem er von Zeit zu Zeit Briefe wechſelte, zu beſuchen. Welcher Verdruß, als er hörte, daß er die Reiſe umſonſt gemacht hatte, daß ſein Bekannter wiederum in Süddeutſchland war und auch Baden, auch ihn ſelbſt zu beſuchen geäußert hatte. Er verließ das Städtchen ziemlich unwirſch. Hätte er noch dazu eine Ahnung gehabt, was ſich während ſeiner Abweſenheit in Baden zugetragen hatte!

Die Saiſon war in dieſem Jahre ungemein glänzend. Es iſt uns in unſerem Kreiſe überhaupt verſagt, Silhouetten zu ſchneiden, als nur zu unſerer eigenen Ergötzlichkeit; wir haben viele äußere Lächerlichkeit kennen gelernt, noch mehr geiſtige Miſere, vor der Hand ziehen wir noch den Hut und ſchweigen. In dem Kreiſe aber, der ſich dazumal zu Baden bei Wien verſammelt hatte, war ein zu reiches, frohſinniges, an liebenswürdigen Erſcheinungen üppiges Leben, als daß ſich ein ſatiriſcher Silhouettenſchneider hätte beluſtigen können, Jagd auf Böcke zu machen, die uns leider ſo vielfach über den Weg gelaufen ſind, große und kleine.

Camillo Arlingheim ſah ſich mitten in dies Leben verſetzt. Es war Sonntag; er hatte jede Hemmniß für den Moment beſeitigt und fühlte ſich frei. Noch war ihm das Bewußtſein während ſeiner Reiſe nicht klar erwacht. Jetzt ſtrömte es ihm wie ein belebender Geiſt durch alle Adern. Er hätte jauchzen mögen, ſein Auge flammte wieder mit der alten Gluth, ſeine Bruſt trank die würzige Bergluft in langen durſtigen Zügen. Auch ſie ſollte er wiederſehen. Er wußte, ſie war hier. Er hatte in Wien nach Frau von Rodenau gefragt, ſie war in Baden, ihre Tochter auch. Seine Zukunft zeigte ihm nicht mehr den ſchwarzen Schleier, er hatte ſich roſig gelichtet. Einen Stern vor das Grab der Vergangenheit!

Der Park zu Baden iſt beſchränkt, als habe ſich die Kunſt geſchämt, mit der Natur, die rings ſo Großes und Reizendes geſchaffen, zu wetteifern. Camillo durfte, nachdem er Bianca's Spur bis hierher geſucht, nicht lange forſchen. Dort ſaß ſie — neben ihrer Mutter. Camillo zauderte, ihr zu nahen, ſein Auge weidete ſich trunken an der vollendeten Schönheit, zu welcher ſich die liebliche Jungfrau entwickelt hatte. Sie ſaß ſo ſtill in edler Ruhe, ſie ſprach ſo liebreich zur Mutter gewandt, ihr Antlitz ſchien es zu wagen, ſeine unreine Nähe dieſem Himmelsbilde, das für ihn zu hoch ſtand, aufzudringen. Gewiß, ſie war noch frei! Und wie der Gedanke durch Camillo's Seele ſtrahlte, gab er ihm Muth; er eilte, von Hoffnung getrieben, ſeinem Schickſal entgegen.

Die Damen erkannten ihn nicht, als er ſie grüßte. Er hatte ſich ſehr verändert, der innere Wurm ſeine Blüte zerſtört. Erſt, als er ſprach, wurde die Erinnerung in Bianca wach und ſie erröthete. Er ſah es mit Entzücken. Sein glühender Geiſt, durch die reizbaren Nerven, die Folge langer Kämpfe, noch mehr exaltirt, nahm den Flug zu Sonnenhöhen, ohne Furcht vor jähem Sturze. Ein leichtes Geſpräch entſpann ſich, beide Damen zeigten den unverkennbarſten Antheil, aber ſie vermieden zart Alles, was ihn an ſein Unglück erinnern oder verletzen konnte. Sie ſprachen von Friedrich mit ihm, Beide zu des Freundes Lobe, ſie ſagten ihm, daß er verreiſt ſei, aber täglich erwartet werde. — „Er iſt ein ſehr lieber Freund unſeres Hauſes!" ſagte Bianca. Camillo hörte Bedeutung darin. Gewiß hatte Friedrich, der Treue, ſein Intereſſe wahrgenommen, ihn entſchuldigt, Bianca's Herz ihm gewonnen und erhalten.

Da ſprang unter den Bäumen ein kleines, goldlockiges Mädchen daher, ſchmiegte ſein Köpfchen in Bianca's Schooß. Die liebkoſte das Kind mit ihrer feinen Hand, es blickte aus blauen Augen zu ihr empor und nannte ſie mit dem Mutternamen. Camillo erſtarrte. Es war, als ſtürze die Rieſenhand ſeines feindlichen Schickſals eine Eismaſſe in die Gluth, die ihn durchwallte; aber gedämpft wurde ſie dadurch nicht, ſie praſſelte nur wilder empor und ſchlug über ſeinem Haupte, alle Sinne verwirrend, zuſammen. Ohne Rückſicht auf Klugheit oder Sitte, nur dem ungezähmten Drange ſeiner Leidenſchaft gehorchend, ſprang er auf, ſtammelte ein paar Worte, die er ſelbſt nicht verſtand, und floh mehr, als er ging. Zu den Bergen hinauf trieb es ihn, dort ſah ihn Niemand, er warf ſich auf den Grund, er raſte wider ſich ſelbſt. Noch im Scheiden hatte er den Mann wohl erkannt, dem das Kind vorausgeeilt war: Werſſen war es, er der Beglückte, er in Bianca's Armen! Mit erfinderiſcher Grauſamkeit malte er ſich dies Glück aus. Werſſen war von Stund an ſein Todfeind, die Hölle erwachte in ſeiner Bruſt und trieb ihn zu wilden Wünſchen. Er ſah es nicht, daß ein Menſch auf ihn zuſprang, er hörte kaum ſich angerufen, er ſchrak erſt auf, als er ſeine Knie umfaßt, ſeine Hände mit Küſſen bedeckt fühlte. „Ich bin's ja, Janaſch!" ſchrie der Freudige. „Sind Sie nun los?"

„Du hier!" ſtieß Camillo dumpf heraus.

Der Slowak hatte bürgerliche Kleidung an, trug keinen Bart und ſah ganz ehrbar aus. Er blickte vorſichtig umher und raunte dann dem Grafen zu: „Deſertirt!"

„Was willſt Du? Geld? Nimm!" rief Camillo und warf ihm die Börſe zu. „Geh, verlaß mich."

„Ich brauch's nicht," ſagte Jannaſch, „bin im Dienſt bei einem reichen Officier, kein Menſch kennt mich, als Doctor Friedrich. Der war mein Retter, wie ich mich ſchon angeben wollt', ich erkannt' ihn, er brachte mich unter, wo mich Niemand ſucht. Aber Sie?"

„Willſt Du mir helfen? Willſt Du!" rief Camillo mit funkelnden Augen.

„Sagen's an!" betheuerte der Diener, die Hand auf die Bruſt legend.

Einen irren Blick heftete Camillo auf ihn, noch ſträubte ſich die Zunge, das Wort auszuſprechen. „Morgen!" ſagte er mühſam. „Finde mich morgen dort" — er zeigte nach dem Vorſprung, wo die Trümmer der Feſte Rauhenſtein ragen — „dort oder weiter thalauf, morgen früh, eh' es Tag wird. Nun geh'." Er ſtand auf, winkte den Slowaken hinweg und verließ ihn.

Planlos verfolgte er den Berghang, bis ein Pfad ihn in das Thal führte, ſeine Seele brütete über dem Unerhörten, das ihn ſo plötzlich vom Gipfel des erträumten Glücks in die Nacht geſtürzt hatte. Er vergaß ſeine Verbindlichkeit, ſein Ehrenwort, er wandelte geiſtig vernichtet, gleichgültig durch die reizende Scenerie des Helenenthals, an den Prachtgebäuden vorüber, immer weiter hinauf in die Berge. Auf einmal blieb er ſtehen, er ſchauderte vor ſich ſelbſt, er begriff nicht, wie ein Moment ihn hatte ſo ganz beherrſchen, ſeinen Willen auf ein Gelüſt richten können, das ihn jetzt mit Grauen erfüllte. Welch' ein Abgrund des Menſchen Bruſt!

Noch ſtand Camillo; da war es, als ſchwölle ein reiner Dreiklang feierlich durch die Luft. Der Abend lag bereits über den Bergen, Alles war ſtill, die Bäume ſchienen zu lauſchen. Camillo war mit ſeinen Gedanken fern, er nahm die Töne, welche wiederholt in mahnenden Accorden durch die Stille des Abends klangen, unwillkürlich in ſein Ohr, ſie durchdrangen ſein Inneres und weihten es von Neuem, alle finſtern Geiſter verſcheuchend. Endlich wurde er aufmerkſam. Es war Orgelklang, der im Tempel des Herrn nie ſeine Wirkung verfehlt, hier aber, im ſchönen friedlichen Thale, unter dem Himmelsdom und den Säulenhallen der Waldung einen unbeſchreiblichen Eindruck machte. Camillo wußte nicht, daß es die Orgel über dem Thore von Heiligenkreuz war, welche immer ſtatt der Glocken die Frommen zur Kirche ruft, er erfuhr es auch nie und begehrte keine Löſung des heiligen Räthſels. Zur Umkehr trieb es ihn, er faßte das Leben wieder in's Auge, wenn es auch das Leben in Verbannung war, das er fortan führen mußte. Doch konnte er ſich nicht von der Stätte trennen, bis der Schlußaccord leiſe verwehend in den Schluchten erſtarb.

Spät Abends kam er nach Baden zurück, wo er ohne Aufenthalt nach der Hauptſtadt abreiſte. Sein Ausbleiben hatte ſchon bei dem Beamten, der ihn auf ſein Ehrenwort einen Tag ohne Begleitung beurlaubt, große Sorge erregt; um ſo gütiger wurde er empfangen und auf der weitern Reiſe, bis ihn das Schiff aufnahm, behandelt. Er hatte nach Niemand mehr gefragt, auch nach Friedrich nicht. Kein Band ſollte ihn mehr an die alte Welt feſſeln, deren Küſte er auf Nimmerwiederkehr verließ, wie es ſeine Beſtimmung forderte. Die Gnade des Kaiſers hatte ihm, deſſen Güter nach dem Tode des alten Grafen dem Kronſchatze zugefallen waren, die Mittel des Fortkommens geſichert. Ob er durch die Erſchütterungen geläutert, zu Ruhe und Glück gelangen wird — wer kann das ſagen! Er hat ein neues Leben begonnen und ſteht noch in der Fülle der Mannskraft, welche ihm lange Jahre verſpricht. Wer kann ſich vermeſſen, deren Wechſelfälle auch nur zu ahnen! Im Heute ſchlummert das Morgen, aber kein Auge dringt zu ihm, bis es tagt.

Friedrich vernahm bei ſeiner Heimkehr mit aufrichtigem Schmerze, daß er Camillo auf immer verloren habe. Er hatte tiefbetrübt, welches Leid der Scheidende mit ſich fort getragen, das Leid hoffnungsloſer Liebe. Als ihm dann insgeheim der Slowak, der ſich nur ihm ganz vertraute, ſein Zuſammentreffen auf dem Berge und jedes Wort Camillo's erzählte, als er vernahm, daß der treue Menſch ihn früh Morgens vergeblich bis zum Kloſter geſucht — verſank er in tiefes Sinnen und ſprach ſich erſt ſpät gegen ſeinen geiſtlichen Freund aus, der ihn mit Freuden in Baden bewillkommnet hatte.

„Ich weiß von einem Pilger aus grauer Vorzeit," ſagte er, „der unbekannt in jenes Kloſter gekommen, dort den Abend ſeines Lebens in Demuth und Frömmigkeit zugebracht und erſt auf dem Sterbebette gebeichtet hat, daß er einſt Ungarns Krone getragen. Sollte Camillo gleich ihm dort Ruhe geſucht haben, weil ſein Daſein verfehlt iſt?"

„Wer Ruhe ſucht, der findet ſie überall," erwiederte der Freund. „Kein Daſein iſt ſo verfehlt, daß es nicht wieder zum wahren Ziel zu lenken wäre. Wie Sie mir Ihren Camillo geſchildert haben, glaube ich nicht an Ihre Vermuthung."

Friedrich verbot dem Slowaken, ſeiner Bekanntſchaft mit [illegible] um der eigenen Sicherheit willen gegen Niemand zu erwähnen. Er ſelbſt hatte Sorge um den armen Menſchen, deſſen wahre Geſchichte er auch Werſſen, ſeinem neuen Herrn, nicht erzählt, weil er den gewiſſenhaften Mann nicht in Conflict mit ſeiner Pflicht ſetzen wollte, die ihn veranlaßt hätte, den Deſerteur ſeiner doppelten Strafe für ſich und ſein früheres, ſchweres Vergehen zu überliefern. Wir wollen hoffen, daß der arme Janaſch, der in der feinen Livree mit Cravatte und Handkragen, Handſchuhen und Stulpſtiefeln ſich ſelbſt nicht mehr ähnlich ſieht, auch durch conſequentes Waſchen eine lichtere Hautfarbe gewonnen hat, dem ſcharfen Auge der Obrigkeit entgehen oder — daß ſie es zudrücken möge, wenn kein Kläger auftritt. Sie hat ja kein Gefallen an Blut und Thränen, wo ſie nicht fließen müſſen zum Heile der Menſchheit!

Das bekundet ſich täglich von Neuem. Durch den Gnadenact, der ſeitdem auch im Norden erfolgt iſt, ſind tauſend Thränen getrocknet, viel zagende Elternherzen aufgerichtet und in den Begnadigten treue Unterthanen gewonnen worden, die fortan bereit ſind, mit begeiſterter Hingebung ihr Herzblut für den Thron zu vergießen.

Wir bedauern, kein abgeſchloſſenes Lebensbild mit dieſen Zeilen endigen zu können und verwahren uns feierlichſt wider die Annahme, daß ſolches überhaupt durch eine Heirath möglich ſei. Noch leben Alle, deren Schickſale in ihrer Verflechtung wir bis hieher verfolgt haben, und wäre es uns vergönnt, ihr künftiges Loos zu ſchauen, wie ſehr würde es vielleicht unſer Intereſſe bei Freud und Leid noch in Anſpruch nehmen! Werſſens und Bianca's vor Allem! Das Paar lebt ſo glücklich, die zarte, liebende Frau mit dem trefflichen Manne, der ſeine Pflicht als Gatte und Vater ſo freudig thut, wie er gewiſſenhaft in des Kaiſers Dienſt verfährt. Werden ſie immer ſo glücklich ſein? Wir hoffen und wünſchen es; aber die Sehnſucht, welche Friedrich bei ſeiner erſten Trennung von Camillo geäußert, bleibt uns fern, bleibe jedem Sterblichen fern! Wenn der Schleier der Zukunft plötzlich riſſe, daß mit einem Aufblicke der Menſch all' ſeine kommenden Schickſale überſchauen könnte, ſein Auge trüge es nicht; es wäre ihm Vernichtung, ſelbſt wenn es nur Lichtglanz enthielte.

J. C. Biernatzki

ward 1796 in Altona geboren, ſtudirte in Jena, Halle und Kiel, wurde dann Prediger auf der Hallig Nordſtrand, einer Inſelgruppe an der Weſtſeite der däniſchen Küſte, und ſpäter Prediger zu Friedrichſtadt im Holſteiniſchen, wo er 1842 ſtarb.

Er ſchrieb:

Der Glaube. Ein Gedicht. Schleswig 1825.
Wege zum Glauben oder die Liebe aus der Kindheit. Wanderungen auf dem Gebiete der Theologie im Modekleide der Novelle. Altona 1835.
Die Hallig oder die Schiffbrüchigen auf dem Eilande in der Nordſee. Altona 1836.
Der braune Knabe oder die Gemeinden in der Zerſtreuung. 2 Bde. Altona 1839.
Geſammelte Schriften. 8 Bde. in gr. 16. Altona 1844.

Tiefe innige Frömmigkeit, Begeiſterung für den Glauben, edle Geſinnung, glückliche Erfindungsgabe und treffliche Darſtellung zeichnen B.'s Leiſtungen ſehr rühmlich aus, aber ſeine Lebensanſicht iſt von Einſeitigkeit nicht frei zu ſprechen und die Idee, theologiſche Fragen auf ſolchem Wege zu löſen, läßt ſich keine glückliche nennen, denn ſie befriedigt nur halb. Einzelne Schilderungen, namentlich in ſeiner Hallig, ſind übrigens meiſterhaft und beurkunden einen reichen und tiefen Geiſt, auf welchem leider der Druck ungünſtiger Verhältniſſe laſtete und ihn beſchränkte. — Wir müſſen uns hier, da die größern Erzählungen nicht wohl geſtatten, daß man ihnen ein Bruchſtück entlehne, auf die Mittheilung zweier Gedichte beſchränken, die das Talent des Verfaſſers um ſo mehr beurkunden, als ſie eigentlich außer ſeiner gewöhnlichen Sphäre liegen.

Aus dem Arabiſchen.

In der Holden Flammenauge
Ahnt' ich kaum der Liebe Gluth,
Als die raſchen Segler riefen:
„Fort zu Schiff! der Wind iſt gut!“ —

Und ſie kommt — und heiße Thränen
Künden ihrer Seele Schmerz,
Nur in halbgebrochnen Tönen
Stammelt das gepreßte Herz.

Zu mir neigt ſie ſich, umſchlinget
Mich mit ängſtlich ſcheuer Haſt;
So umſpielt der Hauch des Windes
Bebend den umlaubten Aſt.

Scheiden mußten wir, und weinend
Noch einmal den Blick gewandt
Rief ſie, tief von Schmerz erſchüttert:
„Hätt' ich nimmer dich gekannt!“

Auch eine Legende.

Der heilige Franciscus ſaß
In ſeiner Klauſe einſt und las
Fein emſig in der Bibel.
Den Forſt durchſtürmte Wintergraus,
Der Wind durchpfiff das kleine Haus
Vom Heerde bis zum Giebel.

Und Sanct Franciscus merkte bald,
Sein Ofen ſei ſchon wieder kalt,
Und ausgebrannt die Kohlen;
Nun mußt' er auf vom Stuhle ſtehn
Und in den andern Winkel gehn,
Um friſches Holz zu holen.

Das war ihm aber ganz verkehrt,
Er las ſo gerne ungeſtört,
Drob fing er an zu ſchmälen:
„Ihr Klötze, die Ihr Klötze ſeid
Von nun an bis in Ewigkeit,
Müßt Ihr mich immer quälen?

Kämt Ihr nur mal von ſelbſt heran!
Nein, immer muß ich armer Mann
Euch hin zum Ofen tragen!“ —
Kaum war das letzte Wort entflohn,
Da regt' es ſich im Winkel ſchon,
Als würde Lärm geſchlagen.

Ein langer Klotz tritt ſtolz hervor,
Und hinter ihm der ganze Chor
Der Schiefen und der Graden.
Sie ſtellen ſich in Reihen dann,
Marſchiren darauf, Mann für Mann,
Zu dem, der ſie geladen.

Dem Klausner fällt's voll Grauſen bei,
Mit Klötzen nicht zu ſpaßen ſei,
Ihn rüttelt Schreckensfieber;
Doch ſieh! das ganze Regiment
Macht ihm ein tiefes Compliment:
Ach, Mancher fällt vorn über!

Zur Ofenthür geht nun der Lauf,
Das warme Lager thut ſich auf,
Raſch brennt der ganze Plunder.
Franciscus ſieht's mit off'nem Mund
Und ſpricht darauf aus Herzensgrund:
„Herr! Groß ſind deine Wunder!“

Karl Blum

ward in Berlin geboren. Schon in früher Jugend verſuchte er ſich 1805 als Schauſpieler am Rheine und ging dann als Sänger nach Königsberg, wo er unter Hillers Leitung die Theorien der Muſik ſtudirte. Nachdem er in Wien unter Salieri 1817 und in Paris ſeine Kräfte verſucht, und dann vorübergehend die techniſche Direction des königſtädtiſchen Theaters zu Berlin geleitet hatte, fand er zuletzt bei dem königlichen Hoftheater als Hofcomponiſt und Regiſſeur bei der königlichen Oper eine dauernde Anſtellung. Er ſtarb 1844 in Berlin.

Er ſchrieb:

Theater. 1—3. Bd. Berlin 1839—44.
Das laute Geheimniß, nach Gozzi. Berlin 1841.
Des Goldſchmieds Töchterlein, im Jahrb. deutſcher Bühnenſpiele. 14. Jahrg.
Mirandolina. Luſtſpiel nach Goldoni. Berlin 1844.
Der ſchöne Narziß. Bagatelle, im Theater-Almanach. 3. Jahrg.
Der Spiegel des Tauſendſchön, in den dramat. Deſſerts f. 1836.

Mit großer Gewandtheit in der Behandlung des Stoffes und guter Bühnenkenntniß verband B. einen lebhaften und witzigen Dialog; Eigenſchaften, die ſeinen dramatiſchen Arbeiten die Gunſt des Publikums erwarben.

Eduard Boas

ward 1811 in Landsberg an der Warthe geboren, erhielt eine vortreffliche Bildung, war anfangs dem Kaufmannsſtande beſtimmt, widmete ſich aber ſpäter den Wiſſenſchaften, machte größere Reiſen und lebt ſeitdem als Dr. phil. und Privatgelehrter in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er ſchrieb:

Reiſeblüthen aus der Oberwelt. 2 Bde. Grimma 1834.
Reiſeblüthen aus der Sternenwelt und Mond-Novelle. Altenburg 1836.
Reiſeblüthen aus der Unterwelt. Ebend. 1836.
Deutſche Dichter. Novellen. 1 Bd. Berlin 1837.
Literaturſtoffe. 1. Heft. A. u. d. T.: Namen-Symbolik in der deutſchen Poeſie. Landsberg a. d. W. 1840.
Des Kriegscommiſſär Pipitz Reiſe nach Italien. Ein komiſcher Roman. 4 Thle. Mit 12 Bildern. Stuttgart 1841.
Sprüche und Lieder eines nordiſchen Braminen. Leipzig 1842.
Pepita. Italieniſche Idylle. Leipzig 1844.
Franzöſiſche Thronfolger. Eine Viſion. Stuttg. 1844.
In Skandinavien. Nordlichter. Leipzig 1845.
Einzelne Erzählungen, Aufſätze und Gedichte in Journalen u. ſ. w.

Tiefes Gefühl, reiche und bewegliche Phantaſie, heitere Laune und glückliche Behandlung der Form, verbunden mit großer Anſpruchsloſigkeit und geſunder Lebensanſchauung, haben dieſem talentvollen Schriftſteller einen ſehr geachteten Namen in der literariſchen Welt erworben.

Blumenſagen.

I.

Der Lotos.

(Aegyptiſch.)

In Aegyptiens weißem Sande,
Zwiſchen ſaftigen Oaſen,
Schlängelt ſich der grüne Nil,
Und es taucht aus ſeinen Wogen
Blüthenvoll der heil'ge Lotos
Still empor auf ſchlankem Stiel.

Seine Blüthe zugefaltet,
Gleicht er einem Blumennachen
Bei des Tages heißem Glühn;
Oben zittert heller Purpur
Schon die Blätter, aber unten
Schimmern ſie mit weichem Grün.

Wenn des Nachts, wie bleiches Silber,
Hoch am Himmel ſtrahlet Iſis,
Wenn ſie hellt das düſtre Grau,
Dann erwacht die Lotosblume
Aus dem tiefen Tagesſchlummer,
Leuchtet purpurn oder blau.

Sie entfaltet ihre Kelche,
Haucht empor aus kühlen Wellen
Ihr Aroma in die Luft.
Iſis ſteigt herab vom Monde,
Um im Lotoskelch zu thronen
Und zu athmen ſeinen Duft.

Bis der Himmel ſich geröthet,
Bis die Memnonsſäule tönet,
Blüht die Wunderpflanze hell;
Flimmern aber Sonnengluthen
Auf die ſaft'ge Waſſerblume,
Schließet ſie die Blätter ſchnell.

Silbermondenſchein iſt Iſis!
Sonnenglanz, das iſt Oſiris!
Lotos liebt die Sonne nicht;
Wendet ſich von ihren Flammen,
Hebt zum Monde voll Verlangen
Nachts das Blumenangeſicht.

Darum trägt am Scheitel Iſis
Eine blaue Lotosblüthe,
Und in den Myſterien lebt
Sie als ein Symbol der Seele,
Die, im nächt'gen Dunkel ſchwebend,
Sich empor zum Lichte hebt.

II.

Die Narciſſe.

(Griechiſch.)

In dem blauen Flußpalaſte wohnt der Wellengott Cephiſſus,
Und es reicht ihm, weich umhüllet mit dem blendend weißen Byſſus,
Einen neugebornen Knaben, leuchtend hell wie Blüthenſchnee,
Seine meerentſproſſne Gattin, hold verſchämt, Liriope.

Freundlich lacht der Schilfbekränzte, freundlich ſtreicht den Bart Cephiſſus,
Spricht: „Es iſt ein hübſcher Knabe, und ſein Name iſt Narciſſus!"
Sendet eilig einen Boten, der die Füße leicht erhob,
Den Tireſias zu holen, daß er ſtell' ein Horoſcop.

Und, gerufen, kommt der Seher aus dem ſiebenthor'gen Theben.
„Goldne Tage", ſpricht zum Kind er, „wirſt im Glücke du verleben,
„Ungetrübt von jedem Schmerze, lernſt du niemals kennen dich!"
So verkündet er das Schickſal; düſter dann entfernt er ſich.

Zauberſchnell, wie Frühlingslüfte, fliehn im Jahrestanz die Horen;
Als der Knabe nun ein Jüngling, hat ihn manches Herz erkoren.
Oreaden und Najaden ſind vor Liebesqual erkrankt,
Während er im reichſten Schmucke jugendlicher Anmuth prangt.

Aber wahrer liebt, als Eine, Echo ihn, die ſchöne Nymphe;
Folgt ihm immer, mag er ſtürmen durch die Wälder, durch die Sümpfe;
Hält den Jäger, wenn ihm ſchwindelt an der Felſen jähem Riß;
Ruft im Thale ſeinen Namen leiſ' und liebevoll: Narciß!

Doch ihn rühret nicht der Nymphe holdes Schmeicheln und Bemühen,
Seine Kälte gießet Oel noch in das lodernd wilde Glühen,
Bis ihr ungeſtillter Kummer auf den blüh'nden Körper ſog,
Und nur ihre Aetherſtimme zärtlich noch die Luft durchflog.

Hoch am azurblauen Himmel, auf den Bergesgipfeln thront ſie,
In Oliv-umgrünten Klüften, tief im Felſenſchatten wohnt ſie.
Wandelt unten durch die Thale ein Verliebter dort entlang,
Wiederholt ſie ſeine Klagen mit der Stimme zitternd bang.

Doch Narciſſus irret jagend durch die dunkellaub'gen Forſten,
Wo die ſchlanken Hirſche weiden, wo die braunen Geier horſten.
An die hingeſchwundne Nymphe denkt der Jüngling nimmer mehr,
Schleudert auf den ſchnellen Rehbock, wohlgezielt, den Silberſpeer.

Als er ſo am heißen Mittag einſt zur ſchilfumblühten Quelle
Eilet und ſich niederbücket, zeigt die ſilberblaue Welle,
Friſch bekränzt mit Waſſerblumen, ihm ſein eignes ſchönes Bild;
Kaum hat er ſich ſelbſt geſehen, fiebern ſeine Pulſe wild.

Leidenſchaft durchſtrömt ihn flammend, er will nie den Quell verlaſſen.
Und ob im verzehr'nden Schmachten ſeine Wangen auch erblaſſen,
Unbeweglich ſtarrt er nieder in die hellkryſtallne Fluth,
Starret an das eigne Bildniß mit der wärmſten Liebesgluth.

Seine üppig vollen Glieder ſchwinden hin wie bleiche Schatten,
Seine Augen, ſonſt ſo ſtrahlend, fallen zu dem Todesmatten;
Plötzlich ſinket er in Schlummer, und er ſieht im leichten Traum
Sich als eine Blume blühen, ſieht es ſelbſt, und glaubt es kaum.

Blumenhaft iſt ihm zu Muthe. Alles athmet ihm ſo duftig,
Und durch ſeine zarten Blätter ſäuſelt Zephyr lau und luftig;
Götter haben ihn verwandelt, um zu mildern ſeinen Schmerz,
Zur Narciſſ' iſt er geworden, doch im Kelche fehlt das Herz.

Und Liriope weint lange, düſter ſchaut der Greis Cephiſſus,
Sie verloren ja den einz'gen, den geliebten Sohn Narciſſus.
Aber in Böotiens Thälern ſieht man blühen von der Höh'
Goldige Narciſſenwälder bei dem alten Thespiä.

III.

Die Paſſionsblume.

(Katholiſch.)

Leiſe rauſcht der Palmen Wipfel
Auf dem hohen Golgatha,
Und ſein grünbewachſner Gipfel
Ragt aus dem Sande da,
Wie man ſteil ein friſches Eiland
Aus dem Meere ſteigen ſah;
Heute ſtarb am Kreuz der Heiland,
Seinen treuen Jüngern nah'.

Flammend ſtrahlt der Abendſchimmer
In erhöhter Purpurgluth,
Und in ſeinem Glanzgeflimmer
Leuchtet ferne Meeresfluth.
Chriſtus ſchloß die Augenlider,
Und es ſcheint, als ob er ruht;
Ueber ſeine weißen Glieder
Fließet hell das rothe Blut.

Aus den Wolken wirft die Strahlen
Halb des Mondes Silberkreis.
Den Erlöſer fliehn die Qualen,
Seine Lippen zucken leis;
Auf der Stirn, ſo hoch und edel,
Perlt ſchon der Todesſchweiß.
Golgatha's gebleichte Schädel
Schimmern in dem Mondlicht weiß.

Lieblich klingt's, wie Flötenlaute,
In der Erde dunklem Schooß.
Wo das Blut herniederthaute,
Ringt ſich aus dem grünen Moos
Eine wunderheil'ge Blume,
Weiß und blau erſtrahlend, los;
Blühet ſtill zu ſeinem Ruhme,
Und des Heilands Ruhm wird groß.

In dem Blumenkelch, dem bunten,
Zeigt ſich, thränenweckend mild,
Tief im blaſſen Grunde unten,
Bräunlich grau ein Faſernbild.
Nägel, Speer und Dornenkrone,
Die den Gott gepeinigt wild,
Liegen in dem Blüthenthrone,
Von den Blättern rings umhüllt.

Leiſe rauſcht der Palmen Wipfel
Auf dem hohen Golgatha,
Und ſein grünbewachſner Gipfel
Ragt aus dem Sande da,
Wie man ſteil ein friſches Eiland
Aus dem Meere ſteigen ſah;
Heute ſtarb am Kreuz der Heiland,
Seinen treuen Jüngern nah'.

IV.

Alraunen.

(Germaniſch.)

Es rauſchet beim glimmernden Mondenſchein
Im düſterbeſchatteten Eichenhain.

Die Truhten, die mächtigen Frauen, ſind's,
Sie ſpotten des Nebels und heulenden Wind's.

Sie tanzen im wilden, grauflatternden Chor
Weit über die Haide, durch Sümpfe und Moor.

Von faulendem Holz iſt das Dunkel erhellt;
Der Schuhu krächzet, die Otter bellt.

Doch weiter! die Truhten verweilen nicht,
Bis ſie gekommen an's Hochgericht.

Da ſuchen dann unter dem Galgen die Frau'n
Nach heimlichen Blüthen der ſeltnen Alraun'.

Alraunen die wachſen beim Galgen allein,
Darüber muß klappern das Todtengebein.

Alraunen enthalten verborg'ne Gewalt;
Die Wurzel hat winzige Zwergesgeſtalt.

Drum graben die Truhten den Wurzelmann,
Gar mächtig wird jegliche, die ihn gewann.

Der Kleine, er grüßt ſie mit neckiſchem Gruß,
Er krümmet ſich wie ein Drudenfuß.

Er ſchüttelt das Köpfchen verſtändig und klug;
Sie wickeln ihn ein in ein linnenes Tuch.

Dann tanzen die Truhten um's Hochgericht,
Bis röthlicher Morgen das Dunkel durchbricht.

V.

Die Sonnenblume.

(Griechiſch.)

Fern hinter Kolchis, an des Lichtes Bronnen,
Da ragt ein Schloß von purpurnen Rubinen,
Mit hellem Goldnetz iſt das Dach beſponnen,
Von roſig rothen Strahlen ſtets beſchienen;
Am Giebel ſchimmern diamantne Sonnen;
Als Säulen ſieht man Elfenbein ihm dienen;
Die Fenſter leuchten ſchön wie Eos' Gluthen,
Sich ſpiegelnd in Poſeidon's glatten Fluthen.

Es wohnt in dieſem prächt'gen Zauberſchloſſe
Der edle Helios, deß goldner Zügel
Zu lenken weiß die wilden Sonnenroſſe;
Der Mittags heiß auf Welle, Thal und Hügel
Entſendet ſeine flammenden Geſchoſſe,
Und der, im Wunderſchiff mit lichtem Flügel,
Wenn er im Norderocean geſtrandet,
Nach kurzer Zeit in Kolchis wieder landet.

Er iſt ein Jüngling, ewig ſchön und blühend,
Es blitzen zauberiſche Feuerſtrahlen
Aus ſeinem Auge, dunkel ſchwarz erglühend.
Die Bilder, die den Goldhelm ihm bemalen,
Man ſchaut ſie farbenfriſch und funkenſprühend.
Am Fuße trägt er leuchtende Sandalen,
Und luftige Gewänder rauſchen nieder
Um ſeine weißen, männlich vollen Glieder.

Den Sonnengott hat Klytie geſehen,
Vom blaſſen Grau der Dämmerung verborgen,
Als er, begleitet von des Oſtwinds Wehen,
Dampfſchnaubend kam am frühen Morgen.
Doch unerwiedert bleibt ihr Liebesflehen,
Und ihre Stirn umwölkten trübe Sorgen.
Will ſie dem Helios ihr Leiden klagen,
So eilt er ſtolz vorbei im [illegible] Wagen.

Es darf verhöhnend Spott's Keiner necken,
Denn hohe Macht iſt ewig ihr geblieben.
Sie zürnet Sol, dem Uebermüthig-Kecken,
Sie füllet ſeine Bruſt mit Gluthentrieben,
Aus kaltem Schlummer plötzlich ihn zu wecken.
Er muß Leukothoe, die Holde, lieben,
Und ſendet aus der blauen Himmelsferne
An ihre milden blauen Augenſterne.

Die Liebliche erfüllt ihm die Gedanken,
In ſeinem Herzen brennen heiße Wunden.
Die Tageszeiten fangen an zu ſchwanken,
Erſcheinen ſieht man Sol zu nächt'gen Stunden,
Eh' noch Selenens Silberhörner ſanken;
Vom Himmel iſt er plötzlich dann entſchwunden,
Sich froh beim dunklen, ungeſtörten Abend
An Küſſen der Leukothoe erlabend.

Doch Klytie, den Schall der Küſſe hörend,
Umhüllt vom grünen Oleanderlaube,
Entflammt in Wuth, und heiße Rache ſchwörend,
Verwandelt ſich zur Schlang' die milde Taube.
Durch Heimlichkeit die Nymphen ſchlau bethörend,
Damit man auch den böſen Worten glaube,
Erzählt ſie Alles, bis es hunderttönig
Zu Orchamus gelangt, dem grimmen König.

Kaum hat der Fürſt die Kunde nun erfahren,
So läßt er einen Scheiterhaufen bauen,
Und angefeſſelt wird von rauhen Schaaren
Die ſchöne Tochter, todesblaß zu ſchauen.
„Wer Schande bringt des Vaters weißen Haaren,“
Er ſpricht's, „dem mag vor ſolcher Strafe grauen.“
Die rothen Flammen fangen an zu ringeln
Und ſengend heiß das Opfer zu umzingeln.

Der Sonnengott erblickt aus blauen Lüften
Sein Lieb nun zwiſchen hellen Feuerzungen.
Die Lilienwangen und die ſchlanken Hüften
Sind von der wilden Lohe ſchon umſchlungen;
Und gleich den Wind-verwehten Roſendüften,
Iſt ihre ſüße Stimme matt verklungen.
Den mächt'gen Helios, ihn hört man klagen,
Und Wolken ſchleiern ſeinen Gluthenwagen.

Am Abend ſteht er unter düſtren Qualen
Beim Aſchenhaufen, der zurück geblieben;
Er ſprenget Nektar aus kryſtallnen Schaalen
Auf's Grab der Jungfrau, welche für das Lieben
Ihr maienjunges Leben mußte zahlen.
Man ſieht, von Nektar's Wunderkraft getrieben,
Mit duftgewürzten Blättern, ſchlanken Zweigen,
Empor die heil'ge Weihrauchſtaude ſteigen.

Und Klytie, mit ſchmachtendem Geſichte,
Aus dem der Liebe Sehnſuchtsgluthen winken,
Sie kehrt ſich ſtets nach Sol's geliebtem Lichte,
Um aus dem Aug' ihm Strahlengold zu trinken,
Um, während er die Blicke auf ſie richte,
In heißen Flammentaumel zu verſinken.
Doch ſeine Wange ſtrahlt von Zorn geröthet —
Sie iſt's ja, die Leukothoe getödtet.

Die Nymphe koſtet weder Trank noch Speiſe,
Und bläſſer wird ſie nun mit jeder Stunde;
Die Füße wurzeln in dem Boden leiſe,
Auf ſchlankem Stiele hebt ſie ſich vom Grunde.
Seitdem verfolgt, mit gelbem Blätterkreiſe
Das Haupt umringt — ſo lehrt die alte Kunde —
Der goldne Stern an jeder Sonnenblüthe
Den Gott, für welchen Klytie erglühte.

VI.

Der Baldrian.

(Skandinaviſch.)

Im Breidablick, auf goldnem Throne,
Da herrſchte Baldur, Odin's Sohn;
Er war der Schönſte aller Aſen
Auf Walhalls ewig grünem Raſen.

Aus hohem, göttlichem Geſchlecht,
Beſchützte Unſchuld er und Recht;
Er ſchirmte die verfolgte Tugend,
Und blühte ſtets in ew'ger Jugend.

Tiefſinnige Beredtſamkeit
Aus ſeinem Mund das Herz erfreut.
So prangt' er, wie die weiße Lilie,
In Frigga's mächtiger Familie.

Als Gattin ſaß ein Wunderbild
Zur Seite ihm, gar lieb und mild.
Es lag an ſeinem Buſen Nanna
Wie auf der Erde ſüßes Manna.

Doch Baldur's Mutter träumend ſah,
Daß ihrem Sohn Gefahren nah,
Drum ließ ſie alle Dinge ſchwören,
Sie wollten nimmer ihn verſehren.

Und jedes Ding in der Natur,
Es leiſtet ihr den heil'gen Schwur:
Der Eichenſtamm, die ſchlanken Erlen,
Metalle, Feuer, Fluth und Felſen.

Jedoch das Bäumchen Miſtelein,
Es iſt ſo winzig und ſo klein;
Sie hatt' es aus dem Aug' verloren,
Als alles Uebrige geſchworen.

Und Loke hat es auserſehn,
Daß es um Baldur ſei geſchehn,
Denn ſeit aus Walhall er vertrieben,
Mag er auch keinen Aſen lieben.

Dem blinden Hödur reicht er's dann,
Und dieſer nimmt es dankbar an,
Er legt es ſtill auf ſeinen Bogen
Und hat die Sehne ſtraff gezogen.

Die Götter wählen oft beim Spiel
Den hellen Baldur ſich zum Ziel,
Weil nimmer ward ein Pfeil gefunden,
Der ihm nur mag die Haut verwunden.

Doch als nun arglos Hödur ſchießt,
Da wankt der Gott und ſtrömend fließt
Ein Purpurſtrahl aus ſeinem Herzen;
Er windet ſich in Todesſchmerzen.

Den Göttern ſtockt das warme Blut,
Denn Alle waren Baldur gut,
Und während Frigga klagt und jammert,
Hält Nanna eifrig ihn umklammert.

Doch Odin aus dem Blute heiß
Läßt ſproſſen eine Blume weiß;
Schlank iſt der Stiel, zart ſind die Blätter,
Des Anblicks freuen ſich die Götter.

Zu Baldur's Ruhm hat er's gethan,
Die weiße Blüth' heißt Baldrian.
Wie hell die Blumenkelche ſchweben,
So fleckenlos war Baldur's Leben.

VII.

Gul, die Roſe.

(Perſiſch.)

Im Erlenbuſch bei Kaſchmir, da hört man ſchlagen Bülbül
So weich, ſo ſchmerzerfüllet, als wollt' vergehen Bülbül.
Die blauen Felſen tönen den Klaggeſang zurück.
Dort wohnt im Roſenhaine ſeit vielen Tagen Bülbül,
Und ihre Glockenſtimme, ſie ſchmachtet, ſchluchzet laut.
Einſt ſaß zur goldnen Maizeit in Blüthenhagen Bülbül,
Und ſang von Liebesſehnſucht, von Liebeshoffnung froh;
Da ſah, in grüner Hülle noch träumend, ragen Bülbül
Als zarte Purpurknoſpe die wundervolle Gul.
Es ſchwebte, von den Zweigen ſo leicht getragen, Bülbül
Hoch über ihrem Haupte, und ſang voll heißer Gluth.

Sie liebet Gul, doch nimmer will kühn es wagen Bülbül,
Die Flammentriebe offen der Roſe zu geſtehn;
In Klaggeſänge hauchet die ſtillen Klagen Bülbül,
Ob Gul auch feurig lodernd in Gegenliebe brennt.
Nun ſieht das Herz der Roſe den Wurm zernagen Bülbül,
Und fühlt in weicher Seele der Blüthe Liebesleid.
Zu [illegible] iſt Gul geboren, um je zu fragen Bülbül:
„O, [illegible], du Süße, willſt du mein Liebchen ſein!“
Nicht ahnend, daß um ſie nur die Schmerzen plagen Bülbül. —
Die Roſe neigt ſich ſterbend, ihr wonnig Roth erbleicht,
Mit ihr gebrochnem Herzen will Ruh' erjagen Bülbül,
Und leiſer hallt ihr Singen, der Silberton verſtummt.
Sie ſtarb — doch lebet Gul noch, es lebt in Sagen Bülbül!

VIII.

Die Hyacinthe.

(Griechiſch.)

Es prangte Hyacinth ſo ſchön wie Amaranthus,
Sein Wuchs war Pinien-ſchlank, ſein Aug' ein blauer Xanthus,
  Vom Nacken fiel das Haar und ſchimmerte wie Gold.
Apollon liebte ihn, durchzog mit ihm die Räume
Des grünen Waldes oft; im Schatten alter Bäume,
  Da ruhten von der Jagd die Freunde traulich hold.

Bei kühner Pantherjagd, bei kraftgeübten Spielen,
So wie beim Scheibenwurf und bei dem Bogenzielen,
  War Klio's edler Sohn dem Gotte ſtets Genoß.
Da wuchs in Freundes Bruſt des Neides gelbe Blume,
Vertrieb das Hochgefühl aus ſtillem Heiligthume:
  Die Eiferſucht entflammt den milden Zephyros.

Apoll und Hyacinth, die Muskelkraft zu ſchärfen,
Sie üben ſich vereint im luſt'gen Discuswerfen,
  Und Beide ringen ſtark, wen Lorbeer heut' umlaubt.
Da nahet Zephyros, kaum laue Kühlung machend,
Doch tückiſch lauert er, und treibt, zum Sturm erwachend,
  Des Gottes Scheibe hin nach Hyacinthus' Haupt.

Er ſinkt. Den Purpurſtrom ſieht Phöbos ihm enttriefen;
Der Jüngling hört nicht den Worten, die ihm riefen.
  Durch Küſſe will Apoll noch hemmen ihm das Blut,
Doch alles iſt umſonſt! Die heißen Tropfen rieſeln
Auf Blüthen, weiß und blau, auf Halme, glatte Kieſeln,
  Und überpurpern ſie mit rother Lebensfluth.

Des Gottes Weh iſt wild und ſeine Thränen fließen;
Da läßt er aus dem Blut die Frühlingsblume ſprießen,
  Geſchmückt mit treuem Blau, und daß die Welt auch nie
Vergeſſe ſeinen Schmerz, ſo iſt der Hyacinthe
Auf ihrer Blätter Schmelz, mit leiſer Blüthentinte,
  Des Gottes Klag' gehaucht, das jammernde A I.

Die mächt'ge Sparta hat den Hyacinth geboren,
Drum, wenn der Winter flieht im Tanze leichter Horen,
  Wenn Gold-umſchimmert Sol die Erde ſtrahlen läßt,
Wenn aus dem Raſen nun die Hyacinthen tauchen
Und in die Frühlingsluft den ſüßen Balſam hauchen,
  Dann feiert Sparta hoch das Hyacinthenfeſt.

IX.

Der Lotos.

(Indiſch.)

  Es erzählet die Braminenfabel:
Fruchtbar hebt aus Wiſchnu's heil'gem Nabel,
Dem Symbole ewiger Erhaltung,
Sich in ſüßer, duftiger Entfaltung
Wunderſam des Lotos ſchöne Blume.
Auf dem niegetrübten Heiligthume,
Auf den Schwingen wogenden Geſanges,
Auf dem ſtillen, ſilberblauen Ganges
Wiegt ſich ſeine fromme Blüthenkrone,
Wie der Erdball auf dem Waſſerthrone.
Und die hohe Saamenhülle, welche
Sich erhebet aus dem glatten Kelche,
Weiſet Meru, ſtellet dar die Firnen,
Die zum Himmel recken ihre Stirnen.
Vierfach ſind die hellen Blumenblätter;
Lehrreich wollen uns durch ſie die Götter,
Daß die Erde viergetheilt iſt, deuten,
Daß auch vierfach ſind die Himmelsſeiten.
Lotosblume iſt des Auges Schimmer,
Bildet auch ein heilig Dreieck immer,
Bildet, durch der Saamenhülle Beugen,
Yoni, das ſymboliſche Erzeugen.
Auf dem weichen, ſaftig grünen Blatte
Schwimmet durch die Fluth, die himmelsglatte,
Siebenköpfig, ſiebenarmig Brama,
Schwimmet auf dem Ganges Wiſchnu-Rama.
Brama iſt die Schöpfung, die Geſtaltung;
Wiſchnu iſt die Dauer, die Erhaltung,
Es entſprießt der Lotos ſeinem Nabel,
So erzählet die Braminenfabel.

X.

Die Miſtel.

(Germaniſch.)

Es dämmert fern im Oſten; des Himmels Nebelgrau
Hellt ſich im Purpurſchimmer zu Violett und Blau.
Ein friſcher Hauch erwecket die müde Erde ſchon;
Vom Meeresufer rauſchet der Brandung dumpfer Ton.

Die Erde regt ſich lächelnd, es flüſtern Buſch und Baum;
Sie träumet einen ſchönen, entzückten Morgentraum.
Aus dichtem Buchenlaube der Vögel Lied erſchallt,
Von Glockenblumen ziehet ein Duften durch den Wald.

Dort nagt der Elſen Rinde das braune Elenthier,
Der Eber ruht auf Eicheln, die Hirſchkuh graſet hier;
Es wittern graue Wölfe und ſuchen Wildes Spur;
Der Tannen Zweige kniſtern, vorüber ſtürmt der Ur.

Da ſieht man langſam wallen, beim frühen Tagesſchein,
Gar eine lange Reihe zum düſtern Eichenhain.
Die würdigen Druiden, ſie ſind's in ſtiller Schaar,
Umſchloſſen von dem weißen, hellſchimmernden Talar.

Es tönen leis die Cimbeln, als rauſcht' ein Silberhorn,
Und laute Klänge ſummen aus rundem Muſchelhorn.
Vorn an der Spitze ſchreitet ein hoher Prieſtergreis,
Den Körper ungebeuget, die Locken ſchneeig weiß.

Ihm fließet bis zum Gürtel der Bart in lichtem Glanz,
Um ſeine Stirne ſchlingt ſich ein grüner Eichenkranz;
Er führt die Reihen ſchweigend, wie Geiſter zu der Gruft,
Ihr graues Lied durchſummet die kühle Morgenluft.

Im Wald ſteht eine Eiche mit wolkenhohem Haupt,
Die ſtarken braunen Aeſte ſind blätterreich belaubt,
Und aus dem Grüne ſchauen der Eicheln viel hervor;
Der Stamm erhebt zum Himmel ſich grad' und feſt empor.

Und auf der ſpalt'gen Rinde, da wächſt, bemerkbar kaum,
Von weichem Moos umgeben, der heil'ge Miſtelbaum;
Er reckt ſich aus der Rinde herauf mit dunklem Grün,
Vergoldet von der Sonne erwachtem Morgenglühn.

Die kleine Miſtelſtaude hat zauberſtarke Kraft,
Sie birgt in zarten Röhren den mächt'gen Pflanzenſaft,
Sie iſt ein wundertiefes Geheimniß der Natur;
Vom Stamme darf ſie ſchneiden der höchſte Prieſter nur.

Und in dem Augenblicke, als ſich die Sonn' erhebt,
Als ihre Flammenkugel am blauen Himmel ſchwebt,
Da ſchwinget der Druide das breite Meſſer blank,
Und laut erſchallet wieder der Cimbel heller Klang.

Die Männer blaſen freudig in langgezognem Hauch
Die glatten Muſchelhörner mit krummgewundnem Bauch,
Und ihre Töne ziehen wohl durch den friſchen Wald,
Daß fern aus dichten Stämmen es kräftig wiederhallt.

Der Prieſter betet ſchweigend mit Zeichen wunderſam,
Indeß ein Andrer knieend die heil'ge Miſtel nahm,
Die von dem Eichenbaume der Greis geſchnitten hat —
Dann gehn ſie, wie Geſpenſter, zurück zur Geltenſtadt.

XI.

Die Roſe von Jericho.

(Katholiſch.)

Maria nahm das Chriſtuskind
In bleicher Angſt des Todes,
Und floh mit ihrem Sohn geſchwind
Den ſchrecklichen Herodes.
Sie zogen durch das Wüſtenmeer
Und durch Arabiens Felder,
Wo keine grüne Kräuter mehr
Und keine kühle Wälder.

Doch als ſie endlich aus dem Nil,
Dem breiten Strome, nippten,
Erreichten ſie der Reiſe Ziel,
Das ſchützende Aegypten.
Maria kniete auf den Sand,
Der heiß ihr Kleid berührte,
Dem Himmel dankend, deſſen Hand
So huldreich her ſie führte.

Doch auf dem Wege, den ſie nahm
Wohl durch die öde Wüſte,
Auf jedem Pfade, den ſie kam,
Den leicht ihr Fuß begrüßte,
Da ſproßten aus dem dürren Land,
Das nur mit braunen Mooſen
Befruchtet ſonſt den Gluthenſand,
Nun ſchöne, zarte Roſen.

Wenn Pilger durch die Wüſte ziehn
Zum fernen, heil'gen Grabe,
Dann ſuchen ſie, wo jene blühn,
Damit ihr Duft ſie labe.
Und fromme Waller pflücken nie
Die purpurrothe Blume,
Die Gläubigen verehren ſie
Gleich einem Heiligthume.

Bevor das Weihnachtsfeſt erſcheint,
Verhüllt ſich dort der Himmel,
Doch folgt den Thränen, die er weint,
Der Strahlen Goldgewimmel.
Dann öffnen ſich die Roſen weit,
Und ihre holden Blüthen,
Sie glühen zu der Weihnachtszeit,
Wie ſie im Frühling glühten.

Die Roſen, die von ihrer Fahrt
Einſt Kreuzesritter brachten,
Sind als Reliquien bewahrt
In goldnen Kloſter-Schachten.
Doch nimmt die Trock'nen man hervor,
In Waſſer ſie zu legen,
Dann ſieht man, wie ſich friſch empor
Die Wunderblumen regen.

Wenn purpurhell die Roſe glüht,
So ſtaunt das Volk verwundert,
Denn ſchwanden nicht, ſeit ſie geblüht,
Der Jahre ſiebenhundert!
Und nieder ſinken Alle froh,
Zu preiſen den Allmächt'gen,
Der ſproſſen ließ bei Jericho
Den Wüſtenſchmuck, den prächt'gen.

XII.

Die Anemone.

(Griechiſch.)

Wie die Roſe duftig blühet auf der Felder grünem Rain,
So erwuchs Adonis herrlich in der Nymphen friſchem Hain.
Einſt erblickt' von Cythera ihn die holde Aphrodite,
Die in Wunderpracht entſtiegen weißem Schaum der Amphitrite.

Sie erblickt den Knabenjüngling, der auf grüner Moosbank ruht,
Und es lodert ihr im Buſen hell der Liebe Flammengluth.
Nur in ſeinen blauen Augen, nur in ſeinen Worten lebt ſie,
Nur nach ungetheilter Liebe dieſes ſchönen Knaben ſtrebt ſie.

Cypris iſt nun ganz verwandelt, legt den Spiegel aus der Hand,
Achtet nicht des goldnen Schmuckes, ſchürzt das wehende Gewand,
Wandelt mit Adonis fröhlich auf des Waldes feuchtem Raſen,
Zielt die Pfeile nach dem Dammhirſch, nach dem flücht'gen glatten Haſen.

Liebend aber bebt die Göttin, denn ſein männlich kühner Sinn
Treibet auf der Jagd den Jüngling lockend zu Gefahren hin;
Er verſchmähet ſcheue Rehe und des Meeres weiße Möven,
Wirft den Speer nach mächt'gen Wölfen und nach Adlern oder Löwen.

Cytherea warnt ihn oftmals: ſchrecklich iſt des Ebers Zahn!
Sie geleitet ihn beſchützend auf gefahrbedrohter Bahn,
Und dann ruht im Lorbeerſchatten bei Adonis Aphrodite;
Sie erzählt, ihn dort zu feſſeln, eine ſchöne alte Mythe.

Doch allein iſt einſt Adonis in dem dunkelgrünen Wald;
Plötzlich ſchlagen an die Hunde, daß es durch die Klüfte ſchallt,
Und Adonis folgt dem Eber eilig durch die dichten Forſten,
Schnellt den Wurfſpeer, doch er prallet kraftlos von des Unthiers Borſten.

Schnaubend wendet ſich der Eber, ſtürmt zurück mit grimmer Eil',
Und Adonis, ohne Waffen, ſuchet in der Flucht ſein Heil.
Jener faßt ihn. Tiefverwundet ſinkt der arme Knabe nieder;
Dunkelrother Blutſtrom färbet ſeine marmorweißen Glieder.

Amathuſia, vernehmend das erſchütternde Geſtöhn,
Senket zitternd, todterbleichend ſich herab aus luft'gen Höh'n,
Ritzet ſich an Roſendornen ihre zarten weichen Sohlen,
Und es rinnen Purpurtropfen auf die Lilien und Violen.

Aber in dem größern Schmerze achtet ſie des kleinern kaum,
Bebend um Adonis Leben, ſchauet ſie faſt nur im Traum,
Wie der Roſen weiße Kelche, die der Liebesgöttin heilig,
Sich von ihrem Blute färben mit gedämpftem Purpur eilig.

Den Geliebten zu erretten, iſt des Herzens Machtgebot;
Doch vergebens, denn Adonis lieget ſchon erſtarrt und todt,
Als der Wagen niederbrauſet mit den ſchlanken Silberſchwänen;
Cypris jammert, und es fließen unaufhaltſam ihre Thränen.

Ihre heißen Küſſe wecken nimmer ſeines Lebens Gluth,
Darum ſprengt ſie duft'gen Nektar in das dunkelrothe Blut,
Daß daraus durch Wunderkräfte hold entſprießt die Anemone,
Die auf ſchwankem Stengel wieget ihre Sternenblüthenkrone.

Zeus erbarmet ſich Cytherens, denn ihn rühret der Göttin Weh,
Und den Heißgeliebten theilen ſoll mit ihr Perſephone:
Mußte ſechs der langen Monde er im düſtern Hades wohnen,
Darf er dann des Jahres Hälfte im Olymp bei Cypris thronen.

Wenn die goldnen Lüfte ſchmeicheln, wenn der Frühling wiederkam,
Blühen ſammtne Anemonen farbenhell und wunderſam:
Doch die Blumen welken frühe, noch im jugendfriſchen Prangen,
Wie Adonis ſterben mußte, Jugendpurpur auf den Wangen.

Während Anemonen blühen, feiert man in Griechenland
Südlich holde Blumenfeſte, nach Adonis fromm benannt.
Seinen frühen Tod bejammern Prieſter erſt und auch die Frauen,
Dann erſchallet heller Jubel, daß er blühend noch zu ſchauen.

Die däniſche Poeſie der Gegenwart.

(Aus Boas' Skandinavien.)

Die däniſche Poeſie hat Aehnlichkeit mit einem jungen Mädchen. Wir haben ſie als blaſſes, ſcheues Kind gekannt, und haben uns ſeitdem kaum um ſie bekümmert; ſie ſchien uns nicht bedeutend genug, ihr unſere Aufmerkſamkeit zu widmen. Kehren wir jetzt zu ihr zurück, ſo finden wir überraſcht eine volle, feurige und ſchöne Jungfrau wieder, die ſich in reicher Blüthe entfaltet hat und nur mit halbem Ohr nach unſern Schmeicheleien hört. — Früher, als Jens Baggeſen ſich ſo in die deutſche Poeſie ſtürzte, daß er darüber faſt ſeine Mutterſprache vergaß; als Friederika Brun, gleich einer emſigen Brieftaube, herüber und hinüber flatterte; als Oehlenſchläger, ein poetiſcher Dualiſt, für Dänen und für Deutſche dichtete, da knüpfte ein feſtes Band die Literaturen beider Völkerſchaften aneinander. Längſt iſt das Band morſch geworden, und wir wiſſen wenig mehr vom däniſchen Schriftenthum in Deutſchland. Nur aus irgend einer einſamen Literaturzeitung klingt hin und wieder ein lobendes Wort, einer Stimme in der Wüſte vergleichbar. Zwar können wir genügende Auskunft geben über ruſſiſche, indiſche, perſiſche und ſamojediſche Poeſie, aber der Reichthum unſerer Stammverwandten wurde uns fremd. Bringen auch die Ueberſetzer mitunter ein einzelnes Stück, ſo iſt ihre Einſicht doch keineswegs ausreichend, um die wichtigſten, bezeichnendſten Leiſtungen zu wählen, und uns dadurch einen vollen Ueberblick des Fortſchritts zu verſchaffen.

Es wird aber wahrlich nothwendig, daß wir ernſthaft anfangen, auf die ſchönwiſſenſchaftliche Literatur der Dänen unſer Augenmerk zu richten. Haben doch ſelbſt die Franzoſen, denen wir ſo gern ihren Indifferentismus in Bezug auf Fremdes vorwerfen, bereits begonnen, ſich mit derſelben vertraut zu machen. Marmier eröffnete ihnen eine Perſpective auf die Geſchichte jener Literatur und ſuchte deren Bedeutung durch Ueberſetzungen in helleres Licht zu ſetzen. Wie lückenhaft und anfänglich ſeine Verſuche nun auch ſein mögen, ſo waren ſie doch immer ein erſter lobenswerther Schritt, der ſich reich belohnte. Denn die däniſche Poeſie iſt ein duftiger Roſenzweig, der auf den ſtarken Eichenſtamm deutſcher Dichtkunſt gepfropft ward, und der nun Blüthen von ganz eigenthümlicher Farbe und Friſche trägt.

Der Uebergang von der alten zur neuen Schule iſt bald bezeichnet, denn er geſchah plötzlich. Jens Baggeſen lehnte in ruhigem Behagen auf dem Thron der Poeſie; ſeine Werke, ein Abdruck franzöſiſcher Liebenswürdigkeit und Eleganz, galten für das erfüllte Ideal poetiſcher Schönheit, und er wurde „der Sänger der Grazien" genannt. Jetzt machen Baggeſens Gedichte zwar den Eindruck eines Putzzimmers im Rococcogeſchmack, aber dennoch kam ihm jener Name zu. Denn zwiſchen den goldenen Muſchelſchnörkeln, zwiſchen den antiquirten Göttern und Nymphen lauſchen auf glattem Porzellan gar liebliche, farbenheitre Bilder, mit feinem Pinſel ausgeführt. Baggeſen war immer graziös, ſelbſt wenn er ſchilderte, wie ſeine Heldinnen ſich ein Fußbad machen.

So ſaß er alſo auf dem Thron; ein überaus milder Herrſcher. Mit Scepter und Krone hielt er ſein Mittagsſchläfchen, nicht träumend, daß es Jemanden einfallen könnte, ihn zu verdrängen. Da trat Oehlenſchläger ſtill und anſpruchslos auf. Baggeſen freute ſich ſeiner, lobte ſeine Gedichte, und hätſchelte ihn, ſo lange er ihn für gefahrlos hielt. Plötzlich ſchleuderte aber der junge Titan den „Aladdin," dieſen orientaliſchen Zauberberg voll klingender Goldadern, in die Welt; er ſchrieb die wunderbar ſchöne „Helge," und ein begeiſtertes Hoſiannah wurde ihm von Dänemarks Jugend zugerufen. Sie jauchzten, als der Zopf gefallen war, als ſie ſtatt des franzöſiſchen Puderſtaubs nun freie deutſche Bergluft athmeten. Aber Baggeſen runzelte die Stirn, ſein Auge umwölkte ſich und mit gewaltigen Blitzen wollte er den kecken Dichterjüngling niederſchmettern. Er richtete deshalb das kritiſche Schwert zunächſt wider Oehlenſchlägers Singſpiele, welche freilich nicht auf der Höhe des guten Geſchmacks ſtehen; allein das genügte ihm keineswegs, und er ſuchte noch andere Lücken der Rüſtung, um ſeine Waffe hindurchbohren zu können. Solche Lücken fehlen nicht . . . es macht den Oehlenſchläger eben ſo liebenswürdig, daß er bei ſeinem großen Talente auch eine gute Menge von Achillesferſen hat.

Derſelbe war damals an der Kopenhagner Univerſität wohlbeſtallter Profeſſor der Aeſthetik geworden; ein Amt, zu dem er etwa ebenſo gut paßte, als wenn man einen Profeſſor der Aeſthetik als Dichter anſtellen wollte. Oehlenſchläger, der ein wahrer, wirklicher Dichter iſt, beſitzt gar keinen philoſophiſchen Fond; ja, er erklärte ſelbſt, es fehle ihm aller Sinn für Philoſophie. Auch die ſcholaſtiſche Kunſt, ſich in antiken Sprachen auszudrücken, geht ihm ab, und doch nöthigte ihn ſeine Stellung jetzt, hin und wieder vor öffentlicher Verſammlung lateiniſche Reden zu halten. Da kommen denn nicht ſelten die ſpaßhafteſten Sprachſchnitzer vor, und Baggeſen hörte mit feinem Ohre darauf und ſchrieb mit beißender Satyre darüber. Der Profeſſor hatte einmal von einem gemeinen Soldaten reden wollen und hatte ihn miles simplex genannt, weshalb ſein Gegner, in ſarkaſtiſcher Kritik, einen Offizier, zum Unterſchiede, miles compositus nannte. Aber die Studenten hingen mit feuriger Liebe an Oehlenſchläger, und mehrere ſchrieben in eben dem haſtigen und beleidigenden Style gegen Baggeſen, der ſeine Angriffe auf Oehlenſchläger bezeichnete. Unter dieſen jungen Kämpen befand ſich mancher Name, deſſen Klang ſpäter ſiegreich durch Dänemark zog, z. B. Johann Carſten Hauch. Sie forderten auch Baggeſen, der ſich ſo breit auf dem Lotterbett ſeiner klaſſiſchen Sprachbildung hinſtreckte, zu einer lateiniſchen Disputation heraus, aber er war klug genug, den Handſchuh liegen zu laſſen.

Baggeſens Mond verblich immer mehr, je ſtrahlender Oehlenſchlägers Sonne emporſtieg. Dieſer ſchüttete nun ein ganzes Füllhorn von Dramen über das däniſche Land aus, und ich brauche darüber nicht ſpeciell zu ſprechen, denn ſie ſind ja bekannt unter uns. Obgleich er auf reine Tragödienform gar kein Gewicht legt, obgleich vor einer Maſſe von romantiſchen und ſententiöſen Blumen die Charactere nicht in Blut und Leben gehen, ſo übt doch Oehlenſchlägers genialiſche Behandlung ſtets einen ſehr friſchen und innigen Reiz. Dieſer Reiz wirkt aber doppelt in Dänemark ſelbſt, denn es iſt nicht genug zu loben, daß er faſt immer vaterländiſche Stoffe wählte. Darum ſind die Stücke ſo kräftig verwachſen mit der däniſchen Bühne, daß man ſie alljährlich wieder und wieder vor vollen Häuſern ſpielen kann. „Dina," des Dichters neueſtes Trauerſpiel, hat den Grafen Uhlfeldt zum Helden, den Liebling Chriſtians IV., der ihm ſeine Tochter, die ſchöne Eleonore, zur Gattin gab. Das Stück iſt jugendlich friſch, in den coloſſalen Vorzügen ſowohl, als in den coloſſalen Fehlern. Da tönt noch jene anmuthige Diction, da glüht noch jene feurige Phantaſie, die den Dichter ſtets bezeichnet haben — da wuchert aber auch noch jene Ueberfülle von Blumen, worunter man faſt erſticken muß.

Die Dänen waren entzückt, als „Dina" auf der Bühne erſchien; der Jubel wollte gar kein Ende nehmen. Die Alten ſahen ihre beſte Jugendzeit noch einmal wiederkehren, und die Jungen verloren das Grauen vor dem Altwerden . . . ſie kamen zu der Erkenntniß: das Genie altert nicht. So machte die Tragödie unerhörtes Glück, und hatte Oehlenſchläger die Kränze auch mit Fru Heiberg, der unvergleichlichen Künſtlerin, welche die „Dina" gab, zu theilen, ſo wuchs des Lorbeers doch eine ſolche Fülle, daß er hinreichte, ſie beide würdig zu krönen.

Schweden bleibt in der Bewunderung des Dichters hinter ſeinem eigenen Vaterlande nicht zurück, und man erklärt dort Oehlenſchläger unumwunden für den größten lebenden Dichter. Dieſer Euphemismus iſt vorbereitet worden durch Eſaias Tegner, und er hat Wurzel geſchlagen in den Spalten der ſcandinaviſchen Felſen. Was dort aber einmal ſteht, wird ſo leicht von keinem Sturmwind ausgeriſſen. Einige Zeit vor Göthe's Tode beging nämlich die Univerſität Lund eine große Feierlichkeit. Oehlenſchläger war dazu eingeladen, er kam, und man empfing ihn mit jenem phraſeologiſchen Pompe, worin die Schweden unübertrefflich ſind. Tegner ſetzte ihm öffentlich die Dichterkrone auf's Haupt, hielt ihm eine Feſtrede in Hexametern, und nannte ihn:

„Erbe des Throns im Reiche der Dichtkunſt — der Thron iſt an Göthe."

Oehlenſchläger hat ſeine Werke großentheils auch deutſch verfaßt, und gehört ſomit unſerer Literatur an, aber es iſt immer gewagt, in ſolchem Dualismus ſich behaupten zu wollen. Deutſchlands Literarhiſtoriker erwähnen ſeiner nur ſo obenhin, und unſere höhere Kritik hat ſich faſt gar nicht mit ihm beſchäftigt. Nun zürnt er den Deutſchen und glaubt ſich zurückgeſetzt. „Sie wollen mir keinen Ehrenplatz am Tiſche anweiſen," iſt ſein gewöhnliches Wort darüber. Freilich nimmt Dänemark regern Antheil an ſeinen poetiſchen Leiſtungen; hier iſt er der Mittelpunkt alles dichteriſchen Seins, und der einfachſte Bürger beſitzt ſeine Schriften.

Eine ſo ungeſtüme Anerkennung iſt jedoch in Deutſchland, bei der Fülle von überwiegenden Literaturſchätzen, billigerweiſe nicht zu verlangen. Dänemarks Poeſie iſt noch im Frühling, und man jauchzt der erſten Lerche entgegen . . . doch die Nachtigallen kommen, und dann kühlt ſich jener Enthuſiasmus ab. Nach dreißig oder vierzig Jahren wird man auch dort gewiß andere Büſten vor Oehlenſchläger's ſtellen. Mich beſchleicht beim Niederſchreiben dieſer Worte eine gewiſſe Wehmuth, aber ich ſage das weder um Oehlenſchläger's Talent, noch um die Pietät der Dänen zu beleidigen. Ich ſage es, weil ich es ſagen muß, und keine leere Prophezeihung iſt es, ſondern innerſte Ueberzeugung. Dänemarks Poeſie wird nicht ſtehen bleiben, da ſie bereits angefangen hat mit muthigen Schritten fürbaß zu gehen.

Uebrigens haben wir doch manches Werk von Oehlenſchläger nur ſehr unzureichend durch Ueberſetzungen, oder gar nicht kennen gelernt. Zu dem Bedeutendſten gehört ſein epiſches Gedicht: „Nordens Guder — die Götter Nordens," welches uns Legis in trefflicher Sprache wiedergab. Daſſelbe kam beim Erſcheinen in eine Zeit hinein, wo die Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu Kopenhagen eben die Frage angeregt hatte: „Sind die nordiſchen Gottheiten ein Stoff für moderne Poeſie, oder nicht?"

Oehlenſchläger antwortete bejahend durch ſein Epos, das er zugleich als Argument beibrachte. Hierdurch ſcheint mir aber der äſthetiſche Zweifel noch keineswegs erledigt zu ſein, denn die Geſtalten der ſcandinaviſchen Mythe nehmen ſich, wie ſie ſo wohllautend auf den Stelzen ſüdlichen Versbaues einherſchreiten, recht entfremdet und verweichlicht aus. — Wofür wir in Deutſchland dem Dichter noch ganz beſonders dankbar ſein müſſen, das iſt die Uebertragung der Holbergſchen Luſtſpiele. Darin liegt ein wahrer Schatz von Humor, von ſicherer Characterzeichnung und dramatiſcher Lebendigkeit. Das glüht und ſprüht, das webt und athmet heute noch ſo munter, das trifft und geißelt noch ſo ſcharf, wie vor hundert und vierzig Jahren.

Seine Werke glättet und feilt Oehlenſchläger mit großer Sorglichkeit, und in den neuen Ausgaben treten ſie immer ſauberer vor's Publikum. Aber der Polirſtrahl vertilgt nicht ſelten das ſchönſte Gold und wiſcht die feinſten poetiſchen Linien aus. Es iſt die jugendfriſche Romantik abgefallen; aus ihrem wilden, üppigen Baumwuchs ſollen kunſtreiche Hecken entſtehen, und der Verſtand, ein Gärtner mit ſcharfer Scheere und plumpen Händen, ſtutzt ſie zu. Verſtand iſt ſtets weniger Oehlenſchlägers Sache geweſen, als Phantaſie, und es iſt übel, daß ihr nun jener ins Handwerk pfuſchen ſoll. Der poetiſche Ungeſtüm, die reine Unmittelbarkeit war juſt eine der ſchönſten Zierden, welche ſeine Gedichte zu verlieren hatten. — Nur Ein Beiſpiel mag hier ſtehen, wie Oehlenſchläger verbeſſert. In ſeiner lieblichen Romanze: „Der Ritter an der Elfenhöhe," kommt ein ritterlicher Jüngling in ſpäter Nacht zu einem Hügel, legt ſich dort nieder und ſchlummert ein. Drei luftige Jungfrauen nahen ſich, umſchweben und küſſen ihn, und Morgens iſt er todt. So ſchloß vormals das Gedicht. Jetzt aber hat der Poet noch einen Vers hinzugefügt, worin erzählt wird, daß die drei aus Nachtluft und Thau geborenen Weſen nichts anders, als .... Erkältung, Schnupfen und Rheumatismus waren. Klingt das nicht gerade wie Parodie!

Oehlenſchläger war nicht daheim, ich bekam ihn alſo nicht zu ſehen, und kann von ſeiner Perſönlichkeit nur mittheilen, was mir Andere ſagten. Er hatte nämlich eine Sommerfahrt nach Norwegen hinüber gemacht, wo ſeine Tochter in Bergen verheirathet iſt. Sonſt bewohnt er während des Sommers ein Landhaus in Frederiksberg, deſſen waldſtiller Park mit ſeinen prächtigen Baumgruppen und mit den blauen Waſſerſpiegeln, die dazwiſchen ruhen, recht zum Sinnen und Dichten geeignet iſt. Wenn der Winter kommen will, zieht er nach der Stadt, führt dort ein behagliches, genußreiches Leben, und möchte keinen Abend das Theater verſäumen. Volk und Fürſt bringen ihm Lorbeerkränze in Hülle und Fülle dar; Oehlenſchläger freut ſich ihrer und nimmt ſie dankbar an. Dieſe Dankbarkeit iſt ein hervorſtechender Zug ſeines Characters, und ſie muß um ſo ehrenvoller anerkannt werden, je ſeltner ſie bei berühmten Männern iſt. Oft ſtachelt Eitelkeit dieſelben zur Unzufriedenheit; Alles erſcheint ihnen zu gering als Lohn ihrer immenſen Verdienſte, und ein mürriſcher Ton verſtimmt die Harmonie ihres Weſens. Ruhe und Wohlbehagen aber haben den Oehlenſchläger jung erhalten; er ſieht wie ein Funfziger aus, obgleich er bald vier und ſechzig Jahre zählt. Kräftig und elaſtiſch iſt ſein Körperbau, volles ſchwarzes Haar bedeckt ſein Haupt, und aus den Augen flammt ihm ein ſchöner Strahl — der Götterſtrahl des Genius.

Oehlenſchläger hatte den Zündſtoff ausgeworfen, und poetiſche Blüthen loderten nun reichlich hervor, eine glühende Flora. Zunächſt ſtand Steenſen **Blicher** auf, der am 11. October 1782 geboren iſt. Anfangs führte er den Namen **Spentrup**, den er von ſeinem Pfarrdorfe in Jütland entlehnte, und erſt ſpäter nahm er den eignen an. Zwar hat Blicher auch Gedichte herausgegeben, doch in der Proſa ruht ſeine eigentliche Kraft. Seine Novellen ſind heimathlich, urſprünglich und wahrhaft bedeutend. Wenn er Jütlands Kreideufer malt, an denen die Wellen der Nordſee branden — die öden, ſpärlich bewohnten Haiden und Moräſte, wo ſich nur hin und wieder grasreiche Savannen finden — wenn er die armen Bewohner zeichnet, die kraftvoll und fleißig ſind — wenn er beſchreibt, wie ſie unter fortdauernden Mühen und Gefahren ſich ihre Nothdurft erwerben, dann ſteht er auf dem Gipfel des Styls, dann reißen ſeine naturwahren Schilderungen den Leſer hin, dann verdient er den Namen eines däniſchen Walter Scott. Aber Blicher iſt ein autochthoniſcher Poet; die Muſe hat ihm nur Jütlands Steppen zum Eigenthum gegeben; ſobald ſeine Phantaſie hinaustritt, irrt ſie kraft- und heimathlos durch die Lande. Characteriſtiſch für ſeine Leiſtungen iſt es, daß er zu den wenigen däniſchen Dichtern gehört, welche nie von Italiens Südluft umweht wurden.

So war der junge Blicher, mit dem der alte kaum eine Aehnlichkeit hat. Er erinnert an Glaukos. Gleich dieſem lebte er friedlich an einem Geſtade, das noch kein fremder Fuß betreten, deſſen Grasufer noch niemals abgemäht worden, aber dämoniſche Mächte lenkten ihn in die Tiefe hinab. Da wuchs ihm ein ſtruppiger Bart, und die Schenkel geſtalteten ſich zu einem häßlichen Fiſchſchwanz. Auch Blicher hat ſich hinuntergeſtürzt in die ſchmutzigſten Tiefen der Tagesereigniſſe, und taugt nun ſo wenig für die Poeſie, als für den geiſtlichen Stand. Er iſt ganz geſunken, ganz verloren. Vor einiger Zeit gab er ein Buch heraus, und bat öffentlich: man möchte doch ſubſcribiren, damit er vom Erlös ſeine Schulden bezahlen könne. Und der Mann iſt faſt ſechzig Jahre alt.

Ein anderer Geiſtlicher, welcher in der däniſchen Litteratur eine hervorſtechende Rolle ſpielt, iſt Nicolai Frederik Severin **Grundtvig**, den 8. September 1783 zu Udby in Seeland geboren. Er lebt als Prieſter in Kopenhagen, und iſt ein kleiner Mann, unter deſſen gebleichten Haaren ein geiſtvolles Apoſtelgeſicht hervorſchaut. Grundtvig hat mit rechtem Feuereifer für das Studium altnordiſcher Geſchichte angeworben; glühende Vaterlandsliebe leitete ihn dabei, und er war es, der das Augenmerk der Dänen auf die Chronikbücher Saxo's und Snorre's zu lenken wußte. Seine Worte fielen in friſchen, guten Boden, man gewann Theilnahme, und nun reichte Grundtvig den Landsleuten zwei Quartbände einer Ueberſetzung des Saxo Grammaticus. Früher ſchon hatte er auch die Mythen des Nordens in dichteriſcher Form behandelt, und zwar auf ſo ſprudelnd geniale Weiſe, daß er mit Oehlenſchläger um den Lorbeer ſtritt. Saft- und kraftvoll war ſeine Sprache, tiefer Ernſt und Ideenreichthum lagen, wie edle Perlen, unter der rauſchenden Wortfluth ſeiner Verſe, und freudig empfing man Alles, was er dichtete.

Aber ein ſtürmiſcher, ungezügelter Eifer riß ihn zur wilden Polemik hin. Er ſchrieb die „Weltchronik" und fand ein Genügen daran, die Fackel des Streits in Theologie und Litteratur zu ſchleudern. Nun verunſtaltete ſich ſeine poetiſche Ausdrucksweiſe durch bizarre Symbolik und angeſtrengte Originalität — er wurde ſteif, und büßte viel von der allgemeinen Theilnahme ein. In den ſpätern Gedichten miſcht Grundtvig das nordiſche Heidenthum und die chriſtliche Religion ſo chaotiſch durch einander, daß die Productionen wunderlich und wüſt werden. Dies iſt wohl der Grund, weshalb ſein Name geſtrichen wurde aus den Reihen populärer däniſcher Dichter, zu denen er durch Talent, Begeiſterung und innige Vaterlandsliebe urſprünglich gehört.

Auch Bernhard Severin **Ingemann** hat einen Theil des Ruhmes eingebüßt, der ihn einſt in voller Springfluth überſtrömte. Ingemann wurde den 28. Mai 1789 zu Thorkildſtrup auf der Oſtſeeinſel Falſter geboren und ſtudirte die Rechte. Aber es ging damit nur ſchwach, denn fortwährend kam der ernſthaften Jurisprudentia die heitere Muſe des Geſanges in die Quer und trug endlich über jene alte harte Dame den Sieg davon, wie Ingemann das ſelbſt in anmuthigen Verſen beſchrieben hat. Der Sieg brachte reiche Liebesfrüchte, und dieſe erſchienen in zwei Bändchen 1811—12. Oehlenſchläger's Beiſpiel und Muſter ſpiegelte ſich deutlich darin ab, und konnte des Jünglings Phantaſie auch nicht auf Adlerſchwingen zum Himmel emporziehen, ſo ſchwebte ſie doch auf weißen Taubenfittigen leicht und ſchön im Abendroth daher.

Ingemann bekam ſchnell einen Ruf. Bei ſeinem tiefſinnigen Gefühl und ſeiner trefflichen Sprachbehandlung würde dieſer auf ſicherm Fundament geruht haben, hätte nicht eine weichliche Sentimentalität, gleich dem Schwamm im Hauſe, die Mauern zerſtört. Weil ſeine allegoriſchen Poeſien beſondern Anklang gefunden, ſchrieb er eine große romantiſch-allegoriſche Epopöe: „De ſorte Riddere = der ſchwarze Ritter," in neun Geſängen. Die Allegorie iſt aber immer ein Gemachtes, ein künſtlich Erfundenes, und je mehr ſie in die Länge gedehnt wird, um ſo greller fühlt ſich das heraus. Darum kam der ſchwarze Ritter, trotz wahrhaft poetiſcher Einzelheiten, ohne Lebenskraft zur Welt.

Im Drama verſuchte er ſich gleichfalls, und nachdem ſeine erſten Trauerſpiele faſt ſpurlos vorübergegangen, machte 1815 „Maſaniello" bedeutendes Glück. Noch in demſelben Jahre erſchien die Tragödie „Blanca," und erhielt ſich lange als ein Lieblingsſtück ſchwärmeriſcher Mädchen und hyſteriſcher Frauen auf den Brettern. Die folgenden Dramen entſagten theils dem Theater, theils mußte das Theater ihnen entſagen. Ingemann gab noch eine größere Erzählung, „die Unterirdiſchen," und machte dann, in den Jahren 1818—19, eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland, Frankreich und Italien. Seit 1822 iſt er als Profeſſor der däniſchen Sprache bei der Ritteracademie zu Sorø angeſtellt, und dort ſchrieb er mehrere umfangreiche hiſtoriſche Romane, als: „Waldemar Seier," „Erik Menved's Barndom" ꝛc. Damals hatte er in Dänemark großen Ruhm, und die deutſchen Ueberſetzer lauerten wie Wegelagerer auf ſeine Werke. Aber die Zeit eilt, und die Sentimentalität iſt nicht wichtig genug, um mitgenommen zu werden. Als Heiberg ſeine ariſtophaniſche Comödie „Weihnachtsſcherz und Neujahrspoſſen" ſchrieb, als er darin Ingemann's ſentimentale Liebesſchwärmerei und ſeinen ſeufzenden Platonismus, wie er ſich namentlich in Blanca breit macht, ergötzlich parodirte, da lachte man der unmännlichen Weichheit, und die meiſten Anhänger des Dichters fielen von ihm ab. Ueber das Matte vergaß man aber auch das Treffliche, was er geſchrieben, und nur ein Kreis von Frauen bewundert ihn noch.

Ingemann iſt ein freundlicher anſpruchsloſer Mann, und alle, die ihm nahe ſtehen, verehren ſeine Perſönlichkeit. Es geht ein poetiſcher Duft durch ſein Leben. Er hat dieſelbe Dame als Gattin heimgeführt, der ſeine ſchmachtenden Elegien gewidmet waren; zwar beſitzen ſie keine Kinder, doch ſie ſind ſelbſt Kinder geblieben, und ihre Ehe iſt ein reines, liebliches Idyll. Darum weiß der Dichter auch, wie unſchuldige Herzen zum Himmel beten, und in ſeinen „Pſalmen für Kinder" weht ein wunderbar inniger Ton.

Neben Ingemann lebt in Sorö Johann Carſten **Hauch**, einen Lehrſtuhl für Naturgeſchichte bekleidend. Er wurde zu Friedrichshall in Norwegen am 17. März 1791 geboren und ſtammt aus adliger Familie. Sein Vater war Excellenz, und ärgerte ſich von früh an, daß der Sohn ſich ganz den Wiſſenſchaften und der Poeſie hingab, denn er hätte ihn lieber mit dem Kammerherrnſchlüſſel, als mit der Dichterkrone ſchmücken laſſen. Aber die Freiheitsgöttin hatte ſchon in der Wiege Hauch's Herz und Auge geküßt, und ſo war er nicht zu verwenden für das glatte Parquet des Hoflebens. Niemals hat er ſeinen Namen mit dem Abzeichen des Adels verſehen, doch wenn er denſelben auch, wie ein nutzloſes Geräth, in die Rumpelkammer warf, ſo war er doch in allen ritterlichen Künſten wohlerfahren, und ſein Geiſt, ſeine Züge drückten ſtets den wahren, ächten Adel aus.

Von Jugend auf ein eifriger Verehrer Oehlenſchläger's, ſtand Hauch in der vorderſten Reihe derer, welche für ihn gegen Baggeſen ſtritten. Er kämpfte, dichtete und liebte. Als er nach Italien ging, ließ er dem Mädchen ſeiner Wahl den Verlobungsring zurück. Auf Capri hatte er aber das Unglück, ein Bein zu brechen, und es mußte ihm amputirt werden. Hauch, der ſo gern tanzte, ritt und voltigirte, er, der Meiſter in des Körpers kühner Gymnaſtik, war nun ein Krüppel, und daheim wartete ſeiner die blühende Braut. Verzweiflung ergriff ihn, allein bald kehrte ihm der Muth zurück; ſein Mädchen blieb ihm treu, und als er das Vaterland wiederſah, wurde er am Altar mit ihr verbunden.

In reifer Fülle ſprudelte ihm nun der poetiſche Born, und zwei kräftigglühende Trauerſpiele, „Bajazet" und „Tiber" entſtanden (1828) ſchnell nach einander. Tieck ſagte: es wären die beſten Dramen der Neuzeit, und das Urtheil paßt hauptſächlich auf den Bajazet, wenn man nämlich von einem Drama nicht verlangt, daß es bühnengerecht ſein müſſe. Hauch's Tragödien verlieren ſich viel zu ſehr in eine ſtolze epiſche Breite, und ihr begeiſtert ſtürmender Strom läßt ſich nicht in die engen Couliſſenräume einſchachteln. Er hat viele Reiſen gemacht, aber zu wenig in Reſidenzen gelebt, darum kennt er den kleinen Mechanismus des Theaters nicht genug. Die Bühne iſt wie ein ſprödes Weib: ſie verlangt jahrelange Hingebung, aufmerkſames Studium ihrer verſteckteſten Launen, wenn ſie ihre Gunſt dem Dichter ſchenken ſoll. Weil Hauch ihr jene Aufmerkſamkeit verſagte, wollten ſeine dramatiſchen Poeſien bei der Darſtellung keinen Anklang finden. Wohl ſtaunte das Publicum die Schönheit ihrer Sprache, die Größe ihrer Charakterzeichnung an, doch es blieb kühl und beſchaulich, es wurde nicht hingeriſſen von unwiderſtehlicher Gewalt.

Seitdem ſchrieb Hauch noch mehrere Dramen, in denen die Hand des Meiſters waltet, allein er ſendete ſie gar nicht mehr zur Aufführung ein. Von denſelben müſſen beſonders das Drama „Don Juan" und das ariſtophaniſche Luſtſpiel „den babyloniſke Taarnbygning i Miniature" anerkannt werden. Später wendete er ſich mehr dem Romane zu: „En polſk Familie" iſt wahrhaft klaſſiſch, und auch gegenwärtig beſchäftigt ihn ein Gebilde in derſelben Form. Als Lyriker beſitzt Hauch wohl kühne, begeiſterte Kraft, aber ihm fehlt jener rhythmiſche Schmelz und Duft, welcher den Poeſien ihren eigenthümlichen Reiz verleihen muß.

Wir ſtehen jetzt an der Grenze eines neuen Abſchnitts der däniſchen Poeſiegeſchichte. Bisher herrſchte tiefer Frieden in dem Dichterwald; ſeit Baggeſens Zeit hatte kein kritiſcher Sturm die Wipfel mehr geſchüttelt. Elſtern und Spatzen wiegten ſich ſo ungeſtört, wie Nachtigallen und Turteltauben auf den grünen Zweigen, ſie zwitſcherten oder ſangen, und ſaßen brütend auf ihrem Neſt. Der Staar nannte den Wiedehopf einen begeiſterten Minneſänger, und der Wiedehopf pries dagegen die treffliche Sprache des Staars. Es war eine ſo zunftige Gemüthlichkeit, daß man ſie von der Camaraderie kaum unterſcheiden konnte. Auch Deutſchland hat nach dem zweiten Pariſer Frieden eine ähnliche Periode durchgemacht, eine Periode, in der viel ſüße Worte, aber wenig Thaten erklungen ſind. Zu dieſer Zeit trat Johann Ludwig **Heiberg** auf, ein durchaus feiner Geiſt, der wohl fühlte, daß die Literatur keine Lebensverſicherungsanſtalt ſei. Wie Apoll trug er die Leier des Geſanges in der Hand, während auf ſeinem Rücken die ſilbernen Pfeile der Satyre klirrten. Er wollte keiner blindanerkannten Größe trauen, wenn er ſie nicht ſelbſt mit kritiſchem Barometer gemeſſen hatte; ſeine reiche äſthetiſche Bildung berechtigte ihn vollkommen dazu, und er brachte die edlen Pflanzen zur beſſern Blüthe, indem er das Unkraut niedertrat.

Heiberg, der Sohn eines ausgezeichneten Elternpaares, wurde am 14. December 1791 zu Kopenhagen geboren. Als er achtzehn Jahre zählte, widmete er ſich dem Studium der Medicin, doch wurde ihm bald klar, daß er zu einer andern Anatomie berufen ſei, als zu der, welche ihr Meſſer in menſchliche Leiber ſenkt. Nun gerieth er ins Schwanken und wußte nicht, ob er Dichter, Muſiker oder Naturforſcher werden ſollte. Talent und Wiſſenſchaft fehlten ihm zu allen dieſen Fächern nicht. Doch der innerſte Drang zog ihn auf die Bahn der Poeſie, und gab ihn ſo derjenigen Kunſt zurück, für welche ihn die Natur recht eigentlich geſchaffen hatte. Einige ſeiner dramatiſchen Jugendarbeiten weckten bedeutende Hoffnungen, und Heiberg ſtieg, mit den Fruchtbergen der Claſſicität gründlich vertraut, nun auch zu den kühnen Felſenkuppen ſüdlicher Romantik empor. Ein Schauſpiel: „Dristig vovet halv er vundet — Friſch gewagt iſt halb gewonnen," und eine höchſt geiſtreiche Diſſertation: „De poeseos dramaticae genere hispanico et praesertim de Petro Calderone de la Barca" waren die Ausbeute dieſer Wanderung. Für die letztere Arbeit wurde ihm 1817 der Doctorgrad ertheilt. Noch in demſelben Jahre erſchien ein mythologiſches Schauſpiel: „Psyche's Weihe," und eine ariſtophaniſche Comödie: „Julespøg og Nytaarsløier — Weihnachtsſcherz und Neujahrspoſſen," welche eine Fülle von ſprudelndem Humor, bezaubernder Anmuth und treffender Satyre verrieth.

Heiberg ging nach Paris, lebte dort von 1819—22 in den angenehmſten Verhältniſſen, und machte das franzöſiſche Theater zum Mittelpunkt ſeiner Beobachtungen. Als er heimkehrte, wurde ihm zu Kiel eine Profeſſur der däniſchen Sprache übertragen. Heiberg, ein Mann des Lebens und der Kraft, ſchwankte nicht lange in dieſer Ungewißheit, ſondern faßte ſein neues Amt von vornherein mit muthigem Griffe an, und ſchrieb eine brauchbare Sprachformenlehre. Aus einer Reihe von Vorleſungen entſtand auch die „Nordiſche Mythologie," welche mit dem feinen Auge des Naturforſchers die Götterſagen anzuſchauen und ihre Entwicklung ſo klar darzuſtellen weiß, daß man ſie gleich Cryſtallen in nothwendiger Bildung um einen beſtimmten Kern anſchießen ſieht.

Heiberg verließ indeß 1825 den academiſchen Lehrſtuhl und kehrte nach Kopenhagen zurück, um freier und kräftiger eingreifen zu können in Leben und Literatur. Die Bedeutung der Bühne warm empfindend, konnte er es nicht ruhig mitanſehen, wie die Oper immer breitern Platz gewann, das Drama verdrängend. Er ſuchte den Zeitgeſchmack und die nationale Comödie zu vermitteln, und dies geſchah durch Vaudevilles, deren er beinahe zwanzig ſchrieb. Dieſelben haben die däniſche Bühne viele Jahre lang beherrſcht, und dabei trefflich eingewirkt, denn jede Nachahmung der Franzoſen lag ihnen fern; ein ſchöner, heimathlicher Reiz umwehte ſie. Auf localem Grunde ſind Volkscharactere mit ſichern, treuen Farben gezeichnet; das Publicum ſitzt vor dem Spiegel, wenn es dieſe Vaudevilles ſieht, und ſo wiſſen ſie ſehr geſchickt das Volksluſtſpiel zu erſetzen. Eine heitere, angenehm verwebte Intrigue verſchlingt die Situationen, und ſchöne lyriſche Blüthen duften in dem [illegible]iſchen Kranz.

Im Jahre 1824 war Heib[illegible] Berlin geweſen, hatte dort Hegel, den Philoſophen des Jahrhunderts, und deſſen Syſtem genau kennen gelernt. Wie wach Heiberg's Seele war, jeden Athemzug des Fortſchritts zu belauſchen, das zeigte bereits ſeine Schrift: „Ueber die menſchliche Freiheit," welche 1824 erſchien. Mit dem Jahre 1827 aber gründete er die „Fliegende Poſt," ein äſthetiſches Wochenblatt, und Alles ſtaunte ihn an, denn ſo war die Kritik bisher in Dänemark noch nicht gehandhabt worden. Oehlenſchläger hatte, vermöge ſeines friſchen Talents, einen ſehr unmittelbaren, dreiſt romantiſchen Ton in der Literatur angegeben. Seine Einfachheit, ſein blühender Muthwille ſchienen leicht nachzuahmen; alle Spatzen, alle Zaunkönige wollten zwitſchern, wie er ſang, und eine ſichere, prüfende Kritik war ſehr nothwendig geworden.

Da kam Heiberg hinzu, der Mann von edlem Geſchmack, geläutertem Urtheil und ſprudelndem Witz. Die fliegende Poſt brachte eine Reihe Kritiken über Oehlenſchläger, welche, auf feſten äſthetiſchen Standpunkten fußend, das Weſen der Poeſie beſprachen, und eben ſo, wie ſie des Dichters Schönheiten herverheben, auch ſeine Fehler rügten. Oehlenſchläger gibt dem jungen Heiberg, etwas [illegible], den Ausdruck, „weil er deſſen Singſpiele immer ſo gern geſehen und ſelbſt beklatſcht habe," aber außerdem fiel ein ganzer Weſpenſchwarm über ihn her. Ihn ſtörte das nicht; mit überſchwenglicher Laune handhabte er die Fliegenklatſche, und auch auf Haupt fiel mancher tüchtige Hieb. Jemehr die Literaten vor dem Blatte zitterten und darauf ſchimpften, mit um ſo größerer Luſt wurde es im Publikum begrüßt, und ſeine ſcharfſinnigen Kritiken, welche ſtets die reine Kunſtſchönheit zu ermitteln ſtreben, haben einen namhaften Einfluß auf die Geſchmacksbildung der Nation geübt.

1833 ſchrieb Heiberg „Ueber die Bedeutung der Philoſophie für die Gegenwart," und gab ſich dadurch offen als Anhänger Hegels zu erkennen, lebhaftes Intereſſe für ihn in Dänemark erweckend. Heiberg hat das unbeſtrittene Verdienſt, die Wunderblume jener Philoſophie in ſeinem Vaterlande acclimatiſirt zu haben. Als Mitſtrebender ſtand ihm dabei Martenſen treu zur Seite, der jetzt Profeſſor der Theologie, und auch in Deutſchland durch ſein Buch: „Ueber Lenau's Fauſt" rühmlich bekannt iſt. Hierauf ſchrieb Heiberg eine treffliche Einleitung zur Logik, und gab ſeit 1837 die Vierteljahrsſchrift „Perſeus" heraus. Dies Journal ſprach gleich im Titel als Tendenz aus: die [illegible] Meduſe des Empirismus niederzuwerfen, und Andromeda — die barbariſch gefeſſelte Idee — zu befreien. Dieſe Zeitſchrift erſchien nicht lange, und Heiberg redigirt nun ſeit 1842 das „Intelligenz-Blatt."

Von ſeinen dramatiſchen Werken fordern beſonders noch folgende Erwähnung. Das Schauſpiel „Nina" (1824) hat einen ſehr ſchwierigen Stoff, denn die Heldin wird aus Liebe wahnſinnig, und es gehörte ganz die Feinheit Heibergs dazu, um einen ſo grellen Zuſtand zur harmoniſchen Anſchauung zu bringen. Eines wahren Sturmes von Beifall hatte ſich das romantiſche Drama „Elverhöi — der Elfenhügel" zu erfreuen, als es 1828 auf der Bühne erſchien, und nahe an hundert Male wurde es bei gedrängt vollem Hauſe aufgeführt. Die Sage vom Elfenkönig auf dem [illegible] iſt der [illegible], auf dem die lieblichen Geſtalten vorüberziehen, und unter ihnen auch Chriſtian IV., der wackere Dänenkönig, deſſen Name wie der eines Gottes im Volke lebt. Reiche blühende Diction umſchlingt das Werk, und ſchöne Volkslieder ſind, gleich ſüßen Feldblumen, in den anmuthvollen Strauß hineingeflochten. Der Elfenhügel iſt ins Deutſche überſetzt, und — wenn ich nicht irre — zu Immermanns Zeit auf der Düſſeldorfer Bühne geſpielt worden. Grabbe ſagt jedoch: „die Ueberſetzung hat den Trab zweier Hamburger Miethgäule; im [illegible] hat ſie ganz im naſſen Lande." Dagegen bezeugt er: es ſei ihm noch kein Weihnachtsmährchen vorgekommen, das ſolche Friſche, ſo ſcharf gezeichnete Figuren und Situationen hätte.

Heiberg's „Prinzeſſin Iſabella" wurde 1829 nach einem Stoff Lope de Vega's gedichtet; es iſt ein ſchwaches Prunkſtück, aber der Firnglanz ſeiner Sprache überſtrahlt Alles, was Malerei und Muſik für ein Drama irgend wirken können. Vor zwei Jahren gab Heiberg „Neue Gedichte" heraus, und darunter befindet ſich eine apocalyptiſche Comödie, „die Seele nach dem Tode," welche recht ins moderne Leben eingreift und mannigfache literariſche und philoſophiſche Fragen berührt. Tief und innig iſt die Himmelsdecke des Humors über dieſe Dichtung ausgebreitet, und auf ihrem nachtblauen Grunde funkelt, goldenen Sternen gleich, der ſtrahlendſte Witz.

Wenn man von Heiberg ſpricht, darf man nicht verſäumen, eines anonymen Schriftſtellers zu gedenken, den er in die Literatur eingeführt hat. Die fliegende Poſt brachte nämlich eine Novelle: „En Hverdags-Hiſtorie — eine Alltags-Geſchichte" betitelt, die durch Form und Geiſt ein ungemeines Aufſehen machte. Andere Erzählungen folgten ihr, doch wie goldig auch das Lob am Angelhaken blinkte, der Autor ließ ſich dadurch nicht beſtimmen, aus der undurchſchaubaren Flut ſeiner Anonymität hervorzutreten. Man rieth hin und her, man zerbrach ſich den Kopf, und die jungen Schöngeiſter, die ſonſt Alles wiſſen, kamen völlig in Verzweiflung, denn diesmal waren ſie nicht im Stande, die brennende Neugier ihrer Gaſtfreundinnen zu ſtillen.

Drei Bände von jenen räthſelhaften, wie aus einer andern Welt kommenden Novellen gab Heiberg heraus, und noch ſieben oder acht Bände folgten ihnen nach. An Tiecks beſte Novellen mahnen dieſe ſaubern poetiſchen Gebilde, und wenn in den ſpätern die Friſche und die volle Blüthenkraft der Phantaſie einigermaßen im Abnehmen iſt, ſo athmet doch auch hier noch eine dichteriſch veredelnde Auffaſſung des Alltagslebens. Ihr Verfaſſer iſt von Rechtswegen der Vater Frederika Bremer's, doch er würde gewiß ſein Kind verläugnen, wie die unnatürliche Mutter des Richard Savage. Die feine faſt microſcopiſche Beobachtung unſcheinbarer, aber tief pſychologiſcher Züge in den Erzählungen läßt auf eine Verfaſſerin ſchließen, während die cryſtallreine Form und die hohe Intelligenz andeutet: eine Männerhand müſſe ordnend und ausführend über die ſchönen Skizzen hingegangen ſein. In der Kürze entwickelt, ſind das die Gründe, welche man dafür angiebt, daß Heibergs Mutter die Schöpferin jener lieblichen Gebilde ſei, denen ihr Sohn dann noch die blitzenden Lichter und die gedankentiefen Schatten verliehen habe.

Man zeihe mich nicht der Indiscretion, man denke nicht, ich wolle den dichtgewebten Schleier irgend einer ſeltnen Geheimheit zerreißen, ſondern ich erzähle nur, was man in Kopenhagen allgemein darüber ſagt. Und wohl mag es ſein, daß man hier das Rechte getroffen hat, denn die Gräfin Gyllenborg gehört unſtreitig zu den merkwürdigſten Frauen unſerer Zeit. Sie hat das Leben geſchaut in allen ſeinen wechſelnden dramatiſchen Abſpiegelungen; tauſendfältig ſind ihrem ſcharfen Auge die intereſſanteſten Charactere entgegengetreten, und ſie hat einen Schatz von Erfahrungen geſammelt. Schriebe ſie ihre Memoiren, ſo müßten dieſelben von höchſter Bedeutung ſein, denn ſeit mehr als funfzig Jahren exiſtirte keine Berühmtheit in Dänemark, der ſie nicht perſönlich nahe geſtanden hätte.

Sie war zuerſt an den Luſtſpieldichter und Politiker Peter Andreas Heiberg (geb. 1758) vermählt, der jedem Dänen unvergeßlich iſt. In ſeinem Hauſe verkehrten Baggeſen, Münter, Rahbek, Moltke und andere geiſtreiche Männer jener Zeit. Er gehörte aus inniger Ueberzeugung zur liberalen Partei, und Alles, was er angriff, war ſo feurig, ſo gründlich und wahr, daß es manch zartes Trommelfell ſehr unangenehm berührte. Heiberg wurde durch richterlichen Spruch aus dem Vaterlande verbannt, ging nach Paris und bekam unter Napoleon eine Anſtellung im Miniſterium des Auswärtigen. Zwar glaubte er, daß ſeine Gattin ihm folgen würde, allein ſie trug auf Trennung an, was ihn tief betrübte. Als Napoleon Frankreich verlaſſen mußte, forderte er ſeinen Abſchied, und erhielt eine Penſion von dreitauſend Francs, bis er im Jahre 1841 ſtarb.

Bald nachdem ſeine Frau von ihm geſchieden war, kam der ſchwediſche Graf Gyllenborg, der in die Revolution verwickelt und des Landes verwieſen worden, nach Kopenhagen, und Fru Heiberg vermählte ſich mit ihm. Derſelbe gab eine Zeitung in franzöſiſcher Sprache heraus, allein je vorzüglicher die Artikel waren, die darin gegeben wurden, um ſo ſicherer fühlte man ſich überzeugt, daß nicht er, ſondern ſeine Gattin ſie geſchrieben habe. Nun war ihr Haus abermals der Brennpunkt, welcher alle geiſtigen Strahlen vereinigte, denn die Nobleſſe der Refugiés aus Schweden und Frankreich ſammelte ſich dort, und die Gräfin Gyllenborg ſtand hochgeachtet in ihrer Mitte.

Als Gyllenborg ſtarb, wurde der Wittwe Sohn ein berühmter [illegible], ihre Schwiegertochter war eine gefeierte Künſtlerin, und wiederum ſah ſie ſich in einem Cirkel der ausgezeichnetſten Leute. Man kann aber auch wahrlich nirgendwo ein Triclinium geiſtbegabterer Menſchen ſo eng vereinigt finden, als hier. Die Matrone ſelbſt, welche beinahe ſiebzig Jahre zählt, iſt eine ſtille und ſehr beſcheidene Frau; ſie ſträubt ſich, eine öffentliche Rolle zu ſpielen, und lehnt deshalb die Autorſchaft der Novellen auf's Beſtimmteſte ab. Dazu nun ihr Sohn, der Profeſſor Heiberg, der ein geborner Ariſtokrat der Schönheit iſt. Sein hochgebildeter Geiſt wiegt ſich auf den [illegible] Wellen des [illegible] und der Vollendung, und das prägt ſich nun auch deutlich in ſeiner ganzen äußeren Erſcheinung aus. Es iſt Alles nobel und ſchön an ihm; man merkt es gleich, daß ihm jedes Rohe und Unſchöne recht innerlich verhaßt ſein muß. Sein geniales Auge glüht voll Wohlwollen, und ſo ſcharf ſatiriſch ſich Heiberg oft in ſeinen Schriften erweiſt, eben ſo mild und verſöhnlich findet man ihn im Umgange.

Die dritte Zacke des liebenswürdigen Kleeblatts bildet ſeine Gemahlin. Im Jahre 1832 vermählte er ſich mit einer jungen Schauſpielerin, Johanne Louiſe Pätges, welche ſehr viel verſprach, und ſich nun zu einer dramatiſchen Künſtlerin entwickelt hat, wie es wenige giebt. Es umweht eine ſolche Wahrheit und Unmittelbarkeit alle Charactere, die ſie darſtellt, daß auch die kälteſten Zuſchauer fortgeriſſen werden in das Reich der Phantaſie. Die fremden Diplomaten, die am Hofe zu Kopenhagen leben, verſäumen das Schauſpiel faſt nie, ſobald Fru Heiberg auftritt, und wenn ſie auch kein Wort von der däniſchen Sprache verſtehen.

Dieſe drei ſeltenen Erſcheinungen bilden Eine Familie. Sie bewohnen im Sommer eine Villa vor dem Thore, im Winter aber einen Palaſt der Stadt, und Alles, was Kopenhagen an Geiſt, Schönheit und Rang beſitzt, vereinigt ihr Salon an traulichen Abenden.

Wir haben es alſo — wie ſchon oben geſagt worden — jetzt mit einer neueren, jüngeren Dichterſchule zu thun, und da muß denn, nächſt Heiberg, Chriſtian **Winther** genannt werden, der am 29. Juli 1796 zu Fensmark geboren iſt. — In Kopenhagen liegt ein großes, etwas antiquirtes Gebäude, „die Regenz" genannt, das für hundert Studirende freie Wohnungen enthält. Eine ungemeine Sauberkeit ſieht man über die ganze Anſtalt verbreitet; hinter großen, ſpiegelblanken Fenſterſcheiben ſchimmern nette freundliche Zimmer, rothwangige Muſenſöhne ſchauen heraus und blaſen den Rauch ihrer langen Pfeifen durch die Luft. Die Regenz bildet ein Viereck, im Innern einen geräumigen Hof umſchließend, und mitten auf dem letztern ſteht ein uralter Lindenbaum, unter deſſen breitem Wipfel die luſtigen Commerſe gehalten werden.

In dieſem Hauſe wohnte vormals auch Winther als ehrſamer Candidatus theologiae, obgleich er weder Luſt, noch Anlage zur Gottesgelahrtheit in ſich verſpürte. Reiſen, dichten, lieben und träumen wollte er, dazu hatte ihn die Natur geſchaffen, aber ſein Vater, der Biſchof auf der Inſel Seeland war, wollte durchaus einen Prieſter aus ihm machen. Winther lebte ſich zurück in eine frühere, kindlich poetiſche Zeit; er ſang, was die Erinnerung ihm ins Herz flüſterte, und ſo entſtanden ſeine „Træsnit-Holzſchnitte," eine Sammlung reiner, naturwüchſiger Geſänge. Keiner hat gleich ihm den wunderbaren Ton der Volkslieder wieder getroffen, und ſeine Gedichte, die anfangs nicht genügend beachtet wurden, ſchlugen nach und nach immer tiefer Wurzel in der Nationalität. Sie ſind jetzt der däniſche Kuhreigen geworden. Wohl eilt der Däne gern zum Süden hin, doch wenn er draußen, weit draußen in Italien ein Winther'ſches Lied vernimmt, dann denkt er an die grünen Buchenwälder und an die blauen Mädchenaugen ſeines Vaterlandes, und er kann weinen vor Heimweh.

Zwar folgte nun bald eine Ausgabe dieſer Lieder der andern, doch trugen ſie dem Dichter wenig goldne Früchte ein, und er litt beinahe Mangel. So war er im Jahre 1829 eines Tages ausgegangen, um eine kleine Anleihe zu machen, und als er nach Hauſe kam, fand er ein Schreiben mit ſtattlichem Gerichtsſiegel auf ſeinem Tiſch — Winther hatte 25000 däniſche Thaler geerbt. Unverzüglich reiſte er nach Italien ab, wohin ihn ſeine Sehnſucht ſeit lange ſchon gezogen hatte. Sparen und rechnen iſt jedoch nicht Sache des Genies, und als Winther ein Jahr ſpäter nach Kopenhagen zurückkehrte, war ſein Capital auf weniger als die Hälfte zuſammengeſchmolzen. Auch der Reſt ſchwand bald in alle Winde, und ſtatt der Ducaten ſtrömten ihm Lieder zu. Er gab neue Poeſien heraus, und wenn dieſe einen minder großen Eindruck machten, ſo liegt der Grund wohl darin, daß die Holzſchnitte ganz primitiv waren, während ſich in die ſpäteren Gedichte erkünſtelte Sentimentalität und wüſte Romantik nachtheilig einmiſchen.

Winther war einmal nahe daran, Renegat zu werden und ſich der deutſchen Poeſie zuzuwenden. Als er nach Italien ging, verweilte er nämlich längere Zeit am Rhein, und dort klangen ihm unſere Volksweiſen ſo voll und warm in die Seele, daß er noch im römiſchen Lande ihre bald heitern, bald wehmüthigen Klänge vernahm.

„Es ſchwebten leicht am blühenden Saum
Der Trümmer und Cypreſſen
Die kleinen Lieder von Lieb' und Wein,
Von Grämen und Vergeſſen.

Zerbrochne Lauten guckten heraus
Aus dunklen Grüften und Ranken;
[illegible]
[illegible]"

Ein poetiſcher Drang, ein Gelüſten nach deutſchem Ruhm ergriff ihn, und er begann ein lyriſch epiſches Gedicht, das die Hiſtorie der „Judith" zum Stoff hatte. Aber kaum war er wieder am heimiſchen Strand, da tauchte eine zürnende Geſtalt aus der Meerfluth herauf und rief ihm zu:

„Laß ab, Verwegner! o fühlſt du es nicht,
„Daß mehr als den fremden Zungen
„Dankſt du den Tönen in heiliger Pflicht,
„Die an deiner Wiege geſungen?"

Da ließ ich den Kranz, wonach ich gezielt,
Dem eitlen Herzen zu frohnen. —
Ein Freund hat das Lied mir [illegible]
In vaterländiſchen Tönen.

Dieſer Freund iſt H. P. Holſt. Mit einer däniſchen Ueberſetzung von ihm erſchien die „Judith" 1837 als Fragment, und Fragment blieb ſie auch. Darum läßt ſich nichts Abſchließendes über das Gedicht ſagen; man findet jedoch einzelne poetiſche Schönheiten darin, und muß bekennen, daß Winther die deutſche Sprache für einen Ausländer mit vieler Gewandtheit zu behandeln weiß. Namentlich wo es einen ſinnlichen Zauber gilt, gerathen ihm die Bilder ſehr gut, und es blüht wirklich ein gewiſſer orientaliſcher Farbenreiz aus dem Liede.

Winther iſt ein Mann mit angenehmen Zügen und einem weichen, ſchwärmeriſchen Blick; ſein Embonpoint ſteht ihm nicht übel. Er liebt immer, und fühlt ſich dabei immer unglücklich. Denn ehe er erhört wird, treibt ihn die heiße Sehnſucht beinahe auf, und wenn ihn Amor mit dem Roſenkranz des Sieges krönt, dann fühlt er ſich ſo enttäuſcht, ſo öde, daß er nur noch Klagen und Schmerzen kennt. Dieſer Zuſtand dauert fort, bis er ſich von neuem verliebt. Obgleich ſieben und vierzig Jahre alt, hat er doch viel Glück in der Liebe, und darum kommt er aus dem Unglück gar nicht heraus. Als der Kronprinz von Dänemark ſich im Frühjahr 1841 vermählte, wollte ſeine junge Gemahlin den Verſuch machen, die Sprache ihres neuen Vaterlandes zu erlernen, und Winthern wurde die angenehme, ehrenvolle Stellung, ihr Lehrer zu ſein. Zwar hörte der Unterricht bereits nach einem Jahre wieder auf, allein Winther behielt den Profeſſortitel und einen lebenslänglichen Jahrgehalt von tauſend Thalern.

Haben wir in Winther einen genußſuchenden Lebemann kennen gelernt, ſo wenden wir uns jetzt einem poetiſchen Einſiedler zu. — Es dämmerte ein klarer, ſchöner Auguſtabend, als ich mit einem Freunde von Charlottenlund nach dem königlichen Thiergarten hinſchritt. Die Sonne ſank eben in's Meer, und ihre Strahlen ließen den Thau, der die Wieſenflächen bedeckte, wie Rubinen und Granaten ſchimmern. Weit umher lag die tiefſte Stille ausgebreitet, und über den dunklen Buchenwaldungen des Thiergartens ſtieg bereits der goldne Mond empor. Da begegnete uns ein kleiner Mann im dunklen Ueberrock; mein Begleiter redete ihn an, und ſtellte uns einander vor . . . es war Henrik Hertz. Sein Geſicht war voll, aber bleich; es hatte etwas Gedunſenes, Krankhaftes, und die Augen verſteckten ſich hinter einer ſchwarzen Hornbrille. Um die ſchmalen Lippen ſchwankte ein nervös ſatyriſcher Zug; ſeine Sprache tönte klanglos, wie es bei Schwerhörigen oft der Fall iſt, und Hertz hört nicht gut. Aus der perſönlichen Erſcheinung des Dichters lernt man ſein Schriftſtellerleben begreifen, und man muß mit ſeiner Biographie vertraut ſein, um die Perſönlichkeit nicht mißzuverſtehen — ſie commentiren ſich gegenſeitig.

Hertz iſt am 25. Auguſt 1798 in Kopenhagen geboren. Seine Eltern waren Juden und erzogen den Sohn in ihrer Religion. Er ſtudirte Jura, gab aber daneben, ohne ſeinen Namen zu nennen, ſeit 1826 mehrere Luſtſpiele heraus. Dieſelben zeugten vom Studium Holberg's und von dramatiſchem Geſchick, machten jedoch keinen beſondern Eindruck. Da erſchienen im Jahre 1830: „Geiſterbriefe, oder poetiſche Epiſteln aus dem Paradies," und brachten eine große Aufregung in die däniſchen Literaturintereſſen. Sturmglocken ſchallten, auf allen Bergen loderten Feuerzeichen; die ſichere Ruhe war geſtört. Baggeſens ganze Eigenthümlichkeit wurde im Ton der poetiſchen Briefe treu wieder gegeben, doch das Buch glich jenen Diamant-Bildern, die ſich verwandeln, ſobald man ſie gegen das Licht hält. Sah man es nämlich genauer an, ſo bemerkte man, daß hinter der zierlichen Rococo-Maske ein moderner Genius, eine kräftige Individualität ſtecken müſſe. Die Epiſteln berührten alle tiefſten Eleuſinien der Literatur, und ſtöberten jeden Schlupfwinkel auf, allein ein trefflicher Humor milderte das Grelle, und wußte ſelbſt das Gemäuer der Kloaken mit grünen Ranken zu umſpinnen. Alles Andere war hierüber eine Zeit lang vergeſſen, und man ſprach nur von den Geiſterbriefen, obgleich ihr Verfaſſer unbekannt blieb.

Derſelbe gab nun eine „Anonyme Neujahrsgabe für 1832" heraus, in welcher ein ſchönes Lehrgedicht: „Naturen og Kunſten," enthalten war. Den lauteſten Beifall aber fand ein Prolog: „Die Schlacht auf der Rhede," der auf der Bühne am Vorabende jenes Tages geſprochen wurde, wo dreißig Jahre früher die Engländer über Kopenhagen herfielen. Endloſer ſtürmiſcher Jubel begrüßte das glühende Poem; Hertz war nicht im Stande, vor den eifrigen Nachforſchungen ſeine Verſchleierung zu bewahren, und er mußte aus der Wolke treten. Nun ſchüttete ſich ein ſo ſchwellend reiches Füllhorn von Ruhm und Ehren über den Dichter aus, als ob es ihn erdrücken und erſticken wolle. Hertz bekannte ſich damals zur proteſtantiſchen Kirche, und der König gab ihm ein Stipendium, um nach Italien reiſen zu können, was in Dänemark ſtets zur öffentlichen Anerkennung eines Poeten gehört.

Von der dauernden Begründung ſeines Ruhmes überzeugt, machte er ſich auf und durchzog, ein froher Wandervogel, den Süden. Als er aber wieder zur Heimath kam, fand er Alles kühl und kalt; laute politiſche Fragen hatten ſein Andenken übertönt; er ſah ſich faſt vergeſſen. Hertz ließ einige ſehr gelungene Poeſien drucken, doch man gab nicht Acht darauf. Nun ſchrieb er 1837 ein Buch: „Stemninger og Tilſtande — Stimmungen und Zuſtände" betitelt, das ganz geeignet war, neues Aufſehen zu machen. In Romanform ſchilderte es das Leben und Treiben der liberalen Partei, und bohrte ſo, mit ſcharfer Satyre, in ein volles Weſpenneſt hinein. Anfangs waren die Blätter, welche zur Fahne der Angegriffenen gehörten, ganz ſtill über die Schrift; ihre Redacteure hatten wahrſcheinlich den Plan verabredet, durch Nichtbeachtung das Spottbuch in den Lethe zu verſenken. Aber die conſervativen Journale brachten lange Excerpte daraus, die ſchwüle Stille war unterbrochen, und das Gewitter brach los. Hertz wurde von hundert Blitzen getroffen, und nichts konnte die Zürnenden wieder verſöhnen, auch nicht ſein liebliches Drama: „Svend Dyrings Huus,“ das bald darauf erſchien.

Daſſelbe hatte Ton und Geiſt aus einem altdäniſchen Rieſenliede geſchöpft, es führte Volk und Helden der früheſten Zeit lebendig vor's Auge, und die glühende Friſche, womit dieß geſchah, gab dem Werk einen ganz eigenen, unmittelbaren Zauber. Oft, und mit immer neuem Beifallsrauſchen, ging es über die Breter; die Dänen fühlten ſtolz ihre Verwandtſchaft mit jenen treuen, kräftigen und freien Geſtalten, und ſo wirkte das Stück erhebend auf das Nationalbewußtſein. Aber die Partei der Gegner blieb unverſöhnlich; ſie jagte den Verfehmten ſo lange umher, bis er müde, todmüde wurde. Jetzt ſieht man ihn krank, mürriſch, hypochondriſch, und auf abgelegenen Pfaden macht er einſam ſeine Spaziergänge.

Unter denjenigen Schriftſtellern, welche Hertz in den Geiſterbriefen mit der Momusgeißel traf, war auch Hans Chriſtian Anderſen. Dieſer iſt jedenfalls ein ſehr origineller Character, und muß ſchon deshalb mit Aufmerkſamkeit betrachtet werden, weil ſeine Werke in Deutſchland berühmter ſind, als ſelbſt in Dänemark, im kleinen Dänemark, dem es doch wahrlich nicht an Muße fehlt, den Kreis ſeiner Autoren ſorgſam zu würdigen. Außer Oehlenſchläger iſt Anderſen der einzige däniſche Dichter, der bei uns eine Popularität gewonnen hat, während jenſeits der Oſtſee andere Poeten bedeutend über ihn geſtellt werden. Daraus geht hervor, daß entweder der Geſchmack drüben eine andere Richtung nahm, als bei uns, oder daß wir, durch künſtliche Mittel getäuſcht, eine Ungerechtigkeit begehen. Zu breiten kritiſchen Unterſuchungen fehlt mir der Raum, und ſo will ich denn einfach die Lebensgeſchichte des Dichters erzählen; vielleicht gelingt es dem Leſer, die Löſung jener ſchwierigen Frage ſelbſt zu finden.

Anderſen wurde am 2. April 1805 zu Odenſe auf Fünen geboren, und er hat manche romantiſche Specialitäten aus ſeiner Kindheit mitgetheilt. Seine Großeltern beſaßen früher ein eignes Landgütchen, doch verarmten ſie, und ihr Sohn mußte Schuhmacher werden. Derſelbe verheirathete ſich; das junge Paar war ſehr bedürftig, und kaufte zum Ehebett das Trauergeſtell, auf welchem kurz zuvor ein gräflicher Sarg geprangt hatte. Manches Jahr ſpäter ſah man noch die ſchwarzen Leiſten und die Wachsflecke daran, allein dies hinderte nicht, daß Hans Chriſtian Anderſen darauf zur Welt kam. Früh ſtarb ſein Vater, die Mutter hatte wenig Zeit für ihn, und er genoß nur den kümmerlichſten Schulunterricht. Nachdem er confirmirt war, ſollte er zu einem Schneider in die Lehre, da prophezeihte ihm die Kartenlegerin: er würde ſehr berühmt werden, und man würde, ihm zu Ehren, einſt die Stadt Odenſe illuminiren.

Nun reiſte er nach Kopenhagen, um eine Anſtellung beim Theater zu ſuchen. Seine Caſſe beſtand aus dreizehn Rigsdalern, und er erreichte an einem Septembermorgen 1819 die Reſidenz. Ueberall wies man ihn zurück, ſeine Baarſchaft ſchwand dahin, und er machte den Verſuch, bei einem Tiſchler zu arbeiten, gab ihn aber bald wieder auf. Weil er eine helle, wohlklingende Stimme beſaß, ging er zum Profeſſor Siboni, der damals Director des königlichen Conſervatoriums war; ihm wollte er ſein Schickſal vertrauen. Dieſer hatte juſt eine muntere Tiſchgeſellſchaft bei ſich, worunter ſich auch Baggeſen und der geniale Componiſt Weyſe befanden. Man ließ Anderſen ein, und lachte anfangs über den unſchönen Knaben, der zu declamiren und zu ſingen anfing. Als er jedoch, mit Thränen im Auge, ſeine traurige Geſchichte vortrug, da wurden alle ergriffen. Weyſe brachte durch eine Collecte ſogleich ſiebzig Thaler für ihn zuſammen, und Siboni verſprach, ſeinen Geſang auszubilden.

Zwar verlor Anderſen die Stimme während des Unterrichts, doch wohlthätige Menſchen nahmen ſich ſeiner an. Der Dichter Guldberg gab dem vernachläſſigten Knaben Lectionen in der däniſchen und deutſchen Sprache, der Schauſpieler Lindgreen ertheilte ihm Anleitung zur dramatiſchen Kunſt, und ein Solotänzer führte ihn in die Tanzſchule. Er trat in einigen Ballets auf, ſang auch im Chore mit, und ſchrieb nebenbei noch Trauerſpiele. Der Conferenzrath Collin, ein vortrefflicher Mann, wurde Theaterdirector, und merkte bald, daß Anderſen mehr Anlage zum Dichter als zum Schauſpieler habe. Er brachte ihn auf's Gymnaſium, wo der ſiebzehnjährige junge Menſch neben kleinen Knaben ſitzen mußte, doch gelangte er im Jahre 1828 zum Examen, und wurde Student.

Mit einem kleinen humoriſtiſchen Gemälde: „die Fußreiſe nach Amack“ begann er nun die literariſche Laufbahn; bald ſteigerte ſich die Theilnahme für ſeine Leiſtungen, und die lyriſchen Gedichte (1830) ſowohl, als die „Phantaſien und Skizzen“ (1831) fanden lebhaften Anklang. Anderſen unternahm eine Reiſe nach dem Harz und der ſächſiſchen Schweiz, wobei er die Bekanntſchaft mehrerer deutſchen Dichter machte. Auch Chamiſſo war darunter, und dieſer ſagte von ihm: „Mit Witz, Laune, Humor und volksthümlicher Naivetät begabt, hat Anderſen auch tieferen Nachhall erweckende Töne in ſeiner Gewalt. Er verſteht beſonders, mit Behaglichkeit aus wenigen, leicht hingeworfenen, treffenden Zügen kleine Bilder und Landſchaften ins Leben zu rufen, die aber oft zu örtlich-eigenthümlich ſind, um den anzuſprechen, der in der Heimath des Dichters nicht ſelbſt heimiſch iſt.“ — Anderſen beſchrieb ſeine Fahrt, und dieſem Büchlein folgten mehrere einzelne Gedichte und Operntexte. Im Jahre 1833 wirkten ihm angeſehene Männer vom Könige ein Reiſeſtipendium aus; er ging zuerſt nach Paris, dort freundliche Verhältniſſe mit Victor Hugo und Heinrich Heine anknüpfend, begab ſich dann nach der Schweiz, und zog über die Alpenkette, um Italien zu erreichen.

Als Ergebniß dieſer Reiſe iſt der zweibändige Roman „Improviſatoren“ zu betrachten, ein Buch, das nicht auf dem Gipfel poetiſcher Schöpfung ſteht, aber doch anzieht durch lebensvolle Schilderungen und ein reichſchimmerndes italieniſches Colorit. Unter den bunten Südfarben liegt des Verfaſſers Silhouette; er hat das eigne Jugendleben beſchrieben und die Familienkreiſe ſeiner Kopenhagner Wohlthäter. Dies Hervorſtellen ſeines auf irgend eine phantaſtiſche Art ausgeſchmückten „Ich“ iſt überhaupt ein Vorwurf, von dem Anderſen nicht freizuſprechen werden kann, und es läßt uns auf eine behagliche Selbſtgefälligkeit ſchließen.

Dem Improviſator folgte 1837 der Roman „O. T.,“ welcher uns in das ſtille menſchliche Leben und Weben des Nordens führt. Weder hier noch drüben hat das Buch Glück gemacht, und während die Deutſchen glaubten, es müſſe den Dänen beſſer gefallen, waren dieſe überzeugt, es werde in Deutſchland den rechten Anklang finden.

Jetzt kommen wir zu des Dichters vorzüglichſtem Werke, dem er, in unbegreiflicher Verblendung, einen geringern Werth, als den Romanen, beilegt. Es ſind dies ſeine Kindermährchen — „Eventyr, fortalte for Börn“ — von denen ſechs Hefte erſchienen ſind. Hier weht Friſche und Abſichtsloſigkeit; reine, freie Phantaſieſchöpfungen lachen uns mit ihren ſinnigen blauen Kinderaugen an, und der Vorhang, der uns von den funkelnden Feenmährchen unſerer frühen Jugend trennt, rollt noch einmal empor. Jeder Menſch, der nicht ganz als Philiſter zur Welt kam, hat ja ſeine tauſendundeine Nacht durchlebt, und träumt ſich gern dahin zurück. Dies träumeriſche Sein, das auf einem Blüthenhain wohnt, der, von der Erde abgelöſt, in Lüften ſchwebt, iſt Anderſens eigentliches Feld. Dort ſollte er verweilen, und uns holde Wundergeſchichten herniederrufen.

Den ſchönen Mährchen folgte wieder ein Roman: „Kun en Spillemand — Nur ein Geiger!“ betitelt. Auch hier ſteht des Verfaſſers Perſönlichkeit in der Mitte, er ſelbſt iſt der Held, ſeine Schickſale und Erlebniſſe werden geſchildert. Man muß aber von aller Eitelkeit Abſchied genommen haben, oder man muß blind vor Eitelkeit ſein, wenn man ſein innerliches Leben auf ſolche Weiſe zur Schau ſtellen kann. Dieſer Geiger, dieſer Chriſtian iſt ein Menſch ohne Wiſſen, ohne Thatkraft, ein wahrer Waſchlappen von einem Character, der trotzdem ein berühmter Mann werden will. Das gelingt ihm nicht, weil er gar keine Anlage dazu hat; er wird nun fromm, lieſt in der Bibel, und ſtirbt endlich. Die eigentliche Heldin des Buches iſt Naomi, und ihre Geſtalt hebt ſich allein mit warmen Athemzügen aus dem Roman hervor. Alle übrigen Geſichter ſind von Wachs, ihre Augen Glas, und man wird ſo raſtlos auf wüſtromantiſchen Zuſtänden hin und hergeworfen, daß es den Eindruck macht, als ließe man ſich ſchaukeln.

Im Sommer 1837 beſuchte Anderſen das benachbarte Schweden. Sein nächſtes Erzeugniß war das „Bilderbuch ohne Bilder“, worin der Mond dem Dichter kleine Geſchichten erzählt — eine recht lieblich poetiſche Idee. Aber die Ausführung iſt noch nicht unbefangen, nicht objectiv genug. Der Mond kann nur ſehen, er darf niemals reflectiren, das iſt ſeiner ganzen Natur zuwider, und wenn er es doch thut, ſo lacht man ihn aus, weil er über Dinge redet, von denen er gar nichts verſteht.

Anderſen ging 1840 abermals nach Rom, dann nach Griechenland und Conſtantinopel, und auf dieſer Reiſe gewann er ſich wieder ein zweibändiges Werk: „En Digters Bazar“ betitelt. Es ſind flüchtig hingeworfene Reiſeſkizzen eines flüchtig Reiſenden, doch manche ſchöne Phantaſieblume miſcht ſich in den Kranz der einzelnen Bilder und Träume. Er hat das Werk in zehn Bücher abgetheilt und jedes Buch einem andern Freunde dedicirt. Alle dieſe Letzteren aber ſind berühmte Leute, gerade als ob unberühmte nicht zu Freunden taugten, und da klingen denn zehn ſtolze, hochgefeierte Namen: Oehlenſchläger, Prokeſch-Oſten, Thalberg u. ſ. w.

Ohne bitter zu ſein, darf man wohl ſagen, das Motiv ſolchen Verfahrens ſei Eitelkeit, und eitel iſt Anderſen über die Maaßen. Das Lob gehört ihm zur Lebensluft, jeder Tadel verletzt ihn ſchneidend. Auf dieſer Sandbank ſtrandete ſeine Fortbildung, und auch ſein Talent wird darauf zu Grunde gehen, wenn er ſich nicht ändert. Er kennt alle die kleinen Toilettenkünſte der Literatur, macht ſich den theatraliſchen Apparat gehörig zu Nutz, und weiß ſogar mit ſeiner romantiſchen Lebensgeſchichte zu kokettiren. Einſt wurde ein neues Buch von ihm gedruckt, und eine ſchwediſche Zeitung brachte die Notiz: „Daſſelbe habe die Kopenhagener entzückt, denn es übertreffe faſt ſeine frühern Werke an Intereſſe noch." Aber unglücklicher Weiſe hatte es in der Druckerei eine nicht erwartete Verzögerung gegeben, und das intereſſante Buch — war noch gar nicht erſchienen.

Anderſens vielfache Reiſen in's Ausland haben gleichfalls dazu beigetragen, ſeinen Ruf verbreiten zu helfen, und dieſe Reiſen brachten ihm noch einen andern Gewinn. Sein poetiſcher Springquell iſt nicht reich und ſtark genug, um dauernd aus demſelben ſchöpfen zu können; es müſſen ſich von außen Bilder und Ereigniſſe abſpiegeln auf der Fluth — Anderſens Phantaſie bedarf eines Anhaltepunkts. Seine hauptſächliche Gabe beſteht darin, gegebene Zuſtände, und wenn ſie auch ſonſt ziemlich kahl wären, mit poetiſchem Auge anzuſchauen. Dann umweben die Elfen ſie mit dem Farbenglanz ihrer Perlmutterſchwingen, und es taucht ein Gemälde, blühend und anmuthvoll, aus dem Chaos hervor. Was man im proſaiſchen Leben Uebertreibung und Lüge nennen würde, das gereicht ſeinen dichteriſchen Geſtaltungen zum Ruhm.

In dieſen Schranken muß Anderſen ſich aber auch halten; eilt er darüber fort, ſo geht's ihm wie Noah's Raben: er findet nirgends Raſt auf der großen Waſſeröde. Seit Jahren verkünden die däniſchen Journale, er arbeite an einer gigantiſchen Welttragödie „Ahasverus", welche uns in fünf Dramen den ganzen Raum der chriſtlichen Zeitrechnung und darin die ſtete Fortbildung des Menſchengeſchlechts vor Augen führen ſolle. Aber das iſt eine Aufgabe, welche weit hinausfliegt über die gegebene Norm künſtleriſchen Maaßes, und nur ein Goethe'ſcher Rieſengeiſt würde vielleicht ſie zu bewältigen im Stande ſein. Anderſens hübſches Talent müßte ſich aber die Wachsflügel daran verſengen, und wenn er ſie nicht aufgiebt, ſtürzt er gewiß ins Waſſer hinab.

Wir verlaſſen nun Anderſen, und wenden uns zu zwei andern Dichtern, die man in Deutſchland nur wenig kennt, obgleich ſie doch, nach dem Urtheil der Dänen, den Erſteren überragen an poetiſcher Kraft. Sie traten beide zu gleicher Zeit in die Literatur. Die „Geſellſchaft zur Beförderung der ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften" hatte nämlich im Jahre 1830 einen Preis auf die vier beſten Romanzen ausgeſetzt; Oehlenſchläger gehörte zu den Richtern, und mehr als ſiebzig Kämpen drängten ſich zum Wettſtreit heran. Zwei junge Poeten wurden gekrönt, ſie hießen Holſt und Paludan-Müller, und man täuſchte ſich nicht, als man glaubte, ſie würden entſchloſſen vorwärts ſtreben auf der betretenen Bahn. Ihre Namen haben jetzt einen guten Klang im däniſchen Lande.

Frederik Paludan-Müller iſt am 7. Februar 1809 zu Kjerteminde geboren. Er ſtudirte Jura, doch ohne rechten Drang; die Göttin der Poeſie ſang ihm ihre Zauberlieder, er mochte wachen oder träumen. Durch jene gekrönten Romanzen in die Literatur eingeführt, ſchrieb er andere Gedichte, und eine Sammlung derſelben iſt unter dem Titel: „[illegible]" erſchienen. Immer ſtellt die Form ſich tadellos dar, ein fein gebildeter Geſchmack waltet in dieſen Poeſien und läßt für den Leſer einen ungetrübten Genuß daraus erwachſen. Hierauf lächelte ihm die dramatiſche Muſe freundlich lockend, und er ſchuf ein Schauſpiel, „Kjärlighed ved Hoffet — die Liebe am Hofe", das im romantiſchen Style gehalten iſt. Laune und Pathos flattern darin, wie neckiſche Colibri's und ernſthafte Pfauen, durcheinander.

Schon immer hatte Lord Byron einen unläugbaren Einfluß auf Paludan-Müller geübt, und das Studium dieſes Dichters, verbunden mit inniger Liebe zu demſelben, brachten ihm ein ſchönes Reſultat. Es war ein größeres lyriſches Epos: „Dandſerinden — die Tänzerin" (1834), das, ohne ſklaviſch nachzuahmen, wahlverwandt an Childe Harold erinnert. Die phantaſiereiche Ausführung ſowohl, als die feinbehandelte ottaviſche Form, gewannen dem Gedichte die allgemeine Gunſt, und auch ins Deutſche iſt es übertragen worden. Das folgende Werk von Paludan-Müller war ein mythologiſches Drama, „Amor und Pſyche" betitelt. Es bildet die Blüthenkrone ſeiner bisherigen Schöpfungen, und mit vollem Rechte ſcholl ihm begeiſterte Anerkennung entgegen. Form und Sprache ſind hier Eins geworden; moderne Bildung und griechiſche Götterſage umſchlingen ſich grazienhaft, und das Ganze läßt den wohlthuendſten Eindruck zurück. Ich würde mehr über das claſſiſche Werk ſagen, aber ich höre, daß Herr Bennet — der ſich bereits durch die „Dina" bekannt gemacht hat — mit deſſen Uebertragung beſchäftigt iſt, und da möge denn das deutſche Publicum ſelbſt leſen und ſich erfreuen.

Paludan-Müller erhielt jetzt ein königliches Stipendium und im Jahre 1837 trat er die übliche Wallfahrt nach Italien an. Eine beſtimmte Ausbeute von dieſem Römerzuge gab der Dichter nicht. Sein letztes Buch erſchien 1841; es heißt „Adam Homo", und iſt ein epiſches Gedicht. Da der zweite Theil deſſelben bisher noch fehlt, ſo läßt ſich darüber freilich kein abſchließendes Urtheil fällen, aber man kann wohl ſagen, daß die Darſtellung — wenn ſie auch hin und wieder gar zu ſehr in's Breite greift — mit ihrer plaſtiſchen Schönheit imponirt. Leider wird die glänzende Sprache durch Obſcönitäten verunziert, häßlichen Schmutzflecken gleich, die das reine Weiß einer Alabaſtergruppe entſtellen.

Paludan-Müller hat eine ſchöne, jugendlich ſchlanke Figur, eine hohe Apolloſtirn, und in ſeinem edlen Profil lebt der Geiſt des Dichters.

Hans Peter Holſt iſt am 22. October 1811 zu Kopenhagen geboren. Er beſuchte die „Schule für Bürgertugend", und mit ſiebzehn Jahren kam er zur Univerſität. Nachdem ſeine Romanzen 1830 den Preis erhalten, wurden ſie gedruckt, gefielen ſehr, und haben ſich ſo feſt in der Gunſt des Publicums behauptet, daß noch vor Kurzem eine neue Auflage nöthig war. Durch das laute Lob, das man ihm ſo frühzeitig ſpendete, wurde Holſt übermüthig; alle literariſche Production ſchien ihm nur ein heiteres Spiel, er achtete der eigentlichen Künſtlerſorgfalt nicht. Gedichte und Novellen gab er heraus, worin die Sprache zwar leicht und gewandt behandelt war, allein ſie flatterten gar zu ungebunden, beinahe liederlich daher, wie bunte Bänder, die um einen Maibaum fliegen. Außerdem machte man ihm den gerechten Vorwurf, daß ſich Reminiscenzen aus Oehlenſchläger in ſeinen Erzeugniſſen fänden, denn lag ihm die Abſicht der Nachahmung auch fern, ſo löſte ſich ſein poetiſches Streben doch oftmals in eine fremde verehrte Individualität auf, weil ihm jede beſtimmte Richtung mangelte.

Sein ausgezeichnetes Sprachtalent blieb indeſſen nicht ohne die verdiente Anerkennung. Drei und zwanzig Jahre alt, wurde Holſt als Lector der däniſchen Sprache und Literatur bei der Landcadetten-Akademie zu Kopenhagen angeſtellt, und er hatte Schüler, die älter waren, als er. Damals vermählte er ſich mit einem ſchönen und liebenswürdigen Mädchen; das freundlichſte Familienleben entfaltete ſich ihm, und immer angenehmer wurden ſeine Verhältniſſe. Man fand keinen Preis zu hoch für ſeinen Sprachunterricht; Geld und Ehre ſtrömten ihm in Fülle zu.

Doch das Glück machte ihn vorſichtig, und ſein heller Geiſt empfand deutlich, was ihm noch fehle. Deshalb hielt er ſich mit einer gewiſſen Blödigkeit von Schöpfungen zurück, ließ nur eine däniſche Anthologie drucken, die auf den Gymnaſien als Grundlage zum Vortrag der Literaturgeſchichte benutzt wird, und gab vier Jahre nach einander einen Muſenalmanach heraus. Unermüdlich trieb Holſt in dieſer Ruhezeit das Studium moderner Sprachen und Literaturen; Deutſch, Engliſch, Franzöſiſch, Italieniſch und Schwediſch ſind ihm vertraut wie ſeine Mutterſprache, und jetzt liegt er mit Eifer dem Spaniſchen ob, denn heiße Sehnſucht zieht ihn nach Sevilla und Cordova hin.

Während Holſt nun ſolchen Reichthum in ſich aufnahm, während er ſich in die Dichtungen ſo verſchiedener Völkerſchaften verſenkte, ging ihm die wahre Formenſchönheit auf. Cryſtallrein und eben wurde ſein Styl, wie die Fluth des Oceans, wo wunderbare Corallinſeln mit Muſchelthürmen und Polypenbäumen in deſſen Tiefe ruhen. Nur eines Anſtoßes bedurfte es, daß er ſiegend aus der Zurückgezogenheit hervortrat. Da ſtarb am dritten December 1839 Friedrich VI., Dänemarks geliebter König, und Holſt dichtete ein kleines Lied auf ſeinen Tod, das, weil es recht aus vollem Herzen kam, auch recht in die Herzen drang. Vielleicht hat nie ein einzelnes Gedicht ſolches Aufſehen gemacht, als dieſe fünf Verſe — Becker's Rheinlied allenfalls ausgenommen. Nicht allein in viele lebende Sprachen, ſondern auch ins Lateiniſche, Griechiſche und Hebräiſche wurde es überſetzt, und eine ſtürmiſche Begeiſterung für den Sänger durchzog ganz Dänemark. Henrik Steffens gedenkt derſelben ausdrücklich in ſeiner Selbſtbiographie (Band 2. Seite 63.). Um des däniſchen Volkes Empfänglichkeit für Poeſie zu bezeichnen, ſchildert er die mächtige Bewegung, welche das Holſt'ſche Trauergedicht im Lande hervorgerufen, und fügt die Worte hinzu: „Es erinnert faſt an jene alte nordiſche Sage von dem Skald, der durch einige Verſe zum Lobe des allgemein geliebten mythiſchen Dänenkönigs Frode ſelbſt König und ſein Nachfolger ward."

Auf den Thron machte der beſcheidene Holſt freilich keine Anſprüche, doch benutzte er den günſtigen Moment zur Herausgabe ſeiner Gedichte, die denn auch in wenigen Wochen vergriffen waren. Ueberall hatten ſie Beifall gefunden, und der König von Dänemark, mit feinem Auge über die Künſte wachend, verlieh ihm 1840 ein Stipendium zur italieniſchen Reiſe. Holſt ging über München dorthin, kehrte über Paris zurück, und blieb faſt zwei Jahre von der Heimath fern. Im Süden mußte ſeine poetiſche Kraft zur vollen Blüthe und Reife kommen, und er lebte namentlich auf Iſchia und Sicilien ein rechtes freies Dichterleben. Italien iſt ein Stück von ſeinem Leben geworden, und ungern läßt er den treuen Palmſtock aus der Hand. Hoiſt iſt ein ſchöner Mann, von kräftigem und doch ſchmiegſamem Wuchſe; dunkelfallendes Haar umwallt ihm die hohe, reine Stirn, und es wohnt viel Freude und Luſt in ſeinen feurig blauen Augen.

Als erſtes Ergebniß der Reiſe erſchien 1843 ein Buch, „Ude og hjemme — draußen und daheim" betitelt, das von Kritik und Publicum ſehr beifällig empfangen wurde. Es beſteht aus Poeſien und proſaiſchen Aufſätzen, bunt durcheinander gewürfelt, wie ſie dem Dichter eben einfielen. Klare Südluft weht durch dieſe Blätter; Orangenduft und Meeresfriſche miſchen ſich mit ihr, und Italien ſteigt in unmittelbarer Schönheit vor uns auf. Mir fehlt der Raum, jedes einzelne treffliche Stück hier anzudeuten, doch zeichnet ſich unter den poetiſchen Gaben beſonders das reizende Phantaſieſtück: „Pokal und Traube" aus. Ein anderes anmuthiges Gemälde: „Der ſterbende Fechter" entſtand beim Anſchauen jener berühmten Antike, und macht, gleich ihr, den Eindruck reinſter Claſſicität.

Auch die proſaiſchen Aufſätze, ſowohl „Roſa Taddei", als „Ischia und die Ischitaner", ſind höchſt gelungen. Hoiſt hat ſeine Feder in die glühend brennenden Farben des Südens getaucht; ſolch Ultramarin und Gold und Purpur kennt der kalte Norden nicht. Die Krone des Ganzen aber bleibt die Novelle „Reiſekameraden", und man kann ſich wahrlich kaum etwas Lieblicheres denken, als dieſes Genrebild. Voll warmen Lebens lachen alle Geſtalten daraus hervor: der junge, edle, gutmüthige Franzoſe; die holde liebende Maria-Grazia; die italieniſche Wirthin mit ihren originellen Sprichwörtern, und die bezaubernde Thereſina. Leicht und ſicher ſind die ſüdlichen Bilder hingehaucht; da iſt weder Abſicht noch Zwang — es macht ſich alles wie von ſelbſt. Das ſcheint mir aber immer die beſte Bürgſchaft für den Werth einer Novelle, wenn man gar keine Novelle zu leſen glaubt, und Heiberg ſagte auch: der „Reiſekamerad" dürfe in keiner däniſchen Anthologie fehlen, wo es ſich um Muſterformen handelt. Hoiſt hat ſich jetzt mit ganzem Eifer der Novelle zugewendet, er arbeitet an „italieniſchen Novellen", und man erwartet Ausgezeichnetes davon.

Weil wir eben von dieſer Dichtungsart ſprechen, ſo muß des in Deutſchland wohlbekannten Erzählers Carl Bernhard gedacht werden, deſſen wahrer Name St. Aubin iſt. Im Verein mit den Profeſſoren A. L. Kannegießer und O. L. B. Wolff — zweien tüchtigen Sprachkundigen — hat er ſeine Werke ſelbſt ins Deutſche überſetzt, und die Reihe derſelben wird gern geleſen. Es ſind Lebensbilder aus Dänemark, welche nicht verkennen laſſen, daß „der Verfaſſer einer Alltagsgeſchichte" als Pathe an ihrer Wiege ſtand. Bedauern muß man nur, daß der blumenreine Sinn dieſes Muſters gänzlich verloren ging, denn Bernhard's Erzeugniſſe haben ſich im Schlammbade der neufranzöſiſchen Romantik zuweilen arg beſudelt. Sonſt wohnt aber eine muntere, lebhafte Charakterauffaſſung darin, welche ſeine Novellen über die der Bremer, Flygare und anderer Damen erhebt, ſo daß ſie den Beifall wohl verdienen, der ihnen zu Theil ward.

Ehe ich den, freilich lückenhaften, Aufſatz abſchließe, will ich noch eines Buches gedenken, das erſt in dieſem Jahre erſchien und den Titel: „Enten-Eller — Entweder-Oder" führt. Der Verfaſſer hat ſich nicht genannt; er heißt Kierkegaard, iſt Licentiat der Theologie und, vom Haupte bis zur Sohle, Hegelianer. Das Letztere documentirt ſich denn, wie in den Lichtpuncten, auch in den Schattenſeiten ſeines Buchs, welches aus zwei ſtarken Bänden beſteht, und Novelle, Aeſthetik, Philoſophie und ſonſtige Ingredienzen ſo kaleidoſkopiſch zuſammenrüttelt, wie es bisher noch kaum geſchehen wurde. Der erſte Band iſt negativ; darin wird Alles verhöhnt und niedergeriſſen, was Jahrtauſende an Sitte, Moral und Formen aufgebaut haben. So bildet zum Beiſpiel „des Verführers Tagebuch" den anatomiſch getreuen Abdruck der Seele eines Wüſtlings, dem die Ehe als ein Inſtitut erſcheint, das aus Dummheit und Köhlerglauben entſprungen, und der das Heiligſte mit ſyſtematiſcher Nichtswürdigkeit untergräbt, um einen flüchtigen Sinnenkitzel zu gewinnen.

Der andere Theil des Werkes bemüht ſich nun, den zertrümmerten Dom wieder aufzurichten, das tiefverletzte Gefühl wieder auszuſöhnen, und ſo ſteht jenem Tagebuch ein ſchöngeſchriebenes Capitel: „die äſthetiſche Berechtigung der Ehe," gegenüber. Es iſt ein breiter philoſophiſcher Apparat benutzt worden, um maſſenhaft zu imponiren, doch während man des Verfaſſers tüchtige Studien und bedeutende Lebensanſchauungen ſchätzen lernt, wird man durch die Selbſtgefälligkeit, mit der er ſein Ich fortdauernd hervorblitzen läßt, unangenehm berührt. Aus dem ernſten Ganzen ſprühen oft überraſchende Witzfunken, und von den vielen ſchönen Aphorismen ſetze ich nur folgende hierher: „Es iſt immer lächerlich, wenn Einer des Glückes Thür gewaltſam ſtürmen will, denn dieſelbe geht nicht nach innen auf, ſondern nach außen." — Das Buch ſollte jedenfalls ins Deutſche übertragen werden.

Wenn ich meine Skizze nun beendige, ſo weiß ich, daß man ſie in Deutſchland lang und langweilig finden, während man ihr in Dänemark flüchtige Oberflächlichkeit zur Laſt legen wird. Der letztere Vorwurf wäre wenigſtens gegründeter, als der erſte, denn es ließe ſich noch viel über das moderne Schriftenthum unſerer Nachbarn ſagen. Allein ich denke, man darf dem Publicum nicht gleich zu ſchwerfällig entgegenrücken, wenn man bei ihm Intereſſe für einen Gegenſtand erwecken will. Im unſichern Clairobſcur muß man die neue Landſchaft zeigen, damit ſich die Romantik der Neugier regt. Wir ſind es den Dänen ſchuldig, uns ihre Literatur zugänglich zu machen, denn kein Volk hat reiner und feuriger, als ſie, Deutſchlands Poeſie in ſich aufgenommen. Man läßt ſich freilich nicht fordern, daß wir ſchnell die däniſche Sprache lernen, und ſo zum unmittelbaren Genuß der Originalwerke gelangen ſollen. Dazu fehlt es uns an Zeit. Pflicht ſcheint es mir nur, uns die ganze Reihe wichtiger däniſcher Literaturerſcheinungen in guten Ueberſetzungen zu vergegenwärtigen, und dieſe Pflicht wurde bisher allzuſehr verabſäumt. Nicht als ob ſo wenig von den poetiſchen Leiſtungen jener Nation in deutſche Laute gekleidet wäre — nein! aber die Ueberſetzungen liegen einzeln, in hundert Maculaturwinkeln vergraben. Es iſt keine Folge, keine Auswahl, kein Zuſammenhang darin; mit einem Worte: es fehlt an Syſtem. Ich will hier ein Verzeichniß geben, welche Schriften der genannten Verfaſſer bereits deutſch erſchienen.

A. Anthologien.

Scandinaviſche Bibliothek, enthaltend eine Auswahl des Anziehendſten aus der däniſchen, ſchwediſchen und norwegiſchen Literatur. Redigirt von J. v. Schepelern und A. v. Gähler. 2 Hefte. Kopenhagen 1837.
Die Harfe des Skalden, von Julius Thomſen. Berlin 1838.
Dana. Auswahl von Gedichten. Aus dem Däniſchen überſetzt von Emil Bennit. Leipzig 1841.

B. Einzelne Werke:

Anderſen. Umriſſe einer Reiſe von Kopenhagen nach dem Harze, der ſächſiſchen Schweiz und über Berlin zurück. Herausgegeben von Dr. Genthe. Breslau 1832.
— Jugendleben und Träume eines italieniſchen Dichters. Von E. Kruſe. 2 Thle. Hamburg 1835.
— Der Improviſator. (daſſelbe Werk). Von Dr. A. E. Wolfheim. Miniaturbibliothek der ausl. Claſſiker. 11.—18. Bändchen. Hamburg und Leipzig.
— O. Z. Roman. Ueberſetzt von W. C. Chriſtiani. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1837.
— Nur ein Geiger! Original-Roman. Ueberſetzt von G. F. v. Jenſſen. 3 Thle. Braunſchweig 1838.
— Mährchen und Erzählungen für Kinder. Vom Major von Jenſſen. Braunſchweig 1839.
— Mein Bruder Arthur. Eine Novelle incognito. Miniaturbib. d. a. C. 37. und 38. Bändchen. Hamburg und Leipzig.
— Bilderbuch ohne Bilder. Von L. M. Fouqué. Berlin 1842.
— Eines Dichters Bazar. Von Chriſtiani. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1843.
* Bernhard. Das Glückskind, eine Novelle. Kopenhagen 1837.
* — Sämmtliche Werke. Leipzig 1840—43 (Inhalt der erſchienenen zehn Bände: I. Die Hoſpital-Verlobung. II. Eine Familie auf dem Lande. III. Der Eilwagen. Ein Sprichwort. IV. Die Declaration. V. Der Commiſſionär. Tante Franziska. VI. Der Kinderball. VII.—X. Schooßſünden.)
Blicher. Die Juden auf Hald. Novelle. Von Kruſe. Leipzig 1831.
— Das Mädchen von Rhodos. Von demſelben überſetzt. Leipzig 1832.
Grundtvig. Kurzer Begriff der Weltchronik. Deutſch von Volkmann, mit Anmerkungen von Rudelbach. Nürnberg 1837.
* Hauch. Die Belagerung Maaſtrichts. Trauerſpiel. Leipzig 1834.
* — Tiberius, der dritte Cäſar. Tragödie. ebend. 1836.
— Der Goldmacher. Hiſtoriſcher Roman. Deutſche, vom Verf. mit zwei neuen Capiteln vermehrte Ausgabe. Von Chriſtiani. Kiel 1837.
— Eine polniſche Familie, oder die verlorenen Kinder. Nach dem Manuſcript. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1840.
* Heiberg. Der Zufall, aus dem Geſichtspuncte der Logik betrachtet. (Als Einleitung zu einer Theorie des Zufalls.) Kopenhagen 1825.
* — Die nordiſche Mythologie, aus der Edda und Oehlenſchlägers mythologiſchen Dichtungen dargeſtellt. Schleswig 1827.

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[*] Die mit einem * bezeichneten Werke ſind von den Verfaſſern ſelbſt deutſch herausgegeben.

— Ein Jahr in Kopenhagen. Novelle. Von Kruſe. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1836.
— Maria. Siehe: Verfaſſer einer Alltagsgeſchichte.
Hertz. Das Haus Svend Dyrings. Romantiſche Tragödie. Ueberſetzt 1839. Hamburg.
— Amor's Geniſtreiche. Nach der Original-Dichtung deutſch bearbeitet. Kiel 1840.
Holſt. Der Reiſekamerad. Novelle. Von Eduard Boas. Grenzboten, Jahrgang 1844. Novellenbibliothek I. Bd. 3. Lieferung.
Ingemann. Blanca. Ein Trauerſpiel. Metriſch überſetzt von [illegible]. Kopenhagen 1815.
— Der Hirte von Toloſa. Trauerſpiel. (Von Scholz.) Schleswig 1819.
— Mährchen und Erzählungen. Frei überſetzt von Lox. Leipzig 1821.
— Daſſelbe Buch u. d. T.: Abentheuer und Erzählungen in Callot-Hoffmanniſcher Manier. Von Bertold. Leipzig 1826.
— Die Unterirdiſchen. Roman. Von Lox. Hamburg 1822.
— Der Löwenritter. Tragödie. Metriſch überſetzt von Lange. Altona 1823.
— Taſſo's Befreiung. Dramatiſches Gedicht. Von Gardthauſen. Leipzig 1826.
— Daſſelbe Werk. Von A. Dietrich. Als 18. Bändchen des „Klaſſiſchen Theaters des Auslandes". Leipzig.
— Waldemar der Sieger. Hiſtoriſcher Roman. Von Kruſe. 4 Thle. Ebend. 1827.
— Die erſte Jugend Erik Menveds. Von Kruſe. 4 Thle. Ebend. 1829.
— König Erik und die Geächteten. 3 Thle. Kiel 1834.
— Prinz Otto und ſeine Zeit. Hiſtoriſcher Roman. Von Kruſe. Leipzig 1835.
Oehlenſchläger. Briefe in die Heimath auf einer Reiſe durch Deutſchland und Frankreich. Von Georg Lotz. 2 Bde. Altona 1820.
— Erik und Abel. Trauerſpiel. Von [illegible]. (Vergl. des Dichters eigene Ueberſetzung im 9. Bde. ſeiner Schriften.) Schleswig 1821.
— Die Dichter im Leben. Von Lox. Stuttgart 1821.
— Die Blutbrüder. Trauerſpiel. Frei überſetzt von Lox. Leipzig 1823.
— Ludlamshöhle. Drama mit Geſängen. Von demſelben. (Siehe Oehlenſchläger's dramat. Dichtungen, Band I.) Caſſel 1822.
— Die Götter Nordens. Epiſches Gedicht in drei Büchern. Uebertragen und mit einem mythologiſchen Wörterbuch verſehen von Gläſchlig (Guſtav Thormod Legis). Leipzig 1829.
— Schriften. Ausgabe letzter Hand. 18 Bändchen (Inhalt: 1—2. Selbſtbiographie. 3—5. Dramatiſche Mährchen. 6—10. Trauerſpiele. 11—14. Luſt- und Singſpiele. 15. König Hroar. 16. Novellen. 17. Mährchen. 18. Gedichte.). Breslau 1829—30. Neue Ausgabe 1839.
* — Morgenländiſche Dichtungen. 2 Thle. (1. Die Fiſchertochter. 2. Die Brüder von Damask.) Leipzig 1821.
* — Dramatiſche Dichtungen. 2 Thle. (1. Ludlamshöhle. Der falſche König Olaf. 2. Die italieniſchen Räuber.). Hamburg 1833.
Paludan-Müller. Die Tänzerin. Aus dem Däniſchen überſetzt. Kiel 1833. (Hamburg.)
Verfaſſer einer Alltagsgeſchichte. Novellen. Von Chriſtiani. (Inhalt: Eine Alltagsgeſchichte. Traum und Wirklichkeit. Der magiſche Schlüſſel. König Hirſch.) Leipzig 1833.
— Erzählungen aus der Kopenhagener fliegenden Poſt. Von Kruſe. 3 Thle. (I. Eine Alltagsgeſchichte. Clara's Selbſtbekenntniſſe. II. Die Ratten am [illegible]. Käthchen. Das Kaninchen. III. Die hellen Nächte. [illegible].) Ebend. 1834—35.
— Maria, eine Novelle. Herausgegeben von Joh. Ludw. Heiberg. Ueberſetzt von Chriſtiani. Ebend. 1839.
* Winther. Judith. Bruchſtück eines Gedichts, nebſt däniſcher Ueberſetzung von H. P. Holſt. Kopenhagen 1837.

Man zeihe mich nicht der Trockenheit, denn alle Blumen der Sprache reichen nicht aus, um einen bibliographiſchen Catalog darunter zu verſtecken.

Ich bin überzeugt, der Leſer wird hier mehr däniſche Werke in Uebertragungen gefunden haben, als er irgend erwartete, und es iſt ihm der Weg angebahnt, auf dem er luſtwandeln und bequem diejenigen Früchte pflücken kann, die ſeinem Geſchmack am meiſten zuſagen. Hat er nur erſt eine kurze Strecke zurückgelegt, dann kehrt er gewiß nicht wieder um. Den Ueberſetzern zeigen ſich aber nicht deutlich die ſtörenden Lücken, und ſie werden fühlen, wie dringend es iſt, dieſelben auszufüllen. Mehrere bedeutende Geiſter ſind noch ganz vernachläſſigt worden, und ihre Namen werden von anderen überdeckt, die ein Monopol erlangt haben, mit allen ihren Productionen vor's Publikum zu treten. Kann dies nach Recht und Wahrheit richten, wenn es nur die Eine Partei gehört hat! Dagegen ſträubt ſich deutſche Redlichkeit und Treue!

Peter von Bohlen.

einer der gelehrteſten und geiſtreichſten Orientaliſten, wurde am 13. März 1796 in Wüppels im Oldenburgiſchen geboren und verlebte die erſten 20 Jahre ſeines Lebens unter drückenden Verhältniſſen. Sein Vater, der ſelbſt von Handarbeiten ſich erhielt, konnte auf die Erziehung ſeines Sohnes faſt gar nichts verwenden, und als dem jungen v. B. durch den frühen Tod ſeiner Aeltern auch dieſe geringe Stütze entriſſen wurde, blieb ihm nichts übrig, als in einem fremden Hauſe Dienſte zu ſuchen. Unter ſolchen Verhältniſſen kam er 1811 in das Gefolge eines franzöſiſchen Generals und zu ſeinem Glücke 1814 nach Hamburg. Seine eminenten Anlagen, ſein munterer Geiſt und ſein, aller äußern Hinderniſſe ungeachtet, auf die Wiſſenſchaften gerichtetes Streben zogen hier namentlich die Aufmerkſamkeit der Freimaurerloge auf ihn, deren wahrhaft humane Mitglieder die erforderlichen Mittel aufbrachten, v. B.'s Talent für die Wiſſenſchaft ausbilden zu können. Zu dieſem Ende wurde er 1817 Zögling des Hamburger Gymnaſiums, beſonders der väterlichen Pflege Gurlitt's anvertraut, und konnte bereits 1821 zu akademiſchen Studien fortſchreiten. Zuerſt wandte er ſich nach Halle, wo er unter Geſenius' und Hoffmann's Leitung ſeine Studien des Orients, wozu er ſich bereits auf dem Gymnaſium wie ſelten ein Anderer vorbereitet hatte, wiſſenſchaftlich zu betreiben anfing, und beſuchte hierauf Bonn im Jahre 1822, um unter Freytag ſeine arabiſchen und perſiſchen Studien fortzuſetzen, unter Schlegel beſonders Sanskrit zu erlernen, und erlangte hierin bald eine ſolche Fertigkeit, daß ihm ſchon 1825 eine außerordentliche Profeſſur der morgenländiſchen Sprachen und Literatur zu Königsberg und 1830 das Ordinariat für die genannte Disciplin anvertraut werden konnte. 1831 unternahm er eine wiſſenſchaftliche Reiſe nach England, von der er glücklich zurückkehrte. Auf einer zweiten Reiſe eben dahin, die er 1837 antrat, erkrankte er, ſo daß er unter dem mildern Himmel des ſüdlichen Frankreichs Hülfe für ſeine Bruſtleiden ſuchen mußte, die je länger je mehr zu betrübenden Beſorgniſſen Anlaß gaben und 1840 ſein Leben, viel zu früh für die Wiſſenſchaft und ſeine Freunde, endeten.

Er ſchrieb außer mehreren lateiniſch verfaßten Werken:

Das alte Indien mit Bezug auf Aegypten. 2 Bde. Königsberg 1830—31.
Sententiae Bhartrihari's. Hamburg 1833.
Die Geneſis, hiſtoriſch-kritiſch erläutert. Königsberg 1835.

B. beſaß eine vortreffliche Darſtellungsgabe neben ſeinen anderen ausgezeichneten Eigenſchaften als Gelehrter und Sprachforſcher, ſo daß er, wenn ihm ein längeres Leben vergönnt geweſen, ausgerüſtet mit Scharfſinn und Geſchmack, wie er es war, gewiß außerordentlich viel für eine richtigere Auffaſſung des Orients und der geiſtigen Schätze deſſelben bei der Menge gethan haben würde.

Eduard Brauer

ward im Jahre 1811 zu Karlsruhe geboren, ein Sohn des um Badens Geſetzgebung ſehr verdienten badiſchen Staats- und Cabinetsrathes B., ſtudirte, früh verwaiſt, 1830—33 in Göttingen und Heidelberg, trat 1834 in die gerichtliche Laufbahn, 1839 als Aſſeſſor zu Pforzheim in den wirklichen Staatsdienſt und wurde 1843 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Karlsruhe verſetzt, wo er gegenwärtig lebt. (Gödeke).

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. 2. Sammlung. Karlsruhe 1834 u. 1839.

Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen offenbaren warmes und wahres Gefühl, reiche Phantaſie und Geſchmack.

Die vierhundert Pforzheimer.

Georg von Baden zog zum Streit
In blut'ger, unheilvoller Zeit,
Vor Tilly's wilden Schaaren
Sein Vaterland zu wahren.

Dem Herrſcherſtab, dem Fürſtenhut
Entſagt der Fürſt mit ſtarkem Muth
Und ſpricht zu ſeinem Sohne:
„Sitz' du auf meinem Throne!

„Mich ruft zum Kampf die höh're Pflicht,
Die Noth iſt groß! hilft Gott uns nicht,
Wird uns das Schwert beſtehen
Von Vätern reinen Lehen.

„Doch ferne ſei mir's, Mord und Brand
Zu locken in mein friedlich Land;
Ich will das Schwert erfaſſen
Und dir das Scepter laſſen.

„Nimm's hin! mein Sohn, und trag' es weiſ'
Zu deines Volks und Gottes Preis,
Des heil'gen Rechts Beſchützer,
Der Schwachheit Unterſtützer."

Er ſprach's und ſchwang ſich auf ſein Roß,
„Leb wohl, du meiner Ahnen Schloß!"
Viel heiße Thränen rannen,
Doch raſtlos ging's von dannen.

Da half kein Rath, kein warnend Wort,
Ein blind Verlangen trieb ihn fort,
Wie einſt in beſſern Zeiten
In offner Schlacht zu ſtreiten.

„Der Feigling ſucht den Hinterhalt,
Ich trau' auf meines Arms Gewalt,"
So rief er, „kühn Beginnen
Muß uns den Sieg gewinnen."

Und unaufhaltſam rückt er vor,
Und trifft den Feind vor Wimpfens Thor,
Viel Tauſend wohlgerüſtet,
Die all' des Kampfs gelüſtet.

Die Trommel ruft, das Schwert wird bloß,
Wie Blitze folgen Hieb und Stoß,
Es donnern die Kanonen,
Die Freund und Feind nicht ſchonen.

Und Mancher ſtürzt und Mancher ſank,
Und mancher Kämpe ſterbenskrank
Hat ſchweren Tod gelitten,
Denn blutig ward geſtritten.

Es ſtach der Sonne heißer Brand
Den Fürſten, der im Freien ſtand;
Doch kühlen Odem hatten
Die Feind' im Waldes Schatten.

Da hat gar mancher Held geklagt;
Der Markgraf ſtreitet unverzagt,
Und Mancher muß erbleichen
Vor ſeines Armes Streichen.

Doch ſieh'! welch ſchwarzer Höllendampf
Steigt dort empor und ſtört den Kampf?
Horch, wie es kracht und wettert
Und Alles rings zerſchmettert.

Des Fürſten Heer wird ſchnell zerſprengt,
Und Herrn und Knechte ſind vermengt;
Ein Schreckensruf verkündet:
Das Pulver iſt entzündet.

Umſonſt war Bitten, Mahnen, Drohn,
So Muth als Ordnung war entflohn;
Doch ſteht, vom Feind umgeben,
Der Markgraf für ſein Leben.

Nun hört das Lob und hört die That,
Die nirgends ihres Gleichen hat,
Vernehmt ſie und bewundert
Von Pforzheim die Vierhundert.

Ein Häuflein klein, doch edler Art,
Hat um den Fürſten ſich geſchaart,
Aus jener Stadt gebürtig,
Des Schwabenlandes würdig.

Sie ſtanden vor dem Fürſten dicht,
Wie Säulen feſt, und wankten nicht,
Sein theures Haupt zu retten
Aus ew'ger Knechtſchaft Ketten.

Und Mancher ſtürzt und Mancher ſank,
Das Blut der treuſten Herzen trank
Der nimmerſatte Boden,
Ein weites Feld von Todten.

Sie kämpften bis der Letzte blieb:
„O weinet nicht, ihr Mütter lieb!
Der Ruhm von euern Söhnen
Wird alles Land durchtönen!"

So ward der edle Fürſt befreit
Durch ſeiner Bürger Tapferkeit,
Denn Lieb' iſt beſſ're Wehre,
Als Furcht und mächt'ge Heere.

Und ihr, ihr Herren edlen Bluts,
Begebt euch eures ſtolzen Muths,
Und ehrt und bewundert
Von Pforzheim die Vierhundert.

Adolf Bube

ward 1802 zu Gotha geboren, wo er nach vollendeten Studien ſeitdem als Conſiſtorialſecretair lebt.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. 2. Aufl. Gotha 1836.
Thüringiſche Volksſagen. Gotha 1837.
Deutſche Sagen. Gotha 1839.
Neue Gedichte. Jena 1840.
Gedichte, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Gemüthlichkeit, Wärme, reiche Beleſenheit und große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form zeichnen ſeine dichteriſchen Leiſtungen höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Der übermüthige Held.

Ein Held, der manchen Sieg errungen,
War bis zu einer Stadt gedrungen,
Die Trutz mit ſtarken Mauern bot.
Da rief er: euch will ich zerſchmettern
Mit des Geſchützes Kugelwettern,
Geweiht ſei, was darin, dem Tod.

Und kaum iſt ihm das Wort entflogen,
Da ziehen an dem Himmelsbogen
Gewitterwolken ſchwanger auf,
Es zucken Blitze, Donner rollen
Und brechen ſich mit dumpfem Grollen
An des Gebirges fernem Lauf.

Hu, ruft der Held mit Spott und Lachen,
Laß, Herr, nur deine Donner krachen,
Wir donnern bald gewalt'ger drein!
Ein Feuer wollen wir entzünden,
Vor dem in dieſes Thales Gründen
Erbleichen ſoll dein Wetterſchein!

Noch will er fremd weiter ſprechen,
Doch aus den finſtern Wolken brechen
Jetzt Blitze, fahl wie Schwefellicht.
Getroffen lodert eine Eiche,
Und bei ihr liegt der Held als Leiche
Erſchlagen auf dem Angeſicht.

Und Furcht ergreift das Heer und Grauſen,
Nicht länger wagt es hier zu hauſen,
Es zieht mit den Geſchützen ab.
In Eile ſcharren ein paar Krieger
Den ſtolzen, gottvergeßnen Sieger,
Wo er gefallen, in ein Grab.

Auf die Berge!

Durch Schlucht und Wald, auf ſchroffer Bahn
Zum freien Bergeshaupt hinan,
Wo Felsgeſtein der äl'ſten Welt
Es ruhig ſieht,
Wenn Wolkennacht, vom Blitz erhellt,
Tief unten zieht! —

Bald zeigt ſich mir mein Vaterland
Bis zum entfernten Himmelsrand. —
O Anblick, groß und wunderbar!
Stadt, Dorf und Thal,
Wie reizend ſtellt ſich alles dar
Im Sonnenſtrahl!

Das Herz voll hoher Luſt geſchwellt,
So grüß' ich die geliebte Welt,
Wo ich geträumt der Jugend Traum,
Und feſſellos
Fühl' ich im unermeßnen Raum
Mich göttlich groß.

Du, deſſen Herz nicht gänzlich taub,
Laß Stubenqualm, laß Aktenſtaub,
Laß Vorurtheil und Weltgewühl,
Und ſteig herauf!
Hier geht im reinſten Hochgefühl
Das Herz dir auf.

Georg Büchner

ward am 17. Oct. 1813 zu Goddelau bei Darmſtadt geboren und war der älteſte Sohn des großherzoglich heſſiſchen Medicinalrathes Dr. Büchner in Darmſtadt. Er beſuchte das Gymnaſium dieſer Stadt und widmete ſich dann zu Straßburg ſeit 1831 dem Studium der Naturwiſſenſchaften, beſonders der Zoologie und vergleichenden Anatomie. In dieſer Zeit verlobte er ſich mit der Tochter des Pfarrers Jaglé. Im Herbſt 1833 beſuchte er die Univerſität ſeines Vaterlandes Gießen, wo er das Studium der Naturwiſſenſchaften fortſetzte und zugleich nach dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters mit der praktiſchen Medicin ſich befaßte. Im Frühjahre 1834 unterbrach eine Hirnentzündung ſeine Studien; nachdem er geneſen war, kehrte er nach Gießen zurück, wo er bis zum Herbſt 1834 blieb, und dann nach Darmſtadt zu ſeinen Aeltern zurückging. In die politiſchen Bewegungen jener Zeit verwickelt, flüchtete er nach Straßburg, wurde aber ſchon am 13. Juni 1835 von Darmſtadt aus mit Steckbriefen verfolgt. Von jetzt an gab B. die praktiſche Medicin ganz auf und widmete ſich dem Studium der neueren Philoſophie. Er erwarb ſich in Zürich die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde, und hielt an der dortigen Hochſchule Vorleſungen über vergleichende Anatomie. Im Febr. 1837 befiel ihn ein heftiges Nervenfieber, das am 19. Febr. 1837 ſein Leben endete.

Er ſchrieb:

Dantons Tod. Drama. Frankfurt a. M. 1835.
Sur le système nerveux du barbeau. Abhandlung, durch welche B. ſeine philoſophiſche Doctorwürde erhielt.
Ueberſetzungen V. Hugo'ſcher Dramen u. ſ. w.

Das Drama, Danton's Tod, zeugt von ungewöhnlichen Anlagen, welche deſto lebhafter bedauern laſſen, daß ſie durch ein bewegtes Leben bereits an harmoniſcher Entwickelung gehindert und durch einen ſo frühen Tod fruchtlos für die Menſchheit geblieben ſind.

Johann Gottfried Friedrich Cannabich

ward 1786 zu Sondershauſen geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte Bildung theils durch ſeinen Vater, der als Kanzelredner und Schriftſteller ſehr geachtet und als Conſiſtorialrath und Superintendent daſelbſt angeſtellt war, theils durch Hauslehrer und in der Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, und wurde frühzeitig zum geiſtlichen Stande beſtimmt. Nach vollendeten Univerſitätsſtudien ward ihm die Stelle eines Rectors an der Stadtſchule zu Greußen im Schwarzburg-Sondershauſiſchen; und er iſt jetzt Prediger zu Niederböſa.

Er ſchrieb:

- Lehrbuch der Geographie nach den neueſten Friedensbeſtimmungen. Sondershauſen 1816. 12. Aufl. 1829.
- Kleine Schulgeographie. Sondershauſen 1818. 10. Aufl. 1831.
- Neueſte Kunde vom Königreiche der Niederlande. Weimar 1821.
- Neueſte Kunde von Jonien und Krakau. Ebend. 1821.
- Neueſte Kunde von Baden, Naſſau, Hohenzollern, Lippe, Waldeck. Weimar 1827.
- Statiſtiſch-geographiſche Beſchreibung des Königreichs Preußen. 6 Bändchen. Dresden 1827—28.
- Statiſtiſche Beſchreibung des Königreichs Würtemberg. 2 Bändchen. Dresden 1828.
- Der Globus. Geographiſche Zeitſchrift.

Cannabich's durch ganz Deutſchland verbreitete Lehrbücher haben namentlich in den unteren Schulen ſehr viel zu der Verbeſſerung des geographiſchen Unterrichtes bei der Jugend beigetragen.

Karl Guſtav Carus.

Dr., Hof- und Medicinalrath, Leibarzt des Königs von Sachſen, Gelehrter, Arzt und bildender Künſtler, ward am 3. Jan. 1789 in Leipzig geboren, wo ſein Vater eine große Färberei beſaß. Im fünften Jahre wurde er in ſein großälterliches Haus mütterlicher Seite nach der damaligen freien Reichsſtadt Mühlhauſen gethan; ſein Oheim der Dr. Jäger, durch chemiſche Abhandlungen bekannt, leitete hier ſeine Erziehung, begleitete ihn im ſechſten Jahre nach Leipzig zurück und leitete auch dort noch nebſt mehreren Hauslehrern ſeine weitere Ausbildung. Vorzüglich entwickelte ſich auch in dem Knaben ein großes Talent zum Zeichnen, das von ſeinem Lehrer, Julius Dietz, ſorgfältig gepflegt wurde. C. beſuchte einige Jahre die Thomasſchule und ging 1804 zur Univerſität, in der Abſicht, ſpäter nach dem Willen ſeines Vaters die Färberei zu übernehmen. Daher hörte er auch anfangs nur Vorleſungen über Naturgeſchichte, Chemie, Phyſik, Mathematik u. ſ. w., allein nach einigen Jahren zogen ihn Anatomie und Arzneiwiſſenſchaft ſo unbedingt an, daß der Vater einwilligte und den Sohn ſeit 1806 ſeinen mediciniſchen Studien überließ. 1811 habilitirte er ſich als Docent in Leipzig, las vergleichende Anatomie und erhielt in demſelben Jahre die mediciniſche Doctorwürde. So lebte er bis 1813 ungeſtört ſeinen Studien und dem Selbſtunterrichte in der Malerei. 1813 übernahm er ein franzöſiſches Spital und erkrankte nach der Schlacht am Nervenfieber, wurde jedoch nach ſechsmonatlichem Krankenlager wiederhergeſtellt. Um dieſe Zeit ſchlug er den Antrag einer Profeſſur in Dorpat aus, folgte aber dem im Spätherbſte 1814 an ihn ergangenen Rufe einer Profeſſur in Dresden an der chirurgiſch-mediciniſchen Akademie. 1827 wurde er zum Leibarzt des Königs von Sachſen ernannt, mit dem Range eines Hof- und Medicinalrathes. Nach Ablehnung eines ſehr ehrenvollen und vortheilhaften Rufes nach Berlin erhielt er den Civilverdienſtorden, und durfte den Prinzen Friedrich auf ſeiner Reiſe nach Italien und der Schweiz begleiten. Abgeſehen davon, daß ihn mannichfaltige naturwiſſenſchaftliche Arbeiten und Forſchungen beſchäftigten, nahm auch eine ausgebreitete Praxis unter den höhern Ständen in Dresden ſeine Zeit ſehr in Anſpruch. Sein Aufenthalt daſelbſt war auch ſeinen künſtleriſchen Beſtrebungen ſehr förderlich; mehrere ſeiner Gemälde befinden ſich in dem Beſitze von Mitgliedern der Regentenhäuſer in Dresden, München, Berlin und Petersburg und haben ihm einen ſehr geachteten Namen in der Kunſtwelt erworben.

Er ſchrieb:

- Verſuch einer Darſtellung des Nervenſyſtems und insbeſondere des Gehirns. Leipzig 1814. 4.
- Lehrbuch der Zootomie, mit 20 von ihm ſelbſt radirten Tafeln. Leipzig 1818.
- Lehrbuch der Gynäkologie. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1820 u. 28.
- Von den äußern Bedingungen des Lebens der weiß- und kaltblütigen Thiere. Preisſchrift. Leipzig 1824.
- Sammlung kleiner geburtshülflichen Abhandlungen. 2 Bdch. 1825.
- Erläuterungstafeln zur vergleichenden Anatomie. 3 Hefte. 1826.
- Ueber den Blutkreislauf der Inſekten. Leipzig 1827.
- Grundzüge der vergleichenden Anatomie u. Phyſiologie. 3 Bdch. Dresden 1828.
- Ueber die Ur-Theile des Knochen- u. Schalengerüſtes. Leipzig 1828.
- Analekten zur Natur- u. Heilkunde. Dresden 1829.
- Briefe über Landſchaftsmalerei. Leipzig 1831.
- Goethe. Zu deſſen näherem Verſtändniß. Leipzig 1838.

C. iſt mit Recht wegen ſeiner meiſterhaften Darſtellung als einer der erſten Styliſten unter den deutſchen Gelehrten zu betrachten und verdient durchaus, abgeſehen von ſeinen vielſeitigen und bedeutenden wiſſenſchaftlichen Leiſtungen, in dieſer Hinſicht als Muſter aufgeſtellt zu werden.

Briefe über Landſchaftsmalerei.

1.

Der Schnee rieſelt naßkalt am Fenſter nieder, tiefe Stille umgibt mich, im Zimmer iſt behagliche Erwärmung, und die in den langen trüben Abenden des Vorwinters zeitig angezündete Lampe verbreitet anmuthiges Dämmerlicht um mich her. Gewiß zu ſolcher Zeit kann nichts freundlicher ſein, als in ruhigem Sinnen Gedanken Raum zu geben, welche um Gegenſtände der Kunſt ſich verbreitend, uns nach und nach ſo ganz in die Gebiete des Schönen hinüberziehen, daß wir die trüben Tage vergeſſen und dem Gedächtniß jeder frühern unbequemen Stimmung entſagen. Magſt Du denn, lieber Ernſt! die Umriſſe der Gedanken, welchen in ſolchen Stunden mein Geiſt nachhing, gütig, wie Du pflegſt, aufnehmen und zugleich in dieſer Ueberlieferung die Erfüllung eines Verſprechens ſehen, nach welchem ich Dir ſchon früher meine Anſichten von Bedeutung und Ziel der Kunſt überhaupt, und der landſchaftlichen Malerei insbeſondere, darzulegen verheißen hatte. — Leicht könnte es indeß ſein, daß Du in ſolchen Betrachtungen gehaltene Ordnung und genügendes Umfaſſen vergebens ſuchteſt, leicht, daß Du manches nur in meiner Individualität begründet, nicht auch in Andern ſich beſtätigend, gewahr würdeſt; dann nimm es, um mit Hamlet zu reden, als Blaſen, welche mein Gehirn auftreibt, und zeige mir, wo es Dir gegeben iſt, einen beſſern und geradern Weg.

Am wenigſten möchte ich hierbei, daß Du, gleich manchen Neuern, der Meinung Dich fügteſt, als ſei, von Kunſt und Schönheit unterſuchend zu ſprechen oder zu ſchreiben, überhaupt für Entwürdigung oder gar für Entheiligung zu halten, als dürfe blos Gefühl und Empfindung hier gelten und entſcheiden, und als ſei hier Tiefe und Klarheit ganz unverträglich. — Iſt ja nämlich der Menſch, wenn er ſich recht fühlt, doch immer nur Eins, und nur als Ganzes erſcheinend iſt er zu allem Hohen und Schönen fähig; wie ſollte es denn alſo ſtören oder gar erkälten, wenn auch dem Geiſte Das klar würde, was das Gefühl erwärmt, ja wie ſollte das Schöne, welches doch eben zuletzt nur das Ganze und Vollendete (κοσμος) iſt, überhaupt recht tief erkannt und innig aufgenommen werden, wenn es nicht mit ganzer Seele umfangen wird? — Gewiß, es iſt meine feſte Ueberzeugung, daß ohne innere Aufregung des Gemuths alle Kunſt todt und vergraben liegt, daß durch kaltes Zuſammenrechnen von Contraſten und Verſtandesbegriffen nur poetiſche Krüppel ans Licht gezwungen werden, und ich unterſchreibe es unbedingt, wenn der Meiſter humoriſtiſch ſagt:

> „[illegible] die Welt ſind alle vernünft'ge Diſcurſe
> Unvermögend, durch ſie kommt auch kein Kunſtwerk hervor.“

Allein, ſowie ich mich täglich überzeuge, daß einem ſich völlig ſelbſt überlaſſenen Gefühl die innere Sicherheit und Ruhe mangeln wird, denn:

> „Nirgends haften
> Die unſicheren Sohlen,
> Und mit ihm ſpielen
> Wolken und Winde.“

ſowie ich es empfinde, daß eine wahrhaft poetiſche Stimmung eben eine Erhebung des ganzen Menſchen iſt, wobei alle Seelenkräfte in Anſpruch genommen werden, wie ich die Täuſchung Derer einſehe, welche eben doppelt reflectirend die Reflexion im Kunſtfache verwerfen; ſo ſcheue ich es auch nicht mehr, die Schönheit mit allen Zweigen meiner Seele zu umfaſſen, und ich erfahre vielmehr dann erſt den vollen und echten poetiſchen Genuß, wenn ſich vor einem Kunſtwerke das lebendige Anſprechen meines Empfindens mit klarer Einſicht der innern Vollendung und dem Gewahrwerden eines reinen Willens im Künſtler vereinigt; ein Genuß, der dann, als auf Schönheit, Wahrheit und Recht gegründet, auch bei keiner wiederholten Betrachtung ſich mindert und zum Siegel der Claſſicität des Kunſtwerks wird. Daß uns alſo frei und ganz innerer Luſt nachgebend in den weiten Gefilden des Schönen die Gedanken ſich verbreiten, und ſo gewiß wir mit nicht minderer Luſt dann vom Gipfel eines Berges herniederſchauen, wenn wir zuvor alle die verſchlungenen Thäler ſelbſt durchſtrichen haben, wie wir vielmehr den Geſammteindruck dadurch erhöht fühlen, daß in ihm ſich nun der Genuß, den wir auf einzelnen Stätten empfanden, gleichſam wiederholt und einſchaltet, ſo gewiß ſoll auch ein um jene Gegenſtände ſchweifender Gedankenzug uns den lebendigen freudigen Genuß an dem wunderbaren und geheimnißvollen Wirken der Kunſt nicht verleiden; ja vielmehr, ſowie jede echte Naturforſchung den Menſchen nur an die Schwelle höherer Geheimniſſe führen, mit einem deſto heiligern Schauer erfüllen muß, ſo erwarten wir das Gleiche auch von einer offenen Erwägung der Kunſt; obwol man Künſtlern den Unwillen über vieles äſthetiſches Wort- und Schellengeklapper in Büchern und von Kathedern ſchwerlich verargen darf.

Iſt aber nicht auch Dir, lieber Ernſt! immer vorzüglich jenes Wiedererſchaffen, jenes Nachahmen einer ewig fortwirkenden Weltſchöpfung, jene freie Pro- und Reproduction des Kunſtgenius vorzüglich wunderbar und gewaltig vorgekommen! — Wo vermag denn ſonſt der Menſch auch nur das Geringſte lebendig zu erſchaffen, wo führt eine Wiſſenſchaft unmittelbar zur Belebung, wo nicht vielmehr zunächſt zur Ertödtung, d. i. zur Zerlegung? — Man zerlegt das Pflanzenblatt in ſeine Zellen, Athmungsöffnungen, Gefäße und Faſern, das kleinſte Thier lehrt uns die vergleichende Anatomie in noch kleinere Gebilde trennen, und doch! wer belebte mit all dieſer Wiſſenſchaft auch nur die kleinſte Milbe, wer ſetzte dadurch das kleinſte Pflanzenblatt zuſammen! — Und nun betrachte die Schöpfungen der Kunſt, welche, obwol nicht ſelbſt in der Wirklichkeit lebend, doch für uns lebend ſcheinen können, und ſo, als von Menſchen geſchaffen, die Verwandtſchaft des Menſchen zum Weltgeiſt beurkunden. Denke an jene Charaktere, deren Sinn und Rede vom Dichter geſchaffen, ſie ſelbſt uns als wahrhaftige Geſtalten vor Augen bringt.

> „Ich weiß es, ſie ſind ewig, denn ſie ſind!“

ſagt Taſſo, oder vielmehr Göthe, und zwar mit Recht, von ſeinen Geſtalten. — Und jenen Achilles, Odyſſeus, Orlando, Sigismund, Hamlet, jene Eleonora von Eſte, jene Ophelia, jenes Gretchen, ſind ſie nicht alle, wie wir ſie kennen, Geſchöpfe einer göttlichen Kunſt, und iſt es nicht, als hätten ſie alle unter den Lebendigen gewandelt; kennen wir ihr Denken und Thun nicht gleich dem eines abgeſchiedenen Freundes? — Wer aber ſo den Geiſt dem Geiſte hervorruft, iſt der nicht gewaltig vor Vielen? und ſollte es nicht den Menſchen erheben, wenn er ſolche Kraft im Menſchen findet? — Wenden wir vom Gedicht uns nun zur Harmonie der Töne! — Flüchtiger vorüberrauſchend als das Gedicht, kann die Muſik zwar nicht leicht ein ganzes Gemüth mit allen ſeinen Leiden und Thaten erſchaffen, wohl aber vermag ſie einen Moment, eine gewiſſe Stimmung der Seele aufzufaſſen, ſie mit einer unendlichen Gewalt ins Leben einzuführen, daß wir unwillkürlich mit in dieſe Stimmung gezogen werden, als wären alle die Töne nahe Freunde, die uns mit Macht in ihren Kreis, in ihre Sinnesart bannten. — Daſſelbe gilt denn, obwol wieder auf andere und ruhigere Weiſe, von der Architectur, denn beide halten noch von eigentlicher Naturnachbildung ſich entfernt, ſprechen in reinen Verhältniſſen, die eine in der Zeit, die andere im Raume ſich aus und bilden ſo im Verein mit der Poeſie den erſten und herrlichſten Dreiklang, welcher, als der erhabenſte Accord, des Menſchen Bruſt bewegt und bewegen muß, da der Gott ſich ſo, nach freier Unmittelbarkeit, in Kunſtgebilden irgend eines Menſchen offenbarend, zugleich allen Menſchen näher tritt und ſie ſelbſt mit erhebt. — Ja, iſt es Dir nicht auch, als müßte zwiſchen dieſen drei Künſten und den drei Naturreichen, den drei Grundformen des Denkens, der dreigetheilten innern Organiſation, welche Phyſiologen im Menſchen finden, den drei Grundfarben und den drei Grundtönen wieder eine innere Beziehung beſtehen, deren Tiefe wir nur ahnen können, ohne daß wir ſie je ganz ergründen werden? — Lieber Ernſt, mir iſt bei dieſen Dingen als ſtünde ich am jähen Abhange eines Berges und brauſte neben mir ein gewaltiger Strom zur Tiefe hinab; immer neue, immer neue Wellen drängen ſich herzu, und alle ſtürzen ins Bodenloſe hinunter, und doch bleibt der Fluß voll und der Fels ſteht nicht minder feſt, auf den ich trete. — Ich kann heute nicht mehr ſchreiben. —

Dein Albertus.

II.

Bei dieſen herrlichen Wintertagen brachte ich viel Zeit im Freien zu, an den vielfachen zierlichen Spielen des Lichts zwiſchen blauem Himmel und ſchneebedeckter Erde mich zu ergötzen. In Wahrheit, dieſe mannichfaltigen, ſchöngebrochenen Farben, welche hier dem geübten Auge ſichtbar werden, ſind wundervoll und herrlich! — Dort blitzt ein helles Schneelicht auf einer Felſenkante, noch mehr hervorgehoben von dem bräunlichen, mit allerhand Moos und Flechten ſparſam gezierten Geſtein; hier liegen Schneemaſſen im Schatten und zeigen die Erhöhungen ihrer Oberfläche in bläulichen, hier und da ins Violette ziehenden Tönen an, darunter endlich rauſcht, von Eisrändern eingefaßt, der Gebirgsbach, und auf ſeinem Spiegel werden jetzt, im Zuſammentreffen mit dem blendenden Glanze des Schnees, grüne und purpurfarbene Brechungen, theils als wahre, theils als phyſiologiſche Farben ſichtbar. —

Ich konnte dieſen Genuß nicht mit Dir theilen, lieber Ernſt! doch mit Dir noch dieſen Abend mich zu unterhalten, mit Dir eine, heute neu angeregte Gedankenreihe über Landſchaftskunſt weiter auszuſpinnen, dieſe Geiſtesvereinigung ſoll kein zwiſchen uns gezwängter Raum zu hindern vermögen.

Ich hatte aber im vorigen Briefe die freie poetiſche Neigung, wenn ſie überhaupt Geſtalt anzunehmen und als Kunſtwerk ins Leben zu treten beginnt, in drei Richtungen, wo ſie von eigentlicher Naturabformung noch frei bleibt, vielmehr durch die reinen Verhältniſſe der Rede, des Tons oder der Maſſe ſich ausſpricht, verfolgt, und wir fanden hier gleichſam das eine und erſte Reich der freien Künſte abgeſchloſſen und vollendet. — Wir treten nun in den zweiten Kreis, wo die beharrenden Geſtalten der Natur den Stoff darbieten, in welchem der Prometheusfunken der Kunſt ſich verkörpern ſoll, denn allerdings, es iſt nichts, was dem Bereich der Kunſt ſich völlig zu entziehen vermöchte, eben weil ſie das wahrhaft Menſchliche iſt, und weil Alles, was der Menſch erkennt und ermißt, ihr auf gewiſſe Weiſe zu Dienſten ſein muß. Wie ſie demnach das Reich der Begriffe zum Gedicht, die innerſte Körperbewegung, das Erzittern, das Ertönen zur Muſik, ja den ſtarren unbewegten Körper ſelbſt zur Architectur zu geſtalten weiß, ſo entſtehen nun die Abformungen der Erzeugniſſe dreier Naturreiche zum Behufe der bildenden

Kunſt; und es würde hier leicht ſein, wieder das Abbilden unorganiſcher Natur der Architectur, das Nachbilden der Pflanzenwelt der Muſik, und das der höhern Thierwelt und vornehmlich der Menſchengeſtalt ſelbſt dem Gedicht zu vergleichen. — Die bildende Kunſt ſchafft nun ihr Werk auf zweifache Weiſe, entweder rund und wahrhaft körperlich, d. i. in der Maſſe, oder durch Schattirung oder Färbung auf einer Fläche, d. i. im Licht. So theilt ſie ſich denn in Bildnerei und Malerei, wenn man nicht als eine dritte, jedoch etwas zwitterhafte Gattung das Anordnen der Naturkörper ſelbſt zum künſtleriſchen Endzweck, nämlich als Gartenkunſt, Mimik und Tanzkunſt betrachten will. — Es beſchränkt ſich nun die eigentliche Bildnerei der Natur, ihrem Stoffe gemäß, auf Nachformen von Thier- und Menſchengeſtalten, wenn hingegen die Malerei alle drei Naturreiche umfaßt (ja ſie bildet ſelbſt architectoniſche und plaſtiſche Kunſtwerke wieder nach) und ſich in Landſchafts- und Hiſtorienmalerei ſondert. Von dieſen braucht erſtere die Erſcheinungen der unorganiſchen Natur, ſowie der Pflanzenwelt, die andere die Thierwelt, vornehmlich aber das edelſte Glied derſelben, die Menſchengeſtalt, um gleich wie durch Buchſtaben, ihre Worte, ihren Sinn damit zu ſchreiben. Sonderungen, welche indeß durch vielfache Uebergänge wieder bald verwiſcht werden, indem z. B. durch halberhabene Arbeit Sculptur und Gemälde ſich verbinden, ſowie anderntheils die Landſchaft oft Thier- und Menſchenbilder aufnimmt, wenn für Hiſtorienmalerei wieder vielmals die Landſchaft zum Grunde dienen muß.

Und ſo wirkt denn alſo die ſchaffende Kraft der Kunſt immer weiter, und die Welt, wie ſie geformt vor unſern Sinnen daliegt, erſteht unter ihren Händen auf's neue. Jegliches ſpricht uns aus ihren Bildungen, zum Zweck des Künſtlers, in wunderbarer und eigenthümlicher Sprache an; Sonne und Mond, Luft und Wolken, Berg und Thal, Bäume und Blumen, die mannichfaltigſten Thiere und die noch mannichfaltigere und höhere Individualität des Menſchen erſcheint wiedergeboren mit aller ihnen eigenen Gewalt auf uns wirkend, bald trübe, bald heiter uns ſtimmend, immer aber uns doch über alles Gemeine erhebend durch die Anſchauung der Göttlichkeit, d. i. der ſchaffenden Macht im Menſchen ſelbſt. Denn eben dies iſt es ja, wodurch uns die Kunſt als Vermittlerin der Religion erſcheint, daß ſie die Urkraft und Seele der Welt, welche ſchwache, menſchliche Einſicht nicht im Ganzen zu erfaſſen vermag, uns in einem Theilchen, d. i. im Menſchengeiſt, näher rückt und erkennen lehrt; darum aber ſoll auch einestheils der Künſtler in ſich ein geheiligtes Gefäß erblicken, welches von allem Unreinen, Gemeinen und Frechen frei und unbefleckt bleiben muß, ſowie anderntheils das Kunſtwerk aus demſelben Grunde nie der Natur zu nahe treten, viel eher ſich über ſie erheben ſoll, damit das Erſchaffen dieſes Werkes durch den Geiſt des Menſchen nicht vergeſſen, die Beziehung auf den Menſchen dadurch nicht verloren werde.

Laß uns jetzt, theurer Freund! zur nähern Erörterung des Zwecks und der Bedeutung landſchaftlicher Malerei insbeſondere übergehen; einer Kunſt, welche recht eigentlich erſt der neuern Zeit angehört, überhaupt weit weniger in ſich abgeſchloſſen iſt, und ihrem Blütenalter vielleicht erſt entgegenſieht, wenn die meiſten übrigen Künſte mehr dem rückwärts gewandten Janusgeſicht gleichen oder wol gar als Denkzeichen beſſerer Tage über den Gräbern der Vergangenheit ruhen. Eine jede nachahmende Kunſt wirkt aber auf uns nothwendig zweifach; einmal durch die Natur des nachgebildeten Gegenſtandes, deſſen Eigenthümlichkeit auch im Bilde auf eine ähnliche Weiſe wie in der Natur uns afficiren wird, ein anderes Mal, in wiefern das Kunſtwerk eine Schöpfung des Menſchengeiſtes iſt, welcher durch ein wahrhaftes Erſcheinen ſeiner Gedanken (ungefähr wie in höherem Sinn die Welt, Erſcheinung göttlicher Gedanken zu nennen iſt) den verwandten Geiſt über das Gemeine erhebt.

Laß uns nun dieſe beiden Wirkungen landſchaftlicher Kunſt für's erſte geſondert betrachten, um ſo ein endliches gemeinſames und ergiebiges Reſultat vorzubereiten. Welches iſt alſo die Wirkung landſchaftlicher Gegenſtände in freier Natur? fragen wir zuerſt, und werden danach ihre Wirkung im Bilde weiter ermeſſen können: — Feſter Boden, mit allen ſeinen vielartigen Geſtalten, als Fels und Gebirg und Thal und Ebene, ruhendes und bewegtes Gewäſſer, Lüfte und Wolken, mit ihren mannichfaltigen Erſcheinungen, dies ſind ungefähr die Formen, unter welchen das Leben der Erde ſich kundgibt; ein Leben indeß von ſolcher Unermeßlichkeit für unſere Kleinheit, daß Menſchen es kaum als Leben erkennen oder gelten laſſen wollen. Höher dagegen und uns näher gerückt ſteht ſchon das Leben der Pflanzen, und dieſe in Verbindung mit den erſterwähnten Phänomenen machen die eigentlichen Objecte der landſchaftlichen Kunſt aus. — Von allen dieſen Phänomenen nun fühlen wir uns in der Natur gewiß nicht auf leidenſchaftliche, gewaltſame Art angeſprochen; dazu ſtehen ſie uns zu entfernt, wenn überhaupt von ihrer äſthetiſcher Wirkung die Rede ſein ſoll; denn daß den Schiffbrüchigen die Schönheit des Wellenſchlags, den durch Feuer Beſchädigten die Schönheit der Beleuchtung nicht intereſſiren könne, iſt für ſich klar. Nur das uns dicht Berührende, uns eng Verbundene kann durch ſeine Veränderungen auch uns ſelbſt am heftigſten aufregen, mit Begierden oder mit Haß erfüllen; in der freien, uns ganz objectiv erſcheinenden Natur aber bemerken wir vielmehr ein ſtilles, in ſich gekehrtes, gleichförmiges, geſetzmäßiges Leben: das Wechſeln der Tages- und Jahreszeiten, den Wolkenzug und alle Farbenpracht des Himmels, das Ebben und Fluten des Meeres, das langſame aber unaufhaltſam fortſchreitende Verwandeln der Erdoberfläche, das Verwittern nackter Felsgipfel, deren Körner, alsbald herabgeſchwemmt, allmälig fruchtbares Land erzeugen, das Entſtehen der Quellen, nach den Richtungen der Gebirgszüge ſich zu Bächen und endlich zu Strömen zuſammenfindend. Alles folgt ſtillen und ewigen Geſetzen, deren Herrſchaft wir zwar ſelbſt mit untergeben ſind, die uns trotz jedem Widerſtreben zwar mit ſich fortziehen, und, indem ſie uns mit geheimer Macht die Blicke auf einen großen, ja ungeheuern Kreis von Naturereigniſſen zu wenden nöthigen, uns von uns ſelbſt abziehen, die eigene Kleinheit und Schwäche uns empfinden laſſend, deren Betrachtung jedoch zugleich auch die innern Stürme beſänftigend und auf alle Weiſe beruhigend wirken muß. Tritt denn hin auf den Gipfel des Gebirges, ſchau hin über die langen Hügelreihen, betrachte das Fortziehen der Ströme und alle Herrlichkeit, welche Deinem Blicke ſich aufthut, und welches Gefühl ergreift Dich! — es iſt eine ſtille Andacht in Dir, Du ſelbſt verlierſt Dich im unbegrenzten Raume, Dein ganzes Weſen erfährt eine ſtille Läuterung und Reinigung, Dein Ich verſchwindet, Du biſt nichts, Gott iſt Alles.

Doch nicht blos gewaltſame Größe, wie ſie im Leben eines Planeten erſcheint, eben ſo ein rechtes Hinblicken auf das ſtille heitere Leben der Pflanzenwelt wirkt auf ähnliche Weiſe. Sieh, wie die Pflanze langſam, aber kräftig aus dem Boden ſich erhebt, wie von Stufe zu Stufe ihre Blätter ſich entfalten, in ſtiller Entwickelung vorwärts ſchreitend zu Kelch und Blume ſich verwandeln, und endlich im Samenkorn den Ring beſchließend, zugleich wieder das Eröffnen eines neuen veranlaſſen. Finden wir uns nun von einer ſich ſelbſt überlaſſenen üppigen Pflanzenwelt umgeben, überſehen wir mit einem Blicke den verſchiedenartigen Lebenslauf ſo vieler Gewächſe, treffen wir ſogar auf manche ehrwürdige Baumgeſtalt, deren Jahrhunderte umfaſſende Dauer uns faſt an das nach Jahrtauſenden wie nach Tagen zählende Leben der Erde erinnert, ſo erfahren wir eine gleiche Einwirkung, wie unter den oben erwähnten Bedingungen; ein ſtilles Sinnen bemächtigt ſich unſerer; wir fühlen das unruhige Trachten und Streben gemäßigt, wir gehen ein in den Kreis der Natur und erheben uns über uns ſelbſt. Ja, es iſt gewiß merkwürdig, daß die Pflanzenwelt ſogar ähnliche Wirkungen auch phyſiſch auf unſern Körper ausübt, wie denn die Ausdünſtungen der Blüte, d. i. der am höchſten entwickelten Pflanze, gewöhnlich etwas Betäubendes haben, d. i. Schlaf, körperliche Ruhe veranlaſſen, wie ſo manche oft an der Blütennähe erzeugte Pflanzenſäfte dieſe Wirkungen in noch höherem Grade üben, ja ein völliges Auflöſen in der gemeinſamen Natur, d. i. Tod herbeiführen; wie daher ſchon die Alten die Höhle des Traumgottes mit unendlichen Kräutern und ſchlafmachenden Mohnen auskleideten, ja wie endlich ſelbſt Thiere und Menſchen durch anhaltende Pflanzennahrung mild und ruhig werden, wenn Fleiſchgenuß hingegen ſtürmiſche Begierden und Bewegungen zu begünſtigen ſcheint. — Gewiß, ſchon dieſe Betrachtungen können über das Wirken landſchaftlicher Gegenſtände im Bilde manchen Aufſchluß geben, ſie werden den Grund jenes wohlthuenden Gefühls innerer Ruhe und Klarheit vor echten landſchaftlichen Kunſtwerken aufhellen und uns manche Weiſung im weiteren Gange dieſer Erläuterungen zu geben im Stande ſein. Doch genug für diesmal! ich erwarte Deine freundſchaftliche Antwort.

Dein Albertus.

III.

Der Frühling iſt gekommen, die Bäume haben verblüht, die Roſenzeit ging vorüber, ja die ſpät blühenden anmuthigen Fliederbüſche ſchütteten ihre kleinen Sternblumen aus, und jetzt nahet ſich ſchon der Sommer ſeinem Ende, hin und wieder ſchon gelbliche Blätter, früh ſchon mitunter herbſtliche Nebelſchleier über den Fluren, und noch immer iſt mir weder Muße geworden, noch die Muſe gekommen, um an Dich, lieber Ernſt, von unſern begonnenen landſchaftlichen Betrachtungen die Fortſetzung, wie Du wünſcheſt, zu ſenden. — Iſt es doch, als wenn eben das recht heiter angeregte Leben der Natur ſolche zergliedernde Forſchungen gar nicht geſtattete, und wie etwa die eigentlichen Meiſter der Kunſt, eben wegen der innern und äußern Fülle ſelten zu ſolchen Unterſuchungen ſich überwinden können, ſo fühlen wir uns auch, mit dieſem Reichthum von Anſchauungen umgeben, zu glücklich, als daß wir, warum wir glücklich ſind, bedenken möchten. Doch ehe ich nun weiter gehe auf dem früher eingeſchlagenen Wege, bleiben noch die Bemerkungen zu berückſichtigen, welche Du in Deinem letzten Briefe mir mitgetheilt haſt, in dem Du einestheils ſagteſt: es ſcheine Dir gut, das Verhältniß von Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt, welches ich im erſten Briefe berührte, etwas näher zu beſtimmen, damit nicht die Wiſſenſchaft als ein Ertödtendes der Kunſt nachgeſetzt werde, anderntheils aber, rückſichtlich meiner Darſtellung der Natureinwirkung auf den Menſchen der Meinung warſt, daß nicht ſowol das Verlieren unſers Ichs im Geſammtleben der Natur, als vielmehr das recht eigentlich Klar- und Anſchaulichwerden unſeres Standpunktes in dieſer Welt die Befreiung und Erhebung gewähren, welcher wir im Genuſſe landſchaftlicher Schönheit uns erfreuen. —

Laß daher zuvörderſt über dieſe Gegenſtände eine nähere Uebereinkunft uns verſuchen, indem wir es ja längſt empfunden haben, daß es nur eine Wahrheit geben könne, und Verſchiedenheit der Meinungen nur auf Umhüllung des Erkenntnißvermögens beruht, welche früher oder ſpäter fallen wird und muß.

Allem aber, was wir empfinden und denken, Allem, was iſt und was wir ſind, liegt eine ewige, höchſte, unendliche Einheit zum Grunde. Ein tiefes innerſtes Bewußtſein, welches eben, weil durch daſſelbe die Möglichkeit alles Erkennens, Beweiſens und Erklärens gegeben iſt, ſelbſt nie erklärt oder bewieſen werden kann (ſowie etwa der Satz a = a keines weitern Beweiſes fähig iſt, ſondern an und für ſich als wahr erkannt werden muß), gibt uns davon, und zwar nach dem Grade unſerer Entwickelung, bald dunkler, bald klarer die feſte Ueberzeugung. Die Sprache deutet jenes Unermeßliche an in dem Worte: Gott. — Offenbart iſt uns dieſes Höchſte in Vernunft und Natur als Inneres und Aeußeres, wir ſelbſt aber fühlen uns als einen Theil dieſer Offenbarung, d. i. als Natur- und Vernunftweſen, als ein Ganzes, welches Natur und Vernunft in ſich trägt, und inſofern als ein Göttliches. Im höhern geiſtigen Leben wird nun hierdurch eine doppelte Richtung möglich, entweder nämlich ſind wir beſtrebt, das Mannichfaltige und Unendliche in Natur und Vernunft zurückzuführen zu urſprünglicher göttlicher Einheit; oder, indem das Ich ſelbſt productiv wird, ſtellt die innere Einheit durch äußere Mannichfaltigkeit ſich dar. Im letztern Falle zeigt ſich das Können, im erſtern Falle das Erkennen. Aus dem Erkennen geht das Wiſſen, die Wiſſenſchaft hervor, aus dem Können die Kunſt. In der Wiſſenſchaft fühlt der Menſch ſich in Gott, in der Kunſt fühlt er Gott in ſich. — Somit kann alſo die Kunſt ſo wenig über die Wiſſenſchaft geſtellt ſein, daß vielmehr die letztere als die Richtung, welche den Menſchen in die höchſte Einheit einführt, offenbar eigentlich das Erhabene bleibt; klar iſt jedoch hierbei zugleich, daß die Wiſſenſchaft, als ihrer Richtung nach der Kunſt gerade entgegengeſetzt, die individuelle Exiſtenz aufhebt, den Leib tödtet, damit der Geiſt lebe, und es wird dadurch, was ich über Wiſſenſchaft früher geäußert, wol gerechtfertigt. Zwar ſetzeſt Du mir noch insbeſondere das Schaffen eines wiſſenſchaftlichen Lehrgebäudes hier entgegen, um zu beweiſen, wie auch die Wiſſenſchaft ſich bildend zeige; allein es darf dieſes wol inſofern nicht hierher gezogen werden, als eben dieſes Schaffen ſchon nicht mehr der Wiſſenſchaft angehört, ſondern der Kunſt. Der Menſch nämlich wird auch in dieſer Hinſicht ſich nur als ein Ganzes erweiſen, und Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft, obwol im Verſtande geſchieden, können es doch nie in der Wirklichkeit vollkommen ſein. Die Darſtellung der Wiſſenſchaft kann daher nie ohne Kunſt (ohne kunſtgemäße Ordnung der Gedanken und Worte) gelingen, und die Erzeugung des Kunſtwerks hinwiederum wird ohne Wiſſenſchaft (das Können ohne Kenntniß) unmöglich bleiben.

Leichter noch, glaube ich, vereinigen wir uns über den zweiten Punkt Deiner Bemerkungen, denn indem ich ſage, daß der Menſch, hinſchauend auf das große Ganze einer herrlichen Natur, ſeiner eigenen Kleinheit ſich bewußt wird, und, indem er Alles unmittelbar in Gott fühlt, ſelbſt in dieſes Unendliche eingeht, gleichſam die individuelle Exiſtenz völlig aufgebend, ſo glaube ich nicht damit etwas Anderes geſagt zu haben, als auch Du beabſichtigſt; denn ein ſolches Untergehen iſt kein Verlieren, es iſt nur Gewinnen, und indem, was ſonſt nur geiſtig erſchaut wird, hier beinahe dem körperlichen Auge erreichbar iſt, nämlich Ueberzeugung der Einheit in der Unendlichkeit des Alls, ſo wird zugleich unſer eigentlicher Standpunkt, unſer Verhältniß zur Natur immer reiner aufgefaßt werden müſſen.

Doch laß mich nun den am Ende des letzten Briefes verlorenen Faden wieder auffaſſen und uns jetzt über das Einwirken landſchaftlicher Schönheit im Bilde unſere Betrachtungen weiter verfolgen. —

Zuvor aber muß ich bei landſchaftlichen Darſtellungen überhaupt unterſcheiden: die Art derſelben nach ihrer Wahrheit, nach ihrem Sinne und nach ihrem Gegenſtande. — Die Wahrheit der Darſtellung berückſichtigen wir natürlich zuerſt, denn ſie verſchafft ja gleichſam erſt den Leib des Kunſtwerks, durch ſie iſt es zuerſt überhaupt da, und aus den Räumen einer blos willkürlichen Geſtaltung zur Wirklichkeit, in welcher alle bildende Kunſt ſich bewegen ſoll, gebracht. Auf welche Weiſe nun fühlſt Du Dich wol bewegt, wenn Du in einem wohlgelungenen Bilde die weiteſte, reinſte Ferne, den klaren oder bewegten Waſſerſpiegel, das Spiel des zarten Laubes an Büſchen und Bäumen, oder irgend eine andere Form des unerſchöpflichen Reichthums landſchaftlicher Natur gut und treu nachgebildet findeſt? — Gewiß, inſofern Dir Naturkenntniß und Einbildungskraft, d. i. das Organ geworden iſt, die farbigen Striche des Pinſels, bei welchem doch von Naturwahrheit immer nur bis auf einen gewiſſen Grad die Rede ſein kann, zu deuten, gewiß, ſage ich, fühlſt Du Dich hinſchauend immer mehr in jene Gegend verſetzt. Du glaubſt die heitere reine Luft mit einzuathmen, Du ſehnſt Dich, unter jenen Bäumen zu wandeln, Du meinſt das Rauſchen des Waſſers zu vernehmen, und ſomit hineingezogen in den heiligen Kreis des geheimnißvollen Naturlebens, erweitert ſich der Geiſt, Du fühlſt das ewig waltende Leben der Schöpfung, und indem alles blos Individuelle, Aermliche zurücktritt, ſtärkt und erhebt Dich dieſes Eintauchen in einen höhern Cyclus, vergleichbar einem durch das Eintauchen in den ſtygiſchen Strom unverwundbar gewordenen Achilles. — Daß indeß die bloße Wahrheit nun doch noch nicht das eigentliche Höchſte und allein Anziehende des Bildes ſei, kann die Vergleichung mit dem Spiegelbilde am füglichſten darthun; verſuche es nur, betrachte die landſchaftliche Natur im Spiegel! Du ſiehſt ſie mit allen ihren Reizen, allen Farben und Formen wieder abgebildet, und doch, wenn Du nun dieſes Spiegelbild feſthältſt, und es vergleichſt mit dem Eindruck, welchen ein vollendetes landſchaftliches Kunſtwerk Dir gewährte, was bemerkſt Du? — Offenbar iſt das letztere an Wahrheit immer unendlich zurück; das Reizende ſchöner Naturformen, das Leuchtende der Farben wird im Bilde nie auch nur zur Hälfte erreicht; allein zugleich fühlſt Du das rechte Kunſtwerk als ein Ganzes, als eine kleine Welt (einen Mikrokosmus) für ſich und in ſich; das Spiegelbild hingegen erſcheint ewig nur als ein Stück, als ein Theil der unendlichen Natur, herausgeriſſen aus ſeinen organiſchen Verbindungen und in widernatürliche Schranken geengt, und nicht, gleich dem Kunſtwerke, als die in ſich beſchloſſene Schöpfung einer uns verwandten, von uns zu umfaſſenden geiſtigen Kraft, vielmehr als ein einzelner Ton aus einer unermeßlichen Harmonie, welcher, indem er eben immer mehr und mehr hinzufodert, die volle innere Beruhigung nie gewährt, welche theils aus der freien unbeſchränkten Hingebung an die Natur ſelbſt, theils aus der Beſchauung des gediegenen Kunſtwerks genommen wird.

Indem ſich nun aus dem Vorhergehenden klärlich ergibt, daß die Wahrheit der landſchaftlichen Darſtellung allein noch nicht die verlangte Befriedigung gewährt, ſo wird es zugleich deutlich, daß auch hier, was ich ſchon im erſten Briefe von jedem Kunſtwerke foderte, hinzukommen müſſe, nämlich, daß es fühlbar werde, wie daſſelbe der ſchaffenden Kraft eines Menſchengeiſtes ſein Daſein verdanke, und eben deshalb als aus einer Einheit hervorgegangen, ein in ſich ſelbſt entwickeltes und beſchloſſenes, gleichſam organiſches Ganzes ſei. Dieſes zugegeben, ſo muß ferner, da die Seele im Erfinden eines Werkes nur in einem gewiſſen Zuſtande, nur in einer gewiſſen Richtung zu denken iſt, das Kunſtwerk ſelbſt nothwendig auch einen gewiſſen Zuſtand ausſprechen, welches denn wieder in der landſchaftlichen Kunſt nur geſchehen kann, indem die landſchaftliche Natur von einer gewiſſen, jener innern Stimmung gleichnamigen Seite aufgegriffen und dargeſtellt wird. Dies führt uns weiter; denn da dieſer Sinn nur durch Darſtellung von Gegenſtänden ausgedrückt wird, da alſo das Ausſprechen dieſes Sinnes die ſchickliche Wahl des Gegenſtandes (von welcher im Einzelnen noch ſpäterhin) mit einſchließt, ſo können wir die Hauptaufgabe landſchaftlicher Kunſt nun beſtimmter ausſprechen, als:

> Darſtellung einer gewiſſen Stimmung des Gemüthslebens (Sinn) durch die Nachbildung einer entſprechenden Stimmung des Naturlebens (Wahrheit).

Um aber nun die Art der Löſung dieſer Aufgabe näher zu unterſuchen, haben wir nöthig:
1. zuſammenzuſtellen, wie Regungen des Gemüths und Zuſtände der Natur ſich entſprechen; 2. die einzelnen Gegenſtände, welche nachgebildet werden, in ihrer Wirkung näher zu erörtern; 3. zu erwägen, auf welche Weiſe in dieſem Wiedergeben des Naturlebens die Idee der Schönheit erreicht werde. —

Du erhältſt meine Betrachtungen hierüber in einigen kleinen Aufſätzen, welche ich dieſem Briefe anfüge, und mögeſt Du nun über alles Dieſes Deine Anſichten mir mittheilen, bevor ich die, ſonſt noch über ähnliche Gegenſtände mir vorſchwebenden Gedanken feſtzuhalten, den Verſuch mache.

Dein Albertus.

Von dem Entſprechen zwiſchen Gemüthsſtimmungen und Naturzuſtänden.

Wenn der ordnende Geiſt des Menſchen in ſeine eigenen Tiefen blickt, ſo vermag er in den vielfachen Regungen der Seele zunächſt zu unterſcheiden zwiſchen Vorſtellung und Empfindung*), welche ſich zu einander verhalten wie Form zum Stoff, wie Sprache zur Muſik, wie Individuelles zur Totalität, und welche entſtehen, indem der Menſch ſelbſt einerſeits für ſich als Einheit erſcheint (der Beziehung einzelner äußerer Gegenſtände auf ſich als Vorſtellung fähig wird), andererſeits als Theil eines größern, ja unendlichen Ganzen ſich wahrnimmt (der Beziehungen ſeines Selbſt auf die Geſammtheit der übrigen Natur ſich bewußt wird). Das Letztere als Richtung auf das Unendliche iſt ebendeshalb ein Unbegrenztes (daher die Tiefe, das Unausſprechliche der Empfindung), das Erſtere als Richtung auf das Endliche iſt ein Begrenztes (daher die mögliche Schärfe und Klarheit in der Vorſtellung). Empfindung und Vorſtellung ſind alſo die Elemente, in welchen all unſer geiſtiges Leben ſich regt; ſie ſind unzertrennlich, ſowie der Menſch weder als Individuum allein, noch als Menſch ohne Individualität im Ganzen zu leben vermag; jedoch vorherrſchen kann bald das Eine, bald das Andere, beſtimmen können bald die Vorſtellungen die Empfindung, bald die Empfindungen die Reihe von Vorſtellungen. Bei der Beſchauung der Natur oder des Kunſtwerkes erfaſſen wir nun die Gegenſtände als Vorſtellungen, indem ſie auf unſer Bewußtſein bezogen werden, allein indem dadurch auch unſer Ich mit einem neuen Kreiſe der Außenwelt in Beziehung (d. i. ſelbſt in einen veränderten innern Zuſtand) geſetzt wird, muß zugleich eine Empfindung angeregt werden, welche der Stimmung homogen iſt, die entweder im Naturleben ſelbſt durch die gegebenen einzelnen Erſcheinungen ſich offenbart, oder dem Gefühle entſpricht, aus welchem, als aus einer innern Einheit, die Vorſtellung und dann die wirkliche Geſtaltung des Kunſtwerks hervorging.

Welches ſind nun aber die beſondern in den mannichfaltigen Verwandlungen der landſchaftlichen Natur ausgeſprochenen Stimmungen? — Wenn wir erwägen, daß alle dieſe Verwandlungen nichts Anderes ſind als Formen des Naturlebens, ſo können auch die verſchiedenen in denſelben ausgeſprochenen Stimmungen nichts Anderes als Lebenszuſtände, Stadien des Naturlebens, bezeichnen. Nun iſt aber das Leben ſelbſt in ſeinem Weſen unendlich, und nur ſeine Formen ſind ſtätiger Veränderung unterworfen, im ſteten Hervor- und Zurücktreten begriffen, ſo daß wir dadurch in jeder individuellen Lebensform auf vier Stadien hingewieſen werden, welche als Entwickelung und vollendete Darſtellung, Verwelkung und völlige Zerſtörung ſich unterſcheiden laſſen. Mehrfache Zuſtände aber entſtehen, indem dieſe vier urſprünglichen ſich untereinander verbinden, indem die Entwickelung ſelbſt krankhaft gehemmt wird, die vollendete Kraft im Kampfe mit der eindringenden Zerſtörung erſcheint, oder aus der Zerſtörung wieder eine neue Entwickelung hervortritt. Beiſpiele hierzu laſſen nun im Naturleben, inwiefern es Gegenſtand landſchaftlicher Darſtellung werden kann, in Menge ſich nachweiſen. Die nächſten bieten die ſtets wechſelnden Jahres- und Tageszeiten dar, wo Morgen, Mittag, Abend und Nacht, Frühling, Sommer, Herbſt und Winter jene Stadien ganz beſtimmt zeigen, und auch die erwähnten Combinationen nicht fehlen, indem ein Trübewerden des Morgens, ein Reif auf Blütenbäumen, ein Vertrocknen der Pflanzen in der Sonnenhitze, ein Gewitter am Mittage, das Aufgehen des Mondes in der Nacht, das Erſtehen neuer Knospen aus dem erſtorbenen Stamme, wie ſo unzähliges Andere, hierher gehören.

Nun aber auch im Gemüthe ſelbſt, welche Reihe von Stimmungen wird hier vorkommen können! — Offenbar auch nur, wie im ewigen Naturleben, Erheben und Verſinken einzelner Lebensformen, ſo im ewigen Leben der Seele, Erſtehen und Vergehen einzelner Aeußerungen des Gemüthslebens.

Das Gefühl des Aufſtrebens, der Ermuthigung, der Entwickelung, das Gefühl wahrer innerer Klarheit und Ruhe, das Gefühl des Hinwelkens, der Schwermuth und die Fühlloſigkeit, Apathie, ſind auch hier die vier Stadien, auf welche, als auf die urſprünglichen Grundtöne, das Gemüthsleben mit all ſeiner unendlichen Mannichfaltigkeit ſich zurückführen läßt; ja ſelbſt die im Naturleben nachgewieſenen nächſten Combinationen dieſer urſprünglichen Zuſtände finden auch hier wieder ſtatt: es kann im Aufſtreben das Gefühl der Unmöglichkeit des Erreichens Melancholie erzeugen; aus dem Andringen äußerer zerſtörender Momente gegen das Gefühl der vollendeten Kraft ein innerer Kampf erregt werden, es kann aus Apathie die Ermuthigung ſich hervorheben, u. ſ. w.

Wie nun aber die angeſchlagene Saite eine zweite, ihr gleichnamige, wenn auch höhere oder tiefere, mit in Schwingungen verſetzt, ſo müſſen auch in Natur und Gemüth die verwandten Regungen ſich hervorrufen, und auch hierin erſcheint wieder die Individualität des Menſchen als untrennbarer Theil eines höhern Ganzen. Das unbefangene Gemüth wird daher vom angeregten, aufſtrebenden Naturleben, reinem Morgenlicht, heiterer Frühlingswelt ermuthigt und belebt, von reiner blauer Sommerluft und voller ruhiger Blätterfülle der Waldung erheitert und beruhigt, vom Erſtarren der Natur im trüben Herbſt ſchwermüthig geſtimmt, und von den Leichentüchern der Winternacht in ſich ſelbſt gewaltſam zurückgedrängt und gelähmt. Das befangene Gemüth, welches ſchon von einer vorwaltenden Regung beherrſcht wird, trägt dagegen auch wol ſeine Regung auf die aufgenommenen Vorſtellungen über, ſie ſelbſt mehr oder weniger verfärbend; ja, das kranke Gemüth kann von Allem verkehrt afficirt werden, vom Frühlingsmorgen ſich niedergedrückt, ſowie im möglichſten Jammer und äußerem Ungemach ſich heimiſch, ja erheitert finden, welches denn unſere, auf das Geſunde und Naturgemäße ſich beziehenden Betrachtungen nicht weiter irren kann.

Nicht zu überſehen iſt endlich noch, wie der Gegenſatz zwiſchen Empfindung und Vorſtellung (als Totales und Individuelles) ſich ſeinem Weſen nach in den Vorſtellungen ſelbſt, wie ſie die landſchaftliche Natur darbietet, wiederholt. Einmal gilt dies nämlich von dem in dieſen Vorſtellungen bemerkbaren Gegenſatze zwiſchen Farbe und Geſtalt, und es wird daher offenbar z. B. eine und dieſelbe Gegend eine ganz andere Stimmung anſprechen, einen andern Charakter darſtellen, wenn ſie in anmuthiges Grün, oder wenn ſie in todtes Gelb, Braun oder Grau gekleidet iſt*). Ganz vorzüglich aber muß bemerkt werden, daß unter den Vorſtellungen landſchaftlicher Natur vorzüglich diejenigen den Regungen des Gemüthes entſprechen, welche auf die Art der Witterung ſich beziehen; ja man könnte wol ſagen, daß der Wechſel verſchiedener Stimmungen der Atmoſphäre (des Wetters) ſich genau ſo für das Naturleben zeige, wie der Wechſel verſchiedener Stimmungen des Gemüthes für das Seelenleben.

Von der Wirkung einzelner landſchaftlicher Gegenſtände auf das Gemüth.

Es kann von dieſen beſonderen Gegenſtänden auf alle Weiſe nur daſſelbe gelten, was von der Bedeutung des geſammten Naturlebens geſagt wurde, nämlich: daß auch ſie wirken werden nach dem Sinne des Lebens, welches in ihnen ſich offenbart; das Unorganiſirte als erkältend, das ſich Bildende als erregend, das Vollendete als beruhigend. Nehmen wir denn z. B. die nackten Felsmaſſen des Erdkerns in ihrer rauhen Geſtaltung, dem höhern organiſchen Leben nach nirgend Nahrung und Sicherung darbietend, ſo fühlen wir uns dabei ſonderbar zurückgeſtoßen, erkältet. Verwittert der Fels, bilden ſich auf ihm, unter Einwirkung von Luft und Waſſer, Licht und Wärme die erſten Spuren der Vegetation in Erzeugung von Flechten und Mooſen, ſo erzeigt ſich, bei Erwägung neu hervorgehender Bildung, das Gefühl ſchon milder und erwärmter. Daſſelbe gilt im Verhältniß von nacktem Sand und fruchtbarer Erde. Der Himmel hinwiederum in voller Klarheit, als Inbegriff von Luft und Licht, iſt das eigentliche Bild der Unendlichkeit; und wie ſchon bemerkt wurde, daß das Gefühl in der Richtung auf das Unendliche ſeinem Weſen nach begründet ſei, ſo deutet nun auch dieſes Abbild die Stimmung eines von ihm überwölbten landſchaftlichen Ganzen tief und mächtig an, ja, macht ſich zum unerläßlichſten und herrlichſten Theil der Landſchaft überhaupt. Wie daher durch Wolken, ja ſelbſt durch hochaufgethürmte andere Gegenſtände das Anſchauen dieſer Unendlichkeit mehr und mehr eingeengt und endlich gänzlich verhüllt wird, ſo regt dies auch im Gemüth mehr und mehr eine beklommene Stimmung an, wenn dagegen das Uebergehen dieſes Wolkenſchleiers in lichte Silberwölkchen, das Zertheilen deſſelben durch des aufgehenden Mondes oder der Sonne ruhige Klarheit die innere Trübheit verlöſcht und zum Gedanken des Sieges eines Unendlichen über ein Endliches uns erhebt. Endlich das Waſſer, als viertes Hauptelement des Naturlebens, inwiefern aus ihm alles Lebendige dieſer Erde ſich erſchließt, in ihm die Unendlichkeit des Himmels ſich widerſpiegelt (recht eigentlich der Himmel auf Erden zu nennen), zieht uns mit doppelten Banden an, und wie es lebensthätig erbrauſend und rauſchend das Gefühl erregt und belebt, erweckt uns ſein heiterer oder dunkler Spiegel das Gefühl unendlicher Sehnſucht. — Zwiſchen Waſſer, Erd' und Himmel ſodann erhebt ſich in anmuthiger Verſchiedenheit die Welt der Vegetation, und auch hier folgt das Gefühl den Lebenszuſtänden, dem Sinne dieſer Gegenſtände, ſo daß eine, allen Boden überſtrickende dichte Thalvegetation alsbald das Gefühl des üppigſten ſich erſchließenden Lebens erweckt, wenn dagegen in voller Umlaubung des erwachſenen Baumes die ruhige Betrachtung gern verweilt, und der vergilbte oder abgeſtorbene Baum den Sinn zu ſchwermüthiger Stimmung leitet. — Was nun aber belebte Geſchöpfe betrifft, ſo ſind dieſe zwar als ſolche der Landſchaft fremd und entbehrlich, jedoch wirken ſie, indem ſie die Bedeutung der übrigen Gegenſtände hervorheben, zur Verſtärkung der Wirkung dieſer letztern im hohen Grade mit. Das ſcheue, in Waldesnacht einheimiſche Reh wird den Eindruck einer dunkeln Baumgruppe ſchärfen, eine Reihe von Zugvögeln wird die Jahreszeit näher zur Anſchauung bringen, ein ſchwebender Raubvogel die Gebirgsnatur lebendiger darſtellen; ja, auch von menſchlichen Geſtalten gilt daſſelbe, und nur in dieſer Beziehung können ſie in der Landſchaft für zuläſſig erklärt werden. Der Jäger, im Morgennebel über Felſen klimmend, wird den Sinn der Landſchaft klarer andeuten; eine einſame, in Betrachtung der ſtillen Gegend verlorene Geſtalt wird den Beſchauer des Bildes anregen, ſich an deſſen Stelle zu denken; der Pilger wird die Idee der Ferne, ja das Nichtzuermeſſende der Erdfläche uns zurückrufen; immer aber wird die Landſchaft das belebte Geſchöpf beſtimmen, es wird aus ihr ſelbſt nothwendig hervorgehen und zu ihr gehören müſſen, ſo lange die Landſchaft Landſchaft bleiben will und ſoll.

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*) Ich nehme hier dieſes vieldeutige Wort in dem Sinne, welchen man auch durch Stimmung des Gefühls, Gemüthsſtimmung bezeichnet.

*) Das Betrachten einer Natur durch verſchieden gefärbte Gläſer gibt hierüber manche wichtige Belege.

Von Darſtellung der Idee der Schönheit in landſchaftlicher Natur.

Ehe über Art und Weiſe, nach welcher durch Ausſprechen des Gemüthslebens im Naturleben die Idee der Schönheit dargeſtellt werde, nähere Unterſuchungen zu wagen ſind, iſt es nothwendig, eine Frage zu berühren, deren Löſung, obwol von Manchen als unmöglich behauptet, doch am Ende näher liegen möchte als ſo manches Andere, nämlich: was iſt Schönheit? — Wenn wir aber zunächſt bedenken, warum wol die vielen Verſuche zu Beantwortung dieſer Frage faſt nur eben ſo viel Irrwege eröffneten, ſo ſcheint der Grund davon ganz einfach darin zu liegen, daß man die Idee der Schönheit, welche ihrem Weſen nach ein Unbeſchränktes iſt, nicht als ſolches aufzufaſſen bemüht war, ſondern fortwährend nur Beſchränkungen aufthürmte und den Geiſt in ein tönendes Wort bannen wollte, ohne ſich zum Hinſchauen auf das Ewige und Göttliche erheben zu können. Beinahe derſelbe Fall hat ſich gezeigt bei Beſtimmung des Begriffes vom Leben, allwo denn auch das Leben nur real, als ein Einzelnes, für ſich Beſtehendes, von den übrigen Naturweſen Verſchiedenes darzuſtellen verſucht wurde, nicht ahnend, daß es als Urquell aller Naturerſcheinungen aufgefaßt werden müſſe, ſollte nicht ſtatt der Juno die Wolke umarmt werden.

Meine Antwort auf jene Frage iſt daher: daß Schönheit nichts Anderes ſei als das, wodurch die Empfindung göttlichen Weſens in der Natur, d. i. in der Welt ſinnlicher Erſcheinungen, erregt wird, und zwar auf gleiche Weiſe, wie Wahrheit das Erkennen göttlichen Weſens, und Tugend das Leben göttlichen Weſens in derſelben zu nennen iſt; dahingegen die unmittelbare Hingebung der Natur an das abſolut Höchſte, welches ihr Urquell iſt, als Religion (Verbrüderung, Einigung) bezeichnet wird. — Schön kann daher nichts ſein als die gleichmäßige Durchdringung von Vernunft und Natur; denn da das Höchſte und Eine ſich nur unter den Formen der Natur und Vernunft offenbart, ſo wird, ſo bald Natur von Vernunft durchdrungen und geſtaltet erſcheint, auch die Idee göttlichen Weſens uns erſcheinen, das Ich wird mit dieſer ſich eröffnenden Unendlichkeit in Beziehung treten, und die Empfindung, das Gefühl (eben in der Richtung auf das Unendliche begründet, wovon oben) zeigt ſich angeſprochen als Schönheitsgefühl, in welchem dann die geſammte Seite des Menſchen ihren Grenzpunkt, ihr Ziel (äſthetiſche Befriedigung) erreicht. Das Schöne iſt ſonach der Dreiklang von Gott, Natur und Menſch, und das Schauen ſeines Weſens geht nur aus feſter, inniger Ueberzeugung, aus dem eigentlichen Bewußtſein (welches allem Wiſſen und Empfinden zum Grunde liegt) über ein abſolut Höchſtes hervor. Es iſt daher eben ſo beſtimmt zu behaupten, daß es ohne lebendige Beziehung des Menſchen auf Gott ebenſo wenig ein Schönheitsgefühl geben könne als Wahrheits- und Rechtsgefühl; und nur eben, weil jene Beziehung nie wahrhaft mangeln kann, lebt auch dieſe heilige Dreiheit in jedes Menſchen Bruſt, obwol bald mehr, bald minder verhüllt, ja umnachtet.

Gehen wir nun zum Bedenken der Erſcheinung des Schönen im Einzelnen fort, ſo ergibt ſich aus dem Vorigen zuvörderſt, daß nichts ſchön genannt werden könne, was außer der Natur, was nicht real, nicht ſinnlich vorhanden iſt, z. B. der Begriff eines mathematiſchen Punkts und jeder abſtracte Begriff; ja wer möchte das unerſchaffene, unendlich erhabene Urweſen an und für ſich ſchön nennen, da doch nur die Erſcheinung deſſelben ſo zu nennen, und die Schönheit nur in ihm inbegriffen iſt? — Schön könnte aber ferner auch im ſinnlich Erkennbaren nichts genannt werden, worin nicht das Weſen der Gottheit als ewige Vernunft und Geſetzmäßigkeit ſich ausſpricht. — Inwiefern nun aber in der Natur überhaupt nichts exiſtiren kann, außer in Folge göttlicher Geſetze, ſo iſt auch eigentlich die Natur in Beziehung auf das reine menſchliche Gemüth überhaupt und durchaus ſchön, und nur dem Blicke, welcher dem Menſchen vergönnt iſt, und welcher kaum ausreicht, in dem ihm zu allernächſt Liegenden das einwohnende Geſetz zu erkennen, kann ebendeshalb die Schönheit weniger allgemein, und vollkommene Schönheit bei mangelnder vollkommener Ueberſicht nirgends erſcheinen; welches im Ganzen derſelbe Fall iſt mit dem Guten (indem das Böſe in der Natur nur ſcheinbar vorhanden) und dem Wahren (indem ein eigentlicher Irrthum in der Natur undenkbar iſt). In welcher Erſcheinung folglich die Natur ungeſtört, rein, frei und kräftig genug waltet, um ihre Bedeutung im Kreiſe des großen Naturganzen wahrhaft zu erreichen, ungeſtört von äußern Einwirkungen, welche, obwol auch nur von Naturweſen ausgehend, doch einen dem innern Weſen jener Naturerſcheinung fremden Typus herbeiführen müßten, da empfindet auch der Menſch innig das Walten der ewigen Geſetzmäßigkeit, er erkennt Schönheit. Unſchön hingegen oder häßlich*) nennt er Erſcheinungen, welche ſo, wie ſie ſich ihm als Individuen darbieten, ihre volle Entfaltung nicht erreicht, ihre Bedeutung nicht erfüllt haben, ja zu einem, ihrem Weſen ganz fremden Typus verleitet (widernatürlich geworden) ſind. — Will man durch Beiſpiele von der Wahrheit dieſer Sätze noch anſchaulicher überzeugt werden, ſo darf man nur die Form der verſchiedenartigen uns umgebenden Naturkörper vergleichen, und man wird ebenſo viele Belege dafür entdecken. Iſt es nämlich wohl etwas Anderes als der Ausdruck unvollkommener Entwickelung, des Gehemmtſeins im Aufſtreben nach einer höhern Bildung, wodurch uns jene Thierformen, welche die Zoonomie als Uebergangsbildungen nachgewieſen hat, z. B. der Muſchelthiere, der Gewürme, Spinnen, Klumpfiſche, Schollen, Kröten u. ſ. w. als häßlich erſcheinen? (eine Anſicht, welche ſich nur für den Forſcher, dem endlich auch hierin die Offenbarung hoher Geſetzmäßigkeit klar wird, mehr und mehr verliert.) — Iſt es etwa nicht blos dieſer Grund, welcher uns ſelbſt die Form menſchlicher Embryonen mit dicken Bäuchen und großen Köpfen als Ideal von Häßlichkeit darſtellt? — Die Sache ſcheint ſo klar, daß nur die unſelige Trennung geſunder Naturanſchauung und reiner Speculation, die wol gar als für immer unvereinbar erklärt wurden, es verſtehen lehrt, wie bei Erwägung des Grundes ſchöner Geſtaltung überhaupt die Bedeutung der Geſtalten als organiſche Weſen ſo völlig überſehen werden konnte. — Doch wir gehen weiter! — Iſt es nicht das Empfinden des Widernatürlichen, der Störung innerer Geſetzmäßigkeit durch äußere feindſelige Gewalt, welche uns eine jede Verunſtaltung eines Thier- oder Menſchenkörpers, Schiefheit der Glieder, unreine Verhältniſſe der Geſichtszüge u. ſ. w., welche uns einen verſchnittenen oder in unangemeſſene Formen beſchränkten Baum als unſchön, als häßlich darſtellt? — Iſt es nicht überhaupt die innere Geſetzmäßigkeit, welche den Grund der architektoniſchen Schönheit bildet? — Und endlich, warum wäre die Menſchengeſtalt unter allen uns erkennbaren, organiſchen Geſtaltungen die reinſte und ſchönſte, wenn es nicht der in ihr herrſchende Typus einer in ſich vollendeten Organiſation, welchen die Zoonomie nachweiſt, erklärte? — ja, warum wird ſelbſt unter den übrigen organiſchen Körpern demjenigen eine ſchöne Form zugeſprochen, in welchem die Natur irgend eine gewiſſe Entwickelungsſtufe erreicht hat, wäre es nicht eben dieſer Vollkommenheit willen? Daher erfreut uns der Bau des Adlers, des ſchlanken Roſſes, in deren Formen ſich der Begriff von Kraft und Schnelligkeit verkörpert zu haben ſcheint, daher finden wir den Bau des gewaltigen Löwen, des Stiers, wo die Natur eine gewiſſe Entwickelungsreihe abgeſchloſſen hat, ſchön und edel, daher erfreuen wir uns des herrlichen Blättergewölbes einer hundertjährigen Eiche, in welchem freie und mannichfaltigſte Entwickelung ſich ausſpricht; ja, es gilt denn endlich überhaupt alles dieſes nicht blos von körperlicher Schönheit, ſondern auch, was in Wort und Ton, ſowie im Darſtellen des Willens durch die Handlung, innere Geſetzmäßigkeit und Göttlichkeit durchleuchten läßt, wird im Gemüth als ſchön empfunden.

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*) [illegible]

Nach dieſen vorausgegangenen Betrachtungen wird es uns leicht fallen, auch die Frage: wie in landſchaftlicher Darſtellung die Idee der Schönheit erreicht werde, zu beantworten.

Wenn es nämlich zugegeben werden muß, daß die Natur als ſolche nothwendig und durchaus ſchön ſei, und daß ſie als ſchön um ſo mehr erkannt werde, je mehr ihre Innigkeit, die Göttlichkeit ihres Weſens ſich offenbart, ſo ergibt ſich von ſelbſt, daß die landſchaftliche Darſtellung *ſchon in ebendemſelben* der Idee der Schönheit entſprechen werde, wodurch ſie überhaupt die ihr eigenthümliche Kunſtaufgabe erfüllt, d. i. im Ausſprechen des Gemüthslebens durch Darſtellung eines Moments aus dem geſammten Naturleben der Erde; und daß daher, wo *dieſes* wirklich geleiſtet iſt, ſchon *eben dadurch* das Schöne dargeſtellt werde. — Das Verhältniß aber von landſchaftlicher Schönheit in der Natur ſelbſt, und in der Kunſt, wird eben hierdurch zugleich alſo beſtimmt: daß in der Natur das Gefühl wahrer und unmittelbarer Verkörperung göttlichen Weſens uns erhebt, da hingegen in der Kunſt ein Wahrnehmen der Göttlichkeit des Menſchengeiſtes, welcher ſeine Empfindungen durch ein Nachbilden oder vielmehr ein Nacherſchaffen göttlicher Naturformen ausſpricht, uns, obwol mit ſchwächern, doch zugleich mit engern Banden an ſich feſſelt. — *Die Naturſchönheit iſt göttlicher, die Kunſtſchönheit iſt menſchlicher*, und ſo wird es erklärlich, warum eben erſt durch die Kunſt der Sinn für die Natur wahrhaft aufgeſchloſſen wird. Es iſt, als wäre der unendliche Reichthum der Natur in einer Sprache geſchrieben, welche der Menſch erſt erlernen müßte, und welche er allein dadurch erlernen könnte, daß er mittelſt Eingebung eines höhern, oder durch den Vorgang eines verwandten Geiſtes einen Theil dieſer Worte in ſeine Mutterſprache überſetzt erhält; ja, es wird auf dieſe Weiſe die eigentliche Naturerkenntniß, die Naturwiſſenſchaft, durch die Kunſt vorbereitet und gefördert. — Jeder kann übrigens in ſeiner eigenen Entwickelung leicht verfolgen, wie er bei ſteigender Vertrautheit mit künſtleriſchen Zwecken, ſo lange nur die Kunſt, an welche er ſich anſchloß, eine wahre und folglich edle Richtung zeigte, ſtets mehr und mehr die Gewalt und Schönheit der Natur erkennen lernte, wovon in Bezug auf Landſchaftsnatur auch *Geßner* in ſeinem Briefe über Landſchaftsmalerei Bekenntniß abgelegt hat, und worüber, obwol allgemeiner, *Schiller* in den Künſtlern (vielleicht mehr als in ſeinen äſthetiſchen Aufſätzen) kräftig und herrlich ſich ausſpricht, wenn er ſagt:

> Eh' ihr (die Künſtler) das Gleichmaß in die Welt gebracht,
> Dem alle Weſen freudig dienen —
> Ein unermeßner Bau im ſchwarzen Flor der Nacht,
> Nächſt um ihn her, mit mattem Strahl beſchienen,
> Ein ſtreitendes Geſtaltenheer,
> Die ſeinen Sinn in Sklavenketten hielten,
> Und ungeſellig, rauh wie er,
> Mit tauſend Kräften auf ihn zielten,
> So ſtand die Schöpfung vor dem Wilden.
> Durch der Begierde blinde Feſſel nur
> An die Erſcheinungen gebunden,
> Entfloh ihm ungenoſſen, unempfunden
> Die ſchöne Seele der Natur.
> — — — Doch —
> Jetzt wand ſich vom Sinnenſchlafe
> Die freie, ſchöne Seele los,
> Durch euch entfeſſelt, ſprang der Sklave
> Der Sorge in der Freude Schooß.
> Jetzt fiel der Thierheit dumpfe Schranke
> Und Menſchheit trat auf die entwölkte Stirn,
> Und der erhab'ne Fremdling, der Gedanke,
> Sprang aus dem ſtaunenden Gehirn.

Martin Johannes Theodor Cunow

ward am 2. Aug. 1786 zu Gnadau, einer Herrenhuter-Colonie in der Grafſchaft Barby, geboren. Sein Vater war Prediger am obengenannten Orte. Nach zurückgelegtem ſechſten Jahre wurde C. dem Erziehungs-Inſtitut für Knaben in Niesky übergeben, im vierzehnten Jahre kam er auf das Pädagogium nach Barby, und als zwanzigjähriger Jüngling beſuchte er das theologiſche Seminar von Niesky. Bald nach vollendeten Studien verließ er die Gemeine und lebte als Hauslehrer in verſchiedenen Gegenden, bis er 1818 eine Lehrerſtelle an dem Gymnaſium zu Tilſit annahm, die er aber nach vier Jahren wieder aufgab, um ſich ganz den Studien und der Schriftſtellerei zu widmen. Seitdem hat er in Berlin, Breslau, Dresden und ſeit 9 Jahren in Görlitz gelebt.

Er ſchrieb:

Lehrbuch der Geometrie. Hamburg 1814.
Federſtiche. 1. Sendung. Berlin 1822. 2. Sendung. Ebend. 1824.
Satyriſches Lanzenrennen. Erſtes Turnier. Berlin 1826.
Taſchenbuch für Männer. Eine Schaltjahrsgabe. Berlin 1828.
Die Augsburgiſche Confeſſion und die Geſchichte ihrer Uebergabe. Dresden 1830.
Europa's Gefahr der Uebervölkerung und Verarmung. Leipzig 1830.
Der Staat. Von Dr. Th. Frey. Dresden 1831.
Die Kirche. Dresden 1831.
Preußen in ſeiner gegenwärtigen Stellung nach Innen u. nach Außen. Dresden 1831.
Die Juden, in Bezug auf das ihnen zu ertheilende oder vorzuenthaltende Bürgerrecht. Leipzig 1831.
Europa's Wiedergeburt. Worte der Zeit an die Einzelnen und die Geſammtheiten. Von Dr. Th. Frey. Dresden 1831.
Deutſchlands Einheit. Dresden 1831.
Der Jeſuiten-Advokat. Leipzig 1832.
Entwurf einer höchſt einfachen allgemeinen Steuererhebung. Dresden 1833.
Sachſens Anſchluß an den Preußiſchen Zollverband. Dresden 1833.
Die Emancipation der Wiſſenſchaften. Grimma 1834.
Preußen, den conſtitutionellen Staaten Deutſchlands gegenüber. Von einem Neu-Preußen. Breslau 1835.
Claſſiſches Denk- und Sprachbüchlein für alle Tage des Jahres. Breslau 1835.
Satyriſche Papier. Ein Jubelbuch. Grimma 1837.
Beſchreibung von Görlitz. Görlitz 1836.
Witterungsbüchlein. Görlitz 1838.
Zweite vermehrte Aufl. Gotha 1844.
Die Herrnhuter in ihrem Leben u. Wirken dargeſtellt von einem ehemaligen Mitgliede. Weimar 1839.
Goldbüchlein. In 1300 Artikeln. Gotha 1839.
Handbüchlein der Sympathie. Stuttgart 1840.
Außerdem hat C. viele Arbeiten geliefert in die verſchiedenſten Journale.

Ein eben ſo fleißiger als talentvoller Schriftſteller, der namentlich in ſeinen ſatyriſchen Verſuchen treffenden Witz mit einer ſehr geſunden Lebensanſicht verbindet und daher nicht allein die Lacher, ſondern auch das Recht auf ſeiner Seite hat.

Karl von Decker

ward 1784 zu Berlin geboren. Sohn eines preußiſchen Generals, widmete er ſich 1797 der militairiſchen Laufbahn, war 1800 Second-Lieutenant bei der reitenden Artillerie und machte 1807 den Feldzug in Oſtpreußen mit, wo er ſich in der Schlacht bei Eylau auszeichnete und den Orden pour le mérite erhielt. Er nahm ſeinen Abſchied und folgte dem Corps des Herzogs von Braunſchweig 1809 nach England. Hier ward er als Rittmeiſter angeſtellt, kehrte 1813 nach Deutſchland zurück und trat als Hauptmann bei dem Generalſtabe wieder in vaterländiſche Dienſte. Er focht in den Schlachten bei Dresden, Culm, Leipzig, in den Gefechten 1814 in Frankreich, bei Ligny und Belle Alliance, und erhielt den Wladimirorden vierter Claſſe und das eiſerne Kreuz. Er wurde 1816, noch immer im Generalſtabe, Dirigent einer Vermeſſungsabtheilung bei dem topographiſchen Bureau, 1817 Major bei dem großen Generalſtabe in Berlin, 1818 Lehrer an der allgemeinen Kriegsſchule, ſowie an der Artillerie- und Ingenieurſchule in Berlin, legte aber letztere Stelle 1820 wieder nieder. Eine von D. verfaßte Recenſion verwickelte ihn in einen Streit mit dem Hauptmann von Bonhoff; ein Piſtolenduell war die Folge, und D. tödtete ſeinen Gegner. In Folge der hierdurch verwirkten Strafe erlitt er Feſtungsarreſt zu Spandau. 1828 verließ er den Generalſtab und ward bei der Artillerie angeſtellt, wo er den Befehl über die achte, ſpäter über die erſte Artilleriebrigade erhielt. — Als belletriſtiſcher Schriftſteller iſt er unter dem Namen Adalbert vom Thale bekannt. Er ſtarb 1844.

Von ihm erſchien:

„Das militairiſche Aufnehmen“ (Berlin 1816).
„Artillerie für alle Waffen“ (3 Bde. Berlin 1817).
„Theorie des Reflectors“ (Berlin 1817).
„Freie Handzeichnungen“ (Berlin 1818).
„Gefechtslehre der Cavalerie und reitenden Artillerie“ (Berlin 1819).
„Leſebuch für Unterofficiere und Soldaten“ (Berlin 1820; dritte Aufl. 1821).
„Geſchichte des Geſchützweſens“ (Berlin 1820; zweite Aufl. 1822).
„Geburtstagsſpiele und andere kleine dramatiſche Dichtungen“ (2 Bde. Berlin 1821—23).
„Bonaparte's Feldzug in Italien“ (Berlin 1823).
D. lieferte zahlreiche Aufſätze in den „Geſellſchafter“, die „Abendzeitung“ u. ſ. w.

Als kriegswiſſenſchaftlicher Schriftſteller von Bedeutung, war D. als belletriſtiſcher dagegen nur ein leichtes gefälliges Talent, dem es jedoch nicht an Freunden und Leſern fehlte.

Franz Dingelſtedt

ward im Jahre 1814 zu Halsdorf in Oberheſſen geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, ſtudirte dann in Marburg Philologie und wurde, nachdem er eine Zeitlang an einer Erziehungsanſtalt gewirkt hatte, Lehrer am Gymnaſium in Caſſel. In Folge einiger Gedichte, welche höheren Perſonen mißfällig waren, traf ihn eine Verſetzung an das Gymnaſium in Fulda. Dieſes Amt gab er aber 1841 freiwillig auf und machte jetzt größere Reiſen. Im Jahre 1843 ernannte ihn der König von Würtemberg zu ſeinem Bibliothekar und Vorleſer und ertheilte ihm ſpäter, mit feſter Anſtellung, Titel und Charakter eines Hofrathes. D. ließ ſich nun ganz in Stuttgart nieder und vermählte ſich mit der berühmten Sängerin Jenny Lutzer aus Wien.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Caſſel und Leipzig 1838.
Lieder eines kosmopolitiſchen Nachtwächters. Hamburg 1840. N. A. 1842.
Gedichte. Stuttgart 1845.
Licht und Schatten der Liebe. Novellen. Caſſel 1838.
Frauenſpiegel. Nürnberg 1838.
Die neuen Argonauten. Kom. Roman. Fulda 1839.
Unter der Erde. Roman. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1840.
Heptameron. Geſammelte Erzählungen. 2 Bde. Magdeburg 1841.
Wanderbuch. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1839—41.
Sieben friedliche Erzählungen. 2 Bde. Stuttgart 1844.
Gedichte, Erzählungen, Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Sammelwerken u. ſ. w.

Geiſt, Gewandtheit und Feinheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, Witz, Scharfſinn, lebendige Auffaſſung, tiefes und zartes Gefühl, glückliche Erfindung und lebensvolle Darſtellung finden ſich in ſeltenem Maaße bei D. und haben ihm einen großen Kreis von Leſern erworben; [illegible] perſönliche [illegible] und [illegible] Verhältniſſe [illegible] ſeines unruhigen, bewegten Lebens hinderten ihn, ſeinen Arbeiten jene künſtleriſche Vollendung zu geben, die den Meiſter beurkundet, ſoviel des Gelungenen und wirklich Geiſtreichen ſich auch darin findet. Daß er jetzt, wo ihm größere Ruhe und ſorgenfreie Muße zu Theil geworden, ernſtlich nach dieſer Meiſterſchaft ſtrebe, das hat er bereits bewieſen und es läßt ſich mit Gewißheit immer Bedeutenderes von ihm erwarten, da ſeine höchſt glücklichen Anlagen auf der Baſis vielſeitigen, gründlichen Wiſſens ruhen. Seine Feinde und Neider haben ihm vorgeworfen, ſich ſelbſt und ſeinen Grundſätzen untreu geworden zu ſein; ſie thaten ihm Unrecht, D. hat nie aufgehört, dem wirklich Guten und Wahren zu huldigen, wie er ſtets das Falſche und Schlechte verſpottete und verfolgte.

Vigilien.

1.

O Dämmerung, du verhüllte, du verklärte,
Du milder Träume freundlicher Gefährte,
Was nahſt du wieder auf den leiſen Füßen,
Um muttermild mein einſam Herz zu grüßen!

Du winkſt, in deinen Schooß mich zu verſtecken,
Dein Mantel will, wie einſt, mein Auge decken,
Als meine Seufzer alle, die geheimen,
[illegible] du gelauſcht in Thränen auf und Reimen.

Vorüber zieh, Du ſüße Zwielichtſtunde,
Zu glücklicheren Menſchen in der Runde,
Wo nur zwei Liebende im Arm ſich halten,
Um ſie laß weben deines Zaubers Falten!

Mir frommt er nicht. Du kannſt nicht Todte wecken,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Wohl liebt' ich dich, als mit verſchwieg'nen Mienen
Du in's Gemach der Träumenden erſchienen,
Als du ihr Bild und meines im Vereine
Umwebt mit einem ſüßen Heil'genſcheine!

Und immerdar, wann deine Sternenhelle
Mich ſonſt beſucht auf enger Dichterzelle,
Hieß ich, ein Kind in Leid und Freud' beklommen,
Du trauteſte der Stunden, dich willkommen.

Jetzt aber fühl' ich nach der Nacht, der langen
Troſtloſen Winternacht ein feindlich Bangen,
In ihre Schatten drängt es mich zu ſtürzen,
Um ein verhaßtes Leben bald zu kürzen.

Denn Nachts entweichen ſie, die Alltagsmühen,
Die ſtündlich, gleich begeifernden Harpyen,
Auf meine Seele gierig niederſinken
Und meines beſten Blutes voll ſich trinken.

Dann ſtockt das Rad. Ich zähle an den Schlägen
Des Herzens nicht die Stunden mehr, die tragen;
Ich weiß nicht, daß ich bin, weil ich am Tage
Bewußtlos mich mit dem Bewußten plage.

So komm, o Nacht, zieh ein des Mondes Hörner,
Hoch über mich geuß deine Schlummerkörner,
Sei ganze Nacht, und zeig' in deiner Wildniß
Mir nur ein einziges, — des Todes — Bildniß!

2.

Ein Büchlein, blau und golden eingebunden,
An deſſen Stirn geſchrieben ſtand: Gedichte,
Kam jüngſt in muſikaliſchen Abendſtunden
Von ohngefähr mir wieder zu Geſichte.

Ein ſüßes Duften ging von ſeinen Blättern,
Verwelkte Blumen lagen drin als Zeichen,
Wie alte Freunde grüßten mich die Lettern
Und ſtrebten klimmend mir an's Herz zu reichen.

So, wenn der Vater Abends heimgekommen
Von heißer Jagd, von einer weiten Reiſe,
Wird er von ſeinen Kindlein aufgenommen,
Wie ich in meiner Lieder trautem Kreiſe.

Ich aber kannte kaum die Meinen wieder,
So hatte ſie die Zeit mir umgeſtaltet,
Beſchnitten waren meine kühnſten Lieder
Und über Nacht die friſcheſten veraltet.

Und als ich drum, bekümmert und erſchrocken,
Die Zitternden um ihr Geſchick befraget,
Da huben ſie, wie bange Trauerglocken,
Die Stimmen auf, und haben mir geklaget:

Ein Rieſe, da du auswärts, iſt gekommen,
Uns auszurenken uns're [illegible] Glieder;
Ein jegliches hat er bei'm Schopf genommen
Und hat's geworfen auf die Erde nieder.

Du biſt zu laut, und du zu unbeſcheiden
Und du zu [illegible], und du zu [illegible],
So ſprach er und begann an uns zu ſchneiden
Mit ſeiner Schere, ach! ſo blank und [illegible].

Und [illegible] ſchmerzten, die [illegible],
[illegible] unter Flüch'n und Jammern,
Und [illegible], in [illegible]
Und [illegible] Glückesklammern.

Und lauter [illegible] ſie, die [illegible],
Die Lieder, die ich [illegible] zum Feuer:
Ihr habt für mich, [illegible] geſchaltet,
Und [illegible] und Feuer!

3.

Die Glocken tönen hier zu jeder Stunde,
Des Morgens Hähne und des Abends Käuze;
Die Betenden und Frommen in der Runde
Berufen ſie zum Altar und zum Kreuze.

Von fern und nah ſeh' ich die Gläub'gen wallen,
Sich brünſtig neigend an des Tempels Schwelle,
Und ihre Hymnen hör' ich wiederhallen,
Und matt erglänzt der ew'gen Lampe Helle.

Beneidenswerth, wer ein zerriß'nes Herze
Mit ſeinem Gott im Beten wieder einigt,
Wer Troſt und Licht ſucht bei geweihter Kerze,
Und weſſen Schuld ein Tropfen Waſſer reinigt!

Mich laden keine Glocken, mir ertönet
Nicht jener Orgel feierliches Brauſen,
Und wenn die Menſchheit drinnen ſich verſöhnet,
Steh' ich allein und ausgeſtoßen draußen.

Mein Tempel iſt nicht der, den ſie betreten,
Mein Glaube nicht, in dem ſie niederknieen;
Will ich für mich, auf eig'ne Weiſe beten,
So muß ich heim in meine Seele fliehen.

Dort nimmt mich auf ein Tempel, ein zerſtörter,
Deß nackte Trümmer weit umhergeſtreuet,
Und wer vorübergeht, vergebens hört er,
Ob er an Sabbaths-Glockenklang ſich freuet.

Die Glocken ſind — einſt ſangen ſie, — geſprungen,
Die Bilder ſind — einſt ragten ſie — gefallen,
Und giftig Kraut hält wie ein Netz umſchlungen
Die ſtumpfen Pfeiler, die geborſt'nen Hallen.

Und dort ein Beter, einer ohne Glauben,
Ein Waller ohne Hoffnung ſink' ich nieder,
Und was ich zu dem Himmel, zu dem tauben,
Hinaufgeſtöhnt, giebt mir die Erde wieder:

Nimm ab mein Kreuz, ich kann's nicht länger tragen,
Ein Leben bar der Wahrheit wie der Dichtung.
Ich fleh' um eins; du darfſt es nicht verſagen,
Wenn du der Herr biſt. Gieb dem Knecht Vernichtung!

4.

Und wieder haſt du einen Tag verloren,
Den einmal nur die karge Zeit dir lieh.
Ein Thor biſt Du gewandelt mit den Thoren,
So faul, ſo voll, ſo abgeſchmackt, wie ſie.
Geſchwatzt, gegähnt, gegeſſen und getrunken, —
Verdammtes Einerlei, von Reu' vergällt:
Was bin ich Beſſ'res, als der matte Funken,
Der ziellos juſt von jenem Sterne fällt!

Raſch noch ein Lied! Und ſei es gleich der Stimme
Des Nachtwinds, um ein ausgeſtorb'nes Haus;
Wie mir's gegeben wird in meinem Grimme,
So, kalt und unbewußt, ſtoß' ich's hinaus.
Geh du, wie ich, und bettle vor den Thüren
Um Liebe, bis dir wer ein Obdach beut.
Wer was gewinnen will, der muß ſich rühren,
Hinaus, verhaßte Spätgeburt von heut'!

Verwaiſtes Kind, ſchon kommſt du [illegible] wieder
Und ſchmiegſt dich zitternd an die Arme mir?
Ich glaub' es, armes Ding! Die alten Lieder,
O denen ward ein beſſ'res Loos als dir.
Ich weiß es wohl, warum ſie alle [illegible]
Und wo willkommen [illegible] war,
Wie [illegible], wenn ſie das [illegible],
Wie [illegible] Augenpaar!

Das iſt vorbei. Dort darfſt du nimmer [illegible],
Sie weiß [illegible], die einſt Heimat war;
Das [illegible] Siegel wird nicht aufgebrochen,
Sie kennt die Hand und [illegible]
Und [illegible] ich [illegible].

Als kämſt du aus verpeſtetem Revier.
Sie wurde bleich mit Schaudern zu dir ſprechen:
„Verfluchter! hebe dich hinweg von mir!“

Nein, rings ſo weit die Nacht die Flügel breitet,
Iſt keine Stelle, keine, die dir winkt;
Du biſt ein Reis, das auf den Wellen gleitet,
Ein Blatt, das welk im Sturme niederſinkt.
Auf deiner Stirne glüht des Fluches Stempel,
Und Furien riſſen ihre Fackeln d'rauf, —
Du taugſt nur mir — Wer hing' in ſeinem Tempel
Gern eine fremde Dornenkrone auf?

Bleib' denn bei mir, ein Zeug' in meinem Jammer,
Ein Hiobsſohn ſei deinem Vater treu,
Geleite ihn in ſeine öde Kammer,
Ruh' mit ihm aus, erwach' am Morgen neu!
Verloren, wie der Tag, der dich geboren,
Wer weiß, was über Nacht dein Schickſal iſt,
Und ob du nicht, zum Schlafgeſell beſchworen,
Mein letztes Kind, mein Leichenwächter biſt?!

3.

Den Tag verwünſch' ich und die ſchwarze Stunde,
Da mir das erſte Lied am Herzen keimte,
Da ich entzückt mit jungfräulichem Munde
Zum früh'ſten Male Lieb' auf Triebe reimte.

O gift'ger Rauſch, der in dem Knabenherzen
Zu jener Stunde überquellend ſchäumte,
Weil auf der Leiter ſeiner Weh'n und Schmerzen
Es einen Himmel zu erklimmen träumte!

Du biſt verraucht, wach bin ich und ernüchtert,
Vom Auge fällt die langgetrag'ne Binde,
Die Wahrheit hat die Dichtung eingeſchüchtert
Und ſtrahlt ſo beißend, daß ich ſchier erblinde.

Was dient ihr einem undankbaren Gotte,
Ihr Alle, die ihr euch Poeten ſcheltet!
Ihr wißt ja lang', daß er, der Welt zum Spotte,
Mit einer Dornenkrone euch vergeltet!

Ihr ſchleicht umher, in ew'gem Traum befangen,
Weil um euch Alles wach iſt und genießet,
Gelockt von Früchten, die zu hoch euch hangen,
Von einem Quell getäuſcht, der euch nicht fließet;

Und wenn die And'ren, — köſtliche Geſellen! —
Des blauen Montags ſich entflammen freuen,
So ſucht ihr draußen dunkle Waldesſtellen
Und ſcheut die Menſchen, gleich wie ſie euch ſcheuen.

O flieht nur, den Stachel tief im Buſen,
[illegible] den großen Haufen,
In jedem Spiegel ſeht ihr die [illegible]
Und werdet [illegible], nur nicht euch entlaufen.

Ein [illegible] tragt ihr, ein [illegible],
Die [illegible] von eurem [illegible];
[illegible]
Durch Schweiß und Blut an dem [illegible] Tiſche.

Drum, edles Dichterwild! aus allen Ställen,
[illegible] von deiner [illegible] Roſen,
[illegible], das Kind von dir [illegible], —
Dein letztes Lied, das iſt dein letzter Segen!

Gutenbergs Tod.

1.

Hochzeit! — Ein luſtiges Wort, ein luſtiges Ding! Ihr könnt euch aber [illegible] im Traum kaum noch ein Bild machen von dem, was eine „Hochzeit“ in den guten alten Zeiten war, [illegible] den Schatten, den [illegible] Bräutigam [illegible]. [illegible] der Bräutigam, wie der Prediger, wie die Gäſte; ein weites, verziertes, neumodiſches Zimmer, ein profaner Tiſch, auf dem eben die Agende und zehn Minuten ſpäter die Suppenſchüſſel ſteht, ein feines Mahl mit tauſend wälſchen Ceremonien und Complimentirungen — geht mir doch mit euren Hochzeiten!

Da hättet ihr zur rechten Stunde kommen müſſen in das Haus zum Humbrecht, belegen in der edlen, freien Stadt Mainz, lange zuvor, ehe ſie Bundesfeſte wurde, und zwar in jener Gaſſe derſelben, welche heuer die Schuſtergaſſe heißt, damals die Quintinsgaſſe hieß, damals — nämlich im Jahr eintauſend vierhundert ſechzig und zwei. War das nicht eine Hochzeit im ächten Sinne, eine hohe, herrliche Zeit! Eben als es Mittag läutete, kam der lange, ſchmucke Zug aus der Kirche St. Quintin heraus und ſchritt um die Ecke der Schuſtergaſſe, um in das Haus zum Humbrecht zu gelangen. Seinen Weg belagerte jubelndes Volk, und Bürger und Bürgerinnen ſchauten neugierig aus den kleinen Fenſterlein heraus, und Straßenbuben liefen hinterdrein, den Bräutigam zu hänſeln, wie es der gute alte Brauch will, einer der wenigen, welche geblieben ſind, und der jetzt nur ſpäter — nach der Hochzeit — und nicht mehr von Jungen ausgeübt wird.

Die Sonne ſchien hell und heiß in das Haus zum Humbrecht hinein; denn man ſchrieb den vierzehnten Auguſt des gedachten Jahres, als in demſelben Chriſtina Fuſt, die ehrſame Tochter des Druckers Johannes Fuſt, den Genoſſen des Vaters, Peter Schöffer aus Gernsheim, freiete. Darum ſtand das Druckhaus an jenem Tage auch offen von allen Seiten und die ſchwarzen, geheimnißvollen Preſſen waren mit Blumen bekränzt, die Schrauben, Ballen, Stöcke ächzten nicht unter den ruſtigen Armen der Geſellen, das Papier und das edle Pergament lag feiernd in den Winkeln umher. Alle waren mitgezogen in St. Quintin, um der Trauung beizuwohnen, zahlreiche Geſellen, ſauber angethan, gepaart um ihren Aelteſten, der die Fahne des Gewerkes mit dem kaiſerlichen Adler trug. Selbſt der erſte Bürgermeiſter der Stadt, Jakob Fuſt, des Schwähers Bruder, ein Goldſchmidt, und über die Maßen reich, war in Perſon erſchienen, um die Hochzeit ſeiner Nichte zu verherrlichen. Wer mochte es da dem Brautvater verdenken, daß er am Arm ſeines mächtigen Herrn Bruders ſtolz vor dem Paare einherſchritt und nur zu Zeiten leutſelig herübernickte und hinüber, wenn ihm aus dem Fenſter eine helle Stimme zurief: „Viel Glück, Meiſter Fuſt!“ oder: „Heil und Segen dem Druckhauſe!“

Das Brautpaar — der Wahrheit die Ehre! hätte jünger ſein können, ohne darum zu Kindern zu werden, und wenn ihm, dem Peter Schöffer von Gernsheim, allerlei zum Adonis oder zum Apoll abging, ſo glich ſie, die Braut, dagegen auch nur in Einem Stücke der Mediceerin, aber fragt mich nicht in welchem. — Wundern darf euch das juſt nicht. Wenn Peter Schöffer ſchon im Jahre 1449 an der Akademie zu Paris als Kalligraph berühmt war, ſo mußte, als er ſich endlich durch ſeine Verdienſte um Meiſter Fuſt und deſſen Kunſt zu ſeinem Eidam aufgeſchwungen hatte, die Blüthe der Jugend und männlichen Liebenswürdigkeit wohl ſchon lange von ihm abgewelkt ſein. Chriſtina mochte ſich an die geiſtigen Vorzüge des Auserwählten halten, vielleicht aus mehr als einem Grunde; hatte ſie ſich doch erſt dann bereit erklärt, dem fremden Manne, der heimathlos und als Geſell des Vaters Haus betreten, ihre Hand zu reichen, als er ein Exemplar ſeines Prachtwerks, des herrlichen Pſalters von 1457, auf rothſammtenem Kiſſen ſeiner Dame zu Füßen legte. Die [illegible], welche ſelbſt die ſchönen, verzierten Initialen jenes Buches gezeichnet, die bunten Farben darin aufgetragen, die ſchwarzen Lettern [illegible] gegoſſen hatte, konnte Chriſtinen wohl [illegible] dünken, ſie hatte das Leben zu [illegible], wäre ſie ſelbſt von Druckerſchwärze etwas in's Graue gefärbt geweſen, wie [illegible] verwandelt hat.

Von jenem Jahre, von 1457 an, datirte die Verlobung des Paares. Der Vater aber, welcher ſeines Geſellen Kraft und Talent erſt ausbeuten zu müſſen meinte, hatte, als Bedingung des Vollzugs der Verbindung, die Vollendung der großen zweibändigen lateiniſchen Bibel feſtgeſetzt. Am heiligen Johannistage des Jahres 1462 wurde an das Werk die letzte Hand gelegt, indem Peter Schöffer die Schlußworte ſelber [illegible] und des [illegible] Wappen auf den letzten Bogen druckte und am vierzehnten Auguſt erfolgte endlich die Veröffentlichung der Bibel ſammt der Hochzeit. Johann Fuſt gab, wie er ſchalkhaft ſelber äußerte, zwei koſtbare Schätze auf einmal an dieſem Tage heraus, einen mit Schöffer, den andern an ihn.

Beide Schätze hatten ſich auf beider Ihren Ehrentag zum [illegible] putzen laſſen. Chriſtina prangte in einem Kleide von ſchwerem, rothem Sammet, [illegible] zu jener Zeit von den Bürgersweibern nur wenig noch getragen wurde, und das [illegible] das Kränzlein im Haare und die Schnur [illegible] Perlen, welche ihr der Ohm am Morgen geſendet, nicht übel. Die Bibel war ähnlich geſchmückt mit [illegible] Spangen dem Silber, und ſtand auf einem Tiſchlein zu aller Gäſte Ergötzlichkeit und Bewunderung aus.

Wie [illegible] es oben an der Tafel auch herging, wo Fuſt's Familie ſaß, den Bürgermeiſter an der Spitze und zu deſſen beiden Seiten das junge Paar, ſo [illegible] doch eine weit lautere und herzlichere Fröhlichkeit im Erdgeſchoß, wo für die Geſellen ein großer Tiſch bereitet war. Die patriarchaliſche Sitte, daß der Hausherr mit allen Seinigen aus einer Schüſſel ſpeiſte und daſſelbe Gebet für Alle vor der Suppe murmelte, dieſe Sitte war ſelbſt zu jener Zeit ſchon aus den reicheren Familien entwichen. Wo es ſich nun gar fügte, daß ein Großwürdenträger als Familienglied mit zu Tiſche ſaß, wie hier der erſte Bürgermeiſter des Jahres, da mußte eine Sichtung der Vornehmen und Geringen doppelt ſtreng gehandhabt werden. Würde, wißt ihr, hat Bürde; deshalb finden wir es begreiflich, daß der Bürgermeiſter, ſtatt in die Fröhlichkeit ſeiner Verwandten und Genoſſen mit einzuſtimmen, zuweilen recht ernſt und beſorglich drein ſah. Die Regierungsſorgen trübten ſeinen Blick und runzelten die hohe, glänzende Stirn.

Es lag eine bedenkliche Zeit über der guten Stadt Mainz. Zwei Krummſtäbe ſchlugen ſich um ihren Beſitz, und wie gut es auch unter dem einzelnen wohnen ſein mag, ſo trifft ſich's doch wohl, daß bei ſolchem Conflict zweier die harten Stöße immer auf den in der Mitte liegenden Kampfpreis fallen. Vor einem Jahre ſchon war der Erzbiſchof Diether von Iſenburg durch Papſt Pius ſeiner Würde entſetzt worden, weil er in ſeinem Schafſtalle die Gewalt des Oberhirten nicht gehörig reſpectirt hatte. Adolf von Naſſau, an ſeiner Stelle zum Erzbiſchof beſtellt, rüſtete ſich alles Ernſtes, um den Seſſel, von welchem jener gutwillig nicht herabſteigen zu wollen ſchien, ſich mit gewaffneter Hand zu erobern. Alle Rheinlande, die Pfalz, Baiern, Würtemberg, ſelbſt das entfernte Brandenburg ergriffen in dieſem Streite Partei für und w[illegible] und in der Stadt Mainz ſogar fanden ſich die Anhänger des noch regierenden Herrn und geheime Freunde der neuen Ordnung in ſchlecht verſteckter Feindſeligkeit gegenüber. Dazu regte ſich der vor vierzig Jahren mit Mühe beſchwichtigte Zwiſt der Bürger und der adeligen Geſchlechter von Neuem; Abkömmlinge von damals ausgewanderten Familien waren aus der Fremde heimgekehrt und trieben ſich als Malcontente in der Stadt umher, nur auf Gelegenheit lauernd, um die aufgegebenen oder verlorenen Gerechtſame im Kriegstrouble, im Bürgeraufſtand und allgemeiner Verwirrung wieder zu gewinnen.

Das Alles lag dem Bürgermeiſter von Mainz, Herrn Jakob Fuſt, ſchwer im Sinn und verließ ihn ſogar am Hochzeittage ſeiner Nichte nur auf Augenblicke. Sobald ein Jubelruf von den Geſellen drunten, oder ein Lied, das man den Neuvermählten vor der Thüre ſang, in den Saal heraufſtiege, richtete er ſich ängſtlich in dem ſchweren, eichenen Lehnſtuhl auf und winkte den verſtummenden Gäſten, ſtill zu ſein und aufzuhorchen, wie er. „Es iſt eine böſe Zeit,“ ſeufzte er, mit dem Kopfe ſchüttelnd, und ſein Bruder Johannes ſeufzte als getreues Echo und ſchüttelte mit. Der Bräutigam war guter Dinge; ihn kümmerte die Beſorgniß des Politikers wenig. „Sind wir nicht,“ ſagte er, „ſicher wie in Abrahams Schooß, hier in unſerer freien Stadt Mainz, unter dem Krummſtab unſeres gnädigen Erzbiſchofs, den Gott erhalten möge! Laß den Naſſauer nur werben und kabaliren, wir lachen ſeiner, ſo lange der Rhein und unſere guten Stadtmauern noch [illegible] und ſtehen. Und dann, blüht nicht unſere freie Kunſt mit jedem Jahre herrlicher empor, ſtehen nicht fünf [illegible] Preſſen drunten im Erdgeſchoß, rühren ſich nicht [illegible] fünfzig rüſtige Arme in unſerem Dienſte! Ja, Herr Ohm, und Ihr, werther Herr Vater, mit Eurem Bräutchen! Füllt mir die Becher, und thut Beſcheid, wenn ich ſage: Hoch lebe das edle Druckergewerk, dreimal hoch!“

Die Gäſte ſtimmten mit ein und noch klang der Zuruf in ihren Ohren, als wüſter Lärm von unten herauf ſcholl, [illegible] und [illegible] auf der ſteinernen Stiege. [illegible] erſchallte [illegible]. Der Hausherr wollte eben [illegible], nach den Fenſterläden zu laufen, als die Thüre ſich öffnete. Zwei Geſellen erſchienen auf der Schwelle, die einen Dritten, ein noch junges Bürſchchen, vor ſich hertrieben. „Meiſter,“ ſchrie der Altgeſell, „der Wälſchmann hier unterſteht ſich, Herr Fuſt zu trutzen, Euch, Eure Kunſt, Euer Gewerk in Eurem eigenen Hauſe zu verunglimpfen! —“ „Ja,“ ſagte der [illegible], „und wir leiden das nicht, [illegible] im Leben ſo wenig, [illegible] wieder anrathen, als ein [illegible].“

„Der Straßburger lügt,“ ſagte das Bürſchchen, das mit Mühe den [illegible] Anklägern [illegible]. „Ich habe [illegible] nicht geläſtert, noch [illegible] Kunſt. [illegible] mit [illegible] [illegible] Eurer [illegible] Jungfer Chriſtine, und hier, [illegible] trank das mit.“ — „Nur im Haus!“ rief Fuſt. „Straßburger. Du biſt der Aelteſte, Du redeſt zuerſt. Und den Pariſer laßt ihr alle zwei los und ledig!“

„Herr, wir ſaßen einmüthig unten beim Biere, wie Ihr und Eure werthe Geſellſchaft, mit Reſpekt zu vermelden, hier bei Eurem Weine ſaßt. Da wurde geſungen, gelacht, geklatſcht, geſchwatzt, und an Hader dachte keine Seele. Plötzlich — ich hatte ein unſchuldig Wörtlein geſagt, wie es bei einer deutſchen Hochzeit Brauch iſt und ſein muß — —“ „Was für ein Wörtlein, Straßburger? Du mußt Alles fein wahr und vollſtändig wiedergeben.“ — „Ich meinte,“ fuhr Jener ſtockend fort, „ich meinte —“ Mit franzöſiſcher Schnellzüngigkeit unterbrach ihn der Pariſer und erzählte den Witz, einen derben Spaß, wie er dazumal bei einer Hochzeit in deutſchen Landen wohl anging, den ich aber nicht wieder ſagen mag.

Ein ſchallendes Gelächter der Männer, in das ſelbſt der Altmeiſter, Johannes Fuſt, mit einſtimmte, folgte auf den Bericht des Pariſers; nur Peter Schöffer war zornig von ſeinem Stuhl aufgeſprungen, eine halbe Verlegenheit kaum verbergend, und Chriſtine, ſeine Angetraute, erröthete noch dunkler als der Sammet ihres Gewandes. — Der Straßburger bekam neuen Muth durch den glücklichen Erfolg ſeines feinen Scherzes und blickte mit gewiſſem Triumph auf den Pariſer hinab, der ſeinerſeits nicht wenig verwundert war, mit ſeiner Erzählung nicht mehr ausgerichtet zu haben. Ihn lohnte für ſeine Zartheit und ſein ritterliches Gefühl nur ein heißer, verſchämter Blick Chriſtinens, während der Altgeſell von Neuem anfing, gegen ihn zu plaidiren:

„Seht, Meiſter, über ſolch unſchuldige Kurzweil erhob der wälſche Fant ein großes Geſchrei, meinte, die Ehre Eures Hauſes und Eurer Jungfer Tochter ſei angetaſtet, wovor mich zu Gott in allen Gnaden bewahren möge, ſchlug auf den Tiſch und geberdete ſich nicht anders, wie ein Kalender. Als ihn der Frankfurter da mit einem brüderlichen Puff zu ſich ſelber gebracht hat und wir wieder hinter den Kannen ſitzen, fängt er von Neuem an. Wir tranken mitſammen auf die Ehre der Kunſt und auf tauſendjähriges Gedeihen, ſteht er mit einem Male auf, hüpft mit ſeinen dünnen franzöſiſchen Schenkeln mit einem Satze auf den Tiſch, daß die Kannen umſtürzen, und ſpricht, wir ſollen auch den nicht vergeſſen, der das Gewerk erſt erfunden und Euch zu Eurem ganzen Hausweſen, und zu unſerer Kunſt, der ganzen Welt zum Lichte verholfen hätte. Sperren wir Maul und Naſe auf, meinen — der Herr verzeih' uns die ſchwere Sünd'! — er wolle einen Spruch ausbringen auf die heilige Dreifaltigkeit; er aber ſchreit, als ob ihm das Herz im Leibe ſpringen müßte: Herr Gutenberg ſoll leben, Herr Johannes Gutenberg von Mainz! Worauf ihn der Frankfurter bei einem Fuß packte und ich beim andern, riſſen ihn vom Tiſch, ſchleppten ihn herauf, und da iſt er nun, der in Eurem Hauſe dem Gutenberg die höchſte Ehre hat erweiſen wollen.“

Der Straßburger ſchwieg. Die Geſellſchaft war, als er Gutenbergs Namen genannt hatte, in eine ſichtliche Verlegenheit gerathen; es ſchien, als ob aber die Geſichter einzelner Gäſte ein Strahl heimlicher Freude blitzte. Peter Schöffer ſchlug die Augen nieder und neſtelte verlegen an ſeiner Halskrauſe, während Meiſter Fuſt bald den Frankfurter, bald den Straßburger anblickte, nach Worten ſuchend, ohne dem lebendigen, funkenſprühenden Blicke des Pariſers begegnen zu wollen. — „Kinder,“ hob er nach einer für Alle gleich unbequemen Pauſe an, „ſeid Ihr nicht Thoren, Euch an Eurem Feſttage um ſolche Dinge zu kümmern! Laßt doch den Gutenberg Gutenberg ſein, wie wir auch, und genießt der Gottesgabe in Frieden!“

„Herr,“ unterbrach ihn keck und mit begeiſterter Wärme der junge Franzmann, „Herr, das thaten wir. Aber ich will ein freies Wort in Eurem Hauſe haben, ſo frei wie die Kunſt, welche ich hier ausübe. Und wenn jetzt Euer und des Herrn Peter Schöffer von Gernsheim gedenken, ſeiner Erfindungsgabe und ſeiner Fertigkeit im Schneiden, Malen und Drucken, [illegible], ſo ſoll man auch des Mannes nicht vergeſſen, durch den wir Alle wurden das, was wir ſind, und darum ſag' ich es nochmals, und wer von Euch Vornehmen nur ſein Herz auf dem rechten Flecke hat, der thut mir Beſcheid: Der Gutenberg von Mainz, der erſte Drucker in der Welt, ſoll leben!“ — Mit drei raſchen Schritten war der kecke Geſelle an die Tafel gekommen, hatte, ehe ihn Jemand zu hindern vermochte, einen Pokal ergriffen und ihn in einem Zuge hinuntergeſtürzt. Aber als er ihn klirrend wieder auf den Tiſch ſtellen wollte, rief ihn Meiſter Fuſt, [illegible] im ganzen Geſichte, zurück. „Bube,“ rief er mit erhobener Stimme, „was unterſtehſt Du Dich!“ — „Ich thue, was Ihr ſelbſt längſt hättet thun ſollen, wenn Ihr's noch nicht gethan habt,“ erwiderte unerſchrocken der Franzmann, [illegible] den Meiſter [illegible].

„Was, Du wagſt es? Angeſichts meiner eigenen Gäſte und meines Bruders, des Herrn Bürgermeiſters? [illegible] Ich will Dir zu Deinem Gutenberg [illegible], ob er Dir Arbeit geben kann in ſeiner [illegible] Werkſtatt, und mit ihm, mit deinem Helden auf die Landſtraße — hinaus, ſage ich!“ Er ſchleuderte dem Pariſer einige Geldſtücke zu und wies ihm, vor Wuth bebend, die Thüre. — „Mein Herr Fuſt,“ ſagte Jener, während er die Geldſtücke vom Boden zuſammenſuchte, „ich nehme nur meinen Wochenlohn, nichts Geſchenktes, wenn ich das Silber hier aufleſe. Zu dem Meiſter Gutenberg kann ich nicht gehen, das wißt Ihr ſo gut als ich. Seit er ſein Werkzeug an Euch hat ausliefern müſſen für ein paar hundert Gulden, die Ihr ihm geliehen, um damit zu wuchern, ſeit der Zeit hat er keine ordentliche Preſſe wieder zu Stande gebracht. Wie das ſo geht in der Welt, der Eine hat den Geiſt, der Andere das Geld!“

Ein Fauſtſchlag brannte auf der Wange des Franzoſen. Seines Ingrimms nicht mehr mächtig, hatte Johannes Fuſt nach ihm geſchlagen, und wären Schöffer und die beiden Geſellen nicht dazwiſchen geſprungen, würde er ſich über den Tollkühnen hingeworfen und eine ärgerliche Scene vor ſeinen Gäſten geſpielt haben. Es entſtand eine allgemeine Aufregung in dem Gemache; Chriſtine flüchtete ängſtlich in die Arme ihres Bräutigams, die Frauen ſchrieen, drohten, kicherten, ziſchelten unter ſich, die beiden Geſellen hielten den Franzoſen mit aller Mühe feſt und dieſer rief mit ſeiner hellen, unbezwinglichen Stimme in den verworrenen Lärm hinein: „Herr Fuſt, Ihr habt kein Recht mich zu ſchlagen! Ihr hattet es nicht, als ich in Euren Dienſten war, jetzt habt Ihr es noch viel weniger. Ich verlange meine Genugthuung von Euch.“ — „Werft den Schreier hinaus!“ gebot der Bürgermeiſter mit Würde und die Geſellen verſuchten es, wiewohl umſonſt, ihm zu gehorſamen. —

„Ich gehe von ſelbſt,“ kreiſchte der Pariſer, „ſobald die deutſchen Fäuſte mich loslaſſen, nicht eher. Ja, ich will zu Herrn Gutenberg gehen und ihm lieber die Schuhriemen auflöſen, wenn ich an ſeiner Preſſe nicht dienen kann, als länger in einem Hauſe bleiben, wo man ſein freies Wort gefangen geben muß. Du, Fuſt, und Du, Schöffer, was wär't ihr denn ohne ihn, den ihr übervortheilt habt und hinausgeſtoßen und um das Seine gebracht! O Fluch dieſer ungaſtlichen, dieſer verrätheriſchen Schwelle! und wehe Euch, die ihr unter dieſem Dache wohnt, daß die Brautfackel, welche heute drunter lodert, nicht über Nacht zum rothen Hahne wird, der ſeine Flügel über den Trümmern Eures unredlichen Reichthums zuſammenſchlägt.“

Bei dieſen leidenſchaftlichen Worten hatten die Geſellen den [illegible] bis zur Thüre gedrängt; ein Stoß und er flog hinaus, polterte die Stiege hinunter, den Frankfurter und den Straßburger mitreißend.

Schöffer warf die Thüre hinter den Friedensſtörern zu, führte ſeine Chriſtine ſorglich auf ihren Seſſel zurück, ſprach den beſchämten und erzürnten Vater zur Ruhe, und erreichte wenigſtens ſo viel, daß der Schein eines Feſtmahles bei den verſcheuchten und beunruhigten Gäſten allmählig wieder einigermaßen hergeſtellt ward.

2.

Wenn der Leſer nicht verwöhnt worden iſt durch die räumlichen, hellen Säle, in denen Herr Brockhaus zu Leipzig, oder Herr Hänel zu Berlin, oder andere Koryphäen der heutigen Typographie ihre imposanten Gäſte umherführen, wenn er bei dem Worte „Druckwerkſtatt“ nicht an Stanhope-, Schnell- und Dampfpreſſen denkt, nicht an rieſige Stereotypmaſchinen, nicht an [illegible] Keſſel, an Schiffe und Tenakel von polirtem Holz, an künſtlichen Schrauben, an ſcharfe Lettern, an zierliche Rahmen, dann [illegible] wird er vor dem äußern, niedern Gemach, in welches ich ihn eben einführe, nicht zurückſchaudern. Wir kommen aus einer lauen, herrlichen Mondnacht, auf den grünen Wellen des Rheins lagern breitglänzende Silberſtreifen, um die hohen Giebeldächer weht ein leiſer Duft und lange, ſcharfe Schatten ziehen ſich über die Gaſſen des alten Mainz.

Das Alles laſſen wir draußen. That es nicht eben ſo jener arme Mann, welcher, gebeugten Hauptes, Auge und Seele vertieft in ſein räthſelhaftes Werk, noch allein am Setztiſche ſtand? Wie manche ſtille Geſellen! vergangen, um in der warmen Nacht [illegible], ſich zu [illegible] im langen Kahne, in der Laube zu ſitzen, mit ihren Mädchen zu koſen an dem [illegible] Rheinſtrom. Und warum ſollte er ſelber, der einſame, nämliche Arbeiter, der Ruhe nicht, ſeinen [illegible] Augenliedern, ſeiner [illegible] Stirne, dem gebeugten Rücken ſo nöthig!

Eine einzige qualmende und [illegible] Lampe hing an dem Balken, welcher die niedere Decke des Gemaches in zwei gleiche Hälften theilt, gerade über dem Setztiſche, woran Johannes Gutenberg arbeitete. Denkt euch aber darum nicht ein modernes Setzpult der neueren Zeit, mit Setzſchiffen, Winkelhaken, Tenakel, Schiff, Columnenfaden und allem ähnlichen Zuthat! Es war vielmehr eine breite Tafel von ſchwerem Eichenholz; darauf ſtanden in einzelnen leinenen Säcken, der Folge nach, die Lettern; die Form, worin ſolche geſetzt werden ſollten, lag vor dem Arbeitenden, und auf einem grob geſchnitzten Pult lehnte der ſchwere Foliant, welcher als Manuſcript diente. Möge der Setzer, der gegenwärtige Zeilen eben zuſammenlieſt, all' ſein Murren gegen die unleſerliche Handſchrift des Verfaſſers bitter bereuen, indem er ſeine Aufgabe mit der ſeines großen Ahnherren demüthig vergleicht! Braucht er, wie dieſer, ſich auf das Manuſcript herniederzubeugen und dann wieder auf ſeine Tafel, in den Säcken zu ſuchen, die Letter behutſam neben ihren Vorgänger zu ſtellen, wieder nach dem Manuſcript zu blinzeln und die ganze obige Prozedur zu wiederholen, bis eine mühſelig geſetzte Columne an dem Faden aufgereiht werden kann? Muß er, wenn ſeine Nachläſſigkeit durch Druckerſünden heimgeſucht wird am Korrekturtiſche, den ganzen Faden wieder auflöſen und von vorne anfangen!

Unheimliches Gemach, in dem der Erſte aller Buchdrucker arbeitete, kleine Wiege eines Rieſenkindes, arme Hütte, wie abſtechend gegen die Paläſte, die des Erfinders Jünger ſich erbauten! Die Läden waren feſt verſchloſſen, um den blauen Lichtſtrömen des Mondes keinen Eingang zu verſtatten; Druckerſchwärze, Oel und Ruß hatten die gewöhnliche Atmoſphäre verpeſtet, eine unheimliche Stille waltete darin, nur unterbrochen durch das eintönige, leiſe Klappern der metallenen Buchſtaben gegen einander. O ich mag euch dieſes dunkle, rührende Bild nicht weiter ausmalen, das Bild des alten, ſchwachen Mannes mit dünnem Gelock um die hohen Schläfe, deſſen Finger nur zitternd dem ſpäten Werke zu dienen ſchienen, deſſen Knie einzubrechen drohten, dem es vor den Augen flimmerte, ſo oft er (es geſchah freilich ſelten genug) eine Seite in ſeinem Folianten umwenden und deswegen eine Sekunde raſten mußte! Denkt ihr euch Gutenberg lieber als euren Gutenberg, wie er heute in ehernem Schatten auf dem Domplatze zu Mainz ſteht — „ein ſchlichter, deutſcher Mann“ — aber nicht Ritter Thorwaldſens beſtes Kind.

Er wandte ſich um — Johann Gutenberg in ſeiner engen Werkſtatt — als hinter ſeinem Rücken die Thüre knarrte. „Dacht' ich's doch,“ ſagte Einer der Eintretenden halblaut zu dem Andern, „da ſteht er noch an der Arbeit.“ Sein Gefährte zuckte die Achſeln und beide traten, der Erſte mit ehrfurchtsvoll entblößtem Haupt, zu ihm heran. Er erwiderte freundlich ihren Abendgruß. „Beliebt's Euch, werther Doktor,“ ſprach er zu dem Zweiten, „mir noch eine Weile zuzuſchauen, ſo rückt Euch den Seſſel dort heran, und macht's Euch bequem, ſo gut's eben bei mir gehen will. — Beildeck,“ ſagte er hierauf zu dem Andern, „Du haſt doch beim Eintreten die Offizin wieder ſorgſam zugeſchloſſen?“ — „Das habe ich, lieber Herr,“ erwiderte Jener. „Allein, nun laßt auch ab von Eurem nächtlichen Thun. Es muß nah an Mitternacht ſein, und Ihr ſteht noch am Tiſche. Gedenkt Ihr denn gar nicht an Euch ſelber, und nicht an Freunde, die es wohl mit Euch meinen?“ — Der Alte ergriff mit einer rührenden Zärtlichkeit die eine Hand ſeines Dieners und drückte ſie an ſein Herz. Ein treues Herz, dieſes, und das einzige, welches unwandelbar für Gutenberg klopfte, von der Stunde an, da er zum erſten Male aus den Thoren ſeiner Vaterſtadt ritt, gen Straßburg hinauf, ein junger, ſtattlicher Mann, bis auf die heutige.

Der mit ihm gekommen, war der Doktor Humery, Syndikus der freien Stadt Mainz, ein wohlweiſer, auch in der Rechtswiſſenſchaft gar gelehrter Mann, von dem die Chroniken melden, er habe mit ſehenden Augen blind ſein können und ſchwarz weiß, weiß aber ſchwarz genannt, eine Kenntniß, die ſelbſt ſeinen ſämmtlichen Nachfolgern gänzlich abhanden gekommen iſt. Humery nannte ſich einen Gönner Gutenbergs; denn als dieſer im Jahre 1455 auf den Spruch des Mainzer Gerichts ſein ſämmtliches Werkzeug, ſelbſt das mit demſelben Geſchaffene an ſeinen ehemaligen Gläubiger, Herrn Johannes Fuſt, herausgeben mußte, als er von Straßburg, wohin er voll Kummer über ſeine undankbare Vaterſtadt geflohen war, unverrichteter Sache wieder gen Mainz kam und dort eine Stätte ſuchte, aber lange umſonſt, wo er der Welt nutzen könnte: da war es eben jener Syndikus, Doktor Humery, welcher ihm nicht nur ſiebenzig Gulden zur Herſtellung neuer Preſſen vorſchoß, ſondern ihm auch jenes eben beſchriebene Gemach in ſeinem eigenen Hauſe zur Werkſtatt überließ. Dafür, ſo lautete die Verſchreibung, ſollte Herr Johann Gutenberg das Geſchäft auf Humerys Vortheil und Nachtheil betreiben. „Seht,“ ſagte der [illegible] Syndikus, „Ihr ſeid ein alter Mann, ich will nicht, daß Ihr von Neuem zu Schaden kommt. Wohlan, [illegible] Ihr Euer Werk auf meine Rechnung, und was Ihr gewinnt, iſt mein, [illegible] Theil für Euch, und was Ihr verliert, iſt mein Verluſt. Aber [illegible]!“

Gutenberg hatte zu allem Ja geſagt, von ganzem — oder von gebrochenem! — Herzen. Er wollte ja nur ſeine Kunſt, ſeine allgeliebte, welcher er ein junges, ſtolzes, reiches Leben geopfert hatte, wieder anbauen können: mit den dunkeln Lettern, in denen eine magnetiſche Kraft für ihn lauerte, wollte er ſpielen, ſtatt mit Kindern, die ſeinem Alter verſagt waren. So ſchlug er denn in dem Hinterhauſe des Syndikus ſeinen Sitz auf, und nur das hatte er ſich ausbedungen, daß er an der letzten Preſſe arbeiten wollte, am weiteſten von den ſchmalen Fenſterlein entfernt, welche auf den Hof ſchauten, und daß, ſobald der Abend graute, die Blenden vor jenen Fenſtern flugs geſchloſſen ſein mußten. — Warum? Das ſag' ich Euch in wenig Worten. Seht, aus jenen Fenſtern des Hinterhauſes vom Doktor Humery blickte man auf ein anderes, altes, winkelig gebautes Haus. Und der Zufall hatte es juſt ſo gefügt, daß dieſes Haus Gutenbergs Vaterhaus war, ſeiner freiad'ligen Familie Stammhaus: „zum guten Berge," das er hatte veräußern laſſen müſſen, als er in der Fremde war und die Kunſt der Buchdruckerei erfand. Vielleicht, daß ſich die alten Augen des Mannes nicht daran gewöhnen konnten, vom Setztiſche aus den Erker zu ſehen, in dem der Knabe geſpielt hatte. Heutzutage hat die löbliche Mainzer Caſinogeſellſchaft ihr Zelt im Hofe Gutenberg aufgeſchlagen; wenigſtens beſagt eine Inſchrift im Hofe des Lokals, daß dies dieſelbe Stelle ſei, wo des „unſterblichen Mitbürgers" Haus geſtanden habe.

Der (ſterbliche) Zeitgenoſſe deſſelben, Doktor Humery, hatte aber kaum eine Minute über Johannes Schulter geſchielt, als er kopfſchüttelnd ſagte: „Mich dünkt, werther Meiſter, Euer Werk ſei ſeit einer Woche nur um ein Geringes gefördert worden!" Gutenberg antwortete nur mit einer tiefen Röthe, welche — dem Abendroth über ſtarre Eisberge möcht' ich ſie vergleichen, oder einem zornig aufſtrahlenden Nordlicht — auf den bleichen, magern Wangen entbrannte. Humery fuhr fort: „Zwei Eurer beſten Geſellen habt Ihr fortgeſchickt, weil Ihr, ſagtet Ihr, Euch nicht mit ihnen vertragen konntet." — „Und ſo war es, mein Herr Doktor! Sie druckten nach der neumodigen Art, ohne einen Faden durch jede Columne zu ziehen. Dabei aber kann nichts Geſcheutes heraus kommen." — „Ihr habt aber doch geſehen, daß die Bibel, die Fuſt und Schöffer dieſer Tage ausgegeben haben, ein prächtiges Werk geworden iſt und, wie Ihr ſelber eingeſtehet, Euer Katholikon, das letzte und das einzige große Buch, ſo von Eurer Preſſe gedruckt worden, bei Weitem übertrifft."

Gutenberg machte ſtillſchweigend ein Zeichen in ſeinem Folianten, ſchlug ihn zu, band die Letternſäcke zuſammen, ſchob ſie ſammt dem Schiff, worauf die geſetzte Columne noch ſtand, in die Lade des Tiſches, wuſch ſich die Hände und ging in der Stube auf und ab. — „Ihr habt ihn böſe gemacht," flüſterte Geilbeck mit einem grimmigen Geſichte dem Syndikus zu. „Nun ſehet zu, wie Ihr mit ihm fertig werdet!" Er ging hinaus und warf die Thüre klirrend hinter ſich in's Schloß.

Der Syndikus faßte Gutenberg begütigend am Arme. „Meiſter," ſprach er, „deutet mir's nicht übel, wenn ich Euch zu Zeiten ein Wort ſage, was wohl hart klingen mag, aber, weiß Gott, von Herzen kommt. Schaut doch, Ihr verliert ſo viele Zeit mit Grübeln und Denken, wie es wohl noch beſſer zu machen ſei, und während deſſen beuten raſchere Hände aus, was Euer Geiſt erſonnen. Der Peter Schöffer zum Exempel, hat er nicht ein hübſches Vermögen ſich zuſammengedruckt und eine reiche Frau obendrein! — Alsdann," ſo fuhr der Syndikus fort, als jener noch hartnäckig ſchwieg und mit großen Schritten in der Werkſtatt auf und niederging, „alsdann werdet Ihr mit den Jahren ſo übelnehmiſch und grillenhaftig, daß doch auch der Sanftmüthigſte mit Euch nicht mehr zurechtkommt. Denkt doch an die vielen Prozeſſe und Händel, ſo Euch Euer junges Leben getrübt haben. Und, da wir einmal d'ran ſind, uns das Herz gegen einander auszuſchütten, was habt Ihr nun davon, daß Ihr Eure Kunſt noch immer ſo geheim haltet, ſie bei verriegelten Thüren treibt, den Geſellen anbefehlt, nicht draußen umherzulungern und das Werk zu verrathen! Iſt's doch nicht mehr wie in den erſten Zeiten, da Ihr von Straßburg heimkamt und Eure erſten Donate drucktet. Damals mochtet Ihr ja wohl ein Hehl haben von dem, was Ihr erfunden; aber jetzo, da Fuſt und Schöffer eine große, offenkundige Werkſtatt im Humbrecht halten, ſammt vielen Geſellen aus aller Welt Gegenden, da ſelber in andern Städten der deutſchen Lande, in Bamberg, in Straßburg, in Frankfurt fremde Hände ernten, was Eure geſäet haben, der klugen Niederländer zu geſchweigen, ſo ſieht man doch wahr und wahrhaftig nicht ein, warum Ihr Euer Werk wie einen Stein der Weiſen verborgen halten wollt, dermalen ſolches Euch nicht, wohl aber Euren Feinden nutzen und frommen mag!" — Still ſchwieg der kluge Syndikus und erwartete, welchen Eindruck ſeine wohlgeſetzte Rede auf den ſtummen Zuhörer machen würde. Gutenberg hatte während derſelben ſeinen Mantel vom Haken genommen, ſein ſchwarzes Sammtbarett aufgeſtülpt, und ſprach nun, dem Stadtſchreiber feſt in's Auge ſehend: „Es iſt ein altes Wort, daß Thoren in einem Athem mehr fragen können, als Weiſe in einem Tage beantworten mögen." — Weiter ſagte er kein Wort, ſondern ging mit einem gleichgültigen Gruße an dem Stadtſchreiber vorüber, der Thüre zu; dort wandte er ſich noch einmal um. „Uebrigens," ſagte er, „wiederhole ich Euch nochmals, daß ich nicht Meiſter Gutenberg bin und heiße, mein gelehrter Doktor, ſondern Herr Gutenberg, eines freien, adeligen Stammes Sohn, wie Ihr ſelber am beſten wiſſen mögt." Damit ging er hinaus und ließ den Syndikus mitten im Zimmer ſtehen.

Mann, wie voll mochte Dein Herz ſein von Bitterkeit und Unmuth, als Du ſo die einſame Straße dahin ſchritteſt, in Deinen Mantel gehüllt, die Hände feſt über der arbeitenden Bruſt zuſammengedrückt! Du gedachteſt gewiß an alle Unbill, die Dir hier ſchon widerfahren war in Deiner Geburtsſtadt, und wie die, für welche Du gearbeitet hatteſt, ihren Fuß auf Deinen Nacken ſetzten, den freien, adeligen. Deine Sterne waren im Sinken!

Am Morgen hatte Johann Gutenberg ein prächtiges Exemplar der Bibel geſehen, welche Fuſt und Schöffer wenige Tage zuvor ausgegeben. Der Erfinder konnte es ſich, trotz allem perſönlichen Stolze, nicht verheimlichen, daß er von ſeinen Jüngern überflügelt worden war. Er gehörte zu jenen erleuchteten Geiſtern, die, zur Empfängniß der größten Ideen und der wichtigſten Erfindungen prädeſtinirt, eben wegen dieſes überwiegenden Sinnes für das Große unglücklich ſind in den Details künſtlicher Ausführung, noch mehr ungeſchickt in dem praktiſchen Ausbeuten des Gewonnenen, während Peter Schöffer, gebildet in Paris, abgerieben in kleinen und weiten Beziehungen des Lebens, vermöge ſeiner leichtauffaſſenden und gewandten Geſchicklichkeit einen gegebenen Gedanken vortrefflich zu verfolgen verſtand, und ſein Schwiegervater Fuſt zum merkantiliſchen Betrieb eines neuen Geſchäftes vor Vielen tauglich war. Ihnen Beiden mußte es leicht werden, nicht nur den gealterten Erfinder, als ſie ſeiner entrathen konnten, aus dem Geſellſchaftsverbande, darin ſie früher mit einander geſtanden, zu vertreiben, ſondern auch für ſich das Geſchäft auf ungleich zweckmäßigere und ergiebigere Art, eben nur als ſolches, zu betreiben.

Gutenberg erkannte das. Als er im Jahre 1460 ſein Katholikon vollendet vor ſich liegen ſah, und die magern, übel geformten Typen im Geiſte zuſammenhielt mit den prunkenden Lettern im Pſalter von Fuſt und Schöffer, übermannte ihn ein ſo wehmüthiges Bewußtſein ſeiner eigenen Werthloſigkeit, daß er ſeit der Zeit nicht, wie Jene, unter jedes zu Stande gebrachte Werk prahlend ſeinen Namen ſetzte, ſondern nur in einer beſcheidenen Nachſchrift ausſagte, es ſei dieſes Buch „unter dem Beiſtande des Allerhöchſten, auf deſſen Wink die Zungen der Kinder beredt werden, und der oft den Kleinen offenbart, was er den Weiſen verbirgt, gedruckt worden," und zwar fügte er hinzu, „in der guten, der ruhmreichen deutſchen Nation angehörigen Stadt Mainz, welche die Güte Gottes mit ſo hehrem Geiſteslichte und freiem Gnadengeſchenke den anderen Völkern der Erde vorauszuziehen und zu verherrlichen geruht hat." — Rührende, kindliche Pietät eines Sohnes gegen die Stiefmutter! Um wie viel größer und — deutſcher, als der römiſche Starrſinn, der im Sterben noch, nicht einmal die Gebeine dem undankbaren Vaterlande gönnt!

Wenn aber der Syndikus Gutenberg den Vorwurf machte, er halte ſein Werk über Gebühr und unnöthiger Weiſe geheim, ſo hatte es auch damit in ſo weit ſeine Richtigkeit, als er daſſelbe nicht bloß handwerksmäßig betrieben wiſſen wollte. „Soll ich," ſagte er, „nur eine neue Gilde geſchaffen haben in der Mitte der andern, und mein altadeliges Wappenſchild neben die Zeichen der niederen Gewerke an Herbergen und Zunfthäuſer nageln ſehen? Meine Kunſt iſt geiſtiges Eigenthum meiner ſelbſt; ſie bleibe es und werde, obſchon verwandt zum Nutzen aller Welt, doch nur von Eingeweihten geübt und fortgepflanzt. Mögen ſich jene, wenn ſie wollen, auf eine Stufe ſtellen mit dem Schneider, der mir mein Kleid auf Beſtellung fertigt, und Bücher drucken, wie man Schuhe flickt, mir gilt es ein Anderes, ein ſtetes Vervollkommnen und Steigen in meinem Werke, und eine freie Betriebſamkeit, deren ſich meine Rechte und mein Name nicht zu ſchämen haben."

Armer Wandler im Mondenſcheine, träumender [illegible]! Du wußteſt nicht, welch' eine ernſte Sache es iſt um das Erfinden. Die Erfindung beraubt ihren Erfinder, und je einflußreicher und zeitgemäßer ſie iſt, deſto ſchneller verſchwindet aus der Reihe der angeregten Kräfte diejenige, welche zuerſt anregte. In geiſtigen Thätigkeiten giebt es kein Monopol und kein Privileg. Die Idee iſt von dem Augenblicke an, wo ſie ſich uns klar der Seele erſchließt, ein gemeinſames Gut, was der Eine gefunden und gewonnen, wird durch den Zweiten auf ſeine Weiſe gefördert, verbeſſert, benutzt, und ſtrömt dann durch alle Pulsadern des Lebens. Da verſchwindet der Name und die Perſönlichkeit des Einzelnen, wie ſehr er ſich auch gegen das Ueberwältigen von ſeinem eigenen Werke wehre. Aber was ihm nicht verſtattet iſt, wird der dankbaren Nachwelt ein ſchönes Bedürfniß. Sie ſtrebt denjenigen auszumachen, welcher den größten und hauptſächlichſten Antheil an der Erfindung hatte. — Darum vielleicht, daß an derſelben Stelle, wo du in mancher Nacht verzweifelnd und in tiefſter Seele zerriſſen ſtill ſtandeſt, um einen fallenden Stern auf ſeiner raſchen Bahn zu verfolgen, jetzunder dein eherner Schatten ſteht, von Tauſenden bewundert, gekannt, verehrt! — Vielleicht aber auch, daß wieder um eintauſend Jahre ſpäter ein Torſo dort aus Grabhügeln und Trümmern geſchaufelt wird, von dem die Wilden nicht wiſſen, daß er den Leib Gutenbergs, des Erfinders einer vergeſſenen Kunſt, einſt einmal vorſtellen ſollte.

3.

Als Johann Gutenberg heimkam in ſeine enge Behauſung, fand er außer dem treuen Beildeck noch einen jungen Fremdling ſeiner harrend, der ehrerbietig aufſtand, ſobald jener eingetreten war. Verwundert über den ſpäten Beſuch, fragte er nach deſſen Urſache. „Herr," war die Antwort, „ich bin gekommen, um das edle Gewerk in Euch zu grüßen," und zugleich ſagte der junge Mann ſeinen Spruch auf: „Gott ehre das Gelag, heute, morgen und den ganzen Tag; Iſt es nicht groß, ſo iſt es doch nicht an Ehren bloß." — Gutenberg nickte nicht eben freundlich. In der Stimmung, worin er ſich gerade befand, konnte er den ſpät anſprechenden Geſellen nicht übermäßig willkommen heißen, mußte aber doch, wollte er nicht für übermüthig gelten, ihn mit einem Gegengruß und einem Zehrpfennig ziehen laſſen. Denn wie jung auch das Druckergewerke ſein mochte, ſo hatte es ſich doch bei der ungemeinen Durchbildung alles Zunft- und Gildeweſens im Mittelalter um ſo ſchneller in eine beſtimmte Form emporgearbeitet, als ähnliche Gewerke z. B. der Kartendrucker, Holzſchnitzer, Bildermaler u. ſ. w. ſchon lange vorher in den Niederlanden, in Frankreich und in Deutſchland beſtanden. Nur ſo kann es auch erklärt werden, wenn wenige Jahre ſpäter, nicht nur in Deutſchland, im Elſaß namentlich und am Niederrhein, ſondern auch in Italien, Frankreich, Holland und England, ſowohl einzelne Druckoffizinen und Meiſter, als auch ganze Druckergilden vorkommen.

Der Geſelle ſchüttelte, als ihm Beildeck auf Gutenbergs Geheiß einen Trank gereicht hatte, höflich mit dem Kopfe. „Verzeiht, edler Herr!" ſo wandte er ſich zu Jenem, „ich bin nicht auf der Wanderſchaft und bloß wegen eines Geſchenkes eingekehrt. Ich ſuche Arbeit bei Euch, ſo Ihr zwei rüſtige Arme und ein leichtes Herz brauchen mögt." — Gutenberg wurde aufmerkſam durch die gefällige und bei aller Ungebundenheit doch anſpruchloſe und beſcheidene Sitte, womit der Fremde ſich ihm vorſtellte. „Du biſt kein Deutſcher," ſagte er zu ihm, „Dein Accent verräth den Ausländer." — „Nein, Herr, ein deutſches Blut bin ich nicht, nur zur Hälfte, wenigſtens dem Vater nach; meine Mutter iſt eine Franzöſin, ich ein Pariſer. Ich war Kartendrucker, bis mich der Ruf von Eurer neuerfundenen Kunſt erſt nach Straßburg gezogen hat, hernach hierher gen Mainz. Bis vor einigen Tagen habe ich bei Meiſter Fuſt in Arbeit geſtanden, nun er mich jüngſtens weggejagt hat, ſpreche ich bei Euch vor."

Die Nachricht war wenig geeignet, den Pariſer ſeinem geſuchten Gönner zu empfehlen; dieſer erwiderte ihm vielmehr nicht ohne Bitterkeit im Ausdruck: „Wenn Du meinſt, Burſche, Du fändeſt bei mir eine volle Tafel und eine bequeme Preſſe, wie Du ſie dort verlaſſen, ſo irrſt Du Dich. Koſt gebe ich meinen Geſellen gar nicht und Arbeit iſt zur Zeit auch nicht im Uebermaße da." — Der Fremde ſah traurig vor ſich nieder. „Herr Gutenberg," ſagte er, „Ihr thut nicht wohl, mich ſo kühl und unwirſch gehen zu heißen. Ich weiß, daß Ihr zwei Arbeiter weggeſchickt habt, weil ſie Euch nicht zu Willen geweſen ſind, und daß Ihr eine redliche Hülfe in Eurer Werkſtatt, wie klein ſie auch ſein mag, braucht. Verſucht es einmal mit mir, ich bin ein ehrliches Kind ehrlicher Eltern und heiße, mit Vergunſt, Claude Muſony, Sohn von Guillemette Muſony."

Gutenberg horchte ſchauernd auf, nicht bei dem Namen des Sohnes, ſondern bei dem der Mutter. Eine unabweisliche Bewegung ſchien ihn immer zu bemächtigen, als er die Züge des jungen Franzoſen aufmerkſamer betrachtete. „Guillemette heißt Deine Mutter, ſagſt Du? — ein hübſcher Name!" So ſprach er mehr vor ſich hin, als zu Jenem und ſagte nach einer kurzen Pauſe ſtreng: „Es thut mir leid, Claude, aber es kann nicht ſein. Ich brauche keinen Knecht mehr." — „So lebt wohl, Herr Gutenberg, und möge es Euch ſo gut ergehen, wie es einer Eurer treueſten Jünger wünſcht!" Mit dieſen Worten faßte der junge Mann des Alten Hand, küßte ſie, ehe es jener zu hindern vermochte, und ſchied.

Beildeck, der während der Unterredung das Lager ſeines Herrn zurecht gemacht hatte, ſagte, indem er ihm den Mantel abnahm, ſchüchtern zu ihm: „Ihr hättet die freundliche Haut nicht ſo von Euch weiſen ſollen, Herr Gutenberg! Würdet es auch nicht gethan haben, wenn der närriſche Kauz nur gegen Euch den Mund ſo weit aufgeriſſen hätte, wie gegen mich. Denn, daß Ihr es nur wißt, er iſt um Euch brodlos geworden, der arme Junge." — „Und das ſagſt du jetzt erſt, Alter!" — „Darf man denn bei Euch ein Wort drein reden, wenn Ihr es mit Fremden habt!" entgegnete der Diener dem Auffahrenden und wiederholte dann in der Kürze, was ihm der Franzoſe erzählt hatte, nämlich deſſen Abſchied von Meiſter Fuſt. Gutenberg hatte kaum den Zuſammenhang begriffen, als er haſtig das Fenſter mit runden Scheiben aufriß und hinter dem Entlaſſenen herrief. Dieſer war noch nicht zu weit von dem Hauſe entfernt, um ihn zu vernehmen, und es dauerte nicht lange, ſo ſtand er wieder mit glühenden Wangen vor dem Meiſter, welcher ſeine Hand bewegt auf die Locken des ſchönen, ihn freundlich und verlegen anlächelnden Hauptes legte. „Du biſt mir," ſprach er, „ein ſchlimmer Geſell, wenn Du ſo mit Deinen Meiſtern umgehſt, wie es mir der Alte eben berichtet, und ein Trotzkopf obendrein, daß Du mir nicht erzählſt, was Du um meinetwillen erlitten haſt in dem Krämerhauſe!" — „Herr, ich kannte Euch damals noch nicht, und was ich that, geſchah ja nur zu Ehren unſerer freien Kunſt und ihres alleinigen Erfinders, nicht aber für Eure Perſon. Wie hätte ich mich alſo vor Euch damit brüſten mögen und Euer gerades Urtheil beſtechen? Glaubt mir, ich würde es auch dem Famulus nicht erzählt haben, wäre es nicht der Kurzweil wegen geweſen, und weil Ihr uns Zwei ſo gar lange auf Eure Heimkehr harren ließet."

Gutenberg wurde von jedem Worte des Pariſers entſchiedener für ihn eingenommen. Er hieß, obwohl Mitternacht längſt vorüber war, Beildeck einen Krug Wein herbeiſchaffen, machte ſich's bequem und lud ſeinen neuen Geſellen ein, ein Gleiches zu thun. „Für heute," ſagte er zu Claude, „muß ich Dich ſchon bei mir behalten, es gehe ſo knapp es wolle; die Herbergen würdeſt Du ſo alle verſchloſſen finden. Beildeck, ſchaffe Rath für die Ruhe des Burſchen und mir ſchnell einen Trunk! Das Geplauder von dem Syndikus hat mich warm gemacht, und trinken wir heute recht in die Nacht hinein, ſchläft's ſich morgen um ſo beſſer, zumal es ja ein gottſeliger Feiertag iſt und Einen der graue Tag nicht gleich wieder an die Preſſe ruft."

Meiſter und Geſelle ſaßen bald einträchtig beiſammen und ſtießen auf das Wohl der Kunſt an; auch der alte Beildeck durfte Beſcheid thun; „denn er hat's um mich verdient," ſagte jener, „und um das edle Druckerwerk auch. War's doch kein Anderer, als eben der Alte da, der meine Preſſen rettete, als ſie mir zu Straßburg auf den Ferſen waren in dem böſen Handel mit Dritzehn und ſeinen Erben, die mir gern mein künſtliches Geheimniß um einen Schacherlohn abgepreßt hätten. Glaub' mir, Du junges Blut, das hat Sprünge gekoſtet und Schliche, ehe wir ſo weit waren, wie heute, und es iſt dem Herrn Gutenberg nicht zur Wiege geſungen worden, daß er ſollte von einer Stadt zur anderen pilgern, ſeinen Schubſack auf dem Nacken, um ein armſeliges Gewerbe zu betreiben."

Claude ſchaute ſeinen Meiſter mit bewundernder Hingebung an und bat: „Wenn Euch die Wißbegier eines jungen Menſchen nicht zu läſtig wird, ſo möchte ich Euch wohl angehen, mir einmal ſo recht von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht zu ſagen, wie Ihr denn eigentlich auf den wunderſamen Gedanken Eurer Erfindung gekommen ſeid?" — Ein ſtiller, beſchaulicher Ernſt umſchattete bei ſeiner Frage das Antlitz des Meiſters. Er ſtrich mit der Hand langſam über die hohe, gefurchte Stirne und ſprach nachdenklich in die Tiefe ſeines Kelches blickend: „Siehſt Du, mein Freund! das Beſte und das Rechte kommt Einem in der Welt, ohne daß man eigentlich ſagen kann, wie und woher. Mit meinem Drucken ging es nun gewiſſermaßen auch ſo. Das Drucken in ganzen Tafeln, wie Ihr es in Eurer Kunſt ausübt, und Andere es auch wohl ſchon auf Bücher angewandt haben, genügte mir ſchon lange nicht mehr. Auch war der erſte Schritt verhältnißmäßig nur ein geringer, der Schritt von den feſten, zuſammenhängenden Tafeln zu einzelnen Theilen, zu Lettern. Die klugen Alten haben uns den Weg ſchon lange gewieſen, es hat ihn aber Niemand ſo recht geachtet. Mich brachte der Anblick meiner Siegelringe zuerſt auf den Gedanken beweglicher, zuſammenzuſetzender Lettern. Als ich eines Tages das Pilgermäntelein mit der Schale auf der Schulter in weiches Wachs ſauber und ſcharf eingedruckt hatte — das iſt nämlich das adelige Inſiegel derer zum Gutenberg zu Mainz — meinte ich, man müßte auch wohl alle Buchſtaben einzeln in Stücke oder in Holztafeln vertieft einſchneiden und hernach abdrucken können. Du ſiehſt, Claude, wie weit ich noch von meinem Ziele entfernt war, und dennoch hatte ich damals ſchon ein Erkleckliches auf dieſe Kunſt und allerlei andere verwandt. Ich wohnte dazumal noch in Straßburg, in der Vorſtadt zu St. Arbogaſt, wenn Du etwa da genau bekannt biſt. Nun will ich Dir nicht erzählen, wie langſam ich mich erſt allmälig zurecht fand, bis ich zu den aus Holz geſchnitten Matrizen kam, wie viel Verſuche mir mißglückt ſind, wie viel Täuſchungen und Verluſte mich betroffen haben. Allein eine Hauptſchwierigkeit blieb, wenn nun auch die Typen da waren, — nämlich die des Abdrucks. Eine Preſſe ſieht ſich ſehr einfach und natürlich an, und dennoch iſt ein himmelweiter Unterſchied zwiſchen einer ſolchen und zwiſchen dem altmodiſchen Reiber, dem ungeſchickten Ballen von Pferdehaaren und Tuchſtreifen, womit man ſonſt mühſelig immer nur eine Seite auf einmal und nur auf einer Seite abzudrucken vermochte. Das quälte mich am meiſten, daß ich kein rechtes Mittel oder Werkzeug wußte, um die kleinen hölzernen Lettern feſt zuſammenzuhalten und auf alle zumal, ohne ſie zu zerbrechen oder zu zerwerfen, einen gleichmäßigen und hinreichend ſtarken Druck auszuüben, um die ausgeſchnitzte Figur ſich auf das Blatt abfärben zu laſſen.

„Eines Tages nun, als ich recht voll von allerlei Gedanken und doch zu keinem rechten Entſchluſſe kommend, in meiner finſtern, einſamen Werkſtatt ſaß, übermannte mich der Unmuth über meine eigene Schwäche und die Verzweiflung am Gelingen meiner Erfindung ſo arg, daß ich, einem Wahnwitzigen nicht unähnlich, hinauslief unter Gottes freien Himmel, um unter der jubelnden Natur draußen mein Ungeſchick oder Unglück wo möglich ein Stündlein abzuſchütteln. Nun war es aber damals juſt um die ſchöne, geſegnete Herbſtzeit, und in allen Gärten um die Stadt, wie auf den entfernteren Höhen wimmelte es von Winzern und Winzerinnen, welche laſen. — Siehſt Du, junger Freund? Der Menſch iſt verderbt von Jugend auf und alles Schlechten voll. Mir ſchwoll die Seele von einem recht giftigen Neide auf, wie ich die emſigen, fröhlichen Leute ſo allerwärts umherhandiren ſah. Und jedes wußte ſeine Stelle und jedes kannte ſein Geſchäft; ich aber ſtand ganz allein müßig und unſchlüſſig unter ihnen. — Und gerade in dem Augenblicke, recht als wolle mich der Herr ob meiner grundſchlechten Gedanken in ſeiner Weiſe ſtrafen, mußte es ſich fügen, daß ſie dicht vor meinem mit Blindheit geſchlagenen Auge eine Laſt blauer Trauben in die Preſſe ſchütteten, und daß dieſes anſtellige bequeme Inſtrument, ſo als ob es weiter gar nichts wäre, ſeinen köſtlichen Dienſt leiſtete. Da fiel es mir wie Schuppen von den Augen, und ich rannte heim, und die ganze Nacht arbeitete ich mit meinem getreuen Lorenz Beildeck hier, und wie der Morgen neugierig in meine Werkſtatt guckte, ſtand eine Druckerpreſſe da, roh freilich noch und nur eben angefangen, allein es war doch nun gefunden. Glaub' mir, Claude, ich hätte es machen können wie der große Rechenmeiſter, von dem ich einmal bei meinen Alten geleſen habe, der nackt aus dem Bade fortlief und durch alle Gaſſen ſeiner erſtaunten Vaterſtadt ſein „Gefunden" ſchrie, als er im Waſſer ſeine künſtliche Goldprobe ausgedacht hatte. Du ſollteſt es wiſſen, welch ein köſtliches Ding es iſt, wenn es ſo nun mit einem Male Licht vor Einem wird und man ſich wundert, daß man, wer weiß wie lange, in der Nacht umhertappen konnte, und jauchzt und auf ſeine ſündigen Knie hinſtürzt, um dem lieben Gott ſeinen Dank zu bringen, von welchem doch alles Licht ſtammt, das wir unmündigen Erdenſöhne uns ſelber oft im thörichten Hochmuthe beimeſſen!"

Gutenberg faltete andächtig ſeine Hände um den Fuß des gefüllten Pokals und that einen langen, ſchlürfenden Zug aus deſſen würziger Tiefe. Claude hatte ihm mit faſt kindlicher Rührung die einfachen Worte von den Lippen gelauſcht und ſagte, als der Meiſter geendet, wie in prophetiſcher Begeiſterung zu ihm: „Herr, Ihr habt ein göttliches Werk erſonnen und durchgeführt; was ſind doch alle Künſte gegen die [illegible] in Betracht ihrer unberechenbaren Wirkſamkeit! Ihr müßt mir das nicht für eine Schmeichelei auslegen, mit der ich Euch um den Bart gehen wollte; allein Eure Erfindung kann ich immer nur einer alten Fabel vergleichen, die ich in der ſchönen und luſtigen Stadt Paris bei einem ungenannten Meiſter habe aufführen ſehen. Da ſtahl nämlich ein Held — Prometheus hat er, glaub' ich, geheißen — das Feuer vom Olymp und brachte den göttlichen Funken hernieder auf die dunkle, unwirthbare Erde. So thatet auch Ihr. Euer Name und Eure Kunſt für immer!"

Der Jüngling erhob ſich und trank, während Gutenberg, die greiſen Locken [illegible] blickte. Nach einer langen Pauſe erwiderte er:

„Du ſprichſt, wie Du es verſtehſt und in Deiner jugendlichen Weiſe empfindeſt. Das Leben hat Dir ſeine Schatten noch nicht gewieſen, Deine Träume ſind nicht zerſtört. Mit mir iſt das anders. Glaub' mir, Claude, es wird die Zeit kommen, wo die kleinen, beweglichen Lettern, die ich erfunden habe, [illegible] werden und an der [illegible] Stämme [illegible] Mörder [illegible] als nagende Würmer ſich ſetzen. O es liegt eine dämoniſche Gewalt in ihnen, welche Du nicht ſiehſt, nicht ſehen kannſt. Ich habe gebaut, aber ein Ding, das nur zerſtören kann; ich habe ein Licht angezündet, und wenn die freie, lebendige Luft d'ran ſchlägt, wird das Licht als gefräßige Flamme emporlodern, wenn man es nicht hütet und einen Dämpfer d'rauf ſetzt."

Claude wußte nicht recht, wie es der greiſe Seher meinte. Sein friſcher Blick ſtreifte nur die Oberfläche; was tiefer lag, die nothwendigen Folgen und Reaktionen jener weltgeſchichtlichen Erfindung blieben ihm verhüllt. Auch kam er, ganz eingenommen von der Liebe zu ſeinem Meiſter, immer nur zu dem Gedanken zurück, wie dieſer ſich ſelber ein unverwüſtliches Denkmal in ſeiner Erfindung geſetzt habe. Gutenberg wollte auch das nicht einräumen; er ſagte vielmehr: „Meine Kunſt iſt keine wie die andern. Ein Maler wirft ſeine Geſtalten auf die Leinwand und ſchafft ein Ganzes, das um ſeiner ſelbſt willen vorhanden iſt und bleibt; eben ſo Dichter, Steinmetzen, Baumeiſter, Tonkünſtler. Wir ſind mit unſerer Preſſe nur fremder Leute Diener, die Buchdruckerei iſt nur ein Mittel für Andere. Was liegt daran, welche Fauſt die Lettern eines Buchs zuſammenreihte, die Preſſe fallen ließ, die Zeilen und Bogen an einander heftete, die Hülle um den Geiſt ſchlug! Der Leſer wird nicht fragen, wer das Buch gedruckt hat, ihn kümmert nur der Name des Mannes, der es ausdachte und niederſchrieb, und während dieſer groß und glänzend an der Stirne ſeines Produkts prangt, hängen wir uns in einer kümmerlichen, von Tauſenden kaum bemerkten Nachſchrift in das Schlepptau ſeiner Unſterblichkeit."

Der Meiſter hatte ſich erhoben und ſchritt auf das Fenſter zu. Draußen lag eine milde, weiche Sommernacht mit duftigen Fittigen auf Strom und Stadt und Thal. Bewegt ſchaute Gutenberg hinaus und hinauf in die tiefen, ſternbeſäeten Fernen des Himmels. „Herr," flüſterte er, abgewandt von denen hinter ihm, „Du weißt, was ich gewollt und gethan. Dein iſt das Ende; laß mein armſelig' Leben und meinen Namen in Deiner Unendlichkeit verloren ſein, ſo Du willſt." — Sprach's und verſchwand in dem dunkeln Gemache, in dem er ſeinen heiligen Schlaf ſchlief. Claude ſtarrte ihm betroffen nach; Lorenz Beildeck aber, mit feuchten Augen dem Geliebten nachwinkend, ſagte dem Fremdling in's Ohr: „So iſt er oft; ein Herz wie ein Kind. Gott behüt' ihn!"

4

Vielleicht habt ihr es ſchon einmal geſehen, daß Abends hinter den Bergen ein gräuliches Unwetter langſam und ſchwerfällig aufzog, während das Thal noch in ſonnigem Frieden dalag und entſchlummerte! Die Landleute ſtehen gerade am Thore und überſchlagen frohlockend ihre Ernte, aus den Schornſteinen wirbelt blauer, wohnlicher Rauch empor, und zieht etwas, wie Ahnung oder Warnung, oder Wehmuth. — Und eine Stunde ſpäter, eine einzige, karge, kurze Stunde . . . . — Erlaßt mir das Bild!

Keinen härteren Morgen hat die Stadt Mainz wohl geſehen, ſelbſt in den letzten böſen Kriegszeiten nicht, als den des 28. Oktobers im Jahr 1462. Den Tag Simon und Judä heißt er im Kalender, ſollten ſich die Bürger als einen rechten Judastag ſchwarz anſtreichen, oder roth, zum Andenken an das Blut, das damals in ihren Mauern gefloſſen, und an die Lohe, welche jäh aus den Häuſern aufflatterte.

Herr Adolf von Naſſau kam damals, auf eine etwas ſeltſame und unerhörte Weiſe für den Hirten, in die dem heiligen Vater ihm anvertraute Heerde, um den hartnäckig auf ſeinem Beſitz beharrenden Erzbiſchof Diether wie einen [illegible] aus dem Korbe hinauszuräuchern. Etwa um die vierte Stunde nach Mitternacht kletterten ein Hundert ſeiner [illegible] über die hohe Stadtmauer, gerade wo ſie am [illegible] war und wegen des [illegible] Stromes für ſo ſicher gehalten wurde, daß [illegible] [illegible] zwiſchen die Streitenden ſtürzten und die Soldaten des Naſſauers ſammt ſeinen Verbündeten ihnen die geplünderten Häuſer über dem Kopf anſteckten. Da warfen ſie heulend die Waffen weg, ließen ſich, wie Schäflein im Gewitter, auf dem Platze vor der erzbiſchöflichen Curie zuſammentreiben und von ihrem neuen Machthaber verkündigen: ſie könnten ſammt den lieben Ihrigen einſtweilen hingehen, wo es ihnen nur beliebe, jedenfalls aber zu irgend einem Stadtthore hinaus.

Ihr ſolltet nur die Litanei hören, welche meine alten Chroniſten auf dieſer blutigen Seite ihres Werkes einſtimmig anheben über die in's „Elend" Pilgernden, die tödtlich Verwundeten, die hülflos Zurückbleibenden, die Verarmten, Verbrannten, Verſtümmelten. Und wie ſie ſich erboſen wegen jener Mainzer, welche klug genug geweſen waren, vorher mit dem Naſſauer ſich zu vereinbaren, und die nun „ſalviret" im allgemeinen Jammer daſtanden. Selbſt darüber wagt Einer ſich zu ſkandaliſiren, daß Erzbiſchof Diether, als ihn die Sturmglocke aus ſeinem beſten Morgenſchlafe weckte, eiligſt ein unſcheinbares Gewand ſich überwerfen ließ, Stab und Ring und Prälatenkreuz gern daheim vergeſſend, aus einem Fenſter der bereits hart berannten Burg mittelſt eines langen, langen Strickes hinabgelaſſen wurde und auf einem kleinen Nachen pfeilſchnell rheinabwärts ſteuerte, kaum einen Blick auf ſeine rauchende und wehklagende Stadt zurückgewendet. Als ob das ſo etwas ſo gar Abſonderliches und Unerhörtes ſei! Närriſcher Chroniſt!

Unter den Rennenden, Rettenden, Flüchtenden all, was thun wir Natürlicheres, als was Alle thaten, uns umſehen nach denen, die wir kennen? Zum Theil ſtand es mit ihnen nicht zum Beſten. Im Humbrecht hauſten die Naſſauiſchen Landsknechte gar übel; die Preſſen wurden zum Fenſter hinausgeworfen, daß ſie praſſelnd auf dem Pflaſter zerſprangen, es regnete Lettern in die Schuſtergaſſe, alle Kiſten und Kaſten zerſchlugen die Beuteſüchtigen, nirgends genug findend für ihre Gier. Da half es nicht viel, daß Meiſter Fuſt mit gerungenen Händen betheuerte, er beſitze nichts mehr, was er geben oder Andere ihm nehmen möchten, und auf ſeine Drohung, ſein Bruder, der erſte Bürgermeiſter des Jahres und der reichſte Goldſchmied im Viertel, ſei gut naſſauiſch, dem wolle er ſeine Unbill klagen, lachten ihn die Landsknechte aus und griffen mit illiterätiſchen Fäuſten, als von Gold und Geldeswerth nichts mehr zu greifen war, nach den im Dachgeſchoß aufgeſpeicherten Exemplaren koſtbarer Druckwerke. „Eſſen kann man das Zeug nicht, weil's unverdauliche Waare iſt, allein es taugt wohl zur Streu für die Pferde," ſagte ein langbärtiger Pfälzer und ſchob ſechs ſchwere Folianten in ſeinen nimmerſatten Querſack.

Schlimmer noch geſtaltete ſich die Scene, als Peter Schöffer, welcher ſeiner jungen Ehehälfte vergeblich Muth und Troſt zuzuſprechen befliſſen war, mit einem der ungebetenen Gäſte in heißen Wortwechſel gerieth. Frau Chriſtine hatte ſich in ihr innerſtes Gemach geflüchtet und lag auf ihrem Betſchemel knieend vor dem Bilde der gnadenreichen Mutter Gottes, während Schöffer bald im Hofe zu ſteuern ſuchte, bald herauf kam, um Bericht, leider! immer nicht den erwünſchten, abzuſtatten. Plötzlich drang ein kecker Reitersmann in Chriſtinens Heiligthum ein, und ſuchte mit den finſtern Augen, was er verſchlinge. Zitternd reicht die Geängſtigte dar, wieviel ſie an Kleinodien und Zierrathen beſaß. „Es ſchickt nicht," brüllt der Soldat, mit beiden Händen in ihren Truhen wühlend, ihre Schreine aufreißend. In einem derſelben fällt der Pſalter von 1457 ihm in die Augen, nicht ſeiner ſchönen Typen, ſondern lediglich der ſilbernen Spangen wegen begehrenswerth für den Vandalen. Schmunzelnd reißt er das Werk an ſich. Frau Chriſtine, die in demſelben ihr Andachtsbuch und zugleich des Gatten Brautgeſchenk werth hält, verſucht es vergeblich, dem Starken ſeine Beute zu entwinden. In das Geſchrei hinein ſtürzt Schöffer, entreißt ſein Buch dem Reiter, dieſer tritt mit der ſchweren Ferſe nach ihm, verwundet ihn leicht mit dem Sporn, Schöffer wehrt ſich und ſchleudert ſeiner Frau Betſchemelchen ſo gewaltig dem Feinde in's Angeſicht, daß er ſchreiend, blutend zuſammenbricht. Neue kommen hinzu, der Alte rafft ſich auf, Schöffer ſammt Chriſtinen werden zum Hauſe hinausgetrieben, eine rohe Hand wirft einen Brand des eigenen Herdes in die Sparren und Gebälke des Daches — ein Augenblick noch, und die Brunſt leckt mit ſpitzen Zungen aus zehn Löchern, auf dem Giebel breitet der rothe Hahn ſeine Schwingen aus, als müſſe ſich der Fluch des vertriebenen Geſellen von Paris ſo bald am Druckhauſe erfüllen.

Wehklagend ſtand die Familie Fuſts im Hofe und ſandte den mit Hohngelächter abziehenden Feinden, die das geplünderte und brennende Neſt verließen, um anderwärts glücklicher wieder zu beginnen, ohnmächtige Verwünſchungen nach. Daß die Bemühungen der Druckerburſchen, welche nicht wußten, ob ſie erſt das Haus löſchen oder die wenigen Trümmer in demſelben retten ſollten, nichts fruchteten, begreift ſich leicht, ebenſo, daß die Nachbarn keine Muße fanden, oder keine Luſt, in ſolcher Bedrängniß einem Dritten zu helfen, zumal da dieſer Dritte bei Manchen ob ſeines ſtolzen Betragens und ſeines glücklichen Geſchäftes nicht zum Beſten angeſchrieben ſtand. Fuſt raufte ſeine Haare und ſtreute ſie in die Flammen des eignen Beſitzes, weil er nicht wußte wohin. Sein Bruder, der erſte Bürgermeiſter — ach! der hatte in der gemeinen Noth, oder, was wahrſcheinlicher iſt, in der um ſeine eigene Habe und Perſon ſo viel zu thun, daß er ſeines Fleiſches und Blutes nicht einen Augenblick gedenken konnte. In der Stadt überall Feinde, Plünderer, Senger, alle Thore geſchloſſen, die meiſten Thüren verrammelt. Rath- und hülflos ſtand er da, in die Flammen ſtarrend, während Chriſtine ihr Antlitz verzweifelnd an der Bruſt des Gatten barg. Die Geſellen krochen umher mit gefalteten Händen, und über der müßigen Gruppe kniſterte das Feuer, ächzten die Balken im Sturze, flogen verkohlte Papiere, mit denen der friſche Herbſtmorgen ſein höhniſches Spiel trieb.

Der Eindruck möchte ſchwer zu beſchreiben ſein, als in dieſe Scene — ſie war eine Oede mitten im Getümmel, eine Ruhe der Vernichtung lagerte darüber — ein Neuer trat. „Grüß' Euch Gott, mitſammen, Ihr Armen!" ſagte er und ſah ſie barmherzig und voll Theilnahme an. Wenn aber ſtatt einer freundlichen Antwort nur böſe Blicke voll Haß und Mißtrauen, nur mühſam unterdrückte Laute der Feindſeligkeit ſeinen Gruß erwiederten, ſo weiß es Jeder, daß es Johannes Gutenberg war, welcher in den Hof zum Humbrecht kam, einen Bündel auf dem Rücken, den Pilgerſtecken in der Rechten, das Gewand bequem aufgeſchürzt, reiſefertig. — Ja, er war es, und Fuſts Groll, froh, ſo ſcheint es, einen Gegenſtand zu finden, ſprühte ihm lichterloh entgegen, gleich der Flamme ſeines Hauſes, in den heftigen Worten: „Mann, was ſucht Ihr hier? Wollt Ihr Euch weiden an unſerem Elend, oder geht Ihr betteln bei Bettlern?"

Ruhig ſchüttelte der Geſchmähte ſein Haupt, nicht beachtend, daß Schöffer ſich bei ſeinem Anblicke abgewandt hatte, Frau Chriſtine am Arm davon führend. „Ihr ſolltet," ſprach er milde, „in der Zeit der gemeinen Fährde unſeren kleinen Hader vergeſſen haben, dacht' ich. Mich trieb der Wunſch her, zu ſehen, wie es Euch ergangen ſei, meinetwegen zu helfen, wo zu helfen wäre. Kaum dachte ich daran, daß wir zuletzt in Unfrieden auseinander gegangen waren; ich vermeinte noch Theil zu haben an dem Hauſe, in dem ich einſt eine geraume Zeit mit Euch und Eurem Eidam gewirkt habe." — Fuſt murrte zur Antwort: „Ihr ſeht, zu helfen iſt hier nichts mehr, zu holen auch nicht. Wir ſind ruinirt wie Ihr."

„Nicht ſo kleinmüthig, Meiſter!" ſagte Gutenberg; „mir iſt's um Weniges beſſer ergangen. Bei dem Syndikus haben die Naſſauer auch einen ſauberen Haushalt gemacht. Meine Preſſen ſind zerſchlagen, meine Lettern zerſtreut, das hohle Gehäuſe ſteht freilich noch."

Schöffer war mittlerweile wieder herangetreten und miſchte ſich in das Geſpräch, indem er dem ehemaligen Lehrer mit giftigem Hohne bemerkte: „Nun, ſehr werther Herr! Dabei mögt Ihr Euch am eheſten beruhigen. Iſt's ja doch bekannt, daß Ihr kein rechtes Eigenthum am Ganzen hattet und das Geſchäft nur auf des Doktors Gewinn und Verluſt betriebt!" — Gutenberg erröthete bis an die Stirne bei den unzarten Worten. „So iſt's," entgegnete er, „und Ihr wißt am beſten, weß die Schuld, daß es ſo iſt. Mich kümmert auch nicht, was ich verlor, ſei es auch noch ſo geringfügig, nur die abermalige Störniß meiner Arbeit, der Verluſt an Zeit und Kraft, mit denen der Greis geizen muß, nur das beugt mich darnieder. Wer weiß, wann und wo man nun wieder eine Stätte findet, um ſeinen Gezelt aufzuſchlagen!"

„Denkt Ihr denn," ſo fragte Fuſt finſter und niedergeſchlagen, „daß jemals wieder eine Druckerei hier zu Stande käme? Die meinige und die Eure waren die erſten, und glaubt mir, ſie werden die letzten bleiben. Es wird ſich ein Jeder hüten, ein Geſchäft wieder aufzunehmen, auf dem ſichtlich der Fluch des Himmels liegt. Ihr und wir zu Grunde gerichtet! O verflucht die Stunde, da Ihr zum erſten Male mein Haus betreten und mich mit ſchönen Reden zu dem Teufelswerk verleitet habt! Mag es vergehen wie der Rauch aus meinem Hauſe, zuſammenbrechen wie jener morſche Pfeiler, woran die erſte Preſſe ſtand!"

Ein neues Gepolter gab den rechten Schluß zu dieſem ſchrecklichen Wunſche. Bis auf die Straße hin und weit über den Hof ſtürzten Schutt, Staub, Aſche, Funken, Kohlen, Splitter, Sparren. Ein Geſelle begrub ſich darunter, die Anderen flüchteten wehklagend, Schöffer entriß ſein heulendes Weib dem Brande, nur der alte Fuſt und Johann Gutenberg beharrten allein in der Verwüſtung. Jener vor Schreck ſchier in die wankenden Knie geſunken, beide Hände feſt vor die Augen drückend, verbiſſen und ingrimmig, als wolle er ſeines Hauſes letzten Stein zu ſeinem Grabſteine machen. Gutenberg erhob ſich hoch und mit faſt jugendlicher Kraft neben ihm, und ſeine Rechte auf des Gegners Schulter drückend, brach er in die begeiſterten Worte aus: „O Ihr Kleingläubigen, die Ihr meint, nun der Tempel in Flammen ſtehe, müſſe auch der Gott verbrennen! Euch geſchieht Recht in Eurer Hoffahrt, da Ihr nur um irdiſchen Vortheil die Kunſt betreibt, nicht um der Kunſt ſelber willen und aus Luſt an ihr oder an ihrem Segen. Wahrlich ich ſage Euch, Meiſter Fuſt, dieſe Kunſt, an der Ihr verzweifelt, iſt ſo ewig als das Wort, das ſie vor allen Menſchen erhoben hat, und ſie wird mit der Brunſt Eures kleinen Hauſes ebenſowenig zuſammenſtürzen, als jener blaue Himmel, der ſich hoch und ruhig über uns und unſern Irrthümern und Gräuelthaten wölbt. Schaut um Euch, Meiſter Fuſt! Eure Werkſtätte leer, Eure Geſellen auf und davon! Denkt an mich! Wie da droben über Eurem gebeugten Haupte der Wind die Blätter Eurer Bücher unbewußt nach allen Weltgegenden wirft, ſo wird unſere Kunſt dadurch, daß wir in unſerem Wirken geſtört und auseinander getrieben werden, in alle Welt ſich verbreiten. Laßt brennen, Johannes Fuſt, was verbrennen kann! Die Kunſt iſt der wahre Phönix, und leuchtend, ſiegend, unſterblich ſchwingt ſie ſich aus jenen Flammen auf, um über die ganze Erde ihre Flügel zu ſtrecken!“

3.

Im Rheingau und zwar am rechten Ufer des ſchönen Stromes, wenige Stunden unterhalb Mainz, liegt ein kleines, heuer ſelten, obwohl doppelt genanntes Städtlein: Eltvil oder Elfeld, wie Ihr wollt. Wenn die ſtolzen dampfenden Flußroſſe der modernen Zeit an den beſcheidenen Häuſern deſſelben vorüberſchnauben, klingt höchſtens einmal die gellende Glocke hell auf und winkt dem kleinen Nachen, der mit ſeiner rothweißen Fahne rüſtig die Wellen durchſchneidet, zu größerer Eile. Die Reiſenden am Deck werfen aber kaum einen Blick auf die neuen Genoſſen, die eben die kleine Treppe am Strick ſich heraufſtufen; ſie haben Recht — was kann aus Eltvil Gutes kommen! Was geht eine ſpröde Tochter von Albion, die ſich lang auf eine Bank des Verdeckes gegoſſen hat, jene ſtille feine Rheinländerin an, die, ein Körbchen am runden Arm, ihr Strickzeug in der Hand, ſich geräuſchlos auf einem Feldſtuhl niederläßt und den Freunden am Ufer noch ein treues Lebewohl nachwinkt!

In Eltvil muß die mit dem Brande der Stadt Mainz abgeriſſene Erzählung wieder angeknüpft werden. Drei Jahre waren ſeit dieſem Ereigniß hingegangen, für die ſchönen Rheinlande harte, ſchwere Jahre. Gutenberg hatte den Wanderſtab wieder ergriffen, vor ihm her ſchritt, das leichte Gepäck der kleinen Karavane auf ſeinen Schultern Claude Muſny, das glückliche Kind eines froheren Volkes, das mit ſeinem heiteren, durch keine Entbehrung, keine Widerwärtigkeit entmuthigten Sinn dem Greiſe manchen helleren Augenblick gewährte. Lorenz Beildeck, der von ſeinem alten Herrn unzertrennlich ſchien, ging an deſſen Seite, zuweilen die wankenden Gliedmaßen des Alten unterſtützend, zuweilen mit ſeinem Auge der ſchwindenden Sehkraft ſeines Gebieters zu Hülfe kommend.

Welch ein Zug! Und wie mußte dem Haupte deſſelben zu Sinne ſein, verglich er ihn mit dem erſten Ausfluge, den der jugendliche Adler, nach derſelben Richtung hin, aus ſeinem Neſte gewagt! Beildeck hütete ſich wohl daran zu mahnen, aber Gutenberg ſelbſt, als die Reiſenden eines Abends auf einer Höhe nahe am Ufer des Rheines Halt und Raſt gemacht hatten, brach in die ſchmerzlichen Worte aus: „Weißt Du's noch, Alter, wie wir anno zwanzig dieſelbe Straße gezogen ſind? Ich hoch zu Roß, ein junger patriziſcher Fant, wie die andern all', die Fürſtenberg, die Wolfsberg, die Gelthuß, die Humbrecht, eine prunkende Feder auf dem ſchwarzen Sammtbarett und ein ſeiden Wamms auf dem Leibe mit allerhand Falten und Alfanzereien! War doch eine rechte Herrlichkeit, gelt, Lorenz!? Und wie wir den plumpen Reitern der Zünfte und der Bürger vorangeflogen, um Kaiſer Ruprecht zuerſt zu begrüßen, und wie das Volk uns hernach in Mainz unſere Häuſer ſtürmte, wie wir fortzogen“ . . .

„Damals ging's an,“ ſagte der alte Beildeck ſeufzend vor ſich hin und nickte mit dem Kopfe.

„Ja, damals ging's an,“ und wann wird's enden, das Wandern, das Elend!“ Der edle Greis blickte bei dieſen herben Worten ſtarr der niedertauchenden Sonne in das glühende Angeſicht. Ihre warmen Strahlen thaten ſeinen ausgebrannten Augen wohl und webten um den faſt nackten Scheitel, um die bleichen Züge des Kopfes eine Märtyrer-Glorie.

Sein Sorgen war nicht grundlos geweſen. Drei Jahre lang ward das Kleeblatt, Rhein-auf, Rhein-ab, umhergewirbelt; ſelbſt bis Straßburg hinauf ging Gutenberg noch einmal, um alte Freunde aufzuſuchen. Er pochte aber überall an verſchloſſene Thüren oder an verſchloſſene Herzen. Seiner Kunſt bedurfte man nirgends; der Brand von Mainz hatte die Rheinlande mit flüchtigen arbeitheiſchenden Geſellen und Druckern überſchwemmt, daß für den Greis kein Platz mehr war. Und dienen wollte das ehrwürdige gebeugte Haupt nicht; er verlangte ſeine eigene Werkſtatt, freie Hand und einen vollen Beutel.

Im dritten Jahr fand dieſe Pilgerſchaft ein Ziel, freilich kein freiwilliges, kein erwünſchtes. Gutenberg erkrankte gefährlich. Mit Mühe vermochten ſeine Begleiter ihm Obdach und Aufnahme zu verſchaffen bei einem armen Fährmann, der, dem reichen und mächtigen Kloſter Erbach gegenüber, auf dem linken Rheinufer eine Hütte beſaß und theils mit Fiſchfang, theils mit ſeiner Fähre, worin er die zum Kloſter Wallenden überſetzte, ein kümmerliches Leben friſtete. Dort fiel Gutenberg nieder. Es war ein Aufenthalt ganz nach ſeinem Sinne, entfernt von den Wohnungen anderer Menſchen, die der eigenſinnige, von Tag zu Tag mehr verſtockende Sinn des Vielgeprüften gerne mied, unter Rebhügeln geborgen, mit einem Blick auf den klaren, ruhig an der Schwelle der Hütte vorbeiziehenden Rhein.

In dieſem elenden Hauſe, vergeſſen und verlaſſen von allen Menſchen, lag, als man das Jahr des Herrn 1468 ſchrieb, Johann Gutenberg, der Erfinder der Buchdruckerkunſt, ſchwer darnieder. Die böſe Jahreszeit war hereingebrochen und hatte ihn noch auf der Wanderſchaft überraſcht; Erſchöpfung, Altersſchwäche, Seelenleiden aller Art trugen auch das Ihrige dazu bei, und ſomit waren die beſorgten Blicke, welche ſich die beiden Getreuen an dem niederen Lager ihres Meiſters zuwarfen, nicht ohne Grund. Sie theilten ſich in Pflege und Unterhalt des Verehrten; während Claude Muſny bei den Weinbauern umher oder drüben im Kloſter Dienſte that, weilte Beildeck bei dem Kranken. Selten, daß ein Mönch aus Erbach, in der Heilkunde erfahren, auf Claude's nachdrückliche Bitte herüberkam, um nach dem Siechen zu ſehen; ſein gewöhnter Arzt war ein wunderthätiger Schäfer aus der Umgegend, der mit Zaubertränken und Gebetsformeln ein zerbrochenes Leben fruchtlos wieder zuſammenzuflicken ſuchte.

Eines Abends, im Spätherbſte gedachten Jahres, ſaßen dieſe drei Helfer, der Schäfer, Beildeck und der junge Franzoſe, wieder bei dem in unruhigem Fieberſchlummer hinbrütenden Kranken. Es war eine unheimliche Nacht. Die Wellen des Rheins gingen hoch und pochten faſt an die Schwellen des Häusleins; durch die Thalſchlucht, über den zürnenden Strom her, fegte ein rauher Wind und ſchüttelte in ſeinen Grundfeſten die Balken und Sparren des Fiſcherpallaſtes. Der Leidende hatte einen ſchlimmen Tag gehabt; er klagte über brennende Hitze im Kopfe, zumal in den Augen, und mit Erſchrecken bemerkte Beildeck, wie er, noch unſicherer als ſonſt, mit den Händen nach der Schale taſtete, die jener ihm vorhielt. Claude ſaß ſtill zu Füßen des Bettes, der Schäfer murmelte unter allerlei unverſtändlichen, geheimnißvollen Zeichen ſeine Gebete her, ſobald Gutenberg unruhig auffuhr oder im Schlafe ächzte, Beildeck ſtand am Fenſter und ſah in die ziehenden Wolken und Wetter hinaus. Es dunkelte ſchon völlig in dem kleinen Gemach, als Gutenberg aufwachte und mit erloſchener Stimme ängſtlich nach Licht rief. Beildeck ging hinaus, zündete ſeinen Kienſpan am Heerd des Fiſchers an und ſteckte ihn ſtillſchweigend in den eiſernen Ring in der Mauer, nahe dem Bette des Kranken. Dieſer richtete ſich hoch auf, als er die Thüre knarren hörte: „Licht!“ rief er zum dritten Male und ungeduldig „iſt denn Niemand da, der einem alten Manne einen Funken Licht in ſeine lange Nacht wirft!“

Beildeck zitterte mit beiden Händen und zog den jungen Franzoſen haſtig an das obere Ende des Lagers. „Lieber Herr!“ ſagte er, „wollt Euch nur umſchauen oder die Augen öffnen; das Licht hängt ja an ſeiner gewohnten Stelle!“

„Und ich ſage Dir, Du lügſt“, rief Gutenberg heftig aus, „iſt es nicht ſo finſter hier, wie in einem Grabe! Claude, mein Junge, ſprich Du! wo biſt Du!“

Der Gerufene ſtand ganz dicht zu Häupten des Meiſters und beugte ſich bebend über ihn. „Hier bin ich“, flüſterte er und ergriff des Kranken Hand. Dieſer ſtieß ihn barſch zurück, ſprang von ſeinem Bette auf, griff haſtig nach der Fackel und hielt ſie dicht an ſein Angeſicht. —

Er ſah ſie nicht mehr![*]

Jammernd ſtürzte er auf ſein Stroh zurück, die nun ganz erblindeten Augen in ſeinen Händen vergrabend. „Ich bin

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[*] Daß eine ſo wichtige Kunſtepoche [illegible]

Euch", ſagte er zu den um ihn ſchluchzenden Leidensgefährten, „aber ich ſehe Euch nicht; ich rieche den Brand des Holzes, aber ſein Strahl dringt nicht mehr in meine Nacht. O ich Elender! Ein Tobias und ohne Sohn!"

Nach den erſten Ausbrüchen der Verzweiflung herrſchte eine Todtenſtille in dem Kämmerlein. Der Schäfer war — darin einem vollkommenen Arzte der neueſten Zeit ähnlich! — leiſe davon geſchlichen, als er einſah, hier ebenſo wenig geholfen zu haben als jemals helfen zu können. Der Kranke ſaß hochaufgerichtet, die Hände auf ſeinem Deckbette gefaltet, da, ohne ſich zu regen; zu ſeinen Füßen kniete in rathloſem Schmerze der junge Franzoſe, ſtill in ſich weinend, und Lorenz leuchtete mit der Fackel — ach, vergebens! — lange und wie mechaniſch in die grauen, ſtarren Augenhöhlen Gutenbergs, als könne er mit ſeinem groben, irdiſchen Lichte den drinnen erloſchenen Himmelsfunken wieder entflammen.

Pferdegetrappel draußen an der Hütte ſtörte den kleinen Kreis in ſeiner Trauer. Beildeck wollte zum Fenſter eilen, zu ſehen, was es draußen gebe, als der Fiſcher ſchon einen Reiſigen ganz durchnäßt und bis an den Hals mit Koth beſpritzt hereinwies. „Da ſucht ſelber", ſagte er zu ihm, „ob's der Rechte iſt!"

Gebückt trat die hohe Geſtalt in die niedere Thüre. „Ich ſuche", ſagte er zu dem ihm verwundert, faſt unwillig entgegentretenden Beildeck, „den Johann Gutenberg von Mainz."

Der Greis hatte bei der fremden Stimme, welche ſeinen Namen nannte, doch aufgehorcht und winkte haſtig dem Diener zu ſchweigen. Seinen Stolz empörte es, ſo gefunden zu werden, und ſich nach der Thüre hinwendend, woher der Schall kam, entgegnete er ziemlich hart dem Reiſigen: „Wer ſagt Euch, daß Ihr den edlen Herrn hier aufſuchen ſollt, in einer elenden Fiſcherherberge! Geht Eurer Wege, guter Freund, und laſſet ehrliche Leute ungeneckt!"

„Schade", meinte der Reiſige mit einem mißtrauiſchen Blick auf den Kranken, der ſich in ſeine Hüllen zurückgeworfen hatte, „Schade, daß ich mit einer heiteren Botſchaft einen ſo trüben Empfang gewärtigen muß. Der, dem meine Sendung gilt, Herr Henne, würde mich ſicher freundlicher aufnehmen."

„Wißt Ihr das ſo gewiß!"

„Soll's denken," entgegnete Jener, indem er aus dem ledernen Koller eine Pergamentrolle hervorzog. „Ich bringe da von unſeres Herrn Erzbiſchofs Hochwürden-Gnaden einen Brief, der dem alten Herrn wohl thun ſollte, wenn er ihn erſt in den Händen hätte. Seit Wochen bin ich ihm auf der Spur, folge dem Flüchtigen Fuß vor Fuß, bis mich geſtern die geiſtlichen Herren von Erbach drüben hierher wieſen."

Geſpannte Erwartung im Geſichte waren Claude und Lorenz dem Reiſigen entgegengetreten; der Letztere zeigte mit einem verſtohlenen Augenwink auf den Kranken und ſagte laut: „Wenn Ihr Euch entſchließen könntet, Eure Botſchaft an uns abzugeben, ſo würde ich Euch wohl mit meinem Kopfe dafür einſtehen, daß ſie in die rechten Hände käme, dermaßen uns der Aufenthalt des Herrn Johannes Gutenberg zur Zeit wohl vertraut iſt."

„Mir kann's recht ſein", entgegnete der Reiſige, wie im Einverſtändniß nickend und ſeine Rolle dem Alten einhändigend. „Bin ich doch nun meines läſtigen Dienſtes los und ledig, und kann, wenn mich der Burſche zur Nacht noch über den Rhein ſetzen will, Eltvil erreichen, wo mein gnädigſter Herr, der Erzbiſchof Adolf, den Gott erhalten möge, ſeinen Hof aufgeſchlagen hat."

Noch klirrten die Sporen des Reiters auf der Hausflur, als Claude ſchon die Rolle dem Alten aus den Händen geriſſen, damit an's Licht geeilt war und, nach einem flüchtigen Blick über die Zeilen, an denen das große erzbiſchöfliche Siegel in ſtattlicher Kapſel baumelte, mit einem Jubelrufe auf die Knie ſtürzte. „Wenn die Noth am größten, iſt der Herr am nächſten", ſtammelte er, und ſeine Thränen, jetzo nicht mehr des Jammers, ſondern der dankbaren Freude, ſeine Küſſe bedeckten die vor Erwartung zitternde Hand des Greiſes.

„Gemach, gemach, junges Blut", ſagte dieſer, ſeine eigene Aufregung mühſam bezwingend. „Was enthält denn das Blatt, das unſeren heißblütigen Franzmann ſo in Harniſch bringen kann!"

„Eure Rettung, mein Herr und Meiſter!" jubelte Claude und reichte das Pergament an Gutenberg, der mit bebenden Fingern Band und Siegel betaſtete. Claude vergaß, daß er es ſelbſt nicht mehr zu leſen vermochte. Beildeck mußte ihn deß erinnern, und darauf erſt entwand er es mit ſanfter Gewalt dem Kranken, und las laut, unterbrochen von ſeinen eigenen Thränen und dem freudigen Schluchzen des alten Lorenz, was wir unſeren Leſern in der einfachen treuherzigen Sprache jener Zeit als ein heiliges Fideicommiß an die unſrige mittheilen wollen: *)

— „Wir Adolf erwelter und beſtetigter Ertzbiſchof zu „Mentze bekennen das wir haben angeſehen annemige und „willige Dinſt, die uns und unſerm ſtift unſer lieber getruwer Johann Gudenberg getan hait etc.; darumb „und von beſundern gnaden wir ine zu unſerem dhiener „und hoffgeſind uffgenommen und entpfahen etc. Wir „ſollen und wollen ime auch ſolichen dinſt, diwile er lebet, „nit uffſagen, und uff daß er ſolichs dinſtes deſte bas genieſen „moge, ſo wollen wir ime alle jar und eins jglichen jars, „wann wir unſere gemeinen Hoffgeſind kleyden werden, zu „jglichen ziten, glich unſeren Edelen kleyden, und unſer „hoffkleydung geben laiſſen, und alle jare eins jglichen jars „zwentzigk malter korns und zwey fuder wins, zu gebruchung ſines huſſes, doch das er die nit verkauffe oder verſchengke, fry ane ungelt, nyderlage und weggelt in unſer „Stadt Mentze ingehen laiſſen, ine auch diwile er lebt und „unſer dhiener ſin und bliben würdet, wachens, volge etc. „dienſt, ſchatzung und anderer in gnaden erlaiſſen."

Die Rolle entſank den Händen des Leſenden; Claude fiel wieder auf ſeine Knie nieder, ſie doch emporhaltend. Rührend anzuſehen war es, wie der alte Lorenz ſeine Finger inbrünſtig um die Rechte des angebeteten Herrn ſchloß und mit einem überſtrömenden Blicke gen Himmel in ſich hineinſprach: „Herr, nun laſſe Deinen Diener in Frieden fahren!"

Und Gutenberg!!

Bleich und geſtreckt lag er da. Einzelne ſchwere Tropfen rollten über die Wangen in den langen greiſen Bart hinein, keine Muskel, kein Gelenk zeigte, daß noch Leben in dem Leibe ſei. Und als ſeine beiden Vielgetreuen auf's Neue jeder eine Hand faßten, da wehrte er ſie mild von ſich ab und ſprach, während heißere Thränen und häufigere ihm entſtürzten, kopfſchüttelnd vor ſich hin:

„Zu ſpät! — dieſe Augen können's ja nicht mehr ſehen! — dieſe Augen können ja nichts mehr als weinen!" —

Wir aber, die wir vierhundert Jahre ſpäter — „aere per totam Europam collato", wie die prunkende Inſchrift beſagt, d. h. „auf Koſten des geſammten beiſteuernden Europas" — ein Denkmal über das andere ſetzen, zu Mainz, zu Straßburg, zu Gernsheim, zu Harlem, Gott weiß, wo noch! um die Erfindung ſeiner Kunſt zu ehren — warum ſenken wir nicht ein Stück dieſes Pergamentes mit in den Grundſtein? Und Du, ſchöne Leſerin, die Du bei den einfältigen Worten der heiligen Urkunde an die von Geiſt und Witz überſprudelnden „Gutenbergs-Albums", an die Jubelfeſt-Prachtwerke, mit und ohne Umriſſe, denkſt, — und Ihr, Geſellen, Jünger jenes Mannes, die Ihr Palläſte baut für Euere Lettern und für Euch, — Ihr endlich, jubelſüchtige Seelen, die Ihr 10,000 Gulden nicht genug findet im muthmaßlichen Budget für das Feſt einer einzigen Stadt, einem Manne zu Ehren, der jährlich zwanzig Malter Korn und zwei Fuder Wein als Gnadengeſchenk eines edelmüthigen Fürſten empfing — —

Laßt mich ſchweigen! Ihr wißt ja, was geſchrieben ſteht: „Es iſt eine alte Geſchichte!" —

6.

Die Geſchichte, welche uns in dem Decret Adolfs von Naſſau einen Beweis von der humanen Geſinnung dieſes Kirchenfürſten aufbewahrt hat, meldet uns nicht, welcher Art die Dienſte Gutenbergs geweſen ſeien, wodurch er die Gnade deſſelben ſich erworben. Hatte, wie Einige vermuthen wollen, der alte Mann ſchon in Mainz der Partei des Naſſauers angehangen und zu dem Ueberfalle ſeiner Vaterſtadt irgendwie mitgewirkt? Das ſcheint bei ſeinem der Welt abgewendeten Sinne und ſeiner beſchränkten Thätigkeit wenig glaublich. Nehmen wir lieber an, der Erzbiſchof habe ſich des verdienten Sohnes ſeiner gewaltſam genommenen Hauptſtadt in Gnaden erinnert, oder er ſei von dem ärmlichen, ſchweifenden und unwürdigen Looſe des Erfinders einer ſchon damals großes Aufſehen machenden Kunſt durch einen Freund, durch den Zufall unterrichtet worden! Warum erklären wollen, was ohne Erklärung ſo viel ſchöner und menſchlicher iſt?

Der Erzbiſchof hielt in Eltvil Hof. Die Stadt muß ſchon um deßwillen damals größer, wenigſtens bedeutender geweſen ſein, als heute. Das große Schloß ſtand noch, welches nachmals ein Opfer franzöſiſcher Flammen geworden iſt. In Mainz ſelbſt wollte ſich Adolf nicht niederlaſſen; mag ſein, daß er den Gemüthern und der Stimmung ſeiner Heerde noch nicht ſo recht trauen durfte!

Nach Eltvil zog denn auch, geſtützt auf ſeinen treuen Claude, begleitet von Lorenz Beildeck, Johann Gutenberg, jetzt nicht mehr ein wandernder Bettler mit ſeinem Knaben, aber doch ein armer, blinder Greis am Stabe, den die ſpät aufgegangene Gnaden-

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*) Joannis Script. Rer. Mogunt. T. III. pag. 421.

und Glücksſonne nicht mehr zu durchwärmen vermochte. Erlaſſet mir es, Euch die Scene auszumalen, wie der Alte in der biſchöflichen Kurie erſchien und dem hohen Herrn ſeinen mündlichen Dank abſtattete, und wie die Großwürdenträger des geiſtlichen Staates ſich neugierig um die gebückte Geſtalt drängten, wie ein beleibter, ſtrahlender Prälat dem andern in's Ohr flüſterte: „Alſo das iſt der Mann, der Bücher drucken lehrt!“ Eine tiefe und innige Sympathie für den ohnmächtigen Erfinder eines allmächtigen Werkes mochte ſich wohl unter den Meßgewändern und Stahlwämſern nicht regen!

Nur kurze Tage genoß nach ſo vielen Opfern und Widerwärtigkeiten der greiſe Meiſter ſein beſcheidenes Glück. Es war — gönnt mir immerhin ein altes Bild für den Fall noch einmal! — als ob die Sonne kurz vor ihrem Niedergange die Schatten und Wolken um ſich plötzlich zerriſſen hätte, um bald darauf ſtill und heiter in den blauen Strom, hinter die zitternden Berge unterzutauchen. Gutenberg ſah ſie nicht mehr, dieſe im ſchönen Rheingau auf- und niedergehende Sonne; aber oft ſaß er mit ſeinen beiden Getreuen am Ufer des Stromes und hörte dem Rauſchen der leiſe hinziehenden Wellen zu. Nur wenige Worte gingen noch über die Lippen des Greiſes; ach! dieſe Lippen hatten im Leben des Herben ſo Vieles hinabſchlürfen müſſen, daß der Honig der letzten Tage ſie kaum noch erquickte und daß ſie krampfhaft über ihrem Schmerze geſchloſſen blieben.

In ländlicher Beſchränkung und Abgeſchiedenheit war den drei Vereinten ein Jahr, das Jahr 1466 hingegangen, und das zweite ſandte eben ſeine erſten Frühlingsgrüße in die ſehnſüchtige Welt, als Gutenberg, nunmehr ein Siebenzigjähriger, eines Morgens am Fenſter ſeiner Hütte ſaß und ſtill vor ſich hinſtarrend ſeinem jungen Freunde lauſchte, der draußen vor der Thüre ein Geländer für den jungen Rebſtock zurecht ſchnitzte, deſſen Ranken an der Wand des Hauſes ſtrebſam emporklimmten. Ein vaterländiſches Lied nach dem andern floß von den muntern Lippen des Pariſers; Gutenberg verſtand von den Worten vielleicht wenig, allein ihn erfreute die heitere, volksthümliche Weiſe und der gefällige Vortrag Claude's. Auf einmal hört der Letztere ſeinen Namen von der Stimme des Meiſters haſtig ausrufen; beſtürzt wirft er das Beil aus der Hand und eilt hinein, als ihm auf der Schwelle ſchon Gutenberg, auf ſeinen Stab geſtützt, entgegentritt. „Das Lied,“ ruft der Greis mit bebenden Lippen aus, „Dein letztes Lied noch einmal.“ Verwundert und beſorgt blickt ihn Claude an und beginnt auf ein ungeduldiges Zeichen wirklich wieder:

„Soir et matin, filles, n'allez seulettes
Querre, et glanant, derraines violettes.“

Gleich nach den erſten Worten unterbrach Gutenberg den Sänger, indem er ihn heftig bei der Bruſt faßte: „Junge,“ rief er aus, „woher haſt Du dieſes Lied?“ — „Meine Mutter lehrte mir's,“ ſagte Claude mit ſanftem Tone, „da ich noch ein kleines Kind war und auf dem Greve-Platz mit glatten Steinchen ſpielte.“ — Sinnend ließ ihn der Alte los. Nach einer Weile begann er wieder: „Siehſt Du, Claude, Du biſt ein braver Knabe, und haſt durch Deine Treue mein Vertrauen wohl verdient. Das Lied ſchnitt mir darum ſo in's Herz, weil es das letzte Wort, der letzte Laut von Jemandem war, den ich lieb, ſehr lieb gehabt habe. Seit ich es zum Letzten gehört, ſind nun viele, viele Jahre hingegangen; ich höre es nicht wieder, niemals ſo wie einſt.“

Erſchüttert verſtummte Gutenberg. Vielleicht war es gut, daß er nicht ſehen konnte, in welch' heftige Bewegung ſeine abgeriſſenen Worte den Jüngling verſetzt hatten. „Geh' nun wieder hinaus, Claude,“ ſetzte Jener nach einer Weile hinzu, „aber ſing' mir jeden Abend das Lied einmal, hörſt Du! Deine Hand, mein Junge!“ Er reichte ſie dar. „Du zitterſt ja, was haſt Du? Was iſt das?“ fragte er überraſcht, mißtrauiſch, wie es der Blinden Art iſt. — „Nichts, Meiſter.“ — „Und ich will es wiſſen, Deine Hand iſt heiß, wie Feuer.“ — „Es iſt nur, weil Ihr ſagt, Ihr hättet Vertrauen zu mir, und in demſelben Augenblicke verbergt Ihr mir etwas, was Euch drückt!“

Aengſtlich und doch mit fiebernder Haſt, als müſſe er einen günſtigen Augenblick benutzen, hatte Claude dieſe Worte geſtammelt. Gutenberg kehrte ſich ab von ihm, um nach einem langen Stillſchweigen in leiſem Tone zu dem Franzoſen zu ſagen: „Claude, Dein Lied ſang mir einſt eine Landsmännin von Dir zum Abſchied, ein edles, liebes Mädchen, und ſie hieß — ſie hieß, wie Deine Mutter, ſagſt Du, geheißen hat, Gisquette —“ Der Greis verhüllte ſein Haupt. Claude aber ſtürzte zu ſeinen Füßen, umklammerte die Knie des Mannes, ſtöhnend: „O Vater, Vater! — Ahnſt Du nicht? Die Dir es ſang, ſie war ja meine Mutter!“

Ein greller Schrei rang ſich aus Gutenbergs Bruſt. Sein Stab entfiel den Händen, und dieſe, des Blinden Augen, ſuchten Haupt und Antlitz des Knienden. „Du lügſt,“ ſagte er, „ſei barmherzig! Lüge nicht!“

„Bei dem Lichte, dem verlorenen, Deiner heilig geliebten Augen, bei dem Herzen Gisquettens, ich lüge nicht. Dein Sohn, — ſie meine Mutter, — Du mein Vater!“ In franzöſiſcher Lebhaftigkeit hatte Claude dieſe Worte hervorgeſtoßen. Gutenberg antwortete nicht, ſeine Bruſt hob ſich gewaltig, es rang in ihm, man ſah es, die Luſt, die Begierde zu glauben mit dem Zweifel. „Und warum ..?“ ſtammelte er. „Vater,“ ſagte Claude, ihn errathend, „ahnſt Du denn nicht, daß das meine Sendung war! Daß ich mich darum bei Dir eindrängte, darum Dir folgte, darum mit abgöttiſcher Verehrung an Dir hing! Und ahnſt Du nicht, daß meine Mutter mit einem heiligen Eide meine Zunge band, nicht eher mit einer Sylbe ihrer zu gedenken, bis Du ſelbſt ihrer Erwähnung gethan! Bleib' bei ihm, ſagte ſie, ſein unterſter Knecht, wenn er Dich nicht anders will, denn er iſt Dein Vater. Und findeſt du ihn glücklich, was meine heißeſten Gebete vom Himmel erflehen werden, denkt er in ſeinem Wohl an die arme Gisquette zu Aachen nicht mehr, o ſo beſchwöre Du ihren Schatten nicht zwiſchen ihn und ſeine Freude. Iſt er aber unglücklich, dann wird er von ſelber ſich mein erinnern, und in der Stunde falle vor ihm nieder, küſſe ſeine Sohlen und ſprich: Sei getroſt! Sie ſendet mich! Deinen Sohn!“

„Halt ein, um des Heilandes willen, halt ein!“ ſchrie Gutenberg auf und ſank nieder zu dem vor ihm Knienden. „Ja, das iſt ſie, an dieſem Worte erkenne ich Dich. O mein Sohn, mein Sohn!“

Ein Blitz hätte die beiden Männer nicht aus einander geriſſen. So lang, ſo eng, ſo lautlos war die Umſchlingung, in der ſie ruheten. Der Greis klagte nicht, daß er den Gefundenen nicht ſehen konnte; ſeine Lippen, ſeine Hände, ſeine Arme dienten ihm ſtatt Augen; „und,“ ſagte er unter Thränen, „einſt, als ich es nicht wußte, welchen Schatz ich beſaß, ja damals, als ich blind war, ſah ich ja Deine lieben, offenen Züge und meiner Gisquette Augen.“

Nach dem erſten Taumel einer ſolchen Entdeckung gewann Gutenberg Faſſung genug, um nach Claude's Mutter zu fragen. Er konnte es nicht ſehen, wie dieſer mit überquellenden Augen nach oben wies, aber er verſtand die ſtumme Antwort doch, an der ſchmerzlichen Innigkeit, womit der Sohn ſich auf's Neue an die Bruſt des Vaters drückte. „Sie erwartet mich droben,“ flüſterte er und barg ſeine lichtloſen Augen an Claude's Stirn.

Noch in ſtummer, glücklicher Umarmung fand Lorenz Beildeck, als er um Mittag vom Acker heimkehrte, die Beiden. „Lorenz, ein Sohn!“ ſo rief, als er den Tritt des Nahenden erkannte, Gutenberg dem treuen Diener ſchon entgegen, und Claude richtete ſich, ſtolz auf einen ſolchen Vater, in ſeinen Armen auf. Verwundert empfing Beildeck die Erklärung, und, gleichſam mehr um dem Fremden einen vollgültigen Beweis zu liefern, als um ſich vor dem Vater zu rechtfertigen, zog jetzt Claude aus ſeiner Truhe einen kleinen, glänzenden Metallſpiegel heraus, auf einer Seite mit einem Bilde beklebt, zierlich am Rande gezackt. „Sage dem Meiſter, welches Bild Du auf der Rückſeite dieſes Spiegels ſiehſt!“ ſagte er zu Beildeck. — „Eine heilige Maria, die Bruſt von drei Schwertern durchbohrt, das gekreuzigte Jeſuskind in den Armen.“ — „Und darunter,“ ſagte Gutenberg haſtig, „in Holzſchnitt die Worte: Ecce, mulier, filium tuum! — O weiß der die Tafel, den Spiegel! Ich gab ſie Gisquetten, als ich ſie zuerſt geſehen, am Domplatz zu Aachen!“ Er riß die Reliquie einer beſſeren Zeit an ſich und küßte ſie mit inbrünſtigen Lippen.

Die Stunde, da er dieſen Spiegel in eine geliebte Hand gelegt, die ganze Epoche aus ſeinem Leben lag vor Gutenbergs innerem Auge wie ein warmer Sonnenblick, in dem auch der kahle, kalte Gletſcher ſeines Alters roth aufglühte. Als die Erinnerung an jene Zeit zu mächtig in ihm wurde, erzählte er ſeinem Gefundenen und dem treuen Beildeck, wie folgt:

„Es war im Jahre 1440, als nach Aachen, der uralten, berühmten Kaiſerſtadt, von allen Seiten der gläubigen Chriſtenheit gewallt werden ſollte. Eine Heilthumsfahrt, wie man das nannte und wie ſie alle ſieben Jahre nach den wunderthätigen Heiligthümern des Domes in Aachen veranſtaltet wird. Ich lebte dazumalen in Straßburg zu St. Arbogaſt, im Geiſte beſchäftiget mit meiner edlen Kunſt, aber noch zu keinem rechten Ende gediehen. Dabei ging's mir — Lorenz, du weißt das! — im täglichen Leben ein bischen knapp zu. Die Sendungen von Mainz waren ſchon lange ausgeblieben, mein väterlich Erbe verkauft und draufgegangen zu allerlei Experimenten und Vorarbeiten. Um deshalb einigen Erlös zu ziehen, der mir mehr zur Verfolgung meiner Idee als zur Friſtung eines bereits im hohen Mittage ſtehenden Lebens nöthig däuchte, machte ich mich an allerlei Künſte, von denen ein günſtiger Betrieb zu hoffen war, ließ Spiegel und Steine ſchleifen, ſchnitt Bilder und Formen in Holz, und verband mich mit jenen Straßburgern, die es ſpäter ſo übel mit mir im Sinne hatten, mit dem Andres Dritzehn, dem Heilmann und den Anderen. Das mag aber ſchon ein oder zwei Jahre her geweſen ſein, daß wir zuſammen unſer

Geſchäft betrieben; ſie ſchoſſen, wie billig, ihre Einlage dazu her, ich lieh ihnen mein Werkzeug und unterwies ſie nach beſtem Vermögen.

„Von der Heilthumsfahrt verhießen wir uns eine recht reiche Ernte. Da kamen ſie aus aller Herren Ländern zuſammen, der eitle Franzmann mit ſeinem geputzten Weibſen, der ſtolz einhergehende Spanier, die ſchönen verſchleierten Frauen von Venedig und den großen italiſchen Städten. Wir durften darum wohl hoffen, von unſern Künſten und Werken manches ſchöne Stück an den Mann zu bringen. Zudem trieb mich noch ein Anderes von Straßburg weg. Ich hatte mit einem elſaſſiſchen Mädchen, Ennel zur Eiſernen Thür, hieß ſie, eine kurze Zeit ein Verlöbniß gehabt. Mein Herz gedachte ſie heimzuführen, weil ich Wohlgefallen fand an ihren ſchönen braunen Augen und an der ſchlanken Geſtalt. Gott und die Aeltern Ennels beſchloſſen es aber anders mit uns. Ich will glauben, ſie war unſchuldig daran, denn ſie war eine brave Dirn, und, ich darf es wohl ſagen, mir mit ganzer Seele zugethan, nur ein wenig leichtfertig, ſagten ihr böſe Zungen nach, und an weltlichen Dingen eifriger hangend, als es einer Chriſtin und einer deutſchen Hausfrau ziemen mag. Die Aeltern fanden an mir und an meinem Wandel kein Aergerniß; es kränkte ſie nur, daß ich nicht höher hinaus wollte, immer in meiner vielieben Werkſtatt ſaß, über Büchern und Kunſtſtücken brütete; der Vater meinte, ich hätte einen niedrigen Sinn, und wenn ich mich nicht beſſer dran gäbe, nicht nach einer Würde in der Stadt trachtete, ſo gäbe er einem Müßiggänger und Grillenfänger und Kopfhänger ſein Mädel nicht. Er war ein reicher Mann von vieler Sippſchaft in Straßburg und baß angeſehen.

„Natürlich, daß ich ihm nimmer wieder über die hoffärthige Schwelle ging. War mit Ehren vierzig Jahr' alt worden, und ſollte nun noch mein Dichten und Trachten, das all' auf einen Punkt ſtand, ändern, Rathſchreiber werden, Katzenbuckel machen — daß dich!

„Mir that's leid, obwohl ich — das ſollt' ich bald lernen — die Ennel nicht ſo eigentlich lieb gehabt. Um mein Weh zu verſchmerzen, kam mir die Fahrt gen Aachen ſo recht zu paß. Im Monat Juni packten wir auf, Dritzehn, Heilmann, der Voigt Riffe und ich, zogen mit einem Paar tüchtiger Saumthiere, die unſere Steine und Spiegel und die bunt-gedruckten Heiligenbilder trugen, luſtig von dannen und fürchteten ſchier, die beiden Thiere würden das Geld nicht alle tragen können, das wir in Aachen gewonnen. Wir nahmen nicht die Waſſerſtraße, weil wir unterwegs ſchon allerlei abzuziehen gedachten.

„Verlangt nicht, daß ich Euch das Gepränge und Gedränge ſchildern ſoll, das uns in der heiligen Stadt ſchon entgegen fluthete. Meine alten blinden Augen können ſich's kaum noch zurückrufen, was ſie damals geſehen. Alle Straßen und Plätze mit Andächtigen, Fremden, Einheimiſchen, Vornehmen, Geringen, Geſunden und Krüppeln überfüllt. Vor den Thoren draußen lagen ſie des Nachts in bretternen und leinenen Hütten, mit Tannengrün geſchmückt und von tauſend Lichtern funkelnd. Und früh Morgens, wenn die heiligen Prozeſſionen angingen, wie ſtürzte aus den Pforten des Domes und hinein eine brünſtige Schaar, um den geweihten Schrein mit bittenden Lippen zu berühren, der heiligen Mutter Gottes eine Kerze, einen Kelch, oder auch nur eine Thräne und ein leiſes Gebet zu weihen. Wenn die Glocken dann ausgeklungen, dann öffneten ſich die Läden und Buden aller Ecken und Enden; Juden und Chriſten ſchrien durch einander, Gaukler, wälſche Sänger, Bettler, Landsknechte, dazwiſchen wieder ſeidene Gewänder, Kardinalshüte, Fürſtenmäntel — Kranke, die ihre gebrechlichen Gliedmaßen in die warmen Quellen tauchten — Geneſene, welche der Mutter Maria ein ſilbernes Herz brachten oder ein Bein, künſtlich aus Wachs gebildet — Stutzer, die mit ihren Buhlen im Gedränge koſeten — Soldatenjungen, auf einer Trommel würfelnd — Mönche mit dem Kreuz und der Fahne, einem Leichenzug voran, — Masken dahinter und darunter — —

„Mir ſchwindelt, denk' ich jetzo nur daran, und in den Ohren brauſt mir dann das unaufhörliche Geräuſch jener Tage noch immer. Damals war ich ein Mann in der Vollkraft meiner Jahre, und es focht mich nichts an, im Gegentheile, es konnte mir nicht laut und wirr genug zugehen. Wie ein Fiſch im Waſſer ſchwamm ich wohlgemuth in den Wellen des bewegten Menſchenſtromes mit, die Augen überall, jauchzend mit den Jauchzenden, und wo es Hiebe ſetzte, auch wohl mit der alten Klinge noch bei der Hand, deren Brauch der Mainzer Patrizier-Sohn beileibe nicht verlernt hatte. Mein Geſchäft kümmerte mich wenig. Feil halten und handeln wollte mir nicht ziemen, wie auch meine Genoſſen meinten; ſie erboten ſich auszuſtehen mit unſeren Waaren, und wenn es mir auf Abends, da wir den Erlös theilten, oft vorkommen wollte, als hätten ſie mein Part verkleinert, ſo ſchalt ich mich doch meines ſchnöden Mißtrauens halber ſelber aus. Ich hatte ja zu leben, aus dem Säckel ging's in den Mund, und Zeit für meine Gedanken, meine Arbeiten blieb mir auch noch zur Genüge.

„Drei Tage war ich in Aachen geweſen. Da — eines Morgens — ich ſtand an der Bude, worin Andres Dritzehn unſere Spiegel ausgelegt hatte“ . . . — Und ich wollte nur, Ihr ſähet, lieben Leſer, wie ich, den Blinden bei dieſen Worten erzittern, über ſeine bleichen Wangen eine letzte Röthe anbrechen, ſeine Hände nach dem Haupte Claude's, ſeines Neugeborenen, taſten. —

„Unter den vielen Schauluſtigen, welche umherſtanden, die glatten Metallſpiegel betrachtend, war auch ein junges Mädchen, das tief zurückgedrängt wurde in den Haufen und nur von ferne ihre Augen an unſeren Schätzen zu weiden vermochte. Dieſe Augen gefielen mir aber ſo ſehr, daß ich ſie heranwinkte mit den Worten: Tritt doch näher, Du kleine Schöne! Sie wußte nicht, daß ſie gemeint war, ja ſie verſtand mich nicht einmal, als ich meine Einladung wiederholte, ſie dazu bei der Hand faſſend, die ſie mir leiſe und ſchüchtern wieder entzog. „Ich bin keine Deutſche,“ ſagte ſie hocherröthend, „ich bin eine Franzöſin, aus dem Faubourg St. Antoine zu Paris, wenn Ihr da geweſen ſeid, mein Herr!“ Ich mußte lachend verneinen. Obwohl ihrer franzöſiſchen Sprache nicht ſehr mächtig, verſtand ich ſie doch genug, um ihr nothdürftig antworten zu können.

„Willſt Du denn nicht einen unſerer hellen Spiegel mitnehmen, kleine Franzöſin?“ ſagte ich zu ihr.

„Ach nein, mein Herr!“

„Du thuſt Unrecht. Wer ein ſo hübſches Geſicht hat, wie Du, ſollte vor Allem ein ſolches Meuble anſchaffen.“ Ich griff ihr dabei ſcherzhaft unter das Kinn und hob das zierliche, zu Boden geſenkte Oval dieſes reizenden Antlitzes zu mir empor. Sie ſah mich mit den großen Augen halb bittend, halb vorwurfsvoll an und wollte ſich los machen; ich aber hielt ſie feſt, und indem ich ihr einen unſerer netteſten Spiegel — jenen ſelben! — hinreichte, ſagte ich zu ihr: Nun ſieh doch ſelber hin, kleine Ungläubige! Ein Schrei der Ueberraſchung bebte von den feingeſchnittenen Lippen, als ſie ihre glühende Wange aus dem Grunde des polirten Metalls ſo hell und ſo treu ſich entgegenleuchten ſah. Man merkte an Allem, daß ſie ihr eigenes Abbild ſo klar und vollſtändig noch niemals erblickt hatte; es war, als ſchlüge ihre Schönheit erſt jetzt die Augen auf, um ſich ſelber zu erkennen. Ich drang in ſie, den Spiegel zu kaufen. Sie ſchwankte; ſichtlich hatte ſie ſelbſt Vergnügen daran gefunden. Plötzlich aber warf ſie ihn heftig wieder auf den Tiſch und eilte davon. „Ich kann nicht,“ rief ſie aus und drängte ſich zurück in den Haufen der Umſtehenden.

„Ich folgte. In der Nähe des Domes — unſere Bude ſtand am Domplatze — hole ich die Flüchtige ein. „Warum kannſt Du denn nicht?“ — „Mein Herr! . . .“ — „Rede ohne Scheu mit mir, Du darfſt es . . .“ „Weil ich kein Geld habe, um den Spiegel zu bezahlen. Sehet hier mein letztes Fünflivres-Stück. Es iſt beſtimmt, zwei künſtliche Hände von Elfenbein zu kaufen, die meine geneſene Mutter der gnadenreichen Maria opfert.“

„Die kindliche Liebe, welche noch heller aus dem beredten Auge des jungen Mädchens redete, als aus ihren einfachen Worten, rührte mich tief. Ich fragte ſie nach Mutter, Heimath, Namen. Mit einer liebenswürdigen Offenherzigkeit erzählte ſie mir, ſie heiße Giſouette, ſei aus dem Faubourg St. Antoine der großen und mächtigen Stadt Paris, in deſſen Mauern ich eine ſo zarte, ländliche, unverdorbene Blume wahrlich nicht geſucht hätte, und wäre mit ihrem Bruder Jacques, einem Gelübde der Mutter zufolge, hierher gewallt, um der Jungfrau Maria für das Wunder der Heilung, das ſie an der alten, ſeit Jahren gichtbrüchigen Frau gethan, ihren Dank und ein frommes Weihgeſchenk darzubringen.

„Und wie denkſt Du heim zu kommen, fragte ich weiter, den langen Weg, Du ein ſchwaches Mädchen und ohne Mittel, da ja jenes Silberſtück, ſagſt Du, Deinen ganzen Reichthum ausmacht? Herr, wie hin, erwiderte ſie mit dem leichten Frohſinn ihres Volkes. Bruder Jacques iſt ein gelernter Conteur; der erzählt und ſingt unterweges ſeine Fabliaux, ich ſchlage die Laute dazu, und ſo grüßen wir fromme Klöſter und gaſtliche Häuſer, an denen es ja — Gott und ſeinen Heiligen ſei gedankt! — nirgends mangelt. Bruder Jacques, ſetzte ſie mit ſchweſterlichem Stolze hinzu, hat auch hier in Aachen vor vielen hohen und reichen Herren ſchon geſungen, und daheim im ganzen Viertel iſt er weit und breit bekannt. Hat er doch ſelbſt einmal in einer großen Moralité in der grand'salle den Merkur agirt, mit gewaltigen Flügeln an beiden Schultern, die ich ihm aus Gaze gemacht, und, ich ſag' Euch, mein Herr, er ſah gut aus und hielt ſeine ſchönen Reime vortrefflich!“

„Brauch ich Euch zu melden, Freunde! wie mit jedem Worte des durch meine Theilnahme beredt-gewordenen Mägdleins mein Herz ſich entſchiedener zu ihr hingezogen fühlte! Ich führte ſie wieder zu unſerem Zelte, und indem ich ihr den Spiegel, den ſie zuvor mit lüſterner Bewunderung ſeufzend betrachtet hatte, raſch hinreichte, ſagte ich zu ihr: „Nimm das, mein gutes Kind, als Andenken an dieſe Stunde und einen Freund, den Deine kindliche Liebe tief erfreuet hat!“ Sie weigerte ſich lange verſchämt; als aber Andres, der ſeiner Reihe nach an jenem Morgen ausſtand, mir murmelnde Vorwürfe machte, daß ich leichtfertig mit unſerem Gut haushielte, legte ſie ängſtlich, aber verſtimmt den Spiegel wieder hin und ſagte zu mir: „Ich dank' Euch, mein lieber Herr! Ihr ſollt keine Ungelegenheiten haben wegen eines armen, eitlen Mädchens!“

„War mir das Blut ſchon über die Krämerſeele Heilmanns in's Geſicht geſchoſſen, ſo erhitzten mich die trüben, entſagenden Worte Giſquettens vollends. Raſch neſtelte ich meine Börſe vom Gürtel los, und indem ich den Kaufpreis des Spiegels mit einem heftigen Schelten gegen jenen auf ſeinen Tiſch ſchleuderte, nahm ich mit der einen Hand den Spiegel, mit der anderen der Dirne Arm und führte ſie mit ſanfter Gewalt aus dem Gedränge.

„Claude! Sieben Tage lang, ſieben glückliche, unvergeßliche Tage brachte ich mit Giſquette in Aachen zu. Ich ließ nicht von ihr, ich war ihr Schatten, ſie, das einfache, reine Herz voll ſeiner erſten, an mich Unwürdigen verſchwendeten Liebe, meine Sonne. Dann ſchieden wir — um uns niemals wiederzuſehen — und heute . . .“

Johann Gutenberg verſtummte, mit langentbehrten Thränen ſeinen gefundenen, Giſquettens Sohn an die überquellende Bruſt ſchließend. Claude hatte, um des Vaters Erzählung zu vervollſtändigen, wenig hinzu zu ſetzen: von dem freudloſen Leben und Sterben Giſquettens, die niemals von der Treue zu Johannes gewichen war und ſeinen Sohn auf ihrem Todbette als letztes Vermächtniß an den ahnungsloſen Freund abſandte.

Eine heilige Stille waltete in dem kleinen Gemach, als er geendet. Zu Gutenbergs Füßen kniete Claude, eng von jenes Armen umfangen. Beildeck ſtand mit gefalteten Händen von ferne, ſein treues Auge weidend an der verſchlungenen Gruppe. Der Greis aber mit ſeinen ſtarren, lichtloſen Augen, das Geſicht voll majeſtätiſcher Würde und voll tiefſeliger Bewegung umfloſſen von den weißen Wellen der Haare und des ehrwürdig herniederwallenden Bartes, die Bruſt gehoben von Seufzern, in denen Schmerz und Luſt, Vergangenes und Gegenwärtiges wehmüthig in einander ſchlugen: — Wer ihn ſo geſehen hätte, würde ihn verglichen haben mit einem Oedipus in Antigone's Armen, gebeugt, alt, ſchwach, aber dennoch das Haupt eines Königs, das Herz eines Vaters!

„Wahrlich!“ ſprach er nach einer langen Pauſe mit bebenden Lippen, „wahrlich! nun wird mir mein naher Tod ein ſeliger Heimgang! Liebe geleitet mich hier, Liebe empfängt mich dort. Das ſind die beſten Werke, von denen geſchrieben ſteht, ſie werden den Gerechten nicht verlaſſen, ſondern ihm nachfolgen. Alle Kunſt und alles Wiſſen, nach dem wir ringen, in dem wir ſchwelgen, aller Schall und aller Ruhm, ſo unſern Namen auf die Nachwelt trägt, iſt ein tönend Erz und eine klingende Schelle gegen die Worte der Liebe, der reinen, natürlichen, menſchlichen, göttlichen. Ja, ich ahne, daß mein Leben für Andere nicht verloren iſt, daß meine Saat aufſproßt zu einem Baum, darunter eine neue Generation raſten mag. Mein Werk hat die Idee entfeſſelt und das Wort beflügelt; leicht, frei, ſchnell werden ſie auf den Schwingen meiner Erfindung die veränderte Erde durchſchweben und meinen Namen der Unſterblichkeit zutragen. Aber ſiehe, ich würde dennoch ohne Troſt und ohne Ruhe zu Grabe gegangen ſein, wenn nur die Sonne meines Geiſtes mir den dunklen Pfad beleuchtet hätte. Da wurde mir ein Sohn, und ich ſcheide froh, denn mein Leben verliert ſich nicht in einer grauenvollen Oede. Der Menſch bleibt Menſch. Sein Herz kann nicht vom Ruhm und von der Hoffnung leben; Liebe bleibt ſein Beſtes. Und ſo gabe ich mein ganzes Werk dahin für Dich! Du giltſt mir mehr wie meine Kunſt, Du Giſquettens Bote aus einer glücklichen Ewigkeit, Du, mein Claude, mein Sohn, mein Alles!“

„Gutenberg ſtarb arm und verlaſſen. Sein Tod erregte kein Aufſehen bei ſeinen gleichgültigen, undankbaren Zeitgenoſſen. Nur aus einer beſtäubten, ſeiner gelegentlich erwähnenden Gerichts-Urkunde vermuthen wir, daß er nicht lange vor dem 26. Februar 1468 zu ſeinen Vätern verſammelt worden iſt. Wann und wo, bleibt ungewiß, ja wir würden nicht einmal ahnen können, wo ſeine entſeelte Hülle dem Schooße der Erde zurückgegeben worden, wenn ſich nicht die Grabſchrift, welche Einer ſeiner Verwandten, Adam Gelthuß zur Jungen Aben, zu ſeinem Andenken verfaßt hat, zufällig erhalten hätte. Es heißt darin mit frommen, lateiniſchen Worten, ſeine Gebeine ruhen in Frieden in der Kirche des heiligen Franziskus zu Mainz.“

So die Geſchichte. Mit einem ſchmerzlichen Erröthen auf den göttlichen Wangen wendet ſie das Blatt ihres Buches um, worauf ſie dergeſtalt über den Erfinder der merkwürdigſten und folgereichſten aller Künſte, über den Demiurgos einer neuen, ſittlichen Welt berichten muß.

Daß es die Dichtkunſt gewagt, über die letzten Tage ſeines Lebens ein verſöhnendes Hell zu gießen und dem ohne Frucht abſterbenden Stamme ein Reis der Hoffnung und des Friedens aufzupfropfen, daß ihre Hand aus den ſpärlichen, verworrenen und im Dunkel der Archive modernden Fäden, die ſich an ſeine Exiſtenz anknüpfen, ein Lebensgemälde webte, — ſoll oder darf oder kann ſie ſich darüber rechtfertigen? Meine ich doch, es ſei der ſchönſte Theil ihres Berufes, da aufzuklären, zu verſöhnen und zu geſtalten, wo das Leben nur Nebelſtreifen und ein unbekanntes Grab hinterlaſſen hat. —

Wilhelm Dorow

wurde am 22. Nov. 1790 zu Königsberg geboren, kam aber nach dem frühen Tode ſeines Vaters in das Haus des Landhofmeiſters von Auerswaldt in Marienwerder, und beſuchte darauf die Schule zu Marienburg, bis er 1804 wieder nach Königsberg kam, wo er ſich dem Baufache widmete. Obgleich ihm ſchon ein Amt zugedacht war, ſo verzichtete er doch darauf; nahm aber eine Stelle in einem der erſten Handlungshäuſer Königsbergs an, wo er bis 1811 blieb und auch ſeine mathematiſchen Studien fortſetzte. Nachdem er 1811 dies wieder aufgegeben hatte, beſchloß D. eine Reiſe nach Frankreich und Italien zu machen. Zuvor verweilte er jedoch längere Zeit bei dem Capellmeiſter Reichardt, dem Bruder ſeiner Mutter, in Giebichenſtein und trat dann eine Fußwanderung durch ganz Deutſchland nach Paris an, wo er im November 1811 eintraf. Im December deſſelben Jahres aber ward er von dem preußiſchen Geſandten von Kruſemark, der ihn aus früherer Zeit kannte, mit mündlichen Aufträgen nach Berlin zu dem Staatskanzler von Hardenberg geſendet, welcher ihm im März 1812 eine mit Gehalt verbundene Anſtellung bei der Geſandtſchaft am franzöſiſchen Hofe gab. Im December 1812 zurückberufen, trat er im Februar des folgenden Jahres in Breslau als freiwilliger Jäger ins zweite Garderegiment, bis ihn der ihm wohlwollende General von Scharnhorſt mit dem Major von Röder in das Hauptquartier des Generals von Winzingerode und ſpäter zum Fürſten Wolkonsky ſchickte. D. wohnte allen Schlachten nach Eröffnung des Feldzuges bei, während des Waffenſtillſtandes aber trat er wieder in dienſtliche Verhältniſſe zu dem Staatskanzler, ging mit Aufträgen nach Polen, und als er darauf eine Zeitlang im Hauptquartier zu Teplitz geweſen, ward er im September mit beſondern Vollmachten nach Polen zurückgeſchickt, wo er bis zur Einnahme von Paris blieb. Er reiſte darauf nach Dijon zum Staatskanzler und wurde zu der Centralverwaltung nach Frankfurt a. M. geſendet, wo er gemeinſchaftlich mit dem Medicinalrathe Merrem die Oberaufſicht über die Militairlazarethe der Verbündeten hatte. Nachdem ſich dieſes Dienſtverhältniß aufgelöſt hatte, nahm D. 1815 ſeinen Abſchied aus dem Militairſtand und ging 1816 als Geſandtſchaftsſecretair nach Dresden und 1817 in gleicher

Eigenſchaft nach Kopenhagen, bis eine lebensgefährliche Krankheit ihn nöthigte, in Wiesbaden Heilung zu ſuchen. In dieſer Zeit unternahm er die antiquariſchen Unterſuchungen und Ausgrabungen, die ſeinen Namen berühmt gemacht haben. Eine von der Centraluntersuchungscommiſſion in Mainz gegen ihn eingeleitete Unterſuchung wegen Betheiligung an demagogiſchen Umtrieben hielt ihn in Wiesbaden zurück, obgleich er bereits im Jan. 1820 zum Director der Alterthumskunde in den rheiniſch-weſtphäliſchen Provinzen war ernannt worden. Da die Anklage des Grundes ermangelte, ſo hatte ſie auch keinen Einfluß auf ſeine dienſtlichen Verhältniſſe. D. gründete das Muſeum vaterländiſcher Alterthümer in Bonn, wo er bis 1822 blieb, und trat dann in das Miniſterium der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten zurück. Nach dem Tode des Fürſten von Hardenberg wurde er mit der Hälfte ſeines Gehaltes in Ruheſtand verſetzt. 1827 erhielt er vom Könige von Preußen eine Unterſtützung zur Reiſe nach Italien, gab hier Veranlaſſung zu den bedeutenden Ausgrabungen und Entdeckungen im alten Etrurien, und erwarb die große, jetzt im Muſeum zu Berlin aufgeſtellte Sammlung etruriſcher Alterthümer. Er ſtarb 1846 in Halle.

Von ihm erſchien:

„Opferſtätten und Grabhügel der Germanen am Rhein“ (2 Bde. Wiesbaden 1819—21).
„Morgenländiſche Alterthümer“ (2 Hefte, Wiesbaden 1819—21. 4.).
„Denkmale germaniſcher u. römiſcher Zeit in den rheiniſch-weſtphäliſchen Provinzen“ (2 Bde. Stuttgart 1823—27. 4.).
„Denkmäler alter Sprache und Kunſt“ (2 Bde. Bonn u. Berlin 1823—24. 4.).
„Notizie intorno alcuni vasi etruschi“ (Peſaro 1828. 4.).
„Etrurien u. der Orient, nebſt Thorwaldſen's Darſtellung der 1828 entdeckten etruriſchen Alterthümer“ (Heidelberg 1829).
„Voyage archéologique dans l'ancienne Etrurie“ (Paris 1829. 4.).
Reminiscenzen. Goethe's Mutter u. ſ. w. (Sammelwerk.) Leipzig 1842.
Erlebtes aus den Jahren 1813—20. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1843.
Krieg, Literatur und Theater. Leipzig 1845.
Fürſt Koſloffsky. Leipzig 1845.

Als Archäolog hat D. heftige Angriffe zu erleiden gehabt, doch wird ihm von anderen freundlich geſinnteren Kritikern Geſchmack, Scharfſinn und Sachkenntniß zugeſprochen. Seine ſpäteren Bücher ſind faſt nur Veröffentlichungen aus ſeinen reichen Sammlungen handſchriftlicher Briefe und Memoiren, bei deren Herausgabe er wohl im Beſitz, aber nicht immer im Recht geweſen ſein mag.

Karl Ferdinand Dräxler

nannte ſich früher als Schriftſteller Manfred und hat daraus jetzt den Namen Dräxler-Manfred gebildet. Er wurde 1806 zu Lemberg geboren, lebte zu Prag, wo er ſtudirte, als Privatgelehrter, machte Reiſen nach London und Paris, begab ſich dann nach Meiningen und ging ſpäter nach Frankfurt a. M., wo er ſich noch aufhält.

Er ſchrieb:

Eßlair in Prag. Prag 1826.
Romanzen, Lieder u. Sonette. Daſ. 1825.
Neuere Gedichte. Daſ. 1829.
Novellen: Gruppen u. Puppen. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1836.
Gedichte. Frankfurt 1838.
Fahrten. Erlangen 1839.
Vier und zwanzig Stunden. Ein Feuilleton des Tages. Leipzig 1842.
Die Alte aus Lindaheſtra. Roman. Frankfurt 1844.
Ueberſetzungen von engliſchen und franzöſiſchen Poeſien und Romanen, Gedichte, Novellen u. ſ. w. in Journalen u. ſ. w.

Ein zartes, leicht bewegtes poetiſches Talent voll Anmuth und ſanfter Empfindung, iſt D. beſonders in lyriſchen Poeſien ſehr glücklich, während er da, wo er dem Ton des Tages huldigt, nicht prägnant hervortritt. Seine Ueberſetzungen zeichnen ſich durch Gewandtheit und Treue ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Die Thräne.

Im Winter, wo die Welt ringsher
So ſchauerlich erblichen,
Iſt eine Thräne trüb und ſchwer
In's Auge mir geſchlichen.

Die Welt erwacht aus ihrem Tod,
Der Winter iſt vertrieben;
Ich rieb mein Auge feuerroth,
Die Thräne iſt geblieben.

Vergebens wird ſich Baum und Flur
Mit Frühlingsſchimmer ſchmücken;
Ich darf die blühende Natur
In Thränen nur erblicken.

Im Winter gab es böſe Zeit,
Da dacht' ich oft ſo trübe
Der ſeligen Vergangenheit,
So voll von Glück und Liebe.

Dann dacht' ich, was ich all geſtrebt,
Und was mir all mißlungen;
Und wie ich ewig glutbelebt,
Doch nie ein Ziel errungen.

Ich dachte, wie es ſchmerzt und brennt,
Das ewig leere Streben;
Mein Denken war ein Monument
Auf mein verfehltes Leben.

Mein Fühlen war ſo öd und leer,
Und alles Glück entwichen;
Da iſt die Thräne trüb' und ſchwer
In's Auge mir geſchlichen.

Das Kreuz.

Die Stunden fliehn, der Weg iſt lang,
Doch weil' ich gerne hier;
Du Kreuzesholz, ſo ſchlicht und ſchlank,
Wie winkſt du ſegnend mir!

Biſt wohl der große Palmenbaum,
Der in die Himmel ragt,
Und in dem lichten Sternenraum
Mit ew'gen Blüten prangt!

Die große Segensblume, ſo
Aus heil'gem Blute keimt,
Aus deren Wunderkelche froh
Der Menſchheit Segen ſchäumt.

Und wie ich alſo denke ſtill,
Da rauſcht es rings und klingt,
Als ob das Kreuzbild ſprechen will,
Als ob der Felſen ſingt.

Kennſt du mich denn ſo wenig nur
In meiner Macht und Pracht;
Steht meines Lichtes heil'ge Spur
Vor dir in trüber Nacht?

Sie nennen mich auf weiter Welt
Das große Wunderſchwert,
Das Er, der heil'ge Gottesheld,
Gepflanzet in die Erd;

Gepflanzet in die Welt, daß da
Mag ewig Friede ſein,
Und daß das Schwert vom Golgatha
Als Richter ſehe drein.

So ſchau ich liebreich von den Höh'n
Jahrtauſende ſchon lang,
Und all die Menſchen gehn und flehn
Bei mir mit frommem Sang.

Und halte, wie ein Kuppelſtein,
Zuſammen alle Welt,
Bis einſt im vollen Strahlenſchein
Zurückkehrt mein Held. —

So rauſcht es rings zu mir heran
Mit wundervollem Wort,
Die milde Abendröthe ſpann
Am Purpurrocken fort.

Mir aber ward ſo wohl zu Muth,
Zum Kreuze blickt' ich reg',
Empfahl mich jener heil'gen Huth
Und ging dann meinen Weg.

Die Säule.

Iskender war's, den Griechenland
Hat Alexander zubenannt,
Der zog vorbei in Siegeseile
Mit ſeinem Heer an einer Säule.

Leer war das niedre Capital;
Doch ſchien's, als ob darauf einmal
Geſtanden eine Statüe habe;
Da ſprang vom Troß ein kecker Knabe

Hinauf, und wie er oben ſtand,
Da zuckte plötzlich ſein Verſtand;
Sein Mund, von heil'gem Drang bemeiſtert,
Erklang prophetiſch und begeiſtert.

Er drehte ſich im Kreiſe rings,
Und wie ſein Auge rechts und links
In die verſchied'nen Pole blickte,
Sprach auch verſchieden der Verzückte.

Als König da, als Weiſer hier,
Und dort als kundiger Weſir:
Iskender fragte die Begleitung
Um ſolcher [illegible] Deutung.

Da ſprach der weiſe Stagirit,
Der immer ihm zur Seite ſchritt:
„O Herr, ein tiefer Zauber waltet
In dem, was ſich vor dir entfaltet.

Die Säule Jethi'motaſi —
Den Griechen iſt Orakel ſie —
Deckt einen großen Mann im Grabe
Mit Weisheit und Prophetengabe.

Des großen Mannes Geiſt und Wort,
Sie wirken noch im Tode fort:
Wer auf die Säule ſich geſchwungen,
Der fühlt ſich bald davon durchdrungen.

Der Schrift bedarf ſolch Denkmal nicht,
Weil es lebend'ge Worte ſpricht:
Dem Großen bleibt in allen Zeiten
Die Zauberkraft und das Bedeuten.

Unwiderſtehlich faßt's den Geiſt,
Dem es in Herrlichkeit ſich weiſt,
Dem Todten muß was lebt auf Erden
Zum Dolmetſch der Bewund'rung werden.

Und wie das Große liegt in Kraft,
Prophetengeiſt und Wiſſenſchaft
In Schätzen und im Seelenfrieden,
So ſind die Säulen auch verſchieden.

Verſchiedne Zungen reden ſie,
Wie ſie der Todte ihnen lieh,
Je wie das Große ſeines Lebens,
Verſchieden in der Art des Strebens.

Und alſo Wunſcherfüllung auch
Nennt ſolchen Stein der Sprachgebrauch,
Weil dem Verzückten er kann geben,
Was dieſer nie beſitzt im Leben.“ —

Jetzt war die Säule wieder leer,
Der Knabe albern wie vorher,
Der weiſe Deuter hat geſchwiegen,
Der König ſtand mit ernſten Zügen.

Wohl nannten ihn die Menſchen groß,
Er aber ſchwieg und dachte bloß:
Ob ſeines Todtenhügels Erde
Auch ſolche Säule ſchmücken werde?

Der Hirtenknabe.

Ich war ein ſtiller Hirtenknabe
Mit blauem Aug' und blondem Haar,
Und zog an meinem Schäferſtabe
Durch Berg und Thal ſo manches Jahr.

So freundlich lachten mir die Auen,
Die Blumen gaben ſüßen Wink
Und ſchienen fröhlich aufzuſchauen,
Wenn ſingend ich vorüberging.

Es kam, wenn ich hinausgezogen,
Der Lenz und ſetzte ſich zu mir,
Er war ſo lieb mir und gewogen,
Und gab mir Küſſe für und für.

Wir ſpielten fröhlich dann mitſammen,
Bald warf er mich mit Blüthenſchnee,
Bald ließ er Roſenlichter flammen,
Bald Lieder tönen in der Höh'.

Und ſchlief ich ein mit frohem Muthe,
So ſah den Frieden ich im Traum,
Wie er im Himmelsgarten ruhte
In ſchattenreicher Palmen Raum.

Ein Bild nur konnte da mir taugen,
Ich trug es ſtill in meinem Sinn:
Das war mit ihren lieben Augen
Die wunderſchöne Schäferin.

So kamen Jahre und vergingen;
Da kam auch endlich andre Zeit,
Und Neuem mußt' ich mich verdingen,
In fremde Kreiſe eingeweiht.

Zum Ritter mußt' ich mich verwandeln,
An meiner Seite glänzt ein Schwert,
Und all mein Streben und mein Handeln
Iſt, ſeiner mich zu zeigen werth.

Es weht mein Helmbuſch durch die Lüfte,
Ich bin gerühmt im weiten Land,
Die Blumen aber und die Düfte,
Sie grüßen nimmer mich bekannt.

Der Lenz geht ſcheu an mir vorüber,
Er kennt den Spielgenoſſen nicht,
Ich ſelber aber wandle trüber
Und ſehe träumend in ſein Licht.

So ſchreit' ich durch das wirre Leben,
Erprobe oft den Arm im Straus:
Mühſal ward mir genug gegeben,
Und ſelten, ſelten ruh' ich aus.

Dann ſeh' ich im bewegten Traume
Nicht jenen Friedensengel mehr:
Ein Rauſchen tönt vom Palmenbaume,
Und unter ihm iſt's öd und leer.

Ein Bild nur mag mich noch entzücken,
Ich trag' es ſtill in meinem Sinn,
Das iſt mit ihren Flammenblicken
Die wunderſchöne Schäferin.

Dies Bild, es ſchwimmt in meinen Thränen,
Begeiſtert Lieder mir und Schwert:
So unerreichbar meinem Sehnen,
Als meinem Herzen ewig werth.

So bin ich gänzlich umgeſtaltet:
Ein Lieben ohne Hoffnungsſtrahl,
Ein Schaffen, d'ran das Herz erkaltet,
Ein Leben voll von Schmerz und Qual.

Und ſoll ich nun das Räthſel löſen,
Das ich euch bildlich vorgeſetzt?
Ich bin ein Jüngling einſt geweſen,
Und bin ein Mann geworden jetzt.

An Rückert.

Wenn lichte Blumen aus der Erde ſchießen,
Mainachtigalln anfangen ſich zu härmen,
Und ſtatt der Flocken, die ſich ſehen ließen,
Lenzſonne nun mit einmal uns will wärmen:
Und ſüßer Duft und Strahl gleich Regengüſſen
Beginnt erdauf und himmelab zu ſchwärmen:
Da iſt ein Bild von Lenzesparadieſen,
Wie ſie alljährig ſich dem Blick erwieſen.

Die Dichter aber gelten für Herolde,
Die nun hinaus in alle Lüfte liedern:
Es hat Natur die Herrlichen im Solde,
Und will ſich gern zu ihren Söhnen niedern:
Aus Blumenglanz, Maiduft und Morgengolde
Und allen Wundern, die ſich jetzt verbrüdern,
Sollen die Kühnen ſüße Sprüche lernen,
Und Menſchen künden, was erglänzt in Sternen.

Und unter Allen, die ſo ausgeſtattet
Mit reichem Glanz und hoher Liebeswürde,
Biſt du allein es, an dem nie ermattet
Mein Herz in ſeiner glühenden Begierde,
Biſt du, in dem ſich Luſt und Leben gattet,
Und dem zum Lorbeer wird die Schmerzensbürde:
Gleich einem Baum, an deſſen Rieſenſtamme
Ein heilig Bild abwehrt des Blitzes Flamme.

Der deutſche Stamm hat ſchöne Frucht getragen,
Des Liedes Frucht, der Wahrheit und der Lehre:
Begeiſtert denk' ich ſein aus Jünglingstagen,
In dem begeiſtert ich als Mann mich kehre.
Sie werden noch in ſpäten Zeiten ſagen
Von ſeiner Kraft und deutſchen Dichterehre:
Vielleicht von Einem auch, der ihm ſich neigte,
Und vor der Welt die Liebe ihm bezeigte.

Künſtlerfahrten.

Lebensbild der Vorzeit.

> Nun Meiſter Michel! Ihr ſeid heiß geworden.
> Kein Wunder, denn die Mittagsſonne brennt.
> Kühlt unter dieſem Baum Euch wieder ab.
> Oehlenſchläger.

Die Morgennebel ſanken auf die Fluren; von allen Weſen der Natur begrüßt, ſtieg die Königin des Tages in ihrer Flammenglorie ſtrahlend empor. In den entzückenden Anblick verſunken, zog Heinrich der Minneſänger, ſeinem Roſſe den Zügel laſſend, auf der Heerſtraße nach dem alten Straßburg. Bald ſtimmte er ſein frommes Morgenlied an. Immer lebendiger ward's um ihn her; flinke Bauernburſche auf ſtattlichen Pferden, hochgeladene Fuhren mit Wein, Frucht, Obſt und Gemüſen; — an des Weges beiden Seiten hochaufgeſchürzte Dirnen, die friſchen freundlichen Geſichtchen in blüthenweiße Tücher eingehüllt, ihre Bürde auf dem Kopfe federleicht einhertragend. Langſamer ſchritten ſie, als ſie den ſchmucken Sänger erreicht, vorwärts und ſtimmten in ſein Lied aus voller Kehle ein. Als der Sang geendet und Heinrich ſein Roß antrieb, erſcholl's aus hundert männlichen und weiblichen Kehlen ringsum: „Gelobt ſei Jeſus Chriſtus!" „„In Ewigkeit!"" entgegnete grüßend der Minneſänger.

Vor der Stadt draußen ſollte Meiſter Erwin, dem der Mainzer Domſcholaſter den Jüngling anempfohlen hatte, hauſen; den berühmten Baumeiſter des Straßburger Münſters von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht zu ſchauen, war längſt Heinrichs ſehnlichſter Wunſch geweſen. Eben ſchritten, einen ſchweren Block italiſchen Marmors auf einer Bahre, vier Geſellen aus der Stadt; der Sänger erfrug von ihnen des Meiſters Landſitz.

Bald war das wohlhäbige, rebenumrankte Haus in der Mitte eines anmuthigen Gartens, zu dem ein ſorglich umhegtes Wäldchen führte, erreicht. Ein alter Diener trat dem Ankömmling entgegen und geleitete ihn in ein Gemach im Erdgeſchoſſe, deſſen Thüre er ihm öffnete.

In ſeinem, mit zierlichem Schnitzwerk verzierten Polſterſtuhle ruhte Meiſter Erwin von Steinbach, eine der Jahreslaſt noch rüſtig trotzende, ehrwürdige Geſtalt mit bedeutungsreichem Antlitze, das ein heiteres Lächeln und ächtes Künſtleraugenpaar belebte. Ein ſchlankes Mädchen blickte, die Linke auf des Greiſes Schulter legend, mit dem ſeelenvollſten Ausdrucke kindlicher Liebe zu ihm auf, während ſie in köſtlicher Majolikaſchale ihm ſeine Bierſuppe kredenzte. Neben dem Mädchen ſaß, ſich mit einer Turteltaube neckend, ein Jüngling, aus deſſen ganzem Weſen ungebundene Frohlaune ſprach; im Winkel hinter ihm lehnte eine Harfe. Die durch Rebengewinde hereinblitzende Morgenſonne beleuchtete die Gruppe mit warmen, maleriſchen Tinten.

„Recht, mein Täubchen!" jubelte das Mädchen, das eben bei des Fremden Eintritte den Neckbold tüchtig in die Finger pickte. „Sabine, Sabine!" mahnte der Greis mit einem Winke nach der Thüre, „ſiehſt du denn nicht?"

Hocherröthend blickte Sabine auf und ſchlüpfte hinter des Vaters Seſſel; ein ſcherzhafter Zornblick des gehöhnten Nachbars verfolgte ſie.

„Willkommen, herzlich willkommen!" rief der Alte des Scholaſters Schreiben durchlaufend, und zog Heinrichen auf einen Sitz an ſeiner Seite.

Sabine flog hinaus und kehrte mit einer zierlichen Schale zurück, in der ſie mit holder Anmuth dem jungen Gaſte den Morgentrank kredenzte.

„Ihr ſeid von meinem alten Freunde mir ſo herzlich empfohlen, daß ich kaum weiß, wie ich dem Gaſtrecht Ehre machen ſoll," ſprach Erwin eben zum Sänger, als der Diener ihn hinausrief. Entſchuldigend entfernte ſich der Alte.

„Herzensgruß," nahm der muntere Jüngling, mit dem Täubchen ſich noch immer neckend, das Wort, „Eurer Laute nach ſind wir Kunſtgenoſſen!"

„Mir ſagte es," entgegnete Heinrich, „beim Eintritte ſchon Eure Harfe dort hinter Euch im Winkel."

„Bruder alſo in Sankt-Cäcilien! So weit als du jedoch (mußt mir das trauliche du ſchon erlauben), wie dein ſtattliches Gewand und die güldne Gnadenkette bezeugen, freilich habe ich's noch nicht gebracht; derweilen indeß (bloß daß du vielleicht noch

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nicht errathen), habe ich mir ein anderes köſtliches Kleinod erſungen.“

Der Sabinens Wangen überhauchende Roſenſchimmer deutete Heinrichen des Jünglings Rede; die Betroffene zerzauſte, ihre Verlegenheit zu bergen, in fröhlicher Schalkheit des Plauderers dunkle Locken.

„Da ſiehſt du, herziger Liebesbruder,“ lachte Gottfried, „daß ich wahr geſprochen; iſt's nicht, als ſei ich meinem ſchmucken Bräutlein bereits zum Eheherrn angetraut?“

Eben trat Meiſter Erwin, der des künftigen Eidams letzte Worte gehört, wieder ein. „Gottfried, Gottfried!“ drohte der Greis lächelnd, „wirſt mir meine Sabine zufrieden laſſen? Wahre dich, daß mich mein Wort nicht etwa gereue!“

„Dafür, Vater,“ erwiederte Gottfried, „bangt mir ſo leicht eben nicht; Euer Herz ſteht unter Sabinens Vormundſchaft, und wo Feintrautchen den Herrmeiſterſtab führt, iſt Gottfried lang geborgen!“

Ein verſtohl'ner Blick der Lieblichen beſtätigte dem Sauſewind, indem ſie ihm die angeſetzte Schale neckend von den Lippen zog, ſeine feſte Zuverſicht.

„So, lieber junger Meiſter,“ ſprach Erwin, „treiben's Euch die Beiden den lieben langen Tag: geneckt, gekoſ't, geſchmollt, Alles tollbunt durch einander, daß mir zuweilen bedünken will, als ſei immer Mummenſchanz in meiner ſtillen Klauſe.“

Geſchäfte riefen den Meiſter abermals ab; Gottfried ſchlug dem Sanggenoſſen eine Wanderung durch die vielberühmte Stadt vor. Noch in der Thüre rief Vater Erwin den Beiden nach: „Gottfried, in einer halben Stunde bin ich im Münſter; eher führſt du mir beileibe unſern lieben Gaſt nicht hin; die Freude gebührt mir vor Allen!“ Unter fröhlichen Geſprächen ſchlenderten die neuen Freunde durch die von ſtattlichen hohen Häuſern umhegten engen Gaſſen der alten Reichsſtadt, und verweilten bald bei denkwürdigen Spuren der Römerherrſchaft, bald bei den erfreulicheren Ueberreſten von Straßburgs Wichtigkeit in den deutſchen Kaiſerzeiten.

Als das Sängerpaar um eine Straßenecke bog, eilte Gottfried mit dem Ausrufe: „Grüß dich Gott, Bruder Wilhelm!“ einem dritten Jünglinge in die Arme: „hier, liebe Seele, begrüße unſern Gaſt, den trauten Sänger, dem Vater gar höchlich anempfohlen.“

„Schönen Gruß!“ ſtieß Meiſter Wilhelm, Heinrichen an die Bruſt ziehend, in ſeiner derben Herzlichkeit heraus; „Vivant Musae! und nun in den Rathskeller dort, den Brüderbund in altem Nierenſteiner, gleich Stahl, zu härten.“

Unter heitern Scherzen enteilte dem Kleeblatte die Zeit ſo ſchnell und unbemerkt, daß ein von Erwin geſandter Handlanger, der die Jünglinge einkehren geſehen, ſie mahnen mußte, daß Jener ſchon geraume Zeit im Münſter ihrer Ankunft harre. Sie eilten hin und fanden den Greis mitten unter ſeinen Arbeitern, denen er, ehe ſie zum Mittage gingen, ſeine Weiſungen ertheilte. „Ei, ei!“ ſchalt der Meiſter, „ſogleich zum Willkommen mir unſern Gaſt verlocken!“ Auch Sabine empfing den Herzliebſten mit ſcherzhaften Zornworten; Gottfried vermochte gar nicht zu Worte zu kommen.

„So laßt ihn doch zufrieden,“ fiel Wilhelm ein, „ich allein trage die Schuld, keine Brüderſchaft und keine Kunſtbrüderſchaft vollends ohne Traubenſaft; denn die Muſen ſind, obgleich ſonſt gar ſittſame Fräulein, dem lieben Vater Bachus hold!“

„Hat freilich,“ lächelte der Greis, „mein Eidam Euch zum Anwald, muß ich mich ſchon drein ergeben.“

„Nun aber, lieber Gaſt,“ wandte ſich Erwin, indeß die Arbeiter aus dem Gebäude ſtrömten, zu Heinrichen, ihn nach dem Kreuzgange mit ſich fortziehend: „Laßt uns mein ſteinern Schooßkind ſo recht nach Herzensluſt beſchauen; zuvor jedoch meinen Riß, der dem Bau, was Regiſter und Vorrede einem Buche, zur Hand nehmen.“ Dabei breitete er eine in ſilberner Kapſel verwahrte Pergamentrolle auf einem einfachen, aber würdig verzierten Grabmale aus.

„Seht, hier unter dieſem Steine, lieber Jüngling,“ ſprach der Greis in feierlicher Rührung, „ruht mein treues Weib. Sie war meine höchſte Erdenfreude, was Ihr hier aber vor Euch ausgebreitet erblickt, iſt die mühſchwer gehegte und erzogene Frucht eines ganzen Lebens; dennoch aber mahnt mich Alles, daß ich dies zu Gottes Ehren begonnene, faſt allzurieſenhafte Werk zur Hälfte kaum vollendet ſchauen werde.“

„Vater, lieber Vater,“ bat Sabine, indeß Gottfrieds feuchter Blick auf des Alten Silberlocken ruhte, „wie mögt Ihr nur ſo reden!“ „Ihr ſeht, getröſt' ich mich,“ fiel Heinrich ein, „vom ganzen Gaue gefeiert und bekränzt, dereinſtens noch der Münſterthürme goldne Kronen weithin in die Ferne ſtrahlen!“

„Befehlen wir dem Ewigen das Ende!“ entgegnete der Greis, ſein Barett andächtig abnehmend, mit gottergebenem, faſt verklärtem Blicke zum Gewölbe; dann begann er den Jünglingen die tiefe Bedeutung ſeines, zum Theil bereits ausgeführten Planes in begeiſterter Rede zu entfalten.

„In dieſem meinem Riſſe,“ begann der Baumeiſter ſalbungsvoll, „ſeht ihr die Form des Kreuzes, als das heilige Zeichen der Erlöſung und des Vereins der gläubigen Gemeinde, walten. Der mittlere Kreuzesbalken umſchließt in Sonnenaufgang das Allerheiligſte; hier am entgegengeſetzten Ende, in Niedergang befindet ſich des Münſters Hauptthurm mit ſeinen beiden Seitenpforten; an beiden Enden des Querbalkens gen Mitternacht und Mittag aber erſchaut ihr die Nebeneingänge, ſo die Bekehrung der Völker aus allen Weltgegenden bedeuten. — Ueber den Seitenpforten des Haupteinganges erheben ſich im Riſſe hier die beiden Thürme, die dereinſtens, ſei's noch bei meinem Leben oder in künftigen Zeiten, in ihrer mächt'gen Höhe dieſe Stadt gar herrlich zieren, und meinen lieben Mitbürgern als ein freundliches Angedenken von ihrem Meiſter Erwin, wenn er längſt an ſeiner trauten Hausfrau Seite hier unten ſchläft, noch kunden ſollen.“

„Hier im Sonnenniedergange,“ fuhr der Greis, eine ſich hervordringende Thräne zerdrückend, fort: „ſeht ihr mein großes Hauptportal, mit deſſen Erfindung und Ausführung allein ich eine gute Zahl Jahre zugebracht. Doch kommt, kommt mit hinaus, und ſchaut mir lieber in der Wirklichkeit, was der Gedanke hier nur in ſchwarzen Umriſſen auf dem Pergamente entworfen.“

Sabine und die Jünglinge folgten dem ehrwürdigen Manne, um den, als er ihnen ſeiner Arbeit hehre Deutung enträthſelte, der zurückgekehrten Arbeiter ganze Schaar, die ehrerbietig gezogenen Mützen unter dem Arme, ſeinen Worten lauſchend, in weiten Kreiſen ſich verſammelte.

„Dieß große Portal,“ nahm Erwin das Wort wieder, „verſinnlicht unſern Eingang ins zeitliche und ewige Leben. Es liegt dem Allerheiligſten in Oſten gegenüber, uns zu mahnen, daß wir beim Eintritte und in der Dauer unſerer Pilgerſchaft das Glaubenslicht ſtets feſt im Auge und in Ehren halten ſollen, damit ſo dereinſtens ſich unſer Tagewerk beſchließt, jenſeits der dunkeln Pforte daſſelbe mit ſeinem Strahlenglanze und deſto herrlicher in alle Ewigkeit leuchten möge.

„Ihr ſeht, das Thürgeſtell verjüngt ſich in fünf Bilderordnungen nach innen. Die äußerſte verſinnbildet das wunderbare Schöpfungswerk; das zweite das alte Teſtament; in der nächſten zeigen ſich die Geſchichten der Apoſtel und der erſten Kirche; ihnen folgen im vierten Abſchnitte die Evangeliſten und heiligen Kirchenlehrer; die innerſte der Ordnungen endlich ſtellt unſeres Heilandes Wunder dar.“

Heinrichs Auge haftete leuchtend auf Erwins frommbeſeelten Zügen; Wilhelm preßte deſſen Rechte an die Lippen; leiſes Gemurmel andächtiger Bewunderung durchlief die umgebende dichtgedrängte Schaar.

„Dort auf der Spitze des Dreieckes, ſo die heilige Dreieinigkeit bedeutet,“ fuhr der Greis nach einer Pauſe fort, „ſeht ihr Gott Vater, den Herrn aller Heerſchaaren thronen; tiefer unten in ihrer Himmelsklarheit die heilige Mutter mit dem Jeſuskinde, und zu ihren Füßen der Könige Weiſeſten auf ſeinem Löwenthrone; die Engel rings umher preiſen zu ihrem Saitenſpiele des Ewigen unermeſſene Macht und Herrlichkeit. Ueber der Pforte ſelbſt ſeht ihr des Erlöſers Leben, und an beiden Seiten behnten den Eingang, gleich der Apoſtelzahl, zwölf Schriftgelehrte und Propheten. In des Dreiecks Mitte erſchaut ihr aber das Symbolum der göttlichen Erleuchtung, die gar manchfach verſchlungene und verrankte Fenſterroſe, die, ſo ſie mit kunſtreichen Glasſchildereien dereinſtens ausgeziert, im lieben Vaterlande (mußt mir, altem Manne, die kleine Eitelkeit ſchon zu gut halten), will's Gott, nicht ihres Gleichen finden ſoll!

„Die Hauptthüre ſeht ihr mit vielen Bildern und künſtlichem Schnitzwerke von wackern Meiſtern ausgeziert; in meinem Sinne jedoch gebührt dieſer Seitenpforte der Preis. Schaut nur (erglühſt ja wie eine Roſe, Sabine), ſchaut nur den heiligen Johannes da; — er iſt von meiner Tochter Hand, der auch ſonſt noch die Verzierungen des Portals gar Treffliches verdanken.“

„Wohl mit Recht, Vater,“ fiel Gottfried ein, „pries des Biſchofs Hauskaplan in ſeiner Inſchrift dies kunſtreiche Werk ſo zarter Hände!“

„Gratia divinae pietatis.“ — — bemerkte lächelnd der geſchmeichelte Vater.

„Ich habe mir's,“ fuhr Gottfried fort, „ſo gut es ging, verdeutſcht:

„Aus deiner Gnaden reichem Schrein
„Bedenke, Herr, das Mägdelein,
„Deß fromme Hand gar zart und fein
„Zum Bilde ſchuf den rauhen Stein.“ *)

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*) Gratia divinae pietatis adesto Sabinae
De petra dura per quam sum facta figura.

„Herrlich, Bruder!“ jubelte Wilhelm, „mag ich all mein Leben lang Pinſel und Farben handhaben, ſolch Sprüchlein aber brächt' ich nun und nimmermehr zu Tage!“

Vom Thurme des nahen Biſchofshofs hallte die zwölfte Stunde. „Zur Arbeit!“ herrſchte Erwin mit würdevollem Ernſte, und wie ein Bienenſchwarm flog der Arbeiter ganze Schaar die Gerüſte hinauf.

„Hier über den beiden Seitenpforten neben dem großen Portale,“ fuhr der Greis fort, „ſollen die beiden mächtigen Thürme, deren einen ihr bereits in Arbeit ſeht, dereinſtens ſich erheben, und von allen Seiten durchſichtig, auch ſo geordnet, daß das Auge von ihrer Spitze bis hinab zum Eſtrich der Kirche dringen möge, mit ihren Säulen, Geſimſen, Schnörkeln, Thürmen und Ornamenten vielfältiger Arten, gleich einer äſte- und blätterreichen Pappel aus dem Lande Italia, über den ſteinernen Gotteshain hinauf in die Lüfte ragen!“

„Vater Erwin,“ ſprach Wilhelm, als der Meiſter geendet, „Ihr habt Euch durch ſo hehres Werk in unſeren Tagen und auf die ſpäteſte Zeit hinaus einen Panisbrief auf die himmliſche Glückſeligkeit, und mehr Ruhm und Lob erworben, als allen Schilderern und Sängern jemals gelingen mag!“

„Amen!“ ſtimmten Heinrich und Gottfried ein. „Nun aber, Kinder, aufgebrochen!“ mahnte Erwin; „Mittag iſt allbereits vorüber, und die Küchenmeiſterin“ (dabei blickte er Sabinen mit ſcherzhaftem Vorwurfe an), „verweilt, anſtatt bei ihren Töpfen, noch hier im Münſter; werdet heute ſchon fürlieb nehmen müſſen, werther Gaſt. Ihr aber ſprecht doch auch zu, Meiſter Wilhelm!“

„Mit Freuden!“ entgegnete der Maler. Die Geſellſchaft ſchritt dem Stadtthore zu; bald war Erwins Landſitz erreicht.

Der Baumeiſter hatte auch den Oberälteſten der Straßburger Steinmetzengilde, deren Haupthütte damals des Vorranges über alle andern im Vaterlande genoß, zum Mittagsmahle eingeladen. Man ſpeiſte im ſehr einfachen, aber mit erleſenen Bildnerwerken des In- und Auslandes geſchmückten Prunkſaale des Hauſes. Frohſinn und Gemüthlichkeit führten im trauten kleinen Kreiſe den Vorſitz; Kunſt, muntere Tagsgeſchichten und Volksſagen, mit Witz und Kurzweil gemiſcht, beflügelten die Stunden; und die Eigenthümlichkeiten der Tiſchgenoſſen, der beiden Greiſe vielfältige Erfahrungen und ſelbſt im Scherze beibehaltene Würde; Heinrichs über das Alltagsleben ſich erhebende, faſt allzu ſchwärmeriſche Weiſe; der derbe Humor des Malers; Gottfrieds ewig ungetrübte, zuweilen ausgelaſſene Laune und Sabinens ſtillbeſcheidenes, dabei mit einnehmender Schalkheit gepaartes Weſen, liehen dem fröhlichen Mahle erhöhte Würze. Beim Nachtiſche kredenzte der Diener ſeinem Gebieter den reich verzierten, großen goldenen Feſtpokal. Erwin reichte ihn mit dem Ausrufe: „Auf unſerer lieben Gäſte Wohl!“ Heinrichen ihm zutrinkend dar. Von dieſem gelangte er an den Oberälteſten, dann zum Maler, zu Gottfried und endlich zu Sabinen, deren Purpurlippen ſittig nippten.

„Vater Erwin Heil und Segen!“ rief jetzt Heinrich, den Pokal wieder empfangend und hoch erhebend. „Heil und Segen!“ fielen die Anweſenden, ihre Becher an einander klingend, ein.

Nach dem Mahle führte Erwin die Gäſte in ſeiner Wohnung umher, die in allen ihren Theilen eine wunderſame Verſchmelzung des Nützlichen mit dem Schönen, und des edelſten Geſchmackes mit allen Behaglichkeiten des Lebens darbot. Eben wollte er im oberen Stockwerke eine mit künſtlichem Schnitzwerk verzierte Thüre öffnen, als Sabine, die, durch häusliche Geſchäfte abgerufen, die Geſellſchaft verlaſſen hatte, ſich wieder einfand, dem Vater voraneilte und mit ſanfter Gewalt ihn zurückhielt. Gottfried aber ſchlüpfte neben ihm vorbei, und öffnete, indem er ihren Strafworten neckend entgegnete, die Pforte.

Sabinen und den beiden Greiſen folgend, traten die Jünglinge mit ehrerbietiger Scheu in das Kloſet der kunſtreichen Jungfrau, wo Alles der Bewohnerin zarten Schönheitsſinn verkündete. Die Wände waren mit Skizzen, Kartons und einigen bereits ausgeführten Gemälden, worunter Wilhelm zu ſeiner Herzensfreude zwei der ſeinigen erblickte, ausgeſchmückt. In den Eckblenden prangten herrliche Standbilder der Evangeliſten, unter denen Heinrich das Modell des am Münſter geſehenen Lieblings des Heilands ſofort erkannte. Auf zierlich geordneten Tiſchen und Geſimſen befanden ſich Zeichnungen von Sabinens Hand; dazwiſchen duftete auf niedlichen Geſtellen die reichſte Fülle von Zierblumen, deren Pracht die liebende Sorge ihrer Pflegerin bedeutete; kurz, das Ganze war ein ſtilles Paradies der Kunſt und ſinnigen Weiblichkeit zu nennen.

Vater Erwin mahnte an Rückkehr zum Humpen; jetzt aber übte auch Sabine eine kleine Rache: „Vater,“ ſprach ſie mit liſtigem Lächeln, „Ihr habt unſere ehrenwerthen Gäſte nunmehr alle Herrlichkeiten unſerer kleinen Wohnung ſchauen laſſen; das Beſte aber, Euer Heiligthum, wie's Gottfried nennt, iſt noch zurück.“

„Sabine!“ ſchalt der Greis mit ſtrafendem Blicke, den jedoch ein Lächeln geheimen Behagens widerlegte.

„Habt uns ja, vielgeehrter Meiſter,“ bat Heinrich, „die Früchte Eurer Weiheſtunden bereits bewundern laſſen, warum den Eintritt in Euern Muſenſitz uns weigern?“

„Ihr wollt!“ erwiederte Erwin, innerlich geſchmeichelt, „das Gaſtrecht heiſcht, mich Eurem Wunſche zu fügen.“

Am Ende des Ganges öffnete der Meiſter eine dem Haupteingange des Münſters verjüngt nachgebildete hohe Flügelthür; ſeine Gäſte traten in faſt andächtiger Spannung ein; der Greis folgte mit Gottfried und Sabinen.

Es war eine hochgewölbte Halle, in die das Licht nur von der dem Eingange gegenüber gelegenen Seite, durch hohe Glasthüren und fünf über und neben ihnen im Aufſchwunge des Gewölbes angebrachte große Fenſterroſen einfiel. Die Jünglinge traten auf einen Altan hinaus; vor ihnen lag in röthlichem Abenddufte die Stadt, der majeſtätiſche Rhein, die weiten, lachenden Gefilde rings umher, und in der Ferne, gleich rieſigen Grenzhütern aufragend, die Vogeſen.

„Hier draußen, an meiner Lieblingsſtelle,“ ſprach Vater Erwin, „überſchaue ich, vom müheſchweren Tagwerke in meinem Armſeſſel raſtend, an erquicklichen Abenden die treffliche Landſchaft.

„Mich ſuchen dann gar ſo wunderliebliche Erſcheinungen heim, die auch auf meinem Lager mich noch umſchweben, und die ich, mit des Heilands Hülfe, in meinem Werke nachzubilden eifre.

„Seht hier, lieben Gäſte,“ ſprach der alte Mann, die gefalteten Hände andächtig auf der Bruſt gekreuzt, vor einem herrlichen lebensgroßen Bilde des Gekreuzigten verweilend, „den unverſiegbaren Gnadenquell, durch deſſen Segen allein das Irdiſche gedeihen mag; zu ihm flehe ich an jedem Morgen, daß er mir den Geiſt erleuchten und zu meinem gottſeligen Unternehmen Ausdauer, Kraft und Muth gnädig verleihen möge.“

Nach einer ſtillfrommen Pauſe führte der Meiſter die Jünglinge zu dem der Halle entgegengeſetzten Ende. Ein Vorhang flog empor, und auf einer in vierfachen Stufen ſich erhebenden Eſtrade bot ſich ihnen ein herrlicher Anblick dar. An beiden Seiten der unterſten Stufe ſah man die heilige Sophienkirche zu Byzanz und den mauriſchen Alhambrapallaſt von Granada; auf der zweiten und dritten Stufe aufwärts Denkmale der herrlich erblühten deutſchen Baukunſt; die Kaiſerburgen zu Gelnhauſen und zu Kaiſerslautern, die Mailänder Kathedrale und den Freiburger Münſter; auf der oberſten Stufe aber prangten der Kölner Dom und Erwins Schöpfung in trefflichen, bis in die kleinſten Einzelnheiten nachgebildeten Modellen, auf die ein Flammendreieck, der heiligen Dreifaltigkeit Symbol, herniederglänzte.

„Wähnt nicht, lieben Freunde,“ bemerkte Erwin mit würdevoller Beſcheidenheit, „daß ich mit meinem Schooßkinde eitel prunke, indem ich ſolches mit dem Kölner Prachtgebäude auf die höchſte Stufe hingeſtellt; nur darum mag ihm dies gebühren, weil es mit jenem Zwillingsbruder alle andern Gebäude deutſcher Kunſt an Größe überragt.“

Es dunkelte bereits, als man zum Speiſeſaale wieder zurückkehrte. Bei traulichen Geſprächen, Saitenſpiel, Geſang und Becherklang enteilten dem frohen Kreiſe die Stunden flügelſchnell. Die Nacht war ſchon vorgerückt, als der Oberälteſte und der Maler, etwas bezecht, nach der Stadt aufbrachen. Heinrich mußte dem neuen Freunde geloben, mit Gottfried ihn morgen in ſeiner Herberge heimzuſuchen.

2.

Als Heinrich vom ungewohnten Nachtgelage etwas wüſt zu Sinne erwachte, ſtand die Sonne ſchon hoch am Himmel. Er kleidete ſich ſchier unmuthig in Haſt an und eilte hinab. Sabine war mit dem Vater bereits bei den Arbeitern im Münſter, nur Gottfried harrte beim Morgenimbiß des verſpäteten Gaſtes, und brach mit ihm ebenfalls nach der Stadt auf.

Im Vorbeiwandern begrüßten die Jünglinge Erwin und ſeine holde Tochter, die ſie mit Anordnungen beſchäftigt fanden. Einem kleinen freien Platze nahend, hörten ſie in der Ferne ſchon den Jubel eines Schwarms von Straßenbuben, und ſahen bald den dichtgedrängten Haufen kleinen Geſindels unter den Fenſtern der Herberge, „zum guldnen Ochſen,“ mit hoch in die Luft gereckten Händen und emporgehaltenen Mützen nach Fratzenbildern ſchnappend, die Meiſter Wilhelm in unbändigem Gelächter über ihre poſſirlichen Sprünge, mit vollen Händen unter ſie ausſpendete.

„Guten Morgen, Bruder!“ rief der Maler, ohne ſich ſtören zu laſſen, „nur herauf, eben fliegt das letzte und damit für heute Spaß am Ende!“

Als die Beiden eingetreten, ſprang Wilhelm die halbe Treppe hinab, ihnen bereits entgegen, jauchzte: „Willkommen im güldnen Ochſen!“ und zog ſie mit frohem Ungeſtüm in ſeine Stube.

„Ihr ſeht, Bruder,“ lachte Wilhelm, ſeinen Gäſten gefüllte Becher kredenzend und anklingend, „ich habe mir da eine gar treffliche Malerherberge auserkoren, ſagt ſelbſt, mag ein anderes Schild zu meiner Handthierung beſſer ſtimmen!“

„Wie denn ſo, Brüderchen!“ frug Gottfried.

„Und das fiel deinem ſonſt allbereiten Mutterwitz nicht zur Stelle ein? Iſt Sanct Lukas nicht unſerer Malergilde Schutzpatron, und haſt ihn jemalen ohne ſeinen Ochſen geſehen? Freilich wohl iſt der Ochſe auf meinem Herbergſchilde ein güldner; bei uns Malern aber leider! zu allen Zeiten mehr Farbe und Leinwand denn blankes Gold zu Hauſe, d'rum juſt aber ſchau' ich mir an jedem Morgen den güldnen Hörnerträger an, mich billig zu ermahnen, daß bei unſerm Gewerb, außer Lob und Ehre, der eitle Mammon doch auch nicht ſo gänzlich zu verachten.“

„Was in aller Welt aber,“ frug Gottfried wieder, „handhabſt du mit den Fratzen, die du da eben unter das kleine Lumpenvölklein hinunterwarfſt!“

„Auch das wieder,“ brummte der Maler, „erräthſt du nicht? — Solche Fratzen ſudle ich zwiſchen Tag und Dunkel, oder ſo mir der Sinn nicht eigentlich zum Malen ſteht; während nun mein Pinſel mir ſchier unbewußt auf den Pergamentſchnitzeln umherfährt, dämmern zuweilen die allerbeſten Einfälle in mir auf, und geſtalten ſich in meinem Oberſtübchen zu Skizzen und Kartonen, die dann in guten Stunden faſt ohne alle Mühe mir gleichſam vom Pinſel fließen. Obenein aber dienen ſolche Fratzen wie baare Münze, auf reiche Zinſen angelegt: Im Getümmel der Buben nämlich, die nach meinen Sudeleien haſchen, über einander herfallen, ſich zerdreſchen und die Haare raufen, erſchau' ich mir mancherlei Bewegungen, Poſituren und Geberden, die ich als Studien zu den Volksgeſtalten meiner Hauptfiguren Folie gelegentlich gar wohl gebrauchen mag.“

Wilhelm führte die Freunde in ſeine Werkſtätte. Das Erſte, was ihnen ins Auge fiel, war auf der Staffelei des Malers eigenes Bild von ſprechendſter Aehnlichkeit.

„Haltet mich,“ bat Wilhelm, „ja nicht für einen eiteln geckenhaften Fant, weil ich meine eigene Larve abzukonterfeien unternommen; liebenswerth iſt ſie, wie Ihr ſie nunmehr doppelt vor Euch ſeht, ganz und gar nicht; die Sache aber hat ein anders Häklein. Unſer Antlitz iſt der Seele treueſter Spiegel; Gedanke, Wunſch, Begier geben ſich in dieſem Kryſtalle kund. Verſpüre ich in mir dergleichen, ſo tret' ich vor den großen Spiegel hier neben meinem Bilde, erforſche ſcharf die Seelenlichter und Schatten, die heitern oder finſtern, gutmüthigen oder auch ſchlimmen Falten, wie ſie der gute oder böſe Geiſt im Innern mir auf's Antlitz treibt, trage dann mit wenig Strichen flugs das ganze Gaukelweſen in mein Konterfei, und habe ſo meinen Seelenkalender von jedem Tage. Ueberdieß verſchafft mir mein Bild obenein auch noch ehrbare Geſellſchaft, die, obwohl ſtumm, mir doch am meiſten gilt; ſintemalen wir Menſchenkindlein, wie weiland die Juden das güldne Kalb, unſer eigenes Götzenbild am höchſten ehren. Mit dieſem meinem ſchweigſamen Zwillingsbruder und Doppelgänger kann ich denn auch an langen Winterabenden, ſo's draußen ſtürmt und hagelt, am traulichen Kamine gar manchen Zwieſprach pflegen, und mich, wie's fällt, nach Herzensluſt ſchelten oder loben, ſo vor dem Spiegel ſich nicht zum beſten fügen würde, gäbe mir der Geſell drinnen Strafpredigt und Lob ja zurück, und ſo erginge beides gedoppelt über mich!“

„Traun nicht übel!“ rief Gottfried, „alle Reverenz vor deinem Konterfei; jetzt aber laß uns, ehe die edle Zeit verſtreicht, im Morgenlichte auch deine andern Bilder ſchauen.“

„Geduld nur, Brauſewind!“ ſchalt der Maler und führte, nachdem er ſeinem Bilde in Haſt einige Züge hinzugefügt, die Freunde in ein anſtoßendes Gemach. Nur wenige ſeiner Gemälde waren aufgeſtellt, die andern lagen in größter Unordnung auf Tiſchen, Seſſeln, zum Theil ſelbſt auf der Erde umher. Wilhelm ſtellte die vorzüglicheren nach einander auf einer Staffelei in günſtig gewähltem Lichte auf. Hier erblickte man die heilige Mutter mit dem Jeſusknaben; dort den Tod der Gebenedeiten meiſterlich gedacht, und mit dem wahrſten treueſten Leben ausgeführt. Andere Bilder ſtellten den ruhmvollen Glaubenstod des heiligen Gereon mit ſeinen Kriegern der thebaiſchen Legion, und die Erſcheinung der heiligen Urſula mit den Schaaren ihrer jungfräulichen Gefährtinnen dar. Letzteres Bild beſonders war mit ſichtbarer Vorliebe des Künſtlers zu ſeiner Vaterſtadt behandelt. Im Vorgrunde erblickte man Biſchof Engelberts und ſeiner Bundesgenoſſen Lager vom Dämmerlichte des Mondes übergoſſen. In einem offenen Gezelte taumelte der Graf von Clora, durch ein himmliſches Geſicht vom Schlafe emporgeſchreckt, auf, und deutete ſeinem Zeitgenoſſen, dem Grafen Stephan, nach einer blendenden Lufterſcheinung im Hintergrunde mit dem Ausdruck des höchſten Entſetzens hin. Dort ſah man die heilige Urſula, im Strahlengewande mit leuchtender Krone, vor den Schaaren ihrer in gleicher Pracht und Glorie erſchimmernden Gefährtinnen einherziehend, die Ringmauern und Thürme der belagerten Stadt Cöln umſchweben und Segen auf ſie niederſpenden. Gar herrlich beſonders war die Mondbeleuchtung des Lagers, der aus dem Schlummer aufgeſcheuchten Kriegergruppen und der Umgegend, mit dem himmliſchen Glanze jener Erſcheinung verſchmolzen, und dieſer vereinte Lichteffect im Ganzen ſowohl als in den einzelnen Partien, vorzüglich bei den erwähnten beiden Figuren des Vorgrundes, benützt.

Weit mehr Lob als dieſen frommen Gegenſtänden zollte der muntere weltgeſinnte Gottfried Wilhelms ergötzlichen und rein geſchichtlichen Gemälden. Bei Heinrichen verhielt ſich's gerade umgekehrt. Biſchof Engelberts Ermordung durch den Iſenberger mit deſſen Fehdegeſellen am Gevelsberge erfüllte ihn nur mit Grauſen, ſelbſt der Kampf des ritterlichen Cölner Bürgermeiſters Herrmann Gryn mit der Dompfaffen hungrigem Leuen, die Fehde der Overſtolzen mit den Weiſen, und des Stadtvogts Rüdger van Alpen heldenmüthiger Reitertod vermochten ihm nur geringen Beifall zu entlocken.

Jetzt aber entſchleierte der Maler ein alle übrigen an Umfange übertreffendes Gemälde. Es war das mit Leichenhaufen überdeckte, von fernen Wachfeuern ſchauerlich erleuchtete Gallheimer Schlachtfeld. In ſeiner Mitte kniete Frau Imagina bei ihres Königs Adolph endlich aufgefundener Leiche. Der Schleier und das aufgelöſte Haar flogen im Sturmwinde wild um ihren Nacken; in halbwahnſinniger Verzweiflung ſtarrte das Auge in den Nachthimmel hinauf; zu den Füßen der Leiche lag das getreue Windſpiel, den gefallenen Gebieter noch im Tode zu behüten.

„Jetzt aber, Brüder,“ mahnte Wilhelm, „kommt mit zum Edelſtein, zur Perle meiner ſchwachen Kunſt!“

Er führte ſie in die Kapelle des Biſchofshofes, an deren Hochaltare ſein Meiſterwerk prangte. Auf der Terraſſe eines mit dem Farbenſchmelze aller Frühlingskinder ausgeſchmückten Gartens, in deſſen Hintergrunde ſich die weite duftige Ausſicht in ein reizendes Thal eröffnete, erblickte man die heilige Cäcilia in lichtblauem goldumſäumtem Gewande, einen Kranz weißer Sternblumen in den ſie umwallenden blonden Locken, am Rande einer rieſelnden Quelle auf bemoostem Felſenſitze ruhend. Das ſchöne Haupt lehnte, wie in ſüßem Traume, auf der dem Arme entglittenen goldenen Harfe, die Rechte war in das Blumengewimmel zu der Heiligen Füßen ſanft hinabgeſunken. Hoch über dem Schattengewölbe einer blühenden Palme ſchwebte eine leuchtende Glorie, von Cherubinen umgrenzt, die auf Roſenwölkchen ſich wiegend, kleine Silberharfen ſchlugen. Im Abglanze dieſer himmliſchen Beleuchtung blickte Cäciliens ätherblaues verklärtes Auge zu den überirdiſchen Melodien auf, die der Beſchauer von ihren Lippen im Lächeln ſeliger Verzückung wiedergetönt zu hören wähnte.

Beim frohen Mahle in Meiſter Wilhelms „güldnem Ochſen“ ſaßen die Freunde, als ein reitender Bote, vor der Herberge drunten abgeſeſſen, eintrat. „Schon gut, werde kommen!“ fertigte Wilhelm den Boten ab, „da haben wir die Beſcheerung!“ fuhr's dem Maler unmuthig heraus, „kaum einen neuen lieben jungen Freund gewonnen und nun morgen fort!“

„Wie ſo!“ frug Gottfried.

„Der geſtrenge Biſchof in Cöln drunten heiſcht eine neue Schilderei von mir, und gebeut dermaßen Eile, als ſei der jüngſte Tag bereits ſchon vor der Thür!“

„Aber,“ rief Wilhelm aufſpringend, herzensfröhlich, „wißt Ihr was, mir fährt da ein Seelengaudium durch den Sinn! Ihr geleitet mich den Rhein hinab!“

„Mir aus der Seele geſprochen, Bruder!“ fiel Gottfried ein. „Gedachte ſchon längſt an des Grafen Hof nach Cleve; du Heinrich ziehſt mit, nicht ſo!“

„Mit Freuden!“ entgegnete der Sänger.

3.

Es war ein ſtürmiſcher Abend. Ein Platzregen hatte die in traulichen Geſprächen des Unwetters nicht achtenden Jünglinge bis zur Haut durchnäßt, als die Lichter von Worms vor ihnen aufdämmerten. Wilhelm jagte dem erſten Lichte der Vorſtadt zu, die Andern ſprengten nach. Jener hielt bereits vor einem unſtattlichen Gebäude, das ein um ſo ſtattlicheres Schild als Herberge bezeichnete. Mit vielen Bücklingen erſchien der kleine verwachſene Wirth in der Thüre und beleuchtete, ſeine mächtige Hauslampe mit vorgehaltener Hand gegen den Windzug ſchützend, die Ankömmlinge. „Willkommen in Worms, Ihr ſchmucken jungen Herrn!“ näſelte der Kleine, ſich nicht von der Stelle regend, den Reitern zu. „Du mein Gott, ſo ſpät in ſolch heilloſem Wetter; eines Hündleins möchte man ſich erbarmen! Das gießt und gießt; ſo wahr ich lebe, ein halber Wolkenbruch!“

„Michel, Michel!“ zürnte im Hausflur eine Frauenſtimme dem ſaumſeligen Stallknechte zu; „ſoll ich dir Beine machen?“

Endlich that ſich das knarrende Hofthor auf; Michel erſchien gähnend und nahm die triefenden Pferde in Empfang. Als die Gäſte in den Flur traten, fanden ſie die Wirthin, ein flinkes, junges Weib, in derbem Sermon begriffen. „Schwatzbold!“ ſchalt ſie, dem erſchrockenen Eheherrn die Lampe aus der Hand reißend; „ſalbadert da im Trockenen und läßt die werthen Gäſte ſammt ihren Thieren draußen in der Traufe! Nimm die Küchenlampe, Zachäus; Marſch, in den Keller! Vom Eckfaß! Spute dich! Nach ſo wildem Wetter mundet den lieben Herren die edle Gottesgabe.“

In ſchweigender Geduld humpelte der kleine Kreuzträger fort. Die Hausfrau führte mit zierlichem Knix die Gäſte in die Wirthsſtube, bat ſie, ſich's bequem zu machen, und eilte wieder hinaus, um, wie ihre im ganzen Hauſe erſchallende Stimme kund gab, Anſtalten zum Abend-Imbiß zu treffen.

„Ein leibhafter Drache, unſre Wirthin!“ meinte Gottfried, indem er ſich, vom Ritte ermüdet, auf einen Stuhl fallen ließ, der unter ihm zuſammenbrach.

„Und doch,“ lachte Wilhelm, „in ihrer Wirthſchaft noch nicht genug, ſonſt lägſt du nicht am Boden!“

„Mag ſein!“ pflichtete Gottfried ſich aufraffend dem Maler bei.

Heinrich hatte in des Wirthes ledernen Armſeſſel ſich einquartirt, der Maler einen zweiten kleinen Seſſel ſich erkieſt.

„Wahre dich, Bruder!“ warnte Gottfried, „ſiehſt die Spindel nicht! Kömmt der Drache, kann dir's ſchlimm gerathen.“ —

„Pah!“ entgegnete Wilhelm, „unter zehn ſolchen Drachen ſind's mindeſtens neun nur für den Herrn Ehegeſpons; Andern deſto genügſamer und freundlicher. Mir behagt das friſche Weiblein; Wangen wie Morgenroth; Augen wie Karfunkel.“ —

„Und ſo weiter,“ fiel Gottfried ein; denn eben ließ in der Thüre der Keuchhuſten des Wirths ſich vernehmen, der mit einem, den Arm ihm faſt zur Erde ziehenden Weinkruge und einer Platte mit Bechern, ſich verpuſtend, eintrat.

„Was für ein Schild,“ frug Wilhelm den Kleinen, „führt Eure Herberge!“

„Zum Roſengarten, ſchuldigſt aufzuwarten,“ hüſtelte Zachäus; „aber“ ſetzte er, einen überzähligen Becher für ſich füllend und den Gäſten zutrinkend, hinzu, „koſtet doch, lieben Herrn, dies köſtliche Gewächs, pure ächte Liebfrauenmilch!“

Wilhelm prüfte mit ächter Kennermiene. „Liebfrauenmilch!“ brummte er mit eſſigſauerem Geſichte vor ſich hin.

„Das beſte Faß von meinem eigenen Wachsthume,“ bemerkte der Wirth, ſeinen Becher wieder füllend; „Jungferntraublein, bei denen Einem, ſo zu ſagen, das Herz im Leibe lacht.“

„Schwätzer und kein Ende!“ unterbrach die mit dem Tiſchgeräthe eintretende Wirthin den Redefluß des Verblüfften; „draußen will Nachbars Gunde Wein, und du ſtehſt hier, den werthen Herren zur Ueberlaſt!“

Wie begoſſen ſchob Zachäus hinter der polternden Ehehälfte ſich zur Thüre hinaus.

„Ei, ei, ſo im Eifer, ſchöne Frau,“ ſprach Wilhelm, indem er ſie in die blühende Wange kniff, „glüht ja wie eine Feuerlilie!“

„Iſt's ein Wunder, lieber Herr!“ erwiederte die Wirthin, dem Kecken gar freundlich ins Auge blickend, „liegt nicht die ganze Wirthſchaft auf mir armen Weibe! Mein Zachäus, — ja du lieber Gott, wär' ich nicht, Alles ginge die Quere!“

So emſig die junge Frau auch wehren mochte, ließ Wilhelm ſich nicht abhalten, ihr als Tafeldecker zur Hand zu ſein. Als das Tafelgedeck bereit, wollte ſie fortſchlüpfen, der Maler aber vertrat ihr den Weg, und raubte zum Mühelohn der nur ſanft ſich Sträubenden einen Kuß.

„Ihr ſeid ein arger Schalk,“ ſchalt ſie erſt in der Thüre mit einem Blicke, der nichts weniger als Böſeſein verrieth.

„Da habt ihr den Drachen!“ lachte Wilhelm, den Wildbraten zerlegend; „hatt' ich Recht!“

Heinrich blickte ernſt, faſt mißbilligend vor ſich nieder. „Nur nicht gar zu ehrbar, Bruder,“ ſcherzte der Fröhliche; „ich bücke mich beſcheidentlich nach jedem Blümlein auf meinem Wege und ſchlendre ſo ganz behaglich meinen Gang durch's Leben hin, und ein Küßchen in Ehren...“

Im Flur draußen ließen ſich mehrere Stimmen durcheinander hören, mit dem Rufe: „Zachäus, Wein, Wein, Zachäus!“ polterten ſechs neue Gäſte herein, und pflanzten ſich, während Wirth und Wirthin eintraten, nach ſpießbürgerlichem Gruße an die Jünglinge, um einen großen Zechtiſch. Zachäus, als Zunftmeiſter des löblichen Schneidergewerks, das er neben ſeiner Wirthſchaft betrieb, nahm, auf die lieben Handwerksgenoſſen fußend, allen Einreden ſeiner Hausehre zum Trotze, bei Jenen Platz.

Bald ward's, als der Wein die Zungen löſte, unter den ehrſamen Schneidermeiſtern ſo lebendig, und Einer überſchrie den Andern dermaßen, daß der Jünglinge Geſpräch am andern Tiſche verſtummen mußte.

Heinrich verſank, Alles um ſich her vergeſſend, in ſüße Sehnſuchtsträume; Gottfried verſetzte ſich im Geiſte an ſeiner trauten Sabine Seite, der Maler aber beſah ſich mit Künſtlerblicken die lärmende Gruppe gegenüber und flüſterte dabei der ab- und zugehenden Wirthin koſende Worte zu.

Mit gewaltigem Lärm flog jetzt die Thüre wieder auf. „Wein!“ brüllend, taumelte ein bereits ſtark bezechter Lanzknecht herein, nach dem Tiſche unſerer Freunde zu, und ſchob ſich ohne Umſtände einen Stuhl zwiſchen ſie. Sein Wein kam; nach mächt'gem Zuge ſtieß er den Humpen ſo unbändig nieder, daß ſein Inhalt den Jünglingen in die Augen flog. Gottfried wies den Ungeberdigen vom Tiſche, der aber holte mit einem Fauſtſchlage nach ihm aus. Wilhelm, der ihm den Arm aufgefangen, faßte ihn mit Hünenſtärke und drehte ihn wie im Wirbelwinde zur Thür hinaus.

„Warte, warte du Hund!“ lallte der Wüthende fortſtürzend, „ich komme mit Succurs wieder; das ſollſt du mir bezahlen!“

Nach leiſem Flüſtern entfernten ſich die Schneidermeiſter mit beſorgten Blicken nach den Jünglingen; während Zachäus abräumte, verließ die Wirthin, dem Maler heimlich zuwinkend, die Stube.

Schnell und beſorgt kam der Maler zurück. „Wir müſſen auf der Stelle fort!“ rief er, als Zachäus mit ſeinem leeren Humpen ſich hinausgewunden, „keine zwei Pfeilweiten von hier iſt der Knechte Herberge; kommt der Trunkenbold mit einem halben Dutzend zurück, möge es uns leichtlich ſchlecht ergeh'n!“

Draußen klappten Zachäus Fußtritte die Treppe hinauf nach dem oberſten Fußboden, wohin die Wirthin, nach Feuer und Licht zu ſchauen, mit Micheln ihn beordert, und im nämlichen Augenblicke erſchien ſie in der Thüre.

Der Maler eilte hinaus; Heinrich und Gottfried folgten. Im Flur war alles dunkel, die Wirthin ergriff, Wilhelm zuflüſternd, deſſen Hand, und leitete ihn aus der Hinterthür die Treppe hinab in den gleichfalls finſtern Hofraum nach dem Stalle, aus dem die Roſſe ihren Reitern entgegenwieherten. In größter Haſt waren die Thiere gerüſtet. Als die Frau ein ins Freie führendes Hinterthor öffnete, ſchob Heinrich ihr einen Goldgülden in die Hand; zugleich begleitete Wilhelm ein Schauſtück, das er ihr ins Mieder gleiten ließ, mit herzhaftem Kuſſe, den ſie zum Abſchiede erwiederte. „Nur immer recht,“ flüſterte ſie; „laßt Euern Roſſen eine kleine Weile die Zügel, ſo tragen ſie Euch in Kurzem über die Grenze; Gott befohlen, Ihr lieben ſchmucken Herrn!“

Mit Sturmeseile flog das Kleeblatt durch die noch immer herabgießenden rabenſchwarzen Regenmaſſen; bald jedoch zerriß ein Windſtoß die Wolken und zeigte den Jünglingen in flüchtigem Lichtblick die nahe Grenzſäule, auf deren Spitze ein mächt'ger Drache den ſilbernen Schlüſſel im Wappen der guten Stadt behütete, da erſcholl plötzlich ihnen im Rücken raſcher Hufſchlag. Mit verhängtem Zügel jagten die Verfolgten der Säule zu, es galt, denn als ſie eben über die Grenze ſetzten, hatten ſie des Schirmvogts Reiſige kaum Pferdslänge mehr hinter ſich. Unter Schimpf- und Drohworten kehrten die Ergrimmten, als ſie ſo nah am Ziele ihre Mühe verloren ſahen, vom Gelächter Gottfrieds und des Malers verfolgt, nach der Stadt zurück.

Nicht lange, ſo klärte der Nachthimmel ſich etwas auf. Da ſich Hahnenruf vernehmen ließ, ſprengte Wilhelm darauf zu, die Freunde folgten. Bald war ein wohlhäbiges Dorf erreicht; der Wirth herausgepocht, und für Roſſe und Reiter mit ziemlicher Bequemlichkeit geſorgt.

„Denkt an mein Blümlein am Wege und unſern Drachen, Brüder!“ mahnte der Maler, ſich neben die Freunde auf die Streu ſtreckend; „morgen laſſen wir das Fräuchen in ächtem Nierenſteiner an ſeiner Quelle leben!“

6.

Es war ein heller freundlicher Morgen, an dem die Freunde erwachten, vom Unwetter dieſer Nacht faſt jede Spur verflogen. Bald zogen ſie fröhlichen Muthes auf der allerwegen belebten Landſtraße ihres Weges weiter den Rhein hinab.

„Aergerlich aber doch fürwahr,“ nahm Wilhelm das Wort, „daß wir, nur ſo wie Irrlichter ſchier in's alte Worms hineingetanzt, und gleich wieder bei Nacht und Nebel davonſtäuben mußten! Hätte gar zu gern Sifrids Grab, ſeinen Weberbaum, und ſtatt des gemalten Roſengartens auf unſerem Wirthsſchilde, den eigentlichen in Natura heimgeſucht." „Was meinſt du, Bruder," frug Gottfried, „war's nicht Traum! ein gar bequemer Schirm wider Schwert und Lanze, Pfeil und Wurfſpieß, die Horntaufe von Drachenblut! Nur ewig ſchade, daß ſich keine Drachen mehr zu ſchlachten finden, ſo eine Zauberſalbe könnte unſern geſtrengen Rittern trefflich dienen, hätten dann beim ſcharfen Ritt an ſchwülen Sommertagen oder ſo ihnen in der Schlacht das Geblüt den Schädel ſchier zerſprengen möchte, in ihren Helmen und Eiſenwämſern ſich nicht abzukeuchen! — Eins nur, Bruder, iſt und bleibt mir bei dem Zauberſtücklein, ſo viel ich drob auch grübeln mag, zu rund."

„Sieh nur nicht ſo wichtig drein," brummte der Maler, „abgedrückt den Bolzen; wird mal wieder eine poſſenhafte Kurzweil ſein!"

„Ich meine nämlich," entgegnete der Muthwillige mit komiſcher Gravität, „daß dem kühnen Recken ſeine Hornhaut wenig gefruchtet, als Hagens Wurfeiſen durch den Rückgrat ihm den Weg zum Herzen fand. Sifrid mußte bei ſeiner Hornwäſche das Flecklein wohl nicht erreichen können!"

„Spotte des herrlichen Rieſenkönigs nicht," fiel Heinrich ein, der das Nibelungenlied über Alles ehrte: „war nicht auch Achilles an der Ferſe verwundbar! Daucht mir doch, ſo ich mich in jenen Heldengeſang vertiefe, als ſteigen die tapfern Hünen leuchtend vor mir auf, und ziehen in ihrem Geiſterglanz vor meinen Blicken vorüber. Schauer der Ehrfurcht und Wehmuth erfaſſen mir die Seele, gedenke ich der hochkräftigen Thatenzeit, wo jene Vaterlandszierden, neben denen die ſpätern Geſchlechter ſo marklos und zwergenhaft erſcheinen, noch im Leben walteten. Wie ſchwinden die neueren Helden vor Sifrids, Dietrichs von Bern, ihrer Waffenbrüder und Widerſacher Wunderthaten! Mir iſt, ſo ich in heitern Sommernächten am heimathlichen Rheine luſtwandle, zuweilen, als kreiſen die Nebel auf ſeinem Spiegel, thürmen ſich, vom Mondlicht durchzuckt, zu rieſigen Geſtalten auf, und gleiten dann Chriemhilde, der Siegelindenſohn, und die Königsbrüder Günther, Gernot und Giſelher an ihrer Seite, von ihrer Kämpenſchaar gefolgt, auf wilden Roſſen wie Sturmwind in Flammenblitzen über der Fluthen Saum dahin!"

„Bruder, Herzensbruder, laß dich küſſen!" rief der Maler, der ſein Pferd dicht zu Heinrichen herangedrängt, ihn umhalſend; „auch mir war's eben, als müßten dort vor uns die Wellen ſich theilen, und die Heldenſchaar, wie Graf Widforull auf des großen Carls Geheiß ſie einſt heraufbeſchworen, von Dietber'n angeführt, aus des Stromes Tiefen ſteigen: Dankwart der Vielſchnelle, Ortwin, Rumolt, Sindolt, Humold, die Krone der Burgundlands-Recken, Schaarmeiſter Tronegg, Hagen und Volker, der tapfere Fiedler, aller ritterlichen Sänger Vorbild, mit ſeinem ſieggekrönten Banner!"

„Welch überköſtlicher Sangeshort," fiel Heinrich begeiſtert ein, „in dieſen Nibelungen! wie zart und kräftig; lieblich und ſchauerlich von Chriemhildens ſchauerlichem Traume bis zum blutigen Ende!"

„Der Falke, den du da zoheſt, das iſt ein edel Mann,
„Ihn wolle Gott behüten, du mußt ihn ſchier verloren han."

unterbrach Gottfried den Erguß der Kunſtgenoſſen, indem er jene Stelle des Liedes mit poſſirlichem Pathos abſang.

„Aber wie ſprach die Prinzeſſin zu Mutter Ute, als dieſe den Traum ihr alſo ausgelegt!" entgegnete der ob der Störung unwillige Maler:

„Wie Liebe mit Leide zu jüngſt lohnen kann,
„Ich ſoll ſie meiden beide, ſo kann mir's nimmer mißegan."

„Merke dir ſtatt deiner Poſſen das Sprüchlein aus dem Liede, du Hageprunk und Minneſchranz!"

„Mögt Ihr meinethalben," erwiederte Gottfried, „Euer Nibelungenlied mit all ſeinem Mord und Tod, mit den zwei Königinnen, deren eine mit Mühlſteinen nach dem Ziele wirft und ihrem vermeintlichen Geſpons ſchier alle Rippen entzweibricht; die andre aber die Kämpen zu Hunderten abſchlachten und einräuchern läßt; mögt Ihr's zum dritten Himmel erheben; zehnmal lieber als Euer hochgeprieſener Heldenſang iſt mir ein Dutzend fröhlicher Minnelieder."

„Aber ich bitte dich, Gottfried," äußerte Heinrich, „findeſt du in den Nibelungen nicht auch die wahre zarte Herzensminne Chriemhildens und des großen Rheinlandskönigs im innigſten Bilde! So höre doch nur!

„Was wäre Manneswonne, was könnt' uns mehr erfreun,
Denn wonnigliche Frauen, denn holder Augen Schein!
Gleich wie der Mond, von Silberwolken licht umkränzt,
Der Sterne guldne Schaaren leuchtend überglänzt,
So ſtrahlt die ſchönſte Maid im Kreiſe ſchöner Frauen,
Wie in der Blumenflur die Königin zu ſchauen.
Da ihr der Hochgemuthe naht in ſeiner Herrlichkeit,
Erglüht die Wange fein; es ſpricht die holde Maid:
Herr Sifrid, ſeid willkommen, ein edel Ritter gut!
Sich ſtolzer hub vom Gruß des kühnen Recken Muth;
Er neigt ſich minniglich in wonnigem Entzücken;
Die Herzen grüßen ſich in zaubertrunknen Blicken;
Mit ſüßem Weh, mit ſtiller Peinen Himmelsluſt,
Webt Liebeſehnen in des ſel'gen Paares Bruſt."

„Biſt du bekehrt, Witzbold!" frug Wilhelm triumphirend den loſen Spötter, der, die Hand auf's Herz gelegt, ſeine Bekehrung ſchweigend betheuerte.

„Bei dir, Wilhelm," ſprach Heinrich, dem Freunde in's leuchtende Auge blickend, „müſſen nun die Nibelungen vollends in hohen Ehren ſtehen; denn ſind ſie nicht die reichſte Fundgrube anmuthiger, erhabener, grauenvoller Bilder!"

„Mir däucht ſchier, Bruder," verſetzte der Maler, freudig überraſcht, „du ſchauſt in die Tiefen meiner Bruſt; war eben auf der Bilderjagd ſo recht im Zuge, als unſer Schalksknecht da mich ſtörte. Bilder, Heinrich, was für Bilder! Denke dich mal zu mir an meine Staffelei: Hier ſiehſt du die Fürſten Schilbunch und Nibbunch von ihrem eigenen Schwerte Balmung durch Sifrids Hand erſchlagen. — Sieh, wie der tapfre Rheinlandskönigsſohn im Kampfe mit dem ſtarken Zwerge Alberich der Nibelungen güldenen Hort gewinnt, und wie er dort den Drachen mit ſeiner guten Klinge fällt. — Da zieht der Jüngling mit ſeinen Kämpen im königlichen Glanze vom beſorgten Vater und der weinenden Mutter Siegelinde, mit den kühnen Worten auf die Brautfahrt:

„Ihr ſollt nicht weinen durch den Willen mein;
Ohn' Sorge mögt Ihr meines Leibes ſein."

„Herrlich, herrlich! laß mich weiter malen," fiel Heinrich ein. „Hier empfängt zu Worms König Günther in ſeiner Hofespracht, im Kreiſe ſeiner Tapfern, den Drachenſieger mit ſeinem in Stahl und röthlichem Golde leuchtenden Gefolge, und Herr Gernot ſühnt Ortwins Hader mit dem hohen Gaſte. Dort ſiehſt du Sifrid im Kampfe mit dem Dänenkönige Ludegaſt Angeſichts ſeiner Mannen ſiegen:

„Da ſchlug der Herr Sifrid, daß rings das Feld erklang,
„Und rother Funken Blitz aus beider Helmen ſprang."

„Auf jenem Bilde naht Chriemhilde, aller Frauen reichſte Blüthe überbietend, dem Auserkornen ihres Herzens; ſieh ihn die Auserwählte mit züchtiger Scheu begrüßen, ſeiner Wangen Gluth aus ihren Augen widerſtrahlen ..."

„Nur zu, nur zu, Bruder!" rief Wilhelm mit haſtig tiefen Athemzügen.

„Nun folge mir," fuhr Heinrich fort, „nach Iſenland, dort ſiehſt du König Günthern vor Brunhildens Rieſenwurfe durch Sifrids Schild beſchirmt, und den Kühnen dem Bruder der Königin ſeines Herzens das ſchöne Heldenweib gewinnen. — Siehſt du da an Günthers Hofe die Königinnen in grimmem Hader ſtreiten, der Sifriden ſeines Todes Quelle ward! — Der Schauplatz wandelt ſich, und du erblickſt im Waldesſchatten, von König Günthers Tücken zum kühlen Brunnen hingelockt, Sifriden ſich am Brünnlein laben; ſiehſt ihn von Hagens Wurfgeſchoß durchbohrt, im Sterben noch mit ſeinem Schilde den Mörder niederſchlagen."

„Dieſer Hagen geſtaltet ſich," bemerkte Wilhelm, „im Nibelungenbilde ſo rieſengroß und heldenkühn, daß wir den Mörder ſelbſt nur haſſen, nicht verachten mögen!"

„Sieh wieder hin," fuhr Heinrich beifallnickend weiter fort: „An des Hunnenkönigs Etzels Hofe ſitzen vor Chriemhildens Saal Hagen und Volker, das Waffenbruderpaar."

„Wer der Volker war, das will ich Euch wiſſen lan,
Er war ein Edelherr, ihm waren unterthan
Der guten Recken viele in Burgundenland,
Von ſeiner Fiedel ward der Spielmann er genannt."

„Horch wie der wilde Tronegg zu Chriemhildens Hohne, ihres erſchlagenen Gemahls Schwert auf ſeinem Schooße, mit trotzigen Blicken zur Königin und ihren eigen Kämpen ſchauend, ihre Zornesworte in kühnem Muthe entgegnet! — Dort ruhen die Burgunderfürſten, von Hagens und Volkers Schwert beſchirmt, auf ihrem Lager; die Hunnen ſchleichen, Verrath und Mord im Schilde, heran; doch fliehen ſie, von den beiden Falkenaugen ſchnell erſpäht."

„Jetzt, Wilhelm," rief Heinrich in dumpfen Tönen des Entſetzens, „rollen ſich dort vor unſern Blicken der unheilvollen Halle Schauerbilder auf. Beim Feſtesmahle thront König Etzel in ſeiner Gäſte Mitte. Sieh, Hagens Bruder Dankwart erſcheint am Eingange und verkündet, wie in der Herberge die Burgunden meuchlerisch erliegen; da ſchäumt der grimme Tronegg.

„Nu trinken wir die Minne, und zahlen Königs Wein,
Der junge Vogt der Hunnen, er muß der Erſte ſein!"

„Seines Schwertes Blitz erſchlägt den Fürſtenknaben und blutend fliegt des zarten Ortliebs Haupt in Chriemhildens Schooß."

„In jenem Grauenbilde ſchauen, beim Todeszucken der in

Haufen hingeſtürmten Hunnenſchaaren, Flammen in die Halle, und im Blute der Erſchlagenen laben die müden Sieger des Gaumens Gluth."

„Dort erſcheint der biedere Markgraf Rüdiger auf Etzels, ſeines Lehnsherrn Gebot, zu neuem Kampfe mit den Burgunden; zur letzten Herzensgabe beut er dem tapfern Hagen den treu erprobten Schild, und

„Da er ihm ſo williglich den Schild zu geben bat,
Da ward gar manches Aug' von heißen Thränen roth."

„Zu Ende eilt das blut'ge Waffenſpiel. Vom alten Hildebrand gefällt, liegt Volker in ſeinem Blute, ringsum die Burgundlandes-Recken all erſchlagen; nur Hagen ſteht ſich noch an König Gunthers Seite mit dem tapfern Berner Helden. — Im letzten Grauenbilde ſtirbt, von Diether'n gefangen, durch Siefrids Schwert von Chriemhildens Hand der löwenherzige Tronegg; doch im Tode noch durch Hildebrand im Blute der Königin gerächt."

„Heinrich," ergoß ſich des Malers Künſtlergluth, indem er den Freund mit ungeſtümer Herzlichkeit umſchlang, „du ſchilderſt meiſterlich, und möcht' ich, wärſt du nicht eine Zier der Sängergilde, wünſchen, du ſchwürſt zu meiner Fahne. Geduld, Geduld, ſollſt deine Bilder baldigſt auf meiner Staffelei erſchauen!"

„Alles recht gut und ſchön;" lächelte Gottfried vor ſich hin, „ich aber dagegen lobe mir immer doch den Sänger, der

„Die Harfe nimmt in Luſt und Fröhlichkeit,
Und macht ein Lied, und giebt ihm einen Namen,"

„und iſt mir 'ne gemalte Bauernkirmeß lieber als der meiſterliche Todtentanz."

Gern hätte der Muntere zu ſeiner Ergötzlichkeit mit den Freunden angebunden, doch beide begnügten ſich, im Nachklang ihrer Gefühle ſeine Mißachtung der Nibelungen mit finſtrem Seitenblick zu rügen. „Jedem ſeine Weiſe!" brach Gottfried, als bereits Oppenheim nach einem kurzen Ritte erſchien, das Schweigen, „träumt mir nicht in einemweg von Euern Nibelungen und ſchaut dort hinab; wie wohlhäbig ſteht ſich das alte Städtlein am Fuße ſeiner Landskronburg und der ſtattlichen Katharinenkirche hin; wer ſähe ihm früheren Brand und Verheerung jetzt noch an!"

„Dort zieht eine Proceſſion herauf," mahnte Wilhelm, „laßt uns den Vorſprung ihr abgewinnen!" Dabei ſtieß er ſeinem Rappen die Sporen ſo mächtig in die Seiten, daß er in gewaltigen Sätzen ausgriff.

Nach kurzer Labung in Oppenheim hatten die Jünglinge die Schwabsburg bei Nierſtein bald erreicht, und fanden dort die herzlichſte Aufnahme, erheiterten Heinrich und Gottfried durch Sang und Klang, Wilhelm durch den vollen Erguß ſeines Witzes und ſeiner Laune den dort beim Zechgelage verſammelten Rittern der Umgegend den Abend, und zogen nach höchſt erquicklicher Nachtruhe am Morgen ihre Straße weiter.

3.

Bei Wilhelms Eile verweilte unſer Kleeblatt im weiland „goldenen" Mainz nur kurze Zeit bei Heinrichs Pflegvater, beſahen die herrliche gottgeſegnete Umgebung, den Eigelſtein, die Waſſerleitung, ſtolze Denkmale der Römerzeiten, den Bruderkuß des Rheines und Mains am Fuße der von romantiſcher Höhe herunterblickenden Karthauſe mit ihren lebenden Geſpenſtern und was ſonſt noch Denkwürdiges zu ſchauen, und brachen dann wieder auf.

Auf der Ingelheimer Höhe hielten die Jünglinge beim Anblicke der noch immer ſtolz herabprangenden Kaiſerburg, der Zeiten des großen Carls und des unglücklichen Agilolfingerfürſten Taſſilo gedenkend, an, und weideten das Auge am Ausblicke auf das herrliche Rheingau.

„Ein wahres Eden!" rief Wilhelm entzückt, „wie maleriſch ſchauen die netten Städtchen und zierlichen Meiereien auf den Höhen und am Ufer hingeſtreut, die Ritterburgen und Kapellchen zu uns herauf; und wie königlich ragt drüben der Biſchofsberg mit ſeinem Rebenkranz empor; iſt's nicht ein Ehrentempel, vom Altvater Rhein dem Traubengotte dort geſtiftet!"

„Wer wollte da nicht Hütten bauen!" entgegnete Heinrich mit innigem Gefühle.

„Bei ſeinem Weine, ſeinen Fraun!" fiel Gottfried ſeelenfroh ein, und ſtimmte ein munteres Wanderlied an, dem die Freunde ſich anſchloſſen.

Als die Nahebrücke bei Bingen bereits hinter den Jünglingen lag, und ſie jenen höchſt pittoresken Punkt erreichten, wo der Rhein die mit Rieſenkraft ihm entgegengeſtemmten Felſenmaſſen zu erſtürmen droht, dann plötzlich mit donnerndem Ungeſtüm im ſcharfen Winkel [illegible] das hinunterbrauſt, und des Rheingaues Pforten ſich ſchließen, hielten die Freunde abermals an und überblickten in ſchweigender Seelenluſt die weiten lachenden Gefilde, welche ſtromaufwärts, in magiſchen Duft gehüllt, Aug' und Herz zum ſehnſüchtigen Scheidegruße mahnen, und zugleich das wildromantiſche Naturgemälde des Rheinthals abwärts mit ſeinen Felſenkoloſſen und ſagenreichen Burgen. „Denkt Euch, Brüder," rief der entzückte Maler, „dieſe beiden hehren Bilder: jenen Zaubergarten droben vom Roſenlichte eines heiteren Frühlingsmorgens übergoſſen, und dieſes ſchauerlich erhabene Gebilde drunten mit ſeinen Felſenſchlöſſern, Münſtern und Klauſen in der geiſterhaften Beleuchtung zuckender Blitze, beim Wogengebrüll und vielfach wiederhallendem Donnerkrachen; wem hebt nicht bei ſolchem Anblicke höher ſich die Bruſt!"

Bald blickten die Trümmer des Vautsbergs, Rheinſteins und Sonecks zu den Reitern herab.

„Ein maleriſcher Fels, Ritter Gilgens Teufelsleiter!" rief Wilhelm, als ſpäterhin am jenſeitigen Ufer Lorch erſchien. „Mir iſt, als ſchaue ich den kühnen Wagling, wie er auf ſeinem geflügelten Höllenroſſe hinanſetzt, den Räuber der geliebten Braut erſchlägt, und die holde Maid in den Armen ihres Buhlen des Holzmeiers Beute wird."

„Iſt mir," fiel Gottfried ein, „zu düſter und grauenhaft die Sage, wie alle ſchier von dieſen Rheinlandsburgen; da halt ich's lieber mit dem Mährlein von den drei Jungfrauen im Wisperthale drüben. Wurden nicht die Nürnberger Kaufherrnſöhne vom Staarmatz, der Elſter und dem Raben gar weidlich genarrt und angeführt? Ihr wißt doch die Geſchichte von ihrer Großmutter, ſo die Elſter ſang!"

„Poſſen, eitel Poſſen und ewig Poſſen!" ſchalt der Maler.

„Großmutter mein war ſicherlich"

fuhr Gottfried, ohne ſich ſtören zu laſſen, fort,

„Sie war 'ne Elſter ſo wie ich,
Und alle meine Kinderlein,
Die werden wieder Elſtern ſein."

„Blitz, wie mögen die jungen Fante Geſichter geſchnitten haben, als beim Schwatzen und Singen beſagter Galgenvögel die holdſeligen Jungfrauen ſich in triefäugige Mütterlein verwandelten und den Freiern mit ihren Liebkoſungen zu Leibe gingen!"

„Laßt uns lieber," mahnte Wilhelm, „ſtatt ſolcher Ammenpoſſen das uralte Bacharach mit ſeinem Altarſteine und dem Stahleck, der ſtattlichen Pfalzgrafenwiege droben auf der Höhe, begrüßen. Seht, wie die ſtolze Veſte, einem Hünen zu vergleichen, das Städtlein an ihrem Fuße ſo getreu bewacht!"

„Sieh da," rief Gottfried nach ſchweigſamer Pauſe, „der Pfalzgräfinnen ſteinernes Wochenbett im Rheine drunten!"

„Warum," unterbrach Heinrich den dem Muthwilligen auf der Lippe ſchwebenden Scherz, „erwähnſt du als Sanggenoß nicht lieber der Sage von Entſtehung jener Felſenburg, die doch ſo zart und anmuthig klingt? Schloß nicht in dieſer Pfalz finſtre Mauern Pfalzgraf Konrad ſeine holde Agnes ein, vor dem kühnen Werben Welfs, des Baiernherzogs, ſie zu bewahren? War's nicht eben dort, wo Agnesens ſtillgehegte Minne bei der von ihren Thränen erweichten Mutter Schirm und Hülfe fand, bis das beglückte Paar des Vaters Segen endlich ſich erflehte?"

„Und am Ufer drüben," bemerkte Wilhelm, „Kaub mit ſeinem herrlichen Gutenfels, wo Richard von Cornwall die ſchöne Falkenſteinerin Gutta als ſeine Reichs- und Herzenskönigin zum Altare führte; traun, ein reiches Saatfeld unſer Rheinthal für den Schilderer und Sänger!"

In Oberweſel hielten die Jünglinge Nachtruhe.

Die wilde ſchaurige Gegend, die ſie unterhalb jenes Städtchens am Rheinufer zwiſchen himmelanragenden Felſen dort empfing, ſtimmte ſie, vorzüglich Heinrichen ernſt und düſter. Gottfried fand ſeine frohe Laune zuerſt wieder. Indeß vermochten ſeine Scherze ſo wenig als die neckenden Aufforderungen des am Lurleifelſen ſo redſeligen Echo's den Freund zu erheitern. Beſſer gelang dies Wilhelms hochromantiſcher Sage von der Jungfrau, die einen Pfalzgrafenſohn in ihr Felsgeklüft gelockt, alle vom troſtloſen Vater gegen ſie ausgeſandten Kriegsmänner verhöhnt und die Rheinfluthen zu ſich herauf beſchworen. Der Anblick der maleriſchen Trümmer der feindlichen Brüderburgen, Sternberg und Liebenſtein, endlich regte Heinrichen aus ſeinem lautloſen Hinbrüten vollends auf. Im Aufleuchten ſeines Auges ſprach ſich aus, wie dieſer Schauplatz einer der rührendſten Rheinlandsſagen vor ſeinem inneren Blicke ſich breite, und mit Innigkeit ſtimmte er in des Malers Kunſtfeuer ein, als dieſer ihm den reichen Stoff dieſer „Brüder" zu köſtlichen Schildereien entwickelte. Des älteren Bruders edelmüthiges Opfer ſeiner Minne, die Untreue des Jüngeren, dem Jener ſein Lebensglück geopfert, der durch die ſchöne Griechin, um derenwillen er ſeine vom Bruder geliebte Braut verrathen, ihm gewordene ſchnöde Vergeltung, die Weltentſagung der Geopferten und der Brüder endliche Verſöhnung.

Am folgenden Tage trafen die Freunde in Cöln ein, mehre Tage enteilten ihnen im Muſendienſte, beim Beſuche der Merkwürdigkeiten dieſer ſo berühmten alten Stadt, bei Ergießungen der innigſten Freundſchaft und bei Planen für die Zukunft wie auf Windesflügeln. Ihre köſtlichſten Stunden waren jene, wo Wilhelm an ſeiner Staffelei ſaß, und die Sänger durch Saitenſpiel ſein kunſtſinniges Gemüth begeiſterten. Doch endlich mußte geſchieden ſein; ſchmerzlich war die Trennungsſtunde; ſelbſt der ſonſt etwas rauhe Maler zerdrückte eine hervorquellende Thräne, eine ſchwarze Ahnung ſagte ihm, er werde die Lieblinge ſeiner Seele nimmer wieder ſehen. Sie trog nicht; an einem Tage bettete Beide zu Cleve eine dort ausgebrochene böſe Seuche ins dunkle Kämmerlein.

Lebrecht Dreves

wurde im Jahre 1816 zu Hamburg geboren, beſuchte das dortige Gymnaſium, ſtudirte von 1836—38 zu Jena und Heidelberg die Rechte, promovirte an letzterer Univerſität und lebt ſeitdem als Advocat in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er ſchrieb:

Lyriſche Anklänge. Altenburg 1837.
Vigilien, nächtliche Lieder. Bonn 1839.
Der Lebensretter, ein Luſtſpiel. 1841. (nur als Manuſcript für Bühnen gedruckt.)
Schlichte Lieder. Hamburg 1843.
Von ihm ſind vermuthlich auch die „Lieder eines Hanſeaten. Weſel 184[illegible]

Tiefes Gefühl, Innigkeit und treffliche Behandlung der Sprache und Form, gehoben durch eine reiche Phantaſie, zeichnen ſeine Gedichte, beſonders die Vigilien und die ſchlichten Lieder ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Auszug.

O gieb mir deine Hallen,
Geliebter Eichenwald,
Bis wieder Schloſſen fallen,
Zum Sommeraufenthalt.

Noch kann ſich nicht gewöhnen
An Menſchenwort mein Herz,
Der Hafenſtadt, der ſchönen,
Entfloh ich walderwärts.

Getümmel vor den Thoren
Und auf dem Markte Zank,
Wird den verwöhnten Ohren
Zur Qual der Folterbank.

Wie anders bringt der Blätter
Geſäuſel, o mein Hain,
Und ſelbſt das Luſtgeſchmetter
Der Vögel auf mich ein!

Hier leb' ich und geneſe,
Entnommen allem Weh,
Wo ich nur Blumen leſe
Und keine Menſchen ſeh'.

Drei Freunde.

Durch lachende Fluren gingen
Drei Freunde einſt ſelbdritt,
Ein Jüngling und ein Greiſer,
Einen Mann in ihrer Mitt'.

Der Berge Spitzen glühten
Im goldnen Abendlicht,
Doch alle Schönheit rührte
Den greiſen Alten nicht.

Aus Waldesdunkel tönte
Der Nachtigall Geſang,
Doch nicht vernahm der Jüngling
Den wunderſüßen Klang.

Verſenkt in tiefes Sinnen
Schritt ſtumm einher das Paar,
Der prangenden Gegend Schöne
Ward nur der Mann gewahr.

Er pflückte Wieſenblumen
Und horchte der Nachtigall,
Und ſtimmte in ihre Weiſen
Mit ſeines Liedes Schall.

Doch jener Beiden Stummheit
Verdroß ſeinen fröhlichen Sinn,
Er ſprach: Was ſinnt ihr, Freunde,
So eifrig vor euch hin!

Was ſenkt ihr eure Blicke
Nur immer erdenwärts?
Warum der Pracht des Himmels
Verſchließt ihr Aug' und Herz?

Da ſprach zu ihm der Alte:
Ich denke der Jugendzeit,
Die mir dahin geſchwunden,
Der ſchönen Vergangenheit;

Wo noch nicht Treu und Glauben
Entflohen aus dem Land,
Wo man noch Recht und Freiheit
Und gute Sitte fand.

Und weiter ſprach der Jüngling:
Es malen ſich meinem Blick
Zukünftige, ſchöne Zeiten
Und künftiges, großes Glück.

Wo dieſe Welt beherrſchet
Ein blühendes Geſchlecht,
Wo jedes Land regieret
Ein neues, gutes Recht.

Der Mann vernahm es lächelnd
Und ſprach: So mag es ſein,
So will ich denn alleine
Der Gegenwart mich freun.

Leb' immer, guter Alter,
Nur der Vergangenheit
Und träume du, mein Jüngling,
Von der künftigen, großen Zeit.

Ich aber lab' mich lieber
Am goldnen Lebensbaum,
Vergangenheit und Zukunft
Begrüß' ich nur im Traum.

Waſſerneck.

Im flüſternden Schilfe, im grünen Verſteck
Da ſinget zur Harfe der Waſſerneck,
Es tanzen rings um ihn die Wellen,
Es neigen ſich lauſchend die Bäume all',
Es ſchweiget im Haine die Nachtigall,
Nur ſchwirrend nahn [illegible] Libellen.

Es tönte vom Thurme die Glocke herab,
Da eilten zur Kirche die Knaben im Trab.
Sie müſſen vorüber am Weiher.
Da hören ſie ſingen den Waſſermann,
Zur Kirche zu gehen — wer denkt noch daran!
Sie tanzen, er ſinget zur Feier.

Und als ſie ſo tanzten, hub Einer an:
Wie ſingſt du ſo ſchön nur, lieb Waſſermann,
Und ſelig wirſt du doch nimmer.
Da weinte und ſchluchzte der arme Neck
Und tauchte vor jähem Todesſchreck
In die Fluthen mit leiſem Gewimmer.

Da ſchwiegen die Kinder und weinten auch,
Da weinte das Schilfrohr, da weinte der Strauch,
Die Nachtigall klagte beklommen.
Da ſchluchzte das Knäblein: Lieb Neckchen mein,
Ich hab' ja geſcherzt nur, du ſingeſt ſo fein,
Und wirſt in den Himmel ſchon kommen.

Da tauchte herauf er, doch ſang er nicht,
Es perlte die Thräne ihm über's Geſicht,
Fern hallte der Glocken Gewimmel:
O betet ihr Kinder, o betet für mich,
Was hilft mir ſonſt alle mein Singen, wenn ich
Mir nicht kann erſingen den Himmel.

Alexander.

Als einſt Held Alexander
Die Welt durchwandert hatt',
Und nun nach Haus gekehret
Und des Eroberns ſatt:

Erfüllte Todesahnung
Den edlen Fürſtenſohn,
Drum ſammelt er die Großen
Des Reichs um ſeinen Thron.

Und ſpricht: „Es geht zu Ende
Mit mir und meinem Thun,
Drum höret meinen Willen,
Den letzten Willen nun:

Es werde meine Hülle
In einen Sarg gelegt,
Der nicht des Prunkes Zeichen,
Nicht Fürſtenſtempel trägt.

Und aus dem Sarge laſſe
Die offnen Hände man
Hervorſeh'n, daß ein Jeder
Daraus ſich nehmen kann:

Es iſt, der einſt die Schätze
Der halben Welt entwandt,
Dem Bettler gleich, geſtiegen
In's Grab mit leerer Hand."

Kurfürſt Joachim.

Zur Jagd ging Kurfürſt Joachim,
Da ſprach ſein treues Weib zu ihm:

„Ich bitte, lieber Gatte mein,
Stell' heut' das Jagdvergnügen ein.

Es hat ein Traum verkündet mir,
Es brächte heut' Verderben dir."

Nicht hört der Fürſt des Weibes Wort,
Er blies in's Horn und ſprengte fort.

Und als begonnen er die Birſch,
Sprang über'n Weg ein ſchwarzer Hirſch.

Joachim nach! Doch als er nah
Ihm an den Leib, was ſchaut er da!

Statt des Geweihes trägt, o weh!
Sein Haupt ein Venerabile.

Der Fürſt erſah's und wandte um
Und ritt nach Hauſe trüb und ſtumm.

Doch eh' er noch ſein Schloß erreicht,
War Kurfürſt Joachim erbleicht.

Johann Peter Eckermann

ward zu Winſen an der Luhe, einem Städtchen zwiſchen Lüneburg und Hamburg, zu Anfange der neunziger Jahre des vorigen Jahrhunderts geboren. Seine Aeltern waren arm und nährten ſich von Handarbeit und einem kleinen Hauſirhandel. Seine früheſte Jugend verbrachte E. in Gemeinſchaft mit andern Knaben mit dem Hüten der Kühe, las Holz auf und ſammelte im Herbſt Aehren und Eicheln. Späterhin begleitete er ſeinen Vater auf dem Hauſirhandel. Unter ſolchen Umſtänden genoß er nur nothdürftigen Schulunterricht, kaum lernte er ſchlecht ſchreiben und ſchlecht leſen. Durch ſeine Anlagen im Zeichnen zog er die Aufmerkſamkeit einiger Perſonen auf ſich, ſo daß man ihm erlaubte, an dem Unterrichte der wenigen vornehmen Kinder des Ortes Theil zu nehmen; er lernte dadurch etwas Franzöſiſch und etwas Latein, bekam auch eine Vorſtellung von Muſik. Nach ſeiner Confirmation wurde er Schreiber bei einem Juſtizbeamten, dann unter der franzöſiſchen Herrſchaft im Büreau der Direction der directen Steuern zu Lüneburg, darauf im Büreau der Unterpräfectur zu Uelzen, und endlich im December 1812 als Mairie-Secretair zu Bevenſen angeſtellt. Im Sommer 1813 trat er als Freiwilliger in das Kielmannsegge'ſche Jägercorps und machte den Feldzug von 1813 und 1814 mit. Bei ſeinem Aufenthalte in den Niederlanden fand er Gelegenheit, niederländiſche Meiſterwerke der Malerei zu betrachten, und dies weckte in ihm die ſchlummernde Liebe zur Kunſt, weswegen er nach ſeiner Rückkehr 1815 den Unterricht Rambergs in Hannover ſuchte. Wegen Armuth und Mangel an den nöthigen Vorſtudien der Kunſt gab er indeß bald ſein Vorhaben auf und bewarb ſich um eine Anſtellung bei der Montirungscommiſſion der hannöverſchen Truppen, welche er auch erhielt. Der Zufall führte ihm Theodor Körners Gedichtſammlung „Leier und Schwert" in die Hände und dieſe Lectüre wirkte ſo bedeutend auf ihn, daß er ſelbſt productiv wurde. Mit einem patriotiſchen Gedichte auf die Rückkehr der hannöverſchen Truppen erwarb er ſich allgemeinen Beifall in Hannover, ſo daß er ſich entſchloß, auf dieſem Felde fernerhin ſeine Kräfte zu verſuchen. Er ſtudirte die vaterländiſchen und ausländiſchen Dichter, jedoch unter allen zog ihn Goethe am allermeiſten an. Noch in ſeinem fünfundzwanzigſten Jahre beſuchte er das Gymnaſium, ohne ſein Amt aufzugeben; wegen überhäufter Arbeiten trat er jedoch wieder aus der Schule und vervollkommnete ſich nur durch Privatunterricht, ſo daß er 1821 die Univerſität Göttingen beziehen konnte, um dem Namen nach die Rechtswiſſenſchaft zu ſtudiren. Vor ſeinem Abgange von Hannover gab er einen Band von Gedichten auf Subſcription heraus, wovon er auch Goethe ein Exemplar geſandt hatte, der ihn zu weiteren Productionen ermunterte. In Göttingen ſtudirte er nicht die Rechtswiſſenſchaft, ſondern Poeſie und Kunſt. Im Herbſt 1822 verließ er die Univerſität und ſchrieb auf dem Lande, in der Nähe von Hannover, eine Reihe theoretiſcher Aufſätze über Kunſt und Poeſie, die er unter dem Titel: „Beiträge zur Poeſie mit beſonderer Hinweiſung auf Goethe" im Manuſcript an Goethe einſandte, mit der Bitte um einige empfehlende Worte an Cotta. Bald darauf reiſte er nach Weimar, um Goethe perſönlich kennen zu lernen, und hatte das Glück, daß dieſer ſich ſeiner mit Vorliebe annahm und ihn zum Gehülfen bei der Redaction der letzten Ausgabe ſeiner Werke machte. Wenn man die kurze Zeit abrechnet, in der E. 1830 den Sohn Goethe's nach Italien begleitete, war er ununterbrochen um Goethe bis zu deſſen Tode. Er hat erſt in neueſter Zeit Weimar wieder verlaſſen und ſich nach Hannover gewendet.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Beiträge zur Poeſie mit beſonderer Hinweiſung auf Goethe. Stuttgart 1822.
Weimars Jubelfeſt am 3. Septbr. 1825. 2 Abtheil. Weimar 1825—26.
Geſpräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren ſeines Lebens 1823—32. Leipzig (2. Ausgabe. 2 Bde. 1837).
Gedichte. N. A. Leipzig 1838.

E.'s Perſönlichkeit iſt nicht wohl von ſeinen Leiſtungen zu trennen; bei der Beurtheilung der letzteren müſſen Beide in das Auge gefaßt werden. Sein größtes Talent iſt eben die Fähigkeit, Alles ſo anzuſchauen und aufzufaſſen, wie es ſich in reinſter Unmittelbarkeit darbietet, und es, ohne irgend einem Dritten Einfluß zu gewähren, auch ſo wiederzugeben. Dabei iſt er aber nicht eigentlich productiv, ſondern nur empfangend und kritiſch verarbeitend. Seine Gedichte ſind daher einfach, innig, geiſtreich, zeichnen ſich aber nicht durch Schwung der Phantaſie, Gluth und Leidenſchaft aus. Als ſein vorzüglichſtes Werk muß man dagegen ſeine Geſpräche mit Goethe betrachten; hier offenbart ſich ſein durchaus ehrenwerther Charakter im reinſten Lichte, unterſtützt von jenen bereits erwähnten Fähigkeiten, und der Leſer legt dieſes treffliche Buch nicht allein dankbar für das viele Schöne und Gute, das ihm in demſelben geboten ward, ſondern auch mit der bereitwilligſten Anerkennung der Wahrheitsliebe und Beſcheidenheit, ſowie des Geiſtes und des edeln Selbſtgefühles Eckermanns, der, obwohl ſich willig unterordnend, doch ſich eben ſo unbefangen als ſelbſtſtändig äußert, aus der Hand.

Einleitung.

Der Autor giebt Nachricht über ſeine Perſon und Herkunft und die Entſtehung ſeines Verhältniſſes zu Goethe.

Zu Winſen an der Luhe, einem Städtchen zwiſchen Lüneburg und Hamburg, auf der Gränze des Marſch- und Haidelandes, bin ich zu Anfang der neunziger Jahre geboren, und zwar in einer Hütte, wie man wohl ein Häuschen nennen kann, das nur einen heizbaren Aufenthalt und keine Treppe hatte, ſondern wo man auf einer gleich an der Hausthür ſtehenden Leiter unmittelbar auf den Heuboden ſtieg.

Als der Zuletztgeborne einer zweiten Ehe, habe ich meine Eltern eigentlich nur gekannt, wie ſie ſchon im vorgerückten Alter ſtanden, und bin zwiſchen beiden gewiſſermaßen einſam aufgewachſen. Aus meines Vaters erſter Ehe lebten zwei Söhne, wovon der eine, nach verſchiedenen Seereiſen als Matroſe, in fernen Welttheilen in Gefangenſchaft gerathen und verſchollen war, der andere aber, nach mehrmaligem Aufenthalt zum Wallfiſch- und Seehund-Fang in Grönland, nach Hamburg zurückgekehrt war und dort in mäßigen Umſtänden lebte. Aus meines Vaters zweiter Ehe waren vor mir zwei Schweſtern aufgewachſen, die, als ich mein zwölftes Jahr erreicht, bereits das väterliche Haus verlaſſen hatten und theils im Orte theils in Hamburg dienten.

Die Hauptquelle des Unterhaltes unſerer kleinen Familie war eine Kuh, die uns nicht allein zu unſerem täglichen Bedarf mit Milch verſah, ſondern von der wir auch jährlich ein Kalb mäſten und außerdem zu gewiſſen Zeiten für einige Groſchen Milch verkaufen konnten. Ferner beſaßen wir einen Acker Land, der uns die nöthigen Gemüſearten für das Bedürfniß des Jahres gewinnen ließ. Korn zu Brod indeß und Mehl für die Küche mußten wir kaufen.

Meine Mutter hatte eine beſondere Geſchicklichkeit im Wollſpinnen; auch ſchnitt und nähete ſie die bürgerlichen Mützen der Frauenzimmer zu beſonderer Zufriedenheit, welches ihr denn beides zur Quelle einigen Erwerbes gereichte.

Meines Vaters eigentliches Geſchäft dagegen war der Betrieb eines kleinen Handels, der nach den verſchiedenen Jahreszeiten variirte und ihn veranlaßte, häufig von Haus abweſend zu ſein und in der Umgegend viel zu Fuße umherzuſchweifen. Im Sommer ſah man ihn, mit einem leichten hölzernen Schränkchen auf dem Rücken, in der Haidegegend von Dorf zu Dorf wandern und mit Band, Zwirn und Seide hauſiren gehen. Zugleich kaufte er hier wollene Strümpfe und Beiderwand (ein aus der braunen Wolle der Haideſchnucken und leinenem Garn gewebtes Zeug), das er denn auf dem jenſeitigen Elbufer, in den Vierlanden, gleichfalls hauſirend, wieder abſetzte. Im Winter trieb er einen Handel mit rohen Schreibfedern und ungebleichter Leinewand, die er in den Dörfern der Haide- und Marſchgegend aufkaufte und mit Schiffsgelegenheit nach Hamburg brachte. In allen Fällen jedoch mußte ſein Gewinn ſehr gering ſein, denn wir lebten immer in einiger Armuth.

Soll ich nun von meiner kindlichen Thätigkeit reden, ſo war ſie gleichfalls nach den Jahreszeiten verſchieden. Mit dem anbrechenden Frühling, und ſo wie die Gewäſſer der gewöhnlichen Elb-Ueberſchwemmungen verlaufen waren, ging ich täglich, um das an den Binnendeichen und ſonſtigen Erhöhungen angeſpülte Schilf zu ſammeln und als eine beliebte Streu für unſere Kuh anzuhäufen. Wenn ſodann auf der weitausgedehnten Weidefläche das erſte Grün hervorkeimte, verlebte ich in Gemeinſchaft mit anderen Knaben lange Tage im Hüten der Kühe. Während des Sommers war ich thätig in Beſtellung unſeres Ackers, auch ſchleppte ich für das Bedürfniß des Herdes das ganze Jahr hindurch aus der kaum eine Stunde entfernten Waldung trockenes Holz herbei. Zur Zeit der Korn-Ernte ſah man mich wochenlang in den Feldern mit Aehrenleſen beſchäftigt, und ſpäter, wenn die Herbſtwinde die Bäume ſchüttelten, ſammelte ich Eicheln, die ich metzenweiſe an wohlhabendere Einwohner, um ihre Gänſe damit zu füttern, verkaufte. So wie ich aber genugſam herangewachſen war, begleitete ich meinen Vater auf ſeinen Wanderungen von Dorf zu Dorf und half einen Bündel tragen. Dieſe Zeit gehört zu den liebſten Erinnerungen meiner Jugend.

Unter ſolchen Zuſtänden und Beſchäftigungen, während welcher ich auch periodenweiſe die Schule beſuchte und nothdürftig leſen und ſchreiben lernte, erreichte ich mein vierzehntes Jahr, und man wird geſtehen, daß von hier bis zu einem vertrauten Verhältniß mit Goethe ein großer Schritt und überall wenig Anſchein war. Auch wußte ich nicht, daß es in der Welt Dinge gebe wie Poeſie und ſchöne Künſte, und konnte alſo auch ein dunkles Verlangen und Streben nach ſolchen Dingen glücklicherweiſe in mir nicht Statt finden.

Man hat geſagt, die Thiere werden durch ihre Organe belehrt, und ſo möchte man vom Menſchen ſagen, daß er oft durch etwas, was er ganz zufällig thut, über das belehrt werde, was etwa Höheres in ihm ſchlummert. Ein ſolches ereignete ſich mit mir, und da es, obgleich an ſich unbedeutend, meinem ganzen Leben eine andere Wendung gab, ſo hat es ſich mir als etwas Unvergeßliches eingeprägt.

Ich ſaß eines Abends bei angezündeter Lampe mit beiden Eltern am Tiſche. Mein Vater war von Hamburg zurückgekommen und erzählte von dem Verlauf und Fortgang ſeines Handels. Da er gern rauchte, ſo hatte er ſich ein Paket Taback mitgebracht, das vor mir auf dem Tiſche lag und als Wappen ein Pferd hatte. Dieſes Pferd erſchien mir als ein ſehr gutes Bild, und da ich zugleich Feder und Tinte und ein Stückchen Papier zur Hand hatte, ſo bemächtigte ſich meiner ein unwiderſtehlicher Trieb es nachzuzeichnen. Mein Vater fuhr fort von Hamburg zu erzählen, während ich, von den Eltern unbemerkt, mich ganz vertiefte im Zeichnen des Pferdes. Als ich fertig war, kam es mir vor, als ſei meine Nachbildung dem Vorbilde vollkommen ähnlich, und ich genoß ein mir bisher unbekanntes Glück. Ich zeigte meinen Eltern was ich gemacht hatte, die nicht umhin konnten mich zu rühmen und ſich darüber zu wundern. Die Nacht verbrachte ich in freudiger Aufregung halb ſchlaflos, ich dachte beſtändig an mein gezeichnetes Pferd und erwartete mit Ungeduld den Morgen, um es wieder vor Augen zu nehmen und mich wieder daran zu erfreuen.

Von dieſer Zeit an verließ mich der einmal erwachte Trieb der ſinnlichen Nachbildung nicht wieder. Da es aber in meinem Orte an aller weiteren Hülfe in ſolchen Dingen fehlte, ſo war ich ſchon ſehr glücklich, als unſer Nachbar, ein Töpfer, mir ein Paar Hefte mit Contouren gab, welche ihm bei Bemalung ſeiner Teller und Schüſſeln als Vorbild dienten.

Dieſe Umriſſe zeichnete ich mit Feder und Tinte auf das ſorgfältigſte nach, und ſo entſtanden zwei Hefte, die bald von Hand zu Hand gingen und auch an die erſte Perſon des Ortes, an den Oberamtmann Meyer, gelangten. Er ließ mich rufen, beſchenkte mich, und lobte mich auf die liebevollſte Weiſe. Er fragte mich, ob ich Luſt habe ein Maler zu werden; er wolle mich in ſolchem Fall, wenn ich confirmirt ſei, zu einem geſchickten Meiſter nach Hamburg ſenden. Ich ſagte, daß ich wohl Luſt habe und daß ich es mit meinen Eltern überlegen wolle.

Dieſe aber, beide aus dem Bauernſtande und in einem Orte lebend, wo größtentheils nichts Anderes als Ackerbau und Viehzucht getrieben wurde, dachten ſich unter einem Maler nichts weiter als einen Thüren- und Häuſer-Anſtreicher. Sie widerriethen es mir daher auf das ſorglichſte, indem ſie anführten, daß es nicht allein ein ſehr ſchmutziges, ſondern zugleich ein ſehr gefährliches Handwerk ſei, wobei man Hals und Beine brechen könne, welches ſich, zumal in Hamburg bei den ſieben Stockwerk hohen Häuſern, ſehr oft ereigne. Da nun meine eigenen Begriffe von einem Maler gleichfalls nicht höherer Art waren, ſo verging mir die Luſt zu dieſem Metier und ich ſchlug das Anerbieten des guten Oberamtmannes aus dem Sinne.

Indeſſen war nun einmal die Aufmerkſamkeit höherer Perſonen auf mich gefallen; man behielt mich im Auge und ſuchte mich auf manche Weiſe zu heben. Man ließ mich an dem Privatunterricht der wenigen vornehmen Kinder Theil nehmen, ich lernte franzöſiſch und etwas Latein und Muſik; zugleich verſah man mich mit beſſerer Kleidung, und der würdige Superintendent Pariſius hielt es nicht zu gering, mir einen Platz an ſeinem eigenen Tiſche zu geben.

Von nun an war mir die Schule lieb geworden; ich ſuchte ſo günſtige Umſtände ſo lange fortzuſetzen als möglich, und meine Eltern gaben es daher auch gern zu, daß ich erſt in meinem ſechzehnten Jahre confirmirt wurde.

Nun aber entſtand die Frage, was aus mir werden ſolle. Wäre es nach meinen Wünſchen gegangen, ſo hätte man mich zur Verfolgung wiſſenſchaftlicher Studien auf ein Gymnaſium geſchickt; allein hieran war nicht zu denken, denn es fehlte dazu nicht allein an allen Mitteln, ſondern die gebieteriſche Noth meiner Umſtände verlangte auch, mich ſehr bald in einer Lage zu ſehen, wo ich nicht allein für mich ſelber zu ſorgen, ſondern auch meinen dürftigen alten Eltern einigermaßen zu Hülfe zu kommen im Stande wäre.

Eine ſolche Lage eröffnete ſich mir gleich nach meiner Confirmation, indem ein dortiger Juſtizbeamter mir das Anerbieten machte, mich zum Schreiben und anderen kleinen Dienſtverrichtungen zu ſich zu nehmen, worein ich mit Freuden willigte. Ich hatte während der letzten anderthalb Jahre meines fleißigen Schulbeſuchs es dahin gebracht, nicht allein eine gute Hand zu erlangen, ſondern mich auch in Abfaſſung ſchriftlicher Aufſätze vielfältig zu üben, ſo daß ich mich denn für eine ſolche Stelle ſehr wohl qualificirt halten konnte. Dieſes Verhältniß, wobei ich auch kleine Advocaturgeſchäfte trieb und nicht ſelten in den Fall kam, nach hergebrachten Formen beides, Klageſchrift und Urtheil, abzufaſſen, dauerte zwei Jahre, nämlich bis 1810, wo das hannöveriſche Amt Winſen an der Luhe aufgelöſt und, im Departement der Nieder-Elbe begriffen, dem franzöſiſchen Kaiſerreiche einverleibt wurde.

Ich erhielt nun eine Anſtellung im Büreau der Direction der directen Steuern zu Lüneburg, und als dieſe im nächſten Jahre gleichfalls aufgelöſt wurde, kam ich in das Büreau der Unterpräfectur zu Uelzen. Hier arbeitete ich bis gegen Ende des Jahres 1812, wo der Präfect, Herr von Düring, mich beförderte und als Mairie-Secretär zu Bevenſen anſtellte. Dieſen Poſten bekleidete ich bis zum Frühling des Jahres 1813, wo die herannahenden Koſaken uns zur Befreiung von der franzöſiſchen Herrſchaft Hoffnung machten.

Ich nahm meinen Abſchied und ging in meine Heimath mit keinem anderen Plan und Gedanken, als mich ſobald wie möglich den Reihen der vaterländiſchen Krieger anzuſchließen, die ſich im Stillen hier und dort anfingen zu bilden. Dieſes vollführte ich und trat gegen Ende des Sommers mit Büchſe und Hirſchfänger als Freiwilliger in das Kielmannsegge'ſche Jäger-Corps und machte mit dieſem in der Compagnie des Capitain Knop den Feldzug des Winters 1813 und 1814 durch Mecklenburg, Holſtein und vor Hamburg gegen den Marſchall Davouſt. Darauf marſchirten wir über den Rhein gegen den General Maiſon und zogen im Sommer viel hin und her in dem fruchtbaren Flandern und Brabant.

Hier, vor den großen Gemälden der Niederländer, ging mir eine neue Welt auf; ich verbrachte ganze Tage in Kirchen und Muſeen. Es waren im Grunde die erſten Gemälde, die mir in meinem Leben vor Augen gekommen waren. Ich ſah nun, was es heißen wolle ein Maler zu ſein; ich ſah die gekrönten, glücklichen Fortſchritte der Schüler, und ich hätte weinen mögen, daß es mir verſagt worden, eine ähnliche Bahn zu gehen. Doch entſchloß ich mich auf der Stelle; ich machte in Tournay die Bekanntſchaft eines jungen Künſtlers, ich verſchaffte mir ſchwarze Kreide und einen Bogen Zeichenpapier vom größten Format und ſetzte mich ſogleich vor ein Bild, um es zu copiren. Große Begierde zur Sache erſetzte hiebei, was mir an Uebung und Anleitung fehlte, und ſo brachte ich die Contouren der Figuren glücklich zu Stande; ich fing auch an, von der linken Seite herein das Ganze auszuſchattiren, als eine Marſchordre eine ſo glückliche Beſchäftigung unterbrach. Ich eilte, die Abſtufung von Schatten und Licht in den nicht ausgeführten Theilen mit einzelnen Buchſtaben anzudeuten, in Hoffnung daß es mir in ruhigen Stunden gelingen würde, es auf dieſe Weiſe zu vollenden. Ich rollte mein Bild zuſammen und that es in einen Köcher, den ich, neben meiner Büchſe auf dem Rücken hängend, den langen Marſch von Tournay nach Hameln trug.

Hier ward das Jäger-Corps im Herbſt des Jahres 1814 aufgelöſt. Ich ging in meine Heimath; mein Vater war todt, meine Mutter noch am Leben und bei meiner älteſten Schweſter wohnend, die ſich indeß verheirathet und das elterliche Haus angenommen hatte. Ich fing nun ſogleich an mein Zeichnen fortzuſetzen; ich vollendete zunächſt jenes aus Brabant mitgebrachte Bild, und als es mir darauf ferner an paſſenden Muſtern fehlte, ſo hielt ich mich an die kleinen Rambergiſchen Kupfer, die ich mit ſchwarzer Kreide ins Große ausführte. Hiebei merkte ich jedoch ſehr bald den Mangel gehöriger Vorſtudien und Kenntniſſe; ich hatte ſo wenig Begriffe von der Anatomie des Menſchen wie der Thiere; nicht mehr wußte ich von Behandlung der verſchiedenen Baumarten und Gründe, und es koſtete mich daher unſägliche Mühe, ehe ich auf meine Weiſe etwas herausbrachte, das ungefähr ſo ausſah.

Ich begriff daher ſehr bald, daß, wenn ich ein Künſtler werden wolle, ich es ein wenig anders anzufangen hätte, und daß das fernere Suchen und Taſten auf eigenem Wege ein durchaus verlorenes Bemühen ſei. Zu einem tüchtigen Meiſter zu gehen und ganz von vorne anzufangen, das war mein Plan.

Was nun den Meiſter betraf, ſo lag in meinen Gedanken kein anderer als Ramberg in Hannover; auch dachte ich in dieſer Stadt mich um ſo eher halten zu können, als ein geliebter Jugendfreund dort in glücklichen Umſtänden lebte, von deſſen Treue ich mir jede Stütze verſprechen durfte, und deſſen Einladungen ſich wiederholten.

Ich ſäumte daher auch nicht lange und ſchnürte meinen Bündel und machte mitten im Winter 1815 den faſt vierzigſtündigen Weg durch die öde Haide bei tiefem Schnee einſam zu Fuß, und erreichte in einigen Tagen glücklich Hannover.

Ich verfehlte nicht, alsbald zu Ramberg zu gehen und ihm meine Wünſche vorzutragen. Nach den vorgelegten Proben ſchien er an meinem Talent nicht zu zweifeln, doch machte er mir bemerklich, daß die Kunſt nach Brod gehe, daß die Ueberwindung des Techniſchen viel Zeit verlange, und daß die Ausſicht, der Kunſt zugleich die äußere Exiſtenz zu verdanken, ſehr ferne ſei. Indeſſen zeigte er ſich ſehr bereit, mir ſeinerſeits alle Hülfe zu ſchenken; er ſuchte ſogleich aus der Maſſe ſeiner Zeichnungen einige paſſende Blätter mit Theilen des menſchlichen Körpers hervor, die er mir zum Nachzeichnen mitgab.

So wohnte ich denn bei meinem Freunde und zeichnete nach Rambergiſchen Originalen. Ich machte Fortſchritte, denn die Blätter, die er mir gab, wurden immer bedeutender. Die ganze Anatomie des menſchlichen Körpers zeichnete ich durch, und ward nicht müde, die ſchwierigen Hände und Füße immer zu wiederholen. So vergingen einige glückliche Monate. Wir kamen indeß in den Mai und ich fing an zu kränkeln; der Juni rückte heran und ich war nicht mehr im Stande den Griffel zu führen, ſo zitterten meine Hände.

Wir nahmen unſere Zuflucht zu einem geſchickten Arzt. Er fand meinen Zuſtand gefährlich. Er erklärte, daß in Folge des Feldzuges alle Hautausdünſtung unterdrückt ſei, daß eine verzehrende Gluth ſich auf die inneren Theile geworfen, und daß, wenn ich mich noch vierzehn Tage ſo fortgeſchleppt hätte, ich unfehlbar ein Kind des Todes geweſen ſein würde. Er verordnete ſogleich warme Bäder und ähnliche wirkſame Mittel, um die Thätigkeit der Haut wieder herzuſtellen; es zeigten ſich auch ſehr bald erfreuliche Spuren der Beſſerung, doch an Fortſetzung meiner künſtleriſchen Studien war nicht mehr zu denken.

Ich hatte bisher bei meinem Freunde die liebevollſte Behandlung und Pflege genoſſen; daß ich ihm läſtig ſei, oder in der Folge läſtig werden könnte, daran war ſeinerſeits kein Gedanke und nicht die leiſeſte Andeutung. Ich aber dachte daran, und wie dieſe ſchon länger gehegte heimliche Sorge wahrſcheinlich dazu beigetragen hatte, den Ausbruch der in mir ſchlummernden Krankheit zu beſchleunigen, ſo trat ſie jetzt, da ich wegen meiner Wiederherſtellung bedeutende Ausgaben vor mir ſah, mit ihrer ganzen Gewalt hervor.

In ſolcher Zeit äußerer und innerer Bedrängniß eröffnete ſich mir die Ausſicht zu einer Anſtellung bei einer mit der Kriegs-Canzlei in Verbindung ſtehenden Commiſſion, die das Montirungsweſen der hannoverſchen Armee zum Gegenſtand ihrer Geſchäfte hatte, und es war daher wohl nicht zu verwundern, daß ich dem Drange der Umſtände nachgab und, auf die künſtleriſche Bahn Verzicht leiſtend, mich um die Stelle bewarb und ſie mit Freuden annahm.

Meine Geneſung erfolgte raſch und es kehrte ein Wohlbefinden und eine Heiterkeit zurück, wie ich ſie lange nicht genoſſen. Ich ſah mich in dem Fall, meinem Freunde einigermaßen wieder zu vergüten, was er ſo großmüthig an mir gethan. Die Neuheit des Dienſtes, in welchen ich mich einzuarbeiten hatte, gab meinem Geiſte Beſchäftigung. Meine Obern erſchienen mir als Männer von der edelſten Denkungsart, und mit meinen Collegen, von denen einige mit mir in demſelbigen Corps den Feldzug gemacht, ſtand ich ſehr bald auf dem Fuß eines innigen Vertrauens.

In dieſer geſicherten Lage fing ich nun erſt an, in der manches Gute enthaltenden Reſidenz mit einiger Freiheit umherzublicken, ſo wie ich auch in Stunden der Muße nicht müde ward, die reizenden Umgebungen immer von Neuem zu durchſtreifen. Mit einem Schüler Rambergs, einem hoffnungsvollen jungen Künſtler, hatte ich eine innige Freundſchaft geſchloſſen; er war auf meinen Wanderungen mein beſtändiger Begleiter. Und da ich nun auf ein practiſches Fortſchreiten in der Kunſt wegen meiner Geſundheit und ſonſtigen Umſtände fernerhin Verzicht leiſten mußte, ſo war es mir ein großer Troſt, mich mit ihm über unſere gemeinſame Freundin wenigſtens täglich zu unterhalten. Ich nahm Theil an ſeinen Compoſitionen, die er mir häufig in der Skizze zeigte und die wir mit einander durchſprachen. Ich ward durch ihn auf manche belehrende Schrift geführt, ich las Winckelmann, ich las Mengs; allein da mir die Anſchauung der Sachen fehlte, von denen dieſe Männer handeln, ſo konnte ich mir auch aus ſolcher Lectüre nur das Allgemeinſte aneignen und ich hatte davon im Grunde wenig Nutzen.

In der Reſidenz geboren und aufgewachſen, war mein Freund in geiſtiger Bildung mir in jeder Hinſicht voran, auch hatte er eine recht hübſche Kenntniß der ſchönen Literatur, die mir durchaus fehlte. In dieſer Zeit war Theodor Körner der gefeierte Held des Tages; er brachte mir deſſen Gedichte Leier und Schwerdt, die denn nicht verfehlten, auch auf mich einen großen Eindruck zu machen und auch mich zur Bewunderung hinzureißen.

Man hat viel von der künſtleriſchen Wirkung eines Gedichtes geſprochen und ſie ſehr hoch geſtellt; mir aber will erſcheinen, daß die Stoffartige die eigentliche mächtige ſei, worauf Alles ankomme. Ohne es zu wiſſen, machte ich dieſe Erfahrung an dem Büchlein Leier und Schwerdt. Denn, daß ich gleich Körner den Haß gegen unſere vieljährigen Bedrücker im Buſen getragen, daß ich gleich ihm den Befreiungskrieg mitgemacht, und gleich ihm alle Zuſtände von beſchwerlichen Märſchen, nächtlichen Bivouacs, Vorpoſtendienſt und Gefechten erlebt und dabei ähnliche Gedanken und Empfindungen gehegt hatte, das verſchaffte dieſen Gedichten in meinem Innern einen ſo tiefen und mächtigen Anklang.

Wie nun aber auf mich nicht leicht etwas Bedeutendes wirken konnte, ohne mich tief anzuregen und productiv zu machen, ſo ging es mir auch mit dieſen Gedichten von Theodor Körner. Ich erinnerte mich aus meiner Kindheit und den folgenden Jahren, daß ich ſelber hin und wieder kleine Gedichte geſchrieben, aber nicht weiter beachtet hatte, weil ich auf dergleichen leicht entſtandene Dinge damals keinen großen Werth legte und weil überall zur Schätzung des poetiſchen Talents immer einige geiſtige Reife erforderlich iſt. Nun aber erſchien mir dieſe Gabe in Theodor Körner als etwas durchaus Rühmliches und Beneidenswerthes und es erwachte in mir ein mächtiger Trieb, zu verſuchen, ob es mir nicht gelingen wolle, es ihm einigermaßen nachzuthun.

Die Rückkehr unſerer vaterländiſchen Krieger aus Frankreich gab mir eine erwünſchte Gelegenheit. Und wie mir in friſcher Erinnerung lebte, welchen unſäglichen Mühſeligkeiten der Soldat im Felde ſich zu unterziehen hat, während dem gemächlichen Bürger zu Hauſe oft keine Art von Bequemlichkeit mangelt, ſo dachte ich, daß es gut ſein möchte, dergleichen Verhältniſſe in einem Gedicht zur Sprache zu bringen und dadurch, auf die Gemüther wirkend, den zurückkehrenden Truppen einen deſto herzlicheren Empfang vorzubereiten.

Ich ließ von dem Gedicht einige hundert Exemplare auf eigene Koſten drucken und in der Stadt vertheilen. Die Wirkung, die es that, war günſtig über meine Erwartung. Es verſchaffte mir den Zudrang einer Menge ſehr erfreulicher Bekanntſchaften, man theilte meine ausgeſprochenen Empfindungen und Anſichten, man ermunterte mich zu ähnlichen Verſuchen und war überhaupt der Meinung, daß ich die Probe eines Talentes an den Tag gelegt habe, welches der Mühe werth ſei weiter zu cultiviren. Man theilte das Gedicht in Zeitſchriften mit, es ward an verſchiedenen Orten nachgedruckt und einzeln verkauft, und überdieß erlebte ich daran die Freude, es von einem ſehr beliebten Componiſten in Muſik geſetzt zu ſehen, ſo wenig es ſich auch im Grunde, wegen ſeiner Länge und ganz rhetoriſchen Art, zum Geſang eignete.

Es verging von nun an keine Woche, wo ich nicht durch die Entſtehung irgend eines weiteren Gedichts wäre beglückt worden. Ich war jetzt in meinem vier und zwanzigſten Jahre; es lebte in mir eine Welt von Gefühlen, Drang und gutem Willen; allein ich war ganz ohne alle geiſtige Cultur und Kenntniſſe. Man empfahl mir das Studium unſerer großen Dichter und führte mich beſonders auf Schiller und Klopſtock. Ich verſchaffte mir ihre Werke, ich las, ich bewunderte ſie, allein ich fand mich durch ſie wenig gefördert; die Bahn dieſer Talente lag, ohne daß ich es damals gewußt hätte, von der Richtung meiner eigenen Natur zu weit abwärts.

In dieſer Zeit hörte ich zuerſt den Namen Goethe und erlangte zuerſt einen Band ſeiner Gedichte. Ich las ſeine Lieder und las ſie immer von Neuem und genoß dabei ein Glück, das keine Worte ſchildern. Es war mir, als fange ich erſt an aufzuwachen und zum eigentlichen Bewußtſein zu gelangen; es kam mir vor, als werde mir in dieſen Liedern mein eigenes mir bisher unbekanntes Innere zurückgeſpiegelt. Auch ſtieß ich nirgends auf etwas Fremdartiges und Gelehrtes, wozu mein bloß menſchliches Denken und Empfinden nicht ausgereicht hätte, nirgends auf Namen ausländiſcher und veralteter Gottheiten, wobei ich mir nichts zu denken wußte; vielmehr fand ich das menſchliche Herz in allen ſeinem Verlangen, Glück und Leiden, ich fand eine deutſche Natur wie der gegenwärtige helle Tag, eine reine Wirklichkeit in dem Lichte milder Verklärung.

Ich lebte in dieſen Liedern ganze Wochen und Monate. Dann gelang es mir, den Wilhelm Meiſter zu bekommen, dann ſein Leben, dann ſeine dramatiſchen Werke. Den Fauſt, vor deſſen Abgründen menſchlicher Natur und Verderbniß ich anfänglich zurückſchauderte, deſſen bedeutend-räthſelhaftes Weſen mich aber immer wieder anzog, las ich alle Feſttage. Bewunderung und Liebe nahm täglich zu, ich lebte und webte Jahr und Tag in dieſen Werken und dachte und ſprach nichts als von Goethe.

Der Nutzen, den wir aus dem Studium der Werke eines großen Schriftſtellers ziehen, kann mannigfaltiger Art ſein; ein Hauptgewinn aber möchte darin beſtehen, daß wir uns nicht allein unſeres eigenen Innern, ſondern auch der mannigfaltigen Welt außer uns deutlicher bewußt werden. Eine ſolche Wirkung hatten auf mich die Werke Goethe's. Auch ward ich durch ſie zur beſſeren Beobachtung und Auffaſſung der ſinnlichen Gegenſtände und Charaktere getrieben; ich kam nach und nach zu dem Begriff der Einheit oder der innerlichſten Harmonie eines Individuums mit ſich ſelber, und ſomit ward mir denn das Räthſel der großen Mannigfaltigkeit ſowohl natürlicher als künſtleriſcher Erſcheinungen immer mehr aufgeſchloſſen.

Nachdem ich mich einigermaßen in Goethe's Schriften befeſtigt und mich nebenbei in der Poeſie practiſch auf manche Weiſe verſucht hatte, wendete ich mich zu einigen der größten Dichter des Auslandes und früherer Zeiten, und las in den beſten Ueberſetzungen nicht allein die vorzüglichſten Stücke von Shakſpeare, ſondern auch den Sophocles und Homer.

Indeß merkte ich jedoch ſehr bald, daß von dieſen hohen Werken nur das Allgemein-Menſchliche in mich eingehen wollte, daß aber das Verſtändniß des Beſonderen, ſowohl in ſprachlicher als hiſtoriſcher Hinſicht, wiſſenſchaftliche Kenntniſſe und überhaupt eine Bildung vorausſetze, wie ſie gewöhnlich nur auf Schulen und Univerſitäten erlangt wird.

Ueberdieß machte man mir von manchen Seiten bemerklich, daß ich mich auf eigenem Wege vergebens abmühe und daß, ohne eine ſogenannte claſſiſche Bildung, nie ein Dichter dahin gelangen werde, ſowohl ſeine eigene Sprache mit Geſchick und Nachdruck zu gebrauchen, als auch überhaupt, dem Gehalt und der Form nach, etwas Vorzügliches zu leiſten.

Da ich nun auch zu dieſer Zeit viele Biographien bedeutender Männer las, um zu ſehen, welche Bildungswege ſie eingeſchlagen, um zu etwas Tüchtigem zu gelangen, und ich bei ihnen überall den Gang durch Schulen und Univerſitäten wahrzunehmen hatte, ſo faßte ich, obgleich bei ſo vorgerücktem Alter und unter ſo widerſtrebenden Umſtänden, den Entſchluß, ein Gleiches auszuführen.

Ich wendete mich alſobald an einen als Lehrer beim Gymnaſium zu Hannover angeſtellten vorzüglichen Philologen und nahm bei ihm Privat-Unterricht, nicht allein in der lateiniſchen, ſondern auch in der griechiſchen Sprache, und verwendete auf dieſe Studien alle Muße, die meine, wenigſtens ſechs Stunden täglich, in Anſpruch nehmenden Berufsgeſchäfte mir gewähren wollten.

Dieſes trieb ich ein Jahr. Ich machte gute Fortſchritte; allein bei meinem unausſprechlichen Drange vorwärts, kam es mir vor, als gehe es zu langſam und als müſſe ich auf andere Mittel denken. Es wollte mir erſcheinen, daß, wenn ich erlangen könnte, täglich vier bis fünf Stunden das Gymnaſium zu beſuchen und auf ſolche Weiſe ganz und gar in dem gelehrten Elemente zu leben, ich ganz andere Fortſchritte machen und ungleich ſchneller zum Ziele gelangen würde.

In dieſer Meinung ward ich durch den Rath ſachkundiger Perſonen beſtätigt; ich faßte daher den Entſchluß ſo zu thun, und erhielt dazu auch ſehr leicht die Genehmigung meiner Obern, indem die Stunden des Gymnaſiums größtentheils auf eine ſolche Tageszeit fielen, wo ich vom Dienſte frei war.

Ich meldete mich daher zur Aufnahme und ging in Begleitung meines Lehrers an einem Sonntag-Vormittag zu dem würdigen Director, um die erforderliche Prüfung zu beſtehen. Er examinirte mich mit aller möglichen Milde, allein da ich für die hergebrachten Schulfragen kein präparirter Kopf war und es mir trotz allem Fleiß an eigentlicher Routine fehlte, ſo beſtand ich nicht ſo gut, als ich im Grunde hätte ſollen. Doch auf die Verſicherung meines Lehrers, daß ich mehr wiſſe, als es nach dieſer Prüfung den Anſchein haben möge, und in Erwägung meines ungewöhnlichen Strebens, ſetzte er mich nach Secunda.

Ich brauche wohl kaum zu ſagen, daß ich, als ein faſt Fünfundzwanzigjähriger und als einer, der bereits in königlichen Dienſten ſtand, unter dieſen größtentheils noch ſehr knabenhaften Jünglingen eine wunderliche Figur machte, ſo daß dieſe neue Situation mir anfänglich ſelber ein wenig unbequem und ſeltſam vorkommen wollte; doch mein großer Durſt nach den Wiſſenſchaften ließ mich Alles überſehen und ertragen. Auch hatte ich mich im Ganzen nicht zu beſchweren. Die Lehrer achteten mich, die älteren und beſſeren Schüler der Klaſſe kamen mir auf das freundlichſte entgegen und ſelbſt einige Ausbunde von Uebermuth hatten Rückſicht genug, an mir ihre frevelhaften Anwandlungen nicht auszulaſſen.

Ich war daher wegen meiner erreichten Wünſche im Ganzen genommen ſehr glücklich und ſchritt auf dieſer neuen Bahn mit großem Eifer vorwärts. Des Morgens fünf Uhr war ich wach und bald darauf an meinen Präparationen. Gegen acht ging es in die Schule bis zehn Uhr. Von dort eilte ich auf mein Bureau zu den Dienſtgeſchäften, die meine Gegenwart bis gegen ein Uhr verlangten. Im Fluge ging es ſodann nach Haus; ich verſchluckte ein wenig Mittageſſen und war gleich nach ein Uhr wieder in der Schule. Die Stunden dauerten bis vier Uhr, worauf ich denn wieder bis nach ſieben Uhr in meinem Beruf beſchäftiget war und den ferneren Abend zu Präparationen und Privatunterricht verwendete.

Dieſes Leben und Treiben verführte ich einige Monate; allein meine Kräfte waren einer ſolchen Anſtrengung nicht gewachſen, und es beſtätigte ſich die alte Wahrheit: daß Niemand zween Herren dienen könne. Der Mangel an freier Luft und Bewegung, ſo wie die fehlende Zeit und Ruhe zum Eſſen, Trinken und Schlaf, erzeugten nach und nach einen krankhaften Zuſtand; ich fühlte mich abgeſtumpft an Leib und Seele und ſah mich zuletzt in der dringenden Nothwendigkeit, entweder die Schule aufzugeben oder meine Stelle. Da aber das Letztere meiner Exiſtenz wegen nicht anging, ſo blieb kein anderer Ausweg, als das Erſtere zu thun, und ich trat mit dem beginnenden Frühling 1817 wieder aus. Es ſchien zu dem beſondern Geſchick meines Lebens zu gehören, Mancherlei zu probiren, und ſo gereute es mich denn keineswegs, auch eine gelehrte Schule eine Zeitlang probirt zu haben.

Ich hatte indeß einen guten Schritt vorwärts gethan, und da ich die Univerſität nach wie vor im Auge behielt, ſo blieb nun weiter nichts übrig, als den Privatunterricht fortzuſetzen, welches denn auch mit aller Luſt und Liebe geſchah.

Nach der überſtandenen Laſt des Winters verlebte ich einen deſto heiteren Frühling und Sommer; ich war viel in der freien Natur, die dieſes Jahr mit beſonderer Innigkeit zu meinem Herzen ſprach, und es entſtanden viele Gedichte, wobei beſonders die jugendlichen Lieder von Goethe mir als hohe Muſter vor Augen ſchwebten.

Mit eintretendem Winter fing ich an ernſtlich darauf zu denken, wie ich es möglich mache, wenigſtens binnen Jahresfriſt die Univerſität zu beziehen. In der lateiniſchen Sprache war ich ſo weit vorgeſchritten, daß es mir gelang, von den Oden des Horaz, von den Hirtengedichten des Virgil, ſo wie von den Metamorphoſen des Ovid einige mich beſonders anſprechende Stücke metriſch zu überſetzen, ſo wie die Reden des Cicero und die Kriegsgeſchichten des Julius Cäſar mit einiger Leichtigkeit zu leſen. Hiemit konnte ich mich zwar noch keineswegs als für academiſche Studien gehörig vorbereitet betrachten, allein ich dachte innerhalb eines Jahres noch ſehr weit zu kommen und ſodann das Fehlende auf der Univerſität ſelber nachzuholen.

Unter den höheren Perſonen der Reſidenz hatte ich mir manchen Gönner erworben; ſie verſprachen mir ihre Mitwirkung, jedoch unter der Bedingung, daß ich mich entſchließen wolle, ein ſogenanntes Brodſtudium zu wählen. Da aber dergleichen nicht in der Richtung meiner Natur lag und da ich in der feſten Ueberzeugung lebte, daß der Menſch nur dasjenige cultiviren müſſe, wohin ein unausgeſetzter Drang ſeines Innern gehe, ſo blieb ich bei meinem Sinn und jene verſagten mir ihre Hülfe, indem endlich nichts weiter erfolgen ſollte als ein Freitiſch.

Es blieb nun nichts übrig als meinen Plan durch eigene Kräfte durchzuſetzen und mich zu einer literariſchen Production von einiger Bedeutung zuſammenzunehmen.

Müllners Schuld und Grillparzers Ahnfrau waren zu dieſer Zeit an der Tagesordnung und machten viel Aufſehen. Meinem Naturgefühl waren dieſe künſtlichen Werke zuwider, noch weniger konnte ich mich mit ihren Schickſalsideen befreunden, von denen ich der Meinung war, daß daraus eine unſittliche Wirkung auf das Volk hervorgehe. Ich faßte daher den Entſchluß, gegen ſie aufzutreten und darzuthun, daß das Schickſal in den Charakteren ruhe. Aber ich wollte nicht mit Worten gegen ſie ſtreiten, ſondern mit der That. Ein Stück ſollte erſcheinen, welches die Wahrheit ausſpreche, daß der Menſch in der Gegenwart Samen ſtreue, der in der Zukunft aufgehe und Früchte bringe, gute oder böſe, je nachdem er geſäet habe. Mit der Weltgeſchichte unbekannt, blieb mir weiter nichts übrig, als die Charaktere und den Gang der Handlung zu erfinden. Ich trug es wohl ein Jahr mit mir herum und bildete mir die einzelnen Scenen und Acte bis ins Einzelne aus und ſchrieb es endlich im Winter 1820 in den Morgenſtunden einiger Wochen. Ich genoß dabei das höchſte Glück, denn ich ſah, daß Alles ſehr leicht und natürlich zu Tage kam. Allein im Gegenſatz mit jenen genannten Dichtern ließ ich das wirkliche Leben mir zu nahe treten, das Theater kam mir nie vor Augen. Daher ward es auch mehr eine ruhige Zeichnung von Situationen, als eine geſpannte raſch fortſchreitende Handlung, und auch nur poetiſch und rhythmiſch, wenn Charaktere und Situationen es erforderten. Nebenperſonen gewannen zu viel Raum, das ganze Stück zu viel Breite.

Ich theilte es den nächſten Freunden und Bekannten mit, ward aber nicht verſtanden wie ich es wünſchte; man warf mir vor: einige Scenen gehören ins Luſtſpiel, man warf mir ferner vor: ich habe zu wenig geleſen. Ich, eine beſſere Aufnahme erwartend, war anfänglich im Stillen beleidigt; doch nach und nach kam ich zu der Ueberzeugung, daß meine Freunde nicht ſo ganz Unrecht hätten und daß mein Stück, wenn auch die Charaktere richtig gezeichnet und das Ganze wohl durchdacht und mit einer gewiſſen Beſonnenheit und Facilität ſo zur Erſcheinung gekommen, wie es in mir gelegen, doch, dem darin entwickelten Leben nach, auf einer viel zu niedern Stufe ſtehe, als daß es ſich geeignet hätte, damit öffentlich aufzutreten.

Und dieſes war in Erwägung meines Herkommens und meiner wenigen Studien nicht zu verwundern. Ich nahm mir vor, das Stück umzuarbeiten und für das Theater einzurichten, vorher aber in meiner Bildung vorzuſchreiten, damit ich fähig ſei, Alles höher zu ſtellen. Der Drang nach der Univerſität, wo ich Alles zu erlangen hoffte was mir fehlte und wodurch ich auch in höhere Lebensverhältniſſe zu kommen gedachte, ward nun zur Leidenſchaft. Ich faßte den Entſchluß, meine Gedichte herauszugeben, um es dadurch vielleicht zu bewirken. Und da es mir nun an Namen fehlte, um von einem Verleger ein anſehnliches Honorar erwarten zu können, ſo wählte ich den für meine Lage vortheilhafteren Weg der Subſcription.

Dieſe ward von Freunden eingeleitet und nahm den erwünſchteſten Fortgang. Ich trat jetzt bei meinen Obern mit meiner Abſicht auf Göttingen wieder hervor und bat um meine Entlaſſung; und da dieſe nun die Ueberzeugung gewannen, daß es mein tiefer Ernſt ſei und daß ich nicht nachgebe, ſo begünſtigten ſie meine Zwecke. Auf Vorſtellung meines Chefs, des damaligen Obriſten von Berger, gewährte die Kriegs-Canzlei mir den erbetenen Abſchied und ließ mir jährlich 150 Thaler von meinem Gehalt zum Behuf meiner Studien auf zwei Jahre.

Ich war nun glücklich in dem Gelingen der jahrelang gehegten Pläne. Die Gedichte ließ ich auf das ſchnellſte drucken und verſenden, aus deren Ertrag ich nach Abzug aller Koſten einen reinen Gewinn von 150 Thaler behielt. Ich ging darauf im Mai 1821 nach Göttingen, eine theure Geliebte zurücklaſſend.

Mein erſter Verſuch, nach der Univerſität zu gelangen, war daran geſcheitert, daß ich hartnäckig jedes ſogenannte Brodſtudium abgelehnt hatte. Jetzt aber, durch die Erfahrung gewitzigt und der unſäglichen Kämpfe mir noch zu gut bewußt, die ich damals ſowohl gegen meine nächſte Umgebung als gegen einflußreiche höhere Perſonen zu beſtehen hatte, war ich klug genug geweſen, mich den Anſichten einer übermächtigen Welt zu bequemen und ſogleich zu erklären, daß ich ein Brodſtudium wählen und mich der Rechtswiſſenſchaft widmen wolle.

Dieſes hatten ſowohl meine mächtigen Gönner als alle anderen, denen mein irdiſches Fortkommen am Herzen lag und die ſich von der Gewalt meiner geiſtigen Bedürfniſſe keine Vorſtellung machten, ſehr vernünftig gefunden. Aller Widerſpruch war mit einem Mal abgethan, ich fand überall ein freundliches Entgegenkommen und ein bereitwilliges Befördern meiner Zwecke. Zugleich unterließ man nicht, zu meiner Beſtätigung in ſo guten Vorſätzen anzuführen, daß das juriſtiſche Studium keineswegs der Art ſei, daß es nicht dem Geiſte einen höheren Gewinn gebe. Ich würde, ſagte man, dadurch Blicke in bürgerliche und weltliche Verhältniſſe thun, wie ich auf keine andere Weiſe erreichen könne. Auch wäre dieſes Studium keineswegs von ſolchem Umfang, daß ſich nicht ſehr viele ſogenannte höhere Dinge nebenbei treiben laſſen. Man nannte mir verſchiedene Namen berühmter Perſonen, die alle Jura ſtudirt hätten und doch zugleich zu den höchſten Kenntniſſen anderer Art gelangt wären.

Hierbei jedoch wurde ſowohl von meinen Freunden als von mir überſehen, daß jene Männer nicht allein mit tüchtigen Schulkenntniſſen ausgeſtattet zur Univerſität kamen, ſondern auch eine ungleich längere Zeit, als die gebieteriſche Noth meiner beſonderen Umſtände es mir erlauben wollte, auf ihre Studien verwenden konnten.

Genug aber, ſo wie ich Andere getäuſcht hatte, täuſchte ich mich nach und nach ſelber und bildete mir zuletzt wirklich ein, ich könne in allem Ernſt Jura ſtudiren und doch zugleich meine eigentlichen Zwecke erreichen.

In dieſem Wahn, etwas zu ſuchen was ich gar nicht zu beſitzen und anzuwenden wünſchte, fing ich ſogleich nach meiner Ankunft auf der Univerſität mit dem Juriſtiſchen an. Auch fand ich dieſe Wiſſenſchaft keineswegs der Art, daß ſie mir widerſtanden hätte, vielmehr hätte ich, wenn mein Kopf nicht von anderen Vorſätzen und Beſtrebungen wäre zu voll geweſen, mich ihr recht gern ergeben mögen. So aber erging es mir wie einem Mädchen, das gegen eine vorgeſchlagene Heirathspartie bloß deswegen allerlei zu erinnern findet, weil ihr unglücklicher Weiſe ein heimlich Geliebter im Herzen liegt.

In den Vorleſungen der Inſtitutionen und Pandekten ſitzend, vergaß ich mich oft im Ausbilden dramatiſcher Scenen und Acte. Ich gab mir alle Mühe, meinen Sinn auf das Vorgetragene zu wenden, allein er lenkte gewaltſam immer abwärts. Es lag mir fortwährend nichts in Gedanken, als Poeſie und Kunſt und meine höhere menſchliche Entwickelung, warum ich ja überall ſeit Jahren mit Leidenſchaft nach der Univerſität geſtrebt hatte.

Wer mich nun das erſte Jahr in meinen nächſten Zwecken bedeutend förderte, war Heeren. Seine Ethnographie und Geſchichte legte in mir für fernere Studien dieſer Art den beſten Grund, ſo wie die Klarheit und Gediegenheit ſeines Vortrages auch in anderer Hinſicht für mich von bedeutendem Nutzen war. Ich beſuchte jede Stunde mit Liebe und verließ keine, ohne von größerer Hochachtung und Neigung für den vorzüglichen Mann durchdrungen zu ſein.

Das zweite academiſche Jahr begann ich vernünftiger Weiſe mit gänzlicher Beſeitigung des juriſtiſchen Studiums, das in der That viel zu bedeutend war, als daß ich es als Nebenſache hätte mitgewinnen können, und das mir in der Hauptſache als ein zu großes Hinderniß anhing. Ich ſchloß mich an die Philologie. Und wie ich im erſten Jahre Heeren ſehr viel ſchuldig geworden, ſo ward ich es nun Diſſen. Denn nicht allein, daß ſeine Vorleſungen meinen Studien die eigentlich geſuchte und erſehnte Nahrung gaben, ich mich täglich mehr gefördert und aufgeklärt ſah, und nach ſeinen Andeutungen ſichere Richtungen für künftige Productionen nahm, ſondern ich hatte auch das Glück, dem werthen Manne perſönlich bekannt zu werden und mich von ihm in meinen Studien geleitet, beſtärkt und ermuntert zu ſehen.

Ueberdieß war der tägliche Umgang mit ganz vorzüglichen Köpfen unter den Studirenden und das unaufhörliche Beſprechen der höchſten Gegenſtände, auf Spaziergängen und oft bis tief in die Nacht hinein, für mich ganz unſchätzbar und auf meine immer freiere Entwickelung vom günſtigſten Einfluß.

Indeſſen war das Ende meiner pecuniären Hülfsmittel nicht mehr ferne. Dagegen hatte ich ſeit anderthalb Jahren täglich neue Schätze des Wiſſens in mich aufgenommen; ein ferneres Anhäufen, ohne ein practiſches Verwenden, war meiner Natur und meinem Lebensgange nicht gemäß, und es herrſchte daher in mir ein leidenſchaftlicher Trieb, mich durch einige ſchriftſtelleriſche Productionen wieder frei und nach ferneren Studien wieder begehrlich zu machen.

Sowohl meine dramatiſche Arbeit, woran ich dem Stoffe nach das Intereſſe nicht verloren hatte, die aber der Form und dem Gehalte nach bedeutender erſcheinen ſollte, als auch Ideen in Bezug auf Grundſätze der Poeſie, die ſich beſonders als Widerſpruch gegen damals herrſchende Anſichten entwickelt hatten, gedachte ich hintereinander auszuſprechen und zu vollenden.

Ich verließ daher im Herbſt 1822 die Univerſität und bezog eine ländliche Wohnung in der Nähe von Hannover. Ich ſchrieb zunächſt jene theoretiſchen Aufſätze, von denen ich hoffte, daß ſie beſonders bei jungen Talenten nicht allein zur Hervorbringung, ſondern auch zur Beurtheilung dichteriſcher Werke beitragen würden, und gab ihnen den Titel Beiträge zur Poeſie.

Im Mai 1823 war ich mit dieſer Arbeit zu Stande. Es kam mir nun in meiner Lage nicht allein darauf an, einen guten Verleger, ſondern auch ein gutes Honorar zu erhalten, und ſo entſchloß ich mich kurz, und ſchickte das Manuſcript an Goethe, und bat ihn um einige empfehlende Worte an Herrn von Cotta.

Goethe war nach wie vor derjenige unter den Dichtern, zu dem ich täglich als meinem untrüglichen Leitſtern hinaufblickte, deſſen Ausſprüche mit meiner Denkungsweiſe in Harmonie ſtanden und mich auf einen immer höheren Punkt der Anſicht ſtellten, deſſen hohe Kunſt in Behandlung der verſchiedenſten Gegenſtände ich immer mehr zu ergründen und ihr nachzuſtreben ſuchte, und gegen den meine innige Liebe und Verehrung faſt leidenſchaftlicher Natur war.

Bald nach meiner Ankunft in Göttingen hatte ich ihm, neben einer kleinen Skizze meines Lebens- und Bildungsganges, ein Exemplar meiner Gedichte zugeſendet, worauf ich denn die große Freude erlebte, nicht allein von ihm einige ſchriftliche Worte zu erhalten, ſondern auch von Reiſenden zu hören, daß er von mir eine gute Meinung habe und in den Heften von Kunſt und Alterthum meiner gedenken wolle.

Dieſes zu wiſſen, war für mich in meiner damaligen Lage von großer Bedeutung, ſo wie es mir auch jetzt den Muth gab, das ſo eben vollendete Manuſcript vertrauungsvoll an ihn zu ſenden.

Es lebte nun in mir kein anderer Trieb, als ihm einmal einige Augenblicke perſönlich nahe zu ſein; und ſo machte ich mich denn zur Erreichung dieſes Wunſches gegen Ende des Monates Mai auf, und wanderte zu Fuß über Göttingen und das Werrathal nach Weimar.

Auf dieſem wegen großer Hitze oft mühſamen Wege hatte ich in meinem Innern wiederholt den tröſtlichen Eindruck, als ſtehe ich unter der beſonderen Leitung gütiger Weſen, und als möchte dieſer Gang für mein ferneres Leben von wichtigen Folgen ſein.

Leonhard Martin Eiſenſchmid

wurde am 8. Nov. 1795 zu Ingolſtadt in Baiern geboren. Ein Franziskanermönch, Namens Schreiner, nahm ſich, da E.'s Aeltern arm waren, ſeiner an und ertheilte ihm unentgeltlich Privatſtunden im Lateiniſchen. Nachdem er die lateiniſchen Vorſtudien zurückgelegt hatte, fand er durch die Vermittelung des Prälaten Aſchenbrenner freie Aufnahme in das landshuter Seminar für Studirende; eine Gymnaſialanſtalt, in welcher der Knabe bedeutende Fortſchritte machte. Da aber das Gymnaſium zu Landshut aufgelöſt wurde, ſo vollendete E. ſeine Gymnaſialſtudien zu Neuburg an der Donau, ging jedoch im folgenden Jahre wieder nach Landshut auf die Univerſität zurück und hörte hier die philoſophiſchen Collegien des Profeſſor Salat, durch den er für die Philoſophie gewonnen wurde. Seinen Plan, die Rechtswiſſenſchaft zu ſtudiren, gab er auf und wendete ſich vorerſt zur Philologie, mit welcher er ſpäter die Theologie verband. Auf Verwendung Sailer's kam E. in das Alumnat. Durch das Leſen freiſinniger Schriften und durch das Studium der Bibel erregte ihm nach und nach der Dogmatismus ſeiner Kirche Bedenken. Es bildete ſich in ihm mehr und mehr ein ſogenannter idealiſcher Katholicismus aus, mit welchem er in den geiſtlichen Stand treten zu können glaubte; ehe er jedoch die höheren, zum Cölibat verbindenden Weihen empfangen hatte, ward er 1818 an der Studienanſtalt zu Neuburg als Profeſſor der zweiten Vorbereitungsclaſſe mit nicht unbedeutendem Gehalt angeſtellt, und ſomit war ſein Eintritt in den geiſtlichen Stand am Schluſſe d. J. 1819 nichts weniger als die Folge dürftiger äußerer Verhältniſſe. 1822 verſetzte man ihn von Neuburg nach München an das Progymnaſium. Durch das Leſen freiſinniger religiöſer Schriften und den Umgang mit dem aufgeklärten Director von Weiller wurden ſeine Glaubenszweifel vermehrt. Als er 1824 nach Aſchaffenburg an die zweite Gymnaſialclaſſe verſetzt worden war, fand er in der Gymnaſialbibliothek nicht nur die Schriften katholiſcher Dogmatiker, ſondern auch der proteſtantiſchen Theologen, die Conciliensammlungen und vieles Andere, und das Ergebniß ſeiner Studien und Forſchungen war der Uebertritt zur proteſtantiſchen Kirche, der im Mai 1828 erfolgte. Seit dem Oct. 1829 lebt E. an der Seite einer edeln, ſehr gebildeten Frau in völliger Zurückgezogenheit zu Rentweinsdorf unweit Bamberg, nur mit ſeinen Studien beſchäftigt.

Er ſchrieb:

„Polymnia“ (9 Bde. 1828—29).
„Ueber die Verſuche neuerer Zeit, das römiſch-katholiſche Kirchenthum durch ein ſogenanntes Urchriſtenthum der Kirchenväter zu begründen“ (Neuſtadt a. D. 1829).
„Das römiſch-katholiſche Meßbuch“ (Neuſtadt 1829).
„Römiſches Bullarium“ (2 Bde. Neuſtadt 1831).

E. iſt einer der gründlichſten, beſonnenſten und beredteſten Gegner des Romanismus.

Johann Gottfried Elsner,

königlich preußiſcher Wirthſchaftsrath, als praktiſcher Oekonom, wie als Schriftſteller um die deutſche Landwirthſchaft vielfach verdient, geboren am 14. Jan. 1784 zu Gottesberg in Schleſien, wo ſein Vater ein unbemittelter Ackerbürger und Kürſchner war. Er genoß den gewöhnlichen Elementarunterricht in der Schule einer Landſtadt und ſollte, wie ſein Vater, Kürſchner werden. Erſt in ſeinem 17. Lebensjahre erreichte er ſeinen Wunſch, durch Privatunterricht ſich zum Beſuch eines Gymnaſiums vorzubereiten. Dann kam er auf das Lyceum nach Landshut, wo er vier Jahre blieb und ſich ſeinen Unterhalt durch Privatunterricht erwarb; 1805 bezog er die Univerſität zu Halle, um Theologie zu ſtudiren. Hier verweilte er, bis die Univerſität bald nach der Schlacht bei Jena aufgehoben ward. Später wurde er bei zwei Familien in Waldenburg Hauslehrer und darauf, nach eingereichten günſtigen Zeugniſſen von ſeiner Univerſitätsbehörde, in Breslau unter die Zahl der Candidaten aufgenommen. Als 1810 ſeine Prinzipalin ein Landgut gekauft hatte, leitete er neben dem Unterrichte ſeiner Zöglinge auch die Oekonomie, heirathete 1814 ſeine Prinzipalin und widmete ſich mit gänzlicher Aufgabe der Theologie ausſchließlich der Landwirthſchaft. Nach dem Verkauf des Landgutes unternahm er mehrere landwirthſchaftliche Reiſen, bis er 1822 die Stadtgüter von Münſterberg pachtete. Von 1830 an führte er im Auslande, in Baiern, Böhmen, Oeſterreich, Siebenbürgen Mehreres aus, das größtentheils die Verbreitung der Merinoſchafzucht bezweckte.

Er ſchrieb:

„Was thut der Landwirthſchaft Noth?“ Breslau 1823.
„Landwirthſchaftliche Reiſe durch Schleſien.“ 1823.
„Beſchreibung meiner Wirthſchaft zu Reindorf in Schleſien.“ Prag 1826.
„Meine Erfahrungen in der höhern Schafzucht.“ Stuttgart 1827. 2. Aufl. 1835.
„Ueberſicht der europäiſchen veredelten Schafzucht.“ 2 Bde. Prag 1828—29.
„Schäferkatechismus.“ Prag 1830, auch ins Böhmiſche u. Polniſche überſetzt.
„Handbuch der veredelten Schafzucht.“ Stuttgart 1832.
„Die deutſche Landwirthſchaft nach ihrem jetzigen Stande.“ 2 Bde. Stuttg. 1830—32.
„Hand- u. Hilfsbuch für den kleinen Gutsbeſitzer u. Landmann.“ Stuttg. 1834.
„Die Politik der Landwirthſchaft.“ 2 Bde. Stuttg. 1835.
„Wie ſoll der Landwirth bei Erzeugung u. Verwerthung ſeiner Produkte ſpekuliren?“ Stuttg. 1836.
„Ueber die ungewöhnlichen gegenwärtigen Naturerſcheinungen, nebſt darauf gegründeten meteorologiſchen Folgerungen.“ Breslau 1837.
„Das goldene Vließ, oder die Erzeugung und der Verbrauch der Merino-Wolle, in ökonom., merkant. u. ſtatiſtiſcher Hinſicht.“ Stuttg. 1836.
„Gründlicher Unterricht in der rationellen Schäferei.“ Stuttg. 1840.
Außerdem redigirte E. mehrere landwirthſchaftliche Zeitſchriften u. lieferte Abhandlungen in andere Journale.

E. hat ſich durch ſeine zahlreichen, gründlichen und gut geſchriebenen Werke auf dem Gebiete der Landwirthſchaft einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben und iſt mit Recht in dieſem Fache als ein höchſt geſchätzter Volksſchriftſteller zu betrachten.

Michael Leopold Enk von der Burg.

Profeſſor am Gymnaſium zu Melk, wurde am 29. Jan. 1788 zu Wien geboren, wo er die Gymnaſialſtudien am Joſephinum, die philoſophiſchen an der Univerſität zurücklegte. Mehr durch äußere Nöthigung, als durch innern Beruf trat er in den geiſtlichen Stand und legte 1810 in dem Benedictinerſtifte Melk das Gelübde ab. Bald darauf wurde er als Profeſſor an dem dortigen Gymnaſium angeſtellt und widmete ſich ſeitdem faſt ausſchließend dem Lehramte, wozu eine tüchtige humaniſtiſche Bildung und ein ſeltener pädagogiſcher Takt ihn befähigten. In einem Anfalle von Schwermuth legte er 1842 ſelbſt Hand an ſein Leben.

Er ſchrieb:

„Die Blumen." Lehrgedicht. Wien 1822.
„Eudoxia, oder die Quellen der Seelenruhe." Wien 1824.
„Das Bild der Nemeſis." Wien 1825.
„Melpomene, oder über das tragiſche Intereſſe." Wien 1827.
„Ueber den Umgang mit uns ſelbſt." Wien 1829.
„Don Tiburzio." Wien 1831.
„Dorat's Tod." Wien 1833.
„Briefe über Goethe's Fauſt." Wien 1834.
„Von der Beurtheilung Anderer." Wien 1835.
„Hermes u. Sophroſyne." Wien 1838.

E. war ein überaus feiner und ſcharfſinniger Geiſt, ausgerüſtet mit lebhafter Phantaſie und einer ſchönen Darſtellungsgabe, aber ſeine unklare Lebensanſchauung führte ihn irre, und wie ſie ſich in ſeinen übrigens höchſt anziehenden Schriften offenbarte, ſo führte ſie ihn auch zuletzt zu gewaltſamer Selbſtzerſtörung.

Heinrich August Erhard.

Archivar bei dem weſtphäliſchen Provinzialarchive zu Münſter, geboren zu Erfurt am 13. Febr. 1793, Sohn des dortigen Profeſſors der Medicin, Joh. Gottlieb E. Er ſtudirte zu Erfurt und Göttingen hauptſächlich Medicin, erwarb ſich aber zugleich ſchon frühzeitig ſo allgemeine literariſche und bibliographiſche Kenntniſſe, daß er noch während ſeiner Studienzeit in Erfurt, ſeit 1810, auf der dortigen Univerſitätsbibliothek bedeutende Arbeiten übernehmen konnte. Zu Erfurt erhielt er 1812 die mediciniſche, 1813 die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde, auch habilitirte er ſich in beiden Facultäten. Sein Hauptſtreben war, ein akademiſches Lehramt zu erhalten, im Nov. 1813 ſchien auch ſein Wunſch in Erfüllung zu gehen, indem er bei einer Vacanz in der philoſophiſchen Facultät zu Erfurt zum außerordentlichen Profeſſor erwählt worden war; allein wegen der Belagerung der Stadt konnte ſeine Einſetzung nicht ſogleich ſtattfinden und ſpäter erging das Verbot aller Wiederbeſetzung der bei der Univerſität erledigten Stellen. Im Jan. 1814 bei den neuerrichteten preußiſchen Militairlazarethen angeſtellt, übernahm E. jedoch kurze Zeit darauf das Amt eines vorſtehenden Arztes bei dem Provinzial-Militairlazarethe auf dem Schloſſe Rathsfeld bei Frankenhauſen. Nach wieder ausgebrochenem Kriege im Jahre 1815 wurde er Oberarzt bei dem zum ſechsten preußiſchen Armeecorps gehörigen Hauptfeldlazarethe, mit welchem er einen großen Theil des nördlichen Frankreichs durchreiſte und zuletzt einige Monate in Paris zubrachte, von wo er, nach einem kurzen Aufenthalte in Berlin, nach Erfurt zurückkehrte. Die philoſophiſchen Vorleſungen, die er hier im Sommerſemeſter 1816 eröffnete, wurden durch die im Nov. deſſelben Jahres erfolgte Aufhebung der Univerſität für immer unterbrochen. Dagegen wurden ihm auf's Neue bei der in Erfurt bleibenden und durch mehrere bisher einzeln ſtehende Bibliotheken beträchtlich erweiterten, vormaligen Univerſitäts-, nun königlichen Bibliothek wichtige Arbeiten übertragen, ſo daß er ſeine mediciniſche Praxis mehr und mehr aufgab und ſich blos literariſchen Beſchäftigungen widmete. Gegen Ende des Jahres 1821 wurde er mit der wiſſenſchaftlichen Ordnung des damaligen erfurter Regierungsarchivs beauftragt und zu Anfange des Jahres 1822 zugleich zum königlichen Bibliothekar ernannt. Im Jahre 1824 wurde E. Archivar bei dem Provinzialarchive in Magdeburg, und im Frühjahre 1831 in gleicher Eigenſchaft zu dem weſtphäliſchen Provinzialarchive in Münſter verſetzt. Als im Mai 1834 die münſterſche Abtheilung des 1825 gegründeten Vereins für Geſchichte und Alterthumskunde Weſtphalens ſich regenerirte, wurde er von demſelben zum Director erwählt, ein Amt, welches er noch gegenwärtig mit vielem Erfolge nicht blos für den Verein, ſondern für die Alterthumswiſſenſchaft ſelbſt bekleidet.

Er ſchrieb:

„De bibliothecis Erfordiae, praesertim bibliotheca universitatis Boyneburgica." Spec. I et II. Erfurt 1813—14, 4., umgearbeitet und fortgeſetzt in den „Nachrichten von der Boyneburg'ſchen Bibliothek zu Erfurt" in den „Sächſiſchen Provinzialblättern" 1821.
„Ueberlieferungen zur vaterländiſchen Geſchichte alter u. neuer Zeit." 3 Bde. Magdeburg 1825—28.
„Geſchichte des Wiederaufblühens wiſſenſchaftlicher Bildung, vornehmlich in Deutſchland bis zum Anfange der Reformation." 3 Bde. Magdeburg 1827—32.
„Geſchichte der Landfrieden in Deutſchland, vornehml. des weſtphäl. Landfriedens im 14. Jahrh., mit beſonderer Rückſicht auf Thüringen." Erfurt 1829. 4.
„Erfurt und ſeine Umgebungen, nach ſeiner Geſchichte und ſeinen gegenwärtigen geſammten Verhältniſſen dargeſtellt." Erf. 1829.
„Nachricht von den bei Beckum entdeckten alten Gräbern." Münſter 1836.
„Geſchichte Münſters, nach den Quellen bearbeitet." Münſter 1837.
Außerdem hat E. noch eine Menge Abhandlungen für Journale geliefert.

Ein gründlicher Quellenforſcher, hat E. mit reichem Erfolge in ſeinen Schriften mehrere dunkle Partien unſerer Geſchichte eben ſo beſonnen als ſcharfſinnig aufgehellt.

Johann Friedrich Gottfried Eiſelen.

ordentlicher Profeſſor der Staatswiſſenſchaften zu Halle, ward am 21. Sept. 1785 zu Rothenburg an der Saale, wo ſein Vater Hüttenbeamter war, geboren. Als dieſer an das Bergamt in Berlin verſetzt wurde, kam E., drei Jahre alt, dorthin. Er beſuchte die Privatſchule eines Franzoſen, dann das Friedrichsgymnaſium und bezog Oſtern 1805 die Univerſität Erlangen, wo er Theologie ſtudirte. Nach beendeten Studien wurde er Hauslehrer, 1813 und 14 machte er als Freiwilliger die Feldzüge mit und erhielt das eiſerne Kreuz. Nach dem Frieden habilitirte er ſich als Privatdocent der Geſchichte und Staatswiſſenſchaften zu Berlin. 1820 wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor, zu Oſtern 1821 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Staatswiſſenſchaften nach Breslau und 1829 in gleicher Eigenſchaft nach Halle verſetzt.

Er ſchrieb:

Grundzüge der Staatswirthſchaft oder der freien Volkswirthſchaft u. der ſich darauf beziehenden Regierungskunſt. Berlin 1818.
Handbuch des Syſtems der Staatswiſſenſchaften. Breslau 1828.
Sehr vermehrte u. verbeſſerte Ausgabe von Jakob's „Staatsfinanzwiſſenſchaft." Halle 1836.
Außerdem hat er viele Artikel in verſchiedene Journale geliefert, beſonders aber zu der großen Encyclopädie von Erſch und Gruber.

Die rühmlichen Eigenſchaften, welche E. als öffentlichen Charakter ſo ſehr auszeichnen, Treue, Wahrheitsliebe, Feſtigkeit, gründliches Wiſſen und Scharfſinn, haben auch ſeinen gehaltreichen Schriften einen bleibenden Werth verliehen.

Guſtav Theodor Fechner.

Profeſſor der Phyſik zu Leipzig, in der Bearbeitung der Naturwiſſenſchaften, wie in der ſchönwiſſenſchaftlichen Literatur, in der letztern unter dem Namen Doctor Miſes, gleich glücklich thätig, iſt in Großſährchen in der Niederlauſitz, wo ſein Vater Prediger war, am 19. April 1801 geboren und nach dem frühzeitigen Tode deſſelben von ſeinem Onkel, dem Superintendenten Magiſter Fiſcher, jetzt in Sangerhauſen, in Wurzen und Ranis erzogen und auf den Schulen zu Sorau und Dresden gebildet. Auf der Univerſität zu Leipzig, die er 1817 bezog, ſtudirte er Medicin, ging aber ſpäter aus beſonderer Vorliebe zum Studium der Naturwiſſenſchaften über, habilitirte ſich in Leipzig und erhielt 1834 die früher von Brandes bekleidete ordentliche Profeſſur der Phyſik. Spätere Nervenleiden hemmten ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Thätigkeit ſehr.

Er ſchrieb:

Bearbeitete Biot's „Lehrbuch der Phyſik."
— — Thénard's „Lehrbuch der Chemie."
„Das pharmaceutiſche Centralblatt."
„Repertorium der Experimentalphyſik."
„Repertorium der neuen Entdeckungen in der unorganiſchen Chemie."
„Repertorium für die organiſche Chemie."
„Maßbeſtimmungen über die galvaniſche Kette."
„De variis intensitatem vis galvanicae metiendi methodis."
„De nova methodo magnetismi explorandi, qui per actionem galvanicam in ferro ductili excitatur."
„Hauslexicon." 1834—1838.

Unter dem Namen Dr. Miſes veröffentlichte er:

„Stapelia mixta."
„Beweis, daß der Mond aus Jodine beſtehe."
„Vergleichende Anatomie der Engel."
„Schutzmittel für die Cholera."
„Büchlein vom Leben nach dem Tode."
„Gedichte. 8. Leipzig 1841. Breitkopf u. Härtel.
„Skolien." In Theod. Mundt's Delphin 1839.

Wir haben F. hier nur als belletriſtiſchen, beſonders aber als humoriſtiſchen Schriftſteller zu betrachten, da die Beurtheilung ſeiner ſtreng wiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften außerhalb unſeres Bereiches liegt. Als Solcher zeichnet er ſich durch tiefes Gefühl, glänzenden Witz, feinen Spott, Fülle des Geiſtes und der Phantaſie höchſt vortheilhaft aus und kommt Jean Paul ſehr nahe, ohne daß man behaupten könne, er habe dieſen zum Vorbilde genommen.

Gedichte aus den Bergen,

von

Dr. Miſes.

1.

Ich ſitz' auf dem Berge,
Den Blick unverwandt,
Das Auge iſt König
Vom ganzen Land.

Ihm Unterthanen
Die Hügel und See'n;
Die Lüfte, die Boten,
Sie kommen und gehn.

Im Thale liegt Nebel,
Schläft menſchliche Noth;
Am Berge, im Herzen,
Wacht's Morgenroth.

Gedanken tummeln
Hervor ſich wild,
Und ſchweifen und jagen
Durch das Gefild,

Und ſpringen wie Gemſen
Von Stein zu Stein,
Und fliegen wie Vögel
In's Blaue hinein;

Und fliegen hinüber
Ueber die Wand
Am Horizonte
In's Heimathsland;

Und laſſen ſich nieder
Auf ſchneeweißen Flaum,
Und bringen der Liebſten
Den ſchönſten Traum.

2.

Das Edelweiß.

Die Blumen in dem Thale
Sind jedem gleich zur Hand;
Die Blumen und die Dirnen
Mag pflücken und umzwirnen
Da unten jeder Fant.

Auch's rothe Alpenröslein
Wohl Mancher ſteckt am Hut.
Die Senn'rin iſt nicht ſpröde,
Iſt nur der Bub' nicht blöde
Und hat er muntern Muth.

Doch eine Blume weiß ich,
Die hat wohl höhern Preis;
Die wächſt auf höchſten Spitzen,
Wo nur die Adler ſitzen,
Das iſt das Edelweiß.

Wer die ſich will gewinnen,
Muß kühner Steiger ſein;
Sich über'n Abgrund bücken;
Die Blume will ich pflücken
Der holden Herrin mein.

3.

Des Schneees weiße Mütze
Bedeckt des Berges Spitze;
Darunter dunkelgrün
Ein Band die Tannen ziehn.

Im Grünen ganz gemüthlich
Die Kühe thun ſich gütlich;
Es hüpft die junge Geis
Und knuſpert an dem Reis.

Und auf des Berges Mitte
Steht eine kleine Hütte,
Von Holze ſchlecht erbaut,
Davor ein Beet mit Kraut;

Da ſitzt die alte Mutter,
Macht täglich Käs und Butter;
Der Sohn iſt auf der Freit
Im Dorf, es iſt nicht weit.

Wie ich's heut hier erfahren,
War's ſchon vor hundert Jahren,
Im Land bringt jeder Tag
Neu' Volk und neue Plag'.

4.

Rings ruht die grüne Alpenhut,
Rauſcht grüner Wald, ſpringt friſche Fluth,
Im Wald und Quell, was rauſcht und ſchäumt,
Hat's in der Hütte mitgeträumt.

Der Morgen kommt, vom Berge rollt
Die Sonn' herab ihr erſtes Gold;
Der Senne von dem Lager ſpringt;
Das Alphorn klingt, der Finke ſingt;

Friſch auf, friſch auf, bin auch dabei!
Der Tag iſt jung, die Luft iſt neu!
Die Bergluft ruft: zieh aus! hinaus!
Weiß noch manch ſchönes Alpenhaus.

5.

Die Welle wie träge,
Die Lüfte wie ſchwül,
Wie ſtaubig die Wege;
Nur Schenken das Ziel.

Die Dirnen hier unten
Gefallen mir nicht,
Die Kurzen und Runden
Mit breitem Geſicht.

Wie anders ſpringet
Dort oben der Quell;
Manch Glöcklein klinget
Dort wunderhell;

Es weht durch die Zweige,
Es weht durch die Bruſt,
Wie höher ich ſteige,
Steigt höher die Luſt;

Und ſteigt bis zur Spitzen,
Da will ich ſtehn;
Da will ich ſitzen
Bei der Sennerin ſchön.

6.

Droben, wo man konnte ſenden
Rings den Blick nach allen Enden,
Stand ich, für die weitre Reiſe
Auszuſuchen mir die Gleiſe.

Ach was lagen da für Seen;
Wohl nach allen möcht' ich gehen;
Was für ſchöne Bergesſpitzen,
Wohl auf allen möcht' ich ſitzen.

Theilte ein die Tag' und Stunden,
Hatt' es richtig ausgefunden,
Wie ich Alles wollt' beſchreiten,
Heim noch ſein bei rechten Zeiten.

Doch die Stunden, Tage gehen;
War bei keinem noch der Seen,
War auf keiner noch der Spitzen,
Blieb in enger Hütte ſitzen.

In die Seen wohl die blauen
Konnt' ich von dem Berge ſchauen,
Und für See und Berg die Stunden
Waren leichtlich aufgefunden;

Doch nicht ſchon'n konnt' ich des braunen
Mädchens Augen, Mädchens Launen;
Und berechnen nicht die Stunden,
Die ſie mich hier hat gebunden.

7.

Adie, lieb' Dirnel, und gieb mir 'ne Hand,
Und ſchenk' mir vom Hute dein grünes Band,
Giebſt noch einen Kuß mir mit auf den Weg,
Wird friſch mir's Herz auf dem hilligen Steg.

„Viel Glück auf die Reiſe, da habt ihr die Hand,
Doch lieber behalt' ich mein grünes Band,
Auch ſtänd's euch ſchlecht zu dem blaſſen Geſicht,
Und eure Küſſe, die mag ich nicht.“

Lieb Dirnel, ich bringe dir für dein Band
Den ſchönſten Strauß von der Felſenwand,
Und für den Kuß, ſag' lieber an,
Was wär' dir lieb, ich will dir's thun.

„Hei ſeht doch, wie die Gems' dort ſpringt,
Wenn ihr die Gems' mir eben fingt,
Geb' ich euch Band und Kuß noch drein;
Nun macht, ſonſt holt ihr ſie nicht ein."

8.

Nun geht's auf den verwunſchnen Berg;
Habt ihr, Frau Wirthin, an die Zwerg'
Was droben zu beſtellen? —
„Behüt' mich Gott, nehmt euch in Acht;
In ihrer Wirthſchaft hergebracht
Iſt's, Reiſende zu prellen."

Die Sorg', Frau Wirthin, thut von euch,
Ich war ſchon in der Zwerge Reich,
Umſonſt ward ich tractiret:
Was ihr von ihnen eben ſprecht,
Das haben ſie von euch geſagt,
Mein Beutel hat's geſpüret.

9.

Wir fuhren auf dem See,
Der See war dunkelblau,
Der Mond ſtieg in die Höh',
Die Luft war lind und lau.

Das Schiff fuhr langſam hin;
Gar ſtill ein Jedes ſaß,
Weil Jed's in ſeinem Sinn
Was Andres wohl ermaß.

Der denket in die Fern'
Wohl an die Liebſte ſein,
D'ran dacht' ich auch wohl gern,
Doch nannt' ich keine mein.

Dem kehrte wohl zurück
Im fremden ſchönen Land
Der Jugend heimlich Glück,
Das hab' ich nie gekannt.

Deß Antlitz hat gelacht;
Die ſchönſte Melodie
Bracht' ihm wohl dieſe Nacht.
Ach das geſchah mir nie.

So fuhr ich auf dem See,
Von ſeiner Pracht gedrückt;
Ach, ſelbſt des Herzens Weh
Hatt' heute mich beglückt.

10.

Das Kötſchachthal.

Dort, wo die Kötſchach brauſet,
Der alte Berggeiſt hauſet,
Der Geiſt war Menſchen ſcheu,
Ihn ſelber ſiehſt du nimmer
Im öden Felsgetrümmer,
Doch ſeine Spur ſtets neu.

Am langen Thales Ende
Erheben ſich die Wände
Des hohen Tiſchlkar;
Da liegt ſein weißes Bette,
Ein Schmuck der Bergeskette
Schon viele tauſend Jahr.

Wenn lang' der Frühling glänzet
Und Hügel lachend kränzet,
So ſchlummert er noch feſt;
Doch, ſteigt der Sommer nieder,
Regt er die Rieſenglieder,
Geweckt vom lauen Weſt.

Das giebt ein mächtig Tönen,
Das Thal, die Berge dröhnen,
Die Deck' wirft er zurück,
Die ſtürzet als Lawine
Herab in's Thal, in's grüne,
Mit manchem Felſenſtück.

Er ſprengt des Froſtes Klammern,
Da öffnen ſich die Kammern
Des Gletſchers, und heraus
Bricht ſeine Silberheerde,
Sich ſehnend nach der Erde
Aus ihrem kalten Haus.

Froh, daß ſie nichts mehr zwinget,
Vom Berg herab gleich ſpringet
Die weiße muntre Schaar;
Sie ſchäumen und ſie ſpritzen
Und alle Wände glitzen
Am ſtolzen Tiſchlkar.

Von einem Fels zum andern
Beginnt er jetzt zu wandern,
Du hörſt nicht ſeinen Schritt,
Hörſt nur die Kötſchach grollen,
Wenn Felſentrümmer rollen
Herab von ſeinem Tritt.

Du ſiehſt nicht ſeine Mienen,
Siehſt nur die Wälder grünen,
Wie er ſie angeſchaut;
Ob dir auch nichts geſchähe,
D'ran fühlſt du ſeine Nähe,
Wie es der Seele graut.

Er will, du ſollſt ihn meiden,
Mag nicht den Menſchen leiden
In ſeiner Freuden Kreis;
Nur einem einz'gen Sennen
Will er die Stätte gönnen,
Der nichts vom Geiſte weiß.

11.

Der Königſee.

Gar ſtille ruht der Königſee;
Rings ragen Felſen in die Höh',
Da iſt nicht Platz für Hirt noch Heerden,
So einſam iſt kein Ort auf Erden.

Still wie im See war's in der Bruſt,
Es ſchwieg der Gram, es ſchwieg die Luſt,
Nur heimliche Gedanken zogen
Hindurch, wie durch den See die Wogen.

Da zu ermuntern das Gemüth,
Die Schiffer heben an ein Lied
Und rufen auf des Sees Mitte
Das Echo an nach alter Sitte.

Das Schiff flog eilend ſeine Bahn,
Wohl rudern ſtarke Arme d'ran;
Was will dabei die Maid, die feine,
Die abſeits ſitzt dort und alleine!

Sie rudert emſig und gewandt:
Doch Stärke, ſieht man, fehlt der Hand;
Wohl könnten ihre Wangen blühen,
Doch ſind ſie bleich von ſchweren Mühen.

Im Schiffe war manch ſchönes Weib,
Getauſcht hätt' jed' mit ihrem Leib,
Nicht künden's ihre edeln Mienen,
Daß ſie geboren ſei zu dienen.

Iſt, Alter, iſt das euer Kind,
Die dort ſo traurig ſitzt dahint,

Und ſtimmt nicht ein in Red' und Singen,
So ſchönem Mund müßt's wohl gelingen.

„Nicht, Herr, mein Kind iſt dieſe Magd;
Und weß ſie ſei, Gott ſei's geklagt,
Das konnten nimmer wir erkunden;
Als Kind am See ward ſie gefunden.

Wir haben Gut's an ihr gethan,
Zur Arbeit hielten wir ſie an,
Doch mag ſie uns nur wenig nützen,
Ihr ſeht das ſchwache Ding ja ſitzen.

Viel Redens iſt nicht ihre Art, —
He, Mary, munter auf der Fahrt!
Und weißt von Schloß und Prinzen träumen,
Mußt doch das Rudern nicht verſäumen.“

12.

Noch nie hat mir die Seele
Ein Bild ſo ſehr erbaut,
Als das, was ich geſchaut,
Wie ich's euch jetzt erzähle.

Im Lande der Citronen
Ging ich in einer Schlucht;
Dort in des Felſens Bucht,
Ein Steinmetz mochte wohnen.

Im Grünen Dante's Büſte
Auf hohem Sockel ſtand;
Gar wohl war mir bekannt
Der Züge ernſt Gerüſte.

Der ſang den Tod der Seele,
Deß Bild ſteht ſtumm von Stein;
Doch drauf ein Vögelein
Sang laut aus voller Kehle

Ein Lied, wohl möcht' ich's wiſſen; —
Dabei ein Kindlein ſchlief
Den Schlaf, der noch nicht tief,
Auf eines Grabſteins Kiſſen.

Deutſche Lyrik und Wilhelm Müller.

Von

Dr. Miſes.

Wilhelm Müller ſtarb im J. 1827; er iſt todt; er iſt wirklich todt; man kennt und nennt ihn nicht mehr. Seine lyriſchen Spaziergänge wurden mir vom Verleger als Maculatur geſchenkt, weil ſich Niemand mehr in ihnen ergehen mochte; und ſelbſt unſere Kritiker erwähnen ihn kaum noch, die doch ſo oft Gelegenheit hätten, junge Dichter an ihm zu meſſen oder zu ihm in die Schule zu ſchicken, wenn dieſe in der leichten Gattung unbeholfen Verſuche wagen, da ſie ja doch bei Göthe nicht Alles lernen können. Sonderbar, daß man, während man im gewöhnlichen Leben das Maß ſtets kleiner nimmt, als das zu Meſſende, im Geiſtigen umgekehrt verfährt. Nach Göthe, Schiller, Rückert, Heine, Uhland, mißt man Alles; freilich ſind es vortreffliche Maßſtäbe; aber es ſind Feld- und Meilenmaße; und wo hätten wir eine ſo gute Elle für leichte Waare als W. Müller!

Die Deutſchen vergeſſen ſonſt nicht leicht Verdienſte, die ſie einmal erkannt haben; ihr Gedächtniß gleicht ihren Bibliotheken, aus denen nie ein Buch wieder verſchwindet, was einmal darin Platz genommen; ja es behält denſelben um ſo ſicherer, je älter und unbrauchbarer es wird. Ihren Opitz, Bodmer, Uz, Gleim, Geßner, Hagedorn, Ramler, Klopſtock, leſen ſie zwar auch nicht mehr, denn die, welche Letzteren noch geleſen haben, ſterben von Jahr zu Jahr mehr aus; aber ihr Andenken blüht darum nur um ſo ſchöner, und ihr Ruhm bleibt nur um ſo unbeſtrittener. Die ſind und bleiben unſere Klaſſiker, die man nicht vergeſſen darf, auch nachdem ſchon alles lebendige Intereſſe an ihnen erloſchen iſt. Müller ſteht uns näher, hat Freude und Leid lebend und dichtend noch mit uns getheilt, ſeine Laune und Leichtigkeit wäre Niemand dienlicher als den Deutſchen; warum wird er dennoch vergeſſen? —

Erklärlich ſcheint es mir durch folgende Gründe: Paßt auch der Zopf und Puder der genannten Dichter nicht mehr zum heutigen Geſchmack, vielleicht ſogar zu keinem: ſie ſtehen am Anfange unſerer Literatur, die man ja doch nicht gleich mit Schiller und Göthe beginnen kann, obſchon ſie freilich Manche mit Letzterem nicht blos anfangen, ſondern auch ſchließen. Auf jene mußten zu ihrer Zeit die Deutſchen ſtolz ſein, wenn ſie überhaupt auf Jemand ſtolz ſein wollten; zu Müllers Zeit waren ſie ſtolz genug, auf ihn nicht mehr ſtolz zu ſein zu brauchen. Jene waren die Vorläufer der Zeit, die es eben wegen ihres Vorſprungs bequem hatten, Müller nur ein raſcher Beiläufer einer noch raſcher fliegenden Zeit. Sie haben uns die Thüren des Tempels der Poeſie geöffnet; wir ſind hineingegangen und haben uns anbetend vor einigen Göttern und Götzen niedergeworfen, neben denen wir nun keine anderen mehr anerkennen wollen, aber wir ſchämen uns nun ſo undankbar zu ſein, jene, welche uns eingeführt haben, ſelbſt auszuſchließen; wir ehren ſie durch die oberſten, freilich zugleich uns entbehrlichſten, Plätze, die wir ihren Büſten, Portraits und Schriften in unſern Bibliotheken anweiſen; die Ehrfurcht vor ihnen wird Jedem ſchon in der Schule eingeprägt, und läßt ſich dann nie mehr ganz verwiſchen.

Müller aber hat zur Blütenzeit der deutſchen Poeſie mitgeblüht, nicht ein Piſtill, das in der Mitte ragend, den Samen der folgenden Zeit in ſich ſchließt, ſondern ein Blatt aus einer Blumenkrone, was abfallend der Vergeſſenheit verfällt, ein munter aber am Tage fliegender Leuchtkäfer, deſſen Licht im Glanze der Sonne oder der Sonnen, die den Tag beherrſchen, erliſcht. Als er lebte, war der deutſche Jüngling viel zu ſehr beſchäftigt, Schillers Laura zu declamiren, und der deutſche Kenner, Göthes Fauſt zu commentiren, und Beide, die Schlacht, wer von ihnen König ſein ſolle, auszufechten, als daß ſie ſich um Müller, der ſich ſeitwärts vom Kampfplatz mit Handwerksgeſellen und Trinkern umhertrieb, ſehr ernſthaft hätten kümmern ſollen. War doch ſogar Deutſchland ganz erſtaunt, als es nach Göthes Tode plötzlich fand, daß es noch einen großen Dichter habe, den es bei Göthes Lebzeiten ganz vergeſſen, ich meine Rückert. Wer übrigens auch Notiz von Müller nahm, der fand ja doch, daß er weder Göthe, noch Schiller war; es gab aber eine Zeit lang nur Göthe und Schiller, und die etwas ſein wollten, mußten Stücke von ihnen ſein.

Ein anderer, obſchon ſehr äußerlicher, Grund iſt doch gewiß nicht einflußlos. Es iſt der, daß unſer Dichter Müller, Wilhelm Müller heißt und ſich dadurch verliert in der Zunft der übrigen unzähligen Wilhelme und Müller, die Jahr aus Jahr ein zum täglichen Brode der deutſchen Literatur beitragen. Wer kann einen Müller von allen andern Müllern unterſcheiden? Die Vornamen ſteuern der Verwirrung nicht, ſondern befördern ſie noch durch ihre Wiederkehr, und genug hat man zu thun, die lebenden Müller zu merken und zu ſondern, wie ſoll man auch der Todten noch gedenken? Am gerathenſten wäre es ſicher für die ſchreibenden Müller, ihre Namen wie die Fürſten Reuß in fortlaufender Reihenfolge zu numeriren; auch einen Karl XII. und Gregor VII. unterſcheidet und behält man ja leicht im Gedächtniß. Allerdings dem Geſchichtſchreiber Johannes v. Müller iſt es gut gelungen, den Nachtheil ſeines Namens zu überwinden; ſchon der Hals des Wörtchens von macht ihn um einen Kopf größer als die andern; er bleibt nun immer der große Johannes v. Müller, das Muſter der Geſchichtſchreiber, den man ſchon nicht mehr zu leſen braucht, um ihn zu bewundern, oder, wenn man das Gegentheil bei großen Männern liebt, verketzern zu können, weil ſeine Bewunderung einmal deutſches Gemeingut geworden iſt. Aber einen um ſo ſchlimmeren Stand haben nun alle andern Müller. Wie weit beſſer hatten es Matthiſſon, Salis, Koſegarten; die halbe Elegie, die ſchon in ihren Namen liegt, erſpart ihnen eine halbe in ihren Gedichten; ihr Name reicht beinahe hin, ihnen einen Namen zu machen. Wie viel aber hat ein Müller zu thun, die Proſa und Gemeinheit ſeines Namens wieder gut zu machen! Hätten jene Wilhelm, Traugott, Karl Müller geheißen, wer wüßte wohl noch etwas von ihnen? aber ſo ſchöne Namen, wie ſie trugen, laſſen ſich ja gar nicht wieder vergeſſen.

Jedoch ein dritter Grund iſt wohl der wichtigſte. Wenn das Schwere und ſelbſt Schwerfällige in Johannes von Müllers Styl und Gedanken und das Elegiſche in den Gedichten der oben Genannten unleugbar mit dazu beigetragen hat, ihren Namen Bahn unter den ſelbſt ſchweren und kopfhängeriſchen Deutſchen zu brechen, ſo iſt wohl erklärlich, daß die entgegengeſetzten Eigenſchaften bei Wilhelm Müller auch eine entgegengeſetzte Wirkung gehabt haben. Mit den Wölfen muß man heulen und dieſe Wölfe ſind die Deutſchen. Was nicht melancholiſch und tiefſinnig iſt, iſt ihnen nicht recht, wenigſtens muß etwas Melancholie und Tiefſinn dabei ſein. „Ich kann wohl manchmal ſingen, als ob ich luſtig ſei, doch heimlich Thränen dringen, da wird das

Herz mit frei;“ das iſt ſo recht aus der Seele der Deutſchen geſprochen, das gefällt ihnen; alle ihre anerkannten Lyriker haben, wenn ſie überhaupt den Ton der Luſt anſchlagen, was ſelten genug iſt, auf dieſe Weiſe geſungen: Uhland, Kerner, Heine, Chamiſſo, Eichendorf und wie ſie alle heißen, und jedes ſo geſungene Lied trifft und klingt wieder im deutſchen Herzen; aber das Singen eines Dichters nicht als ob er luſtig ſei, ſondern aus Luſt, findet keinen oder nur einen halben Anklang bei ihnen, weil eine rein luſtige Seite in ihrer Seele gar nicht vorhanden iſt. Gewiß auch das hat beigetragen, daß Rückert ſo lange keinen Eingang gefunden, weil er nicht trübſelig genug iſt, und nur durch ihre Trauerſpiele, nicht durch ihre Luſtſpiele ſind unſere beſten Dichter populär geworden. Die Deutſchen wollen wohl Blumen, aber Blumen auf Gräbern, Ruinen, an Waſſern, ihre Luſt ſoll elegiſch und tief ſein; Müllers Luſt iſt aber blos luſtig und hat keinen Grund als ſich ſelber; ſein Schmerz iſt nur eine Laune, ſeine Liebe eine Tändelei. Seine Poeſie iſt ein leicht und ſeicht hinlaufender Bach, durchſcheinend bis auf den Grund und einladend mit ihm fortzulaufen durch blumige Strecken; nach verborgenen Schätzen kann man nicht darin wühlen, wie in Göthes theilweiſe dunkler und tiefer Poeſie, noch in ſeiner Tiefe den ganzen Leib baden; er giebt nur einen friſchen Trunk auf einem heitern Spaziergange. Das Füllen der Fröhlichkeit ſpringt bei ihm ungeſattelt und ungezäumt herum auf grünen Wieſen; ſein Einfall iſt ihm ſeine Regel. Die Deutſchen haben dieß Füllen wohl auch, nur ſitzt noch ein ſchwerer Reiter von Gelehrſamkeit, Philoſophie, kurz irgend etwas Schwerfälliges, Nützliches, Gründliches darauf, welcher das Füllen nöthigt, im langſamen Schritte zu gehen und es bald ſteif reitet. Sie haben ſich zu Müllers Zeit wohl auch an ſeinem freien Wander-Schritt und Lied ergötzt, aber da ſie auf dem Rücken des leichten Wanderers kein ſchweres Ränzel wahrgenommen, worin etwas ſteckt, ihn doch zuletzt für einen Habenichts gehalten, mit dem dauernde Freundſchaft zu ſchließen begabten Leuten nicht wohl anſtehe. So iſt Müller durch ſeine Zeit durchgeſchritten, ohne daß man ihn irgends zu dauernder Einkehr eingeladen. Er iſt fort; man ſingt ihm ſein ſangbares Lied nach und denkt des Sängers ſelbſt nicht mehr.

Der Hauptfehler von Müller iſt, daß er uns gar nichts zu rathen aufgiebt; bei einem Gedichte Pfizers läßt ſich doch etwas denken und in einem Gedichte Platens geht man oft ganz in Betrachtungen auf. Was aber giebt es bei Müller zu betrachten und zu ſtudiren? Man findet, daß die poetiſchen Lieblingswerke der Deutſchen alle etwas an ſich haben, woraus man nicht recht klug werden kann; es ſind alles Berge mit etwas hinter dem Berge, was gewöhnlich in Nebel liegt, ſo daß Jeder etwas Anderes dahinter ſuchen kann. Kaum dulden ſie den Vorzug der Klarheit, weil freilich Klarheit und Tiefe ſelten beiſammen ſind. Hamlet iſt darum ein Lieblingsſtück der Deutſchen, weil Jeder ſeine eigne Lampe in deſſen Dunkelheit ſetzen kann, und Göthes Fauſt brauchte zu ſeinen übrigen außerordentlichen Vorzügen blos noch den einzigen mehr zu haben, daß das, was mit dem Ganzen und dem Einzelnen in Bezug zum Ganzen geſagt ſein ſoll, ſich unmittelbar klar ausſpräche, und mit der Anſchaulichkeit, die eigentlich der Poeſie Beruf iſt den Ideen zu verleihen, Jedem aufdrängte, ſo würde er aufhören das Lieblingswerk der Deutſchen zu ſein, die ein Werk mehr ſchätzen, in das ſie etwas hineintragen, als aus dem ſie etwas heraustragen können; und die meinen, die Tiefe der Poeſie beſtehe vielmehr darin, daß man zu Tage liegende Schätze in den Brunnen verſenkt, als daß man ſie aus dem Brunnen heraushebt. Der kluge Göthe, der ſeine Leute kannte, hat dieß immer vortrefflich zu benutzen gewußt; der Quell ſeiner Poeſie iſt am klarſten, wo er am reichlichſten fließt, aber er trübt ihn ſofort, wo derſelbe leichter zu fließen anfängt; weil er weiß, daß der Deutſche ſchließen wird: wenn ſchon die klaren Stellen ſo tief ſind, wie tief müſſen es erſt die ſein, wo man keinen Grund ſieht! Beiſpiel: die Wanderjahre nach den Lehrjahren; der zweite Theil des Fauſt nach dem erſten. Ein Gedicht ſoll aber doch nichts Anderes, als ein Auszug aus der Natur ſein, worin das, was in der Natur durch das Eingreifen fremder Sphären geſtört, getrennt, verdeckt, verworren, mit Fremdartigem verwachſen erſcheint, ſorgſam herausgeſchält, in ſeinem eigenthümlichen Zuſammenhange oder ſeinen Folgen dem Auge rein und klar hingeſtellt wird. Es ſoll einen wiſſenſchaftlichen Commentar entbehrlich machen, aber nicht ſelbſt einen ſolchen brauchen; ſonſt gleicht es einem Tanzmeiſter, dem man die Füße ſetzen muß. Wenn freilich die Ausleger einen finſtern Sack loben, weil ſie ihre eigene Weisheit darin zu Markte bringen können, ſo wird doch ein Beutel voll ſorgſam gezählten und gewogenen Geldes, den der Dichter Jedem in die Taſche ſteckt, viel mehr werth ſein, und ich behaupte, daß in einer Poeſie, in der man vielerlei finden kann, im Grunde nichts von allem dieſem enthalten iſt, ſelbſt das nicht, was der Dichter bezweckt hat. —

Müllers Lieder ſind freilich weder das Höchſte noch das Tiefſte der Poeſie; aber die Poeſie beſteht ja nicht blos aus dem Höchſten und Tiefſten, und es kann etwas weder das Eine noch das Andere, und doch ganz poetiſch ſein. Das grüne Leben wie es iſt in ſeiner Regſamkeit und Friſche, ſpielend mit ſich ſelbſt, unwiſſend höherer Beziehungen, tieferer Bedeutungen, will ſo gut ſeinen poetiſchen Ausdruck haben, als das vertiefte und erhöhte Lebensgefühl, und hat ihn in Müllers Liedern mit einer, noch von keinem Deutſchen übertroffenen, Unmittelbarkeit gefunden. Weder Heine's unheimlicher Herzensſpuk und reiche Romantik, noch Göthe's Kraft, die Gegenſtände von Außen nach Innen bis zum Mittelpunkte wärmend zu durchdringen, noch Uhlands Weiſe, die Spalten wie die kleinſten Ritzen der Seele mit lebendigem Grün zu durchwachſen, ſind in Müller zu finden; er fährt blos wie ein bald neckender, bald erquickender Wind über die Oberfläche der Gegenſtände hin, aber willkommen jeder offnen, ſangesluſtigen Bruſt, die, um zu ſingen, den Athem nicht erſt mühſam zuſammen ſuchen, ſondern athmend ſingen und ſingend athmen will. Wenig Lieder ſind ſangbarer und häufiger componirt, als die von Müller; der beſte Beweis, daß ſie aus der Bruſt kommen, deren natürlicher Ausweg die Kehle iſt. Andere viel ſchönere Gedichte, die nur aus dem Hirn kommen, gehen auch durch die Augen nur wieder zum Hirn und wenn ſie geſungen werden, ſo iſt es am Fortepiano vor einer klatſchenden Geſellſchaft, nicht das Reiſelied auf der Reiſe, das Trinklied zum Trunke, wohin ſie doch gehören. Müllers Lieder werden nicht mehr geleſen; aber ſie werden überall geſungen, ſie ſind bekannter als Müller ſelbſt; denn wie heutzutage das Singen betrieben wird, kümmert ſich freilich der Sänger ſogar kaum um das Lied, viel weniger um den Dichter; und es iſt ein alltäglicher Fall, daß er, wenn er die Noten mit Text nicht bei der Hand hat, zwar die Melodie, aber nicht das Gedicht, d. h. nicht, was ſie ausdrückt, weiß. Daher kommt Müllern die Popularität ſeiner Lieder wenig zu Statten; und ich brauchte von vielen blos den erſten Vers, den doch Jeder im Gedächtniß zu behalten pflegt, herzuſetzen, ſo würden viele meiner Leſer ſagen: „ach iſt das Lied von Müller!“

Müllers Lieder würden wegen ihrer Sangbarkeit noch mehr geſchätzt und verbreitet ſein, wenn der Deutſche ſelbſt mehr zum eigentlichen Geſange aufgelegt wäre; aber ſein gewiß reicher Gefühlsquell iſt zugleich ſo tief und ruhig, daß er nicht leicht durch die Kehle überſchwillt. Unter Müllers Liedern finden ſich gar viele, die ſich recht eigentlich zu Volksliedern eignen; die gewiſſermaßen den Ton als Flügel brauchen, und ohne ihn matt liegen bleiben; aber unſer Volk ſingt nun eben nicht. Aus wahrem innern Drange ſingt der deutſche Mann nicht leicht anders, als wenn er zu viel oder doch viel getrunken, und das deutſche Mädchen nicht anders, als wenn ſie Sommerabends im Mondſchein vor der Thüre ſitzt; das ſind Lagen, in denen ſie ihr Gefühl nicht mehr bemeiſtern können; im Uebrigen fühlen ſie ohne zu ſingen und ſingen ohne zu fühlen. Der gemeine Mann ſingt gar nicht, denn was man manchmal von ihm hört, verdient dieſen Namen nicht. Die Gebildeten ſingen freilich, aber nicht um zu ſingen, ſondern zeitlebens nur um ſich im Singen zu üben; faſt aller Geſang in Deutſchland iſt nichts, als eine ſolche Uebung, und ein Produciren, wie weit man es in dieſer Uebung gebracht hat, wobei das Gefühl als ein Accidenz und Verſchönerungsmittel des Singens freilich nicht fehlen darf, vielmehr dringend und von Niemand mehr als dem Deutſchen begehrt wird; während es ihm kaum je beikommt, das Singen zum Accidenz des Gefühls zu machen; er verlangt, daß man die Natur zur Nachtigall ſperre, ſtatt die Nachtigall in der Natur zu ſuchen. — Uebrigens haben die Deutſchen außer W. Müller allerdings noch manche andere ſangbare Dichter; ja ſie ſind im Ganzen nicht arm daran; nur ſind gerade ihre erſten Dichter nicht zugleich auch immer die ſangbarſten. Schiller hat, ſo viel mir eben von ſeinen Gedichten beifällt, nur zwei componible geliefert: „der Eichwald brauſet, die Wolken ziehn,“ und: „Ach aus dieſes Thales Gründen.“ Von Rückert, dem Reichen, dem tief Gemüthvollen, dem nach allen Richtungen hin Unerſchöpflichen, iſt doch faſt nichts componibel. Warum aber? Ich glaube den Grund im Folgenden zu finden:

Geſang iſt wie Tanz nur der Ausdruck eines bewegten oder wogenden Gefühls von einer gewiſſen Intenſität. Das Gefühl theilt ſeine bewegende Kraft dem ganzen Geiſte mit, iſt aber ein Ueberfluß daran vorhanden, welcher nicht vom Geiſte verbraucht werden kann, ſo fließt er auf die körperlichen Organe über und ſetzt dieſe in eine dem Gefühle ſelbſt adäquate Bewegung, wobei es kommt, daß Leute von wenig geiſtigem Gehalt oft ſchon bei der ſchwächſten Gemüthsbewegung in Singen oder Tanzen ausbrechen, weil ihr Geiſt den erhaltenen Anſtoß nicht erſchöpft.

Außerdem liegen manche Gefühle dem Körperlichen näher als andere; wie alle, die, ohne ſelbſt rein materiell zu ſein, doch von ſinnlichen Einwirkungen unmittelbar abhängig ſind; dieſe brauchen nicht erſt durch den ganzen Geiſt durchzuwirken, um die körperliche Bewegung anzuregen, ſondern wirken durch wenigere Mittelglieder, daher ungeſchwächter auf ſie ein. Deshalb reizt nichts mehr zum Singen und Tanzen, als das Gefühl körperlichen Wohlbehagens, deshalb ſind Wein- und Reiſelieder faſt die ſangbarſten von allen. In allen Fällen aber iſt fortgeſetzte Bewegung des Gefühls nicht nur nöthig, den Geſang anzuregen, ſondern auch zu unterhalten.

Daher iſt kein Gedicht ſangbar, in welchem ein lebendiges Gefühl erſt als Reſultat des Ganzen hervorgeht, in welchem der Totaleindruck ſich aus Elementen zuſammenſetzt oder ſich allmälig entwickelt, in welchem das Gefühl erſt geboren wird und nicht gleich von vorn herein da iſt; denn erſt das geborne Kind kann ſeine Glieder regen und ſeine Stimme hören laſſen. Rückerts meiſte und ſchönſte Gedichte pflanzen das Gefühl nicht ſchon in Blättern und Blüten entwickelt in das Gemüth ein, ſondern ſtecken es wie einen quellenden Kern, der ſich nun erſt im Gemüth entwickelt; ſein Lied fängt oft erſt an, wenn ſeine Worte zu Ende ſind; Müllers Lied fängt mit der erſten Zeile an, und iſt auch freilich mit der letzten Zeile zu Ende.

Die Gegenſtände, welche Müller am liebſten zum Thema ſeiner Lieder macht, ſind die Liebe, der Schmerz, die Freude, die Behaglichkeit und Thätigkeit eines wandernden Handwerkers, Muſikanten, Schäfers, Jägers, Zechers. Freilich hat Müller nicht einmal verſucht, dieſen ein ideales Gewand umzuhängen; vergebens ſucht man einen Göthiſchen Fiſcher, ein Heiniſches Fiſchermädchen, einen Uhlandiſchen Schmidt darunter; ſein Müllerknecht hat nur einen gewöhnlichen Sonntagsrock an und ſein Zecher nicht undeutlich eine rothe Naſe. Was ſich in Müllers Liedern darſtellt, iſt nur das Alltägliche, Gewöhnliche, aber es ſtellt ſich mit einer, wenigſtens unter den Deutſchen nicht alltäglichen Munterkeit, Ungezwungenheit und Friſche dar, welche nicht verfehlt, den gleichen Eindruck im Gemüthe deſſen zu reproduciren, dem die Anlage dazu noch nicht erſtorben iſt. Die Poeſie iſt freilich mächtigerer Leiſtungen fähig, aber diejenige Poeſie, welche dieſe größern Leiſtungen hervorbringt, iſt nicht zugleich fähig, dieſe kleinen zu vollbringen, die doch auch nicht nur berechtigt, ſondern ſelbſt gefordert ſind. Denn die Poeſie ſoll für Jeden etwas haben, etwas für ſeinen Standpunkt Verſtändliches, Wahres, Förderndes; und ſo würden für manche Altersſtufe, manchen Stand, manche Stimmung, manche Umgebung Müllers Lieder mehr werth ſein, als Göthes und Uhlands und Rückerts, wenn gleich dieſes Alter, dieſer Stand, dieſe Stimmung ſelbſt noch auf einer tiefern Stufe ſtehen, als die, welchen jene genügen.

Indem ich die Handwerkslieder Müllers durchgehe, fällt mir die Frage ein, worin es liegt, daß nur gewiſſe Handwerke und Beſchäftigungen einer poetiſchen Auffaſſung fähig ſind, andere nicht. Es ſcheint, daß man Schuhe, Kleider und Bücher im Reiche der Poeſie gar nicht braucht, denn ein Schuſter, Schneider und Gelehrter würden, wo ſie ſich nur darin blicken laſſen, gehöhnt und gemißhandelt, dagegen Schäfer, Fiſcher, Schiffer, Bergleute, Müller, Jäger faſt mit Königen gleichen Rang haben. Man erkennt leicht, daß alle Handwerker, die in der Natur und an der Natur arbeiten, von der Poeſie, die trotz ihres Namens Kunſt ja eigentlich nur der unſichtbare Geiſt der Natur iſt, den wir unter manchen Bildern anbeten, gern geſehen ſind, alle Stubenhocker dagegen, welche, ſei es nun Leder, Lappen oder Ideen zuſchneiden, von ihr verachtet und gehänſelt werden. Sie macht in dieſer Hinſicht ſogar feine und intereſſante Unterſchiede. Ein umherziehender Fiedler, der in Dorfſchenken und unter freiem Himmel aufſpielt, eine Dirne oder ein junger Burſch, die ihren Waldgeſang ſingen, ſind ihr willkommene Muſikanten; ja man hört blos ſolche Muſik in ihrem Reiche; von einem Stadtmuſikus, einer Kammerſängerin, einem Concert von Flöten und Geigen, die doch alle der Poeſie den Hof machen, mag ſie nichts wiſſen. Selbſt der Bettler, deſſen Obdach ein Baum iſt, iſt poetiſch, wenn ſeine Lumpen nicht gar zu unreinlich ſind. Freilich kommt es noch auf Mehreres an. Alles Träge und Kriechende iſt der Poeſie verhaßt, weil in der Natur ſelbſt nur das Gemeine und Faule kriecht oder ſtill ſteht. Daher iſt der Fuhrmann nur halb poetiſch, weil er gar zu ſchneckenähnlich mit ſeinem Wagen fortzieht, der Poſtillon aber ganz poetiſch, der raſch in die Weite fliegt, freilich auch deshalb, weil jener nur Waaren, dieſer aber uns ſelbſt fährt, und er würde es noch mehr ſein, wenn nicht ſeine Livree an den Mangel ſeiner Freiheit erinnerte. Dem Schäfer verzeiht die Poeſie ſeine Trägheit nur deshalb, weil er ſo ununterſcheidbar zur Natur zu gehören ſcheint, wie etwa ein Bach, ein Baum oder die Heerde ſelbſt; übrigens ſind es doch auch mehr die etwas anders beſchaffenen Schäfer aus dem Alterthume, als die aus unſern jetzigen hochveredelten Schäfereien, welchen die Poeſie hold iſt. Der Schmidt iſt poetiſch, weil er mit zwei Elementen, dem Eiſen und Feuer verkehrt, weil ſeine Producte meiſt wieder zum Verkehr mit der Natur dienen, und weil er bei ſeiner Arbeit mächtig ausholt und zuſchlägt; den Uhrmacher, der das durch die Kunſt ſchon der Natur Entfremdete durch neue Zuſammenſetzung und Verfeinerung ihr noch ferner rückt, kennt aber die Poeſie nicht einmal dem Namen nach.

Eines der ſchlechteſten Objecte der Poeſie iſt jedenfalls ihr Subject, der Dichter ſelbſt in ſeinem Thun und Treiben, auch ſogar wenn er in der Natur herumgeht oder herumſitzt und die ſchönſten Sträußer aus Blumen, Sonnen und Wonnen flicht. Die Dichtkunſt will Geſtalten von anſchaulicher Lebendigkeit und Eigenthümlichkeit, des Dichters Leben iſt aber nicht an ihm, ſondern in ihm ſpürbar, er erſcheint äußerlich nur als ein fauler Müßiggänger mit Frack und Weſte wie andere Stadt-Leute. Ein Bänkelſänger iſt daher viel poetiſcher, als ein Dichter, weil in ihm die Lebendigkeit mehr äußerlich zu Tage liegt. Aber das Innere des Dichters, dieſe lebendige Natur in der Natur, worin es quillt und wogt und ſtrebt und blitzt, vermag ſich gar wohl poetiſch herauszuſtellen; ich kann's nicht beſſer beweiſen als durch folgenden Anfang eines Rückertſchen Gedichtes.

Es iſt kein Stand auf Erden,
Er zeigt des Dichters Kleid;
Der Schäfer bei den Heerden
Iſt eine Herrlichkeit.

Dem Jäger in den Wäldern
Iſt rauſchend ſeine Luſt,
Dem Landmann in den Feldern
Trag ich in meiner Bruſt.

Der Schnitter, der die Halmen
Vom Feld nach Hauſe bringt,
Der Sänger, der die Pſalmen
Für die Gemeinde ſingt.

Der Bergmann mit der Fackel
Bewegt das Gold im Schacht,
Im Blut der hohen Ritter
Bewegt ſich in der Schlacht.

Der Schiffer in dem Nachen
Schwebt auf der klaren Fluth,
Der Schläfer hat zu wachen
Vom Traume wenn Alles ruht. u. ſ. w.

Noch folgende Bemerkung fällt mir bei Müllers Handwerksliedern ein. Gemeiniglich haben Handwerkslieder etwas Hergebrachtes. In den Müllerliedern wird in der Regel Jemand gefoppt; den poetiſchen Müllerstöchtern iſt nicht über den Weg zu trauen und auch unſer Müllerſcher Müller hat das erfahren müſſen; dem Jäger ſchwebt immer das lichte Bild vor; dem Schäfer wird immer gar zu weh und entweder ſieht er den Berg herauf oder herunter; und der Fiſcher erſäuft regelmäßig zuletzt. Dieß liegt nun wohl theils in der Natur dieſer Handwerke ſelbſt, theils in Göthe, der dieſe Natur gut aufgefaßt hat, und durch den die Deutſchen nun inſpirirt die Natur wieder gut aufzufaſſen ſich bemühen. Zum Belege mögen z. B. folgende Stellen aus Schäferliedern von Müller hier ſtehen.

Schauſt Du herab vom Berge
Wohl in der dunkeln Nacht,
Auf meinem brennt ein Feuer,
Wo Dein Geliebter wacht.
(Wanderlieder I. 114.)

Gehüllt in meinen Mantel,
Den Spieß an's Herz gedrückt,
Schau ich empor zum Berge
Und träume mich beglückt.
(Wanderlieder I. 116.)

Wenn auf dem höchſten Fels ich ſteh',
In's tiefe Thal hernieder ſeh',
Und ſinge —
(Wanderlieder II. 3.)

Wie man in den Handwerksliedern Müllers nirgends unter dem Kittel einen verkleideten Philoſophen ſuchen darf, ſo iſt auch in ſeinen zahlreichen Weinliedern nicht verſucht, dem Wein eine edlere Bedeutung abzugewinnen, als daß er gut ſchmeckt und den Menſchen luſtig macht. Deshalb werden aber auch dieſe Lieder einem wahren Weintrinker immer am willkommenſten ſein, weil man, man mag über den Wein ſagen, was man will, doch beim Trinken ſelbſt immer nur dieſe beiden Endzwecke zu haben pflegt. Wenn ein Trinker feſt ſitzt und ſich ganz behaglich in ſeinem Genuſſe fühlt, ſo greift er zum Geſange nur nach Müllers Liedern; hat er es vorher blos unbewußt gefühlt, daß die ganze Welt doch nichts gegen eine Flaſche guten Wein's ſei, ſo wird er es hier mit Gründen ausgeſprochen finden, wie ſie nur eben ſein müſſen, um einen, der eben im Rauſch iſt, auf das Genügendſte zu überzeugen. Man kann freilich noch ganz andere und beſſere Dinge im Wein finden, als Müller hineingelegt hat, und es wird daher auch noch andere und ſchönere Weinlieder geben können; nur wird nicht jeder Trinker Luſt haben ſie zu ſingen.

Was einen großen Theil von Müllers Liedern beſonders auszeichnet, iſt eine Art naiver Pointe, die ſich darin findet, aber mehr kitzelt als ſticht. Man kann Müllers Liederſammlung mit einem ſchwärmenden Bienenſtocke vergleichen, einem leichten Volke, was nur im heitern Tage fliegt, nur von Blumen Honig nippt und feine Kräuter einträgt, und jedes Bienchen hat neben dem Honigrüſſel noch einen kleinen Stachel, nur keinen zu böſen.

Am ſelbſtſtändigſten hat ſich das Talent zu ſolchen Pointen in ſeinen lyriſchen Spaziergängen hervorgethan, worin ſich die vortrefflichſten Epigramme finden, freilich auch darunter ſpielige und geſuchte. Wo Alles zur Spitze geſchnitten werden ſoll, ſchneidet man ja auch wohl einmal die Spitze ſelbſt weg. Auch in ſeinen eigentlich lyriſchen Gedichten artet nicht ſelten die Tändelei in Spielerei aus, ja manche darunter ſind faſt blos läppiſch. Dafür ſind manche von Schiller blos ſchwülſtig, manche von Göthe faſt blos trivial, manche von Heine faſt blos unſauber, und manche von Uhland überhaupt gar ſchwach.

Vielleicht mehr Ruf noch als durch ſeine übrigen Lieder, die ich, als die Mehrzahl bildend, bisher hauptſächlich im Auge gehabt, hat übrigens Müller durch ſeine Griechenlieder erworben; ja wo man ihn noch nennt, nennt man ihn gewöhnlich als den Sänger derſelben. Ich finde dieſe Lieder ſehr ſinnreich; allein ich läugne nicht, daß Lieder im Charakter eines Volkes außerhalb des Volkes über nicht ſelbſt erlebte Thaten gedichtet, mir doch im glücklichſten Falle nur erſcheinen wie Portraits nach Beſchreibungen entworfen. Was auch der Maler für Kunſt aufwenden möge, doch iſt man überzeugt, ſie ſeien nicht getroffen. Als einen andern Beleg hierzu will ich Stieglitz anführen; als ein Beiſpiel dagegen indeß will ich Rückert gelten laſſen.

Der größte Künſtler.

Unſere Erde iſt eine Aeolsharfe, in die Gottes Athem Seele haucht; aber die Harmonie erſchallt nicht in einzelnen Tönen; ſondern ganze Künſte ſpielen in einander, und das Reich der Farben, das Reich der Formen, das Reich der Töne und der Düfte ſind ſelbſt jedes nur eine einzelne Saite, ausgeſpannt über die Erde, die zu Einem Accorde ineinanderſchlagen. Die ganze Welt ſpielt Gott als eine einzige große Harmonie im Raum, als eine ewigdauernde Melodie in der Zeit, oder vielmehr tauſend Melodien, jede in ſich ſchon vollendet, werden durch das Geheimniß eines unergründeten Contrapunkts zum Fluſſe Einer Harmonie von ihm vereinigt; das Schickſal iſt der Geiſt, der durch die Muſik ſchreitet in wunderbaren Weiſen. Die Erden- und Sonnenſyſteme tanzen den gewaltigen Sphärentanz zur großen Symphonie; ihr Reigen ſtellt nur die Klangfiguren des großen, ſeit dem Schöpfungstage nimmer verhallenden Weltenconcerts dar. Tauſend Diſſonanzen tönen in verſinkenden Welten, in jammernden zertretenen Völkern, in höhnendem Laſter und gegeißelter Tugend — was wäre eine Muſik ohne Diſſonanzen? — und Alles löſt ſich immer wieder in eine große, dem Schöpfer der Harmonie allein hörbare Conſonanz auf; denn wir vernehmen nur die tönende Bebung einzelner Atome ſeiner Inſtrumente; das andere geht uns ein unverſtandenes Rauſchen vorüber. Der geheimnißvolle Dreiklang ſchlingt ſich durch die ganze Natur; alle Tonarten, als wäre jede ein einzelner Ton, ſpielen harmoniſch in einander zu einem organiſchen Klangſyſtem; jeder Ton, der in eine Harmonie eingeht, iſt in ſich wieder Harmonie, von einem eignen Inſtrument geſpielt; und jeder Accord fühlt ſelbſt, was er ausdrückt, und drückt nur aus, was er fühlt; denn Gottes Töne ſind lebendig, und lebendig ſein heißt nur, ein Ton von Gottes Harfe in die Zeit hineinhallen.

Gott hat nur Ein Thema zu ſeiner ganzen Muſik, das allereinfachſte, das in jeder einzelnen Variation wiedertönt, das er durchführt auf tauſendfache Weiſe und mit dem er nicht fertig wird bis ans Ende der Welt. Es wäre ſchrecklich, wenn Gott den letzten Griff in die Saiten thäte, und mit dem erſterbenden Nachhall die Welt in's Nichts verſchwämme, und alle Lebenspulſe zu ſchlagen aufhörten, die nur ein Tanz nach der großen Harmonie ſind; wenn die kurzen Pauſen, eine Nacht, ein Winter, in denen nur die Hälfte der Saiten fortſchallt, während die andern ruhen, zu ewigen würden, zu ganz ſtummen; wenn das gewaltige Inſtrument in einem letzten Accorde ſeinen eignen Schwanengeſang tönte. Aber Gott wird nimmer aufhören zu ſpielen, denn ſeine Seele lebt nur in der Harmonie; ja Gottes Seele iſt nur die Harmonie, die unſterbliche Harmonie, die ewige Harmonie. Gott hat Niemand, mit dem er ſprechen könnte; denn außer ihm iſt Nichts; darum ſitzt er in ſeiner Einſamkeit, die Harfe in der Hand, die Welt, und ſo rinnt ihm die Zeit hin; und wenn er durch die Saiten greift, dann rollen Lichtgloben und Thauperlen; Stürme, die Wellenmeere aufwühlen, und ſummende Bienen, murmelnde Bäche, flötende Schäfer: Alles. Alles klingt als Ton von ſeiner Hand, und das Fortiſſimo, das den Reigen der Welt zu ſprengen droht, malt er dann, wie einen tiefern Grund, wieder mit tauſend hineinhallenden Tönen läuternd und lindernd aus.

Die ganze Natur iſt nur ein Portrait Gottes; Gott malt ſich, und malt ſich, ſich ſelbſt malend, und ſo ſchließt ein großes Bild von ihm immer das kleinere ein, nur daß bei jedem kleinern die feineren Züge verſchwimmen; daher iſt der Kryſtall, die Blume, die Pflanze, die Pflanzenwelt, die ganze organiſche Welt, eine Sonne, ein Sonnenſyſtem, ein Organismus von tauſend Sonnenſyſtemen jedes nur ſein Bild, ſein ſprechendes Bild. Mit bewunderungswürdiger Leichtigkeit wirft Gott ſeine Gemälde hin; er ergreift im Frühjahr ſeinen Pinſel, und malt mit Einem Striche tauſend Wieſen und Wälder grün, und mit Einem Striche malt er alle die Arten Blumen hinein; Ein Augenblick genügt ihm, Licht und Schatten über eine unendliche Landſchaft auszutheilen; daß jegliches kraftvoll hervortritt in ſeiner Art, und wenn er ſein Gemälde jede Nacht wieder auslöſcht oder verhängt, geſchieht es nur, es am Morgen ſchöner wieder hervorzuzaubern. Die Leinwand, in die Unendlichkeit ausgeſpannt, auf die Gott ſeine Farben gießt, iſt der unermeßliche Raum, ſein Pinſel die nimmer raſtende, ewig neu erzeugende Zeit; Materienmaſſen ſeine Farben; die ganze Formenwelt ſeine Contoure; die Figuren, die er malt, lebendige Geſchöpfe. Gott malt nicht mit todten Farben; jeder ſeiner Farbenpunkte iſt ein in ſich vollendetes Gemälde, mit feinerer Maſſe ausgeführt; und jedes Gemälde auf der andern Seite wieder nur ein Farbentheilchen zu einem größern Gemälde. Die Erde hat er in einem grünen, tauſendfach gefalteten, reichblumigen Gewande gemalt, das nicht aus todten Pflanzenſtoffen, ſondern aus lebendigen Pflanzen gewirkt erſcheint, und jede Erde iſt ſelbſt wieder nur ein Farbenpunkt, und eine Sonne das ihr weſentlich zugehörende Lichttheilchen; und mit Milliarden ſolcher bunten Erden, durch die ſich Milchſtraßen als Streiflichter ziehen, malt er erſt wieder eine größere Landſchaft in den Raum hinein; die Schattenpunkte, die er braucht, ſetzt er durch umnachtete Erden hin. Jedes kleinere oder größere Gemälde, das Gott entwirft, giebt er erſt unausgeführt in der Skizze und entfaltet die Formen daran nur allmälig oder läßt ſie entfalten von ſeinen Schülern. Er ſetzt nicht im Pflanzengemälde Glied zu Glied, das Blatt und die Blume über den ſchon geſchaffenen Stengel; nein, er wirft die ganze Idee auf einmal im Samenkorn hin und ſagt zur Sonne: nimm deinen Pinſel voll Licht und Farben und führe das Gemälde weiter aus. Die Idee iſt überall von Gott; die Ausführung nur iſt jedem Künſtler überlaſſen; aber auch der Künſtler ſelbſt iſt nur nach einer Idee von Gott geſchaffen, darum iſt auch die Ausführung des Kunſtwerks der göttlichen Idee gemäß.

Den Kampf des Himmels und der Hölle hat Gott in ſeinem Weltgemälde darſtellen wollen; darum nahm er eine Tafel voll unendlicher Finſterniß als Grund, blickte ſie an mit einem Auge, das nicht, wie das unſrige, empfangend, ſondern gebend wirkte; der Lichtgedanke ſeiner Phantaſie ſtrahlte in die Nacht hinein; und die Spaltung in Lichtmeer und Schattenmeer war vollendet; des Gemäldes erſte Anlage — und ſiehe, die Wellen des Lichtmeers und Schattenmeers bäumten ſich gegen einander und floſſen in einander und ſo zerſplitterte das Licht in tauſend einzelne Wellen, die mit den Schattenwellen kreuzend ſich tauſendfältig geſtalteten zu Tugend, Schönheit, Wahrheit, Liebe, Seligkeit; indeß die Schattenwellen Laſter, Lüge, Haß, Verzweiflung dazwiſchen fließend ſie abgränzten, kämpfend mit ihnen zum Theil zuſammen floſſen, und dann ſich verſöhnend und vermählend die Farbe erzeugten, das Symbol des wogenden, wechſelnden Lebens.

Gott denkt nicht an Erden, Sonnen und Blumen und an ſeine lebendigen, vernünftigen Geſchöpfe; nein, Gott denkt Erden, Sonnen und Blumen, ja er denkt uns ſelbſt mit unſerer Vernunft. Wenn ein Gedanke in uns ſein Selbſtbewußtſein für ſich hat, ſo müſſen ihm die Gedanken, die neben ihm aufſchießen, ſei es, von was es ſei, wirkliche Dinge dünken und wirkliche Dinge ſein, weil er, ſich ſelbſt für wirklich haltend, doch nicht mehr iſt, als ſie; weil ſie auf ihn, wie er auf ſie einwirkt, weil ſie ſich wechſelsweis hervorlocken und modificiren, und die Vernunft, die alle Gedanken denkt, iſt dann der Gott der einzelnen Gedanken, den ſie als ihren Schöpfer anſehen. Wir ſind ſelbſt nur ſolche einzelne Gedanken in des großen Gottes Hirne, und nennen Gottes Vorſtellungen von Baum und Thier und Sonne wirkliche Dinge, weil wir, die wir uns ſelbſt wirklich nennen, doch nur ihre Nebenvorſtellungen ſind. Die Zeit iſt der Gedankenlauf Gottes, der Raum iſt ſeine ſchematiſirende Phantaſie, Urſach und Wirkung der realen Welt ſind für Gott nur Ideenaſſociation. Ein Baum, der aus einem Samenkorn aufſchießt, iſt ein Syſtem, das er einem Prinzip denkend entlockt, Merkmal zum Merkmal fügend und Merkmal vom Merkmal ſondernd. Nach derſelben Logik hat Gott alle ſeine Gedanken verknüpft und hervorgebracht, daſſelbe Denkgeſetz — wir nennen's Naturgeſetz — herrſcht in jeder ſeiner einzelnen Perioden, und übt ſich nur am mannigfaltigſten Stoffe. Und dieſer Gott, dem wir nur Gedanken ſind, wird ſelbſt wieder nur einzelner Gedanke eines größern Gottes ſein.

Gott iſt der größte, der einzige Dichter, ſein Gedicht iſt die Schöpfung, ein gewaltiges Drama, ein Jahrtauſend der Geſchichte nur ein Bruchſtück daraus, in dem Völker die agirenden Perſonen ſind, die wie einzelne Menſchen mit einander ſprechen, ſich freundlich die Hände reichen, aber den im Innern lodernden Grimm zur feindſeligen That ausſchlagen laſſen. Der Dichter ſoll nicht hervorſehen aus ſeinem Kunſtwerk; wer reicht an Gottes Objectivität! im Sturmlied, das er ſingt, brauſt der Sturm, der Waſſerfall, den er dichtet, rauſcht, in der Idylle, die er ſingt, ſehen wir den Schäfer mit der Schäferin tändeln; und doch iſt Alles aus ſeinem innerſten Gefühl hervorgegangen. Gottes Gedicht beſteht aus unendlichen Strophen, die er nicht mühſam zuſammen findet, ſondern mit dichteriſchem Feuer und dichteriſcher Leichtigkeit in der Zeitreihe nach einander ſingt, und jede Strophe iſt nur eine Entwicklung der Idee, die er in der vorhergehenden Strophe ausſprach; und wenn er dieſe nun durch tauſend blühende Gleichniſſe und Bilder durchgeführt hat, ſo faßt er in der dritten Strophe wieder jedes dieſer Gleichniſſe und Bilder, und verarbeitet jedes, wie die erſte allgemeine Idee, und ſo entwickelt er daſſelbe Thema bis in Unendlichkeit fort, daß es immer blühender und herrlicher auftritt. Die Charactere, die Gott in ſeinen Gedichten, ſeinen Dramen aufführt, läßt er handeln und ſich regen die einen gegen die andern vom Anfang bis zu Ende ihres Auftretens nach derſelben Idee, in der er zuerſt ſie dachte, ſo daß bei tauſendfacher Mannigfaltigkeit jeder in ſeiner eigenthümlichen Einheit ſich entwickelt. In ſeinem Drama hängt nicht eine Scene todt an der andern; jede Scene wächſt ein neuer Zweig aus der frühern hervor, und hätte ohne den Mutterzweig nicht beſtehen können; und der Mutterzweig mußte den neuen Sproß treiben, vermöge des ihm inwohnenden Lebens. Jede Scene iſt ein in ſich vollendetes Schauſpiel in einer größern Scene; in jeder Scene wird ein Knoten gelöſt, der in einer frühern geknüpft war; aber die Löſung geſchieht nur, um den Faden mit andern gelöſten Fäden zum neuen Knoten zu verſchlingen. Eine gewaltige Tragödie iſt die Welt, die mit Gottes, der ſelbſt der Held in ſeinem Drama iſt, Geburt begann, und mit ſeinem Tode ſchließen wird; aber ſeine Geburt fiel vor unendliche Zeit, und ſein Tod liegt an der Grenze der Unendlichkeit, d. i. er iſt nimmer.

Die Kunſt, die unſere, iſt keine Nachahmung der Werke des großen Meiſters der Natur; aber den Naturgeiſt ſoll ſie copiren. Alle unſere Kunſtregeln ſind Naturgeſetze.

Verkehrte Welt.

Ich glaube, man kann kaum zu, dem Anſchein nach widerſinnigern, Vorſtellungen gelangen, als wenn man ſich die ganze Welt in Zeit und Bewegung, wie ein Uhrwerk, gleichſam rückwärts laufend denkt, ſo daß das consequens überall zum antecedens und umgekehrt wird. In einer ſolchen Welt legt man ſich zu Bett, wenn man am munterſten iſt, und erwacht ſchläfrig, ſo daß man ſich die Augen reibt. Die Geburt beſteht darin, daß Würmer und Pflanzen Stoffe von ſich geben, aus denen man zu einem zuſammengeſchrumpften Greiſe zuſammenbäckt, mit den Jahren jünger wird, zuletzt kindiſch; nachdem man vielleicht der größte Weltweiſe geweſen iſt, in den Windeln ſchreit; ja ſein Leben endigt, indem man in den Leib eines Weibes hineintritt und in deren allgemeine Säftemaſſe aufgenommen wird. Ein Schlag auf den Kopf, ein Giftpulver u. ſ. w. werden für lebenserregende Potenzen gelten; denn jedesmal wird man ſich nachher wohler befinden, als vorher; die Kirchhöfe werden Geburtsplätze und die Todtengräber Wehemütterſtelle vertreten; der Zeugungsakt wird zum Tode ſelbſt werden, der den Menſchen ins Nichts hinübernimmt. Alle Geſpräche werden ſo geführt, daß der Menſch erſt nach ſeinen Worten weiß, was er geſprochen; jede Verſöhnungsſcene iſt das Zeichen eines eintretenden Zankes; die Strafe geht allemal dem Laſter voran, der Lohn der Tugend, inwiefern jetzt beides nachfolgt; wem als Mörder der Kopf abgeſchlagen iſt, der wird erſt hingehen, die Strafe zu rechtfertigen. Nach dem Waſchen iſt man jedesmal am ſchmutzigſten und den Bart kann man ſich nur anbarbieren. Mancher Handwerksmann wird die Stiefeln oder den Rock, den er macht, Jahre lang zuvor bezahlt bekommen; ja es ließe ſich die Frage aufwerfen, ob dann nicht mancher Rock bezahlt werden würde, den der Schneider in Ewigkeit nicht machte. Man fängt an zu eſſen, wenn man am ſatteſten iſt, und ſteht nach Ende der Mahlzeit hungrig auf; im Grunde indeß, bei entgegengeſetzter Bewegung, wird das Eſſen auch nicht mehr a priori, ſondern a posteriori erfolgen; der Dünger des Feldes wird in unſern Leib hineintreten, und dort ſonderbarlich zu Fleiſch, Aepfeln, Kartoffeln und anderm Gemüſe verarbeitet werden, und als ſolche zum Munde heraustreten, das Obſt an die Bäume hinanfallen, aus der Frucht dann die Blüte werden, dieſe in die Knoſpe übergehen, zuletzt der ganze Baum, immer kleiner werdend, zum Samenkorn ſich contrahiren; das Fleiſch wird aus dem Munde in den Topf übergeben, dort roh gekocht werden, dann in den Fleiſchbänken zuſammen kommen und auf der Schlachtbank ſelbſt werden daraus neue Ochſen und Schafe zuſammengeſetzt werden u. ſ. f. Glücklich iſt der, der einen zerriſſenen Rock, ein verfallenes Haus erbeuten kann, aber je neuer beide ausſehen, um deſto näher ſind ſie ihrer Vernichtung; der neue Rock wird vom Schneider in Tuchlappen zertrennt werden, dann in den Kaufmannsladen wandern, von da zum Tuchmacher, zum Wollhändler und alle dieſe Menſchen müſſen arbeiten, um zuletzt den Rock des Menſchen zu einem Kleide für das Schaf zuzubereiten, dem es der Schafſcherer anſchört; ſo würde es in allen Stücken gehen, daß der Menſch nur als Diener des Thieres erſchiene, und ſtatt, daß er jetzt von dieſem Alles an ſich reißt, dieß Alles vom Menſchen an ſich riſſe.

Wie wäre es, wenn einmal ein ſolches Gericht erginge? wenn die Welt, nachdem ſie eine Weile vorwärts gelaufen iſt, einmal anfinge, auf ſolche Weiſe rückwärts zu laufen! Es würde dieß nichts anders ſein, als, während jetzt progreſſiv Gott ſich in die Welt verwandelt, das Allgemeine in das Einzelne, daß dann regreſſiv die Welt in Gott überginge, das Menſchengeſchlecht zum erſten Elternpaar würde, und dieß ſelbſt in den Schooß, aus dem es hervorging, zurückkehrte, bis blos das große abſolute naturphiloſophiſche Nichts übrig wäre. Eine Welt, wie die geſagte, iſt wenigſtens an ſich nichts Unmögliches; denn iſt das ganze Weltgetrieb umgekehrt, ſo iſt der Zuſammenhang um nichts weniger geſetzmäßig; ich mag eine unendliche Reihe vorwärts oder rückwärts, was freilich nur ein unendlicher Geiſt kann, leſen, ſie bleibt darum nichts deſto weniger Einem Princip unterthan; jedes Wort, das ſich vorwärts ausſprechen läßt, läßt ſich auch rückwärts ausſprechen.

Eduard Ferrand,

mit ſeinem wahren Namen E. Schulz, ward am 13. Jan. 1813 zu Landsberg a. d. W. geboren, und iſt am 23. Oct. 1842 zu Berlin geſtorben.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. Berlin 1834.
Nachklänge. Daſ. 1834.
Neue Sammlung. Daſ. 1838.
Novellen. Daſ. 1835.
Lyriſches. Daſ. 1839.
Einzelne Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein anmuthiges Talent, voll Innigkeit, Wärme, Phantaſie, verbunden mit glücklicher Behandlung der Form, bei dem lebhaft zu bedauern iſt, daß es ſchon ſo früh der Welt entriſſen wurde.

König Athaulf's Tod.

Der König flieht der Feſte Pracht —
Der alte Wurm iſt im Herzen erwacht,
Er ſchreitet einſam mit düſtrem Sinn
Durch ſchwach erhellte Gänge hin.

Schon tritt er in das Schlafgemach —
Folgt ihm nicht ein dunkler Schatten nach?
Die Lampe verglimmt in trübem Schein —
Er ſteht in dem Gemach allein.

Von fern herüber hallt Geſang
Und Harfenton und Becherklang.
Er hört des Feſtes Jubel nicht;
Er birgt in den Händen das Geſicht.

„Ich ſeh' ihn und werd' ihn ewig ſehn
Mit offner Wunde vor mir ſtehn.
Blut überſtrömt das Purpurgewand,
Und finſter dräuend hebt er die Hand."

Horch! draußen tappt es auf dem Gang —
Der König hört's, er athmet bang —
„Biſt du es, Alter? Was willſt du hier?
Was führt dich noch ſo ſpät zu mir?"

Und durch die offne Thüre tritt
Ein hoher Greis mit feſtem Schritt.
Er ſpricht, das bloße Schwert in der Hand,
Zu dem erbleichenden König gewandt:

„Der vor dir herrſchte in dieſem Land,
Er liegt erſchlagen von deiner Hand.
Ich ſchwur, den Todten zu rächen; ich war
Sein treuſter Diener ſeit manchem Jahr.

Du, Athaulf, biſt mein König nicht —
Der ältern weicht die jüng're Pflicht.
Mein hoher König! ſieh, wie dein Knecht
Dich jetzt an deinem Mörder rächt!"

Da blitzt das Schwert, der Streich traf gut —
Der König liegt in ſeinem Blut,
Der König liegt getroffen zum Tod —
Sein Herzblut färbt den Boden roth.

Der Greis ſteht auf ſein Schwert geſtützt,
Hoch ſchlägt ſein Herz, ſein Auge blitzt.
Von fern herüber hallt Geſang
Und Harfenton und Becherklang. —

Der Zweikampf zu Worms.

Was ſchmettern die Trompeten?
Sie rufen zu dem Streit;
Den tapfern Sieger lohnet
Die allerſchönſte Maid.
Zwei edle Ritter warben
Um ihre Liebe heiß,
Heut ſoll das Schwert entſcheiden,
Sie iſt des Sieges Preis.

Schön Bilhild blickt im Brautkranz
So trübe und ſo bang;
Des Vaters Wort beſtimmt ſie
Dem, der den Sieg errang,
Unruhig hebt ihr Buſen,
Von ſtiller Angſt gequält,
Im Fürchten und im Hoffen —
Ihr Herz hat ſchon gewählt.

Und in die Schranken reitet
Der Herr von Wolfseck ſchon,
In blanken Stahl gekleidet,
Auf der Trompeten Ton,
Zum zweiten Male ladet
Ihr Ruf zum Kampfe ein,
Doch immer noch erſcheint nicht
Herr Kolb von Wartenſtein.

Und Jener ruft mit Lachen:
„Mein Gegner zögert lang,
Er gönnt mir ohne Kampf wohl
Des Kampfs erſehnten Dank."
Doch kaum iſt ſeinem Munde
Das ſpottende Wort entflohn,
Zuckt er erſchreckend zuſammen —
Es ſchallt Trompetenton.

Und in die Schranken reitet,
In ſchwarzen Stahl gehüllt,
Ein Ritter — Jeder kennet
Des Wartenbergers Schild.
Schwarz wehn des Helmes Federn,
Wie dunkler Trauerflor,
Aus dem geſchloßnen Helmſturz
Blitzt ſeltſam es hervor.

Sie halten gegenüber —
Schön Bilhild athmet bang —
Sie rennen an einander
Bei der Trompeten Klang.
Des Schwarzen Lanze krachet
Durch Schild und Panzerſtahl;
Der Herr von Wolfseck ſtürzet,
Wie vor des Wetters Strahl.

Da ſchlägt des Helmes Gitter
Der Sieger ſtill zurück,
Und wendet auf ſchön Bilhild
Den ſchwermuthdüſtern Blick.
Sie ſchauert bang zuſammen —
Stumm wendet er ſein Roß,
Und ſpornt es und verſchwindet
Schnell in des Volkes Troß.

Der Herr von Wolfseck ſtöhnet —
Sein Leben ſtrömt dahin,
Des Todes Nacht und Grauen
Verſchleiert ſeinen Sinn —
„Er war's — Ich ſah ſein Auge
Aus dunklem Helmſturz glühn!
Mich trifft des Himmels Rache:
Erſchlagen ließ ich ihn!"

Schön Bilhild liebte den Todten,
Der ſie errang im Streit;
Schön Bilhild iſt vergangen
In Gram und ſtillem Leid.
Bald hat der Tod, dem ſehnend
Entgegen ſie geſchaut,
Vereint mit dem Geliebten
Die vielgetreue Braut.

Waldträume.

Ich weiß nicht, ein ſüßes Sehnen
Erwacht in meiner Bruſt,
Und meinen Buſen dehnen
Lenzträume und Maienluſt.

Mir iſt, als ſollt' ich träumen
Im abendſonnigen Wald,
Wenn unter ſchattigen Bäumen
Das Waldhorn rufend hallt.

Mir iſt, als ſollt' ich ſinken
Ins abendfeuchte Gras,
Aus Blumenkelchen trinken
Des Thaues Perlennaß;

Als ſollt' ich über mir ſchauen
Eilender Vögel Flug
Und hoch im ſonnigen, blauen
Aether der Wolken Zug;

Als ſollt' ich ſie lächelnd fragen:
Wohin ſie ſo eilig ziehn!
Und mich in ſüßem Behagen
Dehnen im weichen Grün.

Mir iſt, als wären wieder
In dieſer Winternacht
Die alten Träume und Lieder
Im Herzen aufgewacht.

Wie konnt' es im Buſen nur bleiben
So warm und frühlingslicht,
Und eiſige Flocken treiben
Mir in das heiße Geſicht.

Widerſprüche.

Helle Frühlingswolken ziehen
Durch des Himmels lichtes Blau,
Blumen keimen rings und blühen,
Grün umteppicht jede Au.
Mit den Wolken möcht' ich ziehen
Durch des Himmels lichtes Blau —
Mit der Blume möcht' ich blühen
Heimlich auf der ſtillen Au.

Durch die Fluren möcht' ich ſchweifen,
Heimathlos, von Land zu Land,
Von dem freien Geiſte ſtreifen
Lächelnd jedes Erdenband. —
An der Liebe Buſen ſchmiegen
Möcht' ich mich in ſüßem Traum,
Und in ſeligem Genügen
Glücklich ſein im engſten Raum.

Schweigen in Erinn'rungsträumen
Möcht' ich bang und wehmuthblind,
Unter jungen Blüthenbäumen
Möcht' ich ſpielen wie ein Kind. —
In der Zukunft hellen Räumen
Möcht' ich heiter mich ergehn,
Und aus jungen Blüthenkeimen
Blüth' und Frucht erwachſen ſehn.

Um die Stirne möcht' ich ſchlingen
Des Geſanges grünen Kranz,
Und in frohem Taumel ringen
Nach des Lebens Luſt und Glanz. —
Mit der Lerche möcht' ich tauchen
In der Morgenwolken Brand,
Meine Lieder ſtill verhauchen,
Unvernommen, unbekannt.

Weinen möcht' ich, aber lange
War ich nicht ſo hoch entzückt —
Jauchzen möcht' ich, aber bange
Wehmuth hält mich noch umſtrickt.
Will in meinem Buſen immer
Raſtlos wechſeln Luſt und Leid?
Will in ſüßen Einklang nimmer
Löſen ſich der Wünſche Streit!

Die Knoſpe.

Mein Herz iſt eine Knoſpe,
Die ſtill verborgen keimt,
Und in dem Sturm des Winters
Von ſchön'ren Lenzen träumt.

Mein Herz iſt eine Knoſpe,
Durchwallt von ſüßem Duft:
Sie kann ja nicht erblühen
In eiſig kalter Luft.

Mein Herz iſt eine Knoſpe,
Und wenn es liebend bricht,
Entfaltet ſich die Blüthe
Dem ew'gen Sonnenlicht.

Die Glücklichen.

1.

Sie ſtanden am See. Fanny ſprang in den Kahn.

„Kommen Sie, Felix!" rief ſie. „Fahren Sie mich ein wenig auf dem hellen, abendrothen Waſſerſpiegel umher. Mir iſt ſo heiß, dort wird mir kühler werden. Kommen Sie!"

Langſam ſtieg Felix in den Kahn. „„Wer von Ihnen, meine Damen,"" fragte er, „„will uns begleiten? Niemand! Auch Du nicht, Clementine?""

„Du weißt ja, liebes Kind," antwortete die junge Frau, „daß ich das Waſſerfahren nicht vertragen kann. Fahr' nur die unruhige Fanny ein Weilchen umher, das Stillſitzen wird meinem Schweſterchen bald beſchwerlich werden, und ſchnell genug führt ihre Ungeduld Dich wieder zu uns. Wir kehren indeß zur Geſellſchaft zurück."

Felix ſtieß vom Strande ab und trieb mit einiger Anſtrengung den leichten Kahn auf die Fläche des Sees. Als ſie weit vom Ufer entfernt waren, ließ er das Ruder ſinken, lehnte ſich ſchweigend über ſeinen Sitz hinaus, und ſchaute mit müden Augen in den dunkelblauen Himmel.

Es war ein ſchöner Sommerabend. Die Sonne ſank; die Waſſerkühle milderte lind den letzten warmen Strahl der Sonne. Still war die Luft; zuweilen nur trug ein leiſes Lüftchen den würzigen Duft der Blüthen aus den Gärten am Ufer herüber. Unbewegt lag der Spiegel des Sees; nur wenn ein Fiſchchen ſpringend nach ſonnenwarmer Luft ſchnappte, kreiſ'te leiſe das ſtille Waſſer, oder furchte ſich kaum bemerklich, wenn ein Waſſerinſect pfeilſchnell in der hellen Fluth hin und her ſchoß. Tiefe Stille herrſchte ringsum, das Lachen der muntern Geſellſchaft in den Gärten klang nicht mehr zu ihnen herüber, das Lied der Nachtigallen in den dunklen Bäumen des Parks war verhallt. Eine müde Libelle, die ſich zu weit von dem Schilf des Ufers entfernt hatte, ließ ſich raſtend auf der über den Kahn hinausragenden Ruderſtange nieder und ſonnte die blau ſchimmernden Flügel im Abendlicht.

Felix gewahrte nichts von dem Allen. Fanny ließ die Blicke überall umhergleiten und ſagte: „Wie ſchön! — aber wie langweilig! Sprechen Sie etwas, Felix."

Der Angeredete bewegte ſich nicht und ſagte, ohne das Mädchen anzublicken: „„Mich wundert's, wie Sie ſo lange geſchwiegen haben; ich vergaß ganz, daß Sie hier in meiner Nähe ſind.""

„Das glaub' ich nicht," lachte Fanny. „Sie dachten beſtändig an mich, und ſuchten gewiß durch Ihr Schweigen und die nachläſſige Stellung, die Sie anzunehmen für gut fanden, meine Aufmerkſamkeit zu erregen. Dieſe Lage iſt wirklich ſehr vortheilhaft, Ihre Schönheit hervorzuheben. Das Abendroth ſcheint ſo romantiſch in Ihr langweiliges, widerwärtiges Geſicht, und ſpiegelt ſich in Ihrem matten, ſchläfrigen Auge; Ihre herabhängende Hand ſpielt und plätſchert ſo träumeriſch in dem hellen Waſſer, als dächten Sie, wer weiß, woran! An mich denken Sie, Langweiligſter der Menſchen, und ärgern ſich vielleicht, weil Ihre bequeme Lage Ihnen nicht erlaubt, zu ſehen, welchen Eindruck Sie eben auf meine Wenigkeit machen."

Felix biß ſich in die Lippen, dann ſagte er: „„Sie haben Recht, Fanny, zum Theil wenigſtens; ich dachte eben an nichts und allerlei, und ſo beiläufig auch an Sie. Doch Ihre unbegrenzte Eitelkeit täuſcht Sie, Holdſeligſte, wenn Sie glauben, daß ich im Geringſten danach ſtrebe, Ihnen zu gefallen. Das iſt vorbei, das macht mir keinen Spaß mehr.""

„So! Warum denn nicht?"

„„Seit Sie mich lieben,"" erwiederte Felix im gleichgültigſten Tone, „„iſt mir die Sache langweilig geworden.""

Fanny erglühte. „Träumen Sie, oder ſcheint das Licht der Abendſonne zu heiß auf Ihren bloßen Kopf?"

„„Keines von Beiden, meine Freundin,"" entgegnete er. „„Warum wollen Sie mir jetzt verbergen, was unzählige Ihrer Worte mir längſt geſtanden haben? Sie lieben mich.""

„Meine Worte!!"

„„Ja. Beſtändig zanken Sie mit mir; beſtändig, ohne alle Veranlaſſung dazu, nennen Sie mich widerwärtig und häßlich und langweilig und abſcheulich. Was ich ſage oder nicht ſage, thue oder laſſe, nichts iſt Ihnen recht. Wenn Sie mit mir ſprechen, ſind Sie ſtets in gereizter Stimmung, und das gleichgültigſte Wort von mir verwundet und regt Sie auf. Doch wozu das Alles herzählen? Das iſt auch langweilig. Genug, Sie lieben mich.""

Fanny war aufgeſtanden; ſie zitterte und ſah mit irren, wilden Blicken umher. Auch er richtete ſich empor.

„„Kränkt es Ihren Stolz, daß Sie ſich verrathen haben? Sie ſehen gerade aus, als wollten Sie den ſchönen Leib in dieſe ſtillen Fluthen tauchen.""

„Meinen Sie?"

„„Bitte, geniren Sie ſich nicht. Wenn es Ihr Ernſt iſt, darf ich Ihnen vielleicht höflichſt auf dieſem Gange meinen Arm anbieten? Ich begleite Sie mit Freuden! Nein, das wäre köſtlich, wenn der Kahn ohne uns am Ufer anlangte. Was meine Frau dann wohl ſagen, ob ſie in ihrer lieben Gemüthsruhe verharren würde!""

Fanny ſah ihm groß in das bewegte, aber ernſthafte Geſicht: „Sind Sie toll!" fragte ſie. Sie lachte laut auf, ſetzte ſich nieder und brach in Thränen aus.

Er ergriff das Ruder, wandte den Kahn nach dem Ufer und begann emſig zu rudern. Sie bemerkte es ſogleich, trocknete haſtig die Augen und ſagte: „Was ſoll das? So kann ich nicht in den Kreis meiner Freundinnen treten. Fahren Sie weiter in den See. Ach, ich möchte ſo immer weiter, weiter auf unendlicher Waſſerbahn durch dämmrige Fernen, bis die ruheloſen Wellen der weiten, einſamen Waſſer nur meine Leiche in dem treibenden Nachen umherſchaukelten!“

„„Nach Belieben. Aber ich habe nicht die geringſte Luſt, Sie auf einer ſolchen langweiligen Fahrt zu begleiten. Mich treibt es nach dem Ufer zurück, ich ſehne mich —““

„Nach Clementinen?“ fragte ſie haſtig.

„„Nein, — nach einem kleinen Imbiß. Die friſche Waſſerluft hat meinen Appetit gereizt.““

„Felix,“ ſagte Fanny, „Sie lieben meine Schweſter. Weshalb verbergen Sie es, weshalb thun Sie, als ſei ſie Ihnen gleichgültig? Gehören auch Sie zu den Männern, welche ſich der liebenden Zärtlichkeit ſchämen, die ſie für ihre Frau hegen?“

Er ſah ſie an und ſagte: „„Ich liebe meine Frau; ich läugne es nicht, hab' es nie verbergen wollen.““

„Nun, was ſoll Ihr wunderliches Treiben? Sie ſind glücklich, denn Clementine liebt Sie. Und doch liegt in Ihrem Weſen, in Ihrem Betragen, auf Ihrem Geſicht klar und deutlich die Klage: Ich bin nicht glücklich! — Clementine begreift Sie nicht, ich begreife Sie nicht.“

Aus Felix' Zügen wich der ſtumpfe Ausdruck von Antheilloſigkeit, und er ſagte heftig: „„Auch Sie verſtehen mich nicht! Das befremdet mich. Ihr ſcharfer Blick, meinte ich, hätte längſt in das Innere meines Herzens geſchaut. Ja, ich liebe meine Frau, ſie liebt mich — O Himmel! wie liebt ſie mich! Ich möchte vor Langeweile vergehen. Clementine gehört zu jenen entſetzlichen Frauenzimmern, die jeden vernünftigen Mann wahnſinnig machen können; zu den Frauenzimmern, die gar keinen Charakter, faſt möcht' ich glauben, auch keinen Geiſt, keine Seele haben. Dieſe Weſen ſind häuslich und fromm und gut und tugendhaft und lieben ihren Mann ſehr, wenn gerade nichts Wichtigeres, wie etwa eine große Wäſche, ihre Gedanken erfüllt. Auf ſolche Frauen iſt das Gleichniß von der Rebe gemacht, die ſich um den Baum ſchlingt; ſie können ſich allein nicht aufrecht halten, ſie müſſen ſich an Jemand anſchmiegen; eine gewiſſe matte, ſchläfrige Liebe iſt ihnen Bedürfniß. Ein Mann mit einem feſten, ſcharf ausgeſprochenen Charakter wird bei ſolch einem Weſen immer Glück machen, ſei er auch häßlich und widerwärtig, ſei er ſelbſt ſchlecht und verworfen. Dieſe Weiber, die gewöhnlich gar keinen eignen Willen haben, ſind das Glück der meiſten Männer, ſind muſterhafte Gattinnen und brave Mütter. Meine Frau iſt ein vortreffliches Weib, höchſt vortrefflich. Ich liebe ſie; bin ich nicht bei ihr, möcht' ich zu ihr eilen, und bin ich in ihrer Nähe, will ich weg von ihr, weit weg. Ich glaube, jeder Andere würde glücklich mit ihr ſein, nur ich nicht. Langeweile! Langeweile! heißt der böſe Geiſt, der mich verfolgt, ſo lange ich denken kann, der alpdrückend ſchwer auf meinem Herzen liegt. Ich habe Alles gethan, um ihm zu entfliehen, umſonſt. Mit meiner herrlichen Frau nun ennuyir' ich mich mehr, als ſich Eheleute von Rechtswegen ennuyiren dürfen. Wäre ſie eigenſinnig, rechthaberiſch, zankſüchtig, kokett, boshaft, leichtſinnig, es wäre beſſer; aber ſie iſt ein Muſter der allerlangweiligſten Vortrefflichkeit. Und ihre Zärtlichkeit! Mit ihrer müden, matten Zärtlichkeit bringt ſie mich noch um. Als ich ſie vorhin einlud, mit uns zu fahren, ſagte ſie: „Ich kann das Waſſerfahren nicht vertragen, liebes Kind.“ Liebes Kind! Es iſt gräßlich! Zwei ſolche hausbackene Zärtlichkeitsausdrücke hat ſie, die ich bis zum gähnenden Ueberdruß hören muß: Mein Kind und liebes Herz! — Einmal, in glühender Erregung — jetzt ſchäm' ich mich derſelben — ſprach ich zu ihr Flammenworte liebenden Entzückens, und fragte mehr mit Blicken, als Worten: Liebſt Du mich auch, Clementine? — Sie küßte mich ſehr zärtlich und hauchte: „Ja, mein Kind!“ — Meine Züge mochten ſich plötzlich verwandeln, ſie fragte beſorgt: „Was fehlt Dir, liebes Herz?“ — Das iſt zum Verzweifeln!““

Er ſchwieg. Auch Fanny ſchwieg lange; endlich ſagte ſie: „Felix, Sie ſind ein Narr.“

Er erwiederte nichts und ruderte nach dem Ufer. Nach einer Weile ſprach er: „„Sie wären eine Frau für mich, Fanny. Sie ſind eigenſinnig, reizbar, heftig, ſtreitſüchtig, ich liebe Sie nicht — Sie wären eine paſſende Frau für mich.““

Fanny warf ihm erglüht einen zürnenden Blick zu. Er ſchien es kaum zu bemerken und lachte, wie einem Gedanken nachhängend, leiſe vor ſich hin.

Die Sonne war untergegangen, es dämmerte, neblig lag die weite Fläche des Sees, der Kahn ſtieß an das Ufer; ſie ſtiegen aus. Felix bot ihr den Arm, und führte ſie ſchweigend durch den Garten.

2.

Ein Wagen näherte ſich der Stadt; dichter und dichter breitete ſchon die Dämmerung ihre Schleier über die einförmige, flache Gegend. Ein junger Mann lehnte ſich weit aus dem Schlag des Wagens und ſah auf die Häuſermaſſen, die ſich immer deutlicher aus dem Dämmern des Abends hoben; die Spitzen der Thürme nur glühten noch im Abendlicht. Die Seele des Reiſenden war tief bewegt. Keine Aeltern, keine Braut erwarteten ihn in der Stadt; aber doch ſchlug ſein Herz hoch auf, als er ihr nahte. Es war ſeine Vaterſtadt, die er ſeit vier Jahren nicht geſehen hatte.

Der Wagen rollte durch das Thor. Eugen ließ halten und ſtieg aus; weiter raſſelte die Reiſekutſche auf dem Pflaſter der Stadt; langſam ſchritt der Reiſende durch die dämmerigen Straßen. Die Laternen wurden angeſteckt, und in den Häuſern entzündeten ſich nach und nach die Lichter des Abends. Eugen dachte daran, wie er es früher liebte, am Abend durch die Straßen zu wandern und flüchtig in die erleuchteten Zimmer zu ſchauen. Die Familien beim Abendeſſen, hübſche, fleißige Mädchen bei der Arbeit, Männer, die emſig den Gewinn des Tages überzählten und in Gedanken bereits zu nöthigen Ausgaben beſtimmten, Mütter, die ihre ſchlaftrunkenen Kinder zu Bette brachten, Greiſe im Lehnſtuhl, von muntern, rothbackigen Enkeln umgeben, Jungfrauen, die vor dem Spiegel ihre Locken aufwickelten, geſellige Kreiſe, welche bei einem fröhlichen Spiel lachten und ſcherzten — Alles waren ihm willkommene Bilder, bei denen er für Augenblicke verweilte, und dann raſcher weiter ſchritt durch die wehende Nacht. Er konnte ſich dann die Gedanken und Empfindungen jener Menſchen, die er belauſcht hatte, ſo hübſch im Geiſt ausmalen, und im Herzen lachen mit den Luſtigen und mit den Trauernden trauern.

Jahre waren ſeit jenen Stunden harmloſer Luſt vergangen, er war ein Anderer geworden, und auch die Stadt ſah ſo ganz anders aus, ſo fremd, ſo kalt. Viele Häuſer hatten eine neue Farbe bekommen, neue Schilder hingen an den Häuſern. Es war ihm, als hätte ſich die Stadt in den vier Jahren ein neues Kleid machen laſſen, und ſchaue ihn in der fremden Tracht ſo fremd an, als ſei er ihr ein Fremder. Faſt hätte er jenes Haus nicht wieder erkannt, zu deſſen Fenſtern er doch ſo oft empor geſchaut hatte. Vor dieſem Hauſe ſtand ſonſt ein Baum, ein alter Lindenbaum, der mit ſeinen flüſternden Zweigen an die Fenſter rührte, und in dem Hauſe wohnte ein hübſches blondes Mädchen. Des Abends ſtand er hier oft, und ſeine Gedanken erſtiegen leicht den ſchattigen Baum und ſchauten neugierig in ein helles Fenſter. Dann ſchlug ſein Herz lauter, und ihm ward oft plötzlich glühend heiß, wenn es auch ein ſo kalter Abend war, daß ſeine Hände faſt ganz verklommen waren. Jenes Mädchen war hier längſt ausgezogen, und den Baum hatte man umgehauen.

Die Gefühle der frohen Aufregung, mit denen Eugen die Stadt betreten hatte, löſ'ten ſich mehr und mehr in eine unendliche Wehmuth. Ihm war ſo bang an dieſem fremden Ort; die Menſchen bewegten ſich, unbekümmert um ihn, haſtig an ihm vorüber und bemerkten ihn kaum. Es war ihm, als ſeien viele Jahre verfloſſen, ſeit er geſchieden, alle Menſchen, die er hier kannte, wären längſt ausgeſtorben, und ein neues Geſchlecht hauſe hier in den verwandelten Räumen. Er konnte ſich den tiefen Schmerz eines Greiſes denken, dem nicht bloß die Lieben geſtorben, dem Alle, die einſt mit ihm jung waren, vorangegangen ſind, der allein ſteht unter Fremden. Es iſt nichts, den Tod eines Geliebten, eines Freundes zu beweinen, gegen den Gedanken, als der Letzte ein ganzes Geſchlecht betrauern zu müſſen.

Eugen ſchaute zum Nachthimmel auf. Hell leuchteten die Sterne in ſein trübes Auge, die alten Sterne! — Das tiefe Weh, das ſein Herz zuſammenkrampfte, löſ'te ſich leiſ' und lind. Als er das Auge wieder ſenkte, ſah er in das trübe, rothe Licht einer Laterne, bei deren Schein eine alte Hökerin hinter ihren Fruchtkörben an einer Straßenecke ſaß. Das erſte bekannte Geſicht! Er erinnerte ſich der ſchmutzigen, runzeligen Alten, er hätte ihr um den Hals fallen können. Wie ſonſt trat er zu ihrer Bude, wählte wie ſonſt aus ihren Körben, feilſchte wie ſonſt, und drückte ihr dann für die wenigen Früchte ein Goldſtück in die braune, rauhe Hand.

Er war weiter gegangen; nun ſtand er wieder, und blickte in das dunkle Fenſter eines Hauſes. In der Stube erkannte er die Umriſſe einer Frauengeſtalt, die das Licht anzünden wollte. Am oftmaligen flüchtigen Aufleuchten ſah er, daß die Schwefelhölzchen nicht fangen wollten — Jetzt brannte eins mit blauem Licht — das Mädchen wandte den Kopf vor dem Schwefeldampf ab — jetzt brannte es hell, der Schein fiel auf ihr Geſicht. Eugen erkannte ein Mädchen, das noch ein halbes Kind war, als er ſchied. Das ſtille, blaſſe Geſichtchen war ihm damals ſo lieb geweſen, er hatte immer ſo gern in die dunklen, klaren Kinderaugen geſchaut. Nun war ſie ſo groß, ſo ſchön geworden.

Ihm war zu Muthe wie einſt, wo er im Frühlinge ſchwer erkrankte; als er geneſen war, trat er in den Garten, und wollte nach den Veilchen ſehen; da waren die Veilchen längſt verblüht, und duftige Roſen lächelten ihn prangend an.

Ein Wagen rollte hart an ihm vorbei und hielt vor einem großen Hauſe. Er beſann ſich und ſchaute auf. „Das iſt ja die Straße — das dort das Haus, wo er wohnt!“ Er ſchritt auf das Haus zu, vor dem der Wagen hielt. Zwei Damen ſtiegen aus und traten mit ihm zugleich auf den hellen Hausflur.

„„Mein Himmel! Baron Eugen!““ rief die Eine. Freudiges Roth färbte ſeine Wangen.

„Sie hier, ſchöne Fanny! Sie ſeh' ich wieder, Fräulein Clementine! Und Sie denken meiner noch, Sie erkennen mich!“

„„Ja, ſchwermüthiger Herr!““ erwiederte Fanny. „„Wir haben uns bei Ihnen noch halb und halb zu entſchuldigen, daß wir bei unſerer plötzlichen Abreiſe aus dem Bade Ihnen, der ſich, wer weiß wo, herumtrieb, nicht einmal Ade ſagen konnten. Uebrigens nach Ihrem, wie ſich von ſelbſt verſteht, freudigen Erſtaunen zu urtheilen, ſcheinen Sie uns hier nicht vermuthet zu haben. Wen ſuchte der Herr denn eigentlich!““

„Hier ſoll mein theuerſter Jugendfreund wohnen, der Graf Felix von —“

Mein Mann! rief Clementine.

„Ihr Mann!“ — Eugen verfärbte ſich plötzlich.

So ſind Sie wohl der ſehnlich erwartete Freund, von dem er mir vor einigen Tagen erzählte?

„„Nun, da Sie auf ſolche Weiſe unſer Hausgenoſſe werden, haben wir ja Muße genug, dies Geſpräch bald fortzuſetzen. Kommen Sie! Im traulichen Zimmer ſchwatzt es ſich angenehmer, als hier auf dem windigen Hausflur. Wollen Sie Ihren Freund überraſchen! Charles, führen Sie den Baron nach den Zimmern des Herrn. Auf Wiederſehen!““ Fanny ging.

Eugen ſchaute Clementinen mit glühendem Blick an, ſie neigte ſich erröthend und folgte der Schweſter. Halb betäubt ging Eugen mit dem Diener.

Er trat in ein elegant meublirtes, ſchwach erhelltes Zimmer. Auf dem Sopha lag mit geſchloſſenen Augen ein junger Mann, der ein Buch in der herabgeſunkenen Hand hielt.

„Felix!“

Der Andere ſchlug die Augen auf und richtete ſich empor. Freudig blitzte es für einen Moment in ſeinen Blicken, als er den Freund erkannte. Er reichte ihm die Hand, ohne aufzuſtehen. Eugen ließ ſich ſchweigend neben ihm nieder. Beide ſchauten ſich eine Weile bei dem gedämpften Schein der Lampe in das bleiche Geſicht.

„„Biſt Du wieder da!““ ſagte endlich Felix. „„Scheinſt noch der Alte zu ſein, ſchauſt noch ſo jämmerlich trübe wie ſonſt.““

Eugen ſchwieg.

„„Weißt Du noch,““ fuhr der Andere fort, „„wie wir das letzte Mal vor Deiner Abreiſe beiſammen ſaßen! Ich ſehe das Zimmer, den Tiſch mit den halbgeleerten Flaſchen noch vor mir, als wäre es geſtern geweſen. Du ſahſt mir ſo düſter in das Auge, Dein Blick ſchien in Thränen erlöſchen zu wollen — da ſagteſt Du: Ich ertrage dies jämmerliche Leben hier nicht länger. O wie es drückt und ermüdet! Sehen will ich, ob ich in der Fremde die verlorne Lebensluſt wieder finde, ob unter ſchönern Himmelsſtrichen, wo alle Blumen farbiger, üppiger blühen als hier, auch mir die Blume der Freude erblühen wird. Ich will reiſen.““

„Und Du ſagteſt darauf,“ ſprach Eugen weiter: „Auch ich halte dies träge Hinſiechen, das man Leben nennt, ſo nicht länger aus. Es langweilt mich, es widert, es ekelt mich an. Ich habe Alles durchgemacht, Alles bis auf Eines. Nichts mochte helfen. Nun will ich nächſtens zum Letzten greifen — ich werde heirathen.“

„„Es ſcheint, wir ſtehen doch noch auf dem alten Flecke, von dem wir ausgingen,““ ſagte Felix. „„Ich bin noch im Herzen, wie ich war. Nur eine kurze Zeit lang war ich emporgeriſſen aus meinem langweiligen Gleichmuth, eine kurze, aber ſchöne Zeit.““

„Auch ich! Auch ich! Doch ſprich! Erzähle!“

„„Vor einem Jahr lernte ich meine jetzige Frau kennen. Ich liebte ſie, und ſie, hört' ich, liebe einen Andern, den ſie vor Kurzem auf einer Badereiſe kennen gelernt habe. Du kannſt Dir meine Freude über dieſe Nachricht denken; weißt Du doch, daß ich von früheſter Jugend an nichts ſo ſchwer ertragen konnte als Glück, und von meiner früheſten Jugend an ebnete mir das eigenſinnige Glück alle Wege und überſchüttete mich mit ſeinen Schätzen. Ich glaube, im Unglück könnt' ich ein Held ſein, im Glück bin ich ein ſchlaffer, weichlicher Träumer, der mit dem Leben grollt und hadert. Von jeher machte ich, trotz meines abſtoßenden Weſens, bei Frauenzimmern viel Glück — Das iſt ein Fluch, den mir ein böſer Geiſt bei der Geburt zum Angebinde gab. Immer neigte ſich jedes Frauenherz, dem ich liebend nahte, mir liebend zu. Ich wüthete im Herzen und wandte mich kalt von der Erglühenden. Das verfluchte Glück! — Kannſt Du Dich noch auf unſern Jugendgeſpielen Franz beſinnen? Jedes Mädchen lachte den häßlichen, unbehülflichen Menſchen aus, und Erminie, die er glühend liebte, verſpottete ihn, wo ſie ihn ſah — den hab' ich beneidet! — Ich ſah, wie nach und nach das Schickſal jeden meiner Bekannten mit mehr oder weniger harten Schlägen traf, nur ich blieb verſchont. Warum nur ich? fragte ich beſtändig, und in halber Verrücktheit — es iſt faſt unglaublich — hungerte ich zuletzt förmlich nach Schmerz und lechzte nach Unglück! Du haſt das nie begriffen, und jeder Andere hätte mich ausgelacht. Nun denke Dir: ich liebte Clementinen, wie ich noch nie geliebt, und ſie liebte mich nicht — Ich war glücklich! — Lange währte natürlich mein Glück nicht — ſie vergaß ihren frühern Geliebten, der, wie ich von ihrer Schweſter weiß, ein liebenswürdiger Mann ſein ſoll. Zurücktreten konnt' ich nicht mehr, ich verwünſchte ſie, und habe ſie geheirathet.““

„Und biſt Du glücklich? — Iſt ſie glücklich?“

„„Ich? Du ſpotteſt wohl! — Und ſie! Wie kann ſie glücklich ſein, die, bitter getäuſcht, jetzt wohl mehr als je ihrer frühern Neigung gedenkt! Doch laß das jetzt. Von Dir erzähle! Du biſt von mir ſo ganz verſchieden; nur in Einem ſtimmen wir überein: daß auch Du nicht glücklich biſt, wie ich durch eigne Thorheit nicht glücklich. Du lebſt und webſt in weichlichen Gefühlen; aus den gleichgültigſten Dingen ſuchſt Du Dir Stoff zur Trauer, zum Trübſinn, mit der beſtändigen Sehnſucht, glücklich zu werden, biſt Du beſtändig unglücklich. Aus allen Blumen, die Dir blühen, ſaugſt Du nicht den Honig, wie die Biene, ſondern das Gift; ich glaube, Du trinkſt den Wein nur des auf den Rauſch folgenden Katzenjammers wegen. Du biſt ein Narr, biſt nicht glücklich, biſt mein Freund! — Wie ging es Dir in den letzten Jahren?““

„Auch ich habe geliebt,“ ſagte Eugen. „Und die finſtre Melancholie, der dumpfe Trübſinn, dem ich auf meiner Reiſe zu entfliehen gedachte, ſank von meinem Geiſte, wie die Schatten der Nacht zerflattern und zerfließen im Strahlenglanz des Morgens. Weit von hier ſah ich ein Mädchen, das all die himmliſchen Reize ſchmückten, in welche ich früher die Puppe gekleidet hatte, mit der der träumende Geiſt des zum Jüngling reifenden Knaben ſpielt, und die man Ideal nennt. Nie geſtand ſie mir, daß ſie mich liebe, und auch ich ſchwieg; doch ahnte ich, daß ihr Herz ſich zu mir neige. Aber als ich nach einer tagelangen Abweſenheit von einer kleinen Reiſe zurückkehrte, hatte ſie plötzlich die Stadt verlaſſen. Ich forſchte ihr vergebens nach.“

„„Du haſt ſie nie wiedergeſehen!““

„Doch! Heut! So eben.“

„„Wie!““

Eine große Thräne brach aus Eugens Auge, und mit leiſer, halb erſtickter Stimme ſagte er: „In Deinem Hauſe begegnete ſie mir — es iſt Deine Frau!“

Er ſtand raſch auf, und trat von dem Freunde weg an das Fenſter. Er ſah nicht, wie Felix zuſammenfuhr, wie es aus ſeinen Augen blitzte, wie ſeine Züge nach und nach wieder in die alte, kalte Ruhe ſanken. Endlich ſagte Felix: „„Das freut mich. Wirb um Clementinens Liebe; ich trete ſie Dir ab.““

Heftig wandte ſich Eugen zu ihm, und ſah ihm, keines Wortes mächtig, in das dunkle Auge.

„„Ich ſcherze nicht,““ ſprach Felix weiter. „„Glaub' übrigens nicht, daß ich, um Dich glücklich zu machen, in edler, alles opfernder Freundſchaft mit brechendem Herzen ihr entſage. Gott bewahre! Solch ein Narr bin ich nicht. Ringe, unbekümmert um mich, nach ihrer Liebe — O ſie muß Dich wieder lieben! Ich kenne ſie. Uebrigens biſt Du mein Freund — Ich weiß alſo, daß Du meine Ehre nicht verletzen wirſt. Gewinnſt Du Clementinens Liebe, ſo trenn' ich mich von ihr, und ſie wird die Deine — Ich werde Euern Bund ſegnen.““ Er lächelte bitter.

„Das könnteſt Du?!“

„„Ja. — Die Sache wird mich etwas zerſtreuen, aufregen — das iſt mir lieb. Komm jetzt, ich will Dich meiner Frau vorſtellen.““

Eugen ſtand wie betäubt.

„Liebſt Du Deine Frau nicht?“

„„Ich liebe ſie.““

„Und dennoch willſt Du — —“

„„Ja. — Komm!““

Sie gingen.

3.

Mit großen Schritten ging Felix in ſeinem Zimmer auf und ab; da klopfte es an die Thür, Fanny trat herein. Er bemerkte ſie erſt, als ſie vor ihm ſtand, und ſchaute ſie verwirrt, wie aus einem Traum auffahrend, an.

„Kaum erkenne ich Sie wieder," ſagte ſie, den Kopf ſchüttelnd. „Wie haben Sie ſich in den wenigen Monaten verändert! Den kaltruhigen, gleichgültigen, phlegmatiſchen Menſchen ſcheint eine innere Unruhe zu geißeln und raſtlos umher zu treiben. Sie ſehen bleich, erregt, angegriffen aus; aber der Ausdruck langweiligen Ueberdruſſes iſt von Ihren Zügen gewichen. Ich weiß noch den Tag, wo dieſe ſeltſame Umwandlung mit Ihnen begann."

„„Ich auch. Es war der Tag, wo Eugen dies Haus betrat.""

Sie ſagte, ihn ſcharf anblickend: „So iſt es. Und dieſe gänzliche Umwandlung iſt ſein Werk! Das ſollte mich wundern."

„„Warum! Kann mich die Nähe des theuern Jugendfreundes theilnahmlos laſſen! Mein Herz war nie den ſchönen Gefühlen der Freundſchaft verſchloſſen.""

„Sie wollen mir ausweichen, ſo muß ich ſprechen. Ihr Glück, das Glück meiner Schweſter ſteht auf dem Spiel, ich darf nicht länger ſchweigen. Felix, was Sie zu ahnen ſcheinen, was in peinlicher Ungewißheit Sie foltert und verſtört, es iſt wirklich: Eugen liebt meine Schweſter."

„„Meine ſcharfſichtige Freundin, das weiß ich.""

„Sie wiſſen es, und ſehen unthätig zu, wie ein Elender, die Pflichten der Freundſchaft mit Füßen tretend, das Glück Ihres Hauſes nach und nach untergräbt! Clementine hielt ſich anfangs fern von dem Einſtgeliebten. Eugen drängte ſich in ihre Nähe, und Sie ſelbſt ſchienen das gern zu ſehen, zu befördern. Ich begreife Sie nicht. Er liebt Clementinen und Clementine —"

„„Liebt ihn!""

„Das wiſſen Sie?"

„„Ja. Ich bin Eugens Vertrauter.""

„Was!"

„„Ich weiß Alles. Vor vier Wochen verſchwand nach und nach Clementinens tugendſame Sprödigkeit; ihr Blick floh nicht mehr den ſeinen. Vor drei Wochen ward der Druck ſeiner Hand zum erſten Mal erwiedert. Vor vierzehn Tagen ließ ſie ſich einen Kuß rauben, geſtand ihm vor acht Tagen unter einem Strom von Thränen ihre Liebe und beſchwor ihn in tugendhaftem Jammer, ſie zu fliehen. Sie hat einen ſchweren Kampf gekämpft — O ſie iſt eine wackere, vortreffliche Frau. Ich ſpreche in vollem Ernſt; ſie verdient alles Lob. Was ſehen Sie mich ſo ſeltſam an?""

„Und das — das Alles hat Ihnen Eugen erzählt?"

„„Ja, meine Theure, er ſelbſt. Das waren himmliſche Stunden, wo er mir von ſeinem Glück ſprach; in ſchöner Erregung war ich zuweilen nahe daran, ihn mit dieſen meinen Händen zu erdroſſeln. Es war herrlich! Mein ganzer innerer Menſch wurde dabei auf eine heilſame Weiſe durchgeſchüttelt und aufgerührt — Ich langweile mich nicht mehr. Recht glücklich bin ich freilich noch nicht, aber ich denke, das wird ſchon noch kommen.""

„Ich glaube, Sie ſind wahnſinnig, oder im Begriff, es zu werden."

„„Nicht doch! Nicht doch. Aber einen neuen Menſchen gedenk' ich anzuziehen, einen neuen Menſchen — Was giebt's, Charles?""

Der eintretende Diener ſagte: Der Herr Baron ſchickt Ihnen dies Billet.

Felix riß das Siegel auf und las. Glühendes Roth färbte plötzlich ſein Geſicht — Er ſchrie auf, rannte mit haſtigen Schritten nach der Thür, blieb aber auf der Schwelle ſtehen — ein großer, innerer Kampf malte ſich auf ſeinen Zügen, heftig arbeitete ſeine Bruſt — Er ſchloß die Thür; bebend, ſchwankend kehrte er zurück, ſank auf einen Stuhl und bedeckte das Geſicht mit den Händen — Thränen rannen durch die Finger.

„Mein Gott! Was iſt Ihnen!" rief Fanny in großer Angſt, „was bedeutet das?"

„„Leſen Sie! Leſen Sie!""

Fanny hob den Brief, den er hatte fallen laſſen, vom Boden auf und las: „Mein geliebter Freund! Während Du dieſe Zeilen lieſeſt, entführe ich Deine Frau. Lange waren meine Bitten fruchtlos; vergebens beſchwor ich ſie um ihre Einwilligung. Da geſtand ich ihr, — Du vergiebſt! — daß ich mit Deiner Erlaubniß, unter Deinem Mitwiſſen um ihre Liebe geworben habe: daß Du, um uns glücklich zu machen, bereit ſei'ſt, Dich von ihr zu trennen, und daß ſie vielen peinlichen Scenen durch dieſe Flucht entginge. Sie ſah mich ſtaunend an und brach in Thränen aus; all mein Zureden war umſonſt. Endlich trocknete ſie die Augen und ſagte: Er liebt mich nicht, er hat mich nie geliebt — ich folge Ihnen. Da ich nichts hinter Deinem Rücken thun mag, zeige ich Dir, Du beſter Freund, unſer Vorhaben hiemit an. Nun kannſt Du, wenn Du andern Sinnes geworden biſt, Clementinens Flucht verhindern. Du kannſt uns nacheilen, die Poſtillone ſollen langſam fahren, dafür will ich ſorgen. Auf dem Wege nach * triffſt Du uns; dort will ich Clementinen der Obhut einer alten Tante überlaſſen, bis ihre Scheidung von Dir erfolgt iſt. Doch glaub' ich in Deinem Sinn zu handeln. Leb' wohl! Leb' wohl! An Clementinens Seite winkt mir eine himmliſch ſchöne Zukunft; ihre Liebe verklärt mein ödes Leben. Zwei Gefühle — glühende Liebe zu Clementinen und grenzenloſe Dankbarkeit für Dich — füllen zum Zerſpringen das Herz Deines überglücklichen Freundes Eugen."

Sie hatte den Brief laut geleſen. „Und Sie zögern!"

Felix richtete ſich auf, ein tiefer Schmerz lag auf ſeinen bleichen, verſtörten Zügen; leicht fuhr er mit der Hand über Stirn und Augen.

„„Fanny,"" ſagte er mit bebender Stimme, „„Wollen Sie meine Frau ſein!""

Sie ſtarrte ihn keines Wortes mächtig an. Er faßte ihre Hand, ſie erglühte.

„Spotten Sie mein?"

„„Wenn ich, von Clementinen getrennt, meine Frage wiederhole? Darf ich hoffen!""

Sein Blick tauchte tief in ihr Auge; ſie ſchwieg, ihre Hand bebte in der ſeinen.

Er bedeckte die Hand mit Küſſen, er ſank zu ihren Füßen nieder — eine heiße Thräne fiel auf die Hand, und laut auflachend rief er:

„„Ich bin der Glücklichſte aller Sterblichen!""

Ernst Freiherr von Feuchtersleben.

1808 zu Wien geboren, lebt daſelbſt als Arzt.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. Stuttgart 1836.
Beiträge zur Literatur, Kunſt- u. Lebenstheorie. Wien 1837 — 1841. 2 Bde. Der 2. Bd. auch unter dem Titel: Lebensblätter.
Zur Diätetik der Seele. Daſ. 1838. 3. Aufl. 1842.
Mediciniſche Schriften u. ſ. w.

Mehr tiefer Denker als Dichter, hat ſich F. beſonders Goethe'ſcher Anſchauungsweiſe zugewendet und in dieſer Richtung Treffliches zu Tage gefördert.

Bithon und Kleobis.

Bereit iſt alles. Weiße Roſen
Umblüh'n das Haupt der Prieſterin;
Sie wallt einher mit ſtillem Sinn,
Es ſtrömt die Menge zu mit Toſen;
In Luſt und Prangen
Wird Here's Opferfeſt begangen.

Geht hin! die Prieſterin beſteigt,
Die Herrliche, den Silberwagen,
Des weißen Kleides Falten ſchlagen

Sich groß um ſie, wie ſie ſich neigt;
Und weiß ergänzt
Der Jungfrau'n Kreis, der ſie umkränzt.

Der Hehren Auge ruht mit Wonne
Auf ihrer Söhne holdem Paar,
Die ſie beim Morgengruß der Sonne,
Am Jahrstag dieſes Feſts gebar,
Und früh gelehrt
Verehren, was ihr Volk verehrt.

Sie wuchſen ſo die lieben Knaben
Im Dienſt der Gottheit fröhlich auf;
Erwarben ohne Schmerz und Kauf
Reinheit und Kraft, die höchſten Gaben;
— — Doch, Freunde, ſeht,
Weshalb der Zug noch ſtille ſteht?

„Die weißen Roſſe, die den Wagen,
Wie ſonſt, zum Tempel führen ſollten,
Als wir zum Dienſt ſie ſchmücken wollten;
Sie floh'n — und ſind nicht zu erjagen —
Im Blitzeslauf
Der nahrungsloſen Freiheit zu!"

Erſchrocken hört's die Prieſterin —
Schon iſt die Schaar zum Aufbruch fertig,
Die Göttin des Tributs gewärtig,
Und leicht erregt iſt Here's Sinn; —
Wer ſchaffet Rath?
Die Worte ſelten, oft die That.

Und ſieh! — die goldgelockten Söhne
Der hehren Frau, — mit gleicher Haſt,
Wie von der Gottheit Macht erfaßt
(Daß ächter Dienſt das Opfer kröne),
Sie ſtehn und bücken
Dem heil'gen Joche ihren Rücken.

So in erſtaunten Volkes Mitte
Führt die gelenke Zweigeſtalt,
Das Haar vom Silberzaum durchwallt,
Die Mutter, mit gemeſſ'nem Schritte
Und frohem Sinn,
Zum weitentleg'nen Tempel hin.

Sie aber ſchweigt, entzückt im Stillen,
Und opfert nach der alten Sitte;
Dann weilt ſie in des Tempels Mitte,
Und fleht empor gewandt zu Here,
Was ſie begehre
Dieß Einemal ihr zu erfüllen:

„Nicht nach eitler Thoren Weiſe,
Göttin! fleht die Prieſterin;
Schickſalsrad rollt ew'ge Gleiſe,
Wandelvoll iſt Menſchenſinn,
Was uns unten wahrhaft frommt,
Ihr allein erkennt es droben;
Was ihr wirkt, ich werd' es loben,
Preiſen, was von euch uns kommt.
Dieß Gefühl im Buſen fleh' ich,
Wolleſt meinen Kindern lohnen!
Sterbliche ſind deß nicht fähig, —
Lohnt ſich frommer Sinn mit Kronen?
Wolleſt ihnen unter allen
Looſen, die den Menſchen fallen,
Jenes gönnen, das ihr hohen
Götter ſelbſt das beſte nennt, —
Welches Feinde nicht bedrohen,
Und der Menſch vielleicht nicht kennt!"

Noch weilt, noch betet ſie, die Hohe, Reine,
Da ſieht man ihre Söhne, ſich umarmend,
Wie von des Zaubers leiſer Hand getroffen,
Vielleicht ermattet von des Dienſtes Mühe,
An heil'ger Stätte unbeſorgt entſchlummern;
Ein ſanfter Friede ſchwebt auf ihren Lippen,
Auf ihren Stirnen ruht ein ſanfter Friede.
Man ſcheut ſich gern, den ſüßen Schlaf zu ſtören,
Und läßt ſie Haupt an Haupt, die Unſchuldvollen,
Auf dem geweihten Teppich lächelnd athmen,
Und kehret heim. Die Knaben aber kehrten
Nicht wieder heim. Sie ſtarben ſo im Schlafe.

Ludwig Feuerbach.

Doctor der Philoſophie. Karl Riedel zeichnet in Gutzkow's Jahrbuch der Literatur (Jahrg. 1839, S. 118) Feuerbach's äußeres Leben mit den wenigen Worten: „Als F. das Gymnaſium verließ, war er auf dem Wege, ein Myſtiker zu werden. Er las Auguſtinus Schriften fleißig und ließ ſich in Heidelberg und Berlin bei der theologiſchen Facultät immatrikuliren. Der Einfluß der Hegel'ſchen Philoſophie, deren wahrhaften Geiſt er mit ganzer Seele in ſich aufnahm, beſtimmte ihn die Theologie aufzugeben und ſich blos den ſpekulativen Wiſſenſchaften zu widmen. Aus Berlin zurückgekehrt, trat er in Erlangen als Privatdocent auf. Man darf die Univerſität Erlangen, dieſe Geiſtesſteppe, nur nennen, um ſogleich auch anzudeuten, daß ein ſo reger, ſtrebender, in der Wahrheit und ihrem Dienſte erglühter Jüngling, wie Ludwig Feuerbach es war, in jener Seelenwüſtenei des erlanger Treibens kein Glück machen konnte. Er fand wenige Zuhörer, und die ſich ihm näherten, wurden durch die Führer der pietiſtiſchen Parthei abwendig gemacht; umſonſt bat er um eine Profeſſur; endlich ſah er ſich genöthigt, auf das Gut eines Freundes, deſſen Schwägerin er heirathete, zu ziehen; dort lebt er jetzt blos gelehrten Studien."

Er ſchrieb:

Gedanken über Tod u. Unſterblichkeit, aus den Papieren eines Denkers. Nürnberg 1830.
Das Weſen des Chriſtenthums. 2. verm. Aufl. gr. 8. 1843.
Das Weſen des Glaubens im Sinne Luther's. Ein Beitrag zum „Weſen des Chriſtenthums." gr. 8. 1844.
Geſchichte der neuern Philoſophie von Bacon von Verulam bis Benedict Spinoza. 2. Ausg. 8. 1844.
Darſtellung, Entwicklung und Kritik der Leibnitzſchen Philoſophie. 2. Ausg. 8. 1844.
Kritik des Anti-Hegels. Zur Einleitung in das Studium der Philoſophie. 2. Ausg. 8. 1844.
Abälard und Heloiſe oder der Schriftſteller und der Menſch. Eine Reihe humoriſtiſch-philoſophiſcher Aphorismen. 2. Ausg. 8. 1844.
Pierre Bayle nach ſeinen für die Geſchichte der Philoſophie und Menſchheit intereſſanteſten Momenten dargeſtellt und gewürdigt. 2. Ausg. 8. 1844.
Ueber Philoſophie und Chriſtenthum in Beziehung auf den der Hegel'ſchen Philoſophie gemachten Vorwurf der Unchriſtlichkeit. gr. 8. 1839.
Sämmtliche Werke. 1. u. 2. Bd. gr. 8. Leipzig 1846. Otto Wigand.
Kritiken der „chriſtl.-germaniſchen Staatslehre" von Stahl, von Erdmann's „Geſchichte der neuern Philoſophie", von Hock's „Carteſius und ſeine Gegner" in den berl. Jahrbüchern (1836. Nr. 72 flg. 1838. Nr. 67 flg.), von K. Bayers „Idee der Freiheit und der Begriff des Gedankens", von Dorguth's „Kritik des Idealismus u. Materialien zur Grundlage des apodiktiſchen Realrationalismus" in den halliſchen Jahrbüchern für deutſche Wiſſenſchaft u. Kunſt. Jahrgang 1838. Nr. 6 flg. Nr. 76 flg.
„Zur Kritik der Hegel'ſchen Philoſophie", abgedruckt in den halliſchen Jahrbüchern. Jahrg. 1839. Nr. 208—216. u. a. m.
Einzelne Aufſätze und Abhandlungen in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Einer der kühnſten und ſelbſtſtändigſten Denker unſerer Zeit, hat F., obwohl urſprünglich ein Schüler Hegels, deſſen Syſtem verlaſſen und ſich muthig eine neue Bahn gebrochen, auf der er unerſchrocken fortſchreitet. Sein Syſtem zu charakteriſiren gehört nicht zu der Aufgabe, die uns hier geſtellt iſt, und erfordert ganz andere Kräfte, als wir ſie hier zu bieten haben. Es muß uns genügen darauf aufmerkſam zu machen, daß ſeine Schriften ſich durch einen lichtvollen meiſterhaften Styl und glänzende, aus der hohen Bedeutung ihres Inhaltes ſelbſt geſchöpfte Beredtſamkeit vor der großen Menge ähnlicher Bücher überaus vortheilhaft auszeichnen.

Aus „Abälard und Heloiſe oder der Schriftſteller und der Menſch.“

Es geht uns mit den Büchern, wie mit den Menſchen. Wir machen zwar viele Bekanntſchaften, aber Wenige erwählen wir zu unſern Freunden, unſern vertrauten Lebensgefährten.

Bekannte kommen und vergehen, Freunde nicht. Bücher, die wir zu unſern Freunden machen, werden uns nie zum Ekel. Sie nützen ſich durch den Gebrauch nicht ab; ſie reproduciren ſich immer von Neuem, wie das Leben; ihr Genuß iſt unerſchöpflich.

Ueber tüchtige Menſchen erlauben wir uns erſt nach langem Umgange ein Urtheil, aber über unzählige fällen wir gleich beim erſten Augenblicke unſerer Bekanntſchaft mit ihnen ein Urtheil, und zwar kein anderes, als daß wir ſagen: wir können unmöglich mit ihnen umgehen, wir wollen ſie gar nicht kennen lernen. So geht's uns auch mit unzähligen Schriften: ſchon bei den erſten Seiten ſind wir mit ihnen fertig. Wir können ſie eben ſo wenig genießen, als wir todte Mäuſe und Ratten zu uns nehmen, oder den Speichel anderer Menſchen auflecken können, und ſollten wir auch, wie jene verirrte Mönche, durch ſolche Büßungen unſer ewiges Seelenheil erwerben zu können glauben. Das Urtheil der Antipathie: „ich kann nicht, ich mag nicht“ iſt auch hierin oft das allergründlichſte Urtheil, das Urtheil der Vernunft.

Die nämlichen Affecte, welche die Menſchen, erwecken auch die Bücher in uns, nur ſind ihre Eindrücke abſtrakter. Warum? weil die Bücher die abgeſchiedenen Seelen der Menſchen ſind, denen, wenn auch nicht mehr, doch wenigſtens eben ſo viel Leben und Kraft, als den lebendigen Menſchen zukommt, weil ſie geiſtige Individualitäten ſind, die eben ſo, wie die wirklichen, abſtoßend oder anziehend auf uns wirken.

Der Verkehr mit Büchern iſt ein Verkehr mit Geiſtern. Je höher Geiſt und Leben ſteigen, deſto flüchtiger iſt das Material, worin ſie ſich ausdrücken. Auf den vergänglichen Blättern der Blume wohnt mehr Geiſt und Leben, als in den plumpen, Jahrtauſenden trotzenden Granitblöcken.

Die Schickſale mancher Bücher ſind ſo ſeltſam, die Art, wie ſie ſich erhalten, ſo außerordentlich, daß auch über ihnen unverkennbar ein vorſehender Genius wacht. Aber auch bei ihnen iſt der Genius keine äußerlich wirkende, ſondern eine inwohnende Kraft, das eigne Gute, die eigne Vortrefflichkeit, und die damit verbundene Nothwendigkeit der Exiſtenz.

Es geht den Büchern, wie den Jungfrauen. Gerade die beſten, die würdigſten bleiben oft am längſten ſitzen. Aber endlich kommt doch noch einer, der ſie erkennt und aus dem Dunkel der Verborgenheit an das Licht eines ſchönen Wirkungskreiſes hervorzieht.

Merkwürdig ſind Milton's Worte in ſeiner Areopagitik über das Weſen des Buchs. „Ein Buch, ſagt er (zunächſt in Beziehung auf Preßfreiheit), iſt keine ſchlechthin todte Sache; die Exiſtenz eines guten Buches darf daher eben ſo wenig gefährdet ſein, als die eines guten Bürgers, die eine Exiſtenz iſt eben ſo ehrwürdig, als die andere, und Angriffe auf die eine müſſen eben ſo gefürchtet ſein, als Angriffe auf die andere. Einen Menſchen tödten heißt ein vernünftiges Geſchöpf vernichten, aber ein gutes Buch unterdrücken, heißt die Vernunft ſelbſt tödten.“

Das ſchriftliche Wort iſt ein armer Teufel, der ſich nur durch eigne Kraft durch die Welt ſchlägt, während das mündliche oder lebendige Wort durch die Recommandationen Ihrer Durchlaucht der Frau Fürſtin Phantaſie, und ihrer Kammerdiener, der Augen und Ohren, ſich zu den mächtigſten Aemtern emporſchwingt.

Die Schrift iſt eine züchtige, beſcheidene, einfache, ſtille, von der Welt zurückgezogene Jungfrau, deren hoher Werth und Schönheit nur von ſehr Wenigen, ja wohl ſehr Wenigen gefühlt und erkannt wird. Das Leben iſt zwar auch eine ſchöne, liebenswürdige Jungfrau, aber ein Bischen zu ſinnlicher Natur, zu glanz- und gefallſüchtig. Darum feſſelt ſie auch ſo leicht den unerfahrenen Jüngling und den durch ſinnliche Eindrücke beſtimmbaren Menſchen, während ihre Schweſter nur den gereiften Mann, den denkenden Menſchen anzieht.

Wann werden die Menſchen doch einmal ſo geſcheut werden, jede Sache nur nach ſich ſelbſt zu bemeſſen und zu erkennen, daß faſt alle Mängel, die ſie in den Dingen finden, nur von ihrem Mangel an Verſtand, nur daher kommen, daß ſie Unvergleichbares vergleichen, und in Folge dieſer ungeſchickten Vergleichung Wirkungen und Eigenſchaften an einer Sache vermiſſen, die ganz unter ihrer Weſenheit und ſelbſt unter ihrer Würde ſind? Iſt es etwa ein Mangel Gottes, daß ihm die Eigenſchaft der Sinnlichkeit abgeht, daß er nicht gehört, geſehen, gefühlt werden kann, daß er durch keine ſolche Wirkungen, wie etwa die Electricität, der Magnetismus, Beweiſe von ſeinem Daſein giebt? Giebt es daher etwas Lächerlicheres, als wenn man die Wirkung und Ueberzeugungskraft des Wortes der Wirkung und Ueberzeugungskraft eines Blickes, eines Lippen- oder Händedrucks gegenüberſtellt, und aus dem Gewicht dieſes materiellen Druckes die Unzulänglichkeit oder gar die Kraft- und Seelenloſigkeit des idealen Wortes beweiſen will? Erkennt jedes Weſen in ſeiner Wirkungsſphäre, und ihr werdet nicht mehr ſeine Vorzüge für Mängel halten. Wo nicht Geiſt dem Geiſte, ſondern Perſon der Perſon gegenüberſteht, da ſind natürlich auch nur perſönliche Mittel der Mittheilung die ſach- und zeitgemäßen, folglich von Wirkung, da gilt es, ſich zum unmittelbaren Leibeigenen des Andern zu machen, als zuverläſſige Hypotheke ſeiner Liebe und Verehrung die ganze Baarſchaft ſeiner Geſinnungen und Empfindungen ihm in die Hände zu drücken.

Es giebt natürlich eine unzählige Menge von Dingen, die wir entweder allein oder doch leichter und unendlich beſſer durch die ſinnliche Anſchauung erkennen, als durch die Lektüre. Aber es iſt thöricht, deswegen das Weſen und den hohen Werth des Buches zu verkennen. Der Menſch wird ſowohl in der Lektüre, als in der Schriftſtellerei von einer Menge unweſentlicher Eindrücke und Affectionen frei, die bei der ſinnlichen Anſchauung mit in ſein Urtheil einfließen und ſeine Reinheit trüben; ſeine Seele wird leidenſchaftsloſer, ruhiger und eben dadurch fähiger, eine Sache zu erkennen und zu beurtheilen, wie ſie iſt.

Das Leben iſt die Frühlingszeit unſerer Gedanken und Empfindungen; es iſt bereits Spätſommer, ja Herbſt, wenn ſie auf das Papier kommen. Freilich iſt jetzt der Reiz der Blüthe, der reiche Blätterſchmuck, das lebhafte Grün dahin, aber dafür ſind ſie nun auch zeitig und zu vollendeten Früchten an dem Lichte der Wahrheit herangereift.

Es iſt nun einmal ſo: die Erkenntniß wird nur durch den Verluſt der Unſchuld des Lebens erkauft. Wenn Adam einmal die Feder ergreift, ſo ſeid gewiß, daß er bereits aus dem Paradieſe des Lebens heraus iſt, ſchon von dem Baume der Erkenntniß des Guten und Böſen gekoſtet hat. Darum trägt auch Mephiſtopheles eine Feder auf ſeinem Kopfe.

Ach! ein wunderſchönes Kind iſt das Leben, ein Kind, kaum achtzehn Jahre alt. Wer könnte es uns verargen, wenn wir von ſeiner durch das magiſche Licht des Jugendreizes verherrlichten Schönheit ſchon beim erſten Anblick ſo hingeriſſen werden, daß wir auf der Stelle vor ihm zu Füßen fallen, und ewige Liebe bis in den Tod ihm ſchwören? Die Schrift hingegen iſt eine

Jungfrau, die ſchon hoch in den Zwanzigern iſt; ſie hat ſchon viel verloren, ſo ſchön ſie auch noch iſt: ſie ſteht allein da, verlaſſen von den treuloſen Freunden der Jugendreize; ſie hat keine Fürſprecherin mehr, als ſich ſelbſt; aber um ſo heller leuchtet der Himmel ihres inneren bleibenden Werthes dem Kenner in die Augen.

„In aula omnibus abundo, excepta una veritate: Alles habe ich am Hofe im Ueberfluß, nur die Wahrheit nicht," ſagte ein franzöſiſcher König; eine Aeußerung, die auch auf das Leben ihre volle Anwendung findet. Die Welt iſt ein ſchöner, fürſtlicher Pallaſt, der Verſtand der König, der aber an ſeiner Seite zur Maitreſſe die Phantaſie hat, die eine wahre Pompadour iſt, die Sinne ſind die Höflinge, welche die Wahrheit nicht unentſtellt vor den Thron gelangen laſſen. Wer dieſe finden will, muß ſich in die ſtillen Leſekabinete und Studierzimmer der Bücher zurückziehen.

Wie vortrefflich äußert ſich ſchon Diodor von Sicilien über die Schrift, wenn er ſagt: „Wer wäre im Stande, der Schreibkunſt eine würdige Lobrede zu halten! denn nur durch die Schrift erhalten ſich die Todten in dem Andenken der Lebenden und verkehren die Entfernten mit einander, als ſtünden ſie ſich zur Seite. Nur das zuverläſſige Zeugniß des ſchriftlichen Wortes verbürgt den Beſtand der im Krieg zwiſchen Königen oder Völkern geſchloſſenen Verträge. Nur die Schrift allein bewahrt die köſtlichen Gedanken der weiſen Männer und die Ausſprüche der Götter, ja ſelbſt alle Philoſophie und Wiſſenſchaft und übergiebt ſie immer von Jahrhundert zu Jahrhundert den kommenden Geſchlechtern. Darum müſſen wir wohl die Natur als die Quelle unſres (phyſiſchen) Lebens anerkennen, aber als die Quelle unſres edlen, unſres geiſtigen Lebens die Schrift."

Wer immer mitten drein im Leben herumwatet, der weiß wohl vieles von ihm zu erzählen, aber er weiß nicht, mit fortgeriſſen von dem Strudel der Erſcheinungen, was es eigentlich um das Leben iſt. Um das Leben zu erkennen, muß man ſich vom Leben abſondern.*) So giebt es kein beſſeres Mittel, als die Trennung, um zu erfahren, ob der leidenſchaftliche Eindruck, den eine neue Bekanntſchaft auf uns machte, ein bleibender oder vorübergehender, ob ſein Gegenſtand wirklich der Zuneigung würdig iſt, die wir für ihn faßten. Denn erſt in der Entfernung betrachten wir mit Ruhe und Kennerblicken das in der Erinnerung mitgenommene Bild, leſen wir ſorgfältig alle Aeußerungen, alle Züge, alle Manieren und Handlungen der liebgewordenen Perſon zuſammen, um ſie uns zu vergegenwärtigen, und bekommen ſo die Dotter des Ei's, das uns bisher unverdaulich im Magen lag, abgeſchält von dem glänzenden Eiweiß des unmittelbaren Sinneindruckes in unſere Gewalt. Die einzig vernünftige Abſonderung vom Leben iſt jedoch keine ſinnliche, ſondern eine geiſtige, d. h. die, welche uns nur der unteren, mit den gröbſten Beſtandtheilen angefüllte Atmoſphäre entrückt, zugleich aber in ununterbrochener Berührung mit den feinern Exhalationen des Lebens erhält; und dieſe Abſonderung iſt eben der Umgang mit Büchern.

Das Leben muß wie ein koſtbarer Wein mit gehörigen Unterbrechungen Schluck für Schluck genoſſen werden. Auch der beſte Wein verliert für uns allen Reiz, wir wiſſen ihn nicht mehr zu ſchätzen, wenn wir ihn wie Waſſer hinunterſchütten.

Die Bücher ſind einſame Kapellen, die der Menſch in den wildromantiſchen Gegenden des Lebens auf den höchſten und ſchönſten Standpunkten errichtet, und auf ſeinen Wanderungen nicht blos der Ausſicht wegen, ſondern hauptſächlich deswegen beſucht, um ſich in ihnen von den Zerſtreuungen des Lebens zu ſammeln und ſeine Gedanken auf ein anderes Sein, als das nur ſinnliche zu richten.

Die Phantaſie ſtammt aus königlichem Geblüte, die Sinne ſind von adeliger Herkunft, die Vernunft iſt bürgerlichen Urſprungs. Die Sinne ſpielen daher im Leben unter dem Protectorate der Phantaſie die Großen, die Herren der Welt. Die Vernunft, die von jeher zwar durchaus nicht zur Miſanthropie, doch zu Schwermuth und Tiefſinn eine vorherrſchende Dispoſition hatte, begiebt ſich daher aus der Welt, dieſer großen Reſidenzſtadt der Phantaſie, wo ſie ohnedieß ſelten in einem andern Anſehn, als dem eines pedantiſchen Schulmeiſters ſteht, in den Büchern auf das Land, um hier ihren archäologiſchen, hiſtoriſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien ungeſtört nachleben zu können und aus den älteſten Urkunden des Menſchengeſchlechts den Beweis zu führen, daß ſie zwar in den Augen der Welt bürgerlichen, in Wahrheit aber göttlichen Urſprungs iſt.

Die Bücher ſind kurze Excerpte aus den weitläufigen Foliobänden des Lebens, und nur derjenige erfüllt die hohe Beſtimmung des Schriftſtellers, der aus dem vielen ſchlechten Zeuge, das ſie mitunter enthalten, nur das Beſte herausließt und von dem Unbrauchbaren das Nothwendige, von dem Gemeinen das Edle abſondert.

Das Buch iſt ein Herbarium. Von jeder Spezies, die in der Natur exiſtirt, nehmen wir zwar ein Individuum auf, aber wir ſuchen uns immer nur die beſten, ſchönſten, vollendeten Exemplare aus; die übrigen laſſen wir draußen im Freien ſterben, dem gemeinen Looſe der Vergänglichkeit preisgegeben.

In der Schrift hält der Menſch das jüngſte Gericht über ſich ſelbſt, ſeine Gedanken und Empfindungen; er ſondert hier die Schafe von den Böcken, übergiebt die einen der ewigen Vergeſſenheit und Nichtigkeit, die andern dem ewigen Leben.

Das Leben ſteht wie ein Kaffeehaus Jedem ohne Unterſchied offen, aber die Literatur iſt eine geſchloſſene Geſellſchaft, ein enger Verein mit eignen Statuten; nur nach vorhergegangener Auswahl, Berathung und Unterſcheidung ſteht uns und unſern Gedanken und Empfindungen der Zutritt in denſelben offen.

Was wir im Leben nach und nach in kleiner Münze ausbezahlt bekommen, worunter ſich oft die allerſchlechteſten und abgeſchliffenſten Zwölfer, Sechſer, Groſchen und Kreuzer befinden, die wir uns kaum auszugeben getrauen, aber gleichwohl im Leben recht gerne angenommen werden, das erhalten wir in der Schrift in Gold ausbezahlt. Daher findet es ſich denn, daß der Inhalt unſeres Lebensſeckels, ob er gleich einen gewaltigen Bauſch macht und wunder wie viel zu betragen ſcheint, dennoch, wenn er in die Münzſorte ausgewechſelt wird, die allein in der Bücherwelt gilt, oft nur auf ein einziges Goldſtück ſich reduzirt, das wir ganz bequem in ein kleines Papierchen wickeln und in unſerer Weſtentaſche ohne alle Incommodität bei uns tragen können. Das Buch iſt der Compte rendu, das Facit unſeres Lebens, der reine Gewinnſt, der uns von ihm nach Abzug aller Koſten übrig bleibt.

Das Leben iſt ein Poet, das Buch ein Philoſoph. Jener beſchaut die Einheit in der Mannigfaltigkeit, dieſer die Mannigfaltigkeit in der Einheit. Die Poeſie betrachtet aus einiger Entfernung, um die Reize zu erhöhen und den Effekt zu verſtärken, den Baum, wie er in voller Blüthe daſteht, wie Tauſende und abermals Tauſende von Blüthen an ihm prangen, und läßt es bei der magiſchen Kraft dieſer Anſchauung bewenden. Aber die Philoſophie geht ganz nahe auf den Baum zu, bricht eine oder höchſtens ein Paar Blüthen ab — denn dieſe reichen ſchon zu ihrem Zwecke hin, ſie kommt mit Wenigem aus — betrachtet ſie ganz genau, nimmt ſie in aller Ruhe mit ſich nach Hauſe, trocknet ſie dann an der Sonne der Vernunft und bewahrt ſie in einem Buche auf. Die Poeſie macht uns auch noch aus dem Thautropfen, der an dem Baume mit ſchönen Farben funkelt, einen Diamanten; aber die Philoſophie berührt, um das Weſen vom Scheine zu unterſcheiden, mit dem Zeigefinger des Verſtandes den Waſſertropfen, und macht ſo mit einem Tupfer der glänzenden Täuſchung ein Ende.

Die ächten Schriftſteller ſind die Gewiſſensbiſſe der Menſchheit. Das Gewiſſen ſtellt die Dinge anders dar, als ſie ſcheinen; es iſt das Mikroſkop, das ſie vergrößert, um ſie unſern ſtumpfen Sinnen deutlich und erkennbar zu machen. Es iſt die Metaphyſik des Herzens. Es kritiſirt mit Strenge und Bitterkeit unſere Handlungen, löſt ſie in ihre Motive auf und ſelbſt dieſe wieder in ihre feinſten Beſtandtheile, macht zu unſerm größten Leidweſen haarſcharfe Diſtinctionen, die wir zu unſerer Beruhigung für bloße Hirngeſpinſte und Spitzfindigkeiten auszugeben nur gar zu ſehr geneigt ſind; es iſt ein Doctor seraphicus, ein Doctor fundatissimus, ein Doctor subtilissimus. Armſelige Menſchheit, wenn du kein gutes Gewiſſen mehr haſt, wenn du die Vorwürfe, die es dir macht, als bloße Subtilitäten und Superlative, als Uebertreibungen eines kränklichen überſpannten Gemüths betrachteſt, um die Stimme des Gewiſſens zu betäuben!

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*) Was verſteht denn hier und anderwärts der Verfaſſer unter dem Leben? Welches Leben meint er denn? Ja, das ſoll der Leſer ſelbſt ſo geſcheut ſein herauszubringen.

Wir Menſchen ſammt und ſonders ſind im Leben auf der Univerſität. Wir hören hier intereſſante Collegien, lernen Menſchen aus allen Ländern und von den verſchiedenſten Charakteren kennen, üben die ritterlichen Künſte ein und aus, feiern attiſche Nächte, kommen oft ganze Tage lang nicht zu uns nach Hauſe, machen Reiſen und Fahrten aller Art und beſtehen ſo manches traurige Abentheuer, ſei es nun durch unſere Schuld oder nicht; aber gleichwohl iſt es uns in dem Elemente der akademiſchen Freiheit ſo wohl, wie dem Fiſch im Waſſer. Es iſt fürwahr ein ſchönes Leben. Aber deſſen ungeachtet bekommen wir es bei Zeiten herzlich ſatt, obſcuriren daher und ſchreiben an einer Abhandlung in lateiniſcher Sprache, um als Doktoren der Weltweisheit zu promoviren.

Das Leben iſt die Göttin Venus, entſtanden aus dem brauſenden Schaum und Giſcht des großen Weltmeers, wunderſchön, allmächtig, aber, wie's der Liebe zu gehen pflegt, ſelten bei Verſtande. Die Schrift dagegen iſt die Minerva, Pallas Athene, entſprungen dem Jupitershaupte des Menſchen, „die Göttin des Verſtandes, der Weisheit und des Studirens.“

Im Leben iſt der Menſch zehn Jahre im Kriege und zehn in der Irre, gleich dem Ulyſſes. Das Buch iſt die Inſel Ithaka, wo er endlich wieder heimkehrt, ſeine Seele, ſeine liebe Ehegattin, die treue Penelope, welche unterdeſſen im Leben das traurige langweilige Loos hatte, immer wieder über Nacht auftrennen zu müſſen, was ſie am Tage gearbeitet, und ſo nie fertig ward, jetzt wiederfindet, und ihr nun in gedrängten Auszügen den weſentlichen Inhalt aus dem breiten, weitſchweifigen Roman ſeines Lebens erzählt. Natürlich übergeht er nicht nur tauſenderlei kleine Umſtände und gewöhnliche Dinge in ſeiner Erzählung, ſondern verſchweigt auch abſichtlich ſeiner lieben Ehehälfte ſo manches Abentheuer, welches ihre keuſchen Ohren beleidigen könnte. Aber deswegen dürfen wir nicht an der Wahrheit und Treue der Erzählung, noch daran zweifeln, ein vollſtändiges Gemälde von ihm und ſeinem Leben in ihr zu beſitzen.

Unſtreitig legt nur der die Geneſis richtig aus, welcher erkennet, daß eben von dem Baume, von welchem Adam die Frucht der Erkenntniß des Guten und Böſen bricht, mit deren Genuß er das Paradies des Lebens verliert, auch die Blätter ſind, mit denen er ſeine Nacktheit bedeckt. Und wenn Penelope noch eines beſonderen Kennzeichens bedurfte, um ſich zu überzeugen, daß Ulyſſes wirklich Ulyſſes ſei, ſo können wir das wohl der Ehegattin und dem neugierigen Weibe hingehen laſſen; aber für uns ziemt ſich eine ſolche Specialunterſuchung ſchlechterdings nicht; ſie iſt uns überdem auch ganz und gar unnöthig; wir erkennen ſchon ohne ſie vollſtändig den Ulyſſes als Ulyſſes.

Es iſt freilich ein herrliches Vergnügen, den ſchönen Rheinſtrom des Lebens auf dem Dampfboote deſſelben hinunter zu fahren, bei einem guten Glas Wein, in angenehmer Geſellſchaft, vorausgeſetzt, daß es gutes Wetter iſt, und nun ſo Gegenden für Gegenden, Städte für Städte, Menſchen für Menſchen vorüberziehen zu ſehen. Aber wie bedeutungslos iſt die Fahrt, wie leer und eitel das Vergnügen, wie jeder Tag ein verlorner, wenn wir uns nicht wenigſtens einige Stunden täglich von der Geſellſchaft abſondern, die ſchönſten und intereſſanteſten Parthien von den vorübergehenden Erſcheinungen auf dem Papiere fixiren und die Zeichnungen mit der Angabe der nöthigſten, wiſſenswürdigſten Umſtände begleiten, um unſern Kindern, die daheim bleiben mußten, wenn wir nach Hauſe kommen, das belehrende Vergnügen zu bereiten, jetzt wenigſtens unſere Luſtreiſegefährten ſein zu können.

Das Leben iſt eine hohe Militärperſon; es hat ein martialiſches Ausſehen, iſt aber deſſen ungeachtet beſonders in Damengeſellſchaften gern geſehen, trägt einen gewaltigen und zugleich mit den köſtlichſten Diamanten beſetzten Degen an der Seite; die Bruſt iſt überſäet mit Ehrenkreuzen und Sternen, eine wahre Milchſtraße von Orden; die Zeichen ſeines Standes und ſeiner hohen Würde ſind zu aller Welt Schau an dem Putzladen ſeiner Uniform ausgeſchlagen; ſchon von Weitem erkennt man aus dem Glanze das Weſen, das da kommt; alle Augen ſind auf den ſtolzen Krieger gerichtet, und aus der Ferne ſchon zieht der Haufe demüthig den Hut ab vor dem großen Manne, dem gewaltigen Herrn, wie er ihn nennt. Das Buch dagegen iſt ein wahrer Gelehrter, in einem prunkloſen, einfachen Habit; man ſieht's ihm nicht von Außen an, was er iſt; ſeine Verdienſte werden nicht belohnt, aber ſie ſind auch unbelohnbar; er iſt gering geſchätzt von dem großen Haufen; ſeine beſten, unſterblichſten, ins Rad der Weltgeſchichte mächtigſt eingreifenden Arbeiten macht er nur bei der Nacht im Stillen, von Niemanden wahrgenommen, als höchſtens einem Nachbar, der ſich beſonders für ihn intereſſirt; ſein Leben iſt ein Räthſel, ein Geheimniß, ſeine Macht eine unſichtbare, darum unbekannte. Das Leben der hohen Militärperſon iſt ſeicht, macht aber ein Getöſe, einen Lärm, wie der Rheinfall bei Schaffhauſen; das Leben des Gelehrten iſt ein ſtilles Waſſer, das aber tief gründet, und nur bei ſeltnen gewaltigen Erderſchütterungen auf eine auch dem Auge des blinden Haufens bemerkbare Weiſe ſeinen Zuſammenhang mit dem großen Weltmeer beweiſt.

Die ſinnliche Anſchauung iſt bei der größern Anzahl der Menſchen das einzige Maaß ihres Verſtandes, die Richtſchnur ihrer Urtheile, der feſte Anhaltspunkt bei der Werthſchätzung der Dinge. So wie ſie auf geiſtigen Boden kommen, gerathen ſie auf's Glatteis, wo ſie Hals und Bein brechen. Daher halten ſie für Urſachen und wirkſame Agentien im Leben, was doch allein nur eine höchſt untergeordnete Folge iſt, hinter welcher man noch eine ganze lange Reihe von Mittelgliedern durchlaufen muß, bis man erſt zu der Urſache kommt, die wegen ihrer Entlegenheit nur von dem bewaffneten Auge, d. i. dem denkenden Blicke wahrgenommen werden kann. Wenn ſie auch ſonſt oft ſelbſt auf wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung Anſpruch machen, ſo geht es ihnen doch auf dem Gebiete der Literatur, wo ſie mit der ſinnlichen Anſchauung ihre Gouvernantin und folglich alle Haltung verlieren, eben ſo, wie dem gemeinen Manne, wenn er in eine Bildergallerie kommt. Vor den erhabenſten Phantaſieſtücken und hiſtoriſchen Gemälden geht er gleichgültig und unberührt vorüber, aber wenn er ein Fruchtſtück mit appetitlichen Haſen und Rebhühnern oder eine Kuh, die ſeiner eignen Stallkuh ſo ähnlich ſieht, wie ein Ei dem andern, oder gar das Portrait von ſeinem Herrn Vetter erblickt, der eben Deputirter beim Landtag iſt, ja das iſt ein anderer Caſus; da kann er ſich nicht ſatt daran ſehen; da ſpringt ihm faſt das Herz im Leibe vor lauter Freude; darauf ſchmeckt ihm ſein Eſſen noch zehnmal ſo gut; und wenn er nach Hauſe zu Weib und Kind kommt, ſo kann er nicht aufhören, ihnen von dem großen Einfluſſe zu erzählen, den die ſchönen Künſte auf das Leben haben. Nur ſolchen Schriften, die von einer neuen Zahntinctur, von friſchen Heringen und Picklingen und andern dergleichen praktiſchen Dingen handeln, und denen ſie auch darum allein den höchſt bezeichnenden Namen von Intelligenzblättern geben, räumen ſie eine Bedeutung für's Leben ein. Ein Schriftſteller, der keine Artikel für ſolche Intelligenzblätter liefert, gilt ihnen, wenn ſie milde urtheilen, allerhöchſtens für einen müßigen Flötenſpieler, wie Malesherbes aus Beſcheidenheit ſich ſelbſt nannte. Und je enger die Sphäre ihrer Praxis iſt, deſto geringer wird natürlich auch die Zahl der Gegenſtände und Bücher, deren Realität und Bedeutung für's Leben ſie anzuerkennen im Stande ſind. Darum war es auch nur ein Praktiker, wie Napoleon, der ſagen konnte: „Die Tragödie erwärmt das Innere, hebt das Gemüth, kann und muß Helden ſchaffen. In dieſer Rückſicht verdankt vielleicht Frankreich Corneille einen Theil ſeiner glänzenden Handlungen.“

Die Epistolae obscurorum virorum befreiten Erasmus von einer Krankheit; „er hatte nämlich ein Apostema am Auge, welches ihn ſehr vexirte; dieweil er nun ſolches nicht gern von denen Chirurgis wollte abſchneiden laſſen, ſo trug es ſich zu, daß er in den obenbeſagten Epiſteln nachgeſetzte Worte las: [illegible]. Darüber fing er dermaßen zu lachen an, daß das Geſchwür von ſich ſelbſt aufging, und er ſo gar bald Linderung empfand.“ O ihr kleingeiſteriſche, ihr kurzſichtige Praktiker nehmt euch hieran ein Beiſpiel, daß eine Schrift nicht gerade zu von der ausübenden Arzneikunde handeln muß, um mediciniſche Wirkungen hervorzubringen, daß auch ein Schriftſteller, der ſich mit ſolchen Dingen nur abgiebt, um die ihr euch nicht im Geringſten kümmert, weil ſie nicht à la portée de tout le monde ſind, dermaßen das Zwerchfell der Welt erſchüttern kann, daß ihr darob, ohne Anwendung einer chirurgiſchen Operation, die Schuppen von den Augen fallen.

„Die höchſte, die erſtaunlichſte Macht auf Erden, ſagt Baco von Verulam, iſt die Macht der Wiſſenſchaft. Denn die

Würde einer Herrſchaft hängt von der Würde der Unterthanen ab. Darum bringt die Herrſchaft über ein ſclaviſches Volk keine Ehre, wohl aber die über ein freies, mit Willen gehorchendes Volk. Erhabener aber als die Macht über den Willen, die der Staat ausübt, iſt die Macht der Wiſſenſchaft, denn ſie gebietet über die Erkenntniß, die Ueberzeugung, die Intelligenz, welche die erhabenſte Kraft der Seele iſt und ſelbſt über den Willen gebietet.“

Die Schrift iſt das Element, das allein treu und gewiſſenhaft die Schätze aufbewahrt, die der ſtets auf der Flucht begriffene Sterbliche ihr anvertraut. Sie iſt das einzige Medium, das die Lichtſtrahlen unſerer Gedanken und Geſinnungen unter demſelben Winkel reflektirt, unter welchem ſie einfallen. Unſere Schriften ſind allein unſere unveräußerlichen Handlungen, in denen wir bei uns ſelbſt bleiben, die Aeußerungen, die allein mit dem Weſen des Geiſtes identiſch ſind. Darum ſind es auch nur ſie, die dem Menſchen nicht, wie Handlungen anderer Art, wo der Erfolg ſelten der Abſicht und Geſinnung entſpricht, ſein größtes Gut, ſeinen Hausfrieden rauben. „Das fühle ich übrigens tief, ſagt ſelbſt Johannes von Müller in ſeinen Briefen, daß alle ſogenannte politiſche Arbeit eitel und nichtswürdig iſt, in Vergleich mit gelehrter: dieſe wirkt Jahrtauſende und auf Nationen, die noch nicht ſind; ſie iſt pure freie Geiſtesfrucht, aus der ein Mann zu ſchätzen iſt.“

„Unſterblichkeit, ſagt Garve, iſt im Grunde das Ziel aller menſchlichen Wünſche und Beſtrebungen. Fortpflanzung des Geſchlechts, Erhebung in den Adelſtand, Gebäude, Stiftungen, Denkmale, Ruhm, Alles zielt darauf. Aber die Denkmale des Geiſtes und der Wiſſenſchaft ſind unter allen die dauerhafteſten. Haben ſich denn nicht die Gedichte Homers ohne Verluſt auch nur eines Buchſtabens über mehr als fünfundzwanzig Jahrhunderte erhalten? ein Zeitraum, in dem unzählige Paläſte, Tempel, Feſtungen, Städte zerſtört oder zuſammengeſtürzt ſind. Die Gemälde und Statuen des Cyrus, Alexanders und Cäſars, ja ſelbſt vieler neueren Fürſten und Könige können ſchlechterdings nicht wiederhergeſtellt werden, denn die Originale ſind ſchon längſt durch das Alter zu Grunde gegangen, und die Copieen verlieren immer mehr von ihrer urſprünglichen Aehnlichkeit. Aber die Bilder der Geiſter erhalten ſich immerfort in den Büchern unverſehrt von den Unbilden der Zeit, weil ſie ſtets ohne Veränderung erneuert werden können, wenn ſie anders nur Bilder genannt werden dürfen, da ſie ununterbrochen neues Leben ſchaffen, Handlungen auf Handlungen, Gedanken auf Gedanken in allen folgenden Zeiten erregen und bewirken. Wenn die Erfindung der Schifffahrt für etwas Herrliches und Bewunderungswürdiges gilt, weil ſie die Schätze und Waaren von einem Ort zum andern und ſo die entlegenſten Länder durch den gegenſeitigen Austauſch der Lebensgenüſſe mit einander in Verkehr bringt, um wie viel mehr müſſen wir erſt die Erfindung der Schrift feiern, die gleichſam hinfliegend über den Ocean der Zeit die entfernteſten Jahrhunderte durch die Mittheilung ihrer Geiſteserzeugniſſe mit einander verbindet!“

Draußen in der Sphäre des Handelns und Lebens anerkennen wir wohl, daß wir die Unterthanen einer allmächtigen, Alles bindenden und zuſammenhaltenden Regierung ſind; aber in unſerm eignen Hauſe, d. h. im Kopfe da bilden wir uns ein, die unumſchränkten Herren zu ſein, und unſere Gedanken nur ſo nach Willkühr aus uns, wie aus dem Aermel herausſchütteln zu können. Allein auch im Geiſte, auch in unſerer freiſten Production hängen wir alle, Vergangene, Gegenwärtige, Zukünftige an einander, wie die Kletten, wie die Perlen an Einer Schnur. Es denkt und ſchreibt ein Jeder auf Koſten des Andern. Die Literatur iſt Ein Werk, das aber in unzähligen Bänden fortgeſetzt wird; die Gedanken, die wir für unſere eigenſten, unabhängigſten halten und in ſelbſtſtändigen Büchern zu ediren uns einbilden, ſind nur Theile dieſes großen Werkes, die ſich bon gré mal gré auf die vorangegangenen beziehen; unſere beſten Originalwerke ſind Plagiate von den Vorleſungen, die wir bei dem in uns wirkenden Weltgeiſte privatiſſime gehört haben. Und gerade die großen Schriftſteller, denen wir am meiſten Originalität und Selbſtſtändigkeit zuſchreiben, bezeugen es auf das Unverkennbarſte, daß ſie nur Reſultate, nothwendige Producte vorangegangener Entwickelungen ſind. Nur über die Leichen ihrer Vorgänger, die mit dem Tode ihren Sieg erkauften, ziehen ſie triumphirend in den Tempel der Unſterblichkeit ein. Wie die großen Herren, kommen ſie erſt dann, wenn ſchon Alles zu ihrem Empfang bereit iſt, alle Hinderniſſe hinweggeräumt, die Straßen wohlgeebnet und herrlich illuminirt ſind, während ihre armen Vorfahren bei ſtockfinſterer Nacht die unwegſamſten Wildniſſe zu paſſiren hatten, und dabei natürlich oft jammervoll um's Leben kamen. Leider haben aber die großen Geiſter meiſtens ein ſehr kurzes Gedächtniß. Auf dem Gipfel ihres Ruhmes ſchämen ſie ſich ihrer niedrigen Herkunft, vergeſſen ſie, daß ſie nur den Unterſtützungen ihrer armen Eltern und andern Verwandten die Mittel verdanken, durch die ſie ſich ſo hoch emporgeſchwungen haben, nur auf ihre Koſten ſo große Männer geworden ſind. So wollen unſere großen Klaſſiker nichts davon wiſſen, daß Gottſched, Neukirch, Hofmannswaldau und Conſorten ihre Verwandten waren, daß ſie nur durch ihre Verwendung die lateiniſche Schule und die Univerſität beſuchten, daß der Reichthum ihrer Ideen, den ſie ſich auf ihre eigne Fauſt erworben zu haben glauben, nur von den milden Beiträgen herkommt, die ihre zahlreichen Verwandten ſchon vor ihrer Geburt zuſammengeſchoſſen und bei ihrer Taufe als Pathengeſchenk ihnen eingelegt haben. Uebrigens dürfen wir den großen Herren ob dieſer Vergeſſenheit nicht böſe ſein. Die Menſchheit hüllt überall die erſten Anfänge der Cultur in tiefes Dunkel, ſtürzt die Vorarbeiter jeder glänzenden Periode ihres Lebenslaufes in die Nacht der Vergeſſenheit, blos, wie es ſcheint, aus Scham, daß ſie den Aufwand ſo vieler Zeit und Kräfte, ſo viele Anläufe, Verſuche und Vorſpiele nöthig hat, bis ſie einmal etwas Geſcheutes und Vollendetes zu Stande bringt. So macht auch die Natur aus der Zeugung ein Geheimniß, wohl nicht deswegen, weil der Gegenſtand für die Erforſchung des menſchlichen Geiſtes zu tief iſt, ſondern vielmehr wahrſcheinlich nur aus Scham, weil das Mittel, wie ſie die Menſchen hervorbringt, gar zu einfach iſt, und wir daher, wenn wir ihr in die Karten ſähen, nur darüber vor Verwunderung lachen würden, daß wir nicht auch ſchon längſt auf den nämlichen Einfall gekommen ſind.

Die Welt iſt eine Stadt. Der Raum iſt der Herr Bürgermeiſter, die Zeit die Frau Bürgermeiſterin, die übrigens, obgleich weiblichen Geſchlechts, mehr Einfluß auf die Stadtbegebenheiten ausübt, als ihr Herr Gemahl; die untergeordneten, obwohl höchſt einträglichen und gewichtigen Stadtämter haben die fünf Sinne in Händen. Das Leben iſt ein eingebornes Stadtkind, das abgeſehen von ſeinen weitläufigen Connexionen und Verwandtſchaften mit dem ſämmtlichen hochlöblichen Stadt-Beamtenperſonale, ſchon wegen ſeiner kriechenden Unterthänigkeit leicht und glücklich durch die Welt kommt und ohne alle Schwierigkeit das Recht der Bürgerſchaft erhält. Das Buch iſt ein Fremder, der weither aus fernen Ländern kam, lediglich in der großartigen Abſicht, das kleinliche Spießbürgerthum zu zerſtören, den bornirten Geſichtskreis der Stadtphiliſter zu erweitern, und ohne ſich dem hochlöblichen Stadtmagiſtrate zu accomodiren, nur ſich und ſeinem Genie lebt. Natürlich ſtellen ſich ſeinem Etabliſſement die größten Schwierigkeiten entgegen, und hat er ſich auch endlich etablirt, ſo finden doch nie ſeine Waaren ſolchen allgemeinen Beifall und Abſatz, wie die ſeines Rivalen, des Stadtkindes. Hiezu kommt, daß das Leben ein Buchhändler iſt, der, ſeinen Profit im Auge, nur das in Verlag nimmt, was eben gerade jetzt auf dem Tapete iſt, und nur mit Burſchenliedern, Modejournalen, politiſchen Zeitungen und dergleichen Dingen handelt, das Buch dagegen ein Antiquar, der nur die ſeltenſten Schätze der Vergangenheit hat, die blos bei Liebhabern, d. i. Kennern Abgang finden.

Wie die Flüſſe zu Gränzlinien der Länder dienen, zugleich aber die Communication derſelben unter einander befördern, ſo iſt es auch mit den Literaturen der Völker. Sie unterſcheiden die Völker von einander, erheben und beleben ihr beſonderes Nationalbewußtſein. Aber zugleich ſind es nur die Werke der Literatur, nicht die Landſtraßen, die Poſten und Handelsartikel, welche die Völker aus der Bornirtheit ihres Sectengeiſtes herausreißen, ſie in eine wahre Communication, eine innige Berührung verſetzen, und ſo die ſeparaten Völkergeiſter in den gemeinſchaftlichen Geiſt der Menſchheit verſchmelzen. Mit Recht ſagt daher Göthe: „Es giebt keine patriotiſche Kunſt und keine patriotiſche Wiſſenſchaft. Beide gehören, wie alles hohe Gute, der ganzen Welt an, und können nur durch allgemeine freie Wechſelwirkung aller zugleich Lebenden, in ſteter Rückſicht auf das, was uns vom Vergangenen übrig und bekannt iſt, gefördert werden.“

Der Kohl, den wir ſelbſt auf unſerm eignen Boden gebaut haben, ſchmeckt uns beſſer, als der Kohl aus dem Garten eines Fremden, nicht etwa deswegen, weil er wirklich beſſer ſchmeckt, und iſt, Gott bewahre! blos deswegen, weil wir ihn ſelbſt gezogen haben, weil er unter unſern ſegensreichen Blicken herangewachſen iſt. Es iſt nur die Selbſtgefälligkeit, die Eitelkeit, die unſerm Kohl dieſen Vorzug vor dem fremden giebt. Aus demſelben Grunde kommt es auch, daß die Gegenwart die Producte, die auf ihrem Boden entſprungen und gewachſen ſind, beſſer findet und mit größerem Appetite genießt, als die Producte der Vergangenheit. So hätſcheln wir die literariſchen und ſonſtigen Celebritäten unſerer Tage, feiern auf eine ſo kindiſche Weiſe den Geburtstag jedes neuen Dichterleins und finden die matten Herbſtzeitloſen unſerer dermaligen Poeſie ſo ſchön, ja vielleicht noch ſchöner, als die wohlduftenden, prachtvollen Roſen und Lilien vergangener Dichter. Warum denn? Ach! blos deswegen, weil die neuen Gedichtchen die Gedichtchen unſerer lieben Zeitgenoſſen, weil ſie auf unſerm Miſt gewachſen ſind, weil wir vermittelſt der gemeinſchaftlichen Atmoſphäre, in der wir mit ihnen leben, mit unſern eigenen Ausdünſtungen den Boden gedüngt haben, dem dieſe ſchönen Pflänzchen entſproſſen ſind. Darum gilt auch der in der Welt für einen Sonderling, der lieber einſam in den erhabenen Palmenwäldern der Vergangenheit weilt, als Arm in Arm mit den vielgeprieſenen Helden des Tages unter dem niedrigen Geſträuche der Gegenwart ſein Leben zubringt.

Es iſt wahr: die Schrift bringt in dem Leben vieler Menſchen eben ſolche zerſtörende Wirkungen hervor, wie die Ottilie in Göthes Wahlverwandtſchaften, durch deren Erſcheinung das Glück eines zufriedenen Lebens zu Grunde geht; die Lektüre entzweit ſie mit dem Leben, reißt ſie, indem ſie ihren Geſichtskreis erweitert, aus der glücklichen Unwiſſenheit und Zufriedenheit mit ihrer Exiſtenz und Gegenwart. Aber was kümmern uns ſolche elende, traurige Exceptionen? Es iſt im Gegentheil nur die Lektüre, die uns mit dem Leben verſöhnt, indem ſie die Dürftigkeit und Unfruchtbarkeit des eigenen Grund und Bodens, auf den wir gebannt ſind, durch die Producte aus fremden Ländern ergänzt, durch die Teleſkope der Bücher über die engen niederdrückenden Gränzen unſerer nächſten Umgebungen hinaus in die Herrlichkeiten ferner Regionen uns blicken läßt, und uns ſo für den ſchmerzlichen Mangel an Lebensmitteln, um die Koſten für eine Reiſe durch und um die Welt zu beſtreiten, hinreichend entſchädigt.

Ihr habt Recht: die Lektüre hat mannigfaltige Nachtheile für den Menſchen. Ich wiederhole es: Ihr habt Recht, vollkommen Recht. Denn die Lektüre verwöhnt unſern Gaumen; die ordinäre Koſt, die Ihr im Leben uns beut, behagt uns nicht mehr; auf eine attiſche Nacht, die wir in der Lektüre eines Ariſtophanes oder Plato feiern, ſchmeckt uns der Umgang mit euch ſo vortrefflich, wie gemeiner Krätzer auf Falerner Wein. Je mehr ſich unſere Bekanntſchaft mit guten Büchern vergrößert, deſto geringer wird der Kreis von Menſchen, an deren Umgang wir Geſchmack finden.

Die guten Bücher ſind keuſche edle Jungfrauen, die nicht Jedem, wenn er anders nur ihnen den Hof macht, ihr Herz hingeben, die ſich abſichtlich den Blicken des nicht unterſcheidenden großen Haufens entziehen, die nur allmählig am Feuer der Liebe ihre natürliche Widerſpenſtigkeit und Sprödigkeit verlieren, nur dem beſtändigen, eingeweihten, vertrauten Liebhaber die Myſterien ihres Weſens enthüllen, und die letzte Gunſt erſt dann ihm gewähren, wenn er die härteſten Waſſer- und Feuerproben aller Art glücklich beſtanden hat. Darum iſt auch die wahre Lektüre — und was dieſe iſt, erfahren wir eben allein an wahrhaft guten Büchern — ein Akt der lebensvollſten Innigkeit. Obwohl wir in der Lektüre nur bei Fremden zu Gaſte ſind, ſo iſt es uns doch ſo wohl, ſo heimiſch, als wären wir bei uns zu Hauſe, als wären die lieben Gaſtgeber ſchon von Kindsbeinen an unſere vertrauteſten Stubenkameraden geweſen. Wir werden in ihr eines andern Weſens als unſer eigenes inne, durchdrungen von demſelben Entzücken, das Adam bei dem Anblick der Eva erfuhr.

„Wenn ich Thomſon leſe, ſagt der Engländer Godwin, bin ich Thomſon, wenn ich Milton leſe, bin ich Milton; ich finde, daß ich eine Art von geiſtigem Chamäleon bin, welches die Farben von den Gegenſtänden annimmt, in deren Nähe es ſich befindet.“ Und der altdeutſche Denker Sebaſtian Frank von Wörd ſagt von den Büchern: „Ihr einziger rechter Gebrauch ſei, daß wir ein Zeugniß unſeres Herzens darinnen ſuchen.“

Die Indier kannten nur eine Seelenwanderung vor und nach dem Leben. Es giebt aber auch ſchon im Leben eine Metempſychoſe. Dieſe iſt die Lektüre. Beneiden wir darum nicht den Brahminen Amarou, daß er nach einander die Geſtalten von hundert Weibern annahm, und daher ſo glücklich war, die Geheimniſſe der Liebe im Originaltexte ſelbſt leſen zu können! Welch ein herrlicher Genuß iſt es nicht, in die Seele eines Plato, eines Göthe ſich zu verwandeln! Freilich — es iſt traurig genug — fahren wir auch auf dieſer Seelenwanderung oft in die Seele eines Kameels, eines Eſels und anderer niedriger Geſchöpfe. Indeß hat es doch auch ſeinen großen Nutzen, zu wiſſen, wie es in der Seele eines Eſels ausſieht. Daher hat man mit Recht geſagt, es ſei kein Buch ſo ſchlecht, aus dem man nicht Etwas lernen könne.

Geiſtiges in ſich aufnehmen, heißt nichts Anderes, als es verſtehen, und verſtehen heißt nichts Anderes, als etwas in und aus uns ſelbſt, in Uebereinſtimmung mit unſerem eigenen vernünftigen Weſen erkennen. Es kann nichts in uns von Außen hineinkommen, was nicht zugleich aus uns ſelbſt herauskommt, in unſerem eigenen Weſen gegründet iſt. So können wir auch nichts aus den Büchern ſchöpfen, was wir nicht zugleich, wenigſtens ſeinem allgemeinen weſentlichen Sinn und Verſtand nach, aus uns ſelbſt ſchöpfen; das Waſſer, das in den öffentlichen Brunnen der Bücher läuft, iſt aus derſelben Quelle, aus der das Waſſer in unſern eigenen Haus- und Küchenbrunnen fließt. Das Buch iſt das wahre second sight, das reelle zweite Geſicht des Menſchen, der Spiegel, in dem er die Anſchauung ſeiner ſelbſt hat, das *Γνῶθι σεαυτόν* (Erkenne Dich ſelbſt) des Sokrates.

Das Leben ſtammt aus einer altadeligen und reichen Familie, iſt aber ein leichtſinniger, luſtiger Bruder, der nur dem Genuſſe der Gegenwart, unbekümmert um die Vergangenheit, lebt, die Stammgüter ſelbſt und die theuerſten Andenken ſeiner Vorfahren veräußert, nur um Mittel zu bekommen, deſto genußreicher und glanzvoller dahin leben zu können. Das Buch iſt ein Edelmann, der zwar arm iſt und wenig Glanz macht, aber das Andenken ſeiner Vorfahren heilig hält und auf ihren Stammgütern in ländlicher Eingezogenheit ſein Leben zubringt. Der bloße Lebemann hat daher auch nur ein außerordentlich kurzes Leben, denn er lebt nur der Gegenwart, aber dieſe iſt immer nur ein flüchtiger Augenblick; der Menſch hingegen, der viel mit Büchern umgeht, hat an der Lektüre die Makrobiotik ſeines Lebens; er findet in den Büchern nicht nur bloße Lebensmittel, ſondern auch Lebensverlängerungsmittel; er datirt ſein Sein nicht von heute, ſondern von ſeinen urälteſten Ahnen. Jede Woge im Strome der großen Vergangenheit iſt ein Pulsſchlag ſeines eigenen Lebens.

Wer nicht erkennt und an ſich ſelbſt erfährt, daß auch das Wiſſen ein Leben iſt, und zwar das andere Leben des Menſchen, wer nicht zu ſeinem eigenen Leben das Leben anderer Menſchen rechnet, der iſt ein wahrer Kaspar Hauſer in der Welt; er findet ſich elternlos in ſie wie in eine Wüſte ausgeſetzt; er kommt ſich ſelbſt vor, wie ein Pilz, der über Nacht aufgeſchoſſen iſt; ſein Daſein iſt ihm ein Räthſel, und er muß daher, um es ſich einigermaßen, wenigſtens der Einbildung nach, aufzulöſen und von dem geheimen Grauſen loszukommen, womit ihn die Einöde ſeines Lebens erfüllt, zu dem erſchlichenen Poſtulate der Zukunft ſeine Zuflucht nehmen. Der paradoxe Aphorismus unſeres Lebens verliert nur ſeine fragmentariſche Bedeutung, bekommt erſt Sinn und Verſtand, wenn er im Zuſammenhange mit dem großen Texte der Vergangenheit geleſen wird.

Auf dem Volkstheater des Lebens werden gewöhnlich nur die Komödien des Plautus, Terenz, und Molière geſpielt, abſonderlich der Miles gloriosus, der Heautontimorumenos, le Tartuffe, le Médecin malgré lui, les Femmes savantes u. ſ. w., denn die Komödie iſt „das Bild des gemeinen Lebens.“ Auf der königlichen Bühne der Bücherwelt dagegen werden die antiken Tragödien aufgeführt, z. B. Prometheus, Oedipus, Antigone, Electra. Denn die Tragödie abſtrahirt vom gemeinen Leben, ſie ſucht ihre Materialien nicht auf den Viehweiden, in den Promenaden, den Kaffee- und Luſtgärten der Gegenwart, ſondern auf den höchſten Alpengipfeln unter den Reſten vergangener Größe, den heiligen Reliquien der Urwelt.

Der Text unſeres Lebens iſt nur gar zu oft und in gar zu vielen Dingen ein ganz erbärmlich ſchlechter Operntext, der ſich in der Lektüre als unerträglich werth- und gehaltlos erweiſt, jedoch vorgetragen von der Catalaniſtimme der Phantaſie unter der Orcheſterbegleitung der Sinne Effect macht.

Die Stuben, die der Mensch im Leben bewohnt, sind Parterre, und gehen hinaus auf die Gasse, wo einem vor lauter Gewühl und Getöse Hören und Sehen vergeht. In diesen Zimmern empfängt er Visiten, befriedigt er seine natürlichen Bedürfnisse und besorgt die Geschäfte des Lebens; aber die Studierzimmer seiner Bücher sind im obersten und letzten Stockwerk, und gehen hinten hinaus in den Garten der Natur. Ach! wie wohl ist es ihm da! und wenn ihr ihn kennen lernen, wenn ihr ein Bild von ihm haben wollt, das der getreue Abdruck seiner Seele sammt allen ihren Affecten und geheimsten Gedanken ist, so müßt ihr ihn in seinem Studierzimmer belauschen und in dem Momente abzeichnen, wo er eben beschäftigt mit Lektüre hat: „[illegible]," practicirt, und die derben Stöße des Lebens in die subtile Quintessenz seiner Schriften „spiritualisirt, clarificirt und essentificirt."

August Adolf Ludwig Follen,

oder Follenius, wurde am 6. Januar 1794 zu Gießen geboren, studirte und nahm später als freiwilliger Jäger in hessen-darmstädtischen Diensten an den Feldzügen gegen Frankreich Theil. In die Untersuchungen wegen der Burschenschaft mannichfach verwickelt, verließ er Deutschland, erhielt in Aarau eine Anstellung als Lehrer, und zog sich darauf privatisirend theils auf das Schloß Attikon, theils nach Ackerstein bei Zürich zurück, wo er abwechselnd lebt.

Er schrieb:

Alte christliche Lieder und Kirchengesänge. Elberfeld 1819.
Freie Stimmen frischer Jugend. Jena 1819.
Harfengrüße aus Deutschland und der Schweiz. Zürich 1823.
Bildersaal deutscher Dichtung. Winterthur 1828—29.
Das Nibelungenlied im Tone unserer Volkslieder. Zürich 1843.
Zahlreiche Uebersetzungen u. s. w.

F. gehört ganz und gar der Zeit burschenschaftlicher Tendenzen in Deutschland an und ist dieser Richtung und somit sich selbst durchaus treu geblieben. Seine Dichtungen zeichnen sich durch Kraft, Feuer und Phantasie aus, doch ist der Einfluß mittelhochdeutscher Poesie auf dieselben unverkennbar.

Der Kölner Dom.

„Bevor zum Dom ihr Steine findet,
Bevor das Pergament verschwindet,
Euch Schwätzern rühm' ich's ins Gesicht,
Soll mir ein Bau die Stadt begnaden,
Gefügt in Marmelsteine schieden."
Nun höret, was der Andre spricht:

„Bevor ihr finden mögt die Quelle,
Bevor ihr leiten mögt die Welle
Die Straßen hin, in Stein gefaßt,
Soll stehn vollendet, was ich baue,
Soll schwimmen in des Himmels Bläue
Des Domes Schiff und Doppelmast.

Erst dann, wie unter Moses Stabe,
Wird auch des reichen Quelles Labe
Entspringen aus dem Münsterflur;
Der Quell entspringt nur den Händen,
So diesen Gottesbau vollenden;
Ihr kennt den Meister, hört den Schwur!" —

Auf hohem Thurme steht der Meister,
Die Geister ruft er, stellt und weist er,
Das Pergament in fester Hand;
Auf springt der Erde Felsenkammer,
Der Meißel klingt, es tönt der Hammer,
Lebendig wird das weite Land.

Er senkt das Kreuz im Grunde nieder:
Als Säulenwand ersteht es wieder,
Das lebenreiche Samenkorn;
Das Kleeblatt quillt aus seinem Schooße,
Die Lilie sprießt, es flammt die Rose
Aus seinem unerschöpften Born.

Die Säulenäst' im Dach verweben,
Wie eine Brust im Schmerz gehoben,
Den Himmel athmend, steigt der Chor;
Wie mit Gesang hinangeschwungen,
Wie im Gebet erstarrte Zungen,
Gehn tausend Blumenthürm' empor.

Schon blicken durch des Domes Bäume
Des Himmels lichtgemalte Räume,
Die ew'ge Morgenröthe schon;
Da darfst du Königin der Frauen
Im Seraphimenkranze schauen,
An ihrer Brust den ew'gen Sohn.

Derweil zerquält der andre Meister
Vergebens forschend seine Geister,
Die Stirne drückt der schwarze Wahn;
Er pocht am Hügel, in den Tiefen;
Doch alle Nixen, Elfe schliefen,
Drum hebt er mit dem Höchsten an!

Und endlich sprengt des Hauses Jammer
Des Weibes lang gehaltne Klammer:
„Geh' hin, o Weib, ich bange mich."
Sie wirft, der Schwester Knie umschlingend,
In bitterm Gram die Hände ringend,
Zu des Verzweifelten Füßen sich:

„Ich weiß, wie hält er nichts verborgen,
In seine höchsten, tiefsten Sorgen
Hat doch der Meister eingeweiht;
[illegible]
Er baut ihn auf im Heiligthume:
Nun, Schwester, übt Barmherzigkeit."

Sie sprach: „Mein Glück will Glück nun sehen,
Erbebe mit, was mag geschehen!
Geh', Schwester, Knie und Augen hell.
Der Stein, auf dem er einst gestanden,
Das Pergament in seinen Händen,
Im Flur des Thurmes, deckt den Quell." —

Und kaum hat Jener Kund empfangen,
So kommt er stolz zum Dom gegangen:
„Heran! hier ist der Meisterstab!"
Er schwingt den Hammer, bricht die Schwelle,
Und lustig springt die reiche Quelle
Hervor aus ihrem Marmorgrab.

Des Domes Meister naht im Grimme,
Er singt mit teuflischer Stimme,
In seiner Hand das Pergament:
„Ich leg' euch, Thürme, in Zauberbande!
Hammer, Quell, verbleibt im Bande!"
So sang der Meister und verschwand.

Erloschen sind des Himmels Kerzen,
Es starren zwei gebrochne Herzen
Die Thürme noch vom Kölner Dom;
Doch mögt ihr Nachts geruhig lauschen,
So hört ihr dumpf die Tiefe rauschen
Und Geister hadern in dem Strom.

Des Arnold von Winkelried Opfertod.

Im Harſt von Unterwalden da ragt ein Heldenkind,
Hochhäuptig über alle, die ſelbſt gewaltig ſind,
Schön ſteht er, wie der Engel des Herrn vor Edens Auen,
Finſter und verſchloſſen, faſt grauſig anzuſchauen.

Er lehnt an ſeiner Lanze, als gält' ihm nicht der Streit;
Er ſchaut wohl nach den Bergen, ſchaut in die alte Zeit,
Wo Kuhreihn und Rugguſier, nie Schlachtdrommete ſcholl,
Wo ſtill die Väter wohnten, bis fremder Hochmuth ſchwoll!

Es blickt wohl ſeine Seele nach ſeiner Väter Saal,
Wo in dem Kreis der Kleinen ſein züchtiglich Gemahl
In Thränen für ihn betend Schmerzensgedanken ſinnt,
Ihn mit betrübtem Herzen in Gott vor allen minnt.

Er ſchaut wohl durch der Feldſchlacht Funken und Wolkendunſt,
Wo rechte Tapferkeit erliegt gepanzerter Fechter Kunſt,
Nun waren ſeine Blicke mit Düſterniß erfüllt,
Wie wenn ſich gegen Abend ein Berg in Wolken hüllt.

Bewegt im tiefſten Herzen war dieſer Schweizermann,
Doch was im Schmerz der Liebe die große Seele ſann,
Das ward noch nie geſonnen, das ſingt kein irdiſch Lied,
Denn dieſer Mann iſt Arnold Struthan von Winkelried.

Das war ſein Ahn, der Struthan, der laut geprieſnen Sagen
Des Landes Angſt und Plagen, den Lindwurm hat erſchlagen:
Er that was keiner mochte, im ächten Rittermuth,
Das iſt, dem armen Hirten, dem Bauersmann zu gut.

Ein andrer ſeiner Väter mit auf dem Rütli ſchwur,
Dort, wo am tiefen Waſſer auf heiliger Wieſenflur
Im Mondſchein iſt erwachſen, im engelreinen Reiz,
Das ewig unvergänglich Vergißmeinnicht der Schweiz.

Herr Arnold löſt den Panzer, der ſeine Bruſt umſpannt,
Er ſtand vom Haupt zur Sohle im lichten Stahlgewand;
Es fällt die ſchwere Brünne klirrend ins Gefild,
Und über die Schultern wirft der Held den großen Drachenſchild.

So aber hat der Arnold ſein großes Herz erſchloſſen:
„Geſtrengen und biderben lieben Eidgenoſſen!
Sorgt mir um Weib und Kinder, will euch eine Gaſſe machen!“
Und an die Feinde ſpringt er, wie der Ahnherr an den Drachen!

Da ſcheint der Held zu wachſen, breit, übermenſchlich lang,
Im ſchauerlichen Funkeln; mit einem Satze ſprang
Den Feind des Drachentödters Kind, in gräßlicher Geberde,
Und unter dem Helden bebt und jauchzt die freie Schweizererde.

Da hing am hohen Manne das Augenpaar der Schlacht;
Da waren ſeine Blicke zu Blitzen angefacht;
So funkelten die Flammen, die Gott vom Wolkenſchloß
Auf Sodom und Gomorra im Zorn herunterſchoß.

Und ſeiner langen Arme ſimſonhafte Kräfte
Umklammern, weitausgreifend, Ritterlanzenſchäfte;
So drückt er ſeinen Arm voll Tod — o Tod voll Todesluſt! —
Drückt all die blanken Meſſer in ſeine große Bruſt.

Er ſtürzt, ein rieſiger Alpenblock, wuchtend in die Glieder,
Und rings die Kampfesbäume, zermalmend, wirft er nieder.
Dein Arnold ſtürzt, du weinſt und ſchluchzſt in Mutterſchmerz, o Heide;
Doch wilder bebt dir, Oeſterreich, das Herz im Eiſenkleide!

Ein Augenblick Erſtaunen; Schlachtendonner ſchwieg;
Dann ſchrein aus Einem Munde die Schweizerharſte: „Sieg!“
Und ab den Höhen wälzt ſich herſchwegende Waffenmaſſe:
„Auf! an die Arnoldsbrücke! auf! durch die Struthansgaſſe!“

Und über Arnolds Nacken fährt in den weiten Spalt,
Wie Wirbel wühlend, Stoß auf Stoß, Schweizerſturmgewalt.
Und über Arnolds Leiche bricht durch ein wilder Harſt,
Und Oeſtreichs Eiſenmauer aus Band und Fuge barſt.

Ludwig Auguſt Frankl

ward im Jahre 1813 zu Prag geboren, lebt als Arzt und Schriftſteller zu Wien, und iſt Herausgeber der Sonntagsblätter daſelbſt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Das Habsburglied. Wien 1832.
Sagen aus dem Morgenlande. Leipzig 1834.
Epiſch-lyriſche Dichtungen. Wien 1834.
Chriſtoforo Colombo, romantiſches Gedicht. Stuttgart 1836.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1840.
Rachel. Wien 1842.

Reichthum und Tiefe des Gefühls, ſchöpferiſche Phantaſie, Kraft, Anmuth und Wohllaut der Sprache und große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form weiſen F. einen ſehr ehrenvollen Rang unter den Dichtern der Gegenwart an, doch ſind ſeine Schriften außerhalb ſeines Vaterlandes noch nicht ſo bekannt geworden, wie ſie es verdienen.

Begegnen.

Es zieht den hellen Strom hinüber —
Ein holdes Mägdlein ſitzt im Kahn,
Ein Wandrer träumt ihr gegenüber,
Ihr Antlitz glänzt, ſieht er ſie an.

Sie wagt den Blick nicht aufzuſchlagen,
Schaut nur ſein Bild an in der Fluth,
Und etwas Trauliches ihr zu ſagen,
Fehlt ihm das Wort, fehlt ihm der Muth.

Das Ruder ſchlägt, die Wellen ſchäumen,
Den Himmel färbt das Abendroth —
Und Friede weht aus allen Räumen,
Und an das Ufer ſtößt das Boot.

Sie ziehn getrennt jetzt durch die Fluren,
Im Buſen ew'ge Wehmuth, hin —
Zwei Seelen, die mitſammen fuhren,
Die ſich erkannt, ſich ewig fliehn.

Joſeph II.

Im hohen Prunkgemache, bei Abendſonnengold,
Schläft ſtill in ſeiner Wiege ein Knabe zart und hold,
Und lächelnd an der Wiege ſitzt eine ſchöne Frau:
So blickt zur ſchlafenden Sonne der Mond aus Wolkenblau.

Wie iſt verklärt ihr Antlitz von liebewarmem Schein,
Es muß des Knaben Mutter die ſchöne Frau wohl ſein!
Es ſtreckt die Roſenarme der Abend himmelwärts,
Die Nacht mit Sternenaugen zu preſſen ans Erdenherz.

Und durch der hohen Fenſter geſchliffenen Kryſtall
Schickt ſeine Silberlichter des Mondes weißer Ball.
Und an des Knaben Wiege ſchlief ſanft die Mutter ein,
Sie leuchtete im Schlummer der ſtille Dämmerſchein.

Da wandeln um die Wiege Geſtalten leiſe hin —
Sind es die Mondesſchatten, die zitternd nahn und fliehn?
Sind es die bleichen Schatten aus einer Königsgruft?
Gekrönt ſind ihre Häupter hochragend in die Luft.

So ſtehen weiße Gletſcher vom Abendgold gekrönt,
Wenn ſich im Thal die Schwinge der dunkeln Nacht ſchon dehnt.
Sie ziehn vorüber Alle. — der letzte bleibt vom Chor,
Es hebt aus weiten Linnen ein Arm ſich dünn empor,

Der nimmt die goldne Krone vom Schädel, fleiſchberaubt,
Und legt dem holden Knaben ſie laſtend auf das Haupt.
Er lächelt ſüß im Traume, ihr Glanz erfreut ihn ſehr,
Doch plötzlich, wie ein Mühlſtein, wird ihm die Krone ſchwer;

Und er verzuckt die Miene und fängt zu weinen an —
Schnell hat die treue Mutter die Augen aufgethan,
Sie nimmt den weinenden Knaben in ihre Arme gleich,
Und wiegt ihn freundlich küſſend in ihren Armen weich.

Du ſel'ges Kind, dich ſchaukeln noch Mutterarme ſüß,
Wenn dich des Traumes Schrecken aus ſanftem Schlummer riß.
Nicht lange bleibt es alſo, und kommen wird die Zeit,
Wo dich aus Schöpfungsträumen aufſchreckt die Wirklichkeit.

Wer will auch Gärten pflanzen ins kalte Gletſcherreich?
Wer will die Saat ausſäen, wenn nicht der Boden weich?
Und wenn für deine Liebe dich einſt die Mitwelt haßt,
Wenn eiſig Herzen ſchlagen, die du mit Gluth umfaßt;

Die, denen du die Freiheit des Menſchen wiedergabſt,
Die du in Hungersnöthen mit Speiſe freundlich labſt;
Wenn Wahnesdunkel nachtet ſchwer um der Wahrheit Licht,
Wenn blutend in dem Buſen dein großes Herz einſt bricht;

Wo findeſt du zwei Arme, ſo liebende wie jetzt,
Wenn ſich mit einer Thräne dein blaues Auge netzt?
Wo findeſt du die Freiſtatt, der Ruhe ſüßen Port?
Dann rufſt du aus, ich höre mit Schmerz das Unglückswort:

„Wenn ich nun bald vollendet und nicht mehr werde ſein,
So grabt mir dieſen Denkſpruch auf meinen Leichenſtein:
‚Hier liegt ein Fürſt, der immer nach dem was gut iſt, rang,
Und dem in ſeinem Leben das Gute nie gelang!'"

Mich faßt ein banges Beben bei dieſem Grabſteinſpruch,
Iſt drin nicht ausgeſprochen der Menſchheit großer Fluch?
Wer wähnt's noch zu vollbringen das Gute kühn und ſtark,
Wenn ſein Mißlingen predigt ein goldner Königsſarg!

Abraham Emanuel Fröhlich

ward am 1. Februar 1796 zu Brugg in der Schweiz geboren, ſtudirte Theologie, lebt ſeit 1836 als Diakon zu Aarau.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Fabeln. Aarau 1825. Zweite Auflage 1829.
Elegien an Wiege und Sarg. Leipzig 1835.
Das Evangelium St. Johannes in Liedern. Leipzig 1835.
Ulrich Zwingli, ein i. zwanzig Geſängen. Frauenfeld 1840.
Michel Teut. Xenien gegen den Radicalismus; ſchon in zweiter Auflage. Zürich 1843.

Vorzüglich als Fabeldichter hat ſich F. durch glückliche Erfindung, ſchlagenden Witz, Trefflichkeit der Nutzanwendung und gewandte Behandlung von Sprache und Form einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben; minder glücklich, ob auch keineswegs erfolglos, iſt er in ſeinen anderen poetiſchen Leiſtungen.

Der Wühlendſten einer.

Im Rüben- und Kartoffelfeld
Sieht man den Eber wühlen,
Als wollte edlen Zorn der Held
Allhier am Unkraut kühlen,
Und mit dem Rüſſel, mit dem Zahn
Greift er es an der Wurzel an
Und reißt in ſeines Zornes Lauf
Die allerlängſten Furchen auf,
Als ſollte man dann neuen
Und beſſern Samen ſtreuen.
In Wahrheit aber will hernach,
Hat er den ganzen Acker brach,
An Früchten er ſich letzen,
Zu Tiſch und Ruh ſich ſetzen.
So wühlt er eifrig herum
Und ſiehet ſich nicht einmal um,
Und ſieht nicht, wie die andern Schwein,
Die ſchwarz und rothen hinterdrein
Ihm völlig unterdeſſen
Die Ausbeut aufgefreſſen.
Jetzt wüthet fürchterlich der Held,
Leer iſt der Magen, leer das Feld,
Die Eichelmaſt zu kläglich,
Der Hunger unerträglich.
Zum Birnbaum ſieht empor er dann:
„O könnt' ich euch, ihr goldnen, nahn,
Ihr lieben und ihr ſüßen!
Ja, Baum, du ſollſt es büßen,
Mit deinen vollen Zweigen
Mußt du mir werden eigen,
Es wird und muß mir glücken,
Zu Boden dich zu drücken."
Er rennt mit aller Macht ihn an,
Doch nichts will ſeine Wuth verfahn;
Wie er den Zahn auch reibet
Und in die Wurzel treibet
Und faſt die Stirn zerbricht,
Der Obſtbaum wanket nicht.
Jetzt wetzt den Zahn er wieder:
„Ich bring' dich doch danieder,
Ich will dich graben aus dem Grund,
Schon ſind die Wurzeln mürb' und wund!"
Und hinten wühlt und vorne
Er in des Hungers Zorne,
Die Wurzeln aber reichen
Zu weit, ſie woll'n nicht weichen.
Doch wie den Baum er rüttelt,
An Stamm und Wurzeln ſchüttelt,
Fällt in der Aeſte breitem Rund
Manch reifes Birnlein auf den Grund,
Das haſtig unterdeſſen
Die andern wieder freſſen.
Je wüſter ſo der Eber thut,
Mehr wird ihm von den Leiden;
Zu fein nicht iſt er, noch der Wuth
Wird ſchmählich ihm müſſen.

Abendſitz.

Im Geſpräche an der Halde
Sind die Bäume viel vom Walde.
Welch ein Flüſtern und ein Winken
Und verſtohlner Blicke Blinken;
Köpfe neigen hin und wieder,
Hände gehen auf und nieder
Sich in Anmuth zu erzeigen.
Jetzt ein Schweigen, dann im Reigen
Ein gemeinſam Unterhalten.
Auch die Spiele mit den Falten,
Jetzt zuſammen ſie zu faſſen,
Dann ſie wieder fallen laſſen;
Oder auch im Steigen, Neigen
Sammtne Unterkleider zeigen;

Alle friedlich, alle niedlich,
Nur im Putze unterſchiedlich.
Alle haben an der Haide
Kurze Zeit die Blume vom Walde.

Waldgeruch.

Waldgeruch, Geruch vom Leben,
Der die Seele ganz durchdringt!
Denn hier fühlſt den Baum du ſchweben,
Der vom Tod zum Leben bringt.

Lebensworte.

Zu dem vollen Roſenbaume
Sprach der nahe Leichenſtein:
„Iſt es recht in meinem Raume
Groß zu thun und zu verhüllen
Meiner Sprüche goldnen Schein,
Die allein mit Troſt erfüllen!"

Aus den Grüften, ſagt die Blüthe,
Ruft mich Gottes Macht und Güte,
Heller noch denn todte Schriften
Sein Gedächtniß hier zu ſtiften,
Und ich blühe tröſtend fort,
Ein lebendig Gotteswort.

Frömmler.

Irrwiſche bieten ihr nächtliches Ständchen
Auf der Haide, und ohne ein Sündchen
Tanzten ſie leitend wohl auf und ab,
Prieſen auch: daß in ſo finſtern Zeiten
Demuth allein die Erleuchtung hab',
Richtigen Pfad der Welt zu leiten.

Aber die Sterne ſangen herab:
„Wer verirrt in erdunkelten Thalen,
Aufſchaut zu den himmliſchen Strahlen,
Die da brennen in ewiger Ruh,
Dieſen führen wir aus den Qualen
Einem erfriſchenden Morgen zu;
Aber in Nacht bleibt Jeder verſunken,
Welcher gefolgt, wo jene gewunken!"

Elegie an der Wiege.

Den Gebornen hört ſchon man ſagen:
„Sie erblickten hier das Licht der Welt!"
Haſt auch gleich dein Aeuglein aufgeſchlagen
Nach dem Lichte, an der Wieg' geſtellt.
Und nun langen deine kleinen Hände
Schon nach Kerzenflammen haſtig aus.
Glänzt in deinem ſonnigen Gelände,
Glänzt in Eden ſo der Wieſen Strauß,
Daß du willſt mit dieſen Blumen ſcherzen,
Sie zu Hand und Munde ziehn heran?
Auch den Mond, die Sterne möcht'ſt du herzen,
Langſt nach ihnen, wähnſt daß ſie nah'n.

Bleibe ewig, warmes Licht dein Leben,
Lichtvoll jede Freude, liebes Kind,
Und zu Sternen mög' dein Sehnen ſchweben,
Glaubend, daß ſie uns nicht ferne ſind.
Endlich nach des Erdentags Verglühen
Schlummern wir zu neuem Werden ein,
Sternesblumen werden um uns blühen,
Um uns wird das Sternenlicht dann ſein,
Höh're Sterne ſchöner uns erglühen!

Elegie am Sarg.

Ihrem Kind, das ſchon zur Jungfrau blühet,
Flicht die Mutter den Geburtstag-Kranz;
Jene Zeit iſt's, da die Roſe glühet
Und die Welt erfüllt der grüne Glanz.
O was hoffnungsreiche Blumen winden
Sich in ſolchen Kranz; die Seele wähnt,
Mit den Blumenbändern feſt zu binden,
Was ſie Theures hat und ſich erſehnt.
Doch wie leicht läßt ſich dies Band zerpflücken!
Ach der Kranz, den da die Mutter wand,
Ihrer Tochter lieblich Haupt zu ſchmücken,
Ward zum Todtenkranz in ihrer Hand.
Die Geſpielen ſchlingen unter Klagen
Um die Bahre ſchon das Blumgewinde
Und vermögen thränend nur zu ſagen:
O du gutes, liebes, ſchönes Kind!
Und erſchüttert ſind die Jüngling' alle,
Als ſie treten zu dem Sarg heran;
Weinend tragen ſie ihn aus der Halle,
Weinend ziehn ſie hin die bittre Bahn,
Sie die Blüh'nden mit der ſchönſten Blüthe,
Die der Froſt am Maientag gepflückt,
Ahnend nicht der Seligkeit' und Güte
Und des Kreiſes nicht, den ſie beglückt.

Aber nein, nicht Froſtesmacht zerknickte
Unſre Blume; ihres Engels Hand,
Den die ew'ge Liebe ſelber ſchickte,
Holte dann ſie in das beſſ're Land.
Drüben ſollte feiern ſie ihr Werden,
Das ſie hier begonnen hold und rein,
Frei ſein von den irdiſchen Beſchwerden
Und im allerſeligſten Verein.
Drüben lebt ſie jetzo neugeboren,
Jung und ſchön und innigſt ſich bewußt.
Und nicht eine Kraft ging ihr verloren
Und unendlich fühlt ſie Lebensluſt.
Schon wird ew'ge Lieb' ihr dort erſetzen
Seelen, die ſie hier für kurz verließ.
Wird uns ſeh'n an ihren Blumenplätzen; —
Schön're Blumen hat das Paradies.
Nicht verſtummet dort auch ihre Leier,
Kundig iſt geworden früh ihr Sinn,
Zu verklären das Lied zu Gottes Feier;
Schöner tönt ſie dort lobpreiſend ihn.

Schmerzt uns denn auch lange noch dein Scheiden,
Hörten dennoch wir der Vorſicht Rath,
Die verſchont dich mit der Erde Leiden,
Und der Jugend dich genommen hat,
Daß ſich auf der ew'gen Jugend Auen,
Wo die reinen Herzen Gott anſchauen.
Dies ſei unſer Troſt denn und Vertrauen!

Emanuel Geibel

wurde am 18. October 1815 zu Lübeck geboren, erhielt ſeine Vorbildung auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und bezog 1835 die Univerſität Bonn, um Theologie und Philologie zu ſtudiren, änderte aber ſeinen Plan und widmete ſich ganz dem Studium der Alten und der ſchönen Literatur. 1836 ging er nach Berlin, und hatte noch die dreijährigen akademiſchen Studien nicht beendet, als ihm die Stelle eines Erziehers im Hauſe des ruſſiſchen Geſandten Katakazi zu Athen angetragen wurde, welche er annahm und Berlin 1838 verließ. Nach einer anmuthigen Reiſe durch Süddeutſchland und die Lombardei kam er in Athen zu Anfang Juni deſſelben Jahres an. Im Herbſt 1839 unternahm er mit ſeinem Freunde Ernſt Curtius eine Reiſe nach den Cycladen, kehrte im Sommer 1840 nach Deutſchland zurück, begann in ſeiner Vaterſtadt den eingeſammelten Stoff zu verarbeiten und wendete ſich auch dem Studium der romaniſchen Sprachen zu. Mit großer Freude nahm er die Einladung an zu einem Beſuche bei einem ſeinem Vater befreundeten heſſiſchen Edelmanne, dem Baron Karl von der Malsburg. Auf dem Gute Eſcheburg bei Kaſſel benutzte er die nicht unanſehnliche Sammlung ſpaniſcher und italieniſcher Bücher. Nachdem er ein Jahr daſelbſt ſehr angenehm verlebt hatte, kehrte er 1842 nach Lübeck zurück, wo ihm um Neujahr 1843 die erfreuliche Nachricht ward, daß der König von Preußen ihm ein Jahrgeld ausgeſetzt habe. Im Frühjahre 1843 verließ er Lübeck und begab ſich nach St. Goar zu Freiligrath, ſpäter lebte er abwechſelnd in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und in Berlin.

Er ſchrieb:

Klaſſiſche Studien. Bonn 1840.
Gedichte. 3. ſtark vermehrte Aufl. 8. Berlin (1840.) 1844. Alex. Duncker.
König Roderich. Eine Tragödie in 5 Aufz. gr. 8. Stuttgart 1844. Cotta.
Zeitſtimmen. Gedichte. 2. verm. Aufl. 8. Lübeck (1841.) 1844. [illegible].
Spaniſche Volkslieder u. Romanzen. Berlin 1843.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Geibel iſt einer der begabteſten, aber auch zugleich beſonnenſten Dichter der neueſten Zeit; tiefes Gefühl, Reichthum der Phantaſie und des Geiſtes, Milde und Kraft ſind ihm in hohem Grade eigen und erhalten durch die Herrſchaft und den ſeltenen Zauber, welche er über Sprache und Form ausübt, noch einen beſonderen Reiz. Man ſieht aus allen ſeinen Leiſtungen, daß ſeine edle Natur ſich am Beſten und Schönſten aller Nationen herausgebildet hat und von ihm durchdrungen wurde. Nirgends will er prunken, Alles kommt bei ihm aus dem Innern und er iſt ſich überall treu, weder den Götzen des Tages, noch denen der wirklichen Macht um ſelbſtiſcher Zwecke willen huldigend, ſondern überall ſich zeigend als ein Prieſter der eigenen Ueberzeugung, die allein das feiert und dem lebt, was ſie als gut und recht nach klarer aber ernſter Prüfung erkannte.

Zigeunerleben.

Im Schatten des Waldes, im Buchengezweig
Da regt ſich's und raſchelt's und flüſtert zugleich;
Es flackern die Flammen, es gaukelt der Schein
Um bunte Geſtalten, um Laub und Geſtein.

Das iſt der Zigeuner bewegliche Schaar
Mit blitzendem Aug' und mit wallendem Haar,
Geſäugt an des Niles geheiligter Fluth,
Gebräunt von Hiſpaniens ſüdlicher Gluth.

Um's lodernde Feuer im ſchwellenden Grün
Da lagern die Männer verwildert und kühn,
Da kauern die Weiber und rüſten das Mahl,
Und füllen geſchäftig den alten Pokal.

Und Sagen und Lieder ertönen im Rund,
Wie Spanien's Gärten ſo blühend und bunt,
Und magiſche Sprüche für Noth und Gefahr
Verkündet die Alte der horchenden Schaar.

Schwarzäugige Mädchen beginnen den Tanz,
Da ſprühen die Fackeln in röthlichem Glanz,
Heiß lockt die Guitarre, die Cymbel erklingt,
Wie wilder und wilder der Reigen ſich ſchlingt.

Dann ruhn ſie, ermüdet vom nächtlichen Reih'n,
Es rauſchen die Buchen in Schlummer ſie ein,
Und die aus der glücklichen Heimath verbannt,
Sie ſchauen im Traume das ſüdliche Land.

Doch wie nun im Oſten der Morgen erwacht,
Verlöſchen die ſchönen Gebilde der Nacht,
Laut ſcharret das Maulthier beim Tagesbeginn,
Fort ziehn die Geſtalten. — Wer ſagt dir, wohin?

Pergoleſe.

Endlich iſt das Werk vollendet,
Und der fromme Meiſter ſendet
Seinen Dank zu Gottes Thron;
Da erbrauſt in prächt'gen Wogen
Durch des Domes hohe Bogen
Schon Geſang und Orgelton:

Stabat mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

Und der Gottesmutter Schmerzen
Rühren mächtig aller Herzen,
Wie die Orgel tiefer ſchwillt,
Doch in ſchönen Himmelstönen
Muß ſich ſelbſt die Qual verſöhnen,
Und der Wehmuth Thräne quillt.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio,
Quis non posset contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio!

Frommer Schauer, heil'ges Bangen
Hält des Hörers Geiſt umfangen,
Todesahnung ernſt und mild;
Doch in gläubigem Vertrauen
Sehn wir zum Altar ihn ſchauen
Auf der Jungfrau Gnadenbild.

Virgo, virginum praeclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere,
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis ejus sortem
Et plagas recolere.

Horch! Da tönen Seraphslieder
In den Chor der Frommen nieder,
Wunder ahnend lauſcht das Ohr,
Erdwärts ſteigen ſel'ge Geiſter,
Tragen himmelan den Meiſter,
Und das Lied rauſcht mit empor:

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.

Der Zigeunerbube im Norden.

Fern im Süd' das ſchöne Spanien,
Spanien iſt mein Heimathland,
Wo die ſchattigen Kaſtanien
Rauſchen an des Ebro Strand;
Wo die Mandeln röthlich blühen,
Wo die heiße Traube winkt,
Und die Roſen ſchöner glühen
Und das Mondlicht goldner blinkt.

Und nun wandr' ich mit der Laute
Traurig hier von Haus zu Haus,
Doch kein helles Auge ſchaute
Freundlich noch nach mir heraus.
Spärlich reicht man mir die Gaben,
Mürriſch heißet man mich gehn,
Ach, den armen braunen Knaben
Will kein Einziger verſtehn.

Dieſer Nebel drückt mich nieder,
Der die Sonne mir entfernt,
Und die alten luſt'gen Lieder
Hab' ich alle faſt verlernt.
Immer in die Melodieen
Schleicht der Eine Klang ſich ein:
In die Heimath möcht' ich ziehen,
In das Land voll Sonnenſchein!

Als beim letzten Erntefeſte
Man den großen Reigen hielt,
Hab' ich jüngſt das allerbeſte
Meiner Lieder aufgeſpielt.
Doch wie ſich die Paare ſchwangen
In der Abendſonne Gold,
Sind auf meine dunkeln Wangen
Heiße Thränen hingerollt.

Ach, ich dachte bei dem Tanze
An des Vaterlandes Luſt,
Wo im duft'gen Mondenglanze
Freier athmet jede Bruſt,
Wo ſich bei der Zither Tönen
Jeder Fuß beflügelt ſchwingt,
Und der Knabe mit der Schönen
Glühend den Fandango ſchlingt.

Nein! Des Herzens ſehnend Schlagen
Länger halt' ich's nicht zurück;
Will ja jeder Luſt entſagen,
Laßt mir nur der Heimath Glück.
Fort zum Süden! Fort nach Spanien!
In das Land voll Sonnenſchein!
Unter'm Schatten der Kaſtanien
Muß ich einſt begraben ſein.

Der Huſar.

Die Schlacht iſt aus, zerſprengt des Feindes Schaaren,
Ein ſchwarzes Bahrtuch, ſinkt die Nacht hernieder,
Da lagern rings um's Feuer die Huſaren,
Und wärmen ihre kampfesmüden Glieder.

Ein bärt'ger Reiter ſieht nach ſeiner Wunde,
Ein andrer ladet emſig die Piſtolen,
Die volle Flaſche geht von Mund zu Munde;
Kein Wort erſchallt, — nur tiefes Athemholen.

Und ſtill iſt's rings. — Allein die Frühlingswinde,
Gewohnt mit holden Blumen ſonſt zu koſen,
Sie ſpielen durch's Gefild und fächeln linde
Der Todeswunden dunkle Purpurroſen.

Doch ſieh! dort unter breitem Lindendache
Iſt ſanft ein junger Reiter eingeſchlafen,
Es wiegt aus Krieges Sturm und Ungemache
Sein Geiſt ſich in der Träume Friedenshafen. —

Er ſchlummert ſüß. Es hat um ſeine Wangen
Ein roſ'ger Freudenſchimmer ſich ergoſſen,
Ein mildes Lächeln hält den Mund umfangen,
Um den die erſten blonden Flaumen ſproßen.

Er träumt ſich heim vielleicht in's enge Zimmer,
In ſeines Jugendſpiels geliebte Räume —
In's offne Fenſter fällt der Sonnenſchimmer,
Und draußen duften Wein und Blüthenbäume.

Und vor ihm ſteht ein Mädchen hold erblühend,
Der Morgenſtrahl vergoldet ihre Wangen,
Daß ſchöner noch der Mund von Purpur blühend,
Daß glänzender die braunen Locken prangen.

Sie reicht im Glas ihm feurigen Tokaier,
Nachdem ſie nicht verſchmäht zum Gruß zu nippen,
Er aber küßt, ein ungeſtümer Freier,
Anſtatt des ſüßen Weins die jungen Lippen.

Da ſtehn ſie beide ganz in ſich verſunken,
Und ſchau'n ſich ſelig lächelnd an und ſchweigen,
Und nur die Nachtigallen ſchmettern, trunken
Von Roſenduft, ein Brautlied in den Zweigen.

So träumt der Jüngling — aber plötzlich tönen
Trompeten fern in luſtigen Fanfaren,
Es fallen Schüſſe — dumpfe Trommeln dröhnen,
Und auf vom Boden ſpringen die Huſaren.

Der Träumer auch erwacht — er fährt zuſammen,
Dann ſitzt er eilig auf mit den Genoſſen;
Sie jagen fort; — zu Aſche glüh'n die Flammen,
Und fern verhallt der Hufſchlag von den Roſſen.

Des Woiwoden Tochter.

Es ſteht im Wald, im tiefen Wald
Das Haus des Woiwoden,
Eiszapfen hangen am Dache kalt,
Und Schnee bedeckt den Boden.

Das Fräulein ſitzt am Heerd und ſpinnt
Zu ihrem Hochzeitsſchleier,
Sie hört im Rauchfang gehn den Wind
Und ſchürt empor das Feuer.

Da tritt die Waldfrau zu ihr ein,
Die pflegt nichts Gut's zu bringen;
„Guten Abend, feines Goldtöchterlein,
Will dir ein Liedchen ſingen!“

„„Was ſollen deine Lieder mir?
Mein Liebſter, der kommt balde.
Da haſt du Brot, da haſt du Bier,
Geh' wieder heim zum Walde!““

Die Alte ſprach: „Haſt immer Zeit,
Dein Schatz wird nimmer kommen,
Der Wald iſt tief, der Weg iſt weit;
Hat ander'n Weg genommen.“

„„Was quälſt du mich mit falſchem Weh!
Treu muß mein Liebſter bleiben,
Er ſchwur es mir, bis aus dem Schnee
Einſt rothe Röslein treiben.““

Das Fräulein rief's, doch war ihr bang',
Der Wind pfiff nicht geheuer,
Die Alte blieb, die Alte ſang
Ihr dumpfes Lied in's Feuer;

„Und als ich ging die Schlucht entlang,
Da kamen drei Wölfe geſprungen,
Die heulten wie zu gutem Fang
Und hatten blutige Zungen.

Und als ich kam zum Fichtenzaun,
Hört' ich drei Raben ſchreien,
Sie ſchrien: Ihr Jungen, euch ſoll traun
Der friſche Schmaus gedeihen.

Und als ich kam zum eiſ'gen See,
Hab' ich einen Knaben gefunden,
Es floß wohl über den Winterſchnee
Sein Blut aus tiefen Wunden.

Roth Röslein blüht aus dem Schnee ſo bald,
Nun haſt du ſelbſt vernommen,
Der Weg iſt weit und tief der Wald;
Dein Schatz wird nimmer kommen."

Das Lied war aus, die Alte fort,
Des Heerdes Gluth vergangen,
Die Jungfrau ſaß und ſprach kein Wort,
Ihr waren ſo bleich die Wangen.

Und lauter draußen pfiff der Wind,
Und lauter ſchrie'n die Raben.
Drei Tage nach dieſem hat ſein Kind
Der [illegible] begraben.

O ſieh mich nicht ſo lächelnd an.

O ſieh mich nicht ſo lächelnd an,
Du Röslein jung, du ſchlankes Reh!
Dein Blick, der jedem wohlgethan,
Mir thut er in der Seele weh;
Mein Herz wird trüb' und trüber
Bei deiner Freundlichkeit,
Vorüber iſt, vorüber
Der Liebe Zeit.

Ja wär' ich jung und froh wie du,
Und wär' ich ſo friſch, und wär' ich ſo rein:
Wie ſchlüge mein Herz dem deinen zu,
Wie könnten wir ſelig zuſammen ſein!
Wir ſchifften durch's Gewühle
Wir ziehn ein ſüßer Traum!
Doch ſo — Was ſoll die Blüthe
Am welken Baum!

Mein Leben liegt im Abendroth,
Deins tritt erſt ein in den ſonnigen Tag;
Mein Herz iſt ſtarr, mein Herz iſt todt,
Deins hebt erſt an den luſtigſten Schlag;
Du ſchauſt nach deinem Glücke
In gold'ne Fernen weit,
Ich blicke ſchon zurücke
In alte Zeit.

Drum ſieh mich nicht ſo freundlich an,
Du Röslein jung, du ſchlankes Reh;
Dein Blick, der jedem wohlgethan,
Mir thut er in der Seele weh.
Laß ſcheiden mich und wandern
Die Welt hinauf, hinab;
Du findeſt einen Andern,
Und ich — ein Grab.

Verlorene Liebe.

Und fragſt du mich mit vorwurfsvollem Blick:
Warum ſo trübe? Welch ein Mißgeſchick
Vermag der Seele Frieden dir zu ſtören? —
Wohlan! Es ſei! Die nächt'ge Stund' iſt gut,
Im Becher glüht der Traube dunkles Blut —
Von meiner Jugendliebe ſollſt du hören.

Ich war ein Knab', wie andre Knaben ſind,
Bald trotzig heißer Jüngling, bald noch Kind,
Zu ſcheu, des Lebens Räthſel zu entſiegeln;
Mein junges Herz war voll und ſehnſuchtsſchwer,
Es wußte kaum, weshalb — es glich dem Meer,
Das ſtill des Mondes harrt, ihn abzuſpiegeln.

Da fand ich Sie, das blonde Kind der Flur,
Und [illegible] fühlten wir uns nur,
Und uns zu einen wie in Edens Räumen;
Blau war ihr Auge wie die Sommernacht,
Und dieſe Lippen! — Wem ſie nur gelacht,
Der mußt' hinfort von heißen Küſſen träumen.

Wohl blüht' uns damals eine ſchöne Zeit,
Als wir in dunkler Waldeseinſamkeit
Das Reh belauſchten und der Knospen Schwellen,
Als wir im Kahne — Dämm'rung lag umher —
Uns wiegten auf dem abendſtillen Meer,
Vom Spätroth nur geſehn und von den Wellen;

Als wir auf mondbeleuchtetem Balkon
Zweiſtimmig ſangen zu der Laute Ton,
Als wir uns heimlich flüſternd dann umfingen,
Und Aug' in Auge ſeligen Genuß
Herniederthaute, und im erſten Kuß
Die Seelen brennend an einander hingen. —

O wär' ich bei des erſten Kuſſes Tauſch
Damals geſtorben in beglücktem Rauſch,
Aus weichen Armen in die Gruft getrieben!
Ich wäre jetzt kein Greis mit braunem Haar,
Friſch außen, innen bleich — O fürwahr,
Es ſtirbt als Knabe, wen die Götter lieben.

Nun mußt' ich ſie verlieren. An den Mann
Iſt ſie gebannt, den ſie nicht lieben kann,
Dem ihre erſten Küſſe nicht zu eigen.
Er führte lächelnd zum Altar ſie fort,
Sie wurde bleich, der Prieſter ſprach das Wort,
Ich aber ſtand dabei und mußte ſchweigen.

Und denk' ich d'ran, ſo kocht im Grimm mein Herz,
Und wie ein kaltes Eiſen fährt der Schmerz
Mir durch die Bruſt, und jeder Troſt verſaget.
Darum bin ich ſo trüb', darum ſo wild.
Doch nun hinweg damit! — Das Glas gefüllt!
Beim Weine will ich ſchwärmen, bis es taget.

Winter im Leben.

Winter mit den eiſ'gen Locken
War mir immer ſonſt ſo leid,
Denn er hielt mit ſeinen Flocken
Alle Freuden eingeſchneit.

Wenn die Vöglein luſtig ſangen,
Wenn das Bächlein rauſchend zog,
Kam er plötzlich hergegangen
Wie ein murr'ſcher Pädagog:

„Vöglein, laßt das dumme Lärmen!
Lüfte, laßt das laue Wehn!
Bächlein, willſt du ewig ſchwärmen?
Beſſer iſt's, ſein ſtill zu ſtehn."

„Fort, du ausgelaſſ'ne Erde,
Mit dem bunten Narrenkleid!
Daß dein Anblick ehrbar werde,
Hält' ich ſchon ein Hemd bereit."

„Und ihr andern wilden Rangen,
Blumenduft und Sonnenſtrahl,
Keiner ſoll ſich unterfangen
Mir zu ſtören die Moral."

Und die Blumen wurden ſelten,
Bächlein ſtand und Vogel ſchwieg,
Als der Pädagog mit Schelten
Auf den Eiskatheder ſtieg.

Schadenfroh mit arger Tücke
Schlug er in den luft'gen Wald,
Und es ſtob aus der Perrücke
Ihm ein Schneegewölk alsbald.

Und der Sturm, ſein böſer Huſten,
Ließ ſich hören weit und breit,
Und wir armen Menſchen wußten
Nichts zu thun in ſolcher Zeit. —

Doch der Süden, o wie iſt er
Doppelt nun mir lieb und werth,
Seit er dieſen Erzphiliſter
Selber zur Vernunft bekehrt.

Nicht mehr in die enge Stube
Schließt mich jetzt der Januar,
Nein, er ward ein toller Bube,
Hat ein Auge groß und klar.

An den Bergeshängen ſpringt er
Luſtig hin im grünen Kleid;
In den hohen Lüften ſingt er,
Blumen ſtreut er weit und breit.

Kommt einmal Gewölk gezogen,
Wurmt ihn gleich der dunkle Tand,
Und den bunten Regenbogen
Spannt er d'rauf mit leichter Hand.

Gänzlich hat er auch vergeſſen
Pädagogik und Moral,
Unter Palmen und Cypreſſen
Sonnt er müßig ſich im Strahl.

Manchmal nur in ſeltnen Zungen
Schwatzt er von der Freude Macht,
Und von ſeinem Wort durchdrungen
Hab' ich dieſes Lied erdacht.

Tannhäuſer.

Wie wird die Nacht ſo lüſtern!
Wie blüht ſo reich der Wald!
In allen Wipfeln flüſtern
Viel Stimmen mannichfalt.
Die Bäche blinken und rauſchen,
Die Blumen duften und glühn,
Die Marmorbilder lauſchen
Hervor aus dunklem Grün.

Die Nachtigall ruft: Zurück! Zurück!
Der Knabe ſchickt nur voraus den Blick,
Sein Herz iſt wild, ſein Sinn getrübt,
Vergeſſen Alles, was er liebt.

Er kommt zum Schloß im Garten,
Die Fenſter ſind voll Glanz,
Am Thor die Pagen warten,
Und droben klingt der Tanz.
Er ſchreitet hinauf die Treppen,
Er tritt hinein in den Saal,
Da rauſchen die Sammetſchleppen,
Da blinkt der Goldpokal.

Die Nachtigall ruft: Zurück! Zurück!
Der Knabe ſchickt nur voraus den Blick,
Sein Herz iſt wild, ſein Sinn getrübt,
Vergeſſen Alles, was er liebt.

Die ſchönſte von den Frauen
Reicht ihm den Becher hin,
Ihm rinnt ein ſüßes Grauen
Seltſam durch Herz und Sinn.
Er leert ihn bis zum Grunde,
Da ſpricht am Thor der Zwerg:
Der Unſre biſt zur Stunde,
Dies iſt der Venusberg.

Die Nachtigall ruft nur noch von fern,
Den Knaben treibt ſein böſer Stern,
Sein Herz iſt wild, ſein Sinn getrübt,
Vergeſſen Alles, was er liebt.

Und endlich fort vom Reigen
Führt ihn das ſchöne Weib,
Ihr Auge blickt ſo eigen,
Verlockend glüht ihr Leib.
Fern von des Feſt's Gewimmel,
Da blühen die Lauben ſo dicht,
In Wolken birgt am Himmel
Der Mond ſein Angeſicht.

Der Nachtigall Ruf iſt lang verhallt,
Den Knaben treibt der Luſt Gewalt,
Sein Herz iſt wild, ſein Sinn getrübt,
Vergeſſen Alles, was er liebt. — —

Und als es wieder taget,
Da liegt er ganz allein;
Im Walde um ihn raget
Verwildertes Geſtein.
Kühl geht die Luft von Norden
Und ſtreut das Laub umher,
Er ſelbſt iſt grau geworden,
Und bang ſein Herz und leer.

Er ſitzt und ſtarret vor ſich hin,
Und ſchüttelt das Haupt in irrem Sinn,
Die Nachtigall ruft: Zu ſpät! zu ſpät!
Der Wind die Stimme von dannen weht.

Elegie.

O wie war mir daheim am nordiſchen Heerde die Freude
Ein willkommener zwar, aber ein ſeltener Gaſt!
Denn bald ſcheuchte der Nebel ſie fort, der grau und verdrießlich
Ueber das lachende Thal, über die Berge ſich zog,
Bald vertrieb ſie der lärmende Tag und das Dröhnen des Marktes,
Wo nur Jeder ſich ſelbſt, Keiner den Sänger vernahm;
Auch den ſtörenden Schwarm der wilden Genoſſen vermied ſie,
Und ſie entfloh dem Gelag, fand ſie die Cither verſtimmt.
Manchmal nur, wenn im Arm der Geliebten ſinnend ich ruhte,
Und ihr leuchtender Blick tief mir den Himmel erſchloß,
Wenn wir in leiſem Geſpräch der rinnenden Stunden vergaßen,
Aug' in Auge verſenkt, weilte die Liebliche gern.
Aber auch dann nur kurz. Bald kamen die ſchwatzenden Muhmen,
Vor dem geſchäftigen Wort floh das verſchüchterte Kind.
Wieder verſtrichen darauf eintönige Wochen und Monde,
Und nach der Göttlichen Gruß blickte vergebens ich aus.
Glücklicher Süden, wie dank' ich es dir! Du haſt die Entwichne
Neu mir vereint und ſie ganz mir zur Vertrauten gemacht.
Schreit' ich hinaus in's Gebirg, ſo find' ich ſie unter dem Lorbeer
Meiner harrend; ſie ſchläft, ſchön wie ein Mädchen, am Quell;
Aber ſie hört des Nahenden Tritt; mit wehenden Locken
Springt ſie empor, und zum Kuß hängt an den Lippen ſie mir.
In das Geſtade des Meers zum heiligen Schatten des Oelwalds
Leitet ſie mich; ſie beſteigt mit mir den ſchwankenden Kahn;
Leiſ' auch führt ſie den Hang mich empor zu den Trümmern des Tempels,
Wo noch das Marmorgeſims über den Säulen erglänzt;
Und ſie deutet mir dort die verwitterten Bilder, ergänzend
Mit lebendigem Wort, was die Barbaren zerſtört.
Faunen erblick' ich im bacchiſchen Tanz und trunkne Mänaden,
Hoch auf dem Panthergeſpann folgt mit dem Thyrſus der Gott;
Weiter verliert ſich der taumelnde Zug; harmloſere Feſte,
Wie ſie Demeter gebeut, zeigt der gebildete Stein;
Hirten, mit Blumen bekränzt, und Jungfrau'n führen den Reigen,
Und im geläuterten Maß hebt ſich und ſenkt ſich der Fuß;
Sieh, dort ſtürmen auch Roſſe heran. Die ſtäubende Rennbahn
Füllt ſich mit Wagen, es ſtrebt Jeder der Erſte zu ſein.
Lorbeern winken dem Sieger als Preis, doch ſchöner als Lorbeern
Lohnt ihm des Dichters Geſang, der ihm Unſterblichkeit ſchenkt.
Alſo deutet die Himmliſche mir die Gebilde der Künſtler,
Und ich erkenne, wie ſchon einſt ſie die Völker regiert;
Wie ſie mit lächelndem Blick die rohen Gewalten gezügelt,

Wie ſie die ſproſſende Kraft ſtets auf das Große gelenkt.
O da wird mir die Seele ſo weit, unendliche Sehnſucht
Faßt mich, mit bebendem Mund ſprech' ich ein ſtilles Gebet:
Weile bei mir, du Schönſte von allen den Töchtern des Himmels,
Mit ſanft lenkender Hand führe durch's Leben mich hin,
Zeige beſänftigend mir die rechten Bahnen, und dämpfe
Weiſe die Gluth, und wenn blind einſt mich die Leidenſchaft faßt,
O da kühle das brennende Haupt und kränz' es mit Roſen,
Bis mich der zögernde Gott ſtill zu den Schatten entführt.

Gute Nacht.

Schon fängt es an zu dämmern,
Der Mond als Hirt erwacht,
Und ſingt den Wolkenlämmern
Ein Lied zur guten Nacht;
Und wie er ſingt ſo leiſe,
Da dringt vom Sternenkreiſe
Der Schall in's Ohr mir ſacht.
Schlafet in Ruh, ſchlafet in Ruh!
Vorüber der Tag und ſein Schwall,
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Nun ſuchen in den Zweigen
Ihr Neſt die Vögelein,
Die Halm' und Blumen neigen
Das Haupt im Mondenſchein,
Und ſelbſt des Mühlrads Wellen
Laſſen das wilde Schwellen
Und ſchlummern murmelnd ein.
Schlafet in Ruh, ſchlafet in Ruh!
Vorüber der Tag und ſein Schwall,
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Von Thür zu Thüre wallet
Der Traum, ein lieber Gaſt,
Das Harfenſpiel verhallet
Im ſchimmernden Palaſt;
Im Nachen ſchläft der Ferge,
Die Hirten auf dem Berge
Halten um's Feuer Raſt.
Schlafet in Ruh, ſchlafet in Ruh!
Vorüber der Tag und ſein Schwall,
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Und wie nun alle Kerzen
Verlöſchen durch die Nacht,
Da ſchweigen auch die Schmerzen,
Die Sonn' und Tag gebracht;
Lind ſäuſeln die Cypreſſen,
Ein ſeliges Vergeſſen
Durchweht die Lüfte ſacht.
Schlafet in Ruh, ſchlafet in Ruh!
Vorüber der Tag und ſein Schwall,
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

von heißen Thränen
brennend Auge glüht,
bangem Sehnen
Herz verglüht,
kommt leiſ' und linde
kranken Kinde
ungslich.
et in Ruh, ſchlafet in Ruh!
über der Tag und ſein Schwall,
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Gute Nacht denn all' ihr Müden,
Ihr Lieben nah und fern,
Nun ruh' auch ich in Frieden,
Bis glänzt der Morgenſtern.
Die Nachtigall alleine
Singt noch im Mondenſcheine
Und lobet Gott, den Herrn.
Schlafet in Ruh, ſchlafet in Ruh!
Vorüber der Tag und ſein Schwall,
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Auf dem Anſtand.

An Ernſt C.

Grau iſt der Morgen, lauf'ge Nebel wallen,
Ein leiſer Regen ſpinnt ſich trüb' und kalt;
Die rothen Blätter ſeh' ich langſam fallen —
Jagdwetter ſchien's, d'rum zogen wir zu Wald.
Schon ſpürt die Meute fern, ſie bellt im Suchen,
Und ihr Gebell verheißet gute Pirſch;
Ich ſteh' im feuchten Herbſtlaub an den Buchen,
Geſpannt die Büchſe paſſ' ich auf den Hirſch.

Mich fröſtelt — Sollt' in meiner Weidmannstaſche
Bei Blei und Pulver nicht Erquickung ſein! —
Fürwahr, das iſt die korbumflocht'ne Flaſche!
Ein tücht'ger Zug! — Ha, das iſt Cyperwein!
Heiß rinnt er durch die Adern, durch die Glieder —
Floß durch die Wipfel plötzlich Sonnenglanz?
Die griech'ſche Feuertraube ruft mir wieder
Im Herzen wach die Bilder Griechenlands.

Zwei Jahre ſind's! Ei wie ſo anders ſchaute
Wie froh der Herbſt mir damals in's Geſicht!
Lau war die Luft, der tiefe Himmel blaute,
Die Feige ſchwoll, die Traub' im Sonnenlicht.
Da ließen matt noch von des Sommers Gluten
Mein Ernſt, den Ernſt wir in Athen zu Haus,
Und zogen durch des Inſelmeeres Fluten
Zwei ſel'ge Schwärmer abentheuernd aus.

Gedenkſt du, wie bei Paros durch die Brandung
Das Boot wir zwängten! — dämmernd ſtieg der Mond —
Und wie ſo ſchön uns dann die kühne Landung
Die rebumkränzte Marmorſtadt belohnt?
Denkſt du der Cithern, die die Nacht durchklangen,
Der Brunnen, die uns in den Schlaf gerauſcht,
Und jenes Mädchens, das mit glüh'nden Wangen
Für leichten Schmuck Orangen uns vertauſcht!

Denkſt du an Naxos noch? Ich ſeh' ſie liegen
Die Klöſter und das Schloß auf hohem Stein,
Den Säulenhof, wo ſich die Palmen wiegen,
Die Felswand übergrünt von edlem Wein,
Das reiche Thal, in deſſen duft'ge Weiten
Ein buntgezäumtes Saumthier leicht uns trug;
Da blinkten Becher rings, da klangen Saiten,
Fürwahr, es war ein neuer Bacchuszug.

Und als wir ſonnverbrannt mit ſtaub'gen Ballen
Zur Ruh verlangten nach der heißen Fahrt,
Da nahm uns in die kühlen Kloſterhallen
Der wackre Pater mit dem langen Bart.
Hoch über'm Meer auf ſeinem Säulenſitze
Wie ſchollen unſ're Lieder da ſo friſch,
Wie floß der Quell des Nektars und der Witze
So unerſchöpft am ſauber'n Abendtiſch!

Dort ſaß der Biſchof, dort der Kapuziner,
Wir zwei Poeten luſtig mittendrein;
[illegible] ſtellte der ſlavon'ſche Diener
Uns beiden ſtets die vollſten Flaſchen hin.
O Jubel, wie wir einſt im Mönchsvereine
Gezecht, bis jenem die Geduld ſelbſt riß,
Und wie wir dann noch voll von ſüßem Weine
Verdeutſcht das Trinklied des Panyaſis!

Und mußten auf dem Chor die Prieſter ſäumen,
Dann ſuchten wir die Gärten am Geſtad,
Schlaftrunken wob's in den Citronenbäumen,
Die ſtille Felsbucht rief zum lauen Bad;
Dazu ein Trunk, ein Lied — ſo floß der Morgen,
So kam geſtirnt die duft'ge Nacht daher.
Wir lebten, ſchwärmten — zwiſchen unſern Sorgen
Und zwiſchen unſern Herzen lag das Meer.

Nur einſt — ein Sonntag war's, die Glocken gingen —
Da dachten wir an Lübecks Glockenklang,
Der Vaterſtadt — und an den Wimpern hingen
Uns plötzlich Thränen, und wir ſchwiegen lang.
Ein Luftſchloß baut' ich für der Zukunft Stunden,
So golden war's. Die Bruſt ſchlug heimathwärts —
Ach, was ich damals träumte, nicht gefunden
Hab' ich's daheim — es war ein arger Schmerz.

Doch heilt er ſchon. Die Saiten, die zerſprungen,
Zu ernſter Stummheit ſind ſie bald gedämpft.
Ich habe mir in Nächten bang durchrungen
Das ſchwere Gut der Heiterkeit erkämpft.
Du ſollſt es am Geſang aus meinem Munde
Kaum ſpüren, welche Hoffnung von mir ſchied,
Und bricht ſie einmal auf, die alte Wunde,
Laß bluten — auch der Schmerz will ja ſein Lied.

Muth! Muth! Dem Leid, der Luſt die Stirn' entgegen!
Die Welt iſt immer noch des Schönen voll,
Ein kühnes Ringen gilt's auf meinen Wegen,
Ich ward ein Mann, und fühle was ich ſoll.
Ob's wieder Täuſchung? — Doch genug! Der Hunde
Gebell klingt nah — der Fels antwortet hohl,
Ein Schuß und wieder einer fällt im Grunde —
Der Hirſch bricht durch die Büſche — Lebewohl!

Lieder eines fahrenden Schülers.

In Volksweiſen.

I.

Kein Tröpflein mehr im Becher,
Kein Geld im Säckel mehr —
Da wird mir armen Zecher
Das Herze gar ſo ſchwer.
Das Wandern macht mir Pein,
Weiß nicht wo aus, noch ein;
In's Kloſter möcht' ich gehen,
Da liegt ein kühler Wein.

Ich zieh' auf dürrem Wege,
Mein Rock iſt arg beſtaubt,
Weiß nicht, wohin ich lege
In dieſer Nacht mein Haupt.
Mein' Herberg' iſt die Welt,
Mein Dach das Himmelszelt;
Das Bett, darauf ich ſchlafe,
Das iſt das breite Feld.

Ich geh' auf flinken Sohlen,
Doch ſchneller reit't das Glück;
Ich mag es nicht einholen,
Es läßt mich arg zurück.
Komm' ich an einen Ort,
So war es eben dort,
Da kommt der Wind geflogen,
Der pfeift mich aus ſofort.

Ich wollt', ich läg' zur Stunde
Am Heidelberger Faß,
Den off'nen Mund am Spunde,
Und träumt' ich weiß nicht was.
Und wollt' ein Dirnlein fein
Mir gar die Schenkin ſein:
Mir wär's, als ſchwämmen Roſen
Wohl auf dem klaren Wein.

Ach, wer den Weg doch wüßte
In das Schlaraffenland!
Mich dünket wohl, ich müßte
Dort finden Ehr' und Stand.
Mein Muth iſt gar ſo ſchlecht,
Daß ich ihn tauſchen möcht';
Und ſo's Dukaten ſchneite,
Das wär' mir eben recht.

II.

Es fliegt manch Vöglein in das Neſt,
Und fliegt auch wied'r heraus;
Und biſt du 'mal mein Schatz geweſt,
So iſt die Liebſchaft aus.
Du haſt mich ſchlimm betrogen
Um ſchnöden Geldgewinn —
Viel Glück, viel Glück zum reichen Mann!
Geh du nur immer hin!

Viel Blümlein ſtehn im hohen Korn
Von roth und blauer Zier,
Und haſt du eins davon verlor'n,
So ſuch' ein and'res dir.
Glaub' nicht, daß ich mich gräme
Um deinen falſchen Sinn —
Ich find' ſchon einen andern Schatz;
Geh du nur immer hin!

III.

Herr Schmied, Herr Schmied, beſchlagt mir mein Rößlein,
Und habt ihr's beſchlagen, ſo macht mir ein Schlößlein,
Ein Schlößlein ſo feſt und ein Schlößlein ſo fein,
Und muß bei dem Schlößlein ein Schlüſſel auch ſein.

Das Schlößlein das will ich vor's Herze mir legen,
Und hab' ich's verſchloſſen mit Kreuz und mit Segen,
So werf' in den See ich den Schlüſſel hinein,
Darf nimmer ein Wort mehr heraus noch herein.

Denn wer eine ſelige Liebe will tragen,
Der darf es den alten Jungfern nicht ſagen,
Die Dornen, die Diſteln die ſtechen gar ſehr,
Doch ſtechen die Altjungfernzungen noch mehr.

Sie tragen's zur Baſ' hin und zur Frau Gevattern,
Bis daß es die Gänſ' auf dem Markte beſchnattern,
Bis daß es der Ent'rich beredt auf dem See,
Und der Kuckuk im Walde, und das thut doch weh.

Und wär' ich der Herrgott, ſo ließ ich auf Erden
Zu Dornen und Diſteln die Klatſchzungen werden,
Da fräß' ſie der Eſel und hätt's keine Noth,
Und weinte mein Schatz ſich die Augen nicht roth.

Minnelied.

Es giebt wohl Manches was entzücket,
Es giebt wohl Vieles was gefällt,
Der Mai, der ſich mit Blumen ſchmücket,
Die gold'ne Sonn' im blauen Zelt.
Doch weiß ich eins, das ſchafft mehr Wonne,
Als jeder Glanz der Morgenſonne,
Als Roſenblüt' und Lilienreis:
Das iſt getreu im tiefſten Sinne
Zu tragen eine fromme Minne,
Davon nur Gott im Himmel weiß.

Wem er ein ſolches Gut beſchieden,
Der freue ſich und ſei getroſt,
Ihm ward ein wunderbarer Frieden,
Wie wild des Lebens Brandung toſt.
Mag alles Leiden auf ihn ſchlagen:
Sie lehrt ihn nimmermehr verzagen,
Sie iſt ihm Hort und ſichrer Thurm;
Sie bleibt im Labyrinth der Schmerzen
Die Fackelträgerin dem Herzen,
Bleibt Lenz im Winter, Ruh' im Sturm.

Doch ſuchſt umſonſt auf irrem Pfade
Die Liebe du im Drang der Welt,
Denn Lieb' iſt Wunder, Lieb' iſt Gnade,
Die wie der Thau vom Himmel fällt.
Sie kommt wie Nelkenduft im Winde,
Sie kommt, wie durch die Nacht gelinde

Aus Wolken blickt des Mondes Schein;
Da gilt kein Ringen, kein Verlangen,
In Demuth magſt du ſie empfangen,
Als kehr' ein Engel bei dir ein.

Und mit ihr kommt ein Bangen, Zagen,
Ein Träumen aller Welt verſteckt;
Mit Freuden mußt du Leide tragen,
Wie aus dem Leid ihr Kuß dich weckt;
Dann iſt dein Leben ein geweihtes,
In deinem Weſen blüht ein zweites,
Ein reineres voll Licht und Ruh;
Und todesfroh in raſchen Fluten
Fühlſt du das eigne Ich verbluten,
Weil du nur wohnen magſt im Du.

Das iſt die köſtlichſte der Gaben,
Die Gott dem Menſchenherzen giebt,
Die eitle Selbſtſucht zu begraben,
Indem die Seele glüht und liebt.
O ſüß Empfangen, ſel'ges Geben!
O ſchönes Ineinanderweben!
Hier heißt Gewinn, was ſonſt Verluſt;
Je mehr du ſchenkſt, je froher ſcheinſt du,
Je mehr du nimmſt, je ſel'ger weinſt du —
O, gieb das Herz aus deiner Bruſt!

In ihrem Auge deine Thränen,
Ihr Lächeln ſanft um deinen Mund,
Und all' dein Denken, Träumen, Sehnen,
Ob's dein, ob's ihr, dir iſt's nicht kund.
Wie wenn zwei Büſche ſich verſchlingen,
Aus denen junge Roſen ſpringen,
Die weiß, die andern roth erglüht,
Und keiner merkt, aus weſſen Zweigen
Die hellen und die dunkeln ſteigen:
So iſt's; du fühlſt nur: Es blüht.

Es blüht; es iſt ein Lenz tiefinnen,
Ein Geiſterlenz für immerdar,
Du fühlſt in dir die Ströme rinnen
Der ew'gen Jugend wunderbar.
Die Flammen, die in dir frohlocken,
Sind ſtärker, als die Aſchenflocken,
Mit denen Alter droht und Zeit;
Es leert umſonſt der Tod den Köcher,
So trinkſt du aus der Liebe Becher
Den ſüßen Wein: Unſterblichkeit.

Spät iſt es — hinter dunkeln Gipfeln
Färbt golden ſich der Wolken Flaum,
Tiefröthlich ſteigt aus Buchenwipfeln
Der Mond empor am Himmelsſaum.
Der Wind fährt auf in Sprüngen, leiſe,
Und ſpielet mit den weißen Roſen,
Die rankend blühn am Fenſter mir;
O ſäuſelt, ſäuſelt fort, ihr Lüfte,
Und tragt getaucht in Blumendüfte
Dies Lied und meinen Gruß zu ihr!

Karl Gerber

wurde am 1. Octbr. 1792 in Kaſſel geboren. Schon in ſeinem ſiebenten Jahre verfaßte er eine lateiniſche Rede über den Werth der Freundſchaft. Er beſuchte die Schule in Rinteln, und nach ſeiner Confirmation 1807 thaten ihn die Aeltern in das Handlungshaus eines Verwandten nach Bremen. Hier blieb er nur wenige Wochen, kehrte nach Rinteln zurück und ſtudirte daſelbſt die Rechte. Als 1809 die Univerſität aufgehoben wurde, kam er in das Büreau des Steuerdirectors von Madai in Osnabrück. 1811 wurde G. in der Präfectur zu Marburg angeſtellt, in welcher Stellung er bis Ende 1812 blieb. Den größern Theil des Jahres 1813 verlebte er in den Bädern zu Nenndorf, und erhielt nach Rückkehr der alten Ordnung eine proviſoriſche Beſchäftigung als Kantonsbeamter und im Etappenweſen, doch auch dieſe hörte 1814 auf. Von dieſer Zeit an widmete er ſich diplomatiſchen Studien. Zu Anfang des Jahres 1816 wurde er kurheſſiſcher Geſandtſchaftsſecretair in Frankfurt und 1821 als Kreisſecretair nach Frankenberg verſetzt. Er gab heraus neben vielen ſtaatswiſſenſchaftlichen, nicht hieher gehörigen Schriften:

Epheublätter. Geſchichtliche Erzählungen, Novellen, Sagen, Mährchen, Arabesken u. Humoresken. 2 Bde. gr. 12. Marburg 1841. Elwert.

Eine ſehr intereſſante und reichhaltige Sammlung, welche einen Beweis von der Vielſeitigkeit, dem geiſtigen Reichthum und der anmuthigen Darſtellungsweiſe des Verfaſſers liefert.

Georg Gottfried Gervinus

wurde am 20. Mai 1805 in Darmſtadt geboren, beſuchte bis zu ſeinem 13. Jahre das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und erhielt Privatunterricht. Da er wenig Anlagen für die Wiſſenſchaften zu haben ſchien, ſo that ihn ſein Vater nach ſeiner Confirmation als Lehrling in eine Ausſchnitthandlung in Darmſtadt, wo er auch ſeine dreijährige Lehrzeit aushielt und zwei Jahre als beſoldeter Commis diente. Da er theils durch den Beſuch des Theaters, theils durch den unmäßigen Gebrauch einer Leihbibliothek ſeine Geſchäfte vernachläſſigte, ſo wurde er entlaſſen. Durch den ausdauerndſten Privatfleiß holte er bald die verſäumten Elementarkenntniſſe nach, und ergänzte vollkommen die Mängel ſeiner Schulbildung und ging nach Gießen, um Philologie und Philoſophie zu ſtudiren. Nachdem er ein Jahr in Gießen verweilt hatte, begab er ſich nach Heidelberg und widmete ſich daſelbſt hiſtoriſchen Studien. Nach Beendigung des akademiſchen Curſus übernahm er eine Lehrerſtelle an einer Erziehungsanſtalt in Frankfurt a. M., die er jedoch bald wieder aufgab, um nach Heidelberg zurückzukehren, wo er ſich als Privatdocent habilitirte und zugleich Hofmeiſter in einer ſchottiſchen Familie wurde. 1832 unternahm G. eine Reiſe nach Italien, wo er 8 Monate verweilte. Erſt 1835 erhielt er eine außerordentliche Profeſſur; bald darauf ging er in Folge eines Rufes als ordentlicher Profeſſor nach Göttingen. Am 14. Dec. 1837 wurde G.

wegen Proteſtation gegen Aufhebung des hannoverſchen Staatsgrundgeſetzes ſeines Amtes entſetzt und, weil er die Proteſtation veröffentlicht hatte, gezwungen, das Land binnen drei Tagen zu verlaſſen. Hierauf lebte er einige Zeit in Darmſtadt und Heidelberg und ging 1838 nach Italien. Später erhielt er eine ordentliche Profeſſur der Geſchichte in Heidelberg, die er gegenwärtig noch mit großem Erfolge bekleidet.

Er gab heraus:

Hiſtoriſche Schriften. 1. Bd. Einzelne Abhandlungen. 2—6. Bd. auch unter dem Titel:
Geſchichte der poetiſchen National-Literatur der Deutſchen. 5 Thle. 2. umgearb. Aufl. Mit einem Regiſter über das ganze Werk (enthält circa 5000 Artikel). gr. 8. Leipzig (1835—42.) 1840—44. W. Engelmann.
1. Thl. Von den erſten Spuren der deutſchen Dichtung bis gegen das Ende des 13. Jahrh. (1835.) 1840.
2. Thl. Von dem Ende des 13. Jahrh. bis zur Reformation. Mit einem Namen- u. Sachregiſter. (1836.) 1842.
3. Thl. Vom Ende der Reformation bis zu Gottſched's Zeiten. Mit einem Namen- u. Sachregiſter. (1838.) 1842.
4. 5. Thl. Neuere Geſchichte der poetiſchen National-Literatur der Deutſchen. 2 Thle. 1843. u. 44.
1. Thl. Von Gottſched's Zeiten bis zu Göthe's Jugend. (1840.) 1843.
2. Thl. Von Göthe's Jugend bis zur Zeit der Befreiungskriege. Mit einem Regiſter über das ganze Werk. (1842.) 1844.
Handbuch der Geſchichte der poetiſchen National-Literatur der Deutſchen. 3. Ausg. gr. 8. Ebend. (1842.) 1844.
Außerdem hat G. noch viele Abhandlungen in verſchiedenen deutſchen Zeitſchriften, ſowie einzelne Monographien veröffentlicht.

Was Gervinus als Hiſtoriker zu leiſten anſtrebt, das hat er ſelbſt in der Forderung, die er an denſelben ſtellt, ausgeſprochen, indem er ſagt: „Wer heute nicht verſteht, den Geiſt fremder Zeiten und Nationen wie ſeinen eigenen zu faſſen, ſich jeder Beſchränktheit in Religion und Volksthümlichkeit völlig zu entäußern, wer das Leben vergißt über dem Buche und des Buches Geiſt über dem Worte, wer die Geſchichte der Menſchheit verſäumt über der der einzelnen Völker und Zeiten, wer nicht das Ganze umfaßt und mit gleich großer Kühnheit und Sicherheit das Treiben von Jahrhunderten mit einem Blicke überſchlagen kann, ſondern am kleinen Maaße ſeiner perſönlichen oder nationellen, ſeiner gelehrten oder dogmatiſchen Beſchränkung die Welt ausmeſſen will, der darf nicht wagen nach der Palme in der Geſchichtſchreibung zu ringen." — Daß er mit allen ſeinen Kräften nach der Löſung dieſer großartigen Aufgabe ringe und daß er in Allem, wo es von ſeinem ehrenfeſten Charakter und ſeinem gründlichen Wiſſen allein abhängt, dies erreicht habe, kann ihm ſelbſt ſein erbittertſter Gegner nicht ſtreitig machen. Seine Schriften ſind der Spiegel ſeiner Perſönlichkeit und das Reſultat ſeines ganzen Weſens und Strebens, daher aber auch nicht immer von Einſeitigkeit und Ungerechtigkeit frei, obwohl ſelbſt ſolche Urtheile, die den entſchiedenen Einfluß einer ſubjectiven Auffaſſung nicht verleugnen können, bei ihm ſtets in den edelſten Motiven ihren Urſprung finden. — Sein Styl hat etwas Eintöniges und daher Ermüdendes, doch nimmt dies immer mehr und mehr ab, jemehr ihm vergönnt wird, nach Bewältigung des Stoffes auf die Form Rückſicht zu nehmen.

Jean Paul.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter (aus Wunſiedel 1763—1825) fällt zwar mit der Blüthe ſeiner Schriftſtellerei erſt an die Scheide der Jahrhunderte; er wurzelte aber mit ſeiner Jugend feſt in den Zeiten, wo ſich die große Spaltung der Genialitäten und der Rationalen kund that. Alle Elemente dieſer Periode, alle ihre Diſſonanzen und Widerſprüche, die Herzloſigkeit der Satyre, die überſchwengliche Weichheit der Empfindung, die „Genieenſprünge" einer zügelloſen Phantaſie, die nüchternen Anſichten eines geſunden Verſtandes, Reizbarkeit und Zähigkeit der Natur, Poeſie und Wiſſenſchaft, Liebe und Haß der Welt, Ideal und Reſignation ſchien ſich in dem Einen Mann wie in einem Gefäße zu ſammeln und in einen gewiſſen Körper zu verbinden. Die wenigſten Zeitalter dürften geeignet ſein, eine ähnliche Geſtalt wieder einmal aus den gleichen Beſtandtheilen darzuſtellen, die wenigſten Menſchen, wenn ſie auch aller einzelnen Elemente mächtig wären, ihn nur in der Beurtheilung zu reproduciren, weil der Verſuch in den meiſten Fällen mißglückt, in die heterogenen Theile den bindenden elektriſchen Funken zu ſchlagen, zu dem vielſeitigen Charakter den ſpringenden Punkt zu finden, ohne den, nach Jean Pauls eigener Bemerkung, kein Charakter Leben und Bewegung hat. Der erſte Bildungsſchuß dieſes Mannes war auf einem empfänglichen und fruchtbaren Boden gleich anfangs ſo mächtig, daß nach ſeiner Vollendung der Wuchs ſtillſtand; und daher kam es, daß in Jean Paul viele Eigenheiten jener revolutionären Periode bis ins 19te Jahrh. herüberragten, wo eine ähnlichgeſtimmte Jugend ihm vorzugsweiſe gern die Hand reichte; daher kam es, daß die Schriften dieſes Mannes einer Gattung angehörten, die damals cultivirt, nachher vergeſſen ward, daß ſie ſpät und frühe eine entſchiedene Gleichartigkeit tragen und einen ſolchen geſchichtlichen Fortgang, ſolche Perioden der Bildung, wie wir ſie bei Göthe und Schiller in aller Schärfe getrennt haben, gar nicht darbieten. Dieſe große Uniformität in Jean Pauls Bildung würde ſich noch ſchlagender darlegen, wenn wir ſein Leben von ihm ſelbſt beſchrieben beſäßen. Er hat bekanntlich nur den Anfang gemacht, „Wahrheit aus Jean Pauls Leben" zu berichten; aber auch aus dieſem Fragmente lernen wir hinlänglich, daß er weder der Mann war, eine Geſchichte ſeiner ſelbſt zu ſchreiben, noch daß er eine eigentliche Geſchichte zu ſchreiben hatte, da ſein ganzes Leben nur eine Reihe von idylliſchen Zuſtänden zeigt, ohne merkliche Influenzen der Zeit, oder eines wechſelnden Schickſals, oder eines wandelſüchtigen Geiſtes. Seine Biographie, die ſchon auf dem Titel mit einem Stiche auf Göthes Dichtung und Wahrheit nur Wirklichkeit zu berichten verhieß, würde darum weit entfernt geweſen ſein, eine pragmatiſche Geſchichte zu liefern, wie Göthe that; ſie würde ſich kaum in etwas von ſeinen Romanen, in denen er lediglich das deutſche Kleinleben ſchildert, unterſchieden haben. Nicht als ob er nicht in Wahrheit Wahrheit redete, nicht als ob die Dichtung, mit der er ſein Leben durchflechten wollte, dieſer Wahrheit Abbruch gethan haben würde, allein in ſeiner Geſchichte würde ſich nach den erſten Jahrzehnten und ſchon während dieſer lauter Beſtand und Beharren gezeigt haben, kein Fortgang; man würde keine unmittelbarere Kenntniß ſeines Weſens erhalten, als man ſie ſchon durch ſeine Werke beſitzt, die nur das genaue Abbild ſeines innern Lebens ſind. Die Verhältniſſe wirkten wenig auf den einmal geformten Charakter ein, und daher tadelt er Göthen um die Aeußerung, daß der Menſch um jedes Jahrzehent ſich ändere; er ſtreitet gegen die Möglichkeit, einen Autor aus den Umſtänden zu erklären; der Menſch iſt ſein eignes Licht und Schein, ſagt er im Gegenſatze zu Göthe, der nichts übrig zu behalten fürchtete, wenn er ſich nähme, was ihm die Verhältniſſe und die Menſchen gegeben. Er geſteht damit ein, daß er keine Fähigkeit zum eigentlichen Biographen hatte, wie gern er den poetiſchen ſpielte; er bekennt es auch geradezu, daß er von ſich ſelbſt nicht gekannt ſei; er benutzt die Jugendgeſchichte, die er ſchrieb, durchaus nicht zu den pragmatiſchen Zwecken aller der humoriſtiſchen Biographen, daß er in den Zügen derſelben das Vorleben des ſpätern Menſchen nachwieſe. Alles ſteht vereinzelt, in eine Reihe gefädelt ohne nothwendige Ordnung oder einen beſtimmten Zweck. Wie in ſeinen Romanen die Erzählung dürftig iſt, die Reflexion breit, ſo würde es hier geweſen ſein. Er hat keinen Sinn für Thatſachen, denn, ſagt er, ich kann tauſend auslaſſen und tauſend anführen und doch weder in jenen noch in dieſen ein rechtes Urtheil begründen. Aber der rechte Hiſtoriker kann zehn anführen und mit dieſen ausrichten, was er ſich nicht mit tauſend getraute.

Ich verſuche dieſes Geſchäft, ohne für dieſen rechten Hiſtoriker gelten zu wollen, und ohne mich über die große Schwierigkeit zu täuſchen. Bei einem Schriftſteller wie Jean Paul, der nach einer von Lichtenberg treffend gefundenen Bemerkung alles Intereſſe von ſeinen Werken ab auf ſich ſelbſt und ſeinen Geiſt lenkt, der ſo ganz mit ſeiner Perſon vordrängt und die Theilnahme an ſeinen Geſchichten und Charakteren verdrängt, iſt nichts natürlicher, als daß jeder Beurtheiler, wie es in der That iſt, „ſich gegen oder für die Perſönlichkeit mehr Parthei nimmt, als für oder gegen die Schriften an ſich, und daß, wie der Autor pathologiſch ſchreibt, ſo das Urtheil über ihn pathologiſch und leidenſchaftlich wird. Jean Paul ſelbſt hat ſich über den Mangel competenter Kritiker und Beurtheiler ſeiner Werke oft beſchwert, und es iſt manchmal, als ob er dieſem Mangel ſelbſt habe abhelfen wollen, indem er bald in ſcherzhaftem Lobe unter tauſend Wendungen auf ſeine z. Th. vergeſſenen Opera wieder hinweiſt, bald ſeine eignen Fehler aufdeckt und dann bemerkt, daß es ihm gelegentlich an richtiger Selbſtkritik weniger fehlt, als an dem ſittlichen Nachdruck, der eine willenskräftige Einſicht begleitet haben würde. Jean Paul klagte vielfach, daß er nichts als bereits Lober und Tadler gefunden habe, daß ſeine kälteſten Leſer ihn keiner Verbeſſerung für fähig gehalten, ſeine wärmſten keiner für bedürftig. Dieß iſt ſo wahr, daß wir unter ſeinem Publicum nie andere als ſolche partheiiſche Leſer gewahren: Männer wie Göthe und Schiller, die er nicht anders als mit einem anfänglichen wunderlichen Eindruck afficirte, und Andere, wie Fr. v. Oertel, dem er ein Apoſtel ſchien, der ſchon denen gram war, die ihn nur kunſtmäßig loben wollten; ſentimentale Damen, die die Locken ſeines Pudels auf der Bruſt tragen, und dürre Weltmänner, denen ihre Frauen witzig nachſagten, ſie liebten den Dichter ſo wenig, daß ſie nie eine Zeile von ihm geleſen hätten. Selbſt dieſer Witz enthält ſo viel natürliche Wahrheit! Wer ein gewiſſes Alter überſchritten hat, wer von einer Lectüre ſeinem Verſtande Rechenſchaft geben will, den wird Jean Pauls Schreibart in kürzeſter Zeit anwidern, und er wird, ohne weiter geleſen zu haben, ſein Urtheil bald fertig haben dürfen. Wer in idealen Jugendträumen ſchwärmt, wen ein geſteigertes Sittlichkeitsgefühl zu dem Dichter führt, der mit Herder gegen die lüſternen Poeten eiferte, „die zerſtörten Zerſtörer, die die Zahl der Sünder, nicht der Dichter vermehren", Frauen und Jünglinge, die „am Tragſtabe des Zeigefingers" über die dunkeln und wunderlichen Stellen ſeiner Schriften wegſpringen, die von dem Dispenſationsdecret und der Erlaubniß Gebrauch machen, die ihnen der Autor ſelbſt gab, ſeine Satyren zu überhüpfen, ſolche werden ſich durch keinen Einwurf ihre Gefühle ſtören laſſen, und ſie zu heilen, iſt bei den Leſern das beſte Mittel die Reiſe der Jahre, bei den Leſerinnen, daß man ſie erſucht, ihre Lieblingswerke Wort für Wort laut vorzuleſen und möglichſt zu erklären. Dieß letztere Mittel hätte vielleicht, da wir doch kein Publikum hatten, das mit einem entſchiedenen Geſchmacke im Großen dem excentriſch-originalen Autor entgegengetreten wäre, ihn ſelbſt aufmerkſam machen können, wie ſehr er das Beſſere ſah und dem Schlimmern folgte; er konnte ſelbſt das Vorleſen nicht leiden und machte ſich ſchwerlich je deutlich warum nicht; er arbeitete in ſtrenger Einſamkeit vor ſich hin, ohne ſich im Geringſten mitzutheilen. In dem Streit über ſeine Qualitäten fragt er ſich, welcher Meinung ein Autor anhängen ſolle, und findet, am ſchicklichſten ſeiner eignen. Daraus folgte denn zuletzt wohl natürlich, daß die Nation endlich auch ihre Parthie ergriff; ſie wird ihn nie zu ihren geſtirnten Dichtern in Eine Linie ſtellen, das werden die Verleger der Werke am beſten bezeugen können. Die Tadler werden immer die Ueberhand behalten, und ſchon darum, weil die meiſte Unpartheilichkeit faſt nothwendig auf ihrer Seite ſein muß. Denn der beſte Beurtheiler von Jean Paul wird der ſein, der einmal mit ihm geſchwärmt, und dann ſich gefaßt hat, der die möglichſt vielen Saiten, die ſeine Schriften berühren, in ſich anklingen hörte und ſich Rechenſchaft von ſeinen guten Eigenſchaften geben kann, ohne für ſeine übeln blind zu bleiben; es iſt aber gar kein denkbarer Fall, daß ein Tadler Jean Pauls zu ſeinem Lobredner werde, ſein Lobredner wird im natürlichen Gang der Dinge zuletzt zum Tadler. Eine Mitte zu halten, iſt bei einem Schriftſteller, der ſelbſt keine Mitte gehalten hat, faſt unmöglich.

Jean Paul war in unendlich kleinen und beſchränkten Verhältniſſen aufgewachſen. Ohne Schule, ohne Unterricht, ohne Umgang blieb er in ſeiner Kindheit einer überſchwenglichen Phantaſie überlaſſen, die in der ländlichen Leere umher nichts als unbeſtimmte Sehnſuchten in ihm weckte, die ihn mit Geiſterfurcht und andern dunklen Vorſtellungen füllte, deren Verarbeitung ihn in ſtiller Verſchloſſenheit beſchäftigte; die Einſamkeit des Dorfs, „die Theilnahme an Jedem, der wie ein Menſch ausſieht, brütete eine verdichtete Menſchenliebe, die rechte Schlagkraft des Herzens", vielleicht eine zu warme, in dem Knaben aus, und alle dieſe wenigen und regen Eindrücke wuchſen in ſeinem beſchäftigten Innern zu einem unendlichen Gebilde, wie in Jung Stilling, der in ähnlichen Lagen ſeine Kindheit verbrachte und die ähnliche Liebe zu dieſer erſten Zeit in ſich feſthielt. Als er mit 12 Jahren nach Schwarzenbach kam, fiel er plötzlich in einen vielartigen Unterricht, wo er fliegende Fortſchritte machte; er ſprang vom Latein zum Griechiſchen und Hebräiſchen und fing gleich als Knabe an, ſich weitläufige Notizen zu machen, die Liebhaberei für das Kleinweſen auch der Gelehrſamkeit in ſich auszubilden. Die Glut der Empfindungen, die Träume der Phantaſie fanden hier neben den Schulgeſchäften noch Raum genug; er las Romane und den älteren Robinſon; er trug eine ſtille kindliche Liebe in ſich; er ging, ſobald er Clavierunterricht empfing, dem Phantaſiren, der „Selbſtverlaſſung" nach; nur was ſonſt des lernbegierigen Knaben liebſte Thätigkeit zu ſein pflegt, was ihm einen geſunden Erwerb von Kenntniſſen ſichert, der ihn von Phantasmen und von den Trockenheiten des meiſten Schulunterrichts gleich entfernt hält, Geſchichte, Geographie und klaſſiſche Literatur blieb Jean Paul nicht allein damals, ſondern auch durch ſein ganzes Leben hin ſo gut wie fremd. Als er 1779 Leipzig beziehen ſollte, traf ihn plötzliche und völlige Verarmung durch den Tod ſeines Vaters; dieß nöthigte ihn auf Erwerb zu ſinnen und er fiel auf die leidigſte Quelle, die Schriftſtellerei. Er hörte nun ſeine Collegien, las ſeine Bücher, als ſolche, die ihm für ſeine Zwecke gleich nützlich waren, er eignete ſich nur das Homogene daraus an, er wandte alſo den erſten innerſten Fleiß des Alters, das die Grundlage zur ferneren Bildung legt, nur dazu an, die ſchon fertige Richtung ſeines Geiſtes mit einer Maſſe gleichartiger Elemente zu verſtärken, nicht dem noch lenkbaren Geiſte vergleichend und verſuchend eine zuſagende Richtung zu finden. Bei dieſer Thätigkeit gewahren wir zugleich ſchon in ſeinem 17—18ten Jahre eine Frühreife, die von einem ungemein energiſchen innern Jugendleben zeugt, und die es uns erklärt, daß Jean Paul den Geiſt der Jugend feſthielt, den Sinnen- und Empfindungskreis der Jugend, der den meiſten Menſchen bald verliſcht und verloren geht, mit einer merkwürdigen Klarheit des frühen Bewußtſeins auffaßte und ihn, der ſeiner Natur nach der Dämmerung angehört, eben ſo oft an das helle Licht zog, als er ihn anderemale von dieſem natürlichen Dunkel umwachſen läßt. Der Charakter der Juvenilität blieb bei ihm von ſeiner erſten Stimmung an feſtſtehen, und erklärt uns ſein Weſen und ſeine Schriften ſo, wie Herder in ähnlicher Weiſe die eigenthümliche Entwicklung der Swedenborg und Zinzendorf erklärte, und wie wir Lavaters originale Erſcheinung erklären können.

Unendlichemale hat Jean Paul ſeine Ausſprüche über den Werth ſeiner Jugend wiederholt und variirt. Er ſah auf nichts Zauberiſcheres zurück als auf das innere Leben jener Zeit, die äußerlich die gedrückteſte war, die leicht ein Jüngling ertragen; er ſehnte ſich immer nach den beſcheidenen Phantaſien dieſer bedürfnißvollen Zeit zurück, wo das Schickſal mit dem Wenigſten, mit einem unbedeutenden Mädchen, mit etwas Muſik und Mondſchein ſein Herz ſeliger machen konnte, als ſpäter mit Millionen. Er wollte aus ſeinen ſpätern Jahrzehnten alle Güter, die dieſen eigenthümlich ſind, gern hingeben, aber keines aus dem zweiten; den Himmel, den man ihm dadurch entwendete, könne ihm Niemand wiederbringen. Mit allen Leiden ſeines ſpätern Alters vermiſchte ſich ihm ſeine Jugend; ſie benahm ihnen ihr Schmerzhaftes, ſagt er, und verwandelte ſie in ſüße Melancholie; die Kindheit mußte ihm mit der Vergangenheit oft Gegenwart und Zukunft erſetzen. Wie vielmal blickte er mit ſchmerzlicher Sehnſucht auf jene lächerliche und reine heilige Zeit zurück, wo er ſo vielmal „dummer und glücklicher, und närriſcher und tugendhafter, wo er noch nicht aus dem Jugendparadieſe herausgejagt war!" Und das ſchien ihm die Beſtimmung des Dichters, oder doch der Charakter des Dichters zu ſein, daß er ein ewiger Jüngling bleibe, daß er „das, was andere Menſchen nur einmal ſind, nämlich verliebt, oder nur nach dem Pontak, nämlich berauſcht, den ganzen Tag, das ganze Leben hindurch ſei." So iſt denn wohl erklärlich, daß Jean Pauls Werke ſo viele Reminiscenzen aus ſeiner eignen Jugendgeſchichte enthalten, wie daß ſeine Jugendgeſchichte wieder ganz gleich einem Roman klang. Wie Hippel trug er ſein Leben, und vorzugsweiſe das Leben ſeiner Jugend in ſeine Schriften. Er fand, daß alle Autoren ihre Helden nach ſich ſelber geſtalteten; ja nicht allein ſchnitt er ſeine Geſchichten nach ſeinen eignen Erlebniſſen zu, er wollte auch bemerkt haben, daß das Schickſal nach dem Plan ſeiner Erzählungen ſeine eigne Geſchichte formte. Er bezeichnete nach der Reihe die Abdrücke der Wirklichkeit in ſeinen Dichtungen ſelbſt: „was von Fixleins Zwölfjagd in einer hebräiſchen Foliobibel nach größeren, kleineren, umgekehrten Buchſtaben geſchrieben ſteht, läßt ſich wörtlich mit allen Umſtänden auf ſein eignes Leben anwenden"; ſeinen Haus- und Winkelſinn bildete er im Wuz, Fixlein u. A. ab, die mächtigen Flüge ſeiner in Einſamkeit rege gewordenen Phantaſie in dem Helden der unſichtbaren Loge; in den Flegeljahren zertrennte er ſich in Vult und Walt, und er hatte in den Verhältniſſen bei ſeinen Erſtlingsdrucken alle die kleinen Thorheiten durchgemacht, die er dort in Walten ſchildert; im Titan erſchöpfte er die Ideale ſeines Herzens und ſchuf das Innerſte ſeiner Seele ſo darin nach, daß ihn ſpäter die Lectüre dieſes Werkes zu ſtark ergriff; die Glut ſeiner Freundſchaftsliebe hauchte er dem Victor und Albano ein; und ſeine Freunde erſchienen idealiſirt und geſteigert in der Gruppe ſeiner Charaktere. Manches Harte in dem Bau ſeiner Romane, das die Gemüther beleidigte, die er zart gewöhnt hatte, entſchuldigte er mit der eiſigen Wirklichkeit, die ihn ähnliche Härten erleben ließ, welche im *tiefen poetiſchen Reflex, meint er, ſeine Leſer zu ertragen lernen* mußten. Dieß iſt derſelbe äſthetiſche Realismus, den wir bei den humoriſtiſchen Schriftſtellern ſo häufig finden, und er iſt verbunden mit dem allgemeinen Spiritualismus und Idealismus, den Jean Paul wie ſo viele unter dieſer Klaſſe in das Leben ſelbſt hineintrugen.

Und dieß eben, weil er die Welt nur aus dem Geſichte der Jugend anſehen mochte, die Alles idealiſirt, und die eben darum in der Poeſie gern einmal um die Wahrheit das Ideal preisgibt. Wenn man ſich von Allem, was uns in Jean Pauls Werken mit beſonderm Nachdruck behandelt, was uns fremdartig und eigenthümlich in ſeinen Meinungen, was uns als Lieblingsgegenſtand ſeiner Muſe erſcheint, deutlich Rechenſchaft gibt, ſo ſieht man klar, daß es vorzugsweiſe ſolche Eigenheiten ſind, die der Jugend natürlich, die ihr wichtig ſind, und daß ſie ſich darum ſo auffällig ausnehmen, weil ſie in einem ungeziemenden Alter feſtgehalten und darum in einer extremen Weiſe ausgebildet ſind, die den nüchternen Kenner der Welt befremdet, der den Enthuſiasmus im greiſen Kopfe und den Schauder vor der wirklichen Welt in dem gereiften Mann nicht dulden mag. Das Jugendalter hat für den Menſchen darum ſo unſäglichen Reiz, weil es die Zeit idealer Beſtimmbarkeit iſt, weil es der Unendlichkeit der Hoffnungen und Erwartungen freien Spielraum gibt, die wir auf den werdenden Menſchen gründen können. Eben dieſelbe Beſtimmbarkeit ſah Jean Paul in dem ganzen Menſchengeſchlechte; er gab daher Nichts auf das, was der Menſch war, aber Alles auf das, was er nach den Möglichkeiten, die ihm ſein Inneres erſchafft, werden kann und was ein zukünftiges Leben in ihm zu reifen verſpricht. Iſt man erſt auf dieſe Weiſe dem äußern Leben entfremdet und auf das innere angewieſen, ſo wird man ſich natürlich nach der Zeit vorzugsweiſe neigen, in der die Phantaſie am lebendigſten ſpielt, in der das Gebiet der Ideale am weiteſten iſt. Ueberall begegnen wir daher in Jean Paul dieſen befeſtigten Gebilden aus der Kindheit, und ſein Weſen geht auf in dem Begriffe eines jung gebliebenen Menſchen, wenn man die Zufälligkeiten gerade ſeiner Jugend dabei in gehörigen Anſchlag bringt. Sieht man auf das Moraliſche, ſo blickt in ihm überall der Sinn für die Unſchuld und Reinheit der erſten Jahre hervor, und das zog jene ſittigen Frauen mitten in Weimar, unter dem Kreiſe unſerer gefeierten Dichter, zur Zeit deren ſchönſter Blüthe, ſo nahe zu ihm, daß er neues moraliſches Leben und Tugend und Gefühl in die misbrauchte Dichtkunſt zu bringen ſchien. Seine Schriften bringen eine Unſumme ſchöner Grundſätze und Reflexionen, von Handlungen bringen ſie wenig, wie ſein eignes Leben nicht ein erſprießliches heißen kann. Dieß iſt nun ganz Jugendart; denn dieſe Zeit iſt zum Sammeln und zum Reflectiren beſtimmt, ehe ſie in die wirkliche Welt handelnd eingreift, und es ſteht ihr natürlich an, daß ſie in einem Dichter, wie Jean Paul, jene Maximen einer großartigen Tugend aufſucht und jene Allmacht ſchöner Empfindungen bewundert, die weit über das gemeine Leben emporheben. Schon frühe begann Jean Paul in ſeiner Nothzeit ein Andachtsbüchlein zu führen, in dem er ſich moraliſch überwachte und Betrachtungen anſtellte, die auf aſcetiſche Schmerzunterdrückung, auf Gleichgültigkeit gegen Ehre und Ruhm, auf Bezwingung der Leidenſchaften, auf jede ſtrenge Forderung der Vernunft ausgehen; er recipirte ſeine Tugenden und Laſter wie ſeine Einfälle und Leſefrüchte, er verbollwerkte ſich gegen das Böſe, und ſo wuchs in ihm eine „Allliebe, die ſeines ganzen Lebens und Dichtens Grundcharakter ward," und er ſchilderte in ſeinen Werken eine angeſpannte Tugend, die wohl unterweilen ſogar ſeinen wärmſten Verehrerinnen voll Unnatur und beunruhigender Symptome ſchien. Wenn er auch im Leben hinter den anfangs gefaßten Grundſätzen zurückblieb, und die blinden Aufopferungen, zu denen er in Jugend und Armuth fähig war, nicht mehr zur Pflicht gerechnet haben würde, ſo ſehen wir doch in ſeinen Schriften überall, wie der Glaube an eine große Menſchheit, an einzelne hohe Menſchen, wie die geſteigerten Begriffe von Freundſchaft, von Liebe, von Tugend in der Weiſe durchgehen, wie wir ſie nur in edlen Jünglingen finden, denen die Welt noch fremd iſt. Mit dieſen hohen Forderungen tritt nun die Jugend in die wirkliche Welt ein, die den rohen Edelſtein zu ſchleifen beſtimmt iſt, wenn er ihre ätzende Schärfe aushält. Sie ſteht immer drohend hinter dem Glücke der Kindheit, ſie macht es mit ihren hervorragenden Täuſchungen zu einer ſchmerzlichen Seligkeit. Nichts hat Jean Paul vortrefflicher geſchildert als dieſen Stoß des Ideals auf die Wirklichkeit; nichts hat er zarter gehalten als die Miſchung von Lächerlichem und Rührendem, was dieſe Situation mit ſich bringt; nirgends hätte er leichter wahrhaft claſſiſch werden können, als hier, und wo er am meiſten Maß gehalten hat, in den Flegeljahren, iſt er von dieſer Seite her am genießbarſten geworden. Wir haben die Aufgaben, die er ſich von dieſer Art ſtellte, und die Eindrücke, die er damit machte, ſchon früher mit den Materien der Ritterromane verglichen, und es iſt vortrefflich, daß ſich der Held der Flegeljahre mit Petrarca vergleicht, und daß Jean Paul die Zeit der erſten Liebe eine ſolche nennt, wo der Jüngling die alte franzöſiſche Ritterſchaft erneue. Wenn unſer humoriſtiſcher Dichter auf dem mittlern Standpunkte zwiſchen Weltverachtung und Liebe, zwiſchen Humor und Empfindſamkeit hätte ſtehen bleiben können, auf dem er ſich in den Flegeljahren noch am erſten hält, ſo hätte er uns vortreffliche Werke geſchaffen; aber ſo war es ihm nicht gegeben, anders als in Extremen ſich zu bewegen. Auch dieß iſt die Weiſe der Jugend, daß ſie, zum Maßhalten nicht geeignet, nach allen Seiten ausſchweift; in ihrer feindlichen Begegnung mit dem wirklichen Leben iſt die Erſcheinung nur zu gewöhnlich, daß ſie ſich in Skepticismus und Misanthropie wirft und eine gewiſſe falſche Kraft affectirt, oder daß ſie umgekehrt die verſehrten Ideale in ſich verſchließt und ſich in Schwäche und Weichheit verliert. Dieß nun ſind eben die beiden Extreme, in denen uns auch Jean Paul auf Weg und Steg umtreibt. Es iſt ihm auf der Einen Seite die Welt verleidet; er wendet ſich mit Geringſchätzung von dem Menſchen weg; er vernichtet die Außenwelt und verfolgt ſie mit ſeinem Spott; oder er zieht ſich auf das Klein- und Stillleben des Menſchen, auf ſeine innere Welt zurück und findet das außen verlorene Glück hier wieder in einer glücklichen Beſchränkung und in dem ſtillen Verkehr mit den Hoffnungen einer beſſeren Zukunft. Auf jener Seite haben wir ſeine humoriſtiſchen Charaktere, die ihren Weltſchmerz bis zum Weltekel verbittern; auf dieſer haben wir ſeine ſelbſtgefälligen, ſanften Figuren mit Unkenntniß der Welt und mit einer unendlichen Liebe gegen die ganze Menſchheit erfüllt; jene dort ſinken gelegentlich zum liederlichen Genie herab, dieſe Blumenſeelen ſteigern ſich zu dem Extreme ſeiner ſogenannten hohen Menſchen, die der Welt den Rücken kehren, bei Bewahrung einer reinen Seele, die das Vermögen, nutzbar und wirkſam auf der Erde zu ſein, mit einer höheren Unbeflecktheit des Charakters unvereinbar finden. Auf jener Seite iſt Jean Paul ſkeptiſch, ſatyriſch, ein Verfolger der deutſchen Kleinmeiſterei, ein Realiſt in der Manier der Darſtellung, wie es der Jüngling bei dieſer Richtung iſt; auf der anderen iſt er ſentimental, weich, verſchwommen, elegiſch, ein Spiritualiſt, wie wir ihn nicht leicht wieder haben. Wenn er auf jener Seite zu weit geht im Häufen des Witzes, in der Spannung der Verſtandeskräfte, ſo hier in der Spannung der Empfindungen, in der Thränenneigung, die ihm ſelbſt wie Sternen eigen war, und auf die er in ſeinen Leſern gern hinarbeitet. Jener Zug der Jugend arbeitet in allen ſeinen Schriften mit, gern auf Nachtgedanken zu weilen, ſich mit Todes- und Geiſterfurcht zu quälen, auf Träume und Orakel zu achten; und was in dieſer Zeit die Lieblingsfragen und Bekümmerniſſe unſerer erwachenden Forſchbegierde ſind, über das Verhältniß von Leben und Tod, von Liebe und Freundſchaft, von Gott und Welt, dieſe durchdringen Jean Pauls Werke überall und füllen ſein eignes Intereſſe aus. Was das Mannesalter feſſelt, die praktiſchen Verhältniſſe der Welt, die Zuſtände der Geſellſchaft, daran legt er nur den Maßſtab der jugendlichen Empfindung; ſelbſt in ſeine Speculationen drängen überall ſeine Gefühle herein. Wie ferner in der Jugend jenen idealen inneren Beſchäftigungen des Geiſtes und den ſchwellenden Empfindungen unverdorbener Herzen die trockene Thätigkeit für die Schule als ein Gegengewicht gegenüber liegt, ſo iſt es bei Jean Paul der Fall, daß er uns zu allen ſeinen wiſſenſchaftlichen Studien mitnimmt, daß er uns neben den gehauchteſten Szenen eines ſublimirten Seelenlebens zugleich die nackteſten Disputirübungen abſchildert. Die Unerſättlichkeit der Lernbegierde, die einer ſtrebenden Jugend eigen iſt, iſt es auch Jean Paul; und aus dieſer Zeit, wo man im Frohn der Wochentage arbeitet, blieb ihm, eben wie es nur der Kindheit eigen iſt, das ideale Sonntagsheimweh, und dieſe Sabbathsfreude, die hohe Zeit der Jugend, hat bei ihm in ſeinen Sabbathskapiteln eine Art poetiſche Vertretung. Und ſo ließe ſich dieſer Erweis des Charakters durchgehender Juvenilität in Jean Pauls Werken und Weſen bis ſo ſehr ins Einzelne herab verfolgen, daß man, um nicht lächerlich zu werden, des Dichters komiſche Manier für den Verfolg anwenden müßte, die doch dem Ernſt der hiſtoriſchen Darſtellung nicht zuſagen kann.

Nur um das Eine leider ging er fehl, worin wir ſuchen, was unſerer gebildeten Jugend Halt und Feſtigkeit und die mittlere Stimmung für das Leben gibt. Wir ſagten oben, er entbehrte die Nahrung ſeines Geiſtes durch Geſchichte und Geographie, und hierin kam das Geſchick ſeiner Neigung entgegen. Er entbehrte eben ſo die Kenntniß und Liebe der alten claſſiſchen Literatur. Er hatte ein Vorurtheil gegen ſie aus der Schule, er ließ dieß auf der Univerſität fahren, als er Seneca und Cicero las; dieß waren aber nicht die Autoren, die es ihm hätten ausrotten, ihm gutes Beiſpiel geben können; ſpäter blieb es ſeine (zwar ſchwankende) Anſicht, das Studium der Alten müſſe ſinken und könne ſinken ohne Nachtheil, und er meinte gegen aller Welt Zeugniß und Erfahrung, man fände für die jungen Seelen in allen neueren Literaturen gleich geſunde Nahrung und in der orientaliſchen noch beſſere. Jean Paul gleicht ſchon darum in ſeinen Schriften den Producten der mittleren Zeiten oder eininerte Göthen an die Manier des Orients, weil ihm die gründliche Kenntniß des antiken Geiſtes, weil ihm das ordnende Maß, das Göthe dort lernte, abging, weil ſein ſcholaſtiſches Wiſſen ganz dem Sinne antiker Schule entgegen war. Er liegt daher zu der Göttinger Schule und Göthen im großen Gegenſatze der Modernität gegen das Antike, und er fand, daß die äſthetiſchen Geſetze nur von dieſem Einen gehalten würden, der gleichſam die ſtellvertretende Genugthuung für die anderen Autoren ſei. Alles was die neuere Zeit mit den edelſten Gaben des Herzens und des Kopfes werden kann ohne die regelnde Schule der Alten, zeigte das Zeitalter der Romantik kaum deutlicher als dieſer romantiſche Dichter der modernen Zeit warnungsvoll darlegt. Denn mit dieſer in adjecto ſich widerſprechenden Bezeichnung charakteriſirt man die widerſprechende Natur dieſes Schriftſtellers und ſeiner Schriften ganz, deren Vorbilder in der allgemeinen Literatur nur da liegen, wo die Kenntniß des Alterthums nicht hindrang und ſelbſt die Dichtung der Ritterzeit verblüht war. Die Zeiten des picariſchen und humoriſtiſchen Romans, die formloſen, die keine reine Dichtungsart kannten, die das Epos verloren hatten und das Schauſpiel erſt werden ſahen, dieſe Zeiten entſprechen dem Dichter, der eben ſo die vagſte Form der Dichtung ergriff, der eben ſo nur jene dichteriſchen Elemente, das Elegiſche, Satyriſche, Idylliſche und Allegoriſche in ſich trug, die eben jene Zeiten zu dichteriſchen Gattungen und Körpern machten. Man hat ihn mit Niemandem öfter und richtiger verglichen als mit Rabelais, dem Vater des humoriſtiſchen Romans. Hätte er weiſe ſich zu mäßigen gelernt, hätten ihn die Alten gelehrt, den poetiſchen und ſelbſt den „humoriſtiſchen Wahnſinn des Sterne" gering zu ſchätzen, hätten ſie ihn abgehalten von dem Wahnglauben, der vollendete Geſchmack halte die höchſte Anſpannung nicht für Ueberſpannung, ſo würde man ihn vielleicht mit Cervantes vergleichen. Mit ſo viel Anomalien als man Wielands Dichtungen der Ritterpoeſie vergleichen kann, obgleich er dem Geiſte nach vielfach an die pragmatiſche und humoriſtiſche Poeſie anſtreift, muß man Jean Pauls Romane mit den humoriſtiſchen, der Ritterdichtung entgegengeſetzten Romanen vergleichen, wiewohl er dem Geiſte nach uns oft an die Ritterpoeſien erinnert. Beide ſtehen ſich daher in jeder Hinſicht untereinander entgegen. Die ebene, glatte und leere Schreibart Wielands macht zu Jean Pauls ſpringender, vollgepfropfter und unebener den vollkommenſten Gegenſatz; die Romane des Einen ſind immer voll ſtrictem Zuſammenhange, voll pſychologiſcher Deduction, die des Anderen ſind im Bau der Facten und der Charaktere mehr kühne Skizzen voll gewagter Motive. Der plane Wieland nahm ſich die excentriſche Welt des Ritterthums gern zum Gegenſtand, der excentriſche Jean Paul ausſchließend faſt die Kleinwelt heimiſcher Zuſtände. Jener blieb, wo er aus der phantaſtiſchen Ritterzeit ſich entfernte, immer in der Vergangenheit der Geſchichte, Jean Paul hatte die Anſicht, die mit ſeiner Unkenntniß des Alterthums zuſammenhängt, daß ſich der Menſch nur für Nachbarſchaft und Gegenwart intereſſire, daß ihm die wichtigſten Vorfälle, die ſich in Zeit und Raum von ihm entfernen, gleichgültiger ſeien als die nächſten: er verwechſelte hier wieder die Wirklichkeit mit der Dichtung, das Geſetz des Erlebten mit dem Geſetze der Phantaſieſchöpfungen. Wenn Wieland ſcheinbar gegen Erwartung mehr auf den humoriſtiſchen als auf den Ritterroman, mehr auf bürgerliche als auf romantiſche Dichtungen fortwirkte, ſo Jean Paul von ſeinem bürgerlichen Roman aus mehr auf den romantiſchen, wo ſich Fouqué und Hoffmann an ihn anſchließen. Denn es iſt ſehr charakteriſtiſch, daß der Dichter romantiſcher Stoffe durchaus pragmatiſchen und rationalen Sinnes iſt, der Erzähler bürgerlicher Materien aber den durchgehenden Fehler macht, daß er wie im Wort ſo in der Sache im Romane die romantiſchen Beſtandtheile für unumgänglich hält; Wieland trug in die alte und mittelalterige Welt unſere modernen Alltagsgefühle, unſere Verhältniſſe und Sinnesart, Jean Paul in die proſaiſche Welt unſerer Höfe, Kleinſtädte, Häuſer und Studirſtuben, in unſer [illegible] die ſchwärmeriſchen Liebſchaften des Mittelalters, die Freundſchaften der Urzeit, orientaliſche Einſiedler, Lauren und Petrarken, unterirdiſche Erziehungen, Scheinbegräbniſſe, Kinderverwechslung und Geiſterſpuk, was wir in alten Romanen gewöhnt waren. Der Eine hatte ſich ganz in ſein Schneckenhäuschen zurückgezogen, auch dem Anderen machte dieß Freude, nur daß er neben dieſem „Naheſuchen" zugleich einen Bund mit dem „Fernſuchen" ſchloß, daß er ſich die Schneckenſchale breit offen hält, um die Fühlhörner bis in den Himmel emporzuſtrecken. Der Eine bewegte ſich immer in der trivialen Mitte, der Andere in den Extremen, der Eine auf der Seite des geſunden Menſchenverſtandes, der Andere auf der des Genies; ein Waſſertrinker jener, dieſer ein Weintrinker; Wieland ganz auf Seiten des franzöſiſchen Geſchmacks und des modernantiken, Jean Paul auf der des engliſchen und niederländiſchen; jener zu Voltaire, dieſer zu Rouſſeau geneigt; Staatsidealiſten und Weltbürger beide, aber ganz ungleich in der nüchtern berechnenden Art der gutmüthigen Schwärmerei des Einen und der kühn fliegenden des Anderen. Wenn der Eine mit ſeinen Lebensanſichten auf der ebenen Heerſtraße blieb, ſo ſchweift der Andere überall auf's ungewöhnlichſte aus und war unter den Schreibern origineller Romane ein Original ſelbſt.

Worin ſich dieſe Originalität vorzugsweiſe äußerte, das war das Verhältniß des Mannes zur Schriftſtellerei. Auch hier werden wir dahin zurückgewieſen, die Quelle ſeiner Eigenheiten in den Eigenſchaften der Jugend zu ſuchen. Der maßloſe Eifer, mit dem ſich der Jüngling beim erſten friſchen Intereſſe an den Büchern, beim erſten Blick in die Welt des Wiſſens, bei dem erſten Fluge der Wißbegierde und Neugierde auf das Leſen und Sammeln, und wenn in ihm ſelbſtthätige Kräfte ſind, auf das Nachahmen und bald auf's Produciren wirft, dieſer Eifer iſt bei Jean Paul ſtatariſch und zu einer Art Monomanie geworden. Gleich in ſeiner früheſten Kindheit, ſobald nur der Lerntrieb in ihm geweckt war, begann dieſe Sucht in ihm; Bücher und Buchſtaben zu ſchreiben, ſagte er, fing er faſt zu gleicher Zeit an. Gleich als er hebräiſch begann, ſammelte er ſich alle Grammatiken und Notizen, deren er habhaft werden konnte; im 16—17. Jahre ſchrieb er ſchon Uebungen zum Denken nieder, Sätze, die eine vorwiegende Neigung zur Reflexion, zum Beobachten der Denkkraft, zum Nachſinnen über Schriftſtellerei verrathen; dann ein Tagebuch ſeiner Arbeiten voll philoſophiſcher Aphorismen und ein Andachtsbuch mit moraliſchen Betrachtungen. Neben ſeinen Studienſchriften machte er ſich Excerpte aus ſeiner Lecture, und hatte deren ſchon 12 Quartbände, ehe er auf die Univerſität ging. Dieſe anfängliche Sammelwuth und Producirluſt dauerte und wuchs durch ſein ganzes Leben. Nichts zu verlieren war das Syſtem, wodurch Jean Paul ſeine Polyhiſtorie begründete, nicht Zeit, nicht Gedanken zu opfern; wie Lavater ließ er keinen Spahn ſeiner Ideen und ſeiner Erfahrungen fallen, und brandſchatzte ſeine Freunde um Beiträge, wenn er gerade beſtimmte Themata vor ſich hatte; er notirte ſich auf Discurszettel, was er bei Beſuchen ſprechen wollte; er machte ſich als Hofmeiſter eine Anthologie der Bonmots ſeiner Zöglinge; er excerpirte die Geſellſchafts- und Beſuchsunterhaltung, die Bücher, die er in geordneter Unordnung durchlas, die Natur und den eignen Geiſt. Es war eine Zeit, wo er 20 ſtarke Quartbände bloßer Ironien beſaß und noch mehr Satyren; denn Alles war rubricirt; die Abtheilungen und Unterabtheilungen und Subunterabtheilungen ſo klein und ſubtil geordnet, daß es ihm bei Bedarf ſo wenig fehlen konnte, wie wenn das Morgenblatt ein Motto, oder ein Profeſſor eloquentiae ein Feſtthema ſucht. Der Mann, in dem ein Dämon mehr als in jedem Anderen wirkſam ſchien, trieb dieſe Pedanterie des kleinlichen Gelehrten auf's alleräußerſte: der in ſeiner Schreibart am regelloſeſten war, hatte ſich für dieſe Studirart die genaueſten Reglements und Marſchrouten vorgeſchrieben. Auf dieſe Weiſe ſpannte er ſeinen Geiſt und übertrieb ſeine Kräfte; er ſammelte einen Reichthum, der uns voll Armſeligkeit ſcheint. Aber war es anders möglich, als daß er dieſes ungeheure Aufgebot von Material machte, da ſein Hunger nach Schaffen ſo unerſättlich war? Denn war ſeine Luſt zu ſammeln groß, ſo war doch ſein Eifer zu verarbeiten noch viel größer. Alles Hören und Leſen ſchien ihm den Geiſt nicht ſo zu kräftigen und zu reizen, wie Sprechen und Schreiben. Da bei ihm das Wirken und Handeln nicht viel in Anſchlag kam, ſo war es natürlich, daß ihm ſeine Autorſchaft lieber ward als ſein Menſchliches, daß er aus dem Schreiben ſeinen Menſchenberuf formte und nun mit dem gekünſtelten Pflichteifer, zu dem er ſich ſelbſt erzogen hatte, dieſem Berufe nachging. Ganz der ächte Deutſche, der im Schreiben aufgeht, „da er ja keine anderen Verdienſte um den Staat haben kann," ganz die Einbildung von dem Schreiberwerth, die Lichtenberg ſo fatal war! Völlig im Gegenſatze zu Göthe, der ſchwer zum Schreiben zu bringen war, der ſein Geſchriebenes vernachläſſigte, war Jean Paul vor Allem froh nach, im, und mittelſt Schreiben, wenn es ihm auch Schmerz und Ermattung brachte; er freute ſich ſeiner Sachen, er las ſie gern und oft, in Vorſtellung anderer Perſonen. Er hielt es für Pflicht, mit Opfer an Zeit, Geld, Freunden und Allem — zu ſchreiben! er fand ſich ſelbſt nicht der Mühe werth gegen das, was er gemacht! jeden Tag ſchien er ſich leichter zu ſterben, da das Gewicht ſeiner Druckſachen immer ſchwerer wurde. Wenn ihn im achtzigſten Jahre der Tod abriefe, ſo würde er ſich ärgern, daß es ihm aus der „Schreibſtunde des Lebens ſo frühe veniam exeundi gegeben." Die Zeit verſchweigen hieß ihm die Zeit verſchreiben; das Erholen war ihm ermüdend; nur ſchönes Wetter konnte ihn in Zwieſpalt bringen, da er doch auch gern ſpazierte und die Natur genoß. Kommt ihm ein plötzlicher Lichtgedanke, ſo ergreift er ſanft und wüthend im höchſten Enthuſiasmus ein Papier, um ihn aufzuheften; und nichts quälte ihn mehr als das bloße Umwenden des Blattes beim Setzen ſolcher fliegender Gedanken. Seine inneren Phantaſien und Darſtellungen zehrten ſein äußeres Leben ab, er vergaß ſeine Geſundheit, Eſſen und

Trinken war ihm zu viel, wenn er ſchrieb; alle Bequemlichkeiten ſollte nach ihm der Menſch verſchmähen, dem Opfer ſeiner Schöpfungskraft nichts entziehen. Ja alle ethiſchen und diätetiſchen Vorſchriften ſchien er ebenmäßig zu verſchmähen, deren Beobachtung der Schöpfungskraft etwas entzog: für ſeinen Geſchmack tränke er nichts lieber als Waſſer, aber wie anders für die Wirkung! er trank nicht beim Mahl, um nicht die Kraft durch Trinken ohne Schreibzweck abzuſtumpfen, aber er trank, um zu ſchreiben, um die Seele von der ſie niederhaltenden Materie zu befreien; er ward ein Trinker aus ſchriftſtelleriſchem Inſtinkt. Witz und Feuer der Darſtellung hing bei ihm von ſeinem Willen ab und von ſolchen geiſtigen Hülfsmitteln, die der Wille anbefahl. Mit ſo gewiſſenhafter Pflichterfüllung war es nicht mehr als natürlich, daß unſer Autor Alles aus ſich gemacht, was nur zu machen war; ja leider noch etwas mehr. Es lag nicht an ihm, wenn es nicht zu machen war, was er mochte und wünſchte: daß nach ſeinem Tode alle ſeine Gedanken der Welt gegeben würden! ein unendlicher Inhalt, wenn man nur das Geſchriebene überſchlägt, wenn man aus ſeinen Werken heraustretend ſich noch in ſeine Notizbücher hineindenkt! Welch ein glücklicher Mann mußte ihm ſein Schulmeiſterlein Wuz ſcheinen, der alle Werke ſelbſt ſchrieb, zu denen ihm der Meßkatalog mit ſeinen Titeln Anlaß gab; und war es unſers Autors Schuld, wenn die Meßkataloge nun ſo aufgeſchwollen ſind, daß dieß Beiſpiel nachzuahmen für den ſchreibluſtigſten Deutſchen nur ein Ideal bleiben mußte! Doch, dürfen wir auch ſcherzen über dieſe Symptome eines Naturtriebs, der ganz offenbar in Jean Paul, wie bei jedem Original, mächtiger war als ſein Wille! „Wenn ich, ſchrieb er, meinem Geiſt und Körper eine Ruhe von drei Tagen geben will, ſo drängt am Zweiten ſchon mich eine unbezwingliche Bruthitze wieder über mein Neſt voll Eier oder Kreide. Der arme Paul wird's ſo forttreiben, bis die gequälte, fieberhafte Bruſt von der letzten Erdſcholle gekühlt iſt.“

Wollen wir nach einer Urſache fragen, wie Jean Paul zu dem hartnäckigen Beharren in der Sphäre des Jugendlebens kam, ſo dürfen wir keine andere ſuchen, als daß er mit der Anlage einer Einbildungs- und Empfindungskraft, die ſeine übrigen Seelenkräfte weit überragte, in ſeiner erſten Entwicklung auf jene Periode der deutſchen Literatur traf, wo ein erfriſchtes Jugendleben den ganzen Nationalkörper gleichſam durchdrang. Dieß Zuſammentreffen hatte dann die Folgen, daß wie er in ſeinem ganzen Weſen den allgemeinen Charakter der Jugendlichkeit feſthielt, in ſeiner Schriftſtellerei der Charakter jener Zeit hängen blieb, wo, wie wir ſagten, die Gegenſätze der Stark- und Kleingeiſterei unſere Literatur bewegten. Gleich bei den erſten Anſtrengungen ſeines Geiſtes und Charakters in ſeinen früheſten Jugendſchriften und Briefen hören wir ganz entſchieden in dem 16—17jährigen Jünglinge die Stimme unſerer Genialitäten. Ehe er ſich ſeinen eignen Styl gebildet hatte, ſchrieb er an die Freunde, mit denen er ſiegwartiſirte, in der apoſtrophiſchen Sprache und dem ſentimental derben Tone des Götz, auch wohl in Anklängen an Yorick und Young. Die Horaziſche Regel war ihm ſchon damals ein kraftausſaugendes Rezept, vom Pedanten für das Genie entworfen, das doch nichts bekritteln könne, eben weil es Genie iſt. Das Genie, ſchrieb er, iſt ſich ſelbſt Leiter und geht ſeinen eignen Gang; es iſt ſich ſelbſt Räthſel und geht dunkle Gänge, es kennt an ſich nichts als ſeine Unergründlichkeit, und es allein kennt ſie am beſten. Göthe traf ihm damals jede Saite des empfindenden Herzens; Herdern verehrte er ſchon ganz frühe und Klinger zog ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf ſich. Er war genau mit den herrſchenden Ideen vertraut, welche Toleranz der Meinungen, Freigeiſtigkeit, die Abſchüttelung alles Syſtems und aller vorgeſchriebenen Form begünſtigten, und kein Schriftſteller machte von dieſer Licenz ſo auf die Dauer Gebrauch wie er. Er war zum Theologen beſtimmt, gab aber bald dieſen Beruf auf; denn ſchon ganz frühe war er heterodox und zwar mit jener Einſicht in die Nothwendigkeit und Nützlichkeit des Irrthums, wo er an ſeiner Stelle iſt. Das hatte ihn Leſſing gelehrt, deſſen Ton und Anſichten man gleichfalls in manchen ſeiner früheſten Aphorismen wiedertönen hört. Wenn er ihn las, ſchien er eine heitere Weltanſicht zu faſſen und gegen jene zu eifern, die gottesfürchtig zu ſein meinen, wenn ſie die Welt ein Jammerthal nennen; bald aber ſprach er vom Skepticismus und von dem Ekel an der tollen Maskerade, die man Welt nennt, bald ſchien er ſich in Menſchenhaß hineinarbeiten zu wollen, zum Trotz ſeiner unendlichen Menſchenliebe. Dieſer ſkeptiſche graue Staar war auch in den Augen zweier frühgeſtorbener Jugendfreunde, die wir aus den Schilderungen in den Memoiren zu Jean Pauls Leben ganz als Angehörige jener Genialitätsprinzipien kennen lernen. Der Eine, Oerthel, war ein reizbarer Hypochondriſt, von ſchrecklichem Unglauben, der Andere, J. B. Hermann, war ganz in ſich zerfallen, mißtrauiſch gegen Jeden und nur gegen J. Paul brauchte er ſeine erdrechſelte Verſtellungskunſt nicht; er war arm und ſtrebend, cyniſch und von jungfräulicher Seele, Jean Paul ſchrieb ihm, er ſei wie die Lerche ſingend in den Wolken oder niſtend in einem Dreckloch auf der Erde, und er würde ihn in einen Roman aufpflanzen, wenn er dem Leſer die Wahrſcheinlichkeit ſeiner Cynismomanie beibringen könnte. Wenn dieſer Freund in den Stürmen des Geiſtes und in äußerer Noth untergegangen iſt, ſo dürfen wir Jean Pauls Seelenſtärke rühmen, die ihn in gleichen und ärgeren Bedrängniſſen, als er mit dem Schickſal rang, mit einer verrenkten Hüfte davon kommen ließ. Ihn drückte die gleiche Noth, ſeit ihm ſein Vater geſtorben war. Ein Bruder ertränkte ſich, um nicht das Elend der Mutter zu mehren, ein anderer ging in Liederlichkeit unter, ſeine Freunde ſtarben ihm weg, ſeine erſten Autorhoffnungen ſchlugen ihm fehl. Aber er hatte zu viel Freude an dem Menſchenleben und an ſeinen Hoffnungen, um nicht in all dieſem Jammer auszuhalten; er war in ſeinen „Empfindungen zu gläubig“, um nicht den Skepticismus des Kopfs zu überwinden; er war zu nachgiebig gegen die Kleingeiſtereien der Welt, um ſich in ſeiner Starkgeiſterei wie Andere feſt zu rennen. Er theilte ganz mit jener Jugend den Zorn gegen die Convenienz, gegen das Rückſichtnehmen auf Andere, das ihm ein Gift unſerer Ruhe ſchien. „Er beging in Leipzig mit Abſicht Sonderbarkeiten, um ſich an den Tadel Anderer zu gewöhnen, er ſchien ein Narr, um die Narren ertragen zu lernen.“ Er ging dort nach engliſcher Mode mit entblößter Bruſt und abgeſchnittenem Zopfe; ſein Freund Vogel, ein heterodoxer, witziger Pfarrer, der auf ſeine ſatyriſchen Schriften nicht geringen Einfluß hatte, gab ihm vergebens den wohlmeinenden Rath, daß wenn er blos das Innere, nicht das Aeußere ſchätze, er bedenken ſolle, daß Form und Materie nur Ein Ganzes ausmache, und daß die wahre Philoſophie ſei, nicht daß ſich die Vielen nach dem Einzelnen, ſondern der Einzelne nach den Vielen richte. Er ſchien widerſtehen zu wollen, als aber der Tumult zu groß ward, ſank ihm der Muth ſeinen Eigenwillen durchzuſetzen und er hängte den Zopf wieder an. Nichts wäre leichter, als hier ſeinen Uebergang vom Starkgeiſt zum Kleingeiſte anzuknüpfen.

Der genialen Richtung Jean Pauls gehören ſeine ſatyriſchen Erſtlingswerke an. Der Skepticismus verleidete ihm die Wiſſenſchaften und Brodſtudien, gegen die ohnehin eine unbezwingliche Abneigung in ſeiner Natur lag; die Starkgeiſterei entfernte ihn von der natürlichen Art ſich auszudrücken, und machte ihn zugleich zum momentanen Feinde der modiſchen Empfindſamkeit, zu der ſo viele Anlage in ſeinem Weſen war. Die ſentimentalen Gecken in Deutſchland raubten ihm, der in ſich ächte Empfindung fühlte, durch ihre Thorheit den Muth, eine gemisbrauchte Sprache, „die ſimple Naturſprache des einzig guten treuen Rouſſeau“ zu reden. In ſeinen Jugendſchriften redete Jean Paul durchaus nicht in der ſpäteren Weiſe, wo ihm die „Wahrheit weniger gefiel als ihr Putz, der Gedanke weniger als ſein Bild“, wo er ſich „wegen einer Antitheſe falſche Ausdrücke erlaubte“; er ſelbſt gibt an, daß er auf dem Wege war, ſeine Sprache nach Leſſing zu bilden, als ihn Swift abgelenkt habe. Er las ſich nun ſein Witzſpielen künſtlich an, „die Bücher mit ſcharfſinnigem Unſinn gefielen ihm beſſer als ſchlichter Menſchenverſtand, weil er blos las, um ſeine Seele zu üben, nicht zu nähren.“ Dieß war der erſte und zugleich zerſtörende Schlag, den er ſeiner geſunden Natur verſetzte. Er pfropfte dieß fremdartige Reiß auf ſeine ganz empfindſame Seele, und auf das gepfropfte impfte er wieder ſeine Theorie, daß ſich der Witz erlernen laſſe und der Beruf zur Satyre anzubilden ſei. Von da an iſt es nicht ſchwer, in ſeinem Weſen den Zwang des Geiſtes überall zu entdecken; er arbeitet ſich unter dem Schreiben in beliebige Stimmungen hinein und es ſcheint ihm nicht möglich geweſen zu ſein, ohne dieſe „Schreibrührung“ zu produciren; es ging ihm, ſagt er irgendwo, jedesmal ſo, daß er das Geſchilderte während des Schilderns ſich eigen mache, die Verwirrung ſelbſt verwirrt beſchreibe, das Bild der Eitelkeit unbewußt mit der größten entwerfe. Er brachte es zu der geſpannten Seelenkraft, daß wo er ſeine Gefühle beherrſchen mußte, er ſich z. B. gleichgültig ſtellen lernte, und es darüber ward, ehe er es wußte. Wenn mitten unter ſeinen ſcherzhaften Arbeiten ſeine Kinder den Tod ſeines Bruders nachſpielten, ſo weinte er und ſcherzte zu gleicher Zeit fort, und achtete nicht auf die Abmattung, die ſich nach einer ſolchen Scene bei ihm einſtellte. Damals alſo, als er durch Noth auf den Gedanken kam ein Buch zu ſchreiben, änderte er ſeine Art des Studirens, und las blos witzige Schriftſteller. Die Reihe deſſen, was er damals mehr durchſtürmte als durchlas, erklärt vollkommen das buntſcheckige Narrenkleid, in dem ſein erſtes Werk ſich dem Publikum zeigte. Unter ſeinen erſten Lectüren war Hippels Buch über die Ehe und ſeine Lebensläufe; dann trieben ihn der Witz Voltaire's, die Beredſamkeit Rouſſeau's, der prächtige Styl des Helvetius, die feinen Bemerkungen Touſſaints, die Heiterkeit Montaigne's in die franzöſiſche Literatur; Pope und Boileau wurden von entſchiedenem Einfluſſe auf ihn; von Liscov lernte er ſeine ſtrenge Ironie; über Alle weg trat

Swift, in dem ihn die Poeſie der Satyre ergriff, der ihm Tagelang die Gedanken füllte. Da er alle dieſe Autoren mit der beſtimmten Ausſicht auf eigne Production las, ſo begreift es ſich, daß er von keinem einen allgemeinen Eindruck davon trug, daß das Reſultat nichts war, als die einzelnen Spolien, die er raubte. Die Schriftſtellerei gewöhnte nach ſeinem eignen Geſtändniſſe ſeine Sprache an Wendungen, deren Gezwungenheit mit der Wärme des Herzens ſtritt; Antitheſen und Gleichniſſe wurzelten ſich ſo feſt in ſein Gehirn, daß ſie ſeinen Träumen anhingen und die Sprache ſeines Herzens mit Gallicismen verunſtalteten. Er änderte nun ſogar ſeinen Briefſtyl an ſeine Freunde, um ſich in der neuen Schreibart zu üben, und leider war ſelbſt ſein Paſtor Vogel, ſonſt ein verſtändiger Mann, gegen ihn ein viel zu freundlicher Kritiker. In den erſten Jahren b[illegible]agte ſich Jean Paul noch ſelbſt wohl über den Mangel wahrer [illegible]nde, die ihn vor falſchem Geſchmack gewarnt hätten, obgleich er zweifelte, daß er ihnen gefolgt ſein würde; er meint zuweilen ſelbſt ſeine witzigen Wollüſte ſatt zu werden, obwohl er zu anderen Zeiten, wenn er die tauſend Fehler ſeines Erſtlingswerkes und die Ueberladung mit Gleichniſſen tadelte und erkannte, dennoch die Frage des Genies aufwarf: ob auch kalte Kritik den Reiz der Unmäßigkeit beſiegen konnte! „Verkennt dort der Weinſäufer mit der rothen Naſe, fragt er, die giftigen Kräfte des überflüſſigen Weines? Er kennt ſie wohl, aber er flieht ſie darum nicht!“ Und dieß ſoll ſeinen Witzrauſch entſchuldigen? Weil ihm ein Buch ohne Fehler noch kein gutes, ja gewiß ein mittelmäßiges war, ſo ſchrieb er denn luſtig auf die Fehler los; weil die Feile nicht Schönheiten erzeugt, ſondern nur erzieht, ſo ſchließt er ſich lieber das Ohr vor ihrem Geknarre; weil die Kritik dem Genie die Zeit, in der es beſſert, für die Production abſtiehlt, ſo ſparte er lieber dort als hier. Mit dieſen gehäuften Spielen des Scharfſinnes und Witzes nun übertäubte er die Stimme der natürlichen Empfindung in ſich ganz und es war ihm ſpäter ein Räthſel, wie er zu der Bitterkeit gekommen war, und namentlich zu der Liebloſigkeit gegen das weibliche Geſchlecht, die in ſeinen Grönländiſchen Prozeſſen (1783) herrſchte. Er hatte in ſeinem 18. Jahre ſchon nach Erasmus ein Lob der Narrheit geſchrieben, das er ein Jahr ſpäter in dieſe Prozeſſe verarbeitete. Von da und von Liscov und Popes Dunziade mag ſich die gerade Ironie herſchreiben, die hier überall durchgeht. Fragt man, ob die unſinnige Häufung der Gleichniſſe und des Witzes, ob die außerordentliche Geſchmackloſigkeit dieſes Buches nicht gleichfalls ein Vorbild habe, ſo muß man ja bedenken, daß Jean Paul ſich in der Rolle des Satyrikers, die er ſpielte, mitten in der ſchlechteſten Geſellſchaft in Deutſchland ſah. Er mag die Kranz und Wezel, die Wekhrlin, Seybold und Bretſchneider und was ſich damals Alles als Satyriker bei uns gerirte, noch ſo ſehr verachten, ſo waren ſie doch immer ſeine Umgebung, die er kannte und las. Den Deutſchen damaliger Zeit war der Antihypochondriacus und die Vademecums noch der beſte Witz; und ſelbſt den viel ſpäteren war Falk ein Satyriker von Namen und Kortums Jobſiade (1784) ein Meiſterſtück von Laune und Sarkasmus! Er mag Rabener noch ſo ſehr in Schatten ſtellen, ſo konnte er doch ſchon aus ihm auf die falſche Maxime gekommen ſein, daß die Ironie, die nur ein rhetoriſches Hülfsmittel der Satyre iſt, das eigentliche Vehikel derſelben ſei. Wer die Satyren des 17. Jahrh. bei uns kennt, der wird leicht urtheilen, der Hauptaufſatz des erſten Bändchens über Schriftſtellerei habe keine größere Familienähnlichkeit als mit dieſen. Das Gemälde, das hier von der deutſchen Poeſie entworfen wird, die Begeiſterungs- und Hülfsmittel, die dem Autor empfohlen werden, Wein, Diebſtahl, Verachtung der Kritik, Eitelkeit und Einbildung, das Alles haben jene Männer des 17. Jahrh. ſchon vorgebracht mit manchem lächerlichen Gleichniſſe: die Stiche auf die regelverachtenden Poeten, auf die Unſterblichkeit, die durch Kitzelung der Thränendrüſen erlangt wird, auf die Vielſchreiber, die keinen Tag ungetrübt von ihrer Dinte ins Meer der Ewigkeit fließen laſſen, und auf den Schwulſt, den Baſtard des Erhabenen, auf die Genies, die vom Tarantelſtich der Originalität zum Tanze begeiſtert ſind. All dieß war ſchon früher da, und ſogar mit der Eigenheit, daß alle dieſe Stiche auf Niemand beſſer paſſen, als auf die Autoren ſelbſt. Dort aber liegt das offenbare Zeichen der Unberufenheit zum Satyriker, wenn er über die Thorheiten ſcherzt, denen er ſelbſt verfallen iſt, wenn er ſich (ein unangenehmer jüdiſcher Zug) ſo oft zum Stichblatt des eignen Witzes ſelbſt machen muß. Man merkt den Gegenſtänden ſchon an, daß Jean Paul zur Zeit noch nirgends beſſer zu Hauſe war als auf der Studirſtube; die meiſten Scherze gelten den Schriftſtellern, und treffen ihn ſelbſt am meiſten. Wie viel Schönes hat er in dem Satze geſagt, daß gute und ſchlechte Autoren durch höchſte Anſtrengung ihrer Talente den Sturz vom erſtiegenen Gipfel des Geſchmacks ankündigen, indem ſie Schönheit und Fehler auf die äußerſte Grenze treiben! Und dennoch hat ihn dieſe frühe Einſicht nicht vor der Ueberanſtrengung ſeiner Anlagen gewarnt. Wie viel Schönes ſchrieb er ſpät und frühe über die Vergeudung des Witzes und dennoch war es noch in der Aeſthetik ſein Grundſatz, daß Fülle des Witzes ſeine Seele ſei; richtiger ſagte Lichtenberg, daß der Witz nur mit Ehren auskomme, wenn ihm die Vernunft die Zügel anlege, und dieſe nöthige Kreuzigung lege man ihm dadurch auf, daß man ihn nur gebrauche, wo er nothwendig aus der Sache fließt. Wie ſchon ferner ſah Jean Paul ſchon in dieſen Prozeſſen auf die Mißlichkeit der Lage, in der ſich unſere deutſche Satyre befand! Unſer ſatyriſcher Jagdzug, ſagt er, iſt weniger für die hohe Jagd, als für die niedere der Haſen, Haſenfüße, Haſelanten und Bönhaſen gerichtet. Er hätte ſich mit dieſer Einſicht durch das Beiſpiel Rabeners ſollen warnen laſſen. Und doch, wenn man die grönländiſchen Prozeſſe, und die Teufelspapiere, die Palingeneſien, und alle Extrablättchen und Schalttage der Romane, worin die Satyre Jean Pauls fortdauerte, durchgeleſen hat, ſo haben wir faſt lauter Rabeneriſche Stadtklatſchereien durchlaufen, lauter „Autodafés über Kleinigkeiten“ beigewohnt; wir ſehen den Satyriker, der den Himmel auf die Erde ſetzen will, nur im dünnſten Staube wühlen. Für alle großen Verhältniſſe iſt Jean Paul blind, und belegt auch ſeinerſeits, daß alle unſere Satyre in Deutſchland bis jetzt in der Kindheit geblieben iſt, daß alle unſere Satyriker jener Gattung angehören, von denen Voltaire ſagte, ſie ſchonten die Geier und zerriſſen die Tauben. Das hat er ſeinem Swift nicht abgelernt, der noch lange nicht das Ideal eines Satyrikers iſt, wie er ſich in das äußere und innere Leben ſeiner Nation eingelebt hat, und nicht durchgefühlt, daß dieſer ſo viel Aufwand des Spottes unmöglich an die Erbärmlichkeiten der deutſchen Geſellſchaft, an den Ahnenſtolz, an die Weiber und Stutzer und Schreiber verſchwendet haben würde, was Alles nur des tiefſten Mitleids und ſchweigender Verachtung werth iſt. Und wer hätte alle die Bagatellen mit ſo pretiöſer Manier beſprechen mögen! Der Satyriker ſollte der populärſte Schreiber ſein, und dieſe gehäuften Curioſitätenſpäße, dieſe „Wildniß von Gedanken“, dieſer Gleichnißwitz, der um allen Preis voll, reich und dunkel ſein ſoll (was in der Auswahl aus des Teufels Papieren 1789 noch mehr der Fall iſt als in den grönländiſchen Prozeſſen), mußte natürlich gleich von vorn alle Wirkung abſchneiden, um die es doch dem Satyriker nothwendig zu thun ſein muß. Er entſchuldigt die Dunkelheit in den Papieren damit, daß ein Strom, der eine Zeit lang unter der Erde ging, wenn er hervorkomme, noch ſtets derſelbe Strom ſei; was nützt uns aber das Bächlein, das häufiger unter der Erde geht als darüber, und wenn es hervorquillt, uns kaum einen klaren Trunk bietet? Beide Jugendwerke Jean Pauls ſind daher wenig geleſen worden, und die Noth zwang ihn, nur um einen Verleger zu finden, zum Romane überzugehen. Und auch mit allen ſpäteren Satyren hat er es nicht einmal ſo weit bringen können, daß ſein Kuhſchnappel nur neben Krähwinkel genannt wurde, ſo wenig als Siebenkäſens lederfarbener Frack den blauen des Werther verdrängen wollte. Die Geringfügigkeit der Dinge verurſachte dieß eben ſo ſehr wie die wunderliche Schreibart; und die Enge der Welt- und Menſchenkenntniß, der Mangel an Blick in die öffentlichen Verhältniſſe laſſen dieſe wie alle unſere Satyren unbedeutend. Im Siebenkäs werden die Papiere dieſem zugeſchrieben und Leibgeber lobt ſie, als himmliſch und recht gut, und vielleicht paſſabel, ſich verwundernd, daß ein Advocat (oder Candidat) in einem Kleinſtädtchen ſo reine Satyren geſchrieben. Nur dieß aber erklärt es, daß er ſie geſchrieben, die weder rein noch himmliſch, ja nicht einmal paſſabel ſind. Wie fiel auch der Jüngling gerade auf die Satyre! Sie läßt ſich vielleicht ſofern anlernen, als der Satyriker den materiellen Grund, auf dem er ſeine Werke aufbauen will, forſchend muß kennen lernen; allein dazu gehört Zeit und reifer Verſtand, und wenn Jean Paul mit Recht verlangte, daß man keinen Roman unter 30 Jahren ſchreiben ſolle, ſo durfte er gewiß viel weniger ſolche „juvenile Juvenalia“ im 19ten ſchreiben.

Daß dieſe ganze ſatyriſche Schriftſtellerei nur wenig Natur war, erwies ſich im Fortgang bald. Dieſer Hang war ein Erwerb durch Lectüre; hinter dem luſtigen Schein, ſagte er ſpäter ſelbſt, wuchs der Ernſt der Empfindung ungeſtört fort; er erhielt ſchon in den Papieren einigen Raum, und in den erſten Romanen, die Jean Paul nun in die Welt ſchickte, tritt ſchon die ganze Weichheit ſeiner elegiſchen und idylliſchen Natur an den Tag. Seit den Prozeſſen, ſchrieb er, habe er noch neun Jahre in der ſatyriſchen Eſſigfabrik gearbeitet, dann habe er durch das noch etwas honigſaure Leben des Wutz den Uebergang zur unſichtbaren Loge gemacht; ſo lange hätte das Herz des Jünglings Alles verſchloſſen ſehen müſſen, was in ihm ſelig war und ſchlug, was wogte, liebte und weinte. Als es ſich im 28. Jahre endlich eröffnen durfte, da habe es ſich ergoſſen, wie eine warme überſchwellende Woge. Wir bemerken auch hier die Irregularität der Entwicklung, denn jene Allmacht der Gefühle, die in den Pubertätsjahren dem Menſchen natürlich iſt, iſt es nicht mehr im angehenden Mannesalter; ſie war zurückgedämmt in unſerem

Dichter durch die rauhe Hand des Schickſals, und man kann die Macht der Reaction nicht beſſer ſchildern, als es Jean Paul ſelbſt in den eben angeführten Worten gethan hat. Dieſes dunkle Gefühlsweſen hielt ihn durch ſein ganzes Leben hindurch unter ſeiner Herrſchaft, und ſind wir durch die geſuchten Scherze und Bilder, das Verſtandeswerk ſeiner Schriften, geſättigt, ſo erwartet uns abwechſelnd nach der ſüßen die bittere Speiſe (man kann es auch umkehren) der Thränen, nach dem Lichte die Dämmerung, nach dem Schauen das Tönen. Hier iſt ſeine romantiſche, ganz unplaſtiſche Natur in ihrem Weſen. War Göthe vielleicht mehr zum plaſtiſchen Künſtler geſchaffen, ſo war es Jean Paul ſeiner ganzen geiſtigen Erſcheinung nach zum Muſiker. Wenn ihn eine Empfindung ergriff, daß er ſie darſtellen wollte, ſo drängte ſie in ihm nicht nach Worten, ſondern nach Tönen; Alles, ſagte er, war bei ihm Ton, nicht Anſchauung, wenn er ſtark getrunken hatte; er hörte ſich oder das Innere ewig und dachte klar darüber. Es trieb ihn dann, ſeine Empfindungen auf dem Clavier auszuſprechen; zur plaſtiſchen Kunſt hatte er nie ein Verhältniß. Er kannte dieſen ſeinen Gegenſatz zu Göthe ſelbſt: dieſem, ſagte er, ſei Alles beſtimmt, ihm aber romantiſch zerfloſſen; er reiſte durch Städte, ohne etwas darin geſehen zu haben, ihn reizten nur ſchöne Gegenden, die dem Romantiſchen zuſagten; er ſah zwar alle Individualitäten des Lebens, aber er fragte nichts darnach und vergaß ſie. Mit dieſen Eigenſchaften konnte ein muſikaliſches Talent beſtehen, aber kein wahrhaft dichteriſches. Und in der That, welche andere Eindrücke als muſikaliſche tragen wir in jenen Malereien davon, wo er bald eine Gegend, bald ein Muſikſtück, bald einen Traum oder eine Viſion, bald den dunkeln Gefühlsſtand der Seele unter äußeren Eindrücken abſchildert! Wenn er jene Regenbogenſcenen ausmalt, jene duftigen Abendrothbriefe ſchreibt, und über die Träume der Engel und Blumen divinirt! Dieß ſind jene Stellen, die nur ein Dichter ſchreiben konnte und nur ein Leſer bewundern kann, dem das helle Licht des Tages und ein faßlicher Gegenſtand der Begeiſterung unheimlich iſt. Der Strahl des leuchtenderen Phöbus in Italien hätte dieſen Dichter nicht wie Göthen auf die Spitze ſeiner Schöpfungen ſtellen können, ſondern er vergrub ſich in die Nacht, ſich ſteigernd, und bedurfte für das Feuerwerk ſeiner Phantaſie, das blos im Dunkel leuchtete, nur einen kleinen Funken zum Zünden. An einem Roſenblatte ward ſie lebendig; der Geruch einer Blume ſtimmte ihn poetiſch, der trauernde Herbſt mehr als der Frühling, der Mondſchein mehr als die Sonne; dunkle poetiſche Stellen zogen als Entzückungen in ihn ein, wenn er auch nichts damit anzufangen wußte; eine Stelle aus Shakſpeare ſchuf, wie der arme Yorick in Sterne, ganze Bücher in ihm. Wo ſich Jean Paul dieſen inneren dunkeln Stimmungen überließ, wie beſonders im Hesperus, „bei deſſen erträglicheren Stellen er in ſüßer Entzückung faſt ſtarb“, da iſt er für jeden reifen Geſchmack und klare Bildung ungenießbar; wo er aber dieſer Energie der Gefühle die Klarheit ſeines Bewußtſeins geſellte, nicht um abentheuerliche Allegorien und Viſionen zu bilden, ſondern um in den dunkeln Minen der jugendlich bewegten Bruſt nach dem reinen Golde zu graben, da iſt er vortrefflich. Er hatte die ganz eigne Gabe, bei den ſtärkſten Gefühlen Klarheit und Beſonnenheit zu behaupten; die Tag- und Nachtgleiche, worin er geboren, meinte er, ſei Bild, wenn nicht Grund ſeiner geiſtigen: Phantaſie und Reflexion waren in ihm gleich gewogen. Daher konnte er eben ſagen, er denke über das innere Tönen in ihm klar; in ſeinen Träumen war es ihm ſogar oft bewußt, daß er träume. Hiermit nun hängt in ihm jene Gabe zuſammen, daß er eben jene chaotiſche Welt des inneren Menſchen, in der Zeit, wo Gefühle und Leidenſchaften das Bewußtſein am meiſten überwältigen, mit dem klarſten ergriff, daß er jene Seelenzuſtände mit allen Mitteln der muſikaliſchen Sprache oder der Metaphern ſchildert, die ſich im Grunde jeder Bezeichnung in Begriffen widerſetzen. Er ſieht und fühlt, er ahnt und träumt überall eine Harmonie der inneren Natur mit der äußeren, die wir eben in dem erſten Streit der ſinnlichen Gewalten mit den ſinnigen am meiſten empfinden; er greift in die fernſten Gegenſtände der kosmiſchen Natur, um Bilder für die geheimſten Stimmungen der Seele zu finden, er wollte zur Anſchauung bringen, was die wenigſten Menſchen ſelbſt in jenen Jahren nur in ähnlicher Energie erfahren, und daher ſind ſo wenige, die ihm da, wo er am feinſten und tiefſten iſt, nachempfinden, die ſich dabei etwas denken können. Und doch liegt hier faſt ſein einziger Werth, und ein ganz originaler. Wenn es aller humoriſtiſchen und pragmatiſchen Autoren Eigenheit war, daß ſie den Quellen der Empfindungen nachzugehen trachteten, ſo muß man geſtehen, daß keiner wagte, was Jean Paul that: der ſie gerade in dem Alter vorzugsweiſe aufſuchte, wo ihre Herrſchaft am mächtigſten und zügelloſeſten iſt, und der in ihrer Erklärung die kleinlichen Herleitungen der Pragmatiker mit genialem Sprung überſchritt. Er kannte nicht die Menſchen, wie jene, er kannte nicht einmal den Menſchen, aber den inneren Menſchen, wie er in jener ruhrend komiſchen Zeit beſchaffen iſt, wo ſich Ideal und [illegible] in ihm ſtreiten, den kannte er, wie ihn vielleicht nie wieder Jemand gekannt hat.

Die unſichtbare Loge (1792) iſt nicht vollendet; die ganze Anlage verräth noch den Anfänger. Er iſt hier gleichſam zwiſchen Klinger und Hippel getheilt. Die ganze wunderliche Erziehungsgeſchichte, die entſchiedene Sympathie mit Rouſſeau erinnert etwas an jenen, das Schönthun mit der Herrnhuterei, das Verweilen auf den Todesſcenen des Amandus und den Scheintod des Ottomar, die Liebhaberei an Nachtſcenen, die [illegible] keinen Zweck haben, als einige Herzſtürme auf den Leſer und ſein Schnupftuch zu machen, lehnt ſich geradezu an Hippel an. So weit die Erzählung führt, läßt ſich über ihre Tendenz nichts ſagen, als was faſt bei allen Romanen Jean Pauls die [illegible] Abſicht iſt: ſie ſchildert den Contraſt der Idee mit dem Leben. Der Held iſt eine jener erdeumarmenden, himmelſüchtigen Seelen, denen die Flügel der Phantaſie nicht genug beſchnitten ſind, die ſich außerhalb der Welt ſtellen; „dieſe iſt nur ein Nebenplanet ihrer inneren; ſie ſehen die äußere nur, wenn ſie ſich ihrer erinnern, und dann iſt ſie in die innere gerückt und verwandelt.“ Die eigenthümliche Manier der Jean Paulſchen Romane iſt übrigens hier gleich anfangs entſchieden. Die Hauptſache geht einen verdeckten Gang, die „friſche Hiſtorie“ gebricht hier wie in allen ſeinen Sachen, der Hauptfaden liegt verſchleiert hinter Reflexionen und lyriſchen Ergüſſen, hinter ſatiriſchen Abſchweifungen, Träumen und allerhand Rauſchgold. Unerſchöpflich iſt der Erzähler in tauſend Wendungen, den geraden Bericht zu vermeiden. Nicht allein daß er über ſeine Facten reflectirt, er reflectirt auch über ſeine Arbeit, er unterhält ſich und ſcherzt ſehr ergötzlich mit dem Leſer, er rügt ſtyliſtiſche Mißſtände, er notirt was ihm nicht gefallen, und Bemerkungen, die ihm den Perioden zu ſehr verlängern würden, läßt er zwar weg, aber nicht die Bemerkung, daß er ſie wegläßt. Er will wie Hamann die Gedanken und Ideentänze ſeiner Helden nicht allein, ſondern auch die des Autors ganz in der Ordnung oder Unordnung mittheilen, wie ſie in der Wirklichkeit durch den Kopf ziehen, und er verräth, daß ſich die Schrift durch nichts Anderes von dem Leben unterſcheiden kann, als durch die Ordnung, die ſie, die langſame und überlegende, in den wirren Fluß des raſchen Lebens bringt. Dieſe Irrung durchdringt alle Schriften unſers Dichters und iſt die Quelle eines gewiſſen pſychologiſchen Werths und eines guten Theils ihres äſthetiſchen Unwerths zugleich; ſie ſtellt ſeinen Roman in einen grellen Gegenſatz gegen die ſpaniſchen Novellen, in denen alle menſchlichen Empfindungen und Leidenſchaften, Reden und Gedanken in einer gewiſſen Paradeordnung und ſtreng disciplinirt auftreten. Jene Parentheſenmanier in der Schreibart nun ſpiegelt eigentlich nur im Kleinen die größere in dem ganzen Bau ſeiner Romane ab. Sie ſind nicht mit jenen tauſend Klammern gefügt, aus jenen tauſend Fädchen gewoben, wie bei andern Humoriſten, es ſind einzelne Riſſe und Züge, vortreffliche Scenen, aber nicht Reihen ſtreng fortgeſetzter Handlungen, charakteriſtiſche Anekdoten, aber nicht Gemälde, wie ſeine meiſten Schriften nicht als ganze Satyren, aber als Sammlungen von Witzreden und Epigrammen vorzüglich ſind. Er [illegible] Lichtenberg, den Beifall durch einen coup de main mehr als durch planmäßige Attake zu erobern. So ſind ſeine Charaktere beſſere Schattenriſſe als Portraits, eher Portraits als Standbilder, beſſere Entwürfe als Ausführungen. So hat er in ſeinen wiſſenſchaftlichen Werken treffliche Winke und einzelne Regeln gegeben, hätte aber nie ein Syſtem der Erziehungskunſt oder Aeſthetik geben können. Es iſt nicht das Leben in ſeiner Fülle, was ſeine Werke, ſo umfangreich ſie ſind, umſchreiben, ſondern nur Bruchſtücke des Lebens; es iſt nicht eine abgerundete Lebensweisheit, die wie bei Göthe oder Schiller aus dem Complex der Schriften wie aus dem Charakter des Schreibers gleichmäßig reſultirte, ſondern es iſt eine aphoriſtiſche, launiſche Philoſophie, die man daher ſo gern zerpflückt und in Blumenleſen ſammelt; und wie die erträglichen Charaktere ſeiner Romane nur die jugendlichen ſind und ſeine Männer und Greiſe zu Caricaturen werden, ſo möchte man von dem Autor ſelbſt ſagen, nur ein Segment des Lebens und der entwickelten Menſchheit [illegible] auf ihn. Er ſagte es ſelbſt, daß er das Gefühl des nicht [illegible] werdens, der moraliſchen Unvollendung beſtändig mit ſich trüge. Er war kein fertiger Schriftſteller und Herder traf [illegible] das Rechte, wenn er ihn darauf anſah, erſt etwas aus ihm zu machen, oder Lichtenberg, wenn er ihm prophezeihte, er werde [illegible] werden, wenn er wieder von vorn anfange. Vortrefflich hat Lichtenberg, indem er von Sterne ſpricht, eine andere Haupteigenſchaft der Jean Paulſchen Romane bloßgeſtellt. Es iſt bekannt, wie er uns gern gleich Sterne, dem er ſich in Leben und Schriften verglich, in die wechſelndſten Stimmungen verſetzt, wie er Ernſt und Scherz, Lachen und Weinen, und alle menſchlichen Kräfte zugleich ſpielen läßt, wie es im Leben iſt, vergeſſend, daß die Dichtung die Härten der Wirklichkeit abglätten ſoll [illegible] er immer die „Flügel für den Aether, die Stiefel für das Pflaſter an hat“, wie er aus „Schoppe's Wildheit in die Hesperus-Rührung“ überſpringt, und wieder aus den „Dampfbädern der Rührung in die Kuhlbäder der Satyre zurückſteigt;“ er muthet uns immer zu, den Kitzel zum Lachen und den Reiz zum Weinen zugleich auszuhalten. Die Stelle von Lichtenberg, in der er dieß verwirft, iſt folgende. „Es gibt, ſagt er, ein untrügliches Zeichen, ob einer, der eine rührende Stelle ſchrieb, wirklich dabei gefühlt hat oder ob er aus einer genauen Kenntniß des menſchlichen Herzens blos durch Verſtand und ſchlaue Wahl rührender Züge uns Thränen ablockt. [Dieß wäre bei Jean Paul anders zu faſſen.] Im erſten Falle wird er nie, wenn die Stelle vorüber iſt, ſeinen Sieg plötzlich aufgeben. So wie bei ihm ſich die Leidenſchaft kühlt, kühlt ſie ſich auch bei uns, und er bringt uns ab, ohne daß wir es wiſſen. Hingegen im letzten Fall nimmt er ſich ſelten die Mühe, ſich ſeines Siegs zu bedienen, ſondern wirft den Leſer, oft mehr zur Bewunderung ſeiner Kunſt als ſeines Herzens, in eine andere Art von Verfaſſung hinein, die ihm ſelbſt nichts koſtet als Witz, den Leſer aber faſt um Alles bringt, was er vorher gewonnen hatte. Von dieſer letztern Art iſt Sterne.“

In den Hesperus (1794) ſind offenbar Ingredienzien aus der unvollendeten Loge übergegangen. Auch dieß iſt noch ein Nacht- und Abendſtück, an müde Seelen, gedrückte Geiſter und höhere Menſchen, die das Leben kleiner finden als ſich und den Tod, gerichtet; zur inneren Miſère iſt das äußere hinzugefügt: Schwindſüchtige, Blinde, Staarkranke, Wahnſinnige; und auf Todtenſcenen und Leichenreden wird wieder mit weicher Seele und mit „wahnſinniger Laune“ verweilt. Die Abſicht iſt, die Spielarten der Liebe, Mutter-, Geſchwiſter-, Kindes-, Freundes-, Geſchlechts- und allgemeine Menſchenliebe „nebeneinander auf den Altären brennen zu laſſen“ und den Reichthum und Edelmuth des menſchlichen Herzens zu öffnen. Daher ſind denn in dieſem „Tragelaphen“, deſſen Erſcheinung unſere großſinnigen Dichter in Weimar ganz komiſch und neu berührte, aber die Enthuſiaſten, wie Moritz, und die Frauen elektriſirte, beſonders die weichmüthigen Beſtandtheile ſehr vorwiegend. Wir wollen beſonders auf den Charakter Emanuels achten. Schon in der Loge erſchien ein Extrablatt über hohe Menſchen, die er außer andern Vorzügen beſonders an dem Gefühle der Nichtigkeit alles irdiſchen Thuns erkennt, und an der Empfindung von der Unförmlichkeit zwiſchen unſerm Herzen und unſerm Orte, an dem Wunſch des Todes und dem Blick über die Wolken. Sein Emanuel hier iſt nun der Repräſentant dieſer Klaſſe, ein Indier, mit zerknicktem Körper, ein Pythagoräer, den ein Jahrmarkt, ein Poſſenſpiel traurig und ein Dichter wie Shakſpeare melancholiſch macht, der ſich durch Faſten und Enthalten von Fleiſchſpeiſe ſeine Phantaſie leichter macht, und der durch einen Zug beſonders ausgezeichnet wird, der „nicht allein Wahnſinnige, ſondern auch außerordentliche Menſchen von ordentlichen unterſcheide“: daß nämlich wenige Ideen, denen er allen geiſtigen Nahrungsſaft einſeitig zuleitete, bei ihm ein unverhältnißmäßiges Uebergewicht bekommen haben *). Zwei große Wahrheiten, die das Univerſum tragen, hält er in ſeinem Herzen feſt: Gott und Unſterblichkeit. Jean Paul macht Abtheilungen zwiſchen Gottmenſchen, Thiermenſchen und Pflanzenmenſchen, er rechnet dieſe Einſiedler zu den erſten, die wir doch zu den letzten zählen müßten. Wir deuten den Leſer auf dieſen Charakter, nicht allein um darauf aufmerkſam zu machen, wie übel es iſt, wenn der Jugend ſolche Naturen, die auf der Erde unnütze Koſtgänger ſind und auf die die Sanitätspflege und Sicherheitspolizei ein Auge haben muß, als das Ideal der höchſten Menſchheit dargeſtellt werden, ſondern auch um auf Jean Pauls eigne Sterbephiloſophie vorzubereiten, die wir bald im Kampanerthale kennen lernen. Auch auf das Gegenſtück hierzu, auf ſeine Freude an dem Kleinleben, die zuerſt der Siebenkäs und Q. Fixlein ausſprach, bereitet der gemiſchte Charakter des Helden Victor vor, in dem die contraſtirenden Seiten Jean Pauls, ſein Humor und ſeine Sentimentalität vereint liegen, und in dem er ſich ſelber erklärterweiſe abkonterfeit. Der excentriſche Held hat für die unähnlichſten Gefühle ein geräumiges Herz, er iſt Poet, Philoſoph, Hofmann und Enthuſiaſt zuſammen, er hat „drei närriſche Seelen, eine humoriſtiſche, eine empfindſame und eine philoſophiſche“, und der Leſer mag ſich den Dritten zwiſchen Allen herausfinden.

Die beiden Gegenſätze, von denen wir reden, lehren uns gleich die nächſtfolgenden Werke Jean Pauls kennen. Quintus Fixlein und die Blumen-, Frucht- und Dornenſtücke ſind die erſten Romane, die eigentlich der Schilderung des Kleinlebens ſich widmen und der humoriſtiſchen Gattung angehören, während man die vorigen, wenn Jean Paul allein in ihrer Art weiter gearbeitet hätte, mehr neben Klingers Werke trotz der theilweiſe ſcherzhaften Manier anreihen würde. In der Vorrede zum Q. Fixlein gibt uns Jean Paul ſelbſt den Contraſt dieſes Buches gegen die vorhergehenden zu verſtehen. „Ich konnte, ſagt er, nie mehr als drei Wege, glücklicher zu werden, auskundſchaften. Der erſte, der in die Höhe geht, iſt: ſo weit über das Gewölke des Lebens hinauszudringen, daß man die ganze äußere Welt mit ihren Wolfsgruben, Beinhäuſern und Gewitterableitern von weitem unter ſeinen Füßen wie ein eingeſchrumpftes Kindergärtchen liegen ſieht. Der zweite iſt: gerade herabzufallen ins Gärtchen und da ſich ſo einheimiſch in die Furche einzuniſten, daß wenn man aus ſeinem warmen Lerchenneſte herausſieht, man ebenfalls keine Wolfsgruben, Beinhäuſer und Stangen, ſondern nur Aehren erblickt, deren jede für den Neſtvogel ein Baum, und ein Sonnen- und Regenſchirm iſt. Der dritte endlich, den ich für den ſchwerſten und klügſten halte, iſt der, mit den beiden andern zu wechſeln.“ Man ſieht wohl, dieß iſt die deutlichſte Doctrin eines Mannes der Extreme, dem der nächſte Weg am weiteſten abliegt, auf dem man weder fliegt noch kriecht, ſondern aufrecht geht, Wolfsgruben und Beinhäuſer für das anſieht, was ſie ſind, und ſich an Berg und Thal, an Menſchenwerk und Natur freut, was dem in den Lüften zu klein, dem im Neſte zu groß ſcheint. Mit Kothurn und Soccus je an Einem Fuße wandeln, iſt ein hinkender Gang. Jean Paul wollte ihn erzwingen. Seine Freunde hatten ihm ſchon in der Jugend geſchmeichelt, er werde uns Shakſpeare, Rouſſeau und Pope zugleich werden, und ſie hatten nicht bedacht, daß, wer nur Eine Faſer von Pope hat und Eine von Rouſſeau, faſt Keine von Shakſpeare haben kann. Aber es gehörte zu dem univerſaliſtiſchen Beſtreben der Zeit, die Verſuche des Unmöglichen anzuſtellen, und ſo haben wir in Jean Paul wunderbar genug die Züge des dämoniſchen Geniedichters und des humoriſtiſchen Pragmatikers hart beiſammen. Der Mann, der ſo ſkeptiſch von der Nichtigkeit des Menſchen und ſeines eigenen Selbſt denkt, legt ſeine Autobiographie ganz auf das Minutiöſeſte an, als ob eben hieran Alles gelegen ſei; er findet es wie die Pragmatiker lockend, von einem bedeutenden Menſchen nur einige Tage lang alles Alltägliche aufzuſchreiben, was er treibe, nicht um daraus wie Jene Aufſchlüſſe über ſeine Natur zu finden, ſondern wieder in dem melancholiſchen Wunſche, die Eitelkeit jedes Lebens zu zeigen; ſich ſelbſt will er lächerlich darſtellen und das Unbedeutende an ihm, obgleich er ſein endliches Beſtreben nannte, auf der Erde nichts zu cultiviren, was ihm droben nicht gälte! Er, der die Thorheiten der Welt ſo ſehr von ſchwindelnder Höhe überſchaute, gefiel ſich aufs höchſte, „alles Gemeine und Pedantiſche mitzumachen, unter dem erhebenden Bewußtſein der Willkür.“ Der ſich ſo über alle Blitzableiter emporſchwang, gefiel ſich doch ein Wetterprophet zu ſein, nicht ohne ſich wieder ſelbſt darüber luſtig zu machen. Er, der anfangs die Allmacht des Genies ſo verehrte, fand doch nachher, daß ſich Dinge erlernen ließen, von denen Andere anders urtheilen würden, und er mußte ſich geſtehen, daß ſeine Anlagen unendlich klein ſein würden ohne die Verbeſſerungen des Fleißes. Der extravaganteſte Schriftſteller mußte ſich an die pedantiſchſte Ordnung knüpfen, und wenn es in dem ganzen jungen Geſchlechte damals lag, was Jean Paul einmal von ſich ſagt, daß die Anſpannungen der Phantaſie allen Leidenſchaften zu viel Wildheit und Heftigkeit gaben, ſo waren doch dieſe Anſpannungen bei ihm nicht durch den unmäßigen Lebenstrieb wie in den Andern hervorgerufen und durch jenen weltſtürmeriſchen Sinn, ſondern er erkünſtelte ſie durch die fixe Idee, mit der er ſich auf das Amt der Schriftſtellerei warf. Dieſer Mann ſchien Vielen die Poeſie, die durch Göthe und Schiller auf den Höhepunkt gebracht war, den ſie bei uns erreichen ſollte, noch geſteigert zu haben; und dennoch ging ſie bei ihm nur auf einen ungemein geſteigerten Realismus hinaus. Er ſuchte ſie im Gebiete der Moral und der Geſchichte, er ſuchte ſie im Leben, unfähig, ſich an den reinen Gebilden einer unabhängigen Phantaſie zu freuen. Er ſchien zu den Leſern zu gehören, von denen er einmal ſagt, ſie ſähen die Dichter wie ätheriſche Gebilde an und begriffen nicht, wie ſie nur einen Schnitt Schinken und ein Glas Bier gebrauchen könnten. Bei perſönlicher Begegnung jener Männer in Weimar (1796) klagte er daher über getäuſchte Ideale, weil ſie nicht wie Er die Poeſie und Begeiſterung mit ſich zur Schau trugen: er fand Göthen kalt für alle Sachen und Menſchen, einſilbig, einen Gott im Pallaſte, und Schillern felſigt, voll Ecken, voll ſcharfer ſchneidender Kräfte, aber ohne Liebe; er empfing dafür die Huldigungen der Frau von Krüdener, Kannes und Koſegartens. Und dennoch, wer ihn ſeiner vielen phantaſtiſchen Bewunderer und Geiſter wegen auf der Seite der Romantik und aller Schwärmer jener Zeit ſuchen würde, die die unmittelbaren Kräfte des Geiſtes beſchworen, den würde ſeine Vieldeutigkeit wieder irre führen, denn er war in religiöſen Dingen und in allen, um die den Menſchen

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*) [illegible]

unbefriedigte Neugierde ſich eindrängt, ein nüchterner Urtheiler; ein Gegner Nicolais und der Nicolaiten in äſthetiſcher Hinſicht, in rationellen Sachen ein Anhänger der Aufklärung, und daher mit der Voßiſchen Familie befreundet. So täuſchte er ſich denn auch nicht über jene Ueberreizung ſeiner Phantaſie, die in den bisher genannten Werken ſichtbar war; er war damals ſtets darauf aus, ſich kälter zu machen, und aus dieſer Stimmung, ſagen die Herausgeber ſeiner biographiſchen Notizen, ging der Q. Fixlein hervor. Wie aus der unſichtbaren Loge Elemente in den Heſperus übergegangen ſind, ſo ſchildert der Fixlein ein vergnügtes Schulmanns- und Pfarrleben, das weſentliche Züge aus der Idylle vom Schulmeiſterlein Wuz entlehnt. Aber merkt man dieſer vergnüglichen Schilderung des Kleinlebens nicht doch an, daß dem Autor, wie er es oben ſelbſt ſchildert, nicht recht Ernſt iſt um die Freude an dieſen Lerchenneſtern? Dieß ſcheint das Leben des Armenadvokaten Siebenkäs (1795) noch deutlicher zu verrathen, das ſich eben in dieſer niederen Sphäre bewegt und ſich in der Wendung der Geſchichte auch wieder herausbewegt; das in den Kreis der oberen Stände hinüberblickt, wo ſich die ſchönſten Seelen nach Jean Pauls Meinung bilden, während er ſich mit dem beſten Glücke hier und in den Flegeljahren an der Schilderung ſchöner Seelen aus den unterſten Ständen verſucht hat. Die Beſchreibung von Siebenkäſens Noth, Haushalt und Schriftſtellerſchickſal heimelte bei der Erſcheinung des Werkes die Nation an; es waren deutſche idylliſche Zuſtände, die bei uns nicht auf der Wieſe, ſondern in der Studirſtube ſpielen; zu dem Charakter des Helden ſaß der Autor wieder ſelbſt, zu Lenette ſeine Mutter. Aber der Dichter hat nicht Freude an ſolchen ſimplen Charakteren, an ſeiner Lenette ſo wenig, als an ſeiner Appel, dieſe Frauen ſind ihm Schneckenſeelen, die nur ſein Mitleid, nicht ſein Wohlgefallen anſprechen. Wenn ſich die deutſche Gemüthlichkeit an dem Bilde dieſer einfachen Frau ergötzen mochte, ſo ward ſie auf's äußerſte lädirt durch die abſichtlichen Hiebe, die der Ehe in den niedern Ständen verſetzt werden, und durch die geniale Weiſe, wie hier mit Wahrheit und Eid, mit eingegangenen Verhältniſſen und mit dem, was des Menſchen letztes Schickſal iſt, geſpielt wird. In dem Gemälde einer ſolchen engen Häuslichkeit iſt die letzte romantiſche Wendung mit dem Scheintode nur eine Fratze; in der Geſellſchaft einer Lenette iſt der humoriſtiſche Held eine wehethuende Erſcheinung. Wer ſich ſo von einer Frau trennen konnte, wie konnte der eine Frau nehmen! und ſolch eine Frau nehmen, wer ſolch einen Freund hatte! Das humoriſtiſche Freundepaar hat mit Recht die meiſten Leſerinnen, auch die dem Dichter ergebenſten, beleidigt. Denn in der That ſind die humoriſtiſchen Charaktere, die Jean Paul mit ſo viel Prätenſion anlegte, faſt ebenſo fatal wie ſeine hohen Menſchen, weil ſie ebenſo in Carricaturen verzerrt ſind. Wenn dieſe nur Gemüth und nichts als Gemüth ſind, ſo mangelt dieſen Humoriſten, deren Repräſentant bei Jean Paul ſein Leibgeber-Schoppe iſt, das Gemüth ganz. Sie ſollen luſtig und gleichmüthig ſein, und ſie werden egoiſtiſch und eiskalt. Siebenkäs bleibt in ſeinem Elend heiter; er ſagt ſeiner Lenette, wenn er auch mit 8000 Löchern im Rocke gehen müſſe, ſo wolle er doch dazu lachen und ſingen. Recht, meinte der Autor; aber gewiß nicht Recht von dem Manne, der ein armes gedrücktes, der Scham nicht verſchloſſenes Weib hat, das er mit einem phantaſtiſchen Thorenſtreich ſelbſt um ein ärmliches Auskommen gebracht, und der doch wohl, ehe er dieß gut gemacht, lieber heulen als lachen ſollte. Dieſe Humoriſten Jean Pauls kitzeln ihre Seelen mit dem Gefühl der rückſichtsloſen Freiheit, mit dem Bewußtſein, daß ſie die menſchliche Thorheit traveſtiren, daß ſie allem Lächerlichen eine äſthetiſche Seite abgewinnen und ſo die Narrheit zu Weisheit ſtempeln. Sie feinden den ehrloſen Eigennutz und alles Gemeine mit Ingrimm an, aber ihre eigne Selbſtſucht merken ſie nicht; ſie verſchmähen die Kinderpoſſen des Lebens, und wollen das Kleine dabei ſchonen, da ſie nicht einmal die gute Beſchränktheit in jenem Weibe zu ſchonen wiſſen. Sie ſollen Menſchenhaſſer voll Menſchenliebe ſein, Allerweltskenner und Univerſalgenies, ohne daß ſie für die geringſte Thätigkeit geſchaffen wären. Sie fühlen nicht, daß man enge Verhältniſſe nur großen Beſtrebungen gegenüber verachten darf, die ſie hemmen; daß wenn man dieſen nicht ſelbſt nachgeht, man alles Recht verloren hat, über jene zu ſpotten, die ein wahres Glück begleitet. Sie fühlen ſich beklemmt über das Vergebliche auf der Erde; wer aber in der großen Geſchichte das Folgenreiche kennt und überſchlägt, der ſehnt ſich zuweilen gern, auf dem Vergeblichen und Müßigen zu ruhen, und auf dieſen Grund ſollten Idylle und humoriſtiſcher Roman überall gebaut ſein. Dieſe Charaktere ſchweben zwiſchen dem Oben und Unten, das Jean Pauls Lehre war, ſie wechſeln nicht damit, ſie fallen, wohl ohne des Dichters Abſicht, mitten durch. Sie halten ſich immer in den kleinen Sphären des niedern Lebens auf, obwohl ſie ſich ihm entgegenſtellen, ſie lieben es nicht und können ſich nicht davon losreißen; ſie ſtreben hinauf, aber die Schwerkraft der Skepſis hält ſie nieder, ſie glauben kein Leben nach dem Tode. Wie die romantiſchen Helden Jean Pauls die Poeſie, ſo ſetzen dieſe die Traveſtie, die Satyre in Leben und Handlungen herüber, und tragen einen dem Quixotiſchen ähnlichen Charakter an ſich. Sie beſchweren ſich, daß der ſchwerfällige Ernſt der Deutſchen ihre Ideentänze nicht verſteht und mag, und doch wird auch ſelbſt der Verſtehende ſie nicht mögen: denn wiewohl wir Jean Paul die Gabe des geiſtreichen und natürlichen Scherzes nicht abſprechen wollen, ſo ſind doch die Späße ſeiner „Wildlinge“ gar oft der Art, daß man ſie ebenſo trivial findet, wenn ſie ausgekernt ſind, als kraus, ſo lange ſie in der eckigen Schale liegen. Bei ihrem Zwieſpalte ſchallt ihr Lachen über die Thorheit der Welt aus einer beklommenen Bruſt, ihr Weltſchmerz verzerrt ſich in einen Weltekel, und Schoppe wird zuletzt wahnſinnig über das Fichtiſche Ich, was, ich weiß nicht, ob eine Satyre auf dieſe Philoſophie oder auf jenen Humor iſt.

Wir haben vorhin die biographiſchen Beluſtigungen unter der Hirnſchale einer Rieſin (1796) übergangen; ſie ſind nicht vollendet: ein Tropfen angefangener Erzählung unter einem Schwall von Satyre. Jetzt wollen wir auch an dem Jubelſenior (1797), einer neuen Predigeridylle mit einer adlighöfiſchen Burleske durchſchoſſen, worin nun ausdrücklich das Hiſtoriſche nur als Vehikel zu Einfällen und Scherzen benutzt iſt, vorbeigehen, um in deſto grellerem Gegenſatze das Kampanerthal (1797) gegen die letztberührten Werke überzuſtellen. Hier reichen plötzlich die Fühlhörner in den Himmel hinein, während in jenen Werken und beſonders hier in den beigegebenen Erklärungen der Holzſchnitte der Verfaſſer tiefeingegraben in ſeinem Schneckenhauſe auf den Niederungen der Erde weilt. Hier ſehen wir ihn gleichſam in den Werktagen des Lebens, dort feiert er in Sabbathſtille den Ruhetag. Aber ſelbſt indem wir im Großen in dieſen Schriften Scherz und Ernſt getrennt ſehen, theilen ſie ſich doch wieder im Kleinen; an das Reale in niederländiſcher Manier reiht ſich das Nihiliſtiſche in hyperidealem Style, das Kleine wird mit großem dynamiſchen Aufwande geſchildert, und an das Große kommt dann der Autor mit verſchwendeten Kräften. Jean Paul hätte gewiß für die Schilderung des Stilllebens und der deutſchen Gemüthlichkeit und idylliſchen Natur die höchſten Gaben gehabt, allein ſeine univerſellen Tendenzen vielleicht noch mehr als ſeine Natur, üble Theorien vielleicht eben ſo ſehr wie ſein Gefühl ließen ihn nicht mit reiner Freude auf Einem verweilen; ſie trieben ihn immer wieder zu den entgegengeſetzten Enden und hießen ihn das Widerſprechendſte verbinden. Mit ſo entſchiednem Sinne, mit ſo ſchonender Auffaſſung für das reale Menſchenleben begabt, richtete er doch ſchon ganz frühe ſeine Gedanken über das Dieſſeits hinweg und ſeine Religion ward: Leben für Unſterblichkeit und Gottheit. Ihm trugen die erſten Jugendjahre, wo der Geiſt ſich ſeine Welt ſchafft, einen ewigen Glanz; aber er ſah, daß dieſe herrliche Zeit nicht dauern, daß ſie nicht wiederkehren konnte, als in der Erinnerung und Einbildungskraft, wo er ihr dann ſein ganzes Leben widmete; oder daß, wenn ſie wiederkehren könnte, dieß gewiß nicht hier geſchehen würde, ſondern in einer andern Welt, unter einem unermeßlichen Himmel. So verband er ſeine Liebe zu der Jugend der Menſchheit mit der ewigen Jugend, die wir jenſeits erwarten. Schon im 18ten Jahre fiel ihm der Gedanke an den Tod oft warm auf's Herz; er mochte dann nichts lernen, was ihm dort nicht gälte, worauf er in der andern Welt nicht fortbauen könnte; er verachtete den Ruhm der Welt, ehe er ihn gekoſtet hatte, und ſein Freund Vogel warnte ihn mit Recht, daß, wer dieß thue, gewiß nicht groß werden würde, und wenn dieß Viele thäten, die Welt an herrlichen Begebenheiten arm werden müßte. So ſtand er immer mit dem Einen Fuße in der andern Welt, unfähig wie ſein Herder im äußerſten Fall ſich zu einer kräftigen Reſignation zu entſchließen. Er erhob ſich nicht zu der Abſtraction, die für eine Anſicht wie Herders nöthig war, hier war er ganz der menſchlichen Schwäche verfallen und den Gefühlen; und wie die Jacobi, Lavater und Jung einen perſönlichen Gott haben mußten in Menſchengeſtalt, ſo ſchien er einer individuellen Fortdauer zu bedürfen, obgleich er in dem Kampanerthal nicht einmal denen viel Troſt reichen dürfte, die eine perſönliche Exiſtenz verlangen. Mit wie finſteren Vorſtellungen quälte ſich nicht ſeine Phantaſie in jenen Viſionen von der Vernichtung, in jener Rede des todten Chriſtus, daß kein Gott ſei! Er ſah uns hier auf der Erde alle wie Miſſethäter auf den Tod ſitzen, und fragt: ſtehen wir nur die Todesangſt aus, oder geht die Hinrichtung des menſchlichen Geiſtes vor ſich! Wenn Jean Paul ſelbſt und ſeine Freunde bezeugen, daß ihm der Gegenſtand der Unſterblichkeit für ſein ganzes Leben die größte Aufgabe geblieben ſei, ſo darf es uns doch ja nicht ſcheinen, als ob wir nun bei ihm, und beſonders in dem Kampanerthal, das dieſem Thema ganz gewidmet iſt, beſondere Aufſchlüſſe oder Belehrungen, oder auch nur andern Troſt finden würden, als ihn ſich Jeder in ſeinem Herzen geben kann und vielleicht mit größerer Beſcheidung geben wird, als Jean Paul. Er iſt hier nur poetiſcher Interpret der kritiſchen Philoſophie, die ihn wie jeden denkenden Kopf gleich bei ihrer Erſcheinung mächtig ergriff; die Philoſophie wird ihm zur Dichtung, Speculation zu Empfindung, die Schlüſſe „verdichten ſich“ oder lockern ſich vielmehr zu Gefühlen. Noch treffender: er läßt die kritiſche Philoſophie augenblicklich aus dem Auge, und läßt ſein Gefühl reden; und wie es ihm geläufig iſt, jeder Muſik Texte, jedem Traum Bedeutung, jeder Naturſcene Offenbarung und höhere Stimme zu leihen, ſo gibt er hier jeder Hoffnung Beweiskraft. Er gründet ſeine Haupthoffnung darauf, daß das Reich des Schönen, Guten und Wahren, dieß innere Univerſum einen andern Himmel brauche und eine höhere Welt; dem Umfang ſeiner lebhaften Einbildungskraft genügte dieſes ſchmale Rund der Erde nirgends. Er fragt: wozu und woher dieſe außerweltlichen Anlagen und Wünſche in uns gelegt ſind? Er läßt ſich den Einwurf machen: zu Erhaltung und Genuß des jetzigen Lebens. Und nun ſpringt er zu ſeinen gewöhnlichen Hyperbeln über: „Alſo wurde ein Engel in den Körper geſperrt, um der ſtumme Knecht, Küchenmeiſter und Thürwärter des Magens zu ſein? Waren nicht Thierſeelen im Stande, die Menſchenleiber auf den Obſtbaum und auf den Tränkheerd auszutreiben?“ Wir ſehen, dieß kann jedes Kind widerlegen, dem man von früh auf eingelernt hat, daß die Menſchenſeele noch auf ein anderes ausgetrieben werden ſoll, als auf den Obſtbaum. Aber Jean Paul ſteht ganz auf jenem Satz der Fauſte dieſer Zeit: Alles oder Nichts! Wie wir ihn um die richtige Mitte des Lebens herumgehen ſehen, wie wir ihn ſich zwiſchen Lachen und Weinen durchbewegen ſehen, ohne auf dem mittleren Stande des Ernſtes je nur auf Minuten ſich erhalten zu können, ſo geht er hier an dem eigentlichen mittleren Begriff der Menſchheit, der zwiſchen Engel und Thier ſo ſichtbar für jeden erſt keimenden Verſtand liegt, wie abſichtlich blind vorüber. Und mit eben jenem titaniſchen Trotze, der, wie es ſcheint, der beſte Beweis ſein ſoll, ruft er: der Schöpfer habe uns zu Leiden nicht ſchaffen dürfen! nicht dürfen! und die Unförmlichkeit zwiſchen unſerm Wunſche und unſerm Verhältniß bleibe eine Blasphemie, wenn wir verſchwänden! Aber Leſſing wünſchte gar nicht! Forſter hoffte gar nicht! Lichtenberg wagte gar nicht zu hoffen! Und ſind ſie nicht auch menſchliche Naturen? Vielleicht nennt man es Kleinmüthigkeit, ſo bereitwillig wie dieſe zu reſigniren, aber wer würde darum ſo ſtarkmüthig auf ein Recht pochen wollen, wo kein Geſetz geſchrieben iſt?

Von nun an wiederholt ſich im Grunde Jean Pauls Autorſchaft und bringt uns wenig Neues mehr, obwohl wir anerkennen müſſen, daß Titan und die Flegeljahre die bedeutſamſten Werke ſind, um ſeine geſammte Schriftſtellerei von ihren zwei Hauptſeiten, der dynamiſchen und atomiſtiſchen, darzuſtellen. In den Palingeneſien (1798) reproducirten ſich gleichſam ſeine Jugendſatiren, ohne daß neue Ingredienzien oder neuer Gehalt hinzukämen; in dem bevorſtehenden Lebenslauf (1799) ſind die Jugendidyllen von Wuz u. ſ. f. in der Conjecturalbiographie wieder variirt. Zwiſchen 1797—1802 erſchien der Titan, in dem Jean Paul ſein ganzes Weſen erſchöpfte. Den Tendenzen, der ganzen Anlage, den Charakteren, der Manier nach bringt er uns übrigens nichts Neues. Die ganze Charaktergruppe iſt von auffallenden Reminiſcenzen an den Hesperus voll. Gaspard iſt nur ein anderer Lord Horion, und vereint wie dieſer den kalten Weltmann und Taſchenſpieler auf eine närriſche Weiſe; ein willenloſer Fürſt iſt von ihm geleitet wie dort von dem Lord; ein Miniſter mit einem ſchlechten Sohne, der den Böſewicht macht; im Hauſe verdorbener Eltern eine ſeltne Tochter; Liane eine Geſellſchaftsdame wie Clotilde; Spener gleich Emanuel; die Böſewichter gleicherweiſe hier und dort Silhouetteurs und Stimmennachahmer; der Hof, die romantiſchen Liebesgeſchichten, die Verkleidungen, Alles erinnert uns und entſpricht ſich. Wer ſich die Divergenz der Behandlungsart nicht irren läßt, kann auch leicht finden, daß ein Wetteifer mit Wilhelm Meiſter durch dieſe Compoſition durchſpielt, die nicht undeutlich zum Meiſterſtück unter allen deutſchen Romanen hinarbeitete, ja zu viel mehr: denn Jean Paul verſchmähte unter die Maſſe der Romanſchreiber geſtellt zu werden und „rubricirte ſeine Werke in das Gebiet des Epikers,“ wo der Roman allerdings, aber als Ausartung, ſteht. Der Held verſucht ſich im unklaren Drange mit ſeinen Idealen an der Welt; er iſt ein ſaftvoller Feuergeiſt, der an Alles Rieſenmaß anlegt; der ſich in tauſend Fehlgriffe des Willens und Irrungen des Geiſtes verliert, mit „unerſetzlicher Verſchwendung von Herz und Gehirn.“ Schade, daß für dieſe Irrungen gleich von vorn herein zu viel Parthei genommen wird. Es iſt gewiß nichts Heiligeres und Reineres, als alle erſten ſtürmiſchen Regungen der edlen Jugend, unſre erſte Freundſchaft, Liebe, Streben nach Wahrheit, unſer erſtes Gefühl für Natur und ideale Ausmalung der Welt, aber auch nichts ſo erſchlaffend und matt, wenn man dabei auch nur mit entſchiedner und ausſchließlicher Vorliebe auf dieſe Regungen der Jugendzeit rückblickend gleichſam dabei verharrt. Den Helden durchknetet nun im Verlaufe der Geſchichte das Unglück; er wird mit ſeiner extravaganten Liebe von dem Vater abgeſtoßen, er verſchwendet ſie an einen unwürdigen Freund, an eine Geliebte, die nicht auf dieſer Erde weilen konnte; jetzt ſcheint ſich aus dem träumenden Hinleben ein Sinn für das handelnde regen zu wollen, Albano will den galliſchen Freiheitskrieg mitmachen, aber dieß gilt für neue Ueberſpannung, von der ihn die Titanide Linda abhält, eine neue Liebe, die auf's neue zerſtört wird. Zuletzt iſt ihm wie Meiſtern ein Weib Erſatz, das man nicht recht kennen lernt, und da er von Träumen und Kriegen erlöst iſt, erhält er die „mittlere Sphäre des Regierens“ zu ſeinem Berufe, ein ſchlimmer Troſt für die Menſchen andrer Stände, die wohl eher als geborne Fürſten in der Jugend zu dem Geſchlecht der Titanen gehören, „deren Vater der Himmel, deren Mutter nur die Erde iſt, die bei dem Tode des Vaters ſchwer ihre Waiſen ernähren kann.“ Albano ringt ſich durch unter all denen, die um ihn her dem Schickſal zum Opfer fallen, die „die Milchſtraße der Unendlichkeit und den Regenbogen der Phantaſie zum Bogen ihrer Hand gebrauchen wollten“, obgleich in ihm derſelbe Schaum des Uebermaßes die Klarheit überzog. An dem Ende des Buchs ſteht nackt die herrliche Lehre, die von dem Buche ſelbſt und der ganzen Schriftſtellerei und dem ganzen Leben Jean Pauls eigentlich Lügen geſtraft wird: daß nur Thaten dem Leben Stärke geben und nur Maß ihm Reiz! Die Liebe des Autors ruht auf dieſen Titaniden, er reißt unſern Antheil zu ihnen hin, und indem er dann den Akt der kalten Gerechtigkeit (z. B. an Linda) übt, beleidigt er unſer Gefühl, ohne daß er unſern Kopf für die Genugthuung geſtimmt hat, die er einer temperirten Anſicht von der Welt und ihrem Gebrauche geben will. Dieſe Didaktik, die nicht ein launiſcher Einfall iſt, ſondern mit der Anlage des Werkes allerdings zuſammenhängt, ſcheint gegen die genialen Charaktere gerichtet, die, wie Solger treffend bemerkte, gleich allen Lieblingscharakteren Jean Pauls krank ſind und ordentlich ſtolz darauf, daß ſie es ſind. Die Geſundheit, ſagt Solger, überlaſſen ſie den Alltagsmenſchen, wie Rabette; ſie ſind in dem Maß vorzüglicher als ſie kränklich ſind. Dieß iſt ſo wenig ein bloßer Witz, daß Jean Paul ſelbſt irgendwo im Titan ſagt, angeborne Kränklichkeit, aber nicht erworbene, halte er für Kopf und Herz dienlich, ſo wie auch eine andere Stelle hierdurch Licht empfängt, wo er Genie und Krankheit zu Milchbrüdern macht. Daher kommt es denn, daß ſich alle titaniſche Jugend natürlich an ihn anklammert, achtlos dieſe warnende Stimme überhört, und ſich an die Beiſpiele hält; denn dieſer Zeit und ihrem Uebermaße iſt es eigen, daß ſie ihr eignes Unglück und Gefahr wie mit liebenden Armen umfaßt. Jean Paul hat in Roquairol viel nachdrücklicher als mit jenen einzelnen Worten ein abſchreckendes Bild von der Ausartung des genialen Uebermuths entworfen, den wir noch täglich, wenn wir ihm etwa nicht im Leben begegnen ſollten, in unſerer jungen Literatur begegnen können. Und dennoch wird man in unſerer Jugend dieſen meiſterhaft umſchriebenen Charakter eher bewundern als verabſcheuen. Wir wollen die treffendſten Züge herſetzen, in denen ſich unſre Genialitäten wie im Spiegel erkennen laſſen, ſchon um jene Gegner Jean Pauls, die ihn nicht leſen, aufmerkſam zu machen, wie vieles Vorzügliche und auch nüchtern Erfaßte dieſer Mann der Extravaganzen aus eben dieſem Gebiete davon trug. Der Dichter charakteriſirt dieſes liederliche Genie, das ſich gegen das Conduitenweſen der ſteifen Philiſterwelt empört, als ein Kind und ein Opfer des Jahrhunderts. Verwöhnt und überreizt mit Genüſſen und Kenntniſſen in der Jugend, von überreizter Phantaſie, war er frühe ein Abgebrannter des Lebens, voll Ekel, Hochmuth, Unglauben und Widerſpruch. Wahrheiten und Empfindungen anticipirte er! Alle Zuſtände der Menſchheit, alle Bewegungen der Liebe und Freundſchaft durchging er früher im Gedichte als im Leben, früher in der Sommerſeite der Poeſie als in der Wetterſeite der Wirklichkeit; unglückliche Liebe kam dazu, er ſtürzte ſich in böſe Zerſtreuungen, und ſtellte dann Alles poetiſch dar, was er bereute oder ſegnete, jede Darſtellung höhlte ihn tiefer aus. Sein Herz konnte die heiligſten Empfindungen nicht laſſen, aber ſie waren Schwelgereien oder Stärkungsmittel für ihn; gerade von der Höhe lief der Weg zu den Sümpfen abſchüſſiger. Er liebte nicht, aber er glaubte es; war bald Schwärmer, bald Libertin in der Liebe, und durchlief Aether und Schlamm ſchnell wechſelnd, bis er beide vermiſchte. Er ſtürzte ſich zuweilen abſichtlich in Sünde und Moder, um ſich durch die Wunde der Reue den Schwur der Rückkehr tiefer einzuſchneiden. Aeußere Verhältniſſe hätten ihm vielleicht helfen können, aber das müßige Offizier- (Schreiber) Leben arbeitete ihn blos noch ritter und kecker aus. Ein Herz war in ihm, deſſen Gefühl mehr lyriſches Gedicht als wahres dichtes Weſen iſt, unfähig wahr, ja kaum falſch zu ſeyn, weil jede Wahrheit zur poetiſchen Darſtellung ausartete und dieſe wieder zu jener; mit ruchloſer Kraft vermögend Alles zu wagen und zu opfern, was der Menſch achtet, in ſeinen Entſchlüſſen verzagend und ſogar in ſeinen Irrthümern ſchwankend, aber doch nur des Stimmhammers, nicht der Stimmgabel der feinſten Moralität beraubt, und mitten im Brauſen der Leidenſchaft ſtehend im hellſten Licht der Beſonnenheit. Solche Naturen wollen die Verheerung der Menſchheit durch Treue gegen Einen vergüten. Sie ſympathiſiren mit den tragiſchen Gewitterwolken in Shakſpeare, Göthe, Klinger, Schiller, (Jean Paul). Glaubſt du, ſagt Roquairol ſelbſt, daß die Roman- und Tragödienſchreiber, nämlich die Genies darunter, die Alles, Gottheit und Menſchheit tauſendmal nachgeäfft haben, anders ſind als ich! — Dieß iſt in der That ein ſchreckendes Gemälde von den ausgearteten Wirkungen, die von der Dichtung dann ausgehen müſſen, wenn ſie allein und einzig die Erzieherin der Seele und die Quelle unſerer Bildung ausmacht. Und wie wenig dieſe Wirkungen übertrieben ſind, zeigen uns die Scenen aus dem Inneren des Familienlebens in Frankreich, die wir ſchaudernd erleben, eben ſo gut, wie uns der dortige und der hieſige Zuſtand der belletriſtiſchen Literatur der Verzweiflung, wie ſie Göthe vortrefflich benannte, beweiſen kann, daß auch die Urſache eines ſolchen Wüſtlingslebens der Verzweiflung ebenſo ſchlagend auf dieſe zurückgeleitet iſt.

In den Titan, von dem er noch in den Flegeljahren mit vielem Selbſtgefühle ſprach, wollte Jean Paul das Herzblut ſeines Lebens ausſtrömen; er ſollte das Erhabenſte ſeiner Werke werden; er wollte darin „Rheinfälle, ſpaniſche Donnerwetter, tragiſche Orkane voll Tropen, und Waſſerhoſen anbringen, wollte der Hekla ſein und das Eis ſeines Klima's und ſich dazu entzweiſprengen, und ſich nichts daraus machen, wenn es ſein letztes ſein werde!" Wirklich kann man ſagen, daß er das Uebermaß ſeiner Phantaſiekräfte darin ausgetobt habe, er ward nun verhältnißmäßig ruhiger, ohne im Weſentlichen anders zu werden, er ward aber auch erſchöpfter. Er konnte (wie Göthe, wenn er eine beſtimmte Periode abgelegt hatte, die ihr angehörigen Werke nicht mehr anſehen mochte) den Titan nicht mehr gern leſen, was ſonſt gar ſein Fall nicht war; er gab die Werke, die jenen höheren dynamiſchen Aufwand erforderten, auf und blieb hinfort in der ebneren Sphäre, wo ſich ſein Katzenberger, der Komet, Fibel, die Flegeljahre u. A. gleichmäßig bewegen. Wir wollen uns bei dieſen nicht mehr einzeln aufhalten, weil ſie in der That nichts weſentlich Neues bringen, die ſpäteren ſogar etwas abſinken. Nur die Flegeljahre, die unmittelbar auf den Titan folgten (1804), müſſen hiervon ausgenommen werden; ſie ſind noch mit der alten Friſche geſchrieben, aber reiner von ſeinen Auswüchſen und „Schwanzſternen", rein von den ſonſt ſo ungeſchickt eingemiſchten romantiſchen Elementen, und überhaupt in ſo vieler Mäßigung gehalten, als vielleicht Jean Paul überhaupt möglich war. In die Brüder Walt und Vult hat ſich Jean Pauls Doppelgeſicht am ſchönſten getheilt; der Eine, das rührendſte Abbild der träumeriſchen Jugendunſchuld, iſt mit viel naiveren Zügen ausgeſtattet, als ſeine ſentimentalen Geſtalten dieſer Art, z. B. in der Loge, der Andere, deſſen vagabundiſche Natur eine vortreffliche Figur in einem picariſchen Romane abgab, der Weltkenner, der den Bruder für die Welt zuſtutzen hilft, iſt ein Humoriſt, ohne die verzerrten Züge ſeiner übrigen. Das dunkle Gedankenleben dieſer Troubadourzeit im Menſchen zu belauſchen, die unendlich rührenden Thorheiten, die in dieſen Jahren den Kopf durchfliegen, aufzudecken, das kleine Glück der Seele ſo endlos groß zu ſchildern, wie es in dieſer genügſamen Periode dem Menſchen iſt, den Jugendträumen, der Atmoſphäre von Heimath, von Vaterhaus und vom Spielraum der Kindheit und Allem, was daran hängt, ſo zarte und wahre Züge zu leihen, die ſchrankenloſe Gutmüthigkeit, Liebe, Sanftheit, Jungfräulichkeit und Heiligkeit des Herzens, den Reichthum Eines Tages dieſer durch Phantaſie reichen Zeit abzubilden, die ſtillen ſanften Empfindungen des „Sonntagsheimwehs" zu entfalten, dieß Alles iſt von Niemanden und nirgends ſo geleiſtet worden, wie hier. Und wie er dieſen gläubigen Menſchen in Gegenſatz zu dem enttäuſchten und enttäuſchenden Bruder bringt, das Reale dem Idealen entgegen wirft, dem guten Träumer „nach dem Feſte der ſüßeſten Brode das verſchimmelte aus dem Brodſchrank vorſchneidet", das Alles iſt vortrefflich und das Auge, das hier Jean Paul auf die menſchliche Natur richtet, iſt wahrlich mehr werth als jene ſublimen Blicke in die Wolken und den Aether, in die Geiſterwelt und über die Sterne.

Das letzte Zeichen von Jean Pauls größerer Ruhe war ſein Uebergang zu mehr wiſſenſchaftlichen Arbeiten, den er mit der ganzen romantiſchen Periode im Anfang dieſes Jahrhunderts gemein hat. Daß er ſich hier einmal verſuchen würde, lag ſo ſehr in dem ganzen Gange ſeiner Bildung, wie daß er es zu nichts Syſtematiſchem und Geordnetem darin bringen würde. Er hatte von früh an alle Wiſſenſchaften angefangen, aber er blieb keiner treu; ſeitdem ſeine Schriftſtellerei begonnen hatte, zog ihn jede an, aber nur inſofern ſie ihm Materie für ſeine anderen Zwecke lieferte; ex professo war ihm ſogar die Philoſophie gleichgültig, der er ſich bei Kants Auftreten einmal ernſtlich hingeben zu wollen ſchien. Sein Skepticismus mag auch dazu beigetragen haben, wie in allen dieſen Fauſtiſchen Naturen, den Buchſtaben der Wiſſenſchaft gleich anfangs zu verachten, der Empfindung mehr anzuhängen und der Divination, und des Details des Wiſſens ſich nur wie kleiner Habe zum gelegentlichen Gebrauche zu bedienen. Sein Durſt nach Wiſſen und ſein poetiſches Bedürfniß zugleich machten ihn zum dilettantiſchen Univerſalgenie: er ſtrebte darin Herdern und Leibnitz wie Idealen nach; er ergötzte ſich gern an der Ausmalung eines Menſchen, der Alles wußte; unſere Beſtimmung ſuchte er in der Erweiterung unſeres Inneren für alle Syſteme, Schönheiten und Charaktere. Aber es war ihm nicht gegeben, bis zur Erfaſſung des Ganzen in irgend einem Zweige der Wiſſenſchaft vorzudringen. Er ſah ganz richtig ein, daß alle Erkenntniß nach einem Einheitspunkte hinſtrebte: zu ihm zu gelangen forderte es in der Wiſſenſchaft allſeitige Kenntniß, zu der er nicht Geduld hatte. So konnte er um alle Wiſſenſchaften nur „anſpielend ſpielen"; „er war ein gelehrter Mann, ſagte er, und wußte doch das Gewöhnlichſte nicht, er war ein Ignorant, denn er wußte von allen Wiſſenſchaften." Durch alle ſeine Werke ſind die Broſamen und Abfälle ſeiner gelehrten Kenntniſſe in Philoſophie, Juriſterei, Medicin und Theologie aufgetiſcht, in derſelben Confuſion, wie er zu Einer Zeit ſich mit Meteorologie, Staatskunſt, Moral, Literaturzeitungen und Kirchengeſchichte leſend beſchäftigte. Wie gern ſucht er in ſeine Romane ein Tiſchgeſpräch, eine Reiſe u. dgl. Formen hineinzuſchieben, in denen ſich bequem allerhand parat liegende Weisheit anbringen läßt. Und wenn dieß im Detail unangenehme Eigenſchaften in ſeine poetiſchen Werke brachte, ſo läßt ſich ſogar nachweiſen, daß ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche theoretiſche Beſchäftigung auch im Ganzen, im Grundſätzlichen, übel auf ſeine Praxis überwirkte, daß ſein kritiſcher Verſtand ſeinen producirenden Inſtinct ſtörte. Wer die Vorſchule der Aeſthetik (1805) kennt und nach ihr ſeine Erzählungen wieder durchlieſt, der würde leicht finden, daß wenn ihn zwar ſeine Praxis hie und da auf ſeine Theorien gebracht haben möchte (z. B. über die komiſche Kraft des Beſonderen, über die ſpringenden Punkte der Charaktere, über den (falſchen) Gegenſatz des Lächerlichen gegen das Erhabene), ſo doch auch wieder die Theorie in der allzu häufigen und allzu geſuchten Anwendung derſelben offenbar wieder auf die Praxis zurückgewirkt hat. Dieſe Aeſthetik, wie die Levana (1807) ſind Sammelplätze ſehr geiſtreicher Bemerkungen, vor denen man nicht genug warnen kann. Die ſpringenden Punkte ſind in beiden Disciplinen eben ſo wenig gefunden, wie der geſunde Quell des Lebens in Jean Pauls allgemeiner Natur und Wirkſamkeit. Einen äſthetiſchen und pädagogiſchen Grundſatz muß man hier nicht ſuchen wollen, ſo wenig als der Staatsmann einen politiſchen ſuchen wird in den idealen Staatsprincipien Jean Pauls, auf die wir noch anderswo zurückkommen. Wer die großartigen Analogien der Naturkunde an ſeine Unſterblichkeitshoffnungen, wer die Geſchichte an ſeine Menſchheitsträume und Erdenparadieſe, wer die Phyſiologie an ſeine Traumtheorien, und die Kenntniß der Welt und der Menſchen gegen ſeine beſondere Art von Menſchenkenntniß mit freiem Blicke hält, der wird bald finden, wie wenig wiſſenſchaftlicher Geiſt in dieſem Manne der Einbildungskraft war.

Jean Paul brauchte die Wiſſenſchaft noch ganz zum Dienſte der Poeſie, ſo lange nicht ſeine, und die deutſche Poeſie überhaupt rückgängig zu werden anfing. Wir gehen jetzt zu andern Erſcheinungen über, die uns ſtufenweiſe zeigen ſollen, wie die Wiſſenſchaft anfing, umgekehrt die Poeſie zu beeinträchtigen. Wir wollen zunächſt einen Blick auf die dominirenden Zweige der Wiſſenſchaft werfen, mit denen ſich die Poeſie berührte. Wir werden einer Reihe religiöſer und pädagogiſcher Romane begegnen, die der theologiſchen und Erziehungswiſſenſchaft ungefähr in gleichen Rechten noch gegenüber liegen; wir werden dann eine andere Reihe von geſchichtlichen Romanen treffen, in denen die Wiſſenſchaft ſchon ganz den Sieg über die Dichtung davon getragen hat, und eine kleine Anzahl philoſophiſcher, wo die Poeſie nichts mehr als eine ganz dürftige Einkleidung geblieben hat. Kant hatte das Verdienſt, gleichſam nach Leſſingiſchen Reinigungsprincipien, die Philoſophie, die ſeit Leibnitz und Wolf ganz in Poeſie populariſirt worden war, wieder in die Würde der Wiſſenſchaft herzuſtellen und auf eigne Füße zu ſetzen. Dieß geſchah gleichzeitig als die Geſchichtſchreibung von Planck und Spittler auf eine ähnliche Weiſe in der politiſchen Hiſtorie von dem Ballaſte der Forſchung, in der kirchlichen von der Beſchränkung des Dogma's geſäubert wurde. Seit dieſer Reſtauration der Wiſſenſchaft litt die Poeſie in dem Maße, daß unſere erſten Dichter von wiſſenſchaftlicher Beſtrebung ergriffen wurden. Sie rafften ſich gleichzeitig mit den Romantikern noch einmal zu

Gunſten der Poeſie zuſammen, und behaupteten für dieſe, ſo viel ſie ſelbſt anging, noch zur Zeit einen nicht leicht errungenen Sieg. Aber die Romantiker bewieſen es auf Weg und Steg durch ihr eigenes Beiſpiel, daß in dem Momente, wo wir auf den Gipfel wahrer Dichtung ſtiegen, wir auch den Abweg zur Wiſſenſchaft einſchlugen.

Ludwig Gieſebrecht

wurde am 5. Juli 1792 zu Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz geboren, wo ſein Vater Pfarrer war, erhielt ſeine Schulbildung auf dem grauen Kloſter in Berlin, beſuchte ſpäter die Univerſitäten Berlin und Greifswalde, nahm im mecklenburgiſchen Huſarenregiment an den Kriegen von 1813—1815 Theil, und iſt ſeit 1816 als Profeſſor an dem Gymnaſium zu Stettin angeſtellt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Ottenfeier. Gedicht. Greifswalde 1824.
Epiſche Dichtungen. Stettin 1827.
Lehrbuch der alten Geſchichte. Berlin 1833.
Lehrbuch der mittlern Geſchichte. Stettin 1836.
Gedichte. 8. Leipzig 1836. Serig'ſche Buchhandlung.
Wendiſche Geſchichten aus den Jahren 780—1182. Berlin 1843. III.

In G.'s Poeſien wie in allen ſeinen Schriften offenbart ſich ein tiefer Denker, voll inniger Begeiſterung für alles Große und Schöne, der den ganzen Reichthum ſeiner Seele in ſich zurückdrängt und nur in geweihten Stunden ſeine Phantaſie und ſein überſtrömendes Gefühl frei walten läßt, doch ſelbſt die edelſten Empfindungen noch ſtrenger Prüfung unterwirft, und daher dem gediegenen Inhalte auch ſtets die vollendete Form zu geben weiß.

Aus dem „Buch des Hauſes.“

Im Vaterhauſe war ich, o wie reich,
Denk' ich daran, ſo werd' ich ernſt und weich.
Drei Brüder hatt' ich, thätig, frei und ſinnig,
Fünf Schweſtern hatt' ich, huldreich, herzig, innig,
Der Vater ein Prophetenangeſicht,
Die Mutter blind und ſanft wie Mondenlicht,
Und einen Herzog*), wie im deutſchen Land
Mein ſuchend Auge keinen zweiten fand.
Nun bin ich älter worden, bin ein Mann
Am eignen Heerd, und Freude wohnt daran,
Doch meinen Herzog hab' ich nun nicht mehr.
Gleich vollen Halmen, die des Segens ſchwer,
Hat ſich, das huldreich und erquickend ſtand,
Sein edles Haupt hinab, hinab gewandt.
Und was ſind dort die grün bewachſenen Hügel?
Vater und Mutter tragen Engelflügel.
Und all' die andern blutverwandten Lieben,
Auch ſie ſind hin, ſie ſind mir nicht geblieben,
Sie wandeln dort, ich hier den eignen Gang,
Ein jeglicher als ihm ſein Ruf erklang.
Gar ohne Brüder in dem großen Schwarm,
Das iſt doch allzu einſam, allzu arm.
Doch in mir meine Lieder ſind noch da,
Und Mirow iſt, mein Vaterhaus, mir nah.

Der Dichter.

In der Zeit der Dichterfürſten hab' ich jugendfriſch gelebt,
Wohnend auf demſelben Boden, von derſelben Luft umwebt:
Hätt' es daran nur gelegen, wär' ich ſchönſten Sanges reich,
Und kein Liebesmund auf Erden käme meinem Liede gleich.
Zeitgenoß des Heergewalt'gen, der am Nil und Belt gekriegt,
Stand ich in der Männer Reihen, die den kühnſten Mann beſiegt:
Hätt' es daran nur gelegen, wär' ich auch ein Kriegesheld,
Und am Saum der fernſten Thule ſchlüg' ich muthig mein Gezelt.
Ja gewiegt in ſelber Wiege mit der Britten Königin,
Hat auch das mich nicht gefürſtet, werden mußt' ich was ich bin.
Und ſo bin ich, wie mein König, nach dem höchſten Fürſtenrecht,
Was ich bin, von Gottes Gnaden, er der Herrſcher, ich der Knecht.

Frühling.

Nicht nach Freiheit in den Kammern,
In das Freie zieht mein Sinn,
Wenn die ſtolzen Redner jammern,
Jauchz' ich hier, wie frei ich bin.

Unermeßlich Meer der Lüfte,
Tränkend alle, Arm und Reich,
Und die weichſten Blüthendüfte
Allen frei, und allen gleich!

Vor den Rednern mich zu retten,
Vor der Charten ſtrenger Macht
Eil' ich in die Blumenketten,
In des Waldes Kerkernacht.

Willſt du mich zum Knecht gewinnen,
Binde, binde, ſüßer Mai,
Dienſtbar dir mit Herz und Sinnen
Bin ich hörig, bin ich frei.

Freu dich, Herz!

Frühling, das bekränzte Kind,
Wandelt durch die Auen,
Seiner Hände Wunder ſind
Ueberall zu ſchauen.

Seine Macht und ſeine Luſt,
Sein unendlich Grüßen
Spür' ich mir in Haupt und Bruſt
Wie zu meinen Füßen.

Und ſo hat er vierzig Mal
Schon mein Herz erquicket,
So in Büſchen, Berg und Thal
Ihn mein Aug' erblicket.

Freu dich, Herz, du haſt gelebt,
Haſt der Welt genoſſen,
Haſt in Lenzes Luſt gebebt,
Weit dich aufgeſchloſſen.

Denkſt du noch an ſtilles Weh,
An verſchwiegne Wunden,
Die du trauernd je und je
Auch in dir empfunden!

Was iſt Leben ohne Leid,
Helle ſonder Dunkel!
Ewig Tages goldne Zeit,
Nimmer Sterngefunkel!

Wolken um des Mondes Rand,
Ungeſtilltes Bangen,
Ihr auch ſeid aus Frühlings Hand
Mild hervorgegangen.

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*) Herzog Karl von Mecklenburg-Strelitz, geboren den 10. October 1741, ſtarb 6. November 1816.

Freut ſich nicht der Schmetterling,
Dem ein Lenz nur lächelt,
Nicht die Blume, deren Ring
Nur Ein Mai umfächelt!

Und wie oft warſt du umwebt,
Warſt in ihm beſchloſſen!
Freu dich, Herz, du haſt gelebt,
Haſt der Welt genoſſen.

Aus dem „Buch des Lehrers.“

Auf den Hügeln klare Stimmen,
Klare Stimmen auf dem Fluß,
Laßt mein Schifflein mit euch ſchwimmen,
Mit euch wandern meinen Fuß.

Spricht man: Wie die Alten ſungen,
Zwitſcherten die Jungen nach,
Singen hier allein die Jungen,
Ohr des Alten lauſchend wach.

Auf den Hügeln klare Stimmen,
Klare Stimmen auf dem Fluß,
Laßt mein Schifflein mit euch ſchwimmen,
Mit euch wandern meinen Fuß.

Hofer.

Du grauer Stein ſollſt es dem Wandrer ſagen,
Wie bittres Weh die frohe Alp erfahren,
Sollſt, ob der Schmerz verhallt, nach vielen Jahren,
Noch Antwort geben auf der Enkel Fragen.

Und alſo ſprich: In dunkeln Leides Tagen,
Als im Tyrolerland die Hirtenſchaaren
Von ihrem alten Herrn geſchieden waren,
Ein Held ſtand auf, und der iſt hier erſchlagen.

Andreas Hofer heißt der Mann der Treue:
Zum Kaiſer! rief er; von den Bergen ſtiegen
Mit ihren Stutzen jauchzend die Genoſſen.

Und doch umſonſt. Der Tapfre muß erliegen,
An ſeinem Kaiſer haltend ſonder Reue.
Und hier hat Feindes Kugel ihn erſchoſſen.

Als er in's Feld zog.

Nun geh' ich hin und fechte
Für meines Landes Rechte,
Ihm weih ich Leib und Blut:
Du tritt aus deiner Wolke,
Gieb Freiheit unſerm Volke,
Gieb Krieg und Friedensmuth.

Und wenn je deutſche Rotten
Des theuren Rechtes ſpotten,
Du auf dem Gnadenthron,
So ſende du die Rache,
Halt' rein die reine Sache,
Gieb jedem ſeinen Lohn.

Wir glauben, unſ'rem Ringen
Wird nun das Werk gelingen,
Das lange ſtill bedacht,
Und nicht umſonſt wird fließen
Das Blut, das wir vergießen
In glaubenvoller Schlacht.

Die Schmach iſt nun vorüber,
Wir ſtürmen froh hinüber
Gen Frankfurt, gen den Rhein,
Der Dränger Macht vernichtet,
Das Reich wird aufgerichtet,
Der König ziehet ein.

Königs-Worte.

Heere ſtürmen wider Heere
Auf dem Lande, auf dem Meere,
König wird des Königs Sohn,
Und er ſpricht zu ſeinen Schaaren:
Recht und Frieden will ich wahren
Meinem Volk und meinem Thron.

Dennoch naht der Krieg dem Reiche,
Es erliegt dem wilden Streiche,
Sieben Jahr in Feindes Macht:
Spricht der König: Ohne Zagen
Schweigen laßt uns, laßt uns tragen,
Morgenröthe folgt der Nacht.

Winter mit der Fauſt des Rieſen
Hat den bittern Grimm bewieſen,
Heere hat der Froſt erſtarrt;
Ruft der König: Zu den Waffen!
Unſer Recht uns neu zu ſchaffen,
Das vom Feind vernichtet ward.

Schlacht auf Schlacht gewalt'gen Krieges,
Und im Vollgenuß des Sieges
Spricht der vielverſuchte Held
Nochmals wie in Jugendjahren:
Recht und Frieden will ich wahren
Nun der ganzen Chriſtenwelt.

St. Mariens Ritter.

Jung ſtritt ich einſt um Accons Schloß,
Und wenn ich froh beſtieg mein Roß,
Mit Inbrunſt blickt' ich dann empor,
Und aus den Lippen quoll hervor:
Ave Maria!

Ich ſtritt in Manneskraft und alt,
Wo breiten Stroms die Weichſel wallt,
Und zog ich aus, kam aus der Schlacht,
Dann hab' ich ſtill gefleht, gedacht:
Ave Maria!

Nun traf mich hier der Todespfeil,
Mein Lebensblut entflieht in Eil;
Dein Ritter end' ich meinen Lauf,
Du Gnadenreiche, hilf hinauf!
Ave Maria!

Er hüllt ſich in den Mantel ein,
Und mit der Abendröthe Schein
Entflieht die Seele. Friedlich hallt
Sanft Abendläuten durch den Wald:
Ave Maria!

Und wo des Ritters Grab gemacht,
Wächſt eine Lilie über Nacht,
In deren Kelchen weiß und hold
Geſchrieben ſteht mit lichtem Gold:
Ave Maria!

Wunſch.

Ich möchte mit dem Kranich ziehen
Allherbſtlich in ein warmes Land,
Und wenn bei uns die Bäume blühen,
Käm' ich zurück in's Vaterland.

So wär' ich alle Jahr auf Reiſen
Und auch daheim in jedem Jahr;
Solch' Wanderleben muß ich preiſen
Und führt' es gerne immerdar.

Glockenklang.

Warum Glocken und Glockenton
Wieder und immer wieder?
Freunde, es iſt des Pfarrers Sohn,
Welcher gedichtet die Lieder.

Halle friedlich und halle traut
Nun in des Dichters Buche,
Einſt ihm ſelber du letzter Laut
Unter dem Leichentuche.

Karl Gödeke

wurde am 15. April 1814 zu Celle geboren, war 1828—33 auf dem Pädagogium zu Ilfeld, ſtudirte 1833—38 zu Göttingen Philologie, lebte früher zu Celle und jetzt als Literat in Hannover.

Er ſchrieb:

König Kodrus, eine Mißgeburt der Zeit. Leipzig 1839.
Novellen, unter dem Namen Karl Stahl. Celle 1841.
Novellenalmanach für das Jahr 1843. Hannover 1842.
Der deutſche Fürſtenbund. Leipzig 1844.
Deutſchlands Dichter von 1813 bis 1843. — Eine Auswahl von 872 charakteriſt. Gedichten aus 131 Dichtern, mit biograph.-literar. Bemerkungen u. einer einleitenden Abhandlung über die techn. Bildung poetiſcher Formen. gr. Lex.-8. Hannover 1844. Hahn'ſche Hofbuchh.

Feiner Geſchmack, reiches Wiſſen, Scharfblick, gute Erfindung und eine eben ſo correcte als gewandte Darſtellungsweiſe zeichnen dieſen Schriftſteller aus. Doch leuchtet aus ſeinen Leiſtungen eine gewiſſe Verſtimmung und Unzufriedenheit hervor, die ihm jedenfalls die vollkommene künſtleriſche Freiheit und Vollendung raubte, durch die er bei ſeinen reichen Naturgaben weit mehr wirken und leichter bei der Menge durchdringen würde, als er es bisher gethan. Sein eigenthümliches Buch, König Kodrus, eben ſo wie ſeine Novellen ſind daher lange nicht ſo bekannt geworden, als ſie es verdienen.

Der Narr der Jugend.

Auf einem der Vorſprünge, die noch von den alten Wällen der ehemaligen Feſtung Wolfenbüttel ſtehen geblieben, erhebt ſich ein im mauriſchen Styl erbautes Kaffeehaus, das mit ſeinem funkelnden Knopf auf der Spitze, den blauen zuſammengefalteten Sonnenſchirmen auf den Ecken des Daches, den großen blitzenden Scheiben, den lebhaften ſchreienden Farben und verſchwenderiſchen Vergoldungen ein ſtattliches ſchon aus der Ferne lockendes Anſehen hat. Die kleine Anhöhe, auf der es ſteht, iſt nur von wenig dünnem Gebüſch ſpärlich beſchattet. Die Sonne brennt auf den blendenden Kies und verkümmert die mühſam erzwungenen Anlagen. Aber Schatten, friſches naſſes Grün, ſaftige Pflanzen, duftende Blumen ſcheinen hier auch nicht geſucht zu werden. Das Haus, der Saal, die luftigen fliegenden Hallen wimmeln von Luſt und Fröhlichkeit. Die Braunſchweiger ſcheinen ſich hier mehr zu vergnügen als die Wolfenbüttler; es bedarf ja nur einer viertelſtündigen Fahrt auf der Eiſenbahn, ſo ſind ſie hier und können hier in behaglichem Geplauder Bekanntſchaften gründen oder erneuern, die neue Haube, den neuen Frack produciren, ſich an der lachenden Ausſicht auf den duftig blauen Harz, auf die überallhin ſichtbare Eiche des Elms oder auf die ſanften Hügelzüge der Aſſe erquicken. Dort windet ſich die Landſtraße an den Bergen! hier breitet ſich üppiger Wieſengrund; da weite fruchtbare Krautgärten mit heimlichen halbverſteckten Wohnungen! dort rollen in majeſtätiſcher Sicherheit die brauſenden Wagenzüge auf der Harzbahn hin. Die Weltdame ſitzt hier ſchauend und beſchaut neben der [illegible] [illegible], der einfache Handwerker neben der ſchimmernden Uniform; der blondlockige Student mit munteren Scherzreden und flatterndem Witz neben dem grauen Hypochonder; fröhliche Augen, die mit Luſt in das ſonnige Leben ſchauen, dicht neben den [illegible], die unter grünen Brillengläſern mürriſch auf die aſchgraue Zeitung blicken. Bekannte und Unbekannte lachen und plaudern geſellig durcheinander. Die Rangunterſchiede ſind, wenn nicht verſchwunden, doch gemildert, und ein ſüddeutſcher Landsmann könnte ſich hier heimiſch fühlen, wenn den Baiern nicht das Taſſengeklapper mahnte, daß es hier doch etwas anders zugeht als in ſeinem münchener Bierhauſe; der Schwabe würde beim Anblick der dampfenden Groggläſer mit einer Art von Heimweh ſeiner Neckarweine und der gewohnten Deckelkrüge gedenken.

Selten laſſen die heitern Gäſte einen Blick des Mitleids auf die langen Reihen unglücklicher Menſchen fallen, die bergan, bergab karren. Der junge ſchwarze Jäger, deſſen freundlichem Geſichte der martialiſche Ernſt ſo wohl ſteht, ſoll dieſe Verbrecher hüten. Aber er hat das Kinn ſinnend auf die Mündung ſeiner Stutzbüchſe geſtützt und ſcheint die brennende Sonnenhitze, der er ausgeſetzt iſt, kaum zu ſpüren. Seine Gedanken ſind abgewandt, wohnen vielleicht in jenem Dorfe, das dort vom Berge winkt und Rauchwirbel in die flimmernde Luft ſendet, oder ſcherzen mit einer Nachbarstochter, die ihm gut iſt, und küſſen ihren rothen Mund und nicht zum erſten Male.

„Nun ſehe mir einer den verdammten Grillenfänger," rief der Doctor Zerheiden, der mit mehren jungen und ältern Perſonen in einer der offenen Hallen des Kaffeehauſes ſaß und den ſinnenden Soldaten betrachtete. „Was der Kerl nun wohl nach den Bergen zu gucken hat! da könnte ihm ja ſeine ganze geſchloſſene Geſellſchaft auf und davon gehen, und er merkte nichts. Gott, was gäb' ich darum, wenn's jetzt einem von den Kerlen in den Sinn käme, durchzugehen. Der Burſch da mit dem blauen Kittel, den auch die Karre nicht ſcheint mürbe zu machen, ſollte ſich ein Herz faſſen. Heida, das Ziehband abgeworfen, davongegangen; mein lieber Jäger hätte das Nachſehen. Nein, was zu toll iſt, iſt zu toll! Steht da und guckt und guckt und läßt ſich braten. Laßt die frommen Schufte thun was ſie Luſt haben! da ſollte man alte verſtändige Knaben, alte Graaköpfe einſtellen, aber nicht ſolch einen Haſenfuß, der Tag ein Tag aus Gott weiß an welche Herzallerliebſte denkt. Nein, das iſt wahr, Jugend hat keine Tugend!"

Der eifrigen Rede des Doctors folgte ein Gelächter von einigen jungen Männern, Studenten, wie es ſchien, die mit ihm an demſelben Tiſche ſaßen. Ein junger blondgelockter Student von einem andern Tiſche drehte ſich nach dem eifrigen Doctor herum und maß ihn mit ſchelmiſchen Augen, als wollte er ſagen: „Du drolliger Kauz!" aber er miſchte ſich nicht unter die Lachenden, von denen einer begann: „Du kommſt auf das beliebte Thema, lieber Onkel, von der Untugend der unerfahrenen Jugend und da iſt ſchwer zu widerſprechen. Aber ſiehſt Du nicht, daß jener Soldat nicht die einzige Wache iſt? dort an den Gartenzäunen ſtehen noch zwei Soldaten, aber ſie ſuchen den Schatten, weil ſie alt ſind, und was Du von dem jungen ſagſt, würde viel beſſer auf die alten paſſen. Ich wette, daß dieſer junge hübſche Menſch ſeine Heerde viel beſſer und ſchärfer im Auge hat, als jene Invaliden, und ich möcht's keinem rathen, zum Durchgehen Miene zu machen. Da würde er —"

In dieſem Augenblicke fiel es wirklich einem der Verbrecher ein, aus der Deichſel des Karren, den er mit einem andern zog, zu ſchlüpfen. Die beiden Invaliden plauderten zuſammen und bemerkten das Wageſtück nicht, denn zwiſchen ihnen und dem Flüchtling lag ein hoher Erdhaufen; aber der Jäger hatte wie der Blitz die Büchſe an der Wange und ließ eine Kugel über den Kopf des Burſchen hinſauſen. Im Augenblick hatte er wieder geladen und zielte. Dem Flüchtling ſchien endlich der Muth zu verſagen; ſtatt ſeine Flucht fortzuſetzen, kehrte er um und verſuchte durch Niederducken oder [illegible] [illegible] zu täuſchen.

Der Schuß hatte die ſämmtlichen Gäſte auf dieſe Seite gezogen, man fragte, erzählte und lachte über die Liſt des Burſchen, ſich die unausbleibliche Strafe wo möglich zu erleichtern. Der Doctor Terheiden aber, der mit ſeinen jungen Genoſſen zuvörderſt an dem eiſernen Geländer ſtand und zuſchaute, wie der verunglückte Flüchtling beim Kragen genommen und in die Stadt geführt wurde, ließ ſich in ſeiner unvortheilhaften Anſicht über die Jugend nicht irre machen und rief: „Da ſieht man's, daß der Verſtand nicht vor Jahren kommt! Ein Kerl von geſetztem Alter würde einen ſolchen wahnſinnigen Fluchtverſuch nun und nimmer gemacht haben; aber das junge Volk denkt, das geht nur ſo." — Seine Geſellſchaft lachte wieder. Sie ſchien ſich an dieſem Eifer, der Jugend eins zu verſetzen, nicht wenig zu beluſtigen. Der Blondlockige flüſterte dem Neffen des Doctors einige Worte zu und der Neffe ſprach dann zu ſeinem Oheim: „Es ſchickt ſich wohl kaum, Dir ein anderes Sprichwort vom Alter, das auch nicht vor Thorheit ſchützt, vorzurücken, aber Dein unaufhörliches Moraliſiren wäre, mit Deiner Erlaubniß, doch einer kleinen Lection werth. Willſt Du mir freie Hand geben, ſo ſollſt Du in den drei Tagen, die ich hier noch bei Dir zubringe, zu der Einſicht gelangen, daß Dein Sprichwort nicht richtiger iſt als das meine, ja Du ſollſt geſtehen, daß Shakſpeare Recht hat, wenn er ſagt old men are twice children."

„Topp", rief der Doctor mit lachendem Munde, „die Abrede gilt! Aber ich ſage Dir, es muß hart kommen, ehe ich mich gefangen gebe." „Es ſoll auch hart genug kommen," lachte der Neffe; „und da Du voraus gewarnt biſt, kannſt Du Dich nicht beklagen, überrumpelt zu ſein. Alle ehrlichen Mittel werden angewandt, Dich zu beſiegen; aber wohl gemerkt, die Niederlagen, die ich etwa noch erleiden ſollte, können erſt nach Ablauf der dreitägigen Friſt als ſolche gelten, wenn Deine Niederlage dann nicht größer iſt als die meine."

Es iſt eigentlich ſchon Thorheit, dachte der Doctor, ſich in ſolchen Handel einzulaſſen. Aber er offenbarte ſeinen Gedanken nicht, ſondern nahm eine ſo ernſte und gravitätiſche Miene an, und blickte ſo ſtreng durch die grünen Gläſer ſeiner Brille, daß ſeine junge Geſellſchaft das Lachen kaum verbeißen konnte.

Der Doctor war ein Fünfziger; ſein Haar ſpielte ins Graue; ſeine Haltung war noch ſtraff und aufrecht; ſeine Bewegungen und Manieren frei und entſchieden; das lebendige Feuer in ihm war noch nich[illegible] Erlöſchen; die Augen etwas matt und leidend; der Ausdruck [illegible]ner Geſichtszüge war mehr heiter als ernſt; auf den fein geſchnittenen Lippen ſpielten tauſend drollige Redensarten und gutmüthige Poltergeiſter. Terheiden liebte es, ſeine Anſichten in einer ſcheltenden, krittelnden, lebhaften Weiſe auszudrücken. Wo Andere, vom Augenblick ergriffen, ihre Gefühle in gefühlvollen Worten ausdrückten, ſei es Mitleid, Bewunderung, Lob, Rührung, da fuhr er mit einem Kernworte oder mit einem ſpöttiſchen Sprichwort heraus und konnte gar nicht müde werden, zu ſchelten und zu zanken und zu poltern, gleichſam als wolle er die Rührung, die ihn doch nicht minder ſtark als Andere bewältigte, durch Zornreden von ſich fern halten.

Er war unverheirathet. Eine Schweſter, die es auch war, freilich nicht ſo freiwillig, als der Doctor, führte ſeinen Haushalt. Sie unterſchied ſich durch nichts von einer großen Zahl alter unvermählter Damen, die ihren Geburtstag vergeſſen, dafür aber allerlei Anſprüche der Jugend bewahrt haben. Der Doctor mußte ein größeres Haus machen, als er wünſchte; ſeine Schweſter liebte die Geſellſchaften. Nie befand ſie ſich wohler, als wenn ſie eine Anzahl junger Frauenzimmer um ſich hatte, ja ſie verſchmerzte die Beleidigung ihres Bruders, der ſie einſt nach einer ſolchen Geſellſchaft, in der ſie zwiſchen einem Dutzend junger Mädchen ſich wohl gefühlt, eine Gluckhenne genannt hatte. „Soll ich gar keine Freude auf dieſer Welt haben!" fragte Mademoiſelle Terheiden mit fließenden Zähren. — „So viel Du willſt, Amalie," rief der Doctor; „ich ſchlage Dir vor, Kinderbälle zu geben, denn zwiſchen den alten Schachteln von ſiebzehn, achtzehn Jahren, die Dir längſt über den Kopf gewachſen ſind, kannſt Du ja doch kein rechtes Plaiſir haben. Einem iſt nur unter ſeines Gleichen wohl." —

Amalie ſchwieg, aber ſie nahm ſich vor, den unartigen Bruder dieſe Ungezogenheit einmal büßen zu laſſen. Er naſchte gern allerlei Eingemachtes oder von beſondern Leckereien. Amalie ließ ihn nach jener Spottrede längere Zeit faſten oder wußte ihn geſchickt zu foppen. Als man die erſten Erdbeeren feilbot, ſtellte ſie auf ihren Arbeitstiſch einen Teller mit dieſen lachenden Früchten. Der Doctor ſtibitzte einmal heimlich einige und ſiehe, ſie waren von Wachs. Amalie goß gefärbte Waſſer in Caraffinen mit lockenden Etiketten und poſtirte ſie dem Bruder in den Weg. Wollte er im Vorbeigehen einen Schluck Himbeereſſig naſchen, ſo waltete der Unſtern und ließ ihn abſtändigen Baldrianthee ſchmecken. Er ſchalt und polterte, aber ſchämte ſich zu geſtehen, daß er angeführt ſei, da er ſeine Naſchluſt nicht Wort haben wollte. So ſüß das Gefühl der unſchuldigen Racheſtücke für Amalie ſein mochte, es genügte ihr nicht, ſie gelobte ſich heimlich, dem Bruder eine derbere Lection zu geben, „aber," ſagte die Gutmüthige: er darf nur Unluſt, keinen Schaden, keinen Schimpf und keine Schande davon haben!"

Vergebens hatte ſie hin und her gedacht; kein ſtichhaltiger Plan war ihr aufgeſtiegen und doch ſollte und mußte ſie den Bruder züchtigen. Hatte er doch die Verwegenheit gehabt, bei einem vorgekommenen Anlaß ſich die Taufſcheine aller Familienglieder, folglich auch den Amaliens geben zu laſſen. „Jetzt weiß ich, wann Dein Geburtstag iſt, hatte er geſagt, und am 27. Auguſt ſoll Dir der Zuckerbäcker eine Mandeltorte backen mit Deinem Namen und der Zahl Deiner Lebensjahre: 48." — Amalie zitterte, das unſchuldige Geheimniß ihrer alten Jugend verrathen zu ſehen. Seitdem dachte ſie ernſtlicher als je auf eine kleine Rache. Ihr Neffe, der Student Alexander Terheiden, der die Ferien bei ihnen verbrachte, ſollte helfen.

Als der Doctor nach Braunſchweig zurückkam, war er nicht in ſeiner gewöhnlichen gutmüthig polternden Laune; ſtill und verſtimmt trat er ſeiner mit Rachegedanken umgehenden Schweſter unter die Augen. Amalie, in ſchönſter Parure, ſtand im Begriff, eines jener Sommerabend-Kränzchen zu beſuchen, wo jüngere und ältere Perſonen in geſelligem Spiel und Geplauder ſich unter dem grünen Zeltdach blühender Linden die Zeit vertrieben. Sie bemerkte das erſichtlich unzufriedene Weſen des Bruders und fragte ihn in herausforderndem Tone, als habe ſie es auf einen häuslichen Zwiſt abgeſehen: „Steht Dir es nicht an, Tobias, daß ich mir einen vergnügten Abend mache? Du ſchauſt ſo brummbärig und ſauertöpfiſch drein, daß Einem angſt und bange werden ſollte, Dich anzuſehen. Den ganzen Nachmittag biſt Du umhergeſchwärmt und nun gönnſt Du mir nicht die kleinſte Zerſtreuung! O, es iſt gut, Tobias, daß ich weiß, wie Du gegen mich geſinnt biſt, wie Dir meine unſchuldigen Freuden ein Dorn im Auge ſind; ich kann zu Hauſe bleiben, kann mir Alles verſagen und wollte ja lieber keinen Fuß wieder aus dem Hauſe ſetzen, als daß ich die Erlaubniß dazu erbitten ſollte. Sieh, da werf' ich Bänder und Blumen hin, die Du mir ja doch mißgönnſt, da liegen —"

„Aber, mein Gott, Amalie, wie iſt mir denn," unterbrach ſie der Doctor ganz beſtürzt über ihren ungewohnten Ton. Sie ging händeringend umher, konnte es aber doch nicht bis zu Thränen bringen. „Ich ſage kein Wort, das Dich beleidigen könnte," fuhr er fort, „und Du willſt Dich von Sinnen thun! Geh doch meinetwegen auf Kinderbälle und Pfänderſpiele, ſo viel Du willſt; ich werde mich hüten, Dich zu ſtören. Darf man denn nicht einmal mehr einen Privatverdruß für ſich behalten? Laß mich doch und kümmere Dich nicht um meine ſauertöpfiſchen Mienen; ich frage ja auch nicht, wenn Dir etwas fehlt." — „Ja, ich weiß es wohl," entgegnete die Schweſter, plötzlich ein anderes Regiſter ihrer Gefühle aufziehend: „Du kümmerſt Dich nicht um meine Sorgen und Schmerzen; Du fragſt nicht, was mich quält, um mich zu tröſten oder mir zu helfen; ich muß Alles allein ertragen und dulden, und wenn ich einmal bei Deiner brüderlichen Theilnahme anklopfe, um mein ſchweres Herz in Deine Bruſt auszuſchütten, ſo biſt Du nicht zu Hauſe. O, ich armes unglückliches Mädchen, ſo betrübt wie mir geht es keiner in der ganzen Stadt, ich bin ſehr, ſehr unglücklich."

„Soll ich den Arzt kommen laſſen?" fragte der Doctor mit wiederkehrender Laune. „Du biſt gewiß zu ſtark geſchnürt, wiewohl noch von ganz gutem Embonpoint." — „Auch das noch!" ſchluchzte die Schweſter, der nun ungeſucht die Thränen kamen, „nicht genug, mich hart und lieblos zu behandeln; Du häufſt auch noch Spott auf mich Aermſte und machſt mich zum Stichblatt Deines bösartigen Witzes. Warum bin ich arm," rief ſie mit fliegender Beredtſamkeit, „arm, daß ich von Deiner Gnade leben muß! O, daß ich ein kleines ſtilles Haus hätte, in dem ich allein gebote, wo ich dem harten Bruder nicht jeden Groſchen abquälen müßte und nicht mit jedem gegebenen eine Menge von Vorwürfen bekäme. Deine Launen, Deine Spottreden, Deine Härte, Deine Poltereien, alles, alles muß ich ertragen, und wenn ich es thue, was iſt mein Dank? Nichts als Undank! Du glaubſt, Dir alles gegen mich erlauben zu dürfen, weil Du mir giebſt, was ich um und an habe!" Sie barg ihr Geſicht im Tuche. Der Doctor wurde ſtutzig. Dieſen Gegenſtand hatte ſeine Schweſter noch niemals hervorgezogen, und doch war es augenſcheinlich, daß ſie, da das Bekenntniß ſo unverſehens und gleichſam wider Willen geſchah, ſchon lange ſchweres Herzeleid darüber empfunden haben mußte. Amalie bereuete ſogleich, was ſie bekannt hatte, aber ſie war zu eigenſinnig, um ihre Reue zu geſtehen. Sie trocknete die Thränen und wollte mit angenommenem Trotze ihren Putz vollends ablegen, als ihr der Bruder zurief: „ſie nicht, jetzt ſollſt Du in Geſellſchaft gehen und künftig, ſo viel Du willſt und magſt." „Ich ſoll!" fragte ſie, herzlich froh, dem Streite eine andere Wendung geben zu können; „nein, nun will ich nicht." — „Mach was Du willſt!" rief Terheiden kurz abbrechend: „dieſe

Extreſſe werden mir zu bunt. Das geht ja in ewigem Wechſel wie Aprilwetter.“ Damit ergriff er Hut und Stock und eilte zum Zimmer und zum Hauſe hinaus. „Bin ich nicht ein Thor, dachte er unterwegs: laſſe mich da zu einer albernen Wette um meinen Verſtand verleiten, und gebe mich ordentlich der muthwilligen Jugend preis! ſtehe nun mit meiner alten treuen Schweſter auf den Bruch! Weiß Gott, der Alexander wird Recht behalten. Es giebt doch auch unter den Alten Thoren. Amalie zum Beiſpiel. Aber wer's ihr ſagen wollte, würde ſchön ankommen. Ja, auch ſie hat Recht. Ich bin zu hart und knauſerig gegen ſie geweſen. Jetzt wird ſie wohl noch auf ihre alten Tage wunderlich, und wenn es oft ſo kommt wie heute, werd' ich nicht viel Freude mehr mit ihr erleben. Es ſcheint ſie lange gedrückt zu haben, daß ſie von mir abhängt. Wie wär's, wenn ich ihr ein ſorgenfreies Alter und eine ſelbſtſtändige Lage gewährte! Aber mein Haushalt! Hm! hm! heirathen! Wär' ich ſo jung als Amalie ſein möchte, ſo ging es. Aber graue Haare und grüne Brillen ſind keine Leimruthen für Bräute. Thor, der ich bin, Alexander hat ſchon wieder Recht.“

Während dieſes Selbſtgeſprächs war Terheiden von ſeinem Gartenhauſe bis ans Theater gelangt. Er ſchritt unter der Halle durch, wo die wachthabenden Jäger, lauter junge martialiſche Geſtalten, ihn an den Vorfall beim Kaffeehauſe erinnerten und damit wiederum an ſeine Wette. Im Theater wurde eines jener Stücke der „erlauchten Verfaſſerin“ gegeben, in denen „das geſetzte Alter“, die edelmüthigen Oheime und Hausfreunde von 40 bis 60 Jahren ſo ungebührliche Triumphe über die Jugend feiern. Terheiden war in eigner Stimmung. Die Unnatürlichkeit, daß ein junges kluges Mädchen „dem geſetzten Alter“ vor „der leichtſinnigen Jugend“ den Vorzug giebt, dünkte ihn einerſeits lächerlich, auf der andern Seite aber fand er doch Freude an dieſer Art Moralpredigen, die ihm vielleicht über kurz oder lang zu Statten kommen konnte. In dieſem Zwieſpalt zwiſchen natürlichem geſunden Urtheil und trübem Egoismus ſchwankte er den ganzen Abend.

Nachdem er ſeine Schweſter verlaſſen, ordnete dieſe, ihrem entſchieden ausgeſprochenen Eigenſinne ungetreu, wiederum ihren Anzug und begab ſich in den Garten, wo heute das Sommerkränzchen gehalten wurde. Launen und Racheplane war ſie im Begriff zu vergeſſen, als zwei halberwachſene Töchter der Wirthin aus dem Gartenſaale ſprangen und auf Amalie, der ſie ganz beſonders Anhänglichkeit erwieſen, zueilten. Amalien aber wurde beim Anblick der Mädchen himmelangſt; ſie kannte die Anrede, mit der ſie von ihnen pflegte begrüßt zu werden. Da ſie nicht mehr völlig ſo jung war, als ſie zu ſein wünſchte, und trotz der jugendlichen Dehors ein ganz reſpectables Anſehen hatte, pflegten die Kinder ſie Tante Amalie anzureden, wiewohl kein Verwandtſchaftsverhältniß zwiſchen ihnen beſtand. Um nun dieſe verdrießliche Begrüßung wenigſtens ſo unſchädlich als möglich zu machen, abſentirte ſie ſich beim Anblick der beiden Mädchen etwas von der Geſellſchaft. Richtig ſchoſſen die beiden kleinen Hummeln auf die Geängſtigte zu und freuten ſich, „Tante Amalie“ zu ſehen. „Nennt mich doch nicht immer Tante,“ ſagte ſie, ſanft verweiſend: „ich bin es ja nicht und ſähe es lieber, wenn ihr mich Schweſter Amalie oder ſchlechtweg Amalie nenntet!“ Die Mädchen erhuben ein Gelächter und ſprangen zu den übrigen Gäſten, wo ſie mit unbefangener Munterkeit den neuen Vorſchlag zur Güte ausplauderten. Amalie ſtand auf heißen Kohlen; ſie verging vor Beſchämung und dachte, Jeder müſſe ſich im Stillen über ſie luſtig machen. Allein ſie irrte. Man achtete gar nicht auf die kleinen Verrätherinnen und war der Prätenſion Amaliens, jung zu ſein, ſchon viel zu ſehr gewohnt, um ſich darüber bei jeder neuen Gelegenheit auf's neue zu gaudiren.

Dieſer Vorfall war der einzige, der ihr an dieſem Abende peinliche Gefühle verurſachte, und beim Zuhauſegehen geſtand ſie ſich, daß nur wenige Abende dem eben verlebten gleich kämen. Um dieſelbe Zeit, als ſie wieder zu Hauſe kam, kehrte auch Terheiden in gemiſchter Stimmung aus dem Theater heim. Auch der Neffe Alexander fand ſich ein. Als ob nichts vorgefallen, ſervirte Amalie den beiden Männern den Thee und wußte die Unterhaltung mit allerlei erweckenden Anekdoten und Geſchichtchen zu beleben. Die Dienerin meldete, daß eine junge Dame zweimal dageweſen ſei und nach dem Herrn Doctor gefragt habe. „Eine Clientin,“ ſagte Tobias leicht hin, „ſie wird wohl wieder kommen.“ Alexander erzählte der Tante die Abrede, die er mit Tobias getroffen, wobei Amaliens Augen plötzlich aufleuchteten, eben ſo bald aber geſenkt wurden, weil ſie empfand, daß, wenn ihr Bruder den Kürzeren ziehe, ſie zugleich mit beſiegt werde. Dennoch gelobte ſie ſich nach kurzer Ueberlegung, dem Neffen zu helfen. Tobias ſchämte ſich zwar, das Geheimniß und die Veranlaſſung zu ſeinem griesgrämigen Geſichte von dieſem Nachmittage ſo preisgegeben zu ſehen, allein er faßte Muth und begann ſeine ſchon halb verloren gegebene Sache zu vertheidigen: „Ich habe es geſagt und bleibe dabei, Jugend hat keine Tugend; Verſtand kommt nicht vor Jahren. Wie kann ein junger Menſch, der eben erſt in die Welt hineinguckt, wiſſen, wie es drin zugeht, und ſich benehmen, wie er ſoll! Alter giebt Erfahrung, Schaden macht klug. Die Jugend aber iſt unverſtändig.“ „Gewiß,“ ſagte Amalie, der beiden Mädchen aus dem Kränzchen gedenkend und der eignen Jugendlichkeit auf Augenblicke vergeſſend: „Junges Blut, Thunichtgut. Das iſt eine ausgemachte Sache. Daran kann Niemand zweifeln, das ſagen Alle.“ „Alle, liebe Tante, die ſich alt dünken!“ „Ich muß mir die Anſpielung verbitten,“ rief ſie beleidigt: „was ich alt bin, bin ich mit Ehren alt. Wer nicht alt werden will, muß jung ſterben. Ueber die Kinderjahre bin ich hinaus; das weiß ich; in geſetztem Alter ſtehe ich, verſtändig bin ich; aber alt nicht, hörſt Du? alt nicht. Und Damen werden auch nie alt, nie, und wenn ſie's würden, ſollte man nicht davon reden, dann wär's eine Sache, die ſich von ſelbſt verſtände, die man nicht anzumerken brauchte, ſo wenig als daß die Früchte reifen.“ „Und die Blumen welken,“ fügte der Neffe mit gutmüthigem Ausdruck hinzu. Amalie aber ereiferte ſich noch mehr. „Verwelken?“ fragte ſie und ihre Augen wurden wacker: „o nein, ſo weit ſind wir noch nicht. Es giebt gewiſſe Blumen, die niemals verwelken.“ „Irre ich nicht,“ ſprach Alexander, „ſo ſind es Strohblumen!“ Der empfindlichen Erwiederung kam Tobias beſchwichtigend zuvor. Er hatte ſeine ſtille Betrachtung bei dieſem Duett gehabt. Das komiſche Benehmen ſeiner Schweſter und die Anklänge an ſeinen Theaterabend beſtärkten ihn nur in der Meinung, daß Alexander Recht behalten werde. Doch drängte er dieſe Betrachtung zurück und ſagte: „Schweig nur, Amalie. Er meint es nicht bös und Du beziehſt die jugendlichen Scherzreden gleich perſönlich. Wir können uns über die Reden hinwegſetzen, er wird ſchon anders ſprechen, wenn er aus den Kinderjahren heraustritt. Es iſt heutzutage einmal Brauch bei der Jugend, ſich weiſe zu dünken und „dem geſetzten Alter“ die gehörige Ehrfurcht zu verſagen. Zu meiner Zeit war das ganz anders.“

Alexander bemerkte mit Freuden dieſen Gedankengang des Oheims und gab ſich Mühe, daß dieſe Richtung verfolgt werde. Es gelang ihm auch, dem Alten eine faſt begeiſterte Schilderung „ſeiner Zeit“ zu entlocken, und Amaliens Beifall ſtieß wie friſcher Fahrwind in das flotte Redeſchifflein des Doctors, ſo daß es ſich in ein Meer von weitläufigen Lobpreiſungen „ſeiner Zeit“ verlor. Alexander aber fiel plötzlich in dieſen Hymnus mit der niederſchlagenden Bemerkung: „Deine Zeit, lieber Oheim! von Revolutionen, Kriegen und Gräueln erfüllt, war anders als die jetzige; ob ſie wohl beſſer war? Deine Jugend hatte mit Kümmerniſſen und Sorgen aller Art zu ringen. Dennoch ſehnſt Du Dich aus dem behaglichen Alter darnach zurück? Warum? Weil Du damals jung warſt und es jetzt nicht mehr biſt. Die Vorzüge der Jugend haſt Du mir ſchon zugeſtanden; das Uebrige folgt vielleicht noch vor Ablauf der dreitägigen Friſt nach.“ „Verräther,“ rief Terheiden, „mich ſo auf's Glatteis zu führen! Aber Du ſollſt noch ein ſchweres Spiel mit mir haben.“ Damit ſtand er auf und zog ſich auf ſein Zimmer zurück.

Als er hinausgegangen, bat Alexander die Tante mit den ſüßeſten Worten, ihm und ſeinem Plane ihre Unterſtützung zu gewähren. Zuvor aber ließ ſie ſich davon unterrichten, was eigentlich im Schilde geführt werde, und da ſie ſich überzeugte, daß es nur eine unſchuldige Fopperei war, die Tobias ja im voraus erlaubt hatte, gab ſie die Zuſage, ihren Part in dieſer Komödie zu übernehmen. Die Warnungsſtimme, ſie werde ſich ſelbſt eine Ruthe binden helfen, unterdrückte ſie; in ihren Gedanken war ſie wieder einmal recht jugendlich und was ſie zu thun hatte, war eigentlich ſchon vollbracht.

Am nächſten Morgen war Amalie ſchon vor dem Frühſtück mit ihrem Bruder in lebhaftem Zwiſt. Der unglückliche Doctor war über den ungewöhnlichen Zankteufel, der ſich Amaliens bemächtigt hatte, ſo beſtürzt, daß er weder einen Fluch, noch einen Sarkasmus finden konnte und ſelbſt jede neckende Anſpielung auf die wenig bezaubernde Negligeetoilette ſeiner Schweſter für diesmal vergaß. Amalie aber war unerſchöpflich im Wechſel fliegender Launen; weder Thränen, noch bewegliche Reden, weder Zorn, noch leidenſchaftliche Anklagen wurden geſpart. Sie ſchien dem Bruder alles gebrannte Herzeleid auf einmal anthun zu wollen und dieſer erſchrak in innerſter Seele über dieſe megäriſche Entpuppung einer noch vor Kurzem ſo ſanftmüthigen und geduldigen als liebevollen und zuvorkommenden Schweſter. Bei dieſem Auftritte, der über nichts anders als darüber ſtattfand, daß eine Magd Amaliens Mundtaſſe zerbrochen hatte und nun aus dem Dienſt geſchafft werden ſollte, hielt der Doctor, ſo viel als ihm möglich war, an ſich. Als aber der Sturm der Leidenſchaft kein Ende nehmen wollte, riſſen die Fäden ſeiner Geduld, und ſeinen Kopf aufſetzend, rief er: „Gilt die Bosheit etwas, ſo iſt ein Weib theuerer als zehn Mann! Willſt Du mich mit Worten umbringen? Kein ſchöner Kleid giebt es für Dich als Schweigen. Aber bei dieſem endloſen Klagen und Rechthaben, ſollte man ſich hinwünſchen, wo der Pfeffer wächſt. Ich will nichts mehr hören und verbiete Dir die Lärmtrommel. Iſt das eine Art, mich hier in früher Morgenſtunde zu überfallen und mit nichtigen Lappalien um Muße und Luſt zur Arbeit zu bringen! Schämen ſollteſt Du Dich, ſo alt und noch nicht mehr Herrin Deiner Leidenſchaften zu ſein!“ Amalie aber war nicht geſonnen, ſich ſo leichten Kaufes abweiſen zu laſſen, ſie begann von neuem über Härte, liebloſe Begegnung und Tyrannei zu lamentiren und würde noch lange darin beharrt haben, wenn nicht die Dame, die ſchon am Tage zuvor zweimal nach dem Doctor gefragt, wäre angemeldet worden. Terheiden brach das Gezänk kurz ab und ſprach: „Dein Betragen iſt der Art geweſen, daß ich keine dritte Probe davon ſehen mag. Ich muß Mittel ausfinden, um mir und Dir Ruhe zu geben und zu ſichern!“ Amalie zog ſich langſam zurück, und, wie verwandelt und als ob nichts vorgefallen, trat ſie der Dame im Vorzimmer mit neugierig muſternden Augen entgegen. Nach kurzer Begrüßung ließ ſie die Fremde in das Arbeitszimmer des Bruders treten und horchte an der Thür. Aber es wurde nicht laut genug geſprochen, daß es draußen wäre zu hören geweſen. So ging Amalie wieder an ihre häuslichen Geſchäfte.

Die Fremde war gekommen, um den Doctor Terheiden in einer verwickelten Proceßſache um Rath zu fragen und ihn vielleicht als Anwalt anzunehmen. Ihrer Erzählung zufolge war ſie eine bedrängte Waiſe. Vater und Mutter waren jüngſt geſtorben und hatten ihr ein nicht unanſehnliches Vermögen hinterlaſſen, doch mit einer ſeltſamen Teſtamentsclauſel. In Folge derſelben erhub ein „unausſtehlicher“ Vetter Anſprüche entweder auf ihr Vermögen oder auf Hand und Gut zugleich. Die Fremde verſicherte, weder den einen noch den andern Anſpruch befriedigen zu können, im erſten Falle werde ſie arm, im zweiten unglücklich werden. Ihr Vetter ſei ein junger Künſtler und führe ein geniales Leben; ſie ſei durch ſteten Umgang mit bejahrtern und verſtändig ſoliden Perſonen daran gewöhnt, nur mit ſolchen zu leben und werde ſich nie entſchließen, ihre Hand einem jungen Menſchen zu geben, ſei er auch in dem Grade ſchön, klug und tugendhaft, wie ihr Vetter häßlich, einfältig und locker. Das einzige Mittel, aus dieſer Verlegenheit zu kommen, ſei eine ſchnelle Heirath. Aber wo finde ſich ein Mann, dem ſie und der ihr zuſage; ſie ſei fremd in der Stadt und nur hierher gereiſ't, um hier zu wohnen und dem Bereich ihres Vetters zu entgehen.

Der Doctor hörte die wunderliche Geſchichte ruhig an und gab der Fremden einige oberflächliche Rathſchläge, indem er ſich einen gründlichern Beſcheid vorbehielt. Auf ſeine Frage, ob ſie auf den noch nicht anhängigen Rechtshandel bezügliche Papiere mit ſich führe, händigte ſie ihm einige flüchtig gemachte Auszüge aus dem älterlichen Teſtamente und Copien von Briefen ihres Vetters ein, verſprach auch, die Originalpapiere, die ſie in ihrer Heimath unter ſicherer Verwahrung gelaſſen, nachzuliefern. Der Advocat durchflog die Scripturen und verſicherte, nach Advocatenart, ſie dürfe kaum über den guten Ausgang der Sache in Zweifel bleiben. Vielleicht ſei noch eine Ausſöhnung mit dem Herrn Vetter möglich und am Ende werde auch eine Verbindung mit demſelben nicht zu den Unmöglichkeiten gehören.

„Ihn heirathen!“ rief die Fremde mit leidenſchaftlichem Ausdruck: „lieber wollt' ich mir ein Meſſer in die Bruſt ſtoßen!“ Tobias wunderte ſich über dieſe Heftigkeit und beſah ſich die Fremde etwas genauer. Sie war gar nicht unanſehnlich; blonde Locken quollen unter dem Hute hervor, blaue Schelmenaugen deuteten auf einen heitern, von den Erbſchaftsſorgen und dem Umgange mit bejahrten Perſonen unangefochtenen Lebensſinn; die Farbe des Geſichts war zart und blühend, die Züge anmuthig, wenngleich mehr grob als fein; eine ganz leiſe Anſpielung auf ein Bärtchen ſchwebte zwiſchen Naſe und Mund. Im Verlaufe des Geſprächs, worin ſich Terheiden nach den nähern Lebensumſtänden der Clientin erkundigte, entwickelte ſie trotz aller augenfälligen Schüchternheit einen faſt männlich feſten Sinn und ließ ungeſucht ſo manche Schilderung einfließen, wie ſie dem alternden wunderlichen Vater in allen Launen nachzugeben gewußt, ihn aufmerkſam und liebevoll gepflegt, wie die ganze Sorge des Haushalts auf ihr gelaſtet, ſie aber nicht erdrückt — daß der Doctor ſich warm und wohlthuend dadurch angeſprochen fühlte, und, als ſie die Verſicherung ſehr unbefangen wiederholte, es werde ihr ganz leicht werden, ſich in einen bejahrten Gatten zu ſchicken, — einen Gedanken in ſich aufſteigen ſah, vor dem er nicht erſchrak.

Er verſprach der Fremden, über ihre Angelegenheit nachzudenken und ihr den Nachmittag, ſofern es ihr gelegen ſei, das Reſultat ſeiner Ueberlegung mitzutheilen. Die Fremde war verwirrt und wagte in ſchüchterner Betretenheit kaum aufzublicken, aber mit einer verbindlichen Rede lud ſie doch den Doctor in ihr Hotel. Tobias geleitete ſie mit Galanterie bis zur Treppe und ſah ihr nach, wie ſie mit feſten Schritten die Stufen hinabſprang; ja er konnte ſich nicht enthalten, ihr aus dem Fenſter nachzuſchauen und hatte ſeine Freude an dem entſchiedenen raſchen Gange dieſer Dame.

Sein Neffe traf ihn im ſinnenden Nachſchauen. Tobias nahm ſich zuſammen und fragte den Eintretenden neckend, ob er noch nicht ſeine Minen ſprengen laſſe; es ſei nachgerade Zeit, wenn die dreitägige Friſt nicht ungenutzt verſtreichen ſolle. Nachher ſei Alles aus und das Leben allein habe wieder das Recht, über Alters Thorheit und Verſtand der Jugend zu urtheilen. Alexander erwiederte ruhig, ob es nicht ſchon einer Entſcheidung des Kampfſpiels gleichkomme, daß der Oheim ſeine Erlaubniß zur Abhaltung deſſelben gegeben. „Sei aufrichtig, Onkel, iſt es beſſer als Thorheit, daß ein junger Mann einen ältern über ſeine geringere oder größere Thorheit die Augen öffnen ſoll? Du haſt gelobt, dieſe drei Tage hindurch nichts übel zu nehmen und mich gewähren zu laſſen. Iſt das verſtändig? Du mußt über Dich ſelbſt nicht ganz klar und gewiß geweſen ſein, und denkſt am Ende erſt durch dies Wettſpiel entſchieden zu ſehen, was Du für längſt entſchieden ausgabſt. Doch von Dir und mir abgeſehen, was ſagſt Du von Tante Amalie? Gilt von ihr Dein oder mein Sprichwort?“ „Komm mir nicht mit der!“ rief Tobias großſprechend: „ſieh hier die alte Schwarte, wo ein Gelehrter beweiſ't mulieres esse non homines. Nun, wenn die Weiber keine Menſchen ſind, ſo kann Amalie auch nicht für mich oder Dich als Beweis gelten.“ „Die Schwarte in Ehren,“ lachte Alexander, „aber dem Titelbilde zufolge muß der Autor ſeine ſechzig, ſiebenzig Jahre alt ſein, und es war wohl eben keine Probe von Verſtand, daß er den Tractat geſchrieben und ans Licht geſtellt hat. Wenn nun Amalie doch ein homo iſt, für wen beweiſ't ſie?“ „Ich gebe zu,“ ſagte Terheiden, „für Dich! aber ich bin mit ihr ſchon genug geſchlagen, und ſie ſoll nicht noch in Deiner Hand zur Ruthe werden; ſelbſt iſt der Mann! kannſt Du Deinen Satz nicht durch beſſere Argumente an mir beweiſen, ſo haſt Du Dein Spiel verloren.“

„Nun denn,“ ſagte Alexander, „Du willſt es nicht anders, ſo leide Dein Geſchick und murre nicht, wenn es Dich überwältigt. Ich dachte Dich mit einem Scherze hinzuhalten. Du willſt Entſcheidung! Der Handel, den wir hier lachend durchmachen wollen, koſtet Blut und Thränen in der Welt. Jugend und Alter, die ſchönen Hälften des Lebens, liegen im Kampf ſeit Jahrtauſenden. Dieſen Kampf in Lachen und Scherz zu berühren, der ſeine Flammen und Schwerter hat, iſt gefährlich. Gieb mir nochmals die Hand darauf, Onkel, daß Du mir Deine Niederlage verzeihen willſt.“ Tobias that es und fühlte ſich von dem Gedanken bewegt, als Einzelſtreiter für ein Lager, das die Hälfte der Welt ausmacht, gegen einen andern Vertreter der andern Hälfte ins Feld zum Zweikampf zu treten und mit Sieg oder Beſiegung weder ſich noch ſeiner Welthälfte den mindeſten Nutzen zu ſtiften.

Bei Tiſch begann Amalie wieder jede Kleinigkeit aufzumutzen und hatte es augenſcheinlich darauf angelegt, mit dem Bruder wieder in Streit zu gerathen. Terheiden kämpfte einen ſchweren, ahnungsloſen Kampf mit ſich, aber er überwand ſich und ſchien es nur in Folge eines mühſam gewonnenen Entſchluſſes zu können. Für Amaliens ſpitze Reden und muthige Herausforderungen hatte er kein Gehör. Er unterhielt ſich mit dem Neffen angelegentlichſt über die ordinairſten Dinge der Univerſität, ob jener Profeſſor einen braunen oder ſchwarzen Frack oder gar keinen zu tragen pflege, wie die äußere Beſchaffenheit dieſes und jenes Hauſes jetzt ſei, ob auf der und der Straße Bäume jetzt ſtänden! In dieſen Geſprächen wußte er alle von der Schweſter in den Weg geſtreuten Steine des Anſtoßes mit behutſamer Geſchicklichkeit zu überhüpfen. Amalie ereiferte ſich darüber immer mehr und mehr. Die Thränen zu Hülfe rufend beklagte ſie ſich über Vernachläſſigung und Zurückſetzung und that es ſo laut, daß die beiden Männer Notiz davon nehmen mußten. Alexander ſuchte ſie zu beruhigen, und, um ſie zu überzeugen, daß ſie ihm und Tobias Unrecht thue, ſchlug er vor, den Nachmittag zu einer Fahrt nach Wolfenbüttel zu verwenden; das Wetter ſei angenehm, der Himmel etwas bedeckt, ſo daß man nicht von der Sonne zu leiden habe. Tobias werde ſeinen Geſchäften gewiß einige Stunden abbrechen können. Tobias ſtutzte bei dieſem Vorſchlage; er ſah den Neffen mit ſcharfem Mißtrauen an, als ob er die heimlichſten Gedanken ſeiner Seele leſen wolle, und rief, als Alexander verlegen und ſcheinbar betroffen die Augen niederſchlug: „Daß ich ein Narr wäre! Nicht wahr, mein Freund, einen Haſen im Freien zu hetzen iſt Kinderſpiel! Wer weiß, was Du mit mir im Schilde führſt. Führ' ich mit hinaus, ſo flöcht' ich mir wohl ſelber das Narrenſeil, an dem Du mich zu leiten gedenkſt. Das wird nichts. Auch hab' ich dieſen Nachmittag noch ein wichtiges Geſchäft abzuthun. Findet Ihr Vergnügen nach dem Kaffeehauſe zu fahren, ſo thut es. Mich kriegt Ihr nicht mit und wenn Ihr alle drei Locomotiven vorſpanntet!“ Die Tante erklärte das für leere Ausflucht und klagte den Bruder an, daß er ihr auch nicht das kleinſte Vergnügen gönne. Dem Doctor wurde dies endloſe Lamento zu abgeſchmackt. Um den Quälereien zur Mitfahrt zu entgehen, verließ er das Eßzimmer und ſchloß ſich in ſein Cabinet ein. Tante Amalie aber, die Vergnügungsſüchtige, fuhr, von dem Neffen geleitet, nach Wolfenbüttel.

Wer einen alten Mann von nicht gar zu liebenswürdigem Aeußern in ſelbſtgefälliger Spiegelbetrachtung belauſcht hat, rufe ſich dies Bild zurück, ſo hat er Tobias vor Augen. Beſchäftigt, ſich in gewählten Anzug zu werfen und die vortheilhafteſte Seite ſeiner unvortheilhaften Geſtalt hervorzukehren, hüpfte er im Cabinet hin und her. Der graue Bart wurde raſirt. Nach dieſer Grundlegung zur Eleganz ließ Tobias jedes Fältchen, jedes Maal ſeines Geſichts die Muſterung paſſiren. Hier war zu glätten, dort zu ſchaben; Bürſte und Schere wurden in Bewegung geſetzt, ja Tobias holte, nachdem er nochmals unterſucht, ob das Zimmer auch ſicher verſchloſſen ſei, ein kleines Büchschen hervor und begann den rothen Inhalt mit nicht ganz ungeübter Hand auf ſein Angeſicht zu übertragen. Die Wangen belebten ſich in ſanftem Schimmer. Die ſauberſte Kleidung, glänzendes Tuch von feinſter Wolle, blendende Wäſche, rauſchende Seide wurden angelegt; die grauen Haare lockten ſich ſanft von duftendem Haaröl, Alles war fix und fertig vom Waterproof bis auf die pariſer Stiefel, vom Stock mit goldnem Knopf, den die Rechte führte, bis auf den buttergelben Handſchuh der Linken; Tobias nahm ſich aus, wie ein altes Buch in neuem Einbande; wohlwollend beſchaute er ſich noch einmal im Spiegel, da fiel ihm die grüne Brille als ein Makel an ſeiner ſiegreichen Perſon auf. Er legte ſie ab und kam ſich ſchon beſſer vor; aber die Augen ſtraften den Glanz der Wange Lügen; ſie waren leider unverbeſſerlich und blieben trotz aller belebenden Gedanken matt und verſunken. Dieſe Entdeckung warf einen Schatten über Tobias Gemüth. Dennoch hielt er ſich ſtraff aufrecht, als er durch die Gaſſen der etwas todten Stadt auf das Hotel der fremden Clientin zuſchritt. Die Dame war allein und hatte die dunkelnden Vorhänge niedergelaſſen, wiewohl die Sonne nicht ſchien. Tobias gab, nachdem die Angelegenheit noch einmal durchgeſprochen war, den einzigen Rath, der alle Verwickelungen mit einem Schlage löſen konnte. „Sie müſſen ſich vermählen,“ ſagte er, „ehe Ihr Vetter weitere Schritte zu thun vermag. Dann behalten Sie das älterliche Vermögen, bis auf ein kleines Legat, das Sie dem Vetter aus gutem Willen wohl noch vermehren. Sagt Ihnen aber eine ſo ſchnelle Heirath nicht zu, ſo bleibt nichts übrig, als die Wechſelfälle eines Proceſſes nicht zu ſcheuen, wobei ich dann meine Dienſte anbiete.“ „Gütiger Freund,“ ſagte die Fremde, „wie dankbar bin ich Ihnen für dies Anerbieten, aber, ich geſtehe es Ihnen ohne Rückhalt, das Unſichere eines ſo weit ausſehenden Proceſſes erfüllt mich mit Unruhe und ich würde mich nicht ſcheuen, durch eine ſchnelle Heirath allen Weiterungen vorzubeugen. Aber, mein Gott,“ fuhr ſie fort, und vermochte kaum ihre Thränen zurückzuhalten, „was ſoll ich arme verlaſſene Waiſe beginnen! Einem jungen Gecken kann ich meine Hand nicht geben, und wie ſoll ich's anfangen, daß ein Mann von geſetzten Jahren um mich wirbt? Muß es doch im Stillen geſchehen, damit mein Vetter nichts davon erfährt! Weh, weh mir, daß ich hier keinen Ausweg ſehe! Sie, mein gütiger Freund, müſſen hier für mich denken, Sie müſſen mich retten, damit ich nicht dem unausſtehlichen Vetter zum Opfer falle!“ Der ſtürmiſche Ausbruch dieſer Worte machte den Doctor nicht verlegen, denn er war es ſchon, ſeit er den fehlenden Glanz ſeines Auges vermißt, ja ſchon ſeit früherer Stunde. Jetzt ſtand er auf, ging unruhig hin und her und blieb endlich vor der Fremden, die ihr Geſicht im Tuche barg, ſinnend ſtehen. „Ich wüßte wohl einen Ausweg, mein Fräulein, allein ich bin ungewiß, ob ich ihn nennen darf!“ „Thun Sie's, mein Freund,“ erwiederte die Angeredete mit ſo ſanftem Ausdruck, als ihrer Stimme möglich war. „Nun denn,“ ſagte Terbeiden, „ich bin unvermählt, zwar nicht mehr ganz jung, habe ein gutes Herz, bin nicht ohne Vermögen — —“ „O, mein lieber Freund,“ unterbrach ihn die Dame; „reden Sie aus!“ „Kurzum!“ ſagte Tobias, „könnten Sie mir Ihre Hand geben“ — dabei hatte er dieſelbe, die nicht ganz zart war, was der Glückliche, Ahnungsvolle kaum bemerkte, ſchon gefaßt und an ſeine Lippen geführt. „Mein Gott,“ rief das Fräulein, „Sie überraſchen mich (aber ſie ſchien nicht überraſcht), Sie übereilen ſich, ich weiß nicht, ſoll ich Ja oder Nein ſagen!“ Tobias hatte keine Erfahrung in Sachen der Liebe; er wog nicht ab, ob dieſe Ausdrücke die Zeichen echten Gefühls ſeien, er dachte nur an ſeine Amalie, die ihm ein Hausteufel zu werden drohte; an das Glück, das er durch eine Ehe finden werde. An den Neffen Alexander dachte er nicht. So ſprach er: „Sagen Sie immerhin Ja! Sie werden nie Grund haben, es zu bereuen.“

Die folgende Scene mögen ſich die Leſer ausmalen. Die Fremde gab ihr Jawort und Tobias lief vor Freuden im Zimmer auf und ab, küßte bald die rechte bald die linke Hand ſeiner Braut, und begann allmählig ungeachtet des halben Säculums, das er durchlebt hatte, in einen gelinden Liebeswahnſinn zu gerathen, deſſen ſich ein Lindore von zwanzig Jahren nicht hätte ſchämen dürfen. Das Band der Seelen war geſchlungen. Die Verlobung ſollte am andern Mittage gefeiert werden. Erſt als Tobias dies mit ſeiner Zukünftigen verabredet hatte, fiel ihm der Neffe und die Wette ſchwer auf's Herz. Er ſchämte ſich. Er gab ſeine und des Alters Sache verloren. Aber er war zu ſelig am Eingange ſeines neuen Glücks, ſelig wie ein Kind, das in einen reichen Garten durch das Thorgitter ſchaut, das der Gärtner vor ihm aufthun will. Was kümmerte ihn die Niederlage, er hatte keinen Schaden davon, er konnte in's Fäuſtchen lachen, er hatte ſein Schäflein in's Trockne gebracht. So dachte, ſo jubelte er, und ſeine Künftige war befliſſen, den Jubel zu ſchüren. Für den Abend war ſie zu einem tete-à-tete bei der Gräfin R., einer würdigen Dame, die ſehr eingezogen lebte, verſagt. Der Doctor mißtraute nicht, aber er empfand doch ſchon Eiferſucht und hätte am liebſten geſehen, daß ſeine Flamme zu Hauſe bliebe, aber das war ganz unmöglich; die Gunſt der Gräfin würde muthwillig auf's Spiel geſetzt ſein. Endlich beruhigte ſich Tobias und war noch ordentlich froh, daß ſeine Herzensdame in ſo guten Händen ſein werde.

Am andern Mittage ſollte ſich Albertine L. (ſo hatte ſie ſich am Morgen genannt) im Hauſe Terbeidens einfinden, als Clientin, die zu Gaſte gebeten; aus der Puppe der Clientin ſollte dann der Schmetterling Braut hervorflattern und Amalie ſollte eine Anweiſung auf eine anſtändige Jahresrente unter ihrem Teller finden. So dachte ſich's Tobias aus und wappnete ſich ſchon gegen die Stachelreden des Neffen. Es ſollte anders kommen. Der bedeckte Himmel hatte ſich geſchwärzt, die Schwüle der Atmoſphäre deutete auf ein Gewitter. Durch Wolkenriſſe ſtach die Sonne wie der Stachel ſcharfer Satire. Tobias eilte, noch vor dem Ausbruche nach Hauſe zu kommen. Als er aus dem Thore ſchritt, entlud ſich der Himmel in Blitz und Regen, und ehe der Doctor ſeinen Garten erreicht hatte, war er tüchtig durchgewaſchen. Ungewiß, ob er dem Neffen und der Schweſter ſchon heute entdecken ſolle, was ſie doch erfahren mußten, kleidete er ſich um. Endlich entſchloß er ſich, gegen Alexander die Waffen zu ſtrecken, und als dieſer mit der ganz vergnügten Tante heim kam, rief er ihn zu ſich und ſetzte ihm die Sache mit Hervorkehrung aller Beſchönigungsgründe auseinander. Schließlich ſagte er: „Merke Dir, mein Freund, nicht Du haſt mich beſiegt, ſondern ich habe es ſelber gethan. Du kannſt nun alle Sprichwörter auf mich loslaſſen, ſie rühren mich nicht.“ „Als z. B.,“ ſagte Alexander: „Die Alten ſollten das Bergſteigen den Jungen befehlen! Alte Ziegen lecken auch gern Salz! Alt Holz brennt beſſer als junges! denn ich begreife nicht anders, wie Dich die Liebe ſo ſchnell in Brand ſetzen konnte.“ „Oder,“ rief Tobias ihn überbietend, „wenn alte Gäul' in Gang kommen, ſind ſie kaum zu halten!“ „Ich ſage weiter nichts,“ meinte Alexander, „als: es iſt noch nicht aller Tage Abend. Uebrigens,“ fügte er hinzu, „habe ich einen meiner akademiſchen Freunde auf morgen Mittag bei uns zu Gaſte geladen; er darf doch kommen?“ „Meinetwegen,“ rief der Oheim, „'s iſt mir gleich, ob eine Krähe mehr oder weniger!“

Die Fremde, Fräulein Albertine, blieb am nächſten Mittage etwas lange aus. Deſto früher war der akademiſche Freund zu Alexander gekommen. Tobias harrte unruhig im Eßzimmer; Amalie ordnete noch an der Tafel, die ihr nicht geſchmackvoll genug arrangirt war. Da ſprach der Doctor: „Amalie, laß uns in Frieden ſcheiden! Hier haſt Du die Zuſicherung einer Jahresrente von 600 Thalern. Verzehre ſie wie Du willſt und wo Du willſt.“ Er wollte ſchonend ſein und war beleidigend, aber Amalien verdroß es nicht, ſie nahm, wie in der Zerſtreuung, das Papier und warf es auf ein Fenſtertiſchchen. Da trat Alexander mit dem Freunde herein. Tobias hatte ſeine Brille auf, ſchaute den fremden blondlockigen Studenten mit unausſprechlicher Verwunderung an und glaubte den Schlag zu kriegen. Aber er ſah, daß hier kein Zorn helfe und mit einer anfangs erzwungenen, bald natürlich geläufigen Laune fluchte er auf die Jugend, die keinen Reſpect vor dem Alter hege, und ſchloß ſeine lange Herzensergießung mit dem beliebten Satze: „Jugend hat keine Tugend!“ Der blonde Student, den wir zuerſt auf dem Kaffeehauſe kennen lernten, Alexanders Freund, Albertine L. — denn er war alles in einer Perſon — rief: „Nichts für ungut, mein Freund, mein Bräutigam, ſchelten Sie die Jugend, ſo zeigt ſie ihren Stachel. Thoren giebt's auf jeder Lebensſtufe!“ „Zu Tiſch und kein Wort weiter!“ polterte Tobias: „Die Welt iſt voller Narren und ich bin nicht der ſchlechteſte. Amalie, Du bleibſt nun.“

Johann Konrad Grübel

ward 1736 zu Nürnberg geboren und ſtarb daſelbſt 1809 als Bürger und Stadtflaſchner.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte in Nürnberger Mundart. 3 Bdchn. 1798—1809.
4. Bdchn. beſorgten Witſchel und Oſterhauſen, 1812.
Solbrig gab Magdeburg 1809 eine „Auswahl" heraus.

Ein urſprüngliches Talent, reich an guter Laune und komiſcher Auffaſſung und ſehr gewandt in Behandlung ſeines vaterſtädtiſchen Dialectes, hat G. manches hübſche Gedicht und manche allerliebſt behandelte kleine poetiſche Erzählung hinterlaſſen, die ſich, wie z. B. der Peter in der Fremde, im Andenken nicht blos ſeiner Mitbürger, ſondern der ganzen Nation erhalten werden.

Karl Grüneiſen.

der Sohn des 1831 geſtorbenen Oberregierungsrathes u. erſten Herausgebers des Morgenblattes, Grüneiſen, wurde am 17. Jan. 1802 in Stuttgart geboren und erhielt dort ſeine erſte Bildung. Kaum 17 Jahre alt, kam er aus dem Stuttgarter Gymnaſium in das Tübinger theologiſche Stift u. darauf zur Univerſität nach Berlin. Er wurde 1825 Hofkaplan u. Feldprediger der Garden in Stuttgart, 1831 zugleich Inſpector der Volksſchulen, 1835 Hofprediger, Oberconſiſtorialrath, Director des Militairkirchenſprengels u. Mitglied mehrerer Collegien, u. 1836 von der theologiſchen Facultät zu Leipzig zum Doctor der Theologie ernannt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Lieder. Stuttg. 1823.
Ueber die bildliche Darſtellung der Gottheit. Ebendaſ. 1828.
Ueber Bedeutung und Geſchichte des Todtentanzes. Ebendaſ. 1830.
Der ſalomoniſche Tempelbau. Ebendaſ. 1831.
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Predigten für die Gebildeten in der Gemeinde. Ebendaſ. 1835.
Nicolaus Manuel, Leben u. Werke eines Malers, Dichters u. Reformators im XVI. Jahrhundert. Ebendaſ. 1837.
Außerdem Gedichte u. Aufſätze im Morgenblatte, Kunſtblatte, in der deutſchen Vierteljahrſchrift u. andern Journalen.

Ein gründlicher Gelehrter, feinſinniger und geſchmackvoller Kunſtkenner und Aeſthetiker und ein inniger gemüthlicher Dichter, hat ſich G., abgeſehen von ſeiner ſegensreichen praktiſchen Wirkſamkeit, auch in der literariſchen Welt einen hochgeachteten Namen erworben.

Aufruf.

Im dunkeln Föhrenhaine
Siehſt du die Birke ſtehn,
Inmitten und alleine
Die hellen Blätter wehn?

So war dir jeder Morgen
Erfüllt mit jungem Gram;
In einem Kranz von Sorgen
Nach jeder Abend kam.

Du aber ſei die Birke,
Der Föhren Königin,
Blick auf und harmlos wirke
Und lächle drüber hin.

Die Macht des Wortes.

Als auch zu Bern entglommen
Der heil'ge Glaubensſtreit,
War Meiſter Ulrich kommen
Von Zürich mit Geleit.
Und war ein großes Schelten
Um alt' und neue Lehr';
Und wollte Jeder gelten,
Und galt doch keiner mehr.

In Frauenmünſters Halle
Hoch über'm Sturz der Aar
Iſt mit der Glocken Schalle
Verſammelt große Schaar,
Die Neuen und die Alten,
Von unverhohlnem Truz
Im Geiſte ſchon geſpalten,
Deckt einer Wölbung Schutz.

Dort nimmt man Meiſter Zwingel
Schon auf der Kanzel wahr;
Hier wallt mit Meßgeklingel
Ein Prieſter zum Altar:
Der Meiſter, zu verkündigen
Das Wort, das Leben ſchafft;
Der Prieſter, zu entſündigen
Mit des Frohnleichnams Kraft.

Und wie ſich der will ſtellen
Zum feierlichen Amt,
Strömt's dort aus vollen Quellen
Und Zwingli's Auge flammt,
Und, murrt ein dumpfes Grollen
Auch bis zur Kanzel vorn,
Sein Wort erſchreckt die Tollen,
Sein Blick verzehrt den Zorn.

Er zeugt, daß Gott gekommen,
Jetzt der Verheißung treu,
Zu ſondern ſeine Frommen
Wie Waizen von der Spreu;
Und ſei vor ihm vergebens
Der eignen Werke Ruhm,
Kein andrer Born des Lebens
Denn Evangelium:

Und ſeit dem Blut des Abel,
Das Kain jäh vergoß;
Seit Haß und Lüg' aus Babel
In tauſend Sprachen floß;
Seit auch die Kirch' in Sünden
Und Schmach verſunken iſt,
Sei nirgends Heil zu finden,
Als bei dem heil'gen Chriſt.

„Von hölzernen Gebilden,
Die man zu räuchern pflegt,
Vom Tiſch, da man die Gulden
Zum Ablaß niederlegt,
Vom eiteln Dienſt der Meſſen,
Der Chriſti Opfer ſchmäht,

Kommt her, ſo Gott vergeſſen,
Und lernt ein neu Gebet!"

Und nun er aus der Bibel
Jedweden Satz erweiſt,
Des vor'gen Glaubens Uebel
Aufdeckt mit ſtarkem Geiſt;
Und nun ſich manch ein Hundert
Der Widerſacher da,
Erſchüttert und verwundert,
In's Aug' einander ſah:

Da ſteht der Prieſter dorten
Noch immer vor'm Altar,
Mit Zeichen nicht noch Worten
Sein Amt begonnen war;
Er hört mit finſtern Brauen
Und drauf in ernſter Ruh
Und dann mit hellem Staunen
Dem Wort des Ketzers zu.

Und als das Wort zu Ende,
Nimmt er ſein Meßgewand
Und legt es dort behende
Auf des Altares Rand,
Und nimmt den Kelch zum Brode
Und reicht ſie ſegnend hin:
„Im Leben und im Tode
Sei Chriſtus euch Gewinn!"

Und von der Kanzel jenen
Und dieſen vom Altar
Sieht man die Arme dehnen
Und beten die ganze Schaar:
Und drunten ſind die Wogen
In deutſche Lande fern
Mit ſolcher Mähr gezogen,
Und Alles pries den Herrn.

Legende.

Ein Kriegsknecht aus dem Ungarland
Am Thor von Amiens ſtille ſtand
Nach einem langen ſauern Zug,
Der über Berg' und Thale trug.
Dort hat er einen Bettler funden
Mit hohen Beulen, offnen Wunden,
Und ſeine Blöße zu bedecken,
That keinen Chriſten das Mitleid wecken.

Der Heide läßt ſich nicht erſt bitten,
Hat ſeinen Mantel ſchon zerſchnitten,
Und eine Hälfte dem kranken Mann
Um ſeinen kalten Leib gethan;
Sich ſelbſt begnügt er mit der andern
Zum nächſten Lager fortzuwandern.
Er mußte ſich nun zwar bequemen,
Mit ſchmaler Decke vorlieb zu nehmen,
Konnte die Glieder nicht mit Behagen
Ausſtrecken, wie an vor'gen Tagen,
Doch ſchlief er bald und ohne Bereun
Im halben Mantel ruhig ein.
Und ſieh, umringt von Cherubinen
Iſt ihm der Chriſtengott erſchienen,
Voll Majeſtät in ſeinen Mienen
Und aus den Augen Gnadenfülle.
Bloß war der Heiland, ohne Hülle
Als nur den halben Mantel des Armen;
Und ſprach zum Kriegsmann mit Erbarmen:
Martine, was du dem kranken Mann,
Siehe, das haſt du mir gethan;
So komm' ich dir darum zu danken,
Zu ſegnen auch, daß ohne Wanken
Dein Herz in deinem ſchweren Stand
Auf meine Gnade ſei gewandt.
Martinus rief verwundert ſchier:
Wie kommſt du, mächt'ger Gott, zu mir?
Ließ ich mich nimmer doch bekehren,
Wandelnd nach meiner Feinde Lehren!
So ſprach der Herr: An deinen Werken
Sollſt du die Gnade Gottes merken,
Auf daß, die bloß nach mir ſich nennen,
In dir den rechten Jünger kennen.
Zu größern Dingen auserſehen,
Willſt du noch harten Strauß beſtehen.
Im Helm des Glaubens ſei bereit,
Im Krebſe der Gerechtigkeit
Und mit dem Schwert des Geiſt's, dem Worte,
Das dringt in die geheimſten Orte
Und die Gedanken jäh durchſchneidet.
Gieb mir ein Herz, das ſich beſcheidet,
Und nimm zum Biſchof deinen Pfad,
Ihn bittend um der Taufe Bad.
Und wie der Herr verſchwunden iſt,
War auch vorbei des Schlummers Friſt.
Martinus richtet ſich auf's Knie:
Herr, wie du ſagſt, geſcheh's, und ſieh!
Vom Herzen nicht die Hälfte, nein,
Das ganze ſoll dein eigen ſein!

Er hat die Taufe d'rauf empfangen
Und iſt auf Chriſti Weg gegangen
Und hat mit Werken der Lieb' und Gnade
Manch Herz gelockt vom irren Pfade;
Und iſt ein Held des Kreuzes worden,
Getreten in den Prieſterorden,
Erkoren von dem heil'gen Geiſt,
Iſt er als Biſchof umhergereiſt
Und hat die Müden und die Kranken
Erquickt mit göttlichen Gedanken,
Und hat die Hungernden geſpeiſt
Mit Manna, das vom Himmel fleußt,
Die Nackten auch in froſt'gem Leibe
Erwärmt mit Chriſti Gnadenkleide,
Und manchen Teufel, der viel geplagt,
In Jeſu Namen ausgejagt.
Drum iſt er weithin noch bekannt,
Der heil'ge Biſchof von Tours genannt.

Eberhard im Bart.

Es ſaßen einſt zu Worms am Rhein
Der Kaiſer Max bei frohem Mahl
Und um ihn her in bunten Reih'n
Die deutſchen Fürſten ohne Zahl.
Da duften rings die Braten friſch,
Da perlt der Wein zum Becherklang,
Und um den reichbeſetzten Tiſch
Erſchallt Trompet' und Feſtgeſang.

Schon labte ſich der heitre Muth
In manchem Rede hoch und traut
Und von dem edeln Rebenblut
Alsbald ward jede Zunge laut.
Und wie ſie nun ein Bruderbund
Umjauchzt den kaiſerlichen Hort,
Da that mit Lächeln ſeinen Mund
Der Pfälzer auf und ſprach das Wort:

„Ihr Herrn, wer rühmt ein Erbe ſein
Gleich mir? von meinen Höh'n ergießt
Aus vollem Borne ſich der Wein,
Der Allen heut' zur Labe fließt.
Wie herrlich iſt's, von dieſen Höh'n
Hinunter nach dem alten Rhein
Auf's fruchtgeſchwellte Land zu ſehn
Bei einem ſolchen Glaſe Wein!"

Drauf ſprach der Sachſe ſtreng und ſchlicht:
„Hat euch allein das Glück gelacht?
Wohl auf den Bergen find' ich's nicht,
Doch unten tief im Bergesſchacht,
Ich nenn' euch gültigen Erſatz:
Seht nur mein liebes Sachſen an!
Iſt nicht das Eiſen auch ein Schatz,
Das ich im Schweiße mir gewann!"

Dann hub der Baiern Kurfürſt an:
„Nicht Wein noch Eiſen iſt mein Glanz;
Doch ſteh' auch ich nicht hintenan
In deutſcher Fürſten ſtolzem Kranz.
Seht der Paläſte kühnen Bau,

Der Gotteshäuſer Kuppelreih'n,
Die Burgen ſeht in jedem Gau —
Und dieſes Alles nenn' ich mein!"

So rühmte, wie's begonnen ward,
Sich Jeder nach der Reihe fort,
Und kam zuletzt an Eberhard,
Den Grafen Würtembergs, das Wort:
„Faſt ſollt' ich ſchämen mich, ihr Herrn,
Vor eurer Länder prunkem Schein!
Doch wollt ihr hören, preiſ' ich gern
Auch meines Landes Edelſtein!

„Verirr' ich mich in einem Wald,
In einem dichten, finſtern Tann,
Und kommt des Weges alſobald
Ein Würtemberger mir heran,
So leg' ich mich in ſeinen Schoß
Und ſchlafe ſanft und ſicher ein;
Und ſel'ger als im Fürſtenſchloß
Wird mein erquickt Erwachen ſein."

Da blickten ſie den frommen Herrn
Mit großen Augen ſtaunend an,
Und reichten ihm den Preis ſo gern
Und ſchämten ſich vor ſolchem Mann;
Er aber ſtrahlte licht und hehr
Und ſo von Luſt und Liebe warm,
Als ob er juſt entſchlafen wär'
In eines Würtembergers Arm.

Ernst August Hagen

wurde am 12. April 1797 zu Königsberg geboren. Im Jahre 1816 bezog er die Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt, um Medicin und Naturwiſſenſchaften zu ſtudiren; widmete ſich aber ſpäter dem Studium der Kunſt und Literatur. Nachdem er im Jahr 1821 promovirt hatte, machte er eine Reiſe durch Deutſchland nach Rom, habilitirte ſich 1824 in Königsberg, ward 1825 außerordentlicher und 1831 ordentlicher Profeſſor. 1830 bereiſte er Deutſchland, Belgien und einen Theil Frankreichs.

Er ſchrieb:

Otfried und Liſena. Romantiſches Gedicht. Königsberg 1820.
Gedichte. Königsberg 1822.
Künſtlergeſchichten, von denen die erſten, den nürnberger Kunſtwerken gewidmet, unter dem beſondern Titel: „Norica" Breslau 1827; die folgenden von den Florentiner Künſtlern, unter dem Titel: „**Die Chronik ſeiner Vaterſtadt vom Florentiner Lorenz Ghiberti.**" 2 Bände Leipzig 1833.
Beſchreibung des Doms zu Königsberg und der in ihm erhaltenen Kunſtwerke, mit einer Einleitung über die Kunſt des deutſchen Ordens in Preußen, vornehmlich über den älteſten Kirchenbau im Samlande. Königsberg 1833.
Künſtler-Geſchichten. 3. 4. Bändchen. gr. 12. Leipzig. 1840. Brockhaus.

H. verbindet mit gründlicher Kunſtkenntniß und tiefer wiſſenſchaftlichen Bildung lebendige Phantaſie, Reichthum des Geiſtes und meiſterhafte Darſtellungsgabe. Mit echtem dichteriſchem Gefühl weiß er in die Geheimniſſe der Kunſt wie des Lebens einzudringen, eine ſchöne Ideenwelt vor uns aufzuthun und durch treffliche Schilderung und glückliche Intuition mit der Wirklichkeit zu verbinden.

Der Dombau. Die Baukünſtler Brunellesco und Alberti.

Im Namen Gottes und der heiligſten Mutter Gottes, Jungfrau Maria, und des Täufers Johannes, des Schutzheiligen dieſer Stadt! Mögen ſie ihren Segen geben, Gutes zu thun und zu ſagen!

Indem ich überdenke, was ich niederzuſchreiben geſonnen bin, befällt mich Betrübniß. An die wachſende Größe unſerer Stadt knüpfen ſich traurige Erinnerungen. Florentia, du blühende, laſſe deinen Namen nicht zu Schanden werden! Einſt ſollteſt du von der Erde weggetilgt werden *), zwei Jahrhunderte ſind faſt ſeitdem entronnen und du haſt, bedeckt mit Wunden und Narben aller Art, noch nicht gelernt, daß Friedſamkeit allein die Amme wahren Glückes ſei. Werden wir noch immer an die Zeit erinnert, da Mars der Schutzgott der Florentiner war! Wo neben dem viereckigen Glockenthurm die gewaltige Kuppel des Domes emporſtrebt, da ſtand ſein Haus und ſtehet noch. Zwiſchen dem Dome und dem brauſenden Arno, wo du jetzt den geräumigen Signorenplatz, ſtattliche Gebäude und volkreiche Straßen ſiehſt, erſtreckte ſich im Heidenthume das Marsfeld, *) der kampfmuthigen Jugend Sammelplatz, deſſen üppigen Raſen die Ringer ſtampften und deſſen unabſehbare Grenzen die Läufer ermoßen. In den Fluten des Stromes reinigten ſie dann vom Staube die geſalbten Leiber und ſetzten als gewandte Schwimmer hier die Uebungen fort, die ſie auf dem Lande begonnen. So erſtarkten ſie zu jenen Helden, die die Feinde mit Schrecken, die Freunde mit Bewunderung erfüllten. Wem wäre der Ruhm des ehrwürdigen Hetruriens unbekannt, wo unter blutigen Kriegen zuerſt die Kunſt gedieh? Der zierliche Marstempel, noch jetzt von den Kundigen bewundert, wie klein er ſich auch gegen den Dom ausnimmt, iſt achtſeitig, denn überall, wohin die Winde wehen, ſollte ſich des Kriegsgottes eiſerner Arm erſtrecken, deſſen erznes Bild mitten im Tempel auf einer Granitſäule ſtand. Nicht war es gut, daß man in der Stelle der unheiligen Säule das heilige Taufbecken aufſtellte, daß man hier die Neugebornen zu Bürgern des Himmels weiht, daß man den Tempel, als den älteſten und vornehmſten unſerer Stadt **), unſerm Schutzheiligen, dem Täufer Johannes, widmete. Denn der Fluch des Heidenthums ruht noch ſichtbar auf der Stätte, und wo wir Geſinnungen des Friedens empfangen ſollten, ſcheint uns der Trieb zu kriegeriſcher Luſt eingepflanzt zu werden. Wohin wir ſchauen, gähret Krieg, Krieg im Staate und in der Kirche, Krieg unter den Künſtlern und Gelehrten.

Wer würde die Vaterſtadt wiedererkennen, wollte ich erzählen, wie ſie im Heidenthum beſchaffen war, da unſere Großväter, in Wahrheit kann ich es ſagen, ſich kaum in ihr zu finden wußten? Nicht will ich der Zeit gedenken, da der Baumeiſter Arnulph Lapo ***) die Stadtmauer aufführte, die Straßen mit Feldſteinen pflaſterte, die vordem nur theilweis mit Backſteinen bedeckt waren, da er den Rathspalaſt und zur Hälfte den Dom errichtete, und doch liegen nur zwei Jahrhunderte dazwiſchen. Nicht der Zeit, da der Künſtler Giotto als Zierde des Doms den Glockenthurm baute, und doch war Giotto des göttlichen Dante Freund. Wie lange iſt es her, daß die Michaelskirche †) ein Speicher war, die jetzt mit den Bildſäulen der erſten Künſtler geſchmückt iſt; wie lange, daß der Dom, der jetzt als das erſte Werk der alten und neuen Baukunſt emporragt, ſich als eine trauerweckende Ruine zeigte! — Kein Baumeiſter hatte den Muth, des Domes kühn angelegte Kuppel auszuführen, und 123 Jahre vergingen, ohne daß Kelle und Richtſchnur den Bau berührten. Niederreißen oder Weiterbauen war eine vielbeſprochene Frage.

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*) Die aus Florenz vertriebenen Ghibellinen beſchloſſen 1260 zu Empoli die Vaterſtadt zu ſchleifen; Farinata, auch Ghibelline, verhinderte es durch entſchiedenen Widerſpruch. Er ſagt von ſich in Dante's Hölle:

Ich war's allein, da, wo es ruhig litt
Jedweder, unſer Florenz zu vernichten,
Der offnen Angeſichts [illegible].

*) „Camarte." Deutlich hört ſich der Name Campus Martis durch.

**) „Tempio antichissimo e principale di questa città." Die Johanneskirche (Battisterio, Baptisterium), Tempio di S. Giovanni oder allein S. Giovanni. Der Dom daher Duomo heißt gewöhnlicher S. Maria del Fiore. Das ſehr alte Bild der Schutzpatronin im Dom ſtellt eine ſtehende Maria dar mit einer Blume in der Hand, um an den Namen Florentia zu erinnern. Noch jetzt führt Florenz eine rothe Lilie im Wappen. Der ſeitwärts ſtehende Glockenthurm heißt ſchlechtweg Campanile, an einer Stelle Campanile di S. Reparata, denn da, wo ſich jetzt der Dom befindet, war ehedem die Reparata-Kirche. In Piſa und in mehren andern italieniſchen Städten ſtehen auf gleiche Weiſe Dom, Glockenthurm und Taufkapelle, als drei beſondere Gebäude, neben einander.

***) Arnolfo di Lapo oder Arnolfo Lapi.

†) Orto S. Michele (S. Michele in Orto), gewöhnlich Or San Michele genannt. Das Wort Or ſoll von horreo abzuleiten ſein, da der obere Raum des jetzigen Gebäudes zur Getreideaufbewahrung diente.

Da die Aufforderungen und Verſprechungen fruchtlos geweſen waren, die von Zeit zu Zeit an die Baukundigen ergingen, von Seiten des Raths, der Bauhüttenmeiſter und der Zunftälterleute *), ſo ward eine öffentliche Berathung über den Dombau angeordnet, die endlich eine Entſcheidung herbeiführen ſollte. Und hier hebe ich meine Erzählung an. Denkt euch den Dom, dem die Kuppel fehlte und der, anſtatt durch ſeinen Glanz Gottes Herrlichkeit zu predigen, ein nutzloſer Steinhaufe war, wo das verfaulte Holz des Gerüſtes mit dem unſaubern Schutt einen ekeln Anblick darbot, wo der hereinſtrömende Regen, von den Mauern eingeſchloſſen, zum See anſchwoll, anſtatt daß der Boden nur vom Weihwaſſer befeuchtet ſein ſollte, wo ſchauerlich der Eulen Leichengeſänge ſchwirrten, anſtatt der erhebenden Lieder frommer Chriſten. Auf dem Signorenplatz im Rathspalaſt verſammelten ſich unter feierlichem Glockengeläute alle Kriegs- und Stadtbaumeiſter von hier und den nächſtliegenden Orten, die bereits unter ſich die Sache erwogen hatten, ferner die Tuchhändlerzunft und die Abgeordneten der übrigen Zünfte und endlich ſo viel Volks, als der Rathsſaal faſſen mochte.

An der langen Tafel auf ſeinem Lehnſtuhle ſaß an einer der Querſeiten der Gonfaloniere **) (damals gab es nur einen) unter den ſieben Signoren, an deren Spitze er ſtand. Ihm gegenüber thronte an der Stelle des Erzbiſchofs der Vicar in der Mitte mehrer Geiſtlichen. Hinter ihnen befanden ſich die Schreiber. An der Tafel zur Rechten der Signoren ſaßen die Baumeiſter, zur Linken die Bauhüttner und Zunftälterleute. Nachdem um Ruhe gebeten war, erhob ſich der Gonfaloniere, ein würdiger Greis, Namens Valori. Er entblößte die Silberhaare, faltete die Hände und, mit den Blicken auf ein Muttergottesbild gerichtet, ſprach er das Gebet. Dann fügte er hinzu in herzergreifender Rede, daß ſich an das Gebet kein Gegenſtand ſchicklicher ſchließe, als die Angelegenheit der heutigen Verſammlung, die das Heilige beträfe. Durch ein gottgefälliges Werk ſollte nämlich der Zorn des Himmels geſühnt werden, der ſo ſchwer auf der Stadt laſte. Sodann forderte er einen der Baumeiſter auf, es war der älteſte, ſeine beſtimmte Meinung über die Vollendung des Domes abzugeben. Dieſer begann folgendermaßen:

Indem ich im Namen meiner Kunſtgenoſſen auftrete, bekenne ich zuvor, daß, ſoviel uns auch Freundſchaftsgefühl und Ehrfurcht gilt, unſer Pflichtgefühl und unſere Kunſt uns höher ſtehen müſſe und daß Niemand unter uns aus Liebe zu einem Lebenden oder Todten die eigne Ueberzeugung aufgeben möchte. Zwei Fragen wurden uns zu ergründen vorgelegt. Einmal auf welche Weiſe Arnulph Lapo die Kuppel aufzubauen gedachte und dann, ob nach ſeinem oder einem andern Plane es zu bewerkſtelligen wäre. Uns Allen iſt Arnulphs Aſche heilig, von deſſen Andenken dankbare Anerkennung unzertrennlich iſt, der in einer Zeit barbariſcher Rohheit der edeln Baukunſt Eingang verſchaffte, ſodaß er, älter als unſer Landsmann Cimabue, mit mehr Recht Vater der Baukunſt als dieſer Vater der Malerei genannt werden kann. Dennoch konnten wir uns nicht vereinigen, ob ſeine Kenntniſſe, weit den unſrigen überlegen, unſere Bewunderung oder ſeine Kühnheit unſer Befremden erregen müßte, ob der Tod ihm die Ehre raubte, das Angefangene zu vollenden, oder die betrübende Erfahrung, ſeiner Kraft zu viel vertraut zu haben. Darin ſtimmen wir überein, daß nach unſerer Einſicht bei dem Dom weit die Grenzen des Möglichen überſchritten ſind, daß weder ein Werk der Griechen und Römer, noch eins der Deutſchen, die bekanntlich ihre Münſter in die Wolken hineinthürmen, dem Bau der Kuppel zu vergleichen ſei, daß die vier Pfeiler, die die Laſt der Kuppel zu tragen beſtimmt ſind, ſo gewaltig ſie erſcheinen, dennoch geſchwächt durch Durchbrechungen, nicht Widerſtand zu leiſten vermögen, daß endlich keiner von uns die Verantwortung des zu führenden Baues übernehme.

Wenn dem ſo iſt, hub einer der Signoren an, was wollen wir noch länger unnütze Steine hüten und ſelbſt zu Stein werden, da uns das Elend ruft, von ihnen Kranken- und Pflegehäuſer zu errichten? Gott dienen, heißt nicht müßig Ungeſchehenes anſchauen. Wie ſo ſoll noch länger im Mittelpunkte der Stadt uns der Dom ein Bild unſerer Zerrüttung vorhalten? Warum ſind unſere zahlreichen Tempel leer, wenn Frömmigkeit den Bau eines neuen heiſcht? Warum ſollen wir noch länger die Armen plündern und todte Schätze häufen? Laßt von der geſpenſtigen Scheu, das Gottgeweihte und Alterthümliche anzutaſten, da es vielmehr als ein übles Vorzeichen gelten muß, daß ihr am Anblick von Ruinen Gefallen findet. Die Reihe von Jahren ſei eure Lehrmeiſterin, nachzugeben den Verſtändigen. Im Jahre des Herrn 1298, wie unſer Geſchichtſchreiber *) meldet, am Geburtstage der Jungfrau war es, als der päpſtliche Geſandte an der Spitze einer zahlreichen Geiſtlichkeit in feſtlichem Gepränge, umringt von den Lenkern und Vornehmen der Stadt, unter brauſendem Jubeln des Volks und feierlichem Geläute die Bauſtelle weihte und den erſten Stein legte. Dank ihm in der Höh'! ward von Allen in heiliger Andacht angeſtimmt, nachdem Arnulph aus der Hand des Erzbiſchofs das Abendmahl empfangen unter Gottes freiem Himmel, wo ſich bald unter der Gewölbe Dach der Altar erheben ſollte. Wie ward die fromme Zuverſicht zum Spott! Wo iſt der Altar, wo iſt das Gewölbe? Damals verordnete der Geſandte, um jedes Stocken des Baues zu verhindern, daß nicht allein die Hälfte der Ablaßgelder dazu verwendet, ſondern daß ihm zum Beſten ein neuer Thorzoll und eine Kopfſteuer erhoben würde. Was treiben wir noch den ärgerlichen Zoll und die drückende Steuer ein? Laßt uns nicht länger der Nachwelt Tadel verdienen! Ein neues Leben wird beginnen, wenn mit dem Niederſturz der Mauern unſere Dankgebete emporſteigen.

Nur den Kurzſichtigen können eure Worte bethören, ließ ſich jetzt der erzbiſchöfliche Vikar vernehmen. Ein neues Leben verſprecht ihr zu wecken und zerfleiſcht das Herz, das Wohl des Staates wollt ihr und zerſtört das Palladium! Wenn der Dom dem Himmel mißfällig wäre, ſo würde er nicht auf eure Rathſchläge gewartet, ſondern ihn längſt durch Blitzesbrand zerſtört haben. Wol ſind wir arm, aber geiſtesarm, die Kirche kann uns reich machen, aber nicht Kirchenraub. Ein Werk unſterblichen Ruhmes, das Erbe frommer Vorfahren, ſoll des Uebermuthes Opfer werden? Was Arnulph gethan, predigt ſein Wiſſen, und was er nicht gethan, wahrlich nicht ſein Unvermögen. Wie es ihm gelang, Maſſen über Maſſen emporzuſchichten, iſt mir kein Geheimniß. Seine Werke begann er im unerſchütterlichen Vertrauen zu Gott und den Heiligen und ſein frommer Eifer täuſchte ihn nicht. Es wird eine Zeit kommen, ich verzweifle nicht, wo ſich wieder die Kunſt mit frommer Zuverſicht vermählt, und Arnulphs Ehre iſt gerettet. Seht des Domes Rieſenmauern, an denen der Zahn der Zeit fruchtlos nagt, und fraget, ob Tollkühnheit oder Einſicht den Meiſter leitete. Unſer ganzes Streben ſei, Gott zu verſöhnen, und gelingt uns dies, ſo iſt Alles gewonnen. Wol müſſen wir uns ſelbſt beklagen, daß die Glocke noch nicht in des Domes Hallen ruft, aber mehr iſt Reparata zu beklagen, eine Heilige, deren Name uns faſt fremd klingt. Als nämlich der Platz neben der Johanniskirche zum Dom erſehen wurde, da mußte nebſt mehren Wohnhäuſern auch die baufällige Kirche der h. Reparata entfernt werden. Der Dom wurde darum zugleich zu Ehren des dreieinigen Gottes, der h. Jungfrau Maria und der h. Reparata aufgeführt. Die Eigenthümer der abgebrochenen Wohnungen erhielten Entſchädigung, aber die h. Reparata, in deren Tempel faſt täglich Meſſe gehalten und geopfert wurde, was erhielt ſie als Schmerzensgeld? Sie entbehrte bis jetzt nicht nur die gebührenden Ehren, ſondern ward ſogar vergeſſen. Strafe muß ſolcher Achtloſigkeit folgen. Drum iſt mein Rath, daß der Raum des Domes vom Haupteingange bis zu den erſten Kuppelpfeilern durch eine Nothmauer zwiſchen ihnen geſchloſſen und zu einer Kirche eingerichtet werde. Sie führe den Namen der h. Reparata und nicht mehr darf dieſe alsdann über Verkürzung ihrer Rechte trauern. Auf dieſe Weiſe kann um ein Jahr die Weihe des Domes vor ſich gehen. Nicht ihn laſſet uns, ſondern die Nothmauer mit Jubel zertrümmern, ſobald ein Geiſt, mit der Kraft Arnulphs ausgerüſtet, dereinſt die Kuppel emporſteigen läßt.

So redeten die Männer und nach ihnen noch viele. Der Menge Murren oder Beifallklatſchen folgte ihren Worten. Wenn auch bei Einzelnen ſich die Richtung der feindſeligen, zerſtörungsſüchtigen Zeit, denn mit mehren Städten lebte Florenz damals in blutiger Fehde, zu erkennen gab, ſo zeigte doch bei der Mehrzahl ſich der Florentiner angeborne Ehrenhaftigkeit. Von Abtragung des Domes ſollte nicht weiter die Rede ſein, da er als ein Ehrendenkmal der Vorzeit, als ein Werk gemeinſamer Kraft auch in ſeiner Unvollkommenheit Achtung und Tugend einflöße. Die Entſcheidung über die Beendigung des Domes ward noch hinausgerückt, damit alle Baumeiſter der größern Städte Italiens, unter annehmbaren Bedingungen nach Florenz eingeladen, ſich zu beſtimmter Zeit verſammeln könnten.

Es war damals, als zwei edle Jünglinge an einem ſchönen Sommerabende in einer Schenke unter freundſchaftlichem Geſprach, unter Scherzen und Lachen dem ſchäumenden Rebenſafte fleißig zuſprachen. Die Freunde hießen Anton Brancacci und Leo Baptiſta Alberti, und Beide ſtammten aus vornehmem Geſchlechte. Nicht fern vom Signorenplatze lag die Schenke, und das Gaſtzimmer bot eine freie Ausſicht dar auf den prächtig dahinſtrömenden Arno und die alte Brücke. *) Je leerer die Flaſchen wurden, um ſo lebhafter ward die Unterredung, und da unter häufigem Anklingen der Gläſer beinahe alle Geſundheiten erſchöpft waren, ſo rief Anton: Es lebe Vitruv! Denn Alberti, der ſich zu einem Baumeiſter ausbildete, ſprach ſtets mit feuriger Begeiſterung von der alten Baukunſt und liebte Vitruv's Bücher mit abgöttiſcher Verehrung. Wie kommt ein Name, wie Vitruv, hob er an, in deinen ungeweihten Mund, der neulich noch die Michaelskirche ein muſterhaftes Gebäude nannte? Du wirſt mir wieder, wie damals, einwenden: es iſt Arnulph Lapo's Werk; und ich wiederhole: Seiner iſt es würdig. Wie ſo, entgegnete jener, ſollte mir nicht der Name Vitruv mundgerecht ſein! Vitrum und uva (Glas und Traube) klingt durch. Was ſeine Baukunſt betrifft, ſo gebe ich zu, daß ſie für ſeine Zeit gut war. Für alle Zeit! rief Alberti, und das Geſpräch nahm plötzlich eine ernſte Wendung. Fluch unſern Vorfahren, die ſeiner Lehren vergaßen und die Kunſt von den geſchmackloſen Gothen erbettelten. Wie widert mich ein Gebäude an, das mit ſeinen tauſend und abermal tauſend Spitzen ſich wie der zuſammengerollte Igel ſpreizt! Dem guten Vitruv, ſagte Anton, würde doch wunderlich zu Muthe werden, wenn er durch ein deutſches Kirchengewölbe ſchritte, und der Heide fühlte ſich gedrungen zu beten. Ja wunderlich, fiel Alberti ein, würde ihm zu Muthe werden, und er würde beten um Erleuchtung der Verirrten. Sieh, wie das Himmelsgewölbe ſich über den Arno ſpannt! Glaubſt du nicht vollkommene Bogen zu ſehen, von einem Ufer bis zum andern hinſtrebend? Siehſt du die Bogen geknickt oben in einer Spitze auslaufen? Dies Gewölbe ahme der Künſtler nach, deſſen Lehrerin die Natur ſein ſoll, und wohl haben es die alten Baumeiſter verſtanden. Erſcheint nicht unſer Kirchengewölbe, als wenn es, von beiden Seiten zuſammengedrückt, in der Scheitellinie habe zerbrechen müſſen? Frage den Schützen, ob ſein Bogen die rechte Spannung haben kann, wenn er gebrochen iſt und ſich nicht mehr halbkreisförmig krümmt.

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*) „La signoria, gli operai e consoli." Zu jeder größern Kirche gehörte eine Bauhütte, Opera. Diejenigen, die über die bauliche Erhaltung der Kirche zu wachen hatten, wurden Operai, Bauhüttenmeiſter, Bauhüttner, Werkmeiſter genannt. Bei der Ausbildung der Bauhüttenſchaften in Deutſchland führte eine Claſſe von Mönchen den Namen Operarii oder Magistri operum, weil ſie die Kirchenbauten anordneten. Vielleicht hat man von ihnen die Operai hergeleitet, die aber weder Geiſtliche noch Baumeiſter waren. Außerdem hatten in Florenz einzelne Zünfte, Arti, die Aufſicht über einzelne Kirchen, an deren Spitze die Consoli, Zunftälterleute, ſtanden. Als Kirchenvorſteher hießen ſie Governatori.

**) Gonfaloniere auch Gonfaloniere di Giustizia oder Governatore di Giustizia ſtand an der Spitze der Signoria, die aus ſieben Mitgliedern beſtand. Sowol er, als ſie, wurden alle zwei Monate gewählt.

*) Giovanni Villani, Dante's Zeitgenoſſe.

Brancacci, der dem Freunde nicht beiſtimmen und noch weniger ihn erzürnen mochte, lenkte geſchickt das Geſpräch auf einen andern Gegenſtand, als die Bemerkung, daß die Flaſchen leer ſeien, von Neuem Veranlaſſung wurde, den Vergleich zwiſchen der ſpitzbogigen und halbkreisförmigen Bauart fortzuſetzen. Alberti nämlich, in jugendlicher Luſt, pfropfte die eine Flaſche zu und ſchleuderte ſie in die Fluten des Stromes und rief: Schau, in welchem majeſtätiſchen Bogen die Flaſche hinabſank, die luſtig dahinſchwimmt nach der Südſee Inſeln und dort, wenn es daſelbſt, wie bei uns, ſcharfſinnige Poggio und Filelfo's gibt, verkündigen wird, daß ein Jüngling vom Ruhme Vitruv's entglühte. Unterdeß flog Antons Flaſche aus dem Fenſter, aber der Wurf traf einen Brückenpfeiler und ſie zertrümmerte. Siehſt du! ſchrie lachend und jauchzend der Baubefliſſene, das war ein Bogen mit dem Knick, da fällt die Flaſche hinab, und ihre Scherben ruhen ewig vergeſſen auf dem Grunde.

Die öffentlichen Gebäude, denen die Jünglinge beim Nachhauſegehen vorübereilten, gaben neue Anknüpfungspunkte, das Geſpräch fortzuführen. Da ſie auf dem Signorenplatz **) waren, begann Brancacci: Iſt hier der ehrwürdige Rathspalaſt und daneben die zierliche Bogenhalle nicht eine wahrhafte Zierde des Platzes! Du wirſt außer den ſpitzbogigen Fenſtern die Unregelmäßigkeit des Palaſtes tadeln; aber bedenke, daß Arnulph Lapo keinen andern Bauplan abſtecken konnte, daß es ihm nicht erlaubt wurde, auf dem Boden der Uberti, der verhaßten Ghibellinen, den Palaſt auszudehnen, obſchon ihre Häuſer dem Erdboden gleich gemacht waren.

Anton, mich wundert es, daß, da Arnulph anſtatt eines Palaſtes eine formloſe Veſtung mit einem widerwärtigen Wartthurm baute, er nicht davor einen Wall aufſchüttete, um Alles zu verbergen.

Aber die Bogenhalle, ein Werk Orcagna's ***), beſchämt den Vitruvianer, der ſo verächtlich von den heimiſchen Baumeiſtern, die vor uns lebten, ſpricht; denn auf ſchöngeſtalteten Pfeilern ruhen hier halbkreisförmige Bogen.

Die Bogen ſind gut, wenn nur nicht das deutſche Schnörkelweſen ſie entſtellte, wie Sumpfadern ein weißes Marmorgebilde.

In Demuth verwandle ſich hier dein Hochmuth! ſprach Brancacci, als der Weg die Eifernden vom Signorenplatz nach dem Domplatz führte. Die Johanniskirche iſt ein Werk der alten Baukunſt und wie winzig ſticht ſie vom Dom und dem Glockenthurme daneben ab! Alle Reiſende ſprechen von der Unvergleichlichkeit unſeres Domplatzes und der Dom iſt noch nicht einmal beendigt. Iſt der viereckige Glockenthurm — ſein Erbauer, der Maler Giotto, kann wohl für einen Künſtler gelten — nicht an Zierlichkeit einer Elfenbeinarbeit zu vergleichen, und iſt nicht der Dom, der Rieſenleib einer kraftvollern Vorzeit, das achte Wunder der Welt! Allein Arnulph iſt nicht wohl bei dir angeſchrieben.

Alle Leute, die ſich eben auf dem Domplatze befanden, näherten ſich neugierig den Sprechenden, hörten zu mit Mienen wohlgefälliger Zuſtimmung und waren geſpannt, was der andere Jüngling erwidern würde, auf deſſen Beſchämung es abgeſehen zu ſein ſchien.

Was iſt der Künſtler ohne Ehrgefühl! ſprach jetzt Alberti. Hätte ſich Arnulph nicht, als er die Unmöglichkeit des begonnenen Baues einſah, wie es andere Baumeiſter thaten, von der Zinne ſeines Gebäudes herabſtürzen müſſen, anſtatt natürlichen Todes zu ſterben! Nicht mit Unrecht richtete Giotto daneben den Galgenpfahl auf.

Mancher lachte, aber die Meiſten fühlten ſich verletzt, und ein Jüngling von kleiner Geſtalt, mit ſchlichter Kapuze, in einen grauen Mantel gehüllt, ſprang zornig vor und ſchlug den Schmäler ins Geſicht. Der Schlag war ſo heftig, daß Alberti beinahe niederfiel und Blut ihm aus dem Munde ſtrömte. Gewaltthat, Mord! ſchrie das Volk, als es das Blut ſah. Haltet den Frevler und führt ihn zu dem Signor Alberti, denn das iſt der Vater des Verwundeten! rief Brancacci. Keine Gegenwehr half. Der Schlagfertige mußte folgen, und der ganze Zug begab ſich zum Hauſe des Signoren, der für einen der ſtolzeſten Florentiner galt. Brancacci erzählte ihm den ganzen Vorgang und obgleich Benedict Alberti anfangs vor Zorn ſchäumte, ſo konnte er die Unbeſonnenheit des Sohnes nicht gutheißen und wurde um ſo milder geſtimmt, da von einer Verwundung nicht die Rede war. Begierig war er, den Jüngling kennen zu lernen, der ſo kecklich Arnulphs Ehre verfocht, und beſchied ihn durch einen Diener zu ſich.

Der Jüngling trat ein, und Benedict Alberti erkannte in ihm einen geſchickten Goldarbeiter und Uhrmacher. Er ſah ihn mit ſtarrem, durchbohrendem Blicke an und wollte zu ſchelten anheben; aber er fand bald, daß der Verweis, den er ihm zu geben beabſichtigte, ſehr übel angebracht wäre. Denn nicht zitternd und weinend erſchien der Angeklagte, ſondern mit der trotzigen Miene eines Anklägers, der ihn wegen des Sohnes Unrecht zur Rede ſtellen wollte. Nach einiger Sammlung hub der Signor darauf an: Eine dreifache Schuld ruht auf dir. Du haſt die perſönliche Freiheit verletzt, denn erlaubt ſind allgemeine Aeußerungen, die nicht wider die Religion und die Staatsregierung gerichtet ſind. Du haſt einen höchſt ſtrafwürdigen Auflauf veranlaßt, der nur zu oft das Zeichen zum Bürgerkriege war. Du haſt auf offener Straße ungereizt einen Unſchuldigen überfallen, und dies iſt Räuberart. Ich als einer der Signoren dieſer Stadt verordne darum, daß du den Frevel durch dreijährige Gefängnißſtrafe abbüßeſt.

Ihr ſeid einer der Signoren und könnt ſtrafen, ſprach jener, aber könnt Ihr auch der Richter in Sachen Eures Sohnes ſein?

Unverſchämter! rief Alberti darauf und bog ſich im Lehnſtuhle zurück: ſo willſt du, daß ich die eigne Schmach räche, die du mir im Sohne zugefügt haſt. So wiſſe, daß das Geſchlecht der Alberti das älteſte in Florenz iſt, daß die ungefährdete Ehre des Namens ſchon durch einen Hauch getrübt, und daß der angethane Schimpf nur mit deinem Herzblute abgewaſchen werden kann.

Ich bin bereit zu blutiger Genugthuung, und Ihr ſeid genöthigt, ſie anzunehmen, denn ich bin ebenbürtig, wenn auch arm. Ich heiße Philipp Brunellesco *) und ſtamme aus dem berühmten Geſchlechte der Lapo, und bin durch meine Mutter verwandt mit der erlauchten Familie der Spini. Mein Urgroßvater war Arnulph. Sein Wappen mit den Feigenblättern und den Wellen, eine Anſpielung auf das vom Po durchſtrömte Ficarolo, ſeine Heimath, führe ich in der Art, wie Ihr es am Eingange des Domes eingehauen findet. Arnulphs Ehre iſt darum auch die meinige. Als Erbe von ihm erhielt ich die Kunſt. Nachdem ich mit Glück um des Erwerbes willen mich in allerlei Dingen verſucht habe, iſt es die Bildhauerei und vornehmlich die Baukunſt, die alle meine Kräfte in Anſpruch nimmt. Ihr hörtet neulich in der Verſammlung allerlei thörige Meinungen über den Fortbau des Domes und ahnetet nicht, daß Einer, der, im Hintergrunde ſtehend, nicht gehört wurde, der Erbauer der Kuppel ſein würde.

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*) Ponte vecchio.

**) Piazza de' Signori, jetzt Piazza del Granduca, führt ſeinen Namen vom Rathspalaſt Palazzo de' Signori oder Palazzo pubblico della signoria, jetzt Palazzo vecchio. Daneben ſteht die Bogenhalle, in die ſich das Volk bei plötzlich entſtandenem Regen flüchtet, Loggia de' Signori, auch dell' Orcagna, nach dem Erbauer genannt, jetzt Loggia de' lanzi.

***) Andrea Orcagna (Arcagna) war Maler, Bildhauer und Baukünſtler und baute die Bogenhalle 1355.

*) „Filippo di ser (Messer) Brunellesco", d. h. Philipp, der Sohn des Edelmannes Brunellesco. Er wird daher gewöhnlich Brunelleschi genannt.

Das Selbſtgefühl, das der Jüngling zeigte, machte auf den der Kunſt zugethanen Alberti den günſtigſten Eindruck, und da ihn dieſer fragte, worauf ſich ſein Vertrauen ſtütze, ſo erwiderte Brunellesco: einmal auf das Beiſpiel, das ihm ſein großer Vorfahre gegeben, dann auf die Erfahrung, daß ihm Alles gelinge, was er unternehme; denn wer könne beſſer Steine faſſen, wer genauere Uhren machen als er? endlich auf den Unterricht, den ihm der berühmte Mathematiker Toscanelli *) ertheile. Daß der Dom ſeine höchſte Liebe in Anſpruch nehme, werde genugſam aus einer Zeichnung erhellen, mit der er kurz vor dem ärgerlichen Auftritt beſchäftigt geweſen.

Brunellesco rollte eine Zeichnung auf, auf der man gemäß den perſpectiviſchen Regeln die Johanniskirche, den Dom und den darüber vorragenden Glockenthurm ſammt den Hintergründen ſah, von einer ſo wunderbaren Ausführung, daß Alberti ſich nicht ſatt daran ſehen konnte, allen Groll vergaß und ſeinen Sohn herbeirief, der auf des Vaters ernſtes Geheiß ſich näherte und mit anſtaunen mußte. Alle Einzelheiten ſah man deutlich und genau: neben der Johanniskirche die Säule des h. Biſchofs Zenobius, wo eine verdorrte Ulme, von ſeiner Bahre berührt, neue Blätter trieb; ferner am Dom den Stein, auf dem Dante Abends zu ſitzen pflegte. Alberti's Worte voller Entzücken und Begeiſterung hatten kein Maß.

Ihr ſchenkt Euern Beifall, ſagte Brunellesco, meiner Zeichnung und ſchlagt ſo hoch an, was ich geleiſtet habe. Was hätte ich leiſten können, wenn ich mich nicht vom kargen Schickſal in allen meinen Beſtrebungen gehemmt ſähe! Zwei Jahre muß ich noch einem Goldſchmiede dienen, ehe ich ſo viel gewonnen habe, um nach Rom reiſen zu können, wohin mich die glühendſten Wünſche ziehen. Hier muß ich lernen, wie die Alten bauten, und vornehmlich, wie ſie wölbten, um eine neue Bauart nach den Grundſätzen der Alten einzuführen, denn das gothiſche Zeitalter hat ſich überlebt, und um die Domkuppel zu ſchließen, denn dazu bedarf es einer tüchtigen Vorbildung.

Auch mein Sohn, fiel der Signor ein, widmet ſich dem Baufach und ſehnt ſich nach Rom. Reiſt Beide dahin und lernt gemeinſchaftlich. Ich borge dir, Jüngling, ſo viel als du brauchſt.

Ein Uebereinkommen ward getroffen und die Zeit der Abreiſe feſtgeſetzt. Brunellesco war überſelig, und der junge Alberti wagte ſeinem Vater nicht zu widerſprechen.

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*) „Paolo dei Pozzo Toscanelli." Von ihm rührt der Gnomon im Dome her.

Karl Rudolph Hagenbach

ward am 4. Mai 1801 zu Baſel geboren, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt, in Bonn und Berlin Theologie, habilitirte ſich in Baſel 1823, und ward 1828 ordentlicher Profeſſor und 1830 Doctor der Theologie und Mitglied des Kirchen- und Erziehungsrathes ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Zerſtreute Gedichte.
Tabellariſche Ueberſicht der Dogmengeſchichte. 1828.
Predigten. 1830 und 1836.
Encyclopädie und Methodologie der theologiſchen Wiſſenſchaften. 1833.
Vorleſungen über Weſen und Geſchichte der Reformation in Deutſchland und der Schweiz, mit ſteter Beziehung auf die Richtungen unſerer Zeit, bis jetzt 4 Bände. 1834 — 39.
Ungedruckte Briefe Huttens und Zwingli's. 1835.
Luther und ſeine Zeit. Eine Sammlung von Gedichten. 8. Zürich und Frauenfeld 1839. Beyel.

Seine wiſſenſchaftlichen Schriften zeichnen ſich durch tiefe Gründlichkeit, Klarheit, Scharfſinn und treffliche Darſtellung, ſeine poetiſchen Leiſtungen durch Innigkeit und Tiefe des Gefühls, Kraft und Wohllaut höchſt vortheilhaft aus. —

Der Witwe Haus zu Eiſenach *).

Horch! durch des Winters Sturmgeſauſe
Ertönt mit Macht ein neues Lied,
An manchem ſtolzen Herrenhauſe
Der ſtumme Chor vorüberzieht;
Doch vor der Witwe ſtiller Wohnung,
Da wird der Mund ihm aufgethan,
Und mit gar feſtlicher Betonung
Stimmt er die frommen Weiſen an.

Hin zu der Schüler Lobgeſängen
Neigt ſich der frommen Witwe Ohr.
Ihr iſt's, als ob ins Herz ihr klängen
Der Engel Gruß' aus höherm Chor;
Doch weit aus vor den Stimmen allen
So keck und friſch und doch ſo rein,
Hört ſie des Einen Stimm' erſchallen.
Wer mag der junge Sänger ſein?

Den Sänger, ja, den muß ich kennen,
O bringt den Knaben her zu mir,
Komm, ſollſt mich deine Mutter nennen,
Du lieber Sänger, weile hier;
Und unter's Dach führt ſie den Armen,
Und fragt und forſcht nach ſeiner Noth
An ihrem Herd ſoll er erwarmen,
Sich ſättigen an ihrem Brot.

So wuchs heran der Martin Luther,
Erzogen in der Witwe Haus,
Und es erblüht der frommen Mutter
Ein ewig friſcher Kranz daraus;
Denn wo von Luthern wird geſungen,
Fängt man mit dieſem Liede an,
Und dankbar rühmen's alle Zungen,
Was an dem Kleinen ſie gethan.

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*) Aus: Luther und ſeine Zeit.

Der Organiſt.

Auf und nieder wogt die Gaſſen
Dort die aufgeregte Schaar,
Und es dringen ein die Maſſen
In die Kirche, wo verlaſſen
Steht der Hochaltar.

„Nieder!" ruft es immer wilder,
„Nieder mit dem Götzenthum!"
Kreuz und Fahnen, Lichter, Bilder,
Bunter Scheiben Flammenſchilder
Stürzen um und um.

Meiſter Ulrich Zwingels Lehre
Hat beſiegt die ſtolze Bern,
„Wer da wehren kann, der wehre,
Daß die Meſſ' nicht wiederkehre
Auf den Tiſch des Herrn!"

Nach Sankt Vincenz Münſterhallen
Wälzet ſich der Menge Strom.
Keine Feierlieder ſchallen,
Keine Beter ſieht man wallen
Nach dem heil'gen Dom.;

Mag auch feſtlich im Kalender
Heut des Heil'gen Namen ſtehn,
Nimmer ſoll der Segenſpender
Seiner Prieſter Prunkgewänder
Am Altare ſehn. —

Einzig treu dem alten Glauben
Blieb der Kirche Organiſt,
„Schmuck und Bilder mögt ihr rauben,
Eines müßt ihr mir erlauben
Noch als Gnadenfriſt;

„Einmal noch will ich mich laben
An dem friſchen Orgelhauch,
Kann ich dieſes Eine haben,
Wohl, dann mögt ihr mich begraben
Mit der Orgel auch.“

Und er ſchafft ſich durch's Gedränge
Feſten Armes eine Bahn,
Eilt des Kirchenweges Länge
Der im Zug geſtreckten Menge
Raſchen Laufs voran.

„Hin zu ihr, hinan die Stiegen!
Flügelthüren, ſpringet auf!
Wo verſchloſſen in der Wiegen
All die frommen Töne liegen,
Töne, wachet auf!“

Wie mit leiſem Geiſterbeben,
Daß es Mark und Bein durchdringt,
So beginnen ſie zu ſchweben,
Hoch und höher ſich zu heben,
Wie der Aar ſich ſchwingt.

Und der Dämmrung ſüße Träume
Ziehen feiernd durch den Dom,
Durch die menſchenleeren Räume
Wälzet ſeine Wogenſchäume
Der gewalt'ge Strom.

Seelenvolle Phantaſien
Ringen mit des Schmerzes Drang,
Die ſich ſuchen, die ſich fliehen,
Kaum gebunden, ſich entziehen
Jedem Regelzwang.

„Heil'ge Orgel, himmliſch Weſen,
Die zu meiner ſüßen Braut
Ich vor allen hab' erleſen,
Du, an der mein Herz geneſen,
Seit ich dir getraut,

„Bald nun wirſt du ewig raſten,
Jetzt nur, jetzt verlaß mich nicht,
Laß auf deinen ſchwarzen Taſten
Allen meinen Kummer laſten,
Eh das Herz mir bricht!

„Blaſt, ihr Bälge, Pfeifen klinget,
Rauſche mächtig, du Pedal!
Friſch hervor, Regiſter! ſpringet,
Klaget, jubelt, zürnet, ſinget,
Ach! zum letztenmal!“

„Armer Judas,“ hebt zu klagen
Nun die Orgel wimmernd an,
„Armer Judas, kannſt du's wagen,
Armer Judas, ſoll ich ſagen,
Was haſt du gethan!“

Stiller Wehmuth Thränen rollen
Ihm in ſeinen dunkeln Bart,
Bis zur letzten jammervollen
Liebesſchwermuth angeſchwollen
Ihm die Seele ward.

Nimmer kann er es vollenden,
Ohnmacht überwältigt ihn,
Ach ſie kommen, ſie zu ſchänden,
Seine Braut, mit rohen Händen —
Taumelnd ſinkt er hin.

In Sankt Vincenz Münſterhallen
Dringet jetzt der Stürmer Heer,
Wild Gelächter hört man ſchallen,
Unter Beiles Schlägen fallen
Noch der Heil'gen mehr.

Wie die Bilder ſie zerſchlugen,
Riſſen ſie der Orgel Haus
Jubelnd aus den letzten Fugen,
Und den Organiſten trugen
Sie für todt hinaus.

Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn

ward am 22. Juni 1805 zu Treſſow im Mecklenburgiſchen geboren, erhielt eine glänzende Erziehung und vermählte ſich am 3. Juli 1826 mit dem Grafen Friedrich Hahn-Baſedow. Am 5. Februar 1829 erfolgte aber ſchon ihre Scheidung. Seit dieſer Zeit lebte ſie in Greifswalde und Berlin, bereiſte Italien, Spanien, Frankreich, Schweden und den Orient und hält ſich gegenwärtig meiſt in Dresden auf.

Ihre Schriften ſind:

Gedichte, Leipzig 1835.
Neue Gedichte. Daſ. 1836.
Venezianiſche Nächte. Daſ. 1836.
Lieder und Gedichte. gr. 8. Berlin 1837. Mittler.
Aus der Geſellſchaft. Novelle. 8. Berlin 1838. Duncker und Humblot. N. A. 1844.
Aſtralion. Eine Arabeske. 16. Berlin 1839. Alex. Duncker.
Jenſeits der Berge. 2 Thle. 2. verm. Aufl. 8. Leipzig (1840.) 1845. Brockhaus.
Gräfin Fauſtine. 2. Aufl. 8. Berlin (1841.) 1843.
Ulrich. 2 Bände. 2. Aufl. 8. Berlin (1841.) 1845.
Reiſebriefe. 2 Bände 8. Berlin 1841.
Erinnerungen aus und an Frankreich. 2 Bände 8. Daſ. 1842.
Sigismund Forſter. gr. 12. Daſ. 1843.
Die Kinder auf dem Abendberg. Eine Weihnachtsgabe. 8. Berlin 1843. Alex. Duncker.
Ein Reiſeverſuch im Norden. 8. Daſ. 1843.
Orientaliſche Briefe. 3 Bände. 8. Daſ. 1844.
Cecil. 2 Bände. 8. Daſ. 1844.
Der Rechte. 2. Aufl. 8. Daſ. 1845.
Zwei Frauen. Berlin 1845. 2 Bände.
Clelia Conti. Berlin 1846. 1 Band.

Die Verfaſſerin der hier verzeichneten Schriften iſt unbeſtritten eine der talentvollſten und begabteſten unter den lebenden deutſchen Dichterinnen; mit reicher Phantaſie, Innigkeit und Tiefe des Gefühls und lebendiger Auffaſſung verbindet ſie großen geiſtigen Reichthum und eine ſeltene Gewandtheit in der Characterzeichnung und Darſtellung. Ihre beſchränkte Lebensanſicht und die ihr durch dieſelbe gleichſam zur anderen Natur gewordene Manier haben ſie aber, was lebhaft zu bedauern iſt, gehindert, ſich zu jener Freiheit der Lebensanſchauung empor zu ſchwingen, ohne welche die poetiſche Schöpfungskraft ſtets eine einſeitige bleibt. Könnte ſie ſich mehr ihres eigenen Selbſt und ſeiner Neigungen und Vorurtheile entäußern, wüßte ſie das Leben in allen ſeinen Erſcheinungen, und nicht vorzugsweiſe und faſt ausſchließlich in den ariſtokratiſchen Kreiſen zu belauſchen und wiederzugeben, ſo würde ſie bei den ſchönen ihr von Gott verliehenen Anlagen eine Stellung in der deutſchen Literatur einnehmen, wie ſie noch faſt nie bei uns einer Frau zu Theil geworden iſt.

Der arme Fiſcher.

Schön Clärchen ſaß vor ihrer Thüre
Und ließ die Spindel fleißig drehn;
Es war, als ob das Ding ſich rühre
Noch 'mal ſo ſchnell, wie ſonſt geſchehn;
Denn Clara ſpann, mit frohem Sinnen
Von Hochzeitfeſt und Tanz und Schmaus,
Den Faden für ihr bräutlich Linnen,
In eigne Truh' und eignes Haus.

Georg hat ſie zur Frau begehret,
Der ſchöne arme Fiſchersmann;
Der Vater hat ſie ihm gewähret,
Sobald er ſie ernähren kann.
Jetzt gibt es tüchtig ſich zu rühren,
Früh auf und ſpät noch wach zu ſein,
Um die Geliebte heim zu führen,
Eh' noch der Winter bricht herein.

Es waren Frühlings gute Zeiten;
Der Fiſchfang nie ſo reichlich war:
Des Meeres dunkelblaue Weiten
Erglänzten wie der Himmel klar.
Bei Tag und Nacht konnt' man die Netze
Auswerfen in das Flutenreich,
Und ſicher ſein, daß ſie voll Schätze
Sich zeigen würden immer gleich.

So hat Georg der Braut erzählet,
Und ſo ſpricht ja der Vater auch. —
Doch der ſich nicht mit Arbeit quälet,
Er hat genug für Hausgebrauch.
Die Jugend, meint er, müſſe ſchaffen
Und ſich erringen den Genuß,
Und mühſam Haus und Weib erraffen,
Um ſich zu freun an Herd und Kuß.

Drum gi[illegible] r Claren ſeinen Segen —
In Worten [illegible] der nicht in Gold;
Georg verſi[illegible] t auf Meereswegen,
Ob ihm das Glück wohl lächle hold.
An jedem Abend, wenn es dunkel,
Schwimmt er davon im kleinen Kahn,
Hat unterm lichten Sterngefunkel
Manch guten Fiſchzug ſchon gethan. —

Jetzt naht er, mit der Braut zu koſen,
Bevor die ſpäte Fahrt beginnt.
Er küßt die friſchen Wangenroſen
Und haſcht die Hand, die emſig ſpinnt.
„„Nein, nein, Georg, ich brauch' die Hände,
Das Schäkern vor der Arbeit weicht!
Wir nahen uns der Sonnenwende,
Und dieſes Garn iſt ungebleicht.““ —

„O Clärchen, gönn' mir die Minuten! —
Bedenk', wie bald ich ſcheiden muß
Und auf den nächtlich dunkeln Fluten
Nur träumen kann von deinem Kuß.
Getrennt durch Arbeit, Müh und Sorgen
Den ganzen lieben langen Tag,
Kannſt du mir ſchon dies Stündchen borgen —
Ich bin dann ſpät für Beide wach.“ —

„„Man kann ja plaudern und doch ſpinnen;
Warum ſoll nur die Arbeit ruhn? —
Die Hand im Schooß kann nichts gewinnen,
Und Vortheil bringet ſtets das Thun.““ —
„Wohl wahr! — Doch meine Augen blicken
So gern ins Deine voller Luſt,
Und meine Hände möchten drücken
Die Deinen an die treue Bruſt;

„Doch deine Händ' und Blicke halten
Den armen Faden alſo feſt,
Daß mich bedrückt dein emſig Walten,
Und Sehnſucht mir den Buſen preßt.“ —

„„Was ſchwatzeſt du! — Ich thu' das Meine,
Daß uns der Prieſter am Altar
Als Mann und Frau recht bald vereine;
Georg, iſt dir denn das nicht klar? —

„„Du ſollteſt dich vor mir nur ſcheuen,
Wenn Thätigkeit mir würde ſchwer;
Sprich, lernſt du ſolche Träumereien
Da draußen auf dem weiten Meer?““ —
„O Clara, auf dem hohen Meere,
So ganz allein in tiefer Nacht,
Wo mit mir über Waſſers Leere
Der Nachtwind und der Stern nur wacht,

„Indeſſen drunten in den Gründen
Geſchäftig ſich ein Leben regt,
Das unſre Sinne nicht ergründen —
Wohl wird davon die Bruſt bewegt.“ —
„„Haſt je ein Seegeſpenſt geſchauet? —
Sag' an, Georg, auf welchem Platz? —
Wie ſah es aus? — Hat dir gegrauet? —
Erzählt' es dir von keinem Schatz?““ —

„Nichts ſah ich, nichts hab' ich gehöret;
Auch ſchützt mich wohl ein fromm Gebet,
Wenn das Geſpenſt ſich zu mir kehret,
Von dem bei uns die Sage geht.
Doch ſelbſt ohn' ſolche Spukgeſtalten
Iſt's wunderbar auf hoher See,
Im Buſen Wünſche ſich entfalten
Voll Sehnſuchtsglut und Liebesweh.

„Die Wogen, wie ſie ewig rauſchen,
Ohn' Raſt und Ruh', ohn' Zweck und Ziel,
Wie ſie nur ihren Platz vertauſchen,
Neu zu beginnen altes Spiel —
Und wie ſie dann ſo zärtlich flüſtern,
Wie wohl ein ſchönes Weib im Traum
Den Namen nennt im nächt'gen Düſtern,
Der füllet ſeines Buſens Raum, —

„Wie eine Stimme bittre Klagen
Bisweilen aus der Tiefe ſpricht,
Und von dem Nachtwind fortgetragen
Sich an der fernen Klippe bricht —
Und wie die Sterne niederthauen,
Gleich goldnem Regen auf die Flut,
Als müßten ſie das Wunder ſchauen,
Das auf verhülltem Grunde ruht —

„Das macht mich Armen ſo verlangend,
Durchzittert ſo mein heißes Herz,
Daß ich, bald jubelnd, bald erbangend,
Vergehen möcht' in Luſt und Schmerz. —
O, theile dieſe Einſamkeiten
Nur eine einzig kurze Nacht!
Laß uns auf ſtillen Wellen gleiten,
Wo nichts als unſre Liebe wacht! —

„Nun zieht mich's fort in weite Ferne,
Die träumend ich mir ausgemalt,
Wo nächtlich blinken andre Sterne,
Wo eine andre Sonne ſtrahlt.
Komm mit! — Du kannſt mich, Clara, lenken
Mit einem Kuß, mit einem Blick!
Bei dir kann ich nur Dein gedenken
Gib meiner Seele Ruh und Glück!“ —
„„Mich ſoll dein Schmeicheln nicht berücken.
Schau her, da ſteigt der Mond empor;
's iſt Nacht, wir müſſen jetzt uns trennen.
Doch wenn die Welle dich umſchmiegt,
Laß dir von ihrem Flüſtern nennen,
Wo Schatz der See verborgen liegt;

„„Den wollen wir zuſammen heben,
Dann fahr' ich mit dir ohne Graus,
Und dann — welch herrlich frohes Leben
Erwartet uns im eignen Haus!““ —
Er wollte liebend ſie umfangen,
Doch ſie entſchlüpfte ihm im Ru; —
Der goldne Mond war aufgegangen,
Er eilte ſeinem Nachen zu.

Das Netz war längſt hinabgeſenket,
Georg ſaß ſtill in ſeinem Boot,
Und künft'ger Zeiten er gedenket,
Ob ſie ihm bringen Freud', ob Noth;
Ob er in enger Fiſcherhütte
Auch finden mag, wonach er ringt,
Ob einſt in Weib und Kinder Mitte
Die Sehnſucht nicht mehr zu ihm dringt; —

Die Sehnſucht, dieſe glüh'nde Sonne,
Die jedes Aug', ſo ihre Pracht
Begeiſtert, für der Erde Wonne
Und Schätz' und Luſt erblinden macht. —
Da kommen leiſe, ſüße Töne
Fern über's Waſſer hergerauſcht,
Er trocknet eine große Thräne,
Und Ohr und Blick und Seele lauſcht.

Gezogen von Wogen,
Die Euch nicht gehorchen,
Getragen von Klagen
So heute wie morgen,
Umgaukelt, geſchaukelt
Von flüchtigen Trieben,
Mit Zwecken, die necken,
Was wißt Ihr vom Lieben?

Gewinnen und minnen
Erfüllt Eure Tage,
Ihr wanket und ſchwanket
In kindiſcher Plage;
Ihr haltet, geſtaltet
Das Ewige nicht,
Und bebend, verſchwebend
Das Daſein zerbricht.

O Menſchen, Ihr Armen,
Wie trüb' Euer Loos!
Ihr könnt nur erwarmen
In liebendem Schooß,
Und Lieb' iſt auf Erden
So dürftig, ſo kalt,
Hat nicht über Seele
Und Herz nicht Gewalt!“ —

So klingt das Lied. — Iſt es geſungen,
Iſt's Geiſterſtimme, die es ſpricht;
Iſt's aus der Tiefe her erklungen —
Georg, entzückt, begreift es nicht.
Ihm iſt, als ob die zarten Töne
Im eignen Buſen ihm erwacht,
Als ob ein Echo voller Schöne
Sie herrlich dann hervorgebracht.

„Wer biſt du, zauberhaftes Weſen,
Das mir in meiner Sprache ſingt? —
O, zeig' dich mir, laß mich geneſen
Von Unruh, ſo die Bruſt durchdringt! —
Ich breite ſehnend meine Arme
Nach der geliebteſten Geſtalt,
Daß ſie an meiner Bruſt erwarme —
Doch immer bleibt ſie ſtumm und kalt;

„Und was ich ſag' und wünſche, deutet
Sie immer in dem engſten Sinn .... —“
So murmelt er — und plötzlich gleitet
Ein Nachen ihm zur Seite hin
So blendend wie von Bergkryſtallen,
Wie eine Seeroſ' zart und leicht,
Und keine Ruder hört man ſchallen; —
Georg ſchaut hin, erbebt, erbleicht. —

Ein ſchönes Weib ſitzt in dem Nachen. —
Ob ihn das Seegeſpenſt verſucht? —
Er eilt, das Kreuze ſchnell zu machen,
Und wendet dann den Kahn zur Flucht.
Da ruft die Stimme, die geſungen,
Mit melancholiſch ſüßem Ton:
„„Dein Klagen iſt zu mir gedrungen,
Nun fliehſt du mich, iſt das mein Lohn!““ —

„Wer biſt du, Weib! — Ich ſah dich nimmer,
Vor deinem Glanz beb' ich zurück!
Es bricht ein überird'ſcher Schimmer
Aus deiner Wunderaugen Blick,
So wie des Mondes Silberſtrahlen
Zerſchmelzen auf der dunkeln See, —
Dein Kahn ſind Perlenmutterſchalen; — —
Du biſt 'ne Meermaid, eine Fee.“

„„Ich bin's, nach der voll heißem Sehnen
Dein durſtend armes Herz verlangt,
Das nur zum Troſt an ird'ſche Schönen
Sein Wünſchen und ſein Lieben hangt.
Ich bin's, die längſt dir vorgeſchwebet
Im nächtlichen, im Tages-Traum,
Vor der verſchwindet, was da lebet,
Wie vor der Perle — Meeres Schaum.

„„Ich bin's, nach der du liebend breiteſt
Die Arme aus im Sternenlicht,
Wenn einſam auf der Flut du gleiteſt. —
Ich bin's, Georg! kennſt du mich nicht? —
Du haſt Erhörung nicht gefunden,
Wie du auch flehteſt, bei der Braut,
Ich theile deine ſtillen Stunden .... —““
„Wer hat, o Weib, dir das vertraut?

„Wie kenneſt du mein armes Leben,
Was kümmert dich der Fiſchersmann?
Geheimnißvolle Fäden, weben
Sie mich an ſolch ein Weſen an?“ —
„„Geheimniß trägt und lenkt die Welten,
Des Räthſels Wort ſich nie dir bot; —
Auf ſpannenweit mag Löſung gelten, —
Doch faßt du Liebe oder Tod? —

„„Nach Freiheit dieſes mächt'ge Drängen?
Den Wunſch, zu ruhn und thun zugleich?
Begreifſt du's, was den Buſen ſprengen,
Erſchaffen möcht' ein Weltenreich? —
Dich ſelbſt kannſt du ja nicht verſtehen,
So gib dich furchtlos mir denn hin,
Und laß das kindiſch eitle Spähen
Nach meinem Weſen. Sieh, ich bin! —

„„Ich liebe dich mit jener Liebe,
Die nur in Träumen dich beſchlich,
Weil ſie auf Erden dämmert trübe,
Ich liebe dich, ich bin für dich!““ —
„Weißt du denn nicht, die holde Clara
Iſt meine Braut, iſt lieb und gut!
Wir wandeln froh bald zum Altare,
Das ſtillt vielleicht der Sehnſucht Glut.

„Dann hab' ich ja den kleinen Hafen
Des Lebenszweckes ſtill erreicht,
Durch Müh' und Arbeit, Sorg' und Schaffen
Werd' nimmer ich daraus verſcheucht.“ —
„„Du wirſt es nicht durch Sorg' und Mühe,
Du wirſt's durch deiner Seele Drang;
Er warnt vor Eiſenketten! — fliehe! —
Bereite dir nicht Untergang!““ —

„Könnt' ich ihn denn bei dir nicht finden? —
Weiß ich's, ob du nicht, ſchönes Weib,
Dich mit dem Böſen magſt verbünden,
Mir zu verderben Seel' und Leib!“ —
„„Ich kenne nichts von deinem Böſen,
Und Falſchheit zog mich nicht empor,
Ich kam, von Qual dich zu erlöſen,
O Thor, du Thor, du armer Thor!

„„Ich brauch' dich nicht. Für Ewigkeiten
Liegt meine Zukunft golden, licht,
Ich kann die deine dir bereiten,
Du ſchwacher Träumer kannſt es nicht. —
Noch einen Rath, bevor wir ſcheiden:
Dort liegt der Erde dürftig Loos,
Begnüge dich mit ihren Freuden;
Kannſt du es nicht — mach' ſchnell dich los!

„„Wenn du mich rufſt, ſo werd' ich kommen!““
Verſchwunden war das zarte Boot,
Die Sterne allgemach verglommen,
Im Oſt entbrannte Morgenroth.
Georg umſing ein Heer von Träumen,
Dann der erquickend ruh'ge Schlaf,
Bis ihn aus blauen Himmelsräumen
Ein heller Strahl der Sonne traf.

„Wie hab' ich doch ſo ſchwer geträumet!"
Ruft er, „und wie iſt mir geſchehen,
Daß ich ſo ganz und gar verſäumet,
Nach meinem Netz mich umzuſehen." —
Doch alles Suchen nach dem Netze
Blieb ohn' Erfolg, es war dahin,
Mit ihm des Fiſchfangs reiche Schätze,
Mit ihm die Hoffnung auf Gewinn.

Er ſchlich betrübt und tief geſchlagen
Sich fort am ſand'gen Meeresſtrand.
„Was wird ſchön Clärchen dazu ſagen!
Schon hat ſie Träumer mich genannt;
Jetzt bin ich's wohl! — Vor den Geſtalten,
Die ich im Schlafe jüngſt erſchaut,
Verſchwindet ganz der Erde Walten,
Das ohnehin mir nicht vertraut." —

Schön Clärchen ſprang ihm froh entgegen:
„„Nun ſprich, Georg, wie war der Fang?"" —
„Das Glück liegt nicht auf meinen Wegen!
Ich hatte Träume ſüß und bang
Von Himmelsſtimmen, Wunderaugen, —
Darob verlor ich Fiſch und Netz . . . . —"
„„Da ſiehſt du's! — Deine Träume taugen
So wenig wie dein leer Geſchwätz.

„„Wer weiß, ob du zum Lieb erkoren
Nicht irgend eine Waſſerfei,
In ihrem Arm dein Netz verloren . . . . —""
„Nein, Clara, nein! ich bin dir treu." —
„„Was hilft mir aber deine Treue,
Wenn du ſo gar nichts für mich thuſt,
Vor meinen Augen hier auf's Neue
In deinen Schwärmereien ruhſt? —

„„Das große Netz iſt fort! — Die kleinen,
Sie hangen dort vor deiner Thür,
Laß unſre Kräfte uns vereinen,
Und ſchnell ins Boot — ich geh' mit dir!"" —
„Sie geht mit mir, um zu gewinnen!" —
So denkt er, doch er ſagt es nicht; —
Und nimmer wich aus ſeinen Sinnen
Das ſchöne nächtliche Geſicht.

In Arbeit war der Tag entſchwunden,
Schon Clärchen hat ihm hold gelacht.
Jetzt nahen wieder jene Stunden,
Wo einſam er im Kahne wacht.
Wird ihm das Zauberlied erklingen,
Das ihn in Schlummer eingewiegt? —
(Wähnt er) — das ſich mit Taubenſchwingen
Liebkoſend um die Bruſt ihm ſchmiegt! —

Doch Alles ſtumm! — Die Wogen rauſchen
Uralten, ewigen Geſang;
Kein andrer Ton iſt zu erlauſchen. —
Da ruft er in dem Seelendrang:
„Du ſchweigſt mir, Holde, ſchweigeſt immer,
Und ich bin noch in Sehnſucht wach!
O, mich verlangt nach Traumes Schimmer,
So wie den Kranken nach dem Tag.

„O, laß mich deine Stimme hören,
Verſinken mich in deinen Blick,
Worin die Sterne ſich verklären . . . . —"
„„Da bin ich! rufſt du mich zurück?""
So flüſtert's, und der kleine Nachen
Schwebt ſilberglänzend zu ihm her.
„Um Gott! — Iſt dies denn wirklich Wachen?
Kein Traum! — Was neckſt du mich ſo ſehr?" —

„„O, fern von Neckerei und Scherzen! —
Der allertiefſten Wahrheit Bild,
Wie es verborgen dir im Herzen
Seit frühſter Kindheit, ungeſtillt,
Ein ſelig Märchen iſt erſchienen,
Das man nicht glaubt, doch liebend hegt, —
Du ſiehſt es jetzt! — Die Blätter grünen,
Die Zauberblüthe auf ſich ſchlägt.

„„In Duft und Glanz: — du darfſt ſie pflücken,
Sie fällt von ſelbſt in deinen Schooß;
O, wolle ſie ans Herz nur drücken,
Und überirdiſch, ſtrahlend, groß,
In ewiger Jugend ſel'ger Schöne,
In hoher Freiheit Himmelsluft,
Und ohne Jammers bittre Thräne,
Wie ohne Furcht vor Tod und Gruft,

„„Wird reich dein Daſein ſich entfalten
Zu ungeahnter Harmonie.
Doch deiner Erdenwelt Gewalten,
So feſſelnd und ſo matt, entflieh!
Dort will die Liebe — Hütten bauen,
Die Sehnſucht ruhn — am warmen Herd,
Die große Hoffnung — Früchte ſchauen,
Wovon ſich der Beſitzer nährt.

„„Woran ſich deine Seel' auch banget,
Und wie ſie ſtrebt nach ſicherm Port,
In Zweifeln jubelt und erbanget —
Befriedigung — ſie wohnt nicht dort.
Für dich nicht dort! — Denn weit und weiter,
Als ſelbſt des Adlers kühner Flug —
Des hohen Strebens hoher Deuter, —
Dich Wollen und Verlangen trug.

„„Brich der Gewohnheit arme Ketten,
Zum Glücklichſein o habe Muth,
Auf dieſem Weg kannſt du dich retten! —
Was in der Zukunft Schleier ruht
Von Druck und Schmerz und gift'gen Sorgen,
Von herber Schmach, von Reu und Pein,
Es iſt vor deinem Blick verborgen; —
Ich weiß, es wird dein Schickſal ſein.

„„Dein Lächeln ob der Menſchen Handeln,
Und Thun und Treiben rächet ſich;
Sie werden es in Thränen wandeln! —
O komm, Georg, ich ſchütze dich!
Dir öffnen ſich die weiten Hallen
Tief unten auf dem Meeresgrund,
Wo mächt'ge Säulen von Korallen
Der Perlenmutter-Kuppel Rund

„„Seit Ewigkeiten unterſtützen,
Wo Wunderweſen dich umſtehn,
Wo Schätze dir entgegenblitzen,
Die nie geahnt du, nie geſehn;
Wo du des Daſeins Glanz und Helle
Wie ein Unſterblicher erſchauſt,
Indeſſen droben mit der Welle
Der Zeitenſtrom vorüberbrauſt.""

So ſpricht das ſchöne Weib, umwoben
Das Götterhaupt vom Sternenkranz.
Sie ſteht im Nachen hoch erhoben,
Auf ihrer Stirne ſtrahlt ein Glanz
Von Lieb', Erbarmen, tiefer Trauer,
Mit überirdiſcher Gewalt. —
Georg erbebt. Ihm iſt, als ſchau' er
Verkörpert ew'ger Lieb' Geſtalt.

Sie beugt ſich lockend zu ihm nieder,
Und mit den zarten Händen winkt
Sie leis und weich, wie Schwangefieder; —
Da ſchließt ſein Auge ſich, er ſinkt
Und ſinkt, und liſpelt im Verſinken:
„O, wie ich ſtill und ſelig bin!
Laß deinen Zauberkelch mich trinken,
Du Göttliche, nimm ganz mich hin!" —

Und lieblich wirbelt's auf den Wellen,
Wo nur ein leerer Kahn noch ſchwebt,
Von Stimmen, unſichtbaren, hellen,
So wie die Abendglocke bebt:

Die reinſten der Perlen,
Wir ſuchen ſie aus,
Und hegen ſie ſorgſam
Im ſchützenden Haus.

Was unſer geworden,
Das ſchwebt durch die Zeiten,
So hell wie am Himmel
Die Sterne nicht gleiten.

Der Erden Getümmel
Bei uns nicht ertönt,
Erlangen und Streben
Den Willen nicht höhnt.

O, ſeliger Jüngling,
Dir war wohl beſchieden
Die himmliſche Ruhe
Ohn' banges Ermüden.

Du bracheſt die Feſſeln
Mit ſehnendem Sinn,
Befriedigung iſt jetzt
Dein Lohn und Gewinn.

Zwei goldene Looſe
Nicht konnten dir werden,
Dir blieb nur das Wählen
Von Himmel und Erden.

Du haſt überwunden
Die bängliche Wahl,
Jetzt theilſt du auf ewig
Unſterblicher Mahl;

Jetzt weilſt du geborgen
In ſtillen Regionen,
Wo Jammer und Plage
Des Lebens nicht wohnen.

Die zaub'riſche Tiefe
Iſt jetzo dein Haus,
Das Meer gibt den köſtlichen
Schatz nicht heraus.

Doch wem auf der Erde
Sich Schönes erſchließet,
So iſt's, weil der Liebling
Der Meerfeen ihn grüßet.

Und wen auf der Erde
Das Leben nicht hält,
Er komme, er komme
In unſere Welt!"

Wie lang' ſchon Clärchen tief im Herzen
Wohl trug des armen Fiſchers Bild,
Iſt ungewiß; — von heißen Schmerzen
Schien ſie nicht allzuſehr erfüllt.
Gewiß iſt's, daß nach halbem Jahre,
Als heitre, wohlgeſchmückte Braut,
Sie einem Andern am Altare
Ward froh und freudig angetraut.

Meluſinens Geſchichte *).

Während ſich eine neue Umwälzung in Margaritas Schickſale bereitete, von der Ulrich ihr nicht eher etwas mittheilen mogte, als bis er ihr in voller Freiheit gegenübertreten konnte, lebten beide Schweſtern zärtlich mit einander fort — obgleich jede im Stillen ihre beſondere Sorge hatte: Meluſine — wegen der Wirkung ihres Briefes auf Ulrich; Margarita — wegen der augenſcheinlichen Verſchlimmerung von Meluſinens Zuſtande. In der erſten Zeit ſchien ſie ſich zu erholen, denn die Freude, die veränderte Luft, die große Beruhigung über Hulderichs Zukunft wirkten wohlthätig auf ſie; doch bald trat die Reaktion ein, der Aufregung folgte die größte Hinfälligkeit, und der Arzt verheimlichte ihr auf ihre dringende Frage nicht, daß ſie ſich im letzten Stadium der Nervenſchwindſucht befinde; doch wie lange dies dauern werde, hänge freilich ganz von ihren Kräften ab, ſobald kein ſtörender Zufall es verkürze. Sie war zufrieden mit dieſer Erklärung. Sie litt nicht viel, keine Schmerzen, keine Beängſtigungen; nur nächtliche Fieber zehrten ſie auf und ließen ihr eine ſo grenzenloſe Schwäche zurück, daß ſie den ganzen Morgen voll tiefſter Stille und Einſamkeit brauchte, um ſich zu erholen und zu beſinnen. Je ſpäter am Tage, deſto beſſer fühlte ſie ſich; dann verließ ſie die Chaise longue, ſchwankte im Garten, auf Margarita geſtützt, etwas umher, und blieb auf einem bequemen Sopha liegend, bis zur Abendkühle in der freien Luft. Das war ihre gute Zeit! dann ſprach ſie lebhaft und über alle Gegenſtände und Verhältniſſe mit Margarita, ſcherzte mit den Kindern, und man hätte ſie in voller Geſundheit wähnen dürfen, wenn der Körper Schritt gehalten mit der geiſtigen Regſamkeit. Aber die Morgenſchwäche dauerte immer länger, die kurzen Promenaden im Garten wurden immer kürzer; ſie genoß faſt gar nichts mehr, und ihre Magerkeit ward geſpenſtiſch.

„Margarita," ſagte ſie eines Abends, „haſt Du mich lieb?"

„Wie ſollt' ich nicht!" rief Margarita, zärtlich ihre durchſichtige Hand küſſend. „Du biſt Alles, was man liebt — biſt ſanft, geduldig, ſtark, demüthig" .... —

„Gut, meine Margarita!" unterbrach Meluſine, „Du liebſt mich alſo. Weißt Du wohl, daß in der Bibel ſteht: „Die Liebe decket auch der Sünden Menge!"

„Ja," entgegnete Margarita, „Petrus ſagt es. Seine glühende, ſchwankende Flammenſeele, die ihn mancher Schwäche zieh, flüchtete ſich in ſich ſelbſt zur läuternden Kraft der Liebe zurück, und machte ſie zum Purgatorium der Seelen."

„So verſtehſt Du es!" entgegnete Meluſine gedankenvoll; „Dir iſt die Liebe wirklich zum Purgatorium des Herzens worden, durch welches Du hindurch und in das Paradies gegangen biſt, in das himmliſche Paradies voll Ruhe und Frieden, ſchon hier auf der ſtürmiſchen, verfinſterten Welt. Ja, Deine Liebe iſt ſo ſchön, ſo rein, ſo klar, daß ſie abgewaſchen hat, was von menſchlicher Schwäche in Dir geweſen. Aber ſieh! ich verſtehe anders die Worte des Apoſtels: nicht meine Liebe deckt meine Sünden zu, ſondern die fremde Liebe thut es! Du thuſt es und Gott wird es thun. Welch' ein göttliches Buch iſt das, das jedem Bedürfniß entgegen kommt, und in den einfachſten Worten zu Jedem die Sprache ſpricht, die er verſteht."

„Und dennoch zanken ſich die Menſchen um dieſes Buches willen," ſagte Margarita, „errichten auf daſſelbe ein Syſtem, das ſie Kirche nennen, und bemitleiden diejenigen als Blinde, wenn ſie nicht gar ſie haſſen und verfolgen, welche nicht zu derſelben gehören."

„Ob die Reformatoren berechnet haben, was ſie thaten," fragte Meluſine, „als ſie dies Buch für ein Gemeingut aller Menſchen erkämpften? ob ſie daran gedacht haben, daß dadurch in den verſchiedenen Kirchen, die ſie gründeten, nichts ſo überflüſſig werden dürfte, als deren Prieſter? Die katholiſche Geiſtlichkeit iſt ganz wie das Prieſterthum der Alten, iſt eingeweiht in die göttlichen Myſterien, deutet und erklärt ſie den Profanen, verbietet jede Forſchung, wie man Kindern verbietet mit Feuer und Waffen zu ſpielen, und geſtattet ihnen nicht ein Buch, worin geſchrieben ſteht: „Prüfet Alles und das Beſte behaltet." Daß die Menſchheit ſich nicht dieſes Gängelband der Intelligenz zerfallen laſſen kann, haben die zahlloſen, ſogenannten Ketzereien in der katholiſchen Kirche und endlich die Reformation bewieſen. Aber ich finde, daß von dem Augenblick an, wo man uns die Bibel gegeben, die Geiſtlichkeit ihr Amt des Hohenprieſters abdizirt hat, und nicht mehr Führer und Berather der Seelen ſein und für deren Heil ſorgen kann; denn der Menſch, der vom Leben geprüft worden und durch ernſte Schickſale in ſich ſelbſt zurückgeführt iſt, wird ſich aus der Bibel eindringlichere, troſtreichere, umfaſſendere Lehren und Erquickungen ſchöpfen, als wenn er ſich dieſelben durch Geiſtliche erklären ließe, die aus der Religion eine Wiſſenſchaft, oder ein Schulgezänk, oder ein Buchſtabengeſetz, oder ein Glaubensformular machen. Auf die Menge, die nicht denken mag und nur oberflächlich in Begebenheiten, nicht innerlich in Schickſalen lebt, mögen ſie Einfluß haben, aber nur weil die ſich ihrer Rechte aus Stumpfſinn, Unbeholfenheit, Gleichgültigkeit begiebt. Dann treten ſie wieder in das Verhältniß der katholiſchen Geiſtlichkeit, und lehren, was man zu glauben habe. Sie ſprechen zwar, ſie lehrten einen reineren Glauben; doch die Katholiken ſagen daſſelbe. Ach, die alten Reformatoren haben die Pforten geiſtiger Anarchie geöffnet, und es thut uns ein neuer Noth, der ſie ſchließt, ohne uns unter den Abſolutismus zu ſchleudern, den wahrlich nicht die katholiſche Kirche allein lehrt. Ich war vor mehren Jahren in Berlin, zerknirſchten und traurigen Herzens, nachdem ich eine Reihe von Jahren in Italien gelebt hatte. Wie man dann iſt, wenn man ſich ſehr elend fühlt; man ſucht Hülfe überall: ich ließ einen Geiſtlichen zu mir rufen, von dem ich hatte reden hören als einem feurigen Apoſtel. Ich hatte mir einen Paulus vorgeſtellt, und ich fand einen fanatiſchen

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*) Aus Ulrich Th. II. S. 284 ff.

Eiferer, der aus der Welt Alles herausſchaffen wollte, was den Blick „vom Kreuz," wie er es nannte, abzog; der die Liebe für die Kunſt ſündhaft, und für die Natur heidniſch nannte; dem alle Dichter ein Greuel waren, die keine geiſtlichen Lieder gedichtet; der mir bittere Vorwürfe machte, weil ich zuweilen in die katholiſche Kirche ging, vom Bedürfniß getrieben, an heiliger Stätte zu knien und zu beten; der die Republik für eine Inſtitution des Teufels anſah, weil Gott bei den Hebräern die monarchiſch-theokratiſche eingeſetzt und weil die Bibel von keiner andern erzähle; der den ſchneidendſten, politiſchen Abſolutismus vertheidigte, vorausgeſetzt, daß in einem ſo organiſirten Staat die Kirche ihren eigenen, unabhängigen Körper und den Abſolutismus über die Seelen bewahren dürfe; der mir Bücher zu leſen gab, in denen „das Eine, was Noth thut" endlos und unüberzeugend, weil einſeitig, paraphraſirt wurde, untermiſcht mit immer wiederkehrenden Redensarten von der „Wiedergeburt," und von der „Vielvergebung des Heilandes." Dieſer Mann wollte ſich zugleich meiner ganzen Exiſtenz bemächtigen, nicht nur meine Lektüre und Beſchäftigungen leiten, ſondern mir auch die Kirchen beſtimmen, um dem Gottesdienſt beizuwohnen, mich in Kreiſe einführen, wo die Anſichten herrſchten und praktiſch angewendet wurden, die er ausſprach, ſogar meine Wohlthätigkeit regeln und gewiſſen Perſonen zuwenden. Philipp II. ſetzte im Eskurial 130 Hieronymiten ein, nicht um für ihr eignes Heil zu ſorgen, ſondern um Tag und Nacht Meſſen zum Heil ſeiner Seele zu leſen. Dieſer Mann ſchien die Bekehrungen zu ſuchen, als würde ſein Heil und nicht das der Bekehrten dadurch gefördert, und als bringe es ihm Ehre vor Gott, meine Seele aus den Schlingen des Böſen zu reißen. Er war die Incarnation der Intoleranz. Das ſagte ich ihm offenherzig, und nach drei Wochen war unſer Verkehr für immer abgebrochen."

„Und wandteſt Du Dich an keinen andern Geiſtlichen?" fragte Margarita.

„Ja," ſagte Meluſine, „ich that es, ich fühlte mich ſo ſchwach, daß ich durchaus die Stütze der Religion, von fremder Hand geboten, begehrte. Ich hielt mich ſelbſt für unwürdig, aus heiliger Quelle zu ſchöpfen; ich fürchtete ſie zu trüben, durch den Staub, der an mir haftete. Darum ſuchte ich die Bekanntſchaft eines Mannes, der einer andern Schule, Partei, Richtung — wie ſoll man's nennen! angehörte. Der Stifter dieſer Schule war ein Mann geweſen von ſeltenem Geiſt, umfaſſender Bildung, vertraut mit dem Alterthum, witzig und fein, und dabei durchdrungen von wahrhaft religiöſem Sinn: ſo hörte ich ihn beurtheilen; er war kürzlich geſtorben. Ich bildete mir ein, es müſſe etwas von dieſem klaren, hohen Geiſt auf ſeine Jünger übergegangen ſein, und ich müſſe in deren Anſichten den Schlüſſel der hohen Myſterien finden, nach denen meine Seele lechzte. Ich lernte alſo einen geſcheuten und gebildeten Mann kennen, einen Mann von Welt und von recht einnehmenden Manieren, der gewandt, lebhaft und mit einer gewiſſen blendenden Dialektik ſprach, und mir verſchiedene Bücher ſeines Lehrers gab, Predigten und Reden über die Religion. Ich las ſie durch, mit großer Aufmerkſamkeit, mit heißer Sehnſucht nach der Erquickung, die aus der Andacht quillt. Statt deſſen fand ich einen gewandten Rhetoriker, der äußerſt geſchickt mit dem Wort an den Radien des Kreiſes umherwirbelte, ohne je einen überwältigenden Schlag in deſſen Mittelpunkt hinein zu thun; der alle Schalen ſäuberlich ablöſ'te, ohne je den Kern einfach, friſch und kräftig zu geben; der Zweifel und Einwürfe widerlegte, indem er ſie im Wortkampf ermüdete, doch nicht indem er ſie gründlich und eiſern aus dem Sattel hob; der die Fackel der Intelligenz nicht zu einer erwärmenden Sonne machte, ſondern der damit Girandolen und Kronleuchter anzündete, welche mehr blendeten als erleuchteten. Nachdem ich jene Bücher geleſen, gab ich ſie zurück und ſagte: die Reden wären an „Gebildete" gerichtet, und die Predigten vermuthlich auch — obgleich dieſer Zuſatz auf dem Titel ihnen fehle — ich aber gehöre, was die Religion beträfe, den ungebildeten Fiſchern und Zöllnern an, zu denen Chriſtus geſprochen. Dies zerſetzende, ſkelettirende Verfahren komme mir vor, wie eine Aufgabe der Wiſſenſchaft, nicht wie eine Eingebung der Conviction; aber dieſe Wiſſenſchaft ſtehe ſeinem Lehrer freilich dermaßen zu Gebot, daß, wäre er in der römiſchen Rota Advocatus Diaboli geweſen, ſo würde der ſchneeweißeſte Heilige nimmermehr die Ehre der Heiligſprechung erfahren haben. Damit endeten meine Beziehungen zu meinem zweiten Beichtvater. Meine Intelligenz war nicht entwickelt genug, um kein Unbehagen in dem zerſetzenden Element ſeiner Schule zu finden; er war zu fein und zu kalt, um mir als Lebensluft zu dienen, ſo wie das Element des Erſten mir zu dumpf und zu deprimirend geweſen war. Dieſer und ſeine Partei wollten den tiefen, welterſchütternden Glauben, die heilige Simplizität der Apoſtel in unſere Tage zurückführen; aber ach! ſie hatten dazu nur die Form, nicht das Weſen ergriffen: ſie waren fanatiſch wie Rechtgläubige, nicht demüthigfromm wie Gläubige. Jener und ſeine Partei wollten, wie die Kirchenväter, ernſtes Studium, ſchlagende Dialektik, tiefe Kenntniß der Dinge mit einem hohen Glauben verbinden; aber ach! über der vielſeitigen Kenntniß kamen ſie nicht hinweg und zur Erkenntniß! ſie konnten nicht überzeugen wie die Kirchenväter, ſie wollten überreden. Nun wirſt Du meinen, ich müſſe für immer abgefunden ſein! Nein, Margarita, ich war es nicht! Thereſe, meine gute, treue Thereſe, die noch jetzt bei mir iſt, kehrte eines Sonntags ganz verklärt aus der Kirche zurück und erzählte mir Wunder von der Predigt, die ſie eben gehört. Ich ging am nächſten Sonntag mit ihr, um dieſen Mann zu hören; ich freute mich unſäglich darauf, ſo recht im Herzensgrunde erſchüttert zu werden, und was mich erſchüttert, iſt etwas ſo Geringes, daß man meint, man müſſe es auf jedem Schritt und Tritt finden: Wahrheit und Einfachheit. Ich fand einen ſo matten, herzloſen, in die drei banalen Abſchnitte getheilten Kanzelvortrag, daß ich mich nicht enthalten konnte, Thereſen meine Enttäuſchung zu geſtehen. Zu meinem Erſtaunen pflichtete ſie mir bei, nicht aus Reſpekt, ſondern aus Ueberzeugung. Sie fand wie ich die Predigt unter dem Mittelmäßigen. Das ſetzte mich in Verwunderung; Menſchen von geringer Bildung ſind gewöhnlich eiſern hartnäckig in irgend einer Vorliebe. Ich befragte ſie genauer über die erſte Predigt, und endlich kam Folgendes heraus: es war der Tag Aller Seelen geweſen, den die Proteſtanten das Todtenfeſt nennen. Thereſe hatte in dieſem Jahr, ehe ſie zu mir kam, ihren Bräutigam acht Tage vor ihrer Hochzeit verloren: ihre tiefe Rührung entſprang aus ihren Erinnerungen! — Dieſer unbedeutende Umſtand hatte eine unglaubliche Wirkung auf mich. Ich ſprach zu mir ſelbſt: „Meluſine, „dein Glaube muß geboren werden aus den Eingeweihten deines „Lebens: dann wirſt du Troſt, Erhebung und Führung — und „das iſt Religion! — wie die arme Thereſe überall, ſogar in dem „hohlſten Wort finden; überall, in jeder That, in jedem Schickſal, in jedem Streben, ſei es noch ſo dürftig, armſelig und beſchränkt, oder glorreich und groß; überall! folglich auch in dir „ſelbſt, arme Meluſine, denn bei den Allerſchwächſten ſteht „Gott." — Seitdem bin ich ruhig worden, weil Aengſte und Verzweiflung, dieſe Harpyen des Herzens, von mir weichen. Vorher! . . . o meine Schweſter, hör' an, wie es vorher in mir gährte und wühlte! hör' an mein Leben:

Dort unten am Rhein, auf dem kleinen Gütchen unſerer Eltern, verlebte ich die Kindheit und erſte Jugend. Beide fielen in die Zeiten der Unterdrückung, des Kampfes gegen die Knechtſchaft, der Kriege, der Exaltation für Freiheit und Vaterland, der übertriebenen Hoffnungen und extravaganten Foderungen, welche ſich ſpäter auf dieſe beiden großen Worte ſtützten. Unſer Vater hatte die letzten Feldzüge mitgemacht. In der Schlacht von Waterloo am Kopf verwundet, kehrte er nur zu uns zurück, um ein Jahr darauf zu ſterben. Wie ich ihn jetzt beurtheile, war er ein glühender Schwärmer, dermaßen vertieft in ſeine Fictionen von Freiheit und Menſchenglück, daß ſeine Utopie ihn genug abſorbirte, um ihn nie deren praktiſche Anwendung verſuchen zu laſſen. Ich betete ihn an! er war mir ein Orakel, ein Quell der Weisheit und Liebe, ein hoher, heiliger Geiſt, den ich vergötterte mit dem inbrünſtigen Cultus, welcher jungen, heißen Seelen ein Bedürfniß und ein Entzücken iſt. Er entwickelte gar nicht meinen Verſtand, übte gar nicht mein Urtheil, brachte gar keine Klarheit in den Wuſt von Ideen, die in meinem Kopf wie Bienenſchwärme ſummten: er konnte es vermuthlich nicht! er nährte nur meine Phantaſie mit allen Dichtern der Welt und mit ſeinen eigenen Imaginationen. Ich war kaum vierzehn Jahre alt, als er ſtarb. Ich fühlte mich namenlos elend. Ich betrauerte nicht bloß den Verluſt des Vaters, ſondern mich ſelbſt. Mir ſchien, als ſei mein Herz mit ihm begraben. Ich wußte nicht, wohin dies brauſende Herz wenden, mit ſeinen goldnen Träumen und ſeiner flammenden Sehnſucht. Unſere Mutter iſt die Praxis in der allerengſten Form, des alleralltäglichſten Lebens, lediglich ſich beſchränkend auf deſſen materiellen Inhalt, auf die Haushaltung, auf unſer phyſiſches Wohlbefinden, auf Erſparniſſe zu unſerer dereinſtigen Ausſteuer. Sie beſchäftigte mich faſt unausgeſetzt mit Handarbeit, ſie unterhielt ſich nicht mit mir, ſie vertraute mir nichts zu beaufſichtigen, zu ordnen und zu führen an — wär' es der Garten geweſen . . . . oder nur der Hühnerhof . . . . ja, hätte ſie mich an den Feuerherd geſtellt, ſo hätte ich doch etwas meine Gedanken bändigen und den Realitäten zuwenden müſſen. Nun ſaß ich da, nähte wunderſchön und mit fliegender Geſchwindigkeit alle Kleider für ſie, für Dich und mich, und alle Wäſche, welche das Haus in der Gegenwart und für die Zukunft brauchte — und die Gedanken, oder vielmehr die feſſel- und regelloſen Phantaſien ſchweiften während der Zeit durch Himmel und Erde. Handarbeit iſt vortrefflich, um Geſchmack, Geſchicklichkeit und Ordnung junger Mädchen zu üben; aber es müſſen ein Paar beiſammen ſein und mit einander plaudern, oder Eltern und Erzieher müſſen die Einſame plaudern machen; ſonſt iſt ſie tödtlich durch mechaniſches Einerlei, und verdummt oder exaltirt. Ich hatte keine andere Unterhaltung als meine Bücher, meiſtens Gedichte und Schauſpiele, und einige Romane, aus der kleinen Bibliothek unſers verſtorbenen Vaters. Die Monologe der Schauſpiele lernte ich auswendig, auch wol ganze Szenen, und Abends im Garten deklamirte ich ſie laut, und dann ſchien mir, als ob ich ſelbſt all' dieſe großen Schickſale erlebe. Ich weinte, ich klagte, ich trauerte mit Iphigeniens, Marie Stuarts und Theklas Worten, und mit meiner eigenen Seele. Es waren in mir Aſpirationen nach unbeſtimmtem Glück und nach unbekannten Schmerzen von ſolcher Vehemenz, daß ich mich wundere, wie mein Körper ihnen widerſtand. Bald wollt' ich ſterben, um die himmliſche Seligkeit zu genießen! bald wollt' ich leben, aber in ſtärkeren Emotionen und in weiteren Kreiſen, als ich um mich her leben ſah. Wie manche Sommernacht verbrachte ich unter den großen Nußbäumen, auf dem Hügel, am Ende des Gartens — von wo ich im Mondenſchein den Rhein ſilberſtrahlend erblicken konnte! welch' ein geheimnißvolles Leben regte ſich in den ſtillen lauen Nächten um mich her, im Geflimmer der Sterne, im Säuſeln des Laubes, im Duft der Weinblüte, in dem geiſterhaften Geflüſter, das durch die nächtliche Natur zieht und wie ein heimliches Liebesgeſpräch zwiſchen Himmel und Erde klingt! Ich kannte alle Sterne und alle Pflanzen, nicht wie die Wiſſenſchaft ſie kennt — ach nein! von dieſem Blitzableiter für die Stürme der Gefühle hatte ich keine Ahnung! aber vielleicht ſo wie die Chaldäer oder wilde Völker ſie gekannt haben mögen. Ich knüpfte an den Auf- und Untergang, an das hellere und trübere Licht der Sterne Hoffnung und Erfüllung. Ich brachte meine myſteriöſen Wünſche mit der Blüte der Blumen in Verbindung, die ich wie Hieroglyphen eines ſüßen, tiefſinnigen Räthſels betrachtete, deſſen Löſung ich erſehnte, ohne es finden zu können. Einſam und unbeſchäftigt wie ich war, ohne geſunde Nahrung für Geiſt und Herz, ohne irgend einen Spielraum, um dem brauſenden Bedürfniß der Lebensthätigkeit zu genügen, betracht' ich es wie ein Wunder, daß ich nicht den Verſtand verlor. Meine Organiſation muß wol mit allen Kräften und Gaben ausgeſtattet geweſen ſein.

Du, zehn Jahre jünger als ich, warſt damals ein kleines Kind, das ich ſehr liebte, dem ich Unterricht im Leſen, Schreiben und Nähen gab, und das meine Bemühungen mit großer Gelehrigkeit und rührender Zärtlichkeit belohnte. Wir waren ſehr gute Freunde, ich rezitirte Dir meine Lieblingsgedichte, ich ſprach mit Dir wie mit den Wolken und Blumen, ich wiederholte Dir ſo lange kleine Lieder, bis Du ſie auswendig behielteſt, ich machte Deinen Puppen ſchöne Kleider und ſpielte Dir mit ihnen, zu Deinem höchſten Ergötzen, Comödien vor. Du warſt mein Troſt, mein Labſal und meine Freude, denn Du warſt mit Allem zufrieden, und bewunderteſt Alles, was ich ſagte und trieb, und bei Dir konnte ich doch ein wenig dieſen verzehrenden Drang befriedigen, der etwas thun wollte für einen lieben Gegenſtand.

Als Du ſieben, und ich ſiebzehn Jahre alt war, dachte die Mutter daran, Dir etwas beſſern Unterricht geben zu laſſen, als ich es vermogte. Ich hatte wenig gelernt. Mein einziger Lehrer in allen Künſten und Wiſſenſchaften war der Cantor von Rüdesheim geweſen, der von meinem achten bis zu meinem funfzehnten Jahr alle Mittwoch und Sonnabend Nachmittag um drei Uhr kam und bis ſieben oder acht Uhr Abends mir Unterricht in der Geographie, der Natur- und Völkergeſchichte und in der Muſik gab. All der wiſſenſchaftliche Unterricht war mir ein Greuel — vermuthlich weil mein lieber alter Cantor einen unbeſchreiblich ſchwerfälligen Vortrag und nicht die geringſte Darſtellungsgabe hatte. Er legte ſeine Grammatik oder ſeine Landkarte vor ſich hin, und wiederholte mir einen Satz ſo lange, bis mein Gedächtniß deſſen Worte behielt, ohne einen Sinn mit ihnen zu verbinden. Hingegen die alte Geſchichte und die Muſik liebte ich leidenſchaftlich, und mogte er immerhin den Plutarch monoton verleſen, oder eine Sonate von Mozart oder Beethoven ohne große Energie vortragen, ſo blieb jenen unſterblichen Geiſtern doch genug vom eigenen Pulsſchlag, um den meinen zu erwärmen und anzufeuern. Da ich den Plutarch faſt auswendig wußte und mit einigem Talent und glühendem Eifer das Piano und den Geſang übte, ſo pries mein lieber Cantor, der ohnehin blinde Zärtlichkeit für mich hegte, meine ungewöhnlichen Gaben, und zauderte nicht meine Erziehung für vollendet zu erklären, als ich bei funfzehn Jahren confirmirt wurde. Die Wahrheit iſt, daß ich von ſeltner Unwiſſenheit war, aber freilich mit Sinn und Fertigkeit das Piano ſpielte, mit reiner, wohlklingender Stimme ſang und den Plutarch in eine Reihe mit meinen geliebten Dichtern ſtellte.

Die Mutter, vollkommen zufrieden mit meiner Erziehung, ſehr erfreut, daß ich ihr und mir alle Abende die Zeit durch Muſik vertrieb, wünſchte, der Cantor möge Deine Bildung zu ebenſo glorreicher Vollendung bringen wie die meine: aber er war alt geworden, er kam nur noch wöchentlich Ein Mal, um mit mir Muſik zu machen, und zwar nicht mehr als Lehrer, ſondern als amateur und aus Intereſſe für meine Fortſchritte; er erklärte nicht mehr friſch genug zu ſein und durch Rheumatiſmen am pünktlichen Beſuch gehindert zu werden; er dürfe aber mit gutem Gewiſſen ſeinen Hermann empfehlen.

„Iſt Ihr Neffe nicht mehr in Düſſeldorf?“ fragte die Mutter.

„Ach ſchon lange nicht mehr!“ ſagte der alte Mann traurig. „Er hat ſich mit dem Graf H. wegen Erziehung der Kinder überworfen, ſein Haus verlaſſen, in Aachen eine andere, ſehr vortheilhafte Stelle gefunden, aber dort ein unglückliches Duell, wegen politiſcher Meinungen, gehabt, das den Verluſt jener Stelle und die Lähmung ſeines linken Arms nach ſich gezogen. Und ſo iſt er denn ſeit vierzehn Tagen unbeſchäftigt und zwecklos bei mir, da ſich die guten Stellen doch auch nicht immer wie reife Birnen vom Baum ſchütteln laſſen, und wird ſich ſehr zu einer ſo gelehrigen Schülerin, wie Fräulein Ita iſt, freuen.“

Fräulein Ita warſt Du. Die Mutter machte noch die Bedingung, daß Hermann ſeine politiſchen Anſichten für ſich behielte, denn ſie wiſſe wol, ſagte ſie, was er für ein Erz-Demagog ſei, worauf der Cantor demüthig die Achſeln zuckte; — und Hermann kam am folgenden Tage und begann ſogleich Deinen Unterricht.

Er machte mir einen beklemmenden Eindruck, obgleich er gewiß einer der ſchönſten Männer war, und in der ſogenannten altdeutſchen Tracht, mit dem ſchwarzen Sammtrock, dem zurückgeſchlagenen Hemdkragen, dem geſcheitelten, glatt herabfallenden, und auf dem Halſe ſich kräuſelnden Haar, wie ein Gemälde von Van Dyk ausſah. Damals wußt' ich aber noch nichts von Van Dyk, und als ich in meinem romanesken Kopf nachſuchte, ob dieſe ungewöhnliche Erſcheinung nicht der idealen Schöpfung irgend eines Dichters entſpräche, fiel mir Klopſtocks Abbadona ein — und jenes Grauen befiel mich, das uns gewiß Emotionen zugleich ſuchen und ſcheuen läßt.

Maßloſer Stolz, raſtloſer Ehrgeiz, tiefe Bitterkeit, weil beide nicht befriedigt wurden: das war der Hauptzug in Hermanns Charakter; aber ich brauche Dir wol nicht zu ſagen, daß ich damals dieſe Eigenſchaften: Adel der Geſinnung, kräftiges Streben und erhabene Melancholie um das Leid der Menſchheit nannte. Ich wundere mich auch gar nicht darüber! Unbekannt mit Welt und Menſchen, wie ich war, von nichts wiſſend, als von Liebe, Schönheit und Poeſie, nichts begehrend als deren Verwirklichung — mußte der Mann mich gewinnen, dem daran lag, dieſe meine Unvollkommenheit zu benutzen. Ich glaube nicht, daß Hermann mich je geliebt hat! vielleicht gefiel ihm das junge Mädchen! ganz gewiß aber war es ein hoher Triumph für ſeine Eitelkeit, die Liebe einer Tochter der hochmüthigen Freifrau von Ringoltingen zu gewinnen! Es dauerte einige Zeit, ehe ich mich an ihn und ſein kaltes, abſtoßendes Benehmen gewöhnte. Ich ſaß mit meiner Arbeit in dem Zimmer, wo er Dich unterrichtete; allein wir ſprachen keine Sylbe zuſammen, wir grüßten uns ſchweigend, und er ſah mich kaum an. Das war mir ſehr lieb, deſto bequemer konnte ich ihn anſehen, ſeine Freundlichkeit beobachten, wenn er Dich lobte, ſeinen Ernſt, wenn er Dich ermahnte, ſeine Lebhaftigkeit, wenn er Dir von Naturerſcheinungen oder großen Thaten der Vergangenheit erzählte. Ach, das waren andere Darſtellungen und Beſchreibungen, als mir mein alter Cantor gemacht! Die kahle, dürre Landkarte wurde eine bunte, reiche Erde, deren verſchiedene Stätten in geheimer, einflußreicher Wirkung auf die Völker und Staaten waren. In der Naturlehre verſchwanden die Claſſen, die Ordnungen, die Gattungen, das trockne Gerippe des Syſtems, vor dem lebendigen Hauch einer ewigen Palingeneſie, die in heiliger Schönheit und unvergänglicher Jugend durch die Schöpfung ging. Sogar die Grammatik verlor ihr Leichenantlitz und redete wie mit menſchlichen Lippen von dem Urſprung des Wortes aus dem und durch das Chaos der Gedanken.

War er das Licht für meine dunkle Seele, oder nur der Träger des Lichts? ich weiß es nicht. Ich fühlte mich wieder glücklich, wie einſt bei meinem Vater, aber tiefer, umfaſſender, triumphirender, und um ſo viel glühender fing ich an, den Schöpfer dieſes neuen Glückes zu lieben. — Als er meine Theilnahme für den Unterricht bemerkte, wendete er ſich zuweilen mit einer intereſſanten Erklärung, die Du noch nicht faſſen konnteſt, an mich und freute ſich über mein ſchnelles Verſtändniß der Dinge. So gewann ich Muth, mit ihm zu ſprechen, ihm meine Anſichten mitzutheilen, den ſeinen mit Fragen und Einwürfen zu begegnen. Ich war ſehr unwiſſend, aber nicht dumm; was er mir vortrug, begriff ich. Mein guter Cantor hatte große Mühe gehabt, mir die vier Species beizubringen! Hätte Hermann mich in der Mathematik unterrichtet, ich glaub', ich hätte ſie begriffen.

Statt deſſen bot er uns an, uns die franzöſiſche Sprache zu lehren. Ich bat die Mutter ſchüchtern um Erlaubniß, daran Theil nehmen zu dürfen, und ſie geſtattete es. Sie war bisweilen in den Lehrſtunden erſchienen, und hatte ſtets Hermanns Benehmen von der ſtrengſten Zurückhaltung gefunden. Das war es auch — und nicht blos in ihrer Gegenwart. Er war viel zu ſtolz, um — in der gewöhnlichen Bedeutung — ein Mädchen verführen zu mögen. Er wollte mich wol an ſich reißen, doch nur, nachdem er jede Richtung meines Weſens beherrſcht und unterjocht hatte. Nach und nach wurde er mittheilender. In den Pauſen zwiſchen den verſchiedenen Lehrſtunden erzählte er Mancherlei, was er ſelbſt erlebt hatte, beſchrieb Kriegsſcenen, große Schlachten, die er als Freiwilliger mitgemacht, und große Städte, Paris, Brüſſel, mit all ihren tauſendfarbigen Herrlichkeiten. Oder er ſprach von dem begeiſterten Aufſchwung, den das deutſche Volk in jenen Jahren genommen, der Männer und Weiber, Greiſe und Jünglinge ergriffen und zu freudigen, unglaublichen Opfern angeregt, und der ſchon jetzt, nach ſo wenig Jahren, ſpurlos aus der Erinnerung undankbarer Fürſten verſchwunden ſei, die nicht daran dächten, die Helden jener Zeit nicht ſowol zu belohnen, denn das ſei unmöglich! als zu würdigen.

Es iſt unglaublich, nicht wahr, daß dies einen ſo heftigen Eindruck auf mich machen konnte. Wozu um Gottes willen ſind Männer auf der Welt, wenn ſie ſich nicht für ihr Vaterland ſchlagen mögen! wie können ſie für eine ſo natürliche Handlung eine beſondere Berückſichtigung, die nur hohen Verdienſten zukommt, begehren! Dennoch fand ich dieſe allgemeine Schilderhebung des deutſchen Volks gegen den fremden Tyrannen etwas höchſt Bewundernswerthes, und den Einzelnen heroiſch, der dazu mitgewirkt. Ich dachte nicht an Wilhelm Tell, der demüthig in ſeine Hütte zurückging, nicht an Themiſtokles und Miltiades, die in Verbannung und Armuth ſtarben. Ich dachte an meinen Vater, der ungefähr mit Hermanns Worten geſprochen hatte, freilich mit dem gewichtigen Unterſchied, daß jener nie für ſeine Perſon einen Schatten von Anerkennung, ſondern ein allgemeineres Glück für die ganze Nation begehrte, die zu moraliſcher und politiſcher Freiheit herangebildet werden ſollte. Mein Vater beſeitigte vollkommen ſeinen perſönlichen Vortheil! er war arm, und ſuchte nicht ſich zu bereichern, indem er die Sprache einer Partei ſprach; er war Edelmann, und wollte nicht der möglichen Vorzüge genießen, die ſein Name ihm gab: er war liberal aus Conviction. Hermann hingegen wollte reich werden, wollte ſeinen Weg machen, wollte die Vorrechte der Geburt in den Staub treten, weil ſie ihm fehlten, war liberal aus Egoismus. Später hab' ich eingeſehen, indem ich ihn mit meinem Vater verglich, daß nur Ariſtokraten liberal ſein können, weil ſie unabhängig und nicht von Scheelſucht und Mißgunſt verzehrt ſind. — Ach, was half mir die zu ſpäte Erkenntniß!

Du weißt, daß das Vermögen der Eltern, oder beſſer geſagt, der Mutter, denn der Vater war von je unbemittelt und kein guter Wirth geweſen — einzig in dem kleinen Roſenheim beſtand, welches im Kriege ſehr gelitten hatte; und daß wir daher arm waren. Dieſem Mangel an Mitteln, vielleicht auch dem Hochmuth der Mutter, die in einem uralten Namen die Baſis aller Würde und alles Glückes ſah — war es zuzuſchreiben, daß für meine Erziehung ſo wenig geſchehen war, und daß wir ſo einſam lebten. Graf Erberg auf Hochhauſen war ein finſterer, ſtolzer Mann, mit dem unſer Vater wenig verkehren mogte. Der Beſitzer von Malans, Ulrich Erberg, war damals ein Knabe. Unſer Vormund, Baron Elboder, war ein dritter Nachbar, und der einzige, mit dem wir umgingen. Er war wolhabend, lebte aber ſo ſparſam und einfach, wie wir. Armuth wird nur drückend durch den Vergleich mit — und Sehnſucht nach Reichthum. Ich hatte nie die unſere bemerkt — vollends nicht, ſeitdem Hermann in unſer Haus kam. Ein halbes Jahr verging in dieſem neuen Leben; es war das goldne Zeitalter meiner Liebe! . . . . nichts als Schönheit, Friede und Freiheit auf der Welt und in meinem Herzen! tiefe, ſchweigende Anbetung, ohne Unruhe, Angſt und Beſorgniß, war das Element meiner Exiſtenz.

Da kam der junge Elboder zu ſeinen Eltern, um die Herbſtferien der Univerſität bei ihnen zuzubringen. Er war zwanzig Jahre alt, munter, klug und übermüthig, mein Spielgefährte ſeit frühſter Kindheit. Wir gingen traulich mit einander um. Franz Elboder kam täglich und zu jeder Stunde nach Roſenheim. Die Mutter erlaubte ihm, Dich und mich auf dem Rhein zu fahren, und dergleichen Kleinigkeiten, zu welchen lange Bekanntſchaft und Gleichheit der Verhältniſſe autoriſiren. Hermann bemerkte es und zog ſich finſter zurück, verſäumte mehre Lehrſtunden, richtete ſeinen Vortrag ausſchließlich an Dich, und verſetzte mich in ſo heftige Aufregung, daß ich, ſeine Veränderung mit der Zeit und den Umſtänden combinirend, ſehr kalt und faſt ungezogen gegen den armen Franz wurde. Er durfte nicht mehr die Lehrſtunden unterbrechen; ich nannte ihn nicht mehr nach alter Gewohnheit bei ſeinem Vornamen; und je erſtaunter Franz ſich zeigte, um deſto froher und freundlicher wurde Hermann. Ich erkannte, daß es in meiner Macht ſtehe, ihn zu beglücken. O, nun fing ich an, ihn zu lieben!

Franz reiſ'te ab; ich war ſeiner Entfernung herzlich froh! mir ſchien, als intereſſire er ſich mehr für mich, als mir lieb war. Während des langen Winters wuchs meine Liebe für Hermann ſtark und ſtill, wie die Saat unter dem Schnee; aber ſie beſeligte mich nicht mehr ſo, wie in ihrer erſten Epoche. Namenloſe Bangigkeit, erweichende Trauer, unbeſtimmtes Schwanken zwiſchen Sehnſucht und Furcht wechſelten in mir mit jubelnder, himmelſtürmender Seligkeit ab. Hermann kam viermal wöchentlich; die drei Tage ſeines Nichtkommens verbrütete ich in Lethargie. Dennoch wurde keine Erklärung, kein direktes Liebeswort zwiſchen uns gewechſelt. Ich hatte den Moment ſeiner Ankunft nicht erwarten können, und wenn er nun da war, ſo ſchien mir das Glück, ihn zu ſehen und zu hören, dermaßen allumfaſſend, daß es meine Fähigkeiten paralyſirte. Ich lebte nur noch im Auge und im Herzſchlag. Hätte er nur meine Hand berührt, nur mein Kleid geſtreift, er würde mich vernichtet haben. Die glühendſte Leidenſchaft gab mir die äußerſte Schüchternheit, denn ich glaube, daß ich damals ſchon organiſirt war, wild und zart wie ein Schmetterling, oder wie eine Waldblume, die augenblicklich welkt, wenn man ſie abpflückt.

Im Frühling ſagte mir die Mutter, Franz werde bald wieder zu ſeinen Eltern kommen, und ſie wünſche, daß ich mein launenhaftes Benehmen gegen ihn aufgabe, weil er eine ſehr vortheilhafte Partie für mich ſein würde. Sie ſetzte mir all' ſeine Vortheile aus einander, die ich keineswegs leugnete, und ſchloß mit der Erklärung, es ſei eine ſtandesmäßige und paſſende Verſorgung, die alle Berückſichtigung verdiene, weil ich durchaus ohne Vermögen ſei. Es iſt mir unmöglich, den Eindruck dieſes Geſprächs auf mich zu beſchreiben; denn mir ſchien, als habe meine Mutter gewünſcht und mir gerathen, mich zu verkaufen. Es wird nicht ſo arg geweſen ſein, indem Franz ein Menſch war, der nicht nur ſehr gefallen, ſondern auch Vertrauen und Achtung einflößen konnte; und empfindet ein Mädchen das für einen Mann, ſo darf ſie ihn heirathen, ohne den Vorwurf der Käuflichkeit zu verdienen, möge er reich wie Cröſus — ſie arm wie Griſeldis ſein. Aber in meiner Exaltation war es mir nicht nur unmöglich, an eine Verbindung mit Franz zu denken, weil ich einen Andern liebte; ſondern auch ohnedas kam es mir ſchmachvoll vor, einen Mann zu heirathen, der mir ein Opfer — wenigſtens das einer glänzenderen Partie — zu bringen hatte. Ich verſtummte vor der Mutter, und heiße Angſt überrieſelte mich bei dem Gedanken, Hermann könne etwas von dieſem Plan erfahren. Er kam am nächſten Tage etwas vor der beſtimmten Stunde; Du warſt noch nicht da. Er ſtützte ſich vor mich hin und fragte, mich ſcharf fixirend:

„Gnädiges Fräulein, darf ich Ihnen als der Braut des Baron Franz Elboder meinen Glückwunſch abſtatten!"

„Nein!" entgegnete ich ruhig; „ich bin nicht ſeine Braut und werd' es nie ſein. Ich begreife nicht, wie Sie ſolche Märchen glauben können."

„Seit vorigem Herbſt geht das Gerücht," antwortete Hermann, „und mein Oheim hat geſtern den Baron ſelbſt geſprochen, der ihm freudig die bevorſtehende Ankunft ſeines Sohnes erzählt hat."

„Aber das Alles iſt ja kein Grund für Sie, um mir einen ſo . . . . unpaſſenden Glückwunſch zu ſagen!" rief ich.

„O," ſagte Hermann ganz überwältigt, „ich wollte mein Schickſal wiſſen."

Dein Eintritt unterbrach das Geſpräch, und wir fanden in mehren Tagen keinen Moment einſamer Unterhaltung. Endlich, als das Glück uns wieder günſtig war, ſagte Hermann:

„Heute früh iſt der Baron Franz angekommen; ich hab' ihn in Rüdesheim auf der Durchfahrt geſehen."

„So!" entgegnete ich mit gleichgültigem Ton; aber ich zitterte und erblaßte, weil der Wunſch meiner Mutter, im grellen Contraſt zu meinen Wünſchen, ſchneidend durch meine Seele blitzte.

„Meluſine!" ſagte Hermann dumpf und faßte meine Hand mit einem eiſernen Griff; „Sie lieben mich nicht."

„O Gott!" rief ich und blickte gen Himmel, „muß ich denn das Geſtändniß der Liebe an die Widerlegung eines kränkenden Zweifels verſchwenden!"

Und ich legte auch meine andere Hand in die ſeine.

„Sind Sie wirklich ſo entſchloſſen!" fragte er mit heimlichem Jubel.

„Ich thue, wie ich fühle," antwortete ich, „und gebe die Hand dem, den ich liebe."

„Ich bin's nicht werth!" rief er mit ſo tiefer Innigkeit, daß ich bebend, glühend fragte:

„Alſo lieben Sie mich nicht? denn Lieb' und Liebe ſind einander werth." Und die Thränen ſtürzten mir aus den Augen.

„O Meluſine," erwiderte Hermann, „wie ſollt' ich's wol anfangen, um Dich nicht zu lieben! — Aber iſt denn meine Zukunft Deiner werth!"

„Das liegt in Ihrer Hand," entgegnete ich ſchüchtern, „ich . . bin treu."

Auf ſo flüchtige Unterhaltung mußten wir uns beſchränken. Daher erfuhr ich nie ſeine eigentlichen Ab- und Ausſichten, denn wir hatten kaum Zeit, uns ein inniges Wort, eine zärtliche Verſicherung zuzuflüſtern.

Franz war aufmerkſamer, ich kälter, denn je; meine Mutter machte mir bittere Vorwürfe und beſtand auf ihren Plan, mich mit ihm zu verloben. Da faßte ich eines Tages ein Herz, und ſagte an Hermann, meine Mutter würde ſo dringend, daß ich ihr den wahren Grund meiner Abneigung gegen Franz geſtehen würde.

„Um Gottes willen nicht!“ rief Hermann; „Deine Mutter wird Deine Liebe für mich wie eine Erniedrigung Deiner ſelbſt betrachten!“

„Aber ſie muß ja doch zuletzt davon unterrichtet werden!“ ſprach ich.

„Ja, zuletzt!“ ſagte Hermann; und ich mußte ihm verſprechen, gegen die Mutter zu ſchweigen. Ich ſchwieg auch. Doch eines Abends machte Franz mir plötzlich und überraſchend eine Liebeserklärung, und ich verwarf ſie. Nun mußt' ich doch der Mutter ſagen, was ich gethan. Sie zürnte, ſie fragte; ein Wort gab das andere .... und, der Verheimlichung müde, oder um mich zu rechtfertigen, bekannte ich ihr meine Liebe für Hermann. Sie ſagte verächtlich:

„Du weißt vermuthlich nicht, daß er der Sohn eines Fiſchers aus Rüdesheim iſt.“

Ich wußte es ſehr gut, weil Hermann oft von ſeiner Herkunft ſprach, um daraus die Folgerung zu ziehen, was für Genies im Volk verſteckt wären. Die Bemerkung der Mutter machte alſo gar keinen Effekt auf mich, und ebenſo wenig ihr Befehl, Hermann zu vergeſſen, da ich ihn doch nimmermehr heirathen dürfte. Ich erwiderte, ich würde ihn heirathen, ich würde warten, würde ſie erweichen; Hermann ſeinerſeits würde eine Stellung einnehmen, die ſeinen Talenten gebührte — und was weiß ich, welche Phantaſien ich ihr vortrug! — aber heirathen würd' ich ihn. Verachtendes Schweigen war ihre Antwort.

Am nächſten Morgen gebot ſie mir, mein Zimmer nicht zu verlaſſen, und um meines Gehorſams gewiß zu ſein, ſchloß ſie mich ein. Hermann kam. Sie hatte ein kurzes Geſpräch mit ihm, in welchem ſie ihn fürchterlich verletzt haben muß; denn als er das Haus verließ, ſah ich ihn durch den Garten gehen, und ich würde ihn kaum erkannt haben, ſo verwandelt, ſo zerſtört war ſein Geſicht. Er blickte mit einem unbeſchreiblichen Ausdruck nach meinem Fenſter hin. Ich bin überzeugt, daß er mich von dem Moment an gehaßt hat, und daß er ſich an der Tochter gegen die Mutter rächen wollte. Damals entſetzte ich mich, weil ich Verzweiflung darin zu erkennen glaubte, und den Vorwurf, daß ich mein Verſprechen nicht gehalten und durch meine Voreiligkeit dies Gewitter heraufbeſchworen.

Die Mutter ſagte mir, Hermann werde nicht mehr das Haus betreten, ich ſei für immer von ihm losgeriſſen und ein für alle Mal dazu beſtimmt, Franz zu heirathen. Dieſe unſelige Hartnäckigkeit, auf eine Verbindung zu beſtehen, die mir bitterer als der Tod ſein mußte, in der leidenſchaftlichen Aufregung, die mich beherrſchte — brachte mich vollkommen um meine Beſinnung. Hermann war von mir geſchieden in Zorn und Groll, vielleicht in Haß! ich ſollt' ihn nie wiederſehen und mich nicht vor ihm rechtfertigen! nicht ſeine Verzeihung erbitten, nicht meiner unwandelbaren Liebe und Treue ihn verſichern! ich verlor den Kopf, ich dachte an nichts als an das Glück, ihn noch einmal wiederzuſehen und dann zu ſterben. Ich ſchrieb ihm: er möge am nämlichen Abend um neun Uhr auf dem Hügel unter den Nußbäumen ſein, denn ich müſſe ihn durchaus ſprechen; — und ſchickte einen kleinen Gartenburſchen mit dieſem Zettel nach Rüdesheim. Er brachte mir ein Briefchen zurück, worin Hermann ſchrieb: Er ſei krank, doch am dritten Abend hoffe er mich dort zu finden. — Ich bin überzeugt, daß er nicht krank war, aber ſeinen Plan gemacht hatte und die drei Tage zu ſeinen Vorbereitungen brauchte.

Gott, in welchen Aengſten durchlebte ich dieſe drei Tage! Ich bildete mir ein, Hermann werde ſterben, ehe ich ihn geſehen. Ich irrte umher, ſinnlos vor betäubendem Schmerz. Am letzten Tage fühlt' ich mich ſelbſt fieberhaft unwol; ich lag auf dem Bett. Du gingſt ab und zu, meine Margarita, und ſuchteſt mich zu pflegen, und brach meine krampfhafte Beklemmung in Thränen aus, ſo weinteſt Du mit mir, ohne zu wiſſen, warum. Die Mutter bekümmerte ſich nicht um mich; ſie meinte wol, die leibliche Krankheit ſei eine Folge der Herzenskrankheit, und beide würden ſich austoben. Gegen Abend ſagt' ich: mir werde beſſer, ſchickte Dich fort, gab vor, ungeſtört ſchlafen zu wollen, und verſchloß meine Thür von innen. Um neun Uhr ſprang ich bebend aus meinem Fenſter und lief nach dem Hügel. Hermann war ſchon da. Er verbeugte ſich, als ich vor ihm ſtand, und fragte eiſig:

„Gnädiges Fräulein, was haben Sie mir zu befehlen?“

Ich taumelte zurück, athemlos, wortlos. Auch er ſchwieg und betrachtete mich kalt und hoch. Ich glaubte etwas von Schadenfreude in ſeinem Blick zu leſen; das weckte meinen Stolz: er ſollte meine Liebe nicht ſehen, wenn er ſie nicht mehr erwidern konnte. Ich wickelte mich in meinen Shawl und wollte ſchweigend den Hügel verlaſſen. Da rief er:

„Sie ſind die ächte Tochter Ihrer Mutter! mein Gefühl demüthigen, mein Herz in den Staub treten iſt Ihr Triumph! Weshalb beſchieden Sie mich hierher, wenn Sie mir nichts zu ſagen hatten?“

Ich kehrte zurück und ſagte: „Ach, ich wage nicht mehr mit Ihnen zu reden, denn Sie haſſen mich.“

Mein guter Engel wollte mich vielleicht durch dieſe Ahnung warnen; doch Hermann erſtickte ſie, indem er mich heftig in die Arme ſchloß und ausrief:

„Welcher böſe Dämon flüſtert Dir dies Mißtrauen zu! rede, o rede!“

Ich weiß nicht mehr, was ich ihm ſagte, was er entgegnete! in den übermächtigen Exaltationen der Leidenſchaft werden Worte geboren, die man hernach mit kaltem Blut nicht wiederfindet. Endlich ſchlug mir Hermann, als den einzigen Beweis meiner Liebe, die augenblickliche Flucht mit ihm vor. Ich entſetzte mich.

„Du lügſt, wenn Du behaupteſt mich zu lieben!“ rief er wild, und ſchleuderte gewaltſam meine Hand aus der ſeinen.

Ach, ich liebte ihn! ich willigte in Alles! Er ſagte mir flüchtig, wir müßten ſogleich nach Rüdesheim gehen, über den Rhein ſetzen, drüben die Poſt erwarten, die in einigen Stunden dort vorbei und nach Coblenz gehe; dann müßten wir den Weg von Brüſſel nach Paris nehmen, in der großen Stadt könnten wir unbemerkt leben, und würden dort oder auf der Reiſe leicht einen Prieſter finden, um uns zu trauen. Er ſagte das Alles ſicher, überlegt, überzeugt, ſeiner und meiner gewiß .... ach, ich folgte ihm! — Er hatte einen Paß, er hatte Geld, er ging ganz beſonnen zu Werk. Ich weiß nicht, wie er ſich das Erfoderliche verſchafft hat! er ſprach, er habe Freunde, und werde deren auch in Paris finden. Eine glänzende Carriere könne ihm nicht fehlen, und meine Mutter werde allendlich recht froh ſein, daß ich ihn geheirathet. Er zeigte mir die glühendſte Liebe, den bewunderndſten Dank, die tiefſte Zuverſicht! wie hätte ich einen Schatten von Mißtrauen in mir dulden dürfen! Dennoch wagte ich in Coblenz ſchüchtern zu äußern, ob wir nicht hier bleiben, uns trauen laſſen und der Mutter ſchreiben könnten; ſie wäre dann ja nicht mehr im Stande uns zu trennen, und ich erſparte ihr dadurch die Angſt wegen meines Verſchwindens und um meine Zukunft. Hermann ſprach mit großer Bitterkeit:

„Bereuſt Du Dein Vertrauen, weil ich kein Edelmann bin? meinſt Du, ich würde Dir nicht mein Wort halten?“

„O,“ rief ich, „nicht um Dich zu binden, ſondern um uns Beide und meine Mutter zu beruhigen, hab' ich jenen Vorſchlag gemacht.“

„Du bedenkſt nicht,“ entgegnete er ſanfter, „daß Dein Name hier zu bekannt iſt, um nicht die Pfarrer von einer heimlichen Trauung abzuhalten.“

Ich ſah das ein. — O heiliger Gott! wie ſoll ich's anfangen, um Dir, meine arme Margarita, die Verzweiflungen zu enthüllen, die nach und nach, langſam, ſicher, ihre Krallen in mein Herz ſchlugen. Wir waren kaum in Paris, als ich dieſen Qualen verfiel. Sie begannen damit, daß die Reue erwachte, daß ich mich zurückſehnte nach Roſenheim, nach Dir, ſogar nach der Mutter, und daß ich, wahrlich, mit übermenſchlicher Kraft, vor Hermann dieſe Sehnſucht zu verbergen ſuchte, weil ich noch an ſeine Liebe glaubte und ihn zu betrüben fürchtete. Vielleicht liebte er mich damals wirklich; wenigſtens ſagte er mir, ich ſei von unvergleichlicher Schönheit, von bezaubernder Tiefe und Zartheit der Empfindung, von überwältigender Leidenſchaft; wenigſtens ſchien er ganz in das Glück meines Beſitzes verſunken und davon befriedigt und dankte mir täglich für ſeine Seligkeit mit neuer Glut. Dies neue, faſt gewaltſame, flammende, funkelnde Leben übertäubte denn auch häufig jene dumpfe Sehnſucht, und an ſeinem Herzen war ich in Wonne und Jubel aufgelöſ't und bereute nicht, für ihn mich verloren zu haben. Denn ſieh! der Gedanke verließ mich nicht: Aber du biſt verloren, Meluſine! — Im Gewühl des Tages, im Wechſel der Eindrücke, in der Stille der Nacht, im Geſpräch mit Hermann, in ſeinen Armen, im Traum ſogar — war ein Etwas in mir rege, wie der Todtenwurm im Holz, das mir eintönig wiederholte: Meluſine, du biſt verloren! — Nein! ſchrie ich bisweilen ganz laut, nein! denn er liebt mich, denn ich gehöre ihm an, auf Leben und Tod! für Zeit und Ewigkeit! — Aber immerfort hörte ich die gräßlichen Worte: Verloren, arme, arme Meluſine!

Ich brauche Dir nicht zu ſagen, daß wir nicht verheirathet waren. Auf der Reiſe trieb Hermann zu möglichſter Eil' an, und in Paris ſagte er, unſer Beider Geburtsſchein werde bedurft, um uns zu trauen; er wolle deshalb an ſeinen Oheim ſchreiben

Er that es; ich ſchrieb auch an meinen lieben alten Cantor, legte einen Brief an meine Mutter bei, und beſchwor ihn um ſeine Fürſprache. Es dauerte ein halbes Jahr, mein' ich, bis die Antwort darauf erfolgte, und zwar von einem Geſchäftsmann, der Hermann anzeigte, ſein Oheim ſei eben geſtorben, in Folge eines Schlagfluſſes, der ihn am Tage nach unſerer Flucht getroffen und geiſtesſchwach gemacht habe; meine Mutter ſei ſeit drei Monaten nach Heidelberg übergeſiedelt, und habe den Brief zurückgeſendet, den er beim Ordnen der Papiere des Cantors in Hermanns Schreiben gefunden und ihr übermacht habe. Von den begehrten Geburtſcheinen war nicht die Rede; vielleicht deshalb nicht, weil meine Mutter auf den Umſchlag jenes unerbrochenen Briefes geſchrieben hatte: Ich kenne nicht mehr die Perſon, welche ſich Meluſine von Ringoltingen nennt, und will nichts von ihr hören. — Vielleicht hatte man nichts dazu beitragen mögen, um die Spaltung zwiſchen Mutter und Tochter zu vergrößern.

Genug, als jener Brief endlich ankam, war ich nicht mehr im Stande, mich zu freuen oder zu betrüben, obgleich ich Veranlaſſung dazu hatte; denn Hermann erbte den Nachlaß ſeines Oheims, 2000 Gulden, und das war ein Schatz für uns, indem wir bereits in der kläglichſten Dürftigkeit lebten. Die Freunde, auf welche Hermann gerechnet, waren nicht ſo mächtig oder ſo freundſchaftlich, wie er es gehofft. Er hatte es ſeiner großen Gewandtheit in der franzöſiſchen Sprache zu danken, daß er an einigen kritiſchen Journalen arbeiten durfte. Doch dieſe Mittel genügten kaum zur Subſiſtenz, und ſein Ehrgeiz verzehrte ihn, während er unter der Demüthigung ſeines Stolzes erlag. Die Liebe zu mir war erloſchen, ich ſelbſt ihm läſtig — nicht ſowol weil ich ſeine Sorgen für das materielle Daſein vergrößerte, als hauptſächlich, weil ich Zeuge derſelben war. Er gehörte zu den Menſchen, die jede Entbehrung mit eiſerner Standhaftigkeit ertragen, ſo lange kein fremdes Auge in dies traurige Geheimniß dringt, und die ſich erniedrigt fühlen, wenn es ſich vor einem Andern enthüllt. Der elenden, nach Geld und Macht ſchätzenden Welt gegenüber iſt dieſe Kraft nur edel; wer ſie aber in die innigſten Verhältniſſe überträgt, wer ſich der Geliebten gegenüber durch Armuth entwürdigt glaubt, der zeigt, daß ſeine innerſte Geſinnung übereinſtimmend mit der Welt iſt und daß er die Geliebte keiner höheren für fähig hält. Er litt fürchterlich durch die Vorausſetzung, ſeine Glorie ſchwinde vor meinen Augen in demſelben Maß, als ich ihn mit der Dürftigkeit des Lebens kämpfen ſähe. Er rächte ſich dafür, indem er mich zu demüthigen ſuchte. Anfangs glaubte ich, ſeine Bitterkeit entſpringe aus Liebe zu mir; er zürne dem Schickſal, weil er es mir nicht lieblicher geſtalten könne; und ſeinetwegen betrübt' ich mich, wenn ein Ausbruch ſeiner Heftigkeit auch über mich hergeſtürzt war — nicht meinetwegen! Wie muß er leiden, ſprach ich heimlich zu mir ſelbſt, da er nicht fühlt, wie weh er mir thut. Aber er fühlte es ſehr gut, und er hatte ſeine Freude dran! — Je klarer dieſe Ueberzeugung ſich mir aufdrängen wollte, um deſto eifriger ſtrebte ich ſie zu unterdrücken. O Gott! wenn man nichts hat, keine Freiſtatt, keine Ausſicht, keine Zuflucht, keinen Freund, keinen Schutz, nichts, gar nichts auf der großen, weiten Welt, als ihren Vorwurf und ihre Verachtung — und zum alleinzigen Troſt für die Mauer von Schmach, mit der ſie uns umzingelt, nichts als die Liebe eines Menſchen, ſo iſt es ſchwer, die Erkenntniß anzunehmen, daß dieſer Einzige uns nicht mehr liebt, und wenn ſie ſich uns auch mit den unwiderleglichſten Beweiſen aufdrängt.

Ich hatte immer ein heißes, opferdurſtiges Herz gehabt. Als die ängſtliche Sorge und Noth über mich kam, wiederholte und prägte ich mir ein, daß jetzt der Moment gekommen ſei, um meine Ausdauer zu bewähren, und um zu beweiſen, daß ich anderer Opfer fähig ſei, als desjenigen, welches der Rauſch der Leidenſchaft begehrt und bringt. Ich wähnte, wenn ich immer geduldig, freudigen Muthes, willig zu jeder Hülfe, zu jeder Arbeit, zärtlich wie ſonſt, vertrauend und huldigend wie niemals ſei: ſo könne Hermann unmöglich wegen meines Leichtſinns mich verachten. Ich fühlte in mir die Kraft, den Fehltritt eines Augenblicks durch die Würde meines ganzen Lebens zu verſöhnen: darum wollt' ich nicht von Hermann verachtet ſein, darum fiel ich zerſchmettert in den Staub, als ich erkannte, daß ich im Grunde nichts als ein Spielwerk für ihn geweſen — ein Spielwerk vergänglicher Liebe und unauslöſchlichen Haſſes.

Wie dieſe Erkenntniß erſt dumpf, dann immer deutlicher ſich in mir regte, darauf ſich feſt ſtellte, Wurzel ſchlug, ſich entfaltete, und mich mit ihren kalten, verſchattenden Zweigen ſo tief bedeckte, daß undurchdringliche Finſterniß ſich um meinen Blick und meine Seele lagerte — könnte ich Dir ebenſo wenig deutlich machen, als man bei gewiſſen Krankheiten ſagen kann: ſo und ſo haben ſie angefangen. Man weiß nicht, wo man den Keim der Krankheit empfangen, man fühlt ihn kaum, man läugnet ihn, nach und nach wird man matt, wird gezwungen, das Uebel einzugeſtehen, verſucht, ihm Einhalt zu thun! aber es iſt da, es zehrt, es wühlt, es wuchert, es führt zum Tode — des Leibes hier, des Herzens dort. Das entſchied ein Moment.

Es war im Winter und ungewöhnlich ſtrenge Kälte. Ich hatte eiskaltes Waſſer geholt und fror ſehr, meine Hände waren ganz erſtarrt; da ſagte Hermann:

„Wenn ſie doch ſehen könnte, die hochgeborne Freifrau von Ringoltingen, daß ihre ſchöne Tochter Magddienſt bei einem Fiſcherſohn, ihrem Geliebten, thut!“

„Warum nicht, wenn er meines Dienſtes bedarf?“ ſagte ich, ſcheinbar ruhig; aber ſo kalt es auch war, Hermanns Worte, ſein Ton, ſein Blick, ſein Ausdruck waren noch kälter, ſchneidender, vernichtender, und die Vorſtellung: er freut ſich meiner Erniedrigung, folglich verachtet er mich! — wälzte ſich wie ein Berg von Eis auf meine Bruſt. Und er ſchmolz nicht wieder fort. Bis dahin war ich von der innigſten Zärtlichkeit für ihn geweſen! wenn er ging, war's ein Leid, wenn er kam, eine Luſt, wenn er lächelte, ein Feſt, wenn er liebevoll war, eine Seligkeit. Das hörte auf. Ich ſprach zu mir: Er liebt dich nicht und will dich dennoch beſitzen! nein, das geht nicht Hand in Hand! — Ich that meine Obliegenheiten, ich beſorgte unſere ärmliche Einrichtung, ich arbeitete für ihn, ich ſuchte etwas Geld zu verdienen durch Handarbeit, ich blieb ſanft und willig zu jedem Dienſt; allein damit hörte meine Hingebung auf. Ich fand nicht mehr in mir die überquellende Liebe, die mich an ſein Herz geworfen; ich blieb ihm fern — ſo fern, daß es ihn tief verletzte.

„Bin ich ein Peſtkranker, deſſen Nähe Du ſcheuſt?“ rief er zornig.

„Nein,“ ſagt' ich, „aber Du liebſt mich nicht mehr.“

„Als ob ich Dich je anders als jetzt geliebt hätte!“ ſprach er mit bitterm Hohn.

Zuweilen bat ich ihn, ſich nicht ſo gräßlich zu verleumden, und mein Gefühl nicht mit Füßen zu treten. Zuweilen ſank ich wie niedergedonnert in mir ſelbſt zuſammen, unfähig ihm zu antworten, ſtarr vor übermäßigem Schmerz. Ich weiß nicht, warum er mich nicht fortjagte! ich glaube, ich war ihm nützlich zum materiellen Leben. Ich kochte für ihn, ich hielt ſein Zimmer und ſeine Wäſche in Ordnung; war er müde vom Schreiben, ſo diktirte er und ich ſchrieb. Ich koſtete ihm nichts! wir hatten ein elendes Zimmer mit einem Alkoven, vier Treppen hoch; ich arbeitete bei ſeinem Licht, ich ſaß an ſeinem ſpärlichen Kamin! ſo viel, wie ich brauchte zu meiner allernothdürftigſten Bekleidung, verdiente ich mir. Unten im Hauſe wohnte ein Krämer, im dritten Stock ein Perückenmacher, welche Beide Töchter hatten; denen gab ich Unterricht im Piano, und dafür bekam ich von jenem Kaffee, und von dieſem ein Paar Franken — aus Mitleid, glaub' ich, denn der Perückenmacher war ganz gerührt, als ich eines Tages ihn bat, mir mein Haar abzuſchneiden und abzukaufen; ſchönes, langes, blondes Haar wird theuer bezahlt! aber er wollte mir nicht dieſe Schönheit rauben — der gute Mann, und da trafen wir jenes Uebereinkommen wegen der Muſik. — Vielleicht brauchte Hermann auch Jemand, an dem er ſeinen Groll über ſein hartes Schickſal auslaſſen konnte — genug, er hatte nie eine Aeußerung gemacht, die auf den Wunſch deutete, mit mir zu brechen, während ich ſchon tauſend Pläne bebrütete, um ihn zu verlaſſen.

Jener Brief traf in dieſe Zeit. Mir war ſein Inhalt ganz, ganz gleichgültig! ich wünſchte längſt nicht mehr Hermanns Frau zu werden, und daß er die 2000 Gulden erbte .... betrübte mich faſt. O Margarita! das Menſchenherz iſt voll unerklärlicher Widerſprüche! So lange Hermann blutarm war, ſchien es mir Pflicht, bei ihm auszuharren, obgleich ich nach Erlöſung aus meiner erniedrigenden Lage lechzte, und als er nun einige Mittel in Händen bekam und als ich einſah, daß ich jetzt vielleicht beſſere Tage mit ihm theilen könne, aber daß ich ihn verlaſſen müſſe, weil er mich genug verachte, um mir wahrſcheinlich dereinſt dieſe Theilung vorzuwerfen — ſieh! da wurde ich faſt ſinnlos vor Verzweiflung, einſam, elend, befleckt und ſchuldbewußt in der Welt daſtehen zu ſollen. Ich ſprach nicht von meinen Qualen zu Hermann, ich klagte nicht. Bisweilen ächzte ich unwillkürlich, wie bei einem heftigen Körperſchmerz. Ich mogt' auch wol körperlich krank ſein, doch das kam nicht in Betracht, ich hatte eine eiſerne Natur. Endlich langte das ſehnlichſt erwartete Geld an. Ich fragte Hermann, ob ſich ihm noch immer keine Ausſicht zu irgend einer Anſtellung zeige, und wenn nicht — ob er dann nicht nach Deutſchland zurückgehen und dort ein Unterkommen ſuchen wolle; er habe nun Geld zur Reiſe und um ſich anſtändig zu kleiden.

„Und welche Rolle würdeſt denn Du in Deutſchland ſpielen?“ fragte er ſpöttiſch, denn er ſprach in keinem andern Ton mit mir. „Welche Stellung ich dort auch fände, ſie würde mir ſchwerlich erlauben, Dich zu heirathen, und wir können nicht in Rüdesheim zuſammen leben wie in Paris, das würde ſich nicht ſchicken für ein Freifräulein von Ringoltingen.“

„Es ſchickt ſich allerdings nicht — weder dort noch hier,“ antwortete ich mit ſtumpfer Ergebung.

„Das fällt Dir etwas ſpät ein!“ ſprach er mit bitterm Lächeln.

Ich konnt' es nicht mehr aushalten! es hammerte mir im Kopf, die Kehle war mir zugeſchnürt, ich ſchnappte nach Luft. Ich ging auf die Straße herab, da war es beſſer, die Sonne ſchien wunderfreundlich! es war im März und gar nicht mehr kalt. Ich erwärmte mich recht da draußen! Ich ſah' zu Hermanns Fenſter hinauf und ſagte halblaut: Lebwol, Hermann! ich will lieber auf der Straße ſterben, als bei Dir! — Darauf entfernte ich mich ſchnell, und fing an, in der ungeheuern Stadt, die ich faſt gar nicht kannte, umher zu irren, ohne Abſicht, ohne Gedanken, ohne Hoffnung, ohne Wunſch, in vollkommenſter Stupidität.

Plötzlich blieben zwei junge Menſchen, die Arm in Arm gingen, vor mir ſtehen, und verſperrten mir den Weg. Statt ihnen auszuweichen, blieb auch ich mechaniſch ſtehen, und ſtarrte ſie an. Wie eine Nachtwandlerin, wenn man ihren Namen nennt, fuhr ich mit Entſetzen aus meiner Betäubung auf, als ich ſie zu mir reden hörte, und floh, halbtodt vor Angſt und Scham, in die erſte, beſte Thür. Es war die einer Kirche. Da fühlt' ich mich geborgen! ich ſtürzte auf die Knie und ſchrie zu Gott um Rettung. Das erleichterte mich ſehr. Ich kannte die Welt ſo gar nicht, daß ich meinte, ſie wimmele von barmherzigen, guten Menſchen, und ich brauchte nur die Hand nach ihnen auszuſtrecken, ſo ſei die Hülfe da. Ich ſah mir die Leute an, die mich umgaben; ich ſuchte ein Geſicht, zu dem ich Vertrauen faſſen könne. Eine ältliche Dame mit ſtillen, blaſſen, ernſten Zügen gefiel mir ganz beſonders. Als ſie ihren Platz verließ, folgte ich ihr, und bat ſie, mich anzuhören. Sie ſtand befremdet, doch nicht unfreundlich ſtill, und fragte mich, woher ich ſei, denn mein Accent verrieth die Ausländerin.

„Aus Deutſchland!“ erwiderte ich.

„Sind Sie denn auch eine gute Katholikin?“ fragte ſie weiter.

„Ach nein! ich bin proteſtantiſch!“ entgegnete ich; und darauf erklärte ſie mir, ſie könne ſich nur ihrer Glaubensgenoſſen annehmen, und verließ mich.

Niedergeſchlagen ging ich auf meinen Platz zurück, und begann neue Beobachtungen. Zu den Männern hatte ich kein Vertrauen. Ich fühlte, inſtinktartig, deren Hülfe würde mein Untergang ſein, und o Gott! ich wollte mich retten! — Endlich gewahrte ich eine ſchöne, junge Frau, elegant gekleidet, neben einem eben ſo hübſchen und eleganten Mann, und Beide ſehr andächtig in ihren Gebetbüchern leſend. Die Frau war guter Hoffnung. Das gab mir, ich weiß nicht welche Zuverſicht! ich meinte, ſie müſſe unſäglich glücklich ſein, ſie betete ja an der Seite eines geliebten Gatten für ſein Kind! ſollte ſie, die Geſegnete, nicht Erbarmen mit fremdem Elend haben?

Als Beide die Kirche verließen, folgte ich ihnen, und bat die Dame um Gottes willen, mir einen Augenblick Gehör zu ſchenken. Sie warf ſich erſchreckt zurück, klammerte ſich an den Arm ihres Mannes und rief:

„Gieb ihr Geld, Lieber! geſchwind! daß ſie uns nicht mit ihrer Litanei langweilt! ich bin ſehr angegriffen!“

Kaum hört' ich die erſten Worte, ſo zog ich mich zurück; Schon begehrte ich, kein Geld. Der junge Mann trat aber auf mich zu, nahm ein Geldſtück aus ſeiner Weſtentaſche, gab es mir, drückte mir dabei die Hand und fragte:

„Wo wohnſt Du denn, mein ſchönes Kind?“

O, meine Margarita! ſo ſind die Menſchen! elend ſein, iſt in ihren Augen eins und daſſelbe mit verworfen ſein . . . . . und wer jenes iſt, hat große Mühe dieſes nicht zu werden! — Ich taumelte einen Schritt zurück, und faltete die Hände, ohne zu antworten. Die ſchöne Frau rief mit unwilliger Stimme ihren Mann. Er verließ mich, und ein Bettler reichte mir das Geldſtück, das ich hatte fallen laſſen: es war ein Napoleon. Ich ſagte dem armen Mann, er möge es behalten und für mich beten. Dann verließ ich die Kirche, und irrte wieder umher. Ich hatte keine Raſt noch Ruhe, ich mußte gehen und immer gehen! ich war zum Umſinken müde, doch ſobald ich mich niederſetzte, packte mich eine ganz unbeſchreibliche nervöſe Angſt. Zuweilen dacht' ich: O Gott, Hermann ſucht mich vielleicht! wenn ich ihm doch begegnen könnte! ich wollte Alles ertragen und immer bei ihm bleiben, denn ich fürchte mich gräßlich, ſo allein, allein, allein zu ſein! — Und während ich das dachte, ſtrömten die Menſchen zu Tauſenden an mir vorbei, und Keiner ahnte, daß ein junges, unſeliges Geſchöpf auf dem Punkt war, in den tiefſten Abgrund zu ſtürzen, weil es allein war. — Zuweilen faßte ich den Entſchluß, von ſelbſt zu Hermann zurückzukehren. Aber dann dacht' ich: Wer weiß, ob er nicht meiner Entfernung herzlich froh iſt! ob er mir nicht zurufen wird: weshalb kommſt du wieder! ich habe dich nicht vermißt, nicht geſucht! . . . . Nein, ich würde nicht die ewige moraliſche Mißhandlung ertragen und morgen oder übermorgen wieder entfliehen!

Der Tag ging zu Ende, es wurde allmälig finſter. Ich wußte nicht, wo ich die Nacht ſchlafen ſollte. Ich bedauerte jenen Napoleon dem Bettler geſchenkt zu haben; ich hätte mir doch damit ein Unterkommen verſchaffen können. Mich hungerte ſehr. Ach ja! der phyſiſche Mangel machte ſich fühlbar. Mich fror und hungerte. Ich hatte eine große Stadt kaum bei Tage geſehen — geſchweige bei Abend! Das Geräuſch und Gewirr wurde immer tumultuariſcher und betäubender. Ich wagte nicht in ein Haus zu treten, aus Furcht fortgejagt zu werden. Mitunter blieb ich ganz verdummt vor einem prächtigen, hellerleuchteten Magazin ſtehen, und ſtarrte die ſchönen Sachen an, oder vor einem Café, denn ich hatte brennenden Durſt, und großes Verlangen nach einem Glas Waſſer und ein wenig Brod. Um mir das zu verſchaffen, hätte ich gern gebettelt! ja ja, gebettelt! Du weißt nicht, was das heißt, Hunger haben! wie das beklemmt und den Kopf erhitzt und ohnmächtig macht! und wie man doch nicht ohnmächtig werden will, weil man dann hinfällt und mit Füßen getreten oder von den Wagen überfahren wird — und weil dann Wachen, oder was weiß ich für Leute kommen, die das unglückſelige Geſchöpf ins Gefängniß ſchleppen, oder ins Hoſpital. Ich hätte vermuthlich geradezu gebettelt, wenn nicht eine Drehorgel, die ein Blinder drehte, während ein Weib dazu ſang, mich auf den Gedanken gebracht hätte auch zu ſingen. Der Freiſchütz war damals in der Mode, die Drehorgel ſpielte beliebte Melodien, das Weib kreiſchte dazu; aber es ſtanden viele Leute umher, und Einige gaben dem Blinden. Nachdem er gegangen, wollte ich verſuchen zu ſingen, auf der Straße, wie der elendeſte Bettler. Es ging nicht, die Stimme verſagte! die Blicke, die ſich auf mich richteten, machten mich zittern. Ich verkroch mich in der Menge, und warf mein Tuch über den Kopf, ein großes, weißes Muſſelintuch, das mir nun ſtatt Schleier diente und bis zum Gürtel herhing. Als ich gewiß war, jetzt könne mir Niemand unverſchämt ins Geſicht ſehen, faßte ich plötzlich Muth, ſtellte mich an einen Baum und fing an zu ſingen. Es war auf dem Boulevard des Italiens: da ſind beſtändig elegante Leute. Ich ſah durch mein Tuch, daß mehre mir zuhörten. Sie lobten meine Stimme und gaben mir Geld; dabei bemerkte einer meine kleine Hand. Nun fingen ſie an, Vorausſetzungen über meine muthmaßliche Schönheit zu machen. Einer beſchwor mich, den Schleier abzunehmen; ein Anderer, ein ältlicher Herr, ſagte: man ſolle ſich doch mit meiner ſchönen Stimme begnügen, ich ſei gewiß grundhäßlich oder entſtellt; ein Dritter rief mir zu, das Jägerlied aus dem Freiſchützen zu ſingen; ich wünſchte mich unter die Erde. Plötzlich riß mir Einer mit raſcher Bewegung den Schleier ab, und mein Haar, das ohnehin ſchon halb aufgelöſ't war, fiel lang über meine Schultern herunter.

„Diable!“ rief der junge Mann, „das iſt ja eine heilige Genovefa!“

Ich ergriff mein Tuch wieder, warf es haſtig um und lief pfeilgeſchwind fort. Ach! als ich athemlos ſtillſtand, bemerkte ich, daß ich mein Geld verloren hatte! ſtumpfe Verzweiflung bemächtigte ſich meiner. Ich war matt zum Sterben. O lieber Gott, laß mich doch ſterben! murmelte ich ununterbrochen, wie die Blödſinnigen. Ich ging immerfort, immerfort! ich hoffte umzukommen vor Ermüdung. Gräßliche Geſtalten ſtreiften an mir vorüber, fürchterliche Worte fielen in mein Ohr — aber ich ſah und hörte, wie es zuweilen im Traum geſchieht, ganz undeutlich, phantasmagoriſch. Einmal fühlte ich mich am Arm feſtgehalten; da ſtieß ich einen ſo gellenden Schrei aus, daß man mich auf der Stelle losließ. Ich ging weiter und kam auf eine Brücke. Die Seine floß ſtill und ruhig darunter weg. Wer da unten läge! murmelte ich. Das iſt ja ſehr leicht! ſetzte ich hinzu. Ich beugte mich über die Bruſtwehr, mein Kopf ſchwindelte, wurde ſchwer, ſchwer; aber ich weiß nicht, wie es kam — Bilder des Lebens zogen an mir vorbei! ich dachte an Roſenheim, an eine Waſſerfahrt mit Franz, an Dich, Margarita, mit Deinen himmliſchen Augen! ich konnte mich nicht herabſtürzen! Vielleicht ſterb' ich von ſelbſt, ſprach ich zu mir; ich will warten bis Mitternacht! — Ich kauerte mich zuſammen auf den kalten Steinen, und wartete gelaſſen auf den Tod. Beim erſten Schlag der Mitternachtſtunde ging ein Mann vorüber und ſtieß mich hart mit dem Fuß ans Knie. Das machte mir einen heftigen Schmerz. In demſelben Augenblick fuhr ein Wagen auf die Brücke. Ach! die Pferde werden mich todt treten und das thut ſo weh'! ächzte ich, raffte mich auf, und ſchwang mich über die Bruſtwehr. Die eiſige Kälte des Waſſers raubte mir auf der Stelle die Beſinnung.

Nach neun Tagen kehrte ſie zurück. Ich fand mich mit unſäglichem Wohlbehagen in einem freundlichen Zimmer wieder und eine barmherzige Schweſter ſaß vor meinem Bett und betete. Da faltete auch ich meine Hände, flehte inbrünſtig Gott um Vergebung an und dankte ihm für mein Leben, das mir wie ein herrliches Geſchenk vorkam. Dann fragte ich, wo ich ſei, und hörte mit Verwunderung, im Hotel des —ſchen Miniſters, der gerade über die Brücke gefahren ſei, und mich habe retten laſſen. Ich beſſerte mich raſch, und nach drei Tagen kam die gute Schweſter nicht mehr, zu meinem großen Bedauern; ein Kammermädchen vertrat ihre Stelle. Nach acht Tagen war ich ganz hergeſtellt, und da ließ mich der Miniſter zu ſich kommen. Er war der ältliche Herr vom Boulevard des Italiens, und ich erkannte ihn gleich, denn alle Umſtände jenes gräßlichen Abends waren wie in Erz in mein Gedächtniß gegraben. Ich mußte ihm mein Schickſal erzählen; er fragte nach meinen Ausſichten für die Zukunft, und ob eine Möglichkeit vorhanden ſei, mich mit meiner Mutter zu verſöhnen; er erkannte meine unendliche Hülfloſigkeit für jetzt und für immer.

„Sie ſind verloren, wenn Sie nicht in meinem Schutz bleiben!“ ſprach er.

„O ja!“ rief ich, „bei Ihnen werd' ich geborgen ſein!“

Ich war kaum neunzehn Jahre alt; er, tief in den Funfzigen. Er kam mir ganz wie ein Greis vor, recht uralt. Das freute mich! ſein leutſeliges Weſen gefiel mir ebenfalls ſehr, ich faßte Vertrauen zu ihm. Er verſpottete mich nicht und brutaliſirte mich nicht; er ging fein und freundlich mit mir um; er beſuchte mich täglich in der lieblichen kleinen Wohnung, die er mir in der Nähe ſeines Hotels gegeben hatte, und wo ich mit Wonne ein Piano, Noten und Bücher fand. Ich freute mich immer, wenn er kam, er hörte mich gern ſingen und ſpielen, er lobte mich und bot mir alle Lehrer an, die ich nur wünſchen konnte. O Herr und Gott, er foderte ſtatt Dankbarkeit — Liebe; und ich, ich Unſelige! zerſchmettert vom Leid, vernichtet durch die Liebe, vor mir ſelbſt erniedrigt durch meine Schmach und Sünde, geängſtigt durch das Schreckbild meiner einſamen, elenden Exiſtenz — ich beſchwor ihn, jedes Opfer als Dankbarkeit hinzunehmen, aber mir nie von Liebe zu ſprechen. Dieſe Bedingung war nicht ſchwer zu erfüllen für einen Mann von ſiebenundfunfzig Jahren, der das Leben rund um und durch und durch gelebt hatte, und der zu ſeinem eignen Erſtaunen von dieſer Jünglingslaune ſich befallen ſah.

So lebten wir ein Jahr in Paris, dann ſechs in Neapel. Doch die waren anders! ſeine Zärtlichkeit hatte dem Wohlwollen Platz gemacht; er war mir gut, und ſchenkte mir ſein volles Vertrauen. Er beſprach Alles mit mir, und hielt ſehr viel auf mein Urtheil und meine Anſicht. Ich lebte in ſeinem Hauſe und galt für das, was ich nicht mehr war. Durch ſeinen Umgang, durch die Geſellſchaft aller Männer, die bei ihm aus- und eingingen, durch Unterricht, Lektüre und Nachdenken hatte erſt mein Geiſt, allmälig mein Charakter ſich entwickelt. Man nannte mich genial, exceptionel, man bewunderte meinen Verſtand, man adorirte meine Grazie. Was half mir das! ich war elend!

Was ich für Seelenzuſtände durchlebt, mit welchen Dämonen ich gerungen — welch' ein ſchmachtender Durſt nach Glück zuerſt — und welch' ein Widerwille gegen Glück und Freude der Welt zuletzt mich beherrſcht haben: ja, dafür giebt es keine Worte! Denn, wer von uns hat nicht gerungen, nicht gelitten! wer von uns iſt nicht durch Enttäuſchung und Entmuthigung gegangen! wer von uns hat nicht ſeine Altäre ſtürzen und ſich ſelbſt oder ſeine Ideale vom Thron fallen laſſen! Aber irgendwo empfängt uns eine grüne Oaſe! erblüht ſie nicht in der Gegenwart, ſo dämmert ſie in der Zukunft oder lächelt uns melancholiſch aus der Vergangenheit an; — wem die Erinnerungen trübe ſind, der wirft ſich kühn in den Arm der Hoffnung, oder in den bezaubernden Genuß des Augenblicks, — wer von der Welt geächtet wird, flüchtet ſich an ein liebendes Herz oder in das eigene; — wer nicht in Gefühlen ſchwelgen kann, der ſucht durch That und Handlung ſeine Befriedigung, — wer die entſprechende Stellung im äußeren Leben nicht finden kann, dem ſchaffen die Gedanken ein weites, unumſchränktes Gebiet. Für Keinen iſt das Daſein ein immerblühender Eden! für die Meiſten iſt's ein Erdreich, das ſie mühſelig bebauen müſſen, und das mit Haideland und Felſen vermiſcht iſt! dennoch iſt die dürre Haide mit lieblichen Blumen beſtreut, und um den Fels ſchlingt ſich Moos und Epheu, und die Tanne ſteigt aus ſeinem Spalt empor. Irgendwo faßt die Vegetation Fuß und entwickelt Leben! — nur nicht im Triebſand! und ich, Margarita, ſtand mitten drin! Begeiſterung hatte mich zur Thorheit geführt, Leidenſchaft zum Irrſinn, Liebe zur Schmach, Schmerz zur Sünde, Dankbarkeit zur Verworfenheit. Die herrlichſten Gaben hatte ich profanirt, die edelſten Fähigkeiten mißbraucht, jedes Material zur Exiſtenz verdorben und jede Baſis zertrümmert, auf welche ſie ſich gründen läßt. Die Maſſe verachtete mich, der Einzelne bemitleidete mich mit jenem ſchauderhaften Mitleid, das man dem Laſter zollt, die Welt ſtieß mich aus ihren Reihen, und mein eigenes Herz ſprach den Bannfluch wider mich!

Und dennoch! dennoch ſchrie ich nach Glück! ich that und trieb Unglaubliches, um es zu finden. Bald warf ich mich in alle Zerſtreuungen, welche große Städte in ſo reichem Maß und Wechſel, auch außerhalb des Kreiſes der ſogenannten Geſellſchaft bieten: Schauſpiel, öffentliche Feſte, Kunſtgenüſſe, Wohlbehagen am raffinirten, täglichen Leben mußten mir eine ununterbrochene Berauſchung an mir vorüberbrauſen. Bald floh' ich in die Einſamkeit, und foderte von Büchern, von ernſter Beſchäftigung mit großen Geiſtern aller Zeiten, von Ausübung einer Million kleiner Fertigkeiten, zu denen ich alle Geſchicklichkeiten der Männer rechnete, Ruhe, Klarheit und Befriedigung. Umſonſt! Unruhe, Finſterniß und grauenhaft geſpenſtiſche Leere waren die Furien, die nicht eine Sekunde von mir abließen. Nur wenn ich alle körperliche und geiſtige Spannkraft bis zur Ueberſpannung angeſtrengt und verbraucht hatte — nur dann war mir wol, weil ich müde war, und weil ich die Ermüdung Ruhe nannte. Eine ſolche Epoche war für mich die erſte Anweſenheit der Malibran in Neapel. Der Miniſter kannte ſie ſchon in Paris, er gab ihr in Neapel Feſte über Feſte, die nicht ſowol durch Luxus und Geſchmack, als hauptſächlich durch die Vereinigung aller Sommitäten glänzten — freilich nur der Männerwelt, die gleich mir für jene Fee des Geſanges fanatiſirt war. Neapel, deſſen Himmel, deſſen Natur, durchſtrahlt von der Sonne, durchglüht vom Veſuv, umbrauſ't vom Meer — dazu die Inſpirationen der Kunſt, Bewunderung, Jubel, Entzücken — es war eine Verklärung des irdiſchen Daſeins, eine Vergeiſtigung der irdiſchen Freuden, die mir, während ich ſie genoß, allen Bedürfniſſen zu entſprechen und alles Verlangen zu befriedigen ſchienen. Nichts da! es waren die Extaſen des Opiumrauſches geweſen! ich erwachte matter und ernüchterter denn je, das Bewußtſein der Unzulänglichkeit dieſer Freuden wurde immer ſtärker, mein Ekel, ſie umſonſt und ewig umſonſt herauf zu beſchwören, immer beſtimmter, und die tiefe namenloſe Sehnſucht nach etwas Anderem, das ich nicht zu nennen wußte, das nicht in der Welt ſein konnte, weil ich es nicht in ihr gefunden — immer nagender. O dieſe Sehnſucht nach Liebe! wie Pſyche in der Hölle ſchwebte ſie ſelig, heilig, himmliſch durch meine Verzweiflungen.

Aber ich nannte ſie nicht Sehnſucht nach Liebe, ſondern nach dem Tode. Lieben mögt' ich nicht mehr! das Ideal, welches ich mir einſt gemacht, war von der Realität nicht ſowol vernichtet, als vor ihr in andere Regionen entflohn. Im Himmel mußte die Liebe wohnen, die ich begriff, die nicht in den Staub tritt, die nicht verachtet, die unſer Auge hell, unſer Herz freudig, unſer ganzes Weſen feſt macht, die das Leben giebt, d. h. das Bewußtſein der Unendlichkeit, und die ich zur Bedingung der Seligkeit machte. Darum wollt' ich ſterben! o, wie hab' ich mich nach dem Tode geſehnt! ich glaubte an eine Fortdauer, an eine fortſchreitende Entwickelung. Ich fühlte mich viel zu gering und unwürdig, um in einem überirdiſchen Abſchnitt der Exiſtenz zu meiner geträumten Seligkeit zu gelangen; aber beſſer zu werden, aber mich zu entwickeln, aber dieſen Staub der Erde von mir abzuſchütteln, aber durch Ströme oder Gluten der Läuterung hindurch zu gehen, aber mein verlorenes, ſchneeweißes Unſchuldskleid wieder zu erkämpfen: das durft' ich doch hoffen, und das hoffe ich. Ich rang oft gegen das Verlangen, mir den Tod zu geben. Was mich davon abhielt, war die Gewißheit, an meiner Sehnſucht und meinem Gram zu ſterben. Ja, ich war deſſen ſo ſicher, daß es mich geduldig machte.

Der Miniſter war den letzten Winter in Neapel ſehr krank, und ich ſeine treue Pflegerin geweſen. Er rechnete mir das hoch an, er ſprach: das Krankenbett ſei ein ſchlechter Platz für meine Jugend und Schönheit. Ich verſicherte ihn, und mit voller Aufrichtigkeit, es ſei der allerbeſte für mich, denn ich könne ihm nützen und dienen wie ſonſt Niemand. Er ſchenkte mir die kleine Herrſchaft Toroſzeny in Ungarn, um meine Zukunft, im Fall ſeines Todes, unabhängig zu machen. Seitdem nahm ich jenen Namen an. Bis dahin hatt' ich keinen! ich hieß Meluſine. Er allein wußte den meiner Familie, und er hat ihn nie verrathen. Durch das Geſchenk der Herrſchaft und des neuen Namens gab er mir eine Art von bürgerlicher Stellung, die mich unausſprechlich erfreute, weil ich mir ſelbſt dadurch weniger ausgeſtoßen vorkam. Er fand das Klima von Neapel zu aufregend, wünſchte eine neue Beſtimmung, und erhielt ſie nach Berlin. Vorher ſollte er Wiesbaden brauchen. Es war mir unmöglich, ihn in meine Heimath zu begleiten! er ließ mich in Mailand; ich ſollte in der Lombardei oder der Schweiz einige Wochen zubringen und dann in Berlin mit ihm zuſammentreffen. Ich blieb einen Monat am Comerſee.

Margarita, es kommen Begegniſſe im Leben, die außerhalb aller Berechnung, aller Vorausſetzung, aller Möglichkeit liegen. Gott ſchickt ſie uns als ſeine Boten: das glaub' ich feſt! bald vertreiben ſie uns mit dem feurigen Schwert aus dem Paradieſe, deſſen wir nicht mehr würdig ſind; bald leihen ſie uns ihre goldnen Flügel und prophetiſchen Blicke, und heben uns wieder hoch genug, um das verlorene Paradies wiederzuſchauen und den Weg dahin zu finden. Ein ſolcher Bote war Guilbert für mich! er hat in der Welt einen andern Namen, doch was kümmert er Dich und mich? Er war ein ſchöner, leidenſchaftlicher, ganz von Gefühlen lebender Menſch. Er liebte mich! — — O, manche Männer hatten mir von Liebe geſprochen; ſie wußten, wer ich war, ſie meinten, die ſchöne Maitreſſe des alten Miniſters müſſe leicht zu gewinnen ſein; ſie gaben ſich nicht einmal die Mühe, mit ihrem Materialismus zu verbergen; und, mein Gott! ſie hatten ganz Recht von ihrem Standpunkte aus; ein alter Mann hatte mich für ſein Geld gewonnen, warum nicht ein anderer durch ſeine Jugend oder Schönheit. Alle meinten, ich hätte Leidenſchaft, Sinne, Grazie, die ganze Energie einer mächtig reichen Organiſation, und ſie hatten ganz Recht! aber daß ich außerdem eine Seele beſäße — daß ich etwas Anderes begehrte als brutale Befriedigung, im zierlichen Gewande der Koketterie — das fiel Keinem ein! konnte vielleicht Keinem einfallen, der meine Verhältniſſe kannte! Aber deshalb blieb ich eiskalt für ſie, und die lodernden Flammen meines Innern erſtarben in ihrer Gegenwart, vor ihren Wünſchen.

Sie brachen aus vor Hulderich, ſie umzingelten mich und ihn, als er mir von der Liebe in einem Ton ſprach, der bisher nur in mir erklungen war. Ich hatte großes Mitleid mit ihm, ich wollt' ihm den Schmerz ſparen, ſein Gefühl an eine Unwürdige verſchwendet zu haben, ich wollte bald ihn fortſchicken, bald ihm ſagen, wer ich ſei. Aber ach! eine übermächtige Empfindung iſt ein arger Sophiſt! mein Leben nur, doch nicht mein Herz, ſchien mir ſeiner unwürdig. Warum ſollt' ich mich nicht ein Paar Stunden oder Tage an dem prächtigen Strom ausruhen, der an mir vorüber ins Leben hineinrauſchte und mich in ſeine klaren Wellen lockte! — Ich widerſtand auch nicht! was hatte ich zu fürchten und zu verlieren! höchſtens eine neue Illuſion erbleichen zu ſehen! — In jenen Monat drängte ſich das Glück eines Menſchenlebens zuſammen! jener Monat war die Perle, die zwiſchen den ſtarren Muſchelſchalen meiner Vergangenheit und meiner Zukunft lag! aber die Perle war mein! ich wurde geliebt, ich, die arme Meluſine! „Den Schatten kann man malen, doch nimmermehr das Licht" — heißt es in einem Liede. Das iſt recht wahr! von meinem Leid weiß ich mehr zu erzählen, als von meinem Glück. Die Liebe concentrirt dermaßen unſere Kräfte, daß ſie außer aller Proportion zu den Mitteln, durch welche wir ſie ausdrücken könnten, ſind. Die gewöhnlichen Fähigkeiten werden paralyſirt, nicht durch Mangel und Schwäche, ſondern weil höhere Wahrnehmungen auch eine höhere Darſtellung begehren. Nur bei dem Geliebten iſt die Sphäre unſerer Freiheit, in der jede Richtung unſers Weſens ihren Laut und ein Echo findet, und wie der Akkord auf einer Orgel tönt.

Als ich mich von Hulderich trennte, war's auf Nimmerwiederſehen! das hatte ich ihm zugeſchworen. Vor meinen Augen ſollte er nicht meinetwegen erröthen. Ich ging wie in den Tod, doch mit dem Bewußtſein, gelebt zu haben. Ich erkannte das Geſetz: wer lebt, muß ſterben. Wir wenden es nur an auf das eine Leben und den einen Tod; doch glaube mir: der Menſch hat mehrere Leben auf der Erde durchzumachen, Leben der Phantaſie, der Sinne, des Verſtandes, des Herzens; und hat er ſie glühend und kräftig durchlebt, ſo muß er nach jedem ſolchen Leben ſterben, wie die Blume zerfällt, wenn ſie ausgeblüht hat! Immergrün iſt kalt und kahl! die Roſe flammt, duftet und welkt! Ich nahm mein Schickſal an.

In Berlin ſagte ich dem Miniſter, was mir begegnet war. Es betrübte ihn augenblicklich, wie eine flüchtige Eiferſucht. Im Herbſt ging ich nach Tödleus. Da wurde Hulderich geboren; ich wäre gern immer in der ländlichen, milden Einſamkeit geblieben, mit meinem Kinde und der Erinnerung an den Vater. Doch der Miniſter hatte ſich dermaßen an meinen Umgang gewöhnt, daß er mich ſchmerzlich vermißte und dringend meine Rückkehr wünſchte. Ich hatte Mitleid mit ſeinem einſamen Alter, und kam wieder, natürlich mit meinem Knaben. Allmälig faßte er eine innige Zärtlichkeit für Hulderich, und amüſirte ſich mit ihm wie ein Vater, während er zugleich auf tauſenderlei Weiſe für ihn ſorgte. Er gab ihm ein kleines, unabhängiges Vermögen, ſo daß mein Sohn eine freie, ſchöne Stellung in der Welt haben wird — und das iſt ein immenſer Vorzug! man wird dadurch vor dem Contakt mit zahlloſen Niedrigkeiten und Gemeinheiten bewahrt, und es bleiben deren noch ſo viel andere und von anderen Seiten übrig, daß Eltern dem Himmel nicht genug dafür danken können, wenn ihr Sohn nicht ſeine Meinung — und ihre Tochter nicht ihre Hand zu verkaufen braucht, um das Leben zu friſten.

Von Berlin gingen wir nach Conſtantinopel. Dort ſtarb der Miniſter, den ich einen treuen Freund nennen darf, vor einem Jahr, und meine Geſundheit, die allmälig gelitten hatte, führte mich nach Italien. Doch umſonſt! der Tod hatte ſich bei mir eingeniſtet, ich weiß nicht wann und wo. Zur Strafe dafür, daß ich einſt mein Leben freiwillig enden wollte, muß ich nun ſterben, und hätte doch gern gelebt, um Hulderichs erſte Schritte im Leben zu bewachen. Jetzt, da ich ihn an Dein Herz legen darf, da Du ihm eine zärtliche Mutter ſein wirſt, eine Mutter, deren er ſich nie zu ſchämen braucht, jetzt ſterb' ich bereitwillig, und lege Dich, ihn und ſeinen Vater in die Hand des ſtarken, heiligen Gottes, der mich nicht umſonſt durch die Aengſte und Kümmerniſſe des Lebens geführt hat. Durch Schwäche und Uebermuth gefallen, durch Liebe erlöſt: das iſt die Geſchichte der Menſchheit und des Menſchen; darf ich klagen oder zagen, weil es die meine iſt?"

„Nein, geliebte Meluſine!" rief Margarita, „Du brauchſt weder zu zagen noch zu klagen! Du haſt „die Welt überwunden," wie es in der Bibel heißt."

„O ſchweig!" ſprach Meluſine raſch, „wer Martern erduldet hat, iſt deshalb noch kein Heiliger! . . . . Bewahre eine ſanfte, melancholiſche Liebe in Deinem milden Herzen für mich Arme, und hauche ſie in die Seele meines Kindes."

Sie bot ihr die Hand; Margarita legte mit ſchweigender Betheuerung die ihre hinein, und die Schweſtern ſanken einander in die Arme. Dann ſprach Margarita:

„Und ſoll Hulderich nie ſeinen Vater kennen lernen? mißgönnſt Du dem Mann, der Dich ſo ſehr, und den Du einzig geliebt haſt, die Freude an dem prächtigen Kinde? weißt Du, ob er ſich nicht nach ihm ſehnt, ob er nicht des Knaben wie eines Troſtes bedarf? . . . . Haſt Du ihn denn je wiedergeſehen, weißt Du von ihm, biſt Du ihm keinen Erſatz ſchuldig?"

„Nach vier Jahren ſah ich ihn wieder, auf einen Moment, und er liebte mich damals noch," ſprach Meluſine mit tiefer Rührung. „Ohne Hoffnung, ohne Ausſicht, ohne Lebenszeichen von mir zu empfangen, hatte er mir die Treue des Herzens bewahrt; ſieh', das verſöhnte mich für immer mit meinem Schickſal! Hatte Einer mich betrogen, hatte ein Anderer meine Hülfloſigkeit benutzt — Er hielt mir Wort, über allen Glauben und alle Erwartung! Um Seinetwillen ſegnete ich mein ganzes Leben, weil es mich Ihm zugeführt! um Seinetwillen dankte ich Gott für all' meine Qualen, weil ich Ihn deſto höher ſchätzen durfte! um Seinetwillen faßte ich Zuverſicht zum Schöpfer und zur Kreatur, weil ich mir ſagte: Gott liebt die Menſchen, denn er hat ihnen die Liebe gegeben, und die Liebe trägt ſie in den Schooß Gottes zurück. Aller Glaube, aller Troſt, alle Demuth, alle Verſöhnung, aller Balſam, quoll für mich aus der Liebe jenes Mannes! Aber, ſo unermeßlich viel das auch ſein möge, dennoch hab' ich ihm dafür Erſatz gegeben; nicht durch mich, o nein! doch aus meiner Hand. Frage nicht! es laſſen ſich nicht alle Verhältniſſe enthüllen! — Darum auch wird er gewiß aus der Ferne über Hulderich wachen und ihn nie aus den Augen verlieren, ſo wie ich für ihn ſelbſt gethan; er wird ihn immer lieben! jedoch kann er nichts für ihn thun, in dem Sinn der Welt, nicht ihm ſeinen Namen geben, nicht ihn zu ſeinem Erben machen; darüber giebt es Geſetze. Was Hulderich Tödleus ſeinem Herzen auch ſei, für ſein äußeres Leben bleibt er Hulderich Tödleus. Ich entziehe ihm nicht das Kind; unſere Liebe, unſere Schuld hat's gethan."

„Schuld!" ſprach Margarita mit ſanftem Vorwurf.

„Ja!" entgegnete Meluſine nachſinnend; „warum das ſo iſt, weiß ich nicht, allein es iſt ſo: am ſtrengſten und bitterſten rächen ſich in der Welt und durch ſie die Uebertretungen der Geſetze, welche ſich die Liebe zu Schulden kommen läßt. Ich glaube faſt," ſetzte ſie mit zauberiſchem Lächeln hinzu, „daß, weil ſie auf Erden geſtraft — ſie im Himmel begnadigt wird."

„Und haſt Du je wieder von dem unſeligen Hermann gehört?" fragte Margarita; „was mag aus ihm geworden ſein?"

„Ein ſolider Mann und Profeſſor der Theologie in X.," ſagte Meluſine ruhig.

Nach dieſem Geſpräch nahmen ihre Kräfte mit reißender Geſchwindigkeit ab. Doch der Geiſt blieb klar und gegenwärtig, und alle Anordnungen, welche ſie zu treffen hatte, um Hulderichs Vormundſchaft auf Margarita zu übertragen, beſorgte ſie umſichtig und pünktlich, und beſtimmte, daß er in einer bewährten Anſtalt in Genf erzogen werden ſolle. Dann, als nichts mehr ihr zu thun oblag, ſtreckte ſie ſich müde aus, und es vergingen lange Tage, in denen nichts an ihr lebte, als ihr Herz. Sie konnte nicht mehr ſprechen, noch ſich bewegen. Die Aerzte begriffen nicht, wie ſie noch lebe. Vielleicht war es deshalb, weil ſie die Erfüllung eines heißen Wunſches ins Grab mitnehmen wollte.

Es war früher Morgen. Die [illegible] ſtiegen und wallten auf dem Genfer See, wie Rauchopfer aus einem [illegible] Herzen. Ulrichs Wagen hielt vor Margaritas Wohnung, und er fragte: ob er ſie wol ſehen könne. Ja, erwiderte man ihm, aber dort in Belvedere. Wo und wie, war ihm ganz gleichgültig! Er eilte nach Belvedere; er trat an die [illegible] Gitterthür des Gartens, aber er überſchritt die Schwelle nicht. Er ſchlang die Finger durch die Gitterthüre und hielt ſich feſt. Seine Bruſt, ſein Gehirn waren wie zerriſſen von Schmerz, von Seligkeit. Unter einer ſchlanken Cypreſſe und einem mit feurigen Blüten überſchütteten Granatbaum lag todt oder ſterbend Meluſine, auf einer Chaiſe longue, und Margarita ſaß im ſtillen Gebet zu ihren Füßen, während Hulderich und Tony neben ihr knieten — Alle drei ſchweigend, thränenlos, andachtvoll, himmliſch zärtlich, wie Engel am Sterbebett eines vielgeprüften Menſchen. Aber in dieſen Frieden des Himmels ſchrie die ganze Qual der Welt mit dem Ausruf hinein, der ſich aus Ulrichs Bruſt drängte, nachdem er die ganze Gruppe überſchaut und erkannt. Seine Stimme weckte Meluſine aus der Agonie. Sie ſah ihn an; ihr Auge flammte in ihrem Leichenantlitz auf, wie die ewige Lampe in einem Grabgewölbe. Sie richtete ſich auf, winkte ihm, nahm ſeine Hand, nahm mit der andern Hulderichs und Margaritas Hände, legte ſie in die ſeine, ſprach:

„Dein!" — und ſtarb.

Karl Ferdinand Haltaus

ward am 1. Nov. 1811 zu Großengottern in Thüringen, wo ſein Vater Mädchenlehrer war, geboren. Durch deſſen Verſetzung nach Wurzen erhielt er ſeine erſte Bildung in dieſer Stadt. Nachdem ſein Vater im Wahnſinn geſtorben war, brachte ſein Stiefvater kein geringes Opfer, indem er ihn ſtudiren ließ. Ein halbes Jahr nur beſuchte H. das Gymnaſium in Freiberg, ſeine übrige Schulzeit brachte er in Grimma zu. Im Jahr 1832 bezog er die Univerſität Leipzig, um Theologie zu ſtudiren, widmete ſich jedoch ſpäter den hiſtoriſchen Wiſſenſchaften und der Literatur. Nachdem er Dr. phil. geworden, erhielt er 1835 eine Adjunctur als Lehrer der hiſtor. und philolog. Wiſſenſchaften an der Thomasſchule. In Folge der Herausgabe ſeines Theuerdank ward ihm vom Kaiſer von Oeſterreich die goldene Verdienſtmedaille.

Er gab heraus:

Theuerdank. 1836.
Liederbuch der Clara Hätzlerin. 1840.
Zwei Handbücher der Geſchichte für Gymnaſien. 1839 u. 1843.
Album deutſcher Schriftſteller. 1840.
Gedichte, 2. vermehrte und vielfach umgeänderte Aufl. Leipz. 1843.
Geſchichte der puniſchen Kriege. Leipzig 1846.

Ein gründlicher und gewiſſenhafter Fleiß, eine anſchauliche Darſtellungsgabe und ein richtiger Tact in der Behandlung und Darſtellung hiſtoriſcher Ereigniſſe haben H. einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben. Seine Gedichte zeichnen ſich durch Wärme des Gefühls, Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form und Anmuth und Wohllaut rühmlich aus.

Zünd' an dein Grubenlicht.

Wenn Schlag auf Schlag das Unglück kommt,
Steh' feſt, verzage nicht!
Es gibt noch Eins, das ſicher frommt:
Zünd' an dein Grubenlicht!

Ein Bergmann lebt von kargem Brot;
Doch ruft auch früh die Schicht,
Raſch ſpringt er auf, bei aller Noth
Verhört er's Glöcklein nicht.

Er nickt Ade dem Bergmannskind,
Eilt ſchweigend durch die Flur;
Kalt weht ihn an der Morgenwind,
Rings ſchlummert die Natur.

Und wenn er an der Grube ſteht,
So tönt's: Glück auf! im Schacht,
Und nieder ſteigt er mit Gebet,
Wo ihm kein Morgen lacht.

Bringt Stufen dann das Licht in Kauf,
Wie jauchzt ſein armes Herz,
Wer ſchlägt ſein Fäuſtel trotzig auf,
Zeigt ſich ein Silbererz!

Es zagt der brave Bergmann nicht
Und iſt nicht freudenlos;
Glück auf! bringt ihm das Grubenlicht
In tiefer Erde Schooß.

Wenn Schlag auf Schlag das Unglück kommt,
Steh' feſt, verzage nicht!
Es gibt noch Eins, das ſicher frommt;
Zünd' an dein Grubenlicht!

Steig' munter in des Herzens Schacht
Und ſprich' durch Fäuſtels Schlag,
Ob dort ein Silbererz noch lacht,
Das ſtill verborgen lag.

O dreimal glücklich iſt der Mann,
Der Erz im Buſen trägt,
Und Silberblicke finden kann,
Wenn ihn das Schickſal ſchlägt!

Frohlocke, Herz!

Was weckt in mir das Träumen?
Was weckt in mir die Luſt?
Ihr Knospen an den Bäumen,
Was klopft an meine Bruſt?
Vom Eis wird frei der ſtille See,
Der Lenzhauch küßt hinweg das Weh;
Frohlocke, Herz!

Ich lag in tiefem Schlummer,
Da ſang ein Vögelein,
Mich drückte ſchwerer Kummer,
Da ſchien die Sonne d'rein.
Der Himmel iſt ſo klar und blau,
Ein lachend Grün umzieht die Au';
Frohlocke, Herz!

Das iſt ein ſeltſam Klingen,
Ein Spiel der Zauberei,
Viel tauſend Feſſeln ſpringen,
Die Erde macht ſich frei.
Der Frühling hüpft von Ort zu Ort
Und treibt den ſtarren Winter fort;
Frohlocke, Herz!

Ihr Sänger in den Lüften,
Ihr macht die Seele weit,
Singt unter Blüthendüften
Ein Lied von gold'ner Zeit.
Von Mailuſt ſtrahlt das Angeſicht,
Wenn aus dem Lied ein Frühling ſpricht;
Frohlocke, Herz!

Sang David ſeine Lieder,
Der finſt're Geiſt entwich;
Und kehrt der Frühling wieder,
Verklärt das Auge ſich.
Viel ſchöner noch, als Spiel und Sang,
Iſt eines Frühlings Jubelklang;
Frohlocke, Herz!

Sei ſtill.

Es weht ein ſanfter Abendwind
Liebkoſend in den Bäumen;
Ob Vögel, die entſchlafen ſind,
Von ſel'ger Liebe träumen?
Sei ſtill! Es rauſcht in Gipfeln leiſe
Wie eines Mährchens traute Weiſe:
Ade, ade, mein Lieb,
Noch einen Kuß mir gib!

Es ſchlägt im Wald die Nachtigall
Gar träumeriſche Lieder,
Und auch des Abendglöckleins Schall
Hallt ſchwermuthsbange wieder.
Sei ſtill! Die Welt iſt traumeslüſtern
Und Millionen Lippen flüſtern:
Ade, ade, mein Lieb,
Noch einen Kuß mir gib!

Die Erde iſt vom Mondenlicht
Mit Silberglanz umgoſſen;
O ſtör' die Braut, die ſel'ge, nicht,
Ihr Aug' iſt liebumſchloſſen.
Sie ſchauet in die Nacht mit Lauſchen
Und hört des Baches Wellen rauſchen:
Ade, ade, mein Herz,
Noch einen Kuß mir gib!

Dort brennt ein Licht im Kämmerlein;
Ein Jüngling liegt im Sterben.
Iſt dieſer Erdenball zu klein,
Daß Blüthen auch verderben?
Sei ſtill! Die Augen wollen brechen,
Ich hör' die Lippen lächelnd ſprechen:
Ade, ade, mein Lieb,
Noch einen Kuß mir gib!

Die Bürger von Pforzheim.

Es zogen vier Hundert Bürger
Aus Pforzheim in die Schlacht;
Was haben die vier Hundert
Bei Wimpfen einſt vollbracht?

Sie haben von ihren Leibern
Eine eherne Mauer gebaut,
Sie haben den Feuerſchlunden
Furchtlos in's Auge geſchaut.

Sie haben mit ihren Fäuſten
Die Feinde zu Boden geſtreckt,
Ihr Vaterland mit dem Eiſen
Der freien Bruſt gedeckt.

Sie haben den Markgraf Friedrich
Geriſſen aus Feindes Hand;
Sie ſtanden, bis auch der Letzte
Den Tod auf der Walſtatt fand

Sie haben verlaſſen ihr Obdach,
Verlaſſen ihr Weib und Kind,
Und einem Tilly bewieſen,
Was Proteſtanten ſind.

Das haben vier Hundert Bürger
Aus Pforzheim einſt gethan;
So brachen deutſche Helden
Der Freiheit eine Bahn.

Der Bürgermeiſter ſprengte
Ihnen voran in den Tod;
Bei Gott, ſolch wack're Männer
Thun unſerm Deutſchland Noth!

Ein deutſcher Invalid.

Auf dem Markt' am Leierkaſten
Stand ein alter Invalid,
Leierte mit welken Händen
Ab gar manches ſchöne Lied.

Und des Städtchens munt're Jugend
Rottet ſich herum im Kreis,
Lauſcht entzückt den Orgeltönen,
Lauſcht dem ſangesluſt'gen Greis.

Warm die kalten Hände reibend,
Mitten d'rin im tiefen Schnee,
Steht der alte bärt'ge Krieger
Und ſein Herz durchzieht ein Weh.

Der einſt focht in dreißig Schlachten
Für ſein deutſches Vaterland,
Nicht vor Schwert und Kugeln bebte;
Nun am Leierkaſten ſtand.

Orden trug er nicht im Knopfloch,
Aber Wunden auf dem Leib,
Hat d'rum ſechzehn blanke Thaler
Penſion ſammt Kind und Weib.

Singt mit rauher Kriegerſtimme
Und mit ſtumpf gewordnem Sinn
Vor der luſtberauſchten Jugend:
„Ach, du lieber Auguſtin!“

„„Noch iſt Polen nicht verloren!““
Ei, wie das zum Herzen ſpricht.
Für den Kreuzer noch ein Liedlein:
„Deutſches Herz, verzage nicht!“

In dem Sturm und Schneegeſtöber
Zieht der Greis den Hut herab,
Neigt das Haupt voll weißer Haare
Tief bei jeder milden Gab'.

Wandert auf die nächſte Straße
Mit dem Kaſten, mit dem Geld;
Und ſo zieht mit Weh im Herzen
Durch das Vaterland ein Held.

Germania.

Im Norden am Meeresſtrande,
Wo gierig die Möve hauſt,
Und an den Dünenhügeln
Die Woge ſchäumt und brauſt;

Da ſaß in nächt'ger Stunde,
Bei blaſſem Mondeslicht,
Auf einem Runenſteine
Ein Weib von ernſtem Geſicht.

Es wallten goldgelbe Haare
Auf ihre Schultern herab,
Ihr Auge lag heimlich ſinnend
Auf einem Runenſtab.

Und muthige Männer ſtanden
Daneben gedankenſchwer,
Sie waren ſtark wie Eichen
Und grollten wie das Meer.

Es löſte vom Runenſteine
Das Weib ab Schutt und Moos,
Und Züge, wie magiſche Zeichen,
Enthüllten der Zukunft Loos.

Das Weib hat ſeltſam geſungen
Vom Teutoburger Thal,
Vom Volke der Nibelungen,
Vom Kaiſer Karl und vom Gral.

Sie ſang von Heinrich dem Finkler,
Von Sachſen- und Schwabenland,
Von Friedrich im Kyffhäuſer,
Vom Rhein und vom Nordſeeſtrand.

Ihr Lied war ſeelenzerreißend,
Klang dumpf wie ein Hünengrab;
Die markigen Männer bebten,
Hin ſank der Runenſtab.

Sie fragten: „Was ſah in den Runen
Dein Auge, Germania?
Es ſtürzen die Eichen der Ahnen:
Iſt Deutſchlands Erlöſung nah?"

Da hob das Weib die Blicke
Traurig zum Sternenlicht
Und ſtöhnte mit Geiſterſtimme:
„„Die Freiheit, ſie wird euch nicht!""

Da hielten die Männer grollend
Die Schilder vor ihren Mund,
Und ſangen wild und wilder,
D'rob bebte das Erdenrund.

Es flogen der Nordſee Wogen
Wuthſchäumend zum Sternenlicht;
Geſpenſtig ſchwirrten die Möven:
„Die Freiheit, ſie wird euch nicht!"

Ermanne dich!

Ermanne dich, mein Vaterland!
Gott gab dir Auge, Mund und Hand,
Du ſollſt nicht rückwärts ſchreiten.
Gott hält nur einmal Weltgericht,
Verträume deinen Heiland nicht,
Ermanne dich in Zeiten.

Steh feſt und halte treulich Wacht,
Heran brauſt die Gedankenſchlacht,
Du ſollſt nicht träumend wandeln.
Im Frieden ſei ein Troubadour,
Im Kriege ſei ein Krieger nur,
Im Kriege muß man handeln.

Die Freiheit iſt ein köſtlich Gut,
Das Volk erkämpfte ſie mit Blut
Und läßt ſie ſich nicht rauben.
Wie herrlich iſt ihr Heiligthum,
Wie lockend iſt ihr Märtyrerruhm,
Wie ſtark iſt ſie am Glauben!

Noch iſt der Freiheit Feind nicht todt,
Sein ſteter Haß ruht blutigroth
Gleich einem Fluch auf Erden.
Erhöre uns, barmherz'ger Gott,
O mach' zu Nichte Schmach und Spott,
O laß es beſſer werden!

Gefeſſelt iſt manch' ſtarke Hand;
Send' deine Donner in das Land,
Und ſchlag' an die Gewiſſen.
Send' uns der Freiheit Morgenroth,
Die Menſchheit ſchreit vor Schmerz und Noth
Zu dir aus Finſterniſſen.

An einem Tempel Alle bau'n;
Wir brauchen Liebe und Vertrau'n,
Hinweg mit Haß und Ketten!
Geduldig iſt des Volkes Sinn,
Doch ſtürzt es auch zur Blutgier hin,
Muß es ſein Kleinod retten.

Ein Wort hat einen Zauberklang,
Ein Wort entflammt zu Thatendrang,
Schlägt es an Volkesohren.
Es brachte blutigrothes Weh
Das eine Wort: [illegible]
Ward es heraufbeſchworen.

Auslöſchen läßt ſich nicht das Licht,
Die Finſterlinge mögen nicht
Das eine Wort verſpotten.
Die Nachwelt wirft als Leichentuch
Auf Jeden Schande, Haß und Fluch,
Der wagt, es auszurotten!

Reiterlied.

Der Morgen graut,
Ade, du Braut!
Horch, wie die Hörner blaſen
Und die Kanonen raſen.
Mich rufen Ehr' und Pflicht,
Bleib treu, vergiß mein nicht.

Komm, edles Roß,
Du Kampfgenoß,
Haſt mich ſo oft getragen,
Wenn's galt, den Feind zu ſchlagen.
Noch einmal ſei's gewagt;
Der Freiheit Morgen tagt.

Die Rache naht,
Friſch auf zur That!
Uns hilft kein Schrein, kein Beten,
Die Hoffnung wird zertreten.
Nichts endet unſre Noth,
Als Freiheit oder Tod.

Greif wacker aus
Im blut'gen Straus!
Wo Völkerherzen brechen,
Da muß das Eiſen ſprechen.
Gott mache Deutſchland frei,
Sei unſer Feldgeſchrei!

Nur vorwärts hau'n
Und Gott vertrau'n,
Umzucken uns auch Blitze,
Umwölken uns Geſchütze!
Der Tod im Angeſicht
Schreckt deutſche Reiter nicht.

Heiß iſt das Blut,
Sei ſtark, o Muth!
Wir ſind nicht feile Knechte,
Wir glüh'n für heil'ge Rechte;
In jedem Buſen brennt
Ein neues Teſtament.

Du heil'ger Krieg,
Führ' uns zum Sieg!
Der Tod mag uns erreichen,
Wenn nur auf unſern Leichen
Der Freiheit Banner weht,
Die Noth der Welt vergeht.

O Tag der Luſt,
Iſt frei die Bruſt,
Dann lodern ſie zuſammen
Die tauſend deutſchen Flammen,
Dann ſtrahlt der Wahrheit Licht,
Das Deutſchlands Nacht durchbricht.

Dann fliehe Rom
Aus unſerm Dom.
In allen Gau'n und Marken
Wird deutſche Kraft erſtarken,
Wird blüh'n der deutſche Geiſt,
Den keine Macht zerreißt.

D'rum, edles Roß,
Du Kampfgenoß,
Leih' dir des Sturmes Flügel,
Jag' über Leichenhügel;
Wir reiten Tag und Nacht,
Bis unſer Werk vollbracht!

Die Huſſiten.

Einſt hatten die Pfaffen Deutſchland
Geſtürzt in Geiſtesnacht,
Da haben die Huſſiten
Ein Feuer angemacht.

Sie ſchürten die glimmenden Kohlen
Zu hellen Flammen an,
Und über den Flammen ſchwebte
Huß als der Freiheit Schwan.

Der Teufel auf ſeiner Mütze
Frohlockte, als er verſchied;
Ein Schlachtruf, ländererſchütternd,
Ward Huſſens Schwanenlied.

Der Wirbel auf Ziska's Trommel
Glich einem Zauberſchlag,
Es wuchſen die Huſſiten
Wie Rachegeiſter zu Tag.

Sie hieben mit ihren Aexten
Dem Wahne den Kopf entzwei
Und machten mit Partiſanen
Den Geiſt des Jahrhunderts frei.

Sie jagten mit Kolben und Schwertern
Die Pfaffen aus Böhmen hinaus
Und fegten mit brennenden Fackeln
Der Kirche Geſpenſter aus.

Sie ſchleuderten über Böhmen
Der Freiheit lodernden Brand
Und riſſen aus tiefſtem Schlafe
Das liebe deutſche Land.

Sie holten ſich die Bibel
Aus den Klauen der Kleriſei
Und ſprengten mit Eiſenſtangen
Die Klauſen der Frömmelei.

Die Väter in Koſtnitz konnten
Verbrennen den Leib des Huß,
Kein Anathem erſtickte
Der Wahrheit Feuerfluß.

O Böhmen, ihr markigen Männer,
Nun liegt ihr lebendig im Grab,
Gebrochen iſt über dem Haupte
Der Freiheit der Todesſtab.

Es fliegt mit Rieſenſchritten
Vorbei die neue Zeit,
Indeß an euern Gräbern
Sich heiſer ein Rabe ſchreit.

Der Rabe werde zum Schwane
Und ſinge wie Huß ein Lied,
Das tief in eure Gräber
Und tief in die Seelen zieht!

Aus „Geſchichte Roms im Zeitalter der puniſchen Kriege“.

Der Kampf, welcher ſich um die Inſel Sicilien entſpann, ward von drei verſchiedenen Völkern geführt. Dieſe drei Völker vertraten drei verſchiedene Principe, welche mit einander in Conflict geriethen und um die Oberherrſchaft kämpften. Es iſt eine eigenthümliche Erſcheinung, daß auf dem engbegrenzten Raume einer Inſel drei heterogene Volkselemente feindlich zuſammentrafen und nach einem entſcheidenden Siege rangen. Römer, Karthager und Hellenen geriethen auf dieſer Inſel in einen Kampf auf Leben und Tod, in einen Kampf, welcher die Löſung der Frage herbeiführte, ob fortan die Römer oder Karthager oder Hellenen und deren nationale Eigenthümlichkeiten auf dieſer Inſel die Oberherrſchaft haben ſollten. Wir dürfen dieſen Krieg nicht von dem niedrigen Standpunkte einer blos äußerlichen, weltlichen Herrſchaft anſehen. Es handelte ſich in demſelben auch zugleich um die wichtige Frage der Herrſchaft dreier betheiligter Principe. Wie es in Italien nicht einerlei war, ob die Römer oder die übrigen Völker Italiens ſiegten, ſo war es auch hier nicht einerlei, welches Volk den Sieg davon trug, denn dasjenige Volk, welches ſiegte, errang auch einen Sieg ſeines Volksthums, ſeiner volksthümlichen Beſtandtheile und Eigenthümlichkeiten. Die Bildung, ja die Geſchichte des Alterthums würde einen ganz andern Gang genommen haben, wenn die Hellenen Siciliens und Süditaliens die Herrſchaft über ganz Italien hätten an ſich reißen können. Die erwärmende Sonne des Hellenenthums würde ganz andere Früchte hervorgelockt und gereift haben, als es durch die Herrſchaft der Römer geſchah. Und fragen wir uns, welchen Gang würde die Geſchichte des Alterthums genommen haben, wenn die Karthager die Herrſchaft über Sicilien und Italien an ſich geriſſen hätten. Was würde aus der Bildung Europa's geworden ſein, wenn das durch die Karthager vertretene ſtarre orientaliſche Princip den Sieg davongetragen hätte?

Das faſt arme und uncultivirte Rom ließ ſich in einen Kampf ein mit der mächtigſten und reichſten Republik jener Zeit, welche die Inſeln und Küſten des weſtlichen Mittelmeeres beherrſchte, zugleich aber auch in einen Kampf mit den reichen und hochcultivirten Hellenen Siciliens. Der Kampf mit den Hellenen erſcheint hierbei freilich als eine Nebenſache; aber er verdient deſſenungeachtet Berückſichtigung und Beachtung, weil die Hellenen Siciliens zum Theil noch ſelbſtändig waren, weil ſie noch Partei nahmen und es nicht gleichgültig war, für wen ſie Partei nahmen, weil ſich ein Theil derſelben mitten im Kampfe noch ſeine Selbſtändigkeit bewahrte und weil das Gepräge der helleniſchen Nationalität in jener Zeit wenigſtens die geiſtige Herrſchaft auf der Inſel nicht blos hatte, ſondern auch über den Krieg hinaus noch lange Zeit bewahrte. Die Blüthezeit der Hellenen Siciliens war bereits dahin. Sie war ſchon vor Beginn des Krieges mit Rom gebrochen, theils durch innere Parteiungen und Fehden, theils durch die Kriege mit Karthago. Letzteres hatte ein weit ſchwereres Spiel in Sicilien gehabt, als nun die Römer. Es hatte ſich mit den Staaten der Inſel in einen Kampf eingelaſſen, als dieſe nicht blos ſelbſtändig waren, ſondern durch Ackerbau, Gewerbe und Handel ungeheure Reichthümer beſaßen, durch Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte weit und breit blühten und an den Hellenen im Mutterlande und in Großgriechenland noch beachtenswerthe Rückenhalte hatten. In einem ohngefähr dreihundertjährigen Kampfe waren die Karthager nicht im Stande geweſen, die ganze Inſel zu unterwerfen, was den Römern in 24 Jahren gelang. Die Karthager hatten den Römern vorgearbeitet; dieſe brauchten gleichſam nur die letzte Hand an die Vernichtung der Selbſtändigkeit der Hellenen zu legen. Es unterliegt keinem Zweifel, daß Sicilien eine Beute Karthago's geworden wäre, wenn dieſes vor der Einmiſchung Roms ſo viele Kraft und Opfer auf die Unterwerfung der Inſel hätte verwenden wollen, als der Kampf mit Rom in Anſpruch nahm. Karthago hatte, nachdem es in früherer Zeit ungeheure materielle Opfer dem Kampfe mit den Hellenen in deren Blüthezeit ohne große glückliche Erfolge gewidmet hatte, ſich der Hoffnung hingegeben, durch eine ſchlaue, die Zerwürfniſſe unter den Hellenen wohlweislich benutzende Politik endlich das zu erreichen, was es bis dahin mit Gewalt nicht hatte erreichen können. Die Karthager wußten, daß die Hellenen gegen ſich ſelbſt wütheten, wenn ſie denſelben Ruhe ließen. Darum goſſen ſie Oel in dieſes Feuer, um durch die Selbſtaufreibung der Hellenen ohne große Opfer ihr Ziel erreichen zu können. Sie hatten es noch nicht erreicht, als die Römer Sicilien betraten. Das Einmiſchen einer dritten, durch und durch kriegeriſchen und auf Eroberungen ausgehenden Macht nöthigte ſie ſogleich den in der letzten Zeit eingeſchlagenen Weg der Politik zu verlaſſen und alle ihre Kräfte ſowohl zur Offenſive, als Defenſive aufzubieten. Die Römer weckten mit einem Male wieder die ganze Thatkraft Karthago's.

Die Hellenen Siciliens ſpielten bei dem Zuſammentreffen jener feindlichen Mächte auf ihrem Grund und Boden in der That zwar eine mehr paſſive, als active Rolle, aber ſie blieben bei der wichtigen Frage doch nicht unbetheiligt. Sie geriethen zwiſchen zwei Feuer, ohne unbetheiligt bleiben zu können, ſie erkannten ſich als den Zankapfel zweier Nationen, ohne die Kraft zu haben, die zwei Hauptfeinde ihrer Nationalität von der Inſel verweiſen zu können. Noch waren ſie ſammt ihrer Nationalität nicht untergegangen, ſie rangen noch um ihre Selbſtändigkeit, aber ſie trugen in ſich nach trüben Erfahrungen die Ueberzeugung, daß ſie es mit zwei furchtbaren Gegnern zugleich nicht aufnehmen konnten und daß ſie über kurz oder lang dem Stärkeren von beiden unterliegen mußten. Das Gefühl eigener Ohnmacht äußerte auf ſie ſeinen niederdrückenden Einfluß und erſtickte alle auftauchenden Freiheitsgedanken. Auf Hülfe vom Mutterlande konnten ſie in jener Zeit nicht rechnen. Eine Vereinigung unter ſich war zwar nicht ein Werk der Unmöglichkeit, aber, und das hatte die Erfahrung gelehrt, kein Werk von Dauer. Wie kläglich hatte das Freiheitswerk eines Timoleon geendet und welche Erfolge hatte die Vereinigung der Hellenen unter Pyrrhus kurz vor dem puniſchen Kriege gehabt! Zerſplitterungsſucht, Parteiſucht und Herrſchſucht waren die unheilbaren Gebrechen, welche wie Flüche auf den Hellenen dieſes herrlichen Eilandes laſteten und ſie unrettbar in's Verderben ſtürzten. Sowohl Pyrrhus, als die nach ihm wieder aufſtehenden und ſich gegenſeitig bekämpfenden Tyrannen hatten ihnen neuen Abſcheu vor jeder Tyrannis eingeflößt, ſie mochten von einer Vereinigung unter einem Oberhaupte nichts mehr wiſſen und hatten doch auch nicht die Entſagungskunſt eines Theiles, die Kraft und Begeiſterung für ihre Selbſtändigkeit und Nationalität anderen Theils, ſich als freie Republiken zu einem Staatenbunde zu vereinigen, der nach Außen hin ſie vertreten und geſchützt hätte. Sie waren durch die langen Kämpfe und Zerwürfniſſe lebensmüde geworden und ſehnten ſich nach Ruhe. Aber in dem furchtbaren Kampfe ihrer Gegner wurden ſie aus ihrer erſehnten Ruhe immer auf's Neue aufgeſcheucht, ſie wurden gezwungen, Partei zu nehmen und die blutige und verheerende Geißel des Krieges mit allen ihren Schrecken über ſich ſchwingen zu laſſen.

So ſehen wir anfangs einen Theil der Hellenen zu ihren alten Oberherren, den Karthagern, halten, den anderen zu den neuen Fremdlingen, den Römern. Jene haßten die Karthager, aber ſie mußten in ihrer Ohnmacht und verzweifelten Lage dem böſen Geſchicke nachgeben und zu ihnen halten, weil dieſe noch über ſie geboten. Dieſe liebten die Römer nicht, denn in ihren Augen ſtanden auch ſie als Feinde ihrer Freiheit und Nationalität da, aber ſie warfen ſich ihnen in die Arme, theils um ihre Selbſtändigkeit zu retten, theils um dem Drucke und der Habgier der alten verhaßten Oberherren zu entrinnen, theils in Hoffnung auf beſſere Tage. Als die Römer landeten, war nur ein geringer Theil der Griechen ſelbſtändig, ſie ſtanden meiſt in Abhängigkeit von Syrakus oder Karthago. Selbſt die helleniſche Nationalität hatte ihr reines Gepräge ſchon etwas verloren und war wenigſtens im Weſten und im Norden der Inſel, beſonders in den Seeſtädten, getrübt von Barbarismus. Karthager und deren Söldner, Libyer und Libyphönizier, Gallier, Iberer, Ligurer und Balearen hatten die Weſthälfte der Inſel ſeit etwa drei Jahrhunderten heimgeſucht und wo nun Karthago vorherrſchend gebot, da hatte der Hellenismus ſich manchen Abänderungen unterwerfen müſſen. Das leichteſte Spiel hatten die Römer im Oſten der Inſel zu Anfange des Krieges, wo eine Menge Städte ihnen ohne Schwertſtreich freiwillig huldigten, doch ließen es auch hier einige von den 67 Städten, die angeblich den Römern huldigten, auf eine förmliche Belagerung ankommen. Die Fortſchritte der Römer gingen reißend vor ſich, weil ihnen die Hellenen im Ganzen doch nur geringen Widerſtand entgegenſetzten. Mehrere Städte ſannen ſogar auf Verrath gegen die Karthager, wie Tyndaris. Es iſt dieſes Abfallen der Hellenen von ihnen freilich nicht mit dem zur Zeit des Pyrrhus zu vergleichen; die Römer ſtanden ihnen aber auch ferner, als jener, und der Aufruf zur Losreißung war damals begleitet von mächtigen Lockungen, welche jetzt mangelten. Wo die Hauptſtreitkräfte der Karthager lagen, konnten die Hellenen an ein Abfallen wenig oder gar nicht denken, denn ſie wären der Rache der Karthager preisgegeben geweſen. Sie mußten demnach im Kampfe gegen die Römer ſo lange aushalten, als jene aushielten, ſo die Einwohner von Agrigentum, Panormus, Lilybäum und Drepana. Dazu kommt, daß in letzteren Städten die puniſchen Elemente ſeit lange überwiegend waren und die Hellenen im Weſten der Inſel aller Begeiſterung für die Römer ermangelten, da dieſe bei der Einnahme von Agrigentum und anderen Ortſchaften bewährt hatten, daß ſie eben ſo wie die Karthager zu rauben, plündern, morden und knechten verſtanden.

Die Haupttendenz des Krieges, der Kampf um die Oberherrſchaft auf der Inſel, ſtellte die Hellenen als Mittel zum Zweck, hingegen die *Karthager* und *Römer* als intereſſirte Hauptparteien heraus. Erſtere waren, als Letztere einmal auf der Inſel Fuß gefaßt hatten, zunächſt auf die Defenſive deſſen, was ſie daſelbſt beſaßen, hingewieſen, Letztere hingegen ununterbrochen auf die Offenſive. Erſtere ſuchten zu erhalten und zu vertheidigen, was ſie einmal inne hatten, Letztere ihre Gegner aus allen Punkten zu verdrängen, um der Alleinherrſchaft gewiß zu ſein. Denn um die Frage der Alleinherrſchaft drehte ſich der Kampf ſogleich nach der Einnahme von Agrigentum. Karthager und Römer hätten ſich, ſo ſcheint es, in den Beſitz der Inſel theilen und vielleicht den Halykus ebenfalls als Grenze ihres gegenſeitigen Gebietes beſtimmen können; aber es liegt im Weſen der Römer der Grund zur Unmöglichkeit. Sie blieben nie auf halbem Wege ſtehen; was ſie begonnen hatten, mußte durchgeführt werden, mochte es koſten, was es wollte. Und Karthago war in ſeinem Lebensnerv, dem Handel auf dem Mittelmeere, bedroht, wenn es ſeine ſchönſte auswärtige Beſitzung in der Nähe Italiens verlor. Es wäre überdies eine Kurzſichtigkeit ſonder Gleichen, wollte man dem Kampfe keine höheren, als blos äußere Beweggründe unterlegen. Der Kampf zwiſchen beiden Völkern ergab ſich als ein unvermeidlicher. Er hatte ſeine Hauptwurzeln in dem *gegenſeitigen untilgbaren Nationalhaſſe*, und dieſer beruhte auf den Gegenſätzen des Stammes, der Sitte und vornehmlich der ſtaatlichen Beſtrebungen. Der Kampf war vermieden und hinausgeſchoben worden, weil die Gegenſätze ſelbſt noch nicht in unmittelbare feindliche Berührung mit einander gekommen waren und weil beide ſich erſt zu kräftigen ſuchten, um deſto ſicherer auf Sieg rechnen zu können. Wenn zunächſt die Inſel Sicilien der Kampfplatz für beide Gegenſätze wurde, ſo lag der Grund darin, daß hier die erſte, nicht mehr zu verſchiebende feindliche Berührung ſtattfand. Sie nahm den Charakter eines Kampfes auf Tod und Leben an, weil ſie auf Unverſöhnlichkeit beruhte und weil ein ferneres Nebeneinanderſtehen beider ſich ſogleich als unmöglich zum Wohle der einen und der andern Republik herausſtellte. Daher auch das Aufgebot aller Kraft von Seiten beider Völker, daher ein Kampf von ſo langer Dauer. Ohne Entſcheidung durfte kein Volk die Waffen aus der Hand legen.

In der Beſchaffenheit beider Völker liegt zugleich aber auch der Grund, warum ſich der Sieg doch zuletzt auf Seite der Römer neigen mußte. Ich habe ſchon in der Einleitung darauf hingewieſen, daß man ſich die *Karthager* nicht als engherzige und beſchränkte Krämer, ſondern als ein großartig ſpeculirendes Volk von Kaufleuten zu denken habe, deren innere und äußere Politik zwar durch die materiellen Intereſſen des Handels geleitet wird, welche jedoch weder Krieg, noch Opfer ſcheuten, wenn der Lebensnerv, der Handel, bedroht ward und in Gefahr kam. Karthago hat in dieſem Kriege Alles aufgeboten, was es vermochte, um Sicilien, eine Hauptquelle ſeines Handels, zu retten. In ſeinem Reichthum beſtand ſeine Hauptmacht. Der Reichthum floß aus dem Handel; ſo lange dieſer blühte, konnte es auch den koſtſpieligſten Krieg aushalten. Sobald aber dieſer in Stocken gerieth, ſobald die Quellen der Staatsfinanzen kärglicher floſſen, mußte der Staat eher als jeder andere ſeinem Untergange nahe kommen, da der nicht abzuläugnende kriegeriſche Geiſt im Laufe der Zeit im Volke ſelbſt ziemlich verſchwunden war und die Beſchützung des Staates wie des Handels Söldnern anvertraut war, welche des leidigen Soldes halber dem Handelsſtaate ihre Kräfte angeboten hatten und treulich aushielten, ſo lange viel zu verdienen und zu erbeuten war, aber für die höheren Triebfedern eines Soldaten, für Patriotismus und Nationalſtolz, keinen Sinn hatten. Stockten die Geldeinnahmen, ſo ſchwebte der Staat ſtets in Gefahr, daß die Söldner die Fahnen verließen oder wohl gar die Waffen gegen den Staat ſelbſt kehrten. Empörungen der Söldner fanden wiederholt Statt. Sie ſannen auf Verrath gegen Hanno, gegen Adherbal, gegen Himilko in Lilybäum und gegen Hamilkar Barkas auf dem Eryx und ſtellten ſomit fortwährend Karthago's Intereſſe und Heil auf's Spiel. Und wenn dieſe Söldner auch in Agrigentum, Lilybäum und Drepana, auf Herkte und auf dem Eryx mit bewunderungswürdiger Dauer aushielten, ſo lag der Grund eines Theils in der feſſelnden Perſönlichkeit der Anführer Hannibal, Himilko und Hamilkar und in einem gewiſſen Ehrgefühl, das auch Söldlingen nicht abzuſprechen iſt, hauptſächlich aber in den vielen Verſprechungen und Verheißungen, welche ihnen in Zeiten der Gefahr gemacht wurden, deren Nichterfüllung ja dann auch den unheilvollen Söldnerkrieg herbeiführte. Karthago durfte ſich eine Zeit lang durch außerordentliche Contributionen, welche es ſeinen Bundesgenoſſen und namentlich ſeinen Unterthanen in Afrika auflegte, erfüllte dieſe dadurch aber mit Abſcheu und Haß gegen ſich, erleichterte dadurch nicht blos das ſchnelle Umſichgreifen der geringen römiſchen Macht in Afrika, ſondern führte auch den Abfall und die Empörung jener im Söldnerkriege herbei. Ihre Beſitzungen glichen daher einem gefahrvollen vulkaniſchen Boden. Auf Sicilien und Sardinien genoſſen ſie weder Liebe, noch Vertrauen. Sie hatten den dortigen Einwohnern die Freiheit entriſſen, hatten auf wahrhaft barbariſche Weiſe Jahrhunderte lang die Fluren verwüſtet, die Städte eingeäſchert und furchtbare Rache an denen ausgeübt, die ſich ihnen nicht unterwerfen wollten oder von ihnen abgefallen waren. Man denke nur an das Schickſal der Himeräer! Sie waren ein Volk, das all ſein Augenmerk auf Gewinn richtete, und wenn es auch in Geographie und Geſchichte, in Mathematik, Schiffsbau und Kriegsweſen, ja ſelbſt im Landbau große Erfahrungen und Kenntniſſe beſaß, doch im Ganzen nur den praktiſchen Richtungen des Lebens, welche mit ihren Handelsſpeculationen in Verbindung ſtanden, huldigte, für die höheren verfeinerten und ideellen Richtungen des Geiſtes und Lebens aber, für Wiſſenſchaften und Künſte, in welchen die Hellenen Siciliens und anderen Völker Siciliens überflügelten, wenig oder gar keinen Sinn hatte. Rechnet man hierzu das orientaliſche Gepräge des puniſchen Volkes, das Ernſte und Finſtere, das kalt Speculirende und Egoiſtiſche im Weſen und Umgang, den Kleinmuth im Unglück und die Grauſamkeit gegen die verdienſtvollſten der eigenen Nation, ferner die Verſchiedenheit der Religion, Sprache, Sitten, Denk- und Handlungsweiſe, in welch ungeheuerem Contraſt ſtanden ſie zu den Hellenen Siciliens! Wie konnten ſie auf die Treue eines Volkes rechnen, das ſie ſeiner heiligſten Güter beraubt hatten, mit welchem ſie in jeder Beziehung, außer in der Liebe zum Handel und Ackerbau, im ſchroffſten Gegenſatze ſtanden?

Die Karthager vertraten das orientaliſche Princip, wenn auch nicht in ungetrübter Reinheit. Bei der Lage ihrer Hauptſtadt, bei ihrem Reichthum, bei ihrem Verhältniß zu den abhängigen und unterworfenen Völkern Afrika's, bei ihrer Betriebſamkeit, bei ihrem Verkehr und Verhältniß zu den Völkern Europa's, insbeſondere aber zu den hochgebildeten Hellenen mußte dieſes orientaliſche Princip im Laufe der Zeit eine Reihe von Eindrücken erhalten, welche manche Abwandlungen hervorriefen, ohne jedoch das orientaliſche Gepräge in ſeinen Grundtypen umzugeſtalten oder zu vermiſchen. So iſt es unbeſtreitbar, daß ſie ſich in ihrer Geſetzgebung und in ihren Staatseinrichtungen mannichfach griechiſcher Vorbilder bedient haben, wenn es auch ſchwer hält, täuſchungsloſe Blicke in den künſtlichen Bau ihres weiſe geregelten Handelsſtaates und ihrer von ariſtokratiſchen, oligarchiſchen und demokratiſchen Elementen durchdrungenen Verfaſſung zu thun. Im Gegenſatze zu den Römern iſt es von Wichtigkeit, daß eine Geldariſtokratie, welche durch die Reichthümer aus dem Handel und den Provinzen verdorben war, im Staate herrſchte und an der Spitze deſſelben ein Senat ſtand, welcher nicht mehr frei war von Parteiwuth, deſſen ganze Thätigkeit nach Außen hin nicht auf politiſche Demonſtrationen, auf Krieg und Eroberungen, aus Herrſchſucht, ſondern auf merkantile Fragen aus Gewinnſucht gerichtet war, in deren Intereſſe auch der koſtſpieligſte Krieg nicht geſcheut ward. Im Ganzen hat ſich jedoch ihr nationales Gepräge mit dem der Hellenen nicht amalgamiren können. Beide Elemente ſtanden ſich in ihren Beſtandtheilen, Richtungen und Beſtrebungen zu ſchroff gegenüber, als daß eine vermittelnde Ausgleichung möglich geweſen wäre. Den Karthagern war es auch gar nicht um eine geiſtige Amalgamation zu thun, ſie hatten nichts anderes, als merkantile und rein materielle Zwecke im Auge. Sie wollten die Produkte und das Geld der Hellenen, alles andere war ihnen Nebenſache. Daß ſie den abhängigen Städten der Inſel ihre Sprache, ihre Religion, ihre Sitten, Geſetze und Magiſtrate aufgedrungen hätten, um deren Nationalität zu brechen, davon findet ſich keine Spur. Eine Verſchmelzung zweier ganz verſchiedener Völker iſt und bleibt überhaupt unendlich ſchwer. Man vergegenwärtige ſich nur die Spanier in Amerika und die Britten in Indien. Die Beſiegten nähern ſich nur langſam und unmerklich den Eigenthümlichkeiten der Sieger, und hier fand ſogar der umgekehrte Fall Statt, die Spanier und Britten, die gebildetſten Nationen der Erde, gegenüber faſt ganz wilden Völkern. Die Karthager hingegen, wie weit ſtanden ſie als Sieger in geiſtiger Hinſicht hinter den Beſiegten zurück! Die Materie herrſchte über den Geiſt, der kalte Verſtand über Phantaſie und Gefühl. Auch heut zu Tage ſehen wir noch, daß ein großes Handelsvolk auch in den fernſten Ländern wenig oder nichts von ſeiner Nationalität ablegt; aber nicht in allen Handelsſtaaten, wie in dem großen engliſchen heut zu Tage, ſehen wir neben dem Gelde auch den Geiſt herrſchen, in den meiſten anderen Fällen hat er eine ſehr untergeordnete Stellung eingenommen. Der Reſt der alten Sikelioten im Innern der Inſel kann bei obiger Frage keine Berückſichtigung finden, da ein ſolcher zwar noch exiſtirte, geiſtig aber im Hellenenthume aufgegangen war.

Wie ganz anders erſchienen im Vergleich mit den Karthagern die Römer! Auch ſie waren eine durchaus auf das Äußere und das Praktiſche gerichtete Nation; auch bei ihnen finden wir die geiſtigen Richtungen und Beſtrebungen der Hellenen nicht vertreten; auch ihnen lag das Gebiet der Gefühle und Ideale fern; deſſen ungeachtet trugen ſie ein ganz anderes Gepräge, als jene. Handel, der Lebensnerv jener, war bei ihnen etwas ganz Untergeordnetes, ja gleichſam Entehrendes für einen freien Mann. Handel und Gewerbe lagen in den Händen der Freigelaſſenen, Clienten, Armen und Sclaven. Dagegen ſuchten ſie ihre größte Ehre, ihr Heil und ihre Lorbeeren auf der Feldmark, auf dem Forum und im Kriege. Ackerbau, Staatsweſen und Krieg waren die Hauptbeſchäftigungen freier römiſcher Bürger. Sie ſuchten ihr höchſtes Glück nicht im Gelde, ſondern in der männlichen Tüchtigkeit (virtus) auf dem Felde, im Staatsleben und im Kriege. Die Gewerbe der höheren Claſſen waren Staatsverwaltung und Kriegsdienſt, aber ſelbſt die Höchſten ſchämten ſich nicht des Ackerbaues. Dieſen Richtungen verdankten die Römer die Einfachheit ihrer Sitten, einen ſcharfen Blick für alle Rechtsverhältniſſe, einen derben, rauhen und auf das Praktiſche gerichteten Sinn und Verſtand, ſo wie einen ernſten und feſten Willen. Dazu kommt, daß ſie von glühendem Patriotismus und von einem Nationalſtolz ſonder Gleichen erfüllt waren. Sie waren Krieger von Leib und Seele, nicht Söldner oder Sclaven hatten den Staat zu ſchützen, jeder Bürger, und ſelbſt bei dem Reichſten und Angeſehenſten fand keine Ausnahme Statt, mußte für Heerd und Vaterland mit ſeinem Leib und Leben einſtehen. Von Jugend auf an Recht und Geſetz gewöhnt, im Kriege unter den ſtrengſten Kriegsgeſetzen ſtehend, geführt von Männern, welche ihr Höchſtes lediglich in der Ehre und in dem Glücke des Vaterlandes ſuchten, glich die römiſche Bürgermiliz einer faſt unwiderſtehlichen und unbeſiegbaren Macht, durch deren trefflich organiſirte Kriegskunſt, unvertilgbare Vaterlandsliebe, unbeugſame Beharrlichkeit und kalte Todesverachtung die freien Völker Italiens zu Grunde gingen, geſchweige die Söldlinge Karthago's. Und an der Spitze des Staates ſtand ein Senat, welcher durch ſeine Würde Alle mit Achtung erfüllte, welcher, fern von allen Privatvortheilen, merkantilen Intereſſen und Parteiwuth, ſeine höchſte Aufgabe in die Befeſtigung und Erweiterung der Majeſtät des römiſchen Volkes ſetzte und von Erlangung dieſes Zieles weder durch ungeheure Aufgebote der Kraft, noch durch unerhörte Opfer und Gefahren abgeſchreckt werden konnte. Ehrſucht, Herrſchſucht und Eroberungsſucht waren dabei die Triebfedern einer Körperſchaft, welche die Majeſtät des römiſchen Volkes auch nach Außen hin würdevoll vertrat, welche Krieg und Eroberung als etwas Nothwendiges erachtete und aufſuchte, wo ſie konnte. Rom hatte durch Recht und Waffen den Begriff einer Nation errungen; es machte nach Außen hin keinen Schritt, ohne eiſern und gewappnet zu ſein, und mit jedem Schritt, den es that, wuchs die Republik immer mehr zu einem Rieſenleibe an, deſſen Mittelpunkt Rom war und blieb, deſſen Senat immer mehr einen imperatoriſchen Charakter offenbarte. Rom ſchritt ſeiner Größe entgegen, indem es als erobernder Staat offen auftrat.

Kein Wunder demnach, wenn ein ſolches Volk den Karthagern den Sieg entriß. Rom vertraute auf ſich und ſein Schwert, war jugendlich ſtark, kühn und verwegen; Karthago konnte nur auf ſein Geld und auf Fremdlinge bauen. Rom war eine Macht des Schwertes, Karthago nur die des Handels. Die Größe Roms war nach dem Ausſpruche Heerens *) auf einen Felſen, die Karthago's auf einen Grund von Goldſand gebaut. Bei dem Zuſammentreffen beider nahm Roms Größe erſt ihren Anfang, die Karthago's hatte bereits den höchſten Gipfel der Macht erreicht. Rom konnte zufolge ſeines Strebens nicht anders, denn als Sieger Friede ſchließen. Die Hellenen beugten ſich vor der Majeſtät des römiſchen Namens ſicher ebenfalls nicht aus Liebe zu dieſem Volke, ſondern meiſt aus Furcht vor deſſen Waffen, aus Achtung vor deſſen Ruf der Gerechtigkeit und vornehmlich aus Haß gegen die alten Oberherren. Die Römer ſtrebten nicht nach einer merkantilen Herrſchaft, ſondern nach einer rein politiſchen über die Inſel. Die Freiheit der Hellenen blieb unrettbar verloren, aber ihrer Selbſtändigkeit wurden doch von Seiten der Römer aus Politik weit größere Zugeſtändniſſe gemacht, als es unter den Karthagern der Fall geweſen war.

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*) S. deſſen Ideen Thl. II, 1, [illegible].

Moritz Hartmann

ward 1819 in Böhmen geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, ſtudirte in Prag und Wien und hielt ſich dann auf größeren Reiſen abwechſelnd in Leipzig, Brüſſel und am Rheine längere Zeit auf.

Er gab heraus:

Kelch und Schwert. Leipzig 1844. 2. Aufl. ebendaſ. 1845. Beiträge in Proſa und Verſen zu mehreren Zeitſchriften, namentlich den „Grenzboten.“ Eine Sammlung neuer Dichtungen von ihm erſcheint binnen Kurzem.

Ein ſehr reiches und ſchönes Talent, voll tiefer Innigkeit und Gluth, lebendiger Anſchauung, ſchöpferiſcher Phantaſie und glücklicher Darſtellungskraft, von dem ſich noch viel Bedeutendes erwarten läßt, beſonders wenn es ſich noch höheren Gattungen als der Lyrik zuwendet.

König Wenzel der Faule.

1. Suſanna.

Ein altes, altes Haus im alten Prag,
Das heißt das Königsbad noch heut zu Tag
Und es beſpült der Moldau blau Gewäſſer.
Darauf ein Bild, das mit beredtem Munde
Von dem, was einſtmals hier geſchehn, giebt Kunde.
Doch wird das Bild von Jahr zu Jahre bläſſer,
Und mag das Bild auch endlich ganz verbleichen,
Und mag erſterben nach und nach die Sage:
So Manches, was geſchieht noch heut zu Tage,
Wird uns ſobald man nicht vergeſſen laſſen.

Im Bade dehnt ſich König Wenzeslaus —
Die laue Welle ſpielt um ſeine Glieder
Wie ſüße Wolluſt weicher Liebeslieder,
Wie lang'ger Schlaf nach ſchwelgeriſchem Schmaus.

Dem König Wenzel iſt ſo wohl zu Muth,
Daß er wie Kindlein ſpielet mit der Fluth:
Er läßt ſie über Hals und Nacken ſchäumen
Und überläßt ſich lächelnd ſüßen Träumen;
Und träumt ſo wahrhaft ſüß, als wär' hienieden
Errungen ſchon der ew'ge Völkerfrieden,
Als wäre nicht das heil'ge römiſche Reich
Das ganze, Einem blut'gen Schlachtfeld gleich,
Als bebte nicht um eignen Herd der Bürger,
Als zöge nicht durchs Land der Judenwürger,
Als drückte nicht den Wandrer unbehauſt,
Wohin er zieht, das Recht der blut'gen Fauſt,
Als flöſſe nicht um ihn das Blut in Strömen
Aus den entflammten Herzen ſeiner Böhmen,
Als krächte nicht die blaſſe Hungersnoth
Rings durch die Gaſſen Prags und ſchrie nach Brod

So träumt ein König nur wie Wenzeslaus,
Schwankt wie ein Nachen auch ſein Königshaus,
Ein König, der des Geiſtes Sonnen preiſt
Und ſeinen Henker gern „Gevatter“ heißt,
Der ſeine Königin verwarf den Hunden
Und ſüße Lieder ſingt zu allen Stunden.

Ja, auch ein Sänger iſt der holden Minnen
Der zubenannte faule Böhmenkönig —
Mild klingt ſein Lied und Kirchenglockentönig.
Wie er im Bad ſich ſtreckt, in tiefes Sinnen,
In aufgelöſte Träumerei verſenkt,
Vielleicht daß eines ſüßen Liebs er denkt.

Da ſtört ihn auf ein Lärm — ein fernes Schrein,
Ein wildes Stimmenrufen mittendrein,
Ein tolles Jauchzen und ein dumpfes Heulen,
Ein Dröhnen wie von Lanze, Schwert und Keulen,
Wie Sturm und Wirbelwind in Eins verfloſſen; —
Der König hebt im Bade ſich verdroſſen,
Er ſtreckt das bärt'ge Haupt empor zu lauſchen:
„Sind es der Moldau Wellen, die ſo rauſchen!
„Schlägt ſo der Sturm an dieſer Hütte Planken,
„Die, ob ſie ſtürzen wollten, bebend wanken!“ —

Da tönt herein des Aufruhrs erſter Gruß:
„Den Pfaffen Tod! — und hoch Johannes Huß!“

„„Iſt's das? — ich geb' Euch gern die Pfaffen drein,
„„Hoch lebe Huß! gern ſtimm' ich mit Euch ein.““

Ein zweites Grüßen: Nieder mit den Räthen,
Die uns die Seele aus dem Leibe treten!
Der König ſpricht: „Iſt Euch das Volk zur Laſt,
So nehmt es hin — 's iſt mir wie euch verhaßt.“

Doch immer wilder tönt des Aufruhrs Stimme,
Das Haus erzittert vor des Volkes Grimme.
Hier ruft es: Fauler König, gieb uns Brod!
Dort ſchreit die Wuth: Seid frei und ſchlagt ihn todt!

Die Keulen dröhnen an geſchloſſner Pforte,
Und an des Königs Ohr mordluſt'ge Worte.
Er bebt — da iſt kein Weg, der ihn errette,
Die Moldau hier und hier des Volkes Kette.

Da ſtürzt des Hauſes ſtarke Magd heran;
Sie wirft ein Linnen um des Königs Lenden,
Dann faßt ſie ihn — und mit gewalt'gen Händen
Fort zieht ſie ihn, hinaus und in den Kahn.
Fort! ruft ſie, fort, eh' ſie das Thor erbrechen
Und ihre Noth in deinem Blute rächen!

Das Ruder faßt ſie an und weit vom Ufer
Das Schifflein fliegt auf ſturmbewegter Welle.
Indeſſen ferne an des Bades Schwelle
Verhallt das Schreien der rebell'ſchen Rufer.
Stromaufwärts fliegt's — die Sturmeswellen heben
Und werfen es, als wollten ſie erzählen
Die ſüße Luſt, mit einem Königsleben,
Gleichwie mit einem leichten Ball zu ſpielen.

Suſanna aber ſchlägt ſie mit Gewalt
Aufs Haupt mit ihrem Ruder, daß es ſchallt
Wie eines Schwertes Schläge ohne Zahl
Auf eines Feindes Helm- und Schilderſtahl.

Vorüber an der Inſeln grünem Rande
Und an des Wiſſehrades fels'gem Strande
Lenkt ſie das Schifflein mit gewalt'ger Hand
Und weiter immer fort ins offne Land.

Auf niedrer Bank der König Wenzel ſitzt,
Kaum daß er ſeine Blöße kann bedecken
Vor Well' auf Welle, die herüber ſpritzt
Und höhnend nach ihm ſcheint die Hand zu ſtrecken.

Wie ihn die Welle wirft — ihm iſt es recht! —
Fürwahr, der kennt den König Wenzel ſchlecht,
Der meint, daß ihm vor Volk und Welle bangt.
Nicht doch — in ſtiller Luſt ſein Auge hangt
An der gewalt'gen, wellenmächtigen Magd,
Die, wie ſie vor ihm ſteht mit loſen Haaren,
Durch die die Winde ſtürmiſch wühlend fahren,
In ihrer Schönheit ſeinem Sinn behagt.
Er ſieht ſie an mit lächelndem Geſicht,
Wie ſie das Ruder ſchwingt, wie ihre Glieder,
Selbſt Wellen ähnlich, wogen auf und nieder,
Wie ſich ihr Antlitz röthet — und er ſpricht:

„Du Jungfrau, alſo ſchön und kühn und ſtark,
„In deren Gliedern glühet Wlaſtas Mark,
„Dir ſchuld ich Dank — ich will in Hermelin
„Und Sammet hüllen deinen ſchönen Leib,
„Du ſeiſt als ſchönſtes und als kühnſtes Weib
„In Zukunft meines Hofes Königin!
„Mit Gold und Edelſtein will ich dich ſchmücken
„Und Perlen reih'n um deinen ſchönen Hals,
„Du wirſt die Sänger meines Hofs entzücken
„Und leben in den Liedern ew'gen Schalls.

Suſannas Stirne flammt, ihr Auge blitzt,
Sie lenkt mit Einem Stoß den Kahn ans Land,
Und auf das Ruder ihren Leib geſtützt
Spricht ſie alſo zum König hingewandt:

„Ich bin ein Weib des Volks und will es bleiben!
„Dir laß ich Hermelin und Edelſtein
„Und deines Hofes fluchbeladnes Treiben,
„Dazu des Volkes jammervolles Schrein.
„Nicht will ich mich vom Mark und Schweiß und Blut,
„Von des zermalmten Volks geſtohlnem Gut,
„Mit deinen Sängern und gekrönten Gäſten
„An deinen königlichen Tafeln mäſten.
„Haſt du's gehört, wie es in ſeiner Noth
„Aufſchreit und ächzt nach einem Biſſen Brod?!
„Nach deines Tiſches abgefall'nen Reſten! — —
„Und ich ſoll folgen deinen Freudenfeſten? —
„Ich fluche dir ſo ſehr, wie ſie dir fluchen, —
„Und ſchwere Sünde ſcheint mir jetzt fürwahr,
„Daß ich nach Weiberart ſo weibiſch war,
„Der Rache dich zu ſtehlen, die ſie ſuchen.
„Jetzt fliehe ſchnell, daß mich zu ſpät nicht reue,
„Daß ich dem Volk gebrochen ſo die Treue,
„Daß ich von neuem nicht das Ruder faſſe
„Und von den Wellen, die darob empört,
„Daß ich das heil'ge Volksgericht geſtört,
„Entgegen dich den Rächern treiben laſſe.“

Der König floh ins offne Land dahin,
Gleich einem Bettler kaum verhüllt die Glieder;
Sie aber ſchwamm, gleich einer Königin,
Auf wildem Strom zu den Rebellen nieder.

2. Der blinde Jüngling.

Ein altes Büchlein mit vergilbten Blättern,
Mit ſonderbar gekrümmten, grauen Lettern,
Schleicht heut noch, wie ein Greis, von Haus zu Haus.
Der Urahn lieſt den Enkeln vor daraus,
Und durch des Volkes Glauben iſt's geweihet.
Es klinget wie ein geiſterhafter Gruß
Und ſaget, wie zur Zeit des Ketzers Huß
Ein weiſer, blinder Jüngling prophezeihet.

Der König Wenzel hat die böſe Stunde;
Da hilft nicht Saitenſpiel, nicht Becherklang,
Nicht die geheimnißreichſte Reichsurkunde,
Nicht das Gekläff der wilden Baſtardhunde,
Nicht eigner und nicht fremder Minneſang.

Er ſchweifet durch des Schloſſes weite Gänge —
Da ſchrecket ihn bei jedem Tritt und Schritt
Der Wachen Ruf, der Glanz der Partiſanen,
Vom Giebel hoch der Pfiff der Wetterfahnen,
Vom Thurm die mitternächt'gen Glockenklänge —
Und wie er an des Schloſſes Pforte tritt,
Der Bettler ſelber, der die breite Schwelle
Sich auserwählt als gute Lagerſtelle.

Der König lehnt ſich an die Pfoſte ſchweigend
Und lauſchet auf des Bettlers guten Schlaf,
Und denkt, zu ſeinem Haupt ſich niederneigend:
Wohl dir, daß du nicht König Wenzeſlav.
Ihm iſt ſo weh, als zuckten alle Krämpfe
Des weiten Reichs durch ſeine eignen Glieder,
Und alſo wüſt, als tönten alle Kämpfe
Der Deutſchen Zwietracht ihm im Herzen wieder.
Und zu ſich ſelber ſpricht er: Wer zu ſagen
Mir wüßte, was ſich bald mit mir begiebt,
Ob neu in Pracht erſteht in nahen Tagen,
Ob meine Herrlichkeit in Nichts zerſtiebt?
Ich hörte ſagen, daß in jenem Hauſe,
Das einſam ſtehet in des Wald's Gebrauſe,
Ein blinder Jüngling lebt, der geiſt'gen Blicks
Zu deuten weiß die Räthſel des Geſchicks,
Und wohl zu leſen in der Zukunft Buche —
Erprob' ich ſeine Kunſt? — Ob ich's verſuche?

Den Bettler ſchreckt er auf vom harten Bett,
Er wirft ihm hin ſo Mantel als Barett,
Und reißt den ſchlechten Kittel ihm herab
Und den zerfetzten Hut, den Bettelſtab,
Und eingehüllt in niedre Bettlertracht
Geht hin der König durch die dunkle Nacht.
Er ſchreitet ſchweigend durch die öden Gaſſen,
Dann über Stege und verlaſſ'ne Straßen,
Dann über Berge, Schluchten, Thal und Wald
Und immer weiter ohne Aufenthalt.

Im Ton des Windes, in der Blätter Rauſchen
Hört er Verräther, die ihn feig belauſchen;
Ihm iſt's auf dieſem Weg, ob das Geſchick
Ihm folgt' und ſäß' ihm würgend im Genick.

Schon will der Morgen lieblich auferſtehen,
In hoher Krone lacht der Auerhahn,
Die Vöglein ſtimmen ihre Lieder an,
Aus Gras und Büſchen hundert Augen ſehen,
Von Eichhörnlein, Kaninchen, Hirſch und Rehen,
Als wollten ſie ſich ſchier verwundert ſagen:
„Vor König Wenzel iſt heut nicht zu zagen,
„Heut kommt er nicht mit Lanz und Pfeil und Bogen,
„Heut kommt er mit dem Bettelſtab gezogen.“

Jetzt ſteht er vor der Hütte des Propheten;
Noch hält er zaudernd an der Schwelle inne,
Ob er ſich ſelber auf ſich ſelbſt beſinne,
Dann ſchnell entſchloſſen iſt er eingetreten.

Auf einem ſchlechten, ſtrohbedeckten Lager
Liegt eines Jünglings krankende Geſtalt,
Blond iſt ſein Haar, doch ſeine Stirn iſt alt
Und ſeine Glieder ſind gebleicht und hager.
An ſieht man's dieſen ausgebrannten Augen,
Daß ſie das Nächſte nicht zu ſehen taugen;
Doch wie ſo ſtier hinſchaun die blaſſen Sterne,
Wohl ſcheinen ſie zu ſehn in weite Ferne.

Er hebt vom Lager ſich, und hin zur Pforte
Sich neigend ſpricht er ſinnend dieſe Worte:
„Was bebt die Schwelle ſo von meinem Haus?
„Ich grüße dich, mein König Wenzeſlaus!

Der König fragt: „So haſt du ſchon vernommen,
„Daß ich zu deiner Hütte wollte kommen? —
Der blinde Jüngling aber lächelnd ſpricht:
„Dein Pförtner weiß von deinem Ausgang nicht;
„Des Waldes Thier allein, der Blätter Rauſchen
„Hat es gewagt, dich wandernd zu belauſchen.
„Dem Bettler neideſt du, o König Wenzeſlav,
„Auf hartem Steine ſeinen ſüßen Schlaf;
„Und kommſt nun ſelbſt in niedrer Bettlertracht
„Zu betteln bei der Zukunft heil'gen Macht
„Und durch des Blinden geiſterhafte Blicke
„Zu deuten dir die Räthſel der Geſchicke.“

„Nun denn ſo ſprich, du Blinder, ohne Zaudern!!“
Der König ruft es, ſeine Glieder ſchaudern,
Er lehnt ſich lauſchend an der Hütte Wand,
Und deckt die Augen zu mit kalter Hand.
Der Blinde neigt das Haupt, die Zunge lallt,
Kaum hörbar bebt das Wort aus ſeinem Munde,
Bis immer ſtärker, immer düſtrer ſchallt
Wie Sturmgebrauſe die Prophetenkunde:

„Ich ſehe lodern einen Scheiterhaufen —
„Sancta simplicitas! — ſie wollen taufen
„Den edlen Gottesſchwan in Feuersgluten —
„Es ſprühen Funken aus dem Aſchenhauf
„Ins Böhmenland, es brennt, es lodert auf —
„Und durch die Flammen ſeh' ich hohe Fluten
„Aus tauſend Herzen ſtrömen, die verbluten —
„Und heimiſche und fremde wilde Horden
„Und eine lange Reih' von Greul und Morden —
„Bis an das Knie im Blute geht ihr Fuß —
„Dann ſeh' ich Noth und lange Pein unſäglich —
„Gebrochne Wappen, Herzen, Geiſter kläglich —
„Dann Heilige durch heil'gen Martyrkuß.
„Dann wehen fremde Fahnen von den Zinnen,
„Dann wird das ſtille, ſtumme Reich beginnen,
„Der alte Gott, die Lieder ſind gebannt
„Und tiefe Ruh' iſt auf das grüne Land
„Als wie ein weites Leichentuch gebreit —
„Doch iſt die ſtille Zeit noch weit — noch weit.“

„Was kümmert mich die weite, ferne Zeit,“
Der König ruft — „von Morgen ſprich, von Heut!“

Der blinde Jüngling aber grollend ſpricht,
Mit aufgehobner Hand: „Dieweil dich kümmert nicht,
„O König Wenzeſlaus, die ferne Zeit,
„Gieb Acht, gieb Acht, daß dir von deinem Haus
„Mein Seheraug' nichts Böſes prophezei't!
„Als König Saul zu Endors Hexe ritt,

„Trug er ſein Todesſchwert zur Seite mit;
„Als Belſazar geſehn des Himmels Rechte,
„In ſelber Nacht erſchlugen ihn die Knechte.“

Der Blinde ſchweigt — er ſchließt die Augenlider,
Er neigt ſein Haupt tief bis zum Herzen nieder,
Dann ruft er aus mit ſchaurigtiefem Ton:
„Dein Reich iſt faul — es ſtürzt dein Königsthron!“

„Und wann?“ — Der König Wenzel ruft's entſetzt.
Der Blinde murmelt: „Laß dem Sand mich lauſchen —
„Noch zwanzig Körnlein, ha, wie ſchnell ſie rauſchen —
„In kurzer Friſt — zehn Körnlein noch — fünf — jetzt!“

„Ha? — Jetzt!“ — Der König lacht des Trugpropheten,
Er ſchwingt den Bettelſtab, als wär's ein Schwert,
Und aus der Hütte, wie er eingekehrt,
Iſt er mit wilder Haſt hinausgetreten.

Er eilet über Berge, Thal und Wald —
Und immer weiter ohne Aufenthalt,
Schon neiget ſich der ſüße Frühlingstag,
Die Sonne ſinkt, als er vor ſeinem Prag
Noch unerkannt in Bettlerkleidern ſtund.
Da glänzen von den Thürmen fremde Fahnen
Und von den Thoren fremde Partiſanen —
„O, falſcher Bruder, Bruder Sigismund!“

Valentin Wilhelm Havemann

wurde am 27. Sept. 1800 zu Lüneburg geboren, erhielt daſelbſt einen Theil ſeiner Schulbildung, bezog 1819 die Univerſität Göttingen und ſtudirte die Rechte. In burſchenſchaftliche Verbindungen verwickelt, wurde er nach beendigten akademiſchen Studien zum Auditorexamen nicht zugelaſſen, weswegen er 1822 nach Darmſtadt ging, wo er bei einem Knabeninſtitute als Lehrer angeſtellt wurde. Hier verhaftete man ihn plötzlich kurz vor Weihnachten 1823, er wurde an die preußiſche Regierung abgeliefert, wo er wegen Nichtgeſtändniſſes eine ſtrenge Behandlung zu erdulden hatte, jedoch ſpäter nebſt mehreren andern Landsleuten an Hannover abgegeben wurde. Nach beendigter Unterſuchung ſah ſich H. zu fünfjähriger Gefängnißſtrafe verurtheilt, die er im December 1824 auf der Feſtung zu Hildesheim antrat. Als er im Dec. 1829 die Freiheit erhalten, hielt er in Hannover vor einem gemiſchten Publicum hiſtoriſche Vorleſungen. Der Herzog von Cambridge und mehrere Große nahmen ſich ſeiner an und bewirkten, daß er an der Akademie des Generalſtabes als Lehrer der Geſchichte und deutſchen Literatur angeſtellt wurde. Im J. 1831 kam H. als Lehrer an die Kloſterſchule zu Ilfeld. Nachdem Dahlmann und Gervinus ihre Profeſſuren niedergelegt und Göttingen verlaſſen hatten, erging an ihn der Ruf als Profeſſor der Landesgeſchichte in Göttingen, den er auch annahm.

Er ſchrieb:

Geſchichte der Kämpfe Frankreichs in Italien von 1494 — 1515. 2 Bände Hannov. 1833—35.
Hiſtorie von St.-Eliſabeth. Berlin 1833.
Chriſtliches Geſangbuch für Schulen. Hannov. 1837.
Geſchichte der Lande Braunſchweig und Lüneburg 2 Bände Lüneburg 1837 — 38.
Handbuch der Geſchichte der Lande Braunſchweig und Lüneburg. Lüneburg 1838.
Eliſabeth Herzogin von Braunſchweig-Lüneburg Monographie. Gött. 1839.

H. hat ſich vorzüglich durch ſeine Geſchichte der franzöſiſchen Feldzüge in Italien am Schluſſe des Mittelalters, ſo wie durch ſeine vaterländiſche Geſchichte, den Beifall der bedeutendſten deutſchen Hiſtoriker, und einen ſehr geachteten Namen in der Gelehrtenwelt erworben.

Friedrich Hebbel

wurde im Jahre 1813 zu Weſſelburen im Dithmarſchen geboren, mußte ſich anfänglich ärmlich behelfen, und erhielt, bei einer höchſt dürftigen Lecture, faſt ſeine ganze Jugendbildung aus der Bibel; auch die abgeriſſen und geheimnißvoll als Tradition im Volke lebende Geſchichte ſeiner Heimath wirkte mächtig auf ihn ein. Erſt im zweiundzwanzigſten Jahre konnte er ſich den Wiſſenſchaften widmen; er ſtudirte anfangs in Heidelberg, dann in München Philoſophie. Im Jahre 1839 kehrte er nach Norddeutſchland zurück und wählte Hamburg zu ſeinem Aufenthaltsorte. Seit Ende des Jahres 1842 lebte er in Kopenhagen und erhielt dann vom König von Dänemark ein Reiſeſtipendium, in Folge deſſen er nach Italien ging. — Von dort zurückgekehrt, ließ er ſich in Wien nieder, wo er ſich mit der talentvollen Schauſpielerin Enghaus vermählte.

Er ſchrieb:

Judith. Eine Tragödie in 5 Akten. 8. Hamburg 1841. Hoffmann und Campe.
Gedichte. 8. Ebend. 1842.
Genoveva. Eine Tragödie in 5 Akten. 8. Ebend. 1843.
Mein Wort über das Drama! Eine Erwiederung an Prof. Heiberg in Kopenhagen. gr. 8. Ebend. 1843.
Marie Magdalene. Ein bürgerl. Trauerſp. in 3 Akten. Nebſt einem Vorwort, betr. das Verhältniß der dramat. Kunſt zur Zeit und verwandte Punkte. 8. Ebend. 1844.

Ein höchſt bedeutendes Talent, wohl neben ſehr Wenigen das bedeutendſte der jüngeren Generation, reich an ſchöpferiſcher Phantaſie, tiefem und ſtarkem Gefühl, Kraft, Würde und Großartigkeit der Gedanken und der Lebensanſchauung. Hebbel hat ſich nur langſam Bahn gebrochen, aber er iſt auf dieſer Bahn ſtets fortgeſchritten und die Anerkennung der Menge muß ihm, wenn auch erſt nach Jahren, in großem Maaße zu Theil werden, während die Freunde echter Poeſie ſich jetzt ſchon mit lebhafteſter Theilnahme an ſeinen Leiſtungen erfreuen und ihm, um der Tiefe der Gedanken willen, die er überall bei ſeltener Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form offenbart, manche zu geniale Steigerung, beſonders in der Charakterzeichnung, um ſo mehr verzeihen, als ſelbſt dieſe ein hohes geiſtiges Intereſſe darbietet.

Das alte Haus.
1834.

Der Maurer ſchreitet friſch heran,
Er ſoll dich niederbrechen;
Da iſt es mir, du altes Haus,
Als hörte ich dich ſprechen:
„Wie magſt du mich, das lange Jahr'
Der Lieb' und Eintracht Tempel war,
Wie magſt du mich zerſtören?

Dein Ahnherr hat mich einſt erbaut
Und unter frommem Beten
Mit ſeiner ſchönen ſtillen Braut
Mich dann zuerſt betreten.
Ich weiß um Alles wohl Beſcheid,
Um jede Luſt, um jedes Leid,
Was ihnen widerfahren.

Dein Vater war geboren hier,
In der gebräunten Stube,
Die erſten Blicke gab er mir,
Der munt're, kräft'ge Bube.
Er ſchaute auf die Engelein,
Die gaukeln in der Fenſter Schein,
Dann erſt auf ſeine Mutter.

Und als er traurig ſchlich am Stab
Nach manchen ſchönen Jahren,
Da hat er ſchon, wie ſtill ein Grab,
In meinem Schooß erfahren;
In jener Ecke ſaß er da,
Und ſtumm und händefaltend ſah
Er ſehnlich auf zum Himmel.

Du ſelbſt — doch nein, das ſag' ich nicht,
Ich will von dir nicht ſprechen,
Hat dieſes Alles kein Gewicht,
Magſt du mich niederbrechen.
Das Glück zog mit dem Ahnherrn ein,
Zerſtöre du den Tempel ſein,
Damit es endlich weiche.

Noch lange Jahre kann ich ſtehn,
Bin feſt genug gegründet,
Und ob ſich mit der Stürme Wehn
Ein Wolkenbruch verbündet.
Kühn rag' ich, wie ein Fels, empor,
Und was ich auch an Schmuck verlor,
Gewann ich's nicht an Würde?

Und hab' ich denn nicht manchen Saal
Und manch' geräumig Zimmer?
Und glänzt nicht feſtlich mein Portal
In alter Pracht noch immer?
Noch Jedem hat's in mir behagt,
Kein Glücklicher hat ſich beklagt,
Ich ſei zu klein geweſen.

Und, wenn es einſt zum Letzten geht,
Und wenn das warme Leben
In deinen Adern ſtille ſteht,
Wird dies dich nicht erheben,
Dort, wo dein Vater ſterbend lag,
Wo deiner Mutter Auge brach,
Den letzten Kampf zu ſtreiten?“

Nun ſchweigt es ſtill, das alte Haus,
Mir aber iſt's, als ſchritten
Die todten Väter all' heraus,
Um für das Haus zu bitten,
Und auch in meiner eignen Bruſt,
Wie ruft ſo manche alte Luſt:
Laß ſtehn das Haus, laß ſtehen!

Indeſſen iſt der Mauermann
Schon in's Gebälk geſtiegen,
Er fängt mit Macht zu brechen an
Und Stein' und Ziegel fliegen.
Still, lieber Meiſter, geh von hier,
Gern zahle ich den Taglohn dir,
Allein das Haus bleibt ſtehen.

Auf ein ſchlummerndes Kind.
1835.

Wenn ich, o Kindlein, vor dir ſtehe,
Wenn ich im Traum dich lächeln ſehe,
Wenn du erglühſt ſo wunderbar,
Da ahne ich mit ſüßem Grauen:
Dürft' ich in deine Träume ſchauen,
So wär' mir Alles, Alles klar!

Dir iſt die Erde noch verſchloſſen,
Du haſt noch keine Luſt genoſſen,
Noch iſt kein Glück, was du empfingſt:
Wie könnteſt du ſo ſüß denn träumen,
Wenn du nicht noch in jenen Räumen,
Woher du kameſt, dich ergingſt?

Der junge Schiffer.
1836.

Dort bläht ein Schiff die Segel,
Friſch ſauſt hinein der Wind;
Der Anker wird gelichtet,
Das Steuer flugs gerichtet,
Nun fliegt's hinaus geſchwind.

Ein kühner Waſſervogel
Kreiſt grüßend um den Maſt,
Die Sonne brennt herunter,
Manch' Fiſchlein, blank und munter,
Umgaukelt keck den Gaſt.

Wär' gern hineingeſprungen,
Da draußen iſt mein Reich!
Ich bin ja jung von Jahren,
Da iſt's mir nur um's Fahren,
Wohin? das gilt mir gleich!

Scheidelied.
1837.

Kein Lebewohl, kein banges Scheiden!
Viel lieber ein Geſchiedenſein!
Ertragen kann ich jedes Leiden,
Doch trinken kann ich's nicht, wie Wein.

Wir ſaßen geſtern noch beiſammen,
Von Trennung wußt' ich ſelbſt noch kaum!
Das Herz trieb ſeine alten Flammen,
Die Seele ſpann den alten Traum.

Dann raſch ein Kuß vom lieben Munde,
Nicht Schmerz getränkt, nicht Angſt verkürzt!
Das nenn' ich eine Abſchiedsſtunde,
Die leere Ewigkeiten würzt.

Scheidelied.
1838.

Das iſt ein eitles Wähnen!
Sei nicht ſo feig, mein Herz!
Gieb redlich Thränen um Thränen,
Nimm tapfer Schmerz um Schmerz!

Ich will Dich weinen ſehen,
Zum erſten und letzten Mal!
Will ſelbſt nicht widerſtehen!
Da löſcht ſich Qual in Qual!

In dieſem bittern Leiden
Hab' ich nur darum Muth,
Nur darum Kraft zum Scheiden,
Weil es ſo weh uns thut.

Der junge Jäger.

1838.

In die kühle Felſengrotte
Tritt der junge Jäger ein.
Heiß iſt's draußen, um zu ſchlummern,
Legt er ſtill ſich auf's Geſtein.

Und der Schlaf, der ewig milde,
Schließt ihm bald die Augen dicht;
Holder Träume lichte Schatten
Fliegen über ſein Geſicht.

In die kühle Felſengrotte
Tritt ein Mädchen hoch und ſchlank,
Sieht den Schläfer, hold erſchreckend,
Naht ſie haſtig ſeiner Bank.

Will ihn wecken, höret Schritte,
Ruft mit Angſt: es iſt zu ſpät!
Macht des Kreuzes ſchirmend Zeichen,
Ueber ihn, wie im Gebet.

In die Grotte tritt der Wildſchütz,
Sieht den jungen Jägersmann,
Greift erblaſſend nach der Büchſe,
Spannt den Hahn, legt auf ihn an.

Vor den Bruder tritt das Mädchen,
Doch er drängt ſie ſtumm zurück;
Der hat einſt auf mich geſchoſſen!
Sagt ihr ernſt und ſtreng ſein Blick.

„Sieh ihn ſchlafen — ſpricht ſie leiſe —
Er iſt jetzt in Gottes Schutz;
Ihm zur Seite ſteht ein Engel,
Fühlſt du's nicht in deinem Trutz?“

Als er auflacht, fleht ſie innig:
„Sieh, er ſchläft ſo ruhig fort!
Laß, bis er erwacht, ihn leben!“
Er gelobt's mit kurzem Wort.

Still am Flintenſteine ſchraubend,
Blickt er auf den Feind ſo wild;
Lautlos auf die Kniee ſinkend,
Liegt ſie bleich, ein Marmorbild.

„„Glaubſt du nicht an ſeinen Engel,
Oder biſt du's ſelbſt zumeiſt?““
„Ach, ich bete“ — ſeufzt ſie weinend —
Daß du nie ein Mörder ſeiſt.“

Pulver auf die Pfanne ſchüttend,
Spricht er finſter, ungeirrt:
„Wenn ich auch ein Mörder werde,
Iſt es nur, daß der's nicht wird!“

Ringsum Stille, durch das Summen
Eines Käfers kaum geſtört,
Tief genug, daß man des Schläfers
Leiſe Athemzüge hört.

Horch, da raſchelt's vor der Grotte,
Und ein Hirſch, neugierig, ſtreckt
Seinen Hals hinein zum Eingang,
Springt zurück, und flieht erſchreckt.

Doch der Schütz, raſch, unwillkürlich,
Sendet ſeinen Schuß ihm nach,
Flucht dann laut und ſtürmt von hinnen,
Denn das hallt, wie Wetterſchlag.

Aus dem Schlummer, der ihn deckte,
Fährt der Jäger raſch empor;
Eine Roſe ſieht er liegen,
Die das Mädchen kaum verlor.

Die gemahnt ihn an die Jungfrau,
Die an ihm vorüberflog,
Eine Thräne ſtolz zerdrückend,
Als er jüngſt den Wald durchzog.

Eine Roſe, weiß, wie dieſe,
Trug ſie ſtill an ihrer Bruſt;
Daß ſie ſeines Feindes Schweſter,
War ihm nimmermehr bewußt.

Als er aus der Grotte ſchreitet,
Trifft er mit verbißner Wuth,
Den an ſeiner Statt des Schützen
Kugel traf, den Hirſch im Blut.

„Frevler, damals wollt' ich fehlen,
Denn das Herz erſtarrte mir,
Doch, ertapp' ich jetzt dich wieder,
Sollſt du ſtürzen, wie dies Thier!“

An den Hut die Roſe ſteckend,
Schwur er's und verſchwand im Wald.
Sagt mir, was der Schuß bedeutet,
Der von dort herüberhallt?

Der Sonnen-Jüngling.

1839.

Der Sonnen-Jüngling blickt zum erſten Mal
Hernieder auf die Erde mit Verlangen;
Er kehrt ſich glühend ab in ſüßem Bangen,
Doch blüh'n ſchon Veilchen auf vor ſeinem Strahl.

Er blickt noch einmal, und zu ſeiner Qual
Iſt ſchnell die erſte Lilje aufgegangen;
Beim dritten Mal ſieht er die Roſe prangen,
Nun muß er raſtlos blicken, ohne Wahl.

Und ach! je länger er ſie nun betrachtet,
Je größer wird in ſeiner Bruſt das Sehnen,
Weil ſie ſich immer lieblicher geſtaltet.

Er aber, der ſich neben ihr verachtet,
Ahnt nicht in ſeinem Weh und ſeinen Thränen,
Daß all' die Schönheit nur ſein Blick entfaltet.

Mein Päan.

1840.

Ich möchte auch einmal von Freiheit ſingen,
Doch, iſt der Drang auch groß, den ich verſpüre,
Wer ſagt mir, wie viel Odem ihm gebühre!
Mir däucht, zuvor muß ich den Flammberg ſchwingen.

Der Tag erſt, wo um mich die Schwerter klingen,
Wo ich, ſo wie ich jetzt die Saiten rühre,
Mit eigner Fauſt mein gutes Eiſen führe,
Der Tag erſt wird die rechte Antwort bringen.

Auch dann noch ficht' ich ſtill und ſtumm, gleich Allen,
Die ſchweigend ihren Haß und Grimm getragen,
Doch endlich wird mein Blut die Erde färben.

Dann ſoll der Freiheit mein Päan erſchallen,
Denn ſo viel Worte, glaub' ich, darf ich wagen,
Als Odem zwiſchen Fallen bleibt und Sterben.

Das Kind am Brunnen.

1841.

Frau Amme, Frau Amme, das Kind iſt erwacht!
Doch die liegt ruhig im Schlafe.
Die Vöglein zwitſchern, die Sonne lacht,
Am Hügel weiden die Schafe.

Frau Amme, Frau Amme, das Kind ſteht auf,
Es wagt ſich weiter und weiter!
Hinab zum Brunnen nimmt es den Lauf,
Da ſtehen Blumen und Kräuter.

Frau Amme, Frau Amme, der Brunnen iſt tief!
Sie ſchläft, als läge ſie drinnen!
Das Kind läuft ſchnell, wie es nie noch lief,
Die Blumen locken's von hinnen.

Nun ſteht es am Brunnen, nun iſt es am Ziel,
Nun pflückt es die Blumen ſich munter,
Doch bald ermüdet das reizende Spiel,
Da ſchaut's in die Tiefe hinunter.

Und unten erblickt es ein holdes Geſicht,
Mit Augen, ſo hell und ſo ſüße.
Es iſt ſein eignes, das weiß es noch nicht,
Viel ſtumme, freundliche Grüße!

Das Kindlein winkt, der Schatten geſchwind
Winkt aus der Tiefe ihm wieder.
Herauf! Herauf! ſo meint's das Kind:
Der Schatten: hernieder! hernieder!

Schon beugt es ſich über den Brunnenrand,
Frau Amme, du ſchläfſt noch immer!
Da fallen die Blumen ihm aus der Hand,
Und trüben den lockenden Schimmer.

Verſchwunden iſt ſie, die ſüße Geſtalt,
Verſchluckt von der hüpfenden Welle,
Das Kind durchſchauert's fremd und kalt,
Und ſchnell enteilt es der Stelle.

Leben.

1841.

Seele, die du, unergründlich
Tief verſenkt, dich aetherwärts
Schwingen möchteſt und allſtündlich
Dich gehemmt wähnſt durch den Schmerz, —
An den Taucher, an den ſtillen,
Denke, der in finſtrer See
Fiſcht nach eines Höhern Willen:
Nur vom Athmen kommt ſein Weh.

Iſt die Perle erſt gefunden
In der öden Wellengruft,
Wird er ſchnell empor gewunden,
Daß ihn heilen Licht und Luft;
Was ſich lange ihm verhehlte,
Wird ihm dann auf einmal klar:
Daß, was ihm im Abgrund quälte,
Eben nur ſein Leben war.

Welt und Ich.

1842.

Im großen ungeheuren Oceane
Willſt du, der Tropfe, dich in dich verſchließen?
So wirſt du nie zur Perl' zuſammenſchießen,
Wie dich auch Fluten ſchütteln und Orkane.

Nein! öffne deine innerſten Organe
Und miſche dich im Leiden und Genießen
Mit allen Strömen, die vorüber fließen,
Dann dienſt du dir und dienſt dem höchſten Plane.

Und fürchte nicht, ſo in die Welt verſunken,
Dich ſelbſt und dein Ur-Eignes zu verlieren:
Der Weg zu dir führt eben durch das Ganze!

Erſt, wenn du kühn von jedem Wein getrunken,
Wirſt du die Kraft im tiefſten Innern ſpüren,
Die jedem Sturm zu ſtehn vermag im Tanze!

Aus Judith.

Fünfter Akt.

Abend. Das erleuchtete Zelt des Holofernes. Hinten ein Vorhang, der das Schlafgemach verdeckt.

Holofernes. Hauptleute. Kämmerer.

Holofernes (zu einem der Hauptleute.) Du haſt gekundſchaftet! Wie ſteht es in der Stadt!

Der Hauptmann. Es iſt, als ob ſich Alle darin ſelbſt begraben hätten. Diejenigen, welche die Thore bewachen, ſind wie aus dem Grabe emporgeſtiegen. Auf Einen legte ich an, doch bevor ich noch abdrückte, fiel er ſchon von ſelbſt todt zu Boden.

Holof. Alſo Sieg ohne Krieg. Wär' ich jünger, ſo mißfiele mir's. Da glaubt' ich mein Leben zu ſtehlen, wenn ich's mir nicht täglich neu erkämpfte; was mir geſchenkt wurde, meinte ich gar nicht zu beſitzen.

Der Hauptm. Prieſter ſieht man ſtumm und ernſthaft durch die Gaſſen ſchleichen. Lange, weiße Gewänder, wie bei uns die Todten tragen. Hohle Augen, die den Himmel zu durchbohren ſuchen. Krampf in den Fingern, wenn ſie die Hände falten.

Holof. Daß man mir ſolche Prieſter nicht tödtet! Die Verzweiflung in ihrem Geſicht iſt mein Bundesgenoſſe.

Der Hauptm. Wenn ſie jetzt zum Himmel emporſchauen, ſo gilt es nicht dem Gott, den ſie dort ſuchen, es gilt einer Regenwolke. Aber die Sonne zehrt die dünnen Wolken auf, die einen Tropfen der Erquickung verſprechen, und auf die zerſpringenden Lippen fällt ihr heißer Strahl. Dann ballen ſich Hände, dann rollen Augen, dann zerſtoßen ſich Köpfe an den Mauern, daß Blut und Gehirn fließt!

Holof. Wir ſahen das öfter! (Lachend.) Haben wir doch ſelbſt eine Hungersnoth erlebt, wo der Eine ſcheu zurückwich, wenn der Andere ihn küſſen wollte, aus bloßer Furcht vor einem Biß in die Backe. Halloh, bereitet das Mahl, laßt uns luſtig ſein! (Es geſchieht.) Iſt nicht morgen der fünfte Tag?

Der Hauptm. Ja.

Holof. Da wird ſich's entſcheiden! Uebergiebt ſich Bethulien, wie dieſe Ebräerin verkündigte, kommt ſie von ſelbſt herangekrochen, die halsſtarrige Stadt, und legt ſich mir zu Füßen . . . .

Der Hauptm. Holofernes zweifelt?

Holof. An Allem, was er nicht befehlen kann. Aber geſchieht's, wie das Weib verhieß, wird mir aufgemacht, ohne daß ich mit dem Schwerte anzuklopfen brauche, dann . . . .

Der Hauptm. Dann?

Holof. Dann bekommen wir einen neuen Herrn. Wahrlich, ich habe geſchworen, daß der Gott Iſraels, wenn er mir einen Gefallen thut, auch mein Gott ſein ſoll, und bei Allen, die ſchon meine Götter ſind, bei'm Bel zu Babel und beim großen Baal, ich werd's halten! Hier, dieſen Becher mit Wein bring' ich ihm dar, dem Je . . Je . . (Zum Kämmerer) wie ſagteſt Du doch, daß er heiße?

Kämm. Jehovah.

Holof. Laß Dir das Opfer gefallen, Jehovah. Ein Mann bringt's Dir, und ein ſolcher, der es nicht nöthig hätte.

Der Hauptm. Und wenn Bethulien ſich nicht ergiebt?

Holof. Schwur gegen Schwur. Dann laſſ' ich den Jehovah auspeitſchen, und die Stadt — doch ich will meinem Zorn nicht ſchon jetzt die Gränze abmeſſen! Es heißt den Blitz ſchulmeiſtern. Was macht die Ebräerin?

Der Hauptm. O, ſie iſt ſchön. Aber ſie iſt auch ſpröde!

Holof. Haſt du ſie verſucht?

Der Hauptm. (ſchweigt verlegen.)

Holof. (mit wildem Blick) Du wagteſt das, und wußteſt, daß ſie mir wohlgefällt? Nimm das, Hund! (Er haut ihn nieder.) Schafft ihn weg und führt mir das Weib her. Es iſt eine Schande, daß ſie unberührt unter uns Aſſyriern einhergeht! —

(Der Körper wird fortgeſchafft.)

Weib iſt Weib, und doch bildet man ſich ein, es ſei ein Unterſchied. Freilich fühlt ein Mann nirgends ſo ſehr, wie viel er werth iſt, als an Weibesbruſt. Ha, wenn ſie ſeiner Umarmung entgegenzittern, im Kampf zwiſchen Wolluſt und Schamgefühl; wenn ſie Miene machen, als ob ſie fliehen wollten, und dann mit einmal, von ihrer Natur übermannt, an ſeinen Hals fliegen, wenn ihr letztes Bischen Selbſtändigkeit und Bewußtſein ſich aufrafft und ſie, da ſie nicht mehr trotzen können, zum freiwilligen Entgegenkommen antreibt; wenn dann, durch verrätheriſche Küſſe in jedem Blutstropfen geweckt, ihre Begierde mit der Begierde des Mannes in die Wette läuft, und ſie ihn auffordern, wo ſie Widerſtand leiſten ſollten, — ja, das iſt Leben, da erfährt man's, warum die Götter ſich die Mühe gaben, Menſchen zu machen, da hat man ein Genügen, ein überfließendes Maaß! Und vollends, wenn ihre kleine Seele noch den Moment zuvor von Haß und feigem Groll erfüllt war, wenn das Auge, das jetzt in Wonne bricht, ſich finſter ſchloß, als der Ueberwinder hereintrat, wenn die Hand, die jetzt ſchmeichelnd drückt, ihm gern Gift in den Wein gemiſcht hätte! Das iſt ein Triumph, wie keiner mehr, und den hab' ich ſchon oft gefeiert. Auch dieſe Judith — zwar iſt ihr Blick freundlich, und ihre Wangen lächeln, wie Sonnenſchein; aber in ihrem Herzen wohnt Niemand als ihr Gott, und den will ich jetzt vertreiben! In meinen Jugendtagen hab' ich wohl, wenn ich einem Feind begegnete, ſtatt mein eignes Schwert zu ziehen, ihm das ſeinige aus der Hand gewunden und ihn damit niedergehauen. So will ich auch dieſe vernichten; ſie ſoll vor mir vergehen durch ihr eignes Gefühl, durch die Treuloſigkeit ihrer Sinne!

Jud. (tritt mit Mirza ein.) Du haſt befohlen, hoher Herr, und Deine Magd gehorcht.

Holof. Setze Dich, Judith, und iß und trink, denn Du haſt Gnade vor mir gefunden.

Jud. Das will ich, Herr, ich will fröhlich ſein, denn ich bin mein Lebelang nicht ſo geehrt worden!

Holof. Warum zögerſt Du?

Jud. (ſchaudernd, indem ſie auf das friſche Blut deutet.) Herr, ich bin ein Weib.

Holof. Betrachte es recht, dies Blut. Es muß Deiner Eitelkeit ſchmeicheln, denn es iſt gefloſſen, weil es für Dich entzündet war.

Jud. Wehe!

Holof. (zu dem Kämmerer.) Andere Teppiche her! (Zu den Hauptleuten.) Entfernt Euch!

(Die Teppiche werden gebracht. Die Hauptleute gehen ab.)

Jud. (für ſich.) Mein Haar ſträubt ſich, aber doch dank' ich Dir, Gott, daß du mir den Entſetzlichen auch in dieſer Geſtalt zeigteſt. Den Mörder kann ich leichter morden.

Holof. Nun laß Dich nieder. Du biſt blaß geworden, Dein Buſen fliegt. Bin ich Dir ſchrecklich?

Jud. Herr, Du warſt freundlich gegen mich!

Holof. Sei aufrichtig, Weib.

Jud. Herr, Du müßteſt mich verachten, wenn ich —

Holof. Nun!

Jud. Wenn ich Dich lieben könnte.

Holof. Weib, Du wagſt viel. Vergieb. Du wagſt Nichts. Solch ein Wort hört' ich noch nicht. Nimm die goldne Kette für dies Wort.

Jud. (verlegen.) Herr, ich verſtehe Dich nicht!

Holof. Wehe Dir, wenn du mich verſtündeſt. Der Leu blickt ein Kind, das ihn verwegen an der Mähne zupft, weil es ihn nicht kennt, mit Freundlichkeit an. Wollte das Kind, nachdem es groß und klug geworden, daſſelbe verſuchen, der Leu würde es zerreißen. Setz' Dich zu mir, wir wollen plaudern. Sag' mir, was dachteſt Du, als Du zuerſt vernahmſt, daß ich mit Heeresmacht Dein Vaterland bedrohte?

Jud. Ich dachte Nichts.

Holof. Weib, man denkt an Manches, wenn man von Holofernes hört.

Jud. Ich dachte an den Gott meiner Väter.

Holof. Gieb mir den erſten Kuß. (Er küßt ſie.)

Jud. (für ſich.) O, warum bin ich Weib!

Holof. Und als Du nun das Rollen meiner Wagen hörteſt, und das Stampfen meiner Kameele und das Klirren meiner Schwerter, was dachteſt Du da?

Jud. Ich dachte, Du wäreſt nicht der einzige Mann in der Welt und aus Iſrael würde einer hervorgehen, der Dir gleich ſei.

Holof. Als Du nun aber ſaheſt, daß mein Name allein hinreichte, Dein Volk in den Staub zu werfen, daß Euer Gott das Wunderthun vergaß, und daß Eure Männer ſich Weiberkleider wünſchten —

Jud. Da rief ich pfui aus und verhüllte mein Angeſicht, ſobald ich einen Mann erblickte, und wenn ich beten wollte, ſo empörten ſich meine Gedanken gegen mich ſelbſt und zerfleiſchten ſich unter einander, und ringelten ſich wie Schlangen um das Bild meines Gottes herum. O, ſeit ich das empfand, ſchaudere ich vor meiner eigenen Bruſt; ſie kommt mir vor, wie eine Höhle, in die die Sonne hineinſcheint, und die dennoch in heimlichen Winkeln das ſchlimmſte Gewürm beherbergt.

Holof. (betrachtet ſie von der Seite). Wie ſie glüht! Sie erinnert mich an eine Feuerkugel, die ich einſt in dunkler Nacht am Himmel aufſteigen ſah. Sei mir willkommen, Wolluſt, an den Flammen des Haſſes ausgekocht! Küſſe mich, Judith. (Sie thut's.) Ihre Lippen bohren ſich ein, wie Blutigel, und ſind doch kalt. Trink Wein, Judith. Im Wein iſt Alles, was uns fehlt!

Jud. (trinkt, nachdem ihr Mirza eingeſchenkt hat.) Ja, im Wein iſt Muth, Muth!

Holof. Alſo Muth bedarfſt Du, um mit mir an meiner Tafel zu ſitzen, um meine Blicke auszuhalten und meinen Küſſen entgegen zu kommen? Armes Geſchöpf!

Jud. O Du — (Sich faſſend.) Vergieb. (Sie weint.)

Holof. Judith, ich ſchaue in Dein Herz hinein. Du haſſeſt mich. Gieb mir Deine Hand und erzähle mir von Deinem Haß!

Jud. Meine Hand? O Hohn, der die Axt an die Wurzeln meiner Menſchheit legt!

Holof. Wahrlich, wahrlich, dies Weib iſt begehrungswerth!

Jud. Spring auf, mein Herz! Halte Nichts mehr zurück! (Sie richtet ſich auf.) Ja, ich haſſe Dich, ich verfluche Dich, und ich muß es Dir ſagen, Du mußt wiſſen, wie ich Dich haſſe, wie ich Dich verfluche, wenn ich nicht wahnſinnig werden ſoll! Nun tödte mich!

Holof. Dich tödten? morgen vielleicht; heute wollen wir erſt mit einander zu Bett gehen.

Jud. (für ſich.) Wie iſt mir auf einmal ſo leicht! Nun darf ich's thun!

Kämmerer (tritt ein.) Herr, ein Ebräer harret draußen vor dem Zelt. Er bittet dringend vor Dich gelaſſen zu werden. Dinge von höchſter Wichtigkeit — — —

Holof. (erhebt ſich.) Vom Feind! Führ' ihn herein! (Zu Judith.) Ob ſie ſich ergeben wollen? Dann nenne mir doch ſchnell die Namen Deiner Vettern und Freunde! Die will ich verſchonen!

Ephraim (ſtürzt ihm zu Füßen.) Herr, ſicherſt Du mir mein Leben?

Holof. Ich ſichre es Dir!

Eph. Wohlan! (Nähert ſich ihm, zieht raſch ſein Schwert und haut nach ihm. Holofernes weicht aus.)

Kämmerer (tritt haſtig herein.) Schurk', ich will Dir zeigen, wie man Männer niederhaut! (Will Ephraim niederhauen.)

Holof. Halt!

Eph. (will ſich ſelbſt in ſein Schwert ſtürzen.) Das ſah Judith! Ewige Schande über mich!

Holof. (verhindert ihn.) Unterſteh' Dich's nicht zum zweiten Mal! Willſt Du mir das Halten meines Worts unmöglich machen? Ich ſicherte Dir Dein Leben, ich muß Dich alſo gegen Dich ſelbſt ſchützen! Ergreift ihn! Iſt nicht mein Lieblings-Affe verreckt? Steckt ihn in deſſen Käfig und lehrt ihn die Kunſtſtücke ſeines ſchnurrigen Vorgängers. Der Menſch iſt eine Merkwürdigkeit, er iſt der Einzige, der ſich berühmen kann, nach dem Holofernes gehauen zu haben und mit heiler Haut davon gekommen zu ſein. Ich will ihn bei Hofe zeigen! (Kämmerer mit Ephraim ab.) (Zu Judith.) Giebt's viel Schlangen in Bethulien?

Jud. Nein, aber manchen Raſenden.

Holof. Den Holofernes tödten: auslöſchen den Blitz, der mit dem Weltbrande droht: eine Unſterblichkeit im Keim erdrücken, einen kühnen Anfang zum großmauligen Prahlen machen, indem man ihn um ſein Leben verkürzt, — o, das mag verlockend ſein! Das heißt eingreifen in die Zügel des Geſchicks! Dazu könnt' ich mich ſelbſt verführen laſſen, wenn ich nicht wäre, der ich bin! Aber das Große auf kleine Weiſe thun wollen, dem Löwen erſt ein Netz aus ſeinem eignen Edelmuth ſpinnen und ihm dann mit dem Mord auf den Leib rücken, die That wagen und die Gefahr feig und klug vorher abkaufen: nicht wahr, Judith, das heißt Götter machen aus Dreck, dazu wirſt Du doch pfui! ſagen müſſen, und wenn's Dein beſter Freund gegen Deinen ärgſten Feind verſucht?

Jud. Du biſt groß und Andere ſind klein. (Leiſe.) Gott meiner Väter, ſchütze mich vor mir ſelbſt, daß ich nicht verehren muß, was ich verabſcheue! Er iſt ein Mann.

Holof. (zum Kämmerer.) Bereite mir das Lager! (Kämmerer ab.) Siehe, Weib, dieſe meine Arme ſind bis an den Ellenbogen in Blut getaucht, jeder meiner Gedanken gebiert Gräuel und Verwüſtung, mein Wort iſt Tod; die Welt kommt mir jämmerlich vor, mir däucht, ich bin geboren, ſie zu zerſtören, damit was Beſſeres kommen kann. Die Menſchen verfluchen mich, aber ihr Fluch haftet nicht an meiner Seele, ſie rührt ihre Schwingen und ſchüttelt ihn ab, wie ein Nichts; ich muß alſo wohl im Recht ſein. „O, Holofernes, Du weißt nicht, wie das thut!“ ächzte einmal Einer, den ich auf glühendem Roſt braten ließ. „Ich weiß das wirklich nicht,“ ſagte ich und legte mich an ſeine Seite. Bewundre das nicht, es war eine Thorheit.

Jud. (für ſich.) Hör' auf, hör' auf! Ich muß ihn morden, wenn ich nicht vor ihm knien ſoll.

Holof. Kraft! Kraft! Das iſt's, er komme, der ſich mir entgegen ſtellt, der mich darnieder wirft. Ich ſehne mich nach ihm! Es iſt öde, Nichts ehren können als ſich ſelbſt. Er mag mich im Mörſer zerſtampfen und, wenn's ihm ſo gefällt, mit dem

Brei das Loch ausfüllen, das ich in die Welt riß. Ich bohre tiefer und immer tiefer mit meinem Schwert; wenn das Zetergeſchrei den Retter nicht weckt, ſo iſt keiner da. Der Orkan durchſauſ't die Lüfte, er will ſeinen Bruder kennen lernen. Aber die Eichen, die ihm zu trotzen ſcheinen, entwurzelt er, die Thürme ſtürzt er um und den Erdball hebt er aus den Angeln. Da wird's ihm klar, daß es ſeines Gleichen nicht giebt, und vor Ekel ſchläft er ein. Ob Nebucad Nezar mein Bruder iſt? Mein Herr iſt er ganz gewiß. Vielleicht wirft er meinen Kopf noch einmal den Hunden vor. Wohl bekomm' ihnen die Speiſe. Vielleicht fütt're ich mit ſeinen Eingeweiden noch einmal die Tiger Aſſyriens. Dann — ja dann weiß ich, daß ich das Maaß der Menſchheit bin, und eine Ewigkeit hindurch ſtehe ich vor ihrem ſchwindelnden Auge als unerreichbare, Schrecken umgürtete Gottheit! O, der letzte Moment, der letzte! wäre er doch ſchon da! „Kommt her, Alle, denen ich wehe that, — ruf' ich aus, — ihr, die ich verſtümmelte, ihr, denen ich die Weiber aus den Armen und die Töchter von der Seite riß, kommt, und erſinnt Qualen für mich! Zapft mir mein Blut ab, und laßt mich's trinken, ſchneidet mir Fleiſch aus den Lenden, und gebt mir's zu eſſen!" Und wenn ſie das Aergſte mir gethan zu haben glauben, und ich ihnen doch noch etwas Aergeres nenne, und ſie freundlich bitte, es mir nicht zu verſagen, wenn ſie mit grauſendem Erſtaunen umherſtehen und ich ſie, trotz all meiner Pein, in Tod und Wahnſinn hinein lächle: dann donn're ich ihnen zu: Kniet nieder, denn ich bin Euer Gott, und ſchließe Lippen und Augen und ſterbe ſtill und geheim.

Jud. (zitternd.) Und wenn der Himmel ſeinen Blitz nach Dir wirft, um Dich zu zerſchmettern?

Holof. Dann reck' ich die Hand aus, als ob ich ſelbſt es ihm geböte, und der Todesſtrahl umkleidet mich mit düſt'rer Majeſtät.

Jud. Ungeheuer! Grauenvoll! Meine Empfindungen und Gedanken fliegen durch einander, wie dürre Blätter. Menſch, entſetzlicher, Du drängſt Dich zwiſchen mich und meinen Gott! Ich muß beten in dieſem Augenblick, und kann's nicht!

Holof. Stürz' hin und bete mich an!

Jud. Ha, nun ſeh' ich wieder klar, Dich? Du trotzeſt auf Deine Kraft. Ahnſt Du denn gar nicht, daß ſie ſich verwandelt hat! daß ſie Dein Feind geworden iſt?

Holof. Ich freue mich, etwas Neues zu hören.

Jud. Du glaubſt, ſie ſei da, um gegen die Welt Sturm zu laufen; wie, wenn ſie da wäre, um ſich ſelbſt zu beherrſchen? Du aber haſt ſie zum Futter Deiner Leidenſchaft gemacht, Du biſt der Reiter, den ſeine Roſſe verzehren.

Holof. Ja, ja, die Kraft iſt zum Selbſtmord berufen, ſo ſpricht die Weisheit, die keine Kraft iſt. Kämpfen mit mir ſelbſt, aus meinem linken Bein den Knochen machen, über den das rechte ſtolpert, damit es nur ja den benachbarten Ameiſenhaufen nicht zertrete. Jener Narr in der Wüſte, der mit ſeinem Schatten focht, und der, als die Nacht hereinbrach, ausrief: „nun bin ich geſchlagen, nun iſt mein Feind ſo groß, wie die Welt," — jener Narr war eigentlich ſehr geſcheut, nicht wahr? O, zeigt mir doch das Feuer, das ſich ſelbſt ausgießt! Findet Ihr's nicht? So zeigt mir das, das ſich durch ſich ſelbſt ernährt! Findet Ihr's auch nicht? So ſagt mir, ſteht dem Baum, den es verzehrt, der Richterſpruch über das Feuer zu?

Jud. Ich weiß nicht, ob man Dir was antworten kann. Wo der Sitz meiner Gedanken war, da iſt jetzt Oede und Finſterniß. Selbſt mein Herz verſteh' ich nicht mehr.

Holof. Du haſt ein Recht, über mich zu lachen. Man muß einem Weibe ſo etwas nicht begreiflich machen wollen.

Jud. Lerne das Weib achten! Es ſteht vor Dir, um Dich zu ermorden! Und es ſagt Dir das!

Holof. Und es ſagt mir das, um ſich die That unmöglich zu machen! O Feigheit, die ſich für Größe hält! Doch Du willſt's auch wohl nur, weil ich nicht mit Dir zu Bette gehe! Um mich vor Dir zu ſchützen, brauch' ich Dir bloß ein Kind zu machen!

Jud. Du kennſt kein ebräiſch Weib! Du kennſt nur Creaturen, die, ſich in ihrer tiefſten Erniedrigung am glücklichſten fühlen.

Holof. Komm, Judith, ich will Dich kennen lernen! Sträube Dich immerhin noch ein wenig, ich will Dir ſelbſt ſagen, wie lange. Noch einen Becher! (Er trinkt.) Nun ſtell das Sträuben ein, es iſt genug! — (Zum Kämmerer.) Fort mit Dir! Und wer mich in dieſer Nacht ſtört, den koſtet's den Kopf! (Er führt Judith mit Gewalt ab.)

Jud. (im Abgehen.) Ich muß — ich will — pfui über mich in Zeit und Ewigkeit, wenn ich nicht kann!

Kämmerer (zu Mirza.) Du willſt hier bleiben?

Mirza. Ich muß meiner Gebieterin warten!

Kämm. Warum biſt Du nicht ein Weib wie Judith? Dann könnt' ich eben ſo glücklich ſein, wie mein Herr!

Mrz. Warum biſt Du nicht ein Mann, wie Holofernes!

Kämm. Ich bin, der ich bin, damit Holofernes ſeine Bequemlichkeit habe. Damit der große Held ſich nicht ſelbſt die Speiſen aufzutragen und den Wein einzuſchenken braucht. Damit er Einen hat, der ihn zu Bett bringt, wenn er betrunken iſt. Nun aber gieb auch Du mir Antwort. Wozu ſind die häßlichen Weiber in der Welt?

Mrz. Damit ein Narr ſie verſpotten kann.

Kämm. Ja wohl, und damit man ihnen bei Licht in's Geſicht ſpeie, wenn man das Unglück hatte, ſie im Dunkeln zu küſſen. Holofernes hat einmal ein Weib, das zur ungelegenen Zeit vor ihn trat, niedergehauen, weil er es nicht ſchön genug fand. Der trifft immer das Rechte. Verkriech' Dich in eine Ecke, ebräiſche Spinne, und ſei ſtill!

(Er geht ab.)

Mrz. (allein.) Still! Ja, ſtill! Ich glaube, dort (ſie deutet auf das Schlafgemach) wird Jemand ermordet; ich weiß nicht, ob Holofernes oder Judith! Still! ſtill! Ich ſtand einmal an einem Waſſer, und ſah, wie ein Menſch darin ertrank. Die Angſt trieb mich, ihm nachzuſpringen; die Angſt hielt mich wieder zurück. Da ſchrie ich, ſo laut ich konnte, und ich ſchrie nur, um (ſein Schreien) nicht zu hören. So red' ich jetzt! O Judith! Judith! Als du zum Holofernes kamſt und ihm mit einer Verſtellung, die ich nicht faßte, dein Volk in die Hände zu liefern verſprachſt, da hielt ich dich einen Augenblick für eine Verrätherin. Ich that dir Unrecht, und ich fühlte es gleich. O, mögte ich dir auch jetzt Unrecht thun! Mögten deine halben Worte, deine Blicke und Geberden mich auch jetzt täuſchen, wie damals! Ich habe keinen Muth, ich fürchte mich ſehr; aber nicht die Furcht ſpricht jetzt aus mir, nicht die Angſt vor dem Mißlingen. Ein Weib ſoll Männer gebären, nimmermehr ſoll ſie Männer tödten!

Judith

(ſtürzt, mit aufgelöſ'tem Haar, ſchwankend herein. Ein zweiter Vorhang wird zurückgeſchlagen. Man ſieht den Holofernes ſchlafen. Zu ſeinen Häupten hängt ſein Schwert.)

Es iſt hier zu hell, zu hell! Löſch' die Lichter, Mirza, ſie ſind unverſchämt!

Mrz. (aufjauchzend.) Sie lebt und er lebt! — (Zu Judith.) Wie iſt Dir, Judith? Deine Wangen glühen, als wollte das Blut herausſpringen! Dein Auge blickt ſcheu!

Jud. Sieh' mich nicht an, Mädchen! Niemand ſoll mich anſehen! (Sie ſchwankt.)

Mrz. Lehne Dich an mich, Du ſchwankſt!

Jud. Wie, ich wäre ſo ſchwach? Fort von mir! Ich kann ſtehen, o, ich kann noch mehr, als ſtehen, ich kann unendlich viel mehr!

Mrz. Komm, laſſ' uns fliehen von hier!

Jud. Was? Biſt Du in ſeinem Solde? Daß er mich mit ſich fort zerrte, daß er mich zu ſich riß auf ſein ſchändliches Lager, daß er meine Seele erſtickte, Alles dies duldeteſt Du? Und nun ich mich bezahlt machen will für die Vernichtung, die ich in ſeinen Armen empfand, nun ich mich rächen will für den rohen Griff in meine Menſchheit hinein, nun ich mit ſeinem Herzblut die entehrenden Küſſe, die noch auf meinen Lippen brennen, abwaſchen will, nun errötheſt Du nicht, mich fortzuziehen?

Mrz. Unglückliche, was ſinnſt Du?

Jud. Elendes Geſchöpf, das weißt Du nicht? Das ſagt Dir Dein Herz nicht? Mord ſinne ich! — (Da Mirza zurücktritt.) Giebt's denn noch eine Wahl? — Sag' mir das, Mirza. Ich wähle den Mord nicht, wenn ich — Was red' ich da! Sprich kein Wort mehr, Magd! Die Welt dreht ſich um mich.

Mrz. Komm!

Jud. Nimmermehr! Ich will Dir Deine Pflicht lehren! Sieh, Mirza, ich bin ein Weib! O, ich ſollte das jetzt nicht fühlen! Höre mich, und thu', warum ich Dich bitte. Wenn meine Kraft mich verlaſſen, wenn ich ohnmächtig hinſinken ſollte, dann beſpritz' mich nicht mit Waſſer. Das hilft nicht. Ruf' mir in's Ohr: Du biſt eine Hure! Dann ſpring' ich auf, vielleicht pack' ich Dich und will Dich würgen. Dann erſchrick nicht, ſondern ruf' mir zu: Holofernes hat Dich zur Hure gemacht und Holofernes lebt noch! O, Mirza, dann werd' ich ein Held ſein, ein Held, wie Holofernes!

Mrz. Deine Gedanken wachſen über Dich hinaus!

Jud. Du verſtehſt mich nicht! Aber Du mußt, Du ſollſt mich verſtehen. Mirza, Du biſt ein Mädchen. Laſſ' mich hinein leuchten in das Heiligthum Deiner Mädchenſeele. Ein Mädchen iſt ein thörichtes Weſen, das vor ſeinen eignen Träumen zittert, weil ein Traum es tödtlich verletzen kann, und das doch nur von der Hoffnung lebt, nicht ewig ein Mädchen zu bleiben. Für ein Mädchen giebt es keinen größeren Moment, als den, wo es aufhört eins zu ſein, und jede Wallung des Bluts, die es vorher bekämpfte, jeder Seufzer, den es erſtickte, erhöht den Werth des Opfers, das es in jenem Moment zu bringen hat. Es bringt ſein Alles, — iſt es ein zu ſtolzes Verlangen, wenn es durch ſein Alles Entzücken und Seligkeit einflößen will? Mirza, hörſt Du mich?

Mrz. Wie ſollt' ich Dich nicht hören!

Jud. Nun denk' es Dir in ſeiner ganzen nackten Entſetzlichkeit, nun mal' es Dir aus bis zu dem Punkt, wo die Schaam ſich mit aufgehobenen Händen zwiſchen Dich und Deine Vorſtellungen wirft, und wo Du eine Welt verfluchſt, in der das Ungeheuerſte möglich iſt!

Mrz. Was denn? Was ſoll ich mir ausmalen?

Jud. Was Du Dir ausmalen ſollſt? Dich ſelbſt in Deiner tiefſten Erniedrigung — den Augenblick, wo Du an Leib und Seel' ausgekeltert wirſt, um an die Stelle des gemißbrauchten Weins zu treten und einen gemeinen Rauſch mit einem noch gemeineren ſchließen zu helfen, — wo die einſchlafende Begier von Deinen eigenen Lippen ſo viel Feuer borgt, als ſie braucht, um an Deinem Heiligſten den Mord zu vollziehen, — wo Deine Sinne ſelbſt, wie betrunken gemachte Sclaven, die ihren Herrn nicht mehr kennen, gegen Dich aufſtehen, — wo Du anfängſt, Dein ganzes voriges Leben, all Dein Denken und Empfinden, für eine bloße hochmüthige Träumerei zu halten, und Deine Schande für Dein wahres Sein!

Mrz. Wohl mir, daß ich nicht ſchön bin!

Jud. Das überſah ich, als ich hierher kam. Aber, wie ſichtbar trat es mir entgegen, als ich (ſie zeigt auf die Kammer) dort einging, als mein erſter Blick auf das bereitete Lager fiel. Auf die Knie warf ich mich nieder vor dem Gräßlichen und ſtöhnte: verſchone mich! Hätte er auf den Angſtſchrei meiner Seele gehört, nimmer, nimmer würd' ich ihn — — doch, ſeine Antwort war, daß er mir das Bruſttuch abriß und meine Brüſte pries. In die Lippen biß ich ihn, als er mich küßte. „Mäßige deine Glut! du gehſt zu weit!" hohnlachte er und — o, mein Bewußtſein wollte mich verlaſſen, ich war nur noch ein Krampf, da blinkte mir was Glänzendes in's Auge. Es war ſein Schwert. An dies Schwert klammerten ſich meine ſchwindelnden Gedanken an, und hab' ich in meiner Entwürdigung das Recht des Daſeins eingebüßt: mit dieſem Schwert will ich's mir wieder erkämpfen! Bete für mich! jetzt thu' ich's!

(Sie ſtürzt in die Kammer und langt das Schwert herunter.)

Mrz. (auf den Knien.) Weck' ihn auf, Gott!

Jud. (ſinkt in die Knie.) O Mirza, was beteſt Du?

Mrz. (erhebt ſich wieder.) Gott ſei gelobt, ſie kann's nicht!

Jud. Nicht wahr, Mirza, der Schlaf iſt Gott ſelbſt, der die müden Menſchen umarmt; wer ſchläft, muß ſicher ſein! (ſie erhebt ſich und betrachtet Holofernes.) Und er ſchläft ruhig, er ahnt nicht, daß der Mord ſein eignes Schwert wider ihn zuckt. Er ſchläft ruhig — ha, feiges Weib, was dich empören ſollte, macht dich mitleidig! Dieſer ruhige Schlaf nach einer ſolchen Stunde, iſt er nicht der ärgſte Frevel! Bin ich denn ein Wurm, daß man mich zertreten, und als ob Nichts geſchehen wäre, ruhig einſchlafen darf! Ich bin kein Wurm. (Sie zieht das Schwert aus der Scheide.) Er lächelt. Ich kenn' es, dies Höllenlächeln; ſo lächelte er, als er mich zu ſich niederzog, als er — — Tödt' ihn, Judith, er entehrt Dich zum zweitenmal in ſeinem Traum, ſein Schlaf iſt Nichts, als ein hündiſches Wiederkäuen deiner Schmach. Er regt ſich. Willſt du zögern, bis die wieder hungrige Begier ihn weckt, bis er dich abermals ergreift und —

(ſie haut Holofernes Haupt herunter.)

Siehſt Du, Mirza, da liegt ſein Haupt! Ha, Holofernes, achteſt du mich jetzt?

Mrz. (wird ohnmächtig.) Halte mich!

Jud. (von Schauern geſchüttelt.) Sie wird ohnmächtig — iſt denn meine That ein Gräuel, daß ſie dieſer hier das Blut in den Adern erſtarren macht und ſie wie todt danieder wirft! (heftig.) Wach' auf aus Deiner Ohnmacht, Thörin, Deine Ohnmacht klagt mich an, und das duld' ich nicht!

Mrz. (erwachend.) Wirf doch ein Tuch darüber!

Jud. Sei ſtark, Mirza, ich flehe Dich! ſei ſtark! Jeder Deiner Schauer koſtet mich einen Theil meiner ſelbſt; dies Dein Zurückſchwindeln, dies grauſame Abwenden Deiner Blicke, dies Erblaſſen Deines Geſichts könnte mir einreden, ich habe das Unmenſchliche gethan und dann müßt' ich ja mich ſelbſt . . . (ſie greift nach dem Schwert.)

Mrz. (wirft ſich ihr an die Bruſt.)

Jud. Juble, mein Herz, Mirza kann mich noch umarmen! Aber weh mir, ſie flüchtet ſich wohl nur an meine Bruſt, weil ſie den Todten nicht anſehen kann, weil ſie vor der zweiten Ohnmacht zittert. Oder koſtet Dich die Umarmung die zweite Ohnmacht? (Stößt ſie von ſich.)

Mrz. Du thuſt mir weh! und Dir noch mehr!

Jud. (faßt ihre Hand, ſanft.) Nicht wahr, Mirza, wenn's ein Gräuel wäre, wenn ich wirklich gefrevelt hätte, Du würdeſt mich das ja nicht fühlen laſſen; Du würdeſt ja, und wollt' ich ſelbſt über mich zu Gericht ſitzen und mich verdammen, freundlich zu mir ſagen: Du thuſt Dir Unrecht, es war eine Heldenthat!

Mrz. (ſchweigt.)

Jud. Ha! bild' Dir nur nicht ein, daß ich ſchon als Bettlerin vor Dir ſtehe, daß ich mich ſchon verdammt habe, und von Dir die Begnadigung erwarte. Es iſt eine Heldenthat, denn Jener war Holofernes und ich — ich bin ein Ding, wie Du! Es iſt mehr, als eine Heldenthat; ich möchte den Helden ſehen, den ſeine größte That nur halb ſo viel gekoſtet hat, wie mich die meinige.

Mrz. Du ſprachſt von Rache. Eins muß ich Dich fragen. Warum kamſt Du im Glanz Deiner Schönheit in dies Heidenlager? Hätteſt Du es nie betreten, Du hätteſt Nichts zu rächen gehabt!

Jud. Warum ich kam? Das Elend meines Volks peitſchte mich hierher, die dräuende Hungersnoth, der Gedanke an jene Mutter, die ſich ihren Puls aufriß, um ihr verſchmachtendes Kind zu tränken. O, nun bin ich wieder mit mir ausgeſöhnt. Dies Alles hatt' ich über mich ſelbſt vergeſſen!

Mrz. Du hatteſt es vergeſſen. Das alſo war's nicht, was Dich trieb, als Du Deine Hand in Blut tauchteſt!

Jud. (langſam, vernichtet.) Nein, — nein, — Du haſt Recht, — das war's nicht, — Nichts trieb mich, als der Gedanke an mich ſelbſt. O, hier iſt ein Wirbel! Mein Volk iſt erlöſ't, doch wenn ein Stein den Holofernes zerſchmettert hätte — es wäre dem Stein mehr Dank ſchuldig, als jetzt mir! Dank? Wer will den? Aber jetzt muß ich meine That allein tragen und ſie zermalmt mich!

Mrz. Holofernes hat Dich umarmt. Wenn Du ihm einen Sohn gebierſt: was willſt Du antworten, wenn er Dich nach ſeinem Vater fragt?

Jud. O, Mirza, ich muß ſterben, und ich will's. Ha! ich will durch das ſchlafende Lager eilen, ich will das Haupt des Holofernes emporheben, ich will meinen Mord ausſchreien, daß Tauſende aufſtehen und mich in Stücke zerreißen! (Will fort.)

Mrz. (ruhig.) Dann zerreißen ſie auch mich.

Jud. (bleibt ſtehen.) Was ſoll ich thun? Mein Hirn löſ't ſich in Rauch auf, mein Herz iſt wie eine Todeswunde. Und doch kann ich Nichts denken, als mich ſelbſt. Wär' das doch anders! Ich fühl' mich wie ein Auge, das nach innen gerichtet iſt. Und wie ich mich ſo ſcharf betrachte, werd' ich kleiner, immer kleiner, noch kleiner, ich muß aufhören, ſonſt verſchwind' ich ganz in's Nichts.

Mrz. (aufhorchend.) Gott, man kommt!

Jud. (verwirrt.) Ruhig! Ruhig! Es kann Niemand kommen! Ich hab' die Welt in's Herz geſtochen (lachend), und ich traf ſie gut! Sie ſoll wohl ſtehen bleiben! Was Gott nur dazu ſagt, wenn er morgen früh herunterſchaut und ſieht, daß die Sonne nicht mehr gehen kann und daß die Sterne lahm geworden ſind. Ob er mich ſtrafen wird? O nein, ich bin ja die Einzige, die noch lebt; wo käme wieder Leben her? wie könnt' er mich tödten!

Mrz. Judith!

Jud. Au, mein Name thut mir weh!

Mrz. Judith!

Jud. (unwillig.) Laß' mich ſchlafen! Träume ſind Träume! Iſt's nicht lächerlich? Ich könnte jetzt weinen! Hätt' ich nur Einen, der mir ſagte, warum.

Mrz. Es iſt aus mit ihr! Judith, Du biſt ein Kind!

Jud. Ja wohl, Gott Lob. Denk' Dir nur, das wußt' ich nicht mehr, ich hatte mich ordentlich in die Vernunft hineingeſpielt, wie in einen Kerker, und es war hinter mir zugefallen, ſchrecklich, feſt, wie eine eherne Thür (Lachend.) Nicht wahr, ich bin morgen noch nicht alt, und übermorgen auch noch nicht! Komm, wir wollen wieder ſpielen, aber was Beſſeres. Eben war ich ein böſes Weib, das Einen umgebracht hatte! Hu! Sag' mir, was ich nun ſein ſoll!

Mrz. (abgewandt.) Gott! Sie wird wahnſinnig.

Jud. Sag' mir, was ich ſein ſoll! Schnell! Schnell! Sonſt werd' ich wieder, was ich war.

Mrz. (deutet auf Holofernes.) Sieh!

Jud. Meinſt Du, daß ich's nicht mehr weiß? O doch! doch! Ich bettle ja bloß um den Wahnſinn, aber es dämmert nur hin und wieder ein wenig in mir, finſter wird's nicht. In meinem Kopf ſind tauſend Maulwurfslöcher, doch ſie ſind alle für meinen großen dicken Verſtand zu klein, er ſucht umſonſt, hinein zu kriechen.

Mrz. (in höchſter Angſt.) Der Morgen iſt nicht mehr fern; ſie martern mich und Dich zu Tode, wenn ſie uns hier finden; ſie reißen uns Glied nach Glied ab.

Jud. Glaubſt Du wirklich, daß man ſterben kann? Ich weiß wohl, daß Alle das glauben und daß man's glauben ſoll. Sonſt glaubt' ich's auch, jetzt ſcheint mir der Tod ein Unding, eine Unmöglichkeit. Sterben! Ha! Was jetzt in mir nagt, wird ewig nagen, das iſt nicht wie Zahnweh oder ein Fieber, es iſt ſchon Eins mit mir ſelbſt, und es reicht aus für immer. O, man lernt was im Schmerz. (Sie deutet auf Holofernes.) Auch der iſt nicht todt! Wer weiß, ob nicht er es iſt, der mir dies Alles ſagt, ob er ſich nicht dadurch an mir rächt, daß er meinen ſchaudernden Geiſt mit dem Geheimniß ſeiner Unſterblichkeit bekannt macht!

Mrz. Judith, hab' Erbarmen und komm!

Jud. Ja, ja, ich bitte Dich, Mirza, ſag' Du mir immer, was ich thun ſoll, ich hab' eine Angſt, noch ſelbſt etwas zu thun.

Mrz. So folge mir.

Jud. Ach, Du mußt aber das Wichtigſte nicht vergeſſen. Steck' den Kopf dort in den Sack, den laß ich hier nicht zurück. Du willſt nicht! Dann geh' ich keinen Schritt! (Mirza thut's mit Schaudern.) Sieh, der Kopf iſt mein Eigenthum, den muß ich mitbringen, damit man mir's in Bethulien glaubt, daß ich —— weh, weh, man wird mich rühmen und preiſen, wenn ich's nun verkünde, und noch einmal wehe, mir iſt, als hätt' ich auch daran vorher gedacht!

Mrz. (will gehen.) Jetzt?

Jud. Mir wird's hell. Hör', Mirza, ich will ſagen, Du haſt's gethan!

Mrz. Ich?

Jud. Ja, Mirza! ich will ſagen, mir ſei in der Stunde der Entſcheidung der Muth abtrünnig geworden, aber über Dich ſei der Geiſt des Herrn gekommen und Du habeſt Dein Volk von ſeinem größten Widerſacher erlöſ't. Dann wird man mich verachten, wie ein Werkzeug, das der Herr verworfen hat, und Dir wird Preis und Lobgeſang in Iſrael.

Mrz. Nimmermehr.

Jud. O, Du haſt Recht! Es war Feigheit. Ihr Jubelruf, ihr Cymbel-Klang und Paukenſchall wird mich zerſchmettern, und dann hab' ich meinen Lohn. Komm! (Beide ab.)

(Die Stadt Bethulien, wie im dritten Act. Oeffentlicher Platz mit Ausſicht auf das Thor. Wachen am Thor. Viel Volk, liegend und ſtehend, in mannichfaltigen Gruppen. Es wird Morgen.)

Zwei Prieſter (von einer Gruppe Weiber, Mutter u. ſ. w. umringt.)

Ein Weib. Habt Ihr uns betrogen, als Ihr ſagtet, daß unſer Gott allmächtig ſei! Iſt er wie ein Menſch, daß er nicht halten kann, was er verſpricht?

Prieſter. Er iſt allmächtig. Aber Ihr ſelbſt habt ihm die Hände gebunden. Er darf Euch nur helfen, wie Ihr's verdient.

Weiber. Wehe, wehe, was wird mit uns geſchehen!

Prieſter. Sehet hinter Euch, dann wiſſet Ihr, was vor Euch ſteht!

Eine Mutter. Kann eine Mutter ſich ſo verſündigen, daß ihr unſchuldiges Kind verdurſten muß? (hält ihr Kind empor.)

Prieſter. Die Rache hat keine Gränzen, denn die Sünde hat keine.

Mutter. Ich ſage Dir, Prieſter, eine Mutter kann ſich nicht ſo verſündigen! In ihrem Schooß mag der Herr, wenn er zürnt, ihr Kind noch erſticken; iſt's geboren, ſo ſoll's leben. Darum gebären wir, daß wir unſer Selbſt doppelt haben, daß wir's im Kinde, wo es uns rein und heilig anlacht, lieben können, wenn wir's in uns haſſen und verachten müſſen.

Prieſter. Du ſchmeichelſt Dir! Gott läßt Dich gebären, damit er Dich in Deinem Fleiſch und Blut züchtigen, Dich noch über's Grab hinaus verfolgen kann!

Der zweite Prieſter (zum Erſten.) Giebt's nicht ſchon genug Verzweifelte in der Stadt!

Erſter Pr. Willſt Du müßig ſein, da Du ſäen ſollteſt? Treib' Deine Wurzel, da der Boden locker iſt!

Mutter. Mein Kind ſoll nicht für mich leiden. Nimm's hin! ich will mich in meine Kammer verſchließen und mich auf all' meine Sünden beſinnen und mir für jede eine zweifache Marter anthun; ich will mich peinigen, bis ich ſterbe, oder bis Gott ſelbſt vom Himmel herunter ruft: hör' auf!

Zweiter Pr. Behalt' Dein Kind und pfleg's. Das will der Herr, Dein Gott!

Die Mutter. (drückt es an die Bruſt.) Ja, ich will es ſo lange anſehen, bis es bleich wird, bis ſein Wimmern in ſich ſelbſt erſtickt und ſein Athem ſtockt; ich will keinen Blick von ihm verwenden, ſogar dann nicht, wenn die Qual ſein Kindesauge vor der Zeit klug macht, und es mich wie ein Abgrund von Elend daraus anſchauert. Ich will's thun, um zu büßen wie Keine. Aber wenn es nun noch klüger wird und nach oben blickt und die Hände ballt!

Erſter Pr. Dann ſollſt Du ſie falten! Und ſollſt mit Schaudern erkennen, daß auch ein Kind ſich gegen Gott empören kann.

Die Mutter. Moſes Stab ſchlug an den Felſen und ein kühler Quell ſprang hervor. Das war ein Fels! (Schlägt ſich an die Bruſt.) Verfluchte Bruſt, was biſt du! Von innen drängt die glühendſte Liebe; von außen preſſen dich heiße, unſchuldige Lippen, doch giebſt du keinen Tropfen! Thu's! thu's! Saug' mir jede Ader aus und gieb dem Wurm noch einmal zu trinken!

Zweiter Pr. (zum Erſten.) Rührt's Dich nicht!

Erſter Pr. Ja. Aber ich ſehe in der Rührung immer nur eine Verſuchung zur Untreue an mir ſelbſt und unterdrücke ſie. Bei Dir löſ't ſich der Mann in Waſſer auf, Du kannſt ihn im Schnupftuch auffangen, oder ein Veilchen damit erquicken.

Zweiter Pr. Thränen, von denen man ſelbſt Nichts weiß, ſind erlaubt.

Ein anderes Weib (auf die Mutter deutend.) Haſt Du keinen Troſt für die?

Erſter Pr. (kalt.) Nein!

Das Weib. Dann ſitzt Dein Gott nirgends, als auf Deinen Lippen!

Erſter Pr. Dies Wort allein verdient, daß Bethulien dem Holofernes in die Hände fällt. Dir auf die Seele wälz' ich den Untergang der Stadt. Du fragſt, warum die leidet! weil Du ihre Schweſter biſt! (Gehen vorüber.)

(Zwei Bürger,
die den Auftritt anſahen, treten hervor.)

Erſter. Durch mein eignes Leid hindurch fühl' ich dieſes Weibes Leid. O, es iſt entſetzlich!

Zweiter. Es iſt das Entſetzlichſte noch nicht! Das tritt erſt dann ein, wenn es dieſer Mutter einfällt, daß ſie ihr Kind eſſen kann! (er ſchlägt ſich vor die Stirn.) Ich fürchte, meinem Weibe iſt das ſchon eingefallen.

Erſter. Du raſeſt!

Zweiter. Um ſie nicht todtſchlagen zu müſſen, bin ich aus dem Hauſe geflohen. Lüg' nicht! Ich rannte fort, weil mich's ſchauderte vor der unmenſchlichen Speiſe, nach der ſie lüſtern ſchien und weil ich mich doch fürchtete, daß ich miteſſen könnte. Unſer Söhnlein lag im Verſcheiden; ſie, in ungeheurem Jammer, war zu Boden geſtürzt. Auf einmal erhob ſie ſich und ſagte, leiſe, leiſe: „iſt's denn ein Unglück, daß der Knabe ſtirbt?“ Dann beugte ſie ſich zu ihm nieder und murmelte, wie unwillig: „noch iſt Leben in ihm!“ Mir ward's gräßlich klar: ſie ſah in ihrem Kinde nur noch ein Stück Fleiſch.

Erſter. Ich könnte hingehen und Dein Weib niederſtechen, ob ſie gleich meine Schweſter iſt!

Zweiter. Du käm'ſt zu früh oder zu ſpät. Wenn ſie ſich nicht tödtete, bevor ſie aß, ſo that ſie's gewiß, als ſie gegeſſen hatte.

Ein dritter Bürger (tritt hinzu.) Vielleicht kommt uns noch Rettung. Heut iſt der Tag, an welchem Judith wiederkehren wollte!

Zweiter. Jetzt noch Rettung? Jetzt noch? Gott! Gott! Ich widerrufe alle meine Gebete! Daß Du ſie erhören könnteſt, nun es zu ſpät iſt, das iſt ein Gedanke, den ich noch nicht dachte, den ich nicht ertrage. Ich will Dich rühmen und preiſen, wenn Du Deine Unendlichkeit auch am wachſenden Elend darthun, wenn Du meinen ſtarrenden Geiſt über ſein Maaß hinaus treiben, wenn Du einen Gräuel vor mein Auge ſtellen kannſt, der mich die Gräuel, die ich ſchon erblickte, vergeſſen und verlachen macht. Aber ich werde Dich verfluchen, w[illegible] nun noch zwiſchen mich und mein Grab trittſt, wenn [illegible] Weib und Kind begraben, und ſie mit Erde, ſtatt mit dem Lehm und Moder meines eigenen Leibes bedecken muß!

(Gehen vorüber.)

Mrz. (vor dem Thor.) Macht auf, macht auf!

Wachen. Wer da?

Mrz. Judith iſt's. Judith mit dem Kopf des Holofernes.

Wachen. (rufen in die Stadt hinein, während ſie öffnen.) Halloh! Halloh! Judith iſt wieder da!

Volk verſammelt ſich. Aelteſte und Prieſter kommen. Judith und Mirza treten in's Thor.

Mrz. (wirft den Kopf hin.) Kennt ihr den?

Volk. Wir kennen ihn nicht!

Achior. (tritt herzu und fällt auf die Knie.) Groß biſt Du, Gott Iſraels, und es iſt kein Gott, außer Dir! (Er ſteht auf.) Das iſt des Holofernes Haupt! (Er faßt die Hand der Judith.) Und dies iſt die Hand, in die er gegeben ward! Weib, mir ſchwindelt, wenn ich Dich anſehe!

Die Aelteſten. Judith hat ihr Volk befreit! ihr Name werde geprieſen!

Volk. (ſammelt ſich um Judith.) Judith Heil!

Jud. Ja, ich habe den erſten und letzten Mann der Erde getödtet, damit Du (zu dem Einen) in Frieden Deine Schafe weiden, Du (zu einem Zweiten) Deinen Kohl pflanzen und Du (zu einem Dritten) Dein Handwerk treiben und Kinder, die Dir gleichen, erzeugen kannſt!

Stimmen im Volk. Auf! Hinaus in's Lager! Jetzt ſind ſie ohne Herrn!

Achior. Wartet noch! Noch wiſſen ſie nicht, was in der Nacht geſchah! Wartet, bis ſie uns ſelbſt das Zeichen zum Angriff geben! Wenn ihr Geſchrei erſchallt, dann wollen wir unter ſie fahren!

Jud. Ihr ſeid mir Dank ſchuldig, Dank, den Ihr mir nicht durch die Erſtlinge Eurer Heerden und Eurer Gärten abtragen könnt! Mich trieb's die That zu thun; an Euch iſt's, ſie zu rechtfertigen! Werdet heilig und rein, dann kann ich ſie verantworten!

(Man hört ein wildes, verworrenes Geſchrei.)

Achior. Horcht, nun iſt's Zeit!

Ein Prieſter. (deutet auf den Kopf.) Steckt den auf einen Spieß und tragt ihn voran!

Jud. (tritt vor den Kopf.) Dies Haupt ſoll ſogleich begraben werden!

Wachen. (rufen von der Mauer herunter.) Die Wächter, am Brunnen fliehen in wilder Unordnung. Einer der Hauptleute tritt ihnen in den Weg — ſie zücken das Schwert gegen ihn. Einer der Unſrigen kommt ihnen entgegen gerannt. Es iſt Ephraim. Sie ſehen ihn gar nicht.

Eph. (vor'm Thor.) Oeffnet, öffnet!

(Das Thor wird geöffnet. Ephraim ſtürzt herein. Das Thor bleibt offen. Man ſieht vorüberfliehende Aſſyrier.)

Eph. Spießen, auf dem Roſt braten hätten ſie mich können. All dem bin ich entgangen. Nun Holofernes kopflos iſt, ſind ſie's Alle. Kommt, kommt! Ein Narr, der ſich noch fürchtet!

Achior. Auf, auf!

(Sie ſtürmen aus dem Thor; man hört Stimmen rufen: im Namen Judith's!)

Jud. (wendet ſich mit Ekel.) Das iſt Schlächtermuth!

(Prieſter und Aelteſte ſchließen um ſie einen Kreis.)

Einer der Aelteſten. Du haſt die Namen der Helden ausgelöſcht und den Deinigen an ihre Stelle geſetzt!

Der erſte Prieſter. Du haſt Dich um Volk und Kirche hoch verdient gemacht. Nicht mehr auf die dunkle Vergangenheit, auf Dich darf ich von jetzt an deuten, wenn ich zeigen will, wie groß der Herr unſer Gott iſt!

Prieſter und Aelteſte. Fordre Deinen Lohn!

Jud. Spottet Ihr mein? (zu den Aelteſten.) Wenn's nicht heilige Pflicht war, wenn ich's laſſen durfte, iſt's dann nicht Hochmuth und Frevel! (Zu den Prieſtern.) Wenn das Opfer verröchelnd am Altar niederſtürzt, quält Ihr's mit der Frage, welchen Preis es auf ſein Blut und Leben ſetzt? (Nach einer Pauſe, wie von einem plötzlichen Gedanken erfaßt.) Und doch, ich fordre meinen Lohn! Gelobt mir zuvor, daß Ihr ihn nicht weigern wollt!

Aelteſte und Prieſter. Wir geloben's! Im Namen von ganz Iſrael!

Jud. So ſollt Ihr mich tödten, wenn ich's begehre!

Alle (entſetzt.) Dich tödten?

Jud. Ja, und ich hab' Euer Wort.

Alle (ſchaudernd.) Du haſt unſer Wort!

Mirz. (ergreift Judith beim Arm und führt ſie vorwärts, aus dem Kreis heraus.) Judith! Judith!

Jud. Ich will dem Holofernes keinen Sohn gebären! Bete zu Gott, daß mein Schooß unfruchtbar ſei. Vielleicht iſt er mir gnädig!

Joſeph Heller,

ausgezeichneter Schriftſteller im Fache der Kunſtgeſchichte und der Specialgeſchichte Frankens, ward am 22. Sept. 1798 zu Bamberg geboren, genoß den Unterricht im daſigen Gymnaſium, und widmete ſich dem Willen ſeiner Aeltern zufolge dem Kaufmannsſtande; jedoch nach ihrem Tode gab er dieſen Beruf wieder auf, und beſchäftigte ſich ausſchließend mit dem Studium der Kunſtgeſchichte und andern hiſtoriſchen Unterſuchungen. Nachdem er ſchon vorher bedeutende Reiſen unternommen hatte, um die Schätze auswärtiger Bibliotheken und Sammlungen näher kennen zu lernen, beſuchte er 1821 Oeſterreich, einen Theil des obern Italiens, Tirol und Baiern; 1825 die Schweiz, einen Theil von Frankreich und die Rheingegenden, und 1828 einen großen Theil Böhmens und Sachſens. In der neuern Zeit wanderte er mehrere Male durch Franken und die nahe angrenzenden Länder. Er beſitzt eine werthvolle Kupferſtichſammlung, eine an artiſtiſchen Schriften und im Fache zur fränkiſchen Geſchichte reiche Bibliothek, und eine ſchöne Sammlung alterthümlicher Gegenſtände, die das Ergebniß ſeiner an vielen Orten in Franken veranſtalteten Nachgrabungen ſind, und lebt in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er gab heraus:

L. Kranach's Leben und Wirken. Bamb. 1821.
Geſchichte der Holzſchneidekunſt. Bamb. 1822.
Handbuch für Kupferſtichſammler, oder Lexikon der vorzüglichſten Kupferſtecher u. ſ. w. 3 Bde. Bamberg 1823—36.
Vertheidigung des großen Erasmus von Rotterdam. Bamb. 1824.
Reformationsgeſchichte des Biſthums Bamberg. Bamb. 1825.
Beſchreibungen der biſchöflichen Grabdenkmäler in der Domkirche zu Bamberg. Nürnberg 1827.
Das Leben und die Werke Albrecht Dürer's. Bd. 2. in 3 Abtheilungen, Leipzig 1827—31.
Handbuch für Reiſende im ehemaligen fränkiſchen Kreiſe. Heidelberg 1828.
Muggendorf und ſeine Umgebung. Bamb. 1829.
Die Altenburg bei Bamberg. Bamb. 1829.
Geſchichte der proteſtantiſchen Pfarrkirche zum h. Stephan in Bamberg. Bamb. 1830.
Taſchenbuch von Bamberg. Bamb. 1831.
Monogramm-Lexikon. Bamb. 1831.
Die Burg Lisberg in Franken. Bamb. 1836.
Geſchichte der Biſchöfe zu Bamberg. Bamb. 1837.

Unermüdlicher Fleiß und ausgebreitete Sachkenntniß geben H.'s Schriften, ſowohl denjenigen über die Kunſtgeſchichte wie denen über die Specialgeſchichte ſeines vaterländiſchen Kreiſes, bleibenden Werth, obwohl ſtrenge Richter behauptet haben, daß man hier und da gründliche kritiſche Sichtung in ihnen vermiſſe.

Wilhelm Robert Heller

ward am 24. November 1813 in Großdrebnitz geboren, bei Stolpen im Meißner Hochlande, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, ſtudirte die Rechte in Leipzig, widmete ſich dann aber mit vorherrſchender Neigung ganz ſchönwiſſenſchaftlicher Thätigkeit, und lebt ſeitdem in der letztgenannten Stadt als Privatgelehrter.

Er ſchrieb unter dem Namen Robert Heller:

Alhambra. Spaniſche Novellen. Altenburg 1838.
Das ſchwarze Brett. 2 Bde. 8. Altenburg 1838.
Die Kaiſerlichen in Sachſen. Roman aus der Zeit des ſiebenjährigen Krieges. Leipzig 1835.
Novellen. 3 Bde. 8. Dresden und Leipzig 1837—40.
Novellen aus dem Süden. 3 Bde. 8. Altenburg 1841—42.
Der Prinz von Oranien. Hiſtor. Roman. 3 Bde. 8. Leipzig 1843.
Bruchſtücke aus den Papieren eines wandernden Schneidergeſellen. gr. 12. Leipzig 1836.
Der Schleichhändler. 2 Bde. 8. Altenburg 1838.
Eine Sommerreiſe. Leipzig 1840.
Eine neue Welt. 2 Thle. Altenburg 1843.

Der Wende. Erzählung. Leipzig 1837.
Die Kaiſerlichen in Sachſen. Roman. 2 Bde. 8. Leipzig 1843.
Der Albaneſe. 2 Bde. — In der „wohlfeilen Unterhaltungsbibliothek für die gebildete Welt."
Viele Erzählungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften. R. Heller redigirte längere Zeit das belletriſtiſche Journal „Roſen" und ſpäter die bei Brockhaus erſcheinende Zeitſchrift „Illuſtrirte Jugendzeitung."

Eine ſehr glückliche Erfindungs- und Darſtellungsgabe, blühender Styl, lebendige Characterzeichnung und gewandte und umſichtige Behandlung intereſſanter hiſtoriſcher Stoffe haben dieſen talentvollen Schriftſteller mit Recht zu einem Lieblinge der deutſchen Leſewelt gemacht.

Studentenbild

von

Robert Heller.

Blondlockig, blauäugig — ein ziemlich ſicherer Grieche und gewiß ein vortrefflicher Lateiner — ſo trat er, Adalbert, noch nicht achtzehn Jahre alt, aller Erwartung voll, die erſte Reiſe nach der Univerſität an. Wir laſſen ihn ſelbſt erzählen:

Der Vater und die Mutter hatten mir das Geleite bis Dresden gegeben. Deutſchland wußte noch nichts von Dampfwagen und Eiſenbahnen, die fünf Jahre ſpäter die Wanderpoeſie zu vernichten begannen, und zwiſchen Dresden und Leipzig lagen zwei Tagereiſen, wenn man nicht gerade mit der Eilpoſt fuhr, deren raſche Bewegung nach der Meinung meiner Mutter der Bruſt ſchadete, wie ſie nach der Anſicht meines Vaters nicht geeignet war, einen Kaſten mit Betten, einen zweiten Kaſten mit Büchern, einen dritten Kaſten mit Wäſche und Kleidern und endlich — nebſt Mantel, Hutſchachtel, Regenſchirm und Fußſack — den jungen Studenten ſelbſt auf eine billige Weiſe in die Univerſitätsſtadt zu beſtellen.

Aber es gab Lohnkutſcher, die den unbeſtrittenen Vorzug hatten, daß ihren Abgang zu verſäumen ganz unmöglich war, weil ſie einen Jeden ihrer Paſſagiere an Verſäumniß weit übertrafen, und auf den Achſen ihrer ſchwerfälligen Fuhrwerke hatten noch viel verwickeltere Exiſtenzen Raum, als die eines angehenden Studenten. Der Wagen, der mir hinlängliche Beſinnung laſſen ſollte, mich auf den Eintritt in die akademiſche Laufbahn, ja ſelbſt auf den Aufbruch dazu vorzubereiten, ſtand in der großen Brüdergaſſe. Die Abfahrt war früh ſechs Uhr angeſagt. Eine halbe Stunde vorher floſſen die erſten Thränen meiner Mutter, aber als wir auf dem Platze anlangten, wo ich mich von ihrem Halſe reißen ſollte, war nur erſt das Haus des Lohnkutſchers ſichtbar und auch dies nur darum, weil es bereits geſtern ſchon auf dem Platze geweſen; von einem Wagen hingegen und von Pferden durchaus nichts zu erkennen. Eine Stunde ſpäter traf jedoch das erſte Gepäck zu dem meinigen ein, um acht Uhr eine zweite Perſon, die ſich einen Stuhl auf die Straße heraus und ein Buch aus der Taſche holte, um ſich die unberechenbare Zeit bis zum Aufbruche durch Leſen zu vertreiben, und um neun erklärte der Lohnkutſcher, daß es fortgehen ſolle, ſowie ein gewiſſer Reiſender angelangt ſei, der aus Töplitz erwartet werde. Er komme von dorther gleichfalls mit dem Lohnkutſcher, weshalb ſeine Ankunft zwar nicht auf die Minute zu beſtimmen, aber doch mit nicht geringer Wahrſcheinlichkeit im Zeitraume des Vormittags vorauszuſehen ſei.

Dieſer glückliche Aufſchub gab nach und nach allen Dresdner Freunden meiner Familie Gelegenheit, ſich nochmals um mich zu verſammeln. Ein wohlbeleibtes Mitglied des Finanzminiſteriums ſchlug vor, die traurige Stunde der Trennung in einer nahen Handlung mit italieniſchen Waaren zu erharren. Einige Gläſer alten Weines überwältigten meinen jungen Kummer. Sogar der Schmerz meiner Mutter zerſtreute ſich etwas, als ſie zufällig hörte, daß andere Studenten mit ihrer ganzen Einrichtung für zwei Thaler nach Leipzig befördert wurden, während ſie für meine Fahrt einen Ducaten zugeſtanden hatte. So iſt ein kleiner Aerger oft ein heilſames Mittel wider ein großes Bangen. Gegen elf Uhr trat zu unſerer maßloſen Ueberraſchung ein Bote des Lohnkutſchers in das Gewölbe, um zu melden, daß die Pferde vor den Wagen gelegt ſeien.

Das Gewicht des Augenblicks ließ der tiefbewegten Geſellſchaft nicht den unbefangenen Muth, das ſchreiende Mißverhältniß wahrzunehmen, welches zwiſchen den drei Pferdekräften und dem Umfange des unglaublich hoch bepackten Wagens beſtand, den jene drei Pferdekräfte — das dritte Thier auf der Wildbahn gehend — in Bewegung ſetzen ſollten. Nur die Gäule ſelbſt — wunderbar feſt iſt mir ihr Bild im Gedächtniſſe ſitzen geblieben — ſchienen ihre Aufgabe keineswegs zu unterſchätzen. Das erſte Roß, wenn ein mit brauner, hier und da etwas beſchabter Haut überſpanntes Pferdegerippe jenen ritterlichen Namen zu tragen berechtigt war, ſenkte den Kopf ſo tiefſinnig gegen den Fußboden, als ſtudire es Geognoſtik aus der Beſchaffenheit des Dresdner Straßenpflaſters, oder als wünſche es viel lieber eben ſo tief unter den gewürfelten Steinen zu ruhen, als es jetzt darüber hinweg zu ſtolpern hatte. Das Geſchirr ſchlotterte haltlos um ſeine dürren Schultern und war nebſt der Andeutung eines vormals geführten Schweifes das Einzige an dem Thiere, welches einige Beweglichkeit verrieth. Das zweite Pferd blickte melancholiſch grad' aus, ſchloß dann, wie wenn es ſich eine herbe Erinnerung vor die Seele rufe, die träumeriſchen Augen — ich vermuthe, daß es Betrachtungen über die enorme Länge des Wegs von Dresden nach Leipzig bei ſo geringer Breite eben deſſelben anſtellte — und dann ſchauderte ihm, im wörtlichſten Sinne, die Haut. Das Pferd blieb nämlich mit allen Gliedern ruhig ſtehen, aber die Haut zuckte und zitterte am ganzen Körper hin und her, als ob ſie nirgends angewachſen wäre. Das dritte Pferd war eine unvermählt gebliebene Schimmelin; auch engliſirt war ſie worden in glanzvollern Tagen. Mehr braucht von dieſer mißhandelten Unſchuld nicht bemerkt zu werden.

„Lebe wohl und ſchreibe ſogleich, wie Du angekommen, was Du für eine Wohnung genommen, wer Deine Wirthsleute ſind und wie Du mit dem Kaffee zufrieden" — ſagte die Mutter an meinem linken Arme — „ſäume nicht, ſogleich die nöthigſten Collegia zu belegen, und gieb mir Nachricht, bei wem Du die Inſtitutionen hörſt," ſprach der Vater, mich von der rechten Seite zurückhaltend.

„Laß Dir nichts von der Wäſche wegkommen, Du haſt doch den Zettel dazu in der Brieftaſche! Auch das Gewicht Deiner Federbetten habe ich Dir aufgeſchrieben. Unredliche Menſchen nehmen manchmal ein paar Pfund heraus; gieb ja ordentlich Acht und theile auch Dein Geld gut ein."

„So wie Deine Zeit! Geh' nicht in ſchlechte Geſellſchaft. Und am allerwenigſten zu einer verbotenen Verbindung."

„Beim Auspacken der Kleiderkiſte ſei ſelbſt zugegen, denn Deine Mundtaſſe liegt oben auf."

„Grüße alle Bekannten angelegentlich von mir, an die Du Briefe haſt, und warte nicht Wochen lang, bevor Du Deine Beſuche abſtatteſt."

„Betrinke Dich nicht, Du biſt zu jung, um ſo viel zu vertragen, als Andere!"

In dieſer Beziehung hatte ich eine ſtattlichere Meinung von mir, aber es war kaum Zeit zu hören, keineswegs aber zu widerlegen. Ich ſtand ſchon mit dem einen Fuße im Wagentritte, aber nachdem die Mutter geſprochen, fiel der Vater mit einem kräftigen Schütteln meines Armes ein:

„Halte Dir keinen Hund, das bringt Verlegenheiten und Händel! Und trage keine Sporen, es ruinirt die Kleider. Ueber Deine Ausgaben führe Buch und Rechnung. Und wenn Dir's fehlt, ſo borge nicht etwa, ſondern ſchreibe uns Dein Bedürfniß, damit wir ſelbſt Rath ſchaffen. Hüte Dich vor Liebſchaften" — erinnerte der Vater auf ſeiner Seite, wobei er die Stimme etwas mäßigte.

„— Und vor Duellen — das verſprich mir heilig, mein Sohn. Keine Duelle! und ſo fahr' denn hin unter Gottes Schutz und unſeren beſten Wünſchen," fügte die beſorgte Mutter deſto lauter von der anderen hinzu.

Ich befand mich, wie erwähnt, zwiſchen Thür' und Angel. Mit dem Kopfe tauchte ich bereits freiheitsſehnſuchtsvoll in das Innere des Wagens, während die bedrängte Seele ſammt dem Rumpfe noch draußen war und von den älterlichen Ermahnungen zurückgehalten ward. Gerade bei der Erwähnung der Duelle aber blickte ich zum erſten Male mit Bewußtſein auf die Inſaſſen des Wagens und fühlte meine Aufmerkſamkeit plötzlich gefeſſelt durch ein Paar braune Augen und eine lebendig blühende Miene voll der bitterſten Ironie. Augen und Miene ſaßen jedoch nicht vereinzelt auf dem Rückplatze der Kutſche, ſondern ſie bildeten vielmehr den allerpaſſendſten Zuſammenhang mit der kurzen energiſchen Geſtalt eines ſchnurrbärtigen jungen Mannes, der offenbar ſeit Jahren ſchon und in der edelſten Form war, was ich übermorgen in Leipzig werden wollte: akademiſcher Bürger.

Ich weiß nicht, ob es Spott oder Mitleiden war, womit mich der ältere Student betrachtete, aber ich weiß, daß mich der öffentliche Unterricht auf einmal ſo heiß beängſtigte, daß ich mich mit einer entſchiedenen Bewegung losriß und um jeden Preis den Platz zu gewinnen ſuchte, der mir im Wagen frei gelaſſen worden war. Ein Rattenkönig freundſchaftlich nach mir ausgeſtreckter Hände folgte der kühnen That. Ich drückte eine jede der dargebotenen Rechten, aber die meiner Mutter küßte ich und preßte ſie an meine Wangen.

„Alles hat ſeine Zeit!“ ſagt ein Weiſer des alten Teſtaments. Auch ein Dresdner Lohnkutſcher vermochte der Ewigkeit nicht für die Dauer zu trotzen. Wir fuhren ab, worunter man ſich die knarrende Bewegung eines Laſtwagens vorzuſtellen hat, in deſſen Innern ſich eine Höhle für vier Paſſagiere in der Kutſche und zwei im Kabriolet befand. Der „ſanfte Heinrich,“ der die Pferde lenkte, ſaß in der Schoßkelle. Es war ein alter Studentenkutſcher dieſer „ſanfte Heinrich“ und auch ſonſt nicht ohne Verdienſt. Jeden Augenblick, den er ſeiner Pflicht auf der Straße abzumüßigen vermochte, widmete er dem Dienſte der Menſchheit, indem er die ſchädlichſten Getränke vertilgte, deren Genuß der Geſundheit Anderer zum Unheil gedeihen konnte. Sein tief aufgeackertes Antlitz und die Röthe ſeiner kolbigen Naſe legten helles Zeugniß für den Eifer ab, mit welchem er der Sache der Mäßigkeitsvereine vorarbeitete.

Das nachgrüßende Auge meiner Mutter war noch lange in meiner Erinnerung, als es nicht mehr in meinem Blicke war. O ſelige Wehmuth des Abſchieds, mit der ich meinem unermeßlichen Glücke entgegenging!

Wiewohl uns das langſame Vorrücken des Wagens über die Schloßgaſſe durch das Georgenthor und über die Elbbrücke hinüber noch keineswegs über unſere Kräfte angeſtrengt hatte, ſo gab uns doch ein Anhalten in der jenſeitigen Neuſtadt Gelegenheit zur Erholung. Zugleich erfuhren wir, daß unſer Wagen noch nicht überladen ſei, denn es wurden ihm zwei kleine, aber ſehr ſchwere Fäſſer zugerollt und zu oberſt auf dem Verdecke feſtgeſchnürt, ohne einigen Widerſpruch von Seiten der Pferde, obſchon ſie ſich alle drei mit großer Beſtürzung darnach umſahen. Dann raſ'te unſere Arche mit mindeſtens drei Radumſchwingungen Schnelligkeit in der Minute durch die meißner Gaſſe und über den Palaisplatz, ſo daß wir jeden der Vorübergehenden ſchon von Weitem ankommen ſahen und ſeine Geſtalt noch lange verfolgen konnten, wenn wir an ihm vorbeigezögert waren. Auch die Inſchrift auf dem Japaniſchen Palais laſen wir ſo ungeſtört, daß ſie ſich uns unvergeßlich einprägte. Die öffentliche Bibliothek iſt darin aufgeſtellt und die Inſchrift des Gebäudes lautet: Usui publico patens. Ehe wir von einem Lapidarbuchſtaben bis zum anderen gelangten, die ſich dem unbedachten Fußgänger nur zu leicht entziehen, verfloſſen Pauſen, welche den Gebrauch des umfänglichſten Lexikons erlaubt hätten, und ſo reiſten wir offenbar mit dem größten Nutzen.

Die Stadt lag hinter uns; die Geſellſchaft hatte Muße wie zu allem Möglichen, ſo auch in ſich ſelbſt einzukehren. Ich begann meine Reiſegefährten zu muſtern. Zuerſt meinen Nachbar auf dem Vorderplatze, den Töplitzer Badegaſt. Wir ſtanden in den erſten Tagen des Mai, und doch hatte der Heilquell ſchon ſo viel an ihm bewirkt, daß er gerade noch lebendig nach Hauſe zu kommen hoffte, wenn ihm ein Theil der Kräfte übrig blieb, mit denen er zu Ende März die Magdeburger Vaterſtadt verlaſſen. Alles um ihn her war Pelz und Bette und er ſelbſt nichts Anderes, als eine große Lähmung. Das Geſicht ſtak zur vorzüglicheren Hälfte in einer Mütze, die mehr umgeſtülpter Muff als Mütze war. Der Hals ward mit einem Wildkatzenfell und der Mittelkörper mit einer Wolfsſchur vor Verkühlung geſchützt, der Rücken lehnte an einem Pfühle und über den Schooß war ein Federbett gebreitet. Dabei klagte er fortwährend über die rauhe Luft und über die Unſicherheit ſeiner Erwärmungsanſtalten, womit er dieſen und der Mittagsſonne um ſo bittereres Unrecht that, als wir übrigen Paſſagiere ſo eifrig ſchwitzten, als ob wir damit dem Kranken die Geſchmeidigkeit ſeiner Glieder zurückgeben wollten. Wenn der Badegaſt übrigens ſprach, ſo huſtete er, und noch häufiger huſtete er, ohne zu ſprechen.

Ihm gegenüber ſaß ein Student, in dem ich ein altes Haus erkannt zu haben glaubte, obſchon mir die landsmannſchaftlichen Farben, die er trug, fremd waren. Bei der außerordentlichen Ehrfurcht, mit der ich ſein ſtolzes Haupt, einige leichte Narben in dem Geſicht und das Verbindungsband betrachtete, welches ſich um ſeine Bruſt ſchlang, wäre es mir außerordentlich erwünſcht geweſen, wenn er ſich mit einem kameradſchaftlichen Worte an mich gewendet hätte. Allein ſeit jener ironiſchen Miene beim Abſchiede würdigte er mich auch nicht eines Blickes mehr, ſondern ſtarrte ſtumm und verdrießlich bald aus dem Wagen hinaus in den Staub der Straße, bald auf eine Perſon, die Schulter an Schulter an ſeiner Seite und mir mithin Antlitz in Antlitz ſaß, während ich ſie erſt jetzt entdeckte, wo mein Auge der Augenbewegung des alten Hauſes ſchüchtern nachging. Der Moment, wo ich von ihm als Commilito erkannt ward, mußte jedenfalls einer der freudigſten meines Lebens werden; aber er beeilte ſich nicht. Ich hatte indeß ſieben Duelle auf dem Bruſtbande angemerkt gefunden und noch ſchien die Reihe nicht geſchloſſen, ſondern nur durch die Wendung des Bandes gegen den Rücken unterbrochen. Wie nämlich auf den hiſtoriſchen Landkarten die Schlachtfelder durch zwei gekreuzte Schwerter bezeichnet werden, ſo merkt der Student auf ſeinem Bruſtbande ebenfalls durch gekreuzte Schwerter und wenige beigefügte Buchſtaben die von ihm ausgefochtenen Duelle und deren Jahrestag an. Ein ſolches Band, wie ſchmal es immer ſei, hält die Bruſt, um die es ſich ſchlingt, außerordentlich warm, viel wärmer als unſer Badegaſt in ſeiner Wolfsſchur ſaß! Inzwiſchen war jeder meiner Blicke, der auf jene Symbole wackerer Studentenſchaft hinflog, eine neue Huldigung für deren Träger.

Die Züge des alten Hauſes, welches die Pappeln am Wege ſehr verächtlich und mich zu meiner ſteigenden Beunruhigung gar nicht anſah, erheiterten ſich in der Regel um einige Grade, wenn er auf den vierten, mit ihm rückwärtsſitzenden Paſſagier blickte. Das war ein junges Mädchen, deſſen Kopf von einem grünen Schleier verhüllt ward. Als ſie dieſen Schleier bei einer Biegung des Weges, die den Luftzug veränderte und den Staub von uns abtrieb, etwas zurückſchlug, war's wie nach einem Sonnenaufgange im Wagen. Ich fühlte mich von einer Schönheit angeſtrahlt, daß ich die geblendeten Augen niederſchlagen mußte. Wäre der Magnet des Duellbandes nicht zu ſtark geweſen und hätte ich nicht gehofft, den achten Zweikampf, vielleicht ſogar einen neunten darauf zu entdecken, ſo hätte ich meine Blicke wahrſcheinlich niemals wieder erhoben. Der Frühling war zu uns in den Wagen geſtiegen; mit lächelnder Miene ſtreckte er mir die Knie entgegen. Er hatte Grübchen in den Roſenwangen und einen Kirſchlippenmund. Er war zum Küſſen ſchön und zum Mitverliebtwerden jung. Um allen Preis der holdeſten Anmuth mit Einem Satze zu begreifen: für die Reiſegeſellſchaft eines ſolchen Mädchens fuhr ſelbſt der Dresdner Lohnkutſcher zu ſchnell. Ein Jeder mußte mit den Minuten geizen, die er mit dieſer Gefährtin zuſammen verlebte.

Hätte ich nur beſtimmt gewußt, ob ſich alle Studenten „Du“ nennen, und ob es nicht etwa eine ſchmeichelnde Schulfabel war, daß auch der jüngſte Fuchs berechtigt ſei, von dem bemooſteſten Haupte ſo überſchwengliche Vertraulichkeit zu fordern, ſo hätte ich den ehrfurchtgebietendenGenoſſen doch wohl angeredet. Vielleicht, daß er nur den erſten Schritt der Annäherung von mir erwartete. Wir kamen an den Seeplatz Zitſchewig. Ich hätte ihm den Namen des Dorfes nennen, oder ſonſt eine geiſtreiche Einleitung zu weiterem Geſpräche treffen können. Aber ließ ſich die perſönliche Anrede nicht umgehen! Und ſtand nicht auch ich auf den ſonnigen Höhen des Lebens, an der Pforte der Akademie wenigſtens, ſo daß mir wohl ein verwegenes Wort ziemte! Der ſanfte Heinrich hielt vor dem Gaſthofe das Geſpann an, was er mit einer Leichtigkeit verrichtete, daß es faſt ſchien, als ob das Geſpann aus Schwäche von ſelbſt Halt machte. Ich faßte mir endlich ein Herz und ſagte laut und männlich: „Das iſt Zitſchewig.“

Eine geraume Weile ließ mich der hochgeehrte Gefährte auf Antwort warten, indem er nach einer Richtung hin blickte und hörte, in welcher ich durchaus nicht ſaß und geſprochen hatte. Dann faßte er mich feſt in's Auge; ich raffte meine Haltung zuſammen, daß die Schnüren meiner blauen Piquesche darunter ſeufzten; — ging mit ſeinem Blicke von meiner Stirn bis auf die Bruſt herab, das heißt, ſo weit ihm das mir benachbarte Krankenlager die Ausſicht auf mich geſtattete, und ſprach darauf mit großem Ernſt: „Ja, Fuchs, Zitſchewig.“

Ich hatte ausſteigen wollen, aber einer Fortſetzung des alſo angeknüpften Zwiegeſprächs gewärtig, blieb ich regungslos und geſpannt auf meinem Platze, wobei mir das Lächeln gar nicht gefiel, mit welchem ſich das alte Haus in der Betrachtung einer großen Schachtel ausruhte, die ich in den Händen hielt. Sie war von dem Finanzmann in der italieniſchen Handlung zärtlich fürſorgend mit Lebensmitteln vollgepfropft worden.

„Du biſt alſo dieſen Weg ſchon öfterer gereiſt!“ fuhr er fort — und mit wolluſtigem Entzücken beſtätigten mir meine Ohren die Rechtsbeſtändigkeit des Du-Comments.

„Nur einmal. Es war zu einem Schulfeſte in Meißen.“ fiel ich eifrig ein. „Ich habe einen Freund dort, der in Prima ſitzt. Auch er wollte für Oſtern das Maturitätsexamen“ —

„Still von Pennalibus,“ unterbrach mich der wichtige Mann mit unbeſchreiblicher Würde. Dann nahm ſeine Miene plötzlich wieder die beißende Ironie an, die eigentlich die lange Reihe der gekreuzten Schwerter auf dem Bande recht natürlich zu erklären im Stande war. „Biſt Du auch damals wie heute auf dem Vorderplatze gefahren, indeſſen eine Dame Deinetwegen auf den Rückſitz verwieſen ward!“

Es bedurfte einer längern Friſt, bevor ich den Sinn des häßlichen Vorwurfs, dann ſeine einſchneidende Wahrheit und damit ſchließlich auch den Grund begriff, weshalb ich bis dahin von Seiten des Studenten mit der augenſcheinlichſten Nichtbeachtung behandelt worden war. Aber kaum hatte ich auch nur einen Theil des Tadels aufgefaßt, als ich zum Schrecken des Kranken und mit deſſen Bette, welches ſich in meine Füße verwickelte, aus dem Wagen ſchoß und Entſchuldigungen und Bitten, daß die Dame meinen Platz einnehmen möge, durcheinander wiſchte. Ich hatte mich des Sitzes bedient, den ich eben für mich offen erblickte; ich hatte nicht geahnt, daß meine gute Mutter, ohne die Reiſegeſellſchaft weiter zu muſtern, den Lohnkutſcher genöthigt hatte, mir des höhern Betrags meiner Zahlung wegen den beſten Platz zuzuſichern, und daß, da der Badegaſt unvertreibbar war, die junge Dame zur Entrüſtung des Studenten, der ihr die bequemere Seite des Wagens abgetreten hatte, auf die andere Hälfte verwieſen worden war.

Während ich mich peinlich um meine Rechtfertigung bemühte, klärte ſich das Angeſicht des Mannes, auf deſſen gute Meinung mir Alles ankam, zu einer weniger zweideutigen Freundlichkeit auf. Er half ſogar dazu, daß ſich das Fräulein entſchloß, auf den dringend angebotenen Wechſel einzugehen. Der ſanfte Heinrich hatte ſich und die Pferde getränkt, das Bett war zu dem Badegaſte zurückgekehrt und nachdem noch eine Flaſche rothen Landweins auf meine Beſtellung gebracht und in eine Seitentaſche des Wagens verſenkt worden war, rollten wir weiter.

Ich zog nach einiger Zeit einen Gummibecher aus meinem Reiſeſacke hervor, löſte den Kork der Flaſche und den Deckel der Schachtel und ſuchte durch die Einladung zu meinem Mahle das gute Verhältniß mit den Mitreiſenden zu befeſtigen. Leider war der Student ſo ſtolz, jede Theilnahme an dem Imbiſſe mit dem Bemerken abzulehnen, daß in Meißen zu Mittag geſpeiſt werde. Indeſſen dehnte ſich der Weg dorthin doch ziemlich lang aus, ich wiederholte mein Anerbieten bei jedem Gegenſtande, den ich der Schachtel entnahm, und als ſich ſelbſt das Fräulein zu einer mit Rheinlachs belegten Semmel hatte beſtimmen laſſen, ward auch das alte Haus vermocht, einige Schnitten Bayonner Schinkens mit eingemachten Gurken zu verſuchen. Ich hatte ihm zu dieſem Behufe die ganze Schachtel gereicht, mit der er plötzlich zu meinem athemloſen Erſtaunen einen Handwerksburſchen beſchenkte, der einen Zehrpfennig von uns forderte. Auch den Weinreſt ſammt der Flaſche fügte er der Gabe großmüthig hinzu, und ſchon fürchtete ich ſelbſt für den Gummibecher, weshalb ich ihn raſch in den Reiſeſack rettete.

„Es reiſt ſich unbequem mit ſo vielem Ballaſt,“ erklärte er mir beiläufig, „und die Wirthshäuſer an der Straße ſind ganz gut verſehen.“

Auch das Fräulein ſchaute etwas verwundert auf zu ſolcher Eigenmächtigkeit, die ich mich anſtrengte, recht liebenswürdig zu finden, obſchon ſie mich außer einer Braunſchweiger Schlackwurſt auch noch einen ganz unangetaſtet gebliebenen Straßburger Käſe koſtete.

Dann kam die Rede auf Reiſeveranlaſſung und Lebensverhältniſſe. Der Student kehrte aus Breslau nach Leipzig zurück und war ein Mecklenburger, der den Ausflug nach Schleſien nur unternommen hatte, um Land und Leute kennen zu lernen. Von dem Rieſengebirge und der Verbindung der Sileſen auf der Breslauer Univerſität ſprach er mit großer Befriedigung. Schlechter hatten ihm die Gaſthöfe im Gebirge und unter den Studenten die Polen gefallen. „Unter den Sileſen,“ ſagte er, „ſind prächtige Jungen, Burſche, die Haare auf den Zähnen, die Klinge beſtändig blank und auf der Menſur das friſcheſte Fechtertalent haben. Ich hoffe, daß wir von Leipzig aus in ein freundſchaftliches Cartel mit ihnen treten. Auch die Adersbacher Felſen ſind der Mühe werth. Die Polen hingegen ſehen verwildert aus, trinken Schnaps, ſchlagen mit dem Knüppel drein und ein anſtändiger Kerl geht ihrer Koppel aus dem Wege. Den Elbfall konnte ich ebenfalls nicht beſuchen, weil noch zu viel ſchmutziger Schnee in den Bergſchluchten lag.“

„Du biſt alſo Leipziger Student und trägſt die Sileſenfarben nur —!“

„Weil ich mein Band mit dem des Batieniers tauſchte. Der verrückteſte Menſch, mit dem jemals ein Schmollis getrunken ward! Ich heiße Perglow und bin bei den Seminolen.“

Wenn ich vorhin von dem überwältigenden Eindrucke erzählte, den es auf mich hervorbrachte, daß das Fräulein ihren Schleier lüftete, ſo kann damit nur verglichen werden, was ich empfand, als mein Nachbar ſeinen Namen nannte. Es war der gefeierte Name eines der berühmteſten Häuptlinge, die damals in der Bewunderung der Studentenwelt und in den Erzählungen lebten, denen wir Schüler mit bebender Ehrfurcht lauſchten, wenn uns die Ferien irgend einen gutherzigen Kameraden zuführten, der auf der Univerſität nicht ganz vergeſſen hatte, daß er einſt auf dem Gymnaſium Freunde beſaß. Warum hatte ich nicht eine ganze Schiffslaſt von gepökelten und geräucherten Waaren, ſie ſeiner Verfügung unweigerlich zu überlaſſen, anſtatt der elenden Schachtel, mit der er dem Anſcheine nach etwas willkürlich verfahren! Zugleich gehörte er der Genoſſenſchaft meines Stammes an, — des Stammes der Seminolen, wenn es mir erlaubt iſt, wie ich den Namen des Häuptlings etwas veränderte, auch die noch fortblühende Landsmannſchaft mit einem indianiſchen Worte zu bezeichnen.

„Du biſt Perglow! Und auch ich bin durch Schule und Neigung Seminole!“ rief ich ihm in ſchöner Begeiſterung zu. Er nickte, wie eben ein berühmter Krieger nickt, der einen Rekruten ohne Ahnen und Thaten zu ſeinem mächtigen Stamme treten ſieht.

Die Reihe der Mittheilungen war an dem Fräulein. Sie reiſte in ihre thüringiſche Heimath, nachdem ſie eine kranke Tante den Winter hindurch in Lauban gepflegt. Julie von Frohmann war ihr Name.

„Dich brauchen wir nicht erſt um Auskunft zu bitten, Fuchs,“ ſprach der Seminolenhäuptling und das gefährliche Lächeln ſpielte wieder um ſeinen Mund, „da wir Zeugen davon geweſen ſind, wie die Familie Polonius von Dir Abſchied nahm. Befolge die Mahnungen Deines Vaters und Du wirſt ein vorzüglich glänzendes Examen beſtehen, und wenn Du die Warnungen Deiner Mutter nicht in den Wind ſchlägſt, Dein glattes Geſicht und das volle Gewicht Deiner Federbetten bewahrt unverſehrt nach Hauſe zurückbringen.“

„Hätteſt Du keine Mutter, Perglow, daß Du die ängſtliche Sorge der meinigen verſpotten kannſt!“ fragte ich, verletzt von einer Andeutung, deren verletzende Spitze weniger mich als meine Aeltern trafen. „Sonſt wären Deine Worte unverzeihlich.“

Da nahm das Antlitz des großen Kriegers eine ſo feierliche Miene an, daß jeder Zug von Hohn daraus verſchwand. „Keine Mutter!“ fragte er, „ein vollkommener Student kann der Jüngling nicht werden, der ſeiner Mutter folgt, indem er das Duell vermeidet, und dem Vater gehorcht, indem er die Verbindungen ſeiner Kameraden flieht, deren Reiz mit ihrem Verbote zu ſteigern die Regierungen ſelten ſäumig ſind. Aber ich wollte Dich nicht beleidigen, denn auch meine Schritte möchte ein gewiſſenhaftes Mutterherz überwachen und leiten, wenn ich etwas folgſamer wäre. Darauf meine Hand.“

Wir fuhren in das engere Elbthal ein, in welchem ſich das tauſendjährige Meißen erhebt. Die Stadt blickt ſo romantiſch über den ſchönen Fluß, die Albrechtsburg mit dem gothiſchen Afradom ſo mittelalterlich von der Höhe herab, daß die Stadt gar nicht recht in die neue Staatsverfaſſung und Geſchichte paßt. Sie iſt zu poetiſch für die nüchterne Neuzeit. Das wußte die Eiſenbahn, die ſpäter die alten Völkerſtraßen veröden machte und ſie ließ deshalb Meißen ſeitwärts liegen. Die Lohnkutſcher waren geſcheidter. Sie lagen oft länger in Meißen, als es ſelbſt der Weinbau der Landſchaft verantworten mag, der alle Arten edlen deutſchen Traubenblutes verſendet, beſonders Johannisberger, Burgunder und Champagner. Aber verſchämter Weiſe niemals Meißner!

Das Fräulein war ſo liebreizend, daß ich viel darum gegeben hätte, wäre es mir erlaubt geweſen, ihr gewiſſe kleine Ritterdienſte zu leiſten, wie z. B. den, ihr beim Ausſteigen aus dem Wagen die Hand zu reichen. Aber Perglow ließ mir in dieſer Beziehung gar nichts übrig und bis zu dem Verſuche, mit ſeiner Artigkeit zu wetteifern, verſtieg ſich meine Keckheit nicht. Vielmehr ſah ich mich dem kranken Badegaſt zugetheilt, für den auch der Seminolenhäuptling die ſehr ergötzliche Rückſicht nahm, ihm das Tabakrauchen in der Kutſche zu verſagen. Während daher Perglow in Meißen unſere junge Dame an ſeinem Arme in den Gaſthof zur „Sonne“ geleitete, war ich dazu verurtheilt, das ſiechende Krankenbett in ein wandelndes Lazareth umgeſtalten zu helfen. Flott und ſchmuck ſchritt das eine Paar vor uns voraus, indeß der ſanfte Heinrich und ich kaum ſtark genug waren, ein ſtöhnendes Bündel von Fellen und Betten nachzuſchleppen.

Nach der Mahlzeit, die wir an der Gaſthoftafel einnahmen, der Badegaſt vermochte kaum einige Löffel Suppe hinterzuſchlürfen, worauf ich ihn auf ein Sopha ſchaffte und wieder unter Decken und Kiſſen begrub, entfernte ſich Perglow in die Stadt. Er wollte nachfragen, ob einige Freunde ſchon wieder zur Univerſität abgereiſt oder bereit wären, eine Flaſche mit ihm bei dem braven Kupfermeiſter Baumgarten zu trinken, einem Manne von ſo unbeflecktem Rufe, daß ihn kein Student unbeſucht ließ, der auch nur eine Viertelſtunde Meißner Aufenthalts erübrigen konnte. Wir hatten behagliche Zeit zu einem Gelage, denn Heinrich fütterte und war überhaupt nicht der Charakter, der mit boshafter Eil' auf der Abfahrt beſtand, ſo lange noch Ein Paſſagier zu zaudern verlangte. Der Seminolenhäuptling theilte mir ſeine weintrinkende Abſicht mit und geſtattete mir, ihn bei Baumgarten zu erwarten. Dieſe Erlaubniß würde den Umſtänden nach als ein Befehl für mich gegolten haben, wäre mir nicht ein ſehr lockender und verrätheriſcher Plan in den Sinn gekommen. Ich ließ Perglow ruhig ſeine Runde antreten und bemerkte dann ganz zufällig, daß doch inzwiſchen für die Unterhaltung unſerer Dame ſehr ſchlecht geſorgt ſei, worauf ich ihr einen Spaziergang zur Beſchauung der Meißner Merkwürdigkeiten vorſchlug. Als ſie mein Anerbieten genehmigt hatte, quälte mich nur der Gedanke, daß wir dem Häuptlinge in der Stadt begegnen könnten, was harter Schlag für mich geweſen wäre. Deshalb beſchleunigte ich meinen Weg durch die Stadt mit Julien und fühlte mich erſt glücklich geborgen, als wir die Treppe zu erſteigen begannen, die gegen die Albrechtsburg hinaufführt. Ihr Arm lag dabei auf dem meinigen, von Zeit zu Zeit ruhten wir aus und ſahen einander an. Ich empfand ſo viel, daß ich wenig reden konnte, und um einige Mannigfaltigkeit in unſer Geſpräch zu bringen, zählte ich laut die Stufen. Wir waren aber entſetzlich raſch oben und mit der letzten Ziffer die Unterhaltung ſchon wieder zu Ende. Aber im Anblicke der alten Stadt und frühlingsfriſchen Landſchaft verklärte ſich das Antlitz des Mädchens, und als Julie die Gegend als die ſchönſte pries, die ſie geſehen, vergaß ich mich vor ihrem lieben Lächeln bis zu der Aeußerung:

„Was Ihnen die Gegend, das ſind Sie mir — das ſchönſte Mädchen, welchem ich jemals begegnete!" Ich erſchrak vor mir ſelbſt nach dem Worte, daß ich mich vorwärts an die Mauerbrüſtung retten mußte und gewiß roth anlief, wie ein geſottener Krebs, während ich eine arme Hauslaubpflanze ausrupfte, die zwiſchen dem verwitterten Mörtel herausgewachſen war.

„Sie ſcheinen die Meißner Berge ſchon zu kennen, da Sie gar kein Auge dafür haben," ſprach meine Begleiterin nach der langen Pauſe, die ihr meine am Boden haftende Verlegenheit ließ. „Wollen wir nicht weiter gehen?"

„O ja — in den Dom. Er ſteht offen, wie ich ſehe, und auch auf den Thurm hinauf müſſen wir."

Aus dem Innern quoll tiefer Orgelklang. Der Dom rührt noch aus der Zeit her, wo der frömmſte Gottesglaube gothiſche Tempel ſchuf, deren erhabene Formen wir kaum nachzuahmen, nicht zu übertreffen vermögen. Auch der Afradom von Meißen iſt ein zu Stein gewordenes ſeliges Gebet von Millionen, und die Andacht von Jahrhunderten ſchwebt in und um ihn. Wir traten ein und ſchritten langſam und feierlich bewegt bis zum Hochaltar. Jenſeits deſſelben führt die Treppe auf den Thurm empor. Ich war wohlvertraut mit ihren Windungen, und von den Orgeltönen umwogt, folgten wir der Stiege, abermals Arm um Arm geſchlungen. Empor, empor, bis wir auf dem Austritte ſtanden, wo ſich das Thal mit ſeinen Gärten, der Strom mit ſeinen Schiffen vor unſern Blicken aufthat.

Anfangs waren wir ſtill, dann war es etwas Schwärmeriſches oder Heiliges, was wir ſprachen. Wie es dahin gedieh, weiß ich nicht mehr, aber ich muß Julien um einen Kuß gebeten haben, denn ſie ſah mich darauf verwundert, aber nicht zornig an.

„Einen Kuß — und hier auf der Höhe vor aller Welt! Aber gerade darum — das heißt, wenn Sie mir verſprechen, den Ermahnungen Ihrer guten Mutter mehr gehorchen zu wollen, als den Anweiſungen und dem Beiſpiele unſeres Begleiters — küſſ' ich Sie."

Für einen Kuß von ihr hätt' ich Alles zugeſagt und auf Erfordern zugeſchworen.

„Wie gut Sie ſind, Julie!" jauchzte ich. Ich umarmte ſie und wir küßten uns ganz langſam und wohlbedächtig. Auf dem Herabwege erinnerte ich jedoch, daß es mir ſcheine, als ob das Fräulein keine ganz gute Meinung über Perglow hege, worin ſie im größten Unrecht ſei.

„Ich meine nur, Sie ſollen ihn nicht auf Koſten Ihrer Zukunft bewundern," antwortete Julie. Seit wir uns im Namen meiner Mutter geküßt hatten, kam ſie mir wie meine Schweſter vor, und ich dachte ihrer Rede nach, als wär's ein Orakelſpruch geweſen.

Durch die Berührung ihrer Lippen nicht zuverſichtlicher geworden oder gar begehrlich, war ich dennoch ſo unbefangen und vertraut zu ihr, daß weder meine Gedanken im Gefühle, noch der Ausdruck im Gedanken erſtickte wie vorher. Ich vermochte ihr Alles zu ſagen, was ich von Freude und Hoffnung in der Bruſt hatte, und der Hoffnung beſonders trug ich viel in mir.

Julie ſelbſt rief mir den Küſtermeiſter Baumgarten in's Gedächtniß zurück, als wir wieder unten in der Stadt waren. Ich begab mich dahin und fand Perglow in Geſellſchaft von einem ſehr langen Studenten mit einem deſto kürzeren Rocke. Ebenfalls ein großer Krieger, dem ich bald vorgeſtellt war. Er hatte die Seminolenmütze auf dem röthlichen Haupthaar auch im Zimmer nicht abgelegt, vermuthlich weil er ſie mit dem Halstuche verwechſelte, wovon auch nicht eine Spur an ſeinem entblößten Nacken zu entdecken war. In ſeiner Linken hielt er eine ſtarke „Flöte", worunter man ſich einen Stock vorzuſtellen hat, der dann auch muſikaliſch wirken konnte, wenn er in [illegible] Schwingungen auf den Rücken irgend eines mit Stimme begabten Weſens niederfiel. Mit der Rechten umſpannte er eine Flaſche, aus welcher er ſich ein Glas füllte, welches beinahe größer als die Flaſche war. Auf das [illegible] [illegible] ſich [illegible] meine ganze Theilnahme an der Unterhaltung, da ſie ſich ausſchließlich auf Perſonen und Zuſtände erſtreckte, die ich erſt näher kennen lernen ſollte.

Der ſanfte Heinrich kam ſelbſt, uns abzurufen. Er war ſo dienſtfertig, daß er die angebrochenen Flaſchen leeren half, nur um uns deſto raſcher zu befördern. Perglow führte wieder die Dame, ich trug meine Hälfte von dem Kranken an den Wagen. Aber als es an's Einſteigen kam, wollte Perglow, um zu rauchen, mit einem Paſſagier des Cabriolets tauſchen. Es war der leſende Paſſagier, den er dazu einlud. Auch ging der Aufgeforderte auf den Wunſch des Häuptlings ein und ſiedelte mit der Bibliothek zu uns über. Da fand er aber, daß ihm das Licht ungünſtig falle, mit welcher Umſchreibung er vermuthlich den Badegaſt meinte, vor deſſen Nachbarſchaft er offenbar heftig zurückſchrak.

„Nun, ſo leſen Sie einmal eine Station lang nicht!" rieth ihm Perglow.

„Ich muß aber leſen!" ſagte der Paſſagier, „ich bin ein wandernder Naturforſcher und ſtudire eben Sachſen."

„Am zweckmäßigſten doch durch den Augenſchein! In Klappendorf geb' ich Ihnen Ihren Cabrioletplatz zurück."

„Bis Klappendorf gerade muß ich leſen."

Dabei war er ſchon wieder ausgezogen, hatte das Cabriolet erklommen und ſich in den Inhalt des Buches, welches an der Reihe war, ſo innig vertieft, daß die Rede an ihm rein verloren ging, die der Seminolenhäuptling über Literatur im Allgemeinen und Naturgeſchichte des Kameels im Beſondern hielt. Das Wort „Kameel" ſprach er dabei accurat ſo aus, als ob er den leſenden Paſſagier damit im Allgemeinen bezeichnen und im Beſondern beleidigen wollte.

„Wenn ich mir hier, die Bewilligung des Fräuleins vorausgeſetzt, eine Cigarre anzündete, ſo mordete ich ein Menſchenleben durch Stickhuſten!" ſchloß Perglow den Sermon und ſetzte ſich, von Wein und Aerger ziemlich aufgeregt, auf den alten Platz. „Aber draußen vor der Stadt — und wenn ich deshalb auf's Verdeck ſteigen muß, kann ich mir die ſüße Gewohnheit des Daſeins nicht länger verſagen."

Ich ahnte unendlichen Vortheil von der Abweſenheit des Häuptlings und das traulichſte Zwiegeſpräch mit Julien, daher war ich befliſſen, dem Gefürchteten ein Lager auf dem Verdeck als ein wahres Lotterbett üppiger Ruhe zu ſchildern. Erſt pries ich den Reiz der Gegend, die er überblicken würde, dann beſprach ich mit dem Häuptlinge die verſchiedenen Arten des Rauchens mit einer ſo feinen Ausarbeitung aller Einzelheiten, daß ihm der narkotiſche Duft bei der bloßen Erinnerung durch den Mund und die Naſe ſprudelte. In der Nähe der Kloſterruine, die nicht weit hinter Meißen liegt, war auch ſeine Begierde ſo lebhaft aufgeregt, daß er den Kutſchenſchlag öffnete und mitten im Fahren aus dem Wagen ſprang, was bei der äußerſt vorſichtigen Bewegung der Roſſe wenig Gefahr hatte und den ſanften Heinrich, nach einem Beſuche bei Baumgarten, nicht Wunder nahm. Der Kutſcher ſah ſich auch nach dem Zurückbleibenden nicht weiter um, wir im Innern aber gewahrten darauf an dem Geräuſch über unſern Häuptern, daß Perglow über die Kiſſen des Hintertheils emporgeſtiegen und ſomit auf der Höhe des Fortſchritts angelangt war.

Der Kranke ſtöhnte kläglich, und wir durften auf einen Trauerfall gefaßt ſein, ehe wir Leipzig erreichten. Um ihm eine bequemere Lage einzuräumen, ſetzte ſich das Fräulein zu mir herüber und ordnete das Bett des gelähmten Badegaſtes nach dieſer Veränderung ſorgfältig von Neuem. Er dankte ihr, auch ohne Perglows Cigarre, mit einem tiefgefühlten Huſten, und wir Geſunden ſprachen dann von Seebädern und Sauerbrunnen und von der Heilquelle in Tharant, die mehr auf den Bergen wächſt und in den Lüften weht, als aus dem Felſen ſpringt. Den Waſſerſtrahl, den die Erde giebt, wir wußten nicht, ob er ſehr mächtig und geneſungskräftig ſei. Aber an der Friſche der Tharanter Haine und an dem wunderbelebenden Hauche der Natur, der ſich über die waldigen Höhen des Weißeritzthales ergießt, zweifelten wir nicht, die wir noch an keiner Wunde [illegible]. Juliens Tante, die dort gewohnt, war eine milde, ſanfte Frau und das Mädchen ſagte, die Pflege ſei ihr lieb geworden. Aber wenig Geſellſchaft habe die Tante bei ſich geſehen, denn das Nervenübel, an dem ſie kränkle, habe vor allem Andern innere und äußerliche Ruhe verlangt. Dann ſei der kleine Ort auch im Herbſt und Winter viel bewegt geweſen durch die [illegible] Akademie.

„Zur Forſt- und Landwirthſchaft!" fiel ich ein. „Wir haben eine zweite ältere und noch berühmtere Akademie im Lande, in Freiberg, für's Bergweſen. Die Studenten an beiden gelten in Leipzig für literaturunfähig." Zu dem „in Leipzig" fügte ich noch ein „bei uns" hinzu, aber nur mir ſelbſt, weil noch wir [illegible] zukünftigen. Mit der anerkannten Civiliſationsfähigkeit glaubte ich aber den Akademikern in Tharant und Freiberg keine geringe Auszeichnung nachzurühmen zu haben. Fräulein von Eichmann ſchien [illegible]:

„Ja, ja." Sie ſchien die Wichtigkeit der Auszeichnung nicht vollkommen zu verſtehen. „Wir kamen mit den jungen

Leuten ſelten in Berührung," fügte ſie hinzu. — Ich war jedoch ein ſchlauer Fuchs. Daß ſiebzig bis achtzig Studenten der Forſtwiſſenſchaft ein Mädchen in dem engen Thal von Tharant ſollten unbeachtet und ungehuldigt gelaſſen haben von der Jugend, Schönheit und den geiſtigen Vorzügen Juliens, das dünkte mir nicht glaublich. Alſo fragte ich ſie geradehin, in welcher Weiſe ſie der Gegenſtand der akademiſchen Aufmerkſamkeit geweſen.

„Ich darf mir dergleichen nicht einreden," erwiederte das Fräulein, und ihre langen Wimpern wehten dabei mit ſchalkhaftem Ausdruck über dem halben Auge. „Nur einmal, nach einem Balle, erwieſen mir die Studenten die Ehre, mir ein Zeichen ihrer freundlichen Erinnerung zu geben. Sie ſtellten ſich Nachts unter meinem Fenſter auf und feuerten dort ihre Gewehre ab, was eine Art von Ständchen ſein ſollte, welches ſie mir brachten. Es waren einige Dutzend Doppelröhre, die auf einmal loskrachten und das grade in einer Zeit, wo meine arme Tante endlich nach langer nervöſer Schlafloſigkeit einigen Schlummer gefunden hatte. Es war eine ſehr gute Frau, allein der Schrecken hatte ſie faſt getödtet und ich war lebhaft bemüht, mir dergleichen geräuſchvolle Artigkeiten nicht ferner zuzuziehen."

Ob nicht dennoch ein Bündniß der Neigungen die Folge des Tharanter Winters geweſen war, leuchtete aus der Erzählung dieſes Vorfalls freilich nicht ein. Wir geriethen darauf wieder in Jean-Pauliſche Stimmung. Es iſt ſo verzeihlich, mit achtzehn Jahren überſchwenglich zu ſein, das Paradies aus einer Roſenknoſpe zu riechen und himmliſche Unendlichkeit in einen Händedruck zu ſchließen. Eine Roſenknoſpe hatte ſich Julie in Meißen an die Bruſt geſteckt und wenn ſich unſere ſchweifenden Gedanken begegneten, ſo thaten es auch unſere Hände.

Ich ſtreckte den Kopf aus dem Wagen und richtete ihn ſehr verrenkt gegen den Deckpaſſagier, um ihm Cigarren anzubieten, falls er nicht genug verſorgt ſein ſollte. Denn Perglow's Abweſenheit war doch ſehr erſprießlich.

„Das gut ſein, Fuchs," ertönte es von oben. „Ich liege zwar auf einem Prokruſtesbette und habe überdies ein Fäßchen zwiſchen den Knien zu halten, wenn ich nicht ſammt demſelben herunterfliegen ſoll. Aber die Cigarre iſt im Brande, daß ſie der geſammten engliſchen Kriegsflotte zur Lunte dienen könnte."

Der Kutſcher ſpitzte bei dieſer Unterhaltung, die ſehr laut geführt werden mußte, die Ohren und richtete ſich von ſeinem Platze empor.

Seltſamer Weiſe hielt mit einem Ruck der Wagen, und der ſanfte Heinrich hatte ſich ſo unſanft aus der Schoßkelle geſchnellt, daß er wie ein Graspferd bis in den feuchten Straßengraben hinüber gehüpft war, eine bedeutendere Entfernung, als jemals eines der Pferde, die er lenkte, in den beſten Tagen ſeiner Blüthe auf Einen Anſatz zurückgelegt hatte.

„Herr Jeſus! Es ſitzt Einer auf dem Wagen!" ſchrie der Sanfte und das Haar ſträubte ſich auf ſeinem Scheitel empor, von dem der Hut weit weg entflogen war. „Und das Verdeck raucht wie ein Schornſtein!"

„Ich bin's, Heinrich!" entgegnete ſehr gelaſſen der Seminolenanführer. „Meine Cigarre und da — wahrhaftig ein Stück alter Packleinwand iſt angeglimmt. Hockt nur wieder auf. Es iſt nicht drei Pfennige werth, und ich drücke den Brand mit zwei Fingern aus."

„Herr Jeſus, Herr Perglow! O du mein Himmel, das Unglück! Machen Sie, daß Sie herunter kommen oder wir ſind Alle verloren. Es ſind drei Centner Birſchpulver in den Fäſſern und der Wagen brennt!" ſchrie Heinrich.

„Schießpulver — und der Wagen brennt!" dröhnte ein mehrſtimmiges Echo nach.

„Birſchpulver!" fragte der naturforſchende Paſſagier und ſchaute träumeriſch von den Blättern auf. Aber das Entſetzen, welches er in jeder Miene las und die raſende Eile, mit der die Inſaſſen des Wagens auf Heinrichs Wort aus der Kutſche ſtürzten, belehrte ihn augenblicklich, daß es ſich um eine fürchterliche Gefahr handle. Er gab nicht blos, ohne alles weitere Beſinnen, ſeinen wohlvertheidigten Platz, ſondern ſelbſt das Buch Preis, um die allgemeine Flucht ſofort mit anzutreten. Die Entladung der Pulverfäſſer ſelbſt hätte uns kaum ſchneller auseinander bringen können, als es die Furcht vor ihrem Auffliegen, bei der Nachricht, der Wagen brenne, that. Wie ich Julien zugleich mit mir ins Freie hinausflüchtete, wäre mir jetzt unmöglich zu erklären. Eine Minute nach der Kataſtrophe ſchon wußte ich nicht mehr, ob ſie mich aus dem Wagen hinaus riß, oder ich ſie und wer von uns beiden eigentlich von dem Andern an die Hecke hinübergetragen ward, in deren Dornen eingehakt wir uns wieder fanden.

Perglow war ohne weitläufiges Meſſen der Höhe vom Wagen heruntergeſprungen und hatte ſeinen Füßen nicht Zeit gelaſſen, ihm irgend eine Verletzung anzumelden. Wie ein Sturmwind brauſte er zu uns herüber.

Der Sanfte duckte ſich wie ein feiger Schakal vor dem Kutſchenwagen unter den Graben und nur die Pferde ſchienen wohl unſern Schrecken, nicht aber deſſen Urſache zu begreifen, die ſie wie uns bedrohte. Sie ſtanden, offenbar ſehr zufrieden mit dem Aufenthalte, ſtill, und wenn ich den Ausdruck einer Schimmelphyſiognomie zu beurtheilen befähigt bin, ſo lächelte eines der Thiere ſogar beſtialiſch ſchadenfroh zu unſerer grimmigen Verwirrung.

Das Alles erfordert mehr Zeilen, um es zu erzählen, als es Secunden brauchte, um es zu erleben.

Perglow war in der Nähe der Hecke eingetroffen, deren Geſträuch vornehmlich für Juliens Seidenkleid eine eben ſo zudringliche, als das Weiterfliehen behindernde Anhänglichkeit verrieth.

„Was thun wir jetzt, — will mir denn Niemand löſchen helfen!" erklang der unterirdiſche Nothruf Heinrichs.

„Löſcht Ihr denn, indem Ihr Euch in den Graben werft!" antwortete Perglow, indem die Lebensfarbe langſam in ſeine Wangen zurückkehrte. „Du pflichtvergeſſener Schlingel haſt das Pulver heimlich aufgeladen! Schneide die Pferde los! Dann magſt Du nun auch erleben, wie Dein Wagen auffliegt. Das Beſte iſt, wir ziehen uns einige hundert Schritt die Höhe hinauf. Da haben wir wenigſtens noch ſo viel von dem Bettel, daß wir den Wagen in die Luft gehen ſehen."

„Mit allen meinen Habſeligkeiten!" rief ich.

„Das ſie zum Geier ſein. Hätte mich der Eſel, der uns fuhr, nicht gleich mit dem Schlimmſten erſchreckt, ſo hätte ich die Lage des brennenden Lappens auf der Stelle erſtickt" —

„Vielleicht iſt noch Rettung möglich, wenn wir uns hinanwagen. Meine Bücher, Kleider, Betten —"

„Mein neuer Hut — und der Kranke! der Kranke — Niemand hat an ihn gedacht — liegt noch in der Kutſche!" ſchrie Julie auf und rang die Hände, was außer dem Hute, dem unglücklichen Badegaſte wenigſtens zur Hälfte galt.

Auf die Erwähnung des Kranken ſagte der Häuptling kein Wort, aber ſeine Bewegung gegen den Wagen hin, der bis auf die aufklaffenden Thüren und ein dünnes Rauchwölkchen ganz unbeſcholten und harmlos ausſah, war auffordernd genug. Ich folgte. Erſt, als wir unmittelbar vor dem Fuhrwerke ſtanden, war zu erkennen, daß die Packleinwandfetzen in hellen Brand übergegangen waren. Unſer Angriff war in unausgeſprochener Uebereinſtimmung darauf gerichtet, den Badegaſt aus dem Innern heraus zu holen. Aber noch war eine Spanne zwiſchen uns und der Kutſche, als Perglow ſagte: „Die Fäſſer bringen wir am Ende ſchneller weg, als einen unbeholfenen Menſchenleib."

Dies Wort änderte unſern Entſchluß. Von hinten aufſtiegen wir auf das Verdeck, aber das Cabriolet empor kam uns der Sanfte entgegen, der nach der erſten tödtlichen Beſtürzung wieder Muth und Regſamkeit gewonnen hatte, als er Perglow ſelbſt an den Feuerherd zurückkehren ſah. Er bezeichnete uns mit heiſerem Ton und bebender Hand die beiden Pulverfäßchen. So ſchwach das Flämmchen war, welches nach ihren Reifen hinleckte, ſo bedurfte es doch nur einiger durchgeſickerter Körner, und was und wo waren wir im nächſten Augenblick! An einem Orte der Miſchung Salpeter, Schwefel und Kohle hing unſer Leben. Die Arme, die ſich gegen die Fäſſer ausſtreckten, ſchienen ein Bewußtſein der Gefahr zu haben, nach der ſie langten. Eine ſchmerzliche Empfindung rieſelte durch ihr Mark und pflanzte ſich durch den Körper fort.

„Iſt gewiß kein Pulver weiter auf dem Wagen?" fragte Perglow.

„Nicht eine Priſe ſonſt, daß ich wüßte," verſetzte Heinrich.

„So ſind wir diesmal mit dem Schrecken davon gekommen," fuhr der Häuptling fort, und trat die angegangene Leinwand mit den Füßen aus.

Die Fäſſer aber lagen weit hinüber geſchleudert jenſeits der Straße. Wie wir ſie mit gemeinſchaftlichem Schwunge bis dahin geworfen, ſteht mir nebelhaft vor meinem Gedächtniſſe. Sie waren ſehr ſchwer, auch ſchwer anzufaſſen an den ſchmalen Rändern. — Unſere Körper hatten auf dem Wagen keinen zuverläſſigen Haltpunkt. Daß die Fäſſer dennoch fortgeſchleudert wurden, ohne daß Einer von uns, oder noch wahrſcheinlicher alle Drei ihrem Gewichte nachſtürzten, iſt ein mathematiſches Räthſel.

Aber wir ſtanden wohlbehalten aufrecht und ſie lagen beſeitigt im nächſten Acker. Wir verfolgten jede Spur des Brandes bis auf den Glimmfunken, den der verkohlte Zunder auf einem der Kiſſen zurückgelaſſen, und während der ſanfte Heinrich noch oben im Verdeck umherſuchte und ſchnürte, ſtiegen wir hinab und riefen die Entfernung jeder Gefahr aus. Dann beſannen wir uns auch wieder auf den Badegaſt. Es war ſo mäuschenſtill im Wagen, daß wir einen Todten hervorzuziehen fürchteten. Die äußerſte Verzweiflung des aufgegebenen Mannes mußte fürchterlich geweſen ſein. Was war wahrſcheinlicher, als daß ſie ihn getödtet hatte!

„Fuchs — was iſt das?" fragte Perglow, der ſeinen Augen nicht traute. „Iſt der Kerl in ſein Bettſtroh gefallen und hat ſich darin verkrümelt?"

„Fußſack, Wolfsſchur und Alles, was er um ſich trug, liegt hier im Wagen — aber der Menſch dazu fehlt," entgegnete ich, nicht minder überraſcht.

„Sollten ihn die Cabrioletpaſſagiere herausgelangt haben? Aber davon nimmt der Eine drüben an der Haferfeldecke Hoffmann'ſche Tropfen, wie es ſcheint, um ſich den Schrecken aus dem Leibe zu treiben, und der Naturforſcher ſucht ſchon wieder nach ſeinem Buche, kein Dritter iſt zu ſehen!"

„Am Ende iſt der Badegaſt in aller Stille aufgeflogen. Himmelfahrtig genug ſah er aus dazu. Oder hätte das Fräulein irgend eine Kunde von ſeinem Schickſale?"

Die Dame ſaß bei der Dornenhecke und weinte. Auf unſere Frage antwortete ſie, weil ihr vor innerer Bewegung die Stimme verſagte, mit einem abwehrenden und verneinenden Winken ihres Taſchentuchs. Das Verſchwinden glich der Zauberei und wir ſchüttelten wahrhaftig die Pelze und Betten durch, als könnten wir den Gelähmten, in einen Däumling verwandelt, in der Taſche der Wolfsſchur entdecken.

„Meine Herren, wollten Sie mir jetzt wohl helfen das Pulver wieder aufladen?" fragte der ſanfte Heinrich mit beiſpiellos unbefangener Miene vom Verdecke herab.

„Ein Bündel Prügel wollen wir Dir aufladen, wenn Du Dich unterſtehſt, drei Centner Pulver und ſechs Reiſende noch einmal auf einem und demſelben Wagen zuſammen zu bringen!" war die entſchiedene Meinung des Seminolenhäuptlings und mithin auch meine unumſtößliche Anſicht.

„Oho, das Pulver kann doch nicht im friſchen Acker liegen bleiben!"

„So rolle es die Elbe hinunter, dort wird es am Beſten aufgehoben ſein."

„In Klappendorf will ich das Pulver zurücklaſſen, wenn Sie das verlangen. Aber bis dorthin muß es noch mit." Der Kutſcher verſtummte nach dieſem Satze, denn ein Mann, der die Straße daher geſchritten kam, ſchien die Bitte um unſern Beiſtand zu erledigen, falls ſich der Wanderer irgend bewegen ließ, ſeine rüſtigen Glieder gegen ein Trinkgeld zum Hinaufreichen der Fäſſer herzuleihen. Seine Geſtalt war ganz dazu angethan, ihm eine tüchtige Kraftanſtrengung zu gewähren, nur war ſein Anzug nicht der eines Tagelöhners, und bei näherem Anſchauen ſchien uns das Geſicht bekannt.

„Iſt es denn wahr, wie Sie riefen, daß alle Gefahr vorüber?" fragte er ſchon von fern. Wir waren keiner Erwiderung fähig. Der Töplitzer Badegaſt, in neuer verbeſſerter Auflage, ſchritt auf uns zu und ſeine Lähmung ſchien auf uns übergegangen zu ſein, in ſo ſtarrem Erſtaunen ſtanden wir.

„Wo in aller Welt kommen Sie her?" fragte Perglow.

Der Verzauberte zeigte auf ein Gebüſch am Berghange: „Dort wartete ich den Hergang ab."

„Und wie gelangten Sie aus dem Wagen und dorthin?" verlangte ich zu wiſſen, indem ich im Geiſte den jetzigen Mann mit dem vorherigen Todtengerippe verglich.

„Sie ſehen ja, ich kann wieder gehen — nicht blos gehen, ich kann ſogar laufen, wie ich zu meinem eigenen Erſtaunen bemerkte, als ich vorhin in der Todesangſt mit den Andern zugleich aus dem Wagen geſprungen war. Ich lief ſchneller als Sie Alle. Soweit war ich noch nicht einmal, bevor ich in's Bad reiſte," fuhr er, ſich ſeelenvergnügt die Hände reibend, fort. „Nun ſage mir noch Einer, daß Töplitz nicht wohl thue."

Es ward uns wahrlich ſchwerer, an die Verwandlung des Mannes zu glauben, als ihm ſelber.

Julie weinte noch immer, als wir den Wagen wieder beſtiegen, aus Rührung jetzt, wie ſie ſagte, über die wunderbare Geneſung unſeres Reiſegefährten. Und das Pulver mußte wirklich mit. Der ſanfte Heinrich hatte es durch Bitten und Beſchwörungen durchgeſetzt, daß wir ihm die Mitnahme bis auf die nächſte Einkehr geſtatteten. Aber ich habe heute noch den Verdacht, daß die Fäſſer ſelbſt in Klappendorf nicht zurückgeblieben ſind. Unſere Stimmung hatte in feierlicher Weiſe zugenommen bis dorthin, wo wir zu Ehren des Ereigniſſes eine Flaſche, dann die zweite, endlich die dritte leerten, wobei wir uns der Theilnahme des Badegaſt's und ſelbſt Juliens zu erfreuen hatten. Der ſanfte Heinrich war inzwiſchen lange im Hofe und um den Wagen beſchäftigt, ohne daß wir ihn beaufſichtigten. Bei der Abfahrt lagen allerdings die Fäſſer nicht mehr oben auf dem Gepäck. Aber dafür wahrſcheinlich unter demſelben.

Zu Döbeln ward übernachtet, aber mir nahte kein Schlaf.

Die Welt war alſo doch ſo abenteuerlich und romantiſch, wie ſie in der einſamen Schulzelle vor meiner glühenden Einbildung geſtanden! Ich hatte am erſten Tage meines Eintritts in dieſelbe ein reizendes Mädchen aus drohender Todesgefahr [illegible] — Julie ſagte es ſelbſt und ich glaubte es bereitwillig, trotz meiner beſcheidenen Ablehnungen — und der allgemeine Du-Comment der Studenten war eine Wahrheit! O meine Mutter, meine Mutter! Wie begannen Deine blutrothen und thränenſchweren Warnungen vor der goldenen Sonne dieſer prächtig lachenden Welt zu erbleichen! Auch die Mahnungen des Vaters, wenigſtens die, mich vor einer Liebſchaft zu hüten, waren vergebens geweſen. Nein, nicht vergebens, nur überflüſſig. Denn was mich zu Juliens holdem Herzen zog, war keine Liebſchaft, es war Verehrung, Anbetung, es war die Liebe ſelbſt.

Auf der Fortſetzung der Reiſe am andern Tage waren wir Alle etwas abgeſpannt, am wenigſten jedoch der weiland Gelähmte. Körperlich empfanden wir die Nachwehen des Schreckens in einer gewiſſen Zerſchlagenheit aller Glieder, geiſtig fühlten wir, daß ſich unſer Geſchick geſtern vermuthlich in Außerordentlichem erſchöpft habe, daß es uns zunächſt weiter nichts bieten konnte. Doch erneute jedes Lächeln Juliens eine ſtille Ahnung unſäglichen Glücks in meinem Herzen. Sie war mir auch heute noch für das dankbar, was ſie ihre Rettung nannte.

Den Kulmberg hinter uns laſſend, näherten wir uns dem Flachlande der Pleißenebene, deren fruchtbaren Weizenboden alle Völker Europa's mit dem Blute ihrer Krieger gedüngt haben. Es wäre ein Wunder, wenn nicht wenigſtens das Getreide üppig darnach wüchſe, da die Früchte anderer Saaten, die über dem Leipziger Schlachtfelde aufgehen ſollten, deſto armſeliger ausgefallen ſind. In Wurzen erregte damals eine unter großen techniſchen Schwierigkeiten aufgeführte Muldenbrücke das Erſtaunen der Gegenwart in dem Grade, daß ſie jeder Fuchs zu Fuße überſchritt, um ſie deſto ungehinderter zu bewundern. Fünfzig oder ſechzig plan- und hinderniſsvolle Jahre hatte es gewährt, bevor der wichtige Waſſerbau in's Werk geſetzt ward. Wie raſch aber iſt unſer jüngſtes Zeitalter gegen die Vergangenheit geworden! Um eine Straßenbrücke rang Wurzen ein halbes Jahrhundert. Ein Luſtrum ſpäter baute ihm die Eiſenbahnverwaltung binnen wenigen Monaten noch eine zweite, viel anſehnlichere Brücke neben der alten über den Strom. Wurzen hat die Gelegenheit mit Eifer benutzt, ſich ſelbſt zu entlaufen. Es iſt nach Leipzig ausgewandert und hat an der Mulde nur ſeine Ruinen zurückgelaſſen. Die Eiſenbahnen ſteigern das Leben lebenskräftiger Städte ins Unendliche. Abſterbende Körper, denen ſie auf ihrem Wege begegnen, führen ſie dem vollen Tode zu. Das iſt ihre Art.

In Borsdorf hatte jeder Fuchs die Verpflichtung, Sandkuchen zu eſſen, durch deren Gebäck das Dorf in der Nähe ſo berühmt war, als in der Ferne durch ſeine Aepfel. Ich erließ mir natürlich keine Weihe, die den Studenten in mir vollenden konnte. Aus Ungeduld, Leipzig zu erblicken, ſetzte ich mich dann zu Heinrich in die Schoßkelle.

„Wie weit iſt's noch hin?"

„Ganz nahe. Sie ſehen, ich kann ſchon mit der Peitſche darauf weiſen," bemerkte der Kutſcher ſehr zufrieden mit ſeinem Witze und deutete auf einige Thürme, die in den blaſſen Horizont bläulich hineinragten. Die Namen der zur Rechten und Linken liegenden Orte wurden immer märchenhaft ſeltſamer und erinnerungsvertrauter. Ein Schauplatz der Leipziger Studentenwelt, in Liedern geprieſen und Stammbüchern verewigt, nach dem andern ſtreckte ſich an beiden Seiten des Weges aus. Mancher davon ſah etwas ſchäbiger aus, als meine Vorſtellung von ihm. Endlich die „grüne Schenke," in deſſen Tanzboden ſich ein Stück der Völkerſchlacht feſtgeſetzt hatte, welches an blauen Montagen unaufhörlich ſpukte, beſonders um Mitternacht. Dann die „drei Mohren," auf deren Saale das Blut der Ebenbürtigen nach den ſtrengſten Regeln des Komments vergoſſen ward — die braune Diele trank ſpäter auch ein paar Unzen des meinigen — dann der „kleine Kuchengarten." Aber es iſt der große, an deſſen Wand Goethe die witzigen Verſe geſchrieben und wo er mit ſinnlichem Wohlgeſchmack ſeinen Oſterfladen genoſſen. In letzterer Hinſicht zählt Leipzig noch immer viele Goethe's, ſelbſt im Schriftſtellerverein.

Auf der grünen Schenke war Perglow von einem großen Haufen von Commilitonen empfangen worden; ſie lagen dort bei dem bekannten Bier, wie vordem die Werbeoffiziere im deutſchen Reiche, auf Anſtellung, um neuankommende Füchſe einzufangen. Alle Verbindungen hatten damals derartige Stationen an den Hauptſtraßen, um ihre Rekruten nicht zu verſäumen. Die Häuptlinge betrachteten mich forſchend von oben bis unten, boten mir aber bereitwillig die Hand und tranken mir zu.

„Sehr jung!" ſagte der Eine, auf deſſen Bruſtſtande [illegible] Dutzend [illegible] angemerkt waren. „Kann aber ein ſtrammer Junge werden."

Die jüngeren Krieger muſterten ſtreng mit, [illegible] mir aber nicht zu, denn je weniger Geiſter im Munde ihrer Häupter [illegible], deſto [illegible] gehorchten ſie ihm, und Zurückhaltung iſt die erſte Eigenſchaft eines guten Leibfuchſes, welcher nach Publizum ringt. Perglow blieb bei den Tauſern zurück und mir ward vom Senior die Kneipe geſagt, auf der ich zum Abende „einzuſpringen“ hatte. Ein etwas zu lebhafter Ausdruck, wie mich dünkte, für das beklommene Eintreten eines jungen Gelehrten in den Kreis gefeierter Zeitgenoſſen.

Eine vortreffliche Wirkung brachte es hervor, daß ich gleich auch nach der Stunde fragte, wo wir den Fechtboden hätten. Perglow, wahrſcheinlich um die gute Meinung für einen Seminolen zu verſtärken, den er der Verbindung zuführte, ſprach darauf:

„Der Fuchs hat überhaupt ganz brave Intentionen und hat ſich auch auf dem Wege hierher ſehr wacker mit einem Feuer gepaukt, welches wir auf dem Wagen hatten. Ich werde Euch davon erzählen.“

Als ich in den Wagen zurückkehrte, um mit demſelben in die Stadt einzufahren, dachte ich — undankbar gegen Perglow's Empfehlung — mit unwegzuleugnender Genugthuung daran, daß er es verſäumt, ſich bei Fräulein Julie zu empfehlen. Sie bat, daß ich ſie vom Halteplatze des Kutſchers in die „Laute“ begleiten möge, wo ſie ein Wagen erwarten werde. Wer zweifelt an der Erfüllung dieſes Geſuchs!

Das waren alſo die Mauern Leipzigs, durch die der Wagen alsbald ſchwankte. Ich wäre lieber vom Sitze aufgeſprungen und hätte die Steine betaſtet, um zu fühlen, ob's wirkliche Leipziger Steine ſeien, denn manchmal fürchtete ich wahrhaftig, daß ein luſtiger Traum meiner Sehnſucht ſchmeichle und ich am Ende erwachen könnte in dem kleinen Bautzener Stübchen, den Cornelius in der einen und das Kiemerſche Lexikon in der andern Hand — eingeſchlafen über einer dringenden Schularbeit.

Aber das war doch eine leibhaftige ſchmale, langfingerige Hand, und ſie fühlte ſich viel ſeliger an, als alle Steine der Welt, die Hand, die ich an meine klopfende Bruſt drückte.

„Ach, Julie, wie herrlich iſt die Schöpfung und wie viel herrlicher noch iſt's, daß uns der liebe Gott mitten hineingeſetzt in die Schöpfung, in der es ſo luſtig und groß hergeht!“

„Daß es uns Beiden vergönnt iſt, das Beſte in dieſer Stadt zu finden, was ſie uns gewähren kann!“ antwortete das Mädchen mit einem ihrer [illegible] Blicke.

„Das Beſte — was wär's ohne die Liebe! Wir ſind jung, Julie, und unſere Ausſichten auf Beſitz erreichen nur in der entfernteſten Zukunft ein Ziel. Können Sie uneigennützig lieben, lieben auf nichts hin, als eben auf die Liebe ſelbſt? Die Philiſterſeelen verargen es der Jugend, wenn ſie ihre Neigung verſchenkt, ohne weitere Rückſicht auf Lebensſtellung und Vermögen!“

„Eine ſolche Philiſterſeele bin ich nicht!“ betheuerte das Mädchen.

„Und das wollen Sie mir beweiſen?“

„Ich hoffe, ja.“

Meine Gedanken gingen unter in dem Meere von Wonne, in dem ich ſchwamm. Ich [illegible] auf den Kutſcher hin, der etwas [illegible] aus der Ecke hervorſtieß, dann preßte ich die zarte Hand nochmals und viel heftiger an mich und jauchzte: „Julie! Julie!“

Shakeſpeare hat wohl gewußt, mit welchem Namen er das Mädchen ſchmücken mußte, welches ſeinen Romeo liebt. Eine gewiſſe Berechnung liegt nach der Meinung ſeiner weniger genialen Erklärer ſelbſt in den kleinſten ſeiner Wendungen. Der Inbegriff alles deſſen, was an einem Weibe reizend und liebenswürdig für den verlangenden Jüngling ſein kann, konnte nicht anders als Julie heißen.

Wir hielten am Hôtel de Pologne, wo ich zunächſt abtrat, bis ich eine Wohnung nach den Vorſchriften der Mutter gefunden haben würde. Julie beſtellte ihr Gepäck nach der „Laute.“ Einige Kleinigkeiten, die zu [illegible] Anlaß geben konnten, nahmen wir gleich mit. Leider war die große Schachtel mit dem neuen Hute dabei, ein Ding, gar nicht ſchwer, weshalb ſein Umfang deſto unverſchämter erſcheinen mußte. Ich trug aber nicht blos die Schachtel, ſondern auch einen Reiſemantel, ein Paar Filzſchuhe — die [illegible] Tante hatte auf ihrer Mitnahme beſtanden — einen Regenſchirm, zwei Strickbeutel, eine Rolle von unbekanntem Inhalt, [illegible] ein Käſtchen, worin eine [illegible] — [illegible] Julie der [illegible] der Hausknechte nicht trauen — einen [illegible] und ein Etui mit Kämmen, Bürſten und Pomade. Den Gedanken, daß die ganze Leidenſchaft zuſammengenommen, ſchwer und der Weg, [illegible] lang iſt, verwarf ich als unwürdig. [illegible] verbarg ich mir nicht. Die Schachtel, wenn ich ſie auf die Bruſt nahm, bedeckte allerdings zu meinem Troſte gänzlich mein Geſicht.

So brachte ich das Fräulein in die „Laute“. Drei Häuſer vorher ſagte ſie mir, [illegible]. Ich ſchwieg, und hielt meine Belaſtung doch gar nicht zu bedauern.

Gott bewahre jeden liebesbedürftigen Menſchen vor ſolcher Erfahrung! Wie ein Sturmwind brach aus der „Laute“ ein ſchlanker Geck in ſehr hübſcher Uniform, erfaßte Juliens Hände und wartete kaum darauf, daß er das Mädchen in die Hausflur gezogen hatte, um ihr mit Küſſen und Umarmungen ſchier lebensgefährlich zu werden.

Ich legte dabei langſam ab, was ich getragen, und legte endlich auch meine Hoffnung auf Julien nieder. Nie ſah ein junger Seminole niedergeſchlagener und muthloſer aus als ich in jenem Augenblicke.

„Das iſt Herr Adalbert!“ ſagte Julie endlich zu dem unbändigen Offizier, der gar nichts von mir und dem Gepäck wiſſen zu wollen ſchien, vermuthlich weil er ahnte, er werde letzteres die Treppe hinauf befördern müſſen. „Student hier in Leipzig und mein ſehr lieber Reiſegefährte von Dresden. Ich verdanke ihm eine ganze Reihe der verbindlichſten Dienſte, ſogar —“

„Ich bitte unterthänig,“ unterbrach ich das Fräulein mit einer entſchieden zurückweiſenden Armbewegung gegen die Lebensrettung, die ich im Anzuge bemerkte. Hätt' ich gewußt, für wen ich die Kaſtanie aus dem Feuer holte, raunte mir mein Groll zu, ſo hätte das Mädchen mit dem ganzen Wagen verbrennen mögen, meine Habſeligkeiten voran.

„Und dies iſt Herr Kurt von Kubla, der dümmſte Offizier, der jemals von der Hoffnung auf ſeinen Degen lebte. Müſſen wir warten, bis er Hauptmann iſt, ſo werden wir uns zwanzig Jahre geliebt haben, ehe wir uns heirathen können. Bin ich alſo eine Philiſterſeele, oder einer uneigennützigen und aufopfernden Neigung fähig, mein Freund?“

Das Beiſpiel bildete, meiner Meinung nach, gar keinen Gegenbeweis. Der Haupteindruck der Scene war vielmehr der, daß ich mich gewaltig überflüſſig in der „Laute“ fühlte. Der Offizier behauptete daß ihm meine Bekanntſchaft außerordentlich angenehm wäre, was ich zu erwiedern unterließ, um nicht noch ärger zu lügen. Doch zwang ich mich, von Beiden mit leidlicher Höflichkeit Abſchied zu nehmen. Vor der Thür ſtand ein kleiner Wagen zu zwei Sitzen und einem Pferde; die zwei Sitze waren auch eigentlich nur einer; auf dem ſind ſie [illegible] wahrſcheinlich miteinander nach Hauſe gefahren. Sie mußten ſehr eng geſeſſen haben.

Abends war ich auf der Kneipe der Seminolen, bevor noch irgend ein Seminole dort war; aber nach und nach kamen ſie. Ich befand mich in einer ſo verbiſſenen Stimmung, daß ſich die andern Füchſe kaum an mich herangetrauten. Die Leipziger Steine waren ächt, aber die Hand war falſch geweſen, die ich gedrückt hatte!

Da erklang das Lied:

„Brüder, lagert Euch im Kreiſe,
Trinkt nach alter Väter Weiſe,
Leert die Gläſer, ſchwenkt die Hüte
Auf des treuſten Bruders Wohl!“

und zwanzig Seminolenkehlen ſtimmten in den Chor. Nur ich ſchmollte ſtumm in mich hinein und ſchwieg zu dem Liede. Als der Geſang verhallt war, klopfte Perglow mit dem Schläger auf den Tiſch (er führte den Vorſitz am untern Ende der Tafel) und rief:

„Der Fuchs Adalbert trinkt ein Glas *pro poena*! Er hat nicht mitgeſungen!“

Die übrigen Füchſe beneideten mich ſo herzlich um dies Zeichen [illegible] Aufmerkſamkeit von höherer Seite her, daß ſie ſämmtlich mit *pro poena* ſtraften, wenn auch kein ganzes Glas. Ueberhaupt gewann ich allmählich dadurch an Anſehen, daß mich Perglow keiner ausgezeichneten Beachtung würdigte. Dann ward ein ſolideres Thema angeſchlagen. In dem „Pro-poena“-Glaſe [illegible] bald noch einige andere „Ziemer“, wie der Student einen mäßigen Trunk nennt, geſchwommen und nach und nach vergaß ich den engen Sitz auf dem Einſpänner. Ich muß ſpäter noch viel mehr vergeſſen haben, z. B. ſelbſt meine Wohnung im Hôtel de Pologne. Denn als ich den andern Morgen erwachte, lag ich, anſtatt in meinem Zimmer, in einem dunklen Alkoven, der wie eine [illegible] mit allerhand Säbeln und Degenklingen ausgeſchmückt war, zwiſchen welchen ſich Fechthandſchuhe, auch Pfeifen und Tabaksbeutel hingen. Betroffen richtete ich mich im Bette empor; die Stubenthür ſtand offen, und drüben, wo es heller Tag war, gewahrte ich die ſtattliche Geſtalt Perglow's, der dort rauchte auf und abging.

„Wo hab' ich denn geſchlafen?“ rief ich, mir die Augen reibend, in's Zimmer hinein.

„In meinem Bette, Fuchs. Es iſt zehn Uhr und Du kannſt aufſtehen. Ich habe das Frühſtück beſtellt.“

„In Deinem Bette? und Du?“

„Auf dem Sopha. Du warſt geſtern etwas unmäßig geworden, als wir nach Hauſe gingen und wußteſt nicht, wohin. Da nahm ich Dich denn mit mir.“

„Verzeih' mir, daß ich Dir läſtig geworden bin. In Deinem Bette! Du auf dem Sopha!" Die Herablaſſung des großen Häuptlings rührte und entzückte mich, daß ich nur mit weicher, und erſchütterter Stimme zu ſprechen vermochte, ungefähr wie Ziethen auf dem Kupferſtiche, wo ihm König Friedrich II. ſeinen Beſuch vor dem Bette macht. „Es ſoll mir eine ſolche Rückſichtsloſigkeit nicht wieder begegnen."

„Hat gar nichts zu bedeuten, da ich Dich ohnehin geſtern zu meinem Leibfuchs ausgewählt habe. Ich werde Dich ſelbſt einſchlagen."

Die Renommiſten zählten keinen beſſern Mann als Pergtom, und kein anderer Kriegerſtamm der Univerſität hatte einen Helden ſeines Gleichen aufzuweiſen. Ich ſein Leibfuchs! Damit ſtand ich auf dem Gipfel akademiſchen Glücks. Fahr' wohl, Julie! Was war mir Deine verrathene Liebe gegen die entgegengebrachte Freundſchaft eines Pergtom! Als ich eine Stunde ſpäter mit ihm über den Marktplatz ging, war es ſehr wohlgethan von den Laternenpfählen, daß ſie mir auswichen. Mein Stolz ſchritt zu kraftvoll vorwärts, um irgend einem lebendigen oder lebloſen Hinderniſſe aus dem Wege zu treten.

Ernſt Wilhelm Hengſtenberg

ward zu Frondenberg in der Grafſchaft Mark am 20. Oct. 1802 geboren. Er wurde bis zur Univerſität von ſeinem Vater, welcher dort Pfarrer war, gebildet, und bezog 1820 die Univerſität Bonn, wo er ſich drei Jahre hindurch philologiſchen und philoſophiſchen Studien widmete. Als er aber 1823 nach Baſel gegangen war, wurde er hier durch ſeine Verbindungen, ohne vorhergegangene Studien, der Theologie zugeführt. Schon im folgenden Jahre wurde ihm trotz ſeiner burſchenſchaftlichen Verbindungen, auf einen Bericht über ſeine Studien, erlaubt, als Privatdocent der Theologie in Berlin aufzutreten. Hier wurde er 1826 außerordentlicher, 1828 ordentlicher Profeſſor und 1829 Doctor der Theologie, und hat ſeitdem Vorleſungen über Bücher des Alten und Neuen Teſtaments und über orientaliſche Sprachen gehalten.

Er gab heraus:

Metaphyſik des Ariſtoteles. Bd. 1., Bonn 1824.
Evangeliſche Kirchenzeitung. 1827 und flg.
Chriſtologie des Alten Teſtaments. 3 Bde., Berl. 1829—35.
Beiträge zur Einleitung in das alte Teſtament. 2 Bde., Berl. 1831—36.

H.'s religiöſe Anſicht, welche die Triebfeder ſeines ganzen Lebens und Wirkens iſt, zu charakteriſiren, wäre hier am unrechten Orte, um ſo mehr, als die Zahl der Gegner, die ſie ihm zugezogen, noch beträchtlicher ſein möchte, als die ſeiner Anhänger, und die Acten noch keineswegs geſchloſſen ſind. Daß er eine gewandte Dialektik und eine lebendige und warme Darſtellungsweiſe beſitze, wird ihm Niemand beſtreiten wollen, aber ſein Eifer macht ihn nur zu oft einſeitig und ungerecht, und lähmt ſelbſt die Wirkung derſelben.

Hermann Wilhelm Eduard Henke,

geheimer Juſtizrath und ordentlicher Profeſſor der Rechte an der Univerſität zu Halle, geboren zu Braunſchweig am 29. Sept. 1783. Nachdem er auf den Schulen und dem Carolinum ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſeine Bildung erhalten hatte, bezog er die Univerſität Helmſtedt und ſpäter Göttingen. Als er die akademiſchen Studien beendigt hatte, betrieb er kurze Zeit die juriſtiſche Praxis als Sachwalter in Braunſchweig; im Jahr 1806 habilitirte er ſich in Erlangen, vertauſchte aber 1808 auf Feuerbach's Anrathen Erlangen gegen Landshut. Von der baieriſchen Regierung unterſtützt, hielt hier H. Vorleſungen über Civil- und Criminalrecht, und wurde 1812 ohne ſein Nachſuchen zum Aſſeſſor des Stadtgerichtes zu Nürnberg ernannt. Da eine ſolche Stellung ſeiner Neigung nicht entſprach, ſo folgte er dem gleichzeitig an ihn ergangenen Rufe an die Akademie zu Bern. Auch hier beſchäftigten ihn Vorleſungen über Civil- und Criminalrecht, zu denen ſpäter noch das Staatsrecht hinzukam. Von Bern aus bereiſ'te er Deutſchland, Frankreich und Italien. Da ihm die politiſchen Verhältniſſe der Schweiz ſeinen Aufenthalt unangenehm machten, ſo ging er im Jahr 1832 als Rath des Oberappellationsgerichtes nach Wolfenbüttel; allein ſchon im Herbſt 1833 folgte er dem Rufe an die Univerſität in Halle. In der neueſten Zeit wurde er als Belohnung für ſeine vielfachen Verdienſte zum geheimen Juſtizrath ernannt.

Er ſchrieb:

Verſuch einer Geſchichte des teutſchen peinlichen Rechts und der peinlichen Rechtswiſſenſchaft. 2 Bde. Sulzbach 1806—9.
Ueber den gegenwärtigen Stand der Strafrechtswiſſenſchaft. Landshut 1810.
Ueber den Streit der Strafrechtstheorien, ein Verſuch zur Vermittelung. Regensb. 1811.
Ueber das Weſen der Rechtswiſſenſchaft und das Studium derſelben in Deutſchland. Regensb. 1812.
Beiträge zur Criminalgeſetzgebung, in einer vergleichenden Ueberſicht der neueſten Strafgeſetzbücher und Entwürfe. Regensb. 1813.
Lehrbuch der Strafrechtswiſſenſchaft. Zürich 1815.
Darſtellung des gerichtlichen Verfahrens in Strafſachen. Zürich 1817.
Handbuch des Criminalrechts und der Criminalpolitik. 4 Bde., Berlin 1823—38.
Oeffentliches Recht der ſchweizeriſchen Eidgenoſſenſchaft und der Cantone der Schweiz. Aarau 1824.
Criminaliſtiſche Verſuche. Berlin 1827.
Abhandlungen in dem „Neuen Archiv des Criminalrechts" u. a. Zeitſchriften.

Henke's höchſt erfolgreiche Beſtrebungen in ſeiner Wiſſenſchaft, die Schule dem Leben, das Leben der Schule näher zu bringen, ſie gegenſeitig einander wirken und durchdringen zu laſſen und ſo, namentlich für das Criminalrecht, den Forderungen der Zeit zu entſprechen, haben ihm, um ſo mehr als es Lebensfragen ſind, die er in vortrefflicher Darſtellung eben ſo klar und gründlich wie ſcharfſinnig erörtert, außer den Fachgelehrten noch einen großen Kreis von Leſern und einen ſehr bedeutenden Ruf erworben.

Karl Heinrich Hermes

wurde am 12. Febr. 1800 zu Kaliſch in Polen von einer deutſchen proteſtantiſchen Familie geboren. Erſt nachdem ſein Vater, der preußiſcher Beamter war und 1806 in Folge des franzöſiſchen Krieges nach Schleſien auswanderte, in Breslau eine dauernde Wiederanſtellung gefunden hatte, genoß er von 1812 an auf dem daſigen katholiſchen Gymnaſium einen geregelten Unterricht. Von Michaelis 1818 an beſuchte er die Univerſität zu Breslau in der Abſicht, ſich der Theologie und Philologie zu widmen; ſeit Oſtern 1819 ſtudirte er in Berlin, kehrte jedoch gegen das Ende des Jahres 1820 nach Breslau zurück, um hier ſeine Studien zu beendigen. Durch die intereſſante Diſſertation „Rerum galaticarum specimen" erwarb er ſich 1822 das Doctordiplom in der philoſophiſchen Facultät. Oſtern 1823 ging er nach Dresden, wo er die Bibliothek fleißig benutzte. In demſelben Jahre trat er eine Reiſe in die Niederlande an, wo er eine Anſtellung als Lehrer an dem Inſtitute van Riel's bei Deventer erhielt, deſſen Privatbibliothek er für das Studium der holländiſchen, engliſchen und franzöſiſchen Literatur benutzte. Im Jahr 1824 kehrte er nach Breslau zurück, und zu Michaelis 1825 folgte er einer Einladung ſeines Freundes Wolfgang Menzel nach Stuttgart, wo er nun für das „Morgenblatt" und das „Literaturblatt" arbeitete, bis er als Herausgeber der „Britannia" einen beſtimmtern Wirkungskreis fand. Buchhändleriſche Verbindungen veranlaßten ihn 1826 zu einer Reiſe nach Paris, wo er ſich ſieben Monate aufhielt und vorzugsweiſe mit der Sprache der Galen und Basken und den franzöſiſchen Dichtern des Mittelalters beſchäftigte. Zur Begründung des „Ausland" ging er zu Anfange des Jahres 1827 nach München; da ſich aber die Herausgabe deſſelben verzögerte, unternahm er eine Reiſe nach Italien, wo er namentlich auf den Bibliotheken zu Venedig, Padua und Mailand die italieniſche Literatur und Geſchichte ſtudirte. Nachdem er 1828 die Herausgabe des „Ausland," für welches er von 1828—1831 als Hauptredacteur ſehr thätig arbeitete, begonnen, gelang es ihm auch, ſich an der Univerſität zu München zu habilitiren, wo er ſehr bald für ſeine geſchichtlichen Vorleſungen ein zahlreiches Auditorium fand. Wegen mancherlei Anfeindungen gab er jedoch 1831 ſeine Stellung als Journaliſt und akademiſcher Lehrer auf und ging nach Leipzig, wo er den „Blättern für literariſche Unterhaltung" ſeine thätigſte Theilnahme widmete. Auf Veranlaſſung des Buchhändlers Vieweg in Braunſchweig übernahm er zu Michaelis 1831 die Redaction der „Deutſchen Nationalzeitung aus Braunſchweig und Hannover," darauf die Redaction der Cölner Zeitung, und wurde dann nach Berlin berufen, wo man aber nicht ihn zu beſchäftigen für gut fand.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ueber Shakſpeare's Hamlet. Stuttg. 1826.
Geſchichte von Polen. München 1831.
Freie Blätter für Baiern und Deutſchland. Bair. 1831.
Ueber die polniſche Frage. Par. 1831.
Napoleon. Leipzig 1831.
Hernani. Nach Victor Hugo, für die deutſche Bühne.
Fortſetzung der Campe'ſchen Reiſebeſchreibungen für die Jugend. 2 Bde. Braunſchweig 1836.
Geſchichte der letzten fünfundzwanzig Jahre. Supplement zu K. v. Rotteck's allgemeiner Geſchichte. Braunſchweig 1842 flgde. 2 Bände in 4.
Viele Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Mit ſcharfem politiſchem Blicke und reichem Wiſſen verbindet H. große Mäßigung und eine treffliche Darſtellungsweiſe, ſo daß er ſich als Publiciſt wie als Hiſtoriker der Gegenwart einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben hat.

Georg Herwegh.

1816 bei Stuttgart geboren, erhielt eine gelehrte Vorbildung, ſtudirte bis 1837 zu Tübingen, lebte dann längere Zeit in der Schweiz, ging darauf nach Berlin, wo er ſich vermählte, und von hier mit ſeiner jungen Gattin nach Paris, das ſeitdem als ſein bleibender Aufenthalt zu betrachten iſt.

Er ſchrieb:

„Gedichte in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen."
„Lamartine's ſämmtliche Werke," überſ. Stuttg. 1839—40. 1843.
„Die deutſche Flotte." Zürich und Winterthur 1841.
„Gedichte eines Lebendigen." Daſ. 1841. 41. 42. 42. 42. 43. 43. 2. Bd. 1843.
„Einundzwanzig Bogen aus der Schweiz." Daſ. 1843.
S. deſſen Lebensabriß in Lewalds Europa, 1841, Bd. 4. S. 162. Vgl. Alexis Purſiesla: Georg Herwegh, Fragmente zur Geſchichte des Tages. Nürnb. 1843, und die Brochüren von Scherr, Orf, Heintel und Zabern.

H. iſt ein überaus reich begabter lyriſcher Dichter, der mit der tiefſten und flammendſten Leidenſchaft ſeltene Zartheit und Anmuth verbindet und den politiſchen Zeitwirrniſſen unſerer Tage die wahrhafte poetiſche Seite abzugewinnen und ſie mit der Begeiſterung des Zornes zu beleben verſteht. — So zeigte er ſich in dem erſten Bande ſeiner Gedichte, der das große Aufſehen, das er erregte, und die allgemeine Anerkennung, die ihm zu Theil ward, vom äſthetiſchen Standpunkte aus betrachtet — denn andere Rückſichten haben hier keine Stimme — durchaus verdiente. Leider hat er ſich im zweiten Bande ſeiner Poeſien nicht auf dieſer Höhe erhalten; er iſt perſönlich, kleinlich, biſſig geworden, ſtatt wie früher großartig zu zürnen, huldigte dem Tone des Tages, ſtatt ſich edel darüber zu erheben, und gefiel ſich in gehäſſigem, wohlfeilem Spott, wo es beſſer und ſchöner geweſen wäre, ſchweigend zu verachten oder zu dulden. — Weder ſein großes Talent, noch ſeine Perſönlichkeit haben dadurch gewonnen. Möge er der wahren vaterländiſchen Poeſie nicht verloren gehen, ein ſolcher Verluſt wäre ein höchſt ſchmerzlicher. —

Der Gang um Mitternacht.

Ich ſchreite mit dem Geiſt der Mitternacht
Die weiten ſtillen Straßen auf und nieder —
Wie luſtig ward gezecht hier und gelacht
Vor einer Stunde noch! . . . Nun träumt man wieder.
Die Luſt iſt, einer Blume gleich, verdorrt,
Die vollſten Becher hörten auf zu ſchäumen,
Es zog der Kummer mit der Sonne fort,
Die Welt iſt müde — laßt ſie, laßt ſie träumen!

Wie all mein Haß und Groll in Scherben bricht,
Wenn ausgerungen eines Tages Wetter,
Der Mond ergießet ſein verſöhnend Licht,
Und wär's auch über welke Roſenblätter!
Leicht wie ein Ton, unhörbar wie ein Stern,
Fliegt meine Seele um in dieſen Räumen;
Wie in ſich ſelbſt, verſenkt ſie ſich gern
In aller Menſchen tiefgeheimſtes Träumen!

Mein Schatten ſchleicht mir nach wie ein Spion,
Ich ſtehe ſtill vor eines Kerkers Gitter.
O Vaterland, dein zu getreuer Sohn,
Er büßte ſeine Liebe bitter, bitter!
Er ſchläft — und fühlt er, was man ihm geraubt?
Träumt er vielleicht von ſeinen Eichenbäumen?
Träumt er ſich einen Siegerkranz um's Haupt? —
O Gott der Freiheit, laß ihn weiter träumen!

Gigantiſch thürmt ſich vor mir ein Palaſt,
Ich ſchaue durch die purpurnen Gardinen,
Wie man im Schlaf nach einem Schwerte faßt,
Mit ſündigen, mit angſtverwirrten Mienen.
Gelb, wie die Krone, iſt ſein Angeſicht,
Er läßt zur Flucht ſich tauſend Roſſe zäumen,
Er ſtürzt zur Erde, und die Erde bricht —
O Gott der Rache, laß ihn weiter träumen!

Das Häuschen dort am Bach — ein ſchmaler Raum!
Unſchuld und Hunger theilen drin das Bette.
Doch gab der Herr dem Landmann ſeinen Traum,
Daß ihn der Traum aus wachen Aengſten rette;
Mit jedem Korn, das Morfeus Hand entfällt,
Sieht er ein Saatenland ſich golden ſäumen,
Die enge Hütte weitet ſich zur Welt —
O Gott der Armuth, laß die Armen träumen!

Beim letzten Hauſe, auf der Bank von Stein,
Will ſegenflehend ich noch kurz verweilen;
Treu lieb' ich dich, mein Kind, doch nicht allein,
Du wirſt mich ewig mit der Freiheit theilen.
Dich wiegt in gold'ner Luft ein Taubenpaar,
Ich ſehe wilde Roſſe nur ſich bäumen;
Du träumſt von Schmetterlingen, ich vom Aar —
O Gott der Liebe, laß mein Mädchen träumen!

Du Stern, der, wie das Glück, aus Wolken bricht!
Du Nacht, mit deinem tiefen ſtillen Blauen,
Laßt der erwachten Welt zu frühe nicht
Mich in das gramentſtellte Antlitz ſchauen!
Auf Thränen fällt der erſte Sonnenſtrahl,
Die Freiheit muß das Feld dem Tage räumen,
Die Tyrannei ſchleift wieder dann den Stahl —
O Gott der Träume, laß uns Alle träumen!

Rheinweinlied.

(October 1840.)

Wo ſolch' ein Feuer noch gedeiht
Und ſolch' ein Wein noch Flammen ſpeit,
Da laſſen wir in Ewigkeit
Uns nimmermehr vertreiben.
Stoßt an! Stoßt an! Der Rhein,
Und wär's nur um den Wein,
Der Rhein ſoll deutſch verbleiben.

Herab die Büchſen von der Wand,
Die alten Schläger in die Hand,
Sobald der Feind dem welſchen Land
Den Rhein will einverleiben!
Haut, Brüder, muthig drein!
Der alte Vater Rhein,
Der Rhein ſoll deutſch verbleiben.

Das Recht' und Link', das Link' und Recht',
Wie klingt es falſch, wie klingt es ſchlecht!
Kein Tropfen ſoll, ein feiger Knecht,
Des Franzmanns Mühle treiben.
Stoßt an! Stoßt an! Der Rhein,
Und wär's nur um den Wein,
Der Rhein ſoll deutſch verbleiben.

Der iſt kein Rebenblut nicht werth,
Das deutſche Weib, den deutſchen Herd,
Der nicht auch freudig ſchwingt ſein Schwert,
Die Feinde aufzureiben.
Friſch in die Schlacht hinein!
Hinein für unſern Rhein!
Der Rhein ſoll deutſch verbleiben.

O edler Saft, o lauter Gold,
Du biſt kein ekler Sklavenſold!
Und wenn ihr Franken kommen wollt,
So laßt vorher euch ſchreiben:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Der Rhein,
Und wär's nur um den Wein,
Der Rhein ſoll deutſch verbleiben.

Leicht Gepäck.

Ich bin ein freier Mann und ſinge
Mich wohl in keine Fürſtengruft,
Und Alles, was ich mir erringe,
Iſt Gottes liebe Himmelsluft.
Ich habe keine ſtolze Veſte,
Von der man Länder überſieht,
Ich wohn' ein Vogel nur im Neſte,
Mein ganzer Reichthum iſt mein Lied.

Ich dürfte nur, wie Andre, wollen,
Und wär' nicht leer davongeeilt,
Wenn jährlich man im Staat die Rollen
Den treuen Knechten ausgetheilt;
Allein ich hab' nie zugegriffen,
So oft man mich herbei beſchied,
Ich habe fort und fort gepfiffen,
Mein ganzer Reichthum iſt mein Lied.

Der Lord zapft Gold aus ſeiner Tonne,
Und ich aus meiner höchſtens Wein;
Mein einzig Gold die Morgenſonne,
Mein Silber all der Mondenſchein!
Färbt ſich mein Leben herbſtlich gelber,
Kein Erbe, der zum Tod mir flieht;
Denn meine Münzen prägt' ich ſelber;
Mein ganzer Reichthum iſt mein Lied.

Gern ſing' ich Abends zu dem Reigen,
Vor Thronen ſpiel' ich niemals auf;
Ich lernte Berge wohl erſteigen,
Paläſte komm' ich nicht hinauf;
Indeß aus Moder, Sturz und Wettern
Sein golden Loos ſich Mancher zieht,
Spiel' ich mit leichten Roſenblättern;
Mein ganzer Reichthum iſt mein Lied.

Nach Dir, nach Dir ſteht mein Verlangen,
O ſchönes Kind, o wärſt Du mein!
Doch Du willſt Bänder, Du willſt Spangen,
Und ich ſoll dienen gehen! Nein!
Ich will die Freiheit nicht verkaufen,
Und wie ich die Paläſte mied,
Laß ich getroſt die Liebe laufen;
Mein ganzer Reichthum ſei mein Lied.

Beranger.

Frühling! Frühling! Die Feder wird zur Schwinge,
Und jede Stunde eine Seligkeit!
Frühling! Frühling! Der Griffel wird zur Klinge,
Die muthig die verjüngte Welt befreit!
Ein Lied mein Morgen- und mein Abendſegen,
Ein Lied für jeden Jubel, jedes Weh', —
Doch meiner Kränze ſchönſten laßt mich legen
Um's Silberhaar heut' meinem Beranger!

Er küßte jede Freiheit in der Wiege,
Er weinte jeder in die Grube nach;
Er war der zweite Held bei jedem Siege;
Er rief den Donner für Tyrannen wach;

Es wurde zur erschütternden Lawine
 Des holden Hauptes leichter Flockenschnee;
Der Freiheit ewig unerschöpfte Mine,
 Es ist das Herz von meinem Béranger!

Die von der Heimat Boden sich verbannten,
 Wo freier Seelen Opfer Nichts mehr nützt,
Und Ihr, des Czaren reinste Diamanten,
 Die er vor Dieben in Sibirien schützt,
Auf Deinen Bergen, kühner Suliote,
 Du, Türk', in Deiner luftigen Moschee,
Theilt heute zwischen ihm und Eurem Gotte,
 Theilt zwischen Gott und meinem Béranger!

Wer lag am Boden, den Er nicht erhoben?
 Und wessen Herz ist seinem Lied zu klein?
Wo ist die Hütte, drum er nicht gewoben
 Hätt' einen Paradieses-Heil'genschein?
Du „Alter Vagabund", den ich dem Grabe
 So grollend dort entgegenschleichen seh', —
Heil, dreimal Heil dem morschen Bettelstabe,
 Dem Kronstab von meinem Béranger!

Frühling! die Gärten wollen Rosen tragen,
 Die ersten flicht hier meinem Mann um's Haupt!
Die Nachtigall, die Freiheit hat geschlagen,
 Hat an die Liebe glühend auch geglaubt.
Doch wollt' er einzig von der Liebe singen,
 Daß auch die Liebe bei der Freiheit steh', —
Ein Schwert mit Rosen wollen wir ihm bringen,
 Ein Schwert mit Rosen meinem Béranger!

Jacta alea est!

Obwohl mein' fromme Mutter weint,
Da ich die Sach' hab' gfangen an:
 Gott woll' sie trösten, es muß gahn,
Und sollt es brechen auch vor'm End.
 Will's Gott, so mag's nit werden g'wendt,
 Darum will brauchen Füß und Händ.
  Ich hab's gewagt!
   U. Hutten.

Ich hab's gewagt! und meine Fehde,
 Sie währt fort;
Ich hab's gewagt! so steh' ich Rede
 Für Manneswort,
 Und vor des Thrones Stufen,
 Wenn Ihr nach meinem Rechte fragt,
 Will ich mit Hutten rufen:
 Ich hab's gewagt!

Von gestern ist mein Brief und Siegel,
 Mein Pergament;
Ich weiß, daß außer meinem Spiegel
 Mich Niemand kennt.
 Ihr laßt die Dämmrung gelten,
 Bevor der helle Morgen tagt —
 Wohlan — wer will mich schelten?
 Ich hab's gewagt!

Ja, gibt der greise Knecht die Zölle
 Dem Kaiser frei,
Dann sei der Jugend Gluth die Hölle
 Der Tyrannei!
 Schaut her, die Ihr am Alten
 Euch Euer Leben müde tragt,
 Werft Euer Haupt in Falten:
 Ich hab's gewagt!

Ich sah in manch gepries'nem Tempel
 Die Unnatur,
Auf manch erlauchter Stirn den Stempel
 Des Kain nur;
 Und ich ward ungeduldig,
 Daß Alles zagt und Niemand klagt,
 Ich donnerte ein: „Schuldig!"
 Ich hab's gewagt!

Ich sah viel' feige Riesen strecken
 Zu Boden sich,
Manch übermüthig Zwerglein recken
 Sich fürchterlich;
 Ich lacht' und sprach: O Zwerge,
 Ob Ihr auch aus dem Kothe ragt,
 Ihr seid drum keine Berge!
 Ich hab's gewagt!

Ich sah im Hohepriesterkleide
 Die Unvernunft,
Gleich Rohr zerbrechen ihre Eide
 Die Henkerzunft;
 Ich sah von schnöden Hunden
 Der Freiheit Edelwild gejagt,
 Und wusch ihm still die Wunden:
 Ich hab's gewagt!

Dürft' ich an einer Marmorsäule
 Ein Simson stehn,
In meiner Faust Herkules' Keule
 Zum Schwunge drehn,
 Wenn die Paläste brechen —
 O Gott, was hast Du mir's versagt! —
 Zu den Despoten sprechen:
 Ich hab's gewagt!

Die Partei.

An Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Wie ihr gehört — so hab' ich sie verkündigt;
Ob jenem recht? — schwer ein Wort sich traun?
Bei Priam's Augen, weiß er, wer gesündigt
In Ilium und außer Ilium.
Er beugt sein Knie dem Helden Bonaparte,
Und hört mit Zürnen d'Enghiens Todesschrei:
Der Dichter steht auf einer höhern Warte
Als auf den Zinnen der Partei.
 Ferdinand Freiligrath.
(S. dessen Gedicht auf den Tod von Diego Leon,
Morgenblatt Nro. 290, Jahrg. 1841.)

Du drückst den Kranz auf eines Mannes Stirne,
Der wie ein Schächer jüngst sein Blut vergoß,
Indessen hier die königliche Dirne
Die Sündenhefe ihrer Lust genoß;
Ich will ihm den Cypressenkranz gewähren,
Düngt auch sein Blut die Saat der Tyrannei —
Für ihn den milden Regen deiner Zähren!
Doch gegen sie die Blitze der Partei!

Partei! Partei! Wer sollte sie nicht nehmen,
Die noch die Mutter aller Siege war!
Wie mag ein Dichter solch ein Wort verfehmen,
Ein Wort, das alles Herrliche gebar!
Nur offen wie ein Mann: Für oder wider?
Und die Parole: Sklave oder frei?
Selbst Götter stiegen vom Olymp hernieder
Und kämpften auf der Zinne der Partei!

Sieh hin! dein Volk will neue Bahnen wandeln,
Nur des Signales harrt ein stattlich Heer;
Die Fürsten träumen, laßt die Dichter handeln!
Reicht Saul die Harfe, werfen wir den Speer!
Den Panzer um — geöffnet sind die Schranken,
Brecht immer euer Saitenspiel entzwei,
Und führt ein Fähnlein ewiger Gedanken
Zur starken, stolzen Fahne der Partei!

Das Gestern ist wie eine welke Blume —
Man legt sie wohl als Zeichen in ein Buch —
Begrabt's mit seiner Schmach und seinem Ruhme
Und webt nicht länger an dem Leichentuch!
Dem Leben gilt's ein Lebehoch zu singen,
Und nicht ein Lied im Dienst der Schmeichelei;
Der Menschheit gilt's ein Opfer darzubringen,
Der Menschheit auf dem Altar der Partei!

O stellt sie ein die ungerechte Klage,
Wenn ihr die Angst so mancher Seele schaut;
Es ist das Bangen vor dem Hochzeittage,
Das hoffnungsvolle Bangen einer Braut.
Schon drängen aller Orten sich die Erben
Aus Krankenlagern unsrer Zeit herbei;
Laßt, Dichter, laßt auch ihr den Kranken sterben,
Für eures Volkes Zukunft nehmt Partei!

Ihr müßt das Herz an Eine Karte wagen,
Die Ruhe über Wolken ziemt euch nicht;
Ihr müßt euch mit in dieſem Kampfe ſchlagen,
Ein Schwert in eurer Hand iſt das Gedicht.

O wählt ein Banner, und ich bin zufrieden,
Ob's auch ein andres, denn das meine ſei;
Ich hab' gewählt, ich habe mich entſchieden,
Und meinen Lorbeer flechte die Partei!

Friedrich Auguſt von Heyden,

preußiſcher Regierungsrath in Breslau, 1789 in Oſtpreußen auf dem Landgute ſeines Vaters geboren, im älterlichen Hauſe erzogen und zuerſt auf dem Gymnaſium, dann auf der Univerſität zu Königsberg gebildet, zeigte ſchon früh große Neigung zu wiſſenſchaftlichem Streben, weswegen er ſich auch lieber der akademiſchen Laufbahn, als dem Staatsdienſte widmen wollte. 1813—15 machte er die Feldzüge als Freiwilliger mit, und nach ſeiner Rückkehr nöthigten ihn Familienverhältniſſe, Staatsdienſte zu nehmen, in welchen er auf dem gewöhnlichen Wege zu ſeiner jetzigen Stellung aufrückte.

Er ſchrieb:

Renata. Drama 1815.
Konradin. Tragödie.
Dramatiſche Novellen. Königsb. 1819.
Der Kampf der Hohenſtaufen. Trauerſpiel.
Theater. 3 Thle. Leipzig 1842.
Die Galione. Leipzig 1823.
Randzeichnungen. Novellen und Erzählungen. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1840.
Reginald. Gedicht. Berl. 1831.
Die Intriguanten. Roman. 2 Thle. 8. Leipzig 1840.

Sehr ſchöne Behandlung der Form, Klarheit, Wärme des Gefühls und reiche Erfindung verleihen den Leiſtungen dieſes Dichters einen bleibenden Werth.

Baron Hart.

(Eine Erzählung aus den Randzeichnungen.)

1.

Die beiden Thürme des prächtigen Kloſters zur heiligen Linde in dem altpreußiſchen Ermlande leuchteten in der Morgenſonne, welche ihre wärmenden Strahlen durch den ehrwürdigen Kiefernhain ergoß, der das einſame ſtattliche Gebäude umgab. Durch dieſen, in ſeiner Art einzigen Wald, deſſen hohe Schönheit der Verfaſſer, als er in ſeiner Kindheit ihn mehrere Male ſah, allgemein bewundern hörte, und der mit ſeinen majeſtätiſchen Rieſenſtämmen, welche, ein wunderbarer Umſtand, ſich alle, gleichſam in Ehrerbietung, dem Kloſter zuneigen, mit ſeinem ſaftgrünen Unterholze von Haſel und Birken, noch heute in ſeiner Erinnerung ſteht, trabte auf dem Wege von dem Städtchen Röſſel nach dem Kloſter ein großer rüſtiger junger Menſch, auf einem jener ſtarken, aber leichten und flüchtigen Pferde von polniſcher Race, die noch heute in jener Provinz heimiſch ſind. Der Reiter ſchien dem ländlichen Mittelſtand anzugehören, deſſen einfache eigenthümliche Formen damals, — dieſe Begebenheiten fallen ins Jahr 1736, — viel verbreiteter waren, als es heute der Fall iſt. Sein hienach keineswegs idealiſcher Anzug konnte indeſſen die hohe treffliche Geſtalt des jungen Reiſenden nicht beeinträchtigen, wie denn auch die Schönheit ſeiner Geſichtszüge nichts verlor durch den unvortheilhaften, breitgerandeten und nur an einer Seite aufgeſchlagenen Hut, unter welchem eine Fülle blonder Locken niederwallte. Sein bald entblößter Nacken und die athletiſchen Schultern deuteten auf jene kerngeſunde Kraft, welche das Ergebniß einer im Freien verlebten und durch mancherlei waghalſige Uebungen geſtählten Jugend zu ſein pflegt.

Als er um eine Ecke des Waldes bog, ſah er plötzlich in einiger Entfernung das Kloſter vor ſich liegen, und er hielt überraſcht ſein Pferd an. Das prächtige Gebäude erregte weniger ſein Erſtaunen, als der heilige Frieden, der es umgab. Eine Weile betrachtete er es ſchweigend, und er wäre noch länger in dieſer müßigen Beſchauung verharrt, hätten die beiden Thurmuhren nicht die ſiebente Morgenſtunde geſchlagen. „Schon ſo ſpät!" — ſagte er, — „da werde ich denn wohl hinein müſſen, mein Heil zu verſuchen, ehe die geiſtlichen Herren an ihre vielen Geſchäfte gehen."

Er erregte ſein Pferd durch einen nachdrücklichen Peitſchenſchwung, der es indeß keineswegs berührte, und das ſchlanke flüchtige Thier flog mit ihm den Hohlweg hinab, dem Kloſter zu. —

Er hatte kaum den Platz verlaſſen, als hinter einer der vielen kleinen Capellen, welche jene geweihte Gegend verzieren, zwei Laienbrüder des Kloſters hervortraten und dem jungen Menſchen verwundert nachſahen. —

„Ei, ei," — ſprach der eine, — „ehe die geiſtlichen Herren an ihre vielen Geſchäfte gehen! an ihre vielen Geſchäfte! — Was meint der Bengel damit!"

„Bruder Matthias," — ſagte der andere, — „die vielen Geſchäfte unſerer hochehrwürdigen Herren kann Niemand beſpötteln, als ein preußiſcher Ketzer, und der Junge iſt ein ſolcher. Siehſt Du nicht den dunkelblauen Rock! — Kein Unterthan unſeres allerdurchlauchtigſten Fürſtbiſchofs zu Heilsberg trägt einen ſolchen. Das iſt die verhaßte Farbe von Friedrich Wilhelms Monturen, welche ſeine Werber allen langen Hanſen aufſchwatzen. Mir wird übel, wenn ich dergleichen ſehe."

„Beruhige Dich, Bruder Johannes," — entgegnete der erſte. — „Der Blaurock wird unſer Kloſter mit dem wunderthätigen Marienbilde nicht gleich in die Taſche ſtecken. Indeß es iſt nicht geheuer, wenn ſolch ein Sohn babyloniſcher Herkunft ſich bei uns ſehen läßt. Dieſer preußiſche König und ſeine Eiſenfreſſer von Soldaten ſind die Wölfe, welche um unſere Schafſtälle ſchleichen, wie der hochwürdige Pater Guardian zu ſagen pflegt. Laß uns eilen und ihm anſagen, was wir geſehen und gehört, denn vor einer Flinte muß man auf der Huth ſein, wenn ſie von drüben herkommt."

Damit machten die beiden achtbaren Perſonen ſich eiligſt davon, um das Innere des Kloſters noch vor dem Fremden zu erreichen, der ſich in einem unten gelegenen Wirthshauſe nothwendig ſo lange aufhalten mußte, um ſein Pferd unterzubringen.

2.

Der Leſer wird die Aeußerungen jener beiden Diener des Heiligthums zu deuten wiſſen, wenn er ſich die öffentlichen Verhältniſſe zurückruft, welche damals in jenen Gegenden obwalteten. Das Bisthum Ermland ſtand zu jener Zeit noch unter polniſcher Hoheit, aber im Beſitze der Biſchöfe zu Heilsberg. Dieſe Prälaten waren geiſtliche Fürſten und weltliche Landesherren. In erſter Beziehung waren ſie keinem Erzbiſchofe untergeordnet, weshalb ſie auch den Titel Fürſtbiſchöfe führten; in zweiter genoſſen ſie faſt aller Vorrechte der Souverainetät, denn der Wahlkönig auf dem Throne zu Warſchau hatte längſt keinen Nachdruck mehr in ſo entfernten Gegenden; die Verhältniſſe zu einem ſo vornehmen geiſtlichen Haupte erforderten ohnedieß zarte Behandlung; und die Unterthanen hatten keinen Grund, in Beſchwerden das Anſehen des weltlichen Oberherrn wieder geltend zu machen, denn ſie wohnten zu warm unter dem Krummſtabe, und waren ohnedies größtentheils Nachkommen deutſcher Einwanderer, welchen das polniſche Weſen ein Gräuel war. Dieſes kleine geiſtliche, ganz von Katholiken bewohnte Ländchen war aber beklemmend in die ganz proteſtantiſchen Staaten des immer mächtiger werdenden Königs von Preußen geſchoben, und die Lage keineswegs behaglich. Damals regierte König Friedrich Wilhelm der Erſte. Dieſer Monarch hatte einen zu hohen Begriff vom Recht, als daß er ſeinen geiſtlichen Nachbar abſichtlich hätte beſchädigen mögen, indeß ſeine Diener waren im Kleinen nicht ſo ſchonend. Die Verwaltungsweiſe beider Gebiete contraſtirte zu ſehr. Im Preußiſchen militairiſche Formen, ein ſtreng geordnetes Abgabenſyſtem, eine pünktliche Handhabung der öffentlichen Ordnung. Im Ermlande geiſtliche Behaglichkeit, welche gern leben und leben ließ; ſo geringe Abgaben, daß, beſonders bei der allgemeinen Wohlhabenheit, ſie nicht gemerkt wurden, ein buntes Feiertagsleben, und nichts von Soldaten im ganzen Ländchen, die funfzig oder ſechzig Trabanten ausgenommen, welche vor dem fürſtlichen Schloſſe zu Heilsberg die Ehrenwache bezogen, und deren Stellen recht eigentliche Pfründen waren, wiewohl mit Gewehr und Bärenmütze. Die preußiſchen Behörden meinten: Se. Majeſtät der König müſſe ja des nächſten das Ermland haben, um ſich zu arrondiren, und machten daher mit dieſem fremden Gebiete herzlich wenig Complimente. Deſertirte ein Soldat aus Bartenſtein oder Raſtenburg, ſo verfolgte man ihn ins Ermland, that dort wie zu Hauſe, ſchalt, befahl und forderte, ohne den Landesherrn und ſein Anſehen ſonderlich zu achten, welcher, als ein Mann des Friedens, die Ruhe liebte, nur eine Stimme hatte zum Gebet, nur Hände zum Segnen. Kam ein ſchöner, großer Bauernſohn aus dem Ermlande auf den Jahrmarkt einer preußiſchen Garniſonſtadt, ſo mochte er ſich vor jedem Kruge Bier hüten, denn es war gewiß ein Unteroffizier nicht weit, der ſo höflich war, ihm den zweiten, dritten und vierten einſchenken zu laſſen, und ihn ſeinen lieben Sohn zu nennen, bis ihm die Sinne vergingen, und er am nächſten Morgen in der Wachſtube aufmunterte als — Rekrut.

Im Ermlande kannte und fürchtete man aber auch die preußiſche vermeinte Arrondirungsnothwendigkeit, traute daher dem Nachbar nicht über den Weg, beſorgte in der unbedeutendſten Annäherung von drüben eine Falle, und die damalige, überaus ſtrenge Scheidung der beiden Religionsparteien erhöhten Mißtrauen und Widerwillen von beiden Seiten um ein Bedeutendes. Jetzt freilich iſt dieſes alles vergeſſen. Das Ermland iſt wirklich preußiſch geworden, befindet ſich wohl im Gefühle der Sicherheit, welche die Einverleibung in einen großen Staat gewährt, hält an dem Könige mit erprobter Treue, und die Anhänglichkeit an das gemeinſam gewordene Vaterland hat die verſchiedenen Religionsparteien in brüderlicher Duldung ausgeglichen.

3.

Der junge Reiſende hatte ſein Pferd im Wirthshauſe oder im Kruge, wie man dort ſagt, untergebracht, und ſchickte ſich an, nach dem Kloſter zu gehen.

Im Kruge war Niemand als eine alte Frau und ein Junge von vierzehn Jahren, alle übrigen Einwohner waren in der Kirche, um Meſſe zu hören, zu welcher die melodiſchen Glocken des Kloſters unlängſt entboten hatten. Die Alte zeigte böſen Willen gegen den Fremden, und ſie hätte ihm lieber gar kein Frühſtück gegeben, wenn er es nur nicht ſo barſch gefordert hätte.

Der Junge hatte ſich hinter dem Ofen verkrochen, und wäre gewiß nicht hervorgekommen, dem fremden Pferde Hafer vorzuſchütten, hätte die Großmutter ihn nicht hervorgezogen, mit dem Troſte, es ſei ja lichter Tag, und der Ketzer werde ihn nicht gleich freſſen.

Der Fremde fragte lachend, ob ihn nicht einer von beiden im Kloſter zu demjenigen führen wolle, der ihn bei dem Pater Guardian anmelden könne, welchen er nothwendig ſprechen müſſe.

Die Alte antwortete mit einem entſchiedenen Nein, der Junge mit einem Geheule, das ſich faſt wie eine Verwünſchung vernehmen ließ, und der Reiſende machte ſich daher allein auf den Weg.

Ohne angehalten zu werden, gelangte er bis ins Innere des Kloſters. Die große Pforte ſtand am Tage offen und unbewacht, und da im Hofe kein lebendes Weſen zu finden war, erdreiſtete ſich der junge Mann, bis in die langen luftigen Corridors vorzudringen, welche im unteren Geſchoſſe zu dem Refectorium, der abgeſonderten geräumigen Wohnung des Guardian, den Küchen, Wirthſchaftsräumen u. ſ. w. führten, während im erſten Stocke, zu dem man auf breiten, ſtattlichen Doppeltreppen emporſtieg, an ähnlichen Gängen die Zellen der Mönche, deren Anzahl bedeutend war, ſich befanden. Alles, was unſern Fremden umgab, war ihm neu und erſchien ihm ſtattlich, denn der Reichthum des Kloſters, die großen Einkünfte, welche die zahlreichen Wallfahrten und die dem wunderthätigen Marienbilde dargebrachten Opfer zu Wege brachten, begründeten die ſtolzen baulichen Einrichtungen und den prächtigen Schmuck des Heiligthums, welche noch heute, nachdem das Kloſter längſt aufgehoben iſt, bewundert werden. Faſt ſchauerlich war es aber dem jungen Proteſtanten zu Muthe, als ſein Blick ſich in den endloſen Räumen verlor, deren feierliches Schweigen nur durch den Hall ſeiner Tritte unterbrochen wurde. In einſeitiger Abneigung gegen den römiſchen Cultus, gegen das Kloſterthum insbeſondere, erzogen, wurden alle Schreckensmährchen in ihm lebendig, mit welchen man ſeine jugendliche Wißbegierde genährt, und ihm war es, als würden alle dieſe gemalten Märtyrer und Heilige, deren lebensgroße Bilder in gemeſſenen Zwiſchenräumen die weißen Wände verzierten, aus ihren Rahmen lebendig heraustreten, ihn mit glühenden Händen ergreifen und in jene niemals erhellten Verließe voll Moder und Leichenduft hinabziehen, über welche hinzuſchreiten er ſich einbildete.

Bald indeß gewahrte er in der äußerſten Entfernung eines neuen Corridors, welchen er um eine Ecke biegend eben betreten, zwei Mönchsgeſtalten, welche mit leichten, unhörbaren Tritten auf ihn zuſchwebten und ihn verbindlich grüßten. Es waren die beiden Laienbrüder, welche wir ſchon kennen, und er nahm die Gelegenheit wahr, ihnen ſeinen Wunſch, den Pater Guardian in einer wichtigen Angelegenheit ſprechen zu wollen, vorzutragen.

Bruder Johannes fragte demüthig, wen er dem Hochwürdigen zu melden habe.

„Der Herr Guardian wird meinen Namen ſchon kennen" — meinte der junge Mann. — „Sagt ihm, Anton Hart, der Sohn des königlichen Beamten aus S. in preußiſch Littauen, ſei hier und wolle das mündlich beſprechen, worauf der Herr Guardian ihm auf ſechs Briefe nicht habe antworten wollen."

Bruder Johannes entfernte ſich in Eil, und Bruder Matthias verſuchte es, den Fremdling mit gleichgültig ſcheinenden Fragen über die eigentliche Abſicht ſeiner Herüberkunft auszuholen, ohne daß er ſeinen Zweck erreichte. Sein würdiger Genoſſe kam indeß bald zurück, mit der Beſtellung, der hochwürdige Pater Guardian bedaure unendlich, heute Vormittag den Beſuch des Herrn Hart nicht empfangen zu können, wichtigen Andachtsübungen habe er ſich eben zu widmen. Wenn er, Herr Hart, den Nachmittag, vielleicht den nächſten Morgen, erwarten und unterdeſſen die Gaſtfreundſchaft des armen Kloſters nicht verſchmähen wolle, ſo werde der Hochwürdige es alsdann über ſich zu gewinnen ſuchen, ſeinen Geiſt irdiſchen Dingen zuzuwenden.

„Schon gut," — antwortete Anton, — mit dieſem Namen wollen wir den Helden dieſer Darſtellung nun ſtets benennen, „für's erſte werde ich hier bleiben und warten. Der Herr Guardian ſoll mir aber nicht entgehen, und ſollte ich einen Monat, ohne Warmes zu genießen, auf ſeiner Schwelle ſitzen und ſeine Laune für weltliche Dinge abpaſſen, die, wenn ſie kommt, ziemlich vorherrſchend zu ſein ſcheint."

Damit wollte er ſich entfernen, die beiden Laienbrüder verſicherten indeß, die Sache ſei nicht ſo gemeint. Johannes berief ſich auf den Befehl des Hochwürdigen, ihm unterdeſſen alle Merkwürdigkeiten des Kloſters zu zeigen, und Matthias, — zu deſſen Departement Küche und Speiſegewölbe gehörten, — auf eine Rehkeule, welche Anton zu Mittage ſich ſchmecken laſſen möge, weil die Herren Patres zwar aus väterlicher Herablaſſung ſolche Leckerbiſſen aus den Händen der Frommen nicht zurückweiſen, ihrer Mäßigkeit aber im Genuſſe derſelben nicht peinliche Gewalt anthun möchten.

4.

Der Name Anton Hart hatte indeß wie ein Zauberſpruch im Kloſter gewirkt. Der [illegible] des Pater Guardian ward mit einem kalten gebratenen Kapaun auf dem Wege nach der Bodenkammer begegnet, welchen der Hochwürdige, durch dieſe Meldung beim Frühſtück unangenehm überraſcht, ganz ungewöhnlicher Weiſe vernachläſſigt. Durch alle Zellen der Mönche war das magiſche Wort in wenigen Minuten gedrungen und hatte die Patres aus ihren frommen Betrachtungen aufgeſchreckt. Schon verſammelten ſie ſich auf den Gängen vor ihren Zellen in einzelnen Gruppen, um, nicht im lauten Zanke, ſich über die vermuthlichen Abſichten des Fremdlings erſt leiſe, dann immer lauter und lauter zu beſprechen. Endlich ſtürzte ein Bote des Guardians athemlos herbei, ſie alle ſofort zu demſelben behufs einer wichtigen Berathung zu entbieten. Das wilde Heer ſchoß in den Corridors einher, und die Treppe hinaufzuwanken. Die Kutten flatterten, die Knotengürtel peitſchten die Beine und Knie der Eilenden, und nur die Nähe der Wohnung ihres Vorgeſetzten brachte Anſtand und Gemeſſenheit einigermaßen wieder zurück. — Aber auch die Berathung ſchien zu keinem anderen Ergebniſſe zu führen, als zu einem Befehl, die beſten Pferde im Stalle, mit ſo wenig Aufſehen als möglich, vor eine leichte Kaleſche zu ſpannen, nach Rößel zu eilen und eine Juſtizperſon herbeizuholen, deren das Kloſter ſich als Rechtsfreund zu bedienen pflegte.

Unſer Anton wurde abſichtlich von dem Schauplatze dieſer Regſamkeit entfernt gehalten, und was man ihm unterdeß zeigte, war ſo neu für ihn, ſo erſtaunenswürdig, daß es mehr als genügte, ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit einſtweilen von Allem, was ſonſt in ſeiner Nähe vorgehen mochte, abzuziehen.

So viel uns von der berühmten Kirche des Kloſters zur heiligen Linde in der Erinnerung geblieben iſt, imponirt ſie mehr durch Größe und Pracht, als daß ſie den gebildeten Geſchmack durch edeln und reinen Styl befriedigte. Die Bauart iſt nicht mehr gothiſch, ſondern nähert ſich ſchon der modernen, und zwar der in die Augen fallenden, das Gemach aber durch ſeinen Eindruck der Ehrwürdigkeit entſprechenden Manier, welche die von den Jeſuiten aufgeführten Gebäude auszeichnet. Der ſchöne viereckige Platz, auf welchem ſich die große Kirche erhebt, iſt mit bedeckten Arkaden umgeben, welche an der Decke al Fresco mit Scenen aus dem alten und neuen Teſtament bemalt ſind. Die Arbeit wurde ſonſt bewundert, wiewohl ſie nicht ganz vollendet war. Der italieniſche Maler, den man für dieſes Werk im ſiebzehnten Jahrhundert beſonders kommen laſſen, ſtürzte vom Gerüſte und brach den Hals. Ein halbfertiges Bild, ſo wie einige noch nicht einmal grundirte Stellen wurden lange als Zeugniſſe dieſes traurigen Ereigniſſes im damaligen verlaſſenen Zuſtande gelaſſen. In jedem der beiden hinteren Winkel dieſer Arkaden erhebt ſich ein mächtiger achteckiger Pavillon mit einer ſtattlichen Kuppel. Das Gewölbe der Kirche ſelbſt iſt ebenfalls durch den Pinſel jenes fremden verunglückten Meiſters verziert. Die täuſchende Wirkung einer gemalten runden Oeffnung, durch welche gemaltes Licht einfällt, zeugt von der Geſchicklichkeit des Verfertigers, wenn auch nicht von ſeinem Genie. Glänzende Altäre ſind in großer Anzahl vorhanden. In der Mitte der Kirche ſteht auf einem mäßigen Fußgeſtell von getriebenem Kupfer, in welchem der Stumpf eines Lindenſtammes nachgeahmt worden, das wunderthätige, angeblich vom Himmel gefallene Marienbild, welches indeß, den Blicken der Andächtigen entzogen, in eine Statue der heiligen Jungfrau mit dem Kinde aus gediegenem Silber, von etwa vier Fuß Höhe, verſchloſſen iſt, von nicht zu verachtender Arbeit. Mutter und Kind ſind gekrönt. In der Krone des letzteren befindet ſich ein Fläſchchen purpurfarbener Seide, deſſen Berührung an kranken Theilen des Körpers deren Heilung bewirken ſoll. Der Anblick der Anwendung dieſes Mittels iſt für den unbefangenen Zuſchauer nichts weniger als einladend, aber eine Menge von Weihgeſchenken aus Silber, in der Geſtalt von Augen, Händen und Füßen u. ſ. w., welche in der Nähe des Hochaltars befeſtigt ſind, ſollen den Erfolg beſtätigen. Der Schatz der Kirche bietet einen großen Reichthum von Koſtbarkeiten dar. In den Grabgewölben unter derſelben wird der unverſehrt erhaltene Leichnam des vom Gerüſte gefallenen Malers gezeigt, welchem das Gotteshaus ſeine Verzierung verdankt, mit dem Pinſel in der Hand. Seine Erhaltung wird der Gnadenwirkung des wunderthätigen Bildes zugeſchrieben, dem vielleicht eine geſchickte Balſamirung zu Hülfe gekommen.

Die Legende gründet die Errichtung des Kloſters auf den Umſtand, daß ein Hirt in dieſem Walde, vor mehreren Jahrhunderten, ſein Vieh geweidet, welches indeß von einem Lindenbaume mehrere Tage hindurch nicht wegzutreiben geweſen, ſondern in ſtummer Ehrfurcht und mit lautem Gebrüll ihn umgeben. Die Nachforſchung des Hirten habe in den Zweigen das vom Himmel gefallene Bild der heiligen Jungfrau entdeckt, deſſen Daſein er in dem nahen Städtchen Röſſel angemeldet, worauf die Geiſtlichkeit das Bild in feierlicher Proceſſion abgeholt und nach der dortigen Kirche gebracht. Dreimal indeß verſchwand, ohne menſchliches Zuthun, zur Nachtzeit das Wunderbild von der heiligen Stätte, und dreimal offenbarte am frühen Morgen das ſeltſame Benehmen der Heerden den beharrlichen Flüchtling in den Zweigen der heiligen Linde. Nun ward die Abſicht aufgegeben, das Bild ſeinem ſelbſtgewählten ländlichen Wohnplatze zu [illegible]. Man lichtete den Wald. Eine prächtige Gnadenkirche umſchloß die heilige Linde. Ihr Stumpf wurde mit Kupfer bekleidet, um das Bild und ſeine ſilberne Hülle für ewige Zeiten zu tragen. Wallfahrten ſtrömten nun aus den entfernteſten Gegenden herbei, und zahlreiche Wunder verbreiteten ſeinen Ruf. Noch in der Kindheit des Verfaſſers waren die Tage von Peter und Paul in der heiligen Linde Volksfeſte für die katholiſchen Einwohner. Die Freude miſchte ſich mit der Andacht. Ein großer Markt, verſehen mit allen Bedürfniſſen des Lebens, mit allen, ſelbſt mit den koſtbarſten Artikeln des Luxus, umgab die Kirche, und feierliche Proceſſionen vertrugen ſich mit der Menge der Käufer und der Neugierigen, welche ſie theilen mußten, um durch die Straßen von Buden zum geweihten Ziele ihrer Wanderung zu gelangen. Melodiſche Hymnen tönten in den Jubel der Luſt ringsumher, und eine allgemeine Duldung glich das Widerſtrebende mit einander aus. Dann erhoben ſich auch wohl Luſtzelte in dem ſtillen Haine des Kloſters, in welchem der Adel der weitverbreiteten Umgegend dieſe fröhlichen Tage beging. Alte Freunde und Bekannte, welche ſich ſonſt nirgend ſo leicht antrafen, ſahen ſich hier, und glänzende Bälle bald im Freien, Feuerwerk, Beleuchtung, belebten den ſonſt in majeſtätiſchem Schweigen ruhenden Wald, deſſen Anmuth, ſelbſt in den heißen Stunden des Tages, durch den, ebenfalls dem Gnadenbilde zugeſchriebenen Umſtand erhöht wurde, daß nie ein läſtiges oder ſchädliches Inſekt, keine Fliege, keine Mücke, ihn beunruhigte: das einzige Wunder des Ortes, deſſen angenehmen Erfolg wir aus eigener Erfahrung beſtätigen können.

Anton konnte von ſolchem glänzenden Schauſpiele nicht Zeuge ſein. Seine Anweſenheit fiel in die erſten Tage des März; indeß die Kirche mit ihren Schätzen und Gemälden waren hinlänglich, ſein Erſtaunen zu erregen, und er vergaß über dieſen prunkenden Erſcheinungen die Bedenken, welche ſeine abweichende Ueberzeugung ſonſt gegen dieſelben, ihren Anlaß und Zweck geltend gemacht hätte. Bruder Johannes und Bruder Matthias wetteiferten in dem Beſtreben, die eifrigen Führer und liebenswürdigen Wirthe zu machen. Ein ſehr wohl bereitetes Mittagseſſen in dem Sommerhauſe des herrlich gelegenen, künſtlich eingerichteten, terraſſirten Kloſtergartens ließ nichts zu wünſchen übrig, als noch einen zweiten Theilnehmer, denn die beiden Geiſtlichen waren nicht zu bewegen, ſich ſpeiſend und trinkend, ſondern beſtanden darauf, ſich nur dienend und unterhaltend zu bethätigen. So kam die vierte Nachmittagsſtunde heran, in welcher der hochwürdige Pater Guardian endlich Raum für zeitliche Dinge und für unſeren Helden gewann.

3.

Auf dem Wege zu der beabſichtigten Unterredung mußte der zerſtreute Anton den Ernſt ſeiner Geſchäfte erſt mühſam wieder ſammeln; ein gewichtiger Beweis für die erweichenden und mildernden Gaben der wackern Brüder Matthias und Johannes. Er betrat indeſſen ſchon wieder mit ziemlich ſicherer Miene das Beſuchzimmer des Guardians, und muſterte dieſen, der ihn ſtehend erwartete, mit ſuchenden Blicken. Der hochehrwürdige Herr war keine alltägliche Erſcheinung. Eine ſchlanke, beinahe hagere Geſtalt, von vornehmer Bläſſe, mit durchbohrenden ſchwarzen Augen, ein unverwüſtliches einſchmeichelndes Lächeln auf den Lippen. Er gehörte einem adeligen polniſchen, aber heruntergekommenen Hauſe, war bei den Jeſuiten erzogen und für das Weltliche beſtimmt; jedoch Armuth trieb ihn in ein Kloſter, wo Gewandtheit und Talent ihn förderten bis zu ſeiner heutigen Stelle, die weniger in die Augen fallend, als bequem und vortheilhaft erſchien. Er war jetzt ein Mann über funfzig, indeß verſtand er es, ſeine prieſterliche Würde mit einem Anſtriche gewinnender Grazie zu vereinen und ſeine Ordenstracht maleriſch anzuordnen, deren faltenreiche Fülle einer edlen Geſtalt ohnehin nicht unvortheilhaft ſtand.

„Ihr habt mich ſprechen wollen, mein junger Freund," — ſagte er verbindlich, — „worin kann ein armer demüthiger Mönch Euch nützlich werden?"

„„Darin, — daß Ew. Hochwürden mir mein Geld geben.""

„Geld? — welches, mein Sohn?" —

„„Haben der Herr Guardian nicht meine Briefe erhalten?""

„Nehmt an, ich hätte ſie nicht erhalten!"

„„Nun, ſo ſoll Euch mein Name ſchon lehren, welches Geld ich meine. Ich heiße Anton Hart.""

„Ihr fordert zu viel von mir, junger Freund, wenn Ihr mir ſtets bereite Erinnerung an alle weltlichen Händel zumuthet, die mich als Vorſteher dieſes Kloſters leider hin und wieder berühren. Ich ſuche ſie zu vergeſſen, um mir meinen geiſtlichen Beruf deſto gegenwärtiger zu erhalten. Seid ausführlicher!"

„„Mein mütterlicher Großvater, Franziskus Klein, Gutsbeſitzer in dieſem Lande, hat ſein ganzes Vermögen, baare ſechs tauſend Thaler, niedergelegt in dieſem Kloſter. Bis zu meiner Mündigkeit ſollten die Zinſen dem Kloſter gehören, dann aber ſollte das Kapital mir ausgezahlt werden. Nun bin ich mündig, durch dieſe Papiere iſt meine Perſon legitimirt, ich bitte um mein Geld, oder vielmehr um die Hypothekeninſtrumente, in welchen es angelegt iſt, und die hier verzeichnet ſind.""

„Ja ſo," — ſagte der Guardian, — „ich entſinne mich. Euer Vater gewann bei einem ſtädtiſchen Zuſammentreffen, und ſpäter als Gaſt des würdigen Franziskus Klein, heimlich das Herz ſeiner Tochter und warb um ihre Hand. Der katholiſche Vater der Jungfrau wies, — und wer mochte ihn deshalb tadeln? — den proteſtantiſchen Bewerber unabänderlich zurück. Indeß Euer Vater wußte Eure Mutter zur Flucht zu bewegen, und im Preußiſchen ſchloß ein lutheriſcher Geiſtlicher den ungehörigen Bund."

„„Mag das Alles, Herr Pater! da ich auf der Welt bin, ſo durfte es mir nicht als eine Neuigkeit erzählt werden, wie ich hineingekommen.""

„Ganz wohl; indeß ich habe zu bemerken, was Euer Großvater beſchloſſen, ehe ich ſeinen Willen erfülle. Seid Ihr in dem Glauben der römiſchen Kirche erzogen?"

„„Nein, — ich bin Proteſtant wie mein Vater.""

„So habt Ihr auf den Nachlaß Eures Großvaters keinen Anſpruch zu machen, — er gehört dieſem Kloſter."

„„Das wäre, Herr Pater. Mein Großvater wurde erſt auf dem Sterbebette meiner Mutter mit ihr verſöhnt. Ach, daß ſie ſo früh ſtarb! — Er wurde verſöhnt mit ihr und mir, dem zehnjährigen Knaben. Meinem Vater verſagte er ſich hartnäckig, und faßte den Entſchluß, Einrichtungen auf den Fall ſeines, ebenfalls nahe bevorſtehenden Todes zu treffen, die meinem Vater jeder Möglichkeit des Mitgenuſſes am Erbtheile ſeiner verſtorbenen Gattin berauben, mir aber deſſen künftigen Beſitz ſichern ſollten. Er gab dieſem Kloſter in ſeiner letztwilligen Verfügung den Nießbrauch ſeines Vermögens, aber nur bis zu meiner Mündigkeit, wo es mir auszuantworten ſei.““

„Richtig, Anton Hart,“ — warf der Guardian mit vornehmer Nachläſſigkeit hin. — „Ward aber dieſe Ausantwortung nicht an eine Bedingung geknüpft?“

„„An eine, die ich erfülle: — an einen Wandel, der mich meines Großvaters würdig mache. Wer wagt es, an meinem Fleiße, meiner Redlichkeit, meinem Eifer für das Gute zu zweifeln?““

„Niemand im Allgemeinen. Aber Ihr ſeid Proteſtant.“

„„Mein Großvater hat meine Erbfähigkeit nirgend von meinem katholiſchen Bekenntniſſe abhängig gemacht.““

„Allerdings. Er war ein eifriger gläubiger Katholik, im ſchönſten Sinne des Wortes, wie könnte alſo Euer Wandel ſeiner würdig ſein, wenn Ihr in unabläſſiger Gefährdung Eures ewigen Heiles ſorglos dahin taumelt?“

Das Blut ſchoß in Antons Wangen. Seine Augen funkelten, er wollte im höchſten Zorne auffahren, aber er faßte ſich und antwortete:

„„Das alſo war es? — Doch ich konnte vermuthen, daß Ihr dieſe Gelegenheit für Euren Bekehrungseifer nicht würdet unbenutzt laſſen wollen.““

Der Guardian lachte. „Was fällt Euch ein, junger Menſch? Mir liegt nichts an Eurer Bekehrung. Bleibt was Ihr ſeid, und Niemand auf der Welt wird Euch dabei weniger beſchwerlich fallen als ich. Wie dürfte ein armer demüthiger Mönch ſich unterfangen, den großen Kampf mit dem Zeitgeiſte in Eurem Vaterlande auszufechten, der Euch zur Seite ſteht! — Nicht doch, folgt dem Bekenntniſſe Eures Monarchen, der auf Erden keinen Richter hat! Mir aber verargt nicht, wenn ich gewiſſenhaft den meiner Sorge anvertrauten letzten Willen Eures Großvaters erfülle und Euch ſeinen Nachlaß nicht eher überliefere, als bis Ihr der Bedingung deſſelben vollſtändig und öffentlich entſprochen habt. — Man läutet zur Veſper. Meine Pflicht ruft mich. Friede ſei mit Euch, Anton Hart!“

Mit dieſen Worten verſchwand der Mönch durch eine Seitenthüre, und Anton ſtürzte halb außer ſich durch den Corridor, den Kloſterhof, dem Wirthshauſe zu.

Er ſattelte ingrimmvoll ſein Pferd. Es war ſchon ſpät, er wollte indeß keine Stunde mehr an dem Orte verweilen, deſſen bloßer Anblick ſein Innerſtes empörte. Wie ein ſchwer Verfolgter ſprengte er nach Röſſel zurück. Nach und nach ſammelte er ſich wieder und fragte ſich, was nun zu thun ſei? „Es ſoll, ſchlimmſten Falles,“ — eiferte er, — „zum Prozeſſe kommen, und Gerechtigkeit wird doch wohl hier zu Lande zu Hauſe ſein, vollends in einer klaren Sache. Morgen muß ich nach Heilsberg. Es wird doch dort ein Sachwalter ſich gewinnen laſſen. Es gilt mein ganzes zeitliches Gut, und ich muß das Aeußerſte verſuchen.“

6.

Als Anton Röſſel erreichte, war es ihm zu zeitig, dort zu übernachten, denn ihn trieb es vorwärts mit dringender Ungeduld. Er meinte, noch ein paar Stunden in den ſchönen, klaren, duftigen Frühlingsabend hinreiten und ſich in einem Dorfe einer Herberge verſichert halten zu können, die gewiß nicht ſchlechter ſein werde, als die zu Röſſel. Als er noch zwei Meilen zurückgelegt, erhob ſich der volle Mond über die ſchönen Waldungen, welche die nicht anmuthsloſe Gegend verzierten, und der junge Reiſende meinte nun ſeinen Weg nach kurzer Erfriſchung ſeines Pferdes die ganze Nacht hindurch fortſetzen zu können, die in dieſer Jahreszeit ohnehin kaum fünf Stunden mehr dauern werde. Zwar ſagte er ſich, daß dieſer Zeitgewinn für die Erreichung ſeiner Abſichten ganz gleichgültig ſei, aber ſeltſam — ein gewiſſes Wunderbares, Unbegreifliches, das, wie ihm bald klar wurde, mit ſeinem Erbſchaftsgeſchäfte nichts gemein habe, ſtachelte ihn, ſo oft ſein rüſtiges Pferd ſeinen fliegenden Trott nur etwas zu mäßigen begann. Seine Ungeduld ſteigerte ſich endlich zum peinlichen Unbehagen, und dieſes Unbehagen zur zitternden Angſt. Umſonſt ſuchte er eine Stimmung zu bemeiſtern, welcher alle ſeine Bemühung weder Grund noch Klarheit abgewinnen konnte. Ihn umtönte es, als ob aus dem dichten Schatten des Waldes eine angſtvolle, herzzerreißende Stimme ihm zurufe: „Vorwärts, vorwärts, eile! ein bedrohtes Leben zählt die Hufſchläge deines Roſſes.“

Der Forſt ward dichter und ſchwärzer, als unſer junger Reiſende in einem ziemlich ſeitwärts gelegenen großen Kirchdorfe Ein Uhr ſchlagen hörte. Der Rappe trabte friſch, plötzlich ſtand er, hob den kleinen gekrümmten Kopf, ſpitzte die Ohren und ſchnarchte, als wittere er etwas Unheimliches. Der Reiter befürchtete das Umherſchleichen eines Wolfes. Bald aber vernahm er in der Entfernung ein ſeltſames Getön, über deſſen eigentliche Beſchaffenheit er in Zweifel war. Ein durch kurze Pauſen unterbrochenes Kreiſchen, in welches ein mißtöniges Geheul von vielen Stimmen einfiel, das ſich aber immer nur einige Takte vernehmen ließ, um jenes monotone Geſchrei einige Zeit allein fortdauern zu laſſen. Anton trieb ſein Pferd an, es wollte nicht weiter, bemühte ſich wider den Willen des Reiters umzukehren, ſeitwärts durch's Dickicht ſich einen Weg zu bahnen; aber es mußte dem widerſtrebenden Gebieter gehorchen, wiewohl es aus einem ängſtlichen Schritt nicht zu bringen war. Während etwa fünfhundert Schritte auf dieſe Weiſe zurückgelegt worden waren, wurden jene Töne, welchen der Reiſende um ſo viel näher gekommen war, immer deutlicher und beſtimmter. Das Kreiſchen ward zur zeternden Wehklage, das vielſtimmige, gleichſam chorartig einfallende Geheul zum herzzerreißenden Jammer. Anton kannte bei einer ſichtlichen Gefahr keine Furcht, dieſe entſetzliche Ankündigung der Nähe unbegreiflicher Weſen überlief ihn dennoch mit eiſigem Schauer.

Waren es Menſchenſtimmen, die er vernahm? Hielten böſe Geiſter hier ihren nächtlichen Sabbath? Der Glaube an die letzten war jenem Zeitalter noch nicht fremd; wozu ſollten aber Menſchen dieſe grauſenhaften Gebräuche begehen? — und welche konnten es ſein? — Räuber würden ſich nicht auf dieſe Weiſe bemerkbar machen. Unter dieſen Erwägungen kam Anton endlich dem Schauplatze dieſer Begebenheit näher und näher, bis er ſich unerwartet mitten auf demſelben befand, als er auf eine kleine Waldblöße gerieth, in deren Mitte vier von verſchiedenen Richtungen kommende Wege ſich kreuzten. Gerade auf dem Punkte dieſer Kreuzung loderte ein mäßiger Holzſtoß von aufgehäuftem dürren Reiſig. Dunkele Geſtalten kauerten um denſelben, und das Licht, welches die Flamme des Holzſtoßes verbreitete, ließ ſechs oder ſieben alte Weiber, in abentheuerliche Lumpen gehüllt, erkennen, welche in einem entſetzlichen Uniſono die kreiſchenden Töne ausſtießen. In einiger Entfernung, aber ſchon im Dunkel der nächtlichen Waldſchatten, welchen der untergehende Mond eben die letzte Dämmerung entzogen, lagerten mehrere zerſtreute Gruppen, die dem durch das Feuer geblendeten Auge kaum ſichtbar waren, und welche von Zeit zu Zeit jenes Klagegeheul ausſtießen, deſſen markdurchbebendes Wehe alle Nerven des Gefühls durchreißen zu wollen ſchien. Wenn bisweilen dieſen Geſängen — denn das ſollten ſie wohl ſein, — eine Pauſe gegönnt war, herrſchte tiefe Stille, in welcher man den Wiederhall deutlich vernahm, der die verſchwimmenden Töne durch die entfernteren Waldungen trug, den Flügelſchlag der Eulen hörte, die aufgeſchreckt über die Waldung ſegelten und ihren Todtenruf in den Lüften erſchallen ließen.

Anton, anfangs ungeſehen, hielt ſein Pferd an und beobachtete, noch unter den niederhängenden Aeſten der uralten Buchen, dieſe ſeltſame Scene. Sie erfüllte ihn mit bänglicheren Empfindungen, je weniger er ihre Bedeutung begriff. Sein Rappe aber war ganz ruhig geworden und rupfte die Haſelſträuche am Wege, ohne das Schauſpiel, das ſeinen Reiter verwirrte, zu beobachten. Nach einiger aufmerkſamen Prüfung erkannte der Reiſende indeſſen dieſe Verſammlung als Zigeuner. Zur damaligen Zeit erſchienen ſolche Landſtreicher häufig in jenen Gegenden. Im Preußiſchen, wo ſtets ſtrenge Polizei war, wagten ſie indeß nur einzeln aufzutreten, um in Edelhöfen und Dörfern ihre Dienſte als Keſſelflicker, Vieharzte, Mäuſe-, Ratten- und Raupenvertreiber, wohl auch als Muſikanten und Wahrſager anzubieten. Im Ermlande dagegen trieben ſie ſich im ganzen Lande in den Waldungen umher und durchſtreiften als eine wahre Landplage die Gegenden, bettelnd bei Tage, mitunter ſtehlend bei Nacht, und das milde geiſtliche Regiment beſaß nicht den Nachdruck, ſie zu verbannen oder zu zügeln.

War es ein Geräuſch, das Anton's Roß in den Gebüſchen veranlaßte, war es die Veränderung des Windes, welche den Rauch abwärts trieb und den zahlreichen Hunden der Bande, die im Graſe um den Scheiterhaufen lagen, die Witterung des Fremdlings gewährte — wenigſtens fünf Doggen fuhren laut bellend auf, ſprangen den Lauſchenden an, — und er war entdeckt. Der Geſang verſtummte, alle Augen richteten ſich auf ihn. Das allgemeine Schweigen, welches den Uebergang zu noch unberechenbaren Ergebniſſen zu machen ſchien, hatte etwas Schauerliches, und Anton empfand die heftigſten Schläge ſeines Herzens. Mit einem Male riß ſich eine der alten Frauen vom Boden auf, ergriff einen Feuerbrand, ſchwang ihn gleich einer Fackel über ihrem von langen, loſen, grauen Haaren umflatterten Haupte, und zeterte in dem halbpolniſchen Zigeunerdialekt, der Anton nicht ganz fremd war: „Er iſt da! — er iſt da! — Holla ho!“ — die übrigen Weiber ſprangen ebenfalls empor und wiederholten den Ruf. Mit Geräuſch erhoben ſich alle Verſammelten, es mochten mehr als funfzig ſein, und ſtießen das nämliche Geſchrei aus

Der Wald erklang, und im vierfachen Wiederhall erſcholl ihr gräßliches Holla hu in der Ferne.

Antons Pferd ſcheute und flog in gewaltigen Sätzen gerade mitten in die unheimliche Schaar. Die Männer ſtürzten auf ihn zu, und Anton riß ein Piſtol hervor, das er geladen bei ſich führte, und befahl ihnen mit Donnerſtimme zurückzuweichen. Im nämlichen Augenblick ſprang aber das alte Weib, welches ihn zuerſt bemerkt hatte, an ihn heran und hielt ihm den Arm. — „Fürchte nicht,“ — rief ſie — „wir begrüßen Dich. Wir wiſſen was kommen ſoll, und hofften auf Dich, ohne Dich nennen zu können. Hörteſt Du unſere Todtenklage? Wir gaben die Hoffnung auf. Du biſt aber da! — Du biſt da! — Holla hu!“

Holla hu! erſcholl der allgemeine Ruf von Neuem, und während Anton mühſam ſein Pferd beſchwichtigte, fragte er: „„„Was bedeuten Eure Reden? was wollt Ihr von mir?“““

„Frage nicht uns,“ — antwortete die Alte, — „frage dieſen.“ —

Hiemit ſtürzte ſie in den Kreis der Männer im Dunkeln, riß einen jungen Mann zu Anton hin, von vortheilhafter Geſtalt, beſſer als die Uebrigen, phantaſtiſch, aber nachläſſig gekleidet, der ſich mit lauter Wehklage auf die Knie warf und, wie es ſchien, mit dem Flehen der Seelenangſt ſeine Hände zu Anton erhob. In den nicht unangenehmen Zügen dieſes jungen Zigeuners lag ein tiefer, man könnte ſagen ein ungeheurer, an Verzweiflung grenzender Schmerz. Seine Augen ſchwammen in Thränen. Er wollte reden, aber ſeine Zunge ſchien im grenzenloſen Kummer die Kraft verloren zu haben, articulirte Töne zu bilden.

„Er kann nicht ſprechen,“ — ſagte die Alte, — „aber ſeine Thränen ſagen genug.“

„„„Was ſoll das alles?“““ — fragte Anton noch ein Mal.

„Frage nicht!“ erwiederte die Alte, „Du wirſt es erfahren. — Eile, — eile, — eile! — Ein wichtiger Morgen bricht an. Der Scheiterhaufen ſteht. Eine Zögerung von der Zeit, die der Haſe braucht, ſein Lager ſpielend zu umkreiſen, und die Aſche weht in den Winden. — Eile, — eile! Der Morgen wird kommen. Die Glocken werden gehen. Schaaren werden wallen. Aber Du kommſt; die Glocken verſtummen, die Flammen werden verlöſchen vom Hauche Deines Mundes. — Die Nacht iſt kühl, Deine Kräfte ermatten. — Das Getränk, — reicht es ihm!“

Ein junges Mädchen ſprang herbei und reichte einen vollen zinnernen Becher dem jungen Reiſenden empor. Er zauderte ihn anzunehmen.

„Trink,“ — trieb ihn die Alte. — „Es wird Dir wohl thun. Dann fort nach Heilsberg, das Du in der erſten Frühe erreichen mußt.“

Ohne ſich zu beſinnen, trank er. Es war ein alter feuriger Meth. Er that einen Zug, den zweiten, und Glut ſchien durch alle ſeine Adern zu rinnen.

Die Alte nahm ihm den Becher ab und rief: „Die fernen Hähne krähen, der Wächter bellt wau wau, die Fledermaus ſucht ihre Wohnung, die Eule das Neſt, das Reh regt ſich im Lager, — fort! fort! — Holla hu!“ —

Der Schlag einer Peitſche traf von hinten den Rappen Antons. Er ſchlug aus, brauſte im wilden Galopp davon, und ehe der Reiter ſich völlig zu ſammeln vermochte, vernahm er ſchon weit hinter ſich, nochmals, im Walde verhallend, den Ruf: „Holla hu! — Holla hu!“ —

7.

Als die Sonne aufging, lag Heilsberg vor unſerem Reiſenden. Dieſe nicht unanſehnliche Stadt wird wegen der Anmuth ihrer Lage in jener Gegend geprieſen. In dem ganz flachen Lande geben die Höhen, welche den Ort von der einen Seite umſchließen und ein angenehmes, von einem kleinen Gewäſſer durchrieſeltes Thal bilden, das Modell im Kleinen einer Gebirgslandſchaft. Die Stadt ſelbſt nimmt ſich, mit mehreren Thürmen und den beiden fürſtbiſchöflichen Schlöſſern, beſonders aus der Ferne, gut aus, und möchte noch heute allen ähnlichen Plätzen viele Meilen im Umkreiſe weit vorzuziehen ſein. Was ſie aber in jener Zeit, als Reſidenz eines regierenden Fürſten, geweſen, läßt ſich noch aus den großartigen Ueberbleibſeln abnehmen, die jetzt immer mehr verfallen, ihren erſten Ruin aber nur dem verheerenden Kriege der Jahre 1806 und 1807 zuſchreiben.

Sieben Uhr Morgens mochte es ſein, als Anton die Vorſtadt erreichte und ſein Pferd in einem Wirthshauſe unterzubringen ſuchte. Dichtes Volksgewühl erfüllte die Straßen mit verwirrendem Getöſe, und alle Anweſenden ſchienen in ungeduldiger Spannung eines Dinges zu warten, was da kommen ſollte. Anton miſchte ſich unter die Menge, ohne zu wiſſen, was ſie anrege. Ein freundlicher junger Menſch aus der Stadt trat zu ihm und ſagte: „Die Leute ſind thöricht, ſich hier in den Straßen einzudrängen, wo man nichts ſehe als den Zug. Kommt mit mir auf den Kreuzberg, wo das Ding ſelbſt vor ſich geht!“ Anton war bereit, und der junge Bürger führte ihn aus dem Gewühl durch ein Haus ins Freie, wo nur noch wenige Zuſchauer dem entfernten Schauplatze des unbekannten Ergebniſſes zueilten. Endlich ſagte Anton zu ſeinem Begleiter: — „Ich bin Euch wohl gefolgt, aber ich weiß nicht wozu!“

„„„So ſeid Ihr wohl fremd hieſelbſt!“““ — erwiederte dieſer. — „„„Eine Zigeunerin iſt der Zauberei beſchuldigt. Endlich hat man ihr den Prozeß gemacht. Sie iſt des Bundes mit dem Böſen vollſtändig überführt, und ſoll heute als Hexe auf dem Kreuzberge verbrannt werden.“““

Anton vernahm dieſe Auskunft mit Entſetzen. In ſeinem Vaterlande glaubte man an keine Hexen mehr, und ſchon wollte er mit Abſcheu vor einem Schauſpiele fliehen, deſſen bloßer Name ſein Herz mit tiefſtem Mitleiden erfüllte, aber plötzlich ging ihm über ſein nächtliches Abentheuer einiges Licht auf, und er begriff ſo viel, daß ſie das ſchauderhafte Geſchick einer Tochter ihres Stammes durch die zu ihren halbheidniſchen Gebräuchen gehörende Todtenklage betrauert, und daß ſie von ihm, Gott weiß durch welches Zuſammentreffen von Umſtänden, Rettung der Bedrohten erwarteten. Dabei wurde ihm das Bild jenes verzweiflungsvollen jungen Mannes lebendig, welcher auf irgend eine Weiſe der Delinquentin näher angehören mochte, und ſo beſchloß er, ſich nach dem Richtplatze zu begeben, um dem Geſchicke, wenn es ihn zu dem erwarteten Helfer in der höchſten Noth beſtimmt haben ſollte, ſich wenigſtens nicht durch Schwäche zu entziehen. Nach einigem Steigen gelangte er auf den Kreuzberg, ſo genannt, weil dort auf der höchſten Kuppe des kleinen Gebirges ein Kreuz aufgeſtellt worden, welches weit zu ſehen iſt. In einiger Entfernung von dieſem war der Scheiterhaufen ſo aufgerichtet, daß die Delinquentin dieſes Gnadenzeichen im Tode vor Augen haben ſollte. Schergen umgaben ihn, und eine große Anzahl von Zuſchauern hatte ſich auf dem Raſen zwiſchen den Gebüſchen gelagert, welche damals noch dieſe Erhöhung bekleideten.

Kaum aber angelangt, vernahm Anton das helle Läuten einer Glocke in der Stadt. „Das iſt das Armeſünderglöckchen,“ ſagte der junge Begleiter. — „Sie giebt das Zeichen, daß man jetzt die Hexe zum Richtplatze führe. Nun, es geſchieht ihr Recht. In zwanzig Dörfern hat ſie im vorigen Sommer das Vieh behext, daß es Blut ſtatt Milch gegeben, und viele Stücke gefallen ſind. Auch Menſchen hat ſie es angethan, die ihr nicht geben wollten, was ſie verlangte, ſo daß ſie verkrummten, verlahmten und erblindeten.“

Anton ſchwieg, denn er richtete ſein Auge auf den Zug, der ſich eben von der Stadt her dem Berge zu bewegte. Eine unzählige Volksmenge wogte heran. Dann erſchienen bewaffnete Bürger, um Ordnung zu erhalten; hierauf eine Gerichtsperſon, von Amtsdienern umgeben, endlich die Delinquentin, in einem weißen, ſchwarzbeſetzten Armenſünderhemde, welches ihr langes reiches Rabenhaar umwallte, barfuß, einen Strick um den Hals. Sie ging zwiſchen ihrem Vertheidiger und einem Mönche, welcher letzte ſich um ihr ewiges Leben bemühen ſollte, nachdem der erſte ihr zeitliches der Strenge oder den Vorurtheilen des Richters nicht zu entziehen vermocht.

Anton durchrieſelte ein eiſiger Schauer, als er die Unglückliche am Fuße des Berges deutlicher erkennen konnte. Sie ſchien noch ganz jung, und, ungeachtet der bräunlichen Farbe, ſogar ſchön zu ſein. Auf ihrem Arme trug ſie ein Kind von etwa einem halben Jahre, das ſich ängſtlich um ihren Hals klammerte, und welches ſie mit dem Ausdrucke gräßlicher Seelenpein zu hegen ſchien. Umſonſt ſuchte ihr der Mönch Reue und Buße zu predigen. Sie ſtand von Zeit zu Zeit ſtill, hielt ihr Kind in beiden Händen vor ſich hin, ſtarrte in ſein kleines Antlitz, als wollte ſie die Erinnerung jedes Zuges deſſelben in die hoffnungsloſe Ewigkeit mit ſich hinüber nehmen, und preßte es dann mit Jammergeſchrei, in welches das arme kleine Geſchöpf kreiſchend mit einſtimmte, an Bruſt und Lippen.

„Barmherziger Gott,“ — fragte Anton, — „ſoll denn das Kind mit verbrannt werden?“

„„„Wie mögt Ihr das fragen?“““ — entgegnete der Begleiter. — „„„Das Weib hat ihr Kind bei ihrem Leben nur nicht von ſich laſſen wollen. Wenn ſie den Scheiterhaufen beſteigt, wird es ihr abgenommen und, da es ein Mädchen iſt, den Nonnen im Kloſter der Stadt übergeben, welche ſich erboten, es gottſelig zu erziehen.“““

Die Unglückliche betrat nun den Richtplatz und ſah den Scheiterhaufen, welchem die Schergen mit angezündeten Fackeln ſich näherten. Sie ſtieß einen Schrei aus, ſtürzte auf die Knie und war nicht von der Stelle zu bringen. Ihr Vertheidiger trat erblaßt zurück. Der Mönch ſchien ihr zuzureden. Sie ſtieß ihn von ſich. — „Hinweg!“ — rief ſie. — „Du biſt ein Menſch, biſt mit den andern gegen meine Unſchuld verſchworen. Giebt es kein Erbarmen mehr auf Erden! — Muß ich denn! muß ich!“ —

Der Ton ihrer Stimme hatte etwas Herzzerreißendes, und die ſonſt regelmäßigen Züge des kaum zwanzigjährigen Geſchöpfes verzerrten ſich zur gräßlichen Larve der Todesangſt.

„Nehmt Ihr jetzt das Kind!“ befahl die Gerichtsperſon, und die Amtsdiener ſchickten ſich an, den Auftrag zu vollziehen.

„Mein Kind,“ — ſchrie ſie und fuhr auf, — „nein, ich gebe es nicht, ich laſſe es nicht von mir. Es ſoll mit mir ſterben. Die Welt iſt voll Teufel, und Ihr alle ſeid ihre erbarmungsloſen Gehülfen.“

Der Mönch ermahnte vergebens. Sie ſchien eine Löwin, welche um ihr Junges kämpft. Ihre dunkeln glühenden Augen rollten. Mit einem Arme umſchlang ſie das nackte, ſchreiende Kind, mit dem andern vertheidigte ſie es, denn ſie war nicht gebunden. — Es glückt ihr, ſich für einen Augenblick frei zu machen.

„Heilige Jungfrau,“ — rief ſie, — „es iſt an Dir nun, — rette mich, — thue Wunder! Sende einen Deiner Boten! Es iſt die höchſte Zeit.“

Sie ſteht, — ſie blickt wild umher. Von Neuem ergriffen, läßt ſie es geſchehen. Man faßt ihr Kind, ſie vertheidigt es nicht mehr.

In dieſem Augenblicke ſchiebt Anton ein paar Zuſchauer zurück, die vor ihm ſtehen, und tritt hervor.

Sie ſieht ihn; ein electriſcher Schlag ſcheint ihren ganzen Körper zu durchzittern: ihre Miene gewinnt den Ausdruck des Triumphes.

„Heilige Mutter der Gnade,“ — bricht ſie aus, — „Du ſchickſt ihn. — Ich bin gerettet!“

Ehe man es hindern kann, liegt ſie mit ihrem Kinde zu ſeinen Füßen.

8.

Die Ueberraſchung, das Erſtaunen der anweſenden Menge möchten durch Worte nicht zu ſchildern ſein. Sehr Viele glaubten an die wunderbare Erſcheinung eines übermenſchlichen Weſens, und zweifelten nur, welchem Principe es angehöre. Anton beachtete aber nichts als die Unglückliche. „Barbara!“ — ruft er, — „ſo ſehe ich Euch wieder? — Erholt Euch! — Faßt Euch! — Ich bin kein überirdiſcher Bote, aber ein treuer Freund und entſchloſſener Zeuge für Eure Unſchuld. Wenn es wirklich Hexen giebt, ſo ſeid doch Ihr keine Hexe.“

Er wollte ſie aufrichten, aber er brachte ſie nicht weiter als bis zu ſeinen Knien, die ſie umklammert hielt, wie wenn ſie ein Aſyl erreicht, das nur noch allein ihr Schutz zu gewähren vermöge.

Der Vertheidiger trat zu dem Richter und redete ihn an. „Sie ſehen einen ganz neuen Umſtand, der für die Angeklagte von den wichtigſten Folgen ſein muß. Man hat nur Zeugen wider ſie abhören können, keine für ſie. Ein ſolcher iſt da. Die Sache nimmt eine andere Wendung, und für jetzt wenigſtens kann das Urtel nicht vollzogen werden.“

Der Richter nahm mit vieler Behaglichkeit eine Priſe. „Bene,“ — erwiederte er, — „optime. Diſſentire keineswegs. Ein überaus rarer Fall, dieſer Hexenprozeß: — intrikat, — ſehr intrikat, — fein, — ſehr fein. — Ein allerliebſter Fall. Die Jagd geht von Neuem los, und auf einem anderen Felde. — Heda, — es iſt heute nichts mit der Execution. Bringt Delinquentin wieder ins Gefängniß!“

Barbara ſollte nun fort und zurückgebracht werden, ſie wollte aber von Anton nicht laſſen.

„Dummer Schnack!“ — ſagte der Richter, und zu Anton gewandt, befahl er: „Man bedeute ſie, daß man nicht zum Henker gehe, ſondern werde vernommen werden.“

Anton ermahnte Barbara, Folge zu leiſten. Sie ſtand ſtill auf, küßte ſeine Hand, ihr Kind, und ließ ſich unter dem Nachſtrömen der Menge zur Stadt zurückführen.

Der Richter faßte nun Anton ſcharf ins Auge, nahm wieder Taback mit einem vornehmen Air und fragte ihn: „Wer iſt man?“

„„Anton Hart, der Sohn des königlich preußiſchen Beamten zu S. in Litthauen.““

Der achtbare Herr ſchien ſehr, und nicht zum angenehmſten, überraſcht, denn er entgegnete mit einem langgedehnten: „So! — man iſt doch legitimirt?“ —

„„Zu dienen.““

„Man folge mir nach der Stadt, um verhört zu werden. Soll ſogleich geſchehen. Bin curiös, wie der casus durch dieſes novum zu ſtehen kommt: überaus curiös. Herr Advocat,“ — zu dem Vertheidiger ſich wendend, — „werden den juvenem paucis verbis von dem quid, quomodo, quando unterrichten, und mit ſelbigen zur Gerichtsſtelle bringen — stante pede.“

Hiemit wandelte der ehrbare Prieſter der Themis bedächtlichen Schrittes, wiewohl augenſcheinlich nicht in beſter Laune, den Berg hinunter nach der Stadt, wo er ſich in ſeiner Wohnung nur ſo lange aufhielt, um Wäſche und Perrücke zu wechſeln, und ſich nach dem fürſtbiſchöflichen Schloſſe begab, in deſſen neuem Flügel das Gericht ſeine Sitzungen hielt.

Der Advocat, ein junger Mann von feinem, liebenswürdigem Aeußern, näherte ſich aber Anton und faßte ſeine Hand. „Der Himmel ſendet Sie, mein Herr, ein unſchuldiges junges Geſchöpf zu retten. Was ſoll ich weitläuftig ſein? Ein junges Zigeunerweib hat im ganzen Sommer vorigen Jahres ſich hier umhergetrieben, und hat leichtſinnig in der Gegend, um deſto reichere Spenden zu erpreſſen, zuerſt den Glauben an ihre böſen Künſte rege gemacht. Als ſie endlich verſchwunden, haben Zufälle mancher Art, welche ſich bei Menſchen und Vieh ereigneten, die durch ſie Heimgeſuchten veranlaßt, dieſelben der Hexerei jener Landſtreicherin zuzuſchreiben, und alle ſchwuren ihr Rache, wenn ſie ſich wieder ſehen laſſe. Etwa kurz vor Weihnachten erſcheint dieſe Barbara, welche wir eben geſehen, und treibt einen kleinen Handel mit Kräutern und andern Heilmitteln, wie die beſſeren Subjecte unter den Zigeunern es pflegen. Man glaubt in ihr jene Zauberin zu erkennen; ſie wird angeklagt und ungeachtet ihres hartnäckigen Läugnens, auf die Abhörung von vierzig Zeugen, zum Scheiterhaufen verurtheilt. Zwei Zeugen allein ſind bei der Behauptung geblieben, ſie und jene Hexe ſeien nicht eine und die nämliche Perſon. Der Umſtand indeß, daß jenes verdächtige Subject ſich zu jener Zeit in den letzten Monaten der Schwangerſchaft befunden, und dieſe Barbara ein Kind mit ſich führt, deſſen Geburt mit dem damaligen Verſchwinden jener Beſchuldigten übereinſtimmt, hat, neben der überwiegenden Mehrheit der ihr entgegenſtehenden Zeugenausſagen, vornehmlich ihre Verurtheilung begründet. Sie ſelbſt hat ihre Vertheidigung ſtets darauf geſtützt, daß ſie den ganzen vorigen Sommer nicht hier, ſondern in preußiſch Litthauen, namentlich im Hauſe des Amtmann Hart zu S. zugebracht, wo ſie deſſen Sohn, gerade in dem Monate, in welchem hier die hauptſächlichſten Zaubereien von ihr ausgeübt ſein ſollen, in einer gefährlichen Krankheit gepflegt. Man hat dieſe Verſicherung ſtets als Schwindelei betrachtet und nicht darauf rückſichtigen wollen, aus Gründen, die unerörtert bleiben mögen. Treten Sie nun hier ſelbſt auf, und beweiſen durch Ihre wohllegitimirte Perſon und eidliche Ausſage dieſe Behauptung, ſo iſt die Unglückliche allerdings gerettet; denn die Verſchiedenheit der Perſon iſt unzweifelhaft dargethan.“

9.

Nachdem Anton vor dem Gerichte eine genaue Prüfung über ſeine Perſon hatte aushalten müſſen, welche er zum Glück durch die unzweifelhafteſten, ſogar gerichtlichen Zeugniſſe legitimiren konnte, die er vollſtändig bei ſich führte, um auf Grund derſelben ſein großväterliches Erbtheil erheben zu können, ward er drei volle Stunden in Kreuz und Quer darüber vernommen, durch welche Mittel und Wege es ihm möglich geworden, Nachricht von der Gefahr zu erhalten, welche hier die arme Barbara bedroht, um ihr in der äußerſten Noth zu Hülfe zu eilen. Er hatte große Mühe, zu beweiſen, daß ſein Erſcheinen im entſcheidenden Augenblicke nur ein Zufall geweſen, während man ihm nicht undeutlich zu verſtehen gab, wie die natürliche Auflöſung des Räthſels keineswegs willkommen erſcheine, und daß ein Zugehen mit nicht rechten Dingen, als ein Beweis für Barbaras Hexentalent, erwünſchter geweſen wäre. Es war ſchon ſo ſpät geworden, daß das Verhör geſchloſſen und auf morgen verlegt werden mußte, ohne daß Anton mit Barbara zuſammengeſtellt, ohne daß etwas für ſie Entſcheidendes geſchehen wäre.

Mißmüthig verließ Anton den Gerichtsſaal und merkte kaum, daß Barbaras Vertheidiger ihn begleite, bis dieſer ſeine Hand faßte und ihn erſuchte, nicht nur bei ihm das verſpätete Mittageſſen einzunehmen, ſondern auch, ſo lange dieſer Handel ihn hier aufhalte, ſein Haus als das eigene zu betrachten. Das Anerbieten war nicht abzuweiſen, und Anton betrat in Folge deſſelben den liebenswürdigſten und herzlichſten Familienkreis.

Ein treffliches Mahl, ein reichlich geſpendeter guter Wein eröffnete die Herzen bald zu gegenſeitigem Vertrauen, und der eigentliche Zweck von Antons Anweſenheit kam auf eine ſehr erwünſchte Weiſe zur Sprache.

Der Sachwalter unterſuchte die ihm von ſeinem Gaſte auf deſſen Erbſchaftsangelegenheit vorgelegten Papiere, und ließ ſich, wie folgt, darüber vernehmen.

„Die Sache hat zwei Seiten, und ich möchte, nach der allerdings zweideutigen Faſſung des Teſtaments, nicht dafür gut ſagen, ob der Richter nicht der Meinung des Pater Guardian beiſtimmen würde. Von einem eigentlichen Rechtsſtreite verſpreche ich mir alſo wenig, oder nichts. Indeſſen ein Ausweg anderer Art liegt vor uns. Da bei dieſer Sache eine geiſtliche Stiftung betheiligt iſt, ſo kann der Fürſtbiſchof in doppelter Eigenſchaft, als geiſtliches Oberhaupt und Landesherr, die Sache entſcheiden, und Sie haben gewonnen, wenn er Ihrer und, ich geſtehe es, auch meiner Auslegung des Teſtaments beitritt.“

„„Dies dürfte aber ſchwerlich zu erwarten ſein.““

„Warum nicht! — Der Fürſtbiſchof iſt ein Herr von edlem Charakter und ſtreng gerecht gegen Jedermann. Er iſt ein Weltgeiſtlicher, ſeine ſämmtlichen geiſtlichen Räthe ſind ſolche, und ſie ſind daher den Kloſtergeiſtlichen abhold, vornehmlich dem jeſuitiſchen Pater Guardian in der heiligen Linde. Laſſen Sie uns daher keine Zeit verlieren. Eine Bittſchrift iſt ſchnell entworfen, ſchnell abgeſchrieben. In einer Stunde befindet ſie ſich in den Händen des erſten vortragenden Rathes, Domherrn v. M., der mein Freund iſt. Dieſer giebt ſie in der nächſten Stunde dem Fürſten. Letzterer iſt aber ſo rüſtig und arbeitſam, daß er vielleicht ſchon an dieſem Abende die Stunde für Ihre in Antrag gebrachte Audienz zu morgen in der Frühe beſtimmt. Faſſen Sie dann guten Muth, und ſorgen Sie dafür, einen günſtigen perſönlichen Eindruck zu machen, der bei dem unmittelbaren Zuſammentreffen mit den Großen gewöhnlich das Beſte thut!“

10.

Der Sachwalter hatte wahr geſprochen. Noch am nämlichen Abend erhielt Anton eine Weiſung durch den Hoffourier, Se. fürſtbiſchöfliche Gnaden hätten die Bittſchrift huldreich aufgenommen und wollten ihm morgen um 9 Uhr Morgens die erbetene Audienz gewähren.

Anton verfehlte nicht, ſich andern Tages zur beſtimmten Stunde nach dem fürſtbiſchöflichen Schloſſe zu begeben. Noch niemals hatte er einem Großen der Erde gegenüber geſtanden, kein Wunder alſo, daß er ſich befangen befand. Er folgte dem Hoffourier durch eine lange Reihe von Gemächern, bis er in einem Saale die Weiſung zu warten erhielt, indem der Begleiter durch eine Seitenthüre verſchwand. Anton wurde durch den fürſtlichen Glanz der Einrichtung, die ihn umgab, in Erſtaunen geſetzt, und er muſterte mit kindlicher Neugier die ungeheuren Pfeilerſpiegel, die rothen ſeidenen Tapeten, die Gemälde an den Wänden, die ganz vergoldeten Meubles, die gemalte Decke, bis beide Flügel einer großen Thür, die zu den innern Zimmern führte, aufſprangen und ein großer ſtattlicher Mann, im beſten Lebensalter, eintrat, im langen Gewande von violetter Seide, ein großes Kreuz von funkelnden Diamanten, an einer reichen Kette niederhängend vom Halſe, den Stern des weißen Adlerordens auf der Bruſt, ein kleines violettes Käppchen auf der wohlfriſirten Perrücke. Die Haltung war vornehm, die Bildung des Geſichts edel und einnehmend.

Anton verneigte ſich tief, der Fürſt, — Sprößling eines erlauchten reichen und mächtigen polniſchen Hauſes, — blieb vor ihm ſtehen, heftete einen forſchenden, aber freundlichen Blick auf ihn und begann ein Geſpräch, welches dem jungen Manne ſo merkwürdig geweſen, daß er es nachher niedergeſchrieben und ſeinen Nachkommen bewahrt hat.

„Er heißt Anton Hart,“ — begann der Fürſt, — „iſt alſo der junge Preuße, deſſen Zeugniß geſtern eine vermeinte Hexe ſchon am Fuße des Scheiterhaufens von einem unverdienten Tode errettet. Ich freue mich, Ihn zu ſehen. Er muß indeß nicht meinen, es ſeien bei uns Hinrichtungen Unſchuldiger an der Tagesordnung. Auch Gerichtshöfe können irren, hier wie überall, beſonders in ſolchen Sachen, wo man es mit einem böſen Feinde zu thun hat, dem Macht gegeben iſt auch zur Verführung der Beſten, zur Täuſchung der Verſtändigen. Die Gnade Gottes wacht indeſſen über den Frommen, verſcheucht die Nebel, welche die Hölle verbreitet, und Er, mein Sohn, wird ſich deſſen nicht überheben, den Wirkungen der ewigen Vorſehung zum Werkzeuge gedient zu haben. Kommen ähnliche Verbrechen und ſolche Beſtrafungen auch häufig in Seinem Vaterlande vor?“

„„Nein, gnädigſter Herr, niemals!““

„Wie! iſt dort der Böſe kein brüllender Löwe, der nach Beute ausgeht! Walten dort himmliſche Mächte mit ſtärkeren Schilden zum Schutze der Sterblichen vor dem Banne der Erbſünde als hier!“

„„Nicht daß ich wüßte, indeß der König unſer Herr hat die Hexenprozeſſe abgeſchafft.““

„Die Prozeſſe, — ein dreiſter Schritt, — aber auch die Verbrechen!“

„„Sie hörten auf am nämlichen Tage, an welchem man aufhörte, an ſie zu glauben.““

„Junger Menſch, ich erſtaune. Schneiden ſich bei Euch geiſtige Richtungen ab wie Zeitepochen im Kalender! Und wie kam es, daß Ihr heute aufhören konntet zu glauben, woran Ihr geſtern nicht zweifeltet!“

„„Der König ließ bei ſeinen Gerichtshöfen das Verfahren gegen Perſonen, welche der Hexerei beſchuldigt werden, einſtellen, und wie hätte er dieſes ohne die Ueberzeugung von der gänzlichen Nichtigkeit dieſer Beſchuldigungen thun mögen!““

„Und Ihr vermochtet, ſeine Ueberzeugung ſo ohne Weiteres zu der Eurigen zu machen!“

„„Wie konnten wir anders! — Iſt der König unſer Herr nicht von Gottes Gnaden! — Wo wäre Wahrheit und Weisheit auf Erden für uns zu finden, wenn ſie nicht ihm beiwohnten!““

Der Fürſt ſah den Jüngling groß an, ſchien dann in Nachdenken zu verſinken, bis er nach einigen Augenblicken, gleichſam für ſich, anhub:

„Sonderbar! — was die weiſeſten Kirchenlehrer behauptet, was die Sprüche der Concilien außer Zweifel geſtellt, woran Jahrhunderte gehalten, wirft ein weltlicher Fürſt mit einem Federzuge um, und ein ganzes Volk macht es für ſich zur Ehrenſache, plötzlich ſeiner Meinung zu ſein. Wo zeigt ſich Gleiches in der Geſchichte! Was vermögen dieſe königlichen Hohenzollern nicht Alles! — Und es kann noch Leute geben, welche im blinden Wahne daran zweifeln, daß ſie Alles um ſich neu geſtalten, daß ſie die nächſten Blätter der Geſchichte für ſich in Anſpruch nehmen werden!“

Er wendet ſich wieder zu Anton.

„Junger Mann, ich weiß, was Er mir zu ſagen hat. Wenn wir in den Augen Seines Volkes bei unſerem Verfahren gegen die Einflüſſe des Böſen auch abergläubiſch erſcheinen, ſo gehe Er und lege Zeugniß davon in Seinem Lande ab, daß wir nichtsdeſtoweniger das Gute nach unſerer Ueberzeugung fördern und pflegen, und daß wir, wenn wir auch in Ueberklugheit dem Zeitgeiſte nicht vorauslaufen, doch hinter dem niemals zurückbleiben, das, Gott ſei Dank! — für alle Zeiten gehört, — der Gerechtigkeit. — Die Deutung, welche der Guardian von der heiligen Linde dem Teſtamente Seines Großvaters abgewonnen, iſt eine offenbare Verdrehung. Sein Erbtheil ſoll ihm zu Heller und Pfennig ausgezahlt werden. Es iſt bereits befohlen. Dem Abſchoſſe für meine Kaſſe entſage ich zu Seinen Gunſten. — Mit Gott!“ —

Er gab das Zeichen der Entlaſſung, und Anton, nach einem ſtummen, ehrerbietigen Danke, entfernte ſich mit Zeichen der freudigſten Ueberraſchung.

11.

So hatte denn Anton, größtentheils durch ſeine ſeltſame, unerwartete Verwickelung in Barbaras Prozeß, auch ſeinen eigenen Wunſch auf das Vollſtändigſte erreicht. Nach zwei Tagen erfolgte auch die völlige Freiſprechung der Zigeunerin. Sie erſchien im Hauſe ihres ehemaligen Vertheidigers, um demſelben, und vor allem Anton, ihren Dank abzuſtatten. Nachdem der letztere nicht hindern können, daß ſie ſich ihm zu Füßen geworfen und ſeine Hände mit Thränen und Küſſen bedeckt, ihn wiederholt ihren Retter, ihren Engel genannt, ſprang ſie plötzlich auf und rief: — „Aber wie ſoll ich Eure That vergelten!“ — Sie ſann eine Weile nach und ſagte ſchlau: „Gebt mir Eure Hand!“

Sie unterſuchte die Fläche derſelben, wie Wahrſagerinnen pflegen.

„Ha!“ — rief ſie aus, — „welche ſchönen Linien! — Ihr werdet reich werden, glücklich. In kurzer Zeit wird Euch eine Gefahr bedrohen, aber ſie wird nicht nur bald vorübergehen, ſondern auch Eure künftige ganze Wohlfahrt begründen. — Auch bei Vornehmen ſollt Ihr Glück haben. Den größten Mann, der ſeit Jahrhunderten gelebt, ſollt Ihr von Angeſicht zu Angeſicht ſehen, ſprechen, und Ihr werdet Kindern und Kindeskindern erzählen, wie herrlich er Euch erſchienen. —

„Aber vorher iſt noch eine Beſtimmung zu erfüllen. — Die arme Barbara kann Euch reicher machen, als alle Könige der Erde es vermöchten, und ſie wird es. Sie kann Euch ein Geſchenk überweiſen, das alle Güter der Erde überwiegt. — Welchen Weg nehmt Ihr, um zu Eurer Heimath zurückzukehren!“

„„Ueber Raſtenburg.““

„Das geht nicht. Ihr müßt einen Umweg machen über preußiſch Eylau. Reitet die gerade Straße durch's Preußiſche nach Eylau zu, bis Ihr an den Wald kommt, den man die große Heide nennt. Am Förſterhäuschen am Walde verlaßt Ihr, ohne zu fragen, den großen Weg und ſchlagt den Fußweg ein. Achtet es nicht, wenn es den Anſchein gewinnt, als wäret Ihr in der Waldung verirrt! Ein großer Holzſchlag wird erſcheinen. Reitet getroſt denſelben entlang! Die nächſte menſchliche Wohnung, welche Ihr antrefft, — es wird eine ſtattliche Mühle ſein, — iſt Euer Ziel. Tretet dort ein und ſagt, Barbara habe Euch geſendet! Ihr werdet willkommen ſein. Dort überlaßt Euch Eurem Gefühle, und das Geſchenk, welches die dankbare Barbara für Euch erſieht, kann Euch nicht entgehen. — Denkt Ihr des jungen Mannes, der, wie Ihr im Verhör ſagtet, Euch im Walde vor Heilsberg zur Nachtzeit durch ſeine Verzweiflung erſchüttert!“

„„Allerdings, Barbara!““

„Er war mein Gatte. Aus ſeinem Schmerze ermeßt, wie unendlich beſeelend die Wonne treuverbundener Herzen ſein muß! Bewahrt wohl Barbaras Geſchenk, wenn Ihr es Euch aneignet, und denkt, wenn es Euch wohl geht, an die arme Zigeunerin, die damit die Rettung ihres Lebens zu vergelten ſich beſtrebte! — Lebt wohl! — In einer Stunde bin ich auf dem Wege, den Ihr nach mir einſchlagen werdet, und morgen herberge ich da, wo Euch die Herberge beſtimmt wird."

Sie ſagte dieſes alles mit ihrer gewohnten Lebhaftigkeit, und war verſchwunden, ehe man den Sinn und die Abſicht ihrer Aeußerungen ſich klar machen können.

12.

Obgleich der Fürſtbiſchof pünktlich Wort gehalten, und ein ſchriftlicher, dem mündlichen ganz entſprechender Beſcheid ſchon andern Tages in Antons Händen war, ſo begegnete die Ausführung des höchſten Befehles doch ſo vielen Weiterungen und Formalitäten, daß unſer junge Reiſende erſt nach zehn Tagen mit der Gewißheit, ſeinen Zweck erreicht zu haben, Heilsberg verlaſſen konnte, nachdem er den Sachwalter, den wir bereits kennen, zu ſeinem Bevollmächtigten, behufs der künftigen Empfangnahme des Geldes, beſtellt hatte.

Es war einige Tage vor Pfingſten, als Anton von ſeinem liebenswürdigen Wirthe einen gerührten, dankbaren Abſchied nahm und leichten fröhlichen Herzens eine Stadt verließ, in welcher er Zeuge ſo erſchütternder, und ſelbſt Gegenſtand ſo wichtiger Begebenheiten für ſein eigenes Leben geworden war.

Vor dem Thore hielt er unſchlüſſig ſein Pferd an. Welchen Weg ſollte er einſchlagen? den nächſten, der ihn über Raſtenburg zur Heimath führte? den Umweg über preußiſch Eylau, auf welchen ihn Barbara mit ſo räthſelhaften Andeutungen gewieſen? Die Jugend liebt das Wunderbare, das Abentheuerliche; ein geheimer Zug alſo, nennen wir ihn Neugierde, nennen wir ihn Aberglaube, trieb ihn an, den Weiſungen der Zigeunerin zu folgen. Aber der Jüngling war nicht danach erzogen, der Einbildungskraft, oder doch den Neigungen des Gemüthes mehr Einfluß zu geſtatten, als den Anſprüchen der geſunden praktiſchen Vernunft, und ein Umweg von acht Meilen wenigſtens, ohne deutlich vorſchwebenden Zweck, ſchien vor dem eigenen Gewiſſen nicht zu billigen. Da kam ihm ein weitläufiger Verwandter in den Sinn, den er nur zweimal in ſeinem Leben geſehen, der bei Eylau wohne, den bei dieſer Gelegenheit zu beſuchen es wohl gezieme, und die heimliche Luſt hatte den plauſiblen Vorwand gefunden, ſich für die phantaſtiſche Richtung zu entſcheiden. — Er ſchlug getroſt die Straße nach Eylau ein.

Es war ein herrlicher warmer Tag. Alle Bäume grünten friſch und duftig, alle Gärten in den Dörfern ſtanden in der Blüthe, und über den mit tauſend Blumen bedeckten Wieſen wehte der balſamiſche Hauch des Lenzes. Anton, fröhlich von Natur, ſich der Erwerbung eines lange zweifelhaft betrachteten, für die damalige Zeit nicht unanſehnlichen Vermögens, das ganz zu ſeiner alleinigen Verfügung ſtand, bewußt, ſchaute in die Welt wie ein Glücklicher, und nichts, was ſeine Einbildungskraft ihm vorſpiegeln konnte, ſchien ihm unerreichbar.

So gelangte er gegen vier Uhr Nachmittags zu dem Forſte, noch heut' die große Eylauer Heide genannt, und zu dem ihm von Barbara bezeichneten Förſterhäuschen. Er ſah den Fußweg, den ſie ihm angedeutet, und der ihn rechts vom Wege, tief in die Waldung führte. Schon zuviel hatte er dieſer räthſelhaften Weiſung nachgegeben, als daß er nun ſich hätte zurückhalten ſollen, wo es galt, den letzten Schritt zur erſehnten Aufklärung zu thun. Bei dem Allen hat Anton ſtets behauptet, nicht er ſelbſt habe den Seitenweg eingeſchlagen, ſondern ſein Pferd habe in eigener Wahl, wiewohl unverhindert, die große ſandige Straße verlaſſen, um, auf dem feſteren Fußpfade luſtig dahin trabend, ſich in die kühlende Grüne des Haines zu vertiefen, deſſen damals noch ungelichtetes Gebiet einen Flächenraum von mehr als einer Quadratmeile umfaßte. Bald verſchwand der Fußweg in dem üppigen Graswuchſe des Bodens, zwiſchen Wachholderaufſchuß und Farrenkräutern, und wirklich gewann es den Anſchein, als habe der Reiſende ſich verirrt. Das muthige Pferd ſchien indeß ſicherer über die Richtung zu ſein als der Reiter, es hielt ſich in ſeinem rüſtigen Trott, als befände es ſich in einer ihm wohlbekannten Gegend. Die Umgebung ward indeß immer wilder und einſamer. Oft ſchienen dichte Gebüſche den Weg bis zur Undurchdringlichkeit verengen zu wollen, oft zeigten ſich freiere Plätze, welche deſto verlaſſener und abgelegener vorkamen. Rehe weideten hier und dort an den Büſchen und mochten dem Nahenden kaum ausweichen. Ein Eichhorn mit zwei Jungen [illegible] [illegible] Schrittes vorüber. Schon fielen die Sonnenſtrahlen ſchräger durch die alten Tannen und Buchen, und ſchon fing Anton an, manchen Beſorgniſſen Raum zu geben, als endlich der ihm bezeichnete Holzſchlag ſich aufthat und ihm die tröſtliche Gewißheit gab, ſich in der angedeuteten, zum Ziele führenden Richtung zu befinden. Er ritt alſo getroſt wohl eine halbe Stunde, zwiſchen den Stümpfen gefällener Bäume, bis er ein ſonniges Revier erreichte, ganz aus hochſtämmigen Birken gebildet, deren ſilberne Stämme maleriſch abſtachen gegen das helle Grün ihrer niederhangenden Zweige, an welchen das ſinkende Tagesgeſtirn die jungen Blätter vergoldete. Ein nicht unbeträchtlicher Strom durchfloß, hin und wieder durch Erlengebüſche verſteckt, dieſe reizende Einſamkeit, welche würzige Kräuter und überall wuchernde Maiblumen mit balſamiſchen Düften erfüllten. Eine eigentliche Straße war nirgend zu ſehen, aber eine weidende Heerde, deren Glocken ſchon aus der Ferne vernommen wurden, ließen auf die Nähe menſchlicher Wohnungen ſchließen. Ein Hirtenknabe ſaß unter einem Baume, mit Schnitzen hölzerner Löffel beſchäftigt.

„Iſt dies der rechte Weg?" — fragte ihn Anton.

„„Sofern Ihr nach der Mühle wollt, — ja;"" ward ihm zur Antwort.

Der Reiter verlor ſich bald in den Geſträuchen am Ufer des Fluſſes. Dieſe wurden ſo dicht, daß er abſtieg und das Pferd hinter ſich führte. Bald hörte er das Rauſchen eines großen Wehrs in geringer Ferne. Er folgte der Richtung dieſes einladenden Schalles. Schon iſt ein freierer Platz durch das Dickicht wahrzunehmen, aber ein Graben voll klaren fließenden Waſſers verwehrt an dieſer Stelle den Eintritt. Anton verfolgt dieſen Graben, bis ſeinem überraſchten Blicke eine liebliche Scene ſich darſtellt. — Ein einſamer Bleichplatz am Fluſſe. Mehrere Stücke Leinwand ſind ausgeſpannt. Ein Mädchen iſt eben beſchäftigt, ſie aus einem Kübel in geſchicktem Schwunge mit Waſſer zu beſprengen, und Anton glaubt nichts Schöneres geſehen zu haben. Welche Schilderung würde uns der unnachahmliche Cervantes von dieſer ländlichen Jungfrau entworfen haben! Den Glanz ihrer Augen hätte er uns gezeigt, die Herrlichkeit ihres blendenden Nackens, die zierliche Form ihrer Arme und Hände, ihrer Füße ſogar, deren eben ſo tadelloſe bewunderungswürdige Weiße und Zartheit eine verkleidete überraſchte Prinzeſſin zu verrathen ſchienen. Anton, welcher des Vortheiles genoß, unbemerkt zu ſein, beobachtete die Schöne mit niemals empfundenem Entzücken. Sie gehörte zu jenen edeln, ſchlanken, aber kräftigen Frauengeſtalten, welche jenen Gegenden eigen iſt. Der maleriſche Anzug zwar ländlich, aber in Stoff, Zuſchnitt und Anordnung eine höhere Wohlhabenheit und eine ſehr viel beſſere als die bäuerliche Lebensweiſe verrathend. Die Beſchäftigung, die Zurüſtung zu derſelben, welche bei Anwendung ſo vielen Waſſers nicht füglich zu umgehen iſt, würden zwar uns heute Zweifel erregen, nicht aber damals unſerem Reiſenden. Er weiß, daß die Wirthlichkeit, ſelbſt bei der höheren Klaſſe der Landleute, eine Sorge für die ſelbſtverfertigte Leinwand auf der Bleiche zu einer Ehrenſache erhebt, die auffallenden Abweichungen von den gewöhnlichen ſittlicheren Lebensformen der Frauen und Mädchen ausnahmsweiſe herbeiführt. Seinen Rappen möchte er darum geben, ſich ihr nähern, mit ihr vertraulich koſen zu dürfen. Er iſt nicht empfindſam, aber jung, lebenskräftig und empfänglich. — Und wenn Barbara ihn an Dieſe und an ihre Eltern gewieſen! Endlich bemerkt er, daß keine hundert Schritte aufwärts eine Brücke über den Graben geſchlagen iſt, und daß er dort ſchicklicher zu der Schönen gelangen kann, und ohne ſie zu erſchrecken. Er ſchleicht ſich dorthin, das Pferd hinter ſich führend. Mit glühenden Wangen überſchreitet er die Brücke, mit Herzklopfen betritt er den Bleichplatz, und nun — bemerkt ihn das Mädchen. — Ihre erſte Regung iſt Unwille.

„Was habt Ihr hier mit Eurem Pferde auf der Bleiche zu ſuchen? Ihr werdet die Leinwand beſudeln."

Und damit läßt ſie hocherröthend das Band, welches ihre Kleidung geſchürzt hat, und der Rock fällt bis zu den Knöcheln der glänzenden Füße.

„„Verzeiht,"" — antwortete Anton, — „„ich will Eurer Leinwand nicht zu nahe kommen. Ich bin hier ganz fremd und,"" — der unwahre Vorwand entſchlüpfte ihm, er wußte nicht wie, — „„bin verirrt.""

„Das iſt ein Anderes, — wer ſeid Ihr?" —

„„Anton Hart heiße ich.""

„Wie?" rief ſie, „Anton Hart" — und die Röthe ihrer Wangen ſchien ſich über Stirn und Hals verbreiten zu wollen.

„„Kennt Ihr meinen Namen, ſchönes Mädchen?""

„Ich habe von Euch reden gehört. Wie kommt Ihr aber hieher?"

„„Ich wiederhole es Euch, ich bin verirrt. Und da ſolches in dieſer mir fremden, abgelegenen Gegend vorher zu befürchten war, hat mich eine mir bekannte Zigeunerin für den Fall nach einer Mühle, die in dieſer Richtung liege, gewieſen. Sie verſicherte mir, ich werde dort Obdach bei gaſtfreien Leuten finden, wenn ich ſage, daß mich Barbara ſende.""

„Iſt's möglich! Barbara ſendet Euch ſelbſt! Seid gegrüßt. Die Mühle, von der allein die Rede ſein kann, iſt meine Heimath. Ich führe Euch zu den Meinen. Eure Erwartung ſoll nicht getäuſcht werden.“

„„Ihr kennt Barbara?““

„Wir kennen ſie lange. Vor Kurzem übernachtete ſie bei uns. Sie ſchilderte uns ihre Gefahr und ihre Rettung durch Euch.“

Das Auge des lieblichen Geſchöpfes füllte ſich mit Thränen, und ſie richtete einen ſeelenvollen Blick auf den jungen Fremdling.

„„Und darf ich fragen, Jungfrau, wie Ihr heißt, und wem Ihr angehört?““

„Mein Vater iſt todt. Aber die Mutter lebt. Wir beſitzen die beiden Mühlenwerke am Strome, die Mahlmühle und die Brettmühle. Der Oheim beſorgt das Gewerbe, welches die Mutter forttreibt. — Thereſe Werner heiße ich.“

„„Thereſe!““ — wiederholte Anton mit weicher Stimme.

„Gefällt Euch der Name?“

„„Wie Ihr mir gefallt.““

„Im Ernſte! — Das freut mich. Der Mutter werdet Ihr willkommen ſein. Barbara hat wohlgethan, Euch gerade an uns zu weiſen, wiewohl ſie uns mit keiner Silbe darauf vorbereitet. — Kommt nur! — Aber wie bin ich denn!“ — ſagte ſie auf einmal erröthend. — „Wartet ein wenig, bis ich meine Schuhe wieder angelegt! Auf der Bleiche, — nun Ihr werdet es wiſſen, — geht es nicht anders.“

Sie ſchlüpfte leicht wie ein Reh in das Gebüſch und kam in wenigen Minuten beſchuht zu dem entzückten Jünglinge zurück. Eine Dienerin folgte ihr, welche wahrſcheinlich bis jetzt verſendet war, um die Wache auf der Bleiche ſtatt der heimkehrenden Gebieterin zu übernehmen.

„Kommt jetzt!“ — ſagte ſie zu Anton, — „wir haben nur wenige Schritte, und die Sonne iſt im Untergehen.“ Sie faßte ſeine Hand, ihn zu geleiten. Er empfand den Schlag aller Pulſe beflügelt in ſeinen Adern.

13.

Die Familie, in welche das Zuſammentreffen der Umſtände unſeren Anton geführt, gehörte zu den Zierden des ländlichen Mittelſtandes, den zu jener Zeit auch in Preußen eine ſeltene Biederkeit, bei bedeutendem Segen an zeitlichen Gütern, eine fromme Genügſamkeit und die Fröhlichkeit auszeichnete, welche eine gemüthliche Beſchränkung und ein feſtes Vertrauen auf die göttliche Vorſehung hervorzubringen pflegen. Die Wittwe Werner, noch eine Frau in rüſtigen Jahren, verlor ihren Gatten, als Thereſe noch ein Kind war. Sie blieb im Beſitze eines reichen Gewerbes und nicht unerheblicher Erſparniſſe, aber ſie heirathete nicht wieder, nahm ihren Bruder zu ſich, der ebenfalls Wittwer, ein geſchickter Mühlenbauverſtändiger, aber auch ein ſtiller, freundlicher Mann war, und alſo beſonders geſchickt, mit ſeiner Schweſter zu wirthſchaften, welche Sanftmuth an Männern vorzüglich empfehlenswerth fand. Thereſe, das lieblichſte Kind, wurde daher mehr durch den Oheim als durch die Mutter erzogen und in mancherlei Dingen unterrichtet, die ſonſt Mädchen in dieſen Verhältniſſen damals fremd zu ſein pflegten.

Die ſtattliche Mühle, welche kaum einem Edelhofe wich, beherbergte viele Tugenden unter ihrem bemooſten niedrigen Dache, keine aber wurde darin mit mehr Befliſſenheit geübt, als die Gaſtfreundſchaft, und wir brauchen daher Antons Aufnahme kaum zu ſchildern, als er durch Thereſe der Mutter und dem Oheim zugeführt wurde, welche eben die letzten Mahlgäſte vor den Feſttagen abgefertigt hatten.

Kaum hatte indeß Thereſe den Namen Anton Hart genannt, als die lebhaften Augen der noch ſtattlichen Mutter zu leuchten anfingen, und ſie freudig ausrief: „Wie! — Anton Hart! — Der Retter der armen unſchuldigen Barbara! — Seid willkommen! Niemand konnte erſcheinen, den ich herzlicher begrüßt hätte. Wie viel Gutes und Schönes hat uns Barbara von Euch erzählt! Aber ſagt, wie kommt Ihr hieher! — womit können wir Euch dienen?“

„„Ich bin verirrt, und wollte Euch inſtändigſt um ein Obdach für dieſe Nacht bitten.““

„Verirrt! — Ihr habt ſehr wohlgethan, Euch hieher zu verirren. Obdach! — der König würde nicht beſſer aufgenommen werden können. — Aber wo geht die Reiſe hin?“

„„Ich will morgen einen Vetter in Z. bei Pr. Eylau beſuchen und bei dieſem die Feſttage zubringen.““

„In Z.! — doch wohl nicht Herrn Pfarrer Kranz?“

„„Den nämlichen.““

„Herr Hart, Ihr müßt Euch wenig um Eure Verwandten bekümmern. — Der ehrwürdige Herr iſt ſeit einem Jahre Erzprieſter in G. geworden, und Ihr hättet gute zehn Meilen bis dahin.“

„„Das bedaure ich recht ſehr.““

„Wir aber bedauern es heute keineswegs. Ihr bleibt die Feſttage bei uns, denn Ihr werdet dieſe doch nicht auf der Landſtraße zubringen wollen! — Kein Einreden! Es bleibt dabei. Gottfried, nimm dem Herrn das Pferd ab! Bruder, Thereſe, führt den Gaſt in das Zimmer! Ich eile, das Oberſtübchen für ihn einrichten zu laſſen.“

Sie war im nämlichen Augenblicke im Hauſe verſchwunden, und man hörte nur ihre, Befehle ertheilende Stimme.

Kaum eine Stunde war vergangen, und Anton fühlte ſich behaglich in der zwar einfachen, aber höchſt ſaubere und gediegene Wohlhabenheit verkündenden Umgebung; heimiſch bei dieſen wackeren und freundlichen Menſchen. Sie wurden ihm theuer, und mit inniger Freude nahm er wahr, daß er auch ihnen nicht gleichgültig ſei. Jeder Augenblick feſſelte ihn aber mehr und mehr an die reizende Thereſe; und ſie — mochte ſich im Stillen nicht minder an ſeiner Nähe erfreuen. Wenn ſich ihre Augen zufällig begegneten, errötheten ſie beide, und doch, — dieſe Begegnung ſchien beiden ſo erwünſcht zu ſein, daß ſie in einer und der nämlichen Viertelſtunde mehrmals zu erröthen ſich Gelegenheit gaben. Die Mutter war in Fragen über Antons Verhältniſſe nicht zurückhaltend; der milde verſtändige Oheim wußte das unbeſchränkte Zutrauen für ſich in Anſpruch zu nehmen; und ſo währte es nicht lange, bis die Familie alle Umſtände erfahren, welche Anton in dieſe Gegend geführt. Auch hier gereichte es dem ohnehin mit Beifall angeſehenen Manne nicht zum Nachtheile, nebenbei noch als ein wohlhabender zu erſcheinen. Die Zuvorkommenheit der Mutter wurde dadurch erhöht, die Neigung des Oheims bis zur Väterlichkeit geſteigert; und Thereſe! — für das ſchuldloſe zarte weibliche Herz liegen zeitliche Güter unter dem Maaße der Würdigung. Als er ihr ſpät gute Nacht bot und dabei ihre Hand faßte, wurde ſie tief bewegt, innig erſchüttert, und wußte nicht weshalb.

14.

Es gehört zu den größten Wonnen des Reiſenden in einer Herberge, welche gegen Bezahlung oder aus Gaſtfreundſchaft gewährt wird, ſich gleich behaglich, und in der Fremde heimiſch zu empfinden. Auch Anton machte dieſe Bemerkung, als er höchſt einladend und erfreulich von dem Oberſtübchen angeſprochen wurde, welches man ihm zum Nachtlager angewieſen. Wie ſehr aber wurde dieſer angenehme Eindruck geſteigert, als der ihn einführende Oheim erwähnte, dieſes ſei Thereſens Zimmerchen, welches ſie freiwillig ihm habe einräumen wollen, weil das andere Gaſtzimmer, nach Wegräumung der darin aufbewahrten Vorräthe, nicht ſogleich habe in die zierliche Ordnung gebracht werden können, welche ſie für unerläßlich gehalten.

Als Anton allein war, wurde es ihm wunderbar bang und ſüß um's Herz. Hier hatte ſie, als in ihrem beſonderen kleinen Eigenthum, gewaltet, an dieſer Stelle noch in voriger Nacht geſchlafen, von jungfräulichen harmloſen Träumen umgaukelt. Dieſer kleine Spiegel hatte noch an dieſem Morgen ihr liebes Bild, geröthet von der Glut des früh entweichenden Schlummers, zurückgegeben. Das beſchränkte Kämmerchen ſchien ihm eine weite Welt, und er begab ſich auf Entdeckungsreiſen, um zurückgebliebene Denkmale ihres anmuthigen Schaltens und Waltens hier aufzufinden. Aber ſie war zu ſehr der Ordnung befliſſen, als daß ſie etwas hätte umherliegen, oder bei ihrem Umzuge zurücklaſſen ſollen. — — Doch indeß, — etwas Gelbes ſchimmerte auf dem Simſe ihres Schrankes, zwiſchen hochgelben [illegible], großen dunkelrothen Äpfeln und bunten Oſtereiern, die zu dieſem Feſte aufgeſtellt waren! Es war der vergoldete Schnitt ihres Kirchenliederbuches. Er öffnete das Buch. Auf dem weißen Blatte vor dem Titel ſtand geſchrieben:

Dieſes Buch iſt mir lieb,
Wer es ſtiehlt, der iſt ein Dieb.
Thereſia Wernerin.

Anton, ſelbſt ein eifriger Schönſchreiber, hielt viel auf zierliche Schrift. Dieſe war nicht ſonderlich, ängſtlich, eckig, und die ſelbſt gewordene Tinte war augenſcheinlich mit Eſſig verdünnt, weshalb die Buchſtaben mehr gelb als ſchwarz ausſahen. Aber ſie hatte es geſchrieben und Anton meinte, es ſei eine recht gute Hand. Im Buche lagen zwiſchen den Blättern getrocknete Vergißmeinnicht, Veilchen und andere Blümchen, welche ſie wohl beim Nachhauſegehen aus der Kirche gepflückt und aufbewahrt haben mochte. Anton wünſchte, ein ſolches Blümchen ſich anzueignen, aber ſein zartes Gewiſſen hatte noch nicht einmal den Berührungspunkt mit einem galanten Diebſtahl gefunden. „Wenn ich es nehme, — ſo muß ich mich ehrlich dazu bekennen.“ Ein kleines Stückchen ſauberes Papier fand er in ſeiner Brieftaſche. Ein Tintenfaß ſtand auf dem Fenſter, und eine Feder ſteckte darin. Der Inhalt des erſten war wieder eingetrocknet, und die letzte ſchien wie ein erhärteter Span zu halten. Etwas

Waſſer brachte die verſteinerte Schwärze wieder in Fluß, ſein Federmeſſer gab dem zerfreſſenen Kiele wieder einige Tauglichkeit, die zu den wenigen von ihm geſchriebenen Worten ausreichte:

> „Das Blümchen habe zum Andenken genommen, welches ich pflichtmäßig hiedurch beſcheinige.
> Anton Hart aus S., den 3. Mai 1738."

Anton barg das Blümchen in ſeine Brieftaſche, legte das Zettelchen dafür in das Buch, und dieſes an ſeine Stelle. Es war ſchon ſpät, aber er war noch zu munter, um das Bett zu ſuchen. Er öffnete das kleine Fenſter. Der Mond ſchien hell. Die Gegend lag in einem ſilbernen Scheine, und es war eine ſo heimliche, ſo liebliche Gegend. Der Fluß, der im weißen Schimmer dahin ſtrömte. Das grüne Thal mit ſeinen Ellern, ſeinen Birken, die im Winde flüſterten. Der Obſtgarten an der wohlgebauten ſtattlichen Mühle, der im Blüthenſchnee dalag. Es war ſtill. Die Mühle ging dieſe Nacht nicht. Ihre Bewohner ſchienen bereits zu ſchlafen. Nur das Wehr rauſchte feierlich. Die Fröſche quakten. Ein paar Sproſſer ſchlugen im Garten, und die Hunde bellten den Mond an. Die Luft war frühlingswarm, und die Düfte des Flieders und Jasmins wallten aus den Lauben unten balſamiſch zu ihm empor. „Hier mit ihr wohnen," — dachte er, — „ich möchte des Großvaters Nachlaß darum geben."

„Horch!" — da hörte er leichte Schritte, welche im Hauſe die Treppe hinan ſchlüpften. Er hörte Mädchenſtimmen und erkannte die Thereſens. Wahrſcheinlich ſuchten ſie ihre Betten in einer Bodenkammer, denn eine Thüre wurde geöffnet und zugeſchlagen, und das Geſpräch verlor ſich. Ohne zu wiſſen wie, ſtand Anton draußen auf dem Saale. Licht ſchimmerte aus den Spalten eines nahgelegenen hölzernen Verſchlages, und hinter der Bretterwand hörte er die Mädchen ſprechen.

„Nun, Jungfrau Thereſe, wie gefällt Euch der Gaſt?" fragte die Dienerin.

Thereſe antwortete: „„Du willſt mich wohl ausfragen, weil ich heute, um ihm Platz zu machen, in Deiner Kammer ſchlafen muß, Anna! — Recht wohl.""

„Hört! — das wäre ein Mann für Euch."

„„Warum nicht gar! Der will höher hinaus.""

„Eine Gräfin wird er doch nicht freien."

„„Er iſt reich.""

„Seid Ihr es nicht?"

„„Mit mir hat es Zeit.""

„Habt Ihr nicht neulich von einem grünen Buxbaum geträumt?"

„„Ja wohl.""

„Das bedeutet nahen Brautſtand."

„„Poſſen.""

„Und was hat Euch geſtern die Zigeunerin Barbara prophezeit?"

„„Thorheiten.""

„Einen ſchmucken Freier. Könnt Ihr ihn beſſer wünſchen?"

„„Was weiß ich! Aber weißt Du, Anna, daß ihn Barbara eben an uns gewieſen?""

„Was Ihr ſagt! — Dann iſt's richtig."

„„Du faſelſt.""

„Wenn er aber nun Ernſt machte, was würdet Ihr thun?"

„„Ich weiß nicht.""

„Ihr würdet gewiß Ja ſagen."

„„Albernes Ding.""

„Würdet Ihr Nein ſagen?"

„„Laß mich in Frieden!""

„Auf's Gewiſſen, — würdet Ihr Nein ſagen? —"

„„Er hat mich niemals beleidigt, und Nein iſt ein hartes Wort.""

„Seht Ihr alſo, Jungfer Thereſe? Ihr würdet Ja ſagen, und es wäre das beſte Wort von Euern Lippen."

Das Licht wurde plötzlich ausgeblaſen, und Thereſe ſagte kichernd: „„gute Nacht, Anna!""

Antons Herz pochte heftig. „Sie würde nicht Nein ſagen," — flüſterte er. — „Gott im Himmel, — Die oder Keine!" — Er ging in ſein Zimmer, kleidete ſich ſchnell aus, und ſank wie ein Berauſchter in die Kiſſen.

Wir verlaſſen ihn dem ſeligen Schlummer der Unſchuld, in welchem der zärtliche Gedanke an Thereſen verdämmerte, um mit ſeinem früheſten Erwachen am nächſten Morgen wieder lebendig zu werden, und eilen, den hier abbrechenden Faden unſerer Darſtellung in einer entfernten Gegend, an weit verſchiedenen Begebenheiten und Erſcheinungen wieder anzuknüpfen.

15.

Es war im Spätſommer des nämlichen Jahres 1738, als an einem regendunkeln Abende, der ganz beſonders zur Geſelligkeit geeignet erſchien, mehrere Diener in etwas corporalmäßig zugeſchnittenen, anſtändigen, aber nichts weniger als glänzenden Livreen eilig beſchäftigt waren, einen Saal zu einer Verſammlung einzurichten, die an dieſem Abende darin ſtattfinden ſollte. Der Saal war hoch und geräumig, mit einer al Fresco gemalten Decke, und ſah vornehm aus, von eigentlicher Pracht war aber nichts zu entdecken. Der Boden war freilich auf das zierlichſte getäfelt und glänzend mit Wachs frottirt, die Wände waren allerdings mit grünem Damaſte bekleidet und mit goldenen Leiſten verziert, aber kein Teppich war ausgebreitet, die Tapeten hatten den Lüſtre verloren, und die Leiſten waren ein wenig blind geworden. Um den ſchönen Plafond war es ſchade, denn man hatte ihn nicht mit der Sorgfalt der Kunſtliebe geſchont, und die treffliche Malerei war bis zur Unkenntlichkeit mancher Figuren verdunkelt. Abgeſehen von dieſen Verzichtungen des Luxus, herrſchte aber eine echt holländiſche Sauberkeit im ganzen Gemache. Auch ſchienen Einrichtungen und Meubles eine gewiſſe Vorliebe des Eigeners für bataviſche Formen und Lebensweiſe zu verrathen. Das einzige Prachtſtück war ein großer Kronleuchter von Bergkryſtall, an welchem die Diener ſo eben zwanzig große Kerzen von milchweißem Wachſe entzündeten. Sodann wurde eine lange Tafel, welche von einem Ende des Gemaches zum anderen reichte, aufgeſchlagen und mit einem koſtbaren holländiſchen Gedecke überſpreitet. Kleine holländiſche Rohrſchemmel wurden umher an einander gereiht; für die noch nicht eingetroffenen Gäſte Thonpfeifen, Porzellanſchalen mit feinem Taback, Fidibus und Wachsſtöcke zurecht gelegt, brennende Kerzen auf hohen ſchweren ſilbernen Armleuchtern wurden auf den Tafeln vertheilt; und ſo war die Zurüſtung zu der ſonderbarſten Tabagie fertig, die jemals geſehen worden. Stimmen vor der Thüre verkündeten die Annäherung der Gäſte. Sie traten ein, nur Herren vom Militair, keiner unter funfzig, lauter ehrbare altväterliche, mitunter ein wenig ſaure Geſichter, alle von Range, einige mit Ordensſternen, die Bänder auf den, unten am Magen nur mit zwei Knöpfchen geſchloſſenen langen Weſten, von Schärpen umgurtet. Keiner erlaubte es ſich, abzulegen und Platz zu nehmen, alle ſtanden in einzelnen Gruppen umher, gleichſam erwartend, unter einander flüſternd. Da rauſchte eine Seitenthüre. Das leiſe Geſpräch der Anweſenden verſtummte plötzlich, und alle, eine ſteife dienſtmäßige Stellung annehmend, richteten ehrfurchtsvolle Blicke auf den Eintretenden. Dieſer war ein Mann von mittler Größe, in einem Stabsoffizieralter, von ziemlicher Corpulenz. Das Geſicht mit herrlichen blauen Augen zeigte ungeachtet ſeiner, der ſchönen Form entquollenen Fülle, einen edeln majeſtätiſchen, aber ſtrengen Ausdruck. Die Kleidung war eine einfache blaue Infanterieuniform ohne Stickerei. Der Stern des ſchwarzen Adlerordens glänzte auf der Bruſt. Schuhe von dienſtmäßigem Schnitt, und lange Kamaſchen von ſchneeweißer feiner Leinwand bekleideten die Füße. Gang und Anſtand waren frei und gebietend.

„Guten Abend, Ihr Herren," — ſprach der Eintretende mit faſt unmerklicher Neigung des Hauptes. — „Ich hoffe, daß unſerem Kreiſe Niemand mangelt." —

„Niemand, Ew. Majeſtät," antwortete ein ſilberhaariger General-Lieutenant.

„Nun, — ſo ſetzen wir uns!" ſagte der König und nahm den oberſten Platz am Tiſche.

Die übrigen Anweſenden folgten ſeinem Beiſpiele, und — das Tabakscollegium König Friedrich Wilhelm des Erſten war hiemit, und zwar in ſeinem Schloſſe zu Potsdam verſammelt.

16.

Die Thonpfeifen wirbelten ihre Rauchſäulen und Düfte empor, die Diener reichten gläſerne Krüge mit Bier gefüllt umher, da nur dieſes Getränk dem Genuſſe des Tabaks, ſelbſt hier, angemeſſen erachtet wurde, aber das Geſpräch wollte nicht recht in den Gang kommen, denn der König war ſichtlich zerſtreut. Endlich hub er an: „Was ſteht in den Zeitungen, Ihr Herren!"

Man fragte, ob Se. Majeſtät befehle, daß ſie vorgeleſen würden. —

„Nein," — ſagte der Monarch. — „Die Händel der Welt werden mir täglich gleichgültiger. Wer die Zeitung geleſen, theile uns das Neueſte aus unſerer Nähe mit."

„„Es giebt für uns nichts Wichtigeres,"" — erwiederte ein General. — „„als daß Ew. Majeſtät uns ſchon morgen verlaſſen, um eine Reiſe nach Preußen anzutreten, und das —""

„Und das?" fragte der König.

„„Kann uns keineswegs erfreulich ſein.""

„Obligirt für die Attention."

„„Ew. Majeſtät mißverſtehen mich, es war auf Courtoiſie durchaus nicht abgeſehen.""

„Nun! — worauf denn, wenn's beliebt?"

„„Auf ehrerbietigen Tadel, mit Devotion zu melden, denn Ew. Majeſtät genießen leider nicht der beſten Geſundheit, die

Jahreszeit iſt vorgerückt, das üble Wetter tritt in Preußen früher ein als hier. Ob die Reiſe überhaupt nöthig iſt, liegt außer unſerer Beurtheilung. Unſeres geringen Ermeſſens möchte aber jenes Land nicht über Winter davonlaufen, ſo daß Ew. Majeſtät künftigen Frühling immer noch zeitig genug dorthin gelangt wären.""

„Künftigen Frühling?" — erwiederte der König faſt ſinnig. — „Wer weiß, wer dann noch lebt. — Keine Complimente, Ihr Herren! Wir kennen Eure Loyauté, ſind indeß Zufällen ausgeſetzt, welche uns kein hohes Alter verſprechen. Indeß wie Gott will. Wir fürchten die letzte Stunde nicht, hoffen einen nachſichtigen Richter, und wiſſen unſere Staaten, unſere Armee und unſeren wohlerworbenen Treſor in guten Händen. Wir müſſen indeſſen unſerem Nachfolger ein gutes Fundament hinterlaſſen. Neue Einrichtungen ſind gemacht in der Verwaltung unſerer Domanen. Hier tragen ſie gute Früchte, man muß ſehen, wie ſie ſich in Preußen eignen."

Ein General von ſtrengem ſoldatiſchen Anſehen, welcher neben dem Könige ſaß, ſchlug eine tiefe Lache auf. Friedrich Wilhelm, nicht daran gewöhnt, ſeine Worte ſo aufgenommen zu ſehen, ſchaute mit einer Miene nach dem Verwegenen, die böſes Wetter verſprach. Seine Stirne erheiterte ſich aber wieder, denn er bemerkte, es ſei Fürſt Leopold von Deſſau geweſen, ſein berühmter General-Feldmarſchall, ſein aufrichtiger, wiewohl etwas roher Freund und Liebling, ſein naher Verwandter und ein Reichsfürſt wie er.

„Nun," ſagte er, — „Ew. Liebden ſcheinen abſonderlich heiteren Humeurs. Darf man fragen, was es hiebei zu lachen giebt?"

„„Was es zu lachen giebt?"" — erwiederte der Fürſt und ſtrich ſich den Knebelbart: — „„Daß Ew. Majeſtät mit den vielen Federfuchſern bei Ihren Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammern meinen vernünftig haushalten zu können, ohne nicht zuweilen Einen oder den Andern zum Exempel für die Uebrigen, fünfundzwanzig Mal Gaſſen zu laufen.""

„Ew. Liebden ſind ein großer General, reden aber eben von Dingen, die Sie nicht verſtehen."

„„Himmeltauſendſapperment, Ew. Majeſtät, man muß mindeſtens ein König ſein, um mir dieſes in den Bart zu ſagen. Ein guter Infanteriſt verſteht Alles. — Wenn aller Leute Wirthſchaft nur ſo beſtellt wäre als die meine! Mein Land gedeiht, meine Beutel ſind voll, und meine Beamten, — von welchen freilich keiner nicht wenigſtens Unterofficier geweſen, — betrügen mich nicht.""

„Echauffiren Ew. Liebden ſich nicht ohne Noth. — Betrügen mich denn meine?"

„„Weiß nicht, Ew. Majeſtät.""

„Ew. Liebden dürfen ſich nicht rar und koſtbar machen, convenirt denſelben nicht ſonderlich, weder als braver Soldat, noch als freundwilliger Vetter. Repetire die Frage: — Wo betrügen mich denn meine Beamten?"

„„Ew. Majeſtät reiſen ja nach Preußen, von wo ich unlängſt herkomme, und mich an dem Gedeihen meiner Güter in Litthauen erfreut habe. Ew. Majeſtät mögen ſelbſt zuſehen. Bin Allerhöchſt Dero General-Feldmarſchall, nicht aber Dero Angeber und Spion.""

Der König gerieth in die peinlichſte Stimmung und drang mit Bitten und Mahnungen ſo lange in den eiſernen Fürſten, bis dieſer ſich endlich bequemte und ſagte: „„Nun, der Kriegs- und Domänenrath von Süß in Königsberg iſt ein Schelm. Die Kinder ſagen das auf der Straße, aber beweiſen kann es ihm Niemand. Er beaufſichtigt im perſönlichen Auftrage ſelbſtſtändig alle Domänenämter in Litthauen, die mehrſten Beamten ſind ſeine Creaturen und müſſen mehr in ſeine Taſche wirthſchaften als in die Ew. Majeſtät, wenn er ihnen nicht den Hals brechen ſoll. Ich weiß das von guter Hand, ich habe aber Parole gegeben, den Mann nicht zu nennen.""

Der Zorn ſtieg auf die Stirne des Monarchen, der in ſolchen Sachen gerade am wenigſten Spaß verſtand.

„Ich bin Ew. Liebden ſehr verbunden für die gute Botſchaft," — ſagte er mit erkünſtelter Faſſung. — „Dieſelben beſchuldigen da einen Cavalier, der nur wegen ſchwächlicher Leibesconſtitution nicht im Militair dienen können, obwohl von guter Familie, ein mir wohlbekanntes, ſehr routinirtes und qualificirtes Subject, der infamſten Felonie, die den Galgen verdiente. Vor Dero Parole allen ſchuldigen Reſpekt, wir geben aber auch unſere als Edelmann, Offizier und König, daß wir den von Süß hängen laſſen, ſo das wahr iſt, welches Ew. Liebden ihm nachſagen. Seine Verſchuldung dürfte übrigens ohne criminelle Mitwiſſenſchaft ſeines unmittelbaren Vorgeſetzten nicht möglich ſein."

Fürſt Leopold fuhr vom Stuhle in die Höhe, ſtemmte die geballte Fauſt in die Seite und entgegnete mit barſchem Commandoton:

„„Beſchuldigen Ew. Majeſtät keinen treuen Diener und Ehrenmann. Der Kammerdirector von B. zu Königsberg iſt der tüchtigſte und rechtſchaffenſte Mann, der, ſo mir Gott helfe, einer Grenadiercompagnie würdig wäre. Das ſage ich, — ich ſage das Ew. Majeſtät, und bin curiös zu erfahren, wer nun noch Courage haben wird, ihn einen Schelm zu nennen.""

„Wir bitten Ew. Liebden um Pardon," — ſagte der König zwar nachgebend, aber in gereiztem Tone. — „Werden indeß excuſiren, wenn unſer Eins ſich herausnimmt zu bemerken, wie dann des von Süß unentdeckte Frevel, von welchen aber die Buben auf der Straße ſprechen, Räthſel ſind, zu deren Löſung wenigſtens unſer armer Verſtand nicht ausreicht."

„„Glaub's gern."" — ſagte der Fürſt mit gewöhnlichem Phlegma, und blies eine Tabackswolke, die für ein paar Sekunden ihn, den König und die zunächſt Sitzenden in undurchdringlichen Nebel verhüllte, — „„geht mir nicht beſſer, bin aber auch ein ehrlicher Soldat und kein Federfuchſer. Ich ſagte es ja vorhin, ohne fünfundzwanzig Mal Gaſſenlaufen kommt kein Licht in die Sache. Aber das hilft gewiß. Der von Süß hat da neulich wieder einen Streich geſpielt, den ich auf meinen Gütern in Litthauen erfuhr, ehe ich von dort abreiſte, der —""

„Erzählen doch Ew. Liebden ſothanen Streich!" — fiel der König ein, — „wollen ſehen, ob er auf einem Umwege zu etwas führt."

„„Ew. Majeſtät haben das Domänenamt S. in Litthauen, es grenzt an meine dortigen Vorwerke, an den Amtmann Hart verpachtet. Dieſer ſoll dreitauſend Thaler Pacht zahlen, Ew. Majeſtät erhalten wirklich aber nur tauſend.""

„Richtig, Ew. Liebden, alldieweilen zweitauſend Thaler jährlich contractmäßig zu großen Meliorations verwendet werden ſollen, durch welche das Amt dem Kronprinzen, meinem Sohne, wenn er regiert, dereinſt ſechstauſend Thaler jährlich bringen wird."

„„Gratulire,"" — entgegnete der Fürſt, — „„das Amt trägt aber wirklich nicht nur dreitauſend, ſondern ſchon fünftauſend Thaler ein, und wenn nur zweitauſend Thaler jährlich an die Meliorations verwendet werden ſollen, ſo hätte das Amt bei der vorjährigen Verpachtung nicht für tauſend Thaler baar, ſondern um dreitauſend Thaler jährlich dem Pächter zugeſchlagen werden ſollen, und der Pächter hätte doch noch ſeinen anſtändigen Vortheil gehabt. Aber nicht einmal die zweitauſend Thaler werden zur Verbeſſerung verwendet, das heißt in der Wirklichkeit, denn auf dem Papiere weiß der Süß blauen Dunſt genug vorzuſchwindeln, und es giebt ehrliche Leute, die ihm glauben. Aber dafür ſtiehlt er Ew. Majeſtät jährlich von dem einen ein paar tauſend Thaler für ſich, und überläßt dem Amtmann Hart auch ſeinen Theil, damit er zu ſeinen Intriguen und Practiken ſich hergiebt. Der Hart war vor zehn Jahren ein ſo armer Mann, daß der Süß für ihn Caution ſtellte, nun iſt er reicher, als es möglich wäre, wenn es mit rechten Dingen zuginge. Aber der Satan läßt nicht mit ſich ſpielen. Der Hart hatte einen tüchtigen Sohn, er hieß mit Vornamen Anton, einen hübſchen Burſchen von zwanzig Jahren, den ich ſelbſt geſehen habe, und der die Seele der Wirthſchaft war, ohne daß er in die Ränke des Vaters jemals eingeweiht worden. Der arme Junge macht eine Erbſchaft, und gleich fällt es dem Süß ein, ſeine Maitreſſe an ihn zu verheirathen. Der Vater, den der ſaubere Kriegsrath in Händen hat, willigt ein, der Sohn ſperrt ſich dagegen. Da nimmt der Vater ihn bei Seite und läßt ihn zum erſten Male in die Karten ſehen. Hart kann dem von Süß nichts beweiſen, Süß kann ihn aber zum Bettler, zum Schelm machen und in die Karre bringen, wenn er ſich nicht willenlos ſeinen Abſichten fügt. Der junge Menſch ſteht wie vom Blitze getroffen, bittet um eine Nacht Bedenkzeit, und am andern Morgen iſt er in die weite Welt entlaufen, Niemand weiß wohin.""

Der König hatte dem Berichte mit ſtarrer Aufmerkſamkeit zugehört, endlich ſagte er: — „Der Junge wird vor den Soldaten deſertirt ſein, oder weil des von Süß — Gott ſei bei uns — Maitreſſe ihm nicht angeſtanden. Woher ſollte man auch, da man ſeiner nicht wieder habhaft geworden, die eigentlichen Bewegungsgründe ſeines Davonlaufens wiſſen!" —

„„Der junge Menſch,"" — verſetzte Fürſt Leopold, — „„hat am Abende vor ſeiner Flucht demjenigen ſein Herz aufgeſchloſſen, von welchem ich dieſe ganze Geſchichte erfahren, und welchen nicht namhaft zu machen ich Parole gegeben.""

Der König ſtand auf mit den Worten: „Nach Belieben. Ew. Liebden gaben Ihre Parole, wir die unſrige, und morgen reiſen wir nach Preußen. — Auf glückliches Wiederſehen, Ihr Herren. Es wird ſpät. Madame erwartet mich, und ich bin ihr und meinen Kindern dieſen Abend ſchuldig."

Er grüßte freundlich und dem Anſcheine nach völlig beruhigt, indem er ſich durch die Seitenthür in die Zimmer der Königin begab.

17.

Der König reiſte am folgenden Morgen wirklich nach Preußen ab. Ein Adjutant, ein Arzt, und nur die nothwendigſte Dienerſchaft bildeten ſeine unmittelbare Begleitung, indeß der Kronprinz folgte ihm dieſes Mal mit zwei Cavalieren in einem beſondern Wagen, und ſo war das Gefolge des einfachen Monarchen zahlreicher als ſonſt. Die Reiſe wurde mit gewöhnlicher Schnelligkeit durch Pommern zurückgelegt, und ſchon nach ſechs Tagen erreichte Friedrich Wilhelm um fünf Uhr Nachmittags die entlegene Hauptſtadt ſeines Königreichs. Der Kronprinz, obgleich eben in der höchſten Gunſt ſeines längſt mit ihm völlig ausgeſöhnten Vaters, hatte mit ſeiner gewöhnlichen Feinheit einen Vorwand gefunden, ſich in dem ſieben Meilen von Königsberg entlegenen Flecken Brandenburg am friſchen Haff ein paar Stunden länger zu verweilen, um bei dem allgemeinen Intereſſe, welches überall eingeflößt zu haben er ſich bewußt war, dem Könige bei dem Einzuge in die Stadt nicht durch ſeine, dort noch niemals geſehene Erſcheinung einen Theil der Aufmerkſamkeit des Volkes zu entziehen. Erſt in der Dämmerung beabſichtigte er, unerkannt auf der alten Königsburg Friedrichs des Erſten einzutreffen.

Die Straßen der Stadt, durch welche der Monarch vom Brandenburger Thore bis zum Schloſſe fahren mußte, und welche ſich bis zur Länge einer halben Meile hinziehen, waren mit Volksmaſſen erfüllt, die begierig waren ihren Gebieter zu ſehen. Der König indeſſen, ſo wohl er es mit ſeinem Volke meinte, und ſo gern er ſich geliebt ſah, war kein Freund von ſolchen Auflaufen, wie er zu ſagen pflegte, und ſeine Stirn verfinſterte ſich ſchon, als er durch's Thor fuhr und die vielen Perſonen erblickte, welche am Wege ſtanden. Als ſein Wagen jedoch an der Kirche um die Ecke bog, und er den Haberberg und die lange, breite, ſchnurgerade Vorſtadt mit einer unüberſehbaren Menge erfüllt ſah, gerieth er in Zorn. Er rief aus dem Wagen: „Haben die Tagediebe nichts zu Hauſe zu thun!“ Das Raſſeln des pfeilſchnell dahinfliegenden Wagens, das Jubelgeſchrei des Volkes, dem die Fülle und das ſcheinbar blühende Ausſehen des Königs große Freude erregten, übertönte ſelbſt die Commandoſtimme des ſoldatiſchen Fürſten, ſo daß die Ausbrüche ſeines Unwillens von keinem Ohre vernommen wurden. Seine Empfindlichkeit wurde dadurch geſteigert, und ſchon wollte er halten laſſen und den Befehl nachdrücklicher wiederholen, als ſein neben ihm im Wagen ſitzender General-Adjutant, ein Mann, auf welchen der König viel hielt, ihn ziemlich trocken erſuchte, das gut ſein zu laſſen. „Er werde ja doch nur von Wenigen gehört werden. Kinder freuten ſich immer am Anblicke des lange nicht geſehenen Vaters, und Se. Majeſtät ſei ja der Vater Aller.“

Der Schluß wirkte. Der König ſchwieg, erheiterte ſich nach und nach, und noch hatte er die grüne Brücke nicht erreicht, als er ſchon, auf's Huldreichſte lächelnd, der entzückten jubelnden Volksmenge zunickte und, da das Gedränge immer dichter wurde, den Poſtillons zurufen ließ, langſamer zu fahren. So ging es durch die Kneiphöfſche Langgaſſe, wo der Monarch vor den vielen zierlich gekleideten Frauen und Töchtern der reichen Kaufleute, welche auf den Balcons vor den Thüren ſich befanden, ſogar mit einer Art von Ritterlichkeit den Hut zog und allgemeine Begeiſterung erregte, deren Ausdruck ihn immer aufgeräumter machte.

Sein Wagen rollte über die Krämerbrücke und fuhr eben in die altſtädtiſche Langgaſſe, als ſich ein Vorfall ereignete, welcher die böſeſten Folgen hätte haben können. Es iſt dort eine für die Paſſage im Volksgewühle gefährliche Stelle. Gleich nach der Brücke verengt ſich die Straße in dieſem ſehr dicht bebauten Theile jener Hauptſtadt zwiſchen hohen und ſtattlichen Häuſern ſo ſehr, daß es zweien Wagen faſt unmöglich iſt, neben einander zu fahren. Da nun dieſe Einfahrt in die Straße jederzeit höchſt belebt iſt, das Geräuſch der Wagen ſich in dieſer Beſchränkung verſtärkt und etwaige Verwirrung noch vermehrt, ſo iſt dieſer Ort bei jeder ungewöhnlichen Gelegenheit nie ohne Aufmerkſamkeit und Beſorgniß zu durchſchreiten. Ein junges Mädchen ſchien mit einem Briefe in der Hand gerade hier den König erwartet zu haben, wo ſie allerdings am leichteſten Gelegenheit fand, ihm die Bittſchrift zu überreichen, oder in die Kutſche zu werfen. Wahrſcheinlich um letzteres zu bewirken, hob ſie ſich, auf der unterſten Stufe einer Treppe ſtehend, auf den Fußſpitzen empor, als ſie dem hohen Reiſenden gegenüber war. In dieſem Augenblicke wurde ſie aber von der Seite und von hinten gedrängt und geſtoßen, ſo daß ſie zu Boden und zwiſchen die Räder des Wagens ſtürzte.

„Halt!“ — donnerte der Monarch. — „Halt!“ — riefen hundert Stimmen von allen Seiten ihm nach. Nebenanſtehende fielen den Pferden in die Zügel, und der Wagen ſtand in dem Augenblicke, in welchem das Hinterrad eben die Unglückliche berühren ſollte, die man nun unverſehrt, aber halb ſinnlos vor Schreck, unter dem Wagen hervorzog.

18.

Wer das heftige Temperament König Friedrich Wilhelms des Erſten erwägen will, bedarf keiner Schilderung der Aufregung, in welche ihn dieſe Begebenheit verſetzte.

Die Poſtillons wollten weiter fahren, aber ein neues Halt von ſeinem Munde, noch donnernder als das erſte, feſſelte wie ein Zauberſpruch jede Bewegung.

„Welche Unordnung!“ — ſchalt er. — „Iſt keine Aufſicht hier? — keine Polizei? — Wo iſt die Polizei?“

Es befand ſich zu ihrem Glücke entweder gar keine in der Nähe, oder ſie war incognito, und fand es, wie die Sachen ſtanden, nicht gerathen, ſich zu decouvriren. Die Wahrheit zu geſtehen, war dieſer Zweig der öffentlichen Verwaltung damals noch ſehr weit von ſeinem heutigen zweckmäßigen Nachdrucke entfernt. — Der König fuhr fort:

„Ich ſehe, daß ich kommen muß, um ihnen die Köpfe zurecht zu ſetzen. Ich werde den ganzen Magiſtrat zum Teufel jagen.“

Einer der zürnenden Blicke des Monarchen fiel nun auf den unglücklichen Anlaß ſeines Unwillens, und die erſte Sylbe eines neuen Ausbruches ſtarb auf ſeinen Lippen. Nach ſeinem eigenen ſpätern Geſtändniſſe erinnerte er ſich nicht, etwas Schöneres geſehen zu haben als dieſes Mädchen, welchem der Schreck, die der Bläſſe folgende glühende Röthe, die Verwirrung in allen Zügen ein um ſo rührenderes Anſehen gaben.

Friedrich Wilhelm betrachtete ſie, ſich weit aus dem Fenſter der Kutſche lehnend, länger als eine Minute ſchweigend, während welcher der Sturm in ſeinem Innern ſich völlig beſchwichtigte. Endlich fragte er mit Güte: „Du haſt keinen Schaden genommen, mein Kind!“

Das arme Geſchöpf war ſo verwirrt, daß es nicht antworten konnte.

„Nun,“ — fuhr der König fort, nachdem er vergebens den Beſcheid erwartet, — „hat der Schreck Dich ſtumm gemacht? — Wer biſt Du!“ —

Das Mädchen fand noch immer keine Faſſung, und ein junges Weib von brauner Geſichtsfarbe, welche die Begleiterin zu machen ſchien, erwiederte für ſie:

„„Die Arme iſt verwirrt und erſchrocken, allerdurchlauchtigſte Majeſtät. Sie heißt Thereſe Werner und iſt die einzige Tochter der ſteinreichen Müllerin aus J.““

„Serviteur,“ — entgegnete der König mit Laune. — „Was bewegt aber die ſteinreiche Müllerprinzeſſin, ſich zwiſchen die Wagenräder eines armen Mannes in den Koth zu legen!“

„„Sie wollte eine demüthige Bittſchrift überreichen.““

„Sehr herablaſſend von dieſer ſteinreichen Perſonage. Gebt Eure Bittſchrift her, da Ihr Euch einmal der Gefahr ausgeſetzt habt, deshalb gerädert zu werden; wiewohl wir uns ſonſt mit dergleichen auf dieſe Art nicht befaſſen.“

Ja, — die Bittſchrift, — wo war die? — Sie war bei dem Falle der armen Thereſe aus der Hand gekommen und nun nirgend mehr zu ſehen. Vermuthlich war ſie von der Menge in den Koth getreten. Kurz, ſie war nicht mehr vorhanden.

„„Ach, — die Bittſchrift,““ — ſagte nun Thereſe ſelbſt, — „„ich habe ſie nicht mehr.““

„Hat auch nichts zu bedeuten,“ — meinte der König lachend. — „Da ich höre, daß Du nicht ſtumm biſt, artiges Kind, ſo kannſt Du mir Dein Anliegen mündlich vortragen. Gegen ſteinreiche Leute muß man zuvorkommend ſein. Die Sache wird ſo große Eile nicht haben. Morgen bin ich nicht zu ſprechen, übermorgen auch nicht, aber Sonnabend Vormittags Schlag neun Uhr melde Dich auf dem Schloſſe bei meinen Leuten, ſie werden Dich zu mir führen. — Vorwärts!“

Der Wagen fuhr fort, während der König noch einen Blick zurück auf Thereſen fallen ließ, und dann zu ſeinem General-Adjutanten ſagte: „Nicht wahr, Oberſt, — ſie war ſchön!“

„„Sehr ſchön, Ew. Majeſtät.““

„Aber ſie wäre bei einem Haare gerädert worden. Das iſt ja hier eine Teufelswirthſchaft. Ich muß ein Einſehen darin haben. Solch eine Lumpenpolizei!“ — und hiemit ging die Stimmung des Königs, die, wie bei allen Jähzornigen, ſchnellem Wechſel unterworfen war, von Neuem in die äußerſte Heftigkeit über, in welcher er Maßregeln der höchſten Strenge beſchloß, die niemals zur Ausführung gelangen ſollten.

Dieſer neue Sturm währte indeß nur ſo lange, bis der König den Schloßberg hinauffuhr. Hier ſtanden zwei Compagnien vom Regimente des Gouverneurs in Parade, und begrüßten den König mit klingendem Spiel und kriegeriſchen Ehren. Man konnte außer der bekannten Rieſengarde zu Potsdam nichts Trefflicheres ſehen als dieſe Truppe, und der Monarch muſterte ſie im Vorbeifahren mit dem Lächeln des Entzückens. Im innern Schloßhofe, unter einem Verſchlage, der den Eingang verkleidet und oben einen zu den Staatsgemächern der königlichen Wohnung gehörenden Balkon trägt, hielt der Wagen. Der Gouverneur, der Kammerdirector und der Oberbürgermeiſter empfingen den erhabenen Reiſenden am Schlage. Der erſte ſtand in beſonderer Gunſt. — „Grüß Ihn Gott, lieber General!“ — redete ihn der König an, — „ich freue mich, Ihn wieder zu ſehen. Ich muß Ihm ſagen, daß mir Sein Regiment ſehr wohl gefällt. — Schöne Leute, — ſehr ſchöne Leute!“

Aber im Vorzimmer waren die Mitglieder der Landescollegien, der Adel, die Geiſtlichkeit, die Notabeln der Stadt, die Deputirten der Kaufmannſchaft verſammelt. Der König begrüßte ſie ſehr gnädig, aber dieſes hinderte nicht, daß Dieſer oder Jener, wie der Monarch die Reihe hinunter ging, ſein Theil bekommen hatte.

Dem Oberbürgermeiſter wurde die ſchlechte Polizei vorgerückt, aber er wurde nichts weniger als zum Teufel gejagt.

Die Aeußerung, welche dem Kammerdirector von B., einem geſchickten und redlichen Beamten, zu Theil wurde, verſtand indeß Niemand. „Es freut mich, lieber v. B., Seinen Eifer in meinem Dienſte öffentlich loben zu können. Aber Er ſieht blaß aus, — befindet Er ſich nicht wohl?“ —

„„Ew. Majeſtät, leider nicht ſonderlich.““

„Er arbeitet ſelbſt zu viel. Ich will, daß Er ſich perſönlich menagirt und dafür Seinen Untergebenen deſto ſchärfer auf die Finger ſieht. Er iſt ein treuer und redlicher Mann, der meine volle Gnade hat und behalten ſoll; Er muß aber ja nicht glauben, daß, weil Er honett iſt, alle anderen Leute es auch ſind. Er hat auch räudige Schafe unter ſeiner Heerde. Ich werde Ihm aber zu Hülfe kommen und einen Galgen vor die Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer aufbauen laſſen, an welchem der hangen ſoll, der an meinem Dienſte treulos wird und Sein Vertrauen mißbraucht. Morgen mehr davon in allem Guten, lieber v. B.!“

Neben dem Kammerdirector ſtand der Kriegs- und Domänenrath von Süß, reich gekleidet, mit einem ironiſchen Lächeln auf den geſpitzten Lippen, als wolle er den Galgen perſifliren.

Der König bemerkte es unglücklicherweiſe und warf ihm einen furchtbaren Blick zu, der Todtenbläſſe über das Geſicht des Vorwitzigen goß, das Lächeln in den Ausdruck paniſchen Schreckens verzog, und ging an ihm vorüber in die für ihn eingerichteten Zimmer, mit dem Befehle, den Kronprinzen zu ihm zu beſcheiden, ſobald er einträfe.

Die erſten Tage nach der Ankunft des Königs gingen unter Muſterungen der Garniſon und langen Conferenzen mit dem Kammerdirector von B. in Gegenwart des Kronprinzen vorüber, der wenig öffentlich erſchien, ſo geſpannt man auf ſeine Erſcheinung war. Akten von der Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer wurden dem Könige vorgelegt, von ihm in die Gemächer des Kronprinzen getragen, der ſich die Abende hindurch in Gemeinſchaft mit dem Kammerdirector damit beſchäftigte und deshalb einen Ball ausſchlug, welchen der Adel für ihn veranſtalten wollte. Ein reitender Bote mußte den Amtmann Hart aus S. unverzüglich nach Königsberg beſcheiden, und der Kriegsrath von Süß erhielt vorläufig Stubenarreſt. Man zerbrach ſich die Köpfe über dieſe Maßregeln, man ergründete ſie aber nicht.

Am dritten Morgen ſaß der König eben beim Frühſtücke, als ſein Kammerdiener das Mädchen meldete, welches Se. Majeſtät um dieſe Stunde herbeſtellt und vorzulaſſen befohlen.

Der Monarch, eben mit Leſen eines Memoires beſchäftigt, winkte bejahend, ohne aufzuſehen.

Aus den früheren Abſchnitten dieſes Berichtes kennen wir bereits den Charakter der ländlichen Thereſe, wir dürfen alſo nicht ausführlich ſein bei der Schilderung der Befangenheit, der zitternden Schritte, mit denen ſie das Zimmer des Landesherrn betrat und ihn in ſeinem offenſtehenden Cabinette wahrnahm, der ſie anfangs nicht zu bemerken ſchien. Sie ſtand wartend, und ihr nach oben gerichtetes Auge ſchien bisweilen Kraft von daher zu erflehen. Hätte ſie nur die Zigeunerin Barbara, welche ihr bei dieſem zweifelhaften Unternehmen nie von der Seite gekommen, wie ſie denn auch den Gedanken dazu hergegeben, und ihr durch ihre Liſt dabei weſentliche Dienſte geleiſtet, bei ſich haben können. Aber dieſe Vagabundin war ſchlau genug, ſich der unmittelbaren Theilnahme an dieſem letzten Schritte zu entziehen, wohl wiſſend, daß bei Friedrich Wilhelm ihr Urſprung und ihre Lebensweiſe der Clientin keineswegs zur Empfehlung gereichen würden.

Der König legte das Papier aus der Hand, ſah Thereſen und redete ſie an.

„Nur näher, mein Kind! Was ſtand in Deiner Bittſchrift? — Dein Bräutigam iſt unter die Soldaten genommen, und ich ſoll ihn wohl losgeben?“

„„Ach ja, allergnädigſter König.““

„Sagte ich es nicht voraus! — Das iſt das alte Lied. Wenn es nach Euch ginge, hätte ich eine Armee von Zwergen, Buckligen und Waſſerköpfen, denn an denen freilich iſt Euch nichts gelegen. Das geht ſo nicht. Wie groß iſt der Menſch?“

„„Ich weiß das ſo genau nicht.““

„Ungefähr.“

„„Wohl größer als —““ — ſie zauderte.

„Als ich,“ — fiel der König lachend ein. — „Das würde nicht viel bedeuten. Unſereins hat andere Meriten. Wenn der Menſch über zwölf Zoll iſt, wird nichts daraus, denn alsdann hat er Grenadiergröße. Bei Mousquetiermaaß drücke ich ein Auge zu. Bei welchem Regimente iſt er eingeſtellt?“

„„Ich weiß auch dieſes nicht,““ antwortete Thereſe, und brach in Thränen aus.

„Nun, — wo iſt er denn ausgehoben?“

„„Er iſt gar nicht ausgehoben. Die Werber haben ihn mit Gewalt fortgeſchleppt.““

„Was! — die Werber? — iſt er ein Ausländer?“

„„Nein, Ew. Majeſtät, er iſt ein Landeskind.““

„Einfältiges Zeug, da brauchen ſich die Werber um ihn nicht zu bemühen. Wie heißt er? — Wo iſt er her? —“

„„Er heißt Anton Hart, Sohn des Amtmanns aus S.““

„Was!“ — fuhr der König auf: — „Der ſeinem Vater und der Fahne, der er verpflichtet war als Unterthan, entlaufen? Der iſt ein Deſerteur, ein ausgetretener Cantoniſt, der muß hangen. — Wo iſt er? — Keine Winkelzüge!“

Thereſe ward blaß wie der Tod, rang ſprachlos die Hände und warf ſich in Thränen ſchwimmend dem Könige zu Füßen.

Dieſer Anblick beſänftigte den Erzürnten. „Steh auf!“ — ſagte er, — „ich kann das nicht leiden. Knie vor Gott, nicht vor mir! Ich werde Dich anhören. Ich ſtrafe keinen Unſchuldigen. Warum iſt er davongelaufen?“

Thereſe hatte ſich geſammelt, und in dem entſcheidenden Augenblicke gab ihr die Liebe Faſſung und Kraft.

„„Ew. Majeſtät,““ — ſagte ſie mit zitternder, aber vernehmlicher Stimme, — „„Anton Hart iſt ein guter Sohn und getreuer Unterthan. Er kam zufällig in unſere Gegend, als er eben eine bedeutende Erbſchaft im Ermlande in Beſitz genommen, und wir gewannen uns lieb. Er begab ſich dann in der Abſicht zu ſeinem Vater, um ſeine Einwilligung zu unſerer Heirath zu erlangen und zu mir zurückzukehren. Nach einigen Monaten traf er wieder zur Nachtzeit wie ein Flüchtling bei uns ein. Er kam nicht von Hauſe, ſondern aus dem Ermlande. Er war blaß, unglücklich, verzweifelt. Sein Vater hatte ihn bei ſeiner Rückkehr nöthigen wollen, die Haushälterin des Kriegsraths von Süß zu heirathen. Als er widerſtand, hat er ihm gezeigt, wie der v. Süß und der Vater Ew. Majeſtät ſchändlich betrogen, daß aber Süß, liſtiger als der Vater, ſich verſteckt, und wenn es ihm gefiele, den Vater verderben könne, ohne ſich bloß zu geben, und daß die Gemeinſchaft nicht ſicher zwiſchen ihnen beſtehen könne, wenn Anton ſich zu dieſer Heirath nicht entſchlöſſe. Anton wollte aber den Betrug nicht theilen und mit verſchulden. Er bat den Vater auf den Knien, aus der Gemeinſchaft mit dem Kriegsrath zu treten, ihn entweder anzugeben, oder falls er ihm nichts beweiſen könne, ſeinen Theil an dem Betruge aufzuopfern, ſich aus der Pacht zurückzuziehen und etwas Anderes mit redlicher Abſicht zu beginnen, wozu, wenn auch der Vater all ſein Erworbenes hingebe, Antons mütterliches Vermögen die Mittel biete. Der Vater wollte oder konnte dieſes nicht, und Anton ſah kein anderes Mittel redlich zu bleiben, als heimlich zu entfliehen. Seine Flucht glückte. Er begab ſich nach dem Ermlande, wo er ſicher war, und wo ſich noch ſein Vermögen befand.““

Thereſens Kräfte ſchienen erſchöpft. Sie holte tief Athem.

„Ganz wohl,“ — ſagte der König, — „daß der junge Menſch den Betrug nicht theilen wollte, iſt honett, es wäre aber ſeine Pflicht geweſen, ihn anzugeben. Er iſt deshalb aber nicht minder ein ausgetretener Cantoniſt. Er gehört dem Militair an.“

„„Nein, Ew. Majeſtät,““ — entgegnete Thereſe lebhaft, — „„als einziger Sohn ſeines Vaters hatte er ſchon ſeit Jahren die Befreiung vom Kriegsdienſte erlangt.““

„Nun, — ſo gehören doch dereinſt ſeine Söhne der Fahne. Indeß, ich will das diesmal nicht genau nehmen. Hangen ſoll er nicht, wenn wir ihn erſt haben; auf Parole, mein Kind! Aber wie iſt er unter die Werber gerathen?“

„„Er hielt ſich zu Heilsberg auf, und hatte ſichere Ausſicht, drüben ſich anzukaufen. Wir wohnten nur wenige Meilen von der Grenze. Er ſchlich ſich mehrmals in der Nacht zu uns herüber, und hielt ſich bei uns, aus Liebe zu mir, einige Tage verborgen. Meine Mutter hatte nichts dagegen, denn wir ſollten uns heirathen, und zwar noch vor Weihnachten. Die Hochzeit ſollte drüben ſein, wo wir uns hinbegeben wollten. Mehrmals waren ihm ſeine heimlichen Beſuche geglückt. Aber boshafte Angeber hatten verbreitet, daß wir heimlich einen gefährlichen Verbrecher beherbergten, der verfolgt würde. Er ritt eines Abends von uns, und — war nicht in Heilsberg angekommen. — Nach der namenloſen Angſt mehrerer Tage erfuhren wir durch eine Zigeunerin, die ſich ehrlich durch einen Handel nährt, er ſei dicht an der ermländiſchen Grenze von einem Commando angehalten, nach Bartenſtein gebracht, erſt verhört, zwar nicht als der geſuchte Verbrecher anerkannt, aber von den Werbern in Beſchlag genommen, mit Gewalt zum Soldaten geworben und hierher transportirt worden.‟"

Der König hatte mit Aufmerkſamkeit zugehört, dann nahm er das Wort. „Kein Wunder, wenn er ſich nicht legitimiren konnte und wollte. — Haſt Du nicht ermitteln können, ob er ſich noch hier befindet?"

„„Nein, Ew. Majeſtät, wir haben vergebens nach ihm geforſcht. Aber Ew. Majeſtät werden ſich unſeres Unglücks erbarmen, Sie werden ihn ermitteln laſſen, Sie werden ihn freigeben. Wir wollen danken, wir wollen für Sie beten.""

„Schon gut, wir wollen ſehen, was zu thun iſt. In welchen Verhältniſſen leben Deine Eltern, oder Deine Mutter? — Bei wem befindeſt Du Dich hier? —"

Thereſe gab über die Verhältniſſe ihrer Familie Auskunft, verſicherte auf den Rath guter Freunde hierher zu einer nahen Verwandten von ihrer Mutter geſendet zu ſein, um den König für ihren Geliebten anzugehen, und bezeichnete noch ihre hieſige Wohnung.

Der König vermerkte die letzte in ſein Taſchenbuch und entließ das Mädchen mit den Worten: „Geh mit Gott! wir wollen ſehen, was zu thun iſt. Verweile hier noch einige Tage. Du ſollſt von mir hören."

Hierauf wendete er ihr den Rücken, ſeine Papiere wieder zur Hand nehmend.

Der Monarch hatte ſchon mehrere Minuten ſich beſchäftigt, und Thereſe längſt entfernt geglaubt, als er zufällig aufſah und ihr Bild noch im Spiegel wahrnahm. Er wendete ſich um und fragte: „Biſt Du noch hier? — Was giebt es ſonſt?"

Thereſe ſtammelte: „„Ich habe Ew. Majeſtät bitten wollen, ein kleines Geſchenk anzunehmen.""

Der König lachte: „Du willſt mich beſtechen. Haben meine Beamten Euch daran gewöhnt?"

„„O nicht doch. Es iſt nur eine Kleinigkeit aus gutem Herzen. Eigener Hände Arbeit.""

„Das iſt etwas Anderes. Laß wenigſtens ſehen."

Thereſe hielt jetzt ein in weißes Papier geſchlagenes Packet, das bisher hinter ihr auf dem Boden gelegen, und überreichte es dem Monarchen. „„Ein Stück Leinwand. Ich habe das Garn geſponnen, die Leinwand gewebt, und ich beſprengte ſie eben auf der Bleiche, als Anton mir zum erſten Male begegnete. Verſchmähen Ew. Majeſtät nicht dieſe Gabe, weil ſie ſo gering iſt.""

Friedrich Wilhelm griff lebhaft nach dem Packet. Das Wort Leinwand electriſirte ihn. Abgeſehen davon, daß koſtbare Wäſche der einzige perſönliche Luxus war, den er trieb, legte er als Staatswirth einen ungemeinen Werth auf Fabrikation in ſeinem Lande, und jede Regung in dieſem Zweige der Nationalöconomie ſprach ihn lebhaft an.

„Leinwand!" — rief er, — „ich bin begierig. Ich glaubte, man webe hier nur ganz grobe und die gute komme nur in Weſtphalen zu Stande." Das Papier ward mit Heftigkeit entfernt, und das blendend weiße, wirklich ausgezeichnet feine und ſtarke Gewebe nahe vor's Auge gebracht.

„Wahrhaftig, das hätte ich nicht erwartet," fuhr der König fort. „Die Königin wird ſich verwundern, wenn ich ihr dieſes vorzeige."

Hierauf folgte ein Sturm von Fragen über die Fabrikation der Leinwand ſelbſt, vom Röſten des Flachſes an bis zur Bleiche; über die Zeit, welche dazu erforderlich; über die Koſten, die dafür anzunehmen; über den Preis, für welchen die fertige Waare auf den Markt gebracht werden könne.

Thereſe fühlte ſich auf ſicherem Boden, und gab mit einer Art von Selbſtgefühl und mit treffender Beſtimmtheit alle erforderliche Auskunft. Der König hörte ſie freundlich an, dann ſagte er: „Du biſt ein achtbares Mädchen. Ich nehme Dein Geſchenk an, und werde es erwiedern. Geh getroſt! Ich verſpreche immer weniger als ich halte."

Kaum hatte Thereſe den Monarchen verlaſſen, als der Gouverneur gemeldet wurde, welcher eintrat, um dem Könige den Rapport des Tages zu bringen und die Parole zu erbitten. Der General fand ſeinen Gebieter in heiterer Stimmung. „Hör Er einmal," — hieß es, — „iſt bei einem der hieſigen Regimenter nicht vor Kurzem ein Rekrut eingeſtellt, Namens Anton Hart, Sohn des Beamten in G.?"

„„Das dürfte nicht möglich ſein, Ew. Majeſtät. Ich entſinne mich genau, daß dieſer junge Mann, deſſen Vater ich perſönlich kenne, wenn ich ihn ſelbſt auch niemals geſehen, ſchon vor zwei Jahren die Entbindung von der Cantonpflicht erhalten hat.""

„Thut nichts. Er iſt unter die Werber gerathen."

„„Und das hätte er ſich gefallen laſſen, während die bloße Nennung ſeines Namens ihn vor der Einſtellung geſichert hätte?""

„Er hatte anderweit Gründe, die für ihn noch wichtiger waren, ſeinen Namen zu verſchweigen. Kurz, ich ſage Ihm, der junge Menſch iſt hier. Laß Er ihn ermitteln, ich will ihn ſprechen. Ohnedies, — ſeine Braut hat mich beſtochen. — Ja, ja, — ſehe Er mich nicht ſo groß an! — Die Leinwand da hat ſie mir geſchenkt. Ich muß mich dafür thätig beweiſen."

Der König ſagte dieſes mit dem anmuthigen Lächeln, welches der Ausdruck eines tiefen innern Friedens bei ihm zu ſein pflegte. Der General durfte ſich daher über die angebliche Beſtechung ſeines Herrn einige ehrerbietige Scherze erlauben und zuletzt auch für ſich um die Gnade bitten, Se. Majeſtät beſchenken zu dürfen.

Der König nahm dieſe Bitte ſehr wohl auf; der Gouverneur öffnete die Thüre und ließ einen Soldaten eintreten, der mit einem Unterofficier im Vorſaale gewartet hatte.

Der Soldat ſtellte ſich mit dienſtmäßiger Haltung kerzengerade an die Thüre. Es war ein großer junger Menſch von ſehr vortheilhafter Geſtalt.

„„Geruhen Ew. Majeſtät,"" — ſagte der General, — „„dieſen Rekruten von Ihrem allerunterthänigſten Diener für Ihre Garde anzunehmen!""

Der Monarch maß das Geſchenk mit den Augen, lächelte und fragte den Soldaten: — „Wie heißt Du?"

„„Simon Weich.""

„Ein übler Name für einen Kriegsmann. — Woher biſt Du?"

„„Aus dem Ermlande.""

„Alſo kein Landeskind, ſondern ein Geworbener. Du wärſt mir willkommen, wenn Du Hart hießeſt."

Der Soldat wurde blaß und roth, der König bemerkte es nicht, und wendete ſich mit folgenden Worten zu dem Geber:

„Sehr obligirt, mein lieber General. Ein hübſcher Burſche. Für meine Garde iſt er indeß nicht brauchbar."

„„Weshalb nicht, Ew. Majeſtät?""

„Weil er ein Zwerg iſt."

„„Ein Zwerg, bei ſechs Fuß Höhe?""

Der König lachte herzlich. „Sechs Fuß, — das iſt was Rechtes. Meine Tambours ſind größer. Mein Flügelmann mißt fünf Fuß einundzwanzig Zoll. Der kleinſte unter meinen Leuten bleibt nicht unter funfzehn Zoll. Aber weiß Er was, ich nehme Dein Geſchenk an, um es weiter zu geben. Der Kronprinz, mein Sohn, liebt bei ſeinem Regimente weniger große, als ſchöne Leute. Senden wir ihm dieſen Weich mit einer Empfehlung von Ihm! Damit verbindet er ſich dem Prinzen, und wer weiß, wie bald Ihm das von Nutzen ſein kann."

„„Ich eile ſelbſt, Sr. königlichen Hoheit meine —""

„Nicht doch. Er iſt älterer General als mein Sohn. Die Abſendung Seines Adjutanten genügt. Ohnedieß fahre ich nach dem Fort Friedrichsburg, die neuen Gebäude zu ſehen, und Er ſoll mich begleiten."

Der General winkte dem Soldaten abzutreten, und gewann vor dem Einſteigen in den Wagen noch ſo viel Zeit, ſeinen Adjutanten zur Miſſion an den Kronprinzen zu inſtruiren.

19.

Die Zimmer des Kronprinzen im Schloſſe waren von denen des Königs durch mehreren Raum geſchieden, und der Adjutant des Gouverneurs, begleitet von dem Soldaten, gelangte auf einer beſondern Treppe in das Vorzimmer des Prinzen. Er wurde gemeldet, und da der Thronfolger ſich noch gar nicht öffentlich in Königsberg gezeigt hatte, ſo war der Officier auf die Erſcheinung eines Fürſten höchlich geſpannt, deſſen ſeltene Eigenſchaften bereits in ganz Europa beſprochen wurden. Die Thüren der innern Gemächer öffneten ſich, und es trat ein Mann von auffallender Geſtalt in einer reich geſtickten Militair-Uniform hervor, deſſen freier, gebietender, ritterlicher Anſtand ſehr abwich von der corporalmäßigen Haltung, welche damals ſelbſt Militairs höheren Grades eigen war. Seine mittlere Größe wurde durch einen athletiſchen Körperbau gehoben. Sein Geſicht von dunkler Farbe, mit ſchwarzen brennenden Augen, zeigte edle und regelmäßige, aber ernſte und ſtolze Züge. Er war noch ziemlich jung, trug aber ein Ordenskreuz auf der Bruſt, eine damals ungewöhnliche Auszeichnung, und ſeine beſtiefelten und beſpornten Füße verkündeten den Stabsofficier. Es war der Major Baron de la Motte Fouqué, der erſte Liebling, oder eigentlicher geſagt, der vertrauteſte Freund des Prinzen.

„Was wünſchen Sie?" — fragte er. „Se. königliche Hoheit ſind nach dem Collegio Albertino gefahren, um die Univerſität zu ſehen."

Der Adjutant beſtellte den Auftrag.

Der Baron warf einen flüchtigen Blick auf den Soldaten. — „Sehr wohl," — ſagte er dann, — „Se. königliche Hoheit wird dieſe Aufmerkſamkeit zu ſchätzen wiſſen. Laſſen Sie den Menſchen hier und bemühen ſich nicht weiter! Ich ſorge für die Beſtellung."

Der Adjutant ging, und Fouqué wendete ſich zu einem Feldjäger, der wartend daſtand, mit Briefen in der Hand.

„Von Rheinsberg?" — fragte er.

„„Zu Befehl. Ich bringe dieſe Briefe.""

„Wohl." — Der Baron nahm die Briefe und muſterte ſie. — „Von der Kronprinzeſſin dieſer; dieſer, — ach! was ſehe ich? — von Rancy. — Gehen Sie, melden Sie ſich heute Abend wegen Ihrer Abfertigung!"

Fouqué hatte auch einen Brief für ſich gefunden, den er erbrach und im Fenſter lehnend las.

Tritte auf der Treppe wurden vernehmlich. Ein lebhaftes franzöſiſches Geſpräch. Die Thüre des Vorſaales flog auf. Der Kronprinz trat ein, von einem Cavalier in Hoftracht, dem Baron von Bielefeld, begleitet.

Friedrich war damals der ſchönſte Prinz in Europa. Die Regelmäßigkeit ſeiner Züge erinnerte an den Apoll. Die Augen allein ſchienen der Juno zu gehören, denn es lag, ſelbſt wenn ſie freundlich ſchauten, in ihnen eine unterjochende Gewalt. Seine Geſtalt war fein, ſein Anſtand fürſtlich und gebietend, doch aber von einer ungemein leichten und zierlichen Grazie. Er war ſehr einfach gekleidet, und nur Stern und Generalsabzeichen unterſchieden ſeinen Anzug von dem eines gewöhnlichen Officiers.

„Ritter ohne Furcht und Tadel," — rief er Fouqué entgegen, — „liefern Sie den Degen Bayards an uns aus! — wir haben Sie an Muth übertroffen."

„„Wie das, — mein gnädigſter Prinz?""

„Wir haben die Schreckniſſe einer deutſchen Rede beſtanden, die zwei Stunden dauerte und nur aus zwei Perioden beſtand. Die erſte ahmte das Labyrinth zu Theben, die zweite das zu Creta nach. Es waren alle Götter des Olymps in beiden, aber der Faden der Ariadne in keiner. Beſtimmt wäre dem Minotaurus in der zweiten nicht zum Raube geworden, denn ſchon in den Vorhallen der erſteren wäre er ohnmächtig fortgetragen. Wenn das Sprichwort wahr iſt: Zeit verloren, Alles verloren; ſo könnten wir mit Franz dem Erſten ausrufen: Wir haben Alles eingebüßt, nur die Ehre nicht."

„„Gnädigſter Herr,"" — antwortete Fouqué, — „„ich bringe Ihnen den Lohn dieſer Anſtrengungen, — den Lohn der Grazien und des Mars. — Hier ein Brief von Voltaire, — dort einen Rekruten für Ihr Regiment, mit welchem der Gouverneur Ihnen ein Geſchenk macht.""

„Ah!" — rief der Prinz, — ergriff den Brief und eilte in ſein Zimmer. Fouqué und Bielefeld folgten, während der erſtere dem Soldaten lächelnd zurief: „Guter Freund, warte noch; auch an Dich wird die Reihe kommen."

Es mochte eine halbe Stunde vergangen ſein, als der Kronprinz mit Hut und Degen, von Fouqué begleitet, wahrſcheinlich um wieder auszufahren, zurück in das Vorzimmer trat. Er ſchritt mit ſeinem leichten und ſtolzen Gange gerade auf den Soldaten zu, überflog ſeine Geſtalt mit einem Blicke und fragte kurz und befehlend:

„Wie heißt Du?"

Der Soldat, verwirrt daß ihn die Flammenpfeile aus den Augen des Prinzen in Verlegenheit ſetzten, ſtammelte leiſe und verwirrt:

„„Simon Weiß.""

„Wie?" — herrſchte der Prinz.

Der Soldat wiederholte den Namen mit noch auffallenderer Erſchütterung.

„Das iſt nicht wahr," — rief Friedrich und durchbohrte den jungen Menſchen mit ſeinen Blicken, während eine Wolke königlichen Ernſtes auf der hohen Stirne zu drohen anfing. „Du haſt mich belogen. — Deinen wahren Namen!"

„„Anton Hart,"" — rief der Soldat mit dem Ausdruck innerer Qual.

Im nämlichen Augenblicke ging der drohende Ausdruck in den Zügen des Prinzen zur gütigen Milde über.

„Anton Hart alſo!" — erwiederte er, — „ſei ruhig, mein Freund. Die Lüge wäre Dein Verderben geweſen. Die Wahrheit erwirbt Dir meine Theilnahme. Folge mir."

Friedrich ging in ſein Wohnzimmer zurück, Fouqué geſpannt und überraſcht neben ihm. Anton folgte.

30.

Dort angekommen, trat der Prinz an den mit Papieren und Acten bedeckten Arbeitstiſch, blätterte in den Papieren, wie beriethe er ſich mit ſich ſelbſt, dann wendete er ſich zu Fouqué und dem Baron von Bielefeld, die ihn mit Verwunderung betrachteten.

„Sie ſehen mich, Meſſieurs, in einer ſonderbaren Lage. Ich bin ein Mann, der durch eine beſondere découverte ſein Glück machen kann. Der König erfährt ein Gerücht, daß man auf einer ſeiner Domainen, wo nicht auf mehreren, gegen ſeinen Vortheil travaillire. Es wird ein Kriegs- und Domainenrath und ein Beamter beſchuldigt. Der Kammerdirector von B. wird befragt, und will aus den Akten beweiſen, daß durchaus kein Grund zum Verdachte iſt. Der König behauptet indeß, ich ſei nicht umſonſt Kriegs- und Domainenrath in Cüſtrin geweſen, und ſetzt ein point d'honneur darein, daß ich, — ja ſehen Sie mich an, Meſſieurs! — daß ich ermittele, wo der Dachs im Loche liegt; ich wiederhole Ihnen die Worte unſeres Herrn. Nun geſtehe ich zugleich, daß die Affäre mich zu intereſſiren anfängt. Ich ließ mir Akten und Rechnungen vorlegen. Der brave, liebenswürdige von B. iſt mir behülflich, ſie durchzugehen. Wir finden allerdings Schwächen, aber kein Fundament zu einer Beſchuldigung. Es wird uns klar, daß wir zur Aufklärung eines verbrecheriſchen Zuſammenhangs, wenn wir ſo ſchnell klar ſchaffen ſollen, als es der König fordert, eines wohlunterrichteten Domainenbeamten bedürfen. Wir haben ihn. Dieſer junge Menſch iſt der Sohn des Beamten und hat die Flucht ergriffen, um das Verbrechen ſeines Vaters nicht zu theilen."

Fouqué ſchwieg ohne Zeichen der Billigung oder des Tadels. Bielefeld zeigte ſich beunruhigt. „Wie!" ſagte er franzöſiſch, — „der Sohn ſoll den Angeber des Vaters machen?"

Der Prinz lächelte: „Geduld, mein lieber Baron!" Er wendete ſich darauf zu Anton und fragte, indem er ihm ein geöffnetes Aktenſtück vorhielt: — „Mein Freund, iſt dieſe Unterſchrift von der Hand Deines Vaters?"

„„Ja, durchlauchtigſter Kronprinz,"" antwortete dieſer.

„Nun gut. Dieſes Papier iſt ſein Pachtcontract. Er zahlt nach demſelben an baarem Gelde jährlich tauſend Thaler, und zweitauſend ſoll er zu gewiſſen Beſſerungen verwenden. Sind indeß die Wieſen und Sümpfe in der Wirklichkeit vorhanden, die ich auf ſeiner Charte finde, welche indeß in dieſem Contracte eine ſo große Rolle ſpielen, und deren Austrocknung und Urbarmachung dem Könige jährlich mit ſo großen Summen angerechnet werden? — Zahlt Dein Vater aus ſeinem Pacht nie mehr als tauſend Thaler jährlich? — Wer erhält das Mehrere? und wie hoch berechnet er ſeinen eigenen Antheil daran?"

Der Kronprinz ſtellte dieſe Fragen zwar mit ſanfter Stimme, doch mit Anwendung der ganzen niederwerfenden Gewalt ſeines Blickes, vor welcher keine Unwahrheit jemals ſich aufrecht erhalten hat. Auch Anton empfand ſeine völlige Wehrloſigkeit bei dem Angriffe mit ſolchen Waffen, und brach mit folgenden Worten aus:

„„Erbarmen, königliche Hoheit! Machen Sie mit mir, was Ihnen beliebt! laſſen Sie mich niederſchießen vor den Fenſtern dieſes Schloſſes, aber fragen Sie mich nicht weiter!""

„Armer junger Menſch," — entgegnete der Kronprinz mit begütigender Milde; — „Deine Weigerung iſt durch Dein Gefühl gerechtfertigt, ſie hat Dich aber verrathen. Du wollteſt eine zweite Lüge nicht ſagen, und willſt eine Wahrheit nicht verkünden, welche Deinen Vater verurtheilt. Erwäge indeß, daß dieſes Betragen nichts mehr helfen kann! Du biſt durch Deine Flucht und durch Dein eigenes Wort ſchon zu weit gegangen, um zurücktreten zu können."

Anton ſank wie vernichtet. „„Hab' ich darum,"" — rief er zuletzt in Thränen, — „„alle Bande zerriſſen, die mich an Heimath und den Erzeuger meiner Tage feſſelten? — Habe ich darum meinen Namen verſchwiegen, wo deſſen bloße Nennung mich vor ein Gericht geführt hätte, das in dieſem Falle mein Lebensglück für immer zerſtören ſollte? Habe ich es darum nicht vorgezogen, die Trommel bis in mein ſpätes Alter ohne Troſt und Ruhe zu ſchlagen, nur um nicht der Angeber meines Vaters zu werden? — Noch einmal, durchlauchtigſter Kronprinz, haben Sie Erbarmen mit einem Elenden! Senden Sie mich zu einem entfernten Regimente, laſſen Sie mich dienen, bis die letzte Kraft meiner Glieder und meiner Seele dahin iſt, aber fragen Sie mich deshalb nie mehr! Vergeſſen Sie, daß Sie mich geſehen, daß Sie den Namen Anton Hart jemals gehört!""

Der arme junge Mann war dem Prinzen zu Füßen gefallen, der ihn gütig aufhob und ihm Muth einſprach.

„Du biſt hier nicht vor Gericht," — ſagte er ihm; — „nicht vor einem Gewaltigen, der aus Deiner Bedrängniß einen ungeziemlichen Vortheil ziehen möchte. Ich bedenke, daß die Gewährung Deiner Bitte Deinem Vater nicht das Mindeſte einträgt, außer vielleicht einige Friſt! Daß nicht uns die Luſt, daß nur die Eile, mit welcher die Sache aufgeklärt werden ſoll, den Anſpruch an Dich veranlaßt. Wird von dieſer Eile abgeſehen, ſo bedarf man Deiner nicht. Eine Unterſuchung an Ort und Stelle macht unfehlbar deutlich, was Deinen Vater und den Anſtifter ſeiner Schuld verurtheilen muß, und Du würdeſt erſt dann Dir Vorwürfe machen, eine Dir dargebotene günſtige Gelegenheit unbenutzt gelaſſen zu haben, durch eine mildernde Darſtellung der Sache eine Richtung zu geben, welche die Unterſuchung Deines

Vaters wenigſtens der Gehäſſigkeit entzieht und das Gewicht der Zurechnung und Vertretung vermindert.“

Anton beſann ſich eine Weile, dann nahm er das Wort. „„Ja, — durchlauchtigſter Prinz, mir iſt beigefallen, daß, wenn mir dieſe Akten anvertraut werden, ich die Angelegenheit aufklären kann, ohne den eigentlichen Ankläger meines Vaters, ſondern ſogar ſeinen Vertheidiger zu machen. — Ich werde Alles niederſchreiben, was ich weiß. Mein Vater hat gefehlt, aber er iſt durch Teufelskünſte verleitet, gezwungen. Ich werde nichts ſchonen, ihn zu retten.““

„Wohl,“ — ſagte der Prinz, — „der Lohn, der Dich erwartet,“ —

— „„Nein, — königliche Hoheit, — ich will für Lohn den Schleier von den Thaten meines Vaters nicht erheben. Wenn ich mein Verſprechen erfüllt habe, ſo laſſen Sie mich zu dem Regimente, dem ich angehören ſoll, abführen. Mein Loos, welches ich ſonſt mit ſchwerem Kummer erduldet hätte, werde ich mit Stolz ertragen, bis — dieſes Herz unter dem Drucke eines unerreichbaren Wunſches gebrochen iſt.““

Der Prinz lächelte ein wenig ſatyriſch, und wendete ſich zu Bielefeld. „Unerreichbarer Wunſch! — gebrochenes Herz! — Da haben wir einen Vaſallen von Mademoiſelle de Scudery aus ihrem Lande der Zärtlichkeit und wohl gar vom Fluſſe der Neigung. Freuen Sie ſich, mein empfindſamer Baron. Schon Saul ſuchte ſeinen Eſel und fand eine Krone, wir bieten ihm die Spitze, nach einem Angeber ſahen wir uns um, und erhalten den pastor fido in den Kauf, denn zweifeln Sie, daß der letzte Seufzer dieſes ländlichen Daphnis einer ſchmachtenden Chloe gewidmet war?“

„„Monſeigneur,““ — entgegnete Bielefeld, — „„Apollo iſt der Alles durchſchauende. Vielleicht wird er ſich für dieſe getrennten Liebenden als deus ex machina bethätigen, um ſie in höchſter Noth zu vereinen.““

„Ach, mein Guter,“ — ſcherzte der Prinz, — „dazu iſt ohne Venus nichts auszurichten, und Sie wiſſen, Apollo hat ſich ihrer Gunſt nicht zu rühmen.“

Er wendete ſich wieder zu Anton und ſagte:

„Deine Zukunft, mein Freund, überlaß denen, welche die Macht beſitzen, ſie zu beſtimmen. Ich hoffe, Du wirſt mit ihren Maßnehmungen zufrieden ſein. Gehe jetzt in Dein Quartier, als wäre nichts vorgefallen. Verrathe keiner Seele den Gegenſtand des Geſpräches und auch nicht Deinen wirklichen Namen. In zwei Stunden melde Dich bei dem Kammerdirector von B., Du wirſt durch ihn meine weiteren Befehle empfangen.“

Der König hatte auf ſeiner Fahrt nach der kleinen Feſtung Friedrichsburg den Gouverneur über Pillau und die dortigen Befeſtigungen befragt, und hatte ſo genügende Antwort erhalten, daß er beſchloß, dieſen wichtigen Platz, welchen er lange nicht geſehen, ebenfalls bei ſeiner gegenwärtigen Anweſenheit zu beſuchen. Am folgenden Morgen reiſte er von Königsberg dorthin ab, um nach wenigen Tagen wieder in dieſe Hauptſtadt zurückzukehren. Der Kronprinz begleitete ihn nicht auf dieſem Ausfluge, weil der Monarch beſchloß, ſich durch ihn bei einigen indeß vorkommenden Gelegenheiten, welche läſtige Repräſentation erforderten, vertreten zu laſſen. Da das Wetter die Reiſe begünſtigte und der Zuſtand der wichtigen Feſtung Pillau und ihres Hafens den König ſehr befriedigt hatte, ſo kam er überaus erheitert ſchon nach vier Tagen in ſpäter Nacht nach Königsberg zurück.

Kaum hatte er am andern Morgen das Bett verlaſſen, als er den Kronprinzen zu ſich beſcheiden ließ, der unverzüglich dem Befehle gehorchte.

„Nun, Fritz,“ — rief ihm der Monarch entgegen, — „wie geht es mit den Geſchäften?“

„„Ganz nach Wunſch, Ew. Majeſtät. Ich habe die Ehre gehabt, Ihre königliche Perſon zu —““

„Nichts von dieſen hofmäßigen Förmlichkeiten! Du weißt, wie widerlich ſie mir ſind, vollends in meinen Jahren, und ich weiß, daß Du den Anſtand haſt, einen König vorzuſtellen. — Laſſen wir das. Ich rede von ernſten Angelegenheiten. Biſt Du dem von Süß und dem Hart in ihren Spitzbübereien auf die Spur gekommen? Kurz und gut, Ja oder Nein?“

„„Ja, mein Vater.““

„Aber auch ſo, daß ich wenigſtens einen von beiden hängen laſſen kann?“

„„So, daß Sie nach den Geſetzen beſtrafen oder begnadigen können.““

„Laß hören.“

„„Werfen Ew. Majeſtät einen Blick auf dieſes Papier. Es enthält das vollſtändige Sündenregiſter.““

Der König nahm lebhaft das Papier aus den Händen des Prinzen und fing an zu leſen. Die Darſtellung ſchien ſehr klar und einfach zu ſein. Friedrich Wilhelm faßte ſie ſofort. Sein Geſicht glühte bald, ſeine Stirne runzelte ſich, ein ungeheurer Zorn fing an, ſeinen Ausbruch in ſeinen ſchwellenden Zügen zu verkünden, aber er las die Schrift, welche nur etwa einen Bogen einnahm, zu Ende. Dann ſchleuderte er ſie auf den Tiſch und rief: „Abſcheulicher Betrug! und mich hat man ſo hintergangen.“

Im nämlichen Momente fielen ſeine Augen auf den Kronprinzen, und dem gewöhnlichen raſchen Uebergängen ſeines Charakters gemäß, ſänftigte ſich plötzlich ſeine Heftigkeit, und er ſagte nach einigen Secunden mit gütiger Stimme:

„Der Kammerdirector kann Dir unmöglich zu dieſen Entdeckungen verholfen haben, mein Sohn, denn er wußte vor vier Tagen von alle dem kein Wort. Ich habe mich alſo nicht getäuſcht, als ich annahm, Deinem höheren Scharfſinn werde das nicht entgehen, welches bloße redliche Amtspflicht bei beſtem Willen nicht erſchwungen. Das freut mich, mein Fritz.“

Der König reichte ihm die Hand, welche der Prinz ehrerbietig und mit lebhaftem Gefühle an ſeine Lippen drückte. Der König fuhr fort:

„Wird indeß der vollſtändige Erweis gegen die Beſchuldigten zu führen ſein, wenn ſie ihr Geſtändniß bei der Vorhaltung verweigern?“

„„Ohne Zweifel, mein Vater, würde ein freies Geſtändniß, namentlich des Amtmann Hart, ſehr kurz zum Ziele führen, denn Süß hat ſich zwar in den mehrſten Dingen fein verſteckt, ſich aber in dem einen, wahrſcheinlich dreiſt gemacht durch die früheren Erfolge, — es iſt in der Denunciation mit Nr. 7. bezeichnet, — dennoch auf unbegreifliche Weiſe bloßgegeben. Wenn indeß auch jedes hier geleugnet würde, ſo müßte eine unparteiiſche Unterſuchung an Ort und Stelle Alles ins Klare bringen, und dieſe könnte wohl keinem beſſer anvertraut werden, als dem geſchickten und redlichen Kammerdirector von B., wie denn überhaupt dieſer ganze Unterſchleif gar nicht möglich geweſen wäre, hätte der dem von Süß unmittelbar von Berlin aus ertheilte Auftrag, ſelbſtſtändig die Domänen-Organiſation in Litthauen zu beſorgen, ihn nicht völlig außer Aufſicht geſtellt.““

„Nun,“ ſagte Friedrich Wilhelm, „das ſoll mir für die Zukunft eine Lehre ſein. Im Uebrigen, mein Sohn, Du haſt das Geſchütz gerichtet, ſo feure es denn auch ab. Ich lege die Sache in Deine Hände. — Aber eins will ich: die Schurken ſollen in meiner Gegenwart befragt werden.“

„„Es wird geſchehen, wie Ew. Majeſtät befehlen, und beſonders dürfte Süß als ein wirklich Verworfener, als der eigentliche Anſtifter des Betruges, als derjenige, welcher die größeren Vortheile daraus ſich angeeignet, das ganze Gewicht Ihres königlichen Unwillens verdienen. Hart indeſſen iſt wirklich beklagenswerth, denn gleichſam mit den Haaren iſt er von der Bahn der Redlichkeit geriſſen. Wollen Ew. Majeſtät erlauben, daß ich Sie auf einiges in der Denunciation aufmerkſam mache, das bei mir wenigſtens ihm das Wort geredet?““

„„Gut, mein Sohn, laß hören.“

Der Prinz nahm das Memoir vom Tiſche und hielt einen Vortrag zur Vertheidigung des Amtmann Hart mit ſolcher Gewandtheit, ſo geſchickter Hervorhebung aller, einigermaßen günſtigen Momente, mit ſo einem Scharfſinne, daß der erfahrenſte Sachwalter es nicht beſſer vermocht hätte, und der König, beſonders noch durch das Vergnügen beſchwichtigt, die Fähigkeiten ſeines erhabenen Sohnes in ſo praktiſcher Richtung wahrzunehmen, auf's Günſtigſte geſtimmt wurde.

Er ſagte, als der Kronprinz geendet hatte: „Nun wohlan, ich trete Deiner Meinung bei. Hart ſoll in mir einen erbarmenden Richter finden, wenn er ohne Winkelzüge bekennt. Er mag mir herausgeben was mir zukommt, denn ich laſſe ihm keinen Heller ungerechten Gutes und wäre es ſein letzter. Im Uebrigen will ich vergeſſen, daß er auf der Welt lebt. — Süß muß hängen: ich gab mein Wort. Iſt Hart ſchon hier? — Laß ihn vor mich führen.“

„„Mein Vater, er iſt hier, und ich habe befohlen, ihn um dieſe Zeit in meine Zimmer zu bringen. Dort wollte ich ihm ſeine Schuld vorhalten. Ew. Majeſtät wollen dieſer Scene beiwohnen. Dero Allerhöchſte Gegenwart dürfte indeß den Schuldigen ſo verwirren, daß wenig Zuſammenhängendes, beſonders in Beziehung auf Süß, von ihm herauszubekommen wäre. An mein Zimmer ſtößt indeſſen ein Cabinet, zu welchem Ew. Majeſtät aus Ihren Gemächern durch einen Corridor ungeſehen gelangen können. Gefiele es Ihnen dort zu verweilen? Durch die geöffnete Thür vernehmen Sie jede Sylbe des Geſpräches, ſehen in einem Spiegel Alles was im Zimmer vorgeht, ohne bemerkt zu werden. Sobald Sie es angemeſſen finden, Theil an der Verhandlung zu nehmen, treten Sie ein und entſcheiden den Moment durch das Gewicht Ihrer königlichen Gegenwart.““

„Ich bin es zufrieden, mein Sohn, laß uns gehen.“

21.

Im Vorzimmer des Kronprinzen erſchienen zur nämlichen Zeit der Kammerdirector von B. und der Amtmann Hart aus S., um die Audienz, zu der ſie entboten worden, zu erwarten. Der erſte wußte bereits um die durch den Kronprinzen veranlaßten Angaben, er kannte aber ſo wenig die Art der Herbeiführung, als er in dem Angeber den eigenen Sohn Harts vermuthete. Er zweifelte auch an ihrer Erweisbarkeit. Redlich im höchſten Grade, konnte er ſich nicht leicht von den entgegengeſetzten Eigenſchaften bei Andern überzeugen. Den Kriegsrath von Süß liebte er nicht, und er hatte auch nicht Urſache, ihn zu ſchonen, denn eben der Umſtand, daß dieſer gewandte Mann in Berlin, wo er Verbindungen hatte, ſich den ihm ertheilten perſönlichen Auftrag zu erſchleichen gewußt, die Domänenverbeſſerungen in Litthauen ſelbſtſtändig zu organiſiren, wodurch der Kammerdirector aller Mitwirkung überhoben wurde, ſtellte dieſen letztern hierbei auch außer aller Verantwortlichkeit. Indeß die Verhaftung des von Süß, auf einen bloßen Verdacht, kränkte ſeine Anſicht von Beamtenehre. Dem Amtmann Hart konnte er gar nichts Böſes zutrauen, weil ſeine Anſicht bei Einfachheit der Sitten auch Unſchuld der Geſinnung meinte annehmen zu müſſen. Herr v. B. war aber auch ein feiner Weltmann, und ſo widerſprach er dem Könige und dem Kronprinzen nicht mehr, wo er einzuſehen glaubte, daß nur ihre eigene Ueberzeugung den, wie er meinte, übereilt gefaßten Verdacht entkräften könne. Den Beſchuldigten bot er ſich indeſſen eben ſo günſtig dar. Die Zuſchriften des von Süß hatte er höflich, aber ablehnend, beantwortet. Eben ſo vorſichtig hatte er ſich gegen Hart zu betragen beſchloſſen, aber dieſer erſparte ihm die Mühe. Wer dieſen Mann ſonſt geſehen, erkannte ihn nicht wieder. Er war ſonſt ernſt, aber rüſtig und geſprächig geweſen. Nun ſchien er um zehn Jahre gealtert, ſtumm, düſter und lebensmüde. Keineswegs begierig zu erfahren, warum man ihn herberufen, ſtarrte er abgeſtumpft vor ſich hin, als habe er weder Wünſche noch Hoffnungen oder Befürchtungen. Bei einem weiſeren Manne hätte man dieſe Veränderungen auf das Verſchwinden ſeines Sohnes ſchieben können, er war aber niemals ein zärtlicher Vater geweſen, und bei ſeiner Eigenthümlichkeit durfte man eher der Unbeugſamkeit eines auf's Höchſte geſteigerten Zornes, als einer ſo niederdrückenden Schwermuth zu begegnen befürchten. Auch noch im Vorzimmer des Kronprinzen gab er ſich nicht anders, und die Meubles, die darin befindlich waren, ſchienen nicht weniger Leben oder Theilnahme zu verrathen als er.

Nach kurzem Warten wurden Beide in das Gemach des Prinzen berufen.

Friedrich ſtand in ſtolzer Haltung, mit der Hand auf einen Tiſch geſtützt. Den Kammerdirector von B. grüßte er indeß freundlich und fragte: „Haben Sie, Herr von B., dieſem Manne geſagt, weshalb man ihn berufen?“

„„Nein, Königliche Hoheit. Es ward mir nicht befohlen, und es iſt paſſender, daß er das Erforderliche von den Lippen ſeiner Gebieter vernehme.““

Der Kronprinz wendete ſich zu Hart mit der tiefſten Ruhe. „Er iſt der Amtmann Hart?“

„„Zu Befehl.““

„Man beſchuldigt Ihn der Untreue gegen den König ſeinen Herrn. Se. Majeſtät iſt nicht minder gnädig als gerecht. Sein Läugnen führt Ihn in Unterſuchung und nach Umſtänden an den Pranger. Sein offenes Geſtändniß bewahrt Ihn vor publiquer Schande. Der König iſt zu groß ſich zu rächen, er will nur Erſatz und giebt mir den Befehl, Ihm dieſes zu eröffnen. Sehe Er ſich alſo vor. Er hat ſein Geſchick in ſeinen Händen.“

„„Wer iſt mein Ankläger?““

„Ich,“ — ſagte der Prinz mit volltönender Stimme und ſchoß ihm einen ſeiner gewaltigen Blicke zu. Hart ſchien erſchüttert, aber nach einigen Secunden faßte er ſich und ſagte:

„„Ein ſo großer Herr als Ew. Königliche Hoheit wird einen Unglücklichen nicht betäuben, übereilen wollen. Ich bitte, mir meine Anklage vorzuhalten. Enthält ſie Wahrheit, ſo habe ich keine Veranlaſſung mehr, ſie in Zweifel zu ſtellen. Aber auch für meine Entſchuldigung wage ich um geneigtes Gehör zu bitten.““

„Leſe Er dieſen Aufſatz, er enthält die gegen ſeine Treue aufgeſtellten Beſchuldigungen.“ Er reichte ihm eine Abſchrift der Denunciation.

Hart fing an leiſe zu leſen. Der Kronprinz beobachtete ihn ſchweigend. Bald zeigten ſich Spuren einer tiefen Gemüthsbewegung in den Zügen des Leſenden. Seine Hände zitterten, ſeine Lippen bebten. Dennoch behielt er Faſſung, zu Ende zu leſen.

„Was hat Er hiergegen zu ſagen?“ — fragte Friedrich. Hart ſtützte ſich an einen Stuhl. „„Durchlauchtigſter Kronprinz,““ — alſo nahm er das Wort, — „„dieſe Dinge kann außer mir nur Einer wiſſen, nur Einer kann ſie ſo ſchonend darſtellen. Mein Sohn hat dieſen Aufſatz geſchrieben. — Wo iſt mein Sohn?““

„Davon iſt nicht die Rede. Ich frage, ob Er ſich zu dieſen Dingen bekennt!“

„„Erbarmen, gnädigſter Herr, — ich bekenne mich zu Allem, ich will Alles erſetzen, ich will ein Bettler werden, ich will vor aller Welt verkünden, was ich begangen. Aber meinen Sohn, geben Sie ihn mir wieder. Die Schuld des Vaters, die er nicht theilen wollte, die ſchmachvolle Verbindung, zu der ich ihn zwingen ſollte, nöthigten ihn zur Flucht, beraubten mich der Stütze meines Alters, der einzigen Freude meines Lebens, der einzigen Erinnerung an eine beſſere Zeit. Meinen einzigen Troſt in meinem Unglücke, in meiner Entehrung, das einzige Geſchöpf, das mich niemals betrübte, bis ich ſelbſt es von meiner Seite trieb, — meinen Anton, — geben Sie ihn meinem troſtloſen Alter zurück.““

Friedrich ſchien bewegt. „Beſinne Er ſich. Würde Er, wenn dieſe Aufwallung vorüber wäre, einen Sohn mit der nämlichen Liebe umfaſſen, der als Werkzeug gedient, den Schleier von Seiner Schuld zu reißen?“

Hart richtete ſich hoch auf, und konnte dem Adlerauge des Prinzen begegnen. „„Haben Sie Dank, gnädigſter Kronprinz. Sie geben mir mein Selbſtgefühl zurück. Ich werde den Sohn ſegnen, welcher mich auf den Pfad der Pflicht zurückführt. Laſſen Sie mir den Troſt, daß kein Zwang ihn zu dieſen Angaben nöthigte, daß er ſie freiwillig im Gefühle der Redlichkeit niederlegte.““

„Den Troſt kann ich Ihm gewähren. Sein Sohn hat dieſe Eröffnung an die Bedingung geknüpft, lebenslänglich in der für ihn unglücklichen Lage zu bleiben, in der ich ihn fand. Er iſt gemeiner Soldat.“

Thränen ſtürzten aus den Augen des alten Mannes. „Mußte es dahin kommen?“ — klagte er. — „O, das iſt hart, — das allein vernichtet mich. Aber wo iſt mein Anton? Die einzige Gnade, um die ich fußfällig bitte, iſt die, ihn noch einmal ſehen zu dürfen.““

Der Kronprinz öffnete ſchweigend die Thüre des Vorzimmers und winkte. — Anton trat ein, und blieb in militairiſcher Haltung, aber mit überfließenden Augen an der Thüre ſtehen.

Der alte Hart ſtieß einen Schrei aus und warf ſich, außer ſich, an ſeine Bruſt.

Friedrich gab dem Kammerdirector von B. ein Zeichen, ihm zu folgen, und begab ſich mit ihm in das nebenanſtoßende Cabinet, deſſen bisher halbgeöffnete Thüre er zuzog.

22.

Der König, der ungeſehen Zeuge des eben geſchilderten Auftrittes geweſen war, trat ihnen entgegen. Friedrich Wilhelm war nichts weniger als weich und empfindſam, aber wie alle ſtarken Naturen, war er für die einfachſten Aeußerungen der allgemein gültigen Empfindungen der Menſchheit deſto empfänglicher. Er war kein zärtlicher, aber höchſt treuer Gatte, ein ſtrenger, aber redlicher Vater, und auch die Empfindungen der Kinder für ihre Eltern wünſchte er lieber dankbar, feſt und treu, als innig und hinſchmelzend zu ſehen. Wenn daher, bei ſeiner Gemüthsbeſchaffenheit, ihn der Kummer des alten Hart wenig rührte, und er nur ſeinen Unterſchleif im Auge hielt, ſo gefiel es ihm ungemein, als er vernahm, daß der eigene Sohn, ohne Vortheil für ſich ziehen zu wollen, die Schuld des Vaters aufgeklärt, theils aus Rechtsgefühl, theils um ſie durch eine, wenn auch wahrhafte, ſo doch beſchönigende Weiſe zu mildern, um ſo den Wirkungen der Billigkeit für den Vater Raum zu geſtatten, die bei einem durch förmliche Unterſuchung ermittelten Thatbeſtande von einer Entſcheidung nach ſtrengem Rechte ausgeſchloſſen worden wären.

Der Monarch wendete ſich zuerſt an den Kammerdirector: „Nun, mein lieber B., was meint Er? — mein Sohn da hat ſeine Zeit nicht verloren. Daß er das Zeug dazu hat, ein großer General zu werden, iſt bekannt. Er wird ihm hoffentlich beſcheinigen, daß er kein übler Kriegsrath iſt.“

Herr von B. ermangelte nicht, ſeine Verwunderung und ſeinen Beifall darüber zu erkennen zu geben, daß der Kronprinz den alten Hart nicht nur zu einem Geſtändniſſe gebracht, ſondern der Sache auch eine ſo feine Wendung gegeben, daß die gerechte Strenge Sr. Majeſtät gleichſam mit Blumenketten gefeſſelt worden.

Der König lachte und ſetzte hinzu: „In der That, dem iſt alſo. Ich könnte freilich den alten Sünder zur Strafe ziehen, indeß ich würde dadurch nicht mehr gewinnen als ein abſchreckendes Beiſpiel für Andere, dabei aber augenſcheinlich ein wirkſameres, lockendes verlieren, indem ich wahrnehmen ließe, daß eine Redlichkeit und Unterthanentreue, die ſelbſt ſtärker ſind, als die Bande des Blutes, weder Berückſichtigung noch Gnade von mir zu hoffen haben. Nein, ich will diesmal lieber zeigen, daß ich gern geneigt bin, mich der ſchuldigen Väter zu erbarmen, um das Pflichtgefühl der Söhne zu belohnen. Ich werde mir dadurch die letztern als Wächter für die Rechtlichkeit ihrer Eltern gewinnen, denn ich glaube, daß nichts demüthigender ſein kann, als nur zu Gunſten eines Sohnes Verzeihung zu erhalten. Im Uebrigen muß der Alte darum nicht weniger Alles herauszahlen, was mein iſt. Das ſtrengſte Beiſpiel werde ich dagegen an Süß nehmen. — Nun aber, Fritz, wie biſt Du hinter die Schliche gekommen? — Heraus mit Deinen Advocaten-Kniffen!“

Der Kronprinz lächelte mit bezaubernder Schalkhaftigkeit. „„Ich bin hinter nichts,““ ſagte er „„ſondern die Ermittelungen ſind zu mir gekommen. Ew. Majeſtät ſind ihr einziger Urheber. Der junge Hart wurde Ihnen für Ihre Garde geboten und Sie ſchickten ihn mir.““

Der König ſah ihn ſtarr an. — „Wie? — Was? — Jener Rekrut, den mir der Gouverneur brachte? — der kleine Kerl? — das wäre der —? — aber nein, — der hieß: — wie hieß er gleich?“

„„Simon Weich, Ew. Majeſtät.““

„Nun ja, — Simon Weich, und —“

„„Dieſer Name mußte falſch ſein, weil bei deſſen Nennung das ehrlichere Geſicht des jungen Menſchen ſeine Lippen augenſcheinlich Lügen ſtrafte. Wen endlich mußte der Name Weich nicht an den natürlichen Gegenſatz Hart erinnern, und an den Umſtand, daß der Flüchtling doppelte Urſache hatte, bei dieſer Gelegenheit ſeine Perſon zu verläugnen, einmal, wegen verbotenen Austrittes aus dem preußiſchen Staate, ſodann um nicht ſeinem Vater und den ihm verhaßten Verhältniſſen zurückgegeben zu werden. Ew. Majeſtät nahmen dieſes eher wahr als ich, und beabſichtigten nur, mich auf die Probe zu ſtellen.““

Der König hörte den Prinzen mit Vergnügen. — „Nun,“ — entgegnete er, — „laſſen wir das. Wie überführteſt Du ihn ſeiner Täuſchung?“

„„Indem ich ſie ihm auf den Kopf zuſagte und ihn feſt ins Auge faßte.““

Friedrich Wilhelm kannte dieſe letztere Waffe, und wendete ſich ſehr aufgeräumt zu dem Kammerdirector. „Ich habe meine Schuldigkeit auf dem Throne meines Vaters gethan. Er ſieht aber auch, lieber B., daß ich den Staat nicht verwaiſt zurücklaſſe, wenn meine Krone auf meinen Sarg gelegt wird.“

Der Kronprinz eilte auf ihn zu, ergriff die Hand des königlichen Vaters und drückte ſie wehmüthig an ſeine Lippen, indeß eine große Thräne den ſtolzen Augen entfiel.

„„O mein König und Vater!““ — rief er, — „„an welchen herzzerreißenden Augenblick, der meinen Wünſchen nie entfernt genug ſein kann, mahnen Sie mich! Habe ich das verdient?““

„Du verdienſt meine ganze Liebe und Achtung, mein guter Sohn, und warteſt nicht auf meinen Tod, das weiß ich. Aber ſterben müſſen wir alle, und die Eltern im gewöhnlichen Laufe der Natur eher als die Kinder. Beruhige Dich deshalb und, wenn es dahin kommt, tröſte Dich zur Ausübung Deiner Pflicht mit dem Bewußtſein, daß Du mich zu einem ſehr glücklichen Vater gemacht haſt. Erbitte Dir eine Gnade. Sie iſt Dir im voraus gewährt.“

„„Ew. Majeſtät väterliche Huld hat mich ſchon ſo reich begabt, daß ich für mich nichts mehr zu wünſchen habe. Ich bitte indeß für den jungen Hart. Den Abſchied darf ich ihm als Regimentschef ertheilen, um ſo mehr, da er ſchon cantonfrei war. Ich habe ihn indeß bei dieſer Gelegenheit als tüchtig kennen gelernt, und er beſitzt ein eignes mütterliches Vermögen von einigen tauſend Thalern. Das Beiſpiel ſeines Vaters hat ihn zu nachdrücklich gewarnt, als daß ich für ſeine Redlichkeit nicht ſollte gut ſagen können. Geruhen Ew. Majeſtät, ihm die Pacht des Domänenamtes, welche ſein Vater einbüßt, unter billigen Bedingungen zu gewähren.““

Der König blickte den Kammerdirector fragend an und ſagte: „Ich muß ihm den Willen thun, aber mir ſcheint, ich kann es auch ohne Gefahr.“

Herr von B. ſtimmte lebhaft bei, und Friedrich Wilhelm gewährte die Bitte des Prinzen, jedoch — mit einem Vorbehalte, von dem ſpäter die Rede ſein ſolle.

Er ließ hierauf einen Diener herbeirufen, dem er folgenden Befehl ertheilte.

„Als ich mich herbegab, wurde mir ein Supplicant gemeldet, den ich beſcheiden ließ, bei dem Caſtellan auf meinen Ruf zu warten. Dieſer ſoll ins Vorzimmer des Kronprinzen geführt werden.“

Der Lakei ging, und der König trat in das Gemach, in welchem der alte Hart und ſein Sohn ſich unterdeſſen beſprochen hatten. Der Anblick des Monarchen erſchütterte die Ueberraſchten, und dieſer ließ erſt einige prüfende Blicke auf beide fallen, ehe er ſie, wie folgt, anredete.

„Du Alter haſt mich hundsföttiſch betrogen, und könnteſt Dich nicht ſonderlich beſchweren, wenn ich Dich hängen ließe. Du kommſt aber davon, weil Dein Sohn ein ehrlicher Burſche und ein getreuer Unterthan iſt, wiewohl er dieſe löblichen Eigenſchaften nicht von Dir hat. Ich laſſe aber genau ermitteln, was von dem Betruge auf Deinen Theil gekommen, und Du wirſt mir gerecht für Schaden und entgangenen Gewinn. Sonſt will ich Dich nicht weiter blamiren, da Du doch nur ein miſerabler Helfershelfer, ein Hund geweſen biſt, dem ein größerer Spitzbube die Knochen vom Wildpret zuwarf, das Du für ihn fangen müſſen.

Du, junger Menſch,“ — er ſah zu Anton empor und ſchwieg einen Augenblick, als werde ſeine Gedankenfolge durch eine neue Wahrnehmung durchkreuzt, dann flüſterte er zum Kronprinzen: „ich begreife nicht, wie ein alter General, der mehr als funfzigmal in Potsdam geweſen iſt, mir zumuthen kann, ſolch einen Knirps zum erſten Bataillon Garde zu nehmen.“ — Dann fuhr er gegen den zuerſt Angeredeten fort: „Du junger Menſch biſt honnet. Ich trage Dir nichts nach. Der Kronprinz, deſſen Regimente Du angehörſt, ſagt mir eben, daß er Dir den Abſchied giebt. Er bittet mich, daß ich Dir die Pachtung Deines Vaters überlaſſe. — Meinetwegen. Aber ich habe dabei zwei Nebenbedingungen; einmal, daß Du Deinem Vater, bei aller ſonſtigen Ehrerbietung, die Du ihm ſchuldig biſt, nicht Gelegenheit giebſt, ſich in Deine Affairen zu meliren, und zweitens, daß Du eine ordentliche Frau heiratheſt. Biſt Du vielleicht ſchon im Handel wegen ſolcher Waare?“

Der junge Mann ſchwieg überraſcht, der König fuhr fort: „Alſo nicht? — ich kann Dir aushelfen. Ich kenne eine junge Perſon, die nicht häßlich iſt und einen Thaler Geld hat, und durch welche ich das Leinwandweben in Litthauen auf den Domänen in Schwung bringen will, denn das Volk fabricirt dort nichts als das abſcheuliche halbwollene Zeug, wovon es ſeine bizarren Kittel macht. Dieſe Perſon webt dagegen Leinwand, die ich aus Weſtphalen nicht beſſer bekomme.“

Anton erblaßte. „„Allerdurchlauchtigſter König,““ — rief er, — „„ich kann, ich darf nicht. Sie werden mein Unglück nicht wollen. — Ich bin bereits verlobt.““

„Ach was!“ — erhielt er zum Beſcheide, — „das hätteſt Du früher ſagen ſollen. — Wir nehmen unſer Wort nicht zurück.“

Er öffnete das Vorzimmer, mit dem Rufe: „Nur herein, mein Kind,“ und Thereſe trat glühend und mit Augen voll Waſſer über die Schwelle.

Anton ſtand wie verſteinert.

„Die da ſollſt Du heirathen,“ — befahl der Monarch, — „oder aus unſerem Handel wird nichts.“

In dieſem Momente erkannte Thereſe ihren Anton, ſtürzte mit einem Schrei an ſeinen Hals, beſann ſich aber ſofort und ſank dem Könige lautweinend zu Füßen.

Dieſer hob ſie gütig auf, mit den Worten: — „Beruhige Dich, mein Kind. Ich habe Dir ein Geſchenk für Deine ſchöne Leinwand verſprochen, hier,“ — er deutete dabei auf Anton, — „haſt Du es. Ob es weit her iſt, wirſt Du am beſten beurtheilen. Du ſiehſt wenigſtens, daß ich mehr halte, als ich verſpreche. Ihr kommt in eine Lage, in welcher Ihr bei Fleiß und Redlichkeit etwas vor Euch bringen könnt. Meine guten Wünſche ſind mit Euch. Gott helfe Euch weiter.“ — Er wendete ſich zum Kammerdirector. „Meine Affairen ſind hier zu Ende. Das Uebrige, lieber von B., wird Er beſorgen.“

Er winkte entlaſſend, und Alle entfernten ſich zwar ſtumm, aber von vielfachen Empfindungen bewegt.

Der Ausgang dieſer Begebenheiten bedarf wohl nicht der weitläufigen Schilderung. Der alte Hart gab ſich reuig zu jedem Geſtändniſſe, zu jeder Aufopferung hin. Sein Antheil an der Schuld hat indeſſen der baaren Summe nach weniger betragen, als man anfangs glaubte. Nur etwa vier tauſend Thaler hat er zu erſtatten gehabt, und er ſoll noch lange nachher auf einem eignen kleinen Gute gelebt haben, das er ſich in der Nähe ſeines Sohnes gekauft, mit welchem er in der innigſten Eintracht lebte. Daß Anton und Thereſe ein ſehr glückliches Paar wurden, ſteht nicht zu bezweifeln. Ihn finden wir in amtlichen Papieren nach etwa dreißig Jahren als königlichen Amtsrath und Beſitzer eines großen Vermögens wieder. Seine Kinder haben theils mit gleichem Erfolge die Geſchäfte des Vaters fortgeſetzt, theils ſich im Staatsdienſte ausgezeichnet. Heute lebt keiner dieſes Namens mehr, der ſeine Abſtammung von ihm nachweiſen könnte, aber ſein Vermögen hat noch heute in einer Familie Beſtand, die von ſeiner zweiten Tochter herſtammt.

Ueber das Ende des Kriegsrathes von Süß wiſſen wir nichts Zuverläſſiges anzugeben. So viel iſt gewiß, daß das Andenken an ihn und ſeine Thaten erloſchen iſt und durch dieſe Erzählung ſchwerlich erneuert werden wird, da der Name, unter welchem wir dieſe Perſon hier auftreten laſſen, ohnehin ein erdichteter iſt. In der Kindheit des Verfaſſers trieb ſich indeß in Königsberg bei den unteren Volksklaſſen noch eine Sage umher, König Friedrich Wilhelm der Erſte habe bei ſeiner letzten Anweſenheit in dieſer Hauptſtadt einen Kriegs- und Domänenrath hängen laſſen, der ſich arger Bedrückungen, ſträflicher Betrügereien und empörender Schändlichkeiten ſchuldig gemacht. Der König ſoll ihn ſelbſt geſprochen und im höchſten Zorne ihm verheißen haben, daß er ihn hängen laſſen werde. Der Verbrecher ſoll trotzig geantwortet haben: „für einen Edelmann ſei noch kein Galgen gebaut.“ Dieſe Unziemlichkeit habe den Entſchluß des erbitterten Monarchen bekräftigt, und auf einem, vor dem Schloſſe eigens dazu erbauten, Galgen habe der Delinquent ohne Reue, und gleichſam höhnend, in einem grünen, mit goldenen breiten Treſſen reich beſetzten Staatskleide ſeine Strafe öffentlich erlitten. Der ganze Inhalt dieſer Sage führt aber augenſcheinlich auf den Herrn von Schlubhut zurück, deſſen Galgenſtrafe geſchichtliche Thatſache iſt.

Hermann Friedrich Wilhelm Hinrichs.

ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie an der Univerſität zu Halle, wurde am 22. Apr. 1794 zu Karlseck in Jeverland im Großherzogthum Oldenburg, einem unmittelbar an der See gelegenen Gute ſeines Großvaters, geboren, und beſuchte in ſeiner Jugend das Gymnaſium zu Jever. Im Jahre 1812 bezog H. die Univerſität Straßburg, wo er ſich anfangs der Theologie, ſpäter der Philologie widmete. Von Straßburg ging er nach Heidelberg, wo er die Rechte ſtudirte und endlich, durch Hegel beſtimmt, ſich der Philoſophie zuwendete. H. habilitirte ſich als Privatdocent zu Heidelberg, wurde aber ſchon nach drei Jahren 1822 als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Breslau gerufen, von wo er im Jahr 1824 als ordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie nach Halle verſetzt wurde, woſelbſt er noch in voller Kraft thätig iſt.

Er ſchrieb:

Die Religion im innern Verhältniß zur Wiſſenſchaft. Heidelberg 1822.
Aeſthetiſche Vorleſungen über Goethe's Fauſt. Halle 1825.
Grundlinien der Philoſophie der Logik. Halle 1826.
Das Weſen der antiken Tragödie. Halle 1827.
Geneſis des Wiſſen. Heidelberg 1835.
Schiller's Dichtungen nach ihrem hiſtoriſchen Zuſammenhange. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1837—39.
Ferienſchriften. Halle 1845.
Trutz-Rom und Jeſuiten. Ebdaſ. 1845.
Verfaſſungsweſen des Ghzgth. Oldenburg. Jever 1846.

H. hat namentlich in ſeinen äſthetiſchen Schriften zu ſehr den ſtrengen Anforderungen des Hegel'ſchen Syſtems gehuldigt und daher im Ganzen wenige Leſer, aber ſehr viele Gegner gefunden, um ſo mehr, als er durch ſeine conſequente Beharrlichkeit, auch in der äußeren Darſtellung jenes Syſtem feſt zu halten, oft ſelbſt den Eingeweihten jener Schule nur ſchwer verſtändlich iſt. Daß er ein gedankenreicher, ſcharfſinniger und wiſſenſchaftlich tief gebildeter Geiſt ſei, das hat er vielfach bewieſen, um ſo mehr, als er in ſeinen neueſten Schriften ſich auch bemühte, der Menge zugänglicher zu ſein.

Ueber Goethe's Zueignung zum Fauſt.

Zweite Vorleſung *).

Das Reſultat unſerer erſten Vorleſung, daß in der Zueignung als dem unmittelbaren Anfang der Tragödie beſteht, und wegen der Beziehung derſelben auf das Anſchauende nothwendig dieſer Anfang iſt, eröffnet nun unſere zweite Vorleſung mit der Betrachtung dieſer Zueignung ſelber. Inſofern deshalb die Zueignung die wirkliche Weſenheit des allgemeinen Bewußtſeins zu ihrem Inhalte hat, und dieſelbe als alle Wirklichkeit überhaupt vorſtellt, iſt die Betrachtung derſelben keine andere, als daß dieſe Wirklichkeit näher in der Sitte und den Geſetzen des Volkes als des allgemeinen Bewußtſeins enthalten erkannt werde, und der einzelne Menſch durch ſeine That als das ſein Bewußtſein ganz durchdringende geiſtliche und ſittige Leben dieſer Wirklichkeit als ſeiner objectiven Weſenheit und Wahrheit zu entſprechen habe, damit nicht durch ſeine beſondere Anſicht, eignes Belieben, nur ihm ausſchließlich zukommendes etwaiges Gefühl, Neigung u. ſ. f. zu handeln ſich beſtimmen laſſen müſſe. Dieſe Wirklichkeit nun als die jeden Einzelnen durchdringende und von allen verwirklichte Seele, die den geiſtigen Tag der vernünftigen Weſenheit des Bewußtſeins verkündet und deſſen Licht von keinem Nächtlichen getrübt wird, iſt die mit dem Weſen des Bewußtſeins erfüllte wirkliche und gegenwärtige Wahrheit, in welcher Gewißheit die Zueignung wurzelt. Sie iſt als der unmittelbare Anfang ſelber zugleich der allgemeine und damit das Ende alles vermittelſt ihres ſich geſtaltenden und offenbarenden geiſtigen Lebens, ſo daß Alles, was in dieſer Wirklichkeit beginnt, auch ſich in derſelben vollendet und dadurch nur Sinn und Bedeutung hat.

Von dieſer Gewißheit ergriffen und durchdrungen, ſpricht unſer Dichter zunächſt in der Zueignung das allgemein geiſtige Bewußtſein des Volkes als alle Wirklichkeit aus, in welchem Vergangenes und Zukünftiges, das nicht ſo ſehr der Zeit, die nur als Vergehen erſcheint, als vielmehr dem Bewußtſein angehört, aufgegangen iſt. In dieſem Bewußtſein gebildet und daſſelbe wiederbildend tönen ſeine Geſänge wieder, in deren Wiederklang er den Einklang ſeiner mit demſelben vernimmt, und welcher Einklang ſeine Gewißheit iſt, nicht vergeblich die vermittelſt des allgemeinen Bewußtſeins ihn beſeelenden Vorſtellungen in der Weiſe der Poeſie verwirklicht, und in dem dichtenden Bilden derſelben ſein verſöhntes Bewußtſein gewonnen zu haben.

Die nächſte Vorſtellung, die ſich in der Zueignung vermittelſt ſeiner Gewißheit dem Dichter aufdringt, iſt die Volksſage, vermittelſt welcher als des Ausgangspunktes und des unmittelbar aufgenommenen Stoffes der Tragödie derſelbe zu dem allgemein geiſtigen Bewußtſein ſeines Volkes ſich entäußert. Denn er gehört, wie alle andere, zu ſeinem Volke, iſt nur vermittelſt des geiſtigen Lebens deſſelben, damit durch deſſen Sitte, Religion u. ſ. f. ſeiner Weſenheit nach was er iſt, aber als Individuum hat er in Verhältniſſen mit andern Individuen gelebt und mancherlei erfahren, was denn überhaupt die wirkliche Seite des Lebens ausmacht.

Indem das allgemein geiſtige Volksleben nur als Leben, Handeln und Thun der einzelnen Menſchen wirklich iſt, und dieſe Seite des wirklichen Lebens nothwendig zu ſeiner Selbſtvollbringung gehört, darf auch in poetiſcher Vorſtellung dieſes Element der Wirklichkeit nicht fehlen. Sollte deshalb jene Volksſage zur höhern Geſtaltung in der Weiſe der Dichtung vermittelſt des Dichters ſich erheben, ſo mußten die in derſelben blos vorgeſtellten Individuen in die Wirklichkeit treten, oder wirkliche Perſonen werden. Aber als wirkliche Perſonen ſind ſie gegenwärtige lebendige Individuen geworden, welche jenes blos vorgeſtellte Leben der Volksſage wirklich durch ihr gegenſeitiges Verhältniß zu einander erfahren haben.

Zunächſt ſtellt ſich unſer Dichter ſelbſt, indem vermittelſt ſeiner jene Vorſtellung ſich im Gewande der Poeſie verwirklicht und geſtaltet, in der Individualität des Fauſt als die wirkliche Hauptperſon vor *). Die andern Perſonen aber, vermittelſt welcher der Dichter ſelbſt nur jene Hauptperſon iſt, ſtehen mit ihm durch Liebe und Freundſchaft in der engſten Verbindung, die, wie aus des Dichters von ihm ſelbſt beſchriebenen Leben deutlich hervorgeht, näher wie in der Perſon des Fauſt unſer

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*) Aus Hinrich's Vorleſungen über Goethe's Fauſt.

*) Vergleiche in dieſer Hinſicht Goethe's Leben 2. Bd. S. 107. „Die bedeutende Puppenſpielfabel Fauſt klang und ſummte gar vieltönig in mir wieder. Auch ich hatte mich in allem Wiſſen umhergetrieben, und war früh genug auf die Eitelkeit deſſelben hingewieſen worden. Ich hatte es auch im Leben auf allerlei Weiſe verſucht, und war immer unbefriedigter und gequälter zurückgekommen.“

Dichter ſelber, ſo in der Perſon des Mephiſtopheles ſein geliebter Freund Merk aus Darmſtadt, und in der Margaretes das Frankfurter Gretchen als des Dichters erſte Liebe vorgeſtellt ſind *). Die andern in der Tragödie vorkommenden, aber minder wichtigen Perſonen finden ſich theils ſo allgemein im wirklichen Leben ſelbſt, theils mögen ſie auch wirklich von unſerm Dichter gekannte Individuen vorſtellen. Dieſem wirklichen Leben aber und deshalb dem Erlebten und Erfahrenen verdankt die Tragödie wohl gewiß mehrere fürtreffliche Scenen, welche Behauptung wir im Verlaufe dieſer Vorleſungen hie und da durch anzuführende Belegſtellen aus des Dichters Leben zu bekräftigen Gelegenheit haben werden.

Mit der Vorſtellung der Volksſage nun und deshalb mit den in derſelben vorgeſtellten Perſonen dringen ſich dem Dichter die wirklichen Individuen auf, welche mit ihm durch ihr wirkliches Leben jene bloße Vorſtellung zur Wirklichkeit geſtaltet haben. Wenn ſie auch längſt nicht mehr ſind, ſie bleiben ihm doch unvergeßlich und nahen ſich als ſchwankende Geſtalten; erſte Liebe und Freundſchaft durchdringt ſein Innerſtes, die der alten halbverklungenen Sage gleich in die ſelbſtbewußte Gegenwart tritt. In Liebe und Freundſchaft giebt der Menſch zunächſt ſeine perſönliche Individualität auf und jede iſt darum dieſe ungetheilte gegenſeitige Durchdringung und Einheit, von welcher getragen dem Menſchen ſein vergangenes Leben bedeutungsvoll iſt, indem die ſonſt alles ausſchließende und darum hart verſchloſſene Perſönlichkeit in derſelben ſich aufgeſchloſſen hat. Mit der Erinnerung an die geliebte Margarete und an Freund Merk vergegenwärtigen ſich dem Dichter die Bilder einſt froh verlebter Tage, welchen ſich die mannigfaltigen Geſtalten des vergangenen Lebens anreihen. Erſte Liebe und Freundſchaft begeiſterte ihn zu ſeinen erſten Geſängen **), aber ſeine Erinnerung an dieſelben iſt von dem Bewußtſein durchdrungen, daß jene Seelen, welchen er zuerſt der Dichter und Sänger war, dem wirklichen Leben entnommen ſind, und ſeine ſpätern Geſänge nicht mehr vernehmen. Dieſes erfüllt ihn mit Wehmuth, und wenn die lieben Seelen ihn auch nicht mehr hören, ſo ſind ſie doch jenem ſtillen ernſten Geiſterreich entnommen, in ſeinem Bewußtſein wirklich geworden. Ihr ſelbſtbewußtes Daſein, das für die Vorſtellung ſchon dahin geſchwunden, bewegt und beſeelt ihn; denn eben dieſes ſein Bewußtſein iſt der Boden, auf welchem ſie ſich finden, und der ſie mit einander vereiniget.

Der Dichter nun als das wirkliche Bewußtſein der von ihm ſo innigſt geliebten Seelen empfindet und weiß ſich als daſſelbe; Liebe, Freude und Leid, überhaupt Alles was er im wirklichen Umgange mit denſelben erlebt hat, bemächtigt ſich ſeines Gemüthes, ſelige Gefühle, in welchen er einſtens verloren, deren empfindende Erinnerung durch die Vorſtellung, daß ſie einſt die ſeinigen geweſen, getrübt iſt, und was in ihm zuerſt ſeine tiefe Empfindung rege gemacht, ihn mit der innigſten Freude ſowohl als auch mit der tiefſten Wehmuth erfüllte, ergreift ſeine innerſte Seele, indem die lieben Seelen, mit welchen er alles dieſes getheilt und empfunden hat, ſein Bewußtſein durchdringen. Ganz in die Gefühle und in das Bewußtſein erſter Liebe und Freundſchaft verſetzt, fühlt, empfindet und weiß er, daß das, was ihn ehemals ſo unendlich beglückte, wohl der Zeit nach verſchwunden, aber dem geiſtigen Bewußtſein nach nie vergehen kann, und deshalb ewig und unvergänglich iſt. Wie jene Seelen noch dem Bewußtſein des Dichters angehören, weil er ſie auch mit ſich zum höheren Bewußtſein der Wahrheit erheben, und in der Gewißheit derſelben ſich mit ihnen als von dieſer Wahrheit durchdrungen vereint wiſſen, um der Zeit dieſelben Feſſeln anzulegen, mit welchen ſie von derſelben ihrem natürlichen Daſein nach gefeſſelt gehalten werden.

Aber das Gewand, in welchem dieſe Gewißheit der Wahrheit unſerem Dichter lebendig werden muß, iſt die Poeſie, in welcher als dem reinen Aether ſeines Bewußtſeins das wirkliche Leben ſeiner lieben Seelen ſich verflüchtigt und zur Vorſtellung reiner Weſenheit erhoben wird. Das der Zeit nach verſchwindende Leben, und Alles was ſich vermittelſt deſſelben geſtaltet, kann die verſchwindende Poeſie heißen, weil es durch ſeinen Untergang und Verſchwinden die Endlichkeit und Bedingtheit abſtreift und in die ideale Form der geiſtigen Weſenheit eingeht. Die Erhebung in dieſe Form iſt denn die Vorſtellung der Wahrheit ſelber, welche als die chriſtlich religiöſe Vorſtellung von dem Göttlichen die Wahrheit zu ihrem Inhalte hat und in der Weiſe der Dichtung ſich vorſtellt.

Jenes wirkliche Leben alſo löſet ſich in dem Reiche des allgemein geiſtigen auf, ſo daß die wirklichen Individuen ihre Beſonderheit in dem allgemein geiſtigen und vernünftigen Leben der Welt verflüchtigen und aufheben. Das Bewußtſein, welches ſie dadurch gewinnen, verurtheilt ſelbſt das ſich auf dieſer oder jener Stufe ſeiner geiſtigen Entfaltung befindende wirklich gegenwärtige Leben, und verkündet im voraus ſeine ſich offenbarenden höheren Geſtaltungen.

Wegen dieſer Erhebung des wirklichen Lebens verſchwindet das beſondere Thun und Leben jener wirklichen Perſonen, ſo wie ihre eignen Zwecke und Abſichten ſich als unwahr und nichtig beweiſen. Indem alſo die chriſtlich religiöſe Vorſtellung von der Wahrheit derſelben zu Grunde liegt, iſt dieſer vorgeſtellte Inhalt dasjenige überhaupt, was ſein heiliges Recht im Elemente der Dichtung ſowohl gegen die Beſonderheit des Menſchen als auch gegen das wirkliche und irdiſche Leben, deſſen Recht im Mephiſtopheles vorgeſtellt iſt, offenbaren. Weiter aber auch beſtimmt derſelbe das Verhältniß aller Perſonen zu einander, ſo daß dieſelben in ihrem nothwendig gegenſeitigen Verhältniſſe aus dieſem Inhalt eine jede aus allen und umgekehrt abzuleiten ſind.

In dem Zeugniſſe des allgemeinen Bewußtſeins von der Wahrheit, das in der chriſtlich religiöſen Vorſtellung von dem Göttlichen offenbar iſt, will nun unſer Dichter in dem Elemente der Poeſie ſich mit ſeinen lieben Seelen in dieſer Tragödie von aller Beſchränktheit befreien, und ſich mit denſelben auf ewig vereint wiſſen. Dieſe Poeſie, welche Himmel, Welt und Hölle vorſtellen will, und deren bewegende Seele der ſo eben erwähnte Inhalt iſt, führet ſich gleichſam zu demſelben als ihrer Quelle zurück, in welcher alles Sein und Leben ſeinen Grund hat. Indem der Dichter das erſcheinende Leben zu dieſer Quelle erhebt, und als dieſes Bewußtſein mit der Erinnerung an erſte Liebe und Freundſchaft ſeine lieben Seelen vereinet, bewegen ſich dieſelben wirklich geiſtig gegenwärtig vermittelſt derſelben in ſeinem Bewußtſein. Aber jene Quelle als der wahre Inhalt religiöſer Vorſtellung, welcher ſich in der Tragödie entfaltet, offenbart als die Ruhe ſelber die Unruhe des Lebens und Handelns, und wie derſelbe die Weſenheit und Wahrheit des Bewußtſeins, nämlich der allgemein geiſtigen Menſchheit iſt, ſind alle Menſchen mit jedem einzelnen verſöhnt und damit der Dichter mit ſeinen lieben Seelen in dieſer ihrer Weſenheit vereint, weil die Einigung die Weſenheit ſelber und deshalb ewig und unendlich iſt.

Dieſe Weſenheit nun ſich vorſtellend, wie er in derſelben mit ſeinen lieben Seelen ein Herz und eine Seele iſt, weiß und will unſer Dichter, und iſt als dieſes Wiſſen und Wollen das Können — woher das Wort Kunſt — damit der Künſtler oder Dichter, der in der höchſten Kunſt die Offenbarung derſelben zu verwirklichen ſtrebt. Zunächſt iſt dieſe Kunſt die Erſcheinung des Lebens als lebendige Welt, in welcher als der Wirklichkeit ſich die Ruhe und Sicherheit des Weſens ſo wie in dieſer Ruhe und vermittelſt derſelben die bewegliche Lebendigkeit entfaltet, ſo daß das wirkliche und göttliche Leben jedes mit ſeinem andern als mit ſich ſelber zuſammengeht, und das Ewige ſelbſt als gegenwärtige Wirklichkeit iſt. Das göttliche Leben allein iſt dieſe reine Wahrheit, welche unſer Dichter im poetiſchen Gewande herauszuringen bemüht iſt. Jedoch iſt daſſelbe in ſeiner reinen Geſtalt, die allein der freie Gedanke iſt, nicht Gegenſtand der Dichtung. Aber in dieſer Tragödie bewegt ſich die poetiſche Vorſtellung an dieſe Reinheit hinan, indem dieſelbe das Streben nach der Wahrheit ſelbſt vorſtellt, und darum die Wahrheit in ihrem vorſtellenden Gewande erfaßt haben muß. Hinzuführen zu dieſer Reinheit des Gedankens, iſt deshalb ihr Höchſtes, ihr Können, und damit die höchſte Spitze der Kunſt.

Das Große und Hohe, nämlich dieſe Aufgabe zu löſen, durchdringt die tiefe Seele des Meiſters, aber ſeinem weiten Gemüth, das das Göttliche in ſich trägt, entwindet ſich die ganze Welt in dichtender Weiſe. Seine gefühlvolle Welt löſet ſich in ſeinem Geſange auf, die eben deswegen nicht blos empfunden wird, ſondern in poetiſcher Vorſtellung herausgerungen und gegenſtändlich geworden erlöſet iſt. Alles was ſeinem Geſange entſtrömt, fließt zugleich aus dieſer Quelle, und alle Geſtalten der Vergangenheit ſo wie der Zukunft verwirklichen ſich in dieſer freien Weiſe der Dichtung. Aber auf diejenigen, welche als wirkliche Individuen mit ihm dieſe ſelbſtbewußte Wirklichkeit ſelbſt vorzuſtellen haben, bezieht ſich der Dichter, eben weil ſie als Perſonen für ihn vorhanden ſein müſſen, zuerſt, und indem ſie nun als Wirklichkeiten ihr verſchwundenes Daſein aufheben, wird ſein Herz mild und weich, ihn ergreift ein längſt entwöhntes Sehnen nach denſelben, und was er beſitzt, fühlt er verſchwinden, und was einmal geweſen, ſich verwirklichen.

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*) Siehe des Dichters Leben überhaupt. Von ſeinem Freunde Merk heißt es insbeſondere 3. Band S. 142. wie folgt: „In Merk's Charakter lag ein wunderbares Mißverhältniß: von Natur ein edler, braver Mann hatte er ſich gegen die Welt erbittert, und ließ dieſen grillenkranken Zug dergeſtalt in ſich walten, daß er eine unüberwindliche Neigung fühlte, vorſätzlich ein Schalk, ja ein Schelm zu ſein. Verſtändig, ruhig, gut in einem Augenblick, konnte es ihm in dem andern einfallen, irgend etwas zu thun, was einen Andern kränkte, verletzte, ja was ihm ſelbſt ſchädlich ward. In allen ſeinen Arbeiten ging er verneinend und zerſtörend zu Werke, was ihm jedoch ſelbſt unangenehm war."

**) Seine erſten Geſänge dichtete Goethe mit einigen Mitgliedern jener Geſellſchaft, zu welcher Margarete gehörte. Gemeinſchaftlich wurden Gelegenheitsgedichte wie z. B. für Hochzeiten, Begräbniſſe u. ſ. f. verfertigt, und das für dieſelben gelöſte Geld verzehrt. Vergl. Goethe's Leben 1. Bd. S. 107. und f.

An ſeinen lieben Seelen und an ihm ſelber ſoll ſich die göttliche Wahrheit offenbaren, und vermittelſt derſelben die Aufgabe gelöſt werden, und das Ganze ſich geſtalten. Die Erinnerung an dieſelben wird deshalb in der Gewißheit dieſer göttlichen Wahrheit zu einer ewigen Gegenwart, ſo daß dieſe Gewißheit ſelbſt alle Wirklichkeit iſt, zu welcher ſich die Wirklichkeit dieſer Seelen erweitert oder ſich dieſelbe zueignet, und ſo der Dichter in ſeiner Zueignung denſelben das Höchſte, nämlich das Göttliche ſelber, zueignet, das ſie ſich eben ſo ſehr zu eigen machen, indem er in ſeinem Bewußtſein mit ihnen und durch ſie ſich zur Wahrheit erhebe, an welcher ſie wie alle mit ihm den innigſten Antheil haben. In dem rein Geiſtigen alſo ſich mit ſeinen lieben Seelen vereint wiſſend, eignet er ſich mit denſelben dem Göttlichen als aller Wahrheit zu, das mit dem allgemein geiſtigen Bewußtſein der Menſchheit eins das Weſen deſſelben ausmacht.

Indem nun die Betrachtung der Zueignung uns zu der Gewißheit der derſelben zu Grunde liegenden Weſenheit als aller Wahrheit geführt hat, ſo iſt dieſe Gewißheit auch damit nicht ſchon dem Anſchauenden gegenſtändlich, ſondern, wenn daſſelbe ſelbſt von dieſer Betrachtung vermittelſt des Gedankens durchdrungen wäre, würde es dennoch in dem Inhalte der Zueignung als der wirklichen Weſenheit des allgemeinen Bewußtſeins, welche ſich in derſelben als alle Wirklichkeit vorſtellt, nur die ſelbſtbewußte Gegenwart ſeines objectiven Lebens anſchauen. Um aber zur Anſchauung und Vorſtellung des Weſens ſelber zu gelangen, muß es zunächſt dieſe ſeine ſelbſtbewußte Gegenwart vorgeſtellt anſchauen, und vermittelſt dieſer Vorſtellung das Bewußtſein derſelben als eines gegen das Weſen Unwahren gewinnen. Das *Vorſpiel auf dem Theater* iſt näher dieſe Vorſtellung oder hat vielmehr dieſelbe zu ſeinem Inhalt, und folgt darum nothwendig der Zueignung, zu welchem letztere ſich aufhebt.

Als vorgeſtellte Wirklichkeit des Bewußtſeins bringt deshalb unſer Dichter dieſelbe, wie er ſie unmittelbar vorfindet, und damit ſeine Zeit, die wie in der Wiſſenſchaft ſo auch in der Kunſt leider an das Beſte nicht gewöhnt iſt, auf das Theater, indem er in dem Bewußtſein, die dem allgemeinen Bewußtſein der Menſchheit gegenſtändliche göttliche Wahrheit in dem Elemente der Dichtung verwirklichen zu wollen, ſich die nähere Beziehung des Anſchauenden auf dieſe ſeine Verwirklichung vorſtellt. Jedoch ſtellt das Vorſpiel die gegenwärtige Zeit nicht als diejenige vor, welche das allgemein concret vernünftige Bewußtſein ſelber wäre, ſondern nur die *Gemeinheit* deſſelben; jenes dürfte ſchon deshalb unmöglich ſein, weil der Kunſtinhalt der Tragödie die der geſammten Menſchheit offenbare göttliche Wahrheit ſelber iſt. Alſo dem gemeinen Bewußtſein wird ſeine Flachheit in dieſem Vorſpiele zur Anſchauung gebracht, und demſelben gleichſam als ſein Weſen vorgehalten, damit es angeregt werde, ſich zu höheren Vorſtellungen, als ſeine gewöhnlichen ſein mögen, zu erheben. Zugleich ſchaut es ſein Verhältniß in dieſem Vorſpiele zur Tragödie an, ſo wie unſer Dichter in demſelben die Anerkennung der nothwendigen theatraliſchen Vorſtellung dramatiſcher Dichtungen ausſpricht, aber zugleich auf das gewöhnliche Theaterweſen aufmerkſam macht, indem er andeutet, daß dieſe Tragödie ſowohl für das Theater beſtimmt als auch über die Vorſtellung auf dem Theater hinaus ſei.

Näher aber iſt dem Anſchauenden überhaupt in dem Vorſpiele zu verſtehen gegeben, daß es in der Tragödie nichts Gewöhnliches erwarten ſolle, ſondern das Göttliche ſelber, indem ſie das Höchſte und Heiligſte zu ihrem Inhalt habe, vorgeſtellt erkennen müſſe. Nicht den Schein des irdiſchen Lebens, ſondern den Einklang deſſelben mit dem ewigen, welcher die Welt in ſein Herz zurück ſchlingt, will der Dichter aus ſeinem Innerſten entfalten, und darum ſoll jeder, der ſich zur Vorſtellung dieſer Welt erhebe, auch in der Tragödie dieſen Einklang anſchauen und ſich in die dieſelbe bewegende Vernünftigkeit, um in ihr ſeine eigene allgemeine Vernunft zu erfaſſen, vertiefen und vergeſſen. Für einen Spiegel ſoll die Tragödie genommen werden, in welchem der Menſch weniger ſich ſelbſt, als vielmehr das allgemein vernünftig geiſtige Leben als ſeine wahre Vernunft und Weſenheit anſchaue und erkenne. Alſo von dem Göttlichen ſelber durchdrungen iſt dieſe Welt vorzuſtellen, in welcher die göttliche Vernunft nicht als in einem ihr fremden, ſondern als in dem Andern ihrer ſelbſt ſich wiſſe. Alles was aus dieſer göttlichen Quelle fließt oder vermittelſt derſelben aus dem menſchlichen Bewußtſein ſich geſtaltet, iſt das Zeitloſe, das für keinen Augenblick geboren der Nachwelt unverloren bleibe, wenn alles Andere nur der Mitwelt als dem gemeinen Bewußtſein Spaß macht.

Das Anſchauende, welches theils in dem Vorſpiele zur Vorſtellung des göttlichen Inhaltes der Dichtung angeregt iſt, theils vermittelſt deſſelben das Bewußtſein der Weſenheit als der die Welt durchdringenden Wahrheit gewinnt, ſchaut deshalb ſeinem Begriffe nach ſich als dasjenige an, was ſich zur Anſchauung und Vorſtellung ſeiner göttlichen Weſenheit erheben muß, aber gegen welche es ſich ſelber als ein Unwahres weiß und vorſtellt. Vermittelſt dieſer Vorſtellung ſeiner ſelbſt als des Unwahren gelangt es aber zur Vorſtellung des allein Wahren, das als nur *vorgeſtellt* das göttliche Weſen im Himmel iſt, und im *Prolog* als der *Herr im Himmel* angeſchaut wird.

Mit der Fortbildung des Anſchauenden vermittelſt des Vorſpiels hat ſich denn auch die Tragödie jener vorgeſtellten Weſenheit gemäß weiter entwickelt, und deshalb den Himmel als das Unendliche und Wahre, gegen den das Anſchauende ſich als das Unweſentliche verſtellt, nach dem Vorſpiele entfaltet, in welchem Himmel der Herr das geiſtige Weſen oder der göttliche Geiſt und deshalb der chriſtliche Gott *) iſt. Indem es als wirkliches Bewußtſein das Unweſentliche dem Himmel gegenüber ſich befindet, oder vielmehr denſelben als ein Jenſeits aus ſeinem Gemüthe vermittelſt der Vorſtellung hinausverſtellt, iſt das Weſen ein demſelben Fernes, weshalb es wohl bei ſeinem Herrn im Himmel, aber nicht in ſich ſelbſt mit dieſem Weſen eins iſt. Auf dieſelbe Weiſe weiß es das allgemein geiſtige Bewußtſein der Menſchheit nicht als das Bewußtſein dieſes Himmels, das es darum dem Herrn als die himmliſchen Heerſchaaren zugeſellt und deshalb in dem Himmel anſchaut. Denn es iſt ſich eben ſo wenig jener den Herrn umgebenden Heerſchaaren, welche Vorſtellung derſelben im Himmel dem Begriffe der Einheit des göttlichen und menſchlichen Geiſtes vollkommen entſpricht, als des aus ſeinem Gemüthe hinausverſtellten allgemein geiſtigen Bewußtſeins bewußt. Der Vorſtellung iſt das göttliche Weſen als der Herr im Himmel der unwandelbare, das die himmliſchen Heerſchaaren ausdrückende allgemeine Bewußtſein aber, weil es die göttliche und menſchliche Natur in einer Einheit vorſtellt, unwandelbar und wandelbar zugleich, nur ſo daß beides als getrennt und ausſchließlich erſcheint. Die himmliſchen Heerſchaaren theilen ſich deshalb in unwandelbare oder gute, und wandelbare oder böſe Engel. Die guten ſind als die unwandelbaren und deshalb blos abſtracten eine unbeſtimmte Vielheit, ſie ſind Schaaren, die ihr concretes Selbſt in dem göttlichen Weſen als der allgemeinen Selbſtheit, nämlich dem Herrn, anſchauen, aber die böſen Engel als die wandelbar gewordenen und darum abgefallenen gewinnen ihr Bewußtſein in dem Teufel als in der individuellen Selbſtheit. Ein abgefallener Engel bleibt aber, wie *Shakeſpeare* ſich ausdrückt, dennoch immer ein Engel, der von Zeit zu Zeit den Alten gerne ſieht und mit ihm zu brechen hütet, weshalb wir denn auch Mephiſtopheles im Himmel unter dem Geſinde antreffen.

Während die Erzengel die Unwandelbarkeit des Herrn und ſeiner Werke preiſen, und damit ihrem abſtracten Begriffe entſprechen, ſpricht Mephiſtopheles die Ironie dieſes Begriffes aus, wenn er zu dem Herrn ſagt, daß ſein Pathos, im Falle er ſich das Lachen nicht abgewöhnt hätte, ihn gewiß zum Lachen bringen würde. Nicht das Unwandelbare, Abſtracte, ſondern das Wandelbare, Concrete, Lebendige ſtellt er vor; aber weil das Unwandelbare als das geiſtige Weſen die Weſenheit des Wandelbaren ausmacht, iſt daſſelbe nicht nur das Unwandelbare als ſolches, ſondern das in dem Wandelbaren Unwandelbare, was denn der Herr dem Mephiſtopheles hinſichtlich des Fauſt auch zu verſtehen giebt. Nur aus dieſem Begriffe des Weſens kann die ausſchließliche Unterredung des Herrn mit dem Mephiſtopheles im Himmel und der Inhalt dieſer Unterredung begriffen werden **).

Indem nun dem Anſchauenden der Himmel gegenſtändlich iſt, und der Begriff deſſelben in der Weiſe der Vorſtellung angeſchaut wird, der in dieſer ſeiner Vorſtellung den *Glauben* des Anſchauenden ausmacht und denſelben zu ſeinem Inhalt hat, iſt dieſer der vorgeſtellten Weſenheit des Anſchauenden entſprechende Himmel alle Wahrheit, von welcher das Anſchauende als ſeiner alleinigen Weſenheit durchdrungen iſt. Deshalb muß daſſelbe durch die Anſchauung und Vorſtellung des Inhalts der Unterredung des Herrn mit dem Mephiſtopheles im Himmel in ſeinem innerſten Gemüthe um ſo mehr ergriffen werden, als dieſe Vorſtellung des Himmels als aller Weſenheit und Wahrheit in demſelben wurzelt. In dem Himmel ſelbſt alſo als dem ſeinem Begriffe der Vorſtellung nach Unwandelbaren ſchaut es zugleich das Wandelbare an, ſo daß darin nicht nur die Möglichkeit, ſondern als Mephiſtopheles ſelbſt die Wirklichkeit deſſelben vorgeſtellt iſt, und das Anſchauende vermittelſt dieſer Vorſtellung und damit ſeines Glaubens zur Vorſtellung der Wandelbarkeit ſelbſt des Himmliſchen und Ewigen hingeführt wird. Näher aber erzeugt dieſe Vorſtellung, daß ſelbſt das Himmliſche und Göttliche ſich

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*) Daß der Herr hier der chriſtliche Gott und deshalb der göttliche Geiſt iſt, deutet auch *Cornelius* auf dem Titelblatte ſeiner Bilder zum Fauſt an, indem in einem ungleichen Quadrate der Herr in der Mitte mit einem Halbkreis von Engeln umgeben die dreifache Krone auf dem Haupte trägt und die Weltkugel mit dem Kreuze in der Linken hält, anſtatt in den Bildern zum Fauſt von *Retzſch* der Herr ohne die dreifache Krone und das Kreuz nicht den chriſtlichen Gott ausdrückt, und deshalb der Begriff des Weſens nicht erfaßt iſt.

**) Vergleiche das Buch *Hiob* Kap. 1.

ſeiner entfremden können, von Seiten des Anſchauenden ſelbſt die Vorſtellung einer möglichen Entfremdung von ſeinem Himmel und damit von ſeinem Glauben als aller Weſenheit und Wahrheit, vor welcher Entfremdung denn der Himmel als ſolcher ſich verſchließt, und Mephiſtopheles nur noch allein übrig bleibt.

Aber dieſe Vorſtellung wird eben wegen der Form des Bewußtſeins zur Gewißheit ſelber, welche denn das dem Himmel entfremdete Selbſtbewußtſein ausmacht. Als ſolches iſt es ſich ſelber die Wirklichkeit das Weſenloſe, und wie es in der Gewißheit ſeiner ſelbſt dem Himmel entſagt, iſt demſelben auch die wirkliche Welt eine entweſte Wirklichkeit, in welcher das Göttliche und Wahre nicht gegenwärtig iſt. Denn mit dem Himmel iſt dem Bewußtſein das Göttliche entflohen, das ſich ſelbſt nun dafür zum Inhalt gewonnen hat, weil es ohne den Himmel nur von ſich erfüllt das Wiſſen von ſich ſelber, und als ſolches von der göttlichen Wahrheit entfernt, nur der menſchliche Geiſt in ſeiner einzelnen Selbſtheit iſt.

Mit dem entflohenen Himmel iſt das Ewige und Himmliſche dem Irdiſchen gegenüber ein für das ſich ſelbſt als die Weſenheit erfaſſende Selbſtbewußtſein Unwirkliches, das darum als Gegenſtand der Wiſſenſchaft dem Erkennen und Wiſſen entflieht, weil das auf die Erkenntniß deſſelben ausgehende Bewußtſein ſich ſelbſt die Wirklichkeit und Weſenheit iſt, und ſich als ſolche feſthält. Insbeſondere trägt ſolche Wiſſenſchaft dazu bei, das Bewußtſein dem Göttlichen zu entziehen und demſelben ſeinen Himmel zu entwenden, indem ſie dem Wiſſen als ihrem Elemente den Inhalt der mit der göttlichen Wahrheit erfüllten Vorſtellung nicht zu ertheilen vermag. Als Wiſſenſchaft des Himmliſchen ſtrebt ſie wohl, die in der Vorſtellung wurzelnde Wahrheit zu wiſſen, weil aber das erkennende Bewußtſein ſich in ſeinem Wiſſen nicht zu derſelben entäußert, und damit ihre vorgeſtellte Form nicht in das Wiſſen erhebt, überhaupt dieſe Vorſtellung nicht begreift, bringt ſie das Bewußtſein zu der Gewißheit, Nichts wiſſen zu können. Denn dieſes Himmliſche iſt und bleibt als Gegenſtand des Wiſſens ein Jenſeitiges, und tritt nicht in die dieſſeitige Gegenwart des Bewußtſeins ein. Das dem Himmliſchen gegenüberſtehende Irdiſche iſt die natürliche Welt als ſolche, welche eben deswegen als Gegenſtand der Wiſſenſchaft die wiſſenſchaftliche Form zur Weiſe des ſinnlichen Wahrnehmens herunterſetzt, und darum keinen Anſpruch machen kann, Ausdruck des Gedankens und der Vernunft zu ſein.

Beide Seiten ſolcher Wiſſenſchaft, nämlich die des Himmliſchen und die des Irdiſchen entſprechen keineswegs dem Begriffe der Wiſſenſchaft. Denn in dieſen Weiſen ihres Inhaltes entbehrt die Wiſſenſchaft aller ſubſtanziellen Wahrheit, ſo daß ſie als eine Wiſſenſchaft des Himmliſchen nicht in ihr ſelber das göttliche Leben offenbart und entfaltet, und als eine Wiſſenſchaft des Irdiſchen nicht das Vernünftige in ihrem Gegenſtande erkennt, damit das Bewußtſein, das ſich in ſolchem weſenloſen Wiſſen herumgetrieben, zuletzt durch all' ſein Lernen, Forſchen und Bemühen um keinen Schritt weiter gekommen, dieſe Wiſſenſchaft als ein Nichtiges und Unwahres erkennt, und als die Verzweiflung an derſelben in der Perſon des Fauſt den erſten Theil der Tragödie eröffnet.

Johann Baptist Hirſcher.

Doctor der Theologie, badiſcher geiſtlicher Rath und ordentlicher öffentlicher Profeſſor der chriſtlichen Moral und der Religionslehre, der Sohn eines Landmannes, wurde am 20. Juni 1788 zu Alt-Ergarten, einem abgelegenen Hofe des vormaligen vorderöſterreichiſchen Oberamtes Altdorf, geboren. Da er frühzeitig ſchon ausgezeichnete Talente an den Tag legte, ward er den Studien beſtimmt, die er in der Kloſterſchule zu Weißenau begann und auf dem Gymnaſium zu Konſtanz fortſetzte. Nachdem er den philoſophiſchen Curſus zu Konſtanz vollendet, bezog er die Univerſität zu Freiburg, wo er dem Studium der Theologie ſich widmete. Als er darauf im Herbſt 1810 die prieſterliche Weihe erhalten, betrat er zuerſt die Bahn der praktiſchen Seelſorge. Im Winter 1812 wurde er Repetent an der theologiſchen Facultät und an dem Seminar zu Ellwangen, und zwei Jahre ſpäter zugleich Verweſer der philoſophiſchen Profeſſur an dem Lyceum daſelbſt. Im Herbſte 1817 erhielt er eine Lehrſtelle an dem obern Gymnaſium zu Rottweil, und noch in demſelben Jahre ward er als Profeſſor der chriſtlichen Moral an der katholiſch-theologiſchen Facultät zu Tübingen berufen, wo er als Lehrer und Schriftſteller mit immer ſteigendem Erfolge wirkte. Trotz vielfacher Anfeindungen der Römlinge und trotz einer gegen ihn in Stuttgart erhobenen Anklage, blieb H. auf ſeinem Lehrſtuhle, ja die Gnade des Königs ehrte ihn mit dem Ritterkreuze des Ordens der würtembergiſchen Krone. Im Herbſte 1837 erhielt er, nachdem er früher ſehr vortheilhafte Anträge ausgeſchlagen hatte, einen Ruf an die Univerſität Freiburg, den er auch annahm.

Er gab heraus:

Ueber das Verhältniß des Evangeliums zu der theologiſchen Scholaſtik der neueſten Zeit. Tübingen 1823.
Anſichten von dem Jubiläum. Tüb. 1826; 2. Aufl. unter dem Titel: „Die katholiſche Lehre vom Ablaß," pragmatiſch dargeſtellt, Tüb. 1829; 3. Aufl. 1833.
Betrachtungen über ſämmtliche Evangelien der Faſten. Tüb. 1829; 6. Aufl. 1839.
Katechetik, oder der Beruf des Seelſorgers, die ihm anvertraute Jugend im Chriſtenthum zu unterrichten und zu erziehen, nach ſeinem ganzen Umfange. Tüb. 1831; 3. Aufl. 1834.
Chriſtliche Moral. 3 Bde. Tüb. 1835—36; 2. Aufl. 1836—37.
Betrachtungen über die ſonntäglichen Evangelien des Kirchenjahres. Bd. 1, Tüb. 1837; 2. Aufl. 1839.

Einer der gründlichſten, gelehrteſten und aufgeklärteſten katholiſchen Theologen unſerer Zeit, hat H. vorzüglich danach geſtrebt, die Wahrheit nach ſeiner, ſtets auf tiefen wiſſenſchaftlichen Forſchungen beruhenden inneren Ueberzeugung zu lehren und zu verbreiten, und daher trotz allen Anfeindungen ſeiner Gegner überaus ſegensreich gewirkt und in den weiteſten Kreiſen die ehrendſte Anerkennung gefunden.

Geo[illegible] [illegible]aniel Hirtz

ward am 2. Februar 1804 zu Straßburg geboren und lebt daſelbſt als Drechslermeiſter.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Gedichte. Straßburg 1834.
Der Jakobstag. Ebendaſ. 1838.
Der Ottilienberg. Ebend. 1839.
Die Kurbengaſſe. Ebend. 1840.

Ein anmuthiges, gefälliges lyriſches Talent, das ſich mitten unter franzöſiſchen Einflüſſen eine echt deutſche Geſinnung und Lebensanſicht bewahrte.

In der Münſterkrone.

(Sonntag 5. Auguſt 1838, in der Frühe.)

Auf hohem luft'gen Throne
Da ſitz' ich wohlgemuth,
Erwinia's Felſenkrone
Hält mich in treuer Hut.

Wohl liegt in ſüßem Schlummer
Dort unten Mancher noch,
Verträumt des Lebens Kummer,
Befreit vom ſchweren Joch.

Bin doch nicht ganz alleine
So nah dem Himmelsthor.
Aufſchwirrt aus dem Geſteine
Der Dohlen ſchwarzer Chor.

O, wie ſo ſchön hier oben,
Im friſchen Morgenlicht,
Das ſtralend ſich erhoben
Und übern Schwarzwald bricht.

Mein Buſen auch ſich hebet,
Und wonnig pocht das Herz,
Voll heil'ger Andacht ſchwebet
Das Auge himmelwärts.

Ich bring' im Frühgebete
Dem Schöpfer Lob und Preis,
Auf hocherhabner Stätte
Ob Heil'genbilder Kreis! . . .

Allmälig wird es rege;
Sonntag bricht feſtlich an!
Der Morgenglocken Schläge,
Sie zittern hell heran.

Und ſchmetternd klingt von ferne
Der Krieger Feſtmuſik,
Vor ſtattlicher Kaſerne
Erſpähet ſie mein Blick.

Horch, wie die Hörner klingen!
Wie ſchallt's herauf ſo weit
Auf leichten, luft'gen Schwingen:
Glück auf! 's iſt Sonntag heut!

O, wie ſo ſchön hier oben
Im alternden Geſtein,
Von Meiſterhand gehoben
In Aether hoch hinein.

Einſt unbehauen lagen
Dort in des Kronthals Kluft
Die Felſen, die hier ragen
So künſtlich in die Luft.

Wie ſich die Bogen runden,
Wie ſchlank die Thürmlein ſtehn,
Von Blättern feſt umwunden,
Wie biſt du, Münſter, ſchön!

Kennt ihr den kühnen Meiſter,
Der dieſes Werk erdacht?
Erwin von Steinbach heißt er,
Er, er hat es vollbracht!

An jenes Berges Fuße
Trat ſtill er in die Welt,
Kam her mit deutſchem Gruße,
Baut' Straßburgs Steingezelt.

Nun ſteht ſchon manch Jahrhundert
Das hohe Felſenhaus,
Geprieſen und bewundert,
Schaut kühn und ſtolz hinaus.

Grüßt Badens ſchöne Gauen,
Des Schwarzwalds dunkeln Kranz,
Und grüßt Alſatiens Auen,
Das weite Rheinthal ganz!

Nicht Grenzen ſollten ſcheiden
Dies biedre Volk, dies Land;
Fürwahr! 's wär' zu beneiden,
Umſchlang's ein feſtes Band!

Verwächſt zu einem Stamme
Dies Volk einſt und dies Thal,
Glüht eine Freudenflamme
Auf Erwins Ehrenmal!

Konrad Sahſpach.

Es lebte einſt ein Drechslermeiſter
Zu Straßburg in der Krämergaß,
Geſchickt und klug, ein Weitgereiſter,
Verſtand ſein edles Handwerk baß.
Herr Konrad Sahſpach hieß der Mann,
Von dem ich dieſes rühmen kann.

Eins Tages in die Werkelſtätte
Ein ernſter hoher Fremdling tritt:
„Grüß Gott euch, Meiſter! Hört, ich hätte
An eure Kunſt jetzt eine Bitt';
Hab' mir was Neues ausgedacht,
Will's Gott, ſo wird's zu Stand gebracht!“

„Schön, edler Herr! Was ſoll es geben?“
Entgegnet ihm der Meiſter drauf.
„Hier bringe ich die Zeichnung eben,“
Spricht er, und rollt ſie vor ihm auf —
„Da ſeht ihr, was ich möchte han,
Mit einer ſtarken Schraube dran.“

„Hat faſt das Anſehn einer Trotte,“
So Konrad Sahſpach lächelnd ſpricht —
„Schweigt, Meiſter, ſchweiget! bitterm Spotte
Laßt Raum in eurem Herzen nicht;
Was Großes giebt's, ihr ſollt ſchon ſehn,
Das immerdar wird fortbeſtehn!

Wohl mögt ihr's eine Trotte ſchelten,
Doch eine Trotte ſondrer Art;
Sie wird als theures Gut einſt gelten,
Denn Wunder ſind ihr aufbewahrt;
Viel höhre Kraft als Traubengeiſt
Von dieſer Trotte leuchtend fleußt.

Durch ſie wird Gott ſein Wort verbreiten,
Der Wahrheit ewig-reinen Quell,
Der Hölle Macht und Liſt beſtreiten
Und Tage ſchaffen klar und hell.
Der Wahn, der Aberglaube ſinkt,
Sobald das Licht am Himmel blinkt.“

Voll Ehrfurcht ſtaunt der Drechslermeiſter
Den fremden hohen Kunden an:
„Steht ihr im Bund der guten Geiſter,
Und habt von ihnen Macht empfahn!

O lieber Herr, die Arbeit neu
Schaff' ich fürwahr nicht ohne Scheu!“

Und bald die erſte Drucker-Preſſe
Durch eines Drechslers Kunſt entſtand;
Daß man des Meiſters nicht vergeſſe,
Hab' ich den Namen ſein genannt.
Längſt kennt die Menſchheit nah und fern
Hans Gutenberg, den fremden Herrn.

Leberecht Siegmund Jaspis

Doctor der Theologie und Stadtprediger an der Frauenkirche zu Dresden, iſt geboren am 20. Sept. 1778 zu Meißen, wo ſein Vater Archidiakonus war. Durch den frühen Tod ſeiner Aeltern ward ſeine Jugend eine traurige. Er erhielt eine Stelle im Alumneum der Thomasſchule und bezog dann die Univerſität in Leipzig. Seit 1799 ſtudirte er zuerſt eine Zeitlang Medicin, und vertauſchte ſpäter dieſes Studium mit dem der Theologie. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Laufbahn und zweijährigem Hauslehrerleben wurde er 1804 zum Katecheten an der Peterskirche zu Leipzig und 1805 zum Prediger in Pobles bei Lützen gewählt. Im Jahre 1813 wurde er nach Dresden berufen, wo er ſeitdem geblieben iſt, zuerſt als Diakonus an der Kreuzkirche und ſeit 1837 als Stadtprediger an der Frauenkirche. Im Jahre 1824 hat ihm die theologiſche Fakultät in Erlangen ihre Doctorwürde ertheilt.

Er ſchrieb:

Predigten im Sturme der Zeit. Leipzig 1806.
Predigten bei ausgezeichneten Amtsvorfällen. Dresden 1817.
Hodegetik. Dresden 1820.
Ermahnungen eines Vaters an ſeine Tochter vor ihrem erſten Abendmahlsgenuſſe. Dresden 1824.
Mahnungen an Jünglinge u. ſ. w. Dresden 1828.
Weg durch's Leben, oder Rathſchläge für Jünglinge, welche ſich als Künſtler, Kaufleute und Gewerbtreibende würdig ausbilden wollen. Leipzig 1829. 2. A. 1844.
Winke, die Einrichtung der Bürgerſchulen betreffend. Dresden 1831.
Das rege Leben auf dem Gebiete der Religionswiſſenſchaft im proteſtantiſchen Deutſchland. Leipzig 1832.
Die fromme Feier des Abendmahles. 2. Aufl., Leipzig 1832.
Der Schutzgeiſt edler Weiblichkeit, ein Geſchenk für erwachſene Töchter. Meißen 1836.
Kleiner Katechismus Luther's in behaltbaren Sätzen. 3. Aufl. Dresden 1837.
Stimmen aus dem Reiche Gottes. Leipzig 1839.
Die chriſtliche Sittenlehre. Dresden 1845.

Von der Heiligkeit ſeines Berufes erfüllt, vereint J. namentlich in ſeinen trefflichen Kanzel- und Amtsreden große Klarheit und echte Toleranz mit Gedankenreichthum, Tiefe und Innigkeit, gehüllt in das Gewand einer meiſterhaften Diction. Nicht minder vortrefflich ſind ſeine ascetiſchen Schriften, wie überhaupt aus Allem, was er veröffentlicht, der rechte Geiſt chriſtlicher Milde, gehoben durch genaue Kenntniß deſſen, was Noth thut, um zu erheben und aufzuklären, zu belehren und zu beſſern, hervorleuchtet.

Julius Ludwig Ideler.

geboren zu Berlin am 3. Sept. 1809, wurde theils durch Privatlehrer, theils auf dem franzöſiſchen Gymnaſium zu Berlin gebildet, von wo aus er im Jahr 1821 die Landesſchule zu Pforte bezog. Nach ſeinem Abgange von dort 1828 ſtudirte er anfangs Medicin, dann Naturwiſſenſchaften zu Berlin und Mathematik zu Königsberg. Nachdem er das Examen als Oberlehrer beſtanden hatte, beſchäftigte er ſich vielfach als Mitglied des königlichen Seminars zu Berlin mit gelehrten Forſchungen, habilitirte ſich daſelbſt als Privatdocent und lebt jetzt gänzlich geſchichtlich-archäologiſchen und ſprachlichen Studien.

Er ſchrieb:

Meteorologia veterum Graecorum et Romanorum. Berlin 1832.
Ueber die Feuerkugeln und Nordlichte. Berlin 1832.
Ueber die angeblichen Veränderungen des Klimas, in Berghaus „Annalen“ 1832.
Ueber den Hagel. Leipzig 1833.
Ariſtoteles „Meteorologia“ in einem nach Handſchriften berichtigten Texte, mit Auszügen aus den griechiſchen Commentaren und mit einem Commentare herausgegeben, 2 Bände. Leipzig 1834—37.
Die Sage von dem Schuß des Tell, hiſtoriſch-kritiſche Abhandlung. Berlin 1836.
Kritiſche Unterſuchungen über die Geſchichte der Entdeckung von Amerika. Bd. 1.—3., Berlin 1838—39.
Hermapion sive rudimenta hieroglyphices veterum Aegyptiorum. Leipzig 1839, 4., mit einem Atlas von 40 Tafeln.
Ausgabe von Eginhard's „Vita Caroli Magni,“ 2 Bde., Hamb. 1839, mit Einleitung, Commentar und Urkundenbuch.
Handbuch der engliſchen Sprache und Literatur. 3. Band. Berlin 1838. (Die beiden erſten Bände dieſes Werkes gab ſein Vater heraus.)

Ein eben ſo gründlicher wie geiſtreicher Forſcher, weiß J. ſeinen Unterſuchungen durch vortreffliche Darſtellung und geſchmackvolle Anordnung noch beſonderen Reiz zu verleihen.

Auguſt Kahlert

wurde am 5. März 1807 zu Breslau geboren, lebt daſelbſt jetzt noch als Profeſſor an der Univerſität.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Ewald und Bertha, idylliſches Epos in 6 Geſängen. Leipzig 1829.
Blätter aus der Brieftaſche eines Muſikers. Breslau 1832.
Novellen. Daſ. 1832.
Romanzen. Daſ. 1834.
Schleſiens Antheil an deutſcher Poeſie, ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeſchichte. Daſ. 1835.
Tonleben. Novellen und vermiſchte Aufſätze. Daſ. 1838.
Breslau vor hundert Jahren. Daſ. 1840.
Aufſätze, Erzählungen, Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Wärme, Innigkeit, Klarheit und Anmuth ſind den poetiſchen Erzeugniſſen K.'s eigenthümlich und würden dieſen gewiß eine weit größere Verbreitung erworben haben, wenn ihr Verfaſſer ſich nicht zu beſcheiden von allem Treiben des öffentlichen Marktes fern hielte. Seine theoretiſchen und literärhiſtoriſchen Arbeiten zeichnen ſich durch gründliche und gewiſſenhafte Forſchung, Scharfſinn und geſchmackvolle Darſtellung ſehr vortheilhaft aus.

Weihnachtsſegen.

Novelle.

Ein heiterer Wintertag blickte in Emil's Zimmer und beleuchtete vortheilhaft den behaglichen, mit Bedürfniſſen des Ueberfluſſes und genußverſtändigen Lebens ausgeſchmückten Raum. Das Hausgeräth war von zierlicher Form, die Teppiche, die den Boden bedeckten, hätten dem Empfangzimmer einer eiteln Frau keine Schande gemacht, die wenigen Kupferſtiche an den Wänden gehörten zu den Muſterwerken dieſer Gattung, und manche kleine Vorkehrungen, welche die Anmuth einer Wohnung erhöhen, verriethen, daß deren Beſitzer eben ſo erfahren als erfinderiſch ſei. Dieſe behagliche Umgebung ſtand im Widerſpruche mit den verfinſterten, innere Aufregung verrathenden Geſichtszügen Emil's, der haſtig auf und abſchritt, und ſichtbarlich in innerem Kampfe begriffen, bald einen zerſtreuten Blick auf das lebendige Menſchengetriebe in der Straße hinabwarf, dann wieder mit Haſtigkeit ein ſaubergemaltes kleines weibliches Bildniß, das über ſeinem Arbeitstiſche hing, anſtarrte, endlich aber ſich in den Armſtuhl warf, die Augen wie erſchöpft mit der Hand bedeckend. Faſt zögernd langte die andere nach einem bereits geöffneten zierlichen Briefchen, das auf dem Tiſche lag; leiſe und langſam, als gelte es jetzt eine bereits erfahrene Botſchaft in allen Einzelheiten genau zu würdigen, las Emil Folgendes:

„Sie ſind allzuhart gegen den armen Prinzen. Daß er nichts weiter, als ein kaum erwachſener, unbeſonnener und unvorſichtiger Menſch voll knabenhafter Gewohnheiten iſt, um deſſen Erziehung ich mir ein Verdienſt erwerben will, müſſen Sie doch längſt eingeſehen haben. Oder halten Sie das Männchen wirklich für gefährlich? Sind Sie im Ernſt eiferſüchtig? Zornig genug gebehrden Sie ſich bereits. Aber wie komiſch iſt es doch, daß ſelbſt ein weltkluger Diplomat ſolchen Gegner fürchtet! Mein Himmel, wie ſollen wir armen Schauſpielerinnen es denn anfangen, den unbehülflichen Huldigungen vornehmer Müßiggänger zu entgehen? Sie nähern ſich uns, weil wir die abſchreckende Blödigkeit der übrigen deutſchen Mädchen von ſelbſt abzulegen gezwungen ſind, und ihnen bei ihren Studien im Umgange mit Frauen mithin auf willkommene Weiſe unzählige Verlegenheiten erſparen. Halten ſie ſich dadurch zu größeren Anſprüchen berechtigt, ſo überſehen ſie, daß wir immer Herren unſerer Handlungsweiſe bleiben, und daß ſie durch ihre Ueberſchätzung des Scheines, der einmal die heutige menſchliche Geſellſchaft gefangen hält, uns Schauſpielern nur ſelbſt unterhaltend werden. Dies Schauſpiel iſt ja das einzige, das uns beluſtigen kann. Doch ſo ſchlimm, hoffe ich, wird es dem armen Prinzen nicht gehen; ich denke nicht daran, es zu arg mit ihm zu treiben, ohne daß man deshalb mir zumuthen könnte, ihn ſelbſt vor mir zu warnen. Voyons, wie er dieſe erſte kleine Herzenserfahrung überſtehen wird.

Nun ſind Sie hoffentlich beruhigt, lieber Baron? Sie erinnern ſich ganz unbefangen daran, wie gänzlich anders gegen Sie als gegen den Prinzen ich mich geſtellt habe; Sie ſehen ein, daß Ihre Eiferſucht auf Hirngeſpinnſten beruhte, und obgleich dieſe Leidenſchaft uns Frauen immer ſchmeichelt, ſo ſind Sie ohne dieſelbe mir dennoch theurer, denn ich weiß dann, daß Sie an mir nicht mehr zweifeln. Alſo, es bleibt bei meinem Beſcheide, gegen welchen kein Widerſpruch zugelaſſen wird. Sie kommen heute nicht zu mir, und ich beſuche das von dem Prinzen veranſtaltete Feſt. Wunderlich genug iſt ſein Einfall, aber hübſch, daß er der hieſigen Künſtlerſchaft eine Weihnachtsbeſcheerung geben will; wozu wäre er denn gar ſo reich? Er wird mich unter Allen gewiß nicht am Schlechteſten bedenken, und nun ſollte ich dem guten Kinde die Freude verderben? O, das wäre boshaft.

Morgen Mittag zwölf Uhr, nicht früher noch ſpäter erwarte ich Sie bei mir. Es iſt von der Intendanz des Schauſpieles eine neue Kabale wegen der Rolle der Orſina gegen mich im Werke, die mich dringend nöthiget, Ihren Rath zu hören. Adieu! — Sie ſind doch wieder gut! nicht! ei freilich! — Zeigen Sie mir morgen ja kein finſteres Geſicht, — ſonſt —

Sie kennen

Alma."

Aus dem tiefen Nachſinnen, in welches dieſe dem äußern Scheine nach heiter und ſorglos hingeworfenen Zeilen ihn verſenkt hatten, wurde Emil durch ein plötzliches heftiges Klopfen an ſeiner Thür geweckt. Der dadurch Angemeldete trat mit dem fröhlichen Rufe: „Alſo doch gefunden!" raſch in das Zimmer. „Philibert! Du hier?" antwortete Emil, und umarmte den langentbehrten Jugendfreund. Die Aeußerungen gegenſeitiger lebendiger Theilnahme drängten ſich ſo raſch, daß man einiger Zeit bedurfte, um das Geſpräch in geordneten Gang zu bringen.

„Haſt Du denn zwei Wohnungen?" fragte Philibert. „Deine Wohnung liege am Neumarkte, verſicherte man überall. Deinen Namen fand ich wirklich an der Thüre des Einganges, und doch belehrte mich das heraustretende Zöfchen, Du habeſt Dich hierher ans andere Ende der Stadt übergeſiedelt. Launenhaft warſt Du freilich immer und unerſchöpflich in geſchmackvollen Anordnungen. Wie einnehmend und bequem dieſes Zimmer eingerichtet iſt! Wie lange gehört es Dir ſchon?"

„Seit vorgeſtern. Aber ehe ich Dir auf Deine Fragen antworte, die bedeutſamer ſind, als Du denkſt, laß mich das Wichtigſte wiſſen, was Dich betrifft. Wie kommſt Du hierher, zu welchem Zwecke? ich glaubte Dich noch in Italien."

„Du weißt, daß ich immer ein Feind des Müßigganges war, und um den Aufforderungen dazu, die bei meinen hinreichend begründeten Vermögensverhältniſſen nahe genug lagen, zu entgehen, mich als Student in die Arzneikunſt vertiefte. Dieſem Studium bin ich nun auch auf meinen Reiſen eifrigſt obgelegen, ja, jenes iſt der Zweck von dieſen geweſen. Italien habe ich für meine Wiſſenſchaft bereits ausgebeutet; hierher rief mich der Ruf des großen Krankenhauſes, und nebenbei gefällt mir, was ich vom öffentlichen Leben binnen wenigen Tagen bemerken konnte. Es wird hier für mich, was Arbeit und Erholung betrifft, auf's Beſte geſorgt ſein, und daß ich Dich, alten Freund, wiederfinde, rechne ich nun gar unter die beſonderen Glücksfälle. Aber, aufrichtig geſprochen, ich hoffte Dich friſcher, fröhlicher anzutreffen; über Deinen Augen liegt ein Zug des Mißmuthes ausgebreitet."

„Die Zeiten heiterer Unbefangenheit, als Du, lieber Philibert, noch mein treuer Gefährte aller luſtigen Studentenſtreiche warſt, ſind leider vorüber."

„Das iſt ſehr wahr; doch hat jedes Alter ſeine Freuden, beſonders bei Leuten, die geſund und unabhängig ſind. Du nun gar biſt glücklich verheirathet. Dein letzter Brief, den ich vor etwa einem Jahre in Florenz erhielt, war ein dichteriſches Gemälde Deines häuslichen Glückes, welches mich meinen Junggeſellenſtand ſchmerzlich genug empfinden ließ."

Emil wollte antworten, als ſich die Thüre öffnete und eine alte Frau mit einem kaum vierjährigen, ſchönen, goldgelockten Knaben hereintrat. Der Kleine ſprang auf Emil zu und kletterte an ihm hinauf, um ihn eine ſeltſam angeputzte Puppe, welche den heiligen Joſeph vorſtellte, bewundern zu laſſen.

„Schau, Vater, er nickt mit dem Kopfe, oder ſchüttelt ihn, wie ich es haben will." —

„Zeig her, lieber Felix, — wahrhaftig, ſehr ſchön, wer hat Dir ihn denn geſchenkt!" —

„Die Regine, Vater, es iſt ja Weihnachten; und da ſind wir auf dem Markte geweſen, dort giebt's einmal ſchöne Sachen." —

„Ach, es iſt wahr, das hatt' ich ganz vergeſſen, Du armes, armes Kind! Hier, Regine, nehmen Sie dies Geld, und kaufen ſie dem Felix Spielzeug; beſcheeren Sie es ihm Abends hübſch feierlich, — liebes Söhnchen, lache und freue Dich noch immerhin, wenn auch Dein Vater ſich grämt." —

„Die gnädige Frau, ſagte Regina, hat erlaubt, daß ich ihn Abends zu der Frau Oberhofmarſchallin bringen darf, welche ihn eingeladen hat.“ —

„Schon gut, — ſehr gut, — gewiß, beſſer, als wenn Du zu Hauſe bliebeſt, lieber Bube, der meine Züge trägt, warum ſollte ſich Deine Mutter nicht von Dir loszumachen ſuchen, — doch jetzt geh', Regine, Gott ſchütze Dich, mein Felix.“

„Leb' wohl, Väterchen, beſuch uns bald,“ ſagte dieſer und hüpfte an der Hand der ſorgfältigen Pflegerin zum Zimmer hinaus.

Philibert hatte dies Alles mit aufmerkſamem Schweigen beobachtet, und ſagte: „Was ich jetzt geſehn, enthält freilich eine wunderliche Antwort auf meine vorige Frage, macht mich aber nur um ſo neugieriger. Laſſe mich nicht in Ungewißheit, Freund, die mich quält; ich liebe Dich noch mit der alten Treue, und ſehe mit Kummer Deinen ſchmerzlichen Blick.“

„Nun wohl, ſo höre! Mein letzter Brief an Dich hat mit keiner Sylbe gelogen, ſondern war das getreue Abbild meines ruhigen glücklichen Gemüthes. In meinem kleinen, aber mit ſtädtiſcher Bequemlichkeit eingerichteten Schloſſe am Erzgebirge, verfloſſen mir und meiner Frau die Tage zwar etwas einförmig, doch heiter. Sophie kann entzücken, beſeligen, — dies verſchweige ich mir ſelbſt jetzt nicht, wo jene ſonnenhellen Tage wie ein Ferntraum hinter mir liegen. Meine Jugendfreunde, welche früher in mir einen ſtets beweglichen, ja unruhigen Geiſt, den Angeber bei manchem tollen Streiche gekannt hatten, mochten nicht begreifen, wie ich ſeit meiner Verheirathung ſo ſchnell gelernt hatte dem horaziſchen Frieden in ländlicher Zurückgezogenheit ſeine Reize abzugewinnen. Daran, ich muß es bekennen, hatte Sophie den größten Antheil. Der Genuß einer ſorgfältigeren Erziehung, als ich ſie genoſſen, gab ihr, wenn es ſich um Kenntniſſe handelte, oft ein Uebergewicht, das ſie mich aber keineswegs fühlen ließ. Von zarter und reizbarer Körperbeſchaffenheit hatte ſie, ſeit ihrer Entbindung von dem Knaben, welchen Du eben hier geſehen, oft mit Unpäßlichkeit zu kämpfen, welche ſie mir ſorgfältig verbarg, um mich nicht zu beängſtigen, und die eine ſtille, anmuthige Heiterkeit ihres Weſens niemals trüben ließ.“

„Du ſchilderſt mir ein Weſen, um deſſen Beſitz ich Dich beneiden möchte, rief Philibert. Wie hatteſt Du denn einen ſolchen Schatz aufgefunden?“

„Auf die einfachſte Weiſe von der Welt. In einer großen Geſellſchaft zu Nürnberg, wo ihr jetzt verſtorbener Vater als Obriſt in Garniſon lag. Doch dies thut nichts zur Sache, die ich Dir zu ſchildern habe. Vor acht Monaten betraf meinen Felix ein großes Unglück. In Folge einer Kinderkrankheit nämlich befiel den armen Knaben ein bedenkliches Augenübel. Die Angſt um das Wohl des Kindes brachte mich zu dem raſchen Entſchluſſe mit Sophien und Felix hierher zu reiſen, und den Rath eines hieſigen weltberühmten Augenarztes zu erbitten. Wirklich belohnte ſich dies; das ſchon faſt gänzlich erblindete Kind ward zwar langſam aber doch vollſtändig geheilt. Ohne jenen Grund wären wir nicht hiehergekommen, und jetzt ſtände Manches anders. —

„Ich begreife wirklich noch nicht,“ —

„Wie meine zu Felix vorhin geſprochenen Klagen zu der Schilderung meines früheren Glücks paſſen! Ich glaube Dir's; faſſe ich es doch ſelbſt kaum. Der hieſige Aufenthalt hat, wie Du weißt, für den Fremden viel Angenehmes, das er anderwärts entbehren mag. Es leben ſtets Ausländer hier, und verurſachen viel öffentliche Luſtbarkeiten, Zerſtreuungen aller Art. Seit einigen Jahren ſolcher Erlebniſſe entwöhnt, wirkten ſie bald auf mich, wie Stimmen aus meiner Jugendzeit. Ich ſtürzte mich vielleicht zu ſchnell in die Wogen der Geſelligkeit, zunächſt freilich aus Langerweile, die die Entbehrung meiner landwirthſchaftlichen Geſchäfte herbeizog, während meine Frau an dem Bette des Kindes ſaß, und daſſelbe unabläſſig beobachtete. Als die Geneſung vorſchritt, beſuchte ſie allerdings auch einige Geſellſchaften, doch war unſer Verhältniß dann ſchon nicht mehr das Alte.“

Emil ſchwieg hier verlegen einige Augenblicke, als erwarte er eine Frage des Freundes; faſt tonlos fuhr er dann fort:

„Kennſt Du Alma Lefèvre?“ —

„Die reizende Schauſpielerin! Wie ſollt' ich nicht!“ —

„Sie iſt eine Verwandte des Banquiers Blink, der meine Geldſachen beſorgt, und deſſen weltkluge Frau ein ganz artiges Haus macht. Dort lernte ich Alma kennen, nachdem ich ſie ſchon von dem erſten Augenblicke an, wo ich ſie auf der Bühne geſehn, angebetet hatte. Schweige, Freund, es giebt unheilvolle Kräfte, denen ſich kein Menſch, und ſei er ein Held an Willenskraft, entzieht, die nur ein Thor läugnet, oder ein Lebensmatter, der kein Recht mehr auf die höchſten Wonnen dieſes Daſeins hat. Ich näherte mich dem verführeriſchen Weibe mit Zagen, ſie wich mir vorſichtig aus. Umſchwärmt von vornehmen und reichen Bewunderern, hielt ſie mich lange keiner beſonderen Beachtung werth; ſie benahm ſich fein und artig gegen mich, während ihr dunkles Auge irgend einem in der Ferne ſtehenden Glücklicheren mehr gewährte, als den kalten Zoll geſelliger Aufmerkſamkeit. Ich ſchüttete mein Herz vor der Blink aus, welche ſtolz auf die berühmte Nichte längſt meine wachſende Leidenſchaft errathen hatte. Dieſe ſchalt mich zuerſt lachend einen leichtſinnigen Ehemann, dann zeigte ſie jenes Mitgefühl, das alte Frauen Liebenden ſo ſelten verweigern. Monate verfloſſen, und Alma blieb eiskalt gegen mich.“ —

„Da hätteſt Du meinen Rath einholen ſollen; Schauſpielerinnen zu behandeln, iſt doch keine Kunſt. Eine Loge zum Benefiz, ein Shawl, ebenfalls eine lobhudelnde Kritik in einer allgemeinen Zeitung.“ —

„Als ob ich dies Alles nicht ebenfalls längſt wüßte! Jede Erfahrung aber erlebt eine Probe, die ſie nicht aushält. Alma gegenüber dachte ich weder an Pläne, noch Mittel, mir ihre Gunſt zu erwerben, ich war wieder Schüler, wieder nur dem unwiderſtehlichen Eindrucke hingegeben, der all' mein Denken gefangen hielt, wie jede ihrer Bewegungen magnetiſch auf mich wirkte. Ich wußte mich in der Gewalt des Dämons, und ſchalt mich ſelbſt, um dadurch meine Gluth nur noch mehr anzufachen. Mich zu betäuben, warf ich mich auf das Spiel, das mich früher niemals zu locken vermocht hatte, ach, es geſchah nur, um ihre Züge auf jeder Karte zu erblicken! Monat auf Monat verfloß, da gelang es mir durch einen weſentlichen Dienſt, den ich als Vermittler zwiſchen ihr und der mit ihr unzufriedenen Intendanz des Hoftheaters leiſtete, ſie milder gegen mich zu ſtimmen; ſie ward vertraulich, herzlich, ich errang einen flüchtigen Kuß, der mich um zehn Jahre jünger machte, und beinahe zu Unbeſonnenheiten verleitet hätte, welche man höchſtens einem Studenten zu Gute halten mag.“

„Und wie nahm ſich hierbei Deine Frau?“

„Anfangs lachte ſie über mich; in den Geſellſchaften der Blink mochte man ſie jedoch durch boshafte Bemerkungen ſtutzig gemacht haben; ſie ward plötzlich ernſthaft gegen mich, ſchmollte nicht ſowohl, als ſie vielmehr mir gegenüber ein dumpfes, unheimliches Schweigen beobachtete. Ich vermied ſie; ſie weinte, ſie bat mich mit Wärme, mit ſichtbarer Beängſtigung, an ihr nicht zum Verräther zu werden; ſie drängte zur Abreiſe, wofür ich kein Ohr hatte; Felix war wieder geſund, von Hauſe ſchrieb mein Oberverwalter Manches, was mich in anderen Lagen gewiß zu ſchneller Heimkehr bewogen hätte. Ich ſah Sophien Tage, Wochen lang gar nicht, oder nur zufällig. Nun wandte ſie ſich an die Blink, deren Hülfe anflehend, und erreichte ſo viel, daß dieſe mir Vorwürfe machte, und verſicherte, Alles anwenden zu wollen, um ihre Nichte meinen Nachſtellungen zu entziehen. Als ob ich jemals Talente zum Wüſtling gehabt hätte, ich, der ich ſelbſt als Jüngling, von den Weibern beachtet und verlockt, eine lächerliche Blödigkeit nie habe loswerden können! Zwiſchen Alma und deren Tante entſtand ſogar ein geſpanntes Verhältniß, die frühere Vertraulichkeit war ſichtbar verſchwunden, ſeitdem dieſe ſich mit einer gewiſſen Herzlichkeit Sophiens annahm.“ —

„Aber, was ſoll aus dieſer Verwirrung hervorgehn? Emil, könnteſt Du wirklich Dein Weib,“ —

„Ich habe mit mir gerungen, jedoch vergeblich. Ein freundlicher Blick, ein heimlicher Händedruck vernichtete alle qualvoll eroberte Faſſung; hundertmal wollte ich die Schlingen, in denen ich mich immer tiefer verſtrickte, zerreißen, mich in der Einſamkeit begraben, und dem fürchterlichen Worte: Pflicht, allein gehorchen, — es gab ſogar einen Abend, an welchem ich grauenhaft gedankenlos meine Piſtolen aus dem Käſtchen nahm, und damit ſpielte, bis mein Felix hereingeſprungen kam, und mit ſeinem Schrei freudiger Bewunderung der blitzenden Dinger mich wie aus einem geſpenſterreichen Traume weckte. Ich bekannte Alma meine raſende Leidenſchaft, und erhielt nichts, als eine geiſtreiche Ermahnung zur Geduld als Antwort, ohne daß ich aber darin hätte einen Korb erblicken dürfen. Mit Härte ſtieß ich Sophien zurück, deren blaſſe Trauer mich folterte, ich trennte mich von ihr, und verwandte alle Aufmerkſamkeit auf Alma's Leben und Treiben. Die Hoffnungen, die dieſe mir allmälich erweckte, glänzten immer roſiger, und wurden nur durch Eins, durch den Schatten der Eiferſucht verdunkelt. Eitel, und beifallsluſtig ließ ſie ſich die Huldigungen eines jungen, kaum über die Knabenjahre weggelangten Burſchen gefallen; der Prinz Conſtantin, der hier ungeheure Summen verbringt, durfte ſie am Arme in Salons führen, in denen ich mich freilich unter hundert Männern meines Ranges verlor; wenn nun mein Aerger einmal laut wurde, ſo tröſtete ſie mich mit unwiderſtehlichem Liebesworte und nannte den Prinzen ein Kind, das noch der Erziehung bedürfe. Ach, ſie weiß zu belohnen und zu ſtrafen, zu kränken und zu verſöhnen, denn ein unſichtbarer Zauber macht ihr Jeden unterthan, der ſich in ihre Nähe wagt.“

„Du biſt tief in die Gefahr hineingerathen, armer Schelm, ſagte Philibert, und ſpielſt, dünkt mich, ein bedenkliches Spiel, denn Du biſt der Sclave, und Alma die beſonnene Herrin. Sie kennt den Reiz, den ſüße Ausſichten gewähren, und der mit der Erfüllung des ſtündlich wachſenden Wunſches endlich leicht zum Widerwillen wird. Hoffentlich denkſt Du doch aber nicht daran, Dich von Deiner Frau ſcheiden zu laſſen, und jener Koquette Deine eheliche Hand zu bieten."

Emil ſchwieg, der Freund fuhr fort: „Ich würde Dich haſſen können, denn ich verehre Deine Frau, die ich nur aus Deiner Schilderung kenne, und erblicke in Alma nur eine Geſtalt, wie ſie die in ihrer verkümmerten Sphäre der Unnatur ſo tief geſunkene ſogenannte gute Geſellſchaft in unzähligen Exemplaren zeigt."

„Es iſt zu ſpät," ſeufzte Emil.

„Gewiß nicht, wenn Du ein Mann ſein willſt. Keine noch ſo furchtbare Macht bedroht unſer Leben, von der es nicht irgend eine Erlöſung gäbe, wenn wir dieſelbe nur aufzuſuchen den Muth haben." —

„Vorgeſtern habe ich die Scheidungsklage eingereicht und meinem Anwalt die rechtliche Auseinanderſetzung anvertraut; Sophie ward davon ſchriftlich in Kenntniß geſetzt; ſie hat mir in überraſchend ruhigem, ja kaltem Tone geantwortet. Sie ſcheint meiner ebenfalls überdrüſſig geworden zu ſein, und ſo kann die Sache keine Schwierigkeit finden; was nützt ein Leben voll innerer Zeriſſenheit, das von einer ewig unbefriedigten Sehnſucht zerfreſſen wird? Das Unabwendliche geſchieht. Ich habe Alma meine Hand angeboten, und ſoll binnen acht Tagen Beſcheid erhalten; unterdeſſen umſchwärmt der Prinz ſie täglich wie früher, ungeachtet ſie, ſeitdem mein Entſchluß mich von Sophie zu trennen ſtadtkundig geworden, von Vielen als meine Verlobte betrachtet wird. Darüber mache ich ihr denn täglich Vorwürfe, die ſie mit ihrer ſtets ſiegreichen Liebenswürdigkeit immer gleichſam ſpielend bekämpft, um mich ihr immer wieder aufs Neue deſto unbedingter zu unterwerfen." —

Philibert ſeufzte tief. In dem Blicke des Vorwurfs, den er auf den Freund heftete, lag zugleich viele wahre, herzliche Theilnahme, daß dieſer ſich heftiger beunruhigt fühlte, als wenn ſtrenger, oder ſpottender Tadel ihn berührt hätte. Was wir uns ſelbſt nicht geſtehen wollen, ſpricht lauter, wenn es nicht aus bloßem Widerſpruchsgeiſte, ſondern aus Sorge um unſer Wohl gemißbilligt wird. Die klare unverholene Darſtellung, welche ſeinem Bekenntniſſe das deutliche Gepräge der Unzufriedenheit mit ſich ſelbſt verliehn, hatte den Freund tief im Innerſten eines wunden Herzens leſen laſſen, eines Herzens, das zu ſchwach, ſich ſelbſt zu retten, kühne fremde Hülfe, ſei ſie auch demüthigend, zu begehren ſchien. Wie aber war hier zu helfen, wo der Hülfsbedürftige ſein Verlangen ängſtlich zu verbergen trachtete, dem Unmündigen ähnlich, der in kindiſchem Trotze die Stimme des Gewiſſens zu unterdrücken ſich bemüht? Wie war in fremder Angelegenheit zu handeln möglich, wenn jede Handlung Gefahr brachte, von einem theuren Freunde als Feind angeſehen zu werden? In ſolcher Selbſtberathung verſunken ſaß Philibert neben dem ſtarr vor ſich hinblickenden Emil. Der Schlag einer nahen Kirchglocke, welche den herannahenden Abend verkündete, erweckte den Gaſt aus ſeinem ſorgenvollen Sinnen. Als er aufſtand, bat Emil halblaut:

„Verlaſſe Du mich nicht, Du, der es immer ſo redlich mit mir gemeint hat. Zürne mir, aber verachte mich nicht, bringe es dahin, mich zu beklagen, denn ich bedarf des Troſtes. Doch, über meinem Geſchwätze habe ich vergeſſen, nach dem zu fragen, was ich zunächſt erfahren möchte, nämlich nach Deinem Wohl und Wehe; biſt Du noch immer der alte, ſcharf beobachtende Virtuoſe der Menſchenkenntniß, der an Allem Antheil nimmt, nur ein Feind eigener Herzenserlebniſſe? Sind Dir die Weiber noch immer nur pſychologiſche und phyſiologiſche Probleme? haſt Du Dich über Deinem Studium noch von keinem holden Kinde feſſeln laſſen? O, wie oft habe ich in den letzten Tagen Deiner gedacht, und Dich beneidet!" —

„Ei nun, vielleicht hat das Beneiden bald ein Ende." —

„Wirklich? Dann gewönne ich Hoffnung, von Dir verſtanden und mit mitleidigem Worte erquickt zu werden."

„Es ſcheint, daß ich hieher gekommen bin, um hier den Verluſt meiner durch ſo viele Jahre ſorgfältig gehüteten Freiheit zu erfahren." —

„Du biſt erſt ſo kurze Zeit hier, und ſchon, — rede, Freund, für Liebesgeſchichten giebt es kein empfänglicheres Ohr als das des Liebenden." —

„Wohlan! Offenherzigkeit hat Anſpruch auf Erwiderung. Auch kann ich ſehr leicht aufrichtig zu Werke gehn, da ich nicht viel zu verſchweigen habe. Es iſt wahr, ich habe die Jahre, die man für Täuſchung und Poeſie als ſo empfänglich kennt, überwunden, und bin über der Herzensbeobachtung, ehe ich mir's gedacht, ein philoſophiſcher Dogmatiker geworden, der ſich ſelbſt zum Schaden die Illuſionen, welche ihm die Welt anbietet, zerſtört. Der erſte Eindruck beherrſcht mich nicht leicht, dies weiß ich aus langer Erfahrung, denn die Frauen haben mir oft einen Vorwurf daraus gemacht. Jetzt aber handelt es ſich doch um einen erſten Eindruck, mit dem ich durchaus nicht fertig werden kann. Am vorigen Montage, hier noch ziemlich fremd, trieb mich die Langeweile in's Theater. Die mittelmäßigen Luſtſpiele, welche man aufführte, unterhielten mich ſchlecht, auch war das Haus ſehr leer. An meiner Seite in der Loge hatten indeſſen zwei Damen Platz genommen, wovon die jüngere durch ihre zarte edle Geſtalt, eine etwas bleiche aber höchſt anmuthige und geiſtvolle Geſichtsbildung, ſogleich meinen Blick feſſelte. Ein Zug des Leidens verſchönte ſie ungemein. Auf ihrer Stirn lag der Ausdruck grübelnden Denkens, aus ihrem Auge leuchtete ein mildes, herzliches, vielleicht etwas ſchwärmeriſches Gemüth. Mund und Hand verriethen mir vornehme Abſtammung, worauf auch wohl die ganze Art der Erſcheinung und der Bewegungen hinwies. Einer ſchnell gefundenen Gelegenheit zur Einleitung eines Geſpräches vermochte ich nicht zu widerſtehen. Die ältere Frau, deren unruhig forſchende Augen mich zuerſt beinahe gegen die jüngere Begleiterin eingenommen hätten, ging ſogleich darauf ein, indem ſie, aus einigen über den Werth der Schauſpieler hingeworfenen Aeußerungen und Fragen mich als Fremden erkennend, ſich willfährig auf Belehrung einließ. Was ſie ſprach, zeugte von Spottſucht und widerlicher Selbſtzufriedenheit, und wurde von mir meiſtens überhört. Vergeblich ſtrebte ich lange die jüngere in die Unterhaltung zu ziehen, es gelang endlich erſt durch meine Erwähnung der engliſchen Theater, worauf ſich ein Uebergang zur engliſchen Literatur leicht bildete. Ich weiß nicht, wie ich darauf kam, meine perſönliche Bekanntſchaft mit Thomas Moore anzudeuten, jedenfalls geſchah es zu meinem Glück, denn die lange Schweigſame bekannte ſich zu deſſen Verehrerinnen. Sie äußerte ſich vorſichtig und beſcheiden, Kenntniſſe weit mehr verrathend, als ausſprechend. Gegen das Ende des Stücks ſchenkte ſie meinen Worten etwas wärmere Theilnahme. Mir ſchien, als überraſche ſie der Schluß des matten Luſtſpieles, der mir freilich plötzlich ein bis dahin unbekanntes Schmerzgefühl, Folge der Rückſicht auf die jetzt nothwendige nahe Trennung, erregte. Ich hätte ſogern mit dem Abſchiede gezögert, aber meine geſellige Sicherheit, jener Muth in unerwarteten Verhältniſſen, woran es mir niemals gebrach, all' dieſe Früchte reicher Erfahrung ſtanden mir nicht mehr zu Gebote; eh ich's dachte, hatte ich mich, über den Eintritt des Dieners, der den Gebieterinnen die Mäntel brachte, erſchrocken, ziemlich linkiſch empfohlen, — an der Logenthür glaubte ich zu bemerken, daß die Unwiderſtehliche mir einen vielſagenden, aber wehmüthigen Blick nachſendete. Auf der Straße angelangt, ſchalt ich mich ſelbſt ob meiner Ungeſchicklichkeit. Ich fragte einige Theaterbeamte nach dem Namen, den ich ſo gern erfahren hätte, aber vergeblich, und wandelte ſeltſam aufgeregt und bekümmert nach meinem Gaſthofe. Wie groß war aber des andern Tages mein Erſtaunen, als der Kellner mir verrieth, ein herrſchaftlicher Diener ſei mir nachgeſchlichen, und habe um meinen Namen Erkundigung eingezogen. Die Wahrheit ſeiner Ausſage ward heute beſtätigt, als ich ein anonymes Briefchen von Frauenhand geſchrieben erhielt, worin ich auf ein völliges Stelldichein auf dieſen Abend beſtellt werde. Ein Jokey ſolle mich am neuen Markte erwarten und geleiten. Zuerſt wollte ich an meiner neuen Bekanntſchaft bereits irre werden, doch bin ich zu vorſichtig, um nach dem erſten Scheine zu verurtheilen, und bin außerdem durch einige Stellen des Briefes zu dem Entſchluſſe bewogen, hinzugehen. „Laſſen Sie ſich nicht durch den Schein abſchrecken, wird mir darin geſagt, als winke Ihnen ein gewöhnliches Abenteuer. Im Gegentheil haben Sie es mit Frauen von Ehre zu thun, welche neulich im Theater Sie zwar zum erſtenmale ſahen, Sie jedoch als edel und vorurtheilsfrei kennen, und von Ihnen einen Dienſt erwarten, der Ihrem Herzen zur Freude gereichen wird." Wer kann da widerſtehen! Das Verlangen meine theure Unbekannte wiederzuſehn iſt mächtiger als jede Bedenklichkeit, und zwingt mich zu gehorchen. Ich vermuthe aber, daß von dieſem Wiederſehen das Loos meines Lebens abhängt; ich liebe, und liebe zum erſtenmale; ſollte es fruchtlos geſchehn, ſo will ich von Regungen des Seelenlebens, welche, wie ich jetzt fühle, um ſo heftiger ſich geltend machen, je ſpäter ſie ihr Recht fordern, nie mehr etwas wiſſen."

„Das ſagt Jeder, bemerkte Emil, der mit einiger Zerſtreuung zugehört hatte. Die Liebe iſt kein Scharlachfieber, das man mit einem Male beſeitigt, ſie ſchleicht ſich in allzuverſchiedenen Geſtalten in die Seele. Uebrigens wünſche ich Dir Glück, und zweifle nicht, daß Du leichter als ich einer Täuſchung zu entgehen wiſſen wirſt. Wann ſehen wir uns wieder, Freund?" —

„Morgen gewiß. Und bis dahin keine Uebereilung, Emil, ich bitte Dich darum, um Deines Wohles willen." —

„Hüte Dich ſelbſt davor, lieber Werner. Jedenfalls laß uns aufrichtig gegen einander bleiben." —

Philibert bekräftigte dies mit einer herzlichen Umarmung, und ſchied. Es war Abend geworden. In den Straßen wogten zahlloſe fröhliche Menſchenmaſſen, die, den in tauſendfachem Lampenglanze ſich entfaltenden Chriſtmarkt zu bewundern, einander drängten. Schmerzbewegt blickte Emil hinab; der Gedanke an Felix verdrängte für einen Augenblick den an Alma. Ein Blick auf deren heutiges Briefchen entzündete gleich darauf wieder die gefährliche Leidenſchaft, es litt ihn nicht mehr im Zimmer. Hinab in das wogende Gedränge eilte er, willenlos den wandelnden glücklichen Menſchen folgend, welche des Lebens Druck über dem fröhlichen Bilde, das ſie umgab, vergaßen. Durch Straßen und Plätze war er ſchnell geſchritten, um ſich, wider Vermuthen vor dem Hauſe des Prinzen Conſtantin zu finden, deſſen Fenſter hellerleuchtet herabblickten. Es rollten Wagen vor den Eingang, aus denen leichte, feenhafte Geſtalten heraushüpften, mit Kichern und Geſchwätz die Treppe hinaufhüpften, und bald eine ſchauluſtige Menge auf der Straße verſammelten. Das wunderliche Künſtlerfeſt war Gegenſtand der Volksunterhaltung; die Idee ward von dem Einen als ein ſchönes Zeichen fürſtlicher Großmuth gelobt, von dem Andern als Eitelkeitsregung und Uebermuth eines verrückten Verſchwenders bekrittelt, wobei indeſſen die Meiſten darin übereinkamen, der Prinz wolle nicht ſowohl den Jüngern der Kunſt einen frohen Abend bereiten, als ſie vielmehr zu Zeugen ſeiner heutigen Verlobung mit Alma Lefèvre machen. Für Emil waren dergleichen Muthmaßungen, ſo lächerlich er ſie fand, marternd anzuhören; bitterer Groll regte ſich in ſeiner Bruſt, ohne daß er die Kraft gehabt hätte, den Ort ſeiner Qual zu meiden. Plötzlich erblickte er unter den ins Haus gehenden Leuten einen Muſikanten, der, ihm näher bekannt und zu Dank verpflichtet, durch ſeine Erſcheinung einen abenteuerlichen Einfall hervorrief. Er winkte den Alten in eine dunkle Ecke, und entfernte ſich dann mit ihm; nach einer Viertelſtunde erſchien er an ſeiner Seite als Muſikant verkleidet, in einem Aufzuge, der den wohlhabenden Gutsherrn nicht vermuthen ließ, und ſchlich, von dem pfiffig lächelnden Alten geleitet, die breiten ſtolzen Treppen des prinzlichen Wohnhauſes hinauf nach dem Zimmer, worin das Orcheſter den Befehl zur Eröffnung des Balls erwartete. In dem anſtoßenden offenen Saale war eine große Weihnachtsbeſcherung ausgebreitet, welche, um einen hohen mit unzählbaren Kerzen beſteckten Baum geſchmackvoll geordnet, den Eindruck einer Kunſtausſtellung gewährte; denn in der That vereinten ſich hier die neuſten Erzeugniſſe der Kunſt, der Mode und des Aufwands. Auf lauter einzelnen Tiſchchen, über welchen Namen aus Blumen geflochten die einzelnen zu beſchenkenden Perſonen bekannt machten, glänzten hundert kleine Gegenſtände, Mittel des Zeitvertreibs und des Genuſſes, ſo daß man ſich verſucht fühlen konnte, das Ganze für einen Jahrmarkt zu halten. Leicht blieb es dabei, zu erkennen, wem die Gunſt des Freigebigen am reichlichſten zuſtröme, denn unter dem Namen „Alma" blitzte und ſchimmerte ſo Manches, was den Neid der Nachbarn erregen mußte. Endlich langte der Befehl an das Orcheſter, eine Fanfare zu blaſen, die Hauptthüren des Saales thaten ſich auf, an des Prinzen Arm ſchwebte Alma herein, blühender und im Widerſcheine heiterer Luſt reizender als Emil ſie jemals geſehen haben wollte, hinter ihnen ein lautes fröhliches Völkchen, in Paare geordnet, zum Theil durch Talent weltberühmte Leute, zum Theil ihrer lieblichen Erſcheinung wegen überall willkommen. Von dem Lärm des Beifalls und freudiger Ueberraſchung, den ſo mancher gute auch wohl überdreiſte Einfall des Gebers erzeugte, ward die Symphonie übertäubt. Alma betrachtete die ihr gewidmeten Gaben lächelnd und ſchweigend, nur aus dem Blicke, mit welchem ſie zum Prinzen trat, und ihm die Hand reichte, ließ ſich für den ſcharfſichtigen Emil mehr, als für ſeine Ruhe günſtig war, entnehmen. Die Beſcherungsfeierlichkeit war vorüber. Dienerſchaft eilte herbei, und binnen geringer Zeit war der Saal geräumt, und zum Ball einladend hergeſtellt, wozu ſich ſofort die lebensluſtige Geſellſchaft bereit zeigte. Viele Kunſtfreunde hatten ſich zu dem Feſte eingefunden, Mitglieder der erſten Familien des Reiches brachten den gefeierten Töchtern Thaliens und Euterpens ihre Huldigungen dar, und bald war die Luſtbarkeit im Gange, oder vielmehr im Fluge, den die leidenſchaftlichen Rhythmen der Wiener Walzer immer leichter beſchwingten. Emil ſchlich ſich, glücklich unbemerkt geblieben zu ſein, fort. Gezwungen, den Weg durch ein leeres Vorzimmer zu nehmen, das zum Büffet eingerichtet worden, berührten Laute einer bekannten Stimme ſein Ohr; aus einem anſtoßenden Kabinette, einer Frühlingslaube mitten im härteſten Winter, drangen ſie, nur Einzelnes blieb dem Vorübergehenden vernehmbar: „Prinz, ich kann heute noch nicht Ihren Antrag beantworten, ich kann es noch nicht, gewiß nicht. Sie überraſchen mich." ——— dieſe Worte klangen noch furchtbar in Emil's Ohre nach, als er ſchon auf der unterſten Treppe ſich befand. Hier hielt den Träumenden ein Jokei auf, in welchem er den der Blink, einen Neuling erkannte, verſtohlen ſich umſehend, wie etwas ſuchend:

„Guter Freund, es giebt ein Trinkgeld zu verdienen. Dies Billet muß baldigſt dem Fräulein Alma Lefèvre zugeſtellt werden, aber heimlich, hört er, heimlich! hier, nehm' er, mach' er es geſchickt, adieu!"

Fort war der Burſche; mechaniſch mit dem Kopfe nickend hatte Emil das Briefchen genommen; daß er des an ſeinem Arme baumelnden Fagottes halber für einen Muſikanten gehalten werden mußte, war ihm ſelbſt entfallen; es ward ihm ſchwer, ſich nicht zu verrathen, denn in ihm tobte die unbezähmbare Gluth der Eiferſucht, da riſſen ihn herabkommende Perſonen aus der Bewußtloſigkeit. Auf der kalten, leeren Straße ſtand er nun und las bei dem Scheine einer Laterne die Ueberſchrift: „à Mademoiselle Alma Lefèvre, en ville"; die Hand der Blink war unverkennbar, der Zettel rollte zwiſchen ſeinen Fingern hin und her, wie zufällig entfaltete er ſich, der übereilten Handlung ſich ſchämend, und doch von den wüthenden Furien der Rache gepeinigt; unſtät flog ſein Blick über folgende Zeilen:

„Vorſicht, meine kluge Nichte, nur heute keine Uebereilung! der Prinz wird heute alle Minen ſprengen laſſen, und ſo welterfahren Du biſt, kenne ich Dich doch als ſehr eitel. Darum ſchicke ich Dir jetzt noch meine Warnung. Wenn der Prinz mit Dir eine ſogenannte bürgerliche Ehe ſchließt, wie zweifelhaft, wenn auch blendend iſt dann Dein ferneres Schickſal! Der Hauptzweck war ja bisher, durch ſeine Nähe Deinen treueſten Anbeter zu einer entſcheidenden Erklärung zu bringen. Dies iſt gelungen. Das Loos, was dieſer Dir bietet, iſt ein ſicheres, ehrenvolles, und ſeine Eheſcheidung ſoll ungeſtört erfolgen, darauf verlaſſe Dich. Ich bin von Sophiens Zutrauen zu mir feſt überzeugt, und habe für Dich auf's Umſichtigſte geſorgt. Ihre Liebe zu dem Gemahl iſt erſchüttert, ihre Phantaſie iſt auf's Neue beſchäftigt, Dein Triumph erfolgt gewiß. Noch einmal, ſei ſo freundlich gegen den Prinzen, als Du willſt, aber nimm den treuen, gutmüthigen Seladon, der Dich ſelbſt, wenn Du dies als Bedingung Deiner Hand aufſtellſt, noch weiter Komödie ſpielen läßt. Eiligſt (denn ich habe dieſen Abend noch ein wichtiges Werk zu vollführen), aber getreulichſt

Ida Blink.

Der Seelenzuſtand, in welchem der durch vorüberjauchzende Menſchen auf den ſeltſamen Aufenthaltsort aufmerkſam gewordene Emil durch die Straßen ſchlich, gränzte an Betäubung, an Zerknirſchung. Ein Spielball ſchlauer Ränke, nicht geliebt, nicht einmal geachtet, ſolche Demüthigung der Lohn für eine That, die ſich jetzt in der Geſtalt des Verbrechens vor ihm erhob, — ſein Blut rollte fieberhaft durch die Adern, mitten in dem ſchneidenden Nordwind ward ihm ſo heiß, ſo weh; — neben ihm war ſchnell ein Volksgetümmel entſtanden, um ſo unerwarteter als Läden und Kaufstiſche ſich längſt verfinſtert hatten, und Jeder eiligen Schrittes die warme Behauſung ſuchte, — es ſei ein Kind übergefahren worden, erzählten ſich Leute; vor dem Ohre des unglücklichen Mannes glitt Alles, was ſie ſprachen, ohne ſeine Theilnahme zu erregen, vorüber. Er ſuchte in dumpfem Sinnen verloren ſein einſames Zimmer auf. Wie anders war Alles noch vor einem Jahre, wie jubelte da Felix auf ſeinem Schooß über die bunten Bilder, welche die Mutter vor ihm aufrollte. Vorüber, ſagte er leiſe zu ſich ſelbſt, vorüber ihr Spukgeſtalten, ich bin einſam, elend, verachte Dich ſelbſt, Emil!" —

Jetzt klopfte es ängſtlich an ſeine Thür; bei dem Scheine einer kleinen Laterne trat haſtig Regine in's dunkle Zimmer; weinend ſagte ſie: „Ach, gnädiger Herr, kommen Sie doch ſchnell zu uns, Felix ſtirbt; kommen Sie ſogleich, die gnädige Frau läßt Sie beſchwören —"

„Ich komme," rief Emil, und flog ſchneller, als die Wärterin ihm folgen konnte, nach Sophiens Wohnung. Im Vorflur ſchon vernahm er ihr lautes Weinen, er trat haſtig in das Zimmer, da lag die verzweifelnde Mutter mit fliegendem Haar auf den Knieen, vor dem Bette, worauf Felix ausgeſtreckt, todtesbleich, mit blutendem Haupte, erblickt ward. Ein Dienſtmädchen, das noch um das Kind beſchäftigt war, rief ihm entgegen: „Einen Wundarzt, um Gotteswillen, er verblutet ſich!

Sophie wandte ſich: „Emil, erbarme Dich, Dein Kind ſtirbt, es iſt übergefahren worden." — „Ich bringe einen, ſagte jetzt die eintretende Regina, an Ihrem Hauſe gnädiger Herr, kam eben, als ſie fort waren, der Herr, den ich heute Nachmittag bei Ihnen geſehen habe, vorüber, er erkannte mich, und fragte, warum ich weine, da erzählte ich, — da ſagte er, — er legt ſchon draußen den Mantel ab —"

Die Thür öffnete ſich, Philibert trat ins Zimmer, Sophie flog auf ihn zu, jetzt fiel ihr Blick auf ſein Geſicht, — mit einem heftigen Schrei ſtürzte ſie zu Boden. Philiberts Mienen hatten ſich wie von einer ſtarken Gemüthsbewegung heftig verzogen, doch faßte er ſich ſogleich, gab der Zofe ein kleines Belebungsmittel für die Ohnmächtige, die von Emil in das Seitenzimmer getragen wurde, und trat dann zu Felix, um die Kopfwunde aufmerkſam zu unterſuchen.

Regina geſellte ſich zu ihm, und berichtete: „Als ich den Kleinen aus der Geſellſchaft holen wollte, war es ſchon dunkel; die gnädige Frau hatte ihren Wagen befohlen, weil ſie doch zu der Frau Räthin Blink fahren wollte, ich dachte aber, es iſt beſſer, daß ich nicht warte, bis der Wagen zurückkommt, denn

Felix wird ſchläfrig, wenn acht Uhr vorüber. Die kleine Strecke wird er wohl zu Fuße gehn; ſo ſagte ich denn der gnädigen Frau kein Wort, ſie hatte, ſchien es, den ganzen Abend ſo viel zu denken, daß ich gar nicht wagte ſie anzureden, und ſo hatte ſie nach Felix zu fragen vergeſſen. Ich hole auch den Kleinen ab, der luſtig mit ſeinem Pfefferkuchen neben mir herſpringt, — da kommt plötzlich ein Wagen um die Ecke, ſchleudert das Kind auf die Seite, und rollt weiter; die Leute liefen auf mein Geſchrei zuſammen, ſie ſagten, es ſei der Wagen von der Schauſpielerin Lefèvre geweſen, ſchimpften, und ſchrieen dem Kutſcher nach, doch der war über alle Berge, und ich brachte mit zweier Träger Hülfe das blutende Kind nach Hauſe. Ach, Herr Doctor, wenn es doch leben bliebe, ich finde ſonſt keinen Frieden mehr auf der Welt.“ —

Philibert aber ſchwieg, und legte ſorgfältig einen Verband um des Knaben Stirn. Emil kam von Sophien zurück.

„Sie erholt ſich ſchon, es wird wohl vorübergehn. Aber, Freund, wie ſteht es um mein Kind? Aufrichtig, werde ich's verlieren? Sprich!“

„Diesmal kommſt Du mit dem Schrecken davon; die Weiber hätten ihre Verzweiflung ſparen können, und lieber verſtändig gleich ſelbſt einſchreiten; er wird ſich bald erholen. Es ſcheint mir nur eine leichte Quetſchung zu ſein, das Wagenrad hat ihn ſicher nicht berührt.“ —

Hier machte Felix eine leichte Bewegung mit der Hand, öffnete die Augen, und flüſterte: „Regina, bitte, bitte um Waſſer.“

„Wie ich voraus ſah, ſagte Philibert, war das Ganze nur eine Betäubung, das Kind wird vielleicht morgen ſchon wiederhergeſtellt ſein.“

Emil blickte zum Himmel auf; die ſchmerzbewegten Züge wurden durch ein Lächeln des Dankes verklärt. Regina jubelte, und flog in Sophiens Zimmer, ihr die frohe Botſchaft mitzutheilen. Philibert ſchrieb ſchnell noch ein Arzneimittel auf, packte ſein wundärztliches Beſteck zuſammen und ſagte mit innerer Bewegung zu Emil, ihm die Hand reichend: „Leb' wohl, ich verlaſſe dieſe Stadt morgen, wir ſehen uns ſchwerlich jemals wieder. Leb' wohl.“

Er winkte dem Ueberraſchten zu ſchweigen, trocknete eine Thräne, und verließ das Zimmer; Emil wollte folgen, und unterließ es nur auf einen ungemein ernſten, bittenden Blick des Freundes, das Unbegreifliche ertragend. Allein mit dem Knaben, ſchaute er erſt um ſich; er befand ſich in Sophiens kleinem, freundlichem Wohngemach. Da ſtanden alle die niedlichen Geräthſchaften, die er ihrem Wunſche abgelauſcht, an Geburtstagen ihr geſchenkt hatte. Da hing ſein eignes Bild, und ſah mit fröhlichen, lebensmuthigen Zügen ihn faſt ſtrafend an. Auf dem Schreibtiſche lag ihr Tagebuch offen, daneben die Feder, ſie mußte durch das betrübende Ereigniß über dem Schreiben geſtört worden ſein.

Regina kam, um nach Felix zu ſehen, der ruhig eingeſchlafen war, und berichtete: Sophie noch äußerſt ſchwach, liege drin auf dem Ruhebette, und weine viel.

„Bleibe bei ihr, befahl Emil, ich werde bei dem Kinde wachen.“

Die Todtenſtille, die ihn nun umgab, nur durch das leiſe regelmäßige Athmen des Schlafenden unterbrochen, die wohlbekannte, heimiſche Umgebung, Alles wirkte wohlthätig beſchwichtigend auf ſein Gemüth. Die Nähe verſöhnender Geiſter ſchien fühlbar. Unwiderſtehlich zog es ihn zu Sophiens Tagebuch, in ihrem Herzen zu leſen, in dem Herzen, das ihm einſt gehört und er grauſam von ſich geſtoßen hatte. Prophetiſch mahnte ihn eine innere Stimme, hier würden Räthſel ſich löſen in harmoniſcher Klarheit, hier werde ein Quell des Friedens ſich erſchließen, dem Verſchmachtenden Labung zu bieten.

Er ſchlug das Buch auf und las:

Den 5. November.

Wie unglücklich bin ich! Emil's Herz iſt mir völlig abgewendet; die Schauſpielerin iſt ſein böſer Dämon, und er iſt zu weich, zu ehrlich, um ihre Falſchheit nur ahnen zu können; ſie begegneten mir beide, als ich aus dem Park zurückkam; als unſere Wagen durch das Gedränge genöthigt waren, einen Augenblick neben einander zu halten: wie höhniſch, triumphirend blickte die Liebloſe auf mich, während Emil nicht den Muth hatte, mich anzuſehen: Felix fragte mich, warum denn der Vater mit der fremden Dame und nicht mit mir fahre; ich drückte das Kind an mein blutendes Herz, und hatte Mühe, ihm meine Thränen zu verbergen.

Den 7. November.

Worin habe ich denn gegen Dich gefehlt, womit Deine Liebe verſcherzt, daß Du Dich binnen wenig Monaten gänzlich umwandeln, mich als eine Fremde behandeln kannſt? Ich frage mein Gewiſſen täglich, was ich zu bereuen habe, was ich ablegen oder mir aneignen müſſe, um Dir wieder zu gefallen. Wo aber fang' ich's an, Dir wieder beizukommen, ein Geſpenſt ſteht zwiſchen Dir und mir, ein Gaukelbild, das Dein Auge geblendet, und Deinen klaren Sinn befangen hat, daß Du mich nicht ſiehſt. O Gott, ich habe bisher nie das Gefühl des Haſſes gekannt, o, gieb mir Kraft, daß ich's auch jetzt überwinde, daß ich auf ſie, die mein Leben vergiftet, nicht Tod und Verderben herabbeſchwöre, daß ich mein ſchreckliches Loos mit Ergebung und Geduld ertrage.

Felix ſpielt mit ſeinem Lieblingspferdchen, das der Vater ihm am letzten Geburtstage kaufte, er ſpornt es und ruft: Mutter, wir reiſen zum Vater! — Wie ſoll ich das verlaſſene Kind ohne Dich erziehen, Emil, oder willſt Du es mir nehmen, daß ich ganz vereinſamt dem Grabe zuwanken ſoll. Nein, mein Felix, Du bleibſt bei mir, nicht wahr, Felix — ich will Dich ſchützen, wie die Löwin ihre Jungen, kein heuchleriſcher Kuß ſoll Dein zartes Gemüth vergiften, ich will Dich der Schule der Verbrechen fern halten, bis mein Auge bricht.

Den 30. November. Nachts.

....Ich weiß, ſie hat Dich auf heute Abend eingeladen, Dich allein; Du biſt ſelig und hoffnungstrunken. Nein, Du haſt mich nie verſtanden, nie geliebt! So könnteſt Du mich ſonſt nicht behandeln, ſo gleichgiltig, ſo verächtlich, und ſiehſt doch mein vom Weinen müdes Auge. Ich leſe im erſten Corintherbriefe: „Die Liebe trägt Alles, glaubet, hoffet, duldet Alles.“ Wie aber gewönne ich Kraft zu ertragen und zu dulden, was Du mir zufügſt? Was darf ich glauben, als daß Gott mich ſtrafwürdig befunden, was hoffen, als Troſt jenſeits des Grabes? Der Sturm tobt draußen, und jagt die blaſſen Wolken wie Geiſtergeſtalten am Monde vorüber; die Straße iſt menſchenleer, die Natur ahnt den Winter, der dem Herbſte die Herrſchaft abringt. In meiner Bruſt auch iſt es Winter geworden, und die Religion ſelbſt ſendet keinen wärmenden Sonnenſtrahl, nur ein falbes, mitleidiges Mondlicht in die Nacht meines Geiſtes.

Den 10. December.

Alſo, Du willſt Dich ſcheiden laſſen, Dich auf ewig von mir trennen! Die Blink hat es mir verrathen, ich danke ihr für die ſchreckliche Gewißheit. Sie iſt doch, ſo weltlich ihr Sinn ſein mag, mitleidig, ſie hört theilnehmend meine Klagen an, wem denn ſollte ich hier ſonſt mein Herz entdecken, meine Qual vertrauen! Sie ſchilt auf Alma, und nennt ſie falſch und unzuverläſſig; ſie mag wohl Recht haben. Armer Emil! Du ſaugſt das Gift des ſüßen Sirenengeſanges ſehnſüchtig ein, bis Dich Berauſchten das kalte Wellengrab umfangen wird. O, wäreſt Du geſtorben, ich könnte Dein Loos ſelig preiſen, ich hätte nur über mich und mein Kind, die Verlaſſenen, zu weinen. Nun aber muß ich, wenn ich den Blick von unſerem Jammer abwende, für Dein Seelenheil beten, daß Du nicht für die Ewigkeit verloren gehſt, wie Du es mir auf Erden biſt.

Die Blink war hier, mir Troſt zuzuſprechen. Sie beredete mich, mit ihr heute das Theater zu beſuchen; faſt reute mich die Zuſage, und doch fühle ich, daß ich bei dem Grübeln über meinem Unglücke immer hinfälliger werde; ich will es verſuchen, mich zu zerſtreuen, ich will mich bemühen, mich meinem Kinde zu erhalten — — Gott, wie fürchte ich mich, vor den Augen der Leute zu erſcheinen, vor lauter Augen, die mich neugierig, nicht theilnehmend betrachten.

Nachts.

Was hab' ich erlebt! wie wunderbar verändert iſt mein Gemüth! Wer mag er ſein, der fremde Mann, den ich geſprochen, deſſen Worte mich ſo ſonderbar bewegt haben? Ich fühlte mich geheimnißvoll ergriffen, ſchon als ich ihn zuerſt anſah, ich verbot mir ſelbſt, es zu wiederholen, und that es doch unwillkürlich. Heiliger Gott, iſt es denn möglich, daß in die äußere Erſcheinung eines Menſchen ein ſo mächtiger Zauber gelegt ſein kann; ich vergaß mein eignes Leid, wenn ich ihn anblickte; welcher Ernſt und welche Milde lag in ſeinem großen, offnen Auge! Männliche Würde, und doch durch Anmuth von allem Schein der Selbſtſucht befreit, athmete jedes Wort, das er ſprach; ich hätte ihm Tagelang zuhören können, ſo unverkennbar äußerte ſich der Geiſt höherer Bildung in ſeiner Rede. Ich Thörin, daß ich, als er die Loge verlaſſen hatte, der guten Blink, welche an jedes Erlebniß den Maaßſtab des Alltäglichen zu legen ſich nicht abgewöhnt, verrieth, wie heftig mich die Erſcheinung dieſes Mannes überraſcht habe. Sie redete ſo viel ungehöriges Zeug, ſie lächelte ſo bedeutſam, als ich Unbeſonnene ausgeredet, wahrhaftig, wenn ich es mir ins Gedächtniß rufe, ich könnte ihr gram werden. Mich durchſchauert der Froſt der Gewiſſensfurcht dabei, denn es klang wie die Stimme des Verſuchers in der Wüſte. O Himmel, hilf mir dies Bild aus meiner Erinnerung verwiſchen, ich darf daran nicht denken, das Leiden hat meinen Geiſt zu ſehr entkräftet, als daß er einer ſolchen Uebermacht widerſtehen könnte

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Den 22. December.

Heute iſt's geſchehn. Emil hat dies Haus verlaſſen, und mir angezeigt, daß er unſere Trennung für nothwendig finde. Nothwendig! Wie liebt es doch die Schwäche, ſich hinter der Schutzwehr äußeren Zwanges, unabänderlicher Fügung zu verbergen. Wenn ſein Gewiſſen ihn entſchuldigt, ſo darf ich nicht ſeine Richterin ſein. — Seltſam! wenn ich an Emil denke, verwandelt ſich immer ſein Geſicht in das des geſtrigen räthſelhaften Fremden. — —

Abends.

Die Blink hat doch eine angeborene Freude an kleinen Intriguen. Wie konnte ich daran denken, daß meine wenigen hingeworfenen Worte ſie bewegen würden, den Namen des Fremden zu erforſchen. Ach, Namen tödten ſo Vieles, was kein Wort zu bezeichnen verſuchen ſollte. Philibert! Wie oft hat Emil mir diedieſen Namen mit Verehrung genannt! er mag dieſelbe gewiß verdienen. Hätte er meine Lage gekannt, gewiß hätte er dagegen ſich nicht gleichgiltig bezeigt. Ob er nur ſeinen Freund hier aufgeſucht haben mag? Billigen würde er deſſen Schritte nicht, doch, was hülfe es, jetzt wäre es doch zu ſpät.

Den 23. December.

Dies war ein ſchwerer Kampf! Unrecht hat die redſelige Frau gewiß nicht, wenn ſie behauptet, Philibert, der immer auf Emil großen Einfluß geübt, müſſe in mein Intereſſe gezogen werden, er werde gewiß, ſobald er Emil's Handlungsweiſe vollſtändig kenne, dieſelbe mißbilligen. Sein Geſicht trägt ja den Ausdruck des herrlichſten Seelenadels. Sie mag es ganz gut dabei meinen, aber ich wage den Schritt nicht zu thun, eine innere Stimme flüſtert mir zu, für mich ſei Gefahr dabei, ihn wiederzuſehn. Und dennoch ſähe ich ihn gern noch einmal, nur noch ein einziges Mal.

Nachts.

Kindiſche Furcht! Ich will's ihr geſtatten, uns in ihrem Hauſe noch einmal zuſammenzuführen, Philibert und mich, die wir uns ja, ehe wir uns kannten, in gleicher Geſinnung gegen einen Dritten begegnet ſind. Gewiß, das Weib iſt nicht ſchwach, wo es die Rettung des Theuerſten gilt, und meinem Felix bin ich ſchuldig, jeden Verſuch zu wagen, ihm den Vater zu retten. Was iſt auch viel an einer flüchtigen Aufwallung, an einem vielleicht zufälligen Wohlgefallen. Was ich von einem magnetiſchen Rapport geleſen, was Goethe in den Wahlverwandtſchaften von Naturkräften ſagt, die dem menſchlichen Willen nicht unterthan ſind, verträgt ſich nicht mit dem Begriffe der Liebe Gottes, die, wenn auch ſie des Menſchen Geſchick vorherſieht, ihm doch die Freiheit ließ, dies zu beſtimmen.

Den 24. December. Früh 10 Uhr.

Eine heftige Angſt befällt mich. Sie hat es dennoch gewagt, die Verwegene, und ich hatte es ihr doch noch nicht ausdrücklich erlaubt. Dieſen Abend ſchon ſoll ich ihn wiederſehn, — ich zittere; — ob er kommen wird? — o Gott, ich fürchte, daß er kommen wird, das Bild bejaht es, das vor meiner Seele ſteht, — wie ſoll ich mit Faſſung zu ihm reden, — — — die Blink kommt mir fürchterlich vor, ſie iſt das Organ einer dunklen Macht, die mich beherrſcht — — —

Nachmittags.

Felix ſoll zur Oberhofmarſchallin; ſo iſt's gut; ich bedarf Ruhe, mich zu der verhängnißvollen Unterredung zu ſammeln. Emil muß gerettet werden aus den Schlingen, denen er ſich nicht mehr ſelbſt entziehen kann, und Philibert wird es auch wollen; ſein Auge ſagte mir, daß er könne, was er einmal wolle.

Abends 7 Uhr.

Ich bin allein. Der Wagen wartet; Mantel und Hut liegen bereit, — ich kann nicht mehr zurück, — o Gott der Gnade, wenn es eine geiſtige Untreue giebt, wenn ich ihre Regung nicht mit Feſtigkeit bekämpft habe, ſo verzeihe mir; ich will mich dafür ſtrafen, indem ich ihr Trotz biete. Dein Arm führe mich, daß ich in keine Sünde willige, und ſei es auch nur ein nie zur That reifender Gedanke — — — — jetzt belüge ich mich nicht mehr, ich bin wieder mein. — — —

Hier ſchloſſen die zuletzt immer undeutlicher werdenden Zeilen. Bleich und ernſt erhob ſich Emil, und trat an des Sohnes Lager. Ein himmliſcher Friede war über des Kindes Züge gebreitet, und umfing das Gemüth, das, längſt ſeiner bedürftig, ihn ſelbſt verſcherzt zu haben, ſich jetzt Schuld gab. Gefaßt, beruhigt öffnete Emil Sophiens Schlafzimmer, und ſchlich leiſe an ihr Bett, — ſie ſchien unruhig zu träumen, er winkte dem Dienſtmädchen, ſich zu entfernen, vorſichtig nannte er den Namen der Schlafenden. Sie ſchrak leicht zuſammen, und ſprach mild:

„Endlich Du bei mir, mein Emil; ich danke Dir, — wie geht es Felix?“

„Gut, liebe Sophie, und Dir?“

„Mir iſt leichter, als ſeit vielen Wochen, ganz als wäre ich von einer ſchweren Krankheit geneſen.“

„Wir waren wohl beide recht krank.“

Hier erſcholl die Stimme von Felix, welcher die Mutter rief; haſtig ſprang ſie auf, ſie eilten zu dem Kinde, das erwacht war, und in der ungewöhnlichen Umgebung ſich zu fürchten begann; freudig ſtreckte es den Eltern beide Händchen entgegen.

„Nicht wahr, Du bleibſt bei mir, Mutter, fragte er?“

„Gewiß, mein kleiner Engel.“

„Und der Vater bleibt jetzt auch hier, nicht wahr?“

Die Blicke der Gatten ruhten mit unendlichem Ausdrucke auf einander. Emil ſchloß Sophie in ſeine Arme, und flüſterte ihr zu: „Kannſt Du verzeihen?“ — Sie ſchloß ihm den Mund mit einem Kuſſe. — „So wollen wir denn morgen nach dem Erzgebirge zurückreiſen.“

Die Uhr verkündete Mitternacht, und die Glocken des Domes läuteten das Chriſtfeſt ein.

Johann Georg Keil,

Doctor der Philoſophie, Großherz. Sächſ. Weimariſcher Hofrath und ſeit 1831 Dechant des Stiftes Wurzen, am 20. März 1781 in Gotha geboren, verließ er den ihm nicht zuſagenden Kaufmannsſtand und widmete ſich, angeregt und unterſtützt von ſeinen Freunden Franz Paſſow und Johannes Schulz in Weimar, den Wiſſenſchaften, ſtudirte Philoſophie in Jena, ward dann Bibliothekar an der Großherz. Bibliothek zu Weimar, gab jedoch dieſes Amt nach einigen Jahren wieder auf, um ſich nach Leipzig zu wenden, wo er ſeit 1814 privatiſirt. In Anerkennung deſſen, was er für die ſpaniſche Sprache geleiſtet, ernannte ihn die Real academia española in Madrid zu ihrem Mitgliede, eine Auszeichnung, die vor ihm noch keinem Deutſchen zu Theil geworden war. 1833 war er Mitglied der erſten Kammer in der ſächſiſchen Ständeverſammlung.

Er veröffentlichte:

Ausgaben mehrer italieniſcher und ſpaniſcher Claſſiker (Tasso, Bojardo, Boccaccio, Dante, Cervantes). Gotha 1806—1809.

„Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes“ von Hurtado de Mendoza, mit deutſcher Ueberſetzung. Gotha 1810.

„Vida del gran Tacaño“ von Quevedo Villegas, mit deutſcher Ueberſetzung. Gotha 1811.

Italieniſche Sprachlehre für deutſche Gymnaſien und hohe Schulen. Erfurt 1812. 3. Aufl. 1831.

„Glückliche Unfälle der Liebe,“ in 6 Novellen, nach dem Italieniſchen des Ceſare Giudici. Erfurt 1814.

Elementarbuch der ſpaniſchen Sprache. Gotha 1814.
Spaniſche Sprachlehre ꝛc. Gotha 1817. 2. Aufl. Leipzig 1837.
„La Vita nuova“ und „le Rime“ des Dante. Chemnitz 1820.
Zwei Ausgaben der „Comedias“ Calderons, die erſte unvollendet in 3 Bd. in gr. 8. Leipzig 1820—22, die zweite vollendet in 4 Bd. in gr. 4. Leipzig 1827—30.
„Lyra und Harfe“ Liederproben. Leipzig 1834.
Außerdem vermiſchte Gedichte und proſaiſche Aufſätze in den Erholungen, im Journal des Luxus und der Mode ꝛc. — Recenſionen in der Leipziger Lit. Zeitung ꝛc.
„Märchen und Geſchichtchen eines Großvaters.“ Leipzig 1847.

K. hat ſich um die Verbreitung und Kenntniß der italieniſchen und ſpaniſchen Sprache und Literatur in unſerem Vaterlande große und bleibende Verdienſte erworben; die von ihm beſorgten Ausgaben zeichnen ſich durch Correctheit und ſcharfſinnige Kritik, ſeine Lehrbücher durch Gründlichkeit, Genauigkeit und Deutlichkeit aus. In ſeinen lyriſchen Poeſieen endlich offenbart ſich ein reiches und warmes Gemüth, deſſen Aeußerungen Anmuth und Eleganz der Behandlung beſonderen Reiz verleihen. —

Dichters Geſang.

Willenlos thut Dichters Mund
Freud' und Schmerz in Liedern kund!

Wie die Lerch' in Himmelshöhen
Singet nur aus innrer Luſt:
So muß auch des Dichters Bruſt
Freud' und Luſt im Lied geſtehen.

Und wie jene dann im Bauer
Flötend klaget ihren Schmerz:
So kann auch des Dichters Herz
Nicht verſchweigen ſeine Trauer.

Willenlos thut Dichters Mund
Freud' und Schmerz in Liedern kund!

Der Tag des Herrn.

Heut' iſt der Tag des Herrn!
Es zieht mich hin in's Freie,
Den blauen Berg hinan!
Mich blickt mit heil'ger Weihe
Die ganze Schöpfung an.
Es ruhet Sabbathsſtille
Noch rings auf weiter Flur;
Es zirpt die muntre Grille
Im feuchten Graſe nur.

Heut' iſt der Tag des Herrn!
Es ſteiget hell die Sonne
In ihren hohen Dom,
Und gießet Freud' und Wonne
Aus ihrem Feuerſtrom.
Es regt ſich neues Leben,
Es regt ſich neue Luſt
Und fromme Wünſche ſtreben
Aus tiefer Menſchenbruſt.

Heut' iſt der Tag des Herrn!
Es tönen Feſtgeſänge
Vom Kirchlein leis herauf,
Und ernſte Orgelklänge
Sie ſchweben himmelauf.
Es betet die Gemeine
Im engen Gotteshaus,
Ich ſteh' allein und weine
Hier meine Thränen aus.

Heut' iſt der Tag des Herrn!
Die Flur iſt meine Kirche,
Der Berg iſt mein Altar.
Vom bläulichen Gebirge
Zieht her der Sänger Schaar.
Und Opferdüfte wallen
Von Wald und Wieſ' empor,
Und Lobgeſänge ſchallen
Vom ganzen Schöpfungschor.

Heut' iſt der Tag des Herrn!
Ich ſinke betend nieder
Im weiten Gottesſaal,
Und ſtimme meine Lieder
Zum lauten Feſtchoral.
Ich fühle Gottes Nähe,
Von Andacht tief erfüllt,
Und jedes Erdenwehe
Iſt in der Bruſt geſtillt.

Zeit der Liebe.

Liebe ſchläft, wenn Alles wacht,
Und iſt wach in ſtiller Nacht.

Daß ſie ganz ſich dir enthülle,
Nimm die Stunde wohl in Acht;
Ihre größte Zaubermacht
Gibt ſich kund in nächt'ger Stille.
Wie der Fackeldiſtel Hülle
Nur im Dunkel zeigt die Fülle
Ihrer reichen Flammenpracht:
So wacht Liebe nur bei Nacht.

Verſchwiegene Liebe.

Ihr fragt, wie meine Liebſte heißt?
Das iſt wohl leicht gefragt,
Und wenn ich es euch ſagen wollt',
Wär's auch gar leicht geſagt.

Doch nennen werd' ich nimmer ſie,
Ob ihr auch ſcherzt und lacht;
Ich nenne ſie ja ſelber mir
Nur leis in ſtiller Nacht.

Sie iſt ſo heilig und ſo fromm,
Die ich zur Lieb' erkor;
Ihr Name klingt ſo lieb und zart,
Paßt nicht für jedes Ohr.

Er lautet mir wie ein Gebet,
Das mich zum Himmel hebt,
Mir wird dabei ſo ſeligmild,
Mein Herz vor Wonne bebt.

Drum fragt nicht, wie die Liebſte heißt,
Die ſich mein Herz erwählt;
Frag' ich doch nach den euern nicht,
Obwohl ihr's gern erzählt.

Ein Jeder hat ſo ſeine Art,
Ihr tragt die Lieb' im Mund;
Ich ſprech' nicht gern von meinem Glück,
Mir ruht's im Herzensgrund.

Liebesverſchmähung.

Dort auf der grünen Wieſe
Steht hell ein weißes Haus,
Da ſieht ein feines Mädchen
Zum Fenſter oft heraus.

Kam ich von Feld und Wieſe
Zurück im Abendſchein,
Sah ich zum kleinen Fenſter
Zuweilen wohl hinein.

Die Schwalben kehrten wieder
Und bauten ſich ihr Neſt,
Die Schmetterlinge flogen
Zum frohen Hochzeitfeſt.

Ich zeigt' ihr einſt ein Neſtchen,
Das hoch am Giebel hing,
Ich zeigt' ihr auf den Blumen
Die bunten Schmetterling'.

Ich nickt' und ſah ihr fragend
In's Auge tief hinein;
Sie kehrte mir den Rücken
Und ſchüttelt' ſpröde: Nein!

Da bin ich gleich gegangen
Weit weg von ihrem Haus,
Da bin ich fortgezogen
Weit in die Welt hinaus.

Bald kamen mir die Schwalben,
Die Schmetterlinge nach;
Sie aber iſt geblieben
Dort unter ihrem Dach.

Sie bringen keine Kunde
Mir von dem Mädchen mein.
Ich weiß nicht, ob ſie ſtehet
Am Fenſter noch allein.

Ich aber bin alleine,
Allein im fremden Land,
Und denk' oft an die Stelle,
Wo ich ſo glücklich ſtand.

Daß ich vor Schmerz vergehe,
Das weiß ich nur zu wohl;
Doch weiß ich nicht, ob wieder
Zum Haus ich kehren ſoll.

Der Muſikant.

Wir junge Muſikanten,
Wir ziehen Abends aus,
Von einem Ort zum andern,
Wir ziehn von Haus zu Haus.

Und wenn ein ſchmuckes Mädchen
Am Fenſter wo ſich zeigt,
Steht unſer Chor und ſinget
Und flötet, harft und geigt.

So ſingen wir der Braunen,
Der Blonden ſingen wir.
Das ganze feine Städtchen
Iſt unſer Jagdrevier.

Nur in ein ſtilles Gäßchen
Schleich' ich mich ganz allein;
Da wohnt mein holdes Mädchen,
Da wohnt die Liebſte mein.

Da tönen meine Lieder,
Da tönt mein leiſer Sang.
Vielleicht lauſcht ſie verſtohlen
Auf meiner Zither Klang.

Was ich am Tag verſchwiegen,
Vertrau' ich kühn der Nacht.
Schlaf' ſanft, mein ſüßes Leben,
Treulieb hält ſich're Wacht!

Es mögen heil'ge Engel
Rings um dein Lager ſtehn,
Und in des Traumes Bildern
Mögſt du den Liebſten ſehn!

Schlaf' ſanft, du einzig Eine,
Du aller Mädchen Zier!
Und wenn der Morgen taget,
Da nick' Erfüllung mir!

Die ernſte Zeit.

Was ſoll in dieſer ernſten Zeit
Dein fröhlicher Geſang,
Jetzt wo der Leidenſchaften Streit
Verlangt nach Schwerterklang?

Und hätt' ich in der ernſten Zeit
Nicht fröhlichen Geſang,
Ich läg' im Grabe längſt vor Leid
Und innerm Schmerzensdrang.

Jägers Abſchied.

Ich bin ein Jägerburſche,
Ein fröhliches junges Blut;
Der Vater war geſtorben,
Die Mutter war lieb und gut.

Sie ſorgte früh und Abend,
Erſpann ſich ihr täglich Brot;
Ich zehrt' von ihrem Fleiße
Und lebte von ihrer Noth.

Hör', Mutter, ich muß wandern
Hinaus in die weite Welt;
Ich muß mein Brot verdienen,
Verdienen mir Ehr' und Geld.

So hing ich meine Büchſe,
Den ledernen Ranzen um.
Schon ſtand ich vor der Thüre,
Da kehrt' ich noch einmal um.

Ade, du liebſte Mutter,
Es muß nun geſchieden ſein!
Behalt' mich lieb im Herzen,
Du gütige Mutter mein!

Sie holte aus der Lade
Die kärgliche Baarſchaft her.
'S iſt Alles, was ich habe,
Gern gäb' ich, mein Sohn, dir mehr.

Geh' ſtets auf Gottes Wegen,
Mein einziger lieber Sohn,
Dann wird dir ſchon auf Erden
Zu Theil der Guten Lohn.

Sie hing an meinem Halſe,
Benetzt' mich mit Thränenflut.
Ich konnte kaum noch ſprechen:
Ja, Mutter, ich bleibe gut!

So zog ich nun von dannen,
Hinaus, in die Welt hinaus,
Bald hatt' ich aus den Augen
Verloren das kleine Haus.

Blumenorakel.

Euch, ihr Blumen, will ich's klagen
Auf dem bunten Wieſenplan,
Ihr blickt mich mit euern blauen
Augen ſo mitleidig an!

Ihr ſollt all' mein Leid erfahren!
Habt vielleicht ihr Troſt für mich?
Ihr kann ich es nimmer ſagen,
Schweigen muß ich ewiglich.

Ach! ſie ſieht wohl meine Schmerzen;
Doch ſie thut, als ſäh' ſie's nicht.
Sie kann ſcherzen, ſie kann ſingen,
Wenn mein Herz im Buſen bricht.

Liebe helle Sternenblume,
Sag mir's an, wenn du es weißt,
Ob mein Sprüchlein heißet Hoffen,
Oder ob's Entſagen heißt.

Laß mich deine Blättchen pflücken,
Eins heißt ja, das andre nein!
Antwort gib auf meine Frage:
Wird ſie jemals werden mein?

Sag mir, du Prophetenblume,
Laß mich reine Wahrheit ſehn:
Liebt ſie mich vielleicht im Stillen
Und will mir's nur nicht geſtehn?

Ach! ich kann nicht weiter fragen,
Laß die Antwort lieber ſein!
Müßte ja in Leid vergehen,
Wenn du ſprächſt ein kaltes Nein!

Der Genügſame.

Zwei Hände zur Arbeit,
Zwei Füße zum Gehn,
Zwei Ohren zum Hören,
Zwei Augen zum Sehn.

Im Sommer, wenn's heiß iſt,
Ein ſchattiger Baum,
Im Winter ein Hüttchen,
Für Zweie drin Raum.

Im Hüttchen ein Stübchen
Recht heimlich und warm,
Ein herziges Dirnel
Dazu in dem Arm.

Und ſchön iſt mein Mädchen,
Doch hat ſie kein Geld.
Hab' niemals mein Sinnen
Auf Reichthum geſtellt.

Doch hat ſie ein Mündchen
Zum Küſſen gemacht,
Zwei glänzende Aeuglein,
So ſchwarz wie die Nacht.

Ein liebliches Stimmchen,
Wie Glocken ſo hell,
Und niedliche Füßchen,
Wie'n Hirſchlein ſo ſchnell.

Dabei noch zum Lieben
Ein Herz in der Bruſt.
Das iſt all' mein Reichthum,
Das iſt meine Luſt!

Ich brauche nicht Ehre,
Ich brauche nicht Geld!
Es fehlt mir ja wahrlich
Nichts mehr auf der Welt!

Der Schnee.

Es war ein Schnee gefallen
In kalter Winternacht,
Die ich bei meinem Mädchen
Mit Scherzen zugebracht.

Ich zeichnet' ihren Namen
Tief in den Schnee hinein,
Und faßt' die theuren Züge
Mit einem Herzen ein.

Als ich nach wenig Tagen
Zum Liebchen wieder ſchritt,
Da war der Schnee geſchmolzen
Und auch der Name mit.

Der Schnee der war geſchmolzen,
Die Liebe hatt' ein End';
Sie hatt' ihr falſches Herze
Einem Andern zugewend't.

Glaubſt wohl, ich ſoll mich grämen!
Das laß' ich aber ſein;
Ich weiß mich wohl zu tröſten
Und lach' noch hinterdrein.

In Falſchheit ſtirbt die Liebe,
In der Sonne ſchmilzt der Schnee.
Ade! du feines Liebchen!
Du falſches Lieb', ade!

Die todte Braut.

Der Buhle reicht' beim Scheiden
Dem Mägdlein ſeine Hand:
O Lieb, ich muß dich meiden,
Muß in ein fernes Land!

Bewahr mir Lieb' und Treue,
Du feines Liebchen mein.
Ich ſchwöre dir aufs Neue,
Ich bin auf ewig dein!

Um ihre braunen Haare
Schlang er ein rothes Band.
Dies Band mir treu bewahre,
Soll ſein ein Liebespfand.

Noch einmal in die Arme
Er ſeine Liebſte ſchloß,
Riß ſich im ſtummen Harme
Voll banger Ahnung los.

Und nach drei langen Jahren
Der Buhle kehrt' zurück,
Hatt' lange nichts erfahren
Von ſeiner Liebe Glück.

Er trat mit frohem Herzen
Hinein in Liebchens Haus;
Da brannten helle Kerzen
Gleich wie am Hochzeitſchmaus.

Und in der Kerzen Mitte
Stand hoch ein ſchwarzer Schrein.
Da wankten ſeine Schritte,
Es bebte ſein Gebein.

Es trat der bleiche Freier
Zum ſchwarzen Schreine hin;
Er hob den weißen Schleier,
Sein Liebchen lag darin.

Gleich einer weißen Roſe
Lag ſie, ein Engel rein,
Gefaltet in dem Schooße
Die beiden Hände fein.

Durch ihre braunen Locken
Schlang ſich das rothe Band.
Sein Aug' war thränentrocken;
Er faßte ihre Hand.

Du haſt mir Treu bewahret,
Bis zu der Todtenbahr';
Mir hat es offenbaret
Das Band in deinem Haar.

Er zog von ſeinem Finger
Ein goldnes Ringelein.
Es ſollt' ein Freudenbringer,
Mein [illegible] Liebchen ſein.

Nimm es als Liebeszeichen
Im Tode nun von mir;
Ich kann nicht von dir weichen,
War fern ja ſtets bei dir.

Bald ſind wir feſt verbunden
Im kühlen, ſtillen Grab! —
Und bald nach wenig Stunden
Senkt' man auch ihn hinab.

Der Schieferdecker.

Der Schieferdecker hing hoch am Thurm,
Am Seile ſchwebte der Knopf hinauf;
Er faßt' ihn kräftig trotz Wind und Sturm,
Und ſetzt' ihn der äußerſten Spitze auf.
Und unter ihm ſtand auf der ſchwankenden Leiter
Der greiſe Vater, ſein treuer Begleiter.

Der Sohn vollbrachte ſein Meiſterſtück,
Es harrte ſeiner die zitternde Braut.
Er ſchaute hinab mit ſicherem Blick
Und ſprach die weihende Rede laut.
Froh jauchzte unten die gaffende Menge,
Und wogt' und wallt' im dichten Gedränge.

Mein Vater! hörſt du die Harmonie'n?
O ſieh das glühende Flammenmeer!
Die Berge kommen, die Dörfer ziehn,
Und drehen tanzend ſich um mich her!
Es faßten ihn ſchreckliche, finſt're Gewalten,
Er zittert und wankt und ſucht ſich zu halten.

Bet' ſchnell ein Vaterunſer, mein Sohn!
Befiehl die Seele dem gnädigen Gott!
Du ſtehſt nun bald vor des Ewigen Thron,
Drum ruf' ihn an in der letzten Noth!
Verzeih' mir, Gott, meine eigenen Sünden!
Laß beid' uns Erbarmen und Gnade finden!

Und taumelnd ſtürzet der Sohn hinab;
Und faßte im Falle den zitternden Greis;
Er reißt ihn ſich nach in das offene Grab,
Hinab in der flüchtenden Menge Kreis.
Und unten liegen die blutigen Leichen,
Und ringsum waltet ein gräßliches Schweigen.

Die Glocken tönen zum erſten Mal
Vom neuen Thurme mit klagendem Ton.
Wem gilt der traurige Glockenſchall?
Er gilt dem Vater und ſeinem Sohn.
Der Tod hat die Liebenden nimmer geſchieden,
Sie ruhen zuſammen vereinet in Frieden.

Des Königs Scheiden.

Der König ſtand auf hohem Söller
Und blickt hinaus ins Abendroth.
Da ward das Herz ihm voll und völler,
Er fühlt's, es nahe ſich der Tod.

O könnt' ich doch von hinnen ſcheiden
Gewiſſensrein und frei von Schuld!
Ich trug' des Scheidens bitt're Leiden,
Des Sterbens Schmerzen mit Geduld!

Könnt' ich, o Freund, dich mir verſöhnen,
Dem einſt ich gab ſo herben Schmerz!
Wie würd' es meinen Tod verſchönen,
Schlüg' nur noch einmal Herz an Herz!

Der König hatt' zur böſen Stunde
Einſt ſeinen Jugendfreund verbannt,
Und wußte längſt aus ſicherm Munde,
Daß er den edlen Mann verkannt.

Seit langen Jahren irrt' der Arme
Im fremden Lande heimatslos,
Das Haar gebleicht vom ſchweren Harme,
Trug ſchweigend er ſein herbes Loos.

Da ſchallt es an des Schloſſes Schwelle
Wie Liebesgruß und Harfenklang.
Bringt mir den Spielmann her zur Stelle,
Daß er mir ſing' den Todesſang!

Der König ſprach's, die Diener liefen,
Der greiſe Sänger trat herein.
Er ſeufzte aus des Herzens Tiefen,
Und griff in ſeine Saiten ein.

Er ſang von längſt verklung'nen Stunden,
Er ſang von goldner Jugendzeit,
Berührte heilend alte Wunden,
Beſänftigte des Herzens Streit.

Da faßt' ein unnennbares Sehnen
Den lebensmüden Königsgreis,
In ſanfte ſel'ge Sehnſuchtsthränen
Schmolz ſeines Herzens ſtarres Eis.

Wer biſt du, Sänger, der ſo milde
Entfloh'nen Jugendtraum du weckſt?
Der du des Todes Schreckgebilde
Mit dichtem Schleier mir bedeckſt?

Da ſank der Sänger ihm zu Füßen,
Umfaßte ſeines Königs Knie;
Er wollte ſeine Hände küſſen,
Und netzt' mit heißen Thränen ſie.

Der König blickt' zum Sänger nieder,
Es füllt' ihn lang entbehrte Luſt;
Er hatte ſeinen Freund nun wieder,
Er hob ihn auf an ſeine Bruſt.

So ſtanden beide feſt umſchlungen,
In ſtummer Seligkeit vereint.
Der Sänger hat nicht mehr geſungen,
Der König hat nicht mehr geweint.

Das Abendroth ſank ſcheidend nieder,
Die beiden Freunde ſahen's nicht;
Verſtummet waren Schmerz und Lieder,
Erloſchen war der Augen Licht.

Der Kuß.

Trotzig weigerte ſie den Kuß und faßte den Becher,
Mich zu höhnen, und küßt' nippend den goldenen Rand.
Ich entwandt ihr jedoch den Pokal und führt' ihn zum Munde,
Und ſo gab er mir treu, was ſie verſagte, zurück.

Abſchied.

Und nun noch einen Kuß! und dann noch einen, und dann noch
Einen letzten zuletzt! Drei iſt der Grazien Zahl! —
Unerſättlicher! wie du mir Kleid und Haare zerdrückſt!
Schon vom Buſen herab fiel mir die Roſe geknickt. —
Laß ſie fallen, Geliebte! dich ſchmücken ſchönere Blumen,
Paphiſche Roſen ſie glühn dir auf den Wangen empor.

Die Verrätherin.

Halte, Verwegener, ein! Willſt du den Kuß mir zerſtören?
Wenn ein Lauſcher uns ſäh', wüßt' es ſchon morgen die Stadt! —
Recht, Geliebte! dort brennt verrätheriſch lauſchend die Lampe.
Sieh, nun iſt ſie gelöſcht! Schweigſam und treu iſt die Nacht!

Gottfried Kinkel

ward am 11. Auguſt 1815 zu Oberkaſſel bei Bonn geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung und widmete ſich dann in Bonn und Berlin ſeit 1831 dem Studium der Theologie, promovirte darauf als Licentiat und widmete ſich nun dem akademiſchen Berufe. Im Jahre 1838 bereiſte er Italien und kehrte dann nach Bonn zurück, wo er gegenwärtig noch als außerord. Profeſſor der neueren Literatur- und Kulturgeſchichte wirkſam iſt.

Er veröffentlichte:

Predigten über ausgewählte Gleichniſſe und Bildreden Chriſti. Cöln 1842.
Gedichte. Stuttgart und Tübingen 1843.
Lothar von Lotharingen, Trauerſpiel nur als Manuſcript gedruckt.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Abhandlungen und Gedichte in wiſſenſchaftlichen Sammelwerken, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Einer der talentvollſten lyriſchen Dichter der neueſten Zeit, verbindet K. mit Reichthum der Phantaſie und der Ideenwelt tiefe Innigkeit der Empfindung, hohen, würdigen Ernſt und ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form. Ein eigenthümlicher Geiſt milder, männlicher Wehmuth, die ſchmerzlich die Störungen der Gegenwart fühlt, aber den Geiſt nicht abhält von dem nothwendigen Kampfe mit der Lüge und der Verderbtheit, gewinnt dem Dichter das Herz des ſinnigen Leſers, der, wo er ihm begegnet, mit Freuden ſeinen edeln Geſängen lauſcht.

Dietrich von Berne.

Nun höre mich, Vater, nun höre mein Wort!
Nun hole mich heim zu dir.
Bin ſatt des Lebens und will nun fort;
Was ſoll der Alternde hier?
Mein dunkler Vater, nun höre geſchwind,
Dich ruft dein gewaltiges Heldenkind,
Der alte Dietrich von Berne.

Seit ächzend die Mutter ans Licht mich gebracht,
Hab' ich nimmer dein Antlitz geſchaut.
Nun komm, du dunkler Elfe der Nacht,
Vor dem den Sterblichen graut!
Das Feuer, das du mir gegoſſen ins Blut,
Es lohet zu ſcharf, es verzehret die Glut
Den alten Dietrich von Berne.

Bin werth, o Vater, ich bin dein werth!
Genug nun hab ich geſchafft;
Es hat zum Tode mein Heunenſchwert
Genug der Helden gerafft.
Mich ſcheuet der Tod, ſeit ich Hagnen ſchlug,
Du hole mich nun, das iſt Ehre genug
Dem alten Dietrich von Berne.

Nicht blieb zu bekämpfen ein Feind zurück,
Zu Bern ſteht feſt mein Palaſt;
Die Ruhe, des weichen Alters Glück,
Iſt meinem Marke verhaßt.
Wohl jag' ich den Ur in dem finſtern Wald,
Doch iſt's zu gering mir, drum hole mich bald,
Den alten Dietrich von Berne.

So rief der König, er ſtand im Forſt:
Das hörte der Vater bald:
Auf lauſchte der Held, das Gezweige borſt,
Ein Hirſch brach her aus dem Wald.
Wohl griff Herr Dietrich zum Waidgeſchoß,
Doch harr' er zur Stelle kein ſchnelles Roß,
Der alte Dietrich von Berne.

Und wie er ſich umſah unmuthsvoll,
Da ſtand ein mächtiges Roß,
Deß ungeberdiger Hufſchlag ſcholl
Und Schaum vom Gebiß ihm floß,
War ſchwarz und glänzend, da ſchwang er ſich auf,
Und ſpornt es zum Jagen im ſchnellſten Lauf,
Der alte Dietrich von Berne.

Da ſchnaubet das Roß, daß Feuer und Rauch
Den offenen Nüſtern entloht,
Und ſtürmet dahin wie ein Wüſtenhauch,
Dem folget der ſchwarze Tod.
Da hebt ſich jauchzend die Heldenbruſt,
Da fühlt ſich jung wie in Schlachtenluſt
Der alte Dietrich von Berne.

Doch jäher und jäher nun wird der Ritt,
Vorbei jagt Felſen und Baum.
Wie könnten die Diener, die Rüden mit?
Nichts fruchtet der ſtraffe Zaum:
Es ſtürmt, das iſt nicht Galopp noch Trab,
Iſt Windsbrautſauſen; nicht kann er herab,
Der alte Dietrich von Berne.

Ihm ſchließt ſich das Aug' und es ſtarret das Blut;
Doch als er, betäubt noch, erwacht,
Da ſchaut er, und höher wächſt ihm der Mut,
Den Vater, den Elfen der Nacht,
Der faſſet die Hand ihm; wie fühlt er ſich ſtark,
Wie ſchwillt in den Knochen ihm jugendlich Mark,
Dem alten Dietrich von Berne!

So ſprach der Vater: mein ſtolzer Sohn,
Du haſt Dich in Ehren bewährt,
Wol mußt' ich ſelber dich holen ſchon,
Schon reitſt du ein Geiſterpferd:
Drum auf, dich grüß' ich, Schwarzelfe der Nacht,
Nun jagſt du mit mir in der wilden Jagd,
Mein ſtarker Dietrich von Berne!

Troſt der Nacht.

Es heilt die Nacht des Tages Wunden,
Wenn mit der Sterne buntem Schein
Das königliche Haupt umwunden
Sie ſtill und mächtig tritt herein.
Die milden leiſen Hauche kommen,
Der Farben grelle Pracht erblaßt;
In weicher Linie ruht verſchwommen
Des ſcharfen Zackenfelſen Laſt.

So legt die Nacht mit Muttergüte
Sich um die Seele ſchmerzenvoll:
Es läutert ſtill ſich im Gemüthe
Zur Wehmut jeder bittre Groll.
Die Thränen, die vergeſſen ſchliefen,
Nun ſtrömen ſie in mächtgem Lauf:
Es ſteigt aus wunden Herzenstiefen
Ein rettungsahnend Beten auf.

Im Pfarrhauſe.

Still die Nacht: es weht die Kühle
Von den nahen Bergen her.
Alles träumt in Sommerſchwüle,
Schlummer waltet ſtill und ſchwer.

Mag ich auch am Fenſter lauſchen,
Schweigt das Leben weit und breit;
Nur ein ſanftes Waldesrauſchen
Gleitet durch die Einſamkeit.

Hundgebell — im Sternenſchimmer
Schleicht ein Reh zur Weide hin,
Und ihr Kind im niedern Zimmer
Singt in Schlaf die Pfarrerin.

Selger Friede! Weltverbittert
Flüchtet ſich das Herz dir zu:
Durch den wunden Buſen zittert
Leis die Ahnung ewger Ruh.

Ja, mein Herz, du könnteſt tragen
Dieſe Weltverlaſſenheit,
Und du würdeſt ſtiller ſchlagen,
Wär' dir ſolch ein Loos bereit.

Aber auch die Kraft gegeben
Ward dir zu dem heißen Kampf,
Schreiteſt ſtark durchs wirre Leben,
Kühn durch Blitz und Wolkendampf.

Wem die harte Fauſt verliehen,
Die nicht matt wird an dem Schwert,
Dürft' er aus dem Streite fliehen
Zu des Friedens frommem Herd?

Morgen leuchtet! Friſch gewandelt
In des Lebens Noth hinaus!
Ernſt geſtrebt und feſt gehandelt —
Fahre wohl, du glücklich Haus!

Hermann Kletke

wurde am 14. März 1813 zu Breslau geboren, wo er auch ſeine Jugendzeit verlebte; befindet ſich ſeit 1837 in Berlin als Privatgelehrter.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Breslau 1836.
Almanach deutſcher Volksmährchen. Berlin 1839.
Deutſcher Liederſchatz in alten und neuen Liedern. Daſ. 1839.
Novellen. Die Bürgerverſchwörung zu Breslau. — Die Royaliſten in der Vendee.
Geiſtliche Blumenleſe aus deutſchen Dichtern. Berlin 1841.
Deutſche Fabeln des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts. (Zwei verſchiedene Ausgaben.) Berlin 1841.
Album deutſcher Dichter. Berlin 1845.
Handbuch zur Geſchichte der neueren deutſchen Literatur. Berlin 1845.
Märchenſaal aller Völker. 3 Bde. Berlin 1844—45.
Neuer Kinderfreund. 3 Bde. Berlin 1846.

Zartheit der Empfindung, Innigkeit, ein frommer, kindlicher Sinn verbinden ſich in ſeinen Poeſieen mit reicher Phantaſie und großer Anmuth der Behandlung und bringen einen höchſt wohlthuenden Eindruck auf den Leſer hervor. — Durch ſeine Sammelwerke, die ſämmtlich durch gründliche Kenntniß, feinen Geſchmack und richtigen Tact in der Auswahl bleibenden Werth erhalten, hat er außerordentlich viel für die Verbreitung der Kenntniß guter Poeſie in den weiteren Kreiſen unſeres Vaterlandes gethan.

Daheim.

Schön iſt das Leben, ſchön iſt die Liebe,
Reizend der Morgen im ſonnigen Licht.
Herz, ja man ſaget wohl, daß es nicht bliebe,
Aber drum ſorge und gräme dich nicht.

Ha welch' ein Abend! es fallen die Blätter,
Wie ſich mit Nebel die Fernen umziehn!
O du verdrießliches ſchauriges Wetter,
Wohin, wohin doch, dir raſch zu entfliehn!

Ei da nur ſchnell in das heimliche Stübchen,
Sieh' im Kamine ſchon lodert der Span,
Hier lärmt ein Mädchen und dort ruft ein Bübchen,
Zünde das Lämpchen, das freundliche an.

Draußen die Winde, ſie brechen die Aeſte
Und an die Fenſter der Regen uns ſchlägt,
Ja doch, wir ſitzen hier fröhlich beim Feſte,
Liebe die Schüſſeln zum Mahle aufträgt.

Und Kinderzünglein, ſie hüpfen und heben
Munter ſich, plappernd zum Regengebraus,
Und du Geliebte, o ſchön iſt das Leben
Auch noch am Abend im heimiſchen Haus.

Der Landmann.

Zwei feine Stieflein hab' ich an,
Mit wunderweichen Söhlchen dran,
Ein Säcklein hab' ich hinten auf,
Huſch! trippl' ich raſch die Trepp' hinauf.
Und wenn ich in die Stube tret',
Die Kinder beten das Abendgebet,
Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streu' ich auf ihre Aeugelein,
Da ſchlafen ſie die ganze Nacht
In Gottes und der Englein Wacht.
Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streut' ich auf ihre Aeugelein,
Den frommen Kindern ſoll gar ſchön
Ein froher Traum vorübergehn.
Nun friſch und raſch mit Sack und Stab
Nur wieder jetzt die Trepp' hinab,
Ich kann nicht länger müßig ſtehn,
Ich muß noch heut' zu Vielen gehn, —
Da nicken ſie ſchon und lachen im Traum,
Und öffnete doch mein Säcklein kaum!

Ein Trauerzug.

Es wandert in des Abends Stille
Zum Friedhof noch ein Trauerzug,
Daß einen Todten man verhülle
In dieſe Erde, die ihn trug.

Sie alle, die in dieſem Leben
Ihn heiß geliebt, ſie traf es ſchwer;
Als riß ein Theil vom eig'nen Leben,
So troſtlos gehn ſie hinterher.

Und wie ſie jetzt mit bleichen Wangen
Und weinend ſtehn am offnen Grab,
Und Jedes noch mit Todesbangen
Die Handvoll Erde wirft hinab,

Und wie nun immer raſchern Dranges
Die Erde ſtürzt, die Gruft ſich ſchließt,
Und drauf die Weiſe des Geſanges
Allmälig in der Luft verfließt:

Da wird es plötzlich Allen, Allen,
Als ſie zum Gehn gewendet ſchon,
Als hörten wieder ſie erſchallen
Der vielgeliebten Stimme Ton:

Weint nicht um mich! Den in die Erde
Ihr jetzt geſenkt, ich bin es nicht!
Ich war's, ich ſtarb, damit ich werde
Lebendig, frei in ew'gem Licht.

Albert Knapp.

am 25. Juli 1796 zu Tübingen geboren, lebt zu Kirchheim unter Teck in Würtemberg als Prediger.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Chriſtliche Gedichte. Baſel. II. 1829. Zweite Auflage 1835.
Völker und Fürſten. Baſel 1831.
Neuere Gedichte. Baſel II. 1834.
Evangeliſcher Liederſchatz. (3590 Lieder). Stuttg. 1837. II.
Hohenſtaufen, ein Cyklus von Liedern und Gedichten. Stuttgart und Tübingen 1839.
Gedichte, neueſte Folge. Stuttg. 1843.
Chriſtenlieder. Nachtrag zum Liederſchatz. Stuttgart 1841.

K. hat ſich als Dichter vorzüglich der lyriſchen religiöſen Poeſie zugewandt und ſich in gewiſſen Kreiſen einen bedeutenden Namen erworben, während andere ihn nur gering achten. Wenn eine von Myſtik durchdrungene Frömmigkeit allein hinreichte, einen Dichter zu bilden, ſo würde ihm der Lorbeer nicht abzuſprechen ſein, denn an Glaubensſtärke und Begeiſterung fehlt es ihm nicht, wohl aber oft an Klarheit und an freier Beherrſchung ſowohl des Gedankens, wie der Form, in welcher er denſelben zur Erſcheinung bringt.

Luft vom Morgen.

Himmelsluft vom Morgenlande,
Die zu uns herüberweht,
Wo an düſterm Grabesrande
Mancher arme Pilger ſteht,
Siechthum hat ihn faſt verzehret,
Sünde ſein Gebein verheeret, —
Wehe lieblich, mild und rein
Kühlung in ſein Herz hinein!

Daß der Kranke ſich erhebe,
Daß er, von dem Jammer frei,
Grünend ſtehe, fröhlich lebe,
Eine Blume Gottes ſei!
Fahre fort, ihn anzuhauchen,
Ihn in Balſam einzutauchen!
Ohne dich, o Lebensluft,
Sinkt er welkend in die Gruft. —

Himmelsluft vom Morgenlande!
Ich bin auch ein krankes Herz:
Weh' an meines Grabes Rande
Mir hinweg der Sünde Schmerz!
Grünen möcht ich noch auf Erden,
Meinem Gott zur Freude werden;
Du, die Alles heilen kann,
Weh', o Himmelsluft, mich an!

Abendlied.

Abend iſt es; HErr, die Stunde
Iſt noch wie in Emaus,
Daß aus deiner Jünger Munde
Jene Bitte fließen muß:
Bleib bei uns im Erdenthal!
Halt' in uns dein Abendmahl!
Und dein Friedensgruß erfülle
Leib und Geiſt mit ſelger Stille.

Hingeſunken iſt die Sonne.
Deine Leuchte ſinket nicht:
Herrlichkeit und ewge Wonne
Sind vor deinem Angeſicht;
Weithin ſchimmert Stern an Stern;
Aber du, o Glanz des Herrn,
Ueberſtrahleſt alle Sterne
In der weiten Himmelsferne!

Selig, wem Du aufgegangen,
Wem Du in der armen Welt,
Wo nur eitle Lichter prangen,
Friedlich ſeinen Geiſt erhellt!
Wenn die Tage dann entflohn,
Blickt er auf zu deinem Thron,
Und auch auf den dunkeln Wegen
Strahlt ihm Gottes Glanz entgegen.

Selig, wer am letzten Tage
Nimmer fürchten muß die Nacht,
Wenn kein Schrecken, keine Klage,
Kein Gewiſſensblitz erwacht:
Wenn der Morgenſtern ihm winkt,
Während er am Abend ſinkt;
Wenn der Geiſt dem Geiſte zeuget,
Daß nun erſt die Sonne ſteiget! —

HErr, die Nacht, die nun erſchienen,
Mahnet mich an dieſen Tag,
Ob ich mit getroſten Mienen
Vor dein Antlitz treten mag.
Wandelt' ich im Licht vor dir?
Oder war es Nacht in mir? —
Wer den Tag zum Schlaf genommen,
Solchem kann kein Schlummer frommen.

Iſt mein Tag ein Tag geweſen,
O dann ſchlaf' ich friedlich ein;
Meine Glieder wirſt du löſen,
Und des Hauptes Hüter ſein;
Denn zum neuen Tageslauf
Wach' ich neu erleuchtet auf,
Bis mein letzter Tag ſich hebet,
Und im ewgen Licht verſchwebet.

Müde bin ich; HErr, entbinde
Mich von dieſes Tages Laſt!
Wär' ich müde nur der Sünde,
Die du ſchwer gebüßet haſt!
Aber wer geſündigt hat,
Iſt zuerſt durch Sünden matt;
Wer Dir lebt in Geiſt und Frieden,
Wird am Abend kaum ermüden.

Droben wird man nimmer ſchlafen,
Aber von der Arbeit ruhn;
O wie wohl wird Deinen Schafen
Dort die ſüße Ruhe thun,
Wenn das Tagewerk gethan,
Wenn der Sabbath kommt heran,
Der den Auserwählten allen
Ruft in Deine Tempelhallen! —

Sterblich bin ich; darum thue
Bald ich dieſe Augen zu: —
Denken laß mich, wenn ich ruhe,
An die große Sabbathruh;
Daß, je treuer hier der Fleiß,
Deſto ſchöner dort der Preis;
Daß die Trägen und die Lauen
Drüben keinen Sabbath ſchauen.

Um das Höchſte will ich beten:
Jeſus, gib mir Deinen Geiſt!
Ach, was hab' ich mehr vonnöthen,
Als daß Du mein Leben ſei'ſt?
Ja, dann wird es lieblich ſein!
Wachend, ſchlafend bin ich Dein! —
Alſo mit der Schaar der Frommen
Laß auch mich zur Ruhe kommen.

Theodor Christian August von Kobbe

ward am 8. Juni 1798 in Glückſtadt geboren, trat in oldenburgiſche Dienſte und war ſeit 1820 Landgerichtsaſſeſſor in Oldenburg; er hat ſich als Dichter und humoriſtiſcher Schriftſteller einen Namen gemacht und iſt ſeinen Freunden unvergeßlich durch ſeine perſönliche Liebenswürdigkeit. Er ſtarb 1844.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die Leier der Meiſter in den Händen des Jüngers. 1826.
Die Zwiſchenahner, ein vaterländiſches Schauſpiel. 1826.
Humoriſtiſche Blätter. 1830 ff.
Feſtgeſang dem Prinzen Peter von Oldenburg und der Prinzeſſin Thereſe von Naſſau-Weilburg an ihrem Hochzeitsfeſte dem 23. April 1837 geweiht. Oldenburg.
Feſtgeſang Sr. Königl. Maj. dem regier. König Otto Friedrich Ludwig von Griechenland und Ihrer Königl. Maj. der regier. Königin Marie Friederike Amalie von Griechenland geb. Herzogin von Oldenburg an Ihrem Allerhöchſten Hochzeitsfeſte, dem 22. Nov. 1836, allerunterthänigſt geweiht. 2. Aufl. Oldenburg.
Briefe über Helgoland, nebſt poet. und proſaiſchen Verſuchen in der dortigen Mundart. Bremen 1840.
Humoriſtiſche Erinnerungen aus meinem akademiſchen Leben zu Heidelberg und Kiel in den Jahren 1817—19. 2 Bde. 1840.
Die Oſt- und Nordſee, bildet die 10. Section von dem „maleriſchen und romantiſchen Deutſchland“ 1841.
Prießnitz und Gräfenberg 1841.
Humoresken aus dem Philiſterleben. Bremen 1841.
Humoriſtiſche Reiſebilder. Homburg 1843.
Einzelne Aufſätze in Journalen u. ſ. w.

K.'s Schriften ſind ſämmtlich ohne tiefere Bedeutung, als daß ſie eine leichte, angenehme, heitere Unterhaltung gewähren, und größtentheils eigenen Erlebniſſen ihres Verfaſſers durch die gemüthliche Darſtellung und das demſelben eigenthümliche Talent, jedem Dinge ſeine komiſche Seite abzugewinnen, einen beſonderen Reiz verleihen. Was ihnen jedoch einen weit höheren Werth giebt, iſt K.'s liebenswürdige Perſönlichkeit, beſeelt von ſeinem Eifer für Recht und Wahrheit, ſeiner echten, thätigen Menſchenliebe, ſeinem reinen Wohlwollen und ſeiner heiteren, beſcheidenen und doch ſelbſt bewußten Zufriedenheit. Wenn es je einen praktiſchen Philoſophen gab im beſten Sinne des Wortes, ſo war er es; das eben offenbaren ſeine Schriften gerade ſo lebendig, als es im Andenken ſeiner vielen Freunde und ſeiner zahlreichen Schützlinge, der Armen und Bedrängten, denen er mit Rath und That, freudig und unverzagt, half und beiſtand, wo und wie er es nur immer vermochte, noch lange fortleben wird. —

Franz Ritter von Kobell.

Profeſſor der Mineralogie, ſeit 1823 Adjunct beim General-Conſervatorium in München, Sohn des Generalſecretars im Miniſterium des Innern, am 19. Juli 1803 in München geboren, ſtudirte in München und Erlangen und wurde 1826 Profeſſor. Ihm verdanken die Naturwiſſenſchaften vortreffliche Unterſuchungen und Beiträge. In der neueſten Zeit beſchäftigt er ſich mit Erfolg mit dem Daguerrotyp und der Galvanoplaſtik.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Charakteriſtik der Mineralien. 2 Bde. Nürnberg 1830—31.
Schätzenswerthe Abhandlungen in Kaſtners Archiv, Poggendorffs Annalen, Leonhards Jahrbuch für Mineralogie, in den Denkſchriften und Berichten der Akademie der Wiſſenſchaften zu München und in Schweigger-Seidels Jahrbuch der Chemie und Phyſik.
Gedichte in hochdeutſcher, oberbayeriſcher und pfälziſcher Mundart. 1. 2. Heft. Mit Erläuterungen über beide Hefte. München 1839. 1841.
Gedichte in hochdeutſcher und pfälziſcher Mundart. Beſonderer und verm. Abdr. der „hochdeutſchen und pfälziſchen Gedichte.“ 2. verm. Aufl. München 1843. N. A. 1846.
Gedichte in oberbayeriſcher Mundart. 1. 2. Bdchen. 2 Bdchen, Erinnerungen an Berchtesgaden. München 1843—44. N. A. 846.
Schnaderhüpfln. (In bayeriſcher Mundart.) Illuſtrirt von Gr. Pocci. — 12. München 1846.

K.'s wiſſenſchaftliche Leiſtungen und Verdienſte zu charakteriſiren iſt hier nicht der Ort. Als Dichter und namentlich als Volksdichter zeichnet er ſich, abgeſehen von der ſeltenen Fertigkeit und Gewandtheit, die er in der Behandlung zweier ganz verſchiedener Dialekte beſitzt, durch reiche Phantaſie, Innigkeit, Zartheit, echt komiſche Kraft und einen höchſt ergötzlichen und doch eben ſo tiefen Humor glänzend aus und nur ſehr Wenige unter den Vielen, die ſich auf ähnlichem Gebiete verſuchten, haben es verſtanden, ſo den rechten Ton zu treffen und feſtzuhalten, wie er.

Oft hängt grad' in an' Aug'nblick
An' Menſch ſei' Schickſal und ſei' Glück.

Es war a Diendl auf der Alm'
Gar froh bei ſeini Küh' und Kalbn,
Sie juchezt frua, ſie juchezt ſpat,
Und gfreut hat's, wer ſie g'ſegn hat.

A ſaubers Diendl, wie ſie war,
Mit ſchöni Aug'n, ſchwarzi Haar
Und friſch und luſti aa' dabei,
Sie hätt' wohl gebn a rührigs Wei'.

Sei' Schatz war aar a friſcha Bua,
Der geht oft ihrer Alma zua,
Er war a Schütz und wohl verwegn.
Und gern bei alli Diendln g'ſegn.

Und daß er war ſo voller Schneid,
Dees hat die Senndrinn woltern gfreut,
Denn der grad loami leb'n will,
Gilt bei di Diendln ninderſcht viel.

Und wo ma ausſicht von da Höh'
Auf Schliers und abi auf'n See,
Da habn's oft grad gſcherzt und g'lacht
Und Gſangeln auf anande' g'macht.

O hätt' dees armi Diendl g'wißt,
Was ſie no All's derlebn mueßt,
Und wie's an dieweil'n kemma ko',
Sie hätt' ja nie an Juchzer tho'.

Amal, es war a Wetanacht
Und geßn hats und blitzt und kracht,

Da klopft's an ihra Hüttnthür,
„Thu' auf und laß mi ei' zu Dir!“

Wie froh ſpringt ſie von Kreiſter ro,
Dees is ihr Bua, ja er iſt do,
„„Und bei den Weta kimmſt zu mir,
„„Grüeß Gott, oh dees freut mi vu' Dir.““

Und luſti blaſt ſie 's Feurerl o',
Er aber ſchaugt ſie gar nit o',
„„Was is denn, ho' di' nie ſo gſegn?““ —
„Sei ſtaad, es is a 'n Unglück gſcheg'n.“

„„Du liebe Frau, was haſt da g'ſagt,
„„Du haſt ma jetz' an Schricka g'macht,“
„Ja ja, an Unglück, hör' mi o',
„Muaß no in dera Nacht davo':

„Bin ganga auf an' Zehnahirſch,
„Es war a guati Abendbirſch,
„Und wie i' ſchleich' auf d' Liecht'n für,
„Da ſteht der Förſchta z'nachſt bei mir,

„Und fahrt mi'n Stuz'n glei in Wang,
„Natürli wart i aa' nit lang,
„Bei mir ſchnallt's eh', — du liebe Gott,
„Er rührt ſie nimma, er is tod!“

Da hebt da Bua d'Händ für ſei' Gſicht
Und 's Diendl woaß nit, wie ihm gſchicht,
D'rauf ſagt er no: „Jetz' bet' für mi,
„Zum letz'nmal heunt ſich i di.“

Und ſtürzt davo' in Sturm und Reg'n,
Sie hat 'n weita nie mehr gſeg'n,
Und ſeit der Stund, daß ſie dees ghört,
Hat ſie da Kumma ſchier verzehrt,

Und todt is 's worn auf der Alm',
Koa Kranz ziert mehr a Kuh, a Kalbn,
Da juchezt koa Diendl auf den Platz
Und macht koa Gſangl auf ſein Schatz.

Und ſie, gar krank, werd nimma g'ſund
Und bet' bis an ihr letzti Stund'
Für den, der's in derſell'n Nacht
Hat vor'n Tod um's Leb'n bracht.

So hängt oft in an Aug'nblick
An' Menſch ſei' Schickſal und ſei' Glück!

Der bſunderni Baam.

Bei'n Förſchter, bei an kluag'n Mo'
Halt' oana um ſei' Tochter o',
Der Förſchter ſagt, es kunnt wohl ſey',
Daß i mein Will'n geber drei',
Wann du an' Baam mir nenna kunnſt,
Den i no nit verzoachn't ho'
Und den ma hierrum ſegn ko',
Verſtanden? — Au weh, denkt der Bua,
Der Baam macht d'Heurath ſchwaar,
Er ſchreibt a jedi Staudn auf,
Wo der no' z'find'n waar;
Ganz trauri geht er um und um
Und ſchaugt und denkt ſi' halbet dumm,
Es war, als ſollt's halt gar nit ſey',
Und ihm fallt halt der Baam nit ei'.
A Freund, der ſieht ſei' Traurigkeit
Und fragt 'n drum, was ihm denn feiht,
Dem hat er halt ſei' Kreuz verzählt,
Was für a Frag' der Förſchter g'ſtellt.
Ha, ſagt der oa', mir fallt was ei',
Vielleicht kunnt's dengerſcht tauglam ſey',
Schau, wann er's juſt nit übi naahm
Und nenner'ſt ihm — an' Burzlbaam!
Den ko'ſt ihm zoagen alli Tag
Und wo er 'n no grad ſegn mag
Und daß er den verzoachnt hat,
Dees glaab i nit, ſo waar mein Rath. —
Jetz kimmt's den Buabn, wie a Schei'
Auf oamal in ſei' Denka 'nei',
Er tanzt und ſpringt und juchezt nett,
Als wann er an' Punktn troffa hätt
Und laaft, was er no laaffa ko'
Und meldt ſi' da bei'n Förſchter o'.
Und wie er jetz ſo vor ihm ſteht,
Halt er a langi feini Red'
Und ſagt, von wegn denſelln Baam,
Es war ihm kemma wie a Traam,
Daß oaner nit in Büchl ſtaand,
Und den ma dengerſcht überalla faand,
Den er ihm zoaget alli Tag
Und wo er'n no grad ſegn mag,
Und wann er's halt nit übi naahm,
So nennet er an Burzlbaam. —
Da hat der Förſchter freili g'ſchaugt. —

Erfahrung.

I hon amal an' Krebſn g'fangt,
Der Krebs der hat mi' biſſ'n,
I ho' ma denkt, dees g'ſchicht da' recht,
Was muaßt aa Alles wiſſ'n,
Was geht denn di' dees Krebſ'n o'
Und ho's mei' Lebta nimmer 'tho'.

I hon amal a Rößl 'kaaft,
Dees Rößl wollt' i reit'n,
Weil aber i koa Reiter bin,
So ſchnellt 's mi 'ro bei Zeit'n,
Ich denk' ma, reit' wer reit'n ko',
Und hon's mei' Lebta nimmer 'tho'.

I hon amal a Gſchpielei g'macht,
Ho' wolltern viel verlor'n,
Die Andern hab'n d'rüber g'lacht,
Da hon i 's glei' verſchwor'n,
Und als a kluaga g'ſcheuter Mo'
Hon i 's mei' Lebta nimmer tho'.

I hon amal a Diendl g'liebt,
War freili ſchier zu'n Freß'n,
Die hat mi' für'n Narr'n g'habt,
I denk' ma, muaßt's vergeß'n,
Und ſchau', i, der ſchier Alles ko',
Dees kon i nit, denk' allwei' d'ro'.

D'rum mit an Krebſ'n, mit an Roß
Ko'ſt freili was probir'n,
A Gſchpielei ſchad't der a no' nix,
Derſt nit an Kopf verlier'n,
No dees! fang' mit koan Diendl o',
Da Freundelein kimmſt nit davo'!

Der Daxl und der Pudl.

Es hat a' Daxl gar nix g'lernt,
Als Bella grad und Freſſn,
Hat nix von andri Kunſten gwißt,
War aa' nit d'rauf verſeßn,
Der Daxl hat a' Lebn g'fuhrt
Ja raar und ohni Kumma,
In Winter hinter 'n Ofa g'ſchnarcht
Und Muckn g'fangt in Summa;
Er is gar ſteiſt gfuttert worn,
Was ſollt' er Hunger leid'n,
„Sei' Daxl, magſt halt aa' bei' Sach',
Haſt aa' ſo deini Freudn.“ —
— Es hat a Pudl zeiti ſcho'
Gar viel Verſtand verrath'n,
Hat um a' jede Apportl tho',
Als waar's der beſti Bratn,
Dem Pudl hat ma' wohl 'was zoagt,
Und hat er's nit begriffa,
So is ihm Peitſch'n oder Stock
Gſchwind über 'n Buckl 'pfiffa;
Ma' hat ihm wenig z'freſſ'n gebn,
„Der Schlangel braucht nix z'freß'n,
Denn wur' er wampet, thaat er ja

Sei' Wiſſenſchaft vergeſſn!“
Mir fallt gar oft der Dari ei',
Der Pudl aa danebn,
Betracht' i', wie ſo nach Verdienſt
An' diem die Menſchn lebn;
Dem oan', der nix is, thuat mer All's,
Den andern nit a' bisl,
Dem oan' bleibt 's voali Maßizeit
Und dem — a laari Schüßl.

Die Wünſch'.

Es ſitzn beinander beim Bier
Kammradn a Stuck a vier,
Die habn von Wünſchn g'redt
Und weller ders mehreri hätt'.
Der oa' ſagt, ders wußt i' bald,
I' wünſchet mir grad an' Wald,
Mit dem ma' z' Kalch brenna kunnt
Den ganzn Watzmann von Grund.
Der ander' ſagt, und i' a' G'ſchloß
So weitſchichti und ſo groß,
Daß der Kalch vom Watzmann nit langt,
Bis ma' 's Dach zun baua anfangt;
Und der dritt' ſagt, i' wollt' daß i' fund'
So viel Geld, daß' Enk abkaffa kunnt
Den Wald und ders ganzi G'ſchloß
So weitſchichti und ſo groß.
Und der viert' ſagt, i' wünſchet mir ſchier
Nix anders als no' a' Maß Bier. —
Da habn die andern glacht,
Daß der's a ſo dalket macht,
Und drüber a' fremder Herr,
Der winkt der Kellnerinn her
Und zahlt ihm no zwoa Maß Bier,
Dem viertn da vo' die vier,
Die andern ſtudirten Füchſ'
Mit ihneri Wünſch' kriegen nix

Die Lieb'.

Die Lieb' is a' Vogl,
Der waar' nach mein Sinn,
Und mei' Diendl is der Käfi',
Da flutſchert er drinn.

Die Lieb' is a' Bliemi,
Im Hirgſcht is 's dahi',
Herr vergelt's Gott, daß i' no'
In Summa drinn bi'.

Die Lieb' is ſo fei',
Wie a' Fleimuattar is,
Bals d' viel tandlſt damit,
Kriegn d' Flügerln an' Riß.

Die Lieb' is a' Laab,
Bals verwelkt, werd's verwaaht,
Aber grea hebt's gar guat,
Wann's aa der Wind a' wen'g draaht.

Die Lieb' is a' Gſchicht',
Und die geht gar nie aus,
Und werd übrall verzählt,
Und is überall z' Haus.

Die Lieb' is a' Gſchpiel,
Da kannſt g'winna gar viel
Und no' mehra verlier'n,
Ko'ſts dei' Lebta lang gſchpürn.

Die Lieb' is a' Ding,
Achtn's vieli gar g'ring
Und an diem der und der
Gaab's um All's nimmer her.

Die Lieb' is an' Uhr,
Der ſ' nit kennt, muß d'rum frag'n,
Und der ſ' kennt, woaß oft nit,
Wieviel 's juſtement g'ſchlag'n.

Und is's, wie d'er will
Und ſo woaß i' do' gwiß,
Daß die Lieb' juſt die ſchlechteſt'
Erfindung nit is.

Schnaderhüpfln.

1.

A' Roſn is ſchö'
Und a Nagerl a' Zier,
Aber mei' Diendl is no' ſchöner,
I' ſteh' Enk dafür,
Denn ſichſt ihri Augen
Und ſchaugſt di' da 'nei', (und)
So fallt dir a' Himmi
Voll Luſtbarkeit ei'.

2.

Soldat bin i' gweſn,
Da kenn' i' mi' aus,
Und gar gern ſtehn i' Schildwacht
Bein Diendl ſein' Haus.

3.

A Bix ohni Ho'
Und a' Diendl ohni Mo'
Und a' Jager ohni Schneid,
Da is's allemal g'feit.

4.

A' Menſch ohni Verſtand
Is a' Bix ohni Brand,
Mag rebelln, wier er will,
Es bideut't ihm nit viel.

5.

Daß's geit alti Hexn,
Ko' glaabn, wer will.
Aber jungi die geit's,
O da kenn' i' gar viel;
Und haſt damit z'ſchaffa,
So thäan ſ' dir 'was o'
Und da ko'ſt nimmer ſchlafa,
Denkſt allewei' dro'.

6.

I' wünſch' ma' nit viel,
Möcht' a' Moda grad ſey',
Und zun Diendl in's Haus
Nacha ziaget i' ei'.
Möcht' a' Nagerl grad ſey',
Und i' gebet 'was drum,
Denn da traget mi' 's Diendl
Im Mieda mit 'rum.

Ludwig Köhler

ward am 6. März 1819 zu Meiningen geboren, erhielt, da die Verhältniſſe nicht Höheres geſtatteten, nur die nothdürftige Schulbildung und ſah ſich dann genöthigt, um ſich ſeinen Lebensunterhalt zu erwerben, Schreiberdienſte zu nehmen. Innerer Drang, wahre Begeiſterung für alles Schöne und Große und eiſerner Fleiß in den ihm ſpärlich zugemeſſenen Mußeſtunden ſetzten ihn in den Stand, den ſchwer gefühlten Mangel wiſſenſchaftlicher Kenntniſſe allmälig ſelbſt zu beſeitigen. Einige poetiſche und proſaiſche Verſuche, die er um dieſe Zeit zu veröffentlichen Gelegenheit fand, erwarben ihm die Theilnahme bedeutender Männer, durch deren Vermittelung er ein Stipendium von ſeinem Landesfürſten erhielt. Er beſuchte nun die Univerſitäten zu Jena und Leipzig, wo er Philoſophie und Geſchichte mit ihren Hülfswiſſenſchaften ſtudirte, ging dann auf kurze Zeit nach München, wo er Kunſtſtudien machte und kehrte darauf in ſeine Vaterſtadt zurück, die er ſpäter mit Hildburghauſen vertauſchte, wo er gegenwärtig noch als Privatgelehrter lebt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Der Aufſtand in Maina. Jena 1841.
Der neue Ahasver. Jena 1841.
Norwegen 1814. — Leipzig 1843.
Akademiſche Welt. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1843.
Thomas Münzer und ſeine Genoſſen. 3 Bde. Leipzig 1845.
Johannes Huß und ſeine Zeit. 3 Bde. Leipzig 1846.
Primavera. Novellen. Jena 1846. 2 Bde.
Freie Lieder. Jena 1846.
Viele Erzählungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Eine glühende, ſchöpferiſche Phantaſie, Begeiſterung für Freiheit und Recht, Lebendigkeit der Darſtellung und große Gewandtheit in der Behandlung der Sprache und Form haben K.'s Leiſtungen binnen wenigen Jahren eine ſehr günſtige Aufnahme in einem großen Kreiſe von Leſern erworben. Einem Talente wie dem ſeinigen, das ſich unter den ſtörendſten Verhältniſſen entwickeln und durcharbeiten mußte, möchte daher vor Allem jene Muße zu wünſchen ſein, deren wichtige Benutzung allein die nöthige künſtleriſche Ruhe und Vollendung giebt, die aber derjenige nur mit den größten Opfern ſich erringen kann, der unaufhörlich geiſtig ſchaffen muß, um für ſich und die Seinen das tägliche Brot zu ſchaffen. Bedenkt man das, ſo wird man ſeinen Arbeiten, die ſich alle durch Adel der Geſinnung und friſche Kraft auszeichnen, die Anerkennung nicht verſagen und ſich willig geneigt finden, manchen kleinen Fehler in denſelben mit der Ungunſt des Schickſals, das auf ſo vielen begabten deutſchen Dichtern laſtet, zu entſchuldigen. —

Aus:

„Der neue Ahasver."

Kap. VII.

Drei Gräber weiß ich heiliger Propheten,
Die kämpften in der Wahrheit weiten Schranken,
An ihnen mag der Wand'rer brünſtig beten,
Die off'ne Bruſt voll großer Weltgedanken.
Das erſte Grab liegt fern im Morgenlande,
Und ihm iſt alles Licht der Welt entſprungen:
Da rauſchen Lieder wohl an ſeinem Rande
Begeiſtrungsvoll von Millionen Zungen.
In dieſem Grabe ward der Held gebettet,
Der mit dem finſtern Judengott gerungen
Und aus der Nacht die Welt zum Licht gerettet.
Das iſt das Grab, darum die Helden rangen
Und Völker freudig in den Tod gegangen.
Ein ſüßes Leuchten iſt dem Grab entfloſſen
Und wallt, ein goldner Strahl, zum Weſt herüber;
Ein junger Frühling iſt daraus entſproſſen,
Und jenes Licht, es legte ſanft ſich drüber.
Das Kreuz, doch leuchtet es auf jenem Grabe,
Vergleichbar einem mächt'gen Wunderſtabe.
Das zweite Grab in Deutſchland wird gefunden,
Zu Wittenberg, in hoher Kathedrale.
Es war das Licht von Trug und Nacht gebunden,
Und bis zur Erde ſank des Irrthums Schale.
Da rollte Luthers ſtarke Donnerrede,
Da ſchleudert' ſeinen Blitz er hin nach Rom,
Und drob erzitterte Sanct Peters Dom
Und Papſt und Prieſter kündeten ihm Fehde.
Er pochte an der Klöſter graue Pforten,
Da ſprangen ſie, und in den dumpfen Zellen
Begann ein neues Leben aufzuquellen,
Ein junger Frühling ſproßte aller Orten;
Nun ſanken wohl die altergrauen Mauern,
Die nackten Kreuze ſchmückten ſich mit Roſen.
Und friſche Freude ſtatt des ſtarren Trauern,
Statt Mönchsgeſängen lindes Zefirkoſen!
So hat die Leuchte, die dies Grab entzündet,
Ein weites Reich der Wahrheit uns verkündet! —
Das dritte Grab bedeckt ein heißes Herz,
Ein ſtürmend Herz, das für die Freiheit glühte;
Dem Vaterlande gab's die ſchönſte Blüthe
Und ſeines Volkes Wehe war ſein Schmerz.
Du, Börne, warſt der Freiheit dritter Heiland,
Im wüſten Meer ein hoffnungsgrünes Eiland!
Dein Wort, es glich dem kühnen Sonnenaar,
Es trug die Schwingen hoch zum Himmelsbogen
Und war doch wie ein Morgenhimmel klar,
Ein Donner war's und zäumte doch die Wogen.
Da ſtießen ſie dich von der Heimath Schwelle,
Und haben dir das Vaterhaus verſchloſſen,
Und zielten wohl nach deines Lebens Quelle
Mit ihres Haſſes glühendſten Geſchoſſen.
Ein Pelikan, haſt du, die Bruſt zerriſſen,
Mit Blut geſäugt dein heißgeliebtes Kind,
Und raſtlos hat die Quelle ſprudeln müſſen,
Bis dich der Tod umfangen ſanft und lind.
Dem Vaterland haſt du dein Blut geſchenkt,
Es iſt dein Kind, das liebend du getränkt.
Nun ruhſt du, Kämpfer, müd' vom heißen Streite,
Im fremden Land, fern von des Kindes Seite! —

Paris erglüht in goldnem Abendſcheine
Und Mondlicht wallt auf graue Leichenſteine
Und zittert in den Silberpappelzweigen,
Als tanzten Geiſter ihre nächt'gen Reigen;
Einſame Blumen wohl aus Gräbern ſprießen
Und duften ſüß und neigen ſich zu Boden,
Als wollten ſie die Schläfer drunten grüßen
Und ſie beſeelen mit des Frühlings Odem.
Des Himmels Thau iſt ihre einz'ge Speiſe,
Und keine Hand pflegt die verlaſſ'ne Waiſe;
Wer denkt des Fremdlings noch im kühlen Sande,
Den ſie begraben fern vom Vaterlande!
So, père la chaise, biſt du ein Friedenshaven,
In dem manch tief zerriſſ'nes Herz entſchlafen;
Biſt ein Aſyl, in dem die Nationen
In ſüßem Frieden bei einander wohnen! —
Auf einem Grab dort kniete Ahasver,
Die Hand gepreßt aufs thränenkarge Auge,
Dann ſah er auf zum blauen Himmelsmeer,
Als ob er Troſt aus ſeinen Fluthen ſauge.
Und ſeine Hand bricht eine Roſenblume
Und legt ſie nieder an dem Heiligthume.
In ihrem vollen Kelch, dem purpurdunkeln,
Rubinen gleich des Thaues Perlen funkeln,
Und wie umſchmückt von goldnen Strahlenkränzen
Im Mondlicht ſcheint des Fremdlings Grab zu glänzen.
Spricht Ahasver: „Dein Herz war eine Roſe,
Im weichen Lieblingsfrühling ſich entfaltend,
Sie prangte purpurhell in weichem Mooſe,
Die Hülle faſt in heißer Sehnſucht ſpaltend.
Da hat ein Sturm vernichtend drein gewettert,
Erloſchen ſind die klaren Götterflammen,
Die volle Liebesroſe ſank entblättert
Und bleich und abgeblüht in Staub zuſammen.

Mit Luſt vernahm ich deine Donnerſtimme,
Sah, wie du Blitze in die Länder ſandteſt,
Wie du den Wahn mit deinem Fluche bannteſt
Und nimmer bebteſt vor der Feinde Grimme.
Da wähnt' ich nahe meines Fluchs Erfüllung
Und nah der Wahrheit endliche Enthüllung!
Wach' auf, wach' auf, du Held aus Juda's Stamme,
Und ſchleudre deiner Rede Gluthgeſchoſſe,
Fach' neu zum Leben die erloſchne Flamme,
Spreng' durch die Lande auf der Wahrheit Roſſe!
Iſt denn der Fluch, der meine Bruſt entkräftet,
Auf meines ganzen Volkes Stirn geheftet?
Du Löwe Juda's, brich die Todesketten
Und komm, dein Volk zur Freiheit nun zu retten!
Sie höhnen es, die ſtolzen Nazarener
Und predigen doch einen Weltverſöhner;
Ein Knecht der Jude — dünkt es ihnen recht
Und ſind doch ſelber ſeines Goldes Knecht!"

So Ahasver; und ſchweigend flieht die Nacht,
Geblendet von des Morgenrothes Pracht.
Alsbald erhebt der Wandrer ſich zum Gehn
Und Abſchied nimmt er von des Fremdlings Grabe;
So ſtand er da, wie Steingebilde ſtehn,
Wie Gletſcher ſtehn, geſtützt vom Pilgerſtabe.
Und eh' die Sonne ſich dem Oſt entwunden,
War in des Frühroths Dämm'rung er verſchwunden.

Kap. XI.

Tief ruht das Meer in majeſtät'ſcher Pracht
Und drüber ſchwebt die ſternendunkle Nacht,
Die Welle ſpielt um eines Schiffes Planken
Und möcht' in Sehnſucht d'ran ſich aufwärts ranken;
Die Welle liebt den warmen Menſchenleib,
Umfängt ihn ſelig, wie ein liebend Weib,
Und führt wohl oft den armen Erdenſohn
Hinab auf ihren hellen Perlenthron.
Da drunten ruht ein ſüßes Wunderland,
Ein Zauberreich, dem Schiffer wohlbekannt;
Smaragdne Triften, weiche Mooſesmatten,
Kryſtallne Hallen in Korallenſchatten,
Der Himmel drüber prächtig blau und weich,
An lichten Sonnen und an Sternen reich.
Der Schiffer träumt hinab ins heil'ge Meer
Und Glocken tönen ihm herauf ſo hehr,
Meerroſen ſchwimmen leuchtend auf den Wellen,
Wie Kinder aus den wunderhaften Quellen.
Auch Ahasver am Rand des Schiffes lehnt,
Sein müdes Herz ſich nach der Tiefe ſehnt,
Die Wellen locken ihn mit feuchten Armen,
Als hätten ſie mit ſeinem Schmerz Erbarmen.
Er reißt ſich los vom träumeriſchen Sehnen:
„Ha, lockt nur, lockt, verführende Sirenen?
Den Sohn des Staubes ſucht zur Liebesluſt;
Es ſchlägt kein Herz für euch in dieſer Bruſt!
Wähnt ihr, ich ſoll in eure Gluth mich ſtürzen,
Mit meinen Schmerzen eure Scherze würzen!
Dann ſtoßt ihr den Betrogenen von euch
Zurück in ſeines Lebens ödes Reich!
Blickt nicht ſo ſchmeichelnd, lockend! Grollt doch, grollt!
Mehr als der Ruhe bin dem Sturm ich hold!" —
Das Meer doch ſchweigt und majeſtätiſch kühn
Auf ſeinen Wogen fliegt das Schiff dahin.
Der Maſt, ein tauſendjähr'ger Rieſenbaum,
Erwacht aus ſeines Urwalds langem Traum;
Er war ein Patriarch groß, ſtolz und prächtig,
In ſeiner Kinder Mitte ſtark und mächtig;
Wie ſtreckten ſie die grünen ſchlanken Arme
An ſeine Bruſt, die volle, lebenswarme,
Sie woben ihrer Blüthen bunte Glocken
In ſeines Heldenhauptes lange Locken;
Als ſollte kein Jahrtauſend je ſie trennen,
So Baum und Strauch, umfangen, liebebrennen.
Wie biſt du ſüß, du heil'ge Urwaldsſtille,
In deiner Farben, deiner Blumen Fülle! —
Ein König iſt der Morgen, goldumfloſſen;
Aus ſeinem Füllhorn hat er ausgegoſſen
Gediegnes Gold in lichten, luſt'gen Wellen;
Ha, wie ſie durch des Laubes Dunkel ſchwellen
Und Blüth' und Blatt vom ſüßen Glanz geblendet
Das Kindesauge freudebebend wendet!
Die Schlange ringelt und verſteckt ſich blöde,
Daß ſie der Sonne goldner Blitz nicht tödte,
Der Kolibri wiegt ſich auf Lichteswogen,
Die Flaggen, Blumenblätter, aufgezogen. —
Weh' euch! Gewitterſchwer naht ſich die Wolke,
Verderblich wohl des Urwalds ſtillem Volke.
Dort naht ein Schiff durch wilde Wellenpfade
Und fremde Männer ſpringen ans Geſtade,
In ſonderm Schmuck und weiß von Angeſicht:
Solch ſeltnen Gaſt ſah dieſes Land noch nicht.
Sie haben ſich des Himmels Blitz geliehn,
Auf ſeinen Donnern ſtürmen ſie dahin,
Den Sohn des Waldes trifft ihr ſcharfes Schwert,
Mit Blut und Tod erbau'n ſie ſich den Herd.
Der rothe Mann fällt wieder in den Staub
Und klagt dem großen Geiſt den frevlen Raub,
Verfolgt vom Fremdling ein gehetztes Wild,
Birgt er ſich in des Urwalds Schatten mild.
Umſonſt, umſonſt! des Jägers kecke Hand
Wirft in die Wälder ſeines Blitzes Brand; —
Nun iſt entweiht die heil'ge Sabbathſtille,
Dem jungfräulichen Bild entſank die Hülle;
Die Eichen ſinken unter frevlen Streichen
Und klagend ihre Geiſter ſtill entweichen,
Der Pflug durchwühlt die Bruſt der keuſchen Erde
Und im Zerſtören ſpricht der Menſch ſein „Werde!"
Nun blühen Saaten auf, ſorglich gepflegt,
Erheben Hütten ſich, friedlich umhegt,
Und wie geweckt von eines Zaub'rers Odem,
Entſteigen ſtolze Städte rings dem Boden.
Die Hand, die kaum des Himmels Blitz geführet,
Das Feuer nur am ſtillen Herde ſchürt. —
Du lagſt entlaubt, ehrwürd'ger Rieſenbaum,
Und ausgeträumt war deiner Unſchuld Traum;
Nun, ſelbſt in deinem Fall noch ſtolz und groß,
Durchfurcheſt du des Meeres dunkeln Schooß
Und denkſt in deines Urwalds Nacht zurück,
Beut ſich die ſchöne Heimath deinem Blick;
Dann zitterſt du und ſeufzeſt ſchwer und bang,
Dein Seufzen übertönt des Meeres Sang. —

Schwarz das Gewölk; das Meer beginnt zu brauſen
Und ſchüttelt ſich in furchtſam bangem Grauſen;
Der Donner rollt durch dunkle Wolkenmaſſen,
Es zuckt der Blitz, der Sturm iſt losgelaſſen;
Der Nordwind peitſcht die Segel, und den Maſt
Hat wirbelnd, heulend der Orkan gefaßt;
Bald ſchwebt das Schiff am dunklen Himmelsbogen,
Dann wühlt es tief ſich in die wilden Wogen.
Und auf den Knien beten die Matroſen
Angſtvoll hinaus ins fürchterliche Toſen
Und Weiber, Kinder, all' die Hoffnungsarmen,
Sie flehn zu Gott um gnädiges Erbarmen.
Sie wanderten vom treuen Vaterhaus
Nach einer fremden, neuen Heimath aus
Und wendeten die ſehnſuchtsvollen Blicke
Nach dem verheiß'nen Land und ſeinem Glücke;
Dort lockt ſüß ein ewig blauer Mai,
Das Zauberwörtchen klang ſo ſchmeichelnd: frei!
Und eh' ſie noch der Hoffnung Land geſchaut,
Will ſie umfangen ſchon die Meeresbraut,
Zum Schlummer wiegen ihr heißpochend Herz
Und enden ihrer Sehnſucht ſüßen Schmerz. —
Nur Ahasver ſteht freudig, unverzagt;
Wie auch ſein Schiff dahin der Sturmwind jagt,
Ihm iſt die Brandung ſanfte Melodie,
Des Himmels Donner Friedensharmonie.
Kalt ſchaut er in der Wogen wilden Lauf,
Wie ſie ſich ſtöhnend brechen, ſprudeln, ſchäumen:
Da tönt es laut vernehmlich zu ihm auf:
„Laß ab, Verblendeter, von deinen Träumen!
Sieh' dieſer Armen unnennbare Noth;
Das Schiff zerſchellt, bleibſt du an ſeinem Bord;
Denn deine Schuld, ſie treibt ſie in den Tod;
Laß ab, laß ab von hundertfachem Mord!
Die alte Welt ward dir zur Bahn gegeben;
Hat deinem Wandern ſie nicht Raum genug?
Vergifte nicht das neuerſtarkte Leben
Der jugendlichen Welt mit deinem Fluch!"
Der graue Pilger horcht der ernſten Mahnung;
Er ſieht die Jammernden rings um ſich her,
In ſeiner Bruſt regt ſich des Mitleids Ahnung
Und raſch entſchloſſen ſtürzt er ſich ins Meer.
Da fliehn die Wolken, ſchweigt der Sturm allmälig

Die Herzen beben voll von Hoffnungsluſt,
Der Himmel wölbt ſich ſanft und ſelig,
Das Meer ruht wieder an der Erde Bruſt;
Und eh der Morgen ſich dem Oſt entwand,
Den Wanderer trägt die Fluth zurück ans Land. —

Ein Abendſegen.

Aus: „Freie Lieder."

Spinnend in der engen Kammer
Sitzt ein armes blaſſes Weib,
Mutterſorge, Noth und Jammer
Zehrten ihr am jungen Leib!
„Wird der Vater bald nun kommen?"
Fragt an ihrem Knie der Knabe;
„Bald, mein Kind!" ſpricht ſie beklommen,
„Bald und bringt dir ſüße Labe!"

Emſig weiter ſchnurret das Rädchen
Und die Kinder flüſtern leis.
„Wie mich hungert!" ſpricht das Mädchen,
„Ob es wohl die Mutter weiß?
Mag's nicht klagen, mag nicht weinen,
Will den Hunger gern bezähmen!
Lieber will ich fröhlich ſcheinen,
Als ich ſoll die Mutter grämen."

Endlich knarrt die morſche Stiege,
Männertritte hört man gehn
Und des Vaters liebe Züge
Lächelnd durch die Thüre ſehn.
Jubelnd ſtrecken ihre Hände
Weib und Kinder ihm entgegen,
Daß er ihnen Atzung ſpende
Vom beſcheerten Gottesſegen.

Weinend an die Bruſt geſunken
Iſt das Weib dem ärmſten Mann
Und er lächelt freudetrunken,
Daß er Brot nun ſpenden kann.
„Ach, wie grauſam ſind die Reichen!
Bat ihn ſchier um Chriſti Wunden;
Doch er ließ ſich nicht erweichen,
Wollt' den Vorſchuß nimmer ſtunden!

„Ach wie ſchmolz der Schatz zuſammen,
Reichte kaum zu Salz und Brot;
Mög' dafür ihn Gott verdammen
Einſt in ſeiner höchſten Noth!"
„„Fluche nicht, ertrag's geduldig,
Dulden iſt Geſchick der Armen!
Sind wir ihm doch nicht mehr ſchuldig,
Und der Herr wird ſich erbarmen!""

Wie ſich froh die Kinder ſchaaren
Um den karg beſtellten Tiſch,
Wie ſie fröhlich ſich gebahren,
Gleich als gäb' es Wein und Fiſch.
Hartes Brot! doch klares Waſſer
Macht geſchmeidig es im Munde,
Und ſie neiden kaum dem Praſſer
Seine volle Tafelrunde.

„Schwelgen nun beim leckern Mahle —"
Sieht der Vater grollend drein —
„Und im ſchweren Goldpokale
Perlt und duftet ſüßer Wein —
Können ſtets der Ruhe pflegen,
Und es wachſen ihnen Trauben —
In den Schooß die Hände legen —
Haben doch gebrat'ne Tauben!"

„„Laß ſie ſchwelgen, laß ſie feiern,
Alſo hat es Gott gewollt!
Sind wir doch mit wenig Dreiern
Froh wie ſie mit rothem Gold!""
„Schau' nur unſre armen Kinder,
Wie ſo bleich die jungen Wangen —"
„„Strahlt ihr Angeſicht auch minder,
Ihre Herzen reiner prangen!

„„Ob von Stroh auch unſer Kiſſen;
Giebt es uns doch ſanfte Ruh,
Freud'ger Sinn und gut Gewiſſen
Deckt uns weich und wärmend zu.
Laß uns fromm die Hände falten
Und die Kinder beten lehren:
Vater, wolle ferner walten,
Unſer täglich Brot beſcheeren!

„„Allen wolle mild vergeben,
Die die Armuth je gedrückt,
Die im wüſten Schwelgerleben
Nie auf fremde Noth geblickt!
Sorgen, Jammer, Schmerz und Klage
Wolle gütig von uns wenden,
Und die armen Waiſen trage
Mild auf deinen Vaterhänden.""

Wilddiebe.

Die Wangen geſchwärzt, die Brauen verrückt,
Den Hut tief in die Stirne gedrückt,
Im groben linnenen Kleide,
Das Meſſer im Gürtel, im Arm das Gewehr
So ſaßen ſie eng im Kreiſe umher
Auf nächtlicher Waldesheide.

Es ſprach der Eine: „Und iſt es Vergehn,
So iſt es durch ihre Schuld geſchehn,
Wir können nicht hungern und darben!
War ehrlich und hätt' nicht um alle Welt
Getrachtet nach fremdem Gut und Geld —
Zwei Kinder vor Mangel mir ſtarben!"

„Und ſind wir nicht ehrlich?" ein Anderer ſpricht's.
„Wir rauben von fremdem Gute nichts,
Beſtehlen nicht Taſchen noch Truhen!
Schuf Gott nicht Wild und Wald zugleich
Für alle Menſchen, arm und reich!
Mich läßt es ſchlafen und ruhen!"

Darauf der Dritte: „Und wär's auch nicht,
So achtet' ich's doch für heilige Pflicht,
Das köſtliche Wild zu pirſchen!
Wer zahlte mir je die prächtige Saat,
Die mir bei Jagd und Atzung zertrat
Der Huf von Roſſen und Hirſchen?"

„Mein Töchterlein hat geſchändet der Graf,
Mich ſchalt er Hund und nannte mich Sklav,
Und gab zur Speiſe mir Knochen;
Drum raub' ich ihm, ſo lange es gilt,
Den leckerſten Biſſen, Fiſch und Wild!"
Der Vierte hat's lachend geſprochen.

„Und kommt der Förſter, der wedelnde Hund —
Ein Schuß — auf ewig iſt ſtumm ſein Mund —
Das thut den Stolzen erſchrecken;
Der feige Knecht vom harten Herrn
Bleibt gern drum unſerem Pirſchen fern
Und hüllt ſich in ſeine Decken!"

Da raſchelt und knattert es im Gebüſch,
Aufſpringen die Schützen vom Graſe friſch,
Die Büchſen ruhn an der Wange;
Fünf Schüſſe rollen durch den Wald,
Ein Schrei im herbſtlichen Wind verhallt,
Wie Todesächzen ſo bange.

Die Wangen geſchwärzt, die Brauen verrückt,
Den Hut tief in die Stirne gedrückt,
So ſterben ſie eng im Kreiſe.
„Sprach Einer der Fünf: „Du köſtlicher Mann,
Sag', was du geſehen, dem Grafen nun an,
Herr Förſter „und Glück auf die Reiſe!"

Ewig dein.

Sei gegrüßt, mein Vaterland,
Von der Weichſel bis zum Rhein!

Schwörend heb' ich meine Hand,
Stets dein treuer Sohn zu ſein!

Treue Söhne ſind die Noth,
Starker Männer treue Bruſt,
Treu im Leben, treu im Tod,
Treu in Schmerzen und in Luſt.

Sei gegrüßt, du Eichenwald,
Deſſen Haupt die Wolke küßt,
Berg und Thäler mannichfalt,
Deutſcher Frühling ſei gegrüßt!

Werft mich in des Kerkers Nacht,
Nehmt mir Luft und Sonnenlicht;
Meines deutſchen Himmels Pracht,
Meine Heimath raubt ihr nicht!

Grollt und hadert, wie ihr wollt,
In die Fremde ſtoßt mich aus,
Wo mein deutſches Blut noch rollt,
Iſt ein deutſches Vaterhaus!

Deiner Ströme grüner Strand
Blüht in meines Herzens Schrein.
Und ſo bin ich, Vaterland,
Ueberall und ewig dein!

Zwei Frauen.

Die Fürſtin tritt in Sammt und Seide
Aus hohem, präch'gem Marmorhaus;
Da ſtreckt ein Weib im Bettlerkleide
Die Hände bittend nach ihr aus.

Es will die Rede ihr verſagen,
Mit Worten fleht die Arme nicht,
Sie deutet nur mit ſtummen Klagen
Auf ihrer Kinder Angeſicht.

Und jene ſieht die bleichen Wangen
Und fühlt von Mitleid ſich bewegt;
Sie ſieht der Mutter heiß Verlangen
In herben Zügen ausgeprägt.

Zwei Thränen ſendet das Erbarmen
Aus ihren Augen erdenwärts,
Die Eine gilt der Noth der Armen
Die Andre gilt dem eignen Schmerz.

Dem Schmerze, daß der Mutterſegen,
Der reich die Bettlerin beglückt,
Auf ewig ihren Lebenswegen
Das Schickſal grauſam hat entrückt.

Den jüngſten Knaben Locken ſtreichelnd,
Beſtrahlt von ſeiner Augen Blau,
Spricht ſie mit weichem Ton und ſchmeichelnd:
„Vertraut das Kind mir, liebe Frau.“

„Ich will ihm pflanzen Freudenbäume,
Es ſei mir ein geliebter Gaſt;
Mir ſchafft ihr ſel'ge Mutterträume
Und euch erleichtert ihr die Laſt.

Die Mutter dankt mit Hochentzücken,
Küßt einmal noch ſein Lippenpaar,
Und reicht darauf mit feuchten Blicken
Ihr ſüßes Kind der Fürſtin dar. —

Der Knabe ruht auf ſeidnen Kiſſen
Und blüht, wie eine Roſe, hold,
Sein Brot ſind ſüße Leckerbiſſen
Und ſeine Wiege ſtrahlt von Gold.

Wie taucht in ſeines Lächelns Welle
So gern der Fürſtin trüber Sinn.
Da tritt auf des Gemaches Schwelle
Urplötzlich einſt die Bettlerin.

Die Wange roth vom heißen Sehnen,
Den Blick voll Zärtlichkeit und Luſt,
Reißt ſie mit goldnen Freudenthränen
Den Liebling jauchzend an die Bruſt.

„Vergieb, vergieb, mein ſüßer Knabe,
Daß ich dich grauſam einſt verſtieß!
Vergieb, o Gott, daß deine Gabe
Das Elend mich verſchenken ließ.“

„Ich kann den Knaben euch nicht geben
Und nehm' ihn dankend nun zurück;
Ich kann nur athmen, kann nur leben
In ſeinem warmen Liebesblick.“

Sie geht, von Mutterlieb durchdrungen,
So freudenvoll und kummerlos;
Und eine Zähre, ſchmerzentſprungen,
Fällt glühend auf der Fürſtin Schooß.

Friedrich von Kölle.

würtembergiſcher geheimer Legationsrath, am 11. Febr. 1781 in Stuttgart in wohlhabender und angeſehener Familie geboren, in Stuttgart und Tübingen, wo er die Rechte ſtudirte, gebildet, begab ſich 1802 nach Göttingen, um engliſche Sprache, Geſchichte und Staatswiſſenſchaften zu ſtudiren, reiſte dann über Berlin, Dresden und München in die Heimath und wurde in Tübingen Privatdocent und Hofgerichtsadvocat, 1806 Obertribunalprocurator, Secretär in einer proviſoriſchen Landesorganiſations-Commiſſion, Geſandtſchaftsſecretär in Paris, 1807 im Haag, 1808 in München, 1809 in Carlsruhe, 1812 in Dresden und 1813 zum Legationsrath ernannt, 1814 zweiter Secretär im Obertribunal in Tübingen, 1816 entlaſſen, 1817 würtembergiſcher Geſchäftsträger in Rom und erhielt ſeine Entlaſſung 1833, verzichtete auf jede Beſoldung, richtete dem Prinzen Paul von Würtemberg 1834—36 eine Gemäldeſammlung ein und widmete ſich ſeit 1836 literariſchen Beſchäftigungen.

Er gab heraus:

Betrachtungen über Diplomatie. 1838.
Paris im Jahre 1836.
„Betrachtungen über das Gebet des Herrn.“ Stuttgart 1838.
Horazens Männerſchule. Stuttgart 1838.
Rom im Jahre 1833. Stuttgart 1839.
Man ſchreibt ihm die „hinterlaſſenen Papiere eines nachgeborenen Prinzen“ 1840 zu.
Außerdem lieferte er Beiträge in die europäiſchen Annalen, das Morgenblatt, die oberdeutſche Literaturzeitung, den ſüddeutſchen Miscellen, die augsburger allgemeine Zeitung u. a.

Ein eben ſo reich und gründlich vielſeitig gebildeter Gelehrter als gewandter Welt- und Menſchenkenner weiß K. ſeinen faſt immer anonym erſcheinenden Schriften eben ſowohl durch den Inhalt wie durch die ſcharfſinnige Behandlung und die geſchmackvolle angemeſſene Darſtellung hohes Intereſſe zu verleihen.

Heinrich Joſeph König

ward am 21. März 1791 in Fulda geboren. Er iſt von armer Abkunft und ſollte nach dem Willen ſeiner Mutter, einer Näherin, Schneider werden. Ein Lehrer, welcher ſeine leichte Auffaſſungsgabe bemerkte, zeichnete ihn als einen fähigen Knaben aus und verhinderte, daß er Schneider wurde. Von den geringen Erſparniſſen verwandte die Mutter einen Theil dazu, ihrem Sohne Unterricht im Lateiniſchen ertheilen zu laſſen, und in ſeinem 12. Jahre trat K. in das Gymnaſium zu Fulda, unter den Einfluß von lauter Geiſtlichen. Von dauerndem Eindrucke auf ſein jugendliches Gemüth war die ängſtlich fromme, beſonders vor Lügen warnende Erziehung der Mutter, durch welche ſeine Wahrheitsliebe und Unbefangenheit eine ſo befruchtende, aber auch einſeitige Anregung empfing, daß noch bis in die ſpäteren Jahre eine eigenſinnige Strenge gegen Lug und Trug, ja ſelbſt gegen die conventionellen Bedingungen des Geſellſchaftslebens, inſofern ſie nicht der wahre Abdruck der Geſinnung ſind, ihm geblieben iſt. Bei aller friſchen aufwallenden Regſamkeit des Jünglings wirkte indeſſen das Treiben im engen bürgerlichen Hauſe und das öffentlich fromme Walten der geiſtlichen Regierung und der Lehrer einſchüchternd und niederhaltend auf ihn, was ihn dann gegen ſeine eignen Empfindungen mißtrauiſch machte und ihm eine Schüchternheit einimpfte, welche ſelbſt in ſpätern Jahren, wenn auch in gemilderter Weiſe, gleich einer wehmüthigen Erinnerung noch zuweilen an ihm ſichtbar wird. Das ihm von Seiten der Geiſtlichkeit gemachte Anſinnen, Franziskanermönch zu werden, lehnte er ab. In dieſer Zeit war es, wo ſchon vielfache Zweifel gegen verſchiedene Dogmen ſeines Glaubens in ihm rege wurden: jedoch hielt der Cultus und das ſinnbeſchäftigende Ceremoniel deſſelben den Jüngling länger und auch dann noch feſt, als er bereits weſentliche Dogmen, namentlich die Lehre von der Perſon Chriſti und vom Abendmahle aufgegeben hatte. So fand im weitern Verlauf ſeines Lebens die Entwickelung ſeiner Vernunft noch oft an ſeiner Sinnlichkeit eine heftige Gegnerin, und dieſe zog ihn ſogar in eine Verbindung, die auf ſeine ſpätern Tage von dem entſchiedenſten Einfluſſe war. K. verheirathete ſich bereits am Anfange ſeines zwanzigſten Jahres und zwar war ſeine Wahl ſo ausgefallen, daß er für ſein ganzes Leben aller innern Gleichſtimmung entbehrt. Die Sorge für den Hausſtand ließ ihn alle Entſchlüſſe für die Zukunft aufgeben. Aus der Schule trat er als Familienvater in das bürgerliche Leben. Er ward Schreiber bei dem Maire der Stadt und dann, meiſt durch Vermittelung des Grafen Benzel-Sternau, Miniſter des Großherzogs von Frankfurt, wurde er bei der Acciſeverwaltung angeſtellt. Es bedarf der Erwähnung nicht, wie wenig ſeine äußere Lage und die damit verbundene Beſchäftigung nur mit ſeinem innern Streben und ſeinen geiſtigen Anlagen übereinſtimmte; ein Mann von geringerer Energie und weniger Lebensluſt würde untergegangen ſein. Nachdem Fulda mit dem Churfürſtenthum Heſſen verbunden worden war, wurde er durch Empfehlung des Oberkammerraths Fulda 1817 zum Finanzſecretär bei der Regierung ernannt. Mit dem Jahre 1819 wurde er als Secretär der Finanzkammer nach Hanau verſetzt und iſt dort bis 1840 geblieben, wo er wieder nach Fulda zurückkehrte. Durch mehrere religiöſe Schriften hatte er ſich das Mißfallen der katholiſchen Geiſtlichkeit in einem ſo hohen Grade zugezogen, daß man ihm eine Friſt beſtimmte, binnen welcher er widerrufen ſollte. Als die Friſt abgelaufen und des fuldaer Biſchofs Mahnung zum Widerruf unerfüllt blieb, drohte der geiſtliche Herr mit der Excommunication, die aber, da ſie die Landesregierung auf die Anzeige K.'s verboten hatte, nur in der Stille vollzogen werden konnte. Auf dem Landtage 1832 und 1833 ſprach K. gegen die politiſchen Einſchüchterungsſyſteme und gegen das Miniſterium Haſſenpflug ſo, daß es von ſeiner Seite des Vorſatzes gar nicht bedurft hätte, auf jede Beförderung zu verzichten. Auf dem folgenden Landtage iſt er nicht wieder erſchienen, da ihm als Staatsbeamten der Urlaub verweigert wurde.

Er ſchrieb:

Die Erfüllung, Feſtſpiel. 1816.
[illegible], Schauſpiel. 1818.
Des Zufalls Launen, Schauſpiel. 1824.
Der Wilddieb. 1824.
Biſchof und Ritter. Erz. Hanau 1827.
Die Wallfahrt, Novelle. Ebend. 1829.
Roſenkranz eines Katholiken. Frankf. 1829.
Der Chriſtbaum des Lebens. Frankf. 1831.
Die Bußfahrt, Tragödie. Leipzig 1836.
Die Waldenſer, Roman. 2 Bde. Leipz. 1836.
Literariſche Bilder aus Rußland. Stuttg. 1837.
Williams Dichten und Trachten. 2 Bde. Hanau 1839.
Aus dem Leben. 2 Bde. Stuttgart 1840.
Deutſches Leben in deutſchen Novellen. I.—III. Leipzig 1842.
Die hohe Braut. 2. Aufl. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1844.
Eine Fahrt nach Oſtende. Frankf. 1845.
Viele Aufſätze u. ſ. w. in Taſchenbüchern, Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Königs bedeutendes Talent, geſtählt in dem Kampfe mit der Gegenwart, gehoben durch die Entſchiedenheit ſeines Charakters, die ihn ſtets nach reiflicher, fruchtbarer Reflection zu vollkommener Klarheit hinführt, hat ſich am Glücklichſten in ſeinen Romanen und Novellen offenbart. Er iſt von früher Zeit an gewohnt, Leben und Welt im Zuſammenhange zu überſchauen und die herrſchenden Ideen mit ſicherem Blicke zu ergründen und zu entwickeln, ohne jedoch den poetiſchen Elementen, die der erwählte Stoff beſitzt, Eintrag zu thun oder dieſe zu verkennen; im Gegentheil, er weiß ſie kraftvoll zu ergreifen und die geeignetſte Seite ihrer Erſcheinung im wahren Lichte aufzufaſſen und darzuſtellen. Daher ſind ſeine Charaktere ſtets eben ſo richtig angelegt als angemeſſen durchgeführt, ſeine Situationen gut erfunden und mit reichen Farben ausgeſtattet und Alles beſeelt der Hauch tiefer und warmer aber von der Reflection gemilderter und geläuterter Empfindung. Minder glücklich iſt er in ſeinen Dramen. Seine ascetiſchen Schriften müſſen von dem religiöſen Standpunkte aus, auf dem er ſich befindet, beurtheilt werden; wer dieſen erreicht hat, wird ihnen das aufrichtigſte Lob nicht verſagen.

Aus:

Die Bußfahrt.

Fünfter Aufzug. — Zweite Scene.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Otto, von zwei Rittern geführt. [illegible]

Otto. Hier auf dem Hügel laßt mich nieder. So!
Hier rauſcht Feldwaſſer, und die Luft ſtreicht kühler.
Gebt einen kalten Trunk!
(Einer geht hinter den Hügel.)
Wie geht das Treffen?
Du ſchweigſt? Wohl ſchlecht. Die [illegible] Römer ſiegen.
O [illegible] doch mein Gift, eh' ſie mich treffen.
Nicht kämpfen kann ich, und ſo ſterb' ich ſchimpflich.

Fünfter Auftritt.

Vorige. — Bernward und der Ritter mit Waſſer im Helm.

Bernw. O Herr und Kaiſer!
Otto (vom Lager aufſpringend). Nun?
Bernw. Die heil'ge Lanze —
Otto. Zerbrochen?
Bernw. Herr, ich kämpfte, Herr, wie nie!
Die Uebermacht entriß ſie mir. O hätten
Sie meines Prieſterhauptes nicht geſchont!
Otto. Der Herrſchaft heilig Unterpfand dahin?
Ich will nicht trinken, — nicht das letzte Labſal —!
(Er weiſt den Helm weg.)
Was wär' in meinen Adern dieſer Brand,
Hätt' ich die Lanze noch und — meine Ritter!
Bernw. Jammer und Noth! So fern von deutſcher Heimath!
Der alte Herrgott iſt nicht mehr. Mein Kaiſer —!
Otto. Hätt' ich nur eine Hand voll Sachſenerde,
Sie in die Grube unters Herz zu legen:
Hier brennt's! — Hört!
(Zu den Rittern.)
Tretet ſeitwärts Ihr!
(Beide treten zurück.)
Hört, Biſchof!
Es war kein guter Rath zu dieſer Buße.
Seht, darum ward auch Euer Arm zu ſchwach,
Die heilige Lanze länger noch zu führen,
Und mit dem Kaiſerſtämmchen bricht ſein Stab.

Sechster Auftritt.

Vorige. Markgraf Hugo, bald darauf ein Römer.

Hugo. Die Römerſchaaren wachſen, meine Leute
Sind aufgerieben.
Otto. Einen kalten Trunk!
(Einer der beiden Ritter reicht Waſſer im Helm.)
Der Sieg geht treu der heil'gen Lanze nach.
Und denkt zu ſterben. Reicht ein Schwert mir her.
(Ein Ritter reicht ein Schwert.)
Römer. Hierher, ihr Römer! Hier! Ich bin der Erſte —
Hugo (ſtreckt ihn mit dem Schwert, daß er zurück taumelt).
Du biſt der Erſte nicht, — ſchon Mancher liegt.
Otto. Nun dringen ſie herauf. Ich kann das Schwert
Kaum heben. Muß ich ohne Schwertſtreich ſterben?
(Man hört einen von fern anrückenden Trompetenmarſch.)
Hugo. Was! Bläſt es nicht von jener Seite?
Bernw. Seht,
Die Römer ziehen ſich zurück.
Otto. Sind's Deutſche,
Die mit Poſaunen nahn?
Hugo. Seht Euch, Herr,
Wir wollen ſehen, was dem Feind im Rücken
Das Weichen macht.
(Ab mit Bernward.)
Otto. Da liegt der Kaiſerſtamm
Gefällt, und um ihn her ſein Blätterſchmuck,
Und in dem Thale drunten brauſt der Sturm. —

O mein Gehirn iſt wie verbrannt Gebälk
Der Herrſcherburg, in der ein ſtürm'ſcher Geiſt
So kurz gewohnt. — Ja, wär' ich dort geblieben,
Wo meiner Väter Burgen ewig ſtehn. —

Ihr ſeht mit feuchten Augen auf mich nieder?
Wie ſind doch deutſche Augen friſch und kühl,
Und immer ſtärkt es ſich an ſolchen Quellen.
(Nahende Trompeten.)
Die Stimmen kenn' ich! O wie wird mir wohl!
O ſeht da! Seht, er bringt die heil'ge Lanze!
(Er erhebt ſich.)

Siebenter Auftritt.

Vorige. Herolf, mit der heil'gen Lanze. Heinrich, Hugo, Bernward, die Ritter und das Heer, ſich nach und nach leiſe und ſtumm herandrängend.

Herolf (niederknieend). Die heil'ge Lanze! Und — Vergebung, Herr!
(Er ſtirbt.)
Otto (ſich über ihn beugend). So ſchnell eilt er davon,
Der unſers Reiches Bürgſchaft wiederbrachte,
Er weiß, ich folg' ihm bald, mich zu bedanken.
(Sich erhebend.)
Und all mein Heer? Willkommen! Dank, Euch Allen!
Ihr kommt ſo früh aus hartem Kampf um mich;
Ihr habt geſiegt, und ich gewonnen,
— Gott mit einander! — — —
Ach, das iſt eine ſchwere Stunde!
So voll die Bruſt, die ſchwere Fracht der Herzen
Schifft in der Augen Fluth ſo ſteuerlos. —
Schnell kleidet mich, daß ich als Kaiſer ſterbe:
Mein Herz grünt wieder, und mein Purpur blüht.
(Er wird mit den Reichskleinodien bekleidet und von Heinrich und Hugo aufrecht gehalten.)
Lebt wohl, und ſeid bedankt für Eure Liebe!
Mein Vetter Herzog erbt das Scepter
Und meine Schuld an Euch.
Mein Herz nach Deutſchland! Schützt es unterwegs!
(Mit Anſtrengung das Scepter erhebend.)
Eintracht und Segen über Deutſchland!
(Er verſcheidet; das Heer kniet mit entblößten Häuptern; Poſaunen geben Klagetöne.)

Shakeſpeare als verlorener Sohn *).

Die Ankertaverne war in jener Zeit die beſuchteſte Wirthſchaft in London. Ihre Lage, unweit der Themſe und des Hauptlandungsplatzes, machte ſie den Schiffleuten bequem, und dieſen zog ſich wieder Alles nach, was nur irgend mit Handelsangelegenheiten zu thun hatte. Das Haus war vielfach geräumig und aufs Anſtändigſte eingerichtet; ſo daß man ſich hierher beſtellen konnte, um Geſchäfte zu verabreden, und wenn es zum Abſchluſſe kam, fehlte es an Schreibern und Handlangern nicht. Jeder fand hier zu beſtimmten Stunden, wen er von Handels- oder Schifffahrtsverwandten ſuchte oder brauchte, — Schiffer, Rheder, Mäkler, Handlanger, Laſtträger und dergleichen. Dieſe Geſchäfte wußte der Hausbeſitzer auch als Wirth auszubeuten, indem er einen lockenden Keller und eine leckere Küche hielt und ſich auf kluge Behandlung ſeiner Gäſte verſtand. So kam es, daß auch Geſchäftsloſe, die nur auf Leckerbiſſen und Neuigkeiten ausgingen, ſich hier — nach einem ſcherzhaften Ausdrucke des Wirthes — gern vor Anker legten. Zu Schiff ankommende Fremde kehrten gewöhnlich hier ein, um ſich in die Stadt führen zu laſſen, oder von hier aus ihre Einrichtungen zu machen.

Ein ſo vielfältiger Verkehr brachte freilich auch manchen Unfug mit in die Wirthſchaft; allein Dumbleton, der Wirth, war ein geſchickter Steuermann. Mit ſo viel Ruhe im Blicke, als Beweglichkeit in den Beinen, fand er ſeine Luſt an der kleinen tollen Welt, die er mit Laune überſah und mit Artigkeit beherrſchte. Er ließ Jeden gelten und behandelte ihn, wofür er gelten mochte; die Geſcheiten ſchätzte er, und ergötzte ſich an den Narren. Er konnte ſich über ernſthafte Dinge mit Verſtand unterhalten, und wendete ſich dabei einem Gecken zu, um eine Albernheit zu beantworten. Gegen Alle war Dumbleton zuvorkommend, bequemte ſich Allen an, und doch ließ er am Ende Keinen auf eine oder die andere Weiſe ungeneckt. „Denn — ſagte er zu Vertrauten — Niemand, wenn er nicht zur Niederträchtigkeit geboren iſt, kann immer und überall unterwürfig ſein, ohne ſich auch irgend einmal zu überheben. Ich muß Allen dienen, das iſt mein Geſchäft, Jedem den Durſt löſchen, Vieles über mich ergehen laſſen: dafür zapfe ich denn auch einmal die Thorheit meiner Gäſte an, und reibe mich an ihren Albernheiten, um nicht zuletzt mit Leib und Seele dienſtbar zu werden.“ —

Das bunte Treiben im „Anker,“ die geſchmackvolle Wirthſchaft, der humoriſtiſche Wirth zogen noch eine andre Geſellſchaft herbei, die mit Schifffahrt und Handel nichts zu thun hatte, — junge Männer voll dichteriſchen Uebermuths und Künſtlerlaunen, die in ihrem ungebundenen Wandel etwas wilden Zeitvertreib und neue Aufregung ſuchten. — Ein Theil dieſer luſtigen Geſellen, — Dichter, Schauſpieler und Kunſtfreunde, hatten auf heut ein feines Abendeſſen beſtellt, da es gerade den ganzen Tag über im Anker wild durch einander ging. Es war nämlich die erſte engliſche Expedition nach Oſtindien glücklich heimgekehrt, und brachte koſtbare Ladung mit, die man theils an den reichen Küſten friedlich eingetauſcht, theils den Portugieſen feindlich abgenommen hatte. Dieſe Waaren und Beuten ſollten nun ausgeſchifft und vertheilt werden. Was gab es da nicht anzuſtaunen! Einige farbige Sklaven, ſeltſame Thiere, ſonderbare Gewächſe, befremdliche Kunſtſachen und koſtbare Güter. Der ganze Handel, alles Schiffvolk und jede Neugierde von London war in Bewegung, eilte nach den Schiffen und drängte ſich in den Anker. Kaufleute und Lords vergaßen ihre Standesunterſchiede über dem gemeinſamen Verlangen nach indiſchen Schätzen. Dazwiſchen war ein Fragen und Verwundern. Der ſchmuzigſte Schifferjunge dieſer indiſchen Expedition wurde hoch angeſehen, und unter den zurückgekehrten Matroſen war Keiner, der ſich nicht als einen Mittelpunkt von Wundern und Abenteuern gefühlt hätte, die er alten Bekannten und neuen Zudringlichen ausſpendete. Die ungemeſ-

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*) Aus Williams Dichten und Trachten von H. König. Bd. 1. S. 91. flgde.

nen Fragen der Umſtehenden nöthigten die Erzähler, ſich ſelbſt zu überbieten; denn die Meinung, die man von dem märchenhaften Indien hegte, war nicht ſo leicht zu befriedigen; ſo daß die Erzähler, um doch nicht unter der Erwartung zu bleiben, ſich mit den abenteuerlichſten Erdichtungen und Uebertreibungen aufwinden mußten. Dies ſetzte den wildeſten Lärm in der untern Wirthſchaftshalle ab, ein Getös, das von Zeit zu Zeit bei neuem Wein und Willkomm in lauten Jubel aufflammte.

Unter dieſem Wirrwarr vergaß aber Dumbleton jene Künſtler, ſeine Lieblingsgäſte, nicht. Für ſie hielt er ein oberes Sälchen abgeſchloſſen, aus welchem die luſtigen Freunde über einen Balkon herab die untere weite und hohe Wirthſchaftshalle überblicken konnten. Dieſe Gelegenheit war eben zu ihrer Unterhaltung mit berechnet; indem es die Schauſpieler und Dichter vergnügte, zur Abwechslung nun auch einmal Zuſchauer eines Spectakels zu ſein, das ihnen ſo bunt gemiſchte Gäſte, ohne es ſelbſt zu wiſſen, aus dem Stegreife vorſpielten.

„He, ihr Burſche! rief der Wirth einigen ſeiner Aufwärter zu, die in leinenen Hoſen, offnen Jacken und grünen Schürzen umherſprangen, vergeßt mir den Parnaſſus nicht! — Bei dieſen Worten blinzte er nach dem Altane an der hintern Wand. Sieh zu, wie weit der Ochſenrücken gebraten iſt. Meine Athenienſer werden bald da ſein; der König Johann agirt ſchon ſeit drei Stunden.“

Es war mithin vier Uhr nach Mittag, da zu jener Zeit das Schauſpiel von ein Uhr an bei hellem Tageslichte gegeben wurde.

„Der König Johann iſt ein großes Stück und ſpielt lange, — bemerkte ein ſtiller Gaſt im Eckchen, mit welchem der Wirth ſich eben unterhalten hatte. Ich habe das Stück letzten Winter in Black Fryars geſehen. Nicht wahr, ſie ſpielen ja ſchon in Southwark?“

„Ja, verſetzte der Wirth, in der Roſe; das Sommertheater iſt wie gewöhnlich ſeit dem erſten dieſes Monats angegangen. Es wird aber heut nicht ſehr beſucht ſein: das Volk ſpielt ja ſelbſt hier und draußen am Fluſſe das neue indiſche Maulaffenſtück.“ —

„Ich bin ſonſt nicht ſo, wie die londoner Welt, in das Schauſpiel vernarrt, fuhr der Gaſt fort; der König Johann aber ſcheint mir doch ein vortreffliches Stück Arbeit und rührt gewiß von einem guten Kopfe her.“

„Den Kopf könnt Ihr hernach ſehen, Meiſter, verſetzte Dumbleton. Er kommt auch mit den Andern, und ſpeiſt droben auf dem Parnaß.“

„Was nennt Ihr par Naß? fragte der Bürger. Trocken ſitzt man ja nirgends im Anker, weder oben noch unten; dafür iſt das Haus bekannt.“

Dumbleton lachte und erwiderte: „Da oben hinter dem Balkon, wo die Muſenſöhne ſitzen, iſt unſer Parnaß. Dort iſt doch der Rahm, der Schmant meiner Gäſte, und ſetzt ſich mit Recht oben auf; ganz oben der vortreffliche Kopf, von dem wir ſprachen. Das iſt mein nobler Epheſier, das iſt der wahre Imperator. Heut ſitzt er wieder Nummer Eins mit parfümirter Serviette. Ja, das iſt ein außerordentlicher Kopf für die Welt und was über die Welt hinausliegt; mit einem Munde, der lauter Perlen und Diamanten ſpricht, der ſich jedoch auch für Stockfiſch mit Paſtinaken, für Pökelfleiſch mit Rüben aufthut.“

„Ja, das iſt es eben, Maſter Dumbleton, ſagte der Gaſt, daß dieſe außerordentlichen Köpfe doch nicht ohne den Bettelſack des Magens durch das Leben kommen. Und ſie ſind vielleicht noch erpichter, als andere, auf die Lebensgenüſſe. Da ſind doch die Puritaner viel reſpectabler. Ich war neulich in einer ihrer Verſammlungen, — der Lord Mayor und mehre Aldermänner waren auch da —, und ich gebe dieſen gläubigen Brüdern nicht Unrecht, daß ſie wider die gottloſe Poeſie und das ſittenloſe Schauſpiel eifern. Es iſt doch keine Kleinigkeit um einen ſaubern chriſtlichen Wandel.“

Unterdeſſen fanden ſich mehre Freunde, die heute nicht ins Theater gegangen waren, im obern Sälchen ein, und traten auf den Altan heraus, um dem lärmenden Treiben in der Halle zuzuſehen. Dumbleton grüßte ſie von unten, und deutete lachend auf das tolle Gewühl. Da ſie ihn aber nicht verſtanden, ging er hinauf.

„Heut werdet Ihr edeln Athener Euer eignes Wort nicht verſtehen, ſagte er. Seht, da unten umſegeln ſie eben das Kap Comorin; dort links liegen die Nikobar-Inſeln, und wenn Ihr Euer Auge recht anſtrengt, ſo ſeht Ihr da hinten nach dem Schenktiſche zu Malakka hervor tauchen. Hört Ihr den langen Matroſen dort von den Seeungeheuern Indiens erzählen? Und ſeht, wie ihm Alles gaffend zuhorcht! Iſt es nicht merkwürdig — ſeht nur! — daß eifrig zuhörende Menſchen nach dem Maße ihrer Verwunderung die Mäuler aufſperren?“

„Ei nun, verſetzte Naſh, vor erſtaunlichen Dingen werden wir immer wieder zu Kindern, und wollen die Sachen ins Maul ſtecken.“

„Aber was die nicht erzählen können! fuhr Dumbleton fort. Heut iſt mein Haus voller Dichter, oben und unten. Ihr, meine edeln Athener, zieht heut den Kürzern, ich wette. Die da unten bringen Meerwunder, und all' Eure Spektakelſtücke in „Black Fryars“, in der „Roſe“, in der „Hoffnung“ und wo nur Breter aufgeſchlagen ſind und eine Traverſe herab hängt, werden abſtändig werden, wie zu alte Fiſche.“

„Wer ſind denn aber die getrennten Schreier jenſeit des Pfeilers?“ fragte Thomas Dekkar.

„Die dort! erwiderte der Wirth. Wie ſoll ich ſie nur gleich in Eurer gelehrten Sprache nennen? Es ſind die Participien der zukünftigen Zeit.“

„Solche hat unſere engliſche Grammatik nicht,“ rief Naſh.

„Aber England hat ſie! überbot ihn der Wirth. Jene gehören nämlich zu Walther Raleighs Geſchwader, das nach den Wildniſſen von Guiana ſegelfertig liegt. Dort ſoll nach allen Reiſeberichten die Stadt Eldorado anzutreffen ſein. Alle die lumpigen Kerle, die kein ganzes Stück Kamlott auf dem Leibe haben, hoffen dort vergoldet zu werden, und als Goldkäfer zurück zu ſchwärmen. Hof und Handelsleute haben das Geſchwader ausgerüſtet, und theilen demnächſt die ungeheuern Schätze. Die dort trinken einſtweilen drauf.“

„Haha! lachte Naſh. Nun verſtehe ich Dich, Dumbleton: die participiren an der Zukunft. Gut geſagt! Aber vergiß Du über dem Latein die Küche nicht, und mach uns bald zu Participanten der gegenwärtigen Zeit. Verſtehſt Du?“

„Ohne Randgloſſe, Ihr Herren. Ihr ſprecht einen deutlichen Text, antwortete der Wirth, beſonders wenn Ihr kritiſirt. Sobald Ihr beiſammen ſeid, kann's losgehen. Aber es fehlen noch Etliche. Wo bleibt denn heut unſer edler Epheſier, Maſter William? Das iſt noch ein Mann! Der beſſert an ſeinen Werken, nicht an ſeinen Wirthen.“

„Auch Burbadge fehlt noch! riefen Einige. Wie kommt das? Das Theater iſt doch aus.“

„Geduldet Euch ein Wenig, lachte Dumbleton; es wird da unten gleich zu einer ſaftigen Vorkoſt kommen. Wißt nur, — die heimgekehrten Indienfahrer übertreiben ihre Erzählungen, um jene zu ärgern, die nach Guiana wollen, und dieſe ſpannen dafür ihre Erwartungen, um jene zu überbieten. Aus Eiferſucht und Mißgunſt fallen die bitterſten Stichelreden; ehe wir uns deſſen verſehen, werden ſie handgemein ſein, und dieſe, was ſie erdichten, jene, was ſie erwarten, mit Fäuſten gegen einander abwägen.“

Wirklich hörten die Freunde dem Wortwechſel nicht lange zu, als ein Tumult im dämmernden Saal aufwetterte. Erſt regnete es Schimpfreden, bald hagelten die Stöcke drein, die man damals immer in der Nähe hielt. Der Wirth eilte hinab; doch blieb den Freunden keine Zeit, den Friedensſchluß abzuwarten, weil hinter ihnen ſelbſt im eignen Speiſeſälchen Lärm entſtand. William war eben eingetreten, und Burbadge erreichte ihn mit heftigen Zankworten.

Beide Bühnengenoſſen waren, wenigſtens für den gewöhnlichen Umgang, ganz gute Freunde, bis auf ein wenig Neid, mit welchem Burbadge, der Heldenſpieler, auf Williams zunehmenden Dichterruf blickte; indem er gern ſein bedeutenderes Schauſpielertalent gegen Williams Dichtergaben hervor zu heben ſuchte. Darüber hatte man ſie wohl in Wortwechſel geſehen; diesmal aber ſchien der Zwiſt doch mehr auf ſich zu haben.

„Solche Tücke und Treuloſigkeit hebt alle Gebühr edler Kameradſchaft auf! ſprach Burbadge in ſeiner hochfahrenden Weiſe. So handeln Menſchen, die ſich des Zartgefühls entkleidet haben, und ohne den Schmuck edler Freundſchaft leben. Selbſtlinge, elende Habſüchtlinge! Ha, ich verachte das! Aber ich trage darauf an, Sharper aus unſern vertraulichen Abenden auszuſchließen. Jeder von Euch hat ſich gleicher Hinterliſt zu verſehen, wie ich ſie eben von ihm erfahren habe. Ich ſpreche im Intereſſe unſeres Abendvereins. Hier muß volles Vertrauen walten; hier muß ungebundene Luſt keine hinterrückliche Falſchheit zu fürchten haben. Schon bisher hat der da den Pokal unſerer nächtlichen Feſte ſelten bis auf die Hefen mitgetrunken; theils aus Geiz, denn es iſt ja bekannt, wie er die Engel und die Sovereigns unterm Daumen hält; vorzüglich aber aus Hochmuth; denn Ihr ſeht ja, wie er ſich über dem unverdienten Glücke ſeiner zuſammengeflickten Schauſpiele täglich mehr ſtreckt, und ſeinen Hohn über uns ausläßt. Sollen wir uns das gefallen laſſen? Ich frage, warum? Schrumpft etwa unſer gediegener Werth ein wenn ſeine Einbildung ſich aufbauſcht? Und wenn nun ſein Dünkel auch nicht einmal mit Zartgefühl gefüttert iſt: ſo ſchließe ſich unſere Geſellſchaftskette um ein Glied enger, — um ein angeroſtetes. Iſt hier mein Platz gedeckt? Ich eſſe nicht mit: ich werde zu gehen wiſſen, wenn dieſer bleiben darf.“

Die Freunde hörten ſolche übertriebenen Worte mit Verwunderung an. — „So redet doch deutlicher! Was iſt denn vorgefallen?“ riefen Mehre, und ſahen abwechſelnd von dem hin und der rennenden Burbadge nach William, der in einer Ecke mit gefalteten Händen auf dem Knie ſeines übergeſchlagenen Beines ruhend lächelte. —

„Unſer tragiſcher Freund verſteht keinen Spaß! ſagte er. Nicht wahr, Ihr verſteht eben unſern erhabenen Burbadge nicht? Er hat nun einmal den edeln Schwung, Alles hoch aufzunehmen; wobei uns aber die trefflichen Reden und die wohlgemeßnen Geberden zu gut kommen.“

„Hüte Dich vor dieſen Geberden! rief Burbadge. Wenn ich Dich züchtige, werden ſie ungemeſſen.“

„Seht Ihr! verſetzte, ein Wenig gereizt, William. Seht Ihr den Verſchwender! So geht er mit den erſparten und erborgten Redensarten ſeiner Rollen um. Kein Dichter kann ihm mehr mit Ehren ſo kühne Worte leihen: er bringt ſie in den Kneipen durch. So ſoll er ſchon dreimal den ganzen „Hieronymus“ verputzt haben.“

Bei dieſer Anſpielung auf die ſogenannte ſpaniſche Tragödie, ein damals verſpottetes Machwerk, brach ein allgemeines Gelächter aus.

„Elender!“ ſchrie Burbadge, und rannte mit zwei gehobenen Fäuſten um den gedeckten Tiſch auf William los. Dieſer aber ſtand ſchon bereit, den Beleidiger mit gezogenem Degen zu empfangen und abzuhalten. Die Freunde ſprangen dazwiſchen.

„Iſt das Anſtand und Betragen? rief Condell. Haben Dich die Matroſen d'runten angeſteckt, Burbadge? Was auch William gegen Dich gefehlet haben mag: Du haſt eben zwei unziemliche Fäuſte dagegen in die Wagſchale gelegt, und Ihr müßt Euch entweder ausſöhnen, oder die Beleidigung ausfechten, wie es Künſtlern geziemt.“

„Ausfechten, ja, ausfechten! rief Burbadge.

„Ich rathe lieber zum Frieden, fiel Naſh ein, und beſchwöre Euch bei dem gebratnen Ochſenrücken mit ſcharfer Brühe, den hier eben unſer Dumbleton heranſchiebt: Verſöhnt Euch, und bedenkt, wie nach dieſer Motion die köſtlichen Biſſen ſchmecken werden.“

„Mit dieſem koſtbaren Botargo! rief der Wirth, dem die Kellner mit den Schüſſeln folgten. — Botargo, Ihr Athenienſer! der Vater des Durſtes, der Kuppler weißen und rothen Baſtardes.“

Er ſtellte die Flaſchen umher, die mit den damals ſo benannten Weinſorten gefüllt waren.

„Hat Euch der König Johann noch Kräfte gelaſſen, fuhr Dumbleton fort, ſo zeigt es jetzt. Auf! Ihr Kämpfer am Parnaſſus, und laßt die Schlacht beginnen! Sagt mir nichts von den dreihundert Spartanern bei Thermopylä: meine zwölf Athenienſer will ich fallen ſehen. Legitime Künſtler ſollen hier von Baſtarden geſchlagen werden: ſolch eine Tragödie ſoll hier oben auf dem Parnaſſus in Action kommen, oder vielmehr in Paſſion. Nun, was giebt's? Maſter William, mein nobler Epheſier, — hier oben iſt Euer Platz.“

„Dein nobler Epheſier iſt angeklagt! lachte Armin. Doch wie wär's, Bruder, wenn wir unſern Wirth zum Richter ſetzten? Er ſoll den Zwiſt dieſer beiden Streithähne ſchlichten. Unſer weiſer Dumbleton, unſer Salomo ſpreche Recht!“

Viele riefen Beifall, und der Wirth ſetzte ſich ſogleich mit gravitätiſcher Miene auf den oberſten Platz. — „Toby! rief er dem aufwartenden Kellner zu, geh und glühe einen Sekt mit Zucker und Gewürz und richte dort in der Ecke ein Bankett für zwölf Mann, für ein Dutzend Epheſier. Einer der Streitenden iſt gewiß ſchuldig, und den verurtheilen wir in die Koſten des Banketts. Oder wenn der Fall überſalomoniſch verwickelt wäre; ſo vertheilen wir die Koſten unter beide Streitende. Ich werde mir als ein guter Richter zu helfen wiſſen. Und jetzt tragt mir den Fall vor. Naſh, unſer Kritiker, zerlegt einſtweilen den Braten! Sprich, William, mein Hektor!“

William, ſo aufgefordert, verſetzte: „Wollt Ihr einen Vortrag im großen pathetiſchen Styl, ſo laßt meinen Gegner reden; wollt Ihr aber einen Spaß ſpaßhaft vernehmen, ſo will ich das Wort behalten.“

„Ich halte es mit einem guten Spaß ernſthaft behandelt!“ entſchied der Wirth.

„Nun ſo hört!“ begann eben William, als der bis jetzt unruhig hin und her gewandelte Burbadge mit den Worten ſtehen blieb: „Ich erwarte Euch vor Mitternacht in dem Hauſe, in welches Ihr Euch vorhin ſchurkiſcher Weiſe eingedrängt habt. An jener Schwelle fordre ich meine Genugthuung. Lowin und Du, Oſtler, kommt als meine Sekundanten mit. Meinen Tiſchplatz laſſe ich gern Eurem weiſen Salomo. Lebt wohl! Auf Wiederſehen um Mitternacht, — wer kein Schuft iſt.“

„Eherner Jaſon! rief ihm der Wirth, an die Stubenthüre eilend, nach, — Ihr habt das Bankett zu beſtreiten und den gebrannten Sekt!“

Das Beifallsgelächter der Freunde erſcholl. — „Ein zweiter Daniel, unſer Wirth! rief Naſh; er hat, denke ich, den Nagel auf den Kopf getroffen.“

„Und doch reißt er aus!“ ſchmunzelte Dumbleton.“

Sobald das Hauptgericht verzehrt war, mußte William erzählen.

„Vor Anfang des fünften Actes, ſagte er, bemerkte ich einen zerlumpten Burſchen mit langen, leiſen Schritten auf der Bühne umherſpähen, und erkannte ihn für einen der Gauner, wie ſie vor und in dem Theater aufwarten und ſich zu Beſtellungen und Aufträgen anbieten. Erſt glaubte ich, er ſehe ſich nach einem der vornehmen Schemel-Inſaſſen um, die uns auf der Bühne den Platz verſperren; da er aber nach dem Hintergrunde ſchlich, wo wir uns aufhalten, trat ich ihm mit der Frage in den Weg, zu wem er wolle. — Zum großen Burbadge, zu Maſter Burbadge! ſagte er, und nahm in demſelben Augenblicke den Geſuchten wahr, der am Quervorhange ſtand. Die Neugier reizte mich: es galt offenbar eine Beſtellung. Huſch war ich hinter der Traverſe und lauſchte. Der Gauner beſchrieb unſerm Burbadge ein Haus am Dowgate, wo man quer nach der Conwikſtraße geht, und wenn es dem Maſter gefällig wäre, ein Halbſtündchen nach dem Theater dort anzuklopfen; ſo würde ihm auf das Loſungswort: „Johann ohne Land“ aufgemacht werden. Ein reizend Weibchen, und der Mann verreiſt! kicherte der Liebesbote. Dort in der zweiten Loge rechts über dem Yard könnt Ihr ſie ſehen; ſie hat aber freilich die Maske vor. — Burbadge ſagte zu, und reichte ein Trinkgeld. Ich verlor mich hinter der Traverſe. Meine Rolle war zu Ende; ich eilte am Schluſſe des Stücks voraus nach dem Dowgate. Ich hatte keine Abſicht, als zu ſehen, ob wirklich eine Dame nach Hauſe kehre, und Burbadge ihr folge; denn dieſer war eben, wenn nicht bei ſeiner Ehre, doch bei ſeiner Rolle angegriffen. Höchſtens dachte ich mir den Spaß, den Freund mit einer Anſpielung zu verblüffen, wenn er ſpäter zu Tiſch käme. Kaum ſtehe ich, in eine Ecke gedrückt; ſo kommt wirklich eine junge Frau und eilt munter in das bezeichnete Haus. Sie hatte zwar ihre Theatermaske abgenommen, aber einen ſeidenen Schleier vor. Augenblicklich erinnert ſie mich durch Gang und Geſtalt an jene wunderbare Schöne, von der ich Dir erzählt habe, Lowin, — weißt Du, vor etlichen Wochen, als Du mich gegen Abend nach meinem Streite mit ihrem Verfolger, — Mann oder Liebhaber, auf der Straße trafſt. Seitdem gehe ich auf allen Wegen der entſchwundenen Unbekannten zu gefallen. Keinen Tag iſt ſie mir aus dem Sinne gekommen. Denkt Euch alſo meinen freudigen Schreck! Mein Herz ſchlägt heftig, meine Gedanken verwirren ſich. Endlich iſt ſie gefunden! rufe ich laut aus, und ſtürze ohne Ueberlegung, in meinen Mantel gehüllt, nach dem Hauſe, klopfe; — wer draußen? ruft eine ſanfte Stimme. Johann ohne Land! brumme ich. Der Riegel geht auf, ein weibliches Weſen rauſcht in die nächſte Stubenthüre; ich folge.

Es iſt wegen der geſchloſſnen Fenſterläden ziemlich finſter; ich werfe mich der Schönen, — dafür halte ich ſie — in die Arme und preiſe mich glücklich, ſie endlich nach jenem Abende wieder zu finden. — Nach welchem Abende? flüſtert ſie betroffen. Wir funkeln einander mit den Augen an, die ſich inzwiſchen an die Dämmerung gewöhnt haben, und erkennen unſern wechſelſeitigen Irrthum. Ich flehe um Verzeihung; ſie lacht, ich lache, und das heitere Mißverſtändniß knüpft raſch ein neues Verſtändniß. Ich kann Euch nur ſagen, — ſie hatte keine abgelegten Lippen der mondſüchtigen Diana gekauft; ſondern verſtand ſich auf das Küſſen. Da klopft's an die Stubenthüre. Gott's Augenlid! ruft meine Schöne in brennender Verlegenheit. Ich hatte nämlich in der Haſt die Hausthüre hinter mir offen gelaſſen, und ſo klopfte denn der eigentlich beſtellte Gaſt immer lauter an die Stubenthüre. — Haltet Euch ruhig! flüſterte ſie. — Aber es wird Burbadge ſein! ſage ich lächelnd. — Wer? fragt ſie höchſt verlegen. — Der beſtellte Burbadge, der verſpätete Held! lache ich. — Es war recht dumm und undankbar von mir; ich mußte der guten Frau in ganz falſchem Lichte erſcheinen. Nun klopft's ungeſtümer. — Wer da? frage ich. — Johann ohne Land! heißt es draußen. — Beſetzt! rufe ich. — Zum Teufel, ich ſage „Johann ohne Land,“ und aufgemacht! ſchreit Burbadge. — Die Frau zittert und bebt über den Lärm. — Ich öffne alſo dem zürnenden Freunde mit den Worten: Guten Abend, Herr Johann ohne Land. Ruhig! Ich bin Wilhelm der Eroberer. — Damit eile ich lachend aus dem Hauſe.“

Der witzige Ausgang eines luſtigen Abenteuers ſetzte die Freunde in die beſte Laune, die nicht ohne Rückwirkung auf die ſtarken Getränke blieb. Dieſe jungen Männer kamen eben zuſammen, um mit ihren Gedanken und Genüſſen über alles Maß hinauszugehen. Es genügte ihnen nicht, die Tage hindurch ungebunden zu leben: [illegible] wollten auch, wo möglich, keine Nacht an den eingezogenen Schlaf verlieren. Daher ſchlemmten und zechten ſie faſt jeden Abend, ſchwärmten und ſangen, und wenn ihr Uebermuth aufs Höchſte ſtieg, verließen ſie das Haus, durchzogen die Stadt, führten entweder gemeinſam einen tollen Streich aus, oder verloren ſich einzeln in jene zahlreichen Häuſer, wo Glücks- oder Liebesſpiel ihre zuſammengeſchmolzene Baarſchaft vollends aufflog. Die ungemeſſenſten Begierden, die ungeregeltſten Gedanken fanden bei ſolchen Zuſammenkünften am Meiſten Beifall, und Keinem aus der Verbrüderung fehlte es an Geiſt und gutem Humor, um dies rohe Treiben zu überſchmelzen. Als Schauſpieler von ehrendem Umgang ausgeſchloſſen, von den Bahnen eines höhern Ehrgeizes abgewieſen, fanden ſie, ſo zu ſagen, nur noch die Abwege der Geſellſchaft für ſich offen. Ihr Leben war ankerlos und ohne Compaß: ſo ſteuerten ſie wie Tolle auf das Ungefähr eines jeden Tages los; das Leben war ihnen Spiel, die Welt ein Spott. William war vielleicht der Einzige, der aus dem Uebermuthe leicht in den Ernſt fiel. Dann ergriff ihn wohl eine Wehmuth oder eine Schwärmerei, und oft, wenn er dem Hohn und Gelächter der Uebrigen nicht wehren konnte, verließ er ihre Verſammlung.

Sein eben erzähltes Abenteuer führte das Geſpräch auf die Liebe und die Frauen.

„Es iſt zu verwundern, rief Naſh, daß man ſich hinſichtlich der Frauenliebe noch nicht zu einem völkerrechtlichen Grundſatze des Gemeinguts und friedlichen Genuſſes vereinigt hat, — Jedem ohne Neid und Streit zu gönnen, was ihm an Liebe irgend zu Theil wird, was er ſich erobert. Denn nur in ihren Naturbezügen iſt die Liebe wahr und zuverläſſig; ihre ſittlichen Räthſel löſen ſich meiſt in Trug oder Täuſchung auf. Mein Gott, — wie man ſich nur um einer Geliebten will ſchlagen mag! Eine Tollheit, in der nun heute gar einer unſerer Brüder verfällt, an dem mithin alle unſere andächtigen Tafernächte ohne Erleuchtung vorübergegangen ſind. Liebe und Waſſer ſind Lebenselemente, und dienen zur freien Verbindung der Weſen, ſind nothwendig für den allgemeinen Durſt. Frauenherzen und Trinkquellen ſind mithin Gemeingut. Wo ein Brünnlein ſpringt, ein Bächlein rieſelt, mag Jeder ſchöpfen, der daran kommen kann. Die Sonne ſaugt aus dem Meere der Liebe, und läßt es über alle Steppen regnen. Ich bringe einen Toaſt aus: Wilhelm der Eroberer! Aber in doppelter Bedeutung, — in perſönlicher für unſern Freund, und in ſymboliſcher als Loſungswort für unſer Leben. Wilhelm der Eroberer für immer!“

„Wir müſſen den Burbadge zur Vernunft bringen, erklärte Lowin. Welche Thorheit, um Einer willen unſer Blut vergießen, wodurch wir uns auch für die Andern ſchwächen. Den Weibern wollen wir ihre Schwäche laſſen, und für uns das Lachen behalten.“

Man gab ihm Recht, und ſtimmte ein Lied auf die Schwäche des weiblichen Geſchlechtes an. — William ſprach:

„Wohl ſind die Frauen ſchwach, wir ſollen es aber nicht mit Verachtung ſagen. Sie ſind wie ihr Spiegel zerbrechlich und wandelbar in den Geſtalten, die ſie aufnehmen und zeigen; aber wir Männer entehren uns, indem wir ſie mißbrauchen. Zart, wie von Bau, ſind die Frauen auch von Geiſt, — weich für jeden Eindruck, für den falſchen, wie für den edeln. Liegt es nicht in ihrer Naturbeſtimmung, empfänglich zu ſein; Wir ſind die Sünder, wenn wir das Unedle an ihnen ausprägen. Wie dürfen wir das weich ſchelten, da es ja beſtimmt iſt, das Siegel der Ehre in ſich aufzunehmen? Wir ſollten ſie nicht täuſchen, ſondern die Seele ſchätzen, die ſich hingiebt, um Liebe, nicht um Schmach zu empfangen.“

Ein ſchallendes Gelächter der Freunde folgte auf dieſe mit einer gewiſſen Rührung ausgeſprochenen Worte Williams. — „Er iſt wieder aufgeweicht, er iſt beträchtlich gerührt!“ hieß es.

„Er hat mit ein Paar Bechern eingefeuert, und gleich kocht ſein Herz Wehmuth! —“

„Ei, William, rief ein Dritter, Du haſt ja das Sprichwort: — Ein Feuer brennt das andere nieder: kommt, laßt uns zuſammengehen! Ein Tellerchen gekochter Pflaumen wird unſerm William gut thun.“

Dieſe Anſpielung auf die liederlichen Häuſer, wo man den Beſuchenden gekochte Pflaumen vorzuſetzen pflegte, verdroß unſern Freund aufs Tiefſte.

„Still, Freunde! rief Naſh, der Kritiker, in ſeiner trocknen bittern Weiſe. Wir haben auch unſern Freund ſehr gekränkt. Er iſt einmal nicht, wie wir ſind: er ſchätzt die Treue, er hält ſich gern an Eine, die ſich ihm auch allein widmen ſoll; er concentrirt ſich, und findet, was wir bei Hunderten ſuchen. Er beſitzt alſo Weisheit. Aber noch mehr, er beſitzt auch Tugend, ja er beſitzt die drei Cardinaltugenden; denn neben der Liebe hat er bekanntlich einen unbedingten Glauben an die Geliebte, hat die feſte Hoffnung, ſeine jedesmalige Eine zu beſſern und zu bilden. So nimmt er ſich jetzt eines jungen Dinges an, das er unterrichten läßt, mit der Nadel umzugehen. Das treue Schätzchen hat es mir ſelber lachend erzählt. Denn durch eine gewiſſe Sympathie der Freundſchaft gerathe ich immer auf Williams Tugendwege, und ſtoße mich an ſeine Glaubensartikel. Doch verkenne ich auch hier meinen untergeordneten Beruf nicht, und wo er edle Liebe dichtet, da recenſire ich ſie.“

Ein abermaliges Gelächter brach aus. William erhob ſich mit einem verachtenden Blicke. Aber man hielt ihn feſt, und bat ihn, Spaß zu verſtehen.

Der Neckerei machte ein halb Dutzend neu ankommender Geſellen ein Ende, die ſich ohne Weiteres mit zum Bankett und zum dampfenden Würzkeſſel niederließen. Um dieſes einmal bereiteten Nachtiſches willen gab man es für heute auf, noch anders wo hin zu ziehen, und der Vorſchlag zu einem Spiele fand Zuſtimmung. — „Was aber ſpielen wir?“ wurde gefragt. „Primaviſta oder Treſchak?“ —

„Mit oder ohne Libby?“

„Mit, mit!“

„Nichts da, wir würfeln.“

Es wurde gewürfelt und zwar um hohen Einſatz. Auch William, um ſeine Unruhe und Verſtimmung los zu werden, nahm Platz am Spieltiſche. Allein dieſe Unzufriedenheit mit ſich ſelbſt lockte das Glück nicht herbei: er verlor ſeine ganze Baarſchaft und einige Stücke von Werth, die er an ſich hatte.

Wie Mitternacht herannahte, trieben die Sekundanten heimlich zum Aufbruch. An der Luft im Freien empfanden erſt die Fortgeſchlichenen, wie ſehr ſie ſich übernommen hatten. Auch William ſchritt etwas wankend. So langten ſie am Dowgate an, als es eben vom St. Paulsthurm zwölf ſchlug. Burbadge ſtand ſchon an der Haustreppe, ein Fenſterladen war halb geöffnet, der Mondſchein fiel ſchräg in die enge Gaſſe, und gab zureichendes Licht.

William, verſtimmt durch den Wirrwarr des Abends, ärgerlich über ſeinen Verluſt, und vom genoſſenen Wein und Sekt ſchweren Kopfes, gab dem beleidigten Freunde eine Erklärung, die ihn hätte befriedigen können. Auch die Sekundanten ließen es nicht an vernünftigen Vorſtellungen fehlen. Allein Burbadge gab nicht nach. Er hatte der leichtfertigen Frau, wie ſie ſich über Williams Zudringlichkeit höchſt gekränkt ſtellte, den feigen Flüchtling an der Hausſchwelle zu züchtigen gelobt, und beſtand nun, der am halboffnen Fenſter Lauſchenden zu Gehör, mit prahlenden, beleidigenden Worten auf dem Kampfe. William ahnete nichts von der Tücke des Freundes. Als er aber, von dem ziemlich gewandten Fechter Burbadge hart nach der Schwelle des Hauſes gedrängt, eine weibliche Stimme ängſtlich flüſtern hörte: Schont ihn, guter Burbadge! begriff er die ihm zugedachte Beſchämung. — „So, iſt es ſo gemeint! rief er empört aus. Willſt Du hier eine Heldenrolle ſpielen?“

Mit den kühnſten Wendungen ging er jetzt dem Burbadge zu Leibe. Dieſer gab in ſeiner Verlegenheit eine Blöße, und William ſtieß im Jähzorn heftig und mit den Worten: „Da, Prahler!“ nach der Bruſt des Gegners. Mit einem Schrei ſank Burbadge auf die Treppe.

Mehre Nachbarn der engen Gaſſe, durch das Klirren der Degen geweckt, riefen Hülfe, und entriegelten ihre Thüren. William eilte auf die Themſenſtraße hinab, auf das Black-Fryars-Quartier los, wo ſeine Wohnung lag.

Als William aus kurzem, unruhigem Schlaf erwachte, fand er ſich nur halb entkleidet, quer auf ſeinem Lager hingeſtreckt. Er erhob ſich mit trübem Kopfe; ſeine Stimmung war wüſt, und nicht ohne Anſtrengung beſann er ſich auf die verſchiedenen Vorfälle des geſtrigen Abends. Er hatte Burbadge verwundet, vielleicht lebensgefährlich getroffen, und wenn die Kampfzeugen ſich unklug oder unvorſichtig benahmen, ſo fiel er in gerichtliche Unterſuchung und in Strafe. Denn es beſtanden ſehr ſtrenge Verbote des Zweikampfes, und ſogar die Uebungen auf dem Fechtboden waren eingeſchränkt. Zu dieſer Angſt um ſeine Freiheit kam die Beſorgniß um Burbadge. William ſtand auf, um den Freund zu beſuchen, ihn zu verſöhnen und für ihn ſorgen zu helfen, zugleich aber auch zu hören, was er etwa zu ſeiner eignen Sicherheit thun könne.

Das Licht brannte noch, obſchon der Tag durch die Fenſter ſchimmerte. Beim Auskleiden fiel dem Freunde ein, daß Nelly, ſeine Hauswirthin, nicht wie ſonſt auf ſeine Heimkehr wach geblieben war. William fühlte einen ſchmerzlichen Vorwurf darin, wie ungern er ſich auch in dem Zuſtande hätte ſehen laſſen mögen, in welchem er heimgekehrt und aufs Bett geſunken war. Er erinnerte ſich auch der leichtfertigen, jungen Frau am Dowgate, der ſchwelgeriſchen Mahlzeit, der verwegenen Reden und unlautern Scherze, und wie er ſich nach dem Säckchen in der Schublade umſah, wohin er Abends ſeine Baarſchaft abzulegen pflegte, hatte er nichts mitgebracht. Dies Alles ballte ſich zu einer troſtloſen Verſtimmung zuſammen.

Nelly, wie es ſchien, mit verweinten Augen, brachte das Frühſtück. William war ſtill; ſie räumte ſchweigend auf. Endlich konnte ſie doch nicht weggehen, ohne mit ſchmerzvollem Blick und weicher Stimme zu fragen: „Wie geht es Euch denn, William? Seid Ihr wohl?“

„So, ſo, gute Nelly! antwortete er. Nicht ſo gut, als wenn ich mit Deinem freundlichen Gutnacht ſchlafen gegangen wäre.“

„Ach! ſeufzte ſie. Ihr habt Euch wieder einmal einen unglücklichen Tag gemacht.“

„Freilich, gute Nelly! Wenn's bei einem bleibt. —“

„Wie übel Ihr ausſeht! Und wie wird Euch erſt zu Muthe ſein!“

„Schändlich, Nelly! Verfluchtes Geſtern! Könnte ich es mit dieſen Nägeln wegtilgen!“

„O daß Ihr Euch niemals zu halten und mäßigen wißt, und Euch ſo viel Leid und wirre Stunden macht! Aber was das Schlimmſte iſt, — dieſe böſen Tage wiederholen ſich jetzt öfter, als vormals.“

„Ich wollte, Du lögſt, Nelly! rief der Freund ſchmerzlich aus, und warf ſich in einen Seſſel. Narren leuchten meine Tage heim, meine Abende verlöſchen, wie qualmende Lampen. Ich verwünſche mein Leben. Wie ein Schatten ſtreicht es vorüber. Gleich mir ſelber iſt es ein elender Gaukler, der ein Stündchen raſt, ein Stündchen jammert, und von Niemandem mehr beachtet wird; es iſt eine Zote, die ein Narr erzählt, es iſt ein Schall, ein Bombaſt, der nichts bedeutet.“

„Thut Euch nicht Unrecht, guter William! fiel Nelly ängſtlich ein. Ihr habt viel Wackres geſchaffen, und Euer edler Geiſt könnte noch Herrliches thun.“

„Thun? Was iſt dies Thun? rief William bitter aus. Was bedeutet dieſe alberne Gabe der Poeſie! Die Welle, die in einer ſchmutzigen Bucht des Lebens Schaum ſchlägt, und an der hungrigen Düne naſcht, — da haſt Du den Dichter! habe ich Liebe, hab' ich Ehre davon? Nur draußen auf hoher See des Lebens bringt man dieſe Güter und Beuten heim. —“

„Wenn Euch Kunſt und Poeſie ſo wenig froh machen, ſagte Nelly, ſo ergreift doch etwas Anderes; ein Geiſt, wie Eurer, kann ja das Leben an hundert Seiten faſſen.“

„Wie ſchlecht verträgt ſich mein Geiſt mit dieſem tollen Leben! verſetzte William. Was will dieſe Glut in mir, dieſe Begier zu ſchaffen, die, noch ehe ſie ſich bethätigt, zum Fluche wird, unbändig, wild, treulos, mordſüchtig, ſchmachvoll! Freuden bietet dieſes Leben aus, und wenn unſer Geiſt ſie erringt, muß er ſie verachten. Vernunftlos jagt er hinter des Lebens Beute her, und haßt ſie, ſobald er ſie gewonnen. Alles wird zu einem giftigen Köder, der uns toll zu machen hingelegt iſt. Wild werden wir im Verfolgen, raſend im Genuß des Lebens. Was ich anſtrebe, was ich erringe und umfaſſe, reißt ins Ungemeſſene fort und labt mit Unfrieden. Nach Segen und Heil ringe ich, und erfaßt entwickelt ſich ein Fluch daraus. Was ein Glück ſchien, wird ein Traum, was als Wahrheit lockte, zerrinnt in Täuſchung; denn die Welt ſelbſt, aus Nichts erſchaffen, ſpielt blos den Schöpfungsfluch ab, auch wieder zu Nichts zu werden. Doch wem iſt das etwas Neues? Wer aber lehrt uns jenen Himmel meiden, der uns in eine Hölle wirft?“

„Ach! ſeufzte Nelly, daß ich Euch ſo muthlos und in ſolchem Zerwürfniß mit Euch ſelber ſehe, mitten in Eurem ſchönſten Lebensſommer! Und mich dünkt doch, es müßte für Euch etwas ſo Leichtes ſein, glücklich oder doch vergnügt zu werden. Wenn ich es Euch nur recht deutlich machen könnte! Lenkt doch nur einmal Euern Geiſt und Eure Luſt auf Dinge, die Euer Herz nicht verwerfen muß, und Ihr werdet bald einig mit Euch ſelber ſein. Vor Allem ſolltet Ihr Euch von Euern jetzigen Freunden und Gefährten weglaſſen und dann Eure herrlichen Gaben anbauen. Warum laßt Ihr denn Euer ſchönes Gedicht vom Adonis wieder liegen! Erſt hattet Ihr ſo viel Luſt daran.“

„Ach wenn ich keine andern Sorgen hätte! rief William. Wo ſoll ich denn ein dichteriſches Behagen hernehmen?“

„Sorgen habt Ihr? fragte Nelly betrübt. Ich habe doch noch eine ſchöne Summe von Euch in Verwahrung, und anzuſchaffen iſt jetzt nichts. Oder mache ich Euch noch nicht Alles recht? So ſagt doch nur, was Euch fehlt, um bequem und ſorgenlos zu ſein! Oder ſeid Ihr nicht zufrieden damit, wie ich Euer Geld verwalte, Eure Anſchaffungen mache, Euer Geräth beſorge und Alles, William?“

„O Du gute Seele! rief der Freund aus. Nein, das iſt es nicht. Du machſt Alles und Alles recht, Du biſt verſtändig und treu. Ich bin gehalten wie ein Lord. Aber kannſt Du auch ſo für mein Herz ſorgen? Ja, Du könnteſt wohl, Nelly: Du biſt reizend und anmuthig; aber eigenſinnig und kalt. Liebe, Liebe brauche ich. O dies Leben, das nicht einmal ein Herz für mich hat. Das iſt ein Leben für Polypen, nicht für Poeten, für Kaulquappen, für kaltes Gewürm, das ſich im Moder nährt. O Nelly, und Du haſt ein ſo treues Herz!“ ſetzte er hinzu, indem er ſie zärtlich umarmte.

„Nicht ſo, William! rief ſie, und entzog ſich ihm. Nennt das nicht Liebe, wonach Ihr mit ſolchem Ungeſtüm trachtet. Was Ihr unter dieſem mißbrauchten Namen ſucht, wird Euch niemals befriedigen, und was Euch beglücken könnte. — Nein, laßt uns nicht vergeſſen, wie wir zuſammen ſtehen wollen. Ein heitres Wort, ein freundlicher Blick von Euch machen mich recht froh. Und könnte ich Euch zufrieden und glücklich ſehen, ſo hätte ich in aller Welt keinen Wunſch mehr, außer daß mein kleiner Hamneth gedeihen, und ein berühmter Mann werden möchte, — ſo begabt wie Ihr, nur nicht ſo unglücklich.“

„Ho, ho! lachte William, wenn man Eins ohne das Andere ſein könnte!“

„Ach das wäre ja traurig!“ ſeufzte ſie. —

Eine Stille entſtand, während welcher Nelly Einiges bei Seite räumte; worauf ſie ängſtlich fragte, ob William nun geſtimmt ſei, einen Beſuch anzunehmen.

„Was? rief William. Sind die Gerichtsdiener da?“

Nelly ſchrie vor Schreck auf. „Was iſt geſchehen? fragte ſie. Um Gott, was habt Ihr begangen, William?“

„Wir wollen zu Burbadge ſenden, verſetzte der Freund. Wo bleibt nur mein Burſche? Wir haben einen Zweikampf gehabt, um Kindereien. Und wenn er nicht in ſeiner Wohnung iſt, zu Lowin. Ich muß wiſſen, wie's um ihn ſteht; ich habe ihn in die Bruſt getroffen, oder — ich weiß nicht wohin.“

Nelly rang die Hände. Sie wollte ſelber mit einer Magd gehn und nachfragen, erklärte ſie. „Faßt Euch nur, William, bat ſie, Eure Mutter kommt. Um Gott, laßt die ängſtliche Alte nichts merken!“

William erſchrack, war verlegen und — ward gerührt.

„Alles kommt auch heut zuſammen! ſeufzte Nelly. Ich habe ſie abſichtlich nicht beherbergt, ſondern bei meiner Schweſter untergebracht. Ich merkte wohl, daß es eine betrübte Angelegenheit iſt, in der ſie kommt. Ich wollte Euch vorbereiten, und auch die Mutter nicht wahr nehmen laſſen, wie ſpät Ihr etwa nach Hauſe kämt.“

Eben ließ ſich ein Huſten vor der Thüre hören, und die Mutter trat herein, — bürgerlich gut gekleidet, den Rock mit ſilbernen Schnüren umſäumt und eine Silbernadel mit einem Perlenknopfe auf der Bruſt.

William empfing ſie mit tiefer, ſtummer Rührung, brachte ſie auf den Polſterſitz, umarmte ſie wiederholt, küßte und hielt ihre welken Hände feſt, während er ſein Geſicht an ihrer Bruſt verbarg. Die Mutter weinte; Nelly entfernte ſich ſtill.

„Nicht wahr, ich habe Euch lange nicht beſucht! rief William, ſobald ſeine Rührung zu Worte kam. Und habe auch eine Weile Nichts geſchickt!“

Er warf ſich abermals an ihre Bruſt. — „Das nicht! erwiderte die Mutter. So bedürftig ſind wir nicht mehr; unſre Geſchäft hat ſich mit Deinen Mitteln gehoben. Der Wollenhandel zieht; es iſt ein ängſtlicher Segen, den Dein unſeliges Geld trägt.“

„Unſelig, Mutter? Unſeliges Geld?“ — „O mein armer Willy! ſchluchzte ſie. Ich kann es nicht lange auf dem Herzen behalten. Ich habe mich auf den weiten Weg gemacht, den ich ſeit funfzehn Jahren nicht betreten: ich muß Deine Seele retten. Warum haſt Du uns ſo getäuſcht? Wir haben Dich die fünf Jahre, ſeit Du von Stratford weggegangen, für einen wohlſtehenden Schreiber gehalten, und müſſen nun hören, daß Du bei dem ſündhaften Schauſpiele biſt, und ſogar Sachen erdichteſt und ſchreibſt, die ſo viel chriſtliche Seelen bethören. Dein Vater iſt außer ſich; Du kennſt ſeine Heftigkeit. Und war er auch ſehr zurückgekommen, ſo kann er doch nicht vergeſſen, welche Ehrenämter er einſt bei der Stadt bekleidet hat, und daß er noch immer das ihm vom Heroldsamte bewilligte Wappen führt. Und nun iſt ſein verlaufner Sohn, ſolch' ehrenwerther Abkunft vergeſſend, ein Komödiant geworden. Mein Alter hat in der Wuth ſelbſt hierher gewollt; ich fürchtete aber, er würde ganz London in Aufruhr bringen und bin ſelbſt gekommen, um Dich zu beſchwören und zu bewegen. Verlaß dieſen gottloſen Weg! Komm' mit zurück und genieße mit uns, was wir ja Dir verdanken. Mit dem Squire Lucy iſt Dein toller Streich im Park ausgeglichen, und die Wolle ernährt uns alle. O mein guter Willy! Nicht wahr, Du ehrſt noch Vater und Mutter, und haſt Dich noch nicht über das vierte Gebot hinaus gedichtet!“

„O meine geliebte Mutter! rief William. Was ſoll ich auf ſolche Bekümmerniſſe erwidern, in denen mich die Mutterliebe, wenn auch in ſo fremder Sprache aufſucht! Mutter und Sohn von einerlei Adern durchwebt, von demſelben Blute durchwärmt, und Herz an Herz gedrückt, ſtehen doch in dieſem trübſeligen Augenblicke zu weit auseinander, um ſich zu verſtehen. Sie umfaſſen ſich mit Liebe und begreifen ſich nicht. Alſo auch dieſen Zwieſpalt meines Lebens noch, daß Glück und Ruhm, wenn ich ſie erringe, und wie Sonnenſchein auf mein väterlich Dach fallen laſſe, verwünſcht und verflucht werden! Auf der Schwelle, wo der Knabe ſein Spielgeräth zerbrochen, dachte ich als Mann, wie gering ich auch die Beute des Lebens anſchlage, mit meinem Glück und Ruhme noch einmal zu ſpielen. Ja, Mutter, Ihr kommt, mir die ſchönſte Hoffnung zu vernichten. Einſt wollte ich nach Stratford zurückkehren, die Knabenthorheiten mit meinem Ruhm übergrünen und die Armſeligkeiten der Jugend mit Seide überkleiden. Soll denn aber mein Verdienſt der Wuth meines Vaters begegnen, und mein Ruhm die Augen meiner Mutter in Fluth ſetzen? Ja wohl, ich bin der verlaufene Sohn! Ein gemeines Weib, ein ungerechter Vater, haben mich von Thorheit zu Thorheit bis in die Verzweiflung hinein gehetzt. Doch — wem erzähle ich das? Liebe Mutter, — wir haben uns ja niemals mißverſtanden. Ihr habt mir Euren letzten goldnen Pathenlöffel mit dem Apoſtelbilde auf dem Stiel zur Wegzehrung zugeſteckt, als ich bei grauendem Tage über die nebelfeuchte Schwelle floh: ſollten wir uns mit der alten Liebe nicht auch jetzt verſtändigen? Ich habe bei meinen Beſuchen niemals über die Sache mit Euch reden können. Hört mich jetzt an, und da Ihr mich nun als Schauſpieldichter kennt, ſo betrachtet einmal meine Lage von meiner Seite. Ich kam damals hierher nach London. Wie anders ward mir an der Themſe zu Muth, als am Avon! Daheim ängſtigten mich Spießbürger und Erbärmlichkeiten der engſten Gäßchen; hier erhob mich der Anblick eines großen Lebens. — Kühne Unternehmungen, glänzende Feſte, fürſtliche Männer, herrliche Frauen, ein brauſendes Volk, das aus den Tiefen des Lebens hervor ſprudelte, in die Abgründe des Lebens hinein ſchäumte. Und mich kannte Niemand: kein Nachbar blinzte über die Schulter auf mich, keine Gevatterin zuckte mit den Mundwinkeln. Ich durfte meine Hutfeder ſo hoch tragen, als ich mochte. — Eine Weile war ich in der That ein Abſchreiber und ſchwamm ſo in dieſen Wogen mit, wie ein Seeſtern hin- und hergeſchaukelt. Bald aber mußte ich mir einen bedeutſameren Antheil dieſes großen Lebens aneignen. Nun ſagt ſelber, Mutter, — welchen ſollte ich nehmen, welchen konnte ich? Freunde hatte ich nicht, keine Familie, kein Gewerbe; ich hatte nur Sinn für Alles, ich begriff oder fühlte Alles, ich gehörte dem Ganzen an, und mußte mich dem Ganzen widmen. In dieſem Volksſtrome hatte das ſonnige Leben eine glänzende Abſpiegelung in dem großartigen Volkstheater. Hier ſollten ſich die Freuden und Schmerzen, die Tiefen und Thorheiten der Menſchheit in bedeutenden Geſtalten zeigen. Machen wir ſie denn, dieſe Tollheiten oder auch Tugenden des menſchlichen Lebens? Nein, wir ſpiegeln ſie ab, der Menſchheit zur Selbſtbeſchauung; wir ſchaffen das Leben nach, wie es Gott geſchaffen. Ich ſah dies für einen großen Beruf an, und ergriff ihn. Nichts iſt gering in der Welt, theure Mutter: es kommt auf den Sinn an, mit dem man es treibt. — Bald ſollte ich mich nicht mehr als bloßen Mitgenoſſen des Lebens, ſondern auch als einen Sohn Englands fühlen. Damals nämlich, als das ganze Reich über dem Anzuge der ſpaniſchen Armada in Bewegung kam, und unſere Königin, das Heer zu muſtern, in das Lager zu Tilbury ritt. Auf einem edeln Streitroſſe, mit einem Marſchallſtabe in der Rechten, jagte ſie dahin; der Stahlharniſch glänzte auf ihrer königlichen Bruſt und dem prachtvollen Anzuge; ihr blondes Haar flatterte und hinter ihr trug ein Page den Helm mit dem weißen Buſche. Das engliſche Heer und Volk jauchzte einen Sturmwind über die See, und die „unüberwindliche" Flotte zerſtob. Damals, o meine Mutter, dufteten alle feindſeligen Roſen, die weißen und die rothen, zuſammen, und Albion war von Begeiſterung durchwürzt. Die alten Geſchichten, die Ihr ſelbſt mir als Knaben erzählt hattet, Mutter, knospeten bei ſolcher vaterländiſchen Witterung aus dem Herzen und blühten auf; die alten Kämpfe und Leidenſchaften ſchlugen an das einmüthige Herz des Vaterlandes. Ihr wißt, ich machte den kurzen Feldzug freiwillig mit und trage den Degen jetzt mit Ehren. Ich war dann zurückgekehrt, ich hatte England verſtanden: ich dichtete, und England verſtand mich. — Nur meine Mutter verwirft meine Schauſpiele und mein Vater den verlaufenen Sohn!"

Die Mutter war von dieſen letzten, ſchmerzlich herausgeſtoßenen Worten Williams ſehr ergriffen, ohne daß ſie doch den Sohn für gerechtfertigt hielt. — „Ach, mein Willy, ſagte ſie, Du dauerſt mich, und doch muß ich Deinen ſündhaften Irrthum bejammern. Aber ich entſchuldige Dich: es iſt ein gar verlockender Schein, mit welchem Dein bewegliches Herz verſucht worden iſt. So ſiehſt Du mit verblendeten Augen nicht, wie Du dem ſchnöden Müßiggang eines leichtſinnigen Pöbels dienſtbar geworden biſt, Dich auf ſchmähliche Weiſe verkleideſt, Dein ehrliches, von Gott gemachtes Angeſicht mit Bart und Schminke entſtellſt, und Dich zum Ergötzen der Thoren und Sünder auf einem bemalten und behangenen Pranger geberdeſt und erniedrigeſt. Gott hat Dir ſchöne Gaben verliehen, ein ehrbares Gewerb zu treiben, Dir und Andern zu nützen, und betend und arbeitend ein frohes Leben zu Ehren Deines Schöpfers zu führen. Statt deſſen verbrauchſt Du dieſe Gaben, um Narrheiten auszuſpinnen und Spott und Späße zuſammen zu weben zur Beluſtigung unreiner Herzen. Als Komödienſchreiber putzeſt Du, ſo zu ſagen, die Leichen der Geſchichte auf und handirſt ſie wie wirkliche Geſtalten; als Komödiant machſt Du aus Deinem eignen lebenden Leibe einen bemalten und aufgeputzten Leichnam zur Einkehr verſtorbener oder erdichteter Weſen. Wie? Und mit dieſem frevelhaften Treiben, mit dieſen Geſpenſtern des Müßiggangs, verdienſt Du Dein Brot und ſuchſt Ehre und Achtung unter chriſtlichen Menſchen?"

William ſchwieg aus Unmuth und um ſich nicht gegen ſeine Mutter durch Sprechen zu erhitzen. Er fühlte ſich durch dieſe der Mutter beigebrachten puritaniſchen Anſichten aufs Empfindlichſte gekränkt, und doch dauerte ihn dabei die bekümmerte Alte, die es auch in ihrem Mißverſtande treu mit ihm meinte. Er mußte ſich überzeugen, daß er das befangene Auge der Greiſin nicht löſen könne: wie ſollte er ihr Herz beruhigen? Am Bitterſten war es ihm, daß er ſich in ſeinem mit Eifer vertheidigten Stande in der That nicht wohl fühlte. Eine ungeſchickte Hand, die er abwehren mußte, hatte doch ganz richtig die wunde Stelle gefunden; die Berührung war wahr, und doch der Griff falſch. Und nun fuhr mit neuem Mißverſtande die Mutter fort:

„Siehſt Du, daß Du mir ſelber ſtillſchweigend Recht geben mußt! Und nicht ohne Grund haſt Du bei Deinen Beſuchen in Stratford Deine wahren Verhältniſſe verſchwiegen und uns im guten Glauben gelaſſen, Du ſeieſt immer noch ein Schreiber."

„Laßt das jetzt, Mutter! verſetzte er etwas ungeduldig. Ich hatte andere Gründe, heimlich zu thun. Ich war Euer Gaſt, ich mußte mich nach Eurer engen Wohnung und nach Eurer beſchränkten Anſicht des Lebens einrichten. Ich hoffte auf Glück und Gelingen, als beſte Vermittler, um einſtens meinen Namen bei der Welt, mein Herz bei Euch zu rechtfertigen. Laßt das jetzt; es durchkreuzt mich zu vielerlei Verdruß heute, und — warum, liebe, gute Mutter, ſoll ich mich durch Widerſpruch um die Freude Eures Beſuches bringen? Nein, legen wir das jetzt bei Seite; bleibt eine Weile bei mir, ſeht Euch London an, — ein andres Mal verſtehen wir uns beſſer. —"

Nelly ſtürzte athemlos herein; wie ſie aber die alte Mutter erblickte, ſuchte ſie ſich zu faſſen. — „Es kommen Leute, ſagte ſie mit dem ſorgenvollſten Blicke; es wollen Männer zu Euch! Ob ſie Euch jetzt auch recht kommen, Meiſter? Wir wollen einſtweilen hinüber gehen, Mutter, — kommt!"

Sie führte mit ängſtlichem Zwang die Alte fort, und kaum waren Beide in das Seitengemach entfernt, als der Sheriff mit Gerichtsdienern eintrat.

Der in Scharlach Gekleidete ſetzte mit feierlicher Miene und pedantiſchen Umſchweifen aus einander, warum Maſter William vor Gericht und in Haft folgen müſſe. Der Freund blieb während deſſen ganz verdutzt. In andern Fällen nicht ohne Verwegenheit, ſah er ſich doch jetzt einer Gewalt gegenüber, von der ihn kein perſönlicher Muth befreien konnte. Er ſuchte Ausflüchte, that ungehörige Fragen, ſchickte ſich an zu folgen, und ſchützte dann wieder bald dringende Geſchäfte, bald Unwohlſein vor; kurz, er benahm ſich wie ein Mann, der nicht ohne Schuld, aber ohne Rechtskniffe, unmuthig, aber ungewandt in ſeiner augenblicklichen Lage iſt. Es half nichts, er mußte ſich ankleiden, um dem Sheriff zu folgen, und ſo ſehr er dabei zögerte, fiel ihm doch keine Ausflucht vor ſolcher widerwärtigen Gewalt ein.

Der Sheriff ſuchte ihn zu beruhigen: Newgate ſei ja ganz in der Nähe. —

„Was? rief William. Das Criminalgefängniß?"

Es überlief ihn kalt und heiß. Eine Erſchöpfung wandelte ihn an; er warf ſich auf den Polſterſitz. Vor ſeinen Augen dunkelte es; er fühlte ſeine Zukunft als eine ſchauervolle Nacht, die des Sheriffs Scharlachmantel wie ein Höllenfeuer durchleuchtete. Er erklärte feſt, er werde nicht folgen.

Der Sheriff winkte den Dienern, Gewalt zu brauchen; Da ſtürzte Nelly herein. — „Graf Southampton iſt in's Haus getreten," ſagte ſie. „Wartet noch Sheriff! Maſter William bekommt Beſuch von ſeiner Herrlichkeit." — Und dem Freunde flüſterte ſie zu, er möchte doch des Grafen Schutz und Einfluß anſprechen.

William ſtand auf und fühlte ſich erhoben. — Der Graf trat herein, maß mit flüchtigem Blicke den Sheriff, und faßte mit freundlichem Gruße Williams Hand. — „Ich komme —" hob er an, ſah ſich aber gleich wieder nach dem Sheriff um und ſagte: „Ihr habt da einen Scharlachhandel?"

„Ein Streit mit Burbadge, Mylord, erwiederte William, hat meinem Degen einen unglücklichen Sieg verſchafft, und die Maſters wollen mir nun einen eben ſo leidigen Siegeszug nach Newgate bereiten."

„Ein Zweikampf?" lächelte Southampton. — „Ja wohl, Eure Herrlichkeit! fiel Nelly ein, und Lowin mit den andern falſchen Freunden haben die Anzeige gemacht. Ich war eben aus und habe alle die Schlechtigkeiten vernommen. Und mit Burbadge iſt es gar nicht einmal der Mühe werth; er iſt noch am Leben."

„Sheriff, ſagte der Graf, ich leiſte Bürgſchaft für den Maſter, ich ſtehe für ihn ein. Ich bürge, daß er das Haus nicht verläßt. Ich werde hernach Burbadge beſuchen, und in Perſon vor das Gericht kommen. Ich werde darthun, daß es gar kein richtiger Zweikampf geweſen iſt, ſondern blos eine im Dunkel begangene Unvorſichtigkeit mit dem Degen. Geht nur, ich werde Alles ins Klare bringen. Das Geſetz paßt nicht auf den Fall."

Der Sheriff verlangte nur eine ſchriftliche Erklärung des Grafen, erhielt ſie, und verließ nun zu Williams Freude und von Nelly geleitet, das Haus.

„Ich komme, Euch für die köſtlichen Sonnette zu danken, die Ihr mir gewidmet habt," fuhr nun der Graf fort.

„Eure Herrlichkeit! rief William aus. Es wäre genug, daß Ihr mir meine Kühnheit verziehet."

„Nicht alſo! verſetzte Southampton. Ihr habt mir wohl früher angemerkt, wie ſehr ich Eure Dichtungen ſchätze. Darum dürft Ihr voraus ſagen, daß ich es für keine poetiſche Freiheit, ſondern für Dichterkunſt anſehe, wenn Ihr mir ſo ſüße Verſe nicht bloß widmet, ſondern mich, ſo zu ſagen, ganz hinein wickelt."

„Allerdings hat mich Eure freundliche Huld aufgemuntert, erklärte William. Wie Ihr in jedem meiner Stücke vorn auf der Bühne ſaßt, war mir Euer huldvolles Auge der Polarſtern, nach dem ich mich richtete. Das Klatſchen der Menge galt mir nur, um mich an die vielen Hände zu erinnern, die bezahlt hatten. Für meine Stücke war Eure Herrlichkeit mein Publikum. So war es früher. Nun Ihr aber, ſeit ich Euch meine Sonnette überreichen ließ, faſt gar nicht mehr ins Theater gekommen ſeid, glaubte ich, Ihr zürntet mir."

„Bewahre! lächelte der Graf in wehmüthiger Erinnerung. In der letzten Zeit habe ich meine Abende verändert. Ich könnte ſagen, ich hätte ebenfalls ein Schauſpiel geſehen, freilich von anderer, als poetiſcher Täuſchung. Nun werde ich aber wieder zu Euern Dichtungen eilen. Bei allem Dem, daß ich auf der Bühne Euch oft genug ſo nahe ſaß, bin ich doch niemals dazu gekommen, Euch auch nur zu ſagen, wie ſehr ich Euch ſchätze. Ich unterließ es abſichtlich. Ein ſolches Lob iſt bei unſern jungen Edelleuten zu ſehr zur bloßen Floskel geworden: ich fürchtete, es möchte Euch aus meinem Munde eben ſo wohlfeil erſcheinen, als es von Andern an Andere geſpendet wird. Mir aber war es ſehr ernſt mit meinem verheimlichten Beifall. Ich wollte Euch kein Gnadengeſchenk des Lobes, ſondern einen reinen Tribut entrichten. Darum komme ich ausdrücklich in Eure Wohnung, wo ich das Wort allein habe. Damit ſoll es aber nicht abgethan ſein; wir wollen uns künftig näher bleiben. Meine Mutter wünſcht Euch kennen zu lernen; da Ihr aber des Ehrenhandels wegen, bis ich die Sache ausgeglichen, in häuslicher Haft ſeid: ſo will ich Euern Beſuch in Southamptonhaus auf ein anderes Mal einrichten. Wenn Euch meine Verbindungen, mein geringes Vermögen in irgend etwas förderlich ſein können, ſo habt Ihr die Schuld, wenn Ihr ſchweigt."

„Herr meiner Liebe! rief William aus bewegtem Herzen. Euer hoher Werth, Euer Verdienſt hat mich mit Allem, was ich bin, Euch dienſtbar gemacht. Ich habe Euch die kleinen Gedichte geſendet, um Euch meine Ergebenheit, nicht daß Ergebniß meiner Dichtkunſt zu zeigen. Zu groß iſt meine verehrungsvolle Neigung für Euch, als daß meine Poeſie reich genug wäre, ſie mit würdigen Worten zu kleiden, vielmehr hoffe ich von Eurer edeln Geſinnung, daß Ihr meinen guten Willen in ſeiner Nacktheit nicht für verwerflich achtet. Wenn einſt der Stern, der mich durchs Leben führt, heiterer, huldreicher auf mich niederlächelt, und meiner Neigung, die jetzt noch wie eine Bettlerin ausſieht, einige Zier verleiht: dann erſcheine ich vielleicht Eurer wohlthätigen Achtung werther, als jetzt, und darf eher mit meiner Liebe für Euch groß thun; wenn mir auch bis dahin nur mein Haupt vor Euch zu neigen ziemt."

Der Graf faßte den Dichter herzlich bei der Hand. „Nein, ſagte er, die Schranken, die zwiſchen uns Geburt und Beruf aufgeſtellt haben, ſollen ſo freie, fliegende Seelen, wie wir ſind, nicht hindern, Freunde zu werden. Ich bemerke einen edeln Stolz, ein höheres Trachten an Euch, William. Laßt mich mit der echteſten Freundſchaft, die man haben kann, Euch in Regionen bringen, in denen ſolche Gefühle eher flügge werden, als im Gehege Eures Handwerks. Wenn Ihr, werther Freund, ſetzte er lächelnd hinzu, etwas dichten wolltet in der Art, wie es unſern Edmund Spenſer berühmt gemacht hat: dergleichen erzählende und lyriſche Poeſien gelten in der höhern Geſellſchaft, ſie werden gedruckt und geleſen; ſie ſtempeln eigentlich den Dichter, und machen ihn bei dem Adel geſellſchaftsfähig; wärend die dramatiſchen Sachen nur als Beluſtigung des großen Haufens gelten. Verſteht ſich, — ich denke anders darüber."

„Es iſt etwas dergleichen, wie Ihr meint, ſchon angefangen, Mylord, erwiderte William. Nach dieſem ermunternden Beſuche Eurer Herrlichkeit werde ich gute Stunden finden, es zu vollenden."

Nach manchen lebhaften Geſprächen ſchied der Graf herzlich, und William geleitete ihn vor das Haus. — Den übrigen Tag brachte der Dichter in aufgeregter Stimmung zu, wie ſie bei begabten, aber unbefriedigten Menſchen nicht ſelten einkehrt, wenn auf körperliche Verſtimmung, auf Reue und Mißmuth, auf eigne Vorwürfe und fremde Engherzigkeit irgend ein erhebender Gedanke oder ein ſpannendes Ereigniß folgt, und das gedrückte Selbſtbewußtſein erweckt. Jene bittern Morgengefühle Williams ſchlugen ſich immer mehr nieder, und ſeine Zufriedenheit beſtärkte ſich.

In dieſer Stimmung durchwühlte er eine kleine Lade mit Handſchriften. Wo er ſeinen bisher in des Vaters Weiſe geſchriebenen Namen „Sharper" fand, durchſtrich er ihn, und ſchrieb ihn bedeutſam und prunkender in — „Shakeſpeare" um. Endlich fand er das geſuchte Heft mit dem angefangenen Gedichte „Venus und Adonis" auf einzelne Blätter hingeworfen, wie ſie ihm beim Niederſchreiben gerade zur Hand gelegen waren. Er wollte das Gedicht nun raſch fertigen, feilen, und als Einſtand in die vornehme Welt drucken laſſen, dazwiſchen aber ſich nach neuen Fabeln zu Schauſpielen umſehen. Er fühlte einen Drang in ſich, neue, ungemeine Geſtalten und Lebensſchickſale darzuſtellen. Tiefere Schmerzen, eine edlere Luſt, als in ſeinen bisherigen Stücken, ſollten Worte finden. — Sein Leben ſchien nach einer ſtürmiſchen Nacht wie durch einen Ruck unerwartet in eine höhere Region gehoben; tief hinter ihm lagen verwitterte Genüſſe und Thorheiten; höhere Begierden wehten ihn an, und er empfand auf das Lebhafteſte, daß er auch Höheres zu leiſten habe. Die Vorurtheile ſeiner Mutter, ſeines Vaters Entrüſtung durften ihn nicht länger bekümmern und aufhalten; er war allem Engen, wie allem Niedern entrückt.

August Kopisch.

Dichter und Maler, am 26. Mai 1799 in Breslau von wohlhabenden Aeltern geboren, genoß den anregenden Unterricht von Manſo und bildete im Umgange mit geiſtvollen Freunden, Gelehrten und mit der Natur ſeine Neigung zur Poeſie und Malerei. Er begab ſich 1815 nach Prag, um ſich in der dortigen Kunſtakademie zu vervollkommnen, verletzte ſich aber durch einen Sturz die rechte Hand ſo ſehr, daß ſie bis jetzt noch nicht hat wiederhergeſtellt werden können. Dieſe Verletzung verhinderte ſeine volle künſtleriſche Ausbildung. In Wien ſetzte er ſeine Studien der alten und neuen Klaſſiker und der antiken und modernen Kunſtwerke' fort und machte intereſſante Bekanntſchaften, namentlich an Meynert und Wuk Stephanowitſch. In Breslau hielt er ſich 1819 kurze Zeit auf, lebte dann in Dresden und begab ſich darauf nach Italien, wo er lange zu Neapel verweilte. Die dortige Natur, das frohe Volksleben und der Umgang mit Donizetti, dem Luſtſpieldichter Camerone und Platen feſſelten ihn. Auf ſeinen Durchforſchungen der Inſel Capri entdeckte er die ſeitdem bekannte und oft beſuchte blaue Grotte. 1828 kehrte er nach Deutſchland zurück und lebt ſeitdem in Berlin.

Er ſchrieb:

Carnevalsfeſt auf Iſchia, Novelle. 1831.
Gedichte. Berlin 1836.
Agrumi, italieniſche Volkslieder. Berlin 1837.
Ueberſetzung der göttlichen Komödie des Dante. 1 Bd. in gr. 8. Berlin 1842.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

K.'s Muſe iſt eine heitere, friſche, lebensluſtige, voll Geſundheit, echten Humors und tüchtiger, kräftiger Geſinnung. Mit großer Gewandtheit verſteht er es, den Gegenſtänden, die er ſchildert, eine neue Seite abzugewinnen und durch Gemüthlichkeit der Darſtellung und eine ſehr geſchickte Behandlung der äußeren Form ihnen echt poetiſches Leben einzuflößen. Daher ſind auch viele ſeiner Lieder wie „Noah, Blücher am Rhein, der kleinen Leute Ueberfahrt" u. ſ. w. bereits in das Volk gedrungen und bleibendes Eigenthum deſſelben geworden. Seine poetiſchen Uebertragungen endlich gehören mit zu den beſten neueſter Zeit.

Des kleinen Volkes Ueberfahrt.

„Steh auf, ſteh auf! Es pocht ans Haus!"
„„Tip tipp."" „Wer mag das ſein?"
Der alte Fährmann geht hinaus:
„„Tip tipp."" „Wer mag das ſein?"
Nichts ſieht er, halb nur ſcheint der Mond:
Die Sache däucht ihm ungewohnt! —
Da flüſtert es fein:
„O Fährmann mein,
Wir ſind ein winzig Völkelein,
Und haben Weib und Kindelein,
Fahr über uns, die Müh iſt klein,
Und Jedes zahlt ſein Hellerlein:
Es lärmt zu ſehr im Lande,
Wir wollen zum andern Strande!
Unheimlich wird's an dieſem Ort,
Es gellt hier zu viel Hammerſchlag,
Und ſchießt und trommelt fort und fort,
Die Glocken läuten Tag für Tag." —
Der Fährmann ſteigt in ſeinen Kahn:
„„Ich will euch fahren: kommt heran!
Werft ohne Betrug
Das Geld in den Krug!"" —
O welchen Lärm vernahm er da,
Obwohl er nichts am Ufer ſah:
Er wußte nicht, wie ihm geſchah,
Es klang wie fern und war doch nah,
Zehntauſend kleine Stimmchen,
Viel feiner als die Immchen.

Der Schiffer ruft dem Knechte ſein,
Er kommt .... die kleinen Weſen ſchrei'n:
„Zertritt uns nicht, wir ſind ſo klein!"
Da mußt er wohl behutſam ſein!
Tück tück! fiel's in den Krug hinab,
Wie Jeder ſeinen Heller gab.
Pirr! trippelt's heran
Und ſtapft zum Kahn
Und ächzt wie mit Kiſten und Kaſten ſchwer,
Ruckt, drückt und ſchiebt ſich hin und her,
Weint, ruft und zankt ſich überquer,
Es drängt und zwängt ſich immermehr:
„Fahr ab; der Kahn will ſinken!
Fort! eh' wir all' ertrinken!"

Der Schiffer ſtößt vom Ufer los,
Und, als er jetzo drüben war,
Geht an das Schiff mit leichtem Stoß!
„Huh!" ſchrie die ganze kleine Schaar,
In Ohnmacht fiel da manche Frau:
Das hörte man am Ton genau.
Nun tappelt's hinaus
Mit Katz und Maus,
Mit Kind und Kegel und Stuhl und Tiſch,
Mit Kiſten und Kaſten und Federwiſch!
Es war ein Lärmen und ein Gemiſch
Von Ruf und Zank und Stillgeziſch!
Nichts ſieht man; doch am Schalle
Hört man, hinaus ſind Alle! —

Nach holt er wieder neue Schaar:
Die lärmt hinaus: er fährt zurück.
Als dreißigmal gefahren war,
Läßt noch im Krug das „Tück, tück, tück."
Er fährt den letzten Theil zum Strand:
Der Mond geht unter am Himmelrand;
Doch dunkelt es nicht:
Was glänzt ſo licht?
Am Strand gehn tauſend Lichter klein,
Wie von Johanniswürmelein ....
Da rafft der Knecht vom Uferrain
Erdboden in den Hut hinein,
Setzt auf und kann nun ſchauen
Die Männlein und die Frauen!

O, welche Wunder er nun ſah:
Der ganze Strand war all bedeckt:
Sie liefen mit Laternchen da,
Von Gras und Blumen oft verſteckt,
Und trugen Kindlein wunderhold,
Und Edelſtein' und rothes Gold.
Hei, denket der Knecht:
Das kommt mir recht!
Und langt begierig aus dem Kahn
Am Uferrande weit hinan ....
Da merket ihn ein kleiner Mann,
Und fängt ein Zeterſchreien an!
Puh, puh! ſind aus die Lichte,
Verſchwunden alle Wichte!

Drauf flog es her wie Erbſen klein;
Es mochten kleine Steinchen ſein,
Die warfen ſie mit großer Pein,
Und ächzten mühſam hinterdrein! —
„Es ſprühet immer mehr wie toll!
Fort, fort von hier, der Kahn wird voll!" —
Sie wenden geſchwind
Herum wie der Wind,
Und ſtoßen eilig ab vom Land,
Und fahren in Angſt ſich feſt im Sand,
Bald rechter Hand, bald linker Hand,
Und immer ruft es nach vom Strand:
„„Das Fliehn war euer Glück,
Sonſt kämt ihr nie zurück!"" —

Die Hausdrachen.

Ich hob einen Dreier auf am Zaun,
Ging hin den andern Tag:
O Wunder, ein Sechſer war nun zu ſchaun,
Der an ſelbiger Stelle lag!
Den nahm ich wieder, ohn' alle Sorgen,
Und fand einen Groſchen am andern Morgen:
So ging tagtäglich fort der Kauf,
Bis endlich gar zum Thaler hinauf!
Da dacht' ich: Nimmſt du ihn, kommt zum Dache
Dir in das Haus herein der Drache? — —
Doch blinkte der Heckethaler ſo; —
Ich nahm ihn auf friſch, frei und froh!

Und war nicht zwanzig Schritt vom Zaun,
So kam mein Weib erſchreckt:
„Ach Mann! Am Herde liegt, ein Graun,
Ein Drache, langgeſtreckt!" —
Ich ſprach: „„O Weib, laß alle Sorgen!
Nun brauchen wir weiter nicht zu borgen!
Der Drache bringt uns Geld ins Haus,
Den wünſche mir nimmermehr hinaus!
Du mußt ihn weiblich pflegen und hegen,
Und Trinken und Eſſen ihm ſtellen und legen."" —
Da ſprach mein Weib: „Mir gruſelt's noch,
Doch, bringt er Geld, ſo thu' ich's doch." —

Nun wird der Drache gehegt, gepflegt,
Und bringt uns Geld auf Geld,
Wer weiß wo? wie? zuſammengefegt,
Rings in der ganzen Welt!

Dran hat mein Weib Gefallen,
Langt zu mit beiden Krallen;
Und, will ſie Alles für ſich allein,
Wie kann da Fried' im Hauſe ſein?
Sie beißt und faucht wie ein Igel,
Wirft, ſchlägt mit Topf und Tiegel!
Zwei Drachen ſind in einem Haus,
Das halt', das halt' ein Andrer aus!

Was wollt ihr trinken?

Freunde ſagt, was wollt ihr trinken?
Wein!
Wein!
Wein, Wein!
Wein, Wein, Wein!
Soll der Knecht nach Waſſer hinken?
Nein!
Nein!
Nein, nein!
Nein, nein, nein!
Laß das Waſſer bleiben!
Laß es gehn und Mühlen treiben!
Laß es in den Wüſtenei'n
Troſt der Karavanen ſein!
Laß die Hügel es beregnen,
Daß ſie uns mit Trauben ſegnen!
Laß es ſeine ſtolzen Wellen
Bis hinauf zum Himmel ſchnellen!
Laß es große Schiffe ſchwingen,
Die den Wein von ferne bringen!
Laß in alle Land' es laufen,
Und damit die Heiden taufen!
Waſſer ſoll belobet ſein;
Doch wir trinken — Wein!
Wein, Wein!

Nun, ſo nennt mir eure Sorte?
Wein!
Wein!
Wein, Wein!
Wein, Wein, Wein!
Nennt die Berge, nennt die Orte?
Nein!
Nein!
Nein, nein!
Nein, nein, nein!
Bring' herbei vom allerbeſten,
Der gefällt den meiſten Gäſten!
Wenn der Trunk uns wohlbehagt,
Wird der Name bald erfragt!
Nur der ächte iſt der rechte,
All der andre bleibt der ſchlechte!
Bring' uns ſolchen, der uns ſtärket,
Den das Herz im Leibe merket!
Bring' uns ſolchen, der uns hebet,
Daß die Seel' ins Freie ſchwebet,
Daß der Plunder dieſer Erde
Recht von ihr verlachet werde!
Laß den Namen Namen ſein,
Bring' nur Wein, Wein, Wein!
Wein, Wein!
Aber Gläſer oder Becher?
Wein!
Wein!
Wein, Wein!
Wein, Wein, Wein!
Oder Humpen, werthe Zecher?
Wein!
Wein!
Wein, Wein!
Wein, Wein, Wein!
Schenk' ihn ein in — was ihn faſſet,
Was an Menſchenlippen paſſet!
Blanke Becher klingen ſchön:
Gläſer geben gut' Getön:
Läßt der Wein ſich ſonſt nicht lumpen,
Schmeckt er aus den größten Humpen!
Auch bei Muſcheln oder Hörnern
Liegen Trinker nicht auf Dörnern!
Was du haſt ,gieb ohne Prahlen,
Wär' es auch in Kürbißſchalen!
Fehlt das All', ſo ſchenk' am Ende
Ihn in beide hohle Hände,
Oder gleich ins Maul hinein!
Schenk' nur ein, ſchenk' ein!
Schenk' ein!

Hiſtorie von Noah.

Als Noah aus dem Kaſten war,
Da trat zu ihm der Herre dar;
Der roch des Noäh Opfer fein
Und ſprach: „Ich will dir gnädig ſein,
Und weil Du ein ſo frommes Haus,
So bitt' dir ſelbſt die Gaben aus.“

Fromm Noah ſprach: „Ach lieber Herr,
Das Waſſer ſchmeckt mir gar nicht mehr,
Dieweil darin erſäufet ſind,
All ſündhaft Vieh und Menſchenkind.
Drum möcht ich armer, alter Mann,
Ein anderweit Getränke han!“

Da griff der Herr ins Paradies,
Und gab ihm einen Weinſtock ſüß:
Und ſprach: „Den ſollſt du pflegen ſehr!“
Und gab ihm guten Rath und Lehr,
Und wies ihm Alles ſo und ſo.
Der Noah ward ohn' Maßen froh.

Und rief zuſammen Weib und Kind,
Darzu ſein ganzes Hausgeſind',
Pflanzt Weinberg ringsumſich herum;
Der Noah war fürwahr nicht dumm!
Baut Keller dann und preßt den Wein,
Und füllt ihn gar in Fäſſer ein.

Der Noah war ein frommer Mann,
Stach ein Faß nach dem andern an,
Und trank es aus zu Gottes Ehr:
Das macht ihm eben kein Beſchwer.
Er trank, nachdem die Sündfluth war,
Dreihundert noch und fünfzig Jahr.

Nützliche Lehre.

Ein kluger Mann hieraus erſicht,
Daß Weins Genuß ihm ſchadet nicht;
Und item, daß ein guter Chriſt
In Wein niemalen Waſſer gießt:
Dieweil darin erſäufet ſind
All ſündhaft Vieh und Menſchenkind.

Blücher am Rhein.

Die Heere blieben am Rheine ſtehn:
Soll man hinein nach Frankreich gehn?
Man dachte hin und wieder nach,
Allein der alte Blücher ſprach:
„Generalcharte her!
Nach Frankreich gehn iſt nicht ſo ſchwer.
Wo ſteht der Feind?“ — „„Der Feind? — dahier!““
„Den Finger drauf, den ſchlagen wir!
Wo liegt Paris?“ — „„Paris? — dahier!““ —
„Den Finger drauf! das nehmen wir!
Nun ſchlagt die Brücken übern Rhein;
Ich denke, der Champagnerwein
Wird, wo er wächſt, am Beſten ſein!“

Pſaumis und Durns.

„Wer zuerſt gefaßt den Enterhaken,
Wer zuerſt in Mehons Schiff geſprungen,
Wer allein ihn in den Grund geſchmettert? —
Jeder weiß es hier im Volk von Maina!
Komm nur Pſaumis, komm und nimm mir, nimm mir
All die Waffen Mehons! — Nimm den Säbel,

Gürt' ihn um dir! — Nimm die bunte Flinte,
Nimm das ganze Schiff mir, nimm es, nimm es.
Nimm's — und trag es deinem Weib ins Haus hin!
Nimm ganz Maina, wirf es in den Schoos ihr!
Ruhig werd ich zuſchaun, ungeregt,
Ungeregt wie jener Thurm der Klippe!
Doch es wird dereinſt ſich Puras rächen,
Nicht wie ſchwache Kinder, nein, wie Puras!" —
Puras ſpricht's und wirft die Heldenwaffen,
Die von Gold und Prachtjuwelen ſchimmern,
Zu den Füßen Pſaumis, der entgegnet:
„„Schmähend vor die Füße wirfſt du, Puras,
Mir die Waffen, die mit Blut erkämpften?
Die getheilt ich wollte? — Wiſſe Puras,
So beſchmähte Schenkung nimmt kein Pſaumis! —
Liegen mögen ſie am Strand und faulen,
Faulen ſammt dem Schiff, das wir erbeutet!
Geh und droh mir! All dein Drohen iſt mir,
Wie die Welle, die vom Stein hinabtrieft!
Aber wahr' vor mir dich: Pſaumis Feindſchaft
Wird im heilen Leib das Herz dir treffen!""
Pſaumis ſpricht es. — Trauernd, rings umdrängt ihn
Mainas Volk: die Krieger und die Greiſe
Mühn umſonſt ſich ab den Haß zu ſühnen!
Auseinander trennen ſich die Führer,
Scheiden ihre Krieger, ihre Schiffer,
Und, die Beute dort am Ufer laſſend
Wild die Locken ſchüttelnd, wandeln jetzt ſie,
Der am Strand hin — der im Myrthenwalde:
Keiner denkt der Seinen, Jeder ſinnt nur,
Wie er Leid auf Leid am Höchſten thürme,
Wie den Andern er am Schwerſten kränke?

Nur gefolgt von zween ſeiner Krieger,
Um den Klippenrand hin wandelt Puras:
Fliegt ſein Blick hinauf zur Felſentreppe,
Wo, aus uneinnehmbar hoher Grotte,
Pſaumis junge Gattin niederſteiget;
Niederſteigt ſie, allen Streit zu ſühnen!
Aber Puras rufet die Gefährten,
Läßt ſie rauben und, herabgetragen,
In ein Boot ſie ſchleppen, ſpringt hinein dann:
„Schnell hinüber! ruft er: Schnell hinüber!
Zu der Rhede, zu dem Sklavenkäufer!
Schwinden wird vor Gram der ſtolze Pſaumis,
Hört er, wie ſein Weib als Sklavin dienet!" —
Schreien vor Entſetzen will die Schöne;
Doch man hält den Dolch ihr dicht ans Auge,
Bis ſie ſtumm wird, gleich dem Bild von Marmor.
— Leicht beſchwingt von ſchnellen Ruderſchlägen,
Theilt der Kiel die purpurblaue Meerfluth.

Als zum Sklavenkäufer ſie gelanget:
Nimmt ihr Puras vom Geſicht den Schleier,
Bietet ſie zu Kauf für neunzig Goldſtück. —
„Nicht zu tadeln iſt ſie, ſpricht der Fremde:
Nicht zu tadeln; doch — von Pſaumis kauft ich
Eben eine ſchönre für die Hälfte!" —
Da erzitterten die Kniee Puras:
„„„Laß ſie ſchaun, die du gekauft von Pſaumis!""" —
„Schau, ſie liegt am Boden hier, in Ohnmacht,
Bleich vor Schrecken; doch ſie röthet bald ſich
Wie das Blatt der jungen Frühlingsroſe!" —
Als nun Puras hinſchaut, füllt ſein Auge
Schwarzes Dunkel und ſein Herz erſtarret:
Wie er ſeine Gattin ſieht als Sklavin!
Wo die Seele war, wer ſagt es? Aber
Zu ſich ſelber ſprach die Seele Puras:
„Wahrlich, Pſaumis trifft im heilen Leibe
Dir das Herz, wie er vorhin gedrohet!"

Als die Seele Puras nun zurück kam,
Blickt er auf, als ſänn er einen Anſchlag:
Spricht zum Fremden: „Schön iſt die Gekaufte,
Schön; doch, die ich bringe dir, — nicht minder!
Nimm ſie, für den Preis, den du geboten! —
Mir nicht, — gieb das Geld dort meinen Leuten!" —
Als nun Pſaumis Gattin ſo verkauft war
Und entwandert in das Schiff als Sklavin,
Rufet Puras: „Nun, du Sklavenkäufer!
Auf die Segel! — Flieg in alle Winde:
Daß von Maina dich kein Schiff erreiche!" —
Nicht verſchmäht der Fremde dieſe Drohung;
Aber Puras jaget nach dem Ufer,
Mit beſchwingtem Ruder nach dem Ufer,
Wo bereits die Kunde ſich verbreitet
Von des Pſaumis That und der des Puras. —
Als er nun ans Land ſpringt jähen Sprunges,
Schnell entgegen kommt ihm, tritt ihm Pſaumis. —
Staunend vor einander ſtehn ſie, ſtarren
Aug' in Aug' ſich an. Gedenkend Beide:
Wie ſie ſich vordem nur Holdes thaten,
Wie ſie jetzt das Bitterſte gethan ſich!
Starren lange ſie, — bis Beider Augen
Sich mit Thränen füllen, bis ſie weinen,
Bis ſie ſinken Herz an Herz! — Da drängt ſich
Freudig rings herzu das Volk von Maina!
Aber Puras hebt das Haupt und rufet:
„Auf nun, Pſaumis! auf ihr, meine Freunde!
Auf! zu Schiff! der Fremde ſpannt die Segel:
Zeigen wir ihm ſchnell ein Schiff von Maina!" —

Ha! wie rührt ſich Alles nun am Strande,
Auf dem Schiff, im Thauwerk, auf den Maſten,
Auf den Raaen! — Alle Segel fliegen
Und im Winde ſchwebt das Schiff, wie Schwalben
Nur der Wogen weiße Spitze rührt es,
Tragend Pſaumis und den kühnen Puras!
Bald erjagen ſie des Fremden Fahrzeug,
Rufen ſchnell hinüber durch das Sprachrohr:
„Nimm das Geld zurück, das du gezahlet!
Gieb heraus die Frauen, gieb heraus ſie!" —
Doch, — der Ueberkühne! nicht mit Worten
Mit Kanonen donnert er die Antwort! —
Ha! wie jagt da das Mainottenſchiff ihm
Dicht heran, mit gleichem wildem Donnern!
Es verwickelt ſich mit jenes Schnabel! . . .
Muthig wehrt der Feind ſich, doch ſein Schiff iſt
Bald erklettert und zu Grund geſchmettert!
Ueberall hin treiben ſeine Planken!

Heimwärts mit den Weibern ziehn die Sieger,
Jubellaut empfängt am hohen Strand ſie —
Und ein Feuer ſchüren ſie am Strande,
Mächtig, übergroß und überprächtig!
Puras ſelbſt und Pſaumis tragen Brände:
Zu verbrennen jene Feindeswaffen,
Wehons Waffen, die den Streit erreget.

Wilhelm Körte

wurde am 24. März 1776 zu Aſchersleben geboren; von Vater Gleim, ſeinem Großoheim erzogen, beſuchte er die Schule in Aſchersleben und Halberſtadt, und ſtudirte in Halle Baukunſt und ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften. Ohne um eine Anſtellung nachgeſucht oder eine ſolche erhalten zu haben, lebte er als Literat in freundlichen Verhältniſſen in Halberſtadt von dem Gehalte, den er als Adminiſtrator der Gleimſchen Familienſtiftung und als ehemaliger Domvicar bezog. Er war mit der einzigen Tochter des Philologen Fr. A. Wolf verheirathet. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1845.

Er gab heraus:

Briefe Bodmers, Sulzers und Geßners. 1804.
Heinſe's, J. v. Müllers und Gleims Briefe. 2 Bde. 1806.

Gleims Werke. 8 Bde. 1811.
Leben Gleims, aus ſeinen Büchern und Schriften. 1811.
Leben Carnots, aus den beſten gedruckten und handſchriftlichen Nachrichten. 1820.
Leben und Studien F. A. Wolfs. 2 Bde. 1833.
Consilia scholastica, eine Sammlung aus Wolfs Vorträgen, Kollegienheften über Schule, Erziehung und Unterricht. 1835.
Die Sprüchwörter und ſprüchwörtl. Redensarten der Deutſchen. Nebſt den Redensarten der deutſchen Zechbrüder und aller Praktik Großmutter, d. i. der Sprüchwörter ewigem Wetter-Kalender. Geſammelt und mit vielen ſchönen Verſen, Sprüchen und Hiſtorien in ein Buch verfaßt. Leipz. 1837. Brockhaus.
Albrecht Thaer, ſein Leben und Wirken, als Arzt und Landwirth. 1839.
E. Ch. v. Kleiſts ſämmtliche Werke, herausgeg. mit des Dichters Leben. 2 Thle. Mit einem Titelkupf. Neue Orig.-Ausg. 16. Berlin 1840. Herbig.

K. hat ſich vorzüglich viele Verdienſte durch die von ihm veranſtalteten Sammlungen und Ausgaben der hinterlaſſenen Schriften Gleims und ſeiner Freunde, ſo wie F. A. Wolfs erworben. Seine biographiſchen Arbeiten zeichnen ſich durch Gründlichkeit und Gewiſſenhaftigkeit aus.

Karl Theodor von Küſtner

wurde wohlhabenden Aeltern in Leipzig am 26. Nov. 1784 geboren, ſtudirte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und in Göttingen die Rechte. Nachdem er Deutſchland, die Schweiz und Frankreich bereiſt hatte, wurde er 1810 Doctor der Rechte, und diente 1813 als Huſarenoffizier im ſächſiſchen Heere. Vorliebe für die dramatiſche Kunſt führte ihn zum Theater. Er widmete ſich dieſem Berufe in Leipzig, nahm Theil an dem Aufbau des Schauſpielhauſes und Stadttheaters, übernahm 1817 die Leitung des letztern auf eigne Rechnung und führte unter ſehr ſchwierigen Verhältniſſen dieſelbe zu allgemeiner Zufriedenheit bis 1828. Zu gleicher Zeit wurde er zur Leitung an die Theater nach Frankfurt a. M. und nach Darmſtadt berufen; er entſchied ſich für letztere Stadt, legte aber ſchon nach einem Jahre ſein Amt nieder und übernahm 1833 die Hoftheaterintendanz in München, welche er bis 1841 verwaltete. In dieſem Jahre ging er in gleicher Eigenſchaft an das königliche Theater in Berlin. Von Coburg und Dresden erhielt er den Hofrathstitel, von Heſſen-Darmſtadt 1834 das Ritterkreuz erſter Claſſe des Ludwigsordens, 1837 erhob ihn der König von Baiern in den Adelsſtand und 1839 verlieh er ihm den Titel eines geheimen Hofraths und den Civilverdienſtorden.

Er ſchrieb:

Dramatiſche Kleinigkeiten. 1813.
Rückblicke auf das leipziger Stadttheater. 1831.

Durch ſeine vortreffliche Verwaltung dreier Bühnen erſten Ranges hat ſich K. bedeutendere und allgemeinere Anerkennung erworben, als durch ſeine keineswegs talentloſen, aber doch nicht außergewöhnlichen literäriſchen Leiſtungen.

Franz Theodor Kugler

ward am 16. Jan. 1808 in Stettin geboren. K. wechſelte ſehr oft mit ſeinen Studien; er trieb zuerſt Muſik, wendete ſich von dieſer der Poeſie zu, beſchäftigte ſich mit der Malerei, ſtudirte Philologie, und ging zur Architektur und Muſik, zur Geſchichte und Archäologie über. 1826 ſtudirte er in Berlin Philologie, in Heidelberg faßte er 1827 Neigung für die Kunſt des Mittelalters. Später beſuchte er in Berlin die Bauakademie und ließ ſich in der Feldmeßkunſt examiniren. Nachdem er 1831 in Berlin promovirt hatte, bereiſte er Süddeutſchland. 1833 erhielt K. eine Lehrerſtelle, ſpäter eine Profeſſur an der Kunſtakademie, ward Docent an der Univerſität, und machte 1835 mit dem Dichter Franz von Gaudy eine Reiſe nach Italien. Seitdem verweilt er wieder in Berlin.

Er gab heraus:

Skizzenbuch, eine Sammlung Gedichte, Zeichnungen und Compoſitionen. 1830.
Denkmäler der bildenden Kunſt des Mittelalters in den preußiſchen Staaten. 1 Heft. 1830.
Architektoniſche Denkmäler der Altmark Brandenburg. Zeichnungen und Lithographien von Stark und Meierheim. 1833.
Muſeum. Zeitſchrift für die Kunſt. 1833—37.
Legenden. Berlin 1831.
Ueber Polychromie der griechiſchen Architektur und Sculptur und ihre Grenzen. 1835.
Liederbuch für deutſche Künſtler. 1833.
Handbuch der Geſchichte der Malerei von Conſtantin dem Großen bis auf die neuere Zeit. 2 Bde. 1837.
Beſchreibung und Geſchichte der Schloßkirche zu Quedlinburg. In Verbindung mit dem Schuldirector Ranke. 1838.
Beſchreibung der Kunſtſchätze von Berlin und Potsdam. 2 Bde. 1838.
Geſchichte Friedrichs des Großen. Mit Abbildungen. 1840.
Gedichte. 8. Stuttg. und Tübingen. 1840. Cotta.

Einer der geiſtreichſten Kenner der bildenden Künſte und ihrer Geſchichte, hat ſich K. durch ſeine Leiſtungen auf dieſem Gebiete einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben und allgemeine Anerkennung gefunden. Eine nicht minder günſtige Aufnahme ward ſeiner mit eben ſo großer Beſonnenheit als trefflicher Darſtellungsweiſe verfaßten Geſchichte Friedrichs des Großen zu Theil, die ſich einer weiten Verbreitung im deutſchen Vaterlande erfreut. Seine poetiſchen Leiſtungen zeichnen ſich durch tiefe Gemüthlichkeit, lebendige Auffaſſung und große Gewandtheit in der Behandlung von Sprache und Form vortheilhaft aus.

La Chitarra non suona più.

Kennſt du die Fluth, an deren Rand
Limonen und Granaten blühn?
Der Inſeln wunderſames Band,
Die in dem Abendgolde glühn?
Da trug ein leichter Segelwind
Uns zwei hinaus in ſel'ger Ruh,
Und Lieder ſangeſt, hold geſinnt,
Zur Cither du —
La Chitarra non suona più!

Es war im Scherz, — wir wußten's ja,
Wir dachten beid' an keinen Gram
Und ſcherzten ſpielend fort, ob nah
Und näher auch die Trennung kam.
Doch als nun von des Schiffes Bord
Die Glocke rief dem Wand'rer zu,
Da fand ich, ach! kein Scheidewort,
Da weinteſt du —
La Chitarra non suona più!

Vom Alpengipfel, hoch und kahl,
Wo Alles ſchweigt im tiefen Schnee,
Schaut' ich zurück zum letzten Mal,
Sprach ich zum letzten Mal Ade.
Und in Gedanken, o mein Herz,
Schweifſt immer noch gen Süden du?
Wir wandern einſam heimathwärts, —
Gieb dich zur Ruh —
La Chitarra non suona più!

In der Ferne.

Nun iſt mit ſeinem lauten Treiben
Der heiße Tag zur Ruh' gebracht,
Und nur die kühlen Brunnen bleiben
Einſam geſchäftig über Nacht.

Und wie ſich tief geheime Kunde
Im Mondendämmer offenbart,
So ſteigt aus meines Herzens Grunde
Die Sehnſucht, die mein Leben ward.

Es ſchläft, was mich am Tag umdüſtert,
Was mich verwirrt, bedrängt, gequält:
Mir iſt, als ob dein Mund mir flüſtert,
Dein Hauch dem meinen ſich vermählt.

An einen vergeſſenen Dichter.

Sprich, warum ſtets du mir erſcheinſt,
Du armes, altermüdes Haupt!
Mich dünkt, fürwahr, du wareſt einſt
Von grünem Lorbeer dicht umlaubt.

Wohl ſchwand des Frühlings Licht und Glanz,
Wohl hat gebrannt der Sommer heiß. —
'S iſt Winter nun, und von dem Kranz
Blieb nur ein dürres Dornenreis.

Dein Name, als ein Knab' ich war,
Erklang in hellem, vollem Ton:
Wer heut ihn nennt, — er thut es gar
Kaum anders als in bitterm Hohn.

Vergeſſen haben ſie, — es flieht
Ihr Geiſt vor Bildern, die ſo werth, —
Vergeſſen, wie dein holdes Lied
Der Liebe Sprache ſie gelehrt.

Vergeſſen, wie im heil'gen Streit
Die Bruſt bei deinem Liede ſchwoll,
Vergeſſen, wie im tiefſten Leid
Die Tröſtung deinem Lied entquoll.

Doch wo noch Treu' im Herzen iſt,
Lebt fort auch deines Namens Preis;
Und wenn Du einſt begraben biſt,
Treibt neuen Sproß dein Dornenreis!

Ciceronianiſch.

Ein neues Lied für alte Freunde.

Quousque tandem! Wie ſo lang
Iſt hier erſchollen kein Geſang,
Die Kehle ſcheint verroſtet.
Quamdiu etiam! Wie weit
Liegt hinter uns die goldne Zeit,
Da wir den Wein gekoſtet!
Was hält befangen unſre Bruſt?
Denkt ihr nicht mehr der alten Luſt,
Des alten Jubelchores?
O tempora, o mores!

Die Stürme haben oft geweht,
Doch iſt der Sonne Majeſtät
Im Sturm noch nie geſcheitert.
Und unſer Herz, ſo warm, ſo voll,
Wer ſagt, daß es vergeſſen ſoll,
Was einſt es hat erweitert?
Nein, Bruder dort und Bruder hier,
Ich bleibe doch getreu bei dir.
Est is amicus quidem,
Qui est ut alter idem!

Und färbt ſich euer Haar ſchon licht,
Ei, blickt in den Spiegel nicht,
Sorgt nicht ob eurer Haare.
Was wir gelernt vor dieſer Friſt,
Daß immer mehr es gültig iſt,
Das brachten uns die Jahre.
Suavissima haec vina sunt, —
So ſprach zu uns des Meiſters Mund,
O lauſchet ſeinem Athem! —
[illegible]

So hebt die Gläſer denn aufs Neu'
Und ſingt und trinket ohne Scheu,
Wie ihr vordem geſungen.
Die Welt, die iſt ſo toll gemacht,
Die iſt ſo alt bei jungem Blut,
Laßt laufen denn die Jungen!
Laßt uns an die Vergangenheit
Feſt knüpfen auch die künft'ge Zeit:
Et aequales senectus
Impleat nostrum pectus!

Auf der Reiſe.

Wie ſteht der Dom ſo ſtill und hoch!
Wie geht der Strom ſo klar!
Das läßt, als wär' es eben noch,
So wie's vor Zeiten war.

Und doch! es fühlte manch ein Herz
Der Zeiten Wechſel ſchwer;
Gar manches ſchlägt in bitterm Schmerz,
Und manches ſchlägt nicht mehr.

Und wendeſt du dich, taub und blind,
Noch nicht der Heimath zu?
Kehr' um, du thöricht Menſchenkind!
Die Zeit eilt mehr als du.

Jungfrau Lorenz*).

„Guten Morgen, du Sonntagsglockenſchall!
Guten Morgen, ihr meine Blümlein all!
Wie tragt ihr ſo blitzender Perlen Zier:
Wie neigt ihr euch grüßend herüber zu mir!

Ich will mir winden einen ſchönen Kranz, —
Nicht für mein Haupt und nicht für den Tanz:
Für das arme leidende Gottesbild,
Dem das Blut hervor aus den Dornen quillt.

Doch die Blumen im Garten ſind viel zu bunt,
Die Chriſtusſtirne die iſt ja wund;
Ich will hinab auf die Wieſe gehn,
Wo ſtillere, kühlere Blumen ſtehn.

Und drüben da zieht ſich der duftige Wald, —
Wie der Amſel Flöten ſo lockend erſchallt!
Waldblumen ſie tragen ſittſamlich
Gar heilende lindernde Kraft in ſich.

Wie iſt es im Walde ſo heimlich und ſtill!
Horch, horch, was der Specht nur, der klopfende, will?
Eichkätzlein, ei, wie hüpft ihr ſo flink!
Was ſchauſt mich an, du liſtiger Fink?"

So wandelt das Mägdlein durch den Wald
Und pflückt ſich Blumen mannichfalt:
Doch als der Kranz nun fertig iſt,
Da hat ſie des Wegs Zeichen vermißt.

„Ach Thörin ich! und ſollt' ich zu ſpät
Zur Kirche nun kommen und zum Gebet?"
Zur Linken eilt ſie, zur Rechten bald,
Doch dichter und dichter nur wird der Wald.

Es ſchwinden die Stunden in flüchtigem Lauf,
Es ziehet der Mittag drückend herauf;
Verſtummt iſt der Vöglein muntres Spiel,
Und unter den Kiefern da weht es ſo ſchwül.

„Ach Vater und rufſt du dein Töchterlein?
Ich werde zu Tiſche nicht bei dir ſein!
Ach Mutter und ſendeſt du Boten hinaus?
Ich werde mich finden in keinem Haus!"

Sie läßt ſich nieder zur kurzen Raſt,
Sie ſpringt empor in erneuter Haſt,
Sie eilet zur Linken, zur Rechten bald,
Doch dichter und dichter nur wird der Wald.

Es ſchwinden die Stunden in flüchtigem Lauf,
Es ziehet der Abend, die Nacht herauf,
Dem Schrei der Eulen lauſchet ihr Ohr,
Irrlichtlein tanzen über dem Moor.

Da verſagt ihr der Athem, da wankt ihr Knie,
Da ſinkt ohnmächtig zu Boden ſie:
„Und muß es hier geſtorben ſein,
Herr Jeſu Chriſt, erbarm' dich mein!"

Doch wie die Sinnen ihr vergehn,
Iſt weiter ihr kein Leid geſchehn;
Ich glaub', es hat die ganze Nacht
Ein Engel über ihr gewacht.

Es kam geflogen der Morgenwind,
Ihr Schläfer wacht alle auf geſchwind!
Da ſchüttelten ſich Baum und Aeſt',
Da ſchwangen die Vögel ſich aus dem Neſt.

Und als das Mägdlein mit erwacht,
Was iſt's, daß ſie ſo fröhlich lacht?
Ein Hirſchlein, ſieh! das unerſchreckt
Liebkoſend ihr die Hände leckt.

Und ſeine Füße beugt es dann
Und blickt ſie klugen Auges an:
„O ſprich, wer dich geſendet hat,
O ſprich, und führſt du mich zur Stadt?"

Sie ſchwingt ſich friſchen Muths hinauf,
Das Hirſchlein ſchickt ſich an zum Lauf;
Und noch war's eine Stunde nicht,
Da ward der finſtre Wald ſo licht.

Und nun lag frei die Stadt davor,
Nun ritt ſie ein durchs alte Thor,
Nun ging's die Gaſſen ab und auf,
Zur Kirche noch in ſchnellem Lauf.

Da ſchwingt ſie nieder ſich zur Stund,
Lobpreiſend Gott mit Herz und Mund,
Und mit den Blumen, die ſie gepflückt,
Hat ſie des Heilands Bild geſchmückt.

Aus:

Geſchichte Friedrichs des Großen.

Die Erzählung des thüringiſchen Candidaten.

Als ich zum erſten Mal im Jahr 1766 nach Berlin kam, wurden mir bei Viſitirung meiner Sachen auf dem Packhofe 100 Reichsthaler Nürnberger ganze Batzen weggenommen. Der König, ſagte man mir, hätte ſchon etliche Jahre die Batzen ganz und gar verſchlagen laſſen, ſie ſollten in ſeinem Lande nichts gelten, und ich wäre ſo kühn und brächte die Batzen hieher, in die königliche Reſidenz, — auf den — Packhof! — Contrebande! — Contrebande! — Das war ein ſchöner Willkommen! Ich entſchuldigte mich mit der Unwiſſenheit: käme aus Thüringen, viele Meilen Weges her, hätte mithin ja unmöglich wiſſen können, was Seine Majeſtät in Dero Ländern verbieten laſſen.

Der Packhofs-Inſpector: Das iſt keine Entſchuldigung. Wenn man in eine ſolche Reſidenz reiſen und daſelbſt verbleiben will, ſo muß man ſich nach Allem genau erkundigen und wiſſen, was für Geldſorten im Schwange gehen, damit man nicht durch Einbringung verrufner Münze Gefahr laufe.

Ich: Was ſoll ich denn anfangen? Sie nehmen mir gar ſogar unſchuldig die Gelder weg! Wie und wovon ſoll ich denn leben?

Packhofs-Inſpector: Da muß Er zuſehen, und ich will Ihm ſogleich bedeuten: wenn die Sachen auf dem Packhofe viſitirt worden, ſo müſſen ſolche von der Stelle geſchafft werden.

Es wurde ein Schiebkarrner herbeigerufen, meine Effekten fortzufahren; dieſer brachte mich in die Jüdenſtraße in den weißen Schwan, warf meine Sachen ab und forderte vier Groſchen Lohn. Die hatte ich nicht. Der Wirth kam herbei, und als er ſah, daß ich ein gemachtes Federbett, einen Koffer voll Wäſche, einen Sack voll Bücher und andere Kleinigkeiten hatte, ſo bezahlte er den Träger und wies mir eine kleine Stube im Hofe an. Da könnte ich wohnen, Eſſen und Trinken wolle er mir geben; — und ſo lebte ich denn in dieſem Gaſthofe acht Wochen lang ohne einen blutigen Heller, in lauter Furcht und Angſt. In dem weißen Schwan ſpannen Fuhrleute aus und logiren da, und ſo kam denn öfters ein gewiſſer Advokat B. dahin und hatte ſein Werk mit den Fuhrleuten; mit dieſem wurde ich bekannt und klagte ihm meine unglücklichen Fata. Er verobligirte ſich, meine Gelder wieder herbeizuſchaffen, und ich verſprach ihm für ſeine Bemühung einen Louisd'or. Den Augenblick mußte ich mit ihm fortgehen, und ſo kamen wir in ein großes Haus; da ließ B. durch einen Bedienten ſich anmelden, und wir kamen in Continenti vor den Miniſter. Der Advokat trug die Sache vor und ſagte unter Anderm: „Wahr iſt es, daß der König die Batzen ganz und gar verſchlagen laſſen; ſie ſollen in ſeinem Lande nicht gelten; aber das weiß der Fremde nicht. Ohnehin extendirt ſich das Edict nicht ſo weit, daß man den Leuten ihre Batzen wegnehmen ſoll ꝛc." — Hierauf fing der Miniſter an zu reden: „Monſieur, ſeid Ihr der Mann, der meines Königs Mandate durchlöchern will? Ich höre, Ihr habt Luſt auf die Hausvogtei? Nur weiter, Ihr ſollt zu der Ehre gelangen ꝛc." — Was thut mein Advokat! Er ſubmittirte ſich und ging zum Tempel hinaus; ich hinter ihm her, und als ich auf die Straße kam, ſo war B. über alle Berge; und ſo hatte er denn meine Sache ausgemacht bis auf die ſtreitigen Punkte.

Endlich wurde mir der Rath gegeben, den König supplicando anzutreten, das Memorial aber müſſe ganz kurz, gleichwohl aber die contenta darinnen ſein. Ich concipirte eins, mundirte es und ging damit mit dem Aufſchluß des Thors, ohne nur einen Pfennig Geld in der Taſche zu haben (o der Verwegenheit!) in Gottes Namen nach Potsdam, und da war ich auch ſo glücklich, ſogleich den König zum erſtenmale zu ſehen. Er war auf dem Schloßplatze beim Exerciren ſeiner Soldaten. Als dieſes vorbei war, ging er in den Garten und die Soldaten auseinander; vier Offiziere aber blieben auf dem Platze und ſpazierten auf und nieder. Ich wußte vor Angſt nicht, was ich machen ſollte, und holte die Papiere aus der Taſche. Das war das Memorial, zwei Teſtimonia und ein gedruckter thüringiſcher Paß. Das ſahen die Offiziere, kamen gerade auf mich zu und fragten, was ich da für Briefe hätte. Ich communicirte ſolche willig und gern. Da ſie geleſen hatten, ſo ſagten ſie: „Wir wollen Ihm einen guten Rath geben. Der König iſt heute extragnädig, und ganz allein in den Garten gegangen. Gehe Er ihm auf dem Fuße nach, Er wird glücklich ſein.“ Das wollte ich nicht; die Ehrfurcht war zu groß; da griffen ſie zu. Einer nahm mich beim rechten, der Andere beim linken Arm. Fort, fort in den Garten! Als wir nun dahin kamen, ſo ſuchten ſie den König auf. Er war bei einem Gewächſe mit den Gärtnern, bückte ſich und hatte uns den Rücken zugewendet. Hier mußte ich ſtehen, und die Offiziere fingen an, in der Stille zu commandiren: „Den Hut unter den linken Arm! — Den rechten Fuß vor! — Die Bruſt heraus! — Den Kopf in die Höhe! — Die Briefe aus der Taſche! — Mit der rechten Hand hochgehalten! — So ſtehe!“ — Sie gingen fort und ſahen ſich immer um, ob ich auch ſo würde ſtehen bleiben. Ich merkte wohl, daß ſie beliebten ihren Spaß mit mir zu treiben, ſtand aber wie eine Mauer, voller Furcht.

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*) Tangermünder Sage.

Die Offiziere waren kaum aus dem Garten hinaus, ſo richtete ſich der König auf und ſah die Maſchine in ungewöhnlicher Poſitur daſtehen. Er that einen Blick auf mich; es war, als wenn mich die Sonne durchſtrahlte; er ſchickte einen Gärtner, die Briefe abzuholen, und als er ſolche in die Hände bekam, ging er in einen andern Gang, wo ich ihn nicht ſehen konnte. Kurz darauf kam er wieder zurück zu dem Gewächſe, hatte die Papiere in der linken Hand aufgeſchlagen, und winkte damit, näher zu kommen. Ich hatte das Herz und ging grade auf ihn zu. O wie allerhuldreichſt redete mich der große Monarch an: „Lieber Thüringer! Er hat zu Berlin durch fleißiges Informiren der Kinder das Brod geſucht, und ſie haben Ihm beim Viſitiren der Sachen auf dem Packhofe Sein mitgebrachtes thüringer Brod weggenommen. Wahr iſt es, die Batzen ſollen in meinem Lande nichts gelten; aber ſie hätten auf dem Packhofe ſagen ſollen: „„Ihr ſeid ein Fremder und wiſſet das Verbot nicht. Wohlan, wir wollen den Beutel mit den Batzen verſiegeln; gebt ſolche wieder zurück nach Thüringen und laſſet Euch andere Sorten ſchicken,““ aber nicht wegnehmen. Gebe Er ſich zufrieden: Er ſoll ſein Geld cum interesse zurückerhalten. Aber, lieber Mann, Berlin iſt ſchon ein heißes Pflaſter; ſie verſchenken da nichts; Er iſt ein fremder Menſch; ehe er bekannt wird und Information bekömmt, ſo iſt das Biſchen Geld verzehrt; was dann!“ — Ich verſtand die Sprache recht gut; die Ehrfurcht war aber zu groß, daß ich hätte ſagen können: Ew. Majeſtät haben die Allerhöchſte Gnade und verſorgen mich. — Weil ich aber ſo einfältig war und um nichts bat, ſo wollte er mir auch nichts anbieten. — Und ſo ging er denn von mir weg, war aber kaum ſechs bis acht Schritte gegangen, ſo ſah er ſich nach mir um und gab ein Zeichen, daß ich mit ihm gehen ſolle. — Und ſo ging denn das Examen an:

Der König: Wo hat er ſtudirt?

Ich: Ew. Majeſtät, in Jena.

Der König: Unter welchem Prorector iſt Er inscribirt worden?

Ich: Unter dem Profeſſor Theologiae Dr. Förtſch.

Der König: Was waren denn ſonſt noch für Profeſſoren in der theologiſchen Facultät?

Ich: Buddäus, Danz, Weiſſenborn, Walch.

Der König: Hat er denn auch fleißig Biblica gehört?

Ich: Beim Buddäo.

Der König: Das iſt der, der mit Wolffen ſo viel Krieg hatte?

Ich: Ja, Ew. Majeſtät. Es war —

Der König: Was hat Er denn noch für nützliche Collegia gehört?

Ich: Ethica et Exegetica beim Dr. Förtſch, Hermeneutica et Polemica beim Dr. Walch, Hebraica beim Dr. Danz, Homiletica beim Dr. Weiſſenborn, Pastorale et Morale beim Dr. Buddäo.

Der König: Ging es denn zu Seiner Zeit noch ſo toll in Jena her, wie ehedem die Studenten ſich ohne Unterlaß mit einander katzbalgten, daher der bekannte Vers kömmt:

Wer von Jena kömmt ungeſchlagen,
Der hat von großem Glück zu ſagen.

Ich: Dieſe Unſinnigkeit iſt ganz aus der Mode gekommen, und man kann anjetzt ſowohl, als auf andern Univerſitäten, ein ſtilles und ruhiges Leben führen, wenn man nur das dic cur hic? obſerviren will. Bei meinem Anzuge ſchafften die Durchl. Nutritores Academiae (Erneſtiniſcher Linie) die ſogenannten Renomiſten aus dem Wege und ließen ſie zu Eiſenach auf die Wartburg in Verwahrung ſetzen; da haben ſie gelernt ruhig ſein.

Und ſo ſchlug die Glocke Eins. „Nun muß ich fort,“ ſagte der König, „ſie warten auf die Suppe.“ — Und da wir aus dem Garten kamen, waren die vier Offiziere noch gegenwärtig und auf dem Schloßplatze, die gingen mit dem König ins Schloß hinein und kam Keiner wieder zurück. Ich blieb auf dem Schloßplatze ſtehen, hatte in 27 Stunden nichts genoſſen, nicht einen Dreier in bonis zu Brode, und war in einer vehementen Hitze vier Meilen im Sande gewatet. Da war's wohl eine Kunſt, das Heulen zu verbeißen.

In dieſer Bangigkeit meines Herzens kam ein Kammerhuſar aus dem Schloſſe und fragte: „Wo iſt der Mann, der mit meinem Könige in dem Garten geweſen?“ Ich antwortete: „Hier!“ Dieſer führte mich ins Schloß in ein großes Gemach, wo Pagen, Lakaien und Huſaren waren. Der Huſar brachte mich an einen kleinen Tiſch, der war gedeckt, und ſtand darauf: eine Suppe, ein Gericht Rindfleiſch, eine Portion Karpfen mit einem Gartenſalat, eine Portion Wildpret mit einem Gurkenſalat. Brod, Meſſer, Gabel, Löffel, Salz war alles da. Der Huſar präſentirte mir einen Stuhl und ſagte: „Die Eſſen, die hier auf dem Tiſche ſtehen, hat Ihm der König auftragen laſſen und befohlen, Er ſoll ſich ſatt eſſen, ſich an Niemand kehren und ich ſoll ſerviren. Nun alſo friſch daran!“ Ich war ſehr betreten und wußte nicht, was zu thun ſei, am Wenigſten wollte mir's in den Sinn, daß des Königs Kammerhuſar auch mich bedienen ſollte. — Ich nöthigte ihn, ſich zu mir zu ſetzen; als er ſich weigerte, that ich, wie er geſagt hatte, und ging friſch daran, nahm den Löffel und fuhr tapfer ein. Der Huſar nahm das Fleiſch vom Tiſche und ſetzte es auf die Kohlpfanne; ebenſo continuirte er mit Fiſch und Braten und ſchenkte Wein und Bier ein. Ich aß und trank mich recht ſatt. Den Confect, die einen Teller voll großer ſchwarzer Kirſchen und einen Teller voll Birnen packte mein Bedienter ins Papier und ſenkte mir ſolche in die Taſche, auf dem Rückwege eine Erfriſchung zu haben. Und ſo ſtand ich denn von meiner königlichen Tafel auf, dankte Gott und dem Könige von Herzen, daß ich ſo herrlich geſpeiſet worden. Der Huſar räumte auf. Den Augenblick trat ein Secretarius herein und brachte ein verſchloſſenes Reſcript an den Packhof, nebſt meinen Teſtimoniis und dem Paſſe zurück, zählte auf den Tiſch fünf Schwanzducaten und einen Friedrichsd'or: „Das ſchicke mir der König, daß ich wieder zurück nach Berlin kommen könnte.“ Hatte mich nun der Huſar ins Schloß hineingeführt, ſo brachte mich der Secretarius wieder bis vor das Schloß hinaus. Und da hielt ein königlicher Proviantwagen mit ſechs Pferden beſpannt; zu dem brachte er mich hin und ſagte: „Ihr Leute, der König hat befohlen, Ihr ſollt dieſen Fremden mit nach Berlin fahren, aber kein Trinkgeld von ihm nehmen.“ Ich ließ mich durch den Secretarium noch einmal unterthänigſt bedanken für alle königliche Gnade, ſetzte mich auf und fuhr davon.

Als wir nach Berlin kamen, ging ich ſogleich auf den Packhof, gerade in die Expeditionsſtube, und überreichte das königliche Reſcript. Der Oberſte erbrach es; bei Leſung deſſelben verfärbte er ſich, bald bleich, bald roth, ſchwieg ſtill und gab es dem Zweiten. Dieſer nahm eine Priſe Schnupftaback, räusperte und ſchneuzte ſich, ſetzte eine Brille auf, las es, ſchwieg ſtill und gab es weiter. Der Letzte endlich regte ſich, ich ſollte näher kommen und eine Quittung ſchreiben: „daß ich für meine 400 Reichsthaler ganze Batzen ſo viel an Brandenburger Münzſorten, ohne den mindeſten Abzug, erhalten.“ Meine Summe wurde mir ſogleich richtig zugezählt. Darauf wurde der Schaffner gerufen, mit der Ordre: „Er ſollte mit mir auf die Jüdenſtraße in den weißen Schwan gehen und bezahlen, was ich ſchuldig wäre und verzehrt hätte.“ Dazu gaben ſie ihm 24 Thaler, und wenn das nicht zureichte, ſolle er kommen und mehr holen. Das war es, daß der König ſagte: „Er ſoll ſeine Gelder cum interesse wieder bekommen,“ daß der Packhof meine Schulden bezahlen mußte. Es waren aber nur 10 Thaler 4 Groſchen 6 Pfennig, die ich in acht Wochen verzehrt hatte, und ſo hatte denn die betrübte Hiſtorie ihr erwünſchtes Ende.“ —

Auguſt Lamey

wurde im Jahr 1772 zu Kehl geboren und lebt zu Straßburg.

Er gab heraus:

Cato's Tod. Trauerſpiel in 1 Akt. gr. 8. Straßburg 1799. König.
Marius zu Karthago. Ein dramat. Gemälde. 8. Straßburg 1799. König.
Gedichte. 2. verm. Aufl. gr. 12. Straßburg 1812. (Heidelberg, C. F. Winter.)

Ein deutſcher Dichter mit franzöſiſcher Lebensanſicht und Geſinnung, einſt durch die Revolution republikaniſch gebildet, jetzt unzufrieden mit dem Beſtehenden, unzufrieden mit Deutſchland, das kein Ohr für die Stimme der Freiheit hatte, nach ſeiner Meinung. — Uebrigens iſt ſeine Begeiſterung, ſein Zorn und Unwille, kurz ſeine poetiſche Leidenſchaft nicht gemacht, ſondern urſprünglich, ſeinen Gedichten fehlt es daher auch keineswegs an Originalität, nur daß dieſe ſich häufig ſchroff und formlos äußert.

Die beſſere Zeit.

Dreifarb' iſt die Fahne wieder,
In die Sonne hoch gebäumt!
Kann doch jetzt noch Alles werden,
Wie's der Knabe ſich geträumt.

Nicht die Herrſchaft blinder Menge,
Die ſich irr' im Schooße wühlt,
Nicht Vertauſchung der Tyrannen
Hat das kühne Werk erzielt;

Aber unzertretne Würde,
Der Geſetze Heiligkeit;
Aber neuen Schwung der Kräfte
Nach dem langen Schritt der Zeit!

Das Gefäulte muß verſinken,
Edles heute ſteigt allein:
Nur die Beſten und die Klügſten
Werden um den Gipfel ſein!

Des erlauchten Geiſtes Walten
Zieht das Gleiche liebend an;
Was im niedern Winkel dorrte,
Friſches Leben ſoll's empfahn.

Dahin, wo das Schöne leuchtet,
Bleibt der Fürſtenblick gewandt;
Auf den Brennpunkt aller Größen
Strahlt, was herrlich iſt im Land.

Wie das Reich am Thron erſchauet
Jeder Tugend Vorbild rein,
Gibt dem Volk zurück die Krone
Als Rahmen Widerſchein.

Sich zur höchſten Zierde nehmend,
Was der Menſch im Menſchen ehrt,
Hält der Staat des Wortes Treue,
Wie der Bürger, unverſehrt;

Treue für die Nationen,
Treue für den einzeln Mann;
Hilf' und Steuer den Bedrängten,
Dem Verräther Haß und Bann!

Künftig geht dem Herrſcherpompe
Wohlſein der Gemeinde vor;
Arbeit, los die ſchweren Bürden,
Freut ſich in des Hauſes Flor.

Wahrheit iſt des Unfugs Geiſel,
Freimuth wacht ob unſrem Gut;
Mit der Schrift und mit dem Munde
Rettet die beſtändge Hut.

Darum, wenn der Herold' einem
Schlich und Frevel ſich verräth,
Bläſt er offenlaute Klage,
Bis gerechtes Urtheil ſteht.

Wer, gemeiner Habe mächtig,
Falſcher Pflege Beuten ſaugt,
Fühlt des Tadels Ruthenſtreiche,
Mit dem ſcharfen Hohn gelaugt.

Der Schäfer und der König.

Der Treiber auf den Matten,
Als hoch die Sonne ſtund,
Ging zu der Linde Schatten,
Den Dudelſack am Mund.
Die Gegend hört ihn blaſen,
Er dudelt Mittagsruh.
Die Heerde, ſtatt zu graſen,
Horcht unterm Baume zu.

Der Hund auf ſeinen Schäfer
Die treue Pfote legt;
Es ſummt um ihn der Käfer,
Kein Blatt ſich oben regt.
Da zog des Schlauchs Getöne
Sein Liebchen an den Ort;
Saß neben ihm die Schöne,
Er blies gar muthig fort.

Der König kam vorüber,
Wohl ohne Hofgeleit:
„Glück auf! ich ſeh, mein Lieber,
Wie dich das Spiel erfreut.
Iſt dir auf grüner Scholle
Des Tages Laſt ſo leicht,
Daß deine Sorgen alle
Der weiche Dudel ſcheucht?

Was mir auch Klänge rauſchen,
Doch wiegt der Zepter ſchwer;
Könnt' ich die Stäbe tauſchen,
Den goldnen gäb' ich her.
Ja, gegen Land und Gaſſen
Woll' deinen Frieden mir
Und dieſe Holde laſſen,
Ich wechsle gern mit dir."

„Herr König, habt in Gnaden,"
Sprach jener auf dem Kloß,
„Verſuchung bringt zu Schaden,
Gezogen ſind die Looſ'.
Ihr möchtet übel weiden,
Das Hirten iſt mein Stand.
Will nicht vom Liebchen ſcheiden,
Behaltet euer Land."

Die zwo Tannen.

Ein Gärtner ſtand vor ſeiner Thür',
Herr Heidel, wenig froh.
Ein Bauerjung' die Stadt herein
Trug kleine Tannen zwo.

Das Bübchen ging ſo ſchwach und müd',
Als wohl der Gärtner ſah:
Du lieber Gärtner, kauf mir ab
Die ſchönen Bäumlein da.

„Geb du mit dem Geſtäude jetzt,
An Korn iſt große Noth."
Ach Gärtner, kauf die Tännlein friſch,
Nur um ein Pfündchen Brod.

„Solſt einen Biſſen von mir han,
Die Tännlein will ich nit.“
Ein Biſſen iſt mir kaum genug,
Die Bäume nimm, ich bitt'.

„Wo ſoll' ich ſetzen dein Gehölz?
Den Brocken Brod verzehr'.“
Im Dorfe ſchmachtet Vater mein,
Die Schweſtern hungert ſehr.

„Ei nun, ich pflanze wohl die Stöck'
Dort auf den Kirchenplan.“

Ja, Segen Gottes wachſet mit,
Haſt du mir Guts gethan. —

Den ſchwerſten Laib der Gärtner holt,
Der Knabe weint zum Dank.
Heut ragen vor der alten Kirch'[*])
Die Tannen hoch und ſchlank.

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[*]) St. Aurelien, eine Kirche beim Weißenthurmthore zu Straßburg, [illegible] erbaut.

Ernst Langrehr

ward am 3. October 1803 in Celle geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf der Schule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, dann in Lüneburg und ſtudirte darauf von 1821—1824 in Göttingen die Rechte. Nachdem er ſeine akademiſche Laufbahn durch die Erwerbung des juriſtiſchen Doctor-Diploms geſchloſſen, machte er größere Reiſen und nahm dann ſeinen Wohnſitz als Advocat in Lüneburg, wo er gegenwärtig noch als Senator und Praetor thätig iſt. — Als Schriftſteller nannte er ſich **Iſidor Bürger**, doch veröffentlichte er auch Mehreres unter ſeinem wahren Namen.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte von Iſidor Bürger. Lüneburg 1836.
Hieraus wurde beſonders abgedruckt:
Helgoland, Lieder aus der Nordſee. 2 Aufl. Hamburg 1840.

Ein ſchönes, ſelbſtſtändiges, poetiſches Talent, voll tiefen, kernigen Humors, ausgezeichnet durch lebendige Auffaſſung, reiche, obwohl mitunter düſtere Phantaſie und echtes, warmes Gefühl für die Menſchheit und ihre Leiden.

Mutterfluch.

Es wankt durch nächtge Haide
Ein Weibsbild rieſengroß,
Im Nebelkleid entſtiegen
Des Moores feuchtem Schooß.

Das ſtreckt die hagern Arme
In freie Luft hinaus
Und legt ſie mit Gewimmer
Aufs erſte, beſte Haus.

Und wo ſich das begeben,
Da bringt es Angſt und Noth,
Denn eh' der Mond noch wechſelt,
Iſt drin ein Kindlein todt.

Warum der Spuk ſo grauſam
Die Mutterherzen quält,
Das hat der Hirt des Dorfes
Mir jüngſt alſo erzählt.

Es zog einſt eine Mutter
Durch öde Haide her,
Mit einem kleinen Kinde,
Die litten Hunger ſehr.

Und als ſie faſt verſchmachten
Und ſchon der Tag ſich neigt,
Da jauchzen ſie, da haben
Das Dörfchen ſie erreicht.

Die Mutter fleht und bettelt
Um Brot in jedem Haus:
Ach, aber drohend ſtößt man
Sie überall hinaus.

Da wankt ſie in die Haide,
In grimmer Hungersnoth,
Und jammernd ſterben Beide
Den grauſ'gen Hungertod.

Die welken Leichen fanden
Im Moor ſie nächſt dem Ort:
Der Fluch der todten Mutter
Vergilt es fort und fort.

Lieder des Bettlers.

1836.

1.

Sonntagsſtille ſind die Straßen,
Auf den knotgen Stock gelehnt,
Steht der rieſengroße Bettler
Unterm Thorweg da und gähnt.

Ihm zu Füßen läßt der Knabe
Spielend aus den kleinen Groll,
Denn der große Silberthaler
Will nicht wirbeln wie er ſoll.

„Schenk ihn mir, du liebes Kindchen,
Süßes Kindchen, ſchenk ihn mir,
Brauchſt ihn nicht und ſchmucke Lieder
Will ich ſingen dir dafür.“

Da, du großer Schwefelhannes,
Haſt du's alte garſtige Geld,
Aber „ſei hübſch achtſam, daß es
Ja nicht in den Brunnen fällt.“

2.

Ich möchte nicht von Thür zu Thür
Die dumme Orgel drehn,
Die Leute danken ſchon dafür
Und wollen's nicht verſtehn.

Ich möcht' am Stangenkonterfei
Nicht leiern meinen Reim,
Man ſchreit ſich heiſer und dabei
Kommt leer der Teller heim.

Ich möchte ziehn nicht kreuz und quer
Mit Eſel, Weib und Kind,
Die ſchaffen nichts darüberher
Und leben nicht vom Wind.

Ich möchte nicht mit Bärenpack
Und Affen durch das Land,
Die liefern wenig in den Sack
Und freſſen keinen Sand.

Ich möcht' auch gehen tanzen nicht
Auf dem geſpannten Seil,
Wenn nicht den Hals man ehnder bricht,
Bleibt Arm und Bein nicht heil.

Ich möchte nicht auf der Baſtei
Der Straßenräuber ſein,
Ich dehne meine Glieder frei
Im warmen Sonnenſchein!

3.

Schenkt Mitleid, lieber junger Herr,
'nem alten Militair,
Ich dient' im ſiebenjährgen Krieg,
Bei mancherlei Affair.

Ich zog mit unſerm alten Fritz
Herum bald hie, bald da,
Bei Roßbach nach der Schlacht ſchrie ich
Zuerſt Victoria.

Bei Grüneberg da ſtand ich Wach'
Am großen Strom allein,
Da ſchoſſen ſie von drüben her
Und ſchoſſen mir ins Bein.

Drum geht auch Keiner mir vorbei,
Sitz' ich hier mit der Krück',
Und geſtern gab der Herr Papa
Mir noch ein ſchönes Stück.

Und Euren Ohm, den Biedermann,
Den kenn' ich manches Jahr,
Dem gleicht ihr, lieber junger Herr,
Dem gleicht ihr auf das Haar.

„Du lügſt, du langer Böſewicht,
Du unverſchämter Bub',
Man dachte nicht an dich, als man
Den alten Fritz begrub.

Zur Stunde giebt bei Grüneberg noch
Es keinen großen Strom,
Längſt hatt' ich keinen Vater mehr
Und weiß von keinem Ohm."

Nun iſt auch Alles, was ich ſprach,
Nicht juſt nach eurem Sinn,
So iſt's doch wahr, daß Sonntag iſt
Und daß ich hungrig bin.

4.

Lieber Herr, 'ne kleine Gabe
Gönnt mir armen, kranken Mann,
Daß ich meinen armen Würmern
Brod und Röckchen kaufen kann.

„Prügel giebt's, wenn du zu betteln,
Fauler Schlingel, dich erkühnſt,
Geh zur Arbeit, willſt du eſſen,
Oder hungre nach Verdienſt."

Ja, ſo ſprechen all die Wichte,
Die auf Lotterbetten ruhn,
Arbeit, Arbeit, gäb' es Arbeit — —
Könntet ihr ſie ſelber thun.

5.

Was iſt's, womit ihr mich,
Ihr großen Mäuler, äfft?
Wir haben eigentlich
Nur Alle ein Geſchäft.

Der Eine nennt's ambiren,
Der Andr' antichambriren,
Der Dritte ſuppliciren,
Der Orgler Leierdrehn;
Der Handwerksburſche fechten,
Ja ihr ſeid mir die Rechten,
Ich heiß es — betteln gehn.

Louis Lax.

Redacteur der aachner politiſchen Zeitung und Novellenſchriftſteller, ward zu Deſſau am 1. Nov. 1805 geboren, auf der dortigen Schule gebildet, ſtudirte in Berlin Philologie und Philoſophie, widmete ſich aber ſpäter ausſchließlich der ſchönen Literatur und der Politik, und hat ſchon ſeit einer Reihe von Jahren ſeinen feſten Wohnſitz in Aachen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Memoiren eines Schornſteinfegers. 3 Bde. Aachen 1830.
Die Bekehrten. Novelle. Aachen 1830.
Chevalier Reynaud. Roman. 2 Bde. Aachen 1835.
Die Reiſekur. 3 Bde. Aachen 1836.
Der Abfall der belgiſchen Provinzen von Oeſterreich. Aachen 1836.
Bilder aus den Niederlanden. 2 Bde. Aachen 1838.
Van der Werf. Roman. Aachen 1839.

Außerdem hat er mehrere Ueberſetzungen aus dem Engliſchen und Franzöſiſchen, z. B. Bulwers, der Lady Morgan u. ſ. w. und in Verbindung mit Andern von Molière's „Sämmtlichen Luſtſpielen" (Aach. 1838), auch eine große Anzahl politiſche, literariſche und künſtleriſche Aufſätze in verſchiedenen Zeitungen und Journalen geliefert.

Mit einem ſehr glücklichen Darſtellungstalent verbindet L. große Feinheit der Beobachtung, gewandte Auffaſſung und einen eben ſo zarten als wohlthuenden Humor, der, indem er wehmüthig über das Kleinliche und Verfehlte im Leben lächelt, das Ernſte und Erhabene in demſelben vom richtigen Standpunkte aus zu erkennen und zu würdigen weiß. — Es iſt ſehr zu bedauern, daß die Redaction der Aachaner Zeitung, welche ſeine ganze Thätigkeit in Anſpruch nimmt, ihm nicht geſtattet mehr ſeiner Muſe zu leben; bei ſeinem ſchönen Streben, ſeinen glücklichen Naturgaben und ſeiner reichen und vielſeitigen Bildung würde er gewiß Bedeutendes leiſten.

Caroline Leonhardt-Lyſer-Pearſon

ward 1817 in Dresden geboren, vermählte ſich mit dem als Maler und Schriftſteller bekannten J. P. Lyſer und trat, nachdem ſie ſchon Mehreres herausgegeben, vor einigen Jahren öffentlich in mehrern deutſchen Städten als Improviſatrice auf. — Ihre Ehe wurde ſpäter getrennt, und ſie verheirathete ſich darauf wieder mit dem engliſchen Tonkünſtler Pearſon, mit dem ſie gegenwärtig in Wien lebt, nachdem ſie eine Zeitlang in England verweilte.

Sie gab heraus:

Encyclopädie der ſämmtlichen Frauenkünſte. (In Gemeinſchaft mit Cäcilie Geiſer.) Leipzig 1833.
Liederkranz. Dresden 1834.
Charakterbilder für deutſche Frauen und Mädchen. Leipzig 1838.
Meiſter Albrecht Dürer. Drama. Nürnberg 1840.
Herbſtgabe. Ein Taſchenbuch. — Drei Jahrg. Meißen 1839—41.
Neue Ausgaben u. d. T.: Zehn Novellen. Meißen 1842.
Novellen. Leipzig 1842.
Ludwig Pauli als Künſtler dargeſtellt. Leipzig 1842.
Viele Erzählungen, Skizzen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften und Almanachen.

Ein fruchtbares Talent mit Phantaſie und Darſtellungsgabe ausgeſtattet, aber zu ſehr der Gunſt des Augenblicks hingegeben, um ſich bei ſeinen reichen Fähigkeiten zum Außergewöhnlichen aufzuſchwingen. Unter ihren Novellen namentlich findet ſich manches Gelungene und Zarte; Form und Sprache weiß C. L. mit Anmuth und Gewandtheit zu behandeln.

Heinrich Ritter von Levitſchnigg.

um 1810 wahrſcheinlich in Wien geboren, lebt jetzt in Peſth als Herausgeber eines literäriſchen Journals.

Er ſchrieb:

Ruſtan. Romant. Gedicht in vier Geſängen. 8. Stuttgart 1841. Metzlerſche Buchh.
Gedichte. Wien 1842.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften, Almanachen u. ſ. w.

Reiche Phantaſie, tiefes Gefühl und lebendige Anſchauung ſind dieſem Dichter eigen, doch macht man ihm und nicht ganz mit Unrecht den Vorwurf, daß er ſich zu ſehr in rhetoriſchen Steigerungen, in Häufung von Bildern und Gleichniſſen und in zu reichem und künſtleriſchem Schmuck der Rede gefalle. Bei größerer Einfachheit würde er, da er ſich der glücklichſten poetiſchen Anlagen erfreut, gewiß weit mehr und nachhaltiger wirken.

Jubal.

1.

Hoch in die Lüfte ſteigt der Thurm zu Babel,
  Als ſei ein Schiff das Thal von Schinear,
Das ſich mit einer ſteingehau'nen Kabel
  Am Himmel hält in nächt'ger Sturmgefahr.
Die Wolken ſchwanken wie des Meeres Brandung,
Doch weiſt der Leuchtthurm Mond den Weg zur Landung
  Dem Rieſenkiel, der nun vor Anker liegt.
Im Oſten ragt ſein Maſt, ein Bergesgipfel,
An deſſen Spitzen — grüne Palmenwipfel —
  Die gelbe Flagge Wetterleuchten fliegt.

2.

Was wollt ihr, Hirten, mit dem Quaderbaue?
  Zum Himmel ſchlagen einen Rieſenſteg?
Zwar zieht ein Weg ſich durch ſein Meer, das blaue,
  Milchſtraße hieß der Grieche dieſen Weg;
Doch fruchtlos thürmt ihr künſtlich Alpenfirnen,
Den Straßenzug, beſchattet mit Geſtirnen,
  Beſchreitet nie ein erd'ſcher Wandersmann.
Der Ew'ge nur wird dieſe Straße wallen,
Wenn gräberſprengend die Poſaunen ſchallen,
  Das nierenprüfende Gericht begann.

3.

Die Rieſin Zeit zertritt die blauen Berge
  Trotz ihrem Stolz auf Sonnennachbarſchaft,
Wie deine Thürme, dieſe Felſenzwerge,
  D'rum trau' nicht länger deiner Hände Kraft;
Nein, wie der Falke ſich, wie Dichter ſagen,
In ſeine Blicke ſtürzt, und ſturmgetragen —
  Ein Blitz — auf ſeine Beute niederſchlägt;
So wirf dich, Menſch, wenn Thurm und Alpe ſanken,
In deinen Falkenblick, in den Gedanken —
  Das iſt der Flügel, der zum Himmel trägt.

4.

Tief d'runten wogt das Lager der Nomaden,
  Ameiſenhaft — wie eine Puppenwelt.
Doch plötzlich ſchwebt mit buntem Mohn beladen
  Ein Engel unſichtbar von Zelt zu Zelt,
Und ſchleudert eine Hand voll duft'ger Roſen
Ins trübe Angeſicht den Schlummerloſen.
  Da wird es nächtig ſtill im Lagerraum,
Und um den Pfühl, d'rauf ſtille Menſchen liegen,
Die müde Stirn in Pantherfelle ſchmiegen,
  Weht geiſterhaft der Seelenduft: der Traum.

5.

Der Nachtwind flüſtert leiſ' im grünen Walde
  Im ſtolzen Trotz, die Königszeder rauſcht,
Und Blumen nicken träum'riſch auf der Halde —
  Ein Kinderſchwarm [illegible] weltvergeſſend lauſcht
Den ſüßen Märchen [illegible] des Vaters Munde.
Phalänen halten lüſt[illegible] Blumenrunde —
  O jagt ſie fort, dies Bettelvolk der Luft!
Und Nachbarskinder, ungezog'ne Rangen,
Und kamen nur aus diebiſchem Verlangen
  Nach eurem lieben Spielzeug: Schmelz und Duft.

6.

Vom Roſenbaum tönt Nachtigallen Klage —
  Vielleicht, daß ſich der Baum, der klanglos blieb,
Und Duft dafür erhielt am Schöpfungstage,
  Den Dragoman für ſein Gefühl verſchrieb.
Dann rauſchen durch die ſchallbewegten Lüfte
In Wort und Klang gebrachte Roſendüfte;
  Dann brecht den Stab nicht über mich entzwei,
Wenn ich die Mythe gern in Umlauf brachte,
Daß jene Sängerin der Mitternächte
  Die waldverirrte Roſenecho ſei.

7.

Stimmt Niemand bei? So geb' ich raſch dem Winde
Als Boten dieſe neue Sage mit,
Und ſeht, im Schatten jener Tamarinde
Die Jungfrau wird mein erſter Neophyt.
Sie blickt ſo forſchend auf die Roſen nieder,
Sie lauſcht ſo achtſam auf die weichen Lieder,
Wie Einer, welcher Text und Sang vergleicht.
Ihr Blick wird feucht — wohl möglich, daß die Kunde,
Auch ſie ſei Roſen anverwandt, zur Stunde
Gleich einem Traum durch ihre Seele ſtreicht.

8.

Iſt doch das Weib die immergrüne Roſe,
Die Gott ins winterliche Leben warf,
Zum Pfande, daß der Mann, der glaubensloſe,
Auf einen Lenz im Jenſeits hoffen darf.
Nur Schade, daß der Menſch die Lenzpropheten,
Die offenbarend ihm entgegentreten,
So oft wie Sklaven ſtürzt in Leid und Schmach —
Daß er das Duftgeheimniß zu entdecken
Die zarte Knoſpe bricht, und dann mit Schrecken
Erkennt und weint, daß er ein Herz zerbrach.

9.

Vielleicht daß ſolche Ahnung dich entſetzte,
Noema, ſchönſtes Kind von Schinear,
Daß, was als Thräne deine Wimpern netzte,
Der Perlenſpiegel deiner Zukunft war!
Sah ich doch oft, wenn auch die Lippen ſchwiegen,
Auf einer Thräne die Geſchichte liegen
Von einem Leben, bitter wie das Meer!
Doch deines, Weib, ſoll meinem Maitag gleichen.
Wird deine Schönheit nimmer doch erreichen
Der wärmſte Lenz mit ſeinem Blumenheer.

10.

Die Lippen roth wie Blut aus einer Wunde
Den Märtyrern das Himmelreich erwirbt —
Die Augen ſchwarz und glühend wie die Stunde,
In welcher eines Herzens Unſchuld ſtirbt —
Und dennoch ſenkt dies Auge ſeine Lieder
In holder Scham, als ſei ihm todzuwider
Die Wiſſenſchaft, daß es ſo glühend blickt —
Die Haare weich, doch ſchwarz wie Waiſenkummer
Und dicht und lang wie Nächte ohne Schlummer,
Wenn uns der Gram ſtatt Träume Thränen ſchickt. —

11.

Die Züge fromm und gläubig wie Gebete,
Die eine Mutter für ihr Kindlein ſpricht —
Die Wangen blaß gleich einem Roſenbeete
Um Mitternacht beſtrahlt vom Mondenlicht.
Doch nein, die weiße Roſe darf nicht wagen,
Die Schweſterſchaft den Wangen anzutragen.
Im Blumenreiche, glaub' ich, herrſcht der Ruf,
Daß die Natur, als dieſes Weib geboren,
Zum Theil von Neid, zum Theil von Scham beſchworen,
Nach ſeinem Bild die erſte Lilie ſchuf.

12.

O hüte, Lilienſchweſter, dich vor Schlangen,
Und laß das Lächeln, das mir Kunde giebt,
Wie lange ſchon dein junges Herz empfangen
Die alte, ſüße Kunde, die man liebt.
War jener Jüngling mit dem Rabenhaare,
Den ich am grünen Waldesſaum gewahre,
Dein Lehrer in der Liebeswiſſenſchaft?
Ein junger Mann mit einem Sammtgeſichte,
Mit Augen träum'riſch, gleich dem Mondenlichte,
Doch ſchlank und kräftig wie ein Zedernſchaft.

13.

Er ſtürzt entzückt zu deinen Füßen nieder
Und reicht dir flüſternd einen Epheukranz,
Die Stimme klingt ſo ſüß wie Liebeslieder
Durch eine Nacht voll Duft und Sternenglanz:
„Noema, nimm des Lieblings ſchlichte Gabe,
„Die Treue, die ihm blieb als letzte Habe,
„Seit er beſiegt zu deinen Füßen lag.“
Die Jungfrau blickt auf ihn herab verſtohlen —
Ihr Blick iſt zärtlich wie ein Gottbefohlen
Am letzten Abend vor dem Hochzeitstag.

14.

Und wie Magnete Stahl und Eiſen ziehen,
Zieht dieſer Blick den Liebenden empor;
Doch nicht wie gleiche Pole, die ſich fliehen,
Stürzt Herz an Herz — da trübt ein Thränenflor
Das Auge mir, und tief in meinem Innern
Erwacht Scheintodten gleich ein Schmerzerinnern
An jenes Weib, das treulos mich verließ,
Und wieder wollen mich zum Himmel tragen
Zwei blaue Augen, die in blauern Tagen
Mein zärtlich Herz Gefühlsmagnete hieß!

15.

Still, Dichter, ſtill! Beginne deine Fabel,
Sonſt endet nimmer deine Sängerfahrt;
Die Sprachverwirrung bei dem Thurm zu Babel
Iſt Ordnung gegen deine Dichtungsart.
Mit kurzen Worten gieb dem Leſer Kunde,
Daß jene Schönheit mit dem Nelkenmunde
Des alten Königs Lamech Nichte ſei,
Daß Jubal, dieſes Fürſten jüngſter Sproſſe,
Von Jugend auf Noema's Spielgenoſſe,
Ihr Herz, — doch horch! was ſoll der Racheſchrei?

16.

Zwei finſt're Männer ſtürzen aus dem Walde,
Die Keule ſchwingend in der ſtarken Fauſt.
Noema ſinkt bewußtlos auf die Halde,
Wie Tannen brechen, wenn der Nordwind brauſt.
Bedünkt mich doch, gefällt vom Flammenſtreiche
Des erſten Sommerwetters, ſank als Leiche
Der ſchöne Lenz ins naſſe Blumenbeet.
Wie treue Kinder ſtehn die jungen Roſen
Um ihren Herrn, den bleichen, regungsloſen,
Und ſprechen ſtill für ihn ein Duftgebet.

17.

„Was wollt ihr, Brüder?“ ruft der Jüngling ſchmollend. —
„Dein Leben, Bube, von Noema's Herz.“
Entgegnen ihm die finſtern Brüder grollend! —
D'rauf Jubal höhniſch frägt: „Ernſt oder Scherz?“ —
„Ernſt, blut'ger Ernſt! —“ „Dann ſollt ihr ſchwer erproben,
„Wie oft die Keule meine Hand gehoben;
„Sie iſt kein Halm, den jedes Lüftchen knickt!
„Dann jammert nicht, wenn Jubal löwenmuthig
„Die Braut beſchirmt, und freche Räuber blutig,
„Zerſchellten Hauptes zurück nach Babel ſchickt!“

18.

Der Kampf beginnt, die Keulenſtreiche fallen,
So ſchnell, wie noch kein Blitz vom Himmel ſank;
Doch laut, wie Donner durch Gebirge hallen,
Hemmt jetzt ein Ruf den blut'gen Kainszank.
Ein hoher Greis tritt zürnend zu den Ringern,
Den plötzlich ſteingeword'nen Keulenſchwingern,
Und ſpricht halb vorwurfsvoll, halb angſtverſtört:
„Soll kinderlos der greiſe Lamech ſterben,
Ein Fremder Babels Königskrone erben?
Hat Satan euer wildes Herz bethört?

19.

Die Brüder ſenken ihre Keule ſchweigend,
Doch zornesroth ſieht Jubals Angeſicht,
Und ſchmerzlich ſich zur blaſſen Schönheit neigend
Beginnt er: „Greiſer Vater, zürne nicht!
Die Thränen auf Noema's blaſſen Wangen
Beweiſen dir, daß ich zwar zornbefangen,
Doch grundlos nicht zum Kainskampfe zog.“ —
Er bückt ſich nochmals zur Geliebten nieder;
Sie hebt ſich mühſam — ſinkt, erhebt ſich wieder
Wie eine Palme, die ein Windſtoß bog.

20.

In bittern Thränen ſtürzt die farbenloſe
Dem Greis ans Herz, der zärtlich ſie umſchlingt,

Wie ſich um einen Pfahl die müde Roſe
Nach einem warmen Regenguſſe ringt.
Ein dumpfer Seufzer — eines Herzens Klage
An ſeines letzten Glückes Sarkophage —
Spricht von der Reue glückverwandtem Schmerz.
Die Brüder ſenken ihren Blick verlegen,
Da wirft die Liebe den Empfindungsregen
In dieſen Blick — ſie weinen Herz an Herz!

21.

Der alte Fürſt, daß er die Rührung berge,
Die reich mit Perlen ſeine Wimpern ſchmückt,
Spricht ſtreng und ernſt: „Schon ragt gleich einem Berge
Der Thurm von Babylon, der Blitzſtrahl zückt
Um ſeine Zinnen wie um Alpenfirnen;
Drum glättet, wilde Söhne, eure Stirnen —
In kurzen Monden kehrt der Jahrestag,
An dem ich dieſes Rieſenwerk gegründet,
Den Quaderſtrom, der in den Himmel mündet,
Auf daß kein Gott mein Volk zerſtreuen mag.“

22.

„Ihr wißt, daß mir das Volk nach alter Sitte
An dieſem ſtolzen Tag Geſchenke bringt,
Bis dahin ſchweige ſüße Liebesbitte,
Die ſehnſuchtswarm von euren Lippen klingt.
An dieſem Tage ſoll mein Volk entſcheiden,
Wer dieſe Schönheit trauernd hat zu meiden,
Wer ſie umfangen darf am Opferſtein.
Denn wer von euch mir bringt die reichſte Gabe,
Der ſoll — ich ſchwör's bei meines Vaters Grabe! —
Ihr Gatte, ſpäterhin mein Erbe ſein!“ —

23.

D'rauf eilt er raſch von hinnen, ihm zur Seite
Noema, von der Brüder Blick bewacht.
Die Aermſte wagt bei dieſem Zwanggeleite
Kaum leiſ' zu ſtammeln: „Jubal, gute Nacht!“
O fliehe nicht ſo raſch, ſo hart, ſo ſchweigſam!
Dein Jubal bebt, du aber bleibſt unbeugſam,
Und eilſt von dannen ſpurlos wie ein Traum —
Doch nein, der Wind weiß milder zu verfahren;
Er raubt ein Blatt vom Kranz in deinen Haaren,
Und taucht es neckend in den Wogenſchaum.

24.

Der Jüngling ſtürzt ſich haſtig in die Wogen,
Und faßt das naſſe Blatt mit raſcher Hand,
Und jauchzt, und denkt von ſüßem Wahn betrogen,
Daß er den Himmel mit dem Blatte fand.
Unſel'ger Thor! — Verſtumme, harter Dichter,
Denn nur das Mitleid iſt befugt zum Richter
Für Thorheit, die ein Menſch aus Liebe treibt.
Es weiß, wenn ſonſt kein Grund zur Nachſicht bliebe,
Wie oft auf ſolch ein naſſes Blatt die Liebe
Das ganze Leben eines Herzens ſchrieb!

25.

Der Tag beginnt, die Morgennebel weichen,
Und freundlich ſchaut herab aufs grüne Land
Die Sonne — einem Auge zu vergleichen,
In welchem niemals eine Thräne ſtand.
Die Blumen duften würzig auf der Halde,
Die Vögel ſingen luſtberauſcht im Walde,
Als hielten ſie der Andacht frommen Chor.
Als Herold ſteigt ein Adler in die Lüfte,
Und trägt als Dankgebet die Blumendüfte,
Die Finkenlieder an des Himmels Ohr.

26.

Der Roſe naht die Schmetterlingsgeſandtſchaft,
Und drängt den Thau aus ihrem zarten Schooß,
Obgleich er ſich beruft auf Blutverwandtſchaft
Mit Thränen, die ein Blick aus Luſt vergoß.
Gleicht doch der Abendthau dem Thränenſchimmer
Im trüben Auge deſſen, der für immer
Vom Glück gebroch'nen Herzens Abſchied nahm.
Gleicht doch der Morgenthau den Freudenthränen,
Die wir ſo gern vergießen, wenn wir wähnen,
Daß uns ein Sabbathtag des Glückes kam.

27.

Zum Weſte ward der Sturmwind — ein Helote,
Nach langem Kampf geknechtet und gebeugt,
Durchfliegt er willig als der Sonne Bote
Den Wald, die Flur, bis er ſich überzeugt,
Der Wunſch der Tagesfürſtin ſei vollzogen,
Kein Halm um ſeinen Antheil Licht betrogen;
Dann legt er ſich ans Meer hin, und entſchläft,
Daß man nicht weiß, hat ihn die See verſchlungen,
Hat er ſich Schmugglern für die Nacht verdungen,
Und ſammelt Kraft fürs fährliche Geſchäft.

28.

Raubluſtig, wie ein brauner Stamm Beduinen
Die Karavanen zum Tribute zwingt,
Umkreiſt die Blumenflur ein Heer von Bienen,
Sie ſtürmen durch die Beete leicht beſchwingt,
Durchſtöbern ſchonungslos die Blumendolde,
Und reich beladen mit dem duft'gen Golde
Kehrt dann zu ſeinen Zellen heim der Schwarm.
Was bleibt euch Räubern von dem Honighorte!
Im Herbſt zerbricht die wachsgeleimte Pforte
Ein übernächt'ger Feind — der Menſchenarm.

29.

Und ach! der Menſch hat furchtbar ſich bewieſen.
Beſchaut dies Feld zertreten über Nacht,
Als hätten d'rauf der Mythe blut'ge Rieſen
Aufs Neue ſich geſchaart zur Himmelsſchlacht.
Er wußte nichts von Schmugglern, Karavanen,
Die furchtſam ſich durchs Sandmeer Pfade bahnen,
Und dennoch gleicht das Kornfeld einer Gruft,
Drin Ceres ſchlummert auf den Tod verwundet;
Vielleicht, daß ſie im nächſten Lenz geſundet,
Wenn ſie ſein Balſam weckt — ſein Roſenduft.

30.

Ein Heer von Gaffern drängte ſich im Felde,
Beſchaut den Thurm, der ſich in Lüften wiegt,
Daß er, ein Steinpanier, dem Wand'rer melde,
Wo ſeine bergverdeckte Heimath liegt.
Soll heute doch das Jahresfeſt beginnen,
Daß man den Grundſtein legte zu den Zinnen,
Um welche jetzt des Adlers Fittig rauſcht.
Schon naht ein Zug gewalt'ger Keulenträger;
Sie preiſen laut den kühnen Stand der Jäger —
Wie ſcheu die Hirtenſchaar den Prahlern lauſcht.

31.

Der lauten Jugend folgen ſtille Greiſe,
Die Haare weiß, das Antlitz abgehärmt,
Als hätten ſie auf weiter Lebensreiſe
Schon bald vergeſſen, wie man jauchzt und lärmt.
Doch nein, ein frohes Lächeln giebt mir Kunde,
Daß längſt verrauſchte Luſt in dieſer Stunde
Beſitz von ihren welken Herzen nahm. —
Ein Greiſenlächeln iſt ein Wetterleuchten,
Nach welchem ſich die alten Augen feuchten,
Weil ſie der Thau: Erinn'rung überkam.

32.

Der König ſchreitet freundlich durch die Reihen,
Und wie die Sonne lacht ſein Angeſicht.
Sorgt doch ein Fürſt für ſeines Volks Gedeihen
Wie für die Flur die Frühlingsamme: Licht.
D'rum freut auch Lamech ſich in tiefſter Seele
An ſeinem Volke, das aus voller Kehle
Die Huld des bauberühmten Fürſten preiſt.
Nur ſeine Söhne blieben zornbefangen;
Man ſieht es klar an ihren rothen Wangen,
Ihr heißes Blut war ſtärker als der Geiſt.

33.

Noema eilt herbei mit ihren Schweſtern, —
Ein ſtolzes Lächeln fliegt durch ihr Geſicht.
Hielt doch die Schweſterſchaft der Blumen geſtern
Nach altem Brauche Schönheitſchiedsgericht.
Zur Königin erwählt beim Erntefeſte
Führt jetzt die Jungfrau aus der Rieſenveſte

Zu Lamechs Thron die ſchlanke Mägdeſchaar;
Doch nicht als Feindin naht die Amazone,
Sie bietet keine Fehde ſeiner Krone,
Sie reicht ihm einen Kranz von Aehren dar.

34.

Es gab im Leben einen ſtarken König,
Der Cäſarmuthig bis zum Pole drang,
Und tauſend Lieder prieſen wundertönig
Den Rieſengeiſt, der eine Welt bezwang.
Der ſtarke Held warf nach dem Todestage
Die grünſten Lorbeern in des Richters Wage —
Da kam herbei ein kaiſerlicher Greis,
Und warf ſtilllächelnd in die and're Schale
Zwei Aehren aus der Heimath grünem Thale,
Und bis zum Himmel flog — das Lorbeerreis!

35.

D'rum klangen mir die tauſend Jubellaute,
Noema's Strohkranz preiſend, faſt wie Hohn;
Denn als ein ſteinern Fragezeichen ſchaute
Ins Thal herab der Thurm zu Babylon —
Der Rieſenthurm aus hunderttauſend Quadern,
Gemörtelt mit dem Kitt aus — Menſchenadern!
Was aber frägt der ſtolze Fürſt darnach,
Was kümmern ihn die nackten Thalgefilde?
Zu ſeinen Füßen kniet die Künſtlergilde,
Und lauſcht dem Lobe, das er huldreich ſprach.

36.

Noch prüft der Gaben Werth die Schaar der Greiſe,
Da tritt der ſtarke Tubalkain vor.
Des Königsſohnes Thaten raunen leiſe
Die kampfverſuchten Jäger ſich ins Ohr.
Die beſte Kunde giebt das Fell des Tigers,
Das als ein Mantel ſchmückt den Leib des Siegers,
Der ſonſt die Donnerſchweſter: Keule trug,
Und nun des Blitzes Bruder — einen Bogen
Von ihm erfunden, mit der Schnur bezogen,
Dem Volke weiſt — den Pfeil bereit zum Flug.

37.

Noch blickt der Fürſt mit ungewiſſen Mienen
Wie Einer, deſſen Herz der Zweifel quält,
Ob ihm das Glück im Traumgeſicht erſchienen,
Ob er es wachend in den Händen hält.
Da tönt es: „flieht!“ herauf vom Stromesufer
Mit ſolcher Angſt und Kraft, als ob der Rufer
Des jüngſten Tages Schreckensherold ſei;
Der Pöbel ſtiebt hinweg auf allen Straßen,
Man ſieht's an ſeinen Wangen, ſeinen blaſſen,
Wie viele Memmen zeugt ein Schreckensſchrei.

38.

Wenn Rehe friedlich ruhn im Waldesſchatten,
Durch welchen nie der Strahl der Sonne dringt,
Sie fliehn nicht raſcher von den grünen Matten,
Wenn unverwarnt der Jägerruf erklingt,
Als jetzt das feige Volk, von Furcht befallen,
Von hinnen eilt. Doch Keiner weiß von Allen,
Was ihn bewogen hat zur raſchen Flucht.
Selbſt Jäger zittern gleich dem ſchwanken Schilfe;
Denn immer lauter ſchallt der Ausruf: Hilfe!
Die Warnung: flieht! herüber von der Bucht.

39.

Ein Löwe wäſcht im Strome ſeine Mähne,
Dringt ſchwimmend, ſchäumend durch den Wogenſtrang,
Setzt raſch ans Land, wetzt ſeine ſcharfen Zähne —
Hier liegt ein Mantel — dort ein Weiberſchurz —
Hier eine Keule — dort ein Kranz von Roſen.
Sturmhaſtig flieht die Schaar der Waffenloſen,
Die Jäger ſelbſt vergaßen Stand und Muth;
Nur Tubalkain ſchwingt beherzt den Bogen —
Der Löwe raſ't — da kommt ein Pfeil geflogen,
Und ſtürzt den Scheikh des Waldes in ſein Blut.

40.

Die Menge jauchzt, der König blickt zufrieden
Auf ſeinen Sohn, ſpricht dann zur Jägerſchaar:
„Ihr Memmen, welche mein Gebot beſchieden,
Mein frohes Volk zu ſchirmen vor Gefahr,
Doch nicht um knabiſch, weiberfeig zu zagen,
Ihr ſeid nicht werth der Keule Wucht zu tragen,
Ein Eſpenzweig ſoll eure Waffe ſein!
Du aber, kühner Sproſſe meiner Lenden,
Empfängſt, ſobald die Erntespiele enden,
Den Lohn für deine That am Opferſtein.“

41.

Da naht der zweite Sohn, der ſchlanke Jabel;
Ein Hengſt folgt wiehernd ſeiner ſtarken Hand —
Schwarz wie die Stunde war, in welcher Abel
Durch Bruderhand ein bitt'res Ende fand.
Sein Schaum bedeckt den ſchlichtgedrehten Zügel,
Die Hufe ſcharren wild im Blumenhügel,
Als ſtampf' er Roſen aus der Erde Schooß.
Der Jüngling ſchwingt ſich auf — die Gaffer zagen —
Denn ſchnell, als ſei der Huf mit Licht beſchlagen,
Brauſ't blitzbeſiegend fort das ſchwarze Roß.

42.

Das wilde Roß gezähmt!! — Die Männer ſtaunen.
Die Weiber blicken etwas lüſtern d'rein,
Und was ſie ſchämig in das Ohr ſich raunen,
Mag wohl kein Spott auf ſeine Schenkel ſein.
Noema's Herz allein ſcheint bang zu ſchlagen —
So ängſtlich kann nur eine Seele zagen,
Die für beſiegelt hält ihr Schmerzgeſchick. —
Und dennoch will ſie Jubals Blick nicht meiden.
Wie alte Freunde, die für ewig ſcheiden,
Mit ſtummer Liebe trauert Blick in Blick.

43.

Da hinkt ein Greis herbei am Krückenſtabe,
Und ſpricht zu Jubal leis: „Der Sieg bleibt dein.“
Die Stimme dürfte kommen aus dem Grabe,
Sie könnte kaum ſo hohl, ſo ſchaurig ſein.
Und weiter wankt der räthſelhafte Alte;
Auf ſeiner Stirn die gramgezog'ne Falte
Verräth, daß er als Trauerbote naht.
Der König mißt ihn ſtaunend und betreten —
Er aber ſtrafend blickend wie Propheten
Beginnt: „Zur Ernte, Lamech, reift die Saat.

44.

„Du haſt ſie ſchlau mit Schweiß und Blut begoſſen,
Dies Völkermark verſchlemmt in Quaderbruch.
Hoch iſt die Saat der Hoffarth aufgeſchoſſen,
Und drohend naht der Schnitter: Gottes Fluch.
Dein Hochmuth wollte ſich zu ihm erheben;
Er läßt die Felſenmutter Erde beben,
Die Kinder fordernd, die du ihr geraubt —
Da ſtürzt dein Babel, eine Felſenernte —
Wohl dem, der ſich zur rechten Zeit entfernte —
In einer Nacht zerſchmetternd auf dein Haupt!

45.

D'rum, ſtolzes Herz, laß ab von deinem Wahne,
Daß dieſer Thurm, gebaut von Menſchenhand,
Zum ew'gen Himmel Pfad und Weg dir bahne —
Du baueſt in die Luft — doch nur auf Sand!
Laß, Herr, dein Volk die weißen Herden weiden,
Das Feld bebauen, in die Fremde ſcheiden,
Das Erdenrund bevölkern! Geh in dich,
Auf daß kein Sturm die Hirtenſchaar, die treue,
Durch alles Land als Völkerſamen ſtreue:
So ſpricht zu dir der Herr der Welt durch mich!“ — —

46.

Der König greift nach Tubalkains Bogen,
Die Jäger ſtürzen ſchergenmuthig vor;
Der Greis wird unter Flüchen fortgezogen —
Ein Donnerſchlag — der Alte fliegt empor
Auf gold'nen Flügeln, glanzumſtrahlt, ein Engel,
In Händen ſchwingend einen Palmenſtengel.
Er bricht ihn raſch entzwei, und flüſtert bang:
Vorüber ſind des Friedens ſtille Tage,
Der Krieg begann mit jenem Donerſchlage,
Und mit dem Krieg der Völkerwandergang.

47.

Das Volk erbebt, ſelbſt Lamechs Söhne zagen,
Der Fürſt blickt höhniſch auf den Memmenkreis,
Wie eine Zeder in Gewittertagen
Verächtlich mißt ein ſchwankes Espenreis.
Dann ſpricht er kalt: „Die Sonne ſenkt ſich mählig,
Die Greiſe aber ſind noch immer wählig,
Denn ſeltne Gaben wurden mir gebracht.
So laßt die Nacht in ſüßer Raſt verrinnen;
Doch morgen ſoll ein neues Feſt beginnen.
Sei unbeſorgt, mein Volk! dein König wacht!“ —

48.

Die Nacht iſt rabenſchwarz, kein Sternlein flimmert,
Da ſchwebt ein Engel raſch von Zelt zu Zelt.
Ein Knäblein liegt an ſeiner Bruſt, und wimmert
Gleich einem Säugling, dem's an Nahrung fehlt.
Der Engel trägt viel hundert gold'ne Schalen
An dünnen Faden, die wie Silber ſtrahlen —
Die Schalen ſind mit Muttermilch gefüllt;
Mohnblumen ringeln ſich um jeden Faden,
Auf daß ein tiefer Schlummer die Nomaden
In ſeinen traumgewob'nen Schleier hüllt.

49.

Zu jedem Pfühle tritt der Schalenſchwinger,
An jedem Pfühle taucht das Knäblein ſtill
In eine andre Schale ſeinen Finger —
Wohl möglich, daß der Durſt'ge ſaugen will.
Doch nein, er netzt der Schläfer trock'ne Zungen,
Die milchgetränkten flüſtern liebdurchdrungen
Ein Schmeichelwort, das mir das Herz durchdringt.
Bei jedem Worte will's mich überkommen,
Aus einer andern Sprache ſei's entnommen,
Obgleich es immer nur wie „Mutter“ klingt.

50.

Wir ſtammeln ja geſchaukelt in den Wiegen
Zuerſt das ſüße Wort: „Liebmütterlein,“
Und ſaugen an der Bruſt, an der wir liegen,
Mit ihrer Muttermilch die Sprache ein.
D'rum bleibt ſie ewig unſ're reichſte Habe,
Und ruht die Mutter längſt im ſtillen Grabe,
Und trifft ein Landsmann uns, der ſie verſteht
Und ſpricht, im fremden Land, ſo künden Thränen,
Wie wir die Mutter auferſtanden wähnen,
Auf daß ihr Kind nicht Liebe betteln geht.

51.

Der Engel ſchwingt ſich trauernd in die Lüfte,
„Dein Wille, ſpricht er, Ew'ger, iſt vollbracht!
Der Frühling bringt ſo viel verſchied'ne Düfte,
Verſchied'ne Farben nicht, als dieſe Nacht
An fremden Worten auf die Lippen drückte.
Nomaden, auf! Schlaftrunkne! Traumentrückte!
Beginnen will der Sprachverwirrung Tag —
Noch einmal herzt euch, denn von dieſer Stunde
Spricht unverſtändlich euer Mund dem Munde,
Der nicht am ſelben Mutterbuſen lag!“ — —

52.

Der Tag beginnt. Verſtörte Menſchen ſchreiten
Mit finſtern Blicken gegen Babylon;
Ein gleicher Schmerz ſcheint ihren Schritt zu leiten,
Ein ſtummer Kummer reiht ſie um den Thron.
Dort wollen ſie das trübe Schweigen brechen;
Doch ach! die Kinder jedes Stammes ſprechen
Für alle fremden Stämme räthſelhaft.
Da ſchleicht die Zwietracht unter Babels Söhne,
Denn Jeder glaubt, daß ihn ſein Nachbar höhne —
Man greift zur Keule, ſchwingt den Zedernſchaft.

53.

Der König eilt herbei gebroch'nen Muthes,
Spricht ſanft — befiehlt — das Volk verſteht ihn nicht.
Schon färben Tropfen fremden, eig'nen Blutes
Der Sprachverwirrten Bruſt und Angeſicht.
Die Fürſtenſöhne ſtürzen ins Gedränge,
Die Bogen in der Hand, geſpannt die Stränge,
Und tödtlich ſauſt der Pfeil in manches Herz.
Dem kühnen Angriff folgt ein kurzes Schweigen;
Da ſieht man Jubal raſch den Thron beſteigen —
Der Jüngling blickt voll Andacht himmelwärts.

54.

Hoch in die Lüfte wirft er Pfeil und Bogen,
Und greift, und ſchlägt mit kunſtgeübter Hand
Die holzgeſchnitzte Harfe, friſch bezogen,
Das Saitenſpiel, das ſeine Kunſt erfand;
Die ſüßen Töne rauſchen und verhallen,
Wie durch die Nacht das Lied der Nachtigallen
Aus mondbeſtrahlten Mandelwäldern klingt;
Sie flüſtern tröſtend, wie nach blut'gen Kriegen
In Kerker, d'rin bezwungne Fechter liegen,
Die langerſehnte Friedenskunde bringt.

55.

Die Töne rauſchen laut wie Wanderlieder
Herbſtmüder Vögel, die nach Süden ziehn —
Da ſtürzt den Hirten Thrän' auf Thräne nieder,
Sie ahnen, daß auch ſie die Heimath fliehn
Und pilgern ſollen in entleg'ne Lande,
Und Hütten bau'n an einem fernen Strande — —
Sie flüſtern wie das letzte Liebeswort,
Das wir beim Scheiden theuern Herzen ſagen.
Ein letzter Griff — vollſtimmig angeſchlagen —
Er jauchzt: Auf Wiederſehn, ſei's hier, ſei's dort!

56.

Und ſeht, die Hirten rüſten ſich zum Scheiden,
Sie fühlen tief, daß hier kein Bleiben ſei;
Nach fernen Thalen, unbekannten Weiden
Eilt Stamm auf Stamm am Königsthron vorbei.
Und im Vorüberziehn reicht dankdurchdrungen
Dem Sänger, der das Friedenslied geſungen,
Des Stammes Aelteſter die welke Hand.
Kein Wort des Dankes bebt von ihrem Munde,
Das Auge aber giebt geweinte Kunde,
Daß ſeinen Sang ihr altes Herz verſtand.

57.

Nur Lamech bleibt zurück mit ſeinem Stamme,
Beſiegt von Rührung wie die Hirtenſchaar.
Verderblich jenem alten Thränendamme,
Dem Stolze, netzt ihr Thau ſein Wangenpaar.
Wie herrlich läßt der Perlenſchmuck dem Greiſe!
„Du haſt geſiegt, mein Jubal,“ ſpricht er leiſe,
„Umfange deine Braut am Opferſtein.“
Der Jüngling ſchlingt den Brautkuß ſeiner Liebe.
Die Poſe müßte, die ſein Glück beſchriebe,
Getaucht in Töne ſtatt in Tinte ſein.

58.

Faſt möcht' ich nennen eine Glückvaccine
Am Hochzeitstag den erſten Liebeskuß.
Was ſtaunt und fragt ihr lang, wozu er diene —
Daß ſolch ein Impfling ſelig werden muß.
Doch dieſes Glück wird keine Sprache ſchildern
Mit ihren tauſend Worten, tauſend Bildern:
Hier darfſt nur du der Maler ſein, Muſik!
Du kannſt in einen Ton zuſammenpreſſen
Ein Meer von Glück und Luſt, ein Schmerzvergeſſen,
Als hätte nie geweint des Horchers Blick.

59.

Doch auch ein Leid in tiefſter Bruſt verſchloſſen,
Für das ſein Träger keine Worte kennt,
Und wäre ſeine Bruſt aus Erz gegoſſen,
Du biſt der Polyglotte, der es nennt.
Du kannſt dem Blick, der betteln ging um Zähren,
Dies ſtumm beredte Sprachorgan gewähren,
Das man zum Kummerdialekt bedarf.
Denn jede Thräne, die ſein Auge netzte,
Iſt nur dein Klang, den das Gefühl zerſetzte,
Und dann als Perle in die Wimpern warf.

60.

D'rum will mich oft der Glauben überkommen,
Der Seele Mutterſprache ſei der Klang,

Die ſie aus Eden heimlich mitgenommen,
  Doch bald vergeſſen auf dem Erdengang.
D'rum nenn' es keine Lüge, wenn ich ſage,
Muſik, ein Engel, habe ſich am Tage,
  Als Eva fiel, zu Tod geweint aus Schmerz;
Nur ſeine Stimme ſei zurückgeblieben,
Und ſchlage nun als Echo für ein Lieben,
  Das eine Welt umfaßt — an unſer Herz!

Johann Auguſt Lewald

ward am 14. October 1792 in Königsberg in Preußen geboren, Sohn einer gebildeten Kaufmannsfamilie, und ſollte nach mehrjährigem, fleißigem Beſuche des königsberger Gymnaſiums Kaufmann werden, fand jedoch Gelegenheit, ſich dieſem Stande zu entziehen, und beſchäftigte ſich mit Kunſtgeſchichte, Malerei und neuern Sprachen. Während der Kriegsunruhen wurde er eingezogen und ſollte preußiſcher Artilleriſt werden; allein ein typhöſes Nervenfieber befreite ihn davon, indem ihm der General Bülow von Dennewitz einen temporären Abſchied bewilligte. Als er in Geſchäften nach Warſchau gereiſt war, erhielt er in der Kanzlei des Baron Roſen im Hauptquartier des Feldmarſchal Barklay de Tolly als Sekretär eine Anſtellung, folgte den Heeren nach Frankreich, blieb mit demſelben Roſen in Frankfurt, nachdem dieſer ruſſiſcher Reſident geworden war, und begleitete ihn auch auf ſeinen Reiſen. Hierauf ging L. nach Breslau und widmete ſich dem Theater. Die Bühne betrat er zum erſten Mal in Brünn 1818, wo er 3 Jahre blieb, begab ſich von da über Wien nach München, wo er beim Hoftheater engagirt zum Theaterſekretär und Theaterdichter ernannt wurde. Nach zwei ſehr angenehmen Jahren übernahm er die Oberleitung des nürnberger Theaters und die Redaction des nürnberger Correſpondenten, leitete darauf von 1826—27 das Theater in Bamberg und das in Hamburg 1827—31. Beim Herannahen der Cholera verließ er Hamburg und ging nach Paris, 1832 begab er ſich aus gleicher Urſache von da nach München und 1834 ſchlug er ſeinen Wohnſitz in Stuttgart, dann in Baden-Baden auf. Dort lebt er noch gegenwärtig, früher mit der Redaction des Journals „Europa, Chronik der gebildeten Welt" beſchäftigt, das er im Laufe des Jahres 1846 an den Dr. Kühne in Leipzig abgetreten hat.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Novellen. 3 Bde. Hamb. 1831—33.
Seydelmann. Ein Erinnerungsbuch für ſeine Freunde. Neue mit 1 Portr. Seydelmanns und 3 Rollen-Darſtellungen verm. Ausg. der Schrift: Seydelmann und das deutſche Schauſpiel. Stuttg. (1835.) 1841. Göpel.
Panorama von München. 2. Aufl. 2 Thle. Stuttgart (1835.) 1840. Hallberger.
Aquarelle aus dem Leben. 4 Thle. Mannheim 1836 u. 37. Hoff.
Memoiren eines Banquiers. 2 Thle. Stuttg. 1836.
Schattirungen. (Novellen u. ſ. w.) 2 Thle. Hamb. 1836. Hoffmann und Campe.
Atlas zur Kunde fremder Welttheile. In Verbindung mit Mehren herausgegeben. 1836 4 Bde. 1837 5 Bde. 1838—39 à 2 Bde. Mit Karten, Stahlſt. und Lithogr. Stuttg. 1836—37—38—39. Becher und Müller. — **Daſſ.** für 1840. 12 Hefte. Monatsſchrift für Zeitgeſchichte und Völkerkunde. Ebend.
Europa. Chronik der gebildeten Welt. Stuttgart 1836—45.
Blaue Märchen für alte und junge Kinder. Neu erzählt. (Mit viel. Abbild.) Stuttg. 1837.
Beaumarchais. (I. Memoiren von Beaumarchais. II. Schauſpiele: Der Barbier von Sevilla. Der tolle Tag, oder die Hochzeit des Figaro.) Stuttg. 1839.
Der Divan. Eine Sammlung von Novellen, Genrebildern und Memoiren. 6 Bde. Stuttg. 1839.
Erzählende Schriften. Mit dem Bildniſſe des Verf. 10 Bde. Stuttg. 1840.
Neue Aquarelle aus dem Leben. Stuttg. 1840.
Fee Roſa. Seitenſtück zu den „blauen Märchen" für alte und junge Kinder. Neu erzählt. (Mit vielen Abbildungen.) Stuttg. 1840.
Aus dem Leben Friedrichs des Großen. 2 Thle. Stuttg. 1840.
Mörder und Geſpenſter. 2 Bde. Ebend. 1840.
Theater-Roman. (Mit 13 Federzeichnungen von C. Hochdanz.) 3 Bde. Stuttg. 1841—42.
Geſammelte Schriften. In einer Auswahl. (In zwölf Bden.) Leipzig 1844 fgde.
Die Geheimniſſe des Theaters. Mit Federzeichn. v. C. Hochdanz. 1. Lief. (Nebſt 2 Zeichnungen.) Stuttgart 1845.
Viele einzelne Aufſätze in Journalen u. ſ. w. — Außerdem gab er mehrere treffliche Reiſehandbücher und in Verbindung mit Andern einige Sammelwerke heraus.

Eine eben ſo reiche wie vielſeitige Bildung, große Erfahrung, tiefe Welt- und Menſchenkenntniß verbunden mit ſchöpferiſcher Phantaſie und trefflicher Darſtellungsgabe haben Lewald hohe Achtung und Geltung in der literäriſchen Welt und ſeinen Schriften einen ſehr weiten Kreis von Leſern erworben. Es leidet jedoch keine Frage, daß er noch weit bedeutender daſtehen würde, wenn er es hätte über ſich gewinnen können, den Anforderungen der Gegenwart und dem Einfluſſe ausländiſcher Literatur geringere Wirkung auf ſeine Leiſtungen zu geſtatten.

Braune Geſchichten.

Mehrere Deutſche ſaßen im traulichen Kreiſe am Kamin.

„Kinder, wir langweilen uns," fing Einer nach einer Pauſe an, „wißt Ihr nichts Unterhaltendes vorzubringen? Es ſcheint, Ihr habt Euren Geiſt jenſeits des Rheins gelaſſen."

„Hu, wie ſchauerlich," nahm ein Anderer das Wort. „Könnt Ihr Euch denken, daß der Geiſt jenſeits des Rheins im Vaterlande ſpuke, während der Körper ohne Seele, gleich dem Golem der alten Rabbinen, hier an der Seine ſich herumtummelt?"

„Ja wohl," fiel ihm der Patriotiſche in die Rede, „ſchweift unſer Geiſt hinüber nach den lieblichen Rebenhügeln, während unſer Körper unempfindlich und von nichts berührt in dem neuen Babel weilt."

„Das neue Babel iſt auch nicht zu verachten, Bruder," ſagte der Erſte, „wenn wir nur einen deutſchen Ofen hier hätten. Ich glaube die Unterhaltung würde gleich eine geiſtreichere Wendung nehmen. Das Kaminfeuer iſt nicht gemüthlich. Solch ein Bivouac mag im Felde der Strapazen und der Ehren angenehm genug ſein, aber in der Stube verlange ich mehr."

„Was das anbetrifft, ſo muß ich Dir widerſprechen," bemerkte der Zweite. „Gerade am Kamine werden die ſchönſten Geſchichten erzählt und eben am Kamine hören ſie ſich am Schönſten an. Die flackernde Flamme, die Glut von der einen Seite, die Kälte von der andern, das Daſitzen im Kreiſe mit vorgeſtreckten Füßen, in der traulichen Nähe und doch unheimlichen Beleuchtung, ſcheint uns ſehr empfänglich zum Erzählen und zum Anhören zu machen. Daher giebt es denn auch Märchen, Erzählungen, Unterhaltungen am Kamine, wie die Novelliſten gar zu gern ihre Sammlungen benennen."

„So benennen mögen ſie ſie immerhin," ſprach nun ein feiner Mann mit einem ſchönen Geſichte, das ein ſchwarzer voller

Schnurrbart zierte und der bis jetzt, in Gedanken verſunken, kein Wort geſprochen hatte. „Aber ein Geſpräch, das wirklich am Kamine geführt wurde, ohne alle Abänderung drucken zu laſſen, das wird nie den Leſer befriedigen können. Namentlich wenn das Geſpräch von nüchternen Franzoſen geführt wird."

„Sollte es trunkenen Deutſchen beſſer gelingen!" rief ihm ein Spaßmacher zu. „Schnell einen ſtarken und großen Punſch herbei, wir wollen es einmal verſuchen." Ohne Scherz fuhr der Schnurrbärtige fort. „Sie haben ein Buch herausgegeben, das Sie Contes bruns benennen, es ſoll in der Hoffmannſchen Art ſein, doch nach dem Ausſpruche ihrer Kenner von esprit überfließen. Aber dieſer esprit iſt es eben, der ſo ungeſchickt das Licht in jeden finſtern Winkel hineinbringt, und die Erzähler in ihrem feineren Tone ſcheinen ſelbſt nicht an die Schauer zu glauben, die ſie ſo gern mit aller Macht auf die Gemüther wirken laſſen wollen. Wie geſagt, am Kamine in einer modernen franzöſiſchen Soirée iſt die Sache an ihrem Platze. Ich glaube, man dürfte nicht einmal auf andere Weiſe geiſtliche Spukreien dort vorbringen. Aber für Leſer, und beſonders für deutſche Leſer, wie es deren giebt, im uralten Grenzſtädtchen Kronach oder in der weſtphäliſchen Stadt Soeſt, oder im Harze in den Bergneſtern, wo ſie ſitzen in grauen Zimmern, bei dünnen Talglichtern, einſam mit dem Buche, nur beleuchtet von der Lampe, die aus Fenſterchen ſchaut, vor dem der ſchlafende Vogel hängt, umgeben vom ſchauerlich einförmigen Getöne der pickenden Wanduhr und eines ſummenden Ammenliedes aus der Ferne, womit ein Kind in den Schlaf gewiegt wird — für ſolche Leute muß anders erzählt werden und gerade für dieſe mag ich ſo etwas niederſchreiben, die ſich dabei vor lauter Vergnügen zu Tode ängſtigen. Nur Phantaſie hinein, ſo viel ihr davon habt, aber fort mit dem Geiſte, mit dem Witze, der Nutzanwendung, Ihr begießt Eure Leſer mit kaltem Waſſer."

„Ich habe ſie geleſen, dieſe Contes bruns," nahm der Erſte wieder das Wort. „Als das Vorzüglichſte darin erſchien mir die Unterhaltung zwiſchen 11 Uhr und Mitternacht. Die Erzählenden ſind darin gut porträtirt und das Erzählte trägt, bei allem Abenteuerlichen, den Stempel des Selbſterlebten."

„Das wohl," erwiderte der Schnurrbärtige. „Aber das Zufällige dabei ſchadet dem Eindruck. So wie man ſich in einer Geſellſchaft davor hüten muß, den Hörern nach dem ſtark Erſchütternden das Schwächere zu erzählen, ſo muß man für Leſer das noch mehr zu vermeiden ſuchen. Nun betrachte man, wie unkünſtlich die Erzählungen auf einander folgen, wie widrig und unpoetiſch manche an und für ſich ſind und wie unbefriedigend die meiſten endigen."

„Ich glaube, wir könnten auf dieſe Art," rief Einer aus der Geſellſchaft, „bis morgen früh erzählen und nicht bloß von 11 bis 12; denn unſere deutſche Redſeligkeit nimmt's in der Breite und Länge gut mit den Franzoſen auf."

„Ihren neuen Erzählern iſt das Weitläufige nicht abzuſprechen. Da giebt's Hiebe rechts und links auszutheilen, und Beſchreibungen, die nicht zur Sache gehören, und Umſtändlichkeiten, die ermüden," ſprach der Schnurrbärtige. „Man nehme nur in den Contes bruns, im Tobias Guarnerius die Erwähnung der Bremer Geiſterin und das Ende der ganzen Geſchichte; dann im Auge ohne Augenlied die Beſchreibung der Hütte des Wilden und die amerikaniſche Scenerie am Schluſſe."

„Wenn gleich die Erfindung des Auges ohne Augenlied, um den Eiferſüchtigen zu beſtrafen, ſehr ſchön iſt, ſo iſt doch die Ausführung ganz verdorben. Statt das Mädchen „ein Spunkie" ſein zu laſſen, würde Hoffmann z. B. aus ihr die Tochter eines ſeltſamlichen Menſchen gemacht haben. Wir würden den Vater kennen lernen, wir würden uns erinnern einen ſolchen Mann geſehen zu haben, ja, eine Erinnerung aus früherer Zeit könnte uns grade eine ſolche Familie, ein ſolches Mädchen vor das Gedächtniß bringen, wir überredeten uns leicht, daß Alles wahr ſei, indeß wir hier immer das Märchenhafte und Unwahrſcheinliche mit Händen greifen. Für eine einzige Schlafrockſchilderung Hoffmanns gäbe ich gern den ganzen phantaſtiſchen Trödel bei der nächtlichen Trauung des Pächters."

„So laßt uns," rief ein bleich ausſehender junger Menſch mit erzwungen fröhlicher Miene aus, „auch allerlei Schauerliches erzählen. Einem Jeden von uns iſt gewiß ſchon dergleichen begegnet. Ich erinnere mich im Hauſe meiner Aeltern einen ſeltſamen Vorfall erlebt zu haben. Ein Stubenmädchen, das ſich mehrmaliger Diebſtähle verdächtig gemacht hatte, wird fortgejagt. Mehrere Andere melden ſich, um dieſen Platz zu erhalten. Endlich kommt eine arme alte Frau daher, ein junges Mädchen an der Hand, und bittet, man möge ſie annehmen. Das Mädchen hat nie gedient, aber die Frau iſt gekannt und man entſchließt ſich dazu. Meine Mutter weiß gleich in den erſten Tagen des Rühmens kein Ende. Reinlich, arbeitſam, ſtill und beſcheiden, keine Domeſtikentugend fehlt dem Kinde. Das Einzige, was Beſorgniß erregt, iſt eine Bläſſe, die auf eine ſchauererregende Weiſe zunimmt. Man ſchließt auf Krankheit, man dringt in ſie, ſie leugnet. Meine Mutter, eine Frau von Erfahrung, läßt die Mutter des Mädchens zu ſich kommen und befragt ſie, dieſe verſichert, daß ihre Tochter kerngeſund ſei — aber — fügte ſie mit einem tiefen Seufzer hinzu, es iſt etwas Anderes, was ihr am Leben zehrt — ſie ſieht Geiſter.

Meine Mutter, obgleich überraſcht, kann ſich eines Lächelns nicht erwehren. Die alte Frau läßt ſich dadurch nicht irre machen, ſondern fährt ruhig fort. Behalten Sie ſie immerhin im Hauſe, ſie iſt geſund und wird in ihrer Arbeit gewiß nichts vernachläſſigen. Von dem Schrecklichen, das Nachts ihr erſcheint, wird ſie nichts laut werden laſſen, denn ſie hat von mir den ſtrengen Befehl ruhig zu tragen und keine lebende Seele damit zu erſchrecken. Meine Mutter war geneigt, das Ganze für eine fixe Idee zu halten und da ſie das Mädchen lieb gewonnen hatte, ſo beachtete ſie ſie mit einer ſtillen Theilnahme.

Es war faſt ein Jahr vergangen, daß die Geiſterſeherin in unſerem Hauſe war, als ein Scharlachfieber mehrere meiner kleinen Geſchwiſter auf einmal befiel und unſer Haus in Trauer verſenkte. Das Stubenmädchen mußte bei den kranken Kindern wachen und meine Mutter entſchloß ſich mit ihr dieſe Sorge zu theilen. Einer unſerer Hausfreunde, der uns täglich zu beſuchen pflegte, war an dieſem Tage nicht gekommen. Es war dies ein langer, trockner Mann mit faſt kahlem Kopfe, ſtets in einen grauen Rock gekleidet, der immer den Kindern etwas mitbrachte, daher hatten ihn die Kleinen auch ſehr gern. Es mochte Mitternacht ſein, die Kranken ſchienen zu ſchlummern und meine Mutter hatte die Augen geſchloſſen, um ſich einer kurzen Ruhe zu überlaſſen. Da wird ſie plötzlich durch ein furchtbares Geſchrei aufgeſchreckt. Die Kinder liegen ruhig ſchlummernd da, aber das Mädchen kniet, den Kopf tief in den Sitz eines Lehnſeſſels drückend, und ſtöhnt dumpf. Meine Mutter nähert ſich ihr und bittet ſie, ruhig zu ſein, um die Kinder nicht zu erwecken, die wunderbar genug fortſchlummern. Nach vielem Zureden hebt das Mädchen ängſtlich den Kopf empor und blickt ſchaudernd nach dem Bettchen meiner jüngſten Schweſter hin.

„Ach Madame," fängt ſie dann mit leiſer, zitternder Stimme an, „es wird wohl nichts zu bedeuten haben." Mehr war von ihr für den Augenblick nicht herauszukriegen. Erſt gegen Morgen, wie die Gegenſtände in der Krankenſtube deutlicher erſchienen und ein trüber Sonnenſtrahl durch die dunkeln nicht feſt zugezogenen Vorhänge der Fenſter fiel, wollte das Mädchen ſagen, was ſie Nachts geſehen hatte. Die Thür ward von unſichtbarer Hand geöffnet und mit unhörbaren Schritten näherte ſich unſer Hausfreund dem Lager meiner jüngſten Schweſter. Das Mädchen wollte ihn anreden, denn kein Zweifel, daß er es war, derſelbe graue Rock, dieſelben magern Hände, die Hut und Stock hielten, die ſtrotzende Taſche endlich, die ein Geſchenk verhieß. Aber ſo wie er ganz nahe war, ſagte ihr das unheimliche Gefühl, woran ſie ſchon gewöhnt war, daß dies kein Lebender mehr ſei. Sie that ſich Gewalt an und ſchaute feſt nach der Erſcheinung. Dieſe ſchritt an ihr vorüber ohne ſie zu bemerken, beugte ſich über mein ſchlafendes Schweſterchen, zog ein Kruzifix von Elfenbein aus der Taſche und legte es dem Kinde auf die Bruſt. Hier mußte ſie laut aufſchreien und ihr Geſicht verbergen, da ein eiskalter Hauch in dem Augenblick anwehte. Wie meine Mutter nun zu ihr gekommen war und ſie nach dem Bette wieder hinſah, war die Erſcheinung verſchwunden. Das elfenbeinerne Kreuz fand ſich bei der Kranken. Die Andern wollen es aber lange unter ihrem Spielſachen bemerkt haben, und in der That ſoll es ein Geſchenk des Hausfreundes geweſen ſein, deſſen Tod wir am andern Tage erfuhren.

Nach einer kurzen Krankheit war er plötzlich in der Nacht verſchieden. Aber auch meine Schweſter erlag in der 7. Nacht nach dieſer der Krankheit, die übrigen Geſchwiſter genaſen.

Es iſt überflüſſig zu ſagen, daß das unheimliche Stubenmädchen den Dienſt verlor, doch erhielt ſie aus dem väterlichen Hauſe eine fortwährende Unterſtützung."

„Ha, ha! Es ſoll alſo Geſpenſtergeſchichten geben! nun wohl, ich bin dabei," hob ein Schauſpieler an, der nach Paris gekommen war, um den Franzoſen ihre Kunſt abzuſehen. „Ich kann vom Theater Allerlei berichten. Da iſt z. B. in München ein hübſches Gebäude am Iſarthore, wo ſonſt Komödie geſpielt wurde, jetzt ſoll die polytechniſche Schule dort ſein. Es wurden ganz verzweifelte Spukgeſchichten dort aufgeführt, die jedoch nicht in Betracht kamen gegen die, welche der Teufel ſelbſt auf eigene Hand darſtellte. Eines Abends, da nicht geſpielt wurde, gehe ich über das dunkle Theater, um bei dem Garderobier einen neuen Anzug zu probiren. Es war im Spätherbſte zwiſchen 5 und 6. Wer das alte Theater kannte, weiß, daß es enorm tief und hinten offen war, damit die beliebten vierfüßigen Künſtler in großer Menge herauf- und hinuntergebracht werden können. Einige Jungen waren auf dieſem Wege zur verödeten Scene gekommen, um mit hölzernen Schwertern und Papphelmen eine Ritter-Comeſie aufzuſchrecken. Ich ſehe ihnen eine Weile zu und ergötze mich beſonders an einem pausbäckigen Jungen, der den Eſtlair ganz copirte, und bei dem Geſchrei: „Was wollen die Hunde mit ihrem Gebell?" wie wahnſinnig um ſich herum ſchlug. Mit einem Male kreiſchen alle Jungen fürchterlich auf und rennen, als wenn ihnen der Kopf brannte, vom Theater. Im erſten Augenblick glaubte ich, ſie fürchteten ſich vor mir, der im dunklen Mantel, an eine Couliſſe gelehnt, ihrem Spiel ſtumm zuſchaute. Ich rufe ihnen nach, doch das Wort blieb mir im Halſe ſtecken, denn am andern Ende der Scene ſteht ein Etwas unbeweglich und blickt nach mir mit geſpenſtiſchen Augen unverwandt hin. Soll ich hier beſchreiben, wie es ausſah? — ich kann es nicht. Es war eine menſchliche Geſtalt, mit der Radirnadel leicht in den dunklen Grund geritzt. An manchen Stellen floß Zeichnung und Grund zuſammen, und da ſah es aus, als wenn ein weiter Mantel von Spinngeweben Alles umzogen hätte. Der Kopf war am Entſchiedenſten gezeichnet und die Augen darin glänzten matt und lebten und ein Schauergefühl übermannte mich, ſo daß ich ſchnell die Bühne verließ und die Stiege zum Garderobier hinaufſtolperte. Ich warf mich in einen Stuhl und forderte ein Glas Waſſer. „Sie ſind bleich und entſetzt," ſagte der Mann beſorgt. Ich erzählte ihm den Vorfall. Er war nicht zurückhaltender und geſtand, daß er einer ähnlichen Erſcheinung ſchon oft begegnet ſei. „Sie glauben nicht," ſetzte er hinzu, „wie es hier im Hauſe ſpukt. Man darf nur nichts davon laut werden laſſen, um das Gebäude beim Volke nicht in Verruf zu bringen. In den Nächten vor den Feiertagen, an welchen große Spectakelſtücke gegeben werden ſollen, wenn ich ſo da ſitze mit meinen Gehilfen und emſig nähe, dann reißt's die Thüre auf und geht keck an uns vorüber," — „„Was denn, was denn?"" fragte ich haſtig. —

„Weiß ich's?" gab er zur Antwort. „Wir machen die Augen zu und kreuzen uns, und dann geht's in das Magazin und da ſollen ſie es wirthſchaften und handthieren hören. Helme und Harniſche werden hin und her geworfen und mit den Kleidern wird Fangball geſpielt, ich dachte ſonſt, es müſſe Alles über und unter einander liegen, doch wenn ich am Morgen aufwachte, ſo fand ich Alles am alten Platze und in der beſten Ordnung." Die Frau des Theaterdieners, welche zugegen war, bekräftigte dieſe Ausſage, denn ſie wohnte im Erdgeſchoſſe und hörte jedesmal den Teufel lärmen. Geſehen hatte ſie jedoch nur einmal etwas und zwar denſelben grauen Mann, der mir heute begegnet war. Sie war nämlich nach beendigter Vorſtellung in der Requiſitenkammer beſchäftigt, um dort aufzuräumen. Da ſcheint es ihr, als ſchliche etwas an ihr vorüber. Sie blickt auf und ſieht ſogleich nichts, doch da ſie einen Luftzug verſpürt, ſo wendet ſie ſich nach der geöffneten Thür, die aufs Theater führt und gewahrt dort den grauen Mann, der ſie groß anſtarrt und zu drohen ſcheint und dann die Thür hinter ſich zuzieht und verſchwindet. Sich kreuzend und ein Gebet ſprechend iſt ſie im Augenblick unentſchloſſen, ob ſie bleiben oder gehen ſoll, aus Furcht, dem Geſpenſte auf dem Theater zu begegnen. Endlich ergreift ſie ein Kruzifix, das in den Kreuzfahrern gebraucht wurde, und mit dieſem profanirten Werkzeug hofft ſie dem Teufel zu trotzen und ſucht den Weg über das finſtere Theater nach ihrer Schlafſtube. Es war aber nichts Unheimliches mehr anzutreffen."

„Es iſt ſonderbar," ſagte nach einer Pauſe der Schnurrbärtige, „daß faſt von allen Schauſpielhäuſern dergleichen Märchen im Gange ſind."

Der Erzähler nahm es übel, daß ſeine Geſchichte ein Märchen genannt wurde, und behauptete, wenn er gleich kein Haſenfuß ſei, ſo würde ihn doch nichts in der Welt bewegen können, einmal nach beendigter Vorſtellung eine Nacht über allein im Theater zu bleiben.

„Denkt Euch einmal," fügte er hinzu, „Ihr wachtet in der Nacht auf und erblicktet die Logen gefüllt mit hohläugigen bleichen Todtengeſichtern und luſtige Hände klatſchten zuſammen und es gäbe keinen Ton, und Moderduft erfüllte den Raum. Und auf der Bühne ſpreizten ſich ekelhafte Phantome und führten eine Komödie zum Haarſträuben auf." —

„Und die in den Logen ſitzen, wären abgeſchiedene große Dichter, deren Werke auf dieſen Brettern oft verhunzt wurden," rief ſpottend ein Anderer, „und ein Chor geiſterhafter Recenſenten umſchritte, Eumeniden gleich, die dunkle Scene und peitſchte mit Schlangengeißeln."

„O genug davon," ſagte der Schauſpieler, „es thut mir leid, daß mein Theaterſpuk nicht im Stande war, Euch zu ergreifen, ich will es daher mit einer andern Geſchichte verſuchen, die mir von einer glaubwürdigen Freundin mitgetheilt wurde. Eine Dame in Wien hatte das Unglück, ihre Tochter zu verlieren. Am Tage nach der Beerdigung tritt die Schweſter der Geſtorbenen bleich und verſtört zur Mutter und erzählt ihr, daß in vergangener Nacht Caroline — ſo hatte die Verſtorbene geheißen — an ihr Bett gekommen ſei, und dieſe die Vorhänge geöffnet habe. Sie hätte nicht geſchlafen und Alles deutlich geſehen, aber der Schreck hätte ſie ſo erfaßt, daß ſie nicht im Stande geweſen wäre, ihre gepreßte Bruſt durch einen Schrei zu erleichtern. Caroline habe ſie beim Namen gerufen und eine Weile wehmüthig auf ſie herabgeſchaut, dann habe ſie zu ihr geſagt: „Kommt doch und legt mich zur Ruhe in ein trocknes Grab, ich friere ja im Waſſer." Darauf ſei ſie verſchwunden. Das Entſetzen hatte das arme Mädchen ſo ergriffen, daß ihr Zuſtand der geängſtigten Mutter einen neuen Verluſt prophezeite und dieſe ſich alle Mühe gab, dem Mädchen die Erſcheinung als Spiel der Einbildung zu erklären.

„Du dachteſt im Schlafengehen an die verſtorbene Schweſter, die nun die erſte Nacht draußen auf dem Friedhofe ruhet; du hörteſt den Herbſtſturm und das Fallen der Regentropfen, die ihr kühles einſames Grab umſauſten; da träumteſt du ſo lebhaft. Doch denke, daß der Frühling kommen wird und wie Roſen draußen pflanzen werden, und ein blühender Garten aus der Aſche der theuren Geliebten entſprießen wird," — ſo ſprach tröſtend die ſelbſt des Troſtes bedürftige Mutter. Zwei Tage vergingen und das Mädchen ward nicht heiter und ſah immer bleicher. Die Mutter ſchrieb dies dem ſtillen Grame um die Verlorene zu und fragte nicht weiter nach einer Urſache. Am andern Morgen des dritten Tages ſagte ihr endlich die Tochter, daß ſie es nicht mehr zu tragen vermöge. Allnächtlich erſcheine ihr die Schweſter und immer wehmüthiger ſehe ſie aus, immer herzzerreißender töne ihre Klage. Die Mutter willigte endlich ein, das Grab zu beſuchen, um es vor Regen und Wind, die unaufhörlich fortgedauert hatten, gehörig zu ſchützen. Sie kamen auf den Kirchhof an und fanden mit Entſetzen den Hügel, von leichtem Sande, aufgewühlt, und den Sarg von Waſſer bedeckt. Sogleich wurde der Todtengräber herbeigerufen und nachdem dieſer abgeholfen hatte, beunruhigte keine Erſcheinung der todten Caroline mehr ihre Schweſter."

„Allerdings ſchauerlich," ſagte der Patriotiſche, „aber wenn Ihr mit den Contes bruns wetteifern wollt, dürft Ihr nicht blos Geſpenſter und Spuk erzählen. Namentlich iſt in der „Conversation entre onze heures et minuit" nicht die leiſeſte Spur davon zu finden. Es ſind dies vielmehr Geſchichten mit Fleiſch und Bein, Kriegsſcenen, Reiſeabenteuer, Morde, Alles ſelbſt erlebt und mit dem Colorit der Wahrheit ausgemalt. Wenn Ihr mir's erlaubt, will ich einmal verſuchen, Euch ein Abenteuer zu erzählen, das ich in Weſtphalen beſtand, in Weſtphalen, dem geheimnißvollen Lande, wo die Vehme ihren Sitz hatte und wo — Ihr mögt mir ſagen, was Ihr wollt, noch heut zu Tage die Menſchen und ihre Wohnplätze eine ganz eigenthümliche Phyſiognomie tragen."

„Es war zwiſchen Münſter und Osnabrück, wo ich an einem regnichten October-Abende durch einen tüchtigen Wald fuhr. Ich hatte einen Kutſcher aus Ibbenbühren, einen trägen Geſellen, der es mit Niemandem auf der Welt gut meinte. Denn ſeine ſtarken Pferde wären bei einigem Antreiben eher in den Stall gekommen, und er ſelbſt hätte ſich zeitiger auf die Streu werfen können. Statt deſſen ſaß er ruhig da, ließ ſich und die Thiere beregnen und mich verzweifeln. So war die Nacht hereingebrochen, und wir fuhren noch immer unter den Tannen weg, die ihre träufelnden Aeſte in den Wagen ſtreckten, um mir wie aus Gutmüthigkeit auch etwas vom Regen zukommen zu laſſen. Ich ward ungeduldig und rief ihm einmal über das andere zu, ob er nicht etwa den Weg verfehlt hätte. Er antwortete nicht. Plötzlich hielt er an, ſprang vom Sitze und ſprach einige unverſtändliche Worte. Ich fragte ihn, wo wir wären. Statt einer Antwort hörte ich einige übliche Flüche von ihm. Damit geſtand er es ein, daß er irre gefahren ſei. Ich ſprang mit gleichen Füßen zum Wagen hinaus, um mich nach Möglichkeit zu orientiren. Rings ſchwarze Nacht, keine Spur von Straße, denn das, was er dafür gehalten, war eine gelichtete Stelle, die dicht mit vertrockneten Nadeln beſtreut war, und ſo eine hellere Färbung als der Grund umher hatte, und die nun aufhörte und von alten Tannen umgrenzt war, die ihre ſchwarzhaarigen Zweige in einander verſchränkten und uns den Ausgang verſperrten. Hinter dieſen Waldrieſen hatte ſich der Nebel aus dem Moore wie ein weißes Laken ausgebreitet und verſchloß jede Fernſicht, ſelbſt wenn die Bäume eine geſtattet hätten. Der Kutſcher fluchte immerfort, ich ſchaute ringsumher. Hätten mich nicht Regenſchauer und Nachtwind durchſchüttelt, ich wäre mit der Scenerie ganz zufrieden geweſen, und ich hätte vielleicht geglaubt, den Erlkönig im Nebel dahin reiten zu ſehen. Die naſſe Wirklichkeit kühlte jedoch meine Einbildungskraft bedeutend ab und ließ ſolche Spukgebilde nicht in ihr aufkeimen. Plötzlich flimmerte mir etwas aus dem Nebel zu. Zu tief war der Schein am Boden, um ihn für einen Stern zu halten. „Ein Licht," ſchrie ich, und der Kutſcher hielt es auch dafür. Wir machten uns alſo durch Dorn und Geſtrüpp zu Fuß auf den Weg dahin, und zogen Pferde und Wagen nach. Nach vielen Beſchwerden, an ſchroffen Abhängen vorbei, über Steine, ſahen wir abermals eine lichte

Stelle, und unfern von uns ein langes, ſchwarzes Haus, an deſſen einem Ende, in einer Mauer-Blende ein Kruzifix angebracht war, vor welchem eine Lampe brannte. Dies war der Schein, der uns aus dem Nebel hiehergeleitet hatte. „Ein gutes Omen!“ ſagte ich ziemlich laut vor mich hin, und der Kutſcher kreuzte ſich und murmelte leiſe: „Ja wohl Amen!“ Wir näherten uns dem Gebäude, das ſtill und finſter keine Spur von Bewohnern verrieth. Endlich zeigte uns ein Schimmer, der durch eine Ritze fiel, wo wir die Thür zu ſuchen hatten. Ich öffnete ſie und ſah in einen wüſten Raum. In einem Winkel war eine Fallthüre geöffnet und daraus ragte mit halbem Leibe ein grauhaarichtes ſcheußliches Weib hervor, die ein breites, blankes Meſſer wetzte. Unwillkürlich trat ich zurück. Die Hexe nahm ſich ohnedies in der Rembrandſchen Beleuchtung nicht eben erfreulich aus, und dazu kam noch ihre verfängliche Handthierung. Sie hatte uns ſchon erblickt und rief einige Worte in ihrem unverſtändlichen Dialekte, die aus den ſchlotternden Kiefern hervorziſchten. Auf das trat ein baumgroßer Kerl mit einem bleichen Geſichte, von ſchwarzen, wilden Haaren umhangen, eine kleine Pfeife rauchend, aus einer Seitenabtheilung des Gebäudes. „Was giebt's, Ihr Herren?“ fragte er auf gut Deutſch. Mein Kutſcher nahm ſchnell das Wort und forderte einen Stall. „Es iſt zwar keine Herberge hier,“ ſagte der Kerl, „aber Sie können hier ſchon übernachten.“ Mein Kutſcher hatte bereits die Thür geöffnet, durch die der Nachtwind hereinblies. Die Hexe hatte die Fallthüre zugeworfen, gab dem Kerl das Licht und das Meſſer, und nachdem ſie einen Kieferſpan angezündet hatte, ging ſie dem Kutſcher beim Ausſpannen zur Hand. Ich folgte dem Kerl in die kleine Stube.

Mir war unheimlich zu Muthe bei meinem Wirthe, und ich ſehnte mich nach der Rückkunft des Kutſchers. Eine Bank, ein Tiſch, ein alter Schrank und eine pickende Schwarzwälder Uhr, das waren alle Möbel dieſer Stube. Stillſchweigend ſchenkte mein Wirth zwei Schnapsgläſer voll und ſtellte ſie nebſt einem hölzernen Teller, worauf große Schnitte Pumpernickel lagen, auf den Tiſch. Ich hatte keinen Appetit.

Beide, Wirth und Gaſt, ſchienen nicht mit einander zufrieden, doch hinderte dies nicht, daß ſie einander ſcharf beobachteten. Der Kutſcher machte endlich dieſer ſtummen, peinlichen Scene ein Ende. Er trank den Schnaps, aß das Brod und ſchimpfte, daß es nicht einmal rohen Speck dazu gab. Endlich warf er ſich auf die Streu, die ihm die Alte auf die Erde zurecht gemacht hatte und ſchnarchte. Ich wurde gefragt, ob ich mich nicht auch zur Ruhe legen wollte? Der ſo gebräuchliche Ausdruck „zur Ruhe legen,“ machte einen unangenehmen Eindruck auf mich. Ich war unentſchloſſen, ob ich nicht lieber die Streu mit dem Kutſcher theilen wollte, doch verlangte ich das Bett zu ſehen. Hinter dem Ofen war eine zerbrechliche Treppe, die zu einer Fallthür führte. Das war mir ſchon nicht recht. Ich liebe die Fallthüren nicht. Das Weib ſtand bereits oben und hatte mit dem Kopfe die Thür aufgeſtoßen, als ich ihr ſagte, ich würde neben meinem Kutſcher ſchlafen, um morgen gleich bei der Hand zu ſein. Der Kerl und das Weib ſchienen das gleichgültig hinzunehmen. Ich warf mich hin, meine Waffen neben mir. Alsbald nahm das Weib das Licht und ſchlich mit dem Kerl auf den Zehen hinaus, als ob ſie uns nicht ſtören wollten. Wie wir allein waren, fing mein Kutſcher, den ich längſt eingeſchlafen glaubte, leiſe zu ſprechen an, was mich nicht wenig erſchreckte. Seine Worte erhöheten meine Beſorgniſſe, die ohnedies ſchon ſtark genug waren, um ein Bedeutendes. Was war zu machen? Ich ſtand auf und verſuchte es, ein Fenſter zu öffnen, allein vergebens, die ſchienen zugenagelt zu ſein. „Was wollen Sie auch anfangen,“ ſprach der Kutſcher. „Hier iſt kein Entrinnen. Der Himmel wird uns nicht verlaſſen. Das Einzige, was mich noch tröſtet, iſt das Kruzifix vor der Thür.“ Die Lampe, die davor brannte, erhellte matt den Platz vor dem Hauſe, den ich überſehen konnte bis zu den Tannen, die ihm als natürliche Einzäunung dienten. Alles war ruhig und ſtille im Forſte. Kein Laut im Hauſe vernehmbar. Die Bewohner ſchienen alle zu ſchlafen, und doch war's ſo unheimlich. Nachdem ich lange Zeit ſo gelauſcht hatte, und immer noch Alles ruhig blieb, bemächtigte ſich meiner der Schlaf, den die zu große Aufregung bis jetzt nur zurückgehalten hatte, ſich geltend zu machen. Ehe ich mich jedoch niederlegte, unterſuchte ich die Thür und fand ſie von außen verſchloſſen. Ich theilte die dadurch erneuete Beſorgniß meinem Schlafgefährten nicht mit und nahm mir vor, nicht einzuſchlafen, um bei einem Unfalle ſogleich zur Hand zu ſein. So legte ich mich zu meinem Kutſcher und meinen Waffen auf die Streu.

Ein Geräuſch an der Thür ließ ſich vernehmen und ſchreckte uns Beide in die Höhe. Die Schreckensnacht war vorüber und der graue Tag ſchimmerte durch das trübe Fenſterchen. Das alte Weib trat ein und meldete, daß die Pferde bereits abgefüttert ſeien. Der Kutſcher lachte und ſchüttelte mir die Hand, und ſagte auf Kutſcherweiſe: „Nun wollen wir auf in Gottes Namen!“ Während er anſpannen ging, trat ich zur offenen Thür in den Wald hinaus. Ich betrachtete mir das Haus. Es war aus Lehmkuchen erbaut, niedrig und faſt erdrückt von der Laſt des hohen bemooſten Strohdaches. Das eine Ende des Hauſes hinter dem Stalle lag in Schutt und Ruin. Keine Einfriedung, nicht die Spur einer Anbauung des Bodens verrieth die Handthierung der Bewohner. Ich glaubte noch immer bei einem armen Waldwarte übernachtet zu haben. In Gedanken umging ich das Haus. Da fällt mir hinten an der eingeſtürzten Mauer friſche Erde auf, die ſo eben gegraben zu ſein ſcheint. Ein Stück eines roth und weiß gewürfelten Linnentuches, und ein abgeriſſnes Strickende liegen nebſt großen und kleinen Papierbogen, worin man Waaren einzupacken pflegt, am Boden. Ich kann nicht beſchreiben, wie ängſtlich es mir mit einem Male in dieſem Winkel wurde. Es war ein Kehrichthaufen hinter dem Hauſe, nichts weiter, aber die Schauer einer geheimnißvollen That webten an dieſem Orte und zogen an meinem innern Sinne vorüber, mich wunderbar ergreifend. An einem aus der Lehmwand hervorragenden Balken gewahre ich rothe Zeichen. Ich trete ängſtlich näher und habe nun die Gewißheit, daß hier ein Mord verübt wurde. Mir war nämlich bei meinem langjährigen Aufenthalte in Polen von einem alten weiſen Rabbi ein kabbaliſtiſches Zeichen erklärt worden, welches Juden, die von Mördern überfallen wurden, in ihrer Sterbeſtunde mit ihrem Blute zeichnen, um Andern Kunde von ihrer Ermordung zu geben. Dieſe blutigen Verräther fand ich nun hier, und darunter eine hebräiſche Chiffer, die ich nicht zu enträthſeln vermochte, und die wahrſcheinlich den Namen des Unglücklichen bedeutete. — Hier war ein Mord vorgefallen — der arme Jude hatte vor dem Verſcheiden mit dem blutenden Finger die ruchloſe That an die Wand geſchrieben, wo eine leichte Schicht Erde ſeinen Leichnam bedeckte. — Der Knall der Peitſche weckte mich aus meinen Gedanken, der Kutſcher ſaß bereits auf. Er hatte ſich den Weg zeigen laſſen und jagte, was er konnte, um die Landſtraße zu erreichen. „Das war ein verfluchtes Neſt, unſer Nachtquartier,“ ſagte er einmal übers andere. „Und wo nur der Kerl geblieben ſein mochte? heute war Niemand im Hauſe als die Teufelsfratze von Weib!“ — Ich antwortete nicht. Im nächſten Orte machte ich die Anzeige bei den Gerichten, die ſogleich eine Unterſuchung zu verhängen verſprachen. Meine Reiſe litt keinen Aufſchub und ich eilte weiter. Nach mehreren Monaten kam ich wieder durch den Ort und erfuhr, daß man im Hauſe keine Bewohner gefunden habe, daß es früher die Hütte eines alten Waldwarts geweſen ſei, der aber nun ſchon ſeit mehreren Jahren todt war, und daß an dem von mir bezeichneten Orte, hinter dem verfallenen Gemäuer, eine verſtümmelte, von Niemandem gekannte Leiche gefunden worden ſei; in dem Balken aber, der dort aus der Lehmmauer hervorragte, hätte man keine rothen Karaktere wahrnehmen können, wohl aber ſeien friſche Späne daraus gehauen worden. So blieb die Sache unenträthſelt — ich kam nie wieder in die Gegend.“

„Die blutigen Zeichen, die ein Sterbender hinterläßt, um zu warnen oder zur Rache aufzufordern, haben allerdings ſehr viel Schauriges, und die Idee iſt neu und ergreifend, der Reſt der Geſchichte, lieber Freund, iſt jedoch ganz gewöhnlich und in vielen Reiſebeſchreibungen, in den natürlichen Geſpenſtern, ja wohl ſelbſt in Kinderbüchern, ſchon da geweſen,“ ſagte ſpottend der Mann mit dem Schnurrbarte.

„Die erlebten und wahren Begebenheiten können nie durchweg den Reiz der erfundenen haben,“ bemerkte der Patriotiſche, „das ſagt auch der Arzt in den franzöſiſchen Contes bruns, die doch eigentlich zu dieſer unſerer Kamin-Unterhaltung Veranlaſſung gaben. Oft auch entſtellt die Erfindung des Erzählers die erhabenſte Begebenheit, die eben in ihrer Einfachheit ergreift,“ erwiderte der Schnurrbärtige. „Der Aufwand, den der Erzähler macht, um die Sache zu ſchmücken, iſt dann bloße Ungeſchicklichkeit, und die Herausgeber der Contes bruns haben ſich dieſe Fehler ſehr oft zu Schulden kommen laſſen. So iſt z. B. „le ministère public“ — —

„Und finden Sie dieſe Erzählung nicht eben vortrefflich?“ fielen ihm ſchnell Mehrere ins Wort. „Noch vortrefflicher, wie ſie ſich wirklich ereignete,“ ſagte ernſt der Schnurrbärtige. „Zufällig lebte ich damals in der Gegend von Beaugency und kannte den Anwalt des Tribunals und Pierre Leroux.“

„O ſo erzählen Sie,“ riefen Alle.

„Ich will Ihnen Alles ſo treulich berichten, wie es jeder Einwohner von Beaugency weiß, und wie es ſich aus den Ausſagen in den Verhören klar ergeben hat. Urtheilen Sie dann ſelbſt, was der Erzähler in den Contes bruns zu dieſer Geſchichte hinzu erfand, und was er damit bewirkte.“

„Pierre Leroux war ein armer Kärrner und ein Menſch von den beſchränkteſten Begriffen. Seine alte Stute Griſe und das Klatſchen ſeiner Peitſche, das waren die Gegenſtände von Wichtigkeit, die ihn beſchäftigten. Ging er neben ſeinem Karren, ſo ruhete ſein Blick auf der Stute und ihrem trägen Gange, und wenn er ſich einen Spaß machen wollte, ſo ließ er ihr die Peitſche um den Kopf ſchwirren, und ging ſie dann für einen Augenblick ſchneller, ſo klatſchte er vergnügt. Dieſer Pierre ſchlief gewöhnlich nach den Beſchwerlichkeiten des Tages auf ſeiner Streu gut und feſt. Von Träumen wußte er wenig zu ſagen. Einſt jedoch beunruhigte ihn ein böſer Traum, den ihm ein böſer Dämon geſandt haben mußte, da er ihm das Leben raubte. Es kam ihm nämlich vor, als klatſchte ſeine Peitſche nicht mehr, und als habe ſeine Greiſe keinen Appetit. Beides quälte ihn ſo ſehr im Traume, daß er in größter Unruhe erwachte. Lächelnd ſah er nun um ſich und merkte bald, daß ihm Alles nur geträumt hatte. Aber es ließ ihm keine Ruhe, er mußte die überzeugendſte Gewißheit haben. Er ſprang auf, riß die Peitſche vom Nagel und ließ ſie einigemale klatſchen. Hui, wie ſchallte das im Stalle. Alle ſeine Bewohner wurden wach, das war ein Geſtampfe und Gewieher! Freudig rief er: Gottlob, nun will ich ſehen, ob die Greiſe auch noch frißt! und ſchnell ging er hin, gab ihr einige Hände voll Hafer, und ſie — die nie zu viel bekam — ließ ſich nicht lange nöthigen und machte dem guten Pierre damit die größte Freude. In dieſem Gefühle hatte er ſich wieder hingelegt und einige Minuten ſtärkenden Schlafes genoſſen, als lärmend an die Stallthür gepocht wurde. Leroux ſprang auf und öffnete. Es war grauer Morgen. Ein Piquet Gensd'armen bringt ein und nimmt den armen Pierre Leroux gefangen. Ein Mord iſt in dieſer Nacht verübt worden. Die Nachbarn haben den Lärm im Stalle gehört. Man ſchließt daraus, daß Leroux in der Nacht aus geweſen und wieder heimgekehrt iſt. — Kurz man will den Mörder finden, und er wird gefangen. Als ſein Ankläger präſentirt ſich ihm beim erſten Verhör ein junger Advocat, dem Alles daran liegt, ſeinen Scharfſinn im höchſten Lichte zu zeigen, und ſo einen der Richter, den reichen Vater einer ſchönen Tochter, für ſich einzunehmen. Dieſem gegenüber ſteht nun der einfältige Pierre Leroux, der von der ganzen Anklage nichts begreift und ſteif und feſt behauptet, daß die Herren nur ihren Scherz mit ihm treiben. Mehr weiß er ſeinem Vertheidiger nicht zu ſagen. Dieſe vermeinte Verſtocktheit und der Scharfſinn ſeines Gegners, der mittlerweile Beweiſe auf Beweiſe häuft, bringen unſern armen Träumer unter das Beil der Guillotine. Der junge Rechtsgelehrte kehrt mit den Lorbeeren der Themis gekrönt aus dieſem Prozeſſe zu ſeinen Laren zurück. In den wichtigſten Fällen wird ſein Beiſtand zu Rathe gezogen und die Hand des reichen, ſchönen Mädchens ihm angetragen. Nun fühlt er ſich ganz glücklich. Ein berühmter Advocat, ein reicher Mann einer ſchönen Frau, das waren ſtets ſeine Wünſche. In Acten vergraben, überraſcht ihn oft die Nacht, beſcheint ihn oft der erſte Morgenſtrahl. Dieſe anhaltende Beſchäftigung droht ſeiner Geſundheit, eine ſeltſame Röthe färbt ſeine Wangen, welche oft mit einer deſto auffallendern Bläſſe abwechſelt. Der Arzt ſpricht von Congeſtionen nach dem Kopfe, man beſorgt einen Blutſturz und will Aderläſſe verordnen.“

„Mittlerweile ereignet ſich ein ſonderbarer Zufall. Eines Morgens wird der Advocat todtenähnlich auf dem Boden ſeines Zimmers gefunden. Mit Mühe wird er wieder ins Leben gebracht. Aus ſeinen Irrereden geht hervor, daß er Viſionen habe — er ſpricht von einem blutenden Kopfe, der ihn angegrinzt habe — er ſagt, daß ihn dieſer Anblick unaufhörlich folterte. Einige Aderläſſe, Blutigel und dergleichen werden ihn wohl wieder in Ordnung bringen, meint der Arzt, und vor allen Dingen ſoll die Heirath bald vor ſich gehen, dem kräftigen Manne fehlt eine junge Frau.

„Die Familien ſind gern geneigt dieſer Meinung des Arztes beizupflichten und die Hochzeit wird gefeiert. Die junge Frau liegt bereits im Brautbette da, ihren Mann erwartend, der ſich noch entkleidet. Jetzt will er ſich an ihre Seite legen, doch plötzlich wird er vom Wahnſinn ergriffen.

Auf dem Polſter ſeines Bettes ſieht er den blutenden Kopf wieder, mit den blutgetränkten ſtruppigen Haaren und dem gebrochenen Auge, der ſeine junge Frau herzt und küßt. Er will das Schreckbild verſcheuchen, aber es dreht ſich hohnlachend nach ihm um, und er erkennt die bleichen Züge des unſchuldig durch ihn gemordeten Pierre Leroux, da ſteigert ſich ſein Wahnſinn zur Raſerei, er ſpringt zum Kamine, ergreift eine Feuerzange und führt einige Hiebe auf den krachenden Schädel, als wollte er den Kopf des Todten noch einmal tödten; das Spukbild verſchwindet und er kann ſich zu ſeiner jungen Gattin ins Bett legen. Nach einem feſten Schlafe erwacht er, der Kampf mit dem Kopfe in voriger Nacht erſcheint ihm wie ein Traum, aber welch ein Blutſtrom beſudelt ihn? — Er blickt um ſich — da liegt ſein junges Weib mit zerſchelltem Kopfe neben ihm. Die hereintretenden Aeltern, welche die Neuvermählten zu überraſchen glauben, beben zurück und der Advocat, der bei dem Verhöre Alles ſo berichtet, wie ich es eben erzählt habe, iſt nicht ſo ſpitzfindig ſich ſelbſt retten zu können und er wird von demſelben Beile gerichtet, welches dem unglücklichen Pierre Leroux den Kopf herunterſchlug.“

„Die letzte Erzählung des Contes bruns: „le Grand d'Espagne“ erſchien mir noch ergreifender,“ ſprach der Bleiche. „Ich möchte ihre Wahrheit nicht verbürgen,“ meinte der Schnurrbärtige. „Sie ſtrotzt von abenteuerlicher Unwahrſcheinlichkeit. Ein junger franzöſiſcher Feldſcheer wird Nachts von Vermummten zu einer vornehmen Dame geholt, die in Kindesnöthen ſich auf dem Boden eines Zimmers wälzt und vor Schmerz ein Tuch zerbeißt, das ſie, um jeden Schrei zu unterdrücken, in den Mund geſteckt hat. Im Nebenzimmer ſchläft der betrogene Gatte, ein ſpaniſcher Grand. Der kleinſte Zufall kann ihn erwecken, demungeachtet wacht er nicht auf, während das Kind ſtückweiſe von der Mutter geholt wird, und dieſe ſich dann, als wäre nichts vorgefallen zu dem Manne ins Schlafgemach verfügt. Unterdeß entfernte ſich der Feldſcheer und der Geliebte der Dame, welcher bei der Entbindung zugegen war, nachdem dieſer die blutenden Stücke ſeines Kindes in ein Tuch gewickelt und unter ſeinen Mantel verborgen. Wie leicht hätte hier die Unwahrſcheinlichkeit vermieden werden können und wie ſehr zerſtört die von dem Erzähler abſichtlich erzählte Scenerie das ängſtlich Spannende, das in der Situation liegt. Der Feldſcheer bewahrt das Geheimniß, an deſſen Enthüllung ſein Leben hängt, bis wenige Tage vor ſeiner Abreiſe aus Spanien. Da läßt er ſich verleiten in einem Kreiſe von Freunden ſein Abenteuer zu erzählen. Es geſchieht dies im Freien in froher Geſellſchaft. Die Freunde fragen ihn, ob er die Dame wieder erkennen würde? Er verneint es, da ein dichter Schleier ihr Geſicht verbarg, den der Geliebte ſtets ſorglich wieder ordnete, wenn er davon hinabgeglitten war. Ein einziges Merkmal iſt es, woran er ſie einſt wiederzuerkennen hoffen darf, eine braune Warze an dem einen Arme von Haaren umgeben. Kaum hat er ausgeſprochen, ſo ſieht er plötzlich zwei leuchtende Augen aus einem Gebüſche ihn anſtieren. „Wir ſind belauſcht worden!“ ſagt er und wird todtenbleich.“

„Es muß alſo angenommen werden, daß der Lauſcher überall gegenwärtig war. Die Freunde verſprechen den Beängſtigten nicht zu verlaſſen. Am andern Morgen reiſt er aus Spanien und bis in die Heimath wird ihm der Rächer nicht folgen, daher wollen ſie die wenigen Stunden vor der Abreiſe mit ihm zubringen. Man ſetzt ſich zur Flaſche und will ſo den Morgen erwarten. Doch eine unerklärliche Müdigkeit hat ſich der Freunde bemächtigt, ſie ſchlummern ſämmtlich ein und der unglückliche Feldſcheer legt ſich auch aufs Bett. Da werden die Vorhänge aus einander geriſſen und jene leuchtenden Augen aus dem Gebüſche ſtieren ihn an und aus dem die Geſtalt verhüllenden Mantel wird ihm ein abgeſchnittener Menſchenarm entgegengeſtreckt und er hört die Worte: „War es dieſer?“ In demſelben Augenblick fühlt er, daß ein Dolch ihm in die Bruſt geſtoßen wird. Die Sinne vergehen ihm, doch war die Wunde nicht tödtlich. Er verläßt Spanien und kömmt nach Frankreich zurück.“

„Einſt in einer Abendgeſellſchaft erblickt er einen bleichen, faſt kahlköpfigen Mann an der Seite einer eben ſo bleichen Dame, die nur einen Arm hat. Man kann denken, daß er ſich beſtrebt in ihre Nähe zu kommen. Es gelingt ihm endlich und auf die Frage: bei welcher Gelegenheit die Dame den Arm verloren habe, erhält er die Antwort: „dans la guerre de l'indépendance!“

„Ich überging abſichtlich noch ein epiſodiſches ſehr verliebtes Kammermädchen, die am Ende vergiftet wird, und die für die Geſchichte von gar keinem Intereſſe iſt. Ich glaube nicht, daß der Grand von Spanien einen Vergleich mit Pierre Leroux aushalten kann.“

„Ich kenne jedoch den jungen Dichter, von dem beide Erzählungen herrühren,“ fügte der Bleiche hinzu, „und bin überzeugt, daß er ein ſchönes Talent beſitze. Es keimt jetzt in der Poeſie wie in der Wirklichkeit ein gewaltiges Leben in Frankreich. Wie das Alles treibt und knospt und wie die Blume ſtrebt, die dünne Hülle zu zerſprengen, und ſich zur Sonne Bahn zu machen.“

„So parador für den erſten Augenblick auch die Behauptung ſcheinen mag,“ bemerkte der Patriotiſche, „ſo hat denn doch der jetzige Zeitpunkt der franzöſiſchen Literatur eine ſtarke Aehnlichkeit mit unſerer frühern, da die Stolberge, Voß, Bürger, Hölty und Andere noch eine jugendliche Coalition gegen das alte Perrückenthum bildeten. Das war ein gemeinſames, befreundetes Streben, Keiner beneidete dem Andern den Lorbeer, unbekümmert ob er verdient oder unverdient war, ſondern er ſuchte ihn noch aus eigenen Mitteln zu verherrlichen. Wie einſam dagegen pilgerte noch der große Leſſing ſein kurzes unfreundliches Leben dahin bis zum unbekannten Grabe, das nicht einmal ein einfacher Stein bezeichnet.“

„Doch wohl zu merken,“ fügte der Schnurrbärtige hinzu, „daß jene Kämpfe ſelbſt noch viel von den Perrücken ankleben hatten; Victor Hugo, Dumas, Barbier und Barthelemy würden ſich in den Portraits der Stolberge, Voß, Bürger und Hölty nicht wiedererkennen.“

„Das macht, ſie ſind Franzoſen von 1830 und jenes waren Deutſche aus dem 18. Jahrhundert. Dies iſt die einzige Verſchiedenheit,“ erwiderte der Patriotiſche. „Wird nicht von den ſogenannten Klaſſiſchen in Frankreich Zetergeſchrei über die Neuerer erhoben, wie ſonſt in Deutſchland? Wird nicht Victor Hugo's Franzöſiſch eben ſo verketzert, wie ſonſt das Voßiſche Deutſch? Hättet Ihr damals gelebt, als Voß zum Erſtenmale: „Emporkömmlinge“ für „parvenu“ gebrauchte und daran dachte, die Sprache zu „vervollkommnen“ ſtatt zu perfectioniren; Ihr würdet wiſſen, welch Geſchrei man erhob und den Puriſten zu allen Teufeln wünſchte, der ſolche närriſche Barbarismen einführen wollte. Doch nicht ſowohl hieran gedachte ich, als ich den Vergleich aufſtellte, ſondern wie ſchon geſagt, das kameradliche Beiſammenleben iſt es, welches mir jene Jugendzeit der deutſchen Literatur vergegenwärtigt, und welches von den Philiſtern hier wie dort auch ſo ſehr verſpöttelt wird. Aus dieſen Erzeugniſſen ſtrahlt dieſes Gefühl der Freundſchaft, dieſes Geſammtſtreben nach einem Zwecke. Erſt neuerlich gab mir das Drama Térésa wiederum den Beweis. Leſ't nur die paar Worte, welche Dumas ſeinen Freunden in Villers-Cotterets zuruft. Wie kalt und froſtig dagegen treten eines Delavigne's, eines Darlincourts Werke ins Leben; und verdienten ſie ſelbſt den Kranz, den ſie von kalten Regelmenſchen empfangen, ich würde ihn ihnen nicht beneiden.“

„Auch fehlt es an Ueberſpanntheit nicht,“ ſprach ſeufzend der Bleiche. „Alles iſt überreizt bei der heutigen Jugend. Gedenkt des Beiſpiels von Victor Escouſſe und Auguſt Lebras.“

Eine tiefe Pauſe der Wehmuth folgte. Sie waren unſerm Zirkel Beide nicht fremd geweſen. Das Geſpräch hatte den größten Theil der Nacht gewährt und wir nahmen uns vor zuſammenzubleiben, um am nächſten Morgen der Beerdigung der beiden unglücklichen Selbſtmörder in der Kirche St. Laurent beizuwohnen.

„Es waren zwei Kinder, die an einem neblichten Tage das Hervorkommen der Sonne nicht erwarten wollten,“ rief ihnen ein Freund nach.

Johann Wilhelm Loebell

wurde zu Berlin am 15. Sept. 1786 geboren, Familienverhältniſſe halber konnte er ſich erſt ſpät den wiſſenſchaftlichen Studien widmen, dies geſchah anfangs in Heidelberg und ſeit 1810 in Berlin. Da er ſich für das Lehrfach beſtimmt hatte, trieb er vorzugsweiſe Philologie, und lebte nach Beendigung ſeiner akademiſchen Studien noch eine Reihe von Jahren ohne eine öffentliche Anſtellung in Breslau. Später wurde er Lehrer der Geſchichte an der dortigen Kriegsſchule. Im Jahre 1823 erhielt er eine dauernde Anſtellung als Lehrer der Geſchichte in den obern Claſſen der Cadettenanſtalt. Im Jahre 1829 wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor und zwei Jahre darauf ordentlicher Profeſſor in Bonn, wo er gegenwärtig noch wirkſam iſt.

Er ſchrieb:

Neue Bearbeitung der Beckerſchen Weltgeſchichte. 14 Bde., mit der Fortſetzung von Menzel, Berl. 1836—38.
Reiſebriefe. Berl. 1837.
Gregor von Tours und ſeine Zeit. Leipzig 1839.
Einzelne Abhandlungen und Aufſätze in wiſſenſchaftlichen Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Scharfſinnige Kritik, reiche und ausgebreitete Gelehrſamkeit und vortreffliche Darſtellung haben L. als Hiſtoriker einen ſehr geachteten Namen erworben.

Joſeph Loreye,

badiſcher geiſtlicher Rath, Director und Profeſſor am Lyceum zu Raſtadt, der hochverdiente Neſtor der badiſchen Schulmänner, wurde den 21. Juni. 1767 zu Mahlberg auf der alten Burg geboren, wo ſein Vater als Landſchreiber der Herrſchaft Mahlberg lebte. Seine Schulbildung erhielt er auf dem Gymnaſium der Piariſten zu Raſtadt, wohin ſich ſein Vater als Penſionär 1777 gewendet hatte, und widmete ſich dann 1785—86 auf dem Gymnaſium zu Baden und 1787—88 im Seminar zu Straßburg, das er als Diöceſan beſuchen mußte, dem Studium der Theologie. Da er für die Weihen noch zu jung war, ſo brachte er noch ein Jahr in dem Seminar zu Bruchſal zu, wo er ſich für das Lehrfach beſtimmte und vorbereitete. Am Neujahrstage 1790 trat er das Amt eines Lehrers der zweiten Claſſe am Gymnaſium zu Baden an, und fand 1797 als Vicar und 1800 als Kanonikus Aufnahme in das Collegiatſtift zu Baden. Schon vorher war L. zum Profeſſor der Poetik und Rhetorik ernannt worden und da die Anſtalt, welche ſeit 1803 den Namen eines Lyceums angenommen hatte, im Nov. 1808 nach Raſtadt verlegt wurde, ſo folgte er ihr dahin nach. Als der Director Mayer im Jahre 1817 erkrankte, wurde er zum geiſtlichen Rath und zum Vicedirector, und im folgenden Jahre nach Mayers Tode zum Director ernannt. Im Jahre 1834 ward er Mitglied der außerordentlichen Commiſſion, die nach Karlsruhe zur Prüfung des neuen Lehrplans für die Gelehrtenſchulen Badens berufen wurde, und als Anerkennung ſeiner langen ausgezeichneten Verdienſte erhielt er am Neujahrstage 1835 aus den Händen des Großherzogs Leopold das Kreuz des zähringer Löwenordens mit dem Eichenlaube. Am 21 Juni des Jahres 1839 als dem 73. Geburtstage des Greiſes wurde ſein funfzigjähriges Dienſtjubiläum auf eine würdige Weiſe gefeiert.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Theorie der Poetik. 2 Bde. Tüb. 1802; 2. Aufl. 1820.
Rhetorik mit einer lateiniſchen und deutſchen Chreſtomathie. 2 Bde. Manh. 1809.
Commentar über die Oden des Horaz. Raſt. 1815.
Zerſtreute Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

L. hat ſich als Schulmann durch ſeine praktiſche Wirkſamkeit wohl verdiente allgemeine Anerkennung erworben: ſeine namentlich für die erſtere herausgegebenen Schriften zeichnen ſich durch ihre Gründlichkeit, Klarheit, und Brauchbarkeit höchſt vortheilhaft aus.

Apollonius, Freiherr von Maltitz.

ward 1795 geboren, ein Sohn des früheren K. ruſſiſchen Geſandten an den Höfen von Liſſabon, Stuttgart und Karlsruhe, P. F. von Maltitz. Nach vollendeten Studien widmete ſich A. v. M. ebenfalls der diplomatiſchen Laufbahn, war von 1830—36 Attaché der ruſſiſchen Geſandtſchaft in Braſilien, wurde dann ruſſiſcher Legationsrath und Geſandtſchaftsſecretär in München und iſt gegenwärtig ruſſiſcher Staatsrath und Chargé d' Affaires am Ghzgl. Hofe zu Weimar.

Er veröffentlichte:

Bothwell an Maria und Maria an Bothwell, zwei Heroiden. München 1837.
Dramatiſche Einfälle. 2 Bde. München 1837—43.
Gedichte. 2 Bde. München 1838.
Drei Fähnlein Sinngedichte. — Ein Fähnlein Sonnette. — Ein Fähnlein Fabeln. — Ein Fähnlein Humor. — Anhang. — Berlin 1844.
Zerſtreute Gedichte in Journalen u. ſ. w.

Eben ſo geiſtreich als zart, voll tiefer Empfindung, Anmuth, Wärme und Seelenadel, ein Meiſter in der Beherrſchung der Form, doch auch mitunter eben wegen ſeines Gedankenreichthums und der Feinheit ſeiner Ideen, die er zu verhüllen liebt, durch Gleichniſſe und eigenthümliche Wendungen — nicht leicht verſtändlich, hat dieſer fein fühlende Mann, der ſich nur einen Dilettanten nennt, und nicht für einen Dichter gelten will, obwohl er würdig einen Platz unter den Edelſten einnimmt, für ſeine Leiſtungen noch nicht die Anerkennung gefunden, die er ſo ſehr verdient.

Die Rettung.

Ballade.

Nach einer Volksſage.

„Könnt' ich mich zu deinen Hügeln ſchwingen,
Grauer Schwarzwald, wo in lichter Pracht
Noch der Sonne letzte Strahlen ringen
Mit dem Schattenheer der bleichen Nacht!
Könnt' ich da, wo mit des Himmels Bläue
Sich dein dunkles Rieſenhaupt vermählt,
Meine Kraft verjüngen doch aufs Neue,
Von der Freiheit Gluthgefühl beſeelt.“

Fruchtlos klagt der Jüngling, fruchtlos wendet
Sehnend in die Ferne ſich ſein Blick,
Der, vom rothen Abendglanz geblendet,
In des Kerkers Grauſen ſank zurück;
Und die Nacht mit ihren ſchwarzen Flügeln
Neigte von den Bergen ſich ins Thal.
Auf des Waldgebirges blauen Hügeln
Starb der Sonne letzter Scheideſtrahl.

Und er ſinkt in ſchweigendes Ermatten,
Aber horch, es rauſchet ferner Klang;
Durch der Kerkerhallen öde Schatten
Wandelte ein leiſer Geiſtergang,
Einer Gottheit Nähe ſich verkündet,
Ha, der letzte Riegel klirrt empor!
Und ein milder Roſenſchimmer windet
An den ſchwarzen Mauern ſich hervor.

Flieh! ſo liſpelt es mit ſanftem Munde
Aus der ungewohnten Flammen Schein!
Flieh! es harrt die ernſte Todesſtunde
In der Qualen grauſigem Verein!
Folge mir zur ſichern Rettungsſtelle
Eh' der Sonne lichte Schimmer nahn!
Sieh, des Mondes klare Silberhelle
Leitet dich auf deiner dunkeln Bahn.

Und gelöſ't die Eiſenketten fallen,
Der Befreite ſeiner Gruft entwallt.
Durch die ſchwarzen, ſchauerlichen Hallen
Folgt er der leitenden Geſtalt.
Draußen flammend leuchteten die Sterne
Durch der Nachtgewölke öden Graus,
Unermeßlich breitet ſich die Ferne
Wie die dunkle Zukunft vor ihm aus.

Eile, wo die fernen Hügel ſchimmern,
Wo im Silber wallt die goldne Saat,
Zu des Waldes ſteilen Felſentrümmern
Folge deiner Rettung ſichern Pfad!
Gottes Engel breite ſeine Schwingen
Ueber dich, und neige dir ſein Ohr;
Eh' die letzten Worte noch verklingen,
Schwand der Schatten in der Nebel Flor.

Und im weiten Kreis der Welt verlaſſen
Fühlt der Jüngling ſchaudernd ſich allein;
In der Ferne ſieht er noch erblaſſen
Sterbend jener Lampe matten Schein;
Sehnend ſchaut er nach dem theuern Lichte,
Bis ſein Strahl wie ſeine Hoffnung ſchwand,
Bis ihn in des Waldes öder Dichte
Weiche Abenddämmerung umwand.

Nur der Tannen dunkle Rieſenbilder
Ruhten auf dem Silbergrau der Flur,
Fern durchrauſchte heulend nur ein wilder
Eulenruf die ſchlummernde Natur.
Wo die ſteilen Felſengipfel winken,
Schwingt ſich kühn der Eilende empor,
Und der Veſte graue Zinnen ſinken
In der Nebelferne ſchwarzen Flor.

Aber fruchtlos fliegen ſeine Schritte,
Und die Sonne ſtieg und ſank herab,
Ewig in der Schatten dunkler Mitte
Ihn die Irre trügeriſch umgab.
Plötzlich ſieht er ſich den Wald erhellen,
Glaubt ſich freudig ſchon dem Ziele nah;
Doch es ruht in ihren Felſenwällen
Schrecklicher die Kerkerveſte da.

Und mit nächtlich ſchatterndem Gefieder
Senkte ſich ein heulender Orkan
Auf des Waldes weite Fläche nieder
Von des Himmels wolkenvoller Bahn.
Aber kühner trotzend ſeinem Grimme
Dringt er an dem Klippenrand empor;
Horch, da tönte eine theure Stimme
Fernverhallend, klagend an ſein Ohr.

Und er ſtürzt ſich in der Felſenſchlünde
Schauerliche Dunkelheit hinab,
Dringet durch der Berge Dorngewinde
Blutend durch der Todesnächte Grab;
Stürmend naht er, wie im Reich der Blitze,
Wie von eines Gottes Macht geführt,
Einem Felſen, deſſen jähe Spitze
Ueber ſteilen Schlünden triumphirt.

Ha! was zeigt ſich blendend ſeinen Blicken?
In des Himmels flammenhellem Licht
Schaut er jetzt mit bebendem Entzücken
Seiner Rettung theures Traumgeſicht;
Flehend, wie zur Gottheit der Erhörung,
Er aufs Neu der Stimme Klang erkennt,
Die des Sturmes tobender Empörung
Den Geretteten, Entflohnen nennt.

Brauſend tönt der Wald, in Gluth verſchlungen
Steigt der Blitze Flammenſchaar herab;
Horch, ſchon iſt mein Sterbelied erklungen,
Lebend nimmt mich auf das dunkle Grab.
Und der Abgrund gähnt zu meinen Füßen,
Ewiger! doch preiſ' ich deine Huld;
Denn für ſeine Rettung muß ich büßen,
Und im Tode ſegn' ich meine Schuld.

Sieh, er naht, zu theilen dein Verderben,
Ruft er aus mit wonnigem Gefühl:
Nichts vermag ich, als mit dir zu ſterben,
Doch errungen iſt mein höchſtes Ziel.
Dunkle Welt mit deinen kurzen Freuden,
Deinen langen Schmerzen, lebe wohl!
Nur im Augenblick von dir zu ſcheiden,
Deine Wonne mich beglücken ſoll.

Deinen Segen, großer Vater! ſende,
Führ' uns hin zu deiner Kinder Zahl!
Sieh, da kreuzte über ihre Hände
Segnend ſich des Blitzes Doppelſtrahl.
Und ſo ſanken ſie zum höchſten Glücke
Durch die Huld des Ewigen erwählt;
Sterbend ausgeſöhnt mit dem Geſchicke,
In des Himmels Todesſtrahl vermählt.

Der Kirchhof.

Erſte Stimme.

Kalt iſt's im Grabe und ſchaurig und düſter,
Nachtwinde heulen, es zittert der Särge
Raſſelnd, bleiches Gebein.

Zweite.

Still iſt's im Grabe und ruhig und friedlich,
Zephyr umhauchet den ſchlummernden Hügel;
Blumen entſproſſen der Gruft.

Erſte.

Gräßlich umhüllet Verweſung die Todten,
Und zu dem Streite der Kröten und Molche
Ziſchet der Schlangen Getön.

Zweite.

Sanft iſt und friedlich der Schlummer der Todten,
Ferne von Stürmen, es tönet am Grabe
Zärtlicher Vögel Geſang.

Erſte.

Nächtliche Raben umflattern die Stätte,
Hungernde Vögel, das blutige Raubthier
Brüllend den Boden durchwühlt.

Zweite.

Friedlich ruht hier am grünenden Hügel
Mit der Gefährtin das kleine Kaninchen,
Schlummernd die Taube im Strauch.

Erſte.

Feuchter Nachthauch, vermiſchet mit Nebel,
Dumpfig durchwallet die drückenden Lüfte,
Blätterlos trauert der Baum.

Zweite.

Wehend im Hauche der glänzenden Lüfte
Duften dort lieblich bei blauen Violen
Lilien, bleicher Jasmin.

Erſte.

Schauer empfindet im Haine des Todes
Bebend der Wanderer, und Schrecken im Herzen
Eilt er am Kirchhof vorbei.

Zweite.

Dort in der Wohnung des heiligen Friedens
Legt der Müde den Pilgerſtab nieder,
Schlummernd in ewiger Ruh.

Troſt des Zweiflers.

Fruchtlos ſtrebend hebt ſich unſer Sehnen
Ueber unſers Daſeins Zeit und Raum,
Hoffnung täuſcht mit ihren Zaubertönen,
Glück und Ehre ſind ein Farbenſchaum.

Was wir wiſſen, iſt ein ſtolzes Wähnen,
Was wir hoffen, iſt ein ſchöner Traum;
Unſer Eigenthum ſind nur die Thränen,
Und gewiß ſind wir uns ſelber kaum.

Darum wendet auf die ernſte Stunde,
Die ſich naht in der Gewißheit Kunde,
Sterbliche, den freudetrunknen Blick.

Ihr allein ward Sicherheit gegeben,
Denn in ihr erblüht uns neues Leben
Über der Vernichtung ſtilles Glück.

Die Trennung.

Es kam der Trennung bittre Stunde,
Leb wohl, mein Freund! zum Letztenmal
Drück' ich dich an dies Herz voll Qual,
O weine nicht, ſprach ich mit bleichem Munde,
Indem ſchon meine eignen Thränen floſſen,
Doch ſo hat das Geſchick es über uns beſchloſſen.
Leb wohl, es weh' mit Zephyrs Schwingen
Der Friedensengel dir voran.
Schon zeigt ſich mir die ganze Bahn,
Wo Ruhm und Ehre bald mit Kränzen dich umſchlingen;
Doch nichts verändert dein Gemüth, vollenden
Wirſt du, wie du begannſt, und ſtets du ſelber ſein,
Das weiß ich, Freund, es wird dich nie verblenden
Der Truggebilde falſcher Heuchelſchein.
Treu folgſt du ſtets der Pflicht und des Gewiſſens Stimme;
Wenn Liſt und Haß, wenn Stolz und Niedrigkeit
Um eitle Ehre ſich im feigen Grimme
Bekämpfen, denkſt du ſeufzend an die Zeit,
Wo uns beſchützt des Friedens ſichre Stille,
Wo uns das Leben ſchien nicht eine ſchwere Laſt,
Doch ein Geſchenk der Luſt, wo uns in ihrer Hülle
Von Sorg' und Kummer frei die Einſamkeit umfaßt,
Wo wir umweht von linder Morgenkühle
Entgegenwandelten Aurorens Pracht,
Wo uns in Stunden heißer Mittagsſchwüle
Umſchattete der Grotte ſtille Nacht;
Wo oft die Nachtigall in heitrer Abendſchöne
In unſre Herzen goß die Zauber ihrer Töne.
Ach! oft bedeckte ſich des Himmels Bläue,
Doch in des heitern Muthes Kraft gehüllt
Belauſchten wir den Sturm, des Augenblickes Weihe
Hielt unſer Auge wach, der Blitze Flammenbild
Durchbrach mit Donnerton der Wolken ſchwarze Nächte,
Wir lächelten, wie bei des Vaters Nahn.
Es ſegnete uns ſeiner Allmacht Rechte,
Und unſer Hymnus klang entzückt zu ihm hinan;
Es ſchwang ſich unſer Geiſt auf reiner Andacht Schwingen
Empor, du denkeſt jener ſchönen Zeit,
Aus deinen Augen heiße Thränen dringen,
O Theurer! den die Freundſchaft mir geweiht,
Zum ew'gen Bund wird ſie nicht wiederkehren,
Die ſchöne Zeit — es ſeufzt die bange Bruſt.
Der Frühling wird die Welt im bunten Schmuck verklären,
Der Lerche Morgenlied erfüllt den Hain mit Luſt.
Ach! dich find' ich nicht mehr, der Blumen Keime ſproſſen,
Der Freuden Blüthe bleibt dies Herz verſchloſſen.
Leb wohl! dein Schutzgeiſt führe dich die Bahn
Des Glücks; wer ſtill und mild ſich ſelbſt genügen kann,
Den lächeln Lieb und Glück auf allen Wegen an.

Leb wohl! dein Freund wird deiner würdig ſterben,
Der Wahrheit treu und ſeiner Seelenruh;
Nie ſucht er eitle Ehre zu erwerben,
Nie ſchmeichelnd wendet er ſich feilen Sklaven zu.
Nur vor dem Schöpfer beugt er ſeine Kniee nieder,
Verdienſte nur hält er der Achtung werth,
Und fürchtet nur ſich ſelbſt, liebt Gott und ſeine Brüder,
Und dich, dem ewig treu ſein ganzes Herz gehört.

Chriſtian Joſeph Matzerath

1815 zu Linnich bei Jülich geboren, lebt zu Köln als juriſtiſcher Beamter.

Er ſchrieb:

Gedichte. Stuttg. 1838. Rheiniſches Jahrbuch 1840 und 41.
Meditationen eines rheiniſchen Katholiken über die kölner Frage. Köln 1838.
Zerſtreute Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Reiche Phantaſie, glühende Empfindung, Kraft und Anmuth in der Darſtellung und ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, bei Tiefe und Fülle der Gedanken, weiſen M. einen hohen Rang unter den jüngern deutſchen Lyrikern an.

Lieder.

Fühlſt du, o Herz, wie hoch und heiter
Sich jeder deiner Pulſe hebt
Und wie der Fuß aufs Neu' beflügelt
Zu friſchen Lebensgängen ſtrebt?
Ihr Fernen, duftig weit ergoſſen,
Ihr feſſelt nicht der Sehnſucht Blick,
In dieſem Thal liegt all mein Leben,
In dieſem Thal mein holdes Glück.

Hoch im Gebirg — die Waſſer hatten
Verſchwemmet den gewohnten Steg, —
Ich bot die Hand dir, und du ſchlugeſt
Dein ſchönes Auge nicht hinweg!
Ein Blick aus blauer Seelentiefe
Voll unergründlich ſüßer Macht,
Ein einz'ger Blick! und ſeh', zum Leben
Bin ich erquickt emporgewacht.

Und wieder fühl' ich ſtill mich wachſen
In jungen Schmerzen, junger Luſt;
Es rieſelt wie ein Liederregen
Durch meine offne Dichterbruſt.
Wie reich die Welt! am Berge unten
Wie ſchön des Fluſſes goldner Lauf!
Und doppelt lieblich kommt die Sonne
Nach Wetterſchauern dort herauf!

Wie ſieht verſöhnt den heißen Streit
Der Welt dein Auge an,
Allüberall in gold'nem Schein
Den Himmel aufgethan!
Du baueſt dir auf ſichrer Höh',
Mein Lied, ein heit'res Haus,
Und ſtill und eben fließt um dich
Die Lebensſtrömung aus.

Vor deinem lieben, lichten Blick
Wie ſteht beſchämt der Thor,
Der, ach! im Lebensdrang ſo oft
Den Frieden ganz verlor;
Den es von Kampf zu Kämpfen trieb,
Der ſeinen Sieg verflucht,
Wenn er das Eitle nun beſaß,
Was erſt er heiß geſucht!

Du aber kehrſt der Blume gleich
Zu Einem ew'gen Licht
Aus allen Erdengründen ſtets
Dein holdes Angeſicht.
Dem Gott im Herzen folgteſt du
Getreu von Anbeginn,
Und deines Friedens fließt ein Strahl
In meine Seele hin.

Dein holdes Köpfchen ſchlummert ſanft
An meiner Bruſt, geliebtes Leben,
Die dunkeln Locken ſeh' ich leiſ'
Von Freundes Herzſchlag widerbeben.
Es athmet ganz dein Angeſicht
Ein tiefes, himmliſches Vergnügen,
Als ob ein Engel unſichtbar
Vorüber ſchwebe deinen Zügen.

In dieſem Schlafe ahnſt du wohl,
Wie mich von ferne lockt das Leben,
Vor allem Volke blitzend kühn
Ein ſtolzes Banner zu erheben,
Und wie dies ſtille Herz ein Meer
Von hohen, zornigen Gedanken,
Die gleich des Sees Wogen dort
Im Sturme auf und nieder ſchwanken!

Du ſchläfſt und träumſt . . . ſo am Veſuv
Sah einſt ich eine Roſe ſtehen:
Der Zorn des Berges bebte aus
In ihrer Blätter ſtillem Wehen.
Es wälzte ſchauerlich der Gott
In ſeinem Buſen dunkle Wogen,
An ſeiner Bruſt die Blume ſah
Still träumend auf zum Himmelsbogen.

Verſtören ſoll kein fremder Laut
Die Geiſter, die ſich ſanft umweben,
Nur leiſe mag die Locke hier
Von Freundes Herzſchlag widerbeben.
O, ſolch ein Schlaf! Zu Füßen dir
Will allzeit ich ein Hüter ſtehen,
Wenn über deine lichte Stirn
Der Träume Himmelsſchatten wehen!

Das Grab des Dichters.

Stille im hohen Gemach. Vorhänge geſunken. Die Sonne
Siehet gebrochen herein! dämpfe den Athem der Bruſt,
Dämpfe den hallenden Schritt! in hohe Geſichte verſunken
Ruhet ein Genius dort über dem ſchwellenden Pfühl.
Um das geſcheitelte Haar ein Lorbeer, über der Harfe
Hängt nachläſſig die Hand, über dem Auge das Lid.
Anmuth haucht der melodiſche Mund, es umwallet die lichten
Schläfe Gedankengewölk, irgend ein ewiges Lied
Blühet verſpätet darauf! Noch leuchten am Himmel des Abends
Schichten in Gold, wann längſt ruhet die Sonne im Meer.
Sagt, iſt dieſes nun Traum, iſt's Tod? zwiſchen Leben und Marmor
Blühet der heilige Schnee der verklärten Geſtalt.
Doch du verſtummteſt, ſo lebſt du nicht mehr; das war ja dein Leben,
Daß ſich in hellen Geſang heiter die Seele ergoß.
Herrlicher Schwan, du entflohſt! Entgegen dem roſigen Frühroth
Breiteſt die Schwinge du nun, höher und höher hinan
Jauchzet in reineren Lüften die Bruſt, bis endlich der Himmel
Ganz ſich, ein Purpurſee, über den Fittigen ſchließt.
Siehe, wir preiſen dein herrliches Loos: die ewigſten Menſchen
Streifen in göttlichem Glanz eilig die Erde vorbei.
Und ſie erglüht dankbar: kranzflechtend hütet der Völker
Sage, begeiſterten Blicks, eines Unſterblichen Gruft.
Theuere Seele, leb' wohl, und was dir auch immer begegne,
Sei, wie du immer warſt, heiter und würdig und groß!
Aber da naht Leidträger ein Zug; vierroſſig geſchirret,
Blähend die Flöre im Wind, rollet der Wagen heran,
Deine Gebeine zu tragen beſtimmt; hochmüthige Prieſter
Schauen verdüſtert darein, wie ein ägyptiſcher Zug.
Plötzlich ein heiſerer Schrei — aus hundert gemietheten Kehlen
Himmelan dringt wie Spott jetzt der geheuchelte Schmerz.
Wahrlich es iſt ein Triumpf! pausbackig in die Poſaune
Stößt Wehklage und ſtolz prunket das Leben mit Tod!
Ehret ihr alſo des Genius Schlaf, die verſtummende Lippe,
Dieſe melodiſche Bruſt, die euch Geſänge gehaucht
Süßeſten Wohllauts voll? Hinweg ihr rohen Barbaren!
Alſo rief ich, mit dir endlich der Letzte am Grab.
Aber es thaute die Nacht und über den Pappeln des Friedhofs
Schaute der Mond hell auf, wallend in Silbergewölk;
Dieſer verſöhnende Gott, es tröpfelte leiſ' im Gebüſche
Und den ergrimmteren Schmerz löſte die Thräne gelind.
Theuere Seele, leb' wohl! leb' wohl, und deiner gedenk nun
Will ich mir ſelbſt voraus ordnen das letzte Geſchäft.

Fort mit jenem Geſchlecht! du Freund, weg ſende die Klagfrau,
 Trauerroſſe, den Zug; wie er das dunkle Gewand
Trägt des erlogenen Wehs, ſo ging ich die Tage des Lebens
 Heiter bewegt und ſo werde mein letztes Geleit.
Drüben im lachenden Süd, wo der wogige Sturz Teverones
 Golden am Abhang ſtiebt, wählt' ich die Stätte zum Schlaf
Mitten im grünendſten Leben mir aus; die Aſche des Freundes,
 Treuer Genoß, gieb einſt dieſem geweihten Gebiet!
Herrliche Schatten behüten dies Land, dort rauchte im Thale
 Flaccus freundlicher Herd! Hörſt du im Myrthengebüſch
Klagen die Taube? — die Seele Tibulls! Geſtalten der Vorzeit
 Wallen, ein herrlicher Zug, mahnend die Seele vorbei.
Und ich beſchwor ſie geſtaltend; ich ſtand ein Fürſt des Geſanges
 Oben im blauen Gebirg, Ozeans ſchwellender Hauch
Lüftete Locke und Bruſt, ſo goß ich die glühenden Lieder
 Nieder ins Land und wach wurde der Vogel im Thal.
Frühlingsflocken ins Haar, bekränzt mir die Schläfe mit Roſen,
 In des Entſchlafenen Arm leget die Cyther hinein,
Daß er ſie finde, die Waiſe! am Herzen ruhe die Rolle
 Meiner Geſänge, geſchürzt mit der Geliebteſten Haar,
Wenige Erde darauf, hochwipflich wehe der Lorbeer
 Einſam über dem Grab, breche der heiterſte Tag
Sonnig die Krone hindurch! Dann nahe, du ſchöner Genoſſe,
 Den mir als rettenden Freund ernſte Gefahren erprobt,
Singe den Manen ein feierndes Lied, die Schale mit Goldfluth
 Opf're ſodann, bei der früh wir in Jugendlichkeit
Hohe Gelübde getauſcht, — gemiſcht mit dem Blute der Sonne
 Drücket die Erde vielleicht wenig ein Dichtergehirn —
Daß ich melodiſch erregt, von lichten Geſtalten umfloſſen
 Unter der Blume, dem Lied, einen unſterblichen Traum
Möge geſtalten in mir. Das freuet die Frühegeſchied'nen,
 Wann ſich das Leben auf ſie preiſenden Mundes beſinnt.
Alſo thue, mein Freund, und haſt du der Liebe Gedächtniß
 Ueber dem Grabe geehrt, wende den ſäumigen Fuß
Fröhlich ins Leben zurück, es ſtreife die letzten der Thränen
 Dir von der Wimper ein Hauch blumiger Lüfte hinweg.
Was auch an Opfern die Stunde begehrt, doch weißt du ja: ſegreich
 Fluthe der ewige Gott durch die unſterbliche Welt!

Der König der Siebenberge.

Ein alter König am Rheine, ſein Name iſt nicht bekannt,
Er hieß der gute König, wohin er ging ins Land.

Sieben Berge und Burgen hatt' er, ſieben Knaben und Mägdelein,
Die konnten unter der Sonne nicht holder zu ſehen ſein.

Oft ſtieg er mit prächtigen Rittern, ein ſchlichter Mann, ins Land,
Zur erſten beſten Hütte, jedem Kind war er bekannt.

Und als ſein letztes Stündchen der Alte fühlte nahn,
Seine ſieben Grafen ihn trugen den höchſten Berg hinan.

Da konnt' er es all umſchauen, das ſonnige, prächtige Land,
Durch das in ruhigen Wogen der ſtolze Strom ſich wand.

Da ſah er die Berge ragen und leuchten in Herrlichkeit,
Die Thale dampfen und grünen, von Blüthen überſchneit.

Da ſah er Burgen und Dome mit den Zinnen ſo wunderhehr
Zu Fluthen niederleuchten, wie Felſen hinaus ins Meer.

Er ſaß auf ſeinem Seſſel im leuchtenden Abendroth,
Ihm wuchs die heldige Seele hoch über irdiſche Noth.

Er rief: der Ströme ſchönſter, grüngolden wallende Fluth,
Wie iſt Alles an Ufern ſo licht und ſchön und gut!

O, daß ich dich muß laſſen, das iſt mein einzig Weh,
Bevor zu den hohen Vätern in Gottes Schooß ich geh.

Ihr lieben freundlichen Herzen, du tiefer, geliebter Rhein,
Lebt wohl! mag Gottes Auge alltage bei euch ſein.

Er ſegnete Land und Leute im leuchtenden Abendroth,
Ihm ward es zu voll ums Herze, ſein Auge brach in Tod.

Es iſt eine ſchöne Sage, ſein Name iſt nicht bekannt,
Sein Segen iſt geblieben, der Gute war er genannt.

Karl Friedrich Hartmann Mayer

ward zu Neckar-Biſchofsheim im Kraichgau den 22. März 1786 geboren. Er iſt als würtembergiſcher Oberjuſtizrath und Oberamtsrichter zu Waiblingen angeſtellt, und war früher Mitglied der zweiten Kammer und mit ſeinen Freunden Uhland, Pfizer und A. auf Seiten der Oppoſition.

Er gab heraus:

Lieder. Stuttg. 1833. Zweite ſehr vermehrte Ausg. Stuttg. 1840.
Gedichte. 1840.
Viele Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Die Vorwürfe, welche von neuern Kritikern der ſchwäbiſchen Dichterſchule wegen ihres engen Geſichtskreiſes gemacht worden ſind, trafen beſonders, obwohl mit großem Unrecht, M. wegen ſeiner Poeſien, denn es muß Jedem frei ſtehen, vorzugsweiſe die Gattung auszubilden, für die er vor Allem Beruf in ſich fühlt. Mögen Andere, denen es nicht genügt, ſich auf das Stillleben der Natur zu beſchränken, je nach Luſt und Talent ſich in weiten Räumen ergehen; wer in kleinem Kreiſe Bedeutendes leiſtet, wird Tauſende finden, die er dadurch erfreut, und ſein Verdienſt bleibt ein höchſt achtungswerthes. — Mit den feinſten Sinnen belauſcht und beobachtet dieſer Dichter die Natur in ihren holdeſten Erſcheinungen und weiß dieſe in den anmuthigſten, zarteſten und farbenreichſten Bildern mit epigrammatiſcher Kürze, aber auch zugleich mit dem reinſten Gefühle widerzuſpiegeln, ſo daß es unverdorbenen Gemüthern die größte Freude gewährt, ihm durch Buſch und Feld, über Berg und Thal zu folgen, mit ihm auf die wunderbaren Stimmen zu horchen und ſich dann erquickt und erfriſcht wieder dem geräuſchvollen Menſchenleben zuzuwenden.

Die Kirchgängerin.

Das Mädchen zöpft ſich; mit der Scheere
Tritt ſie zum Garten, wählt ein Veilchen,
Eh' ſie zurück zur Kammer kehre
Mit dem braunrötheſten Gelbveilchen.

 Sie ſteckt es an; lang durch die Scheiben
Seh ich ihr ſittſames Sichſchmücken;
Nun nach der Reinheit Morgentreiben
Wird auch das Kirchgebet ihr glücken.

Weiden.

Weiden laßt mich; Weiden heißt,
Still mit ausgeſpanntem Geiſt
Sich dem freien Lüftelebes
Und der Blumenwelt ergeben.

Wenn ein Wild wir weiden ſehn,
Bleiben wir belauſchend ſtehn.
Wär' ein Dichter auch entkleidet,
Der an der Natur ſich weidet?

An die Luft.

Wie find' ich dich ſo hold bedacht,
O blaue Lenzluft, abzuſchütteln
Durch ſanftes Laub- und Aeſterütteln
Die Tropfen einer Regennacht!
O rüttle, goldne Luft, nicht nur
An dieſen Thränen der Natur!

Das gewaſchene Laub.

Dem friſchgewaſchnen Kind
Küſſ' ich die röthern Wangen.
Weil regenfeucht noch ſind
Die Au'n und grüner prangen,
So ſoll ein Lied geſchwind
Als Kuß an ihnen hangen.

Das Schneckenhaus.

Was ſtößt dein Fuß hier vor ſich hin?
Was ſchätzet ſo gering dein Sinn! —
Ein leeres Schneckenhaus im Gras!
Und doch — ein Luſthaus war auch das,
Als es noch wandelt' in der Au,
Umblitzt von aller Blumen Thau. —
Verachte nie des Schöpfers Stempel,
Auch nicht am kleinen Schneckentempel!

Die Ameiſe.

Wohin ſo ſchnell, Ameiſe,
Geht dir Geſchäft und Reiſe?
Ziehn Thierchen ſelbſt in Staatsgeſchäften?
O dann geſchwinde, laß mich heften
Den Blick von dir hinweg ans Kraut,
Das nie an einem Staat gebaut!

Das Bücken.

Ich liebe aufrecht meinen Gang;
Das Schmiegen hat mich nie beglückt;
Wo ich mich oft und gern gebückt,
Das iſt im Waldesüberhang.

Die Schlingpflanze.

Die Schlingpflanz' entert hier den Flieder.
Hält ſie in ſeinem Wuchs ihn nieder?
Zieht ſie ſein Wuchs mit ſich hinauf?
Wer kennt der Liebe Schickſalslauf?

Der Schmerz.

Der Buchen Grün, die Sonnenluft,
Tief Himmelblau, der Wälder Duft,
Der Biene Lied, des Vogels Ruf
Sind herrlich noch, wie Gott ſie ſchuf.
Doch ach! erdachte Gottes Herz
Auch allen Creaturenſchmerz?
Und ſteht ſein ſelig Weſen feſt,
Wenn er ſein Werk dem Schmerze läßt? —
Er läßt ihn zu; ich ſtaune hier;
Doch heil'ge Fernen tönen mir:
Der Zwieſpalt wachſe weltengroß,
Gott führt ihn in der Eintracht Schooß.

An die Wolken.

O ſüße Wolkenbilderwelt,
Vom Licht geküßt, in Luft geſtellt,
Ein Duftgebäu, wie Menſchenglück!
Was läßt der Wind von dir zurück?

An den Oſtwind.

Du wehſt mich, friſcher Oſtwind, an,
Wie aus der Menſchheit ſchönem Morgen,
Wo ihr die holde Zeit verrann
Noch ohne Tadel, ohne Sorgen.

O wehe nicht ſo raſch vorbei
Das Nachgefühl der ſchönen Tage!
Schon macht mein willig Herz ſich frei
Von dem Gedächtniß jeder Plage.

Und eine ſüße Unſchuldszeit
Hat in der Bruſt mir ſchon begonnen,
Als wäre noch die Freudigkeit
Des Lebensmorgens unzerronnen;

Als lieg' im Schlummer noch das Ich,
Als ſein Natur und Menſch ein Ganzes,
Das in dem friſchen Wehen ſich
Erfreue eines Schöpfungsglanzes;

Als ſei vom freien eignen Muth
Dein Odem nicht zu unterſcheiden,
Als athme rein und immer gut
Der Hauch der Gottheit in uns beiden.

Im Eichwald.

Knarre nur und ſauſe,
Wind, im Eichenforſt!
Wenn in dem Gebrauſe
Noch kein Eichbaum borſt,
Bricht im Aug' und Herzen
Doch vielleicht das Leid
Thränenloſer Schmerzen,
Langer Haft befreit.

Der Fluch.

Lauten Fluch läßt du erſchallen,
Hirtenknab', ob deinem Vieh.
Wildheit kann mir ſehr gefallen,
Tannen und Geſaus durch ſie,
Tosbach, Habichts-Luſtgeſchrei,
Doch kein Menſchenfluch dabei.

Mittagsſchatten.

Die Sonne ſtrahlt von oben her;
Die Fichten werfen ſchon nicht mehr
Den Schatten neben ſich ins Moos.
O ſieh, wie jeder dieſer Bäume
Am Rande ſich mit Schimmer ſäume
Und Schatten heg' im Innern blos.

Sie ſtehn, des Bergwalds ſchwarze Kerzen,
Nur oben licht, in Mittagsgluth,
Die ihnen mitſpielt, wie den Herzen
Der Sterblichen die Sorgenbrut,
Vergönnend heitern Schein und Saum,
Doch ſchattend durch des Innern Raum.

Stilles Glück.

In dem Glück des Pflanzenlebens
Grünt hier Schaft an Schaft.
Holdes Bild des Höherſtrebens
Ohne Leidenſchaft!

Uebergang.

Steine ſind im Fluß gelegt,
Die als Steg mir dienen;
Ob und wie mich jeder trägt,
Prüfen meine Mienen.

So den Lebensübergang
Find' ich mir bereitet;
Doch der Schritt macht oft mir bang,
Ob er nicht entgleitet.

Erinnerung und Vergeſſenheit.

Erinnerung, Vergeſſenheit,
Den Streit in mir, vertragt ihn billig.
Wo zu vergeſſen mir gedeiht,
Da ſei nicht die Erinnerung willig.

Und wo ich mich erinnern will
Bis an das Ende meines Lebens,
Vergeſſenheit, da halte ſtill
Und laß mich wollen nicht vergebens!

Sonntagsſtimmung.

O wie klinget öſtlich, weſtlich
Durch die Thäler, überall,
So beſänftigend und feſtlich
Heil'ger Kirchenglockenſchall!

Eine große Feierſtunde
Geht im weiten Landkreis um.
Heilung jeder Erdenwunde
Kündiget das Chriſtenthum.

Und wie ſtaunend manch Jahrhundert
Sich um ſein Panier geſellt,
So ergriffen und verwundert
Folgt mein Herz ihm durch die Welt.

Läuten ſehend.

Der Durchblick dort durchs Glockenhaus
Am finſtern Kirchthurm führt hinaus
Ins Abendroth, wie es umringt
Die ſchwarze Glocke, die ſich ſchwingt;
So neben ihres Klanges Beben
Lauſch' ich hinaus ins ew'ge Leben.

Landesfremdheit.

Mein letztes Ziel iſt mir geſteckt,
Wenn fremdes Brot mir nicht mehr ſchmeckt,
Und wenn der Ton landfremder Glocken
Mich nicht mehr füllet mit Frohlocken.

Schadloshaltung.

Die Ausſicht auf des Berges Zinnen
Mag mir in Regenflor zerrinnen!
Iſt doch bei mir des Berges Geiſt,
Den dieſe Balſamluft beweiſt!

Die Stadt im Waldgebirge.

Waldſchooßkind, Stadt und Schloß,
Wie dir die Zeit verfloß,
Tief in Walddämmerung!
Wohl ewig bleibſt du jung;
Es halten Wald und Quell
Dein Weſen jugendhell.

Meine Gegend.

Preiſt eure Gegend meinethalb!
Ich ſehe, wenn ich ſteige, bald
Den Schwarzwald und die Schwabenalp,
Im Ferndufſt Frankens Odenwald.
Ich denk' herum auf ihren Höhn
Und fühle deutſch und wohne ſchön!

Der Ruhende.

Wie ſchläft der Handwerksburſch hier gut
Auf des Torniſters Laſt!
Ertragne Bürde wohl ihm thut
Und hat ihn ſanft zu Gaſt.

Auf der letzten Anhöhe.

Der mir hier vorüberfährt,
Legt den Hemmſchuh an das Rad,
Daß nicht Wagen ihm und Pferd
Allzuſehr in Schuß gerath'.

Einen Hemmſchuh für das Herz,
Sag', wo ſuch' ich ihn hervor?
Ach! es ſtürzt bergunterwärts
Nach dem Wiederſehensthor!

Bitte an den Himmel.

Wie ſcheint heut mein Gebirge doch
Im Nebelduft ſo fremd und hoch!
Die Wälder dämmern weißlich grau;
Vielfach gegliedert zeigt der Bau
Der Berge ſich durch Silberſtreifen,
Die durch die Schluchten trennend ſchweifen.

O nur nicht immer nackte Luft,
O Himmel, dichteriſchen Duft
Leg' mir ums Tagesleben her!
Dann, dann verlang' ich bald nicht mehr.
Nach frühern bunten Wanderſchaften
Will ich in Banden froh dann haften.

Im Morgennebel.

Sei jener Bauer ein Geſelle
Auch noch ſo roh, die Goldeshelle
Des Morgenſtrahls aus Nebelwogen
Hat ihn ſo ſüß mit Schein umzogen,
Daß wir es uns geſtehen müſſen:
Er ſteht im Felde dort, zum Küſſen!

Eduard Mörike

ward am 8. Sept. 1804 zu Ludwigsburg geboren. In ſeinem vierzehnten Jahre kam er in das Seminar zu Urach, wo er ſich auf das Studium der proteſtantiſchen Theologie vorbereiten ſollte. Im J. 1822 wurde er in das höhere Seminar zu Tübingen aufgenommen, beſchäftigte ſich hier viel mit dem Studium Goethes und der griechiſchen Dichter, und lebte zurückgezogen im Umgange weniger Freunde, unter denen Wilhelm Waiblinger und Ludwig Bauer waren. Nachdem er mehrere Jahre als Pfarrgehülfe in verſchiedenen Gegenden Würtembergs gelebt hatte, erhielt er 1834 die Pfarrei zu Klever-Sulzbach, einem Dorfe in der Nähe von Weinsberg in Würtemberg.

Er gab heraus:

Maler Nolten. Novelle. Stuttg. 1832.
Jahrbuch ſchwäbiſcher Dichter u. ſ. w. Mit W. Zimmermann. Stuttg. 1836. u. a.
Gedichte. Stuttg. 1838.
Iris, eine Sammlung erzählender und dramat. Dichtungen. Stuttg. 1839.
Claſſiſche Blumenleſe. Eine Auswahl von Hymnen, Oden, Liedern, Elegien, Idyllen, Gnomen und Epigrammen der Griechen und Römer; nach den beſten Verdeutſchungen, theilweiſe neu bearbeitet, mit Erklärungen für alle gebildete Leſer. 1 Bdchen. Stuttg. 1840.

Eins der jüngern Mitglieder der ſchwäbiſchen Dichterſchule hat ſich Mörike wohl an den großen Meiſtern ſeiner Heimath herauf gebildet, iſt aber ſeinen eigenen Weg gegangen und neigte ſich bei reicher Phantaſie, friſcher Naturanſchauung und tiefem Gefühl mehr einer beſondern humoriſtiſchen Lebensauffaſſung zu, die ſich mit den Jahren noch entſchiedener auszubilden ſcheint.

Die Herbſtfeier.

Auf! im traubenſchwerſten Thale
Stellt ein Feſt des Bachus an!
Becher her und Opferſchale!
Und des Gottes Bild voran!
Flöte mit Geſang verkünde
Gleich des Tages letzten Reſt,
Mit dem Abendſtern entzünde
Sich auch unſer Freudenfeſt!

Braune Männer, ſchöne Frauen
Soll man hier verſammelt ſeyn,
Greiſe auch, die ehrengrauen,
Dürfen nicht von ferne ſtehn;
Knaben, ſo die Krüge füllen,
Und, daß er vollkommen ſei,
Treten zögernd auch die ſtillen
Mädchen unſerm Kranze bei.

Noch iſt vor der nahen Feier
Süß beklommen manche Bruſt,
Aber weiter bald und freier
Uebergiebt ſie ſich der Luſt.
Thaut euch nicht wie Frühlingsregen
Lieblicher Gedankenſchwarm!
Erdenleben, laß dich hegen,
Uns iſt wohl in deinem Arm!

Wahrlich und ſchon mit Entzücken
Iſt der Gott in vollem Lauf,
Schließt vor den erwärmten Blicken
Seine gold'nen Himmel auf.
Amor auch hat nichts dawider,
Wenn ſich Wang' an Wange neigt,
Und der Mund, im Takt der Lieder,
Sich dem Mund entgegen beugt.

Mädchen! ſchlingt die wild'ſten Tänze!
Reißt nur euern Kranz entzwei!
Ohne Furcht, denn ſolche Kränze,
Flicht man immer wieder neu;
Doch den andern, den ich meine,
Nehmt, ihr Zärtlichen, in Acht!
Und zumal im Mondenſcheine,
Und zumal in ſolcher Nacht.

Laß mir doch den Alten machen,
Der ſich dort zum Korbe bückt,
Und den Krug mit hellem Lachen
Kindiſch an die Wange drückt!
Wie ſein kleiner Sohn geſchäftig
Sorge um den Zecher trägt
Und ihm mit der Fackel kräftig
Den gekrümmten Rücken ſchlägt!

Aber ſchaut nach dem Gebüſche,
Wo gedrung'ner Ephen webt,
Wie ſich dort das träumeriſche
Marmorbild des Gottes hebt!
Laſſet uns ihm näher treten,
Schließt mit Fackeln einen Kreis!
Flehet zu ihm in Gebeten,
Doch geheimnißvoll und leiſ'.

Wie er lächelnd abwärts blicket!
Er beſinnet ſich nur kaum.
Herrlicher! dein Auge nicket,
Doch dies Alles iſt kein Traum:
Luna ſucht mit frommer Leuchte
Dich, o ſchöner Jüngling, hier,
Schöpfet zärtlich ihre feuchte
Klarheit auf die Stirne dir.

Wie der Menſchen, ſo der Götter
Liebſter Liebling heißeſt du!
Selber Zeus rief ſeinem Retter
Herrliches Willkommen zu;
Dumpf iſt des Olympus Dröhnen,
Aber wie melodiſch Gold
Muß ſein ſtarres Erz ertönen,
Wenn ſein Thyrſus auf ihm rollt.

Und eh' Mars im Kriegerſchwarme
Sich zur Eb'ne niederläßt,
Schließet er in ſeine Arme
Dich, wie die Geliebte, feſt,
Fühlet nun an Göttermarke
Sich gedoppelt einen Gott,
Dann erſt brüllt der Himmliſch-Arge
Todesluſt und Siegerſpott.

Wie dir Alle dienen müſſen,
Schmiegt auch Eros' hohe Macht
Leiſe todt zu ihren Füßen,
Oder ſchauert auf und wacht.
Und Apollo mit der Leier
Zündet Welt und Sternenbahn
Gern aus dem verklärten Feuer
Deines holden Wahnes an.

Herr! wie müſſen wir dich loben?
Soll mit wild geſchlag'ner Bruſt
Die Mänade um dich toben?
Fluchſt du unſere keuſchen Luſt?
Gieb, o Fürſt, gieb uns ein Zeichen,
Daß wir deine Kinder ſei'n!
Wunderthäter ohne Gleichen,
Laß ein Wunder uns erfreu'n!

Tritt in unſ're bunte Mitte,
Oder winke mit der Hand,
Wandle drei gemeſſ'ne Schritte
Längs der hohen Rebenwand!
— Ach, er läßt ſich nicht bewegen …
Aber, horcht, es bebt das Thal!
Ja, das iſt von Donnerſchlägen:
Horch, und ſchon zum dritten Mal!

Selber Zeus hat nun geſchworen,
Daß ſein Sohn uns günſtig ſei,
So iſt kein Gebet verloren,
So iſt der Olymp getreu!
— Doch nach ſolcher Götterfülle
Ungeſtümem Ueberſchwang
Werden alle Herzen ſtille,
Für Gäſte zauberbang.

Stimmet an die letzten Lieder!
Und ſo, Paar an Paar gereiht,
Steiget nun zum Fluß hernieder
Wo ein feſtlich Schiff bereit.
Auf dem vordern Rand erhebe
Sich der Gott und führ' uns an,
Und der Kiel, mit Flüſtern, ſchwebe
Durch die mondbeglänzte Bahn!

Zwei Liebchen.

Ein Schifflein auf der Donau ſchwamm,
Drin ſaßen Braut und Bräutigam,
Er hüben und ſie drüben.

Sie ſprach: Herzliebſter, ſage mir,
Zum Angebind' was geb' ich dir?

Sie ſtreift zurück ihr Aermelein,
Sie greift ins Waſſer friſch hinein.

Der Knabe, der thät gleich alſo,
Und ſcherzt mit ihr und lacht ſo froh.

Ach, ſchöne Frau Done, geb' ſie mir
Für meinen Schatz eine hübſche Zier!

Sie zog heraus ein ſchönes Schwert,
Der Knab' hätt' lang' ſo eins begehrt.

Der Knab', was hält er in der Hand?
Milchweiß ein köſtlich Perlenband.

Er legt's ihr um ihr ſchwarzes Haar,
Sie ſah wie eine Fürſtin gar.

Ach, ſchöne Frau Done, geb' ſie mir
Für meinen Schatz eine hübſche Zier!

Sie langt hinein zum andern Mal,
Faßt einen Helm von lichtem Stahl.

Der Knab' vor Freud' entſetzt ſich ſchier,
Fiſcht ihr einen gold'nen Kamm dafür.

Zum Dritten ſie ins Waſſer griff:
Ach weh'! da fällt ſie aus dem Schiff.

Er ſpringt ihr nach, er faßt ſie keck,
Frau Done reißt ſie Beide weg;

Frau Done hat ihr Schmuck gereu't,
Das büßt der Jüngling und die Maid.

Das Schifflein leer hinunter wallt;
Die Sonne ſinkt hintre die Berge bald.

Und als der Mond am Himmel ſtand,
Die Liebchen ſchwimmen todt ans Land,
Er hüben und ſie drüben.

Idylle an J. M.

Unter die Eiche geſtreckt, im jung belaubten Gehölze
Lag ich, ein Büchlein vor mir, das mir das lieblichſte bleibt;
Jene Märchen erzählt's von der Gänſemagd und von dem Fiſcher,
Von dem Machandelboom; wahrlich, man wird ſie nicht ſatt.
Grünlicher Maienſchein warf mir geringelte Lichter
Aufs beſchattete Buch, neckiſche Bilder zum Text.
Ferne hör' ich die Holzaxt fallen, ich höre den Kukuk
Und es lispelt ein Bach wenige Schritte vor mir.
Märchenhaft fühl' ich mich ſelbſt, mit aufgeſchloſſenen Sinnen
Seh' ich, wie helle! den Wald, ruft mir der Kukuk, wie fremd!
Plötzlich rauſcht es im Laub, — wird doch Sneewittchen nicht kommen,
Oder, bezaubert, ein Reh? Nicht doch, kein Wunder geſchieht;
Siehe, mein Nachbarskind aus dem Dorf, mein artiges Schätzchen!

Müßig lief es in Wald, weil es den Vater dort weiß,
Ehrbar ſetzet es ſich an meine Seite, vertraulich
Plaudern wir Dieß und Das, und ich erzähle ſofort
Gar ausführlich die Leiden des unvergleichlichen Mädchens,
Dem von der Mutter Hand dreimal der Tod ſchon gedroht;
Denn die Stolze, die Königin, haßte ſie, weil ſie ſo ſchön war,
Grimmig, da mußte ſie fliehn, wohnte bei Zwergen ſich ein.
Aber die Königin findet ſie bald; ſie klopfet am Hauſe,
Bietet, als Krämerin, ſchlau, lockende Waare zu Kauf.
Arglos öffnet das Kind, den Rath der Zwerge vergeſſend,
Und das Liebchen empfängt, ach! den vergifteten Kamm.
Welch ein Jammer, da nun die Kleinen zu Hauſe gekommen!
Welcher Künſte bedarf's, bis die Erſtarrte erwacht!
Doch zum zweiten Mal kommt, zum dritten Male, verkleidet,
Die Verderberin, leicht hat ſie das Mädchen beſchwatzt,
Schnürt in das zierliche Leibchen ſie ein, den Athem erſtickend
In dem Buſen; zuletzt bringt ſie die tödtliche Frucht.
Nun iſt alle Hülfe umſonſt; wie weinen die Zwerge!
Ein kryſtallener Sarg ſchließet die Aermſte nun ein,
Frei geſtellt auf den Berg, ein Anblick allen Geſtirnen,
Unverwelklich ruht innen die ſüße Geſtalt.
— So weit war ich gekommen, da drang aus dem nächſten Gebüſche
Hinter mir Nachtigallſchlag herrlich auf Einmal hervor,
Troff wie Honig durch das Gezweig und ſprühte wie Feuer
Zackige Töne, mir traf freudig ein Schauer das Herz,
Wie wenn der Göttinnen Eine, vorüberfliehend, dem Dichter
Durch ambroſiſchen Duft ihre Begegnung verräth.
Leider verſtummte die Sängerin bald, ich horchte noch lange,
Doch vergebens, und ſo bracht' ich mein Märchen zum Schluß. —

Jetzo deutet das Kind und ruft: „Margrete! da kommt ſie!
In dem Korbe, ſiehſt Du, bringt ſie dem Vater die Milch!"
Durch die Lücke ſogleich erkannt' ich die ältere Schweſter;
Von der Wieſe herauf beugt nach dem Walde ſie ein.
Rüſtig die bräunliche Dirne; ihr brennt auf der Wange der Mittag.

Gern erſchreckten wir ſie, aber ſie grüßet bereits.
„Haltet's mit, wenn Ihr mögt! es iſt heiß, da mißt man die Suppe
Und den Braten zur Noth, fett iſt und kühle mein Mahl."
Und ich ſträubte mich nicht, wir folgten dem Schlage der Holzaxt;

Statt des Kindes, wie gern hätt' ich die Schweſter geführt!

— Freund! Du ehreſt die Muſe, die jene Märchen vor Alters
Wohl zu Tauſenden ſang; aber nun ſchweiget ſie längſt,
Die am Winterkamin, bei der Schuſterbank, oder am Webſtuhl
Dichtendem Volkswitz oft köſtliche Nahrung gereicht.
Das Unmögliche war ihr Feld; leichtfertig verknüpft ſie
Das Entfernteſte, reicht luſtig dem Blöden den Preis.
Sind drei Wünſche erlaubt: ihr Held wird das Albernſte wählen;

Ihr zu Ehren ſei Dir nun das Geſtändniß gethan,
Wie an der Seite der Dirne, der vielgeſprächigen, ſachte
Im bewegtem Gemüth brünſtig der Wunſch mich beſchlich:
Wär' ich ein Jäger, ein Hirt, wär' ich ein Bauer geboren,
Trüg' ich Knüttel und Beil, wärſt Margarete, mein Weib!
Nie beklagt' ich die Hitze des Tags, ich wollte mich herzlich
Auch der rauheren Koſt, wenn Du ſie brächteſt, erfreu'n.
O wie herrlich würde mir jeder Morgen begegnen
Und das Abendroth über dem reifenden Feld!
Balſam würde mein Blut im friſchen Kuſſe des Weibes,
Kraftvoll blühte mein Haus, doppelt, in Kindern empor.
Aber im Winter, zu Nacht, am Ofen und auf der Schnitzbank
Rief ich, o Muſe, Dich auch, märchenerfindende, an!

Friedrich Mosengeil

wurde am 26. März 1773 im Dorf Schönau bei Eiſenach geboren. Durch einen Hauslehrer vorbereitet, beſuchte M. Gymnaſium und Univerſität, um Theologie zu ſtudiren. Nach ſeiner Rückkehr von Jena folgte er der Einladung ſeines Jugendfreundes Heinrich Cotta nach Zillbach, wo dieſer eine Forſtſchule errichtet hatte, um mit ihm gemeinſchaftlich den Unterricht zu leiten. Nach dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters verließ er Zillbach jedoch wieder und war ſieben Jahrelang deſſen Amtsgehülfe in Frauenbreitungen. Aufgefordert von dem Herzoge Georg von Sachſen-Meiningen, der die Sommermonate gewöhnlich in Altenſtein unweit Frauenbreitungen zubrachte, auf dem Schloſſe zu predigen, erwarb er ſich deſſen Gunſt, und als, einige Jahre nach dem Tode des Herzogs, 1805 auch M. ſeinen Vater verloren hatte, erhielt er von der verwittweten Herzogin den Auftrag, die Erziehung ihres einzigen Sohnes, des fünfjährigen Herzogs Bernhard Erich Freund, zu übernehmen. M. leitete die Bildung des Prinzen bis zu den Univerſitätsjahren, begleitete ihn dann nach Jena und Heidelberg und auf ſeinen Reiſen durch die Schweiz, Oberitalien, Belgien, Holland und Frankreich. Nach dem Regierungsantritte des Herzogs im Jahr 1821 wurde er Oberconſiſtorialrath zu Meiningen, wo er am 2. Juni 1839 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Stenographie. 3. Aufl., Jena 1819.
Geſammtausgabe der Schriften Ernſt Wagners. 12 Bde. Leipz. 1824—28.
Briefe über den Dichter Ernſt Wagner. 2 Bde. Schmalkalden 1826.
Liebenſtein und die neuen Arkadier. 2. Aufl. Frankf. 1826.
Reiſegefährten. 3 Bde. Frankf. 1825—29.
Drei Freunde auf Reiſen. 3 Bde. Leipz. 1829.
Das Jubelfeſt an der Luthersbuche. Meiningen 1830.
Sommerabendſtunden. 2 Bde., Hildburgh. 1831.
Außerdem ſchrieb er noch verſchiedene Volksſchulbücher, einzelne Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

M. hat namentlich für ſeine Heimath durch Schrift und That in reichem Maße gewirkt und ſein ſegensreiches Andenken wird ſich in Meiningen noch lange erhalten. — Als Dichter und namentlich als Erzähler zeichnete er ſich vortheilhaft durch glückliche Erfindung, treffliche Charakterſchilderung, tiefe Sittlichkeit, die zu verbreiten er beſonders wie in ſeinem ganzen Leben ſo in ſeinen Schriften ſtrebte, anmuthige Darſtellung und meiſterhaften, wenn auch mitunter nicht ganz von Weitſchweifigkeit freien Styl aus.

Colomann Beſthabers Heimholung.

Ein Nachtſtück.

Der Baurath Colomann Beſthaber war eine ungewöhnlich hager, lange, ſteife Geſtalt. In ſeinem Wohnorte, der kleinen Landſtadt Stotterlingen, wo es ausgezeichneten Perſonen ſchwer fiel, der Wiedertaufe mit einem Spitznamen zu entgehen, nannte man ihn allgemein das „Lineal." Am Meiſten fiel der Mann auf, wenn er an der Seite ſeiner hübſchen jungen Frau erſchien, die in ihrer abgerundeten Fülle ſich in der That neben ihm ohngefähr wie die Kreislinie neben ihrer Tangente ausnahm. Wollte man noch mehr mathematiſche Genauigkeit von uns verlangen, ſo würden wir einräumen, daß Beſthaber eigentlich aus vier Linien und einer Fläche conſtruirt war; denn die langen dürren Arme und weit ausgreifenden Spinnenbeine nahmen ſich nur als ungleichartiges Anhängſel der ſtets ſteilrecht getragenen Fläche ſeines unverhältnißmäßig breiten Oberleibs aus.

Nach dieſer vorläufigen Perſonalbeſchreibung in Verbindung mit jenem bezeichnenden Spitznamen ſollte man meinen, der Baurath möge mit ſeiner ganzen ſeltſamen Geſtalt ein wenig ins Lächerliche gefallen ſein; ſo verhielt ſich's indeß gleichwohl nicht, ſondern der erſte Eindruck ſeiner perſönlichen Bekanntſchaft ließ bei den Meiſten ein unheimliches Gefühl zurück, welches nahe an Furcht grenzte. Davon mochte wohl hauptſächlich der Kopf die Schuld tragen. Wie hohe Berge meiſt kahl zu ſein pflegen, ſo bot auch ſein Scheitel nur eine kümmerliche Begetation dar, und unter dem faſt nackten Gipfel lief eine ſteile Felswand hernieder, — bei andern Menſchen Stirn genannt, — an welcher man nicht ohne ein gewiſſes Grauen hinanblicken konnte. Die Augen, die man bei Floretten, ſeinem Weibchen, gern mit zwei klaren Sternen, über Roſen- und Lilienbeeten leuchtend, vergleichen mochte, deuteten bei ihm kaum zwei düſterglühende Grubenlichter im dunkeln Schachte an; der Mund aber, — bei Floretten ein kaum aufgeſchloſſenes Roſenknöspchen, — erinnerte bei ihm mehr an die widrig runzliche Fülle des blutrothen Hahnenkammes.

Doch das Alles möchte nur für unbedeutend gelten und dürfte dem Manne, wenigſtens im Urtheile der Männer, eigentlich keinen Nachtheil bringen; — denn es hat ſich gewiß auch heut zu Tage öfter beſtätigt, was ſchon damals gegolten, als man brave Leute die Geſundheit des undankbaren Vaterlands aus dem Schierlingsbecher trinken ließ: — daß nämlich mit äußerer ſokratiſcher Häßlichkeit die höchſte moraliſche Schönheit verbunden ſein könne. Allein bei unſerm Beſthaber kam zu dem Unweſentlichen der Geſtaltung gar Manches hinzu, was wohl geeignet ſein mochte, ſeinen innern Menſchen in einem nicht minder ungünſtigen Lichte erſcheinen zu laſſen. Er ſtand in ſehr übelem Ruf; — zwar nur im Geheim; denn kein Stotterlinger trat öffentlich mit ſeinem wahren Urtheil hervor, um ſich den Baurath nicht zum Feinde zu machen. Der Mann hatte Verſtand, viel Verſtand, wo er ihn haben wollte; — auch Geld, viel Geld, wodurch ſein geiſtiges Pfund noch weit ſchwerer in die Wage fiel. — genau genommen, war er der Reichſte im ganzen Städtchen und ſah es gern, wenn er dafür gehalten wurde. So ſehr er ſich auch daran gewöhnt hatte, ſeine Kaſſe als Sparkaſſe, und ſein Haus als Leihhaus zu behandeln, ſo wußte er doch zur rechten Zeit und am rechten Orte den Herren Stotterlingern glänzende Beweiſe vor Augen zu legen, daß Keiner es ihm gleich thun könne. Gab er bisweilen zur Geburtstagsfeier oder bei andern feſtlichen Gelegenheiten ein Gaſtgebot, ſo mußten die Geladenen vorerſt über die eleganten koſtbaren Zimmerverzierungen, dann über den reichen Schmuck der hereinſchwebenden Frau Bauräthin, zuletzt und am Meiſten aber über die Fülle und Leckerhaftigkeit des Mahles ſelbſt in ein gerechtes Erſtaunen gerathen. Gleichwohl raunte Einer und der Andere ſeinem Tiſchnachbar ins Ohr: „Alles vortrefflich! Wüßte man nur erſt, ob's mit rechten Dingen zugehe!"

Das Geheimniß, auf welches dergleichen Reden anſpielten, war ein im Verborgenen ſchleichendes Gerücht, deſſen Verbreitung der Aufklärung dieſer guten Stadt wenig Ehre machte: es ſollte nämlich der Baurath im Bündniß ſtehen „mit dem Leidigen," — ſo nannte man dort einen Gewiſſen, den man bekanntlich nicht gern an die Wand malt.

Urſprünglich mochte das ehrenrührige Stadtgeſchwätz einem kleinlichen Neide beizumeſſen ſein, der bekanntlich ohne einen andern Grund, als weil er es dem Beneideten nicht gleich zu thun vermag, immer gern das Schlechteſte glaubt oder erſinnt, damit es von Andern geglaubt werde. Späterhin trug ſich jedoch allerdings Manches zu, was man ſelbſt mit einem ziemlich weit zugeſchnittenen Mantel der chriſtlichen Liebe nicht ganz zu verhüllen im Stande geweſen wäre. Großen Nachtheil erlitt Herrn Colomann Beſthabers Ruf unter Anderm durch eine gemeine Poſſe, — ein Puppenſpiel, welches überhaupt in den Gang unſrer Erzählung zu bedeutend eingreift, als daß wir es unerwähnt laſſen dürften.

Es hatte nämlich ein Marionettenſpieler ſeine kleine Bühne in Stotterlingen aufgeſchlagen und fand ungewöhnlichen Zulauf. Wirklich verſtand er es aus dem Grunde, gerade dieſes Publikum durch ſinnreich angelegte und luſtig ausgeführte Stücke trefflich zu unterhalten. Die wohlausgedachte Mechanik, wodurch z. B. der Hanswurſt bei erhabnen Stellen des Dialogs plötzlich aus einem kleinen dicken Knirps zum Rieſen aufſchoß, um von ſeiner Höhe herab mit unnachahmlicher Grazie auszuſpucken; — die unbegreifliche Gelenkigkeit, womit er an Kolumbinens verſchloſſener Pforte die eigne Ferſe zum Thürklopfer machte, und dabei ein Bein ausreckte, welches die Länge des ganzen Männleins zweimal maß; — ferner die neckiſche Gewandtheit Kolumbinens, in welcher ſie ihrem eiferſüchtigen Mann zu entſchlüpfen wußte, und gegen all' dieſen Scherz auf der andern Seite die Gravität und der ritterliche Anſtand auftretender Sultane, großmächtiger Kaiſer und anderer Potentaten, mit Prinzeſſinnen an der Hand, die von lauter Juwelen funkelten; ihre abgemeſſenen verſtändigen Reden und großmüthigen Geſinnungen bei ſtets heiterer, durch keinen Schickſalswechſel jemals veränderter Miene: Alles Dies hielt die Aufmerkſamkeit der Zuhörer feſt und rückte ſie in die ideale Welt hinüber, deren vollſtändiger Zauber beſonders noch im Nachſpiele durch die wunderbarſten Verwandlungen und Ballettänze entzückte. Wenn da z. B. ein reichgalonnirter Stutzer zum meckernden Bock zuſammenſchrumpfte, und die kokettirende Schöne an ſeiner Seite zur gackernden Gans, die ſich in wenigen Augenblicken zu einem Wiegenpferde für einen Schwarm kleiner häßlicher Meerkatzen mit Amorsflügeln umgeſtaltete, während der arme Bock vier Schneider auf einmal in die Lüfte führen mußte, wo ſie ihn aus ſchuldiger Dankbarkeit in kleine Flocken zerrupften und, als zweite Auflage, mit Hörnern und Bocksfüßen vermehrt und verbeſſert, eine infernaliſche Quadrille mit geſchwungenen funkenſprühenden Fackeln aufführten: — wer mochte es dann beſonders den geſchmackvollen Zuſchauerinnen verargen, wenn ſie einander wechſelſeitig verſicherten: „Etwas Amüſanteres, als ein ſolches Puppentheater, gebe es doch gar nicht in der Welt!“

Um indeß die Schauluſt des Publikums immer hübſch im Zug zu erhalten, war hier, wie bei großen Schaubühnen, die Einrichtung getroffen, daß bisweilen die Ankündigung eines ächten Zugſtücks ſelbſt ſolche Knauſer aufs Neue herbeilocken mußte, welche, um das Legegeld zu erſparen, zu den ſeltenern Gäſten gehörten. In gleicher Abſicht war jetzt Doktor Fauſt angekündigt, und ſchwerlich hat der Götheſche auf das große europäiſche Publikum einen ſchauerlichern Eindruck gemacht als dieſer altfränkiſche Marionetten-Fauſt auf das Stotterlinger.

Das Haus (wir meinen den Saal des Gaſthofs „zum rothen Ochſen“) war überfüllt, und die dadurch erzeugte Schwüle, am Abend eines gewitterſchweren Tages, leiſtete der tragiſchen Wirkung des Stückes nicht geringen Vorſchub. Alles erhob ſich von den übereinander aufgebauten Bänken, als Satan zum erſten Male über die Bühne ging. Es war in der That eine fürchterliche Geſtalt, welche der Theatermeiſter vermittelſt einer kleinen, im hohlen durchſichtigen Körper verſteckten Wachskerze mit glühenden Rippen ausgeſtattet hatte. Jedes Herzchen klopfte ſtärker, als über die Bedingungen verhandelt wurde, unter welchen Fauſtus ſeine arme Seele an den Böſen verſchacherte; denn jedes Mal, wenn er die Feder zur Unterſchrift in die aufgeritzte Ader eintunkte, mußte man mit Schauder ein leiſes klägliches Wimmern aus der Höhe vernehmen, dem ein teufliſches Lachen in der Tiefe folgte.

Vielleicht hätte das Uebermaß des Grauens, den die ganze ſchreckhafte Vorſtellung erregte, den Zuſchauern allen Kunſtgenuß verleidet, wäre nicht der unvergleichliche Hanswurſt, Fauſts Famulus, mit allerliebſten Späßen mildernd dazwiſchen getreten. Ihm waren ſelbſt die furchtbarſten Teufelsfratzen nichts, als lächerliche Perſonagen. Er hatte ſie in den Zwiſchenſcenen mit der ergötzlichſten Laune zum Beſten; ſetzte ſie durch ehrenrührige Fragen über ihre ſonderbare Geſtalt in Verlegenheit; ergriff ſie, — während er, in ſeines Herrn Zauberkreis ſtehend, vollkommen ſicher war, und ihrer Krallen ſpottete, — bei den langen blutrothen Schweifen, um ſie die luſtigen Sprünge eines Pudels wiederholen zu laſſen, den man mit ähnlichen Handgriffen nöthigt, einen Tanz in die Runde zu machen. Am Ende fühlten es die liſtigen Höllengeiſter ſelbſt, daß ſie hier ihren Meiſter gefunden hatten, und ließen ihn in Frieden.

So weit ging Alles vortrefflich und zur allgemeinen Zufriedenheit von Statten; doch die Schlußſcene, in welcher bekanntlich der Doktor nach ſämmtlichen, normalmäßig begangenen Todtſünden heimgeholt und hoch in der Luft zerriſſen wird, ſo daß nur einzelne hellauflodernde Gliedmaßen herabfallen; — gerade dieſe, das ganze Werk krönende Scene gerieth in große Verwirrung, und verbreitete faſt noch größere im Saale.

Es kugelte nämlich mitten im ſataniſchen Hofſtaat ein räthſelhaftes Weſen herum, deſſen lenkende Fäden ſelbſt das ſchärfſte Auge nicht entdecken konnte, da doch bei allen übrigen Figuren den Handriffen über der Kouliſſe leicht auf die Spur zu kommen war. Jenes ſeltſame Unding erſchien anfangs als ein geſtaltloſer ſchwarzer Ballen, der einzelne Funken umherblitzen ließ. Plötzlich öffnete ſich's, und ein ſcheußliches Krokodilhaupt ſchaute blökend mit blutig hervorquellenden Augen in den Saal. Als aber, beſonders von den anweſenden Zuſchauerinnen her, ein unwillkürlicher Schrei des Entſetzens erſcholl, zog ſich das Ungethüm zurück; dagegen watſchelte ein kleiner mißgeſtalteter Zwerg mit furchtbar großen Augen unter dem übrigen hölliſchen Troß herum. Der Kleine krächzte und ſtotterte eine Weile in unvernehmlichen Tönen, bis endlich mühſam folgende Worte aus dem breiten häßlichen Maule hervorgeſtoßen wurden:

„Den da will ich nicht! der iſt von Holz. — Einer iſt hier; den will ich! — Der hat Wittwen und Waiſen um das Ihrige, der hat Väter und Mütter unter die Erde gebracht! — Will ihn nicht nennen, aber feſt hab' ich ihn; — und er weiß es ſelbſt, daß er reif iſt zur Heimholung. Schaut hin! dort ſteht er und fürchtet ſich vor mir!“

Bei dieſen Worten war dem Zwerg ein ellenlanger Finger aus der Hand gewachſen und jeder Blick folgte dem furchtbaren Zeiger, und jeder haftete auf einem langen, ganz blaß gewordenen Mann, der in den vordern Reihen der Zuſchauer hervorragte. — Es war Niemand anders als unſer Colomann Beſthaber. —

Daß von ſeiner Heimholung die Rede ſei, war um ſo weniger zu bezweifeln, da der kleine Unbekannte blos mit Abänderung einiger Endbuchſtaben ihn mit Namen genannt hatte.

Der Mann zitterte faſt ſo hörbar, als der hölzerne Doktor Fauſt. Hinter der Scene hörte man immer lauter werdende Stimmen. Es war der Marionettendirektor, der ſeiner mitagirenden Frau bittere Vorwürfe machte, welche ihm dieſe mit der gellendſten und geläufigſten Zunge zurückgab; denn Jedes glaubte, das Andere habe ihm zum Poſſen die Schlußſcene verhunzt durch heimliches Unterſchieben einer Figur, deren Keckheit noch dazu mit verdrießlichen Händeln drohte. Während ſich das Ehepaar hinter der Scene zankte, entſtand auch vor derſelben große Unruhe, die aber nicht allein von dem unbeſchreiblichen Eindruck der eben abgeſpielten Epiſode, ſondern zugleich von einem heftigen Gewitter herrührte, welches ſich jetzt plötzlich über der Stadt zu entladen begann. Die ununterbrochenen Blitze leuchteten ſogar durch die geſchloſſenen Fenſterladen hindurch und der Donner überdröhnte den wachſenden Lärm der zahlreichen Verſammlung, aus welcher ſich nun Jeder in wildem, den Frauen manchen Angſtſchrei auspreſſenden Gedränge unter Regen- und Flammengüſſen eiligſt heim zu retten ſuchte.

Der Vorgang machte großes Aufſehen, — nicht blos im Städtchen ſelbſt, ſondern ſogar in der Reſidenz, wohin ihn das Gerücht, noch mit manchen erdichteten Schreckniſſen ausgeſchmückt, ſchnell genug befördert hatte.

Die wenigen Aufgeklärten in Stotterlingen (denn alle Uebrigen hielten den Spuk einmüthig für Satans Werk) erſchöpften ſich in Vermuthungen über den geheimen Zuſammenhang der Marionettenſcene mit Beſthabers Familienverhältniſſen, und was die Scharfſinnigſten unter ihnen zur Löſung des Räthſels zu Tage brachten, ſchien in der That nicht aller Wahrſcheinlichkeit zu ermangeln.

Es hielt ſich nämlich bei jener kleinen Wandertruppe, welche das Puppenſpiel zuweilen auch mit perſönlichen Darſtellungen traveſtirter Bühnenſtücke wechſeln ließ, gerade damals ein Bajazzo von merkwürdigem Künſtlertalent auf. Seine Rolle als Luſtigmacher ſpielte er meiſt aus dem Stegreif und erntete dabei durch ſeine witzigen Einfälle ſtets glänzenden Beifall. Seinen Späßen fehlte es nicht an Salz; nur beſchwerten ſich Manche, daß es aus allzuſcharfer Lauge bereitet ſei; denn bei ſeinen ſatiriſchen Kreuz- und Querhieben fragte er gar nichts danach, wenn ſie dem Getroffenen durch Mark und Bein drangen. Um jedoch durch dieſe kauſtiſche Laune nicht die Gunſt des Publikums allmälig zu verſcherzen, miſchte er noch eine andere beliebte Würze reichlich mit ein, welche das feinſte Sinnengift gerade ſo viel verhüllte, als nöthig war, um es genießbar für lüſterne Gaumen zu machen; das heißt: er war ſtark in jener zweideutigen Art zu ſcherzen, worüber zwar die Unſchuld erröthen muß, die aber bei den rohern Männern, ſo wie bei Frauen von überwiegendem Temperament, wohlgelitten zu ſein pflegt.

So ausgezeichnete Talente gewannen dieſem Künſtler die Gunſt mancher Kennerin und mochten ihm wohl den Weg zu allerlei galanten Abenteuern bahnen; zumal da Bajazzo, wenn er die Harlekinsjacke anzog, ſich als ein recht hübſcher junger Mann mit glänzend ſchwarzem Haar, freudig blitzenden Augen, ſeltener Körperkraft und Gewandtheit darſtellte. Er war es denn auch, der ſchon ſeit einiger Zeit in den Verdacht eines geheimen Verſtändniſſes mit der jungen ſchönen Frau Bauräthin, man wußte ſelbſt nicht recht wie und wodurch, gerathen war. Unter dieſer Vorausſetzung ſchien wenigſtens Alles erklärlicher zu werden. Vielleicht, — ſo ſchloſſen jene ſcharfſinnigen Späher, — vielleicht war der heimliche Begünſtigte vom eiferſüchtigen Eheherrn aufgeſpürt, und ſodann gewiß auch beleidigt worden; in Bajazzos bekanntem Charakter lag es offenbar, ſich an Beſthabern auf das Empfindlichſte durch Einſchwärzung jener Teufelslarve zu rächen, deren Maſchinerie er gar wohl, ohne Vorwiſſen der oben handthierenden Spieler, unter der Bühne lenken konnte; — vielleicht auch lag, außer der genommenen Rache, eine mit der Gönnerin verabredete Maßregel der ganzen Gaukelei zum Grunde, um einen gewaltſamen Bruch geſpannter ehelicher Verhältniſſe ſchneller herbeizuführen. Denn ſo viel Geſchmack und Verſtand durfte man Floretten wohl zutrauen, daß ſie dem alternden, mürriſchen Gelomann einen jungen anſtelligen Komödianten vorzuziehen, und ſich zweckmäßige Mittel zu einer freien angenehmern Wahl vorzubereiten wiſſen werde. Zur Beſtätigung dieſer Schlußfolge führte man an: daß die Bauräthin ſich der bittern Beleidigung im Doktor Fauſt nicht ſonderlich angenommen habe; Manche wollten ſelbſt ein feines Hohnlächeln, während der infernaliſchen Scene um die blühenden Roſenlippen ſchwebend, bemerkt haben. Mehr noch: — als der faſt in Wuth geſetzte Beſthaber der Truppe einen Injurienprozeß an den Hals zu werfen drohte und ſämmtliche Künſtler, um der Verhaftung auszuweichen, bei Nacht und Nebel entflohen waren, ſollte, behauptet man, der Bajazzo noch lange nachher unter mancherlei Verkleidungen in Stotterlingen zu ſehen geweſen ſein.

Doch alle dieſe Vermuthungen ließen immer noch Vieles im Dunkeln, und die Verſchiedenheit der Sagen machte es um ſo ſchwieriger, der Wahrheit auf die Spur zu kommen.

Der tiefgekränkte Ruf des Beleidigten war indeß durch die ſchimpfliche Flucht der vermeinten Beleidiger keineswegs wieder herzuſtellen. Der ſataniſche Zwerg hatte leider ein äußerſt empfindliches Fleckchen berühret. „Er hat Wittwen und Waiſen um das Ihrige, und Väter und Mütter unter die Erde gebracht!“ — das war der tödtlich ſcharfe Pfeil des hölliſchen Schützen, welcher, der herrſchenden Volksmeinung zufolge, gerade ins Schwarze, — das heißt, mitten in Beſthabers Herz hinein getroffen haben mußte.

Dieſen Glauben, der ſich allgemein geltend zu machen wußte, können wir uns am Beſten erklären, wenn wir einige Blicke auf die frühere Geſchichte jenes hart Beſchuldigten zurückwerfen.

Der Baurath war allerdings keines reichen Mannes Sohn, ſondern hatte ſein großes Vermögen blos der eignen Betriebſamkeit zu danken. Es fehlte ihm durchaus nicht am rechten Takt für jene Muſik klingender Thaler, welche dem Habſüchtigen lieblicher, als die der Sphären tönt. Genau genommen, gab es für ihn nur zwei Beſtrebungen: die eine — Geld zu gewinnen; und die andere — das Wachsthum der Zinſen mit den Bedürfniſſen einer egoiſtiſchen Genußliebe auszugleichen. Die ſtrenge Rechtlichkeit ward dabei nicht gehört, — kaum befragt. — Beſthaber hatte als Baurath und Oberaufſeher der Gemeindewaldungen gerade zur ſchicklichſten Zeit wohlfeile Häuſer aufgeführt, um ſie nachher theuer in Rechnung zu bringen; als Verwalter der Magiſtrats-Kaſſe zog er häufig einige Procente mehr, als er zu Buch brachte, ohne daß ihm bei Legung der Jahresrechnungen eine Rüge zu ſtellen war. Mit nicht geringerer Gewandtheit wußte er in Vormundſchaften das Vermögen ſeiner Mündel ſo zu behandeln, daß die Rechnung ſtets in Ordnung, und ſein Vortheil dennoch gedeckt blieb. Zugleich machte er als Großhändler und Bankier mit jedem Jahre anſehnlichere Geſchäfte. Einen Hauptſchlag aber hatte er durch ſeine Verbindungen mit einem Kaufmanne der benachbarten Stadt ausgeführt, welchen allzutreuherziges Vertrauen auf Beſthabers Räthſchläge und Freundſchaftsverſicherungen, ſo wie das Bedürfniß bedeutender Vorſchüſſe völlig in ſeine Hände gegeben hatten. Bald war der arme fleißige Mann einem Hamſter zu vergleichen, den der kluge Feldwirth ungeſtört die Fruchtkörner eintragen läßt, um zuletzt den emſigen Sammler heimlich abzufangen und ſich der ganzen Kornkammer zu bemächtigen. Durch kluge Leitung und Beihülfe des Buchhalters jener Handlung, Namens Frazner, den er für ſein Intereſſe zu gewinnen wußte, kam es nach wenigen Jahren dahin, daß des Handelsfreundes Haben mit dem Sollen gegen Beſthabern in immer größerm Mißverhältniſſe ſtand. Wie ein geübter Giftmiſcher den Zeitpunkt zu berechnen weiß, wo dem auserſehenen Opfer das beigebrachte Tränkchen zum Sitz des Lebens heraufſteigt, ſo konnte auch Er des Verbündeten Bankerott ſcharf genug vorher beſtimmen, um gerade zur rechten Zeit mit dem Buche in der Hand und der freundſchaftlichen Anrede vor ihn hinzutreten: „Herr, Sie ſind fertig! — Es thut mir leid; aber nach den vorliegenden Rechnungen, die Sie, guter Mann! etwas nachläſſig calculirt haben, wäre der gänzliche Fall Ihres Hauſes kaum noch auf ein Vierteljährchen hinauszuſchieben. Sie haben im Handel kein Glück, — aber einen guten Freund! — Es giebt, da Sie gern Ihre Ehre werden retten wollen, nur Ein Mittel der Auskunft; Ich trete in Ihr Geſchäft unter eigner Firma ein und decke das Deficit.“

„Aber, mein Gott!“ rief der Erſchrockene, dem nach genauer Vergleichung aller vorgelegten Berechnungen zwiſchen ihm und Beſthabern der Angſtſchweiß auf die Stirn trat: „Was wird mir dann noch übrig bleiben, um zu leben mit Weib und Kind?“

Beſthaber zuckte die Achſeln, ſeufzte, ſchwieg lange und ſagte endlich: „Freund! ich mache Ihnen ungern eine Bemerkung, die Sie längſt ſelbſt hätten machen können: Ihre Frau kränkelt, — ſo viel ich vom Arzt erfahren, ohne alle Hoffnung zur Heilung; da haben Sie alſo blos noch für Ihre einzige Tochter Auguſte Sorge zu tragen, — und dieſe nehme ich aus alter Freundſchaft zu mir ins Haus als Geſellſchafterin meiner Frau. Sie, als einzelner Mann von ſchönen Kenntniſſen, können dann leichter wieder Anſtellung in einem guten Hauſe finden, wozu ich meine Empfehlung anbiete, und bis dahin verſtehe ich mich zu neuen Vorſchüſſen ohne Zinſen zu berechnen.“

Es ging nach ſeinem Willen. Die ſchwächliche Gattin des Kaufmanns rührte der Schlag, als ſie des Mannes Unglück erfuhr, aber auch der jammervolle Wittwer konnte ihren Verluſt und ſeinen Verfall nicht lange überleben, und ſchon nach wenigen Wochen machte man ihm ſein Ruhebette neben dem friſchen Grabe ſeines treuen Weibes. Die Handlung des Verſtorbenen ſetzte der gut bezahlte, in alle Geheimniſſe eingeweihte Frazner unter Beſthabers Namen fort, und Auguſte ging, als ein einfach erzognes Mädchen, die der theuren Aeltern niemals vergeſſen konnte, unter vielen Thränen nach Stotterlingen, um von der Frau Bauräthin zu mancherlei Dienſtleiſtungen, und zwar nicht immer bei der zarteſten Behandlung, benutzt zu werden.

Herr Colomann Beſthaber lebte nach berichtigten Angelegenheiten im beſten Flore mit Floretten. Indeß durfte man doch dem äußern Scheine auch hier nicht zu ſehr vertrauen. Der Baurath hatte dieſes zweite Eheband etwas eilig geknüpft, nachdem ſein erſtes, — mit einer Wittwe, die er blos ihres Vermögens wegen geheirathet, — durch den Tod gelöſ't worden war. Die Verſtorbene hatte zwar, bei vielfachen geheimen Kränkungen, keine dauerhafte Geſundheit genoſſen: ihr Tod aber erfolgte gleichwohl ſo unerwartet ſchnell und unter ſo ungewöhnlichen Zufällen, daß der vergebens zur Hülfe herbeigerufene Arzt auf allerlei ſeltſame Gedanken gerieth, die er vorläufig Niemandem mitzutheilen wagte.

Genug, die Dulderin ruhte nun, und der Wittwer führte Floretten heim, mit welcher er ſchon früher in einer Art von freundſchaftlicher Verbindung geſtanden, deren hohen Preis die von ihm Unterhaltene wohl kannte. Das Mädchen war geringer Herkunft, aber ſehr ſchön, wie jeder Kenner eingeſtand. — Gerade dieſe Kenner wollten jedoch auch behaupten: „Florettchen ſei bei Weitem ſchöner, als ehrlich.“

Wahr iſt es, der ſcharfblickende Baurath glaubte ſchon in den erſten Jahren der neuen Ehe bisweilen gegründete Urſache zur Eiferſucht zu entdecken, und von da an begann ein endloſer Wechſel zwiſchen dauernden Zwiſtigkeiten und kurzen Verſöhnungen. Beide Kämpfer wußten ihre verſchiedenartigen Waffen mit gleicher Meiſterſchaft gegen einander zu gebrauchen. Quollen die dicken Wulſtlippen von den bitterſten Vorwürfen über, ſo ſpitzten ſich dagegen die zarten, fein gerundeten zu giftigen Spöttereien; — drohte Tod und Verderben von der ſchroffen gerunzelten männlichen Stirn herab, ſo glättete ſich gegenüber unter den vollen braunen Locken eine ſchön gewölbte weibliche nur um ſo heiterer aus; — wagte er es, ein Wörtchen von Scheidung fallen zu laſſen, ſo züngelte ſie leiſe und lächelnd: „Sei nur ganz ruhig, Colomännchen! Kennten ſie Dich Oben ſo, wie ich Dich kenne, und wüßten ſie, was ich weiß, dann . . . —“ hier ſtrich ſie mit dem niedlichen reichberingten Händchen über die ſchneeweiße Kehle herüber und hinüber, und Colomann verſtand den Sinn dieſer Zeichenſprache ſo vollkommen, daß er, vor innerer Wuth erblaſſend, ſchwieg. Dann erſt wurde Waffenſtillſtand von beiden Theilen abgeſchloſſen.

Zwiſchen die zermalmenden Reibungen und Kämpfe dieſes friedloſen Ehebundes hatte das Schickſal ein junges unſchuldiges Pärchen geworfen, das vielleicht ſchon im Frühling des Lebens unter ſeinen rauhen Winterſtürmen hätte erſtarren müſſen ohne den erwärmenden Hauch der Liebe. — Es war die ſchon genannte Waiſe Auguſte, und ein junger Menſch, Namens Otto Stern, Beſthabers Stiefſohn.

Die verſtorbene Gattin hatte als Wittwe den einzigen Sohn ihrer vorigen glücklichen Ehe mit zur neugeſchloſſenen gebracht und ſie ſtarb, ehe er noch die Jahre der Mündigkeit erreicht hatte. Der Stiefvater wußte es trotz manchem Widerſpruch von Seiten der Verwandten durch ſeinen vielvermögenden Einfluß dahin zu bringen, daß ihm die bisher geführte Vormundſchaft über Otto auch fernerhin übertragen wurde. Da nämlich die nun durch den Tod getrennte Ehe kinderlos geblieben war, ſo traten des einzigen hinterlaſſenen Erben Anſprüche auf die Herausgabe des mütterlichen Vermögens unmittelbar in Kraft; dieſe Sonderung aber vorzunehmen, fand der bisherige Verwalter deſſelben keineswegs rathſam. Er behauptete vielmehr, als der Stiefſohn eine beſcheidene Anfrage deshalb wagte: „der bei Weitem größere Theil des mütterlichen Beſitzthumes habe in Kapitalien beſtanden, dieſe aber ſeien, mit Bewilligung der Verſtorbenen, in einem Floßhandel, als in einem ganz neu eingerichteten und von ſeinen übrigen Geſchäften völlig getrennten Nebengeſchäft angelegt worden. Leider habe gerade dieſe Speculation nicht unter die gelungenen gehört, wie er mit ſeinen geführten Büchern belegen

Ahne; daher er denn auch dem Sohne nur vergleichsweiſe einen Erſatz zu leiſten erbötig ſei.“

Die Obervormundſchaft über Vormünder war leider in Stotterlingen, — wie man dieſes auch anderwärts häufig genug bemerken und beklagen muß, — nichts weniger, als geordnet und gehörig durchgreifend. Mit dem alljährlichen Abſchluß der Rechnungen nahmen es die Vorſtände nicht ſo genau; ſämmtliche Mündel waren zufrieden und ſchwiegen ſtill: warum hätte denn alſo die Obrigkeit deshalb Lärm erheben ſollen?

Es blieb folglich auch der arme Otto dem reichen Wilhelm auf Discretion anheimgegeben und hatte die tröſtliche Ausſicht, nach erlangter Volljährigkeit auf dem Wege des Prozeſſes ſein Eigenthum erkämpfen zu müſſen. Gerade in Prozeſſen lebte aber der Baurath recht in ſeinem Elemente. „Es iſt Liebhaberei!“ äußerte er wohl zuweilen bei gleichgeſtimmten Freunden: Andere wagen ihr Geld im Staatspapierhandel, oder in der Lotterie; ich dagegen lobe mir ein hübſches Prozeßchen! Hab' auch durch geſchickte Leitung und Kenntniß des Rechtsganges fürwahr mehr gewonnen, als alle jene Papiernarren!“

Otto war zu einem liebenswürdigen Jüngling herangewachſen. Ein leiſer Zug von Schwermuth, — bei ſo verwaiſ'ter Jugend wohl erklärlich, — gab den Zügen ſeines männlich ſchönen Geſichtes beſonders für die Frauen einen eigenthümlichen Reiz. In ſeinem kaum achtzehn Jahre zählenden Alter zeigte er ſchon Charakterfeſtigkeit durch ein beſonnenes ſittliches Betragen. Dem Stiefvater und Lehrherrn ſah er früher, als dieſer es ahnete, unter das ſchlau verdeckte Spiel. Natürlich mußte mit jedem neuen Blick dieſer Art die kindliche Geſinnung gegen den Gatten ſeiner geliebten Mutter immer mehr verſchwinden; der innere Abſcheu vor allen bemerkten Ränken eines grundſchlechten Charakters nahm in gleichem Maße zu.

Böſe Beiſpiele mögen wohl oft, dem Sprichwort zufolge, gute Sitten verderben; vielleicht aber werden die entgegengeſetzten Erfahrungen ſeltener beachtet, nach welchen ſich Kinder deſto mehr vor dem Laſter hüten, jemehr ſie ſich empört fühlen, wenn die Aeltern ihre ſchlechte Denkungsart vor ihnen zur Schau ſtellen. Der innere Friede, — jene unbefangene Heiterkeit des Gemüthes, die der geſunden Entwicklung eines reinen Jugendlebens ſo unentbehrlich iſt, als Licht und Wärme den Blüthenknospen, — möchte freilich bei unſerm Otto allzuſehr unterdrückt worden ſein, wäre nicht dem einſamen Herzen mit Auguſtens Erſcheinung eine neue Sonne aufgegangen.

Als die arme Waiſe, in tiefe Trauer gekleidet, bei Floretten anlangte, da war es anfangs blos das Mitleid, das ihn zu dem verlaſſenen Kinde hinzog. Der Druck ihres verkümmerten Lebens lag damals noch zu ſchwer auf der Seele der Jungfrau, als daß ſie ihren innern Werth hätte entfalten können. Sie war immer ſchweigſam, faſt blöde in Geſellſchaft; doch ſtets willig zu allen Geſchäften, die ihr als Kammerjungfer Florettens (denn auf ein anderes Verhältniß zu ihr machte ſie ſelbſt keinen Anſpruch) nur irgend zugemuthet wurden.

Auguſte war ſchön, — unter einem glücklichern Frühlingshimmel vielleicht ausgezeichnet ſchön; — doch gerade dieſen Vorzug bemerkte Otto erſt ſpäterhin. Was zunächſt ſeine Aufmerkſamkeit erregte, war die edle Selbſtverleugnung, die geduldige, fromme Entſagung, womit ſie ſich in die Nothwendigkeit, — in ihr unverſchuldetes trauriges Geſchick zu fügen wußte. Ein Weib von Florettens Gemuthsart konnte natürlich jenes aus Barmherzigkeit aufgenommene, nicht einmal blutsverwandte Kind nur etwa ſo, wie eine gnädige Gebieterin ihre leibeigene Dienerin, behandeln. Sie ſelbſt glaubte das fremde Mädchen zu begünſtigen; doch dieſe Gunſt hing nur zu oft von der Laune ab. Das feine, Mark und Bein durchdringende Gift ihrer Zunge, welches ſo oft den harten Beſthaber ſelbſt zur Verzweiflung brachte, konnte ſich auch gegen Auguſten nicht immer verbergen. Bei Tiſche, wo Letztere dem jungen Stern gegenüber am untern Ende der Tafel ſaß, gab es zuweilen bittere Reden, über welche dieſer erröthete, ob ſie gleich eigentlich ſeiner Leidensgefährtin galten. Auguſte aber blieb immer mild und geduldig; — im äußerſten Falle ſaß ſie eine Weile mit geſenktem Blicke da, und die Augenlieder bewegten ſich nur, um einige Thränen zu zerdrücken, die heiß hervorbrechen wollten. Kam aber je zuweilen, wenn gerade die Dame des Hauſes bei beſſerer Laune war, ein vernünftiges Geſpräch nur einigermaßen in Zug, da erwachte Auguſte, wie aus einem böſen Traume, wurde heiter und nahm wohl ſelbſt Theil an der Unterhaltung; Allem, was ſie freundlich dazu beitrug, fehlte es niemals an Sinn und Anmuth, und manche ihrer Aeußerungen waren Otto'n ganz aus der Seele geſprochen.

„Ein Mädchen, wie ich doch bisher noch keines gekannt!“ bemerkte er jetzt öfter bei ſich im Stillen; und nun erſt, als er ſich durch Auguſten ermuntert fühlte, auch ſeinen Gedanken Worte zu geben, die gleicherweiſe bei ihr anſprachen, — nun erſt ward ihm zuweilen ein Blick in ein großes ſeelenvolles Auge vergönnt, das ſich langſam gegen ihn aufſchlug. Ja, oft war es nur ein leiſes Neigen ihres Hauptes, das ihn bei irgend einer Bemerkung, die er vorbrachte, mehr entzückte, als es der lauteſte Beifall aus dem Munde Anderer vermocht hätte.

„Auguſte iſt ein Engel!“ rief er oft aus, wenn er eben von der Mittagstafel in ſein einſames Dachſtübchen zurückkehrte. „Du armes, liebes Kind!“ — redete er ſie im Geiſte an: „Wüßt' ich doch, ob auch nur Einmal die Aehnlichkeit unſeres Geſchicks Dir vor der Seele geſchwebt habe? — Ach! Du ſtehſt viel zu hoch über jedem Schickſal; viel zu hoch auch über mir! Denn wie oft bebt mein Herz vor innerer Wuth bei der liebloſen Behandlung dieſer Unwürdigen, die ich niemals Mutter nennen kann; Dein Herz aber wird nie entrüſtet, höchſtens wehmüthig für kurze Augenblicke! Wie ein ſeliger Geiſt fühlſt Du Dich ſelbſt in der Hölle des Paradieſes werth!“

So gewann allmälig die Liebe Raum. — Wie ein junges Bäumchen, das man aus ſchlechtem Boden in gutes Land, und aus der Winterſeite an die Sommerwand verpflanzt hat, nun mit einem Male neues Leben gewinnt und die aufquellenden Blüthen der Quelle des himmliſchen Lichtes zuwendet: ſo belebte und erquickte ſich des armen Otto's Herz in Auguſtens Nähe. Bald fühlte ſein ganzes Weſen ſich von einer Sehnſucht ergriffen, die ihn nur da glücklich ſein ließ, wo er ſie ſah und hörte. — Doch des Jünglings erſte Liebe aus reinem Sinn und edlem Gemüth entſproſſen, wird anfangs immer blöde ſein. Auch Otto wurde zurückhaltender, jemehr er ſich ſeiner Liebe bewußt ward. Er richtete ſeltener das Wort an Auguſten, und wenn es geſchah, fühlte er ſich befangener; ſeine Anrede ſchien ihm ſelbſt unſchicklich, wie beſcheiden ſie auch Andern ſcheinen mußte; immer tiefer ſetzte er ſich und ſeinen Werth unter den der Geliebten herab. Für ihn unerklärbar, nahm Auguſtens Unbefangenheit gegen ihn, in Geſellſchaft Anderer, in eben dem Grade zu, als die ſeinige abnahm. Waren ſie hingegen Beide allein, ſo ſchienen Otto's Herzbeklemmungen bald auch auf ſie ſympathetiſch einzuwirken; die Reihe des ſchamhaften Erröthens war dann an ihr; — Er aber glaubte, ſie erröthe nur über ſein linkiſches Benehmen. Es waren bängliche Empfindungen von beiden Seiten; gleichwohl ſuchten Beide ſie eher herbeizuführen, als zu vermeiden. Dadurch mußte, — wie Jeder weiß, der in ſeinem Leben nur Einmal wahrhaft geliebt hat, — das Uebel immer mehr um ſich greifen, und mit jedem Tage unheilbarer werden.

Otto's und Auguſtens zufälliges Begegnen wurde durch den nahen Garten vermittelt. Dieſe Gartenanlage war eines von Beſthabers Prunkſtücken. Für ſeine Perſon gewährete ſie ihm wenig Genuß, denn er ſuchte denſelben mehr im ſtolzen Gedanken, daß ſein Garten der ſchönſte unter allen ſei, welche die Stadt umgaben. Das war er auch in der That. Den Vorgrund, von Blumenbeeten verziert, umgab ein Bosket fremder Staudengewächſe, aus dem die hohe Akazie mit ihren duftenden Blüthenrispeln, der Tulpenbaum mit ſeinen Prunkblumen und andre ſchön blühende Bäume hervorragten. Dort feierte Otto ſeine Abendſtunden; ſtreifte in den ſchattigen Buſchwegen umher, und ſehnte ſich ſo lange nach der erwählten Herzensfreundin, bis er ſie, wie durch magiſche Zauberkräfte, herbeigeſehnt hatte; — denn hatte ihre Gebieterin zur Spazierfahrt oder zum Beſuch einer Theegeſellſchaft das Haus verlaſſen, ſo hinderte ſie ja nichts, nun auch den Garten zu beſuchen, und es war dann freilich nicht wohl zu vermeiden, daß die beiden Spaziergänger oft zuſammentrafen. Immer war es leichter, ſich zu finden, als ſich wieder zu trennen, wenn man ſich einmal gefunden. Schweigſam wandelten ſie neben einander fort, und doch aufs Beſte unterhalten. Die wenigen Worte, die etwa gewechſelt wurden, hätten andern Ohren höchſt gleichgültig ſcheinen mögen, allein der wahre Sinn derſelben lag viel tiefer, als ein Ungeweihter zu ahnen vermochte, und wurde ſtets richtig herausempfunden; ja, ein einziger Blick wog an innerm Gehalt oft eine lange Rede auf. Streifte bisweilen aus Verſehen Arm an Arm, oder berührten ſich auch nur die äußerſten Fingerſpitzen beim Hinreichen eines friſchgepflückten Blümchens, dann erbebte Otto vor Wonne; doch die weiche, warme Hand ſelbſt zu faſſen, zu halten, an Herz und Lippen zu drücken, — das blieb immer noch für ihn ein ungeheures Wageſtück, an deſſen Ausführung er kaum zu denken den Muth hatte.

Nur Einmal erwähnte Auguſte während dieſer traulichen Abendſpaziergänge der frühern Zeit, was Otto, um ſie nicht zu betrüben, ſorgfältig vermied. Der Junius-Abend war ſo entzückend ſchön! Alles blühte, duftete, lebte und freute ſich des ſüßen Lebens; in jedem Buſche raſchelte und regte ſich's und die niederſinkende Sonne ruhte mit ihren letzten mütterlichen Liebesblicken auf Garten und Flur, die ſo in den ſchönſten Erd- und Himmelsfarben leuchteten; — da ſagte Auguſte leiſe und ohne den Freund dabei anzuſehen: „Heute bin ich einmal recht daheim, und wie im Himmel bei meinen guten ſeligen Aeltern! — Doch hier,“ ſetzte ſie nach einer Weile hinzu, „hier blüht ja auch ein Paradies Gottes um uns her, und es iſt wohl nicht ganz recht, daß ich mich immer ſo ſehr nach der Heimath ſehne, wo jetzt Vater und Mutter wohnen?“

Otto konnte nicht antworten. Die heiligſten und edelſten Gefühle, deren das menſchliche Herz fähig iſt, Mitleid und Liebe, ließen ihn im Uebermaß ſeiner Empfindungen verſtummen. Er mußte ſich abwenden; — doch Auguſten entging es nicht, daß er nur darum ſein Geſicht verbarg, um ſeine Thränen vor ihr zu verbergen.

So hatte zwiſchen den beiden Verwaiſ'ten ſich allmälig ein Band geknüpft, ſtark und feſt, wie es kein Erdenleben mehr zu löſen vermag, ja nicht einmal der Tod! Das Wort des wechſelſeitigen Geſtändniſſes blieb gleichwohl unausgeſprochen. — Als das Entſcheidenſte für die Jugend-, wie für die Folgezeit, zögert es oft lange, gleich als wollte ein gütiges Geſchick zärtlich theilnehmend unſer höchſtes und reinſtes Glück im Leben gerade für den günſtigſten Moment aufſparen, da es ja doch dem armen Sterblichen nur Einmal vergönnt iſt, hier ſchon eine Seligkeit zu genießen, die er ſonſt allein von des Himmels Freuden hoffen dürfte.

Ein Zufall, — wenn wir anders die nothwendige Verkettung von Umſtänden, welche der Menſchen Schickſale lenkt, ſo nennen dürfen, — beſchleunigte für das liebende Paar die Erſcheinung jenes entſcheidenden Momentes. Es mußte nämlich jener ſchauerliche Vorgang im Marionettentheater, der für alle in dieſer Erzählung auftretende Perſonen als ein merkwürdiger Wendepunkt zu betrachten iſt, auch Otto's Verhältniſſen zur Geliebten eine beſtimmtere Richtung geben.

Der Jüngling war ſeltſam aufgeregt aus der unterbrochenen Vorſtellung des Puppenſpiels nach Hauſe gekommen. Wie gewöhnlich auf Kleinſtädter das Kleinliche, ſobald es unerwartet großartig wirkt, einen ſtärkern Eindruck, als ſelbſt eine große Weltbegebenheit, zu machen pflegt, ſo hatte auch jenes fratzenhafte Puppenſpiel durch ſeine Schlußſcene alle Stotterlinger ganz außer ſich gebracht. Das Gerücht, welches immer mit einer Art von Poeſie die Thatſachen vergrößernd ausſchmückt, vermehrte noch das Grauſenhafte der Scene für diejenigen, welche nicht zugegen geweſen waren; denn wenig fehlte, daß nicht die erzählenden Zuſchauer daheim den erſtaunten Hausgenoſſen es mit einem körperlichen Eide betheuerten: „Beelzebub ſei ihnen in höchſteigner Perſon erſchienen.“

Mehrere Jugendfreunde Otto's, die er ſich bereits erworben, und durch ſeine bedrängte Lage, wie durch ſein muſterhaftes Betragen, ſo ſehr verdient hatte, fühlten ſich auf gleiche Weiſe ergriffen, — auch wenn ſie minder abergläubiſch waren, als ihre Mütter. Es dauerte nicht lange, ſo waren ſie alle in Otto's Stübchen verſammelt.

„Bruder!“ rief man ihm zu: „Jetzt endlich iſt Dir die Bahn gebrochen! Willſt Du immer noch länger ſchweigen und dulden, wie ein feiges Mädchen? — Wenn ſelbſt fremde Poſſenſpieler laut ſagen, was längſt die ganze Stadt glaubt, dann fordert Dich die Ehre auf, daß Du die ſchmähliche Bürde abwerfeſt, wodurch Dich Dein unwürdiger Stiefvater ganz zu Boden zu drücken ſucht. Erhebe Dich, Herzensfreund! Der beſte Advokat der Stadt ergreift nunmehr ohne Bedenken Deine Partie und vertheidigt Dein gutes Recht. Trenne Dich heute noch von dieſem verruchten Hauſe und wirf dem Betrüger, dem Mörder kurz und gut einen Prozeß an den Hals!“

Wahrſcheinlich war es mehr dieſen dringenden Ermahnungen der Freunde als der eignen Entrüſtung einer doch ſchon faſt zu ſehr ans Erdulden gewöhnten Seele zuzuſchreiben, daß Otto wirklich ſich entſchloß, das väterliche Haus heimlich zu verlaſſen und die Rechtshülfe für ſich anzurufen. Am Morgen einer ſchlafloſen Nacht hatte ſich zwar dieſer Entſchluß noch mehr befeſtigt; doch es ſtand vor der Pforte, die er mit erwachender Männlichkeit zu ſprengen gedachte, ein abwehrender Engel, — Auguſtens geliebtes Bild.

„Was wird ſie von Dir denken? Kann ſie wohl ſolch eine Flucht entſchuldigen, und ein heimliches Entweichen aus dieſem Hauſe, — ach! und aus ihrer Nähe! — Dir jemals verzeihen?“

Das waren Fragen und Zweifel, welche die Liebe aufwarf. — Die Beſcheidenheit hingegen und mehr noch ein gewiſſes blödes Mißtrauen auf ſeine eigene Kräfte und Würdigkeit, — eine natürliche Folge bedrückter, verkümmerter Jugendjahre, — antwortete auf jene Fragen: „Eitler Thor! was biſt Du Auguſten? Sie iſt glücklich durch ihr eignes Herz, — auch ohne Dich! O wehre doch der ſtolzen Verblendung, die Dich in ihrer freundlichen Theilnahme ſo gern mehr erblicken laſſen möchte, als die Wirkung eines großmüthigen Mitleids!“

Aber entfliehen aus einem Hauſe, wo ſie wohnte; heimlich davon gehen, ohne Abſchied von ihr zu nehmen, ohne ſie irgend über die Beweggründe dieſes wichtigen Schrittes aufzuklären, — nein! das konnte er unmöglich über ſich gewinnen! „Wiſſen muß ſie es!“ rief er, heftig in ſeiner Klauſe auf- und abſchreitend, aus: „Was mich hinaustreibt, ſoll ſie hören und darüber richten! — Selbſt ihre Gleichgültigkeit, ihre nie unterbrochene Seelenruhe bei dieſer Benachrichtigung könnte ja nur meinen zagenden Muth heben und mich endlich, endlich überzeugen, daß der arme Otto Stern hier nichts, gar nichts mehr zu verlieren habe.“ So auf das Aeußerſte gefaßt, ging er in den Speiſeſaal hinab.

Zum erſten Male wagte er es, Auguſten, welche ſo eben ſinnend ans Fenſter getreten war, in einem unbelauſchten Augenblicke die zaghafte Bitte zuzuflüſtern: „ſie möge ihm doch für eine, ihm ſehr wichtige Unterredung eine Zuſammenkunft im Garten vergönnen.“

An Auguſten war der Sturm des geſtrigen Abends vorübergebrauſt, ohne einen gleichen Eindruck wie bei den übrigen Hausgenoſſen zurückzulaſſen, da dieſe ſämmtlich im Marionettentheater geweſen waren. An dieſem Vergnügen Antheil zu nehmen, fühlte ſie ſich niemals geſtimmt und hatte alſo auch für diesmal das Haus gehütet. Während das furchtbare Gewitter tobte und ein verdoppeltes Entſetzen im Schauſpiele Angſt und Verwirrung verbreitete, war die fromme Seele von ganz andern, wohlthuendern Empfindungen bewegt, denn ſie wußte auch in den furchtbaren Naturerſcheinungen den liebevollen Schöpfer und Helfer anzubeten. An der zurückgekehrten Herrſchaft hatte ſie zwar allerdings eine ganz beſonders aufgeregte Erbitterung bemerkt; das konnte jedoch bei ſolch einem Paare eben nicht befremden, da die Fälle täglich wiederkehrten, wo ſelbſt die kleinſte Verſchiedenheit der Meinungen den heftigſten Zwiſt und dann jedesmal eine feindſelige Verſtimmung der Gemüther herbeizuführen pflegte. Ihren jungen Freund ſah ſie ſeit jenem Vorgange jetzt zum erſten Male, und konnte, unbekannt mit Allem, bei der Bitte, die er ſo geheimnißvoll an ſie richtete, ihm ihre Ueberraſchung kaum verbergen; doch ſie willigte ohne Bedenken ein, und beſtimmte die Stunde der Zuſammenkunft für den Abend.

Otto harrte zuerſt auf der bezeichneten Stelle des Gartens ſeiner Freundin unter mancherlei ſich heftig bekämpfenden Gefühlen. Es war vielleicht der erſte männliche Entſchluß, der mit Einemmale den gereiften Jüngling über die unglücklichen Verhältniſſe ſeiner bedrängten Lage erhob. Der Druck ihrer Feſſeln war ſeit geſtern ihm unerträglich geworden; er fühlte ſich zum Kampf gerüſtet, und zwar gegen einen Feind, der, wie er wohl einſah, durch ſeine Gewandtheit wie durch ſeine Waffe leicht über den armen Anfänger ſiegen konnte, welcher weder Geldmittel noch vielvermögende Gönner, ſondern allein ſein gutes Recht zum Beiſtand aufrufen durfte. Bei dem tapfern Vorſatz zu — fliehen (freilich nur, um ſodann noch tapferer angreifen zu können) hatte unſer guter Otto blos eine widerſtrebende Macht in Anſchlag zu bringen vergeſſen, deren ganze unwiderſtehliche Gewalt er erſt in dieſer Entſcheidungsſtunde an ſich erfahren ſollte.

Auguſte zögerte viel zu lange für ſeine wachſende Ungeduld. — Jetzt endlich nahte ſie. — aber ach! wie ſo langſamen Schrittes! Als habe ſie des Harrenden völlig vergeſſen, weilte ſie gemächlich unterwegs bei den Blumenbeeten, pflückte da ein Blümchen, richtete dort ein anderes an ſeinem Stäbchen auf: — es war zum Verzweifeln!

Den ſcharfen, faſt zürnenden Blick auf die unzeitige Blumiſtin in der Ferne geheftet, ſtand Otto regungslos im grünen Schatten da. „Ach, Auguſte!“ ſeufzte er wehmüthig: „So wenig beachteſt Du alſo den unglücklichen Freund? So gleichgültig konnteſt Du bleiben bei einer Bitte, die ſein ganzes Lebensglück umfaßt?“ —

Nun endlich ſtanden ſie einander gegenüber! — Nur ein freundlicher Blick des blauen ſeelenvollen Auges, — und Otto dachte an keinen Vorwurf mehr. — Ruhig ſetzte ſich die Jungfrau auf die Raſenbank, die eine hohe Platane umzingelte, und winkte ihm, an ihrer Seite Platz zu nehmen.

„Ich bin in der That neugierig,“ redete ſie ihn lächelnd an, „was eine ſo dringend begehrte Unterredung mir Wichtiges entdecken ſoll.“

Otto ſtockte anfangs verlegen, doch allmälig kam der Vortrag, ſo wie er eifriger wurde, in guten Zug. — So hatte er ſich noch niemals ausgeſprochen über ſein Entbehren, ſein Erdulden, ſein erlittenes Unrecht. Er ſchilderte ſein verbittertes Jugendleben unter dem Joch eines ſtolzen liebloſen Lehrherrn, der den Vaternamen an ihm zu verdienen nicht einmal gewünſcht hatte. Er enthüllte ſeine gerechten Anſprüche auf ein nicht unbedeutendes mütterliches Vermögen und jene hinterliſtige Täuſchung, die es ihm vorenthielt. — Dann kam er auf die Nothwendigkeit zu ſprechen, alle die Sklavenfeſſeln zu zerreißen, die er ohne Selbſterniedrigung länger nicht tragen dürfe. „Ich muß fort!“ ſo ſchloß er ſehr bewegt, „fort aus dieſem Hauſe der Ungerechtigkeit und Sklaverei; ich muß es fliehen, um kräftig auftreten zu können gegen einen Mann, der meine Mutter tyranniſirt, und mich zum Bettler gemacht hat! Aber ſcheiden kann ich nicht, ohne Ihnen, edle Leidensgefährtin! ein gerührtes Lebewohl zu ſagen. Ach, Sie haben es immer ſo gut mit mir gemeint! — Das großmüthige Mitleid, deſſen ich mich oft im Stillen getröſtet, — ich darf es durch keine Zurückhaltung vergelten, durch keine heimliche Flucht als ein Undankbarer täuſchen!"

Thränen waren ihm ins Auge getreten, die gewiß mehr dem Schmerz über das bevorſtehende Scheiden, als dem gerechten Zürnen über Alles, was er hier erlitten, angehörten.

Otto ſchwieg. Auguſte blieb ſtumm, wie er; aber die ſchönen Wangen, die bisher ſelbſt in den dunkeln Tagen der Trauer fortgeblüht hatten, wollten nun plötzlich erblaſſen. Ihr Auge haftete wechſelnd bald auf dem weinenden Freund, bald ſenkte es den trüber werdenden Blick zur Erde nieder. — Die jungfräuliche Würde kämpfte mit der jungfräulichen Liebe; doch die Liebe behielt den Sieg.

„Otto!" ſchluchzte ſie, — denn auch ihre Thränen quollen jetzt unaufhaltſam hervor; — „Was ſoll denn aber aus der armen Waiſe werden, die verlaſſen iſt von der ganzen Welt, wenn Sie dieſes zerriſſene Herz nun auch verlaſſen, deſſen einziger Troſt, — ja, deſſen einzige Liebe — . ." Sie wagte nicht, das Wort zu vollenden; doch Otto konnte, als er das edle Mädchen in dieſer ungewöhnlichen Bewegung ſah, an dem entzückenden Sinn der abgebrochenen Rede keinen Augenblick zweifeln.

„Das habe ich nicht gewußt!" ſtammelte er, als ſeine Lippen ſich losreißen konnten von der zitternden Hand, die ſich ihnen nicht entzog: „Nein, das hab' ich nicht zu hoffen gewagt! — Wo hätte ich nur den Muth hernehmen ſollen zum Geſtändniß meiner Gefühle für Sie? — O nun wird Alles anders! — Nun kann ich ja nicht ſcheiden, wenn es Dich betrübt, Du guter Engel! — Mit Dir, mit Deiner Liebe ertrag' ich Alles gern. Wir ſind wohl beide arm und unterdrückt, aber unſre Herzen ſollen uns reich und froh machen. — Ich bleibe!"

Der erſte Kuß, der die unentweihten Lippen vereinigte, war das ſüße Pfand eines ewigen Bundes; und lange noch würden die Glücklichen in dieſer Umarmung aller ihrer Leiden vergeſſen haben, wenn nicht Auguſte, — ſelbſt in dieſem bewegten Augenblick beſonnener als ihr entzückter Freund, — durch die Zweige hin Floretten erblickt hätte.

Schnell entwand ſie ſich Otto's Armen, auf den Laubengang deutend. Otto, der eben ſo ſchnell den Wink verſtand, war mit einigen flüchtigen Schritten dort verſchwunden.

Florettens unerwartete Ankunft war keineswegs zufällig. Schon ſeit einiger Zeit hatte ſie geheime Beobachtungen angeſtellt, die vielleicht blos der liebenden Auguſte nicht entgingen. Wahrſcheinlich wollte die galante Frau den Grund oder Ungrund einer Sage näher unterſuchen, welche ſchon öfter von ihren Theefreundinnen verhandelt worden war: daß nämlich ganz Stotterlingen keinen ſchönern jungen Mann aufzuweiſen habe, als den Hausgenoſſen der Bauräthin; und in der That ließen die verſtohlenen Blicke, die ſie ihm widmete, ſo wie eine gewiſſe, mehr als ſtiefmütterliche Aufmerkſamkeit, die ſie ihm zu beweiſen anfing, kaum daran zweifeln, daß ſie den Geſchmack jener Kennerinnen billige und theile. Dabei bleibt indeß eine Florette ſelten ſtehen, ſondern macht ſich ihr Plänchen für die Zukunft. „Wer weiß, wie ſich's noch fügen muß," dachte ſie, „daß dem armen Jungen ſein Verluſt durch mich mehr als erſetzt werden kann!" Beſthaber blieb in ſo vorurtheilsfreien Lebensanſichten keineswegs hinter der würdigen Gattin zurück; denn ihm ſeinerſeits leuchteten Auguſtens Reize von Tag zu Tage mehr in die Augen. Der treffliche Waiſenvater konnte ſich's nun nicht ableugnen, daß er dem armen Kinde einigen Erſatz leiſten müſſe; wie reiflich er aber auch die beſte Manier der Rückzahlung bei ſich erwog, der Hauptgedanke ſtand am Ende immer feſt: „Wär' ich nur erſt meine böſe Sieben los, — ich wüßte dann wohl, was ich thäte!"

Dieſe ſich kreuzende Neigung des Beſthaberſchen Ehepaares bedrohte die armen Liebenden mit neuen Verwickelungen und Plagen. Florette hatte zuerſt die Möglichkeit eines Verhältniſſes zwiſchen ihnen geahnet. Von nun an beobachtete ſie Beide ſcharf, und gerade an jenem Abend, wo das Schickſal die ſchuldloſen Herzen durch das Band treuer Liebe auf ewig verknüpfte, führte ſie ein eiferſüchtiges Mißtrauen hinab in den Garten, da ſie Auguſten vergebens im Hauſe geſucht hatte. Allein es fehlt wohl oft den unſchuldigſten Mädchen am Allerwenigſten an feinem Takt und an Muth, einer unwürdigen Gegnerin mit Würde entgegen zu treten. Selbſt in jenem verrätheriſchen Momente, wo das Herz der Liebenden zum erſten Male an der Bruſt des Geliebten geſchlagen hatte, war gleichwohl ihr Benehmen gegen die überraſchend herbeigeeilte Bauräthin ſo unbefangen und gehalten, daß dieſe vorjetzt ihrem verbiſſenen Aerger nicht Luft machen konnte. Otto's Flucht hatte ſich nur durch ein leiſes Raſcheln im Gebüſche, wahrſcheinlich auch ihr bemerklich gemacht.

Nach jener entſcheidenden Abendſtunde ging dem jungen Paare erſt ganz die neubelebende Sonne auf, deren Morgenröthe ſchon ſo erquicklich geweſen war. Wie weit leichter ertrugen Beide nun die herriſchen Launen ihrer Tyrannen! Es bedurfte ja nur eines bittenden Blicks, um Otto's innern Zorn zu beſchwichtigen, — nur eines verſtohlenen Händedrucks, um Auguſtens unermüdliche Geduld zu belohnen!

„Aber, wie ſoll das enden?" fragte gleichwohl der Jüngling oft ſeufzend im Stillen. — Sein Entſchluß zur Flucht befeſtigte ſich aufs Neue; nur ſo lange ſollte ſie noch aufgeſchoben bleiben, bis er für Auguſten einen anſtändigen Zufluchtsort gefunden. Der Ausführung dieſes Planes mußten, bei ſo beſchränkten Mitteln, freilich noch gar manche Schwierigkeiten entgegentreten; während aber Otto noch deshalb in Sorgen war, hatte das Schickſal für die Entwicklung des ſchwer zu löſenden Knotens auf eine Weiſe geſorgt, welche dem Volksglauben der Stotterlinger an dämoniſche Einwirkungen trefflich zu Statten kam.

Es fiel nämlich in jenen Tagen Florettens Geburtsfeſt ein, wo, — zwar nicht das Herz ihres Ehemannes, ſondern die herkömmliche Sitte erheiſchte, daß eine Geſellſchaft verwandter Haus- und Tiſchfreunde zur Feier des Tages bewirthet werden mußte.

Vom Baurath war man längſt überzeugt, daß er, wenn einmal die Prunkſucht den Geiz überwand, köſtlich zu traktiren verſtehe; es fanden ſich daher ſelbſt ſolche Gäſte ein, die ohne eine ſo reizende Lockung vielleicht gerade jetzt das Beſthaberſche Haus gemieden haben würden; denn der üble Eindruck von der Theeſcene her ſtand noch in allzufriſchem Andenken.

In der That gehörte das heutige Gaſtmahl zu den glänzendſten, von welchen die Stadtchronik zu erzählen wußte. Alles war im Ueberfluß vorhanden, was leckere Gaumen an Speiſe und Trank nur wünſchen mochten, die Tiſchgeſellſchaft zahlreich und aus den angeſehenſten Perſonen gewählt. Die Gäſte, nach ihrer Weiſe vergnügt, ſchmeichelten mit lauten Lobſprüchen den gaſtfreien Wirth und ließen dabei vorzüglich auch den ſchimmernden Reizen der ſchönen Wirthin übervolle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren, welche als Königin des Feſtes heute in ihrem koſtbarſten Schmuck prangte. — Faſt am untern Ende der Tafel fand Auguſte ihr beſcheidenes Plätzchen, und durfte nur zuweilen einen flüchtigen Blick ihrem Otto zuſenden, der heute, vielleicht abſichtlich, höher hinaufgerückt worden war.

Alles fühlte ſich im dargebotenen Gaumengenuſſe, ſo wie in abgenutzten Trinkſprüchen, Scherzen und Gemeinplätzen auf das Behaglichſte geſtimmt; noch lauter wurde das Tiſchvolk, als jene feierlichen Freudenſchüſſe zu knallen anfingen, welche die Ankunft des edlen [illegible] verkündigen, der unmittelbar aus Epernay angelangt war.

Nur die nächſte Umgebung des Baurathes konnte bemerken, daß er mit einem eilig hineingetretenen Bedienten hinter ſeinem Stuhle im leiſen Geſpräch begriffen ſei, von dem man nur folgende Worte des ziſchelnden Dieners vernehmen konnte: „Er läßt ſich aber durchaus nicht abweiſen, ... er droht mit Gewalt hineinzubrechen . . . die Sache ſei allzuwichtig; er müſſe den Herrn ſprechen."

„Nun, nun!" brummte der Baurath: „Wir werden den zudringlichen Störer wohl zur Ruhe zu verweiſen wiſſen. — Gewiß wieder einmal einer von jenen abgeſchmackten Handels-Spekulanten, die immer um Vorſchuß betteln! — Wo iſt der Fremde?"

„Er wartet im Garten, wo wir ihn mit Mühe zurückgehalten haben."

Beſthaber ging mit dem Bedienten, und kam lange nicht wieder. — Sein auffallendes Verweilen erregte immer mehr die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit; die Nachbarn des leerſtehenden Stuhles wurden allmälig beſorgter; ſelbſt Florette fühlte am Ende, daß es ſchicklich ſei, in eigner Perſon nähere Erkundigung vor dem Saale einzuziehen, und auch dann dauerte es noch eine gute Weile, ehe ſie den Vermißten wieder hereinführte. — Doch wie hatte der Mann ſich ſo ſchreckhaft verwandelt! Seine ganze Phyſiognomie, an deren ſchroffe Züge man ohnehin gewöhnt ſein mußte, um ſie nicht äußerſt widrig zu finden, ſtellte jetzt in ihrer fahlen Erdfarbe ein Geſicht dar, womit ein Kranker dem Arzte ſelbſt alle Hoffnung rauben würde. Er war, ſo ſehr er ſich zuſammennahm, über die entſtellten Züge dieſes hippokratiſchen Geſichtes nicht mehr Herr; die Augen lagen viel tiefer in ihren großen Höhlen; die Wangen ſchlotterten ſchlaffer um die blauen Lippen, welche kaum einige unzuſammenhängende Worte als Entſchuldigung ſeiner langen Abweſenheit hervorbringen konnten. Der ſtarre Blick blieb, als er ſich wieder geſetzt hatte, immer auf die Thüre geheftet, und drückte ein Entſetzen aus, als erſcheine dort die furchtbare Hand, die einſt das „Mene, mene, tekel" an die Wand ſchrieb.

Die Geſellſchaft gab ſich alle Mühe, noch recht viel zu trinken, um die Unterhaltung nur erſt wieder in den vorigen Zug zu bringen; doch die allgemeine Spannung war nicht mehr zu löſen, und jeder Gaſt von Herzen froh, als Florette aufſtehend „geſegnete Mahlzeit" wünſchte und den verwirrten Beſthaber in ſein Zimmer führte.

Um uns den tiefen Eindruck zu erklären, den jene geheime Unterredung mit dem zudringlichen Fremden bei dem Baurathe zurückgelaſſen, müſſen wir ihn ſelbſt in den Garten begleiten, wohin ihn der Diener geführt hatte.

„Dort ſteht er!“ ſagte dieſer furchtſam und deutete aufs Boskett hin, als Beſthaber aus der Thüre trat, die in den Garten führte.

Im Schatten bewegte ſich eine unerkenntliche Geſtalt. — „Bleibe hier zurück!“ befahl der Baurath, der ihn nicht zum Theilhaber eines Geheimniſſes machen wollte, das denn doch vielleicht auf ein wichtiges Geſchäft Bezug haben konnte. — Je näher er aber dem Fremden trat, deſto ſeltſamer ward ihm zu Muthe. Jetzt ſtand eine lange hagre Geſtalt vor ihm, die Arme in einen kurzen rothen Mantel gewickelt; eine Hahnenfeder bog ſich über das ſchwarze Barett her; das ſcharf markirte Geſicht war leichenblaß und von einem dichten buſchigen Bart unterwachſen. Eine tiefe hohle Stimme redete den ſchon ſehr erſchrockenen Baurath an:

„Recht, daß Du kommſt, Beſthaber! — Aber Du mußteſt freilich, denn Deine Stunde iſt abgelaufen, und Dein Stübchen iſt Dir ſchon geheizt. Nur mit! nur mit! denn Du biſt mein!“

„Um Gottes willen!“ ſchrie Beſthaber im höchſten Entſetzen: „Du biſt's, Fr— Fra . . .“

Er konnte das Wort nicht ausſprechen, denn der Rothmantel hielt ihn ſchon mit ſcharfkralligen Fingern bei der Kehle und preßte ihn würgend an den nächſten Baum.

Der zurückgebliebene Bediente, der bei unheimlicher Ahnung für den Nothfall noch einen Gehülfen gerufen hatte, kam auf das unterdrückte Angſtgeſchrei ſeines Herrn eilig herbei; — da verſchwand der Unbekannte in den Büſchen.

Beſthaber lag ohnmächtig am Boden, und als er wieder ſo viel Leben und Beſinnung gewonnen hatte, daß er, auf ſeine beiden Retter geſtützt, den Rückweg antreten konnte, da erſcholl hoch aus den Zweigen herab ein helles Gelächter: „Beſtelle Dein Haus, Beſthaber! Deine Heimholung iſt vor der Thür!“

Mit neuem Entſetzen blickte der Zitternde hinauf, woher ihm die Stimme kam, und ſah im höchſten Gipfel der Platane eine zuſammengekauerte Geſtalt, welche der furchtbare Mantel nur allzukenntlich machte.

Solch ein unerhörter Vorfall mußte, — wie wir bereits die guten Stotterlinger kennen, — ſchon binnen wenigen Stunden zum Stadtgeſpräch werden, und das Gerücht allgemeinen Glauben finden: „Den Baurath habe der Leibige holen wollen; nun aber wären ſie doch mit einander eins geworden, — noch auf drei Jahre.“

Späterhin überzeugte man ſich ungern davon, daß der vermeinte Leibige Niemand anders geweſen ſei, als Fraßner, jener ſchon genannte Buchhalter, durch deſſen Beiſtand Auguſtens Vater zu Grunde gegangen war. Auch Fraßnern, den treuen Spießgeſellen Beſthabers, hatte ſo wie dieſen das verhängnißvolle Puppenſpiel gerichtet. Zufällig waren gerade am Spieltage mancherlei Geſchäfte mit ſeinem Prinzipal abzumachen geweſen, und der Satan mußte ihn verleitet haben, am Abend „Fauſts Leben, Thaten und Höllenfahrt“ mit anzuſehen zum Zeitvertreibe. Wie nun Menſchen, die ein böſes Gewiſſen mit ſich ſelbſt und der Welt entzweit, ihre Hölle mit allen zugehörigen Quälgeiſtern im eignen Buſen tragen, ſo daß es oft nur einer kräftigen Erſchütterung von außen bedarf, um das ganze dämoniſche Gefolge, — ſtets unter dünner Decke lauſchend, — in Aufruhr zu bringen und ihnen eine wilde Oberherrſchaft über die verfallene Seele zu verſchaffen: ſo war auch Fraßner noch in derſelben Gewitternacht, die dem Marionettenſpiel folgte, mit halbzerrüttetem Verſtande heimgekehrt. Seine früher ſchon durch regelloſes Leben in Abfall gekommene körperliche Geſundheit brachte die beginnende Geiſteskrankheit um ſo früher zur Reife. Der dumpfen Schwermuth folgte ein heftiger Ausbruch, der den Unglücklichen unter polizeiliche Aufſicht ſtellte; dieſe aber ſah ſich in Kurzem veranlaßt, ihm ſeine Wohnung im Irrenhauſe anzuweiſen. Nach der fixen Idee, die ſich im Fauſt bei ihm angeſetzt hatte, war Er der Satan, der Beſthabern (wahrſcheinlich für ihn ein haſſenswerther Verführer) zur Hölle heimholen müſſe. Im Vertrauen auf den rothen Tuchlappen, deſſen er ſich jetzt ſtatt eines ſtandesmäßigen Mantels bediente, ſprang er zwei Stockwerk hoch aus ſeiner Zelle herab und glücklich auf dem Boden angelangt ſchlug er unmittelbar den Weg nach Stotterlingen ein, um ſeinen ſataniſchen Ruf zu erfüllen. Die mit Angſtgeſchrei herbeirennenden Bedienten hatten den Raſenden, als er eben in der Expedition begriffen war, zurückgeſchreckt, ſo daß er ſchnell den nächſten Baum erkletterte, von welchem er noch den furchtbaren Scheidegruß herabrief.

Beſthabern war allerdings einige Kunde von ſeines Geſchäftsführers bedenklicher Krankheit zugekommen; ihm aber das Umſtändlichere zu entdecken, hatte man ſich doch geſcheut. So mußte es ihm denn eine ſchauderhafte Ueberraſchung ſein, den Mitſchuldigen in einer Geſtalt wieder zu erkennen, die wohl jeden Fremden in tödtliche Angſt hätte verſetzen können, geſchweige den Mann, der hauptſächlich den Grund zu dieſer traurigen Geiſteszerrüttung gelegt haben mochte.

In Beſthabers Wohnung war am Abend, der dem ſchreckhaften Geburtstage folgte, Alles in wilder Verwirrung. An Floretten langten einige Billets von unbekannter Hand an, und ſie ſchickte Auguſten früher, als es ſonſt zu geſchehen pflegte, auf ihr Zimmer, um ungeſtörter leſen und antworten zu können.

Schon der folgende Morgen brachte die Löſung des im Dunkel der Nacht geſchürzten Knotens. Das erſte wichtige Ereigniß, welches die erwachte Stadt durchflog, war die Nachricht: „daß die Frau Bauräthin plötzlich verſchwunden ſei.“

Je ſtiller es durch ihre nächtliche Flucht in jenem Flügel des Hauſes geworden war, den ſie bewohnt hatte, deſto lauter brach der Sturm auf der andern Seite in Beſthabers Zimmern los. Der Mann wüthete mit unerhörten Flüchen gegen Diebe, welche ſein Büreau erbrochen und ſchwere Geldrollen entwendet haben ſollten. Die geſammte zitternde Dienerſchaft wurde auf ſeinen Befehl ſchnell verſammelt; er faßte bald den, bald jenen bei der Bruſt und ſchüttelte ihn, daß dem armen Schelm die Zähne klapperten; denn er wollte nun durchaus ein Geſtändniß des Mitwiſſens am nächtlichen Raube von den Unſchuldigen erpreſſen. Sie alle ſollten eingeſperrt und ihre Habſeligkeiten von ihm ſelbſt durchſucht, — vor allen Dingen aber ſollte die Frau geweckt werden, um bei dem weiblichen Geſinde ähnliche ſtrenge Maßregeln anzuordnen. — Niemand wagte es, dem wüthenden Haustyrannen die neue Hiobspoſt zu verkündigen: daß die Frau Gemahlin des Weckens nicht bedürfe, ſondern wahrſcheinlich bereits auf einer kleinen Erholungsreiſe begriffen ſei, um ihr Frühſtück jenſeits der Grenze einzunehmen.

Beſthaber, als er Niemandem ein Wort abgewinnen konnte, ſtürmte ſelbſt hinüber ins Gynäceum, und — erſtarrte vor dem leeren Neſte, deſſen leichtbeſchwingter Vogel, gleich andern Zugvögeln, gerade zur rechten Zeit freundlichern Zonen zugeflogen war. Die prächtige Mahagony-Toilette ſtand, zwar nicht erbrochen, aber doch offen und rein ausgeräumt da. Von dem reichen Schmuckkäſtchen, welches ſonſt hier aufbewahrt worden, hatte ſich die ſchöne Frau unmöglich trennen können, ſondern es als ein theures Andenken an ihren glücklichen Eheſtand mit von hinnen genommen, ſo wie auch ihre Wirthſchaftlichkeit ſich durch eine vollſtändige Auswahl der Garderobe für den Reiſekoffer aufs Neue bewährte.

Da die Arbeit der vergangenen Nacht, beſonders wenn man die Erbrechung des Beſthaberſchen Büreaus mit einrechnete, allerdings ſo zarten Frauenhändchen nicht allein zugetraut werden konnte, ſo war es Keinem unter den Zuſchauern zu verargen, wenn er irgend einen galanten, ſachkundigen Freund der Dame mit im Spiele zu erblicken glaubte. Einige riethen auf den bewußten Bajazzo; und war dieſer Verdacht gegründet, ſo hielt jener Theaterkünſtler eigentlich allein in ſeiner furchtbaren Hand die lenkenden Fäden alles des ſchweren Unheils, dem jetzt der ſonſt ſo feſt ſtehende Baurath erliegen mußte.

Florettens Flucht war nun ſchon der dritte gewaltige Schlag, den der hölliſche Bajazzo in ſo kurzen Zwiſchenräumen auf ſein Haupt niederſchmettern ließ. Wer ſich den geſchlagenen Mann genauer betrachtet hätte, wie er, am ganzen Körper bebend, daſtand mit wildfunkelnden Augen, mit der krampfhaft geballten Fauſt vor der Stirn, mit tiefen, keichenden Athemzügen, die ſich aus der gepreßten Kehle hervordrängten, woran man noch die mit Blut unterlaufenen Spuren der geſtrigen Würgeſcene erblickte, — wer Beſthabern ſo ins Auge gefaßt hätte, der würde gewiß den Ruf des Pſeudo-Satans: „die Heimholung iſt vor der Thür!“ als bereits in Erfüllung gehende Weisſagung haben gelten laſſen.

Doch der letzte und ſchwerſte Schlag war noch zurück, ſäumte aber nicht lange mehr; denn mitten in der allgemeinen Verwirrung meldete man einige obrigkeitliche Perſonen an, die, von der Stadtwache begleitet, ſo eben im Comptoir alle Papiere in Beſchlag nahmen, die Kaſſe verſiegelten und zuletzt den Hausherrn ſelbſt erſuchten, ihnen in ſichre Gewahrſam zu folgen. Nun erſt völlig vernichtet, vermochte er nicht einmal einen Schreckensruf, einen Jammerlaut hervorzubringen, und wurde von der Wache mehr hinweggetragen, als geführt.

Die Commiſſion, welche hier auf fürſtlichen Befehl ſo unvermuthet einſchritt, war ſchon ſeit einigen Tagen angelangt, um noch verſchiedene geheime Erkundigungen einzuziehen, da ſich gegen den Baurath der Verdacht bedeutender Unterſchleife und ſogar eines Criminalverbrechens ergeben hatte. Einer der Commiſſärs hatte ſich, als ein alter Bekannter Beſthabers, mit zum letzten Gaſtmahle eingefunden, und nach Allem, was er dort erfahren, um ſo mehr auf ſtrenge und ſchleunige Maßregeln gedrungen.

So war denn, ehe noch der Mittag erſchien, das ganze, geſtern noch glänzend belebte Haus verödet und wie ausgeſtorben; denn ſelbſt das Geſinde hatte im erſten Schreck über alle dieſe grauſenhaften Ereigniſſe die Flucht ergriffen. Nur Otto und Auguſte verweilten noch einige Stunden in den unheimlichen Gemächern. Ihren Muth ſicherte ihnen ihre Unſchuld, und ſehr getröſtet wurden Beide durch das Anerbieten einer braven Nachbarin: Auguſten vorläufig in ihrem Hauſe und zwar ganz als Tochter deſſelben aufzunehmen. — Otto fand eben ſo bald bei einem ſeiner Jugendfreunde die trefflichſte Aufnahme.

Nach dieſem plötzlich eingetretenen Wendepunkt konnte die völlige Entſcheidung nicht lange zögern. Es fanden ſich in den Papieren des Verhafteten weit mehr Vorwürfe ſchwerer Verſchuldungen, als man erwartet hatte. Ihm ſelbſt fehlte es in den Verhören, nachdem ihn ſo Ungeheures betroffen und gedemüthigt, an hartnäckiger Feſtigkeit, ſeine Verbrechen abzuleugnen. Man glaubte am Schluſſe der Unterſuchung immer noch gnädig zu verfahren, als man den Verbrecher zum Zuchthauſe auf Lebenszeit verurtheilte. Allein bald zeigte ſich's, daß ihm ſtatt dieſes traurigen Strafhauſes ein anderes, faſt noch traurigeres angewieſen werden müſſe. Seine Gedanken verwirrten ſich immer mehr; was man anfangs für liſtige Verſtellung hielt, gab ſich immer deutlicher als Wahnſinn kund, der bisweilen in Tobſucht überging. Da lieferte man den Unglücklichen in daſſelbe Irrenhaus ab, wo ſein Fratzner bereits Quartier für ihn hatte machen müſſen; denn er war, nach jener verfehlten Expedition im Felde umherſchweifend gefunden, und an ſeinen Ort zurückgebracht worden. Hier lebten Beide noch einige Jahre eingeſperrt, ehe ſie der Tod ihres traurigen Daſeins erledigte. Bei Beſthabern zeigte ſich bisweilen eine ſtörrige Widerſetzlichkeit, welche an Raſerei grenzte; der Wärter aber, der ſeine frühere Geſchichte wohl kannte, pflegte ſich dann eines wirkſamen Beſchwichtigungsmittels zu bedienen. Da nämlich die Zelle Beſthabers ſich im Erdgeſchoſſe befand, ſo führte bei dergleichen heftigen Anfällen der Aufſeher Fratznern, welcher ſich immer noch fügſamer zeigte, herunter in den Hof und ließ ihn von außen durch das geöffnete Gitterfenſter hineinſchauen. So wie er den alten Spießgeſellen erblickte, ward er ungemein hitzig. Die Augen ſtarrten ihm freudig aus dem bleichen behaarten Geſicht hervor; die Hahnenfeder auf der ſchwarzen Kappe ſchwankte drohend; mit ſeinen ſcharfen klauenartigen Nägeln kratzte er an der Wand hinan und wollte durchaus einſteigen, um nur endlich mit dem Heimholen zu Rande zu kommen, welches ihm nun doch einmal Tag und Nacht im Sinne lag. — Dann zog ihn aber der Wärter ſäuberlich an ſeinem Mephiſto's-Mantel zurück und klappte das Fenſterlein wieder zu. Er war jedesmal ſicher, daß der in große Furcht verſetzte Beſthaber ſich ſobald nicht wieder einer Ungebühr ſchuldig machen werde.

Von der verlornen Florette erzählte nach einiger Zeit ein Durchreiſender, welchen früherhin zuweilen Wechſelgeſchäfte ins Beſthaberſche Haus führten: „Er habe ſie in einem niederländiſchen Städtchen bei derſelben Geſellſchaft, die einſt den Stotterlingern vorſpielte, wiedererkannt; — freilich in ſehr herabgekommenem Zuſtande, den die hochgeſchminkten Wangen und ein phantaſtiſcher Theaterputz nicht hätten verbergen können." Wo ſich dermalen der räthſelhafte Bajazzo aufhalte, darüber wußte Niemand nähere Auskunft zu geben. Viele glaubten, er ſei nach vollbrachtem Spuk wieder dahin zurückgefahren, woher er ohne Zweifel gekommen.

Gern wenden wir am Schluſſe unſrer Erzählung den Blick hinweg von der Hölle der Schuld und der Strafe. Er weile nun um ſo lieber auf dem Paradies der Unſchuld und der belohnten Liebe, wo wir unſre Verwaiſ'ten wiederfinden. Mit ihrem Austritt aus dem verödeten Hauſe ſklaviſcher Dienſtbarkeit gingen ihre ſchweren Prüfungsjahre zu Ende. Doch ſelbſt die Stunde der Befreiung hatte Beide, beſonders die zartfühlende Auguſte, auf das Schmerzlichſte ergriffen. Die traurige Zerrüttung jenes Hauſes mit den darin zuletzt noch erlebten Schreckensſcenen; ja ſelbſt ein tiefes Mitleid mit dem Unglücklichen, deſſen Verbrechen ſelbſt man zu verzeihen geneigt war, ſo lange er in ſeiner Seelenqual unter dem plötzlich über ihn hereinbrechenden Gericht der ewigen Vergeltung vor Augen ſtand: — alles Dies ließ einen Eindruck bei Auguſten zurück, deſſen nachtheiligen Folgen nur durch die zärtliche Pflege jener Frau vorgebeugt werden konnte, die ſich ihrer auf das Mütterlichſte annahm.

Sie war die Gattin des Oberpaſtors Hellmuth, eines Geiſtlichen, den man auch in einer größern und gebildetern Stadt, als Stotterlingen war, unter den ausgezeichnetſten Männern genannt haben würde. Das traurige Geſchick der armen Waiſe hatte bei dem würdigen Ehepaar längſt ſchon eine ſtille Theilnahme erweckt, doch darauf allein fühlte man ſich bis jetzt beſchränkt; denn in Feindſchaft und Zwiſt zu gerathen mit einem vielgeltenden Manne, deſſen Bösartigkeit keinerlei Art von vermeinter Beleidigung ungerächt ließ, davor hütete ſich Jedermann. Sobald aber das Gerücht ſeinen ſchmählichen Fall verkündete, war Hellmuths Gattin die erſte, welche der Heimathloſen ihr Haus zur Freiſtätte anbot. Im ſtillen, glücklichen und gebildeten Familienkreiſe deſſelben begann für die neue Pflegetochter, — zugleich auch für Otto, der nun jeden ſeiner freien Abende dort zubrachte, — ein ganz anderes Leben. Manches ſchöne Talent des liebenswürdigen Mädchens ſchien ſich hier erſt zu entfalten, wo es ſo vielfache Ermunterung und nachbildende Beihülfe fand; beſonders ſprach ihr ſchöner gefühlvoller Geſang alle Herzen an. Wie Otto davon entzückt ſein mußte, weiß wohl Jeder, der irgend einmal dem Liede der Geliebten gelauſcht hat. — Er ſelbſt übte nun im Wetteifer das Spiel auf dem Pianoforte, ſo daß er in Kurzem die Freude genoß, jene ſüßen Geſänge begleiten zu können.

Die beiden Liebenden, deren zärtliches Verhältniß nicht lange ein Geheimniß bleiben konnte, hörten in Folge der neueingetretenen Ereigniſſe auf, arme Waiſen zu ſein. Theils ergab ſich aus den unterſuchten Beſthaberſchen Papieren die Richtigkeit ſeines frühern Vorgebens, nach welchem das zugebrachte Vermögen der Mutter Otto's verloren gegangen ſein ſollte; theils überzeugten ſich die ernannten Richter immer mehr von den ſchändlichen Kunſtgriffen, wodurch es dem ſelbſt verführten Fratzner gelungen war, Auguſtens Vater zu täuſchen und ſcheinbar an den Bettelſtab zu bringen. Die beiden Beraubten konnten um ſo leichter entſchädigt und in ihre vollen Rechte wieder eingeſetzt werden, da des Bauraths Vermögen, ſelbſt nach Vergütung aller ſonſt noch erwieſenen Unterſchleife, immer noch anſehnlich genug blieb, ohnehin aber nach ſeinem Tode lachenden Erben zufallen mußte.

So hätte denn von dieſer Seite der Verbindung Otto's und Auguſtens kein Hinderniß mehr entgegengeſtanden, wäre nicht ihr väterlicher Freund Hellmuth mit einem wohlgemeinten Vorſchlage dazwiſchen getreten.

„Ihr ſeid Beide noch jung;" — erklärte er ſich gegen ſie, — „und es iſt nicht gut, wenn der Frühling allzuſchnell zum Sommer wird, weil dann auch der eilende Herbſt einen allzufrühen Winter herbeizuführen pflegt. — Trennung für einige Jahre würde Eure Liebe nur noch mehr befeſtigen und ihr künftiges Glück dauerhafter begründen. Dieſe Jahre möge unſer Otto benutzen, mit ſeinen guten Vorkenntniſſen die Hörſäle tüchtiger akademiſcher Lehrer zu beſuchen, und am Schluſſe ſeiner Lehrzeit auch auf Reiſen Länder und Menſchen kennen zu lernen, von denen ſich Gutes und Nützliches, — ein Schatz von Erfahrungen für das ganze Leben einſammeln läßt; — ein reiches Capital, deſſen Zinſen ihm einſt trefflich zu ſtatten kommen werden! — Auguſte bleibt ihm indeſſen in treuen Vater- und Mutterhänden wohl aufgehoben; denn auch für ſie wird es im älterlichen Haus immer noch Manches zu lernen und zu üben geben, was einem vernünftigen Gatten weit mehr gelten muß, als die reichſte Ausſtattung an Geld und Gut. Getrennte Freunde, die das Herz vereinigt, lernen nicht nur in der Entfernung immer inniger fühlen, wie werth und nothwendig ſie ſich ſind zu ihrem wechſelſeitigen Glück, ſondern es wird dann auch ihr gemeinſames Beſtreben immer eifriger darauf hingerichtet ſein, daß Eines des Andern würdiger werde für die Zeit des erſehnten Wiederſehens. Kann es eine ſüßere Ueberraſchung, einen ſchönern Lohn des freiwilligen Entbehrens geben, als die Entdeckung, man habe wechſelſeitig bedeutend gewonnen an Geiſtes- und Herzensbildung?"

Wenn gleich bei dieſem — freilich, wie von der Kanzel herab geſprochenen Vortrage des guten Oberpaſtors die Blicke des andächtigen Zuhörers und der demüthigen Zuhörerin ſich mit einem trüben Wölkchen verſchleierten, ſo mußten ſie dennoch die Wahrheit und Zweckmäßigkeit des treugemeinten Rathes anerkennen. Gar bald gelangte Otto, dem es anfangs ſauer genug ankam, ſich demſelben zu fügen, zur rechten Einſicht über Mancherlei, was ihm allerdings bis jetzt mangelte, und was die Braut, — ja noch mehr, die künftige Gattin, von ihm zu fordern berechtigt war.

Wohl fiel der Abſchied den Liebenden ſchwer, und die mütterliche Freundin theilte gutmüthig mitweinend ihre Schmerzen; der Paſtor aber tröſtete lächelnd: „Dieſelbe väterliche Hand, die Euch jetzt, Ihr guten Kinder! für einige Zeit trennt, ſoll, ſo Gott will, nach den kurzen Lehr- und Wanderjahren Euch auf immer vereinigen am Altare."

lebt, ſo viel uns bekannt iſt, zu Düſſeldorf. Näheres über ihn zu ermitteln iſt nicht gelungen.

Er ſchrieb:

Junge Lieder. Düſſeldorf 1841.
Balladen und Romanzen. Düſſeldorf 1842.
Einzelne Gedichte in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

M. hat ſich unter den jüngern deutſchen Lyrikern vorzüglich durch ſeine ſehr gelungenen Balladen und Romanzen ausgezeichnet, an denen die glückliche Erfindung wie die kraftvolle Durchführung und meiſterhafte Behandlung der Form gleich rühmenswerth ſind.

Getrennte Liebe.

Ich kann es dir nicht ſagen,
Wie ich ſo verloren bin,
Mein Herz iſt mir zerſchlagen,
Zerriſſen iſt mein Sinn;
Ich bin ſo krank und trübe,
Und Alles um meine Liebe,
Von der ich geſchieden bin.

Am blauen Himmel ziehen
Die Wolken luſtig hin,
Die Bäum' im Felde blühen,
Die Saaten grünen drin;
Ich ſchau' hinüber ſo trübe,
Und Alles um meine Liebe,
Von der ich geſchieden bin.

Die Lüfte füllt ein Klingen,
Die Vögel jubeln drein,
Blühende Jungfrauen ſingen
Durch helle Gärten hin:
Ich lauſche hinaus ſo trübe,
Und Alles um meine Liebe,
Von der ich geſchieden bin.

O Lenz, dich grüßt das Leben
Durch Erd' und Himmel hin.
Was ſoll ich Armer geben?
Der Schmerz iſt mein Gewinn!
Ich traure krank und trübe,
Und Alles um meine Liebe,
Von der ich geſchieden bin.

Ich kann es dir nicht ſagen,
Wie ich ſo verloren bin,
Mein Herz iſt mir zerſchlagen,
Zerriſſen mir mein Sinn:
Ich bin ſo krank und trübe,
Dahin iſt meine Liebe,
Mein Leben iſt dahin.

Glückliche Liebe.

O klingender Frühling, du ſelige Zeit!
Und biſt du vorüber, uns thut es nicht leid:
Wir liebten uns geſtern, wir lieben uns heut',
Wir lieben uns morgen, wir glückliche Leut'!

Einſt holten wir Burſche die Birke voll Muth
Und zogen zum Dorfe, die Maien am Hut;
Da traten die Mädchen aus jeglichem Haus,
Mir lachteſt du, Herzlieb, verſtohlen heraus.

Das Feſt ging vorüber, da gabſt du zur Stund'
Die Hand mir zum Drucke, zum Kuß mir den Mund!
Mein warſt du, o Schatz und o Schatz, ich war dein!
Wir wollten verbunden in Ewigkeit ſein.

Und ſieh', nicht umſonſt ſtand die Roſ' auf der Haid',
Ich brachte den Strauß dir, du wonnige Maid,
Wir theilten zur Aernte den Tanz und das Lied,
Wir theilten die Trauben und wurden's nicht müd'.

Jetzt ſtürmet der Winter ſo kalt durch die Welt,
Wir können nicht jubeln durch Berge und Feld,
Wir ſitzen zu Hauſe, Ein Herz und Ein Sinn;
Im Herzen iſt Sommer, blüht Liebe darin.

O klingender Frühling, du ſelige Zeit!
Und kehrſt du, für ewig vereint ſind wir beid':
Wir liebten uns geſtern, wir lieben uns heut',
Wir lieben uns morgen, wir glückliche Leut'!

Der Mönch zu Heiſterbach *).

Ein junger Mönch im Kloſter Heiſterbach
Luſtwandelt an des Gartens fernſtem Ort;
Der Ewigkeit ſinnt tief und ſtill er nach,
Und forſcht dabei in Gottes heil'gem Wort.

Er lieſt, was Petrus der Apoſtel ſprach:
Dem Herren iſt ein Tag wie tauſend Jahr,
Und tauſend Jahre ſind ihm wie ein Tag,
Doch wie er ſinnt, es wird ihm nimmer klar.

Und er verliert ſich zweifelnd in den Wald;
Was um ihn vorgeht, hört und ſieht er nicht;
Erſt wie die fromme Vesperglocke ſchallt,
Gemahnt es ihn der ernſten Kloſterpflicht.

Im Lauf erreichet er den Garten ſchnell;
Ein Unbekannter öffnet ihm das Thor.
Er ſtutzt, — jedoch die Kirche iſt ſchon hell;
Und d'raus ertönt der Brüder heil'ger Chor.

Nach ſeinem Stuhle eilend tritt er ein,
Doch wunderbar, ein Andrer ſitzet dort;
Er überblickt der Mönche lange Reihn,
Nur Unbekannte findet er am Ort.

Der Staunende wird angeſtaunt ringsum,
Man fragt nach Namen, fragt nach dem Begehr;
Er ſagt's, da murmelt man durchs Heiligthum:
Dreihundert Jahre hieß ſo Niemand mehr.

Der Letzte dieſes Namens, tönt es laut,
Er war ein Zweifler und verſchwand im Wald,
Man hat den Namen Keinem mehr vertraut.
Er hört das Wort, es überläuft ihn kalt.

Er nennet nun den Abt und nennt das Jahr:
Man nimmt das alte Kloſterbuch zur Hand,
Da wird ein großes Gotteswunder klar:
Er iſt's, der drei Jahrhunderte verſchwand.

Der Schrecken lähmt ihn, plötzlich graut ſein Haar,
Er ſinkt dahin, ihn tödtet dieſes Leid,
Und ſterbend mahnt er ſeiner Brüder Schaar:
„Gott iſt erhaben über Ort und Zeit.“

„Was er verhüllt, macht nur ein Wunder klar;
D'rum grübelt nicht, denkt meinem Schickſal nach;
Ich weiß: Ihm iſt ein Tag wie tauſend Jahr,
Und tauſend Jahre ſind ihm wie ein Tag.“

Meiſter Tancho.

Zu Achen durch die Gaſſen,
Da tönte luſtiger Braus;
Von Mann und Weib verlaſſen
Stand öde jedes Haus,

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*) Ein verfallenes Kloſter im Siebengebirge.

Mit ſeinem Hofgelage
Kam ſelber Karl zur Schau:
Es war an dieſem Tage
Vollbracht des Domes Bau.

„Gott wird mit Wohlgefallen,“
Begann der Kaiſer laut,
„Bewohnen dieſe Hallen,
Die wir ihm aufgebaut.
Für unſerer fleiß'gen Hände
Vieljähriges Bemühn
Wird reichen Segens Spende
Im Gotteshaus uns blühn.

„Doch fehlt der Mund, der helle,
Der uns zu kommen heißt,
Wenn ſich der Gnade Quelle
Im Heiligthum erweiſt.
Mit ihrem frohen Schallen
Fehlt noch die Glocke hier!
Drum bringet von Sankt Gallen
Tancho den Meiſter mir.“

Der Meiſter ward gerufen
Und Karl gab ihm zur Stund
Gediegner Silberſtufen
Dreitauſend ſchwere Pfund,
Und Kupfererz und Eiſen
Hieß er ihm zahlen aus
Und ließ zur Arbeit weiſen
Ihm ein entlegen Haus.

Dem Werk gab unverdroſſen
Der Künſtler ſich alsdann,
Doch ſeine Thür verſchloſſen
Hielt er vor Jedermann;
Nicht daß die Störung ferne,
Ihm lag Betrug im Sinn!
Das Silber hätt er gerne
Vertauſcht mit ſchlechtem Zinn.

Und als dahin drei Wochen,
Da war das Werk vollbracht,
Die Form ward abgebrochen:
„Ha, wie die Glocke lacht!
Seht nur die hellen Bilder,
Die Sprüche Zeil an Zeil,
Im Sonnenglanz die Schilder!
Dem hohen Meiſter Heil!“

So flicht dem Künſtler Kränze
Das Volk mit blindem Sinn
Und merket nicht, es glänze
Ein falſcher Glanz darin.
Man zieht zur Glockenſtufe
Die Glock' und fügt ſie ein,
Da grüßt mit neuem Rufe
Das frohe Volk darein.

Und Karl tritt aus der Menge
Zuerſt zu läuten vor,
Er rühret die Glockenſtränge,
Kein Laut dringt in ſein Ohr.
„Nicht liegt's an meiner Stärke,
Die regte Größres ſchier,
Es liegt wohl an dem Werke:
Den Meiſter rufet mir!“

Und Tancho tritt inmitten,
Im Auge grimme Gluth,
Er geht mit ſchwanken Schritten,
Er reißt am Seil mit Wuth.
Ein Praſſeln und ein Toben
Dröhnt durch die Balken dann:
Der Klöppel fällt von oben
Und trifft den falſchen Mann.

Wie ſie ihn ſtürzen ſehen,
Und ſehn des Blutes Lauf,
Da ſtaunt das Volk, da gehen
Ihm erſt die Augen auf;
Es ſchweiget wie vernichtet;
Der alte Kaiſer ſpricht:
„Wo Gott der Herr gerichtet,
Da reden Menſchen nicht.“

Altenahr.

Wo ſie am höchſten ragen,
Die Felſen an der Ahr,
Da ſtand in alten Tagen
Das Schloß von Altenahr,
Und ſeine Thürme ſchauten
Mit ihrer Kronen Rand,
Gleich alten und ergrauten
Königen, weit ins Land.

Gleich wie von Neid geſchwollen
Rauſcht unten tief der Fluß,
Und ſeine Waſſer rollen
Am jähen Felſenfuß,
Als wollt' er unternagen
Das Schloß und brechen ein;
Doch trotzt mit feſten Lagen
Das mächtige Geſtein.

Einſt hub ein ander Streiten
Sich dort von wilderer Art,
Da kam von allen Seiten
Viel Kriegsvolk, wohlgeſchaart.
Die Biſchöf' und die Fürſten
Stehn haßerfüllt voran,
Den Mann voll Freiheitsdürſten,
Den Burgherrn, einzufahn.

Doch ragt der Fels, der wilde,
Und bietet guten Schutz,
Die Mauern ſind wie Schilde,
Sie ſtehn in ſtolzem Trutz.
Der Feind liegt Tage, Wochen,
Viel Monde, manches Jahr,
Der Muth iſt ſchier gebrochen,
Zerronnen faſt die Schaar.

Einſt ſprengt beim Morgenſtrahle
Der Graf auf hohem Roß
Gewappnet ganz in Stahle
Zum höchſten Wall vom Schloß.
Sein Blick, der lang getrübet,
Erglüht wie Sonnenſchein,
Der Ruf lang' ungeübet
Dröhnt laut ins Thal hinein.

„Sieh auf dem letzten Roſſe,
O Feind, den letzten Mann
Von allen, die im Schloſſe
Euch Böſes angethan.
Dem Weib, den Söhnen allen,
Gab Krankheit herben Tod,
Es fielen die Vaſallen
In jäher Hungersnoth.

Und ſind ſie nicht geſtorben
In ehrenvollem Streit,
Sie haben doch erworben
Der Freiheit Herrlichkeit.
Frei will auch ich denn ſterben,
Wie ich im Leben war,
Denn Knechtſchaft iſt Verderben
Und ſchändet immerdar.“

So hat der Greis gerufen
Und blickt zum Himmel auf,
Treibt auf den Felſenſtufen
Das Roß zu wildem Lauf,
Stürzt von der Höhe raſſelnd,
Rollt über das Geſtein
Bis in die Fluth, die praſſelnd
Schlingt Roß und Reiter ein.

Wie das die Feinde ſchauen,
Erfaßt ſie Schreck und Graus,
Sie fliehn des Todten Gauen
Und ziehen ſtumm nach Haus.
Das Schloß ſank auf den Höhen
Schon längſt ein Raub der Zeit,
Nur noch zwei Thürme ſtehen,
Zum jähen Sturz bereit.

Doch lebt die alte Kunde
Noch ſtets im Volke fort,
Sie geht von Mund zu Munde,
Sie geht von Ort zu Ort,

Und lehrt das Volk, daß ſterben
Wie Männer frank und frei
Viel beſſer als verderben
In ſchlimmer Knechtſchaft ſei.

Niclas Müller,

im Jahre 1809 zu Langenau bei Ulm geboren, iſt Buchdrucker. Er bereiſte Oeſterreich und Ungarn. G. Schwab entdeckte ſein Talent und führte ſeine Gedichte in das Publikum ein. M. machte auf Cotta's Koſten eine Reiſe nach London, um dort den Druck des Holzſtichs zu lernen. Er hat ſpäter die Prachtausgabe des Cid von Herder gedruckt.

Er gab heraus:

Liederbuch für die Veteranen der großen Napoleonsarmee von 1803 bis 1814. Noch nicht im Druck erſchienene Geſänge, mit Angabe ihrer Singweiſen, u. 6 Lithogr. gr. 8. Mainz 1837.
Lieder. Stuttgart 1837, mit einer Selbſtbiographie und einer Einleitung von G. Schwab.

Ein von der beſcheidenſten Geſinnung beſeeltes poetiſches Talent, das ſich den größten Theil ſeiner Bildung ſelbſt verdankt, ſich durch Innigkeit, Wärme und Tiefe des Gefühls auszeichnet und überall die wohlverdiente Anerkennung gefunden hat.

Der ſchönſte Tod.

Ich ſprach zu meiner Seele:
Wie willſt du wandern aus?
Einmal dir ſelbſt erwähle
Den Zug aus deinem Haus!

Sie ſprach: Gar ſüß vor allen
Iſt mir ein Tod bekannt:
Am Schönſten iſt's zu fallen
Von Gottes eigner Hand.

Wenn er mit Donnerſtimme
Daher auf Wolken rauſcht, —
Dem Böſen ſchreit's im Grimme,
Der Gute freudig lauſcht. —

Da langt ſein Arm voll Feuer
Aus dunklem Himmelsthor,
Und ziehet, die ihm theuer,
In ſeine Luft empor.

Auf ſeinem Feuerwagen,
Deß Roſſe Strahlen ſprühn,
Durch Wolken hingejagen,
Vom Sturm umbrauſet kühn,

Iſt ſchöner als zu ſterben
Auf mattem Krankenbett,
Und furchtſam hinzukriechen
Auf ſchmalem Todesbrett.

Drum hör' ich manchmal ſagen:
„Den traf ein ſchlimmer Tod,
Den hat der Blitz erſchlagen!"
Werd' ich vor Freuden roth.

Die Weinkelter.

Mein inniger Betrüber,
Der Gram, ging mit mir aus;
Da kamen wir vorüber
An einem Kelterhaus.

Die Bäume hört' ich ächzen,
Wie arme Herzen thun,
Die nach der Ruhe lechzen,
Und können doch nicht ruhn.

Da zog mich ein Verlangen
Mit Macht ins Haus hinein.
Als ich hineingegangen,
Sah ich der Trauben Pein,

Die ſie geduldig litten,
Von Qual gepreßt — den Moſt
Ausweinend in die Bütten;
Dann ging ich heim mit Troſt,

Und ſprach nun: Muß die Traube
Ausſtrömen ſo den Wein,
So komm nur, Gram! und ſchraube
Mein Herz in enge Pein.

Vielleicht wird dann entfließen
Auch ihm ein ſüßer Saft,
Den Geiſter noch genießen
Zu Stärkung ihrer Kraft.

Der Glühwurm.

Leuchte, Glühwurm, durch die Nacht
Mit der kleinen Sternenpracht;
Strahlſt du ſo im feuchten Gras,
Denkt mein Herz an dies und das:

Lieber Gott, wie wunderbar,
Hier ein lebend Lichtlein gar;
Mit dem Tag floh aller Schein,
Es hat Licht noch, ganz allein!

Wenn einſt meine Sonne ſinkt
Und mich Dunkelheit umringt,
Wenn nur dann ſo ſtill und ſacht
Noch in mir ein Funke wacht.

Der alte Baum an die jungen.

Ihr ſeid dahin geſunken
In eurer Jugend Kraft;
Habt ihr zu viel getrunken
Vom ſüßen Frühlingsſaft?

O nein, uns hat gebogen
Die allzuſchwere Laſt,
Die uns noch zugewogen
Der Froſt, der ſpäte Gaſt.

Ach ja, euch brach die Bürde
Vom ſpäten, kalten Schnee!
So tiefgebeugt würde
Mich drücken auch mein Weh;

Wär' ich nicht lang' gewohnt
Den rauhen Winterfroſt;
Doch ſo bin ich verſchonet,
Euch jungen noch zum Troſt.

Philipp Engelhard Nathuſius

ward am 5. November 1813 zu Althaldensleben bei Magdeburg geboren, wo ſein Vater, der für die Belebung der Induſtrie in jener Gegend ſo thätige und bekannte Nathuſius, ſeine vorzüglichſten Anſtalten gegründet hatte. — Nachdem er durch häuslichen Unterricht eine genügende Vorbildung erhalten, ſtudirte er in Berlin, machte dann größere Reiſen, und ließ ſich dann auf ſeinem väterlichen Erbe nieder.

Von ihm erſchien:

Funfzig Gedichte. Braunſchweig 1839.
Noch funfzig Gedichte. Magdeburg 1841.
Beranger P. J. de. Hundert drei Lieder (Ueberſetzung im Versmaß der Originale). Braunſchweig 1839.

Ein ſchönes, friſches, naturwüchſiges, echt lyriſches Talent, das ſich eben ſo wohl an deutſcher Volkpoeſie, wie an unſern beſten Dichtern heraufgebildet hat, ohne etwas an ſeiner Eigenthümlichkeit einzubüßen und gewiſſermaßen mehr ſingt als dichtet, d. h. ſeinen Gefühlen und Anſchauungen Worte giebt, wie ſie ihm unmittelbar aus der Seele dringen, ohne ſich ängſtlich um die Form zu kümmern, dadurch aber, wenn auch nicht immer den ſtrengen Kunſtrichter doch den unbefangenen Leſer erfreut und nicht ſelten befriedigt.

Bekenntniß.

Mit jedem Lied fällt mir ein Stein vom Herzen,
Ich werd ſo froh und weiß es nicht warum,
Die ganze Welt möcht' ich umfangen, herzen,
Sie ſieht mich an, ſo hold, und lächelt ſtumm.

Ob's Edelſteine ſind, ich weiß es nicht,
Mich kümmert's nicht, ihr werdet's ſchon ergründen;
Ich war als Kind ſchon königlich beglückt,
Wenn ich nur bunte Steine konnte finden.

Oft nehm' ich mir den Ernſt des Lebens vor,
Und immer wieder find' ich mich beim Spielen;
Die Frucht am Lebensbaum hängt, ach! ſo hoch,
Und in den Schoos mir regnet's blühend Lieder.

Könnt' ich für jedes Lied mir tauſchen ein
Ein gutes Werk, wie ſchön wär mir's beſchieden;
Doch muß ein Lied ein gutes Werk wohl ſein,
Sonſt könnt' es nicht die Seele ſo befrieden.

Das Hündlein von Brette.

Im Städtchen Brette lebte
Ein armer blinder Mann,
Der ſeinen Biſſen Brodes
Nicht ſelbſt mehr finden kann.

Da war ſein treues Hündlein
Zur Hülfe ihm ſo klug,
Ein Körblein in dem Mäulein
Von Haus zu Haus es trug;

Darinnen lag ein Zettel:
Schenkt doch dem blinden Mann!
Und gerne gab dem Hündlein
Vom Seinen Jedermann.

Das trug's zu Hauſe treulich
Zu ſeinem alten Herrn
Und rührte an kein Bißlein,
Thät's es auch manchmal gern.

Doch eines Freitags kam es
Zu eines Metzgers Sitz,
Das kluge Thierchen wußte
Ja nichts von Menſchenwitz.

Der Metzger war ein wilder,
Ein ſtreng kathol'ſcher Mann.
Fleiſch willſt du an dem Faſttag?
Wart' nur! du ſollſt es ha'n."

Und hieb ihm auf dem Blocke
Herab ſein Schwänzlein klein,
Und legte es zum Spotte
Ins Körbchen ihm hinein.

Beſchimpft und wund, doch treulich
Trug's noch den Korb nach Haus,
Da legt' ſich's auf die Schwelle
Und war ſein Leben aus.

Darob betrübt und traurig
War wohl die ganze Stadt,
Weil Jedermann, jed Kindlein
Den Hund geliebet hat.

Und ward grad' überm Stadtthor
Ohn' Schwanz das Hündelein
Zum ſteten Angedenken
Gehauen aus in Stein.

Und wird wo großer Treue
Ein übler Lohn gethan:
„Es geht ihm wie dem Hündlein
Von Brette," ſpricht man dann.

Ruhe in der Geliebten.

Schließt je ein Tag recht ſchön und rein
Und jene Zeit ſie fällt mir ein,
Wo ich mit dir geweſen bin:
Wird mir ſo ſtill, ſo fromm zu Sinn.

Mein ganzes Weſen zieht und wallt
Hinüber, friedlicher Geſtalt,
Und leget ſich mit Kinderluſt
Mit Wang' und Ohr an Gottes Bruſt.

Dann wird mir's heil'ge, ſtille Nacht,
Des Tages Werk und Lärm vollbracht:
Dein Auglied, denk' ich, deckt mich zu,
Und ſchlafe ein in tiefer Ruh.

So möcht' ich wohl, wenn ſich mein Aug'
Zum letzten Male ſchließt, auch
Entſchlafen, weil ich dachte dein:
Dann ſchlief' ich ſtill zum Himmel ein.

Liebesregung.

Schlanke, ſchwebend munt're Schwalbe,
Du mein heilgrung'tes Mädchen,
Ja, ſo oft du mir erſcheineſt,
Kehrt der Frühling mir ins Herz.

Wär' ich's tiefe klare Waſſer,
D'rein du deinen Schnabel netzeſt,
Schlüg' ich über dir zuſammen,
Badet' dich in meiner Fluth.

Doch du rührſt's mit leichtem Fittig
Nur im Flug vorüberſtreifend;
Und ein zitterndes Bewegen
Ueberfliegt's in weiten Kreiſen,
Die ſich dehnen, ſchwingen, ziehen
Als aus Einem Mittelpunkt.

Schwälblein, Schwälblein, muntres, ſchnelles,
Ach! was ſoll mir denn der Frühling,
Wenn du wieder mich verläſſeſt.

Der hartgeſchmiedete Landgraf.

Zu Ruhla im Thüringerwald
Liegt eine Schmiede, die uralt,
Von der noch geht das Rede-Wort
Von Kind zu Kindeskindern fort,
Iſt Einer ſtreng und feſt: „Der ward
Zu Ruhla wohl geſchmiedet hart.“
Woraus der Spruch entſprungen iſt,
Hört zu, — ich ſag' es, daß ihr's wißt.

Ein junger Herr war Ludewig,
Thüringens Landgraf, demüthig
Gen Jedermann, nach Jugendart,
Wenn ſie nicht früh verdorben ward.
Er war ſo mild und weich und gut,
Ein unbefangen fröhlich Blut,
Als ob er nichts als Ander mehr;
Nicht als ob er der Herre wär',
Hatt' er zu ſtrafen Niemand Muth,
Schämt ſich, wenn Einer Unrecht thut.
Doch weil er ſcheu't, daß er mit Kraft
Dem Recht auch ſelber Geltung ſchafft,
Entſtand daraus des Unrechts mehr
Jedmal, denn thun hätt' können er.
Das war ihm ſorglos unbewußt,
Er ritt mit leichter junger Bruſt
In' Wald hinaus zu jagen, fern
Von Hofes Zwang — da war er gern —
In ſchlichten Kleidern frank und frei,
Das Jagdhorn um die Hüften — hei!
Ein edler Hirſch ſich flüchtig zeigt,
Er folgt ihm rüſtig, wie er ſteigt.
Des Irrens ſeltſam kühne Luſt
Zieht wachſend ihn durch Wald und Kluft.
Und eh' er es geahnt, gedacht,
Da überkommet ihn die Nacht.
Er weiß den Pfad zurück nicht mehr
Und reitet durch die Dickung quer;
Er weiß zuletzt nicht vor, nicht rück,
Und reit't waldeinwärts auf gut Glück;
Gelanget in ein immer ſchmal
Und ſchmäleres Gebirgesthal,
Die Felſen, erſt getrennt und breit,
Zuſammenwachſen beiderſeit,
Das Waſſer ihm entgegenrauſcht,
Und was für Klingen noch? — er lauſcht!
Und tactgeſchwung'ner Hämmer-Schall
Klingt fern vom Felſen-Widerhall.
Und als geritten er nicht lang,
Ein Feuer durch die Bäume drang.
Er reitet friſch drauflos und ſieht
Sich bei 'nem Waldes-Hammerſchmied.
„Sagt, Meiſter, an: wo bin ich hier?“
„„Nun, in der Ruhla. Wer ſeid ihr?““
„Des Landgraf Jäger, irr' vom Pfad.“
Der Schmied verſetzet grob und grad':
„Des weichen Herrn, des Landgraf? pfui!
Nenn' ihn, ohn's Maul zu wiſchen, nie.
Um dein't will'n herberg' ich dich gern,
Doch thu' ich's nicht um deines Herrn. —
Im Schuppen find'ſt du Stroh und Heu,
Da mach' dein'm Pferd' und dir 'ne Streu.“
Der Fürſt nach ſeiner milden Art
Nahm ſtille hin das Wort ſo hart.
Und doch's ihm ſchwer im Sinne liegt,
Er kann darüber ſchlafen nicht.
Der Schmied indeß die ganze Nacht
Hindurch den Hammer ſchwingt mit Macht.
Und Tact um Tact mit jedem Schlag
Aus rauher Bruſt er ſtöhnend ſprach:
„O Landgraf, Landgraf, werde hart,
O werde, wie dies Eiſen, hart!“
Sprach der Geſell: „Ihr habt den Spruch
Nun, Meiſter, wohl geſagt genug.“ —
Der Meiſter: Wird's im Lande doch
Nie anders; warum denn mein Spruch?
Wird doch der Noth kein End' gemacht.“
Darauf die liebe lange Nacht,
Indeß den Blaſebalg er zieht,
Indeß das Eiſen ſchweißt und glüht,
Erzählt er, was für Plag' und Schmach
Das arme Volk erdulden mag;
Indeß die Räthe frech und bunt
Dem Landgraf mähren in dem Mund,
Die Amtleut' Untreu üben groß,
Die Ritter aller Zügel los
Mit frechem ſtolzen Frevelmuth
Die Bauern ſchinden bis aufs Blut,
Und Niemand iſt, der Hülfe ſchafft,
Der Landgraf ſonder Ernſt und Kraft:
Kommt man bei ihm mit Klage an,
Alsbald er kehrt den Rücken dann,
Weil er nicht gerne ſieht und hört,
Was ihm den leichten Sinn beſchwert,
Und wird zum Spott im ganzen Land
Vom Adel: „Landgraf Metz“ genannt.
Er hetzt die Hirſch' im luſt'gen Wald,
Das Volk aufs Blut der Adel bald;
Er treibt die Wölf' ins Garn hinein,
Die Amtleut' goldne Füchſe ein.
Der Schlimmſte iſt von Allen doch
Er ſelbſt durch ſeine Milde noch.
O arger, o unſel'ger Herr!
Was plagſt du doch dein Land ſo ſehr: —
„Drum Landgraf, Landgraf, werde hart,
So werde, wie dies Eiſen, hart!“
Er Tact um Tact bei jedem Schlag
Des Hammers wieder ſtöhnend ſprach.
So ging's die ganze Nacht hinfort,
Dem Landgraf, ihm entging kein Wort.
Es ging ihm in die Seele tief,
Und wacht und wacht — er nimmer ſchlief.
Und wie der Windzug ziſcht und brauſt,
Die Mähr ihm in die Ohren ſauſt;
Und wie das Eiſen ſchweißt und glüht,
So ward durchdrungen ſein Gemüth;
Und wie es hochroth leuchtet auf,
Erröthet ſeine Seele auch;
Und wie des Hammers Schläge ſtark,
So ſchüttert's durch und durch ſein Mark.
Alſo Thüringens Landgraf ward
Zu Ruhla dort geſchmiedet hart.
Die lange Nacht ſann er allein
Wachſend voll Ungeduld und Pein.
Früh ſchwingt er ſich zu Roß in Haſt
Und jagt gen Eiſenach ohn' Raſt.
Bald ward im ganzen deutſchen Land:
„Ludwig der Eiſerne“ bekannt.

Hermann Kunibert Neumann

ward am 12. November 1808 zu Marienwerder im Königr. Preußen geboren, wo ſein Vater als Regierungsrath lebte. Kränklichkeit hielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung länger als gewöhnlich zurück und erſt in ſeinem zwölften Jahre lernte er leſen und ſchreiben. Von dieſer Zeit an aber entwickelte er ſich ſchnell und beſuchte mit Erfolg das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt, ſo wie ſpäter die Gelehrtenſchule in Elbing. Als ſiebenzehnjähriger Jüngling trat er in die preußiſche Armee ein, avancirte raſch zum Offizier und diente als Solcher im vierten Regiment zu Elbing und Danzig, dann im ſiebenzehnten zu Weſel und Düſſeldorf. Die ihm vergönnte Muße benutzte er in ſtiller Zurückgezogenheit zur Ausbildung ſeiner poetiſchen Anlagen. Im Jahre 1839 nahm er als Premierlieutenant ſeinen Abſchied und ging in den Civildienſt über. Nachdem er noch kurze Zeit in Düſſeldorf und Wetzlar verweilt, zog er nach Torgau, wo er von den glücklichſten häuslichen Verhältniſſen umgeben gegenwärtig noch als Oberinſpector der Garniſonsverwaltung lebt.

Seine Schriften, von denen er mehrere nur um wohlthätiger Zwecke willen veröffentlichte, ſind:

Irisholdlein und Roſaliebe. 1835.
Des Dichters Herz. 1836.
Erz und Marmor. Weſel 1837.
Dichtungen. 3 Bde. Düſſeldorf 1838.
Nur Jehan. (Zum Beſten der Abgebrannten in Dahme.) Torgau 1843.
Das letzte Menſchenpaar. (Dramat. Gedichte zum Beſten der verarmten Spinner und Weber im ſchleſiſchen Erzgebirge.) Aſchersleben 1844.
Jürgen Wullenweber, der kühne Demagoge. Leipz. 1846.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Neumann iſt ein tief gemüthlicher, phantaſiereicher Dichter voll zarter und ſtarker Empfindung, warmer Liebe zur Natur und echter inniger Begeiſterung für das Große und Schöne. Er weiß mit ſicherer Hand die Geſchöpfe ſeiner Einbildung zu geſtalten und ihnen Leben und Bewegung zu verleihen und beherrſcht Form und Sprache mit Meiſterſchaft. Wenn er auch in ſeinen erſten Leiſtungen nicht immer der Ueberfülle ſeines Innern zu gebieten und ſich zu beſchränken verſtand, ſo hat er dagegen mit jedem neuen Werke an Sicherheit und Klarheit gewonnen und iſt erfolgreich auf der von ihm eingeſchlagenen Bahn fortgeſchritten. Mag es des Dichters große Beſcheidenheit, mag es die Ungunſt der Verhältniſſe für jedes Talent in Deutſchland, das ſich fern vom Treiben des öffentlichen Marktes der Literatur hält, verſchuldet haben: ſeine trefflichen Poeſien ſind bei Weitem nicht ſo verbreitet worden und haben lange noch nicht die Anerkennung gefunden, die ſie verdienen. Es gereicht daher dem Herausgeber zur beſondern Freude, nachdrücklich die Aufmerkſamkeit auf einen Dichter hinzulenken, der mit reicher Begabung unermüdlich dem Würdigſten und Beſten in wahrer Freudigkeit des Berufes nachſtrebt.

Die letzte Meldung.

1.

Vom Oſtſeeſtrande ſchaut ein Bild von Stein
So kräftig ernſt ins Preußenland hinein;
Von ſeiner Lippe tönt's wie tiefer Klang,
Gleich Trommelwirbel und gleich Schlachtgeſang.

Iſt's eine Sage längſt vergangner Zeit
Von Rieſenkämpfen und Heroenſtreit?
Ruht's doch auf ſeiner Stirn, gleich wie die Welt
Der Atlas auf dem mächt'gen Scheitel hält.

Am Tage ſtets mit gold'nem Mantel hüllt
Die Sonne wohl das bleiche Marmorbild;
Weil ewig den ihr Strahlenmeer umwebt,
Der adlerkühn zu ihr das Auge hebt.

Am Abend wohl des Mondes zartes Licht
Mit einem Strahlenkranz das Haupt umflicht
Dem hohen Manne, der ſo oft die Nacht
Im Mondenſchein gedankenvoll durchwacht.

So ſteht das Bild: — doch lehnt an ſeinen Fuß
Ein anders ſich und ſagt ihm ernſten Gruß:
Es neigt ſich feierlich, wie am Altar,
Ein Kriegergreis mit weißem Bart und Haar.

Und ſinnend ſenkt er den umflorten Blick,
Lebt viele Jahre in ſich ſelbſt zurück,
Hebt dann das Auge glänzend, jugendwarm,
Hebt jünglingſtark den hundertjähr'gen Arm;

Doch aus den grauen Wimpern rollt dem Greis
Bis in den Bart die Wehmuthsthräne heiß,
Und dumpf wie aus dem Grabe ſpricht er dann:
„Hör', Feldherr, meine letzte Meldung an.“

„Die Brüder gingen alle mir voraus,
Sie ruhen ſchon im ſtillen Grabe aus,
Ich blieb der Letzte von der ſtarken Schaar,
Die ſiegreich ſtets durch dich, o Feldherr, war.“

„Zu den Kam'raden ſehn' ich mich hinab,
Die laute Welt dünkt mich ein ödes Grab,
Denn Keinen giebt's, der mich verſtehen kann,
Drum höre du die letzte Meldung an.“

2.

„Geboren in der Hütte engem Raum,
Gewieget nicht auf ſeid'ner Polſtern Flaum,
War dennoch reich ich armer Bauerknab',
Weil einen Schatz ich mir erworben hab'.“

„Die Lerche tief im kleinen Neſte wohnt,
Der Adler hoch auf weitem Horſte thront,
Drum liebt die Lerche auch die Erde mehr,
Der Adler herrſchet in den Lüften hehr.“

„So liebte ich die Hütte! — unbewußt
Trank ich die Liebe aus der Mutter Bruſt,
Und ſie, vererbt vom Vater auf den Sohn,
Umbaut, o König! ſchützend dir den Thron.“

„Und weil das Land gepflegt des Vaters Hand,
Nenn' ich den Boden auch mein Vaterland;
Und weil drin ruhet meines Vaters Staub,
Iſt der mein Feind, der ihn begehrt zum Raub.“

„Und noch ein Erbe ließ mein Vater mir,
Und dieſes Erbe gab ich, König, dir.“
Mein Vater ſprach: „„Nur der iſt wahrhaft frei,
Der ſeinem Gotte, ſeinem König treu.““

„„Des Eichbaums Schatten, drin ich oft geruht,
Er thut dem Sohne wie dem Vater gut,
Drum lieb' die Eiche, doch die Sonne mehr,
Durch ſie erwuchs der Baum ſo ſtark und hehr.““

So ſprach der Alte zu dem Bild von Stein
Um Mitternacht im klaren Mondenſchein,
Indeß das Schiff zum ſichern Hafen eilt,
Und auf dem Meer der Sturmwind drohend heult.

3.

„Im Dorf iſt's ſtill; — da bellt der Hofhund laut, —
Es ſchleicht der Jüngling zu der roſ'gen Braut,
Sie horcht und kennet des Geliebten Tritte,
Verläßt das Lager und der Aeltern Hütte.“

„Und weinend ruht ſie aus in ſeinem Arm,
Sie fröſtelt leiſ', ob auch die Luft ſo warm. —
Im nahen Hain zwei Nachtigallen ſchlagen,
Doch klingt's ſo bang, wie treuer Liebe Klagen.“

„„So biſt du treulos, ſo verläßt du mich?““
„Nur weil ich treu, drum laß ich Mädchen dich.
Ich bleibe dein, doch meinem Vaterlande
Gehört' ich früher ſchon durch heil'ge Bande.“

„„Und brechen willſt du deiner Liebe Schwur?““
„Ihn halt' ich feſt wie meines Gottes Spur,
Doch wiſſe, ſchon des Säuglings Freudenlallen
Sind Schwüre, die dem Vaterlande ſchallen.“

„„Und wenn das Leben troſtlos ich verweint?““
„So werden überm Grabe wir vereint,
Denn was der Treue opfernd ich gegeben,
Wird ſtreng vergolten in dem ew'gen Leben.“

„Das Mädchen ſchwieg, die Thräne war verſiegt; —
Das Mädchen lang' in kühler Erde liegt.“ —
So ſprach der Greis zum hohen Marmorbilde,
Das ſchaute nieder auf ihn wehmuthsmilde.

4.

„Hört ihr Trompeten ſchmettern, Trommeln ſchallen,
Seht ihr die Fahne mit dem Adler wehn?
Der Herrſcher tritt aus ſeiner Hofburg Hallen,
Den König werd't ihr jetzt als Feldherrn ſehn.“

„Bleib' ruhig, Herz! Ha, wie die Roſſe ſchlagen
Mit Ungeduld den Funken aus dem Stein;
Bleib' ruhig, Herz! — Haſt Manches doch ertragen! —
Der König führt ſein Volk ins Feld hinein.“

„Der iſt's, der mit dem großen Sonnenblicke!“
„„Kam'rad, ich kann ihm nicht ins Auge ſchaun?““
„So ſchau' in deine eigne Bruſt zurücke,
Dort iſt er auch, und ihm magſt du vertraun.“

„„Der König blickt ſo düſter auf uns nieder?““
„Ernſt wie das Meer, das ſeine Tiefe hegt.“
„„Wie lächelt er ſo freundlich, milde wieder?““
„Rein bleibt das Waſſer, ob's auch Sturm bewegt.“

„So ſahn wir, König, dich auf ſtolzem Pferde,
Und wahrlich, dreimal ſtärker waren wir
Als je ein Heer, das aufgeſtellt die Erde,
Denn unſre Herzen, Herr, gehörten dir.“

5.

„Werda!“ — „„dein Freund!““ — „O König, König, ſage,
Erkennſt du noch den jungen Grenadier,
Der kriegsgerecht, verſteckt im dichten Hage,
Die Loſung ernſt gefordert einſt von dir?“

„Und als ich an der Stimme dich erkannte, —
'S war eine ſternberaubte, ſchwarze Nacht, —
Wie mir das Herz in banger Freude brannte,
Das Blut mir wallte, von dir angefacht!“

„Du ſtiegſt vom Pferde, trateſt an meine Seite,
Auf meiner Schulter ruhte deine Hand,
Du forderteſt, daß ich dir richtig deute
Des Feinds Bewegung, Stärke, ſeinen Stand.“

„Nie bebte ich vorm Donner der Kanonen,
Doch bebte ich vor deiner Stimme Ton,
Wie Echo klang's, die in dem Herzen wohnen,
Mir war's, als ſpräch' mein Vater zu dem Sohn.“

„„Sei wach und treu!““ du ſprachſt in jener Stunde;
„Sei wach und treu, — Soldat, ſei treu und wach!
So klang das Wort aus Meines Königs Munde,
Laut rief's die Erde, laut der Himmel nach.“

So ſprach der Greis, das Aug' zum Bild erhoben;
Und lichten Blicks zur dunklen Tiefe ſchaut,
Ob auch die Wogen brauſend ihn umtoben,
Der Leuchtthurm hoch, auf ſtarkem Fels erbaut.

6.

„Schon' dich, mein Herz! Es war'n die letzten Worte;
Des Mädchens Brief legt' ich aufs treue Herz.
Freu dich, mein Herz! So dröhnt's aus eh'rner Pforte,
Der Schlachtendonner ruft: Freu dich, mein Herz!“

„Hört ihr Trompeten ſchmettern, Trommeln ſchallen,
Seht ihr die Fahne mit dem Adler wehn?
Freu dich, mein Herz! Wie meine Pulſe wallen,
Den König werd' ich jetzt als Feldherrn ſehn.“

„Wohl ſchmetterten des Feindes Todesblitze
Verderben in der treuen Brüder Reihn,
Doch Feldherr, du bleibſt ernſt an unſ'rer Spitze, —
Der König führt ſein Volk zum Kampfe ein!“ —

„Schon' dich, mein Herz! Welch ſchrecklich Todeswimmern,
Ein Blutbad rings, ein Aechzen bang und ſchwer, —
Freu dich, mein Herz! — Rings Sieg und lichtes Schimmern,
Freu dich, mein Herz, es weicht des Feindes Heer!“

„Victoria! der Adler hat geſiegt,
Zermalmt, zertreten iſt der ſtolze Feind.
Freu dich, mein Herz! — O Gott, am Boden liegt
Zu meinen Füßen todt mein Buſenfreund.“ —

„Erkaltet waren ſeine tiefen Wunden,
Doch ihm zur Seite ſtöhnte leiſ' ein Feind,
Der lebte noch, den habe ich verbunden,
Dem Feind geholfen und den Freund beweint.“

So ſprach der Greis, indeß der Blitzſtrahl nieder
Zum Schiffe zuckt und ſeinen Maſt entflammt,
Doch löſcht das Feuer ſanft der Regen wieder,
Der mit dem Blitz aus einer Wolke ſtammt.

7.

„„Kam'rad, haſt du noch Brod?““ — „Nur Muth und Blut,
Doch ſchüre du des kleinen Feuers Gluth;“ —
„„Ich bin ſo hungrig, bin zum Sterben matt.““ —
„Und ich, Kam'rad, von deinen Klagen ſatt.“

„Und neues Reiſig ich zur Flamme trug,
Das luſtig flackernd ſie gen Himmel ſchlug;
Ich ſang ein Kriegerlied, da trat ein Mann,
Im Mantel eingehüllt, zu uns heran.“

„„So luſtig, Kamerad, auch ohne Brod?““
„Iſt denn der alte Gott im Himmel todt?“
„„Vom Himmel fällt, mein Freund, nicht Manna mehr.““
„So giebt des Königs Hand wohl ſeinem Heer.“ —

„Der Fremde ſchlug den Mantel ſchnell zurück,
Ich ſah, o Feldherr, deinen Sonnenblick; —
Dieſelbe Nacht noch ſtürmten wir die Stadt
Und aßen uns am Brod des Feindes ſatt.“

8.

„Fließ hin, mein Blut, und ſchreib' in fremde Erde:
Hier ſtarb ein Krieger für ſein Vaterland!
Wohl ſchlief ich gern am heimathlichen Herde,
Das Aug' geſchloſſen von geliebter Hand.“

„Ström' aus, mein Blut, ach! nimmer ſeh' ich wieder,
Die ich geliebt, o Mädchen, zart und fromm,
Du harreſt mein am Abend unterm Flieder
Und rufeſt weinend: Komme heim! o komm!“

„Fließ hin, mein Blut, ach meine Blicke ſchatten
Und mein Gedanke wallt und dunkelt ſich,
Die Sinne mir im Todesnahen matten,
Gott, nimm mich hin, mein König ſendet mich!“

„Horch, iſt das nicht der Heimath Glockenläuten?
Wie flimmert es ſo hell vor meinem Blick!
Den König ſeh' ich übers Schlachtfeld reiten,
Den König! und — mein Leben kehrt zurück.“

So ſpricht der Greis und große Thränen rollen
Vom Auge ihm zum grauen Barte nieder! —
Am Oſtſeeſtrand die dunkeln Wogen grollen,
Die Nachtigall ſingt in dem nahen Flieder.

9.

„„Rings Feind, nur Feind! Kam'rad, wir ſind verloren!““
„Verloren nie, ſo lang wir kämpfen wollen.“
„„Gellt dir denn nicht ihr Siegsgeſchrei zu Ohren?““
„Mir iſt, als hört ich meines Buſens Grollen.“

„„Und können Hundert Tauſende beſiegen?““
„Kämpft nicht das Schiff gen hunderttauſend Wellen?“
„„Schau, ſie umlagern uns in dichten Zügen!““
„An eich'ner Plank' ſie ſchäumend bald zerſchellen.“

„Und Feuer uns und Donner rings umrauſchten,
Die Kugeln ſchlagen in des Kirchhofs Mauer,
Mit Feindes Gruß wir unſ're Grüße tauſchten,
Sie grüßten viel, drum grüßten wir genauer.“

„Zum Sturme dreimal ihre Trommeln ſchlugen,
Zum Sturme dreimal drangen ihre Maſſen,
Doch ſiegend wir den Tod hinüber trugen,
Und Feindes Leichen höhten rings die Gaſſen."

„„Kam'rad, kaum zwanzig ſind wir übrig blieben!""
„So werden leichter wir zuſammenhalten."
„„Und ſinken wir auch unter Feindes Hieben? —""
„So iſt der Kopf, doch nicht das Herz geſpalten."

„Und näher drangen ſie mit dumpfem Brauſen,
Und näher rückten ſie auf allen Wegen,
Wir ließen unſre letzten Kugeln ſauſen,
Und ſtürzten kühn dem Todeskampf entgegen."

„Trompeten ſchmetterten und Trommeln ſchallten,
Wir ſahn die Fahne mit dem Adler wehen,
Victoria! Er hat uns Wort gehalten,
Der König kommt, den Treuen beizuſtehen."

So ſpricht der Kriegergreis, ein ſanftes Lächeln
Hat ſein benarbtes Angeſicht umzogen,
Das hohe Meer die ſanften Lüfte fächeln,
Am Himmel ſteht ein Mondlichts — Regenbogen.

10.

„Die Glocken vor dem Dom der Hauptſtadt ſchallen,
Die Trommeln wirbeln, die Trompeten ſchmettern,
Der König kehrt zu ſeiner Hofburg Hallen,
Der Sieggekrönte aus des Kampfes Wettern."

„Der ſtolze Feind liegt in den Staub getreten,
Der Herrſcher bringt die grüne Friedenspalme,
Des Volkes Lippe tönet von Gebeten,
Für ihren Retter ſchallen Dankespſalme."

„So ſtürmt der Adler von dem hohen Horſte,
Zerfleiſcht die Geier mit den ſcharfen Krallen,
Und kehret heim zu dem geliebten Forſte,
Aus dem die Lieder freier Sänger ſchallen."

„Heil, König, dir und deinem treuen Heere!
Wie Lorbeern ihre kühne Stirn umſchatten, —
So pflanzten wir, zur immergrünen Lehre,
Den Siegesreiſig in des Friedens Matten."

„Zum hohen Walde iſt der Zweig erſchoſſen,
Dein Enkel frei in treuer Liebe koſen,
Doch ewig denkt, weſſ' Blut der Wald entſproſſen,
Und ſchirmet ihn, wenn Stürme ihn umtoſen."

11.

„Schon weicht die letzte Nacht, der Himmel grauet,
Glaubt' nie, daß ich ſo viel zu melden habe;
Doch Feldherr, wenn mein Aug' in deines ſchauet,
Dann meld' ich weiter dir, dort überm Grabe:"

„Wie ich geweſen dein durchs ganze Leben,
Ja überm Grabe ſelbſt dir angehöre,
Wie mir allein die Hoffnung Muth gegeben,
Daß einſtens ich zu dir, o König, kehre.

„Wie wir vertrieben dort den Feind aus Sachſen,
Geſiegt in Böhmen und Sileſia,
Den Strom gefärbt, wo deutſche Reben wachſen,
Den Feind zertreten in Weſtphalia."

„O König, König! — — Kamerad, was ſchauet
So matt dein Auge, wo ſind ſeine Flammen?
Kam'rad, o ſprich — o ſchweige — weh, mir grauet
Und eiſig rollt ſich's in der Bruſt zuſammen." —

„O König, König! — — Meine Stimme zittert,
Hin iſt der Muth, den Schlachten mir erworben,
Die Erde bebt, der Himmel bang gewittert,
Kam'rad, du ſchweigſt? — „„Er iſt — Er iſt geſtorben.""

Der Kriegergreis ſank an dem Bilde nieder,
Die Morgenſonne färbte ſeine Wangen,
Der Kriegergreis dehnt ſeine ſtarken Glieder; —
Zu ſeinem Feldherrn iſt er melden gangen.

Nur Jehan.

Erſter Geſang.

Nahſt du mir wieder mit geweihter Schale
Und ſchlingſt den Kranz mir um die Sängerbruſt,
Zu ſonnen mich in deinem reinen Strahle,
Der neuen Fülle ſeelenvoll bewußt!
Wohlan, kredenze bei dem ſchönſten Mahle,
Gieb mir den Rauſch der vollen Dichterluſt,
Daß ich erſchaffe wie der Liebe Weben
Ein neues Werk, ein dir geweihtes Leben.

Mich zwang der Unmuth, mein Geſchick zu ſchelten,
Das in die Oede mich hinab geführt,
Wo von des Geiſtes raſchem Pulsſchlag ſelten
Mein warmes Herz entzündend wird berührt;
Doch plötzlich lichten ſich mir ferne Welten,
Zu neuen Thaten fühl' ich mich erkürt,
Und ſchnell erwachte Geiſterſtimmen tragen
Zu meinem Ohre wunderholde Sagen.

Wie bei des Winters troſtlos kalter Leere
Der reichſte Frühling uns im Herzen glüht;
Wie bei des Unglücks unermeßner Schwere
Sich ſegenreich entfaltet das Gemüth:
So aus dem ödeſten der Länder kehre
Ich in das ſchönſte, das auf Erden blüht,
Und aus der Einſamkeit beengten Schranken
Ins weite Reich beglückender Gedanken.

Die ſchwarze Nacht liegt auf den kahlen Flächen,
Und heulend raſt die Windsbraut übers Land,
Die Wolke gießt in eiſigkalten Bächen
Den Regen aus entgürtetem Gewand;
Doch holder will ich mich am Schickſal rächen,
Als jener Sänger, der aus Rom verbannt;
Ich heb' die Hand, da wölbt ſich klarſte Bläue,
Und vor mir ſonnt ein Eden ſich aufs Neue.

Ein ſchöneres als von den heil'gen Fluthen
Des deutſchen Ganges blühend wird genährt,
Wo in der Sonne ſegensvollen Gluthen
Der Göttertrank der goldnen Traube gährt;
Mag ſüßer dort die ſchlanke Rebe bluten,
Ward höhrer Reiz doch dieſem Thal gewährt,
Das, als im Chaos alle Kräfte ſchliefen,
Zuerſt entſtieg den unerforſchten Tiefen.

Hier ſegnete im erſten Menſchenpaare
Das Auge Gottes froh ſein Ebenbild,
Hier wandelte der Ewigwunderbare
Beglückt als Vater lächelnd durchs Gefild,
Hier betete am erſten der Altare
Die erſte Liebe ihr Gebet ſo mild:
Und ob auch Gott die Seel'gen draus vertrieben,
Ein Auge Gottes iſt dies Thal geblieben.

Denn wie Natur in mütterlichen Sorgen
Das Edelſte umgiebt mit ſtarker Hut,
Wie in der Muſchel feſtem Haus geborgen
Der Perle Pracht, des Meeres Kleinod, ruht;
So thürmte ſie am erſten Schöpfungsmorgen,
Als dieſes Thal entſtieg der dunkeln Fluth,
Mit ſicherm Hort das Eden zu umfaſſen,
Hoch in das Blau gigant'ſche Felſenmaſſen.

Von ew'gem Schnee bedeckt ſind die Höhen,
Tief unter ihnen zieht der Wolken Schaar,
Und tiefer glänzen blanke Gletſcherſeen,
Und tiefer rauſcht der Tanne grünes Haar,
Bis durch den Teppich üpp'ger Gramineen
Aus Waldesnacht ein Waſſer breit und klar
Sich brauſend gießet nieder zu dem Thale,
Wie Silberſchaum zum güldenen Pokale.

Der Behut iſt's, der ſeine heitern Wogen
Durch Sirinagars helle Mauern rollt,
Ihn überſpringen ſchlanke Brückenbogen,
Es ſpiegelt ſich der Tempeldächer Gold
In ſeiner Fluth, von Barken bunt durchflogen,
Zu Markte führend, was die Erde zollt:
Den vollſten Segen, von der Frucht der Halme
Bis zu der Milch der ſüßen Kokospalme.

Gleich einem Zauber will es mich gemahnen,
Seh' ich die Stadt in tauſend Farben glühn,
Ein großer Garten ſchlanker Tulipanen,
Die auf den Zinnen aller Häuſer blühn,
Umgürtet rings von flüſternden Bananen,
Die helle Blüthen ſtreuen aus dem Grün,
Und weiter führen ſchattige Alleen
Zu Kaſhmirs großen wunderbaren Seen.

Zahlloſe Inſeln auf den Wellen wiegen
Wie grüne Schiffe ſich von Strand zu Strand,
Delphinen gleich dem Waſſerſchooß entſtiegen
Und reich geſchmückt von kluger Menſchenhand.
Doch höhre Schönheit muß der Macht genügen
Auf jenen Inſeln, die das gold'ne Band
Schwungvoller Brücken an einander bindet,
Dort, wo des Kaiſers Sommerſitz gegründet.

Hier hat der Herrſcher Indiens errichtet
Glanzvolle Werke durch des Reichthums Macht;
Wo die Natur ein Eden hingedichtet,
Hat Jehangir ein Paradies erdacht,
Hat es mit Gold und edlem Stein gelichtet,
Mit hoher Bauten wunderbarer Pracht,
Daß, wenn ein Gott auf Erden wollte wohnen,
In Shahlimar er würdig könnte thronen.

Und dennoch ſcheint dies göttlich reiche Prangen
Mir nicht das höchſte in dem ſchönſten Thal,
Ein andres Bild hält meinen Blick gefangen,
Ich ſonne mich in einem andern Strahl.
Der Inſeln kleinſte, die am Strande hangen,
Der Hütten kleinſte dort iſt meine Wahl;
Dort ſehe ich die Blüthe ſich entfalten,
Der ſich allein mein Singen will geſtalten.

Nur glaube nicht, der Sänger wollte wagen,
Durch Worte dir die Ahnung zu verwehn,
Kein Bild will er zu deinem Herzen tragen,
Du ſelber laß das herrliche entſtehn;
Und kannſt du ſelbſt von deiner Schöpfung ſagen,
Sie iſt vollendet, ſie allein iſt ſchön, —
So laß Kumela deinem Bilde gleichen,
Ein höhres will der Dichter nicht erreichen.

Nicht ſchmückt ſie mit koſtbarem Gewande,
Nicht Gold und Perlen ſchlingt in ihr Haar,
Sie iſt die ärmſte ja aus ärmſtem Stande,
Und doch die reichſte, die die Welt gebar.
Melonen pflegt ſie auf dem kleinen Lande
Und bietet ſie geringen Preiſes dar;
Doch welch ein Preis, ſo weit die Meere rauſchen,
Wär' hoch genug, ſie ſelber einzutauſchen?

Schon golden ſich der Berge weiße Platten,
Schon will der Sonne letzter Strahl verglühn,
Schon deckt der Nacht geheimnißvoller Schatten
Des Kaiſergartens ſchattenvolles Grün;
Ein voll'rer Duft entſteigt den weichen Matten,
Die von dem Hauch der Kühle neu erblühn,
Und ſanft gerührt von Farben und von Tönen
Trinkt jede Bruſt das abendliche Sehnen.

Da klingt von fernem Ruderſchlag die Welle,
Ein Nachen rauſcht aus Shahlimar hervor,
Die Fluth durchſchneidend mit des Pfeiles Schnelle
Gleich einem Schwan, der ſeine Brut verlor;
Kumela kniet auf ihres Eilands Schwelle,
Und vorgebeugt lugt ſie durchs hohe Rohr;
Ihr Auge flammt, die Seele will umranken
Der Liebesgluth verkörperten Gedanken.

Der Liebling naht! — Viel träge Monden rannen
Ins Meer der Zeit, ſeit ſie ſein Auge ſah;
Er, der gezählet zu des Kaiſers Mannen,
Zog mit ihm fort zur heißen India,
Und mit ihm kehrte heute erſt von dannen,
Der lange fern und ach! ſo kurz ihr nah.
Drei Jahre ſchon in ſolchem Wechſel ſchwanden,
Seit ſich Kumela und Taimador fanden.

Und nur des Nachts, wenn in dem ſtillen Thale
Der Gott des Schlummers ſeine Körner ſtreut,
Trägt ihn ſein Schiff aus ſchattigem Kanale
Hinüber zu verſchwiegner Seligkeit;
Doch glühn die Höhn im erſten Morgenſtrahle,
Reißt er ſich auf aus ſüßer Trunkenheit,
Und läßt Kumela, bei dem Glanz der Sonne
Ihn denkend, träumen von der Nächte Wonne.

So iſt er jetzt dem Borde raſch entſprungen,
Wie Wiſchnu ſchön, als er im niedern Kleid
Um ſeines Blumenmädchens Gunſt gerungen,
Die ſelbſt den Gott erfüllt mit ird'ſchem Leid.
Kumela hält den Herrlichen umſchlungen,
Ihr Herz erglüht in Radhas Seligkeit;
Denn Liebe zwingt den Gott hinab zum Thale,
Und ſein Geſchöpf trägt ſie zum Götterſaale.

Wer nach der Trennung fühlte das Entzücken,
Den Arm zu ſchlingen um die junge Braut,
Der kennet auch das ſchweigende Beglücken,
Das nur in Zweifeln ſolchem Glück vertraut,
Ein Himmel glüht aus ihren großen Blicken,
Ein Kuß erſtickt der Lippe leiſen Laut,
Die Seele will der Seele nichts verhehlen,
Doch Feuer kann in Flammen nur erzählen.

Wir aber können nur die Fülle ahnen,
Zu voller Blüthe ſteigt die Wonne nur,
Wo ihre Schönheit goß auf tauſend Bahnen
In einen Kelch die ſchaffende Natur,
Hier, in dem Meru indiſcher Puranen,
Wo Rama wandelte auf heil'ger Spur,
Wo zu der Luſt vom Wünſchen und Erröthen
Kein Glauben zwingt den Götterrauſch zu tödten.

So war Kumela ihrem Freund verbunden,
Seit ſie erwidert ſeinen tiefſten Blick,
Und freie Liebe hat ſie heut gefunden
In freier Ehe immer jungem Glück;
Zwar iſt die Furcht dem Herzen nicht entſchwunden,
Vergeben ſei das holdeſte Geſchick,
Doch zwiſchen Angſt und Trennung und Entzücken
Kann Liebe auch am Höchſten nur beglücken.

Von weicher Hand zum Raſenſitz gezogen,
Wo eine Aloe die Ranken ſchlingt,
Und auf des Blätterdaches ſchwanken Bogen
Der Turteltaube leiſes Koſen klingt,
Wo noch kein Zweifel um die Luſt betrogen,
Die raſch dem Sel'gen in die Arme ſinkt,
Dort ruht der Jüngling und mit holdem Grüßen
Schmiegt ſich Kumela ihrem Herrn zu Füßen.

„Warum ſo ſpät, ſo hebt ſie an zu fragen,
Kehrſt du zu mir, mein ſchlanker Leopard!
Nicht Indias Boden iſt ſo werth zu tragen
Den Sonnengott, den Kaſhmirs Thal erharrt,
Doch ſeid verſtummet, übermüth'ge Klagen,
Willkommen, o mein Aar, von weiter Fahrt,
O breite über mir die ſtolzen Schwingen,
Und laß von Liebe dich in Schlummer ſingen.“

Mein holder Gaſt, womit ſoll ich dich laben?
Verlangſt du Speiſe, oder ſüßen Trank?
Soll ich durch Tanz erfreuen meinen Knaben,
Durch Saitenſpiel und koſenden Geſang?
Ach! ſchweigſt du, ſtolz verſchmähend meine Gaben,
Sprich, biſt du müde, oder biſt du krank?
Es zittert deine Hand in meiner glühend,
Wie pfleg' ich dich, mich ohne Müh bemühend!“

„Ein ſchwellend Lager hab' ich dir bereitet,
Denn trockne Mooſe ſucht' ich in dem Hain,
Die Weihrauchkräuter hab' ich ausgebreitet,
Und Roſenblätter ſtreute ich hinein,
Wie groß und glänzend iſt dein Aug' erweitert,
O hätt' ich Macht, zu lindern deine Pein!
Dir brennt die Stirn, und wilder pocht's im Herzen,
O, ſage Herr, wie nennſt du ſolche Schmerzen!“

Er aber lächelt: „Solchen Schmerz erſtreben,
Haſt du allein zu lehren mich gewußt;
Und wäre mein das reichſte Erdenleben,
Ich rief dies Leid in die beglückte Bruſt,
Daß ſie, die mir ſo tiefes Weh gegeben,
Mich heilen müßte durch ſo hohe Luſt,
Wie Liebe nur in ihren Blüthentagen
Gewähren kann — und Liebe nur ertragen.“

„Wär' ich der Kaiſer, der mit ſtolzem Worte
Gebieten darf, wo meine Bitte fleht,
Ich ſchliche Nachts aus des Palaſtes Pforte
Entkleidet ganz der kalten Majeſtät,
Wie ich zu dir, die aus dem ſtillen Porte
Nicht nach dem Kaiſer, — nach dem Freunde ſpäht,
Der arm und niedrig, ohne Macht und Prangen,
Durch dich allein ſein Kaiſerthum empfangen."

„Ja, einſam iſt es auf dem goldnen Throne,
Dem Herrſcher wird als ſolchem Liebe nie,
Ein Fluch iſt ihm die diamant'ne Krone,
Denn wo er liebet, beugt ſich ihm das Knie;
Und eh' er flehen kann, wird ihm zum Lohne,
Was er erkaufen wollt' mit ſüßer Müh;
Von tiefſtem Weh wird nie ſein Herz geſchlagen,
Und höchſte Wonne kann ihm nimmer tagen."

Und nahte er, wie jener Gott im Kleide
Des niedern Menſchen, der Geliebten ſich,
Und diente er, wie ich, im Liebesleide,
Und hielt ſein Mädchen in dem Arm, wie ich;
Wer weiß, ob jemals die Geliebten beide
So treu ſich liebten, wie Kumela mich;
Erſchauteſt du mich plötzlich auf dem Throne,
Und ſchmückte ich dein Haupt mit güldner Krone?"

Sie hebt ihr Wort, Erſtaunen in dem Blicke,
Als habe ſie ein ſchöner Traum erfaßt:
„Wenn Liebe mich auf einer goldnen Brücke
Von meiner Hütte führte zum Palaſt,
Ich eilte gern hinüber zu dem Glücke,
Im Kaiſer grüßend meinen holden Gaſt,
Doch würde ich den Kaiſer nimmer lieben,
Wenn er für mich Taimador nicht geblieben."

„Warf ich mein Netz, die Hoffnung in dem Herzen,
Mit leichtem Sinne von dem grünen Strand,
So konnt' ich leicht die Täuſchung auch verſchmerzen,
Wenn ich kein Kleinod bei den Fiſchen fand;
Und könnteſt du zur Kaiſerin auch ſcherzen,
Dein frohes Mädchen von dem Inſelland,
Ich würd' ſo leicht wie nach den Fiſchen haſchen,
Fänd' ich die Krone in des Netzes Maſchen."

Denn um das Haupt den friſchen Kranz geſchlungen,
Bin ich an Hoheit jedem Kaiſer gleich,
Und prieſen ihn auch hunderttauſend Zungen,
Vor meinem Glücke wird das ſeine bleich;
Viel höhern Stolz, als deine Macht errungen,
Wohnt in der Bruſt mir, ob ich arm, ob reich,
Weil ich den Glauben an die Liebe habe,
Und er den Zweifel an der kleinſten Gabe."

„So oft des Nachts die Wellen leiſe rauſchen,
Glaub' ich ſo gern, Taimador kehr' zu mir;
Ich heb' das Haupt, die fernſte zu erlauſchen,
Denn jede ſpricht mit Sehnſucht nur von dir;
Wie Luſt und Schmerz hör' ich ſie Worte tauſchen,
Die klagt: ſo fern! die jauchzet: er iſt hier!
Und ob die jauchzende auch falſch ertönet,
Ihr nur zu lauſchen iſt mein Herz gewöhnet."

Taimador ſprach: Hätt' ich des Sängers Töne,
Zu klagen dir, wie ich den Raub gebüßt,
Doch ſahſt du nicht des Wolkenboten Schwäne,
Und haben ſie dich nicht von mir gegrüßt?
Ich ſandte ſie zu trocknen deine Thräne,
Bis ich ſie ſelbſt von deinem Aug' geküßt;
Nun beug' ich mich, die Perlen aufzufangen,
Doch Flammen nur trink' ich von deinen Augen."

„Du liebſt ſo hoch, du holdeſte der Frauen,
Du Roſe Kaſhmirs mit dem Tauſendblatt,
Dir Weltenſpiegel in das Auge ſchauen,
Würd' Indra ſelbſt in Ewigkeit nicht ſatt;
Doch fern von dir auf deine Treue bauen,
Dazu iſt ſelbſt mein kühner Flug zu matt,
Und hätt' ich Macht, würd' ich zu prüfen wagen,
Wie treu, Kumela, mir dein Herz geſchlagen."

„Denn eher wollt' mit zweifelhaften Schaaren
Ich einen zwiefach ſtärkern Feind beſtehn,
Und eher wollte ich mein Ohr bewahren,
Vor Schmeichlern, und der Eitelkeit entgehn,
Ja, eher ſelbſt des Prieſters Trug erfahren
Und von der Wahrheit jede Wolke wehn, —
Eh' ich auf Weibertreue wollte bauen
Und glauben, daß mir klar das Herz der Frauen!"

Er rief's im Zorn, denn ſeine Lippe blutet,
Und wie im Kampfe pocht ſein feurig Herz;
Sie ſchaut empor, von dunklem Haar umfluthet,
Anmuthig ſpielt um ihren Mund der Scherz,
Doch ob der Stolz auch ihrer Wange gluthet,
Bald ſchwimmt ihr Aug' in weichem Liebesſchmerz,
Und zwiſchen Leid und Stolz und Lächeln wankend
Hebt ſie ihr Wort, den Liebling feſt umrankend.

Kennſt du die Zahl der unzählbaren Sterne,
Sahſt du die Wunder in des Meeres Blau,
Kannſt du dich ſchwingen zu des Himmels Ferne,
Herniederträufeln mit der Nächte Thau,
Und niederſteigen zu dem Erdenkerne?
Dann liegt dir offen auch das Herz der Frau.
Doch kannſt du's nicht erreichen und erſchauen,
So glaube nur dem holden Wort der Frauen."

„Denn wohnt die Wahrheit in dem Kreiſ der Sterne,
Und ſchläft die Gottheit in des Meeres Blau,
Und reicht die Hoffnung in des Himmels Ferne,
Und träufelt Segen in der Nächte Thau,
Und ruht ein Räthſel in dem Erdenkerne,
So ruht ein Räthſel in der Bruſt der Frau:
Doch fällt der Liebe Licht ins Herz der Frauen,
Kannſt du die Wunder aller Welt erſchauen."

„Mein kühnes Roß, antwortet er der Holden,
Wo fleuchſt du hin in deinem raſchen Zorn!
Du ſteigſt empor als Abendröthe golden
Und träufelſt Segen auf des Feldes Korn,
Du blühſt als Roſe unter Blumendolden,
Doch Roſe Kaſhmirs, dir auch blieb der Dorn;
Und konnt' ein Frauenherz den Mann belügen,
So wiſſ', Kumela, auch dein Herz kann trügen."

„Doch weil das Weib im ganzen Schöpfungsraume
Das höchſte Wunder und die ſchönſte Zier,
Drum wie mein Kaiſer glaubet ſeinem Traume,
So, Liebliche, glaubt auch Taimador dir;
Wiſſ', wenn ſich wieder an des Himmels Saume
Der Abend goldet, hofft Jehangir,
Es werd' das Bild, ſo ihm ein Traum gegeben,
Lebendig treten in ſein reiches Leben."

„Mit höchſtem Namen hat er es gekrönet,
Nur Jehan nennt er ſeines Lebens Licht,
Und ſie zu denken iſt ſein Herz gewöhnet,
Wenn er von Kaſhmirs hohen Wundern ſpricht;
Für ſie nur iſt ſein Shahlimar verſchönet
Mit allem Glanz, der Indias Krone flicht,
Um die Geheimnißvolle zu empfangen
Beim Roſenfeſt, das morgen wird begangen."

„Von dieſem Wahn, bei ſeinen Freuden allen,
Beſeligt bald und bald von ihm gequält,
Trat er noch nie in ſeines Harems Hallen,
Nur der Geliebten hat er ſich vermählt,
Die, wenn die Schleier aller Frauen fallen,
Ein jedes Herz zur Kaiſerin erwählt.
Denn wie dies Weib an Schönheit ohne Gleichen,
Soll auch ihr Herz an Treue keinem weichen!"

„Der Kaiſer weiß, was kluge Spötter raunen
Sich in das Ohr von ſeinem Götterbild,
Doch feſt umſtrickt von zauberiſchen Launen
Jagt er im Geiſt das unſichtbare Wild,
Und ſo berauſcht von trunkenem Erſtaunen
Verfolgte er's durch Wälder und Gefild,
Bis ihm ein Traum verſprach den Preis der Frauen
In Kaſhmirs Thal, in Shahlimar zu ſchauen."

Taimador ſchweigt. Doch was ſein Mund geſprochen,
Wird ſchnell zum Zauber für Kumela's Herz.
Nicht wird er mehr von Küſſen unterbrochen,
Von heitrer Lieb' erfinderiſchem Scherz.
„Fühl', ſchmeichelt ſie, dies ungeduld'ge Pochen,
Sprich, iſt es Wonne, oder iſt es Schmerz?
Es iſt ein tiefes, brennendes Verlangen,
Beim Feſt zu ſein, das morgen wird begangen."

„Nicht eitle Neugier, ſeine Pracht zu ſchauen,
Des Kaiſergartens wunderbaren Glanz,
Die Zelte, die ſich in die Lüfte bauen,
Nicht Mädchenluſt an buntem Spiel und Tanz;
Nur ſie zu ſehn, die Herrlichſte der Frauen,
Die ſchönſte Blume in dem ſchönſten Kranz,
Die Treuſte auch, — wenn Treue iſt zu loben, —
Sie möcht' ich ſchau'n, zur Kaiſerin erhoben."

„Mir droht der Tod, laß ich mich dorten finden,
Doch fürchte nichts, ich werde nicht entdeckt,
Im tiefen Schatten dichter Tamarinden
Lauſch' ich hervor, vor Lauſchern wohl verſteckt.
O ſei mir hold! o laß dich überwinden!
Du haſt dein Reh zu kühnem Lauf erweckt;
Es fleucht dahin zum Feſte der Gefahren,
Drum ſorge du, dein ſcheues Wild zu wahren."

Taimador ſchrickt von ihrem Wunſch betroffen;
Zu unerbittlich ſtraft ſich ſolch Vergehn.
Doch Frauen wiſſen nicht allein zu hoffen,
Sie wiſſen auch ihr Hoffen zu erflehn.
Kumela's Herz iſt nur dem Wunſche offen,
Wie ſoll ihr Freund noch länger widerſtehn?
Je mehr er warnt, mit um ſo hold'rer Rede
Führt ſie zum Sieg die erſte Liebesfehde.

Und wunderbar! Kaum giebt er ſich gefangen,
Glüht Shahlimar in heller Flammenpracht,
In tauſend Farben ſeine Zinnen prangen,
Und tauſend Feuer ſprühen durch die Nacht;
Kumela deckt ihr Angeſicht voll Bangen,
Indeß der Freund ſie ſcherzend ſo verlacht:
„Vielleicht hat Jehangir ſein Lieb gefunden
Und hält, wie ich, das Licht der Welt umwunden."

„Mag Jehangir mit tauſend Sonnen prunken,
Für meine Liebe iſt ſein Gold zu ſchwach!"
Sie ſpricht's und von dem Munde ſchon getrunken
Hat ihr Taimador, was ſie ſchwörend ſprach.
Sie ſchmiegt ſich auf, an ſeine Bruſt geſunken,
Ihr ganzes Weſen iſt ein flammend Ach. —
Es ruht das Weib im Arme ihres Gatten,
Und Schweigen wohnt im kühlen Blüthenſchatten.

Neu Regiment.

Aus:

Jürgen Wullenweber.

Der Frühling war ins Land gezogen,
Und ſtreute Blüthen drüber her,
Und hundert weiße Segel flogen
Mit friſchen Laſten in das Meer;
Das junge Leben brach die Hülle
Und ſchaute keck aus ſeiner Nacht
Zu ſchaffen, was voll Kraft und Fülle
Uns glücklich und zufrieden macht.

Da iſt manch fröhlich Lied erklungen
Im Schenkhaus bei dem deutſchen Bier,
Doch auch manch Spottlied ward geſungen
Am Abend vor der Rathsherrn Thür;
Da war kein Bürger mehr verlegen,
Verlangte er ſein gutes Recht;
Doch trieb's auch Mancher zu verwegen,
Der früher war ein feiler Knecht.

's iſt anders nicht, wenn friſche Kräfte
Sich fühlen und in Gährung ſind,
Treibt doch der Wein auch ſchlechte Säfte,
Bevor er rein und golden rinnt:
Ein Mann, der lange lag in Banden,
Der taumelt, ſieht er ſich befreit:
So war auch in den Lübſchen Landen
Traun! eine wunderbare Zeit.

Nur Einer blieb im Glück gelaſſen,
Still ſammelnd, was ihm ſei zu Nutz,
Und wußt' in ſeiner Hand zu faſſen
So Schild als Speer zu Schutz und Trutz.

Er ließ die Saaten ruhig keimen,
Sah er den Acker gut beſtellt;
Er war ein Stab den jungen Bäumen,
Ein Schirmvogt für das Erntefeld.

Der Jürgen in der engen Gaſſe,
Der kleine arme Handelsmann,
Der hier der Furcht und dort dem Haſſe
Den ſtolzen Einfluß abgewann,
Er war fürwahr der einzig Freie
Und wußte auch, daß er es war,
Und wußte auch, daß keine Treue
Im Purpur wohnt und im Talar.

Traut nicht der Prieſter Rath und Tadel,
Zum Volk hält ſich der Schwarzrock nicht,
Er liebet Gold und Macht und Adel,
So demuthsvoll ſein Mund auch ſpricht:
So klang auch durch die neue Lehre
Manch Wort von Abfall und Gefahr,
Und wie ein Volk der Zeiten Schwere
Verſchuldet, weil es treulos war;

Vom ew'gen Recht der eingeſetzten,
Von Gott geweihten Obrigkeit,
Und Warnung denen, die verletzten,
Was alt und heilig durch die Zeit;
Ob auch des Lenzes Duft und Kühle
Ins Freie ruft zu Tanz und Luſt,
Es lagert mälig Angſt und Schwüle
Sich wie ein Alp auf jede Bruſt.

Und Mancher denkt in ſeinem Bangen:
Die alte Zeit war doch nicht ſchlecht,
Da trug man weiter kein Verlangen,
Als was dem Rathe eben recht;
Heut wird ſo viel heraufbeſchworen;
Am Beſten iſt — das Volk bleibt dumm;
Regiere, wer dazu geboren,
Und ſonſt kein Teufel ſcher' ſich drum!

Und manch ſpitzfindiger Geſelle
Sprach mit dem Finger an der Naſ':
O thöricht iſt die überſchnelle
Veränderung, glaubt's nur, Frau Baſ';
Der Fortſchritt ſchreite fein bedächtig,
Wie eine Jungfer züchtig aus,
Heut aber kehrt ja übermächtig
Das Volk mit Eins das ganze Haus.

Und Mancher, der wohl in den Kohlen
Sah die Kaſtanien weiß und gar,
Doch aus dem Feuer ſie zu holen
Zu zaghaft und gewitzigt war,
Der ſchalt auf Alle hier und drüben
Aus Aerger, daß er nichts erwiſcht,
Und daß, ſo lang er auch im Trüben,
Er doch nichts Rechtes ſich erfiſcht.

Und viele von den Geiſtesträgen
Und von den Ueberklugen auch,
Die ſprachen langſam: Meinetwegen,
Und blieſen in die Luft den Rauch,
Sie zogen ruhig ihre Mützen
Sich übers Ohr bei Tag und Nacht
Und gähnten laut: Was ſoll das nützen,
Wenn ich das Leben durchgebracht!

Und fleißig ſchürt der Gährung Feuer
Der Rathsherrn und der Junker Hand,
Und mancher Prieſter wurde theuer
Erworben durch den Kaufmannsſtand.
Es hieß, die Stadt hat ſchwer geſündigt
Vor Menſchen und des Höchſten Thron —
Bis plötzlich ward dem Volk verkündigt:
Die Bürgermeiſter ſei'n entflohn.

Das klang wie Donner in die Ohren,
Und Alles läuft und Alles rennt;
Was giebt's? — Weh uns! wir ſind verloren!
Sind ohne Rath und Regiment;
Schon bricht der Pöbel aus den Gaſſen,
Stürmt lärmend in die Häuſer ein,
Zertrümmert, was er kann erfaſſen,
Berauſcht in dem geſtohl'nen Wein.

Da eilet Jürgen durch die Menge
Und freudig macht ihm Jeder Bahn,
Und lärmend woget das Gedränge
Zum Rathhaus mit dem kühnen Mann;
Verſammelt ſind die Senatoren,
Doch zitternd, jedes Worts beraubt,
Denn ſeit die Häupter ſie verloren,
Verlor ein jeder faſt ſein Haupt.

Der Jürgen ſprang auf die Tribüne
Und donnernd rief er zum Senat:
Ihr alle haftet uns zur Sühne
Für den geſponnenen Verrath!
Ihr wußtet von der Flucht der Beiden,
Des Brömſen und des Plönnies, ſchon
Und mochtet dennoch ruhig leiden,
Daß ihrem Eidſchwur ſie entflohn!

Ihr wußtet alle von dem Bunde,
Ihr wußtet, wie es kommen ſollt',
Wenn ſich das Volk in dieſer Stunde
Hat müd' und blutig ausgetollt,
Daß jene Beiden wollten kehren
In die zertretne arme Stadt,
Um ſtolz mit altem Recht und Ehren
Zu herrſchen hier mit dem Senat!

Da ſah man ſich das Volk erdreiſten
Zu manchem ſchlimmen Fluch und Wort;
Hier drohte Einer mit den Fäuſten,
Mit Beil und Schwert ein Andrer dort.
Schon drängte es mit lautem Grimme
Auf die erbleichten Rathsherren ein;
Doch Jürgen rief mit mächt'ger Stimme:
Halt Brüder, Gott ſoll Richter ſein!

Gott und das Recht, ſo wir beſchworen,
Ihr Volkstribunen, tretet vor,
Aus Eurer Mitte ſei erkoren,
Was heute unſre Stadt verlor;
Das Siegel nehmt aus ihren Händen;
Das Volk ſich ſelber führen kann;
Und Segen wird der Himmel ſpenden:
Neu Regiment bricht heute an!

Volksgunſt.

Aus:

Jürgen Wullenweber.

Ein großes Herz verſtehen
Kann nur ein großes Herz,
Drum müſſen auch vergehen
Einſam in ihrem Schmerz
Die Schönen und die Guten,
Sie müſſen ſtumm verbluten
Und können, was ſie tragen,
Nur ihrem Gotte klagen.

O, ihr Lebendigtodten,
Wie ſprecht ihr doch ſo klug;
Seht ihr den Patrioten
Erdulden Leids genug,
Ihr ſtreicht Euch Stirn und Scheitel
Und ſprechet ſehr vergnügt:
Der Mann war gar zu eitel!
Gut, daß er unterliegt!

Nichts ändert den Philiſter,
Dem Himmel ſei's geklagt!
Was man ihn lehrt, vergißt er,
Und ſchläft, ſo oft es tagt;
Ihm bleibt der Freiheit Wonne
Für immer ein Problem,
Und wie das Licht der Sonne
Dünkt ſie ihm unbequem.

Und immer iſt befliſſen
Ein heuchleriſch Geſchmeiß,
Und fabelt von Gewiſſen
Und wie die Hölle heiß;
Weh allen Neuerungen!
Der Pöbelherrſchaft weh!
Das iſt der glatten Zungen
Der Pfaffen Abc.

Der Adel mußte ſchweigen,
Wie auch ſein Haß ſich regt;
Der Prieſter doch will zeigen,
Wie hoch das Herz ihm ſchlägt;
Das Reich im Münſterlande,
Des Fanatismus Reich,
Stellt er — ha Fluch und Schande!
Der edeln Freiheit gleich.

O Mann voll Kraft und Liebe,
O edler Demagog!
Dein Licht ward matt und trübe,
So oft der Pfaffe log!
Der Jürgen zwar, der kühne,
Hält feſt noch Schwert und Stab,
Und wirft von heil'ger Bühne
Die Eiferer hinab.

Doch im Geheimen ſchaffen
Des Lichtes Feinde viel,
Die Junker und die Pfaffen,
Sie treiben arges Spiel;
Und ſie zu unterſtützen
Dringt bis an Lübecks Thor
Mit donnernden Geſchützen
Der König Chriſtian vor.

Zwar Marcus Meier lachte,
So laut der Feind auch droht,
Weil er die Stadt bewachte
Und ſchirmt' vor jeder Noth.
Zwar lebt in Luſt und Freuden
Der Bürger wie zuvor,
Doch ſpricht's von nahen Leiden
In des Erſchreckten Ohr.

Zwar iſt der Hanſa worden
Gewalt und hoher Ruhm,
Und Lübeck hat im Norden
Ein eigen Königthum,
Von England überkommen
Sind jüngſt zehntauſend Pfund,
Und gute Mähr vernommen
Aus Schweden und vom Sund.

Doch hat an dieſem Kriege
Der Bürger nur Verdruß,
Weil er für ferne Siege
Daheim ſich ärgern muß,
Denn ach, die Gärten alle
Gelegen vor der Stadt, —
Man ſieht es von dem Walle —
Der Feind verwüſtet hat.

Das kann er nicht ertragen,
Der Bürger reich und frei,
Drum ſehnt mit lauten Klagen
Den Frieden er herbei,
Und denkt voll tiefem Leide
Ans alte Regiment,
Weil ſeine liebe Freude,
Sein Gartenhäuschen brennt!

Ein großes Herz verſtehen
Kann nur ein großes Herz,
Drum müſſen auch vergehen
Einſam in ihrem Schmerz
Die Schönen und die Guten,
Sie müſſen ſtumm verbluten
Und können, was ſie tragen,
Nur ihrem Gotte klagen.

„Wohlan, von Lübecks Mauern
Sei denn der Krieg verbannt,
Doch ſoll er furchtbar dauern,
Bis mein das dän'ſche Land;
Iſt hier des Krieges müde
Der ſchwankende Senat,
Nicht werde dorten Friede,
Bis reif der Freiheit Saat!“

So ohne eitle Klage
Wich unſer Held dem Zwang,
Und ſorgt bei dem Vertrage,
Daß Vortheil er errang;
Doch hier auch hingehalten
Von Manchem, der ihn haßt,
Fühlt er den Rath der Alten,
Der leiſe ihn erfaßt.

Da ſprach er zur Gemeine
Voll Schmerz: „Wie Ihr gewollt,
Iſt Frieden — nur zum Scheine,
Denn horcht, der Donner rollt; —
Ich wollt' den Stillſtand nützen,
Doch ſtimmten die nicht ein,
Die hier zu Rathe ſitzen,
Und ich — muß ruhig ſein!“

Doch bald mit Marcus Meier
Erſann er einen Plan,
Der raſcher ihn und freier
Ließ ſchreiten ſeine Bahn;
Er brach die letzten Schranken;
Sein eigner Halt und Rath,
Erzwang er abzudanken
Tribüne und Senat.

Der muth'ge Mann verſöhnte
Sich bald mit dem Geſchick,
Die Werbetrommel dröhnte
Und lud zum Kriegesglück;
Da ſcholl's auf allen Pfaden
Am Elb- und Weſerſtrand:
Die Herrn von Lübeck laden
Zum Dienſt ins dän'ſche Land.

Marcus, der kühne Degen,
Schifft ſich nach Seeland ein,
Warf ſich dem Glück entgegen,
Ein Spiel des Glücks zu ſein.
Und Wullenweber webte
Weithin ſein ſtark Geſchlecht,
Das mächtig vorwärts ſtrebte,
Für Freiheit, Lehr' und Recht.

Ein großes Herz verſtehen
Kann nur ein großes Herz,
Drum müſſen auch vergehen
Einſam in ihrem Schmerz
Die Schönen und die Guten,
Sie müſſen ſtumm verbluten,
Und können, was ſie tragen,
Nur ihrem Gotte klagen.

Günther Karl Wilhelm Nicol

ward am 14 Juni 1806 in Göttingen geboren, und hatte in ſeiner Jugend mit vielen Widerwärtigkeiten zu kämpfen, bis endlich ein wohlwollender Mann, der Prätor Daſſel in Lüneburg, für ihn ſorgte und ihn erziehen und von 1827—30 die Rechte in ſeiner Vaterſtadt ſtudiren ließ. N. ließ ſich ſpäter als Advocat zu Aerzen bei Hameln nieder, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt.

Von ihm erſchien:

Gedichte. Hannover 1846.
Viele Gedichte, Aufſätze, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften (Geſellſchafter, Komet) u. ſ. w.

Warmes Gefühl, Innigkeit und Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form zeichnen G.'s poetiſche Leiſtungen vortheilhaft aus. —

Winterblumen.

1.

Eisblumen malt der kalte Winter hin
Und Arabesken an die Fenſterſcheiben,
Und Sonnenſtrahlen läßt er um ſie ſprühn,
Auf daß ſie Diamanten-Schimmer ſtäuben.

Das iſt wohl eine eiſig kalte Pracht,
Doch ſteigt kein Duft aus dieſen Eiſesblüthen,
Und ſchmerzlich hab' ich an den Lenz gedacht,
An ſeine Roſen, die ſchon längſt verglühten.

Was ſoll mir dieſer flimmernde Kryſtall?
Spielt um ihn auch des Sonnenſtrahls Gekoſe,
Es denkt mein Geiſt an eine Nachtigall,
An Gluth und Gruß der ſchönen Frühlings-Roſe.

2.

Der Winter ſprach: Zu öde iſt mein Raum,
Zum Süden ſind die Sänger hingeflogen,
Doch hab' ich einen wunderbaren Baum,
Der iſt vom Märchenklange hold umzogen.

Es iſt ein Baum mit immergrünem Zweig,
Ich ſende ihn in Hütten und Paläſte,
Wie werden alle Herzen liebesreich,
Wenn er ſein Gold ausſtrahlt am ſchönen Feſte!

Es glänzt der Baum in heller Kerzenpracht,
Es tönt um ihn ein wunderlieblich Klingen,
So lieblich, wie wenn in der Maien-Nacht
In ſchlanker Tann' die Nachtigallen ſingen.

Kennſt du den Baum? dein Aug' wird thränenfeucht,
Schauſt du der Jugend blaue Abendferne?
Wie magiſch ſich ihr Abendroth dir zeigt?
Und wie ſie ſtrahlen, deiner Jugend Sterne?

Es weht aus dieſem Baum ein ſüßer Duft,
Als ob ihn Lenz, mein Bruder, ausgehauchet,
Als ob ihn der in maienwürzge Luft,
In alle ſeine Roſen eingetauchet.

Und ſchimmert er in goldnem Kerzen-Brand,
So werden Jugendmärchen dich umfließen,
So reichſt du mir mit Liebe doch die Hand
Und wirſt den greiſen Winter innig grüßen. —

Es ſtrahlet ob des Winters weißer Gruft
Das Kerzengold der grünen Weihnachtsbäume,
Es wallt in alle Herzen Lenzesduft
Und Engelluſt der blauen Himmelsräume.

Johannes Niederer

ward 1778 in Appenzell geboren, ſtudirte Theologie und bekleidete ſchon geraume Zeit ein Pfarramt, das er jedoch 1800 aufgab, um ſich mit Peſtalozzi zu verbinden, an deſſen pädagogiſchen Unternehmungen er ſich auf das Lebhafteſte betheiligte. Nachdem er ſich wieder von demſelben getrennt hatte, ließ er ſich mit ſeiner ausgezeichneten Gattin in Genf nieder, wo er 1845 ſtarb.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Pädagogiſche Rede. Zürich 1830.

Peſtalozzi's Erziehungsunternehmen im Verhältniß zur Zeitkultur. 2 Bde. Stuttg. 1812—13.

Briefe von 1797 bis 1803. Herausgegeben von ſeiner Wittwe. Genf 1846.

Unter Allen, welche über Peſtalozzi's Syſtem, Lebensanſicht und Wirkſamkeit geſchrieben haben, war N. unbedingt der Geiſtreichſte und Befähigteſte und es iſt lebhaft zu bedauern, daß er, trotz vielfacher Aufforderung, nicht mehr darüber veröffentlichte.

Roſette Niederer.

des Vorigen Gemahlin, hieß mit ihrem Mädchennamen Kaſthofer, und ward am 3 November 1779 in Bern geboren. Noch ſehr jung faßte ſie das lebendigſte Intereſſe für Peſtalozzi's Unternehmungen, ſchloß ſich ihm an und wurde, als er ſich in Yverdun niederließ, die Vorſteherin einer Mädchen-Erziehungsanſtalt, mit der ſie eine Bildungsſchule für Erzieherinnen und Lehrerinnen verband und welche ſie ſpäter nach Genf verlegte, weil ihr dort bedeutendere Mittel zu Gebote ſtanden. Mit jugendlicher Kraft und zugleich reifſter Einſicht und klarſter Beſonnenheit hat ſie in dieſem Kreiſe durch eine lange Reihe von Jahren, nicht ſelten mit großen Opfern von ihrer Seite, auf das Segensreichſte gewirkt.

Die von ihr herausgegebenen Schriften:

Blicke in das Weſen der weiblichen Erziehung. Berlin 1828.

Dramatiſche Jugendſpiele. Arau 1838.

ſind jede in ihrer Art vortrefflich und können Aeltern und Erziehern nicht dringend genug empfohlen werden.

Eduard Maria Oettinger

ward am neunzehnten November 1808 in Breslau geboren, erhielt eine treffliche wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, hatte aber das Unglück, daß ſein früher ſehr wohlhabender Vater ſein ganzes Vermögen verlor, und er ſich dadurch genöthigt ſah, ſeine Studien zu unterbrechen und ſelbſt für ſein weiteres Fortkommen auf dem Gebiete der Wiſſenſchaft wie des Lebens ſorgen zu müſſen. Er ging nun nach Wien, wo ſich der als Volksdichter und Journaliſt rühmlich bekannte Bäuerle äußerſt wohlwollend ſeiner annahm und ihn veranlaßte, ſeine jungen geiſtigen Kräfte zu verſuchen. Die raſch entſtandene Kritik eines neuen Luſtſpiels, die erſte öffentliche Leiſtung aus O.'s Feder fand außergewöhnlichen Beifall und beſtimmte ihn Journaliſt zu werden. Nachdem er drei Jahre lang an Bäuerle's „Theaterzeitung" als Mitarbeiter gewirkt und durch gelungene und glückliche Artikel ſich Anerkennung erworben hatte, ging er 1828 nach Berlin, wo er anfangs an der Schnellpoſt von Sapphir thätigen Antheil nahm, dann aber 1829 ein eigenes humoriſtiſch ſatyriſches Journal „Eulenſpiegel" gründete, das ſich bald eines großen Kreiſes von Leſern erfreute, aber auch viele Gegner fand. Drückende Cenſurverhältniſſe bewogen nun O. nach München überzuſiedeln, wo er ebenfalls ein neues Journal „das ſchwarze Geſpenſt" gründete. Dies ward jedoch, weil es höhern Ortes Mißfallen erregt hatte, verboten und O., nachdem er gerichtlich von der Beſchuldigung des Verbrechens beleidigter Majeſtät freigeſprochen worden, der fernere Aufenthalt in Baiern unterſagt. Er machte nun größere Reiſen, namentlich in Frankreich und den Niederlanden und wandte ſich dann im Jahre 1830 nach Berlin, wo er ſein Journal „Eulenſpiegel" wieder in das Leben rief, daſſelbe aber bereits 1831 eines gewaltſamen Todes ſterben ſah. O. gründete nun eine neue humoriſtiſche Zeitſchrift „Figaro," die er bis 1835 fortführte, ſich jedoch aus leicht erklärlichen Rückſichten nicht öffentlich zur Redaction bekannte, obwohl der Inhalt derſelben zum größern Theil allein von ihm herrührte. Die Verweigerung der Conceſſion zu einem neuen Journal beſtimmte ihn jetzt, Hamburg zu ſeinem Wohnſitz zu erwählen. Hier gründete er ein neues Journal „Argus," das er bis 1838 mit großem Beifall redigirte; eine Einladung Bäuerle's beſtimmte ihn jedoch nach Wien zurückzukehren und ſeine Kräfte der „Theaterzeitung" zu widmen; der Aufenthalt in der Kaiſerſtadt ward ihm jedoch polizeilich verweigert. Ein Gleiches widerfuhr ihm in München, wohin er ſich gewandt hatte. Nachdem er nun eine Zeitlang in der Schweiz, dann in Stuttgart, und darauf in Mainz verweilt, faßte er den Entſchluß, ſich für immer in Frankreich nieder zu laſſen, allein ſehr günſtige Anerbietungen des Buchhändlers Hoff in Mannheim bewogen ihn, dort hinzugehen und die Journale „der politiſche Poſtillon" und die „belletriſtiſche Staffette" zu redigiren, ſo wie ſpäter die von ihm geſtiftete „Gaſthofszeitung." — Von Mannheim wandte er ſich darauf nach Leipzig, wo er noch lebt, und den von ihm gegründeten „Charivari" herausgiebt.

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Das ſchwarze Geſpenſt. Taſchenbuch für Satire, Ironie und Perſiflage ohne Goldſchnitt. 2 Bde. 12. Frankfurt a. M. 1830. Zweite Auflage, 2 Bde. 12. ebendaſ. 1836.

Das weiße Geſpenſt. Blätter für Scherz und Ernſt. 8. Leipzig 1831. Zweite Auflage, 8. ebendaſ. 1838.
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Buch der Liebe. Gedichte, 12. Berlin 1832. Zweite Auflage, 12. 1835. Dritte Auflage, 12. Leipzig 1846.
Der confiscirte Eulenſpiegel oder das Buch der Hundertachtundzwanzig. Nebſt Briefen an und von Friedrich Wilhelm III., König von Preußen. 2 Bde. 8. Hamburg 1835.
Eau de mille fleurs. Pariſer Roman. 2 Bde. 8. Hamburg 1835.
Marabouts. Federſchmuck aus dem Reiche der Satire, des Humors und der Frivolität. 8. Hamburg 1835.
Faſhionable Dummheiten. Humoriſtiſch-ſatiriſche Skizzen aus der Beau Monde. 8. Hamburg 1836.
Dramatiſche Deſſerts. Luſtſpiele, 2 Bde. 8. Hamburg 1836—37.
Panache. Dreifarbige Novelletten. 2 Bde. 8. Hamburg 1837.
Der Ring des Noſtradamus. Hiſtoriſch-romantiſche Skizzen des franzöſiſchen Hoflebens von 1515—1821. 3 Bde. 8. Leipzig 1838. Zweite Auflage, 3 Bde. 8. ebendaſ. 1845.
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Onkel Zebra. Memoiren eines Epikuräers. 7 Theile. 16. Leipzig 1842—43. Zweite wohlfeile Ausgabe. 2 Bde. 16. ebendaſ. 1846. Ins Holländiſche überſetzt. 2 Bde. 8. Amſterdam 1845.
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Spontini, biographiſche Skizze. 16. Leipzig 1843.
Narren-Almanach für die Jahre 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847. 5. Bde. 12. enthaltend folgende Erzählungen:

Magliabecchi. — Jonathan Dibbs. — Die beiden Crebillon. — Marie Antoinette. — Herr von [illegible]. — Gaston. — Amanda Meyer. — [illegible]. — [illegible]. — Labourdonnais. — [illegible]. — † † †. — [illegible]. — [illegible]. — Grimod de la Reynière. — Graf St. Germain. — [illegible]. — [illegible]. — Eine ganz verrückte Idee. — Rossini. — Der ewige Jude. — [illegible]. — Jacob Paul Gundling. — [illegible]. — [illegible]. — [illegible]. — Der ſchwarze [illegible] oder Limonade, Marmelade und Orgeade. — [illegible], [illegible] und Thymian. —

Joujoux. Humoriſtiſch-ſatiriſches Leſekabinet. 7 Bde. 16. Leipzig 1843—47.
Lucy (Novelle). Zweite Auflage, 16. Leipzig 1845. Zum erſten Male unter dem Titel „Redberry“ im erſten Bande des Narren-Almanachs.
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Graf St. Germain. 16. Leipzig 1846. Zweite Auflage der im zweiten Bande des Narren-Almanachs abgedruckten Novelle gleichen Namens.
Roſſini. Komiſcher Roman, 2. Bde. 8. Leipzig 1847. Zweite vermehrte Auflage der im dritten Bande des Narren-Almanachs erſchienenen Erzählung gleichen Titels.

2. Zur Bibliographie gehörig.

Archives historiques, contenant une classification chronologique de 17,000 ouvrages pour servir à l'étude de l'histoire de tous les siècles et de toutes les nations. gr. 8. Carlsruhe et Paris 1841 *).
Bibliotheca Shahiludii, Bibliothèque du jeu des Echecs, Bibliothek des Schachſpiels. 8. Leipzig 1844.
Karl Otto Reventlow oder die Mnemonik in ihrer höchſten Ausbildung, nebſt einem Anhang, enthaltend die Literatur der Mnemonik. gr. 8. Leipzig 1843.

Anonym erſchienen.

Eheſtands-Grammatik oder Anleitung, eine Frau ſo zu dreſſiren, daß ſie auf jeden Wink gehorcht und ſanft wie ein Lamm wird. Ein Noth- und Hilfsbüchlein für alle Ehemänner. 16. Leipzig 1844. (Von dieſer Broſchüre ſind bis jetzt mehr als 12,000 Exemplare abgeſetzt worden.)
Lola Montez. 16. Leipzig 1847.

4. Schriften anderer Verfaſſer, von Oettinger eingeleitet und herausgegeben.

Helene. Ein Fehdebrief an die Geſellſchaft. Aus den Papieren einer Dame 12. Leipzig 1843.
Thomas Morus und ſein berühmtes Werk Utopia, mit bio- und bibliographiſcher Einleitung von E. M. Oettinger. 12. Leipzig 1846.

Ueberſetzungen.

Briefe Napoleons an die Kaiſerin Joſephine. 12. Berlin 1833.
Jenny. Novelle von Paul de Kock. 12. Leipzig 1843.

Oettinger zeichnet ſich als ſatyriſcher Schriftſteller durch große Lebendigkeit, Keckheit, Friſche, Witz und farbenſatte Darſtellung aus; ſeine Leiſtungen auf dieſem Gebiete erhalten einen eigenthümlichen Reiz, beſonders dadurch, daß er die Ereigniſſe der Gegenwart mit ſcharfem Blicke aufzufaſſen und mit leichter und gewandter, aber ſicherer Hand der Menge darzuſtellen verſteht, indem er dieſe durch Anmuth und Eigenthümlichkeit der äußeren Einkleidung zu feſſeln weiß, während hinter anſcheinendem Uebermuth und ſchalkhaftem, nicht ſelten überſprudelndem Muthwillen ſich bei ihm oft ein tiefer Ernſt birgt. Freundlichere Verhältniſſe der periodiſchen Preſſe, als wir uns deren zu erfreuen haben, würden einem ſo entſchiedenen Talente einen ganz anderen Wirkungskreis einräumen, als ihm je derſelbe in Deutſchland zu Theil werden kann. — Noch glücklicher iſt O. eigentlich als Liederdichter; Innigkeit, Wärme, Phantaſie und Tiefe des Gefühls ſind ſeinen lyriſchen Productionen eigen, und viele derſelben, von Componiſten mit Geſchick behandelt, bereits Eigenthum des Volkes geworden. Auch in wiſſenſchaftlicher Hinſicht und zwar auf einem Felde, von dem man glauben ſollte, es läge einem nur der Gegenwart zugewendeten Geiſte ganz fern, auf dem Gebiete der Bücherkunde nämlich hat ſich O. allgemeine Anerkennung erworben. Seine bibliographiſchen Arbeiten ſind mit gründlicher Kenntniß und ſeltenem Fleiße ausgeſtattet und bieten dem Fachgelehrten treffliche Hülfsmittel dar. —

Das Geheimniß einer Gondel.

1.

In keiner Stadt Italiens fühlt ſich der Fremde ſo ſehr zu verliebten Abenteuern angeregt, als in Venedig. Woher das kommt, woran das liegt, das weiß ich nicht; doch wird Jeder, der ein Paar Wochen in der alten Venusſtadt (Venise aussi belle que Venus) verlebt hat, ſich und mir eingeſtehen müſſen, daß er beim Anblick jeder geſchloſſenen Gondel, bis an der ſeinigen vorübergehuſcht iſt, einen Anflug von Neugier und etwas Sehnſucht nach irgend einem Abenteuer in ſich verſpürt haben wird.

Venedig hat gegen tauſend Gondeln. Eine ſieht wie die andere aus: lang, ſchmal und einförmig ſchwarz wie ein ſchwimmender Sarg. Dieſe gleichförmige Trauerfarbe iſt die Folge eines uralten Geſetzes, das unter der Herrſchaft des dreiundachtzigſten Dogen Hieronimo Priuli — zwiſchen 1559 und 1567 — erlaſſen worden war, um dem mehr und mehr um ſich greifenden Luxus der Nobili, die ſich, wetteifernd in möglichſt prachtvoller Ausſchmückung ihrer Fahrzeuge, gegenſeitig zu Grunde richteten, das Ziel zu ſetzen, daß alle Gondeln gleichmäßig ſchwarz bekleidet werden mußten; aber eben dieſe Farbe der Trauer verleiht jeder dieſer Gondeln einen geheimnißvollen Anſtrich, der ſie, namentlich in den Augen des Fremden, äußerſt anziehend macht.

— — — — — — — — — — — — —

Ich war ſchon zwölf Tage in Venedig und ſehnte mich nach einem Abenteuer, wie ein junger Dichter nach der erſten Aufführung ſeines erſten Bühnenſtücks. Vom frühen Morgen bis in die ſpäte Nacht durchſtreifte ich den wirren Knäuel ſchmaler Seitengaſſen — Calle genannt — ohne das zu finden, was ich ſuchte.

Verdrießlich beſtieg ich eines Abends — zwiſchen Zehn und Elf — am Traghetto della Santa Salute — nicht fern von meiner Wohnung — meine Gondel, um mich beim blaſſen Scheine des Mondes und einer glühenden Havannah-Cigarre durch den Canal grande fahren zu laſſen.

Eine Stimme des Herzens, die mich noch niemals getäuſcht hatte, ſchien mir zuzuflüſtern:

— Heute wirſt Du finden, was Du ſeit acht Tagen vergebens geſucht haſt.

Mit dem Rücken am ſchwarzen Maroquin-Kiſſen meiner Gondel angelehnt, ſchaute ich durch die offenen Fenſter in die taghelle Mondnacht hinaus und träumte von ſchwarzen Augen und weißen Auſtern, von würzigen Lippen und duftendem Orangeneis, von ſchwellenden Nacken und ſchäumendem Champagner. Und ſo oft eine Gondel an der meinigen vorüberfuhr, warf ich einen Blick hinein, um das zu erſpähen, was ich ſeit zwölf Tagen vergebens geſucht hatte.

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*) Eine neue, vielfach vermehrte Auflage dieſes verdienſtvollen [illegible] Werkes iſt unter der Preſſe und wird [illegible] bei Engelmann in Leipzig erſcheinen.

— Wieder ein Tag verloren, ſagte ich zu mir und ſuchte in einer meiner Rocktaſchen die Cigarrenbüchſe, um mir an den Trümmern meiner alten Regalia eine neue anzuzünden. Im Suchen ſtößt meine Hand auf ein kleines Buch, in dem ich, bei Luna's galanter Ampel, einen der vielgeleſenſten Romane der neuern Literatur Italiens, Cäſar Cantù's „Margarita Puſterla“ erkenne.

— Pietro, rufe ich meinem Führer zu, ſo eben habe ich in Deiner Gondel einen ganz allerliebſten Fund gemacht . . .

— Eine Börſe? fragte der Gondolier.

— Das weniger, aber ein Buch, von dem ich bereits in Mailand ſo viel Schönes gehört, daß ich ſchon dort mir ernſtlich vorgenommen hatte, die Bekanntſchaft dieſes vielgerühmten Romans zu machen. Du erlaubſt doch, daß ich ihn mit nach Hauſe nehmen darf? Es verſteht ſich von ſelbſt, daß ich ihn Dir wiedergebe . . .

— Ich kenne Sie zwar erſt ſeit zehn oder elf Tagen, halte Sie aber für ſo grundehrlich, daß ich Ihnen noch weit mehr als dies anvertrauen würde.

— Das iſt ſehr artig von Dir; das Beſte aber hätte ich beinahe vergeſſen. Ahnſt Du wohl, wem dieſes Buch gehören mag?

— Nein, lieber Herr!

— Nach dem Dufte zu urtheilen, der dieſem eleganten Einbande entſtrömt, gehört dies Buch einer weiblichen Boudoir-Bibliothek. Wen haſt Du zuletzt in Deiner Gondel geführt?

— Eine Dame.

— Kannteſt Du ſie?

— Nein, lieber Herr! Ihr Geſicht war tief verſchleiert.

— Fuhr ſie allein?

— Ganz allein.

— Und wohin?

— Nach dem Campo San Stefano, wo ſie ausſtieg.

— Ihr Wuchs?

— Impoſant!

— Charmant! Charmant! Und glaubſt Du, daß ſie noch jung iſt?

— Nach dem Tone ihrer Stimme zu ſchließen, muß ſie noch ſehr jung und, nach ihrer Ausſprache zu urtheilen, eine Fremde ſein.

— Eine Franzöſin?

— Ich wäre geneigt, ſie weit eher für eine Engländerin zu halten.

— Auch nicht übel! Ich liebe dieſe ſemmelblonden Schönen! Aber, Herzensjunge, wie erfahren wir die Wohnung dieſer Lady?

— Laſſen Sie dies meine Sorge ſein. Morgen mit Tagesanbruch laufe ich nach dem Stephansplatz und frage dort in jedem Hauſe: Wohnt hier eine große, ſchlanke Engländerin, welche geſtern Abend zwiſchen Neun und Zehn in der Gondel 92 ein kleines Buch vergeſſen hat . . . wie heißt das Ding? ſetzte er raſch hinzu.

— „Margarita Puſterla.“

— Ein Name, den der Teufel behalten kann! Sie müſſen die Güte haben, ihn mir aufzuſchreiben.

— Den Teufel?

— Den Namen des Buches.

— Sogleich, ſagte ich, zog meine Brieftaſche hervor und riß ein Blatt heraus, auf das ich den Titel meines Fundes ſchrieb. Hier, Pietro!

— Corpo di Cristo! erwiderte mein Gondolier, indem er ſich die langen, ſonnverbrannten Ohren rieb, das nützt mir ja auch nicht viel . . .

— Wie ſo? fragte ich in meiner Einfalt.

— Ach, Signor, ich kann ja nicht leſen . . .

— Dummkopf! wollte ich ſagen, beſann mich aber bald eines Beſſern und meinte, wozu auch? Leſen iſt Luxus; der Titel des Romanes iſt freilich etwas ſchwer zu behalten, aber deſto leichter wirſt Du Dir, wie ich hoffe, den Namen des Schriftſtellers merken. Er heißt Cäſar Cantù.

— Bravo, braviſſimo! Cäſar heißt der junge Hund meines alten Kameraden Beppo, und Cantù heißt Geſang. Den Namen, Signor, vergeſſe ich nicht!

— Alſo auf Wiederſehen, morgen früh, ſagte ich und verließ die Gondel, deren blankgeputzter Schnabel ſo eben am Traghetto della Santa Salute angelegt hatte.

2.

In meiner Wohnung angelangt, machte ich Licht, um mich auszukleiden und mit meiner „Margarita Puſterla“ zu Bett zu gehen.

Ich fange zu leſen an und leſe bis tief in die Nacht hinein. Der Roman, der ſeinem Autor den Beinamen eines italieniſchen Walter Scott verſchafft hat, iſt in mehrfacher Hinſicht höchſt intereſſant *). Bei einer der ſpannendſten Scenen, eben als ich das Blatt umwende, fällt aus dem Buche ein kleiner Zettel heraus.

Und was finde ich? Wohl hätte ich Luſt zu wetten, daß keiner von allen Leſern es errathen würde, und darum beeile ich mich, ſeine Neugier ſchleunigſt zu befriedigen.

Es war eines jener Papiere, die, ſprechende Zeugen augenblicklicher Geldverlegenheit, im bürgerlichen Leben ſchlechtweg „Pfandzettel“ genannt werden.

Die Inhaberin dieſes Zettels — der Name der verſetzenden Perſon iſt auf keinem derſelben angegeben — hatte ihren Shawl verſetzt, worauf ihr das kaiſerlich königliche Leihhaus — hier zu Lande monte di pietà genannt — (auch in Venedig ſteht es nicht für Mottenſchaden ein) armſelige 332 öſterreichiſche Zwanziger vorgeſchoſſen hatte.

— Das Pfand muß alſo, dachte ich bei mir, mindeſtens den dreifachen Werth dieſer Summe haben, folglich ein ganz reſpectabler Shawl ſein; eine Dame aber, die derlei koſtbare Shawls beſitzt, muß — gleichviel, ob ſie Franzöſin oder Engländerin iſt — vornehmen Standes ſein; in kleine augenblickliche Geldverlegenheiten kann ſich — durch Umſtände und Conſtellationen eigenthümlicher Art — ſelbſt die reichſte Frau verwickelt ſehen. Aber einerlei, ob die bewußte Dame reich oder arm, vornehm oder nicht vornehm ſein mag, ſie iſt jung, ihr Wuchs — ſagt Pietro — iſt impoſant . . . das genügt! Daß Milady augenblicklich nicht bei Kaſſe iſt, hat durchaus nichts zu ſagen. Im Gegentheil! dachte ich und ſchlug das Buch zu, um in Gedanken an ſie ſo ſchnell als möglich in die Welt der Träume hinüberzuſchlummern.

3.

Was und wovon ich in jener Nacht geträumt habe, kann Jeder errathen, der ſich einmal in gleicher oder auch nur ähnlicher Lage befunden hat. Nur ſo viel ſei geſagt, daß ich in meinem ganzen Leben nie ſo geläufig Engliſch geſprochen, als in jener ſchönen Nacht, die — wäre es nach meinem Wunſche gegangen — drei Mal länger als jede andere hätte dauern müſſen. Milady, ungemein liebevoll, beantwortete jede meiner Fragen mit einem äußerſt wohlthuenden „yes“ und geſtand mit ſchamgerötheter Wange und niedergeſchlagenen Augen ihre augenblickliche Geldverlegenheit . . . ich benutzte dies Geſtändniß, meine Großmuth zu zeigen, zog meine volle Börſe und . . . erwachte.

4.

Drei Stunden ſpäter — ich lag noch immer im Bette und vertiefte mich mehr und mehr in Cantù's „Margarita“ — vernahm ich ein ſchüchternes Klopfen an meiner Thür.

Kaum hatte ich herein gerufen, als mein lieber, treuer, dienſtwilliger Pietro, mit einem „buon giorno“ im Munde und ſeinem Strohhute in der Hand, vor meinem Bette ſtand.

— Was bringſt Du?

— Die gewünſchte Auskunft, lieber Herr! Auf dem Stephansplatze, Nummer 743, wohnt die bewußte Dame, die wir ſuchen. Sie iſt — wie ich mir gleich gedacht — eine Engländerin, heißt Lady Georgine Colbourn, thut entſetzlich vornehm und macht einen ſo unmenſchlich großen Aufwand, daß ſie im ganzen Seſtiere **) „des Nabobs Geliebte“ heißt.

— Iſt ſie verheirathet?

— Das weiß man nicht; ſo viel aber weiß der ganze Stephansplatz, daß Lady Georgine die gute Freundin eines alten, ſteinreichen, aber bodenlos geizigen Bankiers iſt, der ſie, wie Unſereiner ſagt, unterhält, vermuthlich weil . . .

— Sie ihrerſeits auch ihn unterhält; ich finde das ganz in der Ordnung. Aber haſt Du Dich auch erkundigt, ob das Buch, das ich in Deiner Gondel gefunden habe, auch wirklich ihr gehört?

— Diavolo, daran hab' ich nicht gedacht! O, Pietro, Dein Gedächtniß iſt keinen Schuß Pulver werth, rief er aus und ſchlug ſeine Stirn. Aber morgen, längſtens übermorgen, ſollen Sie nicht nur das, ſondern noch weit mehr, ja ſogar Alles, Alles erfahren, denn Jeder von uns hat ſeine Spione, und wenn Einer von uns etwas erfahren will, ſo horchen wir Alle, denn wozu anders als zum Horchen hat uns der liebe Gott ſo hübſche lange Ohren gegeben!

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*) Dieſer reizende Roman, der auch in Deutſchland bekannt zu werden verdient, iſt, von einem in Venedig lebenden Maler, [illegible], ins Deutſche übertragen, 1842 in Stuttgart erſchienen. Leſer, die den hiſtoriſchen Genre lieben, werden ſich mit „Italiens Walter Scott“ ſchnell befreunden.

**) Venedig iſt in ſechs Seſtiere eingetheilt: 1) Sestiere di San Marco (Herz und Mittelpunkt der Stadt). 2) Sestiere di Castello. [illegible] iſt das Arſenal, [illegible] hat. 3) Sestiere di Canalreggio. 4) Sestiere di San Paolo. 5) Sestiere di Santa Croce und 6) Sestiere di Dorso Duro.

— Braver Junge, ausgezeichnetſter aller venezianiſchen Gondoliere, ſagte ich und öffnete meine Börſe. Dieſes Fünffrankenſtück, das ich jetzt zwiſchen meinen Fingern halte, bittet um Erlaubniß, aus meiner Hand in die Deinige zu ſpazieren. Ich hoffe, daß Freund Pietro nicht ſo grauſam ſein wird, ihm dieſe Bitte abzuſchlagen, fuhr ich fort und warf ihm das Geldſtück zu.

— Sie verkennen mich, lieber Herr, ſagte mein brauner Fuchs, der das Geldſtück im Nu aufgefangen hatte.

Dann drehte er ſich dreimal auf dem Abſatz ſeines geflickten Stiefels herum, warf ſeinen kleinen runden Strohhut an die Decke, fing ihn, wie ein wohl abgerichteter Pudel, mit weitgeöffnetem Maule und rief in der Freude ſeines Herzens:

— Evviva il Signor Tedesco!

Dann tanzte er zur Thür hinaus.

5.

Am Abend deſſelben Tages befand ich mich im Café Florian *), um die franzöſiſchen Zeitungen zu leſen. Von dort begab ich mich zu ſeinem ariſtokratiſchen Nachbar Suttil, um bei einem Becher dreifachen Fruchteiſes die reizende Serenade der öſterreichiſchen Regimentsmuſik, die — Donnerſtags und Sonntags — auf dem Marcusplatze die beliebteſten Nummern aus den neueſten Opern ſpielt, und die nicht minder üppigen Blicke der unter den Bogengängen der Procuratien und auf den mondbeſchienenen Quadern des Platzes auf- und abwandelnden Frauenwelt einzuſchlürfen. In jeder impoſanten Figur, die mir auffiel, glaubte ich die bewußte Engländerin zu ſehen, die junge, ſchöne und dennoch beklagenswerthe Milady, die, ob ſie gleich des „Nabobs Geliebte" iſt, ſich genöthigt ſah, einen ihrer Shawls — denn ſicher hatte ſie deren ein ganzes Dutzend — ins Leihhaus zu tragen, um den beneidenswertheſten aller Caſhemire, der ſich auf ihren alabaſternen Schultern gewiegt, dort als Pfand für ſchnöde 832 Lire zurückzulaſſen. Ich kannte ihren „Nabob" nicht, doch haßte ich, aus lauter Liebe zu Milady, den unverſchämten Geizhals ſo gründlich, daß ich ihn im erſten beſten Mörſer mit kaltem Blute und paſſender Melodiebegleitung langſam hätte zerſtampfen können. Grauſamer Filz! Arme Georgine! Undankbare Welt!

— Von Suttil verfügte ich mich zum „Kaiſer von Oeſterreich," um dort einen meiner Landsleute, den liebenswürdigen Dr. F.......r zu ſuchen, der ſo manche Nacht ſtundenlang mit mir das venezianiſche Straßen-Labyrinth nach allen Richtungen durchſtreift hatte und bald vor dieſem, bald vor jenem Hauſe ſtehen geblieben war, um mir eine Seite aus den Geheimniſſen dieſer abenteuerlichen Stadt ins Ohr zu raunen. Leider fand ich ihn heute nicht. In Verzweiflung darüber entſchloß ich mich, nach dem Grundſatze der Homöopathie, Langeweile durch Langeweile zu heilen: ich griff nach einer deutſchen Zeitung.

Gerechter Gott, es war die Augsburger!

6.

Am andern Morgen, als ich beim „Imperatore d'Auſtria" mit der ganzen Jungfräulichkeit eines immer ſehr zurückhaltenden Appetits meine Chocolade trank, griff ich nach der dicht vor mir liegenden, noch ganz druckfeuchten „Gazetta di Venezia," um zu erfahren, welches von den vielen geſchloſſenen Theatern **) heute Abend geöffnet ſei.

Ich las:

Teatro Apollo:

Norma . . . . Signora Marietta Arrigotti.

Oper und Sängerin hatte ich im lieben Venedig, aus Langeweile, ſchon zwei Abende hinter einander gehört. Aller guten Dinge ſind drei, ſagte ich mir und beſchloß, Dame Norma heute zum dritten Male zu beſuchen. In demſelben Augenblick fiel mein Falkenauge oder Adlerblick — welches von Beiden ſagt meiner freundlichen Leſerin mehr zu? — auf eine Anzeige, die, in etwas auffallender Schrift, dicht unter dem Theater abgedruckt ſtand. Sie lautete:

> „Vorgeſtern, zwiſchen neun und zehn Uhr Abends, hat Jemand, der ſich vom Traghetto della Santa Salute nach dem Campo San Stefano fahren ließ, in der Gondel, deren Nummer ihm leider unbekannt iſt, ein in rothen Saffian gebundenes, goldgerändertes Exemplar von Cantù's „Margarita Puſterla" und in dieſem Buche einen kleinen gedruckten Zettel (Spiegelberg, ich kenne Dich!) liegen laſſen, welcher für den Eigenthümer deſſelben von höchſter Wichtigkeit iſt (natürlich!). Der ehrliche Finder (bitte recht ſehr!) wird dringend erſucht, Beides, wo möglich noch heute, auf dem Campo San Stefano, Nummer 734, im zweiten Stockwerke abzugeben. Die Perſon, die jenen Zettel verloren hat, rechnet dabei auf die Diſcretion des Finders (ſehr begreiflich!) und erklärt ſich dafür gern bereit, ihm für die Bewahrung des wichtigen Geheimniſſes, in das ein boshafter Zufall ihn eingeweiht hat, **eine ſeinen Wünſchen angemeſſene Belohnung** zu Theil werden zu laſſen."

Die durchſchoſſene Diſcretion und die mit fetter Schrift zugeſagte ſeinen Wünſchen angemeſſene Belohnung verſchaffte mir die poſitive Gewißheit, daß die Eigenthümerin dieſes Pfandzettels die bewußte Milady ſei, deren impoſanter Wuchs ſeit jener Nacht, in der ich ſo lebhaft von ihr geträumt hatte, meine etwas aufgeregte Phantaſie in beſtändigem Schach erhielt.

— Mylady wohnt alſo auf dem Stephansplatze Nummer 734. Mein guter Pietro muß ſich alſo doch wohl geirrt haben, denn nach ſeiner Angabe ſollte es ja Nummer 743 ſein. Aber geſtand er denn nicht ſelbſt, daß ſein Gedächtniß keinen Schuß Pulver werth ſei? Und wie leicht ſind zwei Nummern wie dieſe zu verwechſeln! —

Ich zahlte mein Frühſtück und kehrte eilig nach meiner Wohnung heim, um Buch und Zettel zu holen, die ich als redlicher Finder ungeſäumt den Händen der ſchönen Eigenthümerin mit dem impoſanten Wuchſe überliefern wollte. Ganz im Hintergrunde meiner frivolen Gedanken ſchimmerten in blendender Transparent-Beleuchtung die geheimnißvollen, inhaltſchweren Worte:

Eine ſeinen Wünſchen angemeſſene Belohnung.

Gott iſt groß und Mahomet ſein Prophet!

7.

Als ich die Treppe zu meiner Wohnung erſtieg, ſagte mir der Diener des Hauſes, Pietro habe mich, gleich nachdem ich ausgegangen ſei, hier geſucht, um mir eine wichtige Nachricht zu bringen; er habe eine ganze Stunde auf mich gewartet und ſei dann fortgelaufen, um mich in einem der Kaffeehäuſer aufzuſuchen.

Alles, was er mir ſagen konnte, wußte ich bereits.

Endlich alſo nach dreizehn langen, ziemlich einförmigen Tagen ſtand ich an der Schwelle eines Abenteuers, von dem ich mir — unter uns geſagt — alle Wonnen und Seligkeiten des muhamedaniſchen Paradieſes, die **meinen Wünſchen angemeſſene Belohnung** verſprach.

Um meines Sieges bei Milady ganz gewiß zu ſein, warf ich mich in den Nimbus einer ausgeſucht feinen Toilette. Unter mehr als einem Dutzend jungfräulicher Weſten wählte ich ein weißes, von geſtickten Veilchen eingefaßtes Atlas-Gilet und eine weißſeidene Halsbinde, deren reizender Schnitt Bulwers Pelham — Englands erleuchtetſten Dandy — zu einer Epopöe in Gott weiß wie viel Geſängen begeiſtert hätte. Aber nichts von Allem iſt ſchwieriger als die richtige Wahl der Farbe, die man bei Anlegung der Handſchuhe zu beobachten hat. Es befremdet mich, daß noch keine unſerer eleganten Federn auf den gewiß nicht undankbaren Einfall gerathen iſt, eine „Phyſiologie des Handſchuhs" zu ſchreiben. Der Stoff liegt doch ſo nah! Denn wie leicht läßt ſich aus der Farbe des Handſchuhs der Charakter und die Neigung des Behandſchuhten errathen!

Ein Mann, welcher ſchneeweiße Handſchuhe trägt, iſt ein Pfarr-Candidat oder ſonſt ein zudringender Supplikant.

Ein Mann mit flohbraunen Handſchuhen iſt ein Philiſter, der den Stutzer ſpielen will.

Ein Mann mit ſchwarzen Handſchuhen iſt ein armer Teufel, der die etwas koſtſpielige Mode der Fauſtbedeckung nur gezwungen mitmacht.

Roſenfarbene Handſchuhe trägt ein Fantaſt oder Dummkopf.

Lila-Handſchuhe verleihen der männlichſten Phyſiognomie etwas Weibiſches.

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*) Das größte, bekannteſte und eleganteſte Kaffeehaus, von dem erzählt wird, daß es ſeit 1797 bis jetzt nur eine Nacht ſoll geſchloſſen geweſen ſein. Beim Nachbar Suttil iſt der Sammelplatz der Ariſtokratie. Hier fand ich die Herzogin von Berry. Das Café dell' Imperatore d'Austria iſt das Stelldichein der Deutſchen und das Café Quadri auf der andern Seite des Marcusplatzes das Rendezvous des Militärs. Außer dieſen verdient noch das Café du' [illegible], am Ende der Frezzeria, der Vereinigungspunkt der venezianiſchen Künſtler und Schriftſteller, und das berüchtigte Café Gambo auf der Riva dei Schiavoni von jedem Fremden, der das venezianiſche Leben in allen Schattirungen kennen zu lernen wünſcht, beſucht zu werden.

**) Das größte und ſchönſte dieſer Theater, Fenice, liegt im Mittelpunkte der Stadt, auf dem Campo San Fantin, iſt aber nur vom October bis Anfangs März der Oper und dem Ballet geöffnet. Nach dieſem ſind die Theater San Benedetto, unweit der Kirche gleichen Namens, in der Nähe der Poſt, San Samuele, Apollo und Malibran die bekannteſten. Im Ridotto di San Moisè werden in der Winterſaiſon ſtark beſuchte Maskenbälle gegeben. Der Impreſario des Fenice-Theaters iſt gegenwärtig ein Graf Camillo Gritti.

Seidene Handſchuhe ſind „ridicule," baumwollene ſogar „crasse." Letzteres aber verhält ſich zu Erſterem wie ein Zopf zu einer Perrücke.

Ein Dandy im unentweihten Sinne dieſes häufig ſo arg mißbrauchten Wortes kann nur buttergelbe oder entenpfotenfarbige (patte de canard) Glacéhandſchuhe tragen.

Unentſchieden, welche von beiden Farben ich heute wählen ſollte, zog ich mir ein Paar buttergelbe an und ſteckte ein Paar Entenpfoten ein, damit, falls die Wahl mich unterwegs gereuen ſollte, ich meine Uebereilung ſogleich wieder gut machen könnte. Vorſicht, ſagt ein deutſcher Philiſter, iſt die Mutter der Weisheit.

Aber weil ich am Traghetto weder meinen Pietro noch ſeine Gondel fand, warf ich mich in die ſeines Freundes Beppo.

Unter Venedigs Gondolieren — man zählt deren gegen zehntauſend — giebt es, wie bekannt, zwei Parteien, von denen die Einen (Caſtellani) einen rothen, die der andern (Nicolotti) einen ſchwarzen Gürtel tragen und in der Politik, um die ich mich wenig bekümmere, ganz entgegengeſetzter Anſicht ſind. Pietro aber und Beppo waren Beide Schwarzgürtel oder, was daſſelbe ſagen will, intime Freunde, gute Kameraden, Duzbrüder *).

— Signor, ſagte Beppo, als ich rückwärts in die Gondel ſtieg **), der arme Pietro ſucht Sie in der ganzen Stadt, um Ihnen eine Nachricht von großer, großer Wichtigkeit mitzutheilen.

— Ich weiß Alles, ſagte ich und gab ihm den Auftrag, mich ſo ſchnell als möglich nach dem Ziele meiner Wünſche, nach dem Stephansplatze zu befördern.

Ich weiß ſehr wohl, daß ein franzöſiſcher Erzähler in meiner Stelle ganz anders gehandelt hätte und — wohl gemerkt, wenn er gerade gut bei Kaſſe geweſen — zuerſt nach dem Leihhauſe gefahren wäre, um dort den verpfändeten Shawl für ſeine Rechnung auszulöſen und ihn gleich darauf als ein Zeichen ſeiner Aufmerkſamkeit zu Miladys Füßen niederzulegen. Das hätte auch ich thun, d. h. erzählen können, aber wohl Niemand würde mir dieſen Zug der Großmuth geglaubt haben, denn ich bin ein deutſcher Schriftſteller, der ſein Geld für ſich ſelber braucht und für ein leichtfertiges Abenteuer, von dem noch nicht abzuſehen war, wie es enden werde, nicht ſo gewiſſenlos 532 Lire hinauswerfen kann.

Habe ich Unrecht, ſo ſage man's!

8.

Ich fuhr alſo nach dem Stephansplatze und kam unterweges durch Canäle und Brücken, die ich bisher noch nicht gekannt hatte. Ach, mancher Fremde, der ſich einbildet, das große Straßenräthſel Venedig ſchon nach Verlauf von vierzehn Tagen zu kennen, iſt ein eingebildeter Thor. Der Schöpfer der „verhängnißvollen Gabel" — Graf Platen — hatte nicht ſo ganz Unrecht, als er bei Schilderung dieſes hieroglyphiſch verſchlungenen Häuſerknäuels, „bella Venezia" genannt, den Vers ſang:

„Dies Labyrinth von Brücken und von Gaſſen,
Die tauſendfach ſich in einander ſchlingen,
Wie wird hindurch zu gehen mir gelingen,
Wie werd' ich je dies große Räthſel faſſen?"

Giebt's doch ſelbſt Eingeborene, die dieſe Straßen-Sphynx nicht zu enträthſeln vermögen. Und trotz dieſes Chaos von Gaſſen und Gäßchen, von Brücken und Canälen ***) bleibt die halbverwitterte „Donna dei mari" (wie ſie einſt Heinrich III. von Frankreich genannt) noch immer die eigenthümlichſte und anziehendſte Stadt von ganz Italien, eine Stadt, die, wie Abbé Coyer geſagt, nicht von Menſchen, ſondern von Göttern erbaut zu ſein ſcheint, um die Sterblichen in ein Netz zu locken, in dem jede Maſche ein Stück Geſchichte, eine großartige Ruine iſt, in der jeder Palaſt als alter, grauer, lebensmüder Zeuge längſt verſchwundener Macht und Herrlichkeit erſcheint.

„Those days are gone — but beauty still is here" †)

ſang der unſterbliche Sänger des „Childe Harold" und ſchrieb der armen Venezia in dieſer einzigen Zeile die ſchönſte, rührendſte und unvergänglichſte Grabſchrift.

Das Wetter begünſtigte mein Unternehmen. Die Sonne lachte mir freundlich ins Geſicht, und die ſchaukelnde Bewegung der Gondel weckte in mir ein Gefühl unbeſchreiblicher Wolluſt. Heiterer als je ſang ich die Barcarole, die ich Tags vorher von einem der ſchönſten Blumenmädchen auf dem duftigen Raſen des Lido gelernt hatte, alſo lautend:

Andar' sul mare,
O piacere!
Evviva l'amor!
Andar' sul mare,
A te pensare
Con tutto il cuor
E chiamare:
Evviva, evviva l'amor!

Tu o la sola,
Che mi consola
Nel mio dolor.
La barca vola
Volando sembra
Anche gridar
E chiamar:
Evviva, evviva l'amor!

Und bald darauf hatte meine Gondel ihr Ziel erreicht.

9.

Ich ſteige aus und ſuche auf einem der größten und ſchönſten Plätze Venedigs — es zählt deren gegen fünfzig — die Hausnummer 734, die auch alſogleich gefunden iſt.

Da kein Portier zu ſehen, bei dem ich zuvor einige Erkundigung über die Dame, die ich ſuche, einziehen kann, ſo bleibt mir nichts Anderes übrig, als, bewaffnet mit meinem doppelten Talismann, die zwei Marmortreppen zu erſteigen und — oben angelangt — an der nächſten Thür zu klingeln.

Gleich darauf öffnet ſich die Pforte des Paradieſes, und eine junge Dame, impoſant wie Göttin Iris, gemalt von Tintoretto *), ſchön wie der Tag und reizend wie die Nacht, ſteht dicht vor der geöffneten Thür und fragt mich in franzöſiſcher Sprache:

— Zu wem wünſchen Sie?

— Zu Ihnen, Madame, antwortete ich, ohne mich durch den Froſt dieſer erſten Frage einſchüchtern zu laſſen.

— Zu mir? wiederholte die ſchöne Frau mit einem Ton und einer Miene, worin ſich ein ganzes Tournier boshafter Fragezeichen umherzutummeln ſchien.

— Zu Ihnen! wiederholte ich faſt noch kälter als ſie.

— Monsieur, je n'ai pas l'honneur . . .

— Ni moi non plus, ſetzte ich raſch hinzu, aber das ſchadet nichts; ich werde Ihnen bald nicht mehr fremd ſein, wenn Sie die Güte haben wollen, mir nicht länger den Eingang zu verſperren.

Sie trat einige Schritte zurück . . . ich befand mich jetzt im Vorſaale.

— Madame, fuhr ich fort, ich bringe Ihnen etwas . . .

— Mir? fragte ſie höchſt erſtaunt.

— Wem ſonſt als Ihnen, ſchöne Frau!

— Mein Herr, Sie irren.

— Nein, Madame, ich irre mich nicht. Hören Sie mich an, Madame. Ich bringe Ihnen etwas — meine Blicke ſchweiften im Saale umher, um zu ſehen, ob uns Niemand belauſche — etwas von der höchſten Wichtigkeit. Nun, errathen Sie noch immer nicht?

— Nein, mein Herr, erwiderte die kalte Artemiſia mit ſteinernem Lächeln.

— Faſſen Sie Muth, Madame! Sie dürfen, — wie's in der Zeitung ſteht — ganz und gar auf meine Discretion rechnen.

Ich betonte dies Wort abſichtlich etwas ſcharf, um ihr die bewußte Zeitungs-Annonce ins Gedächtniß zurückzurufen.

— Mein Herr, ich begreife noch immer nicht, was Sie wollen . . .

— Was ich will? rief ich ärgerlich. Welche unnütze Frage, Madame! Haben Sie nicht freiwillig erklärt, daß Sie gern bereit ſind, dem redlichen Finder — ich wiederhole Ihre Anzeige Wort für Wort — für die Bewahrung des wichtigen Geheimniſſes, in das der Zufall ihn eingeweiht hat, eine ſeinen Wünſchen angemeſſene Belohnung zu Theil werden zu laſſen? Madame, fragte ich ziemlich barſch, begreifen Sie nun endlich?

— Mein Herr, entgegnete die Dame mit der empörendſten Ruhe und Gelaſſenheit, ich begreife von Allem, was Sie mir bis jetzt geſagt haben, noch immer keine Silbe und muß Sie deshalb bitten, ſich deutlicher zu erklären.

— Alſo noch deutlicher? rief ich und zog das bewußte Buch hervor. Madame, fragte ich mit einem zwei Finger dicken Anſtrich von Schadenfreude, iſt Ihnen dieſer Einband bekannt?

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*) Faſt alle Gondoliere haben, wie in Neapel die Lazzaroni, unter ſich Spitznamen, die oft ſehr bezeichnend ſind. Mein Pietro iſt in ganz Venedig unter dem Namen „Pro Aglio" bekannt, weil er ungewöhnlich ſtark nach dem Lieblingsgewürze der Juden, nach Knoblauch duftet.

**) Daran, daß Jemand vorwärts in die Gondel ſteigt, erkennt der Gondolier den Fremden, der ihm jede Ueberfahrt dreimal theurer als der Einheimiſche bezahlen muß.

***) Eine italieniſche Beſchreibung Venedigs giebt die Zahl der Canäle auf 146, die der Brücken auf 306, die der Gaſſen und Gäßchen auf 2108 und die der Häuſer auf 27,916 an.

†) „Jene Tage ſind dahin, aber Schönheit iſt noch hier."

*) Eines der ſchönſten und großartigſten Deckengemälde dieſes Meiſters im großen Rathsſaale des Dogenpalaſtes.

— Ja! Dieſes Buch, mein Herr, gehört mir; auf dem Rücken des Einbandes ſtehen die goldenen Anfangsbuchſtaben meines Namens. Wie aber kommen Sie zu dieſem Buche?

— Madame, ich begreife nicht, daß Sie das Alles ſo ſchwer begreifen. Sie haben das Buch geſtern Abend — zwiſchen Neun und Zehn — liegen laſſen ...

— Liegen laſſen? Ich?? Und wo???

— Ei, auch das wiſſen Sie nicht mehr? In der Gondel, Madame, in der Gondel!

— In welcher Gondel? fragte ſie von Neuem überraſcht.

— In derſelben Gondel, in der es, eine Stunde ſpäter, durch Zufall in meine Hände gerathen iſt. Ich bin, wie Sie endlich zu begreifen die Güte haben werden, der redliche Finder, der ... der ... der ...

— Eine Belohnung erwartet. Wie aber, wenn ich Ihnen ſage, daß ich dieſes Buch geſtern unmöglich verloren haben kann, da ich ſeit acht Tagen gar nicht aus dem Hauſe gekommen bin?

— Wie geht das zu? Hab' ich mich vielleicht in der Hausnummer geirrt? Bin ich hier nicht in Nummer 734?

— Allerdings!

— Befinde ich mich nicht im zweiten Stockwerk?

— Ganz recht!

— Wohnt außer Ihnen noch eine andere Dame, etwa eine Engländerin, auf demſelben Flure?

— Nein!

— Dann weiß ich, bei Gott! nicht mehr, was ich dazu ſagen ſoll. Madame, nur eine Frage noch: nicht wahr, Sie haben einen Ihrer Shawls verſetzt?

— Sind Sie toll! fragte ſie ganz entrüſtet.

— Noch nicht, doch könnte ich's leicht werden, falls Sie ſich darin gefallen ſollten, noch länger zu läugnen; hier, Madame, iſt Ihr Buch, und hier, Madame, iſt der Pfandzettel.

— Der Pfandzettel? Wer ſagt Ihnen, daß dieſer verpfändete Shawl mir gehört?

— Die „Gazetta di Venezia“ ſagt mir das; in der heutigen Nummer dieſer ausgezeichneten Zeitung ganz am Fuße des Blattes, dicht unter den Theateranzeigen, wird der redliche Finder erſucht, Buch und Zettel Stephansplatz, Nummer 437, abzugeben. Nun, Madame, wiſſen Sie Alles!

— Himmel! rief das ſchöne Weib, in deſſen Seele ein grundhäßlicher Gedanke aufzutauchen begann, ſollte vielleicht mein Herr Gemahl? ...

— Wie, Sie ſind verheirathet?

— Allerdings!

— Ah, Madame, warum haben Sie mir das nicht gleich geſagt? Großer Gott, jetzt fallen mir die Schuppen von den Augen, jetzt erſt ſehe ich klar, ganz klar. Ja, ja, ſo iſt's! Madame, ich bedauere unendlich ...

— Was bedauern Sie? fragte die Dame etwas gereizt.

— Daß ich, ganz wider meinen Willen, der Verräther Ihres Herrn Gemahls geworden bin. Madame, ich beſchwöre Sie bei allen Pfandzetteln Venedigs, mich ihm unbekannter Weiſe zu empfehlen und ihn zu bitten, mir gar nicht zu zürnen, wenn ich — ohne es zu ahnen — ihm einen kleinen Verdruß bereitet habe, ſagte ich und überließ die Dame, die in düſteres Nachdenken verſunken war, dem traurigen Vorgefühle, daß der Herr Gemahl hinter ihrem Rücken einen ihrer Shawls verſetzt habe.

Als ich die Treppe hinabſtieg, ſagte ich zu mir:

— Es iſt doch recht gut, daß Du kein franzöſiſcher Schriftſteller biſt. Du hätteſt jenen vermaledeiten Shawl für Deine Rechnung ausgelöſt und wärſt jetzt um eine Summe von 532 Lire — drei machen einen Gulden! — ärmer geweſen.

Gott iſt groß und 532 Lire ſind 177 Gulden 20 Kreuzer Conventions-Münze.

10.

An der Hausthür meiner Wohnung erwartete mich Pietro, genannt Fra Agio, um mir die Nachricht zu bringen, daß die bewußte Lady Georgine Colbourn, des „Nabobs Geliebte,“ die auf dem Stephansplatze Nummer 743 gewohnt, geſtern, bei Nacht und Nebel, mit einem jungen Bildhauer nach Florenz durchgegangen ſei.

Mein geträumtes Paradies war beim Teufel.

11.

Abends erfuhr ich bei Suttil, daß Signor L., der erſt ſeit Kurzem mit einer der reichſten Kaufmannstöchter von Marſeille verheirathet geweſen ſei, einen der koſtbaren Shawls ſeiner jungen, ſchönen Frau heimlich entwendet und verſetzt habe, um mit dem Gelde eine dringende Schuld einer ſeiner alten Liebſchaften, einer häßlichen Choriſtin am Theater Benedetto, zu bezahlen. Die Folge werde davon — maledetto! — eine Scheidung ſein.

Gott iſt groß, Mahomet ſein Prophet und die Ehe — eine grandiöſe Dummheit.

Henriette Ottenheimer

ward am 10. September 1809 in Stuttgart geboren. Seit ihrem ſechſten Jahre durch ein organiſches Leiden auf der linken Seite gelähmt, und auf ein ganz innerliches Leben hingewieſen, ward ihr ſchon früh die tröſtende Gabe der Poeſie zu Theil und ſie verſuchte ſich bereits in ihrem achten Jahre in kleinen Gedichten, die ſie aber nur ihrem erblindeten Vater mittheilte, als deſſen Vorleſerin ſie eher, als es bei andern Kindern zu geſchehen pflegt, Intereſſe für die Zeitgeſchichte und das Wohl und Wehe der Menſchheit gewann. Im Catharinenſtifte ihrer Vaterſtadt, das ſie von 1818 bis 1824 beſuchte, freilich mit Unterbrechungen, die ihr Leiden herbeiführte, genoß ſie den Unterricht bewährter Lehrer und erhielt eine gründliche und vielſeitige Bildung. Von 1824 bis 1830, nach dem Tode ihres geliebten Vaters, lebte ſie ſtill und zurückgezogen in Stuttgart mit ihrer trefflichen Mutter, und als auch dieſe 1830 ſtarb, zog ſie nach Regensburg, das ſie, da eine ihrer Schweſtern ſich dorthin verheirathet hatte, zu ihrem Wohnorte erwählte. Einige ihrer poetiſchen Verſuche erſchienen zuerſt 1828 in Spindlers Damenzeitung; durch den allgemeinen Beifall ermuthigt, deſſen ſich dieſelben zu erfreuen hatten, überwand ſie ihre Schüchternheit und veröffentlichte ſeitdem:

Gedichte. Stuttgart 1832.
Bilder und Lieder. München 1833.
Der Kettenſchmied. Stuttgart 1835.
Kleine Erzählungen. Stuttgart 1836.
Erzählungen. Leipzig 1841.
Einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften, wie z. B. dem Morgenblatt, Phönix, Europa u. ſ. w.

Tiefes und doch ſtets echt weibliches Gefühl, Reichthum der Gedanken, hohe Begeiſterung für Wahrheit und Recht, ſehr glückliche Behandlung der Form und Sprache und anmuthige Phantaſie verleihen den Poeſien dieſer eben ſo reichbegabten als beſcheidenen Dichterin einen hohen, bleibenden Werth.

Der Kettenſchmied.

Ein Märchentraum.

Eingang.

Das Herz iſt eine Harfe, — manch Lied es alſo nennt,
Das alte Bild iſt ähnlich, wie Jeder leicht erkennt;
Das Herz iſt eine Harfe, beſaitet und beſeelt
Vom Urgeiſt, deſſen Kräfte kein Forſcherwiſſen zählt.

Und Leid und Freude kommen, als Spielleute, herbei;
Es ſind zwei Virtuoſen, reich an Geſchwiſtertreu,
Sie wallen mit einander durch jeden Herzensgang,
Und wecken in den Saiten den höh'gebor'nen Klang.

Und ob auch trüb' des Leides tieftönend Spiel euch klingt,
Und hell der Ton der Freude zum Ohr der Seele dringt,
Doch iſt, was ſo verſchieden erſchallt, jetzt hart, jetzt weich,
Nur eines Wohllauts Blüthe vom Harmonienreich.

Die Saiten ſind wie Flügel — ſie tragen euch empor,
Sei es auf Jubelwogen, ſei es im Seufzerchor;
Es ſpricht aus ihren Klängen der Göttlichkeit Organ,
Und wer ihm lauſcht und folget, läßt Böſes ungethan.

Doch eine Saite weiß ich, die Schwingen nicht verwandt,
Auf tauſend Herzensharfen, von fremdem Geiſt geſpannt,
Wie eine Kette klirrt ſie, und drückt wie Ketten wund
Noch jetzt Iſraels Söhnen des Buſens tiefſten Grund.

Ich kenne dieſer Saite ſchmerzreichen Klang genug,
Wie Eiſenringe hemmt ſie der Seele Wunderflug,
Bezeichnet iſt ſie richtig, wenn Kette man ſie nennt,
Sie brennt in friſchen Herzen, wie eine Kette brennt.

Sie hält der Liebe Leben in kummervoller Haft,
Sie hängt ſich wie ein Siechthum an die verſchmähte Kraft
So vieler reicher Geiſter, die ſtiller Gram verzehrt;
Sie höhnt die Brudertreue, die uns der Himmel lehrt.

Wie kommt nur ſolche Saite wohl auf ein Inſtrument,
Gebildet von dem Meiſter, den Gott der Huld man nennt?
Nicht Er, den kein Verſtand faßt, nein, nicht die Gnadenhand
Des treuen Freiheitshortes hat ſie darauf geſpannt.

Denn Freiheit iſt der Liebe und der Vereinung Land,
Und Gott will keine Ketten; was ſcheidet und was bannt,
Sind Erdenſchleierwände der Unvollkommenheit,
Doch iſt zum Freiheitsbürger der Menſchengeiſt geweiht!

Drum wenn die Kettenſaite in mir ein Lied jetzt klingt,
Gefang'ne Kerkermeiſter, euch, die ihr uns umſchlingt,
Dir, Vorurtheil, dir, Mißtrau'n, verkünd' es unſer Leid,
Ach wäret ihr erlöſet, ſo jauchzten wir befreit.

Ich kann um Licht nur flehen, keins ſpenden in die Nacht,
Mein Wort kann, Recht zu wecken, nicht in den tiefſten Schacht
Wie Frühlingsſonne dringen; ihm fehlt Erlöſungskraft;
Dies müſſen höhre Geiſter und Er, der droben ſchafft.

Es ruht in meiner Leyer ja kein geweihtes Schwert,
Von Heldenhand geſchwungen zum Kampf um heil'ge Erd';
Des Mannes Kraft kann wetzen ſein Lied zum ſcharfen Stahl,
Aus Frauenherzen flammt es nur als Verſöhnungsſtrahl.

So glühe hin! und dringſt du, mein inniges Gebet
Erhört in eine Bruſt nur, die kalt uns noch verſchmäht,
So werde d'rin zur Aſche, du haſt genug gelebt,
Wenn nur ein Liebesfunke als Phönix ihr entſchwebt.

Das Schloß im Meere.

In ferner Zone liegt, von Menſchenſchiffen
Noch unentdeckt, nur von den ſtarren, alten,
Den herzentblößten Felſenriffen
Benachbart, von den kalten,
Ein lichtes Sternenſchloß.
Es glänzt im grünen Meeresgrunde,
Wie Perlen glühn im Muſchelmunde,
Und, Muſchel ſelbſt, birgt es in ſeinem Schoße
Die Perlenkönigin, die ſchönſte Roſe,
Die je dem Meer entſproß.

Ein ſüß Geheimniß, ein geheiligt Weſen
Hält der kryſtall'ne Zauberbau umſchloſſen;
Klar wie wir ihn im Sternlicht leſen,
Vom Engelskleid umfloſſen,
Athmet ein reiner Geiſt
Durchs Wunderhaus, im Spiegelgarten,
Den der Undinen Hände warten.
Und die gebannten Meerbewohner lauſchen
Entzückten Ohrs dem Wellenhymnenrauſchen,
Das hier die Herrin preiſt.

Verklärt erglänzt das Schloß in ferner Zone,
Von einem Roſengeiſtestag umgoſſen,
Wenn mit der Demantſternenkrone —
Selbſt Stern der Höh' entſproſſen —
Im Schleier von Azur,
Die Schneegewänder um die Lilienglieder,
Im Lächeln Licht und in den Blicken Lieder,
Des Nachts erſcheint die junge Sonnenblüthe, —
Daß ſie das Meer vor Finſterniß behüte,
Geſandt zur Wogenflur. —

Doch ach! in einen ird'ſchen Leib gekleidet,
Sind Engel ſelbſt nicht Leiden überhoben;
Die ſtaubgefügte Hülle neidet
Der Seele Abkunft droben,
Und rächt, daß ſie nicht ſtammt
Von höh'gebornen, göttlichen Verwandten,
Am reinen Geiſt, den ſie mit ihren Banden
Nun blutig wund zu drücken ſich bemühet,
Bis er zur Heimath, der er jüngſt entglühet,
Als Stern hinüberflammt.

Drum iſt auch ſie — ein Born von Freudeſtrahlen
Für tauſend Leben in den grünen Fluthen —
Nicht unbekannt mit Erdenqualen
Im kalten Meer — mit Gluthen.
Und ihres Auges Blau
Verbreitet um ſie her den Sonnenſchimmer,
Nicht nur von Lächeln und Entzücken immer,
Nein, was ſein Friedensleuchten oft verkläret,
Das Himmelsöl iſt's, welches Auglicht nähret
Der Thränenperlenthau.

Nicht hat im Buſen ihr die Lieb' verſteinet
Der Zauber, der den Wellen ſich vermählet,
Die Thräne nicht, die Liebe weinet,
Wenn Trennungsſchmerz ſie quälet.
Aus ihrem Wunderſchloß
Bringt ſie zu Inſeln, wo Geſchwiſter wohnen,
Wo arme Brüderhäupter Dornenkronen
Statt ihres reichen Diadems umſchlingen,
Wo Menſchenſeelen bluten, jauchzen, ringen,
Der Sehnſucht Flügelroß.

Im Schlafe trug ſie's jüngſt in ſolche Räume,
Da ſah ſie Menſchenſtreben, Menſchenlieben,
Nun iſt die Bildwelt jener Träume
Ihr Sehnſuchtsziel geblieben.
Ach ein Mal, nur ein Mal
An fremden Herzen ihren Herzſchlag fühlen,
Die eigne Gluth in fremder Flamme kühlen,
An fremder Lippe eignes Wort erlauſchen
Und der Demanten kalten Blick vertauſchen
Mit warmem Augesſtrahl.

Vergebens kommen noch, wie ſonſt, die Wogen
Und legen ſtolz, mit Jubelmorgengrüßen,
Was kühn dem Meerhort ſie entzogen,
Zu ihrer Herrin Füßen.
Den Dank winkt ihre Hand;
Doch Freude ſtrömt ihr nicht mehr ſolche Quelle;
Ach wem, der einmal ahnt, wie nur die Welle
Der Lieb' im Herzen kann zum Himmel heben,
Mag wohl noch Wonne und Genügen geben
Des Todes armer Tand?

Nur Todeswerber ſind des Reichthums Flitter,
Verweſungsarme, golden überkleidet
Mit Freiheitslockung, aus dem Gitter
Des Grabs hinausgebreitet,
Den freiheitsdurſt'gen Geiſt,
Kann ſeines Engels Mahnung ihn nicht retten,
Hinabzuziehn in der Vernichtung Ketten;
Ja, kalten Glanz, heißt kalten Tod erſtreben,
Im Herzen nur iſt Gott, in Gott nur Leben,
Das Ewigkeit verheißt.

Es pflegt in reiner, ſonndurchglühter Seele,
In klarem Kinderherzen, ohne Sünden,
Ob jede andre Weiſung fehle,
Gott ſelbſt ſich zu verkünden;
Sein Weſen predigt ihn;
Giebt es ein höh'res Lehren wohl und Mahnen? —
Der Geiſt, mit dem wir hoffnungsvoll ihn ahnen,
Iſt ja ſein Hauch, der Hauch der treuen Liebe;
Drum zieht der mächtigſte der Sehnſuchtstriebe
Zu Herzen nur uns hin.

Drum tanzen ihr vergebens die Undinen,
Vergebens tönt der Lobgeſang der Wellen;
Es will der Herrin trübe Mienen
Kein Lächeln mehr erhellen.
Sie fühlt ſich ſo allein,
Die Klagelaute ihrer warmen Lippen
Vernimmt das Steinohr nur der kalten Klippen;
Die Waſſerfrauen wiſſen nur zu ſcherzen,
Drum ſchließt ſie tief in ihrem jungen Herzen
Sein tiefes Leiden ein.

Nur wenn die Nacht das Zauberſchloß umfließet,
Und ſich der Himmel ſchmückt mit Sternenkränzen,
Wenn Schlaf die Wogenaugen ſchließet,
Und die Muſik zu Tänzen
Der Nymphen ſchweigen muß:
Dann werden Seufzer laut, die in den Tiefen
Von Sonnenblüthes Bruſt gefeſſelt ſchliefen,
Dem Schatten öffnet ſie die lichte Seele,
Und haucht ihr Leid — des Meeres Philomele —
In einen Liebeskuß.

Ihr Lied.

Ach mein Gemüth,
Von Reichthum arm,
Was in dir glüht
So tief und warm,
Weiß nur das Meer,
Auch tief — doch kalt
Sieht nur das Heer,
Das droben wallt.
Anderem Meere möcht' ich verkünden
Die kalte Leere rings um mich her,
Sterne auch weiß ich, die es verſtänden,
Warum dies Herz ſo bang und ſchwer.
Aber ach! weit iſt ſolch Meer von hier,
Und Augenſterne nicht blinken mir.
Wogengefild,
So treu gemalt,
Wird mir mein Bild
Von dir geſtrahlt,
Wie es bei Nachtzeit
Sizt und weint,
Wie es in Kleid
Und Schmuck erſcheint.
Doch nur die Hülle, ihr Waſſerſtrahlen, —
Weil inn're Fülle nicht zu euch ſpricht —
Der Thränen Quelle, der Sehnſucht Qualen
Ahnet und malet ihr nicht;
Und vergebens rufet im Meerkryſtall
Die Herzensſtimme dem Widerhall! —

Echo! könnt' ich entdecken
Dein Bett im Wellengrund,
Dürfte mein Mund dich wecken,
Würde mein Herz geſund.
Doch ach, vergebens ruf' ich dich,
Nur Schilfgeliſpel höhnet mich!

Du ſchläfſt auf blauem Wogenpfühl,
In Deinen Hallen tief und kühl;
Iſt Schlafen Dir ſo ſüß?
Iſt Schlaf ins Paradies
Hinauf denn eine Stufe? —
Mir ſcheint, nur Mitgefühl
Kann uns zum Himmel heben,
Und wo ich immer ſchliefe,
Wenn mich die Sehnſucht riefe,
Ich müßte Antwort geben
Und folgen ihrem Rufe.

Verwandlung.

Einſt wieder hatte ſchmerzlich ſie geſungen,
Da traf, was, nachtentlockt, ihr oft enttönet,
Was ohne Echo ſonſt verklungen,
Vom Uferſchilf gehöhnet,
Endlich ein Seelenohr.
Auf tiefen Meerbetts blauen Wogenpfühlen
Schlägt heut die Wimper auf ein Mitleidsfühlen;
Ein längſt entſchlummert, glühendes Erbarmen
Ringt aus der Wellen eiſigem Umarmen
Sich neuerweckt hervor.

Das haucht ſich in das kalte Herz der Nymphen
Und ſtrebt der ſeelenloſen Bruſt der Klippen
Sein mildes Weſen einzuimpfen;
Es küßt mit warmen Lippen
Sich in das Felsgeſtein,
Und dringt in jeden Spalt im Wogenhauſe,
Auch in der Perlen ſtille Schlummerklauſe,
In der Demanten tiefverborgne Hallen
Und in den Blüthenpurpur der Korallen
Mit ſeinem Athem ein.

Auflebt längſt todtes Leben in den Gründen
Des zaubervollen, fernen Oceanes,
Längſt ſchon verhallte Stimmen münden
Im Felsbett des Orkanes —
Jetzt Harmonienſtrom.
Des ſtarren Marmors herrliches Geäder
Bewegt des Lebens Melodienfeder,
Durchpulſen Töne, die ſo lieblich klingen,
Wie Hymnen, welche Seraphim uns ſingen
Hoch in der Treue Dom.

Und Töne weinen der Najaden Augen
(Obgleich zum Schleier wird der Thränen Welle,
Und Schleier nicht dem Blicke taugen,
Der mit Verſtandes-Helle
Verborgnen Born beſchützt:)
Und Töne rauſcht die freigegeb'ne Quelle,
Die, unbewacht, aus ihrer tiefen Zelle
Die jugendfriſche Herzkraft ſtrömt ins Ganze,
Weil Einzelnes nur in des Ganzen Kranze
Als Thatenblume nützt.

Auch dürfen ihre Phosphor-Zauberfarben
Nicht tonlos heut Molluskenaugen ſtrahlen,
Man ſieht, wie ſie mit Liedergarben
Ihr Räthſelmeerlicht malen.
Und der Conchylien Zahl,
Die ungezählte, unten tief im Meere
Eint ſich, ein bunter Chor, dem Sängerheere:
Die Legion der Würmer und der Larven
Klingt mit, als Saite unſichtbarer Harfen,
Im grünkryſtall'nen Saal.

Das Schilf des Ufers iſt verwandelt worden;
Es höhnt nicht mehr; — wie Gruß von Friedenspalmen,
Spielt mit melodiſchen Accorden
Die Luft in ſeinen Halmen.
Der neue Zauber flößt,
Um ſie ins allgemeine Lied zu miſchen,
Ins Sandkorn Melodie, und hat den Fiſchen —
Die ſtumm und kalt, wie Lippen einer Leiche —
Bis jetzt geherrſcht in ihrem kühlen Reiche —
Das Zungenband gelöst.

Und es vernimmt mit wonnevollem Zagen
Das ernſte Mädchen, die gebannte Roſe,
Was ihr die tauſend Stimmen ſagen,
Die aus dem Meeresſchoße
Geheimnißvoll erwacht.
Ihr blaues Auge füllet ſich mit Zähren,
Sie weiß nicht, ſind es Luſt- ſind's Kummerzähren? —
Zu namenlos durchbeben dieſe Klänge
Des zarten Buſens ſtillgeheimſte Gänge
Mit fremder Zaubermacht.

Sie lauſcht verſtummt dem Elfenklang der Lüfte,
Dem Glockenlaut von unſichtbaren Heerden,
Die im verborg'nen Thal der Klüfte
Zur Au geleitet werden,
Grün, tief im Meer verſteckt.
Unzähl'ger Leben liebliche Organe
Bilden ein zweites Meer im Oceane;
Denn Töne duften alle Meeresblüthen;
Ward denn der Waſſer Polherz ſchnell zum Süden,
Der Vogelblumen weckt? —

Sie lauſcht und lauſcht, der Nachhall klingt die Weiſen
Des großen Chors — des allzumächtig lauten —
In Wiegenlied verwandten, leiſen
Accorden jetzt ihr zu.
Sie lauſcht und lauſcht, bis alſo eingewiegt
Sie hold und ſchön in Schlummersarmen lieget,

Die Töne nur im Traum auch ſie umwehen
Und inn're Engel liebreich ſie umſtehen,
Als Wachen ihrer Ruh'.

Traum.

Sie ſchläft, und Wogenhände hüllen
In Friedensdecken ſanft ſie ein;
Den leidvertrauten Herzensſchrein
Kann jetzt nur ſüße Freude füllen.
Vielleicht daß noch nicht ausgeklungen
Im unermeſſ'nen Reiche unten
Der Zauber, der den Chor geſungen,
Vielleicht, daß in den fremden, bunten,
Lichtgrün verhüllten Wundertiefen
Noch Augen wachen, die ſonſt ſchliefen,
Daß ſich in den Korallenzweigen
Noch liebbeſeelte Vögel wiegen.
Ich weiß es nicht — doch oben herrſchet Schweigen,
Und freundlich ernſte Bilder neigen,
Mit fremdbedeutungsvollem Sinn,
Sich zu der jungen Schläferin,
Die lieblich, cherubimgeſchädelt, —
Von Palmen, die in Eden wehn —
Mit ihren Purpurlippen lächelt,
Wie Kinder, die in Traumgefilden
Die Engel ſelig ſpielen ſehn.
Die Bilder kommen und verſchwinden —
Kaum läßt ſich ihre Deutung finden —
Wie Wolken mit beſchwingtem Fuß,
In welchem ſich Geſtalten bilden;
Die Augen, welche darnach fragen
Und ihren frommen Sinn verſtehn,
Oft einen fernen Zukunftsgruß,
Ernſte und wahre Botſchaft ſagen.

Doch jetzt — was naht ſich denn im Traume
So ſchön dem ſchlafumwob'nen Blick?
Zeigt ihr, an ihrem Lebensbaume,
Die Heilesblüthe das Geſchick? —
Sieh, — eine roſige Erſcheinung,
Ein zauberſchönes Meergedicht,
Mit Licht und Liebe in Vereinung
Auf ihrem Himmelsangeſicht,
Schwebt auf beſchwingtem Muſchelkahne
Empor zum Schloß im Oceane
Und naht ſich mild dem Schlummerthrone
Der Schläferin auf dem Balkone.
Die Welle, die des Kahns Bewegung
Erweckt zu fröhlicher Erregung,
Das Uferſchilf hört auf zu rauſchen,
Und ſelbſt die Sterne droben lauſchen
Mit Andachtsruh der Meerfrau Worten,
Die durch des Schlafs Geheimnißpforten
Süß, wie uns Freundeslaute klingen,
Ans Herz der holden Jungfrau dringen:

„Tief lag ich gebettet
Verſtummt und kühl.
Es war mir genommen jedes Gefühl
Im Schlafe gebettet
Schon Jahre lang.
Doch heute erlöste mich dein Geſang.

„Er drang in den Keſſel,
Der mich verbarg,
In meiner [illegible] verſchloſſ'nen Sarg.
Da ſprang meine Feſſel,
Und frei und treu
Erwachte das Herz des Meeres aufs Neu'!

„Aus dem [illegible] regte
Sich überall.
Im Marmor pocht es, im Wiederhall;
Selbſt das unbewegte
[illegible]
Ward plötzlich lieb- und mitleiddurchglüht.

„Nein, nicht [illegible]
Iſt mehr dein Leid.
Mein ganzes Reich iſt hülfebereit
Und hat ſich berathen
In großem Rath,
Zu ſinnen auf eine hülfreiche That.

„Doch nicht in den Hallen
Des Waſſergrundes,
Nicht in dem Rath eines [illegible],
Noch in der Korallen
Zauberwort
Ruht dir der Heilung Wunderhort.

„Nur [illegible]
Hilfreich zu ſein,
Bringt Heilung in deinen Herzensſchrein;
Drum weihe mein Kuß
Dich zur Rettungshand
[illegible] Bruder im [illegible]!“ —

Sie ſchweigt, — ſie hat den Kuß des Heiles
Sanft auf des Mädchens Stirn gehaucht,
Und mit der Flüchtigkeit des Pfeiles
Iſt ſie ins Meer zurückgetaucht.
Doch hat zuvor mit leichtem Neigen
Der lichtgewob'nen Wunderhand
Sie, durch das tiefe ernſte Schweigen,
Erneuten Lebensruf geſandt.
Und in den Wellen regt ſich's wieder,
Aus jedem Zweig quillt Leben vor,
Doch diesmal ſind's nicht Jubellieder,
Die freudig ſingt der Zauberchor.
Umflorten Thränen gleich,
Mondſcheinsbleich,
Glänzt auf dem weiten Wundermeer
Wieder hervor das Molluskenheer.
Melodiſches Weinen,
Doch nicht der Luſt,
Tönt aus des reinen
Marmors Bruſt.
Der Meerlilien Düfte,
Das Wehen der Lüfte —
Seufzergeflüſter!
Und ernſt und düſter
Sind der Undinen
Sonſt nur freundliche
Schelmenmienen! —
Was iſt wohl die feindliche
Gegenmacht,
Die mit tückiſcher Handlung
Solche Verwandlung
In die frohen Chöre gebracht?! —
Laßt uns dem Rauſchen
Der Welle lauſchen,
Die dort empor zum Balkon ſich hebt,
Und ans Herz der Schläferin, traumumwebt,
Folgendes Wort zu ſprechen ſtrebt:

Abſchied ach! rauſchen wir,
Geliebte Herrin, dir;
Drum kommt, auf Seufzerwogen,
Unſer trauriger Chor gezogen.

Herrin, du ſtrebſt von hier,
Traum nur bringen wir,
Schmerzvoll aus der tiefſten Seele,
Lebewohl dir, Meerphilomele.

Siehe, du biſt erwacht,
[illegible]
Todtgleich ſchlief, nur eine Minute —
Unſer Herz, daß es für dich blute.

Denn unſer Herzeum nur
Ruft dich zur Oberflur,
Weil wir mit dem Herzen wollen,
Du mußt Geſchwiſter hier vermiſſen.

Leb' wohl, ziehſt bald du fort,
[illegible]
Leb' wohl, und laß zum Angedenken
Ein Himmelslächeln noch dir ſchenken.

Mög', was wir bringen hier,
Nun, gefallen dir:
[illegible] ſind eins und wir weinen,
Es weiht dir willkommen [illegible].

Denn Spiegel heißt das Gut,
Das die betrübte Fluth
Dreifach ſendet, das Beſte zu wählen;
Laß, was ſie zeigen, dir erzählen!

Und vor das Aug' der Schläferin
Schwebt jetzt, auf unſichtbarem Flügel,
Ein wunderbarer Wogenſpiegel
Kriſtallhell und umgoldet hin;
Mit freundlichem Sirenenmunde
Gibt er von ſich ihr ſolche Kunde:
„Mich wählte, und dein Augenpaar,
Das himmliſchſchöne, ſoll erſchauen
Nur Schöne und Holdes immerdar; —
Die lieblichſte von allen Frauen,
Denn nur du ſelbſt, dein Bild allein,
Soll meines Zaubers Seele ſein;
Kein fremdes Auge und Geſchick

Begegne ſtörend deinem Blick;
Sieh ſelbſt, wie herrlich du dich weiſeſt
In meinem lichten Wunderraum,
Wie zauberhaft du ſterngleich ſtrahleſt,
Als ſeiſt du eines Engels Traum."
Wahr iſt's, das Bild, das ſich ihr zeigte,
Das Bild der holden Schläferin,
War himmliſch ſchön, und freudig neigte
Sie ſich dem eignen Zauber hin.
Doch nur im flüchtigen Momente,
Denn daß ſie Unheil von ihr wende,
Sprach eine Stimme feſt in ihr:
„Nicht *dieſen* Spiegel wähle dir!
Betrachte ſein Triumpfeslächeln,
Im Wahne, daß ſein Schmeichelfächeln
Dich ſchon gewann für ſeine Wahl.
Ach er iſt ein gezückter Stahl,
Daß er die inn're Glückesblüthe
Dir tückiſch tödte im Gemüthe."
Da weicht von Sonnenblüthes Mund
Das Lächeln, das ihn ſanft umſchwebt,
Und ihrer Seele reiner Grund
Fühlt ſich, im Traume, angſtdurchbebt.
Sie zieht vom Bild im Wogenſpiegel
— Obgleich kein holderes zu ſchau'n —
Die Geiſtesblicke ab mit Grau'n.
Ihr Schlummerſchweigen bricht ſein Siegel:
„Hinweg, die Eigenſucht biſt du!"
Tönt es aus ihrer Roſenſeele,
Voll Reue ob begang'ner Fehle.
„Und ſollſt mich länger nicht bethören
Um meiner Zukunft Glück und Ruh';
Ach! — um mich ſelbſt; — denn wir gehören
Uns ſelber nur in Wahrheit zu,
Wenn Anderen wir recht gehören;
Wenn unſres Buſens Spiegelhalle
Aſyl der Treue iſt für Alle;
Wenn Brüder Lieb' in uns begegnen,
Wird Liebe uns in Brüdern ſegnen."
Da ſinkt hinab zu andern Wellen
Die Woge in ſich ſelbſt zurück,
Und unſichtbare Hände ſtellen
Vor Sonnenblüthes reinen Blick
Den zweiten Spiegel; eine Welt
Von Farben iſt darin zu ſehen,
Das Sternengold am Himmelszelt
Scheint ihm an Glanze nachzuſtehen.
Ein Diamant iſt's, groß und klar,
Wie keinen aus Golconda's Schachten
Die Menſchen noch zu Tage brachten
Und keiner je gefunden ward,
Wie ſich auch Kunſt und Müh' verbünden,
In Strom und Fels darnach zu gründen,
Und ſeine Strahlenzunge ſpricht,
(Zu Worten wird ihr Zauberlicht):
„Mich erwähle; ich vermähle
Dankbar dann dein reines Weſen
Dem erſehnten Lebensheile.
Mich erwähle, ich verhehle
Gram und Nacht dir, aber leſen
Soll dein Herz, daß es ſie theile
(Treu und wahrhaft will ich malen),
Alle Luſt in meinen Strahlen,
Die der Menſchheit Bruſt bewohnet.
Wo ein Auge freud'befeuchtet,
Eine Stirne ruhmumkronet,
Eine Hütte glückbeleuchtet,
Zaub're deinen frommen Sinn
Eines Blickes Schwinge hin.
Denn in mich nur darf er fallen,
Und du ſtehſt in Freudenhallen,
Darfſt im Jubeltage wallen,
Ohne an den Dornenſchatten,
Die ſich ſonſt dem Lichte gatten,
Je verwundet zu ermatten.
Denn ich bin ein Sonnenkahn,
Der im Wonneocean
Deiner Seele Heimath gründet,
Wenn ſie ſich mit mir verbündet.
Ja ich bin die Heilespforte!
Doch ſieh' ſelbſt die Wunder an,
Die in meinem Glanz ſich wiegen:
Ueberführen können Worte,
Aber Thaten nur beſiegen!"

Und ſie ſieht! — ein heller, lauter
Freudenausruf bebt bewußtlos
Aus der überraſchten Bruſt,
Bei dem Anblick nie erſchauter,
Kaum geträumter Seelenluſt.
Denn ein ird'ſcher Heimathſchoß
Iſt der Spiegel jenen Bildern,
Die uns wunderbar und ſüß,
Heimiſch nur im Paradies,
Sonſt der Ahnung Zungen ſchildern.
Sonnenblüthe athmet kaum
Vor dem Spiegel, freudgelichtet;
Und in andern Spiegelraum
Iſt ihr Seelentag geflüchtet.
In ihr Auge, kindlichrein,
Schloß ihr Fühlen und ihr Denken,
Schloß ihr ganzes Herz ſich ein,
Und iſt nicht mehr abzulenken
Von des Demants Wunderwelt,
Ueber die ein Sonnenzelt
Seine blauen Schwingen hält,
Um vor Kummer und Gefahren,
Die hier wohnen, zu bewahren.
Jede geiſtige Beglückung,
Sel'gen Wiederſehns Minuten,
Heiliger Begeiſtrung Gluthen,
Aelternliebe und Entzückung,
Darf ſie aus der Bilder Augen
In die trunk'ne Seele ſaugen:
Hier ein Sohn — zu ſeinen Laren,
Aus der Fremde kalten Armen,
Wieder rückgekehrt nach Jahren —
Selig an dem liebewarmen
Herzen, das in milder Hülle
Die getreue Mutter trägt,
Wortlos von Gefühles-Fülle
Und vom reinſten Glück bewegt.
Sprache, wie in beſſern Sphären
Sie der Engel Zunge ſpricht,
Sind in ſolcher Stunde — *Zähren*,
Eine andre hat ſie nicht.
Und der Sohn, der hellen Blicks
In das Dunkel des Geſchicks
Oft geſehn, ſeit er entfernt,
Hat die Sprache auch gelernt
In der heiligen Umarmung —
Die ſo lang, ſo lang ſein Sehnen —
Und geläufig ſprechen Thränen
Zu dem Urborn der Erbarmung,
Zu des Schöpfers Vaterohr
Dank und Seligkeit empor. —

Dort ein Leben ohne Mängel
Lebt ein frommes Ehepaar;
Er hat männlich edle Züge,
Sie zum blonden Lockenhaar
Blaue Augen, ohne Lüge.
Und aus ihnen ſpricht der Engel,
Der, tief im verborgnen Schacht,
Ihres Glückes Gärtchen hütet,
Das kein Sturm, der draußen wüthet,
Und kein Winterfroſt entblüthet,
Weil *der Treue* Blumenpracht
Nicht verwelklich iſt gemacht;
Um ſie her, im Glanz der Lichter,
Die am Weihnachtsbaume blühen,
Froher Kinder Lichtgeſichter,
Die wie Frührothswölkchen glühen.
Und der Aeltern Auge weilt,
Zwiſchen Stolz und Luſt getheilt,
Auf dem Aelteſten, der kräftig
Ordnet ſeine Türkentruppen
Und ſein Griechenheer zur Schlacht;
Auf dem Mädchen, das geſchäftig,
Einer guten Hausfrau gleich,
In dem blanken Küchenreich
Mit der Ordnung Scepter ſchaltet,
Und die vielgeliebten Puppen
Zärtlich mütterlich umwaltet;
Eifrig wiegt es ſie zur Ruh'
In den kleinen Bettchen ein,
Und ſein Auge ſingt dazu:
„Seht, die ganze Welt iſt mein!" —
Gar zu ſchön ſind dieſe Gruppen,

Als ſei Glück der Marmorſtein,
D'raus die Liebe ſie gemeißelt,
Dornenloſe Roſen ranken
Sich, wie ſelige Gedanken,
Um ſie her, die ungegeißelt
Von der Erde Prüfungsnoth,
Und vom innern Freudenroth
Wie vom Lichtgewölk umſchleiert,
Schöner ſind, als ſich mit Worten,
Farben, irdiſchen Accorden,
Sagen, malen, ſingen läßt.
Sonnenblüthe ſteht entzückt,
Ihr beglücktes Weſen feiert
Ganz, dem eignen Selbſt entrückt,
Jedes hier begang'ne Feſt.
Und in ihrer tiefſten Seele
Ruft es: Dieſen Spiegel wähle! —
„So ſei es, ohne läng'res Wählen,
Kein Spiegel mehr kann ſchöner ſein;
Der Wonne will ich mich vermählen,
Du wunderbarer Stein ſei mein.“
Sie denkt's, doch an dem Zauberworte
Wird Denken zum geſproch'nen Worte;
Und jubelvoll ſtrebt ihr zu zeigen
Noch holdre Bilder der Demant,
Voll Stolz, daß er nun bald zu eigen
Gegeben wird der ſchönſten Hand.
Und jubelvoll klingt's rings umher:
Sie hat gewählt, es iſt geſchehn,
Der Freude eint ſie ihr Leben;
Kein drittes Glas begehrt ſie mehr;
Kann es auch Schöneres wohl geben,
Als gute Menſchen glücklich ſehn?! —
Sprich nur mit deinem Roſenmunde,
Was ſchon aus deinem Herzensgrunde
Und von des Auges Strahlenzungen
Vernehmbar zu uns hergeklungen,
Noch deutlich, — der Entſcheidung Wort,
Dann trage dich dein Stern hinfort,
Ein Flügel, zu der höchſten Stufe
Des Glücks, nach deiner Sehnſucht Port! —
Sie will's — da aus der tiefſten Tiefe
Des Meeres ringt ein Seufzer ſich —
Wie ſie in kaum verklung'nen Tagen
Ihn oft gewebt in bange Klagen —
Zu ihr mit weichem Wehmuthsrufe.
Ihr Ohr vernimmt den Klang mit Beben,
Wie Echo ſingt's ihr innerlich:

„Ich wo ich immer ſchliefe,
Wenn mich die Sehnſucht rief,
Ich mußte Antwort geben
Und folgen ihrem Ruf!“ —

Dies war ein heiliges Verſprechen;
Sie kann, ſie darf ihr Wort nicht brechen;
Auch pflichttreu ſein iſt eine Leiter
Empor zur höchſten Wonneſtufe;
Ja, Treue iſt ein Lichtbegleiter,
Der unſre Herzen, freudbeſchwingt,
Ins Reich des echten Glückes bringt.
Drum wandelt ſich das Wort der Wahl
In einen ſanften Thränenſtrahl.
Vergebens lockt der Diamant
Mit ſeinem vollen Wunderreiz
In ein umſonntes Freudenland;
Ihr Aug' verſagt, mit frommem Geiz,
Dem Zauberraume jeden Blick;
Zu fremdem, nächtlichem Geſchick,
Dem dritten Glas vielleicht verwandt,
Iſt der Seele hingezogen,
Und winkt aus den kryſtall'nen Wogen,
— Damit das Meer befriedigt ſei —
Den letzten Spiegel noch herbei.
'S iſt eine Perle groß und klar,
Wie niemals einem Erdenſohne
Sie noch geſchmückt die Königskrone,
Und ſingt mit leiſem Silberſchein —
Als ſei die Perl' der Muſchel Philomele,
Dies Lied in Sonnenblüthes Seele:

„Suchſt du das Glück,
Nahe der Reif! —
Aus tiefem Raume
Nahn ſelbſt im Traume
Nur Thränenſtreife,
Fliehe zurück!

In Fluth' zurück!
Hier giebt's nicht Kränze
Der Luſt zu pflücken,
Denn Blüthen ſchmücken
Sich nur zum Lenze,
Und Lenz iſt — Glück!

Und Glück liegt weit
Von meinen Sphären;
Schmerz iſt ihr Siegel,
Drum zeigt ihr Spiegel
Nur dunkle Zähren
Im Leide — Leid.

Wo Thränenthau
Nur kühlt die Au'n,
In Perlenwänden
Sind keine bunten
Blumen zu ſchauen,
Roſig und blau.

Nein, nur der Dorn
Bitterer Erfahrung,
Verachtungsdiſteln,
Und Hohnesneſſeln
Wogen zur Nahrung
Darauf, als Korn.

Seit Chriſti Tod
Backt von den Aehren
Der Kerkermeiſter
So vieler Geiſter
(Trotz Gottes Lehren)
Gefängnißbrod.

Sich ſelbſt es an,
Genetzt von Zähren;
Die Koſt iſt bitter,
Hart iſt's, ein Gitter
Nur zu gewähren
Dem armen Mann!“

Erwachen.

Im Morgenglanze ſpiegeln ſich die Horen
Und baden ihr Geſicht im Thau der Frühe,
Schon zog aus den erſchloſſ'nen Thoren,
Daß es die Welt durchglühe,
Der Liebe Kind — das Licht.
Auf goldnem Roß fliegt es — ein Pfeil — und tödtet
In ſchwarzer Bruſt das Herz der Nacht; es röthet
Ihr weit verſtrömtes Blut, ſo Berg als Thale,
Mit einem lächelnden Triumphesſtrahle,
Der tauſendfach ſich bricht.

„Ein Kind und Mord?“ — O ſpart's euch zu entſetzen!
Des Todes Tod, und keinen andern giebt es,
Kann ja das Leben nicht verletzen;
Licht iſt ſein Freund und liebt es
Wie einen Bruderſtrahl.
Denn Licht iſt ſelbſt des Lebens Seelenquelle
— Des Allbelebers treue Augenhelle;
D'rum weckt Aurora's friſche Purpurlippe
Das Herz, den Wald, das Wild, den Halm, die Klippe
Zum neuen Lebensmahl.

Der Sonnenwirth tiſcht auf! ach herrlich ſpeiſt er
Der Gäſte Million; als goldner Becher,
Mit Freudenwein gefüllt, durchkreiſt er
Den weiten Saal der Zecher —
Das Frühlingweltenrund.
Und Arm und Reich ſitzt oben an bei Tiſche
Und lauſcht den Muſikanten der Gebüſche,
Und Herz und Auge trinken das Entzücken
Mit durſtigen, mit dankbeſchwingten Blicken
Und freudgeſchloſſ'nem Mund.

Und Arm und Reich bekennen ſich zu Brüdern,
Denn bei dem Vater ſind ſie ja zu Gaſte,
Und aus den ſeligen Gemüthern
Ziehn heilige Toaſte
Zu dem, der das Geſchick
Der Menſchheit gleichwägt mit der Huld Gewichten,
In deſſen Reich' nur lebt, was in Gedichten
Des Zeitgeiſts ſich, in Irrthumsidealen
Unzählige von Völkerherrſchaft malen —
Die beſte Republik!

Seht, da ſind zum Entſetzen keine Gründe;
Nachtſchatten ſind ja wie der Seele Mängel
Nur eine dunkle Augenbinde,
Die löſt der Todesengel
Mit einem hellen Kuß.
O möchte doch mit ſolchen Sonnenküſſen

Er überall die Nacht ermorden müſſen,
Noch lebt in manchem Seelenſchachte — Todtes,
Und harrt auf einen Pfeil des Morgenrothes,
      Als Rettungsgenius.

Doch liebt Ihr das Entſetzen — im Bereiche
Der Spiegelwelt, in Sonnenblüthes Händen,
   Kann Euch die Nacht des Fluchs, die bleiche,
      Wohl ſeinen Anblick ſpenden,
      Denn dort ſtrömt Seelenblut.
Wie, oder rührt's Euch nicht, weil ſeine Welle,
Nicht purpurfarben, aus der Herzensquelle,
In wildem Kampf geöffnet — ſich ergießet;
Weil aus dem Born des Auges nur ſie fließet,
      Wie andre Thränenfluth?! —

Und doch muß ſolche Thräne eine mächt'ge
Beredte Sprache führen warmen Seelen;
   Sonſt könnte nicht für eine prächt'ge,
      Freudhelle Welt ſie wählen
      Des Mädchens reiner Geiſt.
Doch freilich Liebe nur verſteht die Rede;
Dollmetſcher iſt die Liebe nur für jede
Zunge, die Schmerz und Freude ſpricht hienieden;
Und Liebe hat die Spiegelwahl entſchieden,
      Die keine Luſt verheißt.

Ja Liebe iſt des Kummers Buſenfreundin,
Sie kann, bedarf er ihrer, ihn nicht laſſen,
   Der Freude Lockung wird zur Feindin,
      Und muß beſchämt erblaſſen
      In ihrer Selbſtſucht Kleid.
Denn ſchöner iſt für einen kräft'gen Willen,
Als ſüßer Thränen Anſchau, bittre ſtillen,
Mit milder Hand ein wundes Herz entdornen,
Zum Flug des Rechts mit treuem Zuruf ſpornen
      Den Schneckengang der Zeit.

Nach Deutſchland trägt das Aug', ſchnell wie ein Flügel,
Des Mädchens Geiſt, und zeigt — beredte Bitten,
   Obgleich wortloſe — ihm im Spiegel
      Das Loos der Isra'liten.
      Er weilt dabei bewegt;
Ach, es iſt eine magiſche Laterne,
Die Schatten auf die Wand wirft nah und ferne,
Und in dem Schatten Fratzen läßt erſcheinen
Der Grauſamkeit, und Augen, welche weinen,
      Wohin den Blick er trägt.

Seht einen Theil von jenen ernſten Bildern,
Die ſich gezeiget in dem Perlenſpiegel,
   Von jenem Weh, das ich nicht ſchildern,
      Und deſſen tiefſtes Siegel
      Das Wort nicht löſen kann.
Nachtſtücke aus dem neunzehnten Jahrhundert,
Von Dunkelheit entworfen und bewundert,
Genug, um ſchweres Unrecht zu enthüllen
Und mit gerechtem Zorn tief zu erfüllen
      Die Seele einem Mann.

Bilder aus Sonnenblüthes Perle.

I.

Lauter Jubel auf den Gaſſen,
Ständewahl! — die Bürger drängen
Sich, in frohbewegten Maſſen,
Herzverbunden, durch die engen
Straßen, die zum Marktplatz bringen.
Handwerksleute, Herr'n der Feder
Eint das fröhliche Gewühle;
Aller Blicke leuchten, ſingen,
Und ein König iſt hier Jeder,
Stolz, in ſeines Rechtes Gefühle.

Ja, das Recht iſt eine Krone,
Diadem der Menſchenwürde,
Majeſtät auf ew'gem Throne,
Scepter ohne Dornenbürde!
König wohl iſt jeder Bürger,
Der frei wirken darf und wählen
Für das Gute, Allgemeine.
Frei! — O Knechtſchaft iſt ein Würger,
Läßt kein Menſchenrecht den Seelen,
Als daß frei ihr Auge weine,

Und daß frei die Wunden bluten,
Die noch keinen Balſam kannten,
Und daß frei des Schmerzes Gluthen
In zerriſſ'nen Tiefen brennen.
Einer, der dies fühlt — wie immer
Ausgeſchloſſen hier, ſchon wieder,
Von dem Recht am Recht — ein Jude
Schaut, aus ſeinem reichen Zimmer,
Auf die Menge trüb hernieder
In der feſtlichen Minute.

Ja, ſein Haus iſt reich und prächtig, —
Ein vergoldetes Gefängniß,
Doch nicht minder arm und nächtig
Iſt ſein bürgerlich Verhängniß!
Jede Kraft iſt ihm gewähret
Von Dem, der gewährt das Leben,
Doch die Sonne ihm erblindet,
Welche Kräfte reift und nähret,
Weil ſein Wollen, Wirken, Streben,
Keine Muttererde findet.

O, er kannte ſtolzes Wollen,
Und vom lichtverklärten Looſe,
Ruhmumſtrahlten, thatenvollen,
Träumte ſeiner Jugend Roſe;
Doch der Roſentraum ſtirbt bälder
Israels verkürztem Sohne,
Als er Andern ſich entblüthet,
Denn Verachtungsluſt weht kälter,
Als der Sturm der rauhſten Zone
Durch ergrünte Wälder wüthet.

Thränen dringen aus der Wolke
Seines ſtolzen Auges, heiße
Thränen ſich und ſeinem Volke,
Dieſer heimathloſen Waiſe,
Achtzehnhundert Jahre nährt ſie
Jede Art von Gram und Beugung,
Bitt're Koſt an fremdem Herde,
Wie das Mitleid, kalt gewährt ſie.
Und warum? — weil Ueberzeugung
Kein verkäuflich Gut der Erde.

Wie er alſo ſteht und weinet
Thränen, die ſo oft gefloſſen,
Weil, wo jede Kraft vereinet,
Doch die ſeine ausgeſchloſſen,
Spricht die Schweſter, die ſein Leiden
Fühlt und theilt mit Liebestreue
In der jungen Bruſt, der warmen:
„Wollen wir ein Glück beneiden,
Bruder, das nicht frei von Reue
Sein kann, weil es ohn' Erbarmen? —

Wie ich's, ſüßer als Beglückte,
Denke mir zu ſein Beglücker,
Bin ich lieber Unterdrückte,
Als ich wäre Unterdrücker,
Theilſt du nicht auch dieſe Meinung? —
Sei wie Abel fromm zufrieden,
Daß dein Opfer aufwärts flamme.
Ach, du winkſt umwölkt Verneinung? —
Wüßt' ich's anders, wie hienieden
Troſt ſich neige unſerem Stamme!" —

Ja. Verneinung winken ihren
Sanften Worten ſeine Augen,
Wie ſie mild auch ihn berühren,
Heilung kann ſich nimmer ſaugen
Solches Weh aus ſolcher Blume. —
In der Welt, die ſie ſich ſchufen,
Können Frauen ohne Klagen —
Weil im Thatenheiligthume
Sie zu Prieſtern nicht berufen —
Ihrer Achtung Schmach ertragen.

Aber er nicht alſo kann es;
That, dies Männerwort, entflammet
Seinen Zorn, ſein Leiden, wenn es
Ihm ſo klar wird, daß verdammet

Er zu thatenloſem Schlafen
In dem ſchweren Druck der Ketten.
Die da ſtolz zum Wahlhaus wallen —
Ach, warum freiwill'ge Sklaven!
Wollten ſie die Brüder retten,
Müßten alle Feſſeln fallen.

„Nimmer ſind ja Unterdrücker,
Wenn nicht länger Unterdrückte;
Zum beſeligten Beglücker
Wird der freigelöſt' Beglückte."
Dieſes Wort ſagt' er im Gehen
Ihr, die ſanft zu heilen trachtet,
Und ihr Herz ſchwingt ſich nach Oſten,
Bald den Morgen zu erflehen,
Wo, wer noch gefangen ſchmachtet,
Frei den Freiheitswein darf koſten.

II.

An des Judenamtes Schwelle
Steht ein Jüngling; ſtummer Groll
Trübet ſeines Auges Helle,
Da er ſie betreten ſoll.

Heil'ger Schmerz zuckt um die Lippe,
Die ſonſt freundlich lächeln kann,
Und an ſolcher Ehrenklippe
Ziemt der Schmerz dem rechten Mann.

Dürft' er ſeines Zorns Empörung
Tragen in den Bau als Brand,
Einer Schandſäule Zerſtörung
Wäre Schmuck dem ſchönen Land.

Er iſt Dichter; — ſeinen Buſen
Hatte Ahnungsluſt geſchwellt,
Als er, im Geleit der Muſen,
Jüngſt hinauszog in die Welt.

Alles ſtrahlte! Wundertiefe
Sah ſein Aug' in jeder Kluft,
Jede Blüthe ward zum Briefe,
Freudenkunde gab ihr Duft.

Thatenkräftiger Gigante
Ward der Berg ihm, kronumlaubt,
Und in jeder Felſenkante
Ehrt er eines Forſchers Haupt.

Jeder Baum ſcheint ihm ein Rieſe,
Der den Zauberwald bewacht,
Und der Morgenthau der Wieſe
Einer Fürſtin Hochzeitspracht.

Und in jedem Wandrer grüßt er
Seiner Sehnſucht Ideal,
Denn ſein liebreich Herz erſchließt er
Jedem hellen Augenſtrahl.

Tauſend Hoffnungsträume band er
An die Stadt, zu der er zog,
Doch nur tiefe Kränkung fand er
Und die ſüße Hoffnung log.

Menſchen ſucht' er, doch die Chriſten
Halten ſie ſo ſtreng verſteckt
In des Argwohns Eiſenkiſten,
Daß man ſchwer nur ſie entdeckt.

Und ihn ſelbſt — mit allen Gluthen
Seiner Seele, Menſch allein —
Machen ſie ſo ganz zum Juden,
Daß er bangt, kein Menſch zu ſein.

Wo er ging und ſtand, erſcholl die
Alte Schmähungsſtimme: Jude!
Aus den ſchönſten Augen quoll die
Tauſendjähr'ge Dornenruthe.

Paßfreiheit! in dieſen Mauern
Rühmt man deine Reiſtung,
Doch erkennt man bald, mit Trauern,
Die Bedingungsgränzung,
Die man dir hier eingeräumet,
Und der Ruhm erklingt wie Hohn;
Denn du ſucheſt, goldumſäumet,
Hier vergebens deinen Thron.

Freiheit nicht einmal der Gäſte
Bietet ja die ſchöne Stadt
Dem, der nicht in ſeiner Weſte
Einen ſichern Taufſchein hat.

Und es muß der freie Fremde,
Der mit Lieb' die Welt umfaßt
Und den Wanderſtab hier hemmen,
Zu genießen frohe Raſt,

Auf dem Judenamt ſich zeigen,
Wenn ihm dies vergönnt ſein ſoll,
Dankbar ſich dem Chriſten neigen,
Und — bezahlen ſeinen Zoll.

Judenzoll! noch heut, noch immer,
O erröthest du nicht, Zeit? —
Achtzehnhundert Jahre, und nimmer
Zur Verſöhnung ſie bereit!! —

An des Judenamtes Schwelle
Steht ein Jüngling; ſtummer Groll
Trübet ſeines Auges Helle,
Da er ſie betreten ſoll.

III.

Zur Wittwe, die vereinſamt in ihrer Kammer ſitzt,
Von jedem Erdenſterne, doch nicht vom Licht verlaſſen,
Das durch der Trübſal Nächte mit Tageszauber blitzt,
Vor deſſen Sonnengoldblick Sternſilber muß erblaſſen,

Zur frommen, alten Mutter eilt heim der treue Sohn.
Sie lauſcht, ſie kennt die Schritte: Da kommen meine Augen!
Sagt ſie mit hellem Lächeln, den Liebesſtrahl im Ton,
Den nicht aus ihren Blicken der Kommende darf ſaugen.

Der Sohn tritt in die Kammer, den Zwerchſack wirft er ab,
Und um die Blinde ſchlingt er die jugendkräft'gen Arme:
„Gottlob, du theure Mutter, daß ich dich wieder hab',
Damit an dieſer Stelle mein ſtarres Herz erwarme."

Gottlob! — ſpricht auch die Greiſin; doch ſetzt hinzu ihr Mund:
Iſt's denn ſo kalt heut draußen, an einem Frühlingstage? —
Es glüht ja deine Stirne! — biſt du denn nicht geſund? —
Verhehle es nicht, Joſeph, daß ich dem Arzt es ſage.

Dem Arzt? — o gute Mutter, der Doktor weiß kein Kraut
Wider die Fieberkälte, die mir das Herz durchzittert.
Nein, keinem andern Arzte, als dir, ſei es vertraut,
Was mich ſo unerwartet, ſo wehvoll jetzt erbittert:

Mein Tagwerk war vollendet; das Glück, ſo ſelten mild,
Gefiel ſich meiner Mühe Gelingen zu gewähren,
Und auf dem Heimweg labte mich dein erfreutes Bild,
Doch bald verrann das theure in blut'gen Jammerzähren.

Denn als ich rüſtig heimzog, zufriedenheitgeſchwellt,
Und deine Freude dachte — den heiligen Gedanken,
Als Freiheit mich umblühte in freier Frühlingswelt,
Vergaß ich meinen Kerker und ſeine Dornenſchranken.

Da plötzlich, mir zu Füßen, glänzt Etwas ſonnengleich,
's iſt eine gold'ne Spange, beſetzt mit Diamanten.
Ein Blick der Schätzung ſagt mir, der Fund hier macht mich reich,
Und es iſt wahr, daß Tage des Wohlſtands vor mir ſtanden.

Doch kurz nur — im bewußtlos kind'ſchen Gedankenſpiel;
Reichthum, für Judenſöhne nur ein vergoldet Gitter,
War — nun du kennſt mich, Mutter, — nie meines Strebens Ziel;
Ein goldenes Gefängniß iſt ja nicht minder bitter.

Süß iſt's, zu Menſchen kommen als freundliches Geſchick,
Und was zum Lohn des Finders ich mir mit Wonne dachte,
War aus erfreuten Augen für mich ein Dankesblick,
Wenn ich dem Eigenthümer das Kleinod überbrachte.

Da kam man, es zu fordern; mit einem Fragegruß
Im ſorggetrübten Auge nahten ſich mir zwei Damen,
Und ſchon von Weitem ſagte ihr angſtbeſchwingter Fuß,
Daß werthvoll hier Verlornes ſie wohl zu ſuchen kamen.

Doch eh' ſie ſprachen, bot ich der Frag' die Antwort hin:
Wenn dieſes Gut Ihr ſuchet, der Finder iſt gefunden.
Da ſchwand die Kummerwolke vom Aug' der Sucherin,
Von einem tiefen Schmerze ſah ich ſie ſchnell geſunden.

Und hold, wie ich's geträumet, traf mich ihr Dankesſtrahl:
„Redlicher Mann, vom Himmel zur Rettung mir erkoren,
Dies Armband iſt ein Treupfand von meinem Eh'gemahl,
Mein theuerſtes Beſitzthum hätt' ich damit verloren.

Wie dank' ich Euch? — nicht kann ich's; doch im Bewußtſein treibt
Jede erzeigte Wohlthat des Lohnes Demantblüthen;
Damit, was mir Ihr thatet, Euch unverloren bleibt,
Mag dieſe kleine Gabe Euer Gedächtniß hüten."

Und mit der zarten Rechten aus ihrem Spitzentuch
Zieht ſie, ganz Huld und Güte, die goldne Buſennadel,
Ihr Wort klang mir ein Segen — doch griff der alte Fluch
Kalt auch aus dieſem Weſen voll warmem Herzensadel.

Denn die Gefährtin flüſtert in fremder Sprach' das Wort:
Il est un juif! — Da ſah ich, wie Maifroſt Blüthen tödtet,
Da ſah ich des Vertrauens, des Dankes Meuchelmord;
Verändert ſtand die Dame — verlegenheitgeröthet.

Erlaß mir's, viel zu ſagen von dem, was noch geſchah,
Wie ſich die milde Gabe ins harte Wort gewandelt:
„Kommt in den Gaſthof morgen, kein Gold hab' ich jetzt da,
Und fürchte, daß zu wenig ihr für dies Gut erhandelt."

Und Joſeph ſchweigt; — es ſeufzet die Mutter um den Sohn,
Sie fühlt, wie ſolch Erfahren verwundet ſeine Seele,
Die edle Bruſt, die täglich ſich müht um kargen Lohn,
Damit es ihrem Alter nicht an Erquickung fehle.

Sie betet lange leiſe, dann ſpricht ſie mild und laut:
Nimm's nicht zu ſtrenge, Joſeph, verzweifle nicht am Guten,
Sie müſſen es erſt lernen, wie Menſchen man vertraut,
Und daß ein Menſch kann wohnen in einem Schacherjuden.

Verzage nicht; — ich ſehe, trotz einer ird'ſchen Nacht,
Von einem klaren Morgen die goldne Aufgangsröthe;
Die Liebe kommt als Engel in ihrer Himmelstracht,
Daß ſie mit ihrem Augſtrahl die Macht des Haſſes tödte.

Und bis es wird, hat ſtets noch der höchſte Arzt ein Kraut,
Auch für das Weh, das heute dich unverdient erbittert;
Warm legt ſich Gottes Treue ums Herz, das ihm vertraut,
Wenn liebloſe Verachtung es fieberkalt durchzittert.

IV.

1.

Der greiſe Rabbi betet
Beim ſtillen Kerzenſchein,
Er betet warm, er redet
Ja nicht für ſich allein,

Er betet für das Leben,
So ſeines Lebens Kern,
Der Sohn, den ihm gegeben
Der Herr als Erbenſtern.

Er denkt im Weltgetriebe,
Dem nur er angehört,
Vielleicht nicht Zeit ihm bliebe
Zu beten ungeſtört.

Er denkt, im Uebermuthe
Verſäumt die Jugend oft
Zu beten, weil das Gute
Nur von ſich ſelbſt ſie hofft.

Verſäumen und vergeſſen
Kann es wohl auch ſein Sohn,
Drum fleht er unterdeſſen
Für ihn an Gottes Thron.

Er fleht, daß ſeine Thaten
Gebete möchten ſein,
Ob Ernten ſeiner Saaten
Auch Enkel erſt erfreun.

Daß ſtark und ohne Klage,
Getreu dem alten Gott,
Sein ſtolzes Herz ertrage
Verachtungsweh und Spott.

Daß nicht im müß'gen Grame
Im reichen Feuergeiſt
Die Schwinge ihm erlahme,
Die Höhen froh umkreiſt.

Wie tief auch ferngekettet
Sie ſei vom Sonnenſchein,
Wenn ihr nur wohlgebettet
Iſt im Bewußtſeinsſchrein.

Und daß, der uns wird retten,
Ihn weih' zum Strahl und Licht,
Der Schmach- wie Leidesketten
Mit Sonnenhänden bricht.

Auf daß die Unglückswolke,
Die ſchwer auf Zion ruht,
Ihm eine ſeinem Volke
Treu, wie es Glück nicht thut.

2.

Der fromme Vater endet
Sein tiefgefühlt Gebet,
Doch bleibt ſein Herz gewendet
Dem Sohn zu, früh und ſpät.

All ſeine Wünſche baden
Sich in des Lieblings Blick;
Er iſt der goldne Faden
In dieſes Mannes Geſchick.

Mit Hoffnungsfreude ſchwellt er
Bei Tag die Bruſt des Mans,
Als Stern bei Nacht erhellt er
Die Traumbahn ſeines Schlafs.

Doch heut — welch fremdes Träumen
Den Greis wohl überkam? —
Die milden Züge ſäumen
Sich herb mit Hohn und Gram.

Des Geiſtesmeers Oberfläche,
Die klare Stirn, ſich kraußt,
Als ob ſie Unthat räche,
Ballt ſich im Zorn die Fauſt.

Als ob ſie Theurem fluche,
Die bleiche Lippe bebt; —
„Wer lieſt im Seelenbuche,
Was dieſer Schläfer lebt!"

Er lebt die ſchwerſte Stunde
Von ſeines Lebens Zeit;
In jeglicher Sekunde
Hängt Leidensewigkeit.

In jedes Pulsſchlags Dauer
Verblutet ſich ſein Herz;
Es wandeln kalte Schauer
Sein weich Gefühl in Erz.

Er ſieht bewußt, doch ohne
Daß er es hindern kann,
An ſeinem einz'gen Sohne
Der Taufe Handlung an.

Sieht ihn mit Füßen treten,
Geiſtig, des Vaters Lieb',
Zu neuem Gotte beten,
Dem treulos, der treu blieb.

Er ſieht ihn losgeriſſen
Von ſeines Glaubens Heil,
Von Ruhe im Gewiſſen,
Die guter Kinder Theil.

Und ſieht — ach Nichts mehr ſieht er,
Das Auge dunkelt ihm,
Die fremde Kirche ſieht er,
Kein Stern mehr funkelt ihm.

Sein Stern iſt ja erbleichet,
Sein letzter Strahl war Gift
Dem Vater, und es reichet
Dafür, zum Hohn der Schrift,

Das Chriſtenthum dem Sohne,
Der ihr Gebot verletzt,
Der Erdenfreiheit Krone,
Des Bürgers Würde jetzt.

Gibt ihm, was es den Brüdern
Schuldet und doch nicht zollt,
An ächten Menſchheitsgütern
Den reichen Untreu-Sold.

Doch was es ihm mag bieten
Käuflich als Ehr' und Amt,
Des Vaterſegens Frieden
Nicht d'rum als Sonne flammt.

2.

Der Morgen blickt durchs Fenſter
Unzähl'ger Schläfer Blick,
Küßt todt viel Nachtgeſpenſter,
Manch trübes Traumgeſchick.

Auch küßt er mild den Kummer,
Den Traum dem Greis gereicht,
Hinweg, daß mit dem Schlummer
Er ihm vom Auge weicht.

Und dieſes Auge blicket
Dankbar zu Dem hinan,
Der mehr des Leids nicht ſchicket,
Als man ertragen kann.

Dann ſtill zur Schule geht er,
Dem Bethaus Iſraels,
Stets werth zu ſein, dies fleht er,
Des göttlichen Befehls.

Ob Dulden oder Freuen
Darin geboten auch,
Nur dankbar ſein, dem Treuen
Treu, bis zum letzten Hauch.

Dem frommen Flehn gewähret ſich
Erhörung, wenn ſie frommt,
Dankbar und treu bewähret ſich
Der Greis im Leid, das kommt.

Und es kommt bald; — ſei Leiden
Sei Luſt in ihrer Hand,
Die Boten Gottes walten
Im Wolkenflug durchs Land.

Der Sohn — auch Höh'geſandter —
Zog vor dem Rabbi her,
Und als er heimkam, fand er
Ihn weinend, trüb und ſchwer.

In einem leichten Briefe
Er ſeine Quelle hat,
Des Kummers ſchwarze Tiefe
Umſchließt das weiße Blatt.

Der Traum iſt wahr geworden:
Da ſteht's, es ſchreibt's der Sohn,
Der Wirkungskreis und Orden
Um ſeine Religion,

Den ſchnöden Preis, gekauft,
Und — ein geborgner Mann —
Daß jüngſt er ward getauft,
Dem Vater zeigt er an.

Er ſchreibt: Nicht Ueberzeugung
Hab' ihn dazu gebracht,
Nur das Gefühl der Beugung,
Das Juden elend macht.

Der Vater mög' bedenken,
Wie viel er litt dabei,
Verzeihn und ſich nicht kränken,
Weil's alſo beſſer ſei.

Viel ſanfte Worte ſchrieb noch
Der Sohn in dieſem Sinn,
Dem Vater aber blieb doch
Der Todesſchmerz darin.

Sein Gott, dem er beeidigt
Im Leben und im Tod,
Von ſeinem Sohn beleidigt
In einem Hohngebot;

Im Vierten, das ſo heilig
Vom ew'gen Berge klang;
Der Schmerz wohl tauſendtheilig
Sein tiefſtes Herz durchdrang.

Und doch mag er vergeben
Dem Sohn, was er verbrach;
Denn ach! er muß ja leben,
So lang' der Herr es ſprach.

Auch fühlt er — jener Schimmer
Der Freiheit, der die Bahn
Iſraels hellet nimmer,
Zog ihn magnetiſch an.

Nicht ihm — nein, den Verſuchern,
Die in der Kirche Schoß
Das heil'ge Recht verwuchern,
Scham- und erbarmungslos:

Das „Schuldig!" ihnen ſpricht er,
Die ihm ſein Glück geraubt,
Den Stab, als Richter, bricht er
Ob ſeiner Schergen Haupt!

O, die ihr's hört, verdammt nicht
Des alten Juden Qual;
Des Fluches Glut entflammt nicht
Der Segensſonnenſtrahl.

Und Fluch gabt ihr als Amme
(Denn Fluch iſt Eins mit Bann)
Unchriſtlich einem Stamme,
Der nicht vom Banne kann!

Ihr Eid.

In tauſendfacher Form zieht ihrem Blicke
Iſraels Glaubensloos oft vorüber,
Und vor dem traurigen Geſchicke
Wird es ihr trüb und trüber,
Die Wange thränenfeucht.
Ach! iſt des Glaubens blaue Tempelhalle
Denn kein Aſyl der Einigkeit für Alle? —
Dringt Streit in Räume, die den Frieden bieten?
Und iſt durch Heil'ges, ſtatt gewebt, geſchieden
Der Bruderſeelenkreis?! —

Doch nein, ſie ſieht nicht Streit, nur Unterdrückung,
Stolz bauet ſich im Herrſchaftsübermuthe
Der Chriſt im Ocean Beglückung
In Freiheitsluft! Der Jude
Im ſchwarzen Moor — der Schmach;
Sie ſieht der Kinder Himmel ſchon verdunkelt,
Weil an des Vaters Höh' der Stern nicht funkelt —
Der Freiheitsſtern — des Mannes Sonnenſphäre —
Und ſieht, wie bald zum Jammer wird dem Weibe,
Das — ſtoh' nur — Nichts verbrach.

Verbrach? — und was iſt denn des Mannes Verbrechen,
Dem Bruder, ehrvergeſſen — denn das iſt es —
Des Staates Todesurtheil ſprechen? —
„Sein Volk hat einſt — ihr wißt es —
„Wie es die Bibel lehrt —

„Chriſtus, den Herrn und Gott, am Kreuz getödtet.“
Vor achtzehnhundert Jahr — und Ihr erröthet
Vor Eurem Herrn — der Liebe echtem Fürſten —
Nicht, daß Unzählige nach Liebe dürſten
Und Ihr ſie nicht gewährt! —

So fühlt das Meeresmädchen, dem, entſiegelt,
Sich Menſchenleid und Quell des Menſchenleides
In jener Wunderperle ſpiegelt.
Mitleidend faßt ſie Beides
Auf in dem reinen Sinn.
Was ſieht ſie auch! — Sie ſieht der Aeltern Qualen,
Weil ihren Söhnen keine Hoffnungsſtrahlen
Den Jugendtraum zum Zauberfrühling küſſen,
Weil ohne Wirkungskreis ſie darben müſſen
Im heiligſten Gewinn.

Sie ſieht, wie wild das Blut den ſtolzen Söhnen
Die Wangen färbt und in des Herzens Grunde
Empörung wach klopft, weil verhöhnen
Sie hören aus dem Munde
Gewiſſenloſen Spotts
Die vielgeliebten Aeltern, die verehrten,
Ihr Heiligthum, ihr Theuerſtes auf Erden,
Verhöhnen, weil ſie — treu den alten Lehren —
Noch die Gebote ihrer Prieſter ehren
Als Willen ihres Gotts.

Sie ſieht, wie Edles dennoch aus Verachtung —
Dem Seelenwinter mit ſo eiſ'gen Schauern —
Sich losringt, und des Grames Umnachtung,
Des Joches Kerkermauern
Als Lichtſtrahl überflammt.
Doch ach, ſie ſieht auch, wie es nimmer, nimmer
Der Welt ſich geben darf als Liebesſchimmer,
Wie es Verfolgung oft und Neid entzündet,
Wenn es ſich treu nach jenem Stamme kündet,
Zum Kerkertod verdammt.

Denn Kerkerleben, das iſt Todesſtrafe,
Wer fühlt's nicht ſo und jauchzt im Freiheitsäther? —
Es ſtirbt wohl freudig, eh' als Sklave
Er wurmgleich hinlebt, Jeder,
Der nicht gebor'ner Knecht.
Des Leibes Tod macht frei ja und lebendig
Und, alles Sterbend baar, das Sein beſtändig;
Doch Seelen tödten iſt ein gräßlich Morden,
Und wie viel Seelen ſind getödtet worden
Durch kalt verſagtes Recht! —

Sie ſieht's im Perlenſpiegel, ſieht's mit Grämen,
Mit Thränen, die wohl bitt'rer nie gefloſſen,
Wie viel Unſel'ge ſich nicht ſchämen —
Am Boden angeſchloſſen,
Im Aug' der Ehre blind,
Ganz ohne Menſchenwerth im Staub ſich windend,
Beglückt, wenn Goldſtaub nur darin ſich findend,
Nicht Sternenlicht, nicht Freiheitsluft vermiſſend
Und kriechend ihrer Schergen Ruthe küſſend —
Gern zu ſein, was ſie ſind.

Sie ſchaudert; — doch nicht lang von ſo Gebückten
Wendet ſie ab die lichtdurchglühte Seele;
Man darf ja mit gewiſſenlos Erdrückten
Nicht rechten ob der Fehle,
Die es bewußtlos thut.
Wie aber ſoll Erkenntniß ſich entfalten,
Wenn Ketten ſo den Geiſt am Boden halten? —
Doch wenn die Ketten ſinken — und ſie müſſen,
Wenn freie Menſchen ſich als Brüder küſſen,
Erwacht ſie wohl mit Gluth.

Und ſengt mit einem einz'gen Strahl der Reue
Und löſcht mit einer einz'gen Verſagzähre
Die Flecken, die in ſeiner Treue
Es trug und ſeiner Ehre!
Denn edle Reu' hat Kraft.
Der Tag iſt nah' ſchon. — Sonnenblüthe weiß es;
In einem dunkeln Ort des Weltenkreiſes
Wird ſie die Schlöſſer öffnen dieſer Ketten,
Der Menſchheit freiheitlebend Herz zu retten
Aus tauſendjähr'ger Haft.

„Ich löſ' euch frei!“ — ſie ſpricht's — „Als Welle häng' ich
Mich an das Schiff des Rechtes, es zu treiben;
Die übrigen, als Oſtwind, dräng' ich,
Daß ſie nicht thatlos bleiben,
Bis es am rechten Strand.“
Und Abſchied grüßt ſie jetzt dem Heimathmeere,
Das Aug' umwölkt eine Trennungszähre,
Doch ſchnell aus Aug' und Herz wehrt ſie die Wolke,
Denn klar muß ſein und ſehn, wer einem Volke
Als Engel zugeſandt.

Sie winkt den Fluthen, und die grünen tragen
Sie pfeilſchnell fort; kein Auge kann ihr folgen.
Ihr nach ziehn der Undinen Klagen
Und über ihr die Wolken!
Fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl!
Bleib' treu dem dir ſo tief vertrauten Leide
Und treu dem heil'gen, ihm geſprochnen Eide,
Werde zur Feder dem gedrückten Leben
Das Recht, die Kraft, die es empor wird heben,
Fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl! —

Erfüllung.

Im Herzen, das die Bruſt der Erde —
Seit einſt, daß ſie dem Nichts entſtiege,
Des Weltenordners mächtig: Werde!
Sie wach rief, aus chaot'ſchem Traume
Bewegt, mit warmer Lebensfeder
Und deſſen göttliches Geäder,
Sein Lichtblut pulſt durch alle Zweige
Am zaubervollen Schöpfungsbaume
Im Herzen, das die Blüthen küßt,
Wenn ſie der Weſte Mund umkoſet,
Und das ein Theil der Sonne iſt,
Durch welche Lenzpracht grünt und roſet;
In dieſes Herzens Gartenpracht,
Die ihre Düfte allhin bringet,
In dieſem Melodienſchacht,
Der liederreich die Welt durchklinget,
Iſt eine tiefverborgne Kammer,
D'rin klopft ein nimmer müder Hammer
Durch Lichtgeſang den Ton der Nacht.
Ach, das kalte Dunkel,
Durch welches ſo lang
Kein Sternenfunkel,
Kein Sonnenſtrahl drang,
Ein Geheimniß umfließt es
Auch dunkel und kalt,
Eine Schmiede umſchließt es,
Jahrtauſende alt.
Und am Ambos waltet
Ein finſterer Greis,
Sein Haupt iſt erkaltet
Und Gletſcherweiß;
Doch ſein Buſen, der Ort,
Wo das Herz ſonſt ruht —
Der Gefühle friedlicher Hort —
Sprüht als Eſſe ſo ſchaurig wilde Gluth,
Als nähre ſtatt Oels ſie der Menſchheit Blut.

Jahrtauſende lang dieſe Eſſe ſchon flammt,
So lang auch ſitzt ſchon der Greis hier gebannt,
Gefeſſelt zum Kettenſchmieden verdammt,
Den Hammer in der entfleiſchten Hand.

Mechaniſch ſchwingt er
Ihn ohne Ruh',
Mechaniſch ſingt er
Dies Lied dazu:

„Kalte Gluth iſt meine Seele,
[illegible] Eis mein Flammenblut.
Daß gequält ich Andre quäle,
Giebt allein mir Lebensmuth.
Freudig ſchwing' ich meinen Hammer,
Bringt es doch der Menſchheit Jammer,
Mehrt ohne Unterlaß.
Fröhlich, denn ich bin der Haß.

Von der Nacht, der Welt bedeutet,
Muß erſtehen meinen Tag,
Meine Morgenglocke läutet
An der Freiheit Sarkophag.
Kann man mit geſchloſſ'nen Augen
Licht aus Sonnenſtrahlen ſaugen?
Kann in Ketten ohne Grau'n
[illegible] man beſchwingt erſchau'n? —

Nein! Und weil — was Glück mir däuchte —
Weil im Aetherocean
Ich die goldne Weltenleuchte
Leider nicht verlöſchen kann;
Weil ich nicht — wie dem Geſchicke
Es gefiel, mit meinem Blicke,
Den in ew'ge Nacht es warf —
Aller Glücke blenden darf;

Darum will ich nachtumwoben
Mit dem Dunkel Leidenſchaft,
Inn'rer Augen Sonnenleben,
Freier Geiſter Lebenskraft,
Will — weil ich der Menſchheit Glieder
Nicht gefeſſelt zu mir nieder
Ziehen darf — aus Dornenerz
Feſſeln werfen um ihr Herz.

Werde müd' nicht, Hand, zu ſchmieden
Froher Herbes Ring an Ring,
Särge für den Freiheitsfrieden,
Zügel für den Schmetterling,
Den ſie ihre Seele nennen.
Nicht wahr, meine Ketten brennen? —
Ketten ſind der Guten Pein.
Denn will Kettenſchmied ich ſein."

In dieſe Kammer, tiefverborgen,
Klopft jetzt mit klarem Strahlenfinger
Ein freundlicher Erweckungsmorgen;
Die Hand der frommen Wetterkraft
Iſt kraftbefreit von ihrem Horte,
Und ſprengt, ein milder Nachtbezwinger,
Die in der Erde tiefem Schoße
Wolkenverhüllte Jammerpforte;
Sie hat, treu ihrem ſtillen Eide
Und treu dem ihr vertrauten Leide,
Das tauſend Herzen troſtlos nähren,
Die Quelle bitt'rer Volkeszähren
Allüberall mit kräft'gem Willen
Geſucht, um endlich ſie zu ſtillen;
Damit doch ihres Spiegels Bilder —
Die noch nicht glücklicher und milder
Sie anſehn aus dem thränenvollen
Und ſchmerzumflorten Perlenauge —
Durch Freude ſich verklären ſollen
Und ſie auch Freude daraus ſauge;
Sie hofft mit kindlichem Vertrauen
Das Heißerſehnte zu erreichen —
Der Menſchheit Einungsfeſt zu feiern —
Und ſolche Hingebung täuſcht nie
Und ſolchem Streben folgt Gelingen.
Lang kann Gewährung ſich verſchleiern —
Es iſt, als ob ſie ewig flieh' —
Doch folgt auf treuen Glauben — Schauen,
Und treu und freudig glaubet ſie.
Jetzt — wie ein Strahl vom Himmelsbogen —
Kommt ſie zur trauervollen Schmiede,
Ein ſanfter Arzt, herangezogen;
Sie lauſcht entſetzt dem kalten Liede,
Sie hört des Hammers dumpfen Schlag
Und trägt — ein reiner Himmelstraum —
Ein gottgeſandter Oſtertag —
Verklärung in den trüben Raum.
Sie naht dem Greiſe
Beſchwingten Fußes —
Verſöhnung der Schuld —
Und ſtatt des Grußes
Küßt ſie ihn leiſe
Mit Lippen voll Huld,
Mit dem Freiheitskuß,
Der von ſeinen Gliedern
Und von den geſchloſſ'nen Augenlidern
Die dornige Feſſel ſchweigen muß.
O, welch ein Kuß!
Erwärmung haucht er
Auf Schläfen ſo kalt,
In Jugend taucht er
Des Greiſes Geſtalt,
In Einklang löſt er
Des Streites Macht,
Denn Sonnenlicht flößt er
Ins Herz der Nacht.
Die Puppe entſtreift er
Dem Schmetterlinge,
Die Freiheit reift er
Und macht zur Schwinge
Die Kettenringe,
Die — weil der Kuß ihm Augen gibt —
Nicht länger der blinde Kettenſchmied
Als Schranke ums Herz der Menſchheit zieht;
Denn — er ſieht ja jetzt, und wer ſieht, der liebt.

Und jetzt iſt Sonnenblüthes Spiegel
Befreit von einem andern Geiſt,
Es löſte ja ſein Trauerſiegel
Auch jener Kuß, der Liebe heißt.
Er iſt ihr Lohn, denn Freudenſchrift
Lieſt ſie, ſo oft ihr Blick ihn trifft;
Sie lieſt: Du baueſt uns die Brücke
Zum einzigechten Menſchenglücke,
Haſt unſerm Wirken, unſerm Streben —
Ein Heil, das uns ſo lang verwarf —
Ein irdiſch Vaterland gegeben,
Das treuer Söhne wohl bedarf.
Haſt hold uns an den Tiſch geladen,
Von dem man uns ſo lang entfernte,
Und wir auch ſtreu'n jetzt friſche Saaten,
Zukünftiger Geſchlechter Ernte;
Die Feſſel drückte gar zu ſchwer,
Und blut'ge Thränen ſind gefloſſen,
Doch deine Hand hat uns erſchloſſen
Der heißen Sehnſucht reiche Welt,
Der Freiheit ew'ges Frühlingszelt,
Und uns umwallt ein Balſammeer,
Um unſre Wunden heil zu baden.
Und alle Dunkel ſind erhellt,
Kein Raum der Bruſt mehr liebeleer,
Und keine Kette gibt es mehr,
Als die unſterbliche der Thaten,
An die ſich alle Geiſter reihen,
Damit, werth der Unſterblichkeit,
Beim Scheiden einſt von Raum und Zeit
Auch ſie und ihre Kräfte ſeien.

Und die Schmiede verſank; ihr dunkel Grauen
War nur des Haſſes Stempel,
Lichtſäulen ſind jetzt ſtatt ihrer zu ſchauen,
Die tragen den herrlichſten Tempel,
Den Freiheitstempel, den Tempel der Lieb',
Der Jedem zum Thatenbethaus blieb,
Welch Glaubens immer er ſei;
Und glanzgewoben ſtehn über der Pforte
Mit Sternenſchrift die ewigen Worte:
Wer liebt, iſt frei.

Nachklang.

O armer Sehnſuchtsmärchentraum! — noch ſchmiedet
Der finſt're Greis die alten Dornenreiſe,
Und legt ſie um der Menſchheit Herz! Umfriedet
Iſt noch, wie ſonſt, kein Zug' von Recht; es ſchmachtet
Wie ſonſt noch ein gebeugtes Volk, verachtet,
Nach jenem roſengold'nen Morgenſtreife
Am Freiheitshorizont.
Noch iſt faſt rings im Vaterland der Eiche
Sein Menſchenrecht — wie ſtets geträumte Reiche —
Gedankengut im Mond.

Sprecht nicht von hundert eingeräumten Rechten,
Wenn es, wie hier, um Recht allein ſich handelt;
Die hundert Rechte ſind dies Recht nur Knechten,
Und knechtiſch iſt ein Herz, das ohn' Empören
Von ſolcher Gaben Wohlthat könnte hören.
Wenn Arztes Kunſt des Blinden Nacht verwandelt
In trüben Lichtesſchein,
Nennt Sehen wohl Ihr ſolche Trauerhelle? —
Und kann der Ausſtrom Eurer Rechtchensquelle
Mehr als ein Rechtsſchein ſein? —

Sprecht nicht von noch nicht werth ſein, erſt verdienen,
Das alte Wort ſei endlich doch verklungen,
Saht Ihr ein Feld, das Sonne nie beſchienen,
Wohl prangen je im Goldglanz reifer Aehren! —
Verdient iſt längſt, was Ihr verſagt, mit Zähren,
Mit Schmerz bezahlt und mit Erniedrigungen,
Die Schmach auch Euch und Joch;
Denn Ketten trägt gezwungen auch ein Freier,
Doch wer ihn dazu zwingt — ein König ſei er —
Selbſt Sklave iſt er doch.

O ſeid gerecht! — Weg mit den Augenbinden!
Kein Bettler, klopft mein Volk an Eure Pforte;
Es kommt zu geben! — Seht, Ihr lieben Blinden,
Und laßt die Hand, die Euch Vertrauen bietet,
Nicht länger mehr an Druck und Schmach vermiethet.
Es kommt mit ſeinem lang verſchmähten Horte —
Dem Schatz verkannter Kraft —
Und will ſie ganz dem guten Ganzen weihen,
Als treues Glied ſich an die Kette reihen,
Die Stufen aufwärts ſchafft.

Ihr höhnt und ſprecht: „Nicht aufwärts zieht's die Juden,
Tief in der Erde liegt ihr Gott gebettet!“
O mahnt uns nicht, daß nicht die Wunden bluten,
Die Ihr mit Balſam küſſen müßt! Wohl Jeden
Von meinem Stamm habt Ihr hinabgetreten
Mit eh'rnem Fuß, dahin, wo angekettet
Der Erdengott — das Gold;
Und Viele konnten ihn als Troſt umfaſſen,
Weil Ihr nur Eiſen gebt, nur kaltes Haſſen,
Als heißer Sehnſucht Sold.

Doch unſer Gott iſt in der Höh' — hoch oben —
Der Ewigunvergängliche, Alleine,
Den gute Thaten, reines Streben loben,
Als einz'ge Opfer, die ihm wohlgefallen,
Als einz'ge Lieder, die ihm lieblich ſchallen
Aus ſeiner Kinder friedlicher Gemeine
Der treue mächt'ge Hort,
Der ſeit Jahrtauſenden ein Geiſt der Güte,
In heil'gen Wunderwerken — nimmer müde —
Sich kündet fort und fort.

Vor deſſen Tritt der heil'ge Berg gezittert,
Als er dem Moſes ſich darauf gezeiget,
Der Haß wie Nacht im Liebesblitz zerſplittert,
Ob berghoch auch ſie ihre Schatten thürmen;
Der wie im Kindeslächeln, ſo in Stürmen,
Ein Vaterherz voll Langmuth zu uns neiget;
Er gab, als wir im Staub
Mit Sklavenfeigheit uns vor Euch gebückt,
Den Freiheitsfunken, den Ihr unterdrückt,
Nicht ew'ger Nacht zum Raub.

Denn Sklavenjoch, wie Götzendienſt verdammt er;
Es ſind ja ſeine Kinder Freigebor'ne!
Mit Freiheitslicht, dem Sonnenkuß, durchflammt er
Den Weltenball und wirkt im Menſchengeiſte,
Damit er, ihm zur Ehre, Etwas leiſte,
Und alle Guten ſind ihm Auserkor'ne.
Verkennt nicht, was er meint;
Die heiligſchönſte Menſchenthat iſt lieben;
Viel prahlt ihr mit dem Wort, ſo oft umſchrieben,
Doch — wir ſind unvereint.

O laßt vereint uns ſein in Freiheitsfrieden!
Wir ſind, glaubt und vertraut's, nicht Geldesſklaven,
Wollt Beſſeres, wollt Liebe endlich bieten,
Und warmer Liebe ſollt Ihr treu begegnen
Und warme Liebe wird Euch dafür ſegnen.
Verkanntſein iſt die bitterſte der Strafen,
Verkennt uns länger nicht.
Zwar unſer Seelengold ſchläft noch in Erzen,
Doch wird gewiß die Sonne Eurer Herzen
Der Schlacken Läuterungslicht.

Wie ſchwelg' ich in Gedanken, daß die Schranken
Verſinken, ſo die Liebe noch umſorgen,
Dann werden wir uns in einander ranken
In That und Streben! O dies Glück, wer nennt es? —
Und wer, was ihm entblühe?! — Da ja Getrenntes —
Wie ſchwach es ſei — doch im Verein erſtarken
Und Werth gewinnen muß.
Ja freudig denk' ich: Bald der ew'gen Güte
Entglüht der Heilungsſtrahl als Sonnenblüthe
Des lichtern Tugendkuß.

Friedrich Otte.

heißt mit ſeinem wahren Namen: G. Zetter, und lebt zu Mülhauſen im Elſaß. Näheres über ihn zu ermitteln iſt uns nicht gelungen.

Er ſchrieb:

Schweizerſagen in Balladen, Romanzen und Legenden. Straßburg 1841.
Zweite Sammlung. Baſel 1842.
Elſäſſiſche Neujahrsblätter für 1843. (gemeinſchaftlich mit Auguſt Stöber.)

Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, lebendige Phantaſie und warmes Gefühl zeichnen die Leiſtungen dieſes beſonders in erzählenden Poeſien glücklichen Dichters vortheilhaft aus.

Mülhauſens Wappenſchild.

Ihr leſ't in alten Mähren,
Wie Etzel vom Hunnenland
Mit ſeinen wilden Heeren
Getobt am Rheinesſtrand.
Verheeret und verlaſſen
Stand Anger da und Haus,
Es zogen die armen Saſſen
Nach fernen Landen aus.

Kam auch am Wanderſtabe
Ein Müller ins Elſaland,
Auf dem Rücken die leichte Habe,
Sein Töchterlein an der Hand;
Er ſah die weiten Auen,
Die Ill ſo klar und rein,
Und ſprach: Hier laß uns bauen
Ein Hüttchen ſtill und klein.

Da fällt die Rieſeneiche
Der Greis mit Jünglingsmuth;
Er führet kräft'ge Streiche
Und hämmert und meißelt gut.
Bald iſt das Werk am Ziele:
Es ſteht am Fluthgebrauſ
Mit flinkem Räderſpiele
Ein luſtig Mühlenhaus.

Den Bau beſieht mit Freude
Der rüſt'ge Müllergreis;
Er ſichtet das Getreide
Und mahlt mit regem Fleiß;
Das holde Mägdlein gehet
Dem Vater raſch zur Hand,
Sie ſammelt ein und ſäet
Und baut das Haideland.

Einſt auf der Thürenſchwelle,
Am kalten Wintertag,
Ein junger Kriegsgeſelle
Erſchöpft und müde lag.
Sein hartes Loos er klagt —
Da ſpricht der Greis: Tritt ein:
Du ſollſt, wenn Dir's behagt,
Mein Müllerburſche ſein.

Dem Burſchen hat's gefallen,
Er in der Mühle blieb,
Er thät gar fleißig mahlen

Und war dem Müller lieb.
Er aber trug wohl immer
Das Mägdlein in dem Sinn,
Und ſein vergaß auch nimmer
Die holde Müllerin . . . .

Wohl mag Euch klar nun ſcheinen,
Warum nach kurzer Friſt
Aus dem Müllerhaus, dem kleinen,
Ein Dorf erblühet iſt.
Das Dorf, das wuchs in Bälde
Heran zur ſchmucken Stadt,
Drin glänzt im weißen Felde
Noch jetzt das Mühlenrad.

Der Hexenthurm.

Bei Colmar ſtand auf dürrer Au
Ein Thurm ſo finſter und ſo grau,
Der lugte trüb hinein ins Land
Und ward der Hexenthurm genannt.
Da trieben ihr Weſen
Die Hexen und Druden,
Mit Gabeln und Beſen,
Mit Geiß und mit Ruthen.

Wohl ſchwand der Thurm längſt von der Flur,
Von Hexlein auch iſt keine Spur;
Doch wenn in düſt'rer Mitternacht
Der ſtille Mondmann einzig wacht,
Da rauſcht es, da regt ſich's
Tief unten am Strande,
Da huſcht's, da bewegt ſich's,
Da trappelt's im Sande.

Und ſieh', mit Eins hebt ſich empor
Der Hexenthurm. Der wilde Chor
Schlingt raſch den Reigen um das Haus
Und tanzt und ſingt, es iſt ein Graus.
Sie reiten auf Stielen
Von Beſen geſchwinde,
Sie klappern wie Mühlen
Und ſummen im Winde.

Und immer lauter ſingen ſie
Und immer toller ſpringen ſie;
Es dauert fort die ganze Nacht,
Bis Sonnenlicht am Himmel lacht.
Da huſchen ſie nieder
Und tauchen darein
Und kehren erſt wieder
Wann Mondmann erſcheint.

Die Zauberin.

Von dem Thanner Münſter nieder hallt die Todtenglocke bang,
Schweigend ins Gebet ergoſſen horcht das Volk dem ernſten Klang.
Sieh, die Henkersknechte ſchleppen aus dem Dom ein altes Weib,
Eine Zauberin der Hölle, ſtarr, mit tiefgebogenem Leib.

Dieſes Weib, es hat geſündigt, that verboten Weisheit kund,
Hat geſchloſſen mit der Hölle, mit den Geiſtern einen Bund;
Schau, wie ihre Augen funkeln, wie ihr Haar im Winde wallt,
Wie die Erde ſie verfluchet und die Fäuſte grimmig ballt!

Ihr Verbrechen ſoll ſie ſühnen durch den grauſen Feuertod,
Dort, wo himmelan die Flamme aus dem Scheiterhaufen loht.
Und die Menge weicht zurücke und das Weib in wilder Luſt
Steigt hinauf, als wie im Wahnſinn, ſchlägt ſich an die dürre Bruſt.

Und ſie dehnt ſich hoch und höher, reckt empor den alten Leib,
Blickt mit grimmem Lachen nieder auf das Volk, ein Rieſenweib.
Und es drängt ſich die Menge, doch die Alte ballt die Fauſt.
Ihre Rede klingt wie Sturmwind, wenn er durch die Föhren ſauſt.

„Ja, ich bin's, ſo ruft ſie gellend, die mit böſem Zaubertrug
Auf die Erde niederbrachte Unheil, Schmach und Götterfluch!
Ja ich bin, ich ſag' es lachend, allem Volke ſei es kund,
Bin der Hölle längſt verfallen, ſteh mit ihr im feſten Bund.

Schon ſeit ſieben Jahren liegen Eure Felder öd' und kahl,
Aus der trüben Wolke nieder lachte nie ein Sonnenſtrahl;
Keine Sichel hat geklungen, keine Blume hat geblüht,
An dem Weinſtock hat, dem dürren, keine Traube Euch geglüht.

Wer es that und wer's verſchuldet? Wer das Uebel Euch geſandt?
Niemand anders, als ich ſelber, weil Ihr ſchnöde mich verkannt,
Weil Ihr . . . .“ Doch die Rede ſtockt und die Flamme praſſelt wild
Und das Gluthmeer hat verſchlungen längſt das alte Hexenbild.

Und die Menge ſteht und lauſchet. Niederwallt des Rauches Flor,
Und ein Vogel ſchwarz und grauſig ſchwingt ſich aus der Gluth empor.
Sieh, da theilen ſich die Wolken, freundlich glänzt der Sonne Strahl,
Und die Erde ſchmückt mit Blüthen und mit Früchten ſich zumal.

Hell erklingen Vögleins Lieder, blumenreich prangt das Gefild,
Und der Weinſtock lohnt mit Wucher und die volle Garbe ſchwillt;
Alle Quellen rauſchen wieder, da der Schmerzensborn zerrann:
Heiße Dankgebete ſteigen aus dem Münſter himmelan.

Johann David Paſſavant

ward 1787 zu Frankfurt am Main geboren und widmete ſich nach dem Wunſche ſeines Vaters dem Kaufmannsſtande, nahm jedoch als Freiwilliger Theil am Befreiungskriege und ward, da ihn dieſer Beruf 1815 nach Paris führte, hier von den dortigen Kunſtſammlungen ſo mächtig angezogen, daß er den Entſchluß faßte, fortan ganz der Kunſt zu leben. Er ward hier ein Schüler der berühmten Maler David und Gros, und ging dann 1817 nach Italien, wo er, vorzüglich in Rom, theils mit praktiſchen, theils mit theoretiſchen und hiſtoriſchen Kunſtſtudien beſchäftigt, ſieben volle Jahre verweilte. Später kehrte er nach ſeiner Vaterſtadt zurück, die er zu ſeinem bleibenden Aufenthalt erwählte, machte jedoch von hier aus wiederholt größere Reiſen nach Frankreich, England und Italien.

Er gab heraus:

Anſichten über die bildenden Künſte und Darſtellung des Ganges derſelben in Toskana, zur Beſtimmung des Geſichtspunktes, aus welchem die neudeutſche Malerſchule zu betrachten iſt. Heidelberg 1820.
Kunſtreiſe durch England und Belgien. Frankfurt 1833. Mit zehn Abbild.
Rafael von Urbino und ſein Vater Giovanni Santi. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1839. Mit Abbildungen. (Text und Bilderatlas werden jetzt getrennt verkauft.)

Einer der gewiegteſten und geſchmackvollſten lebenden Kunſtkenner, der mit gründlichſter hiſtoriſcher Durchbildung ein eben ſo gereiftes Urtheil wie eine treffliche Darſtellungsweiſe verbindet.

Guſtav Pfarrius.

Ueber das Leben dieſes talentvollen jüngern lyriſchen Dichters vermögen wir Nichts mitzutheilen, als daß er als Oberlehrer am Gymnaſium zu Köln am Rhein angeſtellt iſt.

Er veröffentlichte:

Das Nahethal in Liedern. Köln und Aachen 1838. 2. Aufl. Bonn 1845.
Karlmann, ein Gedicht. Bonn 1841.
Chriemhildens Rache. Köln und Aachen 1844.

Warme, lebendige Phantaſie, Kraft der Rede, anſchauliche, farbenſatte Darſtellung und gewandte Behandlung der Sprache und Form ſind dieſem Sänger, der beſonders in Balladen und epiſch-lyriſchen Dichtungen glücklich iſt, eigen.

Karl und Hildegard.

1.

Wie rauſt der Sturm im Eichenwald, wie ſauſt der Wirbelwind!
Wie tobet durch die Gauen der Sachſe Wittekind!
Die fränk'ſchen Burgen rauchen, die Kirchen ſind zerſtört,
Die Prieſter ſind gefället; ſolch Wüthen war nimmer erhört.
Und Karl empfing die Botſchaft, raufte ſich den Bart;
Stampfte mit dem Fuße nach ſtolzer Herrſcher Art;
Und um ihn ſeine Helden, ſo herrlich und ſo groß,
Die hörten's, was er drohte, und hatten die Schwerter bloß.

Vor Allen aber Keiner ſolche Luſt empfand,
Solchen Kampfeseifer Keiner wie Taland;
Der fühlt den Boden brennen zu Ingelheim am Rhein,
Der muß im tödtlichen Rennen von Allen der Erſte ſein.

Taland, des Königs Bruder, von andrer Mutter, war
An Kühnheit und an Feuer ihm ähnlich auf ein Haar,
So zugethan den Freunden, ſo raſch zur That im Zorn,
So wild und ungebändigt, gab Haß oder Liebe den Sporn.

Er war des Hofes Zierde, das hatte Keiner Hehl,
Geſchmückt mit jeglicher Tugend, ein Ritter ohne Fehl,
Im Buſen aber hegte der Jüngling eine Qual,
Die ſeiner Tage Frieden, ſein ganzes Lebensglück ihm ſtahl.

Er war entbrannt in Liebe zu ſeines Bruders Weib;
O Hildegard, wie ſtrahlte vor ihm Dein ſchöner Leib!
Doch ſann er, wie zu löſchen ſo frevelhafte Gluth;
D'rum trieb es ihn von hinnen, im Feind zu kühlen den Muth.

Der Heerbann war ergangen; auf grünem Plan am Rhein,
Da muſterte der König ſein Volk im Sonnenſchein;
Und um ihn ſeine Helden, im blanken Waffenſtaat,
Empfingen die Befehle nach lange gepflogenem Rath.

Da wandte ſich der König zum harrenden Taland
In brüderlicher Neigung und faßt' ihn bei der Hand:
„Du bleibſt zurück am Hofe zum Schutze unſ'rer Frau'n;
„Wem anders, als dem Bruder, könnt' ich mein Liebſtes anvertrau'n?"

Bebend ſprach der Jüngling: „O nimm zurück das Wort!
„Ich kann allhier nicht bleiben, muß fliehen dieſen Ort;
„Laß, Bruder, laß mich ziehen mit Dir ins Sachſenland,
„Ein böſer Zauber hält mich von hier auf immer gebannt."

Der König, den im Herzen die Weigerung verdroß,
Liebte nicht zu ſcherzen, wo einmal er beſchloß;
Er ſprach: „Den Zauber lös' ich durch königlichen Spruch,
„Nimm als Befehl die Bitte, und nun der Worte genug!"

Die Kriegstrompeten klangen, die Zinken und Schalmei'n;
Wie bäumten ſich die Roſſe, wie funkelten die Reih'n!
Es wälzte ſich vom Rheinſtrom dahin wie Feuerbrand,
Wittekind, wo biſt Du! Wehe Dir, Sachſenland!

2.

In Ingelheim ward's ſtille; Taland ging öde Bahn:
„O König," rief er, „Bruder, nicht wohl haſt Du gethan!"
Und wo des Rheines Gebrauſe bei ſtiller Nacht erſcholl,
Da ſchlich er, einſam brütend, finſter, gedankenvoll.

Und ſah er Hildegardis im Kranz der Frauen blühn,
Dann fingen an die Flammen zu glühen und zu ſprühn,
Es riß ihn hin im Taumel der Liebe Raſerei,
Gebrochen war ſein Wille, ſein Widerſtehen vorbei.

Da traf er eines Tages die Königin allein,
Da lag er ihr zu Füßen, geſtehend ſeine Pein.
Die Königin, im Herzen der Treue reinſte Gluth,
Verwies ihm hocherröthend den ſchrecklichen Frevelmuth.

Doch wie ein Strom verheerend die Fluren überſchwemmt,
Sobald der Damm gebrochen, der ſeine Kraft gehemmt,
So riß die Fluth der Triebe den Jüngling tobend fort,
Sobald dem Schloß der Lippen einmal entflohen war das Wort.

Gewichen ſind die Schranken, er folgt, wohin ſie geht;
Stets heftiger und lauter ſeine Lippe fleht;
Die Königin entrüſtet, ſie hatte keine Wahl,
Droht, einſt ihn zu verklagen, beim König, ihrem Gemahl.

Doch wie durch Oel das Feuer in neuen Flammen glüht,
So ſtachelte die Drohung ſein liebekrank Gemüth.
„Rede," rief er grimmig, „Ja oder Nein!
„Das letzte ſoll der Nagel zu meinem und Deinem Sarge ſein!"

Da hatte ſie's verſtanden, da ward ihr angſt und bang; —
Es blieb in fernen Landen der König noch ſo lang. —
D'rum kühn zu ihrer Rettung erſann ſie eine Liſt,
Woran, wir wiſſen's Alle, ein Weib unerſchöpflich iſt.

Sie läßt ihn heimlich rufen, ſie flüſtert wie verführt:
„Taland, Du haſt geſieget, Dein Schmerz hat mich gerührt;
„Jedoch am Hofe ſpähen Lauſcher ohne Zahl,
„Wie ſollt' es mir ergehen, erführ' es mein ſtrenger Gemahl?

„D'rum thu', wie ich befehle: ſuch' auf den tiefſten Wald,
„Wo nie die Axt erdröhnet, wo nie ein Horn erſchallt;
„Im dunkelſten Gehege ein Plätzchen wähle dort
„Zu unbelauſchter Minne verborgenem Zufluchtsort;

„Ein Haus im tiefſten Forſte, gemauert feſt von Stein,
„Verſehn mit Schloß und Riegel, ſoll unſre Freude ſein,
„Wohin am hohen Mittag kein Blick der Sonne dringt,
„Von wo der Minne Geheimniß kein Lüftchen weiter bringt."

Da ſchwindelten ihm die Sinne, ſein Ohr vernahm es kaum,
Es hob ihn wie den Schlafenden der ſüße Flug im Traum;
Er ſtürzte raſch von dannen wohl in den tiefſten Wald,
Wo nie die Axt erdröhnet, ein Horn des Jägers nie erſchallt.

Im dunkelſten Gehege ein Plätzchen fand er dort
Zu unerlaubter Minne verborg'nem Zufluchtsort.
Zimmermann und Maurer, ſtumm durch Eidesmacht,
Die mußten eifrig bauen in finſterer Mitternacht.

Da ſtand im tiefſten Forſte das Haus verſteckt und klein,
Von außen grau und düſter, von innen blank und rein;
Von außen gleich der Hütte, worin der Köhler wohnt,
Von innen reich geſchmücket, wo prächtig ein König thront.

Spiegel auf Purpurwänden, Teppiche golddurchflammt,
Und hinter ſeid'nen Wolken ein Ruhebett' von Sammt,
Ein Ruhebett' umfloſſen von mildem Dämmerlicht,
Da war es nicht zu helle, da war es zu dunkel nicht.

Und vor dem Hauſe ſtanden die Königin und Taland,
„Tritt vor, Taland, ich folge, biſt länger hier bekannt!"
Er that nach ihrem Worte; doch ſie mit männlicher Kraft
Schlug hinter ihm zu die Pforte; d'rin ſaß er in feſter Haft. —

3.

Haſt, Sterblicher, Du jemals, gequält von Liebespein,
Dem Glockenſchlag gelauſchet zu ſüßem Stelldichein,
Und nach unendlichem Harren ſchwarzen Verrath entdeckt,
Du haſt vom bittern Tranke Talands ein Tröpfchen nur geſchmeckt. —

Es ſchwollen ihm die Adern, er ſchäumete vor Wuth,
Und machte tolle Geberden in wilder Fiebergluth;
Der Neigung tiefſte Wurzel riß er dem Herzen aus,
Zu pflanzen tödtlichen Ingrimm; das war dem Satan ein Schmaus!

Ermattet ſank er nieder aufs Ruhebett' von Sammt,
Zu glühendem Roſt der Hölle däuchte jetzt es ihm verdammt.
Es kam der Abend traurig, es kam die ſtille Nacht;
In Planen ſchwarz und ſchaurig hat er thätig ſie durchwacht.

Und als den Morgen grüßte der Vöglein Geſang,
Vernahm er hoch am Fenſter einen leiſen Klang:
Ein Körbchen wohl verſchloſſen ward ihm herab geſandt,
Worin er Trank und Speiſe in reichlicher Fülle fand.

So ging's an jedem Tage, ſo oft der Morgen graut',
So ſaß er im engen Kerker, den ſelbſt er ſich erbaut;
So ſaß er und ſog verwildernd des Haſſes Gift und ſchwoll,
Wie unterm Stein die Kröte, unſäglicher Qualen voll.

Und als, vom Herbſt gelichtet, der Schmuck des Waldes fiel,
Da fing er an zu ſpielen ein lang durchdachtes Spiel:
„Wer biſt Du, rief er kläglich, der Speiſ' und Trank mir bringt?
„Gewiß an Deinen Ohren des Unglücks Stimme nicht verklingt!“

„Ich werde bald ein Schatten entſchweben dieſem Ort,
„D'rum bring' ihr, die Dich ſendet, dieſes mein letztes Wort:
„„Taland, verzehrt von Reue, begehrt in ſeiner Noth
„„Ein Zeichen der Verſöhnung als einzigen Troſt im Tod.““

Das hört' der Alte draußen, das hört' er jeden Tag;
Doch leiſer ſtets und leiſer Taland von innen ſprach,
Und plötzlich war es ſtille, kein Klageton erſcholl,
Das Körbchen mit den Speiſen war unberührt und voll.

Die Königin aus Erbarmen hinaus zum Kerker eilt;
„Dir iſt vergeben,“ rief ſie, „ſo Reue Dich geheilt!“
Entriegelte die Pforte, und fand ihn hingeſtreckt,
Abgezehrt und hager, als wär' er aus dem Grab erweckt.

Er hob das Haupt, er dankte der milden Königin,
Verbeugte ſich und ſchwankte durch den Nebel hin,
Und Hildegard, auf Pfaden verſchlungen und geheim
Dem alten Diener folgend, enteilte nach Ingelheim.

4.

Die Kriegstrommeten klangen, die Zinken und Schalmei'n,
Wie bäumten ſich die Roſſe, wie funkelten die Reihn!
Es wälzte ſich zum Rheinſtrom daher wie Feuerbrand;
Wittekind lag nieder, gebeugt war Sachſenland.

Und Karl auf Sturmesflügeln, ein ſieggewohnter Aar,
Durchflog des Rheines Gauen vor ſeiner Heldenſchaar;
Der Herbſtwind bog die Wipfel, den König zog es heim
Zu kurzer Ruhe Labſal im lieblichen Ingelheim.

Und ſieh', ihm reitet entgegen Taland mit einem Troß
Verworf'ner wilder Geſellen, ein Jeder auf ſtolzem Roß;
Er ſtammelte den Willkommen mit Blicken wie voll Schmerz,
Dann goß er glühende Tropfen dem edeln Karl ins Herz.

Er ſprach: „Dein Ruhm iſt glänzend, wie Deines Helmes Stahl,
„Doch Deines Bettes Ehre befleckte Dein Gemahl;
„In dunkler Waldesöde ließ bauen ſie ein Haus,
„Da zieht ſie mit ihrem Buhlen allnächtlich ein und aus.“

„Für Wahrheit bürgt mein eig'nes und jener Ritter Wort,
„Und willſt Du mehr, ſo folge und ſchaue ſelbſt den Ort!“
Es winkte Karl; ſie flogen zur Stätte ſeiner Schmach,
Er ſieht und glaubt; er ſtarrte die Männer gräßlich an und ſprach:

„Ihr Wächter, fort, ergreift ſie! Ihr Würger, packt ſie gut,
„Und wo der Rhein am Tiefſten iſt, verſenkt ſie in die Fluth!
„Und daß ſie nimmer tauche herauf zum Sonnenſchein,
„So bindet um den Schlangenhals ihr einen Centnerſtein!“ —

Und ſieh', in nächt'ger Stunde drei Männer hoch zu Roß,
Sie ziehn herab vom Hügel dem Rheine zu vom Schloß;
Im Arm des einen windet ein händeringend Weib;
Sie fleht, ſie kämpft, er hält ſie gar feſt um den zarten Leib.

Schon nahen ſie dem Ufer, die Wogen brauſen fern. —
O Hildegard, ſo ſchuldlos, erglänzet Dir kein Stern?
Hallo! zwei Reiter ſtürmen hervor aus dunkler Nacht;
Die Hiebe fallen hageldicht, die Rettung iſt vollbracht.

Und auf des Rheines Spiegel tanzt munter bald ein Kahn:
Die Diener Karls vom Hügel im Mondenlichte ihn ſahn,
Und zogen heim und hielten ihr Abenteuer hehl,
Sich rühmend, daß ſie thaten genau nach des Königs Befehl.

5.

Ich ſinge von der Schwermuth, die Karls Gemüth umſpann,
Ich ſinge von der Thräne, die ſeinem Aug' entrann,
So tief, ſo heiß entquellend der gramerfüllten Bruſt
In ſtiller Nacht, wenn Alles vergaß der Qual ſo wie der Luſt.

In ſtiller Nacht, wenn Alles der Luſt und Qual vergaß,
Der König ohne Schlummer auf ſeinem Lager ſaß;
Und wenn am lauten Morgen des Tags Geräuſch erklang,
Der König trüb' und düſter aus ſchweren Träumen ſich rang.

War hin des Thrones Höhe, war hin der Krone Glanz,
Geſtürzt des Ruhms Trophäe, gewelkt ſein Lorbeerkranz!
Nein, ſie, die überſtrahlte der Krone Glanz, ſie ſchlief
Durch ſeine Hand gebettet im Strome ſo kalt und tief.

Im dunklen Wellenabgrund, auf rollendem Geſtein,
Da wähnte Karl gebettet die traute Gattin ſein;
„Und ob nun große Strafe ſie litt für groß Vergehn,
„So mußt' ich doch im Staube zertreten mein Kleinod ſehn!“

Doch Hildegard des Lichtes der Sonne noch genoß
Im fernen Schwabenlande bei ihres Bruders Schloß,
Wohin auf ihr Verlangen nach jener Schreckensnacht
Die Retter ihres Lebens in ſtummer Eile ſie gebracht.

Dort lebte ſie verborgen der Herrlichkeit der Welt,
Ihre Krone war ein Schleier, ihr Schloß ein Waldeszelt,
Und im Gebet und Faſten erforſchte ſie die Kraft
Der Stein' und Waldeskräuter zu frommender Wiſſenſchaft.

Und ſieh', des Herren Gnade that bald in ihr ſich kund:
Der Kranke, der ihr nahte, ging heim und ward geſund;
Und wenn von ihr beſchworen, entwich der Andern Schmerz,
Dann fühlte ſie erleichtert ihr eigenes ſchweres Herz.

So ward durch Wunderthaten ihr Name weit bekannt;
Sie glaubte ſich verrathen und floh aus Schwabenland,
Und wallte, Gott vertrauend, nach Rom am Pilgerſtab,
Wo ihr geſegnet Wirken ſo Vielen Geneſung gab.

Wenn dort um ihre Füße gedrängt ſie dankbar ſtehn;
Iſt milder Seelenfrieden in ihrem Blick zu ſehn;
Doch hört' ſie dann wohl ſprechen vom großen Karl am Rhein,
So will es dennoch brechen, ihr Herz, vor unendlicher Pein.

6.

Indeſſen wälzt ſich rauſchend dahin der Zeiten Strom,
Und trägt den Frankenkönig zum Kaiſerthron nach Rom,
Und mit ihm ſeine Helden, den Bruder auch, Taland,
Dem war vom Zorn des Himmels ein ſchweres Uebel geſandt.

Ein grauer Flor umhüllte ſeiner Augen Stern;
Vergebens wurden entboten die Aerzte nah und fern.
Da pries der frommen Pilg'rin Verdienſt ihm jeder Mund,
Er ging, empfing den Balſam, und ward zur Stelle geſund.

Das weckte hohes Staunen im ganzen Frankenheer,
Es flog von Mund zu Munde wie eine Wundermähr:
Der König trug Verlangen, die ſeltenſte der Frau'n
In ſeines Hofes Mitte von Angeſicht zu ſchau'n.

Und ſchickte ſonder Aufſchub in gläubig-frommem Sinn
Den Diener nach der Zelle der Wunderthäterin.
Sie ſprach: „Ich muß gehorchen dem Herrn und König mein;
Zur neunten Stund' im Münſter da will ich harren ſein.“

Zur neunten Stund' im Münſter in hoher Königspracht
Stand Karl, die Nonne vor ihm in niederer Pilgrimstracht;
Der König zog die Nonne herauf an ſeine Bruſt;
Da ſtrahlten Blicke der Wonne, da floſſen Thränen der Luſt.

Der Gatte hielt die Gattin enttäuſcht in ſeinem Arm:
Da war zu voll die Seele, die Sprache war zu arm;
Ein ſchallendes Te Deum erſcholl vom Hochaltar,
Und Gottes dunkle Wege die wurden den Menſchen klar.

Nur Einer ſtarrt zur Erde, Verzweiflung im Geſicht,
Dem klang der Ton der Orgel, als rief er zum Gericht;
Der hatte zu bezahlen eine große Schuld;
O möge ſie erlöſchen in Gottes unendlicher Huld!

Hildegard erflehte das Leben für Taland;
Er ward auf eine Inſel im fernen Meer verbannt.
Und Karl mit den Getreuen zog heim zum grünen Rhein,
Und Ruhe kehrte wieder und ſüßer Friede bei ihm ein. —

So giebt aus fernen Tagen die alte Mähr ſich kund,
So ward ſie hergetragen durch mancher Sänger Mund;
Wenn laut die Becher klangen beim frohen Mahl, ſo ward
Vom großen Karl geſungen und von der treuen Hildegard.

Die Gründung Kreuznachs.

Ein Wald im Frankenlande lag wild und ſchauerlich,
Ein Fluß entwand dem Schatten der Felſenklüfte ſich,
Und mitten auf dem Fluſſe lag eine Inſel klein
Und mitten auf der Inſel ſtand hoch ein Kreuz von Stein.

Und wenn der Fluß zum Strome durch Waſſergüſſe ſchwoll,
Daß rings von ſeinem Toſen Gebirg und Thal erſcholl
Und ſeine Hütt' in Trümmer der Fiſcher ſinken ſah,
Stand hoch und unerſchüttert das Kreuz im Strome da.

Der Meiſter, der's errichtet mit kunſtgeübter Hand,
War übers Meer gekommen ins fränkiſche Heidenland,
War in die Nacht gedrungen der wüſten Barbarei,
Damit des Kreuzes Schimmer ein Licht im Finſtern ſei.

Der Fiſcher ohne Hütte zum fremden Meiſter fleht:
„O lehr' ein Haus mich bauen, das gleich dem Kreuze ſteht!“
Und jetzt auf Felſenboden wird Stein auf Stein geſetzt,
Das Waſſer ſchwoll und brauſte, das Haus blieb unverletzt.

Da kamen ſie zur Inſel gepilgert durch den Wald:
Belehrt durchs Kreuz, bekehret zum Kreuz ward Jung und Alt.
Und eine Stadt erhob ſich, wo einſt die Hütte ſtand:
Vom nahen Kreuz der Inſel ward Kreuznach ſie genannt.

Michel Mort der Kreuznacher.

„Auf zum Kampfe!“ rief der Herold, „Sponheim will dem Feind erliegen!“
Nach dem Zeughaus zu den Waffen ſah man die Getreuen fliegen.

Von den Schwertern, hier gehäufet, wählte Michel Mort das ſchwerſte;
Ohne Helm und ohne Harniſch war er auf dem Platz der Erſte.

Dort auf blutgetränkter Ebne durch die Leichen der Genoſſen
Sah er wanken den Gebieter, von den Feinden rings umſchloſſen.

„Kreuznach hier, mein edler Grafe!“ ließ er ſeinen Ruf erſchallen,
Und bei jedem ſeiner Hiebe ſah man einen Gegner fallen.

„Kreuznach hier, Ihr Pfaffenknechte!“ hallte ſeine Stimme wieder,
Und mit jedem Schlag des Schwertes ſchlug er einen Söldner nieder.

Schlug umher wie Blitz und Hagel, Splitter flogen in die Weite,
Und im Nu des Augenblickes focht er an des Grafen Seite.

Hieb entzwei des Nächſten Lanze, hieb ihn ſelbſt vom Roß zur Erde,
Half dem Herrn, dem ſchwergetroffnen, hingeſunknen, zu Pferde.

„Rettet Euch, mein edler Grafe, den Verfolgern will ich wehren!“
Rief er fechtend, rief er ſinkend, hingeſtreckt von hundert Speeren.

Wird durch Sprendlingens Gefilde, Wanderer, Dein Fuß einſt wallen,
Weil' an einem grauen Steine: Michel Mort iſt hier gefallen.

Freimund Pfeiffer,

eigentlich Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Pfeiffer, ward am 5. Mai 1810 zu Eutin geboren, ſtudirte zu Göttingen, lebte dann zu Oldenburg und ſtarb daſelbſt am 28. December 1841.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Jugendklänge. Göttingen 1835.
Sie ſollen ihn nicht haben, oder des Dichters Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft. Eine Farce. Bremen 1841.
Goethe's Friederike. Leipzig 1841.
Goethe und Klopſtock. Leipzig 1842.
Göttinger Burſchenlieder. Bremen 1842.

Nicht ohne Talent und mit friſcher, lebendiger Auffaſſung namentlich begabt, ſchwankte dieſer noch zu unreife junge Dichter zwiſchen dem Geſchmacke einer bereits veralteten Zeit und dem Tone, der ſich in neuern Tagen geltend zu machen begann, unſicher hin und her, und ſein früher Tod geſtattete ihm nicht, zur Klarheit über ſich ſelbſt und die wahren Forderungen der Gegenwart zu gelangen.

Die Gruft zu Weimar.

Drei Särge ſtehn zu Weimar
In ſtiller Todtengruft,
Wohin der Wandrer Seele
Ein göttlich Mahnen ruft.

Hier iſt, wie einſt im Leben,
Im Tode noch geſellt
Zwei edlen Fürſtenherzen
Der mächt'ge Dichterheld.

Nicht ſchmücken goldne Kränze
Und purpurner Ornat,
Wen hier des Todes Engel
In Ruhm gebettet hat.

Doch ſagt die tiefe Wehmuth,
Die hier das Herz befällt,
Daß es die Fürſten kennet
Und auch den edlen Held.

Du biſt mir liebe Stätte,
Geſegnet Ilm-Athen,
Das ſich zur zweiten Heimath
Minerva auserſehn!

Einſt wallt zu Deinen Pforten
Die deutſche Dichterſchaar,
Und opfert Deinem Fürſten
Und Deinem Sangesaar.

Der tolle Wilm.

Wer ſteht dort an des Felſens Rand,
Dem jähen Abgrund zugewandt?

Es flattert das Haar im Novemberwind,
Und Schweiß die Stirne kalt umrinnt.

Er ſchleudert — und ſchleudert doch nichts hinab
In das düſtern gähnende Felſengrab. —

„Das iſt der tolle Wilm. Dort ſteht er wieder
Und ſchaut auf die Felſenblöcke hernieder.

Dahin hat er ſeinen Vater zur Ruhe geſchickt.
So heißt's. Seitdem iſt Wilm im Hirn verrückt.

Jetzt ſteht er an des Abgrunds Rand
Und packt ſein Gewiſſen mit nerviger Hand,

Und ſchleudert es mit Rieſenwucht
Hinab in die bange Felſenſchlucht.

Doch das Gewiſſen, wie es klagt und jammert,
Nur feſter den ſündigen Nacken umklammert.“

So ſah ich Wilm an des Felſens Rand,
Dem jähen Abgrund zugewandt.

Und ſchaudernd dacht' ich an die Macht,
Die über Menſchenthaten wacht.

Die Eiche von Oſtrolenka.

Bei Oſtrolenka ſtürzte
Der Eichbaum in den Staub,
Es rauſchen kalte Winde
Weinend im dürren Laub.

Kein luſt'ger Vogel ſchmettert
Aus dem Geäſt ein Lied;
Eichbaum, Du biſt geſunken,
Eichbaum, Du biſt verblüht!

Als Deine Helden zogen
Hinaus mit ſchwerem Tritt,
Da nahm von Deinen Zweigen
Ein Zweiglein Mancher mit.

Du hohe Eiche glühest
Im Abendſchein nicht mehr,
Es wandern Deine Zweiglein
Weit in der Welt umher;

Im ſchönen Frankenlande
Und in Siberiens Schnee,
In heißer Sandeswüſte
Jenſeit der grünen See.

Gar mancher graue Pole,
Fern von dem Vaterland,
Nimmt unter ſtillem Seufzen
Zweiglein von Dir zur Hand,

Und preßt ſie an die Lippen
Und an die warme Bruſt,
Und denkt dabei der kurzen
Fröhlichen Freiheitsluſt.

Vertrauen, Dein göttlich Glühen,
O, wie erſtarb's ſo bald;
Ha, in Sibiriens Wäldern
Da ſauſt der Wind ſo kalt!

Guſtav Pfizer

ward am 29 Juli 1807 zu Stuttgart geboren, auf dem Seminar zu Blaubeuren gebildet, ſtudirte dann von 1825—30 zu Tübingen Theologie und Philoſophie, reiſte darauf 1834 nach Italien, iſt ſeit 1837 Mitredacteur des Morgenblattes und lebt zu Stuttgart als Privatgelehrter.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Gedichte. Stuttg. 1831.
Neue Sammlung. Daſ. 1835.
Dichtungen epiſcher und epiſch-lyriſcher Gattung. Daſ. 1840 (enthaltend Salomo's Nächte; Magie der Liebe; Fragmente aus Italien; Ezzelin, Tyrann von Padua; die Tartarenſchlacht u. ſ. w.)
Byrons Dichtungen. Stuttg. 1839 f. 4 Bde.
Martin Luthers Leben. Daſ. 1836.
Uhland und Rückert, ein kritiſcher Verſuch. Daſ. 1837.
Der Welſche und der Deutſche. Hiſtoriſch-poetiſche Bilder u. ſ. w. Stuttgart 1844.
Geſchichte Alexanders des Großen, für die Jugend. Stuttgart 1845.
Geſchichte der Griechen, f. d. reifere Jugend. Stuttg. 1847.
Ueberſetzungen engliſcher Romane von Bulwer, James u. ſ. w. Gedichte und kritiſche Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ueber das Weſen dieſes Dichters urtheilt Menzel im vierten Bande ſeiner deutſchen Literatur S. 199 eben ſo ſchön als treffend mit folgenden Worten: In Pfizers Gedichten ſpricht ſich, trotz ihrer vorherrſchenden Reflection, die ganze edle Unruhe eines in dieſer nüchternen Zeit unbefriedigten poetiſchen Gemüthes aus, bald klagend, bald zürnend, daß nichts Großes geſchieht, und daß doch die Welt auch nicht zu dem alten Frieden, zu der ſchönen Beruhigung früherer Tage zurückkehrt, daß es keine Zeit mehr iſt für Helden, aber auch keine für Dichter, für die Heiterkeit der Kunſt und das Glück der Liebe. Wie ſehr unterſcheidet ſich dieſe ſtolze Reſignation von den kläglichen, ja niederträchtigen Verſuchen junger Schwelger, in der tiefſten Gemeinheit des Sinnengenuſſes die mangelnde Befriedigung zu ſuchen wie der ruſſiſche Sklave im viehiſchen Branntweinrauſche. Man wirft gern den Moraliſchen, die ſich gegen ſolch freches Treiben empören, ein kaltes, unpoetiſches Gemüth vor. Wohlan, hier habt Ihr einen Jüngling, tief empfänglich für alle Freuden des Lebens, nachhängend mit inniger Liebe dem ſchönen Zauber poetiſcher Luſt und doch entſchloſſen, viel lieber ſein Feuer in einer Felſenbruſt zu verſchließen, als es zu löſchen im Sumpfe des Gemeinen. Ein ſehr edles Beiſpiel.“ — Dies ſchrieb Menzel bereits 1836. Fügen wir noch hinzu, daß G. Pf. ſich ſeitdem durchaus treu geblieben iſt, und daß ſeinen Leiſtungen, voll ſo edler Geſinnung, eine reiche Phantaſie, Fülle der Gedanken und große Anmuth der Rede und Geſtaltung einen bleibenden Werth verleihen.

Aus:

Guſtav Pfizers Gedichten.

Herbſtabend.

Schon färben ſich die Lüfte trüber,
Schon ſparſamer durchwürzt;
Schon raſcher geht der Tag vorüber,
Das Füllhorn umgeſtürzt.

Vor Kurzem noch ein blonder Knabe,
Trat er ſo ſtolz einher;
Nun er entledigt ſeiner Gabe,
Iſt wohl das Herz ihm ſchwer?

Ich kenn' es wohl! man freut ſich herzlich,
So lang man giebt und ſchenkt;
Hat man nichts mehr, ſo fühlt ſich ſchmerzlich
Das weiche Herz gekränkt.

O Gott! wenn ausgetheilt der Freuden
Hellgoldner, ſüßer Wein,
So möchte man am Liebſten ſcheiden
Und Keinem läſtig ſein.

Verſilbert hab' ich und bereichert
Mit Blüthenſchnee den Tag;
Doch nicht in Scheunen aufgeſpeichert
Den goldenen Ertrag.

Nun fühl' ich, daß den rüſt'gen Gliedern
Der Winter lähmt die Kraft;
Schon ſparſam rinnt zu neuen Liedern
Der heiße Lebensſaft.

Und ſoll dem Schickſal ich mich beugen?
Und ſtehen kahl und ſtumm?
Rauſcht kein Geſang mehr in den Zweigen,
So haut den Stamm auch um!

Gern neig' ich mich mit voller Krone,
Nicht unbeweint, ins Grab;
So wie ein König ſteigt vom Throne,
Eh ihm entſinkt der Stab.

Das Ghaſel.

Es wandte meine Kunſt ſich zum Ghaſele,
Damit ſie allen Formen ſich vermähle.
Ergötzlich iſt ſolch bunte Reimerei,
Ob auch des Lebens mark'ger Kern ihr fehle;
Die Wandrung ſelbſt bereichert ſchon den Geiſt,
Ob er auch nirgends plünd're oder ſtehle.
Hier lernt, wie, tönender Muſik zu Lieb',
Die Sprache ſich in mancher Krümmung quäle,
Und von des Gleichklangs ſtrenger Pflicht beherrſcht
Seltſame Bilder halb gezwungen wähle.
Des Künſtlers Kunſt und Faſſung leihet oft
Den Werth dem minder koſtbaren Juwele.
Euch fleh' ich an, o Richter! richtet mild,
Weil ich ja ſelbſt die Schwächen nicht verhehle,
Und unter dieſes bunten Turbans Schmuck
Verkennet nicht die ächte Chriſtenſeele!

Liebesgeſtändniß.

Du ſaheſt oft, in welchen Rauſch ich ſinke,
Wenn ich den Aether Deiner Nähe trinke:
Ich nenne mich mit Wonne Deinen Sklaven,
Mehr als Provinzen ſind mir Deine Winke;
Dein Wort beflügelt jeden meiner Schritte,
Daß gegen mich nur lahm erſcheint der Flinke.
Dein Reiz entbehrt am Beſten jedes Schmuckes
Und Deine Tugend jeder Tugendſchminke;
Ich weiß es wohl, wie Deiner Huld und Güte
Mein Lob in weiter Ferne nach nur hinke.
Wohl Niemand räth, daß mir in Deinem Auge
Der ſanfte Stern des höchſten Glückes blinke;
Ich ſchweige, wie das Grab; wenn meine Rechte
Dein Herz berühret, erfähret es nicht die Linke.

Der Liebesbote.

Theurer Freund! ich bitte, theile meinen Schmerz!
Oder, wenn Dir's möglich, heile meinen Schmerz!
Ich verdanke jenes jugendlichen, kecken,
Schlimmen Bogenſchützen Pfeile meinen Schmerz.
Willſt Du Botendienſte einem Dulder leiſten?
Sieh', ich leg' in dieſe Zeile meinen Schmerz.
Steige ſchnell zu Roſſe, bringe der Geliebten,
Buhlend mit des Adlers Eile, meinen Schmerz.
Eiferſucht und Sehnſucht toben mir im Buſen,
Reißen auf, wie eh'rne Keile, meinen Schmerz.
Mit geb' ich als Mahner, daß Dich mit Geſchwätze
Nicht der luſt'ge Wirth verweile, meinen Schmerz.
Kehre bald mit guter Botſchaft, ſonſt erhöhet
Zur Verzweiflung lange Weile meinen Schmerz.

Gerontel.

„Einſt flammten meine Morgenopfer Dir,
O leuchtende Beherrſcherin der Himmel!
Noch immer weckſt Du die Begeiſtrung mir,
Wenn ich das nächtlich bunte Traumgewimmel
Von meiner Seele abgeſtreift; — und hier,
Gerettet von dem wüſten Weltgetümmel,
Hier ſchau ich rein von Dampf und Nebelhüllen
Mit röthrer Gluth ſich Deine Scheibe füllen!

Doch nicht zu Dir, zum Größern, der Dich ſchuf,
Deß Hauch die Nacht des Chaos ſchon durchwehte —
Zu Dein- und meinem Gotte tönt mein Ruf —
Ihn ſuchen meine brünſtigen Gebete —
Noch lag vor mir im Dunkeln mein Beruf;
Als kindlich ich zu Dir, o Sonne, flehte;
Ich ſchaute Dich, und war doch noch der Blinde;
Taub lag der Geiſt noch unter ſeiner Binde.

Mein Gott, mein Gott! Du Vater aller Sonnen!
Du ſandteſt mir die frohe Botſchaft zu,
Vor der, was ſonſt ich Licht genannt, zerronnen;
Der Quell des Lichts, der Klarheit biſt nur Du!
In Dir hab' ich das rechte Wort gewonnen,
Das meine Seele wiegt zur ewigen Ruh;
Du biſt mein Urſprung, Ziel, wohin ich ſchaue,
Hand, die mich führt, und Fels, auf den ich baue.

Die Welt, die ruchlos ſich von Dir gewendet,
Du ließeſt ſie, Barmherziger, nicht los;
Haſt ihr viel Boten, haſt den Sohn geſendet,
Um ſie zu locken aus der Sünde Schooß;
Und blieben Millionen auch verblendet:
Doch iſt die Zahl der Gläubigen ſchon groß;
Die Kunde tönt im Süden ſchon und Norden,
Daß Gott in ſeiner Welt iſt heimiſch worden.

Geheimnißvoll iſt das erhabne Wort,
Und doch hab' ich mich gläubig ihm ergeben;
Die Quelle rinnt und rinnet ewig fort,
Aus bodenloſen Tiefen ſtammt ihr Leben;
Belauſcht hat Niemand ihrer Zeugung Ort,
Es iſt ein Ziel geſteckt des Geiſtes Streben —
Ich weiß, daß mich der heil'ge Quell erquicket,
Deß Schooß ich nie ergründet und erblicket.

Erfülle mich, mein Gott, mit Deiner Stärke,
Wenn die Verſuchung meiner Schwachheit naht;
Gieb, daß ich allwärts Deine Spuren merke,
Daß ich prophetiſch deute Deinen Rath;
Daß ich vollbringe Deine heil'gen Werke,
Mit ſchwachen Händen ſtreuend ew'ge Saat;
Bewahre meinen Schlaf und meine Träume,
Daß nirgends ich mein Prieſterthum verſäume!“

Noch lag der Prieſter lange auf den Knien;
Die glüh'nde Seele noch zu beten ſchien,
Als ſchon die Lippe ſchwieg; da plötzlich rauſcht
Es im Gebüſch; ein Mann, der ihn belauſcht,
Tritt raſch hervor; in fremder Landestracht
Iſt er gekleidet, doch mit reicher Pracht;
In fremder Sprache redet er ihn an,
Doch ihn verſteht der vielerfahrne Mann,

Der manches ferne Land und Volk geſchaut,
Mit vieler Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft vertraut.
Im Walde hat der Fremdling ſich verirrt;
Ihm bietet ſich als Führer und als Wirth
Gerontes an, und gern auf ſeine Bitte
Folgt ihm der Fremde in die kleine Hütte.

Den müden Wandrer labt ein einfach Mahl
Und ſeines Wirthes Rede; bis der Strahl
Der Sonne ſich erkühlt im Abendwind,
Die beiden Männer bei einander ſind.
Der Fremde wußte ein Geſpräch zu würzen
Und unvermerkt die träge Zeit zu kürzen,
Und war erſtaunt, in dieſen Felſengründen
So edlen Boden für ſein Wort zu finden.
Als länger ward der Schatten von den Bäumen,
Da mocht' er fürder nicht im Walde ſäumen,
Dem Wirthe wünſcht er dankbar alles Glück
Und läßt ihm ſcheidend eine Schrift zurück.

Der Prieſter eilte nicht, wie ſonſt, der Ruh,
Sobald die erſten Sterne glänzten, zu;
Er zündet haſtig an ein künſtlich Licht,
Denn ruhen läßt des Fremden Buch ihn nicht;
Er hat darob die ganze lange Nacht
Voll ungeſtümer Bangigkeit gewacht;
Und wie des Dunkels falt'ger Mantel ſinkt,
Und neu das Morgenroth am Himmel blinkt,
Da eilt er, ſeine Unruh' abzuwiſchen
Und im Gebet die Seele zu erfriſchen.
Freiwillig, wie aus Roſen ſich der Duft
In reichen Wellen wirbelt in die Luft,
So ſtrömte ſonſt aus ſeinem freud'gen Geiſt
Das Wort, womit er Gott voll Inbrunſt preiſt;
Doch heut' die Sylb' in ſeinem Munde ſtockt;
Die Zunge, die in Hymnen ſonſt frohlockt —
Sie müht ſich heut die ausgebrannten, hohlen
Gebete lallend nur zu wiederholen.
Er klagt ſich an vor ſeinem Gott und weint;
Doch dieſer Schmerz, der ihm nur Reue ſcheint,
Hegt, unbewußt dem Prieſter, insgeheim
Schon einen andern unglückſchwangern Keim.

An ſeinem Buche ſitzt er Tag und Nacht;
Ein Heer von Fragen iſt in ihm erwacht,
Die er ſchon längſt als machtlos hat verſpottet,
Doch deren Wurzel, noch nicht ausgerottet,
Zurück im fruchtbar tiefen Boden blieb
Und jetzt ermuthigt neue Sproſſen trieb.
Er las die Worte: „Willſt Du Wahrheit ſchauen:
So darfſt Du nicht dem Rauſch der Seele trauen;
Begeiſterung iſt Rauſch; dem reinen Sinn
Bleibt von den Taumelbildern kein Gewinn;
Der Wahn iſt reich, doch ſchwindet ſchnell er ein,
Der Wahrheit Schatz beſteht — doch er iſt klein.
In ſeinem Glauben insgeheim verzagt,
Wer ihn nicht ſtreng und recht zu prüfen wagt!
Ich gebe Dir den Prüfſtein in die Hand:
Du ſcheide ſelbſt das Gold von ſchnödem Tand!“

In ſeine Hände birgt er das Geſicht
Und ſpricht: „die Prüfung kann ich weigern nicht!
Es krönet jede neubeſtandne Probe
Der Wahrheit Stirne nur mit neuem Lobe;
Drum kühn ans Werk! mein Geiſt, geübt und ſtark,
Er dringe vor bis an der Weſen Mark!
Was ſchwärmende Begeiſterung erdichtet,
Vergluhe, von dem klaren Aug' vernichtet!
Und was ein ſchmeichelnd ſchöner Glaube nur,
Mißachtend ew'ge Satzung der Natur,
Der kindlich weichen Seele angemuthet:
Ich reiß' es aus, ob auch das Herz mir blutet!“
Und wie der Sommervogel, rauh gepackt
Von groben Händen, farbenlos und nackt,
Wo erſt geglänzt das ſchimmernd dunkle Blau,
Nun zeiget ein durchſichtig mattes Grau:
So ward des Glaubens heitre, bunte Welt
Bald, abgefärbt, von fahlem Licht erhellt —
Wo er vordem in arglos froher Rührung
Bewundert und verehrt die heil'ge Führung,
Da ſchaut er jetzt verrückt das alte Ziel;
Wie ein Gemiſch von Dichtung, Traum und Lüge
Verſchwammen ihm der Gottheit heil'ge Züge;
Das blaue Tuch des Himmels — ſterndurchſtickt —
Iſt nicht der Teppich Gottes; er erquickt
Nicht mehr den Beter, und des Donners Rollen
Hat nie, ein Herold, Ihn verkünden ſollen;
So, immer mehr entwurzelt, ſchwankt der Glaube
In ſeiner Seele, im verdorrten Laube
Rauſcht ohne Unterlaß des Zweifels Sturm
Und tief im Marke nagt fort der Wurm.

So wie der Jäger, auf des Wildes Spur
Den Berg erklimmend, nicht der grünen Flur
Und nicht der früchtereichen Gärten achtet,
Nach Einem Ziele nur begierig trachtet,
Und aufwärts eilt durch Felſen, Eis und Schnee,
Bis endlich er auf ſchwindelnd jäher Höh,
Wo Vögel ſpottend ihm vorüber fliegen,
Sich in der Jagd verwegner Haſt verſtiegen; —
Da jammert er, vom Leben abgeſchnitten,
Bis er den bittern Hungertod erlitten,
Wenn nicht die Gemſe, der er nachgeklettert,
Rückſtürzend in den Abgrund ihn zerſchmettert:
So ſchwingt der Prieſter in verwegnem Lauf
Auf ſeinem Pfad ſich immer höher auf,
Bis unter ihm die heitre Welt verſchwindet
Und aufwärts keinen Pfad ſein Fuß mehr findet.
Da packt der grauſe Schwindel ſein Gemüth,
Die mattgejagte bange Seele glüht;
Der Geiſt, geängſtet, zitternd, überwacht,
Verſinkt in wüſter Fieberträume Nacht,
Er ſieht den Dornbuſch auf der Haide brennen,
Hört eine Stimme ſich beim Namen nennen
Und will ſich nähern; doch ein Bleigewicht
Läßt bannend ihn von ſeiner Stelle nicht;
Schwer ringt und müht er ſich und ächzt und keucht;
Von kaltem Schweiß iſt ſeine Stirne feucht —
Und eine andre Stimme ruft voll Spott:
Mach ſchnell! bald iſt im Buſch verbrannt Dein Gott!
Da bricht der Geiſt aus ſeines Körpers Haft
Und ſchwimmt in dünner Luft; doch weggerafft
Iſt Buſch und Flamme — einen Dornenkranz
Nur trifft er noch, vom Blute triefend ganz;
Er will ihn faſſen, aber er vergißt,
Daß er ein Geiſt und lautre Luft nur iſt;
Er eilt zurück, den Körper nachzuholen,
Doch der iſt unterdeß ſchon weggeſtohlen;
Er klagt, beſtürzt, daß man den Leib ihm nahm,
Und weil er nackt iſt, peinigt ihn die Scham.
Und bald erhebt ſich ein gewalt'ger Wind
Und reißt ihn von der Erde los geſchwind;
Er ſchwebt dahin in ungeheure Ferne
Hoch über Bergen, Wolken, Mond und Sternen;
Allmälig das Bewußtſein ihm verſchwindet —
Sein Blick nicht mehr das Licht der Sterne findet
Und eine Stimme gellt ihm in die Ohren:
Jetzt haſt Du Dich und Welt und Gott verloren!
Da ſchrickt er auf — doch tröſtlicher iſt kaum
Ihm das Erwachen als der wirre Traum.

Des Geiſtes Unruh treibt ihn fort und fort
Und quält mit Dornen ihn an jedem Ort.
Im ſelig reichen Einklang der Natur
Las überall er ſonſt der Gottheit Spur;
Ein fröhlich Leben in den Sonnenſtrahlen;
Ihm ſchien, es göſſen aus kryſtallnen Schalen
Die reinen Engel auf der Schöpfung Haus
Des Regens wunderbare Ströme aus;
Und jetzt — nur Mißlaut allwärts ihn umtönt,
Der finſtre Rabe krächzt, der Schuhu ſtöhnt,
Die Schwalbe frißt den Schmetterling im Flug,
Der eben auf die ſeidnen Flügel ſchlug;
Den Marder färbt noch friſch der Taube Blut,
Im Neſt verſchmachtet fühllos ihre Brut;
Zwei Geier in den Lüften hoch ſich packen
Und grimmig mit den Schnäbeln ſich zerhacken;
Und eine Spinne ſah er emſig weben
Am Netz, um zu erwürgen drin das Leben.

Die Sonne neigte ſich, des Berges Spitze
Vergoldeten noch ihr letzten Blitze;
Gerontes ſtrebt den Gipfel zu erklimmen;
Da ſchlagen ihm ans Ohr verworrne Stimmen;
Er glaubt zu hören blanker Waffen Hall,
Der Roſſe Wiehern und Drommetenſchall;
Die Ungeduld beflügelt ihm den Schritt,
Und wie des Berges Fläche er betritt:
Da ſchaut er tief im Thal, ſchon halb voll Nacht,
Das letzte Zucken einer großen Schlacht.
In Flucht gejagt ſah er die Volksgenoſſen;
Die Feinde ſetzten nach mit ſchnellen Roſſen —
Der Halbmond ſchimmert funkelnd durch die Nacht
Und mancher Turban glänzt in ſeidner Pracht:
Das Mordgeſchrei verhallt in weiter Ferne —
Am Himmel hängen thränenvoll die Sterne.

Entſetzlich die erſchrockne Nacht durchgellten
Die Klagen und das Wimmern der Gefällten;
Hinunter ſchlich Gerontes. Ihn durchfährt
Der Ton der Schmerzen wie ein kaltes Schwert.
Bald hindern Leichenhügel ſeinen Schritt,
Und bald ſein Fuß auf blut'gem Raſen glitt:
Er hört die Dulder, die mit bangem Lechzen
Nach Leben nicht — nach raſchem Tod nur ächzen;
Ein Sterbender den Prieſter noch erkennt
Und bittet röchelnd ihn ums Sacrament —
Doch eh er noch ein Troſteswort vernommen,
Iſt ſeines Lebens Docht ſchon ausgeglommen.
Wer will des Prieſters Tröſtungen noch hören?
Wer läßt ſich gerne beim Entſchlummern ſtören?

Doch eine Stimme redet laut — er lauſcht,
Ein Todeswunder, opiumberauſcht,
Hat in der Fiebergluth der Sterbeſtunden
Des Paradieſes Freuden vorempfunden:
Er lallt in ſeiner Sprache: „Sei gegrüßt
Der Jungfraun Krone! wunderbar verſüßt
Der würzige Ambraduft aus Deinem Munde
Den Schmerz, der mir noch brennt von ird'ſcher Wunde.
O wie Rubinen, Perlen und Korallen
Aus Deinen Rabenlocken leuchtend fallen!
O Blume, die, in jeder Nacht gepflückt,
Mit friſcher Jugend jeden Morgen ſchmückt!
Du ſchlanke Palme gönneſt gern dem Matten
Die ſüße Ruh in Deiner Schönheit Schatten,
Dein Buſen, in Unſterblichkeit gebadet,
Ein Wüſtenquell, den durſtigen Pilger labet.
Ich fühle mich in Roſenöl getaucht,
Und" — Jetzt hat er die Seele ausgehaucht.

Ein Andrer ſtöhnt: „Den Himmel ſeh' ich offen
Und jeden Wunſch der Seele übertroffen:
Ein weißer Engel nimmt vom Purpurthrone
Und ſchwingt entgegen mir die Siegerkrone;
Entnommen bin ich jetzt des Lebens Schule,
Ich ſitze herrſchend auf dem goldnen Stuhle,
Und, fröhlich jubelnd meine Siegespſalmen,
Seh' ich von fern den Dampf der Hölle qualmen!"
Drauf ward es ſtumm — ein Todesröcheln nur
Erfüllte noch mit bangem Ton die Flur.
Der Sterbenden verzückte Worte haben
Sich in Gerontes' Seele tief gegraben
Und ſtacheln ihn die ganze lange Nacht,
Die auf des Berges Gipfel er durchwacht.
Ihm ſcheinen ausgeglichen Glauben, Lehre
Und Sitte — Vaterland; — des Todes ſchwere,
Eiskalte Hand macht Jeden hier vergeſſen,
Was er geliebt, geglaubt, gethan, beſeſſen.

„Wo ſcheidet ſich des Trugs, der Wahrheit Bahn?
Wo trennt die Hoffnung ſich vom eitlen Wahn?
Hat ewig, trotzend allen Läuterungen,
Die Sinnenluſt den Geiſtestrieb verſchlungen,
Daß Keiner je das Gold vom Zuſatz ſcheidet
Und am gediegnen Schatz das Auge weidet?
Der Eine brüſtet ſich mit goldnem Stuhle,
Der Andre träumet, wie er üppig buhle
Mit einer Houri — und ins Paradies
Schwärzt Jeder ein, was ihm auf Erden ſüß.
Ich höre wohl: dort wachſe erſt die Liebe
Und wuchern der Erkenntniß rein're Triebe.
Doch woher kommt dem Geiſt, was er nie lernte?
Und glich nicht ihrer Ausſaat ſtets die Ernte?

Und ach, mein Volk, die treuen, frommen Streiter,
Beſiegt, zermalmt vom Schwarm der wilden Reiter!
Das Kreuz, dem Gott verheißen ewigen Schutz,
Es bebt und beugt ſich vor der Feinde Trutz!
Und ich, da in den Staub mein Volk getreten,
Zum Kampf zu ſchwach und zu verzagt zum Beten!"
Jetzt packen wilder Jammer und Entſetzen
Den Prieſter — rings mit Flammen und mit Netzen
Von ſchadenfrohen Teufeln ſieht die Welt
Wie einen Forſt voll Tiger er umſtellt.
Ihm dünkt die Erde unter ſeinen Sohlen,
Die grüne Trift, beſä't mit glühnden Kohlen;
Dämonen rufen an ſich in den Lüften
Und Mißgeſtalten ſtrecken aus den Schlüften
Das Haupt. Er weiß nicht, wie er heimgekommen,
Ein ſchwerer Schlummer hat ihn übernommen;
Bis in den Traum verfolgen ihn die Schrecken,
Als plötzlich ihn des Königs Boten wecken.
„Geſandt von Deinem König kommen wir;
Entbieten läßt der fromme Herrſcher Dir:
Mich überzieht mit Krieg der Heiden Macht,
Geſchlagen ward mein Volk in einer Schlacht,
Doch bleibt die Hoffnung auf ein beſſ'res Glück
Und auf des Himmels Beiſtand mir zurück.
Doch Du verlaß im Wald Dein ſtilles Zelt
Und ſcheue nicht den Lärm und Kampf der Welt!
In unſern Streitern fache, frommer Mann!
Wie früher oft, des Muthes Flammen an;
Dem Himmel — offen ſtehet Dir ſein Ohr! —
Trag unſre Nöthen im Gebete vor!
Du ſollſt das Volk zum treuen Kampfe mahnen
Und uns zum Siege weihen unſre Fahnen!"

Gerontes hört es, und ein heftig Zittern
Befällt bei dieſer Botſchaft ihn, den bittern;
Er ringt die Hände, doch er ſpricht kein Wort,
Und ſchweigend führen ihn die Boten fort.
Oft ward er auf der Wanderung verſucht,
Von den Begleitern ſich in raſcher Flucht
Zu trennen — in der Wildniß bei den Thieren
Sich aus der Menſchen Kundſchaft zu verlieren.
Er ſpricht bei ſich: „Soll ich dem Ruf mich fügen?
Dem Volk, dem König und mir ſelber lügen,
Und wo mir ſelber Glaube fehlt und Licht,
Vertrauen heucheln, fromme Zuverſicht?
Wie kann der Zweifler weihn der Gläub'gen Waffen?
Der Wankende dem Bruder Beiſtand ſchaffen?
Wird meine Peſt ſich nicht auf ſie vererben,
Nicht ihr geſundes Blut mein Gift verderben?
Doch wenn ich fliehe, wird das Heer verzagen,
Des Volkes Schmach als Feigen mich verklagen —
Nicht heute darf ich mein Geheimniß brechen
Und frei, ſo wie es mir ums Herz iſt, ſprechen.
So zeig' ich, wie ich meinem Volk ergeben!
Mehr opfern will ich ihm als ſelbſt mein Leben!
Ich trage, ihm zu Lieb', der Lüge Ketten
Und werd' ein Heuchler, um es zu erretten!"

Die Königsſtadt betreten ſie bei Nacht;
Da rüſtet Alles ſich zur neuen Schlacht,
So wie in einem Bienenkorb vorm Schwärmen,
So dröhnet Alles vom verworrnen Lärmen;
Doch nicht zu gründen gilt's ein neues Reich;
Ernſt ſind die Männer und die Frauen bleich,
Weil morgen eine Zukunft wird gewogen,
Ein Völkerloos aus blutigem Topf gezogen.
Hier flüſtert bei des Mondes bleichem Strahl
Ein fürchtend Paar, vielleicht zum letzten Mal.
Noch ungeſchloſſen wird vielleicht getrennt
Der Bund der Herzen. Eine Fackel brennt
Hoch von dem Thurme, aber düſter lohend
Wie das Verderben eines Reiches drohend;
Mit unerſättlichem Genuß und Kummer
Belauſcht ein Vater ſeines Lieblings Schlummer
Und drückt — der Harniſch hehlet nicht den Schmerz —
Die jugendliche Mutter an ſein Herz.
Auf hohen Warten halten Krieger Wacht
Und deuten ſchon hinaus oft in die Nacht;
Sie ſchauen wohl der Feinde Lagerfeuer;
Manch gräßlich fabelhaftes Ungeheuer
Aus Nacht und Rauch und Flammen wird gezeugt,
Und ſchnell von Angſt und Wahne groß geſäugt;
Es ſcheint die Luft vom Bangen angeſteckt,
Daß kalte Furcht in jeder Bruſt ſie weckt.

Der Prieſter, wie die dumpfe Angſt er merkt,
Fühlt von geheimem Stolze ſich geſtärkt;
Schon hat das Schlimmſte ja ſein Haupt getroffen
Und hinter ihm ſchon liegen Furcht und Hoffen;
Die Andern quält noch die Bekümmerniß
Um künft'ges Unglück, ſeins iſt ſchon gewiß.

Bei Morgenroth mit zitternd ſcheuer Hand
Legt er ſich an ſein prieſterlich Gewand
Und widerſtrebend, mit gewalt'gem Schmerz,
Pocht gegen dieſe Lüge an ſein Herz.
Der ſchimmernde Talar iſt ihm ſo fremd;
Viel lieber zög' er an ſein Todtenhemd;
Das goldne Kreuz, das dieſes Prachtkleid ſchmückt,
Wie eine Centnerlaſt die Bruſt ihm drückt.
Wohl Mancher hat zu Spiel und Maskeraden
Mit ſchwererem Gewichte ſich beladen,
Und Mancher, brütend eine That der Nacht,
Hat ſich vermummt in ſeltſam wilde Tracht
Und athmete doch leichter; und ſo ſchwer,
So tief beklommt trug Keiner noch, wie Er.
Und doch war es das Kleid, das hundert Mal
Er ſonſt getragen, leicht und ohne Qual;
So gräßlich, wie die bleichſte Larve nicht,
Erſcheint ihm heut' ſein eignes Angeſicht,
Womit das Schickſal ihn verdammt im Grolle,
Sich nachzuſpielen ſeine eigne Rolle.

Dem Boten folgt er dann mit irrem Fuß
Und ſenkt das Aug' bei des Königs Gruß.
Der ſpricht zu ihm: „Du kommſt, wie ich gehofft,
Du trateſt, gottgeliebter Mann! ſchon oft
Für unſre Sache bei dem Himmel ein;
Er wird auch heut Dir hold und gnädig ſein;
Nicht nur das Volk und mich bedrängt die Noth!
Des Glaubens Kleinod ſelber iſt bedroht,
Wenn wir nicht heut der Feinde Fluthen dämmen,
Die unſrer Länder Grenzen überſchwemmen."

Dann führt er ihn hinaus, daß er die Fahne
Ergreife und das Volk zum Streite mahne.
Der Jungfrau'n Chöre fromme Hymnen ſingen,
Zwölf holde Kinder, weiß gekleidet, bringen
Dem Prieſter das Panier, auf weißem Grund
Das rothe Kreuz; da thut er auf den Mund —
Raſch auf die Knie ſinkt das Heer; es klirrt
Nicht eine Waffe mehr; kein Wort verirrt
Sich in der tiefen Stille — blau und klar
Voll Sonnenſchein der Morgenhimmel war;
So redet er: „O treues Volk voll Muth,
Ihr Kämpfer für ein mehr als ird'ſches Gut,
Ihr auserkornen Häupter, Ihr Geweihten,
Der Gott, der Euch berufen, lehr' Euch ſtreiten!
Er ſchaffe, daß nicht irre das Geſchoß,
Der Fuß nicht wanke, ſtrauchle nicht das Roß,
Daß Euer Mund nicht läſt're und nicht klage,
Der Arm nicht zittre und das Herz nicht zage;
Daß Euch die Kraft der Sonne Gluth nicht ſchwäche,
Des Bogens Sehne und der Schild nicht breche,
Daß Teufelskunſt nicht Euer Auge blende,
Daß Uebermuth den Siegesruhm nicht ſchände!
Daß Euer Keinen der Verräther fange,
Und den, der fällt, das Paradies empfange!
Er ſtärke Eure Hand zu ſeiner Ehre!
Er laſſe ſtreiten ſeiner Engel Heere
Für Euch, daß ſie mit diamantnen Waffen,
Wie reifes Korn, der Feinde Glieder raffen.
Der Iſrael geführt aus Gluth und Wolke,
Er iſt auch heute nahe ſeinem Volke;
Wer heute ſtirbt, der ſtirbt mit Gott verſöhnt,
Wer hier verſtümmelt, der wird dort gekrönt!
Den Sieg, mein Volk, er kann uns nicht entrinnen!
Hier oder dort — wir müſſen ihn gewinnen!"

Jetzt braust heran der Feinde wild Geſchwader,
Und Kampfluſt ſchwellt das Blut in jeder Ader;
Geronimo ſchwingt die Fahne und voran
Eilt er dem Heer und zeigt ihm ſeine Bahn.
Am ſpäten Abend hat das Kreuz geſiegt;
Der Halbmond glanzlos an der Erde liegt;
Doch ihn, den Prieſter, der mit tiefer Scheu
Die Fahn' ergriffen, doch ſie trug voll Treu',
In deſſen Bruſt ein wild'rer Kampf getobt
Als der, worin er ſich als Held erprobt:
Ihn ſtreckt ein Feind vom umgewandten Pferde
Mitleidig mit dem letzten Pfeil zur Erde.
Ein bittres Lächeln überfliegt die Züge
Und mit ins Grab hinab nimmt er die Lüge.
Wer war ſein Mörder? Von dem Wald der Gaſt,
Dem jüngſt Geronimo Labung bot und Raſt,
Er, der ihn in der Qualen Strudel ſtürzte,
Er war es auch, der ihm ſein Leiden kürzte,
Doch willenlos — von Feinden ſchon bedroht,
Im Fliehen ſandt' er Einem noch den Tod,
Der mehr ihn wohl ob dieſer Sendung pries,
Als für das Gaſtgeſchenk, das er ihm ließ.

Wenn Ruhm im Tod die Seelenpein vergütet,
Die in der Bruſt des Lebenden gewüthet;
Wenn Palmenblatt und Weihewaſſer kühlt
Die Flammen, die unlöſchbar ihn durchwühlt;
Wenn Prieſterſchlüſſe haben ein Gewicht,
Und aus dem Volk die Stimme Gottes ſpricht:
Dann hat mit ſeinem Tod ſein Glück begonnen
Und unermeßlich er beim Tauſch gewonnen,
Denn keine Ehre mangelt ſeiner Leiche;
Er fiel, ein Hort des Glaubens und dem Reiche;
Den Himmel hat ſein mächt'ges Flehn gerührt,
Das Heer hat er zum Siege angeführt,
Ein Marmor zieret ſein geweihtes Grab,
Dem Frömmigkeit ſtets friſche Blumen gab,
Und eine Inſchrift giebt mit goldnem Munde
Von des Bewohners Schickſal dieſe Kunde:
Er iſt für ſeinen Glauben hier geſtorben
Und hat die Martyrkrone dort erworben!

Der Tod.

1.

Dunkel iſt's, die Fackeln brennen
In St. Ildefonſo's Schloß;
Diener, heimlich flüſternd, rennen —
Schon geſattelt ſteht manch Roß,
Harrend, bis der Trauerbote
Raſch ſich in den Bügel ſchwingt,
Wenn der Tod den langbedrohten
Fürſten endlich niederzwingt.

Seinem Bruder Carlos nickt er,
Der der nächſte Mann dem Thron,
Gräßlich nach der Tochter blickt er,
Die ausſchließt den Königsſohn;
Mund und Aug' berührt mit Küſſen
Stürmiſch des Infanten Bruſt,
Daß er nicht, den er erlitten,
Räch' am Kinde den Verluſt.

Daß er ihrer Kindheit hüte,
Ihres Thrones Beſchützer ſei,
Daß er lenke die Gemüther
Spaniens zur feſten Treu'.
Naht, Kronmeiſter von Bayonne,
Du in dies Gemach herein:
Deinem Geiſt muß eine Wonne
Deines Hauſes Eintracht ſein!

Ferdinand, deß Thränenauge
Nicht der Seele Mißtraun hehlt,
Carlos, der die Athemzüge
Seines Bruders neidiſch zählt!
Deine Nichte, die der Vater
Sterbend ihrem Ohm empfiehlt,
Der ſie lieb hat — wie der Kater,
Der nach einer Taube ſchielt!

Alle Diener, alle Granden
Treten weg von Spaniens Herrn;
Wer wird Herr jetzt von den Landen?
Weſſen Name gilt, weß Stern?
Während noch nicht der gequälten
Königs Seele kam zur Ruh,
Fliegen die als treu gezählten
Herzen andern Fahnen zu!

Furchtbar kämpft der Docht des Lebens
Mit des Todes eis'gem Wehn —
Lange ſträubt er ſich — vergebens —
Keinen Puls mehr fühlt man gehn;
Er iſt todt! von Ohr zu Ohre
Fliegt's — erledigt iſt der Thron!
Waffnet Euch, ihr Matadore!
Wer trägt dieſen Preis davon?

2.

Wer noch fragt nach dem Erblaßten!
Die nur, die den Sarg ihm baun!
Die ihm ſchmeichelten, ihm haßten,
Jetzt nach andern Häuptern ſchaun.
Nur die Königin voll Jammer
Vor des Königs Leiche ſteht —
Wähnt nur in der Todtenkammer
Sicher ihre Majeſtät!

Faſt im Sterbeſaal noch tragen
Treue, Stimmen, Gunſt ſie feil;
Wird das Kronjuwel zerſchlagen,
Haſcht ſich jeder ſeinen Theil!
Auch der Beicht'ger ohne Säumniß
Hat verkauft, was, nah dem Tod,
Er bekannt' — ein ſchwer Geheimniß —
Dem, der ihm am meiſten bot;

Boten ſind hinausgeflogen,
Die ſchon lang zuvor beſtellt;
Ausgeſtrahlt im weitem Bogen
Zieht die Botſchaft durch die Welt;
Und der Majo, der die Kunde
Rauſchen hörte durch das Land;
Nimmt die Glühroll' aus dem Munde
Und den ſcharfen Dolch zur Hand.

Der Verbannte hört's mit Hoffen;
Lichte Heimathroſen glühn,
Wie vom Lenzesſtrahl getroffen,
Aus des Heimwehs Dunkelgrün.
Selbſt in feuchte Kerkermauern
Hat ſich ein Gerücht verirrt,
Daß ſich klärt das dumpfe Trauern
Und das Erz wie Silber klirrt.

Die Infantin ohne Kummer,
Ruht auf ihrer Mutter Schooß,
Und das Kind in ſüßem Schlummer,
Lächelt, ob's gleich kronenlos!
Ob die Hand gleich der im Sterben
Sie ihr Vater noch empfahl,
Gierig, ſelbſt es zu erwerben,
Sie ums Diadem beſtahl!

Trauermasken kann nicht tragen
Länge, wer nach Kronen greift;
Carlos kürzt die Zeit der Klagen,
Nun ſein kühnes Werk gereift;
Eine Schrift in irrer Stunde
Ab dem Sterbenden gepreßt,
Bringt dem Volke Spaniens Kunde,
Daß die Kron' er Carlos läßt.

Schon mit Zungen, Gold und Eiſen,
Feder, Schwert und Crucifix
Rüſtet Alles ſich; die Weiſen
Spähn ins Uhrwerk des Geſchicks —
Plötzlich — aus der Todtenkammer
Hört man ein Geflüſter wehn —
Kündet an der Glockenhammer,
Daß die Stunden rückwärts gehn? —

Ha! der König, der ſo gräßlich
Lange mit dem Sterben rang,
Deſſen Schuld ſo unermeßlich,
Daß der Tod ſie kaum verſchlang;
Ihn behielt noch nicht die Ruhe,
Nicht die ſtille Schlummernacht —
Schon am Rand der Sargestruhe
Iſt zum Leben er erwacht!

Hat ſo lang in ſeinen Adern
Zäh geſtockt das dicke Blut,
Er gehört das wilde Hadern,
Der Parteien Haß und Wuth?
Die den Purpurmantel packten,
Die den Hermelin zerfetzt,
Während ſie um ſeinen nackten
Leichnam kaum ein Aug' genetzt!

Aus des Todes bangen Träumen
Langſam er empor ſich wühlt,
Findet ſich noch in den Räumen,
Wo er Geiſterfurcht gefühlt!
Und nach Menſchen ſtreckt die Hände
Hilfeſuchend jetzt er aus —
Und bald wird ihm klar: es ſchände
Der Verrath ſein Königshaus!

Racheheiſchend mit dem Kinde
Zu ihm hin die Kön'gin eilt;
Sein verſteinert Hofgeſinde
Schüchtern in der Ferne weilt —
Iſt's die überraſchte Treue?
Iſt's die ſchuldbewußte Scham?
Kleiner wär' wohl ihre Scheue,
Wenn als Geiſt er wieder kam!

Nur ſein Haus will er beſtellen,
Sichern ſeiner Tochter Thron;
Will die Treu' an ſeine Schwellen
Feſſeln jetzt mit goldnem Lohn;
Seines Volkes Recht erneuen,
Das er zweimal trat in Staub,
Daß die Kön'gin es in Treuen
Schütze vor Verrath und Raub.

Und es pocht zum zweiten Male
Bald der Mahner, weil die Friſt
Abgelaufen, leer die Schaale,
Die nicht ſüß mehr mundet, iſt;
Leben iſt ihm ſchon verbittert
Durch den Vorſchmack von dem Tod,
Und vor'm Tod der doppelt zittert,
Weil er einmal ihm gedroht!

Bläſſer wird die Stirn und bläſſer —
Schleier zieht der Tod jetzt dicht
Um ein Auge, welches beſſer
Niemals ſich erſchloß dem Licht!
Sorgſam ſpäht man, ob auf's Neue
Er nicht bricht des Todes Nacht,
Aber Liebe nicht und Treue
Hält bei ihm die Leichenwacht!

Wie er kaum zur Ruh gebettet,
Schwingt der Krieg den Feuerbrand,
Und die Zwietracht tobt entkettet
Durch das tief zerriſſ'ne Land.
Meineid, Undank — ſein Gedächtniß!
Haß und Hohn — ſein Leichentuch!
Bürgerkrieg noch ſein Vermächtniß!
Und ein ſchuldlos Kind — ein Fluch! — -

Bis das Kind zur Jungfrau werden —
Wird der Zwietracht Brand verglühn?
Auf den Feldern, feucht vom Morden,
Blumen zwiſchen Ernten blühn?
Wird vom Pulverdampf, vom Tone
Wilder Wuth der Aether rein?
Wird die ſchmachbefleckte Krone
Auch jungfräulich wieder ſein?

Von der Berge Schlachtenbühnen
Wird der Freiheit Banner wehn?
Wird, den Vater zu entſühnen,
An ſein Grab die Tochter gehn?
Wird ſie aus des Frevels Wogen
Segnend ſteigen, makellos?
Oder ſinkt, vom Fluch gezogen
Sie auch in des Abgrunds Schooß?

Der ſtolze Feldherr.

„Wieder brennt das Kriegesfeuer,
Wieder iſt das Reich bedroht!
Führe Du, mein Vielgetreuer,
Unſres Volkes Aufgebot;
Deine Heldenſtimme kennen
Meine Krieger ſchon von fern,
Und wie Dich, ſo freudig nennen
Keinen ſie den Bannerherrn.“

„Oft ſchon haſt in blut'gen Schlachten
Du geſchirmet meinen Thron;
Nimmer ging nach Dank Dein Trachten,
Doch nun kenn' ich einen Lohn:
Haſt Du gleich es mir verborgen,
Doch hab ich Dein Herz durchſchaut:
Siege diesmal noch und morgen
Grüßet Dich mein Kind als Braut.“

„„Herr! warum mich ſo erniedern,
Daß Dein Mund mir Lohn verheißt?
Bin ich nicht mit meinen Gliedern,
Nicht mit Athem Dein und Geiſt?
Gönne mir den Ruhm, daß Treue
Mir das Schwert gab in die Hand.
Wenn der alten gleich die neue,
Braucht ſie traun! kein Unterpfand.““

Wohlgefällig ſieht der Alte
Seinen troz'gen Helden an;
„Ob Du mir auch zürnſt, ich halte,
Was ich jezt Dir kund gethan.
Willſt dem Vater nicht geſtehen,
Daß ein Stern Dir lieblich glänzt?
Wirſt die Tochter auch verſchmähen,
Wenn ſie Dich als Sieger kränzt?“

Und der Feldherr früh am Morgen
Fleht den Himmel an um Glück,
Ordnet raſch die Schlacht, verborgen
Bleibt nichts ſeinem Falkenblick;
Von des Hügels ſonn'ger Spitze
Schaut er froh und frei umher;
Die Befehle, ſchnell wie Blitze,
Fliegen durch das blanke Heer.

Glänzend ſieht er ſich enthüllen,
Was er tief im Geiſt gehegt,
Und die Stunden, ſie erfüllen,
Was er ihnen auferlegt.
Die lebend'gen Glieder greifen
Freudig in einander ein,
Und bald muß die Siegesfrucht reifen
Mit dem röthlich goldnen Schein.

Plözlich da mit Angſt und Beben
Kommt ein Bote hergerannt:
„Deine Braut verhaucht ihr Leben
Unter wilder Feinde Hand!“
Schrecklich hat, wie Sturmesflügel,
Ihn das Unglückswort durchbrauſt,
Und der Feldſchlacht ſtraffe Zügel
Sinken aus der ſtarken Fauſt.

Selbſt hat er das Schwert geſchwungen
Und geſprengt ſein flüchtig Roß,
Wüthend iſt er eingedrungen
In der Feinde dichten Troß.
Schon mit ungezählten Leichen
Hat die Wahlſtatt er erfüllt,
Bis ihn ſelbſt, den Wundenbleichen,
Eine tiefe Nacht umhüllt.

Als das Aug' er aufgeſchlagen,
Freundlich da der König ſtand,
Führt, verſchönt von Angſt und Zagen,
Seine Tochter an der Hand;
Denn nur Feindes Tücken hatten
Seine Botſchaft ausgeſtreut,
Während ſie im Lorbeerſchatten
Ihres Helden ſich erfreut.

„Sieg, mein Sohn, durch Dich entkettet
Iſt von Feindesjoch dies Land!
Kron' und Reich haſt Du gerettet!
Nimm ſie mit der Tochter Hand!“
Doch der Feldherr gramvoll wendet
Sich vom dargebotnen Glück!
Wie vom Himmelsglanz geblendet,
Sinkt ſein trüber Blick zurück.

„„Milde Richter meiner Thaten,
Bitterer macht Ihr meinen Schmerz!
Meinen Herrn hab ich verrathen,
Weil ſein Kind erfüllt mein Herz;
Um der Schlacht zu ſein ein Leiter,
Haſt du mir den Stab vertraut,
Und ich, wie ein toller Reiter,
Suchte Rache für die Braut!““

„Drum empfang ihn nicht ſo gütig,
Der die Feldherrnpflicht verlezt,
Der berauſcht und übermüthig
Volk und Kron' aufs Spiel geſezt
Ich darf mit dem Sieg nicht prahlen,
Den bethört ſo ſchnöder Trug;
Dank mußt Du dem Himmel zahlen,
Daß er Deine Feinde ſchlug.“

„„Ja ich muß mich ewig grämen,
Und des Hohnes bin ich werth!
Laß Dein Kind den Schleier nehmen,
Weil ihr Ritter ſie entehrt.““
Schon will er von ſeinem Schilde
Reißen ab den goldnen Schmuck;
Doch der Königsgreis, der milde,
Spricht mit ernſtem Händedruck:

„Ja wohl biſt Du ein Verräther,
Dein Geheimniß gabſt Du kund;
Aber ſolchen Uebelthäter
Richtet nicht des Königs Mund.
Götter führten Deine Sache,
Als Du wankteſt, ſchön hinaus,
Und ihr Segen löſcht die Rache,
Wie den Bliz die Sonne aus.“

„Soll mein Kind in Kloſterwänden
Härmen ſich ob Deiner Schuld!
Willſt Du nicht aus meinen Händen,
Nimm ſie von des Himmels Huld!
Erſt verſchmäheſt Du Belohnung:
Und Verzeihung nun Dich kränkt;
Glücklich, wenn der Götter Schonung
Durch der Liebe Mund ſie ſchenkt!“

„Büßen auch ſollſt Du die Sünde:
Myrthe feſſle Deine Kraft!
Meine Tochter, Du verkünde
Ihm die ſtrengſte Kerkerhaft!
Einſam von den Menſchen ferne,
Soll ein Monat ihm vergehn,
Und ſtatt Sonnenlicht und Stern,
Soll er nur Dein Auge ſehn!

Paul Achaz Pfizer

wurde am 12. September 1801 zu Stuttgart geboren, ein älterer Bruder des Vorigen, er ſtudirte die Rechte zu Tübingen 1819—23, ward darauf Secretair bei dem Juſtizminiſterium, und 1827 Oberjuſtizaſſeſſor zu Tübingen, nahm aber 1831 ſeine Entlaſſung aus dem Staatsdienſte. Er ward zum Abgeordneten in der würtembergiſchen zweiten Kammer für Tübingen erwählt; ſeine Motion in Betreff der Bundestagsbeſchlüſſe vom 28. Juni 1832, welche angenommen worden, hatte die Auflöſung des Landtages zur Folge.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Briefwechſel zweier Deutſchen. Stuttg. 1831—32. Mit einem Anhang Gedichte.
Ueber den Liberalismus. Tüb. 1832.
Das ſtaatsrechtl. Verhältniß Würtembergs zum deutſchen Bunde. Straßb. 1832.
Ueber Entwickelung des öffentlichen Rechts in Deutſchland. Stuttg. 1836.
Das Recht der Steuerverwilligung. Daſ. 1836.
Gedanken über Recht, Staat und Kirche. Stuttgart 1842. — Daraus beſonders abgedruckt: Das Vaterland u. ſ. w. Mit Zuſätzen und Anmerkungen begleitet. Stuttgart 1845.

Das Urtheil über P. A. Pfizer's publiciſtiſche Leiſtungen gehört außerhalb der Kreiſe dieſes Sammelwerkes, doch möge hier immer einen Platz finden, was Menzel (deutſche Literatur II. 209) von ihm ſagt: Gelehrſamkeit, ſtrenge Folgerichtigkeit die beſonnenſte und klarſte Darſtellung und der edelſte Patriotismus zeichnen dieſen Publiciſten in ſo hohem Grade aus, daß der Blick der durch die trüben Nebel der Zeit und Literatur ſchweift mit Freude auf dieſer hellen und ſchönen Erſcheinung verweilt. — Bemerkenswerth iſt, daß P. A. Pf. einer der Erſten unter den Männern der Gegenwart war, der die Politik in den Kreis der Poeſie hineinzog. — Seine, dem Briefwechſel zweier deutſcher Dichter angehängten politiſchen Gedichte ſind meiſterhaft und bisher nicht übertroffen worden, ſo ſehr ſich die allgemeine Neigung in unſerer Zeit auch dieſer Gattung zugewendet hat. Folgendes möge den Beweis liefern.

Speckbacher.

Speckbacher iſt ein deutſcher Mann,
Kein Modeheld der Welt zur Plage,
Des Kaiſers ſchlichter Unterthan
Iſt er noch ächt vom alten Schlage,
Und hat auch wenig ſonſt ſtudirt,
Als wie man frei die Büchſe führt.

Den Bären früh zum Ziel er nahm,
Er weiß der Kugel Flug zu lenken;
Doch ſeit das Heer der Franken kam,
Die ſeiner Väter Land verſchenken,
Dünkt ihn verloren jeder Schuß,
Wo nicht ein Blauſtrumpf ſtürzen muß.

Da trifft auch ihn das falſche Blei;
In einer Höhle, krank, verlaſſen,
Doch in der kühnen Seele frei,
Will ihn die Liſt der Fremden faſſen.
Er hört ſie kommen, ſpringt vom Grund,
Ruft: „jetzt, Speckbacher, ſei geſund!"

Er tritt hervor und ſetzt den Hut
Sich ruhig auf der Stirn zurechte,
Im Wehrgehäng die Büchſe ruht,
Speckbacher geht nicht zum Gefechte,
Doch ſchaut er ſie mit Blicken an,
Daß Manchem drob das Blut gerann.

Kein Säbel blinkt, kein Schuß wird laut,
Sie weichen ſcheu zu beiden Seiten,
Und ſehn den Mann, der ſich vertraut
Durch ihre Gaſſe langſam ſchreiten,
Doch bald tönt rings der Alpen Mund:
Speckbacher hält noch unſern Bund.

Und wollt Ihr wiſſen, wie er's macht,
Daß ſelbſt die Sieger vor ihm zagen?
Gethan iſt's ſchwerer als gedacht,
Will's Euch auf Treu und Glauben ſagen:
Kein Zwingherr und kein Heer beſiegt
Den Mann, der lieber bricht als biegt.

Andreas Hofer.

Der Sandwirth, der's ſo gut verſtanden,
Wie man das Wild auf Alpen hetzt,
Hat ſich vom Streit mit Söldnerbanden
Zu Insbruck an den Tiſch geſetzt,
Und ſeine kecken Schützen liegen
Des Rufs gewärtig, müd vom Siegen.

Da regt ſich's drängend in den Gaſſen,
Vermiſchte Stimmen werden laut,
Der Platz kann kaum die Menge faſſen,
Und Jung und Alt erwartend ſchaut;
Sie wollen unter Sang und Klingen
Ein Lebehoch dem Sandwirth bringen.

Doch er, des Landes Schirm und Stütze,
Tritt mit entblößtem Haupt daher:
„Laßt das, ich bin ein ſchlichter Schütze,
Und wenn ich ſelbſt der Kaiſer wär;
Ihr ſolltet einen Höhern preiſen,
Daß er uns beiſteht — will's euch weiſen."

D'rauf faltet er die rauhen Hände,
Und Jeder auf den Knien fleht,
Daß Gott des Sieges Engel ſende;
Viel tauſend Seelen ein Gebet!
Die Kämpfer ziehn — und wenig Stunden
So ſtrömt ihr Blut aus friſchen Wunden.

Und ſoll ich weiter noch verkünden,
Wie er der Treue Lohn empfing?
Das iſt der Fluch von unſern Sünden,
Daß er, der feſt am Glauben hing,
Verlaſſen ſtarb den Tod der Schächer,
Und fand nur droben einen Rächer.

Doch nun der Sandwirth ausgeſtritten,
Seit ihm die Kugel ſchlug durchs Herz,
Kränkt Euch der Tod, den er gelitten,
Er aber ſchwang ſich himmelwärts,
Und jagt wohl, wo die Sterne blitzen,
Den Steinbock mit des Himmels Schützen.

Der Geiſt der Zeit.

1831.

Habt Ihr vom Geiſt der neuen Zeit den Flügelſchlag vernommen?
Schon iſt die Wolkenveſte weit von ſeinem Hauch entglommen!
Er iſt der Geiſt, von dem das Wort prophetiſch einſt erklungen:
In alle Wahrheit leitet er und ſpricht in allen Zungen.
Er iſt ein Falke, der die Bruſt im Morgenlichte badet,
Er iſt ein Schwan, der ſterbend lockt, wen Gottes Ruf begnadet.
Er iſt ein Sturm, der brauſend fährt und heilge Flammen zündet,
Wie als er Chriſti Jünger ſich zum Werk des Heils verbündet.
Er treibt die falſchen Götter aus, zertrümmert die Altäre,
Vom Weizen ſondert er die Spreu und reinigt Herz und Lehre.
Er rührt des Pflügers Eiſen an und goldne Saaten wogen,
Er kommt auf freiem Ocean im Maſtenwald geflogen.

Er führt am ſtillen Himmel hoch der Nächte Liebesreigen,
Er läßt aus dunkler Meere Schooß das helle Tagroth ſteigen.
Er iſt der Lenz, der Blüthen träumt, von Düften eingeſchleiert,
Er iſt die Frühe, die erwacht der Erde Brauttag feiert.
Die Sonne röthet tiefer ſich, ſie iſt das Flammenzeichen,
Aus dem er blickt, in dem er ſiegt, vor dem die Schatten bleichen.
Auf der Gebirge Strahlenhöhn läßt er ſich glänzend nieder,
Und Geiſterchöre ziehn im Klang der Auferſtehungslieder.
Die Wälder weckt ſein Wiederhall, ſein Odem hebt die Wellen,
Die Wucht der Erde ſchütternd bebt, verjüngte Herzen ſchwellen,
Er hat das tauſendjähr'ge Reich bereitet für die Seinen,
Und ſammelt, bis zum jüngſten Tag die letzten Sterne ſcheinen.

Der Rhein und ſeine Töchter.

1831.

Die Sehnſucht trieb mich einſt zum Rhein,
Bei ſeinem Rauſchen nickt' ich ein,
Die Sterne leis am Himmel zogen,
Sie glänzten auf den breiten Wogen:
Da flog mit triefendem Gewand
Ein Schwarm von Mädchen an den Strand.

Mir däuchten ſie gar fremd von Art,
Muthwillig, luſtig, leicht und zart,
Sie tanzten, kicherten und ſangen;
Drauf kam ein ernſter Greis gegangen,
Der trank aus mächtger Urne Wein;
Es mochte wohl der Flußgott ſein.

Ein Lieblingskind trat vor ihn hin,
Nahm ſanft den alten Herrn am Kinn:
„Du, Vater, kannſt ſeit alten Tagen
So ſchön die Waſſerorgel ſchlagen,
Und dieſe warme Mondennacht
Iſt wie zum Tanz für uns gemacht.“

„Erlkönig uns ſchon lange plagt:
Wir hätten's ihm ja zugeſagt;
Auch hab' er jetzt viel hübſche Knaben,
Die bringt er und noch andre Gaben!
Denn unſer Liebling, Ariel, —
Ich ſorge wahrlich, daß er ſchmähl'.“

„Denn auch ſein König Oberon
Vergißt bei uns der Lüfte Thron;
Du ſelber ſagſt, der möge werben.
Du dürfeſt's nicht mit ihm verderben,
Weil ſeine Frau, Titania,
Dich immer gern bei Mondlicht ſah.“

„Doch iſt Dir unſer Lärm zu viel,
So laß uns nur allein zum Spiel!
Und kommt der Puck mit plumpen Späßen,
Dem wollen wir das Hemd durchnäſſen;
Ein Stündchen unter uns allein
Kann ja nicht ſo gefährlich ſein.“

„Ach, mit den Menſchen iſt's doch aus,
Die finden nicht mehr unſer Haus:
Denn wir ſind jung und froh geblieben,
Sie wiſſen nur den Strom zu trüben,
Und rudern auf und ab den Rhein,
Als könnt' Nichts drin wie Fiſche ſein.“

„Zwar die Franzoſen wären recht,
Seitdem die Deutſchen gar ſo ſchlecht;
Wenn ſie nur beſſer Deutſch verſtänden,
Längſt hielt ich ſie mit beiden Händen:
Ach, lieber Vater, gehts wohl an,
Daß ich Franzöſiſch lernen kann?“

Da ſchnaubt der Alte, zornentbrannt:
„Was plapperſt Du für Unverſtand!
Das fehlte noch bei meiner Ehre,
Daß ich, mein Kind, Franzöſiſch lehre!
Ich ſchwör's, daß ich ein Deutſcher bin,
Und will's auch bleiben immerhin.“

„Meint Ihr, ich hätte, felsgezwängt,
Sonſt meine Bahn im Sturz geſprengt,
Und triebe, nie vermiſcht, die Wellen,
Durch Waſſerſchlünde, tief wie Höllen,
Ja, ſtürbe lieber Durſt im Sand,
Als daß ich ließ mein theures Land?“
„Jetzt freilich ſind die Deutſchen ſchlecht!
Drum, wo ſonſt Männer froh gezecht,
Soll auch mein Wein zur Erde laufen,
Den jetzt die Diplomaten ſaufen!
Und Ihr ſeid ganz den Deutſchen gleich!
Nur fort ins Haus! Gott beſſer' Euch!“
Am Boden floß der edle Wein,
Doch drang der ganze Schwarm ſchon ein
Mit Schmeichelbitten auf den Alten,
Da half kein Zank, kein Stirnenfalten;
Der Leichtſinn jauchzt, indeß er grollt
Und trauernd fern die Woge rollt.

Einſt und Jetzt.

1831.

Meiner Heimath Berge dunkeln,
Fluthend in der Wälder Grün,
Und gleich Heldenaugen funkeln
Sterne, die darüber glühn.
Dämmernd Licht umfließt die Wipfel,
Wo das hehre Schweigen thront,
Hohenſtaufens ſchlanke Gipfel
Krönt, ein Geiſterfürſt, der Mond.

Hohenſtaufen, ſel'ge Sterne!
Beide Friedrich, Konradin!
Schaut Ihr aus verhüllter Ferne
Jetzt nach Eurer Wiege hin!
Schweb herab aus ihrer Wolke,
Liederfrühling! Waffenklang!
Ueber dem verwaisten Volke
Tönt erweckenden Geſang!

Kühner Rothbart! nicht geſtorben
Biſt ja Du, Du ſchlummerſt nur,
Wo um Heil das Schwert geworben,
Suchend des Erlöſers Spur;
Aber in der Zauberhöhle
Hält Dich harter Schlaf gebannt;
Wann erwachſt Du, Heldenſeele,
Fliegſt, ein Sturm, verjüngt durchs Land?

Kaiſer Karl, von dem ſie ſagen,
Daß noch oft Dein Banner rauſcht,
Wenn Du fliegſt im Wolkenwagen
Und Dein Volk dem Siegsruf lauſcht,
Wo biſt Du? Den Ruf zum Siege
Freilich hört kein Deutſcher mehr,
Und der Glaube ward zur Lüge,
Harrt umſonſt der Wiederkehr.

Und Du heiligſter der Schatten,
Hermann! der als Opfer fiel,
Deutſchlands ſterbendes Ermatten
Treibt Dichs nicht vom blutgen Pfühl?
Sagt man doch, Erſchlagne kehren
Wieder, bis ihr Geiſt verſöhnt: —
Kannſt Du ruhen, ſtatt zu wehren,
Wo man Deinen Schatten höhnt?

Doch die Helden ſind geſchieden,
Die Vergangenheit iſt todt!
Seele, von des Grabes Frieden
Wende Dich zum Morgenroth,
Gleich dem Aar, der einſt entflogen
Staufens Nachbar und im Flug
Zollerns Ruhm bis an die Wogen
Des entlegnen Oſtmeers trug.

Adler Friedrichs des Großen!
Gleich der Sonne decke Du
Die Verlaſſnen, Heimathloſen,
Mit der goldnen Schwinge zu!
Und mit mächtgem Flügelſchlage
Triff die Eulen, Rab und Weih!
Stets empor zum neuen Tage,
Sonnenauge, kühn und frei!

Robert Eduard Prutz

ward im Jahr 1816 zu Stettin geboren, erhielt ſeine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und ſtudirte darauf in Halle Philologie. Nachdem er ſich hier die philoſophiſche Doktorwürde erworben, ſchloß er ſich enger Ruge und deſſen Beſtrebungen an und wirkte mit großer Thätigkeit für die von dem Letztern herausgegebene Zeitſchrift: halliſche, ſpäter deutſche Jahrbücher. Er verließ darauf Halle, verheirathete ſich und nahm ſeinen Wohnſitz in Jena, wo er ſich vergeblich um eine Profeſſur bewarb. Eine Umgehung der Cenſurgeſetze zog ihm eine gerichtliche Unterſuchung zu, welche zwar auf ſeine Bitte niedergeſchlagen wurde, aber ſeine Wegweiſung aus Jena, auf beſondern Befehl des Großherzogs von Sachſen-Weimar zur Folge hatte. Er lebte nun abwechſelnd in Halle und Berlin und hielt am letztern Orte Vorleſungen über deutſche Literatur vor einem gemiſchten Kreiſe von Zuhörern. Mitten in dieſen Vorträgen wurde er jedoch auf höhere Anordnung unterbrochen, ſo daß er ſie nicht zu Ende führen konnte. Gleich darauf erhielt er indeſſen einen Ruf als Dramaturg am hamburgiſchen Stadttheater. Er begab ſich zu Oſtern 1847 dahin.

Von ihm erſchien:

Der Rhein. Gedicht. Leipzig 1840.
Gedichte. Leipzig 1841. — 2. Aufl. 1844. — 3. Aufl. 1847.
Der Göttinger Dichterbund. Leipzig 1841.
Ein Märchen. Gedicht. Leipzig 1841.
Literarhiſtoriſches Taſchenbuch. Leipzig 1843. 1844., ſpäter Hannover. — Vier Jahrgänge.
Badens zweite Kammer. Drei Gedichte. 2 Aufl. Zürich 1842.
Dem Könige von Preußen. Zum Kölner Dombaufeſt den 4. Sept. 1842. — 2 Aufl.
Die politiſche Wochenſtube. Eine Komödie. Zürich und Winterthur 1843.
Gedichte. Neue Sammlung. Ebendaſ. 1843.
Karl von Bourbon. Hiſtoriſche Trag. Hannover 1845.
Moritz von Sachſen. Trauerſpiel. Zürich 1845.
Geſchichte des deutſchen Journalismus. Hannover 1845 fgde.
Dramatiſche Werke. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1847.
Einzelne Abhandlungen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Reiches Wiſſen, große Biegſamkeit des Geiſtes, ſeltene Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form und Glanz der äußern Darſtellung, ſind ſchöne anerkennenswerthe Eigenſchaften dieſes von der Natur höchſt glücklich ausgeſtatteten Talentes; in ſeinem raſtloſen Streben herrſcht aber eben die Raſtloſigkeit zu ſehr vor und es bleibt lebhaft zu wünſchen, daß ihm günſtige Verhältniſſe jene Ruhe gewähren mögen, ohne die des Meiſters Reife nicht zu erlangen iſt.

Liebesrache.

Wer ſchleicht herein, den Hut ins Aug' gedrückt,
In krampf'ger Fauſt den nackten Dolch gezückt?
Kein Laut verräth ihn! Langſam, auf den Zehen,
Unhörbar ſchleicht er, wie Geſpenſter gehen;
Bleich iſt ſein Antlitz, nur das Auge brennt,
Wie ein Komet an dunklem Firmament.

Jetzt tritt er ein! Leis dämmernd durch den Saal
Fällt doch von oben einer Lampe Strahl,
Süßduft'ger Blumen breite Schatten zittern
Durch das Gemach, und hinter goldnen Gittern
Schlaftrunken ſträubt ein Vogel ſeinen Flaum
Und wiegt ſich leis und girret, wie im Traum.

Und näher jetzt, ſtarr, wie ein Bild von Stein,
Lauſcht vorgebeugt er in den Saal hinein:
So lauſchend ſteht die lüſterne Hyäne,
Und reckt das Aug' und hebt die borſt'ge Mähne,
Wenn Nachts der Oſtwind, der die Wüſte fegt,
Den Duft von Leichen ihr entgegen trägt.

Er ſteht und lauſcht, und heft'ger zuckt die Hand:
Sein Flammenblick, er ſuchet nicht, — er fand,
Er fand und traf! — Schau dort, auf ſeidnem Pfühle,
Die Bruſt geöffnet vor der nächt'gen Kühle,
Nur halb verhüllt den marmorweißen Leib,
Ruht ſchlummernd dort ein engelſchönes Weib.

Er kennt ſie wohl! — Nie hat der Schönheit Pracht
Um andre Lippen lieblicher gelacht:
Stolz war ihr Gang, der ſchwarzen Augen Lodern
Schien alle Männer zum Tribut zu fodern,
Ein goldnes Krönlein trug ſie in dem Haar,
Denn o, ſie wußte, daß ſie Fürſtin war.

Und ſie war ſein! Aus der Bewundrer Chor
War er es einzig, den ihr Blick erkor;
Vor ihm die Krone legt' ſie willig nieder,
Gab lächelnd ihm die Blüthe dieſer Glieder,
Gab ihm ihr Herz, und wollte nichts mehr ſein,
Als ſeine Braut, ſein Weib, ſein Glück allein.

Doch was ſie ſelbſt ſüßſtammelnd einſt verſprach,
Jetzt klirrt es ihr, wie eine Kette, nach:
Nicht bei der Schönheit wohnt die ſanfte Treue,
Was Liebe war, ward Ueberdruß und Reue:
Sie warf ihn fort — und Andre ſollen nun
An dieſer Bruſt, in dieſen Armen ruhn.

Kein Andrer, nein! Mit heil'gem Eide dies
Hat er gelobt, da ſie ihn von ſich ſtieß;
Denn dieſes Herz, das einſt die Liebe ſchwellte,
In Gift verwandelt hat es ihre Kälte:
Ihr gilt der Haß, der ihm im Auge glimmt,
Und dieſer Dolch, er iſt für ſie beſtimmt!

Und näher jetzt und näher, dicht heran,
Schleicht ernſt und ſtill der unglückſel'ge Mann:
Sie ſchläft ſo ſanft! den Vogel hört er girren,
Das klingt ſo ſüß, den Geiſt ihm zu verwirren —
Sie ſchläft ſo ſanft! wie lindes Frühlingswehn
Hört er den Athem ihres Mundes gehn.

Er hebt den Dolch — o wohl, das iſt das Haar,
Das einſt ein Schleier ſeiner Küſſe war!
Das iſt die Stirn, das ſind die holden Brüſte,
Die einſt ſein Mund in ſel'gem Wahnſinn küßte!
Das iſt der Hals, den einſt ſein Bild geſchmückt,
Das iſt das Herz, an das ſie ihn gedrückt!

Er hebt den Dolch — o Bildniß jener Nacht,
Da er zuerſt ſah dieſes Leibes Pracht!
Da er zuerſt mit wonnevollem Lauſchen
In dieſem Glanz ſich ſchwelgend durft' berauſchen!
Da ihn zuerſt ihr weicher Arm umſchloß,
Zuerſt ihr Kuß verzehrend ihn durchfloß! —

Und raſch zu enden dieſer Zweifel Qual,
Zückt er empor zu jähem Stoß den Stahl,
Und jetzt, o jetzt — weh, wenn ſie jetzt erwachte!
Wenn dieſer Blick, aus dem der Himmel lachte,
Vor ihm erſtarrte, ſchaudernd und entſetzt!
Wenn jetzt ihr Blut das ſüße Lager netzt!

Er ſteht und ſinnt — Sie ſchläft ſo ſanft — er ſinnt,
Und eine große, ſchwere Thräne rinnt
Aus ſeines Auges wetterſchwülen Flammen;
Ohnmächtig bricht ſein ſtarker Arm zuſammen:
Verhüllten Hauptes, fort ſchleicht er auf den Zeh'n,
Und Keiner jemals wird ihn wiederſehn. —

Wach' auf, wach' auf! — der goldne Morgen lacht,
Der Vogel ſingt, die Fürſtin iſt erwacht:
Sie preßt die Hände weinend an die Stirne,

Dumpf pocht ihr Blut und fieberiſch zuckt's im Hirne —
Hat ſie ein Traumbild aus dem Schlaf geweckt?
Hat ſie ein Schatten ahnungsvoll erſchreckt?

Die Mutter des Koſaken.

Laß Deine Locken flattern in dem Winde,
Zerreiß', unſel'ge Mutter, Dein Gewand!
Raſch fort, hinaus! Nach Deinem letzten Kinde,
O ſchau' hinab von dieſes Ufers Rand!
Fern am Gebirge ward die Schlacht geſchlagen,
Dein Sohn war Hetman im Rebellenheer —
Er war's, er fiel! und dort die Wellen tragen
Den blut'gen Leichnam zögernd in das Meer!

Wer durfte ſonſt mit dieſer ſich vergleichen
Von allen Müttern in der grünen Flur?
Drei Söhne waren ihr — jetzt ſind ſie Leichen,
Sie ſucht umſonſt nur ihrer Gräber Spur.
Den Erſten rief, fern von der heim'ſchen Erde,
Zur Türkenſchlacht des Heeres Aufgebot:
Den Paſcha ſelber ſchoß er von dem Pferde
Und ſank und fand mit ihm denſelben Tod.

Was war der Dank? — Als einſt in froher Runde,
Da ihn des Weines ſüßer Rauſch umfing,
Der zweite Sohn mit allzukeckem Munde
An Katharinens Namen ſich verging:
Da ſchnell ein Ohr fand des Verräthers Klage,
Schwerer, denn Blutſchuld, wog das leichte Wort,
Und tief im Bergwerk, fern vom holden Tage,
In Ketten iſt ſein müder Leib verdorrt.

Noch Einer blieb, der Jüngſte, Sohn der Schmerzen,
Mit blauem Aug' und ſchwarzgelocktem Haar,
Ein ſüßes Kind, das ihrem Mutterherzen
Wermuth zugleich und linder Balſam war.
Man hat ſie oft noch Mitternachts geſehen,
Wie ſie emporſprang, bei der Lampe Schein,
In ihres Kindes Angeſicht zu ſpähen,
Und dann vor ſeinem Lager ſchlief ſie ein.

Er wuchs heran: ſein Auge, Morgenhelle,
Flog ſtolz und fröhlich in der Welt umher;
Kein Andrer trieb, wie er, das Roß ſo ſchnelle,
Kein Andrer ſchwang die Lanze ſo, wie er.
Und ſang er Nachts ein Liedchen vor den Zelten,
Da ſchwieg das Volk, und horchte voller Luſt
Und nickt' ihm zu, — und mancher Dirne ſchwellten
Sehnſücht'ge Seufzer die bewegte Bruſt.

Da plötzlich kam, gewaltſam Recht zu ſprechen
Für jedes Unrecht, das der Ruſſe that,
Pugatſchew kam: ſein heil'ges Amt war Rächen,
Ein Schwert ſein Scepter, blutgetränkt ſein Pfad.
Und Kampfgeſchrei und Freiheitsruf durchſchwirrte
Die grüne Steppe ſauſend, wie ein Pfeil,
Und jede Kette, die zu Boden klirrte,
Ward umgeſchmiedet in ein mordend Beil.

Auch an das Ohr der Mutter traf die Kunde:
Zwei Tage ſaß ſie wortlos und ſann;
Am dritten erſt, in mitternächt'ger Stunde,
Zu ihrem Sohne flüſternd hob ſie an:
„Dein erſter Bruder liegt in fremder Erde,
Im Bergwerk iſt des Andern Leib verdorrt . . ."
Hier brach ſie ab; der Sohn pfiff nach dem Pferde,
Denn er verſtand die Mutter ohne Wort.

Sie weinte nicht, als mit verhängten Zügeln
Ihr Liebling früh aus ihren Armen flog:
Sie wußte ja, daß auf des Ruhmes Flügeln
Sein Name bald die halbe Welt durchzog.
Roth war von Blut das Fähnlein ſeiner Lanze,
Sein Schwert war Blitzſtrahl in der Feinde Reihn,
Und bald nun, bald, in hellem Siegesglanze
Zieht er in Moskau's heil'ge Mauern ein.

Doch anders war's in Gottes Rath beſchloſſen! —
Fern am Gebirge brauſt die wilde Schlacht,
Da plötzlich hallt das Feld von flücht'gen Roſſen,
Koſaken ſtürmen durch die ſtille Nacht:
„Wir ſind zerſtreut, vernichtet und zerſchlagen!
Dein Sohn war Hetman im Rebellenheer —
Raſch fort, hinaus, denn dort die Wellen tragen
Den blut'gen Leichnam zögernd in das Meer!"

Sie hört's und ſchwieg; — nur ihre Blicke ſanken,
Wie müde Sterne, dämmernd niederwärts;
Nur einen Augenblick ſchien ſie zu wanken,
Dann wieder ſtand ſie, gleich als wär' ſie Erz.
Und als ſie nun das Aug' emporgeſchlagen,
Da längſt verſchwunden iſt der Flücht'gen Spur,
Nur noch den Hufſchlag hört ſie donnernd jagen,
Und ſtumm nun wieder, ſchweigend liegt die Flur.

Still Alles, ſtill! Nur in der Mutter Herzen,
Welch jäher Nothſchrei gellt entſetzlich dort!
Welch banges Echo fürchterlicher Schmerzen
Erweckte da des Flüchtlings raſches Wort!
Ja, hätt' ein Gott es ihrem Mund verliehen,
Die ſtumme Qual des Herzens auszuſchreien,
Das Thier des Waldes hätte mitgeſchrieen
Und Mond und Sterne ſtimmten mit ein!

Schon wich die Nacht; der erſte Lichtſtrahl bebte
Bleich und erſchrocken über ihr Geſicht;
Sie fuhr empor, ſie fühlte, daß ſie lebte,
Die Sonne nicht, es weckte ſie die Pflicht.
Raſch fort, hinaus! Von jenes Ufers Wänden
Nach ihres Sohnes Leichnam will ſie ſchaun —
Er kommt, gewiß! und dann mit eignen Händen
Dem Schooß der Erde will ſie ihn vertraun. —

Der Tod iſt ſtark, ein Fürſt! wer darf ihn hindern?
Denn ſelbſt der Mutter Thräne rührt nicht ihn.
Doch wird der Schmerz, der bitterſte, ſich lindern,
Darf er am Grabe der Geliebten knien.
Es ruht ſich weich an dieſen grünen Hügeln,
Es weint ſich ſanft in brünſtigem Gebet,
An dieſen Gräbern, die mit Engelsflügeln
Wehmüth'gen Troſtes ſüßer Hauch umweht! —

Ihr weht er nicht! Längſt ſchon an fremden Lüften
Bleicht ihres Erſtlings blutiges Gebein,
Und um den Andern in des Bergwerks Klüften
Weint leiſe nur das tropfende Geſtein.
Den Jüngſten jetzt, o tragt ihn, liebe Wellen,
Die er ſo oft mit rüſt'gem Arm zertheilt,
Den Fels vorüber, durch des Stromes Schnellen,
O bringt ihn ſicher, bringt ihn unverweilt!

So ſitzt ſie nun, dicht an den Strom gekauert,
Die Welle netzt ihr flatterndes Gewand,
Und ſchaut hinab tief in den Fluß und lauert,
Gleich wie ein Thier von des Horſtes Rand.
Roth ſchimmern rings des Stromes goldne Fluthen,
Als ob ein Wald von Roſen hier verſank;
Doch ſind es nicht des Morgens Purpurgluthen,
Das Blut der Feldſchlacht iſt es, das er trank.

Und näher jetzt und dichter kommt's gezogen,
Ein wirres Knaul in grauſenvoller Haſt;
Mit leiſem Murren drängen ſich die Wogen,
Als grollten ſie der unerwünſchten Laſt.
Hier, Waffen erſt, zerbrochene Standarten,
Ein Köcher hier, zerſpalten und geleert,
Schau dort ein Schild, zerfetzt und voller Scharten,
Und ohne Zaum und Sattel hier ein Pferd.

Und Leichen nun —! Aus breiter Todeswunde
Strömt quellend noch das purpurrothe Blut,
Noch ſpricht der Schmerz aus dem verzerrten Munde
Und jene Hand, ſie ballt ſich noch vor Wuth.
Zerriſſne Kleider, wirre Locken hängen
Wie müde Ruder läſſig um ſie her, —
Und dichter ſtets und unabſehbar drängen
Die Leichen ſich und ſchwimmen fort ins Meer.

Sie aber ſteht: — wie hat bei ſeinem Netze
Ein armer Fiſcher dieſe Gier gefühlt,
Der Taucher nie, der um verlorne Schätze
Des tiefen Meeres öden Grund zerwühlt.
Laut pocht ihr Herz! all' ihre Sinne lauſchen!

  Ihr Auge ſtarrt, weit aufgeriſſen, weit!
Nichts unterbricht, als nur der Woge Rauſchen,
  Die ungeheure, ſtumme Einſamkeit.

Wer aber kommt hier dicht herangetragen,
  Als ſucht' er ſelbſt ein Grab ſich an dem Strand?
Ihm ward das Haupt zerſchmettert und zerſchlagen,
  Sein beſter Freund hätt' ihn nicht mehr gekannt.
Und doch in dieſen Orden iſt's zu leſen,
  Einſt bei der Zaarin lächelt' ihm das Glück,
Es iſt ein Feind, ein Ruſſe iſt's geweſen, —
  Und mit dem Fuße ſtößt ſie ihn zurück!

Kein Ende noch! Schon ſenkt der Tag ſich nieder,
  Die Nacht bricht ein: — horch auf, da rauſcht's vorbei,
Und ſchwirrt und ſchlägt mit flatterndem Gefieder,
  Und kreiſcht und ſchrillt mit heiſerem Geſchrei:
Das iſt das Volk der Geier und der Raben,
  Fernhin gefolgt dem leckern Feſtgerichte —
„O ew'ger Gott, o ſchont nur meinem Knaben,
  Nur in ſein Antlitz ſchlagt die Klaue nicht!"

Sie ſprang empor: raſch mit erhobnem Stecken
  Schlug ſie die Luft mit lautem Jammerton,
Und Rab' und Geier ſchienen zu erſchrecken,
  Umkreiſ'ten ſie und ſtutzten und entflohn.
Und wieder nur den Nachtwind hört ſie pfeifen,
  Die Sterne ſchaun großaugig in die Fluth,
Und immer noch ihr Auge läßt ſie ſchweifen,
  Das heller flammt, als aller Sterne Gluth.

Dort plötzlich, dort! Ihr Herz hat nicht gelogen,
  Dorthin, o ſchau! Ihr Auge kennt ihn ſchon:
Der Nächſte dort, das Haupt zurückgebogen,
  Allmächt'ger Himmel, ja, es iſt ihr Sohn!
Die ſie ſo oft geküßt, die Locken ſchmiegen
  Sich wie ein Kiſſen um den blut'gen Mann,
Raſch rinnt der Strom, und weiche Wellen wiegen
  Zu ſeiner Mutter ſchmeichelnd ihn heran.

„Du ſollſt mir nicht in dieſer Fluth verderben,
  In die des Feindes rohe Hand Dich warf:
Nicht Alles wird von meinem Sohn mir ſterben,
  Bleibt mir ein Grab, an dem ich weinen darf!"
Sie rief's und ſchwang mit raſchgewagtem Schritte
  Sich in der Welle trüben Giſcht hinein,
Hoch ſchäumt die Fluth um ihres Leibes Mitte,
  Und tiefer taucht bis an die Bruſt ſie ein.

Jetzt ſein Gewand, jetzt die erſtarrten Hände,
  Dicht um den Leib jetzt hat ſie ihn gefaßt;
Doch ſteil und mühſam ſind des Ufers Wände,
  Die Strömung ſtark, und o! ſo ſchwer die Laſt!
Und weiter, weiter, ohne Ruhe drängen
  Zahlloſe Leichen rauſchend hinterdrein,
Und treiben ſie und ſtoßen ſie und zwängen
  Sie immer tiefer in die Fluth hinein.

Sie ſtemmt ſich, kämpft — ſie will den Sohn nicht laſſen,
  Mitten im Strome treibt ſie ſelber ſchon —
Feſt dennoch, feſt! — in ſchmerzlichſtem Umfaſſen,
  Die Mutter ſterbend mit dem todten Sohn!
Da bricht ihr Fuß, da ſenkt ihr Haupt ſich nieder,
  Die Locken trinken in der Fluth ſich ſchwer,
Und Bruſt an Bruſt, verſchränkt die ſtarren Glieder,
  Treibt mit dem Sohn die Mutter in das Meer.

Kein Ende noch! Noch immer treiben Leichen,
  Nachzügler ſind's mit ungewiſſem Lauf,
Bis daß die Sterne dämmernd jetzt erbleichen,
  Der Nebel ſinkt, der Morgen ſteigt herauf:
Und was die Fluth mit Roſen da bemalte,
  Es war kein Blut, gefloſſen in der Schlacht!
Die Sonne war's, die hoch von oben ſtrahlte,
  Ein Bote Gottes, leuchtend durch die Nacht! —

Der Zecher.

Es war 'mal auf Erden ein munterer Patron,
Eine ganz kreuzluſtige Fliege;
Ihn freute nicht Kirche, ihn freute nicht Thron,
Ihn grämten nicht Kriege noch Siege:
Tief unten ſaß er in Kellers Grund
Und zechte und zechte mit durſtigem Mund
— Ei proſit, Du luſtiger Zecher!

Und als er nun endlich zum Sterben kam —
Ein abſcheuliches Ding mit dem Sterben!
Da trank er noch Eins mit unendlichem Gram,
Schlug ſterbend den Becher in Scherben.
Der Kellner, der weinte die Aeuglein ſich naß,
Und legte ihn ſanft in ein Rheinweinfaß
— Gute Nacht, Du mein luſtiger Zecher!

Drauf als der Welt Ende gekommen war,
Gott Vater ſaß zu Gerichte,
Da wandelte flugs der Seligen Schaar
In den Himmel mit glattem Geſichte.
Doch die, ſo gelebet in Saus und Braus,
Die wurden dem Teufel ein leckerer Schmaus
— Wie wird es ergehen dem Zecher?

Sprach da Gott Vater zu Petrus gewandt:
„Wer ſteht mir denn dort in der Ecken?
Potz Blitz noch, ich glaube, der thörichte Fant
Will gar vor dem Herrn ſich verſtecken?
Auch leuchtet ſein Antlitz ſo flammenroth,
Als litt' er im Voraus die hölliſche Noth"
— O weh, armſeliger Zecher!

Herr Petrus, der bracht' ihn geſchwind vor den Thron,
Sprach alſo mit zürnenden Blicken:
„Das iſt der leibhaftig verlorene Sohn,
Den magſt Du zur Hölle nur ſchicken!
Der hat ſich auf Erden nichts Beſſres gewußt,
Als Bechergeklirr, als Becherluſt"
— Wie nun, Du verlorener Zecher?

Antwortet der Zecher mit heiterem Mund,
Mit ſittſamen Neigen und Bücken:
„Du wollſt, o Herr, nicht ohne Grund
Mich gleich in den Schwefelpfuhl ſchicken!
Zwar kann ich nicht leugnen, ich ſage nicht nein,
Wohl liebt' ich vor Allem, ich liebte den Wein,
— Wohl war ich ein luſtiger Zecher!

Doch hab' ich, o Herr, nicht ſündlich gezecht,
Wie die Leute, die thörichten, pflegen:
Stets that ich dem Weine ſein treffliches Recht
Und erkannte den himmliſchen Segen.
Drum, ſchaut ich die Perlen im funkelnden Wein,
Da dacht' ich gleich an die Sternelein
— Ich war ein nachdenklicher Zecher!

Und wenn ich nur erſt bei den Sternen war,
Dann ſchnell noch ein Gläschen getrunken!
Da wurde der ganze Himmel mir klar,
Da war mir die Erde verſunken,
Da hört' ich das Jauchzen der Engel ſchon,
Da ſah ich Dich ſelber auf Deinem Thron
— Ich war ein ſehr gläubiger Zecher!

Fernab von der Welt, in den Keller verſenkt,
So hab' ich, o Herr, es getrieben,
Hab' nie eine menſchliche Seele gekränkt,
Kein Glas bin ich ſchuldig geblieben.
Mein Leben und Weben, es glich ja dem Wein,
So luſtig wie er und ſo hell und ſo rein
— O, nun ſei gnädig dem Zecher!"

Und ſiehe, der Herr ſtand auf vom Thron:
„Geh' ein zum ewigen Leben!
Wohl warſt Du auf Erden ein luſt'ger Patron,
Zur Luſt Euch ſchuf ich die Reben.
Geh', Petrus, voran und füll' ihm das Glas
Aus meinem eigenen Mutterfaß"
— Ei proſit, Du ſeliger Zecher!

Der Nußbaum
unter dem Fenſter ſpricht:

Wo iſt das holde Kind geblieben,
  Das ſonſt, wenn kaum die Nacht entſchwand,
Gleichwie von Zaubermacht getrieben,

Früh unter meinem Schatten stand?
O ſie war ſchön —! Wie junge Schlangen
Spielt' um die Stirn ihr Lockenhaar,
Vom Schlummer brannten ihre Wangen,
Ihr Auge doch, wie ſonnenklar!

Ein Wörtchen flog von ihrem Munde,
Ein Wörtchen nicht, ein Hauch, ein Klang,
Wie wohl in erſter Morgenſtunde
Der muntern Lerche Frühgeſang.
Und ſchnell das Fenſter hört' ich gehen:
„Ei guten Morgen, ſüßes Kind!“ —
Wie lang' nicht hab' ich Dich geſehen!
O komm herab, herab geſchwind! —

Und kam der Liebſte nun gegangen,
O welch ein ſel'ger Morgengruß!
Welch zärtlich Neigen, hold Umfangen,
Und Herz am Herzen, Kuß um Kuß!
Dann wandelte in meinem Schatten
Das muntre Pärchen froh einher:
Was ſie ſich da zu ſagen hatten?
Sie ſprachen wenig, küßten mehr;

Bis daß zu Nacht die Sterne kamen
Und, von den Zweigen dicht bedeckt,
Sie ſchmerzlich ſüßen Abſchied nahmen,
Von keinem fremden Aug' erſchreckt.
Da lachten, weinten ſie und hielten
Umklammert ſich in trunkner Luſt,
Und meine dunklen Schatten ſpielten
Wollüſtig auf des Mädchens Bruſt.

Ei wohl, das mochte mir behagen,
Das freute wohl mich alten Herrn,
Und wie ein Hauch von Frühlingstagen
Durchbebt' es meinen morſchen Kern.
Kein Lüftchen ging! kein Blätterrauſchen!
Still breitet' ich mein Schattendach,
Und ſtand verſenkt in frommes Lauſchen:
Entſchwund'nen Lenzen dacht' ich nach.

Nun iſt es Herbſt, die Winde wehen,
Mein grünes Haupt wird dürr und kahl,
Ich muß nun balde ſchlafen gehen:
Gern ſäh' ich ſie noch, ſie einmal!
Möcht' mich an ihrem Auge wärmen,
An ihrer Blicke Sonnenſchein:
Dann ohne Grämen, ohne Härmen,
Schlief' ich getroſt und fröhlich ein.

O wenn die Vöglein wieder bauen,
Wenn ſich mein Wipfel neu belaubt,
Werd' ich das Kind wohl wieder ſchauen,
Das mir der Herbſt ſo früh geraubt?
Ach oder wo, auf welchen Wegen,
Wohin dann irret ihre Flucht?
Dann wo ſie ſei, mit ihr ſei Segen,
Und holde Blüthe, reiche Frucht!

Ferdinand Raimund

ward am 1. Juni 1790 in Wien geboren; ſein Vater, ein armer Drechsler, ſtarb früh und der Knabe ward von einer ältern Schweſter, die ſich ſeiner annahm zu einem Conditor in die Lehre gethan. Er verließ denſelben aber bereits 1808 und verſuchte nun von innerem Drange getrieben, bei herumziehenden Schauſpielern ſein Glück, hatte jedoch mit großen Widerwärtigkeiten zu kämpfen, bis es ihm endlich gelang, nach mannichfaltigen Streifzügen im Jahre 1813 ein Engagement als local-komiſcher Schauſpieler an der Joſephſtädter Bühne in Wien zu erhalten. Jetzt endlich brach ſich ſein großes Talent Bahn und fand die wohlverdiente Anerkennung. Ganz Wien jauchzte ihm, der abwechſelnd auf dem Leopoldſtädter, dem Joſephſtädter und dem Theater an der Wien als deren bedeutendſter und genialſter Komiker glänzte, Beifall zu, und gleiche Bewunderung wurde ihm auf ſeinen Kunſtreiſen im Auslande zu Theil. Im Auguſt 1836 hatte er das Unglück, von ſeinem Hunde in die Hand gebiſſen zu werden; tiefe Hypochondrie an der er überhaupt litt, quälte ihn mit der Idee, der Hund ſei toll und ein gräßliches Schickſal harre ſeiner. Dieſe Angſt ſteigerte ſich auf das Höchſte, als er bei ſeiner Rückkehr von einer kleinen Reiſe erfuhr, man habe den Hund erſchoſſen um weiteres Unglück zu verhüten. Er eilte nun von ſeinem Landhauſe nach Wien um ſich ärztlicher Behandlung zu unterwerfen; ein heftiges Gewitter, das ihn auf dem Wege überfiel, zwang ihn in Pottenſtein zu übernachten. Hier überwältigten ihn ſeine geiſtigen Qualen und in einem Momente der höchſten Verzweiflung, erſchoß er ſich mit einem Taſchenterzerol, doch gab ihm dies nicht augenblicklich den Tod und er hatte noch acht ſchmerzensvolle Tage zu durchleben, ehe er von ſeinen Leiden erlöſt ward. Er ſtarb am 5. September 1836.

Er hinterließ:

F. Raimund's ſämmtliche dramatiſche und poetiſche Werke. Herausgegeben von J. N. Vogl. 4 Bde. in 8. Wien 1837. Dieſe enthalten:
1. Thl. Der Diamant des Geiſterkönigs.
Der Alpenkönig und der Menſchenfeind.
2. Thl. Moiſaſur's Zauberfluch. — Der Bauer als Millionair.
3. Thl. Der Barometermacher auf der Zauberinſel. — Die gefeſſelte Phantaſie.
4. Thl. Die unheilbringende Krone. — Der Verſchwender. — Lyriſche und proſaiſche Dichtungen. — Biographie Raimund's vom Herausgeber.

In R. iſt ein großes poetiſches Talent durch ſchwere Schläge des Schickſals untergegangen. Wenn man ſeine nur für eine Volksbühne beſtimmten dramatiſchen Märchen aufmerkſam durchlieſt, ſo erſtaunt man über die ſeltene Fülle großartiger und eigenthümlicher Gedanken und Bilder, die mit verſchwenderiſcher Hand ausgeſtreut, oft ſogar ihm achtlos entfallen zu ſein ſcheinen, über den Reichthum der Erfindung und die feſte Charakterzeichnung. Freilich konnte er nicht anders als nur mit groben Strichen ſkizziren, denn Höheres erlaubte der Kreis, in dem er ſich bewegen mußte, nicht, aber in dieſen Skizzen zeigt ſich überall der geborene Meiſter voll tiefer, glühender Empfindung, voll ſchöpferiſcher Genialität.

Aus:

Der Alpenkönig und der Menſchenfeind.

Erſter Aufzug.

(Die Ouverture beginnt ſanft und drückt fröhlichen Hirtengeſang aus, dann geht ſie in fremdartiges Jagdgetön über, begleitet von [illegible]. Beim Aufziehen der Courtine zeigt ſich eine reizende Gegend am Fuß einer Alpe, welche ſich im Hintergrunde majeſtätiſch erhebt. Im Vordergrunde, in der Mitte, zeichnet ſich ein Gebüſch von Alpenroſen, rechts ein abgebrochener Baumſtamm, und im [illegible] links ein hoher Felſen aus.)

Erſte Scene.

(Ein Chor von Alpengeiſtern, worunter Linarius, durchaus grün, als Gemſenjäger gekleidet, Jeder eine erlegte Gemſe über dem Rücken, eilt von der Alpe herab und ſammelt ſich im Vordergrunde.)

Chor.

Stellt die Jagd ein, läſſ'ge Schützen!
Von den ſteilen Alpenſpitzen
Steigt herab in's blum'ge Thal;
Zählt mit wilder Jägerfreude
Schnell die friſch gefüllte Beute
Hier im grünen Waidmannsſaal.

Zweite Scene.

Aſtragalus (ganz grün, gleich den übrigen Geiſtern, als Alpenjäger gekleidet, ein Jagdgewehr über der Schulter.) Vorige.

Aſtragalus.

Holla ho, ihr Jägersleute,
Seid genügſam in der Beute,
Laßt, Ihr jagdberauſchten Schergen,
Ruh'n die Gemſen auf den Bergen.
Lang gedonnert haben wir
Heut' im ſteinigen Revier.

Linarius.

Großer Fürſt, Du magſt nur winken,
Und der Alpen Geiſter ſinken
Kraftberaubet in den Staub,
Wie vor'm Sturmwind welkes Laub.
Keiner iſt hier, der es wagt,
Fortzuſetzen mehr die Jagd.
Doch es kann nichts Schön'res geben
Als auf Alpenſpitzen ſchweben,
Und den Blitz vom Rohre ſenden,
Der Gazelle Leben enden,
Ja, wenn aus metall'nem Lauf
Krachend ſich ein Schuß entladet,
Und die gold'ne Kugel d'rauf
In der Gemſe Blut ſich badet;
Das iſt ächte Waidmannsluſt,
Das erhebt des Jägers Bruſt!

Chor.

Das iſt ächte Waidmannsluſt,
Das erhebt des Jägers Bruſt!

Aſtragalus.

Bei des Eismeers ſtarren Wellen
Ihr ſeid wack're Jagdgeſellen;
Oft ſoll Euch die Luſt entzücken,
Doch auch And're mag's beglücken.
Denn, was wir dem Berg entwenden,
Will in's dürft'ge Thal ich ſenden;
An Bewohner nied'rer Hütten,
Die um karges Mahl oft bitten,
Theilet Eure Gemſen aus,
Werft ſie unſichtbar in's Haus.

Linarius.

Edel iſt ſtets Dein Beginnen,
Und wir eilen ſchnell von hinnen,
Um den mächt'gen Herrſcherwillen
Zu verehren, zu erfüllen. —
Laßt die Hütten uns umrauſchen,
Leiſe dem Entzücken lauſchen:
Wenn ſie in der Thiere Wunden
Gold'ne Kugeln aufgefunden.
Dankesperlen, die ſie weinen,
Wollen wir zu Kränzen einen,
Daß ſie zieren dann zum Lohn
Lieblich Deinen Alpenthron. (Alle ab.)

Dritte Scene.

Aſtragalus.

Wohl ſoll in der Geiſter Walten
Lieb' und Großmuth mächtig ſchalten,
Und ihr Weſen hoher Art,
Wo ſich Kraft mit Freiheit paart,
Soll, befreit vom ird'ſchen Band,
Schwingen ſich an Aethers Rand.
Doch, ſo wie's im Menſchenleben
Bös'- und Gutgeſinnte giebt,
Jener haßt, und Dieſer liebt,
So iſt's auch in Geiſter-Sphären,
Daß nicht All' nach Oben kehren
Ihr entkörpert Schattenhaupt;
Und des höhern Sinn's beraubt,
Auch der Böſe ſchaut nach Unten,
In die finſtre Macht gebunden!
Und ſo wird der Krieg bedinget,
Der die Welt mit Leid umſchlinget,
Der die Wolken jagt durch Lüfte,
Der auf Erden baut die Grüfte,
Der den geiſt'gen Geiſt entzweiet,
Der dem Hai die Kraft verleihet,
In des Meeres Bett zu wüthen,
Der dem Nordhauch ſchenkt die Blüthen,
Der den Sturm peitſcht gegen Schiffe,
Daß zerſchmettern ſie am Riffe;
Der die Menſchen reiht in Heere,
Daß ſie zu des Haſſes Ehre
Ueber ihrer Brüder Leichen
Sich des Sieges Lorbeern reichen. —
Doch ich liebe Geiſterfrieden,
Bin den Menſchen gut hienieden,
Hauſe nicht in Bergesſchlünden,
Laß' in freier Luft mich finden.
Hab auf Höhen glänzend weiß,
Auf des Gletſchers ſchönſtem Eis,
Mein kryſtall'nes Schloß erbaut,
Das der Sterne Antlitz ſchaut,
Und dort blick' aus klaren Räumen
Auf der Menſchheit eitles Träumen
Mitleidsvoll ich oft herab.
Doch wenn ich am Pilgerſtab
Manch' Verirrten wandern ſehe,
Steig' von meiner wolk'gen Höhe
Nieder ich zum Erdenrunde,
Reich' ihm ſchnell die Hand zum Bunde,
Und leit' ihn mit Freundesſinn
Zum Erkenntnißtempel hin. (Ab.)

Vierte Scene.

Malchen und Lischen. (Erſtere im lichtblauen Sommerkleide, einen Strohhut auf dem Haupte, läuft fröhlich voraus, Beide aber von der entgegengeſetzten Seite, wo Aſtragalus abging.)

Malchen.

Das heißt gelaufen, wie pfeilſchnell doch die Liebe macht. (Sieht ſich um.) Hier iſt mein theures Thal. Wie herrlich Alles blüht; heut glänzt die Sonne doppelt ſchön, als wäre Feſttag an dem Himmel, und ſie des Feſtes Königin. Bringt ſie mir doch meinen Auguſt heut' zurück. Lischen! Lischen! Wo bleibſt Du? Wie ängſtlich ſie ſich umſieht! Was haſt Du denn?

Lischen (kommt ganz verwirrt und ſehr geſchwätzig).

Aber, Sie unglückliches Fräulein, wie können Sie ſich in dieſe verrufene, bezauberte Gegend wagen? Haben Sie nicht die wilde Jagd gehört? Heut jagt der Alpenkönig. Hätt' ich das gewußt, Sie hätten mich nicht mit vier Pferden aus dem Hauſe gebracht.

Malchen.

Du wollteſt mit mir meinem Auguſt entgegen eilen, der heute von ſeiner Kunſtreiſe aus Italien wiederkehrt? — Hier ſchieden wir vor drei Jahren mit bedrängtem Herzen. Du weißt, daß mein Vater ſchon damals unſerer Liebe entgegen war, deßhalb oft in den heftigſten Zorn gerieth. Er warf ihm Talentloſigkeit in der Malerkunſt vor. Auguſt, bitter gekränkt, beſchloß nach Italien zu reiſen, um ſich nach großen Muſtern zu bilden. Hier ſchwur er mir ewige Treue, hier haben wir uns getrennt, hier gelobten wir uns wieder zu finden. Nach ſeinen Briefen hat er große Fortſchritte gemacht.

Lischen.

Was Kunſt! Was helfen mir alle Maler von ganz Italien. In dieſen Bergen hauſt der Alpenkönig, und wenn uns der erblickt, ſo ſind wir verloren.

Malchen.

Ei, er wird uns nichts Leides thun.

Liſchen.

Aber die Schönheit kann's koſten, und der Verluſt der Schönheit geht uns Mädchen an den Hals; und wie innig iſt die Schönheit mit dem Hals verbunden! Wer umhalst uns denn, wenn wir nicht mehr ſchön ſind? Wiſſen Sie denn nicht, daß jedes Mädchen, das den Alpenkönig erblickt, in dem Augenblick um vierzig Jahre älter wird? Ja, ſehen ſie mich nur an, keine Minute wird herabgehandelt; vierzig Jahre und unſere jetzigen noch dazu — das wird eine ſchöne Rechnung machen. Stellen ſie ſich die Folgen einer ſo entſetzlichen Verwandlung vor. Was würde Ihr geliebter Maler dazu ſagen, wenn er in Ihnen ſtatt einer Frühlingslandſchaft eine ehrwürdige Wintergegend aus der niederländiſchen Schule erblickte! Was würden meine Anbeter dazu ſagen, wenn der Anblick dieſes Ungethüms meine Wangen in Falten legte, wie eine hundertjährige Pergamentrolle;

Malchen.

Wer hat Dir ſolche Märchen aufgebunden? Beinahe könnte ich ſelbſt in Angſt gerathen. Es giebt gar keinen Alpenkönig.

Liſchen.

Nun gut, bald werde ich Sie wie meine Großmutter verehren. Folgen Sie mir, oder ich laufe allein davon.

Malchen.

So bleib nur. Mein Auguſt wird bald hier ſein, die Sonne ſteht ſchon hoch. — Wie der Wind meine Locken zerſtört hat, — hilf ſie mir ordnen.

Liſchen.

Das fehlte noch.

Malchen.

So, (Setzt ſich auf den Baumſtamm nieder und öffnet ihre Locken. Liſchen hilft.) Ich muß mich doch ein wenig putzen, er kommt aus Italien und die Frauenzimmer ſollen dort ſehr ſchön ſein.

Liſchen.

Hahaha! Ich kenne in der Welt nur ein ſchönes Frauenzimmer. Sie werden mich verſtehen!

Malchen (bezieht es auf ſich).

Du biſt zu galant, Mädchen.

Liſchen (bei Seite).

Die glaubt, ich meine ſie; wie man nur ſo eitel ſein kann — ich meine mich.

Malchen.

So, Liſchen, jetzt ſind die Locken bald geordnet. Du ſiehſt, der Alpenkönig thut uns nichts.

Liſchen.

Ach, um's Himmelswillen, nennen Sie doch den abſcheulichen Namen nicht. — (Erſchrickt.) Es rauſcht etwas im Gebüſche. Er iſt's! er iſt's! — (Ein Auerhahn fliegt aus dem Gebüſche auf, ſie ſchreit) Ach! der Alpenkönig! (Läuft fort.)

Malchen (nachlaufend).

Liſchen! Liſchen! Was ſchreiſt Du denn? Es iſt ja nur ein Vogel. Die Alberne läuft ſicher nach Hauſe. Liſchen, ſo hör' doch! — Da hat ſie mir die Locken vollends verdorben. Wenn jetzt Auguſt käme und mich ſo erblickte! (Beſinnt ſich.) Aber pfui Malchen, was iſt das für eine Eitelkeit! Auguſt wird dich doch nicht deiner Locken wegen lieben. ([illegible]) Aber warum heißen ſie Locken, wenn ſie nicht beſtimmt wären, die Männer anzulocken? (Sieht in die Scene.) Ach, dort eilt Jemand den Hügel herauf. Wenn er es wäre!

Fünfte Scene.

Auguſt (im einfachen Reiſeanzug, eine Mappe unter dem Arme). **Malchen. Aſtragalus.**

Malchen.

Auguſt, lieber Auguſt!

Aſtragalus.

Heiſa he! da geht's ja luſtig zu im Alpenthale.

Auguſt.

Gutes Malchen! Wie glücklich fühl' ich mich, Dich wieder zu ſehen. Nichts ſoll uns nun trennen als der Tod.

Malchen.

Und mein Vater, Auguſt, der iſt faſt fürchterlicher als der Tod.

Auguſt.

Sorge nicht, Malchen; wenn er die Fortſchritte meiner Kunſt erfahren wird, wenn er ſich von der Beſtändigkeit meiner Liebe überzeugt, ſo kann uns ſeine Einwilligung nicht entgehen. Ich will noch heute zu ihm.

Malchen.

Ach! das iſt vergebens. Mein Vater ſpricht Niemanden außer ſeiner Familie, nur ſelten die Dienerſchaft; er iſt zum Menſchenfeind geworden.

Auguſt.

Unmöglich! und Du rühmteſt doch oft ſein Herz, ſeine Redlichkeit!

Malchen.

Er beſitzt Beides, doch Du weißt, daß mein Vater, als er noch in der Stadt den ausgebreiteten Buchhandel hatte, um große Summen betrogen wurde. Undank und Niederträchtigkeit brachten ihn zu dem Entſchluß, ſein Geſchäft aufzugeben, die Stadt zu fliehen und ſich auf ſeinem gegenwärtigen Landſitze vor der Zudringlichkeit der Menſchen zu verbergen. Hier lieſt er nun unaufhörlich philoſophiſche Bücher, die ihm den Kopf noch mehr verwirren. Sein Mißtrauen hat keine Grenzen. Er fährt gegen jeden Menſchen auf, verlangt die gleichgültigſten Dinge mit einer Art von Wuth; Niemand, ſelbſt die Mutter nicht, kann um ihn weilen; Alles flieht und fürchtet ihn, und darum hat er Jeden im Verdacht der Untreue. Sein Menſchenhaß ſteigt mit jedem Tage und wir fürchten für ſein Leben. Deinen Namen dürfen wir gar nicht ausſprechen; er weiß, daß ſie meine Liebe billiget, und haßt ſie darum unverſöhnlich.

Auguſt.

O grauſames Schickſal, warum vernichteſt Du all' meine glücklichen Träume wieder! Alſo kann ich Dich nie beſitzen, Malchen!

Malchen.

Wenn ich nur Ein Mittel wüßte, Dich zu erringen. Ach! wär' ich frei wie jener Vogel, der ſich ſo fröhlich in der blauen Luft dort wiegt, ich zöge mit Dir durch die ganze Welt. Glückliches beneidenswerthes Thier, wer kann Dir Deine Freiheit rauben?

Aſtragalus (ſchießt den Vogel aus der Luft, man ſieht ihn aber nicht fallen).

Malchen (erſchreckt).

Ach!

Aſtragalus (immer in rauhem Ton).

Des Schützen Blei, weil Du die Frage ſtellſt.

Malchen (blickt hinauf).

O Auguſt, ſieh!

Auguſt.

Wer biſt Du, grauer Wandersmann?

Aſtragalus.

Den Alpenkönig nennt man mich.

Malchen.

Der Alpenkönig! Weh' mir! (Sinkt ohnmächtig in Auguſt's Arme.)

Auguſt.

Was iſt Dir, Malchen? Hülfe! Hülfe! Steht ihr bei.

Aſtragalus (kommt).

Es dürften wohl ſelbſt Steine ſich erbarmen. Hab' Mitleid, Fels, und öffne ſchnell Dein Herz. (Schlägt mit dem Zeichen des Gewächſes auf den Fels; der Fels öffnet ſich, man ſieht einen kleinen Waſſerfall, der über Steine herabrollt, zu dem zwei Genien laufen; ſie fangen mit goldenen Muſcheln Waſſer aus der Quelle und beſpritzen Malchen damit.) Erwache, Thörin, die Flügel wünſcht und ſo die Erde höhnt!

Auguſt.

Sie ſchlägt das Auge auf! Wie iſt Dir, Malchen?

Malchen.

Ach! ich habe den Alpenkönig erblickt, jetzt bin ich gewiß um vierzig Jahre älter geworden. Erkennſt Du mich noch Auguſt?

Auguſt.

Träumſt Du? Was haſt Du?

Malchen.

Falten habe ich, lieber Auguſt, viele tauſend Falten. Ich muß entſetzlich ausſehen, ſieh mich nur nicht an.

Auguſt.

Was fällt Dir ein! Du biſt ſo ſchön, als Du immer warſt.

Malchen.

Schön wäre ich, gewiß? Und hätte keine Falten? — Nein, eine ſolche Angſt habe ich in meinem Leben noch nicht ausgeſtanden.

Auguſt.

Und warum?

Malchen.

Nun, Lischen ſagte mir: ein Mädchen, das den Alpenkönig erblickt, würde um vierzig Jahre älter werden.

Aſtragalus (tritt vor).

So ſagte ſie?

Malchen.

Ach, da iſt er ſchon wieder. (Verhüllt das Geſicht.)

Aſtragalus.

Seid ohne Furcht und horcht, was Alpenkönig ſpricht:
Schon zweimal ſah ich Eurer Herzen Brand
Wie Morgenroth auf Lilienſchnee erglühen,
Und Thränen, edler Sehnſucht nur verwandt,
Leidkündend über Eure Wangen ziehen,
Und weil mich das ſo inniglich erfreut,
Daß ihr ſo ſeltſam treu noch denkt,
Hab' ich Euch meine Fürſtengunſt geweiht
Und Eure Lieb' mit meinem Schutz beſchenkt.
(Zu Malchen.)
Ich weiß um Deines Vaters Menſchenhaß,
Hab' ihn belauſcht, wenn er den Wald durchrannte
Mit Ebersgrimm, auf Bergesgipfel ſaß
Und ſeinen Fluch nach allen Winden ſandte.
Doch laßt darum den treuen Muth nicht ſinken;
Erkennen wird mit ſeinem Wahnſinn rechten,
Die Sterne werden bald zur Brautnacht winken,
Und Alpenkönig wird den Kranz Dir flechten. (Ab.)

Sechſte Scene.

Auguſt. Malchen.

Malchen.

Haſt Du gehört, Auguſt? Iſt's ein Traum? Wir ſollen glücklich werden!

Auguſt.

Wir wollen ſeinem Worte glauben, und obwohl ich ſein Daſein für ein Märchen hielt, muß ich es für wahr halten, wenn ich nicht ungerecht gegen meine Sinne handeln will.

Malchen.

Komm, wir wollen meiner Mutter Alles erzählen. Laß uns vertrauen auf den Alpenkönig, er ſcheint nicht bös' zu ſein, ich habe ihm auch dreiſt in's Auge geblickt, und es hat mir nichts geſchadet; nicht wahr, lieber Auguſt! ich bin um gar nichts älter geworden?

Auguſt.

Mein liebes Malchen, ſeit ich Dich wiederſehe kaum um eine Stunde.

Malchen.

Um eine Stunde nur? (Ihm lange in's Auge blickend.) Nun, eine Stunde kann ich ſchon verſchmerzen, und es war eine glückliche, denn ich habe ſie mit Dir verlebt. (Beide Arm in Arm ab.)

Siebente Scene.

(Zimmer auf Rappelkopf's Landgute.)

Sabina. Sebaſtian. Dienerſchaft. Sophie.

Chor.

Euer Gnaden ſind ſo gütig,
Dennoch halten wir's nicht aus;
Unſer Herr iſt gar zu wüthig,
Und das treibt uns aus dem Haus.
Niemand kann bei ihm beſtehen,
Und wir wollen alle gehen.

Sophie.

Seid ruhig, Leute, verſieht Euren Dienſt nur kurze Zeit noch, es wird ſich vielleicht bald Alles ändern. Geht an Eure Arbeit. Wenn mein Mann herüber käme — ich bin in Todesangſt!

Sebaſtian.

Warum? Er ſoll's wiſſen, wir können's nicht mehr länger aushalten mit ihm.

Sophie.

Es wird ſich Alles ändern, ich habe an meinen Bruder in Venedig geſchrieben, ihm die Seelenkrankheit meines Mannes und die üblen Folgen derſelben vorgeſtellt; er wird vielleicht noch heute ankommen, um Alles zu verſuchen, ſeinen Menſchenhaß zu heilen, (ſeufzt) oder mich von meinem Manne zu trennen.

Sebaſtian.

Es wäre die höchſte Zeit. Euer Gnaden ſehen ſich gar nicht mehr gleich. Drei Weiber hat er ſchon umgebracht! Er iſt ja ein völliger blauer Bart.

Achte Scene.

Habakuk. Vorige.

Sophie.

Ah, Habakuk! wo iſt mein Mann? Iſt Malchen nach Hauſe gekommen?

Habakuk.

Der gnädige Herr iſt ſchon wieder im Gartenzimmer, er hat ſich ſelbſt ſeinen Schreibtiſch und Stuhl hinübergetragen, und geht mit ſieben Ellen langen Schritten auf und ab. Ich verſichere Euer Gnaden, ich war zwei Jahre in Paris, aber ein ſolcher Herr iſt mir nicht vorgekommen.

Sabina (im ſchwäbiſchen Dialekt).

Nu, da habe wir's, jetzt trau' ich mich nicht in den Garte hinaus, er hat den Schlüſſel von der Hofgartethür abgezoge, ich kann nicht fürte.

Sophie.

Nun, ſo geh' Sie durch das Gartenzimmer.

Sabina.

Ja, wer traut ſich denn hinein, wenn der Herr darinne iſt? Da geh' ich eher zu einem Leopard in die Falle — er jagt ja Alles hinaus. Wenn er in die Küche kommt, ſo wär's nothwendig, ich ſchliefe unter dem Herd.

Habakuk.

Nun ja, da gibt's ſchon Schwaden genug.

Sebaſtian.

Mich kann er gar nicht leiden, ich muß mich immer unter'n Herd verſtecken.

Sophie.

Aber er beſchenkt Euch doch ſo oft.

Sabina.

Ja, aber wie? Nachdem er uns alle möglichen Grobheiten geſagt hat, wirft er Einem das Geld vor die Füße.

Habakuk.

O, da iſt er noch in ſeinem beſten Humor; aber neulich nimmt er ſeine goldene Uhr, ich glaubte, er würde mir ein Präſent damit machen, aber er wirft ſie mir an den Kopf. Das ſind Verehrungen, zu die man nicht gern mit ſeiner Herrſchaft kommt. Ich war zwei Jahre in Paris, aber das hab' ich nicht erlebt. Zu was brauch' ich zwei Uhren? Ich habe meine Uhr im Kopf, aber am Kopf brauch' ich keine.

Sabina.

Kurz, in dem Haus' iſt nichts zu machen. Wenn man nicht einmal in den Garten kann —

Habakuk.

Wie ſoll man da auf einen grünen Zweig kommen?

Alle.

Ja, wir wollen Alle fort!

Sophie.

Wie wollt ihr Eure Frau, die Euch immer ſo menſchenfreundlich gewogen war, ſo plötzlich verlaſſen, da Ihr doch ſeht, daß ſowohl ich, als meine Tochter eine gleiche Behandlung zu dulden haben? Ich kann Euch nicht fortlaſſen, weil heute oder morgen mein Bruder ankommt, der Vieles über meinen Mann vermag. So lange müßt Ihr die Launen Eures Herrn noch ertragen.

Alle.

Es geht nicht, Euer Gnaden, es iſt nicht auszuhalten.

Sophie.

Kann dies Geſchenk Euch vermögen — (gibt Jedem einige Silberſtücke).

Alle.

Ach, wir küſſen die Hand, Euer Gnaden!

Sebaſtian.

Wir werden ſehen, ob wir auskommen können mit ihm.

Habakuk.

So lang' wir mit dem Gelde auskommen, kommen wir ſchon mit ihm auch aus.

Sabina.

Und wiſſe Euer Gnaden, er wär' gar nicht ſo übel, der Herr —

Sebaſtian.

Ach, gar nicht, wenn er nur anders wär'!

Habakuk.

Freilich, das iſt der einzige Umſtand.

Sophie.

Doch jetzt geht beruhigt an Eure Geſchäfte.

Alle.

Gleich, gnädige Frau. (Ab.)

Sebaſtian (das Geld wiegend).

Euer Gnaden ſind eine geſcheite Frau. Ich ſage immer, Euer Gnaden ſind einmal Kutſcher geweſen, weil Euer Gnaden ſo gut wiſſen, daß man einen Wagen ſchmieren muß, wenn er fahren ſoll. (Ab.)

Sabina (küßt ihr die Hand).

Eine Frau, die man in der ganzen Welt ſuchen darf. (Ab.)

Habakuk.

Ich verſichere Euer Gnaden, ich war zwei Jahre in Paris, aber ein Herz, wie Euer Gnaden zu haben belieben, das iſt wirklich, wie man auf franzöſiſch ſagt: [illegible]!

Neunte Scene.

Sophie. Habakuk. Lischen.

Sophie.

Nun endlich ſeid Ihr zurück. Wo iſt Malchen? Iſt Auguſt angekommen? Haben ſie ſich getroffen?

Lischen.

Von allem dem weiß ich keine Silbe, gnädige Frau, ich weiß nichts, als daß der Malchen verfolgende Alpenkönig eine Jagd gegeben hat, daß mich an dem Ort des Rendezvous eine Angſt befallen hat, und daß ich über Hals und Kopf zurückgeloffen bin.

Sophie.

Und Malchen?

Lischen.

Wollte ihren Auguſt erwarten, und war nicht zu bewegen, mit zurück zu gehen.

Sophie.

Aber wie kann Sie ſich unterſtehen, meine Tochter allein zu laſſen, Sie leichtſinnige Perſon, der ich mein Kind anvertraut habe. Ich muß nur gleich Leute hinausſchicken. Wenn ihr ein Unglück widerführe! O Himmel! Angſt und Sorge überall.

Lischen.

Aber gnäd'ge Frau —

Sophie.

Geh' Sie mir aus den Augen. (Eilig ab.)

Zehnte Scene.

Lischen. Habakuk.

Lischen (äußerſt gereizt).

Nein, das iſt nicht zum Aushalten. Das Haus iſt ja eine wahre Folterbank. Die Dienſtleute ſo herabzuſetzen!

Habakuk.

Es iſt aber auch ein Volk! Ich bin nur ein Bedienter, aber wenn ich mein eigener Herr wäre, ich jagte mich ſelber fort.

Lischen.

Mich eine Perſon zu heißen.

Habakuk.

Solche Perſonalitäten!

Lischen.

Schweig' Er! Wenn ich nur dieſen langweiligen Menſchen nicht mehr vor mir ſehen dürfte.

Habakuk (bei Seite).

Ich bin kein Menſchenfeind, aber ich habe einen Stubenmädelhaß! — Was mir dieſe Perſon zuwider iſt, bloß weil ſie's nicht glauben will, daß ich in Paris geweſen bin. (Laut.) Geſchieht Ihr ſchon recht, Mamſell Liſe!

Liſchen.

O erbärmlicher Wicht! Er verdient gar nicht, daß ſich ein Stubenmädchen von meiner Qualität mit Ihm unter Einem Dache befindet.

Habakuk.

O prahle Sie nicht mit ihrer Stubenmädelſchaft. Ich verſichere Sie, ich war zwei Jahre in Paris, da gibt es Stubenmädel — wenn man die in's Deutſche überſetzen könnt', das gäb' eine Stubenmädliade, woran ſich die ganze hieſige Kammerjungferſchaft ſpiegeln könnte.

Liſchen.

Er zwei Jahre in Paris geweſener Einfaltspinſel, Er kommt mir gerade recht. Wenn er ſich noch einmal unterſteht, Seine unverſchämte Zunge zu meinem Nachtheile zu bewegen, ſo werd' ich Seinen Backen Krieg erklären, und Ihm den Beweis liefern, auf was für eine Art ein deutſches Kammermädchen die Ehre ihres Standes zu rächen weiß. (Gibt ihm eine Ohrfeige, und geht ſchnell ab.)

Habakuk (hält ſich die Wange).

Nein, was man in dem Hauſe Alles erlebt; ich war zwei Jahre in Paris, aber ſo etwas (hält ſich im Abgehen die Wange) iſt mir noch nicht vor's Geſicht gekommen.

Eilfte Scene.

(Elegantes Zimmer. Rechts die Eingangsthüre, rechts führt eine Glasthüre nach dem Garten. Auf dieſer Seite befindet ſich ein altmodiſcher Tiſch und Seſſel. Links an der Wand neben der Thüre ein hoher Spiegel. Neben der Seitenthüre ein Gewehrkaſten. In der Hinterwand, in der Mitte, iſt ein Kaſten, über demſelben ein Bild, einen Bären in Lebensgröße vorſtellend, in goldenem Rahmen.)

Rappelkopf.

(Kommt in heftiger Bewegung zur Glasthüre herein, ſein ganzes Weſen iſt verſtörend. Er ſieht die Menſchen nur auf Augenblicke, oder mit Seitenblicken an, und wendet ſich ſchnell, entweder verlegen oder verächtlich, von ihnen ab.)

Lied.

Nein, das kann nicht mehr ſo bleiben,
'S iſt entſetzlich, was ſie treiben!
In's Geſicht werd' ich belogen,
Hinter'm Rücken frech betrogen.
'S Geld muß ich am End' vergraben,
Denn ſie ſtehlen wie die Raben.
Ich hab' keinen Kreuzer Schulden,
Baare hunderttauſend Gulden,
Und doch wird mir's noch zu wenig;
Es thät' Noth, ich würd' ein König!
Meine Felder ſind verhagelt,
Meine Schimmel ſind vernagelt,
Meine Tochter — wie betrübt —
Iſt das ganze Jahr verliebt.
Alle Tage das Gewinſel
Um den Maler, um den Pinſel,
Der kaum hat ein Renomee,
Und vom Gelde kein' Idee.
Und mein Weib, bei allen Blitzen!
Will die Frechheit unterſtützen;
Sagt, er wär' ein Mann zum Küſſen,
Wie die Weiber das gleich wiſſen.
Und das ſoll mich nicht verdrießen?
Ja, da möcht' man ſich erſchießen!
Und ſtatt daß man mich bedauert,
Wird auf meinen Tod gelauert;
Und ſo ſind ſie Alle, Alle,
Ich zerberſte noch vor Galle!

Es iſt aus; die Welt iſt nichts als eine Belladonna; ich habe ſie gekoſtet, und bin toll davon geworden. Ich habe Aufrichtigkeit angebaut, und es iſt Falſchheit hervorgewachſen. Schändlich! Ich bin auf dem Punkte, durch meinen eignen Schwager zum Bettler zu werden. Er hat mich überredet, mein Vermögen einem Handlungshauſe in Venedig anzuvertrauen, das jetzt dem Sturze nahe ſein muß. Ich erhalte keine Intereſſen, keine Briefe von meinem heuchleriſchen Schwager, der vielleicht im Bunde ſteht mit dem betrügeriſchen Volke. Und ſo täuſcht mich Alles! Alles! Darum will ich nun auch Allen fluchen!

Das iſt der vorſicht'ge, weit gehetzte Haſe,
Mit der vom Unglück zerſtoßenen Naſe,
Mit dem millionenmal verwundeten Schädel,
Das iſt mein Mann, den behandl' ich edel.

Ich hab' zuviel ausgeſtanden in der Welt, ich kann's beweiſen, ich habe vier Atteſtate, denn ich habe das vierte Weib. Und was für Weiber, eine Jede hat eine andere Untugend gehabt. Die Erſte war herrſchſüchtig, wollte eine Königin ſpielen, bis ich als Treffkönig aufgetreten bin. Die Zweite war eiferſüchtig bis zum Wahnſinn; wie ſich nur eine Fliege auf meinem Geſichte blicken ließ — pump! ſie hat ſie erſchlagen. — Das waren zwei Ehen, da kann man ſagen: Schlag auf Schlag. Die Dritte war mondſüchtig; wenn ich mit ihr reden wollte, ſaß ſie oft auf dem Dache. Jetzt frag' ich einen Menſchen, ob das zum Aushalten war? Aber ſie haben doch behauptet, ſie könnten mit mir nicht leben und ſind aus lauter Bosheit geſtorben. Bin aber nicht klug geworden, hat mich die Höllenluſt angewandelt, eine Vierte zu nehmen. Eine Vierte, die viermal ſo falſch iſt, als die andern Drei; die mein Kind im Ungehorſam unterſtützt; den Maler protegirt den Maler, der vor Hunger alle Farben ſpielt; nichts, als mit der Dienſtbotenbrut Complotte macht gegen ihren Herrn und Meiſter. (Sieht zur halb offenen Eingangsthüre hinaus.) Aha, da ſchleicht das Stubenmädchen herum, die hat ſicher wieder eine Betrügerei im Kopfe. Wie haß' ich das Geſchöpf! ich werde ſie aber doch herein rufen, um ſie auf eine feine Art auszuforſchen. — He, Liſchen! (Schreit.) Herein!

Zwölfte Scene.

Rappelkopf. Liſchen.

Liſchen (tritt furchtſam herein).

Was befehlen Euer Gnaden?

Rappelkopf (immer barſch).

Ich hab' etwas zu reden mit Ihr.

Liſchen (erſchrickt).

Mit mir? (Bei Seite.) Nun, das wird eine ſchöne Converſation werden. Was er ſchon für Augen macht!

Rappelkopf (bei Seite).

Ich werde alle möglichen Finessen aufbieten. (Laut.) Da geh' Sie her!

Liſchen (nähert ſich verzagt).

Rappelkopf (betrachtet ſie verächtlich vom Kopf bis zu den Füßen).

Infame Perſon!

Liſchen.

Aber, Euer Gnaden —

Rappelkopf.

Was Gnaden, nichts Gnaden! Schweig Sie ſtill und antwort' Sie.

Liſchen.

Das kann ich ja nicht zugleich.

Rappelkopf.

Sie kann Alles. Es iſt kein Betrug, der Ihr nicht möglich wäre. Sie iſt eine Moſaik aus allen Falſchheiten zuſammengeſetzt. (Bei Seite.) Ich muß mich zurückhalten, damit ich nicht unhöflich mit ihr rede.

Liſchen (weinend).

Aber wer wird ſich denn ſolche Impertinenzen ſagen laſſen?

Rappelkopf (heftig).

Sie, Sie wird ſich's ſagen laſſen und wird keinen Laut von ſich geben. Was hatte Sie für eine Betrügerei vorgehabt? Sie wollte mich beſtehlen.

Liſchen (heftig).

Nein!

Rappelkopf.

Was denn?

Lischen (ſteht auf).

Ich will mich empfehlen (Will fort).

Rappelkopf (nimmt ein Jagdgewehr).

Nicht von der Stelle, oder ich ſchieße Sie nieder

Lischen (ſchreit).

Hülfe! Hülfe!

Rappelkopf.

Nicht muckſen! Antwort: Warum hat Sie ſo verdächtig herumgeſehen? Was iſt im Werke?

Lischen.

Himmel, wenn es losgeht!

Rappelkopf.

Nutzt nichts, losgehn muß etwas, entweder Ihr Maul oder die Flinte.

Lischen.

Ach, was ſoll ich denn mein Leben riskiren. (Kniet nieder.) Lieber Herr, ich will Alles bekennen.

Rappelkopf.

Endlich kommt's an den Tag!

Lischen.

Ich habe gelauſcht, ob das Fräulein noch nicht aus dem Alpenthal zurückkommt; die gnädige Frau hat mich ausgezankt, weil ich nicht bei ihr geblieben bin, zumal ſie ihren Liebhaber erwartet, der heute ankommt. Die gnädige Frau iſt mit ihr einverſtanden; doch weil ſie mich mißhandelt hat, ſo verrathe ich ſie.

Rappelkopf.

Entſetzlicher Betrug! O, falſche Rieke! Und Sie niedrig denkende Perſon, Sie wagt es, Ihre Frau zu verrathen, der Sie ſo viel Dank ſchuldig iſt? Menſchenbrut, ausgeartetes Geſchlecht! Aus meinen Augen, undankbare Creatur! Ich will nichts mehr von Ihr wiſſen.

Lischen.

Aber was hätt' ich denn thun ſollen?

Rappelkopf.

Schweigen hätt' Sie ſollen.

Lischen.

Dann hätten mich Euer Gnaden ja erſchoſſen.

Rappelkopf.

Iſt nicht wahr, es iſt nicht geladen. Betrug für Betrug.

Lischen.

So hab' ich alſo dieſe Angſt umſonſt ausgeſtanden? Das iſt abſcheulich!

Rappelkopf.

Nein, nicht umſonſt, Du Krokodill von einem Stubenmädchen, Du ſollſt eine Menge dafür haben. Meine Verachtung, meinen Haß, meine Verfolgung und Deinen Lohn. (Wirft ihr einen Beutel vor die Füße.) Nimm's und geh' aus meinem Haus. Mach' Dich zahlhaft oder ich zahl' Dich auf eine andere Art aus. So nimm's! Warum nimmſt Du es denn nicht?

Lischen.

O ich werd's ſchon nehmen. (Denkt nach.) Gnädiger Herr!

Rappelkopf.

Was denkſt Du denn nach, Du Viper? Nimm und ruf' Deine Frau.

Lischen
(ſchaut auf die Gartenthüre hinaus).

Dort iſt ſie ja.

Rappelkopf
(ſtürzt ſchnell gegen die Gartenthüre).

Wo iſt ſie? Wo? Her mit ihr!

Lischen
(hebt ſchnell den Beutel auf).

Das iſt ein alter Narr. (Läuft ab.)

Dreizehnte Scene.

Rappelkopf (ſieht ihr nach).

O Ihr Welten, ſtürzt zuſammen! Dieſes weibliche Inſekt wagt es, mich zum Beſten zu haben? O Rappelkopf! Wie falſch dieſe Menſchen mit mir ſind! Und ich bin ſo gut mit ihnen! Ha! — Dort kommt mein Weib. Entſetzlicher Anblick! Meine Haare ſträuben ſich zu Berge, ich muß ausſehn wie ein Stachelſchwein.

Vierzehnte Scene.

Rappelkopf. Sophie.

Sophie (gelaſſen).

Was willſt Du denn, lieber Mann?

Rappelkopf.

Dich will ich! Aus der geſammten Menſchheit Dich, und von Dir mein Fleiſch und Blut, mein Kind! Wo iſt meine Tochter?

Sophie (verlegen).

Sie iſt nicht zu Hauſe.

Rappelkopf (ſehr heftig).

Nun alſo, wo iſt ſie? wo?

Sophie.

So ſei nur nicht ſo heftig.

Rappelkopf.

Jetzt ſoll ich heftig ſein — und ich bin ganz erſtaunt über meine Gelaſſenheit. Im Walde iſt ſie! Alſo auch mein Kind iſt verloren für mich!

Sophie.

Nu, nu, in dem Walde iſt ja kein Bär.

Rappelkopf.

Aber ein junger Herr! Alſo die Geſchichte iſt noch nicht aus mit dieſem Maler!

Sophie.

Und darf nicht aus ſein, denn das Glück und die Ruhe Deiner Tochter ſtehen auf dem Spiele. Sie wird ihn ewig lieben.

Rappelkopf.

Und ich werd' ihn ewig haſſen.

Sophie.

Was haſt Du an dem Menſchen auszuſetzen?

Rappelkopf.

Nichts, als daß er einer iſt.

Sophie.

Was haſt Du gegen ſeine Kunſt einzuwenden?

Rappelkopf.

Alles. Ich haſſe die Malerei, ſie iſt eine Verleumderin der Natur, weil ſie ſie verkleinert. Die Natur iſt unerreichbar, ſie iſt ein ewig blühender Jüngling, und Gemälde ſind geſchmückte Leichen.

Sophie.

Ich kann Deine Anſichten nicht billigen und darf es nicht. Meine Pflicht verbietet es.

Rappelkopf.

Weil Du Dir die Pflicht auferlegt haſt, mich zu haſſen, zu betrügen, zu belügen et caetera. (Wendet ſich von ihr ab.)

Sophie.

So blick' mich doch nur an!

Rappelkopf.

Nein, ich habe meinen Augen jedes Rendezvous mit den Deinigen unterſagt. Aus meinem Zimmer!

Sophie (gekränkt).

Du wendeſt mir den Rücken zu?

Rappelkopf.

In jeder Hinſicht, weil Du Alles hinter meinem Rücken thuſt, ſo red' auch mit mir hinter meinem Rücken. Ich bin kein Janushaupt, ich hab' nur ein Antlitz; aber wenn ich hundert hätte, ſo würd' ich ſie alle von Euch abwenden. Darum befrei' mich von Deiner Gegenwart. Hinaus, Ungeheuer!

Sophie.

Mann! ich warne Dich zum letztenmale. Dieſe Behandlung hab' ich weder verdient, noch darf ich ſie länger erdulden, wenn ich nicht die Achtung vor mir ſelbſt verlieren ſoll. Niemand iſt Deines Haſſes würdiger, als Dein Betragen, es iſt ein Feind, der ſich in ſeinem eig'nen Hauſe bekriegt. Doch es iſt wirklich hohe Zeit, daß ich mich entferne, damit ich mich nicht durch den Wunſch verſündige, der Himmel möge Dich von einer Welt befreien, die Deinem liebeleeren Herzen zur Laſt geworden iſt, und in der Du keine Freude mehr kennſt, als die Qual Deiner Angehörigen. (Geht erzürnt ab.)

Fünfzehnte Scene.

Rappelkopf.

Das iſt eine ſchreckliche Perſon. So iſt Alles gegen mich und ich thue Niemanden etwas. Wenn ich auch manchmal in die Hitze komme, es iſt eine ſolch'ne Sache — wenn ich ausgeredet habe, ich weiß kein Wort mehr, was ich geſagt habe. Aber dieſe Menſchen ſind boshaft, ſie könnten mich vergiften. Und dieſes Weib, gegen das ich eine ſo auspeitſchenswerthe Liebe hatte, iſt im Stande, mich ſo zu hintergehen. Und doch fordert es Vertrauen. Woher nehmen? Wenn ich nur Einen wüßt', der mir ein's leihete, ich wollte ihm dafür den ganzen Reichthum meiner Erfahrungen einſetzen. (Stellt ſich an die Gartenthüre.) Dieſer Garten iſt noch meine einzige Freude. Die Natur iſt doch etwas Herrliches. Es iſt Alles ſo gut eingerichtet. Wie dieſe Raupen dort wieder den Baum abfreſſen. Dieſes kriechende Schmarotzergeſindel! (Sich höhniſch freuend.) Freßt nur zu, nur zu! bis nichts mehr da iſt, nachher wieder weiter um ein Haus. Braviſſimo! (Bleibt mit verſchlungenen Armen in dem Anblick verloren ſtehen.)

Sechzehnte Scene.

Rappelkopf. Habakuk.

Habakuk

(tritt zur Eingangsthüre herein, ein Küchenmeſſer in der Hand).

Jetzt wollen wir's probiren. (Sieht Rappelkopf, erſchrickt.) Sapperment, da ſteht er jetzt vor der Gartenthür. Wie kann ich nun hinein? Ich getraue mich nicht vorbei, er iſt capabel und vergißt ſich. — Ah, was kann denn mir geſchehen? Ich war zwei Jahre in Paris. — Euer Gnaden erlauben, daß ich —

Rappelkopf

(kehrt ſich ſchnell um und erſchrickt).

Habakuk (erſchrickt ebenfalls).

Rappelkopf.

Was iſt's? Was will Er?

Habakuk (für ſich).

Da haben wir's. (Verbirgt das Meſſer ungeſchickt.)

Rappelkopf

(packt ihn an der Bruſt).

Was willſt Du hier? Warum erſchrickſt Du?

Habakuk.

Euer Gnaden verzeihen, ich habe —

Rappelkopf.

Was haſt Du? Ein ſchlechtes Gewiſſen haſt Du. Was verſteckſt Du denn da? An's Licht damit!

Habakuk (zeigt es vor).

Ich verſtehe gar nichts, Euer Gnaden, es iſt ein Küchenmeſſer.

Rappelkopf (prallt entſetzt zurück).

Himmel und Hölle! Der Kerl hat mich umbringen wollen.

Habakuk.

Warum nicht gar —

Rappelkopf.

Den Augenblick geſteh'. (Packt ihn und entreißt ihm das Meſſer.) Iſt dieſes Meſſer für mich geſchliffen?

Habakuk.

Ah, wie können Euer Gnaden ſo was glauben. Ich hab' nur fragen wollen —

Rappelkopf.

Ob Du mich umbringen darfſt?

Habakuk.

Warum nicht gar! Da würde man Euer Gnaden erſt lange fragen.

Rappelkopf.

O, Du ſchändlicher Verräther!

Habakuk.

So laſſen ſich Euer Gnaden nur berichten —

Rappelkopf.

Keine Entſchuldigung. Hinaus mit Dir!

Habakuk.

Er läßt einem nicht zu Wort kommen. (Laut.) Euer Gnaden müſſen mich hören. (Will auf ihn zu.)

Rappelkopf (hält einen Stuhl vor).

Unterſteh' Dich und komme mir auf den Leib! Ich glaub', Er hat noch ein Paar Meſſer bei ſich.

Habakuk.

So unterſuchen mich Euer Gnaden ins Teufelsnamen!

Rappelkopf (packt ihn wieder).

Das will ich auch — Geſteh' es, Bandit, wer hat Dich gedungen?

Habakuk.

Ich verſteh' Euer Gnaden gar nicht.

Rappelkopf.

Ich will wiſſen, wer dieſe Schreckensthat veranlaſſen wollte.

Habakuk.

Mein Himmel, die gnädige Frau befahl mir —

Rappelkopf.

Genug! Ich brauch' nichts mehr zu wissen. (Habakuk will reden. Rappelkopf (schreit.) Nichts mehr! Entsetzlich! Mein Weib will mich ermorden lassen! (Sinkt in einen Stuhl und verhüllt sein Gesicht.)

Habakuk (für sich).

Ah, das ist schrecklich! Ich habe einen Gickerl ausstechen sollen, und er glaubt, ich will ihn abstechen. Ah, das ist schrecklich!

Rappelkopf.

Ja, es ist schrecklich! Es ist entsetzlich! Es ist das Unmenschlichste, was die Weltgeschichte aufzuweisen hat. (Springt vom Stuhl.) Hinaus, Du Mörder, Du Abällino, Du Ungeheuer in des Satans Livree.

Habakuk.

Aber Euer Gnaden —

Rappelkopf.

Hinaus mit Dir!

Habakuk.

Nein, ich war —

Rappelkopf (wüthend).

Hinaus, sag' ich, oder — (jagt ihn hinaus).

Habakuk (schon unter der Thüre, schreit).

Ich war zwei Jahre in Paris, aber das habe ich noch nicht erlebt. (Ab.)

Siebzehnte Scene.

Rappelkopf.

Es ist vorbei, ich bin unter meinem eigenen Dache des Lebens nicht mehr sicher.

Drum hinaus, nur hinaus,
Doch vorher will ich mich rächen,
Alle Meubel hier zerbrechen,
Gleich zuerst nehm ich beim Schöpfel
Diesen vierzigjähr'gen Sessel,
Auf dem meine Weiber saßen,
Die mein Lebensglück mir fraßen.
Ja, Dich tret' ich ganz zu Schanden.
(Zertritt den Stuhl.)

So, der hat es überstanden!
Auch den Tisch, an dem ich Briefe
Voll Gemüth und treuer Tiefe
Einst an falsche Freunde schrieb,
Spalte ich auf einen Hieb.
(Schlägt in den Tisch.)

Und der weltverführ'nde Spiegel,
Der Verderbtheit blankes Siegel,
Dieser Abgott aller Schönen,
Dem die eitlen Narren fröhnen,
Wo sie stehen, wo sie gaffen,
Und sich putzen wie die Affen,
Mienen ziehen, Knixe machen,
Weiße Zähne wiesen lachen;
O Du truggeschliff'ner Räuber,
Der Verführer eitler Weiber —
O Du niedrige Lappalie
Wart, Dir liefr' ich jetzt Bataille!
Warum zeigst Du mir dies wilde,
In dem hellpolirten Schilde
Boshaft grinsende Gesicht!
Ich ertrag' es länger nicht!
(Zerschlägt den Spiegel mit geballter Faust.)

So, da liegt er jetzt, der Held
Und sein Harnisch ist zerschellt!
(Besieht seine Hand.)

Ha! der glänzende Betrüger
Hat verwundet seinen Sieger;
Doch ich mach' mir gar nichts d'raus,
Floß' ein Eimer Blut heraus!
(Oeffnet den Schreibtisch und nimmt Briefe aus demselben.)

Auch die Briefe voll von Lieb',
Die im Wahnsinn ich einst schrieb,
Die zerreiß' ich Alle hier,
'S ist nur Schad' um das Papier.
(Zerreißt sie und streut sie auf den Boden; nimmt Geldrollen und Goldbeutel aus einer Chatoulle.)

Nur das tiefgehaßte Geld,
Die Maitresse dieser Welt,
Das bewahr' ich mir allein,
Das muß mit, das steck' ich ein.
(Steckt es schnell in die Taschen.)

Nun, Ihr Hunde, Ihr vier Wände,
Die Ihr lauert auf mein Ende,
Warum starrt Ihr mich so an?
Bin ich nicht ein ganzer Mann?
Euch kann ich zwar nicht zerschlagen,
Doch ich will Euch etwas sagen,
Ich flieh' in den Wald hinaus
Und komm' nimmermehr nach Haus!
(Läuft wüthend ab.)

Achtzehnte Scene.

(Das Innere einer Köhlerhütte. Rußige Wände.)

(Salchen am Spinnrocken. Hänschen, Christoph, Andres sitzen am Tische; Marthe an einer Wiege, in der ihr Kind liegt. Unter'm Tisch ein großer Hund, auf dem Tisch eine Katze, mit welcher die Knaben spielen. Im Hintergrunde zwei schlechte Betten, in einem liegt die kranke Großmutter, in dem andern der betrunkene Christian.)

Quintett.

Salchen (spinnend).

Wenn ich an meinen Franzel denk',
Rascher fließt mein Blut;
S' Herzel, das ich ihm nur schenk',
Schöpfet frohen Muth.

Die drei Kinder.

He, Mutter, gib zu essen her,
Der Hunger thut gar weh!

Salchen.

Das Hungern fällt mir gar nicht schwer,
Wenn ich mein Franzel seh'.
Wenn ich an meinen Franzel denk'
Rascher fließt mein Blut,
S' Herzel, das ich ihm nur schenk',
Schöpfet frohen Muth.

Die drei Kinder.

Mutter, gib uns Brod!

Christian
(mit lallender Stimme).

He, Ihr Rangen, seid gleich stille!
Schlag' Euch wahrlich todt!

Marthe (droht).

Still!
(Das Kind schreit, die Katze miaut, der Hund bellt dazwischen.)
(Die erste Melodie fällt wieder ein.)

Salchen.

Franzel ist gar schmuck und fein,
Singt den ganzen Tag,
Daß er mich nur ganz allein
Und kein' And're mag.

Die drei Kinder.

Wenn wir nicht bald Essen kriegen,
Gehen wir zu Grund!

Salchen.

Weckt das Kind nicht in der Wiegen,
Spielet mit dem Hund.
Mein Franzel iſt gar ſchmuck und fein,
Singt den ganzen Tag,
Daß er mich nur ganz allein,
Und kein' And're mag.

Die drei Kinder.

Mutter! Mutter! Brod!

Chriſtian.

Wenn Ihr nicht die Mäuler halt't,
Schlag' ich Euch noch todt!

Marthe.

Still! (Das Kind ſchreit wieder, die Katze miaut, der Hund bellt wie vorhin.)

Marthe.

Still ſeid, Ihr ausgelaſſnen Buben!

Hänschen (weinerlich).

Mutter, noch Brod.

Salchen.

Iſt kein's da, Holzbirn eßt.

Marthe.

Und macht keinen ſolchen Lärm, Euer Vater iſt krank.

Andres.

Was fehlt ihm denn?

Marthe.

Den Schwindel hat er. (Für ſich.) Man darf's den Kindern nicht einmal ſagen.

Chriſtoph.

Der Vater hat ſo viele Kohlen verkauft —

Andres.

Und hat kein Geld zu Haus gebracht. Nichts als einen Schwindel.

Salchen.

Was geht das Euch an?

Andres.

Weil wir hungrig ſind. Ich weiß ſchon, warum wir ſo wenig zu eſſen kriegen, weil der Vater ſo viel trinkt.

Salchen.

Ihr häßlichen Buben! Habt gar keinen Reſpect vor Eurem Vater.

Chriſtian.

Wart, ich will Euch — (will auf und taumelt.)

Marthe.

Liegen bleib! (Drängt ihn zurück ins Bett.)

Andres.

Er kriegt ſchon wieder den Schwindel.

Alle drei Buben (lachen).

Haha! Der Vater kann nicht g'rad' ſteh'n!

Marthe.

Ob Ihr aufhört! Mein, wie hat mich der Himmel geſtraft! (Das Kind ſchreit zu Salchen.) Auf's Kind ſchau! (Salchen wiegt.) Ein Haus voll Kinder und ſo einen leichtſinnigen Mann. Kein Pfennig Geld im Hauſ' — (Die Großmutter nieſt.) Hör' die Mutter mit'n Nieſen auf, man hört kein eig'nes Wort nicht.

Die drei Kinder.

Aha, das iſ ein Spaß!

Andres.

Die Mutter iſ zornig, haha!

Marthe.

Die Galle bringt mich noch um! Heilloſer Bub', Du, ich will Dich Deine Mutter auszuſpotten lehren! (Nimmt ihn beim Kopf und ſchlägt ihn.)

Andres (ſchreit).

Au weh! (Weint.)

Salchen
(ſpringt herzu und hält ſie ab).

Nun iſt's genug, Mutter!

(Die zwei andern Buben verkriechen ſich unter'n Tiſch zum Hund.)
(Das Kind in der Wiege ſchreit.) }
(Die Großmutter im Bett ſtreckt den Kopf heraus und nieſt.) } Alles zugleich.
(Der Hund bellt.) }
(Die Katze ſpringt davon.) }

Neunzehnte Scene.

Vorige. Rappelkopf (öffnet die Thüre und bleibt ſtehen).

Rappelkopf.

Holla, da geht's zu! Nur hinauf auf die Alpe! Geſindel! (Geht in die Mitte des Zimmers und ſtemmt die Arme in die Hüfte, ſpöttiſch.) Bagage!

Salchen.

Ei, was will denn Der da?

Marthe.

Nun, was will Er? Was ſchaut Er?

Rappelkopf.

Sie will ich nicht, Sie Ungethüm! Was koſtet die Hütte da? Was muß ich bezahlen, wenn ich Euch Alle hinauswerfen darf?

Salchen.

Ah, der hat einen curioſen Guſto!

Marthe.

Er impertinenter Menſch, was unterſteht Er ſich hier herein zu kommen?

Salchen.

Und uns Grobheiten zu ſagen?

Chriſtian (halb ſchlaftrunken).

Werft ihn hinaus.

Marthe.

Halt's Maul! (Zu Rappelkopf.) Was hat Er denn hier zu befehlen? Ich kann meine Kinder ſchlagen, wie ich will.

Andres.

Ja wohl, was geht dem Herrn mein Buckel an? Die Schläge ſind unſer Mittagsmahl.

Der Bub' unter'm Tiſch.

Pilax! Huß, huß!

Der Hund (bellt).

Marthe. Salchen.

Hinaus mit ihm!

Rappelkopf.

Still, kein Wort. (Zieht einen Geldbeutel hervor, und klingelt damit.) Geld iſt da! Dukaten ſind da! die gehören Alle Euch. Verſtanden? Alle freundlich ſein, die Zähne blecken, Euer Gnaden ſagen. Geſchwind', Bagage, geſchwinde.

Marthe.

Euer Gnaden, wir bitten um Verzeihung. Geht, Kinder, küßt dem gnädigen Herrn die Hand, bringt was geſchenkt. (Die Kinder drängen herum.)

Andres (halb laut).

Dukaten hat Er? Da küſſen wir Ihm die Hand. (Sie küſſen ihm die Hand.)

Rappelkopf.

Iſt ſchon da, die Brut!

Alle drei Buben.

Bitten gar ſchön um einen Dukaten.

Chriſtian (leiſe).

Bringt mir auch etwelche her!

Rappelkopf.

Was will die Frau da für die Hütte haben? Ich kauf' ſie, wenn ſie noch ſo theuer iſt.

Marthe.

Ach, Euer Gnaden ſpaßen wohl nur. Was wollen Sie denn mit der kleinen Hütte?

Rappelkopf.

Das geht Sie nichts an. Habt Ihr genug an zweihundert Dukaten?

Marthe.

Ach, lieber Herr! So viel Geld kann's ja gar nicht geben auf der Welt. Da wären wir ja verſorgt auf unſer Lebtag.

Salchen.

Aber die Mutter wird doch nicht die Hütte verkaufen? Was würde mein Franzel dazu ſagen?

Andres.

Mutter, gebt ſie hin; ſie iſt nicht mehr werth.

Marthe (freudig).

O, Du lieber Himmel, das iſt ein Glück! Wenn nur mit meinem Manne was zu reden wäre.

Andres.

Vater, ſteh' der Vater auf, oder wir verkaufen 's Haus und den Vater auch dazu.

Marthe.

Du, Mann! — (Für ſich.) Nein, die Schande vor den Leuten, er kann ſich gar nicht rühren. (Während dieſer Rede ſchnuffelt der Hund an Rappelkopf, welcher ihn unwillig mit dem Fuß von ſich ſtößt; der Hund bellt ihn an.)

Marthe (laut).

Die Hütte kannſt Du verkaufen, ſtell' Dir vor, zweihundert Dukaten kriegen wir dafür.

Chriſtian (ſchlaftrunken).

Iſt zu wenig, viel zu wenig.

Salchen.

Wenn ſie doch nicht einig würden.

Marthe.

Der Mann weiß gar nicht, was er redet. So ein Glück! Die Hütte iſt Ihre, lieber Herr. Es iſt ſchon Alles in der Ordnung.

Rappelkopf.

So iſt Alles mein, wie's da liegt und ſteht?

Marthe.

O, draußen iſt auch eine Küche, und eine Menge Geſchirr.

Andres.

Und Mäuſe gibt's, die ſind gar nicht zu bezahlen.

Rappelkopf.

Alſo da iſt's Geld. (Wirft ihnen Geld hin.) Und jetzt augenblicklich heraus, Alle mit einander, in zwei Minuten will ich Niemand hier mehr ſehen.

Salchen.

Ach, wär' doch nur der Franzel da!

Zwanzigſte Scene.

Vorige. Franzel (tritt ein).

Franzel.

Da iſt er.

Rappelkopf.

Da kommt noch ſo ein Waldmenſch.

Salchen.

O, lieber Franzel, ſchau' nur den Fremden, dem hat die Mutter die Hütte verkauft; nun jagt er uns hinaus. Er hat ſchon bezahlt.

Franzel.

Ei, Mutter, was fällt Euch denn ein. Gebt ihm doch das Geld zurück, dem wunderlichen Menſchen.

Marthe.

Das thu' ich nicht. Einen ſolchen Narren finden wir nicht wieder. Seid ſtill, von dem Gelde könnt Ihr nun heirathen.

Salchen.

Aber, wo bleiben wir denn, es iſt ja bald Nacht.

Marthe.

Für Geld finden wir überall Obdach. He, Kinder, Vater, Mutter, auf, auf, wir machen Alle fort!

Andres.

Das wird ein Auszug werden! Juchhe!

(Während der vorhergegangenen Scene haben die Kinder Alles nach und nach zuſammengeräumt, ſo daß die Stube im Vordergrunde ſchon von Meubeln leer iſt, bis auf einen Stuhl, auf dem Rappelkopf ſitzt.)

Marthe.

Steh' auf, Mann! (Sie ziehen ihn auf und führen ihn vor.)

Rappelkopf.

Iſt er krank?

Marthe.

Na, ich glaub's, das iſt gar ein altes Uebel, das iſt noch vom vorigen Jahre.

Rappelkopf.

Das iſt nicht wahr, es iſt vom Heurigen *). Hinaus mit ihm!

Chriſtian.

Ich geh' nicht fort, bis ich das Geld hab'.

Marthe.

Ich hab's ſchon. (Hat ihm unterdeſſen den Rock angezogen und den Hut aufgeſetzt.) So geh' doch nur. Jetzt, Kinder, packt zuſammen. Der Chriſtoph führt die Großmutter, (zu Andres). Du trägſt das Kind, (zu Hänschen). Du führſt den Hund und ich meinen Mann. (Chriſtian, Marthe, Andres ab.)

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*) Jungen Wein.

(Die Buben der Großmutter aufgeholfen, geben ihr die Krücke in die Hand und führen ſie vor. Hanschen nimmt den Hund an einem Strick.)

Salchen.

So müſſen wir denn wirklich fort aus unſ'rer lieben Hütte? Wir waren oft recht glücklich und zufrieden hier, und nur der Andres iſt ein böſer Bub', der die Ander'n aufhetzt und verführet.

Franzel.

Das kann ich der Mutter nicht verzeihen.

Salchen.

Die Mutter war verblendet von dem Geld; der böſe Mann dort iſt an Allem ſchuld.

Großmutter.

Bin ſchon ſo alt und ſie ſtoßen mich hinaus.

Franzel.

Nun, tröſtet Euch, wir werden Euch ſchon pflegen.

Salchen.

Meiner Seel', der Herr kann's nicht verantworten, was er mit ſeinem Gelde für Unheil anſtiftet.

Terzett.

Salchen.

So leb' denn wohl, du ſtilles Haus,
Wir zieh'n betrübt aus dir hinaus.

Alle (bis auf Rappelkopf).

So leb' denn wohl, du ſtilles Haus,
Wir zieh'n betrübt aus dir hinaus.

Salchen.

Und fänden wir das höchſte Glück,
Wir dächten doch an dich zurück.

Alle (wie oben).

Und fänden wir das höchſte Glück,
Wir dächten doch an dich zurück.

(Alle Paar und Paar ab, ſie ſehen ſich betrübt um, der Hund knurrt gegen Rappelkopf im Abgehen.)

Einundzwanzigſte Scene.

Rappelkopf
(ſpringt vom Seſſel auf).

Lied mit Chor.

Jetzt bin ich allein und will es auch bleiben,
Will mich mit der Einſamkeit zärtlich beweiben,
Will gar keine Freunde als Berge und Felſen,
Verjag' das Schmarotzergeſind' wie die Gölſen *).
Will nie dem Geſchwätze der Weiber mehr lauſchen,
Da hör' ich viel lieber des Waſſerfall's Rauſchen.
Zu Pagen erwähl' ich die vier Elemente,
Die regen geſchäftig die rieſigen Hände.
Den Weſtwind ernenn' ich zu meinem Friſeur,
Der kräuſelt die Locken und weht um mich her;
Und ſchüttelt der Winter den eiſigen Arm,
Erſchlag' ich die Wölfe und kleide mich warm.
So leb' ich zufrieden im finſteren Haus,
Und lache die Thorheit der Menſchen hier aus.

(Tritt in die Mitte des Theaters und ſtarrt vor ſich hin.)
(Nahe an der Hütte ertönt ſanft der Chor nach der vorigen Melodie.)

So leb' denn wohl, du ſtilles Haus,
Wir zieh'n betrübt aus dir hinaus.

(Der Hund bellt in der Ferne.)

Rappelkopf (tritt vor).

Ich will nichts mehr hör'n von den boshaften Leuten,
Verachte die Dummen und flieh' die Geſcheiten,
Und ob ſie ſich raufen und ob ſie ſich ſchlagen,
Und ob ſie Prozeſſe führ'n und ſich verklagen,
Und ob ſie ſich ſchmeicheln und ob ſie ſich küſſen,
Und ob ſie der Schnupfen plagt, wie oft ſie nieſen,
Und ob ſie gut ſchlafen und was ſie gegeſſen,
Und ob ſie vernünftig ſind oder beſeſſen,
Und ob wohl in Indien der Hafer iſt theuer,
Ob's in Peſt regnet und in Ofen iſt Feuer,
Und ob eine Hochzeit wird oder 'ne Leich',
Ja das iſt mir einerlei, das iſt mir gleich.
Ich lebe zufrieden im finſteren Haus,
Und lache die Thorheit der Menſchen hier aus.

Chor
(noch weiter entfernt von der Scene).

So leb' denn wohl, du ſtilles Haus,
Wir zieh'n betrübt aus dir hinaus.

(Der Hund bellt ſchwächer.)
(Es wird finſter.)

Rappelkopf
(ſpringt auf und ſchleudert den Stuhl zurück).

Und wollte die Welt ſich auch gänzlich verkehren,
Und brächte der Galgen die Leute zu Ehren,
Und würde die Tugend verpeſten den Boden,
Und tanzten nur Langaus die Kranken und Todten,
Und brauchten die uralten Weiber noch Ammen,
Und ſtände der Nordpol in glühenden Flammen,
Und ſchenkte der Wucher der Welt Millionen,
Und würden ſo wohlfeil wie Erbſen die Kronen,
Und föcht' man mit Degen, die ganz ohne Klingen,
Und flögen die Adler und fehlten die Schwingen,
Und gäb's eine Liebe, gereinigt von Qualen,
Und ſchien eine Sonne, beraubt ihrer Strahlen;
Ich bleibe doch lieber im finſteren Haus,
Und lache die Thorheit der Menſchen hier aus.

(Eilt zurück, öffnet einen Laden am Fenſter in der Mitte. Der Wald erglüht im Abendroth. Er blickt ſtarr hinaus, läßt dann das Haupt zurückſinken, und wird in dieſer Stellung vom Abendroth beſtrahlt.)

Chor
(entfernter als vorher).

So leb' denn wohl, du ſtilles Haus,
Wir zieh'n betrübt aus dir hinaus.

(Der Hund bellt kaum hörbar.)

(Die Courtine fällt.)

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*) Mücken.

Heinrich Gottlieb Reichard

ward am 11. Januar 1789 zu Lobenſtein im Reußiſchen geboren, beſuchte von 1802—1808 die Schule Pforta und ſtudirte dann während der Jahre 1808—1811 die Rechtswiſſenſchaft in Leipzig. Nach vollendeter akademiſcher Bildung ward er 1812 Untergerichts- 1815 aber Regierungs- und Conſiſtorialadvocat, zu Gera. Die Juriſtenfacultät in Jena ertheilte ihm 1817 die Würde eines Doktors beider Rechte. Im nächſten Jahre folgte er einem

Ruſe als Hofrath und Steuerdirector an den fürſtlichen Hof zu Lobenſtein, kam 1824, nach dem Ausſterben des dortigen Specialhauſes als Hofrath in Fürſtlich Lobenſtein-Ebersdorf'ſchen Dienſt, ging 1827 als Regierungs- und Conſiſtorialrath nach Gera und erhielt 1841 das Prädicat eines geheimen Regierungsrathes.

Von ihm erſchien:

Erinnerungen, Ueberblicke und Maximen aus der Staatskunſt des Alterthums. Leipzig 1829.
Hiſtoriſch-politiſche Anſichten u. Unterſuchungen betreffend die Frage von der practiſchen Ausbildung der ſtädtiſchen Verfaſſungen in Deutſchland. Leipz. 1830.
Monarchie, Landſtände und Bundesverfaſſung in Deutſchland, nach der hiſtoriſchen Entwickelung und nach dem gegenwärtigen Standpunkte betrachtet. Leipz. 1836.
Statiſtik und Vergleichung der jetzt geltenden ſtädtiſchen Verfaſſungen in den monarchiſchen Staaten Deutſchlands. Altenburg 1844.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher Theoretiker wie gewiegter Practiker hat R. in klarer, lichtvoller Darſtellung ſich mit den wichtigſten publiciſtiſchen Fragen der Gegenwart beſonders beſchäftigt und Viel zu einer richtigeren Anſicht über dieſelben beigetragen. Wir bedauern, daß Schriften dieſer Art nicht die Mittheilung von Bruchſtücken vertragen, um ſo mehr, als wir den trefflichen Leiſtungen dieſes verdienten Mannes weite Verbreitung in unſerem Vaterlande wünſchen müſſen.

Robert Reinick.

Maler und Dichter, ward 1810 zu Danzig geboren, bildete ſich in Berlin unter Begas Leitung aus, lebte dann zu Düſſeldorf und ging darauf nach Rom.

Er gab heraus:

Lieder und Bilder 1. Bd. — Lieder eines Malers mit Randzeichnungen ſeiner Freunde (enth. 31 Gedichte mit 31 Radirungen von R. Reinick, A. Schrödter, E. Bendemann, C. Dahl, J. B. Sonderland, Jak. Becker, C. Sohn und And.) Düſſeldorf 1837.
— Deſſ. 2. Bd. — Deutſche Dichtungen mit Randzeichnungen deutſcher Künſtler. 1. Bd. (enth. 30 Gedichte und 30 Radirungen von A. Schrödter, H. Ritter, W. Camphauſen, H. Plüddemann, C. W. Poſe, E. Ebers, W. Volkhart, J. Fay, A. Rethel, E. Steinbrück, A. Müller, C. Claſen, J. W. Schirmer und And.) Ebend. 1843.
— Deſſ. 3. Bd. 1. Hälfte. — A. u. d. T.: Deutſche Dichtungen mit Randzeichnungen deutſcher Künſtler. 2. Bd. 1. Hälfte (enth. 15 Gedichte mit Radirungen.) Ebend. 1844.
Lieder. Berlin 1844.

R. zeichnet ſich als lyriſcher Dichter durch Innigkeit, Naivität, Friſche, Lebendigkeit, reiche Phantaſie und höchſt anmuthige Behandlung der Form, ſehr vortheilhaft aus. — Seine Lieder haben ſich daher raſch großer Verbreitung und Anerkennung erfreut, und viele derſelben ſind bereits in das Volk gedrungen.

Die Großmutter.

Kind.

Großmutter, bin ich heut artig geweſen?

Großmutter.

Ja wohl mein Kind,
Nun magſt Du auch ſpielen gehn
Dort in der Laube am Nußbaum. —
Glückſelige Jugendzeit!
Als ich ſelbſt noch ein Kind war
Wie meine Enkelin dort,
Und der Lehrer uns Kindern
So viel erzählte
Von den ſündlichen Menſchen,
Und wie es ſo ſchwer ſei,
Das Böſe zu meiden,
Da dacht' ich oft:
Was die Leute doch wollen!
Immer gut zu ſein
Und nur zu thun,
Was die Mutter verlangt,
Was iſt's denn ſo Großes? —
Doch als ich älter worden
Und trat in die Welt hinaus,
Ach, wie ſo ſchwer ward's,
Ach, wie ſo ſchwer ward's!

Kind.

Großmutter! hörſt Du den ſchönen Vogel ſingen?

Großmutter.

Und als ich Jungfrau worden
Und meiner jungen Seele
Des Lebens Fülle ſich aufthat,
Und ich hörte die Eltern
Von Sorgen ſprechen
Und daß die Welt nur
Voll Trübſal ſei,
Da ſprach ich zu mir:
Was die Menſchen doch wollen!
Dein fröhlich Gemüth
Vor Unmuth zu wahren
Und nur dem Schönen und der Freude,
Deren die Welt ſo voll,
Dein Herz zu öffnen,
Was iſt's denn ſo Großes?
Doch ich ward älter
Und es kamen die Sorgen.
Ach, wie ſo ſchwer ward's,
Ach, wie ſo ſchwer ward's! —

Kind.

Großmutter! der ſchöne Vogel iſt weggeflogen.

Großmutter.

Jetzt iſt weiß mein Haar,
Ich bin eine Greiſin;
Nur kurze Friſt, und der Tod naht.
Doch wenn ich die Menſchen
Zittern ſehe
Vor ſeinem Kuſſe
Und bange ſich ſträuben,
Da mein' ich oft:
Zu ſcheiden von hier,
Was iſt's denn ſo Großes! — —
Und doch! und doch!
Wann die Stunde wird ſchlagen

Und ich werfe den letzten Blick
Auf dieſe lichte Welt,
Auf alle meine Lieben
Und auf das ſüße Kind dort:
Ach wie ſo ſchwer,
Ach, wie ſo ſchwer wird mir's werden! —

Kind.

Großmutter! der Mond geht auf! o ſieh, wie ſchön!

Liebesgarten.

Die Liebe iſt ein Roſenſtrauch.
  Wo blüht er?
Ei nun, in unſerm Garten,
Darin wir zwei, mein Lieb' und ich
Getreulich ſeiner warten;
Dafür er uns aus Dankbarkeit
Alltäglich neue Roſen beut,
Und wenn im Himmel Roſen blüh'n,
Sie können kaum noch ſchöner glüh'n.

Die Liebe iſt ein klarer Bach.
  Wo zieht er?
Ei nun, in unſerm Garten.
So viele Wellen, ſo viel Luſt,
Und Freuden aller Arten;
Auch ſpiegelt er die Welt umher,
Als ob ſie noch viel ſchöner wär';
D'rauf fahren wir ſo luſtig hin,
Wie Vögel durch den Himmel zieh'n.

Die Liebe iſt ein heller Stern. —
  Wo glüht er?
Ei nun, in unſerm Garten.
Ach Liebchen, ſprich, was läßt Du mich
Doch heut' ſo lange warten?
Denn ſeh' ich Dich nicht alle Stund',
Des Sternes Gluth mein Herz verwund't;
Doch kommſt Du, ſteigt er mild herauf,
Als geht im Mai die Sonne auf.

Zwiegeſang.

Im Fliederbuſch ein Vöglein ſaß
  In der ſtillen ſchönen Maiennacht,
Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras,
  In der ſtillen ſchönen Maiennacht.
Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh,
Sang Vöglein, hört das Mägdlein zu.
   Und weiterhin klang
   Der Zwiegeſang
Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.

Was ſang das Vöglein im Gezweig
  Durch die ſtille ſchöne Maiennacht?
Was ſang doch wohl das Mägdlein gleich
  Durch die ſtille ſchöne Maiennacht!
Von Frühlingsſonne das Vögelein
Von Liebeswonne das Mägdelein.
   Wie der Geſang
   Zum Herzen klang,
Vergeß' ich nimmer mein Lebelang!

Die Apfelblüthe.

Prächtig ſah ich einſt geſchmücket
Einen blühenden Apfelbaum,
Hab' die ſchönſte Blüt' gepflücket,
Roſenfarbig mit weißem Saum.

Hab mein innerſtes Gemüthe
An der duftigen Pracht erquickt,
Und mich mit der ſchönen Blüthe
Wie ein Bräutigam ausgeſchmückt.

Und ſo ſprang ich zu der Stuben:
„Seht wie ſchön mich der Lenz bedacht!"
Ach was wird mir armen Buben
Für ein grimmig Geſicht gemacht!

„Sündlich ſei's, die Blüthe pflücken,
Eh' zur Frucht ſie gereifet ward,
Die im Herbſt mich ſollt' erquicken
Als ein Apfel von ſelt'ner Art."

O Ihr weiſen Adamskinder,
Die der Apfel nur ſelig macht,
Denkt doch was den erſten Sünder,
Vater Adam, zu Fall gebracht.

Als im Paradieſesraume
Einſt noch freute das Elternpaar
Ob der Blüth' am Apfelbaume,
Rein und ſelig ihr Leben war.

Doch gleich wurden ſie berücket,
Als der Apfel ſich reif erwies;
Hätten ſie die Blüth' gepflücket,
Säßen wir noch im Paradies.

Des Mädchens Geſtändniß.

„Der Abend war ſo wunderſchön,
Da gingen beide wir durchs Feld;
Die Sonne wollte untergehn
Und ſchien noch freundlich in die Welt;
Die Vögel ſangen im Geſträuch,
Im Korn und in der blauen Luft;
Die Blumen blühten voll und reich,
Und um uns her war lauter Duft.

Mir war gar feierlich zu Muth'
Und doch dabei ohnmaßen froh;
Ich war der ganzen Welt ſo gut,
Gott weiß, mir war noch niemals ſo.
Da ſprachen wir denn allerlei,
Wovon, das weiß ich ſelbſt nicht mehr,
Und er auch war ſo gut dabei
Und ging ſo ſtille nebenher.

Doch als ich einmal mich gewandt,
Ich weiß nicht mehr aus welchem Grund,
Da drückt' er zärtlich meine Hand
Und küßt' mich leiſe auf den Mund;
Und ich, ich konnt' nicht widerſtehn,
Ich habe wieder ihn geküßt,
Und kann noch immer nicht verſtehn,
Wie's mir nur eingefallen iſt.

Doch bin ich wirklich mir bewußt,
Daß dieſer Kuß nichts Böſes war;
Wars doch nachher in meiner Bruſt
So rein, wie es geweſen war.
Ich hätt's auch Jedem gern gethan,
Der irgend mir begegnet wär.
Und doch — wär' es ein andrer Mann —
Je nun — das fragt ſich doch noch ſehr."

Curioſe Geſchichte.

Ich bin einmal etwas hinausſpaziert,
Da iſt mir ein närriſches Ding paſſiert:
Ich ſah einen Jäger am Waldeshang,
Ritt auf und nieder den See entlang;
Viel Hirſche ſprangen am Wege dicht;
Was that der Jäger? — Er ſchoß ſie nicht,
Er blies ein Lied in den Wald hinein —
Nun ſagt mir, Ihr Leut', was ſoll das ſein?

Und als ich weiter bin fortſpaziert,
Iſt wieder ein närriſch' Ding mir paſſiert:
Im kleinen Kahn eine Fiſcherin
Fuhr ſtets am Waldeshange dahin;

Rings ſprangen die Fiſchlein im Abendlicht;
Was that das Mädchen? — Sie fing ſie nicht,
Sie ſang ein Lied in den Wald hinein —
Nun ſagt mir, Ihr Leut', was ſoll das ſein?

Und als ich wieder zurückſpaziert,
Da iſt mir das närriſchſte Ding paſſirt:
Ein leeres Pferd mir entgegenkam,
Im See ein leerer Nachen ſchwamm;
Und als ich ging an den Erlen vorbei,
Was hört' ich drinnen! Da flüſterten zwei,
Und 's war ſchon ſpät und Mondenſchein —
Nun ſagt mir, Ihr Leut', was ſoll das ſein?

Käferlied.

Es waren einmal drei Käferknaben,
Die thäten mit Gebrumm brumm brumm
Im Thau ihr Schnäblein tunken,
Und wurden ſo betrunken,
Als wär's ein Faß mit Rum.

Da haben ſie getroffen an
Eine wunderſchöne Blum Blum Blum,
Da wurden die jungen Käfer
Alle drei verliebte Schäfer
Und flogen um ſie herum.

Die Blume, die ſie kommen ſah,
War g'rade auch nicht dumm dumm dumm,
Sie war von ſchlauem Sinne
Und rief die Baſe Spinne:
„Spinn mir ein Netzlein um!"

Die Baſe Spinne kroch heran
Und machte die Beine krumm krumm krumm,
Sie ſpann ein Netz ſo feine
Und ſetzte ſich darein,
Und ſaß da mäuschenſtumm.

Und als die Käfer kommen an
Mit zärtlichem Geſumm ſumm ſumm,
Sind ſie hineingeflogen,
Und wurden aufgezogen,
Half ihnen kein Gebrumm.

Das Blümlein aber lachend ſprach
Und kümmert' ſich nicht drum drum drum:
„So geht's, Ihr lieben Käfer,
So geht's, Ihr lieben Schäfer,
Trotz allem Summ und Brumm!"

Sonntags am Rhein.

Des Sonntags in der Morgenſtund'
Wie wandert's ſich ſo ſchön
Am Rhein, wenn rings in weiter Rund'
Die Morgenglocken gehn.

Ein Schifflein zieht auf blauer Fluth,
Da ſingt's und jubelt's drein;
Du Schifflein, gelt, das fährt ſich gut
In all' die Luſt hinein?

Vom Dorfe hallet Orgelton,
Es tönt ein frommes Lied,
Andächtig dort die Prozeſſion
Aus der Kapelle zieht.

Und ernſt in all' die Herrlichkeit
Die Burg herniederſchaut,
Und ſpricht von alter guter Zeit,
Die auf den Fels gebaut.

Das alles beut der prächt'ge Rhein
An ſeinem Rebenſtrand,
Und ſpiegelt recht im hellſten Schein
Das ganze Vaterland.

Das fromme treue Vaterland
In ſeiner vollen Pracht,
Mit Luſt und Liedern allerhand
Vom lieben Gott bedacht.

König Erich.

Herr Erich, der junge Königsſohn,
Klein Anna lieb gewann,
Klein Anna mit dem goldnen Haar;
Die ſchönſte Fiſchermaid es war,
Die je man finden kann.

Für ſie früh Morgens in dem Wald
Er jagte Hirſch und Bär;
Des Abends, wann die Sonne ſank,
Er fuhr mit ihr den See entlang,
Zog ein die Netze ſchwer.

„Leb' wohl, mein Lieb', es ruft mich
Des Vaters ſtreng' Gebot;
Doch bleib' ich treu Dir immerdar!" —
Er kehrte zurück das ander Jahr,
Schön Anna die war todt. — —

Der alte König ſank ins Grab,
Herr Erich empfing die Kron'. —
Herr Erich, es iſt die höchſte Zeit,
Daß ab von Liebesgram und Leid,
Jetzt gilt es Volk und Thron!

Herr Erich ließ vom Liebesgram,
Sein Reich er treu bewacht;
Im Frieden hielt er weiſen Rath,
Zu Land und Meer gekämpfet hat
Der Held manch' heiße Schlacht.

Und als er hoch zu Jahren kam,
Und wohlbeſtellt ſein Haus,
Da ſegnet' er ſein glücklich Land,
Nahm wieder Speer und Netz zur Hand
Und fuhr zum See hinaus.

Von keinem Menſchen mehr geſehn,
Dort weilt er ganz allein
In ſeiner Liebſten ödem Haus;
Die Stürme wehen ein und aus,
Ihm dünkt's wie einſt zu ſein.

Früh Morgens zog er in den Wald,
Zu jagen Hirſch und Bär;
Des Abends, wann die Sonne ſank,
Er Netze warf den See entlang,
Als ob's für Anna wär'.

So harrt der greiſe König dort —
Sein Herz der Liebe voll,
Sein Haupt vom Silberhaar umwallt, —
Des Tages, der ihn nun ſo bald
Mit ihr vereinen ſoll.

Und wie er einſt im Schlummer ruht,
Ein Traum ihn ſelig macht:
Schön Anna, in der Engel Chor,
Sie öffnet ihm des Himmels Thor,
Dort iſt er aufgewacht.

Sommernacht.

Der laute Tag iſt fortgezogen,
Es kommt die ſtille Nacht herauf,
Und an dem weiten Himmelsbogen,
Da gehen tauſend Sterne auf,
Und wo ſich Erd und Himmel einen
In einem lichten Nebelband,
Beginnt der helle Mond zu ſcheinen
Mit mildem Glanz ins dunkle Land.

Da geht durch alle Welt ein Grüßen
Und ſchwebet hin von Land zu Land;
Das iſt ein leiſes Liebesküſſen,
Das Herz dem Herzen zugeſandt,
Das im Gebete aufwärts ſteiget,
Wie gute Engel, leicht beſchwingt,
Das ſich zum fernen Liebſten neiget
Und ſüße Schlummerlieder ſingt.

Und wie es durch die Lande dringet,
Da möchte alles Bote ſein;
Ein Vogel es dem andern ſinget,
Und alle Bäume rauſchen d'rein;
Und durch den Himmel geht ein Winken
Und auf der Erde nah und fern,
Die Ströme heben an zu blinken,
Und Stern verkündet es dem Stern.

O Nacht, wo ſolche Geiſter wallen
Im Mondenſchein auf lauer Luft!
O Nacht, wo ſolche Stimmen ſchallen
Durch lauter reinen Blüthenduft!
O Sommernacht, ſo reich an Frieden,
So reich an ſtiller Himmelsruh:
Wie weit zwei Herzen auch geſchieden,
Du führeſt ſie einander zu!

Weihnachtsfeſt.

Der Winter iſt gekommen
Und hat hinweggenommen
Der Erde grünes Kleid;
Schnee liegt auf Blüthenkeimen,
Kein Blatt iſt an den Bäumen,
Erſtarrt die Flüſſe weit und breit.

Da ſchallen plötzlich Klänge
Und frohe Feſtgeſänge
Hell durch die Winternacht.
In Hütten und Paläſten
Iſt rings in grünen Aeſten
Ein bunter Frühling aufgewacht.

Wie gern doch ſeh' ich glänzen
Mit all den reichen Kränzen
Den grünen Weihnachtsbaum,
Dazu der Kindlein Mienen,
Von Licht und Luſt beſchienen!
Wohl ſchön're Freude giebt es kaum!

Da denk' ich jener Stunde,
Als in der ſtillen Runde
Die Hirten ſind erwacht,
Geweckt vom Glanzgefunkel,
Das durch der Bäume Dunkel
Ein Engel mit herabgebracht.

Und wie ſie da nach oben
Den Blick erſchrocken hoben
Und ſah'n den Engel ſtehn,
Da ſtaunten ſie wohl Alle,
Wie wenn zum erſten Male
Die Kindlein einen Chriſtbaum ſehn.

Doch was iſt all' Entzücken
Der Kindlein, die erblicken,
Was ihnen ward beſchert,
Gedenk' ich, wie die Kunde
Des Heils von Engelsmunde
Die frommen Hirten angehört.

Und rings ob allen Bäumen
Sang' in den Himmelsräumen
Der frohen Engel Schaar:
„Gott in der Höh' ſoll werden
Der Ruhm, und Fried' auf Erden
Und Wohlgefallen immerdar!“

D'rum pflanzet grüne Aeſte
Und ſchmücket ſie auf's Beſte
Mit frommer Liebe Hand,
Daß ſie ein Abbild werden
Der Liebe, die zur Erden
Solch' großes Heil uns hat geſandt.

Ja, laßt die Glocken klingen,
Daß, wie der Englein Singen,
Sie rufen laut und klar:
„Gott in der Höh' ſoll werden
Der Ruhm, und Fried' auf Erden
Und Wohlgefallen immerdar!

Rechtfertigung.

1834.

„Wie? Du weileſt hier im Thale, ruheſt wie in kind'ſchem Traum,
Spiel'ſt mit Blumen, ſpiel'ſt mit Wellen, ſchwingeſt Dich von Baum zu Baum,
Während draußen, faſt entkräftet, eine Zeit im Kampfe ringt,
Und ein grollend dumpfes Gähren bang die Welt durchdringt?“

Eben weil ſo wirr die Zeit iſt, ſtieg ich in dies Thal hinab;
Eben weil dort Alles ſchwankte, ſucht' ich hier mir einen Stab;
Dieſer Sproß hier wird als Eiche tragen nach der Stürme Drang,
Wenn die Stützen, die der Welt ihr unterlegt, morſch und krank.

Eben weil ſo manche Oede in die ſchöne Welt gebracht,
Such' ich einen ſtillen Garten, mich zu freu'n der alten Pracht,
Und indeß Ihr nur Vernichtung brütet in erſtarrter Bruſt,
Bau' ich meine Blüthenlauben, jauchze d'rin in Lieb' und Luſt.

„Wie, Du jubelſt und Du jauchzeſt? wahrlich, ein verklung'ner Ton!
Singen ſelber doch die Knaben oft mit herbem Spotte ſchon.
Deiner Zeit Erbärmlichkeiten flicht in Deine Lieder ein,
Denn ein Spiegel ihrer Zeiten ſollen Dichters Worte ſein.“

Freunde nicht! Von niederm Spotte weiß fürwahr kein Dichterherz;
Zürnen nur und klagen kann es, und vergehn in ſeinem Schmerz,
Ob dem Leid, was dieſe Erde alt und ewig neu umſtrickt,
D'rum die Freude nur zuweilen wie ein Strahl von oben blickt.

Doch wenn dieſer Strahl ſich zeiget, öffne ganz ihm Herz und Sinn,
Liegt doch Ahnung künft'ger Wonnen in dem reinen Lichte drin!
Jauchzt, wenn die Sonne ſchimmert! glaubt, die Freude machet rein,
Und wer reinen Herzens jubelt, kann ja hier ſchon ſelig ſein!

„Wie, Du glaub'ſt an Himmelswonnen, glaubeſt an Verheißung gar? —
Wahrlich, kindiſch iſt Dein Glauben, wie Dein ganzes Treiben war.
Bleibe nur wie Du geweſen, denn noch biſt Du nicht erhellt,
Mit uns Männern zu berathen, ob dem Wohl und Weh der Welt!“

Ja ich glaube an Verheißung, glaub' an jenes heil'ge Wort,
Das von Lilien auf dem Felde ſpricht und von dem Sperling dort,
Welches lehrt: Seid wie die Kinder, daß Ihr erbt das Himmelreich.
Käm' ich nur zu allen Zeiten einem ſolchen Kinde gleich!

Und dem Wohl und Weh der Erde nicht verſchließ' ich meine Bruſt,
Doch am theuren Vaterlande hang' ich recht mit ganzer Luſt.
Wenn auch liebend der Gedanke um das All die Flügel ſchlägt,
Doch das Herz bedarf der Schranke, die die heil'ge Flamme hegt!

Alfred Reumont

ward 1808 zu Aachen geboren, ſtudirte in Bonn und Heidelberg und ging dann als Secretair des preußiſchen Geſandten, Freiherrn von Martens nach Florenz, wo er von 1829 bis 1832 verweilte und denſelben dann auf Reiſen nach Conſtantinopel, Griechenland und den ioniſchen Inſeln begleitete. Im Herbſt 1833 kehrte er nach Florenz zurück, 1835 aber nach Deutſchland. Er nahm nun ſeinen Aufenthalt für längere Zeit in Berlin, da er hier als Secretair im Miniſterium der auswärtigen Angelegenheiten verwendet wurde. Nachdem er ſpäter noch Frankreich und Belgien bereiſt, führte ihn ſein Beruf als Attaché der preußiſchen Geſandtſchaft zu Florenz wieder nach Italien und er lebte ſeitdem abwechſelnd in Florenz und Rom, mitunter wieder Deutſchland beſuchend.

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Feiner Geſchmack, reiches vielſeitiges Wiſſen und vortreffliche Diction zeichnen R. proſaiſche, Phantaſie, Wohllaut und Gedankenfülle deſſen poetiſche Leiſtungen aus: ganz beſondere Verdienſte hat er ſich um die nähere Kenntniß der italieniſchen Literatur der Gegenwart in Deutſchland erworben, ſowie er ebenfalls unter den italieniſchen Gelehrten ſich hoher Anerkennung erfreut, um ſo mehr, als er ihre Sprache mit ſeltener Meiſterſchaft beherrſcht.

Drei Rheinlandsſagen.

Der Kampf mit dem Löwen.

Die reiche und mächtige Stadt Köln hatte faſt immerfort heftige Fehden mit ihren Erzbiſchöfen zu beſtehen. Kunſtfleiß, Gewerbe und Handel hatten ſie auf eine der erſten Stufen unter den Städten Deutſchlands emporgehoben; neben dem eigentlichen Bürgerſtande lebte innerhalb ihrer ausgedehnten Mauern ein zahlreicher Adel, oft uneinig unter ſich ſelbſt, bald Partei machend mit dem Volke, bald gegen daſſelbe. Mit den geiſtlichen Herrſchern ſetzte es manchen harten Strauß ab, um der Freiheiten und Privilegien willen, welche die Unabhängigkeit liebende Stadt mit großer Beharrlichkeit gegen deren Einfluß und Uebermacht zu behaupten verſtand.

Faſt zu keiner Zeit indeß ging es toller und wilder zu im Erzſtift, als unter Engelbrecht von Falkenburg, welcher im Jahre 1261 dem Gründer des Doms, Konrad von Hochſtetten, folgte. Anfangs trat der neue Herr mit großer Kraft auf, und ſuchte die widerſpenſtigen Bürger durch Gewaltthätigkeit zu ſchrecken: noch erinnert an den Beginn ſeiner Regierung der Bayenthurm, mit ſeinem ſtarken Mauerwerk, ſeinen Gitterfenſtern, ſeinen Wappen und Zinnen, als ein weniger ſchön erhaltenes Wahrzeichen der alterthümlichen Stadt am Ufer des Stromes. Aber im zweiten Jahre bereits brach der Sturm gegen die ungewohnte Zwangsherrſchaft los; die Thürme wurden von den muthigen Bürgern erſtürmt und die ſtädtiſche Fahne auf ihnen aufgepflanzt, die Söldner des Erzbiſchofs von den Thoren verjagt. Der entbrannte Engelbrecht belagerte die ungefügſame Stadt, mußte ſich aber endlich nothgedrungen zu einem Vergleiche verſtehen.

Neben Mathias Overſtolz, dem durch ſeine thätige Theilnahme am Kampfe gegen den Erzbiſchof berühmten Bürger, dem Sprößling einer Familie, deren Urſprung in die Römerzeit zurückgeführt, und deren Namen hundertmal in der Geſchichte der bürgerlichen Unruhen jener aufſtrebenden, bewegten Zeit genannt wird, hatte ſich der Bürgermeiſter Hermann Gryn, einem der älteſten und edelſten Häuſer Köln's angehörend, vor allen in der mannhaften Verfechtung der Intereſſen und Gerechtſame des Volkes hervorgethan. Ward er deßhalb von dieſem geehrt und geliebt, ſo hatte ihm dagegen die erzbiſchöfliche Partei unverſöhnlichen Haß und Rache geſchworen. Wenn nun nach eingegangenem Vergleich und wenigſtens für den Augenblick wiederhergeſtellter Ruhe, keine Gelegenheit vorhanden war, ihm öffentlich etwas anzuhaben, ſo ſannen ſeine Feinde um ſo eifriger darauf, ihn durch heimliche Ränke zu verderben. Um zu ihrem Zwecke zu gelangen und den Argwohn einzuſchläfern, ſtellten ſie ſich freundlich und verſöhnt: aber Honig hatten ſie auf den Lippen, Galle im Herzen. Endlich war ihr Plan reif: ſie glaubten eine ſichere Falle geſtellt zu haben, den Gryn zu fangen und zu verderben.

Unter den Domherren des Erzſtifts gab es zwei, die, durch die Einflüſterungen des den Kölnern vorzüglich feindlich geſinnten Raths des Erzbiſchofs, des Herrmann von Wittinghof, ſo wie durch eigenen Groll angetrieben, ja, wie es heißt, vom Falkenburger ſelbſt zu böſer That ermuntert, längſt ſchon geſucht hatten, ſich mit dem Bürgermeiſter in ein genaueres Verhältniß zu ſetzen, und welchen ſcheinbaren Antheil an den Intereſſen der Stadt geſchickt als Vorwand zu gebrauchen wußten. Es gelang ihnen, wie ſie wünſchten. Der Ritter Hermann, offen, ehrlich und arglos, hielt ihr Entgegenkommen für aufrichtig, und ſah es als Gewinn an, auch die geiſtlichen Herren zum Theil auf des Volkes Seite herüberziehen zu können. So geſchah es denn, daß die Beiden ihn eines Tages um ſeine Gegenwart bei einem Mahle baten, ſich in geſelligem Geſpräche mit ihnen zu vergnügen, er bereitwillig der Einladung folgte. Zur beſtimmten Stunde verfügte er ſich nach dem Domhofe, welchen in dieſen Zeiten der Zerwürfniß nur Wenige zu betreten pflegten, und nahm den Antrag, als ſie ſich erboten, ihm vorerſt die verſchiedenen Gemächer der ſchönen Wohnung zu zeigen, um ſo mehr, da die übrigen Gäſte, welche man zu erwarten vorgab, noch nicht eingetroffen waren.

So ging denn Gryn, die wohnliche Einrichtung des ſtattlichen Stiftsgebäudes bewundernd, mit ſeinen Führern von einem Zimmer zum andern, bis ſie, am Ende eines langen Ganges im Erdgeſchoſſe, an eine Thüre gelangten. Der eine der Domherren ſchloß auf, der Ritter trat in eine große halbdunkle, gewölbte Halle — im Augenblick aber, wo er den Fuß hineinſetzte, ſchlug krachend das ſchwere Eichenthor hinter ihm zu, während aus einem Winkel ein grauſenerregender Ton erſcholl. Kaum hatte Gryn Zeit ſich zu beſinnen, ſo ſah er vor ſich in geringer Entfernung die drohenden Augen eines Löwen leuchten, den man hier eingeſchloſſen hielt, und deſſen Wuth tagelanges Hungern noch vermehrt hatte. Der Moment der drohenden Gefahr raubte dem Ritter die Entſchloſſenheit nicht: einen Schritt zurücktretend, umwickelte er den einen Arm mit dem langen Tuchmantel, welchen er trug, riß ſein Schwert heraus, ſtieß gegen die ſchützende Wand ſich drückend, die Linke in den weitgeöffneten Rachen des im Nu mit einem entſetzlichen Sprunge auf ihn einſtürzenden Thieres, während ſein Stahl ihm die Bruſt durchbohrte. Der Kampf war bald entſchieden: erſtickt und im Blute ſchwimmend lag der Löwe am Boden.

Alles dies war das Werk weniger Augenblicke. Bevor noch der auf ſo wunderbare Weiſe Gerettete Zeit hatte, ſich von dem Drange der ihn beſtürmenden Empfindungen zu erholen, ſchlugen verworrene Töne von außen her an ſein Ohr. Ein wilder Tumult erhob ſich auf der Straße. Die beiden Verräther, denen es nicht in den Sinn gekommen war, an dem Gelingen ihres meuchelmörderiſchen Planes zu zweifeln, waren ſogleich auf die Gaſſe gerannt, wo ſie laut um Hülfe ſchrieen: der Bürgermeiſter ſei von dem Löwen des Erzbiſchofs angefallen worden. Das Volk ſtrömte herbei — eine ungeheure Menge hatte ſich bald zuſammengerottet als man plötzlich wider das letzte Fenſter des Gebäudes wiederholt anklopfen hörte. Die Domherrn wurden todtenbleich; ein dichter Haufen ſtürzte hinein — die Thüren wurden erbrochen, und im Jubel wurde der, von Blut beſprützte, aber nur leicht verletzte Held auf den Armen der Seinigen herausgetragen. Keiner traute ſeinen Augen, als er den Löwen todt hingeſtreckt, den Bürgermeiſter, den ſchon verloren geglaubten, lebend erblickte.

Die feigen Miſſethäter hatten ſich durch die Flucht zu retten geſucht. Bald aber wurden ſie von der tobenden Menge ergriffen, und nach kurzem Prozeß, ohne Rückſicht auf die Prieſterwürde, die ſie geſchändet, unter dem, nahe am Domkloſter gelegenen Thore aufgeknüpft. Dieſes ſoll von dieſer Zeit an das Pfaffenthor genannt worden ſein: höher hinaufgehende Alterthumsforſcher wollen indeß dieſe Benennung aus den Römerzeiten herleiten, indem ſie eine Porta Paphia daraus machen. Am Portal des alten Rathhauſes, einem der merkwürdigſten und am meiſten in die Augen fallenden Bauwerke, welche das an Erinnerungen und Denkmalen aus den hier ſo rührigen Zeiten des Mittelalters reiche Köln zieren, ſieht man die That des Bürgermeiſters Hermann Gryn auf einem Steine in halb erhobener Arbeit dargeſtellt.

Der Ring der Faſtrada.

Das anmuthige Thal, in welchem das betriebſame Aachen mit ſeinem Ruhm alter Zeit und dem Wohlſtande und der Blüthe jüngerer Tage ſich zwiſchen ſanft aufſteigenden Höhen birgt, hat manches ſtille freundliche Plätzchen, welches ſo recht dazu geſchaffen ſcheint, der Poeſie vergangener Jahrhunderte, der mittelalterlichen Sage, einen willkommenen Zufluchtsort zu bieten, nachdem es ihr zu laut geworden iſt und unheimlich in dem Getreibe einer Stadt, in welcher das Moderne allmählig den Sieg davon getragen hat über das Alterthümliche des vormaligen Sitzes des heiligen römiſchen Reiches. Da heften ſich denn liebe Erinnerungen an graue bemooſte Steine, mit demſelben Eppich rankt ſich der Gedanke an Thurm und Mauer hinauf, jugendliche Tage ſcheinen dem Grabe zu entſteigen und ungeſtört darf die Bruſt ſich ihrer Sehnſucht nach Unerreichbarem, ihrer Trauer um Unerreichtes, das die Vergangenheit und in ihr die Zukunft im Traume verſchönte, überlaſſen.

Wer, der die Poeſie der Jugend durchlebt hat und geſchwelgt hat von alten Bildern und in alten Erinnerungen, hat nicht in wehmüthiger Betrachtung vor Frankenbergs Trümmern geſtanden! Noch ſteht, ziemlich erhalten, der innere, bewohnte Theil dieſer Friedensburg, deren Thürme bald im Geſtürz liegen, mit ihrem Geröll den Abhang des mit Geſträucher und Bäumen bewachſenen Hügels deckend, um welchen ſich der ſchilfbedeckte Teich, von dem Bogen einer hohen Brücke überbaut, dahinzieht, umgeben von üppigen, ſmaragdnen Wieſen, deren Grenze an mehrern Orten die kühle Waldung bildet. An einem ſchönen Frühlingsmorgen muß man dieſe Gegend ſehen, um ihren Reichthum und ihre Anmuth ganz zu begreifen; wenn der Thau in Perlen glänzt, wenn die Lerche ſteigt, wenn das friſche Grün der Bäume die alten Thürme der nahen Stadt nur halb durchblicken läßt in der duftigen Morgenluft. Dann begreift man, wie er, der gewaltige, ruhmgekrönte Kaiſer, dem die ganze Welt offen ſtand mit ihren Lorbeeren und ihrer Majeſtät und Schönheit, ſich dieſes Thal auserkor, das ihm lieb war vor Allem, und das er all' ſeinen Pfalzen und Palläſten vorzog in ſeinem unermeßlichen Reiche.

Unter den vielen, in alten Chroniken und Geſängen, und im Munde des Volkes aufbewahrten Geſchichten von dem größten Kaiſer der Deutſchen, ſind wenige bekannter und rührender, als jene von der Liebe, welche ihn an ſeine ſchöne Gemahlin Faſtrada feſſelte. Hatte ſie auch, ihrer Gewalt über Karl ſich bisweilen zu eigenen Zwecken ſich bedienend, manche Unruhe im Reiche veranlaßt und manchen Unzufriedenen, Feinde ſogar gemacht: er hing ihr ſtets mit derſelben Zuneigung an. Da erkrankte ſie ſchwer, während ſie mit dem Hofe zu Frankfurt, am Ufer des ruhig durch die ſchöne Ebene fließenden Mains, verweilte. Des Kaiſers Betrübniß kannte keine Grenzen: ſie ſteigerte ſich zur Verzweiflung, als die geliebte Gattin verſchied. Aus dem Gemache, wo ſie geſtorben war, wich er nicht: ein unerklärlicher Zauber ſchien ſich ſeiner bemächtigt zu haben. Als die Leiche vor ihm lag, da ſchien es ihm, ſie ſchlafe nur: der Augenblick, wo er an ihren Tod geglaubt, ſei ein böſer Traum geweſen. Neben ihrem Lager kniete er, beſtrebte ſich ſie zu wecken, rief ſie mit den ſüßeſten Namen. Des Kaiſers Räthe und Höflinge wußten nicht, was zu beginnen: er wollte nicht davon hören, daß Faſtradas ſterbliche Reſte zur Erde beſtattet werden ſollten; gebieteriſch wies er die von ſich, welche davon redeten, und antwortete, ſie werde bald wieder erwachen aus ihrem Schlummer. Alle fürchteten für die Vernunft, und ſogar für das Leben des Herrſchers, wenn dieſer Zuſtand noch länger währete. Während ſie nun in der quälendſten Ungewißheit ſchwebten, hatte der fromme Erzbiſchof Turpinus von Rheims, der erſte in des Kaiſers Rath, ein Traumgeſicht, das ihm das Räthſel erklärte. Er ſah nähmlich einen Ring, welcher in das Haar der Kaiſerin geflochten war. — Dieſer war es, welcher Karl auch jetzt noch an die Abgeſchiedene feſſelte. Sein Entſchluß war bald gefaßt; am folgenden Morgen trat er in das Gemach, und ohne daß der Kaiſer es bemerkte, nahm er heimlich den Ring zu ſich.

Kaum hatte er dies gethan, ſo ſtand Karl auf und warf ſich weinend in ſeine Arme. Es war, als gingen ihm jetzt die Augen auf, als bemerke er nun erſt den Zuſtand, in welchem der Körper ſich befand; er ſchauderte und wußte nicht, wie ihm geſchehen war. Willig ließ er ſich von dem Erzbiſchofe aus dem Gemach führen, ſetzte ſich zu Pferde und ritt, von den beſorgten Bewohnern der Stadt bei ſeinem Wiedererſcheinen hoch begrüßt, nach dem Rheine hin, worauf er bald in ſeinem geliebten Ingelheim ankam, und mit erneutem Eifer ſich den Geſchäften des Reiches hingab. Wie ein Traum war ihm Alles, was ſeit Faſtradas Tode ſich ereignet hatte. Ihre ſterblichen Reſte aber, in Purpur und Gold gehüllt, wurden im feierlichen Trauerzuge von Frankfurt nach Mainz geführt, und dort in der Abtei von St. Alban zur Erde beſtattet, wo Karl ihr ein prachtvolles Grabmal, als Erinnerung an ihre Würde und ſeine Liebe, zu errichten befahl.

Der Kaiſer wollte von nun an immer den frommen Prälaten um ſich haben: nichts that er ohne ſeinen Rath, ohne ihn konnte er nicht leben. Der Erzbiſchof benutzte zwar dieſe Zuneigung zum Beſten des Reichs und der Kirche, denn er war ein wohlmeinender und weiſer Mann, aber ſein frommer Sinn nahm doch Anſtoß an dem, was ihm ein gottloſer Zauber dünkte, weßhalb er ſich deſſen zu entledigen beſchloß. Mit dieſen Gedanken ging er nun, als er den Kaiſer auf einer Reiſe nach Aachen begleitete, wo dieſer bisweilen ſeinen Aufenthalt zu nehmen pflegte. In dem Thale umherwandernd, wo die wohlthätigen heißen Quellen entſpringen, welche Karl bewogen hatten, ſich hier eine Pfalz zu bauen, kam Turpinus an einen kleinen ſtillen See, der rings von Waldung und Wieſenteppich eingeſchloſſen war, in dieſen warf er das verhängnißvolle Kleinod.

Von dieſer Zeit an glaubte der Kaiſer, dem ſeine Oberrheiniſchen Pfalzen nur trübe Erinnerungen an ſein verlorenes Glück erweckten, das grüne Thal nicht mehr verlaſſen zu können. Nur dann, wenn die Reichsangelegenheiten, welche damals den Herrſchern nicht geſtatteten, an einem beſtimmten Ort ruhig zu verweilen, ſondern ſie bald hie, bald dorthin riefen, es nöthig machten, konnte er ſich von ſeinem Lieblingsort trennen, zu dem er zurückkehrte, ſobald er frei war. Nicht blos die Stadt ſelbſt ſchmückte er mit Pallaſt und Kirche; auch bei dem nahegelegenen See ließ er eine ſtattliche Burg erbauen, nachdem er einen Theil der Waldung gelichtet. Hier, in der durch nichts geſtörten Einſamkeit, ſaß er oft ſtundenlang, und blickte auf den Waſſerſpiegel zu ſeinen Füßen und dachte alternd noch vergangener, glücklicher Zeiten.

Die bucklichen Muſikanten.

Am Tage St. Mathäi, im Jahre nach des Welterlöſers Geburt 1369, kam ein armer buckeliger Spielmann ſpät in der Nacht nach Aachen von einem Dorfe zurück, woſelbſt er bei einer Hochzeit aufgeſpielt hatte. Halb im Taumel, bekümmerte ihn weder Zeit noch Ort, und ſo ging er denn wohlgemuthet am Münſter vorbei, als eben die Thurmglocke Mitternacht brummte. Da aber erſchrak er auch um ſo mehr, als er nun hörte, wie ſpät es in der Nacht ſei, und dazu ſich in der Luft ein ſeltſames Geſchwirre, wie von Eulen und Fledermausflügeln vernehmen ließ. Schnellen Schrittes eilte er, dem Graus der Geiſterſtunde und ihrem Spucke zu entfliehen, und beugte ſchüchtern in die Schmiedeſtraße ein, um durch ſie zu ſeiner Wohnung zu gelangen, welche in der Jakobsſtraße gelegen. Was begegnete ihm aber, als er das Perviſch (den Fiſchmarkt) betrat! Alle Fiſchbänke ſchimmerten von unzähligen Lichtern, welche weithin die Nacht erhellten; köſtliche Speiſen waren in goldenen und ſilbernen Schüſſeln aufgetragen, und perlender Wein blinkte in großen Kryſtallkrügen. Um Alles herum aber ſaß eine Menge der reichsgekleidetſten Damen und ließen es ſich trefflich ſchmecken. Erſchrocken hockte ſich der Spielmann in eine Ecke, denn nun erinnerte er ſich entſetzt' der Quatembernacht und ihres Hexenſpuckes. Doch es war zu ſpät: eine der zunächſt ſitzenden Damen hatte ihn bereits bemerkt, und führte ihn zu Tiſche. Dann aber ſprach ſie zu dem Spielmann, der mit vor Angſt klappernden Zähnen und ſchlotternden Knieen daſtand: „Fürchte dich nicht, und ſpiele uns eine luſtige Weiſe auf; wir werden Dir deſſen Dank wiſſen.“ Und indem ſie ſo ſprach, neigte ſie dem Zagenden einen Pokal mit würzigem Wein gefüllt. Dieſer ermuthigte wunderſam den Spielmann dergeſtalt, daß, ſobald er den Becher bis auf die Nagelprobe geleert hatte, er ſeine Geige zur Hand nahm, und luſtig zu fiedeln begann.

Da wurden eilig die Bänke mit Allem, was darauf ſtand, bei Seite geſchafft, und die Damen, unter denen er manche vornehme Frau aus der Stadt zu erkennen glaubte, erhoben ſich allzumal bei dem Tone ſeiner Geige, und bald wirbelten die Paare durch einander. Nun aber ging es immer ſchneller und ſchneller, und der Spielmann geigte, wie von unſichtbarer Hand getrieben, immer toller darauf los, ſo daß er mehrmals vermeinte, die Saiten müßten in tauſend Stücke zerſpringen und ihm Hören und Sehen vergehen. Indeſſen ſauſten die Paare noch immer durcheinander, während ſein Arm kräftig den Bogen führte, und ſein Spiel von ſelbſt aus einer Weiſe in die andere überging, und ſo ſtark wurde, daß es ihn bedünkte, als ſei ein ganzes Concert von Geigen und gellenden Flöten hinter ihm aufgeſtellt, welche alle in ſeine Töne einſtimmten, und ihm das Ganze wie ein wirrer Traum vorkam. Da ſummte endlich die Thurmglocke drei viertel auf Eins, und plötzlich hielten die Paare in ſichtbarer Erſchöpfung inne, Alles wurde wieder mit einem Male ruhig und in ſeine vorige Ordnung gerückt. Unentſchloſſen ſtand aber der Spielmann da, nicht wiſſend, ob er bleiben müſſe, oder ſcheiden dürfe. Da trat die frühere Dame wieder zu ihm heran, und ſprach: „Bruder Spielmann, Du haſt uns wacker vergnügt, darum ſoll Dir auch nun des Lohnes werden! Und damit hatte ſie ihm bereits ſein Wamms ausgezogen, und ehe er noch recht zur Beſinnung kommen konnte, war ſie ſchon hinter ihm getreten, und hatte ihm mit einem Griffe ſeinen Höcker abgenommen. Wer war froher als unſer erleichterter Spielmann! Durchdrungen wollte er niederfallen vor ſeiner Wohlthäterin. Da aber ſchlug es Eins, und Damen, Lichter und Schüſſeln waren verſchwunden, und nur der Spielmann ſtand noch allein in der dunkeln Nacht. Da aber fühlte er abermals nach ſeinem Rücken; denn ihm war es noch immer zu Muthe, als ſei ſein ganzes Abentheuer nur ein wirrer Traum geweſen. Doch nein, es war Wirklichkeit, er war gerade und ſchlank, und ſein Höcker verſchwunden. Wer vermöchte wohl die Freude ſeines Herzens zu beſchreiben, in welchem er nun nach ſeinem Wams griff, das vor ihm auf der Erde liegen geblieben! Doch noch eine zweite ſollte ihm beſchieden ſein, denn, als er daſſelbe aufnahm, kam es ihm ungewöhnlich ſchwer vor, und als er nach der Urſache dieſer außergewöhnlichen Gewichtigkeit forſchte, fand er deſſen beide Taſchen mit Gold gefüllt und eilte als ein zweifach glücklicher Mann nach ſeiner Wohnung.

Dort aber erkannte die harrende Frau ihren verwandelten Mann faſt nicht mehr wieder, bis ihr ſeine Erzählung von dem Begegniſſe der Nacht den Hergang erklärte. Da ſtaunte die fromme Frau ſehr, und pries den Himmel, der Alles noch ſo glücklich gefügt. Am andern Morgen aber wurde die Geige, die all das Glück ins Haus gebracht, unter das Bild des Schutzpatrons aufgehängt, und fortan zum ewigen Gedächtniß für Kinder und Kindes-Kinder als ein Heiligthum bewahrt.

Des armen Spielmanns Glück wurde nicht alsbald in der Nachbarſchaft bekannt, als es auch viele Neider erregte, unter denen ſich vorzüglich ein anderer, ebenfalls buckeliger Muſikant, durch ſeinen giftigen Groll auszeichnete. Seines vormaligen Geſellen nunmehriger Vorzug quälte ihn Tag und Nacht, und richtete ſein ganzes Sinnen und Trachten nur noch der Möglichkeit, es jenem gleich, oder noch zuvor thuen zu können. Deswegen übte er ſich den ganzen Tag die ſchönſten Weiſen ein, und begab ſich nun auf St. Mathäi Nacht um die zwölfte Stunde nach dem Pervitſch. Dort fand er auch richtig daſſelbe Gelage, und ward darauf zum Spielen aufgefordert. Aber welch ein Unterſchied! Kaum hatte er in ſtolzem Selbſtvertrauen ſeine luſtigen künſtlichen Melodien angehoben, und die Damen ſich zum Tanze erhoben, als er auf einmal aus der Tanzweiſe in ein Sterbelied fiel, und eine ſo traurige und herzbrechende Weiſe auffiedelte, daß höhniſches Gepfeife und Gezische ſich um ihn herum erhob, und die Paare ſich trübſelig darunter her bewegten. Der Spielmann aber, noch immer vermeinend, ſeine beſten Melodien vorzutragen, muſicirte ſtracks darauf los, und erwartete nun, da der Tanz geendet war nichts weniger als einen noch reicheren Lohn, denn ſein Vorgänger, und trat daher, Rock und Weſte ausziehend, keck zum Tiſche. „Ei, ei! beſte Frau!“ rief er ſchelmiſch, da er in der oben an dem Ehrenplatze der Tafel ſitzenden Dame die geſtrenge Frau Bürgermeiſterin zu erkennen glaubte, die hier in aller Pracht und Herrlichkeit dem ſonderbaren Mahle präſidirte. „Was würde wohl der Herr Gemahl ſagen, wenn er ſie hier auf der Beſenſtielfeſtlichkeit anträfe? aber laſſen Euer Gnaden mich nicht allzulange hier ohne Lohn ſtehen, denn die Nacht iſt kalt und es ſchlottern mir alle Knochen in der Herbſtluft. Ich denke, mein Spiel iſt doch wohl noch eines beſſern Preiſes werth, als das des Stümpers, der Euch beim letzten Feſte die Ohren gellen machte!“ Doch wie ſollte er ſich täuſchen! Die Dame nahm im Nu den Deckel von einer ſilbernen Schüſſel, und ehe er ſich's verſah, klebte der darin aufbewahrte Höcker ſeines Geſellen vor ſeiner Bruſt. So ſtand denn der Neidhart mit doppeltem Bollwerke umgeben, und traute ſeinen Augen nicht, bis im ſelben Momente beim erſten Schlage der Morgenſtunde der Spuck verſchwand, und er ſich unter zweifacher Laſt nach Hauſe trollen konnte.

Noch lange Jahre hindurch mußte er das Warnungszeichen ſeiner Mißgunſt herumſchleppen, und die Eltern pflegten ihren Kindern bei ſeinem Anblicke die Geſchichte zu erzählen.

Friedrich Wilhelm Rogge

ward am 11. November 1809 zu Lüneburg geboren, erhielt ſeine Vorbildung auf dem dortigen Johanneum und ſtudirte darauf von 1829—33 in Göttingen, zuerſt Theologie, dann Geſchichte und Philologie, indem er zugleich bemüht war im Verein mit gleichgeſinnten Freunden eine ähnliche Geſellſchaft, wie es der frühere Göttinger Dichterbund (Hainbund) geweſen, zu geſtalten. — Von 1834—1836 lebte R. als Privatgelehrter in Schwerin, machte dann eine größere Reiſe nach Frankreich und England und kehrte darauf nach Schwerin zurück, wo er eine Anſtellung bei der Regierungsbibliothek fand.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. Göttingen 1830—31. 3. Aufl. Leipzig 1839.
Kaiſer Friedrich Barbaroſſa. Tragödie. Lüneburg 1833.
Kaiſer Heinrich IV. Tragödie. Leipzig 1839.
Krone und Liebe. König Manfred, Bianca Banezzi; zwei Tragödien. Leipzig 1839.
Buch der Huldigung. Roſtock 1845.
Blüthe der deutſchen Lyrik. Roſtock 1846.

Sehr treffend urtheilt Gödeke in ſeinem Sammelwerke, Deutſchland's Dichter von 1813—43. S. 306. über Rogge. — Seine mit großer Sorgfalt ausgearbeiteten, wohllautenden Gedichte laſſen den Schüler Uhlands, Platens und der Alten nicht verkennen; ſeine Balladen und Romanzen ſind vorzugsweiſe glücklich behandelt, wenn gleich ſein Beſtreben, den Geiſt der alten Sagen mit neuer Kraft zu ſtärken, nicht ſelten nur darauf hinauskommt, daß die Sage des Alterthums den Tendenzen der Gegenwart dienſtbar gemacht wird. Seine dramatiſchen Arbeiten ſind durch manche grillenhafte Züge unaufführbar gemacht.

Der Greis.

Schattig und kühl umlaubt
Neiget zu Ruh' das Haupt
Müde der Greis;
Und ſchwellend und bang
Ergießt ſich Geſang
Um den Schlummernden leis.

Ward ihm der Frühling alt,
Oder das Herz ſo kalt,
Scheint er ſo müd' und matt,
Scheint er ſo wachensſatt,
Daß ihm das Augenlied
Leiſe der Schlaf bezieht,
Während rings um ihn her
Alles ein Freudenmeer,
Ach und im leichten Schwung
Tanzet das Reh im Sprung
Froh und jung
An ihm daher!

Koſet und ſäuſelt, ihr Winde,
Linde,
In den grauenden Locken ihm wühlend
Kühlend!
Denn wenn er erwacht',
Er ſpräche zu mir:
Ich hab' es gemacht
Dereinſt gleich dir,
Du machſt es wie ich,
Wenn du einholſt mich.

O Jolaos, mich ſchreckt dein Gebet,
Das die Jugend nur eines Tag's dir erfleht!

Es entſchwebt, wie der Lenz dem Gefild',
Die Quelle der Liebe,
Der ſeligſten Triebe,
Der That und Kraft,
Wie heldenhaft —
O Jugend, dein Bild!
Vergebens fragt
Und will Beweis,
Wo's wieder tagt
Einſt, Mann und Greis.
Mögen die Sterne blüh'n,
Sonnen an Sonnen glüh'n —
Bringt es Gewinn?
Welle nach Welle kommt,
Aber kein Fragen frommt
Nach dem: wohin!

Lenz-Melodie.

In des Sees ſäuſelndem Ried
Raſtet die Möve vom Flug,
Daß ſie lauſche dem Wellenlied.
Und der Sehnſucht Zug
Läßt die Wellen
Zu des Ufers Rand
Rauſchen und ſchwellen
Und in ſilbernen Flocken
Die kryſtallenen Locken
Ueber Blumen am Strand
Zerſchellen.

Hoch preiſ' ich den Lenz!
Was kein Künſtler vollbracht,
Hat er ſpielend entfacht,
O wie himmliſch ſchön!
Dies Duften und Blüh'n
Und der Blätter Grün
Und der Wipfel Säuſeln
Und der Wogen Kräuſeln,
O wie himmliſch ſchön!
Unter ſüßem Getön
Stellt der Lenz zur Schau
See, Wald und Au:
Hoch preiſ' ich den Lenz!
Aus der Ferne nach
Hallt das Echo nach
Kukuksruf.
Und aus den dunkelnden Hallen
Erſchallen
Melodiſchen Hall —
Läßt die Nachtigall!
Wie ſie dämpft und bekämpft,
Als ſpränge die Bruſt,
Bald Weh, bald Luſt!
Und beklommen
Kommen
Mit ſchmetterndem Laut
Heißt ſie minniglich,
Inniglich
Zu ſich, zu ſich die Braut!

Das Idol.

Ich ſeh' dich wohl, du roſiglichtes Bild,
Durch meines öden Schlummers Träume wallen,
Der Geiſt hält Wach', und Sehnſucht, ungeſtillt,
Geht nächtlich um in meines Herzens Hallen.

O, ſchau' mich nicht ſo ſeelenſchmelzend an,
Es wird ja, wie es iſt, doch bleiben müſſen;
Ob mir dein Blick den Himmel aufgethan,
Mich fröſtelt's an in deines Mundes Küſſen!

Hinweg, Idol! du biſt nicht, was du ſcheinſt,
Und wie du gehſt verklärt durch meinen Schlummer;
Vergäß' ich gern auch, wie du's mit mir meinſt,
Wie deines Aug's Entzücken war mein Kummer:

Und ſpräch' ich auch: „Es ſchlafe, was geſchehn!
In's Antlitz bannt'ſt du mir des Grams Gebilde,
Wach, wie die Todten blutig auferſtehn
Läßt die Erinn'rung auf dem Schlachtgefilde!

Ich warf um dich der Dichtkunſt Mantel her
Und ließ im Reich der Phantaſie dich blühen,
Und jung und wogend von dem Strahlenmeer
Der erſten Liebe flammend dich umglühen.

Und kam dafür — um meines Herzens Ruh —
Zurückkehrt das Bewußtſein, wahnverſpätet,
Und tauſend Stimmen rufen laut mir zu,
Daß falſche Götter fromm ich angebetet!

O, geh! ja! . . . geh! du kannſt nicht lieben; nein;
Doch nimm von mir des alten Zaubers Bande
Und laß mich wieder, wie ich war, allein —
Und ſtumm vergehn am eignen Seelenbrande!

Liebesmahnen.

(Im Regent's park zu London.)

Gruß dir, o Nacht, auf ſchwarzem Viergeſpann!
Laß deiner Roſſe Schweiß die Auen feuchten,
Und dir voran auf deiner ew'gen Bahn
Die Sterne, die Gedanken Gottes, leuchten!

Weg, Weltgewühl dort an der Themſe Strand,
Wie lieb' ich's, hier mit mir allein zu weilen,
Und in mein eichengrünes Heimathland
Laß ich des Herzens friſche Grüß' enteilen. —

Horch, wie dort langgedehnt der Löwe brüllt!
Der denkt wohl an Arabiens Gazellen
Und an die blonde Braut, die nachtverhüllt
Ihn ſucht und ruft, daß Wald und Felſen gellen!

Und wieder — horch, wie im Gebüſche dort,
Nun ſchmelzend, nun in wirbelnd lauten Schlägen
Der Lenz ſich lauſchend läßt der Liebe Wort
Und aus ihr weltenalt Geheimniß legen! —

Ob jetzt auch wohl, du holdes Augenlicht
Jenſeit des Meers, aus wimperſchatt'ger Zelle

Ein Strahl von dir die Bahn zu mir ſich bricht,
Als Bote mich begrüßend leuchtendhelle!

Ich aber, dein gedenkend immerdar,
Ich ſende, wenn die Sterne dort entlohten,
Dir meiner Dichtkunſt zukunftſtolzen Aar,
Als meiner Liebe liederfrohen Boten.

Laß ihn an deinem Aug' ſich trinken ſatt,
Drück' ihn an's Herz und laß ihn ſelig koſen
Dort an der wellenweichen Lagerſtatt,
Um die mit Lilien werben möchten Roſen!

Und haſt du ihm genug von dir erzählt,
So ſend' ihn wieder heimwärts durch die Räume,
Und was er etwa neidiſch mir verhehlt,
Das flicht meerüber ſelbſt in meine Träume!

Der Löwe zu Luzern.

Sinnend weilt, wer pilgernd das Vaterland Tell's
Frohgemuth, freiathmend durchſtreift, und grüßt hier
In der quellumſprudelten Felſenkluft dich,
Sterbender Bergleu!

Hingeſtreckt, todtmüde, noch bergend in der
Blutgefärbt reichmähnigen Bruſt den Speerſchaft,
Rufſt du wach glorwürdiger Heldenthaten
Bild und Gedächtniß!

Jenes Tags, als tobend im Freiheitswahnſinn,
Doggengleich anſtürmten die Horden Frankreich's;
In des Aufruhrs Glockengeläut' erſcholl die
Hymne Maſſilia's!

Tag des Weh's, nachſchleppend der ſchlimm'ren Viſit,
Als des Volks ſcheuſelig Gelüſt den Goldreif
Riß von Ludwig's Haupt, von den Schultern ihm den
Heiligen Purpur!

Ach, umſonſt einhauchte die Tochter Oeſtreich's
Dem Gemahl ſchlachtfreudigen Sinn, umſonſt tönt
In des Schloßraums Gitterbezirk der Ruf: Hoch
Lebe der König!

Nicht beſteigt ſein Roß er zum Kampf, er wehrt fromm,
Aber zag', unköniglich ſtets dem Blitz, der
Seines Winks nur harrt, um zu wallen, raſch Bahn
Fegend, den Donner!

Selig, wann fortlebt in dem Enkel ſeiner
Väter Glanz und jegliche Tugend friſch und
Ungeſchwächt; nicht preiſ' ich den Mann, der vorzieht
Dulden der Thatkraft!

Nun geſchah's, ſchmachvoller Moment! daß ihres
Zaubers baar, ſchutzſuchend, die Majeſtät wich;
Aber furchtlos ging in den Tod Helvetien's
Starker Gebirgsſohn!

Stolze Schaar, ſtumm räumend des Bourbonid'ſchen
Herrſcherſtamms thurmprangende Burg, ob zahllos
Du bekämpft und kämpfend erliegſt, du ſtirbſt zwar,
Aber du fliehſt nicht!

Schöner nicht, heroiſcher focht und ſank nicht
Lacedämon's Fürſt in des Oeta Felsſchlucht,
Noch Athen's einſt ſäulengeprieſ'ne Schaar auf
Marathon's Blachfeld!

Sohn der Freiheit, Hüter der Kön'ge dann, ja!
Wach von dir bleib' ewig das Alpenecho!
Und zum Halt ſtets zwing' uns, gedenkend dein, hier
Sterbend der Bergleu!

Eingedenk ſtets bleibe die Muſe dein, und
Deines Ruhms Seebarke, ſie ſegle, klangreich,
Auf des Lieds ſchönwogender Fluth hinab zum
Meere der Nachwelt!

Am Sarkophag Alexanders des Großen.

Kunſthallen Londons, ihr, die mit Recht genannt
Ihr ſeid der Stolz Britannien's, wie Vieles ihr
Auch immer einſchließt, hier mit Neugier,
Dort mit Bewunderung das Auge feſſelnd;

Ob nun Betrachtung bald bei dem Rothbedarf
Weilt ſtumpfer Polanwohner, dem Jagdgeräth,
Schneeſchlitten, und was dient ihr blitzſchnell
Eilender, einziger Hort, das Rennthier:

Ob neu belebt Traumbilder der Kindesbruſt
Korallenſchmuck, buntfarbiger Putz und die
Kriegswehr des feur'gen Sohns der Südſee,
Speere, vergiftete Pfeil' und Streitaxt:

Ob, ach! Begeiſt'rung ſchwärmt für die Räthſelwelt
Aegypten's ſammt Kunſtwundern des Alterthums:
Italien's Urn' und Griechenland's in
Marmorruinen gebannte Schönheit:

Denn hier vereint hat Jedes von jedem Volk
Kunſtſinn, des Wiſſens Drang und das Recht der Macht,
Raubluſt, ſo weit die Wogen ſiegreich
Trugen die Flotten des ſtolzen England's.

Dennoch vorbei eile mein Fuß, und ſtets
Zuvor gegrüßt mit attiſchem Feierklang
Sei du mir, Sarkophag des großen
Muſenermüdenden Alexandros!

Zwar jenes Kleinod nicht, dem, juwelenreich,
Der Sonnengott blitzähnliche Gluth entlockt,
D'rin ihren König eingeurnt einſt
Sah'n Macedonien's Veteranen;

Denn ſeines Feldherrn üppig Geſchlecht, ſie, die
Von ſeines Siegsmahls Reſten ſich nährten drei
Jahrhundert lang, verpraßt den Goldſarg
Hatten ſie bald und vertauſcht um Marmor.

Nichts frommt's, des Erdballs Herrſcher geweſen ſein,
Gleich wehrlos macht Jedweden der Tod; umſonſt
Hält Wacht des Ruhms allmächt'ger Cherub,
Wenn ſich von Adel entblößt die Macht naht.

Doch folgt der Ehrfurcht Zoll der Entweihung oft;
Rom's zweiter Cäſar rächte ſo ſich als ihn,
Und in des Königs blonde Locken
Flechtet er wieder den gold'nen Siegskranz.

An dieſen Stein einſt ſtand er gelehnt und ließ
Empor des Weihrauchs Wolken ihm wirbeln! Dann,
Mit eigener Hand ihm Blumen ſtreuend,
Schwelgt' er ſich ſatt in des Helden Nachruhm.

Es rollt manch' Jahrhundert ſeitdem daher,
Und aus dem Sarg wegfegten ſie Staub und Zier;
Doch friſch und roſig blüht, in Lied und
Mährchen verwebt, der gewalt'ge Namen!

Und ſelbſt dem Marmor hier, der den Heldenleib
Einſt barg, es wohnt ihm ewig ein Zauber bei,
Der Wüſtenſohn, der Moslem ſchwärmt' an
Ihm, der romantiſche Saladin noch!

Bis jüngſt die Pyramiden erſcheinen ſahn,
Traumgebild, und hehr im Donnergewölke ſtehn
Den Mann der zweiundſiebenzig Schlachten,
Erbe zu werden des Alexandros!

Der hub den Marmorſchatz aus dem Tempel keck! —
Sich ſelbſt vielleicht zum Bette dereinſt? — Umſonſt!
Des Meeres Hüter wacht, dem Adler
Raubte die Beute der Leu von England.

Der Friedhof.

Da bin ich wieder, wie von ungefähr:
Die grünen Hügel ſchwellen von dem Hauche
Der Weſte, und die Blumen ſteigen wieder

Aus ihren Betten, lebenglühend, auf
Und bringen an das Licht die frommen Grüße,
Die ihnen d'runten wurden anvertraut. —
Es iſt ein heimlich ſeltſames Gefühl,
Das eines Friedhofs Hügel rege macht:
Da liegen ſie, mit ihrem Hoffen, Sehnen,
Mit allen ihren Wünſchen, ihren Träumen
Geheimnißvoll in ihren kleinen Zellen
Und laſſen nichts, gar nichts von ſich vernehmen!
Und droben lacht die Sonne, ruft die Lerche,
Die Bäche murmeln und die Bienen ſummen
Und wecken Alles, Alles auf zum Leben! —
Das muß ein Schlaf, ein feſter, tiefer ſein,
Der nicht bei ſolchem Freuderuf zerfließt!
Und wer d'rin ruhig zu beharr'n vermag —
Der muß unendlich hoch ſteh'n, oder niedrig! —
Und wenn ſie wachten, nur zu ſchlafen ſchienen —
Was dächten ſie, wenn über ihren Häuptern
Die Hügel kecklich ſtampft des Knaben Fuß? —
Ich glaub' es wohl, es möchten Manche gern —
Gern einen Blick hineinthun in die Sonne,
Und And're möchten's nicht; denn ihrer Wen'ge ſind's,
Die nicht an ihren Wunden d'runten heilen!
O, wer es fühlte, wer es ganz begriffe,
Dem würd' es heiß auf ſeine Seele fallen,
Wenn er nur eine, eine einz'ge Thräne
Gewaltſam einem Auge hat erpreßt!
Hart klagt die That ihn an und laſtet ſchwer,
Von tauſend Freudethränen ungeſühnt! —
Das iſt es, was uns ſchmerzlich ſtets ergreift,
Wenn wir an Gräbern einſam uns verweilen;
Ein heil'ger Tempel iſt des Friedhofs Raum,
Und jedes Grab iſt ein geweihter Prieſter!

Der Kaiſer bei Bautzen.

„Das Feld iſt mein und mir gehört der Sieg!
Was will denn noch mit ihrem tollen Pfeifen
Die Kugel dort! Verirrter Raubwolf, lieg,
Genug für heute hat gewürgt der Krieg!"
Der Kaiſer rief es, wie ſie fiel und ſtieg;
Sie aber, drohend, wie Kometen ſchweifen,
Begann auf's neu auf Beut' umherzuſtreifen —
Bis ſie in Duroc's Leib ſich barg und ſchwieg.

Und ſieh, ſchon ſtürzt daher ein Adjutant,
Des Herzogs Fall dem Kaiſer anzuſagen.
Und er, das Fernrohr wägend in der Hand,
Er hört's und ſchweigt, das Roß feldein gewandt;
Sein Anblick deutete, was er empfand;
Und wie er ſtumm den Schmerz ſucht zu vertragen,
Sehn ſeine Blicke ringsum züngelnd ſchlagen
Von Dorf und Weiler himmelan den Brand!

Und weitgedehnt, von Staubgewölk umwallt,
Koſak' und Baſchkir und all des Nords Barbaren
Gehetzt, wie von der Meut' ein Wolf im Wald!
Hoch auf der Anhöh' macht der Kaiſer Halt.
Und horch! das Vive l'Empereur! wie's rollt und hallt
Aus voller Kehle ſeiner Gardeſchaaren,
Die dort im Viereck ſtolz gelagert waren,
Vom Pulverdampfe ſchwarz Wehr und Geſtalt!

Und auf den Feldſtuhl wirft er ſich; es ſtehn
Voll Ehrfurcht fern Marſchäll' und Generäle,
Wie ſie den Kaiſer alſo ſitzen ſehn.
Und nun Geklirr, Gelärm und Bannerwehn,
Der Wachtfeu'r Lodern und der Trommeln Gehn;
Und wie zum Tod betrübt des Kaiſers Seele
Des Lieblings denkt, wie er ſich ſterbend quäle —
Verſinkt die Sonne, wie wenn nichts geſchehn!

Doch weg den Gram! Und Spiel und Hörnerklang
Erhebt ſich an des Vierecks beiden Enden!
Und voll und weich und ſchmelzend, klagendbang,
Ertönt's, wie ein elegiſcher Geſang!
Und wieder dann, anſchwellend tief und lang,
Rauſcht es daher, als gält' es zu verſchwenden,
Was die Muſik an Tönen hat zu ſpenden,
Wälzt ſich daher zur Schlacht der Heere Drang! —

Doch all umſonſt! Kein Lächeln zwingt's ihm ab;
Stumm ſaß er da in ſeinen Heldenzieren,
Das Haupt geſunken auf die Bruſt herab,
Als ob gebrochen ſeinem Glück der Stab;
Indeß ein Gott ihm in die Seele gab —
Wie bald dahinrafft aus des Lichts Revieren
Die Garden ſammt den ſtolzen Küraſſieren
Und Glanz und Reich ein allverſchlingend Grab!

Kaiſer Karl.

Im fernen Ungarlande
Mit ſeiner Heeresmacht
Brach Kaiſer Karl die Bande
Der alten Heidennacht;
Er rief das Volk zur Taufe
Und zu dem ew'gen Reich,
Es ward der rohe Haufe
Von ſeiner Predigt weich.

Auch galt's kein langes Wählen,
Wo Kaiſer Karl erſchien,
Man weiß noch zu erzählen
Manch' Mährlein über ihn:
Er trug in allen Tagen
Ein ſchartenloſes Schwert,
Um weidlich d'rein zu ſchlagen,
Sobald man ſein begehrt'!

Nun war zu jenen Zeiten
Sein eigen Reich in Noth,
Es kam zu ſeinen Leuten
Die Kunde, Karl ſei todt:
Zehn Jahre floh'n vorüber,
Frau Hildegard ward bang,
Ihr Blick ward täglich trüber,
Die Zeit ſchien ihr zu lang.

Das war ein Rauben, Morden,
Ein furchtbar Regiment!
Es zogen wilde Horden
Straflos durch das Geländ;
Da ging der Rath in Eile
Zur Kaiſerburg hinan:
„Frau Kaiſ'rin, ohne Weile
Wählt einen andern Mann!"

Das ſah auf ſeinem Throne
Der liebe Herr Gott an,
Daß ſeines Dieners Krone
Ein And'rer ſollte han,
Er hielt den Karl gar werthe,
Weil er ihm diente treu,
Die Heiden fromm bekehrte,
Voll ſteter heil'ger Scheu.

D'rum wählt' er aus den Schaaren
Der Engel einen aus,
Der mußte eiligſt fahren
Zu Kaiſer Karl hinaus:
„Mach dich, du Held! von hinnen,
Es ſchleicht daheim Verrath,
Drei Tage noch — gewinnen
Mußt du bis da die Stadt!"

Da ſtand ein Mann im Heere
Das ſtärkſte Roß ihm ab,
Das trug ihn ſammt der Wehre
Wohl in die Stadt zu Raab;
Es that am andern Morgen
Zum zweiten Mal den Lauf,
Und bracht' ihn wohlgeborgen
Gen Paſſau nun hinauf.

Hier tauſcht's der Held am Abend
Für ein ſchön' Füllen aus,
Das trug ihn, luſtig trabend,
Den dritten Tag nach Haus!
Fürwahr! das war ein Jagen!
Bei hundert funfzehn Raſt,
Die ritt in dreien Tagen
Der gottgeſandte Gaſt! —

Zu Aachen ging's gar heiter,
Da ging's gar luſtig her,
Es dachte Keiner weiter
Des alten Kaiſers mehr!
Der zog indeß zur Stunde
Bei einem Wirthe ein,
Nahm ſich von Allem Kunde,
Ging dann in's Kämmerlein;

Ließ einen Wächter kommen,
Den hat er in's Geding
Auf dieſe Nacht genommen
Für ſeinen goldnen Ring;
Des Lohnes der ſich freute —
Indeß der Kaiſer ſchlief —
Und als bei'm Frühgeläute
Er ihn vom Schlummer rief:

Da ſprang er auf behende,
That an ein reich Gewand
Und band das Schwert zur Lende
Und gab dem Wirth die Hand;
Es mochte, wär's geweſen
Bei Tag, wohl Mancher halt,
So ſtattlich war ſein Weſen,
So herrlich die Geſtalt!

Am Burgthor eingetroffen,
Fand er es wohl verwahrt:
„Nur d'runter durchgeſchloffen,
Hier iſt's die beſte Art!“
Doch, Herr, Ihr wollt mich necken,
Kein zweites iſt zur Hand,
Ihr würdet arg beflecken
Eu'r köſtliches Gewand.

„Ha!“ ſprach der Held mit Lachen,
„Was mach' ich mir daraus!
Ich habe ſolcher Sachen
Die Fülle noch zu Haus.“
Er ging zum Dome leiſe
Und ſaß in aller Früh'
Im Stuhl nach alter Weiſe
Das Schwert baar über's Knie!

Wie ſo der Meßner ſchaute
Den allgewalt'gen Mann,
Entfloh er und vertraute
Dem Biſchof 's eilig an;
Der hieß zwo Kerzen bringen,
Trat vor mit dem Geleit —
Da gab's ein Knieumſchlingen,
Ein Jubeln allerweit.

Er wird vom Volk getragen
Zur Kaiſerin in's Schloß,
Die fühlt ein Bangen, Zagen,
Und ihre Furcht iſt groß!
„Dein Bräutigam iſt kommen!“
Karl freudig zu ihr ſpricht,
„D'rum ſei der Furcht benommen,
Gott läßt die Seinen nicht!“

Der König von Rom.

Der Morgen kam, und mit ihm in die Hallen
  Der Kaiſerburg trat feſtes Schrittes der Tod;
Von allen Häuptern, die ihm hier verfallen,
  Keins einen ſchmerzlich trübern Anblick bot,
Als das, zu dem er ſich betrachtend wandte:
  Seht da, ſo ſprach er, welch' ein Antlitz dies!
Hab' manches angeſchaut, ich, der Geſandte
  Des finſteren Verhängniſſes, ich ließ
Gar manches Herz in vollem Schlage ſtocken;
  Doch freudig wär' ich dem Gebot entflohn,
Die Hand zu legen auf die braunen Locken
  Dir, theurer Sprößling des Napoleon!
Wie Blumen ohne Duft und ohne Farbe
  Faßt' ich die Menge mit der Fauſt von Erz!
Doch wer ſich band des Ruhmes manche Garbe,
  Dem leg' ich ruhig ſtolz die Hand auf's Herz.
An Roſ' und Lilie haft' ich mit den Blicken
  Und weide mich an ihrer Duftgeſtalt,
Eh' ich die Hand ausſtrecke, ſie zu knicken,
  Als Werkzeug der zerſtörenden Gewalt.
Und fällt' ich je der ſtolzen Cedern eine,
  An ihrem Stamme lehnt' ich mich zuvor,
Wo in der Dämm'rung ahnungsreichem Scheine
  Ich ſtaunend in Betrachtung mich verlor.
Nun ſprach' ich wohl, im Auge Thränenblinken,
  Wie einſt Rom's Scipio bei Carthago's Flamme:
Es kommt der Tag, da Priam's Burg wird ſinken,
  Sammt Priamos und Priam's Heldenſtamme! —
Wie heut' bei Dir, Du ſchöner, bleicher Knabe,
  So ſaß ich einſt zu Deines Vaters Haupt,
Schon auf der letzten Stufe zu dem Grabe
  Ward er noch einmal mit dem Sieg umlaubt.
Inmitten des Gewühls, im Schlachtendrange,
  Im Schooß der alten Garde, fern und nah
Vom Vive l'Empereur mit tauſendfachem Klange
  Stand er begrüßt im letzten Siege da!
Da trat ich nah' und in die ehrnen Arme
  Schloß ich den ehrnen Mann mit feſtem Sinn!
Erwacht ja wär' er nur zu neuem Harme,
  D'rum trug ich raſch zu ſeinen Garden ihn.
Du ſah'ſt ſie oft, als, noch den Sieg im Schilde,
  Der Kaiſer Dich auf ſeinen Armen trug,
Die Schaar, die einſtens ſchwur bei Deinem Bilde
  Und Rußland dann auf Rußlands Feldern ſchlug!
Die alte Schaar, die mir vertraulich nickte,
  Als altem Freund, ging ich an ihr entlang,
Die unverwandten Blicks die Hand mir drückte,
  Mit Vive l'Empereur mir in die Arme ſank!
Nach ihnen, Sohn des Schickſals, ſtand Dein Sehnen,
  Wenn Dich der Traum verſcholl'ner Tag' umfing,
Da fühlteſt Du die Bruſt ſich ſchmerzlich dehnen,
  Weil ja Dein Stern mit ihrem unterging!
Und Deine Hand nun nimmer darf erfaſſen
  Von Mont St. Jean des Racheſchwertes Griff,
Das wohl Europa's Kön'ge macht' erblaſſen,
  Wenn's Deine Vorzeit aus dem Grabe rief!
Wenn Du den Adler weckt'ſt in jenem Horſte,
  Wo er verzaubert Deines Rufes harrt,
Auf's neu' ihm übergab'ſt die alten Forſte,
  Als Hüter ihn ſtell'ſt auf die Alpenwart!
Doch dem Verhängniß, das ſein harrt hienieden,
  Iſt Keiner noch der Sterblichen entflohn,
Es bricht herein, unabwendbar beſchieden,
  Sprach ſinkend Pergam's unglückstrauter Sohn.
Wo Schmerz Dich foltert, und zernagt der Kummer,
  Dein Vater — hier im ſelbigen Gemach —
Nach dreißig Siegen lag er hier im Schlummer,
  Der Aar von Wagram ſaß am Bette wach!
Und Du! und Du! — O Sproß des Ruhms, es haben
  Entzückt im Arm Dich Kön'ge oft gewiegt,
Doch als ſie Deines Vaters Schwert begraben,
  War ihrer Liebe dürft'ger Quell verſiegt!
Doch daß ſie Dir kein fromig Mitleid ſpenden,
  Ward ich zu dieſer Stunde hergeſandt,
Auf ewig wahr' ich Dich vor ihren Händen
  Und trag' hinweg Dich ſanft aus dieſem Land.
Den Adler Deiner Hoffnungen, ihn machte
  Der Blitz für immer jüngſtens ſchwingenlahm,
Und wie ich Deine Züge nun betrachte,
  Seh' ich mit Luſt, daß ich willkommen kam. —
Ha! ich verſteh' Euch, — ſeh den Vater winken,
  Von ſeinen Garden, wie vordem, umſchaart,
In ſeinen Händen Kron' und Scepter blinken,
  Die er auf ewig nun Dir treu bewahrt!
Horch! wie es rauſcht, die alten Schwerter klirren,
  Die Banner Deines Hauſes mahnend wehn —
Wohlan, ich will Dein Schickſal Dir entwirren,
  Und Du, o Sohn, ſollſt zu dem Vater gehn!

Hermann Rollett

ward geboren am 20. Auguſt 1819 in Baden bei Wien. Die ſchöne Natur des Geburtsortes weckte früh in ihm die Keime ſeines poetiſchen Talentes, ſo wie auch das frühe Bekanntwerden mit den wiſſenſchaftlichen Sammlungen und den vielen berühmten Freunden ſeines, 1842 in Baden als ausgezeichneter Arzt verſtorbenen Vaters, in ihm den Sinn für Wiſſenſchaft und höheres Leben mächtig erregte. Nach vollendeter Gymnaſialbildung machte er zu Wien philoſophiſche Studien, widmete ſich aber bei der Vorliebe ſeines Vaters für den praktiſchen Beruf und bei ſeinem eigenen Intereſſe für Naturwiſſenſchaft, ſeit 1838 der Chemie und Pharmacie, ohne jedoch aufzuhören, die Ausbildung ſeiner poetiſchen Anlagen und die Läuterung ſeines regen Sinnes für allen geiſtigen Fortſchritt, als die Hauptaufgabe ſeines Lebens zu betrachten. 1844 weilte er einige Zeit in Schwaben bei Juſtinus Kerner, dem er ſeine erſte Liederſammlung gewidmet hatte, ſeit dem Herbſt 1843 lebte er in Jena und ging dann wieder nach Süd-Deutſchland.

Von ihm erſchien:

Liederkränze. Wien bei Gerold 1842.
Frühlingsboten aus Oeſterreich. Jena bei Luden 1845.
Deutſchkatholiſches Reformationslied. Weimar bei Hoffmann 1845.

Ein anmuthiges phantaſiereiches Talent, voll Eifer für Wahrheit und Recht, das aber zu früh hervorgetreten iſt und noch der Erfahrung und der Korrectheit bedarf, um mehr, als vorübergehende Geltung zu erlangen.

Aus den „Frühlingsboten.“

Frühlingsgeſang.

Das Leben iſt erſtanden mit Glanz und Frühlingspracht —
Das hat aus ſtarren Banden die Liebe frei gemacht.
Die Blüthenkeime treiben zum Himmel unbewußt —
Wer mag zu Hauſe bleiben, wenn draußen ſolche Luſt!

Lebt wohl, ihr welken Blätter, ihr Worte kalt und grau —
Lebendiges Geſchmetter lockt nun in grüne Au.
Leb' wohl, du todte Feder mit deinem ſchwarzen Gift —
Geweihtere hat jeder Zaunkönig auf der Trift.

Viel größ're Weisheit flüſtert wohl jedes Blatt am Baum
Als mir entgegen düſtert aus engem Bücherraum.
Leb' wohl, leb' wohl Geſinge, vom Gänſekiel geweiht,
Leb' wohl, du todte Schwinge, Du Bücherſeligkeit! —

Doch kehr' ich einmal wieder, wenn Strauch und Baum entlaubt,
Dann ſeh ich traurig nieder mit tiefgeſenktem Haupt.
Dann will ich wieder blättern in ſehnſuchtsvoller Qual,
Ob noch nicht aus den Wettern befreit der Sonnenſtrahl;

Ob noch nicht aufgeſchoſſen des Geiſtes grüne Saat,
Ob noch nicht, glanzumfloſſen, der Völkerfrühling naht.
Dann will ich wieder ſingen der Sehnſucht vollen Drang —
Mit todten Federſchwingen lebendigen Geſang.

Sonett.

(Aus einem größern Cyclus.)

Beginnt zu ſchlagen, Freiheitsnachtigallen!
Die Nacht iſt günſtig eurem lauten Sange,
Laß uns dein Silberglöcklein läutend ſchallen
Du Waldkirchlein, auf dem Befreiungsgange.

Und du, o Frühling, laß uns Roſen fallen
Auf unſ're, längſt im Schmerz erbleichte Wange,
Laß endlich uns auf grüner Erde wallen —
Die Nacht iſt kalt, der Winter iſt ſo lange!
Doch ſchwand des Kerkers rabenſchwarz Gefieder,
Und ſtarb die Nacht, die grämliche Alraune,
Dann ſchweigt ihr trüben Nachtigallenlieder!
Dann heben wir das trunk'ne Auge wieder,
Daß es der Lerche lauten Flug beſtaune
Des freien Tages ſchallender Poſaune.

Zeitgedichte.

Hochgeſchwungen! Hochgeſchwungen!
Unſ're Lieder blankes Schwert,
Daß der Kampf der Dämmerungen
Sich in hellen Sieg verkehrt.

Jeder, dem es mag gelingen
Sei zu lautem Sang bereit,
Daß wir ſie uns bald erſingen
Unſrer Freiheit goldne Zeit.

Aber in der Rüſtung Golde
Denkt auch mild im ernſten Streit,
Und vergeßt mir nicht die Holde,
Ewigſchöne Frühlingszeit.

Und vergeßt mir nicht den Glauben
An der Wälder grüne Pracht,
An das Glück in kühlen Lauben
Und in ſüßer Sternennacht.

Und ein Lied aus grünen Bäumen,
Das im Lenz von Jubel ſpricht,
Und im Herbſt von Frühlingsträumen —
Iſt ja auch ein Zeitgedicht.

Waldeszauber.

Und ſchreit' ich in den Wald hinaus,
Da grüßen mich die Bäume.
Du liebes, freies Gotteshaus
Du ſchließeſt mich mit Sturmgebraus
In deine kühlen Räume.

Da ſink' ich an das laute Herz
Der Einſamkeit des Waldes —
Das größte Leid wird ſüßer Schmerz,
Auf Liederſchwingen himmelwärts
Verklingt es und verhallt es.

Geheimes Flüſtern hier und dort,
Verborg'nes Quellenrauſchen —
O Wald, o Wald, geweihter Ort,
Laß mich der Liebe reinſtes Wort
An deiner Bruſt belauſchen!

Was leiſe mich umſchwebt, umklingt, —
Ich will es treu bewahren,
Und was in Klarheit mich durchdringt,
Will ich vom Geiſt der Lieb' beſchwingt,
In Liedern offenbaren!

Ein Baum.

Im grünen Walde ſteht ein alter Baum
So wie verſenkt in ſchmerzlichen Gedanken;
Sein Frühling ſchwand, — nur wie ein Jugendtraum
Umarmen ſeinen Stamm noch grüne Ranken.

Ihn rühren nicht mit ihrem hellſten Sang
Der Frühlingsſänger jubelvolle Lieder,
Und auf des Baches frohen Wellendrang
Sieht ungerührt der alte Träumer nieder.

Er mag nicht blühen mehr — kaum daß er grünt.
Die Zeit hat ihm das Mark ſchon ausgezogen,
Sein Geiſt, der oft des Winters Schuld geſühnt,
Iſt längſt als Duft in's All dahingeflogen.

Du alter Baum! was blickſt du ſo voll Gram
Auf all die Roſen rings im grünen Thale,
Warum willſt Du nur, wenn der Frühling kam,
Dich nicht vermählen mit dem Sonnenſtrahle!

Verjünge dich im kühlen Morgenthau,
Erſtarke in des Waldbachs klaren Wellen,
Und blick' hinauf in's milde Himmelsblau,
Und laſſe dich von Stürmen nicht zerſchellen!

Da rauſcht es durch die Zweige wunderbar
Mit geiſterſtillem, märchenhaftem Klingen,
Und aus dem Baume hörte ich es klar
Mit leiſen Tönen mir entgegen ſingen:

Ich bin ein Zeuge der Vergangenheit!
Derſelbe Sturm, der in verklungnen Tagen
Die Aſche deiner Väter hat zerſtreut,
Hat meinen Keim an dieſen Ort getragen.

Mit grüner Luſt trieb ich zum Himmelsraum,
Umkoſt von Lüftchen und von Nachtigallen,
Auch ich verträumte meinen Frühlingstraum
In ſchattenkühlen, grünen Blätterhallen.

In meines Dunkels ſtiller Einſamkeit
Hat manches Vöglein ſich ein Lied erſonnen,
Und manches Herz hab ich zur Lieb' geweiht,
Wenn ich es ſtill mit meinem Grün umſponnen.

Ich wuchs heran, ich wurde groß und ſtark,
Da fühlt' ich's heiß durch meine Adern dringen,
Ich jauchzte ſchon, daß meiner Aeſte Mark
Ein kühner Arm als Lanze würde ſchwingen.

Ich ſah entzückt ſchon meiner Zweige Grün
Als Siegesſchmuck in kampfgeweihten Händen,
Und meiner Krone traumerfülltes Blühn
Dem ſchönſten Kranze Duft und Blüthe ſpenden.

Ich armer Baum! Ich träumte mir ein Glück,
Das Tauſenden im Walde zugefallen, —
Nur mich allein ließ man im Schmerz zurück,
Als Sarg nicht einmal durfte ich zerfallen.

Und nicht einmal in Stücke klein zerſägt,
Durft ich ein Kämmerlein mit Glut erwärmen,
In dem ein müdes Haupt ſich träumend legt,
Um auszuruhen von des Tages Lärmen.

Und ich erhebe, tief in Schmerz getaucht,
Zum Himmel meiner Zweige dürre Arme,
Daß ſich ein Blitz, in dem mein Geiſt verraucht,
Des morſchen Baums im grünen Wald erbarme!

Stille Freude.

Was weinſt du, Blümlein, im Morgenſchein?
Das Blümlein lachte: was fällt Dir ein!
Ich bin ja fröhlich, ich weine nicht —
Die Freudenthräne durch's Aug' mir bricht!

Ich frug das Bächlein: Was rinnſt du dahin
Wie ein Thränenſtrom durchs Wieſengrün?
Da klang es heraus aus der Wellenbruſt:
Mein Strömen iſt Freude, iſt Brauſen der Luſt!

Du Morgenhimmel biſt blutig roth,
Als läg deine Sonne im Meere todt!
Da lacht der Himmel und ruft mich an:
Ich ſtreue ja Roſen auf ihre Bahn!

Und flammend zog die Sonne hervor,
Die Blumen blühten jubelnd empor,
Des Baches Wellen jauchzten auf,
Und die Sonne lachte freudig d'rauf.

Schwanengeſang.

Die Roſe Deiner Liebe iſt verblüht,
Doch hat mein Sang ſie klagend überdauert,
Und Eins erhebt im Schmerze mein Gemüth,
Daß Dir mein Lied die Seele tief durchſchauert.

Ich nahm Dich in mein ganzes Weſen auf,
Und nimmer werd ich Deiner mich entringen,
Vielleicht, daß ich in trüber Stunden Lauf
Dich liebevoll in Liedern kann beſingen.

Es war ein kurzes, allzukurzes Glück,
Daß ich Dein Herz in Liebe ganz beſeſſen, —
Da mahnte Dich die Pflicht — ich gab's zurück,
Doch ford're nicht ich ſolle Dich vergeſſen.

Was ich vermag, ich will es freudig thun.
Ich will mein lautes Herz zur Stille zwingen,
Gebieten ſeinen Stürmen, daß ſie ruhn,
Und ſeinen Liedern, daß ſie nimmer klingen.

Dafür will ich, von Deiner Lieb' geweiht,
Mit meinen Träumen liebend Dich umſchweben,
Und, aus den Tiefen meiner Einſamkeit
Dich über mich gedankenvoll erheben.

Ich will dafür in ſchmerzlicher Geduld
Das Angedenken Deiner Liebe tragen,
Und, ob ſo groß denn meines Herzens Schuld,
Ein ſtillbewahrtes, trocknes Röslein fragen.

Und, wenn die Träume an ein fremdes Glück
Zu Liedern werden ohne mein Verſchulden,
So denke an mein erſtes Lied zurück,
Und liebevoll wirſt Du mein letztes dulden!

Todesmorgen.

Wenn einſt der Morgen, lichtumweht
Auf meinem Grabe auferſteht,
Dann möcht' ich wohl die Blumen ſehn,
Wie ſie dem Glanz entgegenwehn.

Dann möcht' ich ſehn die Roſengluth,
In deren Schutz der Sänger ruht,
In deren Duft das Sängerherz
Noch freudig wogt himmelwärts.

Denn all die reiche Liederſchaar,
Die noch in meinem Herzen war
An Sonnenpracht, an Morgenluft,
Verhaucht das Grab als Roſenduft.

Ein Sonntag.

Das Leben will ſich neu geſtalten —
Ein unaufhaltbar freier Drang,
Zerreißt als Blitz die Nacht der alten,
Verſunknen Zeit mit lautem Klang.

Ein Sonntag wars. In ſtiller Feier
Zog durch das Dorf des Friedens Ruh,
Und alle Herzen ſchlugen freier
Dem milden Geiſt der Stille zu.
Die arbeitmüden Hände ruhten,
Und nur das Herz ſprach doppelt laut
In des Gebetes heil'gen Gluthen,
Das gläubig auf den Himmel baut.

In einer Stube, karg erleuchtet
Vom Sonnenſtrahl, der kaum ſich drängt
Durch das Gezweig, das, thaubefeuchtet,
Die alte Hütte grün umhängt,
Da ſitzt ein Greis mit weißem Haare,
Der Würde und des Ernſtes Bild,
Sein Aug' das einſt ſo helle, klare,
Iſt wohl getrübt ſchon, doch noch mild.
Er ſitzt mit tief geſenktem Haupte
Den müden Geiſt in ſich gekehrt,

Und wenn die Zeit die Kraft ihm raubte,
Das Alter hat ihn dort verklärt.

Und bald erhebt er ſich zum Gange
Ins Kirchlein, mit gebeugtem Leib,
Die Glocke ruft mit hellem Klange
Ihn fort von dem geliebten Weib.
Die bleibt daheim — kann nimmer heben
Das müde Sein zu frommem Sang,
Des Mundes welke Lippen beben,
Der einſt wohl helle Lieder ſang.
Und ihre Augen werden naſſer,
Sie küßt den Mann mit frommem Spruch,
Beſprengt ſich mit geweihtem Waſſer
Und blättert ſtill im Bibelbuch. —
Doch kaum hat ſie das Buch genommen,
Ruft laut ſie ihren Sohn herein,
Der liebevoll war heimgekommen
Zum Vater alt, zum Mütterlein,
Und nun im Schatten lag verſunken
Des Laubgewindes, das ſo kühl
Umwehte ſeines Herzens Funken
Und ſeiner Sehnſucht Glutgefühl. —

Und wie er kommt hereingetreten,
Umarmt ſie ihn mit Thränen lind:
Nicht einmal Sonntags willſt Du beten? —
O mein verlaſſnes, armes Kind!
Vor Weinen kann ſie nicht mehr ſprechen.
Hält zitternd nur den lieben Sohn,
Der ihr das Herz nicht wollte brechen
Und liebend ſprach: Ich geh ja ſchon!

Und ſchweigend, ſinnend ging er wieder
In's kühle Laubgewind hinaus, —
Es ſtieg ſein Geiſt zum Herzen nieder,
Und heiß klang dieß Gebet heraus:

Du dunkle Nacht, die nie enthüllte.
Die lebenbringend Raum und Zeit
Mit wundervoller Kraft erfüllte
Aus dunk'lem Schooß der Ewigkeit.
O richte auf die ſchwachen Seelen,
Dring in der Völker tiefſtes Mark
Daß für die Nacht das Licht ſie wählen
Und mache ſie geſund und ſtark!
Gib ihnen jenen Ernſt des Lebens,
Der ſie es bald erkennen läßt,
Daß des Gebetes Schrei vergebens,
Das ihnen nur die Furcht erpreßt.

Und laß die Menſchheit heiß entbrennen
In der Erkenntniß Lebensſtrahl,
Daß ſie erſchüttert mög erkennen,
Was ſie beglücken mag zumal!
Dann wird, ſtatt todtesblaſſen Lehren
Erdichteter Vergangenheit
Der neue Geiſt dem Volk erklären
Die neue Lehre neuer Zeit.
Dann wird der Keim der Menſchenrechte
In Kinderherzen ſchon gelegt
Und mit dem wachſenden Geſchlechte
Zur ſchönſten Blüthe großgepflegt.
Und ſtatt des Büchleins, von Geſchichten
Des Pfaffenwitzes voll und ſchlecht,
Wird dann der Geiſt ein neues Dichten,
Das wird ſich nennen: Thue Recht!
Und in den Räumen hoher Dome
Verſtummt das heulende Geſchrei,
Der alten Nacht verjagter Gnome
Flieht aus der Welt und — ſie wird frei.
Und von der Kanzel wird erſchallen
Kein Höllenſchreck, kein Feuertod,
Das Wort der Liebe nur wird wallen
Wie Sonnenſchein das Morgenroth!

So rief er laut und in dem Reigen
Der Flamme, die ihn hell umwand,
Sah er es nicht, daß nah mit Schweigen
Der greiſe Vater horchend ſtand. —
Stumm ging der Alte in die Stube,
Da klagt ſein Weib gleich thränenſchwer:
Dein Sohn bringt uns noch in die Grube —
Nicht einmal beten will er mehr!

Der Alte drauf mit ernſter Miene:
Sei ruhig Weib und gib Dich drein,
Bedenk,' ob er dies Wort verdient, —
Sei gut, mein altes Mütterlein!
Wir halten nicht den Drang der Zeiten.
Wir ahnen kaum der Zeit Gewalt,
Laß gläubig uns zur Grube ſchreiten,
Wir ſind ſchon ſchwach, wir ſind ſchon alt.
Wir können nicht die Macht verwehren,
Die greiſend neue Bahnen weiſt —
Die Erde wird noch viel gebären,
Und viel beſiegen wird der Geiſt..

Das Leben wird ſich neu geſtalten —
Ein unaufhaltbar freier Drang
Zerreißt als Blitz die Nacht der alten,
Verſunk'nen Zeit mit lautem Klang.

Friedrich von Sallet

ward am 20. April 1812 zu Neiße in Schleſien geboren, erhielt eine treffliche wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, trat ſpäter in preußiſche Dienſte als Offizier, nahm aber nach einigen Jahren ſeinen Abſchied, und privatiſirte. Er ſtarb am 21. Februar 1843 zu Reichau.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Die wahnſinnige Flaſche. Heroiſches Epos in zwei Sitzungen. Trier 1838.
Funken. (Größtentheils Satyriſches.) Von einem in der belletriſtiſchen Literatur ſchon ziemlich bekannten Dichter. Trier 1838.
Schön Irla. Ein Mährchen. Trier 1838.
Laien-Evangelium. Breslau 1842. N. A. 1844.
Geſammelte Gedichte. Breslau. 1843.
Leben und Wirken, nebſt Mittheilungen aus dem lyriſchen Nachlaſſe deſſelben. Mit F. v. S. Bildniß. Breslau 1844.
Die Atheiſten und Gottloſen unſerer Zeit. Leipzig 1844.
Zur Erläuterung des zweiten Theils von Göthe's Fauſt. Für Frauen geſchrieben.
Sämmtliche Schriften. Breslau 1845 fgde. 3 Bände.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

F. von Sallet, lebhaft von den Ideen der Gegenwart ergriffen, aber weder gründlich genug durchgebildet, noch in ſeinem Inneren klar genug um dieſelben ſich und Anderen zur deutlichen Anſchauung zu bringen und ſie in richtiger Auffaſſung poetiſch zu geſtalten, gefiel ſich in Paradoxen und Extremen und ſprang, ohne zur wahren Ruhe, welche die künſtleriſche Production durchaus erfordert, gelangen zu können, von einem Gegenſatze zum andern. Während er ſich in ſeinen erſten Leiſtungen in einem oft ſehr gezwungenen Humor gefiel und an Uebertreibungen ſeine Freude hatte, wandte er ſich in den ſpäteren vorzugsweiſe einer durch äußeren Schmuck glänzenden didactiſchen Richtung zu, durch welche er ſich bemühte, ſeinen Theil zur Löſung der großen Lebensfragen, die unſere Zeit bewegen, beizutragen, bedachte aber nicht, daß Solches weder die Aufgabe der Poeſie iſt noch dieſe hier zu genügen vermag. Mit reicher Phantaſie und guten Anlagen ausgerüſtet würde er vielleicht ſpäter Bedeutendes erreicht haben, wenn dem talentvollen und mit Ernſt ſtrebenden Jünglinge das Geſchick ein längeres Leben vergönnt hätte.

Die Weiſen aus dem Morgenlande.

O Morgenland! wie ein Erinnern ſchallend,
Wie Heimweh zieht's nach deinen Märchenfernen.
Hier lag die Menſchheit in der Wiege lallend,
Und langte ſpielend nach des Himmels Sternen. —

In Taumel toſend und in Stumpfſinn brütend,
Wich dein Geſchlecht aus ſchöner Menſchheit Gleiſe;
Doch ſann der Kindheit Tiefſinn ſtill behütend,
Im Schatten deines Hain's manch fromme Weiſe.

Was vor uns ſteht im Taglicht der Erkenntniß,
Fühlteſt du leis durch deine Träume wallen;
Was unſer Geiſt erkämpfte dem Verſtändniß,
Iſt dir als Spielzeug in den Schooß gefallen.

In dir auch wachte mächtig auf ein Ahnen
Vom Gott, der in der Bruſt des Menſchen wohne,
Und deine Weiſen folgten froh den Bahnen
Des Sterns zum neugebornen Menſchenſohne.

Sie boten fromm ihm Weihrauch, Gold und Myrrhen,
Und beugten ihre Knie dem Lichtgedanken,
Bis ſie heimkehrend, auf des Weges Irren,
Vergeſſend in ihr altes Träumen ſanken. —

Doch was dich einſt durchzuckt mit Blitzesſchnelle,
Das wird auf's Neue deine Völker wecken,
Und Gottbewußtſein, heiter, frei und helle,
Durchwandelt ſiegend deine Länderſtrecken.

Dann werden deine goldnen Traumesſchätze
Des Weſtens Geiſte dargebracht als Gabe,
Daß Mannesgeiſt an Blüthenhauch ſich letze,
Und Kindesſinn an reifer Frucht ſich labe.

Jeſus in Aegypten.

Aegypten! Land der heil'gen Ahnungsnacht,
Wo Helena geträumt in Dämmerungen,
Aus deiner Steinerſtarrung herber Pracht,
Hat heit're Schönheit einſt ſich freigerungen,

Erfriſchend, doch erfüllend nicht den Geiſt,
Der ſtets nach ſeinen eig'nen Tiefen fortſtrebt;
Bis Gott aus dir, wie der Prophet verheißt,
Zurückrief ſeinen Sohn, in dem ſein Wort lebt,

Die Mutter, flüchtend, trug das heil'ge Kind
Durch deine ſtummen, quellendurſt'gen Oeden.
Du Maienblüthe, lächelnd hell und lind,
Im Wald von Steingebilden, finſtren ſpröden!

Dort lagert laſtend rieſ'ger Sphinxe Schaar
In unabſehbar'n Reih'n zum Tod erſtarrt;
Ein Räthſel jede, das ſich ſelbſt nicht klar,
Schwer bangend auf das Wort der Löſung harrt.

Thurmhoch ragt der Memnonen Haupt in's Blaue,
Als wollten ſie den Himmel ernſt befragen;
Leis tönt es, taucht das Licht aus Morgengrau,
In ihrer Bruſt, als wollt's auch drinnen tagen.

Rings zwiſchen Göttermißgeſtalten prangt
Ein ſeltſam Schriftgewirr von Säul' und Wänden;
Dem Forſcher, der nach Aufſchluß heiß verlangt,
Kann ſelbſt die Schrift kein lebend Wort mehr ſpenden.

So rang der Geiſt nach des Bewußtſeins Wort,
Und thürmte, wilden Drang's, nur dumpfe Maſſen,
Doch jetzt! — ſpringt ihr nicht auf, ihr Sphinxe dort?
Hier iſt das Wort, das lehrt, ſich ſelbſt erfaſſen.

Memnonen, die der Stummheit Nacht bedeckt,
Jauchzt ihr nicht auf in hellen Siegsgetönen!
Hier iſt das Licht, das alle Geiſter weckt,
Das euch und alles Todte wird erlöſen.

Ihr Pyramiden berſtet bis zum Grund,
Wie jeder finſtre Grabesgang ſich lichtet!
Thut jenes Kindes Lächeln euch nicht kund,
Wie ganz vergebens ihr empor euch ſchichtet?

Ein ſchließt ihr Leichen, grauſig anzuſeh'n
Auf daß ſie manch' Jahrtauſend überdauern;
Da tönt das Wort: Die Todten auferſteh'n:
Und freien Geiſtern weichen eure Mauern. —

Fort Jeſuskind aus ſtummer Wüſte fort!
Du ſahſt den Geiſt erſtarrt in Kerkerhallen:
Von freien Bergen ſpricht das freie Wort,
Von dem auf ewig ſeine Ketten fallen!

Die Wiedergeburt.

Wahrlich, wer nicht von Neuem wird geboren,
Kann das Reich Gottes nimmermehr erſchauen.
Wie Du da biſt mit Händen, Augen, Ohren,
Hüllt Todesſchweigen Dich und Dämmergrauen.

Ob Du auch ſchonend pflegſt die Blüth' am Zweige,
Erkennend, daß die Frucht Dich laben werde;
Ob, ſorgſam, Du um Korn und Wein und Feige
Mit ſaurer Arbeit gräbſt und düngſt die Erde:

Ob Du auch in den drängenden Geſtalten
Der Welt erſchauſt verſtändige Bezirkung,
Die unvergänglich, regelrechtes Walten
Im Wechſelſpiel von Urſach und von Wirkung.

Ja, magſt Du aus des Urwerks Gange ſchließen
Auf eines einſichtsvollen Meiſters Hände,
Dich vor dem Gütigen in Dank ergießen,
Der Dich verſorgt mit jeder Lebensſpende:

Doch wirſt Du Fleiſch, vom Fleiſch geboren, bleiben,
Und fleiſchlich iſt Dein Denken und Begehren.
Für Dich zur Holzung ſiehſt Du Wälder treiben,
Für Dich zum Schmauſe reifen Obſt und Aehren.

Du ſelbſt biſt eine Denk- und Eßmaſchiene,
Gemacht, die Welt beſtändig zu genießen,
Und hinter ihr ſteckt mit beſorgter Miene
Ein Greis, und hilft Dir Deine Flur begießen. —

So biſt Du wahrlich nicht in Gottes Reiche!
Du klebeſt ſelber Stoff am Stoff, dem ſchweren.
Auf denn! daß die Verdunkelung entweiche,
Mußt Du Dich, aus dem Geiſte neu gebären.

Wie einſt die Sündfluth, wühlend wild und wilder,
Hinweggeſchwemmt die Welt, die arg verderbte:
So werd aus Dir der Wuſt der Schattenbilder
Gefeget der vom Fleiſch Dir angeerbte.

Die Tiefe deck' ein fluthendes Vergeſſen,
Des Nichts Abgrund muß in Dir, dräuend klaffen,
Daß ſich, vereinſamt, mag Dein Geiſt vermeſſen,
Sich Welt und Gott neu aus ſich ſelbſt zu ſchaffen

Da weht ein muthig friſches Schöpfungswehen!
Du ſiehſt, verklärt zu lebenden Gedanken,
Die Weltenbilder alle neu erſtehen,
Die erſt als Leichen in den Abgrund ſanken.

Ein Baum ſchießt auf, dran ſchwankt der Sterne Reigen,
Als gold'ne Früchte, helle Blüthenkerzen,
Von Worten Gottes rauſcht es in den Zweigen,
Und Wurzel ſchlägt der Baum in Deinem Herzen.

Die Welt iſt nicht ein Garten, Dir zur Nahrung
(So hörſt Du droben gold'ne Vögel ſchmettern);
Sie iſt des Geiſtes ew'ge Offenbarung,
Daß Gott ſich künd' im Säuſeln und in Wettern.

Schon Gottes Reich in geiſtigen Geſtalten
Zeugt es ſich ewig fort, ſo ſtark wie milde.
Du auch, im Geiſte ſollſt Dich fortentfalten
Und offenbaren, rein, nach Gottes Bilde. —

Die Raupe, die das nächſte Blatt nur ſchaute,
Und lebte dumpf, in gierigem Verzehren,
Umſpann ſich bis ſie Todesnacht umgraute,
Um ſich zum Schmetterlinge zu verklären.

Der ſingt, gewiegt von goldnen Himmelslüften,
Von Reich zu Reich, wo tauſend Blüthen prunken.
So ſinge Du, geboren neu aus Grüften,
Von Welt zu Welt, vom Lichte Gottes trunken.

Selig ſind die Sanftmüthigen.

Nicht auf der Welt ſind wir, die Denkenden,
Daß wir verwirrt uns durch einander treiben,
Nicht daß die Völker und die Lenkenden
Sich, ohne Ziel, bekriegen und zerreiben.

Zerſpaltet in den Streit der Meinungen
Hat ſich die ewige, reine Wahrheit,
In der Geſchichte Glanzerſcheinungen
Des reinen Menſchenlebens ſtille Klarheit.

Und was ſich nimmermehr geſchieden hat,
So lang es ſtill im Geiſte Gottes ruhte,
Taucht nun, bis ſich's erfüllt hienieden hat,
Nach Raum und Zeit auf aus vergoſſnem Blute.

Es iſt kein thieriſches Begehren nur,
Das uns entſpornt zu ſolchem Tilgungskriege,
Es iſt des Moſtes ringend Gähren nur,
Bis daß des Weines milde Lichtkraft ſiege.

Die kläglich nur um Ruhe Flehenden,
Sie haben nicht erkannt den Kern des Lebens.
Die muthig in den Reihen Stehenden,
Ob ſie auch fallen, kämpften nicht vergebens.

Durch Jammern wird der Kampf nicht abgekürzt.
Ein Gottgedank iſt jedem Volk beſchieden;
Den führt es aus, und wird's hinabgeſtürzt:
Hat's näher doch gebracht der Wahrheit Frieden.

Alſo muß Zeit auf Zeit erfüllen ſich,
Durch Menſchen-Kraft und That mit Wort und Stahle;
Abſtreifen müſſen alle Hüllen ſich,
Bis daß der Kern der reinen Menſchheit ſtrahle.

Selig, wer in des Kampf's Nothwendigkeit
Erſchauen kann des Geiſt's Entfaltungsfreiheit,
Im Wechſel hohen Ziel's Beſtändigkeit,
Nicht wilden Würfelſpieles Einerleiheit.

Er ſchaut herab auf die Erbitterung
Des Kampf's im Thal von ſeiner heitren Alme,
Sieht aus des Schlachtgefild's Verwitterung
Sprießen der Wahrheit und des Friedens Palme.

Hin ſtirbt das Feldgeſchrei der Wüthigen,
Die Menſchheit ſammelt ſich um ſtille Heerde.
Selig vor allen die Sanftmüthigen!
Beſitzen werden ſie das Reich der Erde.

Das Reich Gottes iſt inwendig in Euch.

Die Phariſäer fragten, Thoren gleich,
Den Herrn, wann das Reich Gottes kommen werde.
Er ſprach, was denkt Ihr doch von Gottes Reich!
Nicht kommen wird's mit äußerer Geberde."

„Man wird nicht ſagen: hier iſt's, oder dort,
Noch auch: jetzt oder dann wird es beginnen.
Es iſt und war, doch nicht in Zeit und Ort,
Es iſt in Euch allein, im Geiſt tiefinnen." —

So ſprach der Herr. Ich aber hör' Euch noch
Tiefſeufzend ſchrein von 'nem Jammerthale,
Nach Freiheit ſchmachtend aus des Lebens Joch,
Aus Erdendunkeln nach des Himmels Strahle.

Thoren! Mit ſolchem Muth, ſo träg und klein,
Fühlt Ihr Euch nirgendwo in Gottes Reiche.
Die Nacht, der Knechtſchaft iſt in Euch allein,
Bis ſie, durch Euch, dem Licht, der Freiheit weiche.

Seid Ihr doch, wie ein Kind, unwiſſend, wild,
Frohlockend ob des Zauberſpiegels Welten,
Bis es, im Wahn, dahinter ſei das Bild,
Hineinſchlug toll, daß Glas und Bild zerſchellten. —

Kleinmüthig ſeufzt Ihr: Beſſer wird es dort!
Den Blick bethränt, zum blauen Aether erhoben.
Die Erde aber dreht ſich fort und fort,
Im Weltall giebt's kein Unten oder Oben.

Die Sterne, die des Nachts hernieder ſeh'n,
Rollen am Tag tief unter Euren Füßen.
Verſucht's! durchſchifft des Raumes Ozean,
Wo Welten ſich, vorüberſegelnd, grüßen,

Ihr ſchwebt und ſchwankt, umſpähend weit und breit,
Kein Feſtland rings, kein Port dem Kahn, dem matten.
Rings in der Wüſte der Unendlichkeit
Keiner Oaſe Quell und Palmenſchatten.

Kein Paradieſeseiland voll Muſik,
Wo Gott der Herr iſt Wirth und Feſtbereiter,
Preisgebend Eurem neugierfrohen Blick
Ein Menſchenangeſicht, ehrwürdig heiter.

Und zögt Ihr ſuchend auch von Stern zu Stern,
Nur wunderlich und fremd wird's Euch gemahnen;
Gott und ſein Reich, ſie ſind Euch ewig fern,
Wo Ihr ſie mitbringt nicht auf Euren Bahnen. —

Wagt's und ſeid innerlich von Gott erhellt! —
Aufjauchzt's wie Lerchen bei des Morgens Hauchen.
Da muß ſich rings die nachtumgraute Welt
In des Gedankens Roſenſchimmer tauchen.

Was Ihr ſo fern geſucht, es iſt ſo nah.
Jahrtauſende, und Meilenmillionen
Schwinden in nichts dahin, denn Gott iſt da;
Er herrſcht im Geiſt auf unſichtbaren Thronen.

Gott war Dir fern: Du ſahſt im Weltenall
Nur todten Stoff's maſchinenhafte Regung.
Gott lebt in Dir: in Schwung und Glanz und Schall
Fühlſt Du des Geiſtes ew'ge Fortbewegung.

Und läg'ſt Du tief in dumpfſter Kerkernacht:
Im Kerker kannſt Du Gottes Reich erbauen.
Auf ihn! er führt in Deines Herzens Schacht,
Vergöttlichend Dein Wollen, Sinnen, Schauen.

Was zeigſt Du trüb' jenſeits des Grabes hin?
Nicht Klage, rüſtig Wirken ſei Dein Hoffen.
Du biſt in Gott, Du warſt's von Anbeginn,
Und, hier wie dort, ſteht Dir der Himmel offen.

Die Reinigung des Tempels.

Er ging, auf heitrer Stirn der Menſchheit Siegel,
Und in der Bruſt der Gottheit ganze Fülle,
Zum Tempel. Wie des Liebehimmels Spiegel,
Zwei Bronnen gleich, die Augen hell und ſtille.

Um ſeinen Mund ſpielt Heldenkraft der Worte,
Von Lieblichkeit und Wohllaut leis gezügelt.
Schon drängt der Rede Strom ſich nach der Pforte,
Hervorzutönen, Well' um Well' beflügelt.

Wie wird ein jedes Herz, das er durchgleitet,
Erfriſcht, lebendig aufzublühn beginnen! —
Doch, wie der Meiſter durch die Halle ſchreitet,
Was ſchreckt mit eins ihn auf aus leiſem Sinnen?

Schon über ſeiner Stirne Himmelsklarheit
Jagt hin, verfinſternd, plötzlich Wolk' auf Wolke. —
Hier, wo das Wort des Geiſtes und der Wahrheit
Den todten Sinn ſoll wecken allem Volke:

Hier darf, thieriſch dazwiſchendröhnend, kränken
Gebrüll, Geblök von Ochſen und von Schafen!
Aufſchrecken ſoll, wer ſich in Gott will ſenken,
Weil Zahl und Geldgeklirr das Ohr ihm trafen!

Wo Alles, ja Dich ſelbſt, Du hin ſollſt geben:
Da wird gezankt, gemäkelt um den Groſchen? —
Schau Zornesblitz im Aug' ihm zuckend ſchweben,
Der längſt im Meer der Milde ſchien erloſchen.

Die Hand, die ſonſt nur ſegnet, ſpendet, heilet,
Flicht kräftig eine Geißel jetzt aus Stricken:
Den Mund, der nichts als Friedensgruß ertheilet,
Hört ihn des Grimmes Donner jetzt entſchicken!

Wie jach durchfährt das Krämervolk ſein Grollen!
Tiſch, Kaſten, Teller ſtürzen polternd, klirrend.
Sieh' dort und dort ein blitzend Goldſtück rollen,
Des Wechslers gierig folgend Aug' verwirrend.

Dumpf brüllend drängt das Vieh ſich nach der Pforte,
Dazwiſchen, gleich verblüfft, die Herrn zu ſehen.
Sie finden weder Gegenwehr noch Worte,
Begreifen kaum, wie ihnen iſt geſchehen.

„Was hat der Rabbi, und warum nur that er's?"
Denkt, voller Angſt entſpringend, mancher Bube.
„Ein Bethaus ſoll das Haus ſein meines Vaters;
Ihr machet zum Kaufhaus und zur Mördergrube." —

Und, gaffend rings, läßt ihn das Volk gewähren
Und, dumm erſtaunt, die Unter[illegible] hängen.
Kaum Einer weiß ſein Thun ſich zu erklären,
Nur mancher freut ſich roh am Lärm und Drängen. —

Ich faſſe Deinen Grimm. Denn ohne Zagen
Drang wieder ein das lauſige Gelichter,
Tempel'gen Schachers Brandmal ſeh' ich tragen
In Straß' und Saal das dritte der Geſichter.

Zahl iſt ihr Denken, ihr Gefühl Prozente,
Der Liebe Bund zum Kram herabgeſunken,
Des Mannes Werth wägt man nach ſeiner Rente,
Und unter'm Wuſt ſtarb jeder Himmelsfunken.

Sagt, was uns ſolch' Gezücht im Tempel tauge?
Denn Gottes weite Welt iſt Gottes Tempel,
So weit zu ſeinen Sternen ſchaut ein Auge,
So weit ein Geiſt trägt ſeines Geiſtes Stempel.

Könnt' ich ſie peitſchen mit gedrehten Seilen,
An's End der Welt hin ihre Tiſche ſtürzend! —
So ſchling' ich nur zur Geißel Liederzeilen,
Sie mit des Reimes feſten Knoten ſchürzend.

Sie aber ſpüren nichts von meinen Streichen;
Sie lächeln, achſelzuckend, ob dem Dichter,
Der jagt nach Schatten in des Traumes Reichen,
Und doch will ſein der Wirklichkeit ein Richter.

„Laßt ihm ſein Luftgebild! — Das Wahre, Rechte
Wägen wir lächelnd ja in vollen Händen." —
Ich aber ſag' Euch: Eins nur iſt das Rechte:
Es iſt der Geiſt, und was der Geiſt will ſpenden.

Nichts ſonſt iſt wirklich. Seinem Förderſchreiten
Dient unbewußt, ihm ſelbſt mit Eurem Plunder.
Vor ihm zerſtieben Eure Wirklichkeiten;
Papier und Gold ſind Spinngeweb' und Zunder.

Er wird die Krämer aus dem Tempel treiben
Und (Spottet immer meiner harten Worte!)
Nur ſolche Träumer werden drinnen bleiben,
Die das erſtrebten, was an keinem Orte,

In keiner Zeit, für keinen Sinn vorhanden,
Was ſich nicht taſten, wägen läßt, noch zählen.
Die das errungen, was Ihr nie verſtanden,
Die nur des Geiſtes Theil ſich mochten wählen.

Dann iſt des Vaters Haus ein Bethaus wieder. —
Ihr Bändiger! verließ Euch doch die Heerde!
Doch Ach! Auf Kriecher ſchaut Ihr hohnvoll nieder,
Gebeugt, geduckt, ſchier die Herrn der Erde.

O wär't ihr angeſpie'n, verſchmäht, verachtet,
Daß Eurer Armuth Ihr recht würdet innen,
Daß ihr, in Eurer Wüſte ganz verſchmachtet,
Möchtet am Lebensborn zu flehn beginnen!

Dann ginge durch Oaſengrün die Quelle,
Und Gottes Odem durch der Palmen Kronen;
Mit Friedensſang dürft' ich Euch grüßen helle —
Doch, wie Ihr jetzt ſeid, darf ich Euch nicht ſchonen.

Lied des Verfolgten.

Und wollen ſie mein Aug' auch blenden,
Verfinſtert drum die Sonne ſich?
Und wenn ſie mich zum Kerker ſenden —
Die Freiheit ſiegt auch ohne mich.

Und wenn ſie mir die Hand auch binden,
Weil ſie die Feder ſchwingt als Schwerdt —
Es wird ſich Hand und Feder finden,
So lang' ein Herz nach Gott begehrt.

Und ob ſich auch in Finſterniſſen
Mein Wort, der Gotteshauch, verlor —
Den Einen Ton wird man nicht miſſen
Im tauſendſtimmigen Donnerchor.

Nicht wird ſofort der Frühling enden
Mit Saft und Kraft, mit Licht und Schall,
Weil Ihr mit tölpelhaften Händen
Erſchlaget eine Nachtigall.

Wanderlied.

Ich ſag's: ſo traurig iſt kein Neſt,
Wo man eine Woch' verweilet,
Daß es einem nicht das Herze preßt,
Wenn man von dannen eilet.

Da bleib' ich ſtehn im Sonnenſtrahl
Und ſchau' zurück mit Trauern
Hinab in's enge dunkle Thal,
Auf ſchwarze Thürm' und Mauern.

Und keine Muſik iſt ſo ſchlecht,
Auch nicht der Leierkaſten,
Daß, hört man nur die Töne recht,
Sie nicht zum Tanze paßten.

Kein Fiedel iſt ſo lahm und dumm
Es läßt ſich fröhlich pfeifen,
Und kein Geſell ſo zahm und ſtumm,
Es läßt ſich mit ihm ſtreifen.

Kein Weg ſo krumm und voll Geſtein,
Der nicht zur Schenke lenke,
Und geht man luſtig nur hinein,
Iſt's luſtig in jeder Schenke.

Und bin ich ein armer Teufel auch,
Will mich nicht ſchämen und grämen,
Um's Haupt den friſchen Morgenhauch,
Den wird mir Niemand nehmen.

Vom Mädel der geſtohlne Kuß,
Der Trunk für meinen Dreier
Sind Ding', die man mir laſſen muß —
Das and're hol' der Geier!

Man achtet mich daheim nicht ſehr.
D'rum lieb' ich das Marſchieren,
Die Wipfel grüßen rings umher,
Die Vögel muſiciren.

Nero.

Schwarzgrau im blauen Sternenhimmel ragen
Die Rieſenbauten auf der alten Rom;
Auf leiſen Wellen gleitend hingetragen
Zieht eine Gondel auf dem Tiberſtrom

D'rin lehnet, weich geſchmiegt auf reiche Kiſſen,
Ein ſchöner Jüngling, zart und blondgelockt,
In bangender Erwartung hingeriſſen.
Horch! wie ſein Odem wechſelnd ſtürmt und ſtockt.

Es iſt Nero. Statt der zackigen Weltenkrone,
Die gar zu hart des Weichlings Stirne drückt,
Hält eines Roſenkranzes Purpurzone
Mit weicher Gluth die Schläfen ihm umſchmückt.

Was ſucht ſein Aug' ſo ſcharf auf Roma's Zinnen?
Er kann's erwarten kaum, wovor ihm graut,
Er bebt, ſeufzt auch: Will es noch nicht beginnen?"
Sein Herz voll banger Luſt pocht wild und laut.

Jetzt — durch des Himmels Dunkelblau ein Streifen —
Schau hin, ein Flämmchen leckt ſich hell empor —
Und dort, und dort, ha wie ſie ſchlängelnd ſchweifen!
Jetzt bricht's aus tauſend Dächern loh hervor.

Rings iſt der Himmel brandroth überhauchet,
Und Flamm' und Dünſte ſpiegeln ſich im Fluß;
Empor, hinab Gluthdoppelwölbung tauchet,
Furchtbare Schöne, wie aus einem Guß.

Und in der Gluthenrundung Mittelpunkte
Ankert der Kahn in Schaukeltakten leis,
Drin, lichthell, Amphora und Becher prunkte,
Und auf dem Weine ſchwamm ein Roſenkreis.

Und Nero — ſo iſt einem Gott zu Muthe,
Der wild zerſtörend, thront ob ſeiner Welt;
Grauenvolle Luſt ſpielt wild mit ſeinem Blute,
Die bald es peitſcht, bald eiſig zügelnd hält.

Von Beſtien, nach maleriſchem Kampfe,
Schönhingeſtreckte Sklaven ſterben ſehn —
Das ward alltäglich; kaum mit leiſem Krampfe
Durchkitzelt's abgeſchwächte Nerv' und Sehn'.

Ein kühneres Schauſpiel hat der Herr der Erde
Zu ſeltenſter Luſt ſich heut beſtellt,
Auf daß die matte Bruſt durchſchüttelt werde,
Wenn ſeiner Weltſtadt Pracht vor ihm zerfällt.

Schon! wie die Lohe ſeine Stirn umfächelt;
Ein Gluthenſchein ſpielt um den Roſenkranz;
Wie, wildbegeiſtert, ſchön das Auge lächelt;
Schau ſeiner zarten Finger leiſen Tanz!

Sie gleiten zitternd auf der Laute Saiten,
Bis er zum Kraftaccord ſie zuckend ſtrafft,
Homeros Trauerhymne zu begleiten,
Wie Ilion ward flammenweggerafft.

Oft ſang, mit tieferſchüttertem Gefühle,
Der Kaiſer jenes Weltenſchickſalslied,
Wie heut erſt! da vom flammenden Gewühle
Er ſeine Roma hell umſchlungen ſieht.

Wie ſchwellen dräuend griechiſch weiche Töne,
Und wachſen, mit der Gluth dort, furchtbar an!
Wie fühlt er heut des Liedes Rieſenſchöne,
Da ferner Angſtſchrei gellt zum Ohr hinan!

Es ſpiegelt ſich die Gluth in wilder Thräne,
Faſt hemmt das Weinen ſeines Sangs Erguß,
Und ſüß ermattend ſinkt er an die Lehne —
Hier eint ſich, traun! Natur- und Kunſtgenuß. —

Jetzt iſt die Hälfte Roms in Schutt geſunken,
Die letzte Gluth ſtirbt hin, der letzte Schrei,
Hin ſtirbt das Lied, leisbrechend, wolluſttrunken,
Und manch ein Leben iſt mit ihm vorbei. —

Wütherich! ſo weit iſt es mit Dir gekommen?
Der Römerkaiſer muß Rom brennen ſehn,
Daß ihm der Hochgenuß nicht ſei benommen,
Ein griechiſch Dichterwerk recht zu verſtehen.

Seht! wie des Heldenvolkes Imperator,
Weibiſch geſchmückt bei Sang und Lautenſchall,
Luftſpringer bald, bald Gaukler, Deklamator,
In Herrſcherhänden trägt den Erdenball,

Und fällt's ihm ein, wirft er zu tauſend Splittern,
Ein eigenſinnig Kind, ihn auf den Grund,
Nur daß ein neues, nie geſpürtes Zittern
Den weicherſchlafften Gliedern werde kund. —

Den andern Morgen ruft er, wie entrüſtet:
„Die Nazarener waren's tödtet ſie!"
Weil ihn nach neuen Trauerſpielen lüſtet,
Nach neu ergreifender Schmerzmelodie.

Für dies Mal trafſt Du's beſſer, grauſer Lüſtling!
Wie Du im dumpfen Sinne ſelber meinſt:
Dem Römerthum, dem todesſiechen Wüſtling,
Wer gibt den letzten Gnadenſtoß ihm einſt?

Thuſt Du's? es ſteht Dein Thron auf morſchen Füßen;
Die Nazarener tragen jetzt das Kreuz —
Einſt wird vom Kapitole niedergrüßen,
Ein weltbeherrſchendes Symbol — das Kreuz.

Gotthold Salomon.

Doctor der Philoſophie und jüdiſcher Prediger zu Hamburg, iſt am 1. Nov. 1784 zu Sandersleben in Anhalt-Deſſau geboren. Seinen erſten Unterricht erhielt er in einer öffentlichen chriſtlichen Schule. Von dem Rabbiner Meiſter wurde er ſchon früh in das Studium des Talmud eingeführt, und im Jahr 1798 wurde S. auf das Gymnaſium für Theologie ſtudirende Iſraeliten nach Deſſau geſchickt, hier erhielt er auch Unterricht in der claſſiſchen Literatur und im Franzöſiſchen. Im Jahr 1802 ward ihm eine Anſtellung als Lehrer an der Haupt- und Freiſchule zu Deſſau. Fünfzehn Jahre wirkte er hier ſegensreich. Im Jahr 1818 ging er als Prediger am iſraelitiſchen Tempel nach Hamburg.

Er ſchrieb:

Die Propheten Haggai und Sacharja, überſetzt nebſt Commentar. Deſſau 1809.
Die acht Abſchnitte des Maimonides, eine pſychologiſche Abhandlung aus dem Rabbiniſchen ins Deutſche überſetzt mit Anmerkungen. Deſſau 1809.
Selima's Stunden der Weihe, eine moraliſch-religiöſe Schrift für die Gebildeten unter dem weiblichen Geſchlechte. Leipzig 1816.
Der Charakter des Judenthums nebſt Beleuchtung der unlängſt gegen die Juden von Rühs und Fries erſchienenen Schriften. 2. Aufl., Deſſau 1817.
Predigten am neuen iſraelitiſchen Tempel zu Hamburg gehalten. 3 Sammlungen. Hamb. 1820—23.
Sammlung der neueſten Predigten im neuen Tempel zu Hamburg. 3 Hefte, Hamb. 1826—27.
Feſtpredigten. Hamb. 1829.
Denkmal der Erinnerung an Moſes Mendelsſohn. Hamb. 1829.
Briefe aus Helgoland. Hamb. 1835.
Deutſche Volks- und Schulbibel, neu aus dem maſoretiſchen Texte überſetzt. Altona 1837.
Bibliſche Lebensgemälde in Predigten. 3 Theil. Hamb. 1835—40.

Scharfſinnig, gedankenreich, mit gründlichem Wiſſen, kühnem Schwung der Rede und fruchtbarer Phantaſie ausgeſtattet, hat S. als Kanzelredner namentlich Treffliches geleiſtet, außerordentlich günſtig nicht bloß auf ſeine, meiſt aus Gebildeten beſtehende Gemeine, ſondern überhaupt auf ſeine Glaubensgenoſſen in deutſchen Landen gewirkt und nicht wenig zur Ausrottung veralteter Vorurtheile und zur wahren Aufklärung unter ihnen beigetragen.

Auguſt Schnezler

ward am 4. Auguſt 1809 zu Freiburg im Breisgau geboren, wo ſein Vater Stadtdirector war. Er erhielt eine treffliche Erziehung im elterlichen Hauſe, ſtudirte dann in Heidelberg und München Philologie und Philoſophie und beſchäftigte ſich darauf nach vollendeten akademiſchen Studien mit der Redaction der Zeitſchrift Gutenberg von 1842—44 in Darmſtadt. Später wandte er ſich nach Karlsruhe, wo er gegenwärtig noch als Privatgelehrter lebt.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. München 1832. — Zweite vielfach vermehrte Ausgabe. Karlsruhe 1846.
Gutenberg. Heſſiſcher Volksfreund. Eine Zeitſchrift. Darmſtadt 1842—44.
Badiſches Sagenbuch. 2 Bde. Karlsruhe 1846.
Aurelia's Zauberkreis. Die ſchönſten Sagen und Geſchichten der Stadt Baden und ihrer Umgegend. Karlsruhe 1846.
Die Badiſche Kammer. Eine Auswahl der gediegenſten Reden und Kernſtellen aus den Verhandlungen der badiſchen Ständeverſammlung von 1819—46. Nebſt geſchichtlicher Einleitung und den Biographien der ausgezeichnetſten Redner. Karlsruhe 1846.
Des Lebens Dämonen. Novellenkranz. Karlsruhe 1846.
Einzelne Beiträge, Novellen, Gedichte, kleine Dramen u. ſ. w. in Journalen und Almanachen.

Schnezler iſt namentlich als lyriſcher Dichter bei Weitem nicht ſo bekannt, wie ſeine trefflichen Leiſtungen es verdienen. Mit der glücklichſten Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form, verbindet er ſeltenen Wohllaut, Reichthum an ſchönen und treffenden Bildern, Fülle der Gedanken, tiefes und warmes Gefühl, die heiterſte Laune und ſchlagenden Witz. Mögen die hier mitgetheilten Poeſien des reichbegabten Mannes das Ihrige dazu beitragen, die allgemeine Aufmerkſamkeit auf ihn zu lenken und die Kenntniß ſeiner eigenthümlichen Gedichte in unſerem Vaterlande zu verbreiten.

Feldberger-Roſen.

1.

In Oberried, im Jägerhaus,
Da guckt ein holdes Kind heraus,
Wer kann vorübereilen?
Wie rein geſcheuert Tiſch und Bank
Und das Getäfel ſpiegelblank,
Es iſt ſo gut hier weilen!

Wohl kehrt man gerne bei Dir ein,
Du ſchlankes Jägertöchterlein!
Und ſchwer iſt von Dir ſcheiden;
Uns folgt noch lang Dein ſanftes Bild,
Rauſcht auch der Bach ſo dumpf und wild,
Durch Berg und Wald und Heiden.

Wohl trinkt man gern von Deinem Wein,
Doch tiefer noch in ſich hinein
Die Strahlen Deiner Blicke;
O Wanderer, flieh die Jägerin,
Daß nicht Dein Herz im Netze drin
Sich allzutief verſtricke!

Und als ich aus dem Hauſe ſchied,
Gab mir die Maid von Oberried
Noch einen friſchen Maien;
Glückauf, o Wanderer, glückauf!
Und wo Du ſteckſt den Maien auf,
Da wird es nimmer ſchneien.

2.

Die Berge ſchlummern rings im Kreiſe,
Die lieben Sterne ſind erwacht,
Da ſchwimmen ſüße Stimmen leiſe
Von Todtnau's Gegend durch die Nacht.

Es ſind die Geiſter aus den Tiefen,
Entſchlüpft aus Fluthen und Geſtein,
Worinnen ſie am Tage ſchliefen,
Um munter in der Nacht zu ſein.

Sie ſegnen ja mit holden Klängen
In dem kriſtallnen Kämmerlein,
Mit Würzeduft und Zauberſängen,
Die Wieſe, Feldbergs Tochter, ein.

Denn ſie bereitet ſich zur Reiſe
Zu dem erſehnten Bräutigam,
Und aus der Schweſterquellen Kreiſe
Schlüpft ſie davon voll holder Schaam.

3.

Von ferne tönt ein Hallen
Wie heller Becherklang,
Was mag ſo lieblich ſchallen
Die ſtille Nacht entlang?

Halt! eine Senſe blitzen
Seh' ich im Mondenſchein,
Dabei ein Männlein ſitzen
Im Graſe ganz allein.

4.

Ein drollig Männlein
Vor mir ſtund,
Es führt ein Kännlein
An den Mund.

Es thät mir winken
Gar geſcheid:
„Wollt Ihr nicht trinken
Mir Beſcheid!“

„Vivat der Meiſter
Ewig lang,
Der unſre Geiſter,
Und mich beſang!

„Wenn ich ihn dengeln
Denk' ich fein,
Unter den Engeln
Denkt er mein.

„Vivat Herr Hebel,
Und wer Euch preiſt!“
Da ſchwand im Nebel
Der Dengelgeiſt.

5.

Was tönt für eine Weiſe
Von dem Gebirge her?
Die Wieſe murmelt leiſe:
„Mein Sänger iſt nicht mehr,

Der mir halb ernſt, halb loſe,
Das Wiegenliedchen ſang,
Als aus des Feldbergs Schooſe
Ich in ein Eden ſprang!“

So ſeufzet jede Welle,
Wenn ſie vorüberrauſcht
Und grüßet jede Stelle
Wo er ſie einſt belauſcht.

Die Blumen neigen düſtre
Das Haupt und welken ab,
Verſtehſt Du ihr Geflüſter?
„Den Sänger deckt das Grab!

„Er hört nicht mehr dengeln,
Die Fluren ſtehn verwaiſt;
Ein Engel zu den Engeln
Schwang ſich der reine Geiſt!“

6.

Herabzuwinken
Die ſchönſten Sterne,
Die Arme breiten
Sich nach der Ferne,

Sie zögen gerne
Den Himmel nieder —
Mein Herz, verlerne
Die alten Lieder!

Die Wegweiſerin.

Schwarzwäldermädchen mit dem gelben Strohhut,
Du allerſchönſte Sennerin vom Thal!
Wie blühſt Du roſig und wie lächelt Frohmuth
Aus Deiner großen blauen Augen Strahl!
Wie neiden Dich um dieſe friſchen Wangen
Die Damen, welche in den Städten prangen,
Um dieſe feine, ſanftgeſchwellte Rundheit,
Um dieſen göttergleichen Gliederbau,
Um dieſe überquellende Geſundheit,
Genährt von Wieſenduft und Morgenthau!

Schwarzwäldermädchen! auf des Berges Gipfel
Haſt mir Verirrten Du den Weg gewieſen!
Tief unten rauſchten träumeriſch die Wipfel
Der alten, dunkelgrünen Tannenrieſen,
Von Abendwinden eingewiegt zur Ruh,
Da riefſt Du noch ein „B'hüt' Dich Gott“ mir zu.

Als ich mich wandte, ſchlang der letzte Glanz
Der Sonne Dir noch einen Lockenkranz,
Hoch auf dem Berg, der Waideskönigin,
Die Glöcklein Deiner Heerde klangen helle;
Von ferne murmelte des Baches Welle,
Und tiefer ſchritt ich in den Wald hinein,
Um wieder einſam in der Welt zu ſein.
Behüt' Dich Gott! Du ſchönſte Alpenroſe!
Wegweiſerin, die mir, als ich verirrt,
Das Herz tief in dem Innerſten verwirrt;
Beglückt, wer hier in dieſes Thales Schooße
Verknüpfen darf ſein Loos mit Deinem Looſe! —

Still iſt die Nacht; da ich mich niederlege,
Schwebt neu vor mir das Bild der Führerin,
Vor mir erblick' ich weitverworrene Wege,
Ihr Händchen aber weiſt nach einem hin:

„Dorthin, o Wandrer, lenke Deinen Gang,
Am Waſſerſturz vorbei den Felſenhang,
Es ſchwankt der Steg, dem Furchtſamen nur ſchwindlich
Dem Muthigen iſt Alles überwindlich!

Die Quellen.

Es ſpringen Millionen Quellen
Aus allen Brüſten der Natur;
Doch alle drängen ſich und ſchwellen
In dunkeln oder klaren Wellen
Aus einem einz'gen Urquell nur.

Nicht von den Quellen will ich ſingen,
Die bald als Waſſer, bald als Wein,
Aus Felſen oder Reben ſpringen;
Nicht von den Adern, die ſich ſchlingen
Als Gold und Silber durch's Geſtein;

Nein, nur von Quellen aus dem Grunde
Der labyrinthiſchen Menſchenbruſt,
In finſtrer oder heitrer Stunde,
Bald aus geheimer Herzenswunde,
Bald aus dem Roſenkelch der Luſt.

Tief aus dem innerſten Getriebe
Der Bruſt entſpringt der erſte Quell:
Es iſt der heiße Quell der Liebe;
O daß er ungehemmt verbliebe
Und immer unvermiſcht und hell!

Viel' mühen ſich, ihn zu verſtopfen,
In vielen Herzen friert er ein;
Und würde dran ein Moſes klopfen,
Kaum brächen ein paar trübe Tropfen
Aus dem granitenen Geſtein.

Oft wird von finſteren Gewalten
Die Quelle tückiſch eingezwängt,
Bis ſie, zu lang zurückgehalten,
Mit überirdiſchen Gewalten
Sich zu der Schweſterquelle drängt.

O Quell der Liebe! Rinne heiter
Und ungefeſſelt deine Bahn,
Von Herz zu Herzen immer weiter
Und nimm als ſicherſte Begleiter
Den Glauben und die Hoffnung an! —

Willkommen, heilger Quell der Dichtung!
Begeiſternd ſtrömſt du deine Fluth,
Nimmſt tauſendarmig deine Richtung,
Zum Segen bald, bald zur Vernichtung,
Bald demanthell, bald roth von Blut.

Nur ſelten gleitet zwiſchen Roſen
Im ſanften Bett dein klarer Lauf;
Bald wandelt ſich des Lenzes Koſen
In grauenvoller Stürme Toſen
Und wühlt im tiefſten Grund dich auf.

Oft mußt du dich durch Klippen winden,
Durch Sommerbrand und Winterland,
Du kannſt die Ruhe nimmer finden,
Und mit des Sängers Athem ſchwinden
Die Wellen dir im Wüſtenſand. —

Und in die Augen aus dem Herzen
Bricht oft hervor ein Quellenpaar,
Bald trüb' und herb: der Quell der Schmerzen;
Bald, leuchtend von des Himmels Kerzen:
Der Quell der Freude, ſüß und klar.

Sie ſind die treuſten Abgeſandten
Des Reichs in jeder Menſchenbruſt,
Doch köſtlicher als Diamanten,
Wenn ſich ein Herz an dem verwandten
Ausweinen kann in Schmerz und Luſt.

Doch alle die verſchiednen Quellen,
Vereinigt in der Andacht Strom:
Der Liebe und der Dichtung Wellen,
Und Schmerz und Luſt — voll Sehnſucht ſchwellen
Sie all' empor zum Himmelsdom.

Heimweh.

Nach bekannter Melodie.

Wenn der Schnee vom Gebirge niederthaut,
Aus dem See blau der Himmel wieder ſchaut,
Wenn die Glöcklein läuten von den Almen her —
Schau' ich denn die Heimath nimmermehr?

Wenn das Alphorn von Firn' zu Firne klingt,
Und der Gemsbock von Klipp' zu Klippe ſpringt,
Wo der Adler kreiſet überm Wolkenmeer —
Schau' ich denn die Heimath nimmermehr?

Wenn das Thal blitzt im friſchen Wieſenglanz,
Aus der Dorfſchenk' erſchallt Muſik und Tanz,
Wenn der Hirte jodelt um die Sennerin her —
Schau' ich denn die Heimath nimmermehr?

Wo der Staubbach ſich ſtürzet in die Kluft,
Donners Zornhall von Fels zu Felſen ruft,
Fern ertoſt der Schlaglawinen wildes Heer —
Schau' ich denn die Heimath nimmermehr?

Wenn die Nacht ſinkt und rings die Alpen glühn,
Wenn der Tag winkt und Morgenroſen blühn,
O mein Herz, mein Herz, was pochſt du noch ſo ſchwer —
Schau' ich denn die Heimath nimmermehr?

Gottes Athem.

Wo Du hörſt ein Lüftchen ſäuſeln
In dem Walde, noch ſo lind,
Wo Du ſiehſt ein Wellchen kräuſeln
Sich im ſanften Abendwind;

Was ſich regt im Quell und Baume,
Iſt ja nur derſelbe Geiſt,
Der im ganzen Weltenraume
Als der Gottheit Seele kreiſt.

Ueberall, von allen Wegen,
Rauſcht ja Gottes Flügelſchwung;
Hältſt ihm fromm Dein Herz entgegen,
Füllt er's mit Begeiſterung

Ob er koſend ſich verkünde
Auf dem blüh'nden Wieſenplan,
Oder toſend durch die Schlünde
Wilder Alpen als Orkan;

Ob er ſüßer Liebe Sänge
Weh' von ferne Dir in's Ohr,
Jener Kirche Glockenklänge,
Die ſich von der Welt verlor;

Oder mit des Donners Halle
Schmettre durch die Wolkennacht,
Mit des Niagara Schwalle
Schäumend in der Klippen Schacht —

Wenn Du liebend lernſt zu lauſchen
Jener Rieſenharfe Schall,
Die der höchſte Meiſter rauſchen
Läßt durch ſeiner Schöpfung All;

Die zu Millionen Weiſen
Er durch ſeiner Geiſter Hand
Bald in lauten, bald in leiſen
Klängen weckt aus Meer und Land —

Dann wird, was von Diſſonanzen
Je verſtimmt Dein inn'res Ohr,
Auf ſich löſen in dem ganzen
Weltenharmonieen-Chor.

Hafen und Klippe.

O Frauenherz, du Rettungshafen
Für ſo manch irren Seglers Schiff,
Das rauh des Lebens Stürme trafen,
Und ſchleuderten von Riff zu Riff;
Heil Jedem, welcher feſten Anker
In deinem Frieden werfen kann!
In dir allein geneſt ein kranker
Siren'betrogner Pilgersmann.

Ihm weht aus deinen ſtillen Räumen
Erneuter Hoffnung Morgenluft;
Von zauberiſcher Inſel Bäumen
Haucht ihm entgegen Lenzesduft;
In deinen ſanften Pfühl gebettet
Vergißt er ſeiner Sorgen Wucht,
Sein beſſeres Gefühl gerettet
Hat er zu höherer Triebe Frucht.

O Frauenherz! Von dir umfangen,
Wer einmal feſt und ſicher ruht,
Nie treib' ein eitles Verlangen
Ihn wieder auf die hohe Fluth!
In liebentfremdeten Bezirken
Kann er ſich keiner Thaten freu'n;
Von dir aus kann er Schönres wirken
Und wärmern Dankes Saaten ſtreu'n.

Doch ohne ſtrenge Prüfung wage
Dich nicht in jeden ſchönen Port,
Der dich durch reizgeſchmückte Lage
Verlockt zu trügeriſchem Hort.
Ein Frau'nherz kann auch eine Klippe
Und eine ſchlimme Sandbank ſein,
Von ſpiegelblauer Wellen Schippe
Glatt überzogen nur zum Schein.

O Frauenherz! Du falſche Klippe!
Auf der ſo manchen Schiffers Boot,
Verführt von der Sirene Lippe,
Geſcheitert iſt zu Drang und Noth.
Was ihm erſchien als goldne Küſte,
War nur ein Trug der Fantaſie,
Fata Morgana blos der Wüſte,
Und ach! die Ruhe blüht ihm nie!

Die Wogen, die ſo ruhig ſchliefen,
Umtönt von ſüßer Stimmen Chor,
Allmählig wälzen aus den Tiefen
Sie wildes Ungethüm hervor:
Herrſchſucht, Treuloſigkeit, Verſchwendung,
Haß, Tücke, ſtürmen auf dich an,
Zu ſpät bereuſt du die Verblendung,
Sinkſt du zu Trümmern im Orkan.

Drum ſuche dir den ſichern Hafen,
Als deſſen Pharus, hell und klar,
Daß keine Stürme darin ſchlafen,
Dir winkt ein treues Augenpaar:
Voll Zucht und inniger Gefühle,
Des Himmels Spiegel, gottverklärt, —
Heil Jedem, dem nach Sturmgewühle
Ein ſolcher Port Aſyl gewährt!

Schlanke Marie.

Daß die Welt gar traurig bliebe ohne Liebe, das iſt wahr,
Doch man wär' auch dann geborgen vor viel Sorgen, das iſt klar.

Schlanke Marie, Schlange Marie, kaum daß ich Dich nur erblickt,
Haſt Du tödtlich, unauflöslich mir das arme Herz umſtrickt.

Aeuglein haſt Du ſchon von ferne wie zwei Sterne wunderbar,
Doch ihr Scheinen bringt die Meinen in die ſchrecklichſte Gefahr.

Locken haſt Du wie von Sonnengold geſponnen offenbar,
Nach ſo goldnem Vließe führe gern die Argonautenſchaar.

Doch, wer glaubt es! Unter dieſem goldnen Stirnenbaldachin
Tanzen Launen und Capricen unermüdlich her und hin.

Zünglein haſt Du einem Pfeile gleich an Eile, das iſt wahr,
Doch es ſticht, und daß die Wunde nimmer heile, droht Gefahr;

Brüſtlein gleich den Pfirſichblüthen von dem feinſten Roth und Weiß,
Doch wer's kann, der mag ſich hüten, denn das Herzchen iſt von Eis.

Schlanke Marie, Schlange Marie, die mein Herz nicht läßt mehr los —
Ach, daß Noa ſolche Boa einſt in ſeinen Kaſten ſchloß!

Halsgerichtsordnung.

Alles muß nun heutzutage
Schicken ſich in jede Lage!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Ihro Kaiſerliche Hoheit
Haſſen nichts ſo ſehr als Rohheit.

Jedermann muß kriechen lernen,
Wer's nicht kann, ſoll ſich entfernen;
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Jedermann ſoll Speichel lecken,
Aber nie die Zähne blecken.

Niemand ſoll das Reich gefährden
Und es ſuchen aufzuklären;
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Alle Bücher ſind verboten
Von Lebendigen und Todten!

Unſer Volk ſei nur ein Rudel
Treuer, wohldreſſirter Pudel!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Sterben müſſen ohne Gnade
Widerbeller auf dem Rade!

Jeder lerne drum kuſchiren,
Apportiren, capportiren!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Spioniren und Verhaften,
Das ſind ſchöne Wiſſenſchaften!

Wage Niemand das Verbrechen,
Frei zu denken, frei zu ſprechen!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Fürſten ſind der Erde Götter,
Und verdammt ſei'n alle Spötter!

Wage Niemand ſich in's Denken
Oder Grübeln zu verſenken!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Köpfe, die zu Vieles faſſen,
Werden wir vernageln laſſen.

Alles muß nach Uns ſich drehen,
Wie der Hofwind pflegt zu wehen!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Alle unſre Unterthanen
Sind nur unſre Wetterfahnen.

Uns gehört die erſte Brautnacht,
Wo nur eine ſchöne Haut lacht.
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Nach Regierungsſorgen müſſen
Wir die Nächte Uns verſüßen.

Bei dem Anlaß jedes Feſtes
Bringe Jeder uns ſein Beſtes!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Niemand braucht was aufzuſpeichern,
Wir nur dürfen Uns bereichern.

Selbſt der Lahme, Gliederſteife,
Tanze ſtets nach Unſerer Pfeife!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Eingebläut wird mit der Knute
Die Begeiſtrung für das Gute!

Merkt Euch alſo die Ukaſen,
Die wir eben hier verlaſen!
Widrigenfalls
Koſt't's den Hals!
Und wir werden immer wachen,
Glücklich unſer Volk zu machen!

Schlaraffenlieder.

(Mainz 1840.)

1.

Ach, mit Bruſt- und Leberübeln
War ich lange ſchon geplagt,
Doch darüber nachzugrübeln,
Hat der Arzt mir unterſagt.

Und er hat mir angerathen,
Ins Schlaraffenland zu reiſen,
Und mich dort, ſtatt aller Thaten,
Des far niente zu befleißen;

Statt mir graues Haar zu machen,
Zu verjüngen mich zu trachten,
Meine Erben auszulachen,
Die ſchon jetzt ſo gerne lachten.

2.

Was gehn mich die Gevatter an,
Die hinterm Ofen ſaßen,
Was geht mich das Geſchnatter an
Von allen den Frau Baſen!
Wenn ich ein Bischen nur geſchwärmt,
So haben ſie ſogleich gelärmt
Ganz über alle Maßen.

Beinah' vor Zorn erſtickten ſie,
Wenn ich nur etwas frei ſprach,
Nicht fehlte viel, ſo ſchickten ſie
Mir gleich die Polizei nach;
Trank ich nur ein Paar Gläschen Wein,
Küßt' ich ein hübſches Mägdelein,
Wie ſchimpften ſie der Reih' nach!

Was ſoll ich im Philiſterland
Mich länger müde trotten?
Drum fort in das Schlaraffenland,
Fort von den Hottentotten!
Fort in das Reich des wahren Lichts,
Denn die Philiſter taugen nichts,
Gebraten oder geſotten!

3.

In dem Lande der Schlaraffen
Waltet ſtets der tiefſte Frieden,
Und ſo will ich, anſtatt Waffen,
Lüderliche Verſe ſchmieden.

Funken ſprüh'n aus meiner Eſſe,
Auf dem Amboß dröhnt der Hammer,
Und zu Liedern auf die Preſſe
Schmied' ich allen meinen Jammer.

Ha! wie ziſchen mir entgegen
Meine glühenden Gefühle,
Wenn ich unter Feuerregen
In dem Waſſerbad ſie kühle.

Meine weichliche Empfindung
Muß auf dieſe Art geſtählt ſeyn
Und in kräftiger Verbindung
Mit des Liedes Form vermählt ſeyn.

Kommt, Ihr wackern Reimeſchmieder!
Folgt in's Land mir der Schlaraffen,
Und wir wollen nichts als Lieder,
Neue ſchöne Lieder ſchaffen.

4.

Schade, daß nicht regelmäßig
Schiffe nach Schlaraffia gehen,
Daß der Wind nicht ſegelblähig
Pflegt nach jenem Strich zu wehen!

Ei, was gäb's für ein Gewimmel
Von Europa-müden Schaaren,
Die nach dieſem Erdenhimmel
Sich dann ließen überfahren!

All' unſre armen lyriſchen
Dichter flöhen ohn' Verweilen
Vor den rückſichtslos ſatyriſchen
Gift'gen Recenſentenpfeilen,

Um in Zuckerkandelgrotten
Und an Wein-, Milch-, Honig-Flüſſen
Aller Sorgen hier zu ſpotten
Und ihr Leben zu verſüßen;

Um ſich hier mit holden Mädchen,
Ungenirten Schäferinnen,
Für die Härte zu entſchäd'gen
Spröder Europäerinnen;

Um ſich hier von den Beſchwerden
Der Obſcurität zu heilen
Und dem Ueberlaufenwerden
Von den Gläub'gern zu enteilen.

5.

Denn in dieſem Wunderlande
Gibt es keine Recenſenten,
Schnattern hört man keine Bande,
Als nur Gänſe oder Enten.

Hier in dieſem Wundergarten
Sprüht Champagner in Caskaden,
Lockend zum Genuſſe laden
Leckereien aller Arten.

Hier in dieſer Wunderinſel
Sind die Schönen gar nicht ſpröde,
Da verliert ſogar ein Pinſel
Seine angeborne Blöde.

Hier in dieſen Wunderräumen
Iſt man ſicher vor Verkanntſein,
Und durch reimvolles Träumen
Kann man bald mit Ruhm genannt ſein.

Ferner gibt's hier nirgends Juden,
Schulden kann man gar nicht machen;
Man erhält in allen Buden
Unentgeldlich alle Sachen.

6.

Kommt, Ihr alle Ueberdrüſſigen
Eures abgelebten Welttheils,
In das Land des Ueberflüſſigen,
In das Reich des wahren Weltheils.

Und dieweil noch keine Schiffe
In das Eldorado ſteuern,
Setzt Euch auf die Hypogryphe,
Ritterlich zu abenteuern.

Wer nicht reiten kann, der laſſe
Binden ſich auf ſeinen Schimmel,
Und ſo fahr' die ganze Maſſe
Statt zum Teufel, in den Himmel!

7.

Die Hauptſtadt vom Schlaraffenland
Thut alle Pracht vereinen:
Sie iſt gebaut aus Zuckerkand
Und lauter Edelſteinen;
Sie hat vor jeder andern Stadt
Den allerſchönſten Prater;
Allein das Schönſte, was ſie hat,
Das iſt doch ihr Theater.

Wohl gibt es keine Bühne mehr
So trefflich als wie dieſe;
Da bleibt es keinen Abend leer;
Selbſt auf dem Paradieſe
Sitzt ein geſchmackvoll Publikum,
Das, ſtets voll Tact und Feinheit,
Streng aus der Muſen Heiligthum
Verbannet die Gemeinheit.

Und das Theaterperſonal,
Es kennt kein höheres Streben
Als ſich zum höchſten Ideal
Der Kunſt emporzuheben.
Der Brodneid iſt ganz unbekannt
Bei allen Bühnengliedern,
Und Keiner ſucht, von Haß entbrannt,
Den Andern zu erniedern.

Selbſt die Statiſten ſind allhier
Talentvoll durch die Reihe,
Ein Jeder iſt voll Ruhmbegier
Und echter Künſtlerweihe.
So gut, wie hier die Chöre, gehn
Wohl keine mehr hienieden,
Und im Ballete ſind zu ſehn
Nur Elfen und Sylphiden.

Man gibt hier nie ein altes Stück.
Selbſt Schiller oder Göthe
Legt man als Rokoko zurück;
Da wird nicht Zauberflöte,
Nicht Don Juan gegeben mehr:
Ein volles Haus zu machen,
Sorgt das Schlaraffen Dichterheer
Für immer neue Sachen.

8.

In dem Lande der Schlaraffen
Wollen wir uns All' verbünden,
Um mit Papagei'n und Affen
Eine Republik zu gründen.

In dem Lande der Schlaraffen
Wollen wir in Wonne ſchwimmen
Und zu neuem Sang die ſchlaffen,
Trocknen Kehlen wieder ſtimmen;

Aber uns dabei wohl hüten,
Politik hinein zu miſchen,
Wahren uns vor allen Blüthen,
Unter welchen Schlangen ziſchen.

In dem Lande der Schlaraffen
Wollen wir aus dem Vergänglichen
Uns zum Flug zuſammenraffen
Nach dem Ewigüberſchwänglichen.

In dem Lande der Schlaraffen
In dem Milch- und Honigbache,
Wollen wir zuſammenſchaffen
Lauter [illegible]!

9.

Heil dem Manne, der erfunden
Hat den Trank [illegible],
Und ſo genial verbunden
Feuergeiſt mit Kraftgenie!

Als wir noch die Alten laſen,
Hockend im Gymnaſium,
Flogen wir auf Seifenblaſen
Aufwärts in's Elyſium.

Aber ach! dahingefahren
Iſt die Jugendpoeſie,
Und ſo glücklich, wie wir waren
Macht uns nur Grampampuli!

Nur aus dieſes Kraters Tiefe
Winkt noch das verſunkne Glück —
Liebe Brüder, o wer riefe
Jene Zeit nicht gern zurück?

Tief im blauen Flammenſchooße
Blüht uns das Schlaraffenland,
Und des Lebens kalte Proſe
Flieht vor dieſem Zauberſtrand.

Darum auf, Ihr wackern Zecher!
Stürzt Euch in die Feuerſee,
Und begrabt mit mir im Becher
Unſer langes altes Weh!

10.

Manche Leute werden fragen,
Was Schlaraffenlieder ſind?
Nun, ſo will ich's ihnen ſagen:
Es iſt nur poet'ſcher Wind;

Es iſt lauter leichte Waare,
Die zuweilen Blatt für Blatt
Mir der Laune wandelbare
Stimmung zugeflüſtert hat.

Es ſind bunte Seifenblaſen,
Luftballönchen, leicht wie Flaum,
Angefüllet mit den Gaſen
Aus des Weines Perlenſchaum.

Es ſind capriciöſe Geiſter
Aus des Dichters Fantaſie,
Sie entſchlüpften ihrem Meiſter
Nach und nach, er weiß nicht wie.

Sucht Ihr aber eine Deutung
Oder einen tiefen Sinn,
Beſſer iſt's, Ihr greift zur Zeitung
Und vertieft Euch darin.

11.

Das Schlaraffenland ſind jene
Seligen Atlantis Räume,
Die nur der Poet zu finden
Weiß im ſtillen Meer der Träume.

Aus des Alltaglebens Dünen
Fährt er aus im Wolkennachen,
Um, entſchlummert für die Erde,
Dort im Himmel zu erwachen.

Freilich, Ihr ſeid überaus klug,
Und Ihr werdet nie begreifen
Den Genuß, auf ſolchem Ausflug
Jenſeits dieſer Welt zu ſchweifen.

Denn, die Wonnen zu verſtehen,
Die der kühne Segler koſtet,
Seid von Kopf bis zu den Zehen
Ihr zu plump und eingeroſtet.

Höchſtens mit des Dampfes Hilfe
Könnt' Ihr Eurem Neſt entfliegen,
Aber nie, gleich einem Sylfe,
Euch in ſchönre Welten wiegen.

Und doch neidet Ihr zu Zeiten
Um die Inſeln uns, die ſel'gen,
Wenn wir in den Herrlichkeiten
Ihres ew'gen Lenzes ſchwelgen.

Gott ſei Dank, daß einen grobern
Körperſtoff er Euch verlieh!
Denn ſo könnt Ihr nie erobern
Die Schlaraffen-Colonie.

Perückenſtaub und Frühlingsblüthe.

Der Herr Profeſſor,
Geheime Hofrath
Und auch Prorector
Magnificus;
Der Hochgelahrte,
Der Hochberühmte,
Der Hochfriſirte, —
Beſchloſſen hat er's
Und auch vollzogen,
Zu gehn ſpazieren
Am warmen Maitag
Hinaus vor's Stadtthor;
Im ſchönen Parke
Sich zu erholen
Vom vielen Sitzen
Im Stubendunſte,
Vom vielen Brüten
Ob den Pandekten;
Die blöden Augen
Friſch zu erlaben
Am jungen Laubgrün,
Und ſeine Lungen
Sich auszulüften
Vom Bücherſtaub.

Beſchloſſen hat er's
Und auch vollzogen.
Er ſchreitet ſtattlich
Im Treſſenrock,
In goldgeſtickter
Brokatner Weſte,
In ſeidnen Strümpfen
Und Schnallenſchuhen,
Durch die Alleen
Und Laubengänge,
Und nickt in Gnaden
Nach rechts und links hin,
Wo tief die Leute
Vor ihm herunter
Auf dem Spaziergang
Die Hüte ziehn.

So kommt allmählig,
Wie, weiß er ſelbſt nicht,
Er immer tiefer
In die Gewinde
Des weiten Parkes,
Wo ſich höchſtens
Ein blaſſer Dichter,
Ein Liebespärchen,
Pflegt zu verlieren. —
Hier iſt's ſo einſam,
So friedlich ſtille!
Da zieht bedachtſam
Der Herr Profeſſor
Hervor die Brille,
Wiſcht ſie fein ſachte
Und ſetzt ſie auf.

Dann zieht er wieder
Aus ſeiner Taſche
Ein niedlich Büchlein
Von kaum fünfhundert
Seiten in Quarto,
Gebunden zierlich
In Schweineleder,
Mit Meſſingklappen,
Und läßt ſich nieder
Auf eine Moosbank,
Drob eine Linde
Voll Blüthenfülle
Wölbt ihre Zweige;
Und öffnet ſachte
Das zarte Büchlein
Von kaum fünfhundert
Seiten in Quarto:
Die Taſchenausgab'
Juſtinians.

Und nun verſenkt er
Mit allen Sinnen
Sich in die Tiefen
Des throngewiegten
Juriſtengeiſtes,
Und lieſt zum tauſend-
Und eins'ten Male
Die grundgelehrten
Noten und Gloſſen
Und Varianten,
Die er dem Texte
Selbſt beigefügt hat;
Denn dieſe feine
Taſchenausgabe,
Sein Werk iſt ſie!

Da ruft's vom Wipfel
Der grünen Linde
Mit ſüßem Stimmchen
Auf einmal nieder:
„Ei Herr Profeſſor!
Wer wird jetzt leſen,
Wer jetzt ſtudiren,
In dieſem Garten
Voll Maienwonne,
Voll grüner Büſche
Und junger Blumen,
Voll Nachtigallen
Und Schmetterlinge;
Iſt das erlaubt!“

Da ſchaut betroffen
Der Herr Profeſſor
Hinauf zur Linde,
Und ſieht im Wipfel
Ein allerliebſtes
Blondinchen ſitzen,
Sich auf den Zweigen
Anmuthig wiegend.
Ach, ein Figürchen,
So zart und niedlich,
So fein und zierlich,
Als wär's gewoben
Aus Abendwölkchen
Und Lilienſtäubchen!
Sie trägt ein Kleidchen
Von Silberatlas
Mit blauem Gürtel,
Und weiße Höschen
Und grüne Schühlein;
Und ihre Locken,
Die üppig wallen
Um's liebliche blanke
Graziöſe Hälschen,
Durchſchlingt ein hübſcher
Maßliebchenkranz.

Der Herr Profeſſor
Steht wie verſteinert
Mit offnem Munde;
Mit ſtarren Augen
Blickt er zum Wipfel,
Der leiſe, leiſe
Hinauf, hernieder
Wogt mit der Kleinen
Im Abendgold.

Solch einer Sylam
Fand er noch niemals,
Der Herr Profeſſor,
Auf ſeiner ganzen
Juriſten-Laufbahn!
Doch endlich faßt er, —
Nachdem er vorher
Sich umgeſehen,
Ob Niemand lauſche,
Der ihn da könnte
Compromittiren
In ſeiner Würde —
Ein Herz und rufet
Hinauf zum Wipfel,
Verdämmten Lautes:

„Ei, liebe Kleine,
Du Baum-Elfchen!
Willſt Du nicht gnädig
Nur auf ein Weilchen
Herab Dich laſſen
Von Deinem Throne
An meine Seite,
Und mir erzählen,
Woher Du ſtammeſt,
Und was Dein Leben
Und Treiben iſt?“

„„Nein, Herr Profeſſor! —
So ruft ſie ſchelmiſch —
„„Das laſſ' ich bleiben!
Ich fürchte gar ſehr
Mich vor Perrücken
Und Puderſtaube,
Und vor ſo dicken
Gelehrten Büchern!
Ihr wärt im Stande
Und faßtet plötzlich
Mich bei dem Leibchen,
Und ſperrtet eilig
Mich in die Klappen
Des großen Buches
Als ein Curioſum,
Wie ſeltne Pflänzchen,
Und ließt für Geld mich
Zu Haus dann ſehen
Vor den Studenten,
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Nein, das Prinzeßchen
Von Lindenblüthe
Iſt nicht ſo dumm!““

Der Herr Profeſſor
Läßt ſich nicht irren;
Ein Späßchen möcht' er
Gar gern ſich machen;
„Willſt Du nicht kommen,
So komm ich ſelber,
Wart' nur, Du Schelmchen!“
Und auf die Flechtbank
Steigt er mit Mühe
Und fängt die Linde
Nach Leibeskräften
Zu ſchütteln an.
Doch wehe, wehe!
Auf einmal packen
Ihn in den Waden
So ſtarke Krämpfe,
Daß er ſchnellmöglichſt
Sich wieder ſetzen
Muß auf die Bank.

Doch das Prinzeßchen
Lacht ausgelaſſen:
„„Ei Herr Profeſſor,
Wer wird ſo hoch ſich
Verſteigen wollen,
Um noch mit Püppchen
Gleich mir zu ſpielen,
In Ihren alten
Geſetzten Tagen!
Wenn dies erführe
Die Frau Gemahlin,
Sie würde glauben,
Der Herr Profeſſor
Sei überſchnappt!“

Kaum hat die Kleine
Dies Wort geſprochen,
So langt ſie kichernd
Mit einem Zweige,
Woran ein Häkchen
Wie an der Angel,
Herab nach ſeiner
Perrücke Locken,
Und zieht ſie blitzſchnell
Zu ihrem Sitze,
Daß rings der Puder

Hernieder ſtäubet,
Und hängt ſie droben
Im höchſten Gipfel
Der Linde auf.

Da will entrüſtet
Der Herr Profeſſor
Von Neuem wieder
Den Baum erklimmen;
Doch wie genagelt
Bleibt auf der Bank er —
Die Wadenkrämpfe
Sind wieder da.

Und das Prinzeßchen
Lacht ausgelaſſen,
Und ſchüttelt ſelbſt nun
Die Lindenkrone,
Daß Blüth' auf Blüthen
In vollen Güſſen
Herniederflocken
Auf den Profeſſor;
Und immer ärger
Schüttelt die Kleine,
Und immer dichter
Flocken die Blüthen,
Bis ganz begraben
Der gute Mann ſaß
Ueber die Ohren
Im Lindenſchnee.

So fanden Morgens
Ihn die Studenten
Gleich einer Leiche,
Im Lindenſtamme
Noch angelehnt;
Aus ſeinem Schneebett
Ragt nur der kahle
Gelehrte Schädel! —
Auch der Pedell kam
Mit ſeinem Pudel,
Der ſcharrte eifrigſt
Den alten Herren
Aus ſeinem Pfühle;
Dann trugen ſorgſam
Ihn die Studenten,
Gefolgt von einem
Endloſen Zuge
Von Straßenjungen
In ſeine Wohnung
Zur Stadt zurücke.
Welch ein Entſetzen
Für die geheime
Frau Hofrath war's!

Als auf er wachte
Aus ſeinem Scheintod,
Frug er vor Allem
Nach ſeinem theuern
Juſtinianus,
Und da gerettet
Auch ihn er wahrnahm,
Vergaß er allen
Beſtandnen Unfall.
Doch nimmer wagt er
Sich in den Park mehr,
Der ihm bereitet
So viel Verdruß,
Ihm, dem Profeſſor,
Geheimen Hofrath
Und auch Prorector
Magnificus!

Die Schweſtern.

Ich ging im Walde ganz für mich allein
Geflüchtet war ich vor dem Sommerſtaube.
Heiß brannte draus die Sonne, doch ihr Schein
Verkühlte ſich im dichten Buchenlaube;
Und tiefer drang ich in den Forſt hinein,
Bis ich auf einen Wieſenraum gelangte,
Der rings von ſchönen bunten Bäumen prangte.
Ein hoher Wald das Plätzchen kühl umſchloß,
Dazwiſchen wand ſich murmelnd eine Quelle,
Mich lud der Schatten und das ſammtne Moos,
Zu ruhn an dieſer weltverſchwiegnen Stelle;
Der Schlummer, dem ich bald ſank in den Schoos,
Umwob mich mit den wonnevollſten Träumen —
Da plötzlich rauſcht es laut aus Buſch und Bäumen.

Ich hörte deutlich Saitenklänge dringen
Von ferne durch die Waldeseinſamkeit,
Die Vögel hielten inn' mit ihrem Singen,
Und näher kam das wunderbare Klingen,
Vernehmlicher das Rauſchen in den Zweigen;
Die Bäume ſchienen ſelbſt, im Kreiſe weit,
Neugierig nach dem Klange ſich zu neigen.

Auf einmal tritt in grüner Jägertracht
Ein ſchlankes Mädchen aus der Waldesnacht,
Die Cither umgehängt, das blonde Haar
Gefeſſelt nur von wilder Roſen Kranze,
Sie naht ſich mir im friſchen Jugendglanze:
„Kennſt Du mich nicht? Ich bin ja die Romanze!“

Ihr blaues Auge ruhte lang auf mir,
In ſeinem Strahl begann ich neu zu leben
Und ſprach: „Ein armer Dichter ſteht vor Dir,
Und wagt den Blick zu Dir emporzuheben. —
So iſt doch nun mein ſchönſter Wunſch erfüllt,
So bin ich endlich einmal Dir begegnet;
Der Wald hat ſein Geheimſtes mir enthüllt,
Der Gott der Lieder meinen Drang geſegnet!
O laß mich oft Dein holdes Antlitz ſehn,
In Deinem Zauberkreiſe mich ergehn!
Erſcheine mir, wenn draußen in der Welt
Kein Strahl der Freude meine Bruſt erhellt;
Wenn dort die Stimmen wüthender Parteien
In rauhen Klängen durcheinander ſchreien,
Wenn Politik von jeder Lippe klingt
Und alles Schöne, Liebliche verſchlingt:
Dann laß mich oft in Dein Gebiet entfliehn,
Goldgrün vom Netz des Waldes mich umziehn;
Dann zaubre mir mit Deinem Saitenſpiel
Die ſchöne Welt zurück, die längſt zerfiel,
Und zeige mir im höhern Wunderglanze
Die Erde wieder, freundliche Romanze!“

In ihrem Auge las ich die Gewährung.
Das Abendroth glitt durch die Bäume hin,
Sie ſtand vor mir in himmliſcher Verklärung
Des ſtillen Waldes blühende Königin;
Ein lauer Hauch kam aus den Büſchen her,
Es wogte ſanft das grüne Blättermeer,
Es klang die Cither mit dem blauen Band
Berühret von der Jungfrau zarter Hand;
Sie ſang dazu die Wunder alter Zeit,
Der Liebe Schmerz und Wonneſeligkeit,
Und Abenteuer, heiter bald und ſchaurig,
Und Märchen zogen, drollig bald und traurig,
Mit munterer bald mit düſtrer Weiſe
In bunten Liedern meinem Geiſt vorbei.

Da hörten plötzlich wir ein fernes Rufen,
Von Weitem klang der Schlag von Pferdehufen,
Und wo der Wald zumeiſt verwachſen war,
Da ſprengt hervor, auf ſchwarzem Roſſe wild,
Ein hohes ritterliches Frauenbild.
Im Winde fliegt ihr dunkler Lockenſchwall
Und ihre Stimme tönt mit lautem Schall:
„Komm Schweſter, komm zum Elfentanz,
Schon glüht der Wald im Mondenglanz!“

Da winkte mir noch einmal die Romanze
Und reichte mir zum Lebewohl die Hand;
„Nimm“ — ſprach ſie — „hier in dieſem Blumenkranze
Des nahen Wiederſehens Unterpfand!
Dort harrt ſchon meine Schweſter, die Ballade!
Sie läßt mir heute wieder keine Ruh;
Jetzt muß ich mit auf ihre wilden Pfade,
Den wunderlichſten Abenteuern zu.
Heut iſt ſie wieder ſeltſam angeregt,
Zu grauſigen Reiſen aufgelegt:
Bald gehts durch Haiden, bald bergauf, bergab,
Durch Schlöſſer bald, die längſt in Schutt zerfallen;
Zuweilen ruft ſie Geiſter aus dem Grab

Und läßt ſie hinter ſich im Zuge wallen;
Bald wandelt ſie durch dumpfe Kloſterhallen,
Bald tanzt ſie ſingend durch den Sturm der See,
Bald taucht ſie wieder auf als Waſſerfee,
Bald ſchlägt ſie ſich dort oben in den Bergen
Mit Spukgeſtalten, Hexen, Rieſen, Zwergen;
Doch nun Ade! Fort zu dem wilden Ritt!
Das nächſtemal, Poet, da mußt Du mit!“

Und zu der Schweſter ſchwang ſie ſich hinauf,
Die Arme feſt um ihren Leib geſchlungen,
Und Beide ſprengten in verwegnem Lauf
Tief wieder in des Waldes Dämmerungen.

Bruder Nikolaus.

1.

Es wandelt aus der dunklen Zelle
Der alte Bruder Nikolaus,
Und ruht im Wald, an kühler Quelle,
Vom ſchwülen Sommermittag aus.

Und rings in feierlichem Schweigen
Bereitet ſich die Welt zur Ruh,
Die Vögel decken in den Zweigen
Die Köpflein mit den Flügeln zu.

„Schon wieder ſank ein Tag zu Grabe,
So wird auch bald mein Abend fliehn;
Wie gern möcht' ich als kecker Knabe
Noch einmal durch das Leben ziehn!“

„O Herr! nur einen Tropfen ſchenke
Mir aus dem Meer der Ewigkeit!
Daß ich verjüngt mich neu verſenke
In Deiner Schöpfung Herrlichkeit.

„Noch hundert Jahre möcht' ich leben! —
Nie würde mich der Wunſch gereu'n;
Um in gediegenerem Streben
Mich der Natur und Kunſt zu freu'n.“

So flehte Klaus, als von der Ferne
Die Vesperglocke mahnend drang;
Gehorſam folgt der Bruder gerne
Dem alten, wohlbekannten Klang.

2.

Doch hat er kaum des Forſtes dunkle Maſſen
Still vor ſich betend und erquickt verlaſſen,
Da wird ihm fremd die Gegend rings umher,
Das Kloſter ſelbſt erkennt er faſt nicht mehr.
Dort unten, wo ſonſt nur ein Dorf gelegen,
Wo er ſchon oft, von Alt und Jung geehrt,
Am Sonntag eifrig Gottes Wort gelehrt,
Da lächelt jetzt ein Städtchen ihm entgegen.

Des Kloſters Thurm, zur Hälfte ſchon zerfallen,
Umrankt mit Epheu ſeine Bogenhallen;
Die junge Linde vor dem Kirchenthor
Streckt nun bemooſte Rieſenarme vor.
Voll Staunen pocht Niklas an der Pforte,
Da öffnet ihm ein unbekannt Geſicht,
Das iſt der alte Bruder Pförtner nicht!
Er höret fremde Stimmen, fremde Worte.

Fremd ſind die Mönche, die um ihn ſich reihen,
Sie möchten ihn ſogar der Lüge zeihen,
Da er ſich Bruder dieſes Hauſes nennt
Und ihn doch Keiner unter Allen kennt;
Und als er ſagt, es ſei noch keine Stunde,
Daß er zu Wald aus ſeiner Zelle ging,
Daß ihn des Kloſters Mauer noch umfing,
Da hängen Alle ſtarr an ſeinem Munde.

Und in der Vorzeit ſtaubumflorten Tagen,
In alter Chronika wird nachgeſchlagen,
Da hieß es: „Unſer Bruder Nikolaus
Ging an dem Tag der ſieben Schläfer aus;
Vielleicht daß Mörder ihm das Leben nahmen,
Vielleicht hat ihn ein wildes Thier verzehrt,
Denn er iſt nimmermehr zurückgekehrt;
Gott gnade ſeiner armen Seele, Amen!“

Und an die Herzen ſchlagen ſich die Brüder,
Und fallen ſchreiend auf ihr Antlitz nieder:
„Einhundert ganze Jahre ſind nun ſchon
Seit jenem wunderbaren Tag entflohn!
Wie Mancher ward ſeitdem von uns begraben,
Als lauter Fremde ſehen wir vor Dir!
Es waltet ein geheimer Zauber hier,
So lange mußt Du wohl geſchlummert haben!“

Erſchüttert hebt, mit ſchmerzlichem Geſichte,
Der Greis den Blick nun zu dem Himmelslichte
Und ruft: „Das Ziel, nach welchem ich geſtrebt,
Es iſt erreicht, ich habe lang gelebt!
Gott wahre Jeden vor ſo langem Leben,
Vor einem ſolchen langen Augenblick!
Verdient hab' ich das ſtrafende Geſchick:
Ich wünſchte mehr, als mir der Herr gegeben!“

Und in der neuerworbnen Brüder Mitte
Genoß er nun, auf ſeine heiße Bitte,
Das langentbehrte heil'ge Abendmahl,
Umfloſſen von der Sonne Scheideſtrahl;
Dann ſchloſſen ſich die müden Augenlieder
Und ſanft geküßt vom letzten Himmelsroth,
Sank er mit heitrem Lächeln ſtille, todt,
An des Altares Stufen langſam nieder.

Drei Sagen von Albertus Magnus.

I.

Die Freundesprobe.

„Wie, großer Meiſter! kann ich Euch beweiſen,
Daß ich bin würdig Eurer Freund zu heißen?
Wie dank' ich Euch, was Ihr für mich gethan?“
Albertus Magnus lächelte: „„Geduldig!
Ich weiß, mein Freund, Du bleibſt mir nie was ſchuldig;
Vielleicht kommt noch die Zeit heran!““

„„Bald wirſt Du reich und mächtig ſein auf Erden,
Ich aber kann ja leicht zum Bettler werden,
Dann erſt verlang' ich Dank und Lohn von Dir;
Ich bin gewiß, Du ſtoßeſt dann im Glücke
Den armen Freund nicht ſtolz von Dir zurücke;
Ich glaube feſt, dann hilfſt Du mir!““

Nun ſann Albertus, wie er den Geſellen
Auf eine feine Probe könne ſtellen,
Ob ſeine Freundſchaft ſei kein leerer Wahn;
Und ſchnell entſchloſſen ruft er ſeine Geiſter,
Und einem jeden aus der Menge weiſt er
Beim Zauberſpiel die Rolle an.

„Verwandelt Euch in Ritter und Vaſallen!
Führet meinen Freund in reichgeſchmückte Hallen
Von einem wunderherrlichen Palaſt;
Bekleidet ihn mit königlicher Hülle,
Gebt Goldes und aller Güter ihm die Fülle,
Was er nur wünſcht, bringt ihm mit Haſt!“

Geſagt, gethan. Bald ſitzt er auf dem Throne,
Vom Haupt des neuen Königs blitzt die Krone,
Mit Jubel grüßet ihn des Volkes Schaar;
Er ſchwelgt in aller Wonnen Ueberfluſſe,
In aller Fürſtenherrlichkeit Genuſſe
In tiefem Frieden ſo drei Jahr.

Allein es wächſt ſein Geiz mit jedem Tage,
Und einſtmals tritt beim feſtlichen Gelage
Im Lumpenkleid ein Bettler vor ihn hin:
„Heil Dir o Fürſt! in Deines Glückes Schimmer,
Gedenkſt Du Deines Freunds Albertus nimmer!
Willſt Du der Noth ihn jetzt entziehn!“

Allein der König ruft ergrimmt: „„Man führe
Schnell dieſen frechen Bettler vor die Thüre!
Wer war ſo keck und ließ ihn zu mir ein?
Wenn ich mich jedes Lumps erinnern ſollte,
Der mich gekannt will haben, ei! da wollte
Ich lieber nimmer König ſein!““

Da ruft der Bettler: „Sorge nicht Geſelle!
Verſchwinde Spuk! — Und an derſelben Stelle
Steht wieder unſer Freund, wo er einſt ſprach:
„Wie, großer Meiſter! kann ich Euch beweiſen,
„Daß ich bin würdig, Euer Freund zu heißen?“
Und ſtaunt beſtürzt der Wandlung nach.

Verſchwunden ſind die zauberiſchen Hallen,
Verſchwunden alle Ritter und Vaſallen,
Und jede Spur von Königsherrlichkeit;
Albertus ſteht vor ihm und ruft mit Hohne:
Ein Traum war all Dein Glanz und Deine Krone,
Ein Nu blos die drei Jahre Zeit.“

„Herr [illegible]! ſchämet Euch, und ſucht gelaſſen
Euch wieder in der Armuth Stand zu faſſen;
Mög' dieſe Prüfung Euch zur Lehre ſein:
Nie wird die wahre Freundſchaft übermüthig!
Nun aber packt Euch fort und ſeid ſo gütig,
Und ſprecht ja nimmer bei mir ein!“

II.

Das Feſtmahl im Kloſtergarten.

Als im Winter einſt nach Speyer
König Wilhelm war geritten,
Ließ zu einer ſeltnen Feier
Ihn Albertus Magnus bitten:
„Herr! in unſerm Kloſtergarten
Soll ein Feſtmahl vor ſich gehen;
Dürfen wir vielleicht erwarten,
Es durch Euch geſchmückt zu ſehen?“

Und der König ſprach: „„Ihr ſollet
Keinen Spaß durch mich verlieren!
Mitten in dem Winter wollet
Ihr im Freien bankettiren?
Wohl! ich komme! doch gelob' ich:
Wenn es mich dabei wird frieren,
Daß Ihr's bitter fühlen, ob ich
Mich von Mönchen laſſ' vexiren!““

Und durch Sturm und Schneeesflocken
Reiten zu dem Kloſter Alle,
Da begrüßen rings die Glocken
Sie mit feierlichem Schalle,
Doch Albertus, ohne Stocken
Oeffnet nun des Gartens Thore,
Und ſie ſchauen, mit Frohlocken,
Alles drein im ſchönſten Flore.

Würzevolle Düfte bringen
Durch die grünen Schattengänge,
Unter Blüthenzweigen klingen
Nachtigallen-Liebesklänge;
Bunte Vögel in den Kronen,
Schimmern fremder Welten Bäume,
Früchť und Blumen ferner Zonen
Funkeln durch die weiten Räume.

Von dem reinſten blauen Himmel
Strahlet warm die Sonne nieder,
Und im fröhlichen Gewimmel
Springen Diener auf und nieder;
Von den allerſchönſten Trauben
In Guirlanden überhangen,
Sieht man in den Rebenlauben
Reichbeſetzte Tafeln prangen.

Purpurüberzogne Bänke
Laden nun zum Mahl zu ſitzen,
Wo die edelſten Getränke
Aus kryſtallenen Flaſchen blitzen;
Wo die ſeltenſten der Speiſen,
Zwiſchen Laub und Blumenkränzen,
Aus entlegnen Himmelskreiſen
In den goldnen Schüſſeln glänzen.

In dem wunderbaren Garten
Schien kein Winter je zu walten;
Unter Freuden aller Arten
Wird das Jubelmahl gehalten;
Zu Trommet- und Saitenſchallen
Klingen Lieder hunderttönig,
Und mit innigſtem Gefallen
Zu Albertus ſpricht der König:

„Dieſer ſchönſte Tag in Speyer
Bleibt mir ewig unvergeßlich!
Nie genoß ich ſolcher Feier,
Eure Kunſt iſt unermeßlich!
Doch mit keiner meiner Gnaden
Kann ich lohnen einem Meiſter,
Der, bedarf er was, zu laden
Ja nur braucht die Schaar der Geiſter.“

Bei dem Ruf der Abendglocken
Bricht der Hof nun auf vom Schmauſen,
Plötzlich wirbeln dichte Flocken
Und ein Sturm beginnt zu brauſen;
Als der Zug kaum vor dem Thore,
War es um den Lenz geſchehen,
Und von allem Gartenflore
Nichts als Eis und Schnee zu ſehen.

III.

Der Lilienſtengel.

An dem alten braunen Tiſche
Einſt Albertus Magnus ſaß,
Langte ſich aus dunkler Niſche
Manches Buch und ſchrieb und las;
Dachte hin und dachte her
Ueber Gottheit, Welt und Leben,
Doch der Kopf ward ihm nur mehr
Voll gelehrter Spinneweben.

Eifrig thät er ſich befleißen
Der geheimen Wiſſenſchaft,
Spähte nach dem Stein der Weiſen
Und nach der Geſtirne Kraft;
Dachte hin und dachte her
Ueber Menſchen, Thiere, Pflanzen,
Doch der Kopf ward ihm nur ſchwer,
Und er kam zu keinem Ganzen.

Wie nun in die Folianten
Er ſo tief verſunken ſaß,
Forſchend nach dem Unbekannten,
Das Bekannte ſchier vergaß:
Oeffnet ſtille ſich die Thür,
Und ein Mädchen wie ein Engel
Tritt an ſeinen Tiſch herfür,
Haltend einen Lilienſtengel.

Glanz umſtrahlet ihre Locken
Wie aus himmliſchem Gefild,
Und Albertus ſieht erſchrocken
Plötzlich dieſes Wunderbild;
Doch die Jungfrau ſpricht ihn an,
Lächelnd mild ihr Antlitz blicket:
„Sag' Albertus! welch ein Wahn
Hielt ſo lange Dich umſtricket?“

„In der Weſen Quell zu dringen,
Müh'ſt Du Dich vergeblich ab;
Kann der ſchwache Menſch erzwingen,
Was ihm die Natur nicht gab?
Willſt Du denn im Bücherſtaub
Suchen Deine ganze Nahrung?
Geh! des Waldes Frühlingslaub
Gibt Dir beſſre Offenbarung!

„Auf! beginn' ein neues Leben!
Noch fünf Jahre ſind jetzt Dein;
Wer die Schleier nicht kann heben,
Lern' im *Glauben* ſelig ſein!
Drum von heut an ſollſt Du nie
Ueber Gott und Welt mehr grübeln,
Solcherlei Philoſophie
Iſt das ſchlimmſte von den Uebeln."

Mit dem Lilienſtengel leiſe
Rührt das Mädchen Alberts Stirn —
Heil auf wunderſame Weiſe
Fühlt der Greis nun ſein Gehirn,
All' ſeine Philoſophie
Drin vergeſſen und verſchwunden,
Doch dafür hat er noch nie
Sich ſo leicht und wohl empfunden.

Und die Jungfrau war geſchieden
Hin, woher ſie kam, zurück;
Und der Greis fand endlich Frieden,
Endlich das erſehnte Glück;
Alle Bücher ſchlug er zu,
Draußen auf den grünen Triften
Las er Glauben, Weisheit, Ruh,
In den Stern- und Blumenſchriften.

Einſtmal einen Lilienſtengel
Hielt er ſinnend in der Hand,
Wohl gedenkend an den Engel
Der einſt mahnend vor ihm ſtand —
Denn fünf Jahre waren um.
Sanfter Schlaf umfing den Greiſen;
Im verhüllten Heiligthum
Fand er wohl den Stein der Weiſen.

Hans Sachs.

„Was ich ſelber je hab' gedicht',
Iſt all mein Herz hinein gericht'."
[illegible]

Der Meiſter ſitzt in ſeiner Werkſtatt mit
Dem halbgeſohlten Stiefel in der Hand;
Wohl blickt er emſig auf die Arbeit hin,
Macht doch zuweilen einen falſchen Stich,
Bis er gedankenvoll die Ahle ruhn,
Den Stiefel auf den Boden gleiten läßt, —
Und die Geſellen ſehn ſich lächelnd an,
Sie wiſſen wohl, was dies bedeuten ſoll.

Der Meiſter ſinnt und blickt dem Stiefel nach,
Doch denkt er nicht ihn wieder aufzunehmen;
Er hört das Stöhnen des gewichsten Fadens,
Das Schlägeln von der Hand des Lehrlings nicht;
Allmählig wird die ſchmale Stube weiter,
Der blaue Himmel, der durchs Fenſter ſchaut,
Vermählt ſich mit der Decke braunen Balken,
Der graue Boden ſchwillt zum grünen Raſen,
Sein Dreifuß wird zum moosumhüllten Sitze,
Und ſchöne Bilder aus der Fabelwelt,
Auf roſenrothen Wolken niederſchwebend,
Geſtalten ſich vor ſeinen trunknen Augen. —
Da ſchreit ſein Kindlein in der Nebenkammer,
Und plötzlich fährt er auf aus ſeinen Träumen;
Sein jüngſtes Töchterlein hüpft ihm entgegen,
Die Mutter folgt, den Säugling auf dem Arm;
Friſch wie die kaum erſchloſſne Roſenknoſpe,
Im ſchönſten Schmuck frommer Häuslichkeit,
Nickt ihm das holde Weibchen freundlich zu
Und legt den Kleinen ihm an ſeine Bruſt,
Der bald das ſüße „Vater" lallen kann.
Jetzt iſt Hans Sachs der alte Schuſter wieder,
Faßt auf der Erde wieder feſten Fuß;
Er weiß, daß er mit *Himmelsbrod* allein
Die Seinigen ja nicht ernähren kann.
Er drückt das Ebenbild des theuern Weibes
Und dann die Mutter ſelbſt an's volle Herz,
Und hat er ſich geſtärkt an ihren Küſſen,
So greift er friſch die Arbeit wieder an,
Und Alles geht ihm flink und leicht von Statten.

Doch wenn die Feierabendglocke tönt,
Die andern Meiſter zu dem Bierkrug eilen,
Dann wandelt Sachs, von allen Sorgen frei,
Durch Wald und Fluren über Berg und Thal.
Dann ſucht er ſich ein ſtilles Plätzchen aus,
Im grünen Forſt, auf buntgeblümtem Anger,
Im Schatten eines Baums, an einer Quelle,
Und ruht von ſeinem Werktagsleben aus.
Er iſt nicht einſam, denn mit tauſend Zungen
Spricht die Natur mit ihm und er verſteht ſie;
Er iſt nicht einſam, aus den grünen Gängen
Kommt lächelnd ja die *Fabel* auf ihn zu;
Das *Märchen* gaukelt blühend ihm entgegen,
In Pilgertracht erſcheint ihm die *Legende*,
Und ernſten Angeſichts *Hiſtoria*.
In reizender Verkörperung umſchweben
Ihn auch die Elemente der Natur;
Mit wunderlichen Sprüngen und Grimaſſen
Umtanzet ihn ein buntgekleidet Chor,
Die Brut von einem ganzen Narrenneſt;
Die Pritſche klappt, die Schellenkappe klingelt,
Und in das gellende Gelächter miſcht
Sich das Geſchrei der aufgeſcheuchten Vögel.

Und was Hans Sachs in alten Büchern las,
Was er im Leben ſelber oft erlauſchte:
Der Menſchen ruhlos Treiben, ihre Thorheit,
Die Jagd nach Ruhm und Gold, der Liebe Wahn, —
Das zieht nun ſchaarenweis an ihm vorüber
In ſeines innern Auges Zauberſpiegel.
Die alten Helden ſteigen vor ihm auf,
Die alten Götter dämmern ihm empor,
Sich freuend ſeines unſchuldvollen Lächelns.
Dann iſt ihm nah die holdeſte der Muſen,
An ihrer Bruſt trinkt er Begeiſterung;
Da ſchlürft er jenen ſüßen Nektar ein,
Den ihm die Kunſt in reiner Schale beut,
Der, nur dem *ihr* Geweihten dargereicht,
Unſterblichkeit in Menſchenadern flößt;
Dann malt Sachs mit kindlich frommer Hand,
Mit jener Hand, ſo Tags die Ahle führte,
Was er auf ſeinem ſtillen Wege fand,
Was ihn erhob, belehrte, freute, rührte.

Meinem Freunde Joſeph Bader,

dem Geſchichtſchreiber Badens.

(1837.)

Lieder, gleich wie Blüthenflocken, ſollen bald Dich überſchütten,
Wieder ſollen ſie Dich locken nach der Liebe Zauberhütten!
Weggeſchmolzen iſt die Rinde, ſo den Anger hielt umſchloſſen,
In des Südens lauen Winde treiben Sproſſen über Sproſſen;
Selbſt mein Herz, das ſchon ſo lange wie durch Winterſchlaf verſtummet war,
Hat die Hülle, gleich der Schlange, abgeſtreift, drin es vermummet war,
Und erhebt ſich, von den neuen Liederquellen neu berauſchet,
Glücklich, wenn Dein Ohr dem treuen Freunde wieder gerne lauſchet.

Hand in Hand mit Dir gegangen bin ich durch der Vorzeit Hallen;
Blanke Heldenwaffen klangen, die Trommeten hört' ich ſchallen,
Und von Deinem Ruf beſchworen ritten herrliche Geſchlechter
Aus des Löwenſchloſſes Thoren, Badens muthergühte Fechter;
Graue Mönchsgeſtalten kamen aus den dunkeln Kloſterſälen,
Und Du wußteſt Aller Namen, Aller Thaten zu erzählen;
Gotteshäuſer ſahn wir bauen in des Thales Tannengrunde,
Stolze Burgen niederſchauen von den Bergen in die Runde.
Oftmals ſtiegen wir gemeinſam hoch nach des Gebirges Kamme,
Wo des Spechtes Picken einſam klang vom harz'gen Föhrenſtamme,
Drunten in dem Nebel rauſchten tief die Waſſer feldernieder,
Während wir begeiſtert tauſchten unſre Sagen, unſre Lieder.
Endlich traten wir nun oben auf dem Gipfel aus dem Walde
Und St. Peters *) Thürme boten ſich ob ſonnbeglänzter Halde;

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*) Kloſter auf dem Schwarzwalde bei Freiburg.

Doch die Gänge und die Zellen ſtunden öd' im weiten Kloſter,
Nur ein Bettler an den Schwellen betete ſein Paternoſter. —
Solche Bilder in dem Schimmer blühender Erinnerung,
Sie umſchweben mich noch immer aus des Vormals Dämmerung!

Machtlos vor den Frühlingsſtürmen, ſtürzen jetzt die Alpenrieſen,
Die mit eiskriſtallnen Thürmen uns den Süden wollten ſchließen,
Und wie Blumen ſich entfalten lauer Lüfte Liebeskoſen,
Drängen ſchmeichelnde Gewalten auch aus meinem Herzen Roſen.
All' meine Gefühle treiben knospenvoll zur Tageshelle,
Wollen nimmer länger bleiben in des Herzens enger Zelle;
Aber in mir fremdem Kreiſe iſt dies Herz ein Zaubertiegel,
Gleich als hätte drauf der weiſe Salomo gedrückt ſein Siegel.
Ruhig, fremd und kalt nur will ich ſcheinen unter den Profanen
Und des Innern Gluthen ſtill' ich, wenn die Wenigſten es ahnen;
Doch die Wunderkraft des Bannes heben und die Siegel löſen,
Nur die wahre Liebe kann es, aber keine Macht des Böſen.
Funken, wie Dir aus dem Haupte und aus dem Gemüthe ſpringen,
Können meine kaum belaubte Kunſt allein zur Blüthe bringen!
O auf einer öden Stätte fühlt' ich mich in meinem Staube,
Wenn die Muſe mich nicht hätte eingeführt in ihre Laube,
Wenn ſie nicht verehrte Todte wieder neu vor mir belebte,
Wenn ſie nicht im Morgenrothe mich mit Himmelsduft umwebte,
Aus dem Staube mit mir ſtiege zu den klarſten Alpenſirnen,
Oder zu der Künſte Wiege unter glücklichern Geſtirnen;
Wenn ſie nicht mit Blüthenzweigen meine heiße Stirne fächelte,
Aus der ſchönſten Mädchen Reigen ſelig mir entgegen lächelte. —
Zwerglein ſeh ich in dem Thale, Rieſen in Gebirgesklüften,
Elfen in dem Mondenſtrahle tanzen in Waldnebeldüften,
Plaudern darf ich mit den Quellen, Roſen, Nachtigallen, Bäumen,
In der Fei'n ſmaragdenhellen Bergkriſtallpaläſten träumen,
Gnomen aus dem Schachte holen Gold mir und Demantenkränze,
Und Sicilien verſtohlen ſchlingen mir am Ufer Tänze;
Alpenroſenſträußchen bind' ich auf den würzigen Schweizermatten,
Und um braune Mädchen wind' ich meinen Arm im Palmenſchatten;
Unter Scandinaviens Flocken, in Neapels Duftarome,
Auf dem höchſten Felſenbrocken, an des Ganges heilgem Strome —
Ueberall bin ich zu Hauſe, ein Nomadenleben führend,
Bald mit lautem Sturmgebrauſe, ſchmeichelnd bald die Saiten rührend. —

Freund, der Du mir ohne Wanken, unverändert treu geblieben,
Meine ſchüchternen Gedanken oft zum Flug haſt angetrieben,
Kraft gegeben zum Gedichte, wenn die müden Schwingen ſanken,
Wenn ich unterm Bleigewichte manchen Tags begann zu ſchwanken:
Nur dem Wahren und dem Schönen laſſ' uns dienen immerzu:
Ich mit meinen Saitentönen und mit Clios Griffel Du!
Was zerſtörend und verhöhnend durch die Harmonien gellt,
Sei vertilgt! — Verſöhnt, verſöhnend geh' der Dichter durch die Welt!

Zur Erntezeit des Wuchers.

(Sommer 1846.)

Ha! wie frohlockte der Verſucher,
Von ſeiner Hölle Chor umtanzt,
Als er zum Erſtenmal den Wucher
Ins ſchwache Menſchenherz gepflanzt!
„Triumph! Triumph! Mir iſt gelungen,
Dem Himmel trotz, die ſchönſte That,
Die eines Teufels Haupt entſprungen:
Das erſte Menſchenherz umſchlungen
Hab' ich nun mit des Wuchers Saat.

„Nun iſt ſie nimmer auszurotten,
Und ihre giftesſchwangre Frucht
Darf keck einſt jedes Engels ſpotten,
Der noch zu tilgen ſie verſucht;
Ob gleichwohl ihre Körner ſanken
In einen gottgeweihten Ort,
Pflanzt doch in vielen tauſend Ranken
Sie von Gedanken zu Gedanken
Sich nun durch alle Zeiten fort.“ —

Ja, ſie ſchoß üppig auf! Den Armen
Erwuchs der ſchwerſte Fluch in ihr;
Ohnmächtig kämpfet das Erbarmen
Entgegen ihrer wilden Gier.
Stets Opfer noch! Wohin wir blicken
Sehn wir die Triebe jener Saat
Noch immer Herz auf Herz umſtricken,
Das menſchliche Gefühl erſticken,
Zum Hohne ſelbſt dem Muſterſtaat!

O Wucher! Lerna's Ungeheuer,
Das ſich mit hundert Köpfen bläht!
Iſt kein Geſetz, das wie ein neuer
Herakles all' ſie niedermäht?
Darfſt länger ungeſtraft du brüten
Stets von Geſchlechte zu Geſchlecht?
Noch länger knicken ſo viel Blüthen?
Soll noch, in der Verzweiflung Wüthen,
Das Volk ſich ſelber ſchaffen Recht? —

O ſeht! wie glänzen die Gefilde,
Ein prachtvoll Aehrenſtrahlen-Meer!
Doch Schauer faßt uns bei dem Bilde
Von ſo viel Elend weit umher!
Ach! in die ſonnengoldnen Wogen
Starrt manches Auge, naß und hohl! —
Der Hoffnung Engel iſt entflogen,
Die Schaar der Wucherer kommt gezogen —
Du goldner Segen, lebe wohl!

Doch weinend macht ſich jetzt der Engel,
Nach Hülfe ſpähend, auf die Bahn,
Und klopft mit ſeinem Lilienſtengel
An edle Menſchenherzen an:
„Ihr, denen Eurer Brüder Jammern
Zu ſtillen iſt ein Hochgenuß,
Thut auf nun Eure Vorrathskammern,
Trotz alles Wuchers Eiſenklammern,
Und theilet Euren Ueberfluß!“

Und ſieh! Es öffnen ſich die Speicher;
Schnell wird der Noth ein Ziel geſetzt.
Ihr Guten, fühlt Ihr Euch nicht reicher
Durch Geben, ſtatt Empfangen, jetzt?
So angelegt das Gold der Aehren,
Trägt's einſt den ſchönſten Zins Euch ein:
So vieler Armen Freudenzähren,
Sie werden höher Euch verklären
Als Perlenſchmuck und Edelſtein!

Einſt flicht um Eure Sterbekiſſen
Zum Himmelskranze ſich ihr Strahl,
Indeß der Wucherer, angſtzerriſſen,
Schon ringt mit aller Höllenqual;
Ihm ſchnürt die Kehle der Verſucher
Und donnert ihm die Worte zu:
„Komm mit, zum Lohn für treuen Wucher,
Und werde nun, gleich mir, Verfluchter
Der eingebüßten Himmelsruh!“

Variationen nach unſchuldigen Volksweiſen.

1.

„Blühe, liebes Veilchen, ꝛc.“

Blühe liebes Bäumchen,
Deutſche Freiheit, blüh'!
Schüttel' ab dein Träumchen,
's lohnt ſich wohl der Müh'.

Du biſt zu beſcheiden,
Wagſt dich kaum empor,
Fürchſt, dich möchte neiden
Anderer Bäume Flor.

Sei deßhalben ohne
Sorgen, liebes Kind!
Wankt nicht jede Krone
In der Zeiten Wind!

Dränge nur zum Lichte
Herzhaft dich herauf,
Eh' die Weltgeſchichte
Anhebt raſchern Lauf.

Wirſt ſonſt umgeſchmiſſen
Ohne Kraft und Halt,
Und mit fortgeriſſen
Von des Strom's Gewalt.

Albions Volk zum Spotte,
Schwimmt im Ocean
Von der deutſchen Flotte
Kaum ein morſcher Kahn.

2.

„Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachſen unſre Reben.“

Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachſen unſre Sänger;
Heil, Niklas Becker, Heil!
Der Du zurückgeſcheucht die wälſchen Dränger
Durch Deines Liedes Pfeil!

Was brauchen wir noch länger ſteh'nde Heere?
Kerndeutſcher Reime Klang
Macht mehr als unſre blitzenden Gewehre
Den „gier'gen Raben“ bang.

Drum, deutſche Fürſten! ſchafft nur die Soldaten
In Euren Staaten ab,
Und die polit'ſchen Dichter, wohlberathen,
Stellt an als Heeresſtab!

Die brauchen ihre Federn nur zu laden
Mit deutſcher Reime Blei,
Geharniſchter Sonette Palliſaden
Zu pflanzen in die Reih.

Rauſcht einmal rings im Land in vollem Glanze
Ein ſolcher Dichterwald:
O glaubt gewiß, zu dieſer Schreckensſchanze
Wagt ſich kein Feind ſo bald!

3.

Unſre Flotte.

Das Schiff ſtreicht durch die Wellen,
Fidolin!
Die deutſchen Segel ſchwellen,
Ach, wohin?
Wir wiſſens nicht genau;
Unſre Flotte
Sticht mit Gotte
In das weite Meeresblau.

Sind wir nur einmal drauſſen,
Fidolin!
So mag der Sturm erbrauſen,
Immerhin!
Wir zittern ihm doch nicht;
Unſre Flotte
Ihm zum Spotte
Iſt aufs Trefflichſte verpicht.

Gibts doch bei uns zu Land da
Pech genug!
Das dient zu allerhand ja
Ueberzug.
Im Bundesſtaatenſchiff
Dients zur Decke
Jedem Lecke
Durch ein Demagogen-Riff.

Wir lachen der Beſchwerden
Auf der See;
Mags auch dabei uns werden
Wind und weh!
So katzenjämmerlich
Wie zu Hauſe,
Fühlt im Brauſe
Grüner Fluth doch Keiner ſich.

Leb' wohl, Jungfer Europia!
Kurz und gut:
Wir ſteuern nach Utopia
Wohlgemuth.
Dein Sommer iſt verglüht,
Drum nach andern
Küſten wandern
Wir, wo unſer Waizen blüht. —

Doch ſtill mit unſerm Spotte!
Stille nur!
Sonſt kommt die Scheerenflotte
Der Cenſur,
Und ſtreichet ohne Gnad'
Nach der Regel
Unſre Segel,
Und das wär' doch jammerſchad!

Wohlauf drum, Ihr Geſellen!
Seid geſchwind!
Die deutſchen Segel ſchwellen
Friſch im Wind!
Friſch im Wind vom Zollverband
Fahr' mit Gotte
Unſre Flotte
Meinethalb ins — Pfefferland!

4.

„Es kann ja nicht immer ſo bleiben!“

Es kann ja nicht immer ſo bleiben
In unſerm buntſcheckigen Land!
Feſt muß ineinander verkleiben
Der Bund ſich zum Einigen Band.

Der Zoll hat ſchon viele der Wunder
Geſchaffen durch ſeinen Verein,
Doch ſchließt er noch gar zu viel Plunder
In ſeine Gemarkungen ein.

Beflügeln auch eiſerne Netze
Den Menſchen- und Waarenverkehr;
Geläuterter, gleicher Geſetze
Bedürften wir ſicher noch mehr.

Zwar ſind wir von mancherlei Laſten
Verjährter Geſpenſter befreit,
Doch wehren noch gar zu viel Kaſten
Dem Geiſte der Brüderlichkeit.

Noch taumeln gar finſtere Köpfe
In Mützen des Schlafes umher,
Noch baumeln philiſtriſche Zöpfe
Hartnäckig am Nacken uns ſchwer.

So lang die erleuchtende Preſſe
Die Scheere des Putzers noch ſpürt;
So lang nicht Gericht und Prozeſſe
Bei offenen Thüren man führt;

So lange nicht frei die Gewiſſen
Im Reiche der Religion;
So lang wir nicht ganz uns geriſſen
Vom ſiebengehügelten Thron;

So lange nicht Kirche und Staat ſind
Ein innig verſchmolzener Bund:
So ſtreu'n wir die köſtlichſte Saat blind
In einen unſicheren Grund.

So lange nicht freier Verfaſſung
Ein Land wie das andre ſich freut,
Daß nimmer die feſte Verlaſſung
Aufs fürſtliche Wort uns gereut;

So lang nicht Germania's Sterne
Zur Einigen Krone gereiht:
So lang ſind wir freilich noch ferne
Von unſerer goldenen Zeit!

5.

„O Freiheit, ſüßer Klang!“

O Freiheit! ſüßer Klang
Vor allen andern Tönen!
Wie Viele können lang
Sich nicht an dich gewöhnen!

Wie mancher Fürſt erbleicht,
Wenn er dich hört erſchallen.
Und wähnt ſich ſchon vielleicht
Dem Untergang verfallen!

Und feſter ſchließt er dann
In banger Ahnung Schauer
Den ſtolzen Heeresbann
Um ſich als ehrne Mauer.

Mit Wall und Gräben trotzt
Er dir als Ungeheuer,
Da werden aufgeprotzt
Die Schlangen, ſpeiend Feuer;

Zu tiefen Kerkers Qual
Wird Jeder raſch verdammet,
Deß Lippe nur einmal
Von deinem Lob geflammet. —

O Freiheit, ſüßer Klang!
Wer kann dich ſo mißdeuten,
Als ob zum Untergang
Der Throne du wollſt läuten?

Nur feiger Diener Mund,
Die ſelbſt nach Herrſchaft dürſten,
Lichtſcheuer Seelen Bund,
Verleumdet dich beim Fürſten.

Nur das Gewiſſen kann
Dein Ruf mit Schrecken füllen,
Das Truggewebe ſpann,
Die Wahrheit zu verhüllen,

Daß nie der Fürſt ihr Licht
Erblicke durch die Wolke,
Die zwiſchen ſein Geſicht
Es wob und ſeinem Volke. —

O Freiheit, Cherubim!
Durchbricht des Thrones Schanze
Und zeige dich vor ihm
Im vollſten Himmelsglanze!

Dem Fürſten rufe zu:
„O lerne mir vertrauen!
Durch mich allein kannſt Du
Dein Reich in Blüthe ſchauen.

„O laß mich Deinen Thron
Als Genius umſchwingen,
Dann wird nur Segenslohn
Das treue Volk Dir bringen!

„Dann biſt Du erſt durchlaucht
Fern allem eiteln Prahlen,
Von meinem Kuß umhaucht,
Verklärt von meinen Strahlen!

„Nach allen Pfaden hell,
Laß ungehemmt ſie kreiſen,
Dann erſt als Gnadenquell
Wird rings das Land Dich preiſen.

„Zum ſchönſten Siegesliede
Hebt dann ſich mein Geſang,
Und Friede! nur und Friede!
Tönt es im Wechſelklang.“

Der Dichter und ſeine Zeit.

Der Lieder ſchönſtes möcht' ich dir,
O meine Mutterſprache! ſingen;
Im vollſten Glanze deiner Zier
Der Hymnen ſüßeſte dir bringen,
Gelång' es ab zu ſtreifen mir
Das letzte Hemmniß meiner Schwingen,
So mancher Sorgen ſchwere Wucht,
Die, wenn ich kühnern Schwung verſucht
Auf der Begeiſtrung Flügelpferde,
Oft wieder drückten mich zur Erde.
Bald möcht' ich koſend mit dir ſpielen,
Wie mit der Mutter ſpielt das Kind,
Bald zu des Ruhmes edlen Zielen,
Die nur dem Sänger nahbar ſind,
Erheben mich mit dir geſchwind.
Wie deinen Zauber ich empfunden
In ſtillen, wonnevollen Stunden,
Wenn ich, gewiegt im weichen Pfühl
Von deiner Melodieen Wogen,
Dem ruhlos brauſenden Gewühl
Des Lebensmarktes mich entzogen, —
O ſolch ein göttliches Gefühl
Kann jene Herzen nur durchdringen,
Die auch mit Schmerzen gerne ringen,
Um einſt, umrauſcht von Lorbeerwipfeln,
Umlauſcht von der Geweihten Kreis,
Zu pflücken auf den hehren Gipfeln
Der Poeſie den Siegerpreis.

Doch ſank mein Herz, das ſo nach oben,
Ein ſchwellend Luftſchiff, ſich erhoben,
Oft plötzlich wieder auf das Land,
Als öffnete zu raſchem Falle
Die Gasesklappe ſich am Balle
Durch eine unſichtbare Hand.

Dann wars, als ob mir aus der Tiefe
Hohnlächelnd eine Stimme riefe:
„So lernſt Du nie, Dich Deiner Zeit,
Verblendeter Poet, zu fügen!
So träumſt Du noch voll Eitelkeit
Von dichteriſchen Siegesflügen
Hoch über der Partien Streit
Und dem Gewirr der Tageslügen,
Zu deren Spiel ſich mit Vergnügen
Der Flatterſinn der Menge leiht?
Zu ſchmeicheln ſuchſt Du Dich vergebens
In Deines Volks betäubtes Ohr;
Die Blüthen Deines Jugendlebens,
Gediehen zu dem reichſten Flor
Des idealen Künſtlerſtrebens,
Ihm legſt Du ſie vergeblich vor
In formgediegner Sprache Zauber,
Stets wird dafür die Menge tauber,
Wenn Du verſchmähſt vor ſie zu treten,
Statt mit der Lyra weichem Ton,
Mit Kriegsgeſchrei und Sturmtrompeten;
Hineinzuſchmettern Deinen Hohn
In Politik und Religion,
Wie manche unſrer Zeitpoeten
Zu klimmen auf des Wahnes Thron
Und ihre Götzen anzubeten.“

Da warf ich forſchend meinen Blick
Aufs dunkle Meer der Politik,
Ob nicht vielleicht noch Hoffnung blicke,
Hinunter tauchend mit Geſchick
Ins ruhlos brandende Getriebe,
Darin zu fiſchen einen Strauß
Von Perlen echter Poeſie.
Doch Millionen ſchöpften draus
Mit einem Danaidenſiebe;
Welch Summen, Ziſchen und Gebraus!
Fremd allem Sinn für Harmonie
Die Menge durcheinander ſchrie,
Wenn da und dort ein Abenteurer
Das Schiff des Staats als kühner Steurer
Verſprach zu heben aus dem Sand
Und in den Hafen es zu führen
Zu dem gelobten Wunderland,
Wo Alles gleich iſt, Glück und Stand,
Kein Unterſchiedchen mehr zu ſpüren
Iſt zwiſchen Hohen und Geringen,
Und Jedermann vor allen Dingen
Mit unbegrenzter Freiheit rühren
Darf ſeiner Wünſche kühnſte Schwingen.

Da wandt' ich zagend mich davon
Von dieſen ſtürmiſchen Geſtaden,
Im heiligen Strom der Religion
Sehnt' ich die heiße Bruſt zu baden.
Ach, aber jene Liebesquelle,
Die er in ſeinem Urſprung war,
So ſpiegel- und kriſtallenhelle,

Von der befruchtet, jede Stelle,
Der Sand der Wüſtenei ſogar,
Der Blumen köſtlichſte gebar —
Statt nur in Ein Bett ſich zu ſchließen,
Drein alle Herzen ſich ergießen
Voll brüderlicher Nächſtenliebe,
Wie ſie dem Gottesſohn entquoll:
Sah ich in tauſend trübe Arme
Getheilt von bunter Sekten Schwarme,
Sich bald mit ſchäumendem Geroll
Bahn brechend durch ein Felsgeſchiebe,
Bald langſam, ſtill, doch tückvoll
Sich wälzen über blüh'nde Fluren,
Vertilgend alle Segensſpuren,
Sie tief in Sand und Schlamm begrabend,
Anſtatt mit Himmelsthau ſie labend.

„Poet, ſo brich mit Deiner Zeit!“
Rief mir nun jene Stimme zu;
„Statt ihr zu dienen, flüchte Du
Vom menſchlichem Verkehr Dich weit,
Fern allem Haſſen, allem Streit,
In ſtille Waldeseinſamkeit!
Belauſch' Dryaden und Najaden;
Die Nixen auf des See's Geſtaden,
Wenn mondlich ſie den Reigen tanzen,
Verweb' in Märchen und Romanzen;
Beſing' in ſchaurigen Balladen
Den tollen Spuk der Geiſterwelt;
Gelagert unter grünem Zelt,
Wenn draußen glüht des Sommers Schwüle,
Laß wiegen Dich in Schlummer ein
Vom fernen Klang der Sägemühle
Und vom Geſumm der Käferlein;
Dann faſſ' die Bilder Deiner Träume,
Durchtanzt von goldner Lichter Schein,
In Versrahmen glatt und fein —
Wie werden alle Waldesräume,
Sogar die ernſten Tannenbäume,
Entzückt von ihrem Dichter ſein!“

Wer biſt Du denn, die Du mit Hohn
Beneckſt mein dichteriſches Streben,
Geheimnißvolle Stimme Du?
Haſt Du nicht einen Liebeston,
Mir die verlorne Herzensruh,
Erneutes Selbſtgefühl zu geben,
Mit friſchem Muthe zu beleben
Mich durch die Hoffnung, daß die Zeit
Auch mir einſt Anerkennung weiht
Und nicht mit tilgendem Gefieder
Dahinbrauſt über meine Lieder?

„Ich“ — rief die Stimme mir entgegen —
„Bin Deiner Sprache Genius!
Nein, glaube nicht, daß zu erregen
Ich ſuche Deinen Ueberdruß,
Wenn ich gleich ſelbſt an Glück und Segen
Für jene Dichter zweifeln muß,
Die mich am allertreuſten pflegen
Mit reinem, kunſtdurchglühten Sinn.
Denn weil ſie mich zu heilig halten,
Mit mir zu walten und zu ſchalten,
Wie mit der Menge Dienerin;
Weil ſie um eiteln Ruhms Gewinn
Mich nicht zu hohlen Freiheitsliedern
Und Pöbelſchmeichelei'n erniedern,
So ſingen tauben Ohren ſie,
Und finden keine Sympathie
Bei dem charakterloſen Volke,
Das lieber lauſcht der Hagelwolke
Von ſchlechtgereimter Poeſie,
Als einem Strom von Harmonie!

„Doch ſei getroſt und neide nicht
Die Kränze, ſo die Jetztwelt flicht
So manchem ihrer Hierophanten,
Die weder mich noch ſich verſtehn;
Sie werden mit der Zeit verwehn!
Indeß wer echte Diamanten
In meines Schachtes Gängen bricht
Und in begeiſtertem Gedicht
Sie glühen läßt im reinſten Licht,
Um zu zerſtreuen alle Schatten,
Die um der Wahrheit Angeſicht
Feindſelig ſich gelagert hatten;
Wer einen ſolchen Liederkranz
Sich windet, um in ſeinem Glanz
Sanft zu verſchmelzen und zu gatten
So manche ſtarren Elemente,
In die ſich die Geſellſchaft trennte;
Wer zum Vermitteln und Verſöhnen,
Nicht zur Entflammung, der Partei'n
Als Sänger ſchreitet durch die Reih'n,
Und nur dem Edlen und dem Schönen
Der Leier Saiten läßt ertönen,
Doch nie der Menge Schmeichelei'n:
Der wird auch mehr und mehr gewöhnen
Das Volk an reine Harmonie,
Wie mir ein Platen ſie verlieh,
Nicht Trugpropheten mehr zu fröhnen,
Und die Poeten nur zu krönen,
Die mich als höchſtes Heiligthum
Verherrlichen zu Deutſchlands Ruhm!“

O Mutterſprache! Königin
Auf felſenfeſt uraltem Throne!
Dein Lob erſchalle fernehin!
Wie ſtrahlt um deine Stirn die Krone
Vor allen andern Schweſtern reich!
O Jungfrau, Mutter und Matrone!
So ernſt als mild, ſo ſtark als weich:
Wo kommt dir eine andre gleich?
Begeiſtert preiſ' ich das Geſchick,
Das mich geweiht zu deinem Sohne —
Und nach verwandter Herzen Lohne
Lenk' ich noch hoffend meinen Blick!

Friedrich Wilhelm Schubert.

ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte, Geographie und Staatskunde zu Königsberg, geboren daſelbſt am 20. Mai 1799. Zu Oſtern 1815 bezog er die Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt; ſchloß ſich aber noch vor dem Anfange ſeines akademiſchen Curſus den freiwilligen Jägern an, die bei der Wiedererneuerung des Kampfes in das Feld gerufen wurden. Nach Königsberg zurückgekehrt ſetzte er 1816 als Mitglied des philologiſchen Seminars ſeine Studien fort. Im Juni 1820 habilitirte er ſich als Privatdocent bei der Univerſität. Bereits 1822 ward ihm eine außerordentliche Profeſſur zu Bonn beſtimmt, doch blieb er in gleicher Eigenſchaft zu Königsberg. Oſtern 1824 wurde er an die Univerſität zu Berlin berufen; kehrte aber bald wieder nach Königsberg zurück. Im J. 1826 erhielt er die ordentliche Profeſſur, die er noch jetzt bekleidet.

Er ſchrieb:

Jahrbücher oder Chronik Johannis von der Puſilie. Königsberg 1823. Mit Prof. Vogt.
Preußens erſtes politiſches Auftreten unter dem großen Kurfürſten. Königsberg 1823.

Beiträge zur Geſchichte des deutſchen Ordens. Heft 1. Königsberg 1831.
Das Krönungsfeſt der preußiſchen Monarchie. Königsberg 1832.
Hiſtoriſch-ſtatiſtiſches Gemälde v. Oſt- und Weſtpreußen. In drei Abtheilungen, in dem berliner „Hiſtoriſch-genealogiſchen Kalender“ 1834—36.
Handbuch der allgemeinen Staatskunde von Europa. Königsberg 1835—1846. I—II, 2.
Mit dem Profeſſor Roſenkranz beſorgte S. die erſte vollſtändige Ausgabe der „Sämmtlichen Werke Kant's“ 12. Bde. Leipzig 1838—40. Außerdem ſchrieb S. viele Abhandlungen für Zeitſchriften akademiſche Gelegenheitsſchriften, Abhandlungen u. ſ. w.

Gründliche und tiefe Gelehrſamkeit, reiche Lebenserfahrung, ſcharfſinnige Kritik und eine einfache, aber eben dadurch um deſto trefflichern Darſtellungsweiſe haben Schubert einen ſehr geachteten Namen als Geſchichtsforſcher und Statiſtiker erworben.

Das Lehnsherzogthum Preußen unter den Kurfürſten und Herzogen Georg Wilhelm und Friedrich Wilhelm dem Großen bis zur Erwerbung der Souverainität.

Aus F. W. Schubert's hiſtoriſch-ſtatiſtiſchem Gemälde von Oſt- und Weſtpreußen.

Georg Wilhelm erſcheint als ein Fürſt von ſehr liebenswürdigem Charakter, redlicher Geſinnung, treu ſeinen übernommenen Verpflichtungen, wie er denn dies zu ſeinem eigenen Nachtheile in ſeinen Verhältniſſen gegen Kaiſer und Reich, und nicht minder gegen die Krone Polen bewährte. Ein ſolcher Fürſt war ganz dazu gemacht, einen Staat von ſo beſchränktem Umfange, wie damals noch immer Preußen nach ſeiner Vereinigung mit Brandenburg war, in Zeiten eines innern und äußeren Friedens ſeiner Lande zum wahren Glücke ſeiner Unterthanen zu verwalten und einen geachteten Namen als Beförderer ihrer Wohlfahrt in der Geſchichte ſich zu erwerben. Aber in ſo ſtürmiſch bewegter Zeit für ſeine drei von einander getrennte Ländermaſſen in drei langwierige und überaus blutige Kriege verwickelt, den Spaniſch-Holländiſchen für Cleve, den dreißigjährigen für Brandenburg und den Schwediſch-Polniſchen zwiſchen Guſtav Adolf und Siegismund III. für Preußen, als Reichsfürſt und Polniſcher Kronlehnsträger oft wider ſeine Neigung und den Vortheil ſeiner Staaten zu aufopfernder Theilnahme an dieſen Kriegsunternehmungen in ſeiner Lehnspflicht herangezogen, mußte allein ſein Mangel an Feſtigkeit und raſcher Entſchloſſenheit im Handeln eine reiche Quelle unſäglichen Unglücks für ſeine Länder werden, und denſelben, überall in der Mitte des Kriegsſchauplatzes gelegen, mehr als irgend wo anders für Freund und Feind jeder Art von Verheerung und Zerrüttung preisgegeben, einen Zuſtand völliger Erſchöpfung und Ohnmacht bereiten. Doch laſſen wir die unglücklichen deutſchen Händel hier ganz aus den Augen und wenden uns nur zu den Angelegenheiten des Herzogthums Preußen, indem wir uns begnügen, allein auf den traurigen gegenſeitigen Einfluß beider auf einander hingewieſen zu haben, um jedes unbillige Vorurtheil in der Auffaſſung dieſer Zeit und der Regierung dieſes unglücklichen Fürſten möglichſt zu begränzen.

Gleich auf dem erſten preußiſchen Landtage unter dieſer Regierung, im Jahre 1620, nahmen die querulirenden Stände den Namen der klagenden Landräthe an, und lehnten ſich in ihren Beſchwerden in ſehr ſtarker Sprache gegen die Regimentsräthe auf. Sie verlangten geradezu, daß aus ihrer Mitte, alſo den perſönlichen Gegnern des Kurfürſten, vorzugsweiſe die höheren Landesſtellen beſetzt und fortan nicht mehr alle acht Tage, wie Johann Siegismund gefordert hatte, ein Verwaltungsbericht über Preußen, und eben ſo wenig die über wichtige Landesangelegenheiten geführten Protocolle nach Berlin geſandt werden ſollten. Sie ſetzten dann ihre Anmaßung im Fordern fort, daß der Kurfürſt als Herr eines evangeliſch-lutheriſchen Landes den Predigern erlauben ſollte, von der Kanzel herab vor Beſuchung des reformirten Gottesdienſtes, dem der Landesherr ſelbſt doch zugethan war, eifrigſt zu warnen; ſie ſtellten ſich endlich unter den Schutz des Königs von Polen, indem ſie dem Churfürſten ſelbſt nur inſoweit die Ausübung des Privatgottesdienſtes der reformirten Kirche in Preußen vergönnen wollten, als dies von polniſcher Seite zugeſtanden werden würde. Auf Bewilligung dieſer Forderungen aber beſtanden ſie einſtimmig und nahmen keinen Anſtand, dem Landesherrn die Huldigung ſogar zu verweigern, bevor allen dieſen Beſchwerden Abhülfe geſchehen und den neuen Forderungen Bewilligung zugeſagt wäre. Die polniſchen Commiſſarien, die zu dieſem Landtage wieder nach Königsberg gekommen und in gleicher Weiſe, als der Landtag, wegen einer verheerenden Peſt, die Königsberg allein 13000 Menſchen koſtete, nach Preuß. Eylau, Bartenſtein und darauf ſogar nach Angerburg verlegt wurde, dieſem auch dorthin überall gefolgt waren, hatten ſich ſo an die unaufhörlichen Beſchwerden der Stände gegen den Herzog gewöhnt, daß zwei preußiſche Landräthe ſich des Verdachtes bei den Polen ſchuldig machten, als hätten ſie das Anſehen der Polniſchen Majeſtät herabwürdigen wollen, weil ſie gar keine Beſchwerden gegen den Landesherrn vorgebracht hätten. Die Parteizahl der Querulirenden mehrte ſich aber jetzt viel ſtärker, ſo daß ſie bald die Geſammtzahl der adelichen Stände außer den Anhängern der reformirten Kirche in ſich einſchloß, indem bei dem Regierungswechſel mehrere Mitglieder, die ſich gegen Johann Siegismund verpflichtet glaubten, dieſe Gelegenheit jetzt benutzten, auf die Seite der Gegner des Fürſten zu treten: eine nicht ſeltene Erſcheinung bei politiſchen Oppoſitionen, die eigennützige Intereſſen verfolgen, wie dies auch in anderen Ländern nur zu oft bemerkt worden iſt. Dieſen neu verſtärkten Zwiſt zwiſchen den Ständen und dem Kurfürſten wollten indeß die polniſchen Commiſſarien auch wiederum nicht ohne Vortheil für ihren Staat vorübergehen laſſen. Sie forderten daher auf dem Landtage 1621, daß den polniſchen Commiſſarien, die zur Beaufſichtigung der Verwaltung nach Preußen in beſtimmten Zeiträumen abgeſendet würden, für immer das Recht verbliebe, alle Oberräthe des Landes im Namen des Königs von Polen ſelbſt zu ernennen und in ihre Würden einzuführen. Ein ſolch ausſchweifendes Verlangen erregte allerdings ſelbſt bei einem großen Theile der Stände, da es geradezu allen Landesprivilegien entgegengeſetzt war, ſtarke Mißbilligung: aber leider fanden ſich doch auch Männer aus den erſten Familien des Landes bereitwillig genug, ſolche hohe Aemter gegen den Willen des Kurfürſten ſelbſt mit koſtbarem Aufwande großer Geldgeſchenke aus den Händen der polniſchen Commiſſarien anzunehmen, und es gelang Einigen ſogar, ſich in denſelben zu behaupten, da ſie, in voller Dreiſtigkeit beharrend, mit einem Proceß am polniſchen Hofe gegen den Landesherrn drohten, wenn ſie in ihrem widerrechtlich erlangten Beſitz angefochten werden ſollten. Ein ſo arger Mißbrauch und gewaltthätiger Eingriff in die fürſtliche Gewalt trieb Georg Wilhelm zum lauteſten Widerſpruch bei König Siegismund III. von Polen; aber bei der Stellung dieſes Fürſten gegen ſeine Magnaten, die wegen des Kriegs mit den Türken und des drohenden Einfalls von Guſtav Adolf in die polniſchen Oſtſeeländer geſchont werden mußten, und da zugleich die Commiſſarien die Einkünfte ſeiner Chatouille aus Preußen vermehrt hatten, — eine weſentliche Verführung des Fürſten bei der im Ganzen ſo geringen Staatseinnahme eines Königs von Polen genehmigt endlich Siegismund alle ausſchweifende Schritte ſeiner Abgeordneten. Dadurch wurde indeß der Uebermuth derſelben nur zu noch größeren Anmaßungen gereizt, und ſogar das ganze Herzogthum für ein erledigtes Lehn erklärt, wenn ſich der Kurfürſt nicht den aufgeſtellten Forderungen fügen wollte. Und leider erheiſchten die politiſchen Verhältniſſe Georg Wilhelms es als nothwendiges Rettungsmittel, daß er, da er ſchon in allen ſeinen übrigen Beſitzungen den Tummelplatz äußerer und innerer Feinde aufgeſchlagen ſah, und das Vertrauen auf ſeine eigene Kraft ihm gänzlich abging, den Polen nachgab und unter ihrer herrſchſüchtigen Leitung mit den Landſtänden Preußens nach ihrem Willen ſich einigte. Beträchtliche Geldſummen mußten zuerſt zur Beſtechung der polniſchen Abgeordneten verwandt werden welche doch zuletzt nur dem Lande zur Laſt fielen, aber es folgte noch eine zweite Selbſtbeſtrafung, die die eitle Selbſtverblendung der Stände, durch den Ausländer ſich Recht und Unrecht ohne Rückſicht auf die Wohlfahrt des Vaterlandes verſchaffen zu wollen, ſich ſelbſt aufbürdete, nämlich die Summe von 60000 Gulden Poln. ſo oft als Landesſteuer des Herzogthums Preußen aufzubringen und an die Krone Polen zu entrichten, als in dieſem Reiche eine allgemeine Landesabgabe eingefordert wurde. Die traurigen Folgen der herrſchſüchtigen Pläne einer Adelsariſtocratie, die die Flamme der bürgerlichen Zwietracht, ſtatt der Treue, des Gehorſams und des vertrauensvollen Zuſammenhandelns für die Selbſtändigkeit und die Wohlfahrt des Landes nährte, waren nicht ausgeblieben. Sie hielten die Zerrüttung des verarmten Landes auf viele Jahrzehnte gefeſſelt und drängten überall den Einfluß und die Entſcheidung der polniſchen Machthaber auf, wo dieſe ſpäterhin auch von den ſich ſelbſttäuſchenden Ständen nicht herbeigewünſcht wurden, bis endlich die Stunde der Errettung durch den großen Kurfürſten ſchlug und der übermüthigen ausländiſchen Macht nicht weniger als der innern Zwietracht einen kräftig ſchützenden Damm entgegen ſtellte.

Die erſten vorbereitenden Verſuche zur Abhülfe der allgemeinen Landesnoth geſchahen jetzt dadurch, daß die polniſchen

Commiſſarien ſelbſt einmal über die ihnen angewieſenen Gränzen auf die Einladung und Anweiſung der Stände geſchritten, nun gar kein Maaß und Ziel mehr für ihre Forderungen kennen wollten, ſogar die einzelnen Sitzungen der Landſtände in völliger Willkühr zu verbieten wagten, und deshalb zu Gunſten der von ihnen beſchützten Eingebornen, namentlich der katholiſchen Edelleute, bald ſelbſt mit dem egoiſtiſchen Treiben der meiſten Stände feindlich zuſammen gerathen mußten. Deshalb wurden die Letzteren, durch eigene Noth getrieben, zum engeren Anſchließen an den Landesfürſten genöthigt. Doch dauerte dieſe Einigkeit ſtets nur ſo lange, als die Gefahr vor größerer Einbuße drohete: denn jede nothwendige Geldforderung zur Beſtreitung der mit den Verwickelungen der politiſchen Lage zugleich ſich mehrenden Verwaltungskoſten, oder des Aufwandes für die Landesvertheidigung in dem nun ausgebrochenen Kriege zwiſchen Schweden und Polen, deſſen Schauplatz ſich dem Herzogthum genähert hatte, erregte leidenſchaftliches Widerſtreben der Landſtände und ihre Klagen am polniſchen Hofe gegen den Kurfürſten, als wenn dieſer alles Unglück des Landes verbüßen ſollte, deſſen Schwere ihn ſchon durch ihre eigene Laſt genugſam niederdrückte. Es darf hier aber auch nicht unbemerkt bleiben, daß eine zweite weſentliche Hülfe für die Annäherung der Landſtände an den Fürſten, die in ſich eine bleibendere Dauer trug und unbemerkt dem Kurfürſten eine geſetzlich begründete größere Ausdehnung der fürſtlichen Gewalt verlieh, in dem neu eingeführten Landrechte lag. Schon unter Kurfürſt Johann Sigismund waren die bereits von ſeinem Vater Joachim Friedrich durch Profeſſor Buchius begonnenen Arbeiten für ein allgemeines Geſetzbuch lebhaft fortgeſetzt, und auf den Wunſch der Landſtände fünf Männer beauftragt, ein neues deutſches Landrecht zu bearbeiten, das für das Herzogthum Preußen in allen Rechtsfällen allein gültige Kraft erlangen und alle früher angewandte Hülfsrechte erſetzen ſollte. Es waren dazu die beiden Königsbergiſchen Bürgermeiſter Wilhelmi und Behm, der Hofgerichtsrath Frieſe, der Hofgerichtsrath und Profeſſor Dr. Buchius und der Subinſpektor des Albertinums Huberin gewählt worden. Die beiden letzten als Univerſitätslehrer damals vorzugsweiſe mit dem römiſchen Rechte vertraut und die entſchiedenſten Anhänger deſſelben, hatten auf die drei übrigen Mitarbeiter, die ebenfalls den Beſtimmungen des römiſchen Rechts nicht abgeneigt waren, und Frieſe, außerdem perſönlich dem Kurfürſten verpflichtet, ſo günſtig eingewirkt, daß ſehr viele bis dahin in Preußen nicht angewandte Rechtsſätze aus dem römiſchen Rechte in den neuen Entwurf verpflanzt wurden, und nicht wenig für die Erhöhung der fürſtlichen Gewalt und die Feſtſtellung der Unterthanen-Verhältniſſe nach ihrem umfaſſenden Begriffe und ihrer urſprünglichen Herleitung beitrugen. Die Arbeiten waren ſchon 1613 größtentheils fertig geweſen, wo Buchius, der das Meiſte bearbeitet hatte, ſtarb: aber die vielfachen Streitigkeiten der Stände über Religions- und politiſche Angelegenheiten, hatten die Durchſicht eines ſo weitläuftigen Werkes gehindert und die Berathungen darüber vertagt. Dieſes Landrecht wurde daher erſt 1620, nachdem die Landſtände es genehmigt und wenig abgeändert hatten, bekannt gemacht, und erhielt von dem nächſten Jahre rechtsgültige Kraft.

Unterdeſſen hatte Georg Wilhelm ſeine unmittelbaren Verhandlungen mit dem polniſchen Hofe über die Belehnung beendigt und ſich außer der Uebernahme aller Verpflichtungen ſeines Vaters vom Jahre 1611 zur einmaligen Zahlung einer Summe von 200,000 Gulden Polniſch verſtehen müſſen, die in zwei Terminen 1621 und 1622 geleiſtet und durch eine Grundſteuer und eine Vermögensſteuer von zwei und ein halb Procent von dem abgeſchätzten Vermögen aufgebracht werden ſollte. Die förmliche Belehnung hatte er wie ſein Vater, perſönlich in Warſchau am 23. September 1621 aus den Händen des Königs Sigismund III. empfangen. Vor ſeiner Rückkehr nach Berlin erlangte er noch von den Ständen die durch die lange Dauer ihrer Landtage und den geringen Erfolg derſelben ermüdet, überdem durch die Koſten derſelben — die Querulirenden und Proteſtirenden hatten zuſammen für den letzten über 80,000 Gulden als Erſtattung ihrer Auslagen gefordert — ſich hart gedrückt fühlten, daß künftig hin die Landtage nur eine Dauer von drei Wochen haben ſollten, wodurch allein ſchon einigermaßen für eine größere Friedfertigkeit auf denſelben als vorher geſorgt wurde.

Die darauf folgenden vier Jahre verfloſſen für Preußen in erträglicher Ruhe, ſo daß das Herzogthum ſich ein wenig erholt befand, als der Schwediſch-Polniſche Krieg ſeinen Schauplatz 1626 daſelbſt aufſchlug. Der Krieg in Liefland war nach entſchiedenen Siegen des Königs Guſtav Adolf durch einen zweijährigen Waffenſtillſtand 1622 beſeitigt worden, der nach ſeinem vollſtändigen Ablaufe noch einmal auf ein Jahr Verlängerung zugeſtanden erhielt. Unterdeſſen hatten die norddeutſchen Fürſten, welche den Krieg gegen den Kaiſer führten, zugleich mit Frankreich an Guſtav Adolf ſich gewandt, um Dieſen zur Theilnahme am dreißigjährigen Kriege zu bewegen, und die darüber bereits angeknüpften Unterhandlungen waren nur an des Schwedenkönigs zu hohen Forderungen geſcheitert. Kaiſer Ferdinand II. hegte aber immer große Beſorgniß vor Guſtav Adolf ſeit ſeinen Siegen in Liefland; er verſprach daher ſeinem Schwager, dem Könige von Polen Beiſtand, um durch dieſen Guſtav Adolph zu beſchäftigen und von ſeiner Herüberkunft nach Deutſchland ſo lange als möglich abzuhalten. Sigismund erneuerte daher 1625 den Krieg gegen Schweden, ſo ungern die polniſchen Reichsſtände dieſen ſchon jetzt in ſeinen nachtheiligen Folgen für die Krone Polen erkannten Kampf fortſetzten, der ſich auch gleich in ſeinem erſten Feldzuge in Liefland und Samogitien entſchieden unglücklich für Polen zeigte. Der Kaiſer wünſchte aber deshalb die angelegentliche Unterſtützung Polens durch den Kurfürſten Georg Wilhelm, oder mindeſtens ſein Zurückſtehen von der Schweden Seite, weshalb er den deutſchen Orden wieder zur Erneuerung ſeiner Anſprüche auf Preußen anregte, um Brandenburgs Macht mehr in ſeinen Händen zu haben. Der Hochmeiſter Johann Euſtach von Weſternach erhielt am 12. Mai 1625 vom Kaiſer die urkundliche Zuſage bei ſeiner Beſtätigung im Amte, daß ihm Preußen wieder eingeräumt werden ſollte. Aber Kurfürſt Georg Wilhelm war an ſich nicht geneigt, dem Kaiſer entgegen zu handeln, weil er jedes feindliche Auftreten gegen Ferdinand II. als eine Verletzung ſeines Reichseides ſcheute, und noch weniger fühlte er ſich geneigt, den König von Schweden zu unterſtützen, mit dem er ſchon bei ſeinem Regierungsantritte zerfallen war. Denn während ſeiner erſten Anweſenheit in Königsberg als Kurfürſt war ſeine Schweſter Marie Eleonore durch ſeine ſtreng lutheriſche Mutter, die Kurfürſtin Anna, mit dem Schwedenkönige Guſtav Adolf, der ſelbſt nach Berlin gekommen war, wider ſeinen Willen verlobt worden, da er ſelbſt die Bewerbungen ſeines wahrſcheinlichen künftigen Lehnsherrn, des polniſchen Prinzen Wladislaw, des älteſten Sohns von Sigismund III. begünſtigt hatte, der aber der Kurfürſtin Mutter als katholiſch verhaßt war. Trotz des Kurfürſten ſtarker Erklärung darüber an ſeine Mutter und König Guſtav Adolf ſelbſt, vom vierten September 1620, war die Abholung der Prinzeſſin von Berlin vermittelſt einer großen ſchwediſchen Geſandtſchaft im October beſchleunigt und die Vermählung am 25. November 1620 vollzogen worden.

Guſtav Adolf hatte für den Feldzug des Jahres 1626 die polniſche Macht in ihrem Herzen anzugreifen beſchloſſen, und längſt der Weichſel hinauf den Kampf raſch in das Innere von Polen zu tragen. Dazu erſchien die Landung im Hafen Pillau am angemeſſenſten, weil hier die bequemſte und gefahrloſeſte Einfahrt war und der geringſte Widerſtand beim weiteren Vordringen erwartet werden durfte. Zwar hatten denn die Polen ſchon lange befürchtet und bereits 1620 die Deckung des Hafens mit Kriegsſchiffen und die Beſetzung des Platzes vom Kurfürſten, auf des Herzogthums Koſten zu erhalten, gefordert. Doch hatten die Stände mit Einſtimmung des Fürſten nur den Beſchluß gefaßt, einige Domainen zu dieſem Behufe zu verpfänden, wofür noch die Erlaubniß des Königs von Polen nachgeſucht werden ſollte. Dies völlig unzulängliche Mittel verfehlte ganz ſeinen Zweck und weitere Vertheidigungsanſtalten waren während des Waffenſtillſtands nicht getroffen worden. Im Jahre 1626 hatten die Landſtände zwar auf dem Landtage zu Marienwerder im Februar außerordentliche Geldbewilligungen zur Abwehr zugeſtanden, von der Hufe acht Mark, in den Städten eine Vermögensſteuer von acht Procent des Ertrags und außerdem noch eine Trankſteuer, gegen welche aber die Abgeordneten des Bürgerſtandes Einſpruch thaten. Ueberdies gingen die Gelder nur zum geringſten Theile ein, die Rüſtungen konnten nicht vor dem Sommer angefangen werden. Die Regimentsräthe hatten nur vier Schiffe von den Danzigern erkauft, und dieſe unter den Befehl des Obriſtlieutenants von Hohendorff zur Sperrung des Hafens Pillau geſchickt. Eine Schanze war noch nicht ganz vollendet, die 104 Mann Beſatzung hielt, und ein Vertheidigungsſchiff war bereits auf den Strand gerathen, als Guſtav Adolf unerwartet mit achtzig Schiffen am 3. Juli 1626 vor Pillau erſchien, auf denen er 11000 Mann herüberſetzte. An Vertheidigung war nicht zu denken; Pillau ward in wenigen Stunden beſetzt, der König verlangte nur ſtrenge Neutralität und die Ueberlaſſung Pillaus als ſicheren Rückzugsort, verſprach dagegen ſogleich nach Ermland überzugehen, das Herzogthum auf das Aeußerſte zu ſchonen und Pillau nach wiederhergeſtelltem Frieden mit wichtigeren Feſtungswerken, die inzwiſchen auf Schwedens Koſten raſch angelegt werden ſollten, unentgeltlich zurückzuliefern. Die Oberräthe welche den König nur hinzuhalten ſuchten, in ihren Geſinnungen aber entſchieden die Krone Polens begünſtigten und auch Polens Rache für ihre wehrlos liegenden Güter zu befürchten hatten, verlangten von den Schweden, wider allen Kriegsgebrauch, Zurückgabe des eroberten Pillaus, Aufſchub für ihre eigene Erklärung bis zur Ankunft einer Entſcheidung des

Kurfürſten aus Berlin, die indeß zu drei auf einander folgenden Malen von dem Woiwoden von Pomerellen aufgefangen wurde und ſpäter durch den eigenen Geſandten Lewin von Kneſebeck abgegeben, in unbeſtimmten Ausdrücken ſich zu verſtecken beabſichtigte. Die Stände wollten ihrerſeits nicht die geringſte Sicherſtellung für ihre künftigen Abſichten geben, oder ſich verpflichten, in der Zwiſchenzeit keine weiteren Rüſtungen zu treffen. Guſtav Adolf ſetzte mit rückſichtsloſer Offenheit den preußiſchen Räthen auseinander, daß er ihre Stellung gegen Polen, aber auch ihre Abſichten gegen ihn ſelbſt gar wohl erkenne, daß es viel beſſer wäre, in dieſem Falle durch die Umſtände gezwungen, einen Schritt ohne den Kurfürſten zu thun, als Dieſen, dem es dereinſt das ganze Lehn koſten könnte, mit in die Verwickelung zu ziehen. Sie ſelbſt könnten aber, da ſie Pillau ſo vertheidigungslos gelaſſen und doch die Abſicht gehabt hätten, es gegen ihn zu vertheidigen, nun auch nicht von ihm fordern, ſeinen Sicherheitshafen ihnen wieder herauszuliefern, um in ſeinem Rücken den Platz in wehrhafteren Stand zu verſetzen und ſpäterhin feindlich gegen ihn zu benutzen, wenn darüber irgend ein ihnen zuſagender Befehl vom Oberlehnsherrn erlaſſen würde. Den Adel, welchen er über tauſend Köpfe anſchlug, forderte er auf, ſich mit ihm, als einem evangeliſchen Fürſten zu verbünden, und unter ſeiner Führung für ihren Landesherrn die Selbſtſtändigkeit zu erwerben. Doch geſtand er nach mehrtägigen Unterhandlungen, die als urkundliche Denkmale auf dem geheimen Archive zu Königsberg die höchſt ehrenwerthe Geſinnung des Schwedenkönigs auf dem Felde der kriegeriſchen Diplomatie bewähren und die kleinlichen Kunſtgriffe der Zweideutigkeit ſeiner Gegner in ihrer ganzen Blöße darſtellen, der preußiſchen Regierung zu, die vertragsmäßige Lehnshülfe von 100 Mann dem Könige von Polen zu ſenden. Denn dieſe geringe Mannſchaft ſchlug er nicht ſo hoch an, um für die Verſagung derſelben alle daraus folgenden Nachtheile auf die Lande ſeines Schwagers zu ziehen. Außerdem aber empfahl er den Oberräthen, ſich völlig ruhig zu verhalten, ohne durch einen ſchriftlichen Vertrag die Neutralität zur Befeſtigung ſeines ſichern Aufenthaltes in Feindes Land für ſich zu erzwingen. Dabei aber hatte Guſtav Adolf ſeinen Feldzug gegen die Polen durchaus nicht aufgehalten und war den zweiten Tag nach der Einnahme von Pillau über das friſche Haff in das Biſthum Ermland eingefallen, das nach Rudnicki's Tod 1621 von Sigismund III. für ſeinen dritten Sohn Johann Albert *) in Verwaltung genommen worden, obgleich Dieſer erſt das zwölfte Jahr erreicht hatte. Braunsberg wurde raſch erobert, mußte aber für den Verſuch des Widerſtands funfzigtauſend Thaler ſchwediſch Kriegsſteuer zahlen und die anſehnliche Bibliothek des Jeſuiten-Collegiums ausliefern, welche der König ſeiner Univerſität Upſala als erſte Frucht dieſer Art von literariſchen Eroberungen ſchenkte, die aber im dreißigjährigen Kriege vorher und nachher von allen kriegführenden Völkern nicht ſelten verſucht wurden. Darauf rückte Guſtav Adolf gegen Frauenburg, welches am 12. Juli durch die Schuld der Einwohner bis auf den Dom und die Pfarrkirche abgebrannt wurde, und ſodann über Tolkemit in das eigentliche Königlich-Polniſche Preußen nach Elbing. Dieſe bedeutendere Stadt hatte am 15. Juli ohne Widerſtand die Thore geöffnet und wurde darauf von Guſtav Adolf zu ſeinem Haupt-Sicherheitsplatze auserwählt und zu bedeutend erweiterter Befeſtigung beſtimmt. Marienburg, Stadt und Schloß gingen in 24. Stunden am 19. Juli über, die kleineren Städte in der Nachbarſchaft unterwarfen ſich gleichfalls augenblicklich den Schweden, ſo daß von dieſem Theile Weſtpreußens nur Danzig übrig blieb. Um die Belagerung dieſer wichtigſten Handelsſtadt Preußens, die damals noch mit ihren Vorſtädten größer als das vereinigte Königsberg war, mit nachdrücklichem Erfolge zu beginnen, ſammelte Guſtav Adolf alle ſeine Kräfte in ſeinem Lager zu Dirſchau und drang darauf bis zum Kloſter Oliva vor, welches bei dieſer Gelegenheit völlig ausgeplündert wurde.

Während Danzig auf gleiche Weiſe, wie die preußiſchen Stände, durch zweideutiges Zögern den König von Schweden in ſeinen weiteren Fortſchritten aufzuhalten ſuchte, aber dafür nur das ernſte Erwidern mit einer förmlichen Kriegserklärung zurückempfing, war ein polniſches Heer unter der perſönlichen Anführung des Königs Sigismund und des Prinzen Wladislaw am 18. Auguſt in Thorn angekommen und über die Weichſel in die Woiwodſchaft Culm aufgebrochen. Es hatte in kurzer Zeit den größten Theil der Weichſelgegenden wieder beſetzt und dabei die benachbarten Aemter des Herzogthums Preußen auf eine furchtbare Art verheert. Die Belagerung der Stadt Mewe durch die Polen ſeit dem 17. September beendigte den erſten Feldzug; zwei blutige Gefechte am 21. September und 1. October blieben unentſchieden, nach dem Verluſte an Mannſchaft aber weit günſtiger für die Schweden. Eben ſo erfolglos waren die Friedensvorſchläge, da Sigismund hartnäckig bei dem Rechte ſeiner Nachkommen auf die Krone Schweden beharrte und der katholiſche Zweig des Hauſes Waſa doch durch den Beſchluß des Reichstags für immer von Schweden ausgeſchloſſen war. Nun verlangte Guſtav Adolf eine beſtimmtere Erklärung von den preußiſchen Ständen, ob er ſich ihrer ferner als Freund oder Feind zu verſehen habe, ließ ſich jedoch endlich wiederum dadurch zufrieden ſtellen, daß die Stadt Königsberg die Neutralität unbedingt, das übrige Land aber unter der Bedingung annehmen ſollte, daß die Einwilligung des Kurfürſten dazu erfolge, deſſen Ankunft in Preußen mit jedem Monate erwartet wurde. Nur verſagte er den ferneren Eingang von Waffen über Pillau, welche der Kurfürſt zur Ausrüſtung des Volks aus den Rheingegenden ſeewärts zugeſandt hatte.

Unterdeſſen waren von den preußiſchen Ständen 300 Reiter und 700 Mann Fußvolk angeworben, deren Beſoldung monatlich 17,700 Gulden poln. erforderten, und eine Summe von 130,000 Gulden hatte man überdies zur Aufſtellung einer Landmiliz, die Wibranzen gemeinhin genannt, und zur Befeſtigung von Königsberg bewilligt. Aber beides kam aus Mangel an eingegangenen Geldern nicht hinlänglich zu Stande, ſo daß dieſe Vertheidigungsanſtalten zwar auf der einen Seite den Schein der Neutralität retten, auf der anderen aber auch zugleich den guten Willen kund geben mochten, ſich nicht von allen Verpflichtungen gegen Polen zurückziehen zu wollen, in der That aber jedoch die leidigſte Ohnmacht und Selbſtverblendung ſowohl über die Ausführbarkeit der Befehle der preußiſchen Regierung, als auch über die Geringfügigkeit ihrer Hülfsmittel bewährten. Denn die Verordnung der Landräthe aus dieſer Zeit beſagte: „man ſolle das Landvolk bewaffnen, und wenn die 1605 ausgetheilten langen Spieße und Musketen nicht mehr vorhanden wären, ſo ſollte man neue Musketen austheilen, und daneben das Volk anhalten, daß ſie mit ihren Hauswehren, Feuerröhren, Hellebarden, Knebelſpießen, Senſen auf gute ſtarke Stöcke gebunden, auch mit Seitengewehren ſich gefaßt und in Bereitſchaft hielten.“ Doch ſcheuten die Oberräthe ſelbſt eine allgemeine Muſterung dieſer Vertheidiger des Landes, und verboten ſie ſogar unter dem allerdings gültigen Vorwande: „daß dadurch Preußens Kräfte leichtlich verkundſchaftet würden, und welchergeſtalt ſie armirt wären, welches dann nicht überall zum Beſten beſchaffen ſein dürfte.“ Endlich wurde das Landvolk aufgefordert, im Gebete ſeine beſte Hülfe zu ſuchen, aber zugleich auch die den damaligen Zuſtand des Landes hinlänglich charakteriſirende Ermahnung hinzugefügt, ſich gegen einzelne Räuber, unter denen man aber die Söldner von Freund und Feind meinte, welche bei ausbleibendem Solde für ihre Selbſterhaltung leider auf Plünderung ausgehen mußten, nach beſter Kraft zu vertheidigen.

Je trauriger die Lage des Herzogthums Preußen unter ſolchen Umſtänden ſich darſtellte, und um ſo anziehender ſie zur leichten Eroberung des Landes verlocken konnte, um ſo größer erſcheint die planmäßige Schonung des Landes von Seiten Guſtav Adolfs, ſo lange Preußen nicht geradezu in die Reihen ſeiner Feinde überging, und ſelbſt dann begnügte er ſich mehr, dieſe Angriffe gegen ſich ſelbſt unſchädlich zu machen, als durch ſie gereizt gewöhnliche Kriegsrache auszuüben, wiewohl er dieſe den Regimentsräthen für offenbare Unterſtützung der Polen bereits angedroht hatte. Während des Winters von 1626 war Guſtav Adolf ſeit dem 8. November mit einem kleinen Gefolge nach Schweden zurückgegangen, und hatte ſeinen Kanzler Axel Oxenſtirn als Statthalter von Preußen zurückgelaſſen, indem die Schweden in dem eroberten Ermlande und nördlichen Weſtpreußen bis auf Danzig's nächſte Umgebungen ihre Winterquartiere hielten. Die Polen verſtärkten unterdeſſen ihre Truppenmaſſen, beſetzten wiederum den größten Theil von Ermland und betraten dadurch auch zur Verbindung ihrer eigenen Heeresabtheilungen das herzogliche Oberland für ſich. Der Kurfürſt Georg Wilhelm kam im Januar 1627 ſelbſt nach Preußen und führte mit ſich 4000 Mann Fußvolk und 800 Reiter, die er größtentheils nach Königsberg und Ermland verlegte, ohne geradezu gegen die Neutralität ſich zu erklären, oder offenbare Schritte für Unterſtützung der Polen zu wagen. Doch hielt er Guſtav Adolf für einen gefährlicheren Gegner als Sigismund III., und durch ſeinen Premierminiſter, den Grafen v. Schwarzenberg geleitet, der nicht minder in der Eintracht mit dem Kaiſer als mit der Krone Polen allein die Wohlfahrt der preußiſch-brandenburgiſchen Staaten vereinigt zu ſehen glaubte, hielt er es für ehrenvoller mit Polen unterzugehen, als mit Schweden gemeinſchaftlich zu ſiegen. In dieſer Abſicht hatte er Lochſtädt mehr befeſtigt, die Beſatzungen von Fiſchhauſen und Lochſtädt verſtärkt, und der benachbarte Strand an der Oſtſee war durch brandenburgiſche Truppen bereits beſetzt worden, als der König von Schweden mit einer Flotte und einer

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*) Dieſer Prinz erhielt nachmals in ſeinem zwanzigſten Jahre das Biſthum Krakau und die Kardinalswürde und ſtarb 1634 zwei und zwanzig Jahre alt.

anſehnlichen Verſtärkung ſeines Heeres am 17. Mai 1627 in Pillau wieder landete. Es wurden neue Verhandlungen zwiſchen den Abgeſandten des Kurfürſten und Guſtav Adolf über die von Schweden geforderte Neutralität des Herzogthums Preußen angeknüpft, die nach mehrtägiger Dauer am 26. Mai zu einem Waffenſtillſtand auf vier Monate bis Michaelis dieſes Jahres führten, in welchem weder Schanzen in der Umgegend von Pillau weiter angelegt, noch die Befeſtigungswerke von Lochſtädt vergrößert, noch andere Feindſeligkeiten in dieſer Gegend vom Kurfürſten verübt werden ſollten. Kaum war aber der Schwedenkönig längs der friſchen Nehrung zu einem Ueberfalle auf die Danziger Befeſtigungswerke, und als dieſer mißglückte, wieder in ſein vorjähriges Lager nach Dirſchau abgegangen, als die dringenden Forderungen der Polen, die immer ſtärkere Fortſchritte in Ermland machten und das benachbarte Preußen dabei gräßlich verwüſteten, von dem Kurfürſten eine thätige Theilnahme an dem Kriege gegen Schweden erheiſchten. Doch erſt auf das Anrathen der Mehrzahl der preußiſchen Oberräthe entſchloß ſich der Kurfürſt im Juli 1627 zu einer Unterſtützung der Polen durch 1000 Mann Fußvolk, 200 Reiter und 3 Kanonen, denen er zur Begleitung noch 600 Wibranzen nachſandte. Doch dieſe gelangten nur bis Preußiſch Mark, wo ſie auf das ſchwediſche Heer ſtießen, das eben im Begriff war, ſeine früheren Stellungen in Ermland zurück zu erobern; die preußiſchen Truppen, hier von allen Seiten mit überlegner Macht angegriffen, wurden ſämmtlich entwaffnet und größtentheils ſogleich in ſchwediſche Dienſte aufgenommen; die Wibranzen wurden dagegen nach ihren Dörfern zurückgeſchickt. Jetzt nahm Guſtav Adolf das herzogliche Oberland in Beſitz, verlegte ſein Hauptquartier nach Preußiſch-Holland, und nöthigte nun den Kurfürſten und die Landſtände im Auguſt zu der förmlichen Zuſage einer ſtrengen Neutralität.

König Siegismund hatte unterdeſſen von Kaiſer Ferdinand II. und Philipp II. von Spanien das Verſprechen einer bedeutenden Unterſtützung an Geld und Menſchen erhalten, wenn er mit erneuerter Anſtrengung den Kampf gegen Guſtav Adolf in Preußen fortſetzte. Um nun dieſe Verſtärkung ſeiner Heeresmacht vor einer entſcheidenden Hauptſchlacht abzuwarten, hatte er bei ſeinem Abgange vom Heere dem Kronfeldherrn Koniecpolski, der einen großen und bewährten Ruf in den Kriegen gegen die Türken und Tataren ſich erworben hatte, zur Pflicht gemacht, große Feldſchlachten möglichſt zu vermeiden. Koniecpolski, ein Meiſter im kleinen Kriege, führte den ihm anvertrauten Auftrag glänzend aus. Mit ſeinen leichten Heerſchaaren immer plötzlich da hervorbrechend, wo ihn und ſeine Truppen Niemand erwartete, fiel er den Schweden höchſt beſchwerlich, ermüdete ſie durch unaufhörliche Gefechte und rieb ihnen mehr Leute auf, als große Feldſchlachten gekoſtet haben würden. Der Kampfſchauplatz war inzwiſchen wieder nach dem Ermland verlegt; ein Ueberfall auf Braunsberg mißglückte den Polen, zog aber faſt die gänzliche Einäſcherung der Stadt herbei; ein gleiches Schickſal hatte Mehlſack, und der Kampf ging nun wieder vereinzelt in die ſüdlicheren Striche Ermlands über. Hier gebrauchte Guſtav Adolf zum Schutze ſeines Fußvolks gegen die Angriffe der leichten polniſchen Reiterei die ledernen Kanonen, welche ſein Obriſter Melchior von Wurmbrand, früher in kaiſerlichen Dienſten, erfunden hatte, und die wegen ihrer größeren Leichtigkeit *) ſchneller fortgeſchafft werden konnten, wozu hier eben das ſchwierige und in regnigter Jahreszeit faſt ganz unwegſame Terrain dringend aufforderte. Sechs derſelben wurden zum erſten Male bei der Erſtürmung der Stadt Wormditt, am 19. October 1627, angewandt.

Beim Ausgange des zweiten Feldzugs, wo Guſtav Adolf die Winterquartiere zum Theil im herzoglichen Preußen aufſchlagen ließ, und dann wiederum am 26. Octbr. von Pillau für ſeine Perſon nach Schweden zurückkehrte, um neue Verſtärkungen mit Anbruch der beſſeren Jahreszeit ſeiner Heeresmacht zuzuführen, war inzwiſchen die Landesnoth ſchon auf den höchſten Grad geſtiegen. Denn die Landſchaften zwiſchen der Paſſarge, Alle und der Weichſel hatten nicht allein den Unterhalt für die polniſchen und ſchwediſchen Krieger hergeben, ſondern auch noch das Meiſte der übrigen Hülfsmittel herbeiſchaffen müſſen und waren dabei täglichen Plünderungen ausgeſetzt. Das unnütze kleine Hülfsheer, welches der Kurfürſt für den König von Polen aufgeſtellt hatte, war außerdem Veranlaſſung zu faſt unerſchwinglichen Auflagen geweſen, zu einer doppelten Trankſteuer, einer ebenfalls auf das doppelte des vorjährigen Satzes erhöheten Vermögensſteuer, einer ſtarken Beſteuerung aller zum Verkauf geſtellten Lebensmittel, zu einem Kopfgelde von 1½ bis 9 Gulden Höhe für die Perſon, und endlich zu einer Grundſteuer von 3 Procent des Schoßungwerthes für die Hufe. Die Laſt drückte um ſo härter, als aus einigen Kreiſen bei dem völlig erſchöpften Zuſtande derſelben gar nichts einkam, das jetzt zuerſt verſuchte Mittel der Militairexecution nichts fruchtete, und das Geld doch von Denen aufgebracht werden mußte, die noch in der Möglichkeit zu zahlen ſich befanden. Der Handel lag ganz darnieder, bei Danzig hatte König Guſtav Adolf zuerſt einen hohen Seezoll, nachdem er am 21. Mai 1627 die Sperre des Hafens aufgehoben hatte, angelegt, um der Bürgerſchaft dieſer Stadt zu ſchaden. Dann forderte er denſelben in gleicher Höhe in Pillau ſowohl für die Elbinger und Braunsberger, als auch für die königsberger Schiffe ein, und beſtritt aus dieſen Seezöllen einen anſehnlichen Theil ſeiner Kriegskoſten. Doch dies wurde ganz richtig von dem polniſchen Hofe als eine Vermehrung der Hülfsmittel ſeines Gegners angeſehen, und deshalb verbot Siegismund III. auf dem Reichstage zu Warſchau 1627 allen Handel aus Polen und Litthauen über Preußen, wovon nach vielen Bemühungen der Danziger und Thorner Abgeordneten nur dieſe beiden Städte ausgenommen wurden.

Durch holländiſche Vermittelung ſollte der Frieden zwiſchen Polen und Schweden wiederhergeſtellt werden; Guſtav Adolf war auch bereitwillig dazu und bot mindeſtens einen dreißigjährigen Waffenſtillſtand unter Bedingungen an, die nach dem Erfolge der vorausgegangenen Kriegsbegebenheiten als ſehr annehmbar gelten durften. Aber die Fortſchritte der kaiſerlichen Heere in Norddeutſchland, der damals gerade auf die höchſte Stufe geſtiegene Ruhm des kaiſerlichen Generaliſſimus Wallenſtein, ſein Heranrücken an die Oſtſee, verhießen für den nächſten Feldzug der polniſchen Heeresmacht die lange erwartete kräftige Unterſtützung von Seiten des Kaiſers, der im vorigen Jahre nur 1000 Mann faſt am Ausgang des Sommers geſandt hatte. Dadurch wurden die Forderungen der Polen geſpannter, und ſtatt Erſatz zu gewähren, verlangten ſie vom Sieger ſelbſt, entehrende Bedingungen einzugehen, und wollten ihm auch jetzt nicht einmal den Titel eines Königs von Schweden zugeſtehen, den ſie für ihren Herrſcher allein, als den älteren Zweig des Hauſes Waſa, in Anſpruch nahmen. Der Kampf wurde fortgeſetzt, aber der Feldzug des Jahres 1628, der mit der Ankunft des Königs von Schweden und friſcher Kriegsmannſchaft am 25. Mai ſich eröffnete, war thatenloſer als die früheren, und beſchränkte ſich auf einzelne Gefechte in den Weichſelgegenden. Doch aber, weil hier im Sommer und Herbſt beide Heere dicht gedrängt einander gegenüber geſtanden hatten, mußten die Winterquartiere entfernter und in größerer Ausdehnung verlegt werden, wodurch auch die bis dahin noch verſchont gebliebenen Kreiſe, an der Alle bis zum Pregel hinab in den allgemeinen Strudel der Verheerung hineingeriſſen wurden. Die Schweden nahmen Marienwerder ein, darauf im September Liebemühl, Oſterode, Saalfeld und dann den Strich bis Bartenſtein und preuß. Eylau; ſelbſt für das Freibleiben von Samland und den jenſeitigen Landſchaften mußte eine monatlich zu zahlende Geldſumme gezahlt werden. Aber auch die Polen beſetzten nach dem Abgang Guſtav Adolfs nach Schweden am 8. November das herzogliche Preußen von Gilgenburg, Schönberg und Soldau bis nach Raſtenburg hin. Ein großer Theil der Unterhaltungsgelder mußte den beiderſeitigen Truppen aus den von ihnen beſetzten Kreiſen geliefert werden, und dies ſteigerte dann die ſchon übermäßige Grundſteuer des vorigen Jahres um das Vierfache, und zwar nur um das Bedürfniß für einen Winter zu beſtreiten. Da kam noch zu dem vernichtenden Kriegsunglück entſetzliches Drangſal an Mißwachs, Hungersnoth, Viehſterben und anſteckenden Krankheiten unter den Menſchen, ſo daß das Land und die feindlichen Heere unter der Laſt erſchöpfender Leiden erlagen. Die Schweden allein ſollen an 20,000 Mann in ihren Quartieren verloren haben.

Kurfürſt Georg Wilhelm hatte unterdeſſen von Neuem bei dem Könige von Schweden und Polen um endliche Beilegung der Feindſeligkeiten angelegentlichſt ſich bemüht, aber auch gerade jetzt eine Standhaftigkeit bewieſen, die man, bei ſeiner perſönlichen Hinneigung für die Intereſſen der kaiſerlichen Politik, damals in der Mark Brandenburg rings umgarnt von kaiſerlichen Kriegsvölkern, ohne allen Rückhalt auf einen mächtigen Schutz, demſelben kaum zugetraut hätte. Kaiſer Ferdinand II. verlangte von ihm den Umtauſch des ganz ausgeſogenen und von ſeinen übrigen Landen entfernt liegenden Herzogthums Preußen gegen die beiden Herzogthümer Mecklenburg, deren beide Fürſten in die Reichsacht verfallen, ihre Länder auf immer verlieren ſollten. Dieſe Länder lagen lockend genug für den Beſitzer der Mark Brandenburg, der außerdem als der rechtsgültige Erbe des Herzogs von Pommern daſtand, indem das kinderloſe Abſterben des Bogiſlav XIV. ſchon damals nahe erwartet wurde. Sie waren bei dem damaligen beſchränkten Umfange des herzoglichen Preußens und ſeiner ſchwachen Bevölkerung nicht ſo ſehr an Größe und Volkszahl verſchieden. Sie würden überdies ein zuſammenhangendes Ganze mit den übrigen Staaten des Kurfürſten gebildet haben, das ohne Widerſpruch den anſehnlichſten Staat im deutſchen

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*) Sie wogen mit Einſchluß der Laffeten ungefähr [illegible] Pfund und konnten daher im Nothfalle von 2 Mann fortgebracht werden. Aber ſie erhitzten ſich zu leicht, mußten nach 10 bis 12 Schüſſen ſtets abgekühlt werden, und fanden daher nach Beendigung des polniſchen Krieges keine Anwendung mehr im Großen.

Reiche noch Oeſtreich ausgemacht hätte. — Damals noch ein glänzendes Ziel für die Politik des Hauſes Hohenzollern! Aber der Kurfürſt ſchwankte nicht einen Augenblick, er verweigerte ſtandhaft ſeine Einwilligung in dieſen Vorſchlag, deſſen Widerrechtlichkeit ihm auch durch die Würde des Kaiſers nicht verſchleiert werden konnte. Freilich wäre es für die Zukunft eine ſehr bedeutſame Beeinträchtigung des Staatsintereſſes für unſer Fürſtenhaus geworden; dieſes hätte zwar als Beſitzer eines ſehr mächtigen deutſchen Staates einen beſtimmten Einfluß auf die deutſchen Angelegenheiten ſicher errungen, aber zu einem mächtigen europäiſchen Staate vom erſten Range wäre es ſchwerlich emporgeſtiegen und die geſammte Entwickelung der politiſchen und Cultur-Verhältniſſe Deutſchlands und eines großen Theils von Europa würde eine andere Richtung genommen und höchſt wahrſcheinlich eine ſehr entgegengeſetzte Geſtaltung gewonnen haben. So viel hängt von der Erlangung der Souverainität in Preußen ab, wenn ſie durch ein deutſches Fürſtenhaus, und gerade in der Mitte des ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderts, bei den in der politiſchen Macht noch ſchwankenden Verhältniſſen der wichtigſten Staaten Europa's gewonnen wird!

Doch hatten dieſe Verhandlungen mit dem Kaiſer den Kurfürſten wieder in ſeiner Neutralität gegen Schweden erſchüttert; der kaiſerliche Hof wünſchte den Sieg der Polen über Schweden, wünſchte eine erfolgreiche Fortſetzung des Kampfes und die davon abhängende Demüthigung der ſchwediſchen Macht. Ein bedeutenderes kaiſerliches Hülfsheer unter Arnheim ſollte nächſtens mit den Polen ſich vereinigen, es ſchien alſo der Wiederanfang der Feindſeligkeiten von preußiſcher Seite, neben der verſtärkteren Erfüllung der Lehnspflicht, zugleich eine Verbindlichkeit gegen den Kaiſer zu ſein, und gewährte endlich noch die Ausſicht auf Befreiung des Landes von den ungebetenen koſtbaren Gäſten. Daher ſchickte der Kurfürſt 1000 Mann aus Brandenburg nach Preußen, um an dieſe bereits ausgebildeten Truppen die übrigen aus Preußen auszuhebenden Mannſchaften anzureihen. Doch die Stände fühlten ſich für jede neue Unternehmung zu erſchöpft, ſie ſandten dieſen Truppen Abgeordnete aus ihrer Mitte entgegen, um mit denſelben auf eine wohlfeilere Beſoldung zu unterhandeln. Als jedoch auch dieſes erlangt war, blieben die meiſten Kreiſe in ihren Beiträgen rückſtändig, und eben ſo weigerten ſich die Städte Königsberg ihren Antheil zu zahlen, unter dem Vorwande, eigene Truppen zu halten, was ihnen indeß weder vom Kurfürſten noch vom Landtage zugeſtanden wurde.

Das Kriegsunglück hatte inzwiſchen auch auf die Polen ſeine Wirkung nicht verfehlt. Auf dem Reichstage zu Warſchau war große Lauheit für die weiteren Bewilligungen zum Kriege; die litthauiſchen Stände nöthigten den König Siegismund III. im Januar 1629 wegen ihres eigenen Vortheils die Aufhebung der Zwangsgeſetze gegen Preußen und völlige Freigebung des Handels nach dieſem Lande ihnen einzuräumen, aber die Forderung der Krone wegen der Beſoldung der kaiſerlichen Hülfsvölker wurde gar nicht gehört und als unnöthig zurückgewieſen. Da brach mitten im Winter am 9. Februar 1629 der ſchwediſche Feldmarſchall Herrmann von Wrangel aus ſeinen Quartieren auf, überfiel die Polen zwiſchen Gurzno und Straßburg, brachte ihnen am 12. Februar eine gänzliche Niederlage mit einem Verluſte von nahe an 4000 Mann bei, und rückte raſch auf Thorn los, um durch Ueberrumpelung dieſen wichtigen Platz zu gewinnen. Dieſer Verſuch mißlang zwar an der entſchloſſenen Vertheidigung des polniſchen Befehlshabers der Beſatzung Gerhard von Dönhof, aber er wirkte doch entſcheidend auf den ganzen Gang der Kriegsbegebenheiten ein. Der Reichstag, erſchreckt durch die überraſchenden Fortſchritte der Schweden hatte ſich im erſten Augenblicke ſelbſt in Warſchau für nicht mehr ſicher gehalten, und ſofort die bereits abgelehnte Annahme der kaiſerlichen Hülfsvölker bewilligt, wurde aber durch das dazu erforderliche Geld noch mehr in ſeinen Wünſchen für den Frieden beſtärkt. Dieſe Gelegenheit wurde höchſt bedachtſam vom Kurfürſten benutzt, der ſich wiederum als Vermittler anbot, und deſſen Geſandten es auch in wenigen Tagen gelang, einen Waffenſtillſtand mit dem ſchwediſchen Reichskanzler und Statthalter von Preußen Oxenſtiern vom 18. März bis zum 10. Juni abzuſchließen. Während deſſelben kehrte Guſtav Adolf mit dreizehn Schiffen am 31. Mai nach Pillau zurück, und Arnheim langte in derſelben Zeit mit 10,000 Mann kaiſerlicher Hülfsvölker an der weſtpreußiſchen Gränze an. Der Schwedenkönig erneuerte die Feindſeligkeiten, nachdem er ſich mit Wrangel zu Marienwerder vereinigt hatte. Die Polen drangen von Thorn und Schwetz vor, und vor ihrer Uebermacht mußte er anfänglich in der Richtung auf Marienburg ſich zurückziehen, wo er bei Stuhm am 27. Juni überfallen, in die höchſte Lebensgefahr gerieth und beinahe gefangen wurde. Aber bei Marienburg bezogen die Schweden ihr altes befeſtigtes Lager, gegen 5000 Mann ſtark und hatten außerdem noch über 8000 Mann als Beſatzungen in den preußiſchen Städten und Schlöſſern. Die Polen wünſchten nun einen allgemeinen Angriff auf das Lager der Schweden, bevor dieſe neue Verſtärkungen an ſich gezogen hätten. Doch dies verweigerten die Kaiſerlichen, deren Abſicht nur darauf gerichtet zu ſein ſchien, den Krieg in die Länge zu ziehen und den Abgang des Königs von Schweden aus Preußen und Polen ſo lange als möglich zurückzuhalten, weil damit ſein unfehlbares Auftreten in Deutſchland verknüpft zu ſein ſchien. Dies veranlaßte harten Wortwechſel mit Arnheim und bald darauf von polniſcher Seite Verweigerung aller ferneren Kriegsgelder, indem zugleich eine dringende Forderung an Wallenſtein erlaſſen wurde, den Feldherrn Arnheim durch einen andern zu erſetzen. Darüber zogen ſich die Hülfsvölker planlos nach Thorn zurück und waren zum Theil ſchon zerſtreut, als der neue Befehlshaber Herzog Heinrich Julius von Sachſen-Lauenburg, ihre Leitung übernahm. Indeſſen waren im Juli die ſchwediſchen Verſtärkungen unter dem Feldmarſchall Jacob de la Gardie aus Liefland im Lager zu Marienburg angelangt, und bei dem polniſchen Heere war König Siegismund mit ſeinen beiden älteſten Söhnen angekommen. Mit geſpannter Erwartung ſtanden beide Mächte in den Weichſel- und Nogat-Niederungen mit ihren Heeren kaum einige Stunden von einander entfernt, doch waren nur ganz unbedeutende Gefechte, Hin- und Herrücken einzelner Truppentheile, ihre alleinigen Unternehmungen.

Unterdeſſen war der König Chriſtian IV. von Dänemark durch den Frieden zu Lübeck am 12. Mai 1629 aus der Reihe der Gegner des Kaiſers Ferdinand II. ausgeſchieden und hatte die obere Leitung der politiſchen Angelegenheiten der vereinigten evangeliſchen deutſchen Fürſten und Städte niedergelegt. Frankreich fühlte es als eine dringende Nothwendigkeit, der Uebermacht des Hauſes Oeſtreich in Deutſchland ſelbſt ein neues Gegengewicht hervorzurufen, und dazu ſchien bei den perſönlichen Characteren, den Religionsverhältniſſen, der ſchon ſicher erlangten politiſchen Bedeutſamkeit der evangeliſchen Fürſten keiner mehr der geeignete Mann zu ſein, als Guſtav Adolf von Schweden. Carl I. von England handelte diesmal ganz im Intereſſe der franzöſiſchen Politik, indem er zugleich die Sache ſeines unglücklichen Schwagers, des aus der Pfalz und Böhmen vertriebenen Kurfürſten Friedrich V. führte. Deshalb traten dieſe beiden Mächte als Friedensvermittler zwiſchen Schweden und Polen auf. Der franzöſiſche Geſandte Baron von Carnace langte bereits im Juli 1629 in Pillau an, ihm folgte im Auguſt der engliſche Geſandte Thomas Roe; es ſchloß ſich ihnen von Seiten des Kurfürſten Georg Wilhelm der Landhofmeiſter von Preußen, Andreas von Kreytzen an, der bei den Friedensverhandlungen ſich durch ſeine Thätigkeit beſonders auszeichnete und dadurch weſentlich beitrug, die früheren vielfachen Verſuche ſeines Fürſten für dieſen Zweck endlich zu einem erwünſchteren Ziele zu führen. Von polniſcher Seite unterhandelten fünf Abgeordnete, unter der Leitung des Biſchofs von Culm Jacob Zadzik, der damals Kron-Großkanzler in Polen war; für Schweden der Reichskanzler Oxenſtiern, der Feldmarſchall von Wrangel und Johann Banier, damals erſt Kriegsobriſt im Heere. Vortheilhafte Bedingungen für die Schweden und die überaus großen Schwierigkeiten in einem ausgeſogenen kleinen Lande den Kampf mit Erfolg weiter zu führen ohne die Mittel zu beſitzen, das Wagſtück einer zu weiten Entfernung von dem Oſtſeeufer ſelbſt in Folge großer Siege, auf ſich nehmen zu können, beſchleunigten eben ſo ſehr, als die Ermüdung und offenbare Unluſt der Polen an dieſem Kriege, die Bemühungen der Friedensunterhändler: daher war man in wenigen Tagen über die Bedingungen einig. Auf dem Felde zu Altmark, einem Dorfe zwiſchen Chriſtburg und Stuhm, in der Nähe beider Lager wurde am 26. September 1629 ein ſechsjähriger Waffenſtillſtand bis zum 11. Juli 1635 zwiſchen den kriegführenden Mächten abgeſchloſſen. In Folge deſſelben behielten die Schweden für dieſe Zeit Liefland jenſeits der Düna und im polniſchen Preußen die Städte Braunsberg, Tolkemit und Elbing, den Fiſchauiſchen Werder, die Ufer des friſchen Haffes bis an die Weichſel, einen Theil der Nehrung und im Herzogthum den Hafen Pillau beſetzt. Der Kurfürſt Georg Wilhelm nahm für dieſelbe Zeit Marienburg, Stuhm, den großen Werder und das von den Schweden befeſtigte Weichſelhaupt unter der Bedingung in Beſitz, ſämmtliche Ortſchaften einen Monat vor Ablauf des Waffenſtillſtandes an die Schweden zurück zu geben und dieſen dafür auf ſo lange Lochſtädt, Fiſchhauſen und Memel ſammt ihren Gebieten, die Curiſche Nehrung und einen Theil des Schaakener Kreiſes zu überlaſſen. Gänzliche Amneſtie war den gegenſeitigen Unterthanen für alle während des Krieges vorgefallene Begünſtigungen der Feinde zugeſichert, in allen übrigen Dingen der Zuſtand vor dem Jahre 1626 wiederhergeſtellt und für etwanige Streitigkeiten ein ſchiedsrichterliches Urtheil von beiderſeitigen Commiſſarien zwiſchen Marienburg und Elbing feſtgeſetzt. Alle Streitkräfte mußten bis auf die beſtimmten Beſatzungen ſofort aus Preußen abgeführt werden, und König Guſtav Adolf war von der Obmacht der Polen trotz ihrer laut geäußerten Unzufriedenheit über die erlangten Bedingungen ſo überzeugt, daß er noch vor Unterzeichnung des Waffenſtillſtandes am 12. September mit einem großen Theile ſeines Heeres von Marienburg aufbrach und über Pillau, nachdem er noch zuvor mit dem Kurfürſten eine Unterredung in Fiſchhauſen in Bezug auf die preußiſchen und allgemeinen deutſchen Angelegenheiten gehabt hatte, am 21. Sept. 1629 nach Schweden zurückkehrte.

Aber durch das Aufhören des Krieges erlangte das Land keineswegs ſogleich die ſo ſehnſüchtig gehoffte Erleichterung. Der Geldmangel hatte die äußerſten Gränzen erreicht, die Peſt wüthete noch im Lande und die öffentlichen Laſten waren unerſchwinglich, ſo daß in einigen dem Kriegsſchauplatz beſonders ausgeſetzt geweſenen Kreiſen ganze Dörfer verlaſſen wurden und die einſt urbaren Felder durch lange Verödung in Wald und Unland übergingen. Auf dem Landtage des Jahres 1632 überzeugte man ſich in einer Geſammtüberſicht von dem ungeheuren und über die damaligen Kräfte des Landes weit hinausgehenden Betrage der Gelder, die ſeit dem Anfange des ſchwediſch-polniſchen Krieges in Preußen aufgebracht waren. Jede Hufe hatte in dieſen Jahren zuſammen 28½ Procent des Schoßungswerthes entrichten ſollen, woraus mit Einſchluß der Vermögenſteuer, des Kopfgeldes und der Trankſteuer eine Summe von 4,404,380 Gulden polniſch hätte hervorgehen ſollen. Statt deſſen waren aber nur 2,663,380 Gulden wirklich eingegangen, obgleich die reicheren Aemter des Oberlandes und Natangs 170,000 Gulden über die Veranſchlagung geliefert hatten. Für den Unterhalt der polniſchen Truppen waren 713,383 Gulden, für die ſchwediſchen 696,260 Gulden und für die kurfürſtlichen Truppen 242,190 Gulden geliefert. Das Oberland und Natangen allein hatten außerdem an Schadenerſatz 3,140,382 Gulden Vergütung zu fordern, von denen erſt 10,000 Gulden entrichtet waren. Endlich hatte noch der Kurfürſt für gelieferte Vorſchüſſe eine Schuldforderung an das Land von 1,800,045 Gulden, die mit 6 Procent verzinſet werden ſollte. Nach ſolchen vorangegangenen Erſchöpfungen *), denen noch ſo bedeutende folgen mußten, ehe das Land wieder in das gewöhnliche Geleiſe einfahren konnte, ſtand nicht zu verwundern, daß es dem Kurfürſten Georg Wilhelm nicht mehr vorbehalten war, den Anfang eines beſſeren Gedeihens im Herzogthume Preußen herbeigeführt zu ſehen. Er ſelbſt konnte nicht das Geringſte thun, um die Kräfte eines Theils ſeiner Staaten zur Belebung eines anderen zu benutzen: denn alle drei waren in dieſer Zeit auf gleiche Weiſe ein Opfer vielfacher Erpreſſungen, alle drei verſanken zugleich in den verzweiflungsvollen Zuſtand hülfloſer Verarmung!

Der Tod des Königs Sigismund III. von Polen am 30. April 1632 und die in Polen während jedes Zwiſchenreichs gewöhnlich herrſchenden Unruhen erregten für Preußen die Beſorgniß, daß der Waffenſtillſtand auf einzelnen Punkten verletzt und daß namentlich die ſüdlichen Theile des Herzogthums durch vielfache Plünderungen beunruhigt werden könnten. Die Oberräthe wollten daher, da man nach Abgang des Königs Guſtav Adolf für Rechnung Preußens gar keine ſtehenden Truppen weiter gehalten und zu den Beſatzungen in Weſt-Preußen kurfürſtliche Kriegsvölker gewählt hatte, jetzt zwölf Compagnien Dragoner werben und beſoldet beibehalten, um durch dieſe den Schutz der Gränzen zu bewirken. Aber ſelbſt der Kurfürſt fand dieſe Laſt unter den vorwaltenden Umſtänden zu bedeutend für das Land, und brachte bei ſeiner Reiſe nach Preußen 1632 zwei Compagnien Fußvolk mit ſich in's Land. Doch ſelbſt zur Beſoldung dieſer wenigen Hunderte reichten die Einkünfte des Landes nicht aus und ſo veranlaßte dieſe ſcheinbar unbedeutende Angelegenheit einen Landtag nur noch um ſo früher zuſammen zu berufen. Auf dieſem war zwar der Adel gleich für die Bewilligung der Beſoldung geſtimmt, aber die Abgeordneten der Städte erwiderten feſt: Der Landesherr ſei verpflichtet die Unterthanen zu ſchützen, und wenn er die Einkünfte zur Friedenszeit genießen wollte, ſo müßte er auch dafür ſorgen, daß er die höheren Ausgaben bei etwa ausbrechenden Kriegsunruhen tragen könnte. Wie aber dazu weder die Einkünfte der Domänen und Regalien, noch der Zölle ausreichen konnten, welche Einnahmen allein im Herzogthum für immer verbleibend feſtgeſtellt waren, wurde nicht erwogen. Doch die Gefahr für Preußen ging diesmal ſchneller vorüber, als es ſonſt herkömmlich zu ſein pflegte, durch die Wahl des polniſchen Prinzen Wladislaw am 8. November 1632 zum König von Polen. Die feierliche Krönung erfolgte zu Krakau am 6. Febr. 1633, zu welcher der Kurfürſt ſeinen erſten Miniſter, den Grafen Adam von Schwarzenberg, als Stellvertreter ſandte und dieſen auch zugleich beauftragte, die bei jedem Thronwechſel nöthige neue Belehnung mit Preußen zu empfangen. Wladislaw *), dem Kurfürſten perſönlich gewogen, zeichnete ſeinen Geſandten ganz beſonders bei feierlichen Gelegenheiten aus und ertheilte demſelben am 21. März nach abgehaltenem Reichstage, ohne weitere Schwierigkeiten über die perſönliche Geſtellung zu erheben, die Belehnung, indem er zugleich als einen vollgültigen Beweis ſeiner Zuneigung alle ſeit den Zeiten Johann Sigismunds durch polniſche Commiſſarien in Preußen eingeführte Neuerungen aufhob. Die Lehnsfahne wurde durch den Grafen von Schwarzenberg in Perſon nach Königsberg gebracht und daſelbſt am 19. April von den Regimentsräthen und vielen Abgeordneten der Landſtände feierlich eingeholt.

Das Entgegenkommen des neuen Königs von Polen erhielt noch eine größere Bedeutſamkeit, da nach dem Tode Guſtav Adolfs in der Schlacht bei Lützen am 6. November 1632 die ſchwediſchen Angelegenheiten, ſo geſchickt ſie auch durch den kraftvollen Geiſt des Reichskanzlers Oxenſtiern und das Kriegstalent der meiſten ſchwediſchen Feldherren geleitet wurden, doch nicht gar lange Zeit mehr im Fortſchreiten des alles vor ſich her niederſchmetternden Waffenglücks ihres überall ſiegreichen Königs ſich bewegten, und Polen durch den Abſchluß des Friedens von Wiasma mit Rußland am 15. Juni 1634 freie Hand gegen ſeinen Feind in Preußen gewann. Wladislaw, vorzugsweiſe in dem Anfange ſeiner Regierung den auswärtigen Verhältniſſen hingegeben, um in dieſen Ruhm und Ehre zu ſuchen, ſchien nur auf den Ablauf des ſechsjährigen Waffenſtillſtandes zu warten, um Schweden ſofort aus den in Beſitz genommenen Landſchaften ſeines Reichs zu vertreiben: er durfte ſich einen günſtigeren Erfolg als ſein Vater verſprechen, da Schwedens Hauptkraft in Deutſchland beſchäftigt blieb und jetzt eben in der Schlacht bei Nördlingen am 7. September 1634 einen empfindlichen Stoß erlitten hatte. Aber der Friede zu Prag zwiſchen Sachſen und dem Kaiſer vom 30. Mai 1635 löſte überhaupt das Band zwiſchen den mächtigen deutſchen Fürſten und Schweden. Der Kurfürſt Georg Wilhelm folgte dem Beiſpiel Sachſens und trat von Schweden wiederum zum Kaiſer über. Er mußte alſo die ganze Rache der ſchwediſchen Truppen für das Herzogthum Preußen befürchten, wenn hier der Krieg mit Polen wieder ausbrach. Er bemühte ſich alſo von Neuem angelegentlichſt, um die Verlängerung des Waffenſtillſtands auf einen möglichſt großen Zeitraum zu bewerkſtelligen, da die Hoffnung auf einen förmlichen Frieden jetzt bei den ungemeſſenen Forderungen beider Partien verſagt blieb und auch zu ſehr von dem endlichen Ausgange des dreißigjährigen Krieges abhängig war. Aber auch die früher vermittelnden Mächte Frankreich und England hatten denſelben Zweck; denn von dem Wiederausbruch des Krieges an der Weichſel war die Schwächung der ſchwediſchen Macht in Deutſchland und dadurch die Präpotenz des Kaiſerhauſes zu befürchten: den Geſandten dieſer Mächte geſellte ſich aber noch in gleicher Abſicht ein Abgeordneter der Republik Holland bei. Schon waren die ſchwediſchen Verſtärkungen unter Feldmarſchall Graf Jacob de la Gardie im Juli in Preußen angelangt, ſchon waren von den Schweden die in Beſitz genommenen Städte und Landſtriche des Herzogthums Preußen mit Ausnahme von Pillau zurückgeliefert und dafür die von den Preußen vertragsmäßig beſetzten Ortſchaften in Empfang genommen, als es den vereinigten Bemühungen der Vermittler dennoch gelang, den Waffenſtillſtand abermals, erſt auf einige Wochen und dann auf 26 Jahre bis zum 11. Juli 1661 zu verlängern. Der Abſchluß dieſer Verhandlungen geſchah zu Stuhmsdorf, das dicht bei der Stadt Stuhm liegt. Liefland blieb in den Händen der Schweden, ſoweit die Gränze der Düna es beſtimmte, jedoch Preußen wurde den Polen wieder eingeräumt, und Pillau gleichfalls an den Kurfürſten ausgeliefert. Indeß geſchah dies erſt im folgenden Jahre 1636, nachdem Georg Wilhelm eine Summe von 10,000 Thaler für die von den Schweden gemachten Befeſtigungen gezahlt hatte, ſo daß es recht ſichtbar wurde, wie die Politik hier nicht mehr mit der großmüthigen Freigiebigkeit des Königs Guſtav Adolf, ſondern mit der berechnenden Klugheit des Reichskanzlers Oxenſtiern zu verhandeln habe.

Der Kurfürſt hatte unterdeſſen drei Regimenter zur Vertheidigung des Landes bei den Kriegsdrohungen ausgerüſtet, deren Abdankung und Auslöhnung neue Verlegenheiten für die Landſtände herbeiführten. Dieſe mehrten ſich durch die Geſchenke von 30,000 Gulden an den König von Polen und an die Friedensvermittler; die gewöhnlichen Einnahmen reichten lange nicht zur Beſtreitung der laufenden Ausgaben, und ſo erſchien dem Kur-

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*) Wie ſehr [illegible] in überreichender Weiſe von Danzig allein überwunden, das ſeinen Aufwand und Handelsverluſt in dieſem Kriege allein auf 10 Millionen Gulden poln. berechnete: allerdings zugleich auch ein ſicheres Document für ſeinen Reichthum in dieſer Zeit.

*) Beide ſtanden in ganz gleichem Alter und hatten ſich in ihrer Jugend in [illegible] geſehen, wobei auch [illegible] Vermählung des polniſchen Fürſten und der Kurfürſtin [illegible] war.

fürſten als die einzige und am wenigſten drückende Hülfe, weil ſie auch zugleich vom Auslande mit getragen werden mußte, die Belaſtung des Handels mit den Seezöllen. Die von den Schweden in Pillau eingeführten wurden deshalb in derſelben Größe beibehalten, und bald noch durch eine neue Abgabe auf den Handel, Schiffs- und Feſtungsgelder genannt, verſtärkt. Aber die Elbinger und Braunsberger merkten bald die nachtheiligen Wirkungen davon auf ihren Handel und veranlaßten darüber heftige Klagen auf dem polniſchen Reichstage: doch das anſehnliche Geſchenk von 300,000 Gulden an den König von Polen ließ dieſe Beſchwerden unerhört allmählich verſtummen. Die Verhandlungen über den Pillauer Seezoll hatten aber in Wladislaw ſelbſt die Begierde erregt, eine ſo bedeutende Einnahme ſelbſt der Krone Polen anzueignen und er verlangte daher die Anlegung gleicher Seezölle in Danzig und Elbing. Jener wichtige Handelsort kaufte ſich von dieſer Gefahr für ſeinen Verkehr durch eine Summe von 800,000 Gulden los, aber zwiſchen dem Kurfürſten und dem König von Polen wurde, ungeachtet des ernſten deshalb von Dänemark 1637 mit Polen begonnenen Streites, ein Vergleich über die gemeinſchaftliche Vertheilung der in den preußiſchen Häfen eingenommenen Zollgelder im November 1638 geſchloſſen. Vergeblich waren dagegen alle dringenden Abmahnungen der Kurfürſtin Eliſabeth Charlotte an ihren Gemahl, vergeblich waren bei dem polniſchen Hofe die angelegentlichſten Verwendungen der drei auswärtigen Mächte, welche den Stuhmsdorfer Waffenſtillſtandsvertrag garantirt hatten, und eine Anlegung von neuen Zöllen gegen denſelben gerichtet ſeien; freilich hatte auch Graf Schwarzenberg, welcher dieſe Einnahme entſchieden begünſtigte, dieſelbe unter dem vortheilhafteſten Geſichtspunkte dem Kurfürſten empfohlen. Die Bedingungen dieſes Vertrags waren mehr nach dem Anſcheine als in der That vortheilhaft, der Kurfürſt willigte in die Anlegung der Seezölle zu Pillau und Memel ein, wenn ſie zu gleichem Belange in Danzig und Elbing eingeführt ſind. Die Zollbeamten ſollten vom Kurfürſten angeſetzt werden, der Zoll vier Procent von dem Werthe der eingegangenen Waaren betragen und die Hälfte der Einnahme an den König von Polen, die andere Hälfte an den Kurfürſten fallen. Nach Verlauf von zwei Jahren ſollten der Kurfürſt und der König von Polen auf's Neue ſich einigen, ob dieſelbe Vertheilung und Erhebungsart zu belaſſen oder umzuändern wäre. Die polniſch-preußiſchen Städte aber beharrten bei dem entſchiedenſten Widerſpruche ſowohl gegen dieſe Einrichtung, als die voraus angezeigte weitere Ausdehnung derſelben auf ihre eigenen Häfen. Die Landſtände im Herzogthum pflichteten denſelben bei und konnten nicht einmal durch den Erlaß aller an den Kurfürſten ſchuldigen Geldſummen für dieſe ihnen gehäſſige Maaßregel gewonnen werden. Unterdeſſen war Georg Wilhelm mit dem Kurprinzen zu Anfang des Jahres 1639 nach Preußen gekommen und hatte bald darauf eine Zuſammenkunft mit dem Könige von Polen zu Grodno veranſtaltet, wo dieſer ihn zu der Einwilligung zu beſtimmen wußte, daß die vorgeſchlagenen Seezölle zuerſt in den beiden oſtpreußiſchen Häfen erhoben werden dürften. Der offenbare Nachtheil, der dadurch zugleich ſich für den Seehandel beider Plätze äußerſt empfindlich zeigte, war zu wichtig für die Wohlfahrt des geſammten Landes und den lebhaften Verkehr mit den benachbarten Landſchaften, als daß nicht die nachdrücklichſte Widerſetzlichkeit von den Landſtänden gegen dieſe Einrichtung erhoben wäre, die geradezu als ein gewaltthätiger Eingriff in die Landesprivilegien angeſehen wurde. Dieſer Zwiſt regte zugleich andere faſt beſeitigte Streitigkeiten auf, die Religionshändel gegen die Reformirten, die zwar während der ganzen Regierung des Kurfürſten fortgedauert hatten, aber durch die wichtigeren Angelegenheiten des Tages in den Hintergrund gedrängt waren, machten ſich von Neuem gegen die Perſon des Kurfürſten ſelbſt und die mit ſeinem Vertrauen beehrten Räthe geltend, namentlich gegen die Burggrafen von Dohna. Die widrigſten Verhandlungen erhoben ſich aber zwiſchen den Ständen und dem Kurfürſten über jede Geldbewilligung, ſo ſehr dieſelbe auch durch den Zweck ihrer Verwendung, oder durch ihre früher herkömmliche Erhebung gerechtfertigt ſein mochte. Aber der Kurfürſt konnte dieſe Zwiſtigkeiten jetzt mit größerer Zuverſicht, als ſeine Vorgänger, beſtehen, da er den König von Polen auf ſeiner Seite hatte, der ſchon im März 1637 den Ungehorſam der Städte Königsberg gegen den Kurfürſten mit dem Entziehen des ihnen früher von Polen verliehenen Rechts beſtrafte, Steuern zur Unterhaltung ihrer Befeſtigungswerke und ihrer eigenen Soldaten zu erheben, und ihnen auf das ſtrengſte verbot, die Rechte des Kurfürſten zu verletzen. Im Vertrauen auf dieſe Hülfe löſte der Kurfürſt im Juni 1640 den Landtag auf, als die Mehrzahl der Stände und namentlich auch die Abgeordneten der Städte ſich weigerten, vor Abſtellung aller ihrer Beſchwerden über die Forderungen des Kurfürſten wegen geleiſteter Vorſchüſſe und Beſoldung ſtehender Truppen, die nothwendig in Preußen fortan gehalten werden mußten, irgendwie Verhandlungen anzufangen. Statt daß ſonſt die Stände über den Landesherrn am polniſchen Hofe Klage zu führen gewohnt waren, geſchah jetzt das Gegentheil von dem Kurfürſten mit ſo nachwirkendem Erfolge, daß der im October 1640 neu zuſammenberufene Landtag nicht mehr daran dachte, durch fernere Widerſetzlichkeit eine noch innigere Verbindung zwiſchen der Krone Polen und dem Kurfürſten hervorzurufen, aus der nur neue Verluſte früher erworbener Rechte gegen den Landesherrn leicht folgen konnten.

Aber auch gegen die eigenen Reichsſtände und die auswärtigen Mächte vertrat König Wladislaw IV. den Kurfürſten mit nachdrücklicher Sprache, wiewohl ſich nicht verkennen läßt, daß er dabei zugleich ſein eigenes Intereſſe verfocht. Chriſtian IV. von Dänemark erhob als Zwangsmaaßregel wegen des preußiſchen Seezolls von allen Schiffen, die nach dem herzoglichen Preußen handelten, einen doppelten eigenen Zoll und verbot zuletzt den däniſchen Schiffen allen Handel nach Oſtpreußen. Auf polniſche Vermittlung wurden dieſe Schritte der däniſchen Krone theils ermäßigt, theils zurückgenommen. Auf dem polniſchen Reichstage hatte der Kurfürſt den Vorſchlag machen laſſen, gegen die Anerkennung der Zölle durch die Reichsſtände alle Schuldverſchreibungen an die polniſche Krone, die er noch von Markgraf Georg Friedrichs Zeiten beſäße, aufzugeben: aber dies wurde ſo wenig beachtet, dagegen die Bedrückung, die namentlich ganz Litthauen durch die preußiſchen Seezölle erlitt, ſo lebhaft empfunden, daß die Erbitterung darüber ſo weit ging, die Ladung des Kurfürſten als eines ſchuldigen Reichsvaſallen vor den polniſchen Reichstag zu fordern, und ihm die Verantwortung darüber aufzulegen. Aber Georg Wilhelm war durch Wladislaw geſchützt, und dieſer zeigte ſich als ein ſo entſchiedener Freund für die Beibehaltung der Zölle, daß er ſogar, um ſeine Einnahme in Pillau und Memel, die unmittelbar in des Königs Chatoulle floß, nicht verringert zu erhalten, allen Handel bei der heiligen Aa verbot und die Samogitier oder Szamaiten nöthigte, ihre daſelbſt errichteten Vorrathshäuſer zu zerſtören. Dies ward Veranlaſſung, daß dieſer eigentlich ſo vortheilhaft gelegene Hafen, da für deſſen Reinigung und Verbeſſerung nichts geſchah, in der Folge völlig verſandete und Polen dadurch zu ſeinem größten Nachtheile eine Verbindung mit der Oſtſee verlor, deren Handelsverkehr hauptſächlich auf Memel überging.

Der Aufenthalt des Kurfürſten in Preußen wurde theils durch dieſe Verhandlungen verlängert, theils durch die ganz unglückliche Lage der Mark Brandenburg in dieſen Jahren des dreißigjährigen Krieges, wo ſie als Tummelplatz ununterbrochen von allen Kriegsvölkern durchzogen und in grauſenhafter Verwüſtung ausgeſogen wurde, bis an ſeinen Tod ausgedehnt. Noch in den letzten Monaten ſeiner Regierung erſchien, als ein ehrenwerthes Denkmal für die Fortſchritte in der geläuterteren Entwicklung des bürgerlichen Lebens, die Landesordnung für das Herzogthum Preußen vom 12. April 1640, wie dies ihre Vergleichung mit den früheren des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts klar genug darlegen kann. Indem wir aber von Georg Wilhelm ſcheiden, können wir die Bemerkung nicht unterdrücken, daß, wenn auch das Leben dieſes Fürſten für ihn und ſein Volk durch die Zeitumſtände nur düſter war und oft zur Verzweiflung fortriß, keineswegs er die Schuld davon trug: denn nur wenigen Heroen iſt es vergönnt, ſolcher Zeit ſelbſt zu gebieten.

Sein gemüthlicher Charakter erhielt ſich aber ſtets rein von den ihm angeſchuldigten Fehlern rückſichtsloſer Willkühr, ſo wie er im fürſtlichen Privatleben nie ſeine Würde vergaß. Nicht leichtſinnige Freude war es, die ihn, wie man erzählt, bei dem Becher ſeiner fürſtlichen Tafel lange verweilen ließ. Er huldigte der Sitte ſeiner Zeit und ſeines Volks, die ihn aber durchaus nicht zum tadelnswerthen Uebermaaße verleitete. Genug zur Erklärung, daß er auf ſeinem Lieblingsſitze in Preußen, Neuhauſen bei Königsberg, das während ſeines Aufenthaltes im Herzogthum zum Jagdſchloſſe des Fürſten beſtimmt war, Trinkgeſchirre in Geſtalt einer Muskete und eines Pulverhorns zu halten pflegte, die jeder auf das Wohl des fürſtlichen Hauſes in einem Zuge leeren mußte, wenn er gaſtlich auf dem Schloſſe aufgenommen ſein wollte. Dieſe Sitte erhielt ſich bis in die Zeiten König Friedrich Wilhelms I. auf dem Schloſſe zu Neuhauſen, und die Trinkgeſchirre ſelbſt werden erſt ſeit 1800 auf der königlichen Kunſtkammer auf dem Schloſſe zu Berlin aufbewahrt. Kurfürſt Georg Wilhelm verſtarb auf dem Schloſſe zu Königsberg am 1. December 1640, der nach dem damals noch in der Mark Brandenburg üblichen alten Stile auf den 21. November 1640; ſein Körper liegt in der Fürſtengruft der Domkirche daſelbſt beſtattet.

Wie im allgemeinen Leben oft der wohlbekannte Spruch ſich bewährt: wo die Noth am größten, da iſt die Hülfe am nächſten: ſo giebt auch das politiſche Leben und die Geſchichte aller Zeiten und Völker davon genügende Beweiſe. Ein höchſt bedeutſames Beiſpiel bietet daher dieſer Zeitpunkt aus der Geſchichte des Vaterlandes dar. Brandenburg und Preußen, durch verheerende Kriege und Mangel an Eintracht zwiſchen Fürſt und Ständen am Rande des Verderbens, noch in geringer Achtung bei Freund und Feind, wurden damals oft arg gemißbraucht und nutzlos für fremde Staats-Intereſſen entkräftet. Solche unzuſammenhängende erſchöpfte Ländermaſſen zu einem in ſich kräftig vereinigten Staate zu bilden, dieſem ehrenvolle politiſche Selbſtſtändigkeit zu erwerben, in ſeinem Innern aber alle Zwietracht und ſtändiſchen Zwiſt für immer zu zerſtören, eine geordnete zweckmäßige innere Verwaltung in ihm zu geſtalten und dann für denſelben als ſchönſtes Hauptziel eifrige Fürſorge für allgemeine bürgerliche Wohlfahrt, für regeren Gewerbfleiß, für freiere religiöſe und geiſtige Bildung, für umfaſſende Ausführung eines gründlichen Volksunterrichts und demnach endlich für allſeitige Entwickelung der der fürſtlichen Herrſchaft anvertrauten Völker aufzuſtellen: das iſt die Geſammtaufgabe eines unſchätzbaren Geiſtes, wie es kaum einen für jedes Jahrhundert giebt. Preußens Glück hat den ſeinigen ſchon im ſiebzehnten Jahrhunderte gefunden, und welche Großthaten er auch in einer ſegenreichen achtundvierzigjährigen Regierung raſtlos ausgeführt hat, er verſprach ſie ſchon in edler Zuverſicht als zwanzigjähriger Jüngling bei dem Antritte ſeiner Verwaltung. Ein ſolcher war Friedrich Wilhelm, von dem dankbaren eigenen Volke und der geſammten Mitwelt in voller Anerkennung des gebührenden Ruhmes der große Kurfürſt genannt.

In der Schule des Unglücks erzogen, mit den ausgezeichnetſten geiſtigen Talenten begabt, frühzeitig durch gediegene wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung zur Auffaſſung alles Edlen und Guten empfänglich gemacht, hatte er mit angeſtrengtem Eifer den allgemeinen Studien auf der Univerſität zu Leyden ſich hingegeben, und darauf im Feldlager der Oranier, unter den Augen großer Meiſter in der Kriegskunſt und im vertrauten Umgange mit den erſten Staatsmännern ſeiner Zeit in Holland die Schule für den Feldherrn und den beſonnenen, des eigenen Urtheils fähigen Vorſtand einer geſammten Staatsverwaltung würdig durchgemacht. Doch wir wollen den jugendlichen Meiſter auf dem Felde der Staatskunſt hier nicht weiter verfolgen, auf wie ehrenvolle und dabei behutſame Weiſe er der ſchwediſchen Macht auch für ſeine deutſchen Lande die Neutralität abgerungen und dieſe Stellung kräftigſt zwiſchen Kaiſer und Schweden behauptet hat, mit welcher Energie er bei den dreijährigen weſtphäliſchen Friedensverhandlungen aufgetreten iſt, und endlich den Erwerb von Hinterpommern, dem Herzogthume Magdeburg und den Fürſtenthümern Halberſtadt und Minden davon trug. Eben ſo wenig iſt hier der Ort, von ſeinen Thaten Bericht zu erſtatten, die er dann erſt ausgeführt, als er ſeinen Staaten die Souverainität erworben und dieſe ſelbſt ſämmtlich vereinigt zu einer europäiſchen Macht des zweiten Ranges erhoben hat. Wir ſehen ihn auf dieſen Blättern nur in den Angelegenheiten des Herzogthums Preußen beſchäftigt, bis daß er daſſelbe der polniſchen und ſchwediſchen Abhängigkeit entriſſen hat.

Der erſchöpfte Zuſtand des Landes machte ſich dem jungen Kurfürſten gleich in den erſten Tagen ſeiner Regierung am fühlbarſten durch einen gänzlichen Geldmangel, ſo daß in den leeren Caſſen nicht ſoviel aufgebracht werden konnte, um das Leichenbegängniß des verſtorbenen Kurfürſten ehrenvoll zu beſtreiten, zu welchem Behufe eine beſondere Steuer von den Ständen bewilligt werden mußte. Darauf folgten die gewöhnlichen Verhandlungen mit Polen über die Belehnungsfeierlichkeit, die indeß als eine bedeutungsvolle Handlung für das Schickſal des ganzen Landes Preußen ſehr ernſt von der Politik Friedrich Wilhelms aufgefaßt wurde. Schon ſein Vater hatte noch bei ſeinem Leben für Friedrich Wilhelm die Belehnung nachgeſucht, aber der ihm ſonſt ſo ſehr geneigte König Wladislaw hatte ihm dabei nicht willfahren. Der junge Kurfürſt wollte nun durchaus nicht in alle beſchränkende Bedingungen eingehen, welche ſeinen Vorfahren ſowohl in Bezug auf die Krone Polen, als auf die eigenen Stände des Landes vorgeſchrieben waren. Vornehmlich aber widerſetzte er ſich der ferneren Entrichtung der ganzen Hälfte des Ertrags aus den preußiſchen Seezöllen in Pillau und Memel. Doch mußte er bei der Unſicherheit in ſeinen brandenburgiſchen Erblanden und ohne alle Hülfe einer auch noch ſo kleinen ausgebildeten Kriegsmacht, vorzüglich darauf bedacht ſein, in dem von dem großen Kampfſchauplatze des dreißigjährigen Krieges entfernteſten Lande ſeiner Staaten einen feſten Stützpunkt für ſich zu begründen. Daher entſchloß er ſich nach langen ihm widerſtrebenden Unterhandlungen, in welchen jedoch auch König Wladislaw ſeine Nachgiebigkeit und freundliche Geſinnung gegen den Kurfürſten bekundete, auf folgende Punkte für die Belehnung einzugehen. Die katholiſche Kirche in Königsberg ſollte auf Staatskoſten ausgebeſſert, und in derſelben der Gottesdienſt niemals geſtört werden; außerdem wurde jedem Bewohner Preußens völlig freie Ausübung des römiſch-katholiſchen Glaubens in eigenen Capellen zugeſtanden. Das augsburgiſche Glaubensbekenntniß wurde noch für das allein herrſchende im Lande erklärt, und der calviniſchen Kirche oder Bedrückungen der Reformirten geſchah gar keine Erwähnung. Die beiden Hafenplätze Pillau und Memel ſollten ſtets in befeſtigtem Zuſtande verbleiben, und zu Befehlshabern der Beſatzungen, die theilweiſe aus Polen beſtehen ſollten, nur Einheimiſche vom Adel ernannt werden, die jedoch eben ſo dem Könige von Polen, wie dem Kurfürſten durch einen Dienſteid zu verpflichten wären. Der Kurfürſt durfte als Herzog von Preußen nicht ohne Bewilligung des Königs von Polen parteilos gegen die Feinde deſſelben ſein. Das Appellations- und Indigenatsrecht behielt indeß noch namentlich für den preußiſchen Adel den früheren ausſchweifenden Vorzug; eben ſo verblieb das Lehnsgeld auf die früher feſtgeſetzte jährlich zu zahlende Summe von 30,000 Gulden feſtgeſtellt und aus den Seezöllen wurde dem Könige von Polen ein jährliches Pauſchquantum von 100,000 Gulden von dem Kurfürſten bewilligt. Der Kurfürſt war in den letzten Tagen des Septembers 1641 nach Warſchau abgegangen, und hier erhielt er, als der letzte Fürſt ſeines erlauchten Hauſes in dieſer perſönlichen Erniedrigung vor einem fremden Herrſcher, am 7. October die Lehnsfahne aus den Händen des Königs von Polen, mit welcher er ſelbſt nach Königsberg noch einmal zurückkehrte. Dann erſt nach länger als dreijährigem Aufenthalte des kurfürſtlichen Hofes in Preußen ging er im Februar 1643 nach der Mark ab, wo er am 1. März ſeinen feierlichen Einzug in Berlin unter großem Jubel des Volkes hielt.

Die nächſten darauf folgenden Jahre war Kurfürſt Friedrich Wilhelm völlig durch die deutſchen Angelegenheiten beſchäftigt, und erſt der Verſuch einer allgemeinen Religionseinigung im Lande Preußen rief ſeine Thätigkeit wieder entſchiedener auf dieſen Schauplatz hin. Wie König Wladislaw von Polen im Anfange ſeiner Regierung äußerſt thätig in den allgemeinen europäiſchen Staatshändeln ſich zeigte, ſo ſehen wir ihn nach dem Stuhmsdorfer Vertrage vorzugsweiſe auf die inneren Angelegenheiten hingewandt, und gegen das Ende ſeines Lebens, obgleich der funfzigjährige Fürſt keineswegs an körperlicher Schwäche litt, faſt ausſchließlich mit Religionsangelegenheiten beſchäftigt, die ihn beinahe zur Schwärmerei hinriſſen. So wurde er namentlich, gleich dem deutſchen Kaiſer Sigismund aus dem Hauſe Luxemburg von dem Gedanken lebhaft ergriffen, als der Wiederherſteller einer einigen und allgemeinen chriſtlichen Kirche in beſonderem Berufe dazu erwählt, aufzutreten und dies durch die Vereinigung der Katholiken mit den Evangeliſch-Lutheriſchen und Reformirten zu bewerkſtelligen. Er bemühte ſich den großen Kurfürſten für dieſen Gegenſtand zu gewinnen, der auch darauf einging und deshalb im Juli 1645 die nöthigen Befehle nach Königsberg erließ, um dem Könige entgegen zu kommen. Es ſollte zu Thorn 1645 im Auguſt ein allgemeines Religionsgeſpräch für die verſchiedenen Lehrer der chriſtlichen Kirche eröffnet und daſelbſt auf dem Wege der Ueberzeugung die Vereinigung hervorgerufen werden. Auf Einladung des Königs von Polen und des Erzbiſchofs von Gneſen gingen ſowohl lutheriſche als reformirte Theologen von Königsberg nach Thorn ab. Doch war der Erfolg dieſes gut gemeinten Wunſches, wie gemeinhin der Erfolg aller großen Verhandlungen verſchiedener Kirchenparteien in Verſammlungen über Religionsangelegenheiten zu ſein pflegt: Keiner gab nach, die gegenſeitige Erbitterung mehrte ſich mit jeder Sitzung, und nachdem 36 Zuſammenkünfte gehalten worden, hatte man ſich noch nicht einmal darüber geeinigt auf welche Art und Weiſe die Verhandlungen geſchehen ſollten. Die Theologen trennten ſich mit größerer Heftigkeit am 21. November 1645, als ſie zu einander gekommen waren, und als die traurigſte Folge dieſes verunglückten Verſuchs ergab ſich für unſer Vaterland der verderbliche vieljährige ſyncretiſtiſche Streit. Dieſer brach zwar erſt ſechszehn Jahre ſpäter 1661 aus, aber ſeinen Urheber hatte er in dem erſten Profeſſor der Theologie Dr. Chriſtian Dreyer, der ſchon zu Thorn als Eiferer auftrat, wohin er ſtatt des anfänglich vom Kurfürſten gewählten ſtets ſtreitfertigen theologiſchen Kämpfers Mislenta geſandt war, welcher 1653 eine mehr als dreißig Jahre dem Wortſtreit unermüdlich gewidmete Lebenslaufbahn verließ. Nächſt Dreyer hatten die jüngeren theologiſchen Profeſſoren Behm und Pouchenius die Königsberger Univerſität zu Thorn vertreten, waren aber dort zu ſpät angekommen und hatten faſt gar keine Gelegenheit gefunden, auf die Verhandlungen einzuwirken; aber zur ſtärkeren Steigerung dieſes Streites trugen ſie durch ihre beharrliche Hartnäckigkeit bei.

Wladislaw's Tod am 10. Mai 1648 gab dem Kurfürſten Friedrich Wilhelm, deſſen liebenswürdige Perſönlichkeit ihm einen ſtarken Anhang unter den polniſchen Großen erworben hatte, ſelbſt die Ausſicht den polniſchen Thron zu beſteigen und ſein eigener Oberlehnsherr zu werden. Aber da mit der polniſchen Krone unweigerlich die Annahme des römiſch-katholiſchen Glaubens verknüpft war, ſo verpflichtete den Kurfürſten ſchon ſeine eifrige Anhänglichkeit für den Lehrbegriff der Reformirten das Königreich Polen auszuſchlagen, abgeſehen davon, daß ihm die Vereinigung Polens mit ſeinen Erbſtaaten höchſt gefährlich für die letzteren erſchien. Wahrſcheinlich ſchon deshalb war er ſo entſchieden in ſeinem ablehnenden Entſchluſſe und beharrte bei demſelben eben ſo feſt, wie ſechs Jahre vorher in Bezug auf die Krone Schweden, wo das Anerbieten dieſes wichtigen Königreiches mit der Hand der Königin Chriſtina ihm unbedeutender erſchien, als die Verzichtung auf ein erworbenes Erbland, auf Pommern, das aber in dem Falle des Abſterbens von Friedrich Wilhelm ohne Deſcendenten bei Schweden verbleiben ſollte. Der Kurfürſt gebrauchte inzwiſchen bei dieſer neuen polniſchen Königswahl ſeinen in dieſem Reiche erlangten Einfluß, um dem älteren Bruder des verſtorbenen Königs, dem Cardinal Johann Caſimir, das Uebergewicht über deſſen jüngeren Bruder Carl Ferdinand zu verſchaffen, wodurch auch derſelbe am 17. November 1648 zum König von Polen erwählt wurde. Dieſer ſehr ſchwache, aber gutmüthige Fürſt, durch Herrſchbegierde gereizt nach allen Vergrößerungsplänen zu greifen, durch Natur und Charakter aber durchaus nicht geeignet, das ihm im Beſitz zu Theil gewordene Eigenthum würdig zu vertheidigen, hatte ſchon vor der Wahl in einem Vertrage gegen den Kurfürſten ſich verpflichtet, daß fernerhin weder von ihm ſelbſt jemals mehr, noch von irgend einem ſeiner Nachfolger in Perſon der Krone Polen die Lehnshuldigung geleiſtet werden dürfte, daß die polniſchen Mannſchaften bei den Beſatzungen in Pillau und Memel vermindert werden, und alle Anhänger des evangeliſchen Glaubens im königlichen Preußen den Schutz der Krone genießen ſollten. Zur Krönung des Königs Johann Caſimir am 17. Januar 1649 erſchienen nur preußiſche Geſandte untergeordneteren Ranges, deren Haupt der Landrath von Schacken Wolf von Kreytzen war. Dieſe hatten auch den Auftrag, die Belehnung für den Kurfürſten anzunehmen. Demnach erfolgte die letzte feierliche Lehnshandlung für Preußen — da für die wenigen Monate der Lehnsverbindlichkeit gegen Schweden im Jahr 1656 eine ſolche nicht ſtatt fand — am 15. Februar 1649. Ihr verbindliches Zeichen, die Lehnsfahne, welche Kreytzen mit den verſchlungenen Anfangsbuchſtaben beider Fürſten J. C. F. aus den Händen des polniſchen Königs als das letzte Denkmal politiſcher Abhängigkeit empfing, iſt auch zugleich das einzige, das ſich noch bis auf unſere Zeiten erhalten hat und auf dem geheimen Archive zu Königsberg aufbewahrt iſt. Die Belehnungskoſten, welche die Geſandten berechneten, betrugen gegen 200,000 Gulden poln., von denen allein dem Könige ein Geſchenk von 90,000 Gulden gemacht worden war. Schon dieſe außerordentlichen Ausgaben, die für das kleine geldarme Herzogthum ſo oft erneuert werden mußten, reizten als ein ſchmerzhafter Stachel, die Unabhängigkeit von dem geldſüchtigen und dabei in ſeinen inneren Verhältniſſen jetzt ſchon in ewige Anarchie zerfallenen Gegner endlich zu erringen, da ſeine Habſucht und Herrſchgier zunahm, während ſeine Macht in ſich verſank.

Doch die Zeit war bereits gekommen, in welcher von Preußen aus abermals ein kräftiger deutſcher Staat, wie im Mittelalter der deutſche Ordensſtaat, als ein mächtiges Beiſpiel durch geiſtige und politiſche Entwickelung ſeines Volkes für die Nachbarſtaaten von unverkennbarer Einwirkung auftreten ſollte. Alles war vorbereitet, der Kurfürſt ſeit dem weſtphäliſchen Frieden in hoher Achtung, die erſte Bildung des preußiſchen Heeres, des mächtigſten Hebels für die Größe dieſes Staates, war vollendet, die früher ſo zerrütteten Finanzen einigermaßen in Ordnung gebracht und mit weiſer Sparſamkeit verwaltet, ohne dabei jedoch jemals die höheren Zwecke des menſchlichen Lebens außer Acht zu laſſen, die hier häufig mit wahrhaft fürſtlicher Freigiebigkeit von Friedrich Wilhelm dem Großen unterſtützt wurden. Es fehlte nur die Veranlaſſung zur Abſchüttelung des Lehnzwangs, und dieſe gab die eitle Herrſchſucht des Königs Johann Caſimir.

Als Fürſt des Hauſes Waſa, als Sohn eines Königs von Schweden, da Sigismund III. anfänglich die Kronen von Schweden und Polen noch zuſammen auf ſeinem Haupte getragen hatte, konnte er es nicht erdulden, daß jetzt ein Weib, der letzte Sproß der jüngeren Linie Waſa, die Königin Chriſtina, ſtatt Seiner auf dem ſchwediſchen Throne ſitzen ſollte. Daher befürchtete man ſchon 1650 den Wiederausbruch eines Krieges zwiſchen Polen und Schweden, weshalb der Kurfürſt Pillau und Memel verſtärkte. Johann Caſimir hatte deshalb auch allen in den Jahren 1651—53 von den Schweden häufig wiederholten Anträgen, den Stuhmsdorfer Waffenſtillſtand in einen förmlichen Frieden zu verwandeln, auf das Nachdrücklichſte ſich entgegengeſtellt, und eben ſo das Anerbieten einer Geldentſchädigung für ſeine Anſprüche auf Schweden ausgeſchlagen. Bald darauf legte die Königin Chriſtina am 16. Juni 1654 die Regierung von Schweden zu Gunſten ihres Vetters, des Pfalzgrafen Carl Guſtav von Zweibrücken, nieder, der als Carl X. dieſen Thron beſtieg. Dies zeigte die Ohnmacht des Königs von Polen von Neuem auf, der zwar gegen Rußland und gegen abtrünnige Koſacken das vormalige gebietende Anſehen ſeines Reiches nicht mehr zu erhalten verſtand, aber doch den ehrgeizigen Trieb nicht erſticken konnte, durch Verſagung der königlichen Ehren, durch einen feierlichen Proteſt in einer eigenen Geſandtſchaft und durch abermalige Erneuerung ſeiner eigenen Anſprüche auf den ſchwediſchen Thron zum verderblichen Kampf anzureizen. Carl X., der alle Verlegenheiten und Schwächen ſeines Gegners kannte, der ſich daran erinnerte, daß eine ſehr große Partei der polniſchen Großen ſtark der Anerkennung Johann Caſimirs als König widerſtrebt hatte und daß dieſe jetzt noch viel ungünſtiger bei der geoffenbarten Regierungsunfähigkeit des Königs für denſelben geſtimmt war, verſchob durchaus nicht einen Augenblick ſeinen Entſchluß, den nunmehr zwanzig Jahre lang zwiſchen Schweden und Polen beſtehenden Stuhmsdorfer Waffenſtillſtand zu brechen, da derſelbe erſt in einem Zeitraume von ſechs Jahren ablief. Daß dieſer Kampf einem durch muthige Thatkraft angeſpornten Fürſten, der ſchon als Krieger durch ſeine glücklichen Unternehmungen in Deutſchland einen ausgezeichneten Ruf genoß, ein ruhmvolles Feld für große Thaten und höchſt wahrſcheinlich auch eine bedeutſame Vergrößerung des Staates eröffnen mußte, ſchien ein unvermeidliches Ergebniß zu ſein. Er bemühte ſich aber in dem Kurfürſten Friedrich Wilhelm einen achtbaren Bundesgenoſſen zu erwerben, der als helfender Freund viel glänzendere Reſultate hervorrufen mußte, in zweideutiger Neutralität aber, oder gar in feindlichem Entgegenſtehen die ganze Unternehmung in ihrem Erfolg ungewiß machen konnte. Er verlangte von demſelben, gleichwie Guſtav Adolf dieſe Forderung an das Herzogthum Preußen geſtellt hatte, die Uebergabe des Forts und der Hafenplätze Memel und Pillau, um hier gelandet ſogleich auf den Kern der polniſchen Macht, gegen Warſchau und Krakau vorzudringen. Ein gefährlicher Augenblick für Preußen: Verbindung mit Schweden machte allerdings den Sieg über Polen faſt zweifellos, aber ſie zeigte zugleich die eigene größere Gefahr, zum Tauſch des von den Schweden längſt gewünſchten Hinterpommerns, vielleicht ſogar des Herzogthums Preußen gegen ein Stück von Polen gezwungen zu werden, damit die ſchöne Ausſicht für Carl X. in Erfüllung ginge, alle Oſtſeeländer von Mecklenburg bis Ingermannland, Finnland und Schweden, im Umkreiſe in ein Reich zu vereinigen, und dadurch dieſen Staat unbedingt zur erſten Macht des Nordens für immer aufzuſtellen. Eine Verbindung mit Polen gab dagegen Preußen zum Kriegsſchauplatz hin, entfernte nicht die Gefahr den Schweden zu erliegen, und zeigte als ein nicht unwahrſcheinliches Schlußergebniß, daß Polen ſeine Niederlage auf Koſten ſeines Lehnsträgers büßen würde. Unter ſo dringenden Umſtänden nahm Kurfürſt Friedrich Wilhelm für ſich die Rechte eines europäiſchen Staates in Anſpruch, und ſuchte Sicherheit und Gewährleiſtung ſeiner Staaten in Bündniſſen mit den mächtigſten Staaten Europa's zu erlangen. Mit den Niederlanden, mit dem Protector Olivier Cromwell von England, mit Kaiſer Ferdinand III. und mit Frankreich ſchloß er 1655 Verträge, deren ehrenvolle Bedingungen bewähren, in welchem Anſehen ſchon damals die Perſönlichkeit des großen Kurfürſten ſtand, und welche Erwartungen man von ſeinem Mitwirken als Bundesgenoſſen ſich verſprach.

Polen ſelbſt wurde von dem Kurfürſten vor dem nahen Wiederausbruche des Kriegs mit Schweden gewarnt, faßte jetzt aber zu ſpät den Entſchluß, unter Vermittelung fremder Geſandten darauf einzugehen, was gleich bewilligt den Waffenſtillſtand unfehlbar erhalten haben würde. In Preußen traf Friedrich Wilhelm nach den damaligen Kräften des Landes ſeine Vertheidigungsanſtalten. Seinem erſten Geheimenrath, dem Generallieutenant Graf Georg Friedrich von Waldeck, trug er als Statthalter die Beſchirmung des ganzen Herzogthums auf. Die Landmiliz der Wybranzen wurde ſofort aufgeboten und ſollte in dem erſten Monate mit allen nöthigen Bedürfniſſen von den Ihrigen, ſodann auf allgemeine Koſten des Landes verpflegt werden. Dieſe Wybranzen wurden in beſonderen Abtheilungen einzelnen Kriegsoberſten untergeordnet, die ſie in dem Waffendienſt üben mußten. Um die nöthigen Mannſchaften herbeizuſchaffen, ſollte auf dem platten Lande von 20 Hufen ein Mann, und in den Städten von 10 ganzen Häuſern, oder 20 halben Häuſern (von geringerer Tiefe), oder endlich von 40 Viertelhäuſern oder Buden gleichfalls ein Mann geſtellt werden. Unterdeſſen kam der Kurfürſt ſelbſt mit 8000 Mann brandenburgiſcher und Pommerſcher Kriegsvölker nach Preußen, fand aber hier nicht einmal ſo viel Vorrath an Lebensmitteln und Geld in den herrſchaftlichen Caſſen, um ſein kleines Heer einen einzigen Monat lang unterhalten zu können: er mußte ſich daher aus dieſer Verlegenheit durch eine Zwangsanleihe von 100,000 Thalern bei der Stadt Königsberg befreien. In den auswärtigen und inneren Verhältniſſen nach den damaligen Umſtänden möglichſt kräftig geſchützt, konnte Friedrich Wilhelm in ſeinem edlen Sinne, in ſeiner Selbſtvertrauen einflößenden Zuverſicht, auch zum erſten Male als Landesfürſt hier in Preußen, auf die eigene Vertheidigung des Landes durch ſeine Bewohner mitrechnen. Und er hat ſich nicht getäuſcht! Der vaterländiſche Sinn des geſammten Volks wurde damals zuerſt geweckt, und wenn derſelbe auch noch nicht gleich bis zur alles vergeſſenden heiligen Kraft der Selbſtaufopferung ſich erhob, und die Stände ſogar wegen Bewahrung ihrer Rechte die Maſſe des Volks zurückhielten, ſo hat er mindeſtens durch eine aufrichtige Unterſtützung eine weſentliche Hülfe dem Kurfürſten dargereicht. —

Inzwiſchen war Carl X. in Polen im Sommer 1655 eingebrochen, und hatte faſt ohne Schwertſtreich ſich die Woiwodſchaften Poſen und Kaliſch unterworfen, darauf Warſchau erobert und ein polniſches Heer am 6. September bei Czarnowa am Fluſſe Dowicz geſchlagen. Gleichzeitig war ein zweites ſchwediſches Heer unter dem Feldherrn Wittenberg ohne Anfrage bei dem Kurfürſten Friedrich Wilhelm von Pommern aus durch die Neumark in Polen eingerückt, und hatte hier ebenfalls ſo glänzende Fortſchritte, als die Schweden unter der perſönlichen Anführung des Königs Carl X. gemacht, ſo daß es bereits im November in der Nähe von Krakau ſtand. Preußen war noch von den Schweden im königlichen und kurfürſtlichen Antheile unberührt geblieben. Da ging Friedrich Wilhelm ſelbſt nach dem polniſchen Preußen, und ſchloß hier mit den Landſtänden durch den Grafen Fabian von Dohna und den Geheimenrath Friedrich von Jena am 12. November 1655, ohne die Krone von Polen, ein gemeinſchaftliches Vertheidigungsbündniß, nach welchem der Kurfürſt eine Unterſtützung von 4000 Mann verſprach, und zur Abwehr jedes Angriffs die Städte Braunsberg, Marienburg, Dirſchau, Schlochau, Strasburg, Neuburg und Graudenz beſetzte, und dafür den Erlaß der Unterhaltungskoſten für die hierauf verwandten Truppen zugeſichert erhielt. Doch die größeren weſtpreußiſchen Städte Danzig, Elbing und Thorn verweigerten, ungeachtet der dringenden Ermahnung ihres eigenen Königs Johann Caſimir, dem der Kurfürſt jetzt als der einzige Retter in der Noth erſchien, ihre thätige Theilnahme an dieſem Bündniſſe. Johann Caſimir, ſo verzagt in der Schwäche, wie übermüthig in den Tagen des von ihm ſelbſt nicht einmal errungenen Siegs, verſprach ſchon in dieſer Zeit dem Kurfürſten, Preußen als ein ſouveraines Herzogthum zu überlaſſen, demſelben ſeine Anſprüche auf die Krone Schweden abzutreten, die freilich werthlos genug geworden, und ihm ſogar das damals von den Schweden ſchon gänzlich eroberte Liefland als Lehn der Krone Polen zu geben, wenn Friedrich Wilhelm ihn kräftigſt unterſtützen würde. Freilich hatte er ſelbſt in ſeinem Reiche keinen einzigen feſten Platz mehr zu behaupten vermocht, Krakau war gleichfalls übergegangen, Johann Caſimir nach Oppeln in Schleſien geflüchtet, und in drei Monaten faſt in ganz Polen die ſchwediſche Hoheit anerkannt. Friedrich Wilhelm blieb jetzt auf ſich allein beſchränkt; der König von Schweden dagegen, durch des Kurfürſten Bündniß mit den weſtpreußiſchen Ständen verletzt, gedachte nun mit der Eroberung Preußens ſeinen Sieg über Polen zu vollenden. Während er ſelbſt ohne großen Widerſtand Thorn, Strasburg, Graudenz und Elbing einnahm, Danzig zur See durch ſeine Flotte ſperrte, war ein drittes ſchwediſches Heer unter dem General Graf Magnus de la Gardie aus Litthauen in das Herzogthum Preußen eingerückt. Zwiſchen zwei Heeren eingeengt, gegen die vereinte ſchwediſche Macht allein geſtellt, ſah ſich Kurfürſt Friedrich Wilhelm, als die Schweden nicht mehr fern von Königsberg ſtanden, am 17. Januar 1656 zum Abſchluß des Vertrages zu Königsberg genöthigt. Doch auch dieſer erzwungene Vertrag zeigt durch ſeine vortheilhaften Bedingungen, welchen Werth Carl X. auf ein günſtiges Vernehmen mit dem Kurfürſten ſetzte. Das Herzogthum Preußen wurde ſchwediſches Lehn, aber durch das geſammte Bisthum Ermland verſtärkt, das jedoch nur auf die männlichen Nachkommen des Kurfürſten vererben und dann an Schweden zurückfallen ſollte. Die Neutralität wurde dem Kurfürſten für die Dauer dieſes Krieges zugeſtanden, aber bald, da Friedrich Wilhelm bei ſo großen Unternehmungen in der engſten Nähe ſeiner Staaten nicht lange thatenloſer Zuſchauer bleiben konnte, durch den Vertrag zu Marienburg am 15. Juni 1656, in lebhafte Theilnahme an den Kriegsunternehmungen verwandelt. Dieſer Vergleich iſt als der erſte Entwurf eines Theilungsvertrages über das Königreich Polen zu betrachten. Nach demſelben ſollte der Kurfürſt mit 4000 Mann den König von Schweden in allen Theilen des polniſchen Reichs unterſtützen, nur nicht in Litthauen gegen Rußland, und eben ſo wenig gegen den Herzog von Kurland, welcher der Schwager des Kurfürſten war, und dafür dereinſt nach erfolgtem Frieden die Woiwodſchaften Kaliſch, Poſen, Lencic, Sieradz und den Bezirk Wielun erhalten, und mit ſeinen übrigen Staaten vereinigen, alſo beinahe denſelben Antheil von Polen erwerben, den heute das Großherzogthum Poſen bildet, nur noch in einem größeren Umfange nach Oſten zu.

Dieſer Vertrag reizte inzwiſchen auf gleich empfindliche Weiſe ſowohl den König Johann Caſimir, der, in ſeinem Reiche ſelbſt machtlos, doch den für Treubruch geſcholtenen Abfall des Kurfürſten auf das Aeußerſte zu rächen drohte, als auch die Stände des Herzogthums Preußen, welche jede Ausſicht auf Erweiterung der Macht ihres Landesherrn mit nicht zurückgehaltenem Groll anſahen, da ihr eigenes verkanntes Intereſſe die Abhängigkeit des Fürſten von einer andern höher geſtellten Macht willkommen hieß. Außerdem waren ſie durch den Vertrag, der als ein Offenſiv- und Defenſiv-Bündniß zwiſchen Schweden und dem Kurfürſten gelten ſollte, in einen langwierigen Krieg hineingezogen, die Kriegsmacht mußte in Preußen vermehrt werden, dabei war eine Erhöhung der beſtehenden Abgaben unvermeidlich: ſie fühlten ſich alſo in der eigenthümlichen Verlegenheit, mittelbar durch größere Erweiterung der Macht und der Rechte des Kurfürſten zu ihrer eigenen Beſchränkung beizutragen. Daher verweigerten die Landſtände auf dem gerade verſammelten Landtage in ſtark überwiegender Mehrzahl jede neue Vermehrung der Acciſe und Hufenſteuer, und wurden hiezu im Namen des Königs Johann Caſimir von dem polniſchen Obriſten Mandel ſogar aufgefordert. Doch Friedrich Wilhelm ließ ſich durch ſolche Drohungen von dem Durchführen ſeiner Pläne nicht zurückſchrecken, wenn er dieſe einmal für angemeſſen zur Feſthaltung ſeines politiſchen Standpunktes, und zur Ausführung ſeiner Zwecke in der Verwaltung ſeines Staates erachtete: er wies daher die Stände in dem Landtagsabſchiede vom 1. Juli 1656 mit unumwundener Offenheit darauf hin, daß ſie, da er einmal mit ihrer Zuſtimmung und ſogar auf ihr dringendes Anrathen den Frieden mit Schweden geſchloſſen habe, nun auch die Folgen davon tragen müßten. Jedoch gab er denſelben die ernſte Verſicherung, daß die Lage des Landes während des Krieges, und die Steigerung ihrer Beiſteuern in demſelben durchaus keinen Eintrag auf ihre Rechte für die Zukunft haben ſollten. In frommer Geſinnung fügte er am Schluſſe des Abſchiedes hinzu, daß durch monatliche Bußübungen und Faſttage Gottes Allmacht der gemeinſamen Sache des Vaterlandes zugewandt werden ſolle, und gebot ſogar, die Uebertreter derſelben zu beſtrafen.

Gleich nach dem Marienburger Vertrage hatte ſich das preußiſch-brandenburgiſche Heer mit dem ſchwediſchen vereinigt, da ſchon im Winter der König Johann Caſimir aus Schleſien nach Polen zurückgekehrt war, bald einige Truppen geſammelt und die mit den Schweden ſchon längſt wieder zerfallenen polniſchen Großen für ſich gewonnen hatte, um durch dieſe die Woiwodſchaften und das Kronheer zum allgemeinen Aufſtande gegen Carl X. auf einmal zu erheben. Dies gelang völlig, der König von Schweden mußte raſch im Februar 1656 nach Polen abgehen, und wurde auch durch ſeine perſönliche Anweſenheit im Allgemeinen das Waffenglück für Schweden aufrecht erhalten, ſo wurde doch der Kampf mit ſehr abwechſelnden Erfolge geführt, und die Stimmung des geſammten polniſchen Volks war für Carl X. entſchieden verloren gegangen. Warſchau war wieder in die Hände der Polen gefallen; in der Nähe dieſer Stadt ſollte die Vereinigung des Königs von Schweden mit dem Kurfürſten vor ſich gehen, um dann gemeinſchaftlich die Kriegsunternehmungen weiter fortzuſetzen. Der polniſche Kron-Unterfeldherr Johann Gonſiewski bemühte ſich die Vereinigung beider Heere zu verhindern, aber ſie kam dennoch, nach raſchem Zurückdrängen Gonſiewski's durch Carl X., am 13. Juli zu Stande, worauf beide Heere vereinigt bei Warſchau zuſammen 16,000 Mann zählten, während ihnen 40,000 Polen und Tataren gegenüber ſtanden. Der franzöſiſche Geſandte bot ſeine Vermittelung an für einen Frieden oder Waffenſtillſtand vor der Schlacht, wurde aber ſchnöde von Johann Caſimir zurückgewieſen, der in dem ſtolzeſten Vertrauen auf ſeine Uebermacht die Schweden den Tataren zum Frühſtück vorwerfen wollte, dem großen Kurfürſten aber einen Ort anzuweiſen ſich vermaß, wo ihn weder Sonne noch Mond beſcheinen ſollten. Aber im Rathe des Schickſals war ein anderes Loos beſtimmt. Nach einem dreitägigen Kampfe (18—20. Juli 1656) auf denſelben Feldern bei Warſchau, die auch in dem letzten Kriege zwiſchen Polen und Rußland wieder eine welthiſtoriſche Wichtigkeit erlangt haben, gewann das kräftig unterſtützte Talent einen glänzenden Sieg über die ſchlecht geleitete Uebermacht, wenn gleich von beiden Seiten mit außerordentlicher Tapferkeit, und zuletzt ſogar mit äußerſter Erbitterung gefochten wurde. Die Fürſten führten perſönlich den Oberbefehl, dem Könige von Polen ſtanden die Krongroßfeldherren von Polen und Litthauen zur Seite, die überlegne Zahl und der günſtige Boden ſtritten zu Gunſten der Polen, gut bedientes Geſchütz, höhere Kriegskunſt und die ſtrengſte Mannszucht unter den Truppen gaben den Verbündeten das Uebergewicht. Dieſe konnten allerdings auch nur in einem Siege ihre Rettung hoffen, da nach dem Verluſte einer Schlacht die Uebriggebliebenen bei ihrer geringen Zahl unfehlbar die Beute des erbitterten Landvolks auf dem langen Rückzuge geworden wären. Am dritten Tage wurde endlich der Sieg durch einen Angriff der preußiſchen Reiterei, unter perſönlicher Leitung des Kurfürſten und des Generals Otto Chriſtoph von Sparre entſchieden, dem das Jahr darauf die Ehre des erſten preußiſchen Feldmarſchallſtabs aus den Händen ſeines ſouverainen Fürſten zu Theil wurde. Den brandenburgiſch-preußiſchen Truppen wurde ſelbſt vom Schwedenkönige die Ehre des Tages zuerkannt, ſie ward unter dem Loſungsworte errungen, daß fortan bei den Preußen in allen Lagen der Gefahr des Volkes Treue mit dem edlen Willen ſeines Fürſten innigſt verknüpfen ſollte: **Gott mit uns!** riefen die ihres Führers ſchon gewohnten Brandenburger, **Gott mit uns** war das Feldgeſchrei der im Lande Preußen neu geworbenen Schaaren, die in Ermangelung gleichförmig beſtimmter Kleidungsſtücke nur durch ein Bündel Stroh auf ihrem Hute als Truppen des Kurfürſten ſich geltend machten, während die regelmäßigen des ſchweren Führers lang gewohnten Krieger ihr einfaches Feldzeichen zum erſten Male mit einem welthiſtoriſchen Siege ſchmückten, durch den Preußens ſelbſtſtändige Macht im raſchen Fluge entwickelt werden ſollte.

Trat Friedrich Wilhelm der Große durch dieſen ehrenvollen Tag in die Reihe der ausgezeichneten europäiſchen Feldherren, ſo war derſelbe nicht minder einflußreich für die ganze ſpätere Entwickelung des preußiſchen Staates. Die Polen hatten den größten Theil ihres Geſchützes verloren, und waren haltungslos in der Richtung auf Lublin entflohen: ſo ſchwach die Sieger waren, ſo konnte doch eine eilige Verfolgung wieder ganz Polen in ihre Hände geben, Carl X. zum alleinigen Entſcheider in den Angelegenheiten des Nordens machen, und dabei doch das Herzogthum Preußen den größten Gefahren von Seiten Litthauens ausſetzen. Der Kurfürſt wollte aber weder durch zu thätige Unterſtützung Schwedens von dieſem allein ſich abhängig machen, noch das eigene Land zu Gunſten eines übermächtigen Nebenbuhlers verderblichen Gefahren ausſetzen. Er trennte ſich daher von dem ſchwediſchen Heere und näherte ſich der preußiſchen Gränze. Und in der That war auch bereits ein hartes Verderben über Preußen gekommen. Der litthauiſche Unterfeldherr Gonſiewsky, ein Mann von vielfacher Kriegserfahrung, hatte ein Heer von 20,000 Mann, zum größten Theile Tataren geſammelt, mit welchem er ſo raſch an die preußiſche Gränze rückte, daß die ſchwediſchen Generale Steinbock und Graf de la Gardie weder Zeit gehabt hatten, ihn von Preußen zurückzuſchlagen, noch mit den an der Südoſtgränze Preußens aufgeſtellten preußiſchen Truppen ſich zu vereinigen. Dieſe ſtanden, etwa 10,000 Mann ſtark, zum großen Theil wenig in Waffen geübtes Landvolk, verbunden mit einer Schaar Schweden unter dem General Niederſhielm, unter den Generalen Graf von Waldeck und Fürſt von Radziwil*) bei dem Dorfe Proſtken am Fluſſe Lyck im Hauptamte Lyck, unfern der polniſchen Gränze, hatten aber faſt gar kein Geſchütz bei ſich. Sie wurden am 8. October 1656 von Gonſiewsky überfallen und erlitten eine völlige Niederlage, ſo daß kaum 2000 Mann durch die Flucht entkamen, die übrigen niedergemacht oder gefangen wurden, und das geſammte ſüdliche Herzogthum Preußen wehrlos den Polen und Tataren für einige Tage preisgegeben war, bis das ſiegreiche Gefecht des Generals Steinbock bei Philippowo an der polniſchen Gränze über die geordneten Schaaren des Gonſiewsky am 12. October, auch die einzelnen, weit umherſtreifenden Tatarenhaufen zum ſchleunigen Rückzuge zwang. In wie kurzer Zeit aber auch die ſchreckliche Verheerung dieſes Tatareneinfalls ausgeübt wurde, ſo gräßlich erſcheint ihr Schlußergebniß. Dreizehn Städte, 249 Flecken, Dörfer und einzeln ſtehende Höfe nebſt 37 Kirchen wurden niedergebrannt, das meiſte Rindvieh, Pferde, Schweine und Schafe wurden mitgenommen oder vernichtet, 23,000 Menſchen wurden erſchlagen, und 34,000 Menſchen jedes Standes, Alters und Geſchlechts in die Sclaverei fortgeſchleppt. Mit Feſſeln, Stricken und Pferdezäumen zuſammengekoppelt und an den Pferden angebunden, Tag und Nacht hindurch wurden dieſe unglücklichen Opfer ohne gehörige Nahrung, Bekleidung und Erholung fortgetrieben. Den ermüdeten Müttern wurden ihre Säuglinge entriſſen und vor ihren Augen zerſchmettert, Greiſe und erſchöpfte Kinder wurden niedergeſtoßen, um nicht an dem ſchnellen Fortzuge gehindert zu werden. Viele ertranken beim Ueberſetzen der Flüſſe, und noch mehrere erlagen dem Hunger, der Kälte und dem Mangel an allen gewohnten Bequemlichkeiten des Lebens: der Reſt wurde in Caffa und andern Handelsplätzen der Halbinſel Krimm auf offenem Markte verkauft. Nach dieſer fürchterlichen Verwüſtung, in der zugleich ſo viele Maſſen von Lebensmitteln nutzlos zerſtört waren, brachte die darauf folgende allgemeine Hungersnoth im Lande wieder ihre gewöhnlichen Uebel mit ſich, anſteckende Krankheiten unter Vieh und Menſchen, ſo daß in den nächſten Monaten gegen 80,000 Menſchen in Preußen als Opfer der Peſt gezählt wurden, und die Pferde in manchen Aemtern, wie z. B. in Johannisburg ganz ausgeſtorben ſein ſollen. Aecker konnten nicht beſtellt, Dörfer nicht wieder aufgebaut werden. Da war es denn kein Wunder, daß ganze Dörfer abermals für immer aus der Reihe bewohnbarer Ortſchaften verſchwanden, und auf ihren einſt urbaren Feldern wildes Geſträuch allmählig zu einem Walde emporwuchs.

Inzwiſchen konnte Friedrich Wilhelm, nach ſo großem Verluſte in ſeiner Parteinahme zwiſchen Johann Caſimir und Carl X. ſchwankend werden und den neuen Einflüſterungen polniſcher Unterhändler Gehör geben. Um nun einen ſo geachteten Fürſten bei dem großen Bunde, der ſich gegen Carl X. unter den nordiſchen und weſteuropäiſchen Staaten aufthürmte, nicht auch in die Zahl ſeiner Gegner übertreten zu ſehen, ſondern ihn vielmehr durch ein noch innigeres und vortheilhafteres Band an das Intereſſe Schwedens zu knüpfen, ſchloß Carl X. mit Friedrich Wilhelm am 30. October (10. November) 1656 einen neuen Vertrag zu Labiau, nach welchem unſer Landesherr für Preußen die Souverainität erlangte, und mit demſelben Rechte auch das Bisthum Ermland gewann. Erſt nach dem Ausſterben der männlichen Linie der ſouverainen Herzoge ſollte Preußen an Schweden zurückfallen, doch den übrigen Markgrafen von Brandenburg in Franken das Recht vorbehalten ſein, welches ſie früher bei der polniſchen Belehnung gehabt hatten. Die weiblichen Nachkommen dagegen ſollten in dieſem Falle durch die Summe von 300,000 Rthlrn. entſchädigt werden. In geheimen Artikeln wurde ausgemacht, daß an Schweden im dereinſtigen Friedensſchluſſe mit Polen Weſtpreußen, Pomerellen, Szamaiten, Semgallen, Curland und Liefland fallen ſollten; doch von Curland nur der polniſche Antheil, ohne Beeinträchtigung des Herzogs von Curland, wie der Kurfürſt es ausdrücklich für ſeinen Schwager ausmachte. Dagegen verpflichtete ſich Schweden dafür zu ſorgen, daß der Kurfürſt den im Marienburger Vertrage ihm beſtimmten Antheil von Polen erhalten ſollte, doch müßte er auch nachgeben, wenn Polen dieſe Länder gar nicht, oder nur zum Theile abtreten wollte. Die gegenſeitige Hülfe wurde auf 2000 Mann Fußvolk und 1000 Reiter beſtimmt, doch war Brandenburg-Preußen dieſelbe zu ſtellen nur dann verpflichtet, wenn Schweden in Weſtpreußen, Pomerellen oder Szamaiten angegriffen würde. In Bezug auf die Seezölle in Preußen war der ſouveraine Herzog unbeſchränkt, doch mußte er ein für allemal die Summe von 120,000 Thaler an Schweden zahlen und verſprechen, den Zoll für die nach Elbing gehenden Güter und Schiffe in Pillau niemals zu erhöhen.

Preußens Souverainität war aber dann erſt außer allem Zweifel geſtellt, wenn derjenige Staat, zu welchem das Herzogthum früher als Lehn gehört hatte, die Anerkennung dieſes ſelbſtſtändigen politiſchen Zuſtandes öffentlich ausgeſprochen, und die Mehrzahl der wichtigeren europäiſchen Staaten durch Beitritt zu denſelben das ſouveraine Preußen in ihre Mitte aufgenommen hatten. Indeſſen hatte das zu ſtark drohende Uebergewicht der Schweden an der Oſtſee bereits die beiden vorzüglich auf derſelben betheiligten Handelsſtaaten Holland und Dänemark beſtimmt, ſich gegen Carl X. zu erklären, während der Kaiſer Ferdinand III. die Ruſſen nicht nur zu einem Waffenſtillſtande mit Polen, ſondern auch zum unmittelbaren Angriff der Schweden in Liefland, Ingermannland und Karelen bewogen hatte. Dadurch war Johann Caſimir von neuem ermuthigt, mit einem beträchtlichen Heere ſelbſt nach Weſtpreußen aufgebrochen, hatte Conitz eingenommen und ein Lager vor Danzig bezogen. Hier wurde zwar Johann Caſimir von den Schweden geſchlagen, doch verwehrte er denſelben alle ferneren Unternehmungen gegen die mächtige Stadt, und der Schwedenkönig mußte ſich begnügen, mittelbar vermöge einer Durchſtechung der Weichſeldämme und Ueberſchwemmung des Werders, ſeine Rache an dieſer Stadt auszuüben. Doch mitten unter dieſen Unternehmungen 1657 wurde Carl X. durch den Angriff der Dänen auf das ſchwediſche Fürſtenthum Bremen nach Deutſchland hineingezogen, während eine holländiſche Flotte unter dem berühmten Admiral Tromp vor dem Hafen von Danzig ſich zeigte, um dieſen für die Polen ſicher zu ſtellen und allen nur möglichen Abbruch den ſchwediſchen Schiffen auf der Oſtſee zu thun. Da fühlte der große Kurfürſt, daß es an der Zeit wäre, von dem Bündniſſe mit dem in zu tollkühne Unternehmungen ſich ſtürzenden Könige Carl X. ſich loszuſagen, und Polens Anerkennung ſeiner Souverainität auf anderem Wege zu erwerben. Aber eine Annäherung zwiſchen Polen und Preußen wurde dadurch gehindert, daß weder der König noch die Reichsſtände von Polen ihre alten Rechte auf das Herzogthum Preußen aufgeben wollten, und daher dem Kurfürſten ihre Beihülfe zur Eroberung von Schwediſch-Pommern als Erſatz für die Entſagung auf die Souverainität Preußens anboten. Friedrich Wilhelm beharrte aber jetzt feſt dabei, daß er ohne die einmal erlangte Souverainität in Preußen nicht beſtehen konnte. Um ihn raſcher zum Ziele zu führen, traf es ſich, daß das Intereſſe des Kaiſers von Oeſtreich, welches in Polen und namentlich bei dem Könige Johann Caſimir viel galt, indem beide Mächte nach dem gleichen politiſchen Zielpunkte, nach der Erniedrigung der ſchwediſchen Macht ſtrebten, jetzt, nach dem weſtphäliſchen Frieden geradezu verlangte, daß eine **deutſche Mittelmacht** von einiger Bedeutung die Schweden an der Oſtſee, und namentlich zwiſchen der Weichſel und der Weſer, beſchränkte und dadurch ihrer weiteren Ausbreitung in Deutſchland ſich entgegenſtellte. Daher brachte der kaiſerliche Geſandte am polniſchen Hofe, als Vermittler zwiſchen dem Kurfürſten und Polen, nach nicht ſehr anſtrengenden Verhandlungen es dahin, daß der ſchwankende König Johann Caſimir in dem **Vertrage zu Wehlau**, am 19. September 1657 **Preußens Souverainität** zugeſtand, indem er das Bisthum Ermland von dem Kurfürſten zurück erhielt und wenige Monate darauf in der Uebereinkunft zu Bromberg oder Bydgoſt, am 6. November 1657, den Kurfürſten ſogar zur thätigeren Hülfe ſich verpflichtete, indem er die Herrſchaften Lauenburg und Bütow ihm als polniſches Lehn, jedoch ohne Ableiſtung des Lehnseides, überließ, und außerdem Elbing und die Staroſtei Draheim für Geld zur Truppenwerbung ihm verpfändete. Als nothwendige Folgen dieſer Verhandlungen gingen nun die Bündniſſe des Kurfürſten mit allen übrigen Feinden Carl X. hervor, ſowohl mit Dänemark, am 30. October 1657, das den Schutz der preußiſchen Küſte durch eine Flotte übernahm, als auch mit Kaiſer Leopold I., am 30. Januar 1658, der 10,000 Mann zur Eroberung von Schwediſch-Pommern verhieß. Die weiteren Kriegsunternehmungen des großen Kurfürſten gegen Carl X. gehören, weil ſie außerhalb der Gränzen Preußens vor ſich gingen, nicht für den Raum dieſer Blätter; doch dürfen wir als einen ehrenwerthen Schluß dieſes Abſchnittes den am 3. Mai 1660 geſchloſſenen Frieden im Kloſter Oliva hervorheben, der weniger durch die Erſchöpfung der meiſten kriegführenden Mächte, als durch den unerwartet ſchnellen Tod des ſchwediſchen Königs herbeigeführt wurde. Dieſer Frieden gab bis auf die Zeiten des großen nordiſchen Krieges die Grundlage für alle auswärtigen Staatsverhältniſſe und Verhandlungen unter ſämmtlichen Mächten von Nordeuropa. Preußen empfing durch dieſen Frieden die Beſtätigung und Garantirung der Verträge zu Wehlau und Bromberg von allen an den Verhandlungen theilnehmenden Staaten und erhob ſich durch die perſönliche Größe ſeines damaligen edlen Regenten, im Verein mit deſſen deutſchen Erblanden, raſch zu einer **europäiſchen Macht des zweiten Ranges**, der einzigen unter den Staaten Europa's, die nicht Königreiche waren. Es erlangte im Norden jetzt gleiches Anſehen mit Dänemark, es trat in Deutſchland entſchieden über Sachſen, das ſo lange mit Brandenburg rivaliſirt hatte und wohl häufig im Vorrange geweſen war; es ward im deutſchen Reiche ohne allen Widerſpruch der **erſte Staat nach dem Kaiſer**. Auf ſolche Weiſe wurde Preußen-Brandenburg die Mittelmacht zwiſchen dem Kaiſer und den übrigen deutſchen Fürſten, blieb aber dem kaiſerlichen Intereſſe, oftmals mit der größten eigenen Aufopferung getreu, bis es unter Friedrich Wilhelm's großem Urenkel in den Stand entſchiedner Oppoſition gegen Oeſtreich und ſofort in den gleichen Rang mit dieſem Staate überging. Doch erreichte es dieſen hohen Standpunkt nicht durch den Umfang des Beſitzthums, nicht durch die Größe der Bevölkerung, nicht durch Erwerb von Natur reich begabter Länder, ſondern allein durch die **geiſtige Größe von Friedrich Wilhelm**, der **Feldherr, Staatsmann und Landesregent großartig in ſich vereinigend**, den meiſten ſeiner Zeitgenoſſen voranging, mit Einſicht die Zeitumſtände benutzte, unverwandt einen einzigen Weg verfolgte, endlich mehr als Alles, ſeinem Volke Vertrauen gab und innige begeiſterte Liebe zurückempfing.

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*) Boguslaw Fürſt von Radziwil, der nachmalige Statthalter des Landes Preußen, der ſich um dieſes Land, ſowohl durch ſeine zwölfjährige Verwaltung, (1657—1669), als durch ſeine Stiftungen für Univerſität und Schulen, ein bleibendes Andenken erworben. Er gehört dem reformirten Zweige dieſer Familie an, welchen Fürſt Chriſtoph von Radziwil ſtiftete, der 1603 zu Wilna verſtarb. Dieſer hatte zwei Söhne, Janusch und Chriſtoph, von denen der letztere zu Heidelberg ſtudierte. Die beide waren reformirter Confeſſion und unterſtützten die Proteſtanten in Polen und Litthauen reichlich. Fürſt Janusch erwarb durch ſeine Gemahlin Sophia, die Erbtochter der Herrſchaft Sluzk, die aber 1611 verſtarb, ſehr große Beſitzungen. In zweiter Ehe vermählte er ſich 1613 mit Sophie Eliſabeth, Markgräfin von Brandenburg, Tochter des Kurfürſten Johann Georg, aus welcher Ehe Fürſt Boguslaw entſpross 3. Mai 1620.

Levin Schücking

ward 1810 in Münſter geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und lebte dann theils als Erzieher, theils als Privatgelehrter an verſchiedenen Orten, bis er vor einigen Jahren, nachdem er ſich mit dem, auch als Schriftſtellerin ausgezeichneten Fräulein von Gall, vermählt, nach Augsburg und von da nach Cöln zog, wo er bei der Redaction der Cölniſchen Zeitung beſchäftigt iſt.

Er gab heraus:

Das maleriſche und romantiſche Weſtphalen. (Gemeinſchaftlich mit F. Freiligrath.) Leipzig 1841.
Der Dom zu Cöln und ſeine Vollendung. Cöln 1842.
Ein Schloß am Meer. Roman. 2 Thle. Leipzig 1843.
Gedichte. Stuttgart 1846.
Zeiten und Sitten. I—III. Die Ritterbürtigen. Roman. 3 Bde. Leipzig 1846. IV. Eine dunkle That. Roman. Ebendaſ. 1846.
Novellen. 2 Bde. Peſth und Leipzig 1846.
Einzelne Aufſätze, Novellen, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Ein feiner und geiſtreicher Beobachter, mehr Denker als Dichter, iſt S. namentlich ausgezeichnet durch ſeine Schilderungen der Sitten früherer Tage und ſeine meiſterhaften Zeichnungen des menſchlichen Herzens. Seine Gedichte, Erzeugniſſe eines reichen und tiefen Gemüthes, athmen Innigkeit und warme Empfindung und ſind muſterhaft hinſichtlich der äußeren Form und des Wohllautes.

Jugend-Erinnerungen.

Umrauſche mich noch einmal, alter Wald,
Ragt mich noch einmal, Trümmer von Baſalt,
Du, altes Schloß, das ich ſo oft erklettert:
Ein kecker Burſche war ich hier zu ſchaun,
Mit Stolz gebietend über Land und Gaun,
Ein Herr der Trümmer, die der Sturm zerwettert.

Mir folgten Tauſende bewährten Arms,
Mein Wappen wehte, das Panier des Schwarms,
In meiner Fauſt als Speer die junge Tanne;
So ſaß ich träumend hoch auf meinem Roß,
Dem alten Leun, der grimmig vor dem Schloß
Den moos'gen Schild hielt, an des Thores Banne.

Doch wenn der Tag des Herrn, der ſonnige Tag,
Nun wieder da mit ſeinem frohen Schlag,
Die jubelnd ſchwirrten aus den Aehrenfeldern,
Wenn ſelbſt die lindenduftende Allee
Wie feſtlich ward, daß ſie den Tag begeh',
Die Sonne lichter lag auf allen Wäldern:

Dann rief die graue Waldcapelle mich,
Dann durch die Wipfel tönten feierlich
Vom Kloſterthurm die freundlich hellen Glocken:
In blauer Schärpe ſtand ich dienend da
Vor dem Altar und ſprach die Symbola,
Des Prieſters Hand lag ſegnend auf den Locken.

Wo ich gedient, laßt mich noch einmal knie'n,
Noch einmal mich die Weihrauch-Wolken zieh'n,
Die ew'ge Lampe ſchüren, die ermattet:
Daß, wie des Kindes gläubiges Gebet
Ihr Flackern licht ob meinem Haupte ſteht,
Daß mich der alte Frieden überſchattet! —

Er naht ſich nicht! — Mit innerlichem Grau'n
Muß ich der Bögen düſtre Wölbung ſchau'n,
Die hohl, geſpenſtiſch nachhallt meinen Schritten.
Das ſind die Stufen, wo ich einſt gekniet,
Die Stille iſt es, doch der Frieden zieht
Nicht durch die Bruſt, wie einſt, wenn ſie gelitten.

Verlaſſen Alles! Epheu wuchert dicht
Um den Altar und ſtrebt hinaus nach Licht
Und rankt durchs Fenſter mit befreitem Laube;
Als ob, um feſſellos ihm nachzuziehn,
Die neuverjüngten Schwingen ſich geliehn,
Flog vom Gewölb des heil'gen Geiſtes Taube.

Hinaus, hinaus, auf meinen Thurm empor,
Den Wappenhalter auf dem alten Thor,
Noch weiſ't er grimm die troz'gen, ſcharfen Krallen!
Und weiſ't ſie dräuend jetzt, das kluge Thier,
Er ließ hinab längſt Schild ja und Zimier *),
Die ganze Herrlichkeit in Trümmer fallen!

Du trägſt mich gut, du alter Paladin,
In freier Luft, in heller Sonne Glühn;
Von dir gewiegt laß ich mein Banner wehen!
Die um mein Wappen einſt um mich geſchaart,
Jetzt, Ritter, her zur letzten Siegesfahrt,
Her, ſtolze freiheitheiſchende Ideen!

Wie Weihrauch ob uns zieht der linde Duft,
Den Frieden Gottes athmet rings die Luft,
Die Eiche winkt mit dem verheiß'nen Laube!
Es naht der Frieden uns nach treuem Streit,
Und in den Tempeln, die er ſich erneut,
Schwebt über uns des heil'gen Geiſtes Taube! —

Der letzte Troubadour.

Erſtorben ſind die Fluren, durch der Durance Au'n
Zieht Sturm und Schneegeſtöber und winternächtlich Grau'n.

Verblichen ſind die Roſen des heit'ren Arelat,
Durch dürre entlaubte Haine deckt Schnee des Sängers Pfad.

Ihm glänzt nicht Mondesleuchten, ihm ſendet keinen Strahl
Kein Stern vom Wolkenhimmel durch's öde düſt're Thal.

Er wandert zagend weiter, und ſchwankt der müde Fuß,
Dann ſendet ihm ſein Begleiter, die Harfe, leiſen Gruß.

Zeigt ſich kein Lichtesſchimmer, kein gaſtlich winkend Dach?
Wird nirgend fernab heulend der Rüden Stimme wach?

Ha! dort durch dürre Aeſte — iſt's nicht wie Lampenſchein
Aus alterndem Gemäuer? dort wird ein Obdach ſein!

Er eilt und pocht bald leiſe, die Hand von Froſt erſtarrt,
An's niedre Thor des Baues; dann ſteht er lang und harrt:

Und pocht zum zweiten Male; doch keines Schrittes Nahn
Verkündet aus dem Innern, es werde aufgethan.

Da ſchlägt er ungeduldig zum dritten Mal davor,
Und ruft: „Bei Chriſti Mutter, Maria, auf das Thor!

Und horch, die Riegel klirren, das Thor erſchließt ſich ſchnell,
Und um ihn glänzt und ſtrahlt es, wie Tageslicht ſo hell:

Gewölbt, hoch ſteigt die Halle; in ihrer Mitte ſteht
Die hehrſte Frau vor allen, die je ſein Blick erſpäht.

Von oben hängt die Ampel von Silber, perlumkränzt,
Doch iſt's, als ob die Helle aus ihrem Antlitz glänzt:

Als ob nur Lichteswogen, nur warmer Himmelsſchein,
Von Balſamduft durchzogen, ihr Aether könne ſein.

Es beugt ſich tief der Sänger, küßt ihre Lilienhand,
Und hält ſein Aug' erröthend an ihren Blick gebannt:

„O minnigliche Dame, erbarmt Euch meiner Noth,
Habt Mitleid mit dem Armen, dem Niemand Obdach bot.

Wohl rauſchte der Strom der Lieder, quillt über Meiſter Ton
Aus meines Buſens Tiefe, um Ruhm und Minnelohn,

Und zu des Heilands Ehre und zu der Jungfrau Preis;
Doch wer iſt noch auf Erden, der's Dank dem Sänger weiß?

Nicht lädt des Edlen Halle, ſonſt gaſtlich, mehr ihn ein;
Geſchmäht wird ſeine Stimme, wer mag das Ohr ihr leihn?

Ich ſang den Reiz der Dame, die ich zur Herrin kor,
Auf meiner Lieder Schwingen hob ſich ihr Ruhm empor:

Wie iſt dein Lohn geworden: der ſüßen Augen Blick
Strahlt eines Andern Züge in Liebesgluth zurück.

Drum zieh ich irrend weiter; der heil'gen Jungfrau weihn
Will ich nun meine Lieder, der ſchönen Frau allein:

Bis ſie mein Flehn erhöret, bis ſie zu mir ſich neigt,
Bis mir der Kuß der Holden die glüh'nde Wange bleicht!"

Da grüßt ihn milde lächelnd die hehre Frau und geht
Zu ihrem Thron zurücke, der altargleich erhöht.

Auf ſeiner letzten Stufe, von weichem Teppich zart,
Winkt ſie ihm auszuruhen von langer ſchwerer Fahrt.

Es ſchwindet rings die Helle; und als er ſtill nun ruht,
Kühlt's ihm wie Schwanenflügel der Wange Fiebergluth.

Ihm iſt's, als wenn ein Odem, wie Balſam ſüß und rein,
Die heiße Stirne küſſe; dann ſchläft er ſelig ein.

* * *

Er iſt nicht mehr erſtanden; der heil'gen Jungfrau Gaſt
Fand dort ein frommer Waller vor ihrem Bild erblaßt.

Ein Geuſenabenteuer.

I.

Die Schlacht bei Jemmingen war geſchlagen, die Truppen der edlen, naſſauiſchen Fürſtenbrüder hatten ſich zerſtreut, und gegen Alba und ſeine Spanier gab es in allen Niederlanden keinen Damm, keine Schutzwehr mehr. Der Zorn des ſchwarzen Herzogs ſtand wie ein dunkles Ungewitter über dem bebenden Lande. Er ſelbſt war auf dem Heimzuge aus Friesland nach Brüſſel begriffen, rechts und links eine breite, blutbenetzte und flammenlodernde Bahn über die geängſteten Gegenden ziehend, durch welche ſich der Strom ſeiner entmenſchten Spanier fortwälzte. Mehre Stunden oberhalb Gorkum war er über die Waal gegangen und hatte ſich von da nach Breda gewendet, während ein detachirter Heerhaufe Schloß Loeveſtein, das ſpäter durch Hugo Grotius' Gefangenſchaft und Flucht ſo berühmt gewordene Fort am Zuſammenfluſſe von Maas und Waal, umlagert hielt und unabläſſig beſtürmte.

Rechtsab von dem Wege, den Alba eingeſchlagen hatte, und eine Strecke vor ſeiner Vorhut her zog ein ſtarker Trupp der „Buſch- oder wilden Geuſen" in der Richtung auf Geertruidenberg zu, um von da aus die großen Schelde-Inſeln Tholen und Duiveland zu erreichen. Es war ein warmer, ſtiller Nachmittag im Auguſt des Jahres 1568. Der kriegeriſchen Wanderer mochten etwa vierzig ſein, theils zu Fuß, theils reitend auf ſchweren flandriſchen und frieſiſchen Gäulen. Es waren wettergebräunte, verwegene Geſellen, in Koller oder Harniſch, in Helm oder Federhut, Alle mit Waffen der verſchiedenſten Art bedeckt und Wenige ohne Narben in den bärtigen Geſichtern. Zwei entſchloſſene Anführer ſtanden an ihrer Spitze, Jacob Huels und Jan Michel, und obgleich ſie ſowol, als die ganze Sache der Freiheit in einer hoffnungsloſen Lage waren, ſo ſtand doch weder in ihren Zügen noch in ihrem Weſen etwas geſchrieben, das auf Entmuthigung oder Verzagen gedeutet hätte. Ihr Weg führte ſie durch eine Gegend, in der junger Erlen- und Birkenaufſchlag über ſumpfigem und binſenreichem Grunde mit höher gelegenen Strichen abwechſelte, wo Eichen und Buchen genug trocknen Bodens gefunden hatten, um einen ſtattlichen Hochwald zu bilden. Die Sonne blitzte hier mit ſchrägen Strahlen durch die Laubkronen und legte grelle, hellſchimmernde Flecke auf den gelben Moosboden des Weges, den die Truppe zog. Aber in Helmen und blanken Waffen blitzte ſie nicht, denn das Rüſtzeug der Männer war dunkel und roſtgefärbt, die Koller waren geflickt, die Krägen und weißen Halskrauſen vom Regen verwaſchen, und die ehemalige Pracht des feurigen Rothes oder hellglänzenden Gelbs an Wamms und Hoſe war überall dahin geſchwunden in dunkle und verwaſchene Farben.

„He, Kobus Huels!" rief Jan Michel, der an der Spitze ritt, und warf ſeine lange Geſtalt im Sattel zurück, um die Fauſt im Stulphandſchuh auf die koloſſale Kruppe ſeines Gaules zu ſtützen.

„Was giebt's, Jan?" antwortete aus dem nächſten Trupp hinter ihm der kleine Kobus, der ſeine Beine mit außerordentlicher Sorgloſigkeit an den Weichen eines ſehr magern Gaules hin- und herſchlenkerte, „was giebt's, langer Menſchenkind!"

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*) Zimier, cimier: Helmzierde.

„Wo iſt Rolfus? Rolfus van den Ende? Die Waldgeuſen reiten in den Wald ein. Was grüßen ſie ihn nicht? Rolfus ſoll Eins anſtimmen!“

„Rolfus, Rolfus!“ rief es aus mehren tiefen Baßkehlen im Chore. „Meiſter Kobus ruft Euch.“

„Laßt Eure helle Stimme klingen und hangt nicht auf dem Sattel, als machtet Ihr Reuen-Exempel, Rolfus!“

Der Angerufene ritt unter den Erſten des Schwarmes, und obwol auch er eine verwilderte, bärtige Figur war, die trotz Jedem in der Truppe ihre tiefe Schmarre über der Wange trug, ſo zeichnete er ſich vor den Andern doch vortheilhaft aus. Sein grauer Hut mit breitem Rande und der Geuſenkappe hatte einen ſtattlichen, rothen Federbuſch, das Wehrgehenk war reich mit Gold ausgeſtickt, und die Neſtelſchnüre ſeines geknöpften, gelben Wammſes endeten in ſchwere, ſilberne Spitzen. Er hob den Kopf, ſtrich eine Fülle langen, hellblonden Haares aus der Stirn und intonirte dann, ohne ſich weiter bitten zu laſſen, mit einer ganz bewunderungswürdig ſchönen Tenorſtimme den erſten Vers eines Volksgeſanges, in den alsbald Chor machend ſeine ſämmtlichen Gefährten einfielen:

Helpt nu u selfs, soo helpt u Godt
Uit der tyrannen bandt en slot,
Benauwde Nederlanden;
Ghy draegt den bant al om u strot,
Rept flucx u vroome handen.

Während ſo der laute Geſang der Männerſchaar die ſchweigenden Echo's der Waldung weckte, ſank Rolfus nach und nach wieder in ſein früheres Brüten zurück. Seine Stimme ſummte bald nur noch leiſe die Strophen des Liedes mit, ſein Pferd machte immer langſamere Schritte, und nach und nach hatte ſich eine ganze Anzahl mooſiger Stämme zwiſchen ihn und den letzten ſeiner raſcheren Gefährten geſchoben. Rolfus ſchien dies beabſichtigt zu haben; denn ſobald er ſich außer Beobachtung ſah, ritt er plötzlich raſch links ab vom Wege der Andern und auf den Stamm einer uralten Buche zu, die den Eichen rings umher nichts an Höhe nachgab und alle durch die Ausdehnung ihrer prachtvollen Wipfelkrone übertraf. Rolfus ſprang zur Erde, als er bei ihr angekommen; mit ſpähendem Auge wandelte er rings um den Stamm — er ſuchte etwas an dem Baumſtamme, ſchien es — in Mannshöhe — ja, und da ſtand es auch, was er ſuchte, nichts Anderes, als ein großes A, das ſehr deutlich friſch in die Rinde geſchnitten war.

Mit dem Ausdruck großer Freude ſprang der Geuſe wieder in den Sattel, verfolgte in raſchem Trabe einen Fußpfad, der von dem Baume weiter in das Walddickicht lief, und hatte nach weniger als einer Viertelſtunde Weges den Ausgang des Gehölzes erreicht. Sein Ziel lag vor ihm inmitten einer ausgedehnten Wieſenfläche — es war eine alte und feſte Waſſerburg, von vier Thürmen flankirt, mit zackigen Giebeln ſich emporhebend aus breiten und dunkeln Waſſergraben, über die eine leichte, hölzerne Zugbrücke ins Innere führte. Rolfus band ſein Pferd an einen Aſt im Gebüſche; dann ſchritt er zu Fuß auf die Burg zu, die einſam und verlaſſen da lag im ſtillen Abendſonnengolde. Ueber die unter ſeinen Tritten ächzende Zugbrücke kam er in einen hallenden, gewölbten Thorweg. Hier trat ihm ein bewaffneter Knecht mit einem großen, ſilbernen Wappenſchilde auf dem linken Wammsärmel entgegen.

„Was, ſeid Ihr es, Junkherr van den Ende?“

„Ja, ich bin es, Claas; ich will die Tochter Eures Herrn ſprechen und ich hoffe, Ihr führet mich zu ihr, ohne erſt viel Aufhebens davon in der Burg zu machen.“

„Von Herzen gern, Junkherr,“ ſagte der Knecht leiſer; „aber ich rathe Euch, in Vliſſingen keinen Augenblick länger Euren rothen Federbuſch ſpazieren zu tragen, als Eure Geſchäfte es nöthig machen.“

„Und weshalb nicht?“

„Weil wir die Spanjarden auf eine Stunde Weges von hier haben, in Hulſt, wo unſer Herr ſie begrüßt. Gott ſteh' uns bei, daß ſich kein Streifkorps bis hieher verirrt!“

Der Knecht hatte den jungen Geuſen eine Wendeltreppe hinaufgeführt, und nachdem Beide oben eine mit Fließen belegte Halle und dann ein dunkles Vorgemach durchſchritten, ſchlug der Diener einen farbigen Teppich zurück, der den Eingang in ein großes und üppig eingerichtetes Gemach verhüllte. Der ſchwere Reiterſtiefel des Geuſen trat auf koſtbare Gewebe Arras'ſcher Weberſtühle; vergoldete [illegible] mit [illegible] hingen an ſeidenen Schnüren von der getäfelten Decke nieder, und die goldgepreßten Ledertapeten waren bedeckt mit ſchönen Schildereien niederländiſcher Meiſter. Von den chineſiſchen Vaſen auf dem Kamineſims und der Kunſtarbeit an dem geſchnitzten Holzwerk bis zu der Menge ſorgfältig gepflegter Blumen und Gewächſe, die über die Scheiben des einzigen, unermeßlich hohen Fenſters ihre Ranken woben — Alles deutete auf den Reichthum der noch unerſchöpften Niederlande und den Lebensgenuß, der ſich da zu einer Art geſchmackvoller und heiterer Philoſophie auszubilden pflegt, wo der Ueberfluß den Druck der Sorge fern hält.

Der junge Geuſe achtete wenig auf den phantaſtiſchen Luxus, der in dieſem Gemache herrſchte. Sein Herz pochte voll Beklommenheit. Ihm gegenüber auf dem Polſterſitz in der Fenſterniſche ſaß eine junge Dame, den linken Arm auf die Brüſtung ſtützend und mit den ſchmalen, runden Fingern die Blätter eines Geraniums zerreibend, während die ſchräg hereinfallenden Sonnenſtrahlen einen goldenen Schimmer auf ihr hellblondes, gelocktes Haar legten. Sie umgrenzten zugleich ſcharf ihr feines und regelmäßiges Profil. „Anna!“ ſagte der junge Mann leiſe — „bleibt eine Weile ſo — ich bitte Euch! Ihr ſeid ſo ſchön — und wenn es zum letzten Male iſt, daß ich Euch ſehe, ſo laßt mich Euer Bild, wie es jetzt mir erſcheint, tief in meine Augen und meine Seele ſaugen.“

„Arnolf, ſeid Ihr da!?“ rief das Mädchen aus und fuhr überraſcht empor, daß die ſchwarze Seide ihres Kleides laut in allen Falten aufrauſchte.

„Wie Du ſiehſt, Anna! ich habe Dein Zeichen im Walde gefunden, wie wir es verabredeten, als wir im Hauſe Barlaimont's zu Brüſſel zuſammen den Reihen tanzten.“

„Ja, Junkherr van den Ende,“ verſetzte ſie erröthend, „es war damals, als wir wie leichtſinnige Kinder über einem Abgrunde tanzten, über einem Abgrunde voll Blut und Gräuel!“

„Und jetzt — reut es Dich, Anna?“

In der Stimme des Geuſen lag eine tiefe Innigkeit, die mit ſeinem wettergebräunten Geſicht und ſeinem verwilderten Aeußern in auffallendem Contraſte ſtand.

Doch vermochte Anna nicht, das Ja, welches auf ihren Lippen ſchwebte, auszuſprechen und der Empfindung des jungen Mannes die Kränkung zuzufügen, die ſie für ihn in Bereitſchaft hatte. Sie ſchwieg verlegen.

„Ich weiß wol, Anna,“ fuhr van den Ende fort, „daß es thörichte Hoffnungen waren, mit denen ich zu Dir eilte. Jetzt, wo ich vor Dir ſtehe, fühle ich es. Ich bin ein Sohn des Waldes geworden, meine Züge rauh, wie mein Handwerk; der Kampf auf Leben und Tod, dem ich verfallen bin, hat ſeine wilde Hieroglyphe mir in's Geſicht geſchnitten; auf meinen Lippen ruht nicht mehr die Schmeichelrede, wie ehemals in der Umſchlingung des Tanzes, ſondern es ſtrömen vermeſſene Ausrufe der Verzweiflung herüber, die mich mein Schickſal lehrte; Du liebſt mich nicht mehr, Du kannſt es nicht — ich will Dir keinen Vorwurf machen; gieb mir nur einmal noch die Hand — zum letzten Male, und dann — leb wohl!“

Anna's ganze Geſtalt wurde aufs Heftigſte erſchüttert — ſie wollte ihm die Rechte reichen, aber ſie zog ſie zurück, und beide Hände faltend, ſagte ſie mit der Stimme des innigſten Flehens:

„Arnolf, Arnolf — bei Gott, das iſt es nicht — aber ich ſchaudere vor Dir zurück — o wende Dich ab von dem Bunde, den Du eingegangen biſt, von dem Bunde mit Mördern!“

„Meine Hände ſind rein von Blut, wenn es nicht in der Schlacht vergoſſen wurde!“

„Noch ſind ſie es — aber wie lange werden ſie es bleiben? Wohin die wilden Geuſen kommen, da iſt der Mord in ihrem Gefolge; Ihr tödtet die Diener Gottes und der Kirche, Ihr erſchlagt die Prieſter am Altare, Ihr martert wehrloſe Männer mit dämoniſcher Grauſamkeit, unter herzzerreißenden Qualen! O Arnolf, kehre zurück von Deinem gottloſen Geſchäft!“

„Wir ſchlagen uns für die Freiheit, Anna, und ſparen unſer eigenes Blut nicht, viel weniger das unſerer Feinde. Grauſamkeiten hat man in meiner Gegenwart nicht begangen; man ſtreut Lügen über uns aus!“

„Nein, nein — Arnolf, Du mußt, Du ſollſt Deinen Bund mit ihnen löſen!“

„Ich kann es nicht: die Spanier haben meinen Vater in's Gefängniß geworfen, daß er aus Kummer geſtorben iſt; ohne auch nur einen Vorwand des Verdachtes gegen Jacob van den Ende, den großen Advocaten von Holland, finden zu können, haben ſie ſeine Güter geraubt und mich hinausgetrieben aus meines Vaters Hauſe, von meines Vaters Herde. Wohin ſoll ich zurückkehren? habe ich eine Stelle, wohin ich mein Haupt legen kann?“

„Mein Vater will bei Alba auswirken, daß Du ſicher wohnen darfſt, wo Du willſt.“

Der Junker ſchüttelte den Kopf.

„Wer einmal auf der Liſte des Blutrathes ſteht, für den iſt keine Sicherheit mehr. Euer Vater mag ſich ſelber vor Alba hüten. Er hat ihn in Verdacht, weil er ein Vetter des Hauſes von der Noot iſt — er weiß es, daß die van der Noot ihn erwarten wollten auf ſeiner Wallfahrt nach [illegible] — ſeine Gedanken ſchleichen wie giftige Schlangen in lautloſen Windungen um dieſe dunklen Pläne, die er nicht ganz erkannt hat und doch wol ahnt. Laßt mich gehen, Anna — meinem Geſchickt nach — ich kann nicht anders — aber laßt Eure letzten Worte für mich nicht ſolche ſein, die Ihr bereuen müßtet, wenn Ihr über kurz oder lang hört, daß ich gefallen bin für die Freiheit der Niederlande.“

„O fort mit Eurer Freiheit, nach der Ihr mit Freveln und blutigen Schandthaten ringt — o Arnolf, Arnolf!“ rief Anna aus und warf ſich im heftigſten Affect vor dem Geuſen auf die Knie — „zieht nicht weiter mit den Mordgeſellen! laßt mir den einzigen Seelentroſt in dieſer bittern Zeit, daß ich Euch nicht aus meinem Herzen zu reißen brauche!“

„Anna, Anna! ſtehe auf, um Gottes willen auf!“

Sie ſprang auf, ſie umſchlang ihn mit einer Heftigkeit der Leidenſchaft, welche nur in einem ſonſt ſo ſtillen und verſchloſſenen Gemüthe, wie das ihre war, auflodern konnte, und griff dann plötzlich nach dem Federhute, den der junge Krieger in ſeiner Hand hielt.

„Fort mit dem garſtigen Feldzeichen, mit dem Du dem Böſen verſchrieben biſt!“ rief ſie aus, riß das breite, geſtickte Band ab, das den Hut umſchlang, und ſchleuderte es weit von ſich auf den Boden.

„Anna, was thuſt Du — laß mich — horch, Roßhufe auf der Schloßbrücke — ich muß fort, fort!“

„Arnolf — o, bleib, bleib — das iſt mein Vater, der heimkehrt — wenn ich es nicht vermag, ſoll er Dir's ſagen, daß Du an Deinem Gott, Deinem Glauben und Deiner Seele frevelſt, wilder Geuſe!“

Sie hielt ihn fortwährend umſchlungen, und wie willenlos blieb er auf die Stelle gebannt, ſein blaues, ſchwärmeriſches Auge tief in das leidenſchaftlich glühende ihrige geſenkt. Die Minuten ſchwanden Beiden unvermerkt; da raſſelten Waffen auf dem Corridor — der Vorhang wurde haſtig zurückgeſchlagen, und: „Valga me dios!“ ſagte eine fremde, unangenehm heiſere Stimme, daß Beide auseinander flogen, wie von der Zunge einer Viper geſtochen. Auf der Schwelle des Gemachs, halb von den Falten des Teppichs überhangen, ſtand ein Mann in ſchwarzer, ſpaniſcher Tracht, Niemand anders als der gefürchtete Blutherzog Alvarez de Toledo.

II.

Anna's Vater, der Sire van Raſſinghem, ein Edelmann von zager und unentſchloſſener Gemüthsart, hatte bis jetzt ſich weder den Unterzeichnern des berühmten Compromiſſes angeſchloſſen, noch durch irgend eine Theilnahme an den politiſchen Vorgängen jener Tage ſeine Sicherheit gefährdet. Er wünſchte als Philipp's des Zweiten loyaler Unterthan zu gelten, ſo lange es die Umſtände irgend erlaubten. Darum war er dem Herzoge von Alba entgegengeritten, um ihm ſeine Huldigungen darzubringen, als der ſpaniſche Heerführer auf ſeinem Zuge die Gränzen ſeiner Herrſchaft berührte. Aber Alba war nicht ohne Mißtrauen gegen den Sire van Raſſinghem; der vorſichtige Edelmann hatte mißliebige Familienbeziehungen, und — er war reich — die ſchlimmſte, die gefährlichſte aller Eigenſchaften, welche man unter den Augen der ſpaniſchen Unterdrücker haben konnte.

„Sire van Raſſinghem,“ hatte der Herzog geſagt, als der niederländiſche Edelmann demüthig neben ſeinen Steigbügel trat und ſein graues Haupt nicht aufzurichten wagte vor dem fremden Soldatenführer — „Sire van Raſſinghem, es freut mich, Euch zu ſehen; ich bin Euch gewogen, und da es in meinem Plane lag, bei Euch das Nachtquartier zu nehmen, ſo iſt es deſto beſſer, daß Ihr da ſeid, mich und mein Gefolge zu führen.“

Der Edelmann dankte unterwürfig für die unerwartete und zweifelhafte Ehre und ritt dann als Führer der Truppe Spanier voraus, welche den Herzog begleiteten, während Heerſchaaren derſelben in ihrer früheren Richtung weiter zogen.

Als der Sire van Raſſinghem ſeinen Gaſt in das Wohngemach ſeines Hauſes treten ließ und über die Schulter deſſelben hinweg die Gruppe der beiden jungen Leute ſah, entfuhr ihm ein leiſer Schreckensruf. Ein Geuſe unter ſeinem Dache — das war genug, um ſeinen Kopf fallen zu machen!

Der Herzog trat mit langſamen, feſten Schritten in's Gemach und verbeugte ſich mit großer Läſſigkeit und ohne eine Spur freundlichen Lächelns vor der Dame.

„Verzeiht, daß ich ſtöre, Senhora. Wer iſt dieſer Gegenſtand Eurer Huld?“

„Ein Vetter unſeres Hauſes, erlauchter Herr!“ ſtammelte Anna todtenbleich.

Alba's Auge blitzte raſch über die Geſtalt des jungen Geuſen weg, und dann ſich in den nächſten Armſeſſel werfend, ſagte er:

„Sire van Raſſinghem, Euch hat der Ritt angegriffen — Ihr ſeid ſehr blaß.“

„Die große Hitze, gnädiger Herr, am heutigen Tage.“ —

„Ja, der Tag war heiß, und nun wird Euch der Abend noch ſchwüler.“

Der Junkherr van den Ende hatte ſich unterdeß gegen Anna und ihren Vater verbeugt und ging mit ruhigen Schritten der Thür zu.

„Heißt den Menſchen bleiben,“ ſagte der Herzog.

„Rolfus — hört Ihr nicht — Ihr ſollt bleiben, Rolfus!“

Der Junkherr antwortete mit einem ſtolzen Blick auf den Befehl des Spaniers und verließ das Gemach.

„Euer Vetter iſt ſchlecht erzogen, Senhora. Habt die Huld und zeigt mir das geſtickte Band dort, welches hinter Euch am Boden liegt.“

Anna ſchwindelte es, ſie hielt ſich an der Lehne eines Stuhles aufrecht, und die Antwort, die ſie ſtammelte, erreichte kaum das Ohr des Herzogs.

„Ich verſtehe Euch nicht — ſaget Ihr, es ſei unziemlich, einer Dame Befehle zu geben, ſtatt ihr zu dienen? Ja, ja, Ihr habt Recht; ich hole es ſelbſt.“

Er ſtand auf; Anna kam ihm zuvor und bückte ſich, um es aufzunehmen, und während ſie dann wankenden Schrittes ſich dem Herzog näherte, um es ihm zu überreichen, ruhte ſein ſchmalgeſchlitztes, funkelndes Auge mit einem Ausdruck unausſprechlichen Hohnes auf ihr.

„Ich danke Euch, Senhora. Es iſt ſchön — habt Ihr es ſelbſt geſtickt? So fein und zierlich! Wie der goldene Geuſen-Wahlſpruch ſich ſtattlich auf dem grünen Sammt ausnimmt: „Liever turx dan pauſch!“ Ein gottesfürchtiger Spruch! Was meint Ihr, Raſſinghem, wenn ich mich daran hielte und Euch ſo ein Stücklein echtes Türkenthum zu ſchmecken gäbe? Sie haben prompte Juſtiz, die Türken — ertappt und dann gehangen!“

Anna warf ſich mit einem Weheruf in die Arme ihres Vaters, und indem ſie ihn umklammerte, rief ſie: „Vater, Vater, was habe ich gethan!“

„Herr, geht nicht mit uns in's Gericht, flehte zitternd van Raſſinghem; bei dem Allmächtigen, wir ſind König Philipp's treue Unterthanen!“

„So ſprechen ſie Alle,“ ſagte Alba, ruhig das Geuſenband durch ſeine Finger ſtreichend und in den Stuhl zurückgelehnt.

„Thut meinem Vater nichts, laßt meinen Vater ungehärmt!“ rief Anna leidenſchaftlich aus; „ich war es, die dem Geuſen erlaubte, dieſe Schwelle zu übertreten, und dann riß ich ſelbſt den frevelhaften Spruch von ſeinem Hute.“

„Seid ruhig, ruhig, Senhora; es iſt ja nur ein Scherz. Ihr habt es nicht mit einem Türken, ſondern mit einem guten Chriſten zu thun, der Euch Eurem Rechte nicht entziehen wird. Der Consejo de las alteraciones ſoll ſich gewiſſenhaft der Prüfung Eurer Geſinnungen unterziehen. Es wird mich freuen, Eure Geſellſchaft auf dem Wege nach Brüſſel genießen zu können.“

Der Herzog erhob ſich, grüßte mit kalter Miene und ging, um durch ſein Gefolge ſeinen Wirth und deſſen Tochter verhaften zu laſſen. Er hatte gefunden, was er zu ſuchen gekommen war — eine Schuld! Der Consejo, vor den die Unglücklichen geſchleppt werden ſollten, war das gefürchtete Gericht, das man in den Niederlanden den Blutrath nannte.

Unterdeſſen war der Junker van den Ende dem Anſcheine nach ruhig, wenn auch ſtürmiſch klopfenden Herzens die Stiegen niedergeſchritten und hatte mitten zwiſchen den Haufen der Spanier durch, die ſich in die untern Räume einquartierten oder mit dem Entlaſten ihrer Pferde beſchäftigt waren, ſeinen Weg aus dem Hauſe gefunden. Die Kaltblütigkeit ſeiner Haltung rettete ihn; man dachte nicht daran, daß es eine Urſache geben könne, ihn aufzuhalten, das Geuſenzeichen war ja nicht mehr an ſeinem Hute — und als der junge Mann einmal die Zugbrücke hinter ſich hatte, war er hurtig genug im nahen Walde und auf dem Rücken ſeines Pferdes, um ſich aus dem Bereich der Verfolgung bringen zu können.

Der Geuſentrupp, dem er angehörte, wollte in einem Dorfe, das Poperinghe hieß, übernachten. Unſer Junker kannte die Gegend, in der er ſich befand, von früheren Beſuchen auf Raſſinghem her, und nach einer Stunde ſcharfen Rittes war er in dem bezeichneten Dorfe. Die Schenke mit großem Schild und dem unvermeidlichen: „Hie verkoopt men Drank,“ lag am Anfange des Dorfes. Ein alter Geuſe, der, ehemals Knecht ſeines Vaters, jetzt für des Junkers Pferd zu ſorgen pflegte und halb den Diener, halb den Vertrauten machte, ſtand wartend an der Thür.

„Gut, daß Ihr wieder kommt, Herr Rolfus! Sie haben anfangs wacker geflucht, als ſie Euch vermißten. Doch hättet Ihr jetzt immerhin etwas länger bleiben können.“

„Was gibt's denn?“ fragte van den Ende, vom Pferde ſpringend.

„Geht jetzt nicht hinein. Ihr habt ein mitleidiges Gemüth. Da iſt's nichts für Euch! Es iſt zum Erbarmen! es iſt grauenhaft!“

Der alte Geuſe fuhr mit dem Rücken ſeiner Hand über die Augen.

„Ich glaube gar, Du weinſt, alter Tropf!“

Van den Ende trat in die Schenke. Es war in der That ein ſchauderhaftes Bild, welches ſein Auge überblickte. Draußen war die Dämmerung eingebrochen, von einem heranziehenden Gewitter verſtärkt. So blieb die weite, niedere Küche nur noch von dem Lichte eines Torffeuers im Hintergrunde erleuchtet, das grelle, gelbe Scheine auf die wilden Geſichter der Geuſen warf, die in heftiger Bewegung Flüche und Drohungen ausſtießen und mit blutbenetzten Händen um ſich fochten. Aus ihren entſtellten Zügen, ihren brennenden Augen ſprachen Wuth und mörderiſche Leidenſchaften. Sie waren wie eine Schaar Wahnſinniger, die mit den unheilvollen Geiſtern kämpfen, von denen ſie aus der Finſterniß hervor ſich bedräut glauben. Denn rings umher füllte tiefes Dunkel den Umkreis der Küche, und geſpenſtig drohende Schatten taumelten daraus auf und ab, wie die wilden, zorn- und weinberauſchten Geſtalten ſich heftig hin und her bewegten. Wehe dem Opfer, daß in dieſem Augenblicke in ihre Hände gefallen — ja, wehe ihm — da lag es ja, das arme Opfer ihrer frevelhaften Wuth, bleich, kalt, regungslos! Zu Arnolf's Füßen, als er die Schwelle überſchritt, lag eine Leiche, die Leiche eines Prieſters. Sie war verſtümmelt. — Der Anblick war ſo gräßlich, daß der Eintretende das Auge ſchließen mußte und ſich abwandte. Er ſah nur noch den langen Jan Michael einen zinnernen Becher ſchwenken und laut die Schlußworte des Urtheilſpruches heulen, den die wilde Horde gefällt hatte und kraft deſſen die Mordthat war vollzogen worden.

„Verwezen wy u ter dood!“ brüllte es im trunkenen Chorus noch.

Arnolf van den Ende ſtürzte hinaus — er riß ſeinem Knechte die Zügel des Pferdes aus der Hand, daß dieſer zur Stallung zu führen im Begriff ſtand, und wieder im Sattel, flog er mit Windeseile davon, nicht eher anhaltend, als bis der Wald ihn in ſeine tiefen und ſchweigenden Schatten aufgenommen hatte.

Hier trieb er ſich plan- und willenlos umher, die bitterſten Gefühle, die äußerſte Hoffnungsloſigkeit und Verzweiflung im Herzen. Die Nacht wurde dunkler und dunkler. Eine ungeheure, ſchwarzgraue Wolkenmaſſe hüllte immer weiter den Himmel ein und lag wie ein drückendes Gewicht über der ſchwülen Atmoſphäre. Gen Weſten flammten über einander gereiht breite, rothe Streifen, geſpenſtige Färbungen, wie von der Hand eines böſen Genius mit Blut über die Thore des Himmels geworfen, die ſich geſchloſſen als Abſchied vor der mordbefleckten, verlorenen Welt. Oder hatte der Engel des Zornes dieſe düſter lodernden Zeichen geſchrieben, Vernichtung drohend, wie in jener Nacht, als ein grauenvolles Verhängniß über Mizraim ausbrach und Iſrael ſeine Wohnungen mit Blut zeichnete! Sollte das Gericht kommen über die Erde und der Bote der Vertilgung die flammenden Hieroglyphen als Gränzzeichen finden, bis wohin ſein Arm ſich erſtrecken dürfe? Ueber den lautloſen Schattenregionen der Waldung zog ein ſchwüles Wehen fort, ein beklommener Seufzer, ein ſäuſelnder Hauch, der ohnmächtig abglitt an den Falten des dunkeln Schleiers, welcher über der Erde und über dem Geſchick der kommenden Stunde lag. In der Ferne rollten leiſe Donner; die Wipfelkronen der Eichen rauſchten auf, und ein Rabe hob ſich erſchrocken mit heiſerem Schrei aus ihren Aeſten empor. Die Wolkenmaſſen begannen ſich zu regen; in den oberen Luftregionen, ſchien es, hatte der Sturm begonnen; graue Schichten lös'ten ſich von Schichten ab, dehnten ſich, zerflatterten oder zogen in phantaſtiſchen Geſtaltungen über die Laubgewölbe des Waldes dahin. Rieſenungethüme jagten auf geſpenſtiſchen Roſſen vorüber — dunkle Segel wehten — das Todtenſchiff der Sage hob ſeinen ſchwarzen Bau in mächtigen Umriſſen aus dem Wolkenchaos und zog langſam von Norden her den weſtlichen Flammenregionen zu.

Wilde Phantaſien, vermeſſene Anſchläge tauchten auf und unter in der Seele Arnolf's. Er wünſchte den Tod zu finden in dieſer grauenhaften Nacht, hier in der ſchreckenbrütenden Oede ringsum. Die dumpfe Stille, die heiße Luft unter dem dichten Laubdach hatten ihn fortgetrieben, und den Angſtſchweiß auf der Stirn, gelangte er an den Saum des Waldes, wo ſich eine unermeßliche Ebene nach Norden hin vor ihm ausbreitete. Ohne Hügel, ohne Unterbrechung, ſchwarz und düſter lag ſie vor ihm; nur am Horizont ſtanden helle, grüne Luftſchichten darüber, die ſich in den ſchlammigen Moortriften ſpiegelten, welche über die Haide geſäet waren. Wie ein großes Todtenfeld alles Lebens und alles Lichtes lag dieſe düſtere Ebene da, wie der Tummelplatz einer böſen und verderbenbrütenden Macht. Da — ein heller Schein blitzt an dem grünen Horizont auf; ein grelles Flammenroth, blutige Strahlen ſprühten auf — ein dumpfer, aber heftiger Knall ſchlug an das Ohr des Geuſen. Die ganze Himmelsgegend war überflammt; es mußte ein Ort, eine Feſte ſein, die man in die Luft ſprengte! Der Menſch, ſchien es, kam den nahenden Schreckniſſen der Natur zuvor. Es war in der That ſo. Schloß Loeveſtein ging in Flammen auf, von ſeinem tapfern Vertheidiger in die Luft geſprengt, um es nicht in die Hände des ſpaniſchen Feindes zu geben. Die ſprühenden Flammen ſtanden am Nachthimmel wie eine weitlodernde Apotheoſe der Vernichtung.

III.

Das Gewitter war ausgebrochen, mit Fluthen von Blitzen und ſtrömenden Güſſen. Es war eine ſchreckliche Nacht, aber für Arnolf war ſie vielleicht eine Rettung. Er hatte Alles verloren, was ihm das Leben werth machte, ſeinen Vater, ſeine Liebe und ſeine Bundesbrüder — ja, mehr als ſie, den belebenden Gedanken ſeiner Seele, den Zweck ſeines Daſeins — die Hoffnung der Freiheit. Er hatte geſehen, wie ihre wilden Söhne ſie mit Mörderhänden im Blute unſchuldig Erſchlagener erſtickten. Die Zuverſicht und das Vertrauen waren aus ſeiner Seele geſchoben, und da, wo die glühende Begeiſterung für das Vaterland in ſeiner Bruſt gewohnt, da lebte nichts mehr als ein ſtechender Schmerz. Er rief mit ſtürmiſcher Heftigkeit den Tod herbei. Das Haupt entblößt, bot er die Scheitel mit den flatternden Locken den Blitzen dar, die nach ihm zu züngeln ſchienen. Aber ſie trafen ihn nicht, und das erhebende Schauſpiel des Kampfes der Elemente, die rings um ihn tobten, weckte endlich die eingeſchlummernden Kräfte ſeiner Energie wieder. Seine Bruſt hob ſich, und Verzagen und Verzweiflung von ſich ſchüttelnd, gelobte er ſich mit einem heiligen Schwure, fortzuleben und fortzukämpfen.

Er ſuchte Schutz mit ſeinem Pferde unter den dichtverſchlungenen Aeſten einer alten Linde. Als der Sturm ſich gelegt hatte, kurz nach Mitternacht, machte er ſich auf, nach Süden zu. Er wollte an Raſſinghem vorüber, um ihm die letzten Scheidegrüße zuzuwinken, und dann nach Deutſchland oder nach Frankreich ziehen, je nachdem hier oder dort ein kampfgeſchickter Arm der Sache der Freiheit hülfreich werden könne.

Noch war es tiefe Nacht, als der Junker van den Ende ſich im Angeſichte des alten Schloſſes befand; aber Alles darin ſchien wach und in Bewegung zu ſein. Lichter bewegten ſich an den Fenſtern vorüber, und auf der Brücke, aus dem geöffneten Thore ſchallten ungeduldige Hufſchläge. Beobachtend hielt Arnolf an, und nach einer Weile Harrens kam ein Reitertrupp daraus hervorgeritten, in deſſen Mitte der Geuſe eine weibliche Geſtalt wahrzunehmen glaubte. Sein Herz ſchlug höher. Unwillkürlich nachgezogen, wollte er folgen, als ein zweiter Trupp, dann ein dritter über die Zugbrücke des Schloſſes kam und dem erſten nachzog. Es mußte Alba mit ſeinen Spaniern ſein, deſſen Raſtloſigkeit ihn nicht länger ruhen ließ. Führten ſie den Schloßherrn und ſeine Tochter als Gefangene mit ſich? Arnolf glaubte die Geſtalt Anna's deutlich erkannt zu haben. In vorſichtiger Entfernung folgte er den Reitern. Sie zogen nach Südweſten, und nach einer halben Stunde ſcharfen Trabes erreichten ſie den großen Heerweg, der nach der Hauptſtadt, nach Brüſſel führte.

Hier aber zeigte ſich bald ein Hemmniß, das nicht leicht zu überwinden war. Die Reitertrupps hielten, als ſie bei einem Gehöfte angekommen, in dem Arnolf die Fährmannswohnung von Melenbleek erkannte, das unmittelbar an der ſogenannten alten Maas lag. Dies Gewäſſer, das ſich bei Geertruidenberg in die ſeeartigen Waſſermaſſen am Biesboſch ſtürzt und noch weit in's Land hinein eine bedeutende Breite hat, war durch den eben erſt beruhigten Sturm heftig aufgeregt, die Regengüſſe hatten es geſchwellt und begegneten gerade jetzt der vom Meere aus ſich heranwälzenden Fluth, ſo daß die Ueberfahrt in den Fährkähnen nicht ohne augenſcheinliche Gefahr bewerkſtelligt werden konnte.

Gegen Alba's Befehl aber mochte Niemand Widerſpruch gewagt haben; wenigſtens ſah Arnolf, wie die aus dem Schlafe geſchreckten Fährleute emſig auf dem vor ihm liegenden Gehöfte hin und her rannten, um die nöthigen Ruder und Geräthe zuſammen zu holen und in die Kähne am Strande zu ſchleppen.

Des Junkers Entſchluß war raſch gefaßt: er wollte um jeden Preis mit hinüber, er wollte über Anna's Geſchick im Klaren ſein und ſie keinen Augenblick aus dem Geſichte verlieren. Er ließ ſein Pferd hinter einer der Scheunen zurück, die den Hof der Fährmannswohnung umſtanden; dann ſchlich er im Schatten der Gebäude auf den Hof ſelbſt.

Durch eine offene Thür ſah er im Hintergrunde einer Tenne eine Laterne glimmen und einen Fährknecht daneben, der unter aufgehäuftem Schiffgeräth etwas zu ſuchen ſchien.

„He, Mann,“ ſagte van den Ende, ſeine Hand auf die gebückte Schulter des Suchenden legend — „da iſt ein Goldſtück — gebt mir Euren Kittel dafür — wollt Ihr den Handel?“

Der Burſche ſah erſtaunt zu dem Fremden empor, dann in des Junkers ausgeſtreckte Hand.

„Iſt's Ernſt!?“

„Ja oder nein!“

„Ja, Herr!“

Der Schiffer zog bebende ſeinen Leinwandkittel über den Kopf und reichte ihn dem Junker. Dieſer warf ihn über, riß ſeine Sporen von den Stiefeln und nahm eins der Ruder vom Boden auf. „Meinen Hut habt Ihr in den Kauf,“ flüſterte er, warf ihn dem Fergen zu und eilte davon.

Als er am Ufer ankam, trat er keck in den Haufen der Spanier, die hier neben ihren Roſſen ſtanden und warteten, bis ihre vorderen Genoſſen eingeſchifft wären. Ein großer Nachen, der zum Ueberſetzen von Fuhrwerken diente, ſchwankte bereits, ſchwer beladen mit Mann und Roß, auf den Wellen; eine zweite Fähre ſtieß eben vom Ufer ab, nachdem ſie die Pferde des Herzogs und ſeiner nächſten Umgebung aufgenommen hatte. Die Gefangenen mußten ſich auf der erſten befinden, denn unter denen, welche in dem folgenden Fahrzeuge waren, fand Arnolf's ſpähendes Auge ſie eben ſo wenig, als unter den noch am Ufer Harrenden. Dafür hatte ſein Auge auf der Stelle den Feldherrn aus der Gruppe heraus gefunden. Er ſaß auf einem am Ufer liegenden Stück Zimmerholz, in einen Mantel gehüllt, die Figur trotz der ſechzig, zum großen Theile in Feld und Lager zugebrachten Jahre, bis auf ihr [illegible], ſtraff und aufrecht; ſeine Züge ließ die Dunkelheit nicht deutlich unterſcheiden, aber am eben ergrauenden Morgenhimmel zeichneten ſich das ſcharfe Profil des Geſichts, die kräftige Stirn, die gebogene Spaniernaſe, das vorſpringende, ſpitze Kinn deutlich ab.

Wenige Schritte von dem Herzog lag der dritte Kahn, der letzte und kleinſte, welcher vorhanden war. Er diente allein zum Ueberſetzen von Perſonen, und der Herzog hatte ihn für ſich ausgewählt, weil er vermied, mit ſeinen Gefangenen zuſammen zu kommen, die im erſten Nachen eingeſchifft waren, und weil der zweite ſich alt und morſch zeigte.

Nachdem ein paar Reiter des Gefolges zuſammen mit einem der Fährleute aus dem Boote das Regenwaſſer geſchöpft hatten, ſprang Alba mit elaſtiſcher Beweglichkeit hinein. Es fehlte nur noch der zweite Ruderer, der in dieſem Augenblicke mit einer Planke zum Sitzen herbeigelaufen kam.

„Verrathet mich nicht!“ raunte Arnolf dieſem zu — es war der, welcher ihm vorhin ſeinen Kittel verkauft hatte; — dann ſprang der Junker dem Herzog nach in den Kahn. Mehre Spanier folgten, und ſchwerbelaſtet ſchwankte das kleine Fahrzeug; erſchrocken darüber, ſprangen die Meiſten wieder an's Land, wie äußerſt beſorgt für die Sicherheit ihres Führers — vielleicht auch eben ſo für die eigene!

Alba ſtieß einen ungeduldigen Ruf aus; die Ruderer ſchoben den Kahn in die Fluth, und Arnolf ſetzte wacker das Ruder ein. Das Boot ſchoß Anfangs ſicher über die ſtürmiſchen Wogen. Bald aber, von der heftigen Brandung der ſteigenden Fluth und der ſeewärts niederſtrömenden, mit jedem Augenblicke ſteigenden Gewäſſer ergriffen, kam es in ein heftiges Schwanken und verſagte immer hartnäckiger dem Steuerer den Gehorſam.

„Dies iſt eine ſchlimme Fahrt, Dirk,“ hörte van den Ende den Fährmann am Steuer halblaut zu dem andern Fergen ſagen.

„Es ſind ihrer zu viel wieder hinausgeſprungen; die Fracht iſt zu leicht; wir haben keinen Ballaſt.“

„Laßt uns umkehren und mehr einnehmen, Dirk!“

Dirk ſchüttelte den Kopf. „Willſt Du dem da, der raſch hinüber will, in die Quere kommen?“ raunte er, auf Alba deutend.

Der Andere ſchwieg und legte ſich mit dem vollen Gewicht ſeines Körpers auf das Steuer.

Die Spanier um Alba flüſterten einige Worte der Beſorgniß.

„No es nada!“ antwortete der ſtolze Herzog und hüllte ſich enger in die Falten ſeines Mantels, denn ein kühler Wind zog über das Gewäſſer, gleichzeitig mit dem Aufdämmern des Morgens.

Arnolf ruderte aus Leibeskräften; er hatte alle Urſache, ſich an's andere Ufer zu ſehnen, bevor es hell wurde. Tief vornüber gebeugt, ſah er die mächtige Woge nicht, die plötzlich das Boot aus dem mühſam eingehaltenen Curs völlig herauswarf, und deren Schaumkamm weit über die Köpfe der Männer wegſpritzte. Alle waren durchnäßt, und der Giſcht hatte die Augen der Rudernden gefüllt — eine zweite, höhere Woge wälzte ſich heran — die Geblendeten ſahen ſie nicht — nur der Steuermann ſtieß einen gellen Angſtſchrei aus: „Halt zurück, zurück, Dirk!“ aber es war zu ſpät, die Woge hatte den von ihrer Vorgängerin herumgeworfenen Nachen von der Seite faſſen können, und wie eine leichte Nußſchale ſchlug das Fahrzeug um.

Es war das Werk eines Augenblicks; einige halberſtickte Hülferufe, das Plätſchern der Schwimmenden, krampfhaft heftiges Umſichſchlagen derer, die ſanken — und dann über Alles fort das Brauſen der ſtürmiſchen Waſſermaſſen.

Arnolf blieb unverzagt. Er war ein guter Schwimmer, und die Hälfte der Ueberfahrt war beinahe zurückgelegt; er durfte getroſt hoffen, das andere Ufer zu erreichen.

Aber ein Ruck zerrte ihn — ein Gewicht hing ſich an ihn, gewaltſam einen Zipfel ſeines Kittels an ſich reißend. Er ſtreckte den Arm aus, um den Verſinkenden, der ihn ergriffen, zu heben und ſich nachzuziehen. Seine Rechte erfaßte die Kehle eines Mannes.

„Rettet mich!“ ſtöhnte es neben ihm, als er den Hülfeſchreienden mit ſtarker Hand emporgezogen an die Oberfläche des Waſſers — „Alba! rettet!“

Ein furchtbarer Gedanke durchzuckte den Geuſen — ein Dämon jauchzte in ſeiner Bruſt. Seine nervige Fauſt hielt die Kehle Alba's umſpannt — nur ein Anziehen der ſtraffen Sehnen, und — ſein eigenes Schickſal, nein, mehr, Niederlands Schmach war gerächt!

Er konnte ja nur ſeine Hand zurückziehen — und es war genug!

Er that es — Alba ſank, krampfhaft um ſich ſchlagend, einen letzten Schrei ausſtoßend — da riß ihn van den Ende bei den langen Haarflechten am Hinterhaupt, die er nach ſpaniſcher Sitte trug, gewaltſam in die Höhe, hob mit Rieſenkraft das verzerrte Antlitz des Feldherrn über den Waſſerſpiegel empor und rief: „Alba, Du biſt in der Hand eines Geuſen!“

Dieſe Rache war die, welche er ſich nicht verſagen konnte. Zum Morde fühlte er nicht die Kraft. Was fühlte er hier, im toſenden Wirbel der Elemente, von ſeinem Schickſal und von der Freiheit des Vaterlandes! Es galt, einen Menſchen zu retten!

IV.

Am anderen Ufer des Stromes drängte ſich ein aufgeregter, erſchrockener Haufe zuſammen. Sie ſtanden um Alba, der geſchloſſenen Auges auf dem Mantel lag, den einer der Spanier über den Uferkies gebreitet hatte, während ſein Kopf im Schooße eines Officiers ruhte. Vor dem Ohnmächtigen ſtand der triefende Geuſe.

Der Herzog ſchlug nach einer Weile das Auge auf, und nachdem er einen verwunderten Blick um ſich geworfen, erhob er ſich, unterſtützt von dem Officier, und wandte ſich zu dem Junker.

„Seid Ihr der Geuſe?“

„Arnolf van den Ende.“

„Ich kenne Euch. Was begehrt Ihr?“

„Ich ſtände nicht hier, um dieſe Frage abzuwarten,“ verſetzte van den Ende finſter, „wenn ich nicht etwas Anderes zu begehren hätte als einen Lohn. Gebt den Edlen von Raſſinghem und ſeine Tochter frei.“

Alba zögerte ſchwankend mit der Antwort.

„Wenn er das Land räumen will“ — ſagte er dann.

„Das müßt Ihr ihn ſelbſt fragen. Die Bitte, die ich in dieſem Augenblick an Euch richte, werdet Ihr nicht verweigern!“

Und doch hätte der eiſerne Spanier vielleicht die Bitte abgeſchlagen, wenn ſie wie eine *Bitte* vor ihm ausgeſprochen worden wäre. Aber der Junker van den Ende ſprach ſein Verlangen an ihn mit einem ſolchen Tone der Zuverſicht aus, ſo ſehr wie ein Recht, das ein Mann vom anderen zu fordern habe, daß der ſpaniſche Edelmann in dem Herzoge ſich regte und der Stolz der Großmuth den Sieg davon trug über ſeine Härte und Verfolgungsluſt.

Alba gab ſeinem Adjutanten einen Befehl, und dieſer eilte davon.

„Beurlaubt mich,“ ſagte Arnolf und wollte dem Officier folgen.

„Euch? Ihr ſeid ein Geuſe!“

„Ja, aber Ihr werdet Euch nicht als meinen Richter fühlen in dieſem Augenblick!“

Arnolf van den Ende entfernte ſich ruhigen Schrittes durch die Haufen der verwundert zurückweichenden Spanier. Der Herzog ſah ihm ſchweigend nach.

In der Ferne erblickte Arnolf den Herrn von Raſſinghem und ſeine Tochter auf ihren Pferden haltend, von ihrer Wache umringt. Als er ſie erreichte, hatte der abgeſandte Officier ihnen bereits ihre Freiheit angekündigt. Anna reichte mit Freudenthränen Arnolf die Hand. Er war ja auch ihres Vaters, ihr Retter. Der alte Edelmann unterzog ſich gern der Weiſung, das Land zu verlaſſen, und er legte noch lieber Anna's Rechte in die des Geuſen, froh der Stütze auf der Reiſe in die Verbannung. Sie begaben ſich zuſammen nach Deutſchland, wo ſie Schutz fanden und jegliche Unterſtützung am hülfbereiten Hofe Naſſau's. Ihre Güter und Habe hatte Alba nämlich nicht zurück gegeben, ſondern für ſeinen König eingezogen.

Herzog Alba lag am Abende dieſes Tages in ſeiner Kammer vor dem Gekreuzigten auf den Knieen; er ſandte ein heißes Dankgebet für ſeine Rettung zum Himmel auf und ſchloß ſein Flehen mit den Worten:

„Herr! gehe nicht mit mir in's Gericht, daß mein erſter Dank für Deine rettende Huld eine Sünde war. Ich habe einen Ketzer, einen Feind Deines Namens der Strafe entzogen, ſtatt ihn zu tödten als wohlgefälliges Opfer Deinem Zorne! Er war mein Retter und ich — ein ſchwacher Sünder!“

ward 1811 zu Budweis in Böhmen geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung in Wien, abſolvirte daſelbſt 1834 die juriſtiſchen Studien und trat bei dem Criminalſenat in öffentlichen Staatsdienſt, verließ denſelben aber bald und lebte hierauf als Lehrer und Erzieher in den gräflichen und fürſtlichen Häuſern Deym, Huniadi, Windiſchgrätz, Schwarzenberg und Lobkowitz. Seit 1840 widmete er ſich ausſchließlich der Literatur, verließ in Folge deſſen 1842 Oeſterreich und lebte ein Jahr in Weimar und Jena. Von da nach Kloſterneuburg bei Wien zurückgekehrt, wurde eine Unterſuchung wegen ſeiner politiſchen Brochuren über ihn verhängt, welche nach Jahresfriſt mit einem Verweiſe endigte. Er verließ nun ſein Vaterland abermals, verweilte von Neuem eine Zeit lang in Jena und wandte ſich dann nach Hamburg, wo er gegenwärtig noch lebt.

Seine Schriften ſind:

Weltgedanken. Wien 1840.
Karl Gutherz. Volksroman. Wien 1841. 2 A. 1844.
Luſtiges und Lehrreiches für Kinder. Wien 1842.
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Deutſche Volkspolitik. In zwangloſen Heften. 1. 2. 3. Hamburg 1847.
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Schleswig-Holſteiniſches Leſebuch. Hamb. 1847.
Verſchiedene Aufſätze belletriſtiſchen, juriſtiſchen und politiſchen Inhaltes in Zeitſchriften.

Als Erzähler und Jugendſchriftſteller zeichnet ſich S. durch Innigkeit, Gemüthlichkeit, Begeiſterung für Wahrheit und Recht und lebendige, farbenſatte Darſtellung ſehr vortheilhaft aus. — Was er als Publiciſt geleiſtet, zu beurtheilen, liegt außerhalb der Grenzen dieſes Werkes; es ſei uns daher nur geſtattet, zu bemerken, daß auch hier jene an ihm gerühmten edeln Eigenſchaften auf das Hellſte hervortreten.

Leben und Thaten eines Taglöhners *).

> Wenn jemand ſich wohl im Kleinen däucht,
> So denkt, der hat ein Großes erreicht.
>
> Göthe.

Auf einer Fußreiſe in den Alpen zwiſchen Steiermark und Oeſterreich verirrte ich mich, die Richtung zwiſchen Mariazell ſuchend, in ein weit ableitendes Seitenthal. Der anfangs breite Fahrweg verengte ſich allmählich in einen ſchmalen, wenig abgetretenen, ſteil aufſteigenden Fußpfad und ſchlängelte ſich einem dichten Walde zu. Die Sonne war bereits hinter den Bergen, weit und breit keine Spur von menſchlichen Wohnungen. Ich war, wie man es in wachſender Beſorgniß der Verirrung gewöhnlich thut, eine lange Zeit haſtig bergan geſtiegen, immer hoffend, endlich einen erwünſchten Ueberblick der Gegend zu gewinnen; jetzt, als ich den Wald vor mir ſah, mußte ich ſtehen bleiben und nach irgend einer Auskunft forſchen. Nirgends zeigte ſich ein menſchliches Weſen, und mich beſchlich einige Verlegenheit. Doch bald bezwang ich ſie und beſchloß abenteuerluſtig lieber aufs geradewohl in den Wald einzudringen, als den kläglichen ſtundenlangen Rückweg anzutreten. Muthig ſchwang ich meinen Reiſeſtock, pfiff eine kriegeriſche Melodie und ſchritt mit einer Erregtheit auf den geheimnißvollen Wald los, als ob er von thieriſchen, menſchlichen und geſpenſtigen Unholden wimmelte. Hart am Eingang trat mir aus dem dunkeln Dickicht plötzlich ein alter Bauer entgegen, und ungeachtet aller Heldenmüthigkeit wäre ich über dieſe unverhoffte Erſcheinung beinahe erſchrocken.

Der Alte theilte meine Ueberraſchung und ſtarrte mich mit offenem Munde an. Ich grüßte freundlich und frug:

„Wohin führt denn der Weg da?“

Er betrachtete mich eine Weile und mit faſt ſpöttiſchem Ausdrucke und ſprach:

„Grad in Wald hinein, wie der Herr mit vier Augen eh ſehen muß! — Aber wo ſoll denn der Marſch eigentlich hingehen, wenn ich fragen darf?“ ſetzte er, ſeinen unhöflichen Witz verbeſſernd, [illegible] hinzu.

„Ich will den Weg erreichen, der in die Terz *) und Mariazell führt.“

„Und da krapeln Sie da herauf? — No, da haben Sie ſich nicht wenig vergaloppirt! — Wenn Sie ein paar hundert Schritt in den Wald hineingegangen wären, hättens, ſo wahr ich Thobald heiß, nimmer herausgefunden.“

„Geht denn kein Weg durch?“

„Freilich geht einer durch, aber es hängen halt keine Latern' dran. Ja, und wo führt er hin? Grad am Göller **) hinauf. Da hättens heut ein verteufelt hart's Nachtlager gehabt!“

„Was iſt aber nun zu thun? Zurück gehen will ich auf keinen Fall.“

„Iſt auch nicht von nöthen. Gleich einem Büchſenſchuß im Wald drin, geht rechts ein Gangſteig über die Felſen hinunter. In einer kleinen Stund — wenns hübſch ſteigen mögen — kommens auf ein ſauberes Waldſtraßerl, ſteigen meintwegen noch eine halbe Stund bergauf und kommen zum Böhmaken, wo's über Nacht bleiben.“

„Zum Böhmaken? wer iſt das?“

„Ein Wirth auf der Einſchicht. Er iſt aus Böhmen herkommen, drum nennen wir halt ſein Haus zum Böhmaken. Iſt aber ein gar rarer Mann, können ſich drauf verlaſſen, werden recht gut aufgehoben ſein, und morgen geht der Wenzel — wie ich ihn kenn' — gewiß mit Ihnen über den Sattel bis auf den Terzerweg.“

„Wollet Ihr mich nicht begleiten, bis ich nicht mehr irren kann?“

„No, warum denn nicht!“ ſprach der Alte, verſteckte ſein Reiſigbündel und ging vor mir in den Wald zurück.

„Raucht Ihr Cigarren?“ frug ich, da ich bemerkte, daß er einen ſehr geringen Tabaksvorrath herauszog.

„Ja, halt ja thät ich ſie gern rauchen! Das iſt ja gar ein delikater Geſchmack! Ein einzigsmal in meinem Leben hab' ich ein Stummerl gehabt, was ein Wiener Herr in Sankt Egydi weggeworfen hatte.“

„Nun, da nehmt Euch — nur mehr — alle guten Dinge ſind drei!“

Der Alte nahm mit vielen Kratzfüßen, zündete an, und wir ſchritten behaglich ſchmauchend waldeinwärts.

„Das iſt aber ſchon eine halbe Gottheit!“ rief er nach einer Weile und betrachtete die Cigarre mit komiſcher Ehrfurcht. — Das ſind auf d'letzt gar Ausländer! Da muß ich eine meinem Vater heimbringen!“

„Euerm Vater?“ frug ich ſtaunend. „Wie alt muß denn der ſchon ſein?“

„Ich kunnt Ihnens juſt nicht recht ſagen; mein Vater weiß es ſelber nicht, es geht mir mit meinem eigenen Alter auch nicht beſſer, unſereiner lebt halt ſo in den Tag hinein. Mein Vater hat aber juſt noch einen einzigen Zahn, und bis ihm der ausfallen wird, ſagt er, wird er grad hundert Jahr alt ſein. Dann will er nur noch ſo lang leben, bis der Heurige noch einmal zu uns hereinkommt, und dann will er ſein eigens Haus beziehen am Freithof zu St. Egydi.“ —

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*) Aus: Erzählungen und ein gemiſchter Anhang von Franz Schuſelka. 2 Theile. Wien 1844.

*) Die öſterreichiſche und ſteiriſche Terz ſind zwei Wirthshäuſer, die an den beiderſeitigen Grenzen ſtehen.

**) Ein 5,271 Fuß hoher Berg.

Ich erfuhr noch dies und jenes von der Lebensweiſe der ſchlichten Leute, doch der ſteile Felſenpfad machte unſerm Geſpräche bald ein Ende, und nachdem ich mich überzeugt hatte, daß der Weg nun nicht mehr zu verfehlen ſei, entließ ich den originellen Alten und ſchickte ſeinem Vater eine kleine Trankſteuer, einige Cigarren und den Wunſch, daß ihm ſein letzter Zahn noch recht lange nicht ausfallen möchte.

Glücklich kletterte ich über die Felſen hinab und erreichte eine kleine Bergſtraße, die ſich in weiten Windungen bergan hob. Ich ſchritt rüſtig aufwärts und noch eh es dunkelte, lag das Wirthshaus des Böhmaken vor mir.

Ich betrachtete mir die einſame Behauſung aus der Ferne. Es ſchien ein recht anſehnliches Bauerngut mit ſtattlichen Wirthſchaftsgebäuden, einem niedlichen Garten und ausgedehnten Grundſtücken. Vor dem Hauſe bildeten Weinranken, die wohl niemals reife Früchte tragen, eine Laube. Lautes Gelächter ſcholl mir aus derſelben entgegen. Ich horchte und vernahm, daß der Wirth eben ſeine Kinder im Böhmiſchen unterrichtete. Gerade war das berüchtigte Tři a třicet (dreiunddreißig) an der Tagesordnung und die Kinder wollten ſich die Zunge zerquetſchen und die Zähne herausſtoßen, und brachten das fatale Wort doch nicht zu Stande. Auch die Mutter nahm an der Lektion Theil und machte die Sachen zur großen Beluſtigung der Kleinen noch viel ſchlechter, als dieſe.

Meine Erſcheinung unterbrach natürlich die Sprachſtudien und machte in der Familie ein gewaltiges Aufſehen. Städtiſche Gäſte mochten in dieſem Abendwinkel eine große Seltenheit ſein, und in ſo ſpäter Abendſtunde mochte ich noch mehr wie ein aus den Wolken Gefallener erſcheinen. Die Kinder beſonders beguckten mich von allen Seiten und flüſterten ſich über dies und jenes an mir ihre ehrfürchtigen oder ſchelmiſchen Bemerkungen zu.

Der Wirth ſtand im rüſtigſten Mannesalter, und als ich ſein blühendes Weib und die kerngeſunden drei Buben und das kugelrunde Dirnlein in der Wiege betrachtete, hätte ich den Mann beinahe um ſein idylliſches Lebensglück beneidet.

Ich wurde köſtlich bewirthet und erfuhr, daß der Böhmak Wenzel Weſſely heiße und aus Prudiz ſtamme. Da mir dieſes romantiſche Dörfchen aus einer intereſſanten Lebensperiode gar wol bekannt iſt, ſo war für mich ſowie für Weſſely die Zuſammenkunft um ſo intereſſanter.

„Ihr müßt mir erzählen, wie Ihr hergekommen ſeid!" ſprach ich nach mannigfachem Geplauder, und während die Wirthin ihr ſchreiendes Dirndl einſchläferte, ſetzten wir uns in die Laube hinaus und Weſſely erzählte mir ſeine Geſchichte. —

Biographien großer Männer verdienen es freilich vor allen, geſchrieben und geleſen zu werden; aber mich dünkt, daß auch aus dem Leben gemeiner, im Gewühle gewöhnlicher Verhältniſſe, im Drucke der Dürftigkeit ringender Menſchen ſich viel Anregendes, Tröſtendes und Belehrendes ſchöpfen ließe. Dem Nachſtreben großer Geiſter ſchadet ſehr viel das demüthige Bewußtſein des ungeheuern Abſtandes zwiſchen ihren und unſern Kräften; wenn aber jemand, der ebenfalls nur gewöhnliches Vermögen beſitzt, ſein Leben thatkräftig glücklich geſtaltet, ſo wird unſere Theilnahme mächtiger und nachhaltiger geweckt. — Dies möge es rechtfertigen, daß ich den geehrten Leſern Leben und Thaten eines Taglöhners beſchreibe.

Weſſely's Vater beſaß in Prudiz ein Häuschen mit kleinem Gartengrunde. Er hatte nur das einzige Kind und ein ſehr arbeitſames Weib, hätte daher recht gut fortkommen können, wäre er nicht durch den Fluch des Dorflebens, durch die Branntweinſchenke des Juden, an Körper, Geiſt und Vermögen zu Grunde gerichtet worden.

Er mußte ſein Beſitzthum verkaufen, vertrank noch den kleinen Geldüberreſt und beſchloß mit Weib und Kind nach Oeſterreich in Arbeit zu wandern.

Im erſten öſterreichiſchen Dorfe trank er ſich an dem wohlfeilen heurigen Weine einen jähen Tod. Die Wittwe, mit dem damals vierzehnjährigen Wenzel erhielt beim Baue eines Bauernhofs für ſich und den Sohn eine nicht unvortheilhafte Arbeit; aber ſchon nach wenigen Wochen erlag ihre durch Kummer und Kränkung gebrochene Lebenskraft einer langwierigen Krankheit.

Wenzel arbeitete raſtlos fort und ſparte ſich den Biſſen vom Munde ab, um ſeine Mutter mit dem Nöthigſten verpflegen zu können. In den Feierſtunden half er den Bauern bei verſchiedenen Arbeiten und bis ſpät in die Nacht hinein flocht er Körbe, worin er es ſchon in der Heimath zu bedeutender Fertigkeit gebracht hatte. Allein ſein kindlicher Edelmuth hatte keinen glücklichern Erfolg, als daß er die letzten Tage der Mutter verſüßte. Sie ſtarb, und Wenzel ſtand nun allein in der fremden Welt.

Sein wackeres Benehmen hatte ihm jedoch ſo viele Freunde gewonnen, daß ihm von allen Seiten Dienſtanträge gemacht wurden. Selbſt der geſtrenge Herr Verwalter wandte ſein gnädiges Augenmerk auf ihn, und Wenzel trat als Knecht des Schafmeiſters in herrſchaftliche Dienſte.

Seine Lage war nun verhältnißmäßig glänzend und die herrlichſte Laufbahn lag eröffnet vor ihm, deren ſeligſtes Ziel nichts geringeres, als die Schafmeiſterſtelle ſelbſt war. Der rührige ſtrebſame Wenzel würde ſie auch gewiß erreicht haben, hätte ihn nicht ein höchſt trauriger Vorfall leider nur zu bald aus dem behaglichen Glückshafen in den Lebensſturm hinausgeſtoßen.

Die kinderloſe Frau Verwalterin nämlich hatte einen höchſt talentvollen, liebenswürdigen Hund an Kindesſtatt angenommen, den ſie mit innigſter Affenliebe hätſchelte, deſſen Launen und Begierlichkeiten ihr viel näher ans Herz gingen, als Wohl und Weh ihrer Mitmenſchen.

Das vierfüßige Herzensblümchen hieß Fiduzi und war verſtändig wie ein Menſch, darin wenigſtens, daß es den mächtigen Schutz ſeiner gnädigen Herrin zu den unverſchämteſten übermüthigſten Streichen mißbrauchte. Er zwickte die armen Dorfkinder in die nackten Waden, biß den Bauern Hühner und Enten todt, legte ſich mitten auf die Straße und wich einem herankommenden Wagen nicht früher aus, bis der Bauer dieſe Gnade mit den demüthigſten Complimenten erbettelte.

Jedermann haßte und verwünſchte das boshafte Thier, aber wehe dem, der ſich durch dieſen Haß zu einem Schlage oder Fußtritte oder nur zu einem Schimpfworte auf den vierfüßigen Dorftyrannen hinreißen ließ! Eine Kränkung ihres lieben guten geſcheuten Fiduzi verzieh die geſtrenge Verwalterin niemals und rächte ſie durch tauſendfältige Plackereien.

Und mit dieſem vielvermögenden Mitgliede ſeiner Herrenfamilie kam der arme Weſſely in eine höchſt feindliche, unausgleichbare Colliſion. Das Unglück ergab ſich folgendergeſtalt.

Wenn Wenzel in der Nähe des Schloſſes die Schafe weidete, machte ſich der holde Fiduzi ſehr gern das Vergnügen, kläffend unter die Heerde zu ſpringen und die ſcheuen Thiere in alle Himmelsgegenden zu verſprengen. Die Frau Verwalterin war oft Augenzeugin dieſer Heldenthat und ſie wollte ſich dabei über den Witz des ſchalkhaften Fiduzerls krank lachen. Als aber einmal ein geängſtigtes Schaf in einen Graben fiel und ein Bein brach, wurde keineswegs Fiduzi, ſondern Weſſely tüchtig abgeprügelt. Da ſchwur der kühne Prudizer Rache, und bald ergab ſich die Gelegenheit.

Eines Nachmittags weideten die Schafe ruhig und wohlgemuth, da kam der humoriſtiſche Fiduzi allein aus dem Schloſſe geſprungen, wälzte ſich eine Weile wohlig im Graſe und galoppirte dann mit grimmigem Gebell auf die frommen Schäflein los. Wenzel bebte vor Zorn, ergriff einen ſchweren Stein, warf, traf, Fiduzi purzelte, zappelte und hauchte ſein ſchönes Leben aus. Dem kühnen Schützen ging vor Schrecken ebenfalls der Athem aus. Im erſten Augenblicke wollte er alles im Stiche laſſen und davon laufen; da er aber ringsum keinen Zeugen ſeiner blutigen That bemerkte, ergriff er den verblichenen Fiduzi, warf ihn in ein Loch und bedeckte ihn ſorgfältig mit Erde und Raſen.

Als er die Heerde heimtrieb, ging das Ungewitter bereits los. Die Verwalterin jammerte, ſchimpfte, drohte und flehte. Sämmtliche Dienſtboten und das Kanzleiperſonale in corpore liefen herum und ſuchten den ſüßen Liebling der Gebieterin. Wenzel wagte nicht aufzuſchauen, tummelte ſich in den Stall hinein und lauſchte von Zeit zu Zeit an der Thür, wie ſich die Sache entwickeln würde.

Es wurde Nacht, und Schmerz und Wuth der Verwalterin grenzten an Wahnſinn. Sie ſchmähte und verwünſchte alles und geſtand in gottloſer Leidenſchaftlichkeit, daß ſie lieber das ganze Dorf zu Grunde gegangen, als ihren lieben Fiduzi verloren wiſſen wollte.

Am heftigſten entlud ſich ihr Grimm gegen die alte Köchin, welche wegen langer, treuer Dienſte ſonſt ihr Liebling und deshalb mit der Verpflegung des Schoßhundes betraut war. Jetzt warf ihr die tyranniſche Frau den Lohn vor die Füße und befahl ihr, augenblicklich das Haus zu verlaſſen und ſich ja nie mehr ſehen zu laſſen, es ſei denn, ſie käme mit Fiduzi wieder.

Die alte Köchin war im ganzen Dorfe als hülfreiche wohlthätige Perſon geachtet und geliebt; ſie hatte auch Wenzel's Mutter in ihrer Krankheit mit manchem guten Biſſen erquickt.

Wenzel ſtand zwiſchen der Stallthür und lauſchte dem Tumulte mit laut pochendem Herzen. Längſt bereute er ſeine übereilte That; als er aber jetzt die Wohlthäterin ſeiner Mutter weinend aus dem Schloſſe kommen ſah und ihr Unglück verkünden hörte, da war ſein Entſchluß ſchnell gefaßt und ausgeführt. Er lief eilig ins Schloß und bat, die Frau Verwalterin ſprechen zu dürfen, indem er allein Auskunft über Fiduzi's Schickſal geben könne.

Er wurde ſogleich vorgelaſſen, und die Verwalterin ſtürzte ihm mit dem Ausruf entgegen:

„Was weißt Du? was ſollſt Du? Bringſt Du mir meinen Fiduzi wieder, ſo ſollſt Du zeitlebens glücklich ſein!“

Wenzel küßte ihr zitternd die Hand und ſtammelte in unſäglicher Herzensangſt:

„Ach geſtrenge Frau Verwalterin, verzeihen Sie mir um Gottes willen!“

„Verzeihen?! Was haſt Du gethan, Unglücklicher?“

„Ach gnädige Frau Verwalterin, weiß Gott, ich hab's nicht ſo ſchlimm gemeint! — Sie wiſſen ja, gnädige Frau Verwalterin, daß der gute Fiduzi die üble Gewohnheit gehabt hat, mir meine Schafe zu verſprengen. Sie wiſſen ja, gnädige Frau Verwalterin, daß ſich einmal eins einen Fuß gebrochen hat, und daß ich deßwegen hab' Schläg' und Abzug von meinem Lohn leiden müſſen.“

„Und das haſt Du vielleicht gar dem unſchuldigen Fiduzi entgelten laſſen, Nichtswürdiger?“

„O mein Gott, ich hab' ihm's ja nur ein Biſſel abſchrecken wollen! — O Gott — ich bitt' um Alles in der Welt —“ ſtotterte der arme Wenzel und brachte das furchtbare Geſtändniß nicht über die Lippen.

„Was haſt Du gethan? — Heraus damit, oder —“ ſchrie die geſolterte Verwalterin und drohte mit geballten Fäuſten.

„Ich bitt' um eine barmherzige Straf' — und die Köchin iſt ganz unſchuldig — aber ich hab' — aber gewiß nicht mit Fleiß — aber ich hab' den Fiduzi erſchlagen!“

„Erſchlagen!! Ach!“ kreiſchte die bedauernswürdige Kinderloſe und ſank ohnmächtig auf's Sopha.

Wenzel war bei den letzten Worten ſeines Bekenntniſſes auf die Knie gefallen. In dieſer Stellung blieb er und flehte mit aufgehobenen Händen um Gnade. Da ſich aber die Verwalterin gar nicht bewegte, wurde ihm noch unheimlicher, und er glaubte am beſten zu thun, wenn er ſich leiſe davon machte.

Dies brachte die Verwalterin plötzlich zur Beſinnung. Sie ſtürzte auf ihn hin, hielt ihn bei den Haaren feſt und ſchrie gellend nach ihren Leuten.

„Streckt Euch vor, dieſer miſerable, hergelaufene Bettelbub, den wir aus Barmherzigkeit angenommen haben, der hat meinen Fiduzi erſchlagen! — Haut ihn, haut ihn, was nur in ihn hineingeht!“

Und die geſammte Haus- und Amtsdienerſchaft fiel über den unglücklichen Todtſchläger her und erfüllte mit edlem Wetteifer das Gebot der zartfühlenden Gebieterin.

Wenzel blieb auf den Knien liegen, ſchloß die Augen, verhüllte ſein Haupt und ertrug ſein Geſchick mit philoſophiſcher Seelenſtärke.

Die unvergleichliche Verwalterin ſchrie fortwährend: „Nur ſtärker, ſtärker, damit der Niederträchtige zeitlebens daran denkt!“

Endlich ermüdeten die dienſtbefliſſenen Prügelknechte; die Verwalterin gebot Stillſtand.

„Wo iſt der Leichnam?“ ſchnaubte ſie den mißhandelten Jungen an.

„Ich hab' ihn draußen auf dem Felde begraben,“ ächzte der arme Weſſely.

„Marſch fort, zeig' uns den Platz!“ kommandirte die Verwalterin, und Wenzel mußte eine Laterne nehmen, die Verwalterin und ihre furchtbaren Geiſter folgten ihm, unten ſchloß ſich das Maierhofperſonal und Leute und Kinder aus dem Dorfe an, und der lange Zug bewegte ſich feierlich hinaus zur Ruheſtätte des viel zu früh verblichenen Fiduzchens.

Wenzel mußte den Grabeshügel abräumen, und als nun der maustodte Fiduzi ſichtbar wurde, da erreichte der Wahnſinn der Verwalterin ein neues wüthenderes Stadium. Erſt küßte ſie mit vielen Thränen die theuern Ueberreſte ihres unvergeßlichen Herzkinderls, dann fiel ſie wie eine Furie über den zitternden Wenzel her und ſchlug ihn eigenhändig ſo unbarmherzig, daß ihm Blut aus Mund und Naſe quoll. Nur das laute Murren der Bauern verhinderte noch unmenſchlichere Mißhandlungen. Man trug die Verwalterin ſammt ihrem Fiduzi ins Schloß und ſchickte ſchnell zu dem Chirurgen, um noch alle möglichen Belebungsverſuche anſtellen zu laſſen. Wenzel hinkte, von den mitleidigen Bauern unterſtützt, ins Dorf. Am Schloßthore wurden ihm ſeine Sachen und der ſtrenge Befehl gegeben, ſich ja nie mehr blicken zu laſſen; was freilich nur der Ausdruck ſeines ſehnlichſten Verlangens war.

Die guten Bauern wetteiferten, ihn zu tröſten und zu pflegen. Sie betrachteten ihn als einen Märtyrer, der für das Wohl der ganzen Gemeinde gelitten. Alle waren von Herzen froh, daß der boshafte Hund weggeräumt war, und die Kinder jubelten: „Wenzel hat den Fiduzi erſchlagen! das iſt geſcheut, juchhe!“

Wenzel mußte einige Tage das Bett hüten. Indeſſen wurde Fiduzi im Parke begraben. Der Amtsſchreiber dichtete eine Grabſchrift; der Schulmeiſter componirte einen Trauermarſch; der Bauingenieur errichtete ein Mauſoleum; der Gärtner pflanzte eine Thränenweide; der Tiſchler machte ein todtſchwarz angeſtrichenes Bänkchen darunter; die gefühlvolle Verwalterin ſetzte ſich oft in ſtiller Mondnacht darauf und weihte dem entſchlafenen Liebling reichliche empfindſamſte Zähren.

Nachdem ſich Wenzel erholt hatte, fuhr er mit dem Müller nach Krems. Alle Bauern hatten zu ſeinem Reiſegelde beigeſteuert; ja ſelbſt der Verwalter ſchickte ihm ein ſehr gutes Zeugniß und bedeutendes Schmerzensgeld mit der Verſicherung, daß die Sache gewiß nicht ſo ſchlimm ausgefallen ſein würde, wenn er damals zu Hauſe geweſen wäre; — worüber aber allgemein ungläubig gelächelt wurde, weil man wußte, daß der geſtrenge Herr Verwalter ſeiner Frau Gemahlin gegenüber auf das Prädikat „geſtrenger Herr“ längſt in aller Demuth völlig verzichtet habe.

In Krems beſtieg Weſſely ein Schiff und ſchwamm mit unausſprechlicher Neugierde, großer Hoffnung und nicht geringerer Bangigkeit nach Wien.

Er kam glücklich an, lief drei Tage in der ganzen Stadt herum, und trat, nachdem er ſeine ländliche Schauluſt mit einer gehörigen Anzahl von Rippenſtößen und Schimpfnamen gebüßt hatte, bei einem Baue für einen Gulden Taglohn als Handlanger in Arbeit.

Dieſe Einnahme erſchien dem guten Jungen ſo außerordentlich groß, daß er ganz ernſthaft mit dem Gedanken umging, in Wien ein reicher Mann zu werden. Und er wäre es höchſt wahrſcheinlich auch geworden, wenn ihn nicht eine ſehr ſchmerzliche Erfahrung alsbald wieder aus Wien vertrieben hätte.

Auf dem Bauplatze fand Weſſely unter ſeinen Mitarbeitern einen Landsmann aus dem Nachbardorfe Mittrowitz. Er ſchloß ſich ſogleich mit herzlicher Zuneigung an ihn, und ſein Leben wäre dadurch ungemein erheitert worden, wenn nicht der traurige körperliche Zuſtand des Freundes das ſchmerzlichſte Mitgefühl erregt hätte.

Der Mittrowitzer war nämlich bei ſchwacher Leibesbeſchaffenheit der ſtrengen Arbeit auf den [illegible] Bauplätzen erlegen und mußte wenige Wochen nach Wenzel's Ankunft ins Spital. Wenzel that Alles, um die Lage des unglücklichen Landsmannes zu erleichtern. Täglich lief er in der Raſtſtunde zu ihm, theilte ſeinen Lohn mit ihm, tröſtete ihn endlich mit frommem Zuſpruche in ſeiner Todesſtunde, und ſah mit Schaudern, wie der arme Freund mit vielen andern Todten auf einen Wagen geladen und ohne Sarg in ein großes gemeinſchaftliches Grab geworfen wurde.

Von dieſem Augenblicke an war ihm der Aufenthalt in Wien verhaßt. Seine friſche Lebensluſt zitterte bei dem Gedanken an ein ähnliches trübes Ende. Er beſchloß voll furchtſamer Ungeduld, Wien ſobald als möglich zu verlaſſen. —

„Wenn ich auf dem Lande auch viel weniger Lohn bekomme,“ ſprach er zu ſich ſelbſt, „ſo athme ich doch friſche geſunde Luft, und wenn ich einſt ſterbe, ſo bekomme ich doch mein eigenes Grab.“

Er arbeitete und ſparte noch einige Wochen und eilte an einem ſchönen Sommermorgen durch die Margarethner Linie in freudiger Haſt den herrlichen Gebirgen zu. —

Gegen Abend holte Wenzel auf einſamer Straße hinter Heiligenkreuz einen Wagen ein, worauf mehrere Dorfkinder ſaßen, welche aus Wien von der Firmung nach Hauſe fuhren. Die Kinder ſchäkerten in fröhlicher Sorgloſigkeit; der Bauer, der einzige Erwachſene, ſchien eingeſchlummert zu ſein; die Pferde gingen in eigenwilliger Laune hart am Straßengraben. Eben wollte Wenzel den Bauer zur Vorſicht aufrufen, da ſtürzte der Wagen unter lautem Jammergeſchrei der Kinder um.

Wenzel ſprang ſchnell zu Hülfe, hielt die Pferde und hob das leichte Wägelchen auf. Der Bauer war gleich wieder auf den Beinen, nur hatte er ſich beide Hände blutig geſchunden. Auch die Kinder arbeiteten ſich unbeſchädigt in die Höhe; nur ein einziges Mädchen blieb wehklagend liegen. Es war des Bauers einziges, dreizehnjähriges Töchterchen Vevi, von lieblichſtem Aeußern. Der Bauer eilte voll traurigſter Beſorgniß zu ihr hin. Sie klagte über große Schmerzen im rechten Fuße; es ergab ſich aber, daß ſie glücklicherweiſe nur von einer [illegible] Verſtauchung herrührten.

Wenzel hob das arme Mädchen auf ſeine Arme und trug es zum Wagen. Es geſchah ihm wunderbar wohl dabei; ein unbekanntes ahnungsſüßes Gefühl bewegte ſein Herz. Er drückte das weinende Mädchen zärtlich tröſtend an ſich und hätte gewünſcht, daß der Wagen viel weiter entfernt geweſen wäre.

Er konnte nicht umhin, es mit ſtiller Freude zu bemerken, daß der Bauer mit ſeinen verwundeten Fingern das Leitſeil nicht handhaben konnte; er trug ſich mit freudiger Bereitwilligkeit als Kutſcher an. Der Bauer nahm es dankbar an, Wenzel ſetzte ſich neben ihn auf den Vorderſitz und zwiſchen ihnen beiden ſaß die liebe Vevi.

Wenzel fuhr recht langſam, damit nicht durch zu heftige Bewegungen der Schmerz des Kindes geſteigert werden möchte. Vevi ſchluchzte leiſe fort, erklärte aber nach einer Weile, daß der

Schmerz bedeutend nachlaſſe. Da ſchnalzte Wenzel luſtig mit der Peitſche und ließ die flinken Rößlein ſpringen.

Es wurde dunkel, Lorchen ſchlummerte ein und lehnte ſich zutraulich an den Nachbar. Wenzel wagte kaum zu athmen, um das liebe Mädchen ja nicht im ſüßen Schlummer zu ſtören.

Man kam zu Hauſe an und Lori hinkte am Arme Wenzels in die Stube und erzählte der erſchrockenen Mutter, was geſchehen und was der liebe Fremde gethan. Die gute Bäuerin dankte ihm aus der Fülle ihres mütterlichen Herzens und verhieß ihm allen Segen des Himmels für dieſe gute That.

Schon unterwegs hatte Wenzel dem Bauer den Zweck ſeiner Wanderſchaft mitgetheilt; nach dem Abendeſſen nahm dieſer ſeine Alte bei Seite, ſie wiſperten ein Weilchen mit einander, traten dann zu Wenzel und machten ihm den Antrag, in ihrem Hauſe zu bleiben, er ſollte nicht wie ein Dienſtbote, ſondern wie ein eigenes Kind behandelt werden.

Wenzel weinte vor Ueberraſchung und fand nicht Worte, ſeinen Dank auszudrücken. Er wußte ſich's nicht zu erklären, warum er ſich über dieſe Verſorgung gar ſo unausſprechlich freute. — Lori vergaß allen Schmerz und hüpfte im Zimmer herum, als ſie hörte, daß der freundliche Wenzel im Hauſe bleiben werde.

Drei frohe Jahre vergingen. Wenzel wurde zum kraftvoll ſtämmigen Burſchen, Lori erblühte zur ſchönſten Dirne der ganzen Gegend. Wenzel kannte nun die wonnevolle Ahnung, die ihn durchzittert, als er Lori auf ſeinen Armen trug, und Lori theilte das ſüße Geheimniß ſeines Herzens. Die Eltern ſchienen die fromme Liebe der Kinder mit Wohlgefallen zu bemerken, und Wenzel träumte die freudenvollſte Zukunft. Aber ein unglückſeliges Ereigniß verbannte ihn abermals aus ſeinem Freudenhimmel.

Eines Abends — es war kurz vor Lori's Namenstage — vermißte der Bauer ſeinen Geldbeutel. Er machte einen gewaltigen Lärm, weil eben eine bedeutende Summe darin geweſen. Man ſuchte und forſchte überall vergebens. Der Bauer war nicht aus dem Hauſe geweſen; es mußte daher der Verdacht der Entwendung entſtehen und auf einen Hausgenoſſen fallen, weil durchaus kein Fremder ins Haus gekommen und auch keine Spur eines Einbruchs zu entdecken war. Da trat Michel, der Knecht, der ſchon vor Wenzel's Ankunft im Hauſe gedient, mit dem Vorſchlag auf, daß Jedermann ſeine Sachen unterſuchen laſſen ſollte. Dabei blickte er mit ſeltſam lauerndem Ausdruck auf Wenzel, der ſich ſichtlich verfärbte und verlegen ward.

Der Bauer nahm den Vorſchlag an und man viſitirte alle Truhen der Knechte und Mägde, ohne etwas zu entdecken. Schon wollte der Bauer die Sache aufgeben, doch Michel beſtand darauf, daß auch Wenzels Truhe unterſucht werden müſſe.

„Nun ja, damit Dein böſer Argwohn zu Schanden wird, Michel!" ſprach der Bauer unwillig und trat in Wenzel's Kammer; aber wie ſtaunte er, als dieſer den Schlüſſel ſeiner Truhe verweigerte und voll Verwirrung ſprach:

„Vater, Ihr werdet mich doch gewiß für keinen Dieb halten! Zum Ueberfluſſe aber geb' ich Euch mein Ehrenwort und ſchwöre Euch, daß ich von Eurem Gelde nichts geſehen habe, nur öffnet meine Truhe nicht, ich bitte Euch, Ihr verderbt mir ſonſt eine große Freude!"

Der Bauer zögerte unſchlüſſig, als er aber die argwöhniſchen Blicke des Geſindes bemerkte, ſprach er:

„Wenzel, um Deiner Ehre willen muß die Truhe geöffnet werden, drum gieb den Schlüſſel her, ich will und befehle es!"

Da gehorchte Wenzel mit auffallender Verzagtheit, ſeine Truhe wurde geöffnet und alle ſteckten neugierig die Köpfe hinein.

Obenauf lag eine ſchwere ſilberne Haarnadel, welche ein Krämer unlängſt zum Verkaufe ausgeboten, und die Lori gar ſo gern gehabt hätte, wenn ſie nicht zu theuer geweſen wäre.

„Nun da habt Ihr's, ich hab' es Euch ja geſagt!" lamentirte Wenzel, „nun iſt die ganze Ueberraſchung verdorben!"

Lori belohnte ihn mit liebevollem Blicke; der Vater aber tadelte dieſe Verſchwendung und wollte die Truhe ſchließen — da hob Michel einige Wäſche in die Höhe und zog den vermißten Geldbeutel heraus.

Allen entfuhr ein Schrei des Entſetzens. Lori ſtürzte laut jammernd aus der Stube. Wenzel ſtand ſprachlos, wurde bleich wie der Tod, ſeine Augen rollten, ſeine Lippen bebten, ſeine Fäuſte ballten ſich krampfhaft.

Der Vater betrachtete ihn lange mit wehmüthig forſchendem Blicke, zählte dann aufmerkſam den Inhalt des Beutels, und es fehlte gerade die Summe, welche der Krämer für die Haarnadel verlangt hatte.

„Wenzel, Wenzel!" rief jetzt der Bauer mit hoch aufgehobenen zitternden Händen, „das war ein unglückſeliger Gedanke, den Dir Dein böſer Feind eingegeben hat! Doch ich will Dein Unglück nicht. Niemand von meinen Leuten ſoll ein Wort von der Sache verlauten laſſen, das befehle ich, darum bitte ich Euch Alle. Aber mach, daß Du aus meinen Augen kommſt, Wenzel, zwiſchen uns kann fürder keine Gemeinſchaft mehr ſein!" Jetzt ſtürzte Wenzel vor ihm nieder, umklammerte ſeine Knie und ſchrie außer ſich:

„Um Gottes Chriſti willen, Vater, verdammt mich nicht voreilig! Hört mich, glaubt mir! Ich ſchwöre Euch bei meinem ewigen Seelenheil, ich weiß nicht, wie Euer Geld in meine Truhe kam; ich weiß es nicht, und wenn Gott auf der Stelle mit mir ins Gericht ginge!"

„Wenzel, frevle nicht, ſündige nicht vermeſſen auf Gottes barmherzige Langmuth!" ſprach der Bauer, und Thränen des tiefſten Herzleides rollten über ſeine Wangen. „Weiß Gott! ich gäbe viel darum, wenn ich Dir glauben könnte; aber ich kann es nicht; was Du gethan haſt, iſt zu offenbar! Mög' es Dir Gott verzeihen! ich verzeih' es, weil thörichte Liebe zu meinem Kinde Dich verblendet hat. Aber geh, geh ſo ſchnell als möglich, ich will Dich nie, nie mehr ſehen!"

Hier entfernte ſich der Bauer und Alle gingen mit ihm; der arme Wenzel blieb allein. Lange lag er auf den Knien, ſchlug ſich mit der Fauſt vor die Stirn und jammerte laut. Dann raffte er ſich auf und wollte in die Stube des Herrn; aber die Thür war verriegelt, und als Wenzel pochte und flehte, rief der Bauer erzürnt: er möge ſich zur Ruhe begeben und mit dem Früheſten Haus und Hof verlaſſen, wofern er nicht öffentliche Schande und Gefängniß gewärtigen wollte.

Da ſtürzte Wenzel in rathloſer Verzagtheit aus dem Dorfe, rannte über Stock und Stein waldeinwärts, warf ſich im tiefſten Dickicht zur Erde nieder, und der Tod wäre ihm ein Labſal geweſen.

Mitternacht mochte nicht mehr fern ſein, da weckte ihn ein heller Lichtſchein aus ſeiner Betäubung. Er ſprang auf, eilte an den Saum des Waldes und erblickte Lori's Vaterhaus in hellen Flammen.

Athemlos lief er hinab, um den Bedrängten beizuſtehen, aber kaum erblickte man ihn, ſo riefen viele Stimmen, unter denen die Michels deutlich zu erkennen war:

„Seht den Dieb und Brandſtifter, er will ſich den Geldbeutel wieder holen!"

Und man fiel über ihn her und band ihn mit Stricken an einen Baum. Dort mußte er knirſchend ſtehen, bis das Feuer gelöſcht war. Er ſah ſeine Lori — ſie hatte aber keinen Blick für ihn.

Hierauf ſchleppte man ihn unter Spott und Mißhandlung ins Amtsdorf, wo er ins Gefängniß geworfen wurde.

Tags darauf ergab es ſich zwar, daß das Feuer durch unvorſichtiges Schmalzſieden ausgekommen war, aber Wenzel verlangte nun mit dringenden Bitten eine ſtrenge Unterſuchung des ihm zugemutheten Diebſtahls.

Alles wurde genau erforſcht, alle Hausgenoſſen, namentlich Michel, ſcharf ins Verhör genommen, bei Niemand ergab ſich irgend eine Schuld. Michel geſtand mit ruhigſter Unbefangenheit, Wenzel ſei ihm verdächtig worden, weil er ihn die Haarnadel kaufen ſehen und ſich gleich gewundert habe, wie er für ſolchen Tand ſo viel Geld ausgeben könnte. Auch der Krämer wurde vernommen und erklärte, Wenzel habe ihm, ohne zu handeln, die verlangte Summe in blanken Zwanzigern ausgezahlt. In dem Geldbeutel befanden ſich eben keine andern Münzen als Zwanziger.

Dagegen aber betheuerte Wenzel ſeine völlige Unſchuld mit unwiderſtehlich überzeugender Ehrlichkeit, widerſprach ſich in keinem Punkte und wußte es aufs Genaueſte vorzurechnen, daß er die Haarnadel von ſeinem erſt vor kurzem empfangenen Vierteljahrslohn gekauft habe. Da man überdies ſeinen bisher muſterhaften Lebenswandel und den Umſtand erwog, daß er ſelbſt auf die Unterſuchung gedrungen, ſo ließ das Gericht die Sache fallen, ſetzte Wenzel in Freiheit, gab ihm aber die Weiſung, die Gegend binnen vierundzwanzig Stunden zu verlaſſen.

Wenzel ertrug nun ſein Geſchick mit männlicher Faſſung. Er hatte zur Rettung ſeiner Ehre Alles gethan, was er nur thun konnte; ein Mehreres mußte er Gott überlaſſen. Er glaubte wol denjenigen zu kennen, der ihm aus Neid und Eiferſucht dieſen Sturz bereitet, aber er ſchwieg.

Nur war es ihm unmöglich, die Gegend zu verlaſſen, ohne noch einmal mit Lorchen geſprochen zu haben. Nachts ſchlich er an ihr Fenſterchen und flehte traurig:

„Lori, Lori, kannſt denn auch Du an meiner Ehrlichkeit verzweifeln und mich für einen Dieb halten!"

Lori öffnete das Fenſter und flüſterte weinend: „Wenzel, ich muß an Deine Unſchuld glauben, ich kann nicht anders, aber ſo lang Du Dich nicht von allem Verdachte gereinigt haſt, muß ich jede Gemeinſchaft mit Dir vermeiden, das hat der Vater befohlen und ich hab' ihm Gehorſam verſprochen. So geh in Gottes Namen, Wenzel, und vertrau auf ſeine Gerechtigkeit. Ich werde täglich beten, daß er Deine Unſchuld ans Tageslicht bringen möge."

Sie reichte ihm die Hand hinaus, er küßte ſie viele Male und konnte ſich nicht trennen.

„Geh, lieber Wenzel, geh, damit wir den Vater nicht ärgern!" ſchluchzte Lori.

„Ich danke Dir für Deinen Troſt, engelgute Lori," ſprach Wenzel und faßte ſich und ging. —

Die ganze Nacht ſchritt er raſtlos vorwärts, immer tiefer ins Gebirg hinein. Als der Morgen anbrach, war er weit von dem Orte ſeines ſchönſten Lebensglückes. Tauſend Vöglein jubelten ihren Morgengruß, er aber weinte bitterlich.

Anfangs war Wenzel entſchloſſen geweſen, fort zu wandern, ſo weit ihn ſeine Augen führen, ſeine Füße tragen würden; nach und nach aber ſänftigte ſich der Sturm ſeines Herzens zu ſtiller Wehmuth und ruhiger Ergebung. So kam er in die Gegend, wo eben die Straße gebaut wurde, an der jetzt ſeine Wirthſchaft ſteht. Man trug ihm Arbeit an und er nahm ſie. —

Zwei Sommer verſchwanden, da erhielt Wenzel zufällig Nachricht aus jener unvergeßlichen Gegend. Lori's Mutter war geſtorben, der Vater härmte ſich und kränkelte; Lori war Braut, des reichen Pächters Vogelhuber.

„Sie hat dich bald vergeſſen!" ſeufzte Wenzel. „Aber gut für ſie, daß ſie es konnte, denn noch immer befleckt mich ja der ſchimpfliche Verdacht und wird mich wahrſcheinlich zeitlebens beflecken!"

Es war ein Glück für Wenzel, daß er ſich, als ihn dieſe Schmerzensnachricht traf, eben mit einem wichtigen kühnen Plane trug. Der Umſtand nämlich, daß die Arbeiter, als der Straßenbau weit ins unwirthliche Gebirge vorgeſchritten war, ringsum nirgends eine Labung fanden, erweckte in dem unternehmenden Böhmen den Gedanken einer Speculation. Verſuchsweiſe kaufte er von ſeinem Erſparniſſe ein kleines Fäßchen Branntwein und einen großen Laib Brot, und bot es in den Raſtſtunden feil. Der Erfolg war ſo günſtig, daß ſich Wenzel ſogleich zur größeren Ausdehnung des Handels entſchloß. Es koſtete ihm freilich unſägliche Mühe und Aufopferung. Nach der ſchweren Arbeit des ganzen Tages ging er weit ins nächſte Dorf hinab, ſchleppte dann neue Vorräthe ins Gebirg zurück und verbrachte den Reſt der Nacht auf hartem Strohlager in einem Bretterverſchlage, wo er ſeine Vorräthe verwahrte. Aber der herrlichſte Erfolg belohnte alle Mühe reichlich und ſteigerte die Unternehmungsluſt des Pruditzers endlich bis zu dem Gedanken, an der einſamen Straße ein Wirthshaus zu errichten.

Nachdem er die Sache viele Tage lang von allen Seiten überlegt und berechnet hatte, trug er dem Amte ſeine Bitte vor. Dieſem war es höchſt erwünſcht, in der menſchenleeren Gegend eine Zufluchtsſtätte entſtehen zu ſehen, es gab daher nicht nur ſogleich die Bewilligung, ſondern ſchenkte dem Unternehmer ein Stück Grund und das nöthige Baumaterial und lieh ihm eine hinreichende Summe Geldes. Wenzel ſchritt mit freudigſter Raſtloſigkeit an die Ausführung; er ſelbſt legte überall Hand an, bald ſtand ein niedliches hölzernes Häuschen fertig und die Eröffnung desſelben war für die ganze Gegend ein Freudenfeſt. Hierauf erfüllte der brave Wenzel ein frommes Gelübde und pilgerte nach Mariazell.

Lange kniete er vor dem wunderthätigen Gnadenbilde in heißer Andacht, und in ſein kindliches Dankgebet miſchte ſich die demüthige Bitte um die eine höchſte Gnade, um Reinigung von dem ſchweren Verdachte. Wunder geſtärkt und getroſtet verließ er die Kirche und auf den Stufen des Einganges trat ihm Lori entgegen.

Beide erglühten in wonnevoller Ueberraſchung, betrachteten ſich mit leuchtenden Blicken und ſtanden lange in ſprachloſer Wallung. Endlich flüſterte Lori wie im Traum:

„Seid Ihr nicht der Wenzel Weſſely?"

„Ich bin es, Frau Vogelhuberin," antwortete Wenzel traurig.

„Nennt mich nicht ſo!" rief Lori mit faſt ängſtlicher Ereiferung. „Es kommt viel zu früh! „Ach der unverhoffte Tod des Vaters —"

„Um Gottes willen!" unterbrach ſie Wenzel — „auch der Vater iſt todt, und ich bin nicht gerechtfertigt!"

„Du biſt es, Wenzel, Du biſt von allem Verdachte frei!" tröſtete Lori mit herzlichſter Freude. „Der Vater hat oft um Dich gejammert und Dich in ſeinem letzten Augenblick geſegnet."

„So hat Dich ein Wunder Gottes in dieſem Augenblick zu meinem Troſte geſchickt!" jubelte Wenzel und küßte dem lieben Mädchen dankbar die Hände. „Aber nun erzähle! Wie war es? — war es nicht Michel?"

„Er war es, der Unglückſelige! Er hat Dir dieſen böſen Streich geſpielt, weil er glaubte, daß es, wenn Du fort wärſt, wol ihm gelingen würde, mich und mein Vermögen zu bekommen. Als er aber ſah, daß ich den Vogelhuber heirathen ſollte, fing er an, ſeine fruchtloſe Schandthat zu bereuen, und als er bald darauf ſchwer krank wurde und in der nämlichen Kammer, wo Du geſchlafen haſt, mit allem verſehen wurde, ging er in ſich und geſtand dem Vater, daß er den Geldbeutel mit Hülfe eines falſchen Schlüſſels aus dem Schranke genommen, die Summe, die er Dich für die Haarnadel geben ſehen, herausgenommen und ihn dann in Deine Truhe geſteckt habe. Bald darauf ſtarb er. Mein Vater war untröſtlich über Dein unverdientes Schickſal. Er gab ſich alle Mühe, etwas von Dir zu erfahren, aber ſchon nach wenigen Monaten ſtarb er eines jähen Todes. Dadurch wurde meine Verheirathung hinausgeſchoben und ich wanderte nach Mariazell, weil ſich der Vater her verlobt hat."

„Und wenn Du jetzt nach Haus kommſt, Lori, wirſt Du den Vogelhuber heirathen?" frug Wenzel bang, faßte die Hand des Mädchens und blickte ihr tief in das thränenfeuchte Auge.

„Soll ich es thun, Wenzel?" liſpelte Lori und ſenkte den Blick.

„Wenn Du mich zeitlebens unglücklich machen willſt, Lori, ſo thu' es!"

„Da thu' ich es lieber nicht!" lächelte Lori, und ſie hüpften mit einander die Stufen hinab und wandelten weit auf die Straße hinaus in vertrauteſtem Geplauder.

Hierauf miethete Wenzel einen Wagen und Lori mußte ihm, gern oder ungern, den Gefallen thun, ſein funkelnagelneues Wirthshaus zu beſehen.

Die Gegend gefiel ihr außerordentlich, und in der Junggeſellenwirthſchaft fand ſie eine ſolche Confuſion, daß ſich die gute wirthliche Seele ſchon entſchließen mußte, dem Wenzel der alten Bekanntſchaft wegen ſein Geſchäft ein bischen in Ordnung zu bringen.

Lori hatte ohnehin einen ſehr wichtigen Grund, ihre Heimath zu verlaſſen: denn da ſie entſchloſſen war, dem Vogelhuber einen Korb zu geben, ſo würden daraus zweifelsohne gar mancherlei Unannehmlichkeiten für ſie entſtanden ſein, wenn ſie eine Nachbarin des verabſchiedeten Bräutigams geblieben wäre.

Sie reiſte daher in Wenzel's Geſellſchaft in die Heimath zurück, heirathete zur Freude und zum Aerger verſchiedener Leute den Böhmaken, verkaufte ihre Wirthſchaft und zog auf das hölzerne Wirthshaus, welches aber mit Hülfe ihres Geldes alsbald in ein ſtattliches ſteinernes, von reichen Gründen umgebenes, verwandelt wurde.

Dies alles erzählte mir der wackere Weſſely. Gegen das Ende ſeiner Erzählung war auch Lori zu uns herausgekommen, und die lieben Leutchen bewieſen mir zum Schluſſe ihr Glück mit ſo zärtlichem Gekoſe, daß mir armen Junggeſellen dabei ordentlich bang ums Herz wurde. Hierauf führten ſie mich in meine Schlafkammer und wünſchten mir eine recht gute Nacht. Aber ich hatte eine recht ſchlechte Nacht. In einem fort ſchwebte mir ein wunderſchönes Lorchen vor; ich kämpfte und rang nach einem Küßchen von ihr; aber wenn ich es eben zu erhaſchen und den ſüßen Duft ihrer Roſenlippen zu trinken wähnte, ſo biß mich richtig immer ein ungeheuer häßlicher Fibuzi in die Waden, und das holdſelige Lorchen verwandelte ſich in eine hoffärthige gift- und gallesprühende Unholdin.

Tags darauf begleitete mich Weſſely bis zum Wege in die Aerz.

Als wir auf einem Bergſattel, wo man die Gegend weit umher überblickt, Abſchied nahmen, ſprach Weſſely:

„Nicht wahr, Sie kennen die einförmige Pruditzer Gegend mit den magern Kiefernwäldchen und dem moraſtigen Teiche! Mit dieſem Lande da läßt ſie ſich gewiß gar nicht vergleichen — aber ich kann ſie halt doch nicht vergeſſen! Es iſt halt mein Vaterland, und das vergißt man nie und nirgends, wenn man ein geſundes Herz im Leib hat!"

Die Neujahrsnacht eines Glücklichen *).

In den Nachmittagsſtunden des Sylveſtertages 184— war die Kanzlei des Advokaten *** ganz leer; nur der Kopiſt Friedrich ſaß an ſeinem Tiſche und mundirte eine Klagſchrift. Friedrich war ein ſehr gewandter Schreiber, er hatte noch niemals einen Stempel verderben; heut aber war dies ſehr zu beſorgen, denn er radirte in einer Viertelſtunde mehr als ſonſt in einem Jahre.

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*) Aus: Erzählungen und ein gemiſchter Anhang von F. Schuſelka. [illegible]

Der junge Mann befand ſich in einer ſonderbaren Aufregung. Die Buchſtaben verſchwammen vor ſeinen flimmernden Blicken und ſeine Hand zitterte wie die eines Greiſes. Unzählige Mal ſah er auf die Uhr, rückte in ängſtlicher Ungeduld auf dem Seſſel hin und her, lehnte ſich ſeufzend zurück und blickte verzweifelnd zur Decke hinauf. Von Zeit zu Zeit horchte er in athemloſer Spannung zur Thür hin und ſchüttelte, über die jedesmalige Täuſchung unwillig und verzagt, den Kopf. — Endlich, als es bereits zu dunkeln begann, hörte er draußen die Stimme des Principals. Wie ein Electriſirter fuhr er zuſammen, all ſein Blut wich zum Herzen zurück, das mit hörbarem Pochen an die beklommene Bruſt ſchlug. — „Gott ſei Dank!“ flüſterte er und rieb ſich die Hände, „er kommt, wenn er mich ſieht, wird er ſich doch erinnern!“

„Was Teufel, meine Kanzlei iſt noch offen?“ rief der Advocat im Eintreten, während ſeine Begleiter unter der Thür ſtehen blieben.

Friedrich ſprang auf, verbeugte ſich tiefer als ſonſt und ſprach ſo laut es ſeine Beklemmung geſtattete: „Guten Abend, Herr Doctor!“

„Ah, Sie ſind der Fleißige!“ rief der Doctor lachend. „Iſt was Neues vorgekommen?“

„Nichts, Herr Doctor,“ antwortete Friedrich, und die ungeduldigſte Erwartung drängte ihn zwei Schritte zu dem Principal hin.

„Nun ſo laſſen Sie's für heuer auch ſchon genug ſein!“ ſprach der Advocat mit gnädigem Lächeln und folgte den vorauseilenden Freunden.

Friedrich blieb ſtehen, bleich bis über die Lippen, zitternd bis ins Herz hinein. Es drängte ihn, dem Herrn nachzulaufen, aber an ſeinen Gliedern hing das Blei der Verzagtheit. Plötzlich rief der Advocat von der Treppe herauf: „He, Friedrich, Friedrich!“ — und von neuer Hoffnung belebt, ſtürzte der Kopiſt hinaus und wollte die Stiege hinab.

„Bleiben Sie nur oben!“ — rief ihm der Principal entgegen, „und wenn Sie Zeit und Luſt haben, ſo kommen Sie um zehn Uhr zu einem Silveſterſchmaus.“ — Hiermit verſchwand er.

Friedrich wankte zurück; alles drehte ſich vor ſeinen ſchwindelnden umflorten Blicken. Lange ſtand er in gedankenloſer Beſtürzung, endlich ſchlug er mit beiden Fäuſten in die Luft, warf ſeine Schreiberei zuſammen und eilte fort. —

Alle Leſer, beſonders diejenigen, welche ſelbſt in ähnlichen Lagen geweſen, haben gewiß ſchon errathen, was den armen Kopiſten quälte. Er hatte ſeinen Monatgehalt noch nicht erhalten. Immer pflegte der Advocat pünktlich am Letzten zu zahlen, und heute vergaß er, eben heute, wo Friedrich keinen Pfennig Vorrath mehr beſaß. Er konnte freilich noch auf die Zuſammenkunft beim Abendſchmauſe hoffen, aber da kam das Geld für ſeinen nächſten und ſehnlichſten Wunſch ſchon zu ſpät. Friedrich hätte nämlich ſo gern ein kleines Neujahrsgeſchenk für ſein Weibchen gekauft.

Viele Leſer werden es mit mißbilligendem Staunen vernehmen, daß der arme Tagſchreiber verheirathet iſt. Alle Klugen hatten auch dieſe Heirath einen voreiligen tollen Streich genannt; wie man denn überhaupt nicht ſelten die Meinung äußern hört, armen Leuten ſollte das Heirathen geradezu verboten werden. Aber das wäre ein hartes unmenſchliches Verbot. Gerade für die Armen iſt die Ehe Bedürfniß und Wohlthat, während ſie für die Reichen nur zu oft nichts anderes iſt, als eben ein Genuß mehr. Gerade bei den Armen äußert ſich der Segen der Ehe am kräftigſten und gottgefälligſten, denn die Armen heirathen nicht, um ein Haus zu machen, ein altes Geſchlecht fortzupflanzen, Theilnehmer und Erben des Wohllebens zu haben; die Armen heirathen, um ſich durch liebevollen Mitgenuß die karge Freude zu erhöhen, in edler Aufopferung die Laſt des Leidens tragen zu helfen, der Geſellſchaft arbeitſame Diener und ſich ſelbſt für das kraftloſe Alter dankbare Unterſtützer zu erziehen. Selig preiſe ich daher den Schreiber Friedrich, daß er nach ſeinem mühevollen Tagwerk nicht in ein ödes einſames Kämmerchen treten, daß er nicht allein ſein mußte und ohne Liebe in einer Welt, deren heiligſtes Bedürfniß, deren höchſte Seligkeit eben nur die Liebe iſt. — Ach, wie viele Menſchen ſind an der unglückſeligen liebeleeren Einſamkeit an Leib und Seele zu Grund gegangen!

Friedrich hatte ein liebes gutes Weibchen heimgeführt, ſich eine häusliche Freudenſtätte gegründet und ſeinem Streben eine edlere geheiligte Richtung gegeben. Auch ſeine bürgerliche Stellung war hoffnungsreich. Er hatte zwar nicht ſtudirt, d. h. er konnte nicht durch papierne Zeugniſſe beweiſen, ſo und ſo viele Prüfungen gemacht zu haben, aber er hatte ſich bei glücklicher Anlage durch raſtloſen Fleiß ſo tüchtige Geſchäftskenntniſſe erworben, daß die jungen Herren Doctoren der Kanzlei ſich ſehr häufig zu der Herablaſſung veranlaßt ſahen, von dem Schreiber Auskunft und Belehrung anzunehmen. Der Advocat ſchätzte und belohnte Friedrich's Brauchbarkeit und ſtellte ihm die einträgliche Sollicitatorſtelle in ſichere Ausſicht. Ueberdies war Friedrich's Frauchen eine ſo geſchickte und fleißige Näherin, daß ſie monatlich ein recht artiges Sümmchen zum Hausweſen beiſteuerte. In jüngſter Zeit konnte Friedrich freilich auf dieſe Unterſtützung nur wenig Rechnung machen, dafür hatte ihm aber ſein liebes Weibchen vor drei Monaten einen lebendigen Schatz gebracht, einen ſo friſchen und ſtarken Buben, wie kanzleidunſt-athmende Väter nur ſelten aufzuweiſen haben. — O wie freudig ging der glückliche Vater morgens an die Arbeit, wenn er die liebe Mutter geküßt und das ſchlummernde Söhnchen geſegnet hatte, welche Labung war es für ihn, in den Mußeſtunden mit dem zappelnden Buben herumzutanzen oder ihm das ſpaßigſte Zeug zu erzählen, bis das winzige Männlein, das mit großmächtigen Augen und ſehr klugen Mienen horchte, herzlich zu lachen anfing. Dieſer kleine Erbprinz war nun freilich auch Urſache, daß ſein Vater um allen Geldvorrath gekommen, und nun durch das Verſäumniß des Advocaten an der Erfüllung ſeines zarten Wunſches gehindert war. —

Friedrich entſchloß ſich zu dem ſchweren Schritte, einiges Geld zu erborgen, aber das Schickſal erſparte ihm dieſe Demüthigung; er traf keinen ſeiner Bekannten zu Hauſe und verſank in ſolchen Trübſinn, daß er ſich nicht entſchließen konnte, in dieſer Stimmung nach Haus zu gehen. Erwünſcht war es ihm daher, einer Nachbarin zu begegnen, die eben auf dem Heimweg begriffen war. Durch ſie gab er ſeiner Lori die Nachricht, daß er geladen ſei und erſt nach Mitternacht nach Haus kommen werde, ſie möchte daher ja nicht auf ihn warten, ſondern ſich ruhig ſchlafen legen. —

In der Stadt, wo alle Gewölber mit Herrlichkeiten prangten, die der gute Friedrich gern ſammt und ſonders für ſeine Lieben gekauft hätte, litt es ihn nicht, er eilte ins Freie und lief, mit dem Schickſal hadernd, ſo lang herum, bis es Zeit war, der Einladung des Principals Folge zu leiſten.

Anfangs zwang ſich der arme Friedrich aus pflichtſchuldiger Demuth, die luſtige Geſellſchaft durch kein trauriges Geſicht zu ſtören; bald aber äußerte der goldige Sorgenbrecher auch auf ihn ſeine Zauberwirkung, und er fing an, die Sache vernünftiger, d. i. leichtſinniger zu betrachten. Er philoſophirte alſo: „Ob ich das Geſchenk um einen Tag früher oder ſpäter gebe, das iſt eins. Für die morgigen Auslagen werden wol die Liebfrauenzwanziger, die meine Lori in ihrem Sparbeutelchen hat, ausreichen. Uebermorgen wechsle ich ihr halt wieder andere und meinetwegen gar funkelneue ein und leg' ihr drei als Intereſſen dazu.“

Dieſe Gründe waren an ſich allerdings ſehr triftig und nach jedem Glas Wein erſchienen ſie dem wackeren Kopiſten noch viel triftiger, ſo daß es ihm alsbald nicht mehr den geringſten Seelenkampf koſtete, mit den Luſtigen luſtig zu ſein. Wäre nur noch ſeine Lori neben ihm geſeſſen! Bei jedem guten Biſſen dachte er: „Ach, wenn nur mein Weibchen auch etwas davon haben könnte!“ Da dies aber nun einmal durchaus nicht ſein konnte, und da Friedrich als frommer Ehemann feſt überzeugt war, Mann und Weib ſei ein Leib, ſo ergab er ſich mit rührendem Pflichteifer den Freuden der Tafel. Nur als das Zuckerwerk kam, wurde er jenem eherechtlichen Grundſatz inſofern untreu, daß er mittelſt verſtellten Schnäuzens mehrere ſchöne Stückchen in die Taſche zu practiciren ſuchte, was ihm auch zu ſeiner großen Zufriedenheit und zu noch größerer Beluſtigung der unbemerkt zuſehenden Hausfrau vortrefflich gelang.

Nachdem Alles geſchehen war, was in der Silveſternacht aller Orten zu geſchehen pflegt, brach man auf, um den neuen Lebensabſchnitt auf ähnliche Weiſe, wie der Menſch das Leben überhaupt, zu beginnen, nämlich zuerſt mit einigem Geſchrei und dann mit einem tüchtigen Schlafe.

Als Friedrich der Hausfrau die Hand küßte, liſpelte ihm die Gute zu: „Ich habe Ihnen etwas für Ihre Frau und für Ihren Kleinen in den Mantel geſteckt, geben Sie hübſch Acht darauf!“

Friedrich küßte noch einmal die gütige Hand und empfand einen leiſen Gewiſſensbiß. In ſeiner Manteltaſche fand er ein großes Papier voll Süßigkeiten, und eilte, von heiterſter Erregung beflügelt, ſeiner fernen Wohnung zu.

Als er am Hausthore läutete, beſchlich ihn wieder einiger Unmuth, weil er nicht einmal ſo viel Geld hatte, um den Sperrgroſchen zu zahlen. — „Ich fange das neue Jahr mit Schuldenmachen an, morgen bekommen Sie Ihr Geld, Herr Martin!“ rief er dem Hausmeiſter zu und eilte die Stiege hinan. Leiſe ſchlich er hinauf und zog gleich in der Küche die Stiefeln aus, um ſeine Lieben nicht zu wecken. Dann tappte er nach dem Küchenfeuerzeug, machte Licht und nahm einen Teller herab, um das Zuckergebäck darauf zu ſchichten. Die gute Frau Doctorin hatte eine Auswahl der köſtlichſten Stücke geſpendet, und Friedrich ſegnete ſie dafür in freudigſtem Dankgefühle.

Als das Papier geleert war, bemerkte Friedrich den abgefallenen Zucker über den Teller, da fiel noch ein Papierchen heraus und ſo ſchwer, daß es eine obenauf liegende Apollo-Leier zertrümmerte. Verwundert wickelte Friedrich es auf — und es funkelten ihm drei blanke Ducaten entgegen.

O Gott, was war dies für ein freudenvoller Augenblick und wie ſüß muß die edle Geberin eingeſchlummert ſein mit dem Gedanken an die Freude, die ſie den guten Leuten gemacht.

Man iſt gewohnt, das Geld als den böſen Dämon der Welt zu ſchmähen, aber es wäre nur das Werkzeug unendlichen Segens, wenn es immer und überall edelmüthig verwendet würde. Aber wie oft vergeuden wir eine Summe für Genüſſe, über die wir Thränen der Reue weinen müſſen, und wie hätten mit dieſer Summe mehreren Armen Thränen der Freude entlocken können! O möchten die Reichen und Wohlhabenden ſich zwar von der läſtigen Ceremonie des Glückwünſchens entheben laſſen, nicht aber von der Pflicht, Glück zu verbreiten! Arme Verwandte, Diener und Arbeiter freuen ſich ſo lange auf den Neujahrstag und berechnen ſchon, was ſie alles mit den Geſchenken ausrichten werden; wie bitter muß das Gefühl ſein, dieſe Hoffnungen getäuſcht zu ſehen, wie ſüß dagegen das Bewußtſein edler Wohlthäter, nach Kräften beigetragen zu haben, daß der Neujahrstag ein möglichſt allgemeiner Freudentag ſei!

Friedrich war ganz aufgelöſt in Freude, Dankbarkeit und Andacht, und die Freudenthränen, die er weinte, wurden von dem Engel der Vergeltung geſammelt und werden einſt glänzen als Perlen in der Verklärungskrone der edlen Wohlthäterin.

Friedrich breitete das feine Papierchen, worein die Ducaten gewickelt waren, über das oberſte Zuckerwerk und legte die Goldſtücke neben einander darauf, damit Lori's erſter Blick auf ſie fallen müſſe. Nun horchte er durchs Schlüſſelloch, und da ſich nichts regte, ſchlich er ſachte ins Zimmer. Lori lag halb entkleidet auf dem Bette; der Säugling ſchmiegte ſich in ſüßem Schlummer an ihre Bruſt. Friedrich neigte ſich über die Geliebten und küßte ihren Athem und ſegnete ſie. Dann ſtellte er den Teller auf Lori's Tiſchchen und ſchlich in ſeine Kammer. Da fand er auf ſeinem Schreibtiſche ein niedlich geſticktes Hauskäppchen und ein Blatt mit folgenden, in lächerlich großen und krummen Zügen geſchriebenen Worten:

„Lieber Vater! Die Mutter und der kleine Hans wünſchen Dir ein recht glückſeliges neues Jahr und geben Dir dies Käppchen, damit Du es aufſetzeſt, wenn Du morgens in der kalten Küche für den ganzen Tag das Holz klein ſchneideſt. Das Käppchen hat die Mutter geſtickt, aber der kleine Hans hat ihr geholfen, denn er hat ſie in der Nacht immer aufgeweckt und wach erhalten, daß ſie ſticken konnte, ohne etwas zu verſäumen. Den Brief aber hat der kleine Hans, obwol er noch ein ſo klein winziges Buberl iſt, ganz allein geſchrieben; die Mutter hat ihm blos die Hand geführt.“

Friedrich drückte dieſe lieben Zeilen an das Herz, an die Lippen und wollte hinauseilen, um ſein gutes Lorchen wach zu küſſen. Aber an der Thür lächelte ihm ſchon ihr lauſchendes ſelig glühendes Köpfchen entgegen. Sie hatte nicht geſchlafen; es hatte ihr große Mühe gekoſtet, ſich zu verſtellen, die freudige Wallung zu verbergen.

„Lori, meine Lori!“ rief der glückliche Friedrich, und ſie ſanken ſich in die Arme, umſchlangen ſich feſt und innig und ihre Küſſe verſchmolzen, ihre Freudenthränen mengten ſich, und ſie begannen das neue Jahr mit einer Seligkeit, wie keine größere auf Erden mehr möglich iſt.

Johann Karl Eduard Schwarz,

ordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie, geheimer Kirchenrath und Superintendent zu Jena, wurde zu Halle am 20. Juni 1802 geboren. S. beſuchte zuerſt die Realſchule ſeiner Vaterſtadt, hierauf die lateiniſche Hauptſchule des Waiſenhauſes. Michaelis 1820 begann er ſeine theologiſchen und philologiſchen Studien auf der Univerſität, und ſchon 1825, nach beſtandenem Candidatenexamen, und nachdem er durch Diſputation Doctor der Philoſophie geworden, erhielt er eine Lehrerſtelle am Pädagogium des Kloſters Unſerer Lieben Frauen zu Magdeburg und 1826 die reich dotirte Pfarre zu Altenweddingen. Im Jahr 1829 wurde er als Superintendent und Stadtprediger nach Jena berufen, auch zugleich für die praktiſch-theologiſchen Collegien und zur Unterſtützung Schotts in der Leitung des homiletiſchen Seminars zum Profeſſor und zum Doctor der Theologie ernannt.

Er gab heraus:

Einzelne Predigten. Jena 1831—47.
Predigten und kleinere geiſtliche Amtsreden. 6 Hefte. Jena 1837—1839.

S. zeichnet ſich als Kanzelredner durch blühende, ſchöne Diktion, tiefes Gefühl, Wärme der Empfindung Klarheit und Freiheit im Denken, und lebendigen Eifer für Licht, Wahrheit und Recht, auf das Vortheilhafteſte aus.

Die Stimme des Geiſtes an Martin Luther's Grabe.

Predigt am Sonntage Eſtomihi.

Gnade und Friede von Gott unſerm himmliſchen Vater und unſerm Herrn und Heiland Jeſus Chriſtus. In ihm war das Leben und das Leben iſt erſchienen. Wer an ihn glaubet, der wird leben, ob er gleich ſtürbe. Amen.

Früher als gewöhnlich und auch in ungewöhnlicher Anzahl ſeid Ihr herbeigekommen, a. Z.; in eigenthümlich ſeltner Art iſt unſer Chor, der ſchönſte und erhebendſte Theil unſres Gotteshauſes, ausgeſtattet. Es iſt aber auch ein ſeltnes Feſt, welches wir feiern. Wir haben es nie erlebt noch werden wir es wieder erleben.

In der Nacht auf den achtzehnten dieſes Monats waren es dreihundert Jahre, ſeit ſich die Augen des Mannes ſchloſſen, dem unſre evangeliſche Kirche vor Andern ihr Daſein verdankt. Schon haben wir ſeinen Todestag in einer freieren, der Stimmung und dem Bedürfniß unmittelbar entſprungenen und entſprechenden Weiſe begangen. Jetzt hat uns der Sonntag zu einer umfaſſenderen, mehr geordneten kirchlichen Feier zuſammengeführt. Sollte und konnte jener Tag unter uns durch ſie nicht geweiht werden wie in ſo vielen andern evangeliſchen Gemeinden des großen deutſchen Vaterlandes, ſo war ihre Verlegung auf heute gewiß das Beſte. Sie kann ſelbſt überhaupt als das Angemeſſenere erſcheinen, zumal da uns verſtattet blieb, dort unſerer chriſtlichen Freiheit uns zu gebrauchen und ſo auch dem Tage ſein Recht angedeihen zu laſſen. Denn zu geſchweigen, daß es durch Luther's Sinn und ganze Art kaum unbedingt gefordert wird, die Zahl der eigentlichen Feſt- und Feiertage unter uns um ſeinetwillen auch nur mit einem einzigen zu vermehren, ſo iſt ja heute der zweiundzwanzigſte Februar und das war ſein Begräbnißtag. Der Todte, ſo lange er noch über der Erde ſteht und den Zurückgebliebenen ſeine irdiſche Hülle zeigt, gehört nach allgemein menſchlichem Gefühl gleichſam noch immer dem Leben hienieden. Erſt wenn über ihm die Gruft ſich geſchloſſen und ihn in ihre Behauſung aufgenommen hat, ſcheint er ihm völlig entzogen. So wird es auch wol damals den Tauſenden geweſen ſein, welche die irdiſchen Ueberreſte des unſterblichen Reformators zu ihrer Ruheſtätte geleiteten. In ihrer Mitte, inmitten der trauernden evangeliſchen Schloßkirchen-Gemeinde Wittenbergs finden wir uns heute als Nachkommen und Erben des proteſtantiſchen Geiſtes, deſſen Erſtlinge ſie waren.

Bedarf es dazu einer äußern, augenfälligen Berechtigung und Aufforderung — wir haben ſie vor andern Gemeinden in der proteſtantiſchen Welt. Ihr Alle kennet das treffliche Lutherbild, welches ſonſt zur Seite unſres Altars feſt in der Mauer eingefügt iſt und die übrigen ihn umringenden Geſtalten verdienter evangeliſcher Lehrer verdunkelt. Manche von uns haben, vielleicht in ſehr bedeutenden Stunden ihres Lebens, ihre Blicke wol ſchon ſinnend auf ihm ruhen laſſen. Schwerlich aber kennet Ihr Alle ſeine Geſchichte.

Noch bevor der Leichnam des Reformators in die Stadt geführt ward, wo er nach dem Willen ſeines Fürſten im Tode ruhen ſollte, weil er dort ſo lange im Leben gewirkt hatte zum Segen der Welt, verordnete dieſer *), „damit ſein Begräbniß ehrlich beſtattet werde," ein Denkmal aus Erz mit entſprechender Umſchrift. Sein Wille konnte nur zur Hälfte vollzogen und daſſelbe am Ort ſeiner Beſtimmung wegen der Ungunſt der Zeit nicht aufgeſtellt, ja wahrſcheinlich nur mit Mühe und Gefahr gerettet werden aus den Drangſalen des bald hereinbrechenden verhängnißvollen Krieges. Allein es ward gerettet. Von dem Sohne des hochherzigen Fürſten, dieſes Märtyrers für evangeliſchen Glauben, wurde es ſpäter hierher gewidmet, wo er für das verlorene Wittenberg ſich ſeine Hochſchule gegründet hatte — hieher in dies Gotteshaus, welches für ſie an die Stelle jener Schloßkirche trat. So beſitzen wir denn in Luther's eigentlichem Grabmal ein koſtbares Kleinod, unſerer Stadt lange und vielfach beneidet, und ſehen uns durch ſeine Umſchrift ausdrücklich an die Gruft gewieſen, über welche es urſprünglich beſtimmt war.

Auch haben viele achtbare Glieder unſerer Gemeinde die Bedeutung deſſelben für den heutigen Tag gar wol erkannt. Von ſelbſt kamen ſie auf den beinahe kühnen Gedanken, die eherne Statue ihrer gewöhnlichen Umgebung zu entheben und ihr eine andere, wo möglich noch günſtigere Stelle anzuweiſen. Mit großer aufopfernder Anſtrengung iſt daran gearbeitet worden noch bis in die verwichene Nacht. Und ſiehe da! blank und hell ſtrahlt uns der Glaubensheld vom hohen Sockel mit ſeiner Bibel in der Rechten entgegen und ſchreitet gleichſam feſten Fußes hervor aus der Grotte von zartem Grün und der Fülle duftender Gewächſe, womit eine kunſtfertige Hand ihn mitten im Winter umgab. Dank Allen, die ſich durch Rath und That um ſolches Werk, damit um unſre Feier überhaupt verdient gemacht! Dank ihnen — denn ich bin gewiß, ich ſpreche ſo nur Eure gemeinſamen Gefühle aus — zugleich in Eurem Namen! Sie haben in dem eben ſo ſinnigen als reichem Schmucke nicht bloß ſich, ſondern uns Alle geehrt.

Wenden wir jedoch unſre Augen für's Erſte von dem Bilde und ſeiner Ausſchmückung hinweg und fragen nach einem Worte der Schrift, um welches unſre Empfindungen und Gedanken in dieſer Stunde ſich ſammeln, von dem ſie eine beſtimmtere Richtung empfangen können, ſo iſt uns ein ſolches in den für die Feier verordneten Texten dargeboten. Wir wählen aus ihnen die Stelle:

Offenbarung Johannis XIV, 13.

Und ich hörete eine Stimme vom Himmel zu mir ſagen: Schreibe: ſelig ſind die Todten, die in dem Herrn ſterben von nun an. Ja, der Geiſt ſpricht, daß ſie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit; denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.

Worte des Sehers, bei'm prophetiſchen Hinblick auf die Zukunft der Kirche, auf ihre Kämpfe und Siege vom Geiſte Gottes ihm zugerufen, um ihres reichen und tiefen Inhaltes willen von der Chriſtenheit aller Jahrhunderte beſonders hoch und werth geachtet und auch uns ſammt und ſonders wol bekannt, ſchon deshalb, weil wir ſie faſt immer, wenn Einer aus unſrer Mitte von dieſem Leben abgefordert iſt, hören, entweder nach der Verkündigung ſeines Todes vor verſammelter Gemeinde oder draußen, wo wir ihm an ſeiner Gruft den letzten Dienſt erweiſen.

Jetzt ſtehen wir an einer Gruft — die ſehen wir nicht mit den Augen des Leibes, wir ſehen ſie, jener äußeren Zeichen ungeachtet, nur im Geiſt, darum aber, will's Gott, für unſern inwendigen Menſchen nicht minder klar, für ſeine ganze Stimmung und Verfaſſung ſelbſt erwecklicher als manches Grab, an welchem wir bis hieher ſtanden. Laſſet uns denn ſo auch jene Stimme in ihr

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vernehmen. Sie ſpricht: Er iſt geſtorben in dem Herrn. Darum preiſen wir ihn ſelig. — Er ruhet von ſeiner Arbeit; allein ſein Gedächtniß ſoll für immer im Segen bleiben. — Seine Werke folgen ihm nach. Wir gehören zu ihnen. So wollen wir ihm denn recht nachfolgen und das Gelübde dazu heute einmüthig erneuern. — Der Gott aller Gnade aber gebe zum Wollen das Vollbringen nach ſeinem Wohlgefallen!

I.

Lange bevor es mit dem theuren Manne Gottes zu Ende ging, ja als er kaum ſein ihm wohlgefälliges Werk begonnen hatte, ſchreibt er **), es komme bei der chriſtlichen Bereitung zum Sterben vor Allem darauf an, daß man erſt mit der Welt und den Menſchen den rechten Abſchied mache. Sei dann ſo Jedermann Urlaub auf Erden gegeben, ſo ſolle man ſich allein zu Gott richten, da der Weg des Sterbens ſich auch hinkehre und uns führe. „Hier," fähret er fort, „hebet ſich an die enge Pforte, der ſchmale Steg zum Leben. Deß muß ſich ein Jeglicher fröhlich erwägen, denn er iſt wol ſehr enge, aber er iſt nicht lang." — Und wie an ihm in ſeiner letzten Stunde dies Wort zur vollen That und Wahrheit wurde, zeigt jeder Blick in die darüber aufbehaltenen reichen und köſtlichen Berichte *). Daß wir ausführlicher bei ihnen verweilen könnten hier an heiliger Stätte! Da das nicht möglich iſt, ſo leſet ſie oder laſſet ſie Euch leſen, wenn Ihr es noch nicht gethan! Benutzet dazu heute eine ſtille Nachmittags- oder Abendſtunde! Sehet, wie unſer Luther, noch ehe er auf ſein letztes Krankenlager geworfen wird, ſeine Seele zu Gott richtet im heißen Gebet. Höret ihn, wie er, als er, von der Ahnung des nahenden Todes ergriffen, ſich zur Ruhe begiebt, noch auf der Schwelle ſeiner Kammer ſein „Walt's Gott!" ſpricht und hinzufügt: „In Deine Hände befehle ich meinen Geiſt; Du haſt mich erlöſt, Du treuer Gott!" — Höret, wie er dann, als der Tod ihm an's Herz dringt, dieſe Worte aber und abermals wiederholt; wie er betet: „Himmliſcher Vater, da ich ſchon dieſe Welt verlaſſen und aus dieſem Leben hinweggeriſſen werden muß, ſo weiß ich doch gewiß, daß ich bei Dir ewig bleibe und aus Deinen Händen mich Niemand reißen kann." Darauf fährt er fort: „Alſo hat Gott die Welt geliebt" und „wir haben einen Gott des Heils, einen Herrn Herrn, der vom Tode errettet." Der letzte Hauch aber von ſeinen ſterbenden Lippen iſt ein lautes, Allen vernehmbares „Ja" auf die Frage der in Trauer verſunkenen Freunde, ob er auf Chriſtum und die Lehre, wie er ſie gepredigt, beſtändig ſterben wolle? Höret und vergegenwärtiget Euch dies und Alles, was unmittelbar ſeinem Ende voraufging, gleich den leuchtenden Streifen des Abendrothes an unſeren Bergen der rein wie Gold herabſinkenden Sonne; ſuchet dann den Eindruck davon zuſammenzufaſſen in einen beſtimmten Gedanken, in ein klares, rundes Wort! Was wird es ſein? Kein anderes, als: „Er iſt geſtorben in dem Herrn." Denn er ſtarb in dem feſten, lebendigen Glauben an ihn und in dem freudigen, zuverſichtlichen Bekenntniß zu ihm — zu ihm, deſſen er ſich getröſtete auch in dem Augenblicke des Scheidens. Wenn das, worin da ſeine ganze Seele ſich ſammelte und aufging mit ihrem tiefſten Weſen, nicht ein ſolches Sterben begründet und bekundet, was in aller Welt vermöchte es ſonſt? In der ganzen Offenbarung der heiligen Schrift können wir keine weitere Auskunft darüber finden.

So ſterben konnte er jedoch immer nur, weil er in dem Herrn gelebt, weil Chriſtus in ihm bereits Geſtalt gewonnen und er ſich ſchon lange ihm, durch ihn ſeinem Gott übergeben hatte ganz und gar. Wie groß auch bei ihm die Kraft des Geiſtes, die Stärke des Willens, die Höhe des Muthes und die Entſchiedenheit war, womit er, was er ein Mal wollte, erfaßte und unverrückt feſthielt: mit der glaubensvollen Todesfreudigkeit, wie wir ſie an ihm in ſeinen letzten Augenblicken bewundern, konnte er ſeinen Erlöſer und den Gott des Heiles nimmer umfaſſen, noch wäre er ſo leicht durch die enge Pforte des ewigen Lebens hindurchgedrungen, hätte er nicht die andere **) hinter ſich gehabt, die uns ſchon hier zum wahren Leben führen muß. Denn ohne den entſcheidenden Schritt durch ſie kommt der ewige Gott bei'm letzten Schritt auf unſerer irdiſchen Wallfahrt nicht ſo ſchnell mit ſeiner Kraft und Tröſtung herbei. Wenn er überhaupt kommt, daß wir ihm unſere Seele befehlen, ſo gilt es erſt längeres Rufen und banges Suchen. Ohne den früheren Kampf, darin der alte Menſch erſtirbt, wird uns kaum der ſchwere Seelenkampf in der Todesnoth erlaſſen, wenn ihn auch ein fremdes Auge nicht allezeit wahrnimmt. Ohne die Wiedergeburt aus dem Geiſte im Dieſſeits wird die Geburt zum höheren Daſein im Jenſeits nicht ſo ſchmerzlos und ſicher vollendet. Iſt es zu ihr bei Einem gekommen unter Allen, die ſich je zu Chriſtus bekannten, ſo geſchah es bei Luther. Konnte Einer die freudige Zuverſicht haben, daß ſein Name im Buche des Lebens ſtehe durch die Gnade deſſen, der durch ſeine Kraft mächtig ſein will in dem Schwachen, ſo hat er es gedurft. Er durfte es um ſo mehr, einen je härteren Streit zwiſchen Geiſt und Fleiſch es ihm gekoſtet, einen je deutlicheren Wendepunkt derſelbe in ſeinem Daſein bildet, einen je feſteren Halt er durch den Sieg in ihm zugleich für das Werk ſeines Lebens gewann. Er durfte es, da, wie er ſelbſt es fordert ***), ſein Glaube ſich bewährt hatte als „ein lebendig, geſchäftig, thätig, mächtig Ding, bei dem es unmöglich war, daß er nicht ſollte Gutes wirken. Denn er fragte bei ihm nicht erſt, ob gute Werke zu thun ſeien, ſondern ehe er fragte, hatte er ſie ſchon gethan und war immer im Thun." — „Summa," zeugte daher vor dreihundert Jahren Melanchthon an ſeinem Sarge *), „es war in ihm das Herz treu und ohne Falſch, der Mund freundlich und holdſelig und Alles, was wahrhaftig, was ehrbar, was gerecht, was keuſch, was lieblich iſt und wohllautet“ — alſo des Glaubens Früchte. Und die Frucht wieder von dem Allem, die reife Frucht zugleich von dem tiefen heiligen Ernſt, mit welchem er ſich noch beſonders zu ſeinem Ende rüſtete, ſo daß er ſprechen konnte: „Ich und die Welt ſind leicht zu ſcheiden, wie ein Gaſt, der die Herberge quittiert“ — das war dieſer uns Allen ſo erbauliche und erweckliche Tod. — Er ſtarb in dem Herrn, weil er in ihm gelebt. —

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*) S. d. Beil. I.

**) Sermon von Bereitung zum Sterben, 1519. Walch'ſche Ausg. X. 2090.

*) Walch'ſche Ausg. XXI, Anhang, 278 f.

**) Matth. 7, 14.

***) Vorr. zum Br. a. d. Römer.

Darum preiſen wir ihn ſelig! — Selig, Geliebte, nicht heilig in dem Sinne der römiſchen Kirche, welche Heilige kennt als Vorbilder einer unbedingten und unbefleckten ſittlichen Vollkommenheit, bei ihnen ſogar von überſchüſſigen guten Werken ſpricht, darauf den Glauben baut an ihr Verdienſt und an die Kraft ihrer Fürbitte vor Gott, in Gebet und Verehrung ſich zu ihnen wendet und ſelbſt den Eid bei ihnen fordert oder doch zuläßt. Dies und Alles, was daran nur ſtreift, betrachtete Luther mit Recht als unchriſtliche Abgötterei, wodurch Gott und Chriſto die ihnen gebührende Ehre entzogen und der Segen der Erlöſung verkümmert, ja vernichtet werde. Deshalb leſen wir auch über jenem Bilde, „des Andenkens, nicht der Anbetung wegen“ ſei es unter uns aufgeſtellt, vollkommen in ſeinem Sinn, der, obwol er ſo hoch und höher als viele jener ſogenannten Heiligen ſteht, doch auch der menſchlichen Natur ſeine Schuld bezahlt und ſeines Strebens nach Vollkommenheit, ſeines Wachsthums in der Heiligung ungeachtet manchen Fehl begangen, manche Schwäche mit in die Gruft genommen hat. Aber was ihn auch darin ſo groß macht und hinſtellt als leuchtendes Muſter, das iſt die aufrichtige Demuth, die Beugung, womit er dies auf's Tiefſte erkannte und mit aller ihm eigenthümlichen Offenheit bekannte, die willigſte Verzichtleiſtung auf jedes eigne Verdienſt, mit welcher er ſich in dem Bewußtſein, daß wir „allzumal Sünder ſind und des Ruhmes ermangeln, den wir an Gott haben ſollen,“ lediglich ſeiner Gnade empfahl. Stärker als der Tod kann ſie wie hier, ſo dort „nicht vergeblich“ an ihm geweſen ſein. Sie hat ihn in ihre Hände gezeichnet und ihm zugerufen: „Ei Du frommer und getreuer Knecht — gehe ein zu Deines Herrn Freude!“ „Alſo iſt er,“ um nochmals in den Worten ſeines Melanchthon **) zu reden, „aus ſeinem ſterblichen Leibe als aus einem Kerker ledig worden und in eine andere, gar viel höhere, herrlichere und göttliche Schule gekommen. Da ſchauet er nun vor Augen und erkennet das hohe unergründliche ewige Weſen göttlicher Majeſtät und den ganzen hohen, wunderbaren, zierlichen Rath, dadurch Gott ſeine Kirche im menſchlichen Geſchlecht erſchaffen und erlöſet. Und weil er dieſe über alle Maßen hohe unbegreifliche Sachen, allhie durch Glauben im Wort und kurze Sprüche der göttlichen Schrift vorgelegt und eingehüllt, betrachtet, hat er jetzt unausſprechliche Freude, daß er Solches offenbar vor Augen ſiehet und von ganzem Herzen ohn' Unterlaß Gott danket für dieſe allergrößte Wohlthat.“ — Darum alſo preiſen wir ihn ſelig und dürfen es wol zwiefach heute nach dem Verlauf von ſo langer Zeit. Denn nur „vor Gott ſind tauſend Jahre wie ein Tag:“ nur in ihm, dem „allein Gewaltigen, dem König aller Könige, dem Herrn aller Herren,“ wohnet der Seligkeit höchſte unendliche Fülle. Aus ihrem unergründlichen Born ſchöpfen ja auch die ſeligen Geiſter in immer tieferen Zügen und ſollen, obwol aufgenommen in das Reich des ewigen Lichtes, in ihm doch auch noch „verkläret werden von einer Klarheit zur andern.“

II.

Wir preiſen ihn ſelig, auch „weil er erduldet hat“ und ruhet von ſeiner Arbeit. — Welch' eine Arbeit aber iſt es geweſen! Eine wahre Rieſenarbeit, vor der, was wir in alten Sagen finden von Arbeiten und Kraftanſtrengungen im Kampfe mit Ungeheuern und mit den ungebändigten Gewalten der Natur, als Spielwerk erſcheint und verſchwindet. Da galt es, den Schutt und Unrath zugleich mit manchem ſcheinbar glänzenden und hochſtrebenden Baue hinwegzuräumen, welcher in mehr denn einem vollen Jahrtauſend über dem echten Grunde des Evangeliums ſich aufgethürmt hatte und ihn vor den Augen der Chriſtenheit verdeckte. Es galt, mit ſicherem glaubensmuthigem Schritt zurückzugehen zu dem dort entſpringenden Quell des Heils, mit feſter Hand ihn von den hemmenden Eindämmungen zu befreien, die wilden Waſſer, welche zur Linken und Rechten herbeiſtrömten, zurückzudrängen, ſeinen klaren, tiefen, befruchtenden Strom herabzuleiten in die Gegenwart, ihn nicht blos ihr, nein auch den kommenden Geſchlechtern zugänglich zu machen und die dürren, verſandeten Strecken in dem weiten Gebiete der Kirche in grünende Auen zu verwandeln. Es galt, die Axt einem Baume an die Wurzel zu legen, der, wenn er auch eine Zeit gehabt hatte, wo er ſeine Zweige ſchützend über die Völker breitete, doch nimmermehr allein aus dem Senfkorne wuchs, von dem Erlöſer in den Boden der Menſchheit geworfen, einem Baume, welcher jetzt von Fäulniß ergriffen war bis in ſein innerſtes Mark, aber ſeine weit verſchlungenen Wurzeln noch tief in das Leben der Völker trieb, aus ihm noch viele Nahrung ſog und überdies geſchützt und geſtützt ward von der Macht des weltlichen Armes. Es galt, ein Joch zu zerbrechen, welches von den chriſtlichen Geiſtern lange ſo drückend gefühlt, eine Feſſel zu ſprengen, die mit Unmuth getragen, aber doch eben getragen ward, ſei's, weil ſie ſich dazu die Kraft nicht zutrauten, ſei's, weil die Flammen der Scheiterhaufen und viele fehlgeſchlagene Verſuche ſchreckten, ſei's, weil ſie das Beſſere an der Stelle des Aufzugebenden nicht zu finden wußten. Und allerdings war dies — die neue Ordnung des religiöſen Lebens — es war die Anlage und Pflege der aus dem geſunden Samen des göttlichen Wortes zu ziehenden Pflanzungen und das Weiterbauen, das Zuſammenhalten des neuen Gebäudes bei der Arbeit nicht der geringere, vielmehr der ſchwierigere Theil. Im Vergleich mit ihm war damals wie heute das Niederwerfen, Aufräumen und Hinwegſchaffen bei Weitem eher zu vollbringen.

Luther nun — hat er deshalb die Arbeit geſcheut oder ſich nur mit dem Letztern begnügt, das Erſte Andern überlaſſend? — Iſt er zurückgetreten, weil er ſie nicht gleich von vorn herein neben ſich ſah, um im Bunde mit ihm ſein Werk anzugreifen? Hat er ſich im [illegible], in thörichter Ueberſchätzung der eignen Kraft über die Schwierigkeit ſeiner Aufgabe getäuſcht und ſich dann blind und willenlos von den Umſtänden fortreißen laſſen? Wol ward er weiter geführt, als er anfangs ahnte und wollte. Was er aber ſchon damals wollte — das ſtand — und mehr iſt von keinem Sterblichen zu verlangen — in lichter Klarheit vor ſeiner in dem Läuterungsfeuer gewiſſenhafter Selbſtprüfung von allen zweideutigen Beweggründen gereinigten Seele. Das Weiterführen war Gottes Sache, indem er theils die Gegner mit ſonſt unbegreiflicher Blindheit ſchlug, theils ſeinem auserkorenen Werkzeug immer völliger die Augen öffnete, theils in den Fürſten und Völkern wie in den Freunden und näheren Gehülfen ihm treue Genoſſen erweckte. Aber wie war er, auch als er nicht mehr allein ſtand, ſo viel an ihm lag, allezeit voran, ſtets der Erſte in den Reihen, hoch und weit „das Schwert des Geiſtes“ ſchwingend und mit „dem Schild des Glaubens,“ mit „dem Helm des Heils“ bewehrt, „die Spitze in der Ordnung, ein rechter Wagen und Führer Iſraels“ nach der Seinen eignem bereitwilligen Bekenntniß! Wie wurmte es ihn, wenn er dann und wann ein Mal zurückbleiben muß, in gezwungener Unthätigkeit gefeſſelt? Wie kauft er auch dann die Zeit aus für die Sache des Herrn und glüht von raſtloſem Eifer für ſeine Ehre! Wie feuert er durch ſein ſieghaftes Gottvertrauen und ſeinen unverwüſtlichen Muth die Uebrigen an, wenn ſie bisweilen die Hände ſinken laſſen wollen! Wie kömmt er, auch wenn ihn Gott „gar hart in Zucht und Staupe nahm,“ immer wieder empor und „fähret auf mit Flügeln wie ein Adler,“ alſo das Wort bewährend, von welchem ſein Wappen dort ein ſo ſchönes, bedeutungsvolles Sinnbild iſt: „Des Chriſten Herz auf Roſen geht, ſelbſt wenn es unter'm Kreuze ſteht!“ Wie hat er endlich, gleich den Kindern Iſraels nach der Befreiung aus der babyloniſchen Gefangenſchaft bei ihrem Tempel *), mit der einen Hand an ſeiner Kirche gebaut, während er mit der andern die Waffen führte, und hat das Unkraut auszuraufen geſtrebt, welches, vom Feind zwiſchen den Waizen geſäet, üppig aufſproſſen wollte auf ſeinem Acker, und die böſen Mächte niedergehalten, als ſie hereinbrachen, ihn zu verwüſten, „ohne was ſich bei ihm ſonſt zutrug, nämlich, daß er,“ ein zweiter Paulus **), „täglich angelaufen ward und Sorge trug für die Gemeinden“ in der Nähe und Ferne. Gleich ihm konnte er daher ohne eitle Selbſtüberhebung ſagen ***): „Ich habe mehr gearbeitet denn Alle.“ Kein Wunder, daß er, ungeachtet der als köſtliche Mitgift ihm angeborenen Heiterkeit des Gemüthes, dann und wann, zumal im höheren Alter und bei gebrochener Körperkraft „wie ein Knecht ſich ſehnte nach dem Schatten und wie ein Tagelöhner, daß ſeine Arbeit aus ſei †).“

Er ruhet lange von ihr. — Sanft und ſchnell, wie er ſich es oft erflehet hatte von ſeinem Gott, rief er ihn heim. Drei Jahrhunderte mit ihren welterſchütternden Stürmen ſind über ſeine Gruft dahingezogen: mancher Name, von den Zeitgenoſſen hoch gerühmt und geprieſen, iſt in ihnen verklungen. Nicht alſo —

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*) Walch XXI. Anh. 333.
**) a. a. O. 346.

*) Neh. 4, 17.
**) 2. Cor. 11, 28.
***) S. 33.
†) Hiob 7, 2. Vgl. Briefe de Wette V, 780 f.

dafür iſt geſorgt — der ſeine. Die Gedächtnißfeiern heute und in der verwichenen Woche zeugen dafür. Er darf und wird aber auch nie verklingen; für alle Zeiten wird ſein Gedächtniß in Segen bleiben. Mochte es ſeit Luther's Auftreten bis hierher leider auch unter Deutſchlands Söhnen nie an Solchen fehlen, die, dem Intereſſe des römiſchen Stuhles verkauft oder mit ihm in ſchwankender Geſinnungsloſigkeit buhlend, Luther's Namen beſudelten und ihn in ſeinem wohlverdienten Ruhm unſerem Volke nicht gönnten; wird es an ihnen wol auch auf Veranlaſſung der gegenwärtigen Feier kaum fehlen und haben wir davon bei Gelegenheit der Erinnerung an jene Kirchenverſammlung vielleicht nur ein Vorſpiel gehabt, deren Lug und Trug Luther mit gewohntem Scharfblick noch in ſeinen letzten Tagen durchſchaute: — der Schwan, auf welchen Huß noch vom Holzſtoße herab geweiſſagt haben ſoll, wird vor der unparteiiſchen Geſchichte aus der Fluth, der über ihn ausgegoſſenen Verunglimpfungen auch künftig nur in einer deſto glänzenderen Reinheit hervortauchen. Mag es in der Gegenwart hier und da den Anſchein gewinnen, als werde ſelbſt von manchen Genoſſen unſerer Kirche, in allzu hingenommener Bewunderung für die Urheber einer zweiten Reformation, der Urheber und Träger der erſten, wir ſagen nicht vergeſſen, aber in den Schatten geſtellt: wenn wir an dem geſunden Sinne des evangeliſchen Volkes nicht verzweifeln wollen, ſo müſſen wir darauf vertrauen, daß dies eben mehr die Folge ſei von mangelnder Erkenntniß und einem flüchtigen Rauſche des Augenblicks. Bei unbefangener Prüfung, bei nüchterner, auf Thatſachen ruhender Vergleichung kann ein Luther wahrlich auch hier nur gewinnen, niemals verlieren. Glücklicher Weiſe ſcheinen dies auch die Männer ſelbſt zu empfinden, die ſich berufen halten, in ſeine Arbeit gekommen zu ſein und von dem zu ſchneiden, was er geſäet hat. Daß aber wir jenen geſunden Sinn uns bewahren, dafür bürge uns wiederum jenes Bild, indem es, von ſeinem dunklen Hintergrunde nur heller hervorgehoben, mit erneutem Glanze in die verſammelte Gemeinde hereinſtrahlt. Erſt dann hat es höhere Bedeutung, wenn es das Bild des erſten Reformators in unſern Herzen widerſpiegelt und eine Mahnung wird, ſein Gedächtniß in freier, ungetheilter Anerkennung dankend zu ſegnen und es ſo mit fortzupflanzen von Geſchlecht zu Geſchlecht.

III.

Folgen doch überdies ſeine Werke ihm nach, ſo daß, wer Augen hat zu ſehen, ſich dadurch erweckt fühlen muß, „den Vater im Himmel dafür zu preiſen." Zunächſt zwar meint unſer Text die Nachfolge in ſo fern, als die Werke bei dem, der in dem Herrn ſtirbt, theils ein Zeugniß von dem lebendigen Glauben an ihn ablegen, theils den Gnadenlohn im Jenſeits davon tragen ſollen. In beiderlei Hinſicht haben wir uns ſchon überzeugt, wie wahr dies bei Luther iſt. Deshalb muß es verſtattet ſein, die Stimme des Geiſtes an ſeinem Grabe zugleich von den Werken zu verſtehen, welche uns als geſegnete Frucht ſeiner Arbeit blieben, von den Erfolgen, die ſie uns gelaſſen. Und da, wenn wir auch nur bei dem ganz nahe Liegenden verweilen — wer möchte ſie verkennen! — Schon daß Ihr, lieben Kinder, gleich uns von Jugend auf die heilige Schrift wiſſet, „die Euch unterweiſen kann zur Seligkeit durch den Glauben an Jeſum Chriſtum" — es iſt ſein Werk. Daß Ihr jenen Auszug aus ihr in den Händen, aber auch, gebe es Gott, zum großen Theil ſchon in Kopf und Herzen habt, darin der Kern aller Lehre begriffen iſt, den Katechismus, von welchem der ſo hochbegabte Mann Gottes freilich ſelbſt geſtand, er erwäge ihn alle Tage und bleibe doch immer ſein Schüler, und der ſchon ſo vielen Millionen ein Leitfaden und Führer wurde in die Wahrheiten des Heils — es iſt ſein Werk. Sein Werk ſind die tief empfundenen, aus dem Geiſte Gottes geborenen Geſänge, daran wir uns ſo gern wie faſt an keinen andern aus dem reichen Liederſchatze unſerer Kirche erbauen. An ſeinem Todestage unter Gottes freiem Himmel, heute hier in ſeinem Hauſe haben wir es wieder erfahren. Manches Auge iſt dabei feucht, manches Herz weit geworden in Andacht, beſonders als dort nach Sturm und Unwetter am Schluß die Sonne wieder leuchtend aus dunklem Gewölk hervorbrach. Sein Werk vor Allem iſt die freie Predigt des göttlichen Wortes in vaterländiſcher Zunge, gebaut auf das Buch der Bücher, welches er in ihr auf eine Weiſe wiedergab, daß, hätte er gar Nichts weiter gethan, er uns ein Vermächtniß gelaſſen, ſich ein Denkmal geſtiftet haben würde, dauernder als Erz und Marmor: auf dies Buch, deſſen Sprache noch heute wie ein lebendiger Odem die ganze Sprache unſres Volkes durchweht, in deſſen Ausdruck unſre reinſten und höchſten Anſchauungen von den göttlichen Dingen ſich kleiden. Sein Werk hauptſächlich iſt dieſe einfache und doch ſo erhebende Geſtalt unſres gemeinſamen Gottesdienſtes, dies Recht auf die volle, unverkümmerte Feier des heiligen Mahles, wofür noch ein Jahrhundert vor ihm vergeblich Ströme von Blut gefloſſen waren, dies herzandringende, kräftige Wort, unter welchem wir uns zu ſeinem Genuſſe bereiten, womit wir unſre Neugebornen bei ihrem Eintritt in das Leben weihen und unſre Ehen ſegnen. Kurz: Allem, was wir hier thun in dem Namen des Herrn, iſt mehr oder weniger der Stempel auch ſeines Geiſtes aufgeprägt. Wir müſſen weit gehen, ehe die Spuren deſſelben ſich völlig verlieren.

Dennoch, wie einſeitig, wollten wir darin allein die Frucht ſeiner Arbeit und die ihm nachfolgenden Werke erblicken! Wie beſchränkt, das Weſen der Reformation und ihrer Wirkungen überhaupt in einzelnen Lehren und Sätzen, in Formeln und Formen zu ſuchen! So bedeutend ſie ſein mögen — ſie berühren es erſt, aber ſind es noch nicht. Das Weſen iſt und bleibt: im Gegenſatz zu der im Lauf der Jahrhunderte entſtandenen, Himmel und Erde umſpannenden, für unfehlbar ausgegebenen Geiſtlichkeitskirche und Prieſterherrſchaft, Zurückweiſung und Verwerfung derſelben und die Macht der Ueberzeugung, daß ſie ſo, nach ihrer vorgeblich göttlichen Berechtigung, auf Irrthum und Wahn beruht, von ihm bei ihren hierarchiſchen Anſprüchen geleitet wird und der weltbeherrſchenden Abſicht deſſen widerſtreitet, „deß Reich nicht ſein ſollte von dieſer Welt." Daher das glaubensmuthige Zurückgreifen auf ſein Evangelium; daher die Forderung, daß jeder Chriſtenmenſch auf Grund der Schrift wiſſen müſſe, wie er zu ihm ſtehe, dem einigen Haupt ſeiner Gemeinde, durch ihn zu Gott, der „die Welt in ihm mit ſich ſelber verſöhnte;" zugleich aber die Gewißheit, daß Jeder, wer die Forderung erfüllt und ſich mit dem Vater im Sohne durch den Geiſt der Gnade vereinigt, ſein Kind und Erbe ſei, mithin frei werde von der Knechtſchaft der Sünde wie der Menſchenſatzung und in ſolcher Freiheit „Leben finde und volle Genüge." Dieſe Ueberzeugung, aufgenommen in den Sinn und Geiſt der Menſchen und mit ihrem gemeinſamen Glaubensbewußtſein verwachſen, wurde, ähnlich wie bei der Einführung des Chriſtenthums in die Welt überhaupt, der Hebel, um die Welt des ſechzehnten Jahrhunderts aus ihren früheren Fugen zu heben und theilweis auf eine andere Stelle zu rücken. Der die wahre Unterlage für ihn ſuchte und fand, der den Hebel ſo zu ſagen hineinſtieß in den rechten Punkt, mitten hinein in das Herz unſres Volkes, der, nachdem er denſelben getroffen, ſein Lebelang daran gehoben hat mit gewaltiger Wucht und ihn doch vor dem Bruche bewahrte — der arme Bergmannsſohn iſt es geweſen. Von ihm iſt eine Umwandelung in dem Einzelnen und der Geſammtheit, in dem kirchlichen, häuslichen, bürgerlichen, geſelligen und wiſſenſchaftlichen, mit einem Wort, in dem ganzen geiſtigen Leben ausgegangen, welche durchaus unabweisbar iſt. Unter ihrem Einfluſſe ſtehen wir im Grunde jeden Augenblick; ſie hat auch über die Grenzen der proteſtantiſchen Welt hinaus und in die Tiefen der geſammten Menſchheit eingegriffen. Rief ſie ſchon bisher aus ihnen Erſcheinungen hervor, welche kein Sterblicher zu ahnen vermochte, ſo wird ſie in dem Strom der Geſchichte ihre Wellen treiben eine um die andere bis an das Ende der Tage. Seit Chriſti und der Apoſtel Zeit iſt Keiner, dem größere, umfangreichere, ſegensvollere Werke gefolgt wären, als unſerm Luther.

Ich ſage unſer Luther! — Er iſt es und ſoll es bleiben. Wir, wir ſelbſt gehören mit zu den Werken, welche ihm gefolgt ſind; ohne ihn wäre geradezu Keiner von uns das, was er geworden iſt als evangeliſcher Chriſt. Wohlan, ſo laſſet uns auch Alle dahin ſehen, daß wir es recht ſind und ganz! Laſſet ihm uns frei folgen mit aller Klarheit des Geiſtes, mit aller Kraft der Seele, mit aller Freudigkeit des Herzens, im Glauben an die Wahrheit, welche von Gott iſt und im Trachten nach ihrer vollen Verwirklichung. Nicht als ob wir auf ſeine Worte ſchwören ſollten wie auf ein zweites Evangelium. Das würde am meiſten ſeinem Sinn widerſtreben. Aber Geiſt und Kraft des Evangeliums, welche aus ſeinen Worten und Werken athmen und vermöge deren wir auch an ihnen das Bleibende von dem Vergänglichen, den ewigen Gehalt von der zeitlichen Geſtalt, die Schaale von dem unzerſtörbaren Kerne ſcheiden — ſie ſollen wir nach ſeinen Grundſätzen uns aneignen und in Saft und Blut verwandeln. Nichts Anderes hat er gewollt. Es iſt genug: werth, ein Leben, wie das ſeine und mehr daran zu ſetzen. Auch nicht, als ob wir durch ihn uns Chriſtum verdunkeln laſſen dürften, der uns allein das höchſte Vorbild ließ, „damit wir nachwandeln möchten ſeinen Fußtapfen." Bei der leiſeſten Zumuthung der Art würde Luther's Schatten zürnend unter uns treten und uns zurufen: „Ich kenne Euch nicht!" — Und damit heute auch jede Andeutung darauf vermieden würde, ſollte jenes Denkmal weder vor noch auf unſerm Altare ſtehen, wie günſtig ſonſt immerhin ſolche Stelle geweſen ſein möchte. Es ſollte das viel einfachere und unſcheinbare, aber unendlich bedeutſamere Zeichen des gekreuzigten Weltheilandes auf ihm weder verdecken noch überſchatten. Dagegen ſoll es gerade in ſeiner gegenwärtigen Stellung uns aufrufen, daß wir — gleich Luther — Chriſtum durch den Glauben in uns „Geſtalt gewinnen, wohnen und von ihm uns erfüllen laſſen mit allerlei Gottesfülle, durch die Liebe aber eingewurzelt und gegründet werden *)," ein Jeder nach der Gabe, die ihm gegeben, nach dem Maaße, das ihm verliehen, nach der Stelle, welche ihm im Leben angewieſen iſt. Nur dann ſind wir ebenbürtige Kinder der Reformation, geiſtig „gezeugt in Chriſto durch das Evangelium **)," welches von ihrem erſten Vorkämpfer wieder hervorgezogen und auf den Leuchter gehoben ward, „damit es leuchte Allen, die im Hauſe ſind." Nur dann lebt er ſelbſt ein unſterbliches Leben in uns fort. Wie vor dreihundert Jahren an ſeinem Todestage ſeinen Geburtstag für eine höhere Welt, ſo feiert er dann den letztern nach dreihundert Jahren in und durch uns und iſt bei uns geblieben in ewiger geiſtiger Gemeinſchaft.

Fürwahr! — wenn dafür Alle mit uns ſorgten, die in dieſen Tagen ſein Gedächtniß erneuern; wenn die laute, eindringliche Hinweiſung auf ihn in unſerer Kirche über ſeinem Grabe dazu alle Gemüther befeuerte, alle Herzen erweckte, alle Beſtrebungen vereinigte — o! weit höher und herrlicher noch würde ſie dann als ſein Werk daſtehen in dieſer für ſie nach ſo manchen Seiten hin trüben und kummervollen Zeit! Wie viel unnöthig, ſogar wol unter Berufung auf Luther's Namen Zerriſſenes würde alsdann geheilt, wie viel Schwaches befeſtigt und geſtärkt, wie viel Nebenwerk als ſolches erkannt und gewürdigt, wie mancher Flecken getilgt und wie mancher unglückſelige Zwieſpalt für immer geſchlichtet werden! Wie feſt würde ſie bewahren das „Eine, was Noth thut," halten und „ihre Krone ſich nicht nehmen laſſen!" Wie ſicher ſich weiter bauen auf dem Grunde, „außer dem kein anderer gelegt werden kann!" „Auch der Hölle Pforten mögen ihn nicht überwältigen!" Ja, wie voll freudiger Hoffnung könnten wir dann zugleich ſein, daß, ob auch Keiner von uns eine Todtenfeier zu erwarten hat, nur entfernt der heutigen vergleichbar, doch, wenn der Gott des Heiles uns ruft, es ſei bald oder ſpät, wir auch da noch unſerem Luther nachfolgen werden in „die Gemeinde der vollendeten Gerechten, in die Stadt des lebendigen Gottes, in das Jeruſalem, das droben iſt *)," während die Stimme des Geiſtes an unſerer Gruft erſchallet als ein Zeugniß des Geiſtes der Wahrheit: „Selig die Todten, die in dem Herrn ſterben. Sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit; denn ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach!" — Amen!

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*) Gal. 4, 19. Eph. 3, 17. 19.
**) 1. Cor. 4, 15.

*) Ebr. 12, 22.

Karl Joſeph Simrock

wurde am 28. Aug. 1802 in Bonn geboren. Seine Schulbildung erhielt er auf dem Lycée, einer ſehr mangelhaften Anſtalt, welche in Frankreich, zu dem damals ſeine Vaterſtadt gehörte, die Gymnaſien erſetzt. Im Jahr 1818 ſtudirte S. auf der damals zu Bonn geſtifteten Univerſität die Rechte und ſetzte dieſes Studium 1822 in Berlin unter Savigny's Leitung fort. Im Jahr 1823 trat er daſelbſt in den preußiſchen Staatsdienſt als Auſcultator und ward 1826 Referendar zu Berlin, 1830 wurde er plötzlich aus dem preußiſchen Staatsdienſt entlaſſen, weil er ein Gedicht auf die dreifarbige Fahne veröffentlicht hatte. S. lebt ſeitdem in Bonn als Privatgelehrter.

Seine Schriften ſind:

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Der arme Heinrich von Hartmann von Aue, nebſt der Sage von Amicus und Amelius und verwandten Gedichten des Ueberſetzers. Berlin 1830.
Bibliothek der Novellen, Mährchen und Sagen. Mit Echtermeyer und L. Henſchel. Berlin 1831—32. IV.; enth.: Quellen des Shakſpeare, und Novellen der Italiener.
Gedichte Walthers von der Vogelweide. Mit W. Wackernagel. II. Berlin 1833.
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Salomon und Morolf, Gregorius auf dem Stein u. ſ. w. Berlin 1839.
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Das kleine Heldenbuch. Walther und Hildegunde. Alphart. Der hörnerne Siegfried. Der Roſengarten. Das Hildebrandslied. Ortnit. (Des Heldenbuchs dritter Band.) Stuttg. 1844. — Das Heldenbuch 4. Band. — Das Amelungenlied. 1. Thl. Stuttg. 1845.
Die Legende von den heiligen drei Königen. Volksbuch. Neu herausgegeben von u. ſ. w. Frankf. a. M. 1845.
Dr. Johannes Fauſt. Puppenſpiel. Frankf. a. M. 1846.
Das Heldenbuch. 5. Bd. — Das Amelungenlied. 2. Thl. Stuttg. 1846.
Der gute Gerhard von Köln. Erzählung (in Verſen). Frankfurt a. M. 1847.
Viele einzelne Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Einfachheit, Innigkeit, lebendige abgerundete Darſtellung und große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form ſind dieſem höchſt talentvollen Dichter eigen, der ſich vorzüglich an den Meiſtern deutſcher Poeſie des Mittelalters herausgebildet und durch die treffliche, eben ſo glückliche als zeitgemäße Bearbeitung vieler Werke derſelben mit Recht allgemeine Anerkennung gefunden hat. Am Eigenthümlichſten und nicht minder glücklich zeigt er ſich in ſeinen, rheiniſche Sagenſtoffe behandelnden, Romanzen und Balladen.

Stavoren.

Im Süderſee Stavoren, wer hat die Stadt geſchaut?
Mit Thürmen und mit Thoren gar ſtolz iſt ſie gebaut.
Paläſte ſiehſt Du ragen noch heut ſo hoch als eh,
Doch Alles hat verſchlungen die unermeßliche See.

Wenn alle Winde ſchweigen, der Kahn Dich ruhig wiegt,
Der Schiffer wird Dir zeigen, wo ſie begraben liegt.
Du blickſt auf Markt und Straßen, doch öde, menſchenleer,
Und wenn die Glocken tönen, ſo ſtreicht ein Hecht zwiſchenher.

Vor Zeiten zu Stavoren war Pracht und Ueberfluß,
Da ſchwelgte man in Freuden und ſann nur auf Genuß,
Da mußten Galionen durch alle Meere gehn,
Mit den Schätzen fremder Zonen Stavorens Kinder zu verſehn.

Verwöhnte Kinder freilich, das Glück war allzuhold,
Den Hausflur und die Thüren beſchlugen ſie mit Gold,
Gepflaſtert mit Dukaten war Hof und Speiſeſaal,
Mit blanken Laubthalern die Weg und Stege zumal.

Wie ſich die Schätze häuften, ſo wuchs der Uebermuth,
Als wär der Himmel käuflich für eitel Geld und Gut.
Und als das Maaß erfüllt war, da gingen ſie zu Grund,
Die erſt das Meer bereichert, die ſchlang das Meer in den Schlund.

Vor allen in Stavoren war eine Jungfrau reich,
Ihr Name ging verloren, kein König kam ihr gleich;
Doch herriſch und vermeſſen war ihr bethörter Sinn,
Sie hatte Gott vergeſſen und dachte nichts als Gewinn.

Zu ihrem Schiffmeiſter ſprach einſt die ſtolze Maid:
Auf, lichte Du die Anker, zwölf Monden haſt Du Zeit;
Doch kehrſt Du nach Stavoren, ſo ſei Dein Schiff beſchwert
Mit dem Edelſten und Beſten, das rings der Erdball gewährt.

Da ſprach der alte Meiſter, er war ein weiſer Mann:
„Ich bringe, was Du heiſcheſt, nur zeig es näher an;
Des Edeln und des Guten iſt auf der Welt ſo viel,
Was Dich das Beſte dünket, das Edelſte, ſchafft Dir mein Kiel,

„Wofern Dein Mund es ausſpricht. Iſt's Korn oder Wein?
Iſt's Bernſtein oder Seide, Gold oder Spezerein?
Sind's Perlen, ſind's Smaragden? Es koſtet Dich ein Wort,
Das Schiff mir zu befrachten mit der Erde köſtlichſtem Hort.“

Sie ſprach: „Du mußt es rathen, Du giltſt doch ſonſt für klug,
Wer meinen Dienſt erwählte, dem ſei ein Wink genug.
Nun laß das läſt'ge Fragen; bei meinem Zorn, in's Meer!
Das Edelſte, das Beſte gebracht, ich ſage nicht mehr.“

Da mußt' er wol gehorchen; unſchlüſſig fuhr er ab,
Der Frau Geheiß erwägend, das viel zu denken gab.
Er kannte wol der Herrin hochmüthig ſtrengen Sinn:
Wie er ihr nun genüge, darüber ſann er her und hin.

Am Ende dacht' er alſo: Ich kauf' ihr Weizen ein:
Was möcht' auf Erden edler, was möchte beſſer ſein?
Man hält in hohen Ehren das herrliche Korn,
Niemand kann es entbehren: ſo meid' ich wol ihren Zorn.

Da ſteuert er gen Danzig und lud zu gutem Kauf
Polniſchen Getreides zehntauſend Laſten auf;
Es war der beſte Weizen, den je die Erde trug:
Wer des genoſſen hätte, dem gab er Kräfte genug.

Da ließ er ſeine Segel die Winde blähn und war
Im Hafen von Stavoren noch vor dem halben Jahr.
So ſchritt er vor die Herrin, die noch bei Tafel ſaß,
Mit Blicken der Befremdung von Haupt zu Füßen ihn maß.

„Wie,“ rief die Uebermüthige, „Schiffmeiſter, ſchon zurück?
Und wär Dein Schiff ein Vogel, den Vogel hieß' ich flück:
Dich wähnt ich an Guineas goldreichem Strand;
Was haſt Du nun geladen? ſag an, ich bin doch geſpannt.“

Da ſprach der Seemann zögernd, er hörte wol, der Wind
Sei ſeiner Fahrt zuwider, doch faßt' er ſich geſchwind:
„Den beſten Weizen führ' ich, Gebieterin, dir her,
Kein beſſrer iſt zu finden ſo weit die Länder kühlt das Meer.“

Sie ſprach: „Was muß ich hören? das hätt' ich nicht gedacht!
Elenden Weizen, woraus man Semmel macht?
Den wagſt Du mir zu bringen? Es wird Dein Ernſt nicht ſein;
Das Edelſte, das Beſte, gebot ich, handle mir ein.“

Da ſprach der Greis: „So elend iſt doch was Brot giebt, nicht,
Da man zu Gott alltäglich um Brot die Bitte ſpricht.“
„Wie ich's verachte,“ rief ſie, „beweiſ' ich Dir ſofort:
Von welcher Seite nahmſt Du die ſchnöden Körner an Bord?“ —

„Das Schiff iſt von der rechten geladen,“ ſprach er. — „Gut,
So wirf mir von der linken den Weizen in die Flut.
Die ganze Ladung, hörſt Du? das muß ſogleich geſchehn:
Ich werde ſelber kommen, ob Du gehorcheſt, zu ſehn.“

Der Schiffmann ging, doch that er nicht wie die Frau ihn hieß,
Weil ihr Gebot ſo gräulich wider Gott verſtieß.
Er rief die Armen alle, die Hungernden, herbei,
Ob nicht durch ſolchen Anblick das harte Herz zu rühren ſei?

Sie kam und fragte: „Haſt Du gethan, wie ich befahl?“ —
Da fallen ihr zu Füßen die Armen allzumal:
„Laß uns den Weizen,“ flehn ſie, „eh ihn das Meer verſchlingt,
Daß wir den Hunger ſtillen!“ Sie aber weigert's unbedingt,

Und winkt ihren Knechten und läßt erbarmungslos
Die Gottesgabe ſenken in tiefer Fluten Schoß;
Die Menge mußt es ſchauen, die ſtumm die Hände rang.
Da rief der alte Schiffer, der ſich nicht länger bezwang,

Laut rief er's vor dem Volke der Frau in's Angeſicht:
„Nein, wahrlich, ungeahndet bleibt dieſe Bosheit nicht.
Wenn noch das Gute lohnet, das Böſe ſtraft ein Gott,
So wird einſt ſchwer gerochen an Euch der frevelnde Spott.

„Es wird ein Tag erſcheinen, wo Ihr die Körner gern,
Die edeln, von den Straßen aufläſet, Korn um Korn,
Den Hunger nur zu ſtillen; doch Niemand gönnt Euch ſie.“
Sie ſprach mit Hohngelächter: „Mein Freund, der Tag erſcheinet nie.

„Stavorens reichſter Erbin gebräch's an Brote je?
Sieh dieſen Ring, den goldnen, ich werf ihn in die See:
Wenn ich den wiederſchaue, ſo mag auch das geſchehn.“
Sie ſollt am ſelben Abend den Ring erſchrocken wiederſehn:

Der Koch hatt' ihn gefunden in eines Fiſches Bauch.
Eh ſie ſich niederlegte, kam ihr die Botſchaft auch
Die Flotte ſei geſtrandet, die ſie nach Morgenland —
Und ſo erging's der andern, die ſie zum Abend geſandt.

Die Türken und die Mohren auch ſchadeten ihr viel,
Die wider ſie verſchworen; ein reiches Kaufhaus fiel,
Das zog ſie mit hinunter; und ſo kam Poſt auf Poſt —
Kein Jahr verging, ſo litt ſie ſchon Noth durch Hunger und Froſt.

Sie ging von Thür zu Thüren und heiſcht' ein Stückchen Brod;
So ſchrecklich ward erfüllet, was ihr der Greis gedroht.
Von Niemand betrauert, von Vielen arg verhöhnt,
Auf Stroh hat ſie endlich das arme Leben verſöhnt.

Fort ſchwelgte noch Stavoren in ſündlich eitler Pracht,
Denn Reichthum ward auf Schiffen noch täglich eingebracht;
Das Beiſpiel warnte Niemand: da wuchs der Buße Saat
Der ganzen Stadt erſchrecklich aus jener Jungfrau Frevelthat.

Wo ſie den edeln Weizen in's Meer verſenken ließ,
Da hob ſich eine Sandbank, die Frauenſand man hieß.
Darauf entwächſt den Wellen ein Kraut, das kennt man nicht,
Es gleicht dem Weizen völlig, nur daß der Aehre Korn gebricht.

Noch ſtieg die Sandbank höher und höher aus dem Meer:
Geſperrt war der Hafen, kein Schiff befuhr ihn mehr.
Da war des Reichthums Quelle der Schwelgerſtadt verſiegt;
Sie ſchwelgten fort, von Leichtſinn in ſüßen Schlummer gewiegt.

Da zog man eines Tages Hering und Butt hervor
Aus dem Schöpfbrunnen und in der Nacht erkor
Der See ſich andre Bahnen, ein wilder Waſſerſchwall
Verſchlang, die Deiche brechend, Stavorens Markt und Straßen all.

Im Süderſee Stavoren, wer hat die Stadt geſchaut?
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Paläſte ſiehſt Du ragen noch heut ſo hoch als eh,
Doch Alles hat beſchlagen die unermeßliche See.

Der Schwanenritter.

Die junge Gräfin weinte vom Kleverlande,
Der ſie beſchützen ſollte warf ſie in Bande,
Der Dienſtmann will der Herrin Verlobter ſein,
Und kommt ihr nicht ein Kämpfer, ſie muß den Falſchen frein.

Kein Kämpfer wollt ihr kommen mit dem Verwegnen,
Sie ſcheuen ſich gewaffnet ihm zu begegnen.
Er ſchnellt das Schwert ſo kräftig und ſchießt den Schaft,
Ohnmächtig zuckt die Achſeln des Landes Ritterſchaft.

Zum Himmel ruft die Gräfin und fleht ſich heiſer:
„Laß Dich die Noth erbarmen, o Himmelskaiſer,
Du biſt nicht unerbittlich, wie Menſchen ſind,
Dich rührt ein Herz voll Jammer, ein hartbedrängtes Kind.“

An ihrem Roſenkranze hing eine Schelle,
Und ſchlug ſie ſich die Brüſte, ſo klang ſie helle,
Und raufte ſie im Leide das ſchöne Haar,
So klang das kleine Glöcklein und tönte wunderbar.

Und klang es in der Nähe nur leiſe, leiſe,
Durch alle Fernen drang es in Donnersweiſe,
Wol über tauſend Meilen vernahm den Schall
Wo er dem Grale dienete, der König Parcival.

Da mußten die Templeiſen in Sorgen leben,
Die Erde ſchien im Grunde dem Ton zu beben,
Der ſchlanke Thurm erzittert, die Mauer kracht,
Und Thor und Thüren raſſeln von des Geläutes Macht.

„Und wieder ſtürmt die Glocke, die Haare ſträuben,
Es will uns gar die Ohren der Klang betäuben:
Wohin iſt unſer Frieden, der Nächte Schlaf?
Was haben wir begangen, daß Gottes Zorn uns traf?

„Was er gebiete, laßt uns den Gral befragen,
Das wird an ſeinem Rande die Inſchrift ſagen.“
Da war es klar zu leſen am Kelchesrand:
„Der Jungfrau ſei vom Grale der Kämpfer ausgeſandt.

„Das Abenteuer ziemet dem Königsſohne,
Ihm iſt die Magd beſchieden und ihre Krone;
Doch berg er ſein Geheimniß in tiefer Bruſt,
So ſoll auch ſie nicht fragen, die Neugier ſtraft Verluſt.“

Der Jüngling hört es freudig und will's vollbringen,
Schon denkt er in den Stegreif den Fuß zu ſchwingen:
Da kommt herbeigeſchwommen ein Silberſchwan,
Und zieht an goldner Kette ein kleines Schiff heran.

„Bringt mir zurück, ihr Knappen, das Roß zur Krippe!
Mich führt wol dieſer Bogen vorbei der Klippe,
Vorbei dem Wellenſtrudel an's ſchöne Ziel.“
So trat er in die Barke, dem Blick entſchwand der Kiel.

Nun war indeß zu Kleve der Tag erſchienen,
Vom Söller ſah die Gräfin mit Trauermienen.
Der falſche Dienſtmann ſpottet: „Du lockſt ihn nicht
Mit Seufzen und mit Weinen herbei, der für Dich ficht.

„Die Seufzer, die Du ſchickteſt, entführten Winde,
Die Thränen trug die Welle dahin geſchwinde;
So werden Deine Boten in aller Welt,
Die Menge gafft und ſtaunet, und nicht erſcheint der Held.“

Da hörte man ein Singen wie Flötenſtimmen,
Und auf dem Waſſer ſchien es einher zu ſchwimmen,
Das Ohr berauſchten Wonnen, das Aug' erſchrickt
Ungläubig vor dem Wunder, das es doch klar erblickt.

Vom Singeſchwan gezogen die kleine Barke,
Da ſchläft auf ſeinem Schilde der Jugendſtarke,
Schon naht ſie dem Geſtade, ſie hält und gleich
An ſchöner Augen Schimmer erwacht er freudenreich:

„Du biſt's, Du allen Wünſchen zum Ziel geſchaffen,
Dich ſoll ich mir gewinnen im Schmuck der Waffen,
Für Dich das Kampfſpiel wagen iſt Heldenluſt,
Den Feind für Dich zu ſchlagen, wie ſchwellt mir doch die Bruſt!

„Schön ſah ich Dich im Traume, doch gleicher fließen
Die Locken, vollere Strahlen die Augen ſchießen,
Ein ſel'ger Lächeln ſpielet um Wang und Mund,
Verehrer lädt die Lippe zu Kuß und Minnebund.“

So neigt' er ſich der Schönen und gab dem Schwane
Das Zeichen heimzuſchwimmen mit ſeinem Kahne:
Der trieb ſchon lange wieder den Rhein hinab,
Sein engelweiß Gefieder noch fernen Schimmer gab.

„Wol auf, wer mir die Jungfrau will abgewinnen!
Der muß beherzter fechten und heißer minnen.“
Da kam der falſche Dienſtmann, im Streit bewährt,
Sein Wuchs hat Rieſenlänge und ſchrecklich tönt ſein Schwert.

Und wie der Kampf entbrannte, die Funken ſtoben,
Des zarten Jünglings Kühnheit muß Jeder loben;
Zwar ſcheint er jetzt erlegen, doch wieder klingt
Sein Stahl und trifft den Gegner, daß rothes Blut entſpringt.

So ſchwankten hin und wieder des Kampfs Geſchicke,
Doch immer kühner ſtrahlen des Fürſten Blicke.
Verwegen zuckt er jetzo das Schwert und taucht
In des Feindes Bruſt die Spitze, der keinen Beicht'ger braucht.

Frohlockend ſchaut die Menge den Sieg gelungen,
Den Heldenwürd'gen preiſen viel tauſend Zungen,
Der Gräfin liegt zu Füßen der Königsſohn:
Die zieht ihn an die Lippen und beut ihm ſüßern Lohn.

„Herr gönne mir zu freien, mir ſoll's genügen,
Und laß mich Deinem Fuße den Goldſchuh fügen:
Hier ſtehen Deine Mannen, es braucht ein Wort,
So ſind wir Braut und Bräutigam verbunden hier und dort.“

Das Wort iſt gern gegeben ſo liebem Freier,
Beginne denn, beginne die Hochzeitfeier!
Girrt zärtlicher ihr Flöten, Drommeten rauſcht
Und überſchallt die Küſſe, die dort ein Pärchen tauſcht.

„Um Eins muß ich Dich bitten, Du meine Minne,
Damit uns ſtets ſo ſelig das Leben rinne:
Uns webt ein zarter Faden den Liebesbund,
Ein wunderbar Geheimniß verſiegelt mir den Mund.

„Du ſollſt der Stunden Süße genießend ſchlürfen,
Woher der Schwan mich brachte nicht forſchen dürfen.
Ich kann Dir nichts verweigern; doch brich es nie,
Denn ach, wir ſind geſchieden, die Frage, thuſt Du ſie.“ —

„Woher Du kamſt, was kümmert es mich zu wiſſen?
Wirſt dieſer Arme Schranken Du nicht entriſſen,
Darf ich dem Morgen fröhlich entgegenſchaun,
Wie früg ich wol nach Beſſerm! Da kennſt Du nicht die Frauen.“

Er kannte nicht die Frauen, daß er vertraute,
Auf loſen Sand der Dünen ſein Haus erbaute,
Es däucht ihn unzerſtörlich, er wohnte drin,
Daß es zuſammenbräche, es kam ihm nicht in Sinn.

Bald wuchſen in dem Hauſe drei Heldenſöhne,
Wie weidete ſein Auge der Knaben Schöne!
Sein Schwert gab er dem einen, den Edelſtein
Dem andern, gab dem dritten ſein Horn von Elfenbein.

„Du haſt ſie ausgeſtattet mit reichen Gaben,
An dieſe Schätze knüpft ſich das Glück der Knaben,
Es kann ihm nie gebrechen, der ſie bewahrt,
Dem Eigner iſt die Fülle des Reichthums aufgeſpart.

„Doch Eins gebricht, das haben des Dienſtmanns Kinder,
Und die von Bauern ſtammen ſogar nicht minder;
Des Vaters Namen erbet ſein jung Geſchlecht,
Der Sohn des Vaters Ehre, ſonſt gilt er nicht für echt.“

„Laß ab, Du willſt die Zarten zu früh verwaiſen,
Zu früh aus Deinen Armen mich hinnen weiſen.
Woher Du zielſt, empfind' ich nur allzugut,
O rede nicht, mir ſchaudern im Tiefſten Herz und Muth.“ —

„So ſoll des Vaters Herkunft der Sohn nicht kennen!
Das Volk wird ihn verwerfen und Baſtard nennen:
Den Kleinen thu's zu Liebe und ſprich einmal;
Vergieb, vergieb der Mutter, ihr bleibt nicht andre Wahl.“

„Es iſt geſchehen! Eilet herbei, Ihr Mannen!
O wär das Wort vermieden! Ich muß von hannen.
Nun ſollt Ihr Alles hören: mich, Lohengrin
Hat her der Gral geſendet, zum Glücke, wie es ſchien.

„Das Glück iſt zerbrochen, mich ruft der Vater,
Parcival der König, des Grals Berather:
Einſt hätten unſre Söhne ſein Reich geerbt,
Die Frage, die uns ſcheidet, die hat auch ſie verderbt.

„Euch muß ich ſie befehlen, die holden Kleinen,
Und laßt nicht ungetröſtet die Mutter weinen;
Drei Kleinode bleiben den drei'n zurück,
So lang ſie die bewahren, bewahren ſie das Glück.“

Da kam der Schwan geſchwommen auf blauer Welle,
Noch einmal klang das Glöcklein wie Silber helle;
Der Gräfin rief's den Gatten nicht wieder her:
Er iſt hinweg gefahren, ſie ſah ihn nimmer mehr.

Siegfried und Brunhilde.

Aus Wittich Wielands Sohn.

Wir ritten eine Strecke, dann hielt der Meiſter gut.
Nicht länger mocht' er bergen den Groll in ſeinem Muth:
Er wandte ſich zu Heimen und ſprach: „Womit erweiſt
Dein Mund nun, daß Du älter als ich und Herbegen ſeiſt?

„Es geht Dir an die Ehre, wenn Du es nicht beweiſeſt."
„Der Beweis iſt überflüſſig, wie Du ſogleich erfährſt,"
Sprach Heime dem Jungen, „doch reit' Dein Roß nur zu,
Wir traben ſachte weiter, ſo meld' ich Alles in Ruh.

„Du warſt noch ungeboren, als ich das Weltlicht ſah;
Nach meines Vaters Stuten Studas hieß ich da.
Nichts lieberes wußt' auf Erden mein Vater Abelger,
Von den Fohlen, die ſie warfen, kam all der Reichthum ihm her. —

Viel iſt in deutſchen Zungen von Brunhild der Maid
Geſagt und geſungen, wie kühn ſie war im Streit.
Sie ging von Haupt zu Füßen gehüllt in blanken Stahl:
Da kührte ſie Odin in ſeiner Schildmädchen Zahl.

Walkürien reiten bewehrt durch Luft und Meer,
Auf kühnen Wolkenroſſen ſtürmen ſie einher.
Licht ſtrahlt von ihren Speeren und Funken ſprühen aus Nacht,
Wenn ſie die Helden kieſen, die blut'gen Opfer der Schlacht.

Von den Mähnen ihrer Roſſe befruchtend träufelt Thau,
Doch oft zerſchmettern Schloßen die Hoffnung der Au:
So weben ſie Geſchicke und ihre Spule rauſcht
Verborgen jedem Blicke, von keinem Ohr noch belauſcht.

Wer aber Odins Mädchen im Grimm der Schlacht gefällt,
Dem küßt ſie die Wangen und ſchön erliegt der Held.
Sie führt ihn zur Walhalla zu hoher Väter Schooß,
Sie reicht mit holdem Gruße den Meth im Becher ihm dar.

Als Odin Brunhilden zur Kriegsnorne kor,
Da that ſie es an Kühnheit den Schweſtern all zuvor.
Sie fuhr unerſättlich von Krieg daher zu Krieg
Und Königreiche zitterten, wenn ſie das Schlachtroß beſtieg.

Ihr ſtand am Frieſenmeere die Burg, die Segard hieß,
Wo ſie auf fetten Marſchen ihre Stuten weiden ließ,
Die wie die Vögel flogen, vater- und mutterhalb
Aus edelm Stamm gezogen, weiß, grau, braun oder falb,

Doch ſtets von einer Farbe. Da ſah man auch die Zucht
Der munteren Fohlen graſen, berühmter Roſſe Frucht,
Dazwiſchen muth'ge Hengſte, beides ſchön und groß,
Zu Allem abgerichtet, ſchnell wie der Habicht im Stoß.

Brunhildens Stuten pflegte mein Vater Abelger,
Mit Roſſen umzugehen verſtand kein Mann wie er. —
Als einen Hengſt beſchreiten wollte die ſtolze Maid,
Eh ſie für König Gunther der kühne Siegfried gefreit.

Das ſchuf meinem Vater herrlichen Gewinn;
Er hatte ſo gedungen mit der Königinn:
Was männlichen Geſchlechtes von ihren Stuten fiel,
Das ſollt' ihm angehören. Brunhilden däucht' es nicht viel;

Doch konnt' es ihm genügen, er ward ein reicher Mann.
Hei! was er Tonnen Goldes für manchen Hengſt gewann!
Ein ganzer Hort alleine kam in der Frieſen Land
Durch Brunhilds Lieblingsſtute, die Hila wurde genannt.

Der erſte von den Hengſten, der ihr von Odins Roß,
Dem achtfüßigen Sleipnir auf Segard entſproß,
Denn oft beſuchte Hedur, die ſchlachtenfrohe Magd,
War Grani der wilde: der wurde Mimen zugeſagt

Für Hafner, ſeinen Bruder. Ihr höret von dem Schmied,
Der Siegfried den ſchnellen in den Wald beſchied,
Wo brütend über Schätzen der gift'ge Drache lag:
Da gewann der Held den Grani und den Hort mit einem Schlag. —

— — — — — — — — — — — — —

In meinen erſten Tagen hört' ich von Roſſen nur,
Von Stuten und von Fohlen, das war mir Muttermilch:
Noch lief umher der Knabe im groben Röckchen von Zwilch,
Da war mein erſtes Lallen: Gebt mir ein Pferd, ein Pferd!
Doch erſt nach manchen Jahren ward mir der Wunſch gewährt.
Ein Heupferd unterdeſſen zum Spiele gab man mir,
Wie ſie im Graſe hüpfen; doch an dem winzigen Thier

Hatt' ich meine Freude: es ſprang, ich ſprang ihm nach
In Sätzen, glücklich war es, daß mir kein Bein zerbrach.
Und zu Brunhildens Küche hüpfte mein grünes Roß;
Ich ritt ihm nachzuhüpfen durch all den lärmenden Troß.

Da war es unter'm Herde verſchwunden auf ein Mal;
Doch hört' ich es noch zirpen. Nun blieb mir keine Wahl:
Ich nahm ein langes Eiſen, das auf dem Boden lag,
Mit dem der Küchenjunge das Feuer zu ſchüren pflag.

Und ſcharrte meine Grille damit aus dem Verſteck.
Doch wie ich wieder aufſtand, da ſtieß ich, welch ein Schreck!
Zwei Töpfe um, die Brühe floß weithin durch das Haus.
Da begann der Koch zu zürnen, zum Schlage holt' er ſchon aus.

Als plötzlich durch ein Wunder ſeine Rache ſich verſchob:
Er konnte mich nicht treffen die Hand, die ſich erhob.
Das Wunder hatte Odin gewirkt, der ſtarke Gott,
Brunhilden zu beſtrafen für ihren frevelnden Spott.

Helmgunther hieß ein König, dem Odin Sieg verhieß,
Und Agnar ein Andrer, den lang das Kriegsglück mied.
Doch jetzo half ihm Brunhild wider Odins Macht,
Helmgunther fiel bezwungen und Agnar ſiegt' in der Schlacht.

Das ließ nicht ungerochen Odin an ſeiner Magd,
Dem er Sieg verheißen, daß ſie dem Sieg verſagt.
Da ſollte ſie nicht länger Walküre ſein:
Das Loos ward ihr beſchieden, das allen Frauen gemein,

Eines Mannes Bett zu theilen und ſein Gebot zu thun.
Sie ſprach: „Du magſt gebieten; doch hier gelob' ich nun,
Mich Keinem zu vermählen, der Furcht empfinden kann,
Ja lieber wollt' ich ſterben, als daß er würde mein Mann."

Da ſtieß ihr Allvater den Schlafdorn in's Haupt.
In voller Waffenrüſtung ſank ſie machtberaubt
Dahin zu tiefem Schlafe. Und Alles ſchlief mit ihr,
Es ſchlief was Odem hatte auf Segard, Menſch oder Thier.

Die Küh' im Stalle bogen die Knie und nickten ein,
Die Jagdhunde ſtreckten ſich auf ihre Nagebein,
Die Tauben auf den Zinnen, die Fliegen an der Wand,
Die hatten alle Sinne zu ſüßem Schlummer gewandt.

Da ward es in der Küchen auch ſtill um mich her,
Das Feuer auf dem Herde flackerte nicht mehr,
Der Bratenwender ſtockte, der Braten hört' am Spieß
Zu brutzeln auf, die Rache der Koch vergeſſen ließ,

Die mich zerbläuen ſollte; ich ſelber lag und ſchlief:
Der uns befallen hatte, der Schlaf war feſt und tief.
Die Zeit ſtand ſtill auf Segard, der Tag war wie die Nacht,
Der Morgen wie der Abend, ſie wurden ſchlafend verbracht.

Doch draußen gingen Wochen dahin und Monde gar,
Aus Monden wurden Jahre, wir ſchliefen immerdar.
Und Niemand konnt' uns wecken: dazu gehörte Muth,
Denn um das Schloß geſchlagen war eine wabernde Gluth,

Die auf und nieder wallte und Niemand ließ heran.
Doch Allvater hatte den Ausſpruch gethan:
Wer durch das Feuer ritte zu Brunhildens Saal
Und ihr den Harniſch löſ', der ſei ihr Herr und Gemahl.

Viel Königsſöhne kamen dahin von Zeit zu Zeit,
Die alle freien wollten die königliche Maid;
Doch als ſie Segard ſahen von Waberlohe umloht,
Da ſcheuten ihre Pferde und Mancher fiel in den Tod.

Odins Zauberfeuer beſting die Veſte dicht,
Doch um die Marſtälle draußen brannt' es nicht,
Noch wo mein Vater wohnte; auch fiel er nicht in Schlaf.
Wol war es ihm empfindlich als mein Verluſt ihn betraf.

Da ward aus ſeinem Stalle Grani, Sleipners Sproß,
Verkauft an Hafners Bruder, das windſchnelle Roß;
Von dem empfing es Siegfried, als er den Schmied erſchlug:
Davon iſt viel geſungen, ich übergeh es mit Fug.

Noch zornig aus der Schmiede ritt der Degen gut,
Er verhing dem Roſſe Zügel und Zaum im wilden Muth,
Es durfte mit ihm rennen, wohin es ihm gefiel:
Da war die liebe Heimath ſeines Laufes erſtes Ziel.

Es trug den Unverzagten Brunhildens Burg ſo nah,
Daß er das Zauberfeuer um Segard wehen ſah
Und auf dem Thurme bewegungslos das Königsbanner ſtehn.
Der Drachentödter konnte der Vögel Stimmen verſtehn.

Da klang es in den Lüften wie Nachtigallenſchlag:
„Nun lodert fünfzig Jahre die Gluth und einen Tag,
Daß ſie löſcht, iſt nahe. Wer zu Brunhildens Saal
Durch Waberlohe reitet, der wird ihr Herr und Gemahl.“

Der theure Degen hörte, was ihm der Vogel ſang;
Doch wie er durch die Flammen den wilden Grani ſprang,
Da war es eine Schildburg, bedachet von Sonnenſchein:
Die Schilde ſchoben willig ſich auf und ließen ihn ein.

Da fand er in der Veſte die allertiefſte Ruh,
Die Sonne ſchien vom Himmel, doch Alles ſchlief noch zu.
Die braunen Jagdhunde ſchnauften im Traum,
Die Schlagtauben hatten das Köpfchen unter dem Flaum

Des Flügels verborgen, und als er kam ins Haus,
Da ſtreckte noch die Rechte der Koch nach mir aus,
Noch ſaß die Magd, als rupfe ſie an dem ſchwarzen Huhn,
Noch ſchien der Küchenjunge die ſchwere Arbeit zu thun.

Und in den Kammern neigten die Häupter ſchlummerſchwer
Der Truchſeß und die Schenken und der Diener zahllos Heer.
Die Fliegen an den Wänden ſchliefen ſüßen Schlaf,
Und wie er weiter eilte ſchlief Alles feſt, was er traf.

Und ringsum blieb es ſtille, kein Lüftchen regte ſich,
Er hörte ſeinen Athem: das däucht' ihn wunderlich.
Nun kam er zu dem Saale: da ſchlief im Waffenkleid
Ein Mann ſo voll gerüſtet als käm er eben vom Streit.

Dem band er von dem Haupte den Helm: da war's ein Weib;
Wie angewachſen ſchloß der Stahl dem ſchönen Leib,
Ihn aufzuſchlitzen wagt' er mit klugem Schwerterſchwung:
Vom Haupt bis ganz hernieder und an den Arm entlang

Zerſchnitt der Held die Rüſtung und ritzte nicht die Haut;
Dann ſchält' er aus dem Eiſen die wonnigliche Braut.
Sie war ſo ſchön geſchaffen, o Wunder, Glied für Glied:
Da mußte ſie erwachen mit einem Kuſſe Siegfried.

Der Kuß war eingegangen, ſie ſchlug die Augen auf,
Mit Staunen lehnte Siegfried auf ſeines Schwertes Knauf.
Er ſah die blauen Augen und ſenkte Blick in Blick,
Sie frug: „Das Odin ſagte, hat ſich erfüllt das Geſchick?

„Kam hieher der kühne Siegfried, Siegmunds Sohn?
Liegt in der Grube der Wurm der Haide ſchon?
Durch Wabergluth zu reiten, wer hatte ſonſt die Macht?“
Er ſprach: „Der iſt ein Welſung, der beides Werk hat vollbracht.“

Da erhob ſich von dem Pfühle die ſchöne Königin
Und ſchritt an Siegfrieds Seite durch die Gemächer hin.
Der Truchſeß und die Schenken, der Diener zahllos Heer
Erſtanden aus dem Schlafe und Leben ward um ſie her.

Da regten wiederkäuend die Kühe ſich im Stall,
Die Jagdhunde ſprangen empor mit lautem Schall.
Die Fliegen von den Wänden ſummten durch den Raum,
Die Taube zog das Köpfchen hervor aus wärmendem Flaum.

Die Magd rupfte weiter an ihrem ſchwarzen Huhn,
Der Küchenjunge eilte die Arbeit zu thun,
Das Feuer flammte wieder, ſo ward an ſeinem Ort
Der Bratenwender munter, der Braten bruzelte fort.

Doch auch der Küchenmeiſter, der vor dem Herde lag,
Erſtand in ſeinem Zorne und gab mir einen Schlag.
Da hub ich an zu weinen und lief aus dem Haus;
Doch vergaß ich nicht des Heupferds, das nahm ich mit mir hinaus.

Schluchzend und heulend kam ich vor das Thor
Zu meines Vaters Wohnung. Der ſprang erſtaunt hervor:
War ich es, der Knabe, der ihm entlaufen iſt!
Nun hat er fünfzig Winter den kleinen Studas vermißt.

Die Mutter ſagt', ich wär' es, kaum möcht' Zweifel ſein:
„Und biſt Du's, ſo bewähr' es: wo warſt Du, ſag' uns fein.“ —
„Ich war in Brunhilds Küche, da ſchlug mich der Koch,
Weil ich mein Heimchen hielte; ich aber hielt es mir doch.“ —

„Hat Dich der Koch geſchlagen? das räch' ich, wart', er ſoll“ —
Da liefen aus dem Schloſſe die Leute freudenvoll.
Er frug: „Was iſt geſchehen, daß Ihr ſo ſtrömt und tobt?“
Da hieß es: „Brunhild wurde dem kühnen Siegfried verlobt.“

Kaum wollten ihn erkennen die Leute, die er frug,
Denn er war alt geworden, doch glich er Zug um Zug
„Dem Schaffner Brunhildens, der bei den Ställen wohnt.“
Die waren jung geblieben, von all den Furchen verſchont,

Die das Alter gerne in Stirn' und Wange gräbt.
Er ſprach: „Jetzt wird mir deutlich, welch' Wunder wir erlebt:
Die in der Veſte ſchliefen, ich hielt Euch all' für todt,
Und freute mich der Jugend, daß ich nicht theilte die Noth.

„Hätt' ich nun mitgeſchlafen! ſo wär' ich jung wie Ihr.
Doch tröſtet mich der Knabe, der mit dem Heimchen hier:
Zu Brunhilds Küche läuft er ihm nach vor manchem Jahr;
Er ſoll nun Heimchen heißen, der Springinsfeld, immerdar.“

Nicht länger hieß ich Studas; mir war es anfangs leid;
Doch aus dem Heimchen wurde ein Heime mit der Zeit:
Da ließ ich mir's gefallen, der Name ſagt' mir zu.
Hab' ich Dir nun bewieſen, daß ich älter bin als Du?“ —

Siegfried und Genovefa.

1.

Hohenſimmern hieß die Veſte,
Wo der Pfalzgraf Siegfried ſaß,
Der im Schwarm erlauchter Gäſte
Genovefens nicht vergaß.
Lebt er jetzt des Wirthes Pflichten,
Dünkt das volle Haus ihn leer:
Wol, er konnte ſie verrichten,
Sie entbehren, das iſt ſchwer.

Doch erträglich ſind die Tage,
Wären nur die Nächte nicht,
Denn ihm naht zu arger Plage
Immer Nachts ein Traumgeſicht.
Heute von der Flügelſchlange
Ward ſein liebſtes Lieb bedroht,
Hülfe, Hülfe! rief ſie bange —
Niemand half ihr in der Noth.

Dieſen ſchweren Traum am Morgen
Sagt' er Golo, ſeinem Rath:
„Glaube mir, ich bin in Sorgen
Um die übereilte That.
Selber ſchein' ich mir der Drache,
Der das ſchöne Weib verdarb;
Nie verhört' ich ihre Sache:
Wehe, wenn ſie ſchuldlos ſtarb!“

Golo ſprach mit falſchem Munde:
„Deuten kann ich Euren Traum.
Aus dem Worte ſpricht die Kunde
Und dem Zweifel bleibt nicht Raum;
Drago hieß, der Sie verführte,
Drago der verruchte Koch
Er empfing, was ihm gebührte,
Pfalzgraf, und Ihr zweifelt noch?“

Tages läßt er ſich bethören,
Aber wahrhaft iſt die Nacht,
Wieder muß ein Traum ihn ſtören,
Der ihm angſt und bange macht;
Hunde hetzt das Jagdgeſinde
Und das krumme Hifthorn ſchallt,
Einer fleckenloſen Hinde
Folgt der Graf durch Buſch und Wald.

„Weiß iſt dieſes Wild geweſen,
Weiß wie ſtets die Unſchuld iſt,
Doch ich hatt' es mir erleſen,
Ließ zur Flucht ihm keine Friſt.
Als mein Pfeil es wund geſchlagen,
Daß der rothe Schweiß entrann,
Gleich als wollt' es mich verklagen,
Blickt' es klug und fromm mich an."

Golo ſprach, der Hochverräther:
„Möglich, daß der Traum nicht äfft,
Wenn Ihr früher oder ſpäter
Eine weiße Hinde trefft.
Nicht ſo ſelten ſind die weißen,
Fleckenloſe giebt's genug;
Doch was will ihr Blicken heißen?
Alle blicken fromm und klug."

2.

„Auf, die Brocken macht genoſſen,
Ueberkröpft die Falken nicht,
Weckt die fürſtlichen Genoſſen,
Heut erfüllt ſich mein Geſicht.
Seht, der Erde braune Rinde
Fußhoch hat der Schnee bedeckt:
Nicht entgeht mir jetzt die Hinde,
Die ſo ſchnell die Läufe ſtreckt."

„Heute könnt Ihr ſie nicht ſchauen,
Die dem Schnee an Weiße gleicht:
Wollt Ihr meinem Rathe trauen,
Harrt Ihr lieber, bis er weicht."
Aber ſchon auf wildem Hengſte
Stürmt der Pfalzgraf über Feld;
Den Verräther faſſen Aengſte
Als es rings von Hörnern gellt.

Mancher Falke ſtieg und ſchweimte,
Müde lief ſich manches Roß,
Golo ſelbſt, der Abgefeimte,
Viel des edeln Wildes ſchoß.

Hunde hetzt das Jagdgeſinde,
Weil das krumme Hifthorn ſchallt,
Einer fleckenloſen Hinde
Folgt der Graf durch Buſch und Wald.

Flüchtig iſt ſie, mit den langen
Läufen wirft ſie Schnee empor,
Roß und Reiter ſie zu fangen
Setzen über Stein und Moor;
Doch ſie läßt ſich nicht erreichen;
Endlich ſchärft ſein Pfeil ſie wund,
Aber noch mit blut'gen Weichen
Birgt ſie ſich im Waldesgrund.

Siegfried folgt, die Luſt zu büßen,
Sieh, da liegt das zahme Wild
Einer ſchönen Frau zu Füßen,
Die der Wunde Fluß ihm ſtillt.
Und die Frau umſpielt ein Knabe,
Wie die Mutter ſchön und bleich:
Lang entbehrten jeder Labe
Genovefa, Schmerzenreich.

Bloß ſind dieſe edeln Glieder,
Wallen auch von Haupt zu Fuß
Goldne Locken reichlich nieder,
Schreckt ſie doch des Fremden Gruß:
„Mußt mir erſt den Mantel reichen,
Wenn ich mit Dir reden ſoll."
Lange weilt' er bei der Bleichen,
Und ward aller Freuden voll.

Frau und Knabe ſind die Seinen,
Die der Hinde Milch ernährt:
Simmern wird vor Freude weinen,
Wenn er mit den Lieben kehrt.
Jauchzend hörten alle Gäſte
Welch' ein Wunder Gott erlaubte,
Und vom hohen Thor der Veſte
Blickte Golos blut'ges Haupt.

Johann Gottfried Sommer

ward 1782 in dem Dorfe Leuben bei Dresden geboren, wo ſeine Aeltern als unbemittelte Landleute lebten. Bis zu ſeinem 14. Jahre beſuchte er die Dorfſchule, erhielt Unterricht in der Muſik und bei dem Pfarrer im Lateiniſchen und Franzöſiſchen. Nach beendigter Schulzeit wurde er Lehrer eines benachbarten kleinen Dorfes und benutzte die Freiſtunden, unterſtützt durch die Bibliotheken einiger Geiſtlichen, zu ſeiner wiſſenſchaftlichen Ausbildung. Um jedoch weitere Beförderung im Schulfache erlangen zu können, begab er ſich nach Dresden, genoß hier mehrere Jahre Dinter's Unterricht, ſtudirte für ſich ſelbſt Mathematik, Geographie, Geſchichte und neuere Sprachen und erhielt darauf eine kleine Lehrerſtelle in Dresden. Nach mehreren fehlgeſchlagenen Verſuchen, eine beſſere Anſtellung zu erhalten, gab er 1806 ſeine Stelle auf und wendete ſich nach den öſtreichiſchen Staaten. In Prag angekommen, ertheilte er Privatunterricht und wurde Hauslehrer in mehreren Familien; ſpäter wendete er ſich nach Horowitz, ging jedoch bald nach Prag zurück, wo er 1816 als Profeſſor der wiſſenſchaftlichen Lehrgegenſtände am Conſervatorium der Muſik angeſtellt wurde. Als jedoch 1831 der Verwaltungsausſchuß des böhmiſchen Muſeums ihm den Antrag ſtellte, die Bearbeitung einer ausführlichen Topographie Böhmens zu übernehmen, legte er ſeine Lehrerſtelle am Conſervatorium nieder, um dieſem Auftrag entſprechen zu können.

Er verfaßte:

Taſchenbuch zur Verbreitung geographiſcher Kenntniſſe. 18. Jahrg., Prag 1823 fgde. 23 Jahrgänge.
Gemälde der phyſiſchen Welt. Bd. 1. u. 2., 3. Aufl., Prag 1834—40. u. B. 3—6., 2. Aufl., 1829—31.
Für Schütz's „Allgemeine Erdkunde" lieferte er das „Neueſte Gemälde von Aſien." (4 Bde., Wien 1829—30) und das „Neueſte Gemälde von Amerika." 4 Bde., Wien 1831—33.)
Das Königreich Böhmen, ſtatiſtiſch und geographiſch dargeſtellt. (Bd. 1—7., Prag 1833 fgde., unter Mitwirkung des Geognoſten Zippe. 16 Bde.
Verdeutſchungs-Wörterbuch. 5. Aufl., Prag 1830.
Lehrbuch der Erd- und Staatenkunde. Abtheil. 1—3., Prag 1833 fgde.
Teplitz und ſeine Umgebungen. Darmſtadt und Wiesbaden 1832.

S. hat durch ſeine eben ſo umſichtig als gediegen gehaltenen geographiſchen Arbeiten ſehr viel dazu beigetragen, ein lebhafteres Intereſſe für dieſe Wiſſenſchaft anzuregen und derſelben eine geiſtvollere Behandlung zu Theil werden zu laſſen.

Karl Johann Philipp Spitta

ward am 1. Auguſt 1801 in Hannover geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, ſtudirte dann in Göttingen von 1821—1824 Theologie, wurde darauf Hauslehrer, bekleidete ſpäter mehrere Pfarrvicariate und ſeit 1837 das Pfarramt zu Wechold bei Hoya.

Von ihm erſchien:

Pſalter und Harfe. Leipzig 1833. 11. ſtereotypirte Aufl. Leipzig 1842.
Pſalter und Harfe. Zweite Sammlung. Leipzig 1843.

Unter den religiöſen, proteſtantiſchen Lyrikern der Gegenwart nimmt Spitta eine hochgeachtete Stellung ein; Klarheit, Innigkeit und ſeltener Wohlklang ſind ſeinen Liedern eigen.

Geduld.

Es zieht ein ſtiller Engel
Durch dieſes Erdenland,
Zum Troſt für Erdenmängel
Hat ihn der Herr geſandt.
In ſeinem Blick iſt Frieden
Und milde, ſanfte Huld,
O folg' ihm ſtets hienieden,
Dem Engel der Geduld!

Er führet Dich immer treulich
Durch alles Erdenleid,
Und redet ſo erfreulich
Von einer ſchönern Zeit.
Denn willſt Du ganz verzagen,
Hat er doch guten Muth;
Er hilft das Kreuz Dir tragen,
Und macht noch Alles gut.

Er macht zu linder Wehmuth
Den herbſten Seelenſchmerz,
Und taucht in ſtille Demuth
Das ungeſtüme Herz.
Er macht die finſtre Stunde
Allmählich wieder hell,
Er heilet jede Wunde
Gewiß, wenn auch nicht ſchnell.

Er zürnt nicht Deinen Thränen,
Wenn er Dich tröſten will;
Er tadelt nicht Dein Sehnen,
Nur macht er's fromm und ſtill.
Und wenn im Sturmestoben
Du murrend fragſt: warum?
So deutet er nach oben,
Mild lächelnd, aber ſtumm.

Er hat für jede Frage
Nicht Antwort gleich bereit,
Sein Wahlſpruch heißt: ertrage,
Die Ruhſtatt iſt nicht weit!
So geht er Dir zur Seite,
Und redet gar nicht viel,
Und denkt nur in die Weite,
An's ſchöne, große Ziel.

Adolph Wilhelm Theodor Stahr

ward am 22. Oct. 1805 zu Prenzlow in der Ukermark geboren. Seine erſte Bildung leitete ſein Vater, der Prediger war, ſpäter beſuchte er das Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt und 1825 bezog er die Univerſität zu Halle, wo er ſich den philologiſchen Wiſſenſchaften widmete. Gegen Ende des Jahres 1826 wurde er als Hülfslehrer am königlichen Pädagogium angeſtellt. Durch die Beantwortung der von der philoſophiſchen Facultät geſtellten Preisaufgabe „De Aristotelis tragoediae definitione“ gewann er den erſten Preis, erwarb ſich im Herbſt 1828 den philoſophiſchen Doctorgrad und ward als ordentlicher Lehrer am Pädagogium zu Halle angeſtellt. Im Jahr 1836 folgte S. dem Rufe als Conrector an das Gymnaſium zu Oldenburg; mußte aber ſpäter ſeiner geſchwächten Geſundheit wegen dieſe Stellung aufgeben und bereiſte Italien, von wo er vor Kurzem wieder heimgekehrt iſt.

Er ſchrieb:

Ariſtotelia. 2 Bde., Halle 1830—32.
Ariſtoteles bei den Römern. Leipzig 1834.
Ariſtoteliſche „Politik.“ Bis jetzt 3 Lieferungen, Leipzig 1836—38.
Bericht über den am 28. Oct. 1839 gegründeten literariſch-geſelligen Verein zu Oldenburg. Oldenburg 1840.
Erſter Jahresbericht des literariſch-geſelligen Vereins zu Oldenburg. Ebend. 1840. Fernere Berichte. 1841 folg.
Goethe's Iphigenia auf Tauris in ihrer erſten Geſtalt. Mit einer einleitenden Abhandlung. Oldenburg 1840.
Merck, Joh. Heinr., ausgewählte Schriften. Ein Denkmal von A. Stahr. Oldenburg 1840.
Theodor von Kobbe. Ein Denkſtein. Oldenburg 1845.
Ueber Goethe's Fauſt. (Gemeinſchaftlich mit J. Moſen.) Oldenburg 1845.
Oldenburgiſche Theaterſchau. Oldenb. 1845. 2 Bde.
Kleinere Abhandlungen, Aufſätze in Zeitſchriften u. ſ. w.

Ein eben ſo gründlicher wie geiſtreicher und ſcharfſinniger Kritiker, voll Begeiſterung für Wahrheit und Schönheit, der ſich binnen wenigen Jahren allgemeine Anerkennung und einen ſehr geachteten Namen in der literäriſchen Welt erworben hat.

Guſtav Adolph Harald Stenzel,

preußiſcher geheimer Archivrath, ordentlicher Profeſſor der Geſchichte an der Univerſität und Archivar des ſchleſiſchen Provinzialarchives zu Breslau. Er ward am 21. März 1792 zu Zerbſt geboren, erhielt ſeine erſte wiſſenſchaftliche Ausbildung auf dem dortigen Gymnaſium, wo ſein Vater Conrector war, und ging 1810 nach Leipzig, wo er ſich der Philologie und Geſchichte widmete. Nachdem er im März 1813 ſeine ſpäter von der Jablonowski'ſchen Geſellſchaft gekrönte Preisſchrift „Ueber den Einfluß der Deutſchen auf die Cultur Polens von Einführung des Chriſtenthums bis auf König Wladislaws Jagello" vollendet hatte, verließ er Leipzig, um als Freiwilliger den Feldzug gegen Frankreich mitzumachen. Er war als Jäger im Bataillon Anhalt im Mai bei Hamburg und wohnte dann mehreren Gefechten bei, bis er im Dec. an der Spitze des von ihm zum Sturm auf das Dorf Seheſtedt bei Kiel geführten Bataillons durch eine Flintenkugel in den Unterleib ſchwer verwundet wurde, was ihn hinderte am Feldzuge 1815 Theil zu nehmen. Nachdem er ſeinen Abſchied als Offizier erhalten, ging er nach Leipzig zurück, wo er 1815 die philoſophiſche Doctorwürde erwarb und ſich im Februar 1816 habilitirte. Im Jahre 1817 begab er ſich nach Berlin, 1820 erhielt er eine außerordentliche Profeſſur zu Breslau, ward im folgenden Jahre Archivar des ſchleſiſchen Provinzialarchivs, 1827 ordentlicher Profeſſor und geheimer Archivrath.

Er gab heraus:

Geſchichte der deutſchen Kriegsverfaſſung. Berlin 1820.
Handbuch der Anhaltiſchen Geſchichte. Deſſau 1820.
Anhang zum Handbuche der Anhaltiſchen Geſchichte. Leipzig 1824.
Geſchichte Deutſchlands unter den fränkiſchen Kaiſern. 2 Bde. Leipz. 1827—28.
Geſchichte Preußens. Hamburg 1830—42. 3 Bde.
Urkundenſammlung zur Geſchichte des Urſprungs der Städte und der Einführung und Verbreitung deutſcher Coloniſten und Rechte in Schleſien und der Oberlauſitz. Hamb. 1832. 4. Mit dem jetzigen geheimen Oberregierungsrath von Tzſchoppe herausgegeben.
Grundriß und Literatur zu Vorleſungen über deutſche Staats- und Rechtsgeſchichte. Breslau 1832.
Urkunden zur Geſchichte des Biſthums Breslau im Mittelalter. Breslau 1845. 1 Bd. in 4.

Ein gründlicher, ſcharfſinniger Hiſtoriker von eben ſo gediegenem als freiſinnigem Urtheil, verbindet St. mit geiſtreicher Auffaſſung eine eben ſo treffliche Darſtellungsweiſe.

Auguſt Stöber

ward geboren am 9. Juli 1808 zu Straßburg und lebt als Profeſſor am Collegium zu Mühlhauſen im Elſaß. Außer den mit ſeinem Bruder Adolph herausgegebenen Alſabildern veröffentlichte er:

Gedichte. Straßburg und Heidelberg 1842.
Elſäſſiſches Volksbüchlein. Kinder- und Volksliedchen, Spielreime, Sprüche und Märchen. Straßb. 1842.
Oberrheiniſches Sagenbuch. Straßb. u. Heidelb. 1842.
Der Dichter Lenz u. ſ. w. Baſel 1842.
Geſchichte der ſchönen Literatur der Deutſchen. Straßb. und Heidelb. 1842.
Elſäſſiſche Neujahrsblätter für 1843. Mit Otte herausg. Daſ. 1843.

Einer der verdienſtvollſten Männer, welche deutſche Sprache und Literatur im Elſaß mit großer Liebe pflegen, hat ſich Stöber als Dichter durch Wärme, Phantaſie, Correctheit und Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form, reiche Anerkennung erworben.

Aus:

Auguſt Stöber's Gedichten.

Das Münſter in der Sternennacht.

1837.

Am Tage ſtehſt du ſtill und wie verdroſſen,
Die junge Welt die um die Füße ſchwärmt;
Nur wann vom Sternenlicht du ganz umfloſſen,
Verkündſt du was Jahrhunderte dich härmt.

Dann iſt dein Scheitel wunderſam umſchimmert,
Dann ſtehſt du, wie ein Beter, eingetaucht
In alter Zeiten Pracht, und ſo umflimmert,
Haſt du dein Klaglied in die Luft gehaucht.

Dann wird's auch hell dort über deinem Rheine;
Im fernen Süden iſt der Nacht entglüht
Das Freiburgermünſter, das im Silberſcheine
Dem einz'gen Freunde, dir entgegenglüht.

Ihr haltet Zwieſprach dann, ihr tauſcht die Klagen
Des Heimweh's um die längſt vergang'ne Welt,
Propheten ſeid ihr, ſeht die Wunden ſchlagen,
Und wiſſet was das Heil gebunden hält.

Seliger Tod.

Es ſteht ein Haus am Rheine,
Ein kleines Fiſcherhaus.
„Du allerliebſte Meine,
Du Meine,
Schau nur einmal heraus!"

Heraus will ich wol ſchauen,
Auch treten vor die Thür,
Vor'm Sturm kann mir nicht grauen,
Nicht grauen,
Bin ich, mein Lieb, bei Dir!

„Und mag Dir nimmer grauen,
So iſt's die beſte Zeit!
Und willſt Du ganz mir trauen,
Ja trauen,
Mein Schifflein ſteht bereit!"

Sie ſpringen in den Nachen,
Den Nachen treibt der Wind,
Ob alle Donner krachen,
Ja krachen,
Sie küſſen ſich ſo lind.

Ein Blitzſtrahl kommt gefahren,
Der trifft die Zwei zugleich.
Leb' wohl, leb' wohl zum Klaren,
Zum Klaren,
Zum klaren Himmelreich!

Der Sturm der hat getrieben
Das Schiff hinab den Rhein,
Wol mit den todten Lieben,
Den Lieben,
In's weite Meer hinein.

Die Sonne ſchaut mit hellen
Und goldnen Blicken drein,
Wie auf den grünen Wellen,
Ja Wellen,
Treibet der Todtenſchrein.

Ludwig Adolph Stöber

ward 1810 zu Straßburg geboren, iſt des Vorigen Bruder und Sohn des trefflichen Ehrenfried Stöber, deſſen Gedächtniß den elſäſſiſchen Patrioten theuer und unvergeßlich iſt.

Er ſchrieb:

Zerſtreute Gedichte.
Mit ſeinem Bruder: Elſa-Bilder; vaterländiſche Sagen und Geſchichten. Straßburg 1836.

Sich gleiches Verdienſt wie ſein Bruder erwerbend, zeichnet ſich Adolph Stöber als Dichter noch beſonders durch Ernſt, Würde, männliche Kraft, reiche Phantaſie und meiſterhafte Behandlung der Sprache und Form aus.

Aus
L. A. Stöber's Gedichten.

Guſtav Adolf, der Schlangentödter.

Wer hüpft dort auf dem Wieſenplan
Und klettert keck den Berg hinan
Und ſpringt von Fels zu Felſen!

Es iſt ein Knäblein zart und jung,
Heißt Guſtav, iſt im wilden Sprung
Der Königsburg entlaufen.

Es klimmt hinauf, da ſteht es bald
Vor einem dichten finſtern Wald
Und hört die Bäume rauſchen.

Die Amme ſieht's vor Schrecken bleich,
Sie rennt durch Wieſen und Geſträuch
Und winkt dem lieben Knaben.

„Halt an! halt an, Du kleiner Schelm!
Haſt ja kein Schwert und keinen Helm,
Zu kämpfen mit dem Drachen.

Geh ja nicht in den Wald hinein,
Da lauern Schlangen im Geſtein,
Die beißen Dich zu Tode."

„So gieb mir eine Ruthe ſchnell,
Ich will erſchlagen auf der Stell'
Die böſen, böſen Schlangen."

Das wilde Knäblein alsbald
Hüpft munter in den finſtern Wald
Mit einem langen Stecken.

Er ſucht und raſchelt hin und her,
Hat keine Schlange funden mehr,
Sind alle fortgeſchlichen.

Das Vöglein im Gezweige lauſcht,
Der Wind nur in den Aeſten rauſcht,
Darüber weint der Knabe.

Und wo man ſprach von Drachenbrut,
Da ſchwang er zornig ſeine Ruth':
„Will euch zu Tode ſchlagen!"

Es ward ein frommer Königsſohn,
Schon ruhte Schwedens alte Kron'
Auf ſeinen goldnen Locken.

Und als er einſt im hohen Saal
Den Becher ſchwang am Feſtesmahl,
Da kam viel ſchlimme Kunde.

Wohlauf! wohlauf, Du junger Held,
Im Felsgeklüft, in Wald und Feld
Die Natter ziſcht und raſſelt.

Wohlauf mit Deinem guten Schwert,
Entſpring, entſpring auf raſchem Pferd
In's deutſche Land hinüber!

Der König hüllte ſich in Stahl
Und ritt wol über Berg und Thal
Mit ſeinen treuen Mannen.

Er flog die Felder aus und ein,
Und brach hervor wie Nordlichtſchein
In allen deutſchen Landen.

Und ob der falſchen Schlangenbrut
Hat er oft friſch die Eiſenruth
Zu Gottes Ehr' geſchwungen,

Bis ein' ihn in die Ferſe ſtach,
Da ſank er von dem Roſſe jach,
Der kühne Schlangentödter.

Das Grab im neuen Münſter zu Würzburg.

Im Lorenzgarten liegt ein Stein
An einer kühlen Stelle,
Da ſchwirren die Vöglein aus und ein,
Und pfeifen und ſingen helle.

Es iſt ein alter Leichenſtein,
Von Trauerweiden beſchattet,
Darunter liegt im engen Schrein
Ein Sängerherz beſtattet.

Die Vöglein waren ſeine Luſt,
Er hörte gern ihr Singen,
Und hüpfte ſelber in der Bruſt,
Wie muntre Vöglein ſpringen.

Der Sänger lauſchte mit Luſt und Muth,
Der Lerche Ton zu lernen;
Auch ſchallt' ſein Lied wie Morgengruß
Aus himmelblauen Fernen.

Er lernte von der Nachtigall
Das innigliche Koſen,
Drum ſingt er oft mit ſüßem Schall
Von Minneluſt und Roſen.

Auch liebt' er wie die Vögelein
Ein Wanderleben zu führen,
Und Gärten und Felder aus und ein
Die Flügel leicht zu rühren.

So ſtreift' er über den Waldesgrund
Und über den Bergesgipfel,
Bis er ein warmes Neſtchen fand
Auf einem ſtolzen Wipfel.

An Vögel mahnet des Sängers Nam',
Ein Vöglein ſaß im Schilde,
Und als er nun zu ſterben kam,
Gedacht' er ſie gar milde.

„Vier Löcher höhlt in meinen Stein
Und ſenkt darein vier Tröglein
Und ſchüttet Waſſer und Körner ein
Für meine lieben Vöglein!“

Und was er bat im letzten Drang,
Willfahret ward ihm eilig;
Die Kloſterbrüder hielten lang
Des Sängers Willen heilig.

Herr Walther von der Vogelweid'
Iſt lange ſchon geſchieden;
Noch ſingen Vögel im Wald und Haid'
Und ſingen ihm friſche Weiſen.

Victor Strauß

ward am 18. September 1809 zu Bückeburg geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung, trat dann 1832 in Staatsdienſte und lebt als Archivrath in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er gab heraus:

Katharina, Trauerſpiel. Halle 1829.
Theobald, Roman. III. Bielefeld 1839.
Richard, zwölf Geſänge. (Epos in Hexametern.) Daſ. 1841.
Gedichte. Daſ. 1841.
Antigone von Sophokles. (Ueberſetzung im Versmaß des Originals.) Daſ. 1842.
Lieder für die Kirche. 1843.
Leben des Paulus Gerhardt. (1 Bd. 2. Heft der Sonntags-Bibliothek. Bielefeld 1844.
Schrift oder Geiſt? Bielefeld 1845.
Das Kirchenjahr im Hauſe. Heidelberg 1845.
Lebensfragen in 7 Erzählungen. Heidelberg 1846. 3 Bde.
Ueber die Geſangbuchsſache in preußiſchen Landen. Bielefeld 1846.

Der in den Leiſtungen dieſes ausgezeichneten Dichters durchklingende Grundton iſt tiefe, ernſte Frömmigkeit, die ihn aber keineswegs abhält, das Leben in allen ſeinen Erſcheinungen mit geſundem und ſcharfem Blicke aufzufaſſen, ihm wie die ernſte, ſo die heitere Seite abzugewinnen und es mit Kraft und Liebe darzuſtellen. Reiche Phantaſie, Gedankenfülle und ſichere Herrſchaft über Sprache und Form ſind ihm eigen und verleihen ſeinen Leiſtungen bleibenden Werth.

Aus
V. Strauß's Gedichten.

Zuſammentreffen.

Kühl und ſtille war's in mir
Wie am Quell im Thale,
Da ich Stuhl an Stuhl bei ihr
Saß zum erſten Male.

Aber als ich mit ihr ſprach,
Glitt ihr Tüchlein nieder,
Bückt' ich ſelbſt mich ſchnell darnach,
Bückt' ſie ſich hinwieder.

Plötzlich ſtreifte Stirn an Stirn,
Streifte Wang' an Wange.
Taumelnd ward mir's im Gehirn
Und die Bruſt ſchlug bange.

Lachend fuhr ſie raſch zurück,
Und ich mußte gehen;
Doch ſeit jenem Augenblick
Iſt's um mich geſchehen.

Immer taumelt mir's im Hirn,
Schlägt's im Buſen bange,
Immer fühl' ich Stirn an Stirn,
Fühl' ich Wang' an Wange;

Und die Glut im Herzensgrund
Wird mich noch erſticken,
Darf ich nicht bald Mund an Mund,
Herz an Herz ſie drücken.

Selbſtgefühl.

„Ich ſtehe auf meinem Acker,
Den hab' ich mir ſelber gepflügt.
Wie treiben die Halme ſo wacker!
Sie tragen, was mir genügt.

Zum Hauſe, dem ſchönen, geh' ich,
Das hab' ich mir ſelber gebaut,
Und Mauern und Thüren ſeh' ich:
Die brachte mir, wer ſich's getraut!

Die Rinder brüllen im Stalle,
Froh wiehern die Pferde heraus,
Von der Früchte reichlichem Schwalle
Geſchwellt ſind Scheunen und Haus.

Hervor aus dem Garten am Stübchen —
Wie blühet und reift er ſo gut! —
Begrüßen mich Mädchen und Bübchen,
Mein eigenes Fleiſch und Blut.

Rothwangig mit fliegender Locke
Springt's liebe Geſindel heraus
Und zerrt den Vater am Rocke
Zur Mutter hinein in das Haus.

Die wendet vom Herd ſich entgegen,
Den Säugling an quellender Bruſt;
Wie labt ſich der Klein' an dem Segen,
Wie koſt ihm die Mutter mit Luſt!

Und Knecht' und Mägde, ſie zeigen
Sich thätig und emſiglich;
Und Alles, es iſt mein eigen,
Und Alles wär' nicht ohne mich.

Und wird mir's von Gott nicht entrissen,
Der Menschen mir nimmer graust.
Ich werd' es zu schützen wissen
Mit Gott und der eigenen Faust."

Beruhigung.

O mein Herz, gieb dich zufrieden!
O verzage nicht so bald!
Was dein Gott dir hat beschieden
Nimmt dir keiner Welt Gewalt.
Keiner hindert was Er will.
Harre nur! vertraue still!
Geh des Weges, den Er dich sendet!
Er begann und Er vollendet.

Hüllt er dich in Dunkelheiten,
So lobsing' Ihm auch der Nacht;
Sieh, Er wird dir Licht bereiten,
Wo du's nimmermehr gedacht.
Häuft sich Noth und Sorg' umher,
Wird die Last dir allzuschwer,
Hebt er plötzlich deine Hände
Und führt selber dich an's Ende.

Wär' auch alle Welt dir feindlich,
Rottete sich wider dich, —
Dank Ihm; o der Herr ist freundlich,
Seine Huld währet ewiglich.
Sind auch Trauer, Angst und Leid
Deines Tages dunkles Kleid, —
Dank Ihm; Er schickt seinen Segen
Auf geheimnißvollen Wegen.

Endlich wird dein Morgen grauen;
Kennst du nicht sein Morgenroth?
Darfst du zagend rückwärts schauen,
Wenn dich Glut und Sturm bedroht?
Denn auch Feuerflamm' und Wind
Boten seines Willens sind;
Und kann's nur ein Wunder wenden,
Auch ein Wunder kann er senden.

O so laß denn alles Bangen!
Wache frisch! halt' muthig aus!
Denn mit Ihm du angefangen,
Führet er mit dir hinaus.
Und ob Alles widerstrebt,
In Vertrauen und in Gebet
Bleib' am Worte deiner Hände,
So führt Er's zum schönsten Ende.

Peter Feddersen Stuhr

ward am 29. Mai 1787 zu Flensburg geboren, erhielt im Hause seines Vaters, eines Kaufmanns, sowie auf der lateinischen Schule zu Flensburg seine erste Bildung, bezog im 18. Jahre die Universität zu Kiel, um die Rechte zu studiren, verließ 1806 seine Heimath und wandte sich nach Heidelberg, wo er besonders durch die Schelling'sche Philosophie angezogen wurde. Von Heidelberg ging er zur Fortsetzung seiner akademischen Studien nach Göttingen und, nachdem er noch einmal Kiel besucht hatte, im Herbst 1808 nach Halle, er erwarb hier die philosophische Doctorwürde, ging darauf nach Berlin, wo er sich bis 1810 aufhielt, besuchte im Sommer dieses Jahres Dresden und München, durchreiste hierauf einen Theil des südlichen Deutschland, blieb den Winter über in Heidelberg, begab sich im Frühling 1811 wieder nach Berlin und verlebte in seiner Vaterstadt den Winter. Unter den Ulanen der hanseatischen Legion machte er den Feldzug mit, nahm nach dem ersten Pariser Frieden als Stabsrittmeister seinen Abschied und brachte alsdann den Winter von 1814—15 in Kopenhagen zu. Nach der Rückkehr Napoleons von Elba verließ er im Drange seiner Ueberzeugung die Richtung, in welcher sein Vaterland beharrte, und wurde fortan Preuße, ging nach Lüttich und trat als Premierlieutenant in die preußische Landwehr, bald darauf jedoch in das sechste Ulanenregiment ein. Nach Beendigung des Feldzugs von Paris nach Berlin zurückgekehrt, wurde er Secretair der Militairstudiencommission, trat jedoch alsbald auch wieder aus diesem Verhältniß und privatisirte nun mehrere Jahre in Berlin. Im Jahr 1821 habilitirte er sich in Berlin, machte aber erst drei Jahre darnach Gebrauch vom Rechte eines Privatdocenten, worauf er 1826 Professor wurde.

Seine Werke sind:

Die Staaten des Alterthums und der christlichen Zeit, in ihrem Gegensatze dargestellt. Heidelberg 1811.

Ueber den Untergang der Naturstaaten. Berl. 1812.

Abhandlungen über nordische Alterthümer. Berl. 1817.

Brandenburgisch-preußische Kriegsverfassung zur Zeit Friedrich Wilhelm's des Großen, Kurfürsten von Brandenburg. Berl. 1819.

Deutschland und der Gottesfriede. Berl. 1820.

Sendschreiben an G. A. Stenzel. Berl. 1820.

Untersuchungen über die Ursprünglichkeit und Alterthümlichkeit der Sternkunde unter den Chinesen und Indiern und über den Einfluß der Griechen auf den Gang ihrer Ausbildung. Berl. 1831.

Die chinesische Reichsreligion und die Systeme der indischen Philosophie in ihrem Verhältniß zu Offenbarungslehren. Berl. 1835.

Die Religionssysteme der heidnischen Völker des Orients. 2 Bde. Berl. 1836—38.

Die drei letzten Feldzüge gegen Napoleon, kritisch-historisch dargestellt. Lemgo 1832.

Der siebenjährige Krieg in seinem geschichtlichen, politischen und allgemeinen militairischen Beziehungen. Lemgo 1834.

Die Geschichte der See- und Colonialmacht des großen Kurfürsten Friedrich Wilhelm von Brandenburg. Berl. 1839.

Schelling's religionsgeschichtliche Ansicht u. s. w. mit einer vergleichenden Zugabe: Ueber Urgeschichte und Mythologie u. s. w. Berl. 1841.

Das Verhältniß der christl. Theologie zur Philosophie und Mythologie u. s. w. Berl. 1842.

Die Preußische Verfassungsfrage vom weltgeschichtlichen Standpunkte aus betrachtet. Berl. 1847.

Ein eben so gründlicher als scharfsinniger Denker und Forscher, hat sich Stuhr namentlich durch seine Leistungen auf dem Gebiete der Mythologie allgemeine Anerkennung und bedeutendes Verdienst erworben. — Von nicht geringerer Wichtigkeit sind seine staatswissenschaftlichen historischen Arbeiten.

Karl Adolph Suckow.

Prediger an der Hofkirche und Profeſſor der Theologie zu Breslau, als Novellendichter unter dem Namen Posgaru bekannt, wurde am 27. Mai 1802 zu Münſterberg geboren, wo ſein Vater Rector an der Bürgerſchule war. Nachdem er das Gymnaſium zu Schweidnitz und die Eliſabethſchule zu Breslau beſucht hatte, bezog er 1820, drei Jahre lang der Philoſophie und Theologie ſich widmend, die Univerſität zu Breslau, worauf er an verſchiedenen Orten unter den glücklichſten Verhältniſſen ſechs Jahre hindurch als Hauslehrer wirkte. Während dieſer Zeit beſtand er die beiden theologiſchen Prüfungen, widmete ſich jedoch dem akademiſchen Lehrfache, wurde 1829 Licentiat an der Univerſität zu Breslau und habilitirte ſich 1830 daſelbſt als Privatdocent in der evangeliſch-theologiſchen Facultät. Von einer Reiſe durch das nördliche Deutſchland zurückgekehrt, wählte ihn gegen das Ende des Jahres 1831 das Presbyterium der Hofkirche in Breslau zum dritten Prediger. Hierauf wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie und 1834 Director des homiletiſchen Seminars, wie auch durch den Privatverein für den Taubſtummenunterricht Director der daſigen Anſtalt. Er ſtarb daſelbſt 1845. Als theologiſcher und wiſſenſchaftlicher Schriftſteller hat ſich S. wenig bekannt gemacht; neben einigen einzeln herausgegebenen Predigten beſitzen wir von ihm:

Drei Zeitalter der chriſtlichen Kirche, dargeſtellt in einem dreifachen Jahrgange kirchlicher Perikopen. Breslau 1838.
Gedenktage des chriſtlichen Kirchenjahres in einer Reihe Predigten. Breslau 1838.
Einzelne kleine theologiſche Abhandlungen, Streitſchriften u. ſ. w.
Als belletriſtiſcher Schriftſteller gab er heraus:
Die Liebesgeſchichten. Breslau 1829.
Germanos. Novelle, Breslau 1830.
Novellen. 3 Bdchen., Breslau 1833, 2. Aufl.
Ibuk. Novelle in der „Urania“ Leipz. 1833.
Byron's Manfred; Einleitung, Ueberſetzung und Anmerkungen; ein Beitrag zur Kritik der gegenwärtigen deutſchen dramatiſchen Kunſt und Poeſie. Breslau 1839.

S.'s Novelle, die Liebesgeſchichten, machten bei ihrem Erſcheinen großes Aufſehn, weil Einige darin einen eben ſo entſchiedenen als geiſtreichen Angriff auf die von ihnen, Goethe und ſeiner Schule vorgeworfene, mit graziöſer Feinheit übertünchte Gemeinheit, Andere eine überaus gewandte Nachahmung der Weiſe Tieck's darin ſehen wollten. Die dadurch erweckte Theilnahme für den Verfaſſer erloſch aber bald nach Erſcheinen ſeiner ſpäteren Novellen. — Reiche Phantaſie, Feinheit der Charakterzeichnung und ſehr anmuthige Darſtellung ſind ihm übrigens eigen und zeichnen ihn vor vielen Erzählern unſerer Tage, lobenswerth aus.

Karl Rudolph Tanner

ward am 24. Juni 1794 zu Aarau geboren, ſtudirte zu Heidelberg und Göttingen 1814—1817 die Rechte, wirkte dann als Advocat in ſeiner Vaterſtadt und wurde 1831 Mitglied, 1833 Präſident des Obergerichtes zu Aarau.

Er ſchrieb:

Heimathliche Bilder und Lieder. Aarau 1826, 1829, 1836, 1842, mit einem autobiographiſchen Vorwort.

Tanner ſchließt ſich in ſeinen Gedichten den Sängern der ſchwäbiſchen Schule an, welche das Stillleben der Natur und des Gemüthes in kleinen Bildern darzuſtellen lieben und zeichnet ſich wie ſie durch Zartheit, Anmuth, Innigkeit und Wohlklang aus.

Aus
Tanner's heimathlichen Bildern und Liedern.

Blick ins Waſſer.

In des Waſſers Glanz und Schein,
Fühlſt Du Pein, ſchau hinein,
Bald wirſt Du geneſen ſein.
Ufer, Grund und Himmel zittern
In dem Spiegel klar und reich.
Sind die Bilder, die zerſplittern,
Und ſich ſammeln und entwallen,
Nicht den Herzgefühlen gleich?
Iſt ein Dunkel eingefallen
Naht der Strahl. Der wird Dein!
Haſt Du Pein, ſchau hinein
In der Waſſer Glanz und Schein.

Lobegott Friedrich Constantin Tiſchendorf

ward am 18. Januar 1815 zu Lengenfeld im ſächſiſchen Voigtlande geboren, ſtudirte von 1834—1838 Theologie und Philologie in Leipzig, habilitirte ſich daſelbſt, ward 1840 Licentiat der Theologie und machte dann bis 1845 große wiſſenſchaftliche Reiſen nach Frankreich, Holland, England, der Schweiz, Italien, Aegypten, Paläſtina, Kleinaſien, der Türkei und Griechenland. Während dieſer Zeit ernannte ihn die theologiſche Facultät zu Breslau 1843 Ehren halber zum Doctor der Theologie und die Könige von Schweden, Griechenland und Frankreich ertheilten ihm, ſeiner wiſſenſchaftlichen Verdienſte wegen, Orden ihrer Länder. Im Jahre 1845 wurde er außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Theologie an der Univerſität zu Leipzig.

Außer bedeutenden gelehrten Arbeiten, deren Aufzählung hier nicht am Orte wäre, und unter denen ſich zwei gekrönte Preisſchriften befinden, ſchrieb er:

Maiknospen. (Gedichte.) Leipzig 1838.
(Dr. Fels) der junge Myſtiker. Ein Roman. Leipzig 1839.
L. Schneegans. Die Geißler. Frei n. d. Franz. Leipzig 1840.
Reiſe in den Orient. 2 Bde. Leipzig 1845 fgde.

Lebendige Phantaſie, tiefe, ernſte Frömmigkeit, hohe Begeiſterung für Wahrheit und Recht und große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Sprache und Form, ſind dieſem auf dem Gebiete ſtrenger Wiſſenſchaft ſchon ſo rühmlich ausgezeichneten Gelehrten, eigen.

Der Pfingſtmorgen auf dem Sinai.

Am ſechsundzwanzigſten Mai war der Sonntag der Pfingſten. Wohl nie in meinem Leben mag ich ſo glücklich erwacht ſein zum Pfingſtfeſte. Nur einmal weiß ich daß mein Herz gar innig ihm entgegenſchlug; da fiel der Geburtstag einer ſeligen Frau, die ich unausſprechlich geliebt, zuſammen mit dem Pfingſtſonntage. Ich dachte, als ich dieſen Morgen erwachte, mit ganzer Seele an die Verklärte. Von welcher Freude würde ihr mütterliches Auge glänzen, wüßte ſie mich heute an dieſem heiligen Orte. Es war mir im Augenblick als wüßt' ich ſie noch getreulich walten zu Hauſe am väterlichen Herde. Ich dachte mir unſer Wiederſehn. Da rollte mir ein heißer Strom über die Wangen. Gott kann einen Sterblichen nicht ſo glücklich machen, ſagt' ich mir. Der Moment hätte meines Lebens letzter werden müſſen.

Das Kloſterglöcklein war's, das mich geweckt hatte mit ſeinem feierlichen Klange. Sonſt hört' ich ſeinen Laut in dieſer Sabbathsruhe. So mag es im Herzen eines ſelig verklärten Menſchen ſein, um den eingeſchlummert ſchweigt der geräuſchvolle Werkeltag des Lebens. Wol uns, wenn wir Augenblicke aus der Hand der Gnade nehmen, wo's auch ſo iſt in unſerem Herzen.

Den Gipfel des Sinai wollt' ich heute beſteigen; wie freut' ich mich darauf. So lange war's mir wie ein himmelhohes Ziel erſchienen, zu dem hinauf meine Hand nicht reichen könne. Jetzt ſah ich's vor mir glänzen, wohl ſchon wie der Himmel, aber ſo freundlich nahe wie die Kirche meinem Vaterhauſe.

Mein Ali ſtand ſehr früh zum Aufbruche bereit; er hatte ſein Scharlachkoller, geſtickt mit Gold und Silber, angelegt; die Sonne des Feſtes leuchtete ihm aus den freundlichen Zügen. Signor Pietro gefiel ſich ſehr wol in unſeren Waffen. Mohammed trug die Proviſion. In dieſer Begleitung wanderte ich durch den Garten hinaus an den Fuß des Horeb.

Als ich vor Jahren auf dem Rigi ſtand, da lagerte ſich eine unvergeßliche Scene um Aug' und Seele. Im Norden ruhte das tiefe weite Thal mit all' ſeinen Seen, worüber der Morgen ſeinen duftigen Schleier geworfen. Im Süden ſtanden die [illegible] Gebirge, ihre Gipfel bedeckt mit dem ewigen Schnee. [illegible] wachte auf; hinter lichtblauen Wölkchen blickte ſein er[illegible] hervor. Wunderbare, roſigſchimmernde Streifen [illegible] blendenden Schnee; es war mir als ſäh' ich Engel, die an die jungfräuliche Erde ſtreiften. Ein [illegible] brachte Alpenroſen; ein Hirtenknabe ſpielte auf der [illegible] Du glücklicher Schweizer; Deine Sehnſucht verſteh' [illegible] hat ein heiliges Recht. Mein eigenes Auge [illegible] hinein ins Auge der Schweiz.

[illegible] ſpäter erſtieg ich den Veſuv. Die Däm[illegible] um uns als wir am Krater ſaßen. Aus [illegible] ſtrömte der Feuerregen aus; fürchterliches Krachen [illegible]; der ganze Berg rauchte. Die Stunde des Aufgangs [illegible], aber das Auge des Tages verbarg ſich hinter Gewitterwolken. Die nachbarliche Gebirgsgruppe hüllte ſich in ein ſeltſames Blau, als dampfte ein Brand aus ihren Eingeweiden. Unheimlichen Schauers, wie vor einer unglückſchwangeren Zukunft, war ich voll.

Jetzt ſtand ich auf dem Sinai. Der Sturmwind brauſ'te mit Macht. Graue, wildgezackte Granitmaſſen umragten mich; weiße Wolken lagerten zwiſchen den ſchroffen Spitzen; drauf glänzte die Sonne des Pfingſtmorgens. Nahe unter dem obern Felſengipfel erhob ſich von der Oaſe des Horeb die prächtige Cypreſſe mit ihrem dunklen Grün. Hier hatt' ich nicht das Entzücken vom Rigi, nicht die unheimlichen Schauer des Veſuvs; beten, voll Inbrunſt beten mußt' ich hier. Es war mir als wäre Gott hier näher als an irgend einem Orte der Welt. Seine Hoheit, ſeine ehrfurchtgebietende Majeſtät, und ſeine Liebe, ſeine Milde, gefaßt in ein einziges herrliches Bild: ſo war mir der Sinai. Wie ein Königsſtuhl den Gott ſich auf Erden gebaut, unwandelbar ſeit dem Tage der Schöpfung, den derſelbe Finger gebaut, der das geiſtdurchwehte Meer geſchaffen, der den unendlichen Himmel gewölbt: ſo iſt der Sinai. Wie eine heilige Veſte iſt er, entrückt aus den Märkten der Welt, fern von den Wohnungen der Menſchen, zwiſchen Wüſte und Meer einſam bis zu den Wolken gethürmt.

Nach dem Rigi weint zurück das Auge des Schweizers, wie von ſeinem Münſter am Rheine ſehnſüchtig der Elſaſſer träumt: zum Sinai ſtreben die Herzen der Völker der Erde zuſammen. Zu ihm flüchten wie zu einer ewigen Stiftshütte die Söhne Iſraels; zu ihm drängt es den Chriſten vom eiſigen Norden Europens, aus Afrika's ſengenden Gluthen; zu ihm wallfahrten gerne die Verehrer des Propheten. Auf ſeinem Gipfel denkt ſich's unwillkürlich an jenen großen ſchönen Tag, wo geſchlichtet ruhen wird der Völker unerſättliche Fehde, wo ſich alle Kinder der Erde brüderlich zuſammenfinden werden zu dem einzigen Fels des Heils, wo aus Tempel und Moſchee, aus Synagoge und Kirche ein einziges ewiges Hallelujah ſchallen wird.

Hatt' ich einſt als Kind geträumt von einer Stunde der Zukunft, heilig über alle anderen Stunden und wie emporgehoben aus den Werkeltagen in die Region der Verklärung: von dieſer Stunde des Pfingſtfeſtes auf der Höhe des Sinai mußte ich träumen. Und dürft' ich einen Wunſch ins Wort faſſen für alle die meine Wanderungen mit Liebe begleitet, der Wunſch wäre es: Möchtet Ihr alle ſelber eine Stunde des Pfingſtmorgens auf dem Gipfel des Sinai verleben.

Abſchied von Jeruſalem.

Als wir das Damaskusthor im Rücken hatten, ritten wir dicht bei dem merkwürdigen Felſengrabe vorüber, das den Namen der Jeremiasgrotte trägt. Bald darauf lagen die Königsgräber neben uns; ich ſah zu ihrem offenen Portale hinunter. Gräber waren meine erſte Begegnung geweſen, als ich von Ramleh her ankam; Gräber waren jetzt meine letzte. Aus den Gräbern ſpricht die Trauer, ſpricht die Hoffnung. Und was anderes hätte der Pilger zum Gruße wie zum Abſchied für die heilige Stadt als Trauer und Hoffnung? Jeruſalem ſeufzt fort und fort unter dem türkiſchen Joche. Die Begeiſterung der Kreuzzüge war eine Schwärmerei, die unſer Jahrhundert mitleidig belächelt. In den Kabinetten Europa's ſpricht man ſo oft von den Rechten der Staaten, die theuer und heilig ſind. Die Flotten Englands und Frankreichs zögern nicht, gilt's irgendwo in der weiteſten Ferne ſeine Rechte zu wahren. Hat Jeruſalem keine Rechte, keine Anſprüche an die chriſtlichen Großmächte? Oder ſind ſie vielleicht verjährt, weil ſie ſo lange gemißachtet worden ſind? Es mag das chriſtliche Gefühl in den Herzen der Menſchen ein ſehr verſchiedenes ſein; das meinige ſagt mir, daß der poſitive Glaube, den doch zum Glücke am wenigſten die Fürſten und die Regierungen verſchmähen, eine ganz andere als die bisherige Theilnahme für Jeruſalem fordert, ſo lange das materielle Intereſſe noch nicht allen Patriotismus begraben hat. Denn keine andere als eine Sache des chriſtlichen Patriotismus iſt's, die Stadt, wo der chriſtliche Glaube geboren wurde, aus den Händen derer zu reißen, die dieſen Glauben ſeit einem Jahrtauſend und jeden Tag noch empörend mit Füßen treten.

Was geſchieht aber zu einer Zeit, wo der alte Feind des Chriſtenthums ſo tief gebeugt iſt, daß er ſelber kömmt um den Schutz der chriſtlichen Mächte anzuflehen? Das gelobte Land wird aus Ibrahim Paſcha's Händen mit übermächtiger Gewalt in die Hände des Sultans zurückgegeben. Und ſchon hat unter dem Scepter des letztern die Barbarei einen ſolchen Aufſchwung gewonnen, daß Syrien ſich ſeufzend unter die eiſerne Hand Ibrahim Paſcha's zurückſehnt. Daß ein Sprößling aus dem apoſtoliſchen Kaiſerhauſe zu dieſem traurigen Tauſche der beiden barbariſchen Herrſcher über das gelobte Land mit ſeinen Kanonen geholfen; dafür trägt er den glänzenden Niſchan auf der Bruſt. Würde Gottfried von Bouillon ſeinen Augen trauen? Werden ſich die kommenden Geſchlechter nicht fragen, ob's Wahrheit oder Dichtung?

Bei alle dem bleibt's außer Zweifel, daß es heute kaum ſo vieler Federn bedarf als es ehedem Schwerter bedurft hat, um zu erreichen was die Kreuzfahrer gewollt. Aber, ſo lautet die bedenkliche Frage, wem ſoll Jeruſalem zufallen? Nun vielleicht iſt's in der Schmach das Aergſte, daß perſönliche Eiferſucht über die heilige Sache der Geſammtheit triumphirt. Das Eine iſt klar: Jeruſalem muß chriſtlich ſein. Um aber alle Familienzwiſte um dieſes gemeinſame Erbtheil zu vermeiden, ſo läßt ſich Jeruſalem zur chriſtlichen Bundesſtadt oder zur freien Stadt unter dem

Schutze der chriſtlichen Mächte erklären. Das wäre eine ſchöne That des Jahrhunderts; das wäre eine Wunderthat, die jenes ſo oft gewechſelte Wort vom großen herzlichen Einverſtändniſſe zur Wahrheit machte. Welche Zukunft könnte daraus für die geſammte Kirche erwachſen. Die traurige Beſchränktheit der chriſtlichen Confeſſionen, wie ſie jetzt im Oriente waltet, würde zurückfliehen vor den Strahlen des neuen chriſtlichen Lebens, das die begeiſterten Schaaren der europäiſchen Pilgrime ausbreiten müßten. In Jeruſalem gälte es eine neue Einheit des Chriſtenthums; wie zerſtreute Heerden fänden ſich dort die Völker zuſammen; dort erklänge das Evangelium eines großen Kirchenfriedens. Und welche Folgen müßten ſich daraus für die muhamedaniſche Bevölkerung des Orients ergeben. Die große chriſtliche Stadt, wenn auch vielfarbig in ihren Gebräuchen aber einig in ihrem Geiſte, mit einer ernſten Praxis des Chriſtenthums vor den Augen der Fremdlinge: das wäre die rechte Miſſionspredigt.

Nazareth. Der Thabor. Der See Genezareth.

Es war ſchwer die ſchönſte Anſicht von Nazareth aufzufinden; es machte auf allen Standpunkten einen maleriſch ſchönen Effekt. Einen angenehmen Haltpunkt fand der Blick immer am weißen Thurme der Moſchee mit den hohen, dunklen Cypreſſen zur Seite. Aber am liebſten verweilt' ich da, wo ich mit der Stadt zugleich den Brunnen am Bergrande im Norden vor mir ſah. Und ſo ließ ich das Auge und mit dem Auge die Seele lange ruhen auf Nazareth, ſeinen Hügeln und Thälern. Zwei Jahrtauſende mögen wohl Manches geändert haben; aber ſo vieles was ich heute ſah, das mußte auch dem Sohne Joſeph's von Nazareth vor dem göttlichen Auge liegen. Wie oft mag da, wo ich wandelte, auch er gewandelt ſein, das heilige Herz ſeiner großen Zukunft voll, voll des Gedankens ſeiner Predigt, die heraus aus den engen Bergen der kleinen Heimath alle Berge und Meere, alle Länder und Herzen der Erde erfüllen ſollte.

Mir gegenüber im Weſten lag die Krone der Höhen um Nazareth; vom türkiſchen Grabmale, das ſie trägt, wird ſie nach dem Propheten Ismail benannt. Ich wußte voraus, welche Herrlichkeit dort meiner wartete, zumal da der Himmel heute faſt wolkenlos und die Luft von einer völligen Klarheit war.

Vor wenig Monden erſt war ich auf der höchſten Pyramide geſtanden, die Wüſte, den Nil und Kahira zu meinen Füßen; ich war auf dem Sinai, der majeſtätiſchen Gottesburg, geſtanden und hatte in den Himmel hinein gebetet wie in das Herz eines nachbarlichen Freundes; vom Minaret des Oelberggipfels hatt' ich die heilige Stadt mit Bethlehems Höhen und den Bergen Samaria's, mit dem wunderbaren Meere von Sodom und dem Gebirge Moab zugleich ins Auge gefaßt: dennoch war ich heute wie ein Kind, das nur die kleine Ferne ſeiner Heimath und noch nicht die Welt geſehen. So überwältigte mich die Ausſicht von Nebi Ismail, das die Höhen von Nazareth krönt. Zum Thabor ſah ich zuerſt nach Oſten; auch der kleine Hermon und Gilboa ragten aus ſeiner Nähe: ſie geleiteten mich nach Süden auf die Berge von Samaria. Von da ſah ich nach Weſten zu den Vorbergen des Carmel und zum dunklen Blau des Carmel ſelber. Zwiſchen allen dieſen Bergeshöhen ruhte vor mir, wie von ewigen Mauern umgürtet, die weite Ebene von Esdrelon. Aber hinter dem Carmel, zu ſeiner Linken und zu ſeiner Rechten, lag wie ein Feſttag in glänzender Schönheit der Spiegel des Mittelmeers. Im Norden breitete ſich eine zweite große Ebene aus, mit Kana, dem Hochzeitsſtädtchen, und „den Hörnern von Hattin,“ wo das Schlachtheer Saladins alle Siege der Kreuzfahrer zu Boden trat. Im Nordoſten endlich leuchtete wie ein heiliges Auge hinter waldigen Berggruppen herab der Gipfel des großen Hermon, gehüllt in ſeinen ewigen Schnee. Und von dem Allen hinweg ſah ich nieder auf Nazareth, das ſich wie ein liebes Kind anſchmiegte an den Hügel, über dem ich ſtand.

Was im Momente dieſes Schauſpiels die Seele fühlt! Die Bewunderung, die Anbetung findet kein Wort; aber ein Pſalm der begeiſterten Davidsharfe will ſich auf die Lippe drängen, der hinunterklänge, zu den Tiefen des unergründlichen Meeres, der hinaufſtiege zum Schneegipfel des Hermon. Was mochte dem Heiland dieſe Warte ſein! Ein Symbol von ſeinem Reiche auf Erden, vom Evangelium der Erlöſung, wie es Himmel, Erd' und Meer umſchlang mit den Armen der Mutterliebe; wie es das Dieſſeits und Jenſeits der Zeit zuſammendrängte in die einzige große Stunde auf Golgatha. Der Schnee des Hermon ſteht wie das greiſe Haupt der Zeit, wie die Vorzeit; das geheimnißſchwangere Meer wie die Zukunft. Zwiſchen beiden ruht die Gegenwart, dieſer Thautropfen mit den unendlich reichen Bildern aus dem Strahle der Morgenſonne.

Hier dachte der Erlöſer, wenn er die Fluthen hinüber zum Abendlande ſah, gewiß oft auch Deiner, Du geliebtes Deutſchland. Und er dachte, weil er's wußte, daß Du berufen warſt, einſt wie ein heiliger Rächer der Wahrheit gegen die Lüge zu kämpfen und zu bluten; daß Du dem Glauben des Römerbriefs im deutſchen Herzen ein Bollwerk gründen würdeſt, wenn er geſchwunden aus den Paläſten der Siebenhügelſtadt. Ständeſt Du ſelber hier und hörteſt mit mir, daß Dir das Wort entgegenklingt: Halte was Du haſt, daß Niemand Deine Krone raube.

Da hatten wir plötzlich den Anblick des herrlichen See's von Genezareth. Dieſer See hat ein ganz anderes Gepräge als der Züricher oder der Luzerner oder auch der Albaner See; aber ſeine eigenthümliche Schönheit iſt groß. Das öſtliche Ufer iſt ohne Grün; es beſteht aus einem hochröthlichen, nackten Gebirgsabhange, deſſen maleriſch düſterer Ausdruck die Pracht der blauen Spiegelfläche noch hebt. Im Norden und Süden, wo der Jordan einfließt und ausfließt, ſind die ſchmalen Ufer tief und freundlich grün. Den Weſten des See's bildet eine niedere Bergkette, die mehrmals von Schluchten unterbrochen wird und bald mehr bald weniger zurücktritt. Die Stadt Tiberias liegt dicht am weſtlichen Ufer, ein wenig ſüdlich von der Mitte des See's.

Was aber dem See Genezareth, abgeſehen von ſeiner natürlichen Schönheit, den höchſten Reiz verleiht, das darf ich nicht erſt ſagen. Die Thätigkeit des Herrn, die uns die Evangelien, beſonders die drei erſten, ſchildern, bewegt ſich zum größten Theile an ſeinen Ufern. Hier hatte der Heiland ſeinen Lieblingsaufenthalt; bald wandelte er an den Ufern des See's, bald fuhr er auf ſeinen Waſſern; hier hat er aus der Zahl der Fiſcher ſeine vertrauteſten Jünger gewählt; hier hat er ſo oft ſein heiliges Wort ans Volk gerichtet, bald herab vom Berge, bald aus dem Schiffe; hier hat er durch zahlreiche Wunder den der ihn geſandt verherrlicht. Dieſen Augenblick war der See vollkommen ruhig; kein Segel, kein Fahrzeug kräuſelte ſeine Wellen; Ruhe und Schweigen herrſchte im ganzen Bilde vor mir; ich ſah wohl die grauen Mauern und Feſtungsthürme von Tiberias, aber keinen einzigen Menſchen ſah ich, ſo weit ich auch ſah. Nur ein Laut ſchwebte über dem Schweigen dieſer Landſchaft, es war ein heiliger Laut: Der Stern der Sterne hat hier geglänzt, und er iſt verblichen; der Meiſter aller Meiſter hat hier gelehrt, und er hat ſeine Lippen geſchloſſen; der Chriſt Gottes hat hier gewandelt, und er iſt geſchieden. Als wäre geſtern Pfingſten oder Oſtern geweſen, ſo war mir als ich das Land Genezareth anſah; als müßten wir uns zuſammen erzählen von viel Herrlichem, das wir erlebt; als verſtänden wir uns ohne Worte, wie zwei Freunde, die nach einer Trennung, die alle lieben Erinnerungen nur tiefer in die Seele grub, ſich ſtumm ins Auge ſehen.

Der Straßburger Münſter.

Dort wälzt die Silberwogen in's Frankenland der Rhein,
Ein Rieſe ſteht daneben und ſchauet trüb hinein;
Schneeweiße Locken trägt er, doch flattert ihm um's Haupt
Ein Kranz von deutſcher Eiche, den noch kein Sturm entlaubt.
Er träumet heil'ge Lieder von einem goldnen Tag,
Die ſtillen Nächte träumt er dem fernen Glücke nach;
Ernſt ſchaut er um und düſter, wann ihn der Morgen weckt
Und mit den Trauerbildern der Gegenwart erſchreckt.
Ihn haben viel Geſchlechter begrüßet und gekannt,
Und jedes hat und keines ſein eigen ihn genannt!
Kennſt Du die Zeit, wo freudig und mit des Glaubens Muth
Der Menſch dem Kreuz zum Opfer darbrachte Gut und Blut?
Den Himmel wollt' umarmen mit tiefer Reu' und Schmerz
Und kindlich treu ſich ſtürzen an's ew'ge Vaterherz!
Die nennt er ſeine Mutter, die nennt ihn ihren Sohn.
Vom Sohne ſchied die Mutter ſeit grauen Jahren ſchon,
Und jede grüne Stunde ſah er voll Sehnſucht nahen:
Das Mutterauge fand er nur in der Sterne Plan.
Wohl warf er in die Herzen wie Blitz manch zürnend Wort:
Wie ſüße Mährchen klang es leicht durch die Lüfte fort.
Zum Fremdling war er worden; 's blieb Mancher ſtaunend ſtehn,
Und ſah' ihn an und ſtaunte, und konnt' ihn nicht verſtehn.
Da ſchwellten Frankreichs Adern von wilder Fiebergluth,
Der Majeſtät Säulen bebten vor ſeines Mannes Wuth:
Ein Blutſtrahl färbt die Locke der Vorwelt heil'gem Sohn;
Ein Schwert in's Herz, das theuer: das iſt der Nachwelt Lohn.
Wohl grüßten weinend Viele, als das Jahrhundert ſchied,
Und ſangen zum Gedächtniß dem Greis ein Klagelied.
Siehſt Du die ſchöne Rührung? Hörſt Du den weichen Klang?
Die gelten einem Todten, die Thrän' und der Geſang.
Des Grabes Feier beut ihm die Welt lebendig todt:
Ihn weckt die Zeit nicht wieder, ihm kehrt kein Morgenroth.

So träume ſel'ge Lieder von Deinem goldnen Tag,
Du heil'ger Greis, Du träumeſt das ferne Glück nicht nach;
Verloren und geſtorben iſt Deiner Kinder Schaar,
Zum Eichkranz flicht der Franke die Dornen Dir in's Haar.

Mein Talisman.

Seit ich aus der Freiheit Träumen
In den Kampf des Lebens ging,
Scheidend mit der Liebe Säumen
An dem liebſten Herzen hing,

Gibt ein Freund mir ſein Geleite:
's iſt vom blankſten Stahl ein Schwert;
Freudig blinkt's an meiner Seite,
Kämpf' ich für der Väter Heerd.

's iſt mir, kämpf' ich dunkle Stunden,
Mauerbrecher, Schwert und Schild;
Hab' den Schlachtſturm überwunden,
Lockt's den Frieden, ſüß und mild.

's baut mir einer Feſtung Mauern,
Die des Feindes Arm nicht bricht:
Mag der Stürme Brandung dauern:
Ihre Säulen zittern nicht.

Kennſt Du Schwert und Schild und Feſtung,
Siegreich gegen Trotz und Trug!
Meine Perl' iſt's und mein Kleinod:
Meiner Mutter Gebetbuch.

Der Schiffer.

Die Wogen rauſchen, die Wolken ziehn,
Mit Wogen und Wolken die Stunden fliehn;
Da ſteuert er kühn durch der Fluthen Lauf,
Und hält den ſchwankenden Kahn nicht auf,
Und eilt zum fernen Geſtade.

Was eilſt Du vorüber das freundliche Land,
Mit der Sonnenau', mit dem Blüthengewand?
Verſchmähſt Du der Stunde winkendes Glück?
Wie kehrt Dir der Frühling, der theure, zurück;
Und kennſt Du die dunkle Ferne?

„Ich ſah die verborgene Ferne noch nicht,
Es treibt mich das Herz, es treibt mich die Pflicht!
Und dürft' ich auch ſchwelgen in Lenzesluft,
Im lachenden Thal, in der Kränze Duft:
Dort wird mir nicht traut und nicht heimiſch."

Und er ſteuert dahin durch Sturm und Nacht,
Auf die gleitende Welle hat er nicht Acht.
Wohl leuchtet, wohl flammt ihm ein heiliges Licht,
Drum ſcheut er das ſchreckende Dunkel nicht,
Und er ſteuert hinüber, hinüber.

Das Jubiläum.

Am Elbſtrom ſteht geharniſcht die Stadt, von Jahren grau,
Die einſt den Blitz geſchleudert auf Roma's ſtolzen Bau;
Sie wahrt' in Tempelhallen ein heil'ges Heldenhaupt,
Das dort die Siegespalme, der Lorbeer hier umlaubt.
Da nannte Feldgeläute jüngſt einen großen Tag,
Wo durch viel dunkle Nächte des Himmels Lichtſtrahl brach.
Des Marktes Lärm verſtummte und des Jahrhunderts Herz
Trug auf der Freude Schwingen ſein Danklied himmelwärts.
Zum Schauplatz flogen jubelnd der jungen Krieger viel,
Und weckten durch die Lüfte der Waffen klirrend Spiel:
Das Gotteshaus erbebte in ſeinem Marmorſchooß,
Es riß aus ſeinen Mauern des Feſtſpiels Echo los.
Da träumt' in tiefer Klauſe der Held gar düſtern Traum,
Hört wie der Sturm, die Glocke heult durch der Kirche Raum;
Die Säulen wecken ſchaurig des Schlachtſturms Widerhall,
Als pochte Feindesfauſt wild an der Feſtung Wall;
Als pocht's ans eigne Herz ihm, ſo wogt ſein heißes Blut:
„Mußt Deinen Tempel retten! Mußt dämpfen Sturmes Wuth!"
Und wie ein Jüngling flammend, ſo ſtürzt der Greis hervor,
Er ſprengt mit ſtarkem Arme der Gräber hartes Thor;
Sein Schwert iſt blank und freudig, denn hat kein Roſt genagt,
Und der es führt, iſt nimmer gewichen noch verzagt.
Doch eh' noch ſein Schritt erreicht die Jubelſchaar,
Da ward' er krankhaft Zucken an ſeiner Bruſt gewahr,
Und tiefer wühlt und tiefer darin geheime Qual,
Und durch den Harniſch drängt ſich des Blutes Purpurſtrahl.
O weh, ſo traf inmitten der Freunde ihn der Feind,
Still haben ihn verrathen, die laut um ihn geweint!
Im weichen Arm der Menge ruht bald des Helden Haupt;
Das treue Herz der Jünger hat er umſonſt geglaubt.
Da wirft er Fluch und Schmerzen in der Verräther Blick,
Beſchwört die dunklen Ränke in ew'ge Nacht zurück.
„Wach auf, getäuſchter Jüngling, aus Deinem Friedenstraum,
Jahrhundert, Feinde hauſen in Deiner Heimath Raum!"
Und reißt ſich aus den Armen; in ſeines Domes Ruh'
Schließt er das Flammenauge zu kurzem Schlummer zu;
Dort heilt ihm ſeine Wunden der Gott, der ihm getreu,
Der, wenn im Schooß der Zeiten geruht das Kriegsgeſchrei,
Den Feldherrn wird erwecken ſammt ſeinem Heldengeiſt,
Der über blinden Wirrwarr hoch wie der Adler kreiſt.

Johann Nepomuk Vogl.

Dr. der Philoſophie, Beamter bei den K. K. Oeſterreichiſchen Ständen, ſowie Redacteur des öſtreichiſchen Morgenblattes, ward 1807 in Wien geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Bildung und lebt in ſeiner Vaterſtadt.

Er gab heraus:

Fruchtkörner. Wien 1830.
Balladen und Romanzen. Wien 1837—1841. 3 Thle. 3. Aufl. Wien 1846. 1 Bd. in 8.
Volksmärchen. Wien 1837.
Novellen. Wien 1838.
Der fahrende Jäger. Wien 1839.
Klänge u. Bilder aus Ungarn. Wien 1839. 2 A. 1846.
Erzählungen eines Großmütterchens. Leipz. 1840.
Die älteſten Volksmärchen der Ruſſen. Wien 1841.
Neuer Liederfrühling. Wien 1841.
Neue Erzählungen und Novellen. Wien 1841.
Neueſte Dichtungen. Peſth 1843.
Blätter und Trauben. Wien 1844.
Lyriſche Gedichte. 2 A. Wien 1844.
Schatten. (Novellen u. ſ. w.) Wien 1844.
Deutſche Lieder. Jena 1845.
Dom-Sagen. Wien 1845.

Der fruchtbarſte öſtreichiſche Lyriker, verbindet Vogl mit reicher und glühender Phantaſie, tiefe Empfindung, ein lebhaftes Talent der Darſtellung, Fülle der Bilder und große Gewandtheit in Behandlung der Form und des Ausdrucks. Viele Lieder und Balladen dieſes genialen Dichters ſind namentlich in ſeinem Vaterlande volksthümlich geworden.

Aus:

J. N. Vogl's Gedichten.

Magyarentod.

Wer ſprengt dort feldein auf dem windſchnellen Roß
Verfolgt von dem jauchzenden Türkentroß?
Dobozi iſt es, der Ungarheld,
Zur Seite das Weib, das ſein Herz erwählt.

Eng' hält es geklammert um ihn den Arm,
Hinſtarrenden Auges, das Antlitz voll Harm,
Den Sarras aber ſchwingt ſeine Hand,
Und hoch über ſie wirft das Roß den Sand.

„Nur jetzt noch halt' aus, du mein treues Pferd,
Und rette mir, was über Alles mir werth,
Nur jetzt noch halt' aus in der höchſten Noth,
Sonſt iſt ſie verfallen dem grauſen Tod!"

Hui! geht es dahin im geſtreckten Lauf,
Die Eb'ne hinunter, die Hügel hinauf,
Als hab' er verſtanden des Reiters Wort,
So jagt mit den Beiden der Rappe fort.

Wie weit doch dahinten ſchon blieb der Troß,
Da ſtrauchelt mit einmal, da ſtürzt das Roß;
Helf' Gott nun, du wack'res Magyarenpaar,
Nun biſt du verfallen der wüth'gen Schaar!

Umſonſt ringt Dobozi ſich raſch hervor,
Umſonſt reißt das Roß er am Zügel empor,
Die Gattin nicht rettet dir mehr ſein Huf,
Schon nahen die Würger mit Jubelruf.

Dobozi ſtarrt ihnen entgegen voll Wuth,
Das Auge durchzuckt der Verzweiflung Gluth,
Allein voll Ergebung in ihr Geſchick
Hängt dort die Gefährtin mit naſſem Blick,

Seine Kniee umklammernd gar haſtig und wild,
Fleht nun zu dem Helden das bleiche Bild:
„Dobozi, jetzt raſch Deinen Säbel durch's Herz,
Von Liebeshand ſterben hat wenig Schmerz!

„Nicht laß mich zum Opfer den Rohen ſein,
Daß ſie mich nicht höhnen in langer Pein,
Dobozi, wir ſind aus magyariſchem Blut,
Zeig', was für die Ehre der Ungar thut!"

Und raſch hat zertheilt ſie den Buſenflor,
D'raus quellen zwei Lilienhügel hervor,
Dobozi — ſtarrt auf ſein Weib, auf den Feind,
Er ſtarret — als hätt' ihn der Schmerz verſteint.

Und die Rotte ſchon ſprengt heran an die Haid' —
„Dobozi! Dobozi! jetzt iſt es Zeit!" —
Da blitzet ſein Säbel — da ſpringt ein Quell
Aus den Lilienhügeln rubinenhell.

Die Blutige küßt er noch einmal hierauf,
Dann ſtürmt er hinein in der Feinde Hauf',
Jetzt thut's um das Retten nicht weiter Noth,
Jetzt gilt's nur zu folgen der Ehre Gebot.

Wie ein Todesengel der Ungar mäht,
Daß ein Blutbach über die Haide geht,
Zehn Leben ſchon haben das Blut bezahlt,
Das den ſchönſten Buſen mit Purpur bemalt.

Verwundet noch kämpft er auf ſeinen Knie'n,
Und ſieht noch manch' ſchon von ſeinem Flieh'n,
Da ſinkt er — und ruft im Blute roth:
„Es war doch ein edler Magyarentod!"

Das Mädchen von Aquileja.

Aquileja! — Aquileja!
Ach, verfallen — unterthänig
Biſt auch du jetzt ihm, der Gottes
Geißel heißt, dem Hunnenkönig.

Weh!! er durfte mit ſeinen Schaaren
Niederſchmettern deine Mauern,
Durfte würgen, durfte brennen,
Bis die Sonne ſank mit Trauern.

Und nun ſpricht der Hunnenkönig
Zu den Schlächtern, zu den blut'gen:
„Mögt Euch jetzt für neue Kämpfe
Auch in neuer Luſt ermuth'gen.
Koſten mögt Ihr fremde Reben,
Und um fremde Reize minnen,
's iſt der Wein hier glühend, blühend
Sind die Aquilejerinnen!"

Und zum wild'ſten Bacchanale
Iſt der blut'ge Kampf geworden,
Und nach ſchönrer Beute ringen,
Die zu ſätt'gen nicht im Morden.
Fruchtlos ſind der Schwachen Zähren,
Fruchtlos iſt ihr Fleh'n, ihr Streiten,
Mancher Brautkranz liegt zerpflücket,
Der gewunden ſpät'ren Zeiten.

Attila nur ſchreitet einſam
Durch's Gewühl der wüſten Menge,
Als ein Weib, von Schönheit ſtrahlend
Ihm begegnet im Gedränge.
Wie ein Baſilisk am Spiegel,
Iſt er da, von Gluth entzündet,
An die flücht'ge Schöne plötzlich
Und wie zauberhaft gebunden.

Niemals ſeine Augen ſolcher
Schönheit Fülle noch gewahrten,
Noch kein Antlitz ſah er, wo ſich
Roſen ſo mit Lil'jen paarten.
Ha! wie ſeine Bruſt die Funken
Ihres Feuerblicks durchdringen,
Wie ſich ihre nächt'gen Locken
Ihm zu Liebesbanden ſchlingen.

Und die trunk'nen Blicke kann er
Nimmer von der Jungfrau wenden,
„Ja, Dich konnte mir nur Odin
Oder Freia ſelber ſenden.
Würdig biſt nur Du vor allen
Frau'n und Mädchen dieſer Tage,
Daß das Herz des Hunnenkönigs
Lodernd an dem Deinen ſchlage!"

Ach, wie ſchnell ſind da die Roſen
Weggeweht von ihren Wangen,
Denn mit Grauen ſieht die Reine
Sich von ew'ger Schmach befangen.
Ach — und nimmer kann ſie ringen
Frei ſich aus ſo argen Ketten,
Nur allein der Himmel kann ſie,
Aber nichts auf Erden retten.

Doch — da leucht's in ihrem Innern
Plötzlich auf, wie Morgenhelle,
Und ſie ſpricht zu ihrem Dränger:
„Kommt, ich weiſ' Euch traut're Stelle:
Nicht erlaubt's die Scham der Jungfrau,
Daß auf ſolch ein Wort ſie höre,
Wo ſo viel der Späher lauſchen,
Und gefährdet ihre Ehre."

Und mit flücht'gen Schritten eilet
Sie dahin durch all' die Gaſſen,
Hinter ihr der Hunne, glühend,
Sie in ſeinem Arm zu faſſen.
So zu nächtig öden Hallen
Folgt er ihr, die, raſch entweichend,
Vor ihm wandelt, ihm den Faden
Durch die Labyrinthe reichend.

Sieh' — ſchon ſteigen jetzt die Beiden
Aufwärts über breite Stufen,
Nach dem Ort, den Liebesgötter
Sich zu ihrem Tempel ſchufen.
Und vor ihm ſtets wallt die Schöne,
Schnell, doch jungfräulich beklommen —
Doch wie Treppe folgt auf Treppe,
Nimmer will die Stelle kommen.

Ungeduldig läßt der Hunne
Da ſie an mit rauher Stimme:
„Hör' — ſo wie nicht bald zur Stelle,
Magſt Du zittern meinem Grimme!“
Spricht darauf das Mädchen flehend:
„Zürnt nicht, Herr, Ihr werdet's loben,
Traulich, was ſonſt vergebens, iſt es
Nur auf luft'ger Zinne oben.“

Und auf's Neu' hinan die Stufen
Steigt ſie nun, mit raſchen Schritten,
Er — ſein Schwert klirrt an den Steinen —
Folgt in Eile ihren Tritten.
Da erſchließt ſich eine Pforte,
Meereslüfte wehen milde,
Und von breiter Zinne ſchauen
Beide auf die Nachtgefilde.

Von der Stadt her ſchallt ein Wogen,
Wie das Rauſchen ferner Bäche,
Aber lautlos unter ihnen
Breitet ſich des Meeres Fläche;
Doch ein Sitz, umhaucht von Blüthen,
Ladet ſie zur Raſt, zur ſüßen,
Und mit heißen Armen will jetzt
Attila die Braut umſchließen.

Aber raſch ſich ihm entringend
Flieht ſie zu des Daches Rande:
„Haſt du Fitt'ge nicht, ſo rettet
Digna noch ein Sprung vor Schande!“
Und hinab zu nächt'gen Wogen
Schwingt ſie ſich mit muth'gem Sinne.
Mit Entſetzen ſtarrt der König
Lang' ihr nach — von öder Zinne.“ —

Ildiko! — Ildiko!
Rief er oft mit bleichem Munde,
Wenn ein Traum, ein blutgefärbter,
Auf ihm riß die alte Wunde;
Stieß in's Schlachthorn dann, — wie wüthig
Fortgepeitſcht zu Kampf und Bluten,
Bis er — ſchäumend — unter'm Dolche
Eines Weibes mußt' verbluten.

Deutſches Morgenlied *).

Ein gold'ner Morgen bricht herein
Mit freudig hellem Sonnenſchein,
O öffnet raſch ihm Herz und Thor
Und jauchzt in freudig lautem Chor:
Gegrüßt du ſchöner Morgen!

O ſchöne Zeit, o gold'ne Zeit
Mit ſiegeshellen Herrlichkeit,
O ſchling' nur um das ganze Land
Dein herzentflammend Feuerband,
Du feu'rig ſchöner Morgen!

O ſcheuche das Gezücht der Nacht
Von uns mit deiner hellen Pracht,
Die Eule, die im Finſtern hauſt,
Die Natter, der vor'm Lichte grauſt,
Verſcheuche ſie, o Morgen!

Heil Jedem, der die Zeit erlebt,
Der raſch den finſtern Vorhang hebt,
Daß Licht entſtröme allerwärts,
Und freudig jauchze jedes Herz:
Gegrüßt du ſchöner Morgen!

Deutſch und frei.

Zwei Worte nenn' ich inhaltsvoll,
Sie heißen: Deutſch und frei,
Doch nichts auf dieſer Erde ſoll
So mächtig wie die zwei.

Wie Donnerrollen klingt ihr Klang
Durch alles deutſche Land,
Und macht erglühen jede Wang',
Und zucken jede Hand.

Wie Wetterleuchten fährt er hin
Durch Anger, Wald und Haid',
Zu künden allem deutſchen Sinn
Für Noth und künft'ge Zeit.

Vom Schnee der Alpen bis zum Meer
Erſchallt dies Wörterpaar,
Und zeigt ſich uns ſo ſtolz und hehr,
Ein deutſcher Doppelaar.

Mit Flammenlettern ſchreibet d'rum
Die Worte Euch in's Herz,
Auf daß ſie Euch zu Deutſchlands Ruhm
Ertönen allerwärts.

Ein reicher Segen wird Euch blüh'n,
Wie Roſen blüh'n im Mai,
Wenn wahrhaft Euch im Herzen glüh'n
Die Worte: Deutſch und frei.

Deutſche Frauen.

Ein deutſches Weib
Mit keuſchem Leib,
Und Lieb' und Treu' im Herzen,
O höchſtes Gut
An Geiſt und Muth
In Freuden und in Schmerzen!

Ihr Auge glüht
Nicht wie im Süd,
Doch ſtrahlt's wie Morgenſonne;
Umſchlingt ihr Arm
Dich liebewarm
Durchſtrömt Dich Himmelswonne.

Ei, wie ſo ſchlank
Und ſchön und blank,
Von Außen und von Innen,
Wie rein und klar,
Wie fromm und wahr
In allem Thun und Sinnen.

Des Mannes Glück,
Sein froher Blick
Iſt ihre beſte Habe,
Sein warmer Gruß,
Sein treuer Kuß
Ihr Labſal bis zum Grabe.

Sie pflegt die Frucht
In Ehr' und Zucht,
Die ihr der Herr gegeben;
Nach deutſcher Weiſ',
Im engen Kreis
Verfließt ihr harmlos Leben.

So iſt und war
Wol immerdar
Das deutſche Weib, das echte;
So ſtolz und mild,
Ein leuchtend Bild
Dem kommenden Geſchlechte.

O bleibet nur
Getreu der Spur,
Die eu're Mütter gingen,
Die nicht am Glanz
Und Firlefanz,
Wie jetzt die Weiber, hingen.

So Wort als Schritt,
So Kleid als Schnitt
Zeig', daß ihr deutſch geblieben,
Und allerwärts
Wird jedes Herz
Euch achten und Euch lieben.

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*) Aus J. N. Vogl's deutſchen Liedern. Wien 1845.

Der beſte Klang.

Wann hat, Ihr Deutſchen, Euer Sang
Den kräftigſten, den beſten Klang?
Hat er ihn wol, wenn luſtbeſchwingt
Von Liebe er und Schönheit ſingt,
Von Frauenhuld und Sehnſuchtsdrang,
Sagt, iſt das wol ſein beſter Klang?
Ach nein, ach nein,
Sein beſter Klang muß beſſer ſein!

Wann hat, Ihr Deutſchen, Euer Sang
Den kräftigſten, den beſten Klang?
Wenn er ertönt bei Becher Luſt,
Vom Frohſinn in der Zecherbruſt,
Der Sorgen bannt und Kummer zwang,
Sagt, iſt das wol ſein beſter Klang?
Ach nein, ach nein,
Sein beſter Klang muß beſſer ſein!

Wann hat, Ihr Deutſchen, Euer Sang
Den kräftigſten, den beſten Klang?
Wenn er vom gold'nen Morgenlicht,
Von Blumen und vom Bächlein ſpricht,
Vom Wonnetraum am Bergeshang,
Sagt, iſt das wol ſein beſter Klang?
Ach nein, ach nein,
Sein beſter Klang muß beſſer ſein!

Wann hat, Ihr Deutſchen, Euer Sang
Den kräftigſten, den beſten Klang?
Wenn er der Menſchen Kraft und Geiſt,
Ihr Schaffen und ihr Wirken preiſt,
Dem, was da Großes iſt, gelang,
Sagt, iſt das wol ſein beſter Klang?
Ach nein, ach nein,
Sein beſter Klang muß beſſer ſein!

Wann hat, Ihr Deutſchen, Euer Sang
Den kräftigſten, den beſten Klang?
Wenn er vergang'ner Tage Bild
Zurück Euch ruft mit Schwert und Schild,
Wie freudig kühn der Held ſie ſchwang,
Sagt, iſt das wol ſein beſter Klang?
Ach nein, ach nein,
Sein beſter Klang muß beſſer ſein!

Wann hat, Ihr Deutſchen, Euer Sang
Den kräftigſten, den beſten Klang?
Wenn er von deutſcher Eintracht ſingt,
Wenn er von deutſcher Freiheit klingt,
Von Deutſcher Feinde Untergang,
Das iſt ſein ſtärkſter, beſter Klang,
Nur der allein,
Kein and'rer kann's auf Erden ſein!

An die Gleichmüthigen.

Was hält für Gleichmuth Euch befangen
Für alles Schöne in der Kunſt,
Seht Ihr es nicht in Farben prangen,
So gilt Euch Alles bloßer Dunſt.

Wie ſeid Ihr doch ſo kalt geworden,
So unempfänglich an Gemüth,
Faſt glaubt man ſich im eiſ'gen Norden,
Wo karg der Dichtung Blume blüht.

Und wißt Ihr Sänger doch zu nennen,
Die inn'ren Werthes ſich bewußt,
Wollt Ihr allein denn nicht erkennen,
Was jedes Landes Stolz und Luſt?

Ein jedes freut ſich ſeiner Lieder,
In Euch nur wird kein Echo wach,
O rafft Euch aus dem Gleichmuth wieder,
Denn ſolch' ein Gleichmuth wird zur Schmach.

Verſchließet Euer Herz nicht länger
Der Dichtung ewig heit'rem Reich,
Denn ehrt Ihr Eu'res Landes Sänger,
So ehrt Ihr Euch nur ſelbſt zugleich.

Der Lorbeerbaum.

Nicht mag bei deutſchen Eichen
Der Lorbeerbaum gedeih'n,
Dem Süden nur, dem reichen,
Mit Blatt und Duft er weih'n.

Wozu auch, daß er wüchſe
Bei uns, vom Nord durchſtreift,
Wo nur mit ſeiner Büchſe
Ein deutſcher Nimrod ſchweift.

Mag er bei Palmenkronen
Ergrünen, wie's ſein Hang,
Wo froh'rer Menſchen wohnen
Mit heller Stimme Klang.

Von duftenden Gewinden
Sei rings er dort umhaucht,
Es weiß ihn ſchon zu finden
Der Deutſche, der ihn braucht.

Verkappte Wilde.

Manche glauben alles Ernſtes
Dichter ſeien überflüſſig,
Singen immerdar nur müßig,
Müh' und Arbeit ſei ihr Fernſtes.

Weil profan nur ihr Verkehren,
Können ſie vom Werkelleben
Nimmer ſich mit uns erheben
Zu dem luft'gen Reich der Sphären.

Nimmer können ſie's begreifen,
Wie ein Menſch nur möge dichten,
Da doch gar nichts auszurichten
Mit dem: In den Wolken ſchweifen.

Daß ein Ding, das ſo entbehrlich
Wie ein Lied, auch könn' begeiſtern,
Scheint jedoch den kleinen Meiſtern
Seltſam oder unerklärlich.

Was da werkelt oder hämmert,
Iſt für ſie bloß reſpektabel,
Und d'rum Lüge oder Fabel
Was nicht ihr Gehirn durchdämmert.

Doch du edle Dichtergilde
Kannſt gekränkt nicht ſein durch ſolche,
Halten wir doch auch, wie Strolche,
Sie nur für verkappte Wilde.

Die kleine Marketenderin.

Ein Liedercyklus.

1.

Mit den Soldaten
Fort durch die Welt,
Das iſt ein Leben,
Wie's mir gefällt.

Wandern und Weilen
Wie es ſich ſchickt,
Aber von Sorgen
Niemals gedrückt.

Blinkende Waffen
Immer bereit,
Wirbelnde Trommeln
Sind das Geleit!

Froh mit der Lerche
Ziehen wir aus,
Trinken und ſingen
Wo wie zu Haus.

Heute bei'm Becher
Fröhlich gelacht,
Morgen mit Freuden
Geht's in die Schlacht.

Bomben und Kugeln
Kommt nur heran,
Schön auf dem Felde
Stirbt nur der Mann.

2.

Die kleine Marketenderin
So ſchilt mich, wer mich kennt,
Die kleine Marketenderin
Das ganze Regiment.

Die kleine Marketenderin
Hat immer frohen Muth,
Der kleinen Marketenderin
Iſt d'rum ein Jeder gut.

Du kleine Marketenderin!
Ruft's immer hier und dort,
Die kleine Marketenderin,
Iſt ſtets das letzte Wort.

Die kleine Marketenderin
Weiß nichts von Zier und Prunk,
Die kleine Marketenderin
Iſt flink bei Kuß und Trunk.

Die kleine Marketenderin
Wird nie ihr Treiben ſatt,
Die kleine Marketenderin
Iſt brav wie ein Soldat.

3.

Blickt der Mond in's Lager nieder,
Schweigt Geklirr und Sang und Scherz,
Kommt's oft wie ein altes Märchen,
Dringt's wie Wehmuth mir durch's Herz.

Meiner Mutter holde Züge,
Die ich niemals doch gekannt,
Ferne, ferne theu're Fluren,
Die kein Mund mir noch genannt.

Eines Dörfchens ſtillen Frieden,
Abendwolken goldbeſäumt,
Düſt're Stube, alt Geräthe,
Wie ich öfters ſie geträumt.

Fromme Leute, weiß von Locken,
Abendſegen, Citherklang,
Und ein ſtilles Thränchen rollet
Mir herab die braune Wang'.

Horch, da ſchallt's: „Wer da!“ — und wieder
Dumpfen Ton's: „Patrouill' vorbei!“
Und der Traum zerfließt in Nebel
Und ich fühl' mich wieder frei.

4.

Mag auch ſpöttiſch meiner lächeln,
Die mich und mein Fäßchen ſieht,
Nicht das kleinſte Thränchen wahrlich,
Lockt es mir in's Augenlied,
Jeder geht die Wege eben,
Die er weiß und die er kennt,
Und mein Weg iſt nun derſelbe,
Den marſchirt mein Regiment.

Jeder meiner Kameraden
Reicht mir gern zum Gruß die Hand,
Und wenn mich mein Stand nicht ehrt,
Ehre ich doch meinen Stand,
Bringe Jedem gern den Becher
Dem der Durſt im Halſe brennt,
Bin der flinkſte aller Schenken
Für das ganze Regiment.

Lieb's zu ſingen, lieb's zu trinken,
Wie die Kameraden thu'n,
Will mit ihnen d'rum marſchiren,
Und mit ihnen will ich ruh'n,
Ja ich glaub' ich müßte ſterben,
Würd' von ihnen ich getrennt,
D'rum auch treu wie jeder Brave,
Bleib' ich meinem Regiment.

5.

Die kleine Marketenderin
Iſt flink ſtets bei der Hand,
Sie iſt nicht keck, ſie iſt nicht ſcheu,
Sie iſt nicht treulos und nicht treu,
Und trägt ein kurz Gewand.

Ihr Fuß iſt nett, die Schürze rein,
Doch reiner noch ihr Herz.
Sie geht nicht weiter als ſie ſoll,
Iſt ſie auch gleich des Frohſinns voll,
Und liebt Geſang und Scherz.

Sie macht vor jedem Offizier
Reſpectvoll ihren Knix,
Doch frägt ſie nichts nach Wo und Wie,
Und kümmert ſie nicht ſehr, daß ſie
Ein Spielball des Geſchicks.

Sie ſcheuert, ſchenkt und bringt und holt,
Und hält ein gutes Maß,
Nicht ſchmäht ſie über Lärm und Rauch,
Und zürnet nicht, wenn Einer auch
Zu tief geſchaut in's Glas.

So ſchafft ſie rührig Tag und Nacht,
Und hat nicht Ruh noch Raſt,
Sie denkt nicht lange was ſie ſpricht,
Und lächelt freundlich in's Geſicht
Jedwedem wackern Gaſt.

6.

Schießen und Hauen
Muß der Soldat,
Darf da nicht weichen,
Kann da nicht ſagen:
Kämpfen und Schlagen
Hab' ich jetzt ſatt.

Kugeln und Bomben
Kommen im Schwall,
Heut' trifft's den Peter,
Morgen den Steffen,
Aber ſie treffen,
Treffen nicht all'.

Schießen und Schlagen
Möcht' ich fortan,
Mit den Soldaten
Lorbeern mir ſchaffen,
Könnt' ich die Waffen
Führen als Mann.

Aber die Schwäche
Zügelt den Trieb,
Becher und Lieder
Sind was ich habe,
D'rum mit der Gabe
Nehmet verlieb.

7.

Was nur immer kann ertragen,
Trotziger Soldatenſinn,
Das erträgt auch ohne Klagen
Traun die Marketenderin.

Achtet's wenig, wenn der Regen
Gleich am Leib ihr wäſcht das Hemd,
Geht dem rauh'ſten Sturm entgegen,
und der Froſt iſt ihr nicht fremd.

Duldet Hunger und Strapatzen
Wie ein alter Grenadier,
Und nicht Kiſſen und Matratzen
Braucht des Nachts ſie im Quartier.

Sorgt dabei, in Hitz' und Kälte,
Noch für Alle insgeſammt,
Und auf Haiden wie im Zelte
Uebt ſie noch wie vor ihr Amt.

Singt aus immerfroher Kehle,
Ob es hagelt oder brennt,
Denn ſie iſt mit Leib und Seele
Ja ein Glied vom Regiment.

8.

Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, der Kriegerſtand,
Der erſte Stand der Welt,
Der nur die Ehre kennt und liebt
Und gern für ſie ſein Leben giebt,
Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, der Kriegerſtand,
Der Kriegerſtand im Feld!

Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, das Kriegerherz,
Das deutſcher Muth beſeelt,
Das freudig wie an Liebchens Bruſt,
Im Kampfgebraus, des Tod's bewußt,
Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, das Kriegerherz,
Das Kriegerherz im Feld!

Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, Soldatentod,
Den Alle wir erwählt,
Der, wenn das Aug' im Sterben bricht,
Noch Lorbeern um die Schläfe flicht,
Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, Soldatentod,
Soldatentod im Feld!

Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, du braunes Kind,
In Deinem luſt'gen Zelt,
Das immer rege ſpät und früh,
Um kargen Lohn nur Sorg' und Müh'.
Hurrahoch, hurrahoch, Du braunes Kind,
Du braunes Kind im Feld.

9.

Frei von Kummer und von Sorgen
Lebt allein nur der Soldat,
Hofft nicht lange erſt auf morgen,
Wenn er heut' vollauf nur hat.

Iſt mit Wen'gem bald zufrieden,
Doch mit Mehrer'm iſt er's auch,
Und was immer ihm beſchieden,
Nimmt er, wie's Soldatenbrauch.

Fürchtet weder Tod noch Teufel,
Stets zu Schutz und Trutz bewehrt,
Und iſt gänzlich außer Zweifel,
Daß er einſt in Himmel fährt.

10.

Soldatenmuth, Soldatenmuth,
Du freudigkühnes Lebensgut,
Du Männerſtolz, du Männerzier,
Wir alle ſind beſeelt von dir.

Du biſt mit uns im Graus der Schlacht
Auf einſam ſtiller Lagerwacht,
Du ziehſt mit uns auf jedem Pfad
In's Feld und auf die Wachtparad.

Soldatenmuth, Soldatenmuth,
Wie ſtrömſt du warm durch unſer Blut,
Wie leuchteſt du aus jedem Blick,
Verachtend jeglich Mißgeſchick.

Du würzeſt uns ſo Wein als Sang,
Du klingſt im hellen Gläſerklang,
Durchglüheſt unſer Herz geſchwind,
So bald uns nah ein hübſches Kind.

Soldatenmuth, Soldatenmuth,
Du ſtolzes Schiff auf wilder Fluth,
Wir ſind mit dir, in Luſt und Noth,
Sei du mit uns auch bis zum Tod!

11.

Luſtig iſt Soldatenleben,
Und der Freuden hat's genug,
Aber ſeine Früchte muß ſich
Brechen der Soldat im Flug.

Mag der Bauer, heut' wie morgen,
Schreiten hinter ſeinem Pflug,
Wie der Sturm an ihm vorüber
Brauſet der Soldat im Flug.

Marketenderin, du kleine,
Die mein Herz in Feſſeln ſchlug,
Einen raſchen Kuß, nur einen,
Und dann geht's davon im Flug.

Fülle ſchnell nur, munt're Kleine,
Nochmals uns mit Wein den Krug,
Morgen heißt's an Waldesquelle
Stillen ſich den Durſt im Flug.

Scherzend heut' mit dir und lachend,
Weil ſo herzig du und klug,
Morgen nimmt mich eine Kugel
In das Jenſeits mit im Flug.

Was Soldaten je hantiren,
Leidet nun und nie Verzug,
Alles was wir thu'n und treiben,
Thu'n und treiben wir im Flug.

12.

Feldnachtigall, du kleine,
Nun ſing' uns noch ein Lied,
Schnell flieht die Zeit der Lieder,
Wer weiß ob je uns wieder
So wohl wie heut' geſchieht.

Feldnachtigall, du kleine,
Nun leer' mit uns das Glas,
Ein Glas geht leicht in Scherben,
Und wack're Streiter färben
Gar ſchnell mit Blut das Gras.

Feldnachtigall, du kleine,
Nun ſpitz' den Mund zum Kuß,
Ein Kuß dem Kameraden
Kann dir und ihm nicht ſchaden,
Und iſt noch lang' kein Schuß.

Feldnachtigall, du kleine,
Bald heißt's: In Reih' und Glied!
D'rum laſſ' der Zeit uns freuen,
Und fallen wir, die Treuen,
So ſing' uns noch ein Lied.

13.

Meine Flaſche, meine Lieder,
Sind mein ganzes Eigenthum,
Und mit dieſen zieh' ich fröhlich
In der weiten Welt herum.

Wollt ihr Wein? Hier iſt die Flaſche!
Wollt ihr Lieder? Horcht mir zu!
Ach der Gläſer, ach der Herzen,
Wie ſo viel in einem Nu.

Aber Herzen ſo wie Gläſer
Sind für mich ganz einerlei,
Schenke Wein und ſinge Lieder,
Und mein Herz bleibt immer frei.

Dachte Einer auch zu fangen
Mich mit ſchlauverdecktem Sinn,
Kam ihm juſt ſo ſchlau entgegen
Auch die Marketenderin.

Sprach mit tiefem Knix: „Zu Dienſten,
Wie Ihr wünſcht, ſteh' ich im Nu,
Wollt Ihr Wein? Hier iſt die Flaſche!
Wollt Ihr Lieder? Horcht mir zu!"

Und ſo ſchenke ich und ſinge
Heut' wie ſonſt, ſo gut's gelingt,
Unbekümmert, was der Morgen
Mir auch nimmt und was er bringt.

Mag nicht feſſeln mich, noch binden,
Weiß ich's ſelbſt gleich nicht warum,
Meine Flaſche, meine Lieder,
Sind mein ganzes Eigenthum.

14.

Viel der treuen Kameraden, weiß ich zwar im Regiment,
Einer aber iſt der Treuſte, wenn's auch Ni[illegible]d gleich erkennt,
Dieſer Treu'ſte aller Treuen, iſt mein Mantel grau und alt,
Der mich ſchützt vor Sturm und Regen, der mich wärmt, wenn's rauh und kalt.

Als ein Marſch- und Schlafgenoſſe, hüllt er eines Mädchens Herz,
Weiß um alle ſeine Freuden, weiß allein um ſeinen Schmerz;
Könnte wol ſo manches plaudern, was man nicht zu wiſſen braucht,
Aber nichts, was mir die Röthe heißer Scham in's Antlitz haucht.

Als ich noch ein kleines Mädchen, deckte mich der Mantel ſchon,
Und um vieles größer worden, bin ſeitdem ich von Perſon,
Und doch blieb er ſtets derſelbe, weich und ſchmiegſam, lind und warm,
Schützt mich noch vor Wind und Wetter, deckt mich noch in Luſt und Harm.

Habe Dank, du alter Mantel, wenn auch fahl und abgenützt,
Der mir oft gedient als Kiſſen, mich als Hülle oft geſchützt,
Habe Dank, du alter Mantel, der an Treue Keinem weicht,
Sprich, ob ich nach dir wol einen Freund noch finde, der dir gleicht?

15.

Draußen ſind jetzt die Soldaten,
Ich nur blieb im Zelt allein,
Wie ſo traurig und verdroſſen
Schaut doch jetzt der Tag herein.

Hier das Fäßchen, dort die Gläſer
Und kein Menſch, der lacht und trinkt,
Keiner, der am Kinn mich nähme,
Oder mir verſtohlen winkt.

Ohne Gäſte, ohne Lieder,
Wie nur wird mein Herz ſo ſchwer,
Ach das Unglück, wenn auf einmal
Kein Soldat auf Erden mehr!

16.

Dem Commandowort gehorchen
Muß, wer da die Waffen führt,
Muß ſich ſchwenken, muß ſich halten
Pünktlich ſo, wie ſich's gebührt.

D'rum gewohnt auch iſt zu folgen
Jeder wackere Soldat,
Geht's jetzt in den Kugelregen
Oder geht's zur Wachtparad.

Mit Soldaten aufgewachſen
Bin ich, ein Soldatenkind,
Weiß um all ihr Thu'n und Treiben,
Kenn' genau es, wie ſie ſind.

Bin wie ſie in allen Regeln
Eingeübt und exercirt,
Weiß, wie man im Tact marſchirt
Und campirt und tiraillirt,

Defilirt und patrouillirt,
Kurz, der Order ſtets parirt,
D'rum auch möcht' ich wol jetzt ſelber
Einen, der mich commandirt.

17.

Manche Schanze
Nahmt Ihr ein
Brachet ſo manches
Burggeſtein.

Thor und Mauer
Fiel im Sturm,
Warft in Trümmer
Manchen Thurm.

Nur ein Schlößlein
Trotzt noch jetzt,
Ward ihm heiß auch
Zugeſetzt.

Iſt zu nehmen
Nicht durch Macht,
Zu erſteigen
Nicht bei Nacht.

Zu bezwingen
Nicht durch Noth,
Wird durch Feuer
Nicht bedroht.

Doch ergiebt ſich's
Ohne Schmerz,
Kommt an's Thor ein
Treues Herz.

18.

Ein Soldat muß es ſein,
Ein Soldat nur allein,
Dem mein Herz ſich ergiebt,
Bis zum Sterben verliebt.

Ein Soldat iſt der Mann,
Wie ich brauchen ihn kann,
Der nicht tändelt und fleht,
Der zu handeln verſteht.

Der Soldat iſt ein Held,
Wo's auch ſei, in der Welt,
Iſt in Allem ſtets flink
Und gehorcht auf den Wink.

Ein Soldat nur allein,
Ein Soldat muß es ſein,
Aber hübſch vom Geſicht,
Denn ſonſt nehm' ich ihn nicht.

19.

Tritt' ein Burſch' voll Kraft und Feuer
In das Zelt zu mir herein,
Denk' ich oft, das könnt' ein Freier
Für ein muth'ges Mädchen ſein.

Aber ſtürzt das Glas er über,
Oder ſchlägt bei'm Spiel er d'rein,
Läuft's mir über'n Leib wie Fieber,
Denk' ich dann: Ich wäre ſein.

So verachtend ſtets das Schlechte,
Zweifelnd, ob mein Harren frommt,
Glaub' ich dennoch, daß der Rechte,
Einmal auch für mich noch kommt.

20.

Luſt'ge Gäſt' in meinem Zelte
Hab' ich morgen ſo wie heut',
Musketierer und Huſaren,
Füſelier und Jägersleut'.

Aber keine ſind mir lieber,
Wie man ſie auch immer nennt,
Als die braven Kameraden,
Die in meinem Regiment.

Von dem Beſten reiche immer
Ihnen ich das Beſte dar,
Theilten ja ſo Freud' als Leiden
Und was ſonſt zu theilen war.

Geht es wieder dann in's Treffen,
Wie es kommt, ſo ſchlägt es ein,
Auf der Wahlſtatt bleibt der Eine
Und der And're lacht bei'm Wein.

Doch wie auch das Schickſal waltet,
Ob es bindet oder trennt,
Jeder Brave findet wieder
Drüben einſt ſein Regiment.

II.

Die Trommel ruft, nun heißt's marſchiren,
Nach Nord', nach Süd', wer ſagt wohin?
Doch freudig wandert mit den Ihren
Die kleine Marketenderin.

Nichts nehm' ich mit als meine Lieder,
Mein Fäßchen und den heitern Sinn,
Komm' ich zurück, bringt alles wieder
Die kleine Marketenderin.

Bald ſind wir fern von dieſen Fluren,
Und Klang und Sang mit uns dahin,
Und wie verweht ſind dann die Spuren
Der kleinen Marketenderin.

So lebt nun Alle wohl indeſſen,
An euch gedenk' ich, wo ich bin,
D'rum mögt auch ihr nicht ganz vergeſſen
Die kleine Marketenderin.

Friedrich Voigts

ward am 31. October 1792 zu Hannover geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Vorbildung auf dem dortigen Lyceum, konnte aber nicht, durch die Verhältniſſe gehindert, ſeinen Wunſch zu ſtudiren erfüllt ſehen und mußte daher nach ſchweren Kämpfen und Entſagungen eine andere Laufbahn einſchlagen. — Es gelang ihm eine Anſtellung bei dem Steuercollegium zu erhalten und ſich durch gewiſſenhaften Fleiß und Pflichteifer bis zum Amte eines Oberſteuerreviſors, das er in ſeiner Vaterſtadt bekleidete, empor zu arbeiten.

Er gab heraus:

Gloſſen der Deutſchen. Leipzig 1821.
Hölty, ein Roman. Hannover 1844.
Gedichte. Novellen. Aufſätze vermiſchten Inhalts u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Ein ſinniger Geiſt, der unter glücklicheren Verhältniſſen ſich gewiß ſehr bedeutend entwickelt haben würde, dem aber die Störungen des Lebens eine humoriſtiſche Richtung gaben, welche ſich nicht ſelten in Bitterkeit umwandelt. Reiche Empfindung, Feinheit der Behandlung und Gedankenfülle ſind ihm eigen und verleihen ſeinen Leiſtungen tieferen Werth: namentlich findet ſich in ſeinem Roman „Hölty", in welchem ſeine Dichterſeele Freuden und Kämpfe einer früheren Zeit, gleichſam wieder nachlebte, viel Treffliches, das eine weit größere Anerkennung verdiente, als es bei der Menge gefunden hat.

Wahl.

Und es iſt nicht genug mir,
Daß ich ein Menſch nur bin,
So wähl' ich ſonder Trug mir
Des Schreiberohres Gewinn.

Auf meinem Rohr da blaſ' ich
Mir Lieder durch den Wald,
Und ſind ſie gut, da ſchreib' ich
Sie wieder alſobald.

Und will nicht rein ſich reimen
Mit dem Gemüth das Rohr,
Wohl unter den grünen Bäumen
Ein Brunnen rauſcht hervor.

Dran ſteht der heilige Lucas
Auf mooſigem Poſtament,
Der ſchreibt das Evangelium
Schön auf ein Pergament.

Da kommen denn die Thiere,
Hirſch, Vöglein, alle herbei
Tief aus dem Waldreviere
Mit freudigem Geſchrei.

Sie trinken aus der Quelle
Gleich mit dem Sonnenſchein,
Das Glöcklein der Kapelle
Klingt Vesperlied darein.

Da lauſch' ich denn mit Schweigen
Verſteckt zum Waſſer hin:
Der Reigen in den Zweigen
Tönt Lieder durch den Sinn.

Und was zum Sinn der Hain ſchallt
Mit freudig friſchem Leben,
Das ſchreib' ich hin voll Einfalt,
Wie's eben ſich begeben.

Und ſolche Lieder trag' ich
Hin, wo's mir juſt gefällt,
Allda mit Singen ſchlag' ich
Mir auf mein Luſtgezelt.

Da kommen ſchöne Frauen
Und ſagen mir ins Ohr
Mit ſchüchternem Vertrauen
Ein Liebesmärchen vor.

Das ſchreib' ich zierlich nieder,
Mit Reimen fein geſchmückt:
Für Andre ſind die Lieder,
Mich hat ein Kuß beglückt.

Doch zahlten ſie Ducaten
Für jeden Federzug,
Den Krämern und Advocaten
Blieb' ich wohl weit genug.

Eile.

Es flog ein Zeiſig durch den Wald,
Gar munter ſein Geſang erſchallt:
Juchhe!
Wie ſpringt im Sonnenſchein ſo hell
Durch Blumen hin der Felſenquell,
Juchhe!
Nun ſind die Bäume wieder grün,
Nun muß die Liebe wieder blühn,
Juchhe!

O Liebchen, warum biſt du weit!
Ich hab' ein heimlich Neſt bereit,
    Juchhe!
Komm ſchnell zu mir! ich warte hier —
Sonſt eine Andre wähl' ich mir,
    Juchhe!
Der Lenz entflieht, die Liebe weicht;
O glücklich, wer ſie noch erreicht,
    Juchhe!

Der neue Aktäon.

Im Walde ging ein kluger Mann,
Der ſah ſich ſo die Bäume an,
Die knorrigen, die ſchlanken,
Er ſchätzt ſie in Gedanken:
„Wie bald vergeht die Sommergluth,
Da thut ein warmer Ofen gut!"
    Kuckuck!

Da rauſchet, wie er geht und ſinnt,
Rings durch das Grün der Waldeswind;
Die Zweige ſchwanken nieder,
Erheben raſch ſich wieder;
Die Tannen rauſcheln ernſt und ſchwer,
Gebüſche ziſcheln hin und her.
    Kuckuck!

Es lockt der goldne Sonnenſchein
Tief ins lebend'ge Grün hinein;
Hervor in Silberringen
Des Baches Wellen dringen,
Und Blumenglanz ſo mannichfalt
Durchäugelt rings den weiten Wald.
    Kuckuck!

„Was iſt das für ein dumm Geſchrei?
Mein Aug' iſt ſcharf wie ihrer drei,
Doch kann ich nicht ergucken,
Nicht voran, nicht im Rucken,
Auch nicht nach beiden Seiten hin,
Ein redlich Holz nach meinem Sinn."
    Kuckuck!

— Ei ſchaut mir da den klugen Wicht!
Er ſieht den Wald vor Bäumen nicht!
So ſchreit es von den Aeſten,
Aus Zweigen und in Neſten.
Und aus den Büſchen, kraus und wild,
Kommt ſchlau hervor ein Frauenbild.
    Kuckuck!

Sie blickt dem Wellenſpiel im Bach,
Geſenkt auf ihren Bogen, nach;
Erhebt ſich nun in Eile,
Wirft Bogen hin und Pfeile,
Und ſtreift mit leiſer Lilienhand
Von Hüft' und Schulter das Gewand.
    Kuckuck!

Da geht ein Leuchten alſobald
Wie Morgenſchimmer durch den Wald.
Sie taucht die Marmorglieder
Schon in die Wellen nieder —
Kein Blättchen lebt, — nur fernher ruft
Es leiſer, wie aus tiefer Kluft:
    Kuckuck!

„In Henkers Namen — Was iſt das?
Im Waſſer da hantiert ſo was —
Ei, ſoll mich Gott bewahren!
Ein Weib mit braunen Haaren,
Nackt wie ſie kam ans Weltenlicht,
Im Waſſer ſitzt und ſchämt ſich nicht!"
    Kuckuck!

„Zum Kuckuck! leider ſeh ich klar
Das nackte Weib nun in Gefahr
Für meine Ruh' und Ehre —
Daß ſie beim Kuckuck wäre!
Ich faſſe mich, ich bin ein Mann,
Ich zeige das dem Förſter an!"
    Kuckuck!

Und „Kuckuck!" dort, und „Kuckuck" hier
Mit Lachen ſchallt im Waldrevier
Aus Bäumen, Buſch und Hecken.
Mit zürnendem Erſchrecken
Taucht ſchon das ſchöne Weib hervor —
Woher der gellend laute Chor
    Kuckuck!

Wie ſie den klugen Mann erſehn,
Muß ſie erröthend, lächelnd ſtehn;
Sie ſcheint ſich zu beſinnen,
Was mit dem Tropf beginnen?
Und aus dem Bache zieht ſie kraus
Und weich ein ſeltſam Ding' heraus.
    Kuckuck!

Sie eilt damit dem Manne zu,
Und eine Schlafmütz' hat im Nu
Er über beiden Ohren.
Er ſchreit: „Ich bin verloren!"
Doch gleich behaglich fühlt er ſich,
Singt durch den Wald ſich ſchlummerlich:
    „Kuckuck!"

Und ſieh — da ſteht ein trockner Baum,
Wie ſelbſt der kühnſte Ofentraum
Niemals gezeigt dem Sänger.
„Was ſuch' ich denn noch länger!"
Ruft er entzückt und ſpringt beiſeit:
„Der heizt mir eine Ewigkeit!
    Kuckuck!"

Karl Werder

ward am 13. December 1806 in Berlin geboren, beſuchte eine hohe Schule und die Univerſität ſeiner Vaterſtadt und habilitirte ſich daſelbſt 1834 als Privatdocent. Er lebt gegenwärtig noch dort als außerordentlicher Profeſſor der Philoſophie, ein ſehr geachteter und beliebter akademiſcher Lehrer.

Von ihm erſchien im Druck:

Logik. Als Commentar und Ergänzung zu Hegels Wiſſenſchaft der Logik. I. Berlin 1841.
Aufgeführt wurde auf dem Königl. Theater:
Columbus. Ein Trauerſpiel.
Eine Sammlung lyriſcher Gedichte wird von ihm für die Herausgabe vorbereitet.

Unter den Schülern Hegel's zeichnet ſich W. dadurch vortheilhaft aus, daß er mit eben ſolcher Gründlichkeit wie geiſtiger Freiheit das Syſtem ſo wie die Ideen ſeines großen Meiſters in ſelbſtſtändigem Fortſchritt auf das wirkliche Leben und deſſen höhere Erſcheinungen anzuwenden verſucht. Davon zeugte auch ſein Columbus und noch mehr werden es ſeine lyriſchen Gedichte beſtätigen, ſobald dieſe, die der Verfaſſer nur zu lange im Pult zurückhält, dem Druck übergeben ſein werden. — Der Herausgeber, dem viele davon im Manuſcript mitgetheilt wurden und dem der Dichter freundlich geſtattete, die hier angefügte meiſterhafte Poeſie dieſen Blättern einverleiben zu dürfen, kann nicht lebhaft genug ausſprechen, wie ſehr er ſich erfreut und angeregt fühlte, durch die großartige Auffaſſung der Natur, die edle Lebensanſchauung, die Fülle erhabener Gedanken und Bilder und die treffliche Behandlung der Form und Sprache, welche darin verwalteten. Ein ſchlagenderes Zeugniß dafür als alle ſeine Worte legt folgende Ode ab.

Das Meer.

Eine Ode.

O komm an's Meer! komm an den öden Strand,
Und ſchau und horch hinaus — Du biſt gebannt!
Hier wand'le, ſtehe, liege Tag für Tag,
Die Weit' im Aug', im Ohr der Welle Schlag,
Den Einen Blick, den immer gleichen Klang,
Den raſtlos ſteten Hin- und Widergang —
Du kannſt nicht fort, Du wirſt's nicht ſatt das Meer
Das wüſte unfruchtbare — nimmermehr!

Sieh, wie es ewig kommt, die ſtarke Hand
Wie ein Erob'rer ausgeſtreckt auf's Land
Als rief es: du biſt mein! im haſt'gen Lauf
Wog' über Wogen; eine jagt hinauf
Der and'ren Rücken, und ſiegjauchzend oben
Entſtürzt ihr Silber ihr weithin zerſtoben,
Und immer and're wieder ſchwell'n hervor,
Allüberall die nächſte klimmt empor —
Die gränzenhaſſende, wie hat ſie jetzt
Den überraſchten Fuß auch Dir benetzt —
Sie lockt, ſie droht — ſo oft ſie auch ſich thürmt,
Herrollend, wo's zurückeilt, überſtürmt,
Der fliehenden ſich erſt entgegen bäumt,
Und dann hinwegſetzt über ſie und ſchäumt
Und brauſet, brandet, donnert und zerſprüht,
Du ſiehſt und hörſt und ſiehſt — und wirſt's nicht müd!
Hier ſpricht mit ihres Orgeltons Gebraus
Natur ein göttliches Geheimniß aus,
Dem Ohr, das ihrem Pſalter zugeſtimmt
In Andacht rein ihr Hohes-Lied vernimmt —
Dem Auge, das von ihrem Strahl durchglüht
In ihrer Wogen Tempeltiefe blickt —
Vor Dir in erſter Schöpfung keuſcher Hut
Liegt der verſchwieg'ne Reiz der lauten Fluth.

Hier iſt kein Wurzeln, Wachſen und Gedeih'n;
Hier iſt der Gott mit ſeinem Spiel allein.
Ihm, ſeiner Luſt, dem Wandel ſiehſt Du zu,
Das macht Dich ſtumm, das giebt Dir ſeine Ruh.
Hier, wo nichts dauert und wo Alles iſt,
Hier willſt Du nicht mehr haben, denn Du biſt;
Dein älteſt' Recht, Dir wird's in dieſer Raſt,
Das Recht, daß Du an Deine Wiege haſt;
Sie ſchaukelt Dich hinüber in den Traum,
Er deckt Dich zu mit ſeines Fittichs Flaum,
Er wäſcht Dich mit der ſühne Balſam rein,
In's Unerſchaff'ne bettet er Dich ein,
Ach hier vergiſſeſt Du! — Zu höherem Lauf
Schlägſt Du die ſonnetrunk'nen Augen auf
Ein Neugeborner! In der Freiheit Wehe
Aus Deiner eignen Tiefe kommſt Du her,
Und in Dir wogt und wallt der Stille Kraft,
Des Werdens urſprungloſe Leidenſchaft.
D'rum wankt der Boden hier der Tyrannei;
Das Meer, das freiheitgebende, iſt frei!
Trägt keines Königs Joch! Dem Schöpfer rauſcht's,
Nur Ihm, in ſeiner Furcht erſchauernd, lauſcht's;
Und wenn vom Chaos her ſein Grimm erwacht,
Das Herrſcherſchiff in ſeinem Arm zerkracht,
Aus wildempörter Tiefe hört es Ihn!
Dem Götterfreunde ſchickt es den Delphin,
Den ſchaumgebornen, der vom Lied bewegt
An welch Geſtad er will, ihn freundlich trägt;
Den Genius, der die neue Welt beſitzt,
Aus deſſen Unſchuld Gottes Zukunft blitzt,
Den über'n Sünderzweifel in die That
Schwingt es dahin auf Flügeln des Paſſat,
Und führt ihn ſich mit Naturverſtand,
Und bleibt ihm dienſtbar, bis er's hat, ſein Land!

Des Herr'n Heerſtraße iſt's! die allgemein
Soll, wie das Licht, und niemand eigen ſein,
Hier an ſein ſchranken-undurchſchnitt'nes Reich
Iſt ſeiner Menſchheit Kindesanſpruch gleich;
Hier ſtrömt er ihr die breiten Pfade hin
Zum Schauen, zum Genuſſe, zum Gewinn;
Hier ſoll ſie, wandelnd auf dem off'nen Grab,
Die Schätze ſuchen geh'n, die er ihr gab,
Zu feiern in heimbringender Vernunft
All' ſeiner Wunder ſel'ge Wiederkunft!

Noch, wie im Anfang, über'm Waſſer ſchwebt
Der Geiſt! Ich bin es, ich nur, der da lebt —
So ruft er Dir aus ſpiegelebner Ruh,
So von dem Gipfel des Oceanes zu.
Das iſt die Aetherfriſche in der Luft,
Die markvergnügende; der Perlenduft,
Der aus dem unverblüh'nden Kelche taucht,
Der Allmacht-Odem, den es um ſich haucht.
D'rum ſpiegelt ſich im erſten Element,
Im Mutterrang', verklärt das Firmament;
D'rum badet nächtlich ohne Unterlaß
Die Saat der Sterne in dem heil'gen Naß,
Und Sonn' und Mond ſich grüßend hier und dort
Geh'n auf und unter in ihm fort und fort.

Carl August Wildenhahn

ward am 16. Februar 1805 in Zwickau geboren, der Sohn eines Schuhmachers. Er bereitete ſich auf dem Gymnaſium ſeiner Vaterſtadt zum Studium der Theologie vor, bezog dann 1824 die Univerſität zu Leipzig und wirkte von 1827—1837, nach vollendeten Studien als Privatlehrer theils in dem Schönburgiſchen Städtchen Lichtenſtein, theils in Dresden. Darauf ward er Pfarrer der Parochie Schönfeld bei Leipzig und von hier Oſtern 1841 als Paſtor ſecundarius zu St. Petri nach Bautzen in der Oberlauſitz berufen.

Seine Schriften ſind:

a) Religiöſe Erzählungen und Romane.
Leben und Sterben. Mittheilungen aus dem Tagebuche eines Geiſtlichen. Leipz. 1839—43. 2 Bdchen.
Vollbrechts Wallfahrt. Eine Geſchichte unſerer Tage. Leipz. 1840.
Philipp Jacob Spenner. — 2 Thle. Leipz. 1842.
Paul Gerhardt. Kirchengeſchichtliches Lebensbild. Leipzig 1845. 2 Bde.
Der Friedensbote. Zeitſchrift für Belebung und Förderung des chriſtl. Lebens. Jahrg. 1843 fgde.
Nicodemus. Auszug aus den Amts- und Tiſchreden des Pfarrers Johannes Werner zu Friedenau. Bd 1. und 3. Erzählungen unter der Linde. Bd. 2.
Sächſiſche Wanderluſt. Zwickau; Eigenthum des Vereins für Volksſchriften 1841 fgde.

b) Aſcetiſche Schriften.
Der Himmelsweg. Gedenkbuch für junge Chriſten u. ſ. w. Annaberg 1841.
Wort aus der Schrift. Predigten. Bautzen 1842 fgde. 2 Bdchen.

Ernſte männliche Begeiſterung für die heilige Sache des Glaubens, Wärme, Klarheit und eine treffliche, dem Gegenſtande wie dem Publicum, für das ſie beſtimmt ſind, gleich angemeſſene Darſtellung haben den volksthümlichen wie den aſcetiſchen Schriften dieſes echten Seelſorgers einen großen Kreis von Freunden und Verehrern im ganzen Vaterlande mit Recht erworben.

Der Traum.

Haus und Güter erben die Eltern; aber ein vernünftiges Weib kommt vom Herrn. Sprüchw. Sal. 19. 14.

14. Mai 18..

Ich freue mich jederzeit aus Grund der Seele, wenn ich finde, daß die heilige Schrift in einer Stelle offenbar Unrecht hat, nämlich in dem, was Moſes ſagt: Unſer Leben währet ſiebzig Jahr, und wenns hoch kommt, ſo ſind's achtzig Jahr, und wenn es köſtlich geweſen iſt, ſo iſt es Mühe und Arbeit geweſen. Ich freue mich nämlich deshalb, daß noch Menſchen von achtzig und mehr Jahren gefunden werden, welche die Stelle alſo umwandeln: „Und wenn mein Leben auch nicht immer köſtlich geweſen iſt, ſo iſts doch immer geſegnet geweſen vor dem Herrn." —

Dies ſage ich in Bezug auf die alte Frau Winter, welche geſtern bei der Taufe ihrer Ur-Urenkelin zugegen war. Dieſe Matrone hat vor einem Monat ihr zwei und neunzigſtes Lebensjahr angetreten, und iſt dabei noch ſo rüſtig und völlig ungebeugten Körpers, daß ſie den Weg aus der Stadt hieher zum großen Theil zu Fuße gemacht hat. Eine ungeheuchelte Frömmigkeit iſt der Grundton ihrer Seele, aber durchzogen von einer faſt jugendlichen Lebendigkeit, einer herzinnigen Fröhlichkeit, die, weil ſie ſo natürlich iſt, mich wahrhaft rühret. Wem die Gnade des Herrn ein ſolches Alter beſcheert, dem wird daſſelbe allerdings nur durch Frömmigkeit zu einer Quelle göttlicher Freude und Friedens. Seit fünfzehn Jahren iſt ſie Wittwe, nachdem ſie gerade fünfzig Jahr mit ihrem Manne im Eheſtande gelebt hat. Sie konnte des Lobes über dieſen treuen, fünfzigjährigen Gefährten ihres Lebens kein Ende finden, und als ich ſie darum anging, uns zu erzählen, wie ſie mit ihrem ſeligen Manne bekannt geworden, lächelte ſie, ſeliger Erinnerung voll, und erzählte alſo:

„Mein guter, lieber Mann, Gott habe ihn ſelig! war mir ſichtbar vom lieben Gott geſchickt. Ich habe nun fünf und ſechzig Jahre lang darüber nachgedacht, und, wie ich mirs auch auslegen will, ich muß immer wieder bekennen: „Unſere Ehe war im Himmel geſchloſſen." Dies gilt mir wiederum als ſicherer Hoffnungsgrund, daß wir uns auch im Himmel wiederfinden werden. Was ich nun erzählen will, darüber werden vielleicht Einige den Kopf ſchütteln: denn es kommt Etwas von weiſſagenden Träumen und Ahnungen darinnen vor, und ſo viel ich gemerkt habe, giebt die jetzige Zeit nicht viel darauf. Sie nennen es Aberglaube! ich weiß nicht, warum: denn wenn das Alles, was man ſich nicht deutlich erklären kann, Aberglaube iſt, ſo iſt am Ende der Glaube an den lieben Gott auch Aberglaube. Habe ich nicht recht, Herr Pfarrer!"

„Gewiß, liebe Mutter," entgegnete ich ihr. „Niemand hat Gott je geſehen, und kann ſich ſomit auch keine deutliche Vorſtellung von ihm machen; und obgleich wir durch Chriſtum einen Zugang zum Vater haben, und von ihm wiſſen, **was** der liebe Gott für uns thut, und **warum** er Alles thut, ſo wiſſen wir doch nicht, **wie** er Alles thut, und überhaupt, wer er eigentlich iſt. Und wenn es euch, liebe Mutter, erwünſcht iſt, voraus zu wiſſen, daß ichs durchaus nicht unbedingt für abergläubiſch halte, auf Träume und Ahnungen zu achten, ſo kann ich euch verſichern, daß mich in meinem Leben ein Traum oft hat Gottes Wege ſchneller erkennen laſſen, als das Wachen. Gedanken mit wachenden oder geſchloſſenen Augen kommen ja beide aus dem Geiſte, aus der Seelenthätigkeit. Doch vielleicht reden wir ſpäter noch darüber; für jetzt ſind wir auf ihre Geſchichte mehr geſpannt." —

„Mein ſeliger Mann, fuhr nun die Matrone fort, arbeitete damals, vor — ja wie lange iſt das nun her, — vor ſiebzig Jahren in der Stadt **Breslau**, und dachte natürlicher Weiſe nicht an mich, und ich nicht an ihn; denn von hier bis Breslau iſt's ein weiter Weg. Dazu kam, daß mein Mann aus Franken gebürtig war, nämlich aus Neuſtadt, das bei Nürnberg liegen ſoll, und ſichs eigentlich vorgenommen hatte, in ſeiner Heimath Meiſter zu werden und ein Mädchen aus ſeiner Vaterſtadt zu heirathen. Aber der Menſch denkt, und Gott lenkt. — In einer Nacht träumt ihm, er wandert ſo ganz allein eine fremde Straße und wird gar ſehr müde und ſehnt ſich nach einer Herberge. Da wird die Straße nach und nach belebter, wie es ſo in der Nähe großer Städte iſt. Endlich ſieht er über die Bäume die Spitze eines Thurmes und fühlt nun neue Kraft; denn die Stadt lag gerade vor ihm. Er fragt bald Dieſen bald Jenen, der ihm begegnet, wie die Stadt heiße. Aber der Eine ſieht ihn an und ſchüttelt den Kopf, als ob er ſeine Sprache nicht verſtände; der Andere ſpricht, daß er's ſelber nicht wiſſe; und ein Dritter antwortet ihm, daß er keine Zeit dazu habe; und ein Vierter ſagt, das wäre ſonderbar, daß er das nicht wiſſe, was jedem Kinde auf der Straße bekannt ſei, und er ſei doch ſo ein großer Mann. Kurz er kann es nicht erfahren, wie die Stadt heißt, und geht etwas ärgerlich fort, bis plötzlich der Thurm ganz nahe vor ihm ſteht. Aber das war ein Thurm, wie er ihn in ſeinem Leben noch nicht geſehen hatte, nicht eckig und nicht rund, unten ſchmal und oben breit, und allerhand Zierrathen daran, und die Glocke darauf ſchlug eben **drei** Mal in einem tiefen, finſtern Tone, als ob ſie etwas recht Aergerliches zu ſagen hätte. Mein guter Georg — denn alſo hieß mein ſeliger Mann — läßt ſich aber nicht abhalten, und geht ſtracks auf den Thurm zu; denn er hatte unten einen breiten Durchgang, durch welchen er zur Stadt hineingehen wollte. Aber das ging nicht ſo ſchnell. Der Thurm fängt plötzlich an, vor ihm ſich zu beugen; aber nicht ſo, wie einſt vor Joſeph die Garben auf dem Felde, ſondern in drohender Stellung, als wolle er auf ihn niederfallen und ihn erſchlagen, wenn er es wagen ſollte, unter ihm durchzugehen. Georg geht einige Schritte zurück; da richtet ſich der Thurm wieder gerade; aber ſo wie er wieder vorwärts geht, bückt ſich der alberne Thurm wieder nach ihm. „Du lieber Gott," ſpricht mein Mann und ſtößt einen tiefen Seufzer aus, „was ſoll das werden?" „Ich muß doch hinein in die Stadt." — Und da faßt er ſich ein Herz, ſetzt zu einem ſchnellen Lauf an und rennt nach dem Eingange zu. Der Thurm aber, ſchneller als er, bückt ſich nieder und ſtreckt plötzlich gewaltige ſteinerne Arme nach ihm aus, daß mein Mann einen lauten Schrei ausſtößt und darüber erwacht. „Dummes Zeug," ſpricht mein Mann, indem er ſich die Augen reibt, dann ſeinen Morgenſegen betet und dann flugs und fröhlich an ſeine Arbeit geht. Aber den Traum konnte er doch nicht vergeſſen, und ſobald er die Augen zumachte, ſtand der alberne Thurm vor ihm und winkte ihm ſo recht höhniſch zu. Indeß nach einigen Wochen vergaß er's doch, und blieb noch ein volles Jahr in ſeiner Werkſtadt zu Breslau.

Da war er nahe daran, für immer dort zu bleiben. Denn ſeines Meiſters Tochter hatte es ihm angethan, und da der Meiſter ſelbſt ihm eines Tages geſagt hatte: „Neuſtädter, ich ſehe, ihr geht immer zur Kirche, wenn meine Magdalene hingeht; nun, ihr ſeid ein fleißiger und braver Geſell, ich hätte nichts dagegen, wenn ihr einmal zuſammen zur Kirche ginget, um euch vor dem Altare die Hände zu reichen. Sehet zu, wie weit ihr's treibt." — Weil ihm dies der Meiſter ſelbſt geſagt hatte, gedachte er wol und hoffte ſehr, er werde ſolchen Kirchgang halten können. Aber es ſollte nicht alſo ſein. Magdalene war eine gar ſtolze Jungfer, und obgleich ihr eigener Vater ein Handwerksmann war, wollte ſie doch höher hinaus, und als ſie merkte, daß mein Mann ein beſonders Anliegen zu ihr hatte, ſagte ſie ihm eines Tages ganz unverholen: „Neuſtädter, wenn ihr denken ſolltet, ich hätte euch lieb, ſo will ich euch nur gleich aus dieſem Irrthume reißen: ihr könnt in Gottes Namen euer Ranzel ſchnüren, ich halte euch nicht auf." — Das ſagte ſie aber nur, weil es alſo im Rathe Gottes beſchloſſen war, und ich bin ihr um dieſer Worte willen niemals böſe geweſen, obgleich mein guter Georg ein Ehrenmann war und ſolche Schmach nicht verdient hatte, weshalb er ſich auch ſehr darum grämte. Noch am ſelbigen Tage ſchnürte er wirklich ſein Ranzel, und Magdalene hielt ihn nicht auf, ſondern ſie ſchloß ſich in ihrem Kämmerlein ein, und nahm nicht einmal Abſchied von ihm. Mein Mann aber dachte endlich: „**Was nicht ſein ſoll, ſchickt ſich nicht,**" und ging zum Thore hinaus. — Und das iſt auch immer mein eigner Grundſatz geweſen. Habe ich recht, Herr Pfarrer!"

Ich entgegnete: „Dies Sprüchwort iſt, wie faſt alle Sprüchwörter, wahr und falſch, kann zum Guten, wie zum Böſen dienen, und iſt nur einem **wahrhaft chriſtlichen Gemüthe völlig gefahrlos**. Die Trägheit, die Bequemlichkeit, der Leichtſinn, denen es Allen kein rechter Ernſt iſt um das Himmelreich, — dieſe tröſten ſich gern damit, und entſchuldigen ihren Unverſtand, ihre halbe Gottesfurcht und ihre Schwäche mit dem Rathſchluſſe Gottes, dem ſich nicht widerſtreiten ließe. Hier liegt das Falſche, das Betrügliche, das Gefährliche des Sprüchworts. Wer aber das Seine redlich thut, und hat ſein Vorhaben mit gottesfürchtigem Herzen überlegt, und hat gefunden, daß er vor Gott und Menſchen damit beſtehen könne, und hat ſich nicht ſogleich von dem erſten Hinderniſſe zurückſchrecken laſſen, und hat ſich endlich nach langen und ſchweren Kämpfen überzeugt, daß mit Menſchenkraft und Weisheit ſich ſein Werk nicht ausführen laſſe, ohne eine Sünde zu begehen, und demüthigt ſich dann vor dem Herrn und ſpricht: „**Was nicht ſein ſoll, ſchickt ſich**

„nicht," der kann und darf chriſtlichen Troſt in dieſem Worte finden. Denn dies Sprüchwort heißt dann in die Sprache der Bibel überſetzt nur ſoviel: „Meine Gedanken ſind nicht eure Gedanken, und eure Wege ſind nicht meine Wege, ſpricht der Herr." — Oder: mit den Worten des Erlöſers: „Vater nicht wie ich will, ſondern wie Du willſt!"

„Nun, ſo hat es ſicher mein ſeliger Mann gemeint," ſagte die fromme Matrone; „denn er iſt Zeit ſeines Lebens ſo geweſen, und er hat oft, wenn irgend ein Vorhaben auch gar nicht vorwärts gehen wollte, zu mir geſagt: „Mutter, wir können nichts wider den Herrn thun! Es ſoll nicht ſein" — und das hat uns Beide jederzeit getröſtet. Was aber meinen ſeligen Mann betrifft, ſo hat ſichs weiter alſo mit ihm zugetragen: Er ging, ſagte ich, zum Thore hinaus, wußte aber nicht recht, wohin. So wanderte er viele Tage lang, der Kreuz und Quere, bald dahin, bald dorthin. Wo es ihm gerade gefiel, fand er keine Arbeit, und wo er Arbeit fand, wollte es ihm gar nicht behagen. Da kommt er denn endlich auch in unſere Gegend, und ſieht eines Tages hinter den Bäumen einen Thurm vorragen, und ſogleich denkt er, was er wohl ſeit mehr denn einem Jahre nicht gethan, an ſeinen Traum und ſpricht: Das ſieht ja Alles bald ſo aus, wie ich's im Schlafe geſehen habe; — die Straße, die ſich dahinzieht, die Bäume — der Thurm — und je weiter er geht, deſto deutlicher wird es ihm, daß er dies Alles ſchon einmal geſehen habe. Freilich mit dem Namen der Stadt traf es nicht ein; denn er wußte recht wohl, wie die Stadt hieß, die vor ihm lag, und hatte deshalb auch nicht nöthig, zu fragen. Jetzt kommt er, um eine Ecke herum, dem Thurm ſo nahe, daß er ganz frei und deutlich vor ihm ſteht, nicht eckig und nicht rund, ſondern Beides zuſammen, unten ſchmal und oben breit, und allerhand alterthümliches Zierwerk daran, und oben in der Durchſicht eine große Schlagglocke, vor Allem aber unten der große und breite Durchgang. Wie mein ſeliger Mann das Alles ſo ſieht, fährt es ihm durchs Herz, und in demſelben Augenblick war es ihm auch, als ob der Thurm ſich gegen ihn neige; aber es kam nur daher, daß er eine Thräne in ſeinem Auge zerdrückte, und weil ſein Herz ſich neigte in Anbetung vor dem wunderbaren Gott, glaubten ſeine Augen, der Thurm hätte ſich gerührt. Denn als er durchhin ging, griffen keine ſteinerne Arme nach ihm herunter, obgleich er etwas ängſtlich und eilend durchſchritt.

Auf der Herberge fand er ſogleich Arbeit, als wenn man nur auf ihn gewartet hätte. Er nahm ſie an, weil er feſt in ſeinem Sinne war, daß es hätte ſo mit ihm kommen müſſen. Mochte es aber nun ſein, daß er ſich zu viel Glück und Freude, des erfüllten Traumes wegen, in ſeiner neuen Werkſtatt verſprochen hatte, oder ging ihm, was er ſonſt noch hoffen mochte, allzulangſam in Erfüllung, genug, die Herrlichkeit dauerte nicht lang. Er verlor Luſt und Liebe zur Arbeit; wo er auch in den Straßen umherging, wollte es ihm durchaus nicht gefallen, und als nach acht Tagen ſich eben nichts Außerordentliches mit ihm ereignete, ſchalt er auf den albernen Traum, wie er ſich ausdrückte, und kündigte trotzig ſeinem Meiſter die Arbeit auf. Das laſſen ſich nun die Meiſter eben nicht gern gefallen, wenn die Geſellen in ihrer Hoffarth nichts gut genug finden und dem Meiſter den Stuhl vor die Thüre ſetzen; aber es ſollte einmal ſich Alles anders ſchicken, als ſonſt gewöhnlich.

„Nehmts nicht übel, Großmutter," fiel hier eine junge Frau ein, die mit Pathenſtelle vertreten hatte. „Hattet ihr denn damals den Großvater ſchon geſehen? Oder hatte er euch nicht irgendwo getroffen?"

„Nichts von Allem, liebes Kind," war die Antwort. „Damals wußte noch Keines von dem Andern, daß wir in der Welt waren. Und obgleich ich ſchon damals in einem Alter war, wo man ſich eben nicht gar zu lange mehr beſinnt, wenn es ein Ehrenmann wagen will, mit unſer Einer durchs Leben zu gehen, ſo machte mir doch dies keine ſchlafloſen Nächte, und ich kam ſelten oder nie dahin, wo die jungen Leute zuſammen kommen. Ich dachte immer: Will es der liebe Gott, daß Du mit einem braven Manne Freud und Leid tragen ſollſt, ſo wird er's auch wol ſo einrichten, daß Du ihn im Hauſe Deiner Eltern oder ſonſt in einer ſtillen Familie kennen lernſt. Und alſo iſt's auch bei mir eingetroffen. Es ſollte ſo ſein, daß mein ſeliger Mann bis zu ſeinem Tode in der Stadt bleiben ſollte, deſſen Thurm ihm ſchon im Traume den Willkommengruß zugenickt hatte.

Der Meiſter hatte gerade ſo viele und preſſante Arbeit, daß er's ohne Geſellen nicht zwingen konnte; da nun mein lieber Georg noch dazu ein ſehr tüchtiger Geſelle war, auf deſſen Arbeit auch der tüchtigſte Meiſter ſtolz ſein konnte, ſo war ſein Meiſter ſehr betrübt, daß er ihn verlaſſen wolle, und fragte ihn: „Neuſtädter, warum wollt ihr denn eigentlich fort? Es hat euch ja Niemand was zu leide gethan." — Darauf hat er geantwortet: „Das iſt wahr, Meiſter: aber es will mir in eurer Stadt auch gar nicht gefallen. Wenn ich ſo durch die Straßen gehe, iſt mirs immer zu enge, und ich möchte dann hinaus, bergauf, bergab — und beſonders wenn ich den Armenthurm anſehe, werde ich verdrießlich. Und dieweil mir das nicht länger gefällt, will ich von dannen ziehen."

Darauf hat der Meiſter geantwortet: „Wer weiß, warum es euch eng im Herzen wird, wenn ihr durch unſere gute Stadt geht! Vielleicht nur in einer gewiſſen Straße. Und der Armenthurm hat noch Niemandem etwas zu Leide gethan. Bleibt alſo bei mir, und verſucht es nur erſt mit acht Tagen noch, ob ihr euch hier eingewöhnen könnt. Denkt ihr dann noch immer ſo, wie heute, nun ſo mögt ihr thun, was ihr nicht laſſen könnt."

Darauf iſt denn mein ſeliger Mann geblieben. Das ſollte aber Alles ſo zuſammentreffen, weil es einmal bei Gott beſchloſſen war, daß wir einander gehören ſollten. Am Sonntage darauf fällt mir's des Nachmittags ein, eine alte Muhme zu beſuchen, deren Tochter juſt in meinem Alter war. Wie wir ſo zuſammen reden, geht die Thüre auf, und Heinrich — das war nämlich der Sohn meiner Muhme — tritt mit einem jungen Burſchen herein, der ſehr ſchüchtern that und an der Thüre ſtehen blieb. Ich ſah ihn an, und er ſah mich an, und da war mir's, als hätten wir uns ſchon einmal geſehen, und als wären wir alte Bekannte. Aber das war nicht ſo; denn wir haben ſpäterhin oft darüber zuſammen geredet. Dieſer junge Burſche war nämlich mein ſeliger Mann, und mein Vetter Heinrich hatte ihn früh in der Kirche kennen gelernt, wo ſie zufällig neben einander geſeſſen hatten, und hatten es dann gleich mit einander verabredet, daß ſie des Nachmittags zuſammen ſein wollten. Die beiden Geſellen gingen bald darauf wieder fort, ohne daß ich mit dem fremden Burſchen auch nur ein Wort geſprochen hatte. Aber ſeit der Zeit war mit mir eine Veränderung vorgegangen; es gefiel mir nicht recht mehr in meiner Eltern Hauſe, und wenn ich ſo am Fenſter ſaß, und es gingen junge Burſche unten vorbei, dachte ich immer, es müſſe der Kamerad meines Vetters Heinrich dabei ſein, und es ließ mir keine Ruhe, bis ich durch Eliſabeth — das war nämlich Heinrichs Schweſter — erfahren hatte, daß der fremde Burſche aus Neuſtadt hinter Nürnberg gebürtig ſei. Als nun die acht Tage um waren, fragt der Meiſter meinen ſeligen Mann: „Nun, Neuſtädter, wie ſteht's, will's euch noch nicht in unſerer Stadt gefallen? Wollt ihr vielleicht neue acht Tage zugeben?" „Ja Meiſter," hat er geantwortet, „es wird mir zwar jetzt noch viel enger ums Herz, wenn ich durch die Stadt gehe, beſonders in einer gewiſſen Straße; auch wenn ich den Armenthurm anſehe, fährt mir ein unerklärlicher Aerger durch die Seele. Mir iſts immer, als nicke er mit ſeiner vergoldeten Fahne gar ſpöttiſch zu mir herunter. Aber ich will doch bleiben, wenn ihr mich behalten wollt."

Darüber war der Meiſter ſehr froh; denn, wie ſchon geſagt, mein ſeliger Mann war ein gar tüchtiger Arbeiter, und durfte ſich kein Meiſter ſeiner Arbeit ſchämen. Als nun der Sonntag wieder kam, läßt mir's des Nachmittags keine Ruhe; ich muß meine Muhme Eliſabeth beſuchen. Und richtig, kaum bin ich eine halbe Stunde da, ſo geht die Thüre auf, und Heinrich tritt mit ſeinem Kameraden wieder ein. Mein ſeliger Mann hat mir's dann hundertmal erzählt, daß es ihm an dieſem Sonntage nicht beſſer ergangen ſei, daß er meinen Vetter Heinrich aufgeſucht und das Geſpräch mit ihm ſo lange gedreht und gewendet habe, bis er von ihm aufgefordert worden, mit zu ſeiner Mutter zu gehen. Nun weiß ich noch, wie heute, ob's gleich nahe an 60 Jahre her ſind, — ich ſaß mit meiner Muhme Eliſabeth am Fenſter, und die beiden Geſellen ſetzten ſich aufs Kanapee, und da gar kein rechtes Geſpräch zuſammenkommen wollte, faßte ich mir ein Herz und fragte: „Nun, Neuſtädter, wie gefällt es euch denn in unſerer Stadt?" Da erſchrack er und ward feuerroth und antwortete: „Ei, Jungfer, woher weiß ſie denn, daß ich ein Neuſtädter bin?"

„Nun," ſagte ich und hielt den kleinen Finger in die Höhe, „das hat mir mein kleiner Finger geſagt." Da ward er wieder feuerroth und antwortete: „Die Jungfer iſt ſehr ſpaßhaft." Und nun gab ein Wort das andere, und wir ſaßen wohl drei Stunden zuſammen, und da hatte er denn erfahren, daß ich Friederike hieß und wo ich wohne; und als wieder acht Tage um waren, ſagte Georg zu ſeinem Meiſter: „Lieber Meiſter, mir gefällt's jetzt recht wol in eurer Stadt, und wenn euch meine Arbeit recht iſt, ſo mögt ihr mich noch länger in eurer Werkſtatt behalten." Das war dem Meiſter eben recht, denn er wußte, daß er ſobald keinen ſolchen tüchtigen und braven Geſellen wieder bekommen würde, wie mein ſeliger Mann war.

Sonntags darauf, als ich mit meiner Muhme Eliſabeth aus der Kirche trete, ſteht mein Neuſtädter vor der Kirchthüre, kommt auf uns zu und fragt mich: „Heute hat der Herr Paſtor eine gar ſchöne Predigt gehalten; die iſt mir durch Leib und Leben gegangen. Beſonders hat mir ein Spruch ſo ſehr gefallen, den er ſo wahr ausgelegt hat, daß ich in meinem Herzen gedachte, der Herr Paſtor müſſe wiſſen, wie es mir ſeither ergangen iſt. Wiſſet ihr vielleicht, Jungfer Friederike, welchen Spruch ich meine?“ — „Nun,“ antwortete ich, „vielleicht den: „Des Herrn Rath iſt wunderbar, aber er führet es Alles herrlich hinaus.“ Wenigſtens iſt mir dieſer Spruch und Alles, was der Herr Paſtor darüber geſagt hat, wie aus der Seele geſagt geweſen.“ — „Richtig,“ ſagte mein ſeliger Mann, „dieſen Spruch meine ich.“ „Ach,“ ſetzte er dann hinzu, „wenn ihr wüßtet, wie wunderbar es mir bisher ergangen iſt, da würdet ihr ſagen, daß des Herrn Rath alle unſere Wege lenkt.“ — „Und könnt ihr nicht auch hinzuſetzen,“ fiel ich ihm ſchnell ins Wort, „daß der Herr es Alles herrlich hinaus geführt hat?“ — „Noch weiß ichs nicht,“ antwortete er, „aber ich hoffe es, und ich würde ein gar unglücklicher Menſch ſein, wenn es nicht in Erfüllung ginge.“ — Ich wußte nun gleich, was er damit meinte, und ſetzte getroſten Muthes hinzu: „Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohl gebaut.“

Und am ſelben Nachmittage hatten wir zuſammen, nämlich Georg, mein Vetter Heinrich, Eliſabeth und noch eine gute Freundin und ich einen Spaziergang verabredet, auf welchem mein ſeliger Mann uns ſeinen wunderbaren Traum erzählte, und Alles, wie es ſeither ergangen war. Da wurde mir's zum erſten Male deutlich, daß uns der liebe Gott für einander beſtimmt hatte, und da dauerte es denn auch nicht lange mehr, ſo hatten wir es uns, Eins dem Andern, geſagt.“ —

„Seid ihr ſchon fertig, Großmutter!“ fragte die junge Frau mit ſehr kläglicher Stimme, als ſie merkte, daß die Großmutter hier ſchließen wollte. — „Was ſoll ich denn euch noch erzählen!“ antwortete ſie. „Reicht das nicht hin? Zudem müßt ihr mir wohl ein wenig Ruhe gönnen; denn obgleich dies Alles zwei Menſchenalter hinter mir liegt, und mein Blut in dieſer langen Zeit abgekühlt iſt, klopft mir doch alle Male das Herz, ſo oft ich davon erzähle. Unterdeß könnet ihr uns ſagen, lieber Herr Pfarrer, was eure Meinung von den Träumen iſt.“

„Wollte ich mich darüber ausführlich erklären,“ entgegnete ich, „ſo würde ich heute ſchwerlich fertig werden. Nur ſo viel habe ich als Wahrheit darüber erkannt, daß es wol Träume geben kann, welche als göttliche Offenbarungen anzuſehen ſind, und entweder als Engel des Troſtes für erlittenes Ungemach, oder auch als Warnungsſtimmen vor Ausführung ungerechter Entwürfe genommen werden müſſen. Auch giebt es ſicher weiſſagende Träume, die freilich nicht immer recht beherzigt oder gedeutet werden. Wer Gottes Wege von Herzen erkennen will, dem dient der Traum wie das Leben, und ſo lange die Menſchen noch nicht leugnen können, daß auch das Leben im Traume eine Arbeit des göttlichen Geiſtes in uns iſt, ſo lange iſt es Verblendung, Irrthum, ja wol Sünde zu nennen, über alle und jede Träume vornehm zu lächeln. Der Apoſtel Petrus erhielt im Traume die göttliche Offenbarung, daß auch die Heiden zum Chriſtenthum berufen wären, und der Apoſtel Paulus wurde im Traume bedeutet, daß ihn der Herr berufen habe, auch außerhalb Aſien, in Europa, das Evangelium zu predigen. Wer auf Träume achtet, thut nur dann Unrecht, wenn er darauf ſeine irdiſche Luſt bauen will; Träume, die aus Gott kommen, ſind nur dazu den Menſchen gegeben, das Himmelreich auf Erden zu fördern.“

„Wie iſts da mit dem Traume des Großvaters?“ fragte die junge Frau. „War das auch ein ſolcher Traum, der das Himmelreich auf Erden fördern ſollte?“ — „Ganz gewiß,“ entgegnete ich, „und nicht allein deshalb, weil, wie das Sprüchwort ſagt, eine glückliche Ehe das Himmelreich auf Erden iſt, ſondern noch mehr deshalb, weil Eheleute, die in der Furcht des Herrn ihren Bund ſchließen, von dem Herrn berufen ſind, Eins das Andere zum Himmel zu erziehen. Ohne Freund und Führer geht Niemand zum Himmel ein; nun haben wir zwar Chriſtum, der bei uns iſt bis an der Welt Ende, und der, wo zwei oder drei in ſeinem Namen verſammelt ſind, mitten unter ihnen iſt. Aber Chriſtus wird nur dann zum Wege, der zum Leben führt, wenn unſer Herz zum wahren Chriſtusträger geworden iſt. Wo nun Zwei zuſammen Ihn im Herzen tragen, wird der Eine des Andern Stütze, und ſowie gute Eheleute einander helfen und fördern in allen Leibesnöthen, ſo helfen und fördern ſich fromme Eheleute in allen Seelennöthen. — Doch ich ſehe, liebe Mutter, daß ſich wieder Aller Augen auf euch wenden; ihr habt uns auf jeden Fall noch etwas zu erzählen.“

„Wenn es denn ſein muß,“ antwortete ſie, aber eben nicht unfreundlich über meine Aufforderung, „ſo muß ichs wol zu Ende erzählen. Wir hatten alſo gegenſeitig unſer Herz ausgeſchüttet und waren feſt darin, daß uns Gott für einander erſchaffen habe. Wir hatten aber freilich noch nicht den Muth, dies auch andern Leuten, namentlich meinen Eltern, zu ſagen. Denn es fehlte uns Beiden, wie man ſpricht, am Beſten; wir waren Beide arm. Mein ſeliger Mann hatte im Grunde nicht viel mehr, als ſein Reiſeränzel; und wenn er auch hier und da Etwas erſpart hatte, war's doch bald für Kleider oder gar zur Zeit der Krankheit wieder darauf gegangen. Von ſeinen Eltern konnte er nichts erwarten; denn ſein Vater war längſt todt, und ſeine Mutter eine arme Wittwe mit vier kleinern Kindern denen mein guter Georg gar oft kleine Unterſtützungen nach Hauſe ſchickte. Und ich, Du lieber Gott! ich hatte wohl an Leinen und Betten und ſonſtigem Hausgeräthe einen kleinen Reichthum; aber zum baaren Gelde hat es in meiner Eltern Haus nicht recht kommen wollen. Mein ſeliger Mann mußte nun erſt Meiſter werden, und vorher noch Bürger; das koſtete Alles viel Geld; denn da ich nicht eine Meiſterstochter ſeines Handwerks, und mein Mann aus einem fremden Lande gebürtig war, ſo mußte er Alles aufs Theuerſte bezahlen. Es blieb uns nichts Anderes übrig, als fleißig zu arbeiten und zu ſparen, und wir hatten uns eine blecherne Büchſe angeſchafft mit einem großen, mächtigen Schloſſe, die ich in meinem Kämmerlein tief ins Bettſtroh verſteckte; denn meine Eltern ſollten nichts davon erfahren. Alle Sonnabende, wenn Georg ſein Wochenlohn erhielt, wurde nun der größte Theil davon in die Büchſe gelegt, und wir hatten einen Eid darauf gethan, nur im Falle der äußerſten Noth das Erſparte anzugreifen. Ich ſelbſt ſpann und ſtrickte ſo fleißig wie noch nie; und wenn ich ſo einige Groſchen in die Büchſe thun konnte, nahm ich allemal einen kleinen Spiegel mit, um darinnen das Angeſicht eines glücklichen Mädchens zu ſehen. Ach dieſe Zeit werde ich nie vergeſſen; es giebt doch kein größeres Glück, als wenn ein Paar Leute ſich herzlich lieb haben und wetteifern mit einander, wer dem andern mehr Liebe thun kann. Oft wenn ich früh um 4 Uhr ſchon an meinem Spinnrade ſaß, und mein altes Lieblingslied dazu ſang: „Wach auf, mein Herz, und ſinge dem Schöpfer aller Dinge“ — wurde mir's ſo fröhlich um's Herz, daß mir das Waſſer in die Augen trat, und ich nicht fortſingen konnte.

Die Woche über ſahen wir uns ſelten, eben weil Jedes von uns bis ſpät in die Nacht hinein arbeitete; aber der Sonntag war unſer Himmelreich. Zuerſt ſahen wir uns in der Kirche, und Georg hatte ſeinen Sitz ein Mal für alle Mal ſo genommen, daß wir uns mit den Augen finden konnten. Wenn nun der Pfarrer irgend Etwas predigte, was uns ſo recht zu Herzen ging, z. B. wie glücklich Menſchen ſind, die ſich einander herzlich lieben, die zu jedem Opfer willig und bereit ſind, und Solche, die ihr Lebensglück auf den Herrn bauen, und ſich vor der Zukunft nicht fürchten, ſo lange ſie ſich an Gott halten, und Solche die im Glauben und in der Liebe zu Chriſto, unſerm Erlöſer, ſich vorgenommen haben, recht gute, fromme und gottwohlgefällige Menſchen zu werden, — da ſahen wir uns alle Mal einander an, und ich wüßte keine ſolche Stelle, wo Einer auf des Andern Blick umſonſt gewartet hätte. Und wenn dann die Kirche aus war, ſo ging ich zu dem Thore, Georg aber zu jenem Thore hinaus, daß die Leute denken mußten wir gingen uns einander gar nichts an; freilich, wenn ſie es nur gewußt hätten, daß unſere beiden Wege doch am Ende zuſammenkamen! Ach, wie oft haben wir da überrechnet, wie viel wir nun in der Sparbüchſe hätten, und wie lange wir noch warten müßten, ehe die erforderliche Summe zuſammengebracht wäre. Wenn da mein ſeliger Mann ſich oft verrechnete, und mehrere Thaler zu wenig zählte, da wollte mir's manchmal das Herz abdrücken; denn er wußte ja nicht, daß ich auch meine paar Groſchen dazu that, und ich hatte mir's feſt vorgenommen, das niemals zu verrathen.

So war ein Jahr vergangen, und genau am ſelben Tage, an dem wir Jedes zuvor uns zum erſten Male geſehen, öffneten wir in Gegenwart meiner Muhme Eliſabeth unſer Schatzkäſtlein, und als mein ſeliger Mann ſo ein Mandel Thaler mehr fand, als er berechnet hatte, konnte er vor Erſtaunen kaum zu ſich kommen; ich aber ſagte: „Du blinder Mann, kannſt Du Dir's denn nicht denken, daß die Hand, die Dich durchs Erdenleben begleiten ſoll, den Zugang zu dieſem Deinen Schatzkäſtlein auch hat finden können!“ Da traten ihm vor Freuden die Thränen in die Augen, und wenn Muhme Eliſabeth nicht dageweſen wäre, hätte ich ihm gern dieſe Thränen von den Augen geküßt. Aber ich ſchämte mich vor der Muhme; dafür aber traten wir bald darauf vor unſere guten Eltern, denen wir allerdings eben nichts Neues entdeckten; denn ſie hatten wohl gemerkt, warum ich immer ſo ſpät aus der Kirche zurückgekommen, und was ich ſo ängſtlich und heimlich im Bettſtroh verſteckt hatte. Aber da ſie Kundſchaft eingezogen hatten über meinen Herzensfreund, und erfahren hatten, daß es ein braver und frommer Geſelle ſei, ließen ſie uns im Stillen gewähren und ertheilten uns ihren beſten Segen.

Des andern Tages eilte Georg aufs Rathhaus und zu dem Obermeiſter, um den Bürger- und Meiſterbrief zu beſorgen. Wir Armen dachten in unſerer Herzensfreude, das könne nun Alles ſo in einigen Wochen abgemacht werden. Du lieber Gott! — Die ſchwerſte Prüfung war noch zu überſtehen. Ich weiß noch nicht wie heute, ich ſaß am Fenſter und ſah alle Minuten hinunter auf die Straße, um zu ſehen, wenn Georg mit der frohen Botſchaft käme. Nach einigen Stunden kam er; aber gar traurig und niedergeſchlagen.

„Was iſt Dir begegnet?“ fragte ich voll Angſt. — „Ach,“ entgegnete er, „ein großes Unglück. Der Obermeiſter hat mir geſagt, daß er meine Meldung zum Meiſterrechte annehmen wolle, daß ich aber, als ein Fremder, von heute an noch drei volle Jahre warten müſſe, wenn ichs nicht mit ſchwerem Gelde erkaufen wolle.“ — „Noch drei Jahre!“ rief ich aus, und hätte im ſelben Augenblick den Obermeiſter bis aufs Blut peinigen können. — „Mein Traum ſoll ganz in Erfüllung gehen,“ fuhr nun Georg ſchwermüthig fort. „Das ſind die drei Schläge auf dem Armenthurme. Nunmehr begreife ich erſt, warum mir dieſer Thurm immer ſo ärgerlich geweſen iſt.“

So ſehr mein Blut auch in Wallung war, und ſich mein ganzes Herz in mir umgewendet hatte, ſo war ich doch zu ſehr von Jugend auf gewöhnt, mich ſtill in das zu fügen, was unvermeidlich war, beſonders, wenn ich es als eine Schickung Gottes betrachten mußte. Und das mußte ich hier; denn an uns lag es nicht, wir hatten Alles gethan, wir hatten faſt über unſere Kräfte gearbeitet, es uns am Munde abgeſpart; aber es ſollte doch nicht ſein.

„Lieber Georg,“ ſagte ich, „Armuth thut freilich weh, und es mag viele reiche Leute geben, die das, was wir in einem Jahre ſauer verdient haben, in einem Tage durchbringen, ohne daß ſie arm werden; und es würde für Manche wol eben kein großes Opfer ſein, wenn ſie uns die funfzig Thaler, oder was es ſonſt noch koſten mag, verehrten. Aber wir wollen nicht darüber murren. Wir ſind Beide noch nicht ſo alt, daß wir mit drei Jahren alte Leute würden, und ſowie ein Jahr uns ſo glücklich vergangen iſt, warum können dies mit Gottes Hilfe nicht auch drei Jahre?“ „Zudem,“ ſetzte ich hinzu, „geſchieht uns eben recht. Dein Bürger- und Meiſterwerden hätte jetzt unſern kleinen Reichthum mit einem Male aufgezehrt, und wenn nun gleich in der erſten Zeit irgend eine Noth, eine Krankheit oder ſonſt ein Uebel über uns gekommen wäre, wie hätten wir da beſtehen wollen, wenn uns nicht ein Nothpfennig zu Gebote geſtanden hätte. Gewiß, lieber Georg, der liebe Gott macht Alles wohl; er will uns damit nur ſagen, daß wir nicht allzuſehr nur an Heute, ſondern auch etwas an Morgen denken ſollen. Wenn Du mir treu bleibſt, wie ich Dir, ſo ſollen uns dieſe drei Jahre auch nicht eine traurige Stunde machen. Laß uns unſer Schatzkäſtlein von Neuem verſchließen, und die Hände fleißig rühren; aber nicht mehr ſo wie bisher, über alles Maaß und Ziel, daß wir uns nicht durch gar zu große Genauigkeit an dem Herrn verſündigen. Will uns Gott unſerer Hände Arbeit reichlicher ſegnen, als wir ſelber hoffen, oder will er uns auf dieſe oder jene Weiſe zu Hilfe kommen, nun ſo iſt's immer noch Zeit, die drei Jahre abzukürzen. Denke doch, Jacob mußte um ſeine Rahel vierzehn Jahre freien; und es däuchte ihm, als wären es einzelne Tage, ſo lieb hatte er ſie. Weil ich nun weit geringer bin, als Rahel, ſo hat Dir der liebe Gott nur drei Jahre dazu geſetzt. Sollten ſie Dir nicht auch vergehen, wie einzelne Tage?“ — „Ja,“ ſprach mein guter, ſeliger Mann, „Du haſt recht; denn ich habe Dich eben ſo lieb. Wir wollen uns darein ergeben.“

„Und nun,“ ſagte hier die fromme Matrone, „neigt ſich meine Geſchichte ſchnell zu Ende. Wir hielten die drei Jahre richtig und glücklich aus, blieben uns treu in mancher Anfechtung, und legten in ſolcher Zeit einen gar anſehnlichen Sparpfennig zurück, der uns auch geſegnet blieb funfzig Jahre lang. Wenn ich dort meinen Herzensfreund wiederfinde, wird uns auch alles Andere klar werden, was uns ſonſt in dieſer langen Zeit viel Trauriges begegnet iſt. Gott gebe, daß dies bald geſchieht!“ —

Als die fromme Frau hier ſchloß, herrſchte eine tiefe Stille in der kleinen Verſammlung, die ich mit den Worten der Schrift unterbrach: „Selig iſt der Mann, der die Anfechtung erduldet Denn nachdem er bewähret iſt, wird er die Krone des Lebens empfangen, welche Gott verheißen hat denen, die ihn lieben.“

Ludwig Wihl

ward im Jahre 1807 zu Wevelinghoven bei Aachen geboren, erhielt eine wiſſenſchaftliche Erziehung in Cöln, ſtudirte dann in München Philologie, lebte darauf als Hauslehrer zu Frankfurt a. M. ſpäter als Privatgelehrter in Hamburg, wo er ſich Gutzkow anſchloß und gründete dann 1840 eine Erziehungsanſtalt zu Aachen, der er gegenwärtig noch vorſteht.

Er gab heraus:

Gedichte. Mainz 1836.
Engliſcher Novellenkranz. Hamb. 1839.
Geſchichte der deutſchen Nationalliteratur. Altona 1840.
Jahrbuch für Literatur und Kunſt. Hamb. 1842.
Aufſätze, Gedichte u. ſ. w. in Zeitſchriften.

Gewandtheit, Anmuth und Kraft in der Behandlung, geſunde Auffaſſung des Lebens, Witz und Phantaſie, reihen W. mit Recht unſeren beſſeren jüngeren Lyrikern als einen reichbegabten talentvollen Dichter an.

Der König und die Schäferin.

Ein König ſtand am Schiffesrand
Und ſah zum Ufer hin;
Sein Auge fiel im grünen Land
Auf eine Schäferin.

Die Diener waren all' entzückt
Ob ihrer Schönheit Schein,
Die, von dem Könige abgeſchickt,
Die Schäferin luden ein.

Sie ſprach: „Ich will zum König gehn,
Wenn er mir treu verſpricht,
Daß er in Züchten mich will ſehn,
Doch anders komm' ich nicht.

Der König gab ſein Wort ihr hin,
Da kam ſie auf ihn zu.
„So wahr ich Regner Lodbrog bin,
Die ſchönſte Maid biſt Du!

O daß es auch Dein Herzwunſch wär',
O gieb mir Deine Hand,
Dir dienet dann mein ganzes Heer,
Mein Hof und all mein Land.“

Die Schäferin hielt's für eitel Spott
Und ſprach mit kühnem Sinn:
„Du haſt geſchworen, o König, bei Gott,
Daß züchten die Schäferin!

Ich bin als Königin Dir zu gering,
Und mir zu gut als Magd;
Als ich von meinen Lämmern ging,
War ich ſchon herzverzagt.“

„O nimm das reiche Seidengewand,
Ein Zeichen, daß ich Dir hold —
Es iſt geſtickt von lieber Hand
Mit Blumen aus Silber und Gold.“

„Ich geh' im ſchwarzen, groben Kleid
Wie es der Schäferin ziemt;
Die Königin geht in Sammt und Seid
Mit Silber und Gold verblümt.“

Dem König half kein Flehn,
Sie nahm den Schmuck nicht an;
Sie wollte früher ſehn,
Ob ſie ſeine Liebe gewann.

Sie wollte, wenn er den Heerzug
Vollbracht, und noch immer ſie minnt,
Mit ihm beginnen den Brautzug,
Er wär' ihr dann treu geſinnt.

„Wohlan, ſo ſing' ich zweimal,"
Sprach laut des Königs Muth.
Kometengleich ſchwang er den Stahl,
Getaucht in feindliches Blut.

Und zog ein Sieger aus der Schlacht
Zu ſiegen an den Strand
Und führte ein Sieger in Glanz und in Pracht
Die Schäferin ſtolz in ſein Land.

Ironieen der Weltgeſchichte.

Der Berggeiſt, dem ein ſtill Verlangen
Nach einem Baum in ſeinem Kreis,
Den ſchwarzen Bart, den ellenlangen,
Schneeweiß gefärbt gleich einem Greis,

Sah ſtets mit hellen Freudenthränen
Die jungentſproſſ'ne Eiche an,
Dem Vater gleichend, deſſen Sehnen,
Ein ſpäter Kind noch wiegen kann.

Die Zukunft war ihm jetzt willkommen,
Er fühlte ſüß die Schatten wehn
Des Baumes, der ihn aufgenommen;
Er ſah ſchon reichbelaubt ihn ſtehn.

Da kam zu ihm in hohen Sprüngen
Lautmeckernd eine Ziege hin
Und rieb ſich an den knorr'gen Ringen
Des Eichenſtamms ihr bärt'ges Kinn.

Schon hatte ſie ein Reis im Munde,
Da warf der Berggeiſt ſie hinab;
Der Schäfer ſchlug nach ſeinem Hunde
Im Zorne mit dem Hirtenſtab.

Das Fräulein an der Himmelsthür.

Ein Fräulein ſtand an der Himmelsthür':
„Sankt Peter, Sankt Peter, öffne mir!"
Sankt Peter d'rauf: „Und das thu' ich nicht! —
Wodurch verdien' ich ſolch Gericht?
Weil Du ſo dumm geweſen biſt,
Dein lebtag keinen Mann geküßt!"

Da ſprang ſie nach Sankt Peter hin
Und faßt den Alten flugs bei'm Kinn
Und gab ihm ſolch ein ſüßen Kuß,
Daß er ihr endlich öffnen muß.
Drob lachten alle Heil'gen ſehr,
Der heil'ge Petrus doch noch mehr.

Druck von Otto Wigand in Leipzig.